

SACRIFICIAL LAMBS

OVER BLACK

LOUD WHIRLING helicopter blades from three helicopters, then many police SIRENS.

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - MAIL TRUCK MOVING - DAY

A mail truck with #7349 on its roof rapidly zig zags around traffic.

INT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

Sweat pours down the swollen, bruised, bloody face of the driver, 40ish postal worker, TREVONE JOHNSON driving on the right side of an old LLV postal truck.

He rapidly makes a left turn, narrowly misses a collision with an oncoming car.

He looks nervously in his side mirror, sees four police cars also turn the corner getting closer in their pursuit.

He sticks his head out the window, looks up.

A black and white police helicopter, an orange and white KNBS 8 helicopter, and a white with red Leonardo AW609 Tiltrotor, all in pursuit.

As he rolls up the window, blood oozes from a bullet hole in the right bicep of his jacket.

Trevone speaks in clipped slang as he mumbles to himself.

TREVONE

Couldn't mind my own business.

(shakes his head)

Oh no! Hadda git involved.

He looks to his left and right for a street to turn onto.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Lisa warned me. Did I listen?

As his bloody right hand turns the steering wheel again to the left...

EXT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

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...a police car executes a pit maneuver. The mail truck turns on its right side, left wheels in the air.

The SOUND OF METAL on concrete is DEAFENING as the truck slides on its side towards the back of a parked cement truck.

SUPER: ONE WEEK AGO

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - DAY

An orange and white KNBS 8 helicopter flies over Beverly Hills towards the ocean.

A postal truck below, with #7349 on its roof, drives along a wide tree-lined boulevard heading eastward.

INT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

Trevone, in summer postal clothes, fingerless gloves, yawns. A SIREN is heard getting louder. He pulls over.

He takes out a tissue from his pocket, wipes his forehead and the sweat over a gang tattoo on his neck.

An ambulance passes swiftly.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

In their middle-class Santa Monica house, Trevone's wife, LISA (40ish, classy, model-type), removes a birthday cake from its box. She sets the cake on the counter, adds a plastic number five in the center of a ring of candles.

She looks at her precocious daughter.

SHANESE can melt your heart with her large doe-like eyes. Wearing several of Lisa's necklaces and rings, Shanese finds it difficult to walk in Lisa's large high heels. She shuffles as she walks tying balloons to the chairs.

LISA

Look at you. You look so grown up.

Shanese raises all five fingers of her hand.

SHANESE

3.

I'm five now, Mommy.

She looks excitedly at the cake.

SHANESE (CONT'D)

I can't wait 'til Daddy gets home.

LISA

(smiles)

Me too.

Lisa searches a drawer for matches, uses her cell phone.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone stops for a red light, answers his QUACKING phone.

LISA (V.O.)

Trey?

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Who is this?

LISA (V.O.)

Trevone Johnson! You know perfectly well who this is.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa looks over at Shanese. She moves so she can't hear.

LISA (INTO PHONE)

I'm calling to remind you to pick up Shanese's present.

TREVONE (V.O.)

I'm going to the shelter after work. Don't worry, Lisa.

LISA (INTO PHONE)

I can't wait to tell you the good news.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Three-year-old rambunctious twins, OMAR and KYLE, wearing

matching clothes, sit on the floor in front of the flatscreen TV, with fixed stare watching cartoons.

Trevone's mother-in-law, whom everyone calls MAMA, (70's, Nigerian, chipmunk cheeks, dreadlocks, always wears a Kente African outfit, little wire-framed glasses on the tip of her nose), sits on the end of their sectional as she sips scotch straight out of the bottle.

In unison, each twin picks his right nostril with his right index finger, and eats it.

MAMA

That's disgusting.

(shouts)

Lisa, they need to wash their hands!

Mama takes a swig of her Scotch.

Lisa enters from the kitchen holding her phone to her ear.

LISA

What happened, Mama?

MAMA

Your lovely three-year-olds are eating boogers.

Lisa rolls her eyes.

LISA

Come on, boys, let's go wash hands.

(intophone)

You hear what I have to deal with?

Trevone is heard LAUGHING in the phone.

TREVONE (V.O.)

So, what's the good news?

LISA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

I'll tell you later. Got to go,

Hon. Have a good day. Love you.

Trevone SINGS a line from the Whitney Houston song.

TREVONE (V.O.)
'And I will always love you...'

Lisa smiles, shakes her head, hangs up.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

A sudden influx of SIRENS and WHIRLING helicopter BLADES approach from all directions. Trevone waits for them to pass.

Suddenly a Driver coming from his left, and an ambulance coming from his right, converge for a collision right in front of him.

TREVONE
Oh my God! Watch out!

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The ambulance and Driver each swerve left at the last moment.

The Driver's tires SCREECH just before he collides with a fire hydrant with a loud CLANK. Water shoots up 50 feet with a loud WHOOSH.

The Driver backs his car rapidly, SQUEALS to a stop.

To Trevone's left, several police cars peel to a stop. SIRENS and FLASHING LIGHTS turn off one at a time. Officers get out of their cars to crouch or stand behind car doors, take aim at the Driver.

A police car quickly stops in the center lane next to Trevone. The passenger, a heavy-set bald FIELD COMMANDER jumps out of the car with a bullhorn, hikes up his pants by his belt, crouches behind his door.

The Commander's driver, a HISPANIC OFFICER, also gets out with a bullhorn, crouches behind his door.

To Trevone's right, a police car quickly maneuvers in front of cars waiting at the intersection. Two officers, a Lanky Officer and a Female Officer, get out. They order drivers to stay in their cars inaudibly.

A black Cadillac SUV parks on Trevone's immediate right in the slow lane. The tinted window on the driver's rear side rolls down, revealing a MAN in a suit and tie with a Bluetooth over his ear.

It's eerily quiet save for the WHIRLING BLADES of three helicopters hovering overhead: an orange and white KNBS 8 NEWS, a black and white police, and a white with red Leonardo AW609 Tiltrotor.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW - DAY

The police have the Driver surrounded with Trevone's truck part of the perimeter. Trevone is seen below looking up out his window.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Six screaming young children excitedly run out of a frozen yogurt shop on the corner to play under the hydrant's waterfall.

The Female Officer runs to the children, gets drenched as she shepherds the wet kids back into the shop, then guards them from leaving.

The Field Commander addresses the driver.

FIELD COMMANDER (INTO BULLHORN)

Turn off your engine and throw
your keys out the window. If you
have a gun, throw it out too.
Then get out of the car with your
hands up.

The Hispanic Officer translates into his BULLHORN.

HISPANIC OFFICER (O.S.)

Apage su motor del carro..

The Driver doesn't obey.

Two Motorcyclists stop at the intersection next to a two-story mini mall catty-corner to Trevone. One Cyclist takes off his helmet, hands it to his partner, quickly

7.

climbs up the back of the mini mall to the roof.

The attention of the policeman standing below is elsewhere.

The Leonardo Tiltrotor positions itself below the other choppers to block their view of the mini mall's roof.

EXT. MINI MALL ROOFTOP - DAY

The Cyclist pulls out a RIFLE WITH SILENCER from inside his jacket, positions himself.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Field Commander YELLS louder.

FIELD COMMANDER (INTO BULLHORN)
Get out of your car now!

The Hispanic Officer translates.

The car door opens. The Driver (49, eyes wild behind a pair of Coke-bottle glasses) slowly emerges with hands up, walks toward the rear of his car. His right hand clutches a NOTEPAD WITH CLIPPED PEN.

FIELD COMMANDER (INTO BULLHORN) (CONT'D)
Get down on your knees!

The Driver eyeballs Trevone sitting in his truck, disobeys the Commander. As the Driver walks towards Trevone, a young female child runs in the background toward the fire hydrant.

The Lanky Officer rushes over, gets wet as he whisks her away carrying her back to the yogurt shop. He stands guard at the shop with the Female Officer.

The Driver gets within ten feet of Trevone's truck, yells to him.

DRIVER
It's all a scam! They're killing them!

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone sticks his head out his window, shouts back to the Driver.

TREVONE
Who's killin' who?

FIELD COMMANDER
(yells to Trevone)
Stop talking to him!

Trevone sticks his head back inside, salutes a "yes sir" to the Commander.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Driver, with hands raised, continues to ignore the Commander, speaks only to Trevone.

DRIVER
It's all about people.

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK - DAY

Trevone yells to the Driver.

TREVONE
What people?

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Driver lowers his hand holding the notepad.

DRIVER
Here, see for yourself, but
don't let it get into the wrong
hands.

He tosses it. It lands on the street next to Trevone's truck.

Trevone quickly gets out of his truck, picks it up, rushes back inside.

The Field Commander takes note, points to Trevone.

FIELD COMMANDER

(yells)

You there. Go behind your truck,
and bring that to me.

DRIVER

No! Don't give it to him!

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone takes his phone out of his shirt pocket, holds it up for only the Driver to see.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

The Driver nods his head in understanding, turns, yells at the Commander to distract him.

DRIVER

I'm not the enemy!

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone is about to photograph the top page using his cell phone, but the pen is in the way. He pockets it, then quickly takes the photo. He pockets his phone.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

The SUV passenger eyes the notepad in Trevone's hand, as Trevone walks behind his truck to the Commander's car.

EXT. COMMANDER'S CAR - DAY

The Hispanic Officer sees Trevone approaching the rear of the Commander's car, motions to Trevone.

HISPANIC OFFICER

Wait there, and stay down.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Just as the Driver is about to yell to the Commander...

DRIVER

It's got...

EXT. MINI MALL ROOFTOP - DAY

...the Cyclist fires his rifle.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

CLOSE ON,

The bullet moves in slow motion, with perfect projection, hits the back of the Driver's head.

END CLOSE UP.

It shatters the Driver's skull with pieces of brain and blood splattering everywhere. A large chunk of bloody brain flies way up in the air.

The crowd GASPS, SCREAMS with shocked faces all around. Some people hit the ground. The police crouch low.

Then everyone watches in tense silence as the Driver's headless body falls to the ground.

The Leonardo Tiltrotor positions itself below the other choppers to block their view of the Cyclists escaping.

EXT. COMMANDER'S CAR - DAY

A physically shaken Trevone watches the Hispanic Officer vomit. Trevone puts his hand over his mouth, holds in his urge to do the same.

FIELD COMMANDER (INTO BULLHORN)
Cease fire! Cease fire!
I said, hold your fire!

The Commander stares at the Driver, looks around at all his officers.

FIELD COMMANDER (INTO BULLHORN) (CONT'D)
Who fired that shot?

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Looks of confusion on the police officers' faces.

The Field Commander hikes up his pants, moves closer to the Driver's body.

FIELD COMMANDER (INTO BULLHORN)
Come on, which one of you...

Before he can finish, the large bloody piece of brain falls on top of his head. He looks up as the blood oozes down his forehead. He scrapes the bloody chunk off.

FIELD COMMANDER (CONT'D)
Ugh, what the shit?

EXT. COMMANDER'S CAR - DAY

The Hispanic Officer wipes the vomit from his lips with the back of his hand, makes his way to Trevone.

HISPANIC OFFICER
What did he throw to you?

TREVONE
(hands notepad)
Just this.

The Officer thumbs through it.

HISPANIC OFFICER
That's it? Just a list with blank pages? What was so important for him to throw this to you? Do you know him?

TREVONE
No.

HISPANIC OFFICER
Okay, well, I need your ID. We may be in contact for a statement.

Trevone takes his wallet out with hands shaking, hands his license.

As the Hispanic Officer writes, Trevone watches all the officers holster their guns, then walk toward the Driver.

The Hispanic Officer hands Trevone's ID back, looks over at the headless body. He starts to upchuck, but catches himself.

HISPANIC OFFICER (CONT'D)
I've been in the force for
twenty-two years and I've never
seen anything like this.

Trevone nods, SIGHS deeply, walks to his truck.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone turns on the engine, looks in his side mirrors. He waits for the cars behind him to U-turn out of the area. A visibly shaken Trevone dials his phone.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
Flo, you're never gonna believe
what just happened. I just saw
someone's head get blown off. I
can't deliver the mail. I just
can't.

Officers stare at the headless body.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Yeah. I know the motto, neither
rain nor sleet, but this is
different.
(listens)
Obligation?

Trevone watches Officers search the Driver's car.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Flo, you're my supervisor. If
you say I hafta deliver the mail,
I will, but I was hopin' you'd
give me a break here.
(listens)
Okay. Okay. You're the boss.

Trevone makes another call as he watches the police cordon off the area with yellow tape.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa stops making the bed, answers her cell phone.

TREVONE (V.O.)
Lisa, I just saw a man's head
get blown off.

Lisa's mouth gapes with disbelief. She sits on the bed.

LISA (INTO PHONE)
That sounds horrible! Are you
okay?

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK - DAY

Trevone looks over at the lifeless body now being covered.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
His head blew up like a watermelon
shatterin' into pieces. Blood
flyin' everywhere. I'm shakin' here.

Trevone closes his eyes, shakes his head violently.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
I told Flo I can't deliver the
mail, but she insisted. She said,
'Not even a murder can stop the
mail'. My nerves are shot. You're
my rock, Babe. What should I do?

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - BEDROOM - DAY

Lisa always gives good advice. She thinks for a second.

LISA (INTO PHONE)
I think Flo's right. You need to
deliver the mail. It'll get your
mind off of what happened. We can
talk about it later when you come
home. Now pull yourself, together.
And when you come home, Trey...
are you listening?

She waits for an answer.

TREVONE (V.O.)
(calmer)
Yeah.

