

SAFE?

Written by

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INT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - NIGHT

A FERRARI PUROSANGUE slowly approaches, coming to a stop in a barren wilderness with no surrounding signs of life.

The headlights stay on as a MYSTERY PERSON exits the driver's side.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The trunk opens.

A bag of tinder is removed and hits the floor.

Next, a spade.

Then, the Mystery person starts to dig a hole.

The tinder is tossed in and lighter fluid is poured on top.

A box of matches is set alight and thrown in.

A fire bellows.

The Mystery person walks back to the trunk and pulls out a body.

The trunk begins to close.

FIVE YEARS EARLIER

IPHONE POV: The screen shows a recording begin. It focuses on a handsome but arrogant, NATHAN BARRINGTON, 30.

He is in what looks like a home gym. It's small, but no expense has been spared. All the equipment is state-of-the-art.

Nathan looks into camera.

NATHAN

Is it on?

NATHAN (O.S) (CONT'D)

Yeah, yeah. It's recording.

RAYMOND BARRINGTON, 33, also handsome and arrogant, but more driven than his blithe brother. His reflection can be seen in the mirrored wall as he holds the iPhone.

Nathan talks into camera as Raymond records an amateur social media video. Both look inexperienced and unpolished in their plight.

Nathan talks into camera. Performing a pretty straightforward bicep curl. Offering a step by step guide and tips to work the muscle.

As the video comes to an end, Nathan drops the equipment, looks into the camera.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
If you enjoyed this video, why
don't go ahead and drop a like, and
follow for more tips and tricks to
get your body closer to looking
like this.

Nathan flexes his entire upper body, showing off his perfectly sculpted arms and chest. He then raises his hands and gestures the symbol of horns.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Let the K*arnage begin!

The iPhone stops recording.

INT. HOME GYM - CONTINUOUS

Raymond looks at his iPhone footage, he looks happy with what they recorded.

Nathan walks over, peering over his shoulder.

RAYMOND
A few edits, and we can upload this
to the new page.

NATHAN
That's not enough to get a
following, though, right?

RAYMOND
Don't worry, little brother. I know
exactly what we need to do.

Raymond smirks.

A SERIES OF VIDEOS OVER THE NEXT FIVE YEARS SHARING EXERCISE VIDEOS ALONGSIDE THEIR OPULENT AND ENTITLED LIFESTYLE.

Boxing with a punch bag -- Driving a sports car -- Sprinting on a track and doing push ups -- Playing football on the beach -- Partying with girls on a yacht -- VIP lounge at a night club, where Nathan talks to a BRUNETTE BOMBSHELL.

FRANCESCA, 28, absolute knockout and knows it. Thrives in her main girl energy. She is now in the video's sharing the spotlight with Nathan.

Romantic dinner -- Exotic beach holiday -- Hotel bedroom.
Kissing in front of a gym mirror.

A VIDEO OF A COUNTDOWN: 5,4,3,2,1

A professional social media advert, launching K*arnage. Their new to market protein shake. Models wearing gym wear with the K*arnage logo, drinking K*arnage protein shakes.

A SOCIAL MEDIA FEED: Showing loyal fans and followers tagging themselves drinking K*arnage and wearing the gym merchandise.

Next on the social media feed a new picture shows Francesca, Nathan, and Raymond, all posing in a high quality picture from a recent photoshoot. They have come along way from their amateur content days.

iPhone POV: Raymond swipes through the pictures comments.

-- *Get it Barrington. Your girl is super hot!*

-- *Your protein don't do shit.*

-- *Only reason you're instafamous is because of your families money. Daddies boy!*

-- *#GraceYoung SAY HER NAME!!*

-- *Love your product dude!!! Mad gains!!!!!!*

Raymond pins the last comment to the top of the post and the hashtag comment is deleted.

FREDRICK (O.S.)

Raymond, put that thing down and
come talk to your mother and me.

