

TURNING POINT

Written by

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Inspired by a true story

Address
Phone Number

O.S. zzzz, zzzz, zzzzip - sounds of a home printer printing and advancing paper.

FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

The printer continues to print, ever so slowly.

An image starts to appear.

Cotton white hair is luminous against dark background. This person, whomever it is, is at outside, elegantly lighted venue.

A vibrant older female, with piercing blue eyes appears. Ruth Cohen's (60) radiant smile leaps from the paper.

The photo in full view reveals a social media post, with a glimpse of Ruth's name.

Hands, covered by the blue surgical gloves worn during covid, gently removes the paper from the printer.

A heavy sigh is heard, or was it a heavy breath. Was it the sound of admiration, lust, frustration, jealousy, rage?

The watcher turns, revealing a war room wall of photos, newspaper clippings of the same female that spans decades.

From what we can see, the wall is a puzzling blend of a police style suspect wall and creepy stalker wall.

After pinning Ruth's current picture to the collection, the room goes black.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUTH COHEN'S HOME, UTAH - EARLY MORNING

BACK YARD PATIO

Water pouring.

Water pouring into a pet bowl.

A tabby cat runs up for a drink.

Hands rub the tabby.

The long cotton white hair of Ruth drapes from her shoulder as she pets the cat.

It's the woman in the photo.

A slight breeze catches her oversized attire which is a tasteful blend of 60's hippy and modern new age.

RUTH

Hey, Buddy. How's my good neighbor today.

Ruth takes in a deep breath as she stands admiring the zen garden that is her back yard.

She pets the cat again, as he is weaving between her legs.

RUTH (CONT'D)

You're such a good Buddy.

Turning to go inside, her piercing blues eye glint from the morning sun. She enters a nearly barren full glass sunroom that was once her back patio.

Hidden away in the corner, a tiny table displays a ceramic ballerina music box and an Alexa ball.

SUNROOM

RUTH (CONT'D)

Alexa, play tract 12.

After taking in the music for a few seconds, Ruth begins to dance.

Her free flowing attire begins to incumber her efforts so she removes her top and skirt revealing an underlying leotard.

Fit and flexible for her age, Ruth goes into full on ballerina mode, losing herself in the music; in the movements; and in the moment.

A faint ringing sound, possibly a cell phone, from inside the house goes unnoticed.

CUT TO:

O.S. Loud burp

EXT. ROOF TOP LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

BAR

A drunken, physically fit Marc Wassermann (64) sits hugged up to an attractive but tipsy female patron obviously at least half his age.

Rockin' a high length mini-dress and knee high boots, the lady dotes on Marc.

Around them the bartender and staff are cleaning, preparing for close. Reaching for the couple's empty glasses...

BARTENDER

Are you finished with these?

MARC

Another round!

BARTENDER

Mr. Wassermann, the bar closed thirty minutes ago.

MARC

I don't care! I want another round for me and this fine specimen of a woman.

Attempting to kiss her which an abrupt tongue thrusts in her mouth, she fake giggles a bit as she pushes back.

FEMALE BAR PATRON

It's OK, let's get breakfast.

MARC

(to the bartender)

You heard the lady, call my driver.

The drunken couple stand to leave. An unstable Marc makes futile attempts not to lean too heavily on his new companion but from a bystanders point of view, she's carrying him.

Wobbling their way to the elevator lobby, Marc makes several attempts to pull close and kiss her neck. Each time, he loses balance and stumbles.

Her face turns to concern.

FEMALE BAR PATRON

Maybe we should just get you home.

The couple enter the elevator doors.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR

The instant the elevator doors close, Marc's demeanor changes. His drunken stopper was an act.

He slams the lady against the rear wall. What seem to be one swoop, he thrusts his hands up her dress, snaps her thong like a twig, and rams his fingers inside her.

Stunned at first, she lets out a silent scream when his hand invades her. She tries with all her might to fend him off but his muscular stature is more solid than it appeared to be.

FEMALE BAR PATRON

Stop! What are you doing.

Continuing his assault, pinning her more by pressing against her, kissing her neck.

MARC

Don't worry, I'm gonna to pay you.

She wiggles and squirms to get out of his clutches.

FEMALE BAR PATRON

I'm not a prostitute!

Loosening his grip slightly.

MARC

Really? Who else is out this time of morning.

Taking advantage of his loosened grip, she thrusts him back.

FEMALE BAR PATRON

I'm an ER physician. I work the night shift!

She lunges towards the elevator buttons, flipping the emergency alarm. The alarm starts blaring.

Moving in behind her, he slams her face in the button panel.

MARC

Bad move sweetheart!

Alarm goes silent.

CUT TO BLACK.

O.S. Sounds of hard smacks, thuds, whimpers.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

The blue surgical gloved hands of our watcher, pins a current day picture of Marc Wassermann on "the wall"; strategically placing it beside an aged NY Times article clipping.

Headline: PENSIONS GONE - OVERNIGHT

Sub headline: Wassermann closes Boxster taking with him, employee's pensions.

Below the headlines, a full page picture of a young Marc Wassermann walking out of a NY high-rise office building.

Lines of yarn cross the aged article. The ends are not visible. However, we do get a brief glimpse of a young Carol Welch in a photo BFF'ing with a young Ruth.

FADE TO BLACK.

Open on the blank black screen of a TV as it's turned on.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

In the kitchen, a professionally dressed Carol Welch (58) pours coffee as the morning news appears on the wall mounted TV in the adjacent nook.

Cheryl Welch (32), can be heard engaged in the hustle and bustle of getting young giggly girls, ready for school.

CHERYL O.S.

Calm down, are your book-bags packed?

Carol turns to gather bowls, cereal, and milk. She does not notice the news banner going across the bottom of the TV screen. "Former hot-shot NY DA, Howard Matthews, passes away at age 93."

As she sets the table...

CAROL

Breakfast!

Two elementary aged girls, still giggly, come running into the nook taking their seats as Carol pours the cereal and milk.

GIRL #1

Thank you, Nana.

Girl #2 runs into the nook, give Carol a bear hug from her waist down.

GIRL #2
You're the best Nana in the whole world.

Carol's cell phone starts vibrating. She gives the girl's a kiss on the head before she moves to the far end of the kitchen to take the call.

CAROL
Eat up.

Cheryl enters with 2 book bags in hand, hanging them on the girl's chair.

With giggly excitement they loud whisper to their mother...

GIRL #1 AND GIRL #2
Did you hear from Uncle Ricky / when's the comin'

CHERYL
Sssh, Nana's on a business call.

The girls again in a loud whisper.

GIRL #1 AND GIRL #2
I wanna tell her / Can we tell her?

Cheryl takes a moment to look at the TV and gets wide-eyed as the news about Howard Matthews cycles across the bottom of the TV screen.

CHERYL
(whispered)
SSssshhh! It's a surprise.

A solum engulf's Cheryl's face.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Eat your breakfast, we're going to be late.

Carol's call ends. Cheryl turn to see tear streaming down her mom's face who is obviously trying hard to hold herself together.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Howard?

Carol calmly but quickly leaves the kitchen.

CAROL

Excuse me.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUTH COHEN'S HOME - MORNING

Red.

Red flashing lights

Red lights of a police vehicle.

A pair of police officers stand in front of Ruth's door, knocking.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Police officers, anyone home.

POLICE OFFICER #2

(into his radio)

Still no answer, we're going to span the perimeter.

They split up going in opposite directions. They look into each window as they make their way around the house.

CUT TO:

SUNROOM

Ruth is in her own little ballerina world, dancing in the sunroom. Music blaring.

The officers, having made their way around the house, meet at the back door of the sunroom, unnoticed by Ruth.

Knock. Knock. Knock.

Ruth jumps out of her skin, screams.

RUTH

Alexa stop music...You scared the life out of me!

POLICE OFFICER #1

Sorry ma'am. We're hear for a wellness check.

Ruth opens the full-glass sunroom door with a motion inviting the officers in.

RUTH

A what?

POLICE OFFICER #2

A wellness check. Your daughter called saying she hasn't been able to contact you for several hours.

RUTH

My daughter...hours?...what time is it?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Almost 2

RUTH

Two! Whoa. I guess it has been hours.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Could you call your daughter ma'am and let her know you're ok.

Almost in a dazed and confused manner, coming down from her sudden scare and dancing high...

RUTH

Of course... my phone...where is my phone.

Looking around the sunroom, fumbling through her tossed pile of clothes.

The police officers stand and watch as her frantic search crescendoes.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I can't find my phone.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Would you like us to call...

The officer is interrupted by the faint ringing of her phone somewhere in the house.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

It's ringing now.

RUTH

What... it is.

POLICE OFFICER #1

It's in the house.

Ruth darts into the house. The ringing stops.

Ruth returns to the sunroom.

RUTH
Found it... I'm so sorry to have
bothered you.

POLICE OFFICER #1
No problem, ma'am.

POLICE OFFICER #2
We're glad there's no emergency.

As the police officers are leaving...

POLICE OFFICER #1
Call your daughter.

RUTH
Calling her now, thank you.

ALICE O.S.
Mom, thank God, are you alright!

RUTH
Hey Ali, I'm fine. What's up.

ALICE O.S.
I have a favor to ask.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARC WASSERMAN PALM BEACH MANSION - EARLY EVENING

Breathtaking sun gleaming on a calm ocean.

An immaculate lawn, pool, patio, mansion.

A sandy-gold Bentley sits in a half circle driveway of an elaborate Palm Beach Florida home. The car windows are down.

A slight ocean breeze sway the palms.

Beyond the driveway a landscaping crew is packing up for the day.

INT. BENTLEY - REAR SEAT

A sweat drenched Marc, wakes from a drunken slumber.

Realizing he is still in the car, he gets annoyed mumbling explicit.

Awkwardly exiting the car, he tucks his shirt and attempts to straighten his appearance.

Looking around dumbfounded, Marc asks a landscaper passing by...

MARC

What time is it?

EXTRA/GARDENER

No, speak english

MARC

(aggravated)

F... time... time-o...uumm
timei...uh...Tempi

EXTRA/GARDENER

Ahhh, tempi. Cinco

Marc counts to himself, uno, dos, tres, cuatro, cinco as the gardener walks off.

MARC

Five.... Wait 5 in the morning or 5
in the evening.

The gardener was too far away to hear or chose to ignore him.

A silver BMW pulls into the driveway, parking behind the Bentley.

Dapper, dashing and suited up Rick Becker (63), looking much younger than his age, exits the BMW with a chauffeur's hat in hand.

With stern expression and heavy footed walk, he makes a bee-line towards Marc.

MARC (CONT'D)

You left me in the car! What the...

Without hesitation, Rick cold cocks Marc right across the jaw.

RICK

Damn right I left you in the car!
I'm not your goddamn driver!

Marc, taken back, nursing his lip. Rick slams the chauffeur's hat against Marc's chest.

MARC

What the...

RICK

Never again!

Getting up in Rick's face, flexing, grabbing his shirt.

MARC

If you were anybody else, I'd be kicking your ass right now.

Rick, flexing back, moving in even closer, almost nose to nose.

RICK

You couldn't kick my ass when we were kids, you certainly can't do it now.

Shoving Rick back.

MARC

Pfff...fuck you. I kicked your ass plenty.

Marc starts walking towards the house.

MARC (CONT'D)

Did you come over here just to sucker punch me.

An enraged Rick gathers himself into work mode, following behind Marc.

RICK

You had it coming and I have business.

MARC

Let's hear it.

RICK

I have updates on the IRS investigation, we are close to settling the hostile workplace suit but the biggest news of the day... do you remember that New York District Attorney? The one that's been after you for years?

MARC

How could I forget that asshat. What about him?

RICK

He died.

Opening the front door, pausing before he enters.

MARC

Good.

Marc enters the house, letting the front door slam in Rick's face.

Mumbling to himself with the closed door in his face.

RICK

Takes one to know one. Asshat!

CUT TO:

Busy bustling street of Manhattan.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT OF DECEASED, FORMER DA, HOWARD MATTHEWS - DAY

A typical wake setting in an upper middle class NY home of former NY State District Attorney Howard Matthews.

Pictures, achievement awards, and other memorabilia are woven into the decor attesting to the semi-celebrity status of the former DA.

The doorbell rings.

Mrs. Matthews, depicted from the framed photos throughout the apartment, answers the door.

On the other side of the door is a tear drenched Carol, standing with a casserole dish. She struggles to whimper...

CAROL

I'm so sorry.

Mrs. Matthews (88) extends both arms for a consoling hug at which point Carol loses all composure.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

The blue surgical gloved hands of the unknown watcher, again strategically placing, pins the Howard Matthews obituary to "the wall" beside a current day photo of Marc Wassermann.

This time, the heavy sigh from the watch is one of frustration.

CUT TO:

Double lines of a 2 lane country road, passing fast, it's clear someone is speeding.

INT. CAR - MORNING

A solemn Ruth, rests her head against the car window. As the rolling hills of picturesque Connecticut pass by. She struggles to force a smile.

She futilely attempts to refocus by stroking the hair of her sleeping granddaughter, Amber (9), is stretched across the back seat with her head in Ruth's lap.

Not your typical 9 year old, Amber's pearl ear rings and necklace give us a sneak peak into her ambitious personality.

Passing by a road sign "Waverly City limits", the anxiety on Ruth's face intensifies.

We see the eyes of Alice (36) in the rearview mirror, a car seat with a sleeping infant is in the passenger seat. The distressed look on her mom's face is glaring.

ALICE

I really appreciate you doing this
for me, mom. I know how hard it is
for you to be back here.

Slightly awakened by the talking, Amber begins to move.
Stroking Amber's hair again in adoration...

RUTH

You know I jump at any opportunity
to be with my grand-babies.

... and looking at Maggie (3), sleeping in a car seat.

Amber, snaps out of her slumber, popping up in exhilaration.

AMBER

Are we there yet?

Ruth and Alice give up a small chuckle at Amber's excitement.

ALICE

Almost sweetie.

AMBER

Really! We're almost where you grew
up Nana!

Passing by Waverly High School, the roadside sign reads:

Under the Waverly Wildcats logo: "Class of 1996 Reunion this
weekend. Be there or be square."

Ruth, eye-locked on the school as they drive by...

RUTH

Your mama too.

CUT TO:

Logo of law firm: Becker, Lawrence and Mitchell

INT. MEETING ROOM - FLORIDA LAW OFFICE

Folder closes on the logo.

Rick Becker sits in a small conference room, across the table
from Marc Wasserman; stacks of folders flanking him on each
side.

Rick places the folder on top of a stack on his right.

The stack of folders to Rick's right are almost at shoulder
level, the stack on his left has 3.

Pulling a file from the left, opening it...

RICK

As expected the ER doctor you
assaulted...

MARC

I didn't assault her.

RICK

Did your fingers go inside her.

MARC

She wanted it. Bad! She was soaking
wet.

RICK

(in a huff)

Did she want the dislocated jaw?
Belt whelps across her ass?

MARC

She needed a little discipline.

RICK

Whatever you want to call it, she's pressing charges. Her attorney filed for a jurisdiction change to New York. I argued to keep it here...(with concern) long story short, we're going to NY for this one.

MARC

What's the big deal about NY? Matthews died.

Closing the file, moving it to his right...

RICK

He did. There's more...

Grabbing the next file on his left, opening it.

RICK (CONT'D)

The Estate of Margaret Cohen has requested the State of NY reopen the investigation into her death?

MARC

Who? That cunt Ruth?

RICK

No, Margaret's siblings.

MARC

They just want money, make an offer.

RICK

I did. It was rejected.

MARC

Offer more.

RICK

They say they want justice, no amount of money, blah, blah, blah. You know the song and dance.

MARC

Justice? It was suicide.

RICK
They are claiming you drove her to
suicide.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. LAVISH MANHATTEN APARTMENT - EVENING

A 30 year old Marc, pours himself a brandy. The manhattan sky line in the background depicting a Park Avenue penthouse view.

Framed pictures of young Rick and Margaret Cohen (60) depict a romantic relationship between the two with a glaringly obvious age difference.

In a fit of rage, Margaret bursts through the front door flailing a NY Times paper. As the paper flails, we see a familiar headline "Pensions Gone".

MARGARET
You stole their pensions! How could
you!

YOUNG MARC
I needed start up capital.

MARGARET
For what!

YOUNG MARC
I'm going to start my own company.

MARGARET
On the back of my dead husband and
his employees.

YOUNG MARC
It's business.

MARGARET
If I didn't know better, all of the
consoling, wooing, seducing was all
an act to get my half of Boxster.

YOUNG MARC
Why would you know *better*.

Stunned briefly, Marc's comment slowly sinks in. Margaret's anger evolves to devastation. She begins to sob. The more his comment sinks in, the more profound the sobs.

MARGARET

You scammed me.

Margaret start aimless walking around the penthouse echoing wails of despair. In shock.

Getting up to refill his brandy, Marc revels in her despair. He takes another dig.

YOUNG MARC

At least it didn't take 8 years and having kids with you.

Stunned again, taking in the realization, Margaret drops to her knees. She whimpers as she drops future on all 4's...

MARGARET

She warned me.

YOUNG MARC

What's that? You weak minded bitch.

A broken Margaret, crawling her way to the balcony for fresh air. Margaret pulls herself up, leaning again the balcony railing; taking in a deep breath.

Whimpering to herself, looking down at the bustling street below...

MARGARET

2500 employees.... lives ruined...
because of my desperate need to be
loved.

Entering the balcony behind her, evil overtakes Marc's expression.

YOUNG MARC

That's right, you were desperate.
You were easy.

Margaret slumps on the balcony railing, sobbing.

Marc closes in behind her. He grabs the railing with one hand and the back of her head with the other.

Marc thrusting her head down, to look closer at the traffic below...fear takes over Margaret.

Margaret's grip on the railing tightens.

Margaret's white knuckles.

YOUNG MARC (CONT'D)
 What'd ya gonna do, kill yourself.
 Poor Margaret, so distraught,
 couldn't take it. Do you think
 killing yourself will make me feel
 bad.

MARGARET
 No..

YOUNG MARC
 (interrupting)
 Here, let me help you.

Marc grabs Margaret's by the knees, flipping her head over heels.

To his surprise, Margaret's grip does not break. She dangles from the railing.

Her screams catch the attention of a on-lookers below.

Marc, a step back from the railing, goes unseen from below.

YOUNG MARC (CONT'D)
 For fuck's sake.

With one continuous motion, Marc knuckle punches the back of Margaret's hands. Her hands release. His arms go over the railing. He flails his arm as if trying to catch her.

Watching her fall, he yells loud towards the street below...

YOUNG MARC (CONT'D)
 NO!

From below, it appears as though Marc was attempting to catch her.

Watching her hit the pavement, he turns back to go inside.

An evil smile overtakes his face.

FADE OUT:

BACK TO CURRENT DAY

Fade into, the same evil smile is on Marc's face, looking at Rick.

MARC

What is the probability of
overturning the cause of death.

RICK

They're not trying to overturn the
cause of death. Why would you ask
that?

MARC

I...well...Jus...just trying to
think of every possible angle those
lunatics might try.

Half puzzled, half concerned...tension begins to fill the
room.

RICK

Your insinuation here is they will
claim murder?

Realizing he said too much...

MARC

Never mind. Keep going.

Still pondering the implication but trying to break the
tension...

RICK

Admittedly, former step-son-in-law,
turned lover has the makings for a
good Hollywood movie.

Mulling over that comment...

MARC

Cool, file whatever you need to
file to make sure I get the
intellectual rights to that story
AND anything remotely similar.

RICK

It was a joke.

MARC

Doesn't matter. If anyone's gonna
make money on it, it's gonna to be
me.

Rick shakes his head, part in disbelief and part disgusted.
He closes the file, moves it to the right. Reaching for the
last one on his left...

RICK
Uuuuhhh, NO.... This brings us to
our last order of business. Your
succession plan.

MARC
What! Succession plan!?

RICK
Exactly. You need to decided what
you're going to do with all of
these businesses, assets,
everything... for when you retire
and when you pass.

MARC
I'm not retiring. There's more
money to be made.

RICK
Well I am.

MARC
What? Why?

RICK
I'm retiring next year.

Rick closes the last folder, puts in on the towering case
file on his right. He stands to leave.

RICK (CONT'D)
Think about it. Would you want your
son or daughter to take over.

MARC
(emphatically)
NO! I'm not leaving anything to
those brats, they'd give it right
back to their cunt mother.

RICK
Then someone else.

MARC
Fuck NO! How can you do this to me.

RICK
Really, you want to go there.

MARC
Go where!

RICK

My entire life has been about you. I lost my first love because of you. I lost my wife because you always took priority. I'm estranged from my kids, grandkids because you are priority. Retiring is about me. Me, Marc. I want to make amends with my family before I leave this earth.

MARC

Fuck them. They're out there living their cushy lifestyle off of your hard work. No! Off of me. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have your firm. Fuck them and their unappreciative attitudes.

Rick picks up the 18 inch high stack of files and walks to the door.

RICK

I will do my best to get through this pile in the next 12 months. Whatever is left over, you will need to find a new law firm. I will not dump any of this on my partners or staff. Hell, I don't want them knowing anything about these file.

MARC

What am I going to do?

RICK

Sell everything, move to a country with no extradition and live a squeaky clean boring life. That's the best legal advice I've ever given you. And it's free.

Rick leaves behind him, an open door. A dumfounded Marc sits alone in an empty room.

CUT TO:

A children's movie on TV.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT OF CAROL WELCH - EVENING

LIVING ROOM

Cheryl and her girls are sitting, cuddled on the couch enjoying movie night.

A swollen eyed, emotionally drained Carol returns home from the wake of Howard Matthews carrying a bankers box. "Big Fish" is hand written on the side.

Cheryl follows her mom to the kitchen nook. Carol plops the bankers box on the table before plopping down herself.

CHERYL

You are the only person I know who can go to a wake and come home with work.

With head in hands, she replies...

CAROL

It's not work, well, it could be if I wanted...It's the one that got away.

CHERYL

The big fish?

CAROL

He was an avid fisherman...When I was an intern for Howard, he was obsessed with this case. He never let me in on it. I tried and tried to convince him to let me help. He was already getting a reputation and I wanted to learn from the best. Really, really hurt my feelings. If it was big enough to make the great Howard Matthews obsessed...I wanted in. I idolized him. But...He never gave up the slightest hint about who or what. Now his widow gives me this box and a note.

Carol holds up a sealed envelope.

CHERYL

What does it say?

CAROL

I haven't opened it yet. I'm not sure how to feel. I'm both excited and furious at the same time. I always thought he eventually caught the bad guy (with air quotes), the big fish.

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

I thought it was just one of his many 'breaking news' arrests. It never occurred to me, not even for a second, that Howard Matthews had one that got away.

CUT TO:

CAROL'S BEDROOM

Intercut with V.O. Phone call between Rick and Marc.

Carol enters her bedroom which could be mistaken for an office if not for the bed and dresser.

O.S. Cell phone ringing.

She flops the bankers box and envelop on her bed.

Cheryl follows in behind her, bottle of wine and wine glass in hand.

RICK V.O.

Rick Becker.

MARC V.O.

I can't believe you're doing this to me.

RICK V.O.

What'd ya want Wasserman!?

As she sits the bottle and glass on the dresser....

MARC V.O.

Find a buyer.

CHERYL

Here, just in case you need it.

Carol glances at the wine sitting in front of a cornucopia of tastefully framed photos of family and friends spanning decades.

RICK V.O.

For?

In the photos we see:

--- Young Ruth and Carol high school BFF

--- Young Ruth and Carol playing the board game Trouble with Carol's younger brother

--- Bride Ruth and Maid of Honor Carol

--- Older Carol and Ruth flanking Carol's graduating brother.

MARC V.O.

All of it.

CAROL

Thanks.

CHERYL

Holler if you need me.

Cheryl leaves giving Carol the unspoken privacy she needs. She stares at the envelope before getting up to pour herself some wine.

RICK V.O.

Do you want to give your children...

MARC V.O.

Fuck NO and Fuck YOU for putting me in this situation... Just get it done before I change my mind.

Click, the call ends.

Mumbling to herself...as she pours a glass of wine.

CAROL

Really good idea, Cher!

CUT TO:

Quaint little town, that time has forgotten, with a center square park.

EXT. CAR PARKED ON MAIN ST DOWNTOWN WAVERLY - DAY

In front of a historic hotel, Ruth stands holding hands with Amber as Alice gets Maggie out of the car seat, into a stroller.

Looking around at the quaint downtown area, center square park across the street ...

AMBER

Did they film Back to the Future here?

Ruth and Alice get a good chuckle.

RUTH
Not that I know of.

ALICE
I'll get us checked in.

Ruth gives an acknowledging nod. And begins to walk across the street to the park with Amber.

RUTH
Most places looked like this back
in my day.

Approaching the park fence with a nostalgic smile.

RUTH (CONT'D)
My dad, your great grandpa use to
bring me to this park all the time.
We would have picnics....

The park fades to a 1950's setting

Begin a series of fade in's / fade out's of translucent memories to depict the love and adoration Dan Cohen had for his daughter Ruth.

--- A young Dan Cohen pushing a stroller with a young baby Ruth.

--- Dan with a toddler Ruth blowing bubbles.

RUTH V.O.
He would ask me to dance for him.

--- An elementary age Ruth with her dad having a picnic. Ruth stands and starts a ballerina twirl for her dad.

--- As she twirls an elementary aged Ruth transforms into a middle school age Ruth, then high school age.

End series.

ALICE
(from across the street)
We're all checked in.

RUTH
Coming...

Crossing back to Alice, who is now removing luggage from the trunk.

AMBER

Can we have a picnic, grandma, can we?!

RUTH

I don't see why not.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Updated with modern technology, like USB ports and a flat screen tv, the otherwise historic hotel room remained unimpeded.

Ruth sits on one the queen beds arms around her two granddaughters watching cartoons, when Alice emerges from the bathroom, showered, changed and refreshed.

RUTH

You look great, honey.

ALICE

Thanks mom...I'm a little nervous

RUTH

It's just the decorating committee, right?

ALICE

Yeah, but it's been a long...

RUTH

Save the nerves for Saturday night. Go have fun with your girlfriends!

ALICE

(to the 2 year old)
Come on Mags.

RUTH

She can stay with us.

AMBER

No, let her go, Nana.

ALICE

It's OK, one of girls on the committee has a 2 year old. They can play together.

Ruth gets up to see them to the door.

RUTH

Well, give grandma a hug and kiss
before you go, Maggie Moo.

After a hug and kiss to both Alice and Maggie, Ruth crosses through the room, out on to the balcony. Her melancholy gaze intrigues Amber.

Turning off the TV, joining Ruth on the balcony.

AMBER

Tell me more about when you lived
here, grandma.

After a pause, Ruth attempts to speak but stops herself. She pulls a balcony chair beside her for Alice to stand on. Holding on to Amber with a side hug, she begins.

RUTH

You can barely see through those trees but there is a river back there. And beyond the river on the other side is the factory my dad started. You can see a tiny bit of it through that opening in the trees.

AMBER

Great grand pa started a business?

RUTH

Oh yes, a very successful one.

AMBER

What! Why aren't you running the company, why isn't mom working there... I bet it's a woman thing?

RUTH

How old are you?

AMBER

Nine but mom says I'm going on 20.

RUTH

I see that. How about that picnic.

AMBER

I want to know everything. What happened to great-grandpa, the business, you.

RUTH

It'll give us something to talk
about while we picnic.

A squeal of excitement comes over Amber as she leaps from the chair, dashing back into the room.

Behind them, a drone shot travels through a sliver of a break in the tree limbs, stopping on a still shot of the factory.

FADE TO:

The still shot of factory transforms to an aged still shot on the wall of our watcher.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

Widening on a more expansive view of the wall, we see the high school pics of Ruth throughout the years as well as current day photos of Ruth, Alice, Amber and Maggie.

CUT TO:

The recent photo of Ruth, Alice, Amber and Maggie transforms to a framed photo on Carol's dresser.

INT. NEW YORK APARTMENT CAROL WELCH - EVENING

Half way into the bottle of wine, Carol musters the courage to open the letter from Howard Matthews.

Tears flow down her face as she reads.

A voice over from the late Howard Matthews begins as Carol opens the Bankers box, pulling out documents, paper clippings, reviewing files.

HOWARD MATTHEWS V.O.

My dearest Carol, I knew from the moment you walked into my office as bright eyed, eager to learn intern, that you were something special. You have the heart of an angel and the fierceness of a lion. Working with you and watching you grow were the best years of my life. If I told you once, I told you a thousand times you are like a daughter to me. I want you to know, I really meant it. I couldn't have loved you more if you were my flesh and blood.

(MORE)

HOWARD MATTHEWS V.O. (CONT'D)

I've enjoyed your successes much more than my own. Thank you for giving me a glimpse into the joys of parenthood. I'm sorry to leave you my failure. I shielded you from 'the big fish', as you called him because it hits close to home. Your home. I really wanted to get this one for you but now, I must bow out. If anyone can bring the big fish to justice, it's you. Whenever you put your all into a case, it made my all dwarf in comparison. Go get him! Go get him with all your might. I may not physically be there with you, but know, know in your heart, I'll be with you, supporting you from the other side, every step of the way. So, go catch that big fish, my sweet girl. Love Howard

During the voice over, we see Carol's slight buzz get blown away by shock and awe as she spreads the contents of the box across her bed.

We see small glimpses of familiar things as Carol unpacks the box.

The NY Times news paper article 'Pensions Gone'- quick flash to same article on the watcher's wall.

The factory - quick flash to the watcher's wall.

A never seem before newspaper clipping causes her to pause.

Headline: "Widowed Heiress Commits Suicide" - quick flash to the watchers wall has this article.

As the voice over ends, Carol flips a file page up revealing a face shot of a young Marc Wasserman.

Carol slumps, before looking up at Ruth's bridal picture.

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASBACK

INT. CHURCH ROOM - DAY

Ruth, as a fully dressed young bride, stands in front of a full length mirror, fighting back tears.

Maid of Honor, Carol enters, giving Ruth a hug.

CAROL
Why the sad eyes?

RUTH
I have a bad feeling about this?

Ruth bursts into a full on cry. Consoling her bestie with a hug, the conversation continues through their embrace.

CAROL
Girlfriend...I don't like it when you have bad feelings...you don't have to do this.

RUTH
Yes I do, my Dad loves him.

CAROL
Your Dad doesn't have to live with him.

RUTH
I know but I can't disappoint my dad. He already thinks of him as a son. Sometimes I think he loves Marc more than me.

Pulling back to look her in the eyes...

CAROL
One, that's not true. Two, your dad is a grown man, he'll get over it. We can just leave. I'll go with you. You know I've got your back. Always.

END FLASHBACK

CAROL (CONT'D)
(tears flowing)
Oh, Ruthie, you were right...again!

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER PARK SQUARE - EARLY EVENING

Ruth and Amber walk through the park, picnic supplies in hand, including take out, looking for an open spot to picnic.

AMBER

It's getting dark, fast. Why is the grass wet.

RUTH

That's dew. It falls in the evenings here.

Ruth finds the exact spot from her park memories with her dad.

RUTH (CONT'D)

This is the best spot in the whole entire park.

AMBER

Why?

Ruth sets their spot and the two sit. As Ruth distributes the contents of their take-out bag...

RUTH

Wait for it.

After a few more seconds, the park night lights turn on giving the park the essence of an all white light show.

Tree trunks are wrapped. Drapes of lights throughout the limbs. Dripping ice cycle lights. Even the perimeter fencing was lined with lights.

AMBER

Wow. I could live here forever.

As they eat, admiring the lights...

AMBER (CONT'D)

So... tell me the story, about great-grandpa's company. Is it still going. Why didn't you take over? It's the woman thing...isn't it, I know it.

RUTH

(chuckles)

You're killing me with that woman thing. No sweetie, my dad would have let me run the company if that's what I wanted to do but I wanted to be a ballerina.

AMBER

Then what happened, why isn't the business in our family... he sold it didn't he?

RUTH

No, my love. Great-grandpa was swindled.

AMBER

Swindled, what does that mean?

RUTH

He gave it... he thought he was...let me just start from the beginning.

After a moment of reflection...

RUTH (CONT'D)

It actually started right here in this park.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

The park transforms to a sunny afternoon in 1965.

A young Ruth (8) is ballerina twirling for her dad in their same picnic spot.

BILL O.S.

Dan! Dan! Dan Cohen, is that you?

A young Dan Cohen (30) turns, looking in all direction for the voice.

Across the park, standing on the sidewalk of the park's outer perimeter is Bill Wexler (30) waiving.

DAN

Bill, is that you?

BILL

Hey!

Reaching out for Ruth's hand

DAN

Come on.

Hand in hand Dan and Ruth jog towards Bill. As the re-acquaintance of Dan and Bill unfolds...

AMBER V.O.

Who is Bill?

RUTH V.O.

Bill was my Dad's best friend. I didn't understand much at the time but I remember hearing he traveled a lot for work and this is why he didn't have a family yet.

BILL

I may settle down one day but for now, I'm lovin' the travel.

A door-to-door mail carrier walks past Bill and Dan's reunion pulling a cart full of boxes.

YOUNG RUTH

Wonder what's in those boxes, someone's getting a surprise.

BILL

You know, it would be really good advertising if those boxes had the company name or logo on them.

YOUNG DAN

What'd ya mean?

BILL

You know, like Woolworth or Kmart printed on the sides. It's free advertising with the postman pulling the wagon around like that.

YOUNG DAN

It'd be easy enough to do.

BILL

How do you know that?

YOUNG DAN

I worked at a print shop while in school, remember?

BILL

You were printing on paper, this would be cardboard.

YOUNG DAN

Well, yeah, the equipment may need a few modifications here and there but I don't see why it couldn't be done.

(MORE)

YOUNG DAN (CONT'D)

It would take some investment capital to make a prototype but it could be done.

BILL

Man, if you can do that, I'll fund however much money you need.

AMBER V.O.

So that's it? They started a company that day.

Begin a montage of Dan drawing plans, Dan & Bill working together, looking for equipment, locations, etc.

RUTH V.O.

The idea started that day. My dad and Bill put it a lot of time, and long hours before the company, Boxster, was ready to take orders.

END FLASHBACK - END MONTAGE

ALICE O.S.

Hey!

Ruth looks up to see Alice approaching pushing a stroller with a sleeping baby.

AMBER

Ssshhh...change the subject

Ruth gives her a questionable look.

AMBER (CONT'D)

I'm not suppose to ask you about this stuff.

Alice arrives.

CUT TO:

Bustling streets of London, iconic buildings, tourist spots, ending on a high-rise office building - see 'private equity'.

INT. LONDON OFFICE OF PRIVATE EQUITY FIRM - DAY

A bustling office with and open floor plan with low rise cubical farm filling the floor. Glass-walled office run along the exterior walls displaying the spectacular view of London.

At the end of the cubical farm, tucked away in a corner, salt & peppered haired Karl Downing (56) stands, talking on the phone, in front of the presidential corner office.

His tall, athletic frame, towers over the cubicles. The massive shit-eating smile makes him impossible to miss.

Ending the call, he gathers his files, pausing to taking moment to contain his excitement.

With "professional" face on, he turns to the corner officer labled CHRIS.

A couple of quick knocks.

CHRIS O.S.

Come in.

A somber faced Karl enters only to lose his composure, one step in, to the full on shit-eating smile again.

Sitting behind the presidential desk, Chris Porter (55) mirrors Karl's smile.

CHRIS

Which one?

KARL

Wasserman.

CHRIS

Which company?

KARL

All of it!

CHRIS

Should I ask.

As Karl enters further the office, closing the door behind him. Chris gets up to greet him.

KARL

I don't know, Becker called, told me to make an offer for all of it.

Extending his hand for a congratulatory shake.

CHRIS

Well done! Congratulations. You've been chasing that one for years? Who else is bidding?

The two take a seat at small round table within the office.

KARL

None. They want a fast close.

CHRIS

I'm not even going to ask. Have you run the numbers?

KARL

Have I run the numbers!

Karl opens his file. The letterhead logo from Rick's Law firm, Becker, Lawrence and Mitchell inside of Karl's folder fades out.

FADE OUT:

Fades in to the same logo on the wall of our watcher.

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

Revealing a little more on the war room wall, we see a high school pictures of a high school Rick and high school Marc on a double date.

Seated inside a booth, with ice cream floats in front of them, "Mayberry's Ice Cream and Diner" painted on the window behind them.

High school Marc sits in a booth, bear-hugging high school Ruth from behind. A forced smile on Ruth's face, a sinister smile gleams from Marc.

Across the booth, high school Rick and high school Carol sit entranced in a swooning gaze of each other, in their own little world.

Fade out on high school Carol's face.

FADE OUT:

Fade in on current day Carol's face.

INT. LAW OFFICE NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Carol walks through the maze of cubicles in the offices of the NY district attorney's office, bankers box in hand.

Carol greets her admin assistant, Bet (38) before reaching her ADA office door.

CAROL

Good morning Betty.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT
Good morning, Ms. Welch. Can I help
you with those files?

CAROL
No thank you. This one is a little
personal.

Carol turns to enter her office but pauses.

CAROL (CONT'D)
Bet, what does my schedule look
like for the rest of this week.

She sits the box on the corner of Bet's desk as she pulls up
the calendar.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT
Here you go.

As Carol stands behind Bet, both looking at the schedule.

CAROL
You know what, that's not that
many. Could you reschedule
everything for the rest of this
week and next week. I need to do
some ground work.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT
Are you sure? We could have the
associates do the ground work for
you.

Carol pick up the box to enter her office.

CAROL
Like I said, it's a bit personal.

As Carol enters her office.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT
Should I make travel arrangements.

As Carol's office door closes, we hear...

CAROL O.S.
Thanks for offering but I'm just
going to Waverly. I can drive.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Carol, driving with purpose zooms past the Waverly High School sign: "Class of 1986 Reunion this weekend. Be there or be square."

Her head turns to look at the school for every possible second she has before passing it by.

The sparse array of cars in the parking lot transform to 1975.

BEGIN FLASH BACK

A busy, crowded Waverly cafeteria reveals young Ruth sitting alone. A young Carol approaches with a lunch tray.

YOUNG CAROL
Can I sit here?

YOUNG RUTH
Are you sure you want to sit with
the cotton topped freak.

Carol looks around the bustling lunch room of kids and staff, in each direction; even turning full circle - everyone has dark hair.

YOUNG CAROL
I hadn't noticed. Are you sure you
want to sit with the dark skinned
freak.

Ruth looks around the bustling lunch room of kids and staff, same as Carol - everyone is white.

With a big smile,

YOUNG RUTH
I hadn't noticed. My name's Ruth.

Carol sits.

YOUNG CAROL
I'm Carol.

END FLASHBACK.

Carol's car pulls into the Waverly library parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON OFFICE SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

An IT professional completes the set up for a zoom call.

Karl and Chris enter as the IT tech exits. They take a seat and wait.

Rick and Marc join.

Rick obviously from a location in his law firm as shelves of law books on displayed behind him.

Marc obviously from a more casual setting as a pool and palm trees are seen through the massive glass window behind him.

KARL

I want to thank everyone for taking the time to be on the call today. Rick, good to see you. Mr. Wasserman, nice to meet you. I'm Karl Downing, fund manager and this is Chris Pound, CHRIS of Eclipse Capital.

MARC

Can we get on with it! Is this everyone? I thought you would have a bigger team for a deal of this size.

Rick's face tries not show how mortified he is at Marc's comment.

CHRIS

Mr. Becker advised...

RICK

Rick, please

CHRIS

Ok, Rick advised us you wanted to close the deal within a relatively short amount of time...

MARC

Yesterday.

CHRIS

Yes, Karl and I discussed the timeline. We decided rather than coordinating schedules of multiple team members, the two of us would clear our calendars to only work on this project...

MARC

Yeah, yeah, get to the point.

RICK

We really appreciate the sacrifice the two of you are making to expedite this deal. Realistically, how soon do you think we can close?

KARL

We will have the signed and notarized NDA to you today. If we can have all of the due diligence documents uploaded to the data dump by the end of the week, realistically, we could have an offer to you in 2 1/2 to 3 weeks. Closing shortly thereafter.

RICK

Well, that's...

MARC

10 days, I want an offer in 10 days. To be clear, not work days - 10 days... period or no deal.

Karl and the Chris look at each other.

KARL

Ok, let's get started straight away. If you could provide us with answers to a few preliminary questions...

MARC

(in a huff)

What is it.

KARL

Your children, do you want your children to retain an ownership percentage.

MARC

What! NO!

RICK

Mr. Wasserman's son is an employee. His daughter does not work for any entity. Neither have ownership shares.

Karl and the Chris make notes, keeping their heads down to conceal their disbelief.

After a few seconds of making notes, Karl looks up.

KARL

Do you want provisions in the deal to maintain employment for your son.

MARC

Hell no! Staying employed is his problem.

RICK

That won't be necessary.

CHRIS

Grandchildren?

MARC

Why would I...

RICK

(interrupting)

That won't be necessary either. And to answer your next question, no charitable entities either. We simply want to straight-up all-in buy-out offer.

KARL

Ok. We will start our due diligence as soon as the first files are uploaded. Rick, if you do not see the executed NDA in your inbox within the next 10 minutes, drop me a text.

RICK

Sounds like a plan. I will have my associate start uploading files as soon as the NDA is received.

MARC

Are we done here!

CHRIS

Thank you for the opportunity...

Marc exits the call.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We look forward to working with you.

RICK

If you have any questions, Karl, you have my cell number. I will make myself available whenever you need me.

KARL

Thanks, Rick. We'll put our best offer on the table to avoid any back and forth negotiations. It sounds like Mr. Wasserman is extremely anxious.

RICK

Thank you. Enjoy the rest of your day.

KARL/CHRIS

You as well / Cheers

Rick exits the zoom. Karl closes the zoom meeting.

A stunned Chris and Karl stare at each other for a moment.

KARL

Well, his reputation has not been exaggerated.

CHRIS

It has not.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET WAVERLY CT - LATE MORNING

Ruth and Amber are strolling the sidewalk of the quaint downtown of Waverly. Amber, dressed to the nines as a miniature executive. Ruth in her usual new age hippy style.

AMBER

What are we gonna do to day, Nana?

RUTH

Well, I thought we would have the baby with us, so I had originally thought we would spend the day at the park. Since you aren't really dressed to play, what do you wanna do.

Pondering for a moment, Amber confidently announces...

AMBER
Let's have brunch.

RUTH
Brunch?

AMBER
Yes, we have business to discuss
and business women discuss business
over brunch.

RUTH
Yes ma'am. I would dressed more
appropriately if I had known we
were having a business brunch.

AMBER
It was spur of the moment, you're
good.

RUTH
Thank you for understanding.

AMBER
My pleasure. So where are we
eating.

With a slight chuckle, Ruth looks down the street, her gaze stalls on a 3rd floor apartment window above a mercantile store.

QUICK FLASH BACK

A 19 year old Ruth rushes into a small apartment in pure excitement with a letter in hand.

A 22 year old Marc is watching tv.

Squealing with excitement...

YOUNG RUTH
I've been accepted. I've been
accepted, I can't believe it.

Muting the TV.

YOUNG MARC
What are you squealing about?

YOUNG RUTH
The Paris Opera Ballet School, I've
been accept.

By this time Ruth is in the living room with Marc. He slowly rises from his seat, walks up to Ruth and with all his might, backhands her across the face.

She stumbles backwards, a drip of blood coming from her lip.

YOUNG MARC
Paris are you crazy.

A stunned teary-eyed Ruth whimpers...

YOUNG RUTH
OK, I'll go to Juilliard in New
York.

The center vein in Marc's head begins to bulge. He backhands her again on the other side of her face.

Ruth falls to the floor, crying. Hovering over her, Marc scream down at her.

YOUNG MARC
You dumb cunt! You're not going to
ballet school. Your job is being
my wife. Do you understand! That's
your only job. Your dad has been
training me for the past 6 years,
grooming me to take over. I'm not
working my ass off so you travel
the world and twirl. Here's what I
think of your fucking ballet.

He begins to stomp her feet and ankles.

END FLASBACK

AMBER
Nana, are you listening.

Jolted out of her gaze.

RUTH
Yes sweet pea, I was trying to
think of a place that serves lunch
and breakfast at the same time.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYBERRY'S ICE CREAM DINER - EARLY AFTERNOON

BOOTH

A hostess exits from the table after seating Ruth and Amber.

Ruth side-eyes the booth from the photo and purposely choosing the chair to put "that booth" to her back.

With its quintessential 50's decor of red and white checkered floor, Ruth acknowledges...

RUTH

I know it's not the fancy business atmosphere you wanted but they do serve breakfast all day. So, if one of us orders breakfast and the other orders lunch, we're having brunch.

AMBER

Works for me. Let's get ready to order so we can down to business.

RUTH

Business?

AMBER

Oh yes, our meeting last night was interrupted. I need to learn more about this swindle thing.

RUTH

Oh, ok.

CUT TO:

Flames.

Flames burning paper.

Flames burning medical records - a glimpse of Ruth Wasserman's name before the paper turns to ash.

Flames burning a restraining order.

Flames burning pictures of young Marc and Ruth's life - wedding, birth of children, and other joyous occasions.

EXT. MARC WASSERMAN PALM BEACH MANSION - SUNSET

BACKYARD

Marc stands over a inconspicuously placed rusted barrel of flames. He tosses in a new stack of pictures and papers in as fast as the previous stack burns.

The brilliant orange of the sunset reflects off the calm ocean behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY LIBRARY - EARLY EVENING

Carol sits at the microfiche machine 5 pages into making notes.

An old newspaper article on the microfiche viewer.

Waverly Post: Hometown Self-made millionaire, Marc Wasserman. She clicks "print".

Carol removes the microfiche sheet from the machine, returning it back to the box.

She scans back through her pages of notes before going to the counter for the printed pages.

Carol approaches the center counter.

LIBRARIAN

May I help you.

CAROL

I have several print jobs in the queue from station number 5.

With a few strokes on the keyboard, the Librarian brings up the print jobs.

LIBRARIAN

Let me fill the paper tray real quick and I'll get these started for you.

CAROL

Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

Quick flash to the wall of our watcher. The same but aged Self-made millionaire article has a knife plunged in it. Handwritten red marker across Marc's picture, "LIAR".

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON OFFICE LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Karl and the Chris sit center of a large 16 person conference table, both diligently reviewing documents, making notes.

Piles of document stacked neatly in front of each of the adjacent 8 chairs.

Hand printed sticky notes on each chair across from them identifies the content of the piles of papers:

- Real Estate
- Operating Companies
- Insurance
- Licenses/Permits
- Financials
- Human Resources
- Municipality
- Law Suits

An admin assistant enters every now and then to add more paper to the various stacks;ss time lapse clock advances to the early morning hours.

Ending with the stack labeled "law suits" dwarfing the others.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYBERRY'S ICE CREAM DINER

Food and drink sit in front of Ruth and Amber.

AMBER

Like a pretend for a long time.

RUTH

You could say that. Living a lie is another way to say it. The point is to get people to do what the scammer wants. They have a plan. What your generation calls "end game". The scammer will say and do anything necessary to get people to do what they want.

AMBER

Sounds like something I would need to know more about as a business woman.

RUTH

If my dad were here, he's say go to the library and research.

AMBER

Is there a library near by?

Ruth recalls for a moment.

RUTH

If it's in the same place, it should be a short walk from here.

CUT TO:

INT. WAVERLY LIBRARY - FRONT DESK

The Liberian and Carol stand binder clipping stack of paper. Carol stuffs as many as she could in her briefcase. As she valiantly tries to include one more stack...

CAROL

I'm out of room.

LIBRARIAN

Just one moment.

The Liberian returns with an accordion folder.

CAROL

Perfect.

As Carol turns to leave, hands full, shoulder bag full, she recognizes Ruth through the double glass doors walking in with Amber.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Ruthie?

She glances down at the Self-Made Millionaire article peaking from the accordion file.

Carol gives a oh-crap hiss sound. She clumsily fumbles to turn the papers around as Ruth and Amber walk in.

AMBER

Card catalogue file?

Ruth and Carol catch glances before Ruth could answer Amber.

RUTH

Carol!

CAROL

Ruthie! You look great!

They hug, which is awkward for Carol, given her arms full of files.

RUTH

What are you doing here?

CAROL

I'm working. Had a little research to do. The bigger question is what are you doing here?

RUTH

My daughter has a class reunion this weekend, which gives me time to spend time with my grand-babies.

CAROL

How long will you be here? We really, really, need to catch up.

RUTH

Actually, I'll be staying with my daughter in NY for a month or so before going back to Utah. I had planned on calling you when I got there.

CAROL

That's perfect. Call me, I'll clear my calendar to whenever's convenient for you.

RUTH

Will do. See you soon.

Carol scurries out the door. Ruth and Amber continue into the library.

AMBER

Who was that?

RUTH

She's my best friend in the world.

AMBER

Why haven't I heard about her? Why do you have to catch up? Don't you Skype?

RUTH

Well, she's a business woman, like you, and she's very busy. But when we do have a chance to talk, it's like no time has passed at all.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

zzzz, zzzz, zzzzip - Our watcher is printing something again. An itinerary is printing... for Marc Wasserman... It's a one way ticket to New Zealand.

CUT TO:

SUPER: 7 DAYS LATER

INT. LONDON OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM

Zoom screen loads.

Karl, Chris, Marc and Rick come up in tiles on a zoom screen.

Before anyone could speak with any sort of introductions or pleasantries, Marc yells...

MARC

Is this a joke? You call this a deal? It's highway robbery.

RICK

First, I want to thank you for getting us this offer before the deadline.

MARC

Don't thank them, they trying to steal from me.

CHRIS

Mr. Wasserman, we had calculate in several adverse factors. Being that your children are not part of the acquisition, the brand you have built will not have continuity.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

We had to include the time and expense it will take us to get to the brand recognition to where you currently have it and benefit from the brand. The second major impact on the valuation is the amount of litigation expenses that will come with the acquisition.

RICK

We under..

MARC

Excuses, nothing but excuses.
You're thieves in suits.

Marc exits the zoom call.

RICK

We understand the adverse situations impacting the buy out price. How soon can we close?

KARL

Umm, as soon as we can get flights to the states, assuming you want an in person closing.

RICK

Is NY good for you? We have other business in NY and we could meet at that office.

CHRIS

Absolutely, let us know that date and time. We'll plan accordingly. Thank you Mr. Becker. Enjoy the rest of your day.

RICK

Thank you.

Zoom call ends.

A befuddled Karl stares at the Chris.

KARL

That was weird.

CHRIS

No counter offer, No rework. Are we missing something?

KARL

Let's get a fresh eyes on it before
we leave.

CHRIS

Agreed.

CUT TO:

Bustling streets of NY.

Attorney General Building.

INT. NY DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S FLOOR - MORNING

Bet, Carol's admin hustles through the halls, zig-zagging
around cubicles, carrying an unmarked manilla envelope stuff
to it's maximum.

She goes past her workstation and directly into Carol's
office.

CAROL'S OFFICE

Carol sits working vigorously within piles of boxes, files,
paperwork all around her.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT

Oh, Ms. Welch, I didn't realize you
were here this early.

Carol does not break focus, she keeps working as Betty
studies her surrounding.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Have you been here all night?

Carol looks up for a moment, almost in a daze.

CAROL

Archives delivered more
information.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT

Is all of this the big fish?

Noticing the envelope.

CAROL

What's that?

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT
 Oh, a courier hand delivered this
 and made me promise to put it in
 your hands personally. Had to sign
 a form.

Retrieving the envelop from Bet, Carol slides the contents
 out.

We see the top page is a copy of the one-way ticket to New
 Zealand for Marc Wasserman.

As she flips the top page up to review the second one, we see
 a post-it with a hand written note.

In block letters "Helping Carma".

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry Ms. Welch, it's probably
 some crack pot....can't even spell
 Karma correctly.

Flipping back to the cover page, Carol runs her fingers over
 the post-it note, then starts tapping it.

Carol's phone rings, we see "Ruthie" displayed.

CAROL
 He's going to run. We need to
 hurry. Gather the associates, I
 need a team.

BET / ADMIN ASSISTANT
 On it!

Bet exits before Carol answers the call.

CAROL
 Hey girl! I was wondering when you
 were going to call me. Starting to
 worry you'd already gone back to
 Utah.

Pause.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 I'm never to busy for my BFF.

Pause.

CAROL (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow night's perfect. You pick
 the time and place. Just text me
 and I'll be there. Can't wait!
 (MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

We have some serious catching up to do!

CUT TO:

BEGIN SERIES OF CLIPS OF KARL AND CHRIS ARRIVING IN NY

--- Deboarding from the jetway the bulging briefcases, in the back ground "Arrivals: London to LGA on time"

--- Checking into the hotel

--- Typing and printing at the hotel's business center

--- Time lapse, reading, putting "sign here" tags on the finished proposal in the business center.

END SERIES when a text alert dings on Karl's phone.

After reading the long text message, he gives an "ah-ha" look to Chris.

KARL

I think I know why he's anxious.

He hands the phone to Chris.

CUT TO:

INT. WASSERMAN OFFICE TOWERS - EVENING

Tower lobby, staffers exiting for the evening. Rick Becker is walking in, obviously going against the evening rush.

He is the sole person getting in an elevator as the exiting crowd disperses.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE SUITE

Rick exits the elevator onto the executive floor, dim with only emergency lighting.

He proceeds through the cubical maze making his way to the corner office suite with lights on where Marc Wasserman is packing up his office.

RICK

Aren't you afraid you'll alarm the staff by packing up already.

MARC

So.

RICK

Leaks.

MARC

We close tomorrow. What do I care....Did you bring the stuff.

RICK

I did. Now may not be the best time.

MARC

Why's that.

RICK

I got a courtesy call about the assault charge on the doctor...

MARC

I didn't assault that bitch. She wanted it.

RICK

They plan to issue an indictment and the prosecutor wants jail time and will not...

MARC

Courtesy my ass, (grabbing his privates with a shake) I'll give them a courtesy.

RICK

How old are you!

MARC

Just give me the goddamn stuff.

Rick and Marc sit.

Pulling from his briefcase, Rick begins to describe each set of documents.

Handing Marc a bank manilla envelope,

RICK

These are for you to keep.

Marc slides out the stack of papers with a passport on top. He opens the passport to see Marc's picture with a new name, David Michael Richards.

As Marc fumbles through the documents.

RICK V.O.

The Swiss accounts have been set up. The home purchase closes the day after you arrive.

MARC

Richards! You could have given me something more jewish sounding.

RICK

You're welcome and for the record, as your personal attorney, I do not advise being a fugitive from justice.

MARC

I'm not a fucking fugitive!

RICK

You will be as soon as the indictment is filed.

MARC

If they file it.

RICK

Oh, they're going to file.

MARC

Come an' fucking get me.

Rick rises to leave.

RICK

For the record, as your attorney, I'm advising against this.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEGANT RESTAURANT - EVENING

Ruth and Carol sit in a 1/2 circle booth giggling like a couple of teenage girls.

Carol lets out a squeal...

CAROL

You go girl, so tell me, how'd you meet?

A giddy Ruth let's the food runner drop of appetizers before answering Carol.

RUTH

There's nothing really to tell. We met on one of those dating apps for seniors. Plus it's a long distance thing so we don't see each other very often. He said he may be in NY on business soon, so I thought I'd hang with my daughter and grandkids for a while, just in case.

CAROL

What does he do, where does he live.

RUTH

I don't know, I didn't ask, but he has a British accent.

CAROL

You want me to check up on him?

RUTH

Not yet, maybe later if things get serious. Right now, I'm enjoying not knowing, ignorance is bliss, ya know.

Carol's phone rings, we see "Ricky" display.

CAROL

Excuse me, let me put that on silent.

RUTH

Is that Ricky, your little brother or Ricky your old flame.

CAROL

HA! I hadn't thought about him in years. Thanks for reminding me. It's the kid brother. He only calls when he wants something. He can wait. It's girlfriend time!

As Carol denies the call and puts the phone on silent, she discretely starts the "record" app before placing the phone face down on the table.

RUTH

How is he doing?

CAROL

Fine, I guess. Like I said, he only calls when he wants something.

(MORE)

CAROL (CONT'D)

Enough about him... I thought you'd be a retired ballerina by now.

RUTH

Well, Marc put a stop to that.

CAROL

But you divorced him.

RUTH

He *literally* put a stop to it.

CAROL

I don't follow. I know he was a sleaze but how could he stop you after you divorced him.

RUTH

Uummm, he.... Uh, ankle injury.

Gasping!

CAROL

Ooohhhh Ruthie, he was physically abusive.

RUTH

Are you *really* surprised?

CAROL

I'm a little surprised you put up with it.

RUTH

I thought I was protecting my dad, you know, he was like a son to him.

CAROL

Yeah yeah but you were his baby girl. He wouldn't 've wanted you to live like that.

RUTH

Hindsight, right. I wish I had told him before Marc killed him.

CAROL

What!

RUTH

Not literally.

Their conversation was interrupted by the server bringing their entrees and refilling their beverages.

CAROL
Details my friend, I need details.

RUTH
Well, I didn't really know what was going on at the time, just that my Dad was rushed to the hospital. It wasn't until months after his funeral that I learned what lead up to his heart attack. Do you remember Louise?

CAROL
Your Dad's secretary.

RUTH
Right hand, extended family, company mother, yes, secretary. According to Louise, it started when she delivered signed papers, well, stock certificates to my Dad.

CUT TO:

INT. 1978 OFFICE OF DAN COHEN

Louise (56) brings a stack of executed documents to Dan. On top we see "shares of stock".

LOUISE
These are done Mr. Cohen, do you want me to file them with your other personal documents.

She makes a motion towards a majestic mahogany bookcase tucked away on the far end of his presidential sized office.

DAN COHEN
Oh, that's the stock transfer. Let me take a look before you file them.

LOUISE
Sure.

She puts the stack of papers on the side of his desk. As she leaves

LOUISE (CONT'D)
Let me know when you're done and I will file them.

Dan completes that task in front of him before sliding the documents front and center.

DAN COHEN
(mumbling to himself)
Wait, this isn't right. No!

Flipping through the remaining pages frantically.

DAN COHEN (CONT'D)
Louise!

Louise hurriedly enters his office.

DAN COHEN (CONT'D)
These are wrong. They are suppose
to be joint with Ruth and the kids.

LOUISE
I don't understand, that's the way
all personal documents have been
processed Mr. Cohen.

Dan's room begins to spin, slowly. Voices start getting distorted.

DAN COHEN
Everything? What do you mean
everything!

He stands. His ensuing rage causes him to stumble before making his way to the far end of his office to the mahogany bookcase.

He pulls a 2 inch unlabeled binder from the shelf and begins to flip through the pages.

LOUISE
Yes Sir. Mr. Wasserman said you
wanted it that way.

As Dan flips pages, we get a glimpse of a Power of Attorney page with Marc Wasserman's name.

Dan stumbles backward as if someone had pushed him.

Louise runs towards him as if to catch him.

The room starts spinning slightly faster for Dan. Rage and shock are overcoming him, he gets more off balance.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 He said that you wanted it that
 way...we need to get you to the
 chair... that you didn't want to
 burden Ruth with business stuff

With Louise's help to his desk chair, Dan is yelling..

DAN COHEN
 MARC!..... MARC!!!!..... WASSERMAN,
 GET IN HERE!!!!

Marc comes pandering into Dan's office, extremely annoyed.
 Louise is fanning Dan with anything she could find - papers,
 folders.

MARC
 What's all this ruckus. I was in
 the middle...

Dan bolts up, still unstable, he lunges forward pointing at
 Marc...

DAN COHEN
 You... you...crook... you
 swindler... you FRAUD!

LOUISE
 Mr. Cohen, you need to sit down.

MARC
 (eerily calm)
 What are you talking about?

Dan flings a stack of papers/stock certificates at him.

DAN COHEN
 Half my company, everything,
 everything in your name only...
 Ruth and the kids, CUT OUT.

A sinister grin of amusement accompanied by an evil tone
 breathy chuckle.

MARC
 Oh that... I didn't expect you to
 be around long enough to figure it
 out.

DAN COHEN
 You won't get away with this... GET
 OUT!... GET THE FUCK OUT... NOW!!

The evil smirk and grin on Marc's face, outright laughing this time.

MARC

It's my company old man. I'm not going anywhere.

DAN COHEN

My wife still holds the other 50% of the stock.

MARC

Your wife! Your depressed, sad, neglected wife....(full laugh) Your wife who's alone EVERY night...Don't worry old man... (grabbing his manhood) I've been taking care of her for you...(turning to a creepy loud whisper) and she really appreciates my attention.

Dan tries to respond but only gasps of air emerges. Louise is beginning to look faint from shock. She starts struggling herself to maintain balance.

Her efforts to keep Dan from falling are refocused to keeping herself from fainting.

A smug Marc turns to leave but before he does, he has to take one last dig at Dan.

MARC (CONT'D)

You know, I thought your cunt bitch daughter was the biggest idiot I had ever met but all these years believing she was clumsy, accident prone... well, let's just say I see where she gets the idiot gene.

A loud gasp comes from Dan, the room is frantically spinning. Loud consistent sharp tone drowns out all other sounds.

Begin ultra quick flash backs, intercut with complete black to mimic Dan blinking:

--- Young, newly married Ruth on crutches with ankle cast

--- Flash black

--- Young mother Ruth with a black eye, holding an infant.

--- Flash black

--- Slightly older Ruth with infant and toddler wearing a neck brace

--- Flash black

End flashes on open blink into Louise's face whose face is flooded with tears.

DAN COHEN

He beat her...he's been beating my baby girl.

With a gasp, fist clutched to his heart, all goes black.

O.S. Thud of Dan falling.

LOUISE O.S.

Help! Help! Call 9 1 1

CUT TO:

BACK TO CURRENT DAY

INT. RESTAURANT - CURRENT DAY DINNER

Tears are puddling up in Carol's eyes.

RUTH

Do you want me to stop?

Choked up, Carol struggles to maintain composure.

CAROL

I'm so sorry I wasn't there for you. I didn't know.

Ruth reaching over hugging Carol.

RUTH

I know you would have been there if I had called. I didn't want to burden you with this.

Breaking their embrace.

CAROL

You're never a burden, you're my family.

RUTH

I know. I know.

CAROL

What else? Lay it one me.

RUTH

Like I said, I didn't know the full story at the time. I came home from the market, arms full of grocery bags. Marc is sitting in the living room watching TV and the phone is ringing off the hook.

CUT TO:

INT. 1978 APARTMENT OF MARC AND RUTH - NOON

O.S. Sounds of land line phone ringing.

A young Ruth enters her apartment, arms full of grocery bags, in a hurry to catch the ringing phone only to miss it.

Surprised to see Marc home from work, laid back watching TV.

YOUNG RUTH

What are you doing home?

YOUNG MARC

I live here.

YOUNG RUTH

Why didn't you get the phone.

YOUNG MARC

Can't you see I'm busy.

The phone rings again.

YOUNG RUTH

Hello..... what, NO?...when..... where is he now.... Ok.... I'll be right there.

A frantic Ruth ends the call.

YOUNG RUTH (CONT'D)

That was Louise. My dad's in the hospital, we need to go.

YOUNG MARC

So!

Tearing up.

YOUNG RUTH

It's my DAD, your father-in-law. He collapsed at work and they had to call 911.

Fumbling for her purse and getting ready to dash out.

YOUNG MARC

Shut up you cunt. I'm trying to watch TV.

Ruth making her way to the door, she didn't notice Marc had gotten up from the chair and was creeping up behind her...

YOUNG RUTH

If you're not going with me then pick up the kids from school at 3.

As she fumbling for her keys, her head is suddenly slammed into the door.

Holding her head against the door, Marc closes in from behind...

YOUNG MARC

You don't get to tell me what to do (pushing her harder into the door) got that.

CUT TO:

BACK TO CURRENT DAY

INT. RESTUARANT FOYER

Ruth and Carol prepare to leave the restaurant.

CAROL

Did you have a chance to talk to your dad before he passed.

RUTH

A little bit...that was my turning point.

CAROL

Turning point?

RUTH

Yeah, the point in your life when you turn in a whole different direction from where you thought you were going.

CAROL

Aaaahhh, I get it. I had one of those not too long ago....thought I was headed to retirement but things took a turn.

RUTH

What happened?

CAROL

Not important, just one more bad guy I want to get before I retire... I'll tell you about it later...finish your story... you went to the hospital...

RUTH

Oh yeah, by the time I got to the hospital, he was heavily sedated.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK - STREETS OF NY - EVENING

Carol and Ruth walking down the streets of NY, the outskirts of central park on their right side.

RUTH

A whelp was starting to form on my forehead, where he slammed me into the door. The nursing staff started to get concerned but I convinced them to give me some alone time with my dad.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - AFTERNOON

A pale Dan Cohen lay in the hospital bed, on a ventilator, heavily drugged, tubes coming out of him, everywhere.

Ruth is taken back when she sees him for the first time. Tears flow like a waterfall, she sits bedside, taking his hand into hers.

A weak Dan, barely opening his eyes, musters enough strength to rub the lump forming on her forehead.

YOUNG RUTH
I ran into the door.

DAN COHEN
(labored whisper)
Truth

Ruth breaks down before mustering the strength to confess to her father the abuses she had been enduring.

YOUNG RUTH
No girl wants to look at her dad and tell him someone's been hurting her. Deceiving her. Slapping her. Breaking her spirit. Grieving her soul and breaking her heart. How could I tell you? To make my grief, your grief? To weigh you down with this burden. I try to be a good wife, Daddy, I really treid.

Dan mustering all his strength to shush Ruth to calm her. As her sobs quell slightly, to hear, what would end up being her dad's last words.

DAN COHEN
He's the devil in flesh. Run away. Stay away..... just dance.

Dan flat lines. Alarms to go off. Medical staff rush in. Ruth goes into hysterics.

YOUNG RUTH
Nnnnoooo!!!! Daddy Nooooo! AAAAAHHH
Daddy! Don't leave me!

CUT TO:

BACK TO CURRENT DAY

EXT. PARK BENCH CENTRAL PARK - EVENING

Ruth leans in to hug a sobbing Carol.

KARL O.S.
(distant yelling)
Answer your bloody phone.

Ruth and Carol look around. Alarmed, Ruth pulls a can of mace from her pocket.

KARL O.S. (CONT'D)
 (a little closer yelling)
 Carol Machelle....Answer your
 bloody phone.

A figure starts to emerge from the shadows coming towards them at a brisk pace. Carol and Ruth stand. Ruth has the mace aimed and ready.

CAROL
 Ricky?

KARL
 Of course it is!

A face emerges from the shadows.

RUTH
 Karl!

KARL
 Don't mace me, luv.

CAROL
 What are you doing here?

KARL
 I wanted to surprise you chaps at dinner but you wouldn't answer your bloody phone.

CAROL
 How did you find us?

Ruth is stunned.

RUTH
 You're little Ricky?

KARL
 Give me a moment to explain
 luv...my wonderful niece tracked
 your iPhone and gave me your
 whereabouts...

Carol looks at her phone, 37 missed calls. She nonchalantly steps aside, stops the recording app. 14 missed calls from Ricky. 23 missed calls from the office.

Carol step as few feet away to return the office calls.

KARL (CONT'D)

Don't be mad luv, I feared if I
told you who I was, you would still
think of me as a we lad.

RUTH

Yeah...I'm struggling with that
right now.

KARL

Put the mace away and let's sit.

Ruth and Karl sit on the park bench as he's anxiously
explains away his deception.

KARL (CONT'D)

When Carol went abroad to
university, mum and I followed.
When she finished university, she
moved back to the states, mum and I
stayed.

Ruth and Karl's conversation fades into the back ground as we
pick up the tail end of Carol's conversation.

CAROL

We have to go with what we have now
before he disappears... Try Judge
Hector...he's usually very
responsive after hours... I'll head
that way now, text me if something
changes. Call the chief, we need
the uni's briefed and ready by 7
a.m.

Carol makes her way back to Karl and Ruth who are finishing a
hug on the park bench.

CAROL (CONT'D)

Karl Richard Downing, I will bust
your chops for this shenanigans
later, right now I have a work
emergency that needs my attention.

Briefly breaking away from the swooning gaze between himself
and Ruth...

KARL

Go get the bad guys, dear sister,
we're good here.

Turning back to the romantic trance with Ruth...

KARL (CONT'D)

I think I'll take this lovely lady
on a carriage ride through the
park, would you like that?

CAROL / RUTH

Whatever / I would

CAROL

Ruthie, don't leave town without
calling me, we still have more
catching up to do.

Ruth nods as an anxious Carol skedaddles away.

RUTH

Be careful.

In the background, arm in arm, Karl and Ruth make their way
to a parked horse and carriage.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HIGH RISE NYC OFFICE - MORNING

The conference room over looks the busy bustling streets of
the Wall Street business district from floor to ceiling
windows.

A glass wall on the opposite side look out into the
elevatory/lobby area where the Director of First Impressions
sits. Frosted glass from waist hight to head height provides
privacy.

Karl and Chris engage in small talk as they pull proposals
and documents from their respective briefcases.

They place a set of documents, two on their side of the table
which faces the lobby, and two on the opposite side -
situated so the conversing parties would be face to face.

Before partaking in the coffee and pastries so elegantly laid
out, Karl inconspicuously, but intentionally, places his
briefcase in the chair at the head of the table.

As they pour their coffee/juice/water, legs are visibly
walking towards the room.

Marc and Rick enter.

Marc, already scowling, sees the briefcase in the seat at the
head of the table. His scowl intensifies.

Karl and Chris turn and engage in greeting pleasantries. Marc is staring at the briefcase.

MARC
Let's get this over with.

KARL
(with a hand wave to the
prepared seating)
Let's get started?

Marc begrudgingly sits in on of the place settings opposite Karl and Chris.

CHRIS
If you'll turn to the first page,
please take a moment to double
check the spelling and all of the
other information.

TIME LAPSE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - HIGH RISE NYC OFFICE

A couple of hours later, with empty office cups, partial eaten pastries, empty plates amongst them.

Movement is seen behind the frosted glass as someone enters the lobby area.

As Marc signs the final page, we see 2 columns for signature.

As Marc signs under "Wasserman Group, Inc.", we see Karl's signature already under "hereafter known as Kharmic - Downing Partners Ltd. DBA KDP Ltd."

Marc passing the signed forms to Karl.

MARC
Downing, is that you.

Karl stacking the signed forms and stowing them in his briefcase.

KARL
Yes, I am a silent partner, in this endeavor.

MARC
Not that I care, but whose gonna run the business.

KARL

I'm so glad you asked. I believe my
business partner just arrived.

Karl leaves the conference room, enters the lobby area.

Ruth is standing at the receptionist desk.

RUTH

Oh, there he is, are you ready for
lunch.

With his hand holding the conference room door closed, you
can see people inside are getting up, shaking hands, closing
the deal.

KARL

I am but I have a surprise for you,
luv. Do you have a brief moment for
introductions.

Ruth waling towards Karl..

RUTH

I guess, who am I meeting.

Karl gentlemanly holds the door for Ruth to enter first,
following behind here.

Marc's back is towards the door as he refreshes his beverage.

Ruth spots a familiar face.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Rick Becker?

Hearing a familiar voice, Marc bolts around so fast his
beverage sloshes.

RICK

Ruthie?

MARC

What's that cunt doing here!

Throwing his beverage at Ruth, Karl human sheild's in front
of Ruth, liquid splash off his back onto everyone else in the
room.

Karl calm turns around, his arm around Ruth's waist.

KARL

Meet the new owner of KDP Limited.

MARC/RUTH
WHAT! / I don't understand.

CHRIS
Your dad's business is now yours.

MARC
Over my dead body!

Rick gives of breathy...

RICK
Oh, fuck.

Marc starts a ballistic rampage, throwing, breaking anything he can get his hands on.

Karl hurries Ruth out of the conference room, closely followed by Chris and Rick.

LOBBY

Rick stands dumfounded with shock. Chris stands with a satisfying smile engulfing his face.

RUTH
I don't know what to say.

KARL
Carma's coming.

RUTH
Didn't karma just bite him in the ass.

KARL
(slowly, emphatically)
Carma's coming.

CUT TO:

Back to the photo on Carol's dresser of young Ruth, Carol and Karl (aka Ricky) playing the board game Trouble.

The photos evolves into real life.

QUICK FLASBACK

Young Karl gets up from the board game...

YOUNG CAROL
Where are you going, we're in the middle of a game.

YOUNG KARL

To get a pop.

Yelling to Karl who is now in the kitchen.

YOUNG CAROL

Bring us one too.

YOUNG KARL O.S.

Yes Miss Carma

YOUNG RUTH

Carma?

YOUNG CAROL

Carol Machelles, he think's he's
being cute.

YOUNG RUTH

Wouldn't that be Carmi?

YOUNG CAROL

Ma-chelle, M-A-C-H-E-L-L-E. Mom
thought she was being
cute....that's my life...
surrounded by cuties.

BACK TO CURRENT TIME.

The elevator dings.

A swarm of uniformed officers exit the elevator.

Karl motions to the conference room where Marc is still
engaged in a full blown rampage.

The uni's proceed to a the conference room where a new type
of ruckus transforms as they try to arrest Marc.

Carol is the last person to exit the elevator. As soon as she
enters the lobby, she sees the familiar face of her first
love.

CAROL

Rick Becker?

The two lock into a same endearing gaze they had for each
other in high school.

Quick memory flash to the picture on the wall of the watcher
of young Carol and Rick cuddled up in the booth at Mayberry's
ice cream diner.

RICK
(motioning towards Marc)
I'm done with him.

The uni's emerge from the conference room with a hand-cuffed Marc.

Marc catches Rick and Carol in their swooning moment, launching him into another ballistic rampage.

MARC
You set me up.

Marc's words start to get labored, breathy, far apart.

MARC (CONT'D)

You were ... in on this.... My
best...

His body goes limp, he's gasping for air. The receptionist yells

RECEPTIONIST
He's having a heart attack.

The receptionist jumps up to help as the uni's lay him on the floor.

The uni's begin to administer first aid. Marc gasping breath gets louder.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Someone call 911

Ruth pull out her phone.

RUTH
On it.

We see Ruth dial 911 and back away from the commotion. Marc's intermittent heart beat and gasps of air almost drown out all other sounds.

Away from the commotion, we faintly hear Ruth talking to the 911 operator.

CUT TO:

QUICK FLASBACK

Continuation of the scene where Marc has Ruth's head smashed into the door as she's trying to leave to get to her dying father.

Holding her head against the door, Marc closes in...

YOUNG MARC

You don't get to tell me what to do
(pushing her harder into the door)
got that.

Slamming her head into the door again before he walks away.

YOUNG MARC (CONT'D)

I'd 've waited til he flat lined
before I'd 've called 911.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO BLACK:

OPENING FROM BLACK, FROM MARC'S EYES

He sees Ruth on the phone talking to the 911 operator.

They eye lock.

She turns her phone slightly away from her ear so Marc can see "911" on the display.

She had never pressed send.

She was faking the call.

With is last breath, Marc utters...

MARC

Fuckin' cunt.

All goes black.

O.S. We hear the familiar alarm of a heart monitor machine flat lining.

CUT TO BLACK
SILENCE.

O.S. The familiar sound of zzzz, zzzz, zzzzip - our watcher's printer is going again.

FADE IN:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

Beside the pinned up obituary of Marc Wasserman, a shadow figure in a hoodie pins a picture of a tropical wedding set up.

Tables are immaculately decorated, Hawaiian lays are on each place setting. An oversized arch covered in all white flowers sits perched in front of the ocean.

The photos fades to the actual scene.

FADE TO:

EXT. HAWAIIAN BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

Guest are starting to arrive and mingle.

Chyron: 9 months later

We start to see familiar faces begin to enter and mingle - Carol's daughter and granddaughters, Alice, Amber, and Maggie.

As the sun begins to set, the guest are seated. Again we see familiar faces, Bet and other associates from Carol's office.

As the sun begins to set, the music starts, guests stand to look down the isle.

Standing before them, 2 brides. Carol and Ruth arm in arm escort each other down the isle.

Turning to the overside arch, setting sun behind them, stand Karl and Rick waiting for their brides.

A wedding montage begins to "The Girl is Mine".

--- Wedding kiss

--- Bouquet throwing

--- Cake cutting

--- First dance

The montage ends on a selfie click of Karl and Ruth, with the moon glinting off the ocean behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION, UNKNOWN TIME

The self becomes still, transferring to the photo being pinned to the watcher's wall.

From a distance, a shadowed hoodie figure emerges.

His blue gloved hands turns on the overhead lights.

Standing still for a moment, as if he is admiring his work, we finally see the entire wall spanning decades. The shoulders of the watcher show a deep breath and exhale.

A blue glove pulls down the hood. Crunched on his shoulders.

Blue gloves are tossed into the trash can.

The body turns to leave the room. The lights go out.

From the outside, we see Karl emerging, smirking. The watcher room behind him.

His smirk... is it happy that he finally got the girl or is it something more sinister?

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END