LISA (INTO PHONE)
When you come home, don't mention
anything about that man in front
of the children.

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK - DAY

Trevone looks at all the blood in the street, SIGHS deeply.
A siren WAILS louder as it approaches.

LISA (V.O.)
Is everything okay?

Trevone looks around nervously.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
It's a fire engine. Talk to ya
later.

Trevone turns off his phone, pockets it, sees firemen
trying to cap the hydrant.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

Trevone backs his truck, makes a U-turn out of the area.

The black SUV follows.

Shortly after Trevone pulls into a small side street, the
SUV bumps the back of his truck.

INT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

Trevone's body jerks forward.

TREVONE
(to self)
What the heck?

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Trevone stops his truck in the middle of the street, exits,

examines the damage to his truck. Just a scratch. He looks at the small dent in the SUV's front bumper.

He takes his phone out, photographs the front of the limo.

The SUV driver, a BODY GUARD (30's, an imposing man you don't mess around with), gets out.

BODY GUARD
My apologies. Are you okay?

TREVONE
Yeah. My truck's okay.

He photographs the back of his truck.

BODY GUARD
I need your information for my insurance.

TREVONE
Sure.

Trevone pulls out his wallet, hands his license.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
Can I see yours?

The Body Guard hands it to Trevone. He steals glimpses of Trevone as he writes the info.

Trevone photographs the Body Guard's license.

The SUV passenger, CONNOR WOODS, exits the SUV, straightens his tie, adjusts his Bluetooth, walks over.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
Didn't I just see ya at the intersection?

CONNOR
Yes, hello. That was awful wasn't it? Did you know the guy?

TREVONE

16.

No. I...

CONNOR

Did he give you anything else
besides the notepad?

Trevone's brows furrow, wonders why he's asking that.

TREVONE

Nothin'. Nothin' at all. He was
just talkin' nonsense. Look, I've
got mail to deliver. Are we done
here?

The Body Guard and Trevone exchange IDs.

BODY GUARD

Thank you...
(reads the information)
Mr. Johnson.

TREVONE

No problem, Mr...
(looks at his phone)
..Lewis.

Trevone gets inside his truck, drives off leaving the Guard
and Connor Woods standing there watching.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Parked in front of an apartment building, Trevone takes out
his phone, studies the photo of the notepad. His brows
furrow.

INSERT PHOTO,

FROM THE DESK OF BEN PETERSON

Aluminum Salts	Latex
Polysorbate 80	Sulfa
Formaldehyde	Lot #
Thimerosal	Arsenic (circled)

END INSERT

Trevone doesn't understand what it means, speaks to himself.

TREVONE

17.

What the heck is this?

A LOUD SIREN approaches, then cuts off as a paramedic ambulance with red lights flashing parks in front of him.

He watches two paramedics jump out, grab a gurney, carry it up the stairs.

Trevone dons his postal cap, takes his mail pouch, exits.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

As Trevone deposits the mail in the group of mailboxes, a pair of yappy little dogs BARK at him from one apartment. He notices mail stacking up in one mailbox.

MISS FARUSI (70's, healthy-looking) walks toward Trevone, strokes a white Persian cat.

MISS FARUSI

You late. You bring check?

Trevone stops, turns to her. He notices a large brown mole on her right cheek, and then he sees the cat.

TREVONE

Beautiful cat. What check?

MISS FARUSI

Social check. Don't know what to do. Have to pay rent.

An elderly couple, MR. and MRS. TOBIAS (late 70's), approach Trevone with Mr. Tobias showing signs of Parkinson's as he walks ahead of his wife.

Trevone pulls out some mail from his bag.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Here's your mail, Mr. Tobias.

Mr. Tobias searches through his mail, hands shake.

MR. TOBIAS

It's not here, Elaine.

(MORE)

MR. TOBIAS (CONT'D)

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(to Trevone)

Our social security checks are late.

TREVONE

That's what Ms. Farusi said.
Maybe they'll come tomorrow.

They watch silently as the two Paramedics walk swiftly past with a sheet-covered body on a gurney on their way to the stairs.

MR. TOBIAS

That was Lenny Siegel. He was,
how old, Elaine?

MRS. TOBIAS

Around eighty, I think. A kind,
wonderful man. Lost his wife last
week, they said from the flu.

MR. TOBIAS

Could have been me.

MRS. TOBIAS

(grabs his hand)
Perish the thought.

They continue holding hands as they walk back to their apartment. Miss Farusi walks swiftly past them to hers.

Trevone walks slowly down the stairs, watches the paramedics load the gurney into the van, as another ambulance passes the building with SIREN BLASTING.

EXT. YELLOW HOUSE - DAY

Trevone walks toward the front porch.

A young boy, VADIM (5-8 years old, Latvian) peers outside through the beveled glass paneled door, watches Trevone approach.

The door opens. A very tall, 30-ish blonde, wearing lots of amber jewelry, typical of a LATVIAN WOMAN, steps outside with the boy.

LATVIAN WOMAN

(Russian dialect)

I don't think ve've met. My name
Sasha. This my son, Vadim. He
vant make sure you get letter.

Vadim hands a white envelope to Trevone.

TREVONE

Nice to meet both of ya.

Trevone reads the address on the envelope.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

To God, huh?

VADIM

I want to make sure God takes
care of Nana.

LATVIAN WOMAN

Nana vas grandmother, my mother.
She pass last week, they say, from
flu, even though she got her... her,
how you say in English, her... shot,
yes?

TREVONE

I'm sorry for your loss.

LATVIAN WOMAN

You tell me. She get shot, but
she die. Vy shot not vork?

TREVONE

I don't know.

Trevone looks at Vadim, gets down on one knee to be at the
boy's eye level. He puts one hand on the boy's shoulder.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

I'll make sure he gits it. Don't
worry.

VADIM

Thank you.

Trevone stands, smiles as he hands Sasha her mail.

LATVIAN WOMAN
Come Vadim, ve go inside.

Vadim looks back at Trevone as his mother closes the door.

As Trevone pockets Vadim's letter, another ambulance WAILS in the distance.

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Trevone walks inside with a half-full white plastic box marked "UNDELIVERABLE".

He looks through a large window, sees FLO, his supervisor (late 60's, almost anorexic), at her desk. She gestures with her index finger for Trevone to approach.

FLO
Are you okay?

TREVONE
It was the most gruesome thing
I've ever seen. I don't think
I'll ever forget it.

He notices her dipping carrots in hummus.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
That looks like a healthy snack.

FLO
Haven't been sick since I became
a vegan.

TREVONE
Really? Well, got to git to the
shelter and git my daughter's
present before it closes. See ya
tomorrow.

INT. ANIMAL SHELTER - DAY

Trevone rushes past a sign, "LA ANIMAL SERVICES". He continues down aisles of caged dogs.

Trevone spies a small white Poodle in a cage sitting next to a blanket.

He motions to a teenaged, female VOLUNTEER in dark blue shelter "VOLUNTEER" shirt, and jeans.

TREVONE

I'd like to git the white dog.
My wife and I saw him yesterday.

VOLUNTEER

He's beautiful, isn't he?

The Volunteer carefully opens the cage door, reaches her hand in to get the Poodle. A CHIHUAHUA, in a blue and white sweater, comes out from under the blanket, nubby tail wagging as fast as it can.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

That poor Chihuahua.

Trevone looks at the dog through the wires of the cage.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

Someone tried to keep that dog from barking. He had rubber bands so tight around his snout that he's scarred for life.

TREVONE

Seriously?

VOLUNTEER

I can't believe how cruel some people can be! Now he's afraid to bark.

Trevone takes in the dog.

TREVONE

You know what? Lemme see the Chihuahua. I've always had a soft spot for helpin' an underdog.

The Volunteer LAUGHS as she picks up the Chihuahua, hands him to Trevone.

The dog stares with large, soulful eyes.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
 (strokes dog's head)
 When I was a child, my mother
 took me to a shelter and told me
 we were gittin' the ugliest dog
 'cause that dog had the least
 chance of gittin' a home.

The Volunteer nods in understanding.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
 She told me that, just like people,
 it didn't matter what he looked
 like, 'cause what counts is how
 he is on the inside.
 (to dog)
 You're not the kind of dog to
 bite a mailman, are ya?

The dog licks Trevone's face.

EXT. TREVONE'S HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Trevone puts the dog inside his jacket, opens the front door.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevone takes a moment to watch his family. The twins are on the carpeted floor, eyes glued to the TV. Mama braids Shanese's hair in-between sips of scotch.

CHILDREN
 (excitedly in unison)
 Daddy!

The children run with arms outstretched for a group hug, then quickly run back to what they were doing.

TREVONE
 Hey, Mama.

Mama's chipmunk cheeks get puffier as she smiles.

MAMA
Hey, yourself.

Lisa goes in for a kiss. She feels something squirming between them, opens his jacket.

LISA
What's this?

The dog's head pops out, seems to smile at Lisa. She shakes her head in disbelief, rolls her eyes at Trevone. She whispers in his ear.

LISA (CONT'D)
What happened to the Poodle?

TREVONE
(whispers)
I'll 'splain later.

Trevone grins at Shanese.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
Surprise! Happy Birthday, Shanese.

Shanese's eyes widen in excitement. She runs over. The twins follow.

SHANESE
He's for me?

TREVONE
Yes, Honey Bun, for you. Happy
Birthday!

Trevone gently hands her the dog. Shanese giggles as he licks her face over and over. She shows him to the twins.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
What shall we call him?

Shanese holds the dog out in front of her with extended arms, looks at the scars intently.

SHANESE
Chocolate.

TREVONE

(shouts)

Hon, come listen to this.

Lisa rushes into the living room, sits next to Trevone.

LISA

Shanese, take your brothers to the bathroom to wash hands for dinner.

SHANESE

Okay. Come on, Chocolate. Come on.

Shanese takes each twin by the hand, exits with the twins as Chocolate follows.

BEVERLY (ON TV)

According to police, a man identified as forty-nine-year-old Ben Peterson, who was a newspaper reporter for the LA Press, allegedly assaulted an FBI agent. After an intense standoff with police near Westwood, the wanted man allegedly shot at them, and the police returned the fire. Mr. Peterson was pronounced dead at the scene.

TREVONE

Wait, what? That's not what happened! He didn't have a gun!

Lisa focuses her attention on Trevone.

LISA

How do you know?

TREVONE

All he had in his hand was a notepad. He threw to me, then I took a photo of the top page.

He takes his phone out of his pocket.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Look, see?

Lisa studies the photo, reads the list out loud.

LISA

Aluminum Salts, latex, arsenic,
polysorbate 80, formaldehyde,
lot number, thimerosal, sulfa.

She shakes her head, looks at Trevone.

LISA (CONT'D)

Formaldehyde causes cancer, and
arsenic is a poison. Maybe he
was planning on killing someone.

She returns his phone, sees him with a far-away look.

TREVONE

That poor man was hunted like an
animal. You know, like when it's
trapped and has no way to escape.

LISA

That's pretty melodramatic, Trey.

TREVONE

Well, I don't understand why they
killed him. He didn't shoot at 'em.
Somethin's not right here. I can't
believe this, Lisa. I was right
there and saw the whole thing!

LISA

Okay, okay. I believe you, but I
wish you hadn't gotten involved.
I have a bad feeling about this.

Lisa gets up.

TREVONE

Why?

Lisa heads for the kitchen picking up a child's toy.

LISA

27.

You never know, Trey. It could be dangerous to get involved. Look what happened to that guy.

She stops, looks back at Trevone.

LISA (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, sometimes it's better to mind your own business, especially when you have a family to protect.

Shanese returns with the twins and Chocolate. She picks up the dog, sits next to Trevone on the sofa. The twins walk into the kitchen.

Beverly's co-anchor, Burt, reports.

BURT (ON T.V.)

The CDC reports over five hundred people have died just in Los Angeles this past week. Everyone is urged to be vaccinated as soon as possible, especially the elderly.

Mama SNEEZES TWICE, then SNORTS IN PHLEGM.

Trevone turns, watches her wipe her nose on her sleeve. He shouts to Lisa in the kitchen.

TREVONE

We need to git our flu shots, 'specially Mama.

Lisa shouts back from the kitchen.

LISA (O.S.)

Mama rarely ever gets sick. I think she's had a cold maybe three or four times in her lifetime. In fact, remember when she had a physical last month? The doctor said she was healthier than he was.

Trevone watches Mama pick up the bottle. She COUGHS TWICE before drinking.

TREVONE
Must be all the scotch.

MAMA
(toasts her bottle)
Amen.

Trevone smiles, shakes his head.

TREVONE
Still, I think we all should git
our shots.

Mama sneezes.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
Yep, my minds' made up. Tomorrow's
my day off, so we'll git 'em
tomorrow.

BEVERLY (V.O.)
In other news, the Social Security
System has reported a glitch
causing their checks to be
misprinted, mailed incorrectly,
or not mailed at all. Everyone is
asked to remain calm while the
problem is sorted out.

TREVONE
(to Mama)
A couple'a people on my route
told me they haven't gotten their
checks. Now we know why.

Mama doesn't reply. He watches her take another swig.

LISA (O.S.)
Come on. Dinner's ready.

Trevone stands, sees Mama trying to get up from the couch.
He extends his hand to help.

MAMA
I can get up. What do you think,
I'm old or somethin'?

Trevone tries not to laugh, turns off the TV. He picks up Shanese, raises her shirt, BLOWS into her belly making a LOUD NOISE. Shanese GIGGLES.

TREVONE

Let's go party, birthday girl.

