

# Justin DiPego

is a writer and filmmaker with a passion for storytelling. Come here for tales of the ghosts of #1915House, the denizens of Skid Row on the edge of Vagabondia, the forces that knock the universe out of balance and the workingman whose job it is to fight them, black market doctors on the moon, or a couple just trying to survive a getaway weekend.

With decades of experience, Justin is sought-after as a screenwriter, script doctor and script consultant. He has written such films as Ghost of New Orleans (starring Terrence Howard, Lake Bell and Josh Lucas) and Tempting Fate (starring Tate Donovan and Ming-Na Wen). He wrote, produced, directed and starred in the award-winning independent horror feature, #1915House. Development deals include Touchstone Pictures and MGM. His first novel exploring the mean streets of LA's skid row, Seven o'Clock Man, debuted to five star reviews and his next novel, Wrong Side of a Workingman is ready to launch in Spring of 2022.

Available original screenplays include:

# MODERATOR

Eight powerful people find themselves on a video call, forced to play a terrible game by the mysterious Moderator. There are only two rules: Logoff and die, Win or die.



## INVITES YOU TO CHAT

VENUS PICTURES PRESENTS A FILM STARRING ANA MARÍA PEREZ  
ANDRÉS PEREZ KELLY SCARLETT TOPY DEVIN DRURY ANEESA WAZIR  
BLAKE HERRICK MIKE TALLERIE AND KEVIN SMY "MODERATOR" CASTING  
BY MARY JO SLATER ISA WAZE BY JONNY SPARKS COSTUME DESIGNER  
LORRY HEND COTTON BY ANNE BAUCKER PRODUCTION DESIGNER ERIC  
LORDAN DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ANETTE WELLMER WRITER BY  
JUSTIN SPIES BASED ON HIS NOVEL EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ERIC JOHNSON  
PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JUSTIN SPIES



# SMARTHOUSE



**Your virtual butler  
makes sure you're  
never too warm,  
never too cold,  
never late for a  
meeting,  
never out of your  
favorite food,  
and never ever  
out of its sight.**

© 2010 SMARTHOUSE PICTURES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. A FILM BY JUSTIN DUFFLER. JUSTIN DUFFLER, JESSICA HENRIKSEN, AND TIL SWINER. "SMARTHOUSE" CASTING BY KEATY AN. COSTUME DESIGNER: KEATY AN. HAIR: JESSICA HENRIKSEN. MAKEUP: TIL SWINER. PRODUCTION DESIGNER: JUSTIN DUFFLER. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY: ANDREW COOPER. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: GREGG KELLER, DAN LIPSON. PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JUSTIN DUFFLER.

**R** RATED  
RESTRICTED  
Under 17 requires  
accompanying  
parent or guardian

# WORKINGMAN

## HERE TO FIX THIS

Alex's job is fixing things. He just got a work order from the universe. Prevent the world's mythic underbelly from consuming Los Angeles, or lose his wife and daughters forever.

BRANDS PICTURES PRESENTS A FILM STARRING JUSTIN SPEER SEAN  
MERRA LOU PETER AND TED LIZZE "WORKINGMAN" CASTING BY MARY JO  
SLAYER COSTUME DESIGNER DANA SPINKS COSTUME DESIGNER ERIN HEND  
EDITED BY ANNE BALCHANO PRODUCTION DESIGNER ERIC GIBSON  
DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY METTE HELLUMKJEN WRITTEN BY JUSTIN  
SPEER EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS JEN BRILL DA LIPANI PRODUCED AND  
DIRECTED BY JUSTIN SPEER

R  
RESTRICTED  
PARENTS STRONGLY CAUTIONED

WHEN THE DEAD ARE FROM THE LOST SIDE OF TOWN,  
ONLY ONE OF THE LOST CAN STOP THE SEVEN O'CLOCK MAN.

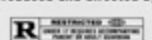


SOMEONE'S HUNTING THE  
DENIZENS OF SKID ROW.

WHO IS THE SEVEN O'CLOCK  
MAN, AND HOW CAN ONE  
STRUNG OUT JUNKIE STOP  
HIM?

# SEVEN O'CLOCK MAN

1915HOUSE PICTURES presents a FILM starring DJ QUALLS MAYA HAWKE  
JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME and CHEECH MARIN "SEVEN O'CLOCK MAN" casting by  
MARY JO SLATER CSA music by DONITA SPARKS costume designer EDITH HEAD  
edited by ANNE BAUCHENS production designer EIKO ISHIOKA director of  
photography ANETTE HAELLMIGK, written by JUSTIN DIPEGO based on his novel,  
executive producers ORSON WELLS IOA LUPINO produced and directed by  
JUSTIN DIPEGO



# THE BUBBLE

WAS SHE KIDNAPPED, OR DID SHE RUN AWAY?

There's only one way out

HER FAMILY WANTS P.I. NICK PARAS TO FIND HER.

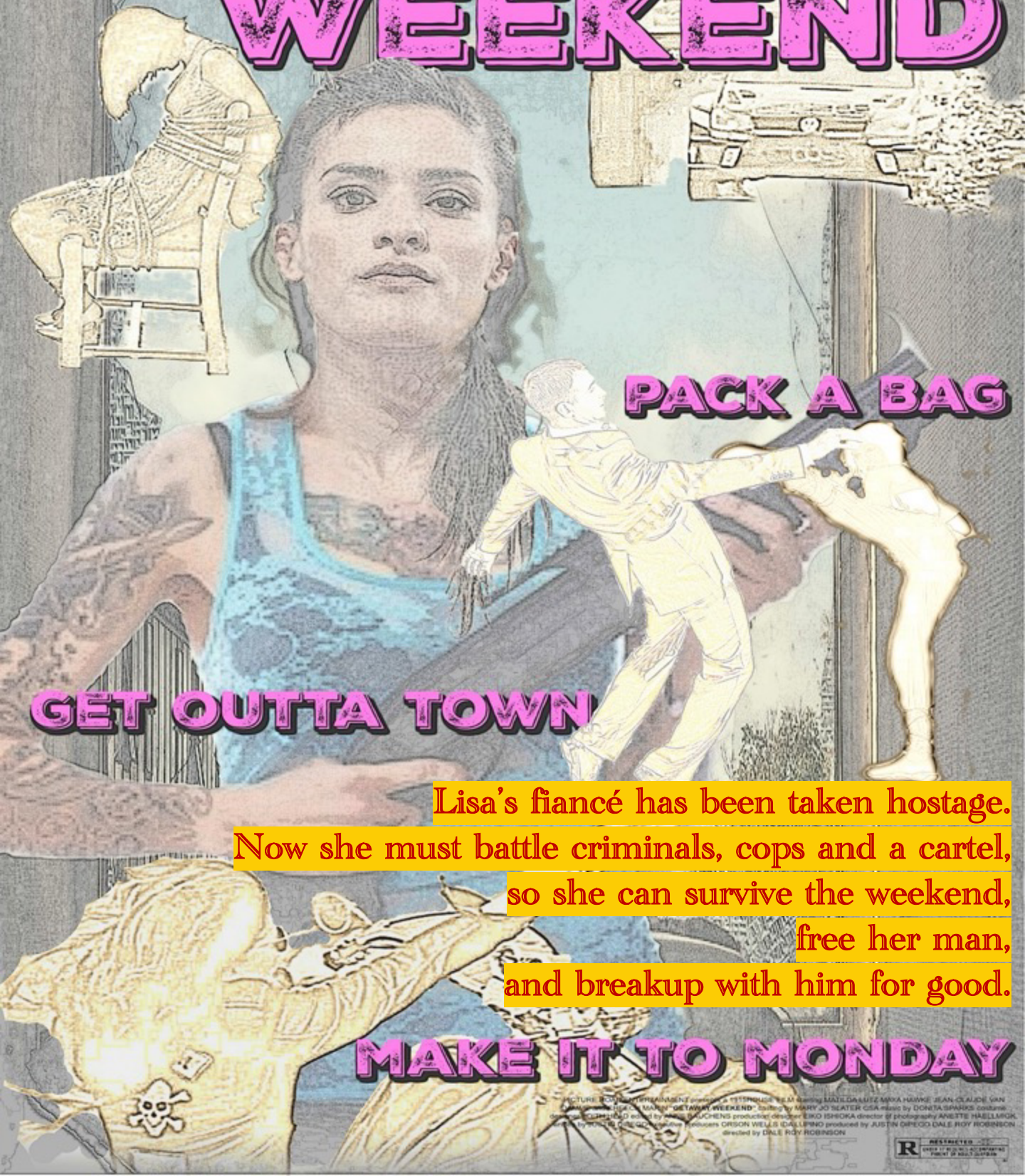
OR THEY WANT TO KILL HIM FOR TRYING.

