

GARRETT / Season 3.1

written by

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SCENE 1

INT. DETECTIVE GARRETT'S CAR - DAY

A dusty, mustard-yellow 1972 Ford LTD roars down a sun-drenched Hollywood boulevard. The engine RUMBLES like a low growl. Inside, the stale air hangs heavy with cigarette smoke.

DETECTIVE GARRETT (40s, sharp suit, world-weary eyes) grips the wheel, a cigarette dangling from his lips. He takes a long drag, the cherry glowing crimson, then exhales a plume of smoke that curls towards the cracked windshield.

In the passenger seat, his partner, DETECTIVE SULLY (30s, a rumpled blazer, slightly more eager), polishes a half-eaten donut with a napkin.

SULLY  
(muttering, crumbs on his  
chin)  
What I wouldn't give for a slow  
day. Just one.

Garrett grunts, not looking at him. The police radio squawks with a familiar, static-laced urgency.

POLICE RADIO (V.O.)  
All units, all units. We have a 2-  
11 at the Hollywoodland sign.  
Victim is identified as JOHN  
DEVEREAUX, male, Caucasian, forty-  
two. Reports of multiple stab  
wounds. Suspect fled the scene.  
Repeat, a 2-11 at the Hollywoodland  
sign.

Sully's eyes go wide. He drops the donut onto the dashboard.

SULLY  
Did they just say... Devereaux? As  
in, John Devereaux, the big-shot  
movie director? The one who just  
got that Oscar nomination?

Garrett's face is a mask of grim determination. He fishes the microphone from its clip and holds it to his mouth.

GARRETT  
(voice low, gravelly)  
I'm on it.

He hangs the microphone back up, flicks the cigarette butt out the window, and slams his foot on the gas. The car lurches forward, tires SQUEALING as it peels away from the curb.

SULLY  
(holding on)  
Jesus, Garrett! What's the rush?

GARRETT  
This ain't some penny-ante heist,  
Sully. This is Hollywood. A man  
like that don't just get stabbed by  
a street punk. This is personal.  
This is a story. And stories out  
here... they're always a mess.

The car's siren blares to life, a mournful WAIL cutting through the city's hum.

## SCENE 2

### EXT. HOLLYWOODLAND SIGN - DAY

The mustard-yellow Ford LTD skids to a halt behind a row of black-and-whites, their blue and red lights painting the air with a frantic, pulsing rhythm. Onlookers and news vans have already started to gather at the base of the hill, their cameras pointed toward the iconic white letters looming above.

Garrett and Sully step out. The air is thick with the scent of dry earth, exhaust fumes, and a grim, coppery smell. A uniformed officer, OFFICER REYES (20s, nervous energy), meets them.

SULLY  
(to Reyes)  
What do we got?

REYES  
Detective Sully. Sir. It's bad.  
Devereaux's body is a few yards up,  
right at the base of the "H." Looks  
like he was headed up the access  
trail.

Garrett, ignoring Reyes, walks past him, eyes scanning the perimeter. He's looking at the broken chain-link fence, the tire tracks in the dirt, the apathetic stares of the paparazzi already snapping photos from a distance.

GARRETT

This whole city's a damn stage.  
Can't even die without an audience.

Sully catches up to Garrett as they approach a canvas sheet laid over the body. A forensics technician kneels beside it, snapping photos.

SULLY

(whispering)  
Jesus. Looks like a pro did this.  
No witnesses?

REYES

No, sir. We got a call from a jogger who found him. Said he didn't see anything.

Garrett stops at the foot of the body, his face unreadable. The forensics tech nods to him, then lifts the sheet.

Underneath, JOHN DEVEREAUX is a pale, crumpled heap. His fine silk shirt is soaked in blood, a dozen brutal stab wounds visible across his chest and stomach. But it's not the wounds that grab Garrett's attention.

GARRETT

(to the tech)  
Don't move him.

Garrett kneels, his gaze fixed on Devereaux's right hand. It's clenched into a tight fist, and something small is sticking out from between his bloodied fingers. It's a tiny, metallic object.

SULLY

What is it, Gare?

Without a word, Garrett carefully takes the object. It's a small, ornate silver film reel. But on closer inspection, Garrett sees the reel is twisted, deformed. The metal has been deliberately warped. It's a message.

Garrett looks up at the Hollywood sign, a silent, monumental testament to fame and ambition. He glances down at the deformed film reel in his hand.