Chocolate happily follows wagging his tail.

INT. TREVONE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevone and Lisa are sound asleep. Trevone breathes heavily. His face contorts. Sweat oozes down his face.

TREVONE

(yells)

No, don't shoot! Leave him alone!

Lisa awakens, turns on the light, sees Trevone's body jerking.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Oh God. No, no, no!

LISA

Wake up, Trey. You're having a bad dream.

Trevone wakes drenched in sweat, looks at Lisa.

TREVONE

It was horrible, Lisa.

LISA

I know, Babe. But try not to think about it.

TREVONE

I gotta know why they killed him!

LISA

Why don't you ask that reporter, Beverly Vanderland after we get our vaccinations tomorrow?

Trevone nods.

EXT. TREVONE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Trevone puts a folding chair inside the cargo area of his SUV. The children are already seated inside.

Mama struggles to get up into the backseat of the car.

TREVONE

Wait there, Mama, so I can help ya.

MAMA

(mumbles)

I can get into a car by myself,
thank you very much.

She gets into the back seat with Trevone right behind her ready to catch her.

Lisa hesitates to get into the car.

LISA

Trey, before we go, there's
something I need to tell you.

TREVONE

Don't tell me you're havin' second
thoughts about gittin' the shots.

LISA

No. Not that.

TREVONE

It'll be fine. Come on, Babe.
Let's go.

Lisa looks dejected, gets in reluctantly.

EXT. PHARMACY CLINIC - DAY

The Johnson family join a long line of people outside a pharmacy. Trevone carries the folding chair, Shanese and Lisa each hold a twin's hand, Mama follows slowly.

Lisa leans to look at the front of the line, looks perturbed at Trevone.

LISA

31.

I don't know, Trey. Looks like we're going to be here for quite a while.

Trevone opens the folding chair, holds it as Mama sits.

TREVONE

It'll be okay. There you go, Mama.

MAMA

Such a fuss.

A Teenaged Girl (hair tips dyed red, nose clip, chews gum), walks down the line passing out clipboards, papers, pens.

Trevone and Lisa fill out the forms as the line moves.

LISA

I don't know Mama's Social Security number. Do you know it, Mama?

Mama shakes her head as Lisa searches her purse.

LISA (CONT'D)

(pulls out a card)

Here it is.

TREVONE

Why do they ask if we're allergic to latex? What does that have to do with the shot?

LISA

Don't know.

An elderly LADY standing behind them overhears.

LADY

It's because there's latex in the vaccine and could be a problem if you're allergic to it.

Trevone turns around.

TREVONE

Why would they put latex in it?

LADY

32.

It has something to do with the
rubber in the vial stoppers.

Trevone looks puzzled.

LADY (CONT'D)

You know, the little cap on top of
the vaccine. I wouldn't worry about
it unless you're allergic to it.

Lisa turns around to address her, as Trevone takes out his
phone, looks at the list again.

LISA

Learn something every day. Thank
you.

Lisa turns back around, rolls her eyes at Trevone.

TREVONE

Latex is one of the words on that
guy's list.

LISA

Well, we're not allergic to it,
so, we don't have to worry.

The line moves forward with the Johnson family going inside
the pharmacy. Trevone carries Mama's chair.

INT. PHARMACY CLINIC - DAY

Everyone in line listens quietly to a flatscreen TV.

BURT (ON TV)

In 1918, a flu pandemic involving
the H1N1 influenza virus affected
close to five hundred million
people around the world.

MONTAGE of photos and videos flash on tv

* an old black and white photo of a warehouse full of cots
with sick patients. Several nurses in white dresses,
tiny white hats, white oxfords, stand next to the cots.

* a football field full of tombstones and crosses.

- * church bells RING SOMBERLY as dead bodies lie uncovered by the street, and orphaned children wander the streets crying for their parents.
- * a black and white video shows a horse-drawn cart stop. Men with face masks load the dead bodies onto the cart.

END MONTAGE.

BURT (ON TV, CONT'D)

About fifty to ninety million of those people, roughly three to five percent of the world's population, died. Compare that number with the estimated sixteen million deaths in World War One.

An AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (60's, in Lakers shirt, matching shorts), waits in front of the Johnson family with his very overweight WIFE wearing a rhinestone cross around her neck.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN

It's God's will.

His wife nods her head, speaks in a LOUD, ANNOYING VOICE, clasps both hands as if praying.

WIFE

Praise the lord!

Lisa hears them, looks at Trevone with irritation before addressing the couple.

LISA

How is it God's will? What do you mean?

The man turns around, moves toward Lisa.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN

Diseases, hurricanes, earthquakes... It's God's way of controlling overpopulation. It's part of God's plan.

A close talker, the man moves within inches of her face.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN (CONT'D)

God knows having less people makes
life better for the rest of us.
The Chinese know this. That's why
they limited each couple to only
one child.

Lisa scoffs, shakes her head, thinks this is nonsense.

LISA

How can you believe that?

He moves close to her face again. Lisa tries to pull her
head back away from him.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN

This planet only has enough food
and water to sustain a certain
number of people. Aids, cancer,
the flu... God weeds the population
every now and then so there is
enough food and water for
everybody. He's not inhumane.

WIFE

Thank you, Jesus!

LISA

But then, aren't these vaccinations
defying God's plan?

The man has no answer, looks at his wife with a furrowed
brow trying to think of one. After a minute, they leave.

The Johnsons move up with only ten people in front of
them. They are close to a row of small tables with lots
of boxes next to the tables. The ten chairs in front of
the tables all face an outward direction with each chair
having a person getting the vaccine.

The next ten people in line walk to the chairs, sit.

A NURSE takes all the papers from Lisa and Trevone, reads
them. Lisa pulls her aside, speaks softly.

LISA (CONT'D)

Can I still get it if I'm pregnant?

NURSE

(loudly)

Yes. The vaccine is safe for pregnant women.

TREVONE

Wait, what?

Lisa rolls her eyes at the nurse clearly upset that she said it so loud. She looks at Trevone.

LISA

I tried to tell you earlier, but you were too upset because of that guy.

Trevone smiles broadly, pulls her to him, kisses her passionately.

TREVONE

I love you, Lisa. I always have, and I always will.

He smiles over his shoulder at Mama.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

You hear that Mama? You're gonna have another granbaby.

MAMA

You two are just like rabbits.

They are directed to sit in the chairs.

Trevone and Lisa each have a twin on their lap. Shanese stands next to Lisa.

Trevone notices boxes marked "WA", "SL", and almost all of them marked "UV".

TREVONE

Why doesn't everyone git the same shot?

NURSE

Children get a half dose. And
seniors need a stronger dose,
because their immune systems are
weaker.

The Nurse takes two WA, three SL, and one UV prefilled
syringes out of the boxes, passes them to the other nurses.

The nurses inject everyone simultaneously. The children
SCREAM, CRY.

TREVONE

You okay, Mama?

MAMA

Fine. Why do you keep asking
me that?

Trevone winks at Lisa.

The Johnsons walk away with Trevone holding Kyle's hand and
the folding chair, Lisa holding Omar's hand, Shanese
holding Mama's hand.

A Man in a red uniform passes out individually wrapped red
samples. He approaches Mama.

MAN

Have you tried our new product,
Vita-Plenty? It's full of healthy
ingredients to slow aging and
make you feel younger. Here's a
free sample.

Lisa reaches in front of Mama, takes it.

LISA

Thanks.

INT. KNBS RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Trevone approaches the very pregnant Latina RECEPTIONIST
sitting behind a large ornate counter with "KNBS" in large
letters on the wall behind her.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

How can I help you?

TREVONE

I need to speak to Beverly
Vanderland.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. Vanderland isn't seeing any
guests at this time. You can
always email her.

TREVONE

Look, you don't understand. I
was at the shootin' in West LA
yesterday, and I have somethin'
she needs to see.

SECURITY walks over as the Receptionist stares at Trevone.

SECURITY

Is there a problem here?

RECEPTIONIST

No. We're fine.

The Receptionist picks up the land phone, whispers, looks
back at Trevone as she listens, hangs up.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Take the elevator to the fourth
floor.

INT. KNBS NEWSROOM - DAY

Trevone exits the elevator, enters a large room full of
reporters busy at work. He asks a FEMALE REPORTER for
directions.

TREVONE

Beverly Vandlerland?

The Reporter points to a private office in the corner of
the room having a door and large windows in the two outer
walls. The blinds are rolled up.

FEMALE REPORTER

She's over there in her office.

Trevone walks over, sees 30-ish Beverly through the glass, knocks lightly on the open door.

Beverly rummages through the drawers of her desk, pulls out a large handheld mirror. She sits on the edge of her desk with one leg dangling.

Trevone walks in.

TREVONE

Hi. I'm Trevone Johnson.

BEVERLY

So, Mr. Johnson, you were present at the shooting?

She checks her appearance in the mirror, pulls her hair back from her face.

TREVONE

Yeah. I was about ten feet from the guy. He didn't have a gun, just a notepad. He threw it to me and I took a photo of the top page before the cops took it.

Beverly looks at her teeth, picks between them with her pinkie fingernail.

BEVERLY

Just because you didn't see a gun doesn't mean he didn't have one. Is it possible he could have pulled one out when he threw the notepad to you? According to the police, he did.

Trevone is clearly getting annoyed.

TREVONE

I would've seen a gun! I hate it when people lie, and I 'specially
(MORE)

TREVONE (CONT'D)
hate it when cops lie. It wouldn't
be the first time cops covered
their asses. I don't trust 'em.

Trevone has a far-away look as he remembers.

FLASHBACK

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE PORCH - DAY

A teenaged Trevone sits on the porch with other GANG MEMBERS. Trevone has his arm around the shoulders of a 10 year-old boy named DIMONE wearing a LARGE GOLD CHAIN.

GANG MEMBER
Lemme see what you wearin',
Dimone.

Dimone, with big smile, goes over to him, shows it off.

DIMONE
Trevone gave it to me for my
birthday.

A gray car slowly drives by.

TREVONE
Hey, aren't those the cops that
beat up Jackson?

They watch the car drive by, make a U turn, drive by again, this time SHOOTING. Trevone ducks as his gang members are killed. The car speeds off.

The sight of blood pouring out of Dimone's chest makes Trevone cry. He cuddles and rocks Dimone. His hand shakes as he takes the bloody chain off, puts it around his head.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Trevone walks alongside the gurney with Dimone's body being taken to the coroner's van.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KNBS NEWSROOM - DAY

Trevone looks seriously at Beverly.

TREVONE

I overheard the cop lyin' sayin' the crips did it. I've never trusted cops since. They're racist and abusive, and not just to gang members.

BEVERLY

I understand how you feel, Mr. Johnson. Yes, there are a few bad apples, but the majority of officers are truthful. I don't think they lied in Mr. Peterson's situation.

Trevone touches the gold chain around his neck.

TREVONE

I never take Dimone's chain off. It reminds me that I was saved for a purpose, maybe for this purpose. I think you're wrong and I'm gonna prove the cops are lyin'.

Trevone watches Beverly set the mirror down on her desk.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

What if I go on the air and tell everyone what I saw? It'd be the truth.

BEVERLY

It would be your word against the police, and as a former gang member, I doubt anyone would believe you. Too bad you didn't film what happened. Can I see the photo?

TREVONE

(hands the phone)

He said, 'they're killin' 'em.'

(MORE)

TREVONE (CONT'D)

And when he threw that notepad to me, he said, 'here, see for yourself'. So, there's somethin' important on here.

Beverly takes out her cell phone, takes a picture of the photo from Trevone's phone.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

That guy's head bein' blown off is etched in my brain. I don't think I can rest 'til I find out what he was talkin' about. Who's bein' killed? And who's killin' 'em?

Beverly pockets her phone.

BEVERLY

If what you're saying is true, then he might have been killed to silence him. Hmm. There might be a story here.

TREVONE

Might be? Aren't ya curious why he assaulted an FBI agent? You said in your report he worked at the LA Press. I want to check out the guy's office, but they won't just let me in.

Trevone takes his phone back, pockets it.

BEVERLY

So, let me guess. You want me to help you get in.

TREVONE

Yeah. I figured as a news reporter, they'd answer your questions.

Beverly stands, puts the mirror back in the drawer. She looks at her watch, takes a business card out of her pocket.

BEVERLY

I'm a news anchor, Trevone. I don't do investigative reporting anymore, but you've piqued my attention. I'll do a little research for you.

(handing a card)

Here's my direct number. I'll get back to you if I feel there's a story here.

Trevone nods in satisfaction.

INT. PIZZA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Johnson family enter with Lisa and Trevone each holding a twin's hand. Mama wears a caftan with matching head scarf. About fifteen young college students listen to the news on a flatscreen tv as they eat or use their laptops.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

The flu has been named the Elder Flu since it has been affecting mostly the elderly. At this time only seniors over 65 and anyone with an underlying health condition can get the vaccine.

Everyone turns around, stares at the Johnsons. Some get up and leave, some put on face masks.

The RESTAURANT MANAGER, standing next to an employee behind the cash register, sees the Johnsons. He approaches quickly with a look of displeasure.

Trevone meets him halfway. The Manager keeps his distance.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

If you wait outside, I can bring your order to go.

TREVONE

What's the problem?

The Manager stares past him at Mama.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

She got her flu shot. She's not sick.

RESTAURANT MANAGER

I don't care. Get her out of here.

They stare at each other for a few seconds in tense silence.

TREVONE

Forget it. We'll eat somewhere else.

Trevone herds his family towards the door.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Unbelievable.

LISA

What is?

