

THE SWAMP television series pilot script  
Episode 101: "A DEMONIC RIVER RUNS THROUGH IT"

Created and written by:

"Ardua de Potomac" [pen name]

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## TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. RIVER BANK - DUSK

GREAT BEAR JUMPER, an elderly Powhatan man in traditional attire (buckskin, feathers, etc.), squats over a small fire. His hair is gray, and he has a pronounced scar above his right eye. He is dripping a substance onto the flame, which causes the flame to keep changing color. He chants quietly while scanning the dark river.

We follow his gaze moving slightly to the right. The lit-up Lincoln Memorial and Washington Monument come into frame, as well as the rising full moon. (He is looking at them from the Virginia side of the Potomac River.)

Great Bear Jumper looks down at the water and sees an ENORMOUS DARK FIGURE rising close to the surface. Then he sees a dozen rats scurry into the water, followed by THE BEAVER. The Beaver pauses to bare its teeth and flash crazed eyes at Great Bear Jumper.

Great Bear Jumper catches sight of YOUNG ANGELA DE LA PAZ on the opposite shore and stands up to look at her.

EXT. OPPOSITE RIVER BANK - CONTINUOUS

Young Angela, a fourteen-year-old Salvadoran-American girl who looks young for her age, is standing on the opposite shore (the Washington side of the Potomac River). She has wind-blown black hair, torn jeans, and beat-up sneakers. She sees the almost-finished sunset, Great Bear Jumper, the color-changing flames, and a bare glimpse of the enormous dark figure in the river. Tears are rolling down her cheeks.

She shudders and suddenly turns to run away.

PETRO PIG (O.C.)

Whoa, whoa! This is getting too dark, too fast! Don't start with the crying girl! You better let me tell the story.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - PARTY BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A large boat full of revelers on deck is moving between the Lincoln Memorial and the Jefferson Memorial. The boat's name

spelled out in pea-green letters reads:

"Swamp Witch".

INT. - BOAT DECK - CONTINUOUS

A large pot-bellied pig, PETRO PIG, looks directly into the camera. He is wearing a small cowboy hat, and his hooves are in cowboy boots. He is surrounded by human legs and human laughter.

PETRO PIG

They call me Petro Pig. I am a pot-bellied pig political-prop.

A spilled drink sprays downwards toward Petro Pig; he grunts and turns away, revealing a vest which reads:

"Piggie wants his petrol!"

Petro Pig turns back towards the camera.

PETRO PIG (CONT'D)

My owner rents me out for lobbying, fundraisers, and political stunts. I've seen it all. I've heard it all. You think you know Washington, D.C.? Ha! You don't know squat. Let me tell you who's partying on this boat!

The boat lurches to a sudden stop, and a couple people trip over Petro Pig, who squeals in protest.

MALE REVELER (O.C.)

What is that? In the Potomac!

PETRO PIG

Fine! She ruins everything else -- why not this story? As every river rat will tell you, the most powerful thing in Washington is not on this boat -- it's under it, in the Potomac River.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

A murmuration of shimmering starlings circles above a Powhatan tribe on the shore next to an area of rocky rapids.

SUPER:

"Great Falls of the Potomac, Year of the Starling"

A Powhatan tribe is dressed in traditional attire, watching and cheering a few men swimming through choppy waters back towards them from the other side.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN, an old woman, sits a little apart -- tending a small fire, and dropping in a substance which causes the flame to keep changing color.

TRIPPING GIRL, a young girl with a congenital limp, approaches her.

TRIPPING GIRL

What are you doing, auntie?

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN

She grows stronger, Tripping Girl.

Tripping Girl sits down beside Ancestral Golden Fawn.

TRIPPING GIRL

Who?

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN

Ardua of the Potomac.

TRIPPING GIRL

Who is that?

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN

A demon our people tricked and trapped in a huge block of frozen water during the Great Ice Time.

TRIPPING GIRL

How did they trick her?

Ancestral Golden Fawn reaches into a nearby basket, pulls out a paw-paw fruit, and hands it to Tripping Girl -- who starts peeling and eating it.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN

They took placenta from a newborn baby, rubbed it on a large stone, wrapped the stone in swaddling clothes, and tossed it into the Potomac! Ardua scratched at the stone, thinking it was a newborn she could possess. She scratched and scratched, and was crazed with desire to possess the newborn -- so crazed that she was not paying attention in the night when

the Great Ice crept up on her! The next day, the Great Ice did not retreat in the sunlight but kept creeping further and further south. Ardua was trapped in the Great Ice for thousands of generations of The People, who had to go further south to survive. Do you know that story?

TRIPPING GIRL

Yes! The Powhatan did not see Great Falls of the Potomac again for...

Tripping Girl shuts her eyes for a moment, then opens them.

TRIPPING GIRL (CONT'D)

...100,000 moons, after the Delaware War.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN

Yes! The Old Ones warned The People not to come back here because of Ardua, but nobody listened to them anymore after so much war. People said the Old Ones had no magic left.

A few starlings on the grass hop closer to Ancestral Golden Fawn and Tripping Girl.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN (CONT'D)

The Old Ones did not even know where these starlings had come from -- these strange, glossy birds that shimmer.

Ancestral Golden Fawn hisses and throws a small pebble to make them fly away.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN (CONT'D)

Go away! You don't belong here!

The starlings hop a few yards away, and Ancestral Golden Fawn throws more pebbles until they take flight.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN (CONT'D)

The Old Ones did not know where the starlings came from, or what the Seminole stories about white men riding magical beasts meant. The Old Ones seemed to understand nothing anymore, so nobody listened to their warnings about Ardua.

Ancestral Golden Fawn points to the rapids.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN (CONT'D)

Ardua grows stronger! She will get her revenge! Great Bear Jumper is wrong to test the young warriors in the Great Falls of the Potomac every spring!

YOUNG GREAT BEAR JUMPER (O.C.)

Am I, Golden Fawn?

Ancestral Golden Fawn and Tripping Girl turn to see the tribal chief, who has come up behind them. YOUNG GREAT BEAR JUMPER looks far younger than, but is dressed exactly the same as, the man we saw in the first scene. He is recognizable by the scar above his right eye.

YOUNG GREAT BEAR JUMPER (CONT'D)

Stop telling the children these stupid stories to scare them, old woman!

Suddenly, screams and cries of agony ring out! Young Great Bear Jumper leaves them to run towards the river.

ANCESTRAL GOLDEN FAWN

Never forget about Ardua, Tripping Girl! Tell your children!

Tripping Girl drops the paw-paw and jumps to her feet. She runs awkwardly towards the shore, but trips and falls.

TRIPPING GIRL

Uncle Chase Shadow!

Several men are now struggling to climb ashore, with one slipping on a wet rock and bloodying himself on it. Two other men are swept away, carried downstream by the rapids before disappearing completely below the water's surface.

The murmuration of starlings flies above the drowning men, and they seem to be crying in unison: "Ardua! Ardua! Ardua!"

INT. AIRPLANE - BACK TO PRESENT DAY

GOLDEN FAWN WINCHESTER -- a sleeping, mid-twenties Cheyenne/Cree/Delaware woman -- is dressed in modern attire except for wearing a traditional medicine bag at her waist.

She is in a window seat, next to a BALDING MAN in the middle seat (looking at an e-reader), and a GRAY-HAIRED WOMAN in the aisle seat (reading a hardback copy of "Everyday Sexism").

Golden Fawn abruptly jerks awake.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

Petro Pig is trotting down the sidewalk, a pair of human legs with a leash in front of him. His vest reads:

"Save the whales! Ship them to Mars!"

Petro Pig turns to the camera as he trots past it.

PETRO PIG  
That was a flashback!  
(winking)  
Or was it just a nightmare?!

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

Balding Man looks up from his e-reader at Golden Fawn.

BALDING MAN  
That was quite a dream you were  
having! Who the Hell is Ardua?

Golden Fawn shakes her head and pulls a steel water bottle out of the seat pocket.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.C.)  
We have now begun our initial descent  
into Washington, D.C....

Golden Fawn pulls her backpack from under the seat in front of her, puts her water bottle in it, and pulls out a letter.

INSERT -- THE LETTER:

Letterhead: "National Museum of the American Indian"

Text:

"September 19, 2019

Golden Fawn Winchester

P.O. Box 2727

Cheyenne River Indian Reservation

Dear Ms. Winchester

This is to confirm you will begin employment as a Special

Collections Curator on --"

BACK ON THE AIRPLANE

A sudden air pocket interrupts her perusal of the letter, and everybody in her seat row bounces. Golden Fawn notices Balding Man's hand now pressed against her stomach, just below her bust, and she turns to look at his smirking face.

BALDING MAN

Nothing to worry about, little lady --  
just an air pocket! Let me tighten  
your seat belt a bit for you.

The man reaches close to Golden Fawn's crotch to take hold of her belt strap.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

And they call me a pig!

