

Tonight on Murderburg USA
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COLD OPEN

INSERT - The Murderburg USA (show within the show) opening GRAPHICS

VOICE ACTOR (V.O.)

Tonight! On Murderburg USA.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

APPLES, 44, sits facing the camera, wearing a suit and tie.

APPLES

I had been on the force for twenty years and never saw anything like this.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A MYSTERIOUS MAN in a trenchcoat and gloves, 54, holds a pistol waist level. He ascends the dirty staircase to a door at the top. He uses a key to unlock it and then he enters.

APPLES (V.O.)

I knew that if I didn't get there on time, there would be trouble.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Mysterious Man stands at the end of a bed with his gun drawn. A SLEEPING MAN, 34, eyes closed, lays on his stomach in the bed.

APPLES (V.O.)

It looked like the big one was coming in.

The Mysterious Man lowers his gun down close to the Sleeping Man and pulls the trigger three times.

The gun fires and the Sleeping Man SCREAMS as he writhes in pain. He grabs his buttocks and blood seeps out from beneath his hand.

Amid the screaming, the camera spins around to reveal a production crew:

SHAWNA, 38, is the producer. She holds a clipboard and keeps a bluetooth in her ear at all times. BLAKE, 34, is the director. He is youthful, effeminate and near sighted. WILEY, 43, is the cameraman and he has pulled his head back from his viewfinder to watch the real scene unfold. MARLON, 32, is the sound engineer. He wears headphones and holds a boom mic that is plugged into his rig.

BLAKE

Okay cut!

SLEEPING MAN

You shot me! You actually shot me!

The Mysterious Man tosses the pistol down on the nightstand and raises both hands in the air.

MYSTERIOUS MAN

I didn't do it! I mean, I didn't load it! The gun was just given to me that way! I promise!

The scene zooms out to reveal it had all been displayed on a small monitor in...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The small monitor that displayed the previous scene sits atop a large desk. On one side of the desk sits Apples. Across from him sits DARYL, 24, a disheveled young man.

APPLES

Alright kid. So who gave him the gun?

DARYL

It was the props guy.

APPLES

And weren't *you* in charge of props for this scene?

DARYL

Yeah. Yeah okay.

APPLES

So then *you* gave him the gun?

DARYL

Yeah, I mean, that was the job.

APPLES

And did you *load* the gun?

DARYL

Yeah, I mean, that was also the job.

The scene zooms out to reveal it had all been displayed on a television screen in a...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Shawna sits on a tabletop, having just watched the previous scene. OSWALD, 54, sits beside her, wearing a sportscoat over a t-shirt.

OSWALD

So let me get this straight. You told him he was playing himself in an episode about his own crime?

SHAWNA

Not before having him sign an agreement to waive his pay for the job.

OSWALD

Excellent. Then what?

SHAWNA

Well then I fired him, called the police and gave them his address.

OSWALD

(laughs)

You are cut-throat as they come, Shawna.

SHAWNA

No, what I am is ahead of the game. And you know what the best part is?

OSWALD

What's that?

SHAWNA

We've already got the footage for an actual episode about him.

OSWALD

Did he sign a release?

SHAWNA

Oh, he signed a release.

Oswald and Shawna tighten their fingers into claws and pretend to scratch and hiss.

INSERT: OPENING TITLES

ACT ONE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ELTON, 28 and black, dressed office casual with a little bit of style, sits awkwardly in a chair, sideways against a table.

Shawna enters with a paper in her hand and sits down on the table.

SHAWNA

So this being your first day, we do have one final document for you to sign.

ELTON

Oh? Okay.

Shawna slides the paper across the desk to Elton.

SHAWNA

This is our FRF, or Final Release Form, customary for new contractors to sign before actually starting. Making sure you know.

ELTON

Know what?

SHAWNA

Well, you know. No take backsies once we begin, no matter what, until the season is over.

ELTON

Isn't that what my contract was for?

SHAWNA

Yes, but - okay. Let me try to explain something. Our show stays on the air because the network pays for it.

ELTON

I understand.

SHAWNA

So the network has a say about things that are not really in control of anyone working here. Right?

ELTON

Right.

SHAWNA

So sometimes, as a method for reaching their target demographic, certain details of certain stories have to be tweaked, in a way.

ELTON

Okay. That should be okay.

SHAWNA

Yeah. So then you understand if maybe there was a waiter or someone who were, say, Honduran, but we had to cast him with an, I don't know, Brazilian actor or something, right?

