

BILLIONAIRES
SUCK

by

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BLACK

BOOM...BOOM...BOOM...

Ear-drums under assault by the sounds of war. Endless gunfire, fighter jets...bombs,

Screams of agony. Voices cut-off abruptly...by blasts.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
No...no...please!

BOOM...

EXT. VARIOUS BATTLEFIELDS - DAY

SERIES OF SHOTS - WARS.

1. Rapid-fire clips from the many locations of deadly battles that have raged over the last 20 years. They are named. Sounds of war, continues...

2. A large crate, marked...UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

3. Arms of different races, covered by different uniforms...open the lid and pull out weapons. Sounds of War continues...

4. Split screen: Freeze frame of weapons. -- On other side, labeled, MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX PROFIT. A stack of money. Under that label, cash grows higher with each weapon featured.

6. Pistols to tanks, drones, jets, missiles, battleships and bombs. The stack of money is piled ridiculously high - then black-screen. Sounds of war ends.

7. The song, TAPS, is heard. A handicapped American soldier...homeless drug addicted soldier, then...graves of hundreds of dead American soldiers.

Label: WORTH TO THE MILITARY INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX...\$0.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOUDOUN COUNTY SKYVIEW - DAY

Birds chip under a bright morning sun. From above, lavish homes on sprawling, manicured acres. Pools and tennis courts decorate nearly every backyard.

EXT. STREETS OF LOUDOUN COUNTY - DAY

Immaculate roadways with clean sidewalks that sparkle in the sunshine are host to ridiculously expensive cars. The few pedestrians, are not minorities...but their servants are.

SUPER - LOUDOUN COUNTY, VIRGINIA...MEDIAN INCOME-\$147K, THE WEALTHIEST COUNTY IN AMERICA...A DENSITY OF BILLIONAIRES.... MAIN SOURCE OF INCOME...DEFENSE CONTRACTS.

A park. So gorgeous...a perfectionist's paradise. Mansion after mansion takes the breath away. One particular mansion comes into focus.

EXT. ANISTON ESTATE - DAY

Beyond a security gate and a driveway that is a work of art...an immense, elegant house.

EXT. ANISTON ESTATE, POOLSIDE - DAY

Under a parasol, on a lounge chair..two female legs, allow the sun to tan them. They belong to COREY ANISTON, (50s, bleach blonde, Botox lips).

Her beachwear shows her physically fit bod. Corey's shades hide her eyes...and what is going on inside her. A cellphone hugs her ear.

COREY

Yes, this is Corey Aniston...The Second Chance Center?...No, I'm sorry...really...

She holds the phone away for a moment to let out an exasperated exhale.

COREY (CONT'D)

Yes, I know it would look good to allow your unwed mothers access to my pool and grounds, but...

Corey tips her head to the side, gazes at her infinity pool and huge backyard.

COREY (CONT'D)
I just don't have the room. Have a
SUPER day.

Click. The cellphone meets the end table. Corey sips her frosted, fruity drink and kicks back. She snaps her fingers and her Foo-foo saddles up next to her.

COREY (CONT'D)
(baby talk)
The nerve. A bunch of nasty,
unwashed teens that can't keep
their legs closed? Yuk. Bet my
husband would love it though, huh?

Her poodle, Dutchess, wags its tail. Corey's phone beeps. She grips it and smiles.

COREY (CONT'D)
That's my exclusive alert,
Dutchess. Let's see what I can get
so those fake bitches at the
Woman's Club get jealous.

Corey scrolls through the offerings, then stops. She shows the poodle a new Prada bag on her phone.

COREY (CONT'D)
Cute, huh? Once I become club
president, we'll outshine every
club in the world. Just like my
mama and grandma did. I need to
look the part, right?

Beep. She makes her order over the phone and smiles with a sense of accomplishment.

BRADLEY (20s, All American looks. Muscular, clean shaven), comes from the house, rambles over to her. He is dressed for a swim. Her son gets a big hug.

BRADLEY
Good to see you, Mom.

COREY
Wow, just look at my boy. The
Harvard baseball team helped you
fill out...into manhood, nicely.

BRADLEY
Thanks. Your Pilates are paying off
too. It's sweet to feel that
Virginia sun on my back again.

COREY

Congratulations on your law degree, baby. It's so good to see you. The others will be here shortly.

BRADLEY

Wicked. Rare that we're all together.

Bradley tests the water with his foot.

COREY

Sorry we were in France for the graduation ceremony. You know how your father is about his vineyards. At least your sister made it.

He rolls his eyes, it hits a sore spot.

BRADLEY

Yeah, thank God for Gracie.

He then jumps in the pool.

FLETCHER (70s, hair plugs dyed blonde, struts like a rooster) approaches the pool through the sliding doors. He still wears his golf outfit. A smile is eased out as he spots his son.

FLETCHER

Well, if it isn't ole sonny boy himself. Welcome home, kiddo. Don't bother getting out. I don't want to get wet.

BRADLEY

Hey Pops, you're looking well. Been at the country club?

FLETCHER

Almost everyday. Not bad for a 70 year old, huh? Me and my slightly disturbed friend Milstead, just played two 'Japs'. Kicked their ass like we were the Hiroshima bomb.

Bradley pushes off from the pool wall.

BRADLEY

You won a golf game. Don't be racist about it.

FLETCHER

You know me. I call a spade a spade and a Jap a Jap.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Not my fault they weren't born white. They just have to deal with it. I'm an alpha male, not some bleeding-heart lib.

A Harvard trained side-eye is returned.

BRADLEY

At your age, you should have noticed that we're all on the same spinning rock in the middle of space. Doesn't it make sense to get along with each other?

Fletcher plops down on a deck chair next to Corey and takes a huge gulp of her drink. She squints at him.

COREY

Hey...

FLETCHER

As long as our people run what goes on in that spinning rock. And, yes...we do.

Bradley swims further away.

BRADLEY

Your people are doing a crappy job. They're turning the rock into a glob of mucus. In the rush for greed, somebody forgot that if we destroy the rock...we're all screwed.

Fletcher cranes his neck and rubs his chin.

FLETCHER

What got into you boy? You're thinking like...the 'poors'. That's why they don't have anything. Think big. My goal is to out-shine my peers. You need to get hungry like a predator. Law of the jungle. Heard of it?

COREY

Calm down, Fletcher.

Bradley's face contorts...clearly irked.

BRADLEY

Wrong. We're not leopards or sharks.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

We have the capability for sharing and compassion. My goal is to be more spiritual, not becoming a beast. We have souls and at some point, there is a judgement day. Heard of it?

Bradley is waved off by dad and laughed at. Fletcher rings a small bell on the table.

FLETCHER

I thought you went to law school, not some damn seminary. Well, Father Aniston...I'm ordering a drink. Hope you're not offended, oh Holy one. Want anything?

BRADLEY

Booze? Nope. A better world?...Yep.

FLETCHER

Good. We're on the same page. This shitty world would be better if I ran it. I already got to step one. Becoming...a billionaire.

Bradley looks to his mother, points to his dad and smirks...then dives underwater.

ZARA, a middle-aged, dark-skinned woman (40s) emerges from the house, but she is not African American. Her looks and accent are from southern India.

ZARA

Welcome back, Master Fletcher. How may I serve you?

FLETCHER

Hey, Zara. I'll take a scotch on the rocks. The good stuff. My boy is here today. Anybody else?

COREY

I'll take another mimosa. Some little piggy slurped down most of mine.

ZARA

Very good. So good to see you back home, master Bradley. May I get you anything?

BRADLEY

Water, if you don't mind. No need to call me master, please. Bradley is fine.

ZARA

Very well, sir.

She scoots off as Bradley sits on the edge of the pool.

FLETCHER

As much as we pay her, have her call you master. It's not like we owned her ancestors, like some jig. That's why we got her. A darkie without the guilt.

Bradley looks at Fletcher with curiosity.

BRADLEY

Are you telling me you feel guilt about our family's involvement with slavery? You used to brag about it.

Fletcher laughs.

FLETCHER

Guilt? Please. No way. They got dominated. Too bad. We took advantage of the situation and it served us well. I just hate the way they look at us. I refuse to have that attitude in my house.

COREY

What attitude?

FLETCHER

Like we owe them something. They're lucky we brought them out of the jungle or they'd be eating Ebola sandwiches right now.

BRADLEY

Yeah, what's wrong with them? Our family has been wealthy since the 1830s from their sweat, they got nothing...and they're not grateful? Imagine that.

Fletcher stands to his feet, arms outstretched as if he embraces his entire estate.

FLETCHER

Look at this place. We were chosen by God to be rich. Those people are just lazy. Why feel sorry for them? We worked hard too. Inherited millions, but turned it into billions. Feel bad about it? You're hilarious.

Zara comes back with the drinks.

ZARA

Anything else, master Fletcher?

FLETCHER

Did the chef arrive yet? I don't want to be stuck eating that smelly food from India again.

Stunned, she swallows her anger...but the insult's injury is seen in her eyes.

ZARA

Just arrived, sir.

FLETCHER

Very good. You may go.

Bradley towels off as Zara hurries away with heavy eyes.

BRADLEY

Growing up...I never realized how cruel you are.

COREY

He's not cruel. Come on, son. I hate the smell of that mish-mash she eats too. Stinks up the whole kitchen.

BRADLEY

You guys are too much. I'm about to O.D. on rudeness. Where's Grace? My sister said she'd be here and always keeps her word.

COREY

She called and said she might be late. Her and those damn satellites...I'm glad she made her company number one, but she needs to--

FLETCHER

She needs to start spitting out some babies, that's what she needs. Why run something as technical as that satellite crap? Hire some nerd to run it.

BRADLEY

She's probably using her satellites to find out where all this space debris that's hitting earth comes from.

FLETCHER

Again, some science geek would love that job. We've got enough money for her to live in luxury her whole life and not lift a finger.

Bradley grins and steps closer to his parents.

BRADLEY

Not lift a finger? Doesn't that sound like those people you call..lazy?

Fletcher and Corey make eye contact. He nudges his head towards his son.

FLETCHER

Looks like Harvard Law School gave me my money's worth. I never liked arguing with attorneys. Put a lid on the lib crapola, could you? We're here to celebrate...you.

COREY

Yes dear. We are so proud of you, Bradley.

FLETCHER

We all count on you to carry our family into the future. You just finished an important step.

BRADLEY

Yes indeed. These are MY steps...and I decide on the direction.

Just then, GRACE, (Tattooed, dyed hair...green and black. Punkish vibe. Slightly Butch. 30s) bounces onto the pool's deck, thrilled to see Bradley.

GRACE

Is that my little brother with the
big brains?

She dashes over to him, arms outstretched.

BRADLEY

Gracie. I'm so stoked you were able
to show. I'd give you a hug, but
I'm wet.

The need for an embrace outweighs her need for dryness.

GRACE

Shut up and bring it in.

The hug is like being rescued from his parents. He smiles
wide as the closeness between them shines forth.

INT. BRADLEY'S OLD BEDROOM - DAY

Grace pulls out a joint as she giggles. She lights it and
passes it to her now, fully clothed brother. He puffs it ...

GRACE

You scared? What are they going to
do? Kick us out the house?

BRADLEY

(holding down the hit)
Right.

He coughs as he exhales, then downs some water.

GRACE

Good shit, right? That's from my
private grow-house in Vermont.

BRADLEY

They have their vineyards. What can
they say? Dusty told me your garden
was dripping with these brain
grenades. She wasn't lying.

Grace nods in agreement.

GRACE

That lady doesn't lie about
anything. I take it that you didn't
tell mom and dad yet. Do it while
I'm here...or they'll gang up on
you.

BRADLEY

Maybe if you're there, we can
change their minds.

Eye contact, then...endless giggles.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

DUSTY JASPER (40s - white, brown hair with gray streaks, in a hastily gathered ponytail), stands on the back of a truck as hundreds of men in miner's clothes listen.

DUSTY

This is the night that we take back
our power. No more working for
peanuts, no more hazardous
conditions. We'll make those fat
cats respect us...or they can yank
that shit out of the earth
themselves.

The crowd applauds her with enthusiasm.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

How many of you would rather be
working on solar power, instead of
miles underground risking black
lung? This strike will send a
message they can't ignore.

The miners cheer with gusto. Nearby is a sign that reads,
FLETCHER ANISTON MINING COMPANY.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

In jacket and ties, Fletcher and Bradley rub their full
tummies as Zara picks up the dirty dinner plates from the
elaborate dinner table.

Fletcher pulls out a fifty dollar bill and hands it her.

FLETCHER

That was a mighty fine meal. Give
this to the chef as a tip.

GRACE

You've got billions. Dad. Why so
cheap? Zara, take this and split it
with the chef, please.

A one hundred dollar bill is extracted. Zara takes it...

ZARA
Thank you, Miss Grace.

After she leaves, Fletcher turns to Grace.

FLETCHER
You'll never be a billionaire if
you toss money around like that.

GRACE
Billionaire? That was never my
goal. Maybe yours.

COREY
I don't understand you kids these
days.

Fletcher swings around to face his son.

FLETCHER
And this one. Why didn't you wear
one of the Rolex watches we gave
you? Today is the perfect time.
Celebrate your success.

BRADLEY
I rarely wear stuff like that
anymore. I used to be materialistic
and flashy...like you guys, but
I've changed.

Grace 'Hi-fives' him with a smile on her face.

GRACE
Happy you're waking up, little bro.

FLETCHER
Grace, your job is stay out of your
brother's head and start pumping
out grandchildren. I'm in my
seventies for godsake. Milstead
already has five.

Grace casts her eyes to the ceiling.

GRACE
Again. Not interested.

COREY
At least consider it, dear. I'd
like to walk around with your baby
and hear people say, "You're too
young to be a grandma".

(MORE)

COREY (CONT'D)

Didn't any of the guys I set you up
with appeal to you?

After a touch to her mother's arm, Grace pleads...

GRACE

Please stop doing that.
Those pompous mama's-boys? No
thanks. I did meet a cute Black guy
at the gym last week though.

An ice cold stare is shot by Fletcher at his daughter. She
grins at Bradley, knowing she hit a raw nerve.

FLETCHER

Don't even THINK that way. Not in
this house. I don't want a grand-
kid, that GODDAMN bad.

