The Roosevelt Public Library

ALAN NAFZGER

Pecan Street Press
LUBBOCK • AUSTIN • FORT WORTH
Hello,

I'm a retired professor of political science, and I have several film and television projects. I'm looking for representation and/or a cutting-edge producer.

The “Roosevelt Public Library” is a TV series -- After ten years of legal human cloning, clones are housed in the old Roosevelt Hotel. They can be checked out like library books. Los Angelinos can come to the hotel/library and check-out (borrow) a clone for any number of reasons: problem-solving, murders, rescues, parties and celebrations, etc.


Roosevelt Public Library is a science fiction television series, without robots or space travel. It can be filmed without spectacular sets or expense. From 2020 until 2030, it was the policy of the US government to license corporations to clone certain individuals. They contracted with great minds/heroes/celebrities of the decade. After ten years, the experiment in human cloning was a failure, and the program was ended. Now, what to do with the human clones? In this television program, set in 2070, any of the clones can be checked out like a library book. Celebrities can play themselves, forty years in the future. Presumably, the personalities of the 2020s were cloned, and forty years later their adult clones are housed in the hotel.

Barack Obama can play the role of the clone of a US president called back to service to help write a state of the Union address and solve a White House murder.

Jimmy Garoppolo can play the role of the clone of a Super Bowl champion quarterback called back to solve a football-related murder.

The clones of the Friends cast can be loaned out by a 2080 television producer to reprise the hit television series.

The biggest draw to this series, it would allow the A-List celebrities to play themselves.

In this book, I've included an eight-page treatment, a list of episodes, and three ready-to-shot scripts.

Alan Nafzger
alan.nafzger@gmail.com
Table of Contents
The Roosevelt Public Library ................................................................. 1
Episodes For Your Perusal ...................................................................... 11
EPISODE: 7/8ths Mile High Club ............................................................ 18
EPISODE: Gallo Del Infierno .................................................................. 98
EPISODE: Public Opinion ..................................................................... 181
The Roosevelt Public Library

Television Series (Science Fiction)

by Alan Nafzger, copyright, 2019

From 2020 until 2030, it was the policy of the US government to license corporations to clone specific individuals. The corporations contracted with celebrities of that decade and (if the producer wants to use cg) even collected DNA from deceased individuals and signing contracts with their estates.

The policy was changed when it became clear that the venture economically would fail. It turned out that none of the clones had the initiative (all they wanted to do was sit around and read) and many never developed (because of environmental factors – no hands-on mother or father-figure, for example) the talent or skill of their DNA donor. Also, there was a great deal of discrimination holding the clones back, and the expense of a company minder, to accompany the clones everywhere they went, made the whole operation not feasible. The practice of cloning was abandoned as a failed social experiment. But, where to put the 55,009 living clones world-wide?

This is a story set in the 2080s. The global population is seriously decreased, and society seems to have escaped the fate we frequently assign to it (another dark age) and everything is highly advanced. However, cloning is a technology that has fallen out of favor and the clones are warehoused.

Over 40 years into the future, the Roosevelt Hotel is converted into a public library (of sorts). It houses the clones of famous early 21st century artists, poets, writers, politicians, the smartest professors, famous Americans. It’s all a “little creepy” so the government requires the clones to live in one central location (the Roosevelt) with a moderate amount of supervision. They are termed, “benevolent state property” and are allowed to pursue whatever interests/hobbies they have, so long as they are available to help patrons of the clone library. Ordinary criminals are labeled “malevolent state property.”

Technologically, this has become possible. And in the story before a celebrity or famous person dies, they are cloned and or DNA is extracted from the teeth of the dead and buried. Until 2070, the clones study the experiences of their donor’s lives and are quizzed and coached. However, the technology used to clone people wasn’t perfect, which created imperfections - hurdles (obstacles) for the clone to overcome.
The elite genetics of 21st century America is housed at the Roosevelt Public Library and “serves the public good,” something like a public library or book store does today. People can go to the library can check out the clone of a famous person.

| Taylor Swift | Roger Federer | Chris Hemsworth |
| Kylie Jenner | Howard Stern | Drake |
| Kanye West | Dwayne Johnson | Kim Kardashian West |
| Lionel Messi | Aaron Rodgers | Ryan Seacrest |
| Ed Sheeran | LeBron James | Sean Combs |
| Cristiano Ronaldo | Beyoncé Knowles | James Patterson |
| Dr. Phil McGraw | Ellen DeGeneres | Robert Downey Jr. |
| Canelo Alvarez | Stephen Curry | Gordon Ramsay |

In the story, people will go to a library (actually something between a half-way house and a luxury hotel), and a patron can check out a celebrity like you do a book from a library today.

Each week, a Los Angelino in trouble, not necessarily at odds with the police or the government, comes to the library to gain the assistance of one of the clones. They might have personal problems... or have problems at work or with their family that need to be resolved. Checking out a person from the clone library is like renting a friend, life coach or an expert, whichever the patron needs.

I envision people checking out clones to visit their relatives in the hospital, cheering them up. Maybe they are on their deathbed and the clone comes to visit them and speak wisdom to them.

Men can use clones to persuade women, as a Cicero De Bergerac. A common of story line.

The clones can be hired out for birthday parties and celebrations.

Businessmen can use them as sounding boards, or they can be used as promotional gimmicks. There are 100s of scenarios to play out.

Sometimes, the patron (the person using the clone library) doesn’t even have a problem to solve but just checks out a clone for the novelty of it. However, the clone insightfully notices a problem on the horizon and together with the patron, they move to solve the problem before it becomes too real.
Doctors can use them in tests. Lawyers can use them in mock trials. Professors also.

This TV series is for an hour time slot each week, and there can be several plots in each episode.
- A-List celebrities - the main problem some political, legal, or cultural problems.
- B-List celebrities – a subplot can center on love, art, or nostalgia.

Who would need a clone to check out and for what reason?
1. To solve a crime?
2. To stop a war?
3. To cure a disease?
4. Negotiate a business deal?
5. Pitch a film?
6. Teach a difficult/complicated lesson?

The draw (why they watch) for the audience each week can be, “who will appear as a guest?” Business-wise, we are looking at targeting Us Weekly (312,089 newsstand copies sold each week). This is not counting subscriptions. People, 650,545. Star Magazine 207,138. The same consumers who purchase celebrity magazine will tune in to watch this series.

TELEVISION REFERENCES


FILM REFERENCES

Cloning is a viable idea in the audience’s mind. Several profitable feature films have centered on cloning technology…

1. Boys from Brazil (1978)
2. Replicas (2018)
5. Impostor (2001)
6. Replicant (2001)
7. Jurassic Park (1993)
TWO “ROOSEVELT” BUILDINGS

This is 2080 and there will need to be two hotels, the old one is a public library and the other is a new five-star hotel. The Roosevelt Public Library (7000 Hollywood Blvd), the building we are familiar with, has been taken over by the government to house the clones. Since 2070, it has fallen into less than glamorous circumstances.

Also, there is a new ultra-modern Roosevelt Hotel, built in 2030. Typically, the patron who checks out the clone is housed there but not always.

PRODUCTION OPTIONS

1. Hire guest actors, contemporary celebrities, to portray themselves.
2. Hire look-alike actors, imitators, doublegangers, etc.
3. Use CGI to depict the historical figures. Currently, they are working on film starring James Dean.

Three Options on How the Series Handles History

- This can be a contemporary television show, depicting current personalities 40 years in the future.
- Or, we have the option of writing into the story, this was a secret CIA program from the Cold War. In that case, all the clones would have been from DNA collected from persons living in the Soviet Era. Roosevelt, Truman, even Willie Mays and Frank Robinson. Even Al Capone, Bugsy Siegel.
- Or, if the producers wanted an all of historical panorama for television. We could feature all the characters from George Washington, Thomas Edison, George S. Patton and John Kennedy.

GLOBAL ENTERPRISE

You are looking at a billion dollars. All the global markets have both celebrities and grand old hotels. The series makes sense everywhere. There are hotels with celebrity and television appeal in every major city. Once successful, this series can be expanded. We can license this television series out to producers around the world. For example…

- New York – Waldorf Astoria
- Tokyo - Imperial Hotel
- London - The Savoy
- Berlin - Adlon Kempinski
➢ Moscow - Izmailovo
➢ Rome - Hotel de Russie
➢ Beijing - Wanda Vista

THREE PILOTS TO CHOSE FROM

#1 – Public Opinion
The pilot begins with a U.S. Senate candidate entering the Roosevelt Hotel in 2080. She is nervous and looking behind her; she fears that she is being followed. She needs a speechwriter. She enters... checks in at the desk.... and is given a room #. Inside the room is who? A writer, or politician. Scientist. Famous professor? It’s Barak Obama. Demographics… This is the best way to build an audience! He will help the Senate candidate solve a “political” murder.

#2 - Gallo Del Infierno
Three female animal rights advocates overhear a conversation in a hair salon about a famous fighting rooster named Gallo Del Infierno. They plot to rescue the rooster, but when the task proves too difficult, the women go to the library and check out the roughest clones they can find (Steve Buscemi, Danny Trejo, and Texas Battle). The three clones will help the woman rescue the rooster.

#3 - 7/8ths Mile Club
When a teenage girl is abducted by a billionaire pimp who runs an anything-goes invitation-only 737 brothel, the girl's parents use the library to find their missing daughter. Two clones (Matt Damon and Ben Affleck) must take a flight (out of US airspace), infiltrate the brothel, and expose a billionaire hedge-fund manager who is blackmailing guests, and the girls are under-age. It’s a buddy movie; let’s put Matt Damon and Ben Affleck in the role of the Dr. William Harford character from Eyes Wide Open. The two clones learn the hedge-fund owner, turned pimp, is extorting politicians (for national security secrets) and royalty (for money and social position) and put him out of action.

EACH EPISODE

Each week people go to the Roosevelt, which in 2080, is a public library full of clones.

With a successful pilot many celebrities will want to appear. How many times does an actor get to play themselves? The guests are checked out and help someone different each week. The producer can pitch a guest appearance on this series as a “vacation” and “a chance to portray themselves,” and “inject a bit of their real personality.”
This TV series should have a very long run; there is an endless supply of personalities to appear on the show.

Filmmaker characters visit the hotel looking to use the clones as actors in historical films.

A student has alienated his professors by thinking too progressively; he can't pass his doctoral examination without help and advice. He hires one of the clones to coach him.

A woman can't pay her rent, and she receives the help of a clone, Jeff Bezos.

A juvenile parole officer can use a clone, Danny Trejo, to teach wisdom to a group of rebellious kids.

A writer can't complete his novel without a muse, Meryl Streep.

Two clones, from different demographic groups, written into each story can increase the audience. For example, Barak Obama (West and East Coast) and Blake Shelton (Midwest and South) would appeal to the highest number of people. Contrasting celebrities work opposite each other. Urban and rural. Old and young. Dramatic and comedic. Appeal to everyone!!

Life Inside the Roosevelt Library

- The clerk is an unsmiling “Russian passport inspector.” Very meticulous and methodical. She has an attention for detail. She is legalistic and the law-and-order type. The clones are all criminals… while they aren’t, she treats them this way.
- The concierge is an idealistic/dissident teenager, willing to break the rules and tell the bad guys to F-off! Each episode, she’s portrayed as lazy, but midway through each episode, she begins to work hard only after being enlightened.
- The food is rationed and unflattering. Worse than any prison or school cafeteria food. The cafeteria ladies try, but the clones are out of fashion and the system simply doesn’t provide for them.
- The closed and over-regulated economy inside the Roosevelt means that consumer goods from the outside are coveted by many clones. There is a healthy black-market at work. Everything is hidden. Hogan’s Heroes.
- The telephones and computers inside the Roosevelt are outdated, at least 20 years behind the technology outside.
• In the “official” shop in the library, the shelves are empty. Several Beryozki (underground stores) have sprung up in the rooms of clones. Only clones who have hard currency to spend can have cell phones, fresh fruit, and Kindles. All tolerated but illegal for clones.

• The more talented singer and musician clones’ songs are pirated on CD disks. They are not allowed, or must have special permission to distribute their art. No clone is allowed to profit from their “genetic” talents, everything belongs to the state. So many of the artists perform underground inside the library. Many artists continue working clandestinely, painting, sculpting, writing, music-making, photography and filmmaking, under other non-artists names or pseudonyms. Trumbo.

• There is an underground theater, newspaper and even a hidden Xerox machine for Samizdat documents. The clones are oppressed but have an underground economy. It is very difficult, impossible, to break the creative spirit of the clones.

• The lack of consumer products inspires extraordinary resourcefulness among clones: television aerials made out of forks and coat-hangers, a bath-plug made out of a boot heel, a road sign recycled as a shovel.

• Right up to the very end of the series, we still encounter right-wing monocular “humans” non-clones from outside the library who are defenders of the library system for clones. They support what is happening at the Roosevelt, what they still believed, against all the evidence of their senses, to be a good public policy.

• There are pro-clone propaganda posters. Huge posters in the library celebrated the towering intellects of the LA mayor, CA governor and US president (the oppressors). The clones can’t vote, but are subjected to the propaganda. There are posters, and even TV commercials, pointing to the societal and individual problems the clones are collectively solving; and the achievements of whichever five-year circulations goals they were supposed to reach. Clones are used to gather votes. Societal good.

• Occasionally, almost randomly, the directors of the program come and award a clone with a medal. It’s invariably AOC, the first female President and the leader who took executive-action (eminent-domain) to house the clones as “public goods” and for the old hotels to be used for the public good, like libraries.

• Stationed at a desk on each floor of the library is a government employee. Always a female, she keeps an eye on clones, maintains order and is the person clones must speak to get soap, toilet paper, a bath plug, or to dial an outside phone call. Somehow, these characters are always icy to begin with and then crack to show an unexpected warmth that makes you wonder how loyal they are to the government.
• Clones aren’t allowed to drive. The concierge is the only driver for the clones and when a clone gets into her vehicle and they reach for the seat belt, "You don't need it" is the first thing the concierge says. She feels that it is a kind of derogatory statement about her competence as a driver to wear a seat belt.
• There are lectures on the official, in house, television channel on the “scientific” (they are all orphans and social programming hadn’t yet caught up with genetic technology, schools failed to educate them properly), and “unexplained” phenomena (ghost in the genes) that make clones untrustworthy. Everyone watches bootlegged programs from outside the library, but some clones document and debate the social control they are subjected too. One writer (clone) is penning something similar to *Gulag Archipelago*. Documents are being smuggled out.
• There is a saying among the clones, “Without papers you are nothing but a cockroach.” Friends help their friends secure trips outside the Roosevelt with forged documents. Because clones are searched for contraband (anything bought without permission) when returning to “purchase” or “gift” papers are needed.
• At least one Los Angelino has a business where clones pay him to check them out. The clones pay him for a bit of freedom. And then the Angelino doesn’t put them to work but lets them free-lance or do what they want, unsupervised.

The Cast

While most of the attention will be on the show’s guest. There are regular supporting actors involved.

• The front desk CLERK gives each person who needs a clone, the options – who they can and can’t check out. She also foreshadows the weakness or flaw in each episode, things that will create obstacles. The clerk also outlines the profession and abilities of the clones, in case the viewer doesn’t know the guest/clone’s personality. The clerk is efficient! She’s robotic, you can even make her an android if you want; the show is set in 2080.

• The CONCIERGE is a bad employee, but each week she becomes “enlightened” and helps the clones in the end; she is their uber driver (however in a real jalopy), she is their research assistant (but she must borrow a computer or use her own personal phone). She symbolizes both the anger and hope of youth. The concierge is every clones sidekick and sounding board. This character’s trademark in each episode is that she curses out the bad guy. Her “trademark” in the show is that she always insults the antagonist. She’s “savage” and always says something without a filter. She’s
at times more raw and public with her words than people are comfortable with, but this is why she’ll be remembered/adored by the audience.

- I would like to pay homage to the CAFETERIA LADIES everywhere and create a few jobs for character actors (sweet older ladies) in L.A. by creating a few characters. Many of us have been on some campus, or other, from the time we were in the 1st grade, and even now, I see professor emeritus eating in the college cafeteria. The women that run the library’s cafeteria are always in a stew about government cutbacks. They feel for the clones and do their very best. One mature woman buys spices and other improvements with her own money. A second, older cafeteria worker brings spices from her own garden to liven up the bland government meals. A third cook, some kid, is a dumpster diver or shop-lifter… but when asked where they got certain items, they respond, “Ralphs” or “Bristol Farms.” Regardless of how they find the spices, they are selfless.

- There must be a HANDLER, a Stasi-like person who keeps an eye on the clones to make certain they don’t break any of the rules. This is a parole officer type, government bureaucrat, someone who was kicked off the police force. Someone who has the personality of Sue Sylvester in Glee or worse. This character is a Quixotic cop that needs to be a hero so badly they act foolishly. Or perhaps make the handler like Col. Klink from Hogan’s Heros.

- The GUARD at the front door is a teddy bear of a man. He’s well over seventy-years-old and lets most infractions go. He pretends to search the clones.

- The EXECUTIVE LIBRARIAN is always mentioned, but his/her office door is always shown closed. The shades are perpetually pulled closed. She/he might be dead for all we know. This person is supposed to exist but there have been cases where bureaucracies continue to function without leadership, sometimes for years. The employees of the library do what they want to. One, because the head librarian never answers the phone, and second, the employees have learned to call and fake a conversation that results in the librarian “allegedly” giving them instructions to do whatever the employee wants. In the last episode, we can open the office door and someone checks the voice mail… 829 messages. Or Cheech Marin is at the desk stoned out of his gourd.

**Realism for Television**

Realism for television may not be the norm for television; however, bad things happen, people aren’t all created equally (clones aren’t allowed to be the men and
women their donors were) and so they face obstacles, both internal and external. This series can’t avoid politics. Everything is political. So this series confronts health care, immigration, animal rights, income inequality, gun buybacks, workplace diversity, sports and water politics, etc. Both sides would be equally represented in theory. We live in turbulent times and TV should compliment that.

**Alternative Hotels**

- Millennium Biltmore Hotel
- *Queen Mary*
- Hotel Figueroa
- Hotel Normandie
- The Beverly Hills Hotel And Bungalows
- Beverly Wilshire
- Georgian Hotel
- Casa Del Mar
- Sportsmen's Lodge Hotel

**In conclusion…**

Los Angeles has many problems that need solving. Some problems are societal, and some are individual. It is a comforting thought that, in the future, there might be such a public library where people can go to check out help.
THE ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY

Episodes For Your Perusal

By Alan Nafzger

214-875-1305

The 7/8ths Mile High Club

COMPLETED SCRIPT #1

When a teenage girl is abducted by a billionaire pimp who runs an anything-goes invitation-only 737 brothel, the girl's parents use the library to find their missing daughter. Two clones (Matt Damon and Ben Affleck) must take a flight (out of US airspace), infiltrate the brothel and discover that a billionaire hedge-fund manager is extorting guests, and the girls are under-age. This is a buddy movie; let’s put Matt Damon and Ben Affleck in the role of the Dr. William Harford character from Eyes Wide Open, only they didn’t take the Hippocratic oath. They like to fight and raise Hell. The two clones take down the hedge-fund owner, turned pimp, who is extorting politicians (for national security secrets) and royalty (for money and social position).

Gallo del Infierno

COMPLETED SCRIPT #2

Three female animal rights advocates overhear a conversation in a hair salon about a famous rooster who fights under the name Gallo Del Infierno. With the idea of stealing the rooster, the activists try to infiltrate a cockfight but, of course, fail. The women look like Angela Lansbury, Betty White and Jamie Lee Curtis; they get temporary tattoos and dress the part and still fail. The women plead with their husbands to help them, but the men are all doctors and lawyers and heads of studios. Finally, the women head to the library and check out some “rough looking men” (Steve Buscemi, Danny Trejo and Texas Battle) who might be able to get them into the cockfight.

Juan leaves his home in Mexico when the moon is full. No money in his pocket. He steals a local 7-0 legend, a fighting rooster. He swims the river with the rooster under his arm. Gallo’s wings have been broken, he has one eye rollin' around crazy-like. Juan tells his girlfriend he’ll be back with money enough to buy the land that was stolen from both their parents.

Juan fights the rooster at West Covina and walks away with twenty-seven dollars and feels rich already. He fights in Lamont and wins ten hundred-dollar-bills. After a cockfight at Earlimart, he calls his girlfriend in Mexico with the news he is up to five-thousand dollars and that later he’ll put it all on Gallo Del Infierno. He wins again and travels to Mendota for the really big money! He gambles his $50,000 that his rooster will defeat a wicked black rooster named El Coyote. There is no return of the money after the bet is made. After the money is handed over, Juan discovers a tiny crack in the rooster’s
beak. He puts some super-glue on the crack but it’s only a temporary fix. If the rooster fights, he may die.

Let’s have the three clones steal the rooster before the fight and deliver it to the animal-rights women. Juan feels cheated by the owners of El Coyote and/or the oddsmaker/handler; he shoots at them in the dark. The gathering disperses and Juan disappears back into Mexico. Gallo Del Infierno survives to live on a farm; his new job is fertilizing the eggs of over 100 premium show chickens.

Public Opinion

COMPLETED SCRIPT #3

A clone (Barak Obama) comes to the aid of an olympic hero who is a California senatorial candidate. When the candidate’s campaign manager is murdered, Mr. Obama must help prove her innocence.

Bar Light Bar Bright

Despite their donors being in an elaborate, long-running, and exhausting feud, while housed in the library, the clones (Taylor Swift and Katy Perry) are best friends and writing partners (Bar Light Bar Bright). However, after 2070, clones are not allowed to “profit” from their “genetic talents” so they jump at the chance to help a song-writer overcome writer’s block. However, they must help the young singer-songwriter escape the clutches of her rapist manager. And, when a friend of the songwriter collapses on stage, Swift & Perry realize it wasn’t just exhaustion, but foul play.

Outlaw Band

A group of outlaws disguises themselves as clones to rob banks. They plant some of the money in one of the rooms at the Roosevelt to throw off the police. The only problem they’ve imitated Humphry Bogart who was never cloned. It’s an urban legend that Bogart is the only clone on “permanent reserve.” Let’s put clones (Rich Turner, David Steen, and Tony Cosmo) in the place of the detective characters in Reservoir Dogs.

You Look Good in White Neon

When a woman’s niece is having a wedding in San Francisco, she hires a clone (Zac Efron) to escort her. When the groom is linked to a murder at the rehearsal dinner, salsa and bachata night at a local neon night club/restaurant, Zac Efron works with the detective investigating the case.

Fightin’ Side of Me

A paraplegic war hero visits the library looking for sailors to help him participate in the yacht race. Numerous celebrities today are accomplished sailors; so the veteran chooses these two clones (Morgan Freeman and Jeremy Irons). However, a storm pops up and blows the war hero overboard. The clones must search their souls for the persistence to weather the storm and find their patron before he drowns.
After affecting the rescue, Freeman and Irons examine the wheelchair and find the axel has been broken in two, probably by a bullet. They investigate, motives, opportunity and videotapes. The two clones learn a second Navy seal fired a bullet from another race boat (an impossible shot) which collapsed the chair and sent the war hero into the sea.

**Big City Stripper**

A cowboy needs the help of a clone (Ricky Gervais) persuading his “girlfriend” to quit the topless dancing and marry him. She looks sleek and for a dollar a peak, you can make her acquaintance and leave. This looks like it's going to be a Cicero de Bergerac story; however, there is a twist. A suitcase full of cash falls from a plane (chased by the DEA) into the back of the cowboy’s pickup. Rather than report the discovery to the police, the cowboy decides (against Ricky’s advice) to buy the love of the dancer. Spending this much money puts a cartel on the cowboy’s trail and the cartel’s psychopathic killer dispassionately murders nearly everyone in Los Angeles in pursuit of his quarry and the money. Meanwhile, the “good-natured” Gervais comically supervises both the romance and the protection of the cowboy. Let’s put comedian Ricky Gervais in the role of the “Ed Tom Bell” character from *No Country for Old Men*.

**Awards Night**

At an awards program, Hollywood couple except “best picture;” she is adorned with a huge diamond, which, of course, entices dim-witted bumbling outlaws to take a swipe at it. After the awards program, they argue about who to thank if their film wins “Best Picture” at the next ceremony, who they left out this time. Meanwhile, the police impound a car with close-up photographs of the diamond, plans of the couple’s public schedule before and after the awards. The couple is made aware that thieves are planning to rob them of their precious diamond, but the police can’t spare the extra security needed. Dodging the paparazzi, the filmmakers (husband and wife) use a library clone (Sylvester Stallone) to protect their gigantic diamond. The bumbling (Apple Dumpling Gang) thieves finally figure out a new plan to nab the elusive diamond, even as its owner comes to her own drastic decision on its fate. It is a “blood diamond” and if it’s not stolen, someone is going to pitch it into the Pacific. Imagine a crime/comedy drama -- Stallone vs Don Knots.

**Cheaper to Keep Her**

A lawyer tries to keep his wife from finding out about his girlfriend who is also on the same vacation. Despite being a successful entertainment lawyer, the man has married without a prenuptial agreement. However, the lawyer is forced into bringing his wife on the vacation when she finds the tickets meant for his mistress and himself. Rather than disappoint the mistress, he visits the library the checks out a clone (Adam Sandler) to keep the mistress company on the vacation.

Why does the lawyer check out Adam Sandler? He is judged “funny enough” to keep the mistress’ attention but “not handsome or rich enough” for the mistress to fall in love with him. The actor, Adam Sandler, will laugh at that. When the mistress is raped, she begs the clone to persuade the lawyer from seeking revenge on her attackers.
You’re Blind and I’m Poor

A blind girl wins the lottery and hires a pair of clones (rivals Henry Winkler and Tom Hanks) to reunite her with her schoolmate/lover — who is no longer blind. The blind woman wonders if she can be “enough” to win the love of a formerly blind friend, who has regained his sight. But when the two former attendees of a school for the blind are reunited, something is amiss. It is a case of identity theft and the clones discover the fraud just before the blind girl is tricked into marriage by a con-artist and identity thief. The real schoolmate/lover is working overseas.

When the clones are brought to the run-down apartments where the blind, disabled and elderly are living, they learn the residents are being harassed by the developer/banker owner. The clones also discover that the banker has arranged to have the leader of the residents murdered and collapse the entire building in a nighttime “structural failure.”

The High Cost Of Living High

An addict gets out of prison and his mother hires a clone (Andrew Dice Clay) to watch him, coach him and bring him to Narcotics Anonymous meetings.

Glory Days

Once thought of as one of the best baseball players, winning multiple MVP awards and was a perennial All-Star, a player has become a candidate for Public Enemy Number One in Los Angeles for signing a ten-year, $850 million contract with the baseball team, declaring he would take them to a World Series. But after three years of last-place finishes, he’s caught on tape saying he never would have signed there if he’d known it was going to just be him "and twenty-five kids." When the team wants rid of him, he not only fails a PED test, accused of gambling but also suspected of murder. It all seems excessive, but the player has alienated so many people… it is plausible he’s been framed all three times. Clones (Alex Rodrigues and Pete Rose) leave the library to prove the player was framed in three unrelated incidences by a fan, the general manager, a disgruntled teammate.

Foundings

An orphanage paints a pretty picture and invites clones of famous orphans to come work at their 100th anniversary, which is also the week of a government inspection. The clones (Ice-T, Jamie Foxx, Frances McDormand) come and help out for a week, extra personnel that make it look like the children are being taken care of well. Ice-T plays the part of a counselor. Jamie Foxx becomes their basketball coach. Frances McDormand serves as a nurse. In their roles, they learn things are not as they seem. But before they can confront the superintendent of the home, he is killed. McDormand, Foxx and Ice-T must solve the murder and find homes for the kids. The superintendent was killed by a former disgruntled orphan who has risen to the rank of a government inspector.
**Red Rock Canyon Trail**

A cougar kills an Orange County infant and then a toddler. A clone (Ted Nugent), with an inherent (genetic) ability to hunt, is hired by the mayor to hunt the animal. Guns are illegal in 2080, so Nugent must use a bow. He’s checked out to kill the mountain lion without the media fan fair that would only stir panic. Nugent tracks the cougar into the mountains where he comes upon a couple, two naturalists. The man and woman have a strained relationship and we learn their son, years before, was killed by the same cougar. The woman blames this on her husband’s cowardice and indicates a romantic interest in Ted Nugent, an interest that eventually endangers Nugent’s life.

The husband figures he can save his marriage is if he proves his bravery and kills the mountain lion. The husband hunts the lion with an illegal gun. Ted goes up into the hills and finds the husband looking at the cougar's fresh tracks. Ted points they need bait, but they don't have any. With hatred and jealousy for Ted, the husband hits him over the head with his rifle butt, knocking him out. Ted wakes up tied to a pole. He shouts to the husband, "Let me go! You can't use a human for bait. Are you crazy!!!!" Of course, clones aren’t considered “human” by half the population. Ted reasons with the husband while working on his ropes. Ted tries to convince the husband that his wife loves him regardless, when suddenly Ted quiets down and listens. He tells the husband that the cat is close by. The husband stands up, The cat springs onto the husband mauling him, the illegal rifle flies off a cliff and is smashed on the rocks below. Ted frees himself and grabs his bow and arrow. The big cat jumps for Ted. Using the bow he fires. Sad, but the cat must be killed; once they have killed a human they will try again. Ted bandages up the husband says to him, "Come on, your wife's waiting".

**Six Episode Meal**

When a woman's divorce settlement goes south, she must return to Los Angeles without resources. It was the husband’s money and credit and he’s hid the money in offshore accounts. She stumbles into the Roosevelt looking to rent a room. She learns about the library. She's nearly destitute and sneaks into the cafeteria food-line with the clones. She befriends the cafeteria workers and clone (Gordon Ramsey).

