

I FEEL YOUR PAIN

Written by

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"It's so much more attractive... inside the moral kiosk"

-REM

FADE IN:

EXT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD - MAGNOLIA ARMS - EARLY MORNING

MISS GARRETT (74) former hippie, tie-dye shirt, beads, with a weary face that looks like free love cost her a lot, waddles to a ground floor unit of the dumpy building. She KNOCKS.

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

JODI SCHNEIDER (43) bolts up. She reaches for her glasses. With long brown hair, eyes that seem to be always deep in thought, Jodi appears the academic.

Her husband, Willis (44), African American, SNORES loudly. Jodi nudges him. There's another KNOCK.

WILLIS

What... ?

EXT. APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jodi opens the door. Miss Garrett hands her a note.

JODI

Miss Garrett. Listen, I'm sorry about the rent. We've been--

MISS GARRETT

This note is a warning before I file for eviction.

JODI

It just that we're behind on bills and you keep raising the rent--

MISS GARRETT

I have to. Everything's going up.

With a sigh, Miss Garrett leaves.

JODI

Wait!

Miss Garrett waddles to her car. Jodi darts inside.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jodi scrambles to find cash. She pulls money from Willis's pants lying on a chair. She goes into a drawer and pulls bills from a glass jar labeled EMERGENCY and scrambles out.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jodi runs to Miss Garrett. She counts the bills as she approaches her car. Miss Garrett stops.

JODI

Look, here's half of what we owe.

Jodi pushes the money into Miss Garrett's hands.

JODI

My husband will bring you the rest.

MISS GARRETT

I'm not trying to be harsh. I think you and Willis are a groovy couple.

JODI

Thanks. Things lately...

Miss Garrett sighs.

MISS GARRETT

Never dreamed I'd end up a mean ol' landlord when I came to LA in '68.

She sizes up Jodi in her robe.

MISS GARRETT

You remind me of me when I was your age. Thought I could change the world. Our ideals... well, they failed us. They'll fail you, too.

JODI

Uh... okay. Cheery morning thought.

Miss Garrett climbs into her car.

MISS GARRETT

I'll be waiting.

INT. JODI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Jodi returns. Willis makes breakfast. He sports a retro fro and a musician's style of dress and attitude.

JODI
I paid Miss Garrett half of our
back rent.

WILLIS
I know. You stole it from my pants.

Jodi freezes. Is Willis mad again?

JODI
Well... sorry?

WILLIS
Just ask next time.

He gives her a stern look.

JODI
I will. But we gotta do something
about our debt, honey.

WILLIS
I am doing something. I'm cooking
up a low cost breakfast.

JODI
You're too good. I need some o.j.

She opens the fridge; it's empty except for a few eggs in a
carton and an almost drained ketchup bottle.

JODI
Guess it's tap water.

Jodi pours some water into a glass and flops on the couch,
watching Willis.

JODI
I didn't hear you get in last
night. Things go okay?

WILLIS
Fantastic. Sting compared me to
Jaco Pastorius.

JODI
You worked with Sting?

WILLIS
It's a short gig. Charity song. But
the man knows his bass lines.

Jodi thinks for a moment, then laughs.

WILLIS

What now?

JODI

Don't you remember?

WILLIS

Remember what?

JODI

Our first date.

WILLIS

Yeah?

JODI

You got mad because I called Jaco
Pastorius, "Taco Pastry."

WILLIS

Oh yeah. I thought, this ain't the
woman for me.

JODI

But then you discovered we had a
lot in common.

WILLIS

Like what?

JODI

Like we both... enjoy Christmas
music out of season.

WILLIS

Okay. And?

JODI

And we're both honest to a fault.

WILLIS

You're the truth seeker.

JODI

And we're both very affectionate.

WILLIS

You're affectionate, too?

Jodi leaps from the couch and hugs Willis.

JODI

I don't leave all the little love notes on Post-its like you do, but I am.

WILLIS

Uh-huh. So did you get my-- ?

Jodi opens her retro lunch box on the kitchen counter. She pulls out a love note on one of those aforementioned yellow Post-its. It reads, "You are the greatest Jodi love Willis."

JODI

Yeah. It was sweet. But I had a question.

WILLIS

Shoot, and then I have to get this grub on the table.

JODI

You wrote, "You are the greatest Jodi." But there was no punctuation, no comma. Did you mean, you are the greatest - pause - Jodi. Or were you saying, you are the greatest Jodi. Like I'm the greatest Jodi of all time?

WILLIS

No, that would be Jodi Foster.

JODI

You ass!

WILLIS

But we're both so honest.

He breaks into laughter. Jodi checks her watch.

JODI

Shit! I gotta run or I'll be late.

WILLIS

Eat first!

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Luxury sedans are valet parked. GOLFERS and their WIVES mill about as they head for either the course or the clubhouse.

A banner proclaims "Beverly Hills Empathy Association presents their 1st Annual Poverty Simulation - Room 2A."

INT. LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB - ROOM 2A - DAY

A small group of middle-aged, rich, bored HOUSEWIVES gather inside the large room. They're mostly Ozempic-thin with taut, plastic faces and trendy makeup.

Today everyone's dressed down in old clothes. Yet the air of privilege registers with lidded, condescending eyes.

The room has been configured with a group of chairs in the center and tables surrounding them. On the tables are packets and booklets neatly stacked.

The leader of this group, BRYN HARPER (45), mingles. She's six feet tall, her blonde hair up, also dressed down with mom jeans and sweat shirt. A kind of self-righteous fervor brings color to her cheeks.

KENZIE CRUSTWICK (43), her bestie, also blonde and thin with obvious saline enhancements, joins her. A real "yes woman," she follows Bryn around like a border collie.

BRYN

I realize this is our first simulation, but I was hoping for a better turn-out.

KENZIE

People just don't care about the poor anymore.

BRYN

Did you see what Olive's got on?

KENZIE

She's wearing Prada to a poverty simulation?

BRYN

Hello? Someone didn't get the memo. We're supposed to be living paycheck to paycheck.

OLIVE (48), Middle-Eastern, exotic-looking with kind eyes, turns to grab a croissant off a tray, revealing a large wine stain near the stomach area.

KENZIE

Wait. There is a big wine stain on her dress.

BRYN

That explains it. She could never wear it out.

(MORE)

BRYN (CONT'D)

Okay, I judged too quickly. And isn't that the very problem with the world today?

KENZIE

Good catch, Bryn.

Bryn gives the room one final scan, then takes a deep breath.

BRYN

Well, I guess this is it. No sense waiting.

Bryn walks up to a lectern and microphone.

BRYN

Good morning, ladies. Welcome to the Empathy Association's very first poverty simulation. As you know, I'm Bryn Harper, prez of E-A.

A smattering of claps. Bryn basks in it.

BRYN

The purpose of this simulation is to start a conversation that's so crucial to combating poverty. We do that by putting you ladies into situations where you don't have enough resources to get by. So then you're forced to make tough choices that can impact you and your families, if God forbid, you were living in the ghetto.

A look of disgust registers on many faces.

BRYN

So, how exactly, do we play out this poverty predicament? Glad you asked.

Bryn smiles and a couple ladies giggle.

BRYN

This whole room represents your poor community. You and your neighbors' homes are chairs in the center. In your packets, you'll find your hard-luck scenarios, your play money and transportation packs.

The ladies open their packets and read the scenarios.

WOMAN #1

Shit! I have five children and no father to be found. Why do I think he's a pimp?

Another WOMAN raises her hand.

WOMAN #2

I have to use public transportation?

BRYN

Yes, I'm afraid so. But only in your imagination.

WOMAN #2

My husband says the subway is a T-B incubator.

Another WOMAN inquires.

WOMAN #3

The card in my packet says I have a chronic illness. Can I choose which one? I lost thirty pounds when I got mono.

Some giggles from the ladies.

BRYN

You guys aren't taking this seriously. We're supposed to be doing important work here! Focus!

EXT. LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Outside the country club, PROTESTORS have gathered. They hold signs that read: "STOP POOR PARTIES FOR THE RICH," "LIMOUSINE LIBERALS MUST DIE" and "SIMULATE THIS, RICH BITCH!"

Country Club SECURITY OFFICERS are overwhelmed trying to prevent the rabble from getting inside. Help comes as POLICE arrive.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - DAY

Traffic in the area grinds to a halt thanks to the protest.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Jodi bangs on her dashboard.

JODI
Why today?

Her phone RINGS.

JODI
I'm almost there. Tell Neil there's
a tie-up on Wilshire around the
country club. Oh yeah? What are
they protesting? Might be a story.

Jodi grabs a pen and paper near on her passenger seat and
starts writing.

JODI
Poverty simulation? At the country
club? What kind of out of touch...?
Empathy Association. Okay, thanks.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - ACTIVITY ROOM - DAY

Bryn sits at a table with Kenzie and ANGIE (44), a Kim
Kardashian wannabe in sweats with a much bigger posterior and
heavier makeup than Kim K., if that's possible.

ANGIE
So if I want to pay the rent, I
have to give up avocados? But I eat
avocado toast every morning before
hot yoga. That's impossible.

Another woman at the next table, TIFFANY (42), pale face,
red, curly hair, nudges Angie. Tiffany has a high-pitched
voice that grates almost as soon as she opens her mouth.

TIFFANY
You aren't going to be able to
afford Equinox, Angie. Not if you
want electricity.

ANGIE
Poverty sucks. I don't think I want
to play this anymore. Is there
another poor people game?

BRYN
Angie, living a sucky life is the
purpose of this event!

The country club manager, THOMAS HEPNER (58), grey but with
bronzer and ultra white teeth enters with a frenzied look. He
takes Bryn aside.

HEPNER

I'm afraid we're going to have to cancel the Poverty Simulation.

BRYN

Wait, what? We've only just started.

HEPNER

I know, but word got out online and protestors are swarming outside.

BRYN

Why? We're only trying to fight systemic injustice.

HEPNER

They think having it at the country club is... vulgar.

BRYN

Vulgar?

Kenzie joins them.

BRYN

I guess caring about your poor neighbor is vulgar now. I mean. I can't even...

KENZIE

Who said it was vulgar, Bryn?

HEPNER

Social media is saying you ladies are grotesque, sipping lattes and pretending to be poor.

BRYN

Sounds like total disinformation.

KENZIE

Russian disinformation.

BRYN

We're trying to help the world by creating more empathy.

HEPNER

It's a good cause, but--

BRYN

I can't believe you're going to let
a few crybabies overshadow
something really, really important.

HEPNER

The protestors are blocking the
entrance to the golf course. We had
to turn away J.T.

BRYN

Wait, Justin Timberlake was here?

Bryn looks at Kenzie with wide eyes.

KENZIE

Love him.

HEPNER

Sorry, but we're shutting you down.

Bryn, suddenly emotional, turns away and hides her face.

KENZIE

Are you okay, Bryn?

BRYN

I just can't believe there are so
many haters in the world. They
don't understand... the nobility in
poverty.

KENZIE

You're so brave.

Bryn runs to the microphone.

BRYN

Due to an overwhelming onslaught of
negative misinformation, the
poverty simulation is cancelled.
But this isn't the end of the
Empathy Association, everybody! We
can't let the ignorant stop the
purpose of our mission: to combat
social injustice.

EXT. MIRACLE MILE DISTRICT - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jodi runs through the doors, nearly knocking over WORKERS.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jodi bursts into a conference room filled with staff, interrupting her boss, NEIL SIMSKE (39), long hair, goatee but in shirt and tie.

NEIL
Jodi, perfect timing.

JODI
Perfect?

NEIL
I was just thinking I should stop talking because Jodi will burst in here any second and interrupt me.

JODI
There was a tie-up near the country club.

NEIL
Yeah, protestors stopped a poverty simulation. We already have it on our site.

Jodi sits down.

NEIL
As you all know, What's What News is close to going under. That means you lose your jobs unless we land a big exclusive or--

JODI
Maybe there's more to this country club story.

NEIL
It's over. They canceled it.

JODI
But just to explore that kind of thing. A poverty simulation. I could do an investigative piece... exposing it.

NEIL
Exposing what?

JODI
I don't know. One per-center hypocrisy.

NEIL

To get clicks, we're focusing on entertainment. So this new movie "Riot Control." I want a big splashy, front page review. Five stars. You got that, Spencer?

SPENCER (24), nerd chic with young Steve Jobs look, nods.

SPENCER

Attended the press screening last night. Rave review already written.