BRADLEY

Dad, with all your money, you could
have all the kids of the world
seeing you as a father figure, by
saving their lives from disease and
starvation. Movie stars do it all
the time.

FLETCHER

No lib talk at the dinner table. I
want money and power to pass onto
my blood. Not some nasty assed
third world kid, calling me papa.

GRACE

But you don't mind nasty assed,
corrupt politicians with their
hands out...waiting for their
allowance from Daddy Warbucks.

FLETCHER

Don't mind it? I love it. Nothing's
like donating heavily to the
conservative politicians and having
them in my pocket.

BRADLEY

Deep in your pocket. Let's be real.
They're puppets that you parade
around, doing your bidding.

Fletcher hits his scotch and peers at his son.

FLETCHER

You say that like there's something wrong with it. Don't worry, I'll coach you up to speed, so you can do it too.

Bradley smiles back.

BRADLEY

At least the real Daddy Warbucks adopted orphans.

GRACE

You're a billionaire who makes most of your money from the horrors that the military industrial complex brings to the world.

COREY

Our family also owns logging, mining, tobacco and big pharma companies. Things people need.

BRADLEY

Those things destroy the earth and people's health.

GRACE

Why do you want a grandchild to drag into this madness?

COREY

Grandkids are the one thing that money can't buy. I won't take 'no' for an answer. You need meaning in your life, girl.

GRACE

My life has meaning already. I'm totally into my job running the satellite company in Vermont. I solved the issue so that the entire earth has communication, cheap. But you guys won't invest the money I need to get it up and running.

FLETCHER

Helping the poors? Where's the profit margin? Plus, bad guys will use it to start a global terrorist network, no thanks.

BRADLEY

No one is more of a global terrorist than this family. We profit from war, from pollution, from exploiting labor.

COREY

Is that true, Fletcher?

FLETCHER

What's important is that we are wealthy. All of our needs are met in luxurious fashion. Sounds like you kids have been listening to that Dusty Jasper, trouble-maker. She's just white trash that's jealous of us.

COREY

Yeah, she's been beating us up on her podcast. Just because we're not poor as she is.

FLETCHER

(annoyed)

I expect that crap from your goofy sister, but I hope that little outburst about us being terrorists was a joke. We put a lot into you boy. Grooming you to be a billionaire. But if you side with that Dusty bitch, I'll kick you out and cut you off. Understand?

A silent stare is returned to Fletcher. Before Bradley speaks, Corey breaks the silence.

COREY

Of course he understands. That's my baby boy. He'll run our business better than you ever dreamed. And with less affairs and divorces.

The left-field comment catches Fletcher off guard.

FLETCHER

Really? Right now? Look, you were my first wife...now we're back together, what's the problem?

COREY

You don't see a problem? What about those sluts you cheated on me with in the middle? I still don't trust you.

As Fletcher and Corey stare down each other, both siblings hold back a laugh.

The tenseness of the moment is broken by the doorbell's chime.

Zara zips past them to answer it.

FLETCHER

That's probably Milstead. Said he might stop by to show off his new trophy wife.

COREY

Lucky us. Is this one old enough to be potty trained?

BRADLEY

I never liked that guy, dad. He tries to talk down to you. I don't think he really likes us.

FLETCHER

He's alright. Just very competitive.

The sound of jewelry jingling is heard before they enter the dining room. MILSTEAD WINTERS (late 70s, thick glasses with the gait of a Mafioso) hugs his new young bride, JAZZY (20s, blonde, dripping diamonds and skin tight outfit) and smiles.

MILSTEAD

Don't get up, Fletch. We just wanted to drop by and congratulate the Harvard boy.

When Bradley and Jazzy lock eyes, their jaws drop in surprise. The fact that they share a past, is seen in the eyes of both.

BRADLEY

Uh, thanks.

Milstead seems to enjoy the look of shock on his face.

MILSTEAD

This here is my new wife, Jazzy.
She's a Harvard grad too. Plus a
bikini model. I got lucky.

FLETCHER

Welcome, Jazzy. She quite a looker,
old man. Can I interest you
honeymooners in a drink?

MILSTEAD

We were just--

JAZZY

Vodka and tonic please.

Milstead reacts surprised, but plays it off.

MILSTEAD

On second thought, a Scotch, neat,
would hit the spot.

ZARA

Very good.

Zara leaves to fill the order as the two visitors take seats
at the table. Bradley and Jazzy avoid eye contact.

MILSTEAD

Got good news for the missus. Got a
call, from the VP of the country
club. President of the Women's club
was in car accident, don't know if
she will make it. Corey, you're
next in line to take over.

Corey is shocked and excited, but tries to hide it. She acts
sympathetic, but the truth is in her eyes.

COREY

Oh my. That's so sad. Sorry to hear
that. I'm ready to step in. I want
it more than anything.

MILSTEAD

Well, good luck.

JAZZY

How is someone fighting to stay
alive good news?

Milstead gives her a glance, then turns to Bradley.

MILSTEAD

So, young mister Aniston, what are the next steps in your journey?

He peers over at his houseguest, chooses his words with care.

BRADLEY

Keeping my options open for now. I have to pass the bar first.

MILSTEAD

I see. Well if you don't want to flounder under your papa's wing, I'm sure one of my companies could use a fresh attorney.

BRADLEY

I'll keep that in mind.

The drinks are delivered by Zara. Milstead does not acknowledge her.

JAZZY

Thank you, ma'am.

COREY

So, Jazzy. You're a Harvard girl? Both of my kids are alumni. Ever run into them?

Jazzy almost gags on her vodka.

JAZZY

I may have caught a baseball game. You play don't you?

BRADLEY

Yeah, it was fun. Met so many...interesting people.

MILSTEAD

My girl here got a volleyball scholarship. Good thing. Her parents weren't quite jazzy enough to afford tuition. Right dear?

Her eyes get icier than the cubes in her drink.

JAZZY

Right as always. Can we speak about something else?

MILSTEAD

Let's see. Oh yea, old Fletch made us a whole bunch richer. That chicken processing plant you sold me, turned around, big time.

FLETCHER

That place? It was bleeding money and regulators were on my ass.

MILSTEAD

First thing I did was fire all the spades and replace them with illegals. No more squawking about pay and work conditions. Next, I did what you should have done if you were smart. Pay off the regulators. You're so silly sometimes.

Corey watches Fletcher swallow the insult.

COREY

Regulators and inspectors are there to ensure the food supply is safe. Seems kind of reckless to keep them from doing their jobs.

MILSTEAD

That kind of food is for the poors. Who cares? We get our food from premier sources that the public doesn't even know about.

JAZZY

Again...could you change the topic?

MILSTEAD

Of course, sweetheart. You should have seen me and Fletch out on the greens today. Some damn Japs thought they were hot shit. We sliced them up like raw sushi and feed them back to Buddha or whoever they pray to.

Jazzy is unimpressed.

JAZZY

I see. Hey Bradley, could you take me to your kitchen? I need more ice in my drink.

FLETCHER

Our servant can fetch that for you.

JAZZY

Bradley?

He stands and motions in the direction of the kitchen.

BRADLEY

Right this way.

KITCHEN

Jazzy's polished fingernails drop two ice cubes into her drink as Bradley scans her up and down.

BRADLEY

So where did you find the crypt-keeper?

JAZZY

Oh stop. You had your chance. Those were good times...before you got radicalized and found that slut. Tell your dad yet?

BRADLEY

I never saw that cougar before in my life. I wasn't lying.

JAZZY

Sure, pal. What about Dusty?

BRADLEY

Nope. I just felt I had to do something positive in this life. Dusty showed me a path that I didn't even know existed. I really don't want to turn out, like my dad...or your hubby.

JAZZY

Tell me about it. We've been married less than a month and I'm already sick of him. I'm not sure what to do.

BRADLEY

I assume he made you sign a prenup.

JAZZY

A million up front and if we
divorce after at least a year, I
get another one. I needed the money
for my folks. Now I'm just letting
the clock run out. 339 days and
counting.

Bradley smiles at her, with a hint of lust.

BRADLEY

If that banging bod doesn't give
him cardiac arrest first.

He winks. She bats her eyes.

JAZZY

Got any plans in...340 days?

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Grace sits in the driver's seat of her electric truck, as
Bradley leans on the side of it. She starts the engine.

BRADLEY

Wish you could stay over. You know
how they get.

GRACE

Look, I'll be back in the morning.
Keep your mouth shut about it until
I do. Otherwise--

BRADLEY

Yea, it could get ugly. Drive safe,
love you, sis. And...thanks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Corey nurses a Bloody Mary as she relaxes on the sofa,
studying old photo albums.

COREY

Son, come here a moment. You
remember this?

He sits next to her. She holds up of photo of Bradley as a
child in a baseball uniform.

BRADLEY

That was a good day. We had just
won the championship.

Corey hugs him and kisses his cheek.

COREY

I never thought I could be that proud of you again. But today - today is ten times that feeling. I gave birth to a lawyer. You make me so happy son.

Tears of joy drip from her eyes. Emotion hits him too.

BRADLEY

I'm lucky to have you as a mom. I think I'll sleep early and - hey, who's that a picture of? I've been looking for her.

He studies the group photo with big eyes.

COREY

Lori? She works for Milstead. Why?

FLETCHER'S DEN

An attractive red-headed woman covers the screen of Fletcher's computer. He looks up from his laptop as Bradley and Corey storm into the room. The lid of the laptop closes.

BRADLEY

Dad, your buddy, Milstead is a piece of shit and you need to cut him off.

FLETCHER

Whoa. What did he do now?

COREY

It's what he is. A snake. Doing snake shit.

BRADLEY

He's trolling our family. You know this woman?

Bradley takes out his cell phone and pulls up a photo of a blonde, busty lady, LORI (late 30s - white, big make-up, small outfit) at a bar, hanging all over him. He looks bewildered. Jazzy, in the background, looks upset.

Fletcher studies the photo. Recognition is seen.

FLETCHER

She works for Milstead. Why is she-

BRADLEY

That girl in the background. Look familiar?

FLETCHER

Milstead's trophy wife?

BRADLEY

She used to be my girlfriend, until that cougar broke us up.

COREY

Milstead used her as a plant.

BRADLEY

Acted like we were lovers in front of my girl's face. She broke up with me, hadn't seen her in months - then pow. She's the bride of an old fart.

Fletcher lets it sink in.

COREY

You know why he did this, don't you?

Accusatory eyes scorch into his guilty skull. An unspoken war between the parents is seen on their faces.

FLETCHER

Yep. What a dirt-bag. How can he be so petty? And to my son?

COREY

Your father had an affair with one of his wife's, many years ago.

FLETCHER

Does he really need to hear this?

COREY

You reap what you sow. Now deal with it.

Angry steps take Corey out of the den, as an awkward silence between the males has a life of its own.

FLETCHER

Well, at least you've got good taste. She's quite a looker. Sorry, son. I'll tell Milstead to take a hike and--

BRADLEY

Um. I think I still like her. When I visit, invite them over again. Felt good to see her. I'm sure they'll break up soon. I'd like to date her again.

Fletcher chuckles to himself.

FLETCHER

How funny would it be if two generations of Aniston men ended up banging his wives?

BRADLEY

You're nuts. It's okay, I'll wait until the divorce.

With a smile, Fletcher goes to the mini-bar.

FLETCHER

Moments like these are why God made booze. This is the perfect time to break into that aged Cognac I bought a while ago.

He opens the bottle and pours out two drinks.

BRADLEY

It's been a while since I've had alcohol. Had to ace those finals. Maybe a light beer would be-

He shoves the drink in his son's hand.

FLETCHER

Nonsense. Son, this drink is for grown men. Grown...rich, men. Let me show you how it's done.

Fletcher hoists the glass for a toast.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

To past wealth, current wealth and future wealth.

He clanks his drink with his son, tips his head back and slams the whole contents. Brad empties it into his mouth and makes a ghastly face.

LIVING ROOM

Corey, on her phone in front of a laptop.

COREY

I got the message that you found something. Yes, email it over.

The laptop screen populates with photos of Fletcher with the young red-head that was on his computer. Restaurant dining, shopping for jewelry, kissing poolside in a tiny bikini. A copy of a lease with Fletcher as co-signer.

Corey hangs her head.

COREY (CONT'D)

Here we go again.

FLETCHER'S DEN

Fletcher has refilled the glasses.

FLETCHER

And another for the Harvard baseball team.

BRADLEY

We didn't do too good this year.

FLETCHER

Slam it anyway.

Down it goes.

BRADLEY

I've had enough. That stuff is strong.

FLETCHER

Good job...hey son, come here a minute.

Bradley stops mid-step and pivots towards his dad.

BRADLEY

Sure. What's up?

Fletcher glows with pride. He waves his son closer.

FLETCHER

Take a look at this.

His dad opens an ornate box and pulls something out. It is an old handgun. Bradley's eyes get big.

BRADLEY

Is that thing an antique?

FLETCHER

Better than that. It's a national treasure. This .38 caliber Colt Cobra revolver made history. I just 'acquired' the gun Jack Ruby used to kill Lee Harvey Oswald. Can you believe it? Don't ask how much it cost or how I got it.

BRADLEY

Whoa. Yea, that's historic alright.

FLETCHER

Americana, baby. They say it's haunted but I don't believe that bullshit.

BRADLEY

You certainly have the money to buy whatever the hell you want.

FLETCHER

Oswald was a Russian loving scum. Probably worked for the Kremlin. Shot JFK like some folks hunt deer. Jack Ruby knew what had to be done. And he did it.

BRADLEY

And he didn't waste any time.

FLETCHER

Knew he might rot away in prison, but the best thing for America was to kill that asshole assassin, What a hero.

BRADLEY

Hero? I don't know about that. I heard Ruby might have been involved in the Mafia. It was big in Dallas at the time. How else could an armed man walk into the jailhouse like that?

FLETCHER

Exactly, but that traitor got what he deserved. I don't even know if Oswald had time to speak with his attorney.

BRADLEY

We studied that. Your right, He got snuffed before that happened.

(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Then almost immediately Ruby had a heart attack and died. Lips sealed forever. Funny how that happened.

As Bradley giggles at his own joke, he almost falls over.

FLETCHER

You're looking a bit tipsy son.
Have a seat. I was planning to see how my stocks did anyway.

The TV is flicked on as Bradley collapses onto the sofa. A story about UFOs finishes up.