Later she enters a Food Network cooking contest and the prize is ownership of her favorite childhood restaurant. The contest involves six Food Network episodes. Seven contestants, one is eliminated each episodes. With Ramsey’s leadership, other clones (Bobby Flay and Emeril Lagasse) all pitch in to help her win. They practice in the Library's kitchen. The cafeteria ladies are helpful and are improving their skills listening to the advice. The team cooks meals for the clones who are delighted with the improved food.

**The Uneven Bars**

Peach, a student at the prestigious Beverly Hills high school, was a world-class Olympic gymnast until an injury ended that. During the year off, she lost interest and never returned to the sport. She’s not the type to stay home reading books and her sister’s identity enables her to work as an uber driver; she learns about the library by picking up
and dropping off clones, prostitutes, and other interesting people. She likes living on the edge and perhaps she has a slightly self-destructive personality.

But her main goal is to marry her wealthy wrestler boyfriend Biff. However, the wrestling team is disbanded because of the federal Title IX rule; there are nine men’s teams and only eight women’s teams. Biff is about to transfer to another school. Peach decides to start a women’s gymnastics team so that Biff can stay. She finds six small but athletic girls at their high-school. The school’s principal approves the gymnastics team, on the condition that they find a coach who will volunteer their time; the budget is zero. With clone (Aly Raisman) as their coach, the team starts to learn gymnastics. Peach and Aly grow closer as they prepare for a match with a Houston team, Peach’s old team and now rival.

Peach also meets Dave, another wrestler player and he is a much better match for her. It’s pretty clear that Biff is all show… money and cars and clothes. Aly must persuade Peach that she should marry for love and not wealth. Romance solved.

One of the gymnasts on the team, Hope, is a rebellious 17-year-old with a collapsed building fetish. She and her boyfriend have a run-in with the law when they purposely collapse a half-built high rise construction site. Hope in court is told to repay the millions or be sent to a youth authority prison/school. She agrees to go to the vocational training school, ruining her life and chances at college. But the judge tells Hope that someone (obviously Aly) has written a letter and wants to speak. Aly convinces the judge that if she can make the Olympic team she can use the endorsement money to repay some of the property damage debts she still owes and go to college.

Wrongly Decided

BACK STORY & THE LAST EPISODE (season 12, episode 12)

In each episode, there is at least one reference to the good old days (before 2070), when the clones were housed in luxury and were everyone’s darling. Things were, at one time, great for clones until public opinion changed in 2070. The primary reason the clones are discriminated against in this series is because of a high profile murder that took place in 2070, which is ten years before the first episode.

An upcoming film director checks out a clone (Martin Scorsese) to be her guest on the set of a mother-daughter film she's directing. Scorsese meets both the director’s girlfriend and has-been movie star Miley Alimia, whose prima donna attitude endangers the film that was to be her comeback. And also Scorsese meets the young starlet Patti Alimia.

After the first scene is filmed, they all dine together with others including Chuck Weinstein (an agent), a producer, and a banker. In the parking lot, Patti is shot and killed by a street person, who in turn, gets a fatal bullet from Chuck. To everyone’s surprise, the film isn't canceled, but the director, after being persuaded by Chuck, checks out a beautiful clone (Elle McKinnon) from the library to take over Patti’s part. The homicide detective doesn't feel the need for investigating further, confident he has his shooter, a homeless man who is also dead. But Scorsese digs into the past and present of the Alimia family, the crew of the film, and the homeless man who he recognizes as an unemployed actor. Scorsese learns that McKinnon and Weinstein have fallen in love and the murder is a way of getting Patti Alimia out of the picture and put McKinnon into the starlet seat.
Chuck Weinstein hired the actor to play a homeless person and to shot Patti with blanks. Only Weinstein puts real bullets into the gun.

McKinnon and Weinstein are both charged with murder. Scorsese is able to cast doubt on McKinnon knowing what Weinstein was doing, but the jury convicts her anyway. McKinnon’s case tried in the media, blood is in the water and the case is wrongly decided (she’s NOT guilty), but the sorted story warps public opinion against the clones. It is the first and only serious crime ever committed by a clone. After this case, they can no longer drive, work, or marry or represent themselves in any way other than as a “clone.” They are no longer allowed to leave the Roosevelt without tons of regulations and a minder that’s lurking around trying to catch them breaking a rule. After 2070, EVERYTHING for a clone is a violation of the rules. They are relegated to a new legal classification, “book status.”
EPISODE: 7/8ths Mile High Club

MATT DAMON & BEN AFFLECK

TV Pilot by

Alan Nafzger
FADE IN

EXT. OVERLOOKING THE HOLLYWOOD BOWL – LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

We see a PHOTOGRAPHER (60) taking photos of the nightscape. We also see THUGS hanging around looking for an opportunity.

ASTRID (16) arrives from Texas. She is a fifteen-year-old runaway in her daddy’s Mercedes. The vehicle is loaded down with shoes, clothes and stuffed animals. She pulls up to the overlook and she excitedly exits the vehicle and runs to the railing. It is dark and the photographer can barely make her out.

ASTRID
Hollywood! Here I come.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Great view, huh?

ASTRID
Yes. The sweetest thing I’ve ever seen.

PHOTOGRAPHER
City of stars.

ASTRID
I’ve been dreaming about this my entire life.

PHOTOGRAPHER
You want a photo... to commemorate?
I just need to get some equipment.

(beat)
Free. Who knows, you may be famous someday.

ASTRID
I will be. Count on it.

Astrid nods, and the photographer moves to his vehicle.

TITLES
Astrid breaks out in a song (possibly something from *LA LA Land*, maybe *City of Stars*). Photographer returns with flash equipment.

END TITLES

He takes a photo of her, using the flash, and then looks at the results. Now, he sees her clearly in his viewfinder, face lit by the flash; he realizes how young she is.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

How old are you?

**ASTRID**

Eighteen.

The thugs ease nearer her Mercedes.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

You can’t work here until you’re eighteen or have a parent/guardian.

**ASTRID**

I have my sister’s ID.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

You’re a bad girl, aren’t ya?

**ASTRID**

Yes, but that’s not my screen image.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Oh, you’re an actress?

**ASTRID**

This time tomorrow, I will be.

**PHOTOGRAPHER**

Well, you look like the girl-next-door true but... you’re a runaway. You can’t be fifteen.

**ASTRID**

I’m 16.
PHOTOGRAPHER
Okay. But I’m guessing that might be your stuff, but it’s not your car.

ASTRID
It’s my daddy’s car. Don’t worry; he has a few. He won’t miss it.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Well. He’ll miss you.

ASTRID
It doesn’t matter; I’m here.

The thugs get into her Mercedes. She’s left the key fob in the console and they easily drive off in the car.

ASTRID
All my stuff. My shoes. My clothes. How’m I gonna make it in this town without my clothes?

Driving down the canyon, the thugs chunk her stuffed animals out. Every twenty yards, we see a discarded bear or unicorn.

ASTRID
Can you call the police, please?

LATER...

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER’S VAN – NIGHT

The photographer tries to hand her some money. She refuses.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Stubborn, huh?

ASTRID
Damn right. I know how this town works.

PHOTOGRAPHER
What?
ASTRID
I’m not sleeping with you or anyone else.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Well, once they realize you’re fifteen...

ASTRID
Sixteen.

PHOTOGRAPHER
You won’t have to worry about that.

ASTRID
Well, what’s the money for?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Let’s say it’s an advance.

ASTRID
I thought actresses paid photographers.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(obviously lying)
Who told you that?

ASTRID
Duh, magazines.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Take the money. I’m your personal photographer. Whenever, wherever you need. On the set, off the set, anything. Call me. The first dog you rescue, I’m the paparazzi who just happens to be there. Some tabloid Prince Charming asks you out on a date, call me.

ASTRID
I’m not sure about this.
PHOTOGRAPHER
Now, all of a sudden, you’re careful?

ASTRID
Well, I just had everything I own stolen.

PHOTOGRAPHER
And your father’s car. You’re in Los Angeles without any money.

ASTRID
I’m screwed.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Go home and in two years, maybe you’ll wanna come back.

ASTRID
Two years?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Come back with your daddy’s credit card and keep it on your person.

ASTRID
You’re willing to be my personal photographer, ’cause you think I’ll make it?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Kid, once you’re eighteen you’re a shoo-in. Here’s my business card. I’m an excellent photographer, but for now, go home.

INT. BUS STATION – LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

TUNRIDA and another FEMALE RECRUITER, two female pimps, are waiting in the bus station. They are passing the time, waiting on under-age talent to arrive in town.

FEMALE RECRUITER
There weren’t any WMD in Iraq man. Bush fought that war for nothing.
TUNRIDA
That’s all bullshit; I’m no historian but even back in the day the New York Times reported that U.S. servicemen had been exposed cleaning it up. They found it... soldiers found mustard gas (big whoop), and sarin (a really big deal); they just couldn’t tell anybody.

FEMALE RECRUITER
Really?

TUNRIDA
And my grandfather told me, they were absolutely told not to talk about it.

FEMALE RECRUITER
So with half the world thinking there weren’t any WMD, everybody was blaming him for making that shit up. Why didn’t Bush just come out and say, “Hey, look! We found WMD.” Show people pictures.

TUNRIDA
Well, it’s complicated and I’m workin’.

FEMALE RECRUITER
I don’t see any girls; so tell me, I want to understand.

TUNRIDA
Okay, even without the WMD, his reelection was solid.

FEMALE RECRUITER
Okay, what’d he care so long as he gets four more years.

TUNRIDA
And the Saddam hid that shit.

FEMALE RECRUITER
A course.
TUNRIDA
And we blew up the records and couldn't account for it all and didn't want the bad guys looking for it.

FEMALE RECRUITER
They might find the shit we missed. Okay.

TUNRIDA
And we didn’t want people to know how easy Sarin was to make and use.

FEMALE RECRUITER
So, out of the media, out of mind.

TUNRIDA
And even if Bush showed people photos, the left wouldn’t believe it anyway.

FEMALE RECRUITER
So what was the political benefit? I see.

TUNRIDA
And finally, who do you think taught them how to make sarin in the first place?

FEMALE RECRUITER
Bush?

TUNRIDA
Not him, but maybe his dad, we can assume. CIA, VP during the Iran-Iraq War.

FEMALE RECRUITER
Well, I’ll be damned. I thought he was a damned idiot and war-monger. He was just protecting his daddy.
TUNRIDA
You can look at it that way.

The female recruiter spots a CHINESE GIRL; she’s having difficulty speaking with the BUS COMPANY CLERK.

FEMALE RECRUITER
There’s a Chinese girl.

TUNRIDA
She looks eighteen and she’s leaving.

FEMALE RECRUITER
So?

TUNRIDA
I’m looking for a product I can put on a plane, not language lessons.

FEMALE RECRUITER
Hell, get ya one of these electronic translators.

The female recruiter pulls out a device.

FEMALE RECRUITER
That’s just like you corporate types; you can afford a 727, but you can’t buy a $27 electronic translator.

The female recruiter approaches the counter, device in hand.

Meanwhile, the Tunrida spots a young WHITE GIRL.

TUNRIDA
Your first time in Los Angeles?

WHITE GIRL
Does it show?
TUNRIDA
Maybe a little. But that’s fine.
Everyone has to leave somewhere.
Where you from?

WHITE GIRL
Iowa.

TUNRIDA
Farmgirl?
(beat)
You don’t look old enough to be
out here. How old are you?

WHITE GIRL
Sixteen.

TUNRIDA
That’s brave. Real brave.

WHITE GIRL
Thanks. I need to find a place to
stay.

TUNRIDA
Well, maybe I can help ya. But,
you’ve gotta be hungry. Had
breakfast?

WHITE GIRL
It’s the middle of the night.

TUNRIDA
Come on. Breakfast 24/7 here. City
Ordinance.

WHITE GIRL
Really?

TUNRIDA
Come on.

The female recruiter and the Chinese girl sit down and talk
via the translation device.

Tunrida and the white girl exit and get into a luxury car
as Astrid enters the station.
EXT. BUS STATION – LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

The photographer pulls up to the bus station and lets her out. He offers her the money, and she takes it this time. She smiles.

ASTRID
I’m Astrid. Nice to meet you.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Nice to meet you too; that your real name?

ASTRID
Thank god, I was born with a stage name. But then if... well you know what I mean.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Cool. I’ll remember that.

ASTRID
Thank you. I’m not likely to forget this.

INT. BUS STATION – LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

Astrid stands in line to buy a bus ticket, but she counts her money. Looks at the board of outgoing buses, she looks at a poster in the station for a discount hotel. Changes her mind.

ASTRID
(to the clerk)
No, I’ve come all this way. I should stay one night, at least.

The clerk gives her a strange look. Astrid backs away.

INT. ROOM AT DIVE HOTEL – LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

Astrid lays on her bed weeping. She stops and sits up.

ASTRID
(to herself/mirror)
No! I’m not crying over spilt milk. Yes, I know this is serious, but why would I just lay here feeling sorry for myself. I’m going home tomorrow, but maybe I should look around, you know?

EXT. NIGHT SPOTS – LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

MONTAGE

- Astrid walks through a notoriously dangerous area of Hollywood.

- It’s 2080 and there are still prostitutes.

- A pimp hits on her and then follows her a block.

- Drug addicts and alcoholics.

- Homeless man nearly barfs on her remaining pair of shoes.

- She walks past the old Roosevelt Hotel, now a library for celebrity clones.

- She walks past the New Roosevelt hotel.

- Glamorous couple exits. The woman is older but isn’t any more pretty than Astrid. She’s in an evening dress. He’s in a tuxedo. They get into a limousine.

- She enters the new hotel and sits in the coffee shop. She watches the stars and celebrities enter and leave.

END MONTAGE

Astrid exits the hotel and walks the direction she came from, back past the old Roosevelt.

A PIMP approaches her and gets in her face.

PIMP
Hey, pretty baby. You wanna go with me?
ASTRID
Get lost...

The pimp grabs her by her hair and pulls her into an ally.

PIMP
You should have agreed. Pretty little starlet. Oh, I’m gonna enjoy this.

Suddenly a “stage bottle” appears from nowhere and smashes into the pimps’ skull. It was swung by a tuxedoed man, JEFFREY EISENBERGER. The pimp pretends to have been knocked silly; he’s not a very good actor/stuntman.

EISENBERGER
Come on, let’s get back on the street.

Astrid walks rapidly with him out of the alley. Eisenberger is charming.

EISENBERGER
Hey, you’re young. Real young.

ASTRID
I’m eighteen.

EISENBERGER
Really. You don’t look it.

ASTRID
Thank you. And thank you so much for that back there. This just isn’t my day...

EISENBERGER
Los Angeles not working out for ya?

ASTRID
It’s okay, but...

A limousine pulls up and Eisenberger opens the door for her.
ASTRID
Who are you?

EISENBERGER
Jeffrey Eisenberger. Nice to meet you.

ASTRID
You some sort of movie exec? A producer?

EISENBERGER
I’ve financed a few films, but I’m a broker, a financial adviser, Pacific Financial Trust. Here’s my card.

ASTRID
I shouldn’t.

EISENBERGER
This isn’t the best part of town. Let me take you where you’re staying.

ASTRID
No one will ever believe this back in Windthorst. Can I keep this card?

EISENBERGER
Of course.

ASTRID
I’ll just walk.

EISENBERGER
Ridiculous.

She’s thinking about getting in; she’s looking inside. The DRIVER comes up behind her and pushes her inside. Inside, she fumbles for the other door but can’t get out. Eisenberger climbs in; his charm has disappeared.

EISENBERGER
It doesn’t open. It’s welded.
ASTRID

Who would...

He covers his face with a mask and sprays something in her face.

She screams and then she’s out like a light.

EXT/INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT HANGER - NIGHT

The limousine enters the airport security area. And pulls into a hanger. Inside the hanger is a large commercial plane, converted into a private jet.

Astrid disappears into the jet via the rear entrance. But the camera enters the jet via the front entrance.

INT. BOEING 727 - LOS ANGELES HANGER - NIGHT

Tour of the plane. There are at least twenty young women, they look like Astrid, but they are clearly willing prostitutes. The plane is nothing but a mid-air sex lair. There are deluxe furnishings, a spacious galley and an expansive cabin lounge, several private bedrooms, and even padded floors purposely designed for turbulent mid-flight sex.

Eisenberger shakes hands with a number of WEALTHY MALE CLIENTS as he moves toward the back of the plane.

EISENBERGER
Prince... Senator... Mr. Mayor...
Professor.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
How far to the island?

EISENBERGER
It’s not far, but the plane is fully stocked to enhance the experience of long-range travel.

(beat)

Enjoy yourself.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
I think I will.
Eisenberger walks to the rear – a dungeon room and then into a mile-high jail cell. Astrid is there, handcuffed to a bed.

LATER...

EXT. IN-FLIGHT – ABOVE PRIVATE ISLAND – SUNRISE

Smoke is billowing out of a caldera. Clearly, there used to be a town but it is abandoned. One building appears to be lived in, an old hotel. It looks like the south half of Monserrat.

PILOT
This is your pilot speaking. We are approaching Mr. Eisenberger’s private island. If you will look out your right side windows, you will notice that it’s a volcanic island, but not to worry; it hasn’t erupted in 280 years. You are perfectly safe to pursue whatever pleasure occurs to you.

The plane lands.

EXT. BOEING 727 – PRIVATE ISLAND TARMAC – SUNRISE

Eisenberger is waiting at the bottom of the stairs. He waits and then walks with the WEALTHY PROFESSOR to a golf cart.

EISENBERGER
This is very embarrassing. I’m very sorry.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
What?

EISENBERGER
I had no idea or she wouldn’t have been on board.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
What?

(beat)
Jeannie...
EISENBERGER
Yes.
(beat)
I have an office right here, maybe we should talk privately.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
What’s the matter?

EISENBERGER
I guess we should come up with a plan?
(beat)
Please, step inside.

They enter a small office, that is located and expressly designed to deliver this sort of bad news.

EISENBERGER
She’s sixteen. I just now learned that.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
No.

EISENBERGER
I’m afraid so.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
Sixteen?

EISENBERGER
Oh, don’t worry about that.
(beat)
You’re a distinguished professor of law. How many books? You’re on television constantly. You influence Supreme Court nominations. Come on, what are the odds this even comes out?

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
I hope not.
EISENBERGER
I’ve got some really choice investment opportunities; I want you to have a look at this.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
I already have a broker.

EISENBERGER
Have you ever considered an upgrade?

Tunrida, the female aide to Eisenberger, bursts into the office. It’s the pimp from the bus station. She’s his principal enabler.

TUNRIDA
The police are here. Asking questions.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
I thought this was a private island.

EISENBERGER
Well, it is, and it isn’t; you know what I mean? It’s not a crime unless there’s a country to prosecute you. And, the incident was in international air-space.

WEALTHY PROFESSOR
Think that’ll work?

The wealthy professor is stone-faced.

EISENBERGER
Don’t worry. I’ll take care of this.
(to Tunrida)
Can you show the professor to his room?

TUNRIDA
Yes, sir. I’ll take care of it.
There aren’t any police. Eisenberger exits the office into a locker room. Eisenberger then swims in the pool. Young girls everywhere.

The wealthy professor retires to his hotel room but is in a quandary what to do. He lays in bed for two days.

**EXT. PRIVATE AIR TERMINAL – LOS ANGELES – DAY**

Astrid’s mother (DENIM) and father (PAY) arrive on a small private jet with TXARK OIL on the fuselage. Waiting for them is an Uber car. The CONCIERGE is an Uber driver part-time.

**INT. CAFETERIA – ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY**

CAFETERIA LADIES are behind a counter. They might not say what the clones want to hear, but they’re trying to be pleasant.

**DAMON**

Chicken?

**AFFLECK**

Again?

**CAFETERIA LADY #1**

I’m sorry, gentlemen. I can only feed you what the government sends me.

**DAMON**

We should be content maybe. Standards in government institutions’ food used to be quite low.

**CAFETERIA LADY**

That’s right; this is grade C inspected chicken.

**AFFLECK**

Inspected?

**CAFETERIA LADY #2**

Government inspectors, if they showed up that day.
AFFLECK
And that means strict health and safety guidelines are enforced?

DAMON
But the flavor doesn't matter?

AFFLECK
What counts is that it doesn't kill you.

DAMON
Any chance you have some real salt back there?

CAFETERIA LADY #3
Gentlemen, the lithium chloride is on the tables? In the red shakers.

AFFLECK
What's in the black shakers?

DAMON
I don’t know but it’s not pepper.

INT. UBER CAR - LOS ANGELES - DAY

The concierge from the Roosevelt Public Library is the driver. The car drives itself, but the concierge is there reading a comic-book. Pay and Denim are in the backseat.

The father, Pay, is on the phone with a police lieutenant.

PAY
Lieutenant, a young girl, our daughter, disappears in Los Angeles and you can’t help us? (beat)
What do you mean it happens five times a day? It doesn’t happen to this family five times a day! (beat)
There’s nothing new? (beat)
Yes, you said that when you called us earlier.
(beat)
Well, that they found the car, stripped and burned. You already told us that.
(beat)
Nothing new?
(beat)
Okay, well if there is anything please call.
(beat)
I know you will.
(beat)
Thank you. Good-bye.

Pay turns to his wife.

PAY
He’s been sitting on his ass.

CONCIERGE
They do that.
(beat)
Sorry.

DENIM
(to Pay)
But you had Senator Agasga call.

PAY
He said that’s why they’re looking into it. But there isn’t any sense coming to the police station. They don’t have anything.

CONCIERGE
Never do.
(beat)
I’m sorry.

PAY
(to Denim)
No. It doesn’t seem to matter enough.

DENIM
But he told you what to do, who to see?
PAY
It’s okay. We’re here. We’ll find her.

DENIM
We have no clue what happened to her? Where do we start?

PAY
He said go home and wait. That she’ll call for bus fare when she’s out of money.

Long beat. Pay contemplates.

DENIM
What else did he say?

PAY
That this town keeps Western Union afloat.

Denim gasps in despair.

PAY
He’s not going to do anything.

DENIM
And you just let it go?

PAY
What did you want me to do?

DENIM
You just let him off the hook.

PAY
Well, I’m sorry.

DENIM
It sounds to me like he told you to forget about our daughter and not a harsh word from your mouth.
PAY
I just thought being polite would be...

DENIM
Polite? You work constantly. Since we were married, looking for oil. You’re basically a stranger to us. For what?

PAY
Well...

DENIM
Power, money and power. And now I expect you to use it to get my daughter back.

Denim is fragile and begins to sob.

CONCIERGE
Excuse me. I couldn’t help overhearing. You’re looking for your daughter? My other job is at the help desk over at the Roosevelt library.

TOM
What’s that?

CONCIERGE
It’s the Los Angeles housing unit for the clones.

DENIM
They have an old hotel in Texarkana for them.

The concierge hands Denim a library business card.

CONCIERGE
Ask for Mark Fuhrman; and if he’s not available, ask for Damon and Affleck.
PAY
Why?

CONCIERGE
Well, Fuhrman has great instincts, probably better than his donor. And well, Damon and Affleck they’re, legally just amateur detectives, but they’re just scrappy.

PAY
What?

CONCIERGE
You do realize the clones, they’re for check out? You can borrow them like a library book.

DENIM
Do you really think they can help?

CONCIERGE
I’ve driven them on a few cases. And yes, sometimes they can help.

DENIM
Clones can’t drive, honey.

PAY
Thanks but… can you take us around to the hospitals?

CONCIERGE
Sure, but take this card. The library is right here, if you need it.

They are driving on Hollywood Blvd and pass the library at just that instant.

INT. PIANO BAR - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Two female clones (FLORENCE PUGH and ALISON BRIE) enter and sit at a table. In the background, there is sloppy piano playing and drunken singing. It’s an ugly bar, dusty and lifeless.
BRIE
Where’s our patron?

PUGH
This is the worse place to wait.

BRIE
Is it the entertainment?

PUGH
No. It’s just so bleak.

BRIE
I’ve been living here ten years and I’ve never been in here.

PUGH
You need to get out of your room more.

BRIE
I know it. I’m trying to figure out how to get out of the building more.

PUGH
The clerk said they’ll meet us here.

BRIE
The shelves are empty.

PUGH
It hasn’t been a real bar since the government took over and moved us in.

BRIE
It’s not stopping them.

Ben Affleck and Matt Damon are drunk, singing a duet in the Roosevelt’s piano bar.

PUGH
Oh great. The singing detectives.
BRIE
They aren’t real detectives are they.

PUGH
They think they are.

BRIE
They’re drunk.
(beat)
How’d they get alcohol?

PUGH
Buy it up on the sixth floor.

BRIE
They have a still up there?
(beat)
What do they use?

PUGH
I don’t know, I heard it was hard candy and bread?

BRIE
Gross.

Two male clones (STEVEN ANDERSON and HULK HOGAN) enter the bar. They sit and they aren’t enjoying the entertainment. They give the piano and the players menacing looks.

A lady PARTON enters the bar. Pugh and Brie wave to her. They shake hands and leave the bar.

INT. LOBBY - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Pay seems opposed, so Denim approaches the CLERK’s desk.

CLERK
Hello, can I help you?

DENIM
Yes. Your concierge told us to ask for Mark Furman, a detective from the 1990s.

The clerk hits a few keys on the computer.
CLERK
He’s out.

DENIM
Any idea when he’ll be back.

CLERK
He probably won’t be returned for a while. He’s been checked out by the LAPD.

DENIM
Let’s see.
(beat)
Honey, who were the other two names?

Before her husband can answer...

CLERK
Affleck and Damon?

Denim looks at her husband.

PAY
Ya. I think those are the two names.

DENIM
They’ll be fine.

CLERK
Listen, if any of those clowns... I mean clones... give you a difficult time, file a complaint and we’ll send them up to San Quinten.

DENIM
Oh, I couldn’t...

CLERK
If they aren’t 100 percent complaint, it’s a violation of their community service years.
DENIM
Years? Just out of curiosity, how many years do they have?

CLERK
You know, as well as everyone, that in 2070 all clones were sentenced to 99 years community service.

DENIM
And that’s why they’re here at the library?

CLERK
Exactly.

DENIM
For being born?

CLERK
For being born clones.

Denim is a sympathizer. The clerk is a law-and-order type. The clerk hands Denim some papers to sign.

DENIM
Okay. I’ve never done this before, but our driver, the young lady at your help desk said there was some paperwork.

The clerk glances over to the help desk. The concierge is reading her comic-book, as always. The clerk pulls some papers out of the printer.

Wrestling/crashing sounds emerge from the bar. It sounds like things are being broken. The clerk ignores it. Concierge also. There is an old-timer, a GUARD and he appears half-deaf.

CLERK
Okay, this is for liability.

DENIM
I need liability insurance?
CLERK
Are you kidding? You can’t buy insurance on a clone. This is a liability release.

DENIM
A what?

INT. BATHROOM – ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY

Affleck is standing at the urinal. He hears the fighting, but he can’t just cut it off in mid-stream.

INT. PIANO BAR – ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY

Pay walks over the opens the bar door and looks inside.

AFFLECK
Excuse me, sir. I need to get in there.

Affleck maneuvers around Pay, through the door, into the bar.

Damon is fighting both professional wrestlers and losing. Affleck arrives and cracks a chair over one wrestler. Affleck is then picked up by the other and body-slammed into a table.

It’s an epic fight, but Affleck and Damon are losing.

INT. LOBBY – ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY

Pay, still standing in the door to the bar, motions to the GUARD at the front door. Pay points into the bar.

The guard is well over seventy-years-old, can hardly walk, bad hips and knees.

GUARD
What is it now?
(beat)
Never a minutes rest.

It takes a very long time for the guard to reach the bar. Inside the bar, the fighting continues.
CLERK
(to Denim)
For us. So you can’t sue us. In case they commit acts of violence.

DENIM
They commit acts of...?

CLERK
Of course, they do.

DENIM
Hum?

CLERK
You know there’s a reason we don’t clone people anymore... and they’re housed here. It’s not only for their protection but yours as well.

DENIM
Did something happen?

CLERK
I’m sorry; it’s not our policy to comment on burned cars, crashed planes, collapsed bridges, or cracked foundations.

DENIM
Well, I didn’t realize...

CLERK
Why do you need clones?

DENIM
Our daughter’s gone missing.

CLERK
I’m sorry.

DENIM
Well, we’re exhausted and want to borrow some people to help us look.
CLERK
You can’t have the clones without signing the release.

Denim is about to sign the release.

Damon is thrown through a stained glass window into the lobby. He shakes off the pain and returns inside.

DAMON
(to Pay at the door)
Excuse me, sir.

The clerk quickly takes back the document before it’s signed.

Affleck is thrown through the wood door and it falls off the hinges and Pay must catch it. Affleck picks himself off the floor and runs back into the bar.

AFFLECK
(to Pay at the door)
Excuse me, sir.

The guard arrives, and the fighting stops. Anderson and Hogan are exhausted and breathing heavily. Affleck and Damon are just too beaten-up and bruised to continue.

LATER...

All four clones are standing handcuffed in front of the clerk.

The clerk is looking at Denim, waiting. Denim is looking at her husband, waiting. Very long beat.

Pay pulls out a healthy amount of money.

The concierge is finally up from her chair and walking over.

Pay makes eye contact with the concierge and gestures for her advice. The concierge shrugs but then consents.

Just as the bribe is about to be paid, the concierge spins so not to witness anything. The clerk might not take it if she’s a witness. The guard also turns his head.
Pay hands the money to the clerk. The clerk slides the liability waiver documents across the counter to Denim.

UNIFORMED COPS arrive and the clerk points to Hulk Hogan and Steven Anderson. They are taken into custody.

COP
What about these two?

The cop points to Affleck and Damon.

CLERK
Nope, they’re staying.

The guard uncuffs Damon and Affleck.

DAMON
You boys gonna get a year for this. We were just playing the piano.

HOGAN
Badly!

AFFLECK
Look us up when you get out, tough guy!