*But you're not going to like it*

TECHWORLD PICTURES presents a film starring JUSTIN DUFFALO, SELMA HEYER, LIZZY PERL and ED LYNNE "THE BUBBLES" COSTUME BY NARY JO SLATER USA MUSIC BY DENNIS SPINNEY costume designer LYNN BLISS HAIR BY ANNE BAUCHENS production designer JIMM THORNTON director of photography ANTOU HALLIMAK written by JUSTIN DUFFALO, executive producers JONI BRILL, TIA LIPPARD produced and directed by JUSTIN DUFFALO

**R**

# GETAWAY WEEKEND



**PACK A BAG**

**GET OUTTA TOWN**

Lisa's fiancé has been taken hostage. Now she must battle criminals, cops and a cartel, so she can survive the weekend, free her man, and breakup with him for good.

**MAKE IT TO MONDAY**

PICTURE BY THE SCREEN ANCHORS PRODUCTION A STEINBOCK FILM WRITING BY MAZE DALUZZE MIRA HUIWE JEAN-CLAUDE VAN DAMME AND MARY JO WATERS CASTING BY MARY JO WATERS COSTUME DESIGNER DONITA SPANOS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DAVID ANDERSON PRODUCED BY MARY JO WATERS DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ANETTE HALLMARK EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ORSON WELLS EDUARDO PRODUCED BY JUSTIN ORFEO DALE ROY ROBINSON DIRECTED BY DALE ROY ROBINSON

**R** RESTRICTED  
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR GUARDIAN

# EARTHSHINE



To escape her past, she went all the way to the far side of the moon and swore never to get involved again. Now it's time to take a stand. But is it to resist the new hardliners, or is it for the new, young grifter who reminds her of herself?



WINDHOUSE PICTURES PRESENTS A FILM BY JONATHAN DEMME "EARTHSHINE" CASTING BY MARY JO BLATER CSA MUSIC BY DONITA SPARKS COSTUME DESIGNER TULIN HEAGH EDITOR ANNE BAUGHMAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER ERIC JONHON DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY ANDREW ANSELMIUK WRITER BY JUSTIN DUFFCO BASED ON THE NOVEL "EARTHSHINE" PRODUCED BY GUY WELLS AND JONATHAN DEMME PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY JUSTIN DUFFCO

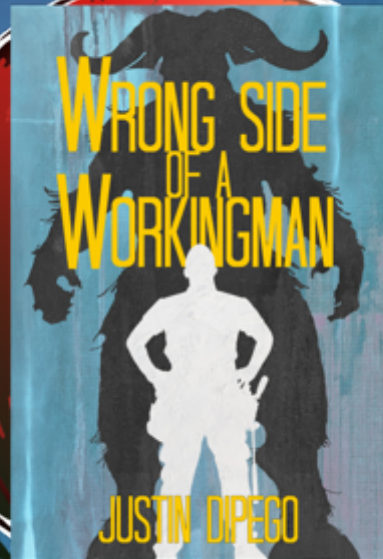


# Novels



AVAILABLE NOW IN E-BOOK,  
PRINT AND AUDIO BOOK  
FROM AMAZON!

Hit the streets of downtown Los Angeles, where gentrification is starting to brew, a new breed of homeless is changing the face of Skid Row, and a hidden killer is hunting them. Who is the Seven o'Clock Man, and how can one strung out junkie stop him?



COMING SOON!

Alex Cides straps on his tool belt one morning, only to find his wife is gone, his daughters fear him, he's lost his job and a mysterious curse has thrown him out of balance with the universe. Ten impossible tasks in LA's mythical underbelly stand between setting things right, or losing everything. Literally.

# #1915House

One Man

One Camera

One Hundred Year Old House

Written  
Directed by  
and Staring  
Justin DiPego



© 2007 JUSTIN DIPEGO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. THIS FILM WAS CREATED BY JUSTIN DIPEGO. "1915HOUSE" WRITTEN BY JUSTIN DIPEGO. MUSIC BY TERRY VAN ALLEN. EDITOR HARRY WILLIAMS. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS ANDREW CRONIN, JUSTIN DIPEGO. DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY JUSTIN DIPEGO. WRITTEN BY JUSTIN DIPEGO. PRODUCED BY JUSTIN DIPEGO. PRODUCED BY JUSTIN DIPEGO. DIRECTED BY JUSTIN DIPEGO.

NR 15



Available for all your  
screenwriting, rewriting or  
consulting needs, for more  
information, details or inquiries,  
contact Justin at  
[JustinDiPego1@gmail.com](mailto:JustinDiPego1@gmail.com),  
or visit his website at  
[DiPegoNow.com](http://DiPegoNow.com).

# Writing Samples:

A photograph of a man with a beard and short hair, wearing a dark t-shirt and jeans, standing with his hands on his hips. He is positioned in front of a building with a tiled roof. The entire image is overlaid with a semi-transparent blue filter.

# Moderator

18.

FULL SHOT

DING! "@DinnerAndDrinksMan has joined the party," appears in the chat thread.

Kate withers when she sees him. And apparently, Kate's is the first face Will sees. He bites back a sneer.

WILL

Hi, Kate.

KATE

"Dinner and drinks man?" Seriously?

WILL

Well, I set up this profile for the Slider dating platform, after you left me, and I can't change my handle.

(beat)

Maybe you can help with that, Dan.

DAN

I'll put in a word with customer service.

WILL

So, did you break up with everyone else here too?

KATE

Okay, now I'm logging off.

Suddenly a new voice breaks in. Electronically modified and eery, the voice of the Moderator finally speaks.

MODERATOR

Wait! The guest list is complete. No one can log off until our business is concluded.

SETH

Who are you? What's...

MODERATOR

All your questions will be answered, by me, or by each other. And as promised this should be fun. We shall make it a game.

KATE

I'm not sure I want to play this game.

# Moderator

19.

MODERATOR

The choice is yours, but don't leave before I lay out the rules. I've spared no time and no expense into making this the most memorable meeting of your lives. I can't let you disappoint me by logging off before the conclusion, so the first rule of the game is, if you quit, you die.

SABINE

Seriously?

BRAXTON

The secret host is Vincent Price?

KATE

Who?

MODERATOR

Too arch? I wrote this all down so I wouldn't forget anything, but now that I'm saying it out loud...