SCREEN

Several objects speed through the skies in separate panels on the screen. They are labeled - GRAND CANYON, LAKE ERIE, MANILA, SAHARA DESERT, UK.

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Why do they waste my time with this shit?

The city's football team is shown from old footage. A photo of a muscular young man is shown.

BRADLEY

Well alright. They got a good linebacker in free agency. We need that.

FLETCHER

They'll always be the Redskins to me. Damn libs are ruining the game. Wait, here comes the stock report.

Eyes scan the screen. A frown forms on the father.

JUST OUTSIDE DEN

With photos and lease now printed out, Corey marches up to confront her husband, but stops when she hears...

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Shit! Are you kidding me?

SCREEN

Miners walk a picket line in front of a plant. Rugged, determined faces are captured by the camera. A split screen shows the ANNOUNCER (30s - Black, bald head) at his desk.

ANNOUNCER

In breaking news, a wildcat strike has been called at the Aniston Coal Mining company, sending stocks...plummeting. Millions have been lost.

On the split screen, Dusty Jasper addresses the crowd of miners with a megaphone. Her face shows passion and outrage. No audio.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Environmental activist, Dusty Jasper gave an impassioned speech regarding the work hazards and cover-up of EPA violations that have recently come to light. Moments later, the union called a strike and workers walked off the job.

FLETCHER

What in the hell is going on here? That bitch is a thorn in my side that never goes away.

She is later led away in handcuffs by police.

BRADLEY

Whoa, I thought free speech was still legal.

FLETCHER

Trouble making bitch. Put her in a dungeon, I'll buy the thumb-screws.

He turns off the TV in anger.

BRADLEY

Didn't a couple guys die there last week? I thought you had it under control.

FLETCHER

I did. I paid off those inspectors. A pretty penny too.

BRADLEY

By 'under control', I meant fixing the problem.

Fletcher retrieves his cell phone and dials.

FLETCHER

Fix it? Too much money. Who cares about these earthworms anyway. This damn manager better have some answers for me.

BRADLEY

Ain't it kinda late at night to be--

FLETCHER

Eric, what the hell is going on over there?...Well wake your ass up and answer me...a whistle-blower? Shit. I'll be damned...Okay...Look, hide the files...You heard me. That shit can't get out. I'll be there tomorrow.

After he hangs up, Fletcher looks distraught. He pours another drink.

BRADLEY

By not fixing it, won't it cost you more money now? Especially if charges are brought?

FLETCHER

Even cheaper is to hire some Mexican to blow that witch's head clean off.

BRADLEY

Don't say that dad.

FLETCHER

She's been riding my ass about other companies too. All over TV with her shit. Who does she think she is?

BRADLEY

That company is killing people. She's doing her job.

FLETCHER

What do you know about her job?

BRADLEY

Dusty spoke to us at Harvard.
Somebody has to save the planet.
Even after being arrested a zillion
times, she keeps fighting. I admire
that.

FLETCHER

You what? What the fuck did you
just say?

Bradley shifts uncomfortably on the sofa.

BRADLEY

We are killing the earth. It's got
to stop somehow.

Fletcher flings his glass at the wall. It shatters.

FLETCHER

That's my money she's fucking with,
you ungrateful brat. How dare you
take her side. Fuck the earth.
She's killing my bottom line.

Corey enters in a huff.

COREY

What the hell is going on here?

FLETCHER

That Marxist little twat Dusty
Jasper convinced the miners to
strike. We're losing millions and
your asshole son is defending her.

BRADLEY

What is asshole about wanting a
clean environment to live my life
in?

FLETCHER

If you ever worked a day in your
life, maybe you'd understand the
power of money.

Bradley jumps to his feet, but is still wobbly.

BRADLEY

What jobs have you had? Huh? You've
had a silver spoon in your mouth
since you were born.

FLETCHER
Keep talking like that and you can
forget a position in my empire.

BRADLEY
I'd rather work for Dusty. Matter
of fact...oh nothing.

FLETCHER
Be a man. Speak up or put on a
friggin' skirt.

COREY
Fletcher, stop.

BRADLEY
No, it's fine. I ditched the
corporate law program and graduated
with a degree in environmental law.
There. It's out now.

Corey and Fletcher share a wordless stare.

FLETCHER
You've got to be joking. Don't you
want to run these companies one
day?

BRADLEY
And be stressed out over every
dollar like you? Polluting the
earth like you? Making millions off
of weapons that maim and kill
people, like you? No thanks.

FLETCHER
You hear this Corey? I've been
grooming him since he wore pull-ups
to take over this billion dollar
juggernaut. And now I learn that
you wasted my money on some hippie
shit? What the hell is wrong with
you? Next you'll tell me that you
work for that bitch that shut down
by coal mine.

BRADLEY
I plan to send her my resume.

Red-faced and furious, Fletcher stomps to the den's door.

FLETCHER
Get out of my house.

COREY
He didn't mean it.

FLETCHER
Apologize or get your ass stepping.

After a scornful look, Bradley moves towards the door.

COREY
Son, don't make a rash decision. We
don't want this. Neither do you.

He continues towards the door. No eye contact.

FLETCHER
If you follow that tree-hugging
slut, I'll disown you. I mean it.
All funds, cut off and you'll be
banned from all of our properties -
forever.

Just before he passes his father, he stops.

BRADLEY
To quote from your Jack Ruby
story...I know what has to be done.

FLETCHER
Fine. Get the fuck out. Enjoy your
ride. I'll have that car picked up
this week and you can take the bus
with your lib-tard friends.

Bradley storms past him and marches down the hall. Seconds
later, the front door slams shut.

Corey's lips tremble with hurt and rage.

COREY
That's our boy. How could you?
You're a monster.

FLETCHER
It's called, tough love.

COREY
Is that what you give to your new
concubine?

She hurls the photos and copy of the lease at his feet. His
expression shows shock. Corey spins around as tears roll down
her face. She stomps away.

Fletcher sulks in a fit of rage. He snatches his phone, dials.

FLETCHER
Let me speak to the matador.

EXT - PARK - DAY

Joggers greet the morning sun as a lone soul sits at a bench. It is Fletcher. He reads a newspaper. Next to him, a gym bag.

His eyes notice a disabled, young man with a Covid mask on, struggle with a walker. Fletcher smiles as MATADOR (20s - white, blonde, clean-cut, college look) takes a seat.

FLETCHER
Nice costume. You have all the directions, correct?

MATADOR
I do. I hate to get up this early, dude. Same as last time?

FLETCHER
Nope. High-profile this time, buddy. Big tip.

Matador removes his shades and stares Fletcher in the eye for a second.

MATADOR
Tight.

Wobbly, Matador tries to stand up. Fletcher assists by holding the walker steady for him. Once fully erect, he places the gym bag in the basket attached to the walker.

Fletcher goes back to his newspaper that has a headline about space rocks falling. Matador maneuvers across the manicured lawn, towards the parking lot. Like he's cripple

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A hi-gloss Korean sports car sits a distant away from other vehicles. Matador uses his remote to open it, then his eyes dart around himself.

He slings the bag across his back. Leaves the walker behind, he hurries to his car with a spring in his step and tosses the bag in the backseat. He pulls away with haste.

EXT. STREETS OF LOUDOUN COUNTY - DAY

A modest Ford truck with the windows down, cruises past the well-kept, upscale stores. Dusty's brown hair flutters from the driver's side. A classic R&B song, blares.

Matador's road rocket follows, a distance behind. When the truck turns into a parking lot, the Korean sports car parks on the street, nearby.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Seated by himself. Bradley stirs his coffee mindless...as his shoulders seem to carry an unfamiliar heaviness. He smiles and perks up as Dusty enters and he waves her over to his table.

BRADLEY

Thanks for coming, Dusty.
Especially after yesterday.

DUSTY

Handcuffs have become a fashion accessory these days. The people I look up to have been through worse. What about you? Sounded like your world had a bad case of the crumbles.

BRADLEY

First, get some food in you. Order what you want.

DUSTY

Sweet. I'm starved. That jail food could gag a hungry hog.

The waitress arrives.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Avocado toast with mint tea,
please.

As the server retreats, her eyes flirt with Bradley.

BRADLEY

Yea, my Dad found out I changed majors and want to work with you. He lost it. Said he cut me off, disowned me and the whole nine.

Compassionate eyes stare back at him. She holds his hand for comfort.

DUSTY

Sorry to hear that but I'm not surprised. It's not official yet, but I have a spot waiting for you. Seems my need for lawyers increases each week.

The tea is delivered as they chuckle. They don't even notice Matador enter the store in a tie that matches his Covid mask.

BRADLEY

That's beautiful I can start right away. But, uh, do you have a place for me to stay too. Slept in a motel last night.

The toast is brought to the table and she digs in with gusto. She notices the eyes of the waitress on Bradley as she goes to another table.

DUSTY

Motel? No girlfriend?

BRADLEY

The one you met broke up with me. I decided to go all out for the finals and put on my monk robes until I was done.

DUSTY

Such is the life of an activist. Loneliness comes with the territory. I know a guy in Georgetown. I'll call right after I pig out.

Content, Bradley sits back and dives into his coffee. A smile finally crosses his face and his body relaxes.

At Matador's table, he quietly connects a silencer to the end of his handgun. The assembly occurs under that table, away from prying eyes.

BRADLEY

What a load off my mind. I can finally exhale.

Matador stands to his feet and points the barrel at Dusty.

He fires just as Dusty reaches for a napkin. It grazes her shoulder. She screams as blood squirts.

Eyes wide, Brad jumps up. Instincts take command.

An errant shot is taken by Matador as Bradley grabs his hand - they scuffle.

Matador, absorbs a left hook...manages to pull the trigger, three times.

Each bullet goes into Bradley. His body slumps onto the shooter.

Dusty scurries away into the kitchen.

Matador discards the wounded body from him...hurries towards the kitchen as bystanders take cover.

Bradley, summons his last bit of strength and trips Matador. He falls into tables. The gun falls from his hand.

Matador's Covid mask breaks, exposing his face. As he crawls to get the gun, his blonde wig falls off to reveal a bald head.

Before he can reach the firearm, his outstretched hand is ventilated by a shot from behind the counter, courtesy of HAMPTON (40s, Black, graying) the chef. Matador rises, holds his bloody paw in pain.

More shots resound from the snub-nose of Hampton. Matador ducks and zig-zags his way to the front door. As he dashes outside...a slug, rips into his leg.

EXT. CAFÉ - DAY

He fast-limps towards his car across the street. Blinded by pain, Matador makes a bee-line to his escape.

The blare of a mini-van horn, causes him to turn and see his last vision as a living human being.

After struck, he is knocked backwards. On the pavement, blood pours from the back of his head.

The vehicle slams the brakes, but the wheels have already finished what the impact had started. The Matador is pulp.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Bradley smiles as a tearful Dusty peers down on him. Sirens, in the background.

DUSTY

Don't you dare die on me young man.
Help is coming.

BRADLEY
Did I...get the job?

DUSTY
Yes. Yes, just hang in there.

BRADLEY
Great gig. Toughest job
interview...ever.

They both laugh, but after a moment...his chuckle is cut off abruptly. His eyes - blank.

DUSTY
Bradley? Bradley, no. Nooo!

SUPER - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Body slouched on the sofa with Dutchess, Corey reaches for a tissue and wipes the tears away. She tosses it onto the pile of others. Her attention returns to the photo album.

Zara enters from the den with a covered serving plate. She sees Corey.

ZARA
Good morning, Ma'am. I'm afraid
he's still not eating. It's been...
days.

COREY
Like I care.

ZARA
Just letting you know. May I fix a
plate for you?

COREY
Maybe later. You are dismissed,
thank you.

ZARA
Very good, Ma'am. Ring if you need
me.

Zara heads to the kitchen, concern on her face.

Focus returns to the photo album. A baby picture catches Corey's eyes. Emotions flood her face.

She picks up the Little League photo of Bradley she shared with him the night he was kicked out.

Corey studies it for moment, then holds it against her heart as tears flow. Her sobs engulf her whole body. Her normally attractive face, contorts in sorrow.

The cell phone next to her is grabbed. She speaks into it with a frail voice...

COREY

Call Grace.

The line rings and rings. Finally voice mail kicks on.

COREY (CONT'D)

Hi baby. I miss you. Please pick up. This is the ninth message I left. I understand, darling. You hate us. I hate us too. But...please. I need you.

She puts down the phone, slouches deeper into the sofa and covers her eyes with her hands.

From the den, she hears Fletcher scream...

FLETCHER (O.S.)

Why?...Shit, shit, shit.

Corey stares at the door with contempt. Nostrils flared. Still in her sleeping gown, she marches towards the den.

INT. DEN - DAY

In the doorway, Corey spies Fletcher seated, bent over at his desk. Arms folded on the top of it - his head is buried in his forearms. No awareness that she had entered...or how she stares at him in disgust.

He wears a T-shirt and boxers. On the leather couch are the beddings that Zara brought him. A half empty bottle of booze is on the floor next to it.

COREY

Cut the act, Mr. Tough Love. No one feels sorry for you.

Red, teary eyes look-up from the arms he used as pillows.

FLETCHER

It's not my fault, dammit.

COREY

You kicked him out of our house and cut him off. You don't think it affected his decision making?

FLETCHER

I tried to set him straight. He was about to throwaway everything we invested in him. He had to learn. Money is the most important thing in life.

COREY

Well, you kept your money, but lost our son. Why so sad? Your priority was protected.

FLETCHER

Don't be a smart-ass. A path had been set up for him since he was a toddler. He just had to follow it. But no. He wanted to be a bum and a damn loser.

COREY

Loser? That's how you saw him?

FLETCHER

Environmental law? Working with that Dusty bitch? What the fuck? He'd probably be suing one of my own companies one day. I tried to shock some sense into him. He had to go.

COREY

Strange coincidence that somebody tried to kill, 'that Dusty bitch', as you call her, right after you pissed and moaned about her. Then our son dies trying to protect her. Fletch, you're the one that needs to go.

FLETCHER

I didn't have anything to do with that. I swear.

COREY

You better not, or so help me...I'll kill you myself.

FLETCHER

Don't say that.

COREY

Look at you. You're the bum and the loser now. Go. Let your red-head floosy deal with you. I'm done.

FLETCHER

This is MY HOUSE. I don't take orders from you.

