

DRAFT DATE: 6-5-15

**Untitled Larry Hillblom Project**

by

matt portenoy

**Based on a true story.**

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING**

A FILIPINA WOMAN (30's) lays sideways on a California King, nude, expressionless. Coiled around her, a SKELETAL MAN thrusts his pelvis, focused only on the finish line.

The man is baby-faced, but his features have been scarred by some kind of reconstructive surgery. He hides them (or seems to) behind a goatee and Coke-bottle eyeglasses.

He climaxes, and traces a finger across her belly...

MAN

That was great. You did great.

He stands, pulls up his briefs, then gazes out of the floor-to-ceiling window beside the bed: beams of sunlight kiss the neon froth of West Pacific. It's a sight to behold.

This is LARRY HILLBLOM (52). His house. His view. His island.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, KITCHEN - SAME**

Larry pulls open the refrigerator; it's filled with nothing but GRAPEFRUITS. He takes one.

He opens a cabinet, which is stacked from top to bottom with BOTTLES OF VITAMINS. He starts pulling them out.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, EXERCISE ROOM - SAME**

Larry runs *as fast as he can* on a treadmill, breath steaming up his glasses.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, KITCHEN - SAME**

Larry eats a grapefruit at the kitchen table, soaked with sweat, a bowl of vitamins and a glass of water beside him.

He alternates obsessively between taking a bite of fruit, swallowing a vitamin, and sipping water. *Bite, swallow, sip....bite, swallow, sip...*

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, BATHROOM - SAME**

Larry, wrapped in a towel, scoops a dollop of goo from a tub marked "*Retin-A: Anti-Aging Cream*" and massages it into his cheeks. A case of unopened "*Retin-A*" tubs sits by his feet.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, WALK-IN CLOSET - SAME**

Larry grabs a tee-shirt from a small pile of men's clothing in the corner of the closet. The remaining space is devoted to designer women's fashion, shoes, and handbags.

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION, DRIVEWAY - MORNING**

Larry walks down the driveway, where a dented '87 Carolla is parked next to a DeLorean and a pair of Kawasaki racing motorcycles.

He hops into the Toyota and drives through a motorized gate, making his way down a tropical hillside.

**INT./EXT. AIRPLANE HANGAR - MORNING**

MR. LONG, a grizzled old pilot, cranks at the propeller of a single-engine aircraft. JESUS, a Pacific Islander, looks on.

JESUS

The bitch going to fly, or what?

MR. LONG

She'll fly well enough.

JESUS

You saying that 'cause it's true, or 'cause you won't get paid if it's not?

MR. LONG

Won't get paid if we crash, either.

He closes the engine cover, wipes his hands with a rag.

MR. LONG (CONT'D)

Dead men don't sign checks.

A Toyota pulls up outside the hangar, and Larry climbs out.

MR. LONG (CONT'D)

Going to get some headwind today, Larry. Maybe a few bumps near Pagan.

Larry nods, and boards the airplane; Jesus clambers inside behind him. Mr. Long takes his place in the pilot's seat, turns on the engine, and taxis down a small runway.

Then, they *speed up and take off*, circling back over the island and disappearing into a puff of clouds...

TITLE CARD: *Saipan, Northern Mariana Islands.*

TITLE CARD: *May 21, 1995.*

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE, SAIPAN - DAY**

A squeaky ceiling fan does little to cool down JUDGE CASTRO, who sweats through his robes while addressing a court room the size of a kindergarten classroom.

JUDGE CASTRO

The defendant is charged with two counts of Assaulting a Law Enforcement Officer, one count of Possession With Intent to Distribute, and misdemeanor Public Intoxication. How does he plead?

DAVID LUJAN (40), a handsome island lawyer in a pastel aloha shirt, nudges WILLIE (20's), his overweight client.

DAVID

Say "not guilty."

WILLIE

Man, I just need to talk to Tiny and explain this shit. He knows how I get when Jasmine runs off with-

Lujan *smacks him* upside the head. Judge Castro smirks.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Not guilty.

DAVID

Not guilty, *your honor...*

WILLIE

*Pssh.* "Your honor," my dick. Dude's name is Alex. He plays video poker with my Auntie Ro.

Lujan glares at Willie, then points at-

DAVID

Your honor, I believe I see some water damage in the court house ceiling.

Everyone in the court room glances upward, and David *punches his client dead in the stomach!*

JUDGE CASTRO

(re: ceiling)

Huh, what do you know? We'll have to get that spackled. Good eye, Counselor.

Willie slumps over, gasping. Lujan holds up a legal brief.

DAVID

Your honor, the defense would like to file a motion for a change of venue.

JUDGE CASTRO

On what grounds?

DAVID

There are 50,000 people on this island,  
and my client is blood relative or rival  
with every one of them. You can't expect  
us to find an impartial jury in-

Suddenly, the doors in the back of the court *burst open*, and  
a FRANTIC WOMAN rushes down the aisle toward Judge Castro!

A BAILIFF tries to step in her way, but the judge waves him  
off. The woman whispers something in Castro's ear, and his  
eyes widen; he looks out at the gallery.

JUDGE CASTRO

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry to  
interrupt these proceedings, but I've  
just been informed that Larry Hillblom  
is...gone.

Commotion! Turmoil! Castro bangs his gavel for order, as we  
PULL OUT OF THE COURT ROOM, INTO...

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

...where PLAINTIFFS and DEFENDANTS alike all huddle around a  
small, wall-mounted television.

ON THE TV - **A NETWORK NEWSCAST.**

A REPORTER broadcasts live from an island beach, as EMERGENCY  
WORKERS circulate around him.

REPORTER

The search continues for Larry Hillblom,  
reclusive founder of DHL Worldwide  
Express, who is missing and presumed  
dead after his single-engine aircraft  
went down over the West Pacific. The  
bodies of pilot Robert Long and fellow  
passenger Jesus Mafnas have now been  
recovered.

SHOT: The wrecked plane as it's pulled from the ocean.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

Described by colleagues as an "eccentric  
genius" and "adrenaline junkie,"  
Hillblom leaves behind an estimated  
billion dollar fortune, as well as  
business ventures spanning every corner  
of the globe. He was unmarried, and had  
no children. He was 52 years old.

**EXT. FINANCIAL DISTRICT, SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON**

A tinted skyscraper glints in the Northern California sun.

TITLE CARD: *DHL, International Headquarters. San Francisco.*

**INT. DHL CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

BUSINESSMEN sit around a conference table, sleeves rolled up, ties yanked down. At the head is NICK WAECHTER (50's), active president of DHL; to his right is PETE DONNICI (40's), chief counsel to both DHL and the Hillblom estate.

WAECHTER

We have arranged for three memorial services. One in Kingsburg, where he grew up. One at the ranch in Half Moon Bay, and one in Saipan.

BUSINESSMAN #1

Will we be expected to fly down for...?

WAECHTER

No, no. Larry would have hated the fuss. Unless you can find some sort of amazing deal on flights, in which case, by all means, honor him for the cheap bastard he was.

DONNICI

Last night, my wife goes, "I'll bet the sonofabitch got himself lost at sea just to save a few bucks on a coffin."

The group shares a much-needed belly laugh.

WAECHTER

Pete and I are going to stay on the island for a bit, to take care of the estate. Larry being Larry, he named the "Bank of Saipan" the executor of his will. It's quite the crackerjack financial institution.

DONNICI

There's one branch, in a strip mall next to a *Blimpie's*. I've been told they share a toilet.

Another laugh. As it wanes...

WAECHTER

Look, we all know Larry was a giant. More than that, he was a friend.

(MORE)

WAECHTER (CONT'D)

(chokes up)

He was *my friend*, for thirty years. And I can't imagine what the future is going to look like without him. But I know we owe it to him to press on. He may be dead, but his legacy, this company, is very much alive. So, we keep working.

He looks around the table, and gets nods in return.

BUSINESSMAN #2

What do you know about the will, Pete?

DONNICI

I know you cocksuckers aren't in it.

BUSINESSMAN #3

I'll bet he left his bankroll to Fed-Ex, just to fuck with us.

DONNICI

The thing's a turd in the tub of the IRS, and not much else. Eleven pages long, if that, with at least thirty references to not paying taxes.

BUSINESSMAN #3

So, where's all the money going?

DONNICI

Some bullshit trust. Medical Research at the University of California.

BUSINESSMAN #1

Since when did Larry Hillblom care about "medical research"?

DONNICI

He cared about fist-fucking Uncle Sam, that's it. When he donates his assets, he dodges millions in estate tax.

BUSINESSMAN #2

What about his family?

WAECHTER

(snorts)

I'll take "things Larry hated more than the IRS" for \$200, Alex.

DONNICI

His brothers get \$300k apiece, the max amount you can leave someone without paying estate tax. His mother gets nothing.

BUSINESSMAN #1

He forgot about his mother?

DONNICI

No. His will clearly states, "*My mother gets nothing.*"

(shrugs)

And that's pretty much it. Nothing about the businesses or hotels. Nothing about wives or kids, obviously.

Waechter takes a sharp breath. Donnici notices.

DONNICI (CONT'D)

What's on your mind, boss?

WAECHTER

Nothing. Just...Josephine.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION - NIGHT**

JOSEPHINE NOCASA, the woman with Larry on the morning he died, sits in front of a big-screen television, sobbing.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

*With few leads and little hope, local authorities issued a death certificate for billionaire Larry Hillblom today, officially declaring him "lost at sea."*

Seated on the couch beside her, Josephine's friends, GAIL and PATTY, refill her glass of wine to the brim.

GAIL

Girl, the people on the news, they don't know shit about Larry.

PATTY

They don't know shit, girl.

GAIL

I bet he's in, like, Ho Chi Minh City right now, building a swimming pool.

JOSEPHINE

But they found his plane! In the ocean!

PATTY

You think a plane crash is going to kill Larry? Baby, please: he already survived one of them shits two years ago.

GAIL

That's why his face was all fucked up, yeah?

Josephine shoots her a glare-

GAIL (CONT'D)

He's real cute, though. Larry's cute.

PATTY

Drink your Chablis, honey.

THE HOUSE PHONE *RINGS*, and Josephine answers...

JOSEPHINE

Hello?

**INT. CADILLAC - SAME**

Waechter, stuck in traffic on the highway, talks on a '90's-era car phone.

WAECHTER

Josephine? Nick Waechter. From DHL.

(pauses)

He was like a brother to me, Jo. I loved him. I know you loved him, too.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Josephine dabs at her eyes, chugs half of her glass of wine.

JOSEPHINE

What can I do for you?

WAECHTER

Are you alone?

JOSEPHINE

Alone?

WAECHTER

Yes.

She puts a finger over her lips, shushing Gail and Patty.

JOSEPHINE

I'm alone.

**INT. CADILLAC - SAME**

Waechter chooses his next words very carefully.

WAECHTER

I will be arriving in Saipan tomorrow for Larry's memorial, and to attend to the affairs of his estate.

(hesitant)

I believe it is of the utmost importance that his assets be disseminated in the way he would have wished. Do you agree?

JOSEPHINE

Okay.

WAECHTER

Larry always wanted you to be provided for, in the event of his death.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Josephine narrows her eyes, beginning to grow suspicious.

JOSEPHINE

Yes. We talked about this.

WAECHTER

You did?

JOSEPHINE

Yes.

WAECHTER

Good. That's good.

**INT. CADILLAC - SAME**

Waechter closes his eyes, takes a long, slow breath.

WAECHTER

The reason I'm calling...I'm calling to tell you that in order *for you* to be provided for, we must ensure that Larry's legacy is secure. And in order to do so, we need you to take some precautionary steps. Immediately.

A *HONKED HORN* startles him. He opens his eyes, and sees that traffic has cleared: he's sitting still on an open freeway.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - SAME**

Josephine looks from Gail to Patty, bewildered.

WAECHTER

Are you still with me, Josephine?

She gulps down the rest of her wine.

**EXT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

A brightly-painted beachfront home with a picturesque view.

DAVID (PRE-LAP)

*Bless this food for the nourishment of  
our bodies. Amen.*

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - SAME**

David ends his prayer, and lets go of the hands of his wife, GABBY (30's,) and daughter, SHANNON (15). They pass dishes around the table, serving each other.

GABBY

So, how did fat Willie Napuna do at arraignment?

DAVID

Good. I only had to smack him once.

He throws a few shadow-punches. Shannon smiles.

GABBY

David, please. You're not working the door at the cockfights anymore.

DAVID

People got to show respect, love.

(to Shannon)

What's up with you, huh? You graduate college yet?

SHANNON

The sisters let us out early today.

DAVID

*Early?* What kind of lazy-ass nuns do they got running that school?

SHANNON

Because Larry Hillblom died. They let us go so we could watch the news and pray for his soul.

DAVID

Oh.

SHANNON

Most of my friends just went to the beach, though.

David takes a few bites of his supper, says nothing.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

You knew him, didn't you, Dad?

DAVID

Hillblom? Yeah, a little bit.

SHANNON

Was he nice?

DAVID

For a *haole*.

Gabby slaps his hand-

GABBY

Hey, what'd I say about that *matapang* crap? Not in my house.

(to Shannon)

Mr. Hillblom, he knew a lot of the same people as your daddy. Politicians and businessmen. And he was even made a judge at the Saipan court-

DAVID

He *made himself* a judge.

Gabby shoots David a "*what are you doing this for?*"-look, but he ignores it. He turns toward his daughter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're still young, baby, but someday, you are going to travel the world. You are going to run off and explore these big and faraway lands, and when you do, you will come to understand that this place where we live, it is *special*. It is a *special place*, and we must protect it, because there are and always will be people out to destroy what is special about it.

SHANNON

Was Larry Hillblom one of those people?

David considers his response for a moment...

DAVID

When Hillblom came to Saipan, he told me he wanted to help us fight those people. The corporations trying to put us in sweatshops; the governments trying to put us on welfare. And I thought that with his money and his power and his incredible mind, he could be our great warrior. But Larry, he didn't want to be our warrior.

(pauses)

He wanted to be our king.

Silence, as he returns to his dinner.

**EXT. SAIPAN AIRPORT - MORNING**

A PRIVATE JET emblazoned "DHL, WORLDWIDE" cuts through the sky above the island, landing on a small runway.

**EXT. BEACH ROAD - LATER**

A MERCEDES SEDAN cruises down a two-lane coastal "highway."

DRIVER (PRE-LAP)

Just past those trees, by the water, is Mr. Hillblom's restaurant...

**INT. MERCEDES - SAME**

Nick Waechter and Pete Donnici, in funeral-appropriate black suits, gaze out separate windows in the backseat. A DRIVER gives them a guided tour from behind the wheel.

DRIVER

Good for a cold beer and a cheeseburger. Or, if you're in the mood for something different, you can try one of Mr. Hillblom's other restaurants.

WAECHTER

How many restaurants did Mr. Hillblom own on the island?

The driver chuckles, politely.

DRIVER

Oh, very many, sir. All the restaurants.  
(points at-)  
Over there is Mr. Hillblom's newspaper, the *Saipan Tribune*. Its offices are conveniently located next to Mr. Hillblom's pawn shop.

DONNICI  
He bought a pawn shop?

DRIVER  
Yes, sir.

DONNICI  
Who the fuck buys Continental Airlines  
and a Micronesian pawn shop?

DRIVER  
About a kilometer down the road is Mr.  
Hillblom's TV station, where-

WAECHTER  
What's that?

Waechter points out the window at what looks like an OLD WEST  
TOWN, where a few costumed COWBOYS wander idly around.

DRIVER  
Ah. That is Mr. Hillblom's *Cow Town*.

WAECHTER  
*Cow Town?*

DRIVER  
Saipan's first-and-only theme park, full  
of cows, and...other amusements. Rumor  
has it that Mr. Hillblom imported real  
cowboys from the Wild West itself.

