

AGE OF AMERICA

"Pilot"

by

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TEASER

OVER BLACK.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen,  
and happy new year. It is seven  
o'clock here in D.C. and we all await  
the great Proclamation.

FADE IN on a television screen. The female ANCHOR speaks to us from a bustling city street, wrapped in a simple coat and scarf. It's a dark, wintry predawn.

ANCHOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In just twenty minutes the sun will  
rise, signaling a new age for our  
populace.

PULL BACK from the screen to reveal

INT. HALL, GRIFFITH PLACE - PREDAWN

A mansion's polished banquet hall. An interior balcony wraps around above. The television screen is huge; it takes up a whole wall.

HENRY GREEN (50's) stands at the balcony rail directly across from the television, but his attention is drawn to the sprawling mass of very well-dressed, very drunk people on the floor below. He is a man who commands respect, and demands subservience.

SUPER: "Los Angeles. January 1, 2201. 4:02 AM."

He's drinking something hard on the rocks.

HENRY

Time to wake up.

He turns to a MAN in uniform, unseen till now. The man is reminiscent of a U.S. Marine in dress blues, but more servant than soldier.

The man stands silent and alert, a respectful distance away from Henry.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Get them up.

The man nods slightly, eyes straight ahead.

MAN

Sir.

Henry walks past, thrusting the empty glass into the man's hand.

A woman in a crisp uniform approaches Henry from the other end of the wraparound balcony.

HENRY

Davis.

DAVIS

Sir. They're ready for you.

Davis pushes open a door, stands back for Henry to go in before her. We follow, entering

INT. COMM ROOM, GRIFFITH PLACE - PREDAWN - CONTINUOUS

A small, dark room with one camera on a tripod. A few lights shine on a simple black office chair in front of the camera.

Several people with clipboards, walkie-talkies, and coffee mill about.

Henry sits down in the chair, sitting up straight.

Davis grabs a passing young man.

DAVIS

Check his hair and mic him up. We may have time for a quick interview, check with our anchors on site.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM, EDWARD'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

A late-twenties EDWARD GREEN lies face-down, fast asleep on his bed, a naked woman sprawled across him.

SUPER: "**Las Vegas. 4:05 AM.**"

The room is dark, cluttered. Ash trays on the bedside tables, but ash on the carpets. Bottles everywhere.

A pounding on the door.

VOICE (O.S.)

Ed! This is your last chance!

Edward makes no sound or movement.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm coming in.

A beat, then the door swings open, revealing BILL (50s).

He's Jeff Bridges-looking-type, red cotton shirt, bolo-tie, leather vest, black jeans, and cowboy boots. Plays steel guitar.

Bill flips on the light.

BILL  
Get up, you fucker...

The woman stirs, squinting against the light.

WOMAN  
Go away.

BILL  
Time to go home.

He grabs a shirt from the floor and tosses it at her.

WOMAN  
This isn't mine.

BILL  
The boys will pay what you're due.

She huffs and pulls the shirt on.

Ed is waking up now. He watches the woman leave the room, sleepily amused.

BILL (CONT'D)  
This is your job, remember.

EDWARD  
You work for *me*, remember.

Edward uses a remote to turn on the television. Still no urgency.

Bill gestures towards the connected bathroom.

BILL  
The shirt hanging in there is clean and ironed. Brush your teeth. Comb your hair. You may just pass for our Consul.

EDWARD  
Would anyone even notice if I were missing?

BILL  
Your mother sure would.

Ed heads into the bathroom.

Bill sits on the bed and watches TV while he waits.

The anchor from before is now joined by an ANALYST.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

...It is quite difficult this morning to find any person who shares the same optimism as the six consuls, is that right?

ANALYST (O.S.)

It is difficult, yes. The lack of trust, what with the recent surge of surveillance installations in the West and the top of the wall being shut to visitors has left many feeling less than forgiving today.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

Not to mention the medicine shortage in the North.

The Analyst nods.

ANALYST (O.S.)

And Angeles refuses to budge.

Bill grunts in a "duh" sort of way.

ANALYST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The six consuls face likely protests if conditions don't improve soon.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

We actually hope to speak with Henry Green in just a couple of minutes. I wonder if he'll speak to that.

Bill checks his watch.

Edward comes back into the room, looking far better than when he left it.

BILL

That's more like it. Let's go. The gear is all set up.

CUT TO:

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Establishing. A huge farmhouse on a hill, overlooking a small city. It's lighter here, dawn not so far away.

SUPER: "Oklahoma City. 6:10 AM."

INT. LIVING ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

KATHERINE GREEN (30s) stands silent behind a sofa full of her young children. They sit in pajamas watching the television, breakfast on laps, as excited as if it were Christmas morning.

Katherine's dyed-blond hair is perfectly curled, her makeup subtle, yet pristine. She looks like a politician, but not a tough one.

Henry is now on the news, being interviewed by the Anchor.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

But do you feel like the North has fully explored their other options? Surely another of the Greens would take on some of Charles's burden--

Katherine scoffs, brings a coffee cup to her lips.

HENRY (O.S.)

Besides myself, Oklahoma City has let go of some supplies--

KATHERINE

(under her breath)

Thank you.

HENRY (O.S.)

--but our aid is not nearly enough to make up for the devastation that's already taken place. The other territories must release funds...

From behind Katherine, a man enters the room on a cell phone. Her husband, ELI (late 30s). He is handsome. A hard face, no bullshit, but kind.

ELI

(into phone)

Yeah, I'll tell her. Love you.

He hangs up just as Katherine holds out her hand for the phone.

KATHERINE

I wanted to talk to her.

ELI

She didn't want you to be mad. She's at some bar with Maris.

KATHERINE

Marisol?

He gives her a look: see?

ELI

We'll see her tomorrow night. Let's  
get you into the Comm room.

Katherine takes another gulp of coffee.

KATHERINE

After a decade at this, I still get  
nervous.

Eli kisses her on the cheek. They start walking.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

I don't like Jess being out all night,  
she's too young. Does Henry know  
they're there?

ELI

Is there anything Henry doesn't know?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR, LOS ANGELES - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

A dark dive bar full of sweaty young people.

SUPER: "Los Angeles. 4:13 AM."

Katherine's daughter, JESS (17), stands in the hallway leading to the restrooms. She looks buzzed but awake. With too much makeup on her too-young face, dressed in a sparkling dress, she stands out in a bad way from the laid-back, hip crowd.

Her companion, MARISOL MEDERA (30), is 4 beers in and none the worse. She looks like she could be tending the bar. Maybe in a past life, she did. Jess listens attentively to the older woman waxing philosophical.

MARISOL

The funny thing about Henry is how  
much he *doesn't* know. You know?

JESS

What doesn't he know?

MARISOL

That's the funny thing.

Off of Jess's confused look--

MARISOL (CONT'D)

You have to know the people under you. You--You'll be a leader someday. Right? How do you think you'll be able to know what they need if you aren't one of them?

JESS

Are we not?

MARISOL

I am.

She gestures widely with her drink at the crowd.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

These are my people. I am their person. Huh? Right?

Jess nods.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

You...are wearing sequins.

Jess glances down at herself. She waits but Marisol doesn't go on.

The other bar patrons are starting to crowd towards the bar. Jess hits Marisol in the arm.

JESS

Come on, it's starting soon. I want a good view.

INT. BEDROOM, CHARLES'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

A pristine white, sparsely-decorated bedroom. Expensive. Judging from the view out of the floor-to-ceiling windows, a penthouse apartment.

A tall, thin man in a shiny silver suit stands at these windows, overlooking the enormous, dark, sprawling city. CHARLES GREEN (40s) sips coffee, utterly alone. Snow drifts silently down. It's peaceful, until--

The alarm clock. BEEP BEEP BEEP.

SUPER: "Detroit. 6:15 AM."

Charles silences the clock with the small remote control in his hand.

He turns around to face a camera on a tripod. It is not yet recording.

Charles allows his gaze to settle on a muted television on the wall behind the camera.

Charles slips the clock remote into his pocket, pulls out a small clip-on mic and an earpiece. He puts them on and we hear the news feed coming through the earpiece.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

Thank you for your time, Tamara.

The Analyst from earlier, TAMARA TALLERY, smiles a condescending smile into the camera.

TAMARA (O.S.)

Pleasure.

Charles stares at her like it's directed right at him. At her bright red hair and bright red lipstick to match.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

And now we'll listen in as the Regent approaches the podium.

Charles turns his focus from the TV to the camera lens. He smiles. One last earpiece adjustment.

