

COLLISION!

By

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**FADE IN:**

**INT./EXT. KENDRICK FAMILY HOME - EVENING**

The Kendrick home is a delightful mix of modern America meets stately European old-world charm and character.

In the dining room, LAWRENCE KENDRICK, 66, Black American, handsome, stalwart, upstanding citizen with a charming Southern accent, focuses his binoculars toward the outdoors. For several moments, he searches - angles back and forth, as his eyes strain in the setting sun.

LAWRENCE KENDRICK

There! Trouble... I'm talkin'  
smugglers--criminals. May... maybe  
it's all bull, but I might be talkin'  
*murder* here...

Lawrence passes the binoculars to his son, BRAYLEN KENDRICK, 39, a gutsy, fiercely loyal, intense, dark-haired, tall, handsome Black American dude. A serious guy with a loser attitude.

He scans and searches. Shakes his head. Not a thing.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Paranoia is the real killer, Papaw.

Across from Braylen sits his mom, MARINA KENDRICK, 62, an outspoken, sophisticated Black American woman with a successful air about her as she cleans the house with gusto.

MARINA KENDRICK

In our time we actually *beat* the odds  
to have money pourin' our way.  
Nowadays, folks want a sure thing,  
easy way only. It's the end of  
ethics, I tell ya.

Lawrence's mood takes a dark turn. He senses something... Halts. Listens. Pulls the binoculars up and jerks them to the nearby water, as murky, choppy waves thrash then crash onto protruding rocks.

LAWRENCE KENDRICK

This neighborhood ain't that safe  
anymore. Times are a-changin'--

BEYONCE KENDRICK, 17, a whirlwind of youthful energy, smart yet naive, Black American and adorable as she dances into the room with a paper in hand -- rap music blasts from her phone. Beyonce is Braylen's daughter and the joy of his life!!!

Braylen walks to Beyonce and grabs the paper from her hand.  
Reads it -- Braylen proudly showcases Beyonce's report card.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Another A. In Chemistry!

MARINA KENDRICK  
Our little girl is going to take the  
world by storm. You keep working  
hard, go to a good college, work with  
the best teachers. You *earn* your  
success.

Braylen and Marina overdose hugs and kisses to Beyonce.

MARINA KENDRICK  
We left Atlanta, and Washington state  
sheltered us with open arms. You be  
good to her in return, make her  
proud. Clear?

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
As mud.

Beyonce looks to her grandfather, still focused on the  
window.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
Something off Papaw?

MARINA KENDRICK  
(waves her off)  
Not himself today. He unraveled the  
mystery of smugglers right out front  
on our coastline but no one believes.  
The police let us down. Town's gone  
straight to hell and if you can't  
trust the police, who can you trust?

LAWRENCE KENDRICK  
I'm betting short money against the  
smugglers, and I ain't betting on  
chance. Take care of 'em myself if I  
have to.

With gentle tenderness, Braylen approaches his Dad and kisses  
his cheeks - European style. Beyonce does the same.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Just be careful, Papaw, no superhero  
moves. I need *all* my family.

MARINA KENDRICK  
Speaking of -- when can we expect--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Please, no more.

MARINA KENDRICK  
--a *sister*, a playmate?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Maw-Maw...

MARINA KENDRICK  
What? You can't give up just be--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Because of two miscarriages? And a  
divorce? Furloughed from the  
Military?  
(beat)  
I'm trying not to raise my voice.  
Please...  
(to Beyonce)  
Come. We're already late.

Braylen gives his mother a short hug and waves for Beyonce to follow. Beyonce offers kisses to Marina and a distracted Lawrence, then heads outside.

Lawrence lowers the binoculars and watches them through the window as Braylen lays rubber in a beaten-up BMW and wipes out several *Donald Trump political signs* as they leave.

Lawrence then sees something that raises an eyebrow. He steps out the door to the porch and through the binoculars, spies SMUGGLERS directly out front on his property.

Lawrence sucks in his breath, pulls out his cell, and starts to dial 911 --

LAWRENCE KENDRICK  
(calling)  
Precious, grab the rifle--

He turns to head back inside and freezes as he sees SHERMAN BLANKOFF, 43, in the open doorway, holding the screen door in his meaty hand. His gold teeth, shaved head, and 22K gold chains glisten against a powerful, evil, muscular, Black American body.

A Glock 43 festers in his left hand -- surges for release.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Inside, *old man*.

As Lawrence hesitates, Sherman raises the gun until it points at a frozen Marina. Lawrence lowers his phone and steps inside, Sherman coming with him, gun at Lawrence's back.

As Lawrence eyes the rifle across the room, he turns to Sherman -- SMACK -- Sherman slaps Lawrence across the face -- his glasses fly to the floor, followed by his body.

Lawrence crawls on his knees, reaches for the glasses, but Sherman kicks the glasses further away and aims the Glock directly at Lawrence's forehead.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Seems like you're sticking your nose into my business. Acting like this is *your* territory or something.

LAWRENCE KENDRICK

Your *business*? I know you steal blue cobalt from mines in British Columbia, Canada and smuggle it here to the West Coast for illegal profit. You're ripping off America's electric vehicle business and our high tech industry!!  
I see your human transport mules ALL AROUND! I watch you launder money! Not in my neighborhood! The game is over, man!

Lawrence jumps up and attacks with a serious course of martial arts kicks, punches, and spins -- he quickly overpowers Sherman until Sherman cold-cocks Lawrence in the temple with the handle of the Glock -- Lawrence drops -- Marina screams and Sherman points the gun at her --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Shut your hole.

She does. Sherman squats to Lawrence --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

I own this entire coastline, *Comrade*. The real addicts in this country are big tech, buddy. Tesla, Apple, Samsung, Intel, Ford... they're like rabid animals trying to bite each other's legs off for my cobalt and critical minerals. Me and Elon Musk are gonna be *best buds*!

Lawrence tries to keep his phone in hand hidden as he tries once again to dial 911. Sherman sees it and grabs the phone --

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(from speaker)

911, what is your emergency?

LAWRENCE KENDRICK  
 (yells at the cell)  
 SMUGGLERS! ON THE SHORELINE! HURRY!

Sherman looks darkly at the phone, snatches it, ends the call, and sets it on the floor -- SMASHES it with the gun barrel. Digs through its guts. Picks up the board.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 And to think this tiny little chip  
 controls the future...

He then looks back to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE KENDRICK  
 You won't get away with this.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 I already have.

With a handful of hair, Sherman wrenches Lawrence Kendrick's head back, his eyes forced upward.

From inside a pocket, this bad-ass pulls out a one-ounce medical container of poison and rips the plastic cover off with his teeth.

He forces open Lawrence's mouth, dumps the liquid inside, then smacks his hand over.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 Swallow! And kiss your ass goodbye.

Marina SCREAMS and LAUNCHES HERSELF at Sherman and CLAWS AT HIS FACE -- his arms reach upward to stop her, revealing a wrist TATTOO - a *Russian Two-headed Eagle in black, gold and red* -- but the eagle's arms hold a *knight's iron mask* --

Marina's eyes widen in shock --

MARINA KENDRICK  
 Our--our crest! Our family crest?!

The two lock eyes. Sherman stares at her coldly.

MARINA KENDRICK  
 (astounded)  
 My... blood? My... missing son?

A stillness, a spooky calm embraces the night.

Sherman then ruthlessly administers poison to Marina before she can say more or question him further.

He clamps her mouth shut and holds her tightly in his huge arms until she finally goes limp.

He then lays her down beside her husband. Sherman places one of the vials in her hand and lays her arm across Lawrence's chest, leaving the other vial on the floor beside her. He stands, looks down, then looks to his tattoo. He pulls down his shirt-sleeve and leaves the room.

He can be seen walking down to the coastline and stepping on a large boat with the name Hope 'n' Risk Casino on it, never looking back as he steps on and motions for his men to follow as the boat makes its way toward the horizon.

#### **INT. KENDRICK FAMILY HOME - DAY**

A crummy, rainy day, which is poetic as it matches the mood inside the house as a memorial service takes place.

#### **SUPER: ONE WEEK LATER**

Beside the fireplace, MOURNERS gather round double-framed pictures of Braylen's parents. Soothing music and the lap of gentle waters outside accompany the soul-wrenching atmosphere.

Braylen, devastated, hugs Beyonce and holds her close.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(to Beyonce)  
You're my light from heaven.

Braylen's best friend, ALIE FARNELL, 32, a wild 'n' crazy, heavy set Black woman, red wine aficionado, simmers sunshine onto a feisty personality as she high-tails into the room with sass.

Alie wears a black shirt with red writing: *You look like I need wine*. She clinches Braylen's arm.

ALIE FARNELL  
I'm so sorry, B.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
I... I still can't believe it.

Braylen grabs a family photo on the table.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
I should have let them know how much  
I loved them, more often than I did.

ALIE FARNELL

They knew.

Alie grabs a bottle of red wine and takes a swig directly from the bottle as she pigs out on mini-sandwiches and desserts.

ALIE FARNELL

They really think it was a murder-suicide thing?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Bullshit. Neither of them would ever go there, or harm each other.

ALIE FARNELL

Then, what?

Braylen looks out the window to the shoreline.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

They were fine when we left, and there was a 911 call but all they could hear was Pop's muffled voice saying something about smugglers...

ALIE FARNELL

I see that look in your eye.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

What look?

ALIE FARNELL

The thirst for vengeance.

(offers the bottle)

Have a thirst for this, instead.

Braylen takes the bottle. Alie stuffs her mouth with more food as she grabs a new bottle of red wine. Braylen looks at the blood red wine in the bottle.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(determined)

I'll find out what happened... 'cause what I don't know in this town ain't worth knowin'.

Alie notices Braylen look down into the Gucci bag on his wrist -- the glint of a pearl-handled Glock 45. Alie gasps and moves close to him, lowers her voice --

ALIE FARNELL

Careful, B. You get in trouble and  
with no grandparents, no job, a judge  
sends Beyonce back to your Ex Serena?

Braylen gives Alie the eye like the name *Serena* is the last  
thing he wants to hear.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Mrs Bad Luck.

(beat)

Her eyes always had a glow from some  
far-off sea of flames. Even if we  
were still married she wouldn'ta  
showed up today. Everything was  
always my fault, never hers. Serena's  
anger, abuse, the cheating... her  
greedy appetite was never fulfilled.

Alie polishes off the wine bottle.

ALIE FARNELL

Red flags, red wine, neither are  
something to ignore. This is why I  
take them both in bulk.

(beat)

Speaking of bulk... your wealthy  
folks, like... leave you everything?

Braylen shakes his head.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Philanthropists to the end.

ALIE FARNELL

No!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Donated everything to the West Coast  
community - playgrounds, day care,  
school upgrades, a church.

ALIE FARNELL

Ya mean--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Flat broke! They were kind enough to  
leave a college trust for Beyonce,  
though.

ALIE FARNELL

Well at least you still got a place  
to live.

Just then, BAILIFF BOB, 50, a non-descript man in a beige suit enters and steps up to Braylen, hands him an envelope. Braylen looks at him without question and takes it --

BAILIFF BOB  
(writes notes)  
You've been served.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Served?

BAILIFF BOB  
Unpaid taxes, loans, liens. The bank  
will be taking everything!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Everything?

BAILIFF BOB  
The house and all the belongings  
inside.  
(notes his man bag)  
Probably that, too.

Braylen holds the purse close, keeping the gun hidden.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Seriously? On the day of my parents'  
funeral?

BAILIFF BOB  
Death and taxes kinda go together.

Bailiff Bob reaches for the bag -- Alie steps between them --

ALIE FARNELL  
Hey, handsome!

Bailiff Bob looks around, not sure who Alie's referring to.

ALIE FARNELL  
Bet you could arrest me, take me  
downtown, do a strip search...

BAILIFF BOB  
Um... nope.

Alie taps his regulation police-issued boots with her toe.

ALIE FARNELL  
(whispers)  
Whatcha hiding in there? Knife?  
Pepper spray? I won't kiss and tell.

Bailiff Bob backs up as Alie leans into him. He exits through a doorway but is quickly blocked by Alie as she slips around the other way -- standing spread eagle. Alie's generous bosom bumps and grinds his body --

ALIE FARNELL

These boobs are highly classified weapons of mass destruction, and I'd offer them to you, ya know, as a service to my country.

BAILIFF BOB

Ma'am. I don't...

Alie swings her boobs directly in front of Bailiff Bob and he takes a long, long look.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Braylen moves to the other end of the house. MRS. BELSKY, 70, limps over. The old woman gives a huge hug of support.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

How ya doin', Mrs. Belsky?

MRS. BELSKY

My poor, sweet Braylen. You gonna be okay?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I think so. But you were Mom's BFF, so let me ask you. Anything suspicious in the days before they died?

MRS. BELSKY

Well, your father was more paranoid than usual, grumbling about some boat hanging around.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

A boat?

MRS. BELSKY

(nodding)

At your father's dock. Made him so angry but like always, he just grumbled about it and didn't do a damn thing.

(pauses)

Sorry to speak ill of the dead. But you knew your father.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

The boat. Did you see what it looked like?

The old woman shakes her head, and then --

MRS. BELSKY

He said it was from a Casino? Um...  
Hope and Risk I think he said.

Braylen thinks on this.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Hope and Risk Casino...

WITH A MIGHTY CRASH and undignified entrance, an attractive, upscale, well dressed Black American COUPLE, late-forties, blast into the room like a northern blizzard unleashed.

The woman, Aunt LATASHA WILLIAMS, 45, blows kisses and waves a flashy hand that showcases diamonds on every finger. She wears a full-length vibrant-colored flouncy skirt which is grabbed onto by two CHILDREN. Three TEEN COUSINS saunter inside carrying loud boomboxes as they proceed to dance energetically.

Aunt Latasha looks similar to Braylen, but with several extra pounds and more wrinkles. She hugs Braylen and Beyonce six times, then makes her way around the room giving energetic kisses to anyone unable to sneak away.

RICHARD WILLIAMS, 49, the husband/father, takes command of the room, shakes hands and slaps the back of everyone he meets. He wears an expensive black leather jacket with black pants tucked into knee-high black leather boots -- thinks he's God's gift to women.

As the music cranks up, Richard performs a rugged hip-hop dance -- does a great job. Everyone claps.