JODI

Wait, you mean you're giving five stars to... "Riot Control?"

NEIL

Yes, Jodi.

JODI

Did we see the same movie? I mean, it's got a good heart but--

SPENCER

It was hilarious. And touching. Diverse cast. Relevant message.

NEIL

What's your concern, Jodi?

JODI

We're called "What's What News" because we're supposed to be telling people... "what's what."

NEIL

So?

JODI

So it's wrong to overpraise a movie because of the social cause. I'm all for the cause, but I'm not for giving a movie five stars just because it's got the right politics. It's not honest. The movie stinks.

SPENCER

We praise diverse films so the message gets out there. Maybe you've heard of racist America?

JODI

But is that how you want the message to be conveyed? In a crap movie? Why not wait for a film with the same message that actually merits the praise?

SPENCER

We could be waiting a long time.

JODI

That's cynical.

NEIL

If you want to write a piece about that for your column, I'd welcome--

JODI

I mean, doesn't anyone agree?

Her co-workers look annoyed.

JODI

Guess it's just me.

CO-WORKER #1

It's just you.

Everyone LAUGHS.

NEIL

Okay, everybody. We need to up the eyeballs, so let's get out there and dig deep.

As Jodi leaves, her co-workers grumble about her.

CO-WORKER #1

Jodi always has to get up on her high horse.

CO-WORKER #2

Who made her the moral authority?

Jodi frowns as she watches them. But this is who she is.

INT. OFFICE - JODI'S CUBICLE - LATER

Jodi's on her laptop, searching the Empathy Association website.

JODI
 President Bryn Harper. Okay, Bryn.
 Do you have an Instagram, Facebook
 or--?

She clicks on a Facebook page for Bryn. There's a post with a
 pic: 'SEE YOU TONIGHT AT THE MAKE A WISH FUNDRAISER IN
 MALIBU!'

Jodi picks up her phone.

JODI
 Honey, we have plans for tonight. I
 know. I'll get you home in time to
 catch the end of the game.

An intern, BARNEY, (22), who owns being a nerd, walks by.

JODI
 Hey, Barney. Can you get me a press
 pass for tonight's Make-a-wish
 gala?

BARNEY
 Sure. Let me make a phone call.

JODI
 Don't tell Neil.

Barney winks a "gotcha" wink.

EXT. MAKE-A-WISH GALA FUNDRAISER - MALIBU BEACH - NIGHT

MUSIC ACTS play under a big tent at the catered dinner/party.

A SERVER hands champagne to Jodi and Willis, all duded up.
 They take a sip and gaze at the BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.

JODI
 Thanks for doing this, honey.

WILLIS
 If it saves your job, I'm all--
 Wait. Honey, I can't believe it.

JODI
 What?

WILLIS
 Sting!

JODI
 Where?

WILLIS
There he is with Trudie.

JODI
Could you... ? I love him.

WILLIS
Yeah, he's down.

Willis leads Jodi to the hor d'oeuvres table where STING and his wife TRUDIE are noshing.

STING
Willis! My darling man!

WILLIS
Sting, I'd like you to meet my wife, Jodi.

STING
A sincere pleasure. And this is Trudie.

Trudie shakes Jodi's hand.

WILLIS
You do a lot of these fundraisers?

STING
Yes, but with the economy, it's harder to get people to open their wallets.

WILLIS
I heard that.

TRUDIE
And there are so many illegitimate charities springing up, taking funds from the legitimate causes.

JODI
Make-a-wish is solid.

TRUDIE
Yes. But you really have to look at how much the CEO's and Directors of charities make anymore. People get into fundraising for all the wrong reasons. Which is a shame.

JODI
The people who need the charity are the ones who suffer.

TRUDIE
Yes, precisely.

JODI
It's kind of... what I'm writing
about right now. An expose. I'm a
reporter.

STING
Good for you.

As they mingle, from her peripheral vision, Jodi spots Bryn!
She's vaping by herself near a rubber plant.

JODI
I'm sorry, please excuse me.

WILLIS
Really, honey?

JODI
I don't mean to be rude but--

Jodi hands Willis her empty glass and darts into the crowd.

WILLIS
Sorry about that. She's always on
the clock.

STING
Duty calls.

Jodi grabs a fresh pair of champagne glasses off a tray and
walks to Bryn, handing her one. Bryn puts away her pipe.

BRYN
Oh, thank you, miss.

JODI
No problem.

Bryn looks around, notices Jodi is still standing there.

BRYN
I'm sorry, do I know you?

JODI
No. But I'm, uh, a big fan.

BRYN
Well, you folks do a great job at
Make-a-Wish. If you'll excuse me.

JODI

I tried to get into the poverty simulation but--

BRYN

Who are you again?

JODI

I'm Jodi Schneider. I was hoping to... join the Empathy Association. But by the time I got to the club, the police were--

BRYN

I've never seen you before.

Bryn gives her the once over -- Jodi doesn't look like Association material. For one thing, no plastic surgery, for another, there isn't the reeking residue of too much wealth.

JODI

I know. But I think the work you do-- putting a spotlight on social inequities-- it's brilliant.

Bryn smiles broadly.

BRYN

Really? Wow, thanks for the support.

WILLIS

Honey, that was kinda rude what you did to Sting.

Bryn's eyes get big as Willis joins them.

JODI

I know, but I had to introduce myself to Bryn Harper. She's the woman I was telling you about. Does amazing work with the Empathy Association.

WILLIS

I understand. Sting can wait.

BRYN

Sting's done so much to preserve the rain forest. His music is the soundtrack to my life. Such a marvelous man.

WILLIS

And he loves the way I play bass.
Of course, he plays bass too.

BRYN

I'm sorry. You're... ?

WILLIS

The name's Willis Davis. This is my
wife, Jodi.

BRYN

You're married?

Bryn smiles with delight. She shakes Willis' hand vigorously.

BRYN

So wonderful to meet you both.

JODI

I meant what I said. I am a huge
fan of your work.

BRYN

Now I can see why. You both must
endure a great deal of prejudice.

WILLIS

For what?

Bryn laughs.

BRYN

Your spirit is amazing, Willis. For
being a mixed couple, obviously.

WILLIS

Oh yeah. Right.

He shrugs.

WILLIS

Gotta fight the power.

BRYN

Yes, exactly.

WILLIS

Especially when it's standing right
in front of you.

Jodi rolls her eyes. Bryn smiles, then her brow furrows for a
second in confusion.

BRYN
Whatchoo talkin' about, Willis?

Then she breaks out into loud laughter.

BRYN
I'm so sorry. I loved that show as a child.

WILLIS
It's okay. I've heard it all my life.

BRYN
That poor Gary Coleman. And the Plato girl.

Bryn reaches into her purse.

BRYN
Listen, Jodi, I'm going to give you my card. It has my contact info on it. Please, do NOT show it to anyone. Online haters love to dox.

JODI
I won't.

BRYN
We're having a meeting tomorrow. I'm hoping you'll join us.

JODI
I will.

Bryn gives Jodi another look.

BRYN
You seem like a pretty smart cookie. Maybe you're what the E-A needs. Someone serious about the work. Bye-bye.

Bryn walks away. Willis gives Jodi a smirk.

WILLIS
You ready to go now, for real?

JODI
Can't we hang with Sting some more?

WILLIS
You had your chance, woman.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - MANSION - DAY

Mercedes. BMW's. Rolls. The ladies of the Empathy Association gather at Bryn's house.

INT. BRYN'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bryn surveys the gourmet snacks and designer drinks being set out by the SERVANTS. Kenzie follows her around. All of Bryn's help are Latino.

KENZIE

I love the mini-baked brie.

BRYN

Down-sizing snacks is the latest.

Bryn notices something. Steps in front of a servant, MARTA (50), strong of build, maternal.

BRYN

Hold on, Marta. Why aren't you wearing a mask?

MARTA

The pandemic has been over for years, Miss Bryn. Do we still have to... ?

BRYN

Your relatives keep coming over the border-- which is awesome, I love open borders -- but they are bringing diseases with them. So please, mask up!

Bryn addresses all the servants.

BRYN

Mask up, Mask up!

Marta frowns, puts on a mask and leaves. Bryn sighs audibly.

KENZIE

Are you okay?

BRYN

I've been taking Vraylar with my Fluoxetine. I feel less depressed, although every now and then I want to kill myself. Hey, Larry wants to set you up with one of his rich friends.

Bryn pulls out her phone. She clicks on a picture of an enormous bear of a man in an overstuffed suit.

KENZIE

He's kind of a steak head.

BRYN

Used to play for the Rams. He's not that bright but Larry says he has high football IQ.

KENZIE

Whatever that means.

Bryn shrugs.

BRYN

Meet for cocktails. It's time, Kenzie. You've been divorced six whole weeks.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Jodi gets out of her Prius, an anomaly in the fleet of luxury sedans parked about the house. She walks to the door with the gait of a nervous kid on her first day of school.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bryn stands before the bevy of Beverly Hills wives and divorcees.

BRYN

So remember to be mindful and practice mindfulness. Mindfulness to the max! And now, we have a new member of the Association. Everyone welcome a real brainy gal, Jodi Schneider!

Light clapping. Jodi squirms. She knows she doesn't belong here, but she's gonna fake it.

BRYN

Last night, I met Jodi and her incredible husband, Willis, who I understand is a bass player for Sting's band. Do you remember the Police? I love that stalker song they did. "I'm watching you, every breath intake."

There are now Oooo's and Aahhh's.

BRYN

You got a good one, Jodi.

TIFFANY

I always wanted to make love to a big, Mandingo, blues-playing, soul brother.

ANGIE

It's so rare that a black dude hooks up with a Jewish chick.

Bryn's taken back for a moment.

BRYN

You're Jewish, Jodi?

ANGIE

Her last name is Schneider. Duh.

JODI

Uh, yeah. But I don't observe or anything. I'm more of a cultural-

BRYN

So you're not a Jewy Jew?

JODI

Uh, no.

OLIVE

So what does Willis think about your joining the Empathy association?

JODI

He thinks it's great. Although, I'm sure he'd wonder why there aren't any black women involved.

BRYN

Oh, well, we're working on diversity. I told you this one was smart. Detail oriented. Just what we need.

JODI

Thanks. I'm happy to be here, Bryn.

Bryn smiles a pinched smile.

BRYN

So everyone, last night, I hooked up again with Connie Mulvaney. We met at the Clooney Foundation For Justice Soiree in NYC last month. Connie, stand up.

CONNIE (55), well-dressed, classy but down-to-earth in demeanor, stands and nods.

BRYN

I told her about the work we're doing with the Empathy Association and as it happens, her husband is a set manager-slash-aspiring-director at Warner Brothers. Which got my little ol' brain thinking. Connie, you can sit down.

Connie sits down.

BRYN

Why not go big with our empathy simulations? Why not hire professional movie people to make them seem really real with actors and sets and everything? You know, like they do with World War Two and Civil War recreations?

Murmurs from the ladies.

BRYN

And then, why not film our events and make a documentary? To show the world that we're serious about equity, diversity and all that jazz! Is that genius or what?

Excited applause now from the group. Jodi's mouth drops - jackpot! She's got her story!

Angie raises her hand.

ANGIE

Are we going to do another poor party? Because that was, like, kind of depressing.

BRYN

No, I'm thinking bigger. We all know that there's a humanitarian crisis at the border as the agents down there are all whip-toting racists who hate Mexicans.

From her place at the doorway, Marta averts her eyes, embarrassed.

BRYN

So, I thought for our next simulation, we could get into makeup and wigs and pretend we're Mexican mothers escaping persecution.

KENZIE

Pretend to be Latino? Like wear sombreros and ponchos and the whole bit?

BRYN

Exactly.

KENZIE

Bryn, you are too much!

The other ladies talk amongst themselves. "This sounds like more work" and "she's crazy" can be heard indistinctly.

Olive notices Jodi's shocked expression.

OLIVE

Just roll with it, honey.

JODI

Trying to.

OLIVE

I'm Olive.

JODI

I'm Jodi. Nice to meet you.

At this moment, Bryn's husband, LARRY (55), wearing a tank-tee shirt and pants, barefoot, enters.

Though flabby faced and maniacal in appearance, it's clear he wants to be John McClane in "Die Hard."

LARRY

"Welcome to the party, pal!"

BRYN
Honey, please, I'm having my
meeting.

Larry laughs.