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

The frowning gray-haired woman watching them from the aisle seat takes her "Everyday Sexism" book and smacks him in the face with it!

He takes his hand off Golden Fawn and turns to glare at the gray-haired woman.

Golden Fawn turns to look out the window, clutching her medicine bag.

The plane is gradually descending over the Great Falls of the Potomac. After a minute, the distant Lincoln Memorial comes into view, and then a shimmering murmuration of starlings above a United States Coast Guard vessel.

END OF TEASER



ACT ONE

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

We see the White House in full, then a close-up of WHITE HOUSE GARDENER with bush-trimmers poised in mid-clip while he watches a dark shadow passing through a second-floor window. Near his feet, an enormous rat darts out of a bush, sees a heavily armed SECRET SERVICE POLICE OFFICER, then darts back.

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

DR. BIBI VON BRAUN approaches with a package and a pile of envelopes in her hands. She is in her late thirties, with blue eyes and naturally blond hair. She is wearing a black leather skirt and black leather jacket over a blood-red shirt. Her clunky-heeled, black leather "granny" boots click on the floor.

She stops in front of a door with a sign reading:

"Dr. Bibi Von Braun

Special Science Adviser

Office of the President"

She unlocks the door and enters the office, then locks the door behind her.

INT. BIBI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Her office is large and full of lab equipment and one cot.

Bibi walks past a five-foot tall, locked glass-door medicine cabinet near the door. Two of the medicine containers are far larger than the others, and their labels are plainly visible: "SEDATIVES" and "APHRODISIACS"!

EXT. CAPITOL HILL DOG PARK - CONTINUOUS

Petro Pig is standing still in front of the camera, surrounded by frenetic dogs.

PETRO PIG

What, you thought the White House was  
an herbal tea kind of place?!

INT. BIBI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bibi sits at her desk and unlocks a drawer.

CLOSE ON BIBI'S HANDS

Bibi's hand reaches towards a yellowing, extensively tabbed notebook with a cover reading:

"Rudolf Hellmeister

*Aryan Herrenvolk*"

Beneath those words is a Nazi swastika!

Bibi reaches under the notebook to pull out a newer folder.

She opens the folder on top of the desk, and we see a paper on top marked:

"Adolf Hitler confirmed D.N.A. sequences"

EXT. CAPITOL HILL DOG PARK - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

Don't give me that look!

INT. BIBI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She opens the piece of mail at the top of her mail pile, sets aside the cover letter, and looks at a readout of D.N.A. sequencing. At the top is the name: "John Doe". She begins comparing the John Doe D.N.A. to the Adolf Hitler D.N.A.!

A knock at the door interrupts Bibi's concentration, and she looks up with irritation.

CLIO MARTIN (O.C.)

The rat terrier is here to inspect your office, ma'am.

BIBI

Go away!

Behind Bibi, a six-inch silverfish slithers out from behind a filing cabinet and then disappears behind a framed poster depicting a blond-haired, blue-eyed, six-year-old girl who is smiling in a field of white daisies under the slogan:

"Made in America With Pride!"

Bibi turns away from the door to refocus on the papers in front of her, but her peripheral vision catches sight of the giant silverfish as it comes out the other side of the framed poster! She grabs a paperweight, throws it at the wall, and watches the insect explode into dozens of legs all over the floor. She stares in fascination at the dismembered legs, which are all still twitching on the floor! She watches them keenly for a moment, then abruptly turns back to the D.N.A. papers on the desk.

REGINA ("REGGIE") MARTIN and FERGUSON ("FERGIE") MARTIN, twin African-American three-year-olds, approach the silverfish legs without Bibi's seeing them.

Grinning, they each pick up a few twitching legs. Reggie drops hers into a mug next to a coffee maker. Fergie puts his in the pockets of a lab coat hanging from a wall hook.

INT. SAME OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

CLIO MARTIN, a mid-thirties African-American woman in her White House Butler uniform, is standing outside Bibi's office, scribbling on a clipboard. She is thin and haggard, with dark circles under her eyes.

She looks up with a wan smile at SEBASTIAN L'ARCHE (A.K.A. "THE DOG WHISPERER"), a late-twenties African-American man. Sebastian is holding PANTHER, a rat terrier, on a leash with one hand while holding the handle of a small rolling suitcase with the other. Panther has a "WORKING DOG" vest on him.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL DOG PARK - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

I never get one of those vests --  
never!

Petro Pig turns to show the banner he's wearing:

"Suffer the little children -- amirite?!"

PETRO PIG (CONT'D)

(rolling his eyes)  
It's for a presser later.

INT. SAME OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Clio again knocks on the door.

BIBI (O.C.)  
(shouting)  
No rats here!

Clio turns to Sebastian with another wan smile.

CLIO  
She hates anybody going in there.  
Let's try the next one, Mister  
L'Arche.

SEBASTIAN  
Call me "Sebastian".

They walk a bit down the corridor, then she stops and knocks on a door with a sign reading:

"Col. Robert Spitzer  
Special Patriotism Adviser  
Office of the President"

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
What's special patriotism, Ms. Martin?

Clio again smiles wanly, shaking her head.

CLIO  
You can call me "Clio".

She listens at the door for a moment, then knocks again.

CLIO (CONT'D)  
Sir, I'm here with the rat terrier to  
inspect your office.

She waits a few moments, then knocks harder, causing the door to start opening.

CLIO (CONT'D)  
Oh, he's not here.

She walks in, looks around, then motions Sebastian to enter.

INT. ROBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sebastian looks around.

SEBASTIAN  
Sure you don't need to cover up his

papers or anything?

CLIO

Papers?! You have a security clearance, and all he does is Tweet lunatic conspiracy theories all day.

Sebastian gives her a look, then unleashes the dog to start sniffing the room.

CLIO (CONT'D)

Did you learn to handle dogs in Panicstan, Sebastian?

Sebastian looks past her at a framed flag poster reading:

"Land of the Free, Home of the Brave"

SEBASTIAN

I handled prisoners chained in cages, eating from bowls of food on the ground.

Clio turns to look at the poster he's staring at.

CLIO

Did you use guard dogs?

Sebastian hesitates, visibly agitated.

SEBASTIAN

I was the guard dog...  
(two beats)  
...but we were all animals.

The dog begins growling.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

I think Panther's found something!

Clio hangs back while Sebastian walks over (still pulling his suitcase) to see a rat making a dash for the crack under a closet door, but the dog traps the rat with his paws!

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Good boy!

REGINA & FERGUSON (O.C.)

(in unison)  
Gross!

Clio turns around to see them.

CLIO  
 (whispering)  
 Reggie! Fergie! What are you doing in  
 here?! Git!

She watches as they giggle and head out the door. She turns back to see Sebastian squatting down and unzipping his suitcase just enough to pull out a large vacuum hose, then he sucks up the rat through it.

Panther, however, continues growling. Sebastian stands up to open the closet door, expecting the dog to run inside after more rats, but Panther is looking up at a corner of the ceiling. Sebastian follows the dog's gaze but sees nothing.

Sebastian squats beside the dog.

SEBASTIAN  
 (whispering)  
 What is it, Panther?

Sebastian listens intently as the dog turns to whimper in Sebastian's ear. Sebastian's eyes widen, and he looks up, still seeing nothing.

Panther starts barking loudly for a minute, then abruptly stops. He sits down and starts wagging his tail.

Clio approaches, smiling.

CLIO  
 Goodness! He really hates rats!

SEBASTIAN  
 Uh...  
 (beat)  
 ...yeah.

Sebastian pulls a doggy treat out to give Panther, then stands up.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
 This room's clear now.

Sebastian gives a fretful look back as they exit the room.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN - DAY

A Coast Guard vessel approaches the Jefferson Memorial, then

stops near a small group of paddleboarders in a panic.

One of them, a FEMALE PADDLEBOARDER, is in the water with her hands on her board, but she can't manage to climb back onto it despite the help of others.

FEMALE PADDLEBOARDER

Help! Oh, God, something has my foot!

OFFICER ONE tosses a flotation ring near her, but The Beaver suddenly surfaces, bites the ring, and pulls it underwater!

OFFICER ONE

What the Hell?!

FEMALE PADDLEBOARDER

Oh, God, it's grabbing me!

Various paddleboarders are poking in the water with their paddles, trying to find/hit the creature attacking her.

OFFICER ONE

The rest of you need to get away from there! Get on the boat!

The paddleboarders ignore him and continue trying to assist Female Paddleboarder.

The CAPTAIN approaches officer MARCOS VAZQUEZ, a mid-twenties Puerto Rican, who is in a wetsuit and ready to enter the water. (Marcos speaks English with a Spanish accent, and occasionally throws in Spanish words.)

CAPTAIN

Vazquez, you ready?

MARCOS

*Sí, señor!* Yes, sir!

CAPTAIN

Go!

OFFICER TWO angles a search light into the water beneath the distressed woman as Marcos dives into the water to help her.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN, UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The water is dark and murky because ARDUA OF THE POTOMAC (still indiscernible as more than an enormous dark figure) blocks most of the sunlight and search light.