Richard spots Alie and dances his way over. He smacks her butt, squeezes her arms, and admires her body.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

My little dah-ling, Hippie Princess,  
strong like bull. You come home with  
me, work the clubs.

LATASHA WILLIAMS

Braylen, come, come. My little  
Angelface. You okay? Kids, say hi to  
your long lost cousin. Braylen's Mom  
and I were sisters.

A mass of humanity descends upon Beyonce and showers hugs, kisses and vodka. Everyone hollers like a Fourth of July celebration gone wild.

JASMINE WILLIAMS, 18, Black American, gorgeous and built like a brick shit house, grabs Beyonce, whirls her around, checks out her body -

JASMINE WILLIAMS  
How many boyfriends ya got?

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
(caught off guard)  
Um, one, of course.

JASMINE WILLIAMS  
One? I've got three. The youngest is 39. Dad says I got great potential, could be the best pole dancer at the club. Jealous??

Beyonce is stunned.

Meanwhile, Latasha grabs a huge home-made suitcase made from several scarves patched together. She rummages around and pulls out an indoor grill, fires it up, and heats pre-cooked parcels of meat. Richard starts handing them out, encouraging people to eat.

Through the window, Braylen notices Bailiff Bob getting into the BMW and speeding away.

LATASHA WILLIAMS (O.S.)  
Old family recipe. Horse meat.

Everyone around gags. SOME FOLKS CRY, SCREAM, AND VOMIT.

Braylen takes advantage of the chaos and slips down the hall to his

## **BEDROOM**

He steps inside, closes the door, and drops onto his bed into exhaustion of every type.

His bedroom is decorated with luxurious masculine touches in a Tudor style, with modern, first-class furniture. Soft brown hues of paint on the walls highlight the black bedroom furniture and comforter on his bed.

Surprisingly, his walls are covered with large pictures of ELON MUSK and dozens of TESLA posters. He curls up in a ball and looks up at the poster of Elon with a flamethrower in hand and another beside a Space X rocket.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 (to Elon Musk poster)  
 I'm one hot mess, ain't I?  
 (beat) )  
 You wouldn't take this lying down,  
 would you?

After a moment, he sits up. Steadies himself. Talks again to Elon Musk --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Suppose the *Hope 'n' Risk Casino's*  
 worth a follow-up?  
 (pause)  
 Me too, Elon, me too.

#### **EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY**

A new reality for Braylen: a sunny, blue-sky day in a run-down trailer park. Junky cars, garbage, abandoned furniture, trashed wine bottles are everywhere.

#### **SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER**

BRAYLEN KENDRICK (PRELAP)  
 Eye for an eye. We work undercover at  
*Hope 'n' Risk Casino.*

#### **INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - CONTINUOUS**

Braylen paces the two-bedroom trailer, which definitely needs a face lift, as Alie, in a shirt with the words: *Wine me up & Watch me go*, watches from the tiny Formica table.

Alie likes what she hears.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 And after I safeguard Beyonce, we  
 blow away the son of a bitch who  
 murdered my folks.

Braylen shuffles a deck of cards onto a two-bit poker table, whips on a dealer's visor, and pulls off a couple of card tricks. Alie cheers him on.

Beyonce studies her cell phone. Braylen leans in to see what is more interesting than card tricks.

ALIE FARNELL  
 Who's dat?

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
Another Kardashian. I want her life.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Money doesn't buy happiness, which  
we've learned.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
Sure helps though, doesn't it?

BEYONCE gets up and walks off to the back of the trailer.  
passes what seems to be Braylen's room -- the Tesla and Elon  
Musk pictures have made the transition to his trailer.

ALIE FARNELL  
Poor thing. Having such a hard time.  
I can't believe that loser boyfriend  
broke up with her just because you  
moved into this here down and out  
trailer park.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Little prick. He's on my list.  
(beat)  
But it's the death of her  
grandparents that's hit her worse.  
She sits in her room going through  
old pics of her grandparents all day.  
She needs to keep her focus on school  
and get into college.

Alie goes to the fridge for a snack. Empty. She opens the  
cupboards, also empty, except for bottles of red wine. Alie  
pulls one out.

ALIE FARNELL  
Gawd, is that all there is?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Grocery run?  
We need protein. More importantly,  
we've got some reconnaissance to do!

They get ready to head into battle...

#### **INT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - COBALT ROOM - DAY**

Intense Heat. A small (by industry standards) smelting  
furnace is fired up. Sherman Blankoff wears mandatory  
equipment: protective apron, welder goggles, steel-toed  
boots.

He pours molten, brilliant blue cobalt into an ingot mold -- PSHHHHH -- harsh steam billows outward. After a moment, Sherman unveils cobalt ore bars and weighs them on digital scales -- HISS goes the hot metal.

Sherman patiently explains cobalt's benefits to two MIDDLE EASTERN CLIENTS as he works --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Like I been sayin', cell phones, hybrid cars, satellites, computers, data centers - this *rare earth* kickamaroo's gonna go stark raving ballistic. Every modern economy needs critical minerals!!

Sherman proudly displays the cobalt.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

That's when the world turns to cobalt! First they try Congo's cobalt - yeah, yeah, child labor and massacre the environment, blah blah. Americans will never put up with that shit. And China's locked their doors, no more cobalt comes out of that country. Now... *Canada's* cobalt? No risk. End of story.

The Middle East Clients shove cases of American dollars at Sherman.

#### **EXT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - NIGHT**

The back of the Casino is dark and foreboding as Braylen and Allie fire up detective maneuvers. With trepidation, they cautiously hoof it to the rear of the building.

Around a shadowy porch, they tiptoe toward a large window, which reflects the barren, single street light.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Stay low and move slow.

ALIE FARNELL

Low and slow. Like my ex. Gotcha.

They do all they can to peek in and get a look at whatever may be happening inside -- THE BACK DOOR FLINGS OPEN and they duck and cower.

A tall, bald, handsome DUDE who could be a stunt double for Vin Diesel, defies gravity and sails out, his feet barely touching the ground.

By the scruff of the neck, he drags some poor, WRETCHED SOUL, who screams bloody murder. Without uttering a word, Vin Diesel Dude FIRES his gun -- hits the unfortunate man in his right arm.

Vin Diesel Dude makes a header for the screaming man and FIRES again -- this time the poor bugger is hit with a full blast to the chest -- he slams into a retaining wall and falls over the embankment.

But as he does so, he loosens his grip on a business briefcase and it falls open on the deck.

Hundreds of silver/grey/brilliant blue pebbles disperse - the COBALT appears as reflective marbles shining under the moonlight.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(whispers)

Damn... that's blue cobalt...

Alie and Braylen look directly into each other's eyes as Vin Diesel Dude walks over, picks up the marbles, and puts them back into the case. He heads back inside, slams the door closed.

ALIE FARNELL

Sure you wanna work here?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Looks like we got some investigating to do. Alleged 131 and 140.

#### **INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - AFTERNOON**

The bedroom has been turned into a "workout" room which contains two pieces of dilapidated workout equipment. Braylen trains -- his Martial Arts skills kill it -- sinewy, strong, Braylen honors his Father's teaching.

Hand-to-hand combat and grappling are precise, perfect. Braylen pauses. Looks at the mat. Sad and forlorn.

#### **BEGIN FLASHBACK**

*INT. KENDRICK FAMILY HOME - DAY - MANY YEARS AGO*

*A YOUNG BRAYLEN, 9, holds a long-barreled rifle. Lawrence in his 30s, laughs. Shakes his head. Gives his son a huge hug of support and love.*

*LAWRENCE KENDRICK*

*You have to learn to use your hands first.*

*BRAYLEN KENDRICK*

*But I want the rifle!*

*Braylen grins. Whips the rifle around. Kung-fu style -- his father grabs it before he can cause any real damage.*

*LAWRENCE KENDRICK*

*Trust me. You can do just as much, if not more damage, without it.*

*His father takes the gun. Lays it on a table. He then warms up with an ax-kick, spinning hook kick, and hand-to-hand combat. He's incredible.*

*LAWRENCE KENDRICK*

*Would you like to try, apprentice?  
One day it will save your life.*

*BRAYLEN KENDRICK*

*Yes, yes, yes!*

*Braylen sprints up to the bag and kick-punches it as hard as she can. Knocks himself over. His father laughs heartily and picks him up.*

*Braylen is completely captivated as his father attacks once more with a roundhouse, knee drops, and side kicks.*

*BRAYLEN KENDRICK*

*(to himself)  
He's a superhero...*

# **BACK TO SCENE**

*Alie, Beyonce behind her, walks in the room dressed in fashionable work-out wear and pulls Braylen from his reverie.*

*ALIE FARNELL*

*Sup, buddy? Show me your fightin' ways.*

*BRAYLEN KENDRICK*

*Careful, I can lay a mean whippin'.*

Beyonce takes a seat on an exercise machine, it breaks and tumbles to the floor. Beyonce just lays there staring up at the ceiling like, "this is my life."

ALIE FARNELL

Whip me into shape. I dare ya.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I figured you for a candy ass.

ALIE FARNELL

Charlize Theron and Uma Thurman. Kill or be killed.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Charlize Theron, not so much. But Uma, my hero.

Braylen instructs jumping front-kicks to Alie.

ALIE FARNELL

Well, I'm channeling my inner Furiosa, so get your ass ready.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

If you insist.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Ew.

They look, then follow her gaze to see two SLIMY, GREASY DUDES peering through the window.

DUDES

(cheers)

Cat fight! Cat fight!

Braylen looks at Alie.

ALIE FARNELL

Good practice for when guys are fighting over me.

She huffs and puffs and tosses bottled water over her boobs like a wet T-shirt contest. The Dudes eyes go wide.

DUDES

(anticipation)

Wet T-shirt cat fight! Wet T-shirt cat fight!

Braylen sets Alie up and they fight -- flying side kicks, back kicks, hand-to-hand combat. Braylen is insanely good. Alie sucks -- WHACK! AX-KICK! Alie goes down.

ALIE FARNELL  
 So much for my *bachelor plan*.  
 (beat)  
 Hold up!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 We don't got time for holding up.

ALIE FARNELL  
 I'm sure Uma had time to train.

Braylen yells commands. More ax-kicks.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Uma trained hard and learned the  
 entire Japanese language in six  
 months! I'm sure you can learn enough  
 in six days.

ALIE FARNELL  
 Six days? Fight fast, die young ain't  
 for me. Make a sexy corpse, though.

Braylen pauses as Alie charges him.

A few wolf whistles from the Dudes.

WHACK! WHACK! Braylen shouts commands.

One slimy, greasy dude, MIKHAIL, 39, swivels to get a better  
 view. His slimy, greasy hair shadows a nose broken three  
 times too many.

Mikhail grips the butt of a Glock 42 and raises his arm, as  
 if ready to strike. He watches and waits as the fight  
 movements reflect in his eyes -- but the curtain is CLOSED IN  
 HIS FACE as Beyonce has had enough of the perverts.

Alie struts, fixes hair, primps. Braylen high fives Beyonce.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 All for you, Sweetcakes. Casino Job  
 interview's tomorrow.

Beyonce is already half-way out the door.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
 Just make sure you ask about earning  
 potential so at least part of it is  
 worth your while.

Alie cocks an eyebrow.

ALIE FARNELL

No offense but how'd she end up so smart?

**INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - DAY**

Lights strobe, music rocks, video machines scream, winners yelp, pound the air. Gambling's a mad, enticing world.

**INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - SHERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Sherman checks spreadsheets on his laptop. Holstered in his gun belt is a Sig Sauer 9mm pistol.

Glamorous, designer, funky-out furniture and decor highlight the office. All appears normal.

The door to his office opens and Braylen and Alie strut in, their straight-laced, low key wardrobes vamoose! In place, Alie looks like Kardashians on display -- boobs pushed up, big butt showcased in skin tight mini-skirt, black knee-high boots, long hair weaves, Hollywood make-up.

Braylen displays tight, tight jeans that leave nothing to the imagination. A dress shirt is unbuttoned to the waist and a long gold chain hangs on his chest.

Sherman stares up at them with excitement in his pervy eyes.

Alie and Braylen stand before him with pouty lips. Sherman takes note of Alie's shirt with a bit of confusion -- the words shouting: *"I'm on Cloud Wine."*

Sherman Blankoff motions for them to do a spin. They vamp it up. He likes what he sees.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Looks good. Take a seat. I'm Sherman.  
Nice to meet ya.

They sit, all ears on deck.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

You two know what you're signing up for?

ALIE

No.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Yes.

He chuckles.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Listen, folks, we sell dreams here.

Braylen appears skeptical.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Now, I don't need to tell ya, we all know, it's a tricky situation. After the Great Recession, thousands of Americans lost everything: homes, pensions, savings. A real smack down.

He shuffles papers, stamps bills, scratches his balls.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Our hosts are mothers, fathers, aunties, even grandmothers and grandfathers. *Hope 'n Risk* hosts handle requests from our high rollers. Our guests expect quality. *Top* quality. Concierge stuff. Dinner reservations, complimentary rooms, limos, gourmet meals, Celine Dion tickets... companionship. Stuff like that.

ALIE FARNELL

Then why do your bouncers make everyone pay at the door?

Alie shuffles through color brochures, adjusts her skirt.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

We operate on a minimum price per casino visit, but if folks want to pay more, they will.

(beat)

Any tips you make, I get 15% commission, you get the rest.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

How much we talking? Like... *earning potential*.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Some of our high rollers visit several times a month. One of our top girls took home \$7000 last month.

Jaws drop.

ALIE FARNELL

You for real? Sounds too good to be true.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

We don't use that term here. That's a sentiment for poor people.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Must really be something. Changing peoples' lives so dramatically.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

What can I say? I'm a veritable Warren Buffet.

Braylen notices a couple of framed photos on Sherman's desk -- one is of Elon Musk.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Funny... I'd say you remind me more of Elon Musk. Powerful. Charismatic. Virile. All around great man.

Sherman raises an eyebrow. They share a short moment...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Well, I ain't no Mr. Nice Guy. You know, naive. Lacking good sense. I'm a real *smart* fella. Mean. Beat the shit outta people if they look at me funny. Know what I mean?

ALIE FARNELL

I'm getting wet over here.  
(beat)  
Where do we sign?

He hands over contracts from a file folder.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

NDAs. A word of what you do here gets spoken to anyone outside my joint, you wake up missing both your kidneys, that sort of thing.

