

How To Get Away With Murder - "Society At Risk" (Spec)

By

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First Draft

ACT ONE

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CONNOR paces nervously. The murder clearly still wears on him, and he's an utter mess - albeit a *hot* one. He tosses an apple into the air over and over.

And over. MICHAELA watches from an easy-chair and finally loses it.

MICHAELA

For the love of God, would you just eat that thing already? Or at least put it the hell down.

CONNOR

Nope. Tossing this apple is literally the only thing that's keeping me from completely losing it right now.

Michaela lurches out of her seat and grips Connor's shoulders, forcibly stopping him.

MICHAELA

I can't believe I'm about to say this - but I'm the one that's supposed to be losing it. I'm the hot mess.

CONNOR

I'm not sure about hot. But mess...?

A trademark eye roll from sassy Michaela. Just then, LAUREL and WES enter. Always keen-eyed, Laurel immediately senses trouble.

LAUREL

(low)

What's going on?

CONNOR

Oh nothing. Just counting down the days until I'm in prison.

WES

Will you keep your voice down!?

LAUREL

I thought you'd jump at the chance to be someone's prison bitch.

CONNOR

Ha ha ha. Too bad Asher's not here to high-five you.

On cue ASHER enters, in "big sulky baby" mode. Wide eyes from the Guilty Four that go unseen by Asher.

ASHER

Yeah he is...

He slumps down in a chair.

ASHER (CONT'D)

But Asher's in no mood to high-five anyone right now.

MICHAELA

But apparently still fond of the third-person.

CONNOR

What's the matter, champ?

ASHER

Girl problems.

CONNOR

Aww, mommy ground you for being a bad boy?

ASHER

Very funny.

Asher stands. As he heads out -

ASHER (CONT'D)

I need to think.

MICHAELA

Use the Febreeze this time!

Asher disappears into the bathroom.

CONNOR

Speaking about 'thinking' - we need to figure a way out of this. What we did is eating me alive. I can't eat. Can't sleep. I wake up in the middle of the night to every car that goes by, thinking it's the cops coming to lock me up.

WES

You don't seem to get it. We are doing something. We're letting Annalise take care of it. Of us.

CONNOR

Yeah, I'm sure she'll take care of us alright...

INT. ANNALISE'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Annalise sits behind her desk, lost in thought.

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Annalise kneels before SAM'S DEAD BODY.

ANNALISE

SAMMMM!!

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ANNALISE'S OFFICE - CONTINUING

Annalise continues to reflect.

WES (V.O.)

I'm sorry.

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Wes looks down at Sam's body.

ANNALISE (O.S.)

I'm not.

Wes looks over at Annalise, staring him down with dark, dangerous eyes.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

LAUREL

Think about what she's risking by helping us get away with this. She's implicated too.

WES

Which means we can trust her.

MICHAELA

I just want this to be over with.

CONNOR

Seconded.

WES

Isn't it? The detectives found nothing. They interviewed all of us but haven't made an arrest. It is over.

MICHAELA

I mean really over. Where we're not constantly looking over our shoulders or waiting for our lives to end.

LAUREL

I don't know if that will happen. Not really. This is going to be with us for the rest of our lives.

A moment of silence as they all think it over.

CONNOR

Great. Can't wait.

WES

It'll get easier.

But they all know it's bullshit. And suddenly, they're all very distracted. Just then, ANNALISE walks in.

ANNALISE

I didn't realize I'd hired a bunch of zombies.

The foursome snaps into action. Did she hear them? What punishment are they about to endure?

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

I need you sharp. Not lethargic. We have a new case.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUING

A picture of Thomas Willoughby (50s, business mogul) and related case documents line a free-standing bulletin board. Keating faces the STUDENTS, delivering a lecture.

ANNALISE

We've discussed the following concept many times before, but it's never been at the forefront of one of my cases.

Annalise writes on the chalkboard:

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

Scapegoating.

Asher, surrounded by his "homies," and in a much better mood, BAAS LIKE A SHEEP and grins from ear-to-ear. It goes ignored by nearly the entire room.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

The ultimate blame-game. It's not a question of who's guilty, but rather who could be. When we feel like our backs are up against the wall, we go into survival mode. And as a result, the nearest person is often the one we pin our crimes on.

She moves back to the bulletin board.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

The government has pressed criminal charges against Thomas Willoughby for insider trading. However, Mr. Willoughby invested under false pretenses.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. THOMAS WILLOUGHBY'S OFFICE - DAY

Annalise, FRANK, BONNIE and the Keating Five meet with THOMAS WILLOUGHBY in his swanky office with a beautiful view.

THOMAS

Let me put it to you simply. I trusted a bunch of morons with my money, they screwed me over by investing on bad faith and now I'm taking the blame for it.

BONNIE

What can you tell us about the firm?

THOMAS

I'm not sure anything I have to say
(MORE)

THOMAS (CONT'D)
will be exactly... PG.

ANNALISE'S CLASSROOM

ANNALISE
Harding & Stanton invested on behalf
of Willoughby into a start-up that was
seemingly without value. Does this
ring any bells?

Michaela, always the first to the podium -

MICHAELA
Michael Milken.

Connor whispers to Laurel -

CONNOR
Say that ten times fast.

MICHAELA
Labeled the 'Junk Bond Kind,' he
utilized inside knowledge of corporate
takeover debt to invest in related
companies.

ANNALISE
Correct. But unlike Mr. Milken,
Willoughby is not a criminal.

THOMAS WILLOUGHBY'S OFFICE

Thomas continues.