ELTON

(hesitantly)

Sure. I think so.

Shawna removes her smartphone from her pocket and sits it on the table.

SHAWNA

Oh also, I forgot to tell you before now, but I'm recording this. Is that okay with you?

ELTON

(more hesitantly)

Yeah. I think that's okay.

SHAWNA

Okay great! So since you admit you feel so great about everything, go ahead and sign the FRF and we can get this day a'rockin'!

Shawna sits a pen on top of the form. Elton signs.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Excellent! Thank you so so much! You're gonna fit in great here. I know it.

Shawna snatches up the form and replaces it with a multi-page list.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Okay so here is a list of characters that need to be cast for this episode. Any questions?

ELTON

What do the little stars mean?

SHAWNA

Oh, the stars are asterisks. Those are special characters who require special accommodations, mentioned at the end of your list.

Elton flips to the end of the list.

ELTON

It looks like all the *accommodations* are just hiring white actors to play black characters.

SHAWNA

(smiling)

Yeah. Like we were talking about remember?

ELTON

You said Honduran and Brazilian.

SHAWNA

Yeah. Those were just examples. But you signed the FRF, so you're cool with it, right?

ELTON

Well no. Not really.

SHAWNA

(tightening her face)

Oooh. Oooooohhh... Yeeeeeah... ummm...

ELTON

Look, I'll do the work, but -

Shawna grabs his hand and shakes it.

SHAWNA

Great! Great! A team player! Wonderful to have you aboard.

Suddenly, the room begins to shake as the loud whirl of a helicopter drowns out their conversation.

ELTON

(screaming)

What is going on?

SHAWNA

(also screaming)

That's Oswald's copter on the roof.

The sound of the copter ceases.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

(still screaming)

It's meeting time!

Blake enters the room with MEGAN, 23. Behind them is Wiley, with KIP, 39, and ROCHELLE, 54. They all take seats and converse among one another. Elton sits with them.

SHAWNA

Where's Beth? We're missing Beth.

Shawna pokes her head out of the conference room door.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Bobby! Get Beth!

INT. MAIN ROOM - RECEPTION AREA

BOBBY, 39 and seated at the reception desk, looks up from a gun catalog that he is doodling on, drawing glasses and moustaches on people's faces.

BOBBY

Okay!

Bobby stands. As he walks away from his desk, pulls on a power cord that is wrapped around his ankle, jostling his computer set up. He quickly re-situates it and frees his ankle.

INT. HALLWAY

Bobby runs to a door labeled "editing suite" and bangs abrasively.

BOBBY

Beth! Hey Beth! You in there?

Bobby bangs some more. The door slowly opens and BETH, 29, appears, squinting and disheveled.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It's meeting time.

BETH

What? Is Apples here already?

BOBBY

Oh, I wish!

BETH

What? Look. Give me a minute and I'll be there.

Beth shuts the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Shawna stands anxiously by the door, hands clasped.

Oswald enters the room.

OSWALD

Hey hey gang! Welcome to another season of Murderburg USA! So glad to have you here! My name is Oswald Green and I'm your boss.

The audience chuckles lightly, if not sarcastically. Light applause.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

So I see some familiar faces. I know a lot of you have worked with me before. Very pleased to have Shawna with us again.

The audience applauds lightly. Oswald reaches out to Shawna and she takes his hand. He pulls her close and embraces her, whispering in her ear.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Apples hasn't shown up?

SHAWNA

Negative, Ozzie.

OSWALD

I will kill that son of a bitch. I swear to god.

They break their embrace. Oswald faces the audience again.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

We do have a couple brand new faces with us. Everyone meet Kip Erlanger who will be taking over our props department.

Kip awkwardly stands and waves. Scattered applause.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Kip does props for a few other companies in town. Good references. Not like that last guy. And also - oh wait.

Oswald removes his phone from his pocket and looks at it with concern.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Excuse me just a moment, folks. I'm sorry.

Oswald texts intently then holds it up to Shawna's face.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

This is that thing. How does it look to you?

INSERT: OSWALD'S PHONE - Text on the screen reads: "IS THE BLACK GUY COOL?"

SHAWNA

I think it looks good. I think you're in good shape.

OSWALD

Okay great. Phew! Sorry folks. TCB all the time.

Oswald places his phone back into his pocket.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Also with us is our new casting director, Mr. Elton Livesay.