LARRY
"If this is their idea of
Christmas, I gotta be here for New
Year's!!!"

Larry leaves as quickly as he came.

JODI
What's he talking about? It's not
Christmas.

CONNIE
Those are lines from "Die Hard."

BRYN
Yeah, sorry, Jodi. That's my
husband, Larry. He loves the movie
"Die Hard" and constantly quotes
the dialogue.

TIFFANY
I haven't heard him say anything
else.

BRYN
Anyway, that's our next weekend
Empathy Challenge: a Border
Crossing Simulation! We're going to
hire Connie's husband and her
friends to make it all mega
realistic! And think of the
conversation we'll start about this
major issue. It'll lead to mucho
understanding!

There's muted applause from a few of the ladies.

EXT. BRYN'S MANSION - DAY

The ladies all file out to their cars followed by Bryn and
Kenzie. Olive buddies up with Jodi.

OLIVE
Don't get scared off. Her motives
are good.

JODI
I'm not. I really want to see where
this is going.

OLIVE
Nice.

BRYN
Check your emails, girls. We're
looking to do this border party
ASAP.

Suddenly Larry leaps out from inside the mansion, still in
his tank T-shirt and pants. He lights a cigarette.

LARRY
"Come out to the Coast, we'll get
together, have a few Laughs..."

BRYN
Larry. Please leave.

LARRY
"Thanks for the advice."

INT. WHAT'S WHAT NEWS ROOM - NEIL'S OFFICE - DAY
Jodi stands before his desk.

NEIL
Listen, I appreciate your passion
for this Empathy Association story
but--

JODI
I'm already a member, Neil.

NEIL
Oh yeah?

JODI
As soon as the president saw
Willis, I was in. Upper class,
liberal women fetishize black men.

NEIL
Well, anyway, Jodi, I've thought
about it and--

JODI
This is going to be a big one,
Neil. Bunch of Beverly Hills
housewives with nothing to do but--

NEIL

I just don't see it as being major click bait. And I have to look at the risks.

JODI

What risks?

NEIL

Well... I'm not sure about the tone of your piece.

JODI

What do you mean?

NEIL

I consider us center-Left, but you're mocking attitudes a lot of our readers have. You know, about 'causes.'

JODI

Neil, I'm all for social justice. I'm not for what it's morphed into. This 'victim club' is a kind of metaphor for unearned righteousness in general. It's empty. And destructive.

NEIL

But you're also taking on the wives of some very rich, powerful people.

JODI

I know.

NEIL

The cancel culture thing is real. This could back-fire and we'd go down in flames.

JODI

Aren't we already circling the drain, to mix metaphors?

NEIL

But we're not finished yet.

JODI

Look, I don't know why, but I feel I have to confront this fake stuff. So-- I don't know-- real change can get that breathing space.

NEIL
Is that the only reason?

JODI
What else?

NEIL
Maybe you relish being the holier
than thou prophetess exposing the
hypocrisies of her time?

JODI
Seriously, Neil? I get that crap
already from the bullpen.

Neil looks out the window.

NEIL
I want you to tackle that story
about the mayor's son.

JODI
What? That's tabloid stuff. Drug
parties with prostitutes.

NEIL
Sorry, Jodi. The virtue signal
corps of the one-percenters may be
good for a laugh, but I need a big
story.

JODI
This could be a big one. Neil,
honestly, I've never been more--

NEIL
Get on the mayor's son.

Jodi exhales in frustration.

NEIL
Or you can clear your desk now.

JODI
Okay, okay. But an investigation
like that could take months.

NEIL
You've got eight weeks.

Jodi leaves before she says something she'll regret.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodi's in bed with Willis. She's typing on her laptop as he tries to sleep.

JODI
Neil doesn't agree but I think this
could be a game changer. This Bryn
woman is a piece of work.

Willis opens an eye and sees the Instagram pic of Bryn on Jodi's laptop at a charity event.

WILLIS
Maybe she's sincere.

JODI
She's a cliché. The rich person who
feels guilty about having a lot of
money, so they unburden themselves
with charities. Fake self-
righteousness.

WILLIS
I didn't see any big story.

JODI
Ernest Hemingway said, "every
writer has to have a built-in--"

WILLIS
"Bullshit detector." I know. That's
your excuse for being critical.

JODI
Hey!

They both stare at each other; it's the moment where a fight could start or stop. Willis rolls over.

WILLIS
I'm trying to sleep. Gotta make the
session in time and bring home some
money.

JODI
I know. I'm sorry, honey.

Jodi closes her laptop and turns off the light. A beat.

JODI
Willis?

WILLIS

What?

JODI

Do you think I'm using that whole
b.s. detector thing to deflect...

WILLIS

Deflect what?

JODI

My... own need to be... ?

WILLIS

What?

JODI

They call me Miss Know-It-All at
work and--

WILLIS

Honey, I'm too tired to be your
therapist right now.

JODI

Sorry. Go back to sleep.

Jodi broods. Who can know their own heart?

EXT. LANCASTER CALIFORNIA - DAY

In a remote area, the film crew has created a border scene.
There's a fence with barbed wire and a detention office.

On the other side, BORDER AGENTS, actors actually, hold
rifles as they patrol.

To the left of all of this is a tented area with various
honey wagons and a makeup truck.

INT. MAKEUP TRUCK - DAY

MAKEUP ARTISTS turn the ladies from the Empathy Association
into dark-skinned, Latino mothers. They all wear "poor
Mexican clothes" smudged with dirt.

Jodi looks uncomfortable as her brown makeup is applied. Bryn
sits between her and Kenzie.

BRYN

I think the thing that really works
are the black wigs.

KENZIE

It pulls the look together, for sure.

In the mirror, Bryn smiles at the Makeup Artist, SHELLY (24), cute and quiet.

BRYN

Shelly, do you mind giving me a unibrow and a slight, little mustache?

SHELLY

Sure thing, Bryn.

BRYN

I want to look like Frida Kahlo.

SHELLY

Who?

JODI

The Mexican painter.

BRYN

Right, Jodi! Good.

SHELLY

Never heard of her.

BRYN

There was a movie with Salma Hayek. Maybe before your time.

SHELLY

Ah. Very cool. Love Salma.

BRYN

Yeah, the movie was just okay. I didn't really get it. But... think how hard it is being a Mexican artist who's kinda ugly too. Poor thing.

SHELLY

As if the racialistic discrimination wasn't enough.

BRYN

I know, right? Maybe that's why she was bisexual. And this was at a time when bi's were getting beat up all over the place just for swinging both ways.

KENZIE

I remember that movie. Lots of sex scenes.

BRYN

Salma had her breasts done. I know the guy who did it.

KENZIE

You could tell.

ANGIE

She's carrying enough saline to clean the lens of the Hubble.

Jodi tries to stifle a laugh.

SHELLY

Okay, you're ready to go, Bryn.

Bryn stands up and sizes herself up; yep, she looks like a hapless Mexican mother at the border. From a basket, she picks up a toy baby doll.

BRYN

It's time to rise and empathize!

A few, uninspired claps from the ladies in the trailer as Bryn leaves. Angie gets up and nudges Jodi.

ANGIE

If this didn't help my brand, I wouldn't be doing this. Honestly.

Jodi appears confused. Help how?

EXT. LANCASTER CALIFORNIA - DAY

A beat-up, old moving van pulls onto the set next to a bush near the "border."

A pair of SHOOTERS holding cameras film the event. Connie's husband, PHIL (55), rugged, directs the scene.

PHIL

We're speeding everybody.

INT. MOVING VAN - DAY

Inside, a CAMERAMAN crouches down and films the ladies, now Mexican mothers. They sit huddled together.

ANGIE

Can they get some A-C back here?

BRYN

Angie, this is about suffering for our cause.

ANGIE

Sorry.

BRYN

Let's experience what it's like to be a poor Mexican mother trying to get into America for liberty and all the free goodies.

ANGIE

I know, I know.

JODI

We've arrived it seems.

BRYN

Our coyote must've found the spot near the border.

The sliding door rolls up. A mean-looking COYOTE, (Mexican actor) (42), chomping a cigarette, waves the ladies forward.

COYOTE

Move it, perras.

TIFFANY

Here we go!

EXT. BORDER SCENE - LARGE BUSH - DAY

As the ladies hop out of the truck, the Coyote slaps a few on their behinds and laughs.

OLIVE

Hey!

BRYN

Unfortunately, there's a lot of "Me Too" Harvey Weinstein stuff at the border, ladies. Just go with it.

ANGIE

Yeah, but he's having too much fun slapping our butts.

OLIVE
Especially with your big ass,
Angie.

ANGIE
You wish your ass was as big.

OLIVE
Try to show some class.

ANGIE
Class? Your vagina smells like a
Red Lobster dumpster in a heat
wave.

BRYN
Knock it off!

All of the "Mexican mothers" of the Association, about a half
dozen or so, gather by the bush.

CONNIE
We'll have to get touch-ups at
lunch. The makeup is running.

BRYN
All anyone does is complain! We're
trying to get a simulation going!

KENZIE
Am I still okay, Connie?

CONNIE
You look like a melted Milk Dud.

TIFFANY
What do we do now, Bryn?

BRYN
I told you! Call me, Frida.

TIFFANY
Sorry, Frida.

BRYN
When you think the guard isn't
looking, try to slide under the
fence and race for democracy.

ANGIE
In the mud?

BRYN

What do you think they do every day
at the border? Oh my God, you guys.
Is anyone into this?

ANGIE

But those barbed wires!

BRYN

Nobody said freedom was easy.

JODI

I'm ready, Bryn!

BRYN

Good girl, Jodi.

Bryn spies one "guard" walking the other way, playing a game
on his cellphone.

BRYN

Watch how it's done.

Bryn runs for the barbed wire, diving head first underneath.
She tosses the baby doll ahead, slides through, but the wire
catches her black wig and pulls it off. Her bleached-blond
hair stands out against her dark skin.

BRYN

Oh shit!

She scrambles to her feet, grabbing the baby doll, and
running past the guard. The wig remains on the fence.

GUARD #1

Stop, you!

At the fence, Angie tries the same head-first slide, but her
large backside won't make it under. The wire tears at her
pants, ripping into her skin and exposing her big behind.

ANGIE

OOOOOOOWWWWWW!!!

Two more guards race over with guns.

GUARD #2

Look at that ass.

GUARD #3

Damn, girl.

Jodi takes advantage of the distraction and easily slides
under the wire and runs to safety past the guard station.

Meanwhile, Bryn is caught by an ICE AGENT wearing a white helmet.

ICE AGENT
You aren't going anywhere, you
worthless illegal alien!

BRYN
No, please! Stop! I only want to
flee political persecution!

ICE AGENT
I better lock you up before you
take jobs away from white people.

He drags her to two metal cages. He pushes Bryn inside one of them. Then he grabs the "baby," the plastic doll, from her hands.

BRYN
NO! NOT MY BABY! NOT MY BABY!

ICE AGENT
It's our inhumane policy to
separate families.

He walks away, leaving Bryn to cry out with exaggerated emotion.

Back at the barbed wire fence, some of the ladies make it through and run into the brush. But Angie is still stuck, held back by her Kardashian-esque backside.

ANGIE
I give up. I give up, gringo
oppressor.

GUARD #1
I was hoping you'd say that,
Mamacita.

Olive runs past the guards. One pulls out his rifle and shoots a loud blank -- BLAM! Olive falls down dead, in dramatic but half-hearted fashion.

OLIVE
I die because I want to shop at
Walmart!

Bryn looks frustrated by what she's seeing. She bursts out of the cage and out of character.

BRYN
Okay, STOP!

PHIL

And... scene. What's wrong, Bryn?

BRYN

We pay a lot of money to do this
and no one is getting into it,
except for Jodi. Come on, ladies!

PHIL

Break for lunch!

All of the women, the film crew, the "patrol guards" and "ice agents" race over to a tented area with tables and food trucks that read "Gourmet Street Tacos."

PHIL

We'll hit it again in an hour.

EXT. LUNCH TENT - DAY

Bryn checks her face in a mirror as she sits eating with Kenzie and Jodi.

BRYN

Connie's right, I'm going to have
to get a touch-up. You can't even
see my mustache.

KENZIE

I saw when they took your baby
away. That must've been so hard.

BRYN

I was seriously going out of my
mind.

JODI

Bryn, you played your part with
real passion. I could feel your
pain.

Bryn nods at Jodi, wiping away a tear.