CLERK
(pointing to Affleck)
Hey, shut up. I can always send you up.

INT. PIANO BAR – ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY

Affleck and Damon are sitting on a couch, listening.

DENIM
We’ve been everywhere.

AFFLECK
Hospitals?

DENIM
Half-way houses, even.
AFFLECK
Drug treatment centers?

DAMON
What about the film industry?

DENIM
The girl at the help-desk she drove us around to half a dozen talent agencies.

DAMON
The screen actor’s guild?

AFFLECK
Disney, Universal, Warner Brothers?

DAMON
Fox, Paramount, Columbia?

DENIM
No one’s ever heard of her.

DAMON
Well, it’s a big industry?

AFFLECK
You sure she’s out here to be an actor?

DENIM
It was her dream.

AFFLECK
It IS her dream. We’ll find her.

DAMON
Your relationship back in Texas. How was that working?

DENIM
I don’t know what that means?
Of course, we have had our problems. Just like any other family.

We love each other... we love her and she loves us.

But she just ran away?

No, ransom notes or phone calls?

They shake their heads, no.

She just ran away. No real reason.

Well, the lure of movies and all...

She needs our help.

Can you find her?

Of course, we can.

Astrid has been transferred off the plane into a secure room. Again she’s handcuffed to a bed. Eisenberger looks in on her and chuckles.

Damon and Affleck are waiting on their meal.

So assuming Astrid isn’t dead and was not abducted to be killed...
AFFLECK
The question is why was she taken.

DAMON
Answer, to be used. Forced to do something against her will.

AFFLECK
But what?

DAMON
What would a fifteen-year-old girl...

AFFLECK
She’s sixteen.

DAMON
What would a sixteen year Texas girl have to offer?

Both men are solemn.

They see television on the wall, headline: SEX TRAFFICKING EPIDEMIC. The two clones make a note of the reporter.

The food arrives and Affleck is overjoyed.

WAITRESS
A sampler of fish and other seafood, especially nice cod. Clam chowder...

AFFLECK
Cream-based?

WAITRESS
Of course. We never serve the tomato-based chowder like those savages in New York try to order.

(beat)
And the chef, says he knows you from across the street.

She gestures to the CHEF, who has stuck his head out the kitchen door. The celebrity chef (GORDON RAMSAY) waves.
WAITRESS
A plate of fried clams,
compliments of the Chef.

The Affleck and Damon wave back.

DAMON
It was very kind of Pay and Denim
to arrange our meals outside of
the library.
(beat)
And our buddy Gordon. Is it good?

AFFLECK
I’m never going back!

INT. TELEVISION OFFICE – LOS ANGELES – DAY

Damon and Affleck sit and listen as the REPORTER explains.

REPORTER
Don’t you see? That’s the beauty
of the whole thing. It’s not cheap
street corner prostitution. It’s high-end extortion, and the girls
that are disappearing are under-age.

DAMON
So in your story, you mention
politicians.

REPORTER
Someone is setting these politicians
up and blackmailing them. Let’s say
they need someone in their pocket. I
think they call this guy and say we
need x number of legislators.

DAMON
Who’s behind it?

REPORTER
We don’t know.
(beat)
Could be the White House, could be
one of our intelligence agencies?
AFFLECK
Could be a foreign intelligence agency.

REPORTER
Of course.
(beat)
It could be politicians they don’t even need. Just the opportunity is probably enough.

DAMON
There’s probably a slew of solid-state drives somewhere full of sex tapes and a stadium full of girls ready to come forward if they’re needed.

REPORTER
I personally have a tape of a well-known southern governor in a room with twins. And you wanna know what’s funny, there’s a respected poll that says if the election were held today...

AFFLECK
He’d win?

DAMON
You like this job?

REPORTER
My job is highly educational.

DAMON
I imagine it is.

REPORTER
I used to laugh.

Reporter laughs.

AFFLECK
You still do.
REPORTER
The politicians got it coming if you ask me.

AFFLECK
Well, that’s true if they’re screwing under-age girls...

DAMON
Perverted.

REPORTER
I’m gonna laugh when the guy falls...

DAMON
So, the shoe drops next Sunday?

REPORTER
Oh, no it’s far too early for that. Maybe in October. Is that why you’re here?

DAMON
We’re looking for a girl.

REPORTER
So is everybody.

AFFLECK
We need a tour of the places you mentioned in your article.

REPORTER
You can’t fly to Washington?

AFFLECK
No, the local cesspool.

REPORTER
You guys are clones; you can’t go into bars or brothels or anywhere like that.

AFFLECK
Apparently, we’re lacking in self-control.
DAMON
No discipline? Come one. That’s a stereotype.

REPORTER
My car is too small for all three of us.

DAMON
Our driver is down-stairs.

MONTAGE
- Exterior shots of ten LA topless bars.
- Interior shots dancers/prostitutes.

END MONTAGE

INT. CONCIERGE’S VEHICLE – DAY

They stop at a topless bar. They watch men enter and leave.

REPORTER
Now, the governor was set up in this club. The video I have was taken in one of the private backrooms.

AFFLECK
We’re going in. Right?

They exit the vehicle and look up at the sign: Sexual Harassment Pub. The concierge goes to the car trunk and finds a pair of brass-knuckles and an expandable telescopic steel baton. Two smoke bombs. The weapons go in her purse.

AFFLECK
The Sexual Harassment Pub?

DAMON
I didn’t think places like this still existed?

REPORTER
Why would you think that?
AFFLECK
Wasn’t there a revolution against this sort of thing back in the 20s? #metoo And you went to jail for looking at a woman wrong?

DAMON
You learn about it in history.

REPORTER
Well, apparently it didn’t stick. (chuckles)
You guys are a little out of date.

AFFLECK
It’s just that we, uh…

The concierge begins to walk with them also.

DAMON
Hey, where do you think you’re going?

CONCIERGE
The girl we’re looking for might be in there.

DAMON
So?

CONCIERGE
So, you might need my help.

AFFLECK
Can you please just wait in the car?

She reluctantly agrees and they continue across the parking lot.

DAMON
So why does the sign say “gentleman’s club”? 
REPORTER
It’s a retro club. You know from the time when gentlemen would go to these clubs.

AFFLECK
It also says “totally nude” is that retro too?

REPORTER
Well, in a way.
(beat)
After you gentlemen.

The reporter opens the door.

INT. THE SEXUAL HARASSMENT PUB – DAY

There are girls dancing on stage dressed in Catholic school uniforms and pig-tails. Drunk dudes are throwing money at them.

AFFLECK
Five dollars a beer?

DAMON
Good God!

REPORTER
Man, I never wanna leave here.
(beat)
That’s the manager. The owner is actually a broker... has an asset management company.

DAMON
How does a girl get into this?

REPORTER
Well, they can’t afford an apartment, a gym and acting lessons working for minimum wages. And they need the days for auditions and acting work if they find any. This is more lucrative than restaurant tips.
DAMON
How does a young girl get into this?

REPORTER
Look fellas, your girl didn’t get kidnapped into this. Look around, there are plenty of underage girls with fake IDs and they’re here dancing voluntarily.
   (pointing)
Oh, that’s Britney.
   (beat)
At one time, she was a high-class call girl.
   (beat)
She can probably help you out. Tell ya how a kid can get on the generosity wagon.

The clones approach BRITNEY.

REPORTER
Hey fellas, don’t be strangers.

Affleck and Damon approach her like they are fourteen.

BRITNEY
Two? Like I never did that before.
   (rolls eyes)
And I guess you want two for the price of one?

She looks at them and...

BRITNEY
Let me guess, you’ve been friends since you were kids.

DAMON & AFFLECK
As a matter of fact...

BRITNEY
And you shared all your toys? Share a bicycle?

Affleck and Damon are speechless. She chuckles.
BRITNEY
Follow me.

INT. PRIVATE BACKROOM - DAY

Damon shows Britney a photo.

BRITNEY
Who is this girl? One of your daughters?

DAMON
No. She’s the daughter of a friend. She’s been missing a week.

AFFLECK
No money and she’s a stranger to all this.

DAMON
But, she’s probably not here voluntarily?

Damon offers her some cash.

BRITNEY
Well, she’s probably not turned out yet.

DAMON
Why?

BRITNEY
Oh lord, it takes weeks, even months sometimes.

AFFLECK
Yea?

BRITNEY
Unless she’s getting a crash course.

AFFLECK
What’s that mean?
BRITNEY
Drugs. Torture. They have different methods?

DAMON
Who?

AFFLECK
Where?

BRITNEY
I don’t have personal knowledge of this and you didn’t hear it from me.

(beat)
About two years ago this millionaire... I think maybe even a billionaire. He starts going to pimps buying up every under-age kid.

DAMON
That doesn’t seem too smart.

BRITNEY
Oh, he didn’t do it personally. He had an assistant. A lady, wore a business suit, short blonde hair and 5’2”. Business cards even.

AFFLECK
And then he started in on the runaways, bus station, cheap hotels, shelters.

DAMON
Kids?

BRITNEY
Sure. Boys and girls; didn’t seem to matter to him.

AFFLECK
What about eighteen and up?

BRITNEY
Not interested.
DAMON
Okay.

BRITNEY
He does whatever he wants.

DAMON
And where can we find this guy?

BRITNEY
Well, at the corner of Harvard and Wilshire there’s a high-rise.

AFFLECK
Yes.

BRITNEY
People say he has some brokerage or asset management company. You know stocks, bonds, million-dollar business loans. He won’t even talk to you unless you have tens of millions.

DAMON
Okay.

BRITNEY
And he’s seriously connected, so you don’t even know me.

LATER...

INT. CONCIERGE’S VEHICLE – WILSHIRE BLVD – DAY

The vehicle drives itself, but the concierge is dealing with the onboard “technosexual” computer.

CONCIERGE
(whispering)
Snuggle bunny.

DAMON
I don’t think he can hear you.
CONCIERCE
Snuggle Bunny, list...

AFFLECK
Snuggle Bunny?

The two clones chuckle... and the concierge isn’t happy about this. She has an almost romantic relationship with the computer.

COMPUTER
(deep sexy voice)
How can I help you, Lady Bug?

More laughter.

CONCIERCE
Please list the brokers and financial advisors in the high rise at the corner of...

DAMON
Harvard

AFFLECK
And Wilshire.

CONCIERCE
Did you get that?

COMPUTER
Yes, Bug. One moment please.
(beat)
I’m ready to begin. Are you ready?

CONCIERCE
Yes. List them please.

COMPUTER
Applebaum
Bensimon
Chernik
Dershowitz
Eisenberger
AFFLECK
Wait. I know that name. I’ve heard it somewhere.

CONCIERCE
Snuggle Bunny, refresh our memory. Eisenberger.

COMPUTER
Jeffry Eisenberger highly placed, political fixer and bundler. Regularly attends political and social benefits. Contributed 2.8 million dollars last year to various political campaigns.

AFFLECK
He was on this morning’s television news.

COMPUTER
That is correct. It was speculated in the news report that Eisenberger is involved in human trafficking.

DAMON
How do I get an appointment?

COMPUTER
You can’t speak to him unless you are worth 10 million dollars.

DAMON
Call his office.

COMPUTER
Lady Bug?

CONCIERCE
Yes. Call Eisenberger.

Computer dials.

EISENBERGER’S SECRETARY
Pacific Financial Trust?
DAMON
(thick texas accent)
Hello, little lady. This is Pay Bennet. I want to talk to Jeffrey Eisenberger. I’m looking for a stockbroker and money manager. Seems like my little ol’ company TexArk Oil, we done outgrew our little ol’ state.

EISENBERGER’S SECRETARY
Well, Mr. Eisenberger doesn’t see just anyone.

DAMON
Well, do whatever you do when multi-millionaires call and want an appointment and then get back to me, please. Oh, and I’m running for Congress next time ’round, if that helps.

EISENBERGER’S SECRETARY
We’ll be in touch. Thank you for calling.

EXT. CAFÉ - NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - NIGHT

Denim bites into her meal and it’s not that interesting to her.

PAY
Denim, what’s wrong?

DENIM
Nothing.

PAY
Something’s wrong with your food?

DENIM
Our little girl is gone.

Denim weeps but tries to hold it back.
PAY
Well, hold it together until we find her.

DENIM
How?

PAY
Well, she needs you to be strong. I need you to stop crying. Finish your meal.

DENIM
She’s dead. I just know it.

PAY
She’s not dead. We’re going to find her.

DENIM
No, I feel it.

PAY
This is a very big city.

DENIM
Look at me. I’m shaking from head to toe.

PAY
If you’re strong enough not to panic...

DENIM
I’m not panicked, you asshole, I’m scared.

Everyone stares.

PAY
You look out of control.

She throws her bread at him.

DENIM
I blame you. If you’d been around more maybe she wouldn’t have run-
off. And it wouldn’t hurt you to show a little emotion every once in a while.

PAY
Look at you; ya’ can’t even help me look for her?

She gets up and storms out of the restaurant.

EXT. STREETS OF LOS ANGELES – NIGHT

MONTAGUE

- Pay, with picture in hand, approaches ten people, tourists, doormen, taxi drivers, bouncers at night clubs, cops, hosts of restaurants, joggers, prostitutes. Demim does the same.

- There is a line outside a night club and he walks the entire length showing him the photo of Astrid.

- On a city bus, Pay shows the photo. Demim the same, different bus.

- At Venice Beach, Pay collapses. Physical, mental and emotional exhaustion. Demim is in East LA asking people at a taco truck if they’ve seen Astrid.

END MONTAGUE

EXT. THE STRAND – VENICE BEACH – NIGHT

Affleck finds Pay walking into the Pacific. Suicide.

Affleck and Damon strip and swim out after him.

AFFLECK
Wouldn’t it be better to just have a cry and not swim to China?

PAY
I haven’t cried since middle school.
AFFLECK
It’s normal. Football, soldiering, bank robberies.

DAMON
Bank robberies?

AFFLECK
Well, you wouldn’t cry at a bank robbery, would ya? Men don’t normally cry.

DAMON
What does that have to do with anything? We are not gonna stop until we find her.

PAY
You’re just saying that. You’re a bunch of actors… specially trained bullshit artists.

DAMON
You know, in 2070, when they convicted us and put us in hotels/libraries, we were SEALs fighting in every war they could dream up.

PAY
Not actors?

DAMON
Well, I never met an actor until I was 20. Both our surrogate mom’s were soldiers.

PAY
You were SEALs when they locked you up?

DAMON
We were in the same position you’re in now. Only a little farther out, when they picked us up.
PAY
Training.

AFFLECK
Running... Swimming.

DAMON
Being a hero is nice, but it isn’t the most important thing.

PAY
My wife blames me and she’s right.

AFFLECK
No, I don’t think... seems to me her nerves are just...

DAMON
Maybe she’s just trying to motivate you a little.

AFFLECK
Hey, it worked. All-day, you’ve been looking? And now you’re exercising. Working it out of your system.

DAMON
And that’s good. Swimming is good.

PAY
No, my baby is gone. My sweet little girl is gone.

AFFLECK
You’ve been searching all night, haven’t ya?

PAY
I talked to a lot of assholes.

AFFLECK
Well, who’s awake and on the streets of LA at night?
PAY
Well, of course, but some people were very kind, but I honestly don’t think anybody will ever find her.

AFFLECK
Not necessarily.

PAY
You know something I don’t?

AFFLECK
We’re waiting on a call.

Pay stops swimming out. He may begin to swim back.

INT. HOTEL – PRIVATE ISLAND – DAY

In an office, Eisenberger is speaking with a WEALTHY CLIENT.

WEALTHY CLIENT
More investment opportunities?

EISENBERGER
Come with me. I want to show you something.

They exit the office and walk down a hall to Astrid’s room.

EISENBERGER
Untouched by anyone.
(to Astrid)
Astrid this is a very good friend of mine and I want you to...
(whispers)
Then afterward, you can go home.

ASTRID
Bullshit!

WEALTHY CLIENT
I will be alone with her without any assistance?
EISENBERGER
I’m fresh out of little blue pills, if that’s what you mean.

WEALTHY CLIENT
She’s agitated.

EISENBERGER
We can chill her out.

WEALTHY CLIENT
Don’t drug her.
(beat)
So what sort of investment are we talkin’ about?

EISENBERGER
What you’ve already invested, times three.

WEALTHY CLIENT
That’s a lot of money...

EISENBERGER
It’s an investment. Actually, she costs you nothing. Because you’re making money, only you’re making money with me instead of someone else.
(beat)
But remember no bruises on the face.

WEALTHY CLIENT
No, of course not.

EISENBERGER
Because if you do, there are penalties.

WEALTHY CLIENT
Penalties?

EISENBERGER
Fees.
INT. ROOM - NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY

A cell phone rings, and Denim picks it up. Pay is there, but remains silent, looking out the window to the Roosevelt Library.

DENIM
Texark Oil.  
(beat)
He’s not in at the moment. But he’s been expecting your call.  
(beat)
I’ll be happy to take a message.  
Mr. Eisenberger’s private island. Yes.  
(beat)
The airport? What time? Okay.  
(beat)
His brother is visiting him this weekend? Is that okay?  
(beat)
I’ll give him the message. Thank you.

She hands the phone to Pay who then dials Damon.

LATER...

INT. ROOM - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Damon hangs up the phone and we see a cache of weapons, including a pistol and Bowie knife, hidden in his room. He checks them and cleans the weapons.

INT. AFFLECK’S ROOM - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Affleck reads a book on geology. And also packs, fewer weapons.

INT. DAMON’S ROOM - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Damon puts the weapons inside a hidden compartment in the bottom of an overnight bag.

Affleck arrives.
AFFLECK
Packed?

DAMON
Ready.

Two female clones (Florence Pugh and Alison Brie) arrive and they just waltz in.

DAMON
You can’t be in here.

AFFLECK
(sarcastically)
You know the rules. No fraternization.

PUGH
That’s not a realistic policy and you know it.

BRIE
You can’t lock people up and not expect them to... fraternize.

DAMON
True enough.

AFFLECK
Fraternize that’s such a cool word.

BRIE
It’s one of my favorites.

DAMON
We understand, but...
(beat)
It’s just that we’re already on the brink if you know what I mean.

PUGH
We heard about the fight.

BRIE
But come on. You can spare us a few minutes.
PUGH
We’ve been locked up in his library just as long as you have.

BRIE
Where you guys going?

DAMON
We can’t tell you that.

PUGH
You guys going out for it?

BRIE
That’s so wrong.

AFFLECK
No, no. It’s nothing like that.

BRIE
(to Affleck)
You’ve had your heart broken.

AFFLECK
It’s been that obvious?

BRIE
Well, yea.

AFFLECK
Okay. Can we...

DAMON
We’re working.

BRIE
I believe you.

PUGH
Right. Sure.

BRIE
I don’t care, but you don’t have to go this very minute, do you?
DAMON
Actually, we do.

PUGH
Oh, forget it.

BRIE
(to Affleck)
Give me a hug and call me when you get back? I’m so glad you’re over it.

INT. CONCIERGE’S VEHICLE – DAY
The concierge is driving the clones to the airport.

AFFLECK
Hey, I need to ask you a question?
(beat)
You think she’ll be out there?

DAMON
Well to be honest, I’m not sure it matters. It would be nice to find her, but somebody’s daughter’ll be out there. Think of the steak, if we crack some heads.

EXT. PRIVATE AIRPORT – LOS ANGELES – DAY
Before Damon and Affleck exit a limousine, the concierge hands Damon a pair of handcuffs. He opens the hidden compartment.

DAMON
There isn’t room.

AFFLECK
Just throw it in the top.

DAMON
Good point.

Damon opens the top of his bag and in go the cuffs.
INT. HANGER – PRIVATE AIRPORT – LOS ANGELES – DAY

There is minimal security, but the people who work for Eisenberger do walk them through a metal detector. Damon’s bag triggers an alarm and Tunrida checks the bag on a table. She pulls out the handcuffs.

TUNRIDA
Expecting resistance?

DAMON
Well, you never really know.

TUNRIDA
Gentlemen, you are about to board the Lolita Express and fly to an island where the sex is safe, totally insane, and nearly always consensual.

Tunrida chuckles and returns the handcuffs to the bag and they board the plane. When Tunrida turns her back, Affleck grabs a flaregun and emergency flares.

EXT. BOEING 727 – IN-FLIGHT – NIGHT

There are nine or TEN MALE CLIENTS onboard. Several girls approach our two clones. Damon pretends to be airsick and Affleck pretends to be an alcoholic.

DAMON
I’m not feeling so well. Can I lay down somewhere?

LOLITA #1
Sure. You want me to come with you?

DAMON
If you want to. Sure.

Damon and LOLITA #1 lay down on the bed in a private room.

DAMON
I’m sorry, dear. Maybe I’ll be more fun when we land.
Damon turns over on his side, away from her pretending to sleep.

Affleck and LOLITA #2 spend the flight at the bar.

AFFLECK
Does this plane have a bar?

LOLITA #2
Of course.

Affleck drinks the girl under the table. She is laying on the floor when the Tunrida comes to check on the pair.

AFFLECK
I don’t think she’s accustomed to this much drinking.

EXT. BOEING 727 – PRIVATE ISLAND TARMAC – NIGHT

The plane lands and golf carts take the two clones to the hotel.

INT. HOTEL – PRIVATE ISLAND – DAY

In Eisenberger’s office, he’s cordial.

EISENBERGER
So how’d you make all that money? People drive electric vehicles now.

DAMON
Heating oil, jet fuel, petrochemical feedstocks, waxes, lubricating oils, and asphalt.

EISENBERGER
And what do you do?

AFFLECK
I’m a geologist.

DAMON
He finds the oil, and I pump it.
AFFLECK
That’s quite a volcano you have.

EISENBERGER
Well, it frightened everyone off the island.

DAMON
And you got it for a penny?

EISENBERGER
Almost.

AFFLECK
It’s dangerous.

EISENBERGER
What? An island full of teen-age women smokin’ hot and ready to go?

AFFLECK
All joking aside, that volcano looks like it’s hot and ready to go.

EISENBERGER
Well, like the market, it's just a matter of how much risk your willing to take.

(beat)
So gentlemen, we can talk about your investments later.

DAMON
Sure fine.

EISENBERGER
How about a little pyroclastic flow? Let me introduce you to some of the girls.

They leave the office and walk down a hallway.

Damon violently swings the bag and coldcocks a security man.

Eisenberger runs out and toward the plane.
Tunrida jumps on Damon’s back, tries to choke him.

Affleck takes out the baton and hits her several times, until she falls to the floor.

DAMON
Okay. Okay. That’s enough.

Damon has to stop his friend; the woman is on the ground.

AFFLECK
That’s not like me. Hitting a woman?

DAMON
No, it's not.

AFFLECK
Well, here’s one for good measure.

Affleck hits her again. Damon is a bit shocked.

DAMON
Chill, dude.

AFFLECK
What? She helped him identify and rape these girls. How can a woman enable an under-age sex ring like this?

DAMON
Fair enough.

AFFLECK
He didn’t do all this by himself.

DAMON
You want hit her again?

AFFLECK
Hold still, witch!

Affleck wacks her again!
A SECOND GUARD approaches. Damon opens a door into him knocking him out.

The THIRD GUARD has a pistol. Damon shots him.

Damon chases Eisenberger outside.

Affleck causes as much panic as possible to delay any guards getting outside. Affleck shots a FOURTH GUARD with the flaregun and it’s so cool, he fires other flares down empty hallways. Smoke and chaos.

AFFLECK
The volcano. It’s about to blow. Everyone out and onto the plane. Please everyone move quickly but calmly.

EXT. BOEING 727 - PRIVATE ISLAND TARMAC - NIGHT

Eisenberger is the first to reach the plane, but the stairs have been pulled back, and he can’t board. He’s so exhausted he walks over to a wheel and sits.

Damon puts the pistol to Eisenberger’s forehead.

He pulls the hammer back.

But he doesn’t pull the trigger.

He pulls out his handcuffs and cuffs Eisenberger to the strut assembly. Damon walks calmly back to the hotel.

Half the island is trying to get to the plane.

EISENBERGER
Help me.

Someone has pulled the stairs next to the plane. People ignore him trying to escape. The volcano doesn’t look any worse.

INT. HOTEL - PRIVATE ISLAND - DAY

Affleck isn’t just running down the halls now. He’s opening doors and shouting in a panic.
AFFLECK
What do you mean? I’m a trained geologist, University of Vermont, and all indications are, it’s about to blow.

MONTAGUE

- Opens the door on a client who is rubbing a Kindle all over the body of a young girl.

- Opens the door on a client who is having difficulty unlocking a pair of handcuffs.

- Opens the door on a bed full of every conceivable variety of vegetables. Man trying to rescue the vegetables.

- Opens the door on a role-playing game - male Marilyn Monroe and a female Charlie Caplan.

END MONTAGUE

Affleck kicks in the door to the room where they are holding Astrid. She is handcuffed to the bed but stands to fight the man she expects to attack her.

AFFLECK
Astrid?

Astrid is traumatized. She’s certain she’ll be raped. She is about to kick Affleck in the balls. He quickly takes a step back.

AFFLECK
No. No. I’m a good guy.
(beat)
It’s all right, I’ve come to take you home.

She doesn’t look entirely convinced.

AFFLECK
I just need to get you unlocked. You’re not gonna kick me in the balls are ya?
LATER...

INT. CAFÉ - NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - LUNCH

The two clones and the family are reunited at the table.

DENIM
We just wanted to say thank you.

ASTRID
Yes, thanks a bunch.

DAMON
Well, it was sort of fun... oh I guess not for you.

ASTRID
No, that’s okay. I’m glad you were there.

(beat)
I know who you are?

AFFLECK
You do?

ASTRID
Sure, you’re actors, friends from the 20s, I don’t know your names, but you won an academy award.

DAMON
Really, you recognize us?

ASTRID
I’ve seen every Oscar Award presentation, getting ready for when I win one someday.

AFFLECK
But not for a while now, I hope.

DAMON
Hard to win one in Texas.

ASTRID
I’ll be there for a while, I promise. But I’ll be back.
AFFLECK
Call the library and reserve us; we make excellent security.

DAMON
It’s sorta in our blood.

AFFLECK
When we were kids, we used to have business lunches and plan security for celebrities.

ASTRID
You never thought about being actors again?

DENIM
She’s going to be fine.

PAY
Yep, she’s back.

They get up to leave the restaurant.

PAY
Apparently, you got her out of there just in time.

The television’s volume is turned down, but the headline is clear: VOLCANO CAUSES EVACUATION. Live video of the volcano… It doesn’t look any worse than before. No mention of Eisenberger.

INT. TELEVISION OFFICE – LOS ANGELES – DAY

Damon and Affleck barge into the office without knocking. They approach the TV reporter in a very threatening manner.

REPORTER
I had nothing to do with it.

AFFLECK
You covered the volcano and not a word about Eisenberger!
REPORTER
That was an editorial decision.

DAMON
Curious.

REPORTER
Some government men came to speak with us.

AFFLECK
What men?

REPORTER
You know men in black suits and ear pieces. Not so polite. Unable to smile.

DAMON
And...

REPORTER
A few Senators called. Polite. Too polite.

AFFLECK
And what’d they say?

REPORTER
National security.
(beat)
I swear.
(beat)
We have to do what they say. Who’ll feed us information if we alienate the government?

DAMON
He’s got the juice.

AFFLECK
They’ll just set him up somewhere else.

REPORTER
New York.
(beat)
You didn’t hear that from me.
(beat)
You’re not surprised he’s back in business, are you?
(beat)
So as long as he has those tapes...

AFFLECK
He as tapes? So he’s protected?

DAMON
Correct?

REPORTER
Yeah. He’s a smart guy?

DAMON
A regular J. Edger Hoover.

REPORTER
He wears dresses?

AFFLECK
Really? Is that all they teach about Hoover in history classes, that he was a crossdresser?

DAMON
Apparently.

REPORTER
They have to let him walk. The guy is very talented at what he does. Useful, in fact.

INT. CAFÉ - NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DINNER

Astrid and a handsome YOUNG ACTOR are at the chef's table, watching Gordon Ramsey. Affleck, Damon, Pay and Denim are at a less important table across the room. Astrid is in her element. She’s as happy as a kitten.

AFFLECK
She sure works fast.

DENIM
Do you think they’re okay?
DAMON
Sure. He’s okay. He’s on what’s that show. I forget.

AFFLECK
She’ll probably learn something.

DAMON
Her first publicity.

Astrid’s photographer friend stops by their table.

YOUNG ACTOR
I’d love to.

ASTRID
Thank you.

The kids stand and have their photo taken.

AFFLECK
(to Denim)
Thank you for not returning us to the library immediately.

DAMON
We’ve been having chicken for two years now.

AFFLECK
And it tastes funny too.

DENIM
It’s the least we could do to show you our appreciation.

AFFLECK
This is a real steak.

DAMON
Is it?

AFFLECK
Well, it ain’t chicken.
PAY
There are a few men who could have gotten my daughter out of there alive, but I don’t know anyone who would have helped me out at Venice the way you did. Talking to me that night.
   (beat)
Your humanity saved my life.

DAMON
They aren’t going to prosecute Eisenberger. In fact, they are moving him to New York.

PAY
They’re going to let him go?

AFFLECK
Apparently, he has enough political connections.

DENIM
What sort of men...

DAMON
They call him an asset.

AFFLECK
He’s an ass alright.

DAMON
The other parents don’t have money or power.

DENIM
We do.

DAMON
No. No. You stay out of it.

AFFLECK
Take your daughter home and keep her there, at least for a while.

DAMON
But know, we’re not done yet.
AFFLECK
We’ll return ourselves to the library at the end of the week. I promise.

DAMON
So there aren’t any late charges.

PAY
Well, okay... I’ve arranged to pay for your meals here, so you don’t have to eat at your library.

AFFLECK
Thank you.

DENIM
No, thank you.

Pay and Denim exit the table.

DENIM
Keep an eye on them, please.

DAMON
Sure.