Elton quickly raises and drops his hand. Scattered applause.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

An award winner, that guy. Worked with BET and the Cartoon Network. Please introduce yourselves and make them feel at home.

Bobby steps into the room and knocks on the door frame.

BOBBY

Hey everyone. I'm sorry to interrupt your meeting, but...

(badly voices trumpet fanfare)

Apples is here!

Bobby steps back from the door, faces it and bows. APPLES, 48, stumbles into the room, drunk, sweating and boisterous. He sports a crew cut and a stained, collared shirt.

APPLES

Hey everyone! Sorry I'm late. There was this - my flight - you know. Everything.

OSWALD

Apples! How the hell are you, buddy?

Oswald pats Apples on the back and shakes his hand.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, the star of our show. You know him as detective Davida. The one and only Apples Hanson.

Elton and Kip applaud. Apples sits down uncomfortably close to Megan, who immediately slides her chair over away from him.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Alright folks, let's get on task. Wiley, what are you gonna do?

WILEY

I'm the camera guy. Why am I even here?

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Okay then get out of here. My dear, Megan, how about you?

Megan digs furiously through a large handbag.

MEGAN

Actually, Uncle Ozzie, I'm missing a whole pallet of eyeshadow. I'm gonna retrace my steps and try to find it.

OSWALD

Well good luck. I hope you do. Researchin' Rochelle, you wanna get with Elton and go over character profiles with him?

ROCHELLE

I expected that.

OSWALD

Elton, stick with her today. She's a well of information.

Rochelle stands and cocks her head in a motion to leave. Elton follows her out.

OSWALD (CONT'D)

Kip. Blake. Do what you've got to do.

Kip nods.

BLAKE

Good to see you again, Oswald.

Kip and Blake exit.

OSWALD

Apples, buddy. You want some water?

APPLES

Ah. No thanks. I'm gonna go do some - stuff.

Apples exits. Oswald turns to Shawna.

OSWALD

My office?

SHAWNA

Your office, captain.

Oswald and Shawna hiss and claw like cats. Beth enters, wrapped in a blanket and stares at them without their knowledge.

BETH

Is this the meeting?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

Elton holds a pen and notebook and sits with Rochelle in front of her computer screen. She operates the mouse and displays a photograph of a large, extremely dark skinned man, wearing traditional African garb.

ROCHELLE

So this is Laquan Markford, also known as dealer number two. A fine looking brother, really.

ELTON

How am I supposed to cast a white guy in that role?

ROCHELLE

Why would you cast a white guy?

ELTON

I've got a whole list here of brothers I'm supposed to white out.

ROCHELLE

Mmm. Why am I not surprised? You wanna step out for a smoke?

ELTON

Oh I don't smoke.

ROCHELLE

Well come out back with me and let's fix that.

Rochelle opens her desk drawer and shuffles through the office supplies inside.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

Where are my cigarettes? They're not in here.

ELTON

You wanna just bum one from that Apples guy? He smelled like smoke - and alcohol.

ROCHELLE

Well no. The thing is I keep them in an antique cigarette case that belonged to my grandmother and now it's gone.

ELTON

Oh no.

ROCHELLE

I'm gonna run out and make sure I didn't leave it in my car. Excuse me.

Rochelle exits, passing by Megan who is looking at the ground around and under a table. Apples is tailing closely behind her.

APPLES

Why don't you let it go? I can buy you more makeup.

MEGAN

It was my favorite pallet and really expensive. I bought it in San Francisco last year.

APPLES

I'm sure we could find another like it. I'm connected. You have no idea. Come on. Let's go find it. I'll drive. And I'll pay for it.

MEGAN

Uh. I'm going to go talk to the new guy.

Megan approaches Elton, picking a folder up from a desk as she passes by it. Apples follows her.

MEGAN

Elton?

Elton turns and looks at Megan.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Megan.

Elton stands and shakes her hand gently.

ELTON

I'm Elton. Obviously.
(chuckles awkwardly)
Pleased to meet you.

Apples gets between them and extends a firm hand to Elton.

APPLES

I'm Apples. I'm the detective. On the show.

Elton shakes his hand, but Apples grasps hard and does not let go.

APPLES (CONT'D)

Not in real life. You at least don't have to
worry about *that*.

ELTON

Excuse me?

APPLES

I'll tell ya, I love Megan here. I *love* Megan.
You better treat her with respect. I gotta let
you know, she ain't a bitch or a ho.

ELTON

Are you quoting Queen Latifah?