BRYN

Spreading awareness can hurt, Jodi.
Just a little warning.

KENZIE

You're so brave.

Bryn smiles through watery eyes. Clearly, she's getting off on being the victim.

Angie walks over with her hand trying to hide her exposed bottom.

ANGIE
I'm going have to hit up wardrobe.

TIFFANY
You are too blessed, girl.

Jodi gets up to leave.

BRYN
Where are you going, Jodi?

JODI
I think I left my phone in the
makeup truck.

INT. MAKEUP TRUCK - DAY

Jodi closes the door behind her. The truck is empty. She picks up her phone off a table and then sees a laptop with a sticker that says "BRYN" with sparkles.

Jodi slowly opens the laptop. The background features a large EA logo and icons for files. She clicks on a folder that says EA Members.

JODI
Jackpot.

She takes her cell and snaps a pic of the screen. At this moment, Bryn enters.

BRYN
What are you doing?

Jodi clicks off the file.

JODI
I was just taking a picture... of
the EA logo. I think we should have
caps made with it.

BRYN
Oh, you silly. We already have caps
and all kinds of stuff with the
logo on it.

Bryn closes her laptop.

BRYN

I'll get you a swag bag. It has an EA cap, a nice writing pen, a mini-purse--

JODI

That would be so cool!

BRYN

No matter how rich you are, you can't help but love free swag.

JODI

I know, right?

Bryn leaves with Jodi behind her.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Willis sets a pot of gumbo on the table. Jodi takes the ladle and pours herself a bowl.

WILLIS

That's what you spent the day doing? Lord have mercy.

JODI

Bryn's so hilariously insulated in her bubble. She doesn't even see how she's setting back the feminist movement.

WILLIS

But won't your boss be angry if you don't write up that other-- ?

JODI

I think our readers will get a charge out of this one.

WILLIS

I think the other story's got more juice.

JODI

Hey.

Willis looks at Jodi, then finally says it.

WILLIS

Honey, a lot of the people I work for are rich dudes living in the bubble.

JODI

Yeah but they don't do the phony--

WILLIS

A lot of them are phony. And their wives occupy themselves with charity work. Very common.

JODI

Well, maybe it's time they did it for the right reasons.

WILLIS

Man, how am I supposed to get work when they find out my wife's making fools of their women?

JODI

Maybe they'll respect your integrity!

WILLIS

You gonna turn us into martyrs for your cause because you're the authentic do-gooder and those ladies aren't?

JODI

I thought we both agreed on trying to create real social change. At least we used to! Now you're wimping out? You should have thought about this before you married me! You knew who I was!

Jodi puts her spoon down and stands up as if to leave.

WILLIS

Calm down. We're just talking.

Jodi sits back down.

WILLIS

I'm asking you to think about the repercussions. We already can't afford our rent. We have an ever increasing mountain of debt. If we can't work, we'll be a couple of homeless finger-pointers.

Jodi stares at him for a moment, then she relaxes as she tastes the gumbo.

JODI
This is good.

WILLIS
Oh, thank you.

JODI
The truth is, when I was in school,
I used to be jealous of popular
girls like Bryn. Getting all the
hot dudes. Skating through life. I
knew they were going to get married
and live in Beverly Hills while I
had to struggle.

WILLIS
So this is about you.

JODI
I don't know. Maybe I'm a self-
aggrandizing phony, too. Is that
what you want me to say?

WILLIS
Think about it before you hit the
send button. There are two of us
here in this marriage.

Willis finishes his bowl and walks to the kitchen.

JODI
Honey?

WILLIS
I'm done.

Jodi sits, staring at her soup.

INT. BRYN'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The Empathy Association has joined together for a dinner
party. All of the servers, masked up, pick up finished
plates. Bryn taps her glass with a spoon.

BRYN
We have a lot to talk about ladies.
First, I want to thank Chef Jan
Martin for tonight's dinner and for
donating all proceeds from her next
cookbook to the Bryn Harper
Foundation.

There's clapping in approval. Bryn holds up the tome.

BRYN

And I love the title for its
exquisite simplicity, Jan's
Cookbook.

JAN (34), a little plump, beams.

At this moment, a panel from the ceiling above the dinner
table slides open. It's Larry, Bryn's husband, wearing a tank
t-shirt again, a la John McClane in "Die Hard."

The women are startled by his strange appearance in the air
vent.

BRYN

Larry! I'm trying to hold a dinner
meeting!

LARRY

"From up here it doesn't look like
you're in charge of jack shit!"

BRYN

You promised you wouldn't interrupt
again!

LARRY

"Now I know what a TV dinner feels
like."

Larry slides the panel back and can be heard wiggling his way
inside the air vent.

JODI

He really loves that movie.

BRYN

So sorry, everybody. Now, onto new
business. As you know, climate
change is the number one
existential crisis facing our
planet. If we don't all stop using
gas stoves and start eating bugs,
like, super fast, we're doomed.

Jodi smiles at the innocence of Bryn's verbiage.

BRYN

So next week, Connie's husband,
Phil is putting together a post-
apocalyptic simulation of what the
world will actually be like after a
major climate disaster!

TIFFANY
Like that book on Oprah.

BRYN
"The Road." Did anyone read that?

JODI
Yes. By Cormac McCarthy.

BRYN
Very good, Jodi. Nice to have
another Oprah fan with us.

Marta taps Bryn on the shoulder.

BRYN
What is it, Marta?

MARTA
It's getting late. Can I go now?

BRYN
No, you can't go. We haven't even
finished our drinks.

MARTA
But I take the bus and late at
night, it's very danger--

BRYN
I don't want to hear your sob
story, Marta. We all have to make
sacrifices for the cause.

Marta sighs and steps away.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT APOCALYPTIC LOCATION - DAY

Jodi and the other ladies exit the wardrobe trailer looking like extras from "The Road Warrior" movies. They wear a variety of black leather outfits with metal spikes and studs.

At six feet, Bryn, still athletic at her age, looks like an alpha-female warrior in her jumpsuit with chain mail neck piece, holding a thick stick with rubber "nails" on the end.

The WOMEN follow her to the set. The surroundings have been made to look like the apocalypse with decaying shells of buildings and rusted husks of cars. The ground has been blackened as if burned.

Two cameras held by roaming shooters catch the action.

A black actress, LATISHA (40), elegant, strong frame, dressed like Tina Turner from "Mad Max Beyond Thunder-dome" joins them. Bryn turns to face the ladies.

BRYN

Okay everyone, I couldn't find a black woman who wanted to join the E-A, so this is an actress named Latisha. She's not really part of the group... but we need her for diversity.

Bryn nods at Jodi with a look that says "okay with you?". Jodi shrugs as if to say "sure."

From his director's chair, Phil picks up his megaphone.

PHIL

We're speeding. Action!

BRYN

We have to find shelter before the intense heat from climate change boils us alive! O, look what we've done to our planet! Just because we wanted to use plastic straws!

(looking about)

Wait, stop!!

Bryn looks about for Latisha who is standing way in the back.

BRYN

Where's my diversity?

Latisha moves up front.

BRYN

There she is! Keep diversity up front, Phil.

Latisha bristles visibly.

LATISHA

My name is Latisha.

BRYN

Okay, Latisha. Sorry for getting you some acting work.

PHIL

Let's speed!

STUNTMEN on motorcycles ROAR up from behind a large rock and start circling the female survivors.

They're leather-clad biker savages with Mohawks and silver spikes coming out of their foreheads.

BIKER

Surrender your resources and maybe
we won't rape you!

Other savages crawl out from the sand, grabbing for the women's food and water.

BRYN

Latisha, help the ladies protect
their water bottles and food packs.
I'll attend to the chopper gang.

LATISHA

Gotcha.

BIKER

Get 'em boys!

Latisha stands before the other ladies as they run away from the sand crawlers. She punches and kicks the savages/stunt men who fall easily at any contact.

Meanwhile, a biker comes directly for Bryn. She raises her stick and smacks him on the chest. The biker, prepared for this bit of business, tumbles off his bike safely.

BRYN

We're the only ones who can save
the world from white male
oppressors! They loved eating
steaks...

Bryn swings her staff quickly to her left, knocking another goon/stunt driver.

BRYN

....which lead to global warming
thanks to the cow farts!

She punches another biker who leaps from his motorcycle. From behind a rock, Kenzie cheers.

BRYN

Toxic masculinity! Toxic air! Toxic
world!

KENZIE

You go, girl!

Now the other women jump around, kicking and punching as if in an punk aerobics class. Their strikes, no matter how lame, stop the gang members cold.

OLIVE

This is better than Zumba.

Jodi strikes a savage reaching for her water bottle and lets out a battle cry. She's getting into it as much as anyone.

Another biker knocks Bryn's stick from her hand. She quickly does a round house move and kicks him off his ride.

Finally, the men, badly beaten and whimpering, crawl away.

BRYN

We've fought off the savages. But now our own planet battles against us -- all because we refused to set our thermostats to 78 in the summer! Wait, I see a tunnel hatch up ahead. Perhaps... we can find sanctuary.

ANGIE

I'd do with a day spa. My feet are killing me!

BRYN

Okay, cut! Honestly, Angie! You ruin it every time!

PHIL

You heard the woman. Break!

Bryn storms away. Jodi smiles; this is way more fun than she anticipated. She high fives Latisha who can't help but smile herself.

EXT. TENTED AREA - DAY

The day's shoot is over. The ladies finish dinner, sharing stories and laughing. Bryn writes on her laptop. Jodi tries to look over her shoulder, but Bryn scoots away.

BRYN

Why are you looking at my computer again?

JODI

Just curious about the next simulation is all.

BRYN
Already?

JODI
Hey, you played the warrior queen
so effortlessly.

BRYN
Thanks. I was an actress when I
first came out here. Did a little
stunt work before getting married
to Larry.

JODI
You're a natural.

BRYN
I saw you going for it. You were
pretty intense.

JODI
I believe in the work.

Bryn looks at Jodi again.

BRYN
Maybe I can use a smart cookie like
you.

JODI
How so?

BRYN
To be the Manager of Simulations.
They have to be planned weeks in
advance.

JODI
Really? I don't know. What exactly
is the purpose of these events? I
mean, ultimately?

BRYN
To open minds, create dialogue and
reveal truths.

One of the SHOOTERS notices their conversations. He steps up
and records the dialogue. Good interview material.

BRYN
So many right wing nut-jobs don't
understand that climate change is
killing us.

JODI
You're so right.
(beat)
Although I wonder why none of those
doomsday predictions ever come
true.

BRYN
Oh, but they will! They will!

JODI
Yeah...

BRYN
Look at me, Jodi. I am the most
scientific person you know.

JODI
I'm just a tiny bit skeptical.

BRYN
Jodi, over a million scientists
have signed a piece of paper saying
climate change is real. Okay?

JODI
Okay. So... about that job?

BRYN
You'd start out at 150k a year.

JODI
Oh my.

Bryn looks at her phone.

BRYN
Shit! It's after six. I have to get
to our jet if I'm going to make it
to Hawaii.

Bryn gets up.

BRYN
We've tackled climate, everybody.
Let's call it a day!

At this moment, limos pull onto the "set." Bryn and Kenzie
hop into one and tear off. Tiffany smirks.

TIFFANY
My carbon footprint's a baby booty
compared to Bryn's.

Tiffany pulls away in her EV SUV. Jodi watches the limos leave with conflicting emotion.

INT. BOUNCY C JAZZ BAR - NIGHT

There's band equipment on stage but it's break time. Jodi and Willis enjoy a cocktail between sets.

JODI

Now I'm not sure now if I'm going to write a damning expose. Bryn's heart seems to be in the right place. She's just... goofy.

WILLIS

You're changing your tune? That quickly?

JODI

She's kind of an innocent. She even offered me a job with her foundation.

WILLIS

Seriously?

JODI

150k to start.

WILLIS

Ho-lee shit! That would solve our debt issue pronto.

JODI

And I'd have access to all the financial records. I'd know all of the donors. I could expose the corruption if there's any mishandling of funds.

WILLIS

Sounds like a win-win.

JODI

I'd have to think about it.

WILLIS

What's to think about?

JODI

Lots.

Willis kisses her and returns to the stage. The band dives into a smooth jazz tune.

INT. WHAT'S WHAT NEWS ROOM - DAY

Jodi's phone RINGS.

JODI
Jodi here. Oh hi, Bryn.

INT. BRYN'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

BRYN
So did you think about my offer?