THOMAS
They claim I 'instructed' them to
invest in McDougall Financial when
they were the ones that advised me. I
knew it was a mistake hiring those
idiots. Learn this now, kids. You
can't trust anyone but yourselves.

The advice hits home for the Keating Five.

ANNALISE'S CLASSROOM

ANNALISE
So now it becomes a game of "he-said-
she-said." What's our course of
action?

STUDENT

Destroy the DA's case?

ANNALISE

Wrong. When a big, bad CEO is under fire, a jury can be unpredictable when left with the merits of a case, alone. They become blindsided by their hatred for a man in power. So, what do we do instead?

Annalise paces, waiting. No one jumps in.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

This case isn't about winning the war, it's about defeating the enemy before the first round is even fired. Instead of proving Willoughby's innocence, we redirect the blame to the people who put him in this situation. We are going to take down Harding & Stanton.

And with that, our

TITLE CARD.

INT. THOMAS WILLOUGHBY'S OFFICE - DAY

The conclusion of the first meeting.

THOMAS

Tell me you have a plan to crush these buffoons?

ANNALISE

We prove negligence, that the firm of Harding & Stanton is run by a bunch of morons who can't keep their facts - or their sources - straight.

THOMAS

I like it.

BONNIE

We'll need a list of everyone that ever touched your file at that firm.

THOMAS

That's easy.

Thomas slides a folder across the desk to Annalise.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

There were five. They like to keep things intimate. Consider it a personal approach to throwing you under the bus.

FRANK

Or into oncoming traffic.

Another grin from the pleasantly-pessimistic Willoughby - a huge fan of fellow mud-slingers.

THOMAS

I'm impressed, Annalise. Sounds like I'm in good hands.

Thomas stands and the two shake hands.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Just don't get me into more trouble.

ANNALISE

I don't dig my clients into holes, Mr. Willoughby. I help get them out.

Annalise leads her team out.

EXT. KEATING HOME - DAY

The charge continues towards the house as Annalise delivers her marching orders.

ANNALISE

Keating Five: Each of you will take on an associate. I want to know how closely each of them handled Willoughby's file and what role they played. One of them - if not all of them - screwed up. I want to know who. Frank and Bonnie, I want a complete profile on Harding & Stanton. Find out how often they 'make mistakes.'

BONNIE

On it.

ANNALISE

Let's get this case thrown out.

She slaps Thomas' folder against Wes' chest and then moves inside the house.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DREAM

Connor's fast asleep. At least until the BEDOOM DOOR SMASHES OFF IT'S HINGES. An FBI SQUAD storms in and arrests Connor.

CONNOR

No, listen - wait. It wasn't me!
You've got the wrong guy!

END DREAM.

INT. ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Connor startles himself awake, sitting bolt upright, his perfect hair matted to his face. The other four are buried in files, a large cork board with the faces of the five Harding & Stanton employees mounted behind them.

Just when Connor seems to think he's off the hook -

WES

Thanks for joining us.

Connor shakes off the sleepies and tries to get his head back in the game.

CONNOR

Sorry. Just got a lot on my mind.

WES

You don't say.

Connor grabs the file for his assigned associate. Pretends to look at it but can't concentrate. He drops the file and stands.

CONNOR

Anyone mind if I sneak out for a bit?
I need to clear my head.

ASHER

I bet you do.

Wink wink, nudge nudge.

WES
(to Connor)
Seriously?

MICHAELA
No. Let him. Because when he's
unprepared tomorrow, there'll be one
less person fighting for that trophy.

LAUREL
Still with that stupid trophy. How can
you possibly want it after -

But Laurel cuts herself short, forgetting Asher's right
behind her.

ASHER
After what?

Laurel whips around to face him. Remains tongue-tied a moment
too long. Connor uses the diversion to slip out.

ASHER (CONT'D)
It was that night, wasn't it? The one
you all pretended not to be here even
though you clearly were.

And then it dawns on Asher.

ASHER (CONT'D)
Wait a second. I know what this is.

Wes, Laurel and Michaela hold their breaths as they wait for
everything to go to shit.

ASHER (CONT'D)
You know I'm going to end up with that
trophy. So you did something to it,
didn't you? Always have to have the
last laugh. As if I weren't a big
enough fool already...

Asher rolls his eyes and storms out. Laurel grumbles, taking
Asher's feelings to heart.

MICHAELA
Hey, better he thinks it's that than
what it actually is. And besides, at
least he knows he's a fool, right?

Instead of answering, Wes and Laurel return to their

research.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)

No...? Okay then.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Connor moves through the dark, quiet streets. When walking becomes an unbearable feat, he speed-walks. And then runs.

Soon, Connor sprints, Point B clearly in mind.

INT. ANNALISE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Annalise sits behind her desk, busy at work. She tops off her scotch with a shaky grip, spilling a little on her papers. Annalise GRUMBLES as she tries to sop up the mess with a tissue.

Bonnie enters suddenly and pays witness to a frazzled Annalise.

BONNIE

Oh - I'm so sorry. I'll come back.

Annalise stops Bonnie before she can make a getaway.

ANNALISE

No, come in. What did you find?

BONNIE

Nothing so far. Frank and I have been looking into the firm, and they seem squeaky clean. I'm worried Willoughby might be an isolated incident.

Annalise holds out her hand expectantly.

ANNALISE

Your report's finished?

BONNIE

No, we're still looking -

ANNALISE

- Then why are you in my office?