He offers a creepy grin. Braylen signs without reading or even looking at the papers. Alie starts to read them and Braylen reaches over and signs for her. Hands them back to Sherman.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

You start now. One month probation. If you don't perform well enough, you're done. And I ain't just shootin' the breeze.

He nods for them to leave. Braylen takes deep breaths, turns to the door, pauses as he finally notices the thug standing beside the door, against the wall -- it's the greasy slimeball, Mikhail, from the trailer window.

Braylen notices the handgun in his waistband, grappling for a flick of the wrist, a pull on the trigger. Braylen averts his eyes and leads Alie through the door.

Sherman then pulls out his phone and dials --

**INT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - SHERMAN'S CONDO - LATER**

Sherman enters his condo, the Casino lights seen behind him as he enters. His phone is still at his ear.

He beelines across the foyer and living room, right into his -

**MAIN OFFICE**

Once inside --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
(into phone)  
Yeah, found two perfect mules.  
(pause)  
They'll be ideal. Couple'a airheads  
without a bloody clue.

Sherman ends the call, opens a drawer on the large desk, and presses a button inside. He spins to watch the wall behind him open up to reveal a cache of stacked bills and cobalt bullion.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
The world is yours, Sherman.

He polishes a blue cobalt bar, caresses it with his lips, gives it a kiss.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
All yours...

**INT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - NIGHT**

Braylen and Alie are primped and puffed. They step onto the floor of the casino -- Lights, music, action.

**BEGIN MONTAGE:**

-- they charm their HIGH ROLLERS.

-- Braylen and Alie dance and grind and make a show for the clients.

-- They sing along to the music and put on quite a performance.

-- Sherman pays them attention and seems satisfied with the way people are caught up in the their actions.

-- Everyone parties -- getting a lot of attention because of how flamboyant and over the top they are.

-- Mikhail watches them closely, seems cautious.

#### **END MONTAGE**

#### **INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - DAY**

Braylen cocks his head, listens, then slips down a darkened hallway. He looks around, checks doors, acts as stealthy as possible.

A cough and rustle of footsteps terrifies for a brief moment --  
- A MAN AND WOMAN come down the hallway, drunk and giggling --  
Braylen tries a door and hides inside --

#### **INT. CLOSET**

He waits a moment for the noisy couple to pass, but before he exits, notices something on the far wall. A door handle.

He moves to it, tries it, and it opens into --

#### **INT. SHERMAN'S OFFICE, HOPE 'N RISK CASINO**

There is nobody inside. Braylen steps in. Beelines to the desk. Looks around, gathering any clues he can find but sees nothing.

He notices the back wall seems to have some odd lines on it but can't make heads or tails of it. He tries drawers. Locked.

Then spots the phone. Picks it up. Checks the redial feature. Tries it. Nothing. He pulls out the narrow drawer from under the desktop -- A SMALL FOLDER. He grabs it --

A NOISE FROM THE DOOR -- darts back to the closet and slips inside just before the door opens and Sherman heads in, phone at his ear --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, yeah. First drop's tomorrow.  
 Fifty ounces of party supplies on  
 their way.

Sherman senses something.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 (into phone)  
 Don't worry about it.

He ends the call. Listens. Moves to his desk. Checks his hidden wall. Steps to the closet. Looks inside. Nothing. He locks it.

He takes a seat at his desk and spins to open his wall.

Surreptitiously, he conceals *cobalt bullion* inside EXPENSIVE, GAILY DECORATED BOXES.

A knock at the door. He closes the wall.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 Enter!

The door opens and Mikhail leads Braylen and Alie inside. Alie latest shirt has the words: *Chardonay or Should I Go?*

Braylen looks nervous -- the small folder tucked in the back of his shirt...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 You're doing great, folks. Just great. Lots of compliments. Well, a few complaints as well with guests feeling used. You're all take, take, take.

They look at each other, unsure how to react. Sherman then claps his hands in celebration --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 Which is exactly how it's supposed to be! C'mon, over here.

Alie and Braylen approach his desk as Sherman motions to the luxurious wrapped boxes with top-notch gift wrap that adorn his walnut desk.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 I can't waste good talent on the mid-levels.  
 (MORE)

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (cont'd)  
Tonight you're gonna make sure each  
high roller gets one of these gift-  
wrapped boxes. Yeah?

They nod and he hands over a few to each of them. He then  
reaches and unlocks a drawer. Pulls out a few stacks of cash,  
hands them over...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
And here's your commission. Now don't  
blow it.

ALIE FARNELL  
Why not? We're good at blowing.

Sherman raises an eyebrow.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
You don't say...

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Good at blowing *cash*.

He eyeballs him. He seems more nervous than usual. He walks  
around his desk and saunters up to him.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
And what would you blow *this* on?

He is right in his personal space.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Not enough yet. But I'll keep taking  
it until I can buy a Tesla. Any  
model, I ain't fussy. Or... a nice,  
hard, sleek, handgun. Maybe I'm good  
at blowing someone away.

He measures his glare. He raises an eyebrow...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
No bullshittin'. That's what happens  
to the bad guys in your life?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Yeah. They're dead.

Sherman does a double take at the veiled warning. Cash goes  
into bras, panties, jeans, purses before Braylen and Alie  
make a quick exit. Just before Mikhail closes the door and  
leaves --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
(talks to himself)  
Keep an extra close eye on that one.  
Bit of a firecracker... firecrackers  
can blow your face off if you ain't  
careful.

**INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - NIGHT**

Braylen and Alie collapse on the couch, wiped out, but  
hitting the high spot. Handfuls of cash burst from their  
clothing. Alie chucks cash in the air.

ALIE FARNELL  
We're rollin' B! Helllooooo future.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Future?

ALIE FARNELL  
Why quit?

Alie counts a stack of cash.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Mama always said sometimes you've got  
no idea you're heading into a tornado  
till you're blown to kingdom come.

ALIE FARNELL  
Oh come on, we gotta live a little.  
Enjoy it while it lasts. We could  
have Hollywood lives. Finally I'll  
prove my parents wrong, quit  
drinking, and put my states of  
emergency in the rear view.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Well... it does sound like a fun way  
to combat poverty!

They squeal and crank music, dance hip hop. Trip all over  
each other.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
This guarantees BEYONCE KENDRICK  
stays with me!

Alie links arms with Braylen.

ALIE FARNELL

Ya know, I got a knack for this high-priced hostess lifestyle. I say we milk it for all it's worth.

Braylen can't help but be pulled into Alie's energy. He smiles then looks up to heaven --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Mom, Dad... keep those blindfolds on. Your straight-laced baby son's gone rogue.

They rock out.

**INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - LUXURY ROOM - NIGHT**

Bursts of casino craziness filter through. But a sense of unease circles the birthday celebration of failed Oil Magnate PATRICK MCCAIG, 55, charming and devilish.

PATRICK MCCAIG

(to room service)

Hey, Babe, we're gonna need more Cuban rum, pinot, the works.

Patrick tenderly kisses Alie. She gets right into it as they waltz and canoodle.

PATRICK MCCAIG

I assume the pinot is good to keep you well-oiled?

ALIE FARNELL

Ah! The father figure I never had.

Braylen dances a slow, sensuous waltz on his own, in a dream, lost in the music.

FRANK DUNSHAW, 42, tall, handsome, George Clooney-type, struts toward Braylen, bestows a hug, a kiss, and a fondle to Braylen's butt.

Braylen's reaction of shivers from this touch show inner discomfort.

FRANK DUNSHAW

I wish someone would have told me that the oil business was as complicated, dangerous, and volatile as a beautiful man or woman.

Patrick tries to grind up against Alie and reveals a Glock 43 retrieved in his waistband. As he gets a little too "handsy", Braylen reaches out and pulls Alie across the room --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
We're off to the ladies room.

As they move out -- the main door smashes inward and TWO ARMED HITMEN IN MASKS AND TACTICAL BLACK barge in and stare hard at Frank and Patrick -- one is Mikhail --

MIKHAIL  
Time to find out what happens when  
you don't pay your debts.

Frank reaches for his Glock as he lunges, but not before Mikhail lifts his semi-automatic weapon and, along with his partner, pumps bullets into Patrick and Frank -- blood oozing from both men who fly back onto the floor.

Mikhail then steps to the table and grabs the two gift-wrapped boxes and puts them in a duffel bag --

MIKHAIL  
You won't be needing these where  
you're going.

He turns back to the door and as he passes the other hitman --

MIKHAIL  
Send in the cleaning crew.

The other man follows Mikhail out as Braylen and Alie can be seen peering in from the crack of the bathroom door --

#### **INT. ADJOINING BATHROOM**

They are frozen until Alie grabs her cell and dials 911.

ALIE FARNELL  
We gotta call the cops.

Braylen looks at the 911 call that fills Alie's screen --

#### **BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

*EXT. KENDRICK FAMILY HOME - DAY*

*Two police cars and a pick-up truck rumble out front.*

**SUPER: THIRTY YEARS AGO**

Three armed DEA in bullet-proof vests jump out, ready for action.

Slowly, a much younger Lawrence KENDRICK opens the front door in anticipation.

LAWRENCE KENDRICK

Welcome to my humble home --

The situation erupts in chaos as they rush Lawrence and push him aside --

### **INSIDE THE HOUSE**

-- and hard into the wall.

Scared and confused, Agents tie him to his Lazy Boy chair while they search and ransack the family home.

They rip through drawers, cupboards, any door large and small -- they also tear up bedrooms, mattresses, and closets including Braylen's room.

Marina and Young Braylen grab each other, frenzied for their safety, trying not to hyperventilate out of fear.

MARINA KENDRICK

(frantic)

Please, please stop. No more, no more. This is our home...

She watches a SNIFFER DOG rush in on a leash and beeline to the pantry. He barks and scratches at the floor eventually pulling a small linoleum cover aside to reveal a trap door.

Agents open the door and pull out several boxes from inside. Cops rip out all bottles of home-made moonshine.

They dangle the moonshine in front of Lawrence.

FIRST COP

Hey, Buddy. Waddaya do with these  
Buddy, sell 'em without a license?

Lawrence first chuckles at the suggestion. He waves his arms.

LAWRENCE KENDRICK

(explains patiently)

No, no, no. This is my family's  
personal collection, best in the  
world. I--

## SECOND COP

*Nice try, Buddy. We know illegal liquor when we see it. Damn ... think you can come here and enjoy the freedom while screwing the system. You're under arrest for brewing illegal liquor on American soil.*

*Lawrence Kendricks snorts at the suggestion but realizes how serious they are when they yank him to his feet and cuff him -*

*MARINA KENDRICK  
Lawrence!*

*BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Papaw!*

## FIRST COP

*You're guilty under the Alcohol and Tobacco Tax and Trade Law. Five years in the clink, if you're lucky.*

*They drag him away --*

## LAWRENCE KENDRICK

*But--but--but--  
(calling to his  
family)  
Upon the grave of my mother--NEVER  
TRUST COPS!*

*Handcuffed, Lawrence's tossed into the back of a police car. Marina follows, screams, grabs her heart, hits the dirt.*

*Sirens blast. Vehicles speed off. Braylen wails with pain and uncertainty.*

## BACK TO SCENE

*-- Braylen slaps Alie's cell into the toilet just as Alie attempts to bring it to her ear --*

## ALIE FARNELL

*What the hell? These two guys were just murdered. And they were nice to us --*

## BRAYLEN KENDRICK

*Dad was set up by the police all his life, never helped by them and they didn't even bother trying to look into how he may have died. No. We're gonna record this, keep our stories straight, and ride this all the way until we can see blood on the killer's hands.*

*(MORE)*

BRAYLEN KENDRICK (cont'd)

There's no way these asses aren't  
behind Mom and Dad's murder.

ALIE FARNELL

So...

(counting in her  
head)

Your Mom, Dad, that back alley guy  
and these two... How do the two of us  
dig into *five murders* without cops?  
We're most likely gonna be DOA sooner  
than later ourselves.

Alie digs into the toilet bowl. Retrieves her cell. Pulls a  
bottle of red wine from her back waistband. Braylen covers  
his head with his hands.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Ugh... you're right. Who am I trying  
to kid?

Alie sees how dejected Braylen is as he sits on the edge of  
the tub. Alie guzzles half the bottle of wine and sits next  
to Braylen and pulls him close.

ALIE FARNELL

Ah, what the hell... I got nothin'  
better to do. If you promise to keep  
the wine flowin', I got your back.

Braylen looks to Alie with hope and determination.

ALIE FARNELL

Let's take this all the way to the  
top until we prove a connection  
between your parents and this casino.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Yeah?

ALIE FARNELL

I even know the perfect name for our  
little detective agency: *Two folks  
who leave no WINE behind.*

Braylen cocks an eyebrow.

ALIE FARNELL

No? Lame?

Braylen nods.

ALIE FARNELL

How about... *Sip happens?*

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Wait... that one guy. Did you see him? I swear he is that creep lap dog of Blankoff's.

ALIE FARNELL

Mikhail?

Braylen nods.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Meaning...

ALIE FARNELL

The boss man is behind it? All of it?

Braylen thinks hard.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

That back alley guy. The case he dropped. It was cobalt, remember?

ALIE FARNELL

Okay?

Braylen's eyes go wide --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Dad said he knew the smugglers were on his dock. He called 911, said something about smugglers. If Blankoff is peddling cobalt. If he's smuggling--

ALIE FARNELL

Then he may be the guy behind it all.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

This ride might get bumpier than we thought.

ALIE FARNELL

Then it's a good thing I got enough padding for both of us. Let's blow, while we still suck air. Grab our wine glasses, wipe the door knobs, remove all traces. Snap as many pictures as we can.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

And do the jobs the cops'll never do.

**INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - LATER**

Braylen and Alie enter as Alie beelines to the cupboard for wine. Braylen sets his things on the table and cocks his head as LOUD MUSIC comes from down the hall.

He heads down the short hall and pauses as he hears SENSUAL MOANING --

He pushes the door open and it hits him square in the face -- a large lump on the bed underneath the bedspread. The lights are turned off. The lump keeps moving.

Braylen turns on the light -- suddenly, like waves crashing upward, a spray of horror explodes. His body shudders.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Oh God, no!

With a sudden flash of the removal of the bed cover, we see Beyonce's naked back and butt. But she's not alone.