The Mercedes turns into the driveway of-

**EXT. HYATT REGENCY SAIPAN - DAY**

A VALET opens the passenger door, and Donnici slides out.

DONNICI  
I'll check-in.

As he heads into the lobby, Waechter grabs the driver-

WAECHTER  
What other rumors have you heard...have  
people heard...about Mr. Hillblom?

The driver shifts uncomfortably in his seat.

**EXT. ISLAND HOPPER BOAT - SAME**

A WATER TAXI, crammed with LOCALS and TOURISTS alike, slices  
through the ocean.

BOAT CAPTAIN (OVER P.A.)  
*Next stop, Saipan! Saipan, next stop!*

ON THE UPPER DECK, a Pacific Island girl (26) stands with her son (10). She wears a barely-there halter top, miniscule cut-offs, and heavy make-up. To say she looks like a prostitute might be offensive, if she weren't actually a prostitute.

This is KAELANI KINNEY. Her son, JUNIOR, is half-caucasian.

She pulls a stick of chewing gum from her purse. Junior holds out his hand, expectantly.

KAELANI  
 No.

*NOTE: Kaelani has a thick Pacific Island accent. English isn't her first language.*

JUNIOR  
 Why?

KAELANI  
 It's my last one.

JUNIOR  
 Can I have half?

KAELANI  
 No.

JUNIOR  
 Why?

KAELANI  
 'Cause half a piece of gum ain't shit.  
 All it do is make you want more gum.

She puts the gum in her mouth. Junior begins to pout.

KAELANI (CONT'D)  
 Awww...

She pinches his chubby cheeks.

KAELANI (CONT'D)  
 When you're a millionaire, you can buy  
 all the gum you want.

JUNIOR  
 When I'm a millionaire, I'm going to buy  
 you a mansion, Momma. In Beverly Hills,  
 90210, California.

He bats his puppy dog eyes. She melts.

KAELANI

I hate your little ass.

Kaelani holds her chewed piece of gum between her teeth and stretches it until it snaps. Junior snatches his half and pops it in his mouth, triumphant.

**EXT. SAIPAN HARBOR - DAY**

A DECK HAND helps Kaelani and Junior off of the boat.

KAELANI

Hey, you know where I can find a lawyer?

DECK HAND

What?

KAELANI

A lawyer?

A confused beat, then...the deck hand reaches into his fanny pack and hands her a pamphlet on scuba diving.

She throws it away and walks Junior down the dock, toward-

**EXT. GARAPAN VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS**

A bustling beach town caught somewhere between touristy and provincial. Produce markets stand side-by-side with souvenir shops; resort restaurants with locally-owned watering holes. VACATIONERS and ISLANDERS intersect, but rarely interact.

KAELANI (O.S.)

...because I got my child with me, you fucking hippopotamus.

Kaelani chews out the OBESE OWNER of a shaved ice cart, while Junior, distracted, checks out the flavors.

KAELANI (CONT'D)

I need a lawyer, not a date.

The man flashes a wad of cash, blows her a kiss. She groans in disgust, drags Junior away...

JUNIOR

Can we get ices, Momma?

KAELANI

When you're a millionaire, baby.

DOWN THE STREET, Kaelani notices a LARGE CROWD, peppered with news crews, amassed in front of a small church.

**INT. "CHRIST THE KING" CHURCH - SAME**

Creaking pews crammed with familiar faces: Lujan and family, Josephine and friends. Pete Donnici is conspicuously absent.

ON THE ALTAR, Nick Waechter delivers a eulogy beside a blown-up photo of Larry Hillblom, strewn with tropical flowers.

WAECHTER

People liked to throw every name in the book at Larry, usually because they were jealous. They'd call him *eccentric*, or *offbeat*, or *idiosyncratic*, whatever that means. Well, I knew the man for thirty years: he was my boss, my mentor, and my best friend. And I can stand here today, with my hand on the Bible, and tell you plainly he was none of those things. Larry wasn't *eccentric*, or *offbeat*, or *idiosyncratic*. Larry was just...nuts.

This gets a BIG LAUGH. He waits for it to die.

WAECHTER (CONT'D)

He was a businessman who didn't own a suit, a billionaire who clipped coupons, a health nut with an honest-to-God death wish. In the last ninety days of his life, he built a golf course, crashed a motorcycle, and ate nothing but grapefruit. Larry. Was. Nuts.

(then-)

He was also a genius.

**EXT. GARAPAN VILLAGE - SAME**

AS WAECHTER EULOGIZES IN V.O., Kaelani continues to try (and fail) to get an answer to her question from random strangers.

A WOMAN recoils and backs away when Kaelani approaches, put off by her appearance; a MAN throws his arm around her and tries to lead her away from her son, making lewd gestures.

WAECHTER (V.O.)

By founding DHL, before Fed-Ex, before AOL, before "Hands Across America" or "We Are The World," Larry Hillblom shrunk the earth. He brought distant cultures together one delivery at a time; he made our planet a community of continents.

(MORE)

WAECHTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 He united our different walks of life,  
 and in doing so, enriched each and every  
 one of them.

A pack of WHITE TOURIST GIRLS laugh at her, as she pushes the aggressive man off and pulls Junior away.

**INT. "CHRIST THE KING" CHURCH - SAME**

Waechter takes a long look at the photo of Larry beside him.

WAECHTER  
 And if you think that wasn't his intent,  
 consider the place where you sit today:  
 Saipan. Not New York, or San Francisco,  
 but a small mound of sand in the West  
 Pacific. What titan of industry, at the  
 height of his success, would chose a  
 life this far off of the grid? Did Henry  
 Ford move to Timbuktu after building the  
 Model T?

(shakes his head)

Only Larry, a man who believed not in  
 one nation, but in all nations as one.  
 Only Larry, a man who believed the  
 adventurous life to be the only life  
 worth living. Only Larry, a man of more  
 humanity than any I'll ever know.

Lujan glowers from his seat.

**EXT. GARAPAN VILLAGE - SAME**

Kaelani fends off a SHIRTLESS GUY outside of a 7-11.

KAELANI  
 Yeah, I get it. You want a blowjob. I  
 want a lawyer.

SHIRTLESS GUY  
 So...?

KAELANI  
 Study hard and find me in eight years.

JUNIOR (O.S.)  
 Momma, look-!

Kaelani turns and spots Junior standing next to an OLD WOMAN, who points up the street at a storefront in a strip mall. A sign outside reads, "**The Law Offices of David Lujan, Esq.**"

Kaelani takes the woman's hand in gratitude.

KAELANI

God bless you.

JUNIOR

God bless you, lady!

KAELANI

Don't call the lady "lady," baby.

She grabs Junior and heads toward the strip mall.

**EXT. "CHRIST THE KING" CHURCH - AFTERNOON**

The congregation streams out of the chapel, past the media gathered outside. Lujan glad-hands a few acquaintances, kisses his family goodbye, and walks off.

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

David enters, still in his church outfit. CECILIA (20's), his assistant, jumps up behind her desk.

CECILIA

David, I need to speak with you.

DAVID

Let me change, CeCe. This suit makes me look like a lawyer.

CECILIA

Wait. Before you go in.

He steps past her, into-

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Cluttered yet polished, with a NOTRE DAME LAW SCHOOL DIPLOMA hung prominently on the wall. On the carpet below his desk, Kaelani and Junior draw with highlighters on a legal pad.

They look up at David, who freezes in the doorway.

DAVID

Who the hell are you?

KAELANI

Are you the lawyer?

DAVID

My question first.

Kaelani stands, holds out her hand for a shake.

KAELANI

Kaelani Kinney, from Palau. This is my son, Junior Larry Hillbroom.

JUNIOR

Do you have fruit snacks?

A beat. David begins to chuckle.

DAVID

This is a joke?

KAELANI

Fuck you.  
(to Junior)  
Don't say that word.

DAVID

You know, it's *Hillblom*, not *Hillbroom*.

KAELANI

I didn't speak English so good when my baby was born.

DAVID

Uh-huh. Well, maybe take an *Engrish* crass before your next big con.

Kaelani digs through her purse, finds a small piece of paper, and *slaps it down* on Lujan's desk. He glances at it, and his eyes widen...

It's a birth certificate for JUNIOR LARRY HILLBROOM, born on Palau in 1984.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is real.

KAELANI

Of course, yes.

Lujan sinks into his chair, inspects the certificate. Then, he waves at Junior...

DAVID

Come here, little man.

Junior looks at his mom, who nods at him. *Go ahead.*

He approaches Lujan, who takes the boy's chin in his hand and examines his facial features. After a moment or two, David reaches under his desk and pulls an old newspaper from the trash can: an obituary photo of Hillblom is featured on the front page.

David holds the paper up next to Junior's face...

*The boy and Larry look remarkably alike.*

David tosses the paper, then feigns a one-two punch to the kid's jaw. Junior laughs, as David turns to Kaelani.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How did you meet him? Larry Hillblom?

KAELANI

He was staying at the Nikko hotel.

DAVID

On Palau?

KAELANI

Yes. I was working in the bar, for the men. The *mamasan*, she give me to him.

DAVID

She gave *you*, specifically?

KAELANI

Yes.

DAVID

Why?

KAELANI

You don't think I'm a pretty girl?

She bites her lip, sexually. David shakes his head.

DAVID

You get one of those. You do it again, you're out on your ass.

KAELANI

I...I have no money.

DAVID

Why were you, specifically, offered to Larry Hillblom?

Kaelani glances down at Junior, and touches her ear; he puts his hands over his own.

KAELANI

Because I still had my cherry. He like the girls who still have their cherry.

Silence. David's jaw clenches.

DAVID  
How old were you?

KAELANI  
Fifteen.

DAVID  
Did he know that?

KAELANI  
Yes.

DAVID  
Did he know you gave birth?

KAELANI  
Yes. He pretended no.

DAVID  
Do his people?

KAELANI  
His people?

DAVID  
Do his people know about Junior?

She thinks about the question for a second...

KAELANI  
I guess...some yes, some no?

DAVID  
Some yes?

KAELANI  
Some no. Some yes, some no.

DAVID  
CECILIA!

Cecilia pokes her head into the office-

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Tell Meliza at CNMI Superior that I'm on my way, and if Castro tries to adjourn before 5, I will slash his tires and plead my case in the parking lot.

David hurries to the door, beckons to Kaelani and Junior.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on, come on-

KAELANI

So, you're my lawyer, now?

DAVID

What? No. Of course not.

He points at Junior.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm his.

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

Judge Castro presides over an eerily vacant court room, his only company a BAILIFF, a TYPIST, and Mr. Pete Donnici.

JUDGE CASTRO

Only one of you today, Counselor?

DONNICI

My associates are attending the service in Garapan.

JUDGE CASTRO

As is the rest of Saipan. I wonder, what is so pressing that it couldn't wait until after the memorial?

Donnici hands a brief to the bailiff, who walks it to Castro.

DONNICI

Your honor, I am requesting an immediate loan of \$15 million from DHL, Worldwide to the Commonwealth Holding Corporation, the Hillblom estate's holding company.

JUDGE CASTRO

On what grounds?

DONNICI

For the settlement of outstanding debts, and the majority acquisition of the Bank of Saipan, to provide for an efficient administration of the estate's assets.

Lujan, Kaelani and Junior enter through the back of the court room. They tiptoe down the aisle, trying (and failing) to keep quiet, and take a seat in the first row...

JUDGE CASTRO

And based upon your prior relationship with Mr. Hillblom, you believe these to be the types of actions that he would take himself, were he alive?

DONNICI

I do, your honor.

Castro skims the brief in front of him, then *bangs his gavel*.

JUDGE CASTRO

Petitioner is hereby authorized to do all acts requested in this petition within the four corners of his fiduciary duty to this court.

Castro begins to gather his papers, done for the day. Lujan clears his throat.

DAVID

Permission to approach the bench?

JUDGE CASTRO

I don't see another case on my docket.

DAVID

This one's a late addition, your honor. Extenuating circumstances.

JUDGE CASTRO

Extenuating or not, you can't just waltz into my court room and cut the line.

DAVID

Is there a line? I didn't see a...

David glances around, in search of a line.

JUDGE CASTRO

Mr. Lujan-

DAVID

Would you like me to start a line?

JUDGE CASTRO

You can take this up with the clerk.

DAVID

(to Junior)

Introduce yourself, little man.

Junior stands, then looks over at his mother. She nods.

JUNIOR

*Junior Larry Hillbroom.*

DAVID

Say it like you mean it.

JUNIOR  
Junior Larry Hillbroom.

DAVID  
Shout it from the mountaintops!

JUNIOR  
Junior Larry Hillbroom!

DAVID  
Your honor!

JUNIOR  
Your honor!

DAVID  
'Attaboy.

SILENCE in the court room. Until-

JUDGE CASTRO  
It's *Hillblom*, Counselor. Not Hill-

KAELANI  
I didn't speak English so good when my  
baby was born.

DAVID  
(to Junior)  
Tell Momma I'll do the talking.

JUNIOR  
He'll do the talking, Momma.

David looks at Castro, gestures at Kaelani-

DAVID  
What she said.

DONNICI  
Your honor, I need to interject here-

DAVID  
I'd like to request a motion to delay  
probate in the matter of the Hillblom  
estate until my client, Junior Larry  
Hillbroom, has a chance to establish  
paternity.

DONNICI  
This is just...this is outrageous!

DAVID  
Outrageous or inconvenient, sir?

Donnici has no reply.

Lujan puts a hand on Junior's shoulder and walks him up in front of Judge Castro.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You're a good man, Alex. A good judge.  
Take a look. What do you see?

DONNICI

It doesn't matter what he sees-

DAVID

Look at the boy.

DONNICI

It doesn't matter what anyone sees!

DAVID

Look at him.

Castro stares at Junior, quiet. Then, he *bangs his gavel*.

JUDGE CASTRO

Motion denied.

David shakes his head, then points at Kaelani.

DAVID

She was fifteen, Alex. Like my Shannon.

He walks out. His clients follow.

**EXT. "DIRTY LARRY'S" BAR & GRILL - NIGHT**

A ROWDY BAND OF LOCALS, many still in their church suits, get shitfaced in the beach restaurant earlier singled-out as belonging to Larry Hillblom.

Waechter, sweaty, stumbling, shirt unbuttoned to his naval, grinds with a BAR GIRL to Shaggy's "Boombastic."

When Shaggy drops the bassy "MISTAH BOOOM" that rounds out the chorus, the DJ MUTES THE TRACK...and every soul in the room raises a glass to the blown-up photo of Larry (seen earlier at the memorial) now hanging above the bar.

Suddenly, a hand clamps on Waechter's shoulder. He turns.

DONNICI

Where the hell have you been?

WAECHTER

Been right here, Pete. With the rest of the island. Grieving.

DONNICI

*This* is how they grieve?

WAECHTER

They are excellent at it.

Donnici pulls him aside...

DONNICI

I went to court.

WAECHTER

Did we get the bank?

DONNICI

There was a boy. About ten, eleven years-old. Lawyered up. He was...*mixed*.

WAECHTER

Mixed?

DONNICI

Racially. White and something. Oriental?

Waechter's eyes widen; Donnici's narrow.

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Donnici and Waechter, still quite drunk, amble down the coast toward their distant hotel, leaving the bar in their wake.

WAECHTER

A few years back, we were on Palau for some real estate junk, going eighteen with these local scummos. We're on the fifth or sixth, Larry's about to putt, when out of nowhere, this girl pops up and starts shrieking. She has a kid with her: mixed, baggy T-shirt. And he's just bopping from trap to trap, stealing golf balls, not a care in the world. While his Momma's beating her chest, howling at Larry, "This is your son! This is your son! You said you'd help us!"

DONNICI

Jesus. What did he do?

WAECHTER

Larry? He putted.