EXT. HAMPTON MANSION - GARDEN - NIGHT

Raymond looks up, back in his surroundings. A canopy-covered area, hosting a lavish white party. Everyone is dressed in their finest. As a quartet plays, champagne trays are being handed out.

FREDRICK (O.S.)

Raymond, my boy! Put that thing
down and come talk to your mother
and I.

Raymond turns to see FREDRICK 62, and Layla, 59. The 1% of the 1% - aka mom and dad.

RAYMOND
Great party, dad.

As they lovingly talk, Raymond stops a passerby, asking them to take a picture of them. They stand together, embraced. The picture is taken.

As the iPhone is handed back, Raymond adds the picture to a message and sends it to NATHAN.

EXT. ARDOR RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

LOS ANGELES - FIVE HOURS BEHIND.

An IPHONE LIGHTS UP.

In a private room in an avant-garde restaurant. Nathan, now 35, hosts a party. The room is full of beautiful, taut people, most dressed in stylish black. The mood is lavish, carefree as the champagne endlessly flows.

Francesca, now 32, records the party as a cake is brought out. Everyone cheers.

INT. MALIBU VILLA - BEDROOM - MORNING

Nathan wakes, groggy. He sits at the edge of the bed. After a deep breath, he walks out. Francesca still asleep.

EXT. MALIBU VILLA - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Nathan walks out, lighting a cigarette and placing his arms on the balcony's edge as he looks out. After a few puffs, he carelessly flicks the butt into the ocean.

EXT. HAMPTON MANSION - GARDEN - MORNING

Raymond is doing laps in an Olympic-sized swimming pool. He powerfully chops through the water, then stops at the edge. He reaches for his vape, and as he exhales, the smoke dissipates to see a group of workers dismantling the canopy.

He carries on swimming.

INT. HAMPTON MANSION - KITCHEN - LATER

Raymond opens the fridge, bypassing the K*arnage protein shakes and reaching for a jug of orange juice. An in-house chef is frying him eggs.

He dials a number on his phone, after a few rings, Nathan answers. Raymond looks into the phone, confused.

NATHAN (O.S)
Yo, bro! What up?

RAYMOND
Is now a good time?

Nathan looks into the camera with his head stuck in a massage bed hole, while a masseur works on his back.

Intercut:

INT. MALIBU HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NATHAN
Sure, just getting a pregame workout. How you doing? You pumped?

Raymond looking more stressed than his brother.

RAYMOND
Yeah, yeah. I just wanted to see if you had heard from Toby and the crew yet?

NATHAN
Nah, not yet, but they're not supposed to arrive at the hotel till like 2.

RAYMOND
Alright, but when you do speak to him, I want an update on a few things, okay.

NATHAN
Like what?

RAYMOND
I want to know if the venue changes, I asked for were done, as well as how the merchandise is gonna be handled for both nights.
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)
Then, there's the guest list
confirmation, and how our VIPS will
be featured on the socials.

Nathan grumbles as he listens.

NATHAN
This fucking guy!

RAYMOND (O.S.)
And I also wanna make sure they're
gonna be serving Verve and not..

Nathan interrupts.

NATHAN
Raymond, chill! It's all been
handled. All that is left for us to
do is show up, okay.

Raymond tries to relax, taking a deep breath.

RAYMOND
What time are you two planning to
head up? You flying?

NATHAN
Nah, man, driving. Just treated
myself to a brand new ride. For all
my hard work.

Raymond rolls his eyes.

INT. BALMAIN STORE - MELROSE - CONTINUOUS

NATHAN (O.S.)
Gonna be leaving in a few hours.

Francesca trailing her hands over racks and racks of clothes.
She points to the ones she likes and two store clerks pick
them out.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Just waiting on Fran to get back
from Melrose. Last minute shopping
spree apparently.

She stands in front of the mirror in a brand new dress.

INT. MALIBU HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Intercut:

RAYMOND (O.S.)
(unimpressed)
And she couldn't have done that
before today?

NATHAN
I know, I know. I should have her
on a tighter leash. Make sure you
learn from my mistakes, big
brother.

INT. HAMPTON MANSION - KITCHEN - MORNING LATER

Intercut:

RAYMOND
I have a feeling that's not gonna
be a problem for me.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Another smart one, huh, I don't
know why you do it to yourself.
(beat)
You know what dad says, right?

RAYMOND
Yeah, I know what he says.

NATHAN
Well, I guess, I'll see what all
the fuss is about later.

Raymond looks at his phone messages, obviously still waiting
for a reply.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I mean, she is coming, right?

INT. HIGH RISE BUILDING - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A 34, MADISON, an AOC type, beautiful with a forthright and
altruistic outlook. She sits behind her desk, talking to a
prospective client.

MADISON
No, and I completely agree, which
is why I think we should set aside
some time to sit down and go
through our business proposal in
detail, explaining why your company
would benefit from such a
partnership.
(MORE)

MADISON (CONT'D)
(listens and responds)
An overview? Well, there's improved
public relations with the
community, increased brand
recognition, and let's not forget
the tax deductions.

Madison waits for the response. Laughing when she hears it.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Yup, that's usually the one that
gets 'em.
(beat)
So, how about we set something up
for early next month? Say...
September 4th?

Erica, 42, friendly but with an obvious authority, walks
passed Madison's office, then doubles back, confused why she
is still there.

MADISON (CONT'D)
That's great. I will call your
assistant with the request. Thank
you again for your time. Speak
soon.

Erica walks in, waiting for an explanation for why she is
still there but Madison is oblivious. In full work mode.

MADISON (CONT'D)
That was someone from Jenson's,
finally agreeing to meet.

ERICA
That's great. Good work.

Madison notices the case file under Erica's arm.

MADISON
That the Annabelle Casey file?

ERICA
Yeah.

MADISON
Can I?

Erica hands over the file as she takes a seat.

CASE FILE CLOSE UP: Pictures of a battered woman to the left,
and a man's mugshot. Then, paperwork on the right.

MADISON (CONT'D)
They took her case pro-bono?

ERICA
Yeah. Got a trial date 6 weeks from now

MADISON
(concerned)
And until then?

ERICA
The restraining order will hold. He comes anywhere near her, and the cops will deal with him.

Madison looks at the man's mugshot, rage building.

MADISON
He comes anywhere near her and I'll...

She stops herself, trying to calm herself down in the moment.

MADISON (CONT'D)
You know, I should call her lawyer, make sure she has all our notes and the written testimonies.

ERICA
I can do that.

MADISON
No, it's fine.

Madison looks at Erica, she has a smug look across her face.

ERICA
I know what you're doing.

MADISON
Uh, my job.

Erica looks unconvinced.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Okay, what is it that I'm doing?

ERICA
Stalling!

MADISON
Stalling?

ERICA

Yeah. Finding excuses to stay here,
instead of getting on that flight.

Madison smirks, knowing there's truth to what she is saying.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Honestly, I don't think I know of
any other woman who would be trying
to blow off Raymond Barrington.

MADISON

I'm a rare breed, Erica, you should
know that by now.

ERICA

And on most days I'm grateful for
that. I am. But today is not one of
them. So, I want you to shut
that...

Erica pushes Madison's Laptop shut.

ERICA (CONT'D)

Leave this office, and go make some
poor judgments after copious
amounts of alcohol that you will
inevitably regret in the morning.
You know, fun.

MADISON

Oh, is that what that is?

ERICA

Trust me, there'll be plenty of
people there more than willing to
show you just how it's done.
(sarcastically)
Humanity's finest.

Madison rolls her eyes at the thought.

MADISON

To be honest, that's what concerns
me.

ERICA

Madison, come on, relax. It's five
days in Vegas with your billionaire
boyfriend; how bad can it really
be?