TREVONE

He's afraid everyone's gonna catch the flu from Mama.

Lisa turns around, gives the Restaurant Manager the stink eye. He turns away, unfazed.

INT. TREVONE'S SUV - NIGHT

The Johnson family sits inside their SUV at the curb in front of the restaurant. Two ambulances pass with sirens BLARING. Trevone's eyes widen in panic. He puts his shaking hands over his ears.

LISA

What's wrong, Trey?

TREVONE

Every time I hear sirens I'm reminded of that guy. I've gotta find out why they killed him, Lisa. It's gnawing at me like a rat.

LISA

Let's just go home. There's some
leftover chicken in the fridge.

Mama rubs her throat, her face showing discomfort.

MAMA

I don't feel so good.

Lisa looks back at her, very concerned.

LISA

What's wrong, Mama?

MAMA

(raspy)

My throat's sore. I have a
headache.

Lisa looks seriously at Trevone.

TREVONE

There's a drugstore a few blocks
from here.

EXT. DRUGSTORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Parked in an almost empty parking lot next to the
drugstore, Lisa and Trevone get out, unbuckle the twins.

LISA

(to Mama)

We'll just be a minute.

(to Shanese)

You stay with Mama.

Trevone and Lisa each carry a twin into the store, pass
a sign, "OUT OF VACCINE".

INT. DRUGSTORE - NIGHT

They stop at the doorway to put the twins down, are shocked
at what they see.

A handful of people all wearing face masks mill about
almost empty aisles with many items on the floor.

The STORE MANAGER and two Employees pick things up in an attempt to restore order to the shelves.

The twins run down separate aisles. Lisa chases one. Trevone chases the other, who is headed toward the Manager.

TREVONE

What happened? Did we have an earthquake?

STORE MANAGER

It was a madhouse. There was a sudden rush to grab anything they could for the flu.

A male TEENAGER YELLS from two aisles over.

TEENAGER

Get away from me! You hear? Shoo!

Trevone looks around, notices his son is gone. He rushes over to the Teenager, followed by the Manager.

The Teenager (high spiked punk hairstyle with rainbow colors, metal nose ring, black leather jacket), stands in front of his Girlfriend (teardrop tattoos on her face), like he's protecting her.

TREVONE

What's the problem?

TEENAGER

Is this your snotty kid?

Lisa arrives carrying the other twin.

LISA

Don't yell at my children! What did he do?

TEENAGER

Keep him away from us! He should be wearing a face mask.

TREVONE

What?

TEENAGER

46.

Kids spread diseases. They touch their mouths, sneeze, wipe their snotty noses, cough into their hands, and then touch everything. That's how the flu got started.

TREVONE

You don't know that.

TEENAGER

It takes one person to start an epidemic. Look what happened with Ebola. The whole thing was started by one kid.

TREVONE

My kids got their flu shots, so they're not contagious. If you're so afraid, why don't ya just get one?

TEENAGER

Right now, they're just giving them to the old farts. I don't understand why they're protecting them instead of the rest of us. They're gonna die soon anyway. So, take your damn kids, and get the hell out of here!

TREVONE

(shaking index finger)

Ya need to be more respectful, son.

TEENAGER

Don't shake your finger at me, old man!

He takes a step toward Trevone in an aggressive manner, pulls out a switchblade.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

I said, get the hell out of here!

Trevone grabs Lisa's arm, pulls her behind him as the Manager swiftly backs up, rushes to get behind the counter.

TREVONE

Don't worry, we're leavin'.

LISA

Medicine, Trey. I'll go get it,
if I can find any. Why don't you
take the boys to the car?

TREVONE

No, I'll git it.

Trevone stares down the teen.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

You take the kids to the car. If
he tries anythin', I know how to
handle him.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shanese and the twins sit on the floor in front of the tv.

Mama sits on the couch. Trevone enters from the kitchen
dressed for work carrying a box of cereal.

TREVONE

Mornin', Mama. How you feelin'?

MAMA

How do you think I feel?

Trevone hands Shanese the cereal to share with the boys,
Then picks up the remote from the coffee table in front of
Mama. He changes the channel to the news.

BURT (ON TV)

We are now in phase four. All
large gatherings are banned.
Movie theaters, sporting events,
and concerts will be closed until
further notice. Summer school is
cancelled. People are asked to
shelter in place as much as
possible until this epidemic is
over.

TREVONE

48.

Shelter in place? Oh great. Now they're gonna go nuts at the market.

The tv report cuts to BREAKING NEWS with PRESIDENT DAN TOWERS (late 50's, long toupee, prominent bags under his eyes). He stands behind a Presidential podium.

PRESIDENT TOWERS (ON TV)

Folks, we've got a national crisis on our hands. I'm requesting more of the vaccines be readily available, so don't panic, stay calm. I am also deploying the National Guard. I want to assure all of you that I will do my best to get you protected. Thank you, and God bless America.

The twins throw cereal at each other.

TREVONE

Hey. Stop it!

Trevone walks over, takes the cereal box from the now crying twins.

Lisa appears with a paper bag lunch.

MAMA

'Bout time.

Trevone exchanges the boxed cereal for his lunch.

Mama takes the remote control, changes the channel to cartoons. The children stop crying, eyes glued to the tv.

LISA

I'm worried about you going out there with this epidemic.

TREVONE

We were lucky we got our shots, and I've got more protection.

He pulls out a mask and latex gloves from his pocket, waves

them. He makes his way to the door, hesitates, goes back to kiss Lisa. He looks at Mama.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Bye Mama.

Mama doesn't even look at him as she reaches for her bottle.

MAMA

You still here?

Trevone winks at Lisa, exits. Lisa closes the door, leans on it, looks at Mama.

LISA

Mama, will you watch the kids while I put the dishes in the machine?

MAMA

I can do that.

Mama watches the twins about to poke their fingers into Chocolate's butt.

MAMA

Don't do it. Don't...you...do...it!

The boys try again.

MAMA (CONT'D)

You kids are disgusting. What's the matter with you?

A KNOCK at the front door startles Mama.

Lisa enters from the kitchen, picks up toys along the way.

She looks through the peephole, sees AGENT WONG (male) and AGENT WILSON (woman) holding up their FBI badges. The woman smiles when Lisa opens the door.

AGENT WILSON

Sorry to bother you, Ma'am. FBI. This is Agent Wong, and I'm Agent Wilson. We need to speak to your husband.

Shanese walks up, grabs onto Lisa's thigh.

LISA
He just left. What's this about?

AGENT WILSON
May we come in?

Lisa closes the door a little.

LISA
You can ask your questions here.
What do you want to know?

AGENT WILSON
How well does your husband know
Ben Peterson?

LISA
Who?

Lisa puts her arm around Shanese's shoulder.

AGENT WONG
The man shot yesterday in West
LA. Your husband was at the scene.

AGENT WILSON
Mr. Peterson had a conversation
with your husband before being
killed.

LISA
I don't know anything about that.

The twins scream as they chase Chocolate around the
living room.

LISA (CONT'D)
Look, I need to tend to my children
right now.

AGENT WILSON
Yes, Mam. I understand.

Agent Wilson pulls out a card from her pocket.

AGENT WILSON (CONT'D)
Here's my card. Call me any time,
day or night if you find out any
information that would help.
Anything.

Lisa takes the card.

LISA
I have to go now.

She slowly closes the door as Agent Wong shrugs at Agent Wilson.

EXT. INTERSECTION - DAY

Trevone's mail truck pulls up to the curb next to the intersection where Ben was killed.

Trevone exits his truck, walks over to the crosswalk.

He scans the scene: looks up at where the helicopters were, then the top of the mini mall, back down to his left where the police cars were, then to where Ben died.

TREVONE
(sotto voce to self)
Why did they shoot?

He shakes his head, then gets back inside his truck.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ - DAY

Seated at a small table under an umbrella, a nicely dressed ELDERLY WIFE and HUSBAND enjoy their breakfast. The husband suddenly wheezes.

ELDERLY WIFE
You okay, Hon?

He unbuttons the three top buttons of his tailored shirt.

HUSBAND
I don't feel so good.
(gasps)
Hard to breathe.

ELDERLY WIFE

What's wrong?

He falls sideways out of his chair to the ground. She rushes down to him.

ELDERLY WIFE (CONT'D)

Help! Someone call 911!

A small crowd gathers with a few people on their phones, but everyone keeps their distance as the Wife shakes her Husband trying to wake him up.

ELDERLY WIFE (CONT'D)

Henry. What's wrong? Henry!!

She looks up at the crowd.

ELDERLY WIFE (CONT'D)

Someone HELP! Why won't any of you help?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Traffic in front of the café slows to a crawl. Trevone's truck, with window open, inches towards it.

A female DOCTOR, driving in the opposite direction, spies the scene from her Mercedes. She parks, jumps out, dons a mask and gloves as she jaywalks.

DOCTOR

I'm a doctor. What happened?

The Doctor places two fingers on the Husband's neck for a pulse. She holds her ear to the man's mouth to check for breathing.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Was he choking?

ELDERLY WIFE

He said it was hard to breathe and then passed out.

The Doctor starts chest compressions.

DOCTOR

Any history of heart problems
or any other medical condition?

ELDERLY WIFE

Just arthritis. We haven't been
feeling well since we got our
flu shots.

The Wife has DIFFICULTY BREATHING, touches her chest, falls
to the ground.

A few people GASP, others SCREAM at the sight as everyone
backs up. Part of the crowd quickly begins to disperse. A
SIREN is heard in the distance.

Trevone's truck right is now right in front of the café.

DOCTOR

I need someone to help.

The Doctor looks up at the crowd, points to a YOUNG MAN.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

You. See what I'm doing? Keep
doing this while I check on the
woman.

The Man puts both hands up like he's being robbed, shakes
his head no.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone can hear the Young Man.

YOUNG MAN

Sorry. I don't want to catch
what they've got.

Trevone scowls, shakes his head in disbelief. He yells out
his window.

TREVONE

I'll do it!

EXT. MAIL TRUCK

Trevone parks at the curb, jumps out, grabs the mask and gloves from his pocket, dashes over. A SIREN becomes LOUDER as it nears.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFÉ - DAY

The Doctor models the compressions for Trevone before she moves over to check the Wife.

DOCTOR

Keep doing this. Don't stop.

Trevone imitates her.

A paramedic ambulance parks in the middle of the street.

The passenger, PARAMEDIC #1, wearing mask and latex gloves, rushes over with a heart monitor and medical kit.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

(indicates Trevone)

You can help him. I'm a doctor.

Trevone stops the compressions, stands, watches the Paramedic listen to the Husband's chest with his stethoscope, then hooks the Husband up to the monitor.

Paramedic #2, the driver, rushes over also wearing a face mask and latex gloves, carries a defibrillator.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

She seemed fine, and then had difficulty breathing. Same thing she reported her husband did.

The Doctor stops the compressions.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Let's use the defibrillator on this one. Her husband's gone.

Paramedic #2 shocks the Wife twice. The Doctor uses the stethoscope, listens to the woman's chest, looks dejected.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's been over twenty minutes.
I'm calling it. T O D, zero eight
eleven hours on the husband, and
zero eight twelve hours on the
wife. Probable cause of death
for both of them, the flu.

Trevone looks puzzled at the Doctor.

TREVONE

Since they both died after gittin'
their shots, is it possible the
flu shots don't work?

DOCTOR

Yes, it's possible because viruses
mutate.

The Doctor walks to her car as Paramedic #1 walks up to
Trevone, shakes his hand.

PARAMEDIC #1

That was a very brave thing you
did. Thanks for your help, Mr....

TREVONE

Johnson. Trevone Johnson.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

As the Johnsons eat dinner, Lisa watches Shanese pick one
vegetable at a time, putting each one on the side of her
plate.

She then looks at Trevone wolfing his food.

LISA

Two FBI agents came to our door.

Trevone drops his fork, looks worried.

TREVONE

The FBI? What did they want?

LISA

They wanted to know if you knew
that guy that was killed.

TREVONE

Whadd ya tell 'em?

LISA

I said I didn't know anything.

TREVONE

Good.

Relieved, Trevone resumes eating keeping his eyes peeled to his plate. He can feel Lisa watching him. He looks up at her.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

What!

LISA

Trey, don't shut me out. What's
going on? The FBI came to our home.
Aren't you the least bit concerned?

TREVONE

Why should I be? I didn't even
know the guy.

Trevone pushes his food around on his plate. He stops,
looks at her.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Sorry I snapped, Babe. I'm just
so exhausted from the last couple
days.

LISA

That's understandable.

As she resumes eating she watches Mama take small bites
chewing each piece at least ten times before swallowing.

LISA (CONT'D)

We need more food. Should we have
it delivered?

TREVONE

57.

No, we can go tomorrow.

LISA

How was your day?

Trevone looks up at her, grins.

TREVONE

I got to play doctor.

LISA

(eyes widen)

You did what?

EXT. MARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

A long line of cars wait to get into the completely full parking lot. People get out of their cars to YELL at each other. Other people wearing face masks leave the market with over-flowing shopping carts.

INT. TREVONE'S SUV DRIVING - DAY

Trevone shakes his head as he looks for a parking spot.

TREVONE

I don't know if we can get a spot.

Lisa rests her head in her hand, elbow on the door in frustration.

LISA

What are we going to do? We need food.

TREVONE

I'll drop you all off here and park somewhere down the street.

INT. MARKET - DAY

The Johnsons wait in line for the cashier. Each wears a face mask. They have two full carts with the twins seated in each one.