JODI
I did.

BRYN
So? Gonna work for me?

JODI
Could I... try it out for a couple weeks? Then decide to commit after?

BRYN
Sure.

JODI
What do you want me to do?

BRYN
Brainstorm ideas for events. Manage the logistics. Payroll. Hit up donors.

JODI
I was thinking maybe we could do some events in public. Spread the word with real situations. Like Punk'd.

BRYN
Awesome. But you'll have to make sure the ladies know just how important their roles are.

JODI
I can try.

BRYN
You're not like them, Jodi. You're
a serious person. They'll listen to
you.

JODI
Okay, Bryn. Bye.

Jodi sees Neil walking by.

NEIL
Everything cool?

JODI
Oh yeah. The mayor's son... is a
real scoundrel.

NEIL
Right?

JODI
But this is taking longer than I
expected.

Neil walks to the door.

NEIL
We're all counting on you, Jodi.

JODI
I know.

Jodi looks down, somewhat shamefully. Is she a sell-out?

INT. BRYN'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bryn sets her phone down. At this moment, Marta enters with a
duster and a black eye.

BRYN
Whoa, Marta! Where did you get that
shiner?

MARTA
The other night. You made me stay
late. The bus had already gone. And
I got mugged.

BRYN
Oh, I am so sorry. The whole defund
the police deal. Well, the good
news is no unarmed black men are
being killed.

(MORE)

BRYN (CONT'D)

And you don't notice the bruise as much with your mask on.

MARTA

I can't--

BRYN

I'll put a little something extra in your check.

MARTA

Thank you, but if I could just not stay so late--

BRYN

Maybe you should carry mace.

Bryn leaves the room.

INT./EXT - VARIOUS LOCALES - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE

WE SEE THE EMPATHY ASSOCIATION engaged in a variety of social cause activities shot cinema verite in public:

-The ladies all wear FAT SUITS and walk down Rodeo Boulevard.

BRYN

(singing Lizzo)

"Shake yo belly, love handles, and jiggly thighs, love your double chin and wear them bikinis cus you a bad bitch!"

A WEALTHY ELDERLY COUPLE shake their heads, in disgust.

OLD MAN

Cut the carbs, ladies.

KENZIE

Oh sure, fat shame us!

BRYN

Body positive is where I live!

Jodi, also wearing fat face prosthetics and a fat suit, can't help but giggle as the ladies continue down the street.

-Dressed like men wearing suits and fake facial hair, the ladies walk into a country bar and sit down.

One REDNECK approaches them.

REDNECK
What the hell are you doing here?

BRYN
We're just being our true selves,
transphobe!

Bryn stands up.

BRYN
And just because I don't have a
penis doesn't mean I'm any less of
a man than you. Remember that.

The Redneck scratches his head. Too confused to fight.

-The ladies, all riding in wheelchairs, huddle together in a
Gelson's parking lot. Bryn notices a MAN sliding into a
handicap spot, walking away from his SUV.

BRYN
Uh, excuse me! Ableist! You are
parking in my spot. What kind of
handicap do you have?

The man is surrounded by the group in their wheelchairs.

MAN
I just have to run in and get some
milk.

He darts past the ladies who chase after him in their chairs.

BRYN
You think you can get away with
parking fraud because you have
legs? 'Plegic power!!!!

END MONTAGE

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Willis scrambles eggs in a pan. Finally, Jodi enters wearing
an expensive dress and sits down.

WILLIS
There you are.

JODI
Sorry, honey. It went late last
night.

WILLIS

Look at you.

JODI

Bryn wants me to dress up in my
role of Simulation Manager.

WILLIS

Not seeing much of you these days.

JODI

The E-A is keeping me busy.

WILLIS

So you gonna do Neil's story or
join her sideshow full-time?

JODI

OOOhhh. Still not sure. The money's
good for us.

WILLIS

Yeah.

He puts his spatula down.

WILLIS

I just miss you is all.

JODI

I know.

WILLIS

How about this weekend? We can get
out of town. Maybe Monterey? Big
Sur?

JODI

I wish I could, but I have so much
payroll to do.

Jodi walks out of the room. Willis shakes his head and
continues cooking.

INT. BRYN'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dressed up as if just back from a charity event, Bryn makes a
drink at the living room bar. Larry sticks his head out of
the media room.

LARRY

Watching a flick, honey.

BRYN
I know which one.

LARRY
Good night, gumdrop!

He closes the door. She swallows her drink and then pours another.

BRYN
Night, creep.

As she settles into the warm mud of alcoholic gloom, her eyes catch a picture of herself as a cheerleader when she was in college. She lifts it up.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - DAY

Bryn (19), dressed in a cheerleader outfit, is escorted to the Gamma Phi House after the big game by her PARENTS who each wear a giant styrofoam finger.

Bryn's dad, RUSSELL (48) red-faced due to the sun and beer from the big game and mom, DANA (45), pretty with the self-righteous air of a nun or high school principle, bounce down sorority row.

RUSSELL
I'm just saying a pretty girl like
Bryn doesn't need to worry about
hitting the books.

DANA
Wrong. She has to develop her mind,
Russell. College is when you ask
the big questions, settle on a
worldview. After you graduate,
things moves pretty quickly.

RUSSELL
My little princess should be having
the time of her life.

BRYN
Yeah, mom. Where's all this
philosophical jazz coming from?

DANA
A good, moral framework will prove
valuable in the--

RUSSELL

Wanna hear my philosophy? "Be the change of underwear you want to see in the world." I think Ghandi's mom said that.

BRYN

Look, I'll see you guys tomorrow. There's a big party tonight.

RUSSELL

Go Trojans!

Dana gives Bryn a quick hug. Russell lingers in his embrace with Bryn, firmly squeezing her bottom. Bryn pulls away, a big frown now on her face.

RUSSELL

We'll see you at brunch, princess.

BRYN

Okay, bye!

RUSSELL

And don't let the quarterback compromise your virtue unless he's gonna give you his varsity jacket.

DANA

Russell! Bryn's not like that. She's a good girl.

RUSSELL

She's in college to meet a rich dude, get hitched and make babies. That's her worldview.

DANA

Don't listen to your father.

RUSSELL

Yeah, he's just practical, that's all.

DANA

You have more to offer, don't you, Bryn?

Bryn nods for her mother, but she appears frustrated that they won't leave.

RUSSELL

Let's get going, Dana.

Finally, they wave goodbye and return to their car amidst the lengthening shadows of the Autumn day.

Bryn scowls as she storms into the sorority house, slamming the door.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bryn peers about the opulent house. Glazed, empty face. She slides the bottle over and downs another blast of brandy.

EXT. SPAGO'S - DAY

The Ladies of the Empathy Association gather out front before heading inside for lunch.

Jodi, the last one to arrive, waves at them as she approaches.

JODI
Sorry, sorry. Finishing up some work.

BRYN
It's all right. You're here now.

JODI
I'm surprised we're meeting at Spago's.

BRYN
I'm sick of Larry always interrupting.

INT. SPAGO'S - DAY

It's a busy day. The MAITRE D' leads Bryn and the ladies to a table. He pauses before one large circular one in the middle. Bryn notices a group of Southern TOURISTS at a nearby table.

BRYN
Is there another?

MAITRE D'
But why?

BRYN
This table is riddled with white supremacy and sexism.

MAITRE D'

Ah. How about over there in the back?

BRYN

Yes. That feels more equitable.

MAITRE D'

Very good, Madam Harper.

BRYN

And do you have any minority waiters from underserved communities?

The maitre d' shakes his head no.

MAITRE D'

Same as always.

BRYN

Fine. Whatever.

The ladies all take a seat.

BRYN

Okay, everyone. Today we're going to talk about our next event.

Murmurs from the ladies.

Jodi reaches into her purse to get her phone. A yellow post-it is attached to it. It reads, "Have a great meeting love Willis." Jodi beams and puts it back into her purse.

BRYN

What are you smiling about, Jodi?

JODI

Oh nothing. A little...

BRYN

Yes?

JODI

A little love note from Willis.

BRYN

So sweet. What an awesome guy.

JODI

Thanks, I know.

BRYN

And it's interesting because our next event is inspired by our Manager of Simulations.

JODI

Me?

BRYN

You being the only Jew in the group.

JODI

Uh... okay.

BRYN

I mean, you must get so much hate. Everyone thinks the entertainment industry is run by the Jews. Which it is. And of course, that whole killing our savior bit that's really more of a flyover country thing.

Jodi's uncomfortable now.

BRYN

Plus, you have a Black husband. You've been blessed with--

JODI

Wait, blessed?

BRYN

Blessed with two forms of...
(searching for the word)
... purity.

Jodi looks at Olive with a questioning face. Olive shrugs.

BRYN

Listen, honey. We're here to expand our sensitivities, right?

JODI

Yes. But I'm the manager of simulations. How did I not-- ?

BRYN

It's a surprise! You've worked so hard these past weeks, we decided to give you a break on this one.

JODI

Oh.

BRYN

So, listen up, ladies. Our next event will be a World War Two reenactment of a death camp. That way we can all experience what it was like to be a Jew in Nazi Germany. Feel what Jodi's people felt.

Jodi's appears stunned. She struggles to control herself. This isn't funny anymore.

ANGIE

Do we have to wear those godawful uniforms? Stripes!

BRYN

It's going to be one hundred percent accurate.

KENZIE

Is someone going to play Adolph What's-His-Name?

CONNIE

Phil knows a guy who worked on "Schindler's List."

TIFFANY

I love that movie. Ralph Fiennes was such a dog. But cute!

CONNIE

The set's gonna knock your socks off. Very authentic. Real SS uniforms. The works!

BRYN

I was inspired watching the History Channel.

Jodi squirms.

BRYN

What do you think, Jodi? You're kinda quiet. I thought you'd flip for a holocaust simulation.

JODI

Can we do a different one? This kinda hits home.

BRYN
How so?

JODI
I have a grandma who was in the
holocaust and--

BRYN
YOU'RE KIDDING!

Bryn takes her arm and almost pets it, stroking it gently.

JODI
She's passed. But yeah...

BRYN
Your mom must've had you late.

JODI
She wasn't sure she even wanted a
child.

KENZIE
Tell us about your grandma.

JODI
Well, I'd rather--

BRYN
She's right! Let's save the story
until we're in the barracks at the
concentration camp. It'll make
things seem more real.

KENZIE
Jodi, you are so brave.

BRYN
She's the bravest Jew I know.

There's APPLAUSE for Jodi.

BRYN
So this next simulation is Saturday
on the Warners lot.

JODI
So soon?

BRYN
I've been planning this one for
weeks. We all set, Connie?

CONNIE

I'm waiting on Phil to confirm but it looks good. No one's filming on Stage F. We can make it into a death camp, no prob.

BRYN

Ladies, this one's going to be a little different. We're going to be spending the night so everyone pack up for the weekend.

There's a GROAN from the ladies.

BRYN

Nobody said empathy was easy.
Right, Jodi?

Jodi forces a smile and nods.

OLIVE

Jodi, seriously, are you okay? You don't have to do this.

JODI

I'll be fine. Thanks, Olive.

The WAITER approaches, tall, blonde haired, nordic looking (25).

WAITER

Can I get you ladies started with some cocktails?

BRYN

Bring us some Chablis. Three bottles for now.

Suddenly, Larry enters the room, still in white tank-t and jeans, blocking the way of the waiter.

BRYN

Larry! What are you doing here? You don't ever have lunch at Spago's!

LARRY

"Does It sound like I'm ordering a pizza?"

BRYN

LARRY! LEAVE!! NOW!!!

WAITER

Sir, are you annoying these ladies?

LARRY

"Just a fly in the ointment, Hans.
The monkey in the wrench. The pain
in the ass."

The Waiter pushes Larry toward the exit.

BRYN

I'll see you at home, Mister Action
Hero.
(to the ladies)
Sorry, everyone. He is such a jerk.

ANGIE

He needs friends.

INT. JODI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jodi can't sleep. She looks at the clock. It's 2:00 am. She
quietly gets up and goes into the bathroom.

BATHROOM

She looks at herself in the mirror. She looks paler than she
used to. Are there more wrinkles?

JODI

I can't do this. Can I?

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - DAY

The limos and luxury sedans pull into the lot. Since it's
Saturday, it's quiet at the studio.