(pauses)

After security hauled the girl off, I took him aside and asked, point blank, "did you know that girl? Was that your child?" And he goes, "Of course not. Just some crazy bitch trying to blackmail me. Not a chance."

DONNICI

Did you believe him?

WAECHTER

I didn't think he was going to die.

Donnici allows himself a calming breath.

DONNICI

How could you keep this a secret?

WAECHTER

I kept plenty of secrets.

DONNICI

How could you keep this one?

WAECHTER

Who was I going to tell, *you*? What had you done to earn it?

DONNICI

To *earn it*? I don't-

WAECHTER

That's what Larry was all about, right? You get what you earn. It's why he hated paying taxes, or hugging his Mom.

DONNICI

I'm his lawyer. It's my job to-

WAECHTER

That man made me a millionaire. He introduced me to my wife. He...he even wore a suit to my wedding, Pete. Larry Hillblom *earned* my loyalty. What the fuck makes you think you've earned his secrets?

Donnici sighs. *He's drunk.*

DONNICI

You need to understand something: we are standing in the path of a tornado here. We are now living in a world where the mulatto son of high-yellow whore could inherit a majority stake in the company we've spent our whole lives building. I won't let that happen: not to our families, not to our colleagues-

WAECHTER

Not to Larry.

DONNICI

Larry is dead, Nick. He's dead.

Waechter ignores him, glancing over his shoulder at the still-lively beach bar, now a good distance behind them.

WAECHTER

You know, I can see why he liked this place. It's got spirit.

DONNICI

It's got a 95% rebate on income taxes.

WAECHTER

You didn't know him at all.

DONNICI

I did. And I admired him. But you don't call a sinner a saint as soon as the coffin door closes.

They flash room keys at a SECURITY GUARD, and step on to-

**EXT. HYATT REGENCY SAIPAN - CONTINUOUS**

The deserted, private beach in the back of the Hyatt resort.

WAECHTER

This "mixed" boy. Did he look like-?

DONNICI

(nods)

Uncanny. Cabbage Patch Larry with a spray-on tan.

WAECHTER

Who's his lawyer?

DONNICI

Some local barracuda named Lujan. Wears Hawaiian shirts.

(MORE)

DONNICI (CONT'D)

Looks like he sleeps in a coconut tree.  
We can "first world" him.

As they head toward the hotel's back entrance-

DONNICI (CONT'D)

He's going to request a DNA test to  
prove paternity. Every retard with a  
cable box knows about DNA after O.J.

WAECHTER

Yeah, don't worry about that. It's fine.

DONNICI

It's not fine. Just because they never  
found Larry's body doesn't mean they  
won't find samples of his-

WAECHTER

I took care of it, okay?

Donnici shoots him a puzzled look.

**EXT. DANDAN ROAD - MORNING**

Tropical rain hammers the windshield of a JEEP WRANGLER as it  
pulls into a small clearing at the top of a hill.

Lujan hops out, holding his briefcase over his head to keep  
dry, and runs across the street toward...

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS**

He pushes the *buzzer* at the front gate; no response. He presses  
it again; nothing.

He turns to leave, when suddenly, he hears a muffled noise in  
the distance. It sounds like...*a vacuum cleaner?*

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION, DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Lujan wades through muck, following a fence along the edge of  
the property, until he comes upon...

LARRY'S DELOREAN, parked in the middle of the driveway, doors  
wide-open despite the downpour. Sticking out of each door is  
a pair of WOMEN'S LEGS, an industrial vacuum base beside it.

Lujan begins to *bang his fists* against the wire fence!

DAVID

Hey! Stop that! Stop it right now!



DAVID

Is he in there?! Tell him it's urgent!

CLERK

He's writing opinions in his chambers all morning, and has asked that-

DAVID

I don't care what he-!

(pauses)

In his *chambers*, you said?

She nods. He runs off.

**EXT. KANOA GARDENS GAMING DEN - MORNING**

Lujan's Jeep pulls up in front of an off-road gambling parlor.

**INT. KANOA GARDENS GAMING DEN - SAME**

A windowless room filled with slots and video poker machines, thick with cigarette smoke and sweat. Castro hunches over a console in the corner, playing "Five Card Draw," a Big Gulp full of silver dollars in the cup holder beside him.

Lujan approaches, plops down on the swivel stool next to his.

DAVID

You know, when Meliza said you'd be in your "chambers," I assumed she meant *Lucky's* or *Susupe Jackpots*-

JUDGE CASTRO

Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

Castro *smacks* his poker machine, unhappy with his hand-

DAVID

You've got to tell me when you switch "offices."

Judge Castro notices David for the first time, nods. Then, he stands, grabs his cup of silver dollars, and peruses the row of empty machines until he finds one that feels "hot."

He starts pumping coins into it. Lujan sits down beside him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I was at Hillblom's place this morning. Those Filipina girls, the ones that are always hanging around Jo Nocasa? I caught them vacuuming his car.

Silence. Castro's in the zone.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Then I'm heading back towards Garapan,  
and what do I see, but those 'Frisco  
*haoles* lugging boxes out of the BOS.

JUDGE CASTRO

And?

DAVID

And that doesn't concern you?

JUDGE CASTRO

Fucking, goddamned spades!

Castro *smacks* his poker machine, again. Lujan sighs.

JUDGE CASTRO (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

I'm sorry, David. What *concerns* you?

DAVID

What concerns me, Alex, is you might be  
the most intelligent man on this island,  
and you're wasting your time in this  
shithole. And do you know why this  
shithole is here?

He points at the U.S. FLAG, which hangs over the door beside  
the flag of the Northern Mariana Islands (CNMI).

DAVID (CONT'D)

Because it's illegal over there. Because  
some wealthy white man called some other  
wealthy white man and said, "find me  
somewhere poor and brown where I can  
break the rules." And just like *that-*  
(snaps his fingers)  
-the smartest guy I know is playing  
hooky to blow his paycheck on video  
games.

JUDGE CASTRO

I come here to relax.

David leans in close to Castro's face. *Really* close.

DAVID

You want to know what concerns me? I've  
got friends in garment factories less  
than a mile away, working for pennies in  
conditions that'd make Dachau look like  
Disneyland, all because a wealthy white  
man said, "find me somewhere poor and  
brown where I can break the rules."

JUDGE CASTRO

Okay, David-

DAVID

Pedophiles. Puddle-jumping from island-to-island. Raping our daughters without fear of consequence. That concerns me.

JUDGE CASTRO

Enough-

DAVID

But you want to know what concerns me most of all? It's the lack of respect. Because no matter who we are...judge or lawyer, butcher, baker or candlestick maker...they look at you and they look at me and you know what they see?

(seething)

A new shade of *nigger*.

He jabs, once more, at the AMERICAN FLAG...

DAVID (CONT'D)

And until we can do something to change that, we might as well walk around with that thing planted in our assholes.

Castro meets Lujan's eyes, swept up by his intensity.

JUDGE CASTRO

Look, David, it's...

DAVID

I will get that boy what's rightfully his. Or, so help me God, I will hang from a fucking tree.

And Castro watches, stunned, as he storms out the door.

JUDGE CASTRO (PRE-LAP)

*In the matter of the estate of Larry Lee Hillblom...*

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - AFTERNOON**

The *buzz* of NEWS CAMERAS and the occasional *pop* of a FLASH BULB are the only sounds heard in the packed courtroom, as Judge Castro delivers a prepared statement.

On one side of the room, Lujan, clad in his usual pastel and linen, sits with Kaelani and Junior. On the other, Waechter and Donnici sit with a team of attorneys.

JUDGE CASTRO

...I am hereby designating Junior Larry Hillbroom, age ten, an "interested party."

UPROAR in the gallery. Lujan and Kaelani celebrate; Donnici and his team protest, outraged.

JUDGE CASTRO (CONT'D)

I am further issuing an immediate restraining order halting the destruction of any and all potential DNA evidence until paternity is established. Hillbroom's counsel is hereby entitled to review all of the estate's documents, records, and possessions, as well as initiate testing on salvageable DNA...

IN THE CHEAP SEATS, a pasty kid with over-gelled hair watches the action. This is RANDY FENNELL (early-30's), and his wheels are spinning. They always are.

**EXT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - LATER**

ON THE COURTHOUSE STEPS, Lujan faces down a mob of cameras and microphones, Kaelani and Junior at his side.

COURT REPORTER #1

How do you respond to the accusations that your client seeks to defraud-?

DAVID

My client seeks his birthright. Nothing more, nothing less.

COURT REPORTER #2

And what about you?

DAVID

Truth and justice. Always.

COURT REPORTER #3

Are you certain that DNA testing will prove your client's assertions of-?

DAVID

You know, I'm from Guam, originally. And my father, he was a judge out there back when DNA was just *AND* spelled backwards. I remember, he used to decide these kind of cases with his eyes, by standing a man and boy side-by-side and taking a long, hard look. If the man was dead, he'd use a photograph.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

(smirks)

I'm pretty sure this one would have been a slam dunk in my daddy's day, too.

He tousles Junior's mess of hair.

**INT. LUJAN'S JEEP - AFTERNOON**

David drives toward Garapan, Kaelani beside him, Junior in back. The Temptations are on the radio. Everyone's smiling.

KAELANI

All of them cameras. Like I was Mariah Carey or something. And Junior was that little white boy from "Jerry Maguire."

JUNIOR

I'm "Terminator 2."

KAELANI

"Terminator 2" is a movie, not a person.

JUNIOR

It's a movie *about* a guy named "Terminator 2"-

KAELANI

It's the number two movie about the Terminator. Don't be stupid around your lawyer.

JUNIOR

I'm not!

KAELANI

Your Grammy Naoko should've never let you see that movie, anyway. It's got butts in it.

DAVID

The judge gave Junior's claim legitimacy today. It's a big deal now. You should expect more media attention and-

(looking O.S.)

*What the hell?*

ON THE SHOULDER AHEAD, Randy Fennell stands beside a parked GEO PRISM, waving his arms.

**EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

David pulls over, rolls down his Wrangler's passenger-side window. Fennell leans inside-

FENNELL

Thanks for stopping. My battery conked out on me. Can I get a jump?

DAVID

Yeah, okay.

FENNELL

Thank you. Thanks a million.

Lujan parks his Jeep bumper-to-bumper with the Geo. He turns off his engine and climbs out; Kaelani and Junior stay put.

DAVID

You need cables?

Fennell tosses him a set of jumper cables; Lujan pops his hood, gets to work.

FENNELL

Where I come from, it would've been an hour before anyone stopped to help. It really is like they say it is down here, huh? "Spirit of Aloha," and all that.

DAVID

Aloha's Hawaii.

FENNELL

Right. I just meant-

DAVID

It's four thousand miles away.

FENNELL

Same vibe, though. Same culture.

Lujan finishes clamping the cables to his battery, looks up-

DAVID

Where are you from?

FENNELL

Seattle. Washington.

DAVID

Is it just like they say? The "Spirit of Konichiwa," and all that?

FENNELL

Ha. I see what you...it's different-

DAVID

Why?

FENNELL

You know, you look so familiar.

Lujan pops the Geo's hood. He frowns.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

Why do you look so familiar?

DAVID

Your battery looks brand new.

FENNELL

Does it? That's *effing* weird.

David narrows his eyes. He turns, slowly.

DAVID

Give me your keys.

FENNELL

What's your name, man? Actually, let me go ahead and introduce my-

DAVID

Give me your keys or I'll break your fucking teeth.

Fennell tenses up. Lujan's eyes say, unequivocally, "*I've done it before, and I'll do it again.*"

KAELANI (O.S.)

Mr. Lujan? You okay?

Kaelani leans out the Jeep's open window-

DAVID

I'll just be a second.

Fennell tosses over his keys. Lujan unlocks the Geo, nods at the passenger-side door. *Get in.*

**INT. GEO PRISM - CONTINUOUS**

David climbs behind the wheel; Fennell hops into the shotgun seat. They shut their doors; Lujan locks them.

DAVID

Seatbelts.

Fennell puts on his seatbelt, as Lujan slides the key in the ignition. He twists it, and the engine wakes up: there is nothing wrong with this car's battery.

FENNELL

Listen, I'm-

Lujan *punches him* once in the gut, then once in the face, before *slamming his head* into the dash!

As he wraps a seatbelt around Fennell's neck...

DAVID

Who the fuck are you?!

FENNELL

I'm nobody! I'm a lawyer!

DAVID

For who?!

FENNELL

For no one! For myself! I just...I needed to meet you in person!

DAVID

Are you trying to subpoena me?!

FENNELL

No! I'm trying to work with you!

Lujan stops choking him. Fennell pulls out a business card.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

Randy Fennell. Two N's, Two L's.

Lujan looks at the card, and begins to laugh.

**EXT. SHOULDER OF ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Lujan climbs out of the Geo, closes the hood of his Jeep.

FENNELL

I think Hillblom's got more kids out there.

David turns, as Fennell emerges behind him-

FENNELL (CONT'D)

I'd bet my mother's life on it.

DAVID

That's a pretty selfish bet.

FENNELL

My mother's an asshole.

Fennell laughs; David doesn't.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

Look, I don't know if you ever pledged a fraternity. I did. I'm going to assume that you didn't, okay?

(pauses)

When you're in a frat, you see a lot of weird shit, a lot of weird...sex shit. It's a crash course in male depravity, and the only thing I took away from it, besides HPV, was the knowledge that a man will indulge his darkest cravings until he has reason to stop.

DAVID

And...?

FENNELL

You don't pay for sex with an underage girl unless it's what you crave, and Larry never had a reason to stop.

David says nothing. Fennell approaches.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

You know you're going to end up settling this one out of court. If you and I find more of these illegitimates, who knows how much we could end up raking in? The sky is the limit. You're taking these rich bastards for key bumps, when you could be taking them for kilos.

A beat. Then-

DAVID

Larry Hillblom had one son, and he is *my* client. This is my case. And I advise you to stay far, far away from it.

He gets back in his car and drives off.

**INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS**

David crushes Fennell's card in his cup holder.

KAELANI

Who was that man?

DAVID

Bible salesman. Where am I dropping you two off?

KAELANI

Your office is fine.

DAVID

It's late. There are no motels around my office. Where are you staying?

Kaelani says nothing. Neither does Junior.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hello? Where did you stay last night?

No response. That's when it occurs to David that he may not want to know the answer to the question...

DAVID (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)

*Bless this food for the nourishment of our bodies. Amen.*

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The Lujan family, plus Kaelani and Junior, pass plates of food around the table. Kaelani is a model of manners and etiquette, self-conscious in the middle class household.

KAELANI

Everything smells very good. Delicious.

GABBY

It's just take-out I picked up on my way home from work. Lord knows, David didn't marry me for my cooking.

DAVID

I married her because she never laughed at my jokes. I love a challenge.

KAELANI

And why did you marry him, Mrs. Lujan?

Gabby chuckles at the question...

GABBY

When I met David, he'd just come out of Juvenile Hall. He'd grown-up in brothels and gambling dens, beating people up and getting beat-up. He had a rap sheet a mile long. He was a thug.

SHANNON

So romantic, Mom.

GABBY

On our very first date, he looked me in the eye and said, "I've decided I'm going to be a lawyer." And I-

DAVID

She laughed in my face. True story.

GABBY

I said, "how are you going to pull that off? You've got no money, no education, a criminal record." And David, he just shrugged. He shrugged the most confident shrug that has ever been shrugged, and he said, "I'm a hard worker, and I know God."

(smiles)

I guess I also like a challenge.

She reaches out, squeezes David's hand. Junior nudges Kaelani and points at a BOX OF HERSHEY BARS on a nearby counter.

KAELANI

Yes. I see those.

He gives her the wide eyes, the puppy-dog pout...

KAELANI (CONT'D)

Hey, you just be grateful for the food on your plate.

SHANNON

He can totally have one after dinner.

KAELANI

We'll see. Why do you have so many?