BONNIE

I just thought you'd want to know -

ANNALISE

- Know what? That you have nothing?
What are you good for, huh? Come back
when you have something that might win
us this case.

Bonnie eyes the mess again.

BONNIE

Can I get you anything else? A cloth?

ANNALISE

Don't mother me. As you're well aware,
I already have one of those. And she's
not dying anytime soon.

Bonnie just stands in place, always the hurt puppy dog.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

Just go.

BONNIE

You know, eventually there's going to
be no one left to fight for you,
Annalise.

Annalise takes a step closer as the beast within begins to
emerge.

ANNALISE

Excuse me?

BONNIE

You're pushing everyone away, cutting
us all out.

ANNALISE

Cutting you out of what? You're my
employees. This is what I'm paying you
for.

BONNIE

It's not that. Not the cases. It's
about Sam. You should see them out
there. Scared shitless over one dead
body.

ANNALISE

What do you want me to do? Sit them
down on my lap and tell them
everything's going to be okay? Because
(MORE)

ANNALISE (CONT'D)
that would be a lie, Bonnie.

BONNIE
You need to tell them something!
Because they're too smart to just sit
back and wait for this to go away.

ANNALISE
Sam is being taken care of.

BONNIE
Give them something. Reassurance. Or
one of them's going to undo
everything.

Bonnie takes off.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KNOCK KNOCK. OLIVER answers the door to find Connor on the
other side.

OLIVER
Wow, you're really good at this "stay
the hell away from me" thing.

Oliver moves back into the apartment, leaving the door open.
A sheepish Connor takes it as an invitation to enter.

CONNOR
How've you been?

OLIVER
Like you care. That would mean you
were thinking about someone other than
yourself.

CONNOR
You're right.

OLIVER
So why are you here?

CONNOR
Life's been... stressful, to say the
least.

OLIVER
Ah, so you thought you'd come here for
a little release?

Connor shrugs, all at once quizzical and impossible-to-resist.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Nice try. Go for a run.

CONNOR
I tried that. All the way here. But obviously that didn't work. Because I still had the balls to come up here, despite how much you obviously don't want to be around me.

Oliver struggles to keep his resolve from breaking.

OLIVER
Please leave.

Oliver ushers him out as far as the door.

CONNOR
Wait.

A pause.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Angry sex?

Oliver slams Connor against the wall and kisses him madly. In between smooches -

OLIVER
I hate you.

CONNOR
I hate me too.

Connor slips off Oliver's shirt like he's Houdini.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The nearly-naked duo enter and Connor pushes Oliver down onto the bed. But Oliver takes Connor by surprise and "flips" the script, swapping places.

OLIVER
No. Turn over.

Connor grins, equally surprised and intrigued by Oliver's newfound dominance.

CONNOR

Yes sir.

OLIVER

Also, no more talking.

INT. ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Michaela scribbles the final words of her report and tosses the notebook aside.

MICHAELA

That's it. So done.

LAUREL

Done-done, or "I give up" done?

MICHAELA

When have you ever known me to be a quitter?

FRANK

Well you are our little shooting star.

Asher laughs.

ASHER

Nice!

He goes in for a high-five but receives only a "hell no" look from Frank.

MICHAELA

Seriously? We're still on that?

FRANK

As long as it gets a reaction, we are.

LAUREL

Something we can do for you, Frank?

So much shade.

FRANK

Not as long as you're ready for tomorrow.

Michaela grabs her things.

MICHAELA

Well we are. So we are going to enjoy
(MORE)

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
the rest of our night.

When Frank doesn't stop Michaela from leaving, the rest of the gang hurries after her.

INT. OLIVER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lying in bed, Connor looks up at the ceiling, beyond pleased with himself. Oliver lies next to him fast asleep. Suddenly, Connor has an epiphany and dashes out of bed.

As he scrambles to get dressed, Oliver awakens and Connor realizes he's been caught.

CONNOR
It's not what it looks like.

OLIVER
Like you're sneaking out? Nooo, not at all.

CONNOR
I just had a breakthrough.

OLIVER
Looks like someone's thinking straight again.

Connor flashes Oliver a devilish grin.

CONNOR
No one's ever accused me of that.

Fully-dressed, Connor moves in for a kiss, but Oliver tilts his face away.

OLIVER
Nope! Angry sex is over. You got what you came for.

CONNOR
If I remember correctly, you did first.

OLIVER
So full of humor. If it makes you feel any better, I now hate myself more than I hate you.

CONNOR
It really does. So that's it?

OLIVER
That's it. Never again.

CONNOR
I believe you.

Connor takes off. And even though he can't possibly see Oliver fight the urge to summon him back, Connor grins with satisfaction.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Oliver.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OLIVER'S - CONTINUOUS

Connor whips out his cell.

EXT. ANNALISE'S HOME - STREETS - NIGHT

Michaela, Wes, Laurel and Asher exit.

ASHER
Later, bitches!

Asher splits off from the group. Soon after, Wes' phone rings.

LAUREL
Who is it?

WES
Connor.

Wes answers.

WES (CONT'D)
Hello?

EXT. STREETS NEAR OLIVER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

CONNOR
Where are you?

The scene INTERCUTS between Connor and Wes.

WES
We're just leaving.

CONNOR
Doucheface with you?

WES
No. Just Laurel and Michaela.

CONNOR
Excellent.

WES
What's going on?

CONNOR
Timothy's Pub. Ten minutes. I'll put
the reservation under 'waitlist.'

WES
That's funny. Putting together your
death row stand-up?

CONNOR
Nope. Won't need to. Because I just
figured a way out of this. For all of
us.