Corey stomps over the bell to summon Zara and rings it.

COREY

Fine. I'll leave. I can't stand looking at your hateful ass another second.

Zara enters the room. Her face reflects that she feels the tension in the room.

COREY (CONT'D)

Zara, I need you to help me pack up my things so I can get out of here for a while. This situation is killing me.

ZARA

Yes, ma'am.

FLETCHER

Why don't you stay with her too? I want to be alone. Understand?

ZARA

Very well, sir.

The two women hurry out of the room without eye contact. Fletcher shoves the family photos off his desk, then flops his head back to his forearms

INT. LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

Zara unpacks the luggage as Corey sinks into a drink on an elegant couch, petting her poodle, Dutchess. The news talks about another sighting of UFO, near DC

Neither the alcohol or her four-legged companion, seem to deaden the pain and sense of loss. A knock is at the door.

ZARA

I'll get it, ma'am.

Corey waves her off, unconcerned. The door opens. In the doorway is Grace.

COREY

Oh my God. It's so good to see you.

Corey spills her drink as she gets up to greet her and could care less. A breathless hug ensues.

GRACE

Sorry, just had to have my own space for a while. Zara told me about your situation. What can I do to help?

COREY

I'm okay. If I'm going to be the next president of the Woman's club, I can't be too emotional. Have a seat on the couch. Let's talk.

They seat themselves, but Grace chooses to sit a distance away. She takes in the surroundings.

GRACE

Nice suite. Reminds me of the one we own in Paris.

COREY

Would you like a drink, dear?

GRACE

No thanks. It makes my depression get worse.

COREY

Dry huh? I should try that, but not today. This is the first time we mourned together since the funeral. It's just so...so...

GRACE

Unreal. Yes, I know.

Brief eye contact, then Corey casts her sights to the Persian rug under her feet.

COREY

I should've been on his side. I'm so stupid. I don't care what he would have done with his life...as long as he still had a life. Me and your father were only focused on status...but not his happiness.

Grace reaches over to hold her hand.

GRACE

Whether he was happy or sad...he still would have given his life to save an innocent person. He died a hero. His story was all over the news. Did you see all the celebrities at his funeral? Friends of Dusty.

COREY

Yes. A hero. He would have loved that. I'm so proud. I can't believe some sleaze-bag would hire a hit-man to kill Dusty Jasper. I hope they find that asshole, then let me cut his heart out. I'll gladly spend every penny we have to find out who hired the killer.

GRACE

That might take a while. Cops said this wasn't his first rodeo. Dusty has lots of enemies and more guys like that. Most of them are extremely wealthy. We can't let hatred overwhelm us.

COREY

You're right. As a future leader, I can't show weakness.

GRACE

Showing grief is not weakness. You need to re-balance yourself, emotionally and physically. I have an idea. We'll bring Zara too.

INT. SPA - NIGHT

All three women are stretched out on massage tables as therapists work on them. Relief is seen on Corey's face.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

The room, trashed. Furniture, knocked over. Papers and garbage are strewn around his normally tidy work-space. High end whiskey bottles, dry on the inside, are scattered about.

Fletcher, disheveled and deep in a binge, drains another bottle and clumsily dumps it in the trash. He struggles to get up from his chair, stumbles over to the liquor cabinet.

FLETCHER

Stupid kid. We were supposed to drink this after you passed the bar. How the hell could this happen? Wasn't my fault. Why'd you run to that bitch?

He reaches the top shelf and pulls down an old bottle. Swaying, he reads the label. His grin, slanted.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

1859, baby. Some nappy head fucker still in chains probably made it.

Fletcher holds onto tables and chairs to stay upright. He finally has a seat at his desk and exhales, exhausted. Fletcher pulls the cork out with his teeth.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

This is for you, baby boy.

After a toast to the heavens, Fletcher chugs right from the bottle. Some drips down his chin as his face contorts. He wipes his mouth with the back of his hand.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Oh yea. That's good shit. Godammit, Bradley. That bitch was gonna shut down our company. We'd lose millions. Now this. I need to finish the job on that bitch.

As Fletcher takes another deep swig, his phone rings. The caller ID shows, restricted'. He studies it.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Who the fuck could this be?

He almost drops the phone as he answers.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is this? It better be important.

JUNE JOSEPH (O.S.)

I apologize for the late call. My name is detective June Joseph, Loudoun County Sheriff's department. Condolences for the loss of your son. We'd like to meet with you here at the station.

Fletcher pulls the phone away and stares at it before he speaks again.

FLETCHER

Why do you want to speak to me? You found the killer.

JUNE JOSEPH (O.S.)

We checked his records on a burner phone. Your number came up on several calls. We just need to clear up some things.

The fist of Fletcher slams the desk as his eyes close for a moment.

FLETCHER

This is outrageous Do you know who I am? Who's your supervisor?

JUNE JOSEPH (O.S.)

I guarantee he will be there when you come in. The matter is rather urgent. We'd like to see you tomorrow morning. The questioning won't take long.

FLETCHER

Fine. I'll be there.

He slams down the phone. Agony on his face.

FLASHBACK

Just before Bradley...drunk and upset, passes his livid father -- he stops.

BRADLEY

To quote from your Jack Ruby story...I know what has to be done.

FLETCHER

Fine. Get the fuck out. Enjoy your ride. I'll have that car picked up this week and you can take the bus with your lib-tard friends.

Bradley storms past him and marches down the hall. Seconds later, the front door slams shut.

END FLASHBACK

Fletcher puts on Bradley's Harvard baseball cap. Then, takes the Jack Ruby gun down, puts a bullet in it.

FLETCHER
I know what has to be done.

BOOM.

INT. LUXURY SUITE - DAY

Corey Grace and Zara return from Fletcher's funeral, dressed in black. Corey pours herself a vodka drink before she sits down, slams it.

GRACE
Are you okay?

COREY
Me and my Russian distiller will
get through this.

GRACE
I'm surprised dad went out like
that. Must be the guilt.

COREY
Fletcher's life of being an asshole
caught up with him. If he was more
understanding with his son, he
wouldn't be ice cold with a bullet
in his brain now.

GRACE
What about the good times? He
wasn't all bad.

Corey waves her off.

COREY
I need to speak to my lawyer and
the accountant. This is a new
world. I need to find out our
financial status and what's next.

GRACE
Yes, it's new world and now...you
can do anything you want.

COREY
What I want is to find that rich
bastard who sent that hitman.

GRACE
I could probably arrange a meeting
with Dusty. She might know.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Corey, in a wide brim sun hat, sits with Grace and Dusty on a picnic bench. Dusty's buff SECURITY GUARD, is nearby.

A mosquito meets its demise on Corey's arm from a swat.

COREY

Damn bugs. Don't they bother you?

DUSTY

Naw, sister. Not unless they carry Malaria. They're needed in the ecosystem, even more than humans are...and they do less damage.

COREY

Speaking of human damage, I was wondering if you had any insight about who sent that gunman.

Dusty dips her head in contemplation.

DUSTY

I've made a lot of enemies. That's why I had to get protection.

She nods towards the bodyguard.

GRACE

Did you get any outright threats?

DUSTY

Almost daily. Usually anonymous cowards and cucks brainwashed by extremists in the media.

COREY

Any specific wealthy people who have the means to hire a killer?

DUSTY

I wish I could tell you. I'd help you skin them alive. My heart goes out to you for your loss.

Corey tips her hat to shade her face, so tears are hidden.

COREY

I just don't know what to do.

DUSTY

The fight to save the environment
and stopping endless wars was so
important to Bradley that he risked
his future and family.

COREY

So, what are you saying?

DUSTY

You might consider divestment from
companies doing harm in both
arenas.

Silence. Corey exhales...

COREY

I'd like to. But, they make so much
money for us.

GRACE

We can still make bank by getting
into renewable energy. She's right
about Bradley. Being war profiteers
and polluters, made him sick.

DUSTY

I could send over my team to go
over options if you like.

COREY

I'll think about it.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Corey finishes the last of her soup, then sips lemonade as
Grace studies her.

COREY

That hit the spot. We should have
invited Dusty to join us.

GRACE

Glad you liked the food. I have
something to tell you, mom. This is
the place where Bradley took his
last breath.

Enlarged eyes and open mouth...give way to an outraged and
disappointed squint.

COREY

How dare you. Why the hell would
you do this to me?

With the vulnerability of a child on her face...

GRACE

Mom, I had to come...but I was
scared to go alone.

Corey's anger evaporates and her whole vibe changes. Motherly
instinct takes over as she offers her open hand. Grace clasps
it as tears fall. Seated, they hug.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Thanks, mom. The other reason was
for you to meet the man who wounded
the shooter.

Grace looks to the kitchen and waves Hampton over. A slightly
older Black woman with a designer hand-bag, SYREETA (late
40s) stands behind him.

HAMPTON

Greetings, Mrs. Aniston. My
friends, they call me, Hampton.
Sorry we had to meet under these
circumstances.

COREY

So you are the hero who avenged my
son? I'm honored to meet you face
to face. Matter of fact...

Corey takes out her checkbook and pen.

HAMPTON

Really, Mrs. Aniston. You don't
have to do that. Your son paid the
ultimate price. He was the hero,
not me.

COREY

Please, call me Corey. And I
insist, sir.

GRACE

Me too.

Both checks are handed to Hampton. He staggers backwards,
blinking his eyes.

HAMPTON

Good Lord. Syreeta. Look at this.

SYREETA

My goodness. Ma'am, your heart wrote that check. Do you want to--

COREY

We owe you so much more than that. It's in memory of my son. Rejecting it...is not an option.

SYREETA

My brother and I were thinking of opening another store. With this, we can open nine.

COREY

Were you always in the food industry?

SYREETA

Heavens no. I just married a rich man. Feel me?

All laugh.

HAMPTON

Yep, sis hit the jackpot. Me? I got burned out on my last job and needed a slower pace...that wasn't so gory.

GRACE

Gory, huh? Wall Street?

HAMPTON

Funny, no. Gorier. Hollywood. I did special effects make-up and masks.

SYREETA

All monsters and zombies. He was always covered in fake blood, slime and goo.

HAMPTON

Damn things started to give me nightmares. I began to hate it.

COREY

I like you guys. Let's stay in touch. Shall we? Maybe dinner sometime?

HAMPTON

That would be--

His eyes get big. He points to the front window.

A fireball streaks across the sky. All are shocked.

BOOM.

A bright flash is seen. Although it crashes a mile away...the impact is felt.

COREY

Oh my GOD.

GRACE

Mom. I've got to get back to the satellite control center. Pronto.

INT. LUXURY SUITE - DAY

Jazzy, in T-shirt and sweatpants, on the couch, but seems twitchy. Corey notices as she drains her Bloody Mary.

JAZZY

Yeah, saw Grace at the gym. She seems to be taking it well. Said you were here. Hope you don't mind me stopping by.

COREY

You're welcome here as long as one of those meteors didn't follow you.

JAZZY

That thing lit up the sky. Isn't it scary? Maybe it's an alien invasion or something.

COREY

Grace will find out. Anyway, what's on your mind? Want a drink?

The eyes of Jazzy look anywhere else but at Corey.

JAZZY

It's just that...I knew Bradley...really well. We met up at college. He bought me this shirt.

She points to the Harvard insignia.

COREY

I know, dear. Bradley told me you two were...involved, the last time we spoke. He still had, strong feelings for you.

The tears Jazzy held in, burst out. Corey sits next to her on the couch, comforts her. Dutchess at her feet.

JAZZY

I still have feelings for him. Now I know it was love.

COREY

Jazzy, we found out something and I'm sure he was going to tell you. Your husband...is a miserable piece of shit.

JAZZY

You're preaching to the choir. What did he do?

COREY

He told me why you broke up. Turns out that big tit cougar who was all over him, was a set up. She works for Milstead.

The realization...seen on her face. In silence, her blood boils. Jazzy stands and wobbles to the picture window.

JAZZY

I'll take that drink now. Vodka and tonic, a double. No, triple.

Corey waves Zara over and whispers in her ear. She goes off to create the booze bomb.

COREY

I'm sorry to break it to you like this, but Bradley would certainly want you to know.

JAZZY

That wrinkled, old, rat bastard.

COREY

Don't feel bad. We thought he was a friend. He had a grudge with Fletcher...took it out on his son.

JAZZY

How could I be so stupid? Yes...it all makes sense now. And I'm trapped in a shitty prenup with that slimy monster.

More tears fall. Corey goes to her, gives a hug.

COREY

Does he know you're here?

JAZZY

I hired a private-eye because a car was following me. Milstead hired someone. I had my detective do the same to him. He's got two ratchet bitches on the side.

COREY

Viagra has turned all these old lizards into horny toads. Don't feel bad. Fletcher was doing it to me too.

The sad eyes of Jazzy find compassion in Corey's.

JAZZY

I don't have any friends here. Would you mind if I spent more time, with you guys?

The robust young lady...looks broken.

COREY

Of course, child. You could have become my daughter-in-law if it wasn't for that crusty demon.

The drinks arrive, Zara exits. They return to the sofa.

JAZZY

That means a lot to me. Thanks.

COREY

Drink up, baby. You're family now.

INT. LUXURY SUITE - NIGHT

Rain pelts the picture window. Grace and Corey sip hot tea.

TV SCREEN

The Announcer, mid-report...scenes of destruction from space debris, on his monitor. A crater, surrounded by burned grass.

ANNOUNCER

NASA, Space Force and other international agencies are perplexed about the origin of these occurrences.

A clip that feature fireballs dominating the skies are seen. They are labeled: LISBON, TUPELO, ROME, SEATTLE, etc.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Our government has enlisted the help of satellite expert, Grace Aniston, to investigate.

Grace's photo is shown.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Now running the most advanced network in the world, we are counting on her expertise to solve this very destructive riddle.

BACK TO SCENE

Eyes peeled to the screen, Corey and Grace react to the report with excitement, tinged with caution.

COREY

That's my girl. Ready to save the world, Gracie?

GRACE

I'm on it already, but...did they have to give my name and pic? What if I fail?

COREY

Don't talk like that. You're a star, always have been.

GRACE

Thanks for the confidence boost, mom. I talked to my tech crew. They said I could renovate the basement and set up my control base at the house. I need you near me.

Corey reacts with surprise. Dutchess barks approval.