SHANNON

For school. We're selling candy to make money for a trip to Washington, D.C.

JUNIOR

Momma does tricks to make money.

*Thudding silence.*

Junior gazes around the table, confused: he knows he's messed up, but he isn't sure how. Kaelani turns to him, humiliated.

KAELANI

Momma doesn't do tricks anymore, baby.

JUNIOR

Oh. How will we get money, then?

KAELANI

There...there are other ways.

(to David)

Will you excuse me, please?

DAVID

Yeah, of course. Shannon, why don't you show them where they'll be sleeping?

Shannon ushers them into the hallway, grabbing a Hershey Bar off the counter as she walks out. When they're gone, David and Gabby sit quietly, eating their meals.

Finally, their eyes meet. Something is wordlessly translated.

DAVID (CONT'D)

C'mon, Gab, I have a big day tomorrow.

GABBY

I didn't say anything.

DAVID

They were on the street. What else was I supposed to do?

GABBY

Get them a hotel room. Expense it.

DAVID

It didn't feel...proper, you know?

(then-)

Besides, their faces are all over the local news now. People are trying-

GABBY

Honey, you've got a heart as big as your mouth. I love that about you. But let me be clear: there is no way in hell you're going to guilt me into adopting a hooker.

David starts to respond, then...thinks better of it.

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, GUEST ROOM - SAME**

Kaelani slumps on a chair, as Shannon guides Junior to a bed.

SHANNON

There's only the one bed in here, but I think it's big enough for you both. If not, we've got sleeping bags.

BEHIND HER BACK, she slides the Hershey Bar under one of the pillows, then winks at Junior.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I think the chocolate fairy left you a little housewarming present.

Junior looks under the pillow, finds the candy, and gleefully rips it open. Shannon walks to the door, turns to Kaelani.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

I'm sure your left-overs will be in the 'fridge. Towels and stuff are in the hallway closet, and-

KAELANI

You're very pretty.

Shannon stops mid-sentence, caught off-guard.

SHANNON

Thank you.

KAELANI

How old are you?

SHANNON

Fifteen.

KAELANI

So pretty.

Shannon shrugs, uncomfortable.

KAELANI (CONT'D)

You're lucky to have your mom and dad, you know? Blessed.

SHANNON

I know.

KAELANI

Where I'm from, a pretty girl like you? They'd tear your little pussy right up.

Shannon doesn't move an inch.

**EXT. CARLSMITH BALL LAW OFFICES - MORNING**

Nick Waechter and Pete Donnici stand outside of a two-story building, comparatively sleek for Saipan. Donnici checks his watch, as a familiar Jeep Wrangler pulls up.

David and Cecilia, his paralegal/assistant, get out and walk toward the men, sporting briefcases and stern expressions.

WAECHTER

Mr. Lujan?

DAVID

Please, call me David.

WAECHTER

I'm Nick Waechter, president of DHL.

They shake hands. David gestures at-

DAVID

This is Cecilia Samai, my paralegal and all-around saving grace.

WAECHTER

Pleasure to meet you, Cecilia.

CECILIA

Ms. Samai is fine.

WAECHTER

Of course, you recognize Mr. Donnici, senior partner here at Carlsmith Ball and chief counsel in the matter of the estate of Larry Lee Hillblom?

DAVID

Of course. Mr. Donnici?

He holds out his hand for a shake-

DONNICI

Pete's fine. This way.

Donnici turns, abruptly, and leads them inside.

**INT. CARLSMITH BALL, CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

David and Cecilia sit side-by-side under blinding hot lights, yellow legal pads and ballpoint pens at the ready. Donnici and Waechter stand at the opposite end of a long table.

DONNICI

As you're well-aware, CNMI Superior granted you full access to our files yesterday afternoon. Now, we are more than happy to comply, but for your own sake, I do have to ask: is there any specific place you'd like to begin?

DAVID

Wherever the bodies are buried, Pete.

Donnici *shouts into the hall-*

DONNICI

Let's get them set-up!

Suddenly, an army of OFFICE DRONES flood the conference room, each carrying a *pile of boxes overflowing with paperwork*. One by one, they stack these boxes on top of each other; boxes on boxes on boxes on boxes, until there's barely room to move!

Donnici watches the action from the doorway, a gleam in his eye. He's not just giving them files, he's *overloading them*: this is a full-scale DOCUMENT DUMP!

Cecilia picks up her pen and scribbles a message on her legal pad. She slides it over to David, who reads it: "**holy shit.**"

He scribbles a reply and slides it back: "**do. not. flinch.**"

Waechter clears his throat. They look up.

WAECHTER

Coffee?

DAVID

Black as the night, Nick.

Everyone smiles through grit teeth, as we segue into...

**A TIME LAPSE.**

As day turns to night, David and Cecilia pour through boxes of documents: taking obscene amounts of notes, drinking obscene amounts of coffee.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATE EVENING.**

David yawns, rubs his eyes. He points to a random box.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You do that one?

CECILIA

Yeah. That one's got two-or-three docs about the Air Micronesia holdings, and then a bunch of xeroxed files from...

She points to another box-

CECILIA (CONT'D)

...*that* one mixed-in to confuse us. Plus a few files from a totally different case as a bonus "go fuck yourself."

Lujan puts down his legal pad.

DAVID  
What do you know, CeCe?

CECILIA  
I know these guys are criminals.

DAVID  
Can you prove it?

CECILIA  
Do *I* have to do everything?

He smiles. She does, too.

DAVID  
PETE! HEY, PETEY! YOU CALL IT A NIGHT?!

Donnici pokes his head into the room-

DAVID (CONT'D)  
There he is. Get in here, you son of a bitch! You too, Nick!

Donnici turns and sees that Waechter's sidled up behind him. They enter, and sit down on cardboard boxes.

DONNICI  
What can we do for-?

DAVID  
The Bank of Saipan is the executor of Hillblom's will, right? It ultimately decides who gets his billions, his businesses. DHL. Everything.

DONNICI  
That's correct.

DAVID  
And when Larry died, he owned roughly 34% of it. Is that also correct?

DONNICI  
It is.

David smiles, then looks down at his notes.

DAVID  
A few days ago, something called the Commonwealth Holding Corporation took out a hefty loan from DHL and used it to buy 20% of the Bank. Were you aware?

DONNICI

Of course. The CHC is the Hillblom Estate's holding company.

DAVID

So you take Larry's 34%, tack on another 20%, and *presto*, the estate controls the bank, which controls the will, which-

WAECHTER

It's all perfectly legal.

DAVID

Is it, though?

Donnici scoffs, amazed at the audacity.

DONNICI

Look, I don't know what kind of law they teach at Margaritaville University, but I went to Yale, and I can assure you that whatever truffle you think you've sniffed out is nothing but a snout full of shit.

DAVID

Maybe. It's just that I had Ms. Samai run out and make a couple of calls-

CECILIA

Texaco pay phone. Such a hike in heels.

DAVID

And as it turns out, the board of this Commonwealth Holding Corporation is chaired by a pair of fellows named *Peter Donnici* and *Nicholas Waechter*. Fellows whom, unless we're looking at an astounding coincidence, I'm going to go ahead and assume I'm sitting across from. And you know what that means?

CECILIA

It means you stole millions from your dead friend to buy the Bank of Saipan *for yourselves*, so you could control who got every last cent of his fortune.

DAVID

You tried to hijack his whole fucking estate. Which is very, very illegal. I'm not sure if they covered that at Yale.

No reply. Donnici glares at him, blood boiling.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I hereby request that the CHC relinquish control of the bank by noon tomorrow, or I'll file a fraudulent practices claim with the FTC and motion for your entire team to recuse itself from this case.

(looks at Donnici)

Cool?

DONNICI

I think we're done. Take whatever you need. Feel free to request copies of anything else by fax or phone.

DAVID

We haven't discussed sampling procedure.

DONNICI

We'll begin at 8 AM with the approved team. Goodnight, Mr. Lujan.

DAVID

David. Please.

Donnici walks out. Cecilia picks up a few heavy boxes.

CECILIA

I'm going to throw these in the Jeep.

She exits, leaving Lujan alone with Waechter.

WAECHTER

So, what kind of percentage do you get, if you win?

DAVID

Less than I could, more than enough. Are you trying to bribe me now?

WAECHTER

You don't even realize you're one of the bad guys, do you?

David rolls his eyes.

DAVID

If you expect me to cry myself to sleep because some hospital for millionaires isn't getting its trust fund-

WAECHTER

DHL is a multi-national conglomerate, and you're putting its future in the hands of someone who sleeps with a night light.

DAVID

The kid has no interest in running a corporation. He'll be bought out immediately, and you know-

WAECHTER

And then what? Consumer trust plummets, market share shrinks-

DAVID

Your friend Larry-

WAECHTER

-the company name is forever linked with bastard kids and pedophilia. Thousands of workers lose their jobs, their pensions! Families go hungry!

DAVID

Your friend Larry-!

WAECHTER

My friend Larry was a genius with a flawed character. But you know what? *Genius trumps character*. Freud was a racist! Edison was a sadist! If Jack the Ripper had invented the microwave, no one would remember the dead whores!

Lujan chuckles to himself, then exits, shaking his head.

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION - MORNING**

A MINI-MOTORCADE pulls into the driveway: Lujan in his Jeep, Donnici and his team of lawyers in a pair of black Mercedes, and a white utility van.

A DNA SWEEP TEAM in identical uniforms piles out of the van, snapping on surgical gloves and prepping sterile instruments.

DAVID

Morning, Jo!

Josephine appears at the door, looking anxious.

DAVID (CONT'D)

These guys are going to come in and take a look around, okay?

She disappears into the house.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Josephine sits on the floor, watching daytime television, a half-empty bottle of Chardonnay at her side. The Sweep Team buzzes around her, plucking couch cushions with tweezers, scouring carpets with magnifying glasses, etc.

David circles the room with the SWEEP TEAM LEADER, impressed.

DAVID

Christ, look at them go...

SWEEP TEAM LEADER

These guys are the cream of the cheese, man. They work all the high-profile cases: O.J., Bobbitt, Buttofuco. They just got off of the Oklahoma City thing. If there's something to find here, believe me, they'll find it.

They walk into...

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

It's being inspected with the same attention to detail as the living room. David and the team leader walk over to the bed, which one DNA SWEEPER is shining with a blacklight.

SWEEP TEAM LEADER

What are we looking at?

DNA SWEEPER #1

It's the strangest thing. Mattress is fresh out of the plastic. And the room itself is...spotless. Like the whole place was hosed down with bleach.

David frowns, then nods at-

DAVID

What about the closet?

DNA SWEEPER #1

Take a look for yourself.

Lujan walks across the bedroom, steps into-

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, WALK-IN CLOSET - CONTINUOUS**

Larry's little corner has been emptied out: not a single sock remains. Josephine's clothing hangs in its usual place, however *every last piece of it is in a dry cleaning bag.*

David takes it all in, mystified. Then, FROM DOWNSTAIRS-

DNA SWEEPER #2 (O.S.)  
Tommy?! You've got to see this!

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, BATHROOM - MORNING**

A DNA Sweeper holds up several pieces of pipe he's unscrewed from beneath the sink: they are spotless, as if they just came off the factory line.

DNA SWEEPER #2  
Clean as a baby's blood test. It's like they've been flushed out with acid.

DAVID  
What about his toothbrush? His comb?

DNA SWEEPER #2  
You let me know if you find them.

DAVID  
Have you ever seen anything like this?

DNA SWEEPER #2  
No, sir. I have not.

David curses under his breath.

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - LATER**

Lujan *plunks* a folding chair down beside Josephine. He eases into it, nods at her bottle of wine.

DAVID  
Five o'clock somewhere, yeah?

She refills her glass, holds it up in a mock-toast.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You know, my grandma had this saying. I'm sure she stole it from somewhere, but it went, "it's foolish to tear our hair out in grief, as though our sorrow would be made less by baldness."  
(pauses)  
She outlived three husbands, that woman. Died at 92 on a cruise to Alaska.

Josephine drinks, ever defiant. David nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Where'd you put all his things, Jo?

JOSEPHINE

I need to speak to my lawyer.

DAVID

I am your lawyer.

JOSEPHINE

For real?

DAVID

Who got you off on that shoplifting charge? When you stole the sixer of Bartles & Jaymes?

She nods, vaguely remembering...

JOSEPHINE

Well, I need to find a new lawyer, and then I need to speak to him.

DONNICI (O.S.)

Is there a problem, Josephine?

Donnici approaches from the other side of the room.

JOSEPHINE

He wants to know what happened to Larry's things.

DONNICI

Then, tell him.

JOSEPHINE

Tell him?

DONNICI

She burned them.

DAVID

Bullshit.

DONNICI

Burned them as part of a religious death rites ritual, as is customary in her area of the Philippines.

DAVID

I've never heard of this "ritual"...

DONNICI

Have you ever visited her village on the day of a funeral? No? Go figure.

David frowns. Donnici looks down at-

DONNICI (CONT'D)

According to Josephine, when a man dies,  
his loved ones burn his possessions and-

DAVID

You're better than this, Jo.

JOSEPHINE

I would like to speak to a lawyer.

DONNICI

Okay. I'm a lawyer. Let's speak.

He guides her out a set of sliding glass doors, toward-

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION, SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS**

Josephine and Donnici sit down in a shaded, pool-side cabana.

DONNICI

That was great. You did great.

He pats her knee, then lets his hand rest there...

JOSEPHINE

Are you *my* lawyer, now?

DONNICI

Well, in a way. I'm Larry's lawyer, and  
what's good for Larry is good for you.

(off her look-)

Listen, doll, you don't need your own  
lawyer. We've taken care of everything.

JOSEPHINE

Larry promised things to me.

DONNICI

And we are going to get you those  
things. Believe me, honey, we have your  
best interests at heart. But if you hire  
your own attorney, he's going to bleed  
you dry filing claim after claim after  
frivolous claim, and we'll all be tied  
up in court until the year 2000.

(chuckles)

Now if you sit tight, I promise, you'll  
get to keep the house, the cars...maybe  
we can get you, say, a *million dollars*  
of walking-around money. And you won't  
pay a dime in legal fees, so-

JOSEPHINE

No.

DONNICI

I'm sorry?

JOSEPHINE

That is unacceptable.

Silence. Then-

DONNICI

Okay. What can I do to make it more-?

JOSEPHINE

Before he died, Larry planned to liquefy his shares in the UMDA and put the sum in escrow under my name, pending certain exemptions. I have that in writing. Now, I'm happy to negotiate an alternative with you: a minority interest in Air Mike, maybe, along with the golf course in Binh Thuan? But given what I was promised, I'm not willing to accept anything less than \$50 million.

DONNICI

*\$50 million?*

JOSEPHINE

Yes.

Donnici stares at her, speechless. Finally-

DONNICI

Let's put a pin in this and circle back.

He walks back into the house.

**EXT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - THE NEXT DAY**

Randy Fennell hops out of his Geo Prism and jogs around the side of the car. He opens the back door and *gingerly* removes something small. We can't see what it is.

He skips up the courthouse steps, whistling a happy tune.

DONNICI (PRE-LAP)

Mr. Lujan has yet to produce a single shred of evidence-

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - SAME**

Judge Castro presides over a court room packed, once again, with GAWKERS. Lujan, standing with Kaelani and Junior, and Donnici argue heatedly from their benches.

DAVID

Because you *destroyed* every shred of-!

DONNICI

-a *single shred* of evidence to back up his claims about-

DAVID

Your honor, the estate's counsel has-

Castro *bangs his gavel!*

JUDGE CASTRO

One at a time, please.

DAVID

The opposition has employed a series of illegal and fraudulent tactics in order-

DONNICI

How much more of this are we going to be forced to listen to?! Is this is a court of law or a high school cafeteria?!

