

The Party Company

"The Last Night of Liberation"

By

Chris Snowden

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWNZZ LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY - 1933

Cars drive by as pedestrians are leaving and entering stores and restaurants. We notice two men walking down the sidewalk. MAN 1, glasses, soft-faced, brown suit, dignified hat, is slowing down while looking around confused. MAN 2, wiseguy, too big for his britches, stern, blue suit, stops to look back at Man 1.

MAN 2

What are you looking at!?

MAN 1

He said it was before Sal's.

MAN 2

(confused)

Where's the Sal's?

MAN 1

Right there. The place that says
Sal's Diner.

Reveal a giant red sign with white letters that reads, "Sal's." Man 2 ponders, then looks at the shop in front of him.

MAN 2

How bout this place?

We see a flower shop with the name "The Flower Emporium." The two men look at the glass window of shop. Man 1 examines it intently.

MAN 1

No. He said it was called Minnie's,
and had a doorman.

Man 2 reaches into his pocket, pulls out a cigarette and begins to smoke.

MAN 2

I get that, but you would think they
might lead with something else.
(gestures towards the
flower shop)
Something less conspicuous like
flowers...

MAN 1
And the doorman?

MAN 2
and the doorman is probably at
Sal's.

Man 1 cringes and corkscrews his neck.

MAN 1
I don't kn-

MAN 2
Okay. Okay. How about we at least go
in and look around. If it doesn't
check out then we grab some
daffodils and take the boat out
instead.

MAN 1
If we're wrong they could call the
police on us.

MAN 2
Hey! You said you were willing to do
this. Now, the place before the
diner is
(reads store name)
"The Flower Emporium." We go in ask
the lady if they have hootch if she
looks at us crazy we say it's a
joke.

Man 1 looks down at the ground, shakes his head like a kid
who doesn't want to eat vegetables. Man 2 looks at Man 1 with
an angry glare.

MAN 2 (CONT'D)
You're really not going to go in
there with me? Fine. Let me finish
this then we'll head out of here.

Man 2 turns away, looks across the street at a food market.
We notice a truck pulling up in front of the market. A group
of rugged men disembark. They carry giant ice blocks into the
market. WHEN there is the RING of a bell. Behind Man 2 we
notice INEBRIATED MAN(60), proud, dignified, egg-shaped,
thick mustache, grey suit with a white undershirt, black tie,
leaving the store, walking down the street from where the two
men came.

INEBRIATED MAN
 (Humming Ten Cents A Dance
 By Ruth Etting)
 Hmmm Hmmm Hmmm

Man 2 looks over his shoulder, then begins to watch Inebriated Man. A second later, Man 1, who is leaning on the glass window, looks up from the ground and watches the inebriated man.

INEBRIATED MAN (CONT'D)
 (slurred yet captivating
 singing)
 Ten cents a dance. That's what they
 pay me. Gosh, how they weigh me
 down! Ten cents a dance. Pansies and
 rough guys. Tough guys who tear my
 gown!

The man then grabs WOMAN 1(30) who is passing him. He attempts to dance with her. She rips away and continues down the street. As she is passing the two men.

WOMAN 1
 Fucking moron.

MAN 2
 Hey, watch your mouth lady!

Woman 1 sarcastically smiles at Man 2, continues walking. The two men then look at the flower shop.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FLOWER EMPORIUM - DAY - 1933

MINNIE(39), short to medium brown hair like The Beatles, statue, confident, unfazed, blueish grey overalls, white undershirt, stands behind a counter. Behind her are shelves full of flower arrangements and vases. Filling the room are long tables filled with flowers as well as other shrubberies. The two men from earlier enter the store and begin to approach Minnie. Minnie gazes to her right to reveal ANNA(34), tiny, blonde, bushy curly hair, peeved, same attire as Minnie, who is pruning roses with sharp sheers as she studies the two men approaching Minnie. Behind Minnie, we see a baby carriage with pink lining on her right-hand side, on her left hand side there's a shotgun. The two men now stand at the counter.

MINNIE
 (Friendly)
 Good afternoon gentlemen. Are you
 picking up or placing an order?

MAN 1
 Uh, we're actually here to...

Minnie looks confusedly back at Man 1.

MINNIE
 To?

MAN 1
 To hang around for a bit...

MINNIE
 What!?

MAN 2
 We maybe heard this is a good place
 to rest up, a watering hole.

Grasping the shears, Anna begins to slowly walk towards the
 end of the counter.

MINNIE
 (a bit more serious)
 Well if you two were to look around,
 you'll see this is a flower shop,
 not the California Hotel. So are you
 picking up or placing an order?

MAN 2
 Listen. I don't know anything about
 picking up or placing. We're just
 here for some hoo-

THUMP. The two men look over to see the shears Anna was
 grasping, stuck inside the wall. They look the other way at
 Anna who pulls out another pair of shears.

MINNIE
 A Who flower? I never heard of a
 Who. Anna, you know if we sell Who
 Flowers?

ANNA
 (Tapping the shears on the
 counter. Moving them
 around)
 No Who flowers here. We sell roses,
 black-eyed Susans, daffodils, our
 nasturtium are ready year-round.
 (MORE)

ANNA (CONT'D)

It's not a Who, but it'll live'en up
your homes.

MINNIE

Are you gentlemen interested in
nasturtiums for a lively home?

The two men stand at the counter confused. Man 1 eyes get
big.

MAN 1

(remembering)

I have the-

Man 1 quickly reaches into his chest suit pocket when in an
instant, Minnie pulls out the shotgun and points it at Man
2's face, while Anna reaches down for a bolt action rifle and
points it at the two from afar. Man 1 freezes with his hand
still in his pocket.

MINNIE

Answering the question, picking up
or placing an order doesn't require
reaching into any pockets. There's
been a slew of robberies; I was
frightened.

ANNA

Two men came into the flower shop.

MINNIE

I had my baby.

ANNA

She gave them every chance in the
world.

There's a pause.

MINNIE

What's in the pocket?

Man 1 eyes roll to the back of his head as he falls backward
and faints.

ANNA

AH come on!

Anna puts the gun down and rushes over towards the man.

MINNIE

(to Man 2)

Ah! don't move. The last thing I
need is a dead wasp.

Anna lifts the back of Man 1's head to check for bleeding.

ANNA
You scared him to death!

MINNIE
Check his pocket! What was he about
to pull out!?

Anna checks the man's pockets. Finds a wallet, takes a few bills, and puts them in her pocket. She also finds a little piece of paper with something written on it. She looks at it.

ANNA
Prometheus.

Minnie puts the shotgun down on the counter. Man 2 doesn't move. She grabs an empty vase from behind her, walks around the counter, and throws the water in Man 1's face. He begins to cough and wake up. Minnie walks back around the counter.

MINNIE
Next time you boys come in here. I'd
like you to lead with that. Anna,
can you watch Laura while I take
these two downstairs?

ANNA
No problem, Minnie.

Minnie puts the vase down, appears to grab something, wipes herself off. As this is going on, Man 1 is starting to get back on his feet. Man 2 is still frozen. Minnie then comes back around the counter with both hands in her pouch, after she passes the two men she then looks back.

MINNIE
Are we going downstairs?

Man 2 pushes, Man 1.

MAN 1
(coming to)
Yes, ma'am.

INT. THE FLOWER EMPORIUM - BACKROOM - DAY - 1933

At the front of the room is a section of garden equipment. There are three large wheelbarrows filled with dark-colored dirt. Along the front wall are rakes, trowels, shovels, hedge shears, grass shears, and pruning saws. The body of the room is filled with shelves of large potted plants as tall and as wide as the room.

The rainbow of colors is so thick and bright you can't see the next row from the last. The room is constructed in a way where you have to snake your way through the rows in order to make it to the back. With her hands still in her pocket, Minnie leads the two men through the flower maze. As they arrive at the back of the room we notice an old rusty orange door with a sliding peephole. Minnie knocks on the door nine times.

MINNIE

It's me, Frank.

Someone slides the peephole open, looks through. We hear the sound of locks being undone. The door opens to reveal FRANK (30s) large, round, 6'3-6'5, young John Goodman, wearing a dirty white shirt workman jeans, dirty boots, takes up most of the door frame. He steps out, looks past the two men, pushes them out the way, grabs a water bucket, and begins to water the plants. The three go down the stairs.

INT. MINNIE'S - DAY - 1933

A doorman opens the bar door, Minnie and the two men enter. Jazz music plays in the dimly lit bar. The bar is dark greasy, chipped wood walls. Roars of laughter coming from men at tables. The bar more so resembles a pirate ship. Drunk men at tables argue over sports, politics, and women. A bar is being tended by two men who look no different than the drunks. There are four large barrels behind the bar. Bottles of whiskey and rum are lined up on shelves. Above the bar is a large dark green sign that reads "Minnie's." At tables towards the back, are various high classed dressed men and women sitting down talking, drinking, and smoking. Mostly scantily dressed women are serving them drinks, but there are a few young men mixed in. As Minnie walks through, people subtly move out of her way as men nod their heads and tilt their caps to her. As the two men follow Minnie she sits them down at the bar. The bartender immediately comes over to Minnie.

MINNIE

(to Bartender)

They drink free until one them needs to piss.

Minnie walks off.

BARTENDER

You drink free till one of you pisses, what do you start with?

MAN 1

Hooch!

Man 2 hits Man 1 upside the head.

MAN 2
Shot of whiskey.

INT. MINNIE'S - DAY - 1933- MOMENTS LATER

As Minnie walks through the bar she is approached by SAL(38), small, balding a bit, lacks girth, spunky.

SAL
I was just about to come up, you need to see this.