The camera's record light suddenly glows red.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN - SAME TIME

We cut to the place of action, where the television news feed is being shot. D.C. A huge crowd surrounds a stage, upon which several politician-looking people and others in robes stand gathered. We're not talking bathrobes.

SUPER: **"Washington D.C. 7:20 AM."**

The backdrop of the stage is a massive screen, upon which the six consuls are video-ing in: Charles, Ed, Katherine, Henry, and two more women we have not yet met: a hard-looking brunette, MARY, and another who looks a little like Katherine, but older, ELIZABETH.

The Regent, PATRICIA GREEN (70s), sits in a lifted seat directly behind the podium. The larger-than-life faces of the Consuls--her children--surround her. She is comfortably alone among them. Silent. Waiting. A state she seems well-accustomed to.

An ornate podium stands front and center, currently occupied by a PERKY WOMAN in a silver coat dress.

Patricia stares resolutely ahead, until--

PERKY WOMAN

...and here is your Regent, Her  
Highness Patricia Green, first of  
her name.

The Consuls on the screen lead the crowd in polite applause  
as the Perky Woman backs away.

The Regent takes a deep breath, puts on a stellar game face,  
stands, and walks to the podium.

The crowd settles quickly.

PATRICIA

Good morning. And a Happy New Year  
to you all.

INT. LIVING ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Eli stands at the back of the room, behind the sofa full of  
his and Katherine's children, watching the television.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

...This past year has seen exponential  
improvements in health, food, and  
general well-being. My sons and  
daughters have worked as one to make  
this populace greater now than in  
years past.

Eli sips his coffee, nonplussed.

INT. LIVING ROOM, EDWARD'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Bill sits on a worn couch, watching.

In the background, Ed sits in a small glass soundproofed  
room, staring stoically at his camera.

Both look bored.

PATRICIA

The Goddesses Above continue to bless  
us with peace and stability...

Bill glances back at Ed, then gets up and moves closer.  
Stepping slowly into Ed's line of sight, Bill mouths "smile"  
and smiles exaggeratedly at Ed.

Ed freezes a small smile on his face like a champ.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAWN - SAME TIME

PATRICIA

And with only good to come, on this  
joyous New Year's Day, I happily  
present to you her Honor, the Head  
Oracle herself, to illuminate all  
that is to come for us this year.

Patricia turns around to step down from the podium.

She takes her seat again and tries to keep her face  
expressionless. She breathes out slowly.

The HEAD ORACLE takes the podium with a sweep of her blood-  
red robes. She could be the same age as Patricia. A severe  
face that could use some sun. No makeup--no patience for  
such worldly things.

The sunrise is directly in front of her, rays of light shine  
down, she is almost glowing.

The Head Oracle waits for the applause to die down to nothing  
before speaking.

HEAD ORACLE

The new year has come.

Her voice echoes in the utter silence.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)

I thank my dear friend, Her Highness,  
for the optimistic preamble.

Patricia only smiles into the sunlight.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)

"Joyous New Year's Day," she called  
it. How I wish it could be so.

Murmurs from the crowd.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)

I refuse to hide the truth from any  
of you. The events of the coming  
year will be painful. Painful yet  
necessary. Just as the Great  
Devastation of our forefathers bred  
a vastly different world, so will  
our Great Emergence bring with it a  
new and shining age.

Patricia glances around. She catches the eye of a young  
ADVISOR at the edge of the stage. The advisor shrugs at  
her. No clue.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)

The thirst. The search. The hope  
and prayers that I will be blessed  
enough to actually witness with my  
own eyes the great light that this  
new era will bring...that thirst is  
what keeps me going.

Patricia's eyes land on a CAMERAMAN, shooting the Head Oracle  
nearby. He can't hide his bafflement, adjusting the zoom.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)

And only by holding the Goddesses  
Above at the center. Only then will  
we succeed.

INT. HALL, GRIFFITH PLACE - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Henry's guests shush one another, they crowd closer to the  
screen.

GUEST

Turn it up!

Onscreen--

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)

This past year has seen catastrophic  
failings from your leaders. The  
health crisis in the North. The  
population rising beyond capacity in  
the West. Poverty is destroying the  
lands in the South as we speak. And  
only lies spill from your Consuls'  
lips.

INT. BEDROOM, CHARLES'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Charles's eyes flicker to the bedroom door, which is creaking  
open to reveal a man in a suit. He signals a "cut" motion  
across his throat.

Charles presses a button on a remote and the record light  
cuts.

On his television, Charles's face disappears from the screen  
behind the Oracle and Patricia.

Charles pulls the ear monitor out of his ear and unmutes the  
TV. He sits down at the end of his bed, eyes glued to the  
screen.

INT. BAR, LOS ANGELES - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

The bar is silent, young drunks crowd and stare at the couple of mounted monitors. But Marisol and Jess seem well sobered by now. Jess looks confused, Marisol worried.

JESS

What is she--

MARISOL

Shh.

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)

But all this is but one page in our history. A new year has certainly come. Blood has come. Death has come. And a New Age for our populace will certainly follow.

The bar erupts in confused voices, nearly drowning out the feed.

MARISOL

(shouting)

SHUT UP!

They do.

ONSCREEN-- two more Consuls, Mary and Elizabeth, disappear from the screen backdrop. After a moment, so does Henry. All that's left are Ed and Katherine.

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)

For the Great Ones have shown me thus: this year, perhaps this very day, the six children of the Regent shall rise up against one another. Brother will kill brother. Sister will kill sister. Only one can remain to take the throne.

Marisol is taking in the room now. Wheels turning.

She grabs Jess by the arm and begins to slowly walk backwards, sinking into the shadows at the back of the room.

MARISOL

(whispering)

Take off your heels. We need to leave as soon as it's over. Follow my lead. Don't say a word.

Jess's eyes are wide. She nods once. They press their backs against the wall, waiting.

INT. LIVING ROOM, EDWARD'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Bill is standing now.

BILL  
Is this some kind of joke?

Onscreen,

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)  
War will come to every corner of  
this land. None will be spared its  
effects.

INT. COMM ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Katherine sits, stunned.

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)  
This is the Great Emergence. And it  
shall counter the Great Devastation.

Her eyes are fixed on the small monitor showing the feed,  
rather than the camera lens.

Suddenly, Eli enters and makes a beeline for the camera. He  
switches it off.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - PREDAWN - SAME TIME

Patricia sits, frozen still as a statue. Her hands grip the  
arms of her chair. She is not breathing.

Katherine and Ed disappear from the screen. It is empty of  
her children.

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)  
The Goddesses Above have told me it  
will be so.

The Head Oracle bows her head, is silent.

Patricia suddenly stands, her words echo in the utter, shocked  
silence.

PATRICIA  
Cut the feed.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. BAR, LOS ANGELES - PREDAWN

The television screen cuts to static. A stunned beat, then the room erupts into frantic conversation.

Jess holds her heels in one hand.

JESS  
Should I call my mom?

MARISOL  
You can call her from the road.

JESS  
The...

MARISOL  
It isn't safe for you here. Not anywhere in these boundaries. Keep your head down. We're leaving now.

She grabs Jess's arm and tries to pull her towards the door. Jess stalls.

JESS  
Wait. We're not going back to my uncle's?

MARISOL  
Listen. Everyone in this room knows who you are. In thirty seconds their drunk brains will snap to attention and start looking for you. You'll be arrested or worse.

JESS  
Arrested? I haven't done anything.

Marisol looks about to implode with impatience.

MARISOL  
We are at war now, Jess.

JESS  
What? Who?

MARISOL  
You. Me. The Consuls. Everyone. You're valuable to a lot of people. Now please move your feet.

Jess finally starts moving, stunned to silence.

At the far end of the room, a green exit sign.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Go for the door. Whatever happens,  
keep moving. Even if I stop. Ready?

Marisol starts speed walking. Jess follows. They keep to  
the wall.

Halfway there, a GIRL turns and looks right into Jess's eyes.

As a reflex, Jess politely smiles.

JESS

Hi.

The girl is just as surprised. Then--

GIRL

Jessalyn Green?

JESS

What? No. Sorry.

She turns to go but the girl has a hand on her arm.

GIRL

You are. Hey. Wait.

Marisol spins around and purposely bumps hard into the GUY  
next to the girl, spilling his drink all over both of them.  
The girl lets go of Jess.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Hey!

Jess has already disappeared. Marisol doesn't wait around.  
She bolts for the door, eyes scanning for Jess.

AT THE DOOR--

Jess's way is blocked by a BOUNCER.

BOUNCER

You sure are in a hurry.

Marisol slows as she approaches. Wary.

JESS

I don't feel good.