COREY

I was about to put that place on the market. I'm not wild about moving back in.

GRACE

Why?

COREY

Fletcher blew his brains out there. His old, funky ghost is probably stumbling around in there. He sure didn't go to heaven.

GRACE

Mom. We are trying to save humanity here. Look, we can order a deep clean, then hire a shaman to chase away any ghosts, funky or otherwise. What do you say?

After a moment of contemplation, she exhales...

COREY

Fine. If we succeed, I'll be a lock to run the Loudoun County Woman's Club. Okay, let's make it happen.

GRACE

Mind if I renovate dad's den?

COREY

Please. Actually...I insist.

SUPER - A FEW WEEKS LATER

EXT. ANISTON ESTATE - DAY

Corey clings to Dutchess. Grace, Zara and Jazzy drag luggage to the front door. Grace unlocks the door. Corey hesitates before she enters.

INT. ANISTON ESTATE - DAY

The eyes of Corey...wide. She studies every inch of the home from the foyer, like this space is new to her.

GRACE

Follow me. You need to see this.

BASEMENT

Amazement on the faces as they take-in the many computers, and hi-tech gadgets.

CONTROL ROOM

What used to be the den, now sparkles with futuristic computing hardware and a huge L.E.D. monitor that takes up a whole wall.

On the screen, a network of satellites and technical coordinates about their location and direction in space. Grace changes the screen by just a wave of her hand.

Now, impact zones where recent space debris has fallen is featured. Destroyed buildings, burnt forests and craters dominate the scene.

GRACE

I'll be able to do anything from here, that I used to do in Vermont.

JAZZY

I took Physics as a major at Harvard. Can I help?

GRACE

Welcome aboard.

COREY

How impressive. If anybody can figure out why the universe is throwing turds at us...it's Gracie.

LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Phone to her ear, Corey looks comfortable on the couch.

COREY

That's awesome, Syreeta. You'd be a great addition to the Woman's Club. Just ask for Daisy. Say I sent you. Okay, see you soon.

As soon as she hangs up, the phone rings again.

COREY (CONT'D)
Yes, this is Corey...She what?...Oh
my, I'm sorry to hear that...please
send her family my
condolences...you too, thanks for
the call.

Grace enters from the kitchen with an energy drink. Corey
stares into space as she cuddles Dutchess, her mind races.

GRACE
All okay, mom?

After a moment, Corey snaps out of it.

COREY
The president of the Woman's Club
just passed away from her injuries.
That means I'm next to take her
place. Now that the time has
come...I'm a little nervous.

Grace takes a seat.

GRACE
You've been itching for this, for
like, ages. Why is it so important
to you?

In contemplation mode, Corey leans back, legs on the couch.

COREY
Your grandma, God bless her, wasn't
always the sweetie you knew. When
she was president, I was going
through my hippie phase.

GRACE
You? A hippie? Priceless. Got pics?

COREY
The point is...she said I wouldn't
amount to anything. A horrific
disappointment. I'd never achieve
what she'd done with her life.

GRACE
Wow. On the rag much?

COREY
When I take over, I'll make our
club a world leader. I'll make
Beverly Hills, Manhattan and Miami
jealous. Paris too.

GRACE
Well, that's--

Graces phone beeps. She reads the text, then rubs her temple.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Another meteor. We were tracking
that one. Thank God it hit
Nebraska. Miles of destruction.
Lucky it only killed scarecrows.

COREY
I'll see if it's on the news.

She flicks on the remote.

ON SCREEN

Scenes of the Nebraska disaster. They cut to show Senatorial
candidate, NORM RICHMOND (50s, white, conservative, flag pin,
cross necklace). Handsome and confident.

NORM
If I'm elected, I'll put forth a
bill to build an iron dome, to
protect our citizens. In my
district, we have Grace Aniston.
The foremost authority in space
related topics. She would run it.

BACK TO SCENE

Corey turns to her daughter. Rubs Dutchess.

COREY
I know this guy. Fletcher mentored
him. He inherited millions from a
mining company and lives nearby.
Can you imagine if you run that
program? It's donation time.

EXT. ANISTON ESTATE, POOLSIDE - DAY

Zara pours coffee for Corey as she sits across from Norm.

ZARA
More coffee, sir?

NORM
Heck yea. It's chilly out here.

His mug is refilled, Zara goes back to the house.

COREY

What did you think of Grace's tour?
She's working on a way to stop this
bombardment.

NORM

Impressive. If I get elected, I'll
put her in position to send this
space crap back to Darth Vader.

COREY

That's what I wanted to hear.

Her checkbook is pulled out...donation given.

NORM

That's very kind of you. Seems like
you've blossomed since Fletcher has
been gone. Some widows let
themselves go. But you? You're
looking good.

The compliment causes a flirtatious smile to appear.

COREY

Hope this helps...Mister Senator.
Good luck. Maybe we'll see each
other around...here and there.

When he takes the check, he kisses her hand.

NORM

I would enjoy that...greatly.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

DET. JUNE JOSEPHS, (40s, white, wound tight), in her parked
car...has a phone to her ear as she shuffles papers.

JUNE JOSEPH

Yes, Captain, it seems conclusive.
Fletcher hired the hitman...I'll
send you my report, then break the
news to Dusty Jasper and the
widow...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jazzy occupies the couch as Corey, stressed...paces.

JAZZY

Nope, I'm positive. Milstead's niece, Athena is going to run for president of the Woman's club.

COREY

She's not even a member yet.

JAZZY

Athena is younger, an internet celebrity and influencer. Look.

Jazzy's phone shows her TIK TOK clip. ATHENA (30's, bleach-blond with fake boobs) hawks a product and seems to be deep into the booger-sugar...way too perky for this planet.

JAZZY (CONT'D)

I overheard him say he will financially back her, so that you'll lose.

Both are pissed.

COREY

There used to a rule you had to be at least, fifty.

JAZZY

I guess it changed after my sweet hubby made a huge donation.

COREY

That snake. I'll give him a piece of my mind.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Milstead, with TWO FEMALE BODYGUARDS behind him, smirks at Corey...seated on the other side of his desk. A scenic view, complements the luxury workspace in his house.

COREY

I see you've redecorated your home...after your last wife left you. It's so - cozy.

MILSTEAD

Funny. Look, we both know those defense contracts you have will make big bucks. I'll have my niece back out of the president race if you agree to sell them to me.

COREY

Sell it to a two-faced shit head
like you? Go fuck yourself.

The face of Milstead turns red.

MILSTEAD

You'll be sorry. Now, get out of my
office. No wonder Fletcher shot
himself. You're a witch.

Corey jumps to her feet. The bodyguards move closer to
Milstead and eye down Corey. She flips them all off.

MILSTEAD (CONT'D)

You'll be sorry about that.

She storms out of the office.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Norm, in a suit, toasts with Corey in the upscale eatery.

COREY

Here's to victory and many good
things to come.

NORM

You got that right, Sugar. So
Milstead's giving you problems?

COREY

Not sure if I want to keep my
defense contracts, but he's rat.
I'm not selling him shit.

NORM

Seems like the iron dome will be
approved, thanks to yours truly.
Don't worry...I've got you.

His hand finds its way to her thigh. He rubs it. She swipes
it away.

COREY

We're not playing that game.

NORM

That's unfortunate, but I was
prepared, just in case.

COREY

Look, I didn't come here for--

NORM
Right, your best days are behind
you. I'll take money instead.

COREY
You what?

NORM
I'll take a hefty donation to keep
my mouth shut.

COREY
Judas...blackmail me about what?

He leans closer...

NORM
I hate to go public, but your
daughter, Grace is quite the
lesbian. She has a skill with dyke
toys that's remarkable. I even have
photos to prove it. Want to see
them? Quite racy.

Norm shares photos on his phone that make Corey's jaw drop.

COREY
Holy shit.

NORM
I figure a hundred grand is a good
deal. Plus...you pay for dinner.

Corey hangs her head, then snatches the checkbook. Her eyes
clock him as he deletes the pics. After she writes it, she
throws it at Norm as she rises from the table.

COREY
Here. Now go fuck off, forever.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Grace has a soda can in hand as Corey enters from her
encounter with Norm. Anger on her face.

GRACE
How did your meeting go?

COREY
You...how could you?

Grace is taken back by the outburst.

GRACE

Me? What did I do?

COREY

I just paid a blackmailer, big bucks, to stay quiet after seeing your naked ass in some lewd photos.

Silence. Corey stews as she plops on the couch.

GRACE

Sure it wasn't some AI shit? I don't do porn.

COREY

No, you do girls and...disgusting sex toys. Just shut up. You lied to me. If those nasty pics got out, you'd be ruined.

GRACE

This can't be happening.

COREY

You know how much I want grand babies. It's not fair. Selfish. With you brother gone, our bloodline stops with you.

GRACE

I decide what I do with my life. I'm not a breeder...like you. I have a career.

COREY

How dare you speak to me like that.

GRACE

See, this is why I moved out in the first place.

COREY

Why don't you go back to your dike friends? I can't believe you are doing this to me.

Grace grabs her car keys.

GRACE

That's the only thing you said tonight that makes sense.

Hurt and angry, Grace storms past. Slams the door behind her. Corey rubs her face with her hands. Her eyes spot the vodka.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Asleep on the couch, Corey hears the doorbell. She almost knocks over a half-drained vodka bottle near her.

COREY

Zara. Get that, I'm sleeping.

It rings again. Corey squints from the harsh sunlight.

COREY (CONT'D)

Shit, it's Sunday.

FOYER

Hair matted, Corey stumbles to the door. Checks the peephole, then looks confused. She opens the door. Det. June Joseph greets her.

JUNE JOSEPH

Good morning, Ms. Aniston. May I come in? I have important news about your son's case.

COREY

Uh, sure. Come in.

JUNE JOSEPH

Also, I have the gun your husband used. We closed the case. Do you want it back?

COREY

That thing is cursed, I don't want to touch it. Just leave it on that table, please.

The detective places the gun box down and follows her into the living room.

LIVING ROOM

Hungover, Corey sprawls on the couch. June pulls up a chair.

JUNE JOSEPH

Nice house. As I was saying, I have news...but you won't like it.

COREY

I haven't liked anything since I was a teenager. Spill it...

Dutchess joins Corey. June Josephs pulls out papers from her briefcase and displays them for Corey.

JUNE JOSEPH
We're certain that we found who
hired the hitman.

Corey leans forward, interested.

COREY
Who?

JUNE JOSEPH
I'm sorry to say this...but it was
your husband, Fletcher.

Shock paralyzes Corey. Her eyes, blank.

COREY
You mean to tell me--

JUNE JOSEPH
Yes, unfortunately.

Corey falls against the back of the couch like shotgun blast just hit her. Dutchess barks.

COREY
That no good piece of shit. Our
boy? Because of his greed? It can't
be. Please tell me--

JUNE JOSEPH
Those phone records tell the story.
This doesn't need to be reported to
media at this point, but I'll have
to tell Dusty. We'll close the
file, because it's resolved.

COREY
Will she make it public?

JUNE JOSEPH
That would be her call. But if a
freedom of info is served, there's
nothing we can do. Info would be
released to public and media would
run with it.

COREY
Everything in my life is going down
the toilet.

She covers her face with a couch pillow and weeps.

JUNE JOSEPH
One question the media will
have...and myself also. Were you
part of the assassination plot?

Corey slams down the tear-stained pillow.

COREY
No...I knew nothing about this. I'm
shocked, angry and--

JUNE JOSEPH
You may want to retain a lawyer,
just in case.

Slack-jawed, Corey's eyes look to the heavens.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Corey caresses the tombstone of Bradley. Cheeks, tear-stained. When she notices Dusty headed her way with flowers, she dabs her eyes with a tissue.

COREY
I'm so glad you could make it.

DUSTY
I owe that man my life. These roses
are as close as I could get to his
Harvard crimson.

COREY
Thank you.

The flowers are arranged on his grave. Corey's eyes, moist.

DUSTY
Sister, I think you need a hug.

Corey almost knocks Dusty over with the embrace. She clings to the activist and sobs.

COREY
This would have been...his b-
birthday. My poor baby.

DUSTY
Yes, he was a good man. It's
tragic. Here, let's sit over here
on these benches.

Hand in hand, they trudge over, get seated. Corey glances at Dusty...looks away.

COREY
I hate to ask, but has Detective
Josephs spoken to you yet?

DUSTY
She left a message, but I didn't
return the call yet.

Corey twists the Kleenex in her hands. Her eyes scan the
cemetery, but avoid Dusty's face.

COREY
Good. It's best that I tell you
myself. They...they found who sent
the hitman.

DUSTY
Oh my. Excellent. Did they arrest
him yet?

COREY
Nope. They can't.

Dusty, confused. Anger in her voice...

DUSTY
Why the hell not?

COREY
Well...because, he's right here.

She reaches into her large, designer purse...yanks out a
plastic bag. Filled with ashes.

It takes a second for Dusty to put it together. Then she
recoils in shock.

DUSTY
No...you've got to be shitting me.

Corey slams the pouch on the ground.

COREY
It's true. My husband. He...he
killed my baby boy.

DUSTY
Oh my God. That's crazy. What the--

COREY
I know. He's a monster. Take those
ashes. Flush them down the toilet
or use it for kitty litter. They're
not coming home with me.

Sobs return. Dusty's face...mind blown. She rubs Corey's back as she drowns in sorrow. Her eyes burn into the bag of ashes.

DUSTY

What in the fuck. This is crazy.

COREY

The nightmare of all nightmares.
What do we do? Is it possible to
keep it out of the media? This
would ruin what's left of my life.

A compassionate glance greets Corey, but Dusty's mind seems to race.

DUSTY

I'll keep it quiet, but police
files can be requested. I've done
it myself. Did he act alone?

COREY

Yes, cops have phone records that
tie him to the hitman.

Dusty flips off the bag of human remains.

DUSTY

Rot in hell, asshole.

COREY

That goes double for me. Look, my
family owes you. Can I at least
write you a check?

The lungs of Dusty inhale big...exhale bigger.

DUSTY

Keep it. We both know it's blood
money. What you can do, is help
this crazy world heal. Sell your
companies that deal with the
military. And the ones that kill
Mother Earth.

Corey nods in agreement.

COREY

Consider it...done.