(beat)

I understand your skepticism, but I assure you I am in earnest. Deadly earnest.

(beat)

Ugh. But I am really serious.

SETH

That's it. I don't have to listen to this. It was fun for your part, Kate. I got enough out of this game already. Enjoy the rest of the stories.

MODERATOR

Final warning. Don't log off.

SETH

See you later, everyone.

Seth reaches out to hit a button on his laptop. Before he can...

BOOM! The flash of an explosion whites out Seth's window.

After a moment, his camera comes back on. The angle is changed, but we can see Seth's office, scorched by a small explosion. Small, but large enough to kill Seth.

# Moderator

20.

He's sprawled back in his chair. Blood spatters the walls and a red stain grows across his ruined body.

KATE

Oh My God!

DAN

Seth?!

SABINE

Was that real?

JACKSON

I can't tell.

MARIA

Seth?!

WILL

Moderator! What the fuck?!

MODERATOR

Believe me that was totally real.

(beat)

Your friend, or your enemy, is dead. Something similar awaits each of you if you try to leave the game.

KATE

No.

She backs away from her computer.

WILL

Wait! Kate!

MODERATOR

Stop! Leaving the screen is the same as logging off. If you want to survive, don't break rule number one.

WILL

Kate. Please sit back down.

Reluctantly, Kate returns to her seat.

MODERATOR

Each of you knows why you are here.

MARIA

No! What do you want from me?

# Moderator

21.

MODERATOR

You will admit your secrets and  
sins, or they will be your undoing.  
(beat)

It's a game. The rules are super  
simple. You already saw rule number  
one. There's really only one more  
rule.

(beat)

You have ten minutes to confess to  
me and to each other, or one more  
of you will be dead.

BRAXTON

Who? Which one?

There is no answer.

BRAXTON (CONT'D)

Moderator?!

JACKSON

Does anyone recognize that voice?

KATE

That voice?

JACKSON

I mean, the speech patterns or  
something. Is it someone you know?

WILL

No.

DAN

Seth? Seth!

SABINE

What are you doing?

DAN

I think he's fucking with us.

(beat)

Seth!

JACKSON

That would be a very sick...

MARIA

Seth! Are you alive?

SABINE

Are you the fucking Moderator?



# Moderator

22.

They all stare at Seth's window. Seth does not move. Does not breathe. Smoke sifts through the air. Blood drips from wounds too graphic to be fake. The rest is deathly stillness.

WILL  
Jesus.

KATE  
He's really dead.

SABINE  
Oh my God.

The reality sinks in.

JACKSON  
Who is the Moderator?  
(beat)  
Moderator?

WILL  
Dan, is there a way to track where they're chatting from.

DAN  
No. Every user's location is kept private unless they share it.

WILL  
I meant is there a way for you?

DAN  
Well, yes. I could get whatever information I want on whatever user I want to, if I was in my office. But I'm not in my office, am I?!

MARIA  
Because everyone knows this is when you run.

JACKSON  
How many people is everyone?

BRAXTON  
What difference does it make?!  
Whoever it is wants to kill us and they can do it! Give him what he wants!

MARIA  
What he wants? Our sins?

# Moderator

23.

BRAXTON

Your sins!

JACKSON

You know, Braxton, you're the one with a motive to kill Seth. Maybe you did just that.

BRAXTON

You're accusing me?

SABINE

It's no secret you hated him. You attacked him first thing when you logged in.

BRAXTON

Of course I hated him. I hated him before he fired me. Jesus, look at his handle. Doctor and PhD? Fuck that mother fucker! But I didn't kill him. You all hated him.

MARIA

I didn't!

BRAXTON, SABINE, DAN

Bullshit!

Jackson shouts above the din.

JACKSON

All right!

Now that he has everyone's attention, he goes on.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Dan, what's happening at Slider right now that could have brought this on?

DAN

At Slider?

JACKSON

Slider is the common denominator. And now that Seth is... gone. You're the biggest person on this call.

SABINE

Seriously?

# #SmartHouse

57.

SELINA  
(on screen)  
Sorry to bother you.

ON JUSTIN

The messages end as Justin drives on.

JUSTIN  
What the fuck?

EXT. 1915HOUSE - DAY

Justin pulls up to the house. The Director and Camera Operator are outside waiting for him.

As Justin get's out of his truck, the Director comes over.

DIRECTOR  
Got a call from the office. They said you were doing more installs today.

JUSTIN  
I guess so.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - DAY - LATER

Justin, the Director and Camera Operator are on the front porch. Justin knocks on the front door. Eric answers the door. On a counter behind him, we can see an open laptop with a yellow post-it pasted over the webcam.

ERIC  
Hey, man.

JUSTIN  
Hey, this is...

He starts to introduce the video crew, but Eric interrupts.

ERIC  
You have a crew?

JUSTIN  
Yeah. Can you believe it. They gave me a crew.

ERIC  
They?

# #SmartHouse 58.

JUSTIN

SmartHouse.

ERIC

What the fuck?

JUSTIN

I said, we were doing a DIY...

ERIC

Wait! You want to install a SmartHouse?!

JUSTIN

I think I said...

ERIC

Don't talk. Come inside.  
(to Video Crew)  
Not you. You stay the fuck out.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

From the P.O.V. of the laptop, we see Eric shut the door behind Justin. The frame is mostly obscured by the yellow post-it, so we see only part of what's happening.

JUSTIN

What the fuck, Eric?

ERIC

Dude, are you working for SmartHouse now?

JUSTIN

No! I just did a deal with them to do some videos. They saw 1915House and...

ERIC

Oh my God! You know who they are, right?

JUSTIN

Home automation.

ERIC

Shit no. They are literally The Man. They're listening to everything you do.

# #SmartHouse 59.

JUSTIN

I get there's a trade off.  
Privacy...

ERIC

Fuck privacy.

The laptop camera strains to follow the conversation as they move deeper into the house. But in the B/G it sees the flatscreen TV. It zooms in on the remote control sensor.

TV'S P.O.V.

The picture quality is poor, but now we can see the full room.

ERIC (CONT'D)

They're scraping every bit of your data and turning you into an algorithm.

JUSTIN

That's a bit much.

ERIC

Yeah? You think it's funny when an ad pops up for something you were just talking about? That's just the beginning!

JUSTIN

Fine, man. I won't install one here.

ERIC

It's not about that. I can't believe you're in business with them.

Eric storms out of the room. Justin follows. The TV loses sight of them.

JUSTIN (O.S.)

I told you. I'm not.

ERIC (O.S.)

You're just installing their spy-wear in all your friends' houses.

# #SmartHouse 60.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eric's phone is on a charger on the counter, it can't see them directly, but it watches Justin and Eric in a mirror.

Eric grabs a beer from the fridge and takes a drink, calming down.

ERIC  
Shit! Okay. I know I sound like a conspiracy nut.

JUSTIN  
A little bit.

ERIC  
I am not making this up.

He hands Justin a beer.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Think about it. It starts with a thermostat. So it knows when you're home and when you're out. It knows what temperature you like it at. It knows if you can afford to leave the heat up or the air conditioning on.

JUSTIN  
Okay.

ERIC  
This is all before you start telling it things. It's smart, but it doesn't even have ears or eyes yet.

JUSTIN  
So?

ERIC  
So add ears and eyes, which they did. Now it's literally watching you. You tell it what music you like, what you eat, it learns to predict what you want.

JUSTIN  
That's not good?

ERIC  
It's not to make your life better. It's to make better money off you.  
(MORE)

# #SmartHouse

61.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know what predictive shipping is?

JUSTIN

I heard of it.

