

JACK WEBB

by

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BLACK SCREEN

Even BREATHING - The BLACKNESS starts to swirl dreamily turning red and then green - so peaceful - Suddenly a SWISH! and CHARLIE CHAPLIN is dancing with a woman in a saloon to pounding PIANO MUSIC, Scott Joplin's "The Entertainer"...

The COUPLE glide around the dancefloor, their arms pumping. A rope is around Charlie's waist and there's a big DOG attached to it being dragged around with him. Suddenly, a boy, 12, JACK WEBB, dressed in T-shirt, jeans, Keds, carrying a big knife, appears. MUSIC turns heroic! The "Robin Hood Suite" as Jack marches onto the dancefloor, starts bopping with Charlie trying to cut the rope to the dog. Charlie dances around kicking out at the dog but it looks like he's kicking Jack and it is funny...

JACK'S FATHER (O.S.)
(quiet)
I can see your eyelids moving,
Jack. With Charlie again?

CHARLIE disappears - BLACK is back - Even BREATHING

JACK'S FATHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Keep thoughts out of your head,
son. No thoughts in meditation.
Maybe about Bardot. Ha!

Even BREATHING - Swirls of blue and white start - so peaceful until - a man's BLACK HAND punches up through WATER! Another BLACK HAND punches up! The hands SPLAY and they're WEBBED!

DANA (O.S.)
Jack!

INT. JACK WEBB LOS ANGELES PENTHOUSE - NEW YEARS EVE - NIGHT

EYES open slowly...

JACK (O.S.)
- How close to midnight?

DANA (O.S.)
Ya got awhile.

JACK WEBB, 70, lets the calm of his meditation move through him. Just slight dark circles under his eyes, Jack looks good for seven decades.

Jack Webb has used inherited money to build an empire and keep every person he's ever met at an emotional arm's length: He thought he was dying young and any attachment to him could have proved too painful, maybe, for the other person. Lack of any close relationship has left Jack with Man/Boy sensibility and outsize compassion; He's a walking around, terminally-ill, billionaire "empath". Empath: A person highly sensitive to the emotions and experiences of others.

Dressed in tuxedo clothes, no jacket, Jack rises from a chair, wincing. DANA SCALZI, 30s, his New "Yawk" assistant, in gown, holds his jacket out for him. Jack gets into it nodding at a MEDITATION AREA - a square of rug.

JACK
Looks stupid there now.

He adjusts his tie in a mirror, points back to the chair he just got out of...

JACK (CONT'D)
Almost fell asleep in that. Stinks
it's too hard to get up from that
rug.

Dana looks up from her phone.

DANA
Still nothing. Maybe you should
have given a fake name. They might
be prejudice, ya know?

JACK
Do they even use that word anymore?
Haven't heard it lately. Must have
algorithmmed it out. Yeah, if the
Mayo Clinic is prejudice against
unpoor people, they're out of
business. Too many of us now. After
you...

Jack gestures to a door. Dana walks toward it tapping on her phone...

DANA
I'll cue 'em.

They pass a framed PHOTO on the wall: Charlie Chaplin (in business suit, 1918) on a building rooftop with megaphone. Below, thousands and thousands of upturned faces, listen.

LIVING ROOM

A WALL SCREEN explodes with REALITY TV CLIPS:

> "SIBS" - Kardashian-ish big butts push a broke-down car along a Malibu street...

> "SEXY HERD" - at a chic bar ALIEN MASK holds a white wine talking to GRASSHOPPER MASK...

> A drunk "STUD!" threatens host Chris Mason: "BEEP you, Chris Mason, drinking Margaritas in your bathrobe fifty miles away!"

JACK (O.S.)
(to a crowd)
Dude! Now watch and learn!

ON THE WALL SCREEN: SUPER 8 film...

A FLICKERING CANDLE, dissolving so slowly to 1972 Roberta Flack and the poignant "First Time Ever I Saw Your Face". A HANDSOME COUPLE, 50s, lounge together on a couch in tuxedo and gown. A CLOSE-UP looking into each other's eyes - MUSIC evocative - the WOMAN'S ARMS stretch out behind her and the camera is following every step of the way as the MAN'S HANDS move up those arms and intertwine with her hands - a drop of SWEAT rolls down the man's cheek - the WOMAN'S EYES close and - a LOUD FART rips out.

A smooth ZOOM OUT of the smiling Woman pushing the smiling Man off her...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(to a crowd)
People who think *funny*, yeah!

PRODUCTION STAFF (O.S.)
YEAH!

The smiling Man on the couch pulls the smiling Woman up to him..

JACK(O.S)
(to a crowd)
My parents, 1973! That little thing helped me get into NYU, 1974.

His parent's images flick off the wall screen.

JACK on a balcony above his massive living area. Down below, only candles and the full moon outside floor to ceiling windows light his partying REALITY TV PRODUCTION STAFF...

JACK (CONT'D)
That was Super 8 with *sound!* Shot
that from behind a huge ottoman
with something I rigged on the
zoom. And then I did this...

HOLOGRAM IMAGES of Webb Reality TV unfurl around the room:

> "FINEST" Out a windshield with sirens and COPS are
pursuing...

> "TREK!" Contestants slosh through Everglade mud, bugs, and
snakes...

> "AMERICA'S BEST" - Older professional athletes compete
against high schoolers...

Hologram BANNERS keep unfurling showing Webb Studio MOVIES,
Webb HOME NETWORK, Webb INTERNATIONAL SPORTS, this *is* an
empire...

JACK (CONT'D)
Yeah!

Everyone CHEERS - Jack's reality staff were chosen for their
talent with extremes and loyalty to Jack...

JACK (CONT'D)
Most of this is because of you all.
Twenty years with some of you guys.
And aren't we lucky? Come on, say
it WE'RE LUCKY!

STAFF
LUCKY!

JACK
Technology! American morals!
Changed forever in that twenty
years. We were just lucky!

STAFF
YAY!

JACK
Wait, wait! Where's Pete?

Everyone turns to PETER LINTARO, 30, American Indian, hair to
his waist, camera-rigger, grinning up at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
They're all rock-climbers, man,
work out at Yosemite!
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
You'll win next year, right? Happy
New Year, everybody!

CHEERS...

Dana nudges Jack, shows him her cell - his face goes still.
He takes the cell and to his staff:

JACK (CONT'D)
So twenty more years, right? I can
be "Clint"!...Oh, yeah. And what
should you never do here or
anywhere outside the Webb empire?

STAFF
Hurt a fly!

Jack smiles, winningly

JACK
(to Dana)
Get them out of here, huh? After
midnight, of course. Her to.

Nodding down at an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN, 50, laughing with his
crew. Real pain on Jack's face...

JACK (CONT'D)
Um, donate ten million to Habitat
for Humanity, she crews with them.
Don't use her name, she won't like
that. Give it from someone we
know, that you really *know* deserves
a tax break. Must be someone left.
Get Amy something else. Something
real. Astounding. Slipped with her.

He looks down at the cell: **TUESDAY: 3:15 - YOU HAVE BEEN
ACCEPTED INTO OUR CLINICAL TRIAL PROGRAM. CONGRATULATIONS!**

Jack snorts, looks at Dana - Guess I'm really dying.

INT. DINER - ROCHESTER, MINNESOTA - DAY

SNOW whirls outside frosty windows. STEAM from pouring
coffee. Club sandwiches in route. New old-fashioned personal
stereos in every booth and they all seem to be playing. MUSIC
in the booths reflect the face age sitting in there and most
of the FACES are just talking, dealing with a day.

JACK in a booth staring down at his coffee, the death stare
without the edge.

Dana sits across from him trying to pay for something on her cell: MAYO CLINIC PARKING - She already has tears in her eyes...

DANA
Come on TAKE IT! Oh...sorry
everybody. Sorry.

JACK
No, this is my undercover farce.
Should never have gone public - You
drive good in snow. Didn't even
know you could drive. New Yorker.

DANA
Learned a while ago. During the
pandemic.

"Pandemic" - trigger word for Jack.

JACK
Oh, yeah? During the mystery bat
actually caused by stupid neglect
plague, huh? That disgusting thing -
So, ah, tomorrow it's just seeing
which drug trial I'm in; One year
or six months. Holding us over
another day for drama impact. Where
we staying tonight? The Clinic
said...

DANA
Holiday Inn Express. It's the
closest. You get free breakfast and
Wi-Fi. Oh! Good, big cinnamon
rolls. At least in the City they
have 'em.

Dana puts down her phone. Jack sees her tears about to roll.

JACK
Don't. Lucky having you around,
glad you came with me here, but
don't do that now. In Rochester.

Dana stares down at her coffee, afraid to blink.

JACK (CONT'D)
I hired you because at your
interview, way back, you appeared
to be...hard. In a way I needed
then, and knew I would need for
this. Hard with moss around it.

DANA

Should have hired somebody older,
have no practice. Everybody's still
around. Parents, everybody. I have
old animals. Got a cat that almost
beat out Old Flossie on YouTube.

JACK

Twenty six *billion* "views" for cat
videos. They love their animals on
"Tube".

Jack slides over a menu, looking around the place - moving on

JACK (CONT'D)

This diner in Rutland Vermont had
homemade bread, I remember, and my
parents would travel up there
just...

Dana chokes back a sob; she really isn't use to this. Jack
leans in, upset for her...

JACK (CONT'D)

You're doing all that over me and
you're not even looking at me.

Practiced calm comes over Jack...

JACK (CONT'D)

You know I meditated knowing this
was coming - My father taught me.
He died at fifty-five, "Lymph"
strain of Huttington's - always see
pudding with that name. And *his* age
was old for this disease. He could
have shared common sense stuff, but
I got Four Noble Truths and got to
never say: "Wish I knew that fifty
years ago." I accept that I got
fifty-plus years. I actually mean
that, Dana. All that work wasn't
for nothing. Me and George
Harrison, man. Just figuring how I
wanna land it all. You feel me?

Jack smiles. Dana still upset, yanks hard from the napkin
dispenser, it flies off the table...

DANA

Oh! Did I kill somebody...

She starts to slide out to retrieve it but a LITTLE GIRL is
already walking it back. JACK notices that.

DANA (CONT'D)
(to the girl)
Thank you! That's so nice.

Dana does a thank-you wave to the girl's MOTHER in a booth.
JACK watches the woman's smile over her daughter.

DANA (CONT'D)
(wiping at her eyes)
Just learned how to wake myself up
when I'm in a bad dream. Not
working here.

JACK
That would be funny; Poof, you're
gone. You know if that happened I'd
have to text your zombie relatives
and the devil cat to see you
transported safe, right?

Dana's hands cover her face, she can't stop crying. Jack
touches her arm, feeling her pain. He notices an UPSET WOMAN
across the aisle with her hand over her mouth watching Dana.
Two people in agony right in front of him, rough on Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dana, please, I think some people
in this diner near the hospital are
going through it for real, please.

Dana brings up napkins, settling down. Jack slides her a
menu. He glances at the same upset Woman - she's listening
stoically to someone across from her - they *touch her arm*.

JACK has a moment with that. He pulls over the menu - a huge
FLY lands on his hand. Jack flicks his wrist but the fly
stays. He brings his hand up, looking at it...

JACK (CONT'D)
Why Rochester?

The Fly WINKS at him. Jack has to smile...

JACK (CONT'D)
Not CGI.

A SCUFFLING NOISE. JACK looks over: TEENAGERS pushing in
through the diner door. There's a shove and ONE of them falls
to a knee. The ONE behind him laughs reaches down grabbing a
handful of jacket to haul him up. The ONE behind that guy
REACHES BACK AND...

JACK FREEZES watching whatever's happening there...

JACK (CONT'D)
 - Dana, call Jake. Like now.

Dana fast on her cell - Jack settles back, letting out a breath. NOW he's hearing all the MUSIC around; Each booth its own music decade. Jack watches the DINER PEOPLE: A BEAT WAITRESS slides a sandwich onto a booth table with a CLUNK to Post Malone "I Had Some Help" - A TIRED MAN BANGS out the diner door into blasting snow to T-Bone Walker "Stormy Monday Blues"...

Jack watches as a MUSIC EXPLOSION surges through the diner with FACES hooked up with TUNES and DINER NOISE - he's loving this sensory pounding vision.

The FLY takes off.

INT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SNOW blasts around outside open windows. A Keurig one cup sits on the desk next to Jack, typing in his laptop...

LAPTOP SCREEN: "Fantastical!" chat Room with THREE AVATAR characters: JACK AVATAR looks like Jack with a little glow up, in slacks and shirt. The other two avatars have used "Fantastical!" tools; One is a BEAST: Tall, hairy, cloven-hoofed. The other BRONX ZEUS with white beard, fiery eyes.

The character avatars circle a raging bonfire in a pitch-black desert, looking at JACK avatar...

BEAST	BRONX ZEUS
You'll be arrested for that!	NDAs! NDAs!

IN THE ROOM

Jack types and reaches for his coffee - it knocks over onto the keyboard.

JACK
 No!

He jumps up shaking out the laptop...

JACK (CONT'D)
 Don't smoke!

He rushes into the bathroom, banging around, comes out with a washcloth, dabs around the keys...

JACK (CONT'D)
They don't buy me crap, you can
take it...please.

Jack sits, shaky as he types...

ON THE SCREEN

Jack picks up a sparkling blue stone, feeling its weight.

JACK AVATAR
A recording of reality on earth
right now. Like it or not. The
whole world watching. Who else is
going to do it?

He lifts his arm and a frozen OCEAN appears. Jack whips the
blue rock and it skips forever over ice.

JACK AVATAR (CONT'D)
I could have been born into this
lifetime to be CEO of outrageously,
unfairly profitable corporations,
but you guys got those jobs.
(turning)
I'm just a Reality television hack
this time. Come on, show some
professional support here, friends.
You just let your companies stock
split and I get nothin'?

The two avatars roam around the fire not taking eyes off Jack

BEAST
Afraid of being forgotten?

JACK
I never forget people, never will.

BEAST
For six more months.

JACK
We'll see.

Zeus loops an arm around Jack...

BRONX ZEUS
Whadda ya think, you'll get over
100 mil? 150 million watching?
Different time zones?

JACK AVATAR
Super Bowl ratings. If we go
worldwide, I got 400 million from
broadcast and streaming.

BEAST
Breaking the law.

BRONX ZEUS
(at Beast)
What law? Courts will fix it. And
are you kidding, my man? You jelly?
(at Jack)
Wanna partner? What do you call it
in that business, producer?

IN THE ROOM

JACK sips the last of his coffee looking at

ON THE SCREEN

The Beast stopping his roam. He wipes blood off his fangs...