GARRETT

(to himself)  
A message from the movies.

SCENE 3

INT. POLICE FORENSICS LAB - DAY

A sterile, cold environment, filled with the low hum of humming machinery. Fluorescent lights buzz overhead, casting a harsh glow on stainless steel tables.

Garrett and Sully stand in the middle of the room, looking tired. Garrett stares at a small, black-and-white image on a view screen, a magnified shot of the deformed silver reel.

Sully rubs his eyes, his face etched with confusion.

SULLY

A film reel? What, a clue for a scavenger hunt? This whole case is a damn joke.

The door opens, and DR. CHEN (50s, sharp, no-nonsense) enters. She's holding a small glass vial.

DR. CHEN

It wasn't just a reel. It was a fragment. We had to pry it out of his hand, Garrett. Tightest grip I've ever seen.

She places the glass vial on a table. Inside, a sliver of celluloid film, no bigger than a thumbnail, rests on a white sheet.

GARRETT

What's on it?

Dr. Chen doesn't answer immediately. She walks over to a small, old-fashioned film projector on a table against the wall. With a practiced hand, she threads the tiny film fragment into the machine.

DR. CHEN

It's a single shot. Spliced from something old. We have to run it as a loop.

She flicks a switch. The machine WHIRS to life. A jittery, flickering black-and-white image appears on a small screen on the wall. It's an old-school title card from a silent film, but only a few letters are legible before the image jumps to the next scene.

The next image is a grainy, out-of-focus shot of a man on a soundstage, wearing a bowler hat and a trench coat. He's standing in front of an empty, painted backdrop, with nothing but a single spotlight illuminating his face. He's pointing a single finger directly at the camera. He's not smiling.

He's not acting. He's just... pointing. Then the loop repeats, over and over.

Sully squints at the screen, bewildered.

SULLY

What the hell is that? Some kind of art house crap?

Garrett, however, has a look of dawning recognition. He steps closer to the screen, ignoring the repetitive clicks of the projector.

GARRETT

It's not art. It's a key.

He points to the film, his finger tracing a spot on the man's coat.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

That coat. It's a costume from a very specific period, not generic. And that backdrop... it's a set piece. I've seen it in old production stills. This isn't just a film snippet. It's from a lost film.

Dr. Chen looks at him, surprised.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

And the man... I know that man. He wasn't a star. He was a stuntman. A damn good one, but he died in '72. A mysterious accident on a set. Just like this.

Garrett turns, his eyes alight with a grim certainty. He's no longer looking at the screen, but at the larger, unspoken truth it reveals.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Devereaux wasn't just murdered. He was murdered for a secret. A secret connected to Hollywood's past.

He grabs his jacket. Sully is still staring at the looping film, baffled.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

We've got a lot of questions to ask about a man who's been dead for three years. And I know just where to start.

## SCENE 4

## INT. LENNY'S PRIVATE INVESTIGATIONS OFFICE - DAY

A cramped, airless room on the second floor of a seedy Hollywood office building. The space is a graveyard of old cases. Filing cabinets with peeling paint groan under the weight of decades of paperwork. Dust motes dance in the single beam of sunlight cutting through a grimy window.

An old man, LENNY (70s, rumpled suit, tired eyes), sits behind a desk buried under stacks of folders and faded photographs. He squints at the photo Garrett has placed on the desk—a grainy production still of the stuntman, Reynolds.

GARRETT

This man. His name was Reynolds.  
Died on a movie set in '72. Said it  
was an accident. The studio paid it  
out. Your name was on the police  
report as a consultant.

Lenny pushes his glasses up his nose, his eyes scanning the photo. He reaches for a half-empty bottle of scotch on his desk, but thinks better of it.

LENNY

Reynolds. Yeah. I remember him. A  
hothead. Thought he was bigger than  
the picture he was working on. The  
studio wanted it quiet. Said it was  
a fall. No witnesses. We all knew  
better.

Sully leans in, intrigued.

SULLY

Knew what?

Lenny leans back in his creaking chair, the springs groaning in protest.

LENNY

Reynolds had a mouth on him. Was  
always going on about some "real  
story" he'd filmed. A separate  
project he was working on, without  
the studio's permission. Everyone  
thought he was crazy. The kid just  
loved cameras.

GARRETT  
(Leaning forward)  
A separate film. A film that got  
Devereaux killed.