MARISOL

(to Jess)

Oh, poor thing. Definitely had one  
too many beers. Let's get you home.

The bouncer seems like he may be buying it, when the girl and guy from a moment ago appear out of the crowd.

GIRL  
Don't let them leave.

MARISOL  
Excuse me? Do you know who I am?

GIRL  
I don't give a shit. We're taking her to the Consul.

She points at Jess.

Marisol laughs.

MARISOL  
You think you can ransom her off?  
We're headed there anyway. She is the Consul's *niece*. And I grew up in Griffith. The Consul calls me family.  
(to Jess)  
Come on.

The bouncer doesn't budge.

The crowd has taken notice of the conflict and presses in.

MARISOL (CONT'D)  
Okay. You want money.  
(reaching into her coat pocket)  
How much would it--

BOUNCER  
Hey!

The bouncer pulls a gun from his hip.

Marisol freezes.

MARISOL  
Whoa. No. I'm not armed.

She slowly lifts her hands above her head.

The crowd surrounding them shifts uneasily. Jess's eyes scan them. This is not going well.

The bouncer turns the gun on Jess. She lifts her hands even higher above her head.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

I swear on The Above. No weapons.

The bouncer hesitates, then slowly lowers his gun. In a flash, Marisol dives forward, grabbing him around the knees and bringing him down.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

(to Jess)

Run! Go!

But Jess is quickly grabbed by the guy near the door. They topple to the ground, hitting the door jamb hard. Blood immediately starts flowing from a cut at her hairline.

The fall has stunned the guy.

Marisol pulls a gun from inside her jacket. She waves it around like a mad man, standing in front of Jess.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Get the FUCK away from her, you shits!

They stay back. Without turning, Marisol offers Jess an arm. Jess pulls herself up and they back out the door.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Go for the car. Run as fast as you can.

EXT. BAR, LOS ANGELES - PRE-DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Marisol and Jess sprint down the dark, empty street.

Something clatters the the ground. Marisol's cell phone. She doesn't stop.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Go, go, go!

Several run after them, shouting, but soon turn back.

Marisol and Jess turn a corner and disappear.

ON THE CELL PHONE - it's cracked. A hand picks it up and pockets it.

INT. REGENT'S CHAMBERS - MORNING - SAME TIME

Patricia storms through the doorway, surrounded by attendants and advisors.

It's a huge circular room. A round, wooden table takes up a lot of it. Large framed photos line the walls.

On the far side, stairs lead up to red silk curtains. Two guards stand there. They are dressed like Henry's servant we saw earlier.

It's a regal place. Fit for a queen.

One of her advisors is clearly at the head of the rest. He is slim, alert, quick. Extremely well-dressed. 30s. His name is SCOTT BRACKETT.

BRACKETT

She has been taken into custody,  
Madam. But the Press knows--

PATRICIA

After everything I have done for  
that woman, she thinks she can toy  
with me like I'm not the one in  
command.

BRACKETT

But her word, your Highness, to the  
people a Prophetess's word is absolute  
Truth--

PATRICIA

I know that.

BRACKETT

We can't hold her here for long. It  
would only quicken the damage.

PATRICIA

I just want to talk to her, that's  
all.

Patricia paces back and forth, wringing her hands, looking to be on the verge of a panic. An ATTENDANT (12) offers her a glass of dark wine, Patricia all but shoves the girl away.

BRACKETT

We had a copy of her speech. For  
timing. It was different... It  
wasn't...

He trails off.

PATRICIA

No one blames you, Scott.

Patricia's pacing comes to an abrupt halt before a magnificent map of the country, it nearly takes up the whole wall.

It's America. But not as we'd recognize it. Instead of the states we know, thick black lines cross the map, clearly

dividing the country into 6 territories. Each territory has a person's name faintly etched across it.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

She is to be under watch at all times.  
She would never have done this when  
Philip was alive.

Patricia stares at the map, the room falls silent behind her. Brackett watches her closely.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

We need to calm the people. Draft a  
statement. This can still be saved.

She doesn't see Brackett shake his head. But he won't argue.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

If I can't stop this before it starts,  
there will be all-out war. It will  
rip this country apart. No one will  
be spared.

Her eyes drift from one name to the next.

To the West **Henry**, and within his borders, a floating territory under **Edward**. **Charles** and Henry share a border, Charles's territory extending across the entire North, including the Great Lakes.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

No one can "fight" for the throne.  
I am Regent. And I'm not dead yet.

Her eyes are next drawn lower to **Katherine**, over the heart of the country. Down further to the South under **Mary**, and up to the ornate star of the Capitol, and **Elizabeth's** name overlapping, encompassing all of the East Coast.

BRACKETT

Madam. Do you think your life is in  
danger?

PATRICIA

(too quick)  
No. Of course not.

Brackett stares at the back of her head, looking unconvinced. Patricia breathes in. Out.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(whispering)  
This can't be happening. This can't  
be happening. My babies.

EXT. KATHERINE'S HOME - DAY

Katherine's husband Eli stands on the wrap-around wooden porch, his back to the front door.

He has an old leather jacket zipped high against the chill.

His children run around on the brown grass below. Eli watches on, hands in the pockets of old jeans. Stiff. Nervous.

The wind moves the sea of grass which extends for miles on three sides. The city in the distance.

It's quiet but for the laughing of the children.

GUARDS can be seen at intervals along the barbed wire fences that mark the boundaries of the property.

Eli shifts on his feet. Checks his watch.

A MAN approaches Eli and stands beside him.

MAN

Sir.

ELI

Is it done?

MAN

Within minutes, sir.

Eli nods. He puts two fingers to his lips and whistles. The kids come running.

ELI

Back inside.

CHILD

Daddy!

ELI

No arguing. Come on.

He opens the door and they file in.

INT. HALLWAY, KATHERINE'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Eli and the kids all remove their coats and hang them on hooks along the wall of the hallway.

The television can be heard from the other room.

ELI (CONT'D)

Upstairs.

The children go obediently.

Eli walks down the hallway, towards the

INT. LIVING ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

He stops and peeks in.

Katherine sits cross-legged on the sofa, eyes glued to the television. A phone lies in her lap.

On the television screen is the same analyst from this morning, Tamara, being interviewed by the now nervous anchor. They sit in a studio.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

Unsurprisingly, all Consuls are refusing to issue any statements. Do you think the Regent's upcoming appearance can do anything to quell the rising panic?

TAMARA (O.S.)

No. It's too late and I'm sure she knows that as well as the rest of us.

ANCHOR (O.S.)

And what of these rumors of arrests in the West?

Katherine shifts restlessly, fiddles with the phone in her lap.

Katherine presses a button on the phone and the television screen dims. The sound is nearly completely muted and a message appears on the screen: "CALLING PATRICIA GREEN..."

Katherine looks nervous. She clears her throat with a slight cough. Sits up straighter.

Waits.

ON ELI:

Eli watches, tense. A moment passes. Another.

ON THE SCREEN:

CALL FAILED.

Katherine inspects the phone as the news feed volume comes back to normal.

She looks about to try again. Eli steps into the room.

ELI  
It's blocked.

KATHERINE  
She blocked me?

ELI  
No. I did.

KATHERINE  
What?

ELI  
I blocked all outgoing calls to other territories.

KATHERINE  
That wasn't your decision to make.  
Eli, we've talked about this.

He sits down next to her.

ELI  
Honey. Why would you try to call her?

KATHERINE  
She's my mother.

ELI  
You know you can't trust her.

Her expression is frozen cold.

KATHERINE  
Eli, I understand where you're coming from, but I know her.

ELI  
You're not taking this seriously.

KATHERINE  
Spare me your condescension. How am I supposed to talk to Jess now?

ELI  
The main line in the Comm room will remain open. You know we have people trying to find Jess. You and I will be the first to know.

Her anger loses some of its fire.

ELI (CONT'D)

We need to close our borders. There are reports that your brothers and sisters have taken dozens of our people under arrest already.

Katherine glances at the news feed.

KATHERINE

They said rumors... We have a fine border system.

ELI

The crossings are already overrun. Henry's people are terrified. Guess where they will want to come? And the Northerners?

Katherine nods.

KATHERINE

Fine. But make sure it's done with the proper procedures.

ELI

That will take days.

KATHERINE

So be it. I don't want anyone to start panicking.

He nods and leaves. She watches him go, holding the lifeless phone.

EXT. MILITARY HOLDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A black car with tinted windows pulls up to a magnificent black marble building.

Across the top of the large double doors: "NATIONAL MILITARY HOLDING, UNIT 111"

INT. MILITARY HOLDING, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

Patricia and a GUARD walk down a long hallway. It is well-lit and pristine, more like a hospital than a prison.