BEAST (CONT'D)
You're dying in prison, Jack.

CARD: SIX MONTHS LATER

INT. WEBB L.A PRODUCTION OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A FLY'S-EYE VIEW of a conference room. A ROBOTIC FLY DRONE
zooms up and around a roomful of T-shirt and jean production
STAFF, perched on tables and chairs - faces from Jack's
party.

The Fly Drone lands on a HAIRY HAND - not moving a muscle.

JACK, dressed like his crew, paler but energized, is looking
at a laptop showing the FLY POV amidst the hairs...

JACK
See ya soon.

Jack slaps down the laptop. He winces as he rises, gesturing
to the state of the art SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS and DRONES on
the table in front of him...

JACK (CONT'D)
Need you to check these out,
please. New and incredible stuff.
Getting better and better, 8k.
Don't know how they're not putting
themselves out of business - Ok,
Dana is passing out live, on paper,
NDAs. Please sign them by the end
of this meeting.

Jack pulls up his PRESCRIPTION VIAL from the table...

JACK (CONT'D)
Yeah, it's not about this.

He puts out the back of his hand and the Fly Drone lands on
it...

JACK (CONT'D)
Or our raging technology. Well, not
all the way.

He nods at the DRONE CONTROLLER and the "fly" takes off...

JACK (CONT'D)
Lives may be ended with this shoot.
"May" I said. I know American
"rights" are definitely gonna be.
We're taking those flip-flop things
and drop kicking them to China.

This is a sight and sound crew and that statement just
shivved guts...but this is Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
The good part in all this only one
team of you will be law breaking.
(picking up a small cube
camera from the table)
Smaller than last year's, right?

FLASHBACKS

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

A thrashing alligator has a two-inch CAMERA CUBE web-strapped
above YELLOW EYES...

JACK (O.S.)
You guys awesome!

EXT. MID-AIR - NIGHT

BONK! A CREWMEMBER on a helicopter ladder twirls off the side of a black-glass building holding a suction-cup camera.

INT. WEBB "ONLY TALKING SPORTS" TV STUDIO

An older WWE WRESTLER trips and goes down ugly doing a bit with the sports host - the CAMERAMAN waves a hand in front of his lens to show edit.

JACK (O.S.)
Got empathy for stone-cold
assholes.

END OF FLASHBACKS

CONFERENCE ROOM

JACK
But this next gig is more like
breaking and entering. With intent.

Worse squirms in seats...

JACK (CONT'D)
Yeah, you can get up and leave
right now, your job is waiting for
you on our next whatever. But think
of this: You all know me. Not
personally, nobody does, my choice.
But day to day, you see from how I
look at you, listen to you, that I
feel like part of you. I don't know
why that is with me. I don't. But,
I do know I won't allow you to be
hurt in any way working for me.

Jack looks down to find a remote listening for leaving noise - none. Relieved, he CLICKS the remote and a wall of windows becomes a MAP OF THE UNITED STATES...

JACK (CONT'D)
We're about to make two wedges of
that infamous.

WASHINGTON STATE and FLORIDA pulse on the screen...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Geographically almost as far apart
as you can get on this land mass.

The two States EXPLODE with clips of their landmarks and Industry: Cascade Mountains - Rainforests - Kurt Cobain - Jimi Hendrix - Coffee - Hockey - **Microsoft** Next to: Beaches - Cape Canaveral - Ariana Grande - Jim Morrison - Everglades - Golf - **Disney World**

JACK (CONT'D)
Wildly different! One makes money
off a mouse the other off every
American every day, same money!

CLICK! The SCREEN filled with TEAMING HUMANITY: Stadiums - Ticker-tape Parades - Ku Klux Klan Parades - Student Protest March - Million Man March - Women's March...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Need attention. We'll give it to
'em

CLICK! SUPER BOWL footage...

JACK (CONT'D)
Hold my champagne I can't remember
the name of!

The window screen flashes off letting in bright sunlight.
Jack stands in front of it looking Godified.

JACK (CONT'D)
A one night event streamed and
broadcast showing the lives of two
people. One life, scripted with
actors. The other...reality as it
happens. And they won't know you're
there.

Guts in the room crashing and burning. Jack sniffs the air...

JACK (CONT'D)
Fear. A pitbull wants to rip you to
shreds right now.
(digging in)
I was thinking a while ago where it
was snowing, maybe someone's life
shouldn't come down to whether he
can get "thirty and under" to watch
a bigger box - but my life has come
to that. And I own the place. The
world. You'll never know how that
feels.

Jack's purposefully weary look makes crew smile.

JACK (CONT'D)

Leaving?

They look for pens.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thanks. What you're signing right now *is* an NDA, but this here is a little bit more.

(holding up papers)

These are contracts. We're partnering on this thing and they insisted.

Jack hands off a two inch stack to Dana...

JACK (CONT'D)

They are uber keep your mouth shut, they are you will be charged and sent to ADX in Colorado if you wake up hating me and get on a keyboard, they are we will take your first born if you talk to the media while

PETER (O.S.)

What are we doing?

Peter Lintaro spits in his chew cup.

JACK

Shaking up innocents, Pete. At least one team of you are. Like I said, the other team will have scripts, storyboards, the whole thing. Get to work with very talented actors you've never seen before; Stage actors.

FLASHBACK

INT. NYC CASTING OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

HANDHELD of ACTORS waiting to audition. Black and white nine and twelve year old's walk around with script pages.

JACK (O.S)

Netflix will probably be interested in a "Making Of" doc, so double duty for some of you. Oh! I got us a...

CONFERENCE ROOM

JACK
(looking over at someone)
Black hat? No offense, maybe.

MAE, 17, looks up from her phone, smiling.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good for you. Get someone to sign
the papers coming at you. And
before everyone goes crazy I do
know the parents of this liberator.

FLASHBACK

INT. MAE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rain a steady drum outside windows of the library. A GOLDEN RETRIEVER trots into the cozy room. MAE pets the dog with her left as her right flies between four DESKTOP computers displaying: INSTAGRAM - META - ESPN - POLICE ASSOCIATION OF FLORIDA.

JACK (O.S.)
She'll be *borrowing* personal data
and photos of every actor and *real*
person participating in our two
projects.

Mae HIGHLIGHTS META PHOTOS: **Two smiling white boys, 12, one is big and blonde, in shorts and T-shirts, leaning against each other, buddies** CLICK! PHOTO: **A purple treehouse**

CONFERENCE ROOM

JACK
We're making two movies. And I mean
real movies. Seamless drama with
music. These people will have
establishing scenes and character
builds, flashbacks, reenactments,
supplied by us, *both* stories. All
this will be broadcast and streamed
on every platform, on the same
night, different zones, and watched
by over 200 million people. Maybe
400 world-wide.

Snorts and head-shaking from Crew.

JACK (CONT'D)
What? Money and competition.

WINDOW SCREEN flashes on with the USA MAP...

JACK (CONT'D)
Texas against Maine, New York
against Oklahoma, Hawaii
against...This capitalist country,
this country that loves competition
more than food it was found out,
that have inhaled unscripted
reality television, for some of
them most of their lives, is
finally getting a chance to boost
their state and vote.

WINDOW SCREEN:

MARGE SIMPSON / MOTHER TERESA

JACK (CONT'D)
Which one is "Cake"? Which one of
these tales we're going to tell
them is reality with real people,
as it happened, for two days,
uninterrupted no matter what. The
states will vote.

PETER
What kind of money?

JACK
This is America: The state with the
most votes proven correct, in
relation to its size, wins:

WINDOW SCREEN: **\$50,000,000,000**

Shock and awe from the Crew. Jack watches them closely. One CREWMEMBER starts to cough and can't stop. Everyone turns to him, out of control, face red, trying to cough out a spastic throat. Someone taps him with a water bottle...

JACK (CONT'D)
That won't help. Spaz attack!
Happened every seventh period with
Mr. Heller, French Two. They all
stared, every time.

Jack and sick smile, remembering.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hit him on the back a little.

Dana does and the Crewmember stops hacking. He wipes off his wet face.

JACK (CONT'D)
You ok? Give him some water now,
please.

Jack watches Dana do that. Now he can turn and point at the money screen:

JACK (CONT'D)
That's with a "B". Evenly
distributed between all education
institutions in that state, and
every single person in that state.
Wyoming wins and does a special
lottery with the money, they could
have 25,000 new millionaires.

CREWMEMBER 2
Where's the cash from?

JACK
When I hit every news and
entertainment outlet coast to
coast, maybe then you'll know.
Probably be from where expected.

Jack depends on this Crew, really likes them. Sudden exhaust
from disease and lying makes him flat-palm the conference
table for support...

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, I've been planning this
for - a long time: I want an
uninterrupted recording of facts.
It jumped to first recently on
bucket and I really want to get it
done.

Jack is a friend and his Crew always reacts to him that way.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yeah, I already have a script for
the "scripted" project, already
looked at actors. Got actors. You
just have to secure locations,
figure where you rig audio-video to
match the style of the "reality"
project - the subject of which will
be someone I know. Slightly.

Crew remembers friend can be very slick boss.

JACK (CONT'D)

But no break there, they don't know they got chosen. You guys are going to suck up their life on Meta, Instagram, *the news*, use instincts. Anyway, they were chosen for a reason and part of that is they're predictable - at this point in their life. You'll be putting sight and sound in their cars, homes, businesses, every second of their real life for two days is going to be recorded. So, they make a call, guess what? You *knew* that day was comin' with your person and childhood validator on the phone because you saw right now their relationship on Instagram, whatever, so you'd *already* sent a mic and camera van to their house or business with the deadly Sara.

SARA GARCIA, 30, very intelligent, very fit, she could take you mind and body, snorts.

CREWMEMBER 4 stands with his phone, upset...

CREWMEMBER 4

So, ADT and every other home security installed in...
(checking his phone)
80 million, fuck me, private homes, are going to just turn off the juice so we can go in and rig...

JACK

(at Mae)

Sorry about the "f" word. You know what "juice" means?

Mae's thumbs lightening working her phone. She looks up.

MAE

Electricity. Which I knew, but...

JACK

I know you did, Mae.

Jack leans against a wall, hoping it didn't look like he needed to. He points at Mae.

JACK (CONT'D)

People her age, plus ten years, maybe, have been digitized since birth. They *have* to know electronics. Electronic devices. Whether they have an aptitude for it or not, they need to know about that stuff to survive in their everyday world. I needed to know how to use a stick shift. Mae has over ten years experience with "electronics", she'll be handling all computer security. I want her family's name associated with this project.

CREWMEMBER 4

"Personal" is terrifying, Jack.
This has become scary shoot.

Jack, handling shakes, ambles over to Crewmember 4, hooks his neck, speaks in his ear - CM 4 nods, nods. Gives up and sits back down kicking out, hitting Pete's backpack...

PETER

Could have had a birthday cake in there, bro.

JACK

(to Crew)

This is pre-production, right? You don't know which one of you is going to get my real person so assume you are. Mae has downloaded geographical and general knowledge of both states. Know America. Know this project, act like producers. And guess what? Post-production will be five times the ride with music and flashbacks and...Golden Globe time!

This is everything...

JACK (CONT'D)

All our "Doe's" in reality project, are going to trip and fall down ugly, they will be in serious crosshairs sometimes, for some reason that seems to be the way these things go *all the time*, so, where you feel they are in mortal danger, you can help them.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

But other than they're going down
for good, you do not interfere. The
moment will play out.

Jack watches scared nods.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you. Welcome to wild
difficult. Rigging sight and sound
in the most...

(nudging a drone)

Right. Wow - Oh yeah, and the
reality team will be leaving their
phones at home, they're cut off for
a few days.

PETE

(quickly)

Yeah, what team am I on?

JACK

If you don't have enemies here
you'll be with people who like you -
In fact, everyone hand over your
phones right now. Forget outside
strokes for a while. Dana will
contact your emergency people to
let them know you're ok. No one's
leaking these couple of days
accidentally. And no computers
unless work related. My black hats
will be watching. Oh, and you're
leaving today.

Couple of thrown phones ping off the ceiling...

JACK (CONT'D)

(smiling at Dana)

Get Midland walkie-talkies, they're
the best.

Jack needs to lean on something...

JACK (CONT'D)

You're about to be working with the
only people you're in contact with
till I say different. You got two
days of filming starting tomorrow,
and then you got to the fall for
post. Six people on a team. One
team is real, the other "Memorex".
Yeah, nobody here knows what that
is but, my funny parents did.

For the "scripted" team, the "with actors" team, I'll FedEx paper scripts to your hotel because you won't have phones and that's going to screw with you. Go buy a pen. You'll get the scripts later today.

At the same time, Mae will send all the data, all the investigative reports on the "real" person to the reality team leader. These are very special investigators. These will be very thorough reports. While you wait for that, on company laptops, you are ingesting general data, huh? Oh yeah, Peter and Sara pick your teams.

(grabbing a cellphone from the floor)

We'll be keeping these till you're done. That's ok, you won't miss your lives, you'll be studying. Then very busy...

EXT. ORLANDO FLORIDA, INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

BOOM! A purple Webb corporate JET lands in ORLANDO - Peter and FIVE CREW PEOPLE off-load to sun and palms...

EXT. SEATTLE WASHINGTON, INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

BOOM! A purple corporate jet lands in SEATTLE - Sara and FIVE CREW PEOPLE disembark in pouring rain...

INT. CLARION HOTEL, ORLANDO - DAY

Peter and his crew drag their rollways to the front desk. Two crew members upright their TRUNK ROLLWAYS...

PETER

(to front desk agent)

Lintaro, six rooms and a conference suite. Could be a package for me.

Peter covets the phone of a chatting PASSING PERSON...

PETER (CONT'D)

(to front desk agent)

Have there been any calls for Peter Lintaro. Me.

The AGENT, 20, blank-face at Peter for five seconds.

PETER (CONT'D)
Did the phone down in front of you
ring, and when you picked it up did
you hear the name Lintaro coming
out of it?

FRONT DESK AGENT
- Don't think so.

CREWMEMBER 4 (O.S.)
Scary shoot!

INT. ORLANDO CONFERENCE SUITE - NIGHT

WALKIE-TALKIES in a box...

LAPTOPS open on a conference table. Peter and Crew study
YOUTUBE VIDEOS:

"Central Florida vs Coastal Paradise?" Picture stats that all
end with "at sea level".

"Gunfight Downtown Miami": A female officer with gun, seen
from behind, crouching next to her cruiser BAM! BAM!

