

EPISODE 01  
"IT'S ALL GOOOOOOD"



# AMENDS

HE'S  
DYING  
FOR A  
COMEBACK  
LITERALLY

ORIGINAL TELEPLAY BY  
RUDI O'MEARA

AMENDS

PILOT - "IT'S ALL GOOOOOOD"

Written by

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**INT. TRAILER - DAY**

A coiffed and gelled but clearly addled YOUNG MAN (20s) sprinkles a fine white powder from a tiny clear vial onto a long, curving, light brown surface.

From his wrist dangles a silver dive watch. A gold signet ring sparkles from his regally extended pinkie.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

That tickles.

The young man pauses briefly, draws a breath, turns somber.

YOUNG MAN

Must be nice...

And then he continues laying down what might be the world's longest line of cocaine.

All along what we begin to realize is the zealously spray-tanned spine of an over-eager YOUNG WOMAN (20s).

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

...still being able to feel.

In the distance, we can barely make out a dogeared pile of scripts sitting next to a half-empty bottle of vodka.

But not the nice kind. The plastic kind. With a handle.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Ever tell you about the time...

The vial empty, the young man leaves the frame, returns with a rolled \$100 bill. Because, of course.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

...I hot-wired Travolta's--

He bends forward, loudly hoovers his way along the young woman's coke-dusted spine:

SNNNNOOOOOORRRRT!

She GIGGLES.

He stops, switches nostrils, finishes the job: WHIIIIFFFF.

YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

Oh... my freaking--

He tumbles backward out of frame, hits the floor hard.

A meaty bundle of knuckles loudly BANG on the thin metal door to the trailer.

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

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

1,000-watt smile. Powder slathered face made for television.

Meet WYATT, a straight out of central casting magnetic boy next door currently earning six figures an episode.

He has *no idea* it won't last.

WYATT  
(hopelessly garbled)  
It's all goooooood...

**INT. STAGE FIVE - DAY**

The instantly familiar set of your average 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.

From behind, we see Wyatt stumble across the stage like a clown and shout (again, but with gloss):

WYATT  
(pitch-perfect clear)  
It's all goooooood...

The applause signs FLASH. And a 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.

SMASH TO:

**INT. SOUND STAGE, RIGGINGS - DAY**

Now clad in a cheap-looking silver space suit, a much older Wyatt (mid-50s), GRUNTS as he's being roughly hoisted toward the ceiling of a visibly shabbier sound stage.

**SUPER: TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER**

Profoundly faded star power. Graying stubble. Puffy eyes radiating a stubbornly-held, deeply delusional hope.

WYATT  
Hey Randy?

From down below, at the foot of a massive green screen:

RANDY (O.C.)  
What is it now?

Two more tethered figures in matching threadbare space suits lock into their harnesses and blithely ascend toward Wyatt.

WYATT  
(straining)  
I just wanna try one more.

KA-THUMP.

The winch hefting Wyatt's weight hits its chock, stops dead. And he spins slightly, arms and legs splayed 50 feet up.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Something epic. Shareable. Heroic.  
For the kids.  
(director hands)  
Meme-able.

RANDY (O.C.)  
(over it)  
Oh my god.

The two other figures slow to a stop next to Wyatt.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Fine. One. Then we reset.

Wyatt nods, looks down, flashes the ASSEMBLED CREW double thumbs-up. They all stare back impatiently.

To Wyatt's left, a PIMPLED YOUTUBER (20s) vapes through the open visor to his costume space helmet.

To Wyatt's right, a C-LIST TIKTOKER (20s) flicks through her socials, bored out of her matching helmet.

WYATT  
(toward the YouTuber)  
Didn't always used to be like this.

YOUTUBER  
Whatever, dude.

WYATT  
Back in the day.

The TikToker mimes blah-blah-blah with her left gauntlet.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
When they still cared about  
wattage. Star power.

The YouTuber rolls his eyes, stows his vape.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
What you two hacks might call *rizz*.

YOUTUBER  
(to the TikToker)  
Thinks this lame-ass game show is  
his way back on the gravy train.

TIKTOKER  
(toward Wyatt)  
How many followers you got on  
Facebook anyways, grandpa?

WYATT  
It's anyway, no 's'. And, I'll have  
you know--

From down below:

RANDY (O.C.)  
Alright, places everybody.

Radiating a bleary-eyed nostalgia for his drug-fueled  
heyday, Wyatt tries in vain to slow his spin.

WYATT  
It was *glorious*.

The YouTuber and the TikToker share a condescending look.

YOUTUBER  
(still to the TikToker)  
Freak shoulda done "Detox Island".  
Two birds, one stone.

TIKTOKER  
Word.

From down below again:

RANDY (O.C.)  
And, ACTION.

Like an old pro, Wyatt morphs back into character:

WYATT  
 (to himself)  
 Alright. You can do this.  
 (then, overacting)  
*All I'm trying to do, all any of us  
 are trying to do, is find our own  
 rightful place...*

From above him: a faint HISS.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
*...in the constellation of...*

Still from above: a rusty WHIR.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
*...humanit--*

CLANG.