ERIC

They know what you want and they put it in the pipeline so it's halfway to your house before you order it. Sounds great. But then, what if it knows you want product A, but they actually own product B? And they already shipped it, so when you want to order A they say, but B can be here same day. You choose B and you think it was your idea!

JUSTIN

Like the gin.

ERIC

I don't know what that means, but it's not just about spying on you. It's about changing you.

JUSTIN

Into what?

ERIC

A perfect, predictable consumer.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE - LATER

Justin exits the house, dazed with new information. The Video Crew scrambles to keep up with him as he heads for his truck.

DIRECTOR

What happened?

Justin doesn't answer. Instead, he goes to the bed of his truck. He opens the tailgate. In the bed is a load of components, covered with a tarp.

Justin throws back the tarp, revealing dozens of boxes of SmartHouse Hubs. Suspiciously, Justin eyes the windowed boxes.

# #SmartHouse 62.

HUBS' P.O.V.

Through the windows of the boxes, all the Hubs gaze back at Justin, creating a grid of repeating images. Justin slams the tailgate shut.

EXT. TED'S HOUSE - EVENING

Justin sits in his truck, across the street from the house. From where he sits, he has a view of the living room, through the window. The lights are out.

Justin punches a command on his phone and starts a call to Ted's number. In a moment, Ted answers.

TED  
(on screen)  
Hey, man.

On the screen, Ted appears in his living room, with a welcoming smile on his face.

JUSTIN  
Hey, man. Sorry I didn't get back to you the other day. Did everything go okay with Grace.

TED  
(on screen)  
Oh, yeah. She's great.

JUSTIN  
Good. I was a little worried about her.

TED  
(on screen)  
Nothing scarier than an adolescent girl.

Justin is looking right into Ted's house. There is no one there.

JUSTIN  
Yep. Nothing scarier. Okay. I just wanted to check. Talk to you soon, buddy.

TED  
(on screen)  
You bet.



# Workingman

36.

The living room is a shop now, his tools spread around him. He works intently on the motorized guts of a disassembled machine.

EXT. SOUTH LA - LATER - NIGHT

Alex stands in front of his truck on the same street where the Pack attacked the RV.

A car pulls into the driveway of a house. The trunk pops open and an African-American WOMAN in her 30s gets out. As she turns toward the trunk of the car she senses something.

WOMAN

Oh, Jesus.

Something moves in the darkness down the block.

Two KIDS spill out of the back seat. They go to the trunk to pull out groceries.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No.

The Kids follows their mother's gaze. Quickly she slams the trunk.

The dark shape churns up the block.

The kids sprint into the house. The Woman starts to follow them, but she notices Alex standing in the street.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Hey! The Pack is out.

Alex nods.

ALEX

I know it.

WOMAN

Well? What are you doing?

Alex looks at her, standing strong in her open doorway, blocking the entrance but still looking to the outside. He smiles.

ALEX

You're protecting your family. I'm protecting mine.

The Pack is coming. We can hear them.

# Workingman

37.

WOMAN

Okay?

ALEX

Okay.

The Woman nods her head and closes her door.

The seething mass of The Pack stands out against the night. Like a giant, single beast, the silhouette of The Pack seems to take a shape.

With a huge body and horned head, for a fleeting moment, it charges in the form of a bull.

Alex shakes his head to clear the image. Did he really see that?

It swings its huge and horned head. Its massive body roiling, hooves churning the pavement, it charges.

Car alarms go off as it approaches. Alex stands his ground. The Pack looms at the edge of the light from Alex's headlights. The air buzzes with the growling of The Pack.

With the massive silhouette of the bull formed up behind him, the Leader steps into the light. It looks at Alex with a challenge in its eyes.

Alex (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Look at you. Leader of The Pack.

The Leader growls and bears its teeth.

Alex (cont'd) (CONT'D)

I know your secret.

The Leader steps closer. Saliva drips from its jaws.

Alex (cont'd) (CONT'D)

You're just a dog.

Alex reaches behind him and flips a switch duct-taped to the hood of his truck. SCREECH! An electric motor whines on. The Leader freezes. The Pack falls silent.

Alex dashes to the driver's door and jumps into the truck. He fires up the engine and flips another new switch. More, new lights come on.

The street is bathed in light. The entire Pack is illuminated. And now, we can see what whines on the hood of the truck.

# Workingman 38.

It's a vacuum cleaner. It's been souped up and enlarged and fixed to the truck like the cattle catcher on a locomotive.

In the shine of the lights the whining machine on the hood of the truck shimmers.

The dogs are paralyzed in the light. Alex revs the truck. The Leader's tail sinks between its legs.

Alex hits the gas. The truck lurches forward. The Leader barks, but it is a bark of fear. Alex creeps the truck up to the Leader. The Leader bolts.

INT./EXT. ALEX'S TRUCK - MOVING - SAME

With the vacuum screaming on the front of the truck, Alex pursues the dogs through the streets. He concentrates on the Leader.

The Leader jukes to the left. Alex follows. As the Leader sprints away, the other dogs of The Pack are pushed ahead of him.

The Pack is thinning out. Dogs are disappearing one by one and not being replaced. The Leader runs down the street. The truck shrieks after it.

The Leader zips around a corner. There are only a handful of dogs with it. The truck chases them down an alley. It's a dead end.

Dogs leap over fences and squirm under gates. They sprint behind trash cans and even climb trees to get away from the terrible machine.

Just like that, The Pack is gone. Now it is only a group of dogs fleeing in all directions.

At the end of the alley, only the Leader is left. It's pinned against a wall. Alex stops the truck. The Leader cowers.

Alex steps down from the truck. He has the coiled extension cord in his hands. He walks slowly toward the terrified dog.

ALEX

Easy, pup. No more Pack. You're the leader of nothing.

Gingerly, he loops the cord around the dog's neck. He leads the shrinking dog back to the truck.

Alex (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Jump up. Up, up, up!

# Workingman 39.

The dog jumps into the bed of the truck. Alex strongly puts a hand out, palm forward in a universal gesture the dog can't help but comprehend.

Alex (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Stay.

The dog cowers.

Alex gets in the truck and drives off.

EXT. BOTANICA - NIGHT - LATER

Baba is out front with another Latino man. This is CHANGO, in his 20s or 30s - hard to tell. He could be young, but he's seen a lot of life. He holds both a bottle and a lit cigar.

Strong and tall and muscular and at ease, he wears a well cared for mustache and the slightest smile. He watches Baba sliding the metal shutters closed.

Chango blows smoke into the mouth of the bottle of golden rum.

CHANGO

Someone's coming.

Baba looks and sees Alex walking up the street with the Leader on a leash. Chango assesses the man and likes him immediately.

ALEX

Baba, I brought you a puppy.

Baba turns and jumps back, afraid.

BABA

From The Pack?!

Chango laughs.

ALEX

There is no pack.

BABA

But...

ALEX

You didn't think I could do it.

# Workingman

40.

CHANGO

Of course not.  
(beat)  
I am Chango.

He gives Alex a robust handshake.

ALEX

I'm Alex.

CHANGO

I thought you were.

BABA

How? Cut off its head, two more  
replace it.

ALEX

I didn't cut off its head. I cut  
off its body. Now it's just a bunch  
of dogs.

(to Chango)

You work for Baba?

CHANGO

Sometimes. Sometimes he works for  
me.

Baba is still focused on the dog.

BABA

This is its head?!

ALEX

It was. I call him Phobos.

He offers the leash to Baba.

Alex (CONT'D)

It means, "fear."

Baba shrinks back.