A NAKED DUDE, 19, jumps from the bed and attempts to pull on his jeans. Muscular and Brad Pitt handsome, he lurches from the bed toward the doorway -- but Braylen has the doorway blocked.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

What the hell do you think you're doing with my daughter?

Beyonce jumps up, wraps the bed cover over her body.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Dad, it's not what you think - we're getting married.

Braylen BARKS out a laugh of disbelief -- naked Dude takes advantage of the moment and SLIPS out and down the hall and out of the trailer --

ALIE FARNELL (O.S.)

Yeehaw Cowboy! Look at that gun barrel!

Braylen looks at his young daughter with a shake of his head.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

God... I'm not even master of my own home.

(beat)

We'll talk later and I might wack you senseless if I thought it would do any good.

Braylen slams the bedroom door.

**INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - NIGHT**

Music pumps. Sherman watches workers blow up balloons and arrange party favors as he gets a lap dance from an over-the-hill GO GO DANCER, 60, with a bee hive hair do, shiny red go go boots, and a flashy black mini skirt.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

All right. That's the stuff. Show me the money--

Doors thrust open. Braylen and Alie gallop inside. Sherman eyes them, carefully takes them in. They step up to the Go Go Dancer and pull her off of Sherman's lap.

He is a little confused until Alie takes the Dancers place. Braylen begins to rub Sherman's shoulders.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Well... hello.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

We had a couple of questions for you... *boss*.

Alie licks Sherman from his Adam's apple to the tip of his nose.

ALIE FARNELL

*Sensitive* questions.

Alie motions to the Dancer and Sherman motions for her to leave. She huffs and agrees as he motions.

Braylen leans into his ear and speaks quietly --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

What would you want the two of us to do if we... *witnessed* something bad happening here.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

How *bad* are we talking?

Sherman gloats at Alie.

ALIE FARNELL

Murder.

Sherman freezes at this. Takes in his position and situation.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
That's a loaded word.

ALIE FARNELL  
Pun intended?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Two men. Mowed down in the luxury  
suite.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
You witnessed this?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Every bullet. And we were wondering  
what we should do with this...  
*information.*

He laughs.

ALIE FARNELL  
This is funny?

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
*You two* are funny.

He grabs Alie from behind and keeps her tight on his lap.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
The Non-Disclosure Agreement you  
signed stated that every single  
thing, down to the last gory, morally  
and ethically-blurry detail, can  
never be spoken of. To anyone. Ever.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
And if we do?

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
You will be swimming in litigation  
for the total of one-hundred million  
dollars.

Alie and Braylen lock eyes. Bad move.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Sometimes, weird things'll happen in  
this line of work, folks. Don't play  
naive. You knew that when you signed  
up.

ALIE FARNELL  
But this is--

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Just one of those weird, unbelievable things.

(off their looks)

Babes in the woods... what happens in this club is nothing compared to what I witnessed every day in my childhood.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

That bad?

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

My mother abandoned me on the streets of Atlanta. Took off for greener pastures. Left me to survive on my own. The things I saw... did... to survive...

He seems lost in some heavy hurt in his past. Braylen and Alie look at each other, almost feel sorry for him. Alie then lays her hand on his cheek as though to soothe him.

Then -- in an instant, Sherman pushes her off gets up.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

It's late, folks. Prime time. Take a minute and get your heads about you. Party starts in less than an hour.

He then pulls wads of cash from his pockets and tucks them into jeans and bra of Alie and Braylen.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Don't make me regret my decision to bring you losers into my universe. I don't handle regret... *lightly*.

Alie and Braylen clam up. Sherman locks eyes with Braylen for a long beat.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Life ain't always what it seems... But the money helps.

He winks at him and leaves. Braylen looks at Alie. She grabs a bottle of wine with a sigh.

ALIE FARNELL

Gotta be five o'clock somewhere.

**EXT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - NIGHT**

Alie and Braylen stand against a wall as the party goes on around them. Alie counts the cash.

ALIE FARNELL

I have to say I never thought dirty money could feel so good in our hands.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Maybe if my parents would have been the kind of people to play the game and take dirty money, and played the cops instead of being played by them, they'd still be alive.

Braylen sighs and then his eyes go wide when he sees a HANDSOME WOMAN in an off-the-rack suit strut across the room with a natural, sensuous body. He watches her carefully.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT is 40, attractive, hot, in great physical shape but sinfully awkward and shy. As she leans into the bar, her jacket shifts and Braylen spots the POLICE BADGE on her belt.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Hello...

Braylen and Cop Linsey's eyes meet and exchange inquisitive, interesting glances. Cop Linsey is curious and wanders over. Alie notices her --

ALIE FARNELL

(quietly to Braylen)

Not too shabby. And no wedding ring.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Not quite my type.

ALIE FARNELL

Too old fashioned? Too conservative?  
A stick in the mud?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Too single.

Cop Linsey meets Braylen's glance appreciatively.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Evening, folks.

Braylen loses the grip on his man purse and it plunges to the ground. Cop Linsey gallantly retrieves it without noticing the pistol inside. Hands it to him.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Sir.

He takes it. They smile. Alie lifts an eyebrow as she picks up on the chemistry that Braylen tries to pretend isn't there.

**INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - MORNING**

KNOCK, KNOCK on the outside window of Beyonce's bedroom. Beyonce wakes, looks for who is in her room. Looks confused and is about to roll back over when another KNOCK KNOCK -- she looks up to see her father in the small window.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(through window)

Wake up. Come hang out.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

But it's seven AM.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

You've been sleeping the days away since your boyfriend Dude decided he had no backbone. Get your young, beautiful butt up. I'm lonely.

Beyonce grunts but gets out of bed.

**EXT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER**

Braylen waits in the hammock still in his slutty clothes from the night before.

The sliding door opens. Beyonce steps outside in her PJ's, wrapped in a blanket. Drags herself over to the hammock. Slumps in. They snuggle.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Mother Theresa says, "If you want to change the world, go home and love your family."

Beyonce shakes her head, but cracks a smile.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Trying to say you love me and give me your blessing to get married?

Braylen scoffs.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Family first, that's our motto. The truth is, my dear, sometimes men and women make pledges, but... they're soon forgotten, cast by winds that dump them into another man's lap.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Meaning what?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Let's just say I speak from personal experience, and leave it at that. That boyfriend, named Dude... you've got higher mountains to climb.

Beyonce seems to notice Braylen's sketchy, sexy clothes for the first time.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

WHAT are you wearing?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

This is my... *uniform*.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Uniform?

(beat)

Dad! Are you a male escort?!

Braylen laughs at this.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Heavens no! I'm a host for the Hope 'n' Risk Casino!

Beyonce squints hard at her dad --

BEYONCE KENDRICK

That's not much better.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Well, I'm undercover. Trying to find connection to whatever happened to Maw-Maw and Papaw.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

As long as you're not working under covers.

Beyonce looks at Braylen, who smiles sadly.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

My clever girl... just keep focusing on your school so you can finally be the one to make a good name for our family.

Beyonce touches his shoulder, slumps down.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Whatever happened to my brave father who wanted to be a *veterinarian* and save all the animals?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

You try to survive mortgages, unemployment, deadbeat ex, no steady income while trying to go to school. Best I could do was save you and me, kiddo.

Beyonce jumps up.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Maybe I can help. What if I make posters and put them around town, online, socials, see if anyone has any information or maybe saw something that day MawMaw and Papaw died? I can help.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

It's not your job, baby girl, I'm on top of it.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Too bad. I'm helping. We support each other, remember? *Don't let anything come between Father and Daughter*, right?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

And there's my parenting skills coming back to bite me in the ass.

He smiles and Beyonce chuckles while Braylen tickles her. They squirm and giggle and scream as they finally roll out from the hammock and hit the ground.

#### **BEGIN MONTAGE:**

-- Beyonce prints out posters at school asking for information about her grandparents murders.

-- Braylen and Beyonce staple posters to poles.

-- Up the street, Alie staples posters over yard signs supporting TRUMP.

-- Braylen, Alie and Beyonce put up more posters, ask advice from CITIZENS, question STRANGERS.

-- More people help put up posters in store windows. Braylen looks to Beyonce who nods proudly.

-- At a local Radio Station, Braylen wears a headset, chats with a RADIO HOST, appeals for clues to Mr. and Mrs. KENDRICK's murder.

-- An out-of-town TV station hosts Beyonce and Braylen, sets up a live interview. Phones rings off the hook. This reels in tips and info.

**END MONTAGE**

**INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - BLACK JACK ROOM - NIGHT**

Geeks, unattractive, uncool - kind hearted, KELLY LEBRUIN, 40, and SAMUEL BOISCLAIR, 42, sit in the Black Jack room, await their appointment with *Hope 'n' Risk Hosts*.

KELLY LEBRUIN  
(excited, high  
octane)  
Hit me.

Loud music vibrates the room AS THE DEALER HITS -- A BLACKJACK! The two guys celebrate.

Alie and Braylen step up behind the men. They seductively present two of the beautifully decorated gifts to Kelly and Samuel.

KELLY LEBRUIN  
What's this?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
A specially curated gift for high-  
rollers like yourselves.

Kelly and Samuel exchange looks like they understand the gift... They then look to the center of the main casino floor -- where a brand-spanking new Tesla Model X displays with Falcon wing doors wide open. On the hood a shiny sign proclaims - WIN ME!

The guys are about to speak when -- A RUCKUS ERUPTS IN THE CASINO --

Latasha, Richard and the Williams brood burst in like a fierce winter blizzard on steroids. Latasha and Braylen share hugs. Richard approaches Alie, pinches her butt.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

What are you doing here? I thought  
you flew home!

Before Latasha can respond, Braylen is swept up in the image of Jasmine immediately making tracks for the dancer's pole -- she performs her routine as an appreciative audience cheers and enthusiastically place hundreds of dollars at her feet.

Latasha's youngsters are wired: they yelp, laugh and holler - take right over and run the entire casino floor back and forth, knocking over drinks, smacking into gamblers as security tries to kick them out. Unsuccessfully.

THE ENTIRE WILLIAMS FAMILY plunges in -- beeline to the Tesla, get their grubby fingers and bodies are into everything.

Latasha motions to the family and then to the buffet across the room --

LATASHA WILLIAMS

Come on, little buggers, get your  
butts over there before you starve to  
death.

There's a mad dash as grubby little hands attack everything in sight.

Richard ambles up next to Latasha and hugs Braylen and Alie. Then to Latasha --

RICHARD WILLIAMS

What'd he say? Did you try hinting?

Latasha shakes her head no -- he motions for her to speak.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

Don't be shy, we're family.

Latasha holds Braylen's hand.

LATASHA WILLIAMS

Ummmmmmmm, Braylen, here's the deal.  
Tough times. We ain't got cash for a  
flight home.

(MORE)

LATASHA WILLIAMS (cont'd)

We're broke, plain and simple,  
stranded in this here popsicle stand  
and they stopped letting us sleep at  
airport. You've heard our parents:  
family this, family that, all about  
friendship, family first, so none of  
us should be forgetting ethics. Why,  
Jiminy Cricket, you won't know we're  
here. We'll only stay with you  
awhile. Ain't that right, Richard?

Richard has moved on, too busy putting the hustle on the OLD  
HOOKER with red lipstick applied an inch higher than her  
natural her lip line and a black Cher Wig from the 60's. You  
know the one -- Mohawk with spikes from hell.

Braylen is overwhelmed by this news, and as he looks to Alie  
for advice, he takes note of several CHINESE and Middle  
Eastern BUSINESS PEOPLE wandering from the hallway to  
Sherman's office carrying the special gift-wrapped packages.

Braylen's eyes light up when he spots Cop Linsey Elliott,  
spinning a few chips in her hand as she eyes the events in  
the room.

She sees Braylen- locks her eyes onto him and heads over.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

On the job, Officer?

He chuckles a bit.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Just stopping by on my way home.  
Always like to try my luck at the  
tables.

(noting the Williams  
family)

Everything okay here, nothing amiss?

Braylen steps closer to her...

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Oh... if I were to think about it  
*long and hard*, there is something a-  
miss in my life.

Cop Linsey smiles, take in his flirtation, hands her business  
card to him.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Well, if you ever assistance finding  
things out, I'd be happy to help.

(to Latasha)

(MORE)

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT (cont'd)

And Ma'am. Kids aren't allowed to be  
running amok in a place like this.  
I'd round 'em up and move along  
before security becomes a problem.

Cop Linsey walks off.

From inside her scarf bag, Latasha pulls out a lasso rope.  
With complete expertise, Latasha makes the noose and coils  
the rope into same-size circles. With confidence, she holds  
the coils in her left hand and the loop in her right, picks  
her target, and lets loose the swing as the noose sails  
through the casino.

Her throw easily loops around her child's shoulder.  
Confidentially, she pulls in the slack. After repeating this  
maneuver several times, all the children are "rounded up."  
Amidst protests and quarrels, the gang troops out of the  
casino together.

LATASHA WILLIAMS

(over her shoulder)

See you at home!

Braylen and Alie wave.

ALIE FARNELL

How the hell are they all gonna fit  
in your trailer?

Before she can answer, Kelly and Samuel step up and wrap  
their arms around Alie and Braylen's waists.

KELLY LEBRUIN

(to ALIE FARNELL)

So... Tell us more about what you two  
actually do for a living?

A pause, a hesitation.

ALIE FARNELL

Believe it or not, we're best buds  
who challenged our beliefs. After  
lots of consideration, we attacked  
our loans, grew some assertiveness,  
and now we live life on our terms.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

And don't take unnecessary risks.

ALIE FARNELL

But expect tips.

Alie and Braylen walk away from the guys, checking out gorgeous pieces of art hung on the walls of the Casino. The guys enjoy watching the view of them sashaying away and are quick to follow.

SAMUEL BOISCLAIR

Ummmmmm, not sure we follow you?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

It means we put ourselves first.

ALIE FARNELL

And truth is, we're killing it here as hosts. Don't need to lower ourselves to let high-rollers like you boys look up my skirt.

Suddenly, due to inattention, Alie's stiletto heel gets trapped in the edge of the Persian rug -- she tumbles head first, dress flings upward, exposing thong panties and bare butt cheeks.

Samuel has a crooked smirk on his face.

SAMUEL BOISCLAIR

No? Sure about that?

Slowly, Alie perks up, shrugs her shoulders. The men laugh.

KELLY LEBRUIN

How about a night cap? Purely innocent.

Braylen and Alie take a good look at the gift-wrapped packages in their hands. Braylen eyes them and darts his eyes to Alie. Alie nods then looks to Kelly.

ALIE FARNELL

Make mine a double. Double *dip* that is.

#### **EXT. CASINO POOL, HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - EVENING**

The pool glows blue under the evening lights. There's a hesitation, an unsettled anticipation in the background. Alie and Braylen lead the men in.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(quietly to Alie)

These two are talkers. We play our cards right and they may give up info that we can use.

ALIE FARNELL

Gotcha.

(to the guys)

Let's celebrate your big wins.

Everyone in the pool. Geronimo!

Alie strips to her underwear and jumps in. Everyone follows her lead -- belly flops and cannonball dives rip the pool.

Samuel swims over to Braylen. Puts his arm around him.

SAMUEL BOISCLAIR

I find you very interesting, not like the other folks here, just out for a sugar-daddy. You're an older soul entwined within a youthful body. Perhaps yearning for... freedom and independence?

Braylen looks surprised at how Samuel observes him.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

True... You and I both have a unique way about us.

(beat)

Perhaps we play our cards close to our chests. Do you find it hard to like, share secrets? My Mom had secrets. All her life.

Braylen swims around, teases Samuel.

SAMUEL BOISCLAIR

Well... who knows where these secrets may lead?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Are you brave enough to find out?

Samuel reaches for Braylen -- he splashes him and giggles and swims away -- IN THE CABANA behind them, a man comes into view, wearing a trench coat, watching them from the shadows.

As he inches forward, a slash of light reveals his face -- it's the greasy dude, Mikhail. He watches the men carefully.

Samuel waves at Braylen then dives under water.

ALIE FARNELL

Where did you fellas acquire your wealth, if you don't mind my asking?

SAMUEL BOISCLAIR

Real estate. But nowadays there's so much government intervention, manipulation of interest rates, you name it. You gotta be efficient, quick on your feet. But we've recently found an interesting line into "critical minerals."

At these words, Braylen darts his eyes to Alie but she fakes it --

ALIE FARNELL

Critical minerals?? Sounds interesting-

Kelly then swims to Samuel. Nobody notices Mikhail in the shadows, paying very close attention.

KELLY LEBRUIN

Actually, not interesting at all.  
(scolding tone)  
And not worth talking about.

Braylen can sense the tension. He grabs Alie's arm.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Speaking of worth, we need to get back to work while the night is still young.

SAMUEL BOISCLAIR

Oh, let's do this again?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Any time. Our pleasure!

They jump from the water and head toward and into the adjacent --

# **CHANGE ROOM**

They dry off and towel their hair.

ALIE FARNELL

What gives? Kelly was a gentleman.  
Did Samuel do something--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

No. It was his reaction - to "**critical minerals**". It's what my Dad said, these smugglers, playing with critical minerals and stuff.

(MORE)

BRAYLEN KENDRICK (cont'd)  
 If they're here, they might be part  
 of it. They might be the ones who...

Braylen chokes up. Alie pulls him close.

ALIE FARNELL  
 Hey... I got you. Let me take the  
 lead. We'll keep them at arm's length  
 but see where they lead us. Yeah?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 I'm glad you're... doing this with  
 me. I know it's not conventional, but  
 I couldn't have done it myself. I  
 would have been stuck and afraid.  
 Gotta get the lowdown on critical  
 minerals...

ALIE FARNELL  
 We're ridin' together, bettin' on our  
 future. All alone, our odds go  
 straight to hell. But together...  
 jackpot.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Who knew you were so smart, Alie?

They smile, primp hair -- suddenly, GURGLING SCREAMS AND HIGH-  
 PITCHED SQUEALS punch the atmosphere -- horror on their  
 faces.

They spin around. Look out to the pool --

Mikhail, his face not seen by the girls, head to toe in  
 black, beats the bejesus out of Samuel and Kelly as blood  
 seeps a bright red calling card into every crevice of the  
 pool. With a couple of final blows to their heads with a RIOT  
 STICK, their bodies fall dead.

Mikhail grabs each man by the scruff of their necks and drags  
 them to a rear gate.

Braylen moves to step out -- Alie grabs his arm --

ALIE FARNELL  
 Wait--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 (harsh whisper)  
 We need to see who that was.

They follow, carefully, still in underwear and high heels....

**EXT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - LATER**

Alie and Braylen stagger into the street, hightailing it to where the door slams on a long, black Benz Limo just before it SQUEALS down the road.

Alie and Braylen stare hard at each other.

**INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - LATER**

Both freak out. Their minds, exhausted and spent, are darn close to a break down. They devour wine, chow down on ice cream from the container.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

We're in too deep, got caught with our knickers down. I've been doin' some research -- the modern world can't exist without critical minerals...they're the building blocks for wind turbines, solar panels, electric vehicles, drones, satellites, smartphones even data centers, you name it!

ALIE FARNELL

But why smuggle critical minerals? Like, how did we end up here?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Seems like the Congo supplied cobalt and critical minerals, but they used child labor, so Americans said enough of that shit. China has cobalt, but they're keeping it to themselves. Guess what? That leaves only one place...Canada!

Braylen devours a mouthful of a muffin as they think hard on this.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

It's gotta be Sherman, he's smuggling cobalt and critical minerals from Canada into the US and makes a small fortune...

ALIE FARNELL

So he's the one killing everybody?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

The one giving the orders at least.  
Don'tcha see, it was our boss who set  
everyone up.

ALIE FARNELL

And then he blackmailed us. Paid us  
off. To keep us quiet. Why do that?  
Why not just kill us?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I don't know... but with all these  
people dying, it's clear that  
Sherman's gotta be involved in the  
death of my parents. Has to be. And  
part of our payoff is ridin' on his  
guilt. We just need to prove it...

Alie sees her friend about to cross into the deep end of  
depression --

ALIE FARNELL

Hey, look what I bought ya.

She steps to the other room and wheels in an elaborate  
chocolate fountain, like they serve at weddings. It twirls  
round and round as chocolate oozes from top to bottom.  
There's a tray that has several servings of white cake and  
crackers for dipping.

They take several samples. But soon realize Alie did not do  
the set-up correctly. At first, the fountain turns very  
slowly, but it spins faster and faster. Next, it wobbles from  
side to side.

Soon chocolate spins outward from the fountain and splats  
everywhere, including their clothing, then their faces and  
arms and entire bodied are covered in chocolate.

They lick chocolate off each other and soon collapse  
hysterically on the floor. Slipping and sliding, Braylen and  
Alie manage to upright themselves.

ALIE FARNELL

Chocolate makes everything better,  
yeah?

Braylen nods and grabs his friend's hand. Squeezes it.

Braylen's cell PINGS. PINGS and PINGS.

He reaches to it, picks it up, looks at the photo. Looks  
again -- Braylen's melded to the spot. Can't move.

But there is something new in his eyes. Fire.

Without warning, Braylen shoves Alie flying across the room, sliding in the chocolate like a mud-wrestling event --

ALIE FARNELL

What the hell? I'm too drunk for this!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(shrieks)

*What the hell?* You bitch! You double crosser! You think I'm just some dumb schmuck?

Braylen bombards papers, wine bottles, dishes at Alie --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

You slept with my Ex SERENA?! Why? You talk ethics, and now this!

Alie freezes. Knows exactly the shit coming her way. Braylen picks his phone up, wipes chocolate off the screen and shows the picture that cracked him -- a compromising shot of Braylen's Ex-wife, SERENA WILSON, 31, in a sexy embrace, half naked, WRAPPED AROUND ALIE.

No doubt about it, Serena is one attractive, sexy Black gal who's in great shape and ain't afraid to show it. A real show stopper!

ALIE FARNELL

Now hang on! You know I tried to make your breakup and divorce as easy as possible. When you started drinking and partying, for five months at a time, did I ever rag you, ever point my finger at you in anger?

(beat)

Yeah, everyone else did, called you a loser and slut behind your back. But not me. I had your back, gave you love and support. I'm definitely your very best friend.

Alie reaches out, tries to hug Braylen but Braylen hightails it the opposite way. Throws dishes, pillows, shoes at Alie.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

You two-timing bitch!

ALIE FARNELL

This picture with Serena, it happened one night, one time only!

(MORE)

ALIE FARNELL (cont'd)

And you'd been separated for months.  
I went to talk to her about you,  
figure out how to help make it easier  
on you. Maybe we were both lonely;  
Lord knows. but no one supports you  
like I do, I love you like a brother.

Braylen doesn't respond. Doesn't look at her. Just sits there  
pathetically in the chocolate mess.

ALIE FARNELL

But if you want me gone, then I'm  
outta here. No problem.

Alie gathers her purse, shoes, fake leather jacket. Heads  
toward the door.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Nah.

Alie halts. Looks back.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I dropped the ball with you, too.  
Dumped all my shit on you. Was wasted  
the entire time. Useless.

ALIE FARNELL

Well...

Alie sits back next to him.

ALIE FARNELL

I used to think an alcoholic was a  
ratty scumbag living on the streets,  
with wild, crazy eyes and stringy,  
dirty hair.

(beat)

Until I became one.

Braylen gives her a look. Alie is serious for the first time  
in a long time.

ALIE FARNELL

Maybe it's time for rehab.

Alie pulls out a brochure featuring splashy pictures of an  
upscale rehab clinic with pools, exercise rooms, and gourmet  
meals.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Wowza. Looks pricey.

ALIE FARNELL

Thirty grand a month. Why do you think I'm sticking around the job with you? Purely selfish reasons.

She smiles and Braylen does as well. Grabs her hand.

ALIE FARNELL

But until I got all the cash I need...

Alie goes to the Fridge, cracks open two bottles of wine.

ALIE FARNELL

Let's add some kick. Gotta practice for my going away party.

They guzzle wine.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

We're gonna break in.

ALIE FARNELL

What? The casino? But we work there. Why do we need to break in?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Not the casino. Sherman's condo. Find anything we can. It's time.

ALIE FARNELL

Wow... our first B and E.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Down 'n dirty, Babe, like a fleet of rental toilets.

ALIE FARNELL

Oooh. I like this new Braylen.

**EXT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - SHERMAN'S CONDO - NIGHT**

Alie and Braylen wear Hollywood High make-up, hippie sun glasses, blonde Marilyn Monroe wigs and camo jogging suits. Their intended incognito outfits make them appear slightly ridiculous, but there's no quitting life now.

Braylen and Alie eerily tread past Sherman's condo entrance -- it's off in an area surrounded by trees and lush landscaping, but still attached to the Casino - gambling machines can be seen and heard in the background.

ALIE FARNELL

(points)

Look, all the rooms face east, away from the Casino. The windows are open, that's our entrance. And if things go bad, we jump back out and head for the hills, nobody will see us.

Deep breaths, kick-ass stomach crunches, shimmy, shimmy - they're inside the condo.

**INT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - SHERMAN'S CONDO - NIGHT**

Everything's over the top -- furniture, drapes, paintings showcased in a cheap, fun house, futuristic design.

ALIE FARNELL

It's spooky. How many years if we're caught?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

'Stead of playing it straight, we could be high tailin' county jail for ten years.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Slimy. Our boss works far enough on the good side of the law to stay in business.

ALIE FARNELL

Yeah, a real two timer. Heard his wife and daughter bailed a long time ago.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Has a kid? Gee. If I had a kid I'd stop doing this right away.

ALIE FARNELL

The irony, right?

In the living room, a massive, ornate family portrait hangs above the fireplace -- Sherman Blankoff, his wife and daughter, who look surprisingly beautiful and normal.

ALIE FARNELL

(mesmerized by  
portrait)

Wow, I can't believe it. They exist.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Sad, really.

ALIE FARNELL

Ahhhh these family dreams of love and security... what women won't do.

They maneuver room to room, seek answers -- for some unknown reason, the walls are covered with portraits of US Presidents.

They make their way to the final room --

# **MAIN OFFICE**

Hands trembling, the light from his phone shaking in the dark, Braylen browses around, makes hot laps to the desk.

With a LETTER OPENER, he quickly cracks open all drawers one by one. Rifles papers. Nothing interesting.

He makes it to the bottom drawer and stops as he reads a document carefully --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

It's all here. Bribery, kick backs, and blackmail.

Braylen holds up a loan agreement.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(as he flips pages)

Loan agreement. Fifty million bucks. With some company in Europe. And... the Middle East I think.

(he points to photos  
of brilliant blue  
minerals)

Look, it's about cobalt... Sherman is the smuggler Maw-Maw was talking about.

ALIE FARNELL

Soooooooooooo. Europe and the Middle East?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

A Cartel. Maybe Sherman *isn't* the boss. Maybe he's just a trigger man. This is big, Alie...

ALIE FARNELL

Too big. It might be time to call the cops--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

NO!

Braylen slams the drawer,, and as he does it catches and a BEEP echoes as the wall behind opens to reveal Sherman's cache of dirty money and cobalt bullion.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Holy Mother of Elon Musk.

He eyeballs a BLACK DUFFEL BAG and starts filling the bag with cash and cobalt bullion.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Help me grab all this. It's a gold mine!

Alie, across the room, heads toward Braylen and TRIPS. She hits the ground,, almost smashing her face, but getting her hands down in time.

She then looks to her left and into the face of SHERMAN BLANKOFF -- his face is beaten, bloody, eyes closed -- SHE SCREAMS and pushes herself back.

Braylen jumps, shines his phone light and sees Sherman's body off to the side of the room. He rushes over.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Is, is, is he dead?

ALIE FARNELL

How the heck should I know?!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Well, uh... let's like... roll him over?

ALIE FARNELL

Give 'im the old heave ho?

Braylen and Alie work to turn Sherman over.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(to Sherman)

Hey, hey, hey, can you hear me?

(beat)

Oh Lord, he's dead. What if the police bust this one-night stand?

ALIE FARNELL

And we get hit with the blame game?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Snap and crackle, Alie, just like a  
 bitter, northwestern tornado. We need  
 to hoof it --

Sherman Blankoff moans... opens his eyes -- they go wide when  
 he sees who's there -- Braylen with the letter opener in one  
 hand and the duffel bag over his shoulder.

ALIE FARNELL  
 Um... what's shakin'?

Sherman screams -- suddenly panicked --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 No time, NO TIME. GET OUT, NOW!

ALIE FARNELL  
 (defiant)  
 We're not hittin' it till you tell us  
 what's going--

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
 (desperate)  
 A BOMB, THERE'S A BOMB!