INT. TIMOTHY'S PUB - NIGHT

Wes, Michaela and Laurel hurry in and quickly spot Connor.
They join him at a table.

WES
So what's this plan?

CONNOR
We pin it all on Annalise. She goes
down for murdering Sam.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TIMOTHY'S PUB - NIGHT

Right where we left off.

LAUREL
Wait, what?

CONNOR
Think about it. We're the innocent,
overworked students who got caught up
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)
in Annalise's murder. We didn't say
anything to the detectives because we
were protecting our fearless,
murderous leader - out of honor.

Wes and Laurel start to poke holes. Michaela is frozen - a
potential light at the end of the tunnel leaving her
breathless.

WES
Honor? Hardly.

CONNOR
We'll just leave that part out.

LAUREL
Remember the last time you tried going
to the cops? Annalise found out.

CONNOR
Thanks to you. But you're right.
Trying to cut a deal with the cops was
stupid. This time, they're going to
come to us.

WES
How's that?

CONNOR
Because they're finally going to get
the murder weapon. We call in an
anonymous tip, tell them we saw
Annalise in the woods that night
carrying the trophy.

LAUREL
But we wiped it.

CONNOR
No, Annalise did. But what the police
are going to discover is that she
missed one little piece of DNA. We
take a hair from one of Sam's brushes
or shirts or something and make it
look like it got missed when the
trophy got wiped down.

WES
So, essentially, tamper with evidence.

CONNOR

Not the worst crime we've committed.

MICHAELA

And when the police start asking questions again?

CONNOR

It's like it was all their idea to begin with. Some fresh lead. And then we break down and admit to all of the awful things we've ever had to do for that woman.

MICHAELA

Including covering for her.

WES

This is insane.

LAUREL

And ridiculous. It will never work. And you're the only one who's buying it.

MICHAELA

Actually, he's not.

LAUREL

Michaela!

MICHAELA

You said this would never be over. But maybe it can be.

Connor banks off of the unexpected support.

CONNOR

You said it yourself, Laurel - Annalise isn't totally innocent.

LAUREL

Well, she's not guilty either.

CONNOR

But we are. And eventually the cops are going to circle back to us when they hit a dead-end.

LAUREL

Annalise will never go down for this.
(MORE)

LAUREL (CONT'D)

She's too smart. She'll crush whoever goes up against her in court.

WES

She's right.

LAUREL

Thank you.

WES

Which is why we should do it.

Laurel's heart plummets into her stomach.

LAUREL

Wes...

WES

Annalise always finds a way. She promised she would protect me. Us.

LAUREL

You don't think that'll change when we pin this on her?

WES

No. Because that's not how we're going to do it.

CONNOR

Waitlist has an idea.

WES

We do everything Connor said. But instead of some phony confession, we bend the truth. Make them think they have something on Annalise.

CONNOR

Tell a lie without actually telling a lie.

WES

Or attacking her in open court. We don't give them anything they can use against her, or Annalise a reason to turn against us.

MICHAELA

After this is all over - won't the

(MORE)

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
police come after us?

LAUREL
(begrudgingly)
If the almighty Annalise didn't do it,
what are the chances four nobody-
students of hers did?

Connor smiles. He's got them hook, line and sinker.

MICHAELA
When do we do this?

CONNOR
When shit starts to hit the fan with
this new case - as it undoubtedly
will. Right under their noses.

WES
And for now?

CONNOR
For now, we be good little boys and
girls and do everything mommy says.

MICHAELA
Well you better be ready for tomorrow
morning, or else this plan has zero
chance of success.

CONNOR
Don't you worry. After the evening
I've been having, I could go all
night.

INT. ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pitching time. Annalise enters with Bonnie and Frank and the
Keating Five stand to greet them.

ANNALISE
Alright, time's up. Let's see what
you've got.

Wes submits his file, followed shortly after by Laurel:

WES
Tammy Davidson -

LAUREL

- And Donald Mathieson. Senior Account Managers.

INTERCUT WITH

INT. HARDING AND STANTON - BOARDROOM

Hovering over paperwork, TAMMY and DONALD (both early 40s - gruff, no bullshit) look up, as if they can hear Annalise's consultation.

ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM

WES

They oversee all of H&S' most important accounts.

LAUREL

They also liaise between their clients and the CEO Walter Morgan. We looked into him as well, but it looks like he likes to keep his hands as clean as possible.

WES

In other words, don't ask, don't tell - just provide results.

ANNALISE

Next.

MICHAELA

Martine Devine - trader. She's on the front lines on Wall Street.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

An introduction to a pushy MARTINE (early 30s) amidst the chaos of trading time. STOCKBROKERS everywhere.

ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM

MICHAELA

She's very... hands-on.

ANNALISE

How so?

MICHAELA

She gets what she wants. Even if she
(MORE)

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
has to step on some toes. Literally.

ASHER
And finally - our junior associates.
Lenny Stapleton and Bobby Darnell.

CONNOR
H&S' little bitches...

HARDING AND STANTON - MAIN OFFICE AREA

The equally-meek associates LENNY and BOBBY (20s) tackle grunt work at their adjacent cubicles.

ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM

CONNOR
When there's something no one else wants to do, these guys get the pleasure.

ANNALISE
Okay, so who's our culprit - our idiot?

No one pipes up.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)
Let's assume they're all responsible.
How could each of them have messed this up?

MICHAELA
Martine's co-workers describe her as intense. Brash. Someone who gets the job done before it's even started. Maybe she overlooked something in the chain and mistakenly used that insider info.