They both get up to leave. Dusty bends down and snatches up the bag of ashes. She tosses it in the nearest garbage can.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

In front of her laptop, Corey researches. On screen, the company name and what they do is listed.

COREY
A napalm manufacturer? You suck,
Fletcher. I thought that went out
with Apocalypse Now.

She writes the info on a notepad and continues to scroll. Her phone rings. She does a double-take when she reads the name.

COREY (CONT'D)
Hi Syreeta. Good to hear from you.
Is all okay?

INT. SYREETA'S CAR - DAY

Behind the wheel of her luxury car, Syreeta speaks into the Bluetooth system of her vehicle.

SYREETA
Sister, talk me down before I buy a
quart of ice cream and sink to the
bottom of it.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Corey puts the laptop to the side and chuckles.

COREY
On a day like this, I might join
you. I needed a laugh. What's up?

Syreeta seems distraught.

SYREETA
Those clowns at your Woman's club
said I got rejected.

Corey shakes her head in disappointment.

COREY
That's messed up. The president
there just died. When I take her
place, I'll rush you in.

The face of Syreeta, perplexed.

SYREETA

Some blonde lady with tits that
look like they were made by Mattel,
said she was the president now.

Nostrils flare as Corey straightens up. Her voice, crackles.

COREY

She said...what?

SYREETA

Yeah, she was switching around like
some big shot. Skanky bitch. Told
me to try again later.

Corey fumes, her face, red.

COREY

Milstead. That piece of shit. I
can't believe this. That should be
my job.

SYREETA

You'd be better at it too. She's
prancing around in her fancy shoes
and designer bag, thinking she's
something special.

A quick glance at her new Prada bag causes Corey to shift
uncomfortably in her seat.

COREY

The audacity.

SYREETA

We women can't be caught up that
materialistic bullshit. I'm sure
you had more uplifting goals.
There's serious things going on.

COREY

Yep.

SYREETA

Like those space turds falling from
the sky. One hit the athletic field
at my alma mater, Vassar.

COREY

Hey, that's my school too. I didn't
know you went there. Anyone hurt?

SYREETA

No, thank God. You and your daughter still trying to figure this crap out and stop it?

Corey pulls the phone away, rubs her face.

COREY

Yeah, but it's...complicated. I have to go now. Let's do lunch.

SYREETA

You bet. Take care. Ya hear?

COREY

Oh, I most certainly will.

They end the conversation. Corey's eyes survey her bag and the other designer items she has accumulated.

COREY (CONT'D)

Materialistic bullshit? Hell... that's all I know. Bradley, if you're listening, help me change.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jazzy escorts Corey into Milstead's lair. Today, no bodyguards on duty. He pours himself a Scotch.

MILSTEAD

Very good, Jazzy. I'll call you if I need you.

The eye contact between her and Corey as she exits is loaded with concern.

COREY

Where's your muscle maidens, tough guy. Not scared today?

MILSTEAD

Cut the bullshit, Corey. You're not funny. Never have been. But know what is? My lawyer filed freedom of info with the police. Surprise. Fletcher hired the hitman. So sad. Shame if it got out.

COREY

A shake-down. How gentlemanly of you. What do you want?

MILSTEAD

Sell me the companies I want - plus
drop out of president race so my
niece can get it. Needs new blood
anyway. Younger blood.

Corey leans back. Her gaze focuses on the nature outside the
window. She sucks her teeth for a second.

COREY

You're a greedy douche-bag. I see
why you want the companies, but the
Woman's club? Thinking about
joining?

MILSTEAD

My niece, Athena--

COREY

Is a dimwit and a slut. My
mother and grandmother held that
position. She'll turn it into a
Malibu Barbie playhouse.

MILSTEAD

And what about you? Just so you can
satisfy your massive ego? Twirl
around in you gown like some crusty
queen? It's not like you have a
plan to make a positive impact. You
just want people to kiss your ass.

COREY

I keep the satellites, real estate
and agro stuff.

MILSTEAD

I could give a piglet's titty about
that crap. You know what I want.

COREY

The shit that kills people and
destroys the planet?

MILSTEAD

That's where the money is, kiddo.
You have one week to decide.
Then...what happens, happens. In
the meantime, I'll forbid Jazzy
from your property. You're a bad
influence on her.

COREY
Poor kid. Isn't it bad enough
punishment to see your old,
wrinkled pecker?

Milstead growls...

MILSTEAD
Get the fuck out of my office.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Corey ignites the fireplace and smiles.

COREY
That's better, isn't it?

Wineglass in hand, Syreeta tips it at the host.

SYREETA
Good shit. No doubt. This October
seems colder than usual.

COREY
In more ways than one. What should
I do about this situation? As a
fellow Vassar girl and outsider to
this crap, I value your opinion.

After a sip and a moment of contemplation...

SYREETA
Looks like Lex Luther's got you by
the short hairs. I say, take his
loot...then sic Dusty on him.

COREY
Good advice. Learn that at Vassar?

SYREETA
Born and raised in Baltimore. I
still got a little edge to my game.

Corey slaps her a high-five.

COREY
Damn right you do. I'll have my
lawyer draw that shit up tomorrow.

SYREETA
Cool. I know the perfect place to
make the transaction. Let's have
some fun with his ass.

EXT. HALLOWEEN FEAR FARM - NIGHT

Pumpkins and scarecrows decorate the hay laden entrance. Cackles and screams from inside, penetrate the night as teens on dates, file in.

To the side, a woman in a sexy, colorful outfit is seated behind a table with a crystal ball on it. She turns her head. It is Corey.

From the parking lot, Milstead marches over to her in his trench coat. He shakes his head and rolls his eyes as he approaches her. She twirls her hands around the ball.

COREY

(Romanian accent)

I see an asshole in my future...dressed like Inspector Gadget. How frightening.

MILSTEAD

Grow up, Corey. You got the papers or what?

COREY

(Romanian accent)

My goodness. A vampire. Begone.

She holds up a cross towards him as he stops in front of her.

MILSTEAD

Again, not funny. I don't have time for this.

Corey bats her eyes, as she toys with him. Her voice, goes back to normal now.

COREY

Cancer and mutations from your pollution. Death and mutilation from your war toys. I'd figure you'd feel right at home here.

MILSTEAD

It didn't bother you when you were doing the same thing to get rich.

COREY

(Romanian accent)

But...I have changed.

She opens her eyes wide and uses her hands to makes a conjuring type motion across her face.

MILSTEAD

Cut the Gypsy crap and let's do the transaction. Could ya?

Corey picks up the briefcase beside her and slams it onto the table. A sticker that shows a vampire with bloody fangs is attached to it.

He smirks, opens it and looks through the papers...smiles.

COREY

I even included our tobacco company. It's time you picked up another bad habit. Other than cheating on Jazzy. Have the check?

Milstead digs in his pocket and presents it to her.

MILSTEAD

It's bank certified.

COREY

My, my...you kept your word. But...

She sniffs the check.

COREY (CONT'D)

It smells like blood money.

Corey stuffs it into her bosom.

MILSTEAD

Are we done here?

COREY

One more thing.

SYREETA

YAAAA!

Syreeta jumps from behind a haystack, dressed like a deformed Voodoo priestess, face paint and all.

The jump-scare works to perfection. Milstead's face...horrified. He stumbles backwards and almost falls.

Both ladies have a hearty laugh. He gathers himself.

MILSTEAD

Witches. Yeah, that's what you really are.

He scoots away from them towards the parking lot.

COREY
Say hello to your CEO...Satan...for
me. Could ya?

An over the shoulder, middle finger...is his response.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Zara scoots in with two drinks on a tray. The thirsty mouths
of Corey and Jazzy smile.

JAZZY
Thanks, Zara. It's so good to be
back here and see you both again.

COREY
That goes double for me. I missed
your energy.

ZARA
Much appreciated, ma'am. Will there
be anything else?

COREY
Could you hand me the remote? I
want to see if our third stone from
the sun got pelted again today.

JAZZY
Or getting invaded by those funky
space ships folks are seeing.

The news shows a Middle East war that just broke out.

COREY
You've got to be kidding me. I bet
Milstead and his blood-thirsty arms
dealers were behind it.

Her phone, snatched up, she scrolls. Shakes her head.

COREY (CONT'D)
Yep, the military assets I sold
him, doubled in value. Your husband
is a dirt-bag.

JAZZY
I'll drink to that. His greed
disgusts me.

COREY
It's the whole human race. How did
we get so evil?

The screen now shows clips of UFO sightings, caught on film.

JAZZY

Maybe the little green men need to park their ship here and straighten us out. Can I tell you something?

COREY

Sure, babe. Anything.

JAZZY

My husband, just took out a ten million dollar insurance policy on me. I don't trust him.

COREY

Geez...the sleaze. Here, you might need this.

Corey hands her the gun Det. Josephs brought back.

JAZZY

I'm not wild about guns, but I might need protection. Thanks... you're like a mother to me. Heard from Grace yet?

INT. COREY'S CAR - DAY

A dusting of snow has fallen. Corey activates the wipers in the vehicle. Her phone rings. She answers...

COREY

Norm? What do you want? I paid you. Leave me alone, asshole.

NORM

(over phone)

Loved the money. Milstead told me about your recent deal. I'll need more. Plus some honey.

Rage builds in Corey.

COREY

Ha. Nope on both. I'm not scared of you. Fuck off.

NORM

(over phone)

You've got one week to decide, or somehow...it's leaked that your daughter is a nasty perv.

Corey clicks off the phone, angry. She crosses her hands on the steering wheel, parks her head on her wrists...sobs.

COREY
What am I going to do?

After she calms down, she dials her phone.

COREY (CONT'D)
Hi Dusty. Could you look into a matter for me?

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Gloomy skies above, peer down to see Corey, in a thick coat with roses. She places them on the headstone. Falls to her knees in sorrow.

COREY
Baby, I miss you so much. Mama is reaching her breaking point. What do I do?

Tears fall.

COREY (CONT'D)
Son, I need your forgiveness and guidance.. You were a better person than me. I'm a fake. Money and status hungry. You, you were authentic and cared about people. Please help me, son.

She hugs the headstone. The sobs are so fierce, that she stretches out prostrate on the grave. Snow be damned.

BOOM.

A football field away...a big meteor crushes into the pristine graveyard and shakes the earth.

Her wide eyes witness coffins and bones fly into the air. Flames cover the crater it made.

She runs away, as her screams penetrate the air.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Fireplace on, in the embrace of a cozy blanket and Dutchess, Corey takes in the evening news.

ON SCREEN

The meteor strike dominates the top stories. Damage is shown.

ANNOUNCER

And for more information about this event, let's hear from local expert, Grace Aniston.

Corey perks up, leans forward.

On screen, Grace has removed colors from her hair and projects a business-like persona.

GRACE

Our satellites data indicates that a planet, larger than our own, blew up somehow. It has caused debris to fall into our atmosphere. Unfortunately it's hard to predict where it falls...but we're working on it.

Corey, with moist eyes, stares at her daughter.

COREY

Look at my girl. I can't let that blackmailing animal ruin her.

(beat)

As much as I hate it. Ughh, I'll have to give-in to him.

She hides her head under her blanket.

ANNOUNCER

In national news, our own Senator Norm Richmond was arrested today by the FBI.

Corey peeks out from under the comforter. Norm's Senatorial photo standing by the flag is shown.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

In a month long investigation, feds discovered that his coal company has been releasing deadly poisons into a waterway. He is accused of paying off...and blackmailing inspectors, to lie for him.

COREY

I know how they felt.

A clip with Norm on the 'perp-walk', is broadcast.

ANNOUNCER

Concrete evidence was gained when he tried to payoff an undercover inspector. Immediately, he has been removed from the Senate and will be facing numerous charges.

A scream of joy, blasts from deep in Corey's lungs.

COREY

FREEDOM!...I need to celebrate this, somehow.

She grips her phone.

INT. CAFÉ - NIGHT

Deep in thought, Syreeta mulls over a menu. Her phone rings.

SYREETA

Hey girl, what's up? Just saw your daughter on the news.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Corey paces with excitement.

COREY

She's amazing, right? Hey, what are you doing? I want to party.

Attention returns to the menu.

SYREETA

Right now, I'm over at the café. There's a fundraiser tonight with the DC Woman's club. I'm about to order up some lemon chicken. You eat yet?

Corey licks her lips.

COREY

Tell Hampton to cook up a double serving. I'm on my way over.

Syreeta seems surprised.

SYREETA

Cool. If you want to go with me to the city, don't dress like you just stepped off a yacht.

Corey chuckles.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Wide eyes of Corey observe the nocturnal urban scene as they pass sights, she has never seen. Blight, homelessness, hookers, etc.

Syreeta notices her fascination.

SYREETA

You don't get down this-a-way much?

COREY

It's a shame folks have to live like this.

SYREETA

As long as billionaires control the government, their tax breaks come first. People come last.

INT. DC WOMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Syreeta, in a maroon dress and matching jacket, steps into the decorated gala, with confidence. Corey follows her, but seems timid. Her aura does not match her leopard outfit.

Oldies Soul music jams from the speakers. Elegant styles adorn a hundred Black women. Syreeta glides towards the bar...motions Corey to speed up.

SYREETA

Look at my sisters. Flexing, but not perplexing. They know they're queens tonight.

A tug on the sleeve causes Syreeta to spy the intimidation on her guest's face.

COREY

(whispers)

I'm the only white person here.

Syreeta laughs and slaps her back in jest.

SYREETA

Now...you know how it feels, ha. Up in here, we know fun. The only reason to join your club was to save gas. Relax. At least my peeps won't lynch you.

Although assured, Corey stays closer to Syreeta than her own shadow. Her eyes dart around.

A banner reads, THE SECOND CHANCE CENTER - FUNDRAISER.

COREY

After seeing what we did on the way here...I wouldn't blame them.

SYREETA

We all share the same country. Shit shouldn't be like that. Bunch of selfish people.

COREY

I'm afraid I'm one of them. I turned this charity away this Summer. I hope they don't hate me.

They reach the bar.

SYREETA

I'll order for you. No fruity-tooty drinks tonight. It's time for some Henny. That's why I hired a driver.

COREY

What is a Henny?

An raised eyebrow from Syreeta, greets her.