YOUTUBER  
 Buh-bye.

TIKTOKER  
 Boomer.

And, with that, Wyatt's bloated body plummets swiftly to the ground amid a terrifying: WHIIIIIIZZZZZZ!

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 Not good! NOT--

SCREECH!

The line SNAPS taut again.

And Wyatt, his prematurely lined face white as a sheet, bounces up and down mere inches from the floorboards like an overweight Tom Cruise in "Mission Impossible".

Airless SILENCE. The crew just stares. *Did we just kill...*

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 I'm... I'm okay. I'm--

RANDY (O.C.)  
 CUT!

A SOUND GUY (20s) lifts his phone, snaps a pic for Insta.

With his scratched visor nearly touching the dusty, tape dotted floor, Wyatt does his best to put on a brave face.

It's his default reflex. His only remaining viable skill.

MAIN TITLES**EXT. SOUND STAGE - DAY**

RANDY (40s) a director type in a b-movie bomber jacket follows a visibly shaken Wyatt through tall rolling doors and into the harsh, unflattering light of midday Burbank.

RANDY  
You sure you're alright?

WYATT  
Yeah, yeah. I'm... It's all--

Squinting, Wyatt clocks a well-dressed MIDDLE-AGED MAN (50s) standing with his back to the sound stage wall, stops dead.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
The fuck are you doing here?

The man bats a hand his way, continues checking his email on an ancient looking cellphone.

Brioni suit. Custom loafers. Power-player vibes.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
You're not supposed to--

Randy, perplexed, slows.

RANDY  
I'm sorry?

Wyatt, in a panic, tries to change the subject:

WYATT  
Did you... Did you get it? My take?

Wyatt, walking again, tries to ignore the man behind them.

RANDY  
Yeah, yeah. Sure we did.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
(quoting Wyatt)  
Something epic...

WYATT  
(back toward the man)  
Leave me alone.

Randy does a nervous double-take.

RANDY  
 Seriously, are you okay?

It's as though Randy can't see the man still calmly scrolling through mail with his back to the wall.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 He most definitely is not.

Wyatt speeds up. Randy hurries after him. *WTF?*

RANDY  
 I really think you need to get yourself checked out.

Wyatt looks to him, then back again.

The man behind them is gone. Vanished like a spirit.

WYATT  
 It's all... It's fine. And yeah. I, uh, I have an appointment already.

RANDY  
 You do? For what?

Wyatt tries (and mostly fails) to gather his wits, tamp down his panic, and turn on the charm:

WYATT  
 Don't worry, Randy. The piss tests are clean. And the place has been schlepping me back-and-forth to set like clockwork. Anywhere I wanna...

Up ahead, we see an idling white Range Rover marked:

SERENITY MALIBU - WORLD-CLASS TREATMENT

A young ATTENDANT (dressed more like a cabana boy than a court-ordered minder) leaps out, bounds around the car, opens the rear door for Wyatt.

RANDY  
 Listen, about that--

WYATT  
 It's just a routine scan, dude. Nothing to worry about.

Wyatt hops into the rehab Range Rover, reaches for the door handle, tries (and mostly succeeds) to dial-up the rizz:

WYATT (CONT'D)  
I'll be back for my close-up.

KA-THUMP. Wyatt slams the door, reaches for his belt.

**I/E. RANGE ROVER / CURB - DAY**

Inside the car, there he is again: The Hollywood type from outside, seated right next to Wyatt.

Something about him is slightly ethereal. Almost glowing.

HARVEY  
You are *such* a cliché.

Meet HARVEY (60s). Slicked-back hair. Martini paunch. Eerily white teeth. Still checking his email.

WYATT  
YOU CAN'T BE HERE.

As Randy, outside and looking like he had more to say, turns to go, the beach-y attendant lopes back around the car.

HARVEY  
All I can say is thank *heavens*  
you're accustomed to free-fall.

WYATT  
You're gonna get me fired!

HARVEY  
Uh, that's your job, my friend.

WYATT  
One shitty acid flashback and I'm  
*straight* back to Lompoc.

HARVEY  
Flashback? C'mon. You know I'm  
more than that. So much more.

The attendant, throws open his door, leaps inside.

ATTENDANT  
Where to, Mister Bailey?

WYATT  
(distracted)  
Uh, Wyatt. Mister Bailey was my  
father. Heartless, deadbeat drunk.

HARVEY  
Takes one to know one.

WYATT  
 (under his breath)  
*Enough. You're dead.*

The attendant, hands on the wheel, shoots Wyatt a nervous glance via the rear view.

You guessed it. Only Wyatt can see Harvey.

ATTENDANT  
 Uh, what now?

WYATT  
 Cedars. Radiology.

HARVEY  
 Routine scan, my eye.

Wyatt desperately scrambles to change the subject, eject Harvey from his formerly drug-addled consciousness.

WYATT  
 Oh, and... I, uh, read your script.