EXT. - STAGE F STUDIO - DAY

The ladies, fresh from wardrobe, stand about in their
concentration camp uniforms. They're drab, striped outfits,
stressed and worn out. Everyone that is, except curvy Angie.

CONNIE

Luckily, you gals are already
skinny, except for Angie.

ANGIE

Men like how I look, I'm not going
to apologize.

CONNIE

We've got a special uni for you.

TIFFANY
Ozempic is your friend, Angie.

ANGIE
No way. I'm not gonna get all
wispy. I'm more Kim K than Tay-Tay.

KENZIE
I've never been able to gain
anything since my model days.

BRYN
Me neither. But then the occasional
purge doesn't hurt either.

OLIVE
Ew.

Jodi, in a kind of shock that she's actually doing this,
walks out of the wardrobe room and toward the group.

BRYN
Jodi, you look like you stepped out
of that History Channel program!

JODI
Thanks. I think.

BRYN
Where are all the Nazis?

CONNIE
They should be here already. Maybe
they're on set.

BRYN
Make up time! Then we can go inside
and meet the fascists.

The ladies file into the makeup trailer.

INT. STUDIO F - DAY

The ladies, now looking pale with black circles under their
eyes, move into the studio. They are visibly stunned when
they see the authenticity of the concentration camp.

There's a barracks, a guard tower, barbed wire fence, an
officers quarters, the Commandant's office and in the
distance on a matte: the "showers," a smallish factory with
smoke stacks.

There's even a gate with the words "Arbeit Macht Frei." Phil leads the ladies toward the barracks.

JODI

Oh my God.

TIFFANY

Is this supposed to be Dachau?

PHIL

We're doing a composite. A little Dachau, a little Auschwitz, a little Bergen-Belsen... something for everybody.

He laughs lamely. Shooters start shooting, cameras on shoulders.

ACTORS in Nazi uniforms walk about. Some are ordinary soldiers, but some wear the official SS uniforms.

The COMMANDANT is played by a fifty-something actor with a monocle a la Colonel Klink.

Bryn pulls a copy of the script from her handbag.

BRYN

First off, Nazi soldiers will bring us in as if we just got off the train.

PHIL

Gotcha. Okay, ladies. Over to the left and then we'll have the soldiers take you to an area just in front of the barracks. You'll meet the commandant there. Action!

The camp inmates gather together. SOLDIERS prod them with their rifles.

SOLDIER #1

Achtung, Juden!

SOLDIER #2

Gehen zee into formation.

The ladies stand a few feet apart in two parallel lines. The Commandant steps in front of the group.

COMMANDANT

Good morning and welcome to my concentration camp.

(MORE)

COMMANDANT (CONT'D)

The Fuhrer, as part of his Final Solution, has decided zee filthy Juden should be set apart from decent society. But this isn't a fancy hostel for you to lounge in, we are a labor camp. So expect to do the work you are assigned.

Assorted complaining from the ladies.

ANGIE

We're gonna do work?

TIFFANY

Labor camp, duh, Angie.

COMMANDANT

SILENCE! Anyone who fails to comply will be taken to the showers. Which, if you know anything about the history of the Third Reich, aren't really showers, if you get my drift.

Jodi, looking even more sallow than her makeup suggests, grimaces at this charade.

COMMANDANT

And now you vill go to your bunkhouses and prepare to receive your work assignments. Gehen Zee! Mach schnell! Mach Schnell!

The soldiers prod the ladies to the barracks.

ANGIE

Hey! Quit poking that thing in my butt.

SOLDIER

It is certainly big enough to sustain any prodding, schweinhund.

ANGIE

Watch your mouth, kraut.

SOLDIER

I'll be watching yours, Kosher Kardashian.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

In the bleak, simple bunkhouse, the ladies pick beds and flop into them.

KENZIE
This is pretty hard-core, Bryn.

BRYN
It has to be.

TIFFANY
What's gonna happen?

BRYN
We'll do our work assignments and then break for lunch.

KENZIE
It's warm and stuffy in here.

ANGIE
That reminds me. I should be at hot yoga right now.

Jodi lies in her bunk, staring at the ceiling. This is too real for her. A tear dribbles out but she wipes it quickly away.

TIFFANY
Can we ask the Nazis to go for a Starbucks run?

BRYN
They didn't have Starbucks in World War Two, Tiffany!

TIFFANY
They didn't?

BRYN
You can bribe a guard to get you coffee, though. They used to use the gold fillings in their mouth but you can drop a Benjamin.

A Guard can be seen outside the window. Tiffany walks to it and taps on the glass. The Guard turns around and nods.

He enters the barracks.

GUARD
Vat do you want, Jewish pig?

TIFFANY

I wanted to ask you a little favor.

She pulls two hundred dollar bills out of her Louis Vuitton purse, which looks a little incongruous with her inmate uniform.

GUARD

Vas ist diss?

TIFFANY

Bryn said that guards can be bribed.

The Guard looks out the window to see if anyone's near.

GUARD

Okay. Make it quick.

He takes the money.

TIFFANY

We need Starbucks.

GUARD

There is no Starbucks.

TIFFANY

On Riverside and Pass.

GUARD

Vat is your order, then?

TIFFANY

I want a Quad Venti White Mocha Frappuccino.

GUARD

I must get this down. One moment.

He pulls out his phone and starts typing.

GUARD

Okay, next?

OLIVE

2/3 caff triple Ristretto
Affogato...

The ladies all surround the guard. Jodi pulls out her laptop and starts writing furiously. From her bunk, Bryn watches her with a suspicious look.

QUICK FLASHBACKS

-Jodi taking a picture of Bryn's laptop.
-Jodi looking over Bryn's shoulder to see what she's writing.

An SS OFFICER busts in, breaking Bryn's train of thought.

SS OFFICER
Vat is going on here then?

GUARD
Nothing, Herr Capitan.

SS OFFICER
Did you take a bribe, soldier?

GUARD
Nein, Herr Capitan.

SS OFFICER
Yes, you did.

He slaps the guard.

SS OFFICER
You are a disgrace to the Master
Race.

The guard wipes his cheek.

SS OFFICER
But since you are going to
Starbucks anyway, I want a Frap.

INT. STAGE - CAMP - DAY

The ladies all work in the hot sun, pretending to dig a ditch next to the Commandant's office, but they're really just shuffling around a thin layer of dirt put there by the crew.

OLIVE
How long do we have to make believe
with the shovels and hoes?

ANGIE
Yeah, I'm getting a crink in my
neck. I'm gonna have to see my
Reiki therapist.

BRYN
Relax, it's almost lunch.

Bryn gives Jodi a wary look, then drops her hoe and walks into the Commandant's office.

TIFFANY

Hey, what's she doing?

KENZIE

Don't worry about what Bryn does.
Do your work.

ANGIE

Whose side are you on, Kenzie?

KENZIE

Bryn is the leader! She knows
what's she's doing. Now get busy
with your empathy.

SOLDIER

Vy are you talking! Go back to
work, Jewish filth!

ANGIE

I'm getting a little tired of your
mouth, mister.

SOLDIER

Silence, ass-queen!

He prods her butt again with his gun. She grabs it.

ANGIE

You do that one more time and
you'll never work in this town
again. My husband knows all the
casting directors.

The Soldier stops and moves away sheepishly.

Bryn emerges from the office and resumes working her hoe.

KENZIE

Everything cool, Bryn?

Bryn looks at Jodi and then back at Kenzie.

BRYN

Yep. All good, Kenzie.

The Commandant emerges from his hut.

COMMANDANT

Achtung! Soldiers go to the
barracks and remove all electronic
devices like phones and laptops.

JODI

Hey!

COMMANDANT

They ver not around during zee
holocaust and they vill not be
around in my camp! Understood?

Soldiers race into the barracks with gunny sacks.

JODI

I need mine for--

BRYN

You can get it back when we're
done.

Jodi winces at Bryn's pointed diction. Is the game over? Does she know?

JODI

I guess it isn't very authentic to
have us texting the outside world.

BRYN

Exactly.

Phil walks onto the set.

PHIL

Break for lunch! Food trucks
outside.

The ladies drop their gardening tools and walk out of the soundstage.

EXT. STUDIO F - DAY

The ladies sit on tables under umbrellas eating gyros from the food truck. Kenzie shows Jodi some pics on her phone.

KENZIE

And these are my kids, Manhattan
and Malibu.

JODI

That's their names?

KENZIE

Cute, right?

Kenzie spots Bryn and moves to her table. Olive takes her place.

OLIVE

How are you doing, Jodi?

JODI

I'm not sure. This simulation just hits different.

OLIVE

I know. Bryn's getting a little power mad, if you ask me. It's not as fun as the other simulations.

JODI

How long have you known Bryn?

OLIVE

Twenty years. We went to USC together.

JODI

Nice. What did you major in?

OLIVE

Honey, we both tried acting and when that didn't pan out-- well, we found rich husbands. Only she never really loved Larry. Bryn was pretty lost for a while.

JODI

And now she's found.

OLIVE

She had some abuse as a kid. Her dad...

Olive finishes up her salad. Jodi ponders.

JODI

And what about you?

OLIVE

Oh, I love my man. I just go along with Bryn because we're friends. I'm not that political to be honest. I couldn't even tell you what woke means.

JODI

Why do you guys go through all this?

OLIVE

I guess I'm bored.

Tiffany, overhearing, joins in.

TIFFANY
This helps my brand.

JODI
You have a brand?

TIFFANY
Everyone has a brand even if they aren't in any business. My brand is my husband's career in finance.

JODI
Makes sense. I think.

TIFFANY
Angie has a brand. She's trying to sell clothes for women with shapely buttocks.

JODI
She told me.

TIFFANY
See, every brand has to be aligned with D-E-I these days, Jodi. Being associated with the EA can only help.

JODI
I know about socially aware brands but this seems different. Well, I'm going to go back in and explore the set before we start up.

OLIVE
Okay, honey. I'm always here if you need me.

TIFFANY
Me too!

JODI
Thanks, you guys.

Jodi walks back inside.

INT. STAGE - CAMP - DAY

Jodi wanders about looking at the fence, the guard post and the detail to attention.

JODI
Oh Nana... This is so weird. You
stood up. You paid the price. Am I
... just looking for glory?

Jodi stops herself. She's talking too loud.

JODI
(whispers)
No. I'm not.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

The ladies are now in their bunks getting ready for bed.

TIFFANY
They took our phones away so we
can't even stream a show.

ANGIE
Talk about boring.

CONNIE
Wasn't Jodi going to tell us about
her grandma?

BRYN
Yeah, your grandma was in a death
camp just like this one, wasn't
she?

Jodi sits up in her bunk. The ladies gather around.

TIFFANY
Tell us, Jodi. Did she survive the
holocaust?

Jodi closes her eyes, takes a deep breath. Maybe this really
could be educational. She clears her throat.

JODI
Yes, my grandmother was in a camp
like this. It was in Poland, not
Germany.

OLIVE
What was your grandma's name?

JODI
Ruth. Ruth Schneider. Let's see.
How did it start? She was working
as a writer for a Munich paper.

(MORE)

JODI (CONT'D)

That's where my family lived before. In Munich. In fact, she had written a piece speaking out against the Nazi regime and their treatment of artists. The editor had to fire her, the Gestapo hounded her and she was forced to live underground. Join the resistance. Have you heard of the Sophie Scholl underground? She was part of that. They finally caught her in Poland and she was taken to Treblinka.

OLIVE

I heard of that.

JODI

There were a lot of Russian Jews there as well. In fact, she met my grandfather there. He was an intellectual. They... conceived my mom in the camp.

ANGIE

They could get busy in the camps?

JODI

You'd be surprised.

OLIVE

Ruth still with us?

JODI

No.

ANGIE

Wow. Death camp romance. It would never fly on Hallmark.

JODI

Anyway, Ruth probably would've died but... she had a sense of humor. She could tell stories and jokes that would make the Commandant's wife laugh.

BRYN

Interesting. Because you're really not that funny.

JODI

Oh, well, my grandmother was.

BRYN
Just sayin'.

JODI
And so when the allies were getting
close, they lined everyone up.

Jodi swallows.

JODI
And they started shooting them,
mowing them down. Everyone. Men,
women, children. My Nana was in
line... and she saw the
Commandant's wife watching from a
window at the officer's quarters
and smiled at her. Did a goofy
little dance and face. That wife,
remembering all the laughter,
couldn't stand by and let Ruth get
shot. She rushed out of the
quarters and stood in front of her.
They stopped shooting and the
Commandant's wife brought her back
inside with her. The allies
liberated the camp shortly
thereafter.