DENIM
(to Pay)
What about Venice?

PAY
Nothing dear.

LATER...

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Astrid and the young actor are watching a movie.

Damon and Affleck are chaperoning from the back row. They are loud and throw popcorn at each other. Talk during the movie.
Suddenly, Astrid’s phone vibrates. She reads the text and jumps up and the young actor follows her out of the theater.

Damon and Affleck follow.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

    DAMON
    Wait.

    AFFLECK
    What's the matter?

    ASTRID
    That was my mom. She said dad was on his way to kill that man.

She hands Affleck the phone; he reads the text.

Damon and Affleck wave down a taxi.

The TAXI DRIVER looks at them closely.

    DRIVER
    No damn way! I ain’t hauling no clones.

He points “No Clones” signs inside and outside the cab.

The young actor with Astrid hails a different cab.

The actor places them inside.

    YOUNG ACTOR
    I want these people taken wherever they want to go, understand?

This CABBIE nods.

INT/EXT. BUILDING - HARVARD AT WILSHIRE - DAY

There are four FEDERAL AGENTS escorting Eisenberger down the elevator to a federal-looking suburban.

A block away Pay has a pistol in his belt and is about to pull it. Just as Eisenberger and the federal goons exit the
building, from behind Pay, Damon and Affleck turn him down a side street.

AFFLECK
What were you going to do?

PAY
What do you think?

They stop walking at the highrise’s loading dock.

INT. EISENBERGER’S OFFICE – HARVARD AT WILSHIRE – DAY

The place is empty except for a few boxes, one desk and one computer. The concierge, from the Roosevelt library, is there. She’s going through papers, invoices, bank statements. She finds a book of passwords in a box labeled: Eisenberger’s Desk.

She sits at a computer, deleting video files from the cloud.

EXT. LOADING DOCK – HARVARD AT WILSHIRE – DAY

Moving van. WORKERS are loading what appears to be computer equipment and boxes. They pull down the back and lock it.

AFFLECK
You fellas done?

WORKER
That is the last of the servers.

DAMON
Thank you.

AFFLECK
Listen, Mr. Eisenberger wants to treat you guys. He appreciates you doing this on such short notice and...

DAMON
He wants you to have a meal, his compliments.
Affleck hands them a $100 bill and points to a nice restaurant.

    AFFLECK
    It’s on our boss.

    DAMON
    We’ll watch the van until you’re done eating.

INT. EISENBERGER’S OFFICE – HARVARD AT WILSHIRE – DAY

Damon enters the office and makes eye contact with the concierge. She simply points to a bag on the floor by the door.

On the computer, the concierge pulls up the building’s security cameras and turns them off.

EXT. LOADING DOCK – HARVARD AT WILSHIRE – DAY

Damon pulls a wine bottle out of the bag. He opens the lid and stuffs a rag into the bottle. He turns it up only a bit and some of the liquid spills out on the rag.

Damon hands the Molotov cocktail and the lighter to Affleck and he picks up a crowbar.

    AFFLECK
    Where’d you get that lighter?

    DAMON
    Borrowed it from Buscemi, on the ninth floor.

    AFFLECK
    Make sure he gets it back.

    DAMON
    I don’t want him on my ass, either.

    AFFLECK
    So in Texas, you’re in the petroleum business?
PAY
Yes.

AFFLECK
What do you know about the flammable properties of jet fuel?

Damon takes a prybar to the lock and opens the back of the moving van.

AFFLECK
Now, I’m only going to let you burn his servers if you promise not to shot him.

Affleck hands the gasoline bomb to Pay.

PAY
Well, you already kept me from shooting him.

AFFLECK
Good enough for me. Be my guest.

Affleck lights the rag. Pay pitches it into the back of the van. Damon pulls down the door on the van. Smoke immediately is billowing out of the van.

AFFLECK
Leave it up about two inches.

DAMON
Excellent thinking.

AFFLECK
Okay, take your family home now. Please?

DAMON
Yeah, before we get into more trouble.

PAY
Okay. Thank you.
INT. EISENBERGER’S OFFICE – HARVARD AT WILSHIRE – DAY

Affleck and Damon walk upstairs. They stick their head in the door.

   AFFLECK
   Find all those backup files?

The concierge nods, yes.

   CONCIERGE
   Done?

   DAMON
   Done!

INT. SECURITY – LAX – DAY

The federal agents escort Eisenberger to the line formed to get into the secure part of the terminal.

   FEDERAL AGENT #1
   Well, this is as far as we go.
   Good luck.

   EISENBERGER
   Thank you.

The federal agent #1 extends his hand. They shake.

LATER...

   FEDERAL AGENT #2
   (to agent #1)
   What’d you shake for? That guy’s a creep.

   FEDERAL AGENT #1
   Well, I might need a creep someday.

   FEDERAL AGENT #2
   My God, you wanna be the director of agency? I never thought you were ambitious.
FEDERAL AGENT #1
I don’t look it?

INT. COMMERCIAL JET – IN FLIGHT – DAY

First-class. Eisenberger has a drink. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1 smiles and is too polite in delivering it. And as she turns we see a sinister look as she glances back at him. Something slight makes us think that she knows who he is and what he’s done.

LATER...

Sweating profusely, Eisenberger enters the plane’s restroom.

LATER...

The flight attendant is knocking on the door. She makes a big deal out of it. Maybe she is just a tad too loud/obvious.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1
Sir. Sir. Are you okay in there?  
(to other attendants)  
Do you think we should open it?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #2
Let’s ask the captain.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT #1
He’s supposed to be some VIP financier.

LATER...

The captain arrives at the locked door. He opens it.

Jeffery Eisenberger is sprawled out, dead as a bug. There is intravenous drug paraphernalia (needles and small spoons) on the counter and on the floor. The man’s sleeve is pulled up and we see a quick-release tourniquet on his arm.

CAPTAIN
Looks like an accidental overdose.  
(beat)
Can I borrow someone’s phone?

The captain takes a photo or two, closes and locks the door.

LATER...

INT. CAFÉ - NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY

Damon and Affleck sit having breakfast.

DAMON
Enjoy the eggs?

AFFLECK
I haven’t had a real egg in... I don’t know how long.

DAMON
This is our last meal before we go back.

AFFLECK
Yeah, right.

DAMON
No seriously. We have to be back by noon.

Affleck is near tears.

AFFLECK
Man, I do NOT want to go back.

DAMON
Gotta, man.

The television on the wall is turned down, but the headline is clear: FINANCIER DIES OF ACCIDENTAL HEROIN OVERDOSE. We see the photos the captain took of the drug paraphernalia and the dead body.

END CREDITS

FADE OUT
PILOT CHARACTERS

PHOTOGRAPHER - Kinder, older paparazzi. Feels compassion for Astrid and gives her money. Maybe his daughter ran off to play steel-guitar in West Texas. Doesn’t want to break her dreams.

ASTRID - Sixteen-year-old runaway, obsessed with acting and celebrity. She’s stolen her father’s car and run off to Los Angeles. She is kidnapped and flown to a Eisenberger’s private island.


FEMALE RECRUITER - female pimp who can gain the trust of under-age runaways.

JEFFERY EISENBERGER - mutli-millionaire financier and extortionist. He extorts investments to his mutual fund by exposing men to underage girls. He is also used by the government.

DENIM - Wife of Pay and mother of Astrid.

PAY - Texas oilman and father of Astrid.

FLORENCE PUGH - female clone, bored with library life.

ALISON BRIE - female clone, plans to rescue Affleck from boredom.

PILOT - playboy pilot of Eisenberger’s Lolita Express.

PATRON - wealthy women, who will probably use Pugh and Brie to clean he house in Hollywood Hills.

STEVEN ANDERSON - Clone, bad boy wrestler

HULK HOGAN - Clone, bad boy wrestler and piano critic.

UNIFORMED COPS - they come to arrest Anderson and Hogan.
MATT DAMON – a clone of actor from the 2020s. A bit stoic and business-like. He was not a trained actor, but was a soldier until 2017.

BEN AFFLECK – a clone of actor from the 2020s. A bit of a comedian. He was not a trained actor, but was a soldier until 2017.

GORDON RAMSAY – a clone of celebrity chef from the 2020s. He’s been checked out of the library to work in the New Roosevelt hotel across the street from the library.

REGULAR CAST

CLERK – negative, robotic, law and order, managerial type.

CONCIERGE – lazy employee while inside the library. Outside the library, she is a firebrand behind whatever cause the clones are addressing.

CAFETERIA LADIES – Sweet and compassionate. Doing the best they can to feed the clones and be pleasant.
FADE IN

SUPER: No animals were harmed (or eaten) making this episode.

SUPER: Illegal cockfights in the United States claim the lives of thousands of animals each year.

SUPER: In the U.S., each year, 9 billion “broiler” (baby) chickens, both males and females, are raised and killed for food.

EXT. FIELD - VINEYARD - SAN AGUSTÍN MEXICO - DAY

JUAN ALAMILLO (17) is a Mexican national. He’s working with a harvest knife, for a few pesos a day, gathering grapes. JIMENA, his girlfriend, is opposite him with her knife. Juan and Jimena are mestizo.

Juan is happy, even dancing a bit to traditional Mexican music (perhaps México Lindo y Querido). However, Jimena is not happy. She is bitter and she’s bitter that Juan is having so much fun. Given the situation, she feels he should be bitter too.

JIMENA
Stop dancing for Christ’s sake and work.

Juan is totally whipped and immediately stops dancing.

BEGIN TITLES

INT. STEVE BUSCEMI’S ROOM - ROOSEVELT LIBRARY - DAY

STEVE BUSCEMI’s clone is rocking out to a power rock song (possibly Breaking the Law). Lip syncing and air guitar.

There is a MINDER (lady of the floor). Like a Soviet hotel, she is there to ration soap, towels and toiletries and make sure the guests (clones) don’t break any rules.

She knocks on the door and Buscemi answers... he smiles at her. She gestures to turn it down. She appears hacked at the loud music, but chuckles when the door is closed.

Buscemi turns it down 1 percent. Continues rocking.
INT. DANNY TREJO’S ROOM - ROOSEVELT LIBRARY - DAY

DANNY TREJO is listening to rock en Español (perhaps Black Magic Woman). Smoking, or not. Chilling out. The music is loud.

REPEAT: the minder tells him to turn it down. He doesn’t obey.

INT. TEXAS BATTLE’S ROOM - ROOSEVELT LIBRARY - DAY

TEXAS BATTLE’s clone isn’t the handsome soap star. Add a few tattoos and an attitude and he’s rocking out to hardcore thug hip-hop (possibly Move Bitch).

REPEAT: the minder tells him to turn it down. He doesn’t obey.

END TITLES

EXT. BARN - VINEYARD - SAN AGUSTÍN - DAY

Jimena, on a tractor, drives the final cart of grapes. The grapes are dumped into a truck for transportation to a winery.

There are twenty FIELD WORKERS and the VINEYARD OWNER, an aristocrat, what the Mexican government calls “light-skinned Mexicans”, the type of man they elect as President (Fox, Salinas, Obrador). Well-dressed and white.

The owner points to two workers -- Juan and Jimena. Jimena drives the truck and Juan sits beside her in the cab. They drive to the winery. The owner follows in a new Cadillac. Jimena drives angrily. Juan is happy listening to music, looking out the window at the fields.

INT. LOBBY - ROOSEVELT LIBRARY - DAY

JO BETTY WHITE walks into the CLERK’s desk.

CLERK
Hello, Jo. The usual?

JO BETTY
Yes, please.
The clerk hits a few keys on the computer.

CLERK
Chick’s Chick Farm?
(beat)
Let’s see.
(beat)
Steve Buscemi, Danny Trejo and…
(beat)
Texas Battle

JO BETTY
He’s not going to like that.

CLERK
Oh, yea?

JO BETTY
Oh, no. He’ll be fine. It’s just that he’s so handsome. Sometimes I can’t…

CLERK
Listen, if any of these clowns… I mean clones… give you a difficult time, file a complaint and we’ll send them down to San Quinten.

JO BETTY
Oh, I couldn’t…

CLERK
If they aren’t 100 percent complaint, it’s a violation of their community service years.

JO BETTY
Just out of curiosity, how years do they have?

CLERK
You know, as well as everyone, that in 2070 all clones were sentenced to 99 years community service.
JO BETTY
And that’s why they’re here at the library?

CLERK
Exactly.

JO BETTY
For being born?

CLERK
For being born clones.

Jo Betty is a sympathizer. The clerk is a law-and-order type. The clerk hands Jo Betty some papers to sign.

JO BETTY
Okay. I’ve done this before, but I’m not sure about this paperwork.

CLERK
Okay, this is for liability.

JO BETTY
I need liability insurance?

CLERK
Are you kidding? You can’t buy insurance on a clone. This is a liability release.

JO BETTY
A what?

CLERK
For us. So you can’t sue us. In case they commit acts of violence.

JO BETTY
They commit acts of...?

CLERK
Of course, they do.

JO BETTY
Hum?
CLERK
You know there’s a reason we don’t clone people anymore... and they’re housed here. It’s not only for their protection but yours as well.

JO BETTY
Did something happen that I don’t know about?

CLERK
I’m sorry; it’s not our policy to comment on...

JO BETTY
Well, I didn’t realize... I’ve used clones before to help clean, but...

CLERK
It says here you have a chicken breeding operation. Some sort of elite genetics? Breeding the next generation?

JO BETTY
It’s pretty much a hobby, but they don’t live forever, you know. Do you eat chicken?

CLERK
No.

JO BETTY
Well, some people do and I raise each generation to be better than the one before. You know, better and improved. Fatter more meaty chickens.

CLERK
You can’t have the clones without signing it.

Jo Betty signs the release.
CLERK
Shall I have them come down?

LATER...

STEVE BUSCEMI, DANNY TREJO and TEXAS BATTLE arrive at the desk.

CLERK
You have your work clothes on?

She gives them a good look over. They aren’t enthusiastic about this or probably any other job involving picking up shit.

ALL THREE MEN
Yes, ma’am.

STEVE BUSCEMI
Picking up chicken shit again?

JO BETTY
Someone has to, you know.

The clerk nods to the elderly GUARD at the door. The guard pretends to search them and lets them out of the library.

EXT. ROOSEVELT LIBRARY – DAY

The three clones climb into the back to a Jo Betty’s pickup, like they are migrant labor and accustomed to it.

EXT. WINERY – JUÁREZ MEXICO – DAY

Juan and Jimena arrive at the loading dock. As the grapes are unloaded, Jimena stands pissed. Juan wonders around a corner and some of the WINERY WORKERS are throwing dice. Juan gambles.

Jimena comes to fetch him back to the truck, but she’s too late. He’s lost his wristwatch. She’s even more pissed than before.

EXT. WINERY OFFICE – JUÁREZ – DAY

Standing in the drive, Juan and Jimena both witness the WINERY OWNER give a ton of money to the vineyard owner, who
fills a briefcase. She is entirely pissed now. He sees the payment also, but the injustice doesn’t quite register in his brain.

EXT. WINERY - JUÁREZ - DAY

Juan and Jimena get into the truck.

VINEYARD OWNER
I’m going to the bank. Return to the vineyards and collect your pay.

The vineyard owner gets into his Cadillac, and speeds off, the dust choking the pair.

When the Cadillac is out of sight. Juan is smiling at her. When he looks away, Jimena slugs him in arm.

JUAN
Awe! That hurt.

JIMENA
It was supposed to!

JUAN
Why do you hit me? You’re supposed to be loving. I’ve been your fiancé for how many years? Since we were babies.

JIMENA
Babies?

JUAN
Well, since we were very young. We’re gonna be married someday.

JIMENA
Shut up. I’m not in the mood to hear any of your fantasies.

JUAN
Fantasy? Why are you so angry? You know I love you and we will be married.
JIMENA
You idiota! That vineyard was our land. Your grandfather owned the far side and my grandfather owned the side where we worked today. The land was stolen from them.

JUAN
Do you ever wonder why our two families didn’t marry, until now?

JIMENA
We’re not married, but just my luck. My only option is to marry a man without a vineyard of his own.

JUAN
What man?

JIMENA
You. You dolt.

Juan doesn’t mind being called a “dolt.” He’s just happy to hear her admit that he’s her only option.

JUAN
It’s the history of all Mexico. Land stolen by corrupt politicians, bankers, swindlers, and light-skinned cheats.

(beat)
Who stole our grandfather’s land anyway?

JIMENA
I think a combination of different types of thieves.

Juan is now more reflective and sedate. He changes the channel on the radio and they ride with the saddest of songs (probably Creo en Ti), lamenting lost love.

INT/EXT. BARN – JO BETTY’S CHICK FARM – DAY

Buscemi, has a tractor with a front-end loader. He’s scraping up the chicken shit and loading it into a fertilizer pile.
There is a large sign on the outside of the barn, “Chicks $5”.

Buscemi does tricks with the tractor - swerving to frighten some chickens. Popping a wheelie. Jo Betty gives him a stern look and he tips his hat, like a cowboy, and returns to serious work.

    JO BETTY
    It’s so hard to find good help.

Battle and Trejo, have shovels in hand and are scooping it up (corners) where the tractor misses.

EXT. BARN - VINEYARD - SAN AGUSTÍN - DAY

There is a paytable. The FOREMAN and ACCOUNTANT are supervising the payout. Juan and Jimena stand in line in the hot sun, not enthusiastic. The other workers are happy to receive their pay.

Juan and Jimena receive their pay; Juan for a second is cheerful, but that is ended by a second blow to his arm. He drops his pay, quickly gathers it up. His arm was already sore.

    JUAN
    Why do you do that constantly?

    JIMENA
    To open your eyes. Why else?

    JUAN
    How many years are you going to hit me?

    JIMENA
    It depends if we’re married.

    JUAN
    Seriously, you’ll stop when we’re married?

    JIMENA
    Until you see what’s going on around here.
JUAN
It’s not necessary, you know. I understand your point of view. I’m your devoted servant in this.

JIMENA
I don’t think you are.

JUAN
I carry your photo everywhere with me in a gold locket.

He has a gold locket. He pulls it from his shirt. She scoffs.

JIMENA
It’s the only valuable thing you own.

JUAN
Probably.

JIMENA
If you lose it gambling, I will not marry you.

Juan looks at his sparse money.

JUAN
I might not marry you. My...

He holds his sore arm. She makes an angry face and storms away. Realizing his mistake, Juan runs after her, pleading.

JUAN
No, no. I was only joking about my poor arm. We’ll have a grand wedding. My family will pay.

She stops and looks at him, looking for something.

JIMENA
I’ll not marry you...
(beat)
Not until you buy back our land.
JUAN
Are you serious?

JIMENA
Do I look serious?

Still angry, she walks away. He follows.

JUAN
I have money in my pocket.

JIMENA
You have a little money in your pocket.

JUAN
And there is a dance tonight.

He does a little jig. She looks at him with a blank look on her face. Long beat. She may think he’s a fool, or she’s just angry.

JUAN
Do you want to go?

JIMENA
Maybe. Maybe not.

INT. ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – NIGHT

Exhausted and filthy. Buscemi, Battle, and Trejo enter, are sort of searched, and use the elevator. The guard wrinkles his nose. They smell like chicken shit.

EXT. DANCE – JUÁREZ – NIGHT

The moon is full. Juan and Jimena dance. She’s not enthusiastic.

JUAN
So, when ya wanna get married?

Something bothers her. She’s coy and glancing at every cowboy.

JIMENA
I don’t know.
We see Jemina from Juan’s point of view. She walks to the bar and asks the time from a nice-looking URBAN VAQUERO. He’s economically stable: new clothes, nice gold-watch, alligator boots. Leather belt, silver buckle, and has money for drinks.

Juan dances with a PRETTY GIRL, trying to make Jimena jealous, but she doesn’t even look over to him. The pretty girl looks at Juan affectionately. As they dance, he doesn’t take his eyes off of Jimena. Jimena’s flirting with the urban cowboy.

JUAN
What do ya think of me?

PRETTY GIRL
You smell nice. You’re funny. You tell jokes I never heard before. You’re a good dancer.

Juan contemplates. The pretty girl gambles; maybe he’s looking for a wife.

PRETTY GIRL
You’re the type of man I’d like to marry.

Juan drops her hand and storms away in the middle of the song.

PRETTY GIRL
Wait. Wait. I was only joking. I’m sorry I upset you. You’re just a nice man! Can we leave it at that?

She follows him a block, pleading, then returns to the dance.

INT. LOBBY - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Buscemi approaches the CONCIERGE; he’s fresh out of a cold shower. She briefly looks up from her comic-book and points to a cardboard box for complaints.
BUSCEMI
Yea, yea. I know. Write the complaint and pray the government listens.

Buscemi shivers as he writes his complaint. The concierge continues to read her comic book.

BUSCEMI
Look, I’m shaking. The water is so cold I can’t even write straight.

CONCIERGE
(not looking up)
A better word would be shivering, not shaking.

BUSCEMI
What’s the difference? I’m freezing!

There isn’t any reaction from the concierge.

BUSCEMI
I don’t know why the library can’t provide hot water. Do you know how horrible an experience it is to come home to a cold shower?
(beat)
We clones don’t just sit around on our ass all day, like you government types, you know. Let’s say a clone (often a female - you should identify - you’re a woman who works, occasionally) if a woman has a rough day. She's suffered some sort of physical or emotional trauma, like being covered completely in shit, that might make her want to run home and get into the shower.
(beat)
You’re a woman, the first thing you want to do is go home and take a nice, long, hot shower, put on pajamas, and just forget about all
the shit poured on you during the day. Right?

CONCIERGE
Are you trying to tell me you’re a woman?

The concierge glances up for a fraction of a second.

BUSCEMI
No! What I’m saying is hot water is an archetypal purifier in general, capable of washing away sins or past events.

Buscemi is finished writing “Fix the Damn Hot Water” and puts the complaint in the box.

CONCIERGE
(sarcastic)
Have a nice night.

INT. CAFETERIA - ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

Trejo and Battle enter the cafeteria, which is empty. There are friendly CAFETERIA LADIES behind the serving counter, waiting.

CAFETERIA LADY
Where’s Mr. Buscemi?

TREJO
The hot water is out again and he stopped at the concierge to file a complaint.

CAFETERIA LADY
I love him; he’s so funny.

BATTLE
Here he comes.

Buscemi isn’t angry anymore. All the clones love people who treat them well. The cafeteria ladies are sweet and sympathetic.
BUSCEMI
Hello ladies. It’s late. You kept the chow-hall open for us?

CAFETERIA LADY
Yes, sir.

BUSCEMI
Wow, thank you.

CAFETERIA LADY
Well, you’ve been out paying your debt to society. It’s the least we can do.

The food workers put chicken on the three trays.

TREJO
Chicken?

CAFETERIA LADY
What’s the matter? Sweety.

BATTLE
(polite)
We’ve had chicken every day for two years now.

CAFETERIA LADY
I know it, honey. I’m sorry. But I can only cook what the government sends me.

BUSCEMI
It’s okay fellows, she’s doing the best she can.

CAFETERIA LADY
(to Buscemi)
Why honey, what do you want?

BUSCEMI
Pizza?

CAFETERIA LADY
Now you know we don’t feed you people pizza.
BUSCEMI
I’m not trying to be an ass, but can I ask why?

CAFETERIA LADY
Regulations.
(beat)
Wait a minute.

She disappears into her office.

BATTLE
I don’t know about you guys, but I’m sick of chicken.

TREJO
I’ve had so much chicken, I think I’m spoutin’ wings.

She brings out a notebook. It’s six inches thick. She points to a paragraph and she shows it to Buscemi. He reads it. He gestures that he understands… but it’s clear he’s a little hacked-off. He doesn’t dare smart-off to the cafeteria ladies.

BUSCEMI
Oh. Oh. Oh. Fellas… I think I found a loop-hole. It says here, there’s an application for special meals.

CAFETERIA LADY
Yes, I can do that. It’s a one-time special exemption.

BUSCEMI
How long does that generally take?

CAFETERIA LADY
Oh, honey. One time the president came to tour the library.

BUSCEMI
And you got special permission for pizza?
CAFETERIA LADY
About the time he was leaving office.

The men take their trays.

BUSCEMI
Well, thank you ladies... We love what you do and appreciate you staying late for us.

CAFETERIA LADY
No problem, dear. Enjoy your chicken.

INT. SECLUDED BARN - JUÁREZ - NIGHT

Juan enters and finds a cockfight. Technically illegal in Chihuahua, but still there aren’t lookouts because everyone in the Mexican government over-looks the tradition.

There is a man there, however that asks to see the money. Juan flashes his cash and is waved in.

CAMERA: It is impossible to show the fighting. No blood, and no spurs, and no dead chickens. Maybe at the bottom of the screen a rooster’s head flies up for a fraction of a second then falls out of sight, they leap at each other. So, the CAMERA must show the crowd... entirely gamblers. Some have earplugs, it’s so loud. It’s like a soccer match, but bloodier (blood NOT shown). Show Juárez’s hardest desperados and gamblers, who grimace at some of the fighting.

Now, if this series is streamed, the director might show blood splatter on boots.

There aren’t ANNOUNCERS... real fights are far too amateurish. However, American TV viewers will identify with boxing or professional wrestling announcers. The story needs narrators.

ANNOUNCER
Conceived in hell and undefeated in over 100 fights. In this corner, Gallo del Infierno.
Everyone cheers.

JUAN
Is it true; over 100 fights?

OBSERVER
Yes.

Juan is skeptical about the “Rooster from Hell.”

JUAN
The rooster looks old and tired.

OBSERVER
He’s already had five fights tonight.

ANNOUNCER
And in this corner. A very nice-looking rooster. I don’t know; what’s his name?

The OWNER OF THE CHALLENGER shrugs that he doesn’t have a name.

ANNOUNCER
But he’s fresh.

Others cheer.

JUAN
What are the odds?

JUÁREZ GAMBLER
Five to one.

Juan hands over his money.

JUAN
On the fresh rooster!

The fight begins and the crowd reacts predictably.

LATER...
ANNOUNCER
And the winner tonight, leaving six brave roosters laying in the sand. Gallo del Infierno!!!

Juan has lost... the last of his money. He’s in a daze.

OBSERVER
Ha, ha. You don’t see dead roosters in the sand, amigo? You see your hard-earned pay. You can’t beat a rooster conceived in Hell.

Juan is now angry. The fun-loving care-free young man is transformed into a different person. His girl is a huge question mark and he’s penniless. He’s been to a cockfight; he grasps at the locket around his neck. Confirms that it’s still there.

In the crowd, he finds the aristocratic OWNER of Del Infierno, as he takes the rooster up in his arms and exits the barn.

EXT. DARK STREETS – JUÁREZ – NIGHT
Juan follows the rooster and his owner. Juan must follow at a distance. The owner, unknowing, leads him to his home.

EXT. HOME OF GALLO DEL INFIERNO – JUÁREZ – NIGHT
A full moon for light. It is a nice home, but in the back are even more elaborate pens where the roosters are housed. There is a small shack where the feed and equipment are stored.

Juan watches from a secluded location. The owner places Del Infierno in a pen and Juan counts how many pens over from the right. He’s planning on stealing him at first opportunity.

JUAN
One, two, three, four. Fourth pen.

In view of Juan, the owner then takes a sum of money out of his pocket, puts it in a can and enters the shed. He exits the shed.
Juan waits... sleeps.

LATER...

EXT. HOME OF GALLO DEL INFIERNO - JUÁREZ - PRE-DAWN

A rooster crows... the sun will be up soon. Juan wakes up.

Juan runs down the hill and takes up the famous rooster. He looks at the house... it’s still silent with no lights. He places the rooster under his arm and is about to leave. He thinks twice as he passes the shed.

He enters the shed. There are sacks of feed, and on a shelf are various medicines, spurs, little boxing gloves. A bag of equipment. He reaches in... not easy with a rooster under your arm. He cuts a finger when he reaches into it. He finds the owner’s hiding place (can full of cash).

He leaves out of the shed, with a bag of equipment, runs and then walks leisurely down an alley behind the home.

EXT. ALLEY - JUÁREZ - DAWN

Suddenly, there is a shotgun blast and Juan feels a pellet. He begins to run. He doesn’t stop and he doesn’t drop the rooster.

LATER...

EXT. SUBURB OF JUÁREZ - RINCÓN DEL RÍO - DAY

Juan can see the Texas desert in the distance. There is a convenience store and he buys a gallon of water.

EXT. DESERT - MEXICO ON THE BORDER - DAY

It is scorching hot and Juan is traveling on foot. He walks across the Rio Grande River, waist deep, with the rooster under his arm. Danger of him being swept away, but they make it to Texas. He trips as he walks over the crumbling/collapsed border “wall” and joins other immigrants who are streaming over.

EXT. DESERT - ACROSS THE BORDER IN TEXAS - DAY
The immigrants have all dispersed in various directions (NW, N, and NE, some even to the SE) and Juan finds himself alone in the desert with a rooster and a gallon of water.

A grave made of rocks. It looks fresh, but Juan is so hot and tired from his trek, he sits on it. He drinks water. He puts some in his cupped hand for the rooster. The rooster drinks.

The rocks on the grave begin to move... Juan jumps up. He might believe it’s a ghost. He drops Del Infierno and runs behind a mesquite tree/bush. Not much hiding. The rooster walks to a bed of red ants and begins pecking at them. Dinner.

It’s a boy, ALEJANDRO (10). A young Hispanic boy; he’s filthy, every inch of him covered with dirt, but he’s not dead.

He sits up. Weak he can’t rise to his feet. He collapses.

It’s eerie. Juan slowly approaches.

LATER...

Juan has the boy sitting up and is slowly giving him water.

LATER...

The boy regains consciousness. His eyes focus on the rooster, who is still eating ants. Alejandro is dazed and confused.

ALEJANDRO
Is that a fighting rooster?

JUAN
What happened to you?

ALEJANDRO
I don’t know. I think I was buried.

JUAN
You were. By your family?
ALEJANDRO
No.

