

ACT 1.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The building is slightly decrepid, its architectural grandeur lost in time.

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL BUILDING - NIGHT

AMY HOUSTON, 40s, white, blonde, republican. Her office is decked out in RED. She sits at her desk, desheveled and exhausted, her hair shows it. INTERN BOB, younger, ambitious to a fault, sits opposite, on the edge of his chair as if he will fall forward onto her at any moment.

INTERN MARTHA and INTERN DON circle around the room, pinning things to the wall. There's a real panic to the air.

AMY

Where was I?

INTERN BOB

You were deciding between a front porch approach or -

AMY

(matter-of-fact)

Oh yes, yes. Never mind that. Let's circle back to that speech for my rally.

Intern Bob yawns, and the other interns look over at Amy, a bit antsy.

AMY

(checking watch)

Oh god, it's nearly midnight.
Martha - Bob - Don - get out of here. You're dismissed.

Intern Martha and Intern Don breathe a sigh of relief. Intern Bob doesn't move an inch.

INTERN MARTHA

Thank you Senator Houston. Have a good one.

Intern Martha and Intern Don leave.

INTERN BOB

(to Amy)

Oh c'mon. You know I'm not leaving til you do. This campaign is my life.

AMY

I wish it was my only life. My damn second job is sucking the energy I have for this -

INTERN BOB

(Checking his clipboard)

Ma'am - that reminds me. Did you finish your house listings that are due by the end of the month -

AMY

Jesus fuck. Ok, well the night got a lot longer. I need to do my real estate shit now anyway - you should go home. I'll stay as long as it takes.

Amy brings out a laptop and starts reading.

INTERN BOB

Baffles me that you don't make enough with all this - you work your ass off here - and with everything that's been going on...

AMY

Shhh... Sh.... No need for flattery. A wise man once said "shit will come to those who wait".

INTERN

(laughing)

And this is why I chose to intern with your campaign, ma'am.

AMY

"Amy Houston Gets Shit Done."

Amy flashes a sparkling white smile. Laughing, Intern Bob leaves. Amy hunches over her papers.

DOLLY TO: The window behind her.

There's a car parked directly across a small alley in a parking garage. A glint of light shines from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATE AFTERNOON

A large black van is parked on an empty floor of a parking garage. Five adults sit around its open doors. One bounces a bouncy ball against the wall. They are all dressed in black with matching black ski masks.

CLOSE UP: A fingerless-gloved hand lights a cigarette.

CLOSE UP: A pair of binoculars leans out the window.

CLOSE UP: Gum Chewing. A SNAP as the bubble pops.

FIGURE #1
(exasperated)
When is this bitch gonna call it a
day?

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Amy struts out of the Capitol into the empty parking garage, briefcase in hand. Her face is buried in a sheet of paper.

AMY
(muttering)
If you came out tonight... no - If
you made it tonight, it means you
want answers -

A FIGURE JUMPS FROM THE SHADOWS - and throws a sack over Amy's head. She flails around and drops the briefcase, SCREAMING.

Another figure jumps out - instantly restraining her arms.

FIGURE #2
(gruffly)
You bet your ass we do.

CUT TO: AMY GETS THROWN IN THE BACK OF THE VAN AS IT RACES AWAY.

Fade to black.

SUPER: Three Weeks Earlier...

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Amy runs from the printer to her table a few times, her sharp pantsuit and perfectly coifed hair barely budging. She seems lighter, even younger, than we saw her last. Intern Bob enters the doorway to the conference room, holding a clipboard.

AMY
I know! I have to be on the floor
in five.

INTERN BOB
Same time every day, Amy. Never
doubt your internal clock.

AMY

Oh, shut up and help me out! We're about to reach our monthly limit on printer pages.

INTERN BOB

(getting right to it)

We need a bigger staff. The other interns are occupied with other senators at -

Amy rolls her eyes and takes a seat, overlooking some papers on the table.

AMY

(rolling her eyes)

Tell me something I don't know. Now, did you have something pertinent to tell me, or were you just bored?

INTERN BOB

Oh yes, but you're not going to like it. Eustice Quinn -

(beat)

- Is running against you. For the Republican primaries.

AMY

For fuck's sake!

INTERN BOB

(opening his phone)

And there's more. Check the link I just sent in three ... two -

AMY

Got it. Shit, what's this redneck done now?

They lean over Amy's laptop. On the screen, Eustice Quinn, an extreme-right imbecile, can be seen holding an automatic rifle surrounded by American flags.

EUSTICE QUINN

(on-screen)

Eustice Quinn here, ex-Marine. If you don't know, our country has been plagued by RINOs. Republican in Name Only. And what do we do about them?

On-screen, Quinn and a team of military men beat down doors and start firing.

EUSTICE QUINN
 It's RINO Hunting Season. And RINO
 hunting permits are free. Get your
 friends, get your kids, and help
 save this country.

The campaign credits roll. Amy looks up at Intern Bob, jaw
 dropped. This guy's insane.

AMY
 (disappointed, but not
 surprised)
 Well, shit. He's really rallying
 the crazies with this one.

INTERN BOB
 Yup. And they're going to eat this
 Quinn bullshit up in the primary.

AMY
 Fuck! I'm going to have to come out
 with some horrible extremist shit
 now aren't I. God I wish I could
 just actually stand on something
 ethical!

INTERN BOB
 What good is it to stand on
 principle when it will prevent you
 from seeing another day in
 politics? Need I remind you -

AMY
 Yes, I know. Gotta make it to the
 general election before I can
 actually change anything.
 (checks watch)
 Gotta run.

Grabs her papers and runs to the doorway.

AMY
 (pausing)
 Bob - Cancel my interview later. I
 need time to talk to the Governor.
 Double-check on his endorsement.
 Ugh, this Quinn character might
 pose some issues.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK - DAY

TILLY, late teens, stands tall with a picturesque desert mesa
 background. She's young, pretty, but tough as alligator skin
 on a 40-yr-old pair of cowboy boots.

A snake slithers across the scene - and a slight rattle can
 be heard before - CRUNCH!

Tilly stomps down on the neck of the snake, with that old pair of cowboy boots.

She leans upward to a bunch of camera equipment. She's Rushmore's Max Fischer - down to the beret sitting on her head.

TILLY

Tarantino would've used halo lighting on this subject -

LANGSTON

(off-screen)

Uh, Tilly. That would be Robert Richardson.

Camera pans to LANGSTON and FERN - two obnoxious hipsters. They are dressed in the Urban Outfitters equivalent of Tilly's workwear - not an ounce of grit between them. Langston laughs mockingly, lowering his too-small shades.

FERN

Yeah c'mon - Richardson is his DP. Don't erase him from history.

TILLY

(rolling eyes)

Alright, can it Langston. Let's use RICHARDSON's halo effect. I think it would pay homage to his emotional stronghold.

LANGSTON

(still mocking)

As much of a stronghold as your new Hick boy toy?

TILLY

Oh c'mon. Steve and I are only talking. He WISHES. I have him in my left pocket, right here.

As they're speaking, GWEN, 30s, walks over in full PARK RANGER garb. She's ginger, gruff, and looks like she could've killed that snake - but with her bare hands.

GWEN

(laughing awkwardly)

Not meaning to interrupt here - but this cool aunt needs her niece to get back to work -

TILLY

I'm composing a Richardson shot!

LANGSTON

(piecing things together)

Wait... you're not her mom?

GWEN

Oh god no - I'm not that old.

TILLY

(suddenly stressed)

My - my mom's not in the picture.

Beat. Fern and Langston assess Tilly. Gwen seems amused.

FERN

We dig that tortured artist bit.

Tilly looks annoyed. Gwen nervously laughs and heads out of the area, but first stops to lean closer to Tilly.

GWEN

(under her breath)

Who ARE these assholes?

Tilly shrugs.

EXT. RIBBON-CUTTING CEREMONY - DAY

A small crowd of politicians is gathered around a podium where GOVERNOR CASEY is standing with STATE JUDGE MURRAY. Amy is deep within the crowd.

GOVERNOR CASEY

I'm all about jobs, as I'm sure we all are. The economy won't lift itself up by the bootstraps as I'm sure we all once did -

(chuckle)

Besides the point. As you all know, our newly-appointed State Judge Murray is officially the seventh Republican court member! This is but a small win for the state of Arizona during these trying times.