CUT TO:

INT. MINNIE'S - OFFICE - DAY - 1933

The office is small, quaint, window in the back to see the bar. Minnie sits down at her desk and lights a cigarette as Sal slams down a newspaper in front of her.

SAL
We're fucked! I'd like to show to you tomorrow's paper.

Show newspaper with prohibition headline "Formal Repeal Comes at 7:00 Tonight" Minnie stares at the newspaper for a moment. Sal begins to pace back and forth.

SAL (CONT'D)
Our benevolent government. Has all so generously decided to ratify the amendment. Giving us lowly American humans the right to drink again. It's just a coincidence they're also bankrupt.

Minnie then gets up and walks towards a window. While smoking she watches the high-class people in the back as young women and men serve them. Sal sits down at the chair in front of Minnie's desk.

SAL (CONT'D)
This is shit. We have 117 gallons on our hands. Our best bet is to cut the price, sell it at a loss to people around town, really shove it down the throats of the regulars. Pitchers, barrels, who cares they can have it. I'm sick of how the stuff smells.

(MORE)

SAL (CONT'D)

The watered-down whisky. It's a shit business all around.

Minnie turns back to Sal.

MINNIE

I remember when I first proposed this to you. You were scared shitless, I could see it on your face. You don't hide emotion well. It can be endearing, but also a sign of weakness. But I was scared too. You know Sal, it's weird being on the other side of something. It's boring.

SAL

Minnie, we're not in this for excitement, we're in it for the cash. Early retirement. A step up from the generation before. Remember!? Now, how are we going to get from under this!? We still have debts out east, you have Laura, Anna's not like most broa-

Minnie quickly stares at Sal.

SAL (CONT'D)

Women. I wasn't going to say broads, I was not going to say broads, I was going to say, women. Anna not like most women. But any day now, she's going to be asking me for a baby.

Minnie walks back towards her desk chair, throwing the cigarette on an ashtray.

MINNIE

Are you sure Anna is going to be asking for a baby?

SAL

I'm positive of it.

Shot of Sal as Minnie sits down in her chair. She picks up the newspaper, looks at it for a brief second then sits it back down.

MINNIE

(annoyed)

We're fine, Sal.

SAL

What do you mean we're fine!? Look at the headline! Bootlegging is over! How can we bootleg if alcohol is legal!?

MINNIE

First of all! we don't have to sell the 117 gallons of hooch at a loss! The stuff is legal to drink now and I'm the only person in town who has it. So unless you're telling me Frank needs to take a walk first, the price is going up. Secondly and this is important. You're right, Sal. I do have Laura. And Anna isn't like most broads. So we sell everything, then what do we do? What do those kids Anna is dying to have, do? What does Laura do? Just sit around waiting to get saved? Sell whatever this is away like every other coward. Fuck that. Listen, Sal, we have the infrastructure, the manpower, and we're smarter than them. You know how the Rothschilds bought the world? They had the gift of foresight.

SAL

Minnie I don-

MINNIE

You keep going on and on about bootlegging. We're not bootleggers.

SAL

Then what are we?

Minnie reaches into her pocket pulls out another cigarette, looks at it, and smiles.

ACT 1

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - AFTERNOON - PRESENT DAY

On a crowded Los Angeles street, we see the back of PARKER(27) African American male, 6'1, skinny but toned, confident, unbothered, white t-shirt, black jeans, backward black Dodgers hat, black chucks, walking down the sidewalk with a dark pink shirt draped over his left shoulder. He reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a piece of paper. As he turns the corner REVEAL a large retail store with the name "The Party Emporium."

INT. THE PARTY EMPORIUM - STOREFRONT - AFTERNOON

It's a bright day, inside the store. The store is fairly large for a retail party store. There's a helium balloon section, a birthday party decorations section separated by gender and theme. There's an aisle for every major holiday even one dedicated to Yom Kippur. The store is clean, all the shelves are loaded with merchandise. Yet the store is empty except for

RONNY(30) 6'4, big but sturdy, African American male, dreads, wearing a blue shirt that says "The Party Emporium" with a red, blue, and yellow balloon on it. He is standing at a checkout line. There is also LAURA(late-80s) black hair, 6'1, fierce, lively and JAMISON(70s) strong jaw, cane in hand, who are sitting on a wooden bench in front of Ronny. There is a TV on the wall showing a boxing match between a Caucasian and a Hispanic man.

JAMISON

My father used to tell me stories
about a man named John L O'Sullivan.

LAURA

I remember O'Sullivan!

JAMISON

A boxer out of Boston. He said,
never was there a man as fierce as
O'Sullivan. In Boston, the ruthless,
and the brutes would all go out at
night looking for a fight. And
O'Sullivan would give them one,
bareknuckle. There never was a man
O'Sullivan wouldn't challenge.

RONNY

Bareknuckle? For what?

LAURA

Pride! That's all it took back then.
The title of being the best was
enough.

RONNY

Yeah, but they also didn't have
MacBook's then. Maybe if O'Sullivan
saw the processing power of an Apple
product he'd been more of a
capitalist.

JAMISON

He wouldn't have touched any of
that.

Parker enters the store. He looks over and heads towards the
three.

JAMISON (CONT'D)

HEY HEY! RONNY what are you doing!?

Ronny begins to reach down. Parker stops, puts his hands up.

PARKER

(calm)

Am I not supposed to come in this
way?

Still ready to reach down, Ronny looks over to Laura and
Jamison.

LAURA

Wallace, come here!

Parker continues to walk towards the three.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Sit down next to me.

Parker sits down on the bench next to Laura

LAURA (CONT'D)

You sleep well?

PARKER

Yeah good.

LAURA

All set?

PARKER

Yeah.

LAURA
Are you sure?

PARKER
Mmhmm

LAURA
Got anything to tell me?

PARKER
Through the nine doors walks three.
Released from ignorance we find
freedom in the fire.

LAURA
Atta boy. You got your order figured
out?

PARKER
Oh yeah.

Parker reaches into his pocket, pulls out a piece of paper
and hands it to Laura. She reads the paper.

LAURA
(laughing)
That'll come back to me.

Laura hands the paper to Jamison. Parker stands up. Jamison
reads the paper then hands it back to Parker.

JAMISON
Jon Wesley Hardin would carry two on
his chest.

LAURA
I've never heard of Hardin.

JAMESON
He was a man who shot a cannery in
the eye.

As Jamison speaks we notice Morgan(42) brown hair, slightly
overweight, rich brown eyes, coming from the back.

LAURA
Might want to put your shirt on,
Wallace. This one cares out of fear.

Morgan walks by Ronny.

MORGAN
Morning, Ronny.

RONNY

Yeah.

She then begins to approach the three by the bench.

MORGAN

Ms. Henry, you haven't made it downstairs this week. We always love to see you. Steven took all that time to sculpt an offi-

LAURA

I like it up here.

Morgan quickly turns to Parker.

MORGAN

(to Parker)

By the time you step inside the store, your shirt needs to be on. We have a protocol. Did you read over everything I gave you?

PARKER

Yeah.

MORGAN

Then why isn't your shirt on?

Parker sits his hat down, puts on the pink shirt, puts his hat back on but forward, and smiles. It's the same shirt as Ronny but in dark pink.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Follow me.

Morgan and Parker walk off.

JAMISON

He's close but still divided.

LAURA

Just give it some time.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PARTY EMPORIUM - BACK PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

A back door opens as Morgan and Parker walk out heading towards the middle of the lot. The back parking lot has a 20-foot fence around it. 30-40 cars, along with three pink "The Party Emporium" vans with the same design as the shirts.

MORGAN

We like to divide up who comes in between the two entrances. To be blunt, it's a reverse segregation situation. Mostly whites through the back, others through the front.

Parker has a perturbed look on his face.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

At least you get in that way. And I said mostly, it's for optics. Unless you're in a van, pink shirts come in through the front. Ms. Henry prefers to see them we she can.

The two enter a shed twenty yards behind the main building, sort of in the middle of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. SHED - AFTERNOON

Morgan and Parker step inside the shed. Morgan presses a button on the side then the whole floor starts to go down. Morgan puts on sunglasses, then looks over at Parker.

MORGAN

You really didn't read those papers.

Parker reaches into his pocket and pulls out sunglasses, puts them on.

PARKER

I skimmed through them.

MORGAN

(fear)

Good. This place can get tense when people don't listen.

Parker arrogantly laughs to himself at Morgan.

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

A bright light enters the elevator. We see a large underground warehouse. In the center there are three rows of people, who all appear to be minorities wearing plain brown shirts, blue masks, white hair-nets, and blue gloves. In one row they are measuring and bagging marijuana. In another, they are doing the same with cocaine, and in the next line, they do the same with different colored pills.

As a person bags, they fill a rolling cart behind them, once the cart is filled another person wearing a white Party Emporium shirt comes and takes the cart and rolls it to into a room with large blue double doors. The door is being guarded by an armed man wearing a blue Party Emporium shirt. Men and women with bags over their heads are being escorted at gunpoint out of a dark hallway by a man and a woman wearing green Party Emporium shirts and into a tunnel with large pink double doors, no guard. We see other Green Shirts dollying around large metal caskets with blurred rectangle glass vision holes like the thing they put Captain America in. On these caskets, we see the blue and white brand label BibbCo. A man sleeps at a roller-skating renting cage, but behind him instead of skates are a mass array of firearms. There's a glass sky office with a staircase leading up to it. Multiple other glass offices lined up along the outer edges of the warehouse surrounding the drug assembly lines with people wearing office attire inside them. As all this is being shown we see Morgan is leading Parker, now without their sunglasses, through the warehouse. BRAD(32) white, male, short black hair, scruffy black goatee, blue jeans with black grease on them, black boots, 5'7, chip on his shoulder, gun on the side, is walking through the warehouse while eating yogurt. He notices Morgan leading Parker up the stairs to the office. He freezes, watches with pissed off wide eyes. He then quickly walks over to EMMA(33) dark hair, dark eyes, passionate, intense, pink Party emporium shirt, gun on side, who is heading up to the office.