GUARD

She eats but doesn't talk. I think she's waiting for you.

They stop before a door and the guard presses his hand against a panel next to it. A click.

He turns the handle and pulls the door open. Patricia steps inside and is greeted with a laugh.

HEAD ORACLE (O.S.)  
Her Highness pays me a visit.

The door clicks shut.

Patricia looks round and sees the Head Oracle sitting on the floor against the wall just inside the door. Patricia steps back, like she might be snatched.

The Prophetess stands swiftly and with ease. The women face each other, silent.

PATRICIA  
You'll be released shortly.

HEAD ORACLE  
How kind of you.

Patricia walks around the small room, as if casually taking in a friend's interior design.

PATRICIA  
So what do you want?

HEAD ORACLE  
Excuse me?

PATRICIA  
Your words sparked widespread panic.  
I have to assume you did that for  
more than your own sick enjoyment.

HEAD ORACLE  
I have no agenda, Patricia.

Patricia gives her a look.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)  
I said what I did because the  
Goddesses told me to.

PATRICIA  
It's just us, Sybil. No one is  
listening. Tell me what you need  
and you'll get it. If you renounce  
your words we can still save this.

HEAD ORACLE  
There is nothing to renounce. I  
spoke the truth of our future. I'm  
sorry it's not the future you  
envisioned.

Patricia laughs.

PATRICIA  
Why are you still lying?

The Head Oracle looks affronted.

HEAD ORACLE  
My dear--

PATRICIA  
"Your Highness."

HEAD ORACLE  
Your Highness. I am the chosen  
spokesperson for the Goddesses Above.  
To communicate anything other than  
their will is blasphemy.

PATRICIA  
Enough. Just tell me why.

HEAD ORACLE  
The Goddesses will what they will.  
It is not my place, nor yours, to  
question them.

Patricia looks at her like she is a mad woman.

HEAD ORACLE (CONT'D)  
This is certain: your reign will  
come to an end. There is no "why."  
But the *when*, *where*, and certainly  
*how* is up to your darling sons and  
daughters.

PATRICIA  
You foul woman. You will destroy  
this country.

HEAD ORACLE  
It's been slowly destroying itself  
for centuries.

PATRICIA  
You're insane. You're a freak.

The Head Oracle shakes her head.

HEAD ORACLE  
It's funny--your children will be  
clawing at each other's throats soon.  
They care about power more than they  
care about you. Yet you still see  
me as the enemy.

PATRICIA

That's because this is your fault.

HEAD ORACLE

No. This is fate.

INT. MARISOL'S CAR, DESERT - DAY

Marisol drives a very nice black car with heavily tinted windows. Jess is slumped in the passenger seat. A lot of blood has dried on her forehead.

MARISOL

Still feel okay?

JESS

Thirsty. How far is the border?

MARISOL

Close now.

She pulls a water bottle from between the seats.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Not too much. That's the last of it.

Jess sips and caps it.

JESS

Have you seen Ed since the Rebellion?

Marisol shakes her head.

JESS (CONT'D)

Last time I was nine or ten. I've never actually been on the Inside, though. Mom always said it was too dangerous.

MARISOL

Ed is eccentric and has a questionable reputation, but he wouldn't hurt you. It is dangerous to travel through, though.

Another car pulls up alongside them. Jess doesn't hesitate. She unbuckles and sinks down in her seat, almost to the floor.

Marisol smiles.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

I'm glad you're so paranoid, but it's okay. They can't see you. The windows are really tinted.

The car passes them and speeds off up the highway.

Jess pushes herself back up.

JESS

This crossing...have you used it a lot?

MARISOL

Used to. Oh--look in the back. On the floor there should be a bandanna.

Jess twists in her seat to look through a pile of dirty clothes and other junk. She turns back with a filthy red bandanna pinched between her fingers.

JESS

You wear this?

MARISOL

It's my dog's. Tie that around your head.

Jess looks less than eager.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

You don't want anyone to see that you're bleeding. Not on the Inside.

JESS

Why?

MARISOL

All about perception with those people. And for the Goddesses' sake, change out of that dress.

JESS

Into what?

Marisol points to the back again.

EXT. DESERT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Marisol's car sails down the two-lane highway, cutting through the vast empty desert.

In the distance, we see a flat, sprawling ramshackle town butting up against a very high but crumbling stone wall.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, GRIFFITH PLACE - NIGHT

Henry sits at his desk, making notes on an official-looking document.

The door opens and his wife, ANET (early 40s) enters. No matter how exhausted she gets, she always has stellar posture, a cool face, and won't tolerate bullshit. And she's usually exhausted.

HENRY  
Sweetheart.

ANET  
No word from Marisol.

Henry sighs, clearly angry.

ANET (CONT'D)  
Yell at them tomorrow. I'm going upstairs.

Henry doesn't look up.

Anet hesitates, then steps closer, curious. Peers at the document.

ANET (CONT'D)  
Henry. What is this?

HENRY  
Our next step.

ANET  
What *is* it?

Henry reluctantly lets her pick it up. She scans it quickly. Her eyes widen in shock.

ANET (CONT'D)  
Henry... No.

HENRY  
Things are already too far gone.

ANET  
It's been one day. Everything will go to hell if you do this.

She stares at it. Disbelief.

HENRY  
These first few hours are the most important. We need to act before they do.

ANET

You're moving too fast. You think your brothers and sisters will take this lightly?

HENRY

We're making a firm statement of intent.

Anet holds up the document.

ANET

This isn't *intent*. This is action. You're not thinking this through. Why, Henry? Why would you?

He snatches the paper from her.

HENRY

Step off, Anet.

Anet stares at him like he's a mad man. Maybe he is.

ANET

Do you realize that if this piece of paper goes public, you are effectively declaring war on the rest of the country?

He hunches over the document once more. Discussion over.

Anet stands staring at him for a moment, then silently turns and walks out the door.

INT. HALL, GRIFFITH PLACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Once Henry's door closes behind her, Anet releases a deep shuddering breath.

She pulls out her phone. Selects a contact with shaking hands.

On screen: MARISOL MADERA.

Anet begins to climb the stairs.

One ring. Two. Three.

No answer.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. CLOSE ON TELEVISION SCREEN

A news feed. We are in a camera's POV. It's hand-held and shakes violently. Text in the corner of the screen reads **LIVE**.

The feed shows a city street. Mid-day. Hundreds, thousands of people, all over. Many of them hoist hand-made signs, some signs already lie trampled on the ground. The air is dark with smoke.

Shouting. Chanting.

One man turns to face the camera, he has a cardboard sign held high above his head. His eyes are mad as he shouts. The sign reads **LET US GO**. This is RAMIREZ (30s).

ANCHOR (V.O.)

The protesters have been demonstrating in the streets across Los Angeles since shortly after 8AM, when the announcement was made. Unfortunately there have been several arrests and injuries already.

Ramirez continues shouting, but the feed's audio is almost completely muted under the anchor's V.O.

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Western Consul has made no further comment on the military draft since the initial announcement this morning.

Other protesters are coming towards the camera now, crowding the space, thrusting their own signs into the shot.

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Many have already crossed over into The Inside, the Northern territories, and even the Plains. Analysts estimate thousands more are preparing to leave.

The camera backs away, the view dips, then rights itself again.

ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We have not seen such unrest in the West since the Boundary Shift and Rebellion of 2195.

The crowd keeps forcing itself forward, the camera keeps backing away. It dips again, we see the cameraman's boots.

Two blurred hands come in from both sides of the screen, someone is pulling the camera up, Ramirez's face comes into focus.

We hear him this time--

RAMIREZ

Listen to us! Listen to us. Henry Green. Recall the draft. Let us leave. You can't--

Sudden gun shots.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

We have word that the military has opened fire. Repeat, there have been gun shots.

Ramirez is shoved by someone running. He stumbles and falls.

The shouts become shrill, panicked.

The camera swings wide. A glimpse of uniformed military in riot gear atop a crumbling building.

The camera dips down. Running feet all around. A body hits the ground, lifeless. Then another.

Screaming.

We see Ramirez kneeling next to a lifeless body. He stands and begins to run.

The camera bounces violently as we follow Ramirez.

The feed cuts to black.

INT. HALL, CHARLES'S HOME - DAY

Charles walks with two other MEN in suits, down a long, white marble hallway.

He flips through a folder of papers as he walks.

MAN 1

The shores are covered, sir. On complete lock down. Trade is frozen.

MAN 2

The borders are quiet as well, sir. Last report was ten minutes ago.

Charles nods.