JUAN
Where’s your family?

ALEJANDRO
Mexico.

JUAN
My god, why’d you leave?

ALEJANDRO
I was hungry.

JUAN
Oh.

ALEJANDRO
I was traveling with others.

JUAN
Apparently, they thought you were dead.

ALEJANDRO
I’m not?

JUAN
No, I don’t think.

ALEJANDRO
Is that your rooster?

LATER...

The boy is sitting up on his own. He looks 80 percent improved.

ALEJANDRO
You shouldn’t let your rooster eat too many ants...

JUAN
Why?
ALEJANDRO
They bite and sting like a mother.
You’ve never been bitten?

JUAN
Sure.

ALEJANDRO
A few ants are good. They’ll give him some fire in his belly, good for fighting. But too many and it’ll hurt his tummy.

JUAN
Who are you?

ALEJANDRO
Alejandro López De Fernández.

JUAN
You know about roosters?

ALEJANDRO
Of course.

Juan gets up and chases the rooster. Can’t catch it. The boy laughs. The boy notices a bloody spot on Juan’s shirt.

LATER...

Alejandro searches his empty backpack. Juan is exhausted in the shade. Alejandro is recovered and chases the rooster. He catches it with little effort.

JUAN
Are you a chicken whisperer?

ALEJANDRO
It doesn’t do any good to whisper. They will run from you regardless.

Juan is tired/wounded but feels fortunate to have found the boy.

JUAN
It’s a famous chicken.
ALEJANDRO
It’s a rooster.

JUAN
Oh, yes, yes. I keep forgetting.

ALEJANDRO
He doesn’t look like much.
(beat)
Both wings are broken, and he only has one eye.

Juan just now notices.

ALEJANDRO
And the one eye he has looks bad.

JUAN
What?

ALEJANDRO
Look.

DIGITAL FX: the one-eyed rooster is cross-eyed.

ALEJANDRO
That one eye is rolling around crazy in the socket.

Alejandro holds up a finger in front of the rooster and he moves it left and right... the head of the rooster follows it, but his one eye is looking elsewhere.

ALEJANDRO
This chicken can’t fight.

JUAN
Why?

ALEJANDRO
He just can’t; look at him.

JUAN
He’s fought 100 times and has never lost.
ALEJANDRO
He’ll lose.

JUAN
He’s a highly valuable gaming rooster.

ALEJANDRO
Well maybe at one time, but in the end, they all lose. It’s part of the game.

Juan contemplates. He appears to feel guilty.

JUAN
When do you think he’ll...

Alejandro contemplates.

ALEJANDRO
He has half a fight left.

JUAN
Half?

ALEJANDRO
Yes, he’ll fight for a while and then he’ll die. If you want to make money. Give me the money and I’ll bet on his opponent.

JUAN
This rooster was conceived in Hell.

ALEJANDRO
No.

JUAN
In one night, he fought six big healthy gamey roosters and he blew out their candles. Without a sound.

ALEJANDRO
Well, they never make a sound.
Both Alejandro and Juan contemplate different things.

    ALEJANDRO
    So you bought him?

    JUAN
    No, not exactly.

    ALEJANDRO
    That’s why you have a shotgun pellet in your back?

LATER...

EXT/INT. INTERSTATE 10 TRUCK-STOP - TEXAS - DAY

Juan, in his boxers, has hooked up a water-hose used to clean the sidewalk and runs it behind the building. Alejandro is in his boxer shorts standing behind the truck-stop. Juan is washing the dirt off Alejandro. They’ve even found some soap in the dumpster. Then Alejandro points the hose at Juan.

LATER...

The rooster is eating red ants. Juan is on his stomach, shirt off, laying in the shade behind the building. Alejandro has a pocket knife out, digging in the wound. He squeezes a festered wound and finally, the pellet pops out. Plenty of pain for Juan, but we learn Alejandro is handy and can take care of business.

LATER...

Juan is exhausted and fast asleep. Alejandro carefully searches Juan’s shirt pockets and removes the money and notices a Greyhound bus as it pulls up into the parking lot.

He walks into the truck-stop and sees a ticket counter. He could take the money, buy a ticket and board a bus, but he doesn’t.

Alejandro emerges from the truck-stop with triple antibiotic, wild bird feed and two sandwiches. He places the money back into Juan’s shirt pocket and applies the
cream to his wound. Alejandro eats the sandwich and drinks more water.

A coyote appears. Infierno doesn’t flee. He’s ready to fight. Coyote flees when Alejandro runs up. Infierno struts proudly.

In the trash, Alejandro finds a discarded Midwest pet carrier. The door is off and can’t be found. From a distance, we see him approach a WORKER with tools who is pumping gas. The man loans him a pair of wire cutters, out of his toolbox. Before the tank is full (rapidly) Alejandro has fashioned a door out of some bailing-wire and hog panels.

Infierno has a travel crate now. Alejandro wires a coffee cup into the door for water.

Alejandro finds a large glass pickle jar... several liters in size. He finds 1/4th a honeydew and some sugar in the trash. He pours sugar on the melon and places it in the jar. He places the jar on it’s side in the red ant bed.

Two BORDER PATROL agents arrive and Alejandro rolls the feverish Juan over onto some broken down (flat) cardboard boxes and pulls Juan out of sight. All this, before the border patrol agents get out. One has field-glasses and searches the desert. He zooms in on a scrawny-looking rooster at the bottom of the viewfinder. His partner walks inside the store and then out with sodas.

LATER...

Juan wakes up, sees an east-bound bus pulling up. He thinks. Feels for his money and his locket. Both are there. He sees a sandwich and the water. He eats. He contemplates more.

JUAN
Where’s your family?

ALEJANDRO
Mexico.

Juan enters the store and emerges with a cheap flip phone and hands it to Alejandro.
ALEJANDRO
What am I supposed to do?

JUAN
Call them, naturally.

ALEJANDRO
My family doesn’t have a phone.
(beat)
We should get on one of those busses.

JUAN
I’ll buy you a ticket.

ALEJANDRO
You aren’t going?

JUAN
No.

ALEJANDRO
You should.

JUAN
Why?

ALEJANDRO
If what you said about the rooster is true... his true owner will come looking for him... and you.

Juan contemplates.

JUAN
I can’t let him go back.

ALEJANDRO
They might kill you and take him back.

JUAN
Over a chicken?

ALEJANDRO
A fighting cock with 100 wins? That’s how someone makes a living.
JUAN
No one is going to travel that far, in this heat.

ALEJANDRO
It’s Mexico; you steal Carlos’ fighting rooster. And Carlos knows Jose, who knows Sebastián, who knows Martín, who knows a guy in the cartel, and suddenly you’ve stolen a cartel rooster and you know what that means.

Juan becomes sober.

JUAN
Some suits stole the land of my grandfather and the land of my fiancée’s family as well.

ALEJANDRO
And?

JUAN
I can’t return until I have the money to buy the land back.

ALEJANDRO
Oh.

Alejandro contemplates the impossible, the rooster winning. He looks critically at the rooster. And also, he’s trying to decide if his new friend is crazy. He looks critically at Juan.

ALEJANDRO
Call this girl and tell her we’ll do our best but certainly not here.

JUAN
Yah?

ALEJANDRO
In California.

Juan dials and Jimena doesn’t pick-up.
JUAN
She doesn’t recognize the number. She never answers unless she knows the number.

ALEJANDRO
Text her then.

JUAN
I have no idea… how?

Alajando takes the phone and types… what Juan dictates. Alajando then reads Jimena’s response.

JUAN
Have famous chicken going to win the money to buy vineyard. Not just my side but your side as well.

ALEJANDRO (reading)
Who is this?

JUAN
Your fiancé.

ALEJANDRO (reading)
I don’t have a fiancée.

JUAN
Yes, you do. Me.

ALEJANDRO (reading)
In your dreams.

JUAN
Well, FYI I’m going to California with your dowry.

ALEJANDRO (reading)
My dowry?

JUAN
Gallo del Infierno?
ALEJANDRO (reading)
Rooster from Hell?

JUAN
Yes.

A west-bound bus pulls up. Juan points to the building.

JUAN
I’m going to buy two tickets.

ALEJANDRO
Go. I got this.

Alejandro types more.

Juan emerges with two tickets in hand.

ALAJANDRO
She loves you and wishes you luck.

Alejandro shows him the text, “I love you” and a suggestive selfie she’s sent him.

JUAN
What? How did you?

ALAJANDRO
Simple.

JUAN
But she’s a very disagreeable woman.

ALAJANDRO
Are you kidding? I’m experienced with women like that.

JUAN
But how? You’re a kid.

ALAJANDRO
I don’t reveal my methods.

JUAN
But I saved your life.
The bus is warming up, and passengers are loading. They grab their things, the water jug and Gallo del Infierno’s crate. Alejandro picks up the glass jar from the ant bed, full of ants, and puts the lid on it. Food (fire) for the rooster.

They board the bus. The BUS DRIVER, also Hispanic, doesn’t want the pet carrier on board.

BUS DRIVER
Why didn’t you leave your chicken in Mexico?

Juan shrugs.

ALEJANDRO
How much?

Juan must give the driver what remains of the money as a bribe.

Two rugged VAQUEROS arrive on horseback, with tracking dogs, behind the truck-stop just as the bus is pulling out. They’ve been tracking Juan and Alejandro. The vaqueros are looking for them, they check inside the store and in the bathrooms.

From on-board the bus, Alejandro makes note of the dogs and horses and the vaqueros. The vaqueros make note of the bus leaving west, but just miss boarding it themselves.

LATER...

EXT. BUS STATION - LOS ANGELES - DUSK

OUTLAWS, violent-looking Los Angelinos, are waiting. The bus pulls in, but there isn’t anyone with a pet carrier or a rooster. The outlaws board the bus and search.
EXT. STREET - WEST COVINA - DUSK

Juan and Alejandro are walking down a sidewalk and a HISPANIC MALE pulls up in a white 1960 model truck, 280,000 miles, slightly rusted. They get in the bed.

INT. GARAGE - WEST COVINA - DUSK

Inside the building are a few cars being repaired, but in the middle of the garage is a pit to fight roosters. There is a very seedy/criminal crowd. Juan is lost. Alejandro is at home.

    JUAN
    Now, what do we do?

    ALEJANDRO
    I need your locket.

    JUAN
    My fiancée.

    ALEJANDRO
    I don’t know what you’re gonna do then. Do you?

    JUAN
    She won’t marry me if I lose that locket.

    ALEJANDRO
    She’ll marry you.

    JUAN
    No, she said so and I believe her.

    ALEJANDRO
    We’ll deal with that when the time comes.

    JUAN
    When the time comes?

    ALEJANDRO
    Pretend it won’t come.
    (beat)
If you have fear it will transfer to the rooster. They can sense these things.

Juan gives over locket. Alejandro removes the photo.

Alejandro walks over to the most HONEST LOOKING GAMBLER of several there and makes him an offer. The man walks over to Juan and takes a look at Gallo del Infierno. The man takes the locket and the bet.

Gallo del Infierno fights seven spry roosters and wins.

The sheriff’s office raids the fight. And just before Alejandro gets paid, everyone scatters. Juan grabs his rooster and runs. Alejandro runs beside the gambler, who owes him money.

ALEJANDRO
I need paid.

The gambler ignores him.

ALEJANDRO
It looks like the deputies are catching up.

GAMBLER
I can’t go to jail over this.

ALEJANDRO
It looks like they’re catching up. (beat) I can run slower, you know.

The gambler is puzzled.

ALEJANDRO
And you can run faster...

GAMBLER
Well, okay.

Running for a long beat.
ALEJANDRO
I need paid. My rooster won that fight.

The gambler runs and tries to think. Finally, he hands the boy a roll of money.

ALEJANDRO
And the locket.

The gambler has a strange look for Alejandro.

ALEJANDRO
My friend’s fiancée in Mexico...

The gambler fumbles in his pocket as he runs.

He returns the locket to Alejandro as they run.

They turn a corner and the gambler falls exhausted into some bushes. Alejandro makes a sharp turn.

When the deputies turn the corner, they are both gone. The gambler will be discovered if the chase ends. We can see his boots sticking out from under a bush and he’s breathing heavily.

Suddenly Alejandro reappears and draws the attention away from the gambler.

ALEJANDRO
Hey, what do you want?

The chase resumes, the deputies chasing him. Presumably, the gambler escapes. Alejandro can run all day and like a gazel.

LATER...

EXT. BEHIND A HAIR SALON – WEST COVINA – NIGHT

Alley near the garage. Sitting in back with his head in his hands, wondering what he will do, is Juan.

Without a worry, Alejandro walks up, holding the money.
ALEJANDRO
Twenty-seven dollars.

He hands the money to Juan, who isn’t overjoyed. Alejandro digs the locket out of his pocket, and this makes Juan relieved.

ALEJANDRO
Where’s the rooster?

Juan points to a spot hidden between two dumpsters. The rooster is in the pet carrier, safe and sound.

JUAN
Are you okay?

ALEJANDRO
Of course. I got the money and the locket.

JUAN
Thank god!
(beat)
How did you...

ALEJANDRO
I could have run faster...

Juan hugs the boy. Juan is clearly too emotional a young man, too excitable, for this hard-boiled life.

A HISPANIC MAN with a white truck, pulls up in his white truck. He’s leery, glancing left and right, looking for deputies.

HISPANIC MAN
Come on.
(beat)
Come on.
(beat)
They’re fighting tomorrow in Lamont.

Juan fetches the Gallo del Infierno and Alejandro quickly looks in the trash bins and spots a partially used bottle of women’s hair dye and makeup. He puts them in his backpack.
Juan and Alejandro are anxious to get out of the area. The truck exits the area just in time to avoid trouble from the cartel.

INT/EXT. GARAGE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Inside the garage, deputies are taking the propaganda/evidence photos and outside an ARRESTED MAN, handcuffed, is waiting for transport in the back of a patrol car.

A car with CARTEL MEMBERS pull-up next to the patrol car and speak to the arrested man. The window is cracked a bit.

    CARTEL MEMBER
    What happened?

    ARRESTED MAN
    Policia.

    CARTEL MEMBER
    What roosters? A Whitehackle, skinny but fierce. One eye and it’s not right.

    ARRESTED MAN
    A young boy and a teenager had this rooster, out of this world courage; I think they got way.

The man in the back of the patrol car looks left and right and in the direction of the hair salon. Juan and Alejandro are gone.

A deputy sees them talking and yells at them.

    COP
    Hey, get away from him. You wanna go to jail?

The driver smiles, waves “okay” and slowly accelerates away.

LATER...
EXT. BED OF WHITE PICKUP – NEAR BAKERSFIELD – NIGHT

The Hispanic man is driving. Bakersfield’s lights. Alejandro is reading the highway signs, in the dark. Juan wakes up.

JUAN
What are you doing?

ALEJANDRO
Situational awareness.

JUAN
What’s that?

ALEJANDRO
I read about it and part of it is knowing where you are all the time.

JUAN
Where are we?

ALEJANDRO
I think Bakersfield.

Juan takes out his flip-phone and extends it to Alejandro. He refuses it.

ALEJANDRO
You want to talk to your girl? Just call her.

JUAN
No, I want you to text her. (beat) Please.

ALEJANDRO
Why, just call her.

JUAN
She gets agitated and I lose my nerve.

ALEJANDRO
She walks all over you, huh?
JUAN
Pretty much, yes.

ALEJANDRO
And besides, you seem to get results.

Alejandro takes the phone.

JUAN
Tell her, her rooster won 27 dollars. I have the locket with her photo in it for luck and we are fighting at...

They pass a road sign. Alejandro reads it.

ALEJANDRO
Lamont.

Alejandro types the message and she responds. This goes back and forth numerous times. Alejandro chuckles with each response.

JUAN
Did you tell her tonight everything we have is riding on the spurs of Infierno?

ALEJANDRO
Was I supposed to?

JUAN
What did she say?

ALEJANDRO
She said she can’t wait for you to take her. I think she likes it rough.

JUAN
What? Let me see that.

Juan takes the phone from Alejandro and reads the messages.
JUAN
(reading)
Lavishing my breasts with attention. And...
(beat)
The “appex of your legs” and “hot, damp, moist needy place”?
(beat)
You’re talking dirty to my fiancée!

ALEJANDRO
Not really, she thinks it’s you. And, she wasn’t your fiancée again until I began to text her.

JUAN
Still.

ALEJANDRO
Hey, why knock it if it works?

JUAN
How did you ever learn about stuff like that?

ALEJANDRO
Sex?

JUAN
Yes.

ALEJANDRO
My sister.

JUAN
Your sister?

ALEJANDRO
Yeah, she reads those books.

JUAN
Libros romántico? You’re a kid.

ALEJANDRO
So? I can read.
Juan hands the phone back to Alejandro.

JUAN
Tell her, good-night and I’ll let her know what happens.

Alejandro refuses and gestures to the rooster in his cage.

JUAN
What?

ALEJANDRO
You know?

JUAN
I don’t.

ALEJANDRO
Be positive. The rooster.

Alejandro gestures to the rooster again.

JUAN
We’ll let her know when he wins?

ALEJANDRO
And how much money he wins.

INT. HAIR SALOON – LOS ANGELES – DAY

Jo Betty is having her hair dyed, and together with two of her friends, they overhear two Hispanic STYLISTS.

STYLIST #1
And the rooster was magnificent. My husband said seven roosters faced him, skinny and with only one eye, and he put them all down.

STYLIST #2
The rumor is he was conceived in Hell.

(beat)
He fights again in Lamont tonight.

Her friends look at Jo Betty and they whisper.
FRIEND #1
Did you hear that?

FRIEND #2
We should do something.

JO BETTY
Yes, ma’am. We’ll get our husbands and go out there. We’ll rescue that poor rooster.

EXT. BARN - RURAL LOCATION - LAMONT CA - DAY

Alejandro takes out the bottle of hair dye and with a rag he changes the appearance of the bird. He dyes the tail black and puts dark red rouge makeup on the rooster’s face. He no longer looks like a Whitehackle. He now appears to be a Democrat.

In the parking lot, Alejandro finds a pair of glasses and an old torn Univ. of South Carolina baseball cap. He repairs them with duct tape. Juan needs a disguise.

LATER...

ALEJANDRO
You miss your fiancée?

JUAN
Only when it’s hot.

ALEJANDRO
You’re in Southern California.

Juan shrugs, yes. Wipes his brow.

JUAN
I sure wish it would rain.

Juan and Alejandro spend the day sleeping in the shade.

The Gallo del Infierno stands next to the jar of ants. He watched the ants try to run up the side of the glass. He looks at the holes (relatively large) in the lid for air. The rooster thinks, as best he can. He leaps on the jar and knocks it over. The rooster watches the ants crawl to the
holes and outside. He eats the ants as they crawl out of the jar. There are hundreds.

LATER...

EXT. BARN - RURAL LOCATION - LAMONT CA - DUSK

By the time people are arriving for the fighting, Juan and Alejandro wake up. Alejandro looks at the jar, it’s empty.

Alejandro looks at Infierno, who is staring across the parking lot at a group of caged birds. He’s very still. A reasonable person might think he’s nauseated. But Infierno just has his game-face on, waiting for the fight.

ALEJANDRO
He can’t fight.
(beat)
His stomach will explode.

JUAN
(speaking to Infierno)
Demonic roosters. Their stomach’s don’t explode. He explodes their stomachs!

ALEJANDRO
Are you serious? He just ate...

JUAN
I prayed for something like this.

ALEJANDRO
You prayed for a demonic rooster?

JUAN
In a way, yes.

ALEJANDRO
God doesn’t send roosters, or anything else, born in Hell.

JUAN
Conceived in Hell. No one said he was born in Hell.
ALEJANDRO
Well, born in Juárez then.

JUAN
He’ll win.

Alejandro extends his palm and Juan places the 27 dollars there.

EXT. BARN - RURAL LOCATION - LAMONT CA - NIGHT

Jo Betty and her two friends approach the barn.

FRIEND #1
I wish we had our men with us.

FRIEND #2
My husband said he has surgery in the morning and thought we’d be out too late.

FRIEND #1
My husband has to be in court in the morning.

JO BETTY
Ladies. We don’t need any stinking’ men! We’re gonna rescue that rooster. I’m taking him home with me.

They walk tall, until they run into SECURITY, a huge man tattooed and clearly armed.

GUARD
Yawl rich witches just turn around... Take your Lady Rolexes and that perfume back to that $180,000 SUV and get on back to Malibu or wherever. And, I’m serious.

The women freeze like deer in the headlights.
EXT. BARN - RURAL LOCATION - LAMONT CA - NIGHT

Alejandro makes a bet, but at the same time he watches from a distance three rich women are turned away. They simply look too square and the security doesn’t let them in.

INT. BARN - RURAL LOCATION - LAMONT CA - NIGHT

Juan has the old “gamecock” baseball cap on and taped glasses.

JUAN
Which rooster does he fight?

ALEJANDRO
Over there.

We see the caged rooster, Indeirno was staring at earlier. He’s laying on silk blankets. Juan gives Alejandro a strange look.

JUAN
He’s pampered. Does that help?

ALEJANDRO
It makes them soft, if you ask me.

The three cartel members, hard-men, walk through the barn. They are looking for a Whitehackle and a teen and a boy. They stop to look over Juan; Alejandro disappears under some bleachers. They look at Juan but more closely at the rooster. They have a photo of Gallo del Infierno and they hold it up to compare. The cartel moves on when they are fooled by the dye-job. They drag outside some poor FRESNO TEENAGER and his unrelated Whitehackle.

LATER...

The CROWD laughs when Juan pulls the one-eyed skinny Del Infierno from out of the pet carrier. Money flies.

The rooster fights eight times and wins... Finally, the cartel members return. They’ve figured it out and begin moving in. Alejandro collects the money. Juan and the rooster escape out the back door. Fortunately, the Hispanic man with the white truck anticipates things. He exits the front of the barn.
The barn is so crowded and in chaos. The cartel members pull pistols but that only causes more panic.

Waiting out back of the barn it looks bad for the two and their rooster, but suddenly the man with the truck pulls up and they jump in the bed. The tires of the truck throw gravel against the side of the barn and they get way in a dust cloud.

Narrow escape. They reach the farm-to-market road, turn on it toward Bakersfield; they pass eight patrol cars, lights whirling, speeding toward the fight just breaking up.

The women watch all this from their SUV. In the parking lot, the Sheriff’s deputies look them over and let them leave.

EXT. BED OF WHITE PICKUP – NEAR EARLIMART – NIGHT

A much smaller town doesn’t have the same lights as Bakersfield.

JUAN
Where are we?

ALEJANDRO
Earlimart.

JUAN
What’s that?

ALEJANDRO
Next fight, I imagine.

Juan hands Alejandro the flip phone. Juan doesn’t dictate anything; he closes his eyes and goes back to sleep. Juan begins to text the story to Jimena.

LATER...

The white truck turns into the parking lot of a medium-sized warehouse building. Juan wakes up.

JUAN
You text Jimena?
ALEJANDRO
Sure did. One-thousand, two-hundred and twelve dollars.

JUAN
What’d she say?

ALEJANDRO
She said “great” and “good luck.”

JUAN
Did you tell her I’ll return to buy the land stolen from our grandfathers?

ALEJANDRO
Yes, yes. She knows that.

JUAN
You talk dirty to her?

ALEJANDRO
She started it!

Juan reaches for the phone, Alejandro is nervous he might, but Juan doesn’t read the messages. He simply slips it into his pocket and returns to sleep.

EXT. ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY – DAY

Jo Betty exits with Buscemi, Battle and Trejo.

BUSCEMI
Picking up shit?

JO BETTY
No, this time I have a rooster that needs rescuing and I can’t do it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT – NEAR EARLIMART – DAY

Juan and Alejandro sit in the shade.

JUAN
What makes Infierno so tough?
ALEJANDRO
Well, it’s not the devil, like you say.

JUAN
Juárez then? Being born in Juárez?

ALEJANDRO
No, there are plenty of roosters born in Juárez. That probably only accounts for his love of the red ants.

JUAN
Well, it’s the ants... his diet?

ALEJANDRO
Perhaps. But, just about everything I know about cock-fighting tells it’s probably his mother and father.

(whispering)
If he survives this ordeal.

JUAN
What?

Alejandro looks left and right for the chicken... he’s out at a red ant bed, in a field.

ALEJANDRO
I said, “if he survives this ordeal.”

JUAN
You can’t say that. You said, I can’t talk like that. You can’t either.

ALEJANDRO
He’s way over there by that ant bed. He can’t hear.

JUAN
He may not be able to hear at all as far as that goes.
ALEJANDRO
There’s only one problem.
(beat)
She said she will not live with you on a game-farm.

JUAN
Who?

ALEJANDRO
Jimena, of course.

JUAN
I don’t want to live on a gaming-farm.

ALEJANDRO
Well, of course.

JUAN
Why did you ask her that?

ALEJANDRO
Because it occurred to me.

JUAN
I don’t know why, though.

ALEJANDRO
I got confused for a minute and was speaking to her for a minute about my dreams and my aspirations.

JUAN
You want to breed my rooster and make little baby infiernos?

ALEJANDRO
She said... She said, they’re nasty creatures.

JUAN
But they eat insects and she hates them.
ALEJANDRO
She said you can keep Infierno... chicks are cute but no hens. She said he is okay, if he can accomplish your goals here.

JUAN
Earn enough to buy the vineyard?

ALEJANDRO
Yes.

JUAN
Well, if I must chose between the sons and daughters of that rooster and Jimena, I chose the girl. Of course.

ALEJANDRO
(hinting)
Pity to throw away such a breeding specimen. His legend will make his off-spring worth...

JUAN
Money?

ALEJANDRO
That’s the way it works. Out with the bad genes... in with the good. If you fight well, you get to f...

A DRUNKEN MAN pulls a rooster out of his shirt.

DRUNK MAN
If a gamecock’s legs hang down exactly perfect in alignment with the body, he’s a hitter. And this rooster’s legs hang down perfectly.

We can’t see how the drunk man can tell anything about his rooster’s legs, as he is hardly able to stand up himself.

Juan looks out to Del Infierno. There isn’t a rooster standing over the ant bed, as minutes before.
JUAN
He’s gone!

ALEJANDRO
What? He was just there.

They rocket over around to the side of the building, searching all around the outside. They venture inside and search. Nothing.

ALEJANDRO
What the...

JUAN
Who in the world would steal a messed up rooster like that?

INT. WAREHOUSE – NEAR EARLIMART – DAY

Finally, they find Del Infierno calmly sitting, staring at his opponent, a yellow rooster with an almost guilded (actually only a new) cage. Inside, the cage is a nervous little Lemon, sitting on something that resembles a dog bed.

ALEJANDRO
Sshhh.

JUAN
What?

ALEJANDRO
He’s there. I don’t want to disturb him.

JUAN
He thinks he’s going to fight the Lemon?

ALEJANDRO
He is going to fight the Lemon.

Del Infierno is staring at the Lemon through the cage.

JUAN
He’s trying to intimidate the other chicken?
ALEJANDRO
Rooster!

JUAN
Maybe this chicken is from the devil.

ALEJANDRO
Listen, are you sure Jimena is a girl?

JUAN
Well. Yes.

ALEJANDRO
Are you sure?

JUAN
I guarantee it.

ALEJANDRO
Cause I don’t think you know the difference between a male and a female.

(beat)
See all these animals... they’re going to fight in about two hours. It’s not a ‘chicken’ fight; they are roosters. Get it?

JUAN
I’m sorry.

ALEJANDRO
I’m sorry, too.

JUAN
I’ve never seen a 10-year old so angry.

ALEJANDRO (10)
It’s the pressure of adulthood. It’s enough to drive a man to drink.
JUAN (17)
Tell me about it. Jimena is on the line for me. My whole life is in the balance.
(beat)
Can we do this?

The men contemplate the odds. Alejandro nods no. Juan nods yes.

INT. LARGE SUV - ROAD TO EARLIMART - DUSK

Jo Betty is driving. Buscemi, Trejo, Battle, Jo’s two friends.

BUSCEMI
I have an idea they really look over people coming into the fights.

JO BETTY
I gave you money to make it look like you’re there to gamble.

FRIEND #1
At Lamont, they asked to see our money.

BUSCEMI
Did show them some money?

JO BETTY
A lot, actually.

BUSCEMI
Did they let you in?

JO BETTY
No.

BUSCEMI
Well, that’s what I’m saying.

JO BETTY
But you’re men. They’ll let you in.
BUSCEMI
You have to look the part and be a little messed up. Not staggering drunk. But just...

FRIEND #1
Having a good time?

BUSCEMI
Well, that’s what I’m trying to communicate. No cell phones. No animal-rights people. Messed up helps. You women don’t even have tattoos.

BATTLE
Or scars.

JO BETTY
How do you know all this?

BUSCEMI
I don’t know.

We get the impression maybe he’s snuck out of the library a few nights and knows something about the streets. Or, it’s genetic.

TREJO
They don’t want someone who’ll rat them out to the police.

FRIEND #2
If the police come, the roosters are euthanized.

ALL THREE MEN
What?

Everyone contemplates that fact.

BATTLE
That’s messed up! All that hassle to save them, just to kill them?

TREJO
Does anyone even eat them then?
BATTLE
Maybe that’s what you’re eating up at the library. That ever occur to anybody?

BUSCEMI
It’s not about the animals; It’s about power. Getting it and keeping it.

TREJO
Enough politics. We can’t even vote. Back to the booze. You have to look the part.

BUSCEMI
Right. This is going to be easier if we’re a little messed up.

JO BETTY
Can’t you fake drunk to get inside? Find poor Infierno and bring him to me, sober?

BUSCEMI
We can’t fake drunk.

JO BETTY
You’re actors!

BUSCEMI
No, we are the genetic material of actors… and we’re much better at drinking than acting. Trust me.

BATTLE
Years and years of stage training. They trained… for their job.

TREJO
We pick up chicken shit on your hobby farm.