BRAD

Emma what the is that!?

EMMA

(busy)

It's not up to me, Brad. This is who mama picked.

BRAD

Wha- how is that fair!?

Emma turns around to confront Brad

EMMA

Listen, you weren't hired to go to parties. If your role isn't working for you, I'm sure there's field in Brazil that need to be guarded.

Emma continues to walk towards the stairs. Brad keeps walking then sees JOEY(49) round, thick hair, beach ball face, pink Party Emporium shirt, as he barges out of the double doors carrying a tablet. The two walk towards each other.

BRAD
Joey! What is thi-

JOEY
I know! I fucking know!

Now directly in front of each other.

BRAD
I thought I did good.

JOEY
You were a delight! Beyond perfect.
It's just easier if we keep you
where you're at. A good mercenary is
a lot harder to find than a
glorified bouncer. Hey, you ready
for the draft this weekend? Huh? I
saw you got the second pick.

BRAD
Guaranteed McCaffery or Barkley.

JOEY
See you're lucking out. You don't
need the stress of going to these
parties. A lot of gays. I know
you're not a big fan of that.

BRAD
It's not that big of a-

JOEY
See, just wouldn't be a good mix.

Joey turns and begins to walk away.

BRAD
Uh hey, Joe?

Joey turns back around.

JOEY
What? Why you keeping me?

BRAD
Can I at least know...

Joey thinks to himself then waves Brad over. He pulls up something on the tablet. Brad's eyes get big.

When out a set of doors, we see a man in a green Party Emporium shirt pushing a giant metal shaped casket with a blurred glass opening on a dolly. On the metal casket, we notice a small blue and white logo BibbCo.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - CASKET - AFTERNOON

We barely see the figure of WILSON(think Bobby Lee, scared) in a dark box. He stands looking straight, unable to move. There's a blurred rectangle glass opening to let in light.

FADE TO:

INT. PORN SHOOT - DAY

Wilson, dressed as a safari person, Nigel Thornberry, a person who takes care of elephants for a living, is having doggy style sex with PORNSTAR 1(28)female, as he is pumping we see DIRECTOR(25)Male, record the two up close with his phone.

WILSON

(out of breath)

Of all the lions and wildebeest I've mounted, you my dear are truly the Sheer Khan of the rain forest.

Director gets in front of the two with a serious intense face.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I come to your den today asking for-
uh wait, dude are you doing this on
your phone!?

DIRECTOR

Yeah it shoots in 4k.

WILSON

No! It's not going to look
professional, you need a big camera,
lights, a fluffer, there's no
fluffer here.

DIRECTOR

I can be your fluffer. Wilson, this
is new-age porn, Only-Fans shit.
Come check this out.

Wilson gets off the bed and walks around to the director. To look at the phone.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

See.

On the phone we see Wilson having doggy style sex with the women, but instead of her face it's a cartoon giraffe.

WILSON

What is that!? Why is she a giraffe?

DIRECTOR

This is what people are into now. Anything that covers up what you actually look like and replaces it with some sort of digital image. We can make her a dog, put some sparkles on her, we can even make her Danny DeVito from Taxi. Now who wouldn't want to fuck Danny DeVito?

WILSON

Guys aren't going to jerk off to me fucking Danny DeVito!

DIRECTOR

Chicks watch porn too. Okay how about we make her a cat. Those Twitch incels love that.

Director goes back to changing the face of the girl.

WILSON

No animals!- Hey what are you doing- is that my mom!

On the phone the face of the girl is now Wilson's mom.

DIRECTOR

I think we're on something here. We completely blur the lines of right wrong, and weather or not you're fucking your mom.

WILSON

We can't post a video of me fucking my mom.

DIRECTOR

Dude, this is going to work. You could be the next Jamie. You know who, I'm talking about.

(MORE)

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

The dude who looks sixteen and gets to fuck literally everyone. All my favorites, he's been inside them.

WILSON

You really think this scene could make me the next Jamie?

DIRECTOR

I'm talkin MILFs. I just need about 45 seconds of cat and 15 of it looking like you're fucking your mom and we got ourselves a trailer.

Wilson goes back around, gets on the bed as the director kneels back down.

EXT. CONDOS - DAY

Wilson, open red dress shirt, white undershirt, big hair, gold chain, black dress pants, black shoes, comes out of condo, drinking from a bottle of water. We see a pink Party Emporium van parked down the street. Wilson begins to walk down the side walk, the opposite direction of the van. The van begins to slowly pursue him. Wilson stops walking, turns around, the van continues to slowly peruse Wilson. Wilson stops and looks back baffled at the slowly approaching van. As the van pulls up in front of him we see Emma, pink Party Emporium shirt, in the passenger seat, and Brad, white t-shirt driving.

EMMA

(To Wilson)

Hey, do you know where Gizmo Fortitude lives?

WILSON

I'm sorry, I don't.

EMMA

Okay.

The van then speeds off down the street, then around the corner. Watching the van, Wilson has a perplexed look on his face. When behind Wilson we see another pink van racing down the street towards him. Wilson turns around sees the van and starts running away. Wilson runs down the street, around the corner to see the first Party Emporium van parked 10 yards in front of him. He stops to turn around when Emma pops up from behind him and sticks him in the neck with a tranquilizers. Wilson falls out but Emma holds him up. We then see the first van drive off. Emma looks at the van with a pissed off glare.

Behind Emma we see the second van continue racing down the cross street, through the intersection.

EMMA (CONT'D)

What is he-

Emma notices a group of walkers, walking towards her and throws Wilson on the ground. As the people pass.

EMMA (CONT'D)

(To walkers)

Opioids. What are we gonna do about this?

The people pass. Emma pulls out her phone.

INT/EXT. PARTY EMPORIUM VAN - DAY

We see Brad driving down the street listening to a fantasy football podcast.

PODCASTER V.O

Okay, Dan. There are a lot of wide receiver options in the third round but before we get there lets have a friendly-

Brad looks at his phone.

BRAD

Shit.

Brad then makes an abrupt u-turn.

PODCASTER V.O

word from our sponsor Pube-wear. This all in one steam engine underwear, not only provides a comfortable fit but also chars off every single pubic hair. While also giving your genitals a swampy squish squish feel

The van stops, Brad moves to the back and slides the door open and moves back to the driver's seat.

EMMA

Are you fucking stupid!?

PODCASTER V.O

Pube-wear is the best choice for today's modern man.

(MORE)

PODCASTER V.O (CONT'D)

Use promo code
fantasyfootballdudebros that's promo
code fantasyfootballdudebros for
thirty percent off.

Emma throws Wilson into the van then closes the door. She then walks to the passenger door and gets in.

PODCASTER V.O (CONT'D)

Now back to the show, a guy I like
at the beginning of the third round
is Hakeem Olajuwon.

EMMA

Why did you drive off!?

Emma shuts off the stereo. Then begins to put the tranquilizer in a case then puts it in the glove-box.

BRAD

I thought Joey was gonna get you and
we'd drive back to the store in
unison.

Now done putting the tranquilizer away.

EMMA

Why aren't you driving!?

Brad steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

We see a man with a green Party Emporium shirt dolly the metal box into the main glass elevator and go up.

THE CAMERA THEN PANS TO THE SKY OFFICE

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - STEVENS OFFICE - AFTERNOON

STEVEN(59) white, bald, low trimmed gray scruffy beard, glasses, brown suit sits in a dark brown office chair. On the wall behind him are pictures of him with various celebrities Sheen, Rodman etc. On his desk, there's a tablet, a mountain of scattered papers, a picture of him, Emma, and NICK(26)tall, dark hair Pete Davidson/Andrew Shultz, all at a shooting range holding assault riffles, smiling. Emma is lean-sitting on the far edge of the desk scrolling through a tablet.

Parker sits in one of the two chairs in front of the desk. Morgan who is speaking sits in the other. Joey walks in. He and Parker make eyes. Parker nods with a smile. Emma continues to look down at the tablet. Morgan looks over a little nervously but keeps her smile and continues to talk.

MORGAN

I'll make sure to switch them out when-

STEVEN

But I asked you to do this last week after I showed you that article. Remember, look

Steven begins to go through the vast amount of papers on his desk.

MORGAN

(tired)

I remember, Steve.

EMMA

But remembering isn't doing. You aren't out there. If those things go off we're screwed. Hey, Parker.

PARKER

Yeah?

EMMA

You're here now. If her shit fucks up it affects you too. Don't let her get away with it.

PARKER

(to Morgan)

Follow protocol.

Joey begins to walk to the other side of the office then looks out the office.

STEVE

Ha! Here, Here!

Steven rattles the paper and hands it to Morgan.

MORGAN

Thanks, Steve.

The office gets quiet.

STEVE

You can go now.

MORGAN

Oh, okay.

Morgan gets up and begins to head out the door.

PARKER

Enjoy your reading.

Morgan looks back and smiles before exiting the office. Steven stands up.

STEVEN

Parker Wallace, my brother Joseph Henry.

Parker stands up, Joey turns, the two shake hands.

PARKER

Hey.

JOEY

Nice to met you. LA kid, did some things in the military.

PARKER

A few.

JOEY

Mom likes you...

Parker has a confused look on his face. Emma watches with a smile.

PARKER

Yeah?