CHARLES

Any calls?

The men glance at each other to confirm.

MAN 1

No. None for you personally, sir.

CHARLES

My family?

MAN 1

No, sir.

They approach tall double doors, flanked by guards in uniform. One guard steps forward and opens the door for Charles and the men.

INT. BOARD ROOM, CHARLES'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An expansive white room. Not much in it but a long black marble table and a dozen men and women in suits and military uniforms, who cease talk immediately and stand as Charles enters.

Floor-to-ceiling windows allow a view of the snow-covered city sprawling below.

Charles walks to the opposite end of the table. He sits, his back to the window. The others take their seats again and immediately resume talking. Like they were never interrupted.

Pastries and elegant silver coffee pots line the middle of the table.

Charles carefully pours himself a cup of coffee. The men and women argue. It's loud, but as if from a different room. Muffled, muted.

Charles stares at the coffee directly in front of him. Steam rises.

He softly taps his fingers on the tabletop, one by one.

Two of the men are standing now, shouting across the table at one another. We can't hear them.

Charles slowly turns in his swivel chair until his back is to the rest.

He checks his watch. Then stares out the window.

EXT. MARISOL'S CAR, BORDER CROSSING - DESERT - DAY

Marisol and Jess sit in the car, well away from the road, engine off.

Before them, the small run-down town--a group of buildings, really--stacked up against a 50-foot-high stone wall. A few yards past the edge of the town is a large gated opening in the wall. The gates stand open.

A line of cars, and even people on foot, wait in several lines. There are many guards. Some stand watch. Others interview travelers, marking on clipboards.

Marisol opens her car door.

MARISOL

Come on.

Marisol gets out, Jess follows. Jess is now dressed in plain jeans and a black t-shirt. They each carry a bag.

JESS

Aren't you going to lock the car?

Marisol looks down at the keys in her hand. Then places them on the hood.

MARISOL

Let someone else have it.

EXT. TOWN, BORDER CROSSING - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

They approach the first building at the edge of the town, still well away from the gate. The voices of the crowd and guards are muffled.

MARISOL

I think it's this one.

Marisol walks along the wall of the building, looking for something.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Ha!

She pulls a woven cord out of the scrubby grass and gives it a sharp tug.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

They don't answer the door if you knock. You have to know to pull this. It rings the bell.

A small metal door slowly cracks open.

JESS

Are you sure about this?

MARISOL

Come on.

They hurry to the door and slip into

INT. JENSEN'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

And are greeted by two rifles in their faces.

MARISOL

Whoa.

The light is extremely dim. The rifles' owners can't be seen.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

We're here for Jensen.

VOICE

Name.

MARISOL

Marisol Medera.

The rifles lower. Someone switches on an overhead light.

Marisol laughs.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

Jensen, you fucking piece of shit.

She embraces a petite woman, JENSEN (40s). Her hair is pulled in a tight bun close to her head. She wears jean shorts and a wifebeater. Multiple cheap chunky necklaces and bracelets hang from her neck and wrists.

JENSEN

Maris. It has been a while. What do you need? I hope you brought cash.

MARISOL

I have a problem. Her name is Jess.

Jess steps forward.

JESS

Hi. Nice to meet you.

JENSEN

Okay...

MARISOL  
Jessalyn Green.

Jensen's eyes widen.

MARISOL (CONT'D)  
I need your help getting her Inside.  
All the way to Vegas. And no one  
can know.

INT. LIVING ROOM, EDWARD'S HOME - NIGHT

Bill watches the news. Body bags line a sidewalk. The ticker reads "Los Angeles. Live."

Bill has a phone pressed hard to his ear.

BILL  
Of course Ed wouldn't want it.

He listens very carefully.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Hang on, I can get you on the screen  
in a sec.

He presses a couple buttons on the phone and Henry's face suddenly appears as a transparent overlay on the news feed.

BILL (CONT'D)  
There you are, gorgeous. Talks like  
this should always be man-to-man.  
Or at least face-to-face.

Henry's semitransparent face smiles. The gruesome feed shines through him.

HENRY  
I'll come out there if I need to.

BILL  
Please don't trouble yourself.

HENRY  
Where is my brother?

BILL  
Sleeping. Fucking. Who cares.

HENRY  
My brother hates his family, he hates  
politics, I think he even hates power.  
But he loves you. Why?

BILL

I'm lovable.

HENRY

Because you let him act like the child he is. He had a few too many fevers growing up...cooked his brain.

Bill doesn't answer.

HENRY (CONT'D)

How much would it take for you to say yes?

BILL

Let's go another route. What would you do to us if I said no?

HENRY

You can't be trying to negotiate. You have no army, just a collection of drug lords, smugglers, and whores. Your borders are *within* mine, for love of the Above.

BILL

I want to hear it.

HENRY

Fine. I'll kill you all.

Bill sips his drink, considers Henry's face on the screen before him.

BILL

It wouldn't be easy, you know.

Henry laughs.

HENRY

Yes. I do know. You--and Ed, I guess--did quite a bit of damage last time around.

Bill smiles nostalgically. Tipping his drink at the news feed--

BILL

You seem to be doing plenty of damage all by yourself.

Henry rolls his eyes.

HENRY

Look. I don't want to lose any of my men if I don't have to. Not over your shit hole. The outcome will be the same either way, so let's make the deal and skip the bloodshed.

BILL

What deal's that?

HENRY

Offer me a public alliance. More importantly, help me win. And I will turn your deserts into a real territory. You'll have money, laws, power. A trained military. Whoever you need to help run it, I will provide.

BILL

Alliance? Or allegiance?

No answer.

BILL (CONT'D)

What do you get?

HENRY

Your oil. And a brother on my side.

BILL

We'll be in your control forever. You'll own us.

Henry flashes his pearly whites.

HENRY

That too.

Bill downs the rest of his drink. He pushes himself to his feet, weary.

BILL

Let me get him.

He crosses the room to a closed door. He grabs the handle--locked.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ed, you have a call.

Ed opens the door. It's the bedroom we saw earlier. Ed is in only boxers. The room is dim with smoke.

BILL (CONT'D)  
It's your brother.

EDWARD  
Fuck him.

He turns and begins to close the door again. Pauses.

EDWARD (CONT'D)  
Which brother?

BILL  
Henry.

EDWARD  
(affirmative)  
Fuck him.

Bill puts out a hand to stop the door from closing.

BILL  
Ed. You'll want to take this one.

Edward sighs.

EDWARD  
What do you want me to say?

BILL  
Just say yes.

INT. DINING ROOM, GRIFFITH PLACE - NIGHT

End-of-day bustle. Men and women in uniform rush with folders, mugs of tea, platters of sandwiches, many copies of the same newspaper.

Anet sits solitary and still at the dining room table.

She sips her tea carefully, eyes scan an unwrinkled newspaper.

The headline: "HUNDREDS FLEE AMID PROTESTS"

Anet turns as Henry enters, pristine in a gray suit.

She slides the tea pot to him. He waves it away. Reaches for a sandwich.

Anet sips her tea, watches him. He chews his sandwich, contemplatively looking out the window.

HENRY  
I've got Ed.

Anet looks apprehensive.

ANET

Good.

HENRY

You know I'm surprised Mary hasn't declared.

ANET

I'm surprised you haven't. Officially.

HENRY

We're not ready to close the borders. However I did communicate to Bill my first request.

She keeps her face impassive.

ANET

Oh?

HENRY

Marisol and Jess.

Anet looks surprised.

ANET

Are they there?

HENRY

They were last seen attacking someone while leaving the bar. They ran for it. And I know Maris. She would run to the deserts.

ANET

Why do you think they're running at all? They're probably just laying low somewhere until they can make it back.

HENRY

They're running because I need Jess. And Maris will have guessed that by now.

ANET

What do you mean?

HENRY

Leverage. With Katherine.

ANET

Leverage?

(MORE)

ANET (CONT'D)

You are never going to get anything out of that woman. Especially not with threats on her children.

Henry rubs his jaw, lost in thought.

HENRY

This is treason you know. For Maris I mean.

Anet puts down her cup. Hard.

ANET

Henry.

He looks at her--what?

ANET (CONT'D)

Don't be ridiculous. Jess is family. Marisol might as well be. Just a couple days ago you were going to take her shooting.

HENRY

Things change, darling.

ANET

Why did you even invite Jess to stay?

He shrugs casually.

It starts to dawn on Anet.

ANET (CONT'D)

No. You knew... You knew, didn't you?

HENRY

Of course not.

ANET

You did. She's not just leverage now. She's been a hostage all along. How did you know?