CONNOR
My money's definitely on the guinea pigs. They come in every morning to a never-ending pile of work but are still expected to get the job done. How could they not mess something up? I mean - hello - sound familiar.

Annalise flashes Connor a dangerous look which instantly shuts him up.

LAUREL

But everything filters back through the account managers. They're in charge of making sure something like this doesn't happen.

WES

And I'm guessing their little office romance has them distracted.

ANNALISE

And how exactly did all of you gather this 'information?'

Guilty looks all around.

HARDING AND STANTON - MAIN OFFICE AREA

Connor and Asher move through the office like they belong. They instantly spot Lenny and Bobby buried in paperwork.

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

In her haste, Martine accidentally knocks her FRAGILE COWORKER to the ground. Michaela rushes to help the coworker up.

OUTDOOR COURTYARD

Near the stock exchange, Michaela consoles the naive coworker in tears.

MICHAELA

It's okay. Tell me all about her.

HARDING AND STANTON - BOARDROOM

Finally, Wes and Laurel spy Tammy and Donald playing footsie.

ANNALISE'S LIVING ROOM

ANNALISE

Lying to your superior to get the job done. I'm impressed. I've taught you well. Right now Tammy and Donald are our best bet. Let's see if your detective work pays off.

Annalise grabs her coat and heads out with Bonnie and Frank in tow.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Annalise makes her case to the JUDGE while the GEORGIA HARRIS (30s, cool yet firm), the prosecutor, is ready to pounce.

ANNALISE

Your honour, I wish this was the first time the SEC has filed hasty charges against a private citizen of the United States.

JUDGE

Watch it with those accusations, Ms. Keating.

But the Judge's words go in one ear and out the other -

ANNALISE

But what we have here is a case built on coincidence.

A cocky smirk from Georgia.

GEORGIA

Care to prove that in court? Oh, that's right - you don't. Which is why she's here at all, your honour. Annalise Keating believes she can throw around a bunch of scary words in hopes that you'll dismiss this case.

ANNALISE

This is true. However, the only thing frightening here is the evidence.

GEORGIA

And what evidence is this?

ANNALISE

Common sense. The SEC did not hesitate to target my client, but has seemed to overlook the other party involved in this case.

JUDGE

You're referring to Harding and Stanton?

ANNALISE

Yes, your honor.

GEORGIA

The SEC hasn't filed charges against Harding and Stanton because they weren't the ones that made illegal investments.

ANNALISE

But they advised Thomas Willoughby into doing so.

GEORGIA

And you have proof of this? Because according to the firm, no such advice was ever given.

JUDGE

I hope you have some actual proof to back up these allegations, Ms. Keating.

ANNALISE

I may not have the smoking gun, your honor, but I do know that intimate office relationships are involved, and may have gotten in the way of -

GEORGIA

- This is absurd. The defense is testifying, your honor. This doesn't belong here, it belongs in a trial. I assure you, Ms. Keating will have access to absolutely everything pertaining to this case.

JUDGE

I'm afraid Ms. Harris is right. Motion to dismiss denied.

ANNALISE

Then I'd like to depose the two account managers, the trader and the junior associates responsible for handling Thomas Willoughby's file at Harding and Stanton. Immediately.

GEORGIA

What!? That is absurd. There is no way that leaves enough time to prepare -

ANNALISE

- Did the prosecutor not just offer me
(MORE)

ANNALISE (CONT'D)
the keys to the gate, your honor?

JUDGE
Ms. Harris?

A dumbstruck, *played* Georgia has no words.

ANNALISE
If this firm is so insignificant in
this case, it should have nothing to
hide.

The Judge thinks it over.

JUDGE
Have these five employees ready to
depose at ten a.m. the day after
tomorrow. That's all.

Georgia storms out. Bonnie and Frank approach Annalise.

BONNIE
You never wanted to have the case
thrown out.

A small smirk from Annalise.

ANNALISE
Not after what Wes and the others dug
up. Harding and Stanton better have
hired good liars if they want to get
away with this.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Endless files to match the endless cups of coffee. The
Keating Five are in for another all-nighter. Annalise joins
them.

ANNALISE
Are the questions finished for the
deposition?

MICHAELA
Nearly.

Michaela holds up a rough draft for Annalise to view.
Annalise scans it.

ANNALISE
This is good.

Michaela's clearly taken aback by the positive feedback.

MICHAELA
Thanks...

Annalise pauses as she looks at her underlings. It's not long
before they feel her stare.

ANNALISE
I might not say it often, but I want
you all to know that I appreciate the
work you do for me. I don't hire a
team to make me look important, or
powerful. I do it because I can't do
this alone. So thank you.

An awkward moment passes. No one's sure what to say.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)
I'll be in my office.

CONNOR
Where's Bonnie and Frank?

ANNALISE
Following up on a lead.

CONNOR
Got it.

Annalise takes off.

ASHER
God, emotional moments make me hungry.

Asher takes off towards the kitchen. And then there were
four. Eyes dart like mad.

LAUREL
Now?

CONNOR
Yes, now. Wes, go -

WES

- Nope.

CONNOR

Michaela?

MICHAELA

I would rather not be murdered
tonight, thanks.

Connor looks to Laurel and receives a "not a chance, bro"
look.

CONNOR

Fine.

As Connor sneaks out -

CONNOR (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Bitches...

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Connor checks the coast. No Annalise or Asher in sight.
Connor sneaks up the stairs and into the

MASTER BEDROOM.