BUSCEMI
Pull-over here at this liquor store…
JO BETTY
But are you guys supposed to drink?

BUSCEMI
It’s for a good cause.

Jo Betty gives them money. They enter the store and bring out a boat-load of booze. enough to get all six of them drunk 2x.

The three mean break out the booze. Jo Betty’s two friends partake. They offer some to Jo Betty, who is driving.

JO BETTY
Maybe later. After you rescue that poor creature. This had better work.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NEAR EARLIMART - DAY

Fighting. Inside the warehouse is a strange ANTAGONIST, dressed in a nasty looking tuxedo. When something he likes happens, instead of cheering, he rings a cowbell.

Buscemi, Trejo and Battle are walking around. They are looking for Infierno. They have a wanted poster with two photos… one photo taken by the original owner in Mexico. And a photo taken by a cartel member after the dye-job.

BUSCEMI
No, see there aren’t two chickens.

TREJO
Roosters.

BUSCEMI
Before and after.

BATTLE
Cosmetic surgery?

BUSCEMI
Good God, how long has it been since you were checked out?
BATTLE
I don’t really want to be here or anywhere where there are chickens.

BUSCEMI
You eat chicken in the chow hall.

BATTLE
I’ve been requesting a special diet and they just won’t.

BUSCEMI
I can’t help ya there, buddy. Okay, these kids are smart. It’s a dye job. So keep that in mind. I grew up in a Hollywood okay? I know a dye-job when I see it.

TREJO
I thought you were from New York?

BUSCEMI
No, that’s my donor. He was east coast.

Strange looks all around.

BUSCEMI
You go that way and you go this way. I’ll go outside and text Jo Betty that we’re inside and looking.

TREJO
We can’t just bring her any rooster?

BATTLE
They all look the same.

BUSCEMI
No, this is a special chicken.

TREJO
Rooster.
BUSCEMI
Over a hundred fights and this rooster looks like it. Look at these photos. Okay, move out. Move, circulate. Find that chicken.

Battle and Trejo circulate, looking at every rooster in the building. They meet up at Del Infierno. They look at him. He’s still staring-down the Lemon. They look left and look right. They could easily grab Del Infierno, but they are paralyzed.

MEANWHILE...

EXT. PARKING LOT - WAREHOUSE - NEAR EARLIMART - DAY

Buscemi is in the dark, hiding between two vehicles. He’s on a phone texting Jo Betty. The antagonist in the bad tuxedo is getting a beer out of an ice chest. In the back of his truck is the biggest, ugliest, dog alive. He sees just a glimmer of light from Buscemi’s phone.

ANTAGONIST
What the... Hey, man. What’re ya doing?

BUSCEMI
Nothing man. Mind your own business?

ANTAGONIST
I saw a light; you calling the cops, man?

BUSCEMI
Smokin’ a cigarette, man.

Buscemi pops up between the two vehicles. He has an illegal lighter that is “drug paraphernalia” and a cigarette.

ANTAGONIST
Those are illegal ya know.

BUSCEMI
So?
ANTAGONIST
So, you’re disrespecting me with your second-hand smoke.

BUSCEMI
We’re outside. Dude, you best get in your truck and take your dog, your cumberbund and your cowbell get on down the road.

ANTAGONIST
The government...

BUSCEMI
The government can stick it up-their...

The antagonist opens his truck door and reaches behind the seat. He is grasping for a baseball bat.

ANTAGONIST
I don’t like coming to these cockfights ’cause a trash-ass people like you.

BUSCEMI
What? You’re busting my balls about a cigarette? Where’d you freaking go to school? Moron.

ANTAGONIST
I’m gonna kick your ass.

Buscemi notices a tire-iron in the bed of the white truck next to him and he grabs it. The antagonist has found the bat and has a hand on it, but when he sees Buscemi with the tire-iron, he released the bat and fumbles for a pistol, also behind the seat.

BUSCEMI
Bring it.

The antagonist pulls out a pistol.

BUSCEMI
Whoa! Now you got a gun. You’re bitching at me for smokin’ outside
an illegal cockfight? Don’t you know this is 2080 and that pistol is illegal?

The men are about to fight. Buscemi has a tire-iron and the antagonist has a pistol. Looks bad for Buscemi...

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE – NEAR EARLIMART – DAY

Battle and Trejo are standing in front of Del Infierno. Alejandro is handing over $1000, a beat on the fight. And Juan is standing at a urinal.

    BATTLE
    Are you thinking what I’m thinking?

    TREJO
    You want to go back to the library tonight?

    BATTLE
    Not me, I’m having the best time I’ve had in a long time.

    TREJO
    You feeling a little buzz?

    BATTLE
    Yeah. Better than that damned hooch they make out of hard candy and bread up on the seventh floor.

    TREJO
    That stuff is sick.
    (beat)
    If we string this out... we won’t have to go back for a while.

    BATTLE
    A motel?
TREJO
Hot water?

BATTLE
I guarantee it.

Buscemi arrives back inside. He has a cut above his eye, a busted lip. His shirt is ripped and bloody.

BUSCEMI
I just talked to Jo.

TREJO
What happened to you?

BUSCEMI
(mater of fact)
Nothing.

Battle notices a hole in Buscemi’s shirt. He runs his pinky finger through the bullet hole. Looks for a wound.

BUSCEMI
We’re having pizza tonight... If we rescue the rooster, we get meat lovers and we sleep back at the library. If we don’t, she said cheese pizza and a local hotel.

Battle pulls his finger out of the bullet hole, and that pulls up Buscemi’s shirt, revealing a pistol grip in his belt.

TREJO
Where’d you get that?

BUSCEMI
Some guy out in the parking lot.

BATTLE
Some guy just gave you a pistol?

BUSCEMI
Well, he didn’t exactly give it to me?

(beat)
Why, what’s wrong?
Trejo and Battle are in either shock or awe.

BUSCEMI
He also gave me two knives. You wanna see um?

He bends over to get them out of his boots and a pack of bootleg cigarettes falls out. He picks them up quickly.

BATTLE
And you got cigarettes?

BUSCEMI
No, I had em.
(beat)
Trump, up on the ninth floor. One pack cost me my government allowance for three months. But it was well worth it.

BATTLE
Real cheese?

BUSCEMI
Huh?

BATTLE
Real cheese on the pizza?

TREJO
Not government cheese?

BUSCEMI
Real cheese? I imagine. Real cheese. Real pizza. This is the real world, not the library.

BATTLE
Great, we’re decided. The chicken walks… tonight. We tell Jo we tried to grab her, but failed. Okay?

TREJO
It’s a him.
BATTLE
What?

TREJO
It’s a rooster. The rooster walks.

BUSCEMI
Guys, is this ethical? Infierno might die tonight. These fights are rough and he has *nine* opponents.

BATTLE
It’s a chance we’ll have to take.

BUSCEMI
No. We’re clones. Maybe we should just get him now. And be satisfied with the meat lovers.

BATTLE & TREJO
What?

BUSCEMI
You guys don’t get it. The whole world is watching us. We have to maintain the highest ethical standards or clones’ll never get our rights back.

BATTLE
Yeah? You just bought over $100 worth of alcohol and brought us to a cockfight.

TREJO
And you have a pistol in your belt.

BUSCEMI
Yeah? So?

BATTLE & TREJO
It’s cheese pizza and a hotel!

They give Buscemi hard looks. Step up. Two against one.
BUSCEMI
Okay, okay. The rooster walks. But tomorrow night, the lady gets her chicken.
(beat)
Agreed?

Battle and Trejo agree.

Juan exits the restroom and comes picks up the rooster. He looks suspiciously at the clones, who smile and are overly polite.

INT. WAREHOUSE - EARLIMART - NIGHT

Time for the fight. Juan pulls out Infierno. Several people laugh... Again serious money is laid down against our famous rooster. One through eight, Infierno puts them down.

Ninth fight, for all the money (the purse will be $100,000.) The same three cartel members that disrupted the Lamont fight enter the warehouse. In the ring, Infierno faces a hurdle.

JUAN
Why is he taking so long?

ALEJANDRO
I don’t know?
(beat)
He’s trying to make it interesting?

The three cartel members maneuver swiftly and they put pistols in the back of Juan and to the temple of Alejandro. The gambler, who is holding the money, also has a pistol at his side. Everyone waits for the fight to end.

Finally, Infierno wins. The losers lament.

ANNOUNCER
A new world record! Nine wins in one night!

We see that Buscemi, Trejo and Battle all with weapons have moved behind each of the three cartel members.
Cartel member #1 is behind Juan with a gun. Cartel member #2 has a gun on Alejandro. Cartel member #3 has a pistol on the man holding the money. However, Battle is behind cartel member #1. Trejo is behind cartel member #2. Buscemi is behind cartel member #3. The clones disarm the cartel members.

Without Infierno, Juan panics runs. Alejandro grabs the backpack full of money and runs also. Infierno struts back and forth.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - EARLIMART - NIGHT

Repeat: Juan and Alejandro run out of the building to the white truck waiting. They climb in the back and the truck burns out.

They get halfway out of town and the man with the white truck slams on the brakes. They pull a u-turn and return to the back of the warehouse. Juan sneaks into the warehouse. It’s completely dark except the pit. The crowd is gone.

Trejo and Battle have found some rope and are hoisting the cartel members into the rafters. The bad guys are hanging upside down like bats. Escape looks impossible.

In the middle of the pit sits Buscemi in a chair, gently petting and singing a heavy-metal song (possibly You've Got Another Thing Coming) to Infierno, who is sleeping.

**BUSCEMI**
(sung as a lullaby)
If you think I'll sit around as the world goes by. You're thinkin'
like a fool 'cause it's a case of do or die. Out there is a fortune waiting to be had. If you think I'll let it go you're mad. You've got another thing comin'

Juan is hesitant.

Buscemi is the consummate gentleman and he’s treating the rooster like a baby. He smiles at Juan and waves him over.

**BUSCEMI**
(whispering)
He’s sleeping.

JUAN
(whispering also)
Can I have my rooster, please.
Sir.

Buscemi slowly stands with the rooster. The rooster wakes...

BUSCEMI
Oh, I woke him up. I’m sorry.

JUAN
It’s okay.

Buscemi, over the barrier, gently hands him to Juan.

BUSCEMI
Certainly, I was wondering when you would come back.
(chuckling)
Didn’t want anything to happen to this rooster.

JUAN
Thank you.

Buscemi is overly polite. Juan is scared, shy, quiet.

BUSCEMI
You’re welcome and congratulations.

JUAN
Thank you.

BUSCEMI
Have a nice night. Drive safely.

EXT. BED OF WHITE PICKUP – LEAVING EARLIMART – NIGHT
Juan is jazzed. Alejandro texts Jimena, “$100,000.”

CUT TO:
INT. BEDROOM – OUTSIDE OF JUAREZ MEXICO – NIGHT

Jimena is in bed; she sits up when she reads the text. She smiles, the smile of a woman in love.

BACK TO:

EXT. BED OF WHITE PICKUP – LEAVING EARLIMART – NIGHT

JUAN
We have $100,000?

ALEJANDRO
Should. I didn’t count it yet.

JUAN
Hey, who were those fellows?

ALEJANDRO
I have no idea. Guarding angels?

They look at the money. The $100,000 makes it all irrelevant.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT – EARLIMART – NIGHT

The guns & knives are about to be pitched into a trashcan.

BUSCEMI
Wipe’em down good, boys.

They use their shirttails to remove any fingerprints.

BUSCEMI
They have our DNA, ya know.

When the three clones return to the SUV, a block away, with the ladies waiting... The women are all drunk.

BUSCEMI
I’m sorry ladies. We didn’t get him.

JO BETTY
Oh shit.
BUSCEMI
He got away. Maybe we can get him
tomorrow night in Mendota?

TREJO
Let’s go eat.

FRIEND
I’d like to have some KFC or a hot lover... but without the commitment.
I’m married you see and he doesn’t eat chicken.

BATTLE
Are you white girls getting wasted?

FRIEND #2
No, we’re getting white boy wasted. Screw the patriarchy!

BATTLE
They’re all liquored up.

JO BETTY
I don’t know how; I went to bed sober in Memphis and I woke-up, drunk in Hollywood.

Trejo gets behind the wheel. Buscemi grabs the keys.

BUSCEMI
We can’t drive...

TREJO
Forget that. I’m gonna get my pizza!

BUSCEMI
No. No. Just wait a minute... let’s not fly off the handle here.

Buscemi gestures to “wait” and dials the concierge.

LATER...
The concierge arrives and gets out of the library staff’s car.

CONCIERGE
Okay, where’s this abused chicken we’re rescuing?

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - EARLIMART - NIGHT

From outside looking in, we see the clones and the women are in a booth laughing, drinking beer and there are several pizzas.

The concierge takes her share of the pizza and a soda to the SUV and reads her comic-book while she eats.

LATER...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EARLIMART - NIGHT

Steve Buscemi is in the shower. It’s steamy and hot and he loves it. Pounding on the door. He ignores it.

TREJO
Come on, man!

BATTLE
You been in there an hour!

TREJO
We’re out here too, you know.

INT. LARGE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBIT HALL - NEAR MENDOTA - DAY

This is a huge cockfight. There is a sign that says, CHICKEN EXHIBITION. There are hundreds of cages. Some KIDS are randomly hanging ribbons on the cages. It’s a bogus poultry show; a façade for the fighting that will be taking place in the back.

The kid handing out ribbons approach Juan and Alejandro.

KID
Does he have a ribbon?

ALEJANDRO
No.
KID
Here.

Without really looking, the kid puts a red ribbon on the crate’s door. Alejandro reads the ribbon.

ALEJANDRO
Second? This rooster was conceived in Hell and born in Juárez. Over 100 fights!

The kid bends over and looks inside the crate and looks the rooster in the eye, at his weight and general health. Suddenly, the kid appears very serious. He takes back the red 2nd place ribbon. He searches through the bogus ribbons and hangs a brown 9th place ribbon on the crate.

JUAN
Hey, that’s not funny.

KID
(walking away)
The decisions of the judge is final.

EXT. PARKING LOT – NEAR MENDOTA – DAY

Buscemi, Battle and Trejo spot a pile of day old horseshit.

BUSCEMI
What is that?

BATTLE
Some sort a shit.

BUSCEMI
What made that?

TREJO
Is that horseshit?

BUSCEMI
I have no idea.
Yep, that’s what it is; they must have had a horse exhibit here yesterday.

I’m sure glad Jo raises chickens and not horses. Can you imagine?

Disgusted, they step over it and enter the building.

In the main hall, Juan and Alejandro are sitting in the bleachers, and we are getting nearer to the time for the fighting. People with roosters continue to stream in.

Also in the main hall, in different locations, are the three wealthy women, the three clones. They are all watching Del Infierno, but Alejandro keeps him close.

Juan notices that Alejandro is visibly shaking.

You’re shaking...

I have $100,000 of your money in my backpack and he’s against ten roosters.

And if he wins it will be $1,000,000.

Enough to buy back your land?

And Jemina’s too. (beat) I love her... but she beats me.

No?
JUAN
Well, my arm.

ALEJANDRO
You’re arm?

JUAN
What’d she say about me?

ALEJANDRO
She said she doesn’t know what to expect around you. That you’re Pancho Via and it’s hard to get into the head of someone like that?

JUAN
She thinks I’m Pancho Via?

ALEJANDRO
That fellow asked her to marry him.

(beat)
She’d get herself a piece of land.

JUAN
What?

ALEJANDRO
She told him she’d give him an answer.

JUAN
Oh, no.

(beat)
She’s serious. Del Infierno must win.

ALEJANDRO
That’s not news.

JUAN
What else did she say?

ALEJANDRO
She wants to have kids with you and she wants to have them in San
Agustín, where she says you have roots.
  (beat)
She’s not gonna live with you unless it’s on that vineyard. Again, nothing we didn’t already know.
  (beat)
She’s not gonna wait on you forever.
  (beat)
She’s waited long enough.

JUAN
Good soil, the grapes are a special combination of varieties and they say they make a magical wine.

ALEJANDRO
Yeah?

JUAN
Genetics...

ALEJANDRO
Speaking of genetics... when this is over. Can I work for you?

JUAN
Work for me? Why? You are my friend. Afterwards, we need to find your family.

ALEJANDRO
No, they are going to work ten years and then come here, open a taqueria.

JUAN
I hope it doesn’t take ten years.

ALEJANDRO
Not everyone can steal a rooster in Juarez and in ten-days make a million dollars.
JUAN
I know that.

ALEJANDRO
And it not just the million you need to buy the land back. You’ll have more.

JUAN
What?

ALEJANDRO
(whispering)
If he can live.
(beat)
You’ll have the income from a gaming-fowl farm. Money for nothing really. Watching Infierno make sweet love.

JUAN
A stud rooster? Him?

ALEJANDRO
Well, sure why not?

JUAN
He’s a fighter and not a lover.

ALEJANDRO
I’m pretty sure he’s not gay. I just saw him trying to hump this Chihuahua outside.
(beat)
You can buy some hens for almost nothing. Selling the offspring of a rooster obviously conceived in Hell, well... I’d like to be your employee.

JUAN
I’m not sure. Jimena said...

ALEJANDRO
(interrupting)
If he wins this, ten roosters in one night, he will be in history books.

Clearly, not everyone is 100% here.

JUAN
In schools?

ALEJANDRO
Certainly.

JUAN
And you can sell his chicks?

ALEJANDRO
People will want those genes. I would say you won’t only be rich in grapes but in chickens with heart too.

JUAN
You’ll have to do that. On your farm... I’ll give him to you.

ALEJANDRO
Why would you give him to me?

JUAN
Jimena said...

ALEJANDRO
I’ve never heard of such generosity. This Jimena...

Juan shrugs.

LATER...

Alejandro is working on Del Infierno, on his beak. But he has tears in his eyes and he’s visibly shaking again.

JUAN
What’s wrong, now?

Alejandro puts Infierno up and walks a healthy distance away.
ALEJANDRO
He has a tiny crack on his beak.

JUAN
How bad is that?

ALEJANDRO
Bad.

JUAN
What can we do?

ALEJANDRO
I put some super-glued on it, but it’s only a temporary fix.

JUAN
Well, let’s get our money back.

ALEJANDRO
Too late, I already made the bet.

JUAN
And we can’t get our money back?

ALEJANDRO
Not without shooting someone or getting shot yourselves.

JUAN
Maybe he can make it?

ALEJANDRO
(pessimistic)
Yes, maybe.

INT. SMALL EXHIBIT HALL – MENDOTA – NIGHT

It is restricted access to this smaller hall, but it is a large gathering. There are at least 200 in the crowd.

The fighting begins. Infierno wins five fights.

Before the sixth opponent is put down, a woman comes flying out of stands and jumps into the ring. She attacks her husband. He doesn’t fight back, but turns so the rooster,
probably her pet, won’t be hit. The referee and some others restrain the woman.

JUAN
What was that?

ALEJANDRO
A woman and a pet rooster? She’s attached to him, probably.

LATER...

ANNOUNCER
The Tenth and final opponent is a wicked-looking black rooster, named what? El Diablo Vive en Mis Pantalones. That’s his name?

The owner nods, yes.

ANNOUNCER
(rhetorical question)
Why don’t you just call him El Diablo?

(beat)
Ladies and gentlemen, this promises to be an epic competition. All bets in.

(beat)
Okay, put them down.

The big-money is in a cage, a converted concession-stand with a hog panel across the counter. The man holding the money (a THIEF) exits out the backdoor with the backpack (one million dollars). The concierge, who is in the SUV reading her comic-book, notices the thief escaping with the money. The concierge texts Buscemi, who leaves the small hall.

The concierge jumps from behind a parked truck and kneecaps the thief. She points to the thief on the ground.

CONCIERGE
There’s a piece of shit over there.
Buscemi tries to take the backpack, the thief resists. The thief can’t stand, but he won’t release the money.

Battle and Trejo leave the building. Trejo grabs a scoop shovel.

**BATTLE**
What are you gonna do with that, hit him?

**TREJO**
Violence solves very little...

Trejo scoops up the horseshit. The thief pulls a Bowie knife, but Trejo pours the shit on the thief, who releases the money.

**MEANWHILE...**

As the roosters fight the final match, five masked GANG MEMBERS enter the small hall. They carry shotguns and they make the crowd strip and hand over their money. It's a large scale robbery... but the fight continues. The referee, the owner of El Diablo, Juan and Alejandro are not affected by the robbery.

The crowd is more interested in the fight than the robbery. They have their money hidden in coke cups, tobacco pouches, under toupées, boots, buried in grain sacks. At a cockfight, everyone has a hiding place. The robbery is a bust... pocket change. Maybe all their money has been bet and is in the cage/backpack.

Buscemi returns to the hall and takes the backpack to the cage.

Del Infierno wins the fight. The crowd, either naked or in their underwear, erupts. Even the losers cheer. Alejandro runs for the money. Buscemi is happy to award him the backpack full of cash.

Alejandro hands the money to Juan. Juan hands Infierno to Alejandro. Juan exits and gets into the white truck. They wait nervously for Alejandro.
Inside the hall, Alejandro is surrounded by Buscemi, Trejo and Battle; they are blocking his exit, but they smile politely. Alejandro’s going to have to give up the rooster.

INT. PARKING LOT -- EXHIBIT HALL -- NIGHT

The cartel members arrive to find an empty parking lot.

INT. LIBRARY VEHICLE -- RETURNING TO LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT

The concierge drives. Buscemi, Battle and Trejo have two triple meat hamburgers each, fries, large sodas. Happy as fat kittens.

INT. SUV -- RETURNING TO LOS ANGELES -- NIGHT

Jo Betty is driving. Alejandro is in the passenger seat holding Infierno. Jo’s two friends are in the back, looking sympathetic.

ALEJANDRO
They forced me.

FRIEND #1
It’s human trafficking.

FRIEND #2
Just wicked to use a boy like that.

JO BETTY
Where’s your family?

Alejandro shrugs.

JO BETTY
Listen, I raise show chickens. Do you want to come to my farm? You can help me take care of Infierno.

A light bulb goes off in Alejandro’s head.

ALEJANDRO
Sure.

FRIEND #1
What about citizenship?
FRIEND #2
I think my husband can do something about that.

EXT. JO BETTY’S CHICK FARM - DAY

Gallo del Infierno is in a pen with a hundred hens, fine fat show-quality hens and he’s chasing them to find one that is receptive.

Juan and Jo Betty are feeding the hens.

Buscemi, Battle and Trejo are there in work clothes. Two have scoop shovels. Buscemi hands the tractor keys to Jo Betty.

BATTLE
Look at him go to town...

TREJO
Most virile rooster I’ve ever seen.

BUSCEMI
Sure. He’s a fighter, AND a lover.

END CREDITS:

FADE OUT
PILOT CHARACTERS

JUAN - Mexican national, he only wants to marry his fiancée, Jimena.

JIMENA - Mexican national, she only wants to buy back the land she feels was stolen from her grandfather.

ALEJANDRO - Mexican national who runs away to pursue the American dream.

JO BETTY - wealthy Los Angeles woman, who owns a hobby chicken farm. She is sympathetic to the plight of the clones but uses them as a source of cheap (free) labor.

FRIEND #1 - Wife of a wealthy surgeon.

FRIEND #2 - Wife of a wealthy attorney.

HISPANIC MAN - Older gentleman with a white pickup truck and good instincts when to leave a cockfight, which is about a minute before the violence begins.

STEVE BUSCEMI CLONE - He is Steve Buscemi, rebel and manipulator. He’s going to win, by hook or crook. However, his sensitive and politically aware of the discrimination and injustice afforded the clones. He’s the leader of the three clones. He’s street savvy and he can fight.

TEXAS BATTLE - He is Texas Battle, but years of living in the library… isolation has made him a little rough around the edges. He is what they call “institutionalized.”

DANNY TREJO - He is Texas Battle, maybe not as violent but he looks like he might do some damage if you cross him.

GAMBLER - Even the most honesty gambles at a cockfight are dishonest.

THIEF - tries to steal the million-dollar prize.

VINEYARD OWNER - Looks like Andrés Obrador.

FIELD WORKERS - Migrant labor.

WINERY OWNER - Looks like Vincenti Fox.
WINERY WORKERS – Migrant labor.

INFIERNO'S JUÁREZ OWNER – Looks like Carlos Salinas.

URBAN VAQUERO – Juan’s romantic rival.

ANNOUNCERS – Underground version of Michael Buffer, but he is missing at least one tooth and wears a blue cheap western suit and a black tuxedo bow-tie that looks like he picked it up off the ground.

BORDER PATROL – Small Quiotic men.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES – Large Quiotic men.

CARTEL MEMBERS – face tattoos, seriously dangerous.

ARRESTED MAN – nervous meth addict.

SECURITY – Ten foot tall, 380 lbs, face tattoos and a killer

FRESNO TEENAGER – Innocent kids in a dangerous place.

DRUNKEN MAN – old-timer worn down by the game.

REGULAR CAST

CLERK – negative, robotic, law and order, managerial type.

CONCIERGE – lazy employee while inside the library. Outside the library, she is a firebrand behind whatever cause the clones are addressing.

MINDER – Stern outside appearance, inside she’s a sweet-heart.

CAFETERIA LADY – Sweet and compassionate. Doing the best she can to feed the clones and be pleasant.
ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY

EPISODE: Public Opinion

TV Pilot by

Alan Nafzger

Copyright 2020
PH: 214-875-1305
alan.nafzger@gmail.com
FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Senate candidate PEACE JONES is sitting in a limousine with ALEXIS JONES, CREED BRADÁN, and WEN LEE.

ALEXIS JONES
Are you coming?

PEACE JONES
No, I don’t want to go in this early.

CREED BRADÁN
Good, I need to go over some endorsements you might want to mention.

Wen and Alexis exit the limo. Peace and Creed Bradán remain.

PEACE JONES
Ok.

CREED BRADÁN
The Farm Workers Cooperative, the State Faculty Association. You’re ahead with Central Valley minorities.

PEACE JONES
But behind nearly everywhere else.

CREED BRADÁN
That’s true but things change. Politics is an ocean; it moves up and down. Like the clones… one decade it’s all legal and they’re everybody’s darling and then the tide changes and suddenly… and well look at them now, living in that run-down hotel, checked out like books.

PEACE JONES
I understand. Waves. The ocean.

Peace notices journalist FRED LAFRESNAYE, pull up into a reserved parking space. Exits sports car. Walks inside.

PEACE JONES
Full of sharks.
CREED BRADÁN
Don’t worry about that guy. You’ve been a successful mayor, and you can deliver the votes.

INT. ON STAGE - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

It is a televised debate — informal rules.

PEACE JONES
If my opponent hasn’t found a way to keep our state from going bankrupt, how can the voters expect her to do any better in Washington, D.C.

CHARLOTTE WALCKENAER
Well, I certainly wish I’d participated in the Olympics and gathered up all those lucrative corporate endorsements.

PEACE JONES
They aren’t as lucrative as you think, considering all the work that went into it.

WALCKENAER
But your husband is a tech billionaire. Must be nice.

PEACE JONES
What are you trying to say?

WALCKENAER
I wish I’d had a life of privilege.

PEACE JONES
No life of privilege here. We’ve worked hard for everything we’ve earned.

WALCKENAER
Perhaps, your husband would like to help bail out the state? After all, he is a resident and benefits from the roads and public works.

Peace Jones is about to respond. The journalist cuts her off.
FRED LAFRESNAYE

Next question.

INT. BACKSTAGE - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

Alexis takes a few photos of his wife on stage with a digital camera with a telephoto lens. Bradán and Wen are there.

WEN
Did you get a good one?

ALEXIS
Sometimes, I get lucky.
(to Creed Bradán)
Why does he cut her off like that? She was about to let him have it. It’s cheap shot after cheap shot. Just because I know a little something about computers.

BRADÁN
You ought to come out on the campaign trail with us more often. They love to make her look timid.

WEN
In every appearance, she says that; “maybe, your husband will want to help bail out the state.” The taxes.

ALEXIS
She’s implying I don’t pay my fair share!

WEN
Or you’re just too damn rich. One.

BRADÁN
Vilify you. Your money, your tech company. All the tech companies. It’s all part of her strategy.

ALEXIS
Well, it doesn’t need to be.

BRADÁN
It’s all she’s got. Peace’s flawless.
WEN
Probably, not gonna change.

BRADÁN
Not an ounce of dirt on Peace. And whatever they dream up doesn’t stick. They’re screwed.

JAMES SLEVIN, walks up behind them.

SLEVIN
Screwed? We’re happy right where we are. My candidate still leads Peace by ten points in the polls.

WEN
She’s closing the gap and if you aren’t desperate now, in a week you will be.

SLEVIN
Better get some new lines of attack.

ALEXIS
You can get them off the free-speech platform I’ve created. Nine-hundred million accounts, you’ll probably find something negative about my wife. But then maybe not. My wife is everyone’s sweetheart. Since she won that gold medal, most people call her by her first name and not her last.

Back on stage...

LAFRESNAYE
Ms. Jones, only hours ago, an important West Coast blog alleged that you and your campaign manager, Creed Bradán, how can I put this delicately, were becoming involved.

Behind the stage...

ALEXIS
I don’t believe this.

BRADÁN
Par for the course; I’m afraid.
Back on stage…

PEACE
Creed Bradán’s only involvement is with my campaign. He manages it, and that is all. Anything beyond that is malicious gossip.

LAFRESNAYE
There isn’t anything to the relationship?

PEACE
You must be referring to the Cinco de Mayo block party last night. We danced in front of 2000 voters. What you call “infidelity”, Latinos call “the salsa”.

Behind the stage…

WEN
That’s good for 10,000 Hispanic votes.

Creed Bradán’s phone vibrates.

BRADÁN
I’m gonna take this.

On stage…

PEACE
The few hours my campaign allows me to sleep, I sleep with my husband.

LAFRESNAYE
But there have been rumors.