Marcos swims rapidly underwater and surfaces near the woman.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN- CONTINUOUS

Marcos is just about to take hold of the woman's hand when a strong yank from Ardua pulls the woman completely below!

Marcos takes a deep breath and dives below again.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN, UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Ardua, visible only as an enormous dark shape, continues trying to pull the girl down to the bottom!

Marcos takes a knife and rips into the closest part he can touch.

Ardua lets go of the woman and instead wraps a tentacle around Marcos! Ardua starts pulling him down as the woman swims back up to the surface.

Marcos keeps stabbing Ardua until another tentacle rips the knife from his hand! Marcos pulls out another knife and draws a long, deep gash into the creature until Ardua screeches and finally lets go! Marcos heads to the surface.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN- CONTINUOUS

Marcos surfaces, takes a gulp of air, and sees that the woman -- panting for air -- is being helped onto her paddleboard by the other paddleboarders.

MARCOS

*Fuera!* Everybody out of the water!

MALE PADDLEBOARDER

Dude, what the Hell?! Does that beaver have rabies?

MARCOS

Out of the water! Now!

Marcos helps push boards close to the boat's ladder as the group starts climbing up one-by-one. Then Marcos climbs in and sits down shakily, apart from the group.

Officer Two turns off the searchlight and approaches Marcos.

OFFICER TWO

Marcos! Nice job, bro! Are you okay?  
Psycho beaver!



Marcos shakes his head.

MARCOS

No! Not a beaver, man! It was huge!

OFFICER TWO

Come on! We all saw it!

MARCOS

No, there was something else, man!  
Huge, with tentacles!

OFFICER TWO

Look, this ain't the crystal blue  
waters of Puerto Rico, okay? It can be  
dark down there --

MARCOS

Tentacles!

OFFICER TWO

Alright! Maybe you felt a water snake.

MARCOS

It was bigger than this boat!

FEMALE PADDLEBOARDER (O.C.)

Where's Ben?

Marcos jumps to his feet.

FEMALE PADDLEBOARDER (CONT'D)

(louder)

Where's Ben?!

The Captain points at Marcos.

CAPTAIN

Go!

Marcos turns to Officer Two.

MARCOS

Gimme your knives!

Without waiting for a reply, Marcos grabs the knives from Officer Two's utility belt, stashes them, and then grabs a harpoon. He makes the sign of the cross, then heads back into the water.

CAPTAIN

What is this?! The beaver from Hell?!

The Captain turns back to the group of paddleboarders.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Why the Hell won't you kids wear life vests?! Don't you know people drown in the Potomac all the time!? Damned Millennials!

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Golden Fawn is standing at the water's edge, watching the Coast Guard rescue operation.

A raven sitting on the Coast Guard vessel takes flight towards her. It approaches and caws menacingly at a nearby murmuration of starlings, who all manage to take off except one grabbed in mid-flight by the raven! The raven drops the dead bird into the water, then alights on Golden Fawn's shoulder to whisper in her ear.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL DOG PARK - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

Yeah, animals have a lot to say in this story! Deal with it!

EXT. JEFFERSON MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

Golden Fawn looks down at the medicine bag she is clutching, then back at Marcos as he dives/surfaces/dives/surfaces in the search for the missing boy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE OUTSIDE CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

CONGRESSMAN HERRMARK is speaking to a crowd of reporters.

Some of his staff, supporters, and colleagues are standing behind him for the photo opportunity.

HERRMARK

Some Americans say that if you want to see what our values are, look at our government budget! That is why the Holier Than Thou Caucus is calling for twenty billion dollars in new funding for all school lunches to be served with napkins printed with a different Bible verse each week.

FEMALE REPORTER

Congressman Herrmark, don't you think the courts will strike that down as state establishment of religion in violation of the First Amendment? And are the children supposed to hold onto their dirty napkins after lunch or toss them in the trash?

HERRMARK

Only a disciple of Satan would bring a lawsuit against Bible verse napkins, missy miss! And these Biblical napkins will give our schoolchildren the spiritual guidance they need in the increasingly likely event that a deranged gunman will massacre them in their cafeterias!

Petro Pig silently turns to show his banner again:

"Suffer the little children - amirite?"

MALE REPORTER

Congressman Herrmark, you voted seventeen times to end the federal school lunch program. Does your support for federal napkins mean you will now support food for needy --

HERRMARK

I'm glad you brought up the budget, son! The only way we can afford this is with sensible cuts to other federal programs. That's why the Holier Than Thou Caucus is also calling for complete abolition of the Coast Guard, because Jesus already told us we only need faith to walk on water!

FEMALE REPORTER TWO

Congressman Herrmark, it has been reported by CNN that you own one of the for-profit Texas facilities housing immigrant babies separated from their parents. Will you --

HERRMARK

They don't need the napkins because Bible verses are painted on the walls of every cell -- I mean, room!

The sound of a motor approaches, and everybody looks up to see a four-foot drone flying low in the sky!

Frantic Capitol Police officers start firing at the drone. A couple of mounted officers gallop towards the crowd. Various officers are telling the crowd to disperse, but the scene is chaotic as the drone -- which has taken some bullets -- abruptly veers over the crowd and starts nosediving!

The crowd races away as the drone's cargo hold opens up. People scream as the drone lurches again and drops twenty gallons of pig excrement! The crowd manages to avoid the crashing drone but not the pig poop, which is spraying haphazardly as the drone comes down.

HERRMARK (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

MALE REPORTER

Pig shit, Congressman! Pig shit! I'm from Nebraska, and I'd know that stench anywhere!

PETRO PIG

Please! Dog crap smells worse.

EXT. APARTMENT BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

BENEDICT BELL BECKMANN, a militia man and conspiracy blogger,

is on his Southwest Plaza balcony looking through a video camera (set up on a tripod) at the Capitol, which is half a mile away. He is a mid-forties, chubby white male wearing camouflage pants, flip flops, and a t-shirt that says: "Hail to the Chief!" over a photo of Sarah Palin.

BENEDICT

Hot damn! Woo-hoo!

Benedict kisses the remote control he had been using to pilot the drone. Then he starts waving his fist in the direction of the Capitol dome.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

That'll teach you to sponsor Mexicans for postage stamps! Tony Romo and Eva Longoria can kiss my ass!

He looks down at his truck parked below him and waves.

BENEDICT (CONT'D)

I told you it would work!

There is nobody in the truck -- only the drone launch pad and dirty buckets. Then a dark shadow moves across the truck!

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE OUTSIDE THE CAPITOL - CONTINUOUS

HOLLY GONIGHTLY (a size-ten, twenty-something television reporter) pulls her CAMERAMAN up to keep filming. Holly has pig poop splattered on her hair and shirt.

HOLLY

An astonishing scene at the Capitol just moments ago as Capitol Police shot down an encroaching drone -- which exploded into a shower of pig excrement all over the crowd!

Holly walks slowly as the cameraman pans over various people swearing, holding their noses, vomiting, and peeling outer layers of soiled clothing off.

A red, white and blue sign depicting a Bible verse napkin lies toppled on the ground, with part of a proverb visible --

"The words of the wicked lie in wait for blood...."

The remainder of the proverb is covered in excrement.

UNIDENTIFIED MALE  
Goddamned Muslim terrorists!

UNIDENTIFIED FEMALE  
Muslims don't touch pigs, ya moron!

Congressman Herrmark is balled up in a fetal position on the ground behind PETER MCDUGAL, Congressman Herrmark's Chief of staff. Peter is a somewhat pasty-faced but handsome man in his mid-thirties.

Holly approaches Peter just as he starts taking off his filthy shirt.

HOLLY  
This is Congressman Herrmark's Chief of Staff, Peter McDougal, who bravely covered the Representative to shield him from --

FEMALE REPORTER (O.C.)  
No, he didn't!

HOLLY  
Holly Gonightly for KPIP News. Mister McDougal, do you think this attack is related to Congressman Herrmark's recent speech on the House floor denouncing the Hashtag Me Too movement as, and I quote, "a coven of male-hating witches flying their brooms all over social media to cast evil spells on American men"?

CLOSE ON Peter, whose eyes flare in panic when he looks up to see that Holly and the cameraman are directly in front of him. There is rotting zombie flesh on his arm! Peter abruptly starts putting his shirt back on.

HOLLY (CONT'D)  
Oh, my God, it is eating his flesh away!

PETER  
Get away from me! God, I hate the lame-stream media!

HOLLY  
This is not ordinary pig manure! It has been laced with some kind of chemical weapon of mass destruction!

MALE REPORTER

It's just pig shit! I'm telling you! I shoveled this shit on my parents' farm until I went to college in Denver, and then I never went back!

PETER

No more questions! And you're too fat for television! TFFT!

PETRO PIG

Weird how nobody says that to me!