Connor pauses, knowing how forbidden his actions are. But he
musters up the courage to continue into the

BATHROOM

Where he searches for something of Sam's. But as he rummages
through drawers, it becomes apparent that nothing of Sam's is
in sight.

CONNOR

Goddamnit...

Connor returns to the

MASTER BEDROOM

And begins searching in a closet. Connor finally comes across
an old baseball cap containing a few stray grey hairs. Connor
whips out disposable gloves from his pocket, slips them on,
and nabs one of Sam's hairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Connor pokes his head in. No Asher.

MICHAELA

(low)

Finally! Hurry up! Asher will be back
any minute.

On cue, footsteps from the kitchen. Connor sprints towards
the trophy.

IN THE HALLWAY

Asher returns with a sandwich. He enters the

LIVING ROOM

To find Connor and the others buried in their work. But now,
hanging off of the trophy is the stray hair. Mission
accomplished.

INT. CONNOR'S CAR - NIGHT

Connor drives Wes, Laurel and Michaela. No one says a word.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - CONTINUING

The car pulls to a stop. Not another soul in sight.

INT. CONNOR'S CAR - CONTINUING

Connor grabs a burner phone out of the glove box.

CONNOR

Ready?

LAUREL

We're really doing this...

Silent agreement. Just as Connor goes to dial, everyone's
cell phones start to BUZZ and RING. All four grab their
phones and look up at each other in unison.

MICHAELA

I think I'm going to throw up.

On each of the phones is the same mass text message:

"I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING."

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

Frank and Bonnie wait in Frank's car, currently parked in a quiet suburb. They both stare at one house in particular - no lights on.

BONNIE

Why are we still working for Annalise?

FRANK

You know why. We owe her.

BONNIE

No, I mean - why does she keep us around when she clearly wants nothing to do with us?

Frank turns to Bonnie.

FRANK

Us or you? Because last time I checked, Annalise and I were fine.

BONNIE

That's because she doesn't expect anything from you. You're the screw up. You get the easy stuff and I'm left with the impossible tasks like... fetching unreleased Harry Potter novels.

FRANK

Anne Hathaway did get that book. And she got to put Streep in her place. You should try pulling off the impossible sometime.

Bonnie lowers her gaze, more disheartened than ever.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Great, feel sorry for yourself.

BONNIE

You think I like it?

FRANK

Yeah, I think you do. Because when things really go south, you know who she comes down on? Me. Because she knows I can take it. What you've gone through with her... barely a slap on
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
the wrist.

BONNIE
I don't want things to be like this. I
don't want to be a failure.

FRANK
Then don't.

Frank resumes his house-watching. Just then, a car pulls into the driveway of the house under surveillance. DEVIN CHAMBERS (40s) climbs out.

FRANK (CONT'D)
About time.

Frank and Bonnie hurry out of the car.

EXT. DEVIN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

FRANK
Devin Chambers?

Devin stops and Frank & Bonnie catch up.

BONNIE
Sorry to bother you so late. We're
here on behalf of attorney Annalise
Keating. We were hoping to speak with
you about Harding and Stanton.

Devin is instantly suspicious.

DEVIN
Those scumbags? I don't work for them
anymore.

FRANK
We know.

INT. CONNOR'S CAR - NIGHT

A state of panic sweeps the vehicle.

MICHAELA
What the hell are we going to do?

WES
I think we should all take a moment to
appreciate how completely screwed we
(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)

are.

Connor smacks Wes' shoulder.

CONNOR

Shut it!

WES

Hey, don't take it out on me because your plan backfired.

MICHAELA

How the hell did they figure this out? We were so careful?

LAUREL

Were we? We came up with this plan in a crowded bar. Connor went through Sam's things...

WES

That, and Annalise makes a living reading people. It's probably all over our faces.

CONNOR

No! No way it's Annalise! Because if she found out, there's no way we'd still be alive.

Michaela's barely keeping her shit together.

MICHAELA

Who then? Bonnie? Frank?

LAUREL

They weren't at the house.

CONNOR

That doesn't mean shit.

Another CHORUS OF PINGING PHONES. This time an email with a subject line of: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY.

The email contains a single picture of Connor rooting through Sam's things.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

WES

It doesn't mean anything.

CONNOR

Are you kidding me right now? This proves I was in her room!

WES

So?

LAUREL

Someone's playing with us. If they wanted to take us down they wouldn't be sending us pictures or threatening texts.

MICHAELA

Which means they want something.

WES

We need to find out who they are. Take them by surprise.

CONNOR

Right, because they're just going to stop watching our every move now.

MICHAELA

Where do we even start?

WES

I don't know. But for now, I think it's safe to say we can eliminate Annalise as a suspect.

CONNOR

How can you be sure?

WES

Because Annalise doesn't play games. Bonnie and Frank were out of the house. We start with them.

LAUREL

I can take care of Frank.

CONNOR

While black widow here is handling Frank, who's on Bonnie? We can't exactly ask doucheface...

WES

I'll do it. We meet back at my place
in two hours.

MICHAELA

And the rest of us?

WES

Find something Annalise can use in the
case. If she thinks we're distracted
for even a minute, we really are
finished.

Connor starts up the car and speeds away.

INT. LAUREL'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Laurel throws open her closet and searches for the perfect
outfit for seduction, coming back with a sexy black dress.

INT. CONNOR'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUING

Connor and Michaela continue to work on the case, Michaela on
her laptop.

CONNOR

Anything?

MICHAELA

Not much. Just that these guys are way
more low-rent than we thought.