Castro *bangs his gavel, again!*

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE, CLERK'S DESK - SAME**

We track Fennell from behind as he approaches the CLERK, his briefcase under one arm and...*something else* in the other.

FENNELL

Randy Fennell. Two N's, Two L's. I'd like to file a claim.

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - SAME**

Donnici hands a file to the bailiff, who gives it to Castro.

DONNICI

The estate feels that probate has been delayed long enough, and asks that the court revoke Junior Hillbroom's status-

DAVID

We are still collecting evidence, your honor, in an effort to locate some usable DNA. We've been searching Mr. Hillblom's many homes and vehicles, we've been trying to track down his kin, all of whom seem to have vanished off the face of the earth. We've subpoenaed UC-Davies for his medical records-

JUDGE CASTRO

And how was that subpoena received?

No reply. David looks away.

JUDGE CASTRO (CONT'D)

Counselor? How was that subpoena-?

DAVID

It was ignored.

JUDGE CASTRO

Ignored?

Fennell, blurry, enters the back of the court and sits.

DAVID

The UC-Davies Medical Center stands to benefit substantially from the grants in Mr. Hillblom's will. As such, it-

And suddenly, *the sound of a baby crying...*

Every head in the room swivels toward Randy Fennell, who holds an infant like a running back with a football!

JUDGE CASTRO

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to take your baby out of my courtroom.

FENNELL

*Hmm?* Oh, ha! Not *my* baby, your honor. Just a baby.

(then-)

I call her Doe. Jane Doe. Not her real name, of course, but she's trying to keep it on the low-low.

JUDGE CASTRO

Well, she's disrupting-

BABY JANE DOE (aka JELLIAN CUARTERO) *belches, giggles.*

FENNELL

Correction: last name, *Patooty*; first name, *Cutie*. Am I right? I mean...

JUDGE CASTRO

Sir, do I need to have the bailiff escort you out?

FENNELL

No, no. Of course not. I'm sorry.

He stands, throws the baby over his shoulder.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

I just wanted to bring her by to meet her brother.

JUDGE CASTRO

Excuse me?

FENNELL

Her brother, Junior Hillbroom. They've got the same dad.

...AND THE COURTROOM GOES APESHIT!

**EXT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

NEWS VANS park outside, cameras trained on shaded windows.

FENNELL (PRE-LAP)

Scale of one to ten, how hard is your dick right now?

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - SAME**

He's talking to Kaelani, who stares blankly back at him.

FENNELL

'Cause I'm, like, crazy-stupid-turgid. I could joust with this thing.

David peers out the window, then turns.

DAVID

You made fools out of us.

FENNELL

I made *stars* out of us. You're Cochran, I'm Shapiro; Junior's "the Juice," the baby's...I don't know, Kato?

ON THE FLOOR, Junior holds Baby Jane in his arms, letting her grab hold of his fingers. He looks captivated.

DAVID

(re: the baby)  
Where's her mother?

FENNELL

Are we going to work together or what?

A scuzzy grin. David nods at Kaelani.

DAVID  
I'll be right back.

He opens his office door, waves Fennell into-

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Daylight peeks through the blind slats of an otherwise dark room. Cecilia sits at her desk, answering a never-ending stream of phone calls.

CECILIA (ON PHONE)  
*David Lujan's office? We have no comment at this time.*  
(answers next call)  
*David Lujan's office? We have no com-*

Fennell struts in. David closes the door behind him.

DAVID  
Where is the baby's mother?

FENNELL  
Buy me a shot first, sailor. Jeez.

He spins around, rubs his palms together-

FENNELL (CONT'D)  
Look, I'm gonna tell you everything, but first, I want a guarantee that-

Lujan *rips the cord* out of Cecilia's phone and *lunges at him!*

FENNELL (CONT'D)  
She's in Manila!

DAVID  
How did you find her?!

FENNELL  
Why are you such a bully?!

Lujan raises the phone receiver to bludgeon him-

FENNELL (CONT'D)  
She found me! Fuck!

NOTE: The following story is told in QUICK-POP FLASHBACKS.

**EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT, MANILA - FLASHBACK**

*Fennell walks down a filthy, cluttered street, as very-young, barely-clothed FILIPINA GIRLS beckon suggestively to him from bars, nightclubs, and storefront windows.*

FENNELL (V.O.)

When you assaulted me in my Geo Prism, I realized that I might be on my own. So, I called up Delta, and I booked a trip to all of the sex tourism hotspots I could get to using miles. Thailand, Vietnam, the Philippines...

*He looks around, noticing that the streets are full of WHITE MEN, grabbing and groping the girls.*

**INT. MASSAGE PARLOR, HO CHI MINH CITY - FLASHBACK**

*Fennell walks through a bar filled with off-duty "MASSEUSES." Through beaded curtains, he can easily see into rooms where various sex acts are being performed.*

FENNELL (V.O.)

Then, I printed up flyers with Larry's face on them: "Have You Balled This Man? Did You Reproduce? If So, You May Be Entitled To A Small Settlement." And I posted them everywhere snatch was sold.

*He tacks a FLYER (featuring LARRY HILLBLOM'S FACE) to the wall beside the ladies' room.*

**INT. COYOTE CLUB, BANGKOK - FLASHBACK**

*Two hundred YOUNG THAI GIRLS, wearing the exact same tiny outfit, perform a synchronized dance on a big stage. MALE CLIENTS point and beckon at the ones they like.*

*Fennell sits at a table with three COYOTE GIRLS, who shout over each other, the flyer laid out in front of them.*

FENNELL (V.O.)

It didn't take long for girls to start coming out of the woodwork. Lots of them. I mean, it was like-

DAVID (PRE-LAP)

Cinderella?

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - PRESENT**

Fennell wrinkles his brow, confused. David shakes his head.

DAVID

Tell me, CeCe: how many ladies tried to get their foot in the glass slipper before the Prince found Cinderella?

CECILIA

So many. All the ladies in the kingdom.

DAVID

That's why I pay you the big bucks.

Cecilia puts her feet up on her desk, shines her knuckles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(to Fennell)

You put a billion dollars on a piece of paper and said, "any takers?" Shit, I'm surprised my wife didn't call you.

FENNELL

Not all of these girls were liars.

DAVID

How do you know?

FENNELL

Because *I'm* a liar, and liars know the truth when they hear it: it's like giving a fat kid diet soda.

(then-)

The baby's mom is named Julie Cuartero. She met Hillblom last year at this spot in Manila, the Opal Club. He took her back to his place and raped her on an air mattress.

CECILIA

*Oh, Jesus-*

FENNELL

A few months later, she saw him again, and told him she was pregnant. He threw a hundred dollars in her face and told her to get an abortion.

David puts his hand on Cecilia's shoulder.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

She ran away scared, and moved in with some family in an outer province, where she and her little girl now "live in shame." Her words, not mine.

(pauses)

I know the truth when I hear it.

A quiet moment. It's a brutal story.

DAVID

Why isn't she here with you?

FENNELL

Who? The mother?

(then-)

Well, I didn't need to pay for an extra plane ticket, right? I mean, the baby's got all the money DNA.

CECILIA

So, you just *took away her child?*!

FENNELL

She gave it to me! I'm on a budget!

His eyes dart toward David, in search of an ally-

FENNELL (CONT'D)

I'm going to give it back!

DAVID

Get out of my office.

FENNELL

Wait! Listen!

David walks toward him, ready to bludgeon.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

I wasn't going to mention this until we made our partnership official, but I've got a pretty good line on another baby.

DAVID

What kind of man are you?

FENNELL

I'm thinking these DHL bastards have got to want to settle now that we've got two little Larrys, right? They have to. So, we let'em lowball us, take a small cut for Junior, a small cut for Baby Jane, pretend we're shitty pigs, and then-

(fist-pumps)

BAM! We shove a fresh baby right up their assholes! Take them for all they're worth!

Silence. He meets Lujan's gaze.

**EXT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Fennell is tossed to the pavement like a drunk at last call. He looks up, just as his briefcase flies out the door and lands on his head.

He stands, dusts himself off, nods at the gathered press. And then, Junior walks out behind him, Baby Jane in his arms.

JUNIOR

Take care of my sister, okay?

He hands the baby to Fennell, who's caught off-guard.

FENNELL

Yeah. Of course.

Junior scurries back into the office.

**INT. HYATT PENTHOUSE SUITE, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

On a neatly made hotel bed, Waechter is ridden to orgasm by the BAR GIRL he was dancing with after Larry's memorial.

She climbs off of him and begins to get dressed. He throws on a robe, pulls his wallet from a pair of pants on the floor, and takes out some cash.

WAECHTER

Here.

BAR GIRL

Oh, I...no.

She holds up her palms. She doesn't want any money.

WAECHTER

Please. I insist.

BAR GIRL

No. Thank you.

WAECHTER

Take it.

BAR GIRL

I don't-

WAECHTER

*Take it.*

He shoves the cash in her hand. She stares at him.

WAECHTER (CONT'D)

I'm married.

IN THE NEXT ROOM, a knock...

**INT. HYATT PENTHOUSE SUITE, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Waechter opens the door, and the girl slips into the hotel hallway past Donnici, who watches her walk to the elevator...

DONNICI

Your wife get some work done, Nicky?

Waechter ignores the jab, walks to the bar.

WAECHTER

Something to drink?

He pours himself a scotch. Donnici closes the door.

DONNICI

San Francisco wants to make an offer to settle. A few million up front, a small monthly stipend for life: \$40, \$50 G's-

Waechter hops up on a bar stool-

WAECHTER

That's foolish.

DONNICI

Your penis.

WAECHTER

I don't follow?

DONNICI

I can see your penis.

Waechter crosses his legs, still naked under his robe.

WAECHTER

Lujan would never take that deal, and you know it. He'd see it as a slap in the face.

Donnici sighs, slumps into an armchair.

DONNICI

*Two* kids?

WAECHTER

I don't want to talk about it.

DONNICI

*Two* kids?

WAECHTER

This wasn't a kid. It was a *baby*.

DONNICI

What's the difference?

WAECHTER

Babies are babies: that's the difference! They all look like fucking...babies!

DONNICI

I honestly have no idea what you're-

WAECHTER

I'm saying, who the hell knows, you know? Some asshole brought a baby to court...*so what?!* Could've been his baby, could've been your baby-

DONNICI

Drink your cocktail.

Waechter pounds his drink. A tense beat.

DONNICI (CONT'D)

You've got to come clean now, okay? About Larry. I know you loved him. I know he gave you the world. But he is dragging you down to hell.

Waechter opens his mouth, and *nothing comes out*. Donnici walks to the bar, refills his glass, pours one of his own.

DONNICI (CONT'D)

Nick, listen to me...when paradise fell, nobody stood by the snake.

He clinks their glasses together, takes his drink down.

WAECHTER

He was sick, Pete.

DONNICI

Sick *how?*

WAECHTER

He liked them young. Fourteen, fifteen. He'd buy them from brothels, sometimes straight from their families, with the promise that...that they'd never...

(pauses)

*Cherry girls*, they were called. Larry, you know, he was a hypochondriac, and when the AIDS-thing hit in the '80s-

DONNICI

We all started using condoms.

WAECHTER

Not Larry. He started buying virgins.

Silence. Waechter gulps his liquor like water.

DONNICI

How many were there?

WAECHTER

Oh, God. Hundreds. Hundreds.

DONNICI

Did he father any other children?

WAECHTER

I honestly don't know. He'd joke about it sometimes, when he drank. "I've got no kids...*that I know of,*" and then he'd wink. Or he'd say, "I always tell the girls I'm JFK Junior, in case I slip one past the goalie and they come looking-"

Suddenly, the sound of a *machine whirring...*

IN THE CORNER, a FAX MACHINE begins to print a document. They walk over to it, and Waechter scans the cover page.

WAECHTER (CONT'D)

*What in God's fucking name-?*

OVER HIS SHOULDER, we can just make out the heading-

**TO: Members of the Print & Television Media**

**FROM: Randy H. Fennell, Esq.**

**RE: Nicholas Waechter; Peter Donnici; Carlsmith-Ball, Inc.**

**FOR IMMEDIATE DISSEMINATION.**

**EXT. SURF LODGE - DAY**

Fennell stands outside a cheap motel, cradling Baby Jane in his arm. Her mother, JULIE CUARTERO (17, Filipina), stands beside him, spooked by the PRESS MOB that surrounds her.

A REPORTER waves a copy of Fennell's fax in the air-

REPORTER #1

You make a lot of incendiary accusations in this document, Mister...?

FENNELL

Fennell. Two N's, two L's. I say nothing I can't back up with hard evidence.

REPORTER #1

So, you have proof that employees of Larry Hillblom, including Nicholas Waechter and Peter Donnici-

FENNELL

-especially Waechter and Donnici-

REPORTER #1

-actively procured minors with whom he had sexual intercourse?

REPORTER #2

What about these allegations that your client, Ms. Jane Doe, was, and I quote, "roughed up by goons hired by Nick Waechter" at the Manila airport?

Fennell puts his hand on Julie's back-

FENNELL

Honey, I know this is painful, but can you show them the bruise?

Julie pulls up the sleeve of her tee-shirt, and the reporters all simultaneously *lean toward* her shoulder...

A beat. Fennell glances at her arm.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

Okay, well, it's faded a bit. You should have seen it yesterday, though.

CUT TO:

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - DAY**

Fennell lifts Julie's shirt sleeve, as Judge Castro leans in and squints at her shoulder.

FENNELL

It's a bit faded. You should've seen it a few days ago. It was, like...wow.

Donnici shakes Fennell's fax at Castro, furious.

DONNICI

Your honor, it is evident, from the most cursory reading of this affidavit, that it is a vicious compilation of hearsay, double hearsay, triple hearsay, gesture, conjecture, and absolutely no fact-

FENNELL

One must rely on hearsay and unnamed sources when people are scared to implicate themselves.

DONNICI

It's libelous. It's repulsive. It's just plain...weird! It's a weird document, and I motion that it be struck from the record immediately.

DAVID

Your honor, I'll second that motion.

JUDGE CASTRO

You will?

Donnici looks at Lujan, stunned. He holds up Fennell's fax.

DAVID

This is a waste of time. It's not even a clever waste of time, either. It's like the *People Magazine* crossword.

FENNELL

With all due respect-

DAVID

I mean, you accuse these guys of leaking Baby Jane Doe's real name to the press, in order to "instigate her kidnapping"?

FENNELL

That's right. It's unconscionable.

DAVID

Why would anyone want to kidnap her *now*? Who would that serve? Whatever kidnapper decides to abduct this child before she's declared *Larry Hillblom's* child is the most stupid kidnapper of all time.

No reply. Fennell just stares.

JUDGE CASTRO

Mr. Fennell, would you care to respond?

FENNELL

There are stupid kidnappers out there,  
your honor, contrary to what Mr. Lujan  
thinks.

As David takes his seat, Nick Waechter catches his eye, and gives him the slightest of nods. *A sign of respect.*

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - LATER**

Junior tickles Baby Jane's belly on the floor, as Lujan and Fennell argue by the window.

FENNELL

You fucked me!

DAVID

You fucked yourself.

FENNELL

Then why aren't I smiling!

BESIDE DAVID'S DESK, Kaelani and Julie passive-aggressively bicker while watching their children.

KAELANI

All I'm saying is you seem like a nice girl, and you've got a cute-ass little baby, but we ain't taking a penny less just 'cause you all popped up.

JULIE

Oh, that's all you're saying?

KAELANI

That's all I'm saying. You do you. We do us.

JULIE

Oh, that's all you're saying?

KAELANI

That's all I'm saying.

ON LUJAN AND FENNELL, still going at it.

DAVID

I mean, what was the plan, here? Were you just trying to get on TV?

FENNELL

I was going to shame them into settling. Throw a bit of chum in the water for the media, make the motherfuckers look like the motherfuckers they are, have'em pay me to shut up, and then spring another Hillblom baby on them.