Peter pulls up the sobbing, and very messy, Herrmark, and tugs him away from the reporters and back towards the Capitol. A FEMALE CAPITOL POLICE OFFICER tries to stop them.

FEMALE OFFICER

Don't leave! This is a crime scene!

Both Congressman Herrmark and his Chief of Staff flip her off without even turning around.

INT. BENEDICT BELL BECKMANN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Benedict is leaving the balcony to enter his apartment: a messy bachelor pad strewn with newspapers, magazines, beer bottles, bong, prescription bottles, clothing, shoes, cockroaches, and a massive weapons and ammunition rack. There are several posters, including:

"Out for Blood! The Hunter-Gatherer Society"

"Federal Reserve Board: Serial Predator, Serial Creditor!"

"Semper Fi!"

"United States of AMERICANS ONLY!"

He sits down at his semi-organized computer desk, where we see a stack of brochures for "Beckmann's Bad Asses Security - Benedict Bell Beckmann" next to a pile of papers.

He picks up the owner's manual for the drone, tosses it aside, and puts down his video camera to prepare an upload of the video of the pig poop event onto his desktop computer.

The website up on his computer monitor is titled:

"How to elude F.B.I. surveillance."

He switches to a different website tab, which is his own blog: "Beckmann's Floral Cushions". He starts typing a new entry, pausing occasionally to look down at a crib sheet on the desk entitled "My Secret Blog Code".

When he finishes, he reads the entry on the computer monitor:

"Congressman Herrmark is no stranger to the LATEST FASHIONS, no matter how REVOLTING and UN-AMERICAN they are, but today I helped him try on a NEW, MORE PATRIOTIC, LOOK!"

Benedict then embeds a photo of Congressman Herrmark sporting a Photoshopped tie with little curly-tailed pigs all over it. Then he types:

"DM me for more style tips I shared to IMPROVE his LOOK!"

He hits the "PUBLISH" icon for the blog post, leans back, and starts grabbing nearby beer bottles until he finds one that isn't empty, then drains it.

He sees a message pop up, clicks on it, and sees it's from somebody named Nadia:

"So adorable! Are you selling socks with those piglets?"

BENEDICT

Moron! Get off my blog!

Benedict drums his fingers impatiently, then leans in to look more closely at her profile photo, which is cute. He decides to type a reply to her:

"How many do you want, sugar?"

A message from somebody else pops up:

"Congrats, dude! That douche bag's makeover was WAY overdue! Show me the nasty!"

Benedict smiles and sends him the video file entitled "Shit-Faced Congressman Herrmark".

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL CAFE - DAY

Young Angela is seated near the window, moving half-eaten fries around her plate and staring at PINK WARBLERS (birds that do not quite look real) flitting through the outside bushes. She is humming softly, but her voice keeps catching.

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Petro Pig is lying on an enormous pet cushion on the floor, looking into the camera.

PETRO PIG

Alright, here's the sad girl! She is the heroine of the story, after all.

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL CAFE - CONTINUOUS

A CAFE PATRON nearby looks up from his cellphone but does not see the birds that Young Angela sees.

Young Angela's cellphone buzzes, and she looks at a message from someone named "Dr. Raj":

"Something came up that I have to deal with, so I'm running late. I'm praying for your grandmother, sweetie."

Young Angela types: "thanks".

DUBIOUS MCGINTY, a sixty-something homeless busker carrying a trumpet case, approaches the window from outside. He can see the pink warblers and stares excitedly at Young Angela.

CONSUELA ARROYO, a Filipina-American nurse, comes up to Young Angela.

CONSUELA

Angela, your grandmother is still unconscious, but you can see her now for a few minutes.

Young Angela jumps up to leave with Consuela.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIV. HOSP. - CONTINUOUS

Dubious, overcome with excitement, drops his case on the ground. (It opens to reveal cash and his trumpet.) He runs to

the hospital entrance to try to catch up with Young Angela.

INT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIV. HOSP. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Two security guards stop Dubious quickly once he is inside.

DUBIOUS

I gotta talk to her about The  
Prophecy!

GUARD ONE

Dubious, what did we tell you about  
bothering the visitors?!

DUBIOUS

No, this is different! The Prophecy!  
She's the one in my dreams!

GUARD TWO

Go back to the Metro station!

Guard One catches sight of somebody outside stealing  
Dubious's case.

GUARD ONE

Damn it!

Guard One races outside to stop the thief.

Guard Two gently steers Dubious back outside.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIV. HOSP. - CONTINUOUS

Now outside the hospital entrance, Dubious sees Young Angela  
through the window as she disappears into an elevator,  
catching her eyes only for a moment before the door shuts.  
Then Dubious goes into a trance and starts swaying slightly.

GUARD TWO

Not this again!

Guard Two gently holds Dubious's elbows, just in case.

Guard One approaches with the retrieved trumpet case.

GUARD ONE

The old autistic shaman act again?

GUARD TWO

It's temporal lobe epilepsy: Dr.  
Mohammad told me.

GUARD ONE

Well, Dubious told me he's an autistic shaman and gets visions! He's nuts!

GUARD TWO

Yeah, well maybe one day someone'll crack your head with a baseball bat and we'll see who's more irritating -- you or Dubious McGinty!

INT. TAXICAB - CONTINUOUS

CHARLES WU, a very handsome early-thirties man with Chinese-Anglo bi-racial features, arrives at the scene in a taxicab.

He hands the ETHIOPIAN DRIVER a fifty-dollar bill while simultaneously noticing through the window the scene of the security guards dealing with Dubious near the Foggy Bottom Metro station entrance (adjacent to the George Washington University Hospital entrance).

Charles speaks English in a posh British accent.

CHARLES

So you think he was meeting the Russians there?

DRIVER

Absolutely, sir! No doubt!

CHARLES

Excellent. Give me a minute.

Charles starts writing a text on his cellphone to someone named "Prickly":

"Vodka has been delivered to downtown store. Can your wife pick up a case for our party, or do I need to find someone?"

He watches intently, then sees the reply: "Wifey!" appear on his cellphone. Charles smiles, puts the phone away, and nods to his driver.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I'll call in an hour.

DRIVER

Absolutely, sir!

Charles gets out of the car. He is a tall man wearing an elegantly tailored suit and carrying an expensive briefcase.

He approaches and enters Circa restaurant.

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Charles Wu approaches AMANDA, the hostess.

AMANDA  
Welcome back, Mr. Wu!

CHARLES  
Thank you, Amanda.

AMANDA  
We have your table in the back.

The hostess beckons a WAITER to take him over.

CHARLES  
A man will be joining me shortly.

Charles hands Amanda a U.S. State Department business card with the name "Dab Noinim" printed on it.

AMANDA  
Of course! I'll send him back.

The waiter brings Charles to a booth all the way in the back, where he sits down.

CHARLES  
Gin and tonic, please.

WAITER  
Yes, sir.

The waiter leaves him a menu, but Charles does not look at it. He pulls out his phone to make a call.

CHARLES  
(in Mandarin, subtitled)  
I have found a new vodka importer. My British friend's new wife will see if it is any good or the same pig piss the Americans usually buy.  
(listens)  
No.  
(listens)  
I'll go to the gas station tomorrow: I think the price might go down.

He sees DAB NOINIM, a thirty-something State Department

functionary, approaching.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
 (in Mandarin, subtitled)  
 I must go: my American friend is here.

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG  
 What, you didn't think a pot-bellied  
 pig could translate a Hong Kong spy?!

INT. TRENDY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Charles puts away his phone and nods as Dab sits down. Up close, Dab has dark circles under his eyes, a one-day beard, and a wrinkled suit.

DAB  
 What a shit show! The A.D.A.f.C. is  
 driving me up the friggin' wall!

CHARLES  
 The Assistant Deputy Administrator  
 for...?

DAB  
 Carnage! His new title is Assistant  
 Deputy Administrator for Carnage!

CHARLES  
 You're joking!

DAB  
 It started as a joke, Charles, but  
 then he put it on his office door and  
 in his email signatures. It might be  
 official now -- wouldn't surprise me!

Charles furrows his brow but makes no further comment as the waiter returns with his gin and tonic.

WAITER  
 (addressing Dab)  
 What can I get you, sir?

DAB  
 The usual.

WAITER  
 Which is?

Dab glares at the water.

CHARLES

You look tired, Dab. You should try something healthier today!

DAB

Long Island iced tea and fried steak.

Charles shakes his head in dismay.

CHARLES

The usual for me.

The waiter leaves with the menus, and Dab glares at the back of his head.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Is the Assistant Deputy Administrator for Carnage pro-carnage or anti-carnage?

DAB

Oh! That depends on the day! Yesterday was another NATO blindside, so he was anti-carnage. Today, the Secretary of State woke up the A.D.A.f.C. at five a.m. because POTUS wanted to know if he could drop neutron bombs in Panicstan! So he's pro-carnage today.

CHARLES

You look very stressed out. Tomorrow, you should come running with me at sunrise. It's very good for your *chi*!

DAB

So is sleep.