PETER spits in his cup looking at Car Interiors: **ARROWS point
to locations within and behind plastic - rigging places.**

He side-eyes his crew. Types in SEARCH BOX: PL576@gmail.com
CLICK!- in his face Mae's Golden Retriever SNAPPING AND
BARKING...

PETER
Little Girl...Meh.

INT. SEATTLE HIE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Same as Orlando with open laptops and studying Crew. A
couple of computers BARKING. A HANGING TV in the corner shows
Local News.

Sara looking at laptop showing Washington state travel site
with misty RAINFORESTS...

SARA
Rainforests in Washington state?
Why? Hate pond work.

INT. ORLANDO CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Peter looking at ALLIGATORS sliding into an EVERGLADE swamp...

PETER
Dinosaurs can be slippers.

ENTERTAINMENT TONIGHT (O.S.)
Jack Webb, a minute?!

HANGING TV: "Entertainment Tonight" with a REPORTER cornering Jack Webb in tuxedo...

REPORTER ON TV
First, thank you, thank you for all you're doing with UNICEF here, but... wow, I have to ask, I mean we just heard; Fifty billion of prize money?! Billion, I'm saying that right, right?

JACK ON TV
(irritated)
Yeah, we'll let everyone know more about the show coming and our public contest when our field production teams are finished. Who leaked, may I ask?

REPORTER ON TV
Actors Equity. They called us today, sir. 400 million viewers?! How?

JACK ON TV
(as he turns...)
Nope.

PETER looks at his crew...

PETER
I got no actors. We didn't get scripts.

CREWMEMBER 4
We're "real" team then.

PETER
Hmmm.
(nodding at TV)
Jack set that up. He was talking to us. That might be all we're getting. Alright, lets do it.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)
 Little Girl should have sent us
 "real" person.
 (shoving a plug in cheek)
 Hello patient husband in ADX.

INT. SEATTLE - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

CHEERS from the Crew as Sara comes in with a multi script-size FEDEX BOX...that she opens: Boxes of VINYL GLOVES.

SARA
 We're real. Sorry, guys.

INT. APPLE TOWER THEATRE, L.A. UNICEF FUNDRAISER - NIGHT

WAVES OF COLORED LIGHT being projected over a ceiling mural of Charlie Chaplin, Valentino, Fairbanks...Jack looks down from the mural. Dana, in shimmery gown, sits down next to him handing over a can of orange soda. Jack cracks it...

JACK
 Thank you. I can't stand the taste
 of these and orange seems to kill
 it.

Jack downs two pills. Dana looks around the renovated space

DANA
 Should pick up a flash drive.

APPLE PHONES and devices in glass cabinets rim the room around TABLES OF GUESTS - a 1927 palatial movie theater converted into an Apple Store...

JACK
 Saw "Godfather" here. Might have
 been the premiere.

DANA
 (reading her phone)
 Teams got the message. They both
 think the other one is the "real"
 project. Ugh! What's that emoji?

Showing her phone to Jack...

JACK
 Dana, what's an emoji? - Secret
 embeds checking in, huh?

A COUPLE, 80s, tap Jack's shoulder, he stands to speak with them. Dana still reading. Jack shakes their hands and sits.

DANA

Spy one wants to know where's the competition when both subjects are real people, no actors - I wanna know too.

JACK

The money is still there, there'll be a vote - Who needs actors? Factual news, the Olympics, *any* sport, jolt us more than Meryl Streep or, or Daniel Day-Lewis ever did. And anyway there will be actors, shorter ones.

DANA

Will still be fraud to them. Lying.

JACK

- This is for you only, ok? I didn't know if I'd get the response I wanted from the teams if I told them my reason for all this. I'm from different decades than them, and that really shouldn't matter with this project, but...

ANOTHER COUPLE, 40s, tap Jack. He stands to speak with them. Dana, stressing hearing...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

All I can tell you is we'll be broadcasting worldwide in the fall.

Jack sits.

DANA

There's gonna be a leak from the locations, ya know? Or with "post".

JACK

Hope not. Nah, I don't think so. And not just because of NDAs - These are people who like themselves and their work so they're really good at it. They don't want to mess it up. Don't think they wanna mess me up.

A dressed in white KITCHEN WORKER with TEENAGER interrupts. Jack winces when he stands to speak with them. Dana watches him, worried. Jack shakes their hands and sits.

JACK (CONT'D)
We'll see.

Jack settles back, looking at the PEOPLE sharing the same time on earth with him. So many faces. He looks up: Colored lights swirl around Charlie Chaplin...

CREWMEMBER 4 (O.S)
Hey!!!

INT. ORLANDO CONFERENCE ROOM - DAWN

PETER'S EYES flash open. Dressed for action Crewmember4 stares down at him...

PETER
Gimme a pen, gimme a pen....

CREWMEMBER 4
No!...Come on, where'm I...

He bashes away on a search. Peter sits up on the couch, rubbing his face.

PETER
I'm supposed to use a *clothes-line*
for a tracking shot. *Clothes-line??*
I need my phone!

CARD: 8 HOURS AGO

INT. MAE'S HOME - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Mae pets the cat on her lap as her laptop sends rows of RED FOLDERS...

INT. ORLANDO CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

LAPTOP SCREEN: A CURSOR taps a red folder marked SUBJECT: A video of a BLACK WOMAN, 35, appears - Eyes direct, confident smile, cool beauty in full dress Florida police uniform receiving a plaque; Real person LEYANA (Lee) CARTER-JOY...

Worry on every Crewmember face looking at the video except

PETER
Chief.

INT. SEATTLE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

LAPTOP SCREEN: A young player in Seattle Mariners uniform runs for a fly ball and turns making a stunning basket catch: Real Person MICHAEL KUSEK.

Sara and Crew watch the ballplayer in silence...

SARA
Twenty years ago. Let's go...

SEATTLE AND ORLANDO CONFERENCE ROOMS - SAME TIME

LAPTOPS flash open: Lemon/Spectre Investigators

ORLANDO

Peter's finger runs over a PHOTO of Lee Carter-Joy and then: **Green Hills Police since 2018 - Divorced - Husband Ron Joy, 35 - Child, male, 5 - Dependent father, 60s**

PETER
Lot of men.

PHOTO: Florida WORKING-CLASS home with SUV in driveway next to a sprawling tree.

PETER (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Put this on the exterior rig list,
please! Looks like 2020 Honda SUV
and a fifty foot oak.

SEATTLE

Sara's finger running over a PHOTO of rugged handsome MICHAEL KUSEK, 40 - **Sports Management Company "Reach!" - Single - Net worth \$2,000,000,000**

PHOTO: Aspen LOG MANSION with 1986 Porsche 911 Carrera in driveway...two Ferraris

Sara's finger continues over - **Depression Therapy since 2024 - Attending mother's funeral the week of...**

SARA
Jesus - Rig list, please!: Probably
1986 Porsche 911! Mother's house,
Donna Kusek, Gig Harbor, her
funeral today!
(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)
 Best friend, Tim Bell, hardware
 store in Coupeville, gone
 bankrupt!..on the road with gas
 stations and restaurants. Subject
 is dark!

ORLANDO

Peter still concentrating on his screen...

PETER
 Everyone! Yell real loud when you
 wake me up. Helps me remember my
 dreams. I put 'em in my phone.
 (missing phone)
 Dang it, yo. Thank you!

BLACK SCREEN

CREWMEMBER 4 (O.S.)
 Hey!!!

EXT. CLARION HOTEL, ORLANDO - DAY

PETER and Crew load a black-windowed WHITE VAN with trunk
 rollways...

INT. PETER'S WHITE VAN - DAY

Getting check-listed in the open trunk: Surveillance and
 Camera equipment...

TMX INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
 On TMX with Jack Webb czar of real,
 who's giving us just the facts,
 ma'am, just the facts; "Dragnet".
 You know, Jack Webb supposedly
 had...

JACK (V.O.)
 Supposedly had what? Thirty years
 ago they don't know who you're
 talking about. Wow.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN EXPRESS, SEATTLE - DAY

SARA and Crew load a same type black-windowed WHITE VAN with
 trunk rollways. One trunk slips and cracks open, spilling
 out SMOKE DETECTORS, PHONE CHARGERS, TOYS.

INT. PETER'S VAN - ORLANDO AREA - DAY

PETER driving and glancing at SHOT LIST tacked to the dash:

Reference	Sequence No.	Scene No.	Shot No.	Location
Carter-Joy	X	X	X	House

BACK OF THE VAN: CREW ON LAPTOPS study Spectre/Lemon
Investigators PHOTOS: Carter-Joy house floorplan: Living Room
- Kitchen - Child's bedroom - Green Hills Police Station
interior - Police Cruiser interior...

TMX INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
Fifty billion dollars? What!? My
mind can't...

JACK (V.O.)
We know it can't. In fact...Dana!

INT. TMX PODCAST STUDIO

An INTERVIEWER, 30s, hungry, Jack, with Dana sitting behind
him, in front of mics with headphones on.

DANA
Yes, sir?

JACK
We've been doing these interviews
couple months now, I'm ancient, I
forget, this a podcast?

DANA
(into Jack's mic)
Pope American?

JACK
(to Interviewer)
Okay, Interviewer, America wants to
know why you think they're dumb as
shit.

INT. SARA'S VAN - SEATTLE AREA - DAY

SARA driving, glancing at dashboard PHOTO SHEET: Kusek green-
shuttered SUBURBAN HOME - Wear-proof BLACK LEATHER COUCH -
Shelves of SPORTS TROPHIES - Breakfront with GLASS FIGURINES -
1986 PORSCHE...

SARA
(yelling back)
I'll phone-charger the house while
they're at the funeral! You can get
me into that Porsche?

CREWMEMBER (O.S.)
Yeah boss!

INT. TMX PODCAST STUDIO

Jack makes sure he leans into the mic...

JACK
Film makers, even "reality" film
makers like me, know that most
humans "got it" after seeing their
first movies: Stories on a big
piece of vinyl, or piece of plastic
in our hands now, that show
incidents that happened or could
happen to anyone, that trigger
instinctive emotions. Some people
living today, have been watching
their happy, sad, exhilarating
life, projected on an unnatural
surface for over a hundred years.
(at Interviewer)
Who do you *think* you're talking to?

EXT. KUSEK HOUSE - GIG HARBOR, WA - DAY

Misty rain patters down on the green-shuttered house. Two
DARK-DRESSED WOMEN with casserole dishes, hustle for the open
front door. A quarter million dollar 1986 PORSCHE is parked
in front of the house.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Sara looks down at her laptop at HERSELF - a tiny red CAMERA
EYE stares at her from inside the dash CD player.

She taps the laptop and there's DIFFERENT VIEWS of the car
interior where the cameras have been rigged: Right door, left
door, a back well holding the convertible top looks out at
the rear view.

Sara grabs up a BACKPACK, clocks the micro CAMERA rigged on
the rearview mirror - adjusts the plastic camouflage on it,
makes sure it points straight ahead...

JACK (V.O.)
 Sorry, brother. We've been hitting
 publicity real hard now instead of
 the fall for technical reasons.
 Strange, little stressful.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
 We got that.

JACK (V.O.)
 Now you're thinking.

INT. "BELL HARDWARE" STORE - COUPEVILLE, WA - DAY

SARA looks over gardening tools on a table. All Sales Final!
 banner strung up behind her. CUSTOMERS roam the empty aisles
 picking over dented paint cans, dusty ice-scrapers.

Owner TIM BELL, 40, big, blonde, T-shirt, is behind the check
 out counter looking at the MURAL painted on the wall beside
 him: His store and two other stores on a busy street circa
 1950.

Tim has a solid moment before he brings up the roller with
 white paint...

JANE (O.S.)
 No no no....

JANE, 40, his wife, charges down the aisle at him...

JANE (CONT'D)
 Let them do it!

Tim paints over the mural. Jane lands at him...

JANE (CONT'D)
 Tim!

TIM
 (rolling)
 "Dollar General" customers
 shouldn't have to worry what this
 is about.

JANE
 I'll get you a beer.

Jane passes SARA heading out the door - Through the store
 window, Sara power-walks to the waiting White Van, throws her
 BACKPACK to a crewmember...

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

LAPTOP: Phone charger view of Tim interrupted from his rolling by a CUSTOMER, 70s. He shakes the hand of the patron as Jane hands him a beer. The customer talks to Tim doing an I-remember-when-point around the empty store...

JACK (V.O.)

TMX? What's the X stand for? You know, I don't know how you guys do this. It's just ratting on people. I mean, I kind of do it, but not really, and the only reason I can look a family in the face is because I don't have one at this moment. You guys can be just *disgusting*.

EXT. CARTER-JOY HOUSE, GREEN HILLS, FL - DAY

PETER, in "Mott's! Tree Surgery" overalls, lays flat on the oak tree branch securing CAMOUFLAGE over a rectangle of camera pointing at a picture window.

A police cruiser pulls into the driveway below Peter. SGT. CARTER-JOY (Lee) gets out.

LEE

Hey. Ah, this is my house and I didn't...

Peter swings down, expertly.

PETER

Nope. This is a neighborhood thing. You have blight starting about three houses down and we're checking all the oaks for it...

He nods to his Crew by the van loading BACKPACKS and a couple of pails marked "Motts!", holding long-nozzle sprayers.

PETER (CONT'D)

You have Mr. Louden, I think he's number sixty-two on this street, to thank for the spraying.

Lee almost sniffs air over rat smell...

LEE

Don't know Mr.Louden.

She glances down at Peter's alligator boots the same time he's checking out three stripes on her sleeve...

INT. CARTER-JOY HOUSE - EARLIER THAT DAY - CONTINUOUS

PETER puts a framed WEDDING PHOTO of Lee and Ron back on a shelf, a MICRO CAMERA on its frame now. He brings up a walkie-talkie, moves through the house spotting SMOKE DETECTORS, PHONE CHARGERS in outlets, toy ACTION FIGURES...

INT. WHITE VAN

A Crewmember plucks items from the open trunk filled with tagged smoke detectors, wall chargers, and toys...

PETER
(over walkie-talkie)
Sanyo Detector, Apple 12 charger,
two of those. We got Spiderman,
Mufasa...

GETTING OUT OF THE VAN

The Crewmember walks towards the house with his Mott's! bucket filled with devices and toys and tree sprayers.

IN THE CARTER-JOY HOUSE

A BLUR OF ACTION as smoke detectors on ceilings and phone chargers in wall outlets are switched out. A handful of ACTION FIGURES, a stuffed MUFASA DOLL, replaced on a shelf with identical toys. There's a glint in a Mufasa eye.

A LAPTOP on the floor shows Mufasa VIEW...a tap on the keyboard and views of all the house rooms flash by.

BACK TO SCENE

Peter salutes Lee off and heads for the van. Lee watches him twirling his long hair and knotting it into a man bun...

LEE
Hold up!

Peter turns back...

LEE (CONT'D)
Your name Lintaro?

PETER

- Yep.

Lee claps and spins...

LEE

You made it to Vegas on "Ninja",
man! I love you!

Peter wilts. Lee rushes her cruiser.

LEE (CONT'D)

Wait, wait, I need a picture! I
love you!

Peter finally looks at his crew - tantruming, CM4 double-birding him.

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)

Jack Webb reaming us like psyllium
fiber! Widened our podcast
butthole.

JACK (V.O.)

You stopped thinking.
("Like a Virgin" ring
tone)
Please answer that.

EXT/INT. WHITE VAN, GIG HARBOR, MACDONALD'S PARKING LOT - DAY

SARA and Crewmember 2 eating lunch in the van. Sara spots
something across the street and taps Crewmember 2 - he grabs
up a CAMERA and starts filming

MICHAEL KUSEK, in a dark suit, about to get into his Porsche
on the opposite side of the street in front of a FUNERAL HOME
- a SPEEDING-BY CAR suddenly wings Michael, he goes down flat
Sara, gasping, starts to get out. Crewmember 2 grabs her arm,
stopping her. He continues filming Michael...

JACK (V.O.)

It's a competition.

INT. TMX PODCAST STUDIO

Jack and the Interviewer with headphones.

TMX INTERVIEWER

Competing is your thing. So, this
fifty billion dollar competition is
happening in October?

JACK

Around there. Yeah, it's actually more than a reality competition. Two people in a couple of little films. Good stories. About life, how could it not be? We'll do flashbacks of these people, reenactments, even plausible childhood flash...

TMX INTERVIEWER

(interrupting)

So you're...

Jack shuts him up pointing a finger and shaking his head. The Interviewer pissed, he's had it...

JACK

We'll do flashbacks with music. Music all over. There'll be things to look at. Simple stories. These are real people. People will get to vote on people. There'll be winners.

INTERVIEWER

Of fifty billion dollars?

JACK

Probably more.

The Interviewer's mouth drops open a little. Jack smiles...

JACK (CONT'D)

(into mic)

He did a jaw-drop. Like a cartoon. Can you make your eyes bug out on springs? Try it. Come on. Ok don't.

TMX INTERVIEWER

I made you smile - Let me level up. The world has ingested Webb Productions for longer than I've been alive. It true this is your personal last season, Jack?

Jack deadeyes the Interviewer - taps the tip of his own nose - too "on the nose." He wags a finger at him and flips off his headphones in one move. Jack and Dana leave...

TMX INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)

Uh, think next time we'll be hearing from Jack will be - never. Ha!

(MORE)

TMX INTERVIEWER (CONT'D)
 No, nice guy actually looking well.
 So, in the fall be looking for a
 one night only prime time,
 streaming and broadcast of a Webb
 competition worth over fifty
 billion dollars to ya!

BLACK SCREEN

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BLACK SCREEN

"Ave Maria" Schubert (piano)

PLAUSIBLE CHILDHOOD FLASHBACK - TEXTING across the screen

PHOTO: Two white boys, 12, in cut-offs and T-shirts, leaning against each other (recognized as the photo Mae highlighted on the META page) begins it's DISSOLVE to...

INT./EXT. KUSEK HOUSE 1996 - DAY

TWO twelve-year-old ACTORS portraying MICHAEL Kusek and TIM Bell, playing poker on a sunny Saturday afternoon with all curtains drawn so no sun will glare the picture on the console TV showing "Scream". Its Blockbuster case on the new and durable black leather couch. TWIN ACTORS, 12, play bully FRANK and stutterer JIMMY, also playing poker.

Michael throws down his hand: Four Aces! Tim shakes his head; what else is new? Jimmy pauses catching up. His eyes blink spastically as he tries saying an "M" word (MOS).

Frank glares at Jimmy, hating this twin of himself. He pushes his brother and Jimmy jumps back on him hard, already triggered by life.

They roll around on the rug - banging into the glass breakfront - a figurine of a GIRL ON A SWING totters, shatters when it falls over.

Jimmy stares at it, stricken. A woman's slender legs in Bermuda shorts pass by him. Her hand trembles as it opens the breakfront door.

Michael whirls his hand around at his friends - get out of here. The three boys fall over each other getting out. Michael watches his mother, feeling every moment with her...

Michael moves quiet through the kitchen picking up a bag of corn husks. He bangs open a screen door and he's out on a porch, hooking the bag of husks into a trash can twenty feet away. He jumps off the porch and grabs up a baseball bat in one action.

Jimmy, tears in his eyes, lays at the base of a tree exterminating ants with his thumb. He winces...then another crabapple pings off his leg.

Michael throws up a crabapple WHACK! it speeds to smack Jimmy hard in the arm as he tries to stand and

Tim is watching outraged and runs at

Michael smiling now as he WHACKS! another one out and it smashes into Jimmy's chest and that's it. Jimmy picks up an apple and rears back and without a thought but rage he throws...the perfect pitch.

Michael sees it coming and pulls back and lets go a swing to match a perfect pitch WHACK! and the apple streaks up towards the bluest sky and doesn't stop.

JIMMY spins to Michael, beaming wildly. MICHAEL beams back.

Frank comes over high-fiving his brother and Michael, still smiling, jogs towards a dark, dark woods...

BLACK SCREEN

CARD: Yesterday Always Becomes Today

"Ave Maria" continuing...

MICHAEL is spun around in his dark suit and hits the pavement flat from the passing car - A ZOOM to his face rising from the road with bloody forehead. A ZOOM OUT reveals the stopped cars and PEOPLE running to help Michael...

JACK (O.S.)

Excuse me.

The screen and music FREEZE...

JACK on the screen - a slight glow up like his avatar, smiling at the camera:

JACK (CONT'D)
 My name is Jack. Even if you mind, I'm here and you're stuck. Robots and AI can't do what you're about to see. No, they can't now and never will be able to. You know why. Believe that until you die, it's a *fact*. They can be made by us to be Nostradamus and Kreskin, you can look up either of those names in any encyclopedia tonight, but no, "Robbie the Robot", there's another name, will never, ever, ever, have the innate bandwidth for this...I want to go along with you here if I could. I'll be over there and, uh, you know, I can give, maybe, information or, um, comment that could help you, or, not help but...I don't know, I'm staying.

Jack points at the screen and it UNFREEZES with PEOPLE running towards Michael on the ground...

JACK (CONT'D)
 On the way to his mother's house...

"Ave Maria" continues...

EXT. KUSEK HOUSE - DAY

Handheld(HH)of Michael's Porsche and other cars parked in front of the green-shuttered home.

INT. KUSEK RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

HH of a FLAT SCREEN over the mantle with a baseball game. Moving down with "Ave Maria" to a livingroom of MOURNERS talking (MOS), holding plastic plates of food.

Phone Charger view: SARA, easily lost in this crowded room, continues her slow pan with handheld camera of Donna Kusek's friends and relatives, a wall dedicated to sports trophies, and now turning to film

MICHAEL, in his dark suit, bandage on his forehead, sitting on the durable black leather couch. He downs his drink, sloppy. Wipes the overage off his face so his hand slips on the leather arm as he gets up.

Following Michael making his way through people staring at him. He nods at a couple of faces he remembers, lands at the table with alcohol next to the old Breakfront. A slow ZOOM to Michael's teary eyes that shift to

INSERT SHOT: A "Girl on Swing" figurine on a breakfront shelf.

JACK
Thank you for watching.

BLACK SCREEN

"Sympathy for the Devil" The Rolling Stones

INT. 1986 RIGGED PORSCHE - MOVING - DAY

MICHAEL slams in a gear, side camera view of him bucks. Stubbled with Ray-Bans, bandage still there, in dress shirt from funeral, he must be glaring looking straight ahead...

A highway sign coming up: COUPEVILLE/LANDON Exit 525N...

Michael is suddenly braking, pulling over. BILLOWING STEAM all around. He jumps out the door and a flash of WHITE speeds past him. Windshield view shows the brakes blink on the WHITE VAN swerving into a dirt road.

Michael looking down WTF at steam rising from the rear engine...

MICHAEL
BEEP!

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

HH follows Michael with water bottle trudging past lush ferns and towering redwoods. He throws down the bottle into a black pond, watches it sink. Looks around and up at the trees, SWAYING. Wind moves over his face and his eyes close in some pain - CRACK!

A watery BLACK EYE stares

Michael and giant ELK eye to eye, ten feet apart across the pond. The elk's chest heaves. Michael's chest heaves. The elk suddenly leaps, its passing body SLAMS Michael to the ground - who just lays there.

JACK (O.S.)
Ha! Don't expect Morgan Freeman
here, got enough drama. Ok, second
time he's on the ground today, just
buried his mother. Up and down,
here we go.

Michael wincing, rolls up to an elbow - Sits up.

INT. PARKED RIGGED PORSCHE - DAY

"Walk a Mile In My Shoes" Big Daddy Wilson plays from the CD
player. An open BACKPACK on the floor holds worn CD cases,
silver 9mm HANDGUN...

MICHAEL finishes reading notes on a case - he zips it out
over a cliff edge.

A COMMERCIAL PICK-UP TRUCK races up the hill below, jerks in
under shade trees. The driver gets out, plods up towards the
Porsche. The WHITE VAN pulls in behind the pick-up.

The pick-up driver, HANK STAPLES, 60s, bald, neck tattoo,
mumbling to himself coming up the hill...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No earbud, talking to himself. In
your face tattoo, pissed about his
hair. He dinks me passing on the
sidewalk, I keep walking.

HACKED VIDEOS: Hank as STUNT MAN crashes out a window: "Last
One!" etching across it - HANK playing guitar surrounded by
kids in "Boys and Girls Club" tees.

HANK
Two hundred one and two. Needed to
get in uphill steps. Not touching
that car.

MICHAEL
Why?

Hank lands at the car, nods at the music. Michael not turning
it off. Hank pulls out his phone, scrolls. Michael turns off
music.

HANK
Because you gave me the VIN number.
Not touching this thing in open
air. Got a flatbed coming. From
what you told me it's probably just
a hose. Let's go wait in my truck.

MICHAEL
I'll stay here.

Hank walks away, pointing at the sun, shaking his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Asshole.

INT. HANK'S RIGGED TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

OUT THE WINDSHIELD the FLATBED with the Porsche is five lengths ahead of the truck. "Adele" sings a story in the cab as Hank drives, Michael looks dully out his window.

FLY DRONE POV up and down Michael's leg - droning over to Hank's head. Hank swats at his head as the WHITE VAN whizzes by his window, pulls in front of the pick-up.

FLY POV looking from the dashboard at

HANK
You wanna get some lunch while you wait for your car?

Michael can barely shake his head. Hank observes that, thoughtfully - for too long and he's driving downhill.

HANK (CONT'D)
Well, I need a beer and you can charge your phone, whatever. Your car should take five minutes when I get it in my shop. You'll like this place. You can look at the ocean. Lot of TVs. "Forged in Steel" is on. Grab this, huh?

Michael turns and Hank is halfway out his window...

WHITE VAN FILMING: Hank sitting in his truck window waving at someone...

HANK (CONT'D)
Move it, fatties! Gluters!

POV ANOTHER VAN WINDOW: The CROWD at a roadside farmer's market shifting to look at the BLUE-HAIRED WOMAN, 30s, behind a table waving at Hank.

Michael pulls Hank in while he steers...

MICHAEL
Come here, come - you BLEEP!

HANK
 (taking the wheel)
 Drivin'!

Michael is shaking, pulling away. He shoves himself against his door. Hank observes that for too long - grabs his wallet off the dash, checks inside...

HANK (CONT'D)
 My sister's daughter is a thief.
 You spare a couple of condoms?

Michael unblinking in desperate stare out. Hank absorbs that. He eyes Michael's backpack.

JACK (O.S.)
 Abandoned-package-at-airport,
 Season 50. Poor backpack.

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. "VIEWS" RESTAURANT/BAR - DAY

Handheld PAN of the crashing Pacific that continues to an establishing shot of the chic but earthy restaurant with its chalk board sign: Game time 7PM.

JACK (O.S.)
 This next scene happened like seven minutes before the big arrival. I have an amazing crew that really didn't show up in this place.

INT. "VIEWS" - SEVEN MINUTES AGO

HH of SARA in the bar area pointing back to her Crew holding cameras as she explains something to a bearded short man, SAM FORLIVIO, 40s...

HACKED VIDEOS: SAM waving protest sign: "ARMED with a MIND!" - SAM holding up his NEWBORN.

SARA points at the HH camera filming: Will this be OK? Sam shakes his head nope. Sara points at Crewmember 2 who walks at Sam with a piece of paper, inch of hundreds...

JACK (O.S.)
 That's ok. Crew rigged the place too fast here. They did say it has excellent guacamole.
 (MORE)

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's called "Views" on Route 25.
How's that, Sam?

INT. RIGGED "VIEWS" RESTAURANT - DAY

HH of HANK and MICHAEL walking into the bar area. Hank sits at the bar, handing over a phone and charger to the bartender, STEVE...a ZOOM to Hank

HANK
Charge that up for this guy, Steve.

Michael heads for the restroom hallway passing Sam who recognizes Michael. Sam crumples, aw shit.

RESTROOM HALLWAY

A FISH-EYE CAMERA VIEW down at Michael in front of a payphone, staring at it. A WOMAN, 50, passes him...

MICHAEL
Excuse me. Can this work without money? My phone is dead and...

WOMAN
Without money? Yeah, I think you can, but...wait, I have quarters.

"VIEW" AREA

PAN of the room with its floor to ceiling windows showing the crashing ocean. PEOPLE at pub tables, just watching it. The pan slows as it moves to the bar area where THREE FLAT SCREENS show sports. Sam puts a beer in front of Hank while looking for cameras...ZOOM to Sam:

SAM
(sotto)
They're filming the guy you came in with for a TV show. This whole place, right now. Hidden cameras or, I actually can see them so...Shouldn't have let them do it. Privacy rights. Well, we *had* them. Had to sign something. Shouldn't be talking to you. Maybe I can get that paper back. Then they'll sue me - Shit. No, I can't be jury duty *instigator*. They must get death threats.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

They're the person who gets sued
then the other party takes it back
the night before. And you already
freaked people at work!

HANK

You switched sides.

SAM

You're *shaking* calling that night
before to see

HANK

Who is this guy, Sam?

SAM

Mike Kusek.

JACK (O.S.)

