

Killers On The Loose

by

Gary Gurner

WGA Registered

Canyon Literary Management

canyonlit@yahoo.com

310-453-1967

ACT ONE

EXT. LOS ANGELES GOLF COURSE - DAY

A THREESOME grumbles impatiently, waiting for their FOURTH. But he's not teeing up his golf ball or deciding between his iron or his wood. Well, maybe his wood...

Nearby, a cluster of bushes shakes rhythmically with ever increasing momentum. The threesome shake their heads.

Finally, all is quiet. O.J. SIMPSON emerges from the bushes zipping up his trousers.

O.J.
Sorry, guys. Jail really made me
horny. And there's something bitchin'
about being "in the rough," especially
if it's blonde.

That BLONDE peeks out from the bushes.

O.J. (CONT'D)
Kiss my putter for good luck?

BLONDE
I'd rather kiss your balls.

Threesome jealously elbow each other as O.J. shrugs.

EXT. VENTURA BLVD. - DAY

ROBERT BLAKE cruises in a mid-70s *Baretta*-era clunker.

BLAKE
I'm young, white and free and that's
the name of dat tune!

He giddily honks the horn and checks himself in the mirror.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Well, two outta three ain't bad, huh
Fred? Least that's what Meatloaf
said.

Blake's driving companion FRED is no human, he's the Cockatoo from *Baretta*, stuffed and perched on the dashboard, like a plastic Jesus.

INT. FOX NEWS HQ - NEW YORK - LATE AFTERNOON

Newscaster BRET BAIER is in make-up.

BRET
More make-up?

MAKE-UP ARTIST

You're not as young as you used to be.

BRET

Save it for the Fox News Babes.

Baier sheds his make-up bib, pulling his suit jacket on as he heads for the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

He's halted immediately by the ghostly image of BILL O'REILLY holding a tablet and a map.

O'REILLY

Someone wants to see you. Here are your instructions.

BRET

You don't look so good, Bill.

O'REILLY

I'm only on the internet now, Bret.
It's like I don't exist anymore.

O'Reilly hands Bret a building map with specifics. Bret looks it over, skeptically.

BRET

He doesn't have to send a sexual deviant to get me.

O'Reilly throws his tablet at Bret's head but he ducks and it hits the wall, freezing on an image from a porn site. By the time Bret looks up, O'Reilly's disappeared into the ether.

Bret looks over the map and follows the route.

It takes him through unfamiliar corridors, past unmarked doors and down stairwells he never knew existed. Finally, he arrives at a black door, the very portal indicated in the instructions. There's no doorknob. In mid-knock, the door whooshes open automatically.

INT. HIDDEN EXECUTIVE SUITE

Bret is ushered in by two scantily clad WOMEN, provocatively caressing microphones.

And then a booming voice sends shock waves as it travels across the room. It's so powerful it messes Bret's hair.

VOICE (O.S.)

Baier, get your pretty boy white ass
in here.

Confused at first, Bret immediately recognizes that voice.

BRET

Roger?! I thought you were fired.
Sued. Dead.

AILES

All obfuscation. Distraction.
Purposeful flim-flammery.

Bret gets his bearings. Ailes's office is massive, to accommodate both his oversized ego and his Jabba the Hut girth. In fact, he resembles Jabba but with Roger's face.

His breathing is labored as he barks into a red hot-line phone.

AILES (CONT'D)

Hey! The only person who ever spoke
to me like that was Cheney. And trust
me, Pence. You're no Dick Cheney.
Just shut up and tell me what it's
going to take to get through to you
on this? If Trump keeps fucking up,
Fox News has nothing. I can only
keep this house of smoke and mirrors
aloft for so long!

He slams the phone down, shattering it and denting his desk.

Bret stares in bewilderment as Ailes pores over photos, checking lip gloss levels of various Fox News Babes - a grimace here, a lascivious half-smile there.

AILES (CONT'D)

Sit down, Bert.

BRET

Sir, it's Bret.

AILES

Right. And don't talk back. Or you'll
be the next one wearing lip gloss
and rouge.

BRET

But I still am.

Ailes leans in for a closer inspection.

AILES

Damn. Really does take years off.

BRET

You wanted to see me?

AILES

With Trump's Covid-19 clusterfuck, the ratings are off. Maybe I can get Coulter to run.

BRET

Didn't you call her an anorexic crazy-ass bitch?

AILES

That was then. I gotta shake things up. Like I did years ago.

BRET

You mean the first time you lost all that weight?

Ailes throws a Trump bobble-head doll at him. It lands on the floor with Trump's dumb-ass scowl staring back, its fake orange hair askew.

AILES

Hell no! Something better. With more impact. I'm sending you back out there!

BRET

Out there???

Bret throws himself across Ailes's desk.

BRET (CONT'D)

I'll never survive.

AILES

Lose the make-up.

BRET

But I'm your pretty boy. Everybody says so - even Laverne Cox. But that was privately, after the Emmys.

Bret shudders, remembering that.

BRET (CONT'D)

I'm The Anchor. The Voice of God. I belong behind a desk. I was born --

AILES

-- I've emailed your briefing papers.
Girls, show Mr. Baier out.

The two women each take Bret's arm.

BRET

Wait. Who's gonna take my place on
Special Report?

AILES

Don't you worry your pretty little
head about that. Now go be a
journalist.

BRET

Wh-wh-what's th-th-that?

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Protest GROUPS congregate outside holding various signs:
"Black Lives Matter," "White Lives Matter, Too" and one lone
PROTESTER with a sign reading "My Cat's Nine Lives Matter."

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Simpson and Blake sit side by side. Blake sucks on a plastic
cigarette, ever the recovering addict. Stuffed Fred is now
duct-taped to his shoulder.

CHIEF

That's why I'm pairing you two up.
You're our new celebrity crime unit.

SIMPSON/BLAKE

I'm not working with him. He's a
murderer!!!

They look at each other, seething with testosterone - then
collapse into boyish laughter.

O.J.

Chief, I'm still looking for my wife's
killer.

CHIEF

Is that before or after your prison
sentence, golf game, or your
(fingers make quote
marks)
Book?

That cracks Blake up - until:

CHIEF (CONT'D)

What? You think you're better than him? I mean, geez. I left my gun in the restaurant.' Where the hell did you come up with that?

Now O.J. cracks up. The Chief hands them a document.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Maybe this will bring you back to reality. When asked "who are the two biggest ass-wipes in the world right now" you two come in second and third. Right after Trump. And ahead of Mitch McConnell. Pretty impressive if you ask me.

Simpson and Blake hang their heads.

O.J.

I don't know. I mean you're talking to a Heisman Trophy winner. I've been in the Top Ten before. It's a lonely place.

BLAKE

Right on.

CHIEF

The point is, taking on this assignment could go a long way towards rehabilitating --

BLAKE

Rehab? I did that after *Electra Glide* tanked. If you're trying to make me go to rehab, I'll say 'no, no, no.'

O.J.

Don't remind me. I saw that. I'd have been in rehab too, after that over-hyped piece of crap.

BLAKE

Like *Capricorn One* was Oscar bait.

O.J.

At least I played a detective in a movie.

BLAKE

Nordberg. In *The Naked Gun*. For Crissake.

O.J.

And I suppose *Baretta* was better?

BLAKE

You bet your ass. Stop any kid on the street and ask 'em 'who'd you rather be - a wuss named *Nordberg* or a guy named *Baretta*? No contest. And you can take that to the bank, mofo.

That pisses O.J. off. He stands and kicks his chair to the floor; so does Blake. He rubs his leg which shakes violently.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

I think I pulled something. Freaking restless leg syndrome.

They're still ready to duke it out.

CHIEF

Alright! Cut the crap. If you don't care what people think, maybe you care about your families. A little redemption goes a long way. Now get out there and stop the next celebrity criminal from hurting him or herself or innocent civilians!

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - BEVERLY HILLS - DAY

O.J. and Blake, stuffed Fred still on his shoulder, cruise the streets.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Simpson!

INT. BLAKE'S CAR

O.J. wheels around. But no one's there.

BLAKE

Yo, I'm over here. If we're gonna find celebrities committing crimes, this is the place.

O.J.

Maybe we can find Lindsay Lohan.

BLAKE

That skank? What would you want with her?

O.J.

If you have to ask, you're not up to the task.

O.J. turns his head one way, then the other as different sexy WOMEN pass by, each more attractive than the last. His neck literally twists into a knot.

BLAKE

That's right. You're the ladies' man -
the *blonde* ladies' man.

O.J.

Once they have black, they never go
back.

BLAKE

Don't you mean, they never *come* back?

O.J.

Ow, you're hurting me.

(beat)

Maybe we should buzz your ex and see
what she has to say?

That silences Blake - at least for the moment.

EXT. NEIMAN-MARCUS - BEVERLY HILLS - LATER

From the car, O.J. and Blake spot an over-burdened FEMALE SHOPPER struggling with multiple packages. With her ear buds in place, she's oblivious to life on this planet.

A store security GUARD is hot on her heels.

GUARD

Ms. Ryder...?

INT. BLAKE'S CAR

O.J.

Isn't that Winona Ryder?

Blake checks their assignment roster.

BLAKE

She's not even on our list. The Chief
wants us to find number one a.s.a.p.

O.J.

Chill my man, we've got time. We can
take care of this *and* number one.
The Chief'll be so happy, he'll let
us wear badges. Maybe even carry
weapons.

Blake abruptly cuts across lanes of traffic, leading to multiple rear-end collisions before slamming on the brakes and parking illegally on Wilshire.

EXT. WEST SIDE OF LOS ANGELES - BIRD'S EYE VIEW - DAY

Traffic on Wilshire promptly backs up from Beverly Hills to the 405. The bird lets go, hitting Blake's shoulder.

BLAKE
Goddammitt! Ya got a tissue?

O.J.
Tissue? I don't even know you.

BLAKE
Last time I heard that, I fell off
my dinosaur, laughing.

EXT. NEIMAN-MARCUS - BEVERLY HILLS

Angry motorists blast horns, scream obscenities and flip off Blake and O.J.

O.J.
(to guard)
We'll take it from here.

GUARD
(laughing)
Take what? And "we" who? You two
criminals?

O.J.
Nobody calls me that.

GUARD
Can't handle the truth, huh?

Now it becomes a race - who's going to get to Winona first.

The Guard steps up his pace. So do Simpson and Blake.

Winona rocks out to her iPhone, continuing to grapple with her bulky packages.

O.J.'s football instincts kick in. First, he throws a crack-back block at the security guard, sending him sprawling.

Then he launches himself at Winona like a guided missile. Just as he's about to level her, she bends down to retrieve a dropped bag. O.J. scores a direct hit - on a parking meter, landing in a pile of Lime scooters - which somehow start up, pulling O.J. in multiple directions. Blake catches up, wheezing.