Alex (CONT'D)

What's the matter? Don't like dogs?

CHANGO

He can't believe it.

ALEX

You don't want him?

# Workingman

41.

BABA

No!  
(beat)  
No.

Chango laughs again.

CHANGO

Dogs don't like him.

ALEX

I can't see why not.

Chango offers his smoking bottle to Alex.

CHANGO

Want?

ALEX

No thanks. I've gotta take a road trip.

BABA

Good. Go do that. Take the head with you.

CHANGO

Phobos.

ALEX

Good to meet you, Chango.

CHANGO

Drive safe, Alex.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A two lane, straight as an arrow highway cuts through the scrubby California high desert.

VOICE

Before dawn, desert animals come to life.

Alex's lone vehicle speeds through the desert, humming as wind leaks in through closed windows and sings through ladder rungs like oboe reeds.

VOICE (CONT'D)

By the thousands, caterpillars migrate across the highway, not aware of where they are going or why.

(MORE)

# Seven o'Clock Man

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

L.A.'s sparkling clean office towers jut into the sky on a cold and clear Los Angeles winter night.

We push in on the buildings, across manicured terraces and restaurants made all of glass. We pass ornate and graceful fountains bubbling jets and streams and waterfalls.

In business attire and evening clothes, the PEOPLE move along structured walkways and polished staircases that guide them from building to building without touching down to street level.

Standing among the coming and going People, leaning on the red-stone base of a neoclassical statue of a woman with her hands outstretched, wearing a cardboard sign around his neck that reads, "I could be your brother," is a homeless man.

This is VALENTINE, 30's-40's, white, wan and threadbare. He holds out a cup.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Spare some change?

The People variously ignore him, or give him some money or apologize or chastise him.

With some wit and humor and a spark of intelligence, Valentine works the crowd.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Nice shoes.

PASSERBY

Thank you.

But no change. Valentine doesn't see it, and we can't get a good look at it, but something dark is moving through the edges of the crowd.

To another Passerby, Valentine asks...

VALENTINE

You see the L.A. Phil at the Music Center? Sounded good from outside.

This time he gets some cash.

(CONTINUED)

# Seven o'Clock Man

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Have a blessed day.

Moving fast now through the crowd, the large FORM of a man stays in the shadows. Valentine is still unaware.

To a couple moving past he offers...

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Impress your lady, help the less fortunate.

But gets nothing in return. The Form stalks toward Valentine.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

I don't want you to take me home, I just want a dollar.

Suddenly, the Form looms from the shadows behind Valentine.

BANG! Valentine is hit from behind. Like the first strike of a shark attack.

Angry, Valentine starts to turn...

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

Hey!

People start to scatter. Before Valentine can see who's behind him...

BANG! He's hit again. Harder. The anger in his face gives way to fear. He knows who this is.

VALENTINE (CONT'D)

No. Not me.

He tries to run. A powerful fist balls into his clothes from behind. Valentine wrenches free and sprints into the crowd.

People scramble out of his way. Staying in the shadows, the Figure follows.

EXT. SIDEWALK - SAME

Valentine jumps from the railed walkway to the concrete sidewalk below. He stumbles but doesn't break his stride. He's pushing hard.

VALENTINE

No. No. No.

(CONTINUED)



# Seven o'Clock Man<sup>3</sup>

He sprints down the sidewalk. The Figure pursues, slowed by staying in the shadows, but Valentine is running deeper into the darkness.

Valentine sprints along the side of an office tower, where the marble meets the street.

Ahead, a black marble wall blocks his path. A dead end. Valentine doesn't slow or look back. The Figure is there and he knows it.

There's a black door in the black wall. Valentine charges to the burnished steel door, lowers his shoulder and bangs it open.

EXT. SKID ROW - SAME

Suddenly, we are in another world. The backside of the marble wall is bare cinder-block. The door slams behind Valentine on the lost side of downtown Los Angeles. Skid row.

Sharp weeds push up through cracks in the street. Brick and mortar sifts away from the buildings, slowly turning the city back into dust. The DENIZENS blend with the streets so you can barely see them.

With all the speed he can bring to bear, Valentine chugs through them. They move just as little as they have to to get out of the way of the fleeing man and never look to see who follows him.

Silhouetted against the night sky, a pair of shoes hangs by the laces from a telephone wire. Valentine sprints under them.

Strength flagging, Valentine lurches toward an old, seedy, dark and abandoned office building.

Windows are boarded up. The door is chain locked on the outside, but the plywood has been pried away in places to allow access.

EXT. THE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

The plywood on the windows has been there for years. Valentine brushes them aside and disappears into the building everyone calls, "THE HOLE."

# Seven o'Clock Man

INT. THE HOLE - SAME

The lights are out, but here and there a flame flickers from a lighter or a candle or a sparking blue blowtorch. These random pops of light serve more to deepen the darkness than illuminate the space.

The Hole is a shooting gallery. Each spark of light represents a JUNKIE a CRACK HEAD or a TWEEKER firing up to smoke or cook their fix of choice.

The rustling of clothes, murmur of voices, gurgle of glass pipes and rasping of breath gives the place a sickly, seething air.

Valentine moves among the bodies. He urgently scrambles through the grim constellation of little flames, hustling from one huddled figure to the next.

VALENTINE

Tish?

JUNKIE

Fuck off.

Undeterred, Valentine moves on.

VALENTINE

Tish?

A Tweeker recoils, startled and paranoid.

TWEEKER

What?!

Valentine stops in the middle of the room and raises his voice.

VALENTINE

Tish!

A woman disentangles herself from the lap of a reclining man on a half collapsed sofa. The woman is TISH, 20's, still pretty, but worn around the edges. Tough and independent, there's a spark in her that hasn't yet been dulled by her life on the street. She wipes her lips dry as she demands...

TISH

What the fuck, Valentine?

VALENTINE

Where's Simon?

(CONTINUED)

# Seven o'Clock Man

The man from the couch complains. He's called JUG.

JUG

You gonna finish me off, Tish?

TISH

(to Valentine)

I'm working here. How the fuck should I know?

VALENTINE

The Seven o'Clock Man's out. We gotta get off the street.

TISH

I'm not on the street. I'm WORKING!

JUG

Tish. Hey.

VALENTINE

Shut up, Jug.

(to Tish)

You know it's not safe here.

Jug stands as he zips his pants. He shoves Valentine away from Tish.

JUG

What the fuck's your problem, Valentine?!

VALENTINE

This's got nothing to do with you.

In the darkness, the figures scuttle away from the growing conflict. Tish gets between the men, trying to ease the tension.

TISH

There is no Seven...

VALENTINE

He almost got me!

TISH

You saw him?

VALENTINE

No. He got a hand on me from behind. I got away. He is so strong.

(CONTINUED)

# Seven o'Clock Man

JUG

Bull shit. How'd you get away?

VALENTINE

I just ran.

(to Tish)

We gotta find Simon. We've gotta get to the Commonwealth.

TISH

No. You get to the camp. I've got my car. If he catches me there, you can bury me in it.

VALENTINE

We've got to go.

JUG

She said no, Valentine

He takes Tish by the arm.

VALENTINE

Don't make me sit you down!

A voice calls angrily from the darkness.

VOICE

Valentine!

Everyone is cowed into silence. A muscular man in black, 30 or so, tattoos and spiked hair daring you to look at him funny, strides into the space. This is TOR.

TOR

Valentine, you know you're not allowed in the Hole.

Valentine was tough with Jug, but he takes a step back from Tor.

TOR (CONT'D)

And you do not get to talk to Tish.