MONTAGE - DC FUNDRAISER

1. A Motown classic plays. With drinks in hand, Syreeta introduces an apprehensive Corey to various friends.
2. Unwed moms confide to Syreeta and Corey in a booth. One cries, Corey comforts her. Empathy on Corey's face.
3. The checkbook comes out. Corey scribbles on it and hands it to the EMCEE. Her eyes bulge.
4. At the mic, the Emcee holds up the check and points to Corey. All applaud in her direction.
5. Fundraiser turns into a party. Corey dances along with a bunch of the members. A huge smile reflects that Corey enjoys the time of her life.
6. As Corey and Syreeta stroll towards the door to exit, they are met with handshakes, smiles and hugs of the members.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

As the morning sunshine invigorates the space with energy, Corey and Dusty do yoga, in workout clothes. Zara instructs them as she stretches also.

ZARA
Yes, plant your foot...deep
breath...let the power of life
enter your body...hold it...

Corey, sweat-soaked, struggles to maintain her balance.

COREY
Let's take a break, after this.

She plops down, butt first...exhausted.

ZARA
The first steps of any journey are
the most difficult.

DUSTY
If you believe you can do it,
you're already halfway there. Try
to make this your morning routine,
you'll love it.

They grab towels and dry off.

COREY
Right now, I'd love an egg sandwich
and a mimosa.

ZARA
Right away, ma'am.

COREY
Nope. I'll order delivery. I'd
rather you stay here and feed me
some more ancient wisdom.

DUSTY
I'm all for that. I never let my
schooling interfere with my
education.

ZARA

Okay. First you should be hailed for getting rid of those companies related to war and killing the of our environment.

DUSTY

Here, here. I second that.

ZARA

We must be interested in the welfare of all - not just humans, but all living beings.

COREY

I'm starting to understand that now. Even though I lost money, I still feel I did the right thing.

ZARA

Your brain was concerned about the money, but not your soul. In a conflict between heart and brain...always follow the heart.

Corey and Dusty share a glance.

DUSTY

You've got an oracle in your house and you didn't know it.

COREY

You're right. I screwed up by not speaking to you like this sooner.

ZARA

Don't blame yourself. Good people become good, because they've come to wisdom...through failure.

COREY

From now on...I'm a new person. Not just in word...but through action.

ZARA

I'm so proud of you. The impact you could have on the world...is huge.

DUSTY

I'll help in any way I can.

COREY

Talk to Grace for me. I have a hole in my life without her.

DUSTY

Will do. Now, let's get that food
ordered. I'm starving.

INT. BRADLEY'S OLD ROOM - NIGHT

Corey enters the room, then freezes. The emptiness almost brings tears. Outside the window, neighbors have decorated for Christmas like it is a competition.

A box of do-dads, demands her attention. A photo album is inside. She takes it out and takes a seat on the bed. As she scans the pictures, emotions cannot be held back. She laughs at some...cries when she sees others.

COREY

I hear you, son. Now I know exactly
what to do.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Twice as festive as before, a large holiday tree and dozens of wrapped gifts surround its stump. The fireplace not only warms the room, but seems to warm the hearts of Corey and Syreeta as they take in the scene.

The doorbell rings. Syreeta turns to the host.

SYREETA

You ready?

COREY

Ho-ho-ho. Let's spread some cheer.

FOYER

Corey opens the door to see unwed mothers of all races at her stoop. A smile from deep inside of her, greets them.

COREY

Ladies, welcome to the greatest
Christmas dinner of your lives.
Come inside.

Giddy faces of the pregnant young ladies are impressed with the lavish surroundings as they pile through the door. Corey winks at Syreeta as she stroll past her.

DINING ROOM

Hampton, in chef's outfit, enters from the kitchen. He glows at the sight of youngsters tearing into his cake.

HAMPTON

Did everyone enjoy the meal?

Mouths too full to answer, applaud and give thumbs-up. Corey and Syreeta flank him.

COREY

When you're all finished, meet me
in the living room.

SYREETA

We ain't done celebrating yet. Not
even close.

LIVING ROOM

Wrapping paper and ribbons...thrown skyward as the gifts become revealed. Squeals of delight fill the room. Corey smiles wide in the spirit of giving.

FOYER

The faces of pregnant, unwed moms...reflects their excitement, as they put on coats to face the frigid outdoors. Corey commands the attention of the young ladies.

COREY

I want each and every one of you to
know the absolute joy you've all
given me today. In anticipation of
this, I set-up a trust fund for you
all...in the amount of \$5,000.

First, screams of thankfulness as they rejoice in unison. Second, Corey is almost gang-tackled by hugs of affection and extreme gratitude. Tears of emotion, flow from the host.

LIVING ROOM

The adults sip aged whisky near the fireplace. All look exhausted.

SYREETA

What a night, huh? I bet those kids
never felt such caring and
generosity in their lives.

COREY

I'll never forget this day. The way it made me feel, wow. I think I'm addicted now.

HAMPTON

I can dig it. You should start a non-profit.

COREY

This is just the beginning of me using this wealth to help people. What should I do?

SYREETA

Just tell your lawyer and accountant. They'll draw up the paperwork for you.

Corey's eyes twinkle as she contemplates the future.

ZARA

We are all defined by our actions, not our words. But in this case, your charity must reflect...the goodness that's in your heart.

INT. GRACE'S CAR - NIGHT

In a parking lot, Grace unwraps a fast-food burger, by herself. Around her vehicle, stores celebrate the holiday season with bright lights and cheesy lawn ornaments. Her eyes moisten from loneliness.

Her phone rings before she can take a bite. She brightens up when she reads the name.

GRACE

Mom? Is that really you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Corey, alone, stares out the window. Drink in hand.

COREY

Merry Christmas. It's been too long, baby. We need to talk.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Grace puts down her burger, runs her fingers through her hair. Conflicted on the inside.

GRACE

I'd like that...but only if we
smoke the peace pipe together.

Corey seems perplexed.

COREY

Oh-kay. Anything. I just want my
little girl back in my life.
Alright, I'll see you in a bit.

As Corey hangs up, she wonders out loud...

COREY (CONT'D)

Peace pipe?

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Knock at door. Corey hesitates. Says silent prayer, then opens it.

Hidden behind several X-mas gifts, Grace waves, hello. Then almost drops a box.

GRACE

Merry Christmas, Mom. It's freezing
out here.

COREY

Look at you. Same to you, darling.
Hurry up in here, girl. I've got
the fireplace going.

Corey studies her face as she stumbles forward.

LIVING ROOM

Grace devours the food served earlier as Corey opens a gift.

GRACE

This is some delicious grub. Zara?

COREY

Nope. Hampton from the café. What's
with the gifts? I can buy what I
want. You didn't have to--

GRACE
I wanted to.

Her empty plate is put down.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Open the red gift first.

The directive is followed. A model of a hi-gloss, satellite is revealed. Corey tries to look appreciative.

COREY
Oh, look. How nice. I certainly
don't have one of these.

GRACE
It's a dual function entity. Now
open the one with polar bears.

It is unwrapped. Inside is a jar. It is pulled out.

COREY
Um, what's this?

GRACE
Hi-octane, reunion fuel. I'll show
you how it works.

Cannabis buds are removed from the jar as Corey's eyes widen.

COREY
Is that what I think it is?

GRACE
I'm here to come clean. Bradley and
I did this all the time, in secret.

Buds are put into a bowl mounted on the satellite. Grace notices the open jaw look from her mom. She lights it and inhales the smoke. Passes it to Corey.

COREY
Me? No thanks. That's hippie thing.
My mom hated me for it. Almost
kicked me out the house.

GRACE
Grandma is long gone. This is your
house. This ain't like hippie
stuff. Take a small hit.

COREY
Really, I don't--

GRACE

You agreed to the peace pipe.

A reluctant hand seizes the smoldering pipe. She hits it, coughs...sips her drink.

COREY

Wow, so strong.

GRACE

After we dust this bowl...we talk.

KITCHEN

Clearly stoned, Corey pulls out what is left of the cake.

COREY

Have a seat. It's munchies time.

GRACE

I'll cut. You sit. How're you feeling?

COREY

Free...and more loving. I should have joined you kids years ago.

She spins in place as Grace plates cake slices.

GRACE

Alright, ballerina. Grab a squat before you get hurt.

A spontaneous hug erupts from Corey.

COREY

I'm sorry I hurt you, baby. I miss you so much. I don't say it enough, but I love you, with all my heart.

Grace turns to see the waterworks wet her mom's cheeks.

GRACE

I love you too, mom. It's my fault that I didn't tell you. That blackmailing worm brought it out. I own it.

Both cry.

COREY

Whatever you want to do, you have my blessing. Totally. Now pass me a fork before I go fingers first.

They laugh, hug again, then dig in.

LIVING ROOM

Grace gets a blanket, tip-toes over to her mother, asleep on the couch. She kisses her forehead and covers her up.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Corey saunters into the lab, coffee in hand. Grace does not notice, as her attention is fully engaged with computers.

COREY

My baby's at it early. How's it going today?

GRACE

Busy as hell. Take a look at this. A fighter plane shot at an UFO with a Hellfire missile. Direct hit... but it kept boogie-ing.

Curious, Corey grabs a chair next to her.

FOOTAGE

Gray, grainy...but clear. A fast moving object is tracked from above as it scoots above the ocean. When in the cross-hairs of the targeting device...a missile launches.

It hits the saucer-shaped object. Impact. The projectile bounces off of its target. No damage. It flies away faster.

BACK TO SCENE

A silent stare is shared by both women.

COREY

I'll get you some coffee. Looks like you'll need it.

LIVING ROOM

Corey approaches Zara as she opens the drapes.

COREY

Zara, could you make some food from your country in a few days? I'll have guests over for New Years.

ZARA

Sure - but you said it stunk up the house.

COREY

Don't worry. I've changed. And this time, I want you to join us.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Decorated for New Years, with a banner, glitter, gold and champagne on chill...guests dig into Zara's exotic food. Grace, Dusty, Syreeta, Jazzy, Hampton and Zara - enjoy.

LIVING ROOM

All are seated in comfort. Corey rises.

COREY

This year has been the worst if my life. I thank you all for helping me through it. I applaud you all.

SYREETA

Our pleasure, girlfriend. You've got a big heart and deserve it all.

COREY

Not always, but I've changed for the better. My set up a non-profit, FIRST SON'S SECOND CHANCE. Named in honor of Bradley. Syreeta, would you be the spokesperson?

SYREETA

You got it.

COREY

In the moments before we cheer in the New Year...I'd like us all to meditate and think about what we can do to improve ourselves...and the world.

DUSTY

And then the booze, right?

All laugh.

EXT. ANISTON ESTATE, DRIVEWAY - DAY

Syreeta exits her vehicle and spies an assortment of boxes in the delivery area. Unfazed, she goes to the door, knocks.

Corey opens it and smiles.

COREY
Morning, Syreeta. Come on in.

SYREETA
You got a mess of boxes out here.

Pleasure, in Corey's eyes when she spots them, comes outside.

COREY
Excellent. Can you give me a hand with these?

SYREETA
It's MLK day. Not sure if I'm supposed to do work.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Corey opens a box and pulls out the contents. She unfurls it. A beautiful banner reads, FIRST SON'S SECOND CHANCE - A NON-PROFIT COMPANY.

SYREETA
I love it.

COREY
Cool isn't it? Come over to the laptop. I'll show you the masterplan.

Syreeta follows Corey as she flutters over to the computer.

COREY (CONT'D)
I already sold my companies, except the satellites. Watch how I'll use it in good ways. It'll be based on a free online lottery, Jazzy will run the computer stuff. Guess what's first...

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Behind a gaggle of microphones, Syreeta, in a suit, speaks...

SYREETA

For our first steps in this journey, we will pay off distressed farms...so farmers can keep their family land. In return, they won't use GMO or pesticides. Healthier food for our nation. They will sell...just to us.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

On a new, huge, plasma screen on the wall, patrons watch...

SYREETA

We will buy produce distribution centers, that ship worldwide. My brother, Hampton, will be in charge of it.

From the kitchen, Hampton smiles wide.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

After a sip of water, she adds...

SYREETA

We are now buying construction companies and real estate to address the housing crisis. Bonuses, awarded to the team who builds 3-bedroom houses the fastest in a week. After safety inspection, lottery winners for the new housing are announced. Contests starts again.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

As Milstead and Jazzy watch on TV, from opposite sides of his office, he sucks his teeth in disapproval.

SYREETA (O.S.)

If a person puts in 40 hours community service, they are put in lottery to win a house. Homes will not be for sale in market. Only through this program.

Milstead turns to his trophy wife, Jazzy.

MILSTEAD
You hear this communist bullshit?
When I die, don't waste my money on
the poors like that.

JAZZY
(sarcastic tone)
Who...me?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Surrounded by her crew of Grace, Syreeta, Hampton, Jazzy and
Zara...they focus on the evening news.

ON SCREEN

A logo for the charity is seen.

ANNOUNCER
This new non-profit, aims to do the
same with confiscated vehicles.
Twenty community service hours are
needed to qualify contestants.

COREY (O.C.)
Well...that's the plan.

GRACE (O.C.)
Oh look, my segment is next.

On the screen, buildings are pelted with fireballs.

ANNOUNCER
The City of Brussels was hit by
debris, many injured, homes
leveled. The most destructive
strike so far. Yesterday, Grace
Aniston was summoned to speak at
the U.N.

Grace addresses the UN General Assembly.

GRACE
We are working to find the source
of the problem. Not sure why
trajectory of debris hits earth. As
we speak, more defensive satellites
are being sent to protect us.
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)
 We recently got a faint
 transmission from deep space. We
 are working to decode it.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

Winter Olympics opening ceremony plays on the big screen in the crowded coffee house. Flags and athletes of all nations march through the arena.

Remote shots show the people of Norway, China, Peru, London and Brooklyn cheering their nation.

OLYMPIC ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 People across the globe are
 witnessing a glorious
 demonstration. These Winter
 Olympics may turn out to be--

The broadcast signal, breaks up. The screen goes black. A new scene comes into view.

A misty background, reveals a figure. ERAANU, non-human. It resembles an ancient god of Egypt or Samaria. Bluish skin.

ERAANU
 Greetings from your overlords. My
 name is Eraanu. All Earth
 communication has been interrupted
 by our transmission, in whatever
 language you understand.

Those in the coffee house check their phones - Eraanu.