A WOMAN IN RED uniform approaches them passing out samples

of VITA-PLENTY She is about to hand one to Mama, when Trevone takes it, pockets it.

He is about to say "thanks" when a FEMALE SHOPPER confronts the woman.

FEMALE SHOPPER

(yelling)

Why aren't you wearing a mask?

WOMAN IN RED

It's a free country. I don't have to wear one if I don't want to.

FEMALE SHOPPER

What's the matter with you?

Suddenly, a NATIONAL GUARD yells into his BULLHORN.

NATIONAL GUARD

Stop, or I'll shoot!

Some people duck, some scatter. Trevone and Lisa instinctively shield the twins. Mama hugs Shanese tightly.

Two National Guards rush to the sliding glass entrance doors, guard them. A third Guard cuffs a man.

NATIONAL GUARD (CONT'D)

If anyone else thinks about shoplifting, you'll be joining this guy.

Lisa shakes her head as she unloads the groceries.

The CASHIER rings up the Johnson's groceries, removes one package of toilet paper.

CASHIER

There's a limit of two per family.

Lisa rolls her eyes at Trevone bagging groceries.

TREVONE

You were right. Should've had it delivered.

EXT. TREVONE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Lisa approaches the front door carrying grocery bags. Behind her, Mama holds each twin's hand.

At the car, Trevone hands Shanese bags. He notices the black SUV across the street, whips his phone out, takes a photo of the Cadillac's license.

LISA
Shanese, don't carry more than you
can handle.

SHANESE
Okay, Mama.

Lisa notices the door is open, looks terrified.

LISA
Trey, the door's open.

Trevone sprints toward the door.

TREVONE
Everyone stay here.

Trevone enters cautiously, returns to the door after a few minutes.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
No one's here. We've been robbed.
I'm callin' the cops.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The family enters, sees the ransacked house. Trevone looks at the empty space on his desk.

TREVONE
They took our computer.

MAMA
Where's my scotch?

SHANESE
Where's Chocolate?

Lisa and Trevone search for him. Lisa finds him trembling behind the upended sectional lying on its side. Lisa and Trevone upright the sofa.

LISA

Isn't it strange they took our computer and not the TV? It's as if they were looking for something.

Lisa picks up broken framed photos.

Mama finds her scotch, sits on the sectional with the twins, sips the bottle.

TREVONE

I hadda give my information as a witness at the shootin'. And then there were these strange men in a black SUV who hit my truck. They took down my information.

Lisa stops picking up items, looks shocked at Trevone.

LISA

You were in an accident? Why didn't you tell me?

Trevone sheepishly shrugs.

TREVONE

It was nothin', Lisa. He just scratched my truck.

LISA

Nevertheless, you shouldn't keep secrets from me. Do you think the FBI did this?

TREVONE

Maybe, or those two guys.

Lisa stares at him with eyes throwing daggers.

LISA

Excuse me. I've had enough for one day.

She takes the groceries into the kitchen.

EXT. TREVONE'S HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Trevone walks outside, uses his phone, calls Beverly.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Beverly? It's Trevone. My house was robbed. I think it's got somethin' to do with Ben Peterson's death. I wanna find out what's goin' on. I really need your help.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

I'm glad you called, Trevone. I couldn't reach you because I forgot to take your phone number. Anyway, I tried to look at our KNBS helicopter footage of the incident, but it somehow has vanished.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Vanished? How could it disappear?

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Something's going on. I think you might be onto something.

(beat)

Thank you, Trevone. I had forgotten how exhilarating investigative reporting can be.

Beverly SIGHS DEEPLY into the phone.

BEVERLY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I was younger, I was an idealist and passionate like you. I guess I lost it along the way anchoring the news. I yearn to find answers. I want to get back to investigative reporting. So, what I'm saying is... I'll help you.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Great. When can we go?

(MORE)

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

(listens)

And, oh, by the way. Do ya know anyone at the DMV that can look up a license for me?

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Trevone passes Flo's office, sees her gesturing to come in.

FLO

How you doin', Trevone?

TREVONE

I think I might have PTSD. I still can't git that guy outta my mind.

He notices a large bag of nuts on her desk.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Oh, I have somethin' you might like.

He reaches in his pocket, takes out the sample of VITA-PLenty.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

They were passin' these out at the market. Said they're healthy. I know you're into healthy foods, so...

FLO

Thanks, Trevone.

He smiles.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa bathes Chocolate in the kitchen sink. Shanese stands on a chair to help. Both LAUGH, SING as the Cyndi Lauper song, "GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN" plays on Lisa's phone.

Mama pokes her head in.

MAMA

63.

(sotto voce)

I'm tired, Lisa. I'm going back
to bed.

Before Lisa turns around, Mama has already left the room.

LISA

To bed? Since when do you...

Lisa looks over each shoulder, hears a loud THUD.

LISA (CONT'D)

Mama?

EXT. APARTMENT LOBBY - DAY

As Trevone makes his way to the row of mailboxes, little dogs BARK as usual from one apartment. Mr. and Mrs. Tobias approach Trevone with Mr. Tobias walking ahead of his wife.

MR. TOBIAS

It's Miss Farusi. She was...
(looks at his wife)
...how old, Elaine?

MRS. TOBIAS

Seventy-nine, I think.

Trevone watches two Paramedics exit her apartment with her covered body on a gurney. Her cat follows.

MRS. TOBIAS (CONT'D)

It's a shock. She was very healthy.
She asked me to watch her cat while
she got her flu shot two days ago.

Trevone's phone vibrates and QUACKS. He answers.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Hey, Babe.
(listens)
She what? Just... I'll be right there!

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trevone enters. Lisa runs to him, cries into his chest.

LISA
(voice cracks)
Mama's gone, Trey. She's gone!

Trevone sees the bottle of scotch next to the sofa.

Shanese runs over, hugs Trevone's leg. The twins follow. Trevone bends down to hug all of them. He stands, looks at Lisa.

LISA (CONT'D)
I never got to say goodbye, Trey.
I never got to tell her how much I
love her and appreciated all she
did for me.

Trevone gently uses his fingers to wipe tears from her left cheek, then kisses a tear on her right cheek.

TREVONE
I'm sure she knew, Lisa. Did ya
call the paramedics?

LISA
They said they can't come out
because all their units are out on
call. They said, if she's already
gone.....
(sniffs)
...if she's already gone, there's
nothing they can do anyway. They
said their job is to try and save
the ones who are still alive.

Trevone walks toward his mother-in-law's bedroom.

Fighting back tears, Trevone gets on hands and knees next to Mama's body. Lisa kneels next to him, rubs his back.

Shanese walks in, gets down on her knees next to Lisa, touches Mama.

SHANESE
I love you, Gamma.

Lisa hugs Shanese. She leans over and rests her head on

Trevone's shoulder with one arm around Shanese. Everyone looks at Mama in silence.

FLASHBACK

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trevone pictures Mama's chipmunk cheeks getting puffier as she smiles and toasts him with her bottle.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - MAMA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Trevone scowls, pulls away, stands.

TREVONE

It's gotta be the shots, Lisa. I think Ben was tryin' to warn us there's somethin' in 'em. I noticed people are dying after gittin 'em. And I'm sure now someone killed that man to shut him up! And now they killed Mama!!

Lisa is stunned.

LISA

Killed Mama? Trey, listen to yourself. This doesn't make any sense. Why would anyone put something lethal in a vaccine that is supposed to keep people healthy?

She stands rapidly, feels a cramp in her abdomen, rubs it.

LISA (CONT'D)

You're starting to scare me. We all got the shots, too, remember? And we're okay. It's got to be something else, Trey.

SHANESE

Should I get the band aids, Mommy?

Lisa and Trevone look down at Shanese, then down at Lisa's

bloody crotch. Lisa puts a hand on her abdomen, gently sits down on Mama's bed.

Trevone sits next to her, rubs her back. Lisa looks tearily into Trevone's eyes, leans over, sobs into his chest.

He puts his head on top of hers. He pulls her into him, closes his eyes, and cries uncontrollably with her.

TREVONE

Let's go to the hospital. I'll
take care of Mama when we get back.

EXT. CEMETERY ENTRANCE - DAY

Trevone drives his SUV up to the front gate of a Memorial Park. The entrance gate is closed with a large cardboard sign, "CLOSED".

Trevone looks at Lisa, then at Mama in a body bag on the folded-down seats.

A CEMETERY GUARD wearing a mask, walks over to Trevone. Trevone rolls down his window.

TREVONE

What's goin' on? We were scheduled
to have my mother-in-law buried
today.

CEMETERY GUARD

We're full. We don't have any
more burial space.

Trevone looks through the gates. FIVE BODIES IN BODY BAGS are being lowered into one large grave with several

families watching.

TREVONE

How can ya do that? Isn't that
illegal?

The Guard looks over at the mass burial, shrugs.

CEMETERY GUARD

There's just too many of them.

TREVONE

Unbelievable!! Well, can we just
git a casket?

CEMETERY GUARD

Sorry, we're all out. The
manufacturers can't keep up with
the pace.

TREVONE

So where are we 'spose to take
her?

CEMETERY GUARD

Cremation, man. That's the only
way right now.

Trevone looks at Lisa who has her arms crossed and gives
him the evil eye.

EXT. LA PRESS BUILDING - DAY

Beverly smokes as she waits at the curb. She flicks her
cigarette into the street when she sees Trevone approaching
in regular clothes.

BEVERLY

Right on time.

She puts a hand on Trevone's shoulder.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

How are you holding up?

Trevone shrugs. Beverly nods in understanding.

They walk along the sidewalk.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

So, you said you were robbed?

TREVONE

They only took my computer.

Across the street, someone in a white van aims a camera with long lens at them. The camera CLICKS as several pictures are taken.

BEVERLY

That does sound strange. I found out about that license number you gave me. It came back as a rental to someone named Ed Lewis. Do you know him?

TREVONE

Lewis. Yeah. That's the same guy who ran into the back of my truck, and now he's followin' me.

Beverly stops, eyebrows raised as he looks at Trevone.

BEVERLY

Why would he be following you? You should report this to the police.

Trevone gives her a strange look.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Sorry. I forgot. You don't trust them.

SIRENS approach from both directions. They watch as an ambulance and paramedic van pass each other.

They look down at a newspaper dispenser by the curb, see The headline, "ELDER DEATH TOLL OVER 1 MILLION".

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Unbelievable!

They enter the LA Press Building, don face masks as they pass a sign reading, "MASKS REQUIRED".

INT. LA PRESS NEWSROOM - DAY

MUFFLED VOICES as Trevone and Beverly make their way through the bustling roomful of reporters. They approach a TALL MAN getting a cup of coffee at a table piled high with

donuts and other junk food. He recognizes Beverly.

TALL MAN

Hey Beverly. How's it goin' at
KNBS?

BEVERLY

It's great. Say, did you know Ben
Peterson?

TALL MAN

Not very well, but Jack Goodwin
here worked with him for, how
many years, Jack?

JACK GOODWIN, (50's, yarmulke over his bald spot, short
stubbly gray beard, glasses), looks like he's lived on
coffee and nicotine far too long.

JACK

(clears throat)
Almost twenty years.

Beverly extends her hand to shake.

BEVERLY

Beverly Vanderland. This is Trevone
Johnson.

Jack looks at Beverly's hand, refuses to shake.

JACK

Sorry, the flu, you know. Follow me.

Jack carries a bagel with lots of cream cheese and a mug
full of coffee, leads them to his desk.

TREVONE

Do you know why the FBI wanted
to talk to Ben?

Jack takes a bite of his bagel, chews with mouth open.

JACK

I don't know. Ben and I weren't
very close.

Beverly is not easily brushed off.

BEVERLY

So, what happened? They said Ben shoved an FBI agent down the stairs.

Jack wipes his mouth with a napkin, leans back in his chair, laces his fingers behind his head.

JACK

A man approached Ben claiming to be the FBI and asked him to go with him. Ben ran to the stairs. The agent ran after him, and they scuffled. That's when the FBI agent fell. I don't know if Ben pushed him, or he tripped, I didn't see it. Then I called 911. That's all I know.

Beverly doesn't buy this for a second, but lets it go.

BEVERLY

Which one is his desk?

Jack points with his chin.

JACK

This one next to mine.

BEVERLY

Mind if I check it out?

JACK

Knock yourself out.

Beverly checks out the desk, goes through the drawers.

BEVERLY

Did the police confiscate his computer?

Jack takes another bite of his bagel. Beverly notices cream cheese in Jack's beard, says nothing.

JACK

The Feds. No police.

TREVONE

71.

Did Ben exhibit any odd behavior
leadin' up to all this?

Beverly looks surprised at Trevone.

BEVERLY

That's a good detective question.

Trevone smiles broadly.

Jack puts his glasses on top of his head, clears his
throat.

JACK

Ben was acting a little nuts since
his wife died a month ago. He's
been interested in what might have
caused her death. He just looked
at me and said, 'those bastards'.

Trevone takes out his phone, shows Jack the photo.

TREVONE

Before Ben was killed, he tossed
me a notepad with these words on
it. Do ya know what they mean?

JACK

Looks like a list of chemicals.

Jack's boss enters the room. Jack licks his fingers,
stands.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know what Ben was
up to. I mind my own business.
My boss is here. Time to leave.

He disappears behind another row of desks.

As Beverly and Trevone walk to the elevator, Beverly leans
his head toward Trevone.

BEVERLY

He knows more than he's letting
(MORE)

on. Newsmen are always alert to what's happening. Ben was sitting about five feet away, and Jack wants us to believe he wasn't the least bit curious to peek at what Ben was investigating?