Parker turns his back on Joey, reaches into his pocket, and hands the paper from earlier to Steven. Steven grabs the paper, looks at it.

STEVEN

Oh yes I forgot.

Steven then begins to open his desk cabinet.

JOEY

(peeved)

What's that?

Steven pulls out a pink paper, writes what's written on the card. Emma, who is still sitting on the desk, watches Steve write, then looks up.

EMMA

A good time.

Joey walks over and grabs the little piece of paper. Reads it.

JOEY

No. No. No. Listen, Parkey.

PARKER

(serious)

It's, Parker.

Steven stops writing and looks up.

JOEY

Parkey, we can't let this go. You're new here. It's not fair to some of the other guys.

PARKER

I mean, you seem to be doing pretty well.

EMMA

Plus those guys rent for the contracts. He's renting for work.

Steven looks down and continues to fill out the form without looking up.

STEVEN

Pink shirts have full range of the cage.

Steven looks up and extends the pink form to Parker.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

He needs to be ready if called upon.

Parker takes the paper, folds it, puts it in his back pocket.

JOEY

Okay, but today is the only day you go coyote. From here on out, I'll tell you what to bring.

PARKER

Sure.

Parker sits down in the near chair closes to the door. Joey steps towards Parker.

JOEY
Are you being funny?

PARKER
(nodding up)
One.
(nodding forward)
Two
(shrugs to himself
wondering and looks at
Joey)
Three?

Joey begins to go towards Parker, Emma puts her leg up to divide them.

EMMA
(to Parker)
Close, really close.

Emma stands up. Joey storms out of the office. Emma sits down in the chair next to Parker.

EMMA (CONT'D)
Do you know who Drew Berrymore is?

PARKER
Legally Blonde.

EMMA
No.

STEVE
Not close.

EMMA
But you understand she's an actress.

PARKER
Yeah.

EMMA
Most of our clientele are gross
foreign men, who want nothing more
than orgies, good drugs, and to brag
to their millionaire friends that
they hired us. But a few times a
year you'll get something good.
(Shaking the tablet)
Tonight we got something good. So
fuck Joey. It's not the black thing
it's the he doesn't know you thing.
You understand that?

PARKER

I get it.

EMMA

Good. You see the man over there.
The guy who looks like if Jared Leto
went to Nam.

We see CLERENCE(37) long brown hair, glasses, brown beard, in
the cage from earlier.

PARKER

Yeah.

EMMA

Go. I'll find you in a few minutes.

Parker gets up to leave.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Oh, and Parker.

Parker turns back.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I'm two.

Parker shakes his head in understanding.

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Parker comes down the staircase. As he's walking we notice
Brad looking at him through one of the glass offices.

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - NICK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

NICK is standing while working on a computer. Brad is looking
out of the office. Nick gets up and runs to a giant
industrial printer.

NICK

Why do you care? My sister said you
fucked up the other day. Plus you're
in one of The Seven, going to
parties would be a demotion.

Large sheets of fake blue hundreds come out of the printer.

BRAD

I just don't see how hanging out
with the Kardashians would be a
demotion

NICK
How don't you!?! Hey, how's this
looking?

Nick shows a sleeve of printed fake one hundred dollar bills.

BRAD
I don't know that stuff, man.

Nick runs out of his office.

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Still running, Nick sees Emma coming down the stairs.

NICK
Where's uncle Joey?

Not looking at him, but heading toward Parker.

EMMA
Stormed off.

NICK
Why?

EMMA
Cause you quit!

Nick then walks through two double doors. It's a long dark tunnel, the doors close behind him.

ACT 2

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Parker walks over to the checkout area where the guy from earlier was. Kind of like one you would see at a roller-skating rink. But instead of skates, there is a wide range of weapons and artillery. He rings a bell, but no one comes. Emma then walks up next to him with a tablet.

EMMA

Why two?

PARKER

I don't know. Better than one.

EMMA

But of the same kind though?

She quickly reaches into her holster and pulls out a

Desert Eagle Mark XIX Full Stainless Pistol 50 AE 7 RD
Integral Muzzle Brake.

PARKER

(startled)

Jesus.

EMMA

We hear that a lot. I use a Desert
Eagle Mark nineteen Full Stainless
Pistol for intimidation. It holds 7.
Then

She puts that away then pulls out

EMMA (CONT'D)

A Glock 48 for immediate action.

PARKER

Do you also have one in your shoe?

EMMA

It's called a boot purse and I do.
You, want to see that one?

PARKER

I don't.

Clarence then pops up from around the counter.

CLARENCE

Hello, Emma. I take it you're,
Parker. I heard you'd be stopping
by.

Ignoring him Parker takes out the pink paper and gives it to
Clarence.

PARKER

Why so many?

EMMA

(to Parker)

You should be versatile.

Nick walks over still holding the money.

CLARENCE

Uhh.

PARKER

Uhhh.

CLARENCE

This is about \$10,000 worth of gun.
New people typically aren't allowed
to borrow that much for their first
time. How about we start you off
with something made in China. And
after a month or two we can give you
one 1911.

PARKER

He literally has the south side of
Chicago behind him and he won't give
me two 1911s?

NICK

What'd you ask for?

PARKER

Shadowhawk Government Recon with
Trijicon RMR.

NICK

Good choice. Kinda heavy.

(To Clarence)

You know anything about this?

CLARENCE

No. What's that?

NICK

Fake money.

EMMA
 (To Clarence)
 Go get the guns.
 (To Nick)
 Why are you running around with
 that?

Clarence rolls off.

NICK
 New business idea. Counterfeiting.

EMMA
 Who uses cash anymore!?

NICK
 Doesn't mean it doesn't have any
 value. Money still money.

EMMA
 Nick, you can't just counterfeit. We
 have to research the field. How'd
 you get that?

NICK
 I printed it! What do you think?

EMMA
 With what? That doesn't come out of
 a normal office printer

NICK
 Don't worry about me. I have the
 means.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - NICK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Brad is printing sheets of money, as people walk by looking
 in in shock, even hostages who are walking through at gun
 point. He tries to shield the printer from their view. He
 then takes off his shirt and attempts to stretch it over the
 printer.

CUT TO:

INT. PARTY EMPORIUM - WAREHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Clarence rolls back over and hands Parker the two guns with
 holsters. Parker feels the slides with a slight grin that
 goes unnoticed. He then begins to attach them.

PARKER

You guys have people here. People with social security numbers, bank accounts, that aren't currently being used. I mean as you said, we live in a cashless society. I don't know how, but if you can get that deposited into someone's account, even if it's only for an hour or two, before the bank or whoever realizes, that'll give you more than enough time to transfer it to a crypto wallet.

Nick points at Parker.

NICK

That's a top-notch replacement! See we're good!

Nick climbs over the counter, walks into the cage, grabs an assault rifle then climbs out and walks away.

EMMA

(To Parker)

Why?

Parker shrugs to himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

Joey is walking back and forth smoking a cigarette while on the phone. Next/behind him are men loading a Party Emporium van with three of the metal caskets we saw earlier.

JOEY

Check in the fridge, behind the humus.

INT. JOEY'S HOME - DAY

We see DIANNA(45) walking from around the corner, into a kitchen. Behind her sitting at the breakfast bar is LINDSEY(17)heavy set, joyful, peachy, cutting PBJ into smaller and smaller squares. Diana opens the fridge.

DIANA

Yup!, it's behind the humus. You want me to drive it out to you?

Dianna takes out a lunch bag.

On the TV in the front room we see a protest for a giant tree that is scheduled to be knocked down. Twenty to thirty people have chained themselves to the tree and more continue to arrive. "The Last Ledger Tree to be knocked down for new Gilbert building."

JOEY

No. It's fine, I'll snag something at the party. Where-

DIANA

They can put that building anywhere. Why do they need to knock down the tree? It's the last one.

JOEY

It's their land they can do as they wish, Diana. Stop worrying about that stupid tree. Where's Lindsey?

Diana hands Lindsey the phone.

LINDSEY

(still cutting)

Hey dad. Are you making today a positive day? Remember anytime you feel bad about something you're a bad vibe and bad vibes don't ride.

JOEY

I'm doing okay. Lindsey, tomorrow I need you to stop by the store and see your grandmother.

Lindsey slides the PB&J to her right, then slides over another uncut PB&J with her left and starts cutting again.

LINDSEY

Why?

JOEY

Cause she's your grandmother, and she loves and you need to remind her you exist so we don't have anymore outside hires.

Back to Joey

Nick comes out of the shed holding the money and an assault rifle. He walks to an all-black Tesla Model S sports car, pops the trunk, maneuvers stuff to hide the gun in a secret department under the trunk. Closes the trunk.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Hold on a second. Nick! Nick come here!

NICK

Oh fuck there you are.

Nick runs over to Joey with the money.

JOEY

What the fuck you doing here, Nick? You run out on us, but you come back every other day.

Show Lindsey cutting the sandwich. Then back to Nick

NICK

If I'm back almost every day then did I really run out? See there's room for interpretation there.

JOEY

What spot are we in if your sister decides she doesn't want to do this, then what?

NICK

Oh my god.

JOEY

(pleading)

Tradition is all we have, Nick! How do we continue to build if one floor just gives out?

NICK

Aren't there double ceilings? Isn't that a thing in architecture? I told you, I don't want to do that stuff anymore. It's not fun.

Nick begins to run away holding up the money

NICK (CONT'D)

(optimistic)

But I figured it out!

Nick gets into his car then drives out of the gated lot.

EMPLOYEE 1

You're all set, Joey.

JOEY

Thank you, boys. I appreciate it.
You do good work.

As the men head into The Party Emporium storefront we see Emma and Parker come out of the shed.

