

WORSE THAN NAZIS

Written by

CHRISTOPHER BLAIR HARMON

Email Address darkmarktwain@yahoo.com
Phone Number 480 251 4827

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

TECHNO MUSIC pulsates off the walls of the brightly colored club. It's packed but people manage to find a way to dance. 'LATTE' LATTIMER (20's), skips up to the bar with a big fruity drink in hand.

In past days, she might be described as mulatto. Fluffy brown hair bounces off her shoulders. Playfulness in her step, she wears denim overalls and a fedora. She greets her friends of the same age.

BROMBERG and HUNTER hug her. They wear men's make-up and seem more like sisters to Latte. Their colorful outfits and painted fingernails do not stand out in this crowd.

CHERRY launches herself into Latte's arms and almost spills her drink as a kiss takes her off guard. They laugh and hug. The music is so loud they nearly have to shout to each other.

LATTE

My favorite girls. What brings you
bitches outta the house?

HUNTER

For your information, Miss Thing,
we just got a new kitten.

Bromberg jumps a little and squeals.

BROMBERG

Oh you should see him. He's the
cutest thing.

Hunter fumbles with his phone, then brings up a pic to show his friends. Latte studies their faces as they beam with joy and happiness.

CHERRY

I know how important it is to have
a sweet pussycat in your life.

She squeezes Latte's butt, which makes her jump a bit. Latte playfully slaps her hand.

LATTE

People are so grabby here. Might
as well be at a straight bar.

CHERRY

Ah, you love it.

Latte winks at her, then raises her glass in a toast, and her friends do the same.

LATTE

Here's to good friends, freedom to
be who we want ... And the sexiest
kitten in all of Florida.

As Latte raises her glass higher, it suddenly shatters.

BROMBERG

Whoa.

LATTE

Cherry, did you do that? Not
funny.

CHERRY

Wasn't me.

They look around at the club. The crowd, with panic faces,
run towards the back door. The bartender, wide eyed, points
to the front door. Suddenly he is knocked into the bottles
of booze behind him. Bullet holes spew blood from his chest.

LATTE

Run!

The gun-blasts are heard clearer now. They see people fall
down as blood squirts from wounds.

The boys push them to the back exit. Their bodies shield the
girls as they run through the door. Just before they reach
outside, Bromberg and Hunter are shot in the back.

Latte and Cherry see it all as the crowd surge, pushes her
away from them. Their out-reached arms, plead for help from
the girls, but they are pushed outdoors.

LATTE (CONT'D)

No. Please God, no!

Latte tries to hold her ground and stretches her hand out to
them, but they are no longer in view.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Latte and Cherry fight tears as they run away with the club's
patrons to a safer distance away. They stop and try to catch
their breath as sirens wail in the background. Cherry weeps
in her arms.

Latte looks to the stars in the clear sky above. As she
wipes some blood from Cherry's clothes, she glances to the
side. The PULSE NIGHTCLUB sign still stands proudly, as the
sirens get louder. She hugs Cherry tighter as tears fall.

SPECIAL EFFECT : The piercing sound of the police sirens, morphs into the sound of a ringing cell phone.

INT. LATTE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the faint glow of a night-light, the paintings and posters on the walls reflect beaches, oceans and the University of Central Florida. On an opposite wall, by itself, is a poster for the PULSE nightclub.

A cellphone on the night-stand lights up and rings. Finally the mound under the bed-sheets moves. A brown, female hand, clumsily grips it and pulls it to her ear. Eyes still closed, matted hair, she speaks in a groggy voice ...

LATTE

Yeah, speak.

As she listens, her eyebrows furl and she rubs her face.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Jesus, when is this gonna end?

She flutters her eyes open and sit upright on the edge of the bed. Latte, slightly older, takes a deep breath, still listening.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Okay, I'll get ready. Bye.

Latte looks at the clock, it reads. 4:41 AM. She weeps to herself at the edge of the bed. From under the blanket, Cherry stirs awake and gauges the scene.

CHERRY

Again?

Nodding, 'yes'. They embrace each other, No words needed.

EXT. HIGH RISE CONDO - NIGHT

The doorman smiles and steps to the side as Latte passes him. She returns the greeting. Now dressed in high-end office clothes, she stands out front for a moment, then a limo pulls up to the curb. Latte gets in the back of the luxury car.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

PRIMA (20's) brushes the long, black hair from her face as she watches Latte enter. Prima's lap is covered with her phone, notebooks and her I-pad.

PRIMA

Good morning, boss. Sorry we have to cover another one of these.

She hands Latte some paperwork and photos. Latte looks at a few pics, then shakes her head with sadness.

LATTE

How many?

PRIMA

Fourteen, so far. Yes, assault rifle. Yes, he killed himself.

Latte turns to the side, eyes blank as she looks out of the window. Prima studies her.

LATTE

Seems the frequency is increasing every month. Does my reporting encourage this shit or what? I don't get it.

PRIMA

Latte, don't think about how the psychos react. Your empathy and energy is needed by the survivors. Unfortunately, you've been there.

As she turns to face Prima, a sole tear streams down Latte's face. Prima hands her a tissue.

LATTE

Been there. Still there. I just wish I could stop it all, somehow. These shooters. I hope they rot in hell for this. I hate them all.

Latte slams down the photos. Prima looks over and realizes something ...

PRIMA

Oh, my bad. Those pics were from the Kansas City massacre. These are the New Mexico ones from last night, sorry.

She spreads out the new photos, next to the old. As Latte sips her coffee, she spots ...

INSERT - CLOSE-UP OF PHOTOS

A young woman in the crowd of on-lookers with gray/white hair, but the face is blurred. Not afraid, she looks on. Seems out of place and a strange reaction to mass shooting.

Latte gathers the old photos and happens to see the same hair later. She does a double-take, then puts the photos side by side and looks at them curiously.

The same outfit and hair is in the Kansas City crime scene. Same nonchalant stance. Face, blurred and semi-blocked by a horrified pedestrian next to her.

END INSERT

Putting down her coffee, Latte brings the pictures closer to her puzzled face.

LATTE

I don't believe this. Look.

She hands the photos to Prima. Her eyes get wide.

PRIMA

Is that the same woman? Both places? That's weird. Think she's a massacre groupie or what?

LATTE

Or what if she has something to do with it? When we get to the studio, look through the past shootings and see if our gray-haired darling is there.

PRIMA

I'm on it.

They both look at the blurry photos, then back at each other.

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Latte is seated at the anchor desk and the ON AIR sign is lit up. Photos and videos of the aftermath of the mass killing play behind her. Flowers and photos of victims line the crime scene.

LATTE

The killer has been identified as Thurman Jefferson Fann of Kentucky.

A recent mug shot of the shooter shows behind her.

LATTE (CONT'D)

An unemployed plumber, 37 years old, with a history of domestic abuse and weapon violations. And yes, he turned the gun on himself.

The photo of the killer fades and the faces of those in the crowd placing flowers is seen.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Of course politicians send thoughts and prayers to the family.

Elderly men in suits are shown. The caption underneath, give their names. SENATOR PAUL LAKE (60's) and HOUSE SPEAKER PERRY COLLINS (70's) try to look concerned at their podiums.

The caption that reads, EDITORIAL, flashes next to Latte.

LATTE (CONT'D)

I'm not even going to play the audio. Same speech each time, yet nothing ever gets done. Keep your thoughts and prayers ... And actually do something about this.

The screen shows a teen girl in tears as she holds a picture of what could be her older sister.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Mass murders have increased dramatically. Why? I have done so many reports on this and it just seems to get worse.

She turns to the close-up camera.

LATTE (CONT'D)

I'm a PULSE CLUB survivor which victims can relate to, but there are way too many people joining this club. Why can't our elected officials do something, ANYTHING to protect us?

Her emotions seep into the report. Agitation shows on her face. She resumes.

LATTE (CONT'D)

How about gun laws. Holding manufacturers responsible?
(MORE)

LATTE (CONT'D)

Or does the gun industry have more rights than the citizens their consumers use as target practice?

Anger is clearly heard in the delivery.

LATTE (CONT'D)

All these mass killers in the last year. Look at them. No other country in the world has this problem of mass shootings, of each other, like we do.

The photos of recent shooters populate the screen behind her. Sad loners, troubled and on the edge.

LATTE (CONT'D)

And anyone who helps them, needs the death penalty. They don't deserve to live. This is an epidemic that must be stopped.

She thumps the desk hard, as an exclamation point.

LATTE (CONT'D)

I'm the designated mass shooting reporter now - and nothing would make me happier ... Nothing.

(beat)

Than if I wasn't needed. But I am.

(beat)

And it breaks my heart.

Glassy-eyed and sad, the camera locks onto her face. Several workers around the studio, wipe tears as the segment concludes and the ON AIR sign, goes dim.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Latte looks at herself in the make-up mirror. She touches the silver necklace, then smiles. The cell phone is snatched up and she dials with a smile on her face.

LATTE

Hi, Grandma. How ya doing today?

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Wrinkled, old hands hold the newest cell phone. The modest southwestern home seems more authentic as the elderly Navajo woman, GRANDMA (70'S) sits in her wicker rocker and covers herself with a colorful blanket. Desert hills, in windows.

GRANDMA

Ah. My child. You know me. I appreciate everyday. Just saw you on the news. You have good words. Be nice if someone listens to you.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

LATTE

Seems the people who can stop the madness, only want to hear the sound of money. I can't hear it, but it's loud as hell to them.

GRANDMA

Money, yep. It's their God. Been that way a long time. I give you credit for trying. Your parents would be bursting with pride.

LATTE

I guess so. Been a while since they died in that hurricane. Between these climate disasters and active shooters, death is everywhere. My world is getting smaller. I miss them so much.

GRANDMA

I miss them too child. And my husband. Wish he'd seen you grow up. That black man is where you get your fight from.

LATTE

Dad would tell me stories of his bravery. My dad was--

GRANDMA

An amazing man. Just like his father. Even though white cops killed his dad, he loved your mom and didn't care that she was white.

LATTE

In the time we had with them, we were truly blessed. I just wish I didn't go away to college and was there when they needed me.

GRANDMA

Not your fault. It was their time to go.

(MORE)

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

We never know when that day comes.
We must do what we can before that
day.

LATTE

I swear that now that I'm in
Arizona, I'll find more time to see
you. I promise. I'm about to fly
off to New Mexico, but will swing
by after that.

GRANDMA

Love you, Latte. I will pray for
you, the Navajo way. Don't forget
to burn sage. It might help.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Prima looks at her cell phone and rolls her eyes and exhales
loudly. Latte sees it.

LATTE

What's wrong?

PRIMA

Flight has been cancelled. Cyclone
and severe storms near that
airport. Got to wait til its over.

LATTE

Really? Damn. Weather these days.
(beat)
Driver, lets head back to the
office.

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Latte and her crew sit in the Green Room and watch the news.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

Clips show that climate around the world is going crazy.
Floods, wildfires, tornados, tsunamis, etc are rocking the
planet.

EXT. CAPITOL HILL - DAY

AHMED (30's), a reporter, goes up to Senator Lake with
questions, but he refuses to answer and keeps walking.

SENATOR LAKE

It's a hoax. Don't believe it.

The Senator increases his speed.

AMED

Sir, but Senator.

(beat)

We cannot get politicians to make laws to stop the climate disaster if they don't think it's real.

A video clip shows lawmakers going into a meeting room.

AMED (V.O.)

In related news, we are waiting to confirm an investigation by the Ethics committee that has allegedly discovered politicians taking illegal contributions from the fossil fuel industry. We should know more tomorrow.

END INSERT

Latte turns to Prima.

LATTE

Bet you ten bucks that he's one of the names on that list. He was one of the key votes to kill a bill that would end fossil fuel dependence.

PRIMA

Nope, not taking that bet. Dude is dirty as a crack-pipe. Companies continue to pollute and warm the planet for profit. And he gets a cut. That's why nothing works.

LATTE

Oh, and how convenient is it that these same guys are rolling back voting rights at the same time. They will be locked in for life.

PRIMA

The rich control elections and are fighting to throw out results if they don't like the outcome? Sister, it just ain't fair.

INT. LIMO - DAY

Latte is seated, then joined by Prima. She looks excited.

PRIMA

The weather's good. We're on our way. Found the stuff you wanted. Wait till you see it.

She hands Latte several photos from the archives.

LATTE

Oh my.

PRIMA

You already saw Kansas City, these are from Texas, Iowa, Boston and Salt Lake. Look closely.

Same girl with prematurely grey hair is in crowd, same blurriness issue. Her demeanor doesn't look terrified like others in the crowd.

EXT. NEW MEXICO STATE CAMPUS - DAY

Latte does her report from outside in the rain, crime tape in back of her. Make-shift memorials on the side. Afterwards, witnesses sob on her shoulder as she tries to comfort them.

Holding back her own tears, she doesn't notice that the rain has washed some of the blood into a stream that runs over her shoes and stains them.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Prima opens the door, right behind her, Latte makes a beeline for the bed and flops in it within seconds.

LATTE

I'm exhausted. Wake me up in about two weeks.

Prima smiles, then sees the bloody shoes. Her expression changes. She glides over to her boss cautiously.

PRIMA

Let's get you comfortable.

She tries to tug off the stained shoes and distract Latte.

PRIMA (CONT'D)

We have Los Angeles tomorrow. You need all the sleep you can get.

When Latte looks over at Prima, she notices the red fingers.

LATTE

What the hell?

They both gaze at the shoes. Latte screams.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Get them off me. Oh God. Hurry.

The minute they are yanked off, Latte sprints into the bathroom. The doorknob is heard locking, just ahead of deep-down sobbing.

Sad, Prima puts the shoes in a garbage bag and places them outside the room. She looks helplessly at the bathroom door.

INT. LOS ANGELES FASHION SQUARE - DAY

Latte and Prima leave the posh shoe store with bags in hand. They pass teens and families on the way out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FASHION SQUARE - DAY

Both women pop on their shades on this bright, sunny day.

LATTE

New Mexico was so depressing.
Happy to be in L.A. and feel that
sun on my skin.

Sounds of shooting starts behind them in the mall. Latte drops her purchase on the ground. Face goes blank. She hears the automatic weapon, get closer. She cringes.

From the corner of her eye, Latte sees same grey haired girl from the photos. Pedestrians, including Latte and Prima, hide behind cars. But not the girl. The shooter, a middle aged man, comes outside as police start to arrive.

An unmarked vehicle pulls up near the entrance. Out jumps DOMINGO (30's) in a jacket with FBI printed on the back. His long, dark hair seems out of place compared to the other agents at the scene. Pistol drawn, he charges forward.

Latte notices the girl nod to the weaponized killer. He smiles. Suddenly he puts a pistol to his head. BOOM. Lights out. Sickened, Latte turns away.

Once Latte regains her bearings, she makes eye contact with the gray girl. As they lock eyes, Latte gets her nerve up and starts to march towards the gray girl. Prima grabs her hand. Prima sees the determined look in her eyes. Lets go.

When Latte turns back, the girl starts to scoot away. Latte follows. Gray girl looks behind her. She squints her eyes at her pursuer, then starts to sprint. Latte growls.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Shit!

Off they go. Latte struggles in her designer shoes. She notices the footwear of the gray girl. They seem like sneakers, but it is a design that's never been seen before.

Across the parking lot they go. Just as Latte gets closer, gray girl runs off the paved parking lot and onto the lawn surrounding it. It seems she runs towards the wooded area ahead. Latte is in pursuit with all she's got.

Prima rolls her eyes, then gets up to join the race. Latte looks back at her. A smile forms as she sees her partner join the race.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

The gray girl starts to get separation as she zig-zags through the forest. Latte stumbles a few times but can still see her ahead. Hunter and hunted continue their frantic pace as sweat flows.

Gray girl suddenly stops running. She looks backwards and smiles as she leans against a tree. Latte bears down and gets closer. Suddenly, gray girl backs up, then runs hard and leaps into the air as she hurdles a huge fallen tree.

While she is in mid-air, some kind of gadget falls from her jacket. Latte cannot see her after the leap and assumes there is a slope on the other side of the log. Breathing heavy, Latte finally makes it to the fallen timber.

She looks past the log, but there is no sign of the girl. No slope, no hole ... Makes no sense. Latte scans the area for a trace of her, but none is found.

As Prima gets closer, Latte focuses on something near her feet. It is some futuristic-looking gizmo that looks like something she's never seen. She bends down to look closer.

Prima catches up to Latte, huffing and puffing.

PRIMA
Where is she? Where'd she go?

LATTE
Damned if I know.

Trying to catch her breath, Prima looks around the woods, then at the object of Latte's attention. She bends down to look closer too.

PRIMA
What the hell is that?

Latte looks to her friend. Her eyes show that there is no answer for her.

LATTE
She dropped it. Seen anything like that before?

As her hand goes towards the mechanism, Prima smacks it away.

PRIMA
Don't touch that. You loco?

LATTE
If she touched it, it should be safe. Right?

PRIMA
At least wrap it in something.

Prima pulls a scarf from her purse and gives it to Latte. She uses it to wrap up the strange device. She stashes it into her handbag.

LATTE
That bitch disappeared. Lets get out of here before we do the same.

They both trudge back towards the parking lot.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Latte and Prima dash into the room with haste. Prima locks the door behind them. They sit around the desk and turn on the desk lamp. The mysterious object is placed under the light. They lean in to see it as close as possible.

The gadget, about the same size as a cell phone, is dark colored. No buttons, no screen.

PRIMA

You know we should have gave this to the cops, right? They have the tools to really inspect it.

LATTE

Especially that FBI dude with the long hair. Bet he has just the tool that you could use, huh?

Prima cocks her head sideways at the comment.

PRIMA

Girl, we got this thing in our face. Don't even know if it's some kinda bomb ... And you wanna play matchmaker? Really?

LATTE

Just playing with you. I don't date guys, but no use seeing a cute one like that go to waste.

PRIMA

Keep your head in the game, sister. I'll take a pic of it and see if anything comes up on a web search.

Latte observes the photo process and awaits the results.

LATTE

Wish we could've got a pic of that girl. Face of a teenager, gray hair like an old lady. Can't be too many of those.

PRIMA

Yeah, can't be too many of those around.

LATTE

Kind face. I can't believe she's involved in mass murders.

Prima checks her phone, then frowns.

PRIMA

Damn. No records found. Guess we need to turn this over to the experts now.

LATTE

Since it is a crime across several states, the FBI is the place to go.
(MORE)

LATTE (CONT'D)

See if you can find that one agent.
He looked like he's on top of his
game.

PRIMA

I'm on it.

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Latte, ON AIR, speaks to the camera with emotion in her voice
from the news desk.

LATTE

... Undertakers and gun-makers. Do
they run our legislatures? Seems
so. They are the only set-up to
profit from these mass murders.

Scenes of the aftermath of the Los Angeles carnage plays on
the screen behind her.

LATTE (CONT'D)

For the rest of us ... Funerals,
agony and terror. Maybe a few
thoughts and prayers from the
leaders who let this happen.

Prima watches from off-stage, near the curtains.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Keep your impudent empathy and pass
some laws. Please. It's got to
stop. I just left one slaughter in
New Mexico, then arrived in LA to
see another.

As Prima observes Latte's tirade, Agent Domingo strolls up to
her, shows his badge and they greet each other.

LATTE (CONT'D)

No other country has a problem like
this. Almost 100 people a day die
from gun violence here.

Latte leans into the camera.

LATTE (CONT'D)

I say, as many others do. Enough
is enough. What else needs to
happen? We need to force lawmakers
to take this seriously. Or we are
doomed. All of us.

When the ON AIR sign fades out, the broadcast goes to commercial break. Those in the studio applaud the speech. The staff, the film crew. Even Domingo.

Latte gets up from her desk to join Prima, then spies Domingo standing next to her. She seems startled, fixes her hair, then goes over to meet them. The agent and the journalist lock eyes, then shake.

DOMINGO

I'm agent Domingo, FBI. Wonderful speech. I hope they listen.

LATTE

Thank you, agent. I appreciate that. The object is in an office here. Right this way.

They march away from the studio area.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Prima unlocks a drawer and brings out the gadget as Domingo looks on, with curiosity. She puts it on the desk so all can see. Domingo stands and gets closer to it.

LATTE

Know what it is?

DOMINGO

No idea. And you say a woman who fled the scene dropped it as you chased her?

LATTE

Yes. I think it fell from her jacket. Then she, kinda, disappeared.

Domingo looks at her with a raised eyebrow.

DOMINGO

Disappeared?

LATTE

She jumped over a log. I expected to see her on the other side ... But, nothing. Not even a hole for a tunnel. I don't get it.

The agent stands, then rubs his chin.

DOMINGO

If I get a sketch artist down here, do you think you can remember enough to provide a good idea of what she looked like?

LATTE

Oh yes. She had a unique look.

PRIMA

Hold up. Are you sure this isn't a bomb or something?

DOMINGO

Good idea to be cautious, especially when we move it. I'll get the sketch artist for you, and the bomb squad ... To move that.

He strolls to the door and opens it.

DOMINGO (CONT'D)

I'll make some calls and be right back.

After he leaves, the women share a glance at each other, then back away from the gadget.

PRIMA

I like your boy. He's not playing around, huh?

LATTE

Nope. I think he--

BEEP-BEEP. The dark object on the desk lights up. Multi-colored buttons run in sequence. A tiny screen is illuminated. A series of numbers are displayed.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Prima, write down those numbers. Quick.

Nervous, Prima gets a pad and jots down the digits with a shaky hand.

PRIMA

What do you think they mean?

LATTE

I don't know, but we'll find out.

Shortly after the transcription is done, the gizmo turns dark again. They look at each other, stunned.

PRIMA

Should we tell him about this?

LATTE

Let's see what we can find out on our own, first. I love a mystery.

Latte gets call and look at her scree, it's from Cherry.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Cool, it's my girl. Can't wait to tell her about this wild shit.

PRIMA

You'll have to send pics so she believes you.

She picks up the phone with a smile on her face.

LATTE

Hey baby, what's shaking?

INT. LATTE'S CONDO - DAY

Cherry's face is heavy with make-up. Eye lashes so long you could park a truck on them. Her background, obscured. Words slightly slurred.

CHERRY

Oh, you know. Same shit. How's Cali treating you?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Latte pulls the phone from her ear and looks at it like it's broke. She furls her eyebrows.

LATTE

Cali? Horrible. Another shooting. You alright? You sound sick or something.

Cherry rolls her eyes.

CHERRY

Naw, I'm nice.

Laughing his heard behind her. She immediately waves her hands in that direction, for quiet.

An angry look from Latte. A concerned look from Prima.

LATTE

Are you drunk? Do I hear voices in my condo? You're supposed to be alone. What's up?

Cherry covers the phone and exhales hard. Tries to compose herself.

CHERRY

Yeah, nobody. I'm alone and lonely. This is supposed to be party town. Had a few drinks. Eh.

Latte clicks around on her phone. She pulls up the security cam in the condo. An audible gasp erupts when she views the screen.

Several people are around the living room. Men and women drink and flirt. Trash is on the floor.

Enraged, Latte shows Prima her phone. She blinks in surprise, then shakes her head.

The cam reveals that Cherry is on the couch in a glittery, skimpy dress and a MAN has his arm around her shoulders like they are ... Lovers? She struggles to hold her temper.

LATTE

Sorry you're so lonely.

Cherry bats her eyes.

CHERRY

My dad, back in Florida. He's not well. Might have to go see him.

Latte squints her eyes as the lie hits her in the face.

LATTE

Yeah, being alone at this time. It must be rough.

(beat)

Too bad you're not alone. You forget that I got a security cam, bitch?

The blood drains from Cherry's face. A second later, she jerks herself away from the man's embrace. Her eyes dart around looking for the camera.

CHERRY

(loudly)

You're spying on me with a camera? How could you?

The guests get wide-eyed. Cherry mouths the word, 'HIDE' and follows with hands gestures. Latte sees it.

LATTE

You gonna tell me don't believe my lying eyes? I see all of you, slurping down my booze.

Hanging her head, totally busted, Cherry holds her forehead.

CHERRY

I'm sorry. I was lonely. I was at a club and--

Tears well up in Latte's eyes.

LATTE

Well, go back to the club. Go to Florida, Cuba or even Nigeria ... but get the hell out of my house and take those thugs with you.

(beat)

How could you play me like that? And when did you decide to be bi? Men suck.

Cherry searches the ceiling for the camera. She stumbles.

CHERRY

Non-binary doesn't mean exclusively one way or the other. I'm not playing you. Don't say that.

Now the cheeks of the reporter, run with tears.

LATTE

Well you and your husband need to leave my property, now. And don't steal nothing on the way out. I'll be watching.

This time Cherry sheds the tears.

CHERRY

It doesn't have to end like this.

With closed eyes, Latte takes a moment before responding.

LATTE

Yes. Yes it does.

Latte ends the call and sobs. Prima comforts her.

After a moment Domingo comes back and enters the room. He sees Latte in tears. Prima waves him off.

PRIMA

Give us a few moments first.

His eyes reflect that he feels for her pain. He nods and ducks back into the hall.

LATTE

That's okay. I can do this. I need to do this before someone else gets shot. Bring him back in.

She tries to straighten herself out and compose her emotions. Prima goes to the door and motions for the agents to come back in.

DOMINGO

Are you sure? We can come back later.

LATTE

No, I'm alright, Thanks.

In Domingo's hands is a hi-tech looking container, He puts it next to the mystery gadget. Behind him enters the SKETCH ARTIST (30's) with his tools of the trade. He sets up near the desk.

DOMINGO

This is the agency sketch artist for Los Angeles. He used to work for Disney.

He smiles and nods to them as he sets up his work area. Latte dries fresh tears and tries to get her head right. Domingo hands her a tissue.

LATTE

I just have a lot going on.

Domingo is very kind and she notices.

DOMINGO

You really want do this now? I can just take the gizmo and we can do the sketch later. It can wait.

LATTE

No, I don't want more people to die just because I had ... A moment.

Domingo nods to the sketch artist and he takes out his drawing tools and has a seat. Domingo carefully puts the mechanism in a high-tech, secured box.

DOMINGO

You both saw her, so you both can help. Sound good?

Latte looks at the security cam on her phone. Cherry and her crew is still there.

LATTE

Just a moment. I need to make a call.

She dials up a number. Prima rubs her shoulder for support.

PRIMA

Yep. Bounce her ass outta there.

LATTE

Hi, security? I'm Latte Lattimer from unit 1022, Unauthorized people are in my apartment. I told them to leave, but they are still there ... No, not the police yet.

(beat)

Just remind them of the trespassing laws first. Six people need to leave, including my woman, I mean roommate ... Okay, thank you.

Latte straightens her hair, then sits down for the sketch with everyone else.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Let's get started, shall we?

Domingo smiles in empathy.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The desert sun beams magic energy onto the desert reservation. Grandma gets the mail from her box, then lingers as she looks at a mountain and breathes in the beauty of that space. She walks to the door in that mood.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

She looks through the junk mail and stops when she sees one that looks like it was written by a child. Standing in front of her window, she opens it.

INSERT

Your commie coon grandkid thinks she can take our guns away? Keep this up and all you get out the deal is bullets. I'm keeping my guns and I'm willing to kill if I need to.

BACK TO SCENE

The other letters she holds, fall to the floor. Grandma collapses into her chair. She sobs for a moment, then pulls herself together.

Grandma strides over to a drawer. A handgun is inside. She takes it out, checks it like a pro, then fills it with ammo. Then she goes to the couch that faces the front window and takes a seat.

The look on her face is intense. She scowls as she looks outside, while she caresses the firearm next to her.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The sketch artist puts down his utensils and looks satisfied. He turns the drawing towards the women. It looks like the gray-haired girl. They gasp.

DOMINGO

So, is he pretty close?

LATTE

Yes. That's impressive, wow.

Prima nods and agrees. The Sketch Artist smiles proudly.

DOMINGO

Excellent. Get that back to HQ so we can get it disseminated nationally.

Sketch guy nods, packs up his stuff and leaves.

LATTE

I don't know about you guys, but mommy needs a drink. And something with a kick.

PRIMA

Hell yeah. Been a long day, sister. Think we can talk Elliot Ness here into joining us?

He smiles at them both.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

The three are at a table laughing and drinking. Looks are exchanged between Latte and Domingo. Prima sees it. Domingo gets call from office. He rolls his eyes.

DOMINGO

Hey, what's cracking? ... Oh really? Alright. I'll be there shortly. Cool.

His eyes apologize before his mouth does.

LATTE

Gotta go?

DOMINGO

Yes, regretfully. Hopefully we can do this another time under better circumstances.

LATTE

Sounds good. Be careful, handsome.

He smiles back and waves as he exits.

PRIMA

Look at you flirting, I thought you were a fan of the lady lumps.

Latte dips her head towards Prima and gives her the eye.

LATTE

Non-binary doesn't mean exclusive one way or another. Or so I've been told.

She shoots her friend a sly smile. They both chuckle.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

As Latte and Prima sit on the couch, they ponder the mysterious numbers as they sip wine.

LATTE

This must be some kind of code. Maybe the numbers correspond to the alphabet somehow.

PRIMA

I'll get the laptop. Well try it.

She rises from the sofa in her pajamas and comes back.

LATTE

I kinda feel guilty about not telling agent Domingo about this thing about the numbers. Hope it doesn't backfire on our ass.

Prima powers up.

PRIMA

Don't sweat it. Maybe it's like a Fit-Bit or just the way the serial number is displayed. I'll try the alpha idea you had.

She matches the numbers to letters in the alphabet. After she gets through a few, she looks at it and shakes her head.

LATTE

Make any sense?

PRIMA

Naw. I don't even think its a different language either.

Latte squints her eyes at the numbers.

LATTE

Just put in the top line all together. Hit search.

Prima nods and follows her suggestion. The search engine shows a map.

PRIMA

Bingo. Global coordinates. Of course. It must be a GPS.

They high five each other.

LATTE

Cool. Where's the spot?

Prima clicks on the map and enlarges it. The cross-hairs line up over Phoenix, Arizona.

PRIMA

Phoenix? Maybe she's one of your homegirls, huh?

LATTE

Phoenix, maybe. My homegirl? Not hardly.

As the map is enlarged, the area pinpointed turns out to be Camelback High School.

PRIMA

Camelback? What a weird name.
Guess it's better than Cameltoe
High School.

LATTE

Honestly, girl. Anyway, I wonder
what's up. Oh God, could it be
another shooting?

Horror covers both of their faces.

PRIMA

Here, let me plug in these other
digits. See what's up.

Speedy fingers type it in and hit the search button. They wait. The display shows time zones. The numbers reflect a GMT time zone.

LATTE

Of course. The first reading was
location, this is for time. What
hour does that translate to in
Arizona time?

Prima runs the numbers for that area.

PRIMA

Looks like 10 A.M., from here.
Hell, class will be in session
then. My God.

Blood seems to run from Latte's face.

LATTE

If it a shooting we have to stop
it. Get us the next flight to the
desert. No more dead kids if I can
help it.

EXT. CAMELBACK HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The News van pulls up and parks. Latte, Prima and the camera crew pile out. Coming towards them is PRINCIPLE XIO (50's) with lanyards in her hands.

LATTE

You must be principle Xio. Thank you for meeting us today. Apologies for the short notice.

XIO

Good morning. Not a problem. Letting the world see how our students deal with this horrible spree of mass shootings is beneficial to us all.

LATTE

Beautiful campus. My dad went to this school a long time ago.

XIO

Yes, my staff informed me. Sorry about his passing.

LATTE

Thank you.

She passes out the security lanyards to the media people.

XIO

These will allow you to access our campus and students. You can talk to them in between classes. Right now they are in session.

LATTE

When is the next time they change classes?

XIO

Ten o'clock.

Latte looks at her watch. 9:48 is showing.

LATTE

Okay, sounds good.

PRIMA

Okay crew, get set-up in the lot here. We'll approach kids as they pass through for interviews.

They follow her instructions.

XIO

Wonderful. If you need me, I'm the first office in the admin wing.

Something catches Latte's eye in the distance. It's the gray-haired girl on the edge of the property, partially hidden by a tree.

LATTE

Uh, yes. Thanks. I hope we don't need to disturb you.

XIO

Not a problem. When you are done just leave the lanyards at the front desk. And remember, no weapons inside. Good luck.

LATTE

Yes. Same to you.

As Ms. Xio scoots back to work, Latte flashes her brown eyes to where the uninvited visitor was. She's gone. Latte whispers to Prima.

LATTE (CONT'D)

I just saw her. She's around somewhere.

PRIMA

Gray girl? Do you think--

LATTE

Yeah I do. And I'm ready.

She pats her overstuffed purse and winks at Prima.

Suddenly there's a strange noise, heads turn towards the edge of the property. Someone has Roman candles lined up and they ignite, one after another.

PRIMA

Film that.

Latte rips her gaze away from the aerial display and quickly looks around.

LATTE

It's a diversion. Ignore it.

As soon as she ends the sentence, a man in tactical gear ambles towards the school while all are preoccupied with the fireworks. Latte and Prima see him near the entrance.

PRIMA

Oh shit. Over there.

She shifts the focus of the camera people to the man.

Without a word, Latte sprints towards the entrance as she fumbles to open her purse.

One security guard runs over to the man. As he tries to hold the intruder down, the man pulls a gun and shoots him dead. People in the parking lot hide behind cars as round after round is fired.

The shooter drops the pistol and pulls an AR from the backpack. Latte ducks behind a van and gets her Glock out. Ms. Xio peeks out of the entrance with a snub-nose. She gets off one shot, then the shooter unloads a fury of rounds at her. Hit in the shoulder she falls backwards.

Still shooting in that direction and hitting several other people, he doesn't notice Latte trying to control, 'the shakes', as she takes aim at gunman. She steadies the butt of her gun on the top of a nearby car. She fires.

The bullet-proof vest stops the first blast but the next is a bulls-eye to his shooting hand. He screams out. Blood drips as intended victims flee the area. Sirens in the distance seems to speed closer.

The shooter awkwardly tries to use the weapon with his other hand. Latte plants two hot ones on his chest and he falls backwards.

Police start to arrive on the scene. Latte watches as the shooter makes eye contact with the gray-haired girl. She blows him a kiss and waves bye-bye.

The gunman flashes a lunatic smile through bloody teeth. In a snap, he puts the gun to his head. The trigger is pulled. Latte and others in the crowd cringe when they see the aftermath of the self-inflicted head shot.

The silence afterwards is unnerving. Police run to the body of the armed man.

Prima goes over to Latte. They hug and cry.

INT. DOMINGO'S OFFICE - DAY

FBI agent, Domingo looks puzzled as he sits across from Latte and Prima.

DOMINGO

What? You couldn't trust me?

LATTE

We had no idea what it was until late at night. We sure didn't know it would lead to that.

He runs his fingers through his black mane, frustrated.

DOMINGO

Latte, you were withholding evidence that led to the deaths of four people. You could be in a lot of trouble. Both of you.

PRIMA

Oh shit.

Visibly shaken, Latte pleads.

LATTE

It was just a bunch of numbers, really. We didn't know for sure they were coordinates until that girl showed up.

PRIMA

Here, this video we got shows her clearly.

Prima's cell phone plays the segment where she's semi-hidden by a tree near the woods.

DOMINGO

Good quality. Send it to me.

LATTE

That girl. She's the key.

DOMINGO

We ran her pic in our systems before for facial recognition. Nothing.

Domingo puts a container on his desk. He takes out the mystery device.

LATTE

Did you find out how it works?

DOMINGO

Runs on electricity but it seems self-charging. We can't even open the thing. Point to where the numbers showed up.

She points to the general area where the numbers were displayed. He makes note then puts it back in the container. Just as he's about to put the lid on, a glow is seen coming from the device. His eyes pop wide.

PRIMA

There it goes again.

Domingo quickly pulls it from the box. Numbers glow.

DOMINGO

Holy shit. Quick. Write that down.

Latte scribbles down the information as fast as she can. The second set of numbers are transcribed too. The strange gizmo goes blank suddenly. After he puts it in the box, he takes the paper with the numbers and sits at his computer.

PRIMA

Where's Latte's girlfriend gonna show up next?

A side-eye is thrown by Latte as Domingo searches the web.

DOMINGO

We'll know pretty soon.

The women look over his shoulder. The latitude and longitude lines cross in the California desert.

LATTE

Canyon Moderno? That's where kids have that crazy concert for days on end, right?

PRIMA

Let me check for the dates.

She does a search on her phone as Domingo tries to decipher the time.

DOMINGO

Oh my God, it's ...

PRIMA

This weekend. Damn, could be a massive body count, girl.

LATTE

Notify the promoters. It can't go on. Especially out there in the middle of no where.

(MORE)

LATTE (CONT'D)

Hospitals are hours away and probably not prepared for this.

DOMINGO

I'll call the bureau that handles this area.

LATTE

I have to do my segment about this crazy shit. Can I mention the danger at the concert?

DOMINGO

Not yet. My guys will talk to the promoters and get it done according to procedure.

PRIMA

But it's okay to show our gray-haired little demon, right?

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The portrait of the gray-haired girl fills the screen.

LATTE (O.C.)

Yes, the events of today were horrific, but unless we find this girl ... There's a good chance it'll happen again.

Latte is shown beside the mystery girl in split-screen.

LATTE (CONT'D)

As you may have heard, a quiet Phoenix high school was rocked by needless violence. This footage is from the incident this morning at Camelback High.

FOOTAGE -

A shaky, hand-held version of the events are shown from the perspective of the camera crew. They are beside Latte for the fireworks but follow behind her when the shooter arrives. Bloody parts are blurred out.

The footage is followed by eyewitness reactions.

TEACHER

We heard the commotion and locked down immediately.

(MORE)

TEACHER (CONT'D)

I'm truly sorry for those who died,
And grateful for those who stopped
him.

STUDENT

If he would've gotten inside, I
hate to think of it. This is
horrible. Latte is a hero.

A makeshift memorial is shown in the parking lot as mourners
gather together. Some of the signs say, 'THANK YOU, LATTE'.

The backdrop of memorial pics and graphics fades out. Lights
dim, the crew pans in for a close-up. Pent-up emotion on her
face. Attack mode begins.

LATTE

I'm not a hero. A hero might get
pleasure from what happened today.
I feel no joy from shooting another
human being.

(beat)

Now I know what it's like on both
sides of the trigger, and I don't
care for either. We can't all walk
around strapped. It'll lead to
even worse things.

She scoots up in her seat and leans in, to get even more in
the camera's face.

LATTE (CONT'D)

We have to get to the root of the
problem. Not just greedy gun
makers who only care about profits,
and not about people. There also
seems to be a national death cult
and its led by this unidentified,
gray-haired girl.

The video of the mysterious female is shown. Close-up on her
face.

LATTE (CONT'D)

If you see her, notify the
authorities immediately. This
epidemic of shootings must be
stopped.

She pounds the desk with her fist. Eyes on fire.

LATTE (CONT'D)

No other country has this problem.
We've lost too many good people.

(MORE)

LATTE (CONT'D)

Whatever the cost, we have to end
this. Now!

Her voice reverberates.

INT. LATTE'S DESERT HOME - NIGHT

Elegant and spacious, Prima follows Latte through the door of
the luxury home. Prima looks around, wide-eyed.

PRIMA

Girl, this is nice!

LATTE

Thanks. I'll probably spend more
time out here now. Especially
since Cherry flipped on me. Stupid
bitch.

(beat)

I don't even want to see New York,
for a while.

PRIMA

Nothing wrong with getting some
peace of mind. We have a hard job.

LATTE

No doubt. The other reason I'm out
here is to be closer to my grandma.
Ya' know, I think I'll call her
before it gets too late.

PRIMA

Cool. What bedroom do I get? I
just want a shower, a stiff drink
and some sleep.

They laugh. Latte points down the hall.

LATTE

First room on the left. Bathroom
is across the hall and the booze is
over here near the kitchen.

PRIMA

Gotcha. Thanks.

She trots off as Latte pours herself a cognac and flops on
the couch. She takes out her phone and dials.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The old woman fumbles with the cell phone, then answers it.

GRANDMA
Hi child, is that you Latte?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Latte takes a sip.

LATTE
Yes, Grandma. How you doing? I
didn't wake you did I?

Grandma smiles wide.

GRANDMA
No, baby. Just in my rocking chair,
looking at my mountain. Saw you on
the TV earlier. I'm so proud of
you, girl. Wish your parents could
see this.

A moment of sadness sweeps Latte.

LATTE
You and me both.

Grandma pulls her gun closer.

GRANDMA
The spirits of your ancestors are
always with you. They just can't
hug you and speak the words of
comfort anymore.

A single tear falls from the corner of Latte's eye.

LATTE
Yes, sometimes, I dunno ... I feel
their presence.

After a quick look to the heavens, Grandma continues.

GRANDMA
I feel them too. Embrace it. Gain
strength from it. And no matter
what ... Don't stop what you're
doing? You hear me?

Latte smiles through tears.

LATTE

Yes, ma'am.

Grandma looks out the other window. Pick-up trucks with rebel flags, AK-47s flags and other pro-gun bullshit drive down the street next to the old woman's house. Drivers and passengers give 'the finger' to the house and yell.

GRANDMA

No matter what. You keep going.
It's time for me to get some sleep
now. Be safe, baby.

LATTE

I'll try, Grandma. You do the
same.

Old fingers flick off the light on the table.

GRANDMA

I plan on it.

EXT. CANYON MODERNO CONCERT SITE - NIGHT

Roadies have a campfire at night and drink beer. Most of the stages and tents are already set-up. The dark desert behind them. A guy in an Orlando MAGIC T-shirt (30'S) gets up to get more beer.

The Grey Haired girl has her eye on him. Today she wears a blue wig. She begins dancing near the beer tent, wearing cut-offs and a tube top.

She flirts with the Magic man as she flutters around him. He smiles back.

GRAY HAired GIRL

I've been in Orlando before, many
years ago. Crazy town. Cops in
riot gear couldn't even stop me.
Grab me a beer too. Let's have
some fun.

He is taken back by the aggressive cutie. Magic grabs the beers and turns around to face her. Kissing starts. She then takes him by the hand and leads him into the darkness of the desert as his co-workers tease him.

MAGIC

Hey, girl, slow down. I don't even
know your name.

EXT. CANYON MODERNO CONCERT SITE - DAY

The news crew and Domingo enter the music festival in the California desert at the same time. Loud music mixes with cannabis in the air.

Latte wears the official concert 'T' and jeans. A huge crowd swarms around them. They almost have to shout to each other to be heard.

DOMINGO

Our agency warned the promoters,
but they didn't want to stop the
concert based on what the device
said.

LATTE

Assholes. Money over everything.

DOMINGO

Told us they would add more
security. We didn't take a chance
and put some undercovers on site.

SERIES OF SHOTS

1. People of all backgrounds come up to Latte to thank her.
2. Some people share photos of the dead and tattoos.
3. Domingo keeps a watchful eye.
4. Several young women dance on elevated platforms.
5. The band on stage has the crowd pumped up.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

Magic, the roadie, with a strange look in his eyes, climbs a scaffold. No one notices. Waiting for him, attached to a cross-beam, is a large, black bag. He unzips it. Shiny black metal is seen inside.

A girl with pink hair, who dances on one of the elevated platforms, looks him in the eyes and smiles. He nods back to her, seemingly hypnotized. A closer look, reveals it is the Grey Haired girl in a pink wig.

Magic pulls an assault rifle from the bag. POW-POW-POW. Shots ring out and people scramble for cover as he shoots down into the crowd. Fans fall in their tracks.

The Grey, but temporarily pink haired girl, still dances on her elevated platform, seemingly carefree and happy. People scream, die around her and blood splatters on her outfit - but she slithers and writhes to the beat. Even after the music stops, she dances on.

Latte stares at the odd girl who seems to celebrate the bloodbath, as she peeks from behind a vendor's table. Latte's eyes get big. She points to the dancer ...

LATTE

That's her. It's her. That's just a wig.

Domingo's attention is focused elsewhere as he directs cops and undercovers to get position on Magic to neutralize him.

The camera crew follows the officers as they go after the shooter. Magic is surrounded by metal girders that deflect the bullets from the police.

Latte looks over to Prima who is rubbing her ankle.

PRIMA

Yeah, looks like her stupid ass in a clown wig.

LATTE

Dammit. Wish me luck.

Latte dashes from her hiding spot towards the dancing girl. Bullets zig past her.

PRIMA

No. You crazy? Leave it to the cops. Come back, loco.

The girl jumps off the platform as she sees Latte sprinting towards her. She dashes towards the surrounding desert with Latte close behind. An officer is shot just ahead of Latte's path. She scoops up his gun and continues pursuit.

Cops spread out and snipers corner the shooter and injure him. No way out. Magic turns the gun onto himself. Boom. His body bounces off girders on the way down and crashes to the earth with a loud thud.

Latte spots the shooter's accomplice near the edge of the wild desert, just off the property.

With Glock in hand, she sprints after the woman who seemed to coordinate these macabre events.

EXT. DESERT AREA - DAY

Thick growth, prickly cactus and fallen trees hamper the girl's speed to run fast. Latte quickly catches up. She has a clear shot.

LATTE

Stop. Right there. I'll blow your head off.

The girl turns to face her and yanks off her wig. They huff and puff from the dash as they stare each other down. A downed tree is next to the girl's feet. She stands on top of it, elevating her. Device in her palm.

Police are on the way. Domingo leads the pack.

The girl stretches out her arms like a big hug.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Hug, no. Tackle, hell yeah.

With a running start, Latte launches herself at girl with the force of an angry linebacker. She has the momentum to knock her into the next county. A flash is seen from the device in her hand by corner of Latte's eye.

Latte leads with the elbow as the girl allows the contact to be made and seems to absorb the blow as Latte tries to power through her body. The journalist braces for the impact of the ground ... But, it does not come.

EXT. PORTAL - DAY

The flash, now blindingly bright, makes Latte turn away. To the side she sees a million colors cascade by. Her face shows amazement as her body tumbles downward. The gun flies out of her hand. Gray Haired girl winks and smiles, relaxed.

Now falling through clouds, her concert shirt gets wet. Flashes of lightning nearby, startle her. Looking down, she sees the ground getting closer by the second.

Suddenly the Gray Haired girl grabs her. She works the device with the other hand. A metal looking rope pops out and wraps around her wrist tightly. Seconds later, a parachute springs from it. Latte clings to her as they are jerked skyward.

Above, lightning strikes are plentiful. Below, a fog seems to cover the earth's surface, but mountains come into view.

LATTE

Oh my God.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

A group of men in jean jackets, carry something to a spot designated with an 'X'. It seems to be a hi-tech trampoline. They fasten it into place and step back.

Dust and sand fly into the air as the disturbance from above gets closer. BOUNCE - BOUNCE. Two bodies hit the trampoline and go skyward again.

Latte sees the men as she bounces back up. She looks to the girl with fear. Before they come down again, the girl rubs her hair and smiles kindly.

When they hit the trampoline again, they bounce less and eventually they come to rest on the surface of it. Wide eyed, Latte looks around herself.

The area is flat but is nestled in between several mountains. Above, the sky is overcast as lightning still jumps from large, dark clouds.

She sits up and sees the men coming towards the trampoline. She scoots closer to the Gray Haired girl, frightened.

A tall white man with goggles steps forward. Young and with a long, denim jacket, SHAKA (20's), seems prematurely gray too. He motions for the men to stop. They obey.

The Gray Haired girl helps Latte down from the trampoline herself. When they both put their feet on land, the men bow to them. Latte is surprised by the response.

Shaka steps forward and removes his goggles and smiles.

SHAKA

Greetings. Welcome to Fort Firebird. My name is Shaka, named after the great Zulu warrior. You have already met Agent Uhuru.

He nods towards the Gray Haired girl. She has a name now. She winks playfully at Latte.

UHURU

We're like sisters now.

SHAKA

I hope you weren't injured during your journey.

Bewildered, Latte tries to scan everything around her.

LATTE

Too much adrenaline to tell. I have some questions, young man.

Amused, he grins.

SHAKA

As an investigative reporter of your caliber, I'd expect nothing less.

LATTE

You know who I am?

He nods yes. She looks at all the white faces around her. All seem to have gray hair. The clothes look heavily worn, some ragged. Some have sores on their skin.

SHAKA

Of course we do.

LATTE

Is this Europe?

All around have a good laugh, except Latte.

SHAKA

Take a good look at the mountain. Familiar to you?

Turning her head, she studies the earthen pyramid.

LATTE

Well, the shape of it looks like Camelback mountain in Phoenix, but that place is packed with resorts, mansions and luxury hotels.

SHAKA

What a sharp mind. Yes, this used to be exclusive and the height of luxury, so I'm told. You got it right, but the year is 2056.

Blood drains from Latte's face. She blinks several times as the info is digested. Uhuru pulls a chair up for her, she sits down with a thud.

LATTE

This must be a dream. It can't be.

They give her a minute. She runs her fingers through her hair and exhales loudly.

UHURU

Would you like to see more, so you can understand better?

She looks up at the stranger she once tried to hurt.

LATTE

You know us investigative reporters. See it to believe it.

Uhuru extends her hand. Latte gets up and follows her. To the side, she sees that the men who manned the trampoline have found the cop's gun that Latte 'borrowed'.

SHAKA

Be careful with that. Go put it in the archives.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Latte, Uhuru and Shaka climb the dusty footpath along the side of one of the hills. Uhuru stops at an over-look and points. Latte looks, then grabs Uhuru's shoulder so she doesn't fall. Her jaw, gaped and wordless.

Below is the definition of a dystopian landscape. The haze that partially covers the scenery doesn't help. Many houses and buildings are partially destroyed or have crumbled. Twisted vegetation seem to grow in agony.

Latte turns away. Tears form. Her knees get wobbly. Uhuru steadies her.

LATTE

If this is Phoenix ... What happened?

SHAKA

Nothing. That's why you're here.

LATTE

What?

SHAKA

We'll explain later.

Shaka turns to leave. After a few steps, he looks to the side and motions for them to crouch down and stay silent. A humming sound is heard, then a hi-tech drone appears not too far from them. They slowly move to the cover of trees.

BOOM. A blast is heard from the valley below. A fireball streaks through the sky, on a direct path to the drone. ZAP. The drone explodes as they duck the falling debris.

UHURU

Good shot.

SHAKA

We better get inside in case they send more.

Confused, Latte follows them. She looks back at the view of the city she once knew as they hurry down the path. They go up to a boulder on the side of the big mountain.

Shaka presses a button on his lapel. The big rock silently slides to the side. They walk through the entrance.

INT. FORT FIREBIRD - DAY

As the boulder slides back into place, Latte notices the interior side is like galvanized steel. An air-tight seal to the exit, clicks as it locks into place.

Next they go through a security checkpoint. More men in denim jackets are at the post. Latte is the only one going through to be checked. She walks under a metallic arch. It beeps. Her cell phone. Latte removes it.

SHAKA

Obviously it won't work here but keep it for when you go home.

LATTE

So this a job assignment? I work for scale.

They laugh as she catches up to them.

SHAKA

Yes, Labor Unions. Heard of those. Hopefully we'll get them back.

Amazement is in Latte's eyes as they escort her through the building. Most things look super hi-tech and beyond her imagination. Yet a few remnants of days gone by can still be seen, mixed in.

Also mixed in, are people of color. They seem to be treated as full citizens from what she sees. Her body relaxes.

They walk along a rail that overlooks at least forty floors, with a railing for each floor. On the ground floor, a light-rail train zooms into the depot and stops. People depart.

LATTE

My God. This place is incredible.

UHURU

Wait until you meet our resident genius. He designed it all.

They continue their trek for a while, then stop at what looks like a conference room. Latte follows them inside.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

They motion for Latte to sit in front, as the others seem to gravitate to assigned seating. Uhuru sits next to the time-travelling visitor.

LATTE

An underground city, wow. Saw it in movies, but to be here ...

UHURU

We had to do what was needed to survive. Human nature.

SHAKA

We have done more than survive here. Our fort is one of the best in what's left of the nation.

Latte blinks a few times in disbelief.

LATTE

What's left of it?

SHAKA

I'll let our leader explain.

A panel in the wall slides open. Through the door strides, HOTEK (50's) a bald-headed African American man with penetrating eyes and pyramids tattooed on the back of his hands. His denim outfit is black.

He takes to the hi-tech podium amid applause from his crew. His eyes focus on Latte, then smiles from the heart.

HOTEK

Welcome, sister Latte. This is Fort Firebird and my name is Hotep, like the Ancient Egyptian.

(MORE)

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Let me explain and please, forgive
us for this inconvenience.

LATTE

Pleased to meet you Mr. Hotep.
Please proceed.

Latte pulls a pad of paper from the desk and grabs what seems
to be a pen. She puts it in front of her.

SHAKA

No need for that. Everything will
be transcribed for you.

She accepts the fact and now focuses solely on Hotep.

HOTEP

Sister Latte, you have been chosen
by fate for an awesome and
frightening responsibility. One I
know, you will put your heart into.

Her eyebrows go up.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Bringing you here was planned, as a
desperate attempt to change the
past, and ... To save the future.
The environment is a man made
disaster that is killing our
species. All species.

She leans forward.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

We feel you have the credentials to
do it. And a worldwide audience
through the media.

LATTE

I don't understand, my field is
reporting on mass shootings, not
... Whatever this is.

SHAKA

Both tragedies are linked.

LATTE

Linked? In what way?

Hotep raises his arm. A large table lights up. Particles a
little larger than sand, spin around, then create a 3D image
of the globe. Another globe forms, but it looks different.

HOTEP

The first image is the planet in the 2019. The other is what the world looks like now.

She studies it. Plain to see that the ocean expanded tremendously, Cities on the first globe, now seem to be underwater on the 2nd globe.

A caption under the first globe reads - 2019 7.7 billion humans. 71 % water. On the 2nd globe, the caption reads - 2056 4.2 billion humans, 82% water

LATTE

My God. What happened?

SHAKA

Like I said before, nothing. That's the problem.

HOTEP

Indeed. Nothing. Day after day, year after year. Now we are here. Since the 70's, there have been countless scientists, doctors and experts in their field who warned your generation of the impending danger.

He points to the 3-D models on the table.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

It was ignored. It was mocked. Although things had been invented to stop or slow the process, greed always killed those efforts.

Hotep's level of rising frustration is heard in his voice.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

But you kept electing those assholes into office and letting others run companies that made things worse. Especially the oil/gas industry.

Shaka and Uhuru shake their heads in agreement.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

The facts were out there, but it was buried or pushed off for someone else to deal with.

(MORE)

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Well, we're dealing with it now,
but it might be too late. Your
generation is ... Stupid, selfish
and pitiful.

LATTE

It's a horrible crime. I agree.
There's nothing I can say to defend
it. In a government that was
supposed to be by the people and
for the people, it seemed to turn
against us.

She shakes her head in despair.

LATTE (CONT'D)

A few votes in congress the other
way, could have changed everything
... But corruption somehow got too
powerful. These clowns making our
laws were more interested in making
themselves and their donors rich.

A sneer accompanies the assessment.

HOTEP

Some things have not changed. Our
government is worse than yours ever
dreamed. It's like a dictatorship
that serves the wealthy, without
restriction.

UHURU

They even take our babies.

Latte's face shows horror.

LATTE

They do ... What?

UHURU

Due to the environment, fertility
is way down. Many newborns have
birth defects. If a healthy white
baby is born in a hospital, there's
a good chance the police will take
it and put it up for adoption,
exclusively for the wealthy.

Eyes sad, Latte covers her mouth to hide several levels of
shock and disgust.

LATTE

So ... Just white babies?

HOTEP

Years ago, the population had enough. There was a national revolt against the power structure. It was going well, until the California disaster.

The painful memory can be seen in his face.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Since we were weakened and needed help from the government, they implemented a plan to 'relocate' people of color. Millions were taken, God knows where.

SHAKA

These psycho nationalist nut-jobs might have done a 1940's, Hitler thing for all we know. Good hearted white folks hid whoever they could. It was like the new Underground Railroad.

HOTEP

If it wasn't for people like this, ... I might be dead now.

Latte puts her head in her hands. Tears flow.

LATTE

In my time, things started to get so damn hateful. They made laws to even stop us from teaching the history of black people. Now this? How do we find out what happened to them? Save them?

HOTEP

We're trying to find out, right now. Erasing Black history? Do the crime, then cover it up. That's how things evolved.

He starts pacing the floor.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Yes. Diabolical. Then next generation will be less sympathetic and more likely to believe lies. It all benefits the ultra wealthy. They live well, regardless of circumstance or disasters.

SHAKA

Except for the ones in Cali.

LATTE

Yeah, on the new globe it looks like someone took a bite out of Southern Cal.

HOTEP

Your politicians ignored scientists that told them the danger of a nuclear plant built on fault lines in the earth. Year after year they had the chance to shut it down.

He stops pacing, then spins to face Latte.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Guess what? They didn't. The earthquake alone would have been devastating, but the nuke plants and defensive systems along the coast blew up too. What didn't fall into the sea, will have dangerous radiation levels for years to come.

Latte stares at the new globe with so much more blue, rather than land. The new California coast touches Arizona in parts.

LATTE

That must have been millions dead. Good people that I knew. What assholes. I hate them.

HOTEP

Then we have something in common. We all hate your generation too. Seething hatred. Your people are despised by us.

Anger veins pop out on his bald head. Eyes, afire.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

So selfish, so lazy, so cowardly. Your people ruined earth and allowed authoritarians to take the government!

He pounds the podium, shaking with rage.

LATTE

It's unforgiveable. I don't blame you. Any of you.

HOTEP

One of our leaders, before he died, decided the only way to wake you people up and is to go back in time, and inflict pain. This is what we have done.

Latte seems confused. She looks over to Uhuru, as it clicks in her mind, it's seen in her eyes.

LATTE

Wait, so you guys are behind the mass shootings?

SHAKA

Our rebels are behind the pandemics too. We cheer when your generation dies. We hope to wake you up through common sorrow, so that you can pull together and change the way the future will be. So far, it falls on deaf ears. I have more sympathy for cockroaches.

Mind blown, Latte stares down at the table.

UHURU

I volunteered to go through time and initiate the slaughters. Your people suck. Ice cold hearts. You have those ridiculous gun laws and sell weapons that can kill dozens in seconds. You dummies make it easy to get our revenge on you. You deserve it.

The usually pleasant looking woman lets the ugliness of hatred take over her face.

HOTEP

Don't take it personal Latte, but we consider people since 1970s, the new Nazis. Worse than the Hitler's Nazis ever were.

He moves closer to her. Eyes unflinching.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

Several billion have died since the warnings in the 1970's. Billions!

Hotep's gestures get more animated as he emphasizes the number of dead humans.

HOTEP (CONT'D)

It dwarfs the 1940's numbers.
Whether they ran the gas chambers,
or let it happen and looked the
other way. Nobody likes a Nazi.

SHAKA

Except these assholes running our
government today.

Latte starts sobbing hard and can't stop. They all seem to feel her pain. Compassion is now seen in their body language. Uhuru rubs her shoulder as Latte's body shutters from sorrow and guilt.

HOTEP

She's had enough for today. This
is a lot. She needs rest.

UHURU

Latte, you can stay with me.
You're safe, don't worry. You're
not like the rest of the fools back
then. I'll protect you with my
life. I swear.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - NIGHT

Both women walk into the domicile and Latte is impressed. A renovated resort room with a view of the desert. Other than deformed trees, it's about the same look as the 2000's.

UHURU

Most people don't live like this,
especially outside of the fort.
They gave me a nice place, due to
the danger of my job.

Looking around more, Latte smiles in delight.

LATTE

I like it.

UHURU

It's especially dangerous now, with
a pesky reporter who got my picture
posted everywhere.

LATTE

I apologize. Didn't know that you
were saving mankind from itself.
Tough love style.

They laugh it off.

LATTE (CONT'D)

After a crazy day like this, I
could use a nice long shower.

UHURU

Follow me.

Always curious, Latte studies her surroundings and especially her host, very carefully.

INT. UHURU'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Uhuru walks her into the futuristic rest-room as Latte looks at strange gadgets, wide-eyed.

UHURU

I'll get the water going. It might
be complicated for you.

She hits buttons and turns knobs. The water flows.

LATTE

Excellent.

UHURU

Due to water restrictions, long
showers are a no-no, but enjoy.
Turn it off by pressing here and
here. I'll have a clean robe for
you and wash the travelling outfit.

LATTE

Thank you. Someone got blood
stains on them.

Latte smirks as Uhuru rolls her eyes. As Latte starts to disrobe, Uhuru pivots to the door. She sneaks a peek at Latte getting in the shower, then leaves.

In the shower, controls look hi-tech and confusing. She lets the water cascade over her head and closes her eyes.

FLASHBACK - SERIES OF SHOTS

Scenes of shootings - Cherry with male lover - the mysterious device - Domingo - Time travel - Fort Firebird - Uhuru.

END OF FLASHBACK

She ends the shower. A robe is set out for her, no towel. Latte dries with it, wears it, then goes to join her.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - NIGHT

A hi-tech, 3-D TV is showing the news. Latte enters, clad in the robe. The host turns to her and smiles.

UHURU
Cool. I need one next. Make
yourself at home.

Uhuru dashes towards the bathroom. Latte sips wine as she watches her futuristic counterparts.

INSERT - FUTURISTIC TV SCREEN

The map of the world behind the NEWSCASTER (30) makes Latte gag on her wine. The new Eastern seaboard, starts in Minneapolis and runs in a crooked line, down to Dallas. The West news shows Nevada and Arizona, now with ocean-front properties.

NEWSCASTER
Millions have died yesterday in a
series of tragedies around the
world.

LATTE (O.C.)
Millions? In one day?

Water-logged, bloated bodies line the shore. People in Haz-Mat suits step carefully around the scene.

NEWSCASTER
Due to tsunamis on both coasts,
more bodies have washed ashore in
Oklahoma in the East and Nevada in
the West.

The crew in the Haz-Mat suits spray the bodies from a hose. The corpses seem to melt into the sand.

LATTE (O.C.)
My God. You must be shitting me.

The map focuses on Asia. What's left of it. Most of southern India is no longer there.

NEWSCASTER

After losing 50 million in Bangalore and Mumbai, the coastal city of Delhi was rocked with a hurricane that may have killed another million.

Footage shows those scrambling to survive. Flood water waist deep. Sadness and loss on the faces.

The map swings farther East. Out of the 700 Philippine islands, fifty are left.

On the footage, environmental refugees overcrowd a mountain top in make-shift camps.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

With the 15 million residents of Manila all but wiped out, survivors look to rebuild their lives on higher elevations. The problem, recent volcanic activity.

LATTE (O.C.)

Unreal.

The maps sweeps over to Europe, or where it was. Most of it is gone.

NEWSCASTER

Wars have broken out across Europe and Africa, driven by scarce supplies of food and water.

Bombs explode in cities, casting debris skyward. Masked rebels wage guerilla warfare in the streets of a European city. Malnourished children in Africa are too weak to wipe the flies from their faces. Hunger bellies show bloat.

Latte gets up with tears in her eyes. She grabs the foreign looking remote control and turns down the volume, all the way. She turns away and weeps, as pictures of devastation and mayhem play out on the screen.

Skin diseases, mass graves, tidal waves destroying towns, horribly mutated animals, failing crops and melted ice caps play on the screen as she hides from it.

When she peeks again, thousands of dead fish on shore. The shores of the newly formed, Yuma Beach. Latte fiddles with the remote, can't figure it out. Frustrated, angry and sad - she takes a blanket from the couch and covers the screen.

Concerned because of the sudden quietness, Uhuru peers around the corner and scopes out Latte's reaction from the bathroom. Latte takes her wine and sits near the window with a view of the mountain. It's seen that Uhuru feels the pain.

UHURU

Girl, I feel terrible. I forgot to show you how we dry off. It's this do-hickey, here.

Latte turns her head in the direction of the host. She's buck naked. Body of a twenty something, face of a mature woman. Latte swallows a mouthful of wine, hard.

Uhuru hits a button and warm air breezes across her physically fit body, hair looks sexy as it blow dries. Latte doesn't tell her she's turned on, but is seen in her eyes. Now dry, she puts on a robe and joins her by the window.

LATTE

Hey lady. Thirty, huh? You're keeping it together, well.

UHURU

My internal organs are crap. For us, aging happens in the gut, then the face. Then you know the end is near. Lovely, huh?

LATTE

Your bod is a knock-out.

UHURU

Thanks. Just became a grandma this month. Let me show you.

LATTE

(shocked)
Grandma?

Uhuru flips through her phone, searching for the pics as Latte studies her closer.

UHURU

Short life, get at it early. I was 15 when I gave birth too. Okay, here they are.

Very life-like images of a blonde, teen mom holding a baby is projected on the wall.

LATTE

How beautiful, what's their names?

UHURU

Ashanti is my daughter. The new addition is named, Althea. My daughter and grand-baby are the only family I still have alive.

Emotion cracks her voice. Latte turns to her, pats her hand in a comforting gesture.

UHURU (CONT'D)

Thanks. Scared the authorities will try to take my grandchild because it's healthy. Might take them both. They abduct our teens as sex slaves all the time.

LATTE

This place gets worse by the minute.

UHURU

I'm prepared, don't worry.

Uhuru stomps a button with her foot. Floor boards pop up and two guns are revealed. Latte smiles.

LATTE

I see your mom didn't name you after the warrior the lady on STAR TREK, for nothing.

UHURU

What lady? I was named after the reggae group, BLACK UHURU.

LATTE

Cool, I like their music too. You never heard of STAR TREK? People from all over Earth and other planets, joined forces to boldly go where no man has gone before. United, with good intentions.

UHURU

Sounds like what we need that example today.

LATTE

Sounds more like we should've followed the example in the 1960's when it came out.

They share a laugh.

UHURU

So, who's left in your family?

LATTE

Both parents died in a Florida hurricane, probably a result of this climate change bullshit. I only have my grandma left.

UHURU

You poor thing. Yes, Florida could have done something then. Now it's gone. Just a memory.

Now it's Uhuru's turn to comfort Latte.

LATTE

These bastards. They let it all get destroyed. For what? Money?

UHURU

What till you see more of what these greedy assholes did. Tomorrow we'll take you on a tour.

LATTE

Sounds dangerous.

UHURU

After one of our leaders was gunned down by their shitty robots, they've been leaving us alone. Drones are expensive and we constantly destroy them, like you saw today. No one wants to be in their army.

LATTE

Black people and other minorities were the backbone of the military in my day.

Uhuru looks Latte in the eyes, sadness in her voice.

UHURU

People who look like you, are sparse. They even rounded up Jewish people. I'm afraid we'll have to disguise you in white make-up and gray wig, for your safety.

Her finger points to a make-up table near the bathroom. Several wigs of different styles sit on fake heads. Latte goes to the one with the longest hair.

She tries it on and acts silly with it. They both laugh, then Latte flops down on the couch. Uhuru joins her.

As Uhuru tries to straighten her wig, they lock eyes. Latte, goes in for a kiss. Uhuru is shocked. She blinks several times, giggles and scoots away.

LATTE

Sorry, I just ...

UHURU

I understand, hey, it's a compliment. Gay is illegal by the government again because humanity needs to repopulate.

LATTE

Illegal again? Ain't that sweet.

UHURU

People who are gay are arrested, as are women who try to get abortions. But that's not the reason. You know I'm a risk taker and could give a shit about this Nazi regime.

LATTE

You don't need to explain.

UHURU

Yes, I do. See, to us, at this time, you're a historic hero. It'd be like you, hooking up with young Coretta Scott King. Awkward.

Latte gives her a truckload of side-eye.

LATTE

Me? A hero? Please. And by the way, Coretta was a sweet little cutie in her younger days. I'd show her a good time, worthy of her life's work.

Latte follows it with a sexy wink and a curled tongue. They both laugh at the naughtiness. The guest drains her wine glass and leans closer to Uhuru.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Look, real talk. My girlfriend broke up with me, I time travelled to a place that hates my whole generation like they were the plague. I just need some hug-time.

Uhuru smiles, thinks about it and gently gives her a kiss on the lips. Latte responds, then it gets passionate.

LATTE (CONT'D)
I have a lot I can teach you.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - DAY

Latte awakes, looks confused. She focuses on her unfamiliar surroundings.

LATTE
Where the hell am I?
(beat)
Oh yeah. How could I forget?

She hears gaging.

LATTE (CONT'D)
Uhuru? Is that you?

It continues. Latte dashes to the bathroom.

INT. UHURU'S BATHROOM - DAY

As she enters, she sees Uhuru barf, lots. Latte is shocked, then tries to comfort her.

LATTE
Is there anything I can do to help?

UHURU
I do this every morning, my organs are going bad. Used to be worse, four times a day, but the Fort's garden here has helped.

Latte hugs her.

UHURU (CONT'D)
Come, help me up. We have a big day ahead.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - DAY

Make-up is put on Latte to look more white, as she sits in front of a mirror. She smirks as it is applied. Uhuru digs in her closet and pulls out clothes. Latte puts them on and a scarf over her hair.

UHURU

This outfit will help to blend in.

Latte looks at herself in the mirror with a critical eye.

LATTE

If my parents could see me now,
huh? I never did undercover work
before. Hell, I could sneak into a
KKK rally with this on. Let's go,
sister. I'm ready to see the
future, first hand.

EXT. FORT FIREBIRD - DAY

Shaka and guards in plain clothes, join Latte and Uhuru as they walk from the rebel fortress. Another overcast day.

LATTE

Doesn't the sun remember how to
shine in Phoenix anymore?

SHAKA

Sure, it just has to burn through
the air pollution first.

EXT. CAMELBACK HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

They take her past Camelback HS where she was earlier that week ... In another time. It's run down, over-grown and looks like it was burned. Latte can't believe her eyes.

UHURU

Nazi types attacked the school
because they refused to stop
teaching black history. No one was
charged, they closed it and refused
to fund the renovation.

SHAKA

An example for others I guess. The
same people who rioted, ran the
school board.

LATTE

When schools crumble, society is
not far behind.

EXT. STREETS OF PHOENIX - DAY

They walk through neighborhoods, all abandoned. Houses and businesses, all destroyed. They turn the corner around a building, a commotion is heard on the other side.

Blood squirts on Latte's shoes. She jumps back. Fright on her face. GRRR-GRRR! The horror doubles as Latte is confronted by wild dogs just steps away. They are in a feeding frenzy on something. It's a human body!

They turn with bloody mouths and charge Latte. She trips in her retreat and falls. They surge towards her prostrate body and tender throat.

Uhuru leaps forward and uses a strange looking sound weapon. The dogs stop in their tracks. Then, whimper and scatter.

UHURU

Wild dogs, always a problem when your city is in ruins. Don't go out alone or unarmed.

SHAKA

Watch for the giant rats too.

Latte gets up, tries to recover from the close call.

LATTE

Let me guess. There's giant squids in the sewer system?

The crew has a laugh. Shaka calls someone on his phone.

SHAKA

Hey, Gunner, we found a body at Camelback and 31st Street ... Thanks. He's in bad shape, dogs.

UHURU

Gunner is a good guy, one of my favorite bikers.

LATTE

Bikers? They help you?

UHURU

They help us and we help them. The drone that was shot down yesterday. That was them. We feed them, tend to the injured and hide them from the authorities.

LATTE

Wow, let's just say they were
'different' in my day.

They walk on. Ahead is a cemetery. A crowd is gathered there. Most wear hoodies.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY

They go up to the crowd and see they morn at the grave of a man whose picture is on the headstone. The name reads, JOHN HORSE JR. A drone hovers by and people cover their faces even more. Many scurry away, fearful.

UHURU

This man was our greatest leader.
This is the anniversary of his
death.

LATTE

He must have been important if
people risk arrest just to pay him
homage.

SHAKA

Yes, he was beloved by the common
folk and hated by the power elites.

UHURU

Not only did he make fiery
speeches, kinda like Malcolm X, but
he also was a military trained
fighter who led raids to set people
free who were becoming relocated,
and getting food and supplies for
the people left behind.

SHAKA

His network of followers stretches
from Mexico to the Reservations up
north and all across the west.
Hotep is more of a scientist, but
this guy, he had a way with people.

Latte looks curiously at the late leader's mounted photo. He appears to be racially ambiguous but mostly African American.

UHURU

He spoke several languages so he
could talk directly to the masses.
Even, as you see, white people had
love and respect for him.

LATTE

How did he die?

SHAKA

Robot militia. They opened fire on his car, with his kids in it.

Latte's eyes get big. Covers her mouth in horror.

UHURU

Lying assholes in government. Said it was a malfunction. He was shot 32 times. His wife and son also died. His daughter lived, but has had several surgeries.

LATTE

Driving while Black is still a capital crime huh? Some things never change.

UHURU

Presently, she's in one of our hospitals. Would you like to see her?

LATTE

Yes. Absolutely. That poor kid. Orphaned, in this world? I don't suppose anyone went to jail for this.

Uhuru shakes her head, no. She looks back at the pic of John Horse Jr. They begin to walk away.

LATTE (CONT'D)

What a handsome young man. It's a damn shame. Tell me more about him as we walk.

UHURU

Do you know about the original John Horse?

LATTE

No. Has a name that a porn star would love, though.

UHURU

Yeah, didn't think of that one. Anyway, seems like the refusal to teach black history goes back farther than I had thought. Anyway, he was ...

ANIMATION

Rural Florida. A baby is held lovingly by both parents as Native Americans pass in the background.

UHURU (V.O.)

He was born of African American mom who escaped slavery and a Seminole warrior dad that was part Spanish. Named, Juan Caballo, born in 1812.

LATTE (V.O.)

Caballo means horse. My mom was Puerto Rican. Taught me some Spanish. Juan Caballo. That's a strong name.

Juan is shown as a shirtless teen, hunting in the woods with his Seminole friends of the same age. Some look Black.

UHURU (V.O.)

In Florida, many escaped slaves lived free among the Indians in various settlements.

Armed slave catches peek at the village from the edge of the forest. They look ragged and ruthless.

UHURU (V.O.)

In spite of their freedom, slave catchers would raid villages and steal Blacks to be sold into slavery. The final Seminole wars started when he was a young man, who already knew how to read and write.

As Juan reads a book, next to cabin. A raid happens. He puts the book down and pulls out his dagger. As a black woman is forcibly led away, Juan hurls his blade at the kidnapper. He falls, the woman runs.

UHURU (V.O.)

When the leader of his people, Osceola, had his African wife, Morning Dew, kidnapped and returned to slavery, it drove the Seminoles and blacks closer.

The Seminole chief is comforted by black and Seminole, alike. They link hands together in a circle to demonstrate unity.

UHURU (V.O.)

It sparked a guerilla war against those African kidnapping, land stealing assholes that lasted six years. The largest black rebellion to slavery in American history.

John Horse, in Seminole warrior clothing, holds his sword high into the air.

UHURU (V.O.)

He fought that fascist President Andrew Jackson when he led the U.S. Army against the tribe.

A twenty dollar bill with Jackson on it slowly burns.

UHURU (V.O.)

This so-called president was no hero and shouldn't be honored. His aim was to relocate the Seminoles into Oklahoma and round-up the escaped slaves and return them to the hell we know as slavery.

LATTE (V.O.)

The TRAIL OF TEARS. I did learn about that, but not in school.

Plantations burn as ex-slaves fight off captors and run towards the swamp. John Horse picks off armed kidnapers from horseback with bow and arrow.

UHURU (V.O.)

About 1200 Blacks who escaped or became part of the Seminole nation, took part in the uprisings which destroyed countless plantations.

Ex- slaves try to navigate the Everglades as alligators snap at them and they see panthers watching them.

UHURU (V.O.)

Many freed Africans died under the extreme conditions of the Florida swamp, but would not surrender. Eventually the government used a different strategy.

A treaty between Army officials, Seminole leadership and John Horse is signed under a tent.

(MORE)

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

They promised, in writing, that Blacks would have freedom in Oklahoma if they left peacefully and the tribe would have vast lands. The rebellion paid off for them. Or so it seemed.

In Oklahoma the former slaves celebrate. John Horse looks happy as he peers across the new lands.

UHURU (V.O.)

One hitch, ... The government lied. They eventually went back on their words and John Horse and the other newly freed blacks faced re-enslavement again.

The treaty is seen, up-close. It slowly turns to dust. The eyes of John Horse burn from the anger of betrayal.

UHURU (V.O.)

In a brash move, John Horse and his followers snuck out of Oklahoma at night and made a dash to Mexico, which had outlawed slavery since the 1820's. Mexico even promised them territory to live on.

John Horse leads his followers from the back of a speeding steed. Covered wagons and horseback riders are among hundreds who travel by moonlight through the desert.

UHURU (V.O.)

Texas, a pro-slavery state, in every sense of the word, regularly enlisted the Texas Rangers to capture and return escaped Blacks back into slavery.

Rugged Texas Rangers hold blacks at gunpoint as others put chains on the helpless slaves. They are led away into bondage, barefoot across the desert.

UHURU (V.O.)

John Horse and his followers barely escaped being apprehended by the Rangers as they escaped across the Rio Grande in 1850 to eventually find their freedom.

John Horse gets in the last raft as a flotilla of makeshift boats makes its way across the river. Rangers show up on shore and try to shoot at the escaping Africans.

The Rangers turn around when they are out of range. John Horse stands victoriously as his followers cheer him.

END ANIMATION

EXT. STREETS OF PHOENIX - DAY

Latte and crew continue their trek through the devastated landscape. She seems stunned as she takes it all of the John Horse story.

LATTE

I feel so stupid. Never knew about him. And I grew up in Florida. What a great leader. Sounds like the Seminole guy and your John Horse Jr., have a lot in common.

SHAKA

You're not stupid at all. It shows a history of liars, kidnapers and killers. They don't want the world to see that.

UHURU

He's right. Ease up on yourself. Do both John Horses have a lot in common? Yeah, sure as hell do. More than you realize. Would you like to meet his daughter?

Latte's eyebrows pop upwards.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

They come to a stop in front of a ramshackle structure with bums around the front of it. Latte seems afraid of them.

UHURU

It's okay, they're on our side. Let's go in, quickly.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The Fort Firebird team descends stairs into a semi-dark room. More guys who appear to be bums are inside. Uhuru and Shaka nod to them. The men let them through but Latte sees they are armed.

UHURU

When you speak to her, don't mention your name. Let me do the talking. I'll explain later.

LATTE

What's her name?

UHURU

Wakanda.

Latte chuckles to herself.

LATTE

Of course.

Shaka motions to the guards. An old wood panel that has peeling paint, slides to the side. They enter.

INT. HIDDEN CLINIC - DAY

In a wheelchair, reading, *THE ART OF WAR*, in the makeshift hospital room is WAKANDA (13). Bandaged on her arm and both legs, the light-skinned girl has a resemblance to her dad.

She brightens up when she sees visitors. Wakanda wheels over and hugs Uhuru and Shaka with joy in her heart. Her fondness of Uhuru is very apparent.

UHURU

How's my little warrior today?

WAKANDA

I'm better now that you guys came. This place, it drives you crazy if you let it. So isolated.

UHURU

I know, baby. Just hang in there a bit longer. I'll teach you the art of war, in person.

WAKANDA

Good. I look forward to it. Someone needs to pay for what they did ... To my family.

Her voice starts to break. Uhuru lends a comforting touch, but the fire in the girls eyes are still red hot.

UHURU

And they will pay, dearly. We need to get the word out about what they did. Shame them, then ...

WAKANDA

Cut their hearts out and feed them to wild dogs.

Uhuru and Latte seem shocked at the answer, but play it off.

UHURU

I was thinking prison, but I'm okay with that too.

The tension breaking laugh is needed. Uhuru points to Latte.

UHURU (CONT'D)

This is our friend, uh, ... From another country. She's writing a book about our history, especially your dad. Are you alright to talk about him?

The teen's piercing eyes seem to look through Latte.

WAKANDA

You look familiar. Have we met?

LATTE

No. First time here. But it's funny. I have the same feeling about you.

Uhuru hands Latte a device.

UHURU

You can use this to record with.

Latte takes it but seems confused on how it works. Wakanda takes it, hits a few buttons, then a red light goes on.

WAKANDA

Here you go. Have a seat. There's a lot that I need to say.

Uhuru gives Latte an 'Oh boy', look as the reporter pulls up a chair.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

In the present day, Amed and Prima have a conversation that has Latte's assistant upset.

AMED

Look Prima, we need to do the story and she's not here. We want you to do the reporting on it.

PRIMA

But this is a mass killing. That's Latte's territory.

AMED

This psycho used a machete, not a gun. You're not stepping on her toes. Any word from her yet?

PRIMA

No nothing. They scrubbed the desert, especially the FBI.

AMED

Yeah, that one agent who stopped by the studio seemed very upset. If anyone will find her, it's him.

EXT. DESERT AREA - DAY

Domingo leads a team of agents as they search the area Latte disappeared from. He looks distraught.

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

The crew waves good-bye to Wakanda, who still glows from having human interaction. The sliding door locks into place, ending the visit. They all go the stairwell and climb.

UHURU

We go to great lengths to shield her because the state would love to make her vanish. She has her dad's fearlessness in her and gives our people hope for the future.

LATTE

Yeah, she's quite an impressive young lady. Quite.

UHURU

She's got good genetics.

SHAKA

Hurry. Let's get back to the fort, before dark.

UHURU
When all becomes clear.

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

The sound of weeping is followed to its source. Sobbing from the soul, face down in the crease of her elbow as she sits at the table is Latte. The deep sorrow and rage causes her to pound the table with her fist.

LATTE
No, don't say that.

Standing close by are Uhuru and Hotep. Shaka is a distance away, near the door.

UHURU
It's all true.

Latte looks up from her arm, tears stains have caused her make-up to run and her hair to mat.

LATTE
How the hell could that be?

HOTEP
This is why you were chosen,
specifically.

Eyes puffy from the hard-core crying, she looks at all three.

LATTE
My granddaughter? No, no way.

UHURU
We would not lie to you.

She looks directly at Uhuru.

LATTE
Why would you say that? I'm queer,
hello. A man, no thanks. A kid?
No thanks. Is this a lie to
manipulate me?

Compassionate eyes stare back, but she's not feeling it.

HOTEP
You need to know this. Our intent
was not to upset you.

She stands up, wiping tears, near hysteria.

LATTE

I thought you were good people.
Get me out of here. Now.

Latte staggers towards the door.

UHURU

How else could we tell the story so
that you feel it strongly? Every
bit of it is true. We can prove
it. All of it.

LATTE

Me? A baby?

In her eyes, it's seen that this absurd idea may have sunk
in. As did the next logical thought. She charges those near
the chairs, finger pointing to them all, but shaking.

LATTE (CONT'D)

And don't you tell me it was her
father. Ha. Don't you dare.

Pain is in their eyes too. Tears fall from Uhuru. The fact
hits her with it's full weight. She falls on her knees, eyes
to heaven. Hand on her stomach.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Him? You ... Ha, you're telling
me. That I ... Me?

She continues to rub her abdomen in silence. Then gets to
her feet. She looks Hotep and Uhuru directly in the eyes.

LATTE (CONT'D)

If this is a joke, you're not
funny. It's insane. IT'S ALL
INSANE. Okay then. Who's the dad?

HOTEP

We can't tell you.

Latte is about to explode, then ...

UHURU

Hey, is today Saturday, or Sunday?

All in the room give her severe side-eye. The inside joke
just gets Latte frustrated.

LATTE

At this point, if was the Pope
himself, I wouldn't be surprised.

She goes to a full length mirror on the wall and stares at herself for a long time. She massages her tummy.

LATTE (CONT'D)
I can't. No way.

Latte turns back towards her futuristic crew.

LATTE (CONT'D)
You're telling me that bitch in the mirror is going to raise a freedom fighter? You're all mad.

Uhuru gently places photos on the desk. Latte hesitates before taking a look. They show an older Latte with a teenage boy, they hug and mug for the camera. Others show them at the beach and on the reservation. Latte passes out.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - DAY

Latte flutters her eyes open. She's in Uhuru's bed. She rolls her eyes and shuts them again. They open again when she hears Uhuru's morning vomit session. As Latte sits up, her head is painful which cause her eyes to squint.

She hears Uhuru flush and rush towards her, as she stretches out again.

LATTE
Yah. Splitting headache.

UHURU
Take it easy. You passed out and had a hard fall.

LATTE
Blacked out? What were we drinking?

Uhuru smiles and she gets water for them both. Latte sits up, grabs hers and chugs half of the bottle down.

UHURU
It was after we showed you the pictures. Do you remember?

Latte is still for a moment, then closes her eyes.

LATTE
(shaky voice)
Yes. I remember. All of it.

UHURU

I hope it wasn't too much. We
tried to --

LATTE

Why the HELL was I brought here?
Huh? Just to tell me I'll have a
great family, that will get mowed
down by police?

Tears flow as she turns away from her host. Uhuru sits
closer and rubs her back.

UHURU

It was totally selfish to bring you
here against your will. Our hope
is that you can change things, at
least slow down the destruction.

LATTE

And how do I do that?

UHURU

We've given you the files that
governments and companies kept
hidden during your times. It's
enough to get some arrested, others
to lose their positions.

(her volume increases)

We need YOU to champion it.

Uhuru gets up and stands in front of Latte.

UHURU (CONT'D)

It's loaded onto your phone.
Hopefully the ones who replace
these assholes won't be so evil.
Let me show you something.

Uhuru uses the projector on her phone to show a video of JOHN
HORSE JR. (20's), on her wall.

INSERT - VIDEO

He's in front of a big crowd, wearing Navajo clothing and
dreads. The audience is brimming with diversity. The bright
sun and mountains indicates in may be in Phoenix.

JOHN HORSE JR.

How cold. How selfish, can one
generation be? Look around you.

(MORE)

JOHN HORSE JR. (CONT'D)

Do you see what they've done to our poor mother? What kind of people were they?

The crowd shouts approval.

JOHN HORSE JR. (CONT'D)

If I had the means, I would go back there with a vengeance. Inflicting pain on them, as they have done to us. It seems, that's all they will ever understand.

A louder response from his followers.

JOHN HORSE JR. (CONT'D)

Because, they could have changed things -- but didn't.

He pounds his podium.

JOHN HORSE JR. (CONT'D)

People predicted this situation would happen, since the 1970's. Scientists, doctors, farmers and even the local weatherman, gave the warnings, showed the proof ...

(screaming)

BUT IT WAS IGNORED, ON PURPOSE!

The audience erupts in shouting and applause.

JOHN HORSE JR. (CONT'D)

Disgusting how they we were so self-absorbed and more interested in selfies, than guarding the planet.

Police drones come into view over the horizon.

JOHN HORSE JR. (CONT'D)

I will leave you with this. You must fight with all of your soul, to protect what is left of this blessing that a Divine Love has given us. Even if it means ...Your own precious life.

The stage is evacuated as the drones fly closer. The filming abruptly stops.

END INSERT

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - DAY

Silence. Uhuru tries to read Latte's face.

LATTE

I see why he was a hero. That boy
... Wow. And he came ... Outta me?

UHURU

Yes, ma'am.

Latte stares out the window, but her mind extends far beyond the mountains in her view. Her nostrils flare and she bounces out of the bed with vigor. She turns to her friend.

LATTE

Come on here, girl. We got work to
do. I'm ready.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

With the phone to her ear, Grandma hears the call end.

PHONE

I'm sorry, the voice mailbox is
full. Please--

The old woman disconnects the call and looks sad.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - DAY

Both women now sit on the couch. Latte studies Uhuru's every word.

UHURU

I would go through portal and
seduce guys and get close to them.
No sex. Usually unattractive
loners. Then I plant an electrode
on them that programs them to kill,
then commit suicide.

Uhuru shows them the tiny devices to her, in a drawer by the end of the couch.

LATTE

It was sure effective.

UHURU

Those we killed would have died
later in natural disasters.

(MORE)

UHURU (CONT'D)

We're not monsters. Shootings hit people's hearts with more - impact.

LATTE

Slightly sadistic.

Uhuru thinks about it a moment.

UHURU

They had a choice to change things. I justify it because they forced us to live this way in the future. You heard your son.

LATTE

I heard him. Unfortunately, it's not working. Corruption grinds everything to a halt.

A large exhale emits from Uhuru in frustration.

UHURU

True. We get revenge on your people, which was satisfying for a while ... But we need a reversal.

LATTE

If that's even possible.

UHURU

By exposing these dirtbags and removing them, perhaps the future that you see today, ... Doesn't have to be.

Latte gets up and goes to the window. She hangs her head.

LATTE

Me? Why me?

UHURU

Why not you? If not you, who?

Uhuru leaves the couch and joins her by the window.

UHURU (CONT'D)

You know the stakes. Wakanda, your grand-daughter, is in a make-shift hospital. Cannot enjoy life.

She stands in front of Latte so they are face to face.

UHURU (CONT'D)

Just because your son stood up to
and unjust system? If anyone is in
a position to alter this outcome,
it's you. And with a vengeance.

Latte seems to growl and turn away.

LATTE

If the future's only chance is for
me to do something to stop this.
You guys are screwed.

Uhuru laughs hard.

UHURU

I know you. You'll grow into it.
Just like Coretta did. You'll be
magnificent.

LATTE

The network will probably fire me.

Latte's phone is pointed out by Uhuru.

UHURU

Also, in your phone there is a file
that gives all the statistics for
all football and baseball games, up
to this year. If you ever need
money, lay down a bet. It ain't
stealing, you're on a mission.

They laugh, then kiss and hug.

INT. LATTE'S DESERT HOME, IN THE FUTURE - DAY

Wearing newly cleaned concert shirt and jeans, the look in
Latte's eyes say she's ready. The once elegant home is in
shambles. Most of the roof is gone.

Around her is Uhuru, Hotep, Shaka and a security detail. A
homemade plaque on a wall proclaims this space as an
unofficial historic site, honoring Latte.

LATTE

Uhuru, did you do this?

UHURU

No, it's been there quite a while.
I think your son did it.

Latte goes over and rubs her fingers over it.

LATTE

That boy. Hey, I have a question. Why doesn't this government stop your time travel or follow you to the past?

HOTEP

They don't know about it. We'd love to keep it that way.

UHURU

The device your cops have, has already been destroyed.

LATTE

So I just make billion dollar industries stop destroying the planet using words alone? What could go wrong?

Uhuru laughs and slaps her butt.

UHURU

You were made for the moment. Give me a hug and go save humanity.

Latte hugs the crew, then takes the doohickey and goes to the middle of the room. The numbers on it start to flash. She waves goodbye to everyone. A tear falls from Uhuru. Latte smiles back, then disappears.

INT. LATTE'S DESERT HOME, PRESENT TIME -DAY

Opening her eyes, Latte finds herself standing in the living room. Everything is as she left it days ago. She walks through and touches the wall where the plaque was, then smiles and chuckles.

She checks her cell phone. It shows the files have been uploaded. Latte gets a beer from the fridge, then she downloads the files into her computer and starts reading.

LATTE

Oh my God!

The beer is guzzled but her eyes stay locked on the screen.

INT. LATTE'S DESERT HOME, PRESENT TIME - NIGHT

Three empty beer cans near the keyboard, leads to Latte's red eyes and exhausted looking face. Elbow on table, she holds her head up with her hand.

LATTE

What a greedy piece of shit. I
can't wait till this story's told.

Just as she rubs her eyes and starts to shut down files to call it quits for the night, she sees a new file called PICS. She opens it.

Uhuru, Wakanda and John Horse Jr., are featured. She smiles. Then the cell phone buzzes and populates with all the calls she missed.

The voice mail now shows full. She scrolls through the names. Prima, Grandma, Domingo and even Cherry have left at least one.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Tomorrow, right now I need sleep.

INT. LATTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Prima answers the video call with her face ecstatic with joy. Part of the NY studio is in the background as Latte wears workout gear, and watches on her laptop, from the bed.

PRIMA

(on video call)

Ayeee. It's you, chica. You okay?

LATTE

I'm okay and full of piss and vinegar. I have a story that will blow the roof off. Will blast you some files in email. Confidential source. Try to verify with the info we already have.

PRIMA

(on video call)

It's good to have you back, Mija.

LATTE

It's good to be back, but we got work to do. Read them files and get back to me.

Prima smiles, winks and then ends the call. Latte reaches over and grabs the cell phone, dials. It rings down, goes to voice mail.

GRANDMA

(on voice mail)

I'm not in right now.

(MORE)

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

If you're a friend, I'm performing a blessing for you. If foe, I'm putting a hex on you. Have a nice day.

Latte laughs, then composes herself.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

The cellphone sits on a table as the sun shines brightly.

LATTE (V.O.)

Hey, Grandma. Just letting you know I'm safe. Thanks for your blessing.

Sounds are followed to the door ...

LATTE (V.O.)

I love you and miss you.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

In the backyard, Grandma and elderly Navajo friends are having target practice with several types of guns, led by a young Native American, INSTRUCTOR (40's).

LATTE (V.O.)

The last few days have reminded me how much you mean to me.

Grandma puts on shooting goggles, hits targets with handgun and then shotgun.

LATTE (V.O.)

Please stay safe. Okay?

The instructor, who looks very military, is amazed.

INSTRUCTOR

Gee lady, you are really good.

GRANDMA

My dad was a Code Talker in the big war. He taught me to shoot these, ... But not that.

She points to the AR-15. The instructor smiles and hands it to her. He appears to be about to explain the weapon, but she busts off four shots right away. All hit the target. His jaw hangs open.

INT. LATTE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Another calls is made as she stretches out on the bed.

LATTE

Agent Domingo. This is Latte.
Heard you were looking for me.

EXT. DESERT AREA - DAY

Surrounding Domingo are other agents. He hears her voice and freezes. He peers around himself and strolls away from other feds on the scene.

DOMINGO

Aye. Where have you been senorita?
Are you safe?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Latte twists so see looks at the ceiling as she converses.

LATTE

Was that big, ole lawman worried
about me?

He rolls his eyes.

DOMINGO

Of course I was worried. The world
was. You just vanished, no trace.

Latte chuckles to herself.

LATTE

It's a nice power to have. Maybe
you can try it sometime.

Domingo looks back at his crew.

DOMINGO

The girl. Did you apprehend her?
Know where she is?

The reporter rolls onto her stomach.

LATTE

That girl? She's left the
building, like Elvis. Don't worry
about her. I've got something
bigger, trust me.

The agent takes the phone from his face and looks at it as if it switched over to a foreign language.

DOMINGO

That little witch is implicated in several mass murders. Not sure what can be bigger than that.

Latte springs up to sitting position.

LATTE

I came upon a plan that will kill millions and eventually billions.

A frown crosses the agent's face.

DOMINGO

Like genocide of something?

Getting out of bed, Latte goes to her laptop.

LATTE

That's not the primary objective, but it will be a direct result.

After contemplation and a deep exhale ...

DOMINGO

Do you have evidence, facts?

She smiles wide as she starts up her computer.

LATTE

I'll show good faith and email you the files I have. Take a look.

Domingo utters a hearty laugh.

DOMINGO

Okay, Lois Lane. Let's see what you got. Send it to my private email. I'll call you tonight.

Latte hits the SEND tab on her keyboard.

LATTE

Just sent it to your in-box. There's a lot there. Take notes.

Stepping out of the bright sun, Domingo finds some shade.

DOMINGO

You bet. Now, about that girl ...

The laptop is pushed away.

LATTE

Stop being a cop. Go with the
flow. Speak to you later.

She hangs up.

He hears the line go dead. He puts the phone in his pocket.

DOMINGO

That woman. What a piece of work.

EXT. LATTE'S DESERT HOME, POOL - DAY

Latte does some laps under the blazing sun. Her phone goes off. She swims to the side, dries with a towel and answers.

LATTE

Grandma. Wow, so good to hear your
voice. I want to visit today. I'll
be going to New York tomorrow.

GRANDMA

(over phone)

Sure, child but leave soon, get
here before dark.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

WARRIOR by NATAANII MEANS, blasts from the speakers of the Jeep. Although she wears a cowboy hat, the wind whips Latte's hair around as she motors through the arid landscape.

With the doors off, it makes her loose fitting, Navajo print blouse flutter around her. She bounces to the beat.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

As she pulls onto the road that leads to Grandma's house, the Jeep comes to a stop. A crowd of fans from the reservation stand in front of Grandma's house, decorated for Latte. They carry supportive signs and wave.

Driving her vehicle closer, a Navajo chant starts. Latte's face shows she is honored and humbled as she parks. She waves and smiles as she gets out. As she looks into all the faces, a tear drops. She goes to Grandma, they hug in joy.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, PATIO - DAY

Grandma has a spread of fry bread and fresh veggies. They dine under a Navajo style overhang to block the sun.

GRANDMA

You sure get them gun-toting, hate mongers all upset. Your grandpa would have loved that. That's where you gets your punching power from.

Grandma lands a gentle jab on her shoulder. Latte laughs.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

He was friends with the late, great Russell Means, you know of him?

LATTE

Yes, he was like the Malcolm X of tribal people. Wounded Knee, all that. His words were like fire. His son, Nataanii is a rapper. Was listening to him on the way here.

GRANDMA

That's Russell. And his son does rap? How funny the way it fits together, isn't it?

LATTE

Yes indeed. Okay, I have a question. Have you heard of John Horse?

GRANDMA

Of course, hero to Blacks and Indian. Had his foot deep in Andrew Jackson's ass.

Latte laughs as Grandma cackles.

LATTE

That's him.

GRANDMA

I only learned about him later. The school I went to, tried hide every achievement made by our people.

The old woman turns to face Latte.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

It's your responsibility as a leader, to rip the scabs off the wounds that were covered up, so the world can see it. Heal it.

LATER

Empty dishes sit in front of Latte and Grandma. They stare at the setting sun over the desert landscape.

LATTE

Grandma, in all your rituals and ceremonies, did you ever see the future?

GRANDMA

Found Oneness, yes. A place where time didn't exist. I may have been visited by ancestors. Never the future. The spirits like to keep that a secret.

LATTE

Not only have I seen the future, I walked around in it. That's where I was these last couple of days.

The old woman is silent. Eyes fixed on the horizon.

GRANDMA

Oh, I see. Well, did we figure out the important stuff yet?

Latte hangs her head and shakes it, no. A tear runs from her eye. Grandma sees her pain.

LATTE

What they'll do to our poor mother. My God. It's hard to face the damage and all the lost souls.

Grandma comforts her as she sobs.

GRANDMA

I was afraid of that.

LATTE

And that's not all. This is something I need your wisdom for. I met some people there. One of them was my grand-daughter.

Grandma looks her in the eye, curiously.

GRANDMA

You? A grandchild? I thought you were--

LATTE

I am. But I guess that might change. Anyway, you know the story about how grandpa died? Ah, this is so painful.

(beat)

It will happen to my son too. And his family. The girl is the only survivor.

Silence. Sadness on Grandma's face. Grandma starts to softly sing a song in Navajo, holding Latte's hand as they both cry. And pray. At the end of the song, Grandma takes in deep breaths.

GRANDMA

Come, let's go inside. I'm feeling tired.

Latte helps the old woman to her feet.

INT. GRANDMA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grandma is in bed under the covers as Latte sits bedside.

GRANDMA

And he called himself John Horse Jr.? What a genius. I may not be able to meet him, but when I get to the land of spirits, he will be my special project.

LATTE

Thank you, Grandma. About the other stuff, I really feel the pressure. If it doesn't work, billions will die. It will be my fault.

More tears flow, Latte covers her face with her hands.

LATTE (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm that strong.

GRANDMA

You will not be alone. Ancestors from all of your bloodlines will be there, right next to you, one dimension over. However it turns out, it was meant to be that way. No fear, right?

Confidence is seen spreading across Latte's face. She kisses Grandma and closes the door behind her.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Latte steps outside and takes a colorful Navajo blanket to cover herself. She seems to inhale all of the nature around her. She looks to the stars above.

LATTE

Ancestors, please help.

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO - DAY

The doors swing open. Latte enters past the production crew and is hugged so hard by Prima, she's almost knocked down.

PRIMA

Mija, so good to see you. I was so worried.

LATTE

You may have cracked a few ribs right now, but I'm alright, sister.

Standing by his office door, Amed motions for them to come into a room nearby.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amed looks around the all before closing, then locking the door. He spins to face the two ladies.

AMED

Glad you're back, Latte. I read those files. Holy shit! What you have here is pure dynamite. Are you ready for the explosion? It could be devastating.

(beat)

Even dangerous for us.

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO, DESK - DAY

Latte wears a black business suit as she's perched at the anchor chair, waiting to go on. The producer points to her.

LATTE

Good evening. My name is Latte Lattimer. I've been reporting on gun violence ever since I was a victim. Recent shootings have killed from ten to forty innocent people., per incident.

The screen behind her shows make-shift memorials.

LATTE (CONT'D)

While that is wretched, millions and eventually billions are in the process of being killed needlessly by the synthesis of greedy, ruthless corporations and corrupt representatives.

A caption reading, BENEFICIAL BILLS THAT DID NOT PASS, it shown on the screen. The title of bills that failed, scroll by quickly, and include, Clean Water Act, Clean Air Act, Solar Power Act, Electric cars, etc. It's lengthy.

LATTE (CONT'D)

It seems our politicians only answer to the wealthy donor class, while they gaslight the rest of us, to stay in power, to get more money ... But kill our Earth.

Scenes of air pollution, oil spills. Melting ice caps, etc.

LATTE (CONT'D)

We have proof of this fascist-leaning movement and who is running our only planet into the ground. Let's look at what we've uncovered."

Graphics are displayed behind her. The clip depicts how the globe looks in present day, vs how globe will look in 2056. As the depicted worlds spin, the difference in land mass is obvious. A graphic showing the population difference flashes below the orbs.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Just look at that. Where did the people go?

(MORE)

LATTE (CONT'D)

What happened to the land? I have the answers. Feel free to take notes. The FBI did.

Business execs and politicians are filmed getting arrested in a massive round-up.

LATTE (CONT'D)

The idea of human predators, has both intrigued and sickened me.

Clips show Flint water, wildfires, flooding, etc.

LATTE (CONT'D)

We are in the midst of a feeding frenzy of predators, that will lead to the destruction of our species, just so some old, crusty jerks can buy yachts, cocaine and strippers.

Mega-yachts, luxury cars, private jets, strip club, etc. Latte gets up and strolls to an interactive board, nearby.

It lists major polluting industries, lobby money accepted, illegal dumping, de-forestation, anti-environmental legislation, rising ocean levels, etc. As she touches each one, stats display underneath.

LATTE (CONT'D)

All of this and more is on our network website. Before I go into depth, let me say ...

The studio camera comes in for a close-up. Her compassion, her fear and concern, radiates from her face.

LATTE (CONT'D)

We as a people, a human family, have to pull together and do something about this or it will be our doom. This is, without doubt ... Our last chance.

INT. RIVAL NEWS NETWORK - DAY

The live broadcast is now a clip that freezes after Latte's last words. The freeze-frame is behind CAMERON TINSLEY, (50's), fire-brand, nationalist, news pundit from another network. He makes a face and mocks Latte's voice.

TINSLEY
 (imitates her)
 Without doubt, this is our last
 chance.

He wise-ass smirk dominates the camera.

TINSLEY (CONT'D)
 Give me a break, Chicken Little.
 The sky isn't falling. This lady
 was bad enough when she was trying
 to abolish the second amendment.
 Now this?

His motions try to convey outrage.

TINSLEY (CONT'D)
 Scare tactics to push us towards
 socialism. That's all it is.
 Don't believe this garbage.
 America will find a way, like it
 always has.

Clips of high rollers in handcuffs, flashes.

TINSLEY (CONT'D)
 In the meantime, loyal public
 servants and civic minded business
 leaders face persecution, based on
 some mysterious documents - and Ms.
 Lattimer, refuses to divulge her
 sources.

He shakes his head in disgust.

TINSLEY (CONT'D)
 This nonsense must end. I challenge
 you to a debate, madame. While she
 decides, I encourage you patriotic
 Americans to let her know how you
 feel. If you know what I mean.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Latte and Prima get into a car, that has a driver. He smiles
 as he holds the door for them

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

They drive off. In the car she sees many voice mails on her
 phone. Several from the home security company in Phoenix.

Another is from Domingo. The car emerges from the underground parking garage.

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Protesters await for the vehicle with hateful signs and angry voices. They converge on the limo.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

All inside are shocked. The crowd is hostile and they are serious. Latte dials her phone.

LATTE

I'll call Domingo. Looks like Tinsley must have fed his fans the usual bullshit. Now I'm a target for telling the truth.

The car is pelted with eggs. Indistinct screams are heard from the unruly crowd.

PRIMA

Hey, driver. Call the security guards. I wanna see these fools get mopped.

The mob gets closer to the car and blocks its progress. They strike the hood with signs and fists as they scream at the occupants.

EXT. STREETS OF PHOENIX - NIGHT

Domingo answers the ringing phone, looks stressed. He stands on a sidewalk. Colorful police lights flash around him.

DOMINGO

Thanks for the call back. We got a call about your house in Phoenix. I'm there now. Vandals hit your house. The security company said they e-mailed you the footage.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

Anger and frustration consumes Latte's face.

LATTE

These goddamn psychos, ... SUCK!

Domingo holds the phone away from his ear a moment.

DOMINGO

When you get a chance, review it, see if you recognize anyone, then send it to me. We'll find them.

Emotion makes her voice crack.

LATTE

I want those cowards arrested. The assholes in New York too. Look at this.

She records the faces of hate that are attacking her vehicle.

DOMINGO

Holy shit. I'll call that bureau right away. Do you have a weapon?

Prima leans into the conversation.

PRIMA

Fuck yeah, and I'll use it on these zombies if they lay a finger on anyone here. Here, let me get their ugly ass faces on video for court.

She pulls out her cell phone too and records them with her middle finger saluting the toxic crowd.

LATTE

Here come the security guards.

Guards and NYPD rush to the scene push the rabid mob away from the car. Latte exhales as they finally pull away from the blockade. Prima rolls down the window so her sign language is seen clearly. Latte returns to the call.

LATTE (CONT'D)

We're safe now. What a long day.

DOMINGO

Thank goodness you're safe.

She takes a water bottle and swigs some down.

LATTE

I'll be back there in AZ few days from now. We have to meet. By the way, good job in arresting those high rollers. The info I gave you, should make it an open and shut case.

Domingo chuckles to himself.

DOMINGO

Never underestimate corruption and the people's apathy. I've seen these types walk before. Forget the high priced lawyers they retained. Now it looks like they will have an entire news network defending them.

Latte looks out the window. Her eyes look sad.

LATTE

Yeah. It appears so.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Latte and the driver exit the elevator.

LATTE

You really didn't have to walk me to the door. It'd be pretty hard to get in here.

They walk on. Her eyes pop open wide as she gets to her home. Spray painted threats and a pile of garbage is spread on her door.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Shit, really? I want this reported. Bastards.

She takes out her phone and starts recording the damage. The driver calls the cops.

INT. NETWORK NEWS STUDIO, DESK - DAY

Next day at the newsroom, Latte wears all black, everything.

LATTE

After Cameron Tinsley called the goon squad on us for exposing the truth, this is what happened.

Video clips show behind her from the security cam in the Phoenix home. Vandalism is bad, graffiti is worse. F-words and N-words are blurred for broadcast.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Seems there are folks out there who don't like what I say.

Footage of the car siege is now shown.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Will this barbaric behavior stop me from doing my job? Hell no! This isn't Latte's hobby. We are talking about our long term survival as a species.

Globe from 2056 is shown.

LATTE (CONT'D)

The one who irked on this violence now wants to debate me? Seriously? Come on. These are facts. There is no room for debate, discussion or compromise. We need action, not more stalling, and we need it now.

The studio camera does a close-up.

LATTE (CONT'D)

The power elite want to divide us so we can't stand against them. Scare us so we shut up. It's not happening. The days of killing our children, for your profit, are numbered. Believe that.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Latte pulls onto Grandma's street with a crowd double in size from the previous trip. They applaud Latte, she smiles back but she looks 'down'.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE, PATIO - DAY

Another large feast is made for Latte, but she picks at it.

GRANDMA

What's wrong?

LATTE

These evil men with evil plans, it seems they're gonna win. Forget all the death threats I'm getting.

She pulls her hair back in frustration.

LATTE (CONT'D)

These crooked politicians are gonna get re-elected and none of those convicted will do time. Even though there is proof of their crimes.

GRANDMA

You have become an activist that will force all this negativity to turn around. A tremendous light the world needs.

Grandma nudges her with her elbow.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Death threats and hatred from imbeciles is to be expected.

They have a laugh. Latte finally brightens up.

GRANDMA (CONT'D)

Just keep doing what you're doing. Your ancestors are so proud of you, so am I. The whole community vows to protect you. You can stay in the trailer next door if you want.

Latte stands up and takes a deep breath of country air.

LATTE

I feel safer here. Thank you. Maybe I'll make some videos.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Latte is dressed as a teacher. The chalk board next to her shows California, the fault line and the nuclear plant. A cameraman and production crew is in the background.

LATTE

Nuclear power plant on a fault line? Really? Who's the genius who thought that one up? We've been lucky so far, but one day. Oh boy.

BOOM, an explosion. The area on the blackboard where the power plant was, is a gaping hole with smoke coming out. Much of Southern California is missing.

LATTE (CONT'D)

We know it's just a matter of time.
Can we please act like rational
people and dismantle this monster
before it kills millions? Wouldn't
that make sense?

INT. CAVE - DAY

Neanderthals in animal skins sit in front of primitive
paintings on a wall. Latte beams in and stands in front of
the cave painting, dressed like an Egyptian goddess.

LATTE

Let's get real primitive so
everyone, including the knuckle-
dragers understand. Look at this
map of 2056 projections.

A globe, larger than a basketball hovers over her palm. It
spins and is mostly blue.

LATTE (CONT'D)

New York, gone. Chicago, gone,
Florida? Forget about it. Europe,
India ... We all face extinction.
The only way for us to prevent this
is to stop it now.

The cavemen look distressed and groan with displeasure.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Policy makers and CEOs need to
listen and make changes now or
become the biggest mass killers who
ever walked the planet.

Using their clubs, the cavemen pound the earth in anger.

LATTE (CONT'D)

If they don't comply in a real way,
we must band together and boycott
them out of existence.

The cavemen grunt approval and bounce around excitedly.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Do you understand?

Now they are dressed like college students, nurses, cops and
business suits.

CROWD

Yes, we understand. Fully.

INT. LUXURY PARLOR - NIGHT

Leather furniture and inlaid mahogany are barely seen through the darkness and cigar smoke. Men in suits, faces not seen, pour bourbon from decanters. A hand with diamond cuff-links picks up a remote and freeze-frames on Latte's face.

POWER BROKER (O.C.)

Millions of followers? We can't have that. Send someone ... To visit her. Now.

EXT. DESERT AREA - DAY

Latte stands on a deserted roadway, wearing a Phoenix Suns jersey, cut-offs and cowboy boots. In her hand, a phone.

LATTE

I had to get away from civilization so you can hear this disgusting filth I get from fellow countrymen.

Voices of men and women with different accents is heard.

PHONE (V.O.)

We gonna rip your BEEP off ... You gonna be a dead BEEP, smart-ass ... I hope your whole family dies slow, you BEEP ... Commie whore, rot in hell ... I'd love to blow your brains out, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP ...

Latte drops her phone to the pavement, it shatters as she smirks into the camera. The production crew gets a tighter shot. It captures her rage.

LATTE

You didn't scare me when I stood up against guns and you sure don't scare me now. The people you are attack dogs for, don't care about any of us.

Her eyes burn like the desert sun.

LATTE (CONT'D)

They will gladly let you all die, as long as it means more money for them. We won't let that happen.

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

A new pick-up truck parks and Domingo gets out. Latte rushes to him.

LATTE

Hey, thanks for meeting me. These recent death threats are scary. Is there a way you guys can trace them?

DOMINGO

Of course. Tracked down a few of these idiots already.

Grandma comes out. Looks Domingo up and down.

LATTE

Grandma, this is Agent Domingo.

They shake hands. Grandma studies his face.

GRANDMA

Did you used to hang around here years ago?

DOMINGO

Yes ma'am. As a teen. I used to visit the Rez often. My dad was born and raised here. Used to vacation from Tucson.

GRANDMA

He probably knows this place better than you. Show her around. And keep her safe. You hear?

MONTAGE

Grandma winks to Latte that she likes him.

Takes her to see the natural beauty in a canoe, they laugh.

On horseback, they race each other.

Then on foot as they scale a mountain and she hugs him as they enjoy the view of the setting sun. Love is seen in their interaction. It starts to get dark.

DOMINGO

I really should head back now. Long drive.

LATTE

There is a couch in the trailer.
Safer to stay over.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

Latte takes a shower as he waits. He looks through her photo book. Latte finishes her shower and goes to the living room.

LATTE

Those horses kicked up a ton of
mud. Take a shower if you like.

Domingo smiles, they awkwardly pass each other and he gets in. Latte glimpses his body in the mirror. She paces back and forth, not sure what to do.

INT. TRAILER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Latte enters with a bottle of soap. She drops the robe and goes in with him. He's surprised.

LATTE

You seem like you need your back
scrubbed.

She rubs his back sensually as water beats down. Domingo turns, they kiss passionately.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

They snuggle in bed, exhausted from sex. His gun and badge are on the night-stand. She sees his first name is Juan.

FLASHBACK

At Fort Firebird, Latte, frustrated and confused, lashes out.

LATTE

Okay then. Who's the dad?

HOTEP

We can't tell you.

Latte is about to explode, then ...

UHURU

Hey, is today Saturday, or Sunday?

All in the room give her severe side-eye. The inside joke just gets her frustrated.

END OF FLASHBACK

She looks at her lover sleeping and smiles.

LATTE

Domingo, of course. That little shit knew I'd find out, somehow.

Latte rubs her belly.

LATTE (CONT'D)

It's you, isn't it.

She kisses him and falls asleep.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM. Gunfire wakes them in the morning. They look out the window of the trailer. Gunmen in masks, shoot up grandma's house.

Grandma shoots back with the AR-15. She's not playing. Killers go down. Domingo snatches his heater and motions for Latte to hide, then sneaks out of the trailer.

Latte watches through the window as Domingo sneaks up on them. He takes a few out. Locals with their old trucks race to the gunfight and attack. Eventually the hitmen are driven off as locals go in pursuit.

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - DAY

Latte rushes into Grandma's house. The elderly woman is bleeding, badly. Tears flow from her grandchild.

LATTE

I'm sorry, this is all my fault.

GRANDMA

Not your fault. I go to the after-world, a warrior for the side of goodness. I can't ask for more.

LATTE

Your spirit will always be with me.

Grandma touches her belly. Latte flinches like a surge of electricity hit her body.

GRANDMA

I'll see you again, dear. In nine months.

Latte's eyes get wide and tears drip. Grandma dies in her arms. She rubs her own belly now. Domingo comes in, sees that the old woman is dead, comforts Latte.

LATTE

Those bullets were for me.

Amid tears, her face changes from guilt, to being pissed off.

LATTE (CONT'D)

Get me back to Phoenix. Now.

INT. LATTE'S DESERT HOME - DAY

Domingo walks her inside. Her eyes burn with intensity.

DOMINGO

Sure you'll be okay? I could stay or have agents stationed outside.

LATTE

No thanks. I'll be fine.

As soon as he leaves, Latte grabs the device from its hiding spot, turns it on. She stands on the back of the couch and falls backwards.

INT. PORTAL - DAY

She falls through the portal, focused and unafraid.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

She is caught by the trampoline. Hotep and Shaka are there to greet her. Once she gets off, Latte goes to them.

LATTE

I realize that what you told me is true. I may indeed be pregnant. They tried to assassinate me, killed my grandma, but she might get the last laugh. Where's Uhuru?

INT. FORT FIREBIRD, CLINIC - DAY

Uhuru is hooked up to machines and in coma. Latte touches her gently as her tears cannot be stopped.

HOTEP

She saved her daughter and grand-daughter from being abducted, but was hit several times. It's not looking good.

Latte kisses her and weeps. Hotep comforts her.

SHAKA

We have more bad news. Wakanda is in surgery, has infection, might not make it or might lose a limb. I'm sorry.

She falls to her knees weeping.

LATTE

Something must be done to save the future. I can't let it play out like this.

INT. UHURU'S SUITE - DAY

In Uhuru's drawer, she takes the implants she used to use on mass shooters.

PRESENT TIME

INT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

A rally against solar power, alternative fuels, gun control and Latte herself, is in full swing. Flags wave far and wide. Nazi and militia are in the audience.

The speakers on stage, are led by Tinsley, who seems in a pompous mood. The panel is composed of most of the folks from the files who Latte exposed.

Signs are in the crowd showing their hatred for Latte. Some show her with a Hitler moustache. Others portray her as a creepy version of 'the Joker'.

In gray wig, shades and a walker, Latte shuffles inside, disguised as an old woman. She nods to security men in trench-coats.

Their eyes get weird, - then they pull out Uzis. They open fire on the speakers, killing Tinsley, many fossil fuel execs and corrupt politicians, then into the crowd.

Latte dances as Uhuru did during the music festival shooting. As the mass shooting subsides, police close in. She makes eye contact with the shooters. She nods and they nod back. They kill themselves before police get to close.

Domingo takes off after Latte, thinking it's Uhuru. She runs out of the building.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

The amazingly nimble lady with gray hair sprints into the nearby woods.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Domingo is close behind. Latte takes out the device, turns to face him, then stands on a log. He is beyond stunned.

DOMINGO

You? How could you? I'm sorry,
babe. You're under arrest.

He takes out his gun with a shaky hand. Latte smiles and sensually grabs his tie.

LATTE

Stop being a cop. I've got
something to show you.

As other police get closer, she free-falls backwards, yanking Domingo over the log. When the other cops arrive, no one is there. His gun, left behind. They can't believe their eyes.

INT. PORTAL - NIGHT

Diving through time and space, Latte sees the fear in the eyes of her future husband, as lights speed by them. One hand still gripping his tie, she uses the other to caress his face. They stare into each others eyes.

Latte lets go of the tie and grabs his hand. She moves it so the fingers are spread across her belly. They both smile, then kiss -- as they hurtle into another world.

THE END