Lenny looks at Garrett, his weary eyes suddenly sharp.

LENNY  
You're telling me this isn't just a  
cold case? This is a fresh murder?

Garrett nods once.

LENNY (CONT'D)  
(Quietly)  
The studio made sure that accident  
was as "open and shut" as it could  
be. I was told to drop it. My last  
case for them. I kept the file,  
though. Call it professional  
stubbornness.

He pulls a key from his pocket and slowly, deliberately,  
opens the bottom drawer of a steel filing cabinet. He rifles  
through the contents, the metallic scraping loud in the quiet  
room, before pulling out a thin, manila folder. The word  
"REYNOLDS, R." is scrawled across the tab.

Lenny opens the file and pulls out a single sheet of paper.  
It's a note, scrawled in hurried, frantic handwriting. He  
hands it to Garrett.

GARRETT  
What is it?

LENNY  
An insurance letter. They were  
trying to get him to sign away the  
rights to his personal footage. He  
refused. Wrote a note about it on  
the back. A kind of "if anything  
happens to me" kind of thing.

Garrett takes the paper. His eyes trace the words, his face  
hardening as he reads the final, damning line.

GARRETT  
(reading aloud)  
"If I disappear, find the truth in  
the vault. A reel for a reel."

Garrett looks up at Sully, the note shaking slightly in his  
hand.



GARRETT (CONT'D)

He didn't just hide a clue. He made a trade. Devereaux took a film from a vault, and he left his life in exchange.

SCENE 5

INT. EXCLUSIVE HOLLYWOOD CLUB - NIGHT

The air is thick with cigarette smoke, the clinking of glasses, and the low thrum of a live jazz band. Opulence oozes from every corner—velvet banquettes, glittering chandeliers, and a parade of the city's elite.

Garrett, looking distinctly out of place in his rumpled suit, nurses a whiskey at the bar, his eyes scanning the room. Sully, on the other hand, is trying (and failing) to blend in, looking like a nervous sheep in a wolf's den.

SULLY

(leaning in, whispering)  
Are you sure she's even gonna talk to us? She's practically royalty here.

Garrett just sips his drink, his gaze fixed on a figure across the room.

Sitting in a plush, crimson booth, surrounded by fawning admirers, is VICTORIA VANCE (40s, timeless beauty). She wears a stunning, blood-red silk dress that perfectly matches her lipstick, her silver hair styled in an elegant cascade. She's laughing, a tinkling sound that carries above the din. Victoria Vance, legendary star of the silver screen, a woman who has seen more of Hollywood's underbelly than most.

Garrett pushes off the bar, a determined glint in his eye. He walks directly to her booth, cutting through the admiring circle.

GARRETT

Ms. Vance. Detective Garrett. We need to talk about John Devereaux.

Victoria's laughter dies. Her eyes, cool and assessing, meet Garrett's. Her admirers stiffen, sensing the shift in atmosphere. She dismisses them with a languid wave of her hand. They melt away, leaving the booth strangely silent.

VICTORIA VANCE  
 (her voice a husky  
 whisper, a stage-trained  
 delivery)

Detective. To what do I owe this...  
 pleasure? I thought John's passing  
 was a done deal. A tragic accident.

GARRETT  
 It wasn't an accident, Ms. Vance.  
 It was murder. And we think it has  
 something to do with a film from  
 '72. Something Reynolds was working  
 on.

Victoria's perfectly manicured hand tightens on her champagne  
 glass. A flicker of something—fear? recognition?—crosses her  
 face, quickly veiled.

VICTORIA VANCE  
 Reynolds. That fool. Always trying  
 to expose something. He had a  
 reputation for... collecting secrets.

She takes a slow sip of champagne, her eyes never leaving  
 Garrett's.

VICTORIA VANCE (CONT'D)  
 John came to see me a few weeks  
 ago. Disturbed. He said he'd found  
 something in his father's old  
 study. Something he called "The  
 Last Frame." He asked me about it.  
 Asked if I knew anything about a  
 vault.

Garrett's heart pounds a little faster. "The vault." Just  
 like in Reynolds' note.

GARRETT  
 What did you tell him?

Victoria leans forward, her voice dropping to an even lower,  
 more conspiratorial tone. She glances around the club, as if  
 afraid of being overheard, despite the loud music.