Harvey SMACKS his palm to his forehead.

HARVEY  
*Oy vey.*

The attendant STUTTERS, overjoyed.

ATTENDANT  
 You... You did?

Wyatt turns to Harvey, discretely wags his head.

*No, I didn't. Are you kidding me?*

WYATT  
 Maybe I, uh, can *sneak* it into conversation...

HARVEY  
 Don't lie to the poor kid.

WYATT  
 (at Harvey, bitterly)  
 ...with my *fucking* agent.

**INT. HOSPITAL, EXAM ROOM - DAY**

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

Now clad in a light blue hospital gown, Wyatt lies on the cold bed of an MRI machine.

NURSE

No way, man. "Constellation"?!  
 (mock announcer voice)  
*Only one star can survive this mission...*

WYATT

Well, a gig's a gig.

NURSE

You make it all the way?

WYATT

We're still, uh, filming.

The Nurse turns, twists a plastic valve on the IV line leading toward a port in Wyatt's forearm.

NURSE

Wait, I thought it all took place on, like, The International Space--

Wyatt smirks. The Nurse looks disappointed. Almost crushed.

WYATT

Movie magic, my friend. Or, well, reality TV soul-sucking falsehood.

NURSE

Bummer, man. Any jewelry? Watch?

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

WYATT

Oh, snap...

He tries lifting one arm. But it's strapped down too.

The nurse reaches across Wyatt, yanks at the ring, tries to slip it from his bloated pinkie.

WYATT (CONT'D)

The one thing I *didn't* pawn.

NURSE

Funny. You still got it, man.

The nurse finally gets the ring off, pauses, locks eyes with Wyatt. An odd, overlong few seconds tick by.

He's waiting for something. But what?

NURSE (CONT'D)  
So, you're not gonna...

WYATT  
Gonna what?

NURSE  
Because, I sure can't.

WYATT  
Can't what?

NURSE  
Please?

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

NURSE (CONT'D)  
Just do the, uh...

Wyatt grimaces, finally gets it.

NURSE (CONT'D)  
...do the thing.

If he weren't restrained, Wyatt would leap off the bed and storm out like the coddled star he once was.

In the distance beyond him stands Harvey once again.

HARVEY  
Oh snap? Gimme a break.

NURSE  
Just once...

Wyatt tugs at his straps, HISSES toward Harvey:

WYATT  
See, told you...

The nurse narrows his eyes. Can't see him either.

HARVEY  
(not looking up)  
Someone still recognizes you.

WYATT  
You're breaking my parole!

The nurse stiffens, backs away, hands-up. *Who the hell is--*

NURSE  
I'm sorry. That was rude of me. I  
really shouldn't--

Wyatt SIGHS, swivels his gaze back to the ceiling.

Harvey is suddenly gone once again.

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

Wyatt closes his eyes, gives in.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
(halfhearted)  
It's all good.

The nurse spins in his Crocs, fist-pumps.

NURSE  
Yassss!

As the nurse disappears into a darkened control room, Harvey materializes again, steps closer.

HARVEY  
You embarrass me.

The bed JOLTS slightly, and then Wyatt, still strapped to the bed, slides slowly head-first into the tube.

NURSE (O.S.)  
(over speakers)  
Alright. This should only take  
about fifteen minutes or so.

It's hard to hear him over the magnets CLICKING and WHIRRING all around Wyatt. It's not a soothing sound.

NURSE (O.S.)  
(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 now dressed in a tattered cashmere hoodie and expensive but threadbare sweats, aged-out post-career Wyatt weaves across a crowded hospital lobby.

HARVEY  
You? Yoga? Please.

WYATT  
Gotta stay camera-ready.

HARVEY  
That ship has sailed.

WYATT  
Get *the fuck* out of my head.

An ELDERLY WOMAN (80s) piloting a walker across the floor looks up, clocks Wyatt, drops a tissue from her bony hand.

Wyatt pauses, bends to pick up the woman's tissue, gallantly hands it back to her, does his best to smile.

ELDERLY WOMAN  
Say, aren't you that--

WYATT  
(all put-on charm)  
It's all goooooood...

The Elderly Woman soldiers on, unimpressed. *Thought so.*

ELDERLY WOMAN  
You've aged.

HARVEY  
Talk about aged. I think she worked my Bar Mitzvah.

Wyatt just watches her go, crestfallen.

WYATT  
Once this new series airs--

HARVEY  
Series? Game show.

WYATT  
There's no way they *won't* invite me back for a reboot. A reunion.

HARVEY  
Pffft.

WYATT  
Thanks, Harvey. You always did know *just* what to say.

HARVEY  
When do we hear what the doctor--

BUZZ. BUZZ.

A muted cell phone rings on vibrate.

Wyatt looks to Harvey. Harvey flashes him his phone. It's black. Powered off. Dead. Like him.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Aren't you gonna--

BUZZ. BUZZ.

Wyatt quickly searches his moth-eaten pouch pocket, finds his (cracked) phone.