INT. POST OFFICE - DAY

Trevone carries a box of rubber bands, walks over to his co-worker LAMARR JONES (20's, Jamaican with dreadlocks) sorting mail.

Trevone takes mail out of his slots, wraps a rubber band around each stack, tosses each stack into plastic postal boxes on a rolling canvas cart.

LAMARR

Did ya hear? Flo died last night.

Trevone stops, shocked with mouth wide open.

TREVONE

Flo? No!! She was only what, fifty or somethin'.

LAMARR

She was but sixty-five, and looked young. Heard she just stopped da breeding from da flu, man. She didn't believe in da shot. Said she don't truss what in dem. Maybe she got some bad juju, I dunno.

Lamarr grabs Trevone's arm, points to a high stack of boxes in the corner.

LAMARR (CONT'D)

You see da rat on dat box? Jamaicans believe dat da rat is da soul of someone recently departed. Maybe dat was Flo.

TREVONE

Maybe.

LAMARR

73.

Da people in Haiti, dey was saying
before da earthquake, da rats dey
running crazy all over da place.
You know what I say?

TREVONE

Yeah. That rats are a warnin'.

Trevone rolls his canvas cart outside, uses his phone.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Trevone Johnson. Remember me?

JACK (V.O.)

(clears his throat)

Yeah.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

I think ya know more than ya told
us. What's goin' on? What did Mr.
Peterson find out?

No answer.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

How do ya sleep at night knowin'
people died and ya did nothin'
to warn 'em?

Long pause.

JACK (V.O.)

I told the FBI, but I'm not gonna
tell you. I don't trust anyone.
Look what they did to Ben. I've
got two kids, eight grandkids.

Jack hangs up on him.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa picks up toys. She sees an envelope fall in through
the mail slot by the front door. She picks it up, looks at
it, reads, TREVONE JOHNSON.

She opens the door, sees a man getting into his car.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevone enters from the bathroom as Lisa enters.

She takes the envelope out of her pocket, hands it to him.

LISA

I forgot. This came for you.

Trevone looks at his name, opens it.

CLOSE ON PAPER,

THE VITA-PLENTY HAS ARSENIC.

END CLOSE UP.

TREVONE

Where'd you git this?

LISA

Some man put it in the mail slot.

TREVONE

What did he look like?

LISA

I only saw the back of his head.
He wore a yarmulke, you know, a
Jewish cap.

Trevone's hands close into a tight ball.

TREVONE

It was that free sample!

He hands Lisa the note. She reads it.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

What happened to the one you
took for Mama? Did you give it
to her?

LISA

Yes. She ate it.

TREVONE

Flo ate it too, then she died,
and she didn't' git the shot.
Mama died from the Vita-Plenty
you gave her, Lisa.

Lisa is livid.

LISA

Don't lay that guilt trip on me!
It's your fault. I told you she
didn't need to get the vaccine.
Did you listen? No!

TREVONE

But it was the Vita-Plenty, Lisa,
not the shot.

LISA

If you hadn't insisted she get
the vaccine, she wouldn't have
gotten that piece of trash, and
she'd be alive today.

TREVONE

I'm sorry, Lisa. But how was I
s'pose to know? Lisa, it's not
my fault. I'm sorry.

He tries to put an arm around her, she pushes it off.

LISA

Don't touch me!

EXT. TREVONE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Trevone walks out onto his porch, uses his phone.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Beverly? Seniors are gittin' a
free sample called Vita-Plenty
and that's what's killin' 'em!

BEVERLY (V.O.) (IN PHONE)

I don't think so, Trevone.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
I'm tellin' you, it's the
Vita-Plenty!

BEVERLY (V.O.) (IN PHONE)
The FDA wouldn't approve them if
they weren't safe.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
I got an anonymous letter tellin'
me they have arsenic. I think it
was from Jack.

BEVERLY (V.O.) (IN PHONE)
Arsenic! No shit.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
When can we meet?

He stares at the ceiling. Tears flow.

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Trevone sees Beverly reporting in front of her cameraman.

He looks up. A man's legs dangle from the ceiling with
firemen trying to cut him free.

Beverly finishes her report, hands the microphone to the
Assistant, walks toward Trevone.

BEVERLY
The idiot thought he could cut a
hole in the roof and shimmy down
inside to rob the place.

EXT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

Trevone and Beverly walk to the KNBS van at the curb.

TREVONE
I'm so fuckin' angry. This is
personal now. We gotta do
somethin', Beverly, before any
more people die!

She takes out a pack of cigarettes, offers one to Trevone, who declines. She lights one for herself.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

The only thing I can't figure out is why? Why kill 'em?

BEVERLY

Think about it. Killing seniors would lessen the population. And, it would save a lot of money. As a burden to humanity, they would become sacrificial lambs.

Trevone's eyebrows rise as his mouth opens in astonishment.

TREVONE

Sacrificial lambs?

BEVERLY

It's the who would do this, that's the question. Who stands to gain from eliminating them?

TREVONE

The government?

BEVERLY

If that's true, we're treading in very dangerous water here.

Trevone looks sadly at the ground, then moves closer to her.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

So, how do ya blow the whistle when no one will listen 'cause they think you're a trouble maker? And, how do I avoid gittin' killed for exposin' 'em? What's the answer, Beverly, 'cause I don't know what to do.

BEVERLY

Look, the problem with blowing the
(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

whistle is that you have to decide what is more important to you, the greater good, or your family? And, you need to make that choice now. So, do you speak up or say nothing?

Trevone shakes his head.

TREVONE

(angrily)

Hitler didn't just slaughter Jews. He ordered gays, the handicapped, and blacks to die, too. Whoever's doin' this is killin' seniors now. What's to prevent him from comin' up with another plot to kill certain races... or religions... or children?

He searches her eyes.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

I'm not just avengin' my mother-in-law's death, I'm protectin' my family! So, are ya with me on this, or are ya gonna bail out?

Beverly tosses what's left of her cigarette into the curb.

BEVERLY

I've been threatened many times. Me bail out? What kind of journalist would I be if I bailed when things got tough?

Beverly looks down with a far-away look, then at Trevone.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

We can't just take Jack's word. First, we need proof or no one will believe us, and I know just the person to do it. Let's go to my office.

INT. KNBS NEWSROOM - DAY

Beverly puts her desk phone on SPEAKER.

BEVERLY

Hello, this is Beverly Vanderland.
May I speak to Eric Zulinski?

INT. HEALTH LAB - DAY

ERIC ZULINSKI (science geek, glasses), wears a long white lab coat with "MASSACHUSETTS HEALTH SERVICES" embroidered over his left chest pocket.

ERIC (INTO PHONE)

(Boston accent)

Hey, Beverly. It's been a while.

BEVERLY (V.O.)

Eric, I know you test products to make sure they're safe. Have you, by any chance, tested a product called Vita-Plenty?

ERIC (INTO PHONE)

I know you Beverly. You're onto something. What's going on?

Beverly leans closer to the phone.

BEVERLY (TO SPEAKER PHONE)

I've got a friend here with me, Trevone Johnson, and we think it's possible that it's killing seniors, but we need concrete proof.

ERIC (V.O.)

Killing seniors?

The line is silent.

Trevone impatiently jumps in.

TREVONE (TO SPEAKER PHONE)

We need to know if the Vita-Plenty has too much arsenic.

ERIC (V.O.)

80.

What?

BEVERLY (TO SPEAKER PHONE)

Yes, that's what we think. Can you call me as soon as you find out?

ERIC (V.O.)

Of course, I will. You have me intrigued.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trevone and Lisa in bed, stare at the WHIRLING CEILING FAN above them. Trevone gets out of bed in loose boxers, tank top, paces in the dark. Lisa turns on the light, sits up.

LISA

What's keeping you up, Trey?

TREVONE

I'm thinkin' about how I can put an end to the killin's. It's all spinnin' in my head. People are bein' duped into their deaths, just like the Tuskegee experiment where they lied to the prisoners.

He notices her looking at a framed photo of her mother.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Why can't you sleep?

LISA

(sotto voce, depressed)

I miss Mama. This place is empty without her...

(holds back tears)

...and losing the baby.

Trevone also looks at the photo, then suddenly realizes the tears flowing down Lisa's cheeks. Instead of compassion, he snaps.

TREVONE

Your mother was more of a mother
(MORE)

TREVONE (CONT'D)

to me than my own mother! I told
ya my mother was a drug addict.
She prostituted for her supply.
My sisters, brother, and me each
have a different father. When I
was ten ,my mother just walked out
the door, and never looked back.

Lisa gets up, walks over to Trevone, rubs his back.

LISA

Yes, you've told me all this many
times. Why do you keep rehashing
the past?

Tears roll down Trevone's cheeks.

TREVONE

I'm just sayin', I loved your
mother just as much as you did,
Lisa. More than my own mother!
When I think someone killed her,
it makes my blood boil!

LISA

I know you loved her.

Lisa stops rubbing his back.

LISA (CONT'D)

Let it go, Trey. Just let it go.

TREVONE

I can't, Lisa. It's torturin' me.
If I blow the whistle, I put our
lives in danger. But if I don't
say anythin', I couldn't live with
myself knowin' people died and I
did nothin' to prevent it. I'm
damned if I do, and damned if I
don't.

(beat)

Now step aside, woman!

Lisa looks at him with a mixture of pity and scorn.

LISA

82.

Step aside? Step aside, Trey?

(shaking her head)

Don't you see how this is all getting to you? You never used to yell at me. Now you're angry all the time. I will support whatever you decide to do, Trey, because I love you. But, don't ever talk to me this way again!

Trevone goes to hug her, but Lisa turns away. She walks back to bed. Trevone follows, turns off the light. Both stare silently at the ceiling fan again.

TREVONE

I'm sorry, Babe.

Lisa rolls on her side facing away from him, looks at the photo of her mother on the nightstand. Tears drip down her face.

INT. HEALTH LAB - NIGHT

The last SCIENTIST is about to leave the room.

SCIENTIST

'Night, Eric.

Eric, too busy to answer, just waves goodbye.

Wearing plastic goggles, gloves, Eric opens a Vita-Plenty wrapper. He grinds the sample.

He walks over and puts a little of the sample in each of three vials of a centrifuge. He turns the machine on. The vials spin rapidly, then stop.

The results appear on the computer's screen.

Eric's eyes widen as he reads.

An INTRUDER (short guy, 5-day beard), stops at the door before entering the lab, adds a silencer to his 45-automatic.

When he enters, he sees Eric on the phone.

Eric is about to hang up, when... SHOTS are heard.

INT. BEVERLY'S CAR - DAY

Beverly stops for a red light. She lights a cigarette, listens to the DJ her car radio.

DJ (V.O.)
Those of you planning to drive
to work this morning on the 405,
are asked to take an alternate
route, as a big rig...

She changes the channel to MUSIC, looks into the rear-view mirror at each side of her face. She notices a black SUV behind her with a Man leaning out through its window, gun aimed directly at her.

She panics, quickly tosses her cigarette out the window.

BEVERLY
Oh, shit.

EXT. BEVERLY'S CAR DRIVING - DAY

Beverly guns the engine. She turns right.

The other car quickly follows. Tires SCREECH as both cars turn sharply.

As she turns left, the shooter FIRES, but misses.

Beverly makes a quick right turn just as the Man FIRES his gun again. The bullet HITS Beverly's right front tire.

INT. BEVERLY'S CAR DRIVING - DAY

Beverly struggles with the steering. She slowly makes another turn, finds herself in front of a church where throngs of funeral mourners are crossing the street in front of her.

She watches the chase car speed away.

She inhales and exhales a DEEP BREATH, takes her hands off the steering wheel, watches them shake.

INT. KNBS NEWSROM - DAY

84.

Beverly approaches her desk, turns on the desk lamp. She plops in her chair, awakens her computer.

A PRODUCER walks over.

PRODUCER

Check your computer. Bad news
about your friend, Zulinski.

CLOSE ON MONITOR,

MEDICAL RESEARCHER, ERIC ZULINSKI, FOUND MURDERED.
THE ASSAILANT AND MOTIVE ARE UNKNOWN AT THIS TIME. THE
VICTIM IS SURVIVED BY HIS EX-WIFE AND THREE CHILDREN.

END MONITOR.

She puts her elbow on her desk, hand over her mouth, shakes her head in disbelief.

INT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

On his way to deliver the mail, Trevone notices a line several blocks long of elderly people standing on the sidewalk waiting to get their flu shots.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Most people wear face masks, a few have portable chairs, some hold umbrellas to shield the bright sun. Several National Guards keep them in line.

A white-whiskered RELIGIOUS MAN holds a Bible, wears a sandwich sign as he walks along the line of people. His sign reads, "THE END IS NEAR" on front, "PREPARE TO MEET THY MAKER" on back.

RELIGIOUS MAN

(shouts)

The flu is God's judgment for
the world's sinful ways. Repent!

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone stops his truck for the red light at the front of

the line. He watches two men in red uniforms pass out the Vita-Plenty.

TREVONE
(mumbles to self)
I wish I knew who's makin' 'em.

Trevone watches an elderly mother and her middle-aged son cut in line near the table.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

A middle-aged man waiting in line with his elderly father notices this. He rushes over with inaudible dialogue. A tense moment of staring before the men shove each other and take the fight into the street. Many people get out of line to cheer them on.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

As Trevone watches the fight, a white van stops on his right. He looks out his open window at the female driver. She ignores him, looks ahead.

Trevone turns to watch the fight again.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

A MAN WITH A SCAR stands next to Trevone's window, points a gun at Trevone's head.