CHARLES

Well, I brought you something that will make you feel better.

Charles pulls a small envelope from his breast pocket and hands it across the table. Dab peeks in to see a stack of hundred-dollar bills and a flash drive.

DAB

Is this what I think it is?

CHARLES

Better!

DAB

I love you, Charles!

CHARLES

I know.

Dab puts the envelope into his inner pocket.

DAB

Your little insights are the only reason they haven't fired me -- though sometimes I wish they would! They've fired so many people that I'm covering four desks now.

CHARLES

Which one's the worst?

DAB

Is there any doubt? Panicstan!

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR -DUSK

A mid-thirties LATINA CLEANING WOMAN is polishing the glass panes on a large collection of framed photos on the corridor wall next to a closed office door.

A sign on the door reads:

"Senator Evermore Breadman

Legislative Affairs"

The photos depict a middle-aged man (sometimes younger) posing with a wide variety of prominent politicians, businessmen, and celebrities (mostly men).

FELIX CIGEMEIER, a late-twenties law firm associate, approaches in a sharp suit carrying a pile of folders.

FELIX

Polishing the ole Wall of Me, eh?

The woman shakes her head to signal she doesn't understand what he's saying. Felix pauses to examine the photos.

FELIX (CONT'D)

I see "Breadman Shaking Hands With the

Treasury Secretary" has been moved up two places, and "Breadman Shaking Hands With Elon Musk" is now all the way on the bottom. Oh, we have a new entrant in the middle!

Felix touches a photo of the Senator with a young woman.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 "Breadman Shaking Hands With the President's Youngest Daughter"!

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG  
 I'm on the wall, too! Look closely!

INT. OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

FELIX  
 Who is the one she replaced on the Evermore Breadman Wall of Me?

Felix finishes scanning the mounted photos.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 Ah! It's "Breadman Shaking Hands With Nelson Mandela"! Nelson Mandela has been suspended from Prince and Prowling and replaced with the President's youngest daughter! What a bold and unexpected --

His cellphone rings, and Felix juggles his pile of files to take the call.

FELIX (CONT'D)  
 Hi, hon!  
 (listens)  
 Probably eight o'clock, but I'm meeting with the Senator in a minute.  
 (listens)  
 Former Senator, whatever.  
 (listens)  
 Listen to this! He replaced Nelson Mandela with Brittany!  
 (listens)  
 Yeah!  
 (listens)  
 What else? More Capitol Hill lobbying.  
 (listens)



Okay, I love you!.

Felix knocks on the door.

EVERMORE (O.C.)

Come in!

INT. BREADMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Felix enters the opulently appointed corner office and shuts the door. FORMER SENATOR EVERMORE BREADMAN -- who is talking on the desk phone -- motions for Felix to sit down.

Felix sits in one of the guest chairs and looks out the window at the White House (about two blocks away) lit up against the darkening evening sky.

A catbird hopping to and fro on a tree branch watches Breadman through the window.

EVERMORE

Look, Senator, nobody hates solar panels more than our client does, but the Petroleum Panache Corporation can't publicly circulate rumors about "Deep State" listening devices hidden in solar energy installations!

FELIX

(shaking his head)  
"Deep State" wiretaps in solar panels?!

Felix starts laughing but abruptly stops at the sight of Evermore's annoyed look.

EVERMORE

Yes, well, I'm very sympathetic to your state's coal mining executives...

Evermore rolls his eyes at Felix.

EVERMORE (CONT'D)

...but the best I could do would be to set up a secret SuperPAC to fund some social media trolls. In exchange, we would love to see a tax break to train military veterans on fracking.

(listens)

Exactly! Too many vets are getting jobs installing wind turbines!

Guarding oil tanker convoys in one-hundred-twenty-degree Panicstan soured them on global warming and --

FELIX

Not to mention massive fireballs blowing their limbs off.

Evermore shoots another annoyed look at Felix, and Felix goes back to looking out the window.

The catbird vomits! Felix grimaces.

EVERMORE

So are we agreed?

FELIX

(whispering to himself)  
Ka-ching.

Evermore pulls his CURSED ROLEX wrist watch up to his ear, and we hear it whispering to him!

EVERMORE

Alright, let's set that aside for now, Senator. Listen, Prince and Prowling has a SuperPAC client that's thinking about spending fifty-million dollars on ads for your re-election, but they need you to withdraw your support from the new Subcommittee Task Force on White Slavery.

Felix looks at Evermore with mouth agape.

EVERMORE (CONT'D)

Well, I'm not at liberty to say, but could you possibly just take the word "white" out?

(listens)

Hmm, well, I see your dilemma: white slavery has never gotten as much attention as --

(listens)

Alright, let me think that over and --

A very loud siren starts up right outside.

EVERMORE (CONT'D)

Damn it! That psycho bird is at it again! I'll have to call you back.

Evermore hangs up as Felix stares in amazement at the catbird, which is now imitating a police siren. Then the bird abruptly stops. Felix looks back at Evermore, who is draining his glass of bourbon. Felix looks enviously at the decanter on the credenza but receives no offer.

FELIX

Sir, may I ask which client objects to a task force on white slavery?

EVERMORE

Certainly not!  
(coughing out)  
Scientologists!

Evermore winks at Felix, then starts scratching under his cursed Rolex. Felix points at the watch.

FELIX

Did you just get that? It's nice!

EVERMORE

Damnedest story, Felix! My wife says she was at the Jefferson Memorial with our granddaughter, and this beaver suddenly pops up at the edge with it in his mouth!

FELIX

The Rolex was in a beaver's mouth?!

EVERMORE

Flipped it up right onto the ledge!

FELIX

You're kidding! Come on!

EVERMORE

Look, that's what she says! And my granddaughter says so, too! Now tell me: how's the new drone practice?

FELIX

Excellent, sir! Easy money! I have three corporate clients and fifteen hobbyists. Funny thing is one of them is a conspiracy theory lunatic --

EVERMORE

Great news, Felix! Now, getting back to this mess on Capitol Hill, our

clients want more corporate tax cuts,  
 so please tell me you've found some  
 offsetting spending cuts we can float  
 down Pennsylvania Avenue besides Meals  
 on Wheels! If my wife isn't out there  
 with her book club ladies feeding  
 senior citizens every night, I'll have  
 to start going home for dinner again!

Evermore laughs at his own joke while Felix opens the top  
 folder on his lap.

INT. SAME OFFICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The Latina cleaning woman is plugging a vacuum cleaner into a  
 wall outlet next to a different closed door. The door has a  
 name tag obscured by a large Post-it Note with "Bridezilla!"  
 written on it in black marker. She turns on the vacuum.

LAURA MARINO, a temporary attorney dressed in a frayed  
 business suit and scuffed shoes, approaches. She is wearing  
 arthritis gloves and wrist braces, and is carefully pushing a  
 rolling office chair loaded with files and books. She smiles  
 at the cleaning woman.

LAURA

*Hola!*

The cleaning woman smiles and nods, but continues vacuuming.

Laura prepares to knock on the door, laughs at the Post-it-  
 Note, stifles her laughter then knocks on the door.

BRIDEZILLA (O.C.)

Come in!

INT. BRIDEZILLA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Laura enters Bridezilla's office awkwardly, pushing her laden  
 chair in front of her.

The office is decorated with two framed diplomas, a few  
 framed museum prints, pink curtains, and mood lighting. There  
 is an enormous floral bouquet on Bridezilla's desk next to a  
 framed photo of her with her boyfriend. A piano sonata is  
 playing softly in the background.

BRIDEZILLA (a late-twenties, fashionably attired, junior  
 associate) continues chatting on her cellphone without  
 glancing at Laura. Bridezilla speaks with an oddly high-  
 pitched, nasal, Virginia drawl.

BRIDEZILLA

Oh, Wince! You are the sweetest thing!  
(listens)  
I can't wait!

She giggles and stands up from her chair.

BRIDEZILLA (CONT'D)

I gotta go, darlin'! The temporary  
attorney is here, and I just know she  
saved my skin because she always does!  
(listens)  
Love ya, sugar bear!

Bridezilla finally hangs up and looks at Laura.

BRIDEZILLA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Laura! I just got engaged  
last night!

Bridezilla holds up her left hand to flash a large diamond.

LAURA

Congratulations. So last year's audit  
on the client --

BRIDEZILLA

Hon, I can't even think straight! I've  
been in a dither all day! Please tell  
me you wrote this up in a memo that I  
can read in the morning!

LAURA

Well, I did, but somebody in the  
kitchen set the microwave on fire  
while I was in the restroom, and when  
I came back, the fire had already  
fried my computer.

BRIDEZILLA

Oh, is that why the smoke alarm went  
off? It was so annoying! Why was your  
computer in the kitchen? That seems  
highly irresponsible.

LAURA

That's where they moved me while they  
were tenting the file room for  
cockroach extermination.

BRIDEZILLA

You are always making excuses! Last week, you said mice chewed through your computer cables! The week before that, you said the other temp downloaded porn and set off a virus!