"Search" available around Manitoba
and territory of Nunavut. Noonavut.

HANK

(shrug don't know him)
Must play with balls for money.

SAM

(shading mouth)
Shattered his leg running into a
wall in a dumb-ass All Star game.
He's out of the show and then did
sports management. Billionaire.

HANK

(looking for cameras)
Lots of those around these days.
Could be one in your bathroom
hanging by his belt from a doorknob
(finishing beer)
Put this on my tab, Sam, give a
double of Chivas to your friend.
I'll bring his car around half
hour.

Hank heads out thinking twice and he's suddenly waving
pointing fingers at unseen cameras...

HANK (CONT'D)

He's NOT WELL! Attention!
Attention! Don't make him Elvis,
Michael Jackson! Winehouse! Ledger!

RESTROOM HALLWAY

MICHAEL

(into phone)

It's that BEEP fixing my car, I
don't know.

(continuing)

You know, really Tim, I remember
like '95 or '96, when both of us...

HACKED PHOTO: Michael, 12, bent in a jack-knife dive

JACK comes out looking at the still photo...

JACK

That's a real photo of Mike Kusek.
1997. "Game Boy Play it Loud!" that
was it. Did you know the global
gaming market, including mobile,
made almost a trillion last year?
And that future watchers of this
will probably just snort and giggle
over that quaint figure instead of
blinking more?

FAKE FLASHBACK texts across...

TWO PAIRS of twelve-year-old bare feet run a dirt path...the
cliff edge coming up fast...Tim leaps off joyous cannonball.
Michael a perfect bent jack-knife. Both boys plunge downward
into a swirling BLACK ABYSS.

INT. RIGGED "BELL" HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Phone Charger: "All Sales Final" banner on the floor. Tim and
Jane pack a huge last box. Tim yells back at his cellphone on
a shelf...

TIM

Hey Mike, I'll bring some ice cream
over, give it to the night nurse
for you.

(singing)

Memories like the...BEEP IT!

INTERCUT - ON PHONE

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Love mint chocolate chip, it's my
toothpaste. I'll pick some up.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Five twenty-five is still the best way up there, right? Been a while.

Tim and Jane exchange a look. Tim wags his head, helpless - and looks straight at us - the camera. He gestures to Jane what's that?

JANE

(looking)

Phone charger. I'll check for them before we leave.

Tim waves a hand - quiet! He grabs up his cell.

MICHAEL

Uh-oh. Hi Jane. Where you leaving to after not coming down for the funeral?

TIM

Yeah, yeah, but...I was gonna tell you...The reason we didn't come down is still around, right? Jane can't shake her actual third round of Covid, and you haven't had it, and...

MICHAEL

I don't care.

Michael puts a shaky hand against a wall, waiting.

Tim on some verge looking around his empty store.

TIM

Not good here, Mike.

MICHAEL

-Yeah. You need anything?

TIM (CONT'D)

No more. Not from you. Have people in front of me right now, have to go. I'm sorry after your mother today you're driving around alone, Mike. I'll call you when Jane's better. Bye.

Tim punches off, slumps hard against the wet paint wall.

Michael, gut-punched.

BAR AREA

HH moves with Michael coming out the restroom hallway. His limp can be seen. Michael recognizes fan zeal on Sam behind the bar, crosses to one of the "view" tables. He sits, staring down.

A cellphone, its charger and a "double" slide onto Michael's table. FOUR MESSAGES on the phone...

SAM
(looking for cameras)
That's the same person calling.
Usually.

MICHAEL
Use to be you couldn't take route
380 in the summer because of
landslide damage. Know if it's
open?

SAM
Oh yeah, don't go that way. People
ask here I tell them get GPS
without it. Potholes. Sink-hole
big.

Sam decides cameras are out vaping. He leans over to Michael and there's a ZOOM IN...

SAM (CONT'D)
I'm fine I own this place you're
being filmed. I let them but

STEVE (O.S.)
Sam! Jefferson still lives?

Sam spins to Steve holding up the bar phone...

STEVE (CONT'D)
Police want to talk to you. They
have Jess.

Sam blasts between tables.

SAM
Labor on pavement!
(back at Michael)
I told you, right? Don't any of you
sue me, waste of time, *unfair!*

UNFAIR YOUTUBE VIDEOS:

> SAD GOLDEN RETRIEVER with muffling headphones next to two HOWLING HUSKIES...

> IN A CAR driving at night and a DEER suddenly dashes in front of the car and the driver mutters and keeps going and then the same DEER dashes in front going the other way...

DRIVER (O.S.)
Are you kidding?

The Video ends. ANOTHER SCREEN pops in with rows and rows of funny dog and cat videos to choose from:

JACK (O.S.)
My parent's had a dog called
Buttons, little black and white
mix, who would smile when you said
"Smile, Buttons". How'd he know
what a smile was? He was so smart.
So I asked him: Do you know you're
going to die? He said "Nope".

BACK TO:

MICHAEL spots Sara with camera behind a ficus. He gets up quick, heads out past the bar...

MICHAEL
(at Steve)
Where's my car?

STEVE
At Hank's. Left, and then about

Michael flees for the door. DESPERATION in his eyes...

FILM CLIP: Charles Laughton as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
swings onto a church gargoyle...

HUNCHBACK
Sanctuary!

JACK (O.S.)
Charles Laughton. Master.

INT. RIGGED PORSCHE - ROUTE 380 - DAY

AHEAD 70mph...

Michael pounds in a gear. Shoots a look down at phone
MESSAGES:

I'm sorry? - Where R U? - Hey! - See ya

HACKED PHOTO: GRIM MICHAEL and a smiling dark-haired woman,
30s, horseback riding...

BLACK SCREEN

FAKE OR REENACTMENT?

"In The Shallows" Lady Gaga

INT/EXT. A LOG MANSION - DAY

From behind, a dark-haired woman throws a duffle on a bed - Her hand plucks a robe off a bathroom hook - pulls a toothbrush from a bathroom drawer - swats up a throw from a couch - Outside, she's a blur throwing the duffle into a Ferrari, getting in REVVING HIGH, starting to pull out and stopping. The duffle is yanked from the Ferrari - thrown into the next door 2018 Jeep. She revs it a little...

JACK (O.S.)
She was *thinking*. The whole time
without knowing what's going on
with this person. Never too simple.
Going to make my phone ring, or
tone, whatever, be a Ferrari
revving. That *sound*. Incredible.

BACK TO

INT. RIGGED PORSCHE - RT 380 - DAY

("In the Shallows" pounding...)

POTHOLE ahead. MICHAEL yanks the wheel at 60mph and he's straight down an exit ramp - the turn right is coming and taking it and now blasting down a road through DAPPLED LIGHT the car ROARING. A left ahead to a dirt road and taking it, the car SCREECHING on pavement and then hitting MUFFLED dirt, SPEEDING ahead and it's dark from all the trees...

MICHAEL YANKS the wheel and all around him the world is SPINNING and then it all STOPS...Oz

Michael's head slams back against the headrest, looking up.
BACK CAMERA VIEW of the White Van pulling onto the dirt road
passing a parked RED SUV.

Michael breathing hard - RINGING

VOICE (V.O.)
Good afternoon, Pratt and Skinner.

MICHAEL
Need Jerry.

VOICE (V.O.)
Mr.Kusek? Hi! Mr. Skinner is...

MICHAEL
I need to...I need a new
executor...my will.
(in pain)
He wouldn't even...

From the woods:

WOMAN (O.S.)
STOP IT! Oh please, God, stop!

Michael doesn't blink...

MICHAEL
I can't keep doing this...up and
down always trying to be...

WOMAN (O.S.)
BEEP you! STOP!

Michael ROARS at the sky...

BLACK SCREEN

"In the Hall of the Mountain King" Grieg (eerie classical)

EXT. POND - DAY

HH of MICHAEL standing on a fern mound overlooking a dark-
haired woman in jeans and T-shirt, 30s, at a pond edge,
throwing rocks at TWO BOYS, 5, on the other side. They're
sweaty from their brown, long-sleeved Seattle Sea Wolves
Rugby shirts and matching brown pants. One bends over and
moons the woman...

A ZOOM to natural beauty BETH MCKENNA

BETH
Rugby?! Where you from, dude?!

A TEXT from Jack types out along the bottom of the screen.

No humans were harmed at this location

A PULL BACK on Beth as she grabs up a rock and throws - it BONKS off the head of a rotting CAROUSEL TIGER. Half-submerged wooden CAROUSEL ANIMALS dot the pond: A yellow water snake glides through the eye of a GOAT - a fistful of waterbugs churn in gaping mouth of ZEBRA...

Michael watching all of it, mesmerized...

MICHAEL
Hey.

Beth spins to him - he looks ok, dress shirt, stubbled.

BETH
I need a frog and these two are,
ah, I don't know what's wrong with
them and...

MICHAEL
What are those brown shirts and
pants?

BETH
Rugby youth.

A RAVEN pecks at leeches in a Hippo ear.

MICHAEL
Get away from this.

A pinecone whizzes past Beth's head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(at boys)
Hey!

MUSIC more frantic...

One Boy with a stick is the batter, the other one throws him a huge pinecone WHACK - it pings off Michael's leg - come on.

Beth has one foot on shore and the other on a rock four feet away - a BULLFROG on the next rock.

Michael slips, hustling down the slope, grabs Beth's back-stretched hand...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I'll let you go, you pull me in.
Get your other foot on the rock.

Michael rocks Beth to the rock, she lands crouching down hand out reaching for the frog WHACK! A pinecone knocks it into black sludge.

MUSIC much more frantic...

Michael scrambles back for a stick, scrambles for pinecones, he can't throw them up fast enough WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! Pinecones miss five-year-old faces by inches...

BETH
Stop!

MICHAEL
I won't hit them. Rugby!

WHACK! Boys on the run and Michael throws up the last pinecone WHACK!

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This'll hit.

The pinecone streaks across the pond and dinks off a fleeing backpack...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(angry at Beth)
What were they doing out here alone? Dressed like that? What's in those backpacks?

"Basic Instinct" theme (sensuous, weird)

BETH on the rock looking sensuous, weird.

BETH
Pamphlets?

She smiles, strangely.

JACK (O.S.)
Sharon's music, but that's Glenn.
Actors who played sociopaths in movies, future watchers. 20th century.

BETH
Help me?

Beth holds out her hand. Michael stretches out to take it..."The Bodyguard" Whitney Houston belting out *"I will always love you..."* as

A giant SNAPPING TURTLE launches up onto Beth's rock. She lets go Michael's hand, flopping into the pond. Michael rushes in, slogging through water, punching the turtle out of range. Beth pops up. Michael swings her up onto him and sloses back to shore.

Michael releases Beth, looking down at waist-high mud...

MICHAEL

BEEP me!

Beth flapping her arms to fling off slimy mud...

BETH

Different kind of underwater.

Michael kicks out, flipping off muddy shoes. Beth, her hair a mud helmet, puts her arm under a fern frond, pushes it down gently to clean off muck. She watches Michael sinking in mud on shoe search.

BETH (CONT'D)

Take your socks off, or...

She trudges to him, head down, can't laugh.

JACK (O.S.)

Q-tips. That was her red car on the road, we ran the plate. See you at Beth McKenna's house. To "search" that, or any other name tonight, Dial 1 800 GRETSKY. Operators are standing by.

FADE TO BLACK a quiet "I Will Always Love You" continuing...

HACKED VIDEO: Pink clouds above a lake behind Beth and smiling, dark-haired JEFF MCKENNA, 30s, dancing at their sunset wedding - **SELFIE:** Beaming Beth and Jeff with tool-belts in front of a half-built log cabin **PHOTO:** Beth smiling with her team at her Greenhouse job...MUSIC fading to quiet end.

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - DUSK

HH of a LOG CABIN with the Porsche and red Bronco in its driveway. SARA and backpack swing down from a tree opposite the front door.

INT. BETH'S RIGGED LOG CABIN - DUSK

Fish-eye view: Beth's hair wet from a shower, in different clothes. Michael in jeans now, same dress shirt, sitting on a wood-framed couch by a Duraflame fire.

Phone charger: Sunset light floods in through windows that look out onto a large deck and pine-rimmed lake. The wood furniture in the room DIY rough. Framed PHOTOS of family and friends on a table near the couch, within reach. A WASHING MACHINE washing somewhere.

Beth brings up her wine, continuing...

BETH

We were busy at that pond or I would have got it before I let you in to take off your pants. Suit pants. Which should never be in a washing machine. You drink fast.

She smiles - ok in her skin now, but "Thank you I'll be fine" could be tattooed somewhere on it. Michael's had four of the drink he's holding:

MICHAEL

Kusek. Mike Kusek. You know, ah, you said you had to get a frog...why...you didn't get one.

BETH

Do it tomorrow. It was for my nephew. His class got a terrarium, so my sister got him one. He can't stand touching frogs and we use to catch them when we were kids, so my sister thought I could...

MICHAEL

Get diseased? Bad sister. He can't touch a frog...wow that pond.

BETH

Jeff thought it might be from hell.

They both smile. Michael from vodka.

BETH (CONT'D)

Mike Kusek? You from around here?

MICHAEL

Yes...and no you probably know the name from a guy on a TV show called that.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Michael Kusek - in the nineteen
eighties I've been told many times.
My stupid parents.

He reaches for the vodka. Beth is up, crossing to bookshelves

BETH

Drink, but then you're sleeping
here. Got lots of room.

Michael surveys the living room...

MICHAEL

Those chairs. This...couch. You
could get splinters.

BETH

(searching shelf)
My husband made everything. Needed
to vent after finishing his
doctorate. He died. Doornail.

Michael lolls her a look. Beth cringing over the word,
pulling a book from a shelf.

BETH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Michael with big shrug, smiling. Beth sits next to him with a
YEARBOOK...

BETH (CONT'D)

(flipping pages)
You're all over my yearbook, my
freshman year. I went to Interlake.
We killed Chelsea when you finally
left. That's you...

Michael squints at photos, drinking. Beth flips pages
pointing "That's you" "That's you"..."

BETH (CONT'D)

Oh, look at this! I was a
cheerleader and I'm right next to
you. Did

Michael SLAPS the book and it flips into the fire. That
surprises even him. He tries to get up and falls back. Beth
pulls the book out of the fire...

BETH (CONT'D)

Vodka likes to scream...Why am I
thinking of Afghanistan with your
name? You a veteran?

MICHAEL
We don't have to talk, you know?

BETH
Fine. Want to eat? Just have
leftovers. Chicken, chili...

MICHAEL
Why do you still make so much food?

Beth watches his fifth drink go down...

BETH
I'll see how your pants are doing.
Ugh, don't even want to look.

MICHAEL
- You love pants...Oh, you want me
out? Can you get my pants?

BETH
No, you're here tonight. I have...
(remembering)
Oh oh! You sent a plane to
Afghanistan to help get out the
troops. During the pandemic?
Sports. Are you...

MICHAEL
Only talk to people that do better
than me...they understand.

Beth grins, pulls out her phone: No messages. She gives up,
flops in a chair facing Michael.

BETH
Tell me about owning a 747. How you
got to that. A second cousin in
Seattle bought one share of
Berkshire Hathaway, I'll understand

MICHAEL
What?...Wiseass.

BETH
No one better coming.

Michael looks at her, drunk jealous of peaceful face.

MICHAEL
- Remember about vodka.

JACK comes out, flips open a folding chair. He sits, nodding
at the screen...that goes BLACK

"Somewhere Over the Rainbow" Judy Garland

MONTAGE OF HACKED PHOTOS AND VIDEOS

- > Michael in Seattle Mariner's uniform running the bases
- > Smashing full force into a stadium wall
- > His shattered leg in mechanical traction
- > Michael in a wheelchair, smiling, with a stunning dark-haired woman on his lap.
- > Michael in tuxedo dancing with that dark-haired woman as his bride and Tim and Jane are there
- > Michael shaking hands with an NFL player in uniform
- > Smiling with his stable of athletes behind him
- > His smiling bald wife in a hospital bed
- > Reach! written on a 747
- > Aspen log mansion and exotic cars
- > His 747 in Afghanistan evacuating troops
- > At events with different dark-haired women
- > The open backpack with the silvery 9mm

The picture FREEZES. MUSIC continues. JACK stands.

JACK

To be fair, we included images of his wife, Kate. She has sadly died. We've shown you the Smith and Wesson. He didn't mention any of that now to Beth. If he had alluded to, even on this suicidal drunk, those two incredible realities, life-blasting mess doesn't happen.

Judy Garland is another shame on us. Yes, she is. All of them.

MUSIC and Jack, out

MICHAEL drains his glass with Beth watching:

MICHAEL

You like living in a log cabin? It feels healthy, right? You're in the woods...bet you have...cactuses in

BETH

What do you do to stop yourself from drinking, or doing anything that makes you die faster?

MICHAEL

-Need my pants.

BETH

You should remember. You support a lot of people that absolutely like their life or their family more than you. They'd hate that you'd personally die, but they're not stopping income to save you. It's horrific and makes sense, right?

MICHAEL

Doornail.

BETH

Come on, you really will get splinters if you sleep there.

Beth goes to help up Michael, he grabs her arm...

MICHAEL

No! I will pay you for the vodka just...I'll sleep on this here.

Beth shrugging, heads for the deck outside.

Michael blinks to focus - watches Beth through windows, pick up a BRANCH and throw it off the deck...

HACKED CELL PHONE VIDEO: Michael, Kate and Jane, toss branches out of Kate's Aspen garden after a windstorm...

TIM(O.S.)

(recording)

Mark Cuban lite! Girls are beating you, do something!

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Need publicity, Home Depot knocking?

TIM (O.S.)
Give me hot! A quintet of people
moving off HD to me, that'll kill
'em. Do something!

MICHAEL
Ok...

Kate is already laughing, running away. Michael chases her,
catches her and SPINS her up high...

KATE
Watch your leg!

Michael spins her down, grabbing into her dark hair. He bends
her over and kisses her...

BACK TO:

TREE CAMERA VIEW: Michael and drink coming out onto the torch-
lit deck. Beth at the rail repositioning plants. Consumer
SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS are on either side of the deck, red
lights blinking.

MICHAEL
I won't say I'm sorry because...not
done yet.

Beth snorts, checks a plant for bugs.

CRACK!

Michael looks over at the woods and the noise...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Why is your husband dead?

BETH
Why? Because he got pneumonia
during the pandemic and weren't
enough people around to take care
of him.

Michael wags his head - tough break.

BETH (CONT'D)
Yeah? - You know, you have money
because everybody like you has
money now. Not special. Even drunk.

MICHAEL
Had help.

BETH

Right. Face guy. The one out front
with everybody busting their ass
for you. You're living off your
help.

YEEOOWWWW! SCREECH from the woods

BETH freezes at the sound. Michael sees that, pushes her
towards the house.

INT. BETH'S RIGGED HOUSE - NIGHT

YEEOOWWWW! Michael and Beth coming in to just firelight.

MICHAEL

That is somethin' big.

BETH at a window looking out - no longer here

HACKED CELL PHONE VIDEO: A man's PALM holds a pair of
different size screws:

JEFF (O.S.)

Jong-Du Company, what's wrong with
this picture?

BETH (O.S.)

(laughing, recording)

"What's wrong with this picture"?
Nobody here knows what that means
now.

JEFF (O.S.)

They'll figure it out. Keep
filming, recording whatever, I'm
posting this. These are wrong size
again! It's not funny, really, it's
just annoying and...

BACK TO:

BETH looking out, lost...

BETH

We put cameras on the deck because
of that sound. They had the wrong
screws.

MANTLE PHOTO: Jeff and Beth a first Christmas.

Michael brings up his drink, looking at it. He looks over to
 Beth - her hand pushing back her DARK HAIR
 Michael watches that, transfixed...

POSTED VIDEOS

> KATE'S dark hair whirls around her laughing face as she's
 spun up by Michael...

> Kate, bald, in a wheelchair being pushed by Michael down a
 hospital hallway...

TEEN (O.S.)
 (recording Michael)
 This guy is supposed to be famous.
 Anybody know him out there?

> Industrial TIME STAMPED: Kate as a nurse attends
 unconscious Michael in severe traction. She bends up his good
 leg and leans her body against it, increasing blood flow.

> Kate's hair whirls around her laughing face looking down...

KATE
 Watch your leg!

BACK TO:

BETH turns and Michael is there...

MICHAEL
 (on some verge)
 I'll give you all my...money I'll
 give you...everything I'll...I need
 to...please...
 (crying)
 She helped me...I couldn't help...I
 need...

Michael turns and stumbles going for the front door...

BETH
 You can't drive! Hey!

Beth lunges after him, whacking her leg on a coffee table.

JACK walks on watching Michael PULLING wildly on the locked
 front door with Beth pulling and POUNDING at his back trying
 to stop him...JACK turns to his audience:

JACK
We have a Comment page online.
You'll have to wait.

MICKEY MOUSE explodes onto the screen behind him.

"Put a Ring on It" Beyoncé

JACK (CONT'D)
Welcome to Florida! Voting and
money is commencing after this next
tale. Same thing happening about
the camera obscure and the "search"
on your devices. Try going over the
other border, do Saltillo,
Aguascalientes. Enjoy the show!

MONTAGE OF HACKED PHOTOS AND VIDEOS WITH MUSIC

- > Photo of Lee Carter and her father beaming at her high school graduation
- > Training video of Lee in Marine fatigues slammed to a mat
- > Handheld of Lee standing armed guard at U.S. Embassy Libya
- > Video of Police Academy and Lee slams a body to a mat
- > Video of Lee marrying cool Ron Joy
- > Photo of smiling Lee, alone, with her just born son

END MONTAGE

MUSIC continues...

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

WHITE VAN HANDHELD of PETER swinging easily from BRANCH to BRANCH on Lee's tree as LEE films him with her phone...JACK watches from a corner of the screen:

JACK
Could have been in the Olympics but
he tested positive for how BEEPing
dumb is that.
(watching impressed)
That is amazing.

MUSIC continues...

INT. LEE'S RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

Phone Charger: PRESLEY CARTER, 60s, Lee's father, her son, KAI, 5, watch Peter swinging around outside...

PRESLEY

Don't ever do that. I mean it. I'll put little boards up there for you. Make a little house for you like your mom had in Daleston. Think I could still do it. Take my time.

Beyoncé fades to "Song Cry" Jay-Z

HACKED PHOTO: Lee Carter and Ron Joy, 9, in a TREEHOUSE dressed in 90's baggy washed-denims and T-shirts...

JACK (O.S.)

The following really happened; And I don't care who Beyoncé is married to, Jay-Z is the best producer of music alive today. 21st century.

REENACTMENT

MUSIC continues...

EXT. FRONT YARD LEE'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DUSK

Classic oak with a classic tree house painted purple.

INT. TREEHOUSE - DUSK

Nine-year-old actors portray LEE Carter and RON Joy playing "Battleship" - Lee knows to watch Ron closely because he cheats...

LEE

Ron! You can't *do that*.

RON

What?

LEE

You you...Put it back!

RON

What?

Lee pounds the floor, gets up.

LEE
Not playing.

Ron shrugs. Lee moves on too. She picks up a plastic horse and adjusts the saddle, puts it on a windowless sill. She looks out at the start of FIREWORKS in the distance POP! POP!

RON
Look at this.

Ron plucks a cigarette out of a pack.

RON (CONT'D)
They got left at our picnic. They were in the rain.

LEE
They won't work.

RON
Don't have a lighter.

LEE
We can crush 'em. Gimme them.

Lee takes the pack and crushes it into ball and she's smiling doing it...

LEE (CONT'D)
We can hit that ugly cat.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

They bounce out onto the deck surrounding the house, hang over a railing looking down...no cat. POP! POP! They look up at the fireworks exploding. In unison look at the FOUR LAWNS with chain link fences that separate them from the town park and July 4th.

RON
Why can't you go?

Lee slumps, destroyed.

LEE
China. He lost his job because of them and they make fireworks and

RON
I'm goin'

LEE
No!

Ron swings down and is off - running across the street. Lee has a moment she can't fight, swings down.

MUSIC continuing...

FIRST LAWN AND CHAIN LINK FENCE

RON and LEE grinning, running. The first fence is coming up and they hit it at the same time - four handfuls of links, they swing over the top.

SECOND LAWN

Both their FACES joyous and Ron pulls ahead. Lee lets him stay there for a moment and then hits a gear. Ron laughs and pumps harder - they bounce onto the fence.

THIRD LAWN

A ROTTWEILER turns to look at

RON and LEE running and laughing across his lawn. One child pulls ahead and then the other...

LEE SCREAMS and falls...

Lee's ankle in the ROTTWEILER'S MOUTH. The massive dog shakes his head, baring down...

LEE
OWWWWW! DADDY! DADDY!

A body SLAMS into the dog. RON jumps on the dog's neck, POUNDING down. LEE pulls her ankle out of its mouth.

Ron pushes off the dog but its jaw lashes out, CLAMPS down on Ron's arm twisting him down. It starts BITING at Ron's thigh, he's going for his neck and is YANKED back.

LEE PULLS on the dog's chain she looped around a tree.

RON SCRAMBLES to Lee. They look at the Dog and it's suspended animation as both species figure distance and speed. Everyone RUNS at once and the humans reach the sidewalk as the chain YANKS back the Dog.

Lee and Ron look at each other, look down at themselves - they don't feel too hurt.

RON
Goin' home.

LEE
I'll keep "Battleship" tonight. See
ya.

They head for their houses. LEE turns and watches Ron as she walks backwards. She smiles...

MUSIC fades

INT. CARTER-JOY RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

Phone-charger: LEE comes in flashing around her phone.

LEE
You see him! He was on Ninja
Warrior, like one of the best.
Loved him - Hey, K.

She pulls Kai up onto her utility belt...

LEE (CONT'D)
Ooof! When'd you guys get back?

PRESLEY
In time to see Geronimo.

HACKED PHOTO: Presley and friends at a table watching recipients of NAACP "2010 Activists of the Year" VIDEO: Running next to Lee on her first bike.

LEE grunts over her father, glances at him. She looks down at Kai twisting off Spiderman's head...

JACK (O.S.)
Not a toy, you know.

Presley pinches an oxygen loop in his nose.

PRESLEY
That wasn't said racist, Lee.

He waves Lee off, heads into the living room hooking a small oxygen supply to his belt.

LEE
Just *think*, Dad. Use to.
(spotting something out
the window) One of that
tree crew is messing
around the cruiser.

Presley sits, clicking a remote...

PRESLEY

Aw, they just want to see all that junk in your front seat, those crazy electronics. They're rednecks and rednecks like...that ah, they get a red neck from, ah, in the pool and poison ivy, and geeesh! Come on, Lee, stop it.

Lee smiles at that, swinging Kai down...

LEE

I gotta go, just came home for my signs. There's tuna wraps for lunch and some potato chips, but no bad apple juice, ok?

She picks up the two handmade Orlando PD STRIKE SIGNS by the door. Kai on the couch straightening out Spiderman...

KAI

Why won't I remember today? Grandpa says...

Lee shoots her father a look. Presley throws up his hands mouthing WHAT? Lee stabs fingers at him YOU!

LEE

Ok, grandpa means there's just some days that nothing happens so...wait! A guy was swinging around in your tree like Spiderman today. You got a memory!
(they high-five...)
Hey, grandpa's feeling good these days, think he should come with us to see Mickey this weekend?

Kai spins happy to his grandfather - who's pleased about that looking back at his program.

Lee hugs Kai. She heads out looking at Presley side-eyeing her. She thumps off her heart at him as she opens the door. Presley looks back at the TV, pleased again.

Out the window watching Lee walk to her cruiser...

JACK (O.S)

My team is thinking I'll lose you if I don't give a heads-up now on what's going to happen with Lee. That you'll be mad. I told them think again.

INT. LEE'S RIGGED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

(Note: Cameras rigged ahead, right, left, behind)

Ahead at 40 mph. Big engine sound. A strip of stores on the right, Florida working people homes on the left.

LEE surrounded by electronics: A laptop on a gimble streaming data, MICS AND CAMERAS on suction cups pointing out the front window. Quiet except for chatter on a radio, creaks of the car.

A BLACK CAR streaks by the cruiser...

The cruiser ROARS to life. Lee hits the SIREN - done this a million times.

AHEAD and the slowing down black Dodge Charger flashes a right directional, cuts to the side of the road. The cruiser pulls in two lengths behind.

Lee burps the mic near her neck - it's working. She pushes out of the car, leaving the door open.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD USING CRUISER MICS AND CAMERAS

Lee walks towards the black car flicking the strap off her Glock...

LEE

Roll down both windows, please.

The Charger's left side windows roll all the way down. Lee hand on gun, listens to the driver - she suddenly bends down to look in the window...

LEE (CONT'D)

Go!

Lee bolts towards the cruiser and the Charger takes off, tires spinning...

INT. LEE'S RIGGED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

LEE hopping into the car and it's already moving and the siren is already WAILING as the door slams shut.

AHEAD and a ROAR from the engine as the cruiser overtakes the Charger, now leading it...

LEE
 (into car mic)
 One Delta Bravo on Chatsworth
 requesting call in to Clement
 Hospital I have a ten thirty three
 bleeding profusely...

AHEAD cars parting wildly siren SCREAMING

JACK (O.S.)
 Pay down that mortgage!

Seventy miles per hour missing cars by inches...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Mother and child doing great, by
 the way.

EXT. GREEN HILLS POLICE STATION - DAY

HH of the small police station with two "Green Hills" police
 cruisers parked in front. LEE'S CRUISER pulls in and parks...

JACK (O.S.)
 This next scene happened earlier
 that day...and never step on a
 water bug that sound will be jammed
 in your head till the day you die,
 another fact.

EXT. GREEN HILLS POLICE STATION - EARLIER

CREWMEMBER 4 BODYCAM view of Peter's T shirt walking in front
 of him: "We Sold Their Saddles and Bought Bitcoin" - a path
 of huge dead water bugs and Mott's!

INT. GREEN HILLS POLICE STATION - SAME

CM 4 BODYCAM (BC): Peter talking to desk officer, DAN LEVI,
 30, as he points to the lobby area with its plexiglass
 reception and two chairs. Now he points his long-nosed
 sprayer at a far corner SHOOTING OUT a ribbon of something -
 you got bugs.

PETER AND CM 4 BC VIEWS

>Walking into a break room with its vending machine and
 coffee maker, heading for a tall window next to a counter...

>BC VIEW LEAPS up - JOLTS when Peter's feet land somewhere.
His HAND slaps a micro CAMERA on a window frame.

>A HAND sprays the floor around a sink and toilet - A HAND
slaps a magnetic mini-CAMERA to the rim of a BATHROOM MIRROR

Amerika!

>BC VIEW moving into a squad room with one large desk with
two laptops - a HAND snaps a PHONE CHARGER into an outlet - a
HAND slaps a CUBE CAMERA to the side of a file cabinet.

So Blatant

BLACK SCREEN

INT. GREEN HILLS RIGGED POLICE STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Cube Camera: Lee is filling out the pregnant-woman-to-hospital paperwork on one of the laptops.

SHANE KOLKIWICZ, 25, in uniform, swings into the doorway...

HACKED VIDEOS: SHANE running the Boston Marathon - As a Miami Dade College radio Interviewer.

SHANE
Hey, Lee. You push your unit on
Chatsworth today?

LEE
(typing)
Seventy.

SHANE
It shimmy?

LEE
Nope.

SHANE
Dan said two forty six does over
fifty.

LEE
Didn't with me. We'll have it
checked out.

SHANE
Think I'll still take it out
tonight.

(MORE)

SHANE (CONT'D)
(spotting Lee's strike signs)
You going to Orlando with those, do the line?

LEE
Yeah. You going?

Shane, speechless a second. Lee looks at him - why not?
Sergeant MARA SANCHEZ, 40, struts in with professional strike signs...

HACKED VIDEOS: MARA in a skiff with her daughter, 10, fishing
- On a target range with other cops single shooting AR-15s

MARA
You're not going, Shane? I mean, it's fine if...

SHANE
I just started here. I don't know, maybe when...

LEE
Yeah, and we know how hard it was to recruit you and I'm not stepping on that. But we have almost nothing here and three thousand people to take care of. You should...

MARA
Yo, scare him *after* his shift. In fact, shut up, Lee. Don't leave, Shane.

LEE
(at Shane)
Don't you agree our core has to change? That we have to want it? That the government should...

MARA
Hey, Lee...

LEE
(back to typing)
He's not scared. He's here.
(sexy)
We want you, Shane.

Mara nervous over Lee's sex vibe. Shane notices...

SHANE

HR is never going to be first one
through the door...*ladies*.

Both women laugh and clap, he's ok. Shane spins out the way
he came...

Lee's cell CHIMES. She looks down at "Ron"

LEE

(into phone)

Hi...No, we're doing Orlando this
week-end...Sure, if you want to,
Kai would love it...Yeah, noon is a
good time...You don't have to do
that, he'll just be really glad to
see you...Bye.

Lee watches the phone until Ron clicks off - smiles.

MARA

(watching Lee)

This is some bullshit.

Lee gets back to typing, still smiling.

MARA (CONT'D)

Five years, Lee. Way past
expiration on BLEEPING-off memories
of an ex. It's taking too long,
something's wrong with you.

She pulls a pack of crackers from her utility belt.

LEE

(typing)

I'll never be done with Kai's
father. Ever.

MARA

(munching)

Just the "Wakanda" version of him,
please. You're insulting the world,
man. He's...

LEE

Bad influencer, that's it. Soon as
Kai's in college or - just happy at
eighteen working a Starbucks, I'm
back there. If he'll still want me
old. Can't wait to get back there.

MARA

Ugh, so sick of Twin Flames.

LEE

"Soulmate" you got retired so bad!
Twin Flame. Sounds like a Tarot
word, Mara, you hittin' that again?

MARA

I love the Tarot network! Nothing
ever happens from the cards they
flip for me. Good or bad. Evens me
right out. That gives you power.

LEE

(smiling, typing)

No, that gives you nothing. What
about nothing is power, girl, you
gotta tell me, you gotta tell...

The light on the scene dims. JACK appears - pain of the world
on him.

JACK

You're seeing me for this - I have
to say these words and there are
images I have to see first in my
head to come up with words - I am
so sorry for what's about to
happen. We kept shooting, filming,
my crew were let loose. You'll see
body-cam images and the school had
cameras and...There were only six
police in this station!

I am so sorry. This is a warning
for some of you who didn't hear
about this, or saw this, if you
don't want to watch but I would, I
would, we have to learn. The next
minutes are about an active
shooter.

Lee and Mara still talking in b.g

911 DISPATCH (V.O.)

There are kids in a classroom with
him...she said...ah...room
212...ah...I could hardly hear her,
they're trying to stay quiet like
they were trained. She says a
teacher was shot...

BLACK SCREEN

(*)Lee's rigged Cruiser (HH)Handheld by White Van Crew
(BC)Body-Cam (SC)School Camera

EXT. GREEN HILLS POLICE STATION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

HH: ARMORED Lee, Shane, Mara and Dan BUST OUT front doors

JACK (O.S)
This was one minute after the 911.

BC: Cruiser TRUNK flipped open to AR-15s, RIFLES...

* Shane driving the speeding cruiser. Lee on police command RADIO...

BC: Dan driving. Mara on RADIO talking and listening...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
There was constant communication.

HH: The two cruisers speeding with SIRENS past a strip mall making a SCREECHING turn past a Dairy Queen...

* AHEAD a compact glass and metal two story ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. Lee brings up her radio...

BC: Mara brings up her radio...

HH: Both cruisers speeding SILENTLY now to the school entrance. Lee's cruiser glides to a stop in front of the school, the other streaks around the back...

BC: LEE'S jolting view running at the school's front doors and her hand with the RADIO is rising...

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Communication.

SC Split Screen: Lee and Mara and partners with AR-15s entering the front and back of school...

INT. CLARK MORRIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

LEE'S BC: POINTING AR-15 hustling past cafeteria doors and moving blind up steps...

SC: Lee and Shane in a crouch moving quick down a hallway passing painted brick walls with child art...

SC: Dan and Mara in a long hallway with panning rifles...

LEE'S BC: A RIGHT and another hallway and there's a BODY in this one and the view is bouncing and getting closer and Lee's HAND is reaching down to a neck pulse - Yes!

SC: Lee waves back and Shane rushes in and grabs an end of the person and they slide them to an alcove and Shane brings up his radio BAM! BAM! BAM!

LEE'S BC: Running flat out towards the blown-out glass on the floor at the end of the hallway...

SC: Lee stops and crouches ten feet back from the bullet-shredded door. She cups her mouth and talks into the radio, inches toward the door...

LEE'S BC: Through the BLOWN-OUT GLASS of the door at CHAIRS and DESKS piled against it inside - now moving ahead low along the brick wall to the other door to the room and coming closer looking up - BARRICADED

LEE'S WRIST flicks - a wand with a mirror flashes out - up to the glass of the door - in the MIRROR in sunlight a tall BODY moving back and forth holding something LONG...

"Vespers" Rachmaninoff (choral)

EXT. CLARK MORRIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

SC: LEE CRASHES out a door and turns, running backwards trying to target Room 212 in sunlit windows. She stops...

LEE'S BC: OFF AR SIGHT at a Body in the window moving back and forth in sunlight - the AR holds and the Body moves back and forth back and forth - AR BUCKS - BODY COLLAPSES

BLACK SCREEN

"Vespers" continues

INT. GREEN HILLS POLICE STATION - RIGGED BATHROOM - NIGHT

LEE, still armored, FALLS BACK HARD against the bathroom wall. Her arm crooks over her face...

INT. BETH'S RIGGED HOUSE - NIGHT

MICHAEL COLLAPSES against the front door in drunk agony...

BLACK SCREEN

"Vespers" continues...

INT. BETH'S RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

Phone charger: Michael, in same clothes, sits down on the couch with coffee. Beth outside on the deck moving plants into sunlight.

EXT. GREEN HILLS POLICE STATION - DAY

HH of media vehicles and MIC set-up...

INT. BETH'S RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

Fish-eye camera: Michael and Beth, both with coffee now, watch on TV: Lee Carter-Joy a hero in street clothes talking to the press...

JACK (O.S.)
Thank you to God and my crew
because *that* is a miracle. It is.

"Vespers" ends...

BLACK SCREEN

EXT. LEE'S HOUSE - DAY

TREE view down at a police cruiser pulling into the driveway. Lee in press conference clothes, gets out the passenger side

INT. LEE'S RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

Presley and Kai watch Lee getting out of the car.

PRESLEY
We have to be quiet with her, Ok?
She looks very tired. Wow, ya know?
That little girl.

EXT. BETH'S HOUSE - DAY

Tree view: Michael in changed clothes walks with Beth to his car. He puts a duffle in it and turns to her, no idea what to say.

BETH
You'll remember last night till you
don't...which is true.

MICHAEL

I don't know. Need anything?

BETH

- I didn't want to start up a whole thing again today, but - I read about you. About your wife - I acted the same as you. I think almost exactly the same. Lot of people have. Couldn't keep our jobs if we were all freaks.

She smiles. Michael watches her enjoy a breeze...

MICHAEL

- I think I'm alright but then...you know, I stop trying and then I'm up and down.

BETH

Right. Keep talking to people. Something about pushing out oxygen when you do, helps. Text people. Talk is better.

Michael doesn't want to leave. He opens the car door...

MICHAEL

Sorry.

Beth shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I left my card inside...Beth

He gets in the car. He nods at Beth, pulling out. She watches him leave. Beth heads back towards the cabin, her hand grazing over flowering bushes. She smells her hand.

INT. LEE'S RIGGED HOUSE - DAY

Lee comes in and shuts the door - there's no one here.

KITCHEN

Phone charger: Presley and Kai sit at a table with cups of hot chocolate in front of them. Kai pulls over his MUFASA doll as Lee appears in the doorway...

KAI

It's too hot outside I don't wanna drink this. Grandpa said you're a little girl.

Mufasa: Father and daughter exchange a look. Lee sees the cup of hot chocolate on the table for her...

LEE
That's so nice.

BLACK SCREEN

INT. RIGGED PORSCHE - RT 380 - DAY

NO POTHOLES ahead on the snaking road next to the Pacific. Michael driving, his face relaxing...

JACK (O.S.)
Michael Kusek, I assume, has been watching these two days of his life along with you. I don't know how he's felt about having it seen by millions and millions of people. How Leyana Carter-Joy feels about it. How would you feel? Can you imagine? Anyway, we'll find out soon. This is almost the end.
(beat)
Thank you very much for watching, everybody. I appreciate it. Enjoy the rest of the show.

"Ob-La-Di-Ob-La-Da" The Beatles

MICHAEL checks his rear view: WHITE VAN far behind. Michael YANKS the wheel and the car spins 180.

A gear is SLAMMED in...

WHITE VAN HH: The PORSCHE racing back where it came and the road ahead of it is clear and winding. TOWERING PINES on both sides are being blasted by wind and a turn is coming and

Michael moves with the curve and shadows from the pines move across him and his eyes look up...

HH THE PORSCHE racing straight up a mountain for CLOUDS and blue skies, suddenly SWERVING down SPEEDING next to a sheer drop to a crashing ocean...

Michael looks ahead and his eyes are on something and he looks glad about it...

HH The PORSCHE swings off the highway onto a dirt road. The VIEW continues ahead on the highway and then it starts to slow and then it stops. The VIEW swings right, moving again, passing fields of WILDFLOWERS and a shimmering LAKE and moving back until the dirt road and stopping - Watching Michael's car moving down the dirt road and watching his hand reach out to feel the breeze...

MUSIC ENDS

BLACK SCREEN

Texting across: ***FOR JACK***

JACK (V.O)
The following was pre-recorded.

INT. WEBB SOUND STAGE

JACK, dressed in black, stands in front of a towering white screen. He looks thinner, but fine...

JACK (CONT'D)
Yes, I am Jack and I'm dead as a...
(he points at the camera
to finish the
sentence...)
That's right. But, like your
"Search" option on all devices,
which will be restored shortly,
that info was withheld until this
broadcast. Who is this guy? Is he
dead, then how...this CGI? What's
CGI? Oh man, I want to vote! By the
way, do you really believe this
country has so lost its soul, that
an American citizen can shut down
the internet? Can run a license
plate? Can rig your homes and
businesses with cameras for a
television show? Of course you
don't believe that.

Jack is speaking to the love of his life: The human species.
He smiles, winningly.

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm Jack Webb the producer of this
project.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you for putting up with me for a while there...I guess I should start with my death day. I do have a disease that's made a sudden jump at me, not unexpected, and I'm thinking I might die probably around September 28th...

September 30 texts across...

Jack points at the date

JACK (CONT'D)

Was I close? Yeah, I was. Oh wait, I want to do something. We'll explain what we're going to put you through now, right after this.

He clicks the remote in his hand:

ON THE SCREEN: Meditating Tibetan monks...

JACK (CONT'D)

Remember airport guys dancing around too.

CLICK!

ON THE SCREEN: PHOTOS of living and dead World Leaders, Celebrities, Politicians, Scientists, Sports Figures, Writers...

JACK (CONT'D)

Pick one - or maybe pick that person you hadn't seen for awhile who's different now - better. Like them, I started "living present" a long time ago. I should have been dead a long time ago. I think I'm here and not dying *until* around September 28th of this year, because of that very simple thing I did with my mind to balance all that *thinking* - and just breathed.