INT. HONG KONG APARTMENT - DAY

A Chinese family watches Eraanu on TV.

ERAANU
 (Chinese)
 As you have seen recently, we've
 been watching you more closely.

INT. BERLIN BAR - DAY

Beers drop to the floor as Eraanu, on screen - continues.

ERAANU
 (German)
 You beings have learned...

EXT. LAGOS FISHING BOAT - DAY

A man waves co-workers to view Eraanu on his phone.

ERAANU
(Nigerian)
NOTHING. You have failed.

EXT. MEXICAN SOCCER FIELD - DAY

Players and spectators, frozen in place as Eraanu occupies the jumbotron screen.

ERAANU
(Spanish)
This place you call Earth was a
dumping ground for defective DNA
from our planet. We tried to stay
and help build civilizations.
Humans kept failing. Finally left.

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

The waitress tries to change the channel, no use.

ERAANU
Your history shows how primitive,
greedy and violent you are, but you
are not alone. We will give you and
three other planets, 12 moon cycles
to get things fixed...or will wipe
out the weak link and replace it
with a new species.

Horror covers faces in the coffee shop.

ERAANU (CONT'D)
We've been sending space debris to
you planet to get your attention
and know our power.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

More booze is poured into a tumbler. A grim look on Milstead reflects his contempt for the message on the TV.

ERAANU
To avoid extinction, you must
follow these rules. You must end
wars, hunger and greed.
(MORE)

ERAANU (CONT'D)
Share wealth and show us...this is
a planet worth saving.

MILSTEAD
Stop wars? Fuck off! Space Hippie.

SUPER - THREE WEEKS LATER

EXT. STREETS OF LOUDOUN COUNTY - DAY

Mansions, overgrown. FOR SALE signs on many others.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Red-faced, Milstead screams into his phone.

MILSTEAD
What the fuck do mean, stopping the
war? I've got a billion dollars in
armaments, ready to be
shipped...No, you'll break me...The
Wall Street crash was bad enough.
Look, just buy them for a rainy
day...Hello, hello?

He launches his phone across the room in anger.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A bank of computers, set-up in one corner of the large area
is manned by Jazzy.

JAZZY
Come here, Corey. You believe in
karma? Look at this.

Jazzy points to her computer screen as Corey hurries over.
After she reads it, they both laugh.

COREY
One of the miners Norm exploited
just won his mansion in our
lottery? How sweet is that?

INT. CAFÉ - DAY

A sign in the window advertises, FREE ORGANIC BREAD AND
VEGETABLES. Syreeta and Hampton hand-out bags with a smile.

The news on the screen shows Grace at the U.N. General Assembly again.

GRACE

We have exhausted all resources to see if the Eraanu transmission was a hoax. Our satellites show that the signal came from deep space. They overrode our systems. All resources are being put towards Earth's protection. When more information is learned, we will share it with you.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A large crowd eyes a video presentation on a big screen, over the stage. It shows clips of famine, war casualties, dilapidated ghettos, bulldozed rain forests, glaciers melting and other horrors from around the world.

As it ends, Dusty takes the stage amid applause. Corey and her crew are in the audience.

DUSTY

The world has come out today for the people of Earth...to save themselves. That clip you just saw, sickens me. We are better than this. We shouldn't need alien threats to get our act together.

The crowd applauds.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Billionaires and their greed are to blame for the state of the world. We all might be wiped out, for the sins of the few. Stating now, they must be taxed heavily to afford the changes needed for us all to survive.

People in the audience cheer loudly. Some have signs that reflect the moment.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Loudoun County has more billionaires than any other county in the nation. Many made their fortune off our tax dollars and in the trade of weapons of war.

(MORE)

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Join me in marching against these
monsters, right through THEIR
STREETS. Let them know, we've had
more than enough of their bullshit.

EXT. STREETS OF LOUDOUN COUNTY - DAY

Dusty leads marchers as they chant and wave protest banners,
through exclusive boulevards of Loudoun County. Pregnant moms
and clergy from all religions lead the pack. Cops do nothing.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Face, painted with disgust, Milstead...revolted by what is on
his TV screen. Marchers storm the streets that he calls,
home. He pounds his desk, hits his intercom.

MILSTEAD
Rory...Erika. Get in here, now.

Moments later, his bodyguard, RORY (30's, military fit, short
hair) dashes into the office.

RORY
Yes sir. You need me?

MILSTEAD
Where's my other bodyguard?

RORY
She split. The alien shit spooked
her...went home.

MILSTEAD
Coward. Come here, look at this.

Coverage of the protest march continues.

MILSTEAD (CONT'D)
From now on, I want you close to
me...and armed. Understand?

RORY
Copy that. Look at those fools.

The telecast now shows all major cities across the world
overwhelmed with demonstrators.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Similar protests are occurring,
worldwide. Many billionaires have
been doxed and exposed.
(MORE)

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Some of the masses have attacked
 them. Often, cops don't protect
 them. Some have relented and
 donated millions...or have gone
 into hiding.

His TV is clicked off as he seethes.

MILSTEAD
 I know how to fight this. Unionize
 my people like the poors do. Damn
 near every politician has taken our
 money. It's time to call in our
 favors. Tax me? Fuck that.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Corey seems concerned as Grace stumbles in from the control
 room and almost face-plants on the couch.

COREY
 Tough day, dear?

GRACE
 Been trying to get a defense system
 on the satellites that will shoot
 down the meteors. I'm close, but
 not there yet.

COREY
 You're probably closer to solving
 shit in the sky, than we are with
 these rich assholes on Earth.

She flicks on 'the tube'.

ON SCREEN

The news shows a large protest on the steps of the Capitol
 building, led by Dusty.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 In breaking news, it was
 discovered, through a leak to the
 press...that congress has been slow-
 walking a bill to increase the tax
 on billionaires.

Some in the crowd wear Eraanu T-shirts.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It seems the public pressure was
more successful than the hefty
donations outlined in the leak.
The bill was signed into law today.

Corey and Grace hi-five each other.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Jazzy rushes into the office as Milstead and Rory clean their
many guns.

JAZZY
Have you looked outside? Protesters
are in front of the house.

MILSTEAD
What do you think I'm getting these
ready for?

JAZZY
Dammit, why are you being such a
douchebag? You better not shoot--

MILSTEAD
I'll do whatever I have to. I
worked hard for this money.

JAZZY
You sure as hell didn't. You never
lifted a finger in your life. You
exploited people for it. Destroyed
the earth for it. Profited from
wars that killed innocent people
for it. You'll still have millions
if you comply.

MILSTEAD
Millions? That's play money. I'm
not going broke without a fight.

JAZZY
Fine. I'm leaving you. My bags are
already packed.

MILSTEAD
We have a pre-nup, leave now, you
get nothing.

She storms out, middle finger extended.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Corey opens the door and gives Jazzy a big hug.

JAZZY
Thanks for letting me stay with
you. He's crazy.

The eyes of Corey are drawn to Jazzy's gun-belt.

COREY
Of course, dear. You're more than
welcome, but...what's that?

JAZZY
I don't trust that fucker. He might
kill me for insurance money. I
decided to have some insurance of
my own. The one you gave me.

Corey gives her another hug and ushers her inside.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Chair turned to the window, Milstead seethes over the
protests by his house. The phone rings.

MILSTEAD
Yeah, what?...Walked off the job?
YOU SHITTING ME? I'll lose
millions...What The fuck...Fine,
just shut the damn thing down.

He lets the phone drop from his hand and could care less.
After a face palm, he pounds the desk...again and again.

Rory rushes in, ready for action. Eyes dart around the room.

RORY
Sir, are you okay?

MILSTEAD
I'm fucking a long way from okay.
This...shit. Driving me nuts.

RORY
Is there anything I can do?

Overwhelmed by...everything, it takes a moment to respond.
Then a smile, similar to the Grinch when he decided to steal
Christmas, covers his face.

MILSTEAD

When you were in Iraq...ever shoot somebody?

RORY

Sure. Of course.

Milstead studies her face for a second, then unlocks a drawer on his desk. He puts out a small case, opens it. Stacks of hundreds are shown to Rory.

MILSTEAD

Would you consider it again? This is 200, large. It's yours, but I need a job done.

Eyes wide in adoration, Rory caresses the many faces of Ben Franklin, that await her.

RORY

Who you need done?

MILSTEAD

That Dusty bitch. Ruined my life. I want her wiped, understand? She should have been taken out by the first assassin.

RORY

I'll see to it.

MILSTEAD

And if you get a clear shot, pump some lead into the cranium of that cunt, Corey Aniston. I never liked her and her clan...since day one.

RORY

I'm on it. I won't miss.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Another protest rally. Crowd twice as large. The same large screen as last time is there, but the content shown is way different.

Housing construction, famine victims fed, communities clean, rain forests that thrive, tanks disassembled, sailors run from warships and into the arms of their families, faces around the world - that sport smiles.

As it ends, Dusty takes the stage. After thunderous applause....

DUSTY

We did this, y'all. Our better
angels, finally are winning.

Big cheers. In the wings, Jazzy notices a figure in dark clothes try to sneak towards the stage. She glimpses the face. Recognition is seen in her eyes. Rory.

Like radar, Jazzy tracks her husband's 'human pit-bull' as she inches closer to the side of the stage. Jazzy's hand slides to her gun-belt.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Look at what we can do when
humanity is united and the element
of unbridled greed is removed.

RORY

(whispers to self)
You're about to be removed, bitch.

The assassin pulls out her gun, tries to get clear shot. Rory fires at Dusty...she falls.

Blood squirts...people run...scream.

Corey runs over to help her injured friend.

Just as Rory aims again...Jazzy sees it. Shoots Rory in the leg. She stumbles.

Jazzy sprints over before Rory can recover. The bodyguard fires back at Jazzy, hits her arm. The gun flies from her hand as she goes down.

Rory turns her gun back to the stage. Corey is gone. Her attention returns to Jazzy, who struggles to back away, but is cornered.

A venomous smile erupts on Rory as she takes aim.

BOOM BOOM

Rory, hit in the shoulder...knocked backwards. Her weapon hits the ground.

As she reaches for it, her fingers...crushed by designer boot.

She screams. When the shooter looks upward..Corey with Jazzy's gun in hand, glares down on her.

Police sirens, in route...blare in the background.

COREY
Hungry for more? I'll feed ya.

Cops arrest Rory, as Corey's handgun is lowered.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bandaged up, Dusty and Jazzy clock the news report...with Corey, Dutchess, Grace, Syreeta, Hampton and Zara.

ON SCREEN

A replay of the events taken by cell phone is shown.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
In this fast moving story, it seems
the would-be assassin, Rory Dash,
has implicated weapons tycoon,
Milstead Winters, in the attempted
murder of Dusty Jasper.

Milstead's mansion, encircled by police, graces the screen.
The caption, LIVE...accompanies The coverage.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Winters has barricaded himself in
his estate and has fired on law
enforcement as they try to bring
him in for questioning.

SYREETA
Yo Jazzy. You ready to be a widow
soon? Your boy done lost it.

INT. MILSTEAD'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Swig after swig of whiskey is slammed as Milstead, sweat-soaked...studies his arsenal of guns, near the window. Red and blue lights from the cop cars...the only light. His face, twisted in rage.

MILSTEAD
Fuck this. It's either jail, or
becoming one of the poors paying
lawyers to keep me out.

His head turns towards his arsenal.

MILSTEAD (CONT'D)
It's second amendment time.

After a hearty gulp of booze he wobbles to his feet and grabs the AR-15.

MILSTEAD (CONT'D)
(shouts)
Die, you commie fuckers!

He fires a barrage of bullets at the officers outside. When that clip is empty, he reaches to grab a fully loaded one. More shells hit the floor. Then...

POP...POP...POP.

Milstead flies backwards from the impact of the sharp-shooter's return fire. His body...dead.

SUPER - WEEKS LATER

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zara pours champagne into the glasses of Hampton, Syreeta and Corey, as a news story is in progress. Grace and a bandaged Jazzy, puff a fat doobie.

ON SCREEN

Dusty, arm in a sling, addresses the U.N. General Assembly again.

DUSTY
I accept this position with great humility. Finally all billionaires are no more. Perhaps for the first time in human history...No wars, no hunger, no destruction of Earth.

Applause from the UN audience.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
To help fulfill my duties to ensure compliance, in order to avoid extinction...I will name Corey Aniston to run the department of Women's Health and Equality.

BACK TO SCENE

Shouts of joy in the living room are followed by a toast.

COREY

I hereby accept your nomination,
sister...and name Syreeta Smith as
my Vice President.

HAMPTON

Here, here.

Champagne glasses, empty into mouths that smile wide.
Syreeta's eyes scan her friend and grins.

SYREETA

Look at you. I remember you
bitchin' and moanin' about losing
to the bimbo running this local
Woman's club. Now...you will run
one - that's global.

Corey smiles, then intercepts the joint on way to Jazzy. She
puffs, blinks her eyes in deep thought, exhales.

COREY

This life, huh? One minute - all is
lost. But, if you hang in
there...your greatest dreams, are
fulfilled. In abundance.

GRACE

Follow me. Maybe it's time for
Eraanu to say, adios.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The guests pile into Grace's work-space as she plops down in
front of her bank of computers. After she fidgets with the
keyboard...the face of Eraanu appears.

GRACE

There's that stud.

JAZZY

Good job on the design, Hampton. He
might be my next husband.

COREY

I saw him first. Back-off.

They laugh.

GRACE

What do you think he should say?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Several empty champagne bottles litter a table as the TV blares back to smiling faces.

ON SCREEN

Fireworks light up the skies over various cities around the world, shown individually.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Our live coverage continues as the
human family celebrates the
survival of an existential threat.

Citizens of every race and ethnicity, dance in the streets.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Eraanu, the extra-terrestrial who
demanded change, now seems
satisfied for the time being.

Footage of UFOs sightings are shown.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
To monitor compliance...what we
refer to as space craft, will
occasionally report back what they
observe. They are not a threat.

BACK TO SCENE

Corey clicks off the TV, smiles. All glance among themselves in silence.

SYREETA
You know...if they ever find out--

GRACE
Beaten, hung and grilled over an
open flame - I would guess.

COREY
Not a word...for eternity. Bet?

All hands pile on top of each other, as a forever promise.

THE END