JOEY (CONT'D)

I have to go. Tell your mother I
lover her. Don't forget about
tomorrow.

Joey hangs up the phone, puts it in his pocket.

EMMA

We good!?

JOEY

Just got done!

EMMA

Fantastic.

(to Parker)

Normally we'd give you a run down.
But it's just simple garden party,
with drugs and prostitutes.

JOEY

It's making sure nobody OD's and
watching the dicks. Simple stuff to
handle. Those look good on you.
Maybe not the most mobile load out,
but menacing.

EMMA

Being menacing is eighty percent of
the job, people are chickenshit.

JOEY

Remember! Discretion,
professionalism, and class. Those
are our hallmarks of success.
Without that we're just every other
cartel.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - EVENING

We see the back of Drew Barrymore walking through her LA home talking on the phone.

DREW BARRYMORE

No, I'm not mistaken. I don't want
fucking fireworks. I said Rocket.
Launcher. No! Like the kind they use
in Syria.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - EVENING

Drew steps out to her backyard to see 40 to 50 women walking
around with green statue of liberty crowns on their heads
setting up life-sized wax statues of famous white men from
history and the present day. MARGRET(36) holding a giant
silver uterus comes up to Drew Barrymore.

DREW BARRYMORE

One sec.

(To Margret)

Margret, what is that? The golden
uterus, not the silver one.

Drew walks towards a long table draped in a white cloth. On
top, there is fine china set up for all of the accompanying
seats. Back on the phone.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Listen if you can't get me one it's
fine. The last thing I need is to be
criticized.

The middle seat of the table is a throne, one you'd see in
the 14th century. As she sits down, SAMANTHA(41) brings her a
drink.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Love you bye.

She hangs up the phone.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Shit. He said they don't sell
illegal weaponry. I thought all
Asians were connected to the yakuza?

SAMANTHA

The party people are here.

DREW BARRYMORE

Ooh!

Drew quickly gets up.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - EVENING

The truck is parked in a large mansion driveway a few feet away from an entry staircase. Joey and Parker are standing outside the truck while Emma is still in the driver's seat.

JOEY

It's hot! How long we gonna wait here?

EMMA

Stop complaining. You know they always keep you waiting. It's a power play. Do you think she's going to be a bitch?

PARKER

Ahh, don't think you can say that.

EMMA

Say what?

PARKER

Bitch. You can't call women bitches anymore.

EMMA

No. You can't call her a bitch. I'm a woman, I can call her anything. Madam Cunt, Queen Queef, The Loch Ness Monster. If it pops up in my head I can say it. It's endearing and fun for us.

PARKER

I don't know..

JOEY

Just like we can't say nigga, but you can say nigga. She can say, bitch or Queen Queef.

PARKER

Thanks for breaking down the N-word for me, Joey. I appreciate the lesson.

JOEY

It's whatever.

Drew Barrymore comes out of the front door.

DREW BARRYMORE

Hey! Hi Party People!

She runs down the stairs towards the truck.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
 So this is what sex traffickers look
 like? I was expecting face tattoos,
 (Looks at Joey)
 And muscles.
 (Looks at Parker)
 And overall a more intimidating
 group. I'm going for a Circi
 Lanester, Queen of Hearts thing
 here.

Drew notices Emma in a driver's seat.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
 Oh and a female sex trafficker!

Emma gets out of the truck.

EMMA
 We aren't sex traffickers. We're a
 party supplies company. And we only
 provide the stuff you order. No
 questions asked, no judgment.

DREW BARRYMORE
 Oh, I don't judge. This is just all
 so new to me. It's a big day.

PARKER
 Congrats on your garden party.

DREW BARRYMORE
 Thanks. I'm calling it The Last
 Night of Liberation.

There's an awkward pause as Drew just smiles at the group.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
 Are any of you going to ask why?

EMMA
 No.

PARKER
 Nah.

JOEY
 I don't really care.

CUT TO:

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Emma is in the back of the truck moving the large caskets around. You can hear murmuring from the inside. Emma grabs a medium-sized box and attempts to hand it to Drew.

EMMA

Here's your order of 500 pills of newly synthesized MDMA, 6 ounces of Washington grown marijuana, you didn't specify the type so we went with Cinex. It felt necessary.

JOEY

(To Drew)

It helps with focus.

EMMA

Then 50 grams of Andes Mountain cocaine with a purity of 96%. Hmm considering the dicks and all this you must have really gotten carried when placing your order. Just couldn't stop clicking? That happens to me on Amazon sometimes.

Emma continues holding the box. Drew smiles.

DREW BARRYMORE

Yeah. Oh, you don't expect me to carry that stuff in? Isn't that what you're here for?

JOEY

(Giving weird look to Emma)

Uh yeah. We'll take care of all this. We just need to know where to put it.

Joey grabs the box from Emma.

DREW BARRYMORE

Thank you...

JOEY

Joey.

DREW BARRYMORE

Thank you, Joey. You're on your way to earning a generous tip. You can bring the party favors out to the back. And put those guys upstairs for now.

(MORE)

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
 Margaret will show you the elevator
 as well as the room to keep them
 until we're ready. If you excuse me,
 I have a uterus to check on.

Drew Barrymore walks back inside the house.

JOEY
 (to Emma)
 The fucks wrong with you? This is
 our job. She's a client. Get over
 your crap.

EMMA
 She's looking down on us when she's
 the one who bought this shit!
 Parker, get the dolly and start
 moving.

Parker hops into the truck and grabs a dolly from the back.
 Emma puts down the ramp and begins to walk down it.

JOEY
 She should be looking down on us,
 we're awful people.

EMMA
 We're not awful people. We're just
 trying to live our lives like
 everyone else and maybe we sell
 illegal shit sometimes.

Parker then comes flying down the ramp with a casket on the
 dolly. The casket begins to fall forward but Joey gets in
 front just in time to keep it upright with his back.

JOEY
 The hell!? Listen, you two better
 get it together. No children. This
 isn't a place for children. Children
 get left at the warehouse. There are
 no children here! We're
 Professionals!

PARKER
 The wheels are greased up!

JOEY
 Shut up! Okay look, how about this,
 after this, we'll go get drunk and
 pay homeless people to fight each
 other till one of them can't move
 their legs.

EMMA
Who's paying?

PARKER
(confused)
Wait what?

JOEY
In honor of Parker...

PARKER
Please no homeless people fights in
my honor.

JOEY
In honor of Parker, I'll pay for one
round.

PARKER
How much does a round typically
cost?

EMMA
Depends on the country, current
economic condition whether or no
their friends. The price it costs
for homeless people to beat each
other up varies. That's a real hard
question for me to answer.

Parker disapprovingly shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - FOYER - EVENING

Margret is leading Emma, and Parker through the house with
Parker pushing the dolly with a single casket.

MARGRET
She actually had the elevator
installed just for this.

EMMA
What a privilege.

PARKER
Good thing. Could you imagine having
to carry this upstairs?

MARGRET
 (laughing)
 I'm sure that would be a strain!
 Good thing. Okay, it's right here.

The three turn around a corner to see a newly installed elevator in a new extension of the house. She pushes a button, the door opens.

MARGRET (CONT'D)
 Okay, all aboard. Watch your step.

The three get on the elevator, the door closes.

CUT TO:

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - EVENING

Joey steps out to the backyard to see women currently walking around drinking, talking, and laughing as they take selfies with the wax statues. He notices three large wooden stakes in the ground that go up 50 feet high.

DREW BARRYMORE
 Oh Joey! Over here!

Joey heads over to the large table.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)
 Everyone, Joey is here to be our...

JOEY
 I'm here to make sure you ladies or the merchandise doesn't get out of hand.

WOMAN 1
 So like a bodyguard?

JOEY
 Your personal bodyguard.

DREW BARRYMORE
 Joey, show them what's in the box.

Joey sits the box down and opens it up.

JOEY
 We'll your lovely hostess here made sure this Last Night of Liberation was fill-

DREW BARRYMORE

I got drugs!

The women push Joey out the way and begin to look over the box.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

I pretty much ordered all of them, expect the dirty ones that poor people use.

SAMANTHA

So no crack?

DREW BARRYMORE

No, Samantha, I didn't get crack. If you want crack go to Baltimore or Charlie Sheen's house. Here try some Andes mountain coke.

As the women go through the box Drew walks towards Joey.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Hey Joe. I have a favor to ask. You guys can pretty much get anything right?

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - EVENING

The elevator door opens, the three get out. It's a large hallway with multiple rooms. The three walk down the hallway, turn right and enter the last room on the left.

MARGRET

You can set it here. They don't need water or anything? Like apple juice? What if they get dehydrated.

EMMA

The average human can last up to seven days without water, longer if healthy and in the proper climate.

MARGRET

Oh, who would have thought. Average human. Trip number two?

Parker and Emma look at each other confused.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION- FOYER - EVENING

As Emma, Parker and Margret begin to leave out the front door. Joey comes walking from the back.

JOEY

Hey guys! Hurry and get those dicks off the truck. I need to run back to the store.

EMMA

Run back to the store for what?

JOEY

She wants something else?

PARKER

More dicks?

JOEY

No, she wants. *mumbles

EMMA

A what?

JOEY

A *mumbles

MARGRET

It's probably the rocket launcher. She assumed the Chinese would have one.

EMMA

Why?

MARGRET

Due to their long history of fireworks displays that usher in the new year.

EMMA

Not the Chinese, the rocket launcher. It's gonna cost.

JOEY

I already worked that out. Parker, hurry up and get the dicks.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - FRONT DRIVEWAY - EVENING

The last two caskets are on the driveway. Joey is in the truck. Emma and Parker are standing near the driver's window.