Jack has always wanted good for them so much and he doesn't really know why...

JACK (CONT'D)

Imagine, not a thought in your head and feeling spectacular. Natures' "tap out" for the species.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

And here's something for all in the conspiracy family, which for this I do include myself: Certain people might not want most people to know too much about this because, you know, you don't go angst-order a smiling box of anything when you finally hit Powerball. Just an idea. Anyway, you'll be able to check out how I did at dying online in a few minutes. Yeah, this is totally weird, this entire thing tonight.

CLICK! Two large SCANNING CODES appear on either side of Jack marked WASHINGTON and FLORIDA. They come alive, pulsing from some electronic switching.

JACK (CONT'D)

I think before I tell you what you'll actually be voting on, we should talk to our unwitting subjects, live. Our cameras are in their homes now. Hopefully, we'll get no Breaking News about casual-dress humans in white vans being strung up.

Jack sits on a stool, pulls up bottled water.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm dead and can't really talk to our "subjects" so I recorded some questions and responses. Used mental timing. You'll see how it works. And really, you know, I'm dead so these two people, my "subjects", wanna go ten rounds with me now, I'm telling them do it. I deserve it. But, no doubt, after your first sentence, you're getting that you're in cancel/kill at an unnatural surface. So, I'm just going to give out facts and if anything goes too sideways I have a great crew to save us all. That you about to take us *live* in Aspen Colorado, Sara?

SARA avatar in corner of screen.

SARA

Yep.

Jack smiles - Poof! he's gone

ON THE SCREEN: Michael Kusek live in his Aspen cabin. Eyes direct at the camera, unsmiling...

PULLING BACK Jack is there again on his stool, looking up towards Michael on the screen...

JACK

Hi, Mike. Hope I'm not talking over you right now, but I don't think I am. I think you're just looking at me wanting to BLEEP me up somehow.

Michael gives up and smiles. This is weird.

MICHAEL

You look good would be too easy.

Jack's mind's eye kicking in...

JACK

Wiseass and then I'll remind you I'm the only dead person and the 200 million plus watching this still see and hear.

Straightening out Michael, but he's still smiling.

JACK (CONT'D)

- I know you from around, Mike. You were pretty messed up back in June. Watching you back then, people didn't get to see in those few days the person I had always experienced; Someone exceptionally kind and generous. The end of last year you began your real spiral. You needed to get knocked out of that. And then you got very, very lucky. You were heading back to Beth's. You make it?

Beth's hand waves in front of the camera...

JACK (CONT'D)

- I'm pretty sure she's there.

Michael pulls Beth over, chair and all, in stunned stage.

BETH

Oh. Hi.

JACK

- Hi, Beth. Thank you very much.
You're perfect.

Beth doesn't know why she starts crying. Michael *takes her hand...*

JACK'S mind's eye on turbo, sensing that move. He's suddenly up, roaming, talking to himself and the world...

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't know if you noticed
watching this, this...thing
tonight that, first, we only edited
for time, really, and second, and I
was, I am - so astounded that

He has to stop - this is everything

JACK (CONT'D)

No not amazed at all, but... you
saw, it was there on the screen,
that unnatural surface: Bam! Bam!
Bam! One time after the other.
Naturally. Alright. Don't get
scared, my people here!

Jack hooks the stool, gets back on, positioning his body and head as before, looking at the screen with Michael and Beth...

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm looking at nothing, but...
(tapping his head)
I see you two in here. You're right
in front of me. You're alright - Oh
yeah, kiss. My ashes will get
flushed you don't do that. I almost
forgot asking. Didn't go out much.

Michael and Beth on some sad verge looking at Jack, look at each other and kiss, looking so natural.

JACK (CONT'D)

- You two will find out soon why
you were put through this. But, for
right now, or whenever; Mike, go
buy an island and stay there till
whatever rains down on this is
over. Simple. It always gets over.
Beth, you are perfect and always
will be. Goodbye.

BETH

Goodbye.

MICHAEL

Bye, Jack.

They fade on the screen. Jack is still watching it - he looks at the camera...

JACK

"Twilight Zone". Some of you will have to "search" that, I hope. Oh man. Nod your camera, Ben, reality.

The picture nods....

JACK (CONT'D)

Guess who's next? One second.

Jack looks down. He breathes in - lets his breath out slow. His face relaxes. He looks up:

Lee, Presley, and Kai on the screen. In a family group at their house, only Presley looking upset.

Jack positions his head as before...

JACK (CONT'D)

Leyana, Lee, savior. I *feel* your father does not like me for what I did to you.

Presley makes a move to speak and Lee cuts him off, pointing at Jack mouthing "Dead". Presley waves her off...

JACK (CONT'D)

- If you could tell him, because he likes you a lot, that the reason I chose you for this project, is because of his father.

Presley reacts...

JACK (CONT'D)

My father would read to me from the newspaper when I was young and very sick for a while, and there was this one story that seared my brain. Slipped down in and *stuck*. I don't know why. Not really an unusual story. It happened to a woman at Cummings Beach in Connecticut...

Presley knows this story...

JACK (CONT'D)

She cramped up while she was way out there, in the cold water, in October with no people around except for your father, Earl Solomon Carter. Who had just come from his wedding, in his tux with his bride, strolling along, and that person, your father, jumped in and swam one hundred yards out and one hundred yards back saving the life of another person.

Presley with face in hands.

JACK wipes at eyes over *the* trigger of his empath life.

JACK (CONT'D)

Look great, Lee...But we shouldn't need saviors so much. I am so sorry we wait for them, hope for them. All the time now.

Lee concerned over Jack, as if he were alive.

JACK (CONT'D)

Next moment - Lee, I hope you use whatever comes out of all this to further what you want to do with the rest of your life. You could go into politics with the publicity off this, you know? You have strong opinions that happened to be good ones. You can stay where you are, you can go to college, you can travel around the world, go buy a house or two, you can retire and follow Pete around, take videos of him swinging on things.

Jack waits for Lee to say something...

LEE

Oh...Ah, I don't know, um, I like what I do, I'm good at it. I think. Maybe when Kai is...

JACK

Sorry if I'm interrupting but
you're the most magnificent in the
world that ever lived at what you
do and you're going to use the word
"good" about yourself. That would
be so unfair.

Lee reacts...

JACK (CONT'D)

You prevented devastating
heartbreak - that I don't know how
much more of we can take.

Lee has her shoulder tapped, looks up at PETER.

LEE

Oh my God. Yeah, you guys, I knew
with my cruiser you...Look look,
Kai, remember him, he

PETER

Thank-you, Sergeant.

Peter hands her an envelope.

PETER (CONT'D)

Sorry, someone sealed it. Need to
open it and everything within like
six seconds now.

LEE

Oh.

Lee zips the envelope with her nail, has a feeling what this
is - but not for that much! She shows the check to her father
who slaps hand over mouth...

JACK

Ten Mississippi. Feeling bad meme
on loop for a century, Pete.
(holding up champagne)
To Lee Carter-Joy and Earl Solomon
Carter and condensing Capra: Brave
beats everything.

Jack toasts the screen with Lee and Presley ecstatic - until
Lee isn't. She doesn't know where to look. Where to thank.
He's not there, he's dead. Lee looks at

JACK running mind's eye...

JACK (CONT'D)
 I'll be back. We haven't bloomed
 fully yet so just never hurt a fly.
 We got very lucky having your
 family born into this time. Thank
 you so much, Lee.

LEE smiles - and fades away.

Jack takes in a breath, lets it out slow.

JACK (CONT'D)
 - Bet I got my ratings.

Texting across: *420 million worldwide watching and streaming*

JACK HUFFS out mind's eye. He's up and the two SCANNING CODES
 flash onto the screen. They pulse.

Jack points at them, dead-eyeing the camera:

JACK (CONT'D)
 Voting? Yeah, like I'd give you all
 another reason to want to cut each
 other's throats. Please, please
 stop that.

FLASH! Scans gone.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Don't sue me I can beat you dead.

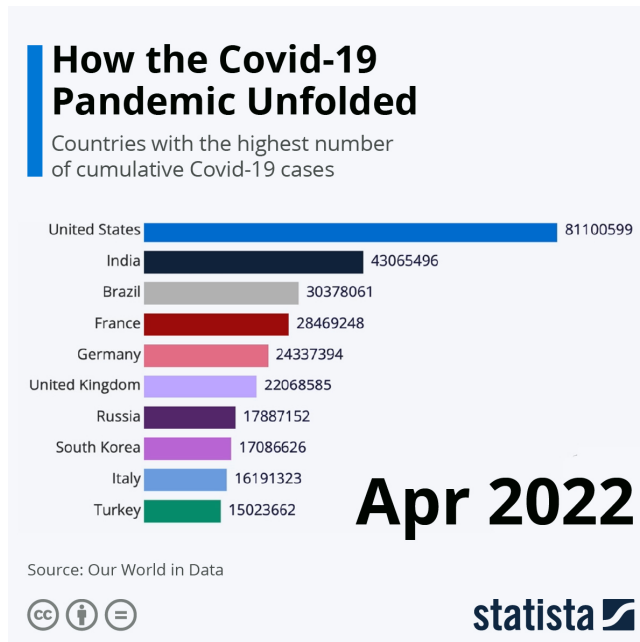
ON SCREEN: Cartoon cauldron BELCHING CASH

Jack points at it FLASH!

\$98,806,254,000

Jack looks from the massive figure to his audience:

JACK (CONT'D)
 A lot of that is my contribution,
 and a lot is from our get out of
 jail free partner. They were very
 sorry about this:



Jack looks at the chart, unbelieving...

JACK

Remember that? Yeah, they asked for, raided, took forcibly back, all the unused money that was given to each state targeted for that old plague - and then they gave that money to me to produce this idea I had. Closed-door session, Congress approved - And I gave all their money, and all my money, to the National Institute for Health so a pandemic never happens again. It can't ever happen again.

Jack's look out at his beloved **FREEZES**

JACK WEBB, in sweatshirt with beard start, walks out in front of the screen. He stands looking at the camera - and loses it. He turns away trying to control emotions. His body almost relaxes. He turns back to the camera...

JACK (CONT'D)

You know...this is all I do and there was no way I wasn't going to run this show tonight and...

Jack takes a moment again - he looks forward.

JACK (CONT'D)

We had made the footage you just saw here because...I have a disease, I thought it was happening to me, physically, all of a sudden the way I'd seen with my father and I needed to get this done and then

He has to turn away - he turns back.

JACK (CONT'D)

- These drugs I've been taking were working...little pills. That's *incredible*. My doctor, lot of the trial team called, they were so happy. That was right after we shot this here - But, ah, I think that doing this project for so long helped me, with the drugs. The energy of it. My life changed. I can have friends...

Upset Dana walks over the stool for upset Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

Thank you, Dana. We got to match.

Jack touches her arm as he takes the stool and sits:

JACK

- So, this is some of what my, ah, dead person was going to say to you now, to finish. And let me add: Thank you. Miracles happen.

I didn't make this project to be 21st century "It's a Wonderful Life" - no matter what you saw just now. That was organic. If my watching crew had cue up "Auld Lang Syne" and had, had Pete come out as Uncle Billy hauling a big tub, basket of dollar bills, I would have set them on fire.

JACK taps the tip of his nose, wags his finger:

JACK (CONT'D)

You don't do "On the nose" unless you're sweat desperate in need of people to WATCH and LISTEN!

(like "Uncle Billy")

"I'm alright, I'm alright!"

Don't be scared, my people here!

Jack smiles, shaking crazy off. He breathes in, let's it out slow...

JACK (CONT'D)

No, not "It's a Wonderful Life" twenty-first century. Wow. No, the way we got information to display about people was disgusting; Hacks, hidden mics and cameras. Surveillance is what it is, creepy.

So, before we did anything with those cameras and mics, I ran the whole thing, you know, in my head what I thought we'd be seeing and feeling if I made these - movies. And I found out then, and I think you all saw today that, that creepiness, it doesn't matter. Because, just like with that film seventy whatever years ago, all we want, *instinctively*, is to believe what we're seeing, on whatever size screen, are some kind of facts about us.

I do some television show giving away big money and you all watch because you thought you were going to *win*?? All that money split what, three hundred twenty million or thirty million, or ten ways with *taxes*?? The country hasn't fallen down and hit its head. You watched this project today because you heard there were going to be real people in it. Like you. Just giving you the facts.

"Can't Help Falling In Love" Elvis Presley

REENACTMENT

Three rowdy TEENAGERS push in the Diner door. The first ONE gets shoved by the next one and falls to one knee. The next ONE reaches down and grabs a handful of jacket to haul that one up. The last ONE reaches back his hand and - *Holds open the door for a person...*

BLACK SCREEN

MUSIC continuing...

(YT)YouTube (N)News

YT In pouring rain a dressed for success GEN-XER sprints across a busy street thinks again and sprints back across to help an older person cross the street

YT On a porch a CHILD puts his own Halloween candy into the now empty candy bucket that was left out for others

YT A CRYING WOMAN having her hair shaved off implores her Hairdresser to stop shaving off his own in solidarity

MICHAEL rushes into the pond to help Beth

YT A girl on crutches crosses a busy street and a PASSERBY hoists her onto their back to piggyback her across

LEE crashes out the school door with AR-15

YT A MASS OF PASSENGERS push against a subway car to lift it off a trapped person

YT A HUMAN CHAIN OF PEOPLE on a cliff edge help a person out of their dangling car just as it slips away

BLACK SCREEN

MUSIC continuing...

N Capital steps and thousands are in INSURRECTION

N American PROTESTORS battle in tear gas

N CHILDREN with hands over their heads pass SWAT teams

N Kiev is BOMBED

N Israel and Hamas HOSTAGES and BODIES

BLACK SCREEN

MUSIC continuing...

YT Looking down at a warehouse floor and a GRANDMOTHER and her FOUR-YEAR-OLD GRANDSON play badminton. The woman hits the birdie and it sails up to a ledge. She gets the eight foot ladder leaning against the wall, opens it, positions it underneath the ledge. She climbs up it and gets to the ledge but her foot knocks over the ladder. The woman dangles from the ledge. The toddler watches her a moment. He scrambles to the knocked over ladder and tries to pick it up. Too heavy. He's too small. He tries again, able to hold the big ladder up for longer now. He walks forward slowly pushing the ladder up until he gets it under his grandmother. She gets on the ladder and starts down. The little boy runs to one side of the ladder. He grabs onto it holding it steady...

MUSIC ends: ***ENJOY THE SHOW!***

FADE OUT.