WYATT  
Hello, 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 slows, looks to him expectantly. *Who is it?*

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

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

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

Long pause. Whoever it is on the other end of the line is elaborating, in exhaustive detail.

HARVEY  
And?

WYATT  
(gravely)  
I see.

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

WYATT (CONT'D)  
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 lobby full of passing souls.

HARVEY

What is it?

WYATT

Stage four. Inoperable.

(beat)

Liver. Gallbladder. Lymph-nodes.

HARVEY

Oh. Shit.

WYATT

Growing. Unstoppable.

HARVEY

Unlike your career.

Wyatt, unable to muster even anger, just stutter-steps away.

**I/E. RANGE ROVER / CITY STREETS - DAY**

Back in the back of the car, his mind racing, Wyatt fishes his phone out of his pocket, unlocks it.

HARVEY

What are you-- Google? Fuck me.

Wyatt doesn't answer. Scrolls wildly. Harvey leans closer.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Celebrity cancer success stories?  
Christ almighty.

Wyatt stabs at his phone, reads.

WYATT

This isn't the end. I can beat  
this. Script my own comeback. I  
should be... filming this.

Up in the front, the attendant nods in vehement agreement.

HARVEY

Yeah. That's right. Start a v-log.  
(doing Wyatt)  
*This isn't the end. Just a pivot.*

WYATT

I can... I can fix this.

The attendant narrows his eyes. Wyatt looks away, quiets.

HARVEY  
Career suicide wasn't enough? Now  
you're doubling-down?

Still nothing from Wyatt.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
You're *allergic* to consequences.

WYATT  
(under his breath)  
I'm NOT done, Harvey.

The attendant looks to the mirror again, nervous. *Harvey?*

HARVEY  
Do you not remember the last time  
you tried to *reinvent* yourself?

WYATT  
Don't.

HARVEY  
Roll tape!

**INT. ED SULLIVAN THEATER, WINGS - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

A quarter-century younger, peak career Wyatt paces like a caged animal at the foot of a tall wall of velvet curtains.

He's wearing track pants, an embroidered western shirt, a white cowboy hat, and a black Lone Ranger eye mask.

And he's maniacally chain-smoking. Strung-out or, more than likely, still high as a freaking kite.

A FAMILIAR VOICE booms from beyond the curtain:

DAVID LETTERMAN (O.S.)  
Our next guest stars as Cameron on  
the breakout program "Cribbing",  
which is currently the number one  
show on television.

ECSTATIC APPLAUSE.

Young Wyatt bends at the waist as if overcome by nerves.

But, instead of hurling, he swiftly RIPS OFF his tear-away track pants, chucks them sideways.

From further backstage, another VOICE calls out:

BIFF HENDERSON (O.C.)  
The heck are you--

DAVID LETTERMAN (O.S.)  
That's right. Hi-Yo Silver, it's  
mister six figures himself...

Wyatt FLICKS away his cigarette, YANKS his pearl-snap western shirt open, tosses it too into the darkness.

BIFF HENDERSON (O.C.)  
No, no--

DAVID LETTERMAN (O.S.)  
...ladies and gentlemen, please  
welcome Wyatt Bailey.

David's Stage Manager, BIFF HENDERSON (50s) LUNGES toward Wyatt in a panic. But it's too late.

The WALK-OUT MUSIC blares as Wyatt, wearing nothing but a Stetson, a black mask, and cowboy boots BURSTS through the curtain and SASHAYS out into the limelight.

Where, of course, he thinks he completely belongs.

**INT. ED SULLIVAN THEATER, STAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Everything grinds to a screeching halt.

Wyatt, baked out of his mind, doesn't notice. Doesn't care.

Instead, he waves to the stunned crowd, spins, launches into his trademark clownish dance moves (this time nude).

DAVID LETTERMAN  
Dammit, Biff. Cut to commercial!

Next to David sits a beatific and beaming "Golden Girls" era BETTY WHITE (70s). Broad, mischievous grin.

DAVID LETTERMAN (CONT'D)  
Get this coddled, overpaid  
degenerate off my *goddamn* stage.

TONY MENDEZ (60s), David's longtime cue card holder, LEAPS onto the boards, tosses his cue cards, rushes at Wyatt.

But Wyatt deftly dodges him, dances drunkenly away.

WYATT  
(slurring)  
You own me now, America...

From out of nowhere, Biff forcefully TACKLES Wyatt to the ground with a meaty THUD.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
 (barely audible)  
 ...the whole package.

David turns toward PAUL SCHAFFER (50s), wags his head.

DAVID LETTERMAN  
 Somebody get Ted in Standards and  
 Practices another fruit basket.

While Tony and Biff roughly wrestle Wyatt into submission, David looks to Betty White. Exasperated and apologetic.

BETTY WHITE  
 Well, I've seen bigger. And better.

END FLASHBACK.

**EXT. SOUND STAGE - AFTERNOON**

The Range Rover SCREECHES to a stop in front of the dilapidated warehouse turned reality TV set from earlier.