JOEY

I'll be right back. Emma, take charge. You have to go back there and watch those bitches. All those drugs, things could get out hand quickly. I'm getting a real don't drink the punch vibe from this place.

PARKER

Yet you're going to go get them a rocket launcher.

JOEY

You'll learn, it's part of the business. If they point it at me I'll put something through them.

Joey drives off in the van. Margret walks back up to Emma and Parker.

MARGRET

Trip two?

EMMA

Parker will go with you. I'm going to head to the back and check on everything. Parker, you got this?

PARKER

Yeah.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - ELEVATOR - EVENING

Parker and Margret and standing in the elevator as there is loud murmuring coming from one of the boxes.

MARGRET

So where do you get them from? Like are they American?

PARKER

Uh, we're not allowed to answer questions related to origin unless it's related to quality or authenticity.

MARGRET

Okay but afterward where do they go? Do you keep them? Do you put them back in inventory?

PARKER

I think I can answer that.
Especially since you guys are
throwing money at rocket launchers.
We give you the option of permanent
purchase.

MARGRET

Permanent purchase?

PARKER

Yea.

The elevator door opens. Margret is texting on her phone.

MARGRET

Here we are.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - EVENING

Emma walks out to the backyard to see Drew Barrymore sitting
on her throne smoking a blunt while looking at her phone.
Emma walks over and sits in the chair next to her.

EMMA

What's the deal with the white men
wax statues?

DREW BARRYMORE

We're going to blow them up with the
rocket launchers I asked your pal to
get.

Drew passes Emma the blunt. Emma takes it.

EMMA

That'll be a site.

DREW BARRYMORE

Their exploding bodies will mark the
beginning of a new era of Female
Liberation.

EMMA

We can vote, we can get abortions,
now we want to blow shit up. Seems
like a natural progression. Which
one are you looking forward to
destroying the most?

DREW BARRYMORE

Captain America over there

SHOW WAX STATUE OF, CHRIS EVANS.

DREW BARRYMORE

Fucking white knight. So how does one become, whatever the fuck you are?

EMMA

It's a family thing. Pretty much gonna leave it at that.

DREW BARRYMORE

I get it. Don't want to reveal too much. Speaking of discretion, I heard there's an option to keep those guys upstairs if I wanted?

EMMA

We'd have to talk price.

DREW BARRYMORE

But there's also other options, right?

EMMA

We'd have to talk price.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - FOYER - EVENING

Parker and Margret have the last casket on the dolly and are beginning to take it up. There's loud noises coming from the back along with a gong sound.

MARGRET

Uh, you know the trip by now right?

PARKER

Yeah, no problem. I'll put this guy up there and wait for you to come get us.

MARGRET

Okay! Perfect. It'll be an hour or two.

PARKER

I have my phone.

MARGRET

Phones! Phones keep us entertained.

PARKER

Yeah...

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - EVENING

Parker is getting off the elevator, he begins to push the casket down the hall when it starts to make a BUZZING sound. Parker sits it down, walks around to the front, looks at it for a second then reaches into his pocket, pulls out his phone and turns around to send a text. As this is happening the casket begins to slowly open. WHEN a naked WILSON runs out of the casket and down the hall from where Parker came. Realizing this Parker turns around and begins to chase him. Wilson runs into one of the rooms and slams the door behind him. Parker runs over to the door and throws his shoulder into it but it won't budge. He then reaches into his back holster and pulls out a gun. Second-guessing himself he puts it back in. Parker then runs down to the other end of the hallway, and around the corner.

SHOT OF A WALL

Parker then quickly looks into every room, other than the one occupied by Wilson, and notices only one has a balcony. Parker grabs a chair out of one of the rooms, places it in front of the elevator and sits down with his gun drawn.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - LIBRARY - EVENING

Wilson runs into the room and quickly locks the door behind him. He sees an antique rocking chair, puts it in front of the door. Wilson then runs to another part of the room where he sees a spiral staircase leading down.

ACT 3

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - DUSK

Women are all crowded around Drew Barrymore who is holding a drum mallet. Next to her is Margret holding a golden uterus, and Samantha holding a bowl filled with MDMA.

DREW BARRYMORE

On this night we celebrate! Not the women who have come before us and not the men who have held them back. We celebrate the opportunity each and every single one of us has, the opportunity to start anew! This, the Last Night of Liberation is an ending to what we once all took for granted. Our innocence, our ignorance, our trust in others. Tonight we go beyond relative cultural standing and transcend into the goddesses we were born to be. I offer each of you a token, no a sacrament. A way to find your true selves! Emma, I'd like you to be the first to take of the MDMA. Instead of working and watching over us. I would like you to participate in this event.

EMMA

Uh. No, I'm fine, but thanks for the offer.

DREW BARRYMORE

I'd much rather see you try the drugs first. For my own personal comfort.

Emma tentatively walks up to Samantha and grabs a pill out of the jar.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Turn around and show it to everyone.

Emma turns around and shows the pill to the crowd of women. Then takes pops it in her mouth.

DREW BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

I didn't say take it yet, but YAY!

Drew then hits the uterus with the mallet which creates a loud gong-like ring. All of the other women then begin to get in line and to take their pills.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - FOYER - DUSK

As Wilson is running down the stairs to escape the house Joey walks in carrying a long large crate. The two make eye contact. Wilson freezes. Joey slowly puts down the crate. He then reaches into his back to pull something out. Wilson turns around and runs back up the stairs.

JOEY

What the fuck is going on!?

Joey runs out to the truck while also sending a text on his phone, (show text thread) Parker- box is making weird noise bzzzz, he climbs in the front seat, opens up the glove box and grabs the small case. He runs back inside with it. As Joey comes back in, Samantha and Margret are standing in the parlor feeling the couch.

SAMANTHA

Oh Joey!

She comes up to Joey and gives him a hug.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

So squishy. Margret come feel how squishy Joey is.

MARGRET

He sounds like Pube-Wear.
(Pointing at the small case)

Oh is that the rocket launcher?

JOEY

No, this is my diabetes medication.
That big crate right there is the rocket launcher.

MARGRET

Rocket Launcher.

SAMANTHA

Can you carry it to the back for us?
Drews been waiting.

JOEY

Sure no problem.

Joey sits the small case on top of the large crate, picks it up and follows Margret and Samantha to the back.

SAMANTHA

My husband and I do cuckolding. And our cuck's mom actually has diabetes.

JOEY

Oh really?

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - DUSK

Parker is sitting on the chair tapping the gun on his leg. When his phone dings. He reads the text.

PARKER

Shit.

Parker gets up and knocks on the door of the room the guy went into. He waits for a second listening then slams his shoulder into it three times and eventually busts through. Inside the library, Parker runs deeper into the room and notices the spiral staircase.

PARKER (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 3RD FLOOR - BOY'S ROOM - DUSK

Wilson scampers into a boy's room, looks out the window to see the large poles. He then runs over to the closet goes through clothes. He attempts to put on some footy pajamas, they don't make it past his thigh. He then looks at the curtain.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - DUSK

Margret, Joey and Samantha come out to the backyard. Music playing, women are dancing. Some with the statues. The three walk over to the table. Joey sits the crate on top. Drew runs over.

DREW BARRYMORE

Joey you made it back. And you have my rocket! Open it up.

Joey opens up the case to show Drew the rocket as Emma walks over.

JOEY

As you can see it's all there. We even have extra missiles for you in the van. Now if you would excuse me for a second, I have to-

SAMANTHA

Is there a tutorial video for us to watch?

DREW BARRYMORE

Right. Or maybe an instruction manual? We're not quite familiar.

JOEY

I can help all of you just allow me to talk to my niece.

SAMANTHA

Oh, your niece?

DREW BARRYMORE

Emma, did say it's a family business. If you're gonna sex traffic it's best to keep it in the family.

MARGRET

Family-owned businesses are Americas backbone.

Joey pulls Emma off to the side.

EMMA

The shrimp is over there.

JOEY

No, not actually shrimp, but I might get some later. They have cocktail sauce? fuck that. Where's Parker? One of the guys is running around the house.

EMMA

Your hair is so dry. What are you putting in it? Fluff that shit up? No one likes flaky hair.

JOEY

Hey hey hey what's going on with your eyes?

EMMA

(not looking at Joey but
the TIM Tebow wax statues)
We have a classic, I want to see you
eat it before I eat it scenario.
Just another celebrity power play.
what's wrong, what's going on?

JOEY

I saw one of the guys making a run
towards the door. I have the
tranquilizer case, we need to find
that fuck up Parker, and the dick
and contain this situation. We can't
afford to ruin our reputation.

EMMA

Okay, so go find Parker and inject
the guy, then figure out what
happened. Why are you talking to me?

JOEY

Well now, I can't leave you out here
with them and that rocket launcher.
If they kill themselves we're fucked
worse than if the Asian escapes. No,
you have to go in there and deal
with that. Throw some water in your
face or something.

DREW BARRYMORE

Oh Joey!

Drew has now taken the rocket launcher out of the case and is
pointing it at Joey and Emma.

EMMA

I can see how that could be bad.

Emma begins to quickly walk away.

JOEY

Emma!

Emma comes back and takes the small case away from Joey.
Margret has a suspicious scowl on her face.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Wilson is now walking around the mansion with a curtain tied
around his waist. He opens up a door and heads into one of
the rooms.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. Carrying the case, Emma steps out moving the chair out of the way. She sees the open casket in the middle of the hallway. She walks over and examines it intently.

EMMA

Parker! Parker, what the fuck did you do!?

She walks to the room where the other caskets are, looks in, sees the other two closed, then closes the door. She then begins to check every room slowly and steadily.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - HALLWAY - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Emma comes out of the room to see the two other men, startled, afraid, desperately wanting the door to close on the elevator, with the door closing.

