

# DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

## 19 INT. RECORDING STUDIO

SLO-MO: Angel REELS at seeing Novah splayed by the studio console, BLEEDING FROM HIS NECK. A SINGLE ROSE STUFFED INTO HIS MOUTH. Angel's song plays on REPEAT from the speakers.

ANGEL

NO!!!

Angel kneels to check his PULSE. PULLS the BLOODY ROSE out of Novah's mouth. Novah's LIPS try to talk, but his voice is \* weak. Angel tries CHEST COMPRESSIONS, which leaves Angel \* covered in blood!

ANGEL (CONT'D)

No-no-no. You saw the k\*ller! You  
can't die! Tell me who you saw.

TELL ME--!

Angel keeps trying, then stops, defeated. Novah is still.  
D\*\*d. Angel fumbles for his PHONE to DIAL 911--

ANGEL (CONT'D)

Get an ambulance to the studio--!

A SCREAM O.S. SLO-MO: Isabelle falls to her knees by the  
door.

ISABELLE

GET AWAY FROM HIM!

Isabelle SHOVES Angel aside to cradle Novah. She WAILS. Angel tries to wipe the bl\*\*d on his clothes, but there's too much.

ANGEL

I'm-- I'm sorry...

ISABELLE

YOU DID THIS! YOU HATED NOVAH! YOU  
K\*11\*D HIM JUST LIKE YOU DID SIMON!  
JUST LIKE YOU K\*11\*D YOUR OWN WIFE!

SLO-MO SHOT: Isabelle SLAPS at Angel, taking out her grief.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

(into the hall)

CALL THE POLICE! AN AMBULANCE!

ANGEL (V.O.)

*I can't be here. I can't be a  
suspect in three m\*rd\*rs!*

ANGEL

(gently MOVES her hands)

I-- I have to go--!

--he turns, only to BUMP into Detective Sanchez at the door!  
Junior Cop files in behind him to tend to a WAILING Isabelle.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Long time no see. Looks like you've  
been busy m\*rd\*ring somebody else!

ANGEL

I didn't do it! I tried to save him  
DETECTIVE SANCHEZ  
(sarcasm)

I know: you're innocent, and Santa Claus is real.

As Sanchez pulls out HANDCUFFS, Samantha arrives behind  
Sanchez! She sends a villainous SMIRK Angel's way.

ANGEL

This is a crime scene; why is she here?

SAMANTHA

Sanchez was interviewing me about  
my father's m\*rd\*r when he got the  
call. You know: the other m\*rd\*r you're accused of?

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Alright, let's go.

Sanchez cuffs Angel, who tries his best to RESIST--

ANGEL

YOU GOT THE WRONG GUY!

As she condescendingly WIPES bl\*\*d from Angel's face with a \*  
handkerchief, Angel notices Samantha wearing Simon's watch! \*

SAMANTHA

Clean yourself up for your mugshot.

CU: Angel STUDIES HER M\*RD\*R\*\*S LOOK. **FLASHES TO EPISODE 7:** \*  
Angel removes the knife from Simon's chest. Simon's hands \*

fall away, revealing Simon's SILVER WATCH is missing. \*

ANGEL (V.O.)

*Simon's watch was missing from his \*  
D\*\*d body. That means Samantha was \*  
at the crime scene, too! Shit! \**

SAMANTHA

(an evil WINK to Angel)

I'll tell Shorty you said hello.

Samantha slinks away as Sanchez DRAGS Angel toward the door.  
Just then: Angel's phone chimes with a TEXT from **MIA: I told  
you to stop digging for answers. Now your bestie is next .**  
Sanchez SNATCHES his phone. Angel YELLS and RESISTS, panicked

ANGEL

The k\*ller's going to k\*ll Shorty  
next! You have to believe me

## **20 INT. PRISON - INTERROGATION ROOM**

Sanchez PUSHES Angel into a chair. Sips from a COFFEE CUP. He puts the CUP *just* out of Angel's reach (Angel is CUFFED).

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Coffee? Shame if you got a caffeine \*  
headache before your next m\*rd\*r... \*

ANGEL

Do your job! Go find the real k\*ll\*r!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Why? He's sitting in front of me.

(leans forward)

Put yourself in my shoes, Angel.  
Your secret wife, tired of being in  
the background: d\*\*d in your  
kitchen, your prints on the knife.

The label boss who stole your  
masters: d\*\*d, after you threaten  
him! Your pretty-boy rival: d\*\*d.

After you confronted him live on  
the internet! Oh! And whose song is  
playing at every m\*rd\*r scene?

Sanchez MASHES HIS FINGER into Angel's chest.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Yours. It's you. Your song gets  
more successful as more people get d\*\*d.

ANGEL

The k\*ll\*r texts me before every  
victim. My friend Shorty is next!

DETECTIVE SANCHE

So m\*rd\*rers just text their plans  
now? You should give 'em my number.

ANGEL

They're framing me! Why would I  
destroy my own life? I had it all!

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

You're a celebrity. You all go  
cuckoo eventually, for attention.

ANGEL

C'mon man, my friend is gonna die  
and I can show you proof--

**He LUNGES for the CLEAR, PLASTIC EVIDENCE BAG between them,  
that contains his PHONE. Sanchez GRABS it at the same time,  
and uses Angel's cuffed hands to YANK Angel nose-to-nose.**

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

ENOUGH WITH THE LIES! Novah, Simon,  
Mia. Admit you wanted them d\*\*d.

ANGEL

You're right.

(then)

I wanted Simon d\*\*d. Novah, too. I

hate myself for ever trusting them.

Sanchez SMIRKS, triumphant and pleased.

ANGEL (CONT'D)

But wanting something isn't the  
same as being the one with the  
knife. I swear on my wife the  
evidence is on the phone.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

And I'm supposed to believe you?

ANGEL

Open my phone, and you'll see proof  
Shorty is the k\*ller's next victim.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

I don't care about Shorty! He's  
still alive, no matter what story  
your lunatic brain cooks up.

Angel SNAGS the evidence bag. THROWS it onto Sanchez's chest.

ANGEL

You may hate celebrities, but read  
the texts. And you'll see I'm not crazy.

OFF SANCHEZ: finger on the bag's ZIPPER. Will he help Angel?

#### **EPISODE 14**

Sanchez SLIDES the bag along the table, out of Angel's reach.

DETECTIVE SANCHEZ

Sorry. I don't take orders from psycho k\*llers.

(sits back, then)