Wyatt, in a huff, leaps from the car with Harvey hot on his heels. The attendant stays stone still in the drivers' seat.

HARVEY  
 Sucks for me too, man. I'm the one  
 who's not done yet.

WYATT  
 With what?!

HARVEY  
 You.

Wyatt GRUMBLES, picks up speed. *Why me? Why now?*

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
 Guess it's time to figure out who  
 you're gonna haunt. Because we all  
 know full-well...

Behind Wyatt, Harvey points to the dirty clouds above.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
 ...you ain't making it upstairs.

Wyatt stops dead, wheels back around. Deadly serious. A heavy realization dawning.

Harvey nearly runs right into him.

WYATT  
I'm fucking dying.

HARVEY  
Uh, yeah.

WYATT  
I... I know what I need to do.

HARVEY  
Well, that's a first.

WYATT  
Make good. Apologize. To everyone!  
For everything! Find closure. The  
one *fucking* thing you never got.

**EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

A younger Harvey, dressed in tennis whites, collapses to his knees, drops his racket, clutches at his heart.

Across the net, seemingly readying to serve, a jittery (presumably coked-up) Wyatt looks up.

WYATT  
Harvey?

Wyatt's face falls. He drops the ball in his hand, tosses his racket, charges across the court.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
HELP! Somebody call--

END FLASHBACK.

**EXT. SOUND STAGE - AFTERNOON**

Wyatt stares into Harvey's eyes, reserve hardening.

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

WYATT  
(mind spinning)  
I'm right here.

Behind Wyatt, a YOUNG WOMAN (20s) in a chic taupe pants suit steps through the rolling doors to the sound stage, slowly pulls them closed behind herself.

Only Harvey clocks her.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
Okay, here's what we do. Make a list of everyone I ever wronged...

HARVEY  
Interesting. A schmuck-it list!

WYATT  
...and make *amends* to them all.

HARVEY  
That's at *terrible* idea.

WYATT  
Maybe I could make the In Memoriam?

HARVEY  
Please.

WYATT  
Tell everyone I fucked up.

HARVEY  
They *all* know that.

WYATT  
But do they though? Really?

The woman behind Wyatt, MIA (20s) strides swiftly across the tarmac. Harvey eyes her, knows instantly what's wrong.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
And we are not calling it that.

MIA  
Wyatt?

Wyatt spins, sees Mia's face shift from ebullient to somber. Almost like she knows.

WYATT  
Mia? What're you--

MIA  
I just had to tell you, in-person.

Harvey exhales slowly, wags his head.

MIA (CONT'D)  
I heard from Randy. And, well, there's no way to sugarcoat this.

HARVEY  
Fucking managers. Good news is in-  
person. Bad news is over the phone.

Of course Mia doesn't hear him.

MIA  
But they want to go a different  
direction with the role.

This hits Wyatt like a (second) slap in the face.

WYATT  
The role?!

MIA  
I know. I'm sorry. It totally--

WYATT  
I'm playing MYSELF.

She searches desperately for a way to spin it. Realizes there isn't one. Instantly regrets her decision.

MIA  
I'm sorry. Maybe I should've...

HARVEY  
Picked up the fucking phone? YES!

Wyatt looks to his feet, obliterated. Again.

MIA  
But I negotiated to keep your per  
diem coming. And you're free to  
stay at the facility until--

HARVEY  
The facility? That's part of his  
parole, lady. Mandatory!

Wyatt looks up, smiles. A consummate actor.

WYATT  
Thank you, Mia. It took balls to  
come tell me IRL.

Mia frowns.

MIA  
Yeah, don't do that.  
(beat)  
But hey. I hear there might be a  
reunion show in the mix after all.

Wyatt, wheels spinning, doesn't even hear this. Can't.

**EXT. REHAB CENTER - DUSK**

As the attendant parks the Range Rover, Harvey chases Wyatt toward the colonnaded façade of the grandiose rehab center.

Wispy clouds high above are tinged a faint pastel pink.

WYATT

I stayed at the party too long.

HARVEY

Understatement of the century.

WYATT

Lost my place in line. My slot in the industry. Just let it all go.

HARVEY

What are we even *doing* back at this... gulag?

**INT. REHAB CENTER, LOBBY - DUSK**

Wyatt pushes his way into a grand-looking lobby.

The place feels more like a chic five-star hotel than a judge mandated lock-up.

WYATT

Thought fame might fix it all.

A burly DESK CLERK notes Wyatt's safe return on a clipboard.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Fix me. Instead, all it did was leave me alone with the dealers and the booze and the drugs.

Harvey nods, still chasing.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Then, irony of ironies, when I finally woke up and did the hard work to get clean, everybody still left me anyway. Dropped me hard.

HARVEY

I didn't.

WYATT

Like Marilyn Monroe said, Hollywood is the only place where they'll pay you a thousand bucks for a kiss.

Harvey SIGHS deeply, knows where this is going.

WYATT (CONT'D)

And fifty cents for your soul.

HARVEY

Your soul? The network canned your sorry ass, yanked all eight seasons out of syndication...

**HALLWAY:**

Wyatt takes a bend past the elevators, speeds down a long hallway like he knows the place like the back of his hand.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

...because you *crash* landed your fucking plane upside-down on PCH!

WYATT

PCP. And, technically, it was Travolta's--

Wyatt slows, pulls a key card from his sweats pocket.

WYATT (CONT'D)

I could start with my parents. God, would they be... surprised.

PRE-LAP: THUMP. THUMP.

**INT. MANSION, BATHROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

A younger but strung-out Wyatt throws open drawer after drawer inside palatial bathroom in a frenzy.

On a desperate hunt for pills. Anything worth taking.

WYATT

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

Bingo.

He finally finds a huge stash of little orange vials with white caps, pulls out one after the other, scans their labels quickly.

A professional addict.

From outside: SIRENS. Blue and red lights sweep over the walls and the ceiling.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)  
We have the house surrounded, sir.  
Come out with your hands up.

Wyatt, undaunted, flicks open one of the vials, dumps its contents into his mouth like so many Tic-Tacs, bends to the sink to wash them all down.

WYATT'S FATHER (O.C.)  
Son, we know you're in there. We  
just want to help you...

He quickly fills his pouch pocket with as many prescription bottles as he can manage. Fearless and full-tilt jonesing.

PRE-LAP: TAP. TAP.

WYATT (V.O.)  
Then, Downey.

**EXT. MULHOLLAND DRIVE - DAWN [FLASHBACK]**

A MOTORCYCLE COP (20s) raps his black nightstick on the steamed-up windows of a cherry red 90s Jaguar XJS.

MOTORCYCLE COP  
Sir? Sirs.

Late-career Wyatt, shirtless and toned but bewildered and zonked, JOLTS awake in the driver's seat, grabs the wheel.

For some reason, a flickering candle sits in a puddle of wax on the dashboard.

And a cherubic, young ROBERT DOWNEY JR. (late 20s) dozes deeply beside him, unbuckled on the passenger seat.

WYATT  
How fast was I going, officer?

MOTORCYCLE COP  
Sir, roll down the window.

Wyatt fumbles to BUZZ the window open. What looked like steam belches out. Smoke. Lots of it.

Meth. Weed. Angel dust. You name it, they've smoked it.

WYATT  
(slurring)  
I swear it won't happen again.

The cop steps back, lets one hand drift toward his sidearm.

MOTORCYCLE COP  
Out of the car, NOW.

Wyatt SIGHS deeply. Surrounded. Again.

WYATT  
Listen you fascist, jack-booted--

PRE-LAP: SMASH. SMASH.

WYATT (V.O.)  
(gravely)  
Then... Olivia.

**INT. HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT [FLASHBACK]**

Mid-20s Wyatt stands opposite a rail-thin woman with bright red hair and exquisite bone structure inside a modern masterpiece of a house high in the Hollywood hills.

Her mascara has run in rivulets down her chiseled cheeks.

For some reason, he wears a store-bought Wonder Woman costume. The cheap plastic mask is up over his forehead.

WYATT  
What do you mean, leaving?

The woman, Wyatt's long-suffering (then newly-wed) wife, OLIVIA (20s) lifts a hand to her eyes, wipes away tears.

OLIVIA  
That's it. It's over.

Wyatt stumbles toward her. She pulls back, disgusted.

WYATT  
(slurring)  
Honey, honey, honey. It's all--

OLIVIA  
Don't you *fucking* dare.

Between them, across the room, a gaudily decorated Christmas tree covered in ersatz snow blinks comfortingly.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Plus, it's Christmas, Wyatt.  
Christmas, not Halloween.

WYATT  
I... I... I *knew* that.

No he didn't.

OLIVIA

I need you to ask yourself: Do I  
just wanna keep being great at  
being a boy in my twenties...

He nods. The mask bobs. *Of course I do. You know that.*

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

...or do I wanna step up and  
graduate to being a man?

Wyatt cants his head. *Wait, what?*

Olivia turns to go. Another tear rolls down her cheek.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And, p.s., we're pregnant.

BANG. She slams the door shut behind herself. The sound reverberates around the immaculate, cavernous space.

Wyatt reaches up, slowly lowers the mask over his face.

WYATT

That's what happens when the studio  
hires on-set tutors.

He finds a bent cigarette tucked in above one ear next to mask's rubber band, nips it into the mouth slot, pulls a Zippo from his gold belt, lights it, inhales.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Nobody ever graduates.

PRE-LAP: BANG. BANG.

WYATT (V.O.)

And then... Sarah? I guess.

**EXT. TOPANGA CANYON, DRIVEWAY - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

Wyatt's now filthy bright red Jag BACKFIRES as he jogs across a steeply pitched residential street toward a BEDRAGGLED DRUG DEALER (30s). Greasy and nervous.

The driver's side front window of the Jaguar SQUEAKS down. A young girl leans over the center console.

Meet Wyatt's whip-smart daughter SARAH (13 going on 27).

SARAH  
I know what you're doing over  
there.

WYATT  
(to the dealer)  
Break a hundred?

The dealer rolls his eyes, thrusts Wyatt a baggie.

Sarah leans further out, knocks the gearshift with one knee.

The tires of Jaguar SQUEAL slightly. And the car slowly starts rolling backward down the hill.

SARAH  
Um, Dad? DAD.

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

Wyatt does an impatient double-take, BARKS to his dealer:

WYATT (CONT'D)  
CHANGE!

END FLASHBACK.

**INT. REHAB CENTER, WYATT'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Harvey stands staring at Wyatt in stunned disbelief.

The tony, designer decor of the room signals 'destination resort' not studio-mandated pokey.

HARVEY  
Thank *god* she only broke her arm.

Wyatt's shoulders sink. *Why do I ruin everything?*

PRE-LAP: KNOCK. KNOCK.

**INT. HOUSE - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

Wyatt, in the same sweats from Topanga, 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.

From beyond the door, a GIRL'S VOICE, his daughter's voice:

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

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

WYATT

I should've set the emergency  
break, baby. It's my fault. I swear  
it won't happen again. I'm done  
with that stuff. I'm clean...

Beat.

Wyatt brightens. Then:

SARAH (O.C.)

Like I'm gonna trust you?! You're a  
fucking actor!

WYATT

Sweetheart. Language.

SARAH (O.C.)

A *professional* liar!

END FLASHBACK.

**INT. REHAB CENTER, WYATT'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Wyatt and Harvey both EXHALE slowly, looking as if they've  
both just shared the same flashback we did.

WYATT

You're right, fuck. Forget it.

HARVEY

Great. Now who's up? To haunt.

WYATT

It's over, Harvey. I'm over.

Harvey SLAPS him in the face. Wyatt looks duly stunned.

HARVEY

You owe me this. At the very least.

WYATT

Oh, so, ten percent wasn't enough?

HARVEY

You can't just give up. Not after  
all we've been through.

Wyatt's face softens. *That's true, we have been through--*

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Ovitz! The jealous fucker.

Wyatt's face hardens again. *What're you even--*

WYATT  
Ovitz?!

HARVEY  
The yutz. Haunt him! He's--

WYATT  
Jealous? Of what?

HARVEY  
Me. That you chose me after he  
fired your ass.

WYATT  
That makes *literally* no sense.

HARVEY  
Fine. Do it your way. Make things  
right. See if I freaking care.

WYATT  
Thank you. Finally. But, where  
should I even... start?

Harvey rolls his eyes, disappointed and disinterested.

HARVEY  
Who'd you bully? As a kid?

PRE-LAP: HA. HA.

**INT. CLASSROOM - DAY [FLASHBACK]**

A scrawny, PRE-TEEN WYATT (8) dances at the back of a crowded classroom as another SMALL BOY (8) trembles with his back to us - and his pants and underwear around his ankles.

PRE-TEEN WYATT  
Looks like somebody's ain't so  
happy to see us...

The entire class bursts into UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER as the other boy's bare buttocks nervously twitch.

END FLASHBACK.

**INT. REHAB CENTER, WYATT'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Wyatt's eyes fill again with a blurry sense of purpose.

WYATT  
Hmm. That might actually work.

HARVEY

Better than starting with the  
daughter who hates your guts.

Wyatt looks to his wrist, where we notice for the first time  
a faded string bracelet with beads spelling: 'DADDY'.

WYATT

His name was Sam. Sam Thorn.

Wyatt SNAPS his fingers, spins on his heels to depart.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Grab my bag, my bathrobe, and the  
Armani from the closet. No more  
*fucking* sweatpants.  
(theatrically)  
We're going OUT!

**EXT. REHAB CENTER, SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT**

As a LONE SWIMMER slowly traverses the placid turquoise  
pool, Wyatt creeps barefoot along the glistening wood  
decking wearing a plush cotton bathrobe.

One of his hands is tucked inside his robe, Napoleon-style.  
And a towel is theatrically draped over one shoulder.

Harvey is nowhere to be seen.

Wyatt pauses, drops the towel to a chaise in the shadows,  
looks to a tall, forbidding chain link fence.

His back is bulging slightly as if something almost  
backpack-like must be tucked up under his robe.

SPLASH. The lone swimmer does a practiced kick turn, paddles  
swiftly away.

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

HARVEY

Hold on. Are you *sure* about this?

Wyatt stares back. *Now you ask?*

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Okay then...

Wyatt drops the robe. Under it, he's wearing a tailored  
black suit and clutching a pair of black suede loafers.

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

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
...it's your funeral.

Wyatt drops his shoes, kicks his feet into them, leaps for the fence, starts climbing as fast as he can.

**I/E. RANGE ROVER / PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

While Harvey watches, bemused, from the passenger seat, Wyatt crouches in the foot well on the driver's side of the Range Rover with his hands up behind the dash.

Two brief SPARKS flash. And VROOM. The engine starts.

HARVEY  
How'd you learn to do that?

Wyatt swiftly contorts himself back onto the seat, slams the door, grabs the wheel, throws the car into gear.

WYATT  
Research. For a part.

With his eyes cast back toward the silent lobby of the center, Wyatt guns the gas, peels out.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
That I didn't get. Because of you.

HARVEY  
You're welcome.

**I/E. RANGE ROVER / MONTECITO - NIGHT**

Wyatt, brimming with second thoughts, pilots the stolen rehab Range Rover down a bucolic, moonlit lane lined with majestic Spanish/Moorish mansions.

HARVEY  
You told me you grew up in, like,  
Santa Barbara.

Wyatt nods, saying nothing.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
This is Montecito. Big difference.

Wyatt's eyes nervously scan for numbers on statuesque gateways and sculptural mailboxes as he drives.

WYATT  
Place smells like old money and bad mistakes. Hate it here.

HARVEY  
Why? It looks...

Harvey gazes lustfully out at the passing villas.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
...perfectly lovely.

Wyatt suddenly slams on the brakes. SCREECH!

WYATT  
Oh, snap.

HARVEY  
Mia's right. You're too old for all that soft-headed Gen-Z claptrap.

WYATT  
I can't believe it.

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

It's like Hearst Castle. But slightly bigger.

WYATT (CONT'D)  
His parents' house? He never left.

HARVEY  
Would you?

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 to the Range Rover emblazoned with logo of the rehab center he just escaped from. As one does.

WYATT  
Smaller than I remember.

HARVEY  
Looks big enough to me.  
(wry smile)  
Pull in, you know you want to.

WYATT

No.

HARVEY

You and your follow-through...

Wyatt accelerates.

WYATT

Let's ditch the car and run.

HARVEY

This was your lame idea.

Wyatt hammers the gas. Estates bleed by.

WYATT

I'm going back. Turning myself in.

HARVEY

Don't be an idiot. Please.

(beat)

You're a fuck-up. But you're my fuck-up. Trying to save you, your career, was my life's work. Give up now, and you ruin it for me *again*.

This hits Wyatt hard, knocks him off kilter.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Wyatt, it's time to mend fences.

WYATT

His fence is fucking fine.

It is. Indeed. And expensive looking.

HARVEY

Two words: I'm sorry. Then you're done. What could possibly go wrong?

Wyatt stares at his own reflection in the windshield.

WYATT

Man, all I ever wanted was a little love. And maybe syndication.

With that, Wyatt unceremoniously SQUEALS a smoky u-turn.

**EXT. THORN ESTATE - NIGHT**

Wyatt stands on the doorstep in the moonlight with his hand still clutching the ring of an ornate iron knocker.

WYATT

This is a mista--

The door suddenly FLIES open to reveal a hulking, deeply-tanned middle-aged man.

Meet SAM THORN (mid-50s). Menace personified. Unbelievably ripped. Not someone to be trifled with.

WYATT (CONT'D)

So, I uh-- Wow. You, um, might not, uh, remember...

Sam narrows his eyes.

Of course, Harvey is nowhere to be seen.

WYATT (CONT'D)

...me.

Sam's arms tense. Biceps like over-inflated footballs.

SAM

*Remember* you?

Wyatt reflexively takes half a step back, eyes full of fear.

SAM (CONT'D)

Your stupid, ugly face was beamed into my house every Thursday night for *years* to remind me...

Wyatt lifts his hands. Sam clenches his fists.

SAM (CONT'D)

...of what you *did* to me.

WYATT

What? I didn't come to-- I'm just trying to--

Sam unexpectedly JABS Wyatt in the face with a fierce right.

And Wyatt careens down the stairs like a rag doll. Bright red blood jets instantly from both nostrils.

WYATT (CONT'D)

THE FUCK! MY NOSE!

SAM

Payback's a bitch, huh, *Cameron*.

WYATT

I'm fucking SORRY!

SAM  
Good. You oughta be.

Wyatt tilts his head back, pinches his nose. Gushing.

SAM (CONT'D)  
You made me what I am. Which is  
actually kinda workin' out for me.  
(a dangerous growl)  
In spades.

Sam lunges out, grabs Wyatt by the collar, spies the rehab Range Rover still idling in the driveway, grins ominously.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hilarious.

WYATT  
Let me GO.

Sam tightens his grip, drags Wyatt forcefully up the stairs and toward the open front door.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Hell's bells, you pathetic,  
unemployable deadbeat. This calls  
for a fuckin' drink.

WYATT  
What?! No, no. NO. I'm sober.

SAM  
Fuck that shit.

He tugs a bleeding Wyatt with him into the sumptuous house, kicks the door shut behind them with an resounding THUD.

SAM (O.C.)  
Rehab's for quitters.

As if on cue, Harvey steps slowly out from behind a shapely topiary, rubs his chin, ponders.

HARVEY  
Interesting. Very--

SMASH TO BLACK.

ROLL END CREDITS --

To "CROWN ON THE GROUND" by Sleigh Bells.

END PILOT