They help him up and hustle to the front door -- he grabs  
 them and shoves everyone out the front door --

**EXT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - SHERMAN'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS**

The trio runs, they're twelve feet from the door --  
 KABOOOOOOOM -- the condo EXPLODES!

Wood fragments, steel remnants, and furniture shards blast  
 onto their bodies and slam the air.

Spread eagle on the ground, both Alie and Braylen are  
 bloodied and cut, their clothing ripped and shredded.

Alie hyperventilates as they both look back at where the  
 condo used to be.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Question answered.

ALIE FARNELL  
 What?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Someone wants the boss dead. Not us.

Braylen looks around -- NO SIGN OF SHERMAN --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Wha... where is he?

They wobble, stumble, brush themselves off, take a gander -- a long black Benz Limo zings down the street.

ALIE FARNELL

That limo. Again.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

What now?

ALIE FARNELL

Amateur opinion? I've no idea.

Braylen looks back and sees the BLACK DUFFEL BAG on the grass where they landed, untouched by the explosion. He grabs it.

**INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - NIGHT**

The trailer is dark, no lights peep through the curtains, and it's eerily silent within the sad state of home sweet home.

Exhausted and beaten down both physically and mentally, they maneuver cobalt bullion and cash -- it gets strategically stashed throughout the trailer.

ALIE FARNELL

If you want my two cents, we should leave town, till things chill.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

We're past the point of no return, Sherlock. Besides I never gave the Casino this address, only the old house, so not a soul knows where to find us.

(beat)

I sure don't like Beyonce being out so late. She better not be running around with that Dude again.

When Braylen adjusts his bandages, his tattoo comes into view -- a *Two-headed Eagle in black, gold and red* -- but the eagle's arms hold a *knight's iron mask*.

ALIE FARNELL

You never told me the meaning of that tattoo.

Braylen looks at it.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Maw-maw made me get it. Our family crest. Whenever I asked why she forced me to get it, she'd say, "one day it will unite our family."

(thoughtful)

With so much about the old south, sometimes she felt weird, lonely. And different.

As Alie pulls back a bed sheet to stuff some more bullion, she discover two sets of eyes peering at her from under the bed -- FREAKS OUT!

ALIE FARNELL

BRAYLEN!! WE'LL ALL BE KILLED!  
SOMEONE'S UNDER THE BED READY TO TURN  
US INTO MINCE MEAT!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I don't know what you're up to, halt,  
I've got a weapon!

Braylen rushes over to find the Williams children waking from sleeping peacefully on the floor.

WILLIAMS FAMILY

Jeez -- it's us -- your cousins --  
that ain't no way to treat visitors..

There's a real humdinger of a meltdown as Braylen's nerves go into overdrive. Richard and Latasha crawl out from under another bed.

LATASHA WILLIAMS

Told ya we're quiet. Hey, we ain't  
used to such understated  
circumstances.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

This here's a little slice of heaven.  
I'm tellin' ya, we might never leave.

They all settle back into their sleeping positions as Braylen's phone rings -- it's Beyonce.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(into phone)

Listen, Beyonce, I don't like you  
being out so late --

CRIES AND SCREAMS punch through the cell. Braylen panics.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Beyonce?!

BEYONCE KENDRICK(V.O.)

(from phone)

Help me, Dad, help. That Blankoff  
guy's got me. Says you stole his  
cobalt and cash. Something about no  
trace it was melted and burned up in  
the explosion so you must have taken  
it. Says somebody's gotta fess up.

Braylen slumps to the floor.

BEYONCE KENDRICK(V.O.)

They say they're gonna kill me!  
Please, please, please help!

There's more SCREAMING at the other end of the phone.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Sweetheart, talk to me, talk to me.  
Where are you? Did--

Phone goes dead. Braylen looks at Alie and then his eyes roll  
back and he drops to the floor. Alie runs, shakes Braylen,  
sloshes him with wine, eventually Braylen comes to.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

We're dead meat!

Braylen's disoriented.

He trembles. Screams. Covers his head.

ALIE FARNELL

Talk. Just talk!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

It's Beyonce!

ALIE FARNELL

What about her?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

They've got her!

ALIE FARNELL

What? Who?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

She's been kidnapped! Sherman  
Blankoff and his Cartel!

(MORE)

BRAYLEN KENDRICK (cont'd)

Says we stole his money and cobalt,  
he wants it back... has Beyonce as  
collateral.

(beat)

This really is over our heads.

ALIE FARNELL

Damn, no more procrastination. We are  
calling the police. FBI. NSA!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Remember Dad and the cops. This won't  
end well.

Alie dials 911.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Wait.

(beat)

Okay, you're right. But I have a  
better number to call.

# **LATER**

At the kitchen table, Braylen and Alie lean back against  
their chairs, sip water, and take notes. They're both deadly  
serious. Alie's T-shirt: *Stop and smell the Rosé*.

Cop Linsey Elliott sits across from them. Serious. Her work  
is her life.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

So you think Hope 'n' Risk clients  
have been... murder victims? A set  
up? Because of gambling or cobalt  
debts?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Well, yeah, because of Sherman  
Blankoff.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

There have been a number of important  
people in the financial sector  
reported missing over the last few  
weeks and they seem to have been  
around this Casino...

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Beyonce's life is on the line here,  
Cop Linsey.

(MORE)

BRAYLEN KENDRICK (cont'd)  
And we don't have time for you to  
play detective and connect the dots.  
There's a clock running here so you  
just gotta believe me.

Cop Linsey loosens her collar. Smiles nervously. Braylen and  
Alie exchange worried glances.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Anything else you remember?

ALIE FARNELL  
The car.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
What car?

ALIE FARNELL  
Every time someone was killed... I  
saw a black Benz limo high-tail it  
from the scene.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Black Benz... not unusual around  
here. But a Benz limo is.

ALIE FARNELL  
Well, duh?

Cop Linsey flushes, writes it down. Mutters.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
License plates?

ALIE FARNELL  
Uhhhhh...

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Did you get the plate? Or partial?  
Even the last couple characters?

She flashes an authoritative, don't give me any grief, glance  
at Braylen. Braylen shrugs. Cop Linsey looks annoyed.

ALIE FARNELL  
Give him a break, hey? His only  
daughter's been kidnapped! He's not  
some Tarantino *Kill Bill* hero. Not  
even a Tom Cruise stunt man, which he  
never uses, by the way. He's kind of  
amazing.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Okay, okay. I'm--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I'm sorry! I've been spooked and high strung. And I don't trust the police, okay? My Dad. He was arrested unlawfully, 'cause of black prejudice. Cops came to our house, dragged him away. I saw everything, was just a kid. Cops still make my gut wrench.

(beat)

Even ruggedly attractive ones like you.

Alie nods in agreement. Cop Linsey blushes. Looks at Braylen sympathetically.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

I'll try all CCTVs nearby. I can't get the Casino security videos without a court order and my pockets ain't that deep here.

(beat)

I'll focus our .357's directly at the kidnapppers. And... that took a lot of guts to unwind your father's history to me. I understand crime from a personal viewpoint. My... husband was killed by a drunk driver five years ago.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I'm so sorry.

A soft look between them. Alie picks up on their chemistry.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Anyway... I checked with some other units and there does seem to be mention of an illegal smuggling cartel in the area, but nobody's had any solid leads.

(holds Braylen's hand)

I sincerely mean to help. But I'm just a local cop, I can only do so much. You sure you don't want me to reach out to the Feds on this?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

No Feds. We, um... want to keep this as quiet as possible.

ALIE FARNELL

Our... line of work.

Cop Linsey carefully eyes both Braylen and Alie as they hold each other's hand.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Nope. Just file your taxes and you'll be fine.

(beat)

But maybe after all this settles, say goodbye to a checkered past.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

You believe that? That we can walk away from who we used to be, our fears, our scars and... start fresh?

She makes strong eye contact with Cop Linsey.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

We can *re-invent* it. Sorta like... finding a bank account full of money we didn't know we had.

Braylen studies Cop Linsey with a new attitude of respect and admiration.

As the wind echoes outdoors and lashes tree branches against the trailer, Braylen's tongue lazily moistens his lips with a mixture of innocence and warmth.

Cop Linsey pays apt attention as she waves goodbye with a lingering touch to Braylen's cheek; sparks fly.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Thank you. Truly.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

We'll get her back.

She smiles and leaves. Brushes up against him on her way out.

A quiet beat. Then Alie crumples into herself on the couch.

ALIE FARNELL

We're so screwed.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(terrified)

What? You don't think they'll find Beyonce?

ALIE FARNELL

Oh, no, I'm sure they will.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Then... what?

ALIE FARNELL

I don't know how to do taxes!

**INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - DAY**

A gray, dull day, clouds hang low, with a rawness in the air.

Braylen's ex, SERENA WILSON, 33, gorgeous, sensuous, tall and Black American, has a lost look of desperation whisked from better days - as she wanders around the trailer, aimless and heartbroken.

Wearing an expensive business suit, and even though she scowls, Serena could stop traffic, she's so damned hot.

SERENA WILSON

Wait--all this happens because you got a job as some go-go-dancer *slash* male escort?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Please, we've gotta work together on this. It could save Beyonce's life.

SERENA WILSON

Well... apparently her life wouldn't need saving if it wasn't for you.

Serena violently smashes her fists on the table and smacks the chair over, sends it flying into the wall.

SERENA WILSON

It's been nearly a week and you just let me know! What if we never see her again?

(softening)

Our baby girl.

Serena grasps Beyonce's photo, cries like a child.

SERENA WILSON

How could you let this happen to her? Why didn't you go to the cops about this entire Casino smuggling thing sooner?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I couldn't!

SERENA WILSON

Last time I looked both your lips and legs were working just fine.

Braylen collapses on a chair.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

It's Dad... He made me promise never to trust cops. Mom and I fell apart when Dad was falsely arrested. For years we stewed in misery, you know that, and I never got over it. You know there'd been a prejudice against Blacks. We were labeled *radicals*, were we gonna take away *American jobs*?

Serena's caught in this vortex of negative energy, holds her face in her hands. Braylen's consumed for a desire of understanding.

SERENA WILSON

Braylen... you speak of *trust*, but don't you see?

Serena rubs Braylen's shoulder.

SERENA WILSON

That was the downfall of you and me in the end. Seriously, you never, never trusted me. "Where've you been, who ya with, what'd ya do, how come I wasn't there? Don't be late, call me, call me, call me..." I didn't want another mother, I needed a *husband*. Just like Beyonce always needed her father.

Braylen sits up straight, transfixed and energized as though a stiff whack of lightning surges through his body.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Why... why would you want to take her away from me, then?

SERENA WILSON

Take her away? I'd *never* take her away from her Dad. I just wanted to see her more. You just wanted to keep her away from *me*.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

But. But...I did *all of this* for Beyonce. My debts...  
(MORE)

BRAYLEN KENDRICK (cont'd)

I thought I was gonna lose *custody* of her. I had to get my way out somehow!

(beat)

I just... I want to be a success, wanted Beyonce and you... to be proud of me.

SERENA WILSON

By working at a Casino being a male escort for clients?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

No! It was all above board. We never-- it doesn't matter anyway. Right now, I just need your strength. I need your bravery.

SERENA WILSON

Not sure on what planet that's gonna happen. You got yourself into this mess, you get our daughter out of this. And we'll see who ends up paying for it all in the end.

Serena leaves. Braylen follows her --

# **OUTSIDE**

but she is in her car and gone before Braylen can do anything about it. He smashes fists, kicks feet against the trailer, and pulls his hair out. He wails.

Nothing helps. And then cell RINGS. He taps ACCEPT.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(into phone through tears)

Hello?

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT (V.O.)

(from phone)

Hey. It's Cop Linsey. Looks like all the sniffing I did kicked up enough dust. We're setting up a sting operation. And I'm taking you up on your offer to assist. We need you to phone Sherman Blankoff, tell him you'll return everything he thinks you took from him, his cobalt minerals, his cash stash, and ask where he wants to meet to do the exchange?

(beat)

(MORE)

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I know it's a lot to ask, but... are  
 you up for that?

He is now on his feet. Steeled. Papa Bear mode.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Every minute lost means we're getting  
 further from Beyonce. Let's hit it.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)  
 I'll come by to feel--I mean--sorry,  
*suit* you up.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Excellent.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)  
 Claim your confidence. Believe in  
 yourself. I do.

Cop Linsey hangs up. Her words give power.

#### **INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - LATER**

At the kitchen table, Cop Linsey tapes and wires Braylen,  
 preparing him for the undercover work. It's a bit sensual,  
 for her. Braylen seems oblivious as he blabs --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 She's just like... my life, you know?  
 She's my baby... this has to go okay.  
 Dear God, it has to...

Cop Linsey rubs his shoulder, squeezes her fingers. She tries  
 to tape the wire under his shirt but has trouble doing it  
 blind, with the shirt covering. Can't see what she's doing.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 And it just--  
 (beat)  
 Need me to take off my shirt?

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
 Uh...

Braylen whips off his shirt, revealing a tanned, toned body  
 and sexy abs.

Cop Linsey flushes. Tries not to stare.

Braylen blabs on. And on. And on in nervousness.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

--and now my Ex is disowning me. For the second time. Won't even help. Wants me to crash and burn. I can't believe this is happening.

Cop Linsey is distracted by his body...

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I mean, it's not my fault is it? She says it's my fault.

COP LINSEY

(distracted)

Uh, no. 'Course not.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

That's what I'm trying to tell them. But I feel like it totally is. I mean, I'm the one that took a job working for a lowlife and spending time with old, gross men because of some gut feeling the place had something to do with my parents deaths. You can only rely on luck for so long.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

You're fine. We've all done things out of desperation. Don't beat yourself up about it.

Braylen smiles.

She melts.

A moment. A possible kiss?

TALK ABOUT INOPPORTUNE TIMING -- the entire Williams clan troops in. Latasha whips out the indoor grill, fires 'er up, and cooks more horse meat.

Braylen and Alie gag.

Happily, the Williams family digs in and --

LATASHA WILLIAMS

Back home, we call the Mob and everything's fixed right smart, ya better believe it.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

Ain't no bullshittin', just line 'em up at the firing squad and shoot.