LAURA

Well, the I.T. people will tell you --

BRIDEZILLA

Laura, I just want you to find a way to get your work done in a professional manner. I don't have time for long meetings with you! I've got dinner with Wince's folks tonight, and they invited the FCC Chairman! And tomorrow we've got the Kennedy Center concert with a Circuit Court judge, and the next day we're leaving early to visit my folks. I can't schedule meetings with you into my busy days!

LAURA

I asked the office manager if they could move me into a vacant office, but she said I'm only here temporarily and not eligible for a wooden desk.

BRIDEZILLA

You've been here almost two years! Are you even trying to solve this?

An enormous cockroach emerges from one of the files Laura has brought, and Bridezilla starts screaming!

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

Snowflake.

INT. BREADMAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FELIX

There's a U.S.D.A. research facility studying whether corn oil can stop male pattern baldness. That money could fund Meals for Wheels and --

EVERMORE

Look, Felix: Prince and Prowling has always prided itself on being able to make money in any type of political climate. This law firm goes where the winds are blowing, but as long as Iowa has the first caucus, Iowa corn will be sacred in this town! Next!

Felix opens a different folder.

FELIX

The U.S. could stop manufacturing the penny, sir. It costs more to manufacture than it's worth, and you can't buy anything for a penny. All it does is annoy people with those fake prices, like nine-ninety-nine. It's ten dollars!

EVERMORE

Who's on the penny?

FELIX

Abraham Lincoln is, sir, but he's also on the five-dollar bill. Just think how everybody hates dealing with pennies at the cash register!

EVERMORE

Cash register? Forget that! Find out everything you can about the copper industry: who's lobbying for them, who's taking their campaign contributions, who's got stock in copper mines. And bring me a penny! I don't remember what it looks like.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. 14TH STREET BRIDGE - DUSK

Dubious McGinty is standing outside the watchtower of the 14th Street Bridge. He is looking at the Lincoln Memorial, which is lit up against the darkening sky.

He blinks, then sees a spectral image of an 1800-era slave vessel in stormy waters. Lightning strikes the boat! It catches on fire, breaks apart, and starts sinking. Screaming slaves in shackles are sliding into the river, unable to swim or grab hold of anything to stay afloat.

The white crew members head for shore in a lifeboat as the barely discernible Ardua of the Potomac (smaller than her modern size but still large) pulls more than a hundred shackled slaves underwater!

Dubious closes his eyes against the ghastly sight, and when the screams die out, he opens his eyes to see the storm is over and the ship is in pieces floating downstream.

Then he sees THE SHACKLED: angry slave ghosts rising from the Potomac River to float and spread out over 1800-era Washington, D.C.!

Dubious closes his eyes again, and when he opens them, the spectral scene is gone. The Potomac is darkened, but he can still make out a glimpse of Ardua under the river's surface, gliding towards the bridge. When she is close enough, he unzips his pants and urinates down into the water.

DUBIOUS

Damn you to Hell, you evil she-beast!  
I'll get you! I'll get you!

PERRY WINKLE (a casually dressed, thirty-something newspaper reporter carrying a large bag) comes up behind Dubious, outside the watchtower.

PERRY

Mister McGinty?

A startled Dubious whirls around, then relaxes at the sight of Perry. He re-zips his pants.

DUBIOUS

Don't sneak up on me!



PERRY

Who were you yelling at?

DUBIOUS

Don't make no difference! Whatever I say, whatever I do to warn people! They just gimme that same look!

Dubious points accusingly at Perry.

DUBIOUS (CONT'D)

They just look at me and think "it's dubious!" All they see is "dubious", so that's what they call me! "Dubious!"

PERRY

I brought you some sandwiches, and a battery-operated t.v., Mister McGinty.

DUBIOUS

Well, alright! Let's go inside. And stop calling me "Mister McGinty!" You sound like a goddamn doctor!

The two enter the watchtower.

INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

The watchtower interior is full of blankets, newspapers, bags, clothing, a bucket of toiletries, and other signs of habitation by a homeless person. A dirty Vietnam Veterans of America hat hangs on a nail.

Dubious points to a pile of clothing.

DUBIOUS

Sit there: that's the softest pile.

Perry sits down and opens a large shopping bag. He hands a bag of food to Dubious. Then Perry pulls out a packet of batteries followed by a brand new battery-operated television still in its box, which Dubious eyes dubiously.

PERRY

Are you sure you don't want me to help you find someplace else to live?

Dubious nods silently, chewing his sandwich.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Where do you want it?

DUBIOUS

I don't know if I want it at all. Lots of lies and fake people.

PERRY

Well, some of it is supposed to be fake people -- in fictional stories that are made up to entertain us.

DUBIOUS

I'm not talking about those.

PERRY

Right. Well, I'm a "Washington Post" reporter, so I can watch some programs with you and talk about how to decide what's real and what's not real.

DUBIOUS

I know what's real! Doctors always say I don't, but I know.

PERRY

Do you remember I told you I wanted to write an article about why you live hidden up here?

DUBIOUS

I'm not hidden. She knows I'm here.

PERRY

Who knows you're here?

Dubious looks at Perry for a minute, chewing carefully. Then he takes a swallow from an orange juice bottle.

DUBIOUS

Thanks, Perry, this is good.

PERRY

Who knows you're up here? Do you have a friend or relative in D.C.?

Dubious points west.

DUBIOUS

Pentagon's over there.

Dubious points northwest.

DUBIOUS (CONT'D)  
C.I.A.'s up there.

Dubious points north.

DUBIOUS (CONT'D)  
White House up there.

Dubious points northeast.

DUBIOUS (CONT'D)  
Congress over there.

Then he falls silent and resumes eating.

PERRY  
Do you like living in the middle of  
everything?

Dubious starts pointing in a variety of directions rapidly in succession.

DUBIOUS  
Chinatown over there. El Salvador Town  
up there. Koreatown over there. Little  
Saigon over here. White people there.  
Black people here. Indians? I think  
they're all gone except one: I see him  
sometimes. Zombies over there. The  
Beaver's over here. The Shackled go  
everywhere.

Dubious falls silent again and resumes eating.

PERRY  
You said somebody knows you're here?  
Who knows you're here?

DUBIOUS  
Ardua knows I'm here! She's the one  
that likes to be in the middle of  
everything -- not me, no! I'd rather  
be in a quiet place, but I gotta watch  
her 'cause people just don't know.

PERRY  
Who is Ardua? Why are you watching  
her? It might not be legal to be  
watching her, if you're following her

around or --

DUBIOUS

Legal? You outta your goddamn mind? She's a killer! Police won't do nothing, army won't do nothing, C.I.A. won't do nothing. You know why? She's got her little spies everywhere! Rats and starlings and silverfish! And they make people go crazy, and half the people in this town probably workin' for Ardua of the Potomac by now. Oh, she'll drag you right to the bottom of this river if you're unlucky enough to fall in, but she got other ways. And she feeds on it all, just like in Vietnam! People hatin' and sneakin' around and stealin' and killin' and goin' crazy, and it just makes her stronger, and then she makes them stronger. There was one just like her in the Mekong.

PERRY

The Mekong in Vietnam? The Mekong River?

DUBIOUS

Yes, the river! Wuddya think we been talkin' about?

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

It's the river, stupid!

INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS

PERRY

Wow. You're saying this Ardua is in the Potomac River, doing all that?

DUBIOUS

I told 'em! I told 'em a hundred times, but they don't listen. And now you got that same look on your face!

PERRY

Well, I never heard of anything like that!

DUBIOUS

You need to put it in your newspaper!  
Warn people!

PERRY

I'm not sure the "Metro" editor would  
publish an article like that.

DUBIOUS

Right, right -- 'cause you gotta say  
it's all about drugs or car crashes or  
kids without daddies or crooked  
politicians! Y'all got everythin' ass-  
backwards! She's a killer! But I'll  
get her one day.

PERRY

How?

DUBIOUS

I don't know how! Why ya think I'm out  
here watchin' her all the time? I  
gotta figure out her weakness!

PERRY

Alright. Well, can I ask some other  
questions?

Dubious nods, then drinks some more orange juice.

PERRY (CONT'D)

Where were you born?

DUBIOUS

I don't remember that! And it don't  
matter!

PERRY

Do you have family?

DUBIOUS

I just told you the most important  
thing happenin' in this town, and you  
wanna ask me a bunch of dumb-ass  
questions like that?

PERRY

Well, I think that's what my editor  
would like to see.

DUBIOUS

Well, your editor's a dumb ass!

EXT. ADAMS MORGAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Charles Wu gets out of the same taxi we saw earlier, waves to the driver, then heads into the Muzette karaoke bar.

INT. MUZETTE - CONTINUOUS

Charles Wu enters a Korean-American karaoke bar. There are a few patrons scattered at the long bar, and a row of side rooms with closed doors.