OLIVE
What about your grandfather?

JODI
He... wasn't funny either.

Jodi gives Bryn a hard look. Everyone's quiet.

OLIVE
I'm sorry, Jodi.

Jodi lies down in her bunk. Pulls her covers up.

JODI
It's okay.

OLIVE
You can always talk to me. Any
time. Middle of the night.
Whatever.

JODI
I know, Olive. Thank you.

Everyone returns to their beds. A soldier comes in and turns
out the lights.

SOLDIER
Sleep, Juden scum!

INT. STAGE - NIGHT

The various set WORKERS all file out. Phil is the last to go. He closes the door and locks it.

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - DAY

The sun rises up over the water tower.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

The ladies are all lined up. The Commandant walks in front of them.

COMMANDANT
A new trainload of Jews has arrived. Therefore, we need to know which of you ladies has a skill that would make you worth keeping around?

Angie raises her hand.

ANGIE
I'm a social influencer.

COMMANDANT
Hm.

Tiffany raises her hand.

TIFFANY
I'm good with glitter.

COMMANDANT
Perhaps. You, Bryn Harper! Vat is your skill?

BRYN
I don't know, Herr Commandant.

COMMANDANT
Do you have a talent that might be useful here in the labor camp?

BRYN
I... I don't think so.

COMMANDANT

Then you must come with me to zee showers.

Bryn turns and faces everyone.

BRYN

I guess this is it. Goodbye everybody. I have to go to the showers.

KENZIE

Not the showers! No, Bryn! You'll be killed.

ANGIE

They use Zyklon-B!!!

BRYN

I know. But as a persecuted Jew, I have to accept my fate.

KENZIE

Oh, Bryn.

BRYN

Don't cry, Kenzie. I'm like Anne Frank. I think there's good in everyone. Even this Nazi dude taking me to inhale poison.

Bryn starts to shake and then sobs. She's really enjoying this victimhood. More than all the other cosplaying.

KENZIE

Bryn, stay strong.

TIFFANY

Maybe it really is a shower!

Soldiers grab Bryn and walk her toward the back of the set slowly.

KENZIE

Bye!

TIFFANY

Try to hold your breath if you can!

Jodi watches with her mouth open. It's disgustingly absurd. She shares a look with Olive who shakes her head.

As she's pulled along, Bryn cries even louder. Then she disappears behind the matte of the factory.

COMMANDANT
Back to work, you lazy
untermenschen!

KENZIE
She is so brave.

PHIL
And... scene!

Phil steps in, clapping along with the crew.

PHIL
Okay ladies. That's a wrap. We put
your things back in the barracks.
Go change and we'll break set.

INT. BARRACKS - DAY

The ladies all change into their designer clothes, removing
wigs and wiping off the pale base of their makeup.

Jodi looks through her bag but there's no laptop. She thinks
for a moment then walks out.

INT. THE STAGE - DAY

Jodi looks about for a moment. She stops a SET WORKER.

JODI
Have you seen Phil?

SET WORKER
He's busy. What's up?

JODI
I'm missing my laptop.

SET WORKER
I'll walkie him.

JODI
Thanks.

INT. COMMANDANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Bryn's reading Jodi's laptop. Her eyes grow more astonished
as she reads the files for the expose.

BRYN

"The ladies, in their holocaust outfits, bickered about their coffee order. It sounded like "The Real Housewives of Auschwitz.""

She closes the laptop.

BRYN

Oh. My. God. I knew it. She's going to tear us down with misinformation!

She picks up her phone.

BRYN

Larry, what's the name of our lawyer? We may have a defamation case on our hands! An expose filled with lies! Well, if it destroys the Empathy Association, it's gonna destroy us too, mister!

EXT. STUDIO F - DAY

Jodi, her bag fully packed, heads for the exit. A CREW MEMBER runs up and hands Jodi her laptop.

CREW MEMBER

Sorry, Jodi. They must've left your laptop in the Commandant's office by mistake.

JODI

It's okay. Thanks.

Jodi looks over at Bryn who chats intently with Kenzie. Did she read it?

EXT. WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO - DAY

Limos roll out of the gates.

INT. PRIUS - DAY

Jodi drives as if in a daze. She's also on her phone.

JODI

No, Neil. I'm sorry. I'm not finished with the piece yet. I know about the deadline. Sorry.

EXT. BRYN'S MANSION - DAY

Bryn's limo pulls up. She gets out.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - DAY

Bryn walks to the large Media Room. MOVIE SOUNDS BLAST in the hallways.

INT. MEDIA ROOM - DAY

Larry, dressed as usual in his John McClane guise, carries a rifle and mimics the action as "Die Hard" plays on a big screen.

He repeats all the dialogue and hops around barefoot like John McClane, aiming his rifle and smoking a cigarette.

He stops when he sees Bryn, picking up a remote and freezing the image.

JODI

Just wanted to let you know I'll be
in Calabasas this weekend. The old
ranch house.

Larry nods, then turns the movie back on, dancing around the room and mouthing all the dialogue.

LARRY

"Yeah, I'm still here. Unless you
wanna open the front door for me."

EXT. BRYN'S MANSION - BACK PATIO - DAY

The ladies of the Empathy Association all enjoy cocktails on the back patio. It's a nice view of her elaborate pool and lawn area. Immaculate rose bushes and foliage.

Jodi looks ashen. She's going through the motions, lost for the moment.

Bryn stands before them.

BRYN

Thanks for coming so quickly
everybody. We've scheduled one last
simulation and then the Association
will break for the fall.

JODI
I didn't... ?

BRYN
You seemed so upset at our last event, Jodi. We did this without you. Kind of a rush job.

ANGIE
How do we top the holocaust event?

KENZIE
Seriously, Bryn. You were amazing at the end, knowing you were walking to your own death. Broke my heart.

Bryn nods in faux humility. Jodi squirms.

BRYN
It was pretty dramatic. But now we're really going deep. We've got a farm set up in Calabasas. We're going to the Old South during the lynching days with the horrible, racist treatment of Negro slaves.

Shocked expressions from the group.

TIFFANY
We're the slaves?

ANGIE
No! We can't.

OLIVE
Seriously, are we?

JODI
Blackface?

BRYN
Calm down everybody!

JODI
You calm down!

BRYN
You're giving off super gremlin energy, Jodi!

JODI
I'm sorry. I just think blackface--

BRYN

We're not using blackface, we're using bronzer! Really dark bronzer, that's all.

JODI

But it's the same.

BRYN

We're not putting on a minstrel show, Jodi. We're just going to have nice, dark tans.

JODI

That's blackface!

BRYN

It's bronzer!

Connie stands up, waving her hands.

CONNIE

I understand your point, Jodi. But I hesitate to call this blackface in that the object here is to gain insight into those terrible times by identifying as female black slaves. Unfortunately, it's necessary.

Jodi bites her tongue.

BRYN

So Phil's got everything worked out. There's gonna be a plantation owner with white boy sons who will be acting all evil. All I can tell you is, be prepared. It's going to be hard. But we really need to know what it's like to be black and this is the best way. Who knows? Maybe we'll get the reparations push going again.

KENZIE

You go, girl!

BRYN

I only wish they wouldn't do those smash and grabs, you know? They stole all the jewelry out of my favorite boutique. Anyway...

TIFFANY

This weekend, right? That's just two days away.

BRYN

Yes. We rushed this one because we want to take a break.

KENZIE

It's gonna to be huge.

BRYN

And after this final event, the next big thing will be the release of our documentary on the Empathy Association. Hopefully, the editing will be done by Christmas.

CONNIE

Yes, we hope.

BRYN

Jodi, are you going to be okay?

Jodi looks up.

JODI

Oh yeah.

BRYN

Good. I really need you for this big finale.

Jodi nods.

KENZIE

I just hate to see it all end.

EXT. BRYN'S MANSION - DAY

A beat-up, old Toyota Camry pulls up. A BLACK MOTHER (31), and her 7-year-old daughter, ROSA, exit the car.

Marta greets them at the door, but they all seem to know each other.

MARTA

She's waiting down there.

The black mother carries a cymbal bag.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

It's dark in the basement. Looks like an S & M dungeon. But it lacks anything erotic. No blue light bulbs. No french ticklers or sex toys. Just dark and dank like a real dungeon.

This is all about punishment.

There are stools and chains hanging from the beams. A rack with what appears to be medieval torture devices, clamps and metal masks and vise like contraptions.

There's a KNOCK at the door, then footsteps CAN BE HEARD coming down the stairs.

Marta escorts the mom and daughter down but it all feels routine, like they've been doing this a million times.

The little girl's mother hangs back with Marta, as the girl approaches Bryn who wears a tight, black leotard and shameful expression.

BRYN

Nice to see you, Rosa. How was your week?

ROSA

Hush, woman.

With a quiet authority, the little girl opens the cymbal bag and produces a long whip. She takes it out and cracks it in the dusty air a few times.

ROSA

Get in your chains, white supremacist.

Bryn walks over to an area where chains hang from the beams. Marta walks over and helps Bryn into the wrist cuffs. Marta pulls on the chain until Bryn hangs taut.

ROSA

Now, you're gonna feel it!

Rosa cracks the whip hard against Bryn's back. It's painful but given that Rosa is only seven, not as severe as it could be.

BRYN

Yes! Hurt me!

ROSA

Beat that white privilege out of your ass.

Another LASHING.

BRYN

Please! I'm an oppressor! AN
OPPRESSOR!

Rosa keeps smacking Bryn in this bizarre ritual.

BRYN

Yes! Yes! I feel it leaving me. All
the racism born into me. Leaving...
AHHH!!

Marta checks her watch and nods at the mother.

MARTA

I'll be back in fifteen.

EXT. JODI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jodi pulls up in her car. She starts to walk up to the apartment but she stops. Thinking about Willis and what he'd think about blackface, well, she couldn't. She gets back into her car.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Jodi parks in the lot.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Lying in bed, Jodi looks at her phone. There are 15 messages: Willis.

JODI

I can't talk to you, honey. Not
until it's over.

INT. JODI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Willis paces the room, his phone planted on his ear.

WILLIS

It's not like her. It's been two
days! Are you sure you haven't
heard from her? Okay, Neil. It's
that damn expose with the rich
ladies. I know. She lied to you. If
you hear anything-- ? Thanks.

He clicks the phone off. He walks out of the living room into Jodi's study.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Willis looks at the documents and notes in her "IN" box. He opens one of her drawers and sees a cigar box. He opens it.

The box contains all of Willis' post-it love notes, at least thirty of them. He smiles and closes the cigar box.

He's about to leave the room when he sees a crumpled paper in the wastebasket. He reaches down. It says: Bryn Harper, 23 Beverly Park Circle, Beverly Hills.

He puts the paper into his pocket and leaves the room breathing excitedly.

EXT. CALABASAS - DAY

It's the final event. Phil and his crew work setting up lighting and cameras around the old farm setting.

Bryn, dressed as a slave, walks up to Phil.

BRYN

No cameras today, okay Phil?

PHIL

Just a run-through?

BRYN

I just don't want this filmed.

PLANTATION OWNER, BIG FRANK DUNHAM (55) stout, and his sons, ARCHIE (22) thin and callow, and WADE (28), stout like his father, walk about rehearsing their sides.

The ladies of the E-A step out of the makeup trailer. They all are wearing "very bronzed" faces with afro wigs and raggedy dresses from the days of the Antebellum South. Jodi walks out like a Antebellum zombie.

PHIL

Okay ladies, go over to that field and walk toward us carrying your bags of cotton.

The group, led by Bryn, head toward the field.

PHIL

Everyone ready? Action!

Bryn, getting into her part, moans in fatigue and pain from a full day of cotton picking.

BRYN

Oh my, my. When will the good Lord
take us across the River Jordan?

BIG FRANK

You workers, drop your bags and get
over here! I got something I want
to show you.

They all gather around a large tree that has a noose hanging down.

Big Frank is about to speak but stops. He raises his hand.

BIG FRANK

Phil, can I talk to you?

PHIL

What is it, Harvey?

BIG FRANK

I don't think I can say this.

PHIL

The n-word?

BIG FRANK

Yeah. I... just can't.

PHIL

Okay. How about darkies?

BIG FRANK

Hmm.

PHIL

Colored?

BIG FRANK

Colored people, I guess would work.
Like people of color.