HENRY

I didn't. Darling. If that were true, why would I have let Jess go out with Maris?

ANET

Because you never thought Maris would betray you.

Henry walks to the window and looks out at the lawns.

ANET (CONT'D)

What will you do, have Ed snatch them at the border?

UNDER THE TABLE - Anet texts Marisol.

SUPER - Text Message: **Don't go to Ed. Run.**

HENRY

No. Maris would fight, cause a scene. We'll just wait until they get to Vegas. I don't want it out in the public.

ANET

I thought the whole point was to show the public that you have a hostage.

He laughs and turns back to her.

Anet slips her phone back into her pocket.

HENRY

Only her parents. The whole country doesn't need to know.

He leaves his unfinished sandwich on the platter, brushes his hands of crumbs, and leaves Anet alone again.

She sips her tea for a moment. Nearly spills as she sets it down.

Anet grabs a passing WOMAN in a business suit. She points at the crumbs Henry left.

ANET

Clean that up.

WOMAN

Yes, Madam.

Anet watches as the woman puts down her folders and bends to clean up the crumbs.

INT. COMM ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - NIGHT - LATER

Katherine sits at the large conference table. She is alone.

Projected on the wall in front of her are the faces of Mary and Charles, videoing in. They are mid-discussion.

CHARLES

Do you expect him to give her up?  
That's a very valuable hostage.

KATHERINE

Who even said she's a hostage?

Charles just shrugs.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Mary, you have to help me.

MARY

How?

KATHERINE

Talk to him. Please.

MARY

Oh stop. You need to wake up. This  
is happening. This is real.

CHARLES

She knows it's real--

MARY

If she did she wouldn't have called  
this ridiculous meeting.

KATHERINE

We don't have to fight each other,  
Mary.

MARY

Maybe we didn't. But we are.

KATHERINE

It's not too late to stop. We're  
family.

MARY

Family is a word.

Charles looks down, but remains stoic.

Katherine is trying not to cry.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh, sweet K. You've always been.  
Sweet, I mean. You think a locked  
door keeps the bad guys out. Locks  
can be broken. Boundaries can be  
crossed. You're not safe. Not even  
at home. Definitely not with your  
family.

Katherine looks at a loss for words.

MARY (CONT'D)  
Except maybe with Charles. He *is*  
actually pretty harmless.

She laughs into their silence.

KATHERINE  
Why did you even attend this council?

MARY  
To see who the weakest players were.

Charles looks up at this.

MARY (CONT'D)  
You won't be able to contact me again.

KATHERINE  
What?

MARY  
I'm closing my borders.

KATHERINE  
Are you declaring?

MARY  
Well.

KATHERINE  
Please don't. Mary.

She really is crying now.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Please just help me.

MARY  
Goodbye, K.

KATHERINE  
Mary, it's my *daughter*.

Mary's connection cuts. Charles quickly follows.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Mary!

On Katherine's stunned face, we

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KITCHEN, JENSEN'S HOME - DAY

Morning.

Jess and Marisol sit around an upturned crate serving as a table, knees knocking. They sip coffee from paper cups.

Jensen enters and holds up a cell phone.

JENSEN

Found one. Its owner wants it back pronto.

MARISOL

I don't even know if she'll be awake yet.

JENSEN

And who is 'she' anyway?

MARISOL

My friend.

JENSEN

Uh-huh. Okay. I know now that this call isn't about feeding your dog.

Marisol holds out her hand for the phone.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

Just make it quick.

EXT. SIDE YARD, JENSEN'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Marisol dials. Bounces on her feet. Jittery.

INT. BEDROOM, GRIFFITH PLACE - DAY

Anet lays in bed. The bedroom curtains are drawn against the morning sun.

A near-empty glass of white wine stands forgotten amid stacks of books on the cluttered bedside table.

The television glows in the dimness. Anet stares at it dully.

A buzzing from somewhere. Anet starts, then frantically rummages through the clutter on the bedside table. She finds her phone. Nope. Not ringing.

She pulls open the table drawer and pulls out another phone. Hesitates briefly at the unfamiliar number, then answers.

ANET

Yes.

MARISOL (O.S.)

(on phone)

Anet.

ANET

Marisol?

INT. JENSEN'S HOME - DAY - SAME TIME

Marisol releases a half-laugh, half-sigh.

MARISOL

Hi.

INT. BEDROOM, GRIFFITH PLACE - DAY - SAME TIME

Cut between Marisol and Anet as needed.

Anet crosses to her bedroom door and locks it.

ANET

Are you okay? Do you have Jess?

MARISOL

Yes. We're fine.

ANET

Where are you? I've texted, I've called.

MARISOL

Across the border. Lost my phone in the very beginning. We're with friends now.

Anet sits down on the bed, relieved.

ANET

I'm surprised this call even got through. Where are you going? What's the plan?

MARISOL

Ed.

ANET

No. Don't.

MARISOL

Why?

ANET

Henry has him.

MARISOL

Already?

ANET

Go to Charles. He hasn't gotten involved yet. Traveling through the Inside is still the safest way. But stay far away from Vegas. And hurry.

MARISOL

Okay.

ANET

Maris. I'm scared for you.

Marisol breathes deep.

MARISOL

Don't. I'm fine.

A beat.

ANET

We shouldn't talk long.

MARISOL

I know. I had to hear your voice.

ANET

I had to hear yours.

MARISOL

Just focus on taking care of yourself. Henry...

ANET

I know. It's bad.

Anet shuts her eyes against incoming tears.

ANET (CONT'D)

What I would have given to have gone with you.

Marisol's grip on the phone tightens.

MARISOL

I love you.

ANET

Me too.

Voices approach outside the door.

ANET (CONT'D)

I have to go.

MARISOL

Okay.

ANET

Goodbye.

Marisol stays on the line until the call ends.

She takes a deep steadying breath.

INT. JENSEN'S HOME - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jess is poking at some scrambled eggs when Marisol comes back in.

JESS

Everything okay?

MARISOL

Yeah.

JESS

Is it safe to be using phones at all? Can't they listen in or something?

Marisol isn't listening.

MARISOL

What?

Jensen exchanges a plate of food for the phone.

JENSEN

Here. Eat up. We ration.

MARISOL

Thanks.

JENSEN

I don't want to sound inhospitable, but we need you to leave. Today.

MARISOL

Today? Jensen, come on. I promise, we don't really eat that much.

JENSEN

If it was just you, it'd be different.  
(MORE)

JENSEN (CONT'D)

But this girl is too much of a liability. It's making my people antsy.

JESS

I'm sorry--

Marisol waves her off.

MARISOL

It's fine. Does this mean you found us a car?

Jensen nods.

JENSEN

The cash sure helped me argue your case. It's not the most reliable we have, but we're keeping that one for emergencies. It should get you to Vegas though.

MARISOL

Actually...bit of a change of plans.

Jess looks up.

JENSEN

What?

MARISOL

Can it get us to the Northern territory?

EXT. CHAPEL - DAY

Charles and attendants walk up the snowy stairs of a huge church. Reporters swarm them, but can't quite get to Charles.

One reporter lingers at the edge of the crowd, near a guard.

She wears an inconspicuous black overcoat, but her bright red hair gives her away -- Tamara Tallery, the analyst from earlier.

She steps right up to a guard after Charles passes. In the crowd, no one sees her pass something into his hand.

He steps forward. She slips behind him and through the doors.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

Tamara stands with others in a pew at the rear of the chapel. She has a good view of the back of Charles's head.

The entire congregation is chanting along to the beat of many drums. An Oracle stands at the pulpit, leading the chant, eyes closed, hands lifted to the heavens.

Tamara tries to mouth along. She doesn't know the words.

It ends and everyone sits. Tamara takes a moment to follow.

ORACLE

And thus, as the man of the water became king of all, so we must be of water and of earth. Compassionate yet strong in our faith, strong in our family, strong in our deeds. Truly.

CONGREGATION

Truly.

Tamara is a half-second late. The Oracle raises a hand, palm toward the crowd.

ORACLE

Go in unity.

The congregation begins to exit. Tamara focuses her attention on Charles, who speaks with a small group at the front. Finally, he turns. She catches his eye. And smiles.

INT. CHAPEL - DAY - LATER

Charles and Tamara stand before a large wooden altar at the head of the empty church. His attendants and guards stand respectfully out of earshot.

CHARLES

You're brave.

TAMARA

Press is still guaranteed safe passage.

CHARLES

For now. Why have you come?

TAMARA

I came to work for you.

CHARLES

Indeed. What happened to Autonomy of the Press?

TAMARA

You know everyone has an owner. I want a new owner.

CHARLES

Why do you think I would take you on?