MAN WITH SCAR
Get out, slowly.

The gunman walks behind Trevone with the muzzle at Trevone's head. They walk towards the open van door.

TREVONE
Lemme show ya how it's done in
the 'hood.

Trevone grabs the Man's wrist as they wrestle for the gun. He swings the man's arm behind his body, takes the gun out of the man's hand, aims the gun at the guy's head.

Trevone shoves the Man into the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

86.

The Man hits his head on the inside opposite door.

EXT. VAN - DAY

Trevone slides the door closed, rushes to the driver, who is about to exit the car. The driver looks at the end of Trevone's gun, gets back in.

TREVONE

Who are ya?

The woman doesn't answer, frozen in fear of the gun facing her.

Trevone notices a CLIPBOARD next to her. He grabs it, reads it.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

This is the address where they
make the Vita-Plenty, ain't it?

She doesn't answer. He keeps the clipboard, waves the gun.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Go on. Git outta here.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone parks across the street from an unnamed warehouse. He watches six white vans parked in the front lot with trucks coming and going from the loading docks.

He rolls Dimone's chain between his thumb and index finger as he thinks of a plan.

TREVONE

(to self)

This is for you, Mama. I'm gonna
prove they did it.

Trevone drives into the lot.

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK - DAY

Trevone gets a package with a "SIGNATURE CONFIRMATION" slip

on it out of his mailbag, puts cutters in his back pants pocket, dons his postal jacket, pockets the gun in his jacket.

INT. WAREHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

Trevone walks towards a YOUNG WOMAN behind a counter.

TREVONE

I have a package for the supervisor.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'll take it.

TREVONE

Sorry, it requires his confirmation signature.

YOUNG WOMAN

(pointing)

Go through that door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Trevone opens one door at a time, looks in. When he opens the fourth door, his eyes widen as he gasps.

INT. WAREHOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY

A NOISY ASSEMBLY LINE of thousands of Vita-Plenty samples move from one end of the room to the middle of the room.

The Vita-Plenty then separate into ten other conveyor belts bringing them to ten machines that wrap each one.

They continue along to machines that box them.

The boxes then move along to men and women wearing white lab coats, hair nets, masks, and gloves. They close the boxes, attach an address label, and stack them on carts.

Men roll the carts to the trucks on the docks.

Trevone approaches a MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD who tallies.

TREVONE
Special delivery.

88.

The Man takes the package.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
You need to sign for it.

As the Man turns around, puts the package and his clipboard on top of some boxes, and removes his gloves, Trevone turns around, takes pictures with his cell phone.

MAN WITH CLIPBOARD
Wait a minute.

Trevone puts his hand in his right jacket pocket ready to pull the gun out, turns around.

MAN WITH CLIPBOARD (CONT'D)
This is the wrong address.

He hands the package back to Trevone.

TREVONE
I'm sorry. My mistake.

Trevone swiftly walks towards the EXIT DOOR. He almost makes a clean getaway when security grab him, whisk him into the SECURITY OFFICE.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Trevone struggles as the FIRST SECURITY OFFICER puts him in a choke hold, grabs his arm and pulls it behind Trevone's back.

A SECOND OFFICER takes the package and tosses it aside, allowing the First Officer to pull Trevone's other arm behind him.

The Second Officer searches Trevone's jacket pockets, takes the gun, cell phone.

Trevone watches him put his cell phone on a table.

The Man With A Scar enters just before the Second Security guy checks Trevone's pants pockets.

MAN WITH SCAR

Well, well, well. Look who's here.

(to Security)

This is the guy they told me to
take out.

(to Trevone)

What the fuck are you doin' here?

TREVONE

I'm deliverin' a package.

SECOND OFFICER

(hands the gun)

He had this.

MAN WITH SCAR

Thanks for returning my gun.

(stares at Trevone)

Why are you snooping around?

TREVONE

I'm not.

MAN WITH SCAR

Why does my boss want you dead?

Who do you work for?

Trevone doesn't answer.

The Man gets into Trevone's face. Trevone stares him down.
The Man SIGHS DEEPLY.

MAN WITH SCAR (CONT'D)

You want to play hardball. Okay.

(as he exits)

Take care of him, boys.

The First Security Officer knees Trevone in the stomach.
Trevone doubles over.

The Second Officer holds Trevone's arms back.

The First Officer takes brass knuckles out of his pocket,
puts it on his hand, backhands Trevone, beats him to a
pulp. Blood flows down his face.

The Second Officer drags Trevone to a chair, ties him to it with a thin rope.

FIRST OFFICER

I gotta take a piss. This always gives me a hard on. Keep an eye on him.

SECOND OFFICER

No *problemo*.

As the First Officer exits, the Second Officer checks his cell phone. He receives a text with a SEXY PHOTO of his girlfriend.

While the First Officer texts back, Trevone seizes the moment. He takes the box cutters from his back pant pocket, cuts the rope, pockets the cutters.

The First Officer returns. Trevone jumps up from the chair, grabs the Second Officer, throws him at the First Officer. They fall. They're no match for Trevone's gangbang moves.

Trevone rushes over, grabs both of them by their shirts, head-butts them together. The two are out cold on the floor. Did he kill them? No time to check.

He rushes to the table, grabs his phone, bolts out the door.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

Security cameras film the mail truck back up swiftly. SCREECHING TIRES can be heard as Trevone's truck peels away. The truck's license, and number 7349 on top of his truck, clearly visible.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone stops at a curb. His hands shake. He looks at his face in the side mirror. He uses tissue to wipe the blood.

He takes out his phone, studies the photos. The phone QUACKS, startles him.

LISA (V.O.)
Trey, can you pick up some things
before you come home?

Trevone EXHALES DEEPLY, acts as if nothing happened.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
Sure. Whatta ya need?

He takes out BEN'S PEN and starts writing. He stares at it, not listening to Lisa. He notices the top of the pen is loose. He opens it, removes a thin rolled paper, and reads.

LISA (V.O.)
That's all. See you later, Hon.

Trevone hangs up.

TREVONE
(to self)
This is what they've been after!

He uses his phone.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
Come on. Come on. Pick up.

A clean-cut man, wearing a shirt that reads "JANITOR", enters Beverly's office with his cleaning cart.

Beverly stops typing on her keyboard to answer the phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION WITH BEVERLY AND TREVONE:

BEVERLY (INTO PHONE)
Hello?
(listens)
I'm glad you called Trevone
Eric was murdered last night.

TREVONE (V.O.) (IN PHONE)
What?

Trevone holds his cell phone down as he looks down sadly, shakes his head no over and over. He brings it back up.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

92.

I'm so sorry. I know he was
your friend.

Beverly's LONG SIGH is heard in Trevone's phone.

TREVONE (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

I found what they've been after.

Beverly listens. Her mouth opens in astonishment.

BEVERLY (INTO PHONE)

You're kidding! In a pen?

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

This indicates the President is
involved. I'm coming right over.

The Janitor turns his head away, speaks inaudibly into his
Bluetooth.

BEVERLY (INTO PHONE)

I'll be here in my office. Just
be careful. Don't trust anyone,
you hear me? Be very careful!

Beverly hangs up, types on her keyboard, stops to read an
article on the computer:

CLOSE ON ARTICLE

JANUARY 2020: CHINA CONSPIRACY THEORY

A THEORY HAS EMERGED CITING A COVER-UP OR PLOT ABOUT THE
COVID VIRUS BECAUSE A VACCINE PATENT WAS ISSUED BEFORE THE
EPIDEMIC.

END CLOSE UP.

The Janitor walks over to one window, pulls the blinds
down, cleans the dust.

Beverly looks up, watches him do the same to the other
ones.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Are you new? I've never seen you
before.

JANITOR

Yes.

Beverly scrolls on her computer, reads another article.

The Janitor goes to the door, scans the newsroom. No one is paying attention. He closes the door.

Beverly looks up.

BEVERLY

Leave the door open, please.

He rushes over to her, grabs a cloth to stuff in her mouth. Her eyes widen in terror as she struggles to be free. With his other hand, he stabs her in the back.

Trevone knocks once on the door, opens it.

The Janitor looks at Trevone as he twists the knife before removing it.

Beverly's body slumps forward. Her head rests on the keyboard. The back of her blouse turns red.

Trevone stands frozen in complete shock of what he just witnessed.

The Janitor gets a gun from the supply cart, speaks into his Bluetooth.

JANITOR

The mailman's here running out.

Trevone runs into the newsroom. Reporters stop, watch Trevone run by. SCREAMS are heard when they see the Janitor with a gun chasing him.

Out of nowhere a 300-pound newsman tackles the Janitor. The Janitor's gun flies out of his hands as he falls face down on the floor with the BIG GUY sitting top of him.

The Janitor tries to reach for the gun lying close by, but a female reporter impales his hand with her stiletto.

BIG GUY
(to everyone)
He's not goin' nowhere.

The female reporter and the Big Guy smile at each other.

Unaware of what happened with the Janitor, Trevone races to the hallway elevators. He pauses, sees the EXIT sign by the stairwell, heads for it.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Trevone descends the stairs to the 3rd floor, stops when he hears the DOOR OPENING two floors below. He sees two Men wearing black T-shirts and jeans rush into the stairwell. They don't see or hear Trevone coming down towards them.

Trevone quickly opens the door to the 3rd floor, enters.

The Two Men hear the DOOR CLOSE, take their guns out of their inside pockets, run up the stairs.

INT. 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Trevone runs down the hall to the opposite side of the building. The hallway dead-ends to a sash window. He opens it, looks out, steps onto the ledge.

The Two Men enter the third-floor hallway. One of the men points to the open window.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Perched on the ledge of the old building, Trevone scans the side alley below, spies a large dumpster full of garbage below to the left.

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

As Trevone stealthily sidesteps positioning himself over the dumpster, a couple of nearby pigeons are startled, fly away.

He looks down again.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Trevone sees a PIT BULL eating dinner from a pile of trash in front of the dumpster.

TREVONE

Damn!

EXT. WINDOW LEDGE - DAY

Trevone looks back at the window, sees one of the men aim his gun.

Trevone inhales, exhales a DEEP BREATH gathering his nerve, then leaps off the ledge.

EXT. WINDOW - DAY

The Man FIRES at Trevone as he falls.

EXT. TRASH DUMPSTER - DAY

As Trevone lands on the pile of garbage with a loud THUMP, the BULLET HITS the street next to the dumpster.

Trevone stands, covered in garbage, WINCES in excruciating pain when he steps on his left ankle. He leans over the edge of the bin.

The Pit Bull looks up at Trevone, GROWLS.

TREVONE

Nice dog. Good boy.

Trevone crouches back inside the dumpster. He sees a rat scurry along the top edge of the bin.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

(beat)

No, rat. I'm not dyin' today.

Both Men FIRE SHOTS. One hits the trash bin with a BANG. The other HITS near the dog, scares it off.

People in the newsroom gather around Beverly's desk. Her desk phone RINGS TWICE before the ANSWERING MACHINE records a MALE VOICE. Everyone quietly listens to the machine.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)

Ms. Vanderland. This is the FDA. Eric Zulinski informed us of your concern regarding a product called Vittles. We did find an abnormality. We want to thank you for bringing this to our attention, and assure you that this matter will be dealt with immediately.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - DAY

Trevone swings one leg, then the other over the dumpster, jumps into the street. The pain from landing on his ankle causes him to GROAN. He loses balance, falls on his rear.

Trevone runs with great difficulty toward his truck, gritting his teeth, breathing hard, dragging his left foot behind him, pushing himself to the limit.

TREVONE

Oh, God. Please help me!

He answers his QUACKING phone.

LISA (V.O.) (ON PHONE)

Trey?

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

Not now, Lisa.

CONNOR (V.O.) (ON PHONE)

How much do you want?

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)

What?

CONNOR (V.O.) (ON PHONE)

You're just a mailman with three
(MORE)

CONNOR (V.O.) (ON PHONE)
kids to feed. I'm sure you could
use some money. So, what's your
price?

TREVONE (INTO PHONE)
You think you can bribe me? This
ain't about money. Savin' people's
lives is more important.

CONNOR (V.O.) (ON PHONE)
I was hoping you wouldn't say
that. So, you have twenty minutes
to bring me the pen, or your wife
and children are dead. You got
that?

Connor hangs up before Trevone can answer.

EXT. KNBS BUILDING - DAY

Trevone runs around the corner of the building toward his truck just as the two shooters run out the front door.

The men run down the stairs, dodge cars, jump over train tracks to chase Trevone.

An electric street car SCREECHES to a halt as it hits one of them.

The other man sees his partner roll down the street. He turns, watches Trevone speed off. He uses his phone.

INT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

As Trevone guns the gas, the door slides open and closed continuously.

TREVONE
Twenty minutes. Twenty minutes.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Shanese and the twins watch television. The BODY GUARD has his gun aimed at Lisa. Connor Woods turns the cell phone off, looks at Lisa standing in the middle of the room.

Shanese sees the gun, runs over to Lisa, hugs Lisa's thigh.

Lisa glares at him with a furrowed brow, quickly pulls Shanese behind her.

CONNOR

Kill her!

LISA

Wait! You just called him. It isn't twenty minutes yet. He'll be here.

CONNOR

It doesn't matter if he gets here in time. You're insignificant.

Connor nods to the Body Guard.

The Body Guard hesitates, lowers his gun.

BODY GUARD

I can't, Sir.

Connor walks within inches of the Body Guard.

CONNOR

You can't? What do you mean, you can't? That's an order!