PHIL

Okay, no prob. Take it from the
top.

EXT. BRYN'S MANSION - DAY

Willis pulls up to mansion in his beat-up pickup. He bangs on the door.

Larry opens in his John McClane get-up.

LARRY
Hey, buddy.

WILLIS
You're Bryn's husband, right?

LARRY
Larry Harper. That's me.

WILLIS
I'm Willis. I need to know where they're having their event.

LARRY
Wait. What's wrong?

WILLIS
I don't know, but my wife's been missing for days.

LARRY
Jodi?

WILLIS
Yeah. And the last time she was seen was with your wife.

LARRY
Holy shit! Bryn takes these little plays too seriously. Hold on, I'll get you there. Let me grab my keys.

Larry steps inside and returns with rifles. He hands one to Willis.

WILLIS
Are you sure we'll need these? I'm not comfortable--

LARRY
If Bryn can pretend, I can pretend. That's our deal. Let's make like Bruce and Sam Jackson in "Die Hard 3," okay?

WILLIS
Uh, okay.

LARRY
Welcome to the party, pal!

Larry leads Willis to his SUV. They hop in and take off.

EXT. FARM - DAY

Big Frank stands before the ladies.

BIG FRANK

Now listen you colored women! One
of you hussies has done robbed my
boy of his virginity!

Shocked gasps. They all look up at the noose.

BIG FRANK

And that there colored gal has to
pay the price.

The barn doors open. Wade leads a horse to the noose. They
stop and Wade points at Jodi in her blackface and wig.

WADE

Jodi's the one what did it!

OLIVE

Not Jodi! She's the best of us!

BRYN

Jodi's my sister! You can't lynch
my sister!!

Bryn carries on.

KENZIE

How could you sleep with the
owner's son?

Jodi shrugs. The sons grab her and tie her hands behind her
back.

JODI

Hey, hold on a second!

BRYN

Leave my sister alone! O Lord, help
us!

Jodi struggles for real now. They put her on the horse.

OLIVE

But that noose... ? It's real,
right?

BRYN

Quiet, Olive.

JODI
Stop! She's trying to kill me!

OLIVE
Jodi doesn't look like she's
enjoying this.

Jodi continues to struggle as Wade puts the noose around her neck. Bryn smiles a sinister smile.

KENZIE
Whoa! This is too real!

TIFFANY
Hey, what are you doing?

ANGIE
She could be hurt, Bryn.

BRYN
We have to experience this.

JODI
Get this noose off me!! The
simulation is over!

Big Frank storms over to Phil.

BIG FRANK
We're finished, right? So we let
the woman down now, right?

BRYN
Follow the script, you coward! It's
not over yet.

PHIL
What's next in the script, Bryn?

BRYN
She's hung!

JODI
NO!!!

Bryn runs over and smacks the back of the horse, it gallops off, leaving Jodi swinging by her neck, hanging from the tree.

The ladies SCREAM. The crew erupts into chaos, running around in different directions.

Then the rope is ripped by bullets coming from a rifle. Larry's rifle. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

LARRY
Yippy-ki-ya, motherf*cker!

Jodi falls down.

WILLIS
What the hell is this racist
bullshit?

PHIL
Bryn!! I did not sign up for this.

Willis races over and unties Jodi's hands. She rubs her neck and then stands up.

WILLIS
You okay, honey?

JODI
Yes, yes. Where's Bryn? WHERE IS
SHE?

PHIL
Call 9-1-1, Connie.

Jodi spots Bryn making her way through the crowd of "slaves," trying to escape. But Jodi races to her before she gets far. She grabs Bryn's shirt and turns her around.

JODI
You know, for a second, you had me
fooled. I thought you were just
some silly dreamer with a good
heart. But you're just another
narcissist.

BRYN
You're a backstabbing bitch
spreading conspiracy theories on
your fake news site!

JODI
You just don't get it. Trying to
kill me makes you the oppressor.

BRYN
No, you don't get it. This is my
life's purpose. And no one's gonna
stop me! Brat summer is over!!!!

Bryn throws a punch, it hits Jodi in the cheek. Jodi kicks Bryn in the shin. The women fling their arms wildly in a savage brawl. They end up rolling around on the ground, pulling hair.

The ladies and crew surround them, watching and cheering.
Then, Jodi manages to get on top of Bryn.

BRYN
Leave me alone, fake news bitch!

JODI
Oh no, I'm about truth. You're the
phony!

BRYN
YOU'RE THE PHONY!

JODI
NO YOU ARE!

BRYN
YOU ARE!

Bryn tosses Jodi aside and runs to her limo. Jodi follows and
tackles her before she can open the door. Bryn bangs her head
on the bumper and falls to the ground.

JODI
It's over.

A police car pulls up. The OFFICERS get out and grab Bryn.

BRYN
Get your hands off me, you filthy,
Neo-nazi, fascist pigs!

Bryn's hauled off in the police car. Other COPS arrive. Jodi
rejoins Willis and Larry.

LARRY
Sorry, Jodi. Bryn has a hard time
differentiating between reality and-

JODI
Ya think?!

WILLIS
I'm just glad you're okay, honey.

JODI
Yeah. Feel foolish. But I'm okay.
And I'm sorry about... not telling
you where I was.

WILLIS
It's okay.

JODI

I was... ashamed, honey. But I had to see it through.

She touches her face.

JODI

And I have to get this off my face immediately!

She grabs a cloth sack and smears off the bronzer.

PHIL

What the hell was this about, Connie?

CONNIE

Honey, I swear I had no idea that Bryn wanted to kill Jodi.

PHIL

Gather the cameras. We've got all the footage to convict her snotty ass.

Phil shakes his head.

PHIL

Everyone, break set. Let's get the hell out of here.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. WHAT'S WHAT NEWS ROOM - DAY

On the staff's laptops can be seen the front page headline for What's What News: "EXCLUSIVE: Beverly Hills Socialite Involved in Sick Simulations, Arrested For Attempted Murder." It's accompanied by Bryn's mugshot.

Neil stands in front of the entire staff, reading a hard copy of Jodi's expose.

NEIL

"This situation begs the question: can we put the spotlight on a societal need without resisting the temptation to soak up some of that spotlight for ourselves?"

(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Brought up in a secular Jewish household, I was never exposed to much of the Holy Writ. But there's one instruction we all can recite: "Love thy neighbor." People often forget the second part. The full maxim is "love thy neighbor as thyself." Which means you have to love your neighbor as much as you love yourself. Now if we could all do that-- just with the self-love that's in this city of Los Angeles-- there would be true change. It would be revolutionary."

Applause from the group.

NEIL

Thanks Jodi, you brought in a ton of new subscribers. We're getting back on our feet again!

Louder applause. Jodi looks down, a barely visible red burn around her neck, a bit embarrassed, not sure if she can bask in the glory. Would she be a hypocrite? Then finally, she looks up and smiles.

JODI

For you, nana.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

TEXT - SIX MONTHS LATER

The courtroom is packed with REPORTERS, SPECTATORS, Willis, Neil, Larry and the ladies of the Empathy Association.

Jodi sits in the witness box.

JODI

That was the whole reason I got taken in.

She looks down at her hand.

There's a post-it in it from Willis. "Speak the truth, baby, I love you. I even added punctuation! Willis." Jodi smiles and takes a deep breath.

JODI

And in a state so driven by class warfare, we need to look at the charities.

(MORE)

JODI (CONT'D)
Make sure they really do help
people. Instead of being victim
club frauds like the Empathy
Association.

Bryn's LAWYER (55), tan, slick stands up.

BRYN'S LAWYER
Objection! Defamatory
characterization!

The JUDGE (60s), female, nods.

JUDGE
Sustained.

Jodi's ATTORNEY (35), a serious looking woman, tosses a
glance at Bryn, who sneers.

ATTORNEY
Thanks, you may step down.

Jodi walks past the table where Bryn sits with her LEGAL
TEAM.

ATTORNEY
I call Bryn Harper to the witness
stand.

Bryn walks up and is sworn in.

ATTORNEY
The Empathy Association has been
around for nearly a year now, is
that correct, Mrs. Harper?

Bryn stares menacingly at the ladies in the audience and
then, gathering herself, nods.

BRYN
Yeah.

ATTORNEY
What was your motivation to start
the activist group?

BRYN
To fight for social justice, what
else? It's my life's purpose.

Bryn shakes her head as if to say, "I mean, I can't even..."

ATTORNEY

How does your group achieve such an aim?

BRYN

Hello! By starting a conversation in our community. By self-identifying with those less fortunate. Spreading awareness. But the Hitlers of the world had to stop us with their hate speech! When you try to do good, the world can't take it! The misinformation stirs up the conspiracy theories and before you know it, they're cancelling your event.

ATTORNEY

Please, calm down, Mrs. Harper.

BRYN

You calm down! You don't know what I've been through. The discrimination, the hate. I've endured racism and homophobia and transphobia and xenophobia and betrayal from snitches!! I'm the victim here! Me!

The attorney hands Bryn a Kleenex box. Bryn sobs now openly. The tears, copious.

ATTORNEY

Take a moment.

BRYN

People have looked down on me because of the color of my skin. I've been treated like an animal because I wanted to escape political persecution. People spit on me because I'm brave enough to be my true self! And I'm, I'm enduring this injustice... because I care. That's my crime -- I care too much!

ATTORNEY

You have been charged with attempted murder.

BRYN

And now my life is ruined because of fake news.

(MORE)

BRYN (CONT'D)

Ask anyone who knows me, I'm all about kindness. Kindness was my thing for years. Now everyone talks about kindness. "I value kindness, I value kindness." But I was kind before it was cool.

Bryn looks out the window, off on a flight of fancy.

BRYN

It's hard to be in a world where people are so much more racist than you are. But there's a kind of peace knowing I'm right in my cause. Oh, you can never kill my spirit. I'll always fight against injustice! You won't never stop me! I'm not a quitter!

ATTORNEY

Can you please pull yourself together, Mrs. Harper?

BRYN

I do hope the girls will vote a black lesbian as the leader of the Empathy Association when I'm gone.

ATTORNEY

Let's go back to when you first met Jodi Schneider.

BRYN

NO! I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT THAT TRAITOR! SHE DESTROYED MY LIFE!

Bryn leaps up from the witness booth and races toward Jodi. SECURITY GUARDS grab her. She fights with them, snarling at Jodi.

BRYN

YOU HAD TO RUIN THINGS WITH YOUR LITTLE EXPOSE! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU, YOU SMUG, KNOW-IT-ALL BITCH!

The Guards drag Bryn out of the courtroom. She looks at each member of the Association in the audience, Kenzie, Tiffany, Angie, Connie and Olive.

BRYN

Why are you looking at me that way? I just wanted.... I just wanted to start a conversation.

The court room doors open and then SLAM shut.

EXT. EAST LOS ANGELES, THE BARRIO - SIDEWALK - DAY - WEEKS LATER

A food truck with the words "Free Lunch Truck" sits on the street. It's surrounded by Latino FAMILIES, mostly mothers and their children and some men who are given street tacos and beef burritos.

INT. LUNCH TRUCK - DAY

Willis commandeers the cooking area, dropping spices and cilantro onto the street tacos. There are TWO VOLUNTEERS, one who assists in the cooking and another who serves the people.

Jodi sticks her head in.

JODI
How we doing on supplies?

WILLIS
Need more tortillas, hon.

JODI
Okay. I'm on it.

She closes the door and walks to her car, pulls a bag of tortillas out of the trunk. As she does, she spots Neil and a CAMERAWOMAN walking up to the scene.

JODI
Neil, what are you... ?

NEIL
Barney told me you'd be here.

JODI
Snitch.

NEIL
I thought this would make a great feature for the site. Show our crusader giving out free food to the economically disadvantaged.

JODI
No.

NEIL
What? It's good p.r.

JODI
Because it would defeat the purpose
of... humble service.

NEIL
Yeah but--

JODI
Look, Willis and I are doing better
than we ever imagined. I have my
book deal. He's going out on tour.
We wanted to... But, it's not news.

The Camerawoman drops her equipment from her shoulder.

NEIL
Are you sure?

Jodi looks Neil in the eye with all the certainty of her
soul.

JODI
I'm sure.

WILLIS
JODI, WHERE ARE THOSE TORTILLAS?

JODI
I gotta run.

Neil and the Camerawoman watch her leave.

NEIL
Roll some footage anyway.

The Camerawoman films.

THE END