VALENTINE

I only came for...

TOR

I don't care.

SLAP! Tor lashes out and slaps Valentine hard. Valentine stumbles, turns and runs. Tor chases after him. Valentine squeezes through a boarded window.

# The Bubble 18.

A pick-up truck with a heavy-duty bumper slams into Nick's car. Churning an explosion of gravel, the car jumps the ditch at the edge of the road. Nick dives out of the way.

One of the Goons from the market jumps from the truck. Nick struggles to his feet. The Goon charges in. Nick turns to face him, bringing fists up. Too late.

BAM! The man slams his balled hand into Nick's jaw. Nick collapses, stunned.

NICK'S P.O.V.

Through bleary eyes, Nick watches the Goon reach down for him. BOOM! A shotgun blast blows the side window of the truck into splinters.

The Goon ducks. Nick can't see where the shot came from. The shotgun racks loudly. The driver of the pick-up shouts to his partner...

GOON II

Leave him!

BOOM! Buckshot peppers the door. The Goon dives into the truck bed and the truck rooster-tails away. BOOM! A parting shot chases the truck down the road. The whole thing took only seconds. Someone steps into Nick's field of vision, just as he finally passes out.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

NICK'S P.O.V.

The darkness parts as Nick's eyes flutter open. The ringing in his ears pervades everything. A table lamp shines too brightly. Nick puts his hand up to shade it. As he moves, the pitch of the ringing changes.

He looks to one side. A table lamp with a bare bulb and a figurine of a frog with a fishing pole and a straw hat at the base decorates the side-table. It winks at him and speaks...

FROG

You're on the moon.

# The Bubble

19.

FULL SHOT

Nick recoils from the frog. His move startles Amber, sitting across from him. She gives a surprised yelp. Nick turns to her, shading his eyes and cradling his ears.

NICK  
(gently)  
Shut up.

The room is decorated with dozens of little statuettes like the frog. Nick studiously avoids making eye contact with them. Amber bends down and picks up the lit cigarette she dropped when she started. She tiptoes over to Nick.

AMBER  
You want some water?

NICK  
Now that you said it, that's exactly what I want.

Amber heads off and Nick looks around. The place is a cluttered living room, with some farming equipment scattered here and there in various states of repair. More figurines decorate all the flat surfaces.

NICK (CONT'D)  
So, I'm not on the moon.

AMBER  
What?

Nick looks and sees Amber in the open kitchen. She's pouring water from a pitcher into a glass. When she notices Nick watching her, she makes an effort to make the whole operation sexy.

NICK'S TIKTOK VOICE  
I felt like the worst part of New Year's Eve. Getting a knock on the skull is a lot like a drug. It can make you hear colors or make little figurines dance. But I finally got a good look at the girl. Her hands curled around the glass so gently you'd think she had the strength to crush it. Her eyes flicked over to me. I couldn't make out the color but the light from behind her heavy lids transfixed me.

Nick sighs, taking it in, more than taken in by it.

# The Bubble 20.

NICK'S TIKTOK VOICE (CONT'D)

She walked back over to me with a roll in her hips like a woman, but still with a bounce in her step like a girl.

She stops when her pierced navel is even with Nick's eyes. She bends down and hands him the glass.

NICK'S TIKTOK VOICE (CONT'D)

She sat on the arm of the chair, moistened her full lips and said...

AMBER

I'm Amber.

NICK

Nice to meet you, Amber. I'm Nick.

Amber has a cool, hard edge and tough sexuality.

AMBER

I know. It says so on your card.

She slips a business card out of her pocket. It's Nick's.

NICK

I don't remember giving you that.

AMBER

I had to check you over to make sure you wouldn't die on me.

NICK

Shouldn't you be in school?

AMBER

I graduated early. I was an honor student.

NICK

I'll bet you were.

AMBER

Besides, I'm not as young as you think.

NICK

You don't know what I think.

(beat)

Where are your parents?

# The Bubble

21.

AMBER

You mean Jasper and Jessica?  
They're not my parents. I just work  
for them.

NICK

From honor student to farm hand.

AMBER

Don't knock it. The farm is where I  
learned to shoot.

NICK

Good point.  
(beat)  
Jasper and Jessica didn't want to  
talk about Rachael. But you did.

That stops her.

AMBER

No I didn't.

NICK

Course you did. You rode all the  
way to San Berdoo in the rain so we  
could be alone together.

Amber is clearly scared. She drops her sexy pretense.

AMBER

Where is she?

NICK

Don't you know?

AMBER

She couldn't tell me.

That gets Nick's attention. He sits up, but it hurts his  
head.

NICK

Tell you? When?

AMBER

This morning. Something happened to  
her last night.

NICK

I know. How did you talk to her  
this morning?



# The Bubble

22.

AMBER

She called me.

NICK

She called you?

AMBER

We FaceTime every day. I couldn't get her last night and this morning she called and was really whispering and scared and she had to get off really fast.

NICK

You FaceTime with her every day?

AMBER

Just about. It's not a date or anything. The farm has a website. I run it and I met Rachael through the site, 'cause she's all into eating organic and healthy. I think there's some health issues in her house.

NICK

Her brother's sick.

(beat)

She has a phone, why didn't she call the police?

AMBER

I asked her that and she made me promise not to call them. She said she won't be in trouble long, and it's more important to protect her family.

NICK

(to himself)

What the hell does that mean?

(beat)

But she called you. Why You?

AMBER

Yeah. Obviously, she's older than me, but she doesn't get out much. Kinda sheltered. I've been out there.

NICK

You're her big sister.

She likes the sound of that.

# The Bubble

23.

AMBER

I guess so.

NICK

Okay, sister, I need your help. Rachel's in trouble. Get her on FaceTime and let's see if we can get her out.

AMBER

How do I know I can trust you.

NICK

Because the bad guys already know where she is and the good guys don't. Plus, the bad guys tried to kill me. That's gotta count for something.

AMBER

Maybe.

NICK

Tell you what - I'll give you a number and you can ask anything you want about me.

Amber considers that.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - MOVING - SAME

Driving through the rain, Kip Sandvig rides shotgun on the way to a crime scene. His cellphone rings and he answers.

KIP

(into phone)

Detective Sandvig... Yeah, I know him... Trust him? Do you mean is he going to steal your jokes? Or is he gonna stab you in the back?... Then you can trust him. But he will steal your jokes... Put him on the phone.

(beat)

Jesus, Nick, how old is she?... A case my eye. Next time you need a wingman, you buy me a drink. I gotta go. We're closing in on a bike jacker... You heard me.

He hangs up

# The Bubble

24.

INT. FARMHOUSE - SAME

Nick hands the phone off to Amber and she hangs it up.

NICK  
Trustworthy?

Amber concedes.

AMBER  
Okay. But she didn't FaceTime. She called. On the phone. It was an unknown number.

NICK  
She didn't tell you where she was calling from?

AMBER  
She didn't know. She said she'd call back when she could.

NICK  
Has she?

AMBER  
Not yet.

Nick takes that in. It's going to be a waiting game.

NICK  
You got anything to eat?

AMBER  
(obviously)  
It's a farm.

INT. SAME - LATER

Nick sits at a table sampling varieties of organic produce. Amber paces nervously.

NICK  
Oh my God. This tomato is like... you don't even need to put anything on it.

AMBER  
It's a Black Krim heirloom. Shouldn't you be out looking...

# Getaway Weekend <sup>15.</sup>

INT./EXT. - MERCEDES - EVENING - LATER

A bit later, Handy sits in the backseat of this big, classic, 4-door Mercedes, rolling up a long driveway that winds through the California countryside.

HANDY

I gotta admit, I would love to drive this...

They round a bend and find a magnificent, sprawling estate.

HANDY (CONT'D)

Wow.

The driver is a very big man named SKOOLER. He doesn't turn around, but he quietly agrees.

SKOOLER

Yeah.

INT. ATTERDAG HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Handy walks into this huge room, impressed but trying to hide it. Skooler follows him in, keeping an eye on Handy.

A third man enters and heads to Handy with an extended hand. This is WADE ATTERDAG. He's 50, fit and not at all dressed up for this meeting in his own home.

Handy takes the extended hand with a smile.

HANDY

Mr. Atterdag, it's a pleasure to...

He grimaces in pain as Atterdag squeezes his hand.

ATTERDAG

We're not having dinner.

HANDY

What the fuck?!

ATTERDAG

You think you can play games with me? "I have a truckload of merchandise. Let's meet and I'll tell you where it is."

The crushing grip sinks Handy to his knees.

HANDY

Jesus!

# Getaway Weekend <sup>16.</sup>

ATTERDAG

Nobody extorts money from me.

HANDY

Extorts?!

Skooler looms over Handy.

HANDY (CONT'D)

Mr. Atterdag. I'm just doing a business deal!

Atterdag lets go of Handy. Handy gets back to his feet, tentatively opening and closing his hand.

ATTERDAG

I did my deal with the men in Mexico.

HANDY

You did? No. That truck was going to the Flansaas brothers.

ATTERDAG

You think the Mexicans were delivering product in this valley and it wasn't meant for me?

HANDY

The Flansaas brothers work for you?!... Fucking Jazz.

ATTERDAG

Where is my truck!

Handy's gears are turning.

HANDY

I can fix this. We can fix this.

ATTERDAG

The truck.

HANDY

Wait. Look - your deal with the Mexicans... they failed to perform.

ATTERDAG

They failed?

HANDY

Exactly. Your suppliers lost a shipment.

(MORE)

# Getaway Weekend <sup>17</sup>

HANDY (CONT'D)  
I happened to acquire a similar shipment which I'm offering at a reduced price to a prominent buyer.

ATTERDAG  
Similar?

HANDY  
Whether it's the exact same truck or not is irrelevant. The deal starts from scratch.

ATTERDAG  
I get it. That's how you see this. A simple business deal.

HANDY  
Exactly! One that will save you some money, once your Mexican friends make up for their poor practices.

Atterdag considers that and appears to accept it.

ATTERDAG  
Good. I have a counter offer. Answer your phone.

Handy is confused by that, but then his phone starts to ring in his pocket. He answers it.

ATTERDAG (CONT'D)  
FaceTime.

Handy looks at the phone screen. His eyes go wide.

HANDY  
Lisa!

The screen shows a view of Handy and Lisa's hotel room.

Lisa stands with her arms pinned behind her by a big thug named GABRIEL. She screams and struggles against him.

LISA  
Goddammit!

Atterdag edges around to see the phone in Handy's hand.

ATTERDAG  
She's very nice. But, tell me where my truck is or she won't be.

# Getaway Weekend

HANDY

Lisa!

ON PHONE

Lisa hears Handy's voice and looks right out of the little screen.

LISA

Handy?!

INTERCUTTING - HANDY, ATTERDAG, LISA

Handy looks intently at the screen.

HANDY

Lisa. I'm sorry. They're holding me.

ATTERDAG

The truck.

HANDY

You touch one hair on her head and you're a dead man!

ATTERDAG

Where's my truck?

LISA

What truck?

HANDY

(to Lisa)

There's an envelope. If they hurt me they'll never get it.

Atterdag looks into the phone.

ATTERDAG

Get the envelope!

Gabriel grabs Lisa by the hair.

GABRIEL

Where's the envelope?

Lisa's eyes go wide with fury. Now she has one hand free because Gabriel shifted his grip to tug her hair.

As hard as she can, Lisa jams her elbow back and stabs it deep into the big thug's throat.

# Getaway Weekend

Gagging and going down to one knee, he grabs at her and misses, snagging her nightshirt. Lisa knees him in the jaw.

As Gabriel collapses, Lisa's nightshirt rips open, revealing not only her bra, but a full sleeve of tattoos.

Furious, Lisa turns on the handheld camera. The voice of the CAMERAMAN cries out...

CAMERAMAN (O.S.)

Jesus Shit!

The camera drops to the floor.

HANDY

I told you not to touch her hair.

Atterdag looks into the phone, shocked.

ATTERDAG

(into phone)

Trevor! Gabriel!

But the phone only shows the ceiling of the hotel room and the frenzied shadows of the struggle.

FULL SHOT - HOTEL ROOM

The camera-phone was held by a lanky, bearded thug, TREVOR, 20s. Trevor crashes into a side table, spearing the corner into his back.

Trevor tries to rise. Lisa doesn't let up.

Lisa moves with practiced ease, making it clear she's comfortable in a fight. And now that the nightshirt is in tatters, we can see she's strongly muscled as well.

Gabriel gets up and comes at her. Lisa plants a hard kick in his solar plexus and he goes down hard.

For a moment, there's a lull in the fight. Thinking fast, Lisa grabs her bag and rushes for the door.

Trevor groans and stirs. Lisa smashes the bag on the top of his head. He shudders and passes out.

Lisa sees Trevor's phone on the floor and snatches it as she sprints out of the room.



# Getaway Weekend

EXT. HOTEL - POOL AREA - SAME

In the deserted pool area, Lisa stops to look at the stolen phone. On the screen she sees Atterdag looking in wonder at the phone. Handy laughs.

ATTERDAG

(on phone)

What the fuck was that?!

HANDY

(on phone)

You just met Her-Q-Lisa.

Atterdag punches Handy in the mouth.

ATTERDAG

(on phone - to Skooler)

Go find her!

Skooler nods and hurries out and Handy laughs through his bloody teeth.

HANDY

(on phone)

You'll never...

LISA

Shut up, Handy. Her-Q-Lisa's coming.

The call goes dead. Lisa shrugs off the ruined nightshirt and throws on some jeans and a shirt from her bag.

She takes a moment now to gather her thoughts. As she considers what just happened, something occurs to her.

LISA (CONT'D)

Jazz.

Determined, she heads off, but not back into the hotel. She disappears into the shadows and jumps over the wall at the back of the pool area.

EXT. SANTA YNEZ - MAIN STREET - LATER

The main street of this old town is lined with authentic, old west-style boardwalks and Western facade storefronts.

There are bars and restaurants and a corner market.

Lisa stands at the head of the street, taking in the little town.

# Getaway Weekend

MONTAGE

INT. CORNER MARKET - SAME - MONTAGE

Lisa is at the counter of a small convenience store, in a conversation with the CLERK behind the register. He nods and points out the window.

INT. BAR - SAME - MONTAGE

Lisa talks to the BARTENDER in this noisy, crowded bar.

Frustrated, Lisa pushes away from the bar and into the crowd. A moment later, Skooler appears where she was standing and gets the bartender's attention.

EXT. TACO STAND - SAME - MONTAGE

Lisa is at this little food cart. The WOMAN running the stand just shrugs.

Skooler watches from the shadows. Frustrated again, Lisa spots something across the street and has an idea.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

In this empty parking lot, a congregation of local high school KIDS hang out and attempt skateboard tricks. Lisa walks up to them. They check her out, half disinterested.

LISA

I need to score some E.