A quiet moment. David looks him up and down.

DAVID

In court, I implied you weren't clever.

FENNELL

You said I was a *People Magazine* crossword.

DAVID

I was wrong.

A slow nod. It's clear Fennell appreciates hearing this.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But there's something you need to get through your head: this idea that there's no such thing as bad publicity? It doesn't apply in the court room, especially in a case like this. Public opinion matters, and if you start lying to the press, it is going to turn on you. Team David will start rooting for Team Goliath, and we will be crushed like cockroaches. Do you understand?

FENNELL

We?

CECILIA (O.S.)

David-?

And suddenly, *silence*.

IN THE DOORWAY, Cecilia stands next to a young Filipina girl, with braces on her teeth and a baby in her arms.

This is MERCEDES FELICIANO (15). Her daughter is MERCEDITA.

**EXT. CNMI LEGISLATURE - AFTERNOON**

A ranch-style building tucked into an old sugar cane field, surrounded by a cluster of smaller bungalows.

**INT. CNMI LEGISLATURE, LOBBY - SAME**

Waechter gazes up at a unstable ceiling fan, his foot tapping restlessly. Donnici glances at him from over the top of a *Hammacher Schlemmer* catalogue.

DONNICI

You alright?

WAECHTER

What? Yeah. Yeah.

REP. ROBERT INOS (60's) steps out of a hallway, all-smiles.

INOS

Gentlemen, sorry to keep you waiting.

**INT. REP. INOS' OFFICE - LATER**

Inos sits at a desk featuring a plaque that says "**Rep. Robert F. Inos, CNMI.**" He proudly shows Donnici and Waechter a PHOTO of himself and Larry, in a "Three Stooges"-pose: Hillblom in his judges' robe, bonking Inos on the head with a gavel.

INOS

I broke this one out when I heard you were coming. Two crazy kids having fun.

WAECHTER

It's a great picture, Bob.

INOS

He was a good judge, you know? Sure, he had his own agendas. But even so, he couldn't ever bring himself to say something he knew was wrong, even when it was in his best interest. His ego was like a trip wire for his brain.

Inos looks at the photo for a few seconds longer...

DONNICI

I'm sure you've heard by now that Larry's estate is under siege.

INOS

Terrible. Cowardly. To go after a man when he isn't alive to defend himself.

DONNICI

That's exactly why we need your help.

Donnici pulls a file out of his briefcase, slides it to Inos.

DONNICI (CONT'D)

We need you to get this bill through the legislature.

Inos opens the file, begins to read. *His eyes widen.*

INOS

You can't be serious.

Donnici glances at Nick, raises his eyebrows-

WAECHTER

It's what Larry would've wanted, Bob.

INOS

But, this is...it's totally transparent.  
(reading)

"In order for a child to lay claim on an inheritance, his or her father must have **openly and notoriously acknowledged the child as his child prior to his death** by taking the child into his home, unless a custodial agreement dictates otherwise."

DONNICI

We think it's tough, but fair.

INOS

"DNA evidence is legally **inadmissible** as proof of paternity." We're anti-science now?

DONNICI

We can amend some of the language, but time is of the essence. We need you to get this passed by end of the day tomorrow.

INOS

And you honestly expect the governor to sign this?

DONNICI

Do you have any idea what Larry did for the economy of the Marianas? The man is more than due. We believe the governor understands that.

A beat. Donnici nudges-

WAECHTER

We've got to put the cork in the bottle, Bob. We don't know how many more of these girls are out there.

INOS

(sighs)

Fellas, I'm sorry, but having to take a kid into your home to prove paternity? I mean, what if the father dies before it's born? What if he moves away?

DONNICI

If we removed that language, would you be willing to work with us?

A moment of thought, then-

INOS

Hey, whatever happened to that DeLorean I used to see Larry cruising around in? That's a beautiful damned car.

Donnici smiles. Waechter doesn't.

DAVID (PRE-LAP)

*Bless this food for the nourishment of our bodies. Amen.*

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - EVENING**

An awkward *hush*, as dinner is passed around an uncomfortably crowded table. On one side, David sits beside Shannon and Gabby; on the other, Fennell sits by Julie and Baby Jane. Kaelani and Junior squeeze together at far end, while Mercedes cradles Mercedita at the near end.

David tries (and fails) to make small talk with his daughter.

DAVID

So, did the nuns break out the rulers today, kiddo?

SHANNON

What rulers?

DAVID

The rulers. You know, to hit you?

SHANNON

(taken aback)

You're asking if the nuns at my school beat me with rulers?

Junior tugs on Kaelani's arm as she serves him-

JUNIOR

I don't like carrots.

KAELANI

Eat what I put on your plate, Junior.

JUNIOR

But I don't eat orange things.

KAELANI

That's not true. You eat clementines,  
you eat creamsicles, you eat Twinkies-

JULIE

Twinkies are yellow.

JUNIOR

Twinkies are yellow though, Momma.

KAELANI

(to Julie)

Why don't you mind your business?

JULIE

Why don't you learn your colors?

Fennell, sensing trouble, puts his hand on Julie's arm.

FENNELL

Okay, ladies, we're guests in-

KAELANI

Do you have a problem with me?

Suddenly, MERCEDES' BABY STARTS CRYING-

She picks her daughter up, rocks her back and forth. Somehow,  
it eases tensions.

SHANNON

What's her name?

MERCEDES

Mercedita Feliciano. *Hillblom*.

Her face flickers with emotion at the surname. Gabby notices.

GABBY

That child's all yours, honey. You're  
her moon and stars.

MERCEDES

Yes. I know.

(pauses)

We were going to be married.

Silence. No one knows how to respond to that.

DAVID  
You and...Larry Hillblom?

MERCEDES  
Yes.

DAVID  
He told you this?

A girlish nod.

MERCEDES  
Thank you so much for the food.

David nods back. Everyone looks at their plates.

SHANNON  
Where are you from, Mercedes?

MERCEDES  
Paranaque, in Manila. It's not such a nice place.

FENNELL  
Yeah, I've been there. It's, uh-

He shakes his head, repulsed by the memory.

MERCEDES  
I dance in the club with my sister. It's not such a nice club, but the other club say I look too young. So I dance in this club. And all of the men, they try and talk to me. They say, "Such a pretty girl, so graceful." But I say, "Shoo, fly. Go away. You have no money."

She giggles. Everyone stares at her.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)  
But then one night, Larry come into the club, and he have lots of money, and he talk to me. He ask, "do I still have my cherry?" And I say yes. And he say, "can I have?" And I say, "we have to ask my family, silly."

GABBY  
Excuse me.

Gabby gets up and walks out of the room. Kaelani whispers something in Junior's ear, and he runs out after her.

## MERCEDES

So, we go to the chicken restaurant, and my mother and my father is there. And they say, "Mercedes, did you make money tonight?" And Larry say, "I would like to buy her cherry." And then, they...they say yes. Okay.

(pauses)

So, we go to the hotel. And Larry and me, we go to the bedroom. And Mommy and Daddy, they wait on the couch.

Mercedes stops speaking; she stares into space.

Then, Kaelani stands, walks over to her, and kisses the top of her head. She puts two hands on her shoulders.

## MERCEDES (CONT'D)

I get pregnant, but still I dance in the club with my sister. It make me look older, they say. I see Larry next time he's in Manila, and he say he love me. He say he going to marry me. He say he going to take care of everything.

(pauses)

And then, he die.

Julie walks over to Mercedes and puts her head in her lap.

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT**

David lays in bed with Gabby, sleeping. The phone on the night stand *rings*, and he answers-

DAVID (ON PHONE)

Hello?

(listens-)

You're kidding. Yes, goddammit! Yes!

He hangs up, and jumps out of bed. Gabby sits up, as he pulls a suitcase out of the closet.

GABBY

What's going on?

DAVID

They found a mole. We've got a mole!

Gabby furrows her brow, then falls back on her pillow.

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Kaelani, Mercedes, and Julie doze in a sort of pig-pile with their respective offspring. David tiptoes into the room, picks up a sleeping Junior, and shakes Kaelani awake.

DAVID

You ever been to California?

Kaelani rubs her eyes. Then, she smiles.

**EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - MORNING**

Kaelani gazes out of a taxi as it drives over the landmark.

JUNIOR (PRE-LAP)

I still don't get it, though.

**INT. TAXI - SAME**

David struggles to explain a complex concept to Junior.

DAVID

Well, you and your father share the same genetic, uh...the same, you know, DNA...

Kaelani rolls her eyes.

KAELANI

Baby, your daddy was stupid, okay?

JUNIOR

Okay.

KAELANI

He was stupid, and he liked to crash things: cars, motorcycles, airplanes. The dummy would crash anything he could get his hands on, and he'd end up really hurt, so he'd always have to go to the doctor.

JUNIOR

In California?

KAELANI

In California.

JUNIOR

Why?

KAELANI

'Cause that's where rich people go to the doctor.

Junior nods. *Makes sense.*

KAELANI (CONT'D)

Anyway, the last time your dad got hurt, they noticed a mole on his face.

JUNIOR

What's a mole?

KAELANI

It's like an ugly little dot the color of a poop. And sometimes, it can make you sick, so the doctors cut the mole off and put it in the refrigerator.

JUNIOR

Really? Why?

KAELANI

People do crazy things. Why'd you put potato chips in the microwave?

JUNIOR

To make french fries.

KAELANI

That mole is all we got left of your dad now. And because you two got the same-

DAVID

-genes-

KAELANI

-blood-

Kaelani looks at David, puts a finger over her lips-

KAELANI (CONT'D)

-they can use it to prove you came from him. Understand?

Junior nods, again. David smiles.

**INT. UC-DAVIES MEDICAL CENTER, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY**

Kaelani holds Junior's hand, as a NURSE draws his blood.

NURSE

Such a brave boy. Just a bit more, and you get a special treat.

She whips an ORANGE LOLLIPOP out of her pocket.

JUNIOR

(shakes his head)

Sorry, I don't do orange.

**INT. UC-DAVIES MEDICAL CENTER, CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME**

Lujan sits opposite five sharply-dressed LAWYERS, silent. A PATHOLOGIST enters in a lab coat, carrying a MEDICAL SAMPLE in a container the size of a thimble.

PATHOLOGIST

Hey, hi, sorry I'm late. Dad duty. I had to take my son to football practice.

He walks around the table, shaking every hand.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I hear we've got our blood work done, so if there aren't any objections-

(holds up sample)

-I'm going to throw this sucker in a petrie dish and get cracking on the RFLP?

DAVID

Could I have a look at the sample, real quick?

The pathologist glances at the opposing lawyers. They nod.

Lujan takes the sample container, squints to read the label on the side of it. He frowns, then opens up a file on the table in front of him.

LAWYER #1

Is something wrong?

DAVID

This file I'm looking at, it's Larry Hillblom's original pathology report, and it states that his tissue sample number is **DMC-69775**.

David holds up the sample he's just been handed-

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is sample number **DMC-69755**.

He slides the file and sample over to the pathologist, who dutifully inspects them.

PATHOLOGIST

Huh. That's...*huh*. I'll be right back.

He grabs the sample and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

TITLE CARD: **Thirty Minutes Later...**

David, joined now by Kaelani and Junior, continues to stare down the five opposing attorneys.

Suddenly, the pathologist breezes into the room, and slaps a new medical sample down on the table!

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)  
Heeeeeeeeeere's Larry!

A quiet moment. Lujan buttons his blazer.

DAVID  
Did the kid at least get a lolli out of the deal?

JUNIOR  
They only had orange.

DAVID  
Motherfuckers.

KAELANI  
(to Junior)  
Don't say that word.

PATHOLOGIST  
(re: sample)  
I can assure you we've found the correct-

DAVID  
What you've found is a reason for the court to toss any genetic evidence we take from this facility.

PATHOLOGIST  
I'm not sure I understand.

DAVID  
Tell your son it was 4th and Goal, and you fumbled the mole. He'll explain.

He walks to the door; Kaelani and Junior follow. On the way out, he pauses, and looks back into the conference room.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Remind me, how many hundreds of millions did Larry Hillblom leave this hospital? Several, right? More than several?  
(pauses)  
A pay day like that, I'd imagine you'd do all sorts of sleazy shit not to lose.  
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'd imagine money like that could make a  
good man lick the bottom of the bowl.

The pathologist gulps, looks away.

**INT. UC-DAVIES MEDICAL CENTER, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

As David walks to the elevator, a RECEPTIONIST stops him.

RECEPTIONIST  
Mr. Lujan? You've got a call.

He steps over to her desk, picks up the phone-

DAVID  
Hello? Hey, CeCe.  
(listens-)  
*WHAT?!*

SMASH CUT TO:

**INT. CNMI SENATE, VIEWING GALLERY - AFTERNOON**

A free-standing sign reads: **"Quiet! Senate In Session."**

Two benches face a window, which looks into a SENATE HEARING ROOM. On one bench, Donnici, Waechter, and Inos sit together; on the other, Cecilia sits beside Randy Fennell.

**INT. CNMI SENATE - SAME**

NINE SENATORS huddle around a table in a cramped, sweltering room. Seated at the head, a LEADER addresses the body.

SENATE LEADER  
The chamber will now vote on HB-147,  
commonly known as the "Hillblom Bill,"  
which passed the House this morning with  
a bipartisan majority. All in favor, say  
"aye." All against, say "nay."

She looks at the first SENATOR to her right-

SENATE LEADER (CONT'D)  
Senator Sablan?

SENATOR SABLAN  
Aye.

She looks at-

SENATE LEADER  
Senator Puno?

SENATOR PUNO

Aye.

She looks at-

SENATE LEADER

Senator Villanueva?

SENATOR VILLANUEVA

Nay.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CNMI LEGISLATURE - MOMENTS LATER**

A familiar Jeep speeds up the street and skids to a halt in front of the legislature, just as Waechter and Donnici exit toward a waiting Mercedes.

Lujan hops out of his car, as Cecilia leaves the building. He raises his eyebrows at her, desperate for good news.

She shakes her head. *None to be found.*

His jaw hardens. His posture sinks.

And then, he strides up behind Waechter, spins him around, and CLOCKS HIM ACROSS THE FACE!

He *pounces on him* and *continues punching-*

DAVID

HOW CAN YOU DO THIS?! HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO US?!

Waechter doesn't fight back. He takes the beating.

DAVID (CONT'D)

HOW CAN YOU DO THIS TO US?!

WAECHTER

I don't know.

Finally, Donnici pulls David off of Waechter, and throws him into the dirt. When he rolls over, Fennell stands above him-

FENNELL

(to Cecilia)

I've got him. Take his car.

Cecilia jumps into the Jeep. Fennell pulls David to his feet.

**INT. "DIRTY LARRY'S" BAR & GRILL - EVENING**

Paper towels wrapped around his bloody knuckles, Lujan drinks with Fennell at Hillblom's beachfront restaurant.

FENNELL

I'm just going to come out and say it:  
you've got to do something about the  
temper.

DAVID

I don't have a temper.

FENNELL

Tae-bo, rollerblade, freebase-

DAVID

I don't have a temper.

Fennell raises his eyebrows. David sighs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A good man goes to prison for...I don't  
know, vehicular manslaughter. He didn't  
mean to kill anybody, but he was drunk,  
and now he's got to do real time. So,  
they throw him in gen-pop, with a celly  
serving decades for armed robbery, a  
mean SOB. And every day for a year, he  
gets beaten and raped in his own bed.

(pauses)

So, he makes a shiv out of a toothbrush,  
and one sticky summer night, he jams it  
in his cellmate's carotid. Then, he does  
it eleven more times, for peace of mind.  
Now this good man's a stone-cold killer.

Josephine enters, sits down at the bar.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Heya, JoJo! Where you been, girl?!

He turns back to Fennell, who looks extremely disturbed.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It is rational to respond irrationally  
to irrational things. Any lawyer worth  
his degree should understand that.

FENNELL

Rational, maybe. Doesn't make it smart.

DAVID

I don't have a temper, kid.

Lujan finishes his drink. A beat, then-

FENNELL

So, is the guy still in prison, or-?

DAVID

What? No. I made that guy up.

JOSEPHINE (O.S.)

May I sit with you?

Josephine stands above them, holding her usual glass of wine.

DAVID

Of course.

David pulls up a chair, and she sits.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How's it been, lately?

JOSEPHINE

(shrugs)

You know. It's a big house.

DAVID

And how are they treating you?

JOSEPHINE

*They don't return my phone calls.*

DAVID

Well, that's not good, Jo. Doesn't sound like they've got your best interests at heart.

She takes a long sip of her wine.

JOSEPHINE

The boy from Palau is Larry's son.

DAVID

We think so, yeah.

JOSEPHINE

I know so.

Fennell leans forward, excited. Lujan motions for calm.

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

Larry used to make jokes. He'd call the boy his "dirty little secret." I think he told a lot of jokes to a lot of people, to be honest.

(MORE)

JOSEPHINE (CONT'D)

He wasn't very good at keeping secrets.

(pauses)

Neither am I.

OFF Lujan and Fennell's puzzled faces...

**INT. LARRY'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Josephine flips on the lights and walks into the kitchen, leaving the men alone in the doorway.

She returns with a FLASHLIGHT, and leads them out to-

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION, POOL - CONTINUOUS**

She shines the light behind a pool heater, pulls out the SHOVEL tucked beneath it, and leads them around the pool. They head into the tropical foliage behind the house.

**EXT. LARRY'S MANSION, TROPICAL FOREST AREA - SAME**

Josephine guides them through dense flora, past coconut trees and sugar cane, all the way to a CLEARING that looks *meddled with*, somehow. Displaced rocks. Torn grass. Dirt piles.

She hands Fennell the light, makes him shine it on a patch of earth, and begins to dig with the shovel. It's not long until she hits something; she reaches into the ground and pulls up a GARBAGE BAG.

She rips it open and pours out its contents: shorts, tee-shirts, underwear. LARRY'S MISSING CLOTHING.

JOSEPHINE

They said, "burn his things. Burn everything." But what if he came back?  
What if Larry came back?

As tears course down Josephine's cheeks-

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER THAT NIGHT.**

HOT LIGHTS have been erected in the trees. A BULLDOZER digs up garbage bags, carpets, mattresses, so on and so forth.

Judge Castro watches in pajamas, a scowl on his face. David sidles up beside him, yawns.

DAVID

You about as tired as I am, Judge?

JUDGE CASTRO

Getting there, David. I am getting there.

**INT. CNMI SUPERIOR COURTHOUSE - THE NEXT DAY**

Lujan sits beside Fennell on his usual side of the court; none of their clients are present. Opposite them, Waechter, sporting a fresh black eye, sits with Donnici and his team.

JUDGE CASTRO

Therefore, it is my decision to expel Nicholas Waechter, Peter Donnici, and the Carlsmith-Ball Firm from the matter of the estate of Larry Hillblom pending further investigation, due to suspicion of criminal and illicit behavior.

He bangs his gavel, hard. The room begins to rustle.

Donnici stands, looking, surprisingly, like he *doesn't care about the ruling in the slightest*. Lujan stays in his seat, staring at a newspaper laid out before him...

**HEADLINE: "Governor Tenorio Signs Hillblom Bill Into Law."**

WAECHTER

I didn't want this.

Lujan looks up. Waechter stands in front of him.

DAVID

You got a bridge to sell me, too?

Waechter points at the words "HILLBLOM BILL" in the paper-

WAECHTER

I mean, *that*. I didn't want that.

(pauses)

You can't just change the rules when they don't suit you. It's cheating.

DAVID

It's parenting.

WAECHTER

I don't see the-

DAVID

The kids were misbehaving, so you put them to bed early.

He stands, shoves the newspaper in his briefcase.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And here I thought we'd developed a kind of...grudging respect.

WAECHTER

I think we have.

DAVID

Yeah? Would you ever have pulled this shit in Kansas? Michigan? California?

No reply. Lujan nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your eye.

He walks out of court.

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - EVENING**

Shannon sits in her Catholic School uniform, blouse tied-up over her midriff. Kaelani, Julie, and Mercedes dance around a boombox bumping Quad City DJ's "C'mon, Ride It (The Train.)"

They put make-up on Shannon's face, scrunchies and clips in her hair: it's an old-fashioned '90's MAKE-OVER PARTY.

JULIE

God, you're pretty. Isn't she pretty?

MERCEDES

So pretty. Like a fashion model.

KAELANI

How do you feel about pigtails?

SHANNON

I've never tried them...

KAELANI

You would be the hottest bitch on Saipan with pigtails, no question. All the boys are gonna grab at them, but-

JULIE

She'll be fine. I'll teach her my move.

SHANNON

What move?

JULIE

Oh, it's crazy easy. First, you laugh.

She giggles, then walks up to Mercedes-

JULIE (CONT'D)

Then, you go like this: "*big strong man, big strong man.*"

She caresses Mercedes' arms, as if she's turned on-

JULIE (CONT'D)

Then, you look in their eyes, and...KNEE TO DICK! KNEE TO DICK! KNEE TO DICK!

She mimes kneeling Mercedes in the crotch, and EVERYONE BURSTS OUT LAUGHING. And that's when...

Gabby enters through the front door, holding bags of take-out. Kaelani rushes over to take the bags, exposing Shannon, who's gussied up like, well...

GABBY

What's going on here?

SHANNON

The girls were giving me a make-over.

Gabby looks her up and down-

GABBY

No more make-overs.

SHANNON

We were just having fun-

GABBY

Shannon, you look like a whore.

Uncomfortable silence. Suddenly-

JUNIOR (O.S.)

Mom, look! I'm a horse!

Junior clops through the room wearing high-heels on his hands and feet, *whinnying*. His timing is inopportune.

And that's when David shuffles through the front door-

DAVID

Can I, uh...can I get everyone in the living room for a second?

The whole gang, babies included, collects in the living room, draping themselves across couches and chairs. David gets up in front of them, looking gut-punched. Sad.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The Hillblom Bill became the Hillblom Law today. You can thank the governor for that. It's, uh...it's a piece of shit, and I plan on appealing it in court. But that'll be a war, not a battle. It could take years.

He glances around at their faces-

DAVID (CONT'D)

What I'm saying is, the bad guys won. I fought as hard as I could, but it...it wasn't enough. And I am so sorry.

(choked up)

I'm going to go take a shower.

He walks off. Junior tugs on Kaelani's sleeve.

JUNIOR

Are we the good guys, Mom?

KAELANI

Yes. We're the good guys.

JUNIOR

And we lost?

KAELANI

I guess we did.

JUNIOR

What do we do now?

She leans over and kisses the top of his head.

KAELANI

We go back to what we came from.

Julie and Mercedes stare blankly into space.

CUT TO BLACK.

NOTE: The scenes in *italics* are shot in the style of a '90'S NEWS PROGRAM, complete with video noise and 4:3 aspect ratio.

DONNICI (PRE-LAP)

I'm sorry, but when are we going to start calling these women what they really are? Gold-diggers.

**INT. DHL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

*A REPORTER interviews Donnici at corporate headquarters.*

TITLE CARD: *"Dateline: NBC" - November, 1996.*

DONNICI

We've now wasted years re-hashing their baseless accusations in court, and they are farther from the money than they've ever been. And meanwhile, a good man's name and reputation have been trashed.

DATELINE REPORTER

But is it possible that Larry Hillblom had sex with Kaelani Kinney?

DONNICI

Well, anything's *possible*...

DATELINE REPORTER

Do you believe that Larry Hillblom had sex with Kaelani Kinney?

*Donnici sighs, then shrugs.*

DONNICI

She doesn't really seem like his type.

**EXT. COASTLINE, PALAU - DAY**

*The reporter walks along the beach, addressing the camera.*

DATELINE REPORTER

We may never know the truth behind the allegations against Hillblom, despite the work of attorneys David Lujan-

*SHOT: An OLD PHOTO of Lujan, in a floral print shirt, holding a tropical drink and a cigar.*

DATELINE REPORTER (CONT'D)

-and Randy Fennell, neither of whom could be reached for comment. All that he left behind was a tangled web of odd investments and real estate holdings; and, of course, DHL Worldwide Express, the multi-national shipping corporation that remains his legacy.

*The reporter stops walking, peers out at the ocean.*

DATELINE REPORTER (CONT'D)

What we do know is that the lives of those touched by the Hillblom fiasco have been forever changed.

**EXT. GRANDMA NAKO'S HOUSE, PALAU - DAY**

*The reporter sits with Kaelani on the porch of tiny, run-down shack, while Junior plays with a GameBoy beside her.*

DATELINE REPORTER (V.O.)

Take Kaelani Kinney, who lives with her mother and child in this one-bedroom home on the island of Palau.

*The reporter leans in close, voice dripping empathy.*

DATELINE REPORTER (CONT'D)

Do you think that you and your son are treated differently because of your association with Larry?

KAELANI

People are cruel, yes. They say nasty things. They call Junior "mutt" or "rice cracker." I just wish for someone to accept him.

**INT. UMBRELLA CLUB, MANILA - NIGHT**

*A bikini bar in a bad part of town. Mercedes sits at a table in next-to-no-clothes, as GIRLS dance for tips behind her.*

DATELINE REPORTER (V.O.)

Mercedes Feliciano, who is just shy of sixteen years old, has been drawn back into a life she thought she'd escaped. You can find her dancing for tips five nights a week at clubs in Manila. She works to support her parents, she says, who stay at home to care for her infant daughter.

*The reporter sits opposite Mercedes.*

DATELINE REPORTER (CONT'D)

You said that Mr. Hillblom had a special name for you?

MERCEDES

He called me "the Benz," yes.

DATELINE REPORTER

As in, Mercedes Benz? Mercedes, "the Benz?"

MERCEDES

He would say, "tonight, I'm going to take the Benz for a ride."

*She giggles, showing off her braces. A quiet beat.*

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

He said he loved me.

*CLICK.* PULL OUT from a TV SCREEN, into...

**INT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

David sits on his couch, alone, a bourbon in his hand and the bottle at his feet. He stares at his television, miserable.

**EXT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - MORNING**

David climbs out of his Jeep, hungover, and lurches into...

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Cecilia struggles to keep up with a flood of incoming phone calls. THI BE (20, Vietnamese) sits patiently on the couch, watching her son, NGUYEN BE LORY (3), chew pen caps.

She stands when he enters; Cecilia looks up at him.

CECILIA

David-

THI BE

Mr. Lujan-

DAVID

(re: child)

Oh, hell no.

CECILIA

It's been ringing off the hook.

DAVID

No, no, no, no, no-

THI BE

Please meet my son, Nguyen Be Lory.

CECILIA

This "Dateline" thing: we've never dealt with this kind of publicity. I guess even Asian brothels get NBC.

David speed-walks toward his office...

CECILIA (CONT'D)

What do you want me to tell all the-?

DAVID  
Tell them, "no, no, no, no, no."

He slams the door.

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Lujan sits behind his desk, rubbing his temples. His office door *creaks* open, and Thi Be enters, Be Lory in her arms.

THI BE  
I was a waitress at the Dalat Palace in Phan Thiet. Sixteen and a half years old.

DAVID  
Listen, I don't want to hear it-

THI BE  
Larry Hillblom came, with men in black suits. But he wore no suit.

DAVID  
Please, stop.

THI BE  
When I gave him a drink, he touched my leg, and he whispered to me-

DAVID  
Will you shut the fuck up?!

She does. David immediately regrets the outburst.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry. I just can't...I'm sorry.  
(re: her child)  
Did Hillblom ever acknowledge that boy as his son, to you or anyone else?

She shakes her head, "no."

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Then there's nothing I can do for you.

Thi Be walks to Lujan's desk, clears it with a swoop of her arm, and plops her son down in front of him.

THI BE  
Look at his face. You tell me he don't look like his father?

David looks closely at Be Lory, then nods. Kid's a Hillblom.

THI BE (CONT'D)  
So, we show him to the judge, yeah?

DAVID  
It's a bit more complicated than-

THI BE  
Why?!

DAVID  
Because-

THI BE  
Because why?!

DAVID  
Because-!

Suddenly, *his eyes widen*. He leans back, lost in a thought.

THI BE  
Hello...? Yo!

DAVID  
Sorry, I was...do you have somewhere to stay for a day or two?

A confused nod.

**EXT. GRANDMA NAKO'S HOUSE, PALAU - MORNING**

David approaches the old shack, which seems deserted...until Junior bursts out the door carrying a half-plucked chicken!

DAVID  
Whoa there, little man!

He throws his arms around David. Then, FROM INSIDE-

KAELANI (O.S.)  
Damn it! Put the bird down before-!

She steps on to the porch, spots Lujan. Her face lights up.

CUT TO:

**LATER.**

Kaelani and David sit on chairs outside the house, sipping warm beers. Junior chases birds in a nearby chicken coop, while GRANDMA NAKO (60's) watches him, chain-smoking.

KAELANI (CONT'D)

They're good for each other, my Mom and Junior. She keeps him in line, and he keeps her alive.

DAVID

And what about you?

KAELANI

They're good for me, too.

DAVID

Yeah. How are you getting by?

KAELANI

I'm getting by.

DAVID

*How?*

KAELANI

Don't ask me questions.

A cold glance. He nods.

DAVID

Well, I think I've found a way for Junior to win his case.

KAELANI

*Psssh.* Shut up.

She rolls her eyes, then...realizes *he's not kidding.*

KAELANI (CONT'D)

Shut the fuck up!

Junior looks up at her, and she shouts-

KAELANI (CONT'D)

I better not hear you say that-!

(pauses)

You know what, baby? You say whatever you want.

She turns back to Lujan.

KAELANI (CONT'D)

He sleeps on the floor. He bathes with a hose. He's earned his shits and fucks.

(then-)

How are we going to win, David?

DAVID

My dad was a judge back in Guam, and in the days before DNA, he used to decide these kind of cases with his eyes. You look alike? Congrats, you're family.

He mimes banging a gavel. She smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If the Hillblom Law bans DNA evidence, I would argue that the court has no choice but to go back to the old way of doing things. All we have to do is find a few childhood pictures of Larry, show a judge how much he looked like Junior, and we can "prove," in the eyes of the law, who your son's real father is.

Kaelani's lip trembles; she fights back tears.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, this is good news.

KAELANI

*I know who his father is. You know who his father is. Everyone knows who his father is.*

DAVID

I understand if you're afraid of the-

KAELANI

*I am not afraid of a damn thing.*

She looks at Junior, busy feeding his chickens.

KAELANI (CONT'D)

He's so beautiful, my boy. He should have been...wanted.

(pauses)

I pray we win. Winning is good. Money is good. But he should have been wanted. He should have had a daddy.

JUNIOR (O.S.)

Have you seen my sisters?

Junior skips over from the coop...

DAVID

Soon, kiddo. And guess what? You've got a little brother now, too.

JUNIOR

Does he play "Mario Kart"?

DAVID

He's three, so probably not yet. But I'll bet you could teach him.

KAELANI

What about the others? Julie, Mercedes? What's going to happen to them?

She's genuinely concerned. David smiles, touched.

DAVID

Well, the children are bound by blood, which makes you family. And a family takes care of its own, yeah?

She nods. David looks back at the dilapidated house.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't suppose Grandma has a phone?

**EXT. DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - AFTERNOON**

A crummy office building next to a bunch of far nicer ones.

TITLE CARD: *Offices of Randy H. Fennell, Esq., Seattle.*

**INT. FENNELLS OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

Fennell clicks through JPEG's of Pamela Anderson circa 1996 on his desktop. A SECRETARY yells at him from the next room.