VICTORIA VANCE  
 I told him... some stories are best  
 left buried. Especially in this  
 town. But he wouldn't listen. Said  
 it was too important. He told me he  
 was going to expose the truth.

She pauses, then her gaze becomes intensely focused on Garrett. She reaches into the small, sequined clutch on the table beside her. She pulls out a delicate, antique silver locket, shaped like a tiny camera lens.

VICTORIA VANCE (CONT'D)

He gave me this. Said if anything happened to him, I was to make sure it found its way to someone who would... understand.

She presses the locket into Garrett's hand. It's warm from her touch. Garrett opens it. Inside, instead of a photograph, there's a tiny, intricately folded piece of paper.

Garrett unfolds it. On it, a single, precise drawing: a stylized, almost geometric depiction of the Hollywoodland sign, but with one of the 'L's missing. And beneath it, a series of seemingly random numbers and letters.

Sully, who has finally caught up and is standing awkwardly beside Garrett, peers over his shoulder.

SULLY

What the hell is that, a doodle?

GARRETT

(His voice barely a whisper, eyes fixed on the drawing)

It's not just a doodle, Sully. It's a map. And a code. This isn't just about Reynolds and Devereaux. This is about something much, much bigger. Something hidden within Hollywood itself.

He looks back at Victoria Vance, but her expression is now unreadable, her secret offered. The music swells, a mournful saxophone solo. Garrett feels a chill despite the warmth of the locket in his hand.

## SCENE 6

### INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

The fluorescent lights of the squad room hum, casting a sickly yellow glow on the desks. It's late. Most of the desks are empty, save for a few weary officers typing reports. The air is thick with the scent of old coffee and stale tobacco.

Garrett and Sully are hunched over Garrett's desk, which is a controlled disaster of paper and overflowing ashtrays.

The tiny film reel is on a piece of evidence paper, and the delicate note from the locket is pinned to a corkboard.

SULLY

A missing 'L'? What does that even mean? Is it a joke? Some kind of riddle?

GARRETT

(taps the note with a pencil)

Look at the drawing. The Hollywoodland sign. They dropped the "LAND" part in '49. That's not just a doodle. It's a timestamp. It's saying whatever we're looking for, it's from before Hollywood became just "Hollywood." It's from the 'Land' era.

Sully looks at the note, then back at Garrett, a new sense of purpose in his eyes. He grabs a notepad and starts writing down the string of numbers and letters from the note.

SULLY

So, the numbers are the address. But a place from before '49. What, a film studio? The backlot of a silent movie house?

GARRETT

The letters are the key. Look. 'F.V.' '345'. That's not a street address. It's a catalog number.

He picks up the old, dusty city phone book, flipping through the A-Z section. He finds a listing for an old film storage company.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Film Vaults. F.V. It's a code, Sully. Not an address. This isn't a place on the map. It's a location within a location.

Sully's eyes widen. He starts to make sense of the other numbers.

SULLY

'345' is the vault number. The rest of the numbers and letters... they're coordinates. For a specific reel.

Garrett leans back in his chair, a grim smile on his face. The pieces are locking into place with a terrifying precision.

GARRETT

Devereaux wasn't killed for finding the truth. He was killed for finding the film that is the truth. Reynolds wasn't crazy. He hid his real story in a vault, under a number, with a map on a locket. A story so dangerous, it's been getting people killed for over three years.

He looks up at Sully, the tired cynicism gone, replaced by a cold, burning focus.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

We're going to that vault. And we're going to get to that film before anyone else does.

Sully nods. He's in it now, fully. He grabs his coat.

SULLY

What if it's a trap?

Garrett just shrugs, a new flicker of determination in his eyes.

GARRETT

Then we're walking straight into it.

SCENE 7

INT. ABANDONED FILM VAULT - NIGHT

A low-rent warehouse district near downtown Los Angeles. Garrett and Sully's car is a solitary island of light in a sea of shadow. The air is still, thick with the smell of wet asphalt and decay. They stand before a squat, brick building, the sign above the door chipped and faded: "FILM VAULTS OF CALIFORNIA."

The lock on the front door gives with a satisfying click from Garrett's pick. They step inside. The air is cold and musty, the silence oppressive. Row after row of floor-to-ceiling metal racks line the walls, filled with thousands of film canisters, like silent, aluminum coffins. Dust motes dance in the beam of Sully's flashlight.

SULLY

This place is a mausoleum. You sure  
the code pointed us here?