EXT. IL MOGGIO RESTAURANT - SAME

Lisa makes her way through the crowd and heads into this quaint, little Italian restaurant.

INT. IL MOGGIO RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

It's a quiet comfortable Italian bistro. An Italian man sits at the bar. He has an old-world accent, bright eyes and he nurses a Campari and lime. This is UNCLE MOTTS, 80.

Motts sees Lisa enter and look around. He brightens up.

UNCLE MOTTS

I remember you.

# Earthshine

22.

INT. LEBEDEV BASE - THE POCKET - LATER - NIGHT

Back at the base, purple neon leads the way into this restaurant/bar known as The Pocket. It's divey, dark and comfortable. Full of locals. Two pod like robots move here and there through the room, bussing tables and cleaning up. They make squeaking, chirping noises as they go, in need of servicing. They're called CRICKETS.

Selena and Doc find seats at the bar.

SELENA

Tight 'til Koper pays up.

DOC

That answers my next question.

SELENA

Which is?

DOC

Spot me a drink?

Selena pushes a button on the bar. Another ROBOT that appears more or less humanoid from the torso up rolls on a track on the inside of the bar. It's dressed as an old-timey bartender, complete with apron, bow tie and sleeve garters, but it's rundown and threadbare. It judders on the track and stops in front of them. It says...

ROBOT

What can I get'cha?

...and then goes limp. Selena waits for a second, but the thing has clearly crashed.

SELENA

Trae, Bart crashed again.

A lanky young bartender, TRAE, steps behind the bar. He sighs as he shoves the robot away. It skitters along its track.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Two on the tab.

Trae sets them up, knowing their order.

TRAE

The boss was looking for you.

Selena indicates the bar stool.

SELENA

Well, I'm in my office.

# Earthshine

23.

The PA cracks in with another announcement.

PA

Levedev Operations wants you to know the annual founders' day celebration and dome races will be rescheduled to coincide with Concord Establishment Day. Thank you.

The boss makes her way through the crowd of patrons, heading for Selena. She's weathered, grizzled and in her 60s. If we weren't on the Moon you'd call her an earth mother type. Her name's CRAWFORD.

CRAWFORD

Hello, Doc. Hello, Selena.

SELENA

My tab getting short?

CRAWFORD

Not to mention your rent, but that's not why I want to talk to you.

SELENA

Is this a private consult?

Crawford nods. Doc shrugs and the two women head off.

INT. REST ROOM - SAME

Selena and Crawford follow the yellow neon tube into a cramped bathroom at the back of The Pocket. There isn't room in here for a third party that might overhear them.

CRAWFORD

I have a charity case.

SELENA

Like a space-walk fun run?

CRAWFORD

There's an injured man.

SELENA

Injured? You mean wounded.

CRAWFORD

I can't bring him here. But my associates can bring you to him.

# Earthshine

24.

SELENA

No more euphemisms, Crawford. Tell  
you're friends in the resistance  
I'm not getting involved.

CRAWFORD

Maybe it's time you take sides,  
Selena.

SELENA

I have a side.

She indicates herself.

CRAWFORD

Fine. What about medical ethics?  
There's a wounded man...

SELENA

If he was bleeding out you wouldn't  
be here. This isn't an emergency.

CRAWFORD

Please. He's not far. It's just  
at...

SELENA

Don't tell me that.

(beat)

Look, the new Redlights are  
assholes. But the new Redlights are  
always assholes.

CRAWFORD

This isn't about new law  
enforcement. It's about new laws.

SELENA

That's just it. What I do is  
already illegal. There's always  
good guys and bad guys. The good  
guys make laws and run the world.  
They always think they're right, no  
matter where they come from.

(beat)

And then there's always bad guys.  
We know exactly who we are because  
no matter who the good guys are this  
time, they're always sticking it to  
the bad guys. Nothing changes  
except in whose name they're  
cracking down on you.

# Earthshine

25.

CRAWFORD

It's different this time. There's a war coming.

SELENA

There hasn't been a war since the twenty-first century.

CRAWFORD

Exactly. The Concord...

Selena stops Crawford with a friendly hand on the shoulder.

SELENA

Tell your associates what I said.

She leaves the bathroom.

INT. THE POCKET - SAME

Selena makes her way back to her bar stool as Crawford heads the other way. Doc catches Selena's eye and indicates a table nearby.

Sitting at the table, Koper chats with an attractive young woman. Her name's LUNA. She's smart, tough and 25. Luna is engrossed in Koper's story. He's playing it cool.

KOPER

The Moon's been colonized, privatized and finally franchised. So for a man like me, the Moon is where it's at. The Near Side, of course.

LUNA

Oh, I'd like to see that some day, the Earthshine flagship colonies - the resorts...

Selena listens in as Koper mansplains the Moon to Luna.

KOPER

Maybe you will.  
(beat)

But there's mines and industry there too. My business is the people who work at Earthshine, not play there.

LUNA

But this is the Dark Side.

# Earthshine

26.

KOPER

Far Side, sweetheart. We don't say  
Dark Side.

LUNA

Thank you.

Selena smiles. Koper thinks he's in charge of this conversation, but Luna's in the driver's seat. Selena watches her, impressed.

LUNA (CONT'D)

So, what are you doing on Far Side?

KOPER

Sometimes, my business means I have to get a little rough. There's a... unique society around the mining operations and radio telescopes at a Dark Side base like this. That means entertainment, food, leisure, sports... and the underworld that goes with them.

Luna appears a little scared, and a little delighted.

LUNA

Isn't that dangerous?

KOPER

I can handle myself. You look like you can handle yourself too.

Luna responds to that with a coy smile.

KOPER (CONT'D)

You know, I just finished a deal here and I'm heading back to Earthshine.

LUNA

You are?

But that's too much for Selena. She gets up from her stool and jumps in.

SELENA

You are?

Koper is caught off guard.

KOPER

Oh, uh... Yes I am. Pretty soon.

# Earthshine

27.

SELENA

Your friend make it to the jitney?

KOPER

Yes he did.

LUNA

Oh, Koper - is she...

Koper jumps in.

KOPER

No!

SELENA

No.

(beat)

Part of the business he was talking about.

LUNA

You're the "unique society."

SELENA

That's right.

LUNA

But not the entertainment, I bet.

SELENA

Not the food, leisure or sports either.

Luna pretends to be a bit shocked by the implied threat. She isn't. Selena can tell.

SELENA (CONT'D)

Have fun, Koper. Just don't forget to visit the underworld before you visit the Earthshine resorts with...

LUNA

Luna.

SELENA

Luna? Welcome to the Moon.

Luna simply smiles in response. Selena heads back to the bar.

SELENA (CONT'D)

(to Doc)

Luna.



# Earthshine

28.

DOC  
You bet she is.

They watch the continuing interaction between Koper and Luna and we dissolve to...

INT. THE RESIDENCE - LATER

Orange neon leads you to the residential area next door to The Pocket. The residential unit is a series of halls and apartments, excavated down into the lunar surface. Luna makes her way down a hall. As she moves she floats and bounces a bit. Her progress is interrupted by a VOICE.

VOICE  
You can't have been on the Moon  
more than a month.

Luna freezes and turns. There's Selena.

SELENA  
You're still bouncing with the low  
grav. Bump into things?

Luna refuses to appear startled.

LUNA  
Takes some getting used to.

SELENA  
But it can't be bad for business  
for a pretty girl to float into the  
room.

LUNA  
Thank you?

SELENA  
You're welcome. Now, give it to me.

LUNA  
Give?

SELENA  
You can keep Koper's heart. But  
hand over his book.

LUNA  
His book?