SECRETARY

You've got a collect call from Palau!

FENNELLS

Goddammit, Tiff! I said no more international-!

SECRETARY

Palau is a U.S. territory!

FENNELLS

I should've never bought you Encarta!

SECRETARY

It's David Lujan. Should I tell him-?

Fennell snaps up his phone, immediately-

FENNELLS

Counselor Lujan. What's the good word?

DAVID (ON PHONE)  
Litigation.

FENNELL  
Blow it out your ass!

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:

**EXT. GAS STATION - SAME**

Lujan uses the pay phone outside of a beachside Exxon.

FENNELL  
Did they repeal the Hillblom Law?

DAVID  
No. But if Jo Nocasa will testify that  
Larry "openly and notoriously"  
acknowledged he had a son on Palau, it  
won't matter.

FENNELL  
You mean?

DAVID  
I think I've found a loophole. I think  
I've found a way to win Junior's case.  
(then-)  
I need you to rally the troops, okay?  
Round everyone up. Mares and calves.

FENNELL  
"Everyone"-everyone, or the original  
line-up?

DAVID  
What the hell are you talking about?

**INT. FENNELL'S OFFICE - SAME**

Fennell wrinkles his brow, confused.

FENNELL  
You haven't been getting phone calls?

DAVID  
What phone calls?

FENNELL  
Ever since they said our names on NBC,  
I've been getting, like, fifty a day.

He starts reading off of a legal pad on his desk...

FENNELL (CONT'D)

I've got girls in Cambodia, Malaysia, Burma, Pagan...fucking Sumatra, if that's even a place. All of them claiming Hillblom babies.

DAVID

I've...I've been out of the office.

FENNELL

I swear, this asshole was the Carmen Sandiego of pedophiles.

**EXT. GAS STATION - SAME**

David takes a moment to process this, then re-focuses.

DAVID

We'll cross that bridge when we come to it, okay? Right now, all I need you to do is find Mercedes, Julie, and-

FENNELL

Why spend the dough? I thought this was all about winning Junior's case?

DAVID

Don't you see? If we win one, *we win them all.*

Silence, then-

FENNELL

No, yeah, I definitely see that. But, maybe explain it a little-?

DAVID

DNA.

FENNELL

DNA isn't admissable-

DAVID

-in court, I know. It doesn't mean we can't do our own tests. If these kids are siblings, they'll have matching DNA. That's when this stops being a science issue, and starts being a logic issue.

(explains...)

If we can prove these kids are Junior's brothers and sisters, and we can prove that Junior is Larry's child, then-

FENNELL

We can prove that they're all Larry's children. Holy shit, we have a case. We have a real fucking case.

DAVID

Almost. There's one more thing I need you to do.

He smirks.

**EXT. MAIN STREET, KINGSBURG - DAY**

A small town street full of Swedish architecture, buttressed by the local high school.

TITLE CARD: *Kingsburg, CA.*

FENNELL (PRE-LAP)

These are wonderful, thank you.

**INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Fennell sits across from a folksy HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL, rifling through a box of old photographs and yearbooks.

PRINCIPAL

Take them, please. They're just gathering dust.

Fennell thumbs through a yearbook, finding Larry's 8TH GRADE CLASS PHOTO. It's striking how much he resembles Junior.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Was that an article or a book you said you were writing?

FENNELL

A biography. A man, his life, his rise to success. American Dream, et cetera.

PRINCIPAL

It's not going to be about all of that junk on the news, is it?

FENNELL

I don't have any interest in that.

PRINCIPAL

The Larry we knew here in Kingsburg was a real good kid. Odd, but very polite.

FENNELL

Odd? How do you mean?

The principal pauses, unsure if he should continue.

PRINCIPAL

Well, he never really cared what people thought, or how they felt. He was only interested in...how they *worked*, I guess. He'd look at folks like a mechanic taking apart an engine.

(pauses)

He used to make up a new story about how his daddy died every couple of weeks and tell it to his classmates. "Pa was fried in the electric chair," or "Pa was hit by a runaway train." He had to be aware that all of the other kids knew he was lying, but...but I think that's why he kept telling the stories. Because no matter how many he told, the children would listen, and offer condolences, and never cast a single doubt. He'd lost his dad, you know? How could they?

FENNELL

His lying turned them all into liars.

The principal nods, then shrugs-

PRINCIPAL

Maybe that's what it takes to make a million dollars. I wouldn't know.

FENNELL

(smiles)

Thanks for the stuff.

He grabs the box of materials and heads toward the door.

PRINCIPAL

You know, if you want the real scoop on Larry, you should probably just talk to his mother.

He stops in place, turns-

FENNELL

You know where his mother is?

PRINCIPAL

Helen? Sure. She's up at Horizons in Fresno, treating her arthritis.

**EXT. HORIZONS ELDERLY CARE FACILITY - DUSK**

Fennell hops out of his car, holding a CVS bag containing a box of Q-Tips and a pack of zip-lock baggies.

**INT. HORIZONS ELDERLY CARE FACILITY, LOBBY - SAME**

Fennell bee-lines past reception, hoping to avoid detection.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me?!

He freezes. The RECEPTIONIST nods at a clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Visitors have to sign in.

He walks to her desk, takes a pen, and stares at the "Sign-In Sheet" on the clipboard: *Name, Resident Visiting, Relation To Resident, Room Number*. He doesn't know what to write.

A moment of thought, and then he has an idea; he begins to flip backward through the pages of the clipboard, reading over the names of the previous months' visitors. It only takes him a minute to find what he's looking for...

*Peter Donnici* visited a Helen Anderson two months earlier.

**INT. HELEN ANDERSON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

HELEN ANDERSON (70's) sits in a wheelchair, reading a romance novel. Fennell enters, clears his throat, and she holds up her index finger. *Wait, I'm in the middle of something.*

FENNELL

Mrs. Anderson?

The finger remains extended, until...she closes her book.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

I'm Dr. Randy, the on-call periodontist.  
Just here to give your teeth a look-see.

HELEN

I wear dentures.

FENNELL

Well, you know what they say: "healthy gums, healthy, uh..."

He mumbles unintelligibly, then pulls up a chair beside her.

FENNELL (CONT'D)

If I can just get you to open wide-

HELEN  
Where's your white coat?

FENNELL  
My coat? Dry-cleaner.

He glances down at her hand, which inches uncomfortably close to her EMERGENCY NURSE'S CALL BUTTON.

HELEN  
You know, in the past year, I've had more visitors than ever before. You'd think it'd be nice for a woman my age, but they've been awful. So *bossy*.

FENNELL  
I'm just a humble periodontist-

HELEN  
Bossy men in fancy suits, asking rude questions, telling me what I can say, where I can go, whom I'm allowed to speak with. Pricking my fingers with little needles. Oh, I've had nasty visitors, doctor.

FENNELL  
I promise, I'm not one of them.

She looks him up and down.

HELEN  
No. Your suit is too cheap.

She takes her hand away from the emergency call button.

HELEN (CONT'D)  
Be warned, they served garlic mashed potatoes at lunch.

She leans back, and *opens her mouth...*

Fennell pulls out a Q-Tip, swabs the inside of her cheek, and quickly seals it inside a zip-lock bag!

FENNELL  
Ship-shape, Helen. You have a good one.

He's halfway out the door, when-

HELEN  
One last question, doctor?

He turns. She's staring right at him.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What kind of son cuts his own mother out  
of his will?

Fennell's opens his mouth, shocked. Nothing comes out.

**EXT. DAVID LUJAN'S HOUSE, BEACH - MORNING**

David teaches Shannon to surf on a long board, while Junior wades out into the ocean beside them. Kaelani and Gabby nervously watch them from the back porch.

KAELANI

Junior, too far! Come back in!

GABBY

The tide's too high, David! Enough!

A beat, then-

KAELANI

Watch for jellyfish, baby!

GABBY

Shannon! Jellyfish!

They trade a knowing smile; the bond of beleaguered moms.

GABBY (CONT'D)

I haven't been fair to you, have I?

KAELANI

What? No. You've been so good to me.

GABBY

Good, maybe. But not fair.

(then-)

When you hear that someone's...done the  
things you've done for money, it's hard-

KAELANI

Oh, I see.

An awkward beat.

KAELANI (CONT'D)

It's okay.

GABBY

I don't think it is, though.

KAELANI

It's okay. You can't help it.

(pauses)

If you swat a fly, you don't think about  
if you've hurt it.

(MORE)

KAELANI (CONT'D)

You can't feel it's feelings, because if you did, it would be too much. You wouldn't be able to live. You'd be crying all the time.

GABBY

Because I'd hurt it so badly?

KAELANI

Because there are so many flies.

INSIDE THE HOUSE, a *phone rings*. Gabby gets up to answer it. As Kaelani chases Junior into the water, Gabby leans out the back door.

GABBY

David! CeCe says to get your ass to the office, now!

David wades out of the ocean.

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

All of the girls, all of their children, Randy Fennell and Cecilia wait together. All told, there are *eleven people* crammed into the small room.

David enters, followed by Kaelani and Junior. He almost steps on Mercedes, who's changing her child's diaper on the floor.

DAVID

Nobody thought to crack a window?

Kaelani gives a giddy hug to Julie; Junior kneels to tickle Mercedes' baby. David points at a box on his desk.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Is this...?

Fennell nods. David digs through it.

FENNELL

There's something else.

DAVID

DNA?

FENNELL

Sort of. Well, yes. But...

Fennell hands him a clipboard. David reads it, then puts a hand over his mouth. His eyes well-up; he's truly shaken.

DAVID  
My God. How did you-?

FENNELL  
It's better you don't know.

KAELANI  
David? What's going on?

He gathers himself, then turns to address the room...

DAVID  
I've just been handed a piece of paper that states with 99.999% accuracy that Junior Hillblom is the son of Larry Lee Hillblom. Which means, barring the most unlikely of circumstances, every child in this room was fathered by Larry Lee Hillblom.

(pauses)  
You are all family. And we can prove it.

A hush, and then...

AN EMOTIONAL OUTPOURING. Laughter. Tears. Jubilation.

As the scene plays out, Fennell waves Lujan and Cecilia into-

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

He shuts the door behind them, points at the clipboard.

FENNELL  
Look, I'm happy their happy, but you know as well as I do that those test results are not admissable in court.

DAVID  
Who says we're going to court?

David hands the clipboard to Cecilia-

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Fax these to Donnici.

She puts the papers from the clipboard in a fax machine. A quiet moment, as the fax goes out...

FENNELL  
You guys been watching this "Suddenly Susan"? Brooke Shields? Hysterical.

Then, almost immediately, the *PHONE RINGS*-

DAVID  
 (answering)  
 David Lujan's office?

DONNICI (ON PHONE)  
*What the hell is this?!*

**INT. DHL HEADQUARTERS, DONNICI'S OFFICE - SAME**

He screams into his desk phone, clenching the fax.

DAVID (ON PHONE)  
 It's checkmate, Pete.

Donnici chuckles. It's not a pleasant chuckle.

DAVID (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Pete?

DONNICI  
 You arrogant...*pig...fuck.*

He *slams* the receiver down.

**INT. LUJAN'S OFFICE, WAITING ROOM - SAME**

David hangs up, looks at Fennell and Cecilia.

DAVID  
 I think we left things in a good place.

They smile at him.

**INT. DHL HEADQUARTERS, WAECHTER'S OFFICE - SAME**

Nick Waechter packs up his briefcase for the day, as his WIFE (40's) chats with him from a nearby sofa.

WAECHTER'S WIFE  
 I scheduled you a colonoscopy-

WAECHTER  
 Can we eat first?

WAECHTER'S WIFE  
 -for over the holidays. So I'm around to take care of you when you're woozy.

He pats his heart; she blows him a kiss. And suddenly-

Donnici *STORMS IN* and *SLAMS* the fax down on Waechter's desk. Nick reads it, and flashes the faintest of smiles.

WAECHTER

Honey, could you give us a second?

Waechter's wife exits. He turns to Donnici.

WAECHTER (CONT'D)

It can't be his mother, can it? Doesn't she live in a cupboard, or something?

DONNICI

I don't know.

WAECHTER

You think he got to one of the brothers?

DONNICI

It doesn't matter what I *think*. What are we *thinking*?

WAECHTER

That they've got us by Larry's balls.

Donnici crumples the fax in his fist.

DONNICI

This is inadmissable evidence-

WAECHTER

Facts are facts. They don't stop being facts just because you tell people to put their fingers in their ears.

DONNICI

We took precautions against facts!

WAECHTER

Think about the optics, here: big city lawyers screw a bunch of poor kids out of money they're rightfully owed, using a legal loophole they invented themselves? What, you want to tie a girl to some train tracks next?

DONNICI

It's the Hillblom *Law*, not the Hillblom *Loophole*-

WAECHTER

It's an embarrassment, Pete. To us and everyone who had a hand in it. It's a stiff, crusty sock under a teenage boy's mattress, and it's only a matter of time before it's tossed and replaced.

DONNICI

Which is why we've got to take advantage of it now!

WAECHTER

And then what? You explain to a judge how four half-white kids from three Asian countries whose virgin mothers *all got pregnant after sleeping with the same man* could possibly have different fathers?

DONNICI

I could make that case, yes.

WAECHTER

Great. And after that, we'll take on this Holocaust myth everyone's talking about. Make ourselves some more friends.

Donnici puts his head in his hands.

DONNICI

They're not supposed to do this.

WAECHTER

Do what?

DONNICI

Beat us.

(then-)

We're up against whores and natives. Ankle-biters. A man who wears Hawaiian shirts to court. These people are not supposed to beat our people. They are not supposed to win.

Waechter considers his point...

WAECHTER

You're right. Larry would be damn impressed.

He takes his briefcase and walks out.

**EXT. DIAMOND HOTEL, SAIPAN - MORNING**

David hurries through the entrance of a brand new hotel.

TITLE CARD: *Hillblom Settlement Conference. July, 1997.*

**INT. DIAMOND HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS**

Cecilia meets him by the door, walks him toward the elevator.

CECILIA

You're late.

DAVID

Gabs had car problems, and I had to drop Shannon off at...

He stops dead in his tracks...!

DAVID (CONT'D)

What in God's name-?

The hotel lobby is *packed* with YOUNG WOMEN of numerous Asian and Asian-Pacific backgrounds, some of whom are escorted by LAWYERS, all of whom are caring for MIXED-RACE CHILDREN between the ages of two and twelve years-old.

CECILIA

New claimants.

DAVID

New Hillbloms?!

CECILIA

Just trying to get their hands in the cookie jar.

DAVID

He...he couldn't possibly be the father of all of them, could he?

CECILIA

I told Pete Donnici to think of it as a DHL shareholders meeting. He didn't seem to like that.

David pecks her cheek, as they step into an elevator.

**INT. DIAMOND HOTEL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The PENTHOUSE FLOOR is buzzing with ATTORNEYS and PARALEGALS, who run in and out of doors like headless chickens.

Cecilia points out various rooms as they move past them...

CECILIA

They put everyone in separate suites, to make things more...I don't know, "Benny Hill"? The Medical Trust and their reps are in there. Josephine's in there. The estate's set up shop down there, and-

She guides him into-

**INT. CLAIMANTS' SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

Kaelani, Mercedes, and the other girls bounce on a king-sized bed in a spacious hotel room, smacking each other with pillows and generally having the time of their lives.

CECILIA

-this is us.

In the far corner, Fennell keeps watch over the three younger Hillblom kids, as Junior snakes candy from the mini-bar.

David taps Junior on the shoulder, whispers something in his ear. He nods, then jumps to his feet and shouts-

JUNIOR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! ATTENTION, PLEASE!

The girls plop down on the edge of the bed.

DAVID

Good morning.

THE GIRLS (IN UNISON)

*Good morning.*