EMMA

(angry)

Hey!

Emma takes the 48 glock pistol out and **shoots** one of the men in the head just as the elevator door closes. Show Prostitute 1 watching shot happen in the elevator. She then runs back to the room where the caskets were and sees that they are now wide open.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

Parker is frantically running through the mansion with a gun out, kicking into every room. When there is a loud gun shot. He then runs towards the noise. He opens up a door, and runs up the staircase from before. He sees Emma in the hallway on the phone.

EMMA

it was less than a minutes, and they were on the elevator, Dad. I didn't do anything. Send brown shirts and have the blues guard the other boxes.

Emma hangs up, puts the phone in her pocket.

PARKER

What's up with your shit!?

EMMA

You asking me what's up with my, huh
 are you asking
 (pulls out her Desert
 Eagle and sticks it to
 Parker's neck pushing him
 back)
 me what I did wrong!? Who the fuck
 are you!?

Emma then begins to gag then throws up on the floor in front of Parker.

PARKER

Dude, what the fuck!

Breathing heavily, Emma now stands with hands on knees. Parker has taken a few steps back and is visibly confused on the verge of fear.

EMMA

(panting)
 Go find those other two and stop
 their movement by any means.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The women are now gathered around Joey, who is holding the rocket launcher so everyone can see it, they are all wearing protective eyeglasses.

JOEY

When using a projectile missile such
 as this, it is important to
 establish a base. A weak base equals
 broken bones.

All the women repeat, weak base equals broken bones

JOEY (CONT'D)

Also, make sure you use your
 protective earplugs as well as
 safety goggles. We wouldn't want
 anyone to go deaf or blind while
 destroying these symbols of
 patriarchy. Now if everyone could
 stand fifteen feet behind me. I like
 to demonstrate, this fine piece of
 American craftsmanship.

Joey lines up the rocket and takes aim at the John Wayne wax statue. He fires and the rocket makes a beeline for John Wayne and shatters into pieces. Everyone roars in applause.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 1ST FLOOR - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

As the door opens we see one man laying dead on the floor as Prostitute 1 is curled up into a ball crying. He then gets out and runs to the backyard.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Prostitute 1 looks down to see Drew Barrymore using the rocket launcher to blow up Chris Evans. Behind him we see Joey sitting at a table eating shrimps. The man turns around, sees Joey, freezes. Joey, calmly looking Prostitute 1 in the eyes, while eating his shrimps, sits the cocktail down, reaches to his side, pulls out a pistol and lays it on the table. The man then calmly walks over, sits down at the table next to Joey, crosses his legs and arms. Joey extends to him the cocktail.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW BARRYMORE - 2ND FLOOR - OFFICE

Inside a home office, Wilson is going through a desk searching for something, when he pulls out a letter opener.

CUT TO:

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - 1ST FLOOR - ELEVATOR

Emma and Parker stand in the elevator. The dead guy is still laying on the floor. Blood splattered around. There's a silence.

PARKER

At least you didn't have to go Vegas
to kill a prostitute.

EMMA

(annoyed)
Oh my god

PARKER

Saved on... air fare.

EMMA

350 thousand, Parker!

PARKER

I get it.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 2ND FLOOR- STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Wilson, grasping the letter opener, sneaks out of a room, walks down the hallway and presses his back up against the wall. He looks down to see Emma, who is sitting in a chair in front of the door, and Parker talking.

EMMA

Well most of them isn't all of them.

PARKER

It's nerve-racking doing this. He's naked.

EMMA

Parker, I will kill you if you don't find the naked Asian.

Emma then looks up the stairs. Wilson quickly pulls his head back.

PARKER

Come on man, don't kill me. I'm sure you've done plenty of molly before, lets switch tasks.

WILSON'S BACK UP AGAINST THE WALL HE IS SWEATING.

He slowly turns his head back around the corner when just as you can see Emma and Parker BANG. Emma has pulled out her Dessert Eagle, shot up the stairs towards Wilson. Reveal a chunk of wall above Wilson missing.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Parker runs up the stairs and sees Wilson running down the hallway. His curtain has fallen off and is laying in the middle of the hallway. Parker takes off in that direction chasing Wilson into a room.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - 2ND FLOOR - TEENAGER ROOM - NIGHT

Still holding the letter opener, Wilson runs into the room, slams the door. He quickly sees a cupboard with two-doors at the bottom. He is small enough to fit inside. He quickly rushes over and climbs in but is unable to fully close the doors. A moment later Parker rushes in, the doors of the cupboard are slightly ajar.

Match on Parker's movement.

From Wilson's perspective, we see Parker's shoes. Then they disappear heading off-screen to the right. A few moments pass as Parker's feet appear back on the frame and he begins to walk towards the cabinet. As he gets closer, right in front of the cabinet he uses his foot to close to two doors that were slightly ajar. Wilson scrunches back enough for it to close. Wilson can still barely see Parker's feet in the crack. Parker then turns around and heads back out of the room. There's a moment. Then Parker's feet appear back on the screen but only for a quick second then there's a loud a thump and the sounds of springs. There's a moment of silence. Outside the cabinet we see Parker standing on the bed holding the tranquilizer looking at the cabinet.

WILSON

You're on the bed.

There's no answer as Parker just stands there.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I clearly just saw your feet jump from the floor and heard you land on the bed. You're on the bed.

PARKER

Listen, man. It's nothing personal. I just need to inject you with this tranquilizer, so Drew Barrymore can do whatever she planning.

WILSON

(whispering to himself)
Drew Barrymore?

PARKER

The other people here will just kill you and not think twice. You saw how she shot at you just now. They're soulless. Right now, all you have to do is be the guest at this weird party and then we'll ship you off to South America or the Ukraine.

WILSON

What would I do in South America?! I've never been there! I don't speak the language!

PARKER

The same thing you do here, sell yourself. I'm not judging. We all do it one way or the other. That's the game. But you see the main problem here is I don't know what you have.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

You've been walking around this house for a while. You could have picked something up. If I open that door and reach in to try to pull you out. You could stab me in the neck or in the eye. That would suck for me.

(beat)

I'm going to give you a choice, a real choice. Do you want to die in South America or in Drew Barrymore's house?

There's a moment of silence when Wilson barges out of the cupboard, thrusting the letter opener where Parker would be on the bed. He gets up looks at the bed, but Parker isn't there. Instead, Parker is in the far corner of the room.

WILSON

South America.

PARKER

The good part of Brazil. I won't even put you back in the box, mostly cause they're broken.

WILSON

My name is Wilson.

PARKER

What?

WILSON

I want you to know my name, it's Wilson. I'm not a piece of merchandise or a dick, I'm a person who's name is Wilson.

PARKER

It's nice to meet you, Wilson. I'm Parker.

WILSON

Now did I hear someone say something about molly?

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION- FOYER - NIGHT

Emma is sitting on the floor next to the front door spacing out when her phone rings. She looks at it confused. Another ding and she looks at it more confused.

ACT 4

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The ladies are lined up waiting their turn to shoot the launcher. Emma comes out carrying a case. She hands it to the Prostitute 1 who's now covered in a towel and assisting Joey.

JOEY

Thanks, kid. The fuck is Parker asking for pills for?

EMMA

Who knows as long as he has the guy. Not like they'll notice.

JOEY

I can probably take the whole bowl. Resell it at street price. How's the inside looking. She got anything good?

EMMA

Never change, Uncle Joey.

Emma walks over to the bowl and grabs a pill

JOEY

(To Party)

Okay, we have more missiles! Enough for everyone to blow someone up.

INT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - 4TH FLOOR - HALLWAY

Emma opens the door and sees the caskets but no Parker or Wilson. She then walks down the hallway where she hears talking from a room on the right. She walks in to see Parker and Wilson sitting on the balcony.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE - 4TH FLOOR - BALCONY - NIGHT

Parker and Wilson are each smoking a cigarette.

WILSON

I've been to one of these. It was in 92 just after the riots. They thought it was the best way to usher in a new era of interracial love. Didn't have any effect, but they felt like they did something.

(MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

Had to get a vasectomy and go through hours of rigorous testing to even get in. Those poles are new.

PARKER

Do you get sex?

WILSON

Yes, I got sex that's the whole point of the vasectomy.

(Wilson starts to jump up and down and stretch)

If this is anything like last time, I need to be prepared. They come at you like the monsters from a Quiet Place.

Emma hands the pill to Parker, Parker gives it to Wilson. Wilson throws it back into his mouth and swallows.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Thanks. Why don't you guys hire prostitutes instead of kidnapping them? I would have done this job cheap.

EMMA

You're doing it free now.

(to Parker)

We're going to get so much shit for that wall. Fuck! At least you managed to capture it. I'm sorry about the gun to neck thing.

PARKER

In relation to the rest of your day that might of been the nicest thing you did.

The two start to laugh, Wilson tries to join in but is visibly freaked out. The three lean over the balcony to see Margret/Samantha firing a missile down the backyard into a Alex Jones figure. To a loud roar of applause.

EMMA

I'm going to go blow up the Tim Tebow figure before someone else takes him.

Emma walks back inside and takes a look back to the Parker and Wilson who have gone back to talking.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT - LATER

Emma launches the rocket into a praying Tim Tebow figure. And pulls it down.

DREW BARRYMORE

Oh my god! That was amazing! Who's ready for the burning!?

EMMA

There's been a slight climate issue with one of your orders. We'll issue a refund.

DREW BARRYMORE

So what are you saying? I only have two instead of three.

EMMA

Is that problem?