(MORE)

RICHARD WILLIAMS (cont'd)

(beat)

You two go about your business, we're heading out, got glorious things to do. Lots of Black neighbors here in the area. They even got Latasha on a line to use her roping skills for a rodeo job to make us some money so we can finally afford to fly home.

The Williams family departs.

Braylen and Cop Linsey smile oddly at the interruption and comments. Braylen then flits his eyes down to her hand nestled on his chest, frozen as though she is fondling... clears her throat -

Cop Linsey flinches, pulls her hands away, focuses. She quickly connects the wires for the mic. Looks away...

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

You can put your shirt back on.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

No need to be shy.

He puts his shirt back on with a bit of a smirk.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

I'm just giving you some privacy.

Cop Linsey flushes. Braylen smiles.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Very sweet of you.

He then feels the mic and the heaviness of everything hits... panic throbs his veins, his body gives a shudder of fear.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

This sting is totally happening?

Cop Linsey faces him again. Sees his nervous reaction. It's naive, almost a childlike quality.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

But... what if I fail?

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

I'm not gonna sugar coat the situation. But I can tell you that you can count on me. I will be with you every single second until it's over.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Thank you.

Braylen nods. Hugs her.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Thank me when you're holding your  
daughter in your arms.

Braylen leans in and kisses her on the cheek. For a very long moment. She finally leans away from him as reality sets in. It's now or never.

Braylen pulls out his cell. Moves to the couch. Takes a deep breath and lets it out slow.

Too scared. Can't do it.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Can... you sit with me?

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Of course.

Cop Linsey gets up from the table and sits on the couch beside Braylen, checks cell, gun, and ammunition.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

I've never done anything like this  
before. If I mess it up, I don't even  
--

Braylen's eyes fill with tears.

Cop Linsey moves closer. Very close.

Braylen pulls himself together.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Thanks.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

Ready?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Let's do this.

Braylen holds out his hand. Cop Linsey takes hold. Looks at him with complete admiration and desire -- without giving it any thought, Cop Linsey takes hold of Braylen's face in her elated, aroused hands and KISSES Him FULLY ON THE LIPS.

Within a moment, his arms pull her into him, and they wrap their bodies together in intense passion -- until he finally stops and pulls himself back.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
I'm sorry... but damn, your vibe can  
set the sky on fire.

Surprised and electrified, he keeps hold of her hand and finally, picks up the cell and dials Sherman Blankoff --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
(from phone)  
Yeah? Is this Braylen?

BRAYLEN  
(into phone)  
No. It's Nicole Kidman. But you sure  
ain't no Keith Urban.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
Wise ass. Am I hanging up here, or--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(talks into phone)  
No! No. I... I need to talk to you  
about something critical.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
Make it snappy.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(into phone)  
Um... yeah. So... I...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
Speed it up, Princess.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(into phone)  
You know damn well we swiped your  
filthy moola, Blankoff. Besides, how  
many pictures of dead presidents does  
one thief need?

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
I knew it was you! You're history,  
bitch! And your little *girl*, too!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(into phone)  
Careful. You never know who might be  
listening, *Sherman*?

A long pause...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
I'm gonna frickin' kill you.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Wait. Please. I will give it all back to you. I just... my daughter--is she all right? She's my world, damnit. I know you have a daughter. How would you feel if anything happened to her?

His breath on the line tells her he has possibly gotten through to him.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Think of what her mother would feel--

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
Mother?! MOTHER?! Like the one who deserted me? Left me on the streets of Atlanta as a baby? You'll get to feel what I felt, I promise you.

Braylen does a double take. But then --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(hysterical)  
For the love of God. Just trade it all for Beyonce and we'll go our separate ways forever.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF (V.O.)  
Get your ass over to the Casino! My office. Use your key card. I'm waiting.

**INT. HOPE 'N RISK CASINO - SHERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Braylen enters, his fake Michael Kors weekender bag on his arm. Alie follows, wears a fancy glittery shirt with the words:

*ROSES ARE RED.  
WINE IS ALSO RED.*

They JUMP as Sherman takes command with a blasted .357 barking into the air.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Gimme the bag. Now.

Braylen stares bullets at him --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Gimme, gimme, never gets.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Ha. Heard that a million times when I  
was a kid. Didn't work then, doesn't  
work now.

He looks to Mikhail, who stands at the rear of the room.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Move them out back.

He walks right up to Alie, stares at her hard then gets  
within an inch of Braylen's face.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Then kill 'em.

Alie collapses to the floor.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
And to think... I was just about to  
invite you into my organization. Make  
you part of my empire. Had my eyes on  
you. You were smooth, you listened,  
and after all, you're--

Braylen spits in his face.

Sherman barely flinches.

He takes a moment to wipe it off his face then HEADBUTTS  
Braylen -- CRACK -- he falters back but stays on his feet --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Stupid butch, I should'a wiped you  
out when I poisoned your parents,  
Richard and Marina.

Braylen's shell shocked. His entire world falls out from  
under. And then he bends in half and vomits.

Sherman smirks as the physical reaction to shock and pain  
takes hold.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
You son of a bitch. You killed my  
folks.

Sherman aims his .357 at Braylen's heart.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Poison is such an effective tool. And especially in such a secluded spot. All the darkness, no one to notice. Murder to look like suicide.

(beat)

You should actually thank me for waiting until you and your little bitch left.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

If it takes forever--you're a dead man--

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Old fools the both of them. Richard discovered my cobalt smuggling and tried to shut down traffic from the mines. Those Canadians... so much damn cobalt they don't even miss a few thousand ounces and I don't pay a penny in royalties. Government's clueless up there.

Braylen stares daggers right through Sherman, his body shaking.

IN BRAYLEN'S EAR -- a small earpiece can be seen --

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)

(from earpiece)

Hang on, Braylen. We got the evidence we needed and we're coming in.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(to Sherman)

Where's? My? Daughter?

Before he can say another word -- Sherman smacks the side of Braylen's head with his magnum and he drops to the floor next to Alie.

Sherman looks down on him... is that a slight bit of remorse of some sort...

GUNSHOTS AND MAYHEM EXPLODE OUTSIDE -- Sherman spins to it. Looks out the window. Lights and sirens -- he spins to Mikhail --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Put them in the closet, and cover me to the tunnel and into safety.

**EXT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - STORAGE BUILDING - SAME TIME**

Two hostile Cartel GUARDS pack guns, cobalt and weapons.

Guns drawn, COPS block the entrance.

Gun blasts, smoke bombs, and semi-automatic fire screech the atmosphere.

Explosions belch from the hangar.

It's a stand off between the Smugglers' Cartel and the Cops.

**INT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - CLOSET - SAME TIME**

Now both conscious -- Braylen and Alie are shoved into a back room by the Cartel guards. The door is locked.

They wait.

We hear the audible sounds of labored breathing.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)  
(from earpiece)  
Braylen, you okay?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(whispers into  
earpiece)  
Yeah. For now. We're in a closet in  
his office. What's happening out  
there?

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)  
Hell is breaking loose.  
(beat)  
Let's see if we can get you out. Tell  
me what you see.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(to earpiece)  
Lots of guards up and down the halls.  
Seems he was prepared for war. But I  
don't think anyone's in the office.  
But where's Beyonce?

Footsteps approach, floor creaks, lights go out.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(to earpiece)  
Wait, someone's coming...

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)

Stay calm--

The door whacks open -- Sherman enters. Looks at Braylen strangely. He ramps it up with a new-found plucky attitude.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

(sarcastic)

So you've got us trapped, like some B-grade movie. Now what?

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

(motions to Kors bag)

Silly me. I almost left without my goods.

He reaches and yanks at the bag -- Braylen yanks back --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

My daughter! Now!

They struggle. Alie joins in and yanks hard, suddenly Braylen's body turns -- giving Sherman a solid view into his ear -- he sees the earpiece. Cocks his head. Plucks out the earpiece. Holds it to his own ear.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT(V.O.)

(from earpiece)

Braylen? You there? What's happening?

Sherman leans into Braylen's body --

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

(into mic)

He's here all right.

Sherman GRINDS the earpiece into bits.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

(yells at Braylen)

You gotta be the dumbest dude!

Didn't your mama teach you shit?

He points his gun directly at Braylen.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

HANDS IN THE AIR! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!

Braylen raises his arms above his head. Alie follows Braylen's lead.

**EXT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - SAME TIME**

Cop Linsey storms the building, past a rubbish-strewn doorway, through darkened rooms with cash sorted in counting machines and cobalt bullion professionally stashed in ten-ounce bars.

Two SWAT COPS follow her.

A K-9 BARKS, strains the leash, jumps onto his hind legs, yelps in anticipation of his handler's command.

A POLICE CHOPPER hovers above as Cop Linsey dashes across the lot and toward the back of the Casino.

THUMP, THUMP, THUMP helicopter rotors roar.

Cop Linsey searches around for Braylen.

At the far end of the building, Alie explodes out the back door in front of Sherman as he holds Braylen by the hair, a gun to his temple, using the two folks as shields.

He makes his way to the shell of his condo -- one half still standing, although smoke and fire damaged. He bee-lines with the hostages to his escape tunnel.

Alie stumbles and drops to her knees.

Cop Linsey charges around the side before Sherman can see her.

Closes in.

Sherman notices Cop Linsey's approach from the side -- whips his gun toward Cop Linsey.

Cop Linsey reacts -- high kicks the gun from Sherman's hand but not before Cop Linsey sets off SCREAMING, RED-ALERT BULLETS OF CROSS FIRE.

Cop Linsey may be awkward socially, but she's an Ace fighter - she slams Sherman to the floor of the ruins of the condo.

**CONDO FOYER**

Cop Linsey grabs Sherman by the waist, pulls upward, then smacks him to the floor like a rag doll --

THE MICHAEL KORS BAG goes flying.

Braylen sees it and snatches it, secures it around himself.

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT -- other Cartel BODYGUARDS fire shots at Cop Linsey from INSIDE THE CONDO.

Cop Linsey dives and sees Sherman and his hostages standing at what appears to be a TRAP DOOR OPEN IN THE FLOOR OF THE CONDO.

Cop Linsey fires in retaliation -- BAM BAM BAM BAM -- blasts holes into the main water pipes along the ceiling -- WATER EXPLODES.

The room's engulfed by an avalanche of pounding water, as an onslaught of waves smash the bodyguards to the floor.

But that doesn't stop them.

They fire several shots into the remaining windows as glass shards pelt Cop Linsey's face and hands.

Bloody cuts soon appear.

No matter, Cop Linsey ducks then runs forward just as the water causes the support beam holding up the remaining ceiling to give way -- debris crashes down on two guards, knocking them both unconscious.

Cop Linsey rushes forward and tightens a grip on Sherman, slams him into the wall.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Where's Beyonce?!

Only groans.

Cop Linsey slams him again.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Where? Is? She?

Sherman smirks.

Refuses to tell.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
You got the wrong guy. These two  
whores been laundering cash and  
cobalt for the Cartel. Not me. My  
hands are clean. Their not the prissy  
innocents they pretend to be.

## **OUTSIDE**

The police are outnumbered by Cartel Guards.

Things ain't looking good.

# **INSIDE**

Suddenly, Mikhail comes out of nowhere and yanks Cop Linsey off Sherman and PILE-DRIVES Cop Linsey to the ground.

Sherman's free.

Cop Linsey's still under attack.

In desperation, Braylen jumps on and beats on Mikhail with fists, knee kicks, and leg thrusts.

It's no use.

Braylen SCREAMS --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
WHERE IS SHE? WHERE'S MY DAUGHTER?

Slimy, greasy Mikhail grunts.

He lunges at Braylen when -- CRACK -- Mikhail takes a chunk of 2x4 to the head and falls to his side. Braylen looks up to see Alie there with broken board in hand, her glittery shirt glistening in the wetness.

ALIE FARNELL  
Fight with me, buddy. Fight for your  
daughter.

Braylen erupts with gritty determination.

He rushes an unbalanced Sherman and delivers a roundhouse to Sherman's temple -- a side kick to his jaw -- a knee drop to the gonads -- it's full-on male ass-whoopin' time.

Sherman delivers a PUNCH TO BRAYLEN'S KNEECAP -- he cries out and drops.

Sherman halts, recovers his breath, waddles to his feet.

Braylen struggles to get to his feet.

Remains on guard.

Tense.

Sherman wipes water and blood from his eyes -- takes a step back -- lifts his .357 and aims it at Braylen's face...

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

I had hoped we could have been a great team.

Braylen cocks her head at this. He shrugs. And then...

It happens --

The condo and space outside come alive with the humanity of Braylen's FRIENDS AND RELATIVES -- THE WILLIAMS CLAN!

A battleground of home-spun militia begins all-out war against Sherman and his crew.

They flash sticks, fire air rifles, throw rocks, use baseball bats, hockey sticks, anything to battle down the Cartel.

One NEIGHBOR smacks a left field homer onto Sherman's back. He falls to the ground.

A cast-iron fry pan CLUNKS his head.

It's an attack en masse.

WILLIAMS FAMILY

Justice. We demand Justice!

Courageous, dedicated Williams family members emerge through the smoke and discharge handmade weapons.

With much fanfare, the Williams family triumphs through adversity and group together in solidarity.

With her scarf satchel in hand, Latasha pulls out her lasso and makes aim - she tosses the rope and nails one guard around the shoulders. He drops to his knees as Latasha works the lasso to curtail more prisoners.

Richard moves in for the kill as he takes off his heavy-duty leather boots and SMACKS a guard on the head. The guard collapses at Richard's feet.

Richard claps his hands together in satisfaction and does a hip-hop dance move.

Without warning, Jasmine pulls up her top and flashes her awesome boobs directly in front of a guard. He's distracted and Jasmine takes him out with a powerful kick to the balls.

JASMINE WILLIAMS

Pervert!

Braylen then senses danger from another direction.

Runs back to Alie.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
You all right, girlfriend?!

ALIE FARNELL  
Let's open a can of whoop ass!

Another guard approaches, brandishes a machete.

Arms raised, he leans back, locks into Braylen's eyes.

Braylen has a flicker of recognition - his Father's training and instructions from his youth.

In a second, Braylen flings his body, turns around, slashes the guard with the butt of a baseball bat.

Unprepared, the Guard falls back, staggers into a glass table, and lands butt first into a glass enchained prison, legs flapping the air like a love-sick walrus.

Re-united, Braylen and Alie apply everything they've been taught.

Braylen attacks, buries his knee into a guard's stomach.

At the same time, Alie collapses in pain, but manages a kick chop, a brutal hit to the guard's neck.

The Guard staggers - loses his breath.

The Cartel is dumbfounded - there's no comprehension of this grass roots bravery.

Sherman steps up to the trap door.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Idiots! You, the Government, y'all think the cold war against rare earths and critical minerals is gonna end? Think again. This is just the beginning! Cobalt is gonna take over-- the world's only true currency. Canada's cobalt is purest in the entire world - and when 35 trillion dollars of US debt whacks the world - trust me, the US dollar will be toilet paper. Zilch. And I'm gonna be a billionaire. Gold and cobalt will be king and rule the world.

Sherman lifts his .357 directly at Braylen, hand shaking.

They lock eyes.

His finger tenses.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Please...

Sherman Blankoff prepares to fire.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

My daughter...

BANG -- just as he fires, Alie jumps across the path of the bullet -- PFFT -- IT PUMMELS INTO HER SHOULDER.

She drops to the ground. Braylen looks at her in shock. Looks to Sherman, ready to fire again -- BANG -- his HAND EXPLODES and he drops into the TRAP DOOR.

But just as he does, Mikhail rises, gun up at Braylen -- but BANG BANG BANG -- bullets crash into Mikhail, center mass. Instantly he slumps over as bright red rivers of blood swirl into blossoms of deathly pools from his labored breath.

Cop Linsey steps ahead, gun barrel smoking.

Braylen drops to his knees at Alie, as she's bleeding, eyes closed.

A SCREAM echoes from behind a door --

BEYONCE KENDRICK(O.S.)

PAPA!!!

It's Beyonce!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Beyonce!

Cop Linsey runs to the location of Beyonce's tortured wails.

Breaks down a door.

Pulls Beyonce from behind the door and into the room -- she's okay!

Beyonce rushes to her father and collapses in his arms.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Please, please, tell me dear God,  
you're okay!

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Yeah. Sort of.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Oh, dear Lord....

Braylen turns to Cop Linsey. Hugs her tightly.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Our hero...

Beyonce then sees Alie.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
No!

ALIE FARNELL  
I'm okay... kiddo. It's not... my  
drinking arm.

Beyonce chuckles. So does Braylen.

Suddenly, a resounding cheer of hope and congratulations  
exhales from the Williams relatives as they recognize  
victory!

#### **LATER**

Bodies are carried out on stretchers.

Braylen smacks a kiss on Cop Linsey's lips.

Cop Linsey flushes.

At that point, the Williams relatives let out another  
resounding ROAR of success.

Hugs and high fives are shared by everyone.

Pandemonium reins.

Braylen thanks everyone.

Then, back to business as Cop Linsey speaks seriously to  
Braylen --

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
Right. We know he was using you both  
but this is one hell of a mess. So  
here's what's gonna happen. We'll  
release Beyonce into your custody,  
you all will go home but you'll stay  
put so we can put this puzzle  
together and make sure someone  
answers for it.

After police leave, Braylen gives hugs, kisses, and love to Beyonce.

He breaks down again.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Seriously, baby girl, I'm dead without you, just some schmuck who gets pushed around a lot. I was so stupid putting filthy greenbacks before my family?

Father and Daughter share more hugs and kisses.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

I mean... it kinda *is* your fault I'm here... but, thanks for coming for me. I knew you would. You're kinda bad ass.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Uma Thurman bad ass?

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Charlize *Furiosa* badass.

Braylen smiles and pulls her close. Alie wraps her arms around them but flinches from the pain.

The Williams family approaches, but they're strangely silent.

Richard comes forward and takes Braylen's hand.

Very solemnly he presents him with the indoor cooking grill.

Braylen's uncertain what to make of this. Latasha lays a hand on his back.

LATASHA WILLIAMS

We sure love the West Coast, land of the free, but we're homesick. We're headed back home.

RICHARD WILLIAMS

Now you take the Missus for example. Damned if she didn't enter that ropin' contest at the State Rodeo and Lord have mercy, didn't she lasso every horse in the pen.

Nikata pulls his wife over, gives a massive hug and kiss. Then pinches her bottom.

LATASHA WILLIAMS

I won enough for air fare to return  
home first class. We leave tomorrow!

Everyone cheers. Hugs and kisses are exchanged between everyone.

**INT./EXT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - DAY**

Alie, arm in a sling, she and Braylen sip wine as they sit across from each other at the kitchen table. They slide open the poker table, count chips, deal cards.

Mrs. Belsky prepares a meal of borscht soup along with sweet and sour cabbage.

ALIE FARNELL

That borscht broth better be red  
because of all the wine in it, Mrs.  
Belsky.

Mrs. Belsky turns and has one of Alie shirts on with the words: *I like my wine dry and my vagina wet.*

Braylen almost spits out his wine when he sees Mrs. Belsky's shirt. ALIE FARNELL laughs as Braylen smacks her arm in scolding.

ALIE FARNELL

What? I bought it for an old  
boyfriend. Mrs. Belsky was wearing a  
white blouse making borscht. Had to  
cover her with something.

They chuckle. Then, suddenly, the door EXPLODES as it's kicked open.

Sherman Blankoff bursts in, bloody hand wrapped.

He looks like death -- blood oozes from his belly, clothes are torn, ripped and filthy -- his hair spikes up, his arms shake, his good hand grips a shaky .357.

And in his eyes, the wild and erratic, eerie look of a madman in killer mode.

EVERYONE SCREAMS.

Sherman laughs.

ALIE FARNELL

What the hell are you doing here?

She cowers, try to hide behind the table.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

(rage)

I HAD IT ALL. A FORTUNE. A BLOODY  
FORTUNE.

He inches closer -- his weapon menaces directly toward their heads.

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

Then you ditsy, bitchy idiots gotta  
play James Bond. But without the  
class and sophistication. You took  
everything from me. EVERYTHING! So  
where's the bag. Tell me now!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

The bag?

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

The Michael Kors knockoff with my  
shit inside! I saw you had it when I  
disappeared.

Sherman smacks back his bloody hair and aims the Glock  
straight at their hearts -- as his sleeve rolls upward, we  
again see his tattoo -- the *American double eagle in black,  
red and gold.*

Mrs. Belsky spies the double-eagle tattoo and covers her  
mouth in horror.

MRS. BELSKY

Dear God -- it's your family! The  
Kendrick family tattoo!

SHERMAN BLANKOFF

ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT!

Queasy, unstable, Sherman steps forward, readies to shoot his  
gun when -- WHACK -- Mrs. Belsky delivers a skull-crushing  
whop with a cast-iron frying pan.

He drops into the table like a felled tree - the table  
exploding into pieces -- HIS GUN FIRES ONE WILD BULLET. He  
drops at their feet. Looks up at Braylen with cloudy eyes as  
blood pours from his head wound.

Braylen eyes Sherman's tattoo. Looks at his. Identical!!!!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Wha... What? Why do you have that?

Mrs. Belsky runs over, heads directly toward Sherman's body, points, and kneels next to Braylen.

MRS. BELSKY  
I thought your Mama told you?

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Told me what?

MRS. BELSKY  
You had a brother.

Mrs. Belsky wraps her arms around Braylen.

MRS. BELSKY  
When your parents left Atlanta,  
finances dictated they couldn't  
take... your older brother.

Braylen breaks down.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
Wh--wha--what?

MRS. BELSKY  
Sherman was left behind in the care  
of your Auntie. But soon as he turned  
fifteen, Sherman vanished before they  
could sponsor him to join you. We...  
assumed he had died.

Braylen, through his tears, looks down at Sherman, who is quickly fading.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
My tattoo... Mom always said it would  
unite our family one day.

Braylen kneels down, lines up his tattoo beside Sherman's arm -- an exact match.

He takes a moment, breathes in, then cries as the pain of the situation hits...

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(comforts Sherman)  
Ahhh... the stories we could share.

With his last breath, Sherman whispers to Braylen -

SHERMAN BLANKOFF  
Please... for... give...

Tenderly, Braylen strokes the cheeks and forehead of his critically injured brother and closes his eyelids. He's gone.

After a moment, he gathers his favorite family comforter and gently places it around Sherman's body.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Mom said two choices. Always talked about two choices... One or the other... She chose... me.

BEYONCE KENDRICK

Dad!

Braylen looks to Beyonce, whose face is in shock and fear as she points across the table --

Braylen follows her finger to see Beyonce is pointing at Alie -- SHOT ONCE IN THE CHEST -- Sherman's wild bullet found it's home.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

No no no no no no--  
(screams)  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Braylen cradles Alie in his arms.

He can't stop screaming.

Alie coughs blood up at Braylen. Her eyes find Braylen's and she reaches up, holds Braylen's cheek.

ALIE FARNELL

Shoot me... once... shame on... them.  
Shoot me twice... sh... shame...  
on...

Her face falls to the side and her arm drops. She's gone.

Braylen can't move. Continues to cry and scream.

Beyonce embraces him, as does Mrs. Belsky as they grieve and mourn and cry...

# **BEGIN MONTAGE:**

-- Alie Farnell's Mom and Dad arrive on scene and honor Alie for the true hero she is.

-- Flowers, bouquets, baskets and stuffed animals pay tribute around the trailer.

-- Media arrive in force to champion Alie's heroic actions.

-- A "Go Fund Me" account gathers funds and opens a rehab facility for alcoholics.

-- Braylen and Beyonce visit Alie's grave site everyday.

**INT. HOPE 'N' RISK CASINO - DAY**

A banner screams: "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT"

The logo is of two interconnected wine glasses...

Beyonce and Braylen stand under the sign looking like two ultra-conservative business people in their contemporary, expensive business suits.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
Dad, all the TV coverage we received.  
Can you believe it? Our Casino  
business is kicking ass!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
(arms to the sky)  
We're going legit, Alie!

Beyonce then looks at her watch -- grabs Braylen. Drags him away.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
It's time. Gotta get changed!

Braylen gets teary.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
No, no... don't you start.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
I have to give up my Elon Musk  
posters...

Beyonce fixes Braylen's suit and tie.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
I personally think this one is worth  
it.

She makes a final inspection.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
Let's do this.

**INT. CASINO - DAY**

A romantic wedding ceremony unfolds with an eclectic, fairy-tale vibe. Beyonce, of course, is the matron of honor, and Mrs. Belsky gives away the groom -- BRAYLEN.

They walk down the casino aisle and meet Cop Linsey under a *Big Wheel* slot machine put in place.

Tulle, mauve satin flowers, and decorative greenery transform the casino chapel into a California-style garden party.

After a brief, but emotional ceremony, an Elvis PREACHER declares:

ELVIS PREACHER  
You may now kiss the bride.

A passionate kiss begins with the taste of each other's lips, gently shared amidst tenderness and desire, as intimacy pulls their bodies into each other as one, and their lips satisfy an aching need.

The Preacher whips out his guitar and sings --

ELVIS PREACHER  
*Love me tender, Love me true,  
May all your dreams come true...*

All Braylen's relatives and friends go wild and crazy -- they really know how to celebrate!

**EXT. CASINO - NIGHT**

The reception is in full swing. Everyone is having a good time. American classic and hip-hop dancing mixes things up. Braylen stands at the bar with Beyonce as they sip champagne.

Braylen suddenly freezes. Stares at entrance to the gardens.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
How many drinks did I have? I can't  
be seeing what I'm seeing?

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
No way. No. Way.

A luxurious, stream-lined, powerful, dynamic TESLA MODEL X - P 100 D triumphs up the drive. It's hyped with colorful posters and new wave music as it pulls up.

BEYONCE KENDRICK  
I swear, if this is some kinda--

Braylen's already on his way to the car. The window opens and from inside, a huge grin on his face is ELON MUSK himself! (A LOOK ALIKE)

Braylen SCREAMS!

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Elon Musk, we honor you. We love Tesla! Wha--what the hell are you doing here?

The passenger door opens and a REP exits tossing shirt after shirt with the Tesla logo across it.

Elon (look alike) then opens his door and slips out of the car.

ELON MUSK (LOOK ALIKE)

I came to offer condolences for your friend, and congratulations for your wedding. Because you brought that operation to its knees it's kept the lid on cobalt prices. Now our giant gigafactory can utilize cobalt in the manufacturing process and reduce battery costs by some 30%. You're welcome at our plant anytime!

He then holds out a fob and motions to the car.

ELON MUSK (LOOK ALIKE)

Wedding present.

Braylen takes the fob in awe,, looks into the car, then looks back to see the Rep strapping something onto Elon's back -- A JET PACK.

Everyone watches in awe as Elon ignites the jet pack and flies off into the night.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

That did not just happen.

Braylen and Beyonce giggle and scream and jump up and down.

#### **INT. BRAYLEN'S TRAILER - DAY**

Braylen and Cop Linsey lay in bed with their healthy, bouncing, BABY GIRL.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT

I think it's the perfect name.

Braylen rubs his nose onto the baby's --

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Alie Cabernet Elliott. She would have  
 loved it.  
 (beat)  
 Someday, Miss Alie, I'll tell you all  
 about your namesake.

Cop Linsey breastfeeds her baby, snuggles, and kisses her.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 So who gets all the credit for this  
 perfect little bundle?

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
 Ha.

She raises an eyebrow.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 I appreciate your assistance, but  
*this* was *my* operation.

Cop Linsey's jaw falls.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
 Negative.

She rolls out of bed.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
 You mean to say--

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 Maybe. Maybe not. I *did* have a lot of  
 clients at the Casino.

She is about to explode when she sees the smirk on Braylen's  
 face...

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
 That's it. I'm gonna have to teach  
 you a lesson.

Starts kissing his neck.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK  
 We've got a full house.

COP LINSEY ELLIOTT  
 Ohhh, but those lips.

She gives in to his kisses.

BRAYLEN KENDRICK

Remind me...

They share a mammoth kiss as Baby Alie starts to cry.

**EXT. CASINO - LATER**

Baby Alie's cries blend into heart-pounding music.

Two young, naive, glitzy 21-YEAR-OLD FEMALES line up for their first night club. Dressed for a ninth-inning-win, they await their entry into the casino from the BOUNCER out front.

YOUNG CLUBBER

This is it, the big leagues.

Slowly... a long, black, Benz Limo approaches the unsuspecting girls. As it pulls to a stop and a window rolls down to approach the girls. They look to the window.

Mikhail steers the Benz. He smiles at them.

**FADE OUT**