Megan steps away from Apples to the other side of Elton. Apples releases his hand.

APPLES (CONT'D)

(to Megan)

What's wrong? Why don't you wanna stand
by me?

Megan hands the folder to Elton.

MEGAN

So I just wanted to give you copies of the costume sketches I have so far. Maybe it will be helpful for casting,

ELTON

Well thank you.

Rochelle enters. Apples is standing in the path to her seat.

ROCHELLE

Apples, get the hell out of my way.

Apples steps aside and Rochelle sits down.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

I can't find my cigarette case anywhere.
Looked all over my car.

MEGAN

I still haven't found my eyeshadow either.

APPLES

Hm. Haven't we known each other long enough not to steal from one another?

Apples stares deeply into Elton.

APPLES (CONT'D)

Well, all but *one* of us.

ELTON

Are you trying to pin me as a thief?

APPLES

I don't know. Are you a thief?

ELTON

Why you gotta answer a question with a question?

APPLES

Why you gotta have so many questions?

Apples raises two fingers and points them at his eyes, then motions them out toward Elton.

APPLES (CONT'D)

I'll be watching you buddy.

Apples backs away and stumbles into a chair. Then turns and exits.

ROCHELLE

Everybody hates that guy but we can't do the show without him. Don't let him get to you.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Apples stands in front of the mirror, by the sink. He dips a tiny spoon into a bag of white powder and snorts it up his nose. Kip enters and Apples hides his bag and spoon in his hand.

KIP

Are you snorting coke in here?

APPLES

Uh, no.

Kip walks to the urinal and pees.

KIP

What's in your hand?

APPLES

Look, kid. You got your good things and I got mine, okay?

KIP

I think we have the same good things.

Kip finishes urinating and walks over to the sink.

KIP (CONT'D)

Let me get a bump.

APPLES

Alright but keep it between you and me.

Apples hands the bag and spoon to Kip. Kip digs out some powder.

APPLES (CONT'D)

So how well do you know that other new guy?

KIP

Elton, you mean? I don't know him, really.
We just came on at the same time.

Kip snorts the powder.

APPLES

I'll tell ya. I think that guy's been stealing
people's stuff around here.

KIP

Oh yeah?

Kip gives powder and spoon back to Apples. Apples stows it in his pocket.

APPLES

Yeah. He's the only person that no one
knows. Except for you, but you're obviously
cool.

KIP

I would be lying if I said I didn't get a bad vibe
from that guy.

APPLES

It's definitely him. It's gotta be. Let me know if
you pick up on any clues I can explore. He
knows I'm on to him, so be my eyes and ears.

Kip washes his hands.

KIP

I would love to help, but I have some work to
do. I've gotta go drop some props off with
another company I work with.

APPLES

Oh yeah? Can I come with you?

KIP

Well I have a few other errands to run after that. You'd be sitting in my car for a while.

APPLES

I don't care. I just need to get out of here. I'll bring the blow.

KIP

Well, alright. You can come.

Apples and Kip exit. A toilet FLUSHES and Bobby emerges from a stall. He steps to the sink and looks at himself in the mirror.

BOBBY

So Elton is the thief.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Shawna sits at her desk, focused on her computer screen. Apples and Kip stand outside her door frame. Apples KNOCKS.

SHAWNA

Just a second, guys.

Shawna types and SIGHS and rolls her eyes and GROANS.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Okay what?

Apples and Kip approach Shawna's desk.

APPLES

I just wanted to let you know that I'm leaving with him for a while. Just call my cell if you need me.

Kip swipes a fancy pen set from Shawn's desk and holds it behind his back.

SHAWNA

Apples, I don't care what you do.

Shawna returns her focus to her computer screen and continues to type.

APPLES

Oh. Okay.

SHAWNA

Get out of my office.

Apples and Kip exit. Shawna presses a few keys on her keyboard and suddenly her expression turns hopeful.

SHAWNA

This is it. Gotta write it down.

Shawna opens a notebook on her desk top and reaches for a pen to find her pen set missing.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

Where are my pens?

She scoots her chair back and looks under her desk. Then walks out into the...

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Hey did anyone take my pens out of my office?

The rest of the staff ceases their work and looks at her blankly.

SHAWNA (CONT'D)

I paid thirty dollars for a really nice set of pens.
Whoever took them, needs to put them back
on my desk immediately, or you will die.

Bobby's perks up, grimaces his face, and stares angrily toward Elton.

A red light shines on Bobby as SIRENS wail.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Apples and Kip pull up to the building in Kip's car. The car is packed full of boxes and junk.

APPLES

So this is where Edgemoor Productions is located? I had no idea. I feel like I'm spying on the competition.

KIP

I don't think they see it like that - as competition.

Kip kills the engine and exits the car. He releases his hatchback and opens the passenger side backseat door. He awkwardly maneuvers a large metal wire bath shelf out the car. Apples leans against the car beside him as he struggles.

APPLES

Can I help you carry something?

KIP

Uh, well, there are two boxes in the back under that blanket. I need to bring in the one on the *left*, if you want to get that.

APPLES

Anything to help.

Apples lifts the blanket in the back of the car, revealing the two boxes. He removes the box on the right and shuts the hatch. Kip kicks his car door shut. He and Apples approach the office with their items.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM - DAY

Bobby sits at his desk in the reception area, TAPPING his fingers slowly and staring into the larger part of the room.

SFX: Bobby's finger taps continue. (O.C.) while...

In the distance, Elton leans on a desk and laughs with Rochelle and Megan. Blake approaches them. Elton stands and shakes his hand.

Bobby continues to watch, but stops tapping his fingers. He takes a deep breath and stands. As he walks away from his desk, he pulls on a power cord that is wrapped around his ankle, jostling his computer set up as before, but more abrasively.

BOBBY

Damn it! Damn it to heck!

Bobby frees his angle and sloppily re-situates his computer set up. He then stomps away from his desk.

Elton, Rochelle, Megan and Blake are laughing. Bobby approaches.

BOBBY

Hi Elton, I'm Bobby.

The group becomes silent. Elton extends his hand but Bobby does not respond. He raises it into a wave instead.

ELTON

Hi Bobby.

BOBBY

Hi. Could I get one of those cigarettes from you?

ELTON

Cigarettes? Oh, I don't smoke.

BOBBY

What about those cigarettes right there?

Bobby taps the side of Elton's hip. Everyone gasps lightly. Elton steps back and removes a smartphone from his pocket.

ELTON

Dude, that's my phone.

BOBBY

What about your other pocket? You like make up?

Bobby taps on Elton's other hip. Everyone gasps louder than before. Elton steps back, up against a desk Bobby steps forward.

BOBBY

What about pens? You feel the need to write sometimes, do ya?

Bobby taps Elton aggressively around his hips, waist and crotch. The group makes loud commotion. Elton sits down on the desk and scoots back away. Blake grabs Bobby's shoulders and pulls him back.

BLAKE

That is not consensual, Bobby.

Shawna emerges from her office.

SHAWNA

(screaming)

Bobby! In my office *now!*

CUT TO:

INT. KIP'S CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Kip drives and Apples sits in the passenger seat.

APPLES

Yeah the Edgemoor office seemed alright. I bet they don't hire thieves like we do. I'll tell ya that. I miss professionalism.

KIP

Hey, I'm gonna need you to take the wheel at this next stop.

Kip turns into a driveway.

APPLES

What?

Kip does a three point turn to aim the car out of the driveway.

KIP

This pick up is always a little dicey. Since you're with me, it would be best if I could just hop in the car and go.

APPLES

But why? What?

KIP

It doesn't happen every time. It's just a precaution in case it does.

APPLES

What doesn't happen every time?

Kip puts the car in park and steps out. He opens the driver side, backseat door and removes an overstuffed briefcase. He then steps back by the open driver side, front seat door and motions to Apples.

KIP

Come on man, slide over and take the wheel.

Apples is sweating and his mouth is wide open.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby sits, sweating with his mouth open. Shawna sits across from him, at her desk.

SHAWNA

Bobby, whatever you were doing out there - touching privates or whatever - it needs to never happen again.

BOBBY

But I wasn't touching privates! Not me!

SHAWNA

Bobby you can't touch other people *anywhere* without their consent. It is technically sexual harassment.

BOBBY

Sexual harassment? No no no! It's not like that at all. I touch everyone that way. Look!

Bobby stands and comes behind Shawna's desk, attempting to pat her waist. She kicks him back.

SHAWNA

Stop! Just go to your desk and keep your hands to yourself, okay?

BOBBY

Okay, but Elton's the thief. He stole your pens.

SHAWNA

How do you know that?

BOBBY

I heard Apples and Kip talking about it in the bathroom.