PEACE
Rumors only demean both our professions and I refuse to talk about them.

LAFRESNAYE
But when you won your gold medal, there were stories you were given anabolic steroids and by a doctor, a married doctor.
PEACE
The only thing on anabolic steroids is all this gossip. I never touched the stuff.

LAFRESNAYE
Well, I see that is all the time we have. I want to thank both candidates.

WALCKENAER
Thank you, and I’m certainly willing to overlook any of my opponents' PED or extramarital indiscretions.

LAFRESNAYE
This is Fred Lafresnaye. Have a wonderful night and don’t forget to vote.

INT. HALLWAY - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM
Bradán answers the phone. It’s CASSIDY, a campaign worker.

BRADÁN
Creed.

CASSIDY
Creed, Thank goodness.

BRADÁN
Problems?

CASSIDY
Harold just quit.

BRADÁN
What?

CASSIDY
Packed up all his stuff, said he’s going to work for a presidential campaign.

BRADÁN
Eight weeks, getting him caught up on California politics and just like that he walks away?
CASSIDY
The primary is in a month and he was the best speechwriter we’ll ever find.

BRADÁN
Peace is going to be livid about this.

CASSIDY
I have an idea. What about going down to the Roosevelt and see that we can turn up?

BRADÁN
I can’t take that to Peace.

CASSIDY
Well, what are you gonna do?

BRADÁN
There’s so much baggage with clones. People are frightened of them all except that Keanu Reeves clone. People love him.

CASSIDY
A speechwriter isn’t upfront, out there for everyone to see. Who would even know but you and me? I think it’s a viable option.

BRADÁN
Okay, I’ll mention it to her, but...

INT. ON STAGE - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM
After the debate, Alexis greets his wife.

ALEXIS
Peace, you were wonderful.

PEACE
Creed was right. I should have known better. I try to deal with issues and that muckraking gossip shark, all he cares about is sex.

ALEXIS
Forget it. I thought you handled everything perfectly. People know he’s a vulture.
Lafresnaye approaches.

LAFRESNAYE
Did you call me a vulture?

ALEXIS
You’re supposed to be impartial. You cut my wife off just as she was about to respond.

LAFRESNAYE
It’s an hour debate. What do you want me to do, interrupt the pro-surfing highlights?

ALEXIS
Fred, other than the hair and the makeup and the sports car, just what makes you a journalist? She danced with the mayor last night and the police chief and half the city council. Is she fooling around with them too?

LAFRESNAYE
Just be happy I’m not focusing on you, your billions, and your taxes. Everyone is looking through your back taxes, but you’re fighting them every inch, but did I bring that up?

ALEXIS
I run a huge corporation and paid every penny I owed. I even told my accountants to pay more than I owe, just to be safe.

LAFRESNAYE
Maybe this year, because of the election, when everyone is watching.

ALEXIS
Well, I did. I paid more than I owed.

PEACE
That’s wonderful, honey thank you.
(to Lafresnaye)
And Fred, you just handed me the winning issue.
Peace whispers into her husband’s ear.

PEACE
Can we send a mailing to every voter that’s been harassed by the IRS?

ALEXIS
We’ll win by twenty points.

Lafresnaye hates that he can’t hear.

LAFRESNAYE
I’ll say one thing, Peace. You have the work cut for you. You’re down in the polls.

PEACE
Ocean swells.

LAFRESNAYE
Ocean swells?

PEACE
Of course, Fred, don’t you know politics is an ocean. Up and down. Swells. The tide.

Alexis and Peace walk away and shake well-wishers’ hands.

ALEXIS
If you don’t mind, I want to get back to work. I want to look at some wind generator estimates… maybe we can go totally green by next year. It won’t be before the election, but we can project that. Should help with the environmentalists.

PEACE
Thank you dear. I appreciate that.

ALEXIS
We’ll see you this weekend in, uh….

PEACE
Creed, can you tell me where we’ll be Saturday?

Creed Bradán must look up the schedule on his phone.
BRADÁN
Let’s see, Mariposa, Fresno, and Bakersfield. But that’s just in the morning. Listen, there’s a glitch with the speechwriter. He quit.

PEACE
I knew this was coming.

BRADÁN
You did?

PEACE
Leave it to me. I have an idea.

She shakes some more hands.

INT. HALLWAY - UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

WEN
You people have every journalist in the state on your side? Or do you just have a slander fetish?

SLEVIN
He’s just doing his job.

WEN
By taking sides?

SLEVIN
Keeping it close. You don’t appear convinced. Why’s there always a game seven?

WEN
What?

SLEVIN
Anyway, Peace can’t overcome her lead. You should realize that, a bright girl like you, a Ph.D. in bull shit.

WEN
Political science.
SLEVIN
You, of all people, should be able to do the math.

WEN
Speaking of math, this poll shows you are losing ground and at this rate, you’ll be behind on primary day.

SLEVIN
Yea?

WEN
Behind already with working women and blacks.

SLEVIN
Too bad they hardly ever bother to vote.

WEN
Did you just say that? That’s wrong!

SLEVIN
It’s the truth.

WEN
You better be glad I like you.

SLEVIN
Well, when my girl clobbers Peace, and she will, we’re gonna take on some extra staffers for the general election.

WEN
Does that mean you will be looking for a highly paid, highly motivated, and a highly visible Asian female?

He texts Wen a number and Wen’s eyes bug out.

WEN
This is a lot of money.

Wen exits the hallway. Lafresnaye enters the hallway.

LAFRESNAYE
Well, Slevin. How’d you score the debate?
SLEVIN
I’d say you came across looking the best. You know, with a competent campaign manager, you might someday find yourself in the Senate. Ever think about politics?

LAFRESNAYE
Well no. This is strictly on background, but someone fed that story to the online blog about Peace and Creed Bradán.

SLEVIN
The Walckenaer campaign would never do something like that. Smear an opponent? Never.

EXT. PARKING LOT – UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

LAFRESNAYE
I can’t cut back on coverage.

SLEVIN
Why not?

LAFRESNAYE
Look Peace Jones is news. Gold medal, mixed-race marriage to a billionaire with tax issues. People call her by her first name, for pity's sake!

SLEVIN
Then maybe you could increase your coverage?

LAFRESNAYE
What?

SLEVIN
Rumors about her love life.

LAFRESNAYE
Well, that would be nice but. But the only newsworthy thing I really have are the polls that show her narrowing the gap.

SLEVIN
Can’t have that, can we?
LAFRESNAYE
Now, if you guys have something, you need to let me know. Giving it to two-cent bloggers is so cheap and beneath you.

SLEVIN
Well, all I can say is...

LAFRESNAYE
My sources are always confidential.

SLEVIN
We don’t do dirty tricks, nothing that smacks of poor sportsmanship. But we do opposition research just like everyone.

LAFRESNAYE
If something comes up... give me a call?

SLEVIN
Maybe.

LAFRESNAYE
Just make sure you call me first.

SLEVIN
I’m not saying anything will turn up but if it does... It would need to come from some anonymous source.

LAFRESNAYE
Of course.

INT. ROOSEVELT PUBLIC LIBRARY - LOBBY - DAY

An actress clone approaches the desk.

ACTRESS CLONE
I have a complaint! I have been waiting for a ride two hours now. I have to be at the studios, I’ve been checked out. They need me for a scene.

The concierge doesn’t even look up from a comic-book and only points to a cardboard box for complaints.
Peace walks into the public library and approaches the front desk. As Peace speaks, the CLERK types names into the computer.

PEACE
Jon Favreau?

CLERK
(monotone)
Checked out.

PEACE
Ted Sorensen?

CLERK
No.

PEACE
David Frum?

CLERK
Nope.

PEACE
What about the other side? I’ll take Peggy Noonan.

CLERK
Taken.

PEACE
Well, who do you have?

CLERK
I don’t know; it’s campaign season.

She scrolls through the computer list of various clones.

CLERK
Barack Obama?

PEACE
I need a speechwriter.

CLERK
It says here Mr. Obama was the President of the United States. 2009 'til 2017.
PEACE
I’ve got political advice up to my eyeballs.

CLERK
Well, it says he penned most of his own speeches, two best-selling books. Articulate. One of the most popular clones here.

PEACE
Okay, I’ll take him.

CLERK
For how long?

PEACE
For a week, just until I can get another speechwriter. And this is confidential?

CLERK
Totally.

She hands over her ID. The clerk hits a few keys.

CLERK
Oh, you’ve checked him out before I see.

PEACE
Oh, it wasn’t me. My office.

CLERK
Now, who are you again?

PEACE
I’m Peace Jones, I’m running for Senate. I was the mayor, and we had a party.

Robotic, the clerk isn’t impressed. She’s probably only paid minimum wage. She has no idea Los Angeles even has a mayor.

CLERK
Oh, how nice. Sign here.

PEACE
What’s this?
CLERK

Liability.

PEACE

I need liability insurance?

CLERK

Are you kidding? You can’t buy insurance on a clone. This is a liability release.

PEACE

What?

CLERK

For us. So you can’t sue us. In case he screws up.

PEACE

They screw up?

CLERK

Of course.

PEACE

Hum?

CLERK

I guess there’s a reason they don’t clone people anymore... And they’re housed here, not only for their protection.

PEACE

Well, I didn’t realize...

CLERK

You look desperate... You can’t have him without signing it.

Peace signs the release.

CLERK

Room 1200. Shall I have him come down?

PEACE

Let me ask you a question. I negotiate with him if he’s interested?
CLERK
He’ll be interested.

PEACE
You’re sure?

CLERK
Well, it’s the law.

PEACE
Why?

CLERK
Community Service Years.

PEACE
What happens if they don’t…

CLERK
If they aren’t 100 percent compliant, we send them down to San Quinton.

PEACE
What for, being born?

CLERK
No. For being born a clone.

PEACE
Hardly sounds fair.

CLERK
Look, I just work here. If you don’t like it call your congressman.

INT. CAFÉ - NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - DAY

Barack Obama is sitting opposite Peace. The WAITRESS brings them their plates.

PEACE
Excuse me, can I ask you a question or two? Do you know who I am?

WAITRESS
No, should I?
Peace looks at Obama for a reaction.

OBAMA
Okay, let me ask you. Do you know who I am?

WAITRESS
No. Are you actors in some show or something? 'cause if you are, I’m sorry. I don’t watch much television.

OBAMA
Thank you.

The waitress leaves.

PEACE
It’s been almost four months on the campaign trail and I’m still, “Mayor Whatsherface.”

OBAMA
I thought you were coming up in the polls.

PEACE
I am, but this is only the primary... The fact is that unless it’s a presidential election, then people would rather study the phases of the moon than public policy.

OBAMA
Well, let's see if we can’t do something about that?

PEACE
But what do I do?

OBAMA
You keep plugging away.

PEACE
And say what?

OBAMA
Not everyone can be woke. This is still a country that’s less revolutionary than
it is interested in progress. My advice is to not go too far to the left. Talk about improving people’s lives.

PEACE
I have been, but I’m not getting anywhere.

OBAMA
Yes, Walckenaer and you are practically identical on the issues.

PEACE
If it wasn’t for the five million Alexis loaned the campaign, I’d be anonymous north of say Malibu.

OBAMA
That sounds very cynical.

PEACE
What a big fish-bowl I’m in. Well, you know, Mr. President.

Obama looks around nervously, he looks to see that someone didn’t hear her. It appears he can get into trouble.

OBAMA
You can’t call me that. I mean, please don’t.

PEACE
I’m sorry. I didn’t realize...

OBAMA
I don’t know about any fish-bowl, but I’ve read extensively about the man’s central paradigm, his career, and the personality traits of my genetic donor.

PEACE
And of course, you feel uncomfortable about me saying... you know... Mr.

She silently mouths the word “president”.

OBAMA
Clones have a lot of regulations...
PEACE
And face a lot of discrimination?

OBAMA
As a candidate for a statewide office, I don’t think you want to call it that.

PEACE
I’m sorry. I’d like to do something about that.

OBAMA
I think you’re missing the point. Elections are to win… and nothing else. If you lose then you have no power to do anything.

PEACE
Yes, I’ve been told that. Elections and policy are different entities.

OBAMA
Entirely. If you win, you can do what you want, but don’t shot yourself in the foot by speaking up for clones now.

PEACE
So, they let you teach a course at the University of Chicago, I read?

OBAMA
That was before 2070, and you don’t want to go there.

PEACE
All the clones, were banned from public office and housed at well, libraries?

OBAMA
Yes. Old hotels. We aren’t allowed to drive cars, get married or work either.

PEACE
Well, you live in Los Angeles, what do you need a car for?

Awkward moment.
PEACE
I’m joking.

OBAMA
Oh, okay.

PEACE
It wasn’t your fault. So there are 55,363 clones worldwide, right?

OBAMA
I think that’s right.

PEACE
What are the odds one goes off the reservation and kills someone?

OBAMA
I know you’re on my side, our side. But right now, you have to be on your side. To thy own-self be true.

PEACE
Wouldn’t that have been a trip?

OBAMA
What?

PEACE
A clone.

OBAMA
Of Shakespeare? Stay away from that issue entirely.

PEACE
Well, I’m not going to make a speech about it. I just want to know what it’s like. I read it’s like living in a half-way house.

OBAMA
Halfway to hell, maybe.

PEACE
That bad?
OBAMA
Imagine, you’re a bad novel waiting on a shelf in a library... waiting and waiting.

PEACE
How dreary.

OBAMA
It was better back when you were the mayor.

PEACE
Yes, we’ve met before.

OBAMA
I never got the chance to thank you.

PEACE
That was a great party. Thank you.

OBAMA
(depressed a bit)
My life it one giant party.

PEACE
Things aren’t the same anymore? Since the murder?

OBAMA
No. But even before 2070, I noticed certain looks. Nervous glances. The novelty was wearing thin, and people were already a bit creeped out by it all.

PEACE
But you all have so much to offer.

OBAMA
I’m glad you said that, privately. I’ll be happy to help you if I can.

PEACE
The press has been having a party digging into my personal life. My sex life!
OBAMA
Maybe you should have checked out a clone with experience in that, Bill Clinton?

PEACE
Ha! Hey, that’s very quick of you.

OBAMA
I try. He’s upstairs. He’d give me his desert for a week if I refer someone.

PEACE
I need your help, but…

OBAMA
But?

PEACE
I’m trying to keep this on the down-low.

OBAMA
That’s wise. There are a lot of people, not just in the other party, that will never accept that we even exist.

PEACE
But you do exist and I’m going to get as much use out of you as possible.

OBAMA
Thank you.

PEACE
But you must be discrete.

OBAMA
Of course.

PEACE
If it gets out you’re writing my speeches, it could easily be another story to distract people from the real issues.

OBAMA
I understand.
PEACE
It’s not just me, but they are also looking into my husband’s affairs?

OBAMA
Affairs?

PEACE
Oh, no, not that. Just his taxes and he has people that take care of that for him. That’s not really an issue.

OBAMA
Speaking of the issues, I’m delighted about your position on off-shore drilling.

PEACE
And I was delighted to check you out of the library and for an entire week too.

OBAMA
I’m more happy about that than you know!

PEACE
Getting bored upstairs?

OBAMA
My only complaint is the government food.

PEACE
Eat here this next week. I’ll arrange it.

OBAMA
Thank you.

PEACE
In a week, I have to give a speech in Sacramento to a party leadership conference.

OBAMA
Great. Give me a handful of newspaper; I’m positive I can help.

PEACE
It isn’t enough that I find a speechwriter that understands the issues.
OBAMA
I do study public policy, but can I ask you, why am I walking around outside of the library?

PEACE
What do you mean?

OBAMA
I could write your speech from my room. On my computer.. over at the library.

PEACE
I need someone that knows me, who won’t just be putting words into my mouth. There’s a room for you upstairs.

OBAMA
Oh, no.

PEACE
Why?

OBAMA
This wasn’t just a courtesy? A meal, you know. And then I’d go back to the library.

PEACE
No. I don’t work that way.

OBAMA
You’re about to ask me to travel outside the two hotels, out on the stump?

PEACE
Yes, what’s wrong with that?

OBAMA
I thought you wanted to win the election? I’m far too recognizable.

PEACE
Well, every clone is recognizable.

Obama is silent.
PEACE
I’ll take the chance. You can write so movingly, and if you are near the campaign, you won’t make me sound like a preacher or a worse, a holier-than-thou member of the other party.

Obama chuckles.

PEACE
I tried to write a speech. I wrote, "If this thing starts to snowball, it’ll catch fire right across the country," and didn’t catch it until I was about to say it.

OBAMA
Thank goodness you caught it.

PEACE
Sure, you’re laughing, but I’m desperate.

OBAMA
You know the right thing to do, you just need to find the right way to say it.

PEACE
Unless you can nail a killer speech, I’m going to lose.

OBAMA
And if you win, it doesn’t really matter how you say anything so long as you know the right thing to do.

PEACE
I see your point. I never thought of it that way. I’m glad you’re on board.

INT. OFFICE - TELEVISION STATION - DAY

Fred Lafresnaye takes a phone call.

LAFRESNAYE
This is Fred Lafresnaye.
VOICE
Are you interested in a story that will bury that bitch candidate?

LAFRESNAYE
Which bitch?  Who is this?

VOICE
Just call me a highly placed source.

LAFRESNAYE
Is that you, Slevin?

VOICE
If you aren’t interested, I can always send it to the bloggers.

LAFRESNAYE
Okay, let’s say I’m interested.

VOICE
Are you at your computer?

LAFRESNAYE
Yes.

Something comes across the screen. Journalist’s eyes get big.

LAFRESNAYE
What is this, some sort of a joke?
(beat)
Who is this?

The caller hangs up.

INT. INNER OFFICE – CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS – DAY

The shades are pulled. Inside, Obama word processes a speech. Obama peeks out the window into the office, especially at the desk of Creed, the campaign manager. Obama sends the document to the shared printer...

INT. OUTER OFFICE – CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Obama texts Bradán… “speech in printer tray.” Creed takes the pages from the printer and sits down to read them.
INT. INNER OFFICE - CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

Bradán unlocks the office door, enters quickly and locks the door behind him. He doesn’t want anyone seeing Obama.

BRADÁN
You might want to shorten the paragraph about the right-to-surf issue. These elite party women already have enough trouble getting their sons to work. Telling them they have the right-to-surf, well those women aren’t going to like that a bit.

OBAMA
Peace came out for pollution-free surfing a month ago. In a speech, at the Hermosa Beach pier.

BRADÁN
You’ve done your research. The speech you’re working on is for a couple hundred country club ladies and they want their sons in a classroom or at work, not out hitting the waves... and something else, you know what I mean?

Creed gestures taking an imaginary toke on a joint.

OBAMA
How does Peace feel about ocean pollution? How does she really feel?

BRADÁN
I don’t know, she’s married to a billionaire. I know how he feels about it.

OBAMA
And?

BRADÁN
He doesn’t want to pay for it. If surfers what clean water to surf in, they should pay for it.

OBAMA
But did you ask her?
BRADÁN
Why?

OBAMA
If you don’t know, I can’t tell you.

BRADÁN
Well, with all your vast experience, at the public library, what is it that you think the party elite want?

OBAMA
They want to win and if that means making billionaires pay for clean water...

Wen enters the inner office with her key.

WEN
Is everything okay? Anyone discover our new secret weapon?

The men look at each other, sizing up their opposition.

WEN
I just left Peace at the senior center.

BRADÁN
And did she come out for a higher life expectancy?

WEN
Social Security Max, Medicare part C and Homecare 2.0. She got off script and offered everyone a government dishwasher when they turned seventy.

OBAMA
How’d that go?

WEN
Great, they loved it.

BRADÁN
When is she getting back?
WEN
Late. While she was at the senior center, the state party chairman called. He wanted to see her, so she drove out there.

BRADÁN
Maybe he’s going to endorse her.

WEN
Maybe he’s going to endorse her opponent.

OBAMA
I don’t know why he would meet with her; he can’t endorse either one until after the primary. Not if he wants to keep his job.

Bradán ignores Obama.

OBAMA
About that speech, I’m sure we can find a solution.

BRADÁN
Well, I think we’re done. You’ve done the best you could. It just didn’t work out. Go home.

WEN
Peace got him a room at the New Roosevelt. It’s right beside our rooms.

BRADÁN
But just to be on the safe side, the media, why don’t you just go back to your room at the library.

Obama is a bit hurt. But he nods that he understands.

OBAMA
Well, see you tomorrow.

BRADÁN
No, that’s okay. We’re good. I’ll call you if we need you.
He’s checked out for the week.

Good, if we need him, we’ll call him.

Wen is disappointed that Obama has been effectively fired.

Wait until everyone leaves and then you leave. Here’s the key.

Everyone is gone. Let me drive you.

Creed clears his throat and shakes his head no.

Obama is strong. He’s been fired... but walks home, emotionless. A drunk man is passed out in an alley. Obama investigates.

Hey, buddy. You okay? You can’t sleep here. You’re too exposed here, someone can just drive by and see you?

The man doesn’t respond. Obama takes the man’s pulse. He’s not dead. He drags the man on cardboard out of view. Obama takes out his own wallet. Clone’s checks aren’t what they should be, and there is only a twenty and two ones inside.

There is a pack of cigarettes in the man’s shirt pocket. Obama rolls the twenty up and slips it into the pack. When the homeless fellow goes for a cigarette he will find the money.

Obama is reading, but when the clock says 11:00 pm, he puts the book down and turns on the local news.

Fred Lafresnaye is reading the news.
ANNOUNCER
Here with the evening news, Fred Lafresnaye.

LAFRESNAYE
Good evening. Leading the news tonight is a Senate campaign exclusive. A highly placed source close to the Senate primary has made available to this program highly damaging photographs of married candidate Peace Jones seen with her also married campaign manager, Creed Bradán, at her vacation cabin at Bear Lake.

Obama reaches for the phone and dials.

LAFRESNAYE
According to the source, her husband was out of the country at the time the photos were taken. Last week, several online bloggers...

No one answers, so Obama hangs up and leaves the library. He walks, then runs, to the New Roosevelt Hotel a few blocks away.

INT. NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Obama knocks on Peace’s room (#3601). There isn’t an answer. He knocks on Bradán’s door (#3602), again no answer. He meets Wen.

OBAMA
Did you see the news?

WEN
Trash, complete trash.

OBAMA
Have you seen Peace?

WEN
No.

OBAMA
What about Creed?

WEN
No.
OBAMA
We better find them and quickly.


Meanwhile, Peace Jones returns to the hotel and the valet parks her car. She uses the elevator. The door to her room is open, and a policeman is trying to hold back a crowd of people.

UNIFORMED COP
Alright, everybody back; this is a crime scene. I’m gonna have to call this in.

INT. PEACE’S ROOM – #3601 – NIGHT

Inside, hanging by his neck from the top of a door, is Creed Bradán. He’s dressed in ladies’ underwear and a bra. A hotel employee is there in the hallway, a maid.

PEACE
What happened?

MAID
Oh, Ms. Jones. It’s terrible. He must have been depressed.

Peace looks into #3601 and catches just a glimpse before the cop pushes everyone back and closes the door. She and the maid hug each other.

EXT. OBAMA’S ROOM – #3603 – NIGHT

The room was reserved for Obama. Peace is on the couch with Obama and Wen. A police LIEUTENANT is standing in front of them.

LIEUTENANT
Do you have any idea why your campaign manager killed himself?

PEACE
No.

LIEUTENANT
Did you see the 11:00 news tonight?
PEACE
No, but my campaign staff told me about it.

LIEUTENANT
Did they?

PEACE
Yes, about those ridiculous photos.

LIEUTENANT
The way I see it, he saw the news, then... this. He knew the affair would finish you as a candidate.

PEACE
Lieutenant, we weren’t sleeping together.

LIEUTENANT
No? Then why did he chose your room to hang himself in?

PEACE
Impossible. He never would have done that.

LIEUTENANT
What about the underwear and bra he was found in? They were yours?

PEACE
I doubt that.

LIEUTENANT
We’ve confirmed they’re your size. You don’t mind if we send them off to the lab for a DNA match.

PEACE
You can do whatever you think is necessary.

LIEUTENANT
You only wear peach under garments?

PEACE
You searched my clothes?

LIEUTENANT
They were found at a crime scene.
PEACE
Since when is killing yourself a crime?

OBAMA
Everything’s a crime. A potential crime.

Lieutenant gives Obama a strange look; he may not recognize him as a former POTUS. Perhaps he just never heard a clone wise off.

LIEUTENANT
Now, I don’t know what he wore to work, but when we found him, he was wearing your underwear and bra... Did you know Mr. Bradán was planning to kill himself?

OBAMA
Don’t answer that. Not another word.

LIEUTENANT
Who are you?

OBAMA
Well, I went to law school and even taught law for a time before... but I’m not...

LIEUTENANT
A sure sign of guilt when ya lawyer up.

OBAMA
Lieutenant, Ms. Jones wasn’t here. She’d just returned.

LIEUTENANT
Uh-huh.

The room’s phone rings and Wen answers.

WEN
Hello... Ms. Jones, it’s your husband.

Obama and Win gesture that she expects privacy. The lieutenant turns to leave. Obama and Wen leave as well.

The lieutenant walks across the hall into Peace’s old room (#3601), the room where Bradán allegedly hung himself.
Crime scene technicians working. Obama enters. No one thinks to stop him. He walks behind the Lieutenant and uses the body language of a detective. The door is being fingerprinted. Obama sees that the technician is unable to get any prints.

EXT. OBAMA’S ROOM - #3603 - NIGHT

Peace takes phone. Alexis is at drive-in, drinking a milkshake.

    PEACE
    No, I didn’t see the news. I’ve heard about it. Supposedly flirtatious photos of Creed and me out at the cabin.

    ALEXIS
    Yes. Some reporter called me. Look honey, I don’t want to sound cold. But you can’t let Creed’s suicide stop your campaign.

    PEACE
    Alex, the police found Creed hung in my undercloths, my size anyway.

    ALEXIS
    Peach?

    PEACE
    Yes. Peach. In my room!

    ALEXIS
    What the hell does that mean?

    PEACE
    I don’t know.

    ALEXIS
    I’ll be there in an hour.

    PEACE
    Please drive safely and don’t rush.

Some kids recognize Alexis and take a photo of him in his car at the drive-in and they post it in social media.

INT. BRADÁN’S HOTEL ROOM - #3602 - NIGHT
Obama makes it into Bradán’s room as well.

LIEUTENANT
Victim’s pants. The victim’s room card?

The Lieutenant notices Obama.

LIEUTENANT
(sarcastically)
Is there something I can do for you Mr. President?

OBAMA
You aren’t supposed to...

LIEUTENANT
I know; I was being facetious. I think I’m allowed. What can I do for you?

OBAMA
Oh, one of your men told me I could find you in here. Lieutenant, I think you should have a word with your finger-print technician.

LIEUTENANT
What’d he find?

OBAMA
Nothing. Well, what I mean is he didn’t find any prints. Not a single one. Not on the door, neither side and not on the doorknobs either.

LIEUTENANT
That’s not so odd.

OBAMA
Well, a man doesn’t hang himself on a door, to end it all, and think to wipe the prints first.

The Lieutenant contemplates this, perhaps not seriously.

EXT. OBAMA’S ROOM - #3603 - NIGHT

Peace is on the phone. She’s agitated.
PEACE
No, I won’t give you’re a statement, not until the police have investigated first.

The Lieutenant enters with an envelope.

LIEUTENANT
Evidence from the television station.

Peace pulls out a photo of her in Creed’s arms. More photos.

PEACE
It doesn’t take a detective to figure out who stands to gain from this, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT
You ‘n’ Bradán weren’t at Bear Lake together?

PEACE
We were. But those photos they aren’t…

LIEUTENANT
What are you saying? These are photoshopped?

PEACE
No. Those pictures are perfectly innocent.

LIEUTENANT
Look ma’am, we figure he took five to seven minutes to choke himself unconscious after that news broadcast.

Obama enters and speaks.

OBAMA
How do you know it was after the news?

The Lieutenant looks directly at Peace.

LIEUTENANT
We have the Bradán’s phone and someone with a drop-phone rang him at 11:15 and they spoke for a little less than 30 seconds. So that was just after these pictures were aired on the news; then he caught the bus. Where were you tonight?
PEACE
Me? Well, I was...

OBAMA
She was at a meeting. A meeting with the state party chairman at his house.

LIEUTENANT
Look, she said you were her speech-writer. But, no clone is licensed to practice law in any state.

OBAMA
I didn’t say I was...

PEACE
Lieutenant, I did go out there. I didn’t meet with him. There was some mix-up. The message I got... I knocked on the door and when no one answered, I figured that it must have been a foul up... So, I climbed back in my car and came back here.

LIEUTENANT
Who saw you?

PEACE
I told you; no one.

OBAMA
The valet, downstairs. He saw her.

PEACE
When I got up here, Creed’s body had just...

LIEUTENANT
Well, who is to say you didn’t kill him and went for a milkshake and return later?

PEACE
I’m to say!

Peace is about to storm out.
OBAMA
Should I come with you? You don’t want to be alone, I imagine.

PEACE
No, Mr…. Obama. I’ll be okay. Alexis will be here in a minute.

The Lieutenant gives Obama a dirty look and leaves. Wen and Obama follow him into Peace’s room, #3601.

EXT. PEACE’S ROOM - #3601 - NIGHT

On the coffee table is a phone. The Lieutenant opens it.

OBAMA
Phone not locked?

LIEUTENANT
Nope. These letters and numbers mean anything to you?

The text says… “POIC = P.J. 44 / C.W. 49”

OBAMA
Were you the first to read this?

LIEUTENANT
No. Someone opened it; probably the victim.

OBAMA
Public Opinion Institute of California. It’s a poll. Peace 44% and Walckenaer 49%.

LIEUTENANT
Maybe that’s why he offed himself?

OBAMA
Five points is extremely good news, considering she’s been down double digits.

LIEUTENANT
You’re the pollster. It says you sent this.