TAMARA

I hear you're still refusing to make any sort of move.

Charles's lips are sealed.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

You care about this land more than its people. That's a problem. They won't fight for you.

CHARLES

My intention is that they won't have to.

TAMARA

You've had your head in the snow so long that you don't even know what it's like out there. Henry has a lot of power and a lot of people.

CHARLES

He'll go after Katherine. She's weak.

TAMARA

He has her daughter. Katherine isn't going anywhere. He'll come for you first. Your people are almost as feral as the Deserts. Where is your power if it's not in them?

He is silent.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

I can get the people back on your side. I can make them love their home.

CHARLES

Propaganda won't make them fight for me.

TAMARA

If you change the conditions around the people, you change the people.

CHARLES

I'd rather be honest with my people.

She laughs.

TAMARA

Okay.

CHARLES

I still don't understand why you're here.

TAMARA

The heat down South was getting to be too much. I have delicate skin.

She tugs on a strand of red hair.

CHARLES

It's January.

TAMARA

Then let's just say I missed you.

Charles's expression hardens.

She rolls her eyes.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

A joke.

CHARLES

This was always the problem with you. I don't want to play games.

Charles beckons one of his attendants.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

See Ms. Tallery gets safely home. She has her papers, I assume. I'll wire the permissions.

TAMARA

Charles!

CHARLES

(to attendant)

And I mean personally see her to her front door.

TAMARA

Charles, listen to me.

The attendant makes to take Tamara's arm. She shakes him off.

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Fine. I've spent the past ten years looking over my shoulder.

(MORE)

TAMARA (CONT'D)

Just yesterday I was cut out of a segment and threatened in the studio. Threatened! Said something they didn't like, I guess. But to threaten my freedom? It's bad out there, Charles. Really bad. I'm here because it's the safest place.

CHARLES

I thought this was about you wanting to help me. Not a plea for asylum.

TAMARA

Can't it be both? I have no one else and neither do you.

CHARLES

I have professionals.

This stings.

TAMARA

They don't know what I know.

Her tone stops him. He searches her face.

CHARLES

What?

Her eyes flash to the attendant.

TAMARA

I'll tell you if you let me stay.

The attendant waits, stone-faced. Charles finally waves him off.

CHARLES

I'll put you up for two days. That's it.

TAMARA

Fine.

CHARLES

But I don't trust you.

TAMARA

I know. You will.

EXT. GRIFFITH PLACE - DAY

A shouting crowd of people outside the beautiful and forbidding gates of Henry's personal property.

Inside the gates, sprawling green grass, ponds, walkways.  
Beyond, Henry's towering mansion.

The demonstrators jump up and down. The crowd seems to  
physically pulse. They all chant the same thing.

CROWD

Let us go! Let us go! Let us go!

Many in the crowd are holding up weapons. Guns. Knives.

Guards in riot gear, a long line two men deep, stand between  
the crowd and the gate.

Near the center of the group is RAMIREZ from the earlier  
protests, hoisted high on others' shoulders. He proudly  
holds a rifle in both hands, shouting along with the others,  
red-faced. He is covered in dirt and blood.

The chanting gets louder, the jumping gains speed and height.

The guards are jostled but stand their ground.

Back on Ramirez. He beckons to his friend, who hands him a  
megaphone.

RAMIREZ

(into megaphone)

Henry Green!

The crowd quiets enough to hear him.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(into megaphone)

Hear us. You will not treat us as  
slaves. You do not own our lives.

Someone hands him something from below. Ramirez takes it.  
It is a burning piece of paper.

RAMIREZ (CONT'D)

(into megaphone)

This is my draft.

He holds it aloft. The paper quickly burns to ashes.

The crowd roars.

Before Ramirez can continue, several guards rush him from  
behind. The people holding him are tackled and he falls  
heavily to the ground.

A boot kicks him hard in the head.

Hands roughly lift him up. Handcuff him.

He is led away, stumbling, bleeding. The crowd charges the gate in rage as we--

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE, GRIFFITH PLACE - DAY - SAME TIME

Strikingly peaceful in here. Henry watches Ramirez's arrest play out on his television screen. His wheels are turning.

His door bangs open. Anet enters.

ANET

Are you seeing this?

HENRY

Yes.

ANET

You have to do something!

HENRY

I will.

ANET

Recall the draft.

HENRY

I can't.

ANET

You have to. Look what it's done!

HENRY

They did that.

ANET

"They" are your people.

HENRY

Exactly. Mine.

ANET

If you think of them as such, then you have no right being their leader.

She cuts herself off, bracing for his anger.

But Henry only shakes his head. As if he is not even listening.

HENRY

This is a rough transition for everyone. In time they will settle.

ANET

You don't have time.

He looks at her, absorbing this.

HENRY

You're right.

He grabs his desk phone.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

That man who was just arrested.  
Their leader? Take him to the  
Downtown brig.

Hangs up.

ANET

Henry.

He stands.

HENRY

I need to make a statement.

INT. REGENT'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Patricia sits at the table. She looks exhausted and her clothes are wrinkled. Low afternoon winter sun beams through a large window. She sits just out of the rays.

The Regent slowly stirs a cup of tea. The spoon softly CLINKS on the edges of the glass.

PATRICIA

I remember before.

Scott Brackett, ever so elegantly dressed and alert, sits across the table from her, PAPERS and TABLETS spread across the gleaming wood.

BRACKETT

Madam?

PATRICIA

Before the Divide. I know, I'm older  
than I look.

They share a smile.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Of course I was just a child. I  
didn't understand.

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I didn't know why I wouldn't be able to see my cousins in the South anymore. Or why we wouldn't be visiting the Northern Lakes in the summer. It was 1 place, and then...it was 6.

BRACKETT

Did they not tell you why?

PATRICIA

Oh, they did. It meant little to me. We lived in a tiny town, and it was my entire world. My parents and my brother.

BRACKETT

But the borders never actually closed. You weren't really cut off.

PATRICIA

True. But if you put fences around a place and call someone Leader, people start identifying themselves by where they live in a way they didn't before...it becomes too deep of a divide.

She looks sad.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

Our country is truly split. Henry and Mary have closed their borders. The others will follow suit soon.

BRACKETT

This is not what the Divide was for.

She nods agreement.

PATRICIA

Once we thought it would save the country. Contain a problem. What do you do when the boundaries are the problem?

Patricia's eyes go to the framed pictures on the wall.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

You know the last time all of the kids were here, together with me, was at Philip's funeral. I wonder if they resent me. I've wondered since then.

BRACKETT  
Surely they don't. For what?

PATRICIA  
I don't have the bloodline. I know  
Henry doesn't feel I am fit to hold  
the seat.

Off of Brackett's dubious look--

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
He told me as much.

BRACKETT  
Your people know you are fit, Madam.

Patricia smiles at him.

PATRICIA  
Thank you.

BRACKETT  
What should we do?

PATRICIA  
You know we really only have one  
choice.

BRACKETT  
Elizabeth.

Patricia nods.

PATRICIA  
Elizabeth.

INT. COMM ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - DAY

Katherine watches the news alone at the conference table.

Eli enters.

ELI  
They said you asked for me. What are  
you doing in here?

She nods at the screen.

KATHERINE  
Keeping the kids from all this.

ELI  
What's happening?

KATHERINE

Henry is making some sort of announcement. Probably a statement about the riots. It's on every channel.

Eli takes a seat next to her.

The screen shows a large outdoor stage in Downtown Los Angeles. A huge crowd surrounds it. Henry stands a ways back from the podium. A few people flit around him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAGE, LOS ANGELES - DAY - SAME TIME

Ramirez, still handcuffed, is led onto the stage.

Henry approaches the podium.

He clears his throat. The crowd quiets.

HENRY

My people. We all know these past few days have been hard. Very hard on all of us. I hear you. Firstly, yes, I drafted you. Why? Because if we don't fight then we will be destroyed. To fight we need men. Already the other Consuls are scheming against us. I've closed the borders--

Murmurs rise from the crowd.

He raises his voice above them.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Because we need to stick together. It's called loyalty.

RAMIREZ

Fuck you!

He beckons the guards to bring Ramirez forward.

HENRY

This man is not loyal--

RAMIREZ

You can't make us fight them. Those are our brothers. Our countrymen--

The guards wrestle a gag over his mouth. Ramirez yells against the gag, his eyes filled with hate.

HENRY  
Your countrymen?

He laughs.

The crowd is dead silent.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
No.  
(gesturing to the  
crowd)  
*These* are your countrymen.

He puts a hand to his heart.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
And I am your country.