A small round of polite applause. Governor Casey shakes the state Judge's hand, and they disperse into the crowd, mingling with the politicians. Amy walks over to Governor Casey.

GOVERNOR CASEY

(noticing Amy)

Why hello, Houston. Shouldn't've fired my speech writer don't you think?

Governor Casey cracks himself up.

AMY

(politely smiling)

Always a pleasure to hear you speak, Governor. Let's cut to the chase. What have you heard about RINO hunters?

GOVERNOR CASEY

(smile fading)

Our new candidate has quite the personality, doesn't he?

AMY

(almost whispering)

Is Quinn going to pose some issues for our previous agreement?

Governor Casey smiles and nods to people passing but leans in to continue the conversation more discretely.

GOVERNOR CASEY

(softly)

Ah, so you're here to make sure I'm going to endorse you! Truth be told, I'm going for a wait-and-see approach.

AMY

I know you've always had your issues with my more moderate ideas, Casey, but our agreement -

GOVERNOR CASEY

Now listen, I've always had a lot of respect for you, even though you've been quite unorthodox for the party. But I like it. It's a good look for us.

AMY

The maverick, didn't you call me once?

GOVERNOR CASEY

(chuckle)

Oh yes. You ease certain citizens into voting red, and that can be useful. But Quinn might also turn out to be useful. We will wait and see. Just don't make waves, Houston.

Amy smiles. Small victories.

AMY

Thank you, sir -

Phone rings. Amy waves him off.

AMY
Hello, this is Amy Houston,
realtor. What can I do for you -

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Veronica, 19, long dark hair, indigenous American, walks over to Tilly, who's seated on the curb, drawing on a big posterboard.

VERONICA
Whatcha got for us?

TILLY
(not looking up)
Two fifty-cent posterboards I just
picked up - I've so far got:
"Protect our Parks!" and "Public
Land Is our Right!"

VERONICA
(laughing)
Wow - so creative.

TILLY
This is our fifteenth march
together you should know by now I
I haven't ever been too good at
these signs -

Langston and Fern walk up to the two of them, each sporting antique wooden signs.

LANGSTON
(scoffs)
Staples posterboard? We carved our
protest signs from my grandmother's
authentic civil rights protest art -

FERN
Imagine going to protest an active
Supreme Court case and sporting
Staples. Talk about capitalistic
hypocrisy!

The two walk off, chortling. Veronica and Tilly share a glance.

VERONICA
You've got to get rid of these
pretentious dickheads. Just because
they're from film school -

TILLY
(laughing)
No, I know. Why the fuck would you
deface a historical artifact? For
not even the same political
movement?

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL LOBBY - DAY

Jovial JOE CASTILLO, 30s, Mexican American, sharp and witty enough to be the next hit stand-up comedian yet with a passion for justice, struts into the lobby of the Capitol Building. He's sporting a "THERE IS NO PLANET B" t-shirt. He pulls a blazer over it and winks at a REPUBLICAN SENATOR, who rolls her eyes. He passes Intern Bob's desk and struts right into Amy's office, closing the door behind him. Intern Bob gets up and rushes after him.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy looks up from her paperwork in disapproval.

AMY
You really gotta start making
appointments.

JOE
I've heard some rumors about the
rival candidate this morning-

AMY
Aren't you supposed to be an
environmental lobbyist? Mind your
business.

Joe's jovial expression has faded.

JOE
You're right, you're right.
Business time. I'm circling back to
my ask for you to repeal the
trigger laws.

AMY
On health care?

JOE
No, on public land.

Amy politely laughs, but her eyes don't agree with it.

AMY
Oh, fuck off! We all know the case
won't go that way. Justice Hanover
has always expressed support on
public land.

JOE

We did have an agreement that you would try to repeal. C'mon Amy. Need I remind you there's an active Supreme Court case?

AMY

(brushing him off)

Obviously, I know. Listen here. This is how it's going to go. I won't give you the trigger laws - it's too messy. But I am going to give you this nice little package.

She hands him a packet of papers.

AMY

I've set it up for you - all wrapped up in a bow. The bill to modernize the power grid.

JOE

(in disbelief)

To cut energy waste?

AMY

Yep. Today's the day. I'm on board.

JOE

Damn - I can't believe it. This is totally unprecedented! The amount of years my organization has been trying to do this -

Intern Bob checks his clipboard and quickly interjects.

INTERN BOB

Uh... Eight years and seven months.

Joe looks at him briefly and rolls his eyes.

JOE

(continuing)

- and you just show up today and decide to change everything??

AMY

(nods)

Well count your lucky stars because today's the best fucking day of your life -

JOE

(still in disbelief)

- besides my wedding of course -

AMY

Your wedding, of course.

JOE

Wow, you must really not want those trigger laws repealed if you're giving me this just to shut me up -

AMY

Joe, you're flattering yourself - now get out of here. I need to finish some things.

Grinning, Joe takes the packet and flounces out the office. Beat. Then Amy and Intern Bob exchange a glance.

INTERN BOB

That ... Was GENIUS. The benefits to your campaign! If he wants to play the family card, the least you could do is make him feel like he's got a win. Steering him away from making waves.

AMY

Oh I'm by far the least waviest maverick you will ever meet.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tilly stands in front of a camera - on the other side than normal. Meathead STEVE, whose neck is as thick as the saguaro cactus behind him, stands behind it, fiddling with buttons.

STEVE

(coyly)

So what happened to your other crew?

TILLY

(matter-of-fact)

I didn't quite get along with them. Alright now try to focus it on me. You might not be as good but maybe I can train you -

STEVE

(flirty)

You know I've been trying to get on your crew for a while now...

TILLY

(not sold on him)

Is that so, Steve? Short depth of field, low contrast. Try that out.

STEVE

Oh Yes. What are you trying to do with this doc? What message -

Gwen appears out of nowhere.

GWEN

It's not a documentary actually.
Tilly's putting her own special
spin on a promotional video -

STEVE

(still looking at Tilly)
Oh that's hot. What about?

Tilly smiles, bashful. He's gotten through to her.

TILLY

I'm pushing for the government's
protection on national parks - and
sweet images of goats and wildlife
are a good seller.

GWEN

(to Steve)
I've been trying to tell her, it
doesn't work like that.

STEVE

(tipping baseball hat)
Do go on, ma'am.

GWEN

We must take change as it comes.
The Supreme Court is working on
solidifying these rights -

TILLY

(exasperated)
Gwen! Are we really gonna get into
this right now -

STEVE

Ladies, I'm going to excuse myself
as to not upset you any further -

Steve smiles and walks away, minding his business.

TILLY

(hissing at Gwen)
Look what you've done!
(louder)
There's no more time! The Colorado
river is literally drying up as we
speak -

GWEN

I've been fighting for public land
rights in Arizona for 20 years
girl, trust me I know.

Behind them, Steve can be seen frolicking around, picking desert flowers.

TILLY

And how far has that gotten you? We must take drastic measures -

GWEN

Wilderness protection is a fragile-

TILLY

(growing agitated)

I've told you this a million times
there's no such thing as wilderness
- just stolen indigenous land!

Gwen crosses her arms. Silence, then Steve comes up behind Tilly to get down on one knee, with a makeshift bouquet in hand.

STEVE

Tilly. Ms. Gwen. There's no need to fight. Stop and smell the roses.

Close up on his bouquet of wildflowers, definitely not roses.

Tilly whips around to face him. Gwen rolls her eyes, but smiles.

STEVE

I hope you like my unusual way of doing things - Would you go out with me?

Tilly looks at him, cocks her head, then smiles.

TILLY

Okay sure!

(beat)

On one condition - You learn how to operate my damn camera.

STEVE

(laughing)

Of course!

(turning to Gwen)

Anything you need me to help out with, ma'am?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "Killing in the Name" by Rage Against the Machine.

Tilly drives her old Nissan down a street, blasting Rage Against the Machine, singing along. Gwen sits in the passenger seat, tapping her head to the beat.

TILLY
(Singing)
FUCK YOU I WON'T DO WHAT YOU TELL
ME!

GWEN
(joining in)
MOTHERFUCKERRRR!