GARRETT

(pointing to a section  
labeled 'F.V. 300-400')

The code didn't just point us here.  
It gave us the aisle number.

He walks with a newfound purpose, his footsteps echoing. He stops at row 345, the vault number from the code. The canister they're looking for isn't here. Garrett's heart sinks for a moment, but then he sees it--tucked behind another film reel, a plain canister without a label.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Found it.

The canister is cold to the touch. He pops the lid, and inside, a single, coiled reel of old film sits on a hub.

Sully pulls out a small, portable projector from his duffel bag--a piece of police tech from the era, bulky and noisy. He sets it on the ground and threads the film. The WHIRRING sound of the machine is deafening in the silence of the vault.

A beam of light cuts through the darkness, hitting a blank wall.

Suddenly, the projector flickers to life, and a grainy, black-and-white scene appears. It's a silent film. The scene opens on the set of a lavish mansion, but the camera is positioned oddly, almost hidden. Two men are arguing furiously. One is a young Reynolds, the stuntman. The other is unmistakable, even without sound. It's HUGH MONTGOMERY, the revered head of Montgomery Studios. The same man who just a few weeks ago was celebrated at the Governor's Ball as a Hollywood titan.

The footage jumps to a new angle. Montgomery raises a heavy, brass statuette, a replica of an award, and smashes it down on Reynolds. He hits him again and again, leaving no doubt that it was not an accident. The camera doesn't move. It keeps rolling, capturing the cold, brutal murder in silent, unforgiving clarity.

The film ends. The projector continues to whirl, the light just a blank square on the wall.

Garrett and Sully stand frozen, the terrible truth laid bare before them. The film wasn't a treasure map, it was a confession.

They now hold the definitive proof of a murder committed by the most powerful man in Hollywood, a crime that has been covered up for decades.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
(voice is a low, grim  
whisper)  
It was never about the truth. It  
was about the evidence.

He looks at Sully, his face a mask of shock and resolve.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
We just found the most dangerous  
film in Hollywood. Now we have to  
figure out how to expose it without  
getting buried ourselves.

## SCENE 8

### INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAWN

The early morning sun cuts through the grimy windows of the squad room, illuminating dust motes and cigarette smoke. Most desks are empty, a few officers grabbing coffee or typing with weary determination.

Garrett sits at his desk, staring at a brown paper bag he's placed on the blotter. Inside is the film reel. Sully, nursing a cup of black coffee, paces back and forth in front of him, his usual rumpled energy replaced by a nervous tension.

SULLY  
Hugh Montgomery. We saw it,  
Garrett. On that film. The man's  
practically a saint in this town.  
He's got friends in high places.  
The mayor. The chief. He could bury  
us so deep we'd never see the light  
of day.

GARRETT  
He didn't just kill a stuntman. He  
killed Devereaux to keep this  
quiet. That film isn't just  
evidence of a crime from '72,  
Sully. It's the motive for a murder  
that happened yesterday.

Garrett slowly picks up the paper bag.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

We can't just walk this into the Captain's office. He'd tell us we're crazy, and we'd be out of a job before lunch. Montgomery would own the narrative before we even got a chance to speak.

Sully stops pacing, his hands on his hips. He looks at Garrett, a mixture of fear and reluctant admiration on his face.

SULLY

So what do we do? We can't just sit on it. The film is a ticking time bomb, and we're the only ones who know where it is.

GARRETT

We don't go through the front door. We go outside the chain of command. I know an old contact at the Times. A good reporter, doesn't scare easy. He's been looking for a reason to go after Montgomery for years.

Sully's brow furrows.

SULLY

You want to give the most dangerous piece of evidence in Hollywood to a newspaper? What if it gets lost? Or worse... what if the reporter is in Montgomery's pocket?

Garrett looks down at the bag, then back up at Sully. His eyes are filled with a grim, world-weary resolve.

GARRETT

We've got to trust somebody. We can't take him down alone. He's had decades to build his empire of lies. But that film... it's a piece of the past that refuses to die.

He holds the bag out to Sully. Sully hesitates for a moment, then slowly takes it. It's a silent affirmation of their partnership, their commitment to this impossible crusade.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

We just found the one thing in Hollywood that's even more powerful than Hugh Montgomery's reputation.

(MORE)



GARRETT (CONT'D)

The truth. And a truth like this,  
it's not meant to be a secret.