DREW BARRYMORE

Yeah, it ruins some of the symbolism, but two is fine. It'll still work with two.

Samantha, Margret, Joey, and Prostitute 1 come out and begin to pass torches to all of the ladies.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE - 4TH FLOOR - BALCONY - NIGHT

Parker and Wilson are sitting down on the balcony. Wilson is talking.

WILSON

No, dude. It's the best. Doing pron is like in Call of Duty when you get money for putting up wood boards.

PARKER

Never played.

WILSON

You've never played Call of Duty!?

PARKER

No. What is it?

WILSON

What is it?. No, this is what you do, go to the download store and buy Call of Duty. I feel like you might be good at it.

PARKER

No dude like I don't have any game thing.

WILSON

Then get one! That's the point of this job, right? To buy shit. Wait give me your phone. I'll send you my username, If you decide to be on the right side of history, add me on PlayStation.

Parker hands Wilson the phone.

WILSON (CONT'D)

By the time I get set up, I expect a friend request in my inbox.

Wilson hands the phone back.

PARKER

PlayStation?

WILSON

Yeah dude a PlayStation.

PARKER

Your taking this well.

WILSON

Dude, people are boring. So afraid of judgment they don't take chances or do anything with their lives, other than sit down and hope someone falls in love with them. Me, whatever you are, Drew Barrymore we're actually doing it.

Parker's phone goes off, he looks at it.

PARKER

Ready?

WILSON

Look at me, I was born for this shit.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE'S MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

PAN SHOT FROM THE ROOF TO AN ARIEL VIEW OF THE WOMEN LINING UP WITH TORCHES IN FRONT OF THE THREE GIANT POLLS. TO A COMEDOWN SHOT WHERE EVERYONE IS IN THE BACKYARD

We then see a confident Wilson and still scared Prostitute 1 walking down an aisle surrounded by women wearing statue of liberty hats, and holding torches real cult shit. At the end, stands Drew Barrymore, wearing a large dark green medieval robe, with Samantha and Margret on her left and right wearing red robes. Each man is tied to a pole and is harnessed/levied up the pole by Samantha and Margret. Parker is now off to the side with Emma and Joey.

WILSON

Wait what is this? When does the sex start?

DREW BARRYMORE

To truly transcend, to truly be liberated we must rid ourselves of all worldly burdens. We must cast out our oppressors, throw away their teachings, and become higher beings.

PARKER

Guy's what the fuck is going on here?

DREW BARRYMORE

Tonight we light these poles as a warning to all those who oppose us. As a symbol that we are free!

Drew takes a torch from Samantha with her free hand and lights the middle pole with Wilson on it.

WILSON

AHHHHH!

The fire races up the pole but stops before it gets to Wilson

DREW BARRYMORE

But freedom! At the expense of another is no freedom at all. For if we lose our humanity in the fight for humanity, then what have we become? So let the fear of our potential power serve as a warning to all who come against us!

WILSON

AHHHH!! Why is this happening!

DREW BARRYMORE

On this Last Night of Liberation, we
usher in a new dawn of women
empowerment!

From afar like a few blocks away we see the other two poles
light up simultaneously. Back in the yard. The women circle
around the poles and begin to chant.

PARKER

I don't get this at all.

EMMA

It's a rabbit hole.

JOEY

This is my chance to get those
pills.

Joey walks away.

PARKER

I could smoke.

EMMA

Oh, it's really good.

The three begin to walk away.

EMMA (CONT'D)

I had some earlier. I smoked a blunt
with Drew Barrymore.

JOEY

Who gives a fuck.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE - BACKYARD- MORNING

The backyard is empty with blown up wax statues laying around
and three chard poles. The two men are still tide up, up top,
completely intact. Joey and Parker are throwing the head of
Sean Bean back and forth while Emma, holding a tablet, is
standing next to Drew Barrymore.

EMMA

So, the cleanup crew should be here
in the next hour. Us three will take
those two down-

DREW BARRYMORE

Remember what I said. I want this
all gone like all of it.

EMMA
Just sign here and make sure
everything clears.

Emma walks over to Joey says something then

EMMA (CONT'D)
Parker!

Parker jogs over to Emma.

EMMA (CONT'D)
We're not done yet. We have to take
those guys down. And drive to the
border.

JOEY
Fucking bullshit. We won't be home
until tomorrow night.

PARKER
Wait, I thought we just take them
back to the store and they get moved
out?

JOEY
The bitch wants a full clean up.

PARKER
Wh-what's a full cleanup? Like are
we taking them to South America
directly?

JOEY
Technically.. didn't you read the
papers Morgan gave you?

Figuring out what's going on.

PARKER
(Anger)
Drew!

EMMA
Shit.

JOEY
What's he doing?

Parker walks over towards Drew Barrymore

PARKER
What's up with all that shit you
said last night?
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

About not hating, and you can't lose your humanity for the fight for humanity?

DREW BARRYMORE

Oh that was true. And it really upped moral. I think we'll have a great year cause of that.

PARKER

Then why are you asking for a full cleanup?

DREW BARRYMORE

We'll I don't want to keep them. I have kids and dogs. I'm not into the human slave thing. I also heard about how you guys drop them off in another country or just keep them in rotation. I'm fucking Drew Barrymore, I have a reputation to keep. I can't take the chance of one of those guys getting away and telling pedestrians about this. Like what almost happened yesterday? Yeah! I have cameras in my house and out here, you morons! I'm rich! I watched the naked fuck run around my house and go into my kid's room. I saw you, blast a fucking hole in my wall and kill a guy in my new elevator, Emma. Margret did tell you it was new right? And Joey I watch you steal shit.

JOEY

Sorry, Drew.

DREW BARRYMORE

Like me. You guys have something to lose. So if I want those two dicks completely out of the picture then I pay to get them out of the picture. Perk of being an American. Okay, okay. Anything else?

Parker looks at Emma and Joey

PARKER

All recordings of us being here need to be deleted.

EMMA

We'll send a few tech guys over with the cleanup crew to make sure that's done.

JOEY

Just to make sure we're covered. If we go down then you go down, and then what would happen to those dogs and kids you mentioned.

DREW BARRYMORE

Send whoever, they can check everything.

The three walk away and head towards the poles.

PARKER

Crazy bitch.

Drew Barrymore walks inside her mansion.

EXT. DREW BARRYMORE - BACKYARD - MORNING

We see Wilson being levied down from the pole. We then get a POV shot of Parker in front of him.

WILSON

That was crazy. Like I literally thought-

Parker hits Wilson with the back of a gun.

CUT TO:

ACT 5

EXT. MEXICO DESSERT - LATE AFTERNOON

The screen is black.

JOEY

These aren't good shovels. You got cheap fucking shovels!

PARKER

Next time give me a company card and I'll get the good ones!

EMMA

Hurry up it's hot!

JOEY

Now you know how it feels.

WILSON

Murmmmering

EMMA

Huh? Sorry guy.

There's sudden light as you see Emma take off the mask covering Wilson's face. Wilson, now dressed in a suit, is on his knees and zip-tied. He looks around to see the complete wasteland dessert and starts to panic.

PARKER

Hey, hey, hey. Calm down, dude. We're in Mexico.

Parker takes off the cloth that's covering Wilson's mouth.

WILSON

Do you guys let me go here?

BANG. Wilson looks over to see Joey shooting Prostitute 1, also in a suit, in the back of the head as he falls into a shallow dug grave. Wilson then notices another grave next to that one. He then begins to look around and can see the markings of up to 40-50 graves from the past.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I-I-I thought. You said

EMMA

He technically didn't lie to you.

JOEY

Geographically Mexico isn't South America, but if it isn't the United States then it might as well be South America.

EMMA

What about Canada?

JOEY

That place doesn't matter.

Wilson stares into the camera as we see a blurred image of Parker behind him walking a few feet back. Parker pulls out a gun, cocks it back.

On the left side of the screen, we see Parker looking into the camera, he's visibly torn. In the middle of the shot we see the back of Wilson on his knees, zip tied, to the far right we see Emma and Joey standing next to each other looking at Parker.

EMMA

Hurry up.

JOEY

I'd like to make it home before my fantasy draft starts!

Parker then quickly turns around and shoots Emma and Joey in the head. He then runs over to Wilson.

WILSON

(freaked out)
What's happening!?

Parker pulls out a knife and cuts Wilson's zip ties.

PARKER

We need to get out of here.

The two run to the van, Parker gets in the driver's seat Wilson passenger side.

WILSON

What's up with you people!?

PARKER

These people have no values! Plus you were nice to me. We're going to have to go underground or something.

Parker stops moving and makes the same face he made just before he shot Wilson.

WILSON

Okay. Go! Come on! Let's go! HEY PAR

We are now back to where we were a few moments ago. We now see Parker looking into the camera on the left side of the screen, he's visibly torn. In the middle of the shot we see the back of Wilson on his knees, to the far right we see Emma and Joey standing next to each other looking at Parker.

EMMA

Parker, now.

Parker quickly turns around and shoots Wilson in the back of the head. Wilson falls in the grave.

FADE TO:

EXT. MEXICO DESSERT - LATER

A man with binoculars is standing on a cliff watching Emma, Joey and Parker get back into the van. The camera zooms out to reveal. Two Hispanic looking men. CAESAR(36) the man with the binoculars, is tall, has black bushy hair, a blonde mustache, physically imposing. He's wearing a white suit with a pink tie. The other is short, stocky, bald, with sunglasses wearing a navy blue suit with a green tie. Smoking a cigar. Behind them is a dune buggy with three men holding assault rifles sitting on the back. The man brings the binoculars down to reveal his face.

FADE TO BLACK:

PLAY TEN CENTS A DANCE RUTH ETTING