WEN
He didn’t answer; so I texted it to him.
LIEUTENANT
What about Peace? Did she get this too?

WEN
I called, and then I realized she was probably in an important meeting.

LIEUTENANT
So, she didn’t answer either. How odd? ... No one answered? Maybe they were tied-up and didn’t want to be disturbed. I wonder.

OBAMA
I was wondering how accurate is the 5 points.

INT. PENTHOUSE - #4201 - NIGHT

PEACE
Sure, Creed and I played a game of basketball. It was totally innocent.

ALEXIS
Peace, we’ve always leveled with each other. We share children together, and four houses. So I’m only gonna ask you once.

PEACE
Alexis, I swear.

ALEXIS
Please let me finish. Creed gave his hotel keys to every pretty woman he met.

PEACE
Alexis, we weren’t having an affair... Those photographs of Creed and I hugging. I’d just beat him in a game of basketball.

ALEXIS
HORSE?

PEACE
No.

ALEXIS
You’re 48, had three kids, and you beat a 28-year-old man in a game of basketball.
PEACE
He pouted... So I gave him a hug.

ALEXIS
Something like that can ruin a man’s self-image. You should have known better.

PEACE
You know, I did feel sorry about that.

ALEXIS
What was the score?

PEACE
Twenty-five to nine.

ALEXIS
You always have to win, don’t you?

PEACE
I’m not sure I’ll win this election.

ALEXIS
Why? Just tell them, and things will sort themselves out. You didn’t do anything.

INT. PODIUM - CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Peace and Alexis are up on the podium. Obama and Wen are in the back. The media are in a frenzy, blood in the water.

PEACE
Please. Quiet.

ALEXIS
Quiet Please.
  (beat)
You’ll all have a chance to ask your questions. But she has a statement to make...

PEACE
Ladies and gentlemen. I’m prepared to make a statement.

The press settles.
PEACE
Thank you. Creed and I were friends and co-workers, yes. I wish he was here today to refute your malicious rumors. It never went anywhere near what you are implying in the press. The photos are very misleading.

LAFRESNAYE
Are you going to stay in the race?

PEACE
I’ll stay and fight; my supporters and my husband won’t let me leave. I’m sure that is what Creed would have wanted as well... But more importantly, I want to carry on. You can’t shut me up so easily. And no amount of negative press can make me back out of this now.

JOURNALIST #1
Mr. Jones, is it true you were out of the country the weekend that Creed Bradán and your wife were at Bear Lake?

ALEXIS
I was away on business... Peace told me that they intended to work there. I have total confidence in my wife.

OBAMA
Three-pointer there, baby!

JOURNALIST #1
Thank you.

ALEXIS
I would just like to add that my wife started out as a dark-horse and underdog. She was twenty points behind. Now she’s closed to only five points. And if she keeps moving at this pace, I predict that my wife’ll win the primary.

JOURNALIST #2
Peace, who do you think took those photos?
PEACE
Who do you think has the most to gain?

JOURNALIST #2
Are you implying Walckenaer’s people were behind this?

PEACE
You said that Jonah, I didn’t.

Media chuckles.

JOURNALIST #2
Mr. Lafresnaye, suppose you tell us where you got the photos?

LAFRESNAYE
Freedom of the press demands that I not divulge my sources.

PEACE
You know that’s not spelled out in the first amendment.

LAFRESNAYE
There are shield laws in this state and...

PEACE
It’s up to you if you want to withhold that from the voters, only weeks before an election. I’m sure that want to know where you got the photos.

LAFRESNAYE
First, the police said it was suicide, and now it’s “no comment.” Would you care to explain?

PEACE
You know as much as I do, Mr. Lafresnaye.

LAFRESNAYE
You told the police you were away from the hotel when Creed Bradán died.

PEACE
That’s true.
LAfresnaye
So if you weren’t there to let him in,
I assume he had his own key?

Alexis jumps off the podium and bum rushes Lafresnaye, who trips over a row of chairs trying to run away. The media must hold Alexis off Lafresnaye, who is on his back.

INT. HOLLYWOOD DIVE BAR – NIGHT

The Lieutenant is drinking heavily. Obama is not drinking. From a distant table, Slevin is suspiciously watching.

LIEUTENANT
It’s murder and I think she did it. But,
I’m not so sure I’ll be able to prove it.

OBAMA
Meanwhile, she’s bein’ convicted on the front page of every newspaper in the state.

LIEUTENANT
Relax, people don’t read anymore.

OBAMA
Leading story on TV then.

LIEUTENANT
She’s news. Nobody asked her to run.
You sure you don’t want some Patrón, Mr. Obama? It only smells like poison.

OBAMA
No, no, no thank you.

LIEUTENANT
I don’t trust a man that doesn’t drink.

OBAMA
I don’t drink.

LIEUTENANT
Take it.
Obama takes a shot glass, but when the Lieutenant is admiring a woman walking by, he gives it to a bar-fly and swaps glasses. REPEAT three times.

**OBAMA**
This case has a lot of loose ends.

**LIEUTENANT**
The DA’s the kind of guy that likes all his packages wrapped up, tight.

**OBAMA**
Why can’t the reporters...

**LIEUTENANT**
Nice and neat. Ya know what I mean?

**OBAMA**
What you’re saying is that this case may never come to trial.

**LIEUTENANT**
You could say that.

**OBAMA**
While Peace Jones tries to run for office with this cloud of suspicion hanging over her head?

**LIEUTENANT**
It’s better than being convicted.

**OBAMA**
Have you considered that someone else killed Creed Bradán and framed Peace?

**LIEUTENANT**
It’s crossed my mind. Not much, but yes.

**OBAMA**
Well, let's focus on that for a minute. I’ve studied this woman, since she won the gold and I’ve known her since she invited me and some other clones to a...
LIEUTENANT
No, not any clone stories. It’s not even admissible in court.

OBAMA
Well, believe me, she isn’t capable of dishonesty or deception. She’s not capable of murder.

LIEUTENANT
Sure, she’s your boss. She got you out of that public welfare project you live in. I understand.

OBAMA
Oh, it’s much more than that. She’s innocent! And she’s not going to be whispered about that she’s a killer.

LIEUTENANT
What are ya gonna do? You’re a clone.

OBAMA
I won’t let it happen. Not if I have anything to say about it. Excuse me.

Obama storms out of the bar, sober but angry.

INT. CAFÉ – NEW ROOSEVELT HOTEL – DAY

Obama sits eating his meal.

LAFRESNAYE
Barack Obama!

Obama tries to ignore him and continues eating. Lafresnaye sits.

LAFRESNAYE
Fred Lafresnaye.

OBAMA
Yes. Six and eleven… Nice to meet you. About that Obama thing, I get that all the time. I’m just here having a quiet…

LAFRESNAYE
I know who you are.
OBAMA
Very well.

OBAMA
Barack Obama, Clone.

LAFRESNAYE
Clone?

OBAMA
Yes, I prefer ‘esquire,’ but legally I have to divulge that.

LAFRESNAYE
Silly law, what idiot wouldn’t know that you’re a clone? This is 2080, President Obama passed away years ago.

OBAMA
Well, I just do what they tell me to do.

LAFRESNAYE
That’s what I want to talk to you about?

OBAMA
Shouldn’t you be on air, running people down or kicking hornet nests?

LAFRESNAYE
Yes, I mean no. You should see my Sunday night show, Visit the Issues, it’s much more sedate, cerebral.

OBAMA
Cerebral?

LAFRESNAYE
(condescending)
Yes, it means brainy.

OBAMA
Yes. I’m aware.

LAFRESNAYE
We have on scholars and intellectuals.
OBAMA
That’s nice… Excuse me, Mr. Lafresnaye.

Obama signs the ticket that is out on the table.

LAFRESNAYE
Look if you happen to have something to say, I’d love to have you on the show.

OBAMA
I’d have to have my patron’s…

LAFRESNAYE
Patron?

OBAMA
The person who checked me out.

LAFRESNAYE
Exactly who is your patron?

OBAMA
You know that’s highly confidential.

LAFRESNAYE
Who’s paying your bill?

Lafresnaye grabs the ticket; the waitress snatches it from him. She smiles and winks at Obama. They walk to the hotel’s front.

LAFRESNAYE
Well, I’m going to speculate…

OBAMA
You always do. But I have to warn you revealing the identity of a library patron is…

LAFRESNAYE
It’s not illegal for me… I’m a reporter.

OBAMA
Maybe you should come talk with say, Walter Cronkite. Might rub off a little.

LAFRESNAYE
Dan Rather over there?
OBAMA
Huh. Yes, he’s over there.

LAFRESNAYE
I might do that. But what about Sunday, you could come on…

OBAMA
I don’t mind talking about the library.

LAFRESNAYE
You could even say a few words about your… what did you call her?

OBAMA
Who said it was a ‘her’?

LAFRESNAYE
Your adulterous/murderous patron?

OBAMA
The clone endorsement angle working for ya this election season?

LAFRESNAYE
Matter of fact, never had a clone on.

OBAMA
That’s because it’s against the law.

LAFRESNAYE
Unless, you have the patron’s permission?

OBAMA
You won’t get any permission.

LAFRESNAYE
Why?

OBAMA
You know how people feel about clones and even people that make use of clones.

LAFRESNAYE
It might help her escape murder charges?
OBAMA
There won’t be any murder charges?

LAFRESNAYE
No? Why?

OBAMA
Because she didn’t do it.

LAFRESNAYE
She’s confided to you?

OBAMA
I can neither confirm or deny... But, you want to know the name of the doctor she was dating when she won the Olympics?

LAFRESNAYE
You know that?

OBAMA
No, I just wanted to see you jump.

LAFRESNAYE
Not going to appear on my show are ya?

OBAMA
Give me the name of the person who sent you those photos and I’ll try to persuade my patron to let me on your show.

LAFRESNAYE
You are quite a horse trader, Mr. er-ah... The problem is... I don’t know.

OBAMA
That’s why you claimed the protection of the shield laws?

LAFRESNAYE
Well, I could hardly tell the truth. I’m supposed to gather news, not just repeating what unknown people send me.

OBAMA
Unknown?
LAFRESNAYE
Well, it was anonymous.

OBAMA
You said it was a highly placed source.

LAFRESNAYE
I did?

OBAMA
You recklessly published that information and it harmed a woman’s chances at election. A good honest woman’s chance to go to Washington and make a difference?

LAFRESNAYE
If you’re thinking about suing me for slander...

OBAMA
Clones don’t have standing in civil courts.

LAFRESNAYE
But Ms. Jones would?

OBAMA
I doubt it, a clone as her only witness? But there are media watchdog groups that’ll be interested in your methods.

LAFRESNAYE
You were never going to appear on my show, were you?

OBAMA
No.

LAFRESNAYE
You may be waiting here for a while.

A car pulls up in the hotel’s drive.

OBAMA
Oh, here’s my ride. Good day.
INT. CAR - DAY

Driving the car is the concierge, who, until now, has been the lazy young person behind the desk. But she’s energized suddenly.

CONCIERGE
That’s that dick from the news?

OBAMA
You refused to take the actress to her work.

CONCIERGE
This is serious business.

OBAMA
Sure it is.

CONCIERGE
What you said... Well, it made sense. There’s a lot at stake here. And I do wanna make a difference.

OBAMA
So, you’re going to help?

CONCIERGE
Hundo P. I’m here, aren’t I?

INT. INNER OFFICE - CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

PEACE
I can’t believe someone would murder Creed just to win an election.

OBAMA
Whoever did it took a huge risk.

PEACE
You know what I don’t understand is Creed’s clothes were in his room.

OBAMA
He probably didn’t go from his room to yours in a bra and panties.
PEACE
Well, what happened then?

OBAMA
It’s more likely he was lured over there. Someone in your room called over there to his room, the Lieutenant said. He was killed and then put into your clothes… And the murderer took his clothes back into his room, using his own card.

PEACE
Why?

OBAMA
I can’t say… Peace. Is there something you haven’t told me?

PEACE
No, of course not.

OBAMA
Did you talk to the party chairman about that message?

PEACE
He doesn’t know anything about the meeting we were supposed to have. He said he never called me.

OBAMA
Then who?

PEACE
Wen told me someone called. Someone called claiming to be staff, to lure me away from the hotel.

OBAMA
Where is Wen?

PEACE
I don’t know I’ve been trying to reach her all day… Where are you going? … What about my speech?
OBAMA
The speech can wait. I need your permission to stop all this talk about you murdering your campaign manager.

PEACE
Well, yes of course... Where are you going?

OBAMA
I think it’s time to confront the source of your trouble.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH PIER – DAY

The Walckenaer campaign is on the pier shooting a commercial. Walckenaer, Slevin, and a camera crew. Obama approaches and watches from behind the crowd. No one notices him. He listens.

WALCKENAER
The issue in this campaign, friends and neighbors, is a simple one. Moral ingenuity.

SLEVIN
Cut... It’s not ingenuity... it’s integrity.

WALCKENAER
Well, it’s written so small...

There is a whiteboard. Slevin erases the word, “integrity” and rewrites it in bold ALL CAPS.

SLEVIN
How’s that?

WALCKENAER
Better. Thanks.

SLEVIN
Let’s try it again.

An aide runs up, out of breath. He points up the pier at the Lt.

SLEVIN
I already told him we didn’t send the photos to Lafresnaye... Turn that camera off.
WALCKENAER
If we did have anything to do with the photos and it got out that we did...

SLEVIN
Relax. You don’t know anything about it.

WALCKENAER
We’re good on this?

SLEVIN
Trust me.

The Lieutenant arrives. He notices Obama, but no one else has.

LIEUTENANT
Gentlemen, I’m sorry to interrupt.

WALCKENAER
No. It’s good to see you.

SLEVIN
Dreadful business with this thing.

WALCKENAER
My heart goes out to the family.

Now, suddenly Slevin notices Obama.

SLEVIN
You? What are you doing here, clone?

LIEUTENANT
Oh, he’s with me.

Walckenaer is shocked. Slevin can probably reason; he was aware.

SLEVIN
What is the LAPD policy on using clones?

LIEUTENANT
We’re more results-oriented, if you get my drift. Cuffs, convictions, long prison sentences... Mr. Obama, come on up here. Don’t be shy.
SLEVIN
(to Walckenaer)
I saw them last night at the dive bar.

LIEUTENANT
He has a question or two.

OBAMA
I just heard on the radio driving out here that a new poll shows Peace just fell to 12 points behind you.

WALCKENAER
Can’t say I’m surprised.

SLEVIN
Lieutenant, if she’s shot herself in the foot, nothing we can do about that.

LIEUTENANT
I don’t care who wins, I’m just trying to solve a murder.

WALCKENAER
I’m not sure I understood that remark, Lieutenant.

SLEVIN
I thought it was suicide.

OBAMA
Where were you and Mr. Slevin between 11:00 and 11:30 last night, when Creed Bradán died?

WALCKENAER
I resent that question.

SLEVIN
The clone’s just doing his job. And obviously, neither one of us has anything to hide. Seems to me, the Lieutenant has retained him to help him crack this case.

OBAMA
Well, let me just make things clear.
LIEUTENANT
He can’t confirm or deny that. Privacy laws.

SLEVIN
We were at the campaign headquarters well into the night.

LIEUTENANT
I heard it was 10:30 when you left.

SLEVIN
You heard wrong.

WALCKENAER
I thought it was later than that.

SLEVIN
We were in my car at midnight. I drove her to the hotel… Isn’t that correct?

WALCKENAER
Yes, absolutely correct.

OBAMA
Well, thank you.

LIEUTENANT
If there is anything else we need, we’ll let you know.

INT. HERMOSA BEACH PIER – DAY

Obama and the Lieutenant walk back to shore.

OBAMA
You lied.

LIEUTENANT
So?

OBAMA
You’re a cop.

LIEUTENANT
I can, we do.
OBAMA
Why?

LIEUTENANT
Why do we lie?

OBAMA
No, why did you lie just then. You aren’t my patron.

LIEUTENANT
They don’t need to know you are working for Ms. Jones. Do they?

OBAMA
No, but why are you helping Peace.

LIEUTENANT
I’m not helping her, I’m helping you.

OBAMA
Thanks, what brought this on?

LIEUTENANT
My grandpa told me a few stories about you, er… uh. Not about you but your genetic doner. So I decided to look into a few things...

OBAMA
And?

LIEUTENANT
Nothing. Zero.

As they walk in from the pier, they see Wen walking out.

OBAMA
What are you doing here?

LIEUTENANT
Maybe she’s here with a message from Peace?

OBAMA
She’s not bowing out, is she?
WEN
Well, she should... I have to protect myself.

OBAMA
Oh, no. Here it comes.

WEN
Well, Peace is toast. She’s done. I just faxed her my resignation.

OBAMA
And an hour later, you’re working for her opponent?

LIEUTENANT
Man, people think police work is dirty, but you political types take the cake.

WEN
Well, I have bills and need a check.

LIEUTENANT
Was it you sneaking around out at Bear Lake with a telephoto lens, looking for compromising photos?

OBAMA
Highly unethical.

WEN
I couldn’t agree with you more. Despicable. And, I can’t abide with dirty tricks.

OBAMA
But here you are.

WEN
People jump ship all the time. If you were on the Titanic, wouldn’t you jump at the chance at a lifeboat?

Obama notices Wen has a stack of folders in her hands. She appears to be delivering them to Walckenaer or Slevin.
OBAMA
I may be confused, but someone told me you had a file on Peace Jones?

Wen takes out a folder and shows it to the two men.

WEN
I have her position on the issues. Nothing wrong with that, she’s spoken in public on everything in this file.

OBAMA
And you’re sharing information with Walckenaer?

WEN
He’s paying me and it’s public information.

OBAMA
How long has he been paying you?

WEN
He hasn’t.

LIEUTENANT
I’m going to make a few phone calls and look into that.

The Lieutenant walks down the pier a bit and uses his cell phone. Obama gives Wen a stern look. They walk to a bench on the pier and have a seat.

OBAMA
He’s not going to find anything, is he?

WEN
I swear to you, I was not a spy for Walckenaer, but Peace’s poll numbers… She’s dead.

OBAMA
Yes, but you delivered the message to Peace that the party chairwoman wanted to see her.
WEN
I took the message. The man said he was an aide to the chairwoman.

OBAMA
I thought you believed in Peace’s stand on the issues. That she would be good for the state.

WEN
I have a kid in private school and what I believe in are numbers. The salary Walckenaer offered me and the ugly numbers that show Peace can’t possibly recover.

OBAMA
Look, you and I know that if you beat the public over the head with these polls for long enough, they become a self-fulfilling prophecy.

WEN
True, everyone wants to be part of a winning team.

OBAMA
And they vote the way the polls tell them.

WEN
I can’t do this. Peace is finished.

She pulls out a chart.

WEN
Look at what’s happened. Peace starts out 20 points down. Then she closes it to 14 and then 9 and then 7. And this past week, with the focus on the murder.

OBAMA
This is the PPIC poll?

WEN
Yes. The day Creed was murdered.
OBAMA
The poll you texted Creed?

WEN
Yes.

OBAMA
This says a seven-point lead.

WEN
Yes, but that five was an early number, a snap-shot of time.

OBAMA
Okay... I understand that. Other than that text, did you share these early numbers with anyone else?

WEN
The numbers changed and well the most accurate number for that day was seven.

OBAMA
Please, this is important. Did anyone else see that 5 point number?

WEN
No. They called me later with the full day’s results and that said we were really seven points down.

A light-bulb goes off. Obama knows who murdered Creed Bradán.

WEN
What’s the big deal? Everyone in this business knows about early poll numbers.

The Lieutenant returns.

LIEUTENANT
No deposits from Walckenaer in your bank account... Where’d you hide the money?

WEN
Well, if there isn’t anything else.
OBAMA

No.

Wen walks away.

OBAMA
So you lied about me being with you? They think you checked me out of the library.

LIEUTENANT
I only lie to people when they have it coming. Besides, we are together. Standing here on the dock together, working a case.

OBAMA
This could be the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

LIEUTENANT
Humphry Bogart. Listen, they have a clone of Bogie up there?

OBAMA
No, I can tell you; that’s not true.

LIEUTENANT
But...

OBAMA
It’s an urban legend.

LIEUTENANT
It’s not true? Bummer.

EXT. PARKING LOT - JONES CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Obama arrives, driven by the concierge. Mobile television trucks. Reporters everywhere.

INT. CONCIERGE'S CAR

CONCIERGE
What’s going to happen?

OBAMA
Well, you might be disappointed.
CONCIERGE
She’s going to step out of the race?

OBAMA
It doesn’t matter. What matters is that you can’t let anything get you down. You’ve been very helpful, but sometimes things don’t work out. Can’t always win.
(beat)
Okay?

CONCIERGE
Okay.

Obama exits the car and Lafresnaye confronts Obama.

EXT. PARKING LOT

LAFRESNAYE
She going to drop out of the race?

OBAMA
I honestly don’t know.

LAFRESNAYE
Well, she’s called a press conference. She’s trailing Walckenaer by 12 points. What else could it be?

CONCIERGE
Maybe she’s decided to fight. Slag!

LAFRESNAYE
Who is she?

OBAMA
A young person.

LAFRESNAYE
Why are you here? I thought you were working for the lieutenant.

OBAMA
He’ll be here.

LAFRESNAYE
Why does he care if she quits?
OBAMA
I think if she does end her campaign, some of the responsibility is on you.

LAFRESNAYE
Oh, give me a break, Obama. I don’t make the news, I just report it.

OBAMA
Really? It’s not about power?

LAFRESNAYE
Me? I don’t have any power.

OBAMA
It doesn’t seem that way to me.

CONCIERGE
Or to me. Establishment hack.

LAFRESNAYE
That’s twice. Who are you?

OBAMA
Whatever you report, becomes the news. You decide what’s news and what isn’t. And, you’re mixing up what is important with what’s sensational.

LAFRESNAYE
Let me explain something to you. Politics puts people in a coma. It’s dry. It’s boring. They want to see The Bold and The Beautiful, General Hospital.

CONCIERGE
Well, I’m the young and restless and I don’t want you playing with people, campaigns and ideas like this. I’m mad AF. Sleazeball.

LAFRESNAYE
You can’t insult me like that, I’m on TV.

CONCIERGE
I’m not insulting you, I’m describing you.
OBAMA
I told her. Pretty soon it will be all over the internet; you know how these kids are.

LAFRESNAYE
Well, that wasn’t very nice.

CONCIERGE
Don’t worry about me. Worry about your eyebrows.

LAFRESNAYE
(to Obama)
Look, I have about two or three minutes each story. I have to grab the viewers or they change the channel.

OBAMA
You’re just going to have to do a better job of grabbing.

LAFRESNAYE
With what? Charts, graphs, environmental studies, policy analysis?

They enter the front door of the headquarters.

INT. JONES CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

CONCIERGE
You have a very messed up opinion of the viewers.

LAFRESNAYE
One thing I know about the public, they have a very short attention span… If Peace folds and it looks like she will, it’ll lead the news at 6:00, but it will be after the second break, at 11. And tomorrow she’ll just be that woman what won the gold for us back in 2064.

OBAMA
Yes, well thank you for the political science lesson.
LAFRESNAYE
Whatever, clone... Hey, you know I think you’re more involved here than is legally allowed. I’m gonna look into this.

The concierge is about to slug the journalist. Closes on him.

CONCIERGE
Are you threatening him? Hey, (beep) you!

LAFRESNAYE
What?

CONCIERGE
(beep) is a verb, so I'm saying that you should (beep) you/yourself, dipshit!!!

Obama persuades the concierge to walk away.

An intern brings Lafresnaye a mirror and a comb. He looks at her like, “What’s this for?”

INTERN
You’ve been outside.

He is still puzzled. Long beat.

LAFRESNAYE
Oh, my hair. The wind. Thank you.

INT. ANTEROOM

Obama meets Peace.

OBAMA
Oh, Ms. Jones.

She is emotional and hugs him.

PEACE
Mr. Prez... I mean Mr. Obama. Thank you so much for trying to lend a hand.

OBAMA
Then it’s true?
ALEXIS
I can’t convince her to fight. Mr. Obama. Can you help persuade her?

PEACE
No. I’ve learned the hard way. I’m not suited for this… How can I?

(beat)
When I was down twenty points in the polls, they tried to build me up with stories about being an underdog, both at the Olympics and in this election. And then when I was closing the gap…

OBAMA
They wanted to make it interesting.

PEACE
Well, they certainly have done that. It’s cost me my dignity and nearly my marriage.

OBAMA
Your privacy.

PEACE
My sanity. It just isn’t worth it.

ALEXIS
We’re still going to sue Lafresnaye…

(looking at his wife)
Right?

PEACE
No, just let it go… I better get out there. They smell blood in the water, and they’re circling.

Peace leaves. Alexis has a digital camera, and he takes a photo of Peace gathering her wits. Alexis is about to walk out to the podium with his wife, but Obama stops him.

OBAMA
Mr. Jones, just one minute please?

ALEXIS
Peace! I’ll be right along.

(to Obama)
Something wrong?

OBAMA
I’m not a pollster, but I’m thinking most people would say, yes it’s wrong.

ALEXIS
Look, I need to be out there with my wife.

OBAMA
I think I know who took those photos of your wife and Creed Bradán and leaked them to Lafresnaye.

ALEXIS
They tried to trace them, but couldn’t.

OBAMA
Exactly… It was the same person who lured your wife away from the hotel the night Creed Bradán died.

ALEXIS
Maybe we should stop her from withdrawing? If it was someone on Walckenaer’s staff, we’ll sue them too.

OBAMA
When she finds out who it was, she won’t be interested in politics anymore.

ALEXIS
That bad huh?

OBAMA
As bad as it gets.

INT. BEHIND ROSTRUM

PEACE
Please, I have a statement… When the candidate's character becomes the only issue in the race, then we are doing a disservice to the people… While all the staff and volunteers and especially my
husband asked me to stick it out, I am announcing my withdrawal from the race.

INT. ANTEROOM

The Lieutenant shows up with some uniformed officers.

INT. BEHIND ROSTRUM

PEACE
I hope to speak out on important issues from time to time... And I hope you will still take my phone calls...

INT. ANTEROOM

ALEXIS
I’m going to take her away from all this... another trip around the world, maybe.

OBAMA
I’m sure you must be relieved now that she’s leaving politics.

ALEXIS
Well, I wish she could have shown Washington what she can do.

OBAMA
But it’s good for you.

ALEXIS
That’s my wife; they’ve been dragging through the mud.

OBAMA
I’m sorry, but your wife’s worse enemy was in bed with her almost every night.

ALEXIS
So they were fooling around?

OBAMA
No. It was you.
ALEXIS
What? After lending her five million dollars to launch her campaign?

OBAMA
Yes, five million from your billions. I imagine there was a time when you thought it was a good idea, but you changed your mind, didn’t you?

ALEXIS
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

OBAMA
I’m talking about your taxes. The media began looking at your taxes.

ALEXIS
If you’re looking to blackmail me…

OBAMA
You became news because of your wife. They dug into your taxes to see what dirt they could find on her, and…

ALEXIS
That’s ridiculous!

OBAMA
You knew that you couldn’t take the scrutiny and they’d eventually find something… So you decided that Peace had to drop out… It was you who took the photos of Creed and your wife.

ALEXIS
I was out of the country.

LIEUTENANT
The passport office says, no.

OBAMA
I think it was you who called the campaign and lured your wife away from the hotel.

ALEXIS
I did not.
OBAMA
But this is where you made your big mistake, you said she was only five points down.

ALEXIS
So?

OBAMA
It was an partial poll (early) and only Wen and the killer knew that number.

ALEXIS
What? I’m no killer.

OBAMA
They made half the day’s calls, and emailed them to Wen and she texted it to Creed Bradán. Then later in the day, they corrected it to seven.

ALEXIS
So?

OBAMA
Someone, the killer, read that text message. The message that said she was down only 5 points.

CUT TO: ROOM #3601. Alexis taser Bradán, strips him and puts him in Peace’s underwear and hangs him from the door. Reads the txt message. BACK TO: ANTEROOM.

ALEXIS
None of this will stand up in court. It’s what you people call circumstantial evidence.

The Lieutenant gently takes the camera from Alexis.

ALEXIS
You need a warrant for that!

The Lieutenant holds up a warrant.
LIEUTENANT
Did you know our criminologists can restore deleted photos from SD cards?

OBAMA
Yea, they’ve been able to do that for a while now.

LIEUTENANT
And did you know we found a phone in the ditch just down the road from your company?

ALEXIS
So?

OBAMA
Doesn’t your tech company shred or incinerate everything?

CONCIERGE
Either that or turn it off before you pitch it, idiot. High tech billionaire, smarter than everybody, my ass.

LIEUTENANT
The phone, it’s got your fingerprints all over it.

CONCIERGE
And dumbass, when you murder someone, why would you use your own car.

The concierge pulls up the photo taken at the L.A. drive-in and shows it to Alexis. The Lieutenant gestures and the uniformed cops handcuff him.

ALEXIS
My lawyers are better than your lawyer.

CONCIERGE
You got an app for that?

Or an alternate line...

CONCIERGE
You can always hope.
PILOT CHARACTERS

- PEACE JONES: Senate candidate, because Serena is already taken.
- ALEXIS JONES: tech billionaire husband, better than Mark.
- CREED BRADÁN: campaign manager for Jones
- WEN LEE: female aide and pollster
- FRED LAFRESNAYE: the news reporter
- CHARLOTTE WALCKENAER: Peace’s opponent
- JAMES SLEVIN: campaign manager for Charlotte Walckenaer
- CASSIDY: campaign worker holding down the fort
- JAMES SLEVIN: campaign manager for Walckenaer and scientist that discovered (classified) the Western Diamondback.
- LAFRESNAYE: Journalist and scientist that discovered (classified) the Common Vulture.
- WALCKENAER: Senate candidate and scientist that discovered (classified) the Black Widow spider.
- LIEUTENANT: LAPD homicide detective