Gwen turns the music down, as Tilly pulls into the driveway of a cute suburban house. There is a cactus garden in the front.

END MUSIC CUE.

EXT. HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Gwen and Tilly get out of the car and walk to the front door. Tilly carries a backpack and her bouquet, smiling.

GWEN
(laughing)
So you had a good day huh?

TILLY
I don't wanna hear any bullshit
about this.

The front door swings open, and none other but JOE CASTILLO walks out. He embraces Gwen and plants a kiss on her cheek.

JOE
(turning to Tilly)
What are these flowers, Til?

TILLY
Shut up, Joe. I have nothing to
share.

Gwen laughs. They all head inside.

INT. HOUSTON HOUSE - INT (CONTINUOUS)

The group takes off coats and hats in the mudroom.

GWEN
(to Joe)
How was work today babe?

JOE
Big breakthroughs today - Not your
typical BS in the republican wing.

TILLY
Speaking of BS, can we play later?
I've been perfecting my bluff game.

JOE

Only if you promise you won't get too competitive again. How was that film shoot?

TILLY

I fired those hipster assholes.

JOE

Thank god. Geez, if they ever found out who your mom is ...

Looking off-camera into the kitchen, Joe burts into laughter. Tilly looks up at the kitchen and rolls her eyes.

CAMERA PAN to see AMY STANDING IN THE DOORWAY to the kitchen, aproned and armed with a glass of wine.

AMY

(mock offense)

What'd you just say about your mom?

Everyone laughs. Tilly looks annoyed but smiles in spite of herself. They enter the kitchen, continuous.

TILLY

What's for dinner mom?

AMY

(taking a sip of wine)

I'm taking it easy tonight - your uncle Joe's got this one.

JOE

Nooooo...

AMY

C'mon we gotta celebrate your big win at work today! Tacos and red wine?

JOE

I'm thinking more like champagne.

Amy cheers and raises her glass of already empty red wine. Joe rushes to get some champagne from the fridge. Tilly pulls Amy into the other room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

TILLY

Is everything alright, Mom? What's got you so wired? Campaign stress?

Amy shakes her head, wordlessly brushing Tilly off.

AMY
Same old, same old.

TILLY
Let me know if you need any help -
we all know they don't give you
enough interns.

AMY
(smiling)
Thanks honey. Means a lot. Let's
get that champagne -

Offscreen, a loud POP. Gwen cheers.

INT. HOUSTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Amy and Tilly return. Gwen and Joe are pouring glasses.

JOE
You were saying, Amy? Maybe after a
couple of rounds of this I can get
out what you were hiding earlier -

AMY
JOE! You know our policy.

PAN TO a dainty flowered sign on the kitchen wall that reads:
"No Lobbying At Home." Joe sighs.

JOE
(laughing)
Worth a try.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - MORNING

ESTABLISHING SHOT. The sun rises on the Capitol Building.

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - MORNING

Amy walks into work to see Eustice Quinn standing in front of
her office. She tries not to look alarmed. He tips his cowboy
hat.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Amy runs in, shutting the door quickly behind her. Intern Bob
is hiding in there.

INTERN BOB
Sorry ma'am. I didn't know what to
do with him.

Intern Bob rushes over to start dabbing the sweat from her forehead.

AMY

This guy is crazy! Mandatory
firearm exam for every child!
Leading to mandatory possession??
And to top it off, he wants me to
take a position on this bill!?

INTERN BOB

I hate to break it to you, but you
can't state your actual position on
it.

AMY

Yes, yes. I'll alienate some real
opinionated folks. Why is it only
them that vote in these damn
primaries? I miss rational
thought...

INTERN BOB

You just gotta give these people
what they want to hear to get
elected - you don't have to act on
it when it comes down to it.

Amy stops to look at him.

AMY

You really do perform above your
pay grade.

INTERN BOB

(matter-of-fact)

Ma'am, I don't have a pay grade.

AMY

They're not paying you?!?

INTERN BOB

(beat)

I'm fucking with you. Yes, I do
have a salary.

AMY

(relieved)

Oh, thank god. That would weigh on
my conscience. Don't know what I'd
do without you.

INTERN BOB

(uncomfortable for a sec)

Uh, yes. Reminder that if you move
up in the world so do I.

AMY

Of course. You determined son of a bitch. Anyway. This Supreme Court decision on the National Parks should put some of the crazies in place. They need to realize environmentalists have some people they can trust in the government. Justice Hanover -

Intern Bob's phone dings. Then Amy's does to. Intern Bob looks down and drops his phone. He grabs the remote and flips on the TV in her office to the news.

REPUBLICAN NEWSCASTER

Long-awaited Supreme Court Case Coates v. Wyoming has come to a close. This will be real win for business owners near national parks! Just in - the ruling places all public land in the US of A in the hands of the states - no longer a federal right.

Long pause of silence in the office.

AMY

Jesus Mother of Christ.

END ACT 1.

ACT 2.

INT. HOUSTON HOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE UP: Tilly's face, twisted in agony. She can't even speak.

We pull back to see her sitting on the couch, staring silently at the TV.

TILLY

(hoarsely)

GWEN!

Gwen walks in, there are tears streaming down her face. Tilly gets up and immediately swallows Gwen in a huge hug. They sob together. Tilly pulls away.

GWEN

How could this even happen ... ? No one - I didn't - think this c-could happen? No fucking way the Supreme Court could do this?

Tilly is deep in thought, calculating. Beat.

TILLY
(slowly)
Did Mom know about this?

GWEN
There's no way she could've. At
least I think. She couldn't've. She
wouldn't.

Gwen starts hyperventilating. Tilly rushes to her side.

TILLY
Repeat after me. I am enough.

GWEN
(shakily)
I am enough.

TILLY
I have enough.

GWEN
I have enough.

TILLY
I am grateful for another day of
life.

GWEN
I am grateful for another day of
life.

Gwen's breathing is more regulated now.

GWEN
What's that from?

TILLY
Just something I've picked up from
a friend. Helps me calm down.

The TV suddenly states:

TV REPORTER
We are distraught to learn of
trigger laws in place in 15 states
giving up the land to the ruthless
hands of business owners, who have
waited years to capitalize off what
is left of the natural world.

The moment of peace is gone. Gwen starts crying again and
Tilly sheds a tear.