CONNOR

How so?

Michaela flips her laptop around. On the "About Us" page is a
list of current employees along with a professional picture.
However, one picture is missing.

MICHAELA

Faulty html?

Connor has an epiphany and slides the laptop closer.

CONNOR

Not exactly.

MICHAELA

Then where's the photo?

Connor smiles. Light bulb.

CONNOR

It hasn't been taken yet. Because according to this, Ms Sheila Jenkins just became Harding and Stanton's new Senior Recruiter.

Michaela's catching on.

MICHAELA

Which means there's an ex-Senior Recruiter out there.

CONNOR

As doucheface would say...
(impersonates)
Let's LinkedIn this shiz!

EXT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUING

As Frank nears his apartment, he realizes Laurel is waiting for him.

LAUREL

Fancy seeing you here.

FRANK

Outside my apartment?

LAUREL

Such a coincidence.

Frank moves in closer.

FRANK

You know, it's booty call for a reason.

Laurel moves her lips inches away from Frank's, playing coy.

LAUREL

But then I wouldn't get to surprise you.

FRANK

You are a fan of surprises, aren't you?

She kisses Frank hard.

INT. ANNALISE'S KITCHEN - CONTINUING

Wes strolls in to find Bonnie standing over top of her case work.

BONNIE

Wes, I thought you'd all gone.

WES

Couldn't sleep. Thought I'd work on the case. Where's the files on those five employees?

BONNIE

Annalise must have it.

Bonnie exits towards Annalise's office and Wes eyes Bonnie's exposed cell phone.

INT. FRANK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUING

Laurel and Frank tear each other's clothes off and fall onto the bed.

ANNALISE'S KITCHEN

Wes grabs Bonnie's phone.

FRANK'S BEDROOM

Laurel and Frank go at it.

ANNALISE'S KITCHEN

Wes swipes through Bonnie's messages like a mad-man. When he finds nothing, he checks her email.

FRANK'S BEDROOM

The dirty deed is done, and Frank grabs a towel off of the adjoining bathroom door.

FRANK

Care to join me?

LAUREL

I'm okay.

Frank disappears into the bathroom. The moment Frank starts the shower, Laurel grabs Frank's phone off of the nightstand.

INT. WES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wes opens the door and ushers Connor, Michaela and Laurel inside.

WES

Anything on Frank's phone?

LAUREL

Nada. Just a very unsurprising browser history... You?

WES

Nothing on Bonnie's either.

CONNOR

So they wiped their phones.

WES

If they sent anything at all.

LAUREL

You know what this means right?

WES

We have to give this up.

CONNOR

What!? No way.

MICHAELA

We can still pull this off. Who cares if they have a picture of Connor, it means nothing. We need to get the focus off of us.

CONNOR

And what better way then pinning it on the one person who will attract the most attention? The police, the press - they'll all be so focused on the biggest case of the year that they won't even think to look at us.

WES

Unless this mystery man or woman gives them a reason to.

LAUREL

We're in a good spot right now. Well, maybe not a good spot, but an okay

(MORE)

LAUREL (CONT'D)
one. So why don't we stay put instead
of rocking the boat and completely
drowning. It's not worth it.

Michaela and Connor start to give in.

CONNOR
Fine. We lay off.

A sigh of relief from Wes and Laurel.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Keating Five enter. Annalise, Bonnie and Frank are
already waiting. Annalise immediately spots the folder that
Michaela clutches.

ANNALISE
Please tell me whatever's in that
folder is case-winning.

MICHAELA
It just might be.

Michaela hands over the folder and Annalise skims the
correspondence.

MICHAELA (CONT'D)
We figured out that Devin Chambers,
Harding and Stanton's former
recruiter, walked off the job
recently.

CONNOR
They don't have a lot of turnover, so
we thought if we approached Chambers -

ANNALISE
- Which Bonnie and Frank already did
last night.

FRANK
Better luck next time, kiddo.

CONNOR
And?

BONNIE

We found out Chambers left the job
because of "ethical matters."

MICHAELA

Can we get him to testify?

ANNALISE

Sure, but that doesn't help prove this
case.

ASHER

So we ambush those five employees who
made poor career decisions. Find out
who's lying.

An irritated Annalise tries to stay calm.

ANNALISE

Except we can't. Because the only way
we can approach them is with their
lawyer present. And I can guarantee
you that hell will freeze over before
Georgia Harris lets any of them talk.

Annalise shakes her head.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

You're all so eager with your
suggestions... Ideas. But they're
useless. I thought I hired you to come
up with solutions but instead you're
doing God-knows-what behind my back.
Perhaps I need to keep the five of you
on a tighter leash.

Things are getting extremely personal, and the Guilty Four
are sweating bullets at the sudden accusation.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

Or perhaps I should get rid of you.

"Rid of?" Wide-eyes all around.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

That's exactly what I'm going to do.
You're fired. All of you.

A stunned moment of silence. Even Bonnie and Frank can't
believe it.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

The Keating Five scurry out of the house.

EXT. ANNALISE'S HOME - CONTINUING

Laurel pulls Wes aside, out of ear-shot.

LAUREL

What was that? "Behind my back..." Do you think she knows?

WES

I hope not.

ASHER

What are you babies pouting about?

MICHAELA

Um, the fact that we just got dumped by Annalise Keating and are never going to work again.

Asher scoffs.

ASHER

You seriously bought that?

CONNOR

Earth to doucheface. Did you hear her?

ASHER

It's called subtext, guys. Reading between the lines...

Nothing but blank looks.