SHAWNA

Well, *I'll* keep an eye on Elton. You go to your desk right now. Read a book or something. Just don't talk to anybody.

BOBBY

But what if someone calls?

SHAWNA
Move, Bobby!

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY AT CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Apples sits nervously in the driver seat of Kip's car. He is sweating and wide-eyed.

SFX: Gunshots FIRE from inside the house.

Kip emerges from the house, carrying a tightly bundled and wrapped package in one hand and a cactus in the other. He runs to the back of the car and opens the hatch. He throws the package inside, then pulls back the blanket and lays the cactus in the box.

CLANCY, 44, runs out of the house with his shotgun in his hand. He is greasy and wears a bathrobe. He stops and aims his gun.

Kip jumps into the passenger side door as Clancy takes a shot.

KIP
Move move move!

Apples steps on the gas and pulls out of the driveway. Clancy follows them on foot as they speed up and leave him down the road. Kip and Apples HOLLER in excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. SHAWNA'S OFFICE

Shawna sits at her desk Elton sits across from her.

SHAWNA
So I'm just going to be blunt. There is talk around the office that you're the one stealing from people.

ELTON

By talk around the office, do you mean Apples and Bobby?

SHAWNA

Ah...yeah. Good point. But you are the only person here who none of us know. You have to understand how that seems to us.

ELTON

What about Kip?

SHAWNA

Oh yeah. Well Kip has good references.

ELTON

I have good references. Executives at BET and the Cartoon Network.

SHAWNA

Well Kip has local references. That's what I meant to say.

ELTON

I'm done after this season.

Apples enters the building (O.C). Elton and Shawna hear him YELLING and HOLLERING. They stand.

INT. MAIN ROOM

Apples crosses the room while continuing to aggressively hollar. Kip follows behind him, carrying the box from his car. Shawna and Elton emerge from her office. Apples points to Kip.

APPLES

This guy is great. I love this guy.

MEGAN

Oh. I'm glad it's not me anymore.

Kip places the box on a table.

KIP

Here are the props for the first episode.

APPLES

High five, partner!

Apples holds up his palm and Kip reluctantly slaps it. Megan looks inside Kip's box. She removes an eye shadow palette and holds it up.

MEGAN

Hey here is my eyeshadow. Why is it in with the props?

ROCHELLE

What?

Rochelle walks over to the box and looks inside. She removes her cigarette case.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)

And here is my cigarette case; and your damn pens, Shawna.

Rochelle removes the pen set and tosses them to Shawna. She attempts to catch them but they fall out of their holder and spill everywhere.

SHAWNA

Kip, why do you have these things?

KIP

It was Apples fault. He must have carried the wrong box into Edgemoor. This box was for them. They have your box. I'll fix it.

SHAWNA

Kip, if you have our items in your possession, then you must be the thief.

APPLES

Hey now! This is a good man! Elton's the thief. Everyone knows that.

EVERYONE

Shut up, Apples!

KIP

Okay, look.

Kip turns and runs to the exit. As he passes the reception desk, Bobby leaps up and attempts to tackle Kip. When he does, his ankle snags the wires under his desk and pulls his computer set up with him, on to the floor. Kip escapes.

Bobby sits on the floor attempting to untangle himself from the mess. Kip steps back into the door and picks the speakers up from Bobby's computer.

Apples runs after Kip and Kip runs back out the door. Apples trips over Bobby's mess and collapses to the floor, also tangled.

Shawna turns to Elton.

SHAWNA

I guess we owe you an apology.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INSERT - Murderburg USA promo graphics

VOICE ACTOR (V.O.)
Next week! On Murderburg USA.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Clancy sits facing the camera, wearing a greasy, ripped up t-shirt.

CLANCY
You, know I'd done deals with him before, and
yeah, I did owe him a little money.

CUT TO:

INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Clancy sits next to WAIF GIRL, 22, on a beat up old couch. They pass a crack pipe. ACTOR KIP, 35, sits diagonal to them on a recliner. He pulls a pistol out of his jacket and aims it at Clancy.

CLANCY (V.O.)
So when that gun came out, I knew I was
going to have to give him something on the
spot.

Clancy hands the bundled package to Actor Kip, then raises his hands in defense.

EXT. DRIVEWAY AT CRACK HOUSE - DAY

Kip runs from the house with the package and the cactus in his arms.

CLANCY (V.O.)
I thought the heroin was enough. He didn't
need to take my damn cactus, too.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM

Clancy sighs.

END