Former C.I.A. agent HENRY SAMUELSON (late sixties) looks up from the end of the bar to see Charles, but looks quickly down at his drink when Charles spots him.

Charles approaches the HOSTESS.

CHARLES

Hello, beautiful! Where is Yellow Man tonight?

HOSTESS

Good evening, Mr. Wu! He is in Room Three.

CHARLES

Thank you.

Charles heads into Room Three.

INT. MUZETTE PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charles Wu smiles as he closes the door behind him. Nine people are seated on the sectionals around the perimeter of the room as a MAN stands in the center singing a karaoke song with dark lyrics [something akin to Bruce Springsteen's "Darkness on the Edge of Town"].

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

Yeah, sometimes I think this story might work better as a musical, but I just can't dance!

INT. MUZETTE PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Charles bends over to kiss a couple women on the cheek on his

way over to YELLOW MAN: a fifty-something spy dressed in a bright yellow suit, yellow shirt, and yellow ascot. Yellow Man is holding a toy-sized Papillon dog in his lap, and smiles mischievously as Charles approaches and sits beside him. Yellow Man speaks with an Eastern European accent.

CHARLES

How is Mozart today?

YELLOW MAN

He ripped his "Little Mermaid" doll in half, then pouted about it for hours!

CHARLES

I brought him something better.

Charles starts reaching into his pocket, but Yellow Man lifts a hand to stop him.

YELLOW MAN

You know the rules! There are no exchanges until I hear you sing!

CHARLES

It's just a dog toy!

YELLOW MAN

What will the others think, my friend?

Charles sighs and gets up to code in his song number without consulting the song book.

The man who has just finished singing sits down next to Yellow Man to talk as a WOMAN gets up to sing a hauntingly beautiful song about espionage [something akin to David Bowie's "This Is Not America"].

Charles gets out his cellphone to text Prickly:

"Henry Samuelson was at the bar when I came in."

A moment later, Prickly's reply is:

"He's got nothing."

Charles replies:

"Are you sure?"

A moment later, Prickly's reply is:

"You have more friends in this town than he does."

Charles nods, smiles, and puts his phone away. He winks at FEMALE SPY smiling at him from across the room.

Charles then gets up to sing a very sultry version of his song, which is the theme from "Speed Racer"!

When he is finished, a DIFFERENT WOMAN gets up to sing.

Charles again approaches Yellow Man, who is shaking his head but smiling.

YELLOW MAN

Why must you always cheat with such a short song?

CHARLES

It has great sentimental value to me! You know it's the first English song I learned in Hong Kong. And you love it!

YELLOW MAN

I love how sexy you are when you sing it! Why can't you treat me to something longer?

CHARLES

I'm sorry, but my driver is waiting outside and I can't stay long. I'm a little too busy with all the new vodka deliveries. Can you tell me who's got the best?

YELLOW MAN

Let me see your little doggy toy.

Charles pulls a small paper bag out of his pocket to give to Yellow Man, who looks in it to see a chew toy and a wad of cash. Yellow Man pulls out the chew toy for Mozart.

YELLOW MAN (CONT'D)

First you must explain to me why my last fortune cookie was wrong?

CHARLES

That wasn't my fault, I assure you! They changed their mind. Everything is moving too fast these days.



Yellow Man whispers to Charles, and they whisper back and forth for a few minutes. Then Yellow Man offers up his dog for Charles to kiss goodbye. Charles winks at a couple of women on his way out of the private room.

INT. MUZETTE - CONTINUOUS

Charles walks through the public part of Muzette, kisses the hostess on the cheek, then exits.

A moment later, the female spy whom Charles winked at comes out and sits next to Henry Samuelson to chat.

HENRY

Did he pay Yellow Man?

FEMALE SPY

A chew toy for the dog.

HENRY

You're useless! You know that?

FEMALE SPY

It was in a paper bag.

HENRY

(sarcastically)

Oh, the Chinese spy used a paper bag, foiling you with his superior technology!

FEMALE SPY

Maybe his business card is accurate: British and Chinese imports. Maybe he's just skirting--

HENRY

The guy's a skirt-chaser. Maybe you should try seducing him!

FEMALE SPY

I'm a lesbian.

HENRY

You're useless! You know that?

FEMALE SPY

I'm more patriotic than you are! A lot of people at The Company don't trust you anymore!

HENRY  
(sarcastically)  
Aw, I think I'm gonna cry!

The woman leaves in a huff as Henry seethes.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Young Angela is seated next to ABUELA, an elderly Salvadoran-American woman hooked up to multiple machines in an intensive care unit at George Washington University Hospital. Abuela is unconscious. Young Angela is fighting back tears.

YOUNG ANGELA

You can't leave me yet, Abuela! I'm  
scared of Tío Rodrigo!

Nurse Consuela Arroyo enters the room.

CONSUELA

Angela, what are you still doing here?  
You said somebody was picking you up!

Young Angela wipes away her tears and pulls out her cellphone to check the messages.

YOUNG ANGELA

She was in Maryland when I texted her,  
but she's on her way.

Consuela pulls up a chair and sits down next to Young Angela, then puts a hand on Young Angela's shoulder.

CONSUELA

Sweetie, do you really have somebody  
coming to pick you up?

YOUNG ANGELA

Yes!

Young Angela shows the nurse her text messages with Dr. Raj.

CONSUELA

Who is Doctor Raj?

YOUNG ANGELA

Doctor Devi Rajatala. She's not this  
kind of doctor. She works with trees  
at the National Arboretum.

CONSUELA

Trees?

YOUNG ANGELA

She knows all about trees and plants and everything. I'm one of the Friendship Garden kids, and she helps us, and we plant things, and she teaches us stuff. I went there a lot after my mother was killed.

Angela sniffs and blinks back more tears.

YOUNG ANGELA (CONT'D)

Dr. Raj has a really smart donkey named Rani, and --

CONSUELA

Angela, we need to start talking about long-term plans. This is the third coma your grandmother has been in this year. Tomorrow after school, you need to talk to a social worker.

YOUNG ANGELA

No social workers!

CONSUELA

There are some very nice ones here. I could make you an appointment.

DOCTOR KHALID MOHAMMAD, a mid-thirties Jordanian-born medical doctor, enters the room, frowning.

KHALID

Nurse, visiting hours are over.

CONSUELA

It's her granddaughter, Doctor. They live together. She's waiting for a family friend to pick her up.

The doctor's facial expression softens.

KHALID

Let me talk to her, Consuela.

The nurse squeezes Angela's shoulder before leaving the room. The doctor spends a minute in silence, checking monitors and charts, then finally sits down next to Young Angela.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
I'm Dr. Mohammad.

YOUNG ANGELA  
Like the Prophet?

KHALID  
Actually, why don't you call me  
"Khalid". What's your name?

YOUNG ANGELA  
Angela de la Paz.

KHALID  
How old are you, Angela?

YOUNG ANGELA  
Fourteen.

KHALID  
Angela, things are very serious for  
your grandmother. I'm not sure she  
will come out of this coma.

Young Angela becomes visibly distraught.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
I'm doing everything I can, but I  
don't know if it's going to be enough.  
You live alone with your grandmother?

Young Angela nods.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
There are people here you can talk to.

YOUNG ANGELA  
I just need to talk to *Abuela*.

KHALID  
I don't know if she can hear you, but  
what I'm saying --

YOUNG ANGELA  
I know what you're saying.

Khalid gets up slowly.

KHALID  
Okay.

The doctor starts leaving the room, looks back uncertainly, then continues out of the room.

Young Angela checks her phone once more, then puts it away. She takes hold of her grandmother's hand, closes her eyes, and coos softly like a dove.

YOUNG ANGELA

*¿Dónde estás, Abuela? I need you!*  
Where are you?

EXT. "DREAMTIME" - CONTINUOUS

Young Angela is now in a dimly lit place. She sees a variety of things: some look like natural objects (trees, plants, rocks, water), while others look like abstract color swirls.

INT. PETRO PIG'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

Angela is in a metaphysical place called the Dreamtime -- whatever that means! The Pink Warblers told me it's in The Prophecy, but the girl doesn't understand it yet.

EXT. "DREAMTIME" - CONTINUOUS

Young Angela pushes aside a curtain of vines and sees her grandmother, awake with arms outstretched. Young Angela joyfully hugs her grandmother, who then pulls away to speak.

ABUELA

*¡Mi amor! ¡Escúchame! It is time.*

YOUNG ANGELA

No, not yet!

ABUELA

*Voy estar con tu madre.*

YOUNG ANGELA

Not yet!

ABUELA

You will always be loved, *querida!* And you will be able to do great things, because you are very special!

YOUNG ANGELA

Not yet!

ABUELA

Take my ring, Angela. Watch out for the evil ones, *mi amor*. Stay strong and brave and good -- *muy buena!*

Young Angela sees another figure approaching.

YOUNG ANGELA

*Mami?*

HENRY (O.C.)

You don't have a mommy.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Young Angela opens her eyes and flashes an angry look at the man who has entered the hospital room, Henry Samuelson.

HENRY

Your mother's dead, your uncle's a scumbag, and your grandmother's dying.

Young Angela opens her mouth in shock and jumps to her feet, but a loud beeping noise draws her attention back to her grandmother.

Henry steps through the doorway and further into the room just before Consuela races in to attend to the patient.

Henry draws close to Young Angela.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Dr. Rajatala is not going to make it tonight after all. An immigration agent needed to question her about her work visa application. You know what? I think there might also be an immigration problem for you!

YOUNG ANGELA

I was born here! I'm American!

HENRY

Says who?

YOUNG ANGELA

It's true!

HENRY  
The funny thing about birth  
certificates is...  
(beat)  
...sometimes they go missing.

Khalid runs into the room, and he and the nurse try to revive Abuela from cardiac arrest. Young Angela is beside herself.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about anything! I'm going  
to take care of you!

Young Angela gives him a horrified look.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
Not like that! I'm not a pervert!

Henry straightens his tie.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to put you in a special  
school in Kansas, teach you skills,  
make you look a little more...

Henry starts looking Young Angela up and down.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
...cosmopolitan. You'll need some  
plastic surgery: I really don't want  
you looking so...  
(beat)  
...short and...  
(beat)  
...ethnic. I need you to look like you  
could be from anywhere. We'll teach  
you some foreign languages, send you  
to other countries. Sounds fun,  
doesn't it?

Young Angela sees her grandmother pronounced dead, and she collapses in a sobbing heap on the floor.

The doctor and nurse turn around to deal with Young Angela. They look quizzically at Henry Samuelson -- who pulls a paper out of his jacket pocket to show them.



HENRY (CONT'D)

I'm Angela's new legal guardian. It appears this came through in the nick of time. I can make all the funeral arrangements tomorrow, but I think I should take the girl home now to get some rest.

The doctor continues examining the piece of paper as the nurse crouches beside the sobbing Young Angela.

KHALID

I need to make a copy of this for the file, and the grief counselor needs to see Angela before she leaves.

HENRY

That copy is for you, Doctor.

The nurse looks up unhappily as the doctor leaves the room, then helps Young Angela stand up to take her final look at her grandmother.

CONSUELA

I know you loved her very much. I'm so sorry, sweetie. Don't lose your faith!

The nurse wraps her arms around Young Angela from behind and holds her for a minute. Young Angela fingers her cross necklace, then bends over to kiss her grandmother goodbye. Angela pulls a dove ring off her grandmother's hand and puts it on her own, tears streaming down her cheeks.

HENRY

Come on, Angela. Let's go find that grief counselor. This isn't the nurse's job.

CONSUELA

It's alright.

HENRY

There are other patients in intensive care, aren't there?

The nurse hugs Young Angela tightly.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Young Angela gives him a defiant look but acquiesces.

INT. CAR - NIGHT (LATER)

Henry is driving. Young Angela is in the backseat, staring out the window and clutching a backpack to her stomach.

HENRY

I live in Virginia; you'll like it.  
Tomorrow you can pick out whatever you like for the funeral -- lots of flowers, whatever you want. We can get her a new dress, and you, too, of course. Then next week you'll begin your new life.

Young Angela closes her eyes and hums extremely softly.

EXT. "DREAMTIME" - CONTINUOUS

Young Angela returns to the same place, but her grandmother and mother are gone. She moves silently around until coming up to a river shimmering with the same iridescent colors we saw earlier on the starlings.

A PINK DOLPHIN breaches the water several times. A dark shadow starts moving toward the surface, and tentacles break the surface to slash at the dolphin! Then an eerie shriek!

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Young Angela opens her eyes, and looks out her car window at the Potomac River as they cross it on the 14th Street Bridge. She sees for a moment the watchtower where Dubious lives, then the lit-up Washington Monument with an oddly colored full moon above it.

A flock of birds in silhouette crosses the moon.

END OF ACT FIVE

EPILOGUE

EXT. NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN - DAY

SUPER: "Two Years Later"

INT. GOLDEN FAWN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The small office of a museum curator. One wall is hung with artwork from her tribes: Cheyenne, Cree, and Delaware.

Another wall is hung with posters from two special exhibits she has curated:

"Ancient Myths in Modern Times"

and

"Rediscovering Lost Healing Arts"

Golden Fawn is working at her desk when her desk phone rings.

GOLDEN FAWN

Golden Fawn Winchester.

(listens)

I beg your pardon?

(listens)

Alright, I'll meet you downstairs.

INT. FOYER OF NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN -  
CONTINUOUS

Golden Fawn is walking down the stairs, scanning the sunny grand foyer. She spots Marcos Vazquez in his Coast Guard uniform and approaches him.

Marcos extends his hand to the approaching Golden Fawn.

MARCOS

Are you Golden Fawn Winchester?

Golden Fawn shakes his hand.

GOLDEN FAWN

Officer Vazquez, I've noticed you on the river several times.

MARCOS

(smiling)

And I've noticed you on the shore!

Please call me "Marcos".

EXT. SUPREME COURT - CONTINUOUS

Petro Pig is in the midst of a crowd at a rally on the Supreme Court steps. He looks into the camera.

PETRO PIG

What, you didn't think I'd leave you without romantic leads in our story, did you?!

INT. FOYER OF NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN - CONTINUOUS

GOLDEN FAWN

(smiling)

Please call me "Golden Fawn". You arrested a man for doing a native ceremony?

MARCOS

He's not in custody, but I had to give him another warning today for setting fires on the shore. We've told him where the public camping grounds are, but he always says he needs to do it on the shore of the Potomac. He said it's a Powhatan ceremony to, uh --

GOLDEN FAWN

Powhatan? I identify mostly Cheyenne and Cree, but I have some Powhatan going way back with my Delaware roots.

MARCOS

Ah, really? Great Bear Jumper says --

Golden Fawn's eyes open wide.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Do you know him?

GOLDEN FAWN

(shaking her head)

I know the name from a family legend that goes back centuries.

MARCOS

*No diga!?* Does your legend talk about a fire ceremony to, uh --

Marcos looks around, takes her by the elbow, and steers her to a quieter spot away from other people.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

*Mira*, I don't want him to get locked up, but I also need to know: is it possible? Is there really a fire ceremony to fight a...river demon?

Golden Fawn opens her mouth, then closes it again.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

Look, I know that sounds *loco*, but there is something horrible down there trying to drown people! It's grabbed me; it's grabbed plenty of people! I cut off a tentacle once, and before I could climb back on the boat, it just, like, vaporized in my hand! Its blood dripped on my hand, then the tentacle was just gone!

Marcos opens his palm to show her what appear to be burn scars.

MARCOS (CONT'D)

I've done a lot of diving -- lakes, rivers, ocean, Coast Guard Academy. Never have I seen or heard of anything like this! He says she is called "Ardua of the Potomac", and she's been growing bigger and more powerful for centuries! Does your family legend explain this? Can we kill it?

Golden Fawn fingers the medicine bag on her belt.

GOLDEN FAWN

I don't know! There's a prophecy about a girl, but....

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Henry Samuelson and a stylishly dressed ANGELA DE LA PAZ have just entered Angela's new Foggy Bottom apartment -- which has nice furniture but no art on the walls.

The now older Angela [played by a different actress] is visibly taller, with an altered facial appearance and sophisticated make-up.

HENRY

You can pick out your own decorations,  
Angela. There is a stack of pre-paid  
debit cards in your nightstand.

Angela walks into the kitchen and opens the fridge, which is empty.

HENRY (CONT'D)

There's plenty in the freezer.

Angela opens the freezer to see it stuffed with frozen dinners and ice cream.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's better for people who travel a lot. Of course, there are stores and restaurants nearby.

Angela looks at him quizzically.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You'll have plenty of freedom now. Of course, you need to work for us if you want the money to keep coming.

ANGELA

I'm ready.

HENRY

I know you are!

EXT. SUPREME COURT - CONTINUOUS

PETRO PIG

But is she ready for destiny?

Petro Pig is yanked sideways on his leash, showing his vest:

"Where's the kegger of justice?!"

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Henry's cellphone rings, and he walks slightly away from her to take the call as Angela continues looking around.

HENRY

Yes, I just brought her to the apartment.

(listens)

She's more than ready!

(listens)

She still looks too young for Budapest or Singapore, but, honestly, I kind of want to send her to Panicstan!

(listens)

You have no idea! We send her in there with a *burqa* on, and they'll never know what hit 'em!

Angela looks down at her right hand, which has what appears to be a plain gold band on the ring finger. She turns her hand palm-side-up, revealing it is the dove ring inherited from her grandmother.

She looks at her suitcase, looks to see that Henry is not looking at her, then gives a quick bird-like chirp. Her suitcase starts rolling towards the bedroom! She follows it as pink warblers outside approach the living room window to attract her attention, but Angela doesn't see them.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT EPISODE.

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