GWEN
That's one thing my sister does
know - and that's what the state of
Arizona is going to do about it.
~~~~~

TILLY

I don't know how I'm going to face Mom.

GWEN

Make a documentary about it.

TILLY

Not funny.  
(beat)  
Fuck this country.

GWEN

This country better do something about this.

TILLY

You know we can't trust that kind of thinking any longer.

GWEN

Well maybe you were right yesterday. The damn divided left. It's time we do something. Perhaps even radical, for a change.

TILLY

Can't believe it takes this for us to see eye to eye.

GWEN

Now let's try to figure out what the hell we're going to say to Amy when she gets home.

TILLY

I will lose my shit so easily so I'm thinking this needs to be straight-up scripted.

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Intern Bob sits at his desk outside Amy's office. The phone is ringing non-stop. He picks it up.

INTERN BOB

Hello - office of Senator Houston.  
No sorry she's not available to speak at the moment.

He hangs up. Rings again. He picks it up

INTERN BOB

Hello - office of Senator Houston.  
No sorry -

He hangs up. The phone rings again. He wipes his forehead.  
Intern Martha runs up to his desk.

INTERN MARTHA  
(panicked)  
The reporters have surrounded the  
building - but some citizens are  
loose in the building.

INTERN BOB  
WHAT?

INTERN MARTHA  
It was a guided tour of the  
building - they escaped the  
tourguide and managed to find the  
Senate floor.

INTERN BOB  
And the lobbyists?

INTERN MARTHA  
Those who had scheduled meetings  
are waiting to pounce once the  
senators leave the floor meeting -

A slam echoes - pausing their conversation. Silence. Then Amy  
runs through the hall - trailed by a mob of lobbyists and  
citizens. Cameras are flashing.

AMY  
(approaching)  
OPEN MY DOOR BOB! NOW!

Intern Bob opens the door and ushers her inside, slamming it  
behind her. The crowd of ANXIOUS CITIZENS swallows him.

ANXIOUS CITIZEN 1  
SENATOR! WHAT ARE YOU PLANNING ON  
DOING -

ANXIOUS CITIZEN 2  
ARE THERE TRIGGER LAWS IN PLACE -

ANXIOUS CITIZEN 3  
YES YOU DUMBASS!

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy pants on the other side of the door.

AMY  
(to herself)  
Really sucks being on the wrong  
side of history for this one.

She runs to the phone, calling Intern Bob.

AMY

BOB! Are you okay out there -

INTERCUT:

The crowd is surrounding his desk out in the hall, yelling.

INTERN BOB

Barely, ma'am. What do you want me to do?

INTERCUT:

AMY

Just keep them out! Lock the door. Security should be coming soon to get the randoms out.

She hangs up. She looks anxiously at her cellphone, which has no notifications.

AMY

No word from Tilly or Gwen. Not a good sign. They definitely hate me.

CUT TO:

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - DAY

The area is deserted around Intern Bob's desk. The rifraff has been cleared. Now only Joe stands in front of it.

JOE

(gossiping)  
They definitely hate her.

INTERN BOB

(wincing)  
Yikessss. Can't imagine what going home tonight will be like.

JOE

I was right about the trigger laws! I hate to say "I told you so" but I have to. And I will. So you should let me in.

INTERN BOB

Hmmm. Let me check on that.

He picks up the phone.

INTERCUT:

AMY  
(into phone)  
Nope.

INTERCUT:

Hanging up the phone, Intern Bob looks at Joe.

INTERN BOB  
Yeah, sorry Joe. Not going to happen.

JOE  
C'mon man. Try again. Tell her I've come to help so she'll let me in -

Intern Bob picks up the phone again.

INTERCUT:

Amy is looking more and more sweaty with each cut. She picks up the phone.

AMY  
Bob! I need you in here. I'm deciding what my best course of action is right now - we need to make a deal with another republican senator on the national parks vote somehow - I'm thinking someone moderate -

INTERN BOB  
(off-screen)  
Joe is still here ma'am.

AMY  
(annoyed)  
Tell him to fuck off! I don't have time for family shit right now. And you get in here Bob - we got work to do.

EXT. HOUSTON HOUSE - DAY

Tilly sits on the front porch of her house. She's seething with rage. She grips a stress ball so hard it pops. Then she picks up a book that's titled: "Practicing Mindfulness When You'd Rather be Practicing Homicide".

Steve walks up to the front yard, holding a tray of two coffees. Tilly looks up, and shakily gains her composure.

TILLY  
Not a good day to chat, Steve.



STEVE  
(sorrowfully)  
I know. I came to see how you were doing.

TILLY  
That's very sweet, but I'm not feeling super sweet or romantic right now.

STEVE  
My dad tells me a bunch of company's are in a bidding war for the Park right now.

TILLY  
(suspicious)  
What's your dad got to do with that?

Steve comes up onto the porch and sits down next to her.

STEVE  
Don't worry. I brought you some coffee.

TILLY  
Aw, thank you. Have you been practicing the camera angles I was teaching you?

STEVE  
Yes. Wideangle, medium wide, medium, closeup. I think I got it.

TILLY  
I think I left the memory card in there with all my footage - I should give you an empty one.

Tilly moves to get up, but Steve puts a hand on her shoulder.

STEVE  
Later... Let's talk.

TILLY  
About?

STEVE  
I know it's all very tragic, but we all need to start getting used to the way things are now.

TILLY  
What... The fuck?

STEVE

No, no. I just mean - I think that it wouldn't be bad for the economy.

Cautious and suspicious, Tilly stands up.

TILLY

Keep going. Spit it out.

STEVE

I-I just think - I think the land was meant to be profited off of like our ancestors once did!

Tilly backs away. Angry tears begin to form.

TILLY

Fucking unacceptable. Get out. You heard me. Get the fuck OUT!

STEVE

Jobs are scarce! It would benefit the community -

TILLY

It would benefit daddy's... mining company... is it??

(starting to shake)

I should've known. I'm done with you. Don't come near here ever again.

Steve runs off, spilling her coffee in his exit. Gwen emerges from the screen door.

TILLY

You heard it all?

GWEN

Yep. Good riddance honestly. Forget about his conservative ass.

TILLY

(crying)

He was so sweet I never saw it coming! This day couldn't get worse.

GWEN

It's okay love. Now you have more time to focus on solving this. You don't have time for a boyfriend during the revolution anyways!

TILLY

You're right. The park must be saved. I need to find someone to help finish my documentary. STAT!

GWEN  
Veronica, duh!

TILLY  
Veronica! Right. Then, I'll go  
confront Mom.

Tilly dials her phone and puts it up to her ear.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy and Intern Bob are hard at work on whiteboard, with pictures of senators all over it.

INTERN BOB  
Senator Davis! He's the most left-  
leaning republican on the senate -  
AND his wife is a botanist.

AMY  
AH Bob - perfect! I'll call him and  
we'll join forces. We can create a  
counter to the trigger laws -

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

Intern Bob and Amy snap their heads to the door. They flip the whiteboard to its blank side. Intern Bob goes to peek. Intern Martha pushes in.

INTERN MARTHA  
Hey - uh... Bob? Can we get you in  
Governor Casey's office right now?  
All the interns are needed to  
tackle his press release?

AMY AND INTERN BOB  
NO!

Intern Martha is taken aback.

AMY  
Martha - it's best you leave. We're  
in the middle of something.

Intern Martha leaves.

AMY  
The damn governor can afford his  
own interns! Now let's bring  
Senator Davis in here to join  
forces.

INTERN BOB  
It's going to be tough - we'll be  
alienating ourself from everyone.  
This will be a very devisive issue.

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Tilly, visually furious, storms past to Intern Bob's desk.

INTERN BOB

(condescending)

The senator's in a VERY important meeting right now, she can't be interrupted.

TILLY

(approaching Amy's door)

Oh really? Is she selling her soul to make sure public land is eradicated ??

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy is sitting at her desk, across from SENATOR DAVIS, 60s, a balding, kind man. He is nodding along.

AMY

So we're in agreement - this ruling is unacceptable and something needs to be done about it. Right, Senator Davis?

SENATOR DAVIS

Yes, of course Amy. However, the issue here is what CAN be done about it? The trigger laws are already in effect -

AMY

Yes, but if we join forces, we could provide enough counter weight to vote against the mining of the park. Limit the action that could be taken.

SENATOR DAVIS

Interesting... What about if the democrats don't vote accordingly. We won't have majority.

AMY

Oh they will. That is not something we have to worry about.

SENATOR DAVIS

I wouldn't be so sure. Once you confer with them - I will make a deal. But with that unknown variable - it's too risky.

CUT TO:

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Tilly exaggeratedly pleads to Intern Bob, standing in front of Amy's door.

TILLY

You can't deny a girl her mother's guidance.