Suddenly, Henry pulls his gun from his hip, steps back from the podium, and shoots Ramirez in the head.

Many in the crowd scream.

Henry calmly holsters his gun. He surveys his terrified people.

His voice is clear. It cuts through the air.

HENRY (CONT'D)  
If you don't fight for your country,  
then you are no longer part of your  
country. You are the enemy. Enemies  
will die.

CUT TO:

INT. COMM ROOM, KATHERINE'S HOME - DAY - SAME TIME

Katherine and Eli sit stunned. Katherine slowly lowers her hands from her open mouth. Clearly shocked.

KATHERINE  
I can't believe it.

ELI  
He's created a dictatorship.

KATHERINE  
Eli.

They look at each other.

Age of America "Pilot"

Amy Ripley 60.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

Jess is still in there.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CLOSE ON TELEVISION SCREEN

A news feed. Stock footage of Katherine. Stock footage of Henry.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

Katherine Green's sudden alliance with the West has shocked the country this evening. The announcement came only hours after a public execution carried about by the Western Consul himself.

A gruesome replay of the execution.

It cuts to footage of a press conference. A man in a suit talks to reporters.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Many speculate whether Katherine Green and her family have been threatened by the West.

A photo of Katherine's family comes up on the screen. It zooms in on her, her arm around Jess's shoulders.

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

There are rumors that her daughter and heir Jessalyn Green was inside the Western borders at the time of the Proclamation. Henry Green has declined to confirm her current whereabouts, saying only that Jessalyn is "safe."

EXT. JENSEN'S HOME - DAY

Marisol and Jess stand just outside the back door, bags packed, facing a small alley. Marisol checks her watch.

They each sip a water.

MARISOL

Did I ever tell you how I almost ran away once?

JESS

What? When?

MARISOL

Henry had just married Anet. I was 14 or so. Just old enough to be unhappy. I had this image of myself in my mind. Earning a living. Working on a farm. Eating a meal of only things I grew myself. You know. A simple, honest life.

JESS

You wanted to be a farmer.

Marisol laughs.

MARISOL

Yeah.

JESS

Why didn't you go?

Marisol chews her lip a second.

MARISOL

I planned it out for more than a year. I really was gonna do it. And then there was a girl.

Marisol takes a long drink of her water. Empties it.

MARISOL (CONT'D)

That girl was...dynamic. I don't just mean she was bold or exciting. Dynamic like...man, she was changing all the time. Every time I saw her she was different. She was obsessed with these books about the melting glaciers. Do you know what a glacier is?

Jess shakes her head.

JESS

What happened to her?

MARISOL

She left. I probably would have gone with her if she had thought to say goodbye.

JESS

Is that the girl you were calling?

MARISOL

No.

(MORE)

MARISOL (CONT'D)

(laughing)  
Different girl.

JESS

So is that why you're helping me?  
An excuse to run away?

Marisol twists to look at Jess.

MARISOL

That's a dumb question. Why wouldn't  
I help you? You're my family.

JESS

Not by blood.

MARISOL

Blood? Look what your blood has  
done for you.

JESS

I'm serious. You could have just  
let them take me in.

MARISOL

No. I couldn't.

A car pulls up in front of them.

JESS

I guess this is us.

Jensen gets out and tosses the keys to Marisol.

JENSEN

Good luck.

Marisol doesn't let her just walk by. She pulls Jensen in  
for a hug.

MARISOL

Thank you so much. Really.

Jensen pulls away. She grimaces.

JENSEN

Ahhh...fuck. Maris. Look.

MARISOL

What?

JENSEN

I wasn't even gonna tell you this.  
But I feel like I have to.

MARISOL

Okay.

JENSEN

We're gonna have to call this in.

JESS

What?

MARISOL

Fuck, Jensen. Really? You "have to"?

JENSEN

How much do you think Henry has on your heads? I can guess.

MARISOL

You want money that bad, huh? You'd sell me out that easy?

JENSEN

Look. I'm gonna give you a good head start. But someone as valuable as that girl... If I don't report this, one of my people will. It will be too huge of a fucking mess for me to clean up. I could even be arrested.

MARISOL

So you'll contain it.

JENSEN

Yes.

JESS

And get a paycheck in the process.

JENSEN

It's a perk, kid.

Marisol turns away.

MARISOL

Fine. Do what you gotta do. Come on, Jess.

JENSEN

You have 24 hours.

INT. CAR - DAY

Marisol and Jess speed away from the town.

MARISOL

If Henry finds you, you're dead. If he finds me, I'm dead. I'm sorry, Jess. I was stupid to come here.

JESS

So we run.

MARISOL

We run. But we're sticking to the plan. Charles first. Then to your family, if we're lucky. If we don't stop, we could make it in a few days.

JESS

I think I know a way through my parents' borders.

Marisol looks impressed.

MARISOL

Okay. That's definitely something. Let's do this.

INT. EDWARD'S HOME - NIGHT

Ed and Bill each recline on a matching sofa across from one another. The news is on the large screen. It's muted, but we see a religious segment is on. The feed shows a crowd of people holding hands and chanting at some sort of shrine outside a church. Several people stand before them, drumming the beat of the chant.

EDWARD

You'd think after so many Proclamations turned out false they would stop believing.

BILL

Gives them hope.

EDWARD

For?

BILL

A better life? Change is usually good.

EDWARD

She's a drug addict and insane.

BILL

Sure enough.

Bill swirls the ice cubes in his glass.

BILL (CONT'D)

Did I ever tell you about the girl who came by on New Year's Day? Years and years ago...you were only 13 or 14.

EDWARD

No.

BILL

It was only an hour after the Proclamation. Typical stuff... optimism, promises, yeah, whatever. I left you here with the staff, went out to a friend's hangout. So we're sitting, shooting the shit, when there's a knock at the door. Latecomer like me, I thought.

EDWARD

Yeah.

BILL

My buddy gets up. The knocking turns into a pounding. Just frantic. We hear crying. Open the door and this girl, 16 maybe, just falls inside. Like she poured into the room. Right onto the floor. Shaking. Sobbing. "I'm going to die. I'm going to die."

EDWARD

What was wrong with her?

BILL

Nothing. She seemed perfectly healthy. Just scared out of her wits. We kept expecting a murderer to charge in after her. But nothing we said or did would calm her. Kept on crying, screaming, telling us she was going to die. Finally we put her in a bedroom with some food and water so we could have some peace, figure out what to do. After a bit, someone went to check on her. She was gone. Out the window.

EDWARD

Yeah?

BILL

The next day they found her. Dead on the side of the road.

Ed sits up, swings his feet around to face Bill.

EDWARD

From what?

Bill shrugs. Takes a drink.

BILL

No trace on her. Just dropped stone  
cold dead.

EDWARD

That's impossible.

Bill shrugs again.

Ed sits in silence, mulling this.

BILL

I'm not saying the Oracle is right.  
But I won't say she's wrong either.  
Ed. Look at me.

Ed does.

BILL (CONT'D)

Do not underestimate the prophecy of  
a mad woman. That girl years ago  
was mad. She was. But, Ed... she  
was also right.

INT. KATHERINE'S HOME - NIGHT

Katherine and Eli stand side-by-side in front of a door  
leading off of the main hallway. It leads to the basement.

ELI

I'm not going to try and change your  
mind.

KATHERINE

Good.

ELI

It's too late anyway.

KATHERINE

It is.

ELI

But I have to say something.

KATHERINE

Okay.

ELI

This is too risky. I don't think we'll be able to hide this. And the strides we make with them now won't make up for the ruin that will come after.

Katherine opens her mouth but he holds up a hand.

ELI (CONT'D)

But if we get Jess back, this will all be worth it. And I will follow you no matter what.

Katherine nods. He follows her down the stairs, pulling the door shut behind them.

INT. BASEMENT, KATHERINE'S HOME - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Preceded by the glow of their flashlights, Katherine and Eli walk through the dark basement. At the far corner, Katherine squats and pulls a ring of keys from her pocket.

There is a trap door in the floor. Katherine unlocks it. Eli pulls it open. It's heavy.

Katherine steps back and waits with Eli.

From the depths emerges a head. Shoulders. And out climbs the Head Oracle.

KATHERINE

Welcome, Your Honor.

HEAD ORACLE

Your Highness.

Eli gives a stiff half-bow.

ELI

Where are your guards?

HEAD ORACLE

They're coming.

ELI

Brave, to come up first, and alone.

HEAD ORACLE

I'm not afraid of anybody.

KATHERINE

Good. Let's get started.

Age of America "Pilot"

Amy Ripley 69.

Off of the Head Oracle's smile, we

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW