

RYAN HANSEN SOLVES CRIMES ON TELEVISION*

"Pilot"

Written by

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*though you're probably watching this on your phone and that's cool too.

YTR

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY [SHOT ON IPHONE]

1

RYAN HANSEN walks briskly along a Hollywood sidewalk, talking directly to us via his iPhone video camera.

RYAN

Hey. Hi. Before you turn this off or change the channel or click on something else -- just gimme a second. This is our pilot and we're still figuring some stuff out. Tone, character, plot. But I think it's gonna be good. Long term, I'm optimistic. I mean, this is a pretty decent start right? Direct address. Break the fourth wall. Deadpool shit. Kinda Millennial that I'm doing it on my phone. Don't freak though -- this won't be all "Cloverfield" the whole time. By the way, my name is Ryan Han--

--WHAM! Ryan walks right into a SIDEWALK TREE, eating shit and dropping his phone. It cracks.

RYAN (cont'd)

(pained)

Ack -- ugh.

A HOMELESS MAN leans into frame, looking at us through the broken image, then he shakes his head in disappointment.

HOMELESS MAN

Fuckin' actors, man.

CUT TO:

2 OPENING CREDITS -- INSTAGRAM STYLE:

2

A fun, funny & fast montage of Ryan's Instagram account. Equal parts vapid social media poseur and genuine slice-of-life.

We catch glimpses of Ryan doing Ryan things: CrossFit, on-set (#SetLife), auditions (#AuditionLife), nuzzling with his WIFE and three beautiful DAUGHTERS (#LifeLife), posing with slightly confused fans, hawking teeth whitener, etc.

YTR

3 EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER BASIN / FREEWAY UNDERPASS - DAY

3

A CBS-procedural feel as we open on a FLOATER. A DEAD BODY, face down in Los Angeles's, Chinatown iconic, concrete river wash.

COPS and a CORONER VAN in the background. A crime scene.

Kneeling into frame, we see Ryan dressed in a leather jacket and sunglasses. Looking very much the part. A badge hangs around his neck.

Ryan takes off his sunglasses and clocks the body, then glances to the horizon, steely-eyed.

RYAN
Bad day for a swim.

Then--

MATHERS (O.S.)
Get the fuck away from the body,
asshole.

Ryan jumps up, startled. Turning to see JESSICA MATHERS (30s), a no-nonsense LAPD Homicide Detective.

MATHERS
Can I help you?

RYAN
I'm Ryan Hansen.

MATHERS
That literally means nothing to me.

Ryan laughs stiffly, shooting a glance at the camera.

RYAN
Good one. Nice.
(beat)
I'm your new partner.

MATHERS
Are you fucking serious?

RYAN
(steely)
As a heart attack.

MATHERS
Don't say that. You sound stupid.

Mathers looks right into the camera, confused.

MATHERS (cont'd)
What's going on here?

RYAN
Don't do that -- don't look at the --
it breaks the vibe of the show. Stay
here with me. Stay in the moment.

MATHERS
The moment? I'm this close to
arresting you for obstruction of
justice and about six other
felonies -- one of which is annoying
the shit out me.

RYAN
That's not a law.
(beat)
Is it?

MATHERS
Seriously, haircut, this is about to
end badly for you.

RYAN
No, no. I'm legit. The mayor
deputized me and everything. See?

Ryan lifts up his lanyard badge.

MATHERS
Did you use a head-shot for your ID
photo?

RYAN
Yeah. Why -- you don't like? I was
gonna go with this other one that was
a kinda more moody, but I thought
this one had a little bit more like
dangerous smolder to it, you know?
Full deets: I'm going for a Dave
Navarro with a gun vibe. But obvi a
lot taller. And, also I don't have a
gun.

MATHERS
Thank god for that.

RYAN

Production wouldn't let me have one -- they said I'm "dangerously unqualified", it's like an insurance thing or something. Super lame right? How am I supposed to be believable in this role if I'm not packing heat?

(pointing to her hip holster)

Is that a prop gun?

Mathers pulls out her sidearm.

MATHERS

This is a .45 caliber, Kimber 1911 Super Carry Ultra that my dad gave me for Christmas.

Ryan has zero idea about what she just said.

RYAN

Cool. Cool. Anyhow my agents are on the issue -- prolly be slangin' heat by Ep. 2. So no stress.

Mathers checks the .45 caliber rounds in her magazine, thumbing them in pointedly.

RYAN (cont'd)

Are those prop bullets?

MATHERS

You tell me. I'm about to put one in your femur.

RYAN

Ha! I love it. You're a total loose cannon. Classic.

(beat)

Plus, there's already so much odd-couple, will-they-won't-they tension and it's only our first scene.

MATHERS

Okay. Unless you tell me why you're contaminating my crime scene, I'm going to arrest you right after I shoot you.

Mathers racks her pistol.

RYAN

Pump the brakes, Lil' Lady. Look, here's the deal: the big cheese downtown, El Mayor-o, wanted to get a handle on the recent uptick in crime in the Hollywood area so he deputized a dozen or so high-profile celebrities like me, Scott Caan, Max Greenfield -- though I totally don't think Max is right for the part, do you? Like I'm not sure he's got the chops for a role this layered. Are you a fan?

Mathers just stares at him.

RYAN (cont'd)

Whatever. Not important. Bottom line: me and the other A-listers are supposed to be like Hollywood liaisons for the LAPD, help them solve crimes by using our Industry connections, sense-memory techniques and the gift of channeling "characters", really get inside a perp's head-space -- we're sort of like psychics but real-er and way better looking -- am I right?

Mathers looks into the camera again, dumbfounded...

MATHERS

Seriously? That's the premise of this show?

Ryan swallows hard, shooting us a nervous glance.

RYAN

Yeah.

MATHERS

And someone actually bought that idea?

RYAN

Yep.

MATHERS

And you're getting paid for this?

RYAN

Scale plus ten.

MATHERS

Well, I'm in the wrong fucking job.

RYAN

Hilarious. We're calling it:
Celebrity Vice Squad.

MATHERS

CVS?

RYAN

Dope, right?

MATHERS

Yeah, I get all my tampons there.
(beat)
So you're telling me this is gonna be
on TV?

RYAN

Totally. Well, sort of. It's more
of an internet webisode thing at the
moment.

MATHERS

For Netflix?

RYAN

No.

MATHERS

Amazon?

RYAN

Nope.

MATHERS

Hulu?

RYAN

YouTube Red.

MATHERS

The porn site?

Ryan laughs tightly, glancing at the camera.

RYAN

Ha -- no. You're thinking of
RedTube. Or maybe YouPorn? Weird,
right?

(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)
Because those are both like super
popular online pornography sites.
Seems like somebody should've
checked.

(beat)
But enough jaw-jacking. We've got
work to do.

Ryan kneels down by the body.

RYAN (cont'd)
(steely)
So, what's this floater's story?

MATHERS
Someone killed him.

RYAN
(cocky)
Maybe. Or maybe that's just what
this body wants us to think. You
ever read Blink? Malcolm Gladwell.
Genius. I'm gonna thin-slice this
shit. Follow my gut here. First
thought, best thought.

Ryan puts his fingers to his temples and closes his eyes,
"channeling" something like a psychic. Mathers stares at
him in bored disbelief.

RYAN (cont'd)
Nobody killed him. He drowned.

MATHERS
Really? You sure?

RYAN
I trust my instrument.

Mathers hooks her boot under the body flipping it over to
reveal a NEAT BULLET HOLE in its forehead. Ryan gags.

MATHERS
No ID. We're running his prints now.
Once the computer spits out JD's name
here, we can get a home or work
address and go from there.

RYAN
I can tell you where he works right
now. The Chateau.
(MORE)

RYAN (cont'd)

(pointing)

See? That's their logo on his waist apron. Plus he's wearing a white shirt and black pants -- full on server's uniform -- I bet you he was coming from work when he got his ticket punched.

If Mathers is impressed, she hides it well.

RYAN (cont'd)

See? Hollywood eyes.

MATHERS

What's The Chateau?

RYAN

You're joking, right?

MATHERS

I transferred in six weeks ago.

RYAN

Really? From where?

MATHERS

Cleveland.

RYAN

Uh, gross.

(shaking it off)

The Chateau Marmont is like the fanciest, classiest place in Hollywood. Belushi died there.

MATHERS

Alright, I'll pay them a visit.

RYAN

Oh, they won't let you in without a rezzie. I'll roll with. They know me.

Mathers sighs and walks off. Ryan pauses for a beat then pulls out his cellphone to snap a rockin' selfie with the dead body.

MATHERS (O.S.)

Don't take a fuckin' selfie with the dead body, please!

Ryan sneaky snaps one and plays it off, before exiting.

YTR

4 EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

4

The classiest hotel in Los Angeles. Belushi died here.

5 INT. CHATEAU MARMONT - DAY

5

Ryan, sporting dark "notice me" sunglasses, and Mathers walk through the lobby...

MATHERS

Called the captain and, unbelievably, your idiotic Hollywood homicide liaison story checked out. Apparently, it really did come down from Mayor Douglas himself.

RYAN

Told ya. Dougie Fresh is a personal friend. Big time V. Mars fan.

They pass the HOST STAND on their way out to the patio. The HOSTESS, wearing barely anything and crazy high heels, stops them.

HOSTESS

Sorry -- can I help you?

Mathers is about to speak, but Ryan motions to her: I got this. He removes his sunglasses.

RYAN

It's okay. I'm Ryan Hansen.

Ryan keeps moving. The Hostess blocks his path.

HOSTESS

That's not a thing.

Mathers pulls out her badge.

MATHERS

How 'bout this? Is this enough of a thing for you? We need to speak to whoever was the manager on duty last night, okay "Don't Cum In Me" Barbie? Like now.

Mathers smiles. The Hostess steps aside.

MATHERS (cont'd)

Let's go Denzel.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Mathers walks off. Ryan puts his sunglasses on and follows.

6 EXT. CHATEAU MARMONT / PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

6

Mathers and Ryan sit at the swank outdoor patio with the fastidious HOTEL MANAGER. Mathers slides a photo of the dead body across the table.

HOTEL MANAGER

Oh my god, Slade.

MATHERS

Slade? Last name?

HOTEL MANAGER

Fire.

MATHERS

Are you shitting me? Slade Fire?

RYAN

Actor, right?

HOTEL MANAGER

We're legally not allowed to hire anyone else here.

RYAN

(defensive)

Was he any good?

The Hotel Manager shrugs: so-so. Ryan relaxes, no longer threatened. Mathers rolls her eyes.

MATHERS

When was the last time you saw him?

HOTEL MANAGER

Last night. He was working our after-party. Said he was going to the after-after party.

MATHERS

That's an actual thing?

Ryan shares a knowing look with the Hotel Manager.

RYAN

She's from Cleveland.

HOTEL MANAGER

Funny.

RYAN

I'm serious.

HOTEL MANAGER

Gross.

RYAN

I know.

They laugh. Mathers is not amused.

MATHERS

You know where downtown?

HOTEL MANAGER

I was his boss, not his Uber driver. That's all I know. If you'll excuse me please -- I have to prepare a bungalow for Miley Cyrus's Macaw.

The Hotel Manager leaves.

MATHERS

Dead end.

RYAN

Not exactly. Look.

Ryan hands Mathers his phone.

RYAN (cont'd)

Found him on Insta. He's got like way less followers than me, but whatever, I'm not going to point that out. Check out his last post.

We see a picture of SLADE FIRE posing with a PRETTY GIRL in a chic Los Angeles dinner spot.

RYAN (cont'd)

It's geo-tagged, but even if it wasn't I know that club. Catch. Total hot spot. I know the owner.

MATHERS

I don't want to talk to the owner, I want to talk to the bartender, look.

In the image we see a BARTENDER in the background of the shot suspiciously clocking both Slade and the pretty girl.

RYAN

Good eye. Total lurker photo bomb. Plus check it: Slade didn't tag this girl in his post, he didn't @ her. Nothing. He only hashtagged "bae" which means whoever this girl is, he wants to keep it on the low -- for him but definitely for her.

Mathers pauses, impressed.

RYAN (cont'd)

(suddenly hitting him)

Oh -- I just totally helped, didn't I? I'm legit helping you solve this case. Admit it.

MATHERS

You need to shut up when you talk. Let's go.

Mathers gets up. Ryan looks at us.

RYAN

Full on Millennial clue, right? With the Instagram and hashtag stuff -- "bae". You guys feeling that?

MATHERS

Don't do that. Don't break the fourth wall. It's creepy.

RYAN

Spacey does it on Cards all the time. It's like his trope or whatever.

MATHERS

One: that's not what trope means. And two: you ever see Clint Eastwood break the fourth wall?

RYAN

No.

MATHERS

Exactly. Be Eastwood. Way cooler.

That hits Ryan deep. He mulls it over, nodding.

RYAN

Good note. Good note.

MATHERS

Thanks for the help. Let's hit up
your hot spot.

Suddenly Ryan stops short.

RYAN

Shit.

MATHERS

What? What's the matter?

RYAN

I can't believe he's here.

MATHERS

Who?

RYAN

Max Greenfield.

MATHERS

Who?

RYAN

Schmidt from New Girl? It's only the
seventh most popular weekday network
show in the 18-49 demo. God, do you
even own a TV?

MATHERS

Where is he?

RYAN

Don't look -- don't --

Just then MAX GREENFIELD rolls up with a SUITED MAN in
SUNGLASSES flanking him. There's tension between Ryan and
Max. Old rivals.

MAX GREENFIELD

Hansen. Hey, buddy. They let you in
here now?

RYAN

I come here all the time.

MAX GREENFIELD

Oh -- when's your shift?

RYAN

Haw-haw. I don't work here (anymore).
Too busy doing this show. My show.

(CONTINUED)

YTR

Max glances at the cameras.

MAX GREENFIELD

Ohhh, right. The pharmacy show.

RYAN

It's a procedural. Celebrity Vice Squad. We're not abbreviating it. It's gonna be on the internet.

MAX GREENFIELD

Whoa -- THE internet?

RYAN

YouTube Red.

MAX GREENFIELD

Ohhh -- you're doing porn now. I get it. That makes sense.

RYAN

It's not porn. It's YouTube...Red.

MAX GREENFIELD

Sure. Whatever you need to call it. Look, I think it's adorable that you took this law enforcement opportunity and turned it into a little low-budge Red Shoe Diaries thing for you. Me? I'm on an exclusive Network contract -- plus a six-figure holding deal on top of that -- so I'm not allowed to star on any other shows.

(beat)

Besides, I'm just happy to do my part to help stop crime in between Fallon appearances, shooting 'Girl and all the upfront dog-and-pony shit, the worst right? Such a grind. Oh, but I guess you wouldn't know -- you've never been on network before.

RYAN

Veronica Mars, dude.

MAX GREENFIELD

CW isn't network, bro.

(beat)

Anyhow, Mayor's got me working with the Feds on this like killer serial killer thing. Total Silence of the Lambs deal.

(MORE)

6 CONTINUED: (5)

6

MAX GREENFIELD (cont'd)
Oh, almost forgot, this is my
sidekick, Special Agent Mitchell.

FBI AGENT
McConnell.

MAX GREENFIELD
Fabulous. Why don't you run along
and get us a table now, okay?
Thanks. Byeeee.

The FBI Agent scurries off, Max rolls his eyes at the agent,
then turns his gaze to Mathers.

MAX GREENFIELD (cont'd)
I'm Fox's Max Greenfield.

MATHERS
Network television is creatively
bankrupt.

That stings. Max plays it off, laughing.

MAX GREENFIELD
Ooh, I love her. Spitfire. When
you're done rolling with the D-list
here, you should think about casting
up.
(point to himself)
Emmy nom.

Max smiles smugly at them both...

MAX GREENFIELD (cont'd)
See you crime fighters around.

...and moves off.

MATHERS
That guy reminds me of a shit I took.

Just then, Max turns back to ask Ryan...

MAX GREENFIELD
Hey Hansen -- you get a callback?

RYAN
Callback?

MAX GREENFIELD
For the new Star Wars. Chewbacca's
spin-off?

(CONTINUED)

YTR

RYAN
(nope he did not)
Pfft. Totally.

MAX GREENFIELD
Weird. I didn't see your name on the
list for tomorrow. It was like me,
Eric Olsen, Franco.

RYAN
Dave?

MAX GREENFIELD
James.

Ryan winces: damn, that's the better Franco. He covers...

RYAN
Cool. I'll see you there tomorrow.

MAX GREENFIELD
Of course you will. That sounds
super believable. Well then, good
luck tomorrow. Break a leg. Star
Wars, ya know? Career changer.

Max moves off, posing for a few more photographs with fans.
Ryan's eyes narrow.

MATHERS
I can't believe I'm saying this, but
he seems worse than you.

Ryan moves off in a huff.

7 INT. MATHERS' SEDAN - DAY [DRIVING]

7

Shot like The Kardashians in a car, Mathers makes her way
downtown as Ryan, riding shotgun, is on his phone, agitated.

RYAN
Well, did I get the callback or not?
What do you mean you haven't heard
yet -- they're doing callbacks
tomorrow. I nailed that first read,
the casting director's assistant said
it was quote, "disturbing" -- that's
a verbal quote.

MATHERS
Verbatim.

RYAN

What?

MATHERS

It's a "verbatim" quote. It's Latin. Verbal quote is a nonsensical statement.

RYAN

This is an Industry call, okay? You don't understand the lingo.

MATHERS

I understand English and you weren't using it.

RYAN

(into the phone)

Just have Yvette call me back, please. Okay? Hello? Hello? Fuckin' AT&T. The worst.

MATHERS

I don't know why you're getting so agitated -- it's just a part.

RYAN

It's not just a part. It's Star Wars. Do they have "Star Wars" in Cleveland?

MATHERS

Of course we have Star Wars in Cleveland. Beam me up, Scotty!

RYAN

I can't even look at you right now.

(beat)

This role would be a total game-changer. I'd play this super bad ass android bounty hunter. And I've got this like flesh-colored rubber exoskeleton -- but like no arms or legs -- just my face and this like sleek torpedo-shaped body with veins all over it.

MATHERS

Sounds like a space dildo.

RYAN

It's not a space dildo. The pre-viz is dope.

Mathers pulls the car to a stop in front of CATCH.

MATHERS

This is the place.

Mathers gets out. Ryan reaches for the door handle.

MATHERS (cont'd)

What are you doing?

RYAN

I'm going in.

MATHERS

No you're not. You're gonna stay in the car.

RYAN

You can't go in there alone. I'm your back-up.

MATHERS

You're not my back-up. You're my liability.

RYAN

I'm not a liability. I do CrossFit like three times a week. I crushed some Turkish Get-Ups this AM. We should totally WOD together sometime. By the way, been meaning to ask: are you paleo? Cuz you should really think about it. Leans you out big time -- plus, it's like really natural for your body because it's fully how we evolved. And that's not me talking, that's science.

MATHERS

Well whoever's talking: shut the fuck up and stay in the car or I'll arrest you.

RYAN

You can't arrest me -- I'm your partner.

MATHERS

Hey -- Space Dildo -- get this through your feather brain: we are not partners. Got it?

With that, Mathers marches off. Ryan pouts. Then calls out:

(CONTINUED)

YTR

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

RYAN
That feels like a set-up line!
(beat)
And it's not a space dildo!

8 INT. CATCH - MOMENTS LATER

8

Mathers stands with the OWNER, showing him the Instagram picture.

OWNER
Sorry -- I don't remember that guy
from last night. But the girl is in
here all the time. Don't know her
name, but she's usually with a
different guy.

MATHERS
A different guy?

OWNER
Yeah. A real scary looking number.
Face tattoos. Crazy neck beard. The
whole deal. I think David knows him.

MATHERS
Who's David?

The Owner points at the scowling bartender in the IG photo.

OWNER
That's David.

On cue, the bartender in question, DAVID, lugging a rack of glasses, pushes through a pair of SWINGING KITCHEN DOORS on the far side of the room.

OWNER (cont'd)
(pointing)
And that's him now.
(calling out)
Hey David -- could you come over here
for a second?

DAVID spots Mathers, clocking the Detective's badge on her hip.

DAVID
Sure, boss.

8 CONTINUED:

8

David puts down the rack of glasses on the bar, unties his apron and then RUNS FOR IT! Busting back through the swinging kitchen doors. In a blink, Mathers is after him.

9 EXT. CATCH - DAY

9

Ryan sits in the car, bored. He checks his teeth in the rear-view mirror. Practices a couple of smoldering looks. Idly, Ryan opens the glove box. A REVOLVER flops out.

Ryan's eyes light up.

10 INT. CATCH / KITCHEN - DAY

10

David comes rushing past us, knocking everything over as he goes. Mathers a split second behind him.

11 EXT. CATCH / BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

11

David blasts out of the back door. He stops and picks up a broken 2x4. A beat later, the door flies open and Mathers runs right into David's home run swing -- WHACK!

The 2x4 connects, catching her across the back, dropping her. Her sidearm goes skittering away. David takes off running.

Mathers staggers to her feet, grabs her gun and gives chase.

12 EXT. CATCH / SEDAN - DAY

12

Ryan takes a series of selfies in the car, posing with the gun in all kinds of ludicrously unsafe ways.

Just then, Ryan sees David exiting the alley, clutching a gun and making a dead sprint on a line that'll take him right past Ryan.

Then Ryan sees Mathers appear at the end of the alley, clutching, haggard. Ryan can't believe his eyes...

RYAN

It's a foot chase. Oh dude -- it's a for real foot chase!

Ryan breaks from the moment just in time to throw open his door open -- WHACK! -- drilling David as he passes, sending him to the pavement in a pained heap.

12 CONTINUED:

12

Ryan jumps out of the car, pointing his gun at David.

RYAN (cont'd)
Freeze! CVS!

DAVID
(pained)
You work at a pharmacy?

Mathers comes rushing to a stop. Ryan gloats...

RYAN
Who's the space dildo now?

Ryan twirls his gun, smugly. He drops it -- BANG! David screams. Ryan cringes -- whoopsie.

13 EXT. LAPD PRECINCT - DAY

13

Establishing.

14 INT. LAPD PRECINCT / CAPTAIN JACKSON'S OFFICE - DAY

14

CAPTAIN JACKSON, looking very much like Courtney B. Vance, scowls at Mathers and Ryan.

CAPTAIN JACKSON
You shot the suspect?

RYAN
More of a graze sitch.

CAPTAIN JACKSON
I wasn't talking to you, RedTube. I was talking to Cleveland's finest here.

MATHERS
It was an accidental discharge, captain. The suspect sustained only a superficial injury.

CAPTAIN JACKSON
Can you explain to me why slapdick here even had a gun in the first place?

Ryan leans over to Mathers, stage-whispering...

RYAN

This is so great. "Angry black captain" chewing us a new one -- so clutch. I'm dying.

CAPTAIN JACKSON

Shut the fuck up, accidental discharge.

MATHERS

Captain, Hansen here was helping me stop the fleeing suspect and, in the course of his assistance, my back-up service revolver discharged. It won't happen again.

CAPTAIN JACKSON

You're damn right about that, detective. Because if it does, you'll be on the first fucking flight back to Cuyahoga County.

(long stare down)

Get the hell out of my office.

Ryan and Mathers slink out.

15 INT. LAPD PRECINCT / BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

15

Ryan is jazzed by the scene, Mathers not so much.

RYAN

How legit was that?! So real, right? Did you feel that? Man, he was totally in the moment, so free -- just reacting.

(beat)

Hey -- and thanks for covering for me in there, partner. Next time, I got your back.

Mathers shoots daggers at Ryan walks off, leaving him there. A beat, then Ryan pulls out his phone to take a selfie in front of Captain Jackson's door. Just as Ryan snaps the pic, the door opens revealing Captain Jackson -- Ryan yelps and scurries off.

16 INT. LAPD PRECINCT / INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

16

David, his left earlobe bandaged, sits cuffed to a table. Ryan sits across from him.

(CONTINUED)

YTR

RYAN

You're gonna tell us what we want to know or things are gonna get real rough for you in the slammer.

DAVID

Seriously? The slammer?

RYAN

Oh, you don't like my lingo? Well, pal, you're really not gonna like the way they talk in the Big House. Because, in there, they talk with their dicks.

DAVID

You've really never done this before, have you?

RYAN

(breaking character)

Why -- is it not feeling authentic to you? I'm kind of work shopping the character still. Sort of a Meisner approach, but mixed with some Strasberg stuff I picked up from Kutcher -- I'm calling it The Hansen Method.

Just then, Mathers enters the room.

MATHERS

Get out of my chair, Sorbo.

Ryan jumps out of the chair.

RYAN

Righty-o.

MATHERS

David Caldrone. You're going to prison for either three years, out in 18 months, for running from me -- or for 30 years with no chance at parole for being an accessory to first degree murder. The choice, as they say, is yours.

RYAN

Forget it partner, he went full clam shell on me. He's not gonna crack.

David looks at Ryan and then back to Mathers.

DAVID

I'll tell you anything you want to know.

MATHERS

Great. Let's start with who the girl is in Slade Fire's last posted picture.

RYAN

(chiming in)

Pic. Kids call them pics now. It's cooler. Less syllables is cooler now.

MATHERS

Fewer syllables. God you're a moron.

DAVID

Are you guys really partners?

RYAN

Yes.

MATHERS

No.

RYAN

Facebook status: it's complicated.

Mathers dumps her coffee out on Ryan's shoes. He freaks.

RYAN (cont'd)

Are you INSANE!?! These are Jordan Fives!

Ryan frantically goes about cleaning off his high-end kicks. Mathers looks at David, pointing to the IG photo.

MATHERS

The girl. Who is she?

DAVID

That's Veronica. She was dating my boy, Two Beard. Then she dumped him and broke his damn heart.

MATHERS

Two Beard?

DAVID

He runs with the Venice Street Kill Crew.

RYAN

(chiming in)

That's in Venice.

DAVID

They broke up three weeks ago, but he's been fully stalking her on Social Media.

MATHERS

And when he saw her with another guy, he couldn't take it.

RYAN

But Slade didn't tag her in his post -- how would Two Beard know about it?

MATHERS

Because David here told him.

DAVID

I didn't tell him. He saw it with his own eyes. He was there last night.

MATHERS

How do you know?

DAVID

Because he's in the picture.

Mathers and Ryan look at the IG picture again and, indeed, in the REFLECTION of the MIRROR behind the bar, we see a SCOWLING FIGURE with a face full of tattoos and a full-on NECK BEARD split into TWIN BRAIDS.

CUT TO:

17 A GRAINY, STYLIZED CSI-LIKE FLASHBACK:

17

-- We see Two Beard watching Veronica and Slade, envious.

-- the love birds leave the club, exiting into the BACK ALLEY where Two Beard steps from the shadows holding a 9mm. He fires point blank, dropping Slade. He clonks Veronica on the head, knocking her out.

-- Veronica gets dumped in the the trunk of Two Beard' IMPALA. Slade's lifeless corpse next to her. The trunk slams down. Two Beard peels out.

-- Downtown Overpass. Two Beard stops the car, opens the trunk. Veronica terrified. Two Beard tosses Slade's body off the expanse and into the LA River.

YTR

BACK TO:

MATHERS & RYAN

MATHERS

This isn't just a homicide.

RYAN

It's a kidnapping.

A long beat as we don't cut. Ryan glances around awkwardly.

RYAN (cont'd)

Feels like we should cut there,
right? Go out on that line. BUM-BUM
Law & Order shit? Oh wait! I got a
better one. What if I said--

HARD CUT TO:

Mathers and Ryan sit on a CONFSSIONAL SOFA, very much like
the vibe in Modern Family. Mathers says nothing as Ryan
talks directly to the camera.

RYAN

Total twist right? Now there's like
a damsel in distress, gotta-save-the-
girl ending to this one. And it's
only our first show. Pretty tits,
right? Writers full on crushing it.

(beat)

Anyhow, David gave us the deets on
Two Beard. They hang near the
boardwalk. We plugged the addy into
the GPS and rolled out to Venice. At
first Little Miss Stickler here
wasn't gonna let me wingman the
climax with her, but the producers
totally overruled her. Right?

Mathers stares straight ahead and says simply:

MATHERS

You guys really need to figure out
your format.

YTR

19 INT. SEDAN - DAY [DRIVING]

19

A COPS-style, documentary vibe (complete with chyron).
Mathers behind the wheel, Ryan rides shotgun.

RYAN

Look -- if anything goes wrong, I got
this. I'm from San Diego -- I speak
fluent surfer.

MATHERS

Yeah, well you're definitely nailing
fluent moron.

RYAN

Ooh. Sick burn. Up top.

Ryan holds his hand up for a high five. None is forthcoming.

20 EXT. VENICE VACANT LOT - DAY

20

Mathers pulls to a stop in a sketchy part of Venice near the
beach boardwalk. She kills the engine, taking in the VACANT
LOT across the street where half a dozen THUGGED OUT VENICE
TYPES are relaxing on their LOW-RIDERS, enjoying an
impromptu barbecue and beers. No sign of Two Beard yet.

MATHERS

We need back-up. We should call this
in.

RYAN

Why? I don't see Two Beard, do you?
Besides, we really shouldn't do the
back-up thing because we need the
climax to be climatic. Buddy cops
putting aside their differences to
team up and stop the bad guys in the
end. Don't freak though cuz --
spoiler alert -- back-up will arrive
a couple seconds after we stop Two
Beard -- if he's even there. That's
how this sorta works.

MATHERS

I've got the radio right here. I
could call. It'll take two seconds.

RYAN

Yeah. Not as dramatic though. So...

Mathers grumbles.

MATHERS

Fine. You're coming with me.

RYAN

I am?

MATHERS

Yeah. If they start shooting, get in front of me.

RYAN

Ha -- good one. Nicely done. But I'm not getting out of this car without a gun.

MATHERS

I'm not giving you a gun.

RYAN

No gun, no back-up. No back-up no savey-da-girl, no solvey-the-case -- capisce?

MATHERS

Alright. You got it. One gun coming up.

RYAN

No way -- seriously?

Mathers reaches over into the glovebox and pulls out the snub-nosed .38 revolver. She flicks open the cartridge and dumps out all six rounds into her hand, pocketing them. She hands Ryan the empty gun.

RYAN (cont'd)

Come on, dude.

MATHERS

You wanted a gun, you got a gun. Try not to shoot yourself. Let's go, Cachi.

Mathers exits. Ryan curses under his breath, then follows.

Following our heroes in COPS-style hand-held mode, Mathers and Ryan make their way up the SIDE DRIVEWAY toward a WOODEN FENCE.

They peak through the fence slates, watching the hoodlums laugh and drink around a small Hibachi fire. Just then, ONE HOOD turns around from taking a piss in the bushes revealing his two braided neck beards. Ryan's eyes go wide...

RYAN

Two Beard. That's him. That's Two Beard!

MATHERS

Shhh. Shut the fuck up. Jesus.

Indeed, the Alpha Male of the group, Two Beard, holds court with his posse. They all laugh. Mathers spots at least four firearms resting nearby.

MATHERS (cont'd)

Shit. They're carrying.

Two Beard walks away from the group, toward his IMPALA, its rear bumper facing the wooden fence that Mathers and Ryan hide behind.

They watch as Two Beard opens his trunk, revealing a BOUND & GAGGED VERONICA, terrified for her life. Ryan and Mathers' eyes go wide as Two Beard pours the remains of his beer on Veronica's face before slamming the trunk shut.

MATHERS (cont'd)

Alright. We're calling for back-up now.

RYAN

(freaked)

Absolutely.

Suddenly Ryan's phone RINGS. Mathers and Ryan share a look.

RYAN (cont'd)

Whoa -- kismet.

MATHERS

Turn it off, dummy!

Two Beard and his posse think they heard something but aren't sure. They crane their necks toward the fence.

RYAN

Oh, shit -- it's my agency! I bet they're calling me back about the Star Wars callback! See what I did there? Wordplay.

MATHERS

Are you fucking kidding -- do not answer your phone right now.

RYAN

I kind of have to though.

MATHERS

No you don't!

RYAN

Kinda do though.

MATHERS

Do NOT answer that phone.

A pained beat, but Ryan comes to his senses...

RYAN

You're right. I don't know what I was thinking--

(answering)

You've got The Ry Guy.

Mathers can't believe it -- she's gonna kill him.

RYAN (cont'd)

(brightening)

No way -- they said that about me? "Taking a flyer"?! Awesome! When? I'll be there.

(hanging up)

Callback bitch! Whoo! Fuck yeah!

And that's too loud. Instantly, Two Beard and his crew pull their guns and rush the fence.

MATHERS

God damn it.

Mathers pivots around the fence, calling out...

MATHERS (cont'd)

LAPD! Drop your weapons!

GUNFIRE ERUPTS! Mathers dives back behind the fence as it explodes in splinters.

Two Beard fires a couple shots then jumps in his Impala and floors it in reverse -- WHAM! -- taking down the fence just as Ryan tackles Mathers out of the way, saving her life by inches.

21 CONTINUED: (3)

21

RYAN

I totally saved your life!

Mathers shoves Ryan off of him, just as the posse in the backyard opens up on them. Mathers returns fire. Ryan does too -- holding his gun up from behind cover, clicking away through an empty cylinder.

MATHERS

Get the car!

Ryan bolts for the car as Mathers gives him cover.

Ryan slides across the hood and jumps in the car, peeling out in the direction of Two Beard's escape as Mathers dives through the passenger window -- the posse lighting up the sedan as it roars away.

22 INT. SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

22

Ryan behind the wheel, Mathers reloads. Up ahead, the Impala makes a sharp turn.

RYAN

Oh my god -- this is a car chase.
We're totally in a car chase right
now.

MATHERS

Shut up and stay on him!

Ryan drives surprisingly well, cutting the wheel sharply to narrow the gap.

RYAN

I co-starred in a Bulgarian version
of Fast & Furious -- Red Box top
rental for most of May last year -- I
got this!

MATHERS

Watch out!

Ryan throws the car into a power-slide to avoid a GAGGLE OF HIPSTERS.

23 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - DAY

23

The Impala cuts across world famous Venice Beach boardwalk. TOURISTS and STREET PERFORMERS scatter. Ryan and Mathers, right behind him.

(CONTINUED)

YTR

23 CONTINUED:

23

Two Beard blows through the BASKETBALL COURTS and onto the sand, heading straight for the pier.

Ryan follows suit -- a couple of pissed off BASKETBALL PLAYERS chuck their ball at the car as it passes.

24 EXT. VENICE PIER - MOMENTS LATER

24

Up ahead, Two Beard stops his car and jumps out -- rushing to the trunk and yanking Veronica out before disappearing under the pier itself.

Ryan stops his car. Mathers bolts out in hot pursuit, yelling back...

MATHERS

Call for back-up!

She disappears beneath the pier. Ryan looks at the CB in the sedan. He picks up the handset then smirks smugly to himself: he's got a better idea. He hangs up.

25 EXT. BENEATH THE VENICE PIER - MOMENTS LATER

25

Gun drawn, Mathers enters the shadow of the pier. Scanning, she sees nothing -- just shafts of sunlight cutting down from above and the crash of waves against the sea-slick pylons. Suddenly a sound --

Mathers spins to see Veronica, gagged and bound, drowning in the surf. The detective rushes to the poor girl, splashing into the hip-deep water.

Mathers grabs Veronica, lifting her up. Just then -- Two Beard steps out from behind a pylon, his gun pointed at the Detective's temple.

TWO BEARD

Dumb move, bitch.

Mathers' face falls. But then--

RYAN (O.S.)

That's my partner, bitch.

Ryan stands behind Two Beard, the snub-nose .38 flush with the back of Two Beard's head.

RYAN

You never heard of back-up before?

(CONTINUED)

YTR

Super pleased with himself, Ryan winks at Mathers.

RYAN (cont'd)
Not bad right? Total improv line.
It just kinda came to me in the
moment. I'm telling you: I'm really
feeling this role, ya know? Like
next time I think I should be allowed
to have bullets in my gun.
(realizing instantly)
Oh fucky.

Lightning fast, Two Beard spins -- turning his gun on Ryan.

BANG!

A shot rings out blowing a SMOKING HOLE in Two Beard's chest and spraying Ryan's face with a shocking amount of blood and gristle.

RYAN (cont'd)
Ohhh -- that's not cool.

Two Beard drops, revealing Mathers standing there with a smoking gun -- but the thug manages to squeeze off a round as he falls face first into the wet sand -- BANG!

The shot clips Ryan on the shoulder -- he howls!

RYAN (cont'd)
Agh -- he shot me. The perp shot me.

Ryan pulls his hand away from his shoulder -- it's a minuscule flesh wound. Mathers stands over him.

MATHERS
Rub some dirt on it, Dorothy.
(beat)
And don't say "perp".

Veronica rushes up and hugs Mathers.

VERONICA
Thank you so much. You saved my
life.

MATHERS
All in a day's work, miss. Glad
you're safe.

Ryan stands up.

RYAN

I'm Ryan Hansen. This is my show.
Celebrity Vice Squad.

VERONICA

That sounds really stupid.

RYAN

Yeah? We'll you're a day player on
it so you can thank me for not only
saving your life but getting you 18
months of SAG health insurance. I
can't believe we're gonna have to
Taft-Hartley someone so ungrateful.

Just then, SIRENS. Ryan turns to Mathers and smirks.

RYAN (cont'd)

Right on time.

26 EXT. VENICE PIER - DAY

26

The aftermath. Ambulance. Caution tape. And flashing
lights. A big ol' crane shot as Ryan, his arm in a sling,
and Mathers walk toward us passing Veronica, wrapped in a
foil blanket, being tended to my EMTs.

RYAN

Love it. Aftermath crane shot. Such
a classic.

(noticing)

Foil blanket. Nice touch.

They stop at Mathers' sedan.

RYAN (cont'd)

Where to next? Precinct? Get chewed
a new one by the captain again?
Where we off to?

MATHERS

I'm taking you home.

RYAN

Oh -- look, I'm super flattered and
all, but I can't go home with you.
I'm happily married with three girls.
Plus, if we knock boots now it really
messes with the season-long tension
thing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

YTR

26 CONTINUED:

26

RYAN (cont'd)

I mean maybe we do something in season three -- if the wife is cool with it -- but I really can't make any promises --

MATHERS

No -- your home, idiot. I'm dropping you off.

RYAN

Oh. Right. Totally.

27 EXT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

27

Establishing of a very nice home in a picturesque part of the valley.

28 INT. RYAN'S HOUSE - DAY

28

Now we're in 4-camera sit-com mode. Ryan walks through the door. The STUDIO AUDIENCE applauds. Ryan can't help but nod a subtle thanks to them.

Suddenly Ryan's THREE ADORABLE GIRLS rush up to greet him lovingly. The audience lets out an "Awwww".

Ryan's beautiful wife, AMY, cautiously approaches.

AMY

Ryan -- what's going on? They told us to meet you here. What is this? Who are all these people?

Camera reveals an ENTIRE STUDIO AUDIENCE, CAMERAS, CREW, the works.

RYAN

This is the show I told you about. That's our live studio audience -- and this is our new "home".

AMY

But we live in the valley.

RYAN

Yeah -- but for like, purposes of this show, this is where we're gonna do all of our "home" scenes. The producers are big fans of Friends.

(CONTINUED)

YTR

AMY

I'm so confused. I thought you said it was a procedural.

RYAN

YouTube Red is still playing with the format.

AMY

It's a porn show?

RYAN

No -- that's Red -- doesn't matter. This is gonna be good. Fresh.

AMY

What's fresh about a multi-cam sit-com?

RYAN

Come on. It's not that sit-com-y.

On cue the side door opens and in walks none other than JON CRYER. The studio audience goes nuts.

JON CRYER

Well, it's official. I've got bats in my attic.

The crowd erupts into laughter. Amy gives Ryan a disappointed look.

AMY

Duckie's our neighbor? Oh my god, I love Pretty in Pink!

RYAN

Jon's a friend, honey. He's just doing me a solid for the pilot.

(to Jon)

Thanks, man. Great entrance.

JON CRYER

Really? Cuz I could do it again. I could give you a range.

RYAN

No -- you nailed it. Appreciate the cameo, pal. You're the best.

Jon waves off the compliment...

JON CRYER

Keep buttering me up like that and I'll turn into a recurring guest star.

RYAN

You think we'll get picked up?

JON CRYER

No.

The crowd laughs. Jon waves to the audience and leaves to light applause.

AMY

(noticing)

Hang on -- what happened to your arm?

RYAN

Oh yeah, I got shot.

AMY

You got shot?

RYAN

Just a little bit. Don't worry -- if we go to series, it'll be gone by the next episode. Like it never happened.

Just then, Mathers enters...

MATHERS

Dipshit, you left your teeth-whitening contraption in my car.

The entire crowd erupts into applause. Mathers jumps back and pulls her gun. The crowd GASPS!

MATHERS (cont'd)

What the fuck...?

RYAN

It's cool. It's cool -- that's just our live studio audience.

Mathers holsters her weapon...

MATHERS

You guys are just throwing darts now.

AMY

Excuse me, who is this?

RYAN

Sorry honey. This is Detective
Jessica Mathers. She's my partner.

Mathers shakes Amy's hand.

MATHERS

We're not partners, your husband is
just a moron.

RYAN

We're thinking of re-casting.

Suddenly Amy, Ryan and Mathers all laugh uproariously for no
reason. The APPLAUSE SIGN blinks rapidly. The audience
laughs and applauds. We FREEZE FRAME.

Roll Credits.

POST CREDITS TAG:

Ryan, dressed very much like a flesh-colored space dildo,
finishes his audition...

SPACE DILDO RYAN

...I'll never give up the hunt for
you, Solo. And you'll never rest
easy again -- because once I get
inside someone, they feel it forever.
And I'm going deep inside of you.

Ryan holds a steely gaze. Then breaks.

SPACE DILDO RYAN (cont'd)

Pretty good, right?

CUT TO BLACK.

YTR