Sighing, Tilly tries the handle. Unlocked. She kicks the door open with her red cowboy boot defiantly.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Amy and Senator Davis look at Tilly in shock. They were leaning in to shake hands, and haven't moved from that position.

Shock fades from Amy's face, replaced with repressed anger.

AMY

(through gritted teeth)

Excuse me?! What are you SIGNING OFF ON here?

SENATOR DAVIS

(concerned)

Should I call security?

AMY

No, she's just disillusioned.

(steadily more angry)

Honey, why don't you remove yourself from matters that DON'T CONCERN YOU.

TILLY

I don't think I will. I have a right to question my senator's -

AMY

You are so FUCKING unbelievable. Breaking into my office. While I'm in the middle of resolving something -

SENATOR DAVIS

(to himself)

Now this is very unprofessional...

AMY

Get the FUCK out. Respect my boundaries !

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I don't want to see you here. WHAT  
KIND OF DAUGHTER OF MINE-

SENATOR DAVIS

That's your daughter? You're  
speaking to your daughter that way?

Amy snaps out of her fit of rage, realizing what she's just  
done. Tilly runs out of the room, keeping her face down.

Senator Davis looks like he just saw someone shit in front of  
him in the middle of the Oval Office.

AMY

Forgive me. My daughter is quite...  
unruly.

SENATOR DAVIS

(packing up his things)  
Whatever you say ma'am. I think  
it's best you take this up with the  
Governor yourself. I'm not going to  
be involved.

AMY

Wait - no! We're still in  
agreement, right?

Senator Davis hurries out the door. Intern Bob rushes in.

INTERN BOB

What happened ma'am?

AMY

Well - it's up to me now. It's time  
for Plan B. Use reason against the  
Governor to change his mind.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - DAY

Tilly, humiliated and angry, storms down the street. She  
mutters her affirmations, more frustratedly than calmly.

TILLY

I am enough. I have enough. I am  
grateful -

Veronica approaches her on the block.

VERONICA

What happened?

TILLY

This bitch! My mom's probably in there deciding whether to sell the park to the miners or the loggers and won't hear me out!

VERONICA

Did you get through to her?

TILLY

No Veronica, it was brutal. Let's take a drive.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Intern Bob and Amy tear the pictures of Senators off the board. They jot down new ideas.

INTERN BOB

He's a logistical man. He doesn't care about the pathos of it all - appeal to him with statistics.

AMY

Statistics of public happiness?

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNOR CASEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy looks at Governor Casey. He looks at her.

INTERN BOB

(V.O.)

No - remember - this man is as self-centered as they come. It's got to be an appeal to him politically.

AMY

Governor Casey. I'm beside worrying about my own reelection.

GOVERNOR CASEY

But you should be! That's all any of these politicings and dealings are really about ...

AMY

I'm worried about your reelection sir! If you vote for the mining company to destroy the park - the people will hate you! No more "Casey wins the Racey"!

GOVERNOR CASEY

(laughing)

Oh Houston. I'm not worried. I don't even need popular vote!

AMY

But sir -

GOVERNOR CASEY

I'll make all the money I need to win from my businesses - especially mining the park. That shit's a goldmine! Quite literally.

AMY

Do you ever stop to think about the ethical aspect, sir?

There is a change in Governor Casey - His jovial expression gone. He looks at her with cold, steely eyes.

GOVERNOR CASEY

Houston. Back away from this. You must vote for Thunderrock Mining Group. If you don't - I will make sure to endorse your good friend Eustice Quinn.

Without a word, Amy spins on her heels and leaves the room. Intern Bob waits outside.

AMY

(to Intern Bob)

Screw the boss. I'm rallying the senators.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Tilly parks her car in the town square. Veronica gets out the passenger seat.

TILLY

You do realize we've lost our greatest asset to controlling the decision on the parks!

VERONICA

It's great your Mom's on the inside- but moping isn't going to help! It's up to us now. No outside help. No government help.

TILLY

What are you suggesting?



VERONICA

Same thing we did back in sophomore year.

TILLY

Get the whole PE department fired?

VERONICA

(laughing)

No!

(beat)

Get educated until they cannot deny us.

TILLY

(nodding)

Use their own logic against them. We got those creeps fired through reading that honor code til our eyeballs bled.

VERONICA

Exactly.

TILLY

But the decision has been made - our feeble honor code isn't going to work in the Supreme Court!

VERONICA

There's still time.

TILLY

We can stop that dumbass Steve's dad from buying the park!

VERONICA

Huh?

TILLY

So Steve turned out to be heir to the mining throne.

VERONICA

You have such great taste.

TILLY

Fuck off! Let's go research a way out of this. Maybe even use the Constitution against them!

Tilly and Veronica head into the public library.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Amy stands in front of a crowd of politicians. Interns flank the corners of the room. Intern Bob stands at her side.

AMY

(whispering)

Did you put my real estate showing  
on hold for this afternoon?

INTERN BOB

(whispering)

Yup. You got this, ma'am. You've  
made the perfect presentation here  
- really getting them with your use  
that Teddy Roosevelt quote.

AMY

It's a hail mary - Without the  
governor's support my best shot is  
to sway as many senators as  
possible.

She backs away to the whiteboard.

AMY

(addressing the room)

Good afternoon, y'all. We've all  
been through quite the day. I'm  
here to shed some light on what I  
believe to be the faultiness of the  
Supreme Court's decision. We all  
must join together and vote against  
selling the park - to whatever  
company might want it.

This disturbs the crowd. Some politicians whisper amongst  
themselves.

AMY

Listen here. We all have different  
beliefs, but the legality of public  
land is never firmly settled upon  
in the actual Consitution -

She brings up some bills and amendments on the screen. The  
crowd seems to be nodding, more open, when -

BOOOOOOOOM! Then a car alarm. Police sirens in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL PARKING LOT - DAY

The remains of a sparkling blue sports car is engulfed in  
flames. Glass POPS and BREAKS. Screams can be heard in the  
distance.

CLOSEUP: Governor Casey appears, getting up from his position  
crouched behind a car. His face is covered in ash.

The camera pulls back to see the car is desimated. And 4 cars in its radius are as well.

CLOSEUP: An ensignia is burned into the asphalt, flames flickering.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Intern Martha stands in the doorway. The room's occupants stare at her with bated breath.

INTERN MARTHA  
We must evacuate the Capitol. The  
terrorists have attacked.

Panic ensues. BAM - an elderly senator faints on the table. Others run out of the room.

AMY  
Why? You interrupt my presentation  
to just incite panic??

INTERN MARTHA  
I-I saw it. The ensignia - The  
Sisterhood of Karma is back.

END ACT 2.

ACT 3

EXT. NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tilly and Veronica sit on a sandy area, in between some tall saguaro cacti. They are reading from books labled "Trigger Laws" and "State Laws for Dummies".

TILLY  
I can't read any more of this crap!  
I need a break.

She tosses her book down.

TILLY  
Time to look around at this  
beautiful place before it fucking  
disappears.

VERONICA  
Did you hear about the attack  
yesterday?

TILLY  
Yeah, crazy shit. Do you know much  
about them?

VERONICA

You don't? They're practically celebrities in this area.

TILLY

Yeah, I don't. When all the attacks happened back then, my mom kept it all from me. And we like don't talk about them at home. It's hush hush.

VERONICA

Well the group's like decades old. And eco-terrorists - which I kinda dig -

TILLY

(scoff)

Don't say that - the BS they pull is damaging to the real cause -

VERONICA

Yeah - they certainly get people scared. The whole city's downright hysteric -

A twig snaps. The girls whip their heads over to see Steve, a few meters away, wielding a backpack and a large stick. He's crying and angry.

TILLY

What are you doing here? Get out of my sight.

STEVE

(under breath, muttering)

The fucking sisterhood ... Of evil ... Witches or some shit ...

TILLY

What are you even saying? Seriously, get out of here.

STEVE

(muttering)

Hot. Evil. I just thought you were hot ...

TILLY

Excuse me? You've still got my footage and camera. Give it back or I'm calling park security!

VERONICA

I'm armed with a rape whistle. Don't make me use it.

Something seems to dawn on Steve. He takes something small out of his pocket and holds it into the air.

STEVE

My parents would've wanted it this way.

He throws the object on the ground, revealing that it's a hard drive.

TILLY

MY FOOTAGE!

She jumps up and runs at him - but he brings the stick down hard - CRAA-ACK - and doesn't stop hitting it. She reaches him within seconds - tackling him to the ground - but seconds too late.

Pining him down - Tilly's hand clenches into a fist, and she fires a PUNCH.

TILLY

I'm so sorry for hurting you. But you have no idea what you JUST DID.

She stands up and backs away, shaking.

TILLY

I needed that footage - more than you right-wing diehard needed the satisfaction -

Veronica stands, watching in shock.

TILLY

(to Veronica)  
I need to find Gwen.

Tilly flees from both, muttering her affirmations almost furiously.

TILLY

(seething)  
I am enough. I have enough. I am grateful for another DAY OF LIFE!

INT. ARIZONA CAPITOL CRAFT SERVICES - AFTERNOON

Amy pours a cup of coffee into her mug that reads: "Best Senator Ever". She looks up to see Intern Martha, scrounging in the snack basket.

AMY

MARTHA!

Intern Martha looks up startled. She drops a chip out of her mouth.

AMY

Since I can't find my usual intern  
to ramble to - can I use you to  
bounce ideas off of?

Intern Martha nods, resuming chewing now that the threat has  
subsided.

AMY

I've got to win the upcoming  
election Martha! I'm the only  
republican senator who can do  
what's right. I mean who else has  
the logistical prowess of a  
republican but the passion for  
environmental protection??

INTERN MARTHA

UH, I guess... You?

AMY

Duh.

(beat of silence)

Where's Intern Bob? This isn't  
working between us.

CUT TO:

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - AFTERNOON

Outside Amy's office, Joe stands wearing a trench coat and a  
fake moustache. He knocks with no answer. Intern Don passes  
by.

INTERN DON

Excuse me, sir? I don't think you  
can be back here.

JOE

Where's Amy?? I've been trying to  
tell her I told you so! Maybe  
she'll let me in if I'm someone  
else ...

INTERN DON

Uh... I'm not sure ...

Behind his back, Intern Bob dials for security on his phone.

CUT TO:

INT. ARIZONA CAPITOL CRAFT SERVICES - AFTERNOON

Amy and Intern Martha stand in silence.

INTERN MARTHA

I'm ... Not sure, ma'am. I can't find any of the other interns right now.

AMY

(lauging)

Maybe you weren't invited to the national security threat intern party.

CUT TO:

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - AFTERNOON

A WOMAN stands outside Amy's office with long blonde hair and a floral dress, facing the door. A security guard comes by.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, miss. Have you seen a suspicious fellow with a moustache around here?

The woman turns to reveal it's JOE! He takes off, and the security guard pursues him.

As they disappear, Amy rounds the same corner with Intern Martha.

AMY

They need to round these people up. I'm about to head out for the day.

Intern Bob comes around the corner.

AMY

Intern Bob! Thank god I found you.

INTERN BOB

So sorry, emergency intern meeting.  
(looks at Intern Martha)  
So sorry Martha. You must have missed it.

Pissed, Intern Martha leaves. Amy chuckles.

INTERN BOB

Ma'am - The other interns had some serious intel. I found out you're the deciding vote.

AMY

On Thunderrock Mining Group??

INTERN BOB

Yes - what are you going to do?

AMY

Let me grab my stuff - I'll tell you on the way out. I need to get over to the National Park - you know. Damage control.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL - AFTERNOON

Amy and Intern Bob walk down the long stone veranda, carrying their briefcases to go home.

INTERN BOB

The democrats will take up three seats because of this supreme court ruling -

AMY

Yes, but nothing about that would stop by me winning.

INTERN BOB

I advise that you vote for Thunderrock. It will appeal to the ultra-conservatives.

AMY

Then I can repeal it once I'm reelected... yada yada yada. I know, but I can't stand for that. The park will be destroyed before I can change it -

INTERN BOB

(shrugging)  
Collateral damage.

AMY

I don't like the sound of that. Maybe I can find a compromise. Some deal where Thunderrock can only mine on half the park -

INTERN

You must vote yes on it. It's a new age for republicans. Times are changing and you must comply.

Amy is visibly disturbed by his sudden intensity.

AMY

(annoyed)

So you suggest selling the park, my family's place of employment and adoration, just for political success?



something SNAPS nearby. The flash of a camera. A camera crew of three REPORTERS jumps out from behind a pillar, armed with a large camera, microphone, and flashing bulbs.

REPORTER

Inside source, Amy Houston, is reportedly selling out her family's home to win the election.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Tilly enters a coffee bar and scans the room. She goes up to the BARTENDER, a young, mullet-wearing, camo-sporting, hunter, who's rifle is slung on his back.

TILLY

I must be in the wrong place - but do you know Gwen Houston - she's a regular here?

BARTENDER

I don't know a Gwen Houston. Sorry honey.

Tilly shudders, but her eye catches a news report on a Republican News Network on the TV above.

TV REPORTER

Breaking: joining the noble effort to support Thunderrock Mining Group's work is Beloved Republican Senator Amy Houston. Our sources say she quote "can't wait to betray her family of radical revolutionaries and give the hardworking people what they need: Jobs!" This source is from the inside -

TILLY

What the fuck ...

BARTENDER

Ay, isn't that you? Your Amy Houston's kid.

(in horror)

That radical revolutionary!

Tilly's in her own world. Horrified.

TILLY

They must've doctored the quote - that can't be right.

(MORE)

TILLY (CONT'D)  
 (seething)  
 This is insane. Where the FUCK is  
 Gwen?

Tilly races out.

EXT. NATIONAL PARK VISITOR CENTER - AFTERNOON

Tilly storms through the parking lot to the visitor center - with a new evil determination. Her phone rings. She takes it out.

TILLY  
 Veronica? I'm fine okay.

VERONICA  
 (OS)  
 I'm worried about you, that's all.  
 Just don't do anything unhinged.

TILLY  
 No promises.

Tilly hangs up the phone and blows through the doors of the building.

INT. NATIONAL PARK VISITOR CENTER - AFTERNOON

Gwen sits at a conference table, head in hands, sobbing. The DEPUTY DIRECTOR, 60s, and the CHIEF OF STAFF OF NATIVE AMERICAN AFFAIRS, 50s, sit across from her.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR  
 I'm sorry Gwen, dear. Nothing's official yet, but we need to make certain preparations -

CHIEF OF STAFF  
 We could be bought out by next week at the earliest.

The door slams open - all three look up to see the shadow of Tilly standing above them.

TILLY  
 Gwen. A word.

The Deputy Director and Chief of Staff leave the room.

TILLY  
 What's wrong?

GWEN

(pulling herself together)  
Just came out of an administrative  
meeting - with some senators.

TILLY

Mom was there wasn't she?

GWEN

(stifling sob)  
Yes.

TILLY

What did she say to you?

GWEN

Nothing. That was the worst part.  
Pretended not to know me.

TILLY

Normally this would be the time I  
would say something angsty. You  
would say - hey she works hard,  
respect her drive not her politics  
- but I can sense things are  
different this time.

GWEN

(nodding)  
I'm feeling a bit discouraged about  
her, I'm not going to lie.

TILLY

You guys are pretty close - does  
she confide in you?

GWEN

Oh yeah. I know all her secrets.

TILLY

(ears perking up)  
Secrets?

GWEN

Wouldn't you like to know.

TILLY

I mean... What's the point in  
keeping them, it's not like she  
respects you or your job at all -

Tilly leans over and shows Gwen a photo on her phone. The TV  
screen from the coffee shop - headlining Amy's betrayal. Gwen  
wipes a tear.

GWEN

Well you know what. If she wants to  
get backstabby -

Gwen leans in - AND WHISPERS SOMETHING TO TILLY. Her jaw drops.

TILLY  
That would ruin her.

GWEN  
Yeah -

TILLY  
Like severely ruin her. Her career  
- her life - she could even go to  
prison -

GWEN  
Fuck, maybe I shouldn't have told  
you -

TILLY  
How many people know?

GWEN  
I'm the only living person. Besides  
Amy.

TILLY  
What about the others -

GWEN  
The only LIVING. Person.

Tilly runs out of the room.

GWEN  
Oh fuck.  
(yelling after her)  
Don't do anything stupid please!

EXT. NATIONAL PARK - EVENING.

The sun sets over the vast desert expanse. Amy lingers around, holding her briefcase, admiring the scenery.

TILLY  
(OS)  
Pretty, isn't it?

Amy looks around to find Tilly standing a few feet away, staring menacingly.

AMY  
Hey, honey. Thank god you're here,  
I've been meaning to get a chance  
to apologize -

TILLY

(coldly)

Apologize? That won't be necessary.  
Fun and games are over, Amy.

AMY

Look - I know I hurt your feelings-

TILLY

I know your secret.

Amy shuts up.

TILLY

Wayyy back in the year '87. Oh,  
actually it continued from '87 to  
the mid 90s.

AMY

Don't you dare.

TILLY

I will. You know that kind of  
behavior wouldn't look too good if  
it came out... Especially not for a  
republican senator.

AMY

What are you implying?

TILLY

Let's cut the crap. I'm no longer  
implying. I'm instructing. If you  
don't vote against the mining  
company -

AMY

Hold up, daughter of mine. There's  
no way in hell you're about to  
blackmail me.

TILLY

Your eyes do not deceive you. That  
is in fact happening. Right now.

AMY

(horrified)

This is inconcievable.

TILLY

I know you have the resources and  
the power - you can stop this sale  
from even happening.

AMY

(dejected)

It's a lot harder than you think.

TILLY

Well figure it out. Your career depends on it. I will not hesitate to leak what I know.

AMY

I thought you of all people... Would understand why I did what I did...

Tilly walks away, and the sun dips below the horizon, leaving Amy alone in the dark.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Amy sits alone at a bar. There's a DRUNK OLD MAN passed out with his face down on the counter next to her.

AMY

Does she even realize I can't do anything? Trigger laws enter effect immediately. The bill that allowed public land to be sold was voted on years before I was even in office! This whole thing has been up-and-coming for decades... And I thought Justice Hanover was a definite on protecting the parks!

Drunk man burps. Amy sighs. Then he lifts his head.

DRUNK OLD MAN

Hey, missy! You know - I've had a lot going on-I've been thinking -

Amy starts to get up - disturbed.

AMY

I didn't know you were listening - Or even conscious...

DRUNK OLD MAN

What's going to happen to the national monuments! They are people's sacred land - it's as if they've gone and sold their church!

AMY

Don't remind me. Ugh. I have to stand on my principles here - but what you don't get is it could risk my career. I won't get reelected -

DRUNK OLD MAN

Oh come on! Think bigger picture -

AMY

This is the biggest picture! If I get reelected I could stand to change the bills and make some change! Plus my family and my career are falling apart - and only one is going to advance me to a higher position one day -

DRUNK OLD MAN

Didn't you mention some blackmail or other -

AMY

Oof, you can't remember I said that. But yes. My own daughter is committing a federal crime against me. Yet another thing I need to cope with.

(beat)

You know what. She could be bluffing - she's been playing that lying cardgame every night at dinner.

(baffled)

I should've guessed it. She's bluffing. She has to be. We've always been so close.

DRUNK OLD MAN

If you say so, pretty lady....

Amy looks at him disgusted, shifts her chair over.

AMY

You know what! I can clean up my relationships with my family - but I can't clean up my career if it's tanked. I need the governor on my side. I'll do it. I'll vote for the mining company.

Drunk man raises a glass.

DRUNK OLD MAN

Here's to more jobs!

Amy clinks his glass.

AMY

Okay, now forget everything I just told you and if you go to the media I'll claim publically you're insane.

She stands up, dialing on her phone.

AMY

Intern Bob? Yes. Hello. I'm signing on for Thunderrock. Precious resources and heaps of political success here we come.

Fade to black. END ACT 3.

ACT 4

EXT. NATIONAL PARK - DAY

BZZZZZZZZZZ. Machines are drilling into the rock formations.

CLOSE UP: Different locations we've seen around the park, now overrun with equipment, machines, and trailers.

Out of a trailer pops Gwen, now in a mining helmet and mining uniform. Following her is the park's former Chief of Staff, now referred to as just NICHOLAS.

NICHOLAS

Good job not rocking the boat too much these past few weeks, Castillo. I know it's been tough not to.

GWEN

I know. I figured money was money right? My husband's work at the Green Earth organization isn't turning in much, and times are looking tougher.

NICHOLAS

Didn't they promise us economic prosperity for this?

Gwen laughs.

GWEN

Yeah. I try not to think too much about it.

Nicholas starts walking away, Gwen stops him.

GWEN

Before you get back - did you notice anything weird about Tilly putting in her 2 weeks when Thunderrock took over?

NICHOLAS

You mean am I surprised she didn't want to work for the bloodthirsty mining company? Definitely not.



GWEN

No, no. I just mean she was acting kind of shady. Something about how she had a higher purpose?

NICHOLAS

Oh yeah. I assumed she'd turned towards religion to cope with all this. Some of us definitely have. Old Jose became a pastor -

GWEN

No, that's definitely not it. She doesn't just not believe in God, she thinks the whole thing is laughable -

NICHOLAS

Ouch. Anyway - why don't you just ask her? You Houstons and Castillos not living all together anymore?

GWEN

Yeah we all are. Except Tilly. She hasn't come home since the park was bought by Thunderrock. I'm worried.

NICHOLAS

Well, I'd reach out to her friend from the reservation - what's her name?

GWEN

Veronica. Yeah, that's probably my best bet. Thanks, Nicholas.

Nicholas tips his helmet.

EXT. COCOPAH INDIAN TRIBE RESERVATION - DAY

Open on a small, ranch style one-story home in a stark desert community. Tilly's old Nissan is parked in the driveway. Veronica emerges out of the front door to collect the mail, and ducks back inside.

INT. VERONICA'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

Veronica walks into the living room, where Tilly sits at a desk writing something on a piece of paper. As Veronica walks in, Tilly smoothly flips the paper over. Veronica doesn't notice as she's rifling through the mail.

VERONICA

Hey, dude. Did you start getting your mail sent here?

Tilly suddenly looks panicked.

TILLY

Let me see that.

She snatches the letter out of Veronica's hand and puts it in her back pocket without looking at it. Veronica gives her a look.

VERONICA

Everything good?

TILLY

Yep. Sorry, just feeling a little wired - they showed the park on the news today. God, it's so upsetting.

VERONICA

Stop watching that shit! You know it just upsets you.

TILLY

It's got me thinking about why I couldn't actually go through with the whole blackmail - exposé thing on my Mom. I mean - exposés are usually my thing! Documentaries anyway -

VERONICA

Yeah I think incriminating criminal evidence about your own mother might be slightly different than the old docs we used to make.

TILLY

Yeah, you're right. And, even after all the fucked up shit she did - I still have too much respect for the woman.

VERONICA

Yeah - family ties run deep. Your so close with mine you're practically an honorary member. And now you live here!

TILLY

Yeah, sorry to put you guys out. I'll be able to move out of here once I decide I can face my mother again. I don't know if it's anger or embarrassment but I just -

VERONICA

Hey, listen. It's no problem. Stay as long as you like.

Tilly's phone starts ringing. The phone reads No Caller ID.

VERONICA

Who's that?

Tilly reaches for her phone and ends the call immediately.

TILLY

Don't worry about it.

VERONICA

(laughing)

Not even going to pick up? Someone was trying to prank call you.

Tilly's not laughing. She looks around anxiously and leaves the room. Veronica looks after her, confused and a little suspicious.

INT. HOUSTON HOUSE KITCHEN - EVENING

Joe, Gwen, and Amy all sit around the table in a very awkward silence.

Gwen scrapes her fork against her full plate, not touching a bite.

Amy crosses her arms. Then pours herself another glass of wine.

Joe laughs awkwardly.

JOE

(forcing a laugh)

This cold shoulder treatment's getting straight icy!

Silence.

JOE

No seriously. C'mon ladies. You can't still be not speaking to each other - we live under the same roof for God's sake!

GWEN

Hey baby. Can you get me some more steak?

JOE

You haven't finished yours.

Silence.

JOE

(to Amy)

You know, ever since the decision came out - the one we don't speak of - yeah that's the one. I've been trying to say I told you s-

AMY

No lobbying at home Joe. You know the rules.

JOE

Am I the only sane person around here!?

AMY

Hey Joe. Can you tell my sister it's her turn to clean the dishes tonight. I've had a tough day at work.

GWEN

Hey baby. Can you tell MY sister that I've had a tough day working in literal mine shafts? Her manicured little fingers wouldn't even last a -

JOE

ENOUGH!

Joe takes his plate to the sink. Then he spins around faces the women.

JOE

I'm no longer going to be involved in your petty cat fight. It's been weeks. Work it the fuck out, alright?

With that, he struts out of the room. Amy and Gwen glare at each other.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy unlocks her office door and sets her briefcase down. Then she collapses into her chair with a massive sigh.

INTERN BOB

(OS)

Rough morning?

Intern Bob glides in, armed with his clipboard.

AMY

Rough life. The only highlight to my day is knowing I have the governor's endorsement in my pocket. It came at the cost of my happy family - but at least - I have that.

INTERN BOB

Whatever gets you out of bed in the morning, ma'am.

AMY

Thankfully this upcoming election is light work. Now, tell me what's on the agenda.

INTERN BOB

(reading from clipboard)

Buying hotels for the upcoming campaign tour, and perfecting your goals for rallies in the rural towns.

AMY

I'm thinking I lean on promoting an infrastructure plan - highways and roadways - no public transportation. Can't appear too bipartisan.

INTERN BOB

They'll love that. You really must hammer on that ultra conservative beat - drop a mention on fewer gun restrictions -

AMY

(interrupting)

Now, hasn't it been a week or two since I heard anything from the Governor?

INTERN BOB

Could be a good idea to pay him a visit.

CUT TO:

INT. ARIZONA STATE CAPITOL HALL - DAY

Amy hustles down the hallway towards Governor Casey's office. As she approaches his door, Eustice Quinn exits it. He tips his cowboy hat and Amy scowls.

She continues to hustle past him.

INT. GOVERNOR CASEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy enters, now smiling. Governor Casey stands in front of his desk, greeting her.

AMY

Governor Casey! What was that trigger-happy fool doing in here? I thought his defiant conspiracy theorism had put you off of him?

GOVERNOR CASEY

Ah! Houston. C'mon in. Well, Eustice and I have an interesting relationship.

AMY

(raising an eyebrow)  
Yes, wonderful. Well, I came to discuss my campaign -

GOVERNOR CASEY

About that - I have some unfortunate news Houston. It appears our paths have parted.

AMY

What do you mean exactly?

GOVERNOR CASEY

I'm afraid I have decided to endorse Eustice instead. Hope you'll understand.

AMY

Hold on a minute Governor, we had an agreement.

GOVERNOR CASEY

(shrugging)  
Things change. I'm an easily changed man.

AMY

(enraged)  
You can't just break a deal like that! I made sacrifices -

GOVERNOR CASEY

Sh, sh, sh... That's politics, darlin'.

Amy twitches.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy twitches. She's now sitting at her desk, staring into the distance.

AMY  
That two-faced dirtbag.

INTERN BOB  
Truly upsetting.

Amy sighs.

INTERN BOB  
This is the first time I've seen  
you without a fiesty response or a  
complex plan. Are you okay, ma'am?

AMY  
I don't know Bob.

KNOCK, KNOCK. On the door. Dejected, Amy gets up and swings the door open to see - Joe.

AMY  
(defeated)  
Go ahead and say it.

JOE  
(relishing every word)  
I told you so.

Amy sighs again and motions him in.

CUT TO: Joe sitting across from Amy's desk.

JOE  
Let me level with you. The family  
shit needs to be addressed.

AMY  
I know. We have a lot to discuss.

JOE  
Tilly. She needs to be addressed.  
Yes, things are tough with Gwen  
right now, but a hell of a lot  
worse with Tilly and you NEED to  
try to amend that.

AMY  
What am I supposed to do? What's  
done is done.

JOE  
She's your daughter! That  
relationship is not finite.  
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

It's a complex relationship that needs constant work. Jesus Christ, have you never seen "Ladybird"?

AMY

Hmm, I think Tilly made me watch that a few years ago.

JOE

She would, wouldn't she? Beside the point! Pull yourself together and stop moping! It's a cruel world but all is not lost!

Brightening, Amy grabs her phone and dials Tilly's number.

AMY

You're right. After this last loss with the governor, I really need to reconnect. For my happiness, too.

EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE OUTSIDE THE NATIONAL PARK - DAY

Tilly and Veronica observe the National Park from a distance, armed with binoculars and camera equipment. Tilly's phone buzzes. She gets it out

Tilly and Veronica both look down to see "Incoming Call From: Mom". They both stare at it for about a minute. Beat.

VERONICA

C'mon man. Just pick it up. Maybe she wants to apologize!

AMY

You know what, you're right. Maybe our relationship isn't totally ruined.

Tilly picks up the phone.

INTERCUT:

Amy eagerly receives the call, with Joe watching with bated breath in the background.

AMY

Hey Tilly! How are you?

INTERCUT:

Tilly seems unsure still.

TILLY

I'm alright. Considering.



Silence.

INTERCUT:

AMY

Well, that's great! So happy to hear that. I've been thinking about you.

INTERCUT:

Tilly seems to be lightening up.

TILLY

Oh really. What about?

INTERCUT:

AMY

I saw a billboard on the side of the road for that crazy religious cult everyone acknowledges exists but won't do anything about - you know the one -

INTERCUT:

Tilly is laughing now.

TILLY

Yeah! Do I know that one - of course!

INTERCUT:

Amy is smiling. Joe is giving her a thumbs up.

AMY

And it reminded me of the time we went on a hiking trip just to end up getting lost -

INTERCUT:

TILLY

Getting lost and stumbling in on their compound - Didn't it have weird murals of like Mariah Carey as a lizard?

INTERCUT:

AMY

Yes exactly! You were such a little girl I felt so bad that I had inadvertently traumatized you -

TILLY

(OS)

Yeah, I remember you bought me ice cream to make up for it.

AMY

Well yeah.

(beat)

It just had me thinking about you.

INTERCUT:

TILLY

Aw. It's great to hear.

Tilly is smiling widely.

VERONICA

(whispering)

Don't bring up the politics, don't bring up the politics.

TILLY

(to Amy)

I've been thinking about you too, Mom.

INTERCUT:

Amy gets flustered from this.

AMY

But. This doesn't excuse from the fact that you not only have attempted to commit a federal crime in my presence but towards me! If that secret were to get out, Tilly-

INTERCUT:

Tilly's snapped, instantly aggravated. Veronica mouths "OH SHIT"

TILLY

C'mon mom. We had about two minutes where you didn't totally hate me before you had to ruin a sweet moment. What the fuck.

AMY

(OS)

After everything I've done for this family! I've sacrificed everything. I put bread on the table from my not one but TWO jobs-

Tilly, shaking, puts the phone on mute so Amy can't hear her.

TILLY

(stuttering, shaky)  
I need to calm down. I am enough. I  
have enough. I am grateful -

AMY

(OS)  
The sacrifices are countless. And  
I'm treated like SHIT for it. When  
have you ever respected me or  
thanked me or appreciated me -

TILLY

(continuing)  
I am grateful for another day of  
life.

AMY

(OS)  
Are you EVEN LISTENING TO ME? Like  
c'mon. What did I do to deserve  
such a - such a - SELFISH BRAT!

Tilly and Veronica both gasp. Tilly, seething, hangs up the  
phone without another word.

TILLY

If she cared enough to listen to  
her own daughter, I bet she might  
learn a thing or two about her. She  
had her chance, and she lost it.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Amy sits at her desk, desheveled and exhausted, her hair  
shows it. Intern Bob sits opposite, on the edge of his chair  
as if he will fall forward onto her at any moment.

INTERN BOB

Baffles me that you don't make  
enough with all this - you work  
your ass off here - and with  
everything that's been going on...

AMY

Shhh... Sh.... No need for  
flattery. A wise man once said  
"shit will come to those who wait".

INTERN

(laughing)  
And this is why I chose to intern  
with your campaign, ma'am.

AMY  
 "Amy Houston Gets Shit Done."

Amy flashes a sparkling white smile. Laughing, Intern Bob leaves. Amy hunches over her papers.

DOLLY TO: The window behind her.

There's a car parked directly across a small alley in a parking garage. A glint of light shines from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A large black van is parked on an empty floor of a parking garage. Five adults sit around its open doors. One bounces a bouncy ball against the wall. They are all dressed in black with matching black ski masks.

CLOSE UP: The figure bouncing the ball against the wall pulls up their sleeve to itch their arm, revealing a tattoo that is what we now recognize as THE SISTERHOOD OF KARMA ENSIGNIA.

FIGURE #1  
 (exasperated)  
 When is this bitch gonna call it a day?

FIGURE #2  
 I swear. Say what you will about the cunt, but she works hard.

TILLY  
 (OS)  
 Don't feed me that bullshit. I've heard it enough. Stay on track.

CAMERA PAN: The driver's side door swings open to reveal TILLY. She's sitting in the driver's seat, dressed in full black, Sisterhood of Karma garb.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE NEAR A STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Amy walks through the parking garage, face buried in papers. She gets jumped by a masked figure who throws a sack on her head and another who restrains her arms. This time we see it from across the parking garage, where the van is parked.

Tilly, poised ready in the driver's seat, waits for a command.

\*\*\*\*\*

TILLY

Impressive they were able to  
contain her that quickly. She's one  
tough cookie.

FIGURE #3

INTO POSITION!

She lowers her shades and revs the van. Racing over to the  
pickup spot.

Amy's screams can be heard as the van takes off out of the  
parking garage

THE END