BODY GUARD

This isn't right. It's one thing to kill faceless people, but I can't kill a mother and her children. My God, Connor... children! This is not what I signed up for.

(gesturing with gun)

Look at her beautiful eyes.

Shanese looks at him around Lisa's leg.

CONNOR

All of a sudden you have a change
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)
of heart? Go outside and kill
the mailman when he gets here.
Think you can do that?

Relieved, the Body Guard EXHALES out loud.

BODY GUARD
Yes, sir.

The Body Guard walks outside leaving the door open.

Connor aims his gun at Lisa.

Chocolate BARKS furiously. He jumps off the couch, rushes over to bite Connor in the ankle with all his might, not letting go. Connor tries to kick the dog free from his leg, but is thrown off balance. The GUN GOES OFF.

EXT. TREVONE'S FRONT YARD - DAY

The Body Guard hears the gunshot, covers both ears, hands visibly shaking. He paces back and forth. He has difficulty lighting a cigarette, blows out a long smokey sigh of relief.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The BULLET GRAZES Lisa's cheek. Lisa falls backward to the floor, hits her head, is unconscious. Blood oozes from her face.

Shanese screams, gets on her knees, cries as she hugs Lisa.

SHANESE
Mommy! Mommy!

Shanese looks up at Connor, tears flowing down her cheeks.

Connor looks down at Chocolate still attached to his leg.

CONNOR
Get off of me!

He shakes Chocolate off his ankle. Chocolate flies across

the room, hits a wall, BAM, lands on the floor, THUD!

Shanese SCREAMS, and then is relieved when Chocolate gets up and shakes himself. Shanese looks at Connor, yells.

SHANESE

You're a bad man!

Connor aims the gun again at Lisa as the sound of SCREECHING BRAKES fills the air. He turns around, looks through the doorway, sees Trevone jump out of the mail truck.

EXT. TREVONE'S FRONT YARD - DAY

Trevone sprints towards the front door.

BODY GUARD

You're too late. You don't want to go in there.

Through the open door, he sees Lisa lying on the floor.

TREVONE

No! God no!

He rushes to the door, as Connor steps out.

Shanese hears her daddy, runs towards him. Just before she runs out the door past him, Connor grabs her with one hand. He aims his gun at Trevone with the other. Shanese struggles to be free, bites his hand. The GUN GOES OFF.

A flash of pain on Trevone's face as he touches his right bicep.

Shanese runs inside. The lock CLICKS.

Connor aims his gun at Trevone again.

BODY GUARD

Don't do it Connor, or I swear I'll shoot.

Connor looks at the Body Guard whose gun is aimed at him.

BODY GUARD (CONT'D)

(to Trevone)

I'll make sure the kids are okay.
Now go, get outta here!

Trevone sprints with a limp to his truck, left hand trying to stop the blood oozing out his jacket. He jumps into his truck, speeds off.

CONNOR

Why didn't you kill him? He's got
evidence, you idiot!

The Body Guard gets in Connor's face.

BODY GUARD

I'm through.

CONNOR

Yes, you are, traitor.

Connor SHOOTs him between the eyes, then uses his phone as he runs limping to the SUV.

INT. MAIL TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

As Trevone drives, he hears the sound of WHIRLING helicopter BLADES CRESCENDO. He sticks his head out the open window, looks up.

A black and white police helicopter, an orange and white KNBS 8 helicopter, and a white with red Leonardo AW609 Tiltrotor, all in pursuit.

TREVONE

Lisa warned me. Did I listen?

Sweat pours down his swollen, bruised, bloody face. He looks nervously in his side mirror, sees four police cars in close pursuit.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

Couldn't mind my own business.

He shakes his head.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
Oh no! Hadda git involved.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa still lies unconscious on the floor with the twins now lying next to her. Shanese uses Lisa's cell phone, dials 911.

The TV is still on with the program interrupted by BREAKING NEWS. Burt reports.

BURT (V.O.)
This is Burt Barramundi with another breaking story. There is a police pursuit this time in the Santa Monica area. Dimitri Downs, with KNBS Sky Eight, has the details. Dimitri, what can you tell us about this pursuit?

DIMITRI DOWNS (50's, handsome, in sunglasses, headphones), reports from the KNBS helicopter pursuing Trevone as video of the pursuit plays on television.

DIMITRI
This is KNBS Sky Eight following, get this... a mailman.

Trevone's truck zig zags around traffic. The helicopter camera zooms in on Trevone's truck.

DIMITRI (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You can see the mail truck going east now on Santa Monica Boulevard. He's reaching speeds of sixty to sixty-five. You have to wonder, what is this man thinking?

BURT (V.O.)
Do we know why they're chasing this mailman?

DIMITRI (V.O.)
A tipster reported that he allegedly killed someone in front of his home.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone stops to let a boy on a motorized scooter cross in front of him.

EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

The four police cars pursuing Trevone, stop Officers get out, crouch behind their car doors, guns drawn.

As Trevone speeds off, the officers get back into their cars. The high-speed chase ensues.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dimitri reports on television as Trevone drives through intersections.

DIMITRI (V.O.)

He's going through a lot of red lights, fortunately, not hitting anyone. He's reported to have a gun, so, the police are tailing a little further than they normally do.

BURT (V.O.)

Do we know who this mailman is?

The numbers 7349 are seen on the truck's roof.

DIMITRI (V.O.)

The police have a possible name, and are contacting the post office to verify it. The number you see on the top of his truck, 7349, is also being verified as we speak.

Trevone rapidly makes a left turn, narrowly misses a collision with an oncoming car.

He looks nervously in his side mirror, sees four police cars also turn the corner getting closer in their pursuit.

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK DRIVING - DAY

104.

Trevone looks to his left and right for a street to turn onto.

INT. TREVONE'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dimitri reports on television.

DIMITRI (V.O.)
The police are closing in on him
for a possible pit maneuver.

BURT (V.O.)
Where do you think he's headed?

Trevone turns another left onto a wide side street.

DIMITRI (V.O.)
I don't know. Okay, there goes
the pit maneuver.

A police car performs a pit maneuver. Trevone loses control.

EXT. TREVONE'S TRUCK MOVING - DAY

The truck turns on its right side with left wheels in the air as it slides forward.

Side mirrors fly off.

The SOUND OF METAL on concrete is DEAFENING as the truck slides toward the back of a cement truck parked at the curb.

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK MOVING - DAY

As the truck slides forward, Trevone holds onto the steering wheel for support, but falls. His shoulder hits the side door.

EXT. TREVONE'S TRUCK MOVING - DAY

The truck HITS the back of the cement truck. The front of the truck collapses. The front window SHATTERS, glass flies everywhere.

The postal truck finally comes to a halt with left wheels in the air still spinning, smoke everywhere.

INT. TREVONE'S TRUCK - DAY

Trevone chips his two front upper teeth on the steering wheel. His head hits the street through the open side window. Blood puddles under his head. Stunned, he closes his eyes.

A beat, as the hellish world around Trevone settles.

A bright ray of sunlight pierces through a cloud, shines through the left window. Trevone's eyes open.

TREVONE
(sotto voce, to sky)
Lisa. I love ya, Babe. I'm so
sorry.

Tears flow down his cheeks as his eyes close again.

EXT. WIDE STREET - DAY

Police cars come to a halt. Officers get out of their cars, crouch behind their doors. One Officer cautiously approaches the mail truck with his gun drawn. A Backup Officer follows directly behind him, rifle ready.

The black SUV stops close by. Connor rushes out, flashes an FBI badge to the Officers as he runs limping toward Trevone.

CONNOR
FBI. Stand down, Officers.

The Officers slowly walk backwards to their car, weapons ready just in case.

Connor clips the badge to his jacket. He approaches the truck.

He looks through the open windshield, sees Trevone's body near the ground.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Trevone's eyes open.

Connor crouches down to be at Trevone's level.

CONNOR

It's over Trevone. Give me the pen.

TREVONE

(sotto voce)

Ya have no right to play God and decide who lives or dies!

CONNOR

Really! I make no excuses for my decisions. This country is overcrowded and bankrupt.

Trevone shakes his head.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

The President wanted to delete Social Security, but instead decided to cut the population to save money. Something had to be done, and done covertly to avoid panic.

TREVONE

Listen to yourself. You're talkin' about killin' innocent people.

CONNOR

It's the best way to solve the problem.

Trevone notices Connor's badge.

TREVONE

Wait a minute. That's not a real FBI badge. Do you even work for the government?

Connor scoffs.

CONNOR

107.

Who said the government's involved? But we're going to let them take the blame. People already believe the government's poisoning them with the vaccines.

TREVONE

Is the flu epidemic real?

CONNOR

No, it isn't, but the President thinks it is. That was my idea. Genius, huh. Calling it the Elder Flu makes seniors rush to get their vaccines. That makes it easier for my crews to pass out the Vita-Plenty.

Trevone's eyes start to close.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Now give me the pen.

Trevone opens his eyes slowly. He puts his hand inside his jacket and slowly takes the pen out. Connor snatches it.

TREVONE

You didn't have to kill Lisa.

CONNOR

I just grazed her, I'm gonna go back and finish her off.

Trevone smiles, looks relieved.

TREVONE

Lisa's alive?

Trevone's smile dissipates as he closes his eyes. His body goes limp.

Connor walks away with the pen in hand.

EXT. WIDE STREET - DAY

Connor walks down the middle of the wide street. He stops,

looks up, and signals to the Leonardo Tiltrotor hovering overhead.

The helicopter lands on the street. Connor gets in.

It flies up.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Connor opens the pen, removes the paper, looks at it.

CLOSE ON PAPER

It's blank.

END CLOSE UP.

CONNOR

What the fuck?

He looks down at the mail truck. A Paramedic van arrives.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

All this because of one fuckin'
man! A God-damned mailman!

The helicopter flies away.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

A MALE and FEMALE PARAMEDIC, both young, muscular, wearing plastic face shields, masks, latex gloves, rush to Trevone.

The Female Paramedic leans through Trevone's broken front window, listens to Trevone's heart with a stethoscope.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC

(to her partner)

There's still a faint pulse. Let's
get him to the hospital.

(to Trevone)

Hang in there, buddy. Do you hear
me? Stay with me.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK - LATER

Firemen use the Jaws of Life to extricate Trevone.

INT. PARAMEDIC VAN - DAY

Trevone's eyes open. He looks at the Female Paramedic. He tries to speak through his oxygen mask.

TREVONE
(barely audible)
They're...

The Paramedic leans over tilting her head to hear Trevone with her left ear.

TREVONE (CONT'D)
...killin' 'em.

She looks into Trevone's eyes.

FEMALE PARAMEDIC
Try not to speak. Let us take
care of you first. Then you can
tell us everything.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

As Trevone is wheeled into the ER, doctors and nurses rush to his aid.

Trevone's eyes open, blinded by the bright overhead light. VOICES are MUFFLED. He closes his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL - PRIVATE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Trevone sleeps hooked up with an IV and BEEPING MONITOR, head bandaged, both legs in casts. The bullet wound in his arm is bandaged. MUFFLED SOUNDS awaken him. He opens his eyes.

TREVONE
(sotto voce)
There's the woman I love.

Lisa sits on the side of the bed, squeezes Trevone's hand.

Trevone winces as he looks at Lisa's left cheek covered with a large bandage, swollen and bruised around her eye. He forces himself to speak.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I should've never gotten involved. I love you, Lisa. You're more important to me than anythin'. Please forgive me.

LISA

No, Trey. I'm the one who's sorry. I'm proud of you.

TREVONE

(smiling)

Gittin' a pat on the back always feels good.

Trevone notices a Man and Woman standing behind Lisa.

LISA

This is Agent Wilson, and Agent Wong.

AGENT WILSON

We're from the West Los Angeles branch of the FBI.

AGENT WONG

Your wife's been telling us some incredible story. Can you please explain to us why Connor Woods tried to kill you and your family?

TREVONE

He was after a paper hidden in Ben's pen. The President told him to go ahead and poison the seniors.

AGENT WILSON

And where is it now?

TREVONE

I don't know.

The Agents look dejected at each other.

TREVONE (CONT'D)

But the paper's inside my sock.

SUPER: THREE MONTHS LATER

INT. MAIL TRUCK - DAY

Parked in front of the apartment building in his route, Trevone sips coffee, places it in the cup holder of his brand new electric postal truck. He unbuckles his seatbelt, dons a new postal cap.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

As Trevone deposits the mail in the group of boxes, a pair yappy little dogs BARK at him from one apartment as usual. A TV BLARES from the open window of another apartment. Trevone cranes his neck to the sound of Burt reporting.

BURT (V.O.)

The owner of Vita-Plenty, Connor Woods, and President Dan Towers were convicted today of murdering over one and a half million people.

(pause)

Vice President Sondra Spencer bestowed the Medal of Freedom last night to the whistleblower of the conspiracy and coverup, Trevone Johnson. Here is what the Vice President had to say.

Trevone listens to the young female VICE PRESIDENT on television as he slowly walks to the apartment stairs.

VICE PRESIDENT (V.O.)

This country owes you an enormous amount of gratitude, Mr. Johnson. We need more people like you to speak up when there is an injustice. You've proven that one person can make a difference. Like the saying goes, 'if you see something, say

(MORE)

VICE PRESIDENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
something'. Lives were saved
because of what you did. Thank
you, Mr. Johnson for doing that.

Trevone touches the medal around his neck. He smiles from ear to ear displaying his two newly capped gold front teeth.

He limps down the sidewalk to deliver the mail.

FADE OUT.