ASHER (CONT'D)

Don't you get it? Now that we no longer work for her, we can legally approach Harding and Stanton for a little intimidation. She did it on purpose.

Asher grinds fist-in-palm for good measure. Light bulbs start to go off.

ASHER (CONT'D)

C'mon guys, I can't always be the smart one. Now let's go win this case.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - DAY

In mid-conversation, Tammy and Donald move across the lobby and into the

ELEVATOR

Where Wes and Laurel are already waiting. Tammy and Donald remain oblivious to their existence.

WES

It's a real shame, Laurel. You think you're working for a legit stockbroking agency, and then you find out they've been sweeping their mistakes under the rug.

A comical smirk from Donald as he peers over his shoulder.

DONALD

Ah, you must be Keating's Cronies.

TAMMY

Ooh, I like that. Has a ring to it.

DONALD

We were warned you might show up. And now, you're breaking the law. On camera.

Donald points to the elevator security camera.

LAUREL

Actually, we no longer work for Annalise Keating.

DONALD

So you're here...

WES

Just to let you know...

TAMMY

Know what?

LAUREL

That Annalise never loses. All she needs is one of you to crack.

WES

And if that doesn't happen, she'll
(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)
just offer something in exchange for
selling out the real guilty party.

A very real paranoia sets in with Donald and Tammy. The elevator reaches it's stop. On robot mode, Donald and Tammy step out. As the doors close.

LAUREL
It's a good thing neither of you have
anything to worry about.

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - CONTINUING

Once again, Martine gets pushy, but this time Michaela pushes back.

MARTINE
Watch it!

MICHAELA
No you watch it. Annalise Keating is
coming for you - all five of you. So
if you want to save yourself, now's
the time.

INT. HARDING AND STANTON - COPY ROOM - CONTINUING

Leonard and Bobby frantically make copies. Connor and Asher enter and lock the door behind them. Leonard takes one look at them:

LEONARD
Please don't kill us.

ASHER
Did you actually just react like that?
Man, what kind of company do you work
for?

BOBBY
One that likes to punish it's
employees for every little mistake.

CONNOR
Well, maybe it's time you punish them.

LEONARD
How?

CONNOR

All you have to do is tell the truth.

Leonard and Bobby exchange a nervous, all-knowing glance.
Then -

LEONARD

It was Tammy.

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY

Leonard completes his confession on the stand. Annalise stands before him, listening.

LEONARD

She was having lunch with her sister one day. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, but I overheard a conversation they were having. They were talking about their father, and how they were going to get payback on the sonofabitch who sold his company for scraps.

ANNALISE

Did that 'sonofabitch' have a name?

LEONARD

Thomas Willoughby.

GEORGIA

Objection, your honor. This is all lovely, circumstantial testimony.

ANNALISE

Can you confirm that, to your knowledge, Mrs. Davidson had a reason to deliberately mislead my client?

Now BOBBY IS ON THE STAND.

BOBBY

Yes.

One by one, the rest of the involved parties take the stand.

MARTINE

Yes.

DONALD

(begrudgingly)

Yeah. She did.

TAMMY
I decline to answer.

An UPROAR from the GALLERY.

ANNALISE
And there you have it, your honor.

JUDGE
Ms. Harris.

GEORGIA
The Prosecution drops all charges.

JUDGE
Case dismissed.

The Judge SLAMS the gavel down.

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Celebration drinks. Everyone's in good spirits.

ANNALISE
A toast to all of you, without each of
whom I would not have won this case.

They raise their glasses.

ALL
Cheers.

CONNOR
So, I'm guessing that means we're
rehired?

A all-knowing smirk from Annalise.

ANNALISE
For now.

The group mingles. Connor pulls Wes aside.

CONNOR
Hey, you were right. About everything.
I'm glad we changed our minds.

WES
Me too.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

'Scapegoating' has been written on the board once again.
Annalise lectures.

ANNALISE

On the subject of scapegoating, René Girard argues that humans are a selfish lot. We want what others have. These desires lead us to what is called a society at risk. It is here that this so-called scapegoating is triggered. One person is singled out. Banished, exiled - or even killed.

Annalise stops pacing for just a moment, and shoots covert daggers at the Guilty Four.

ANNALISE (CONT'D)

Once that person is out of the picture, order can be restored. But be warned: while scapegoating may provide temporary psychological relief, we may soon find ourselves in a similar position.

Another deadly look.

MICHAELA

(low)

Oh God...

WES

What?

MICHAELA

She knows.

INT. ANNALISE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Annalise tells Bonnie off.

ANNALISE

What are you good for?

INT. ANNALISE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Opening scene. Connor's panic attack.

CONNOR

Yeah, I'm sure she'll take care of us
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 alright...

JUST OUTSIDE THE LIVING ROOM, Bonnie hears all.

INT. TIMOTHY'S PUB - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Again, Bonnie covertly listens in to the Guilty Four hatching their plan.

EXT. ANNALISE'S HOME - STREETS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bonnie spies on Connor as he rummages through Sam's things. Bonnie snaps a picture.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bonnie covertly sends the "I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING" text, without Frank seeing.

INT. ANNALISE'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A different night. Bonnie lets herself in.

ANNALISE
 Come on in, Bonnie. No need to knock.

BONNIE
 You wanted information? Well I've got something for you.

Annalise sees the seriousness in Bonnie's eyes.

ANNALISE
 I'm listening.

END FLASHBACKS.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

One last moment of ice-woman-stare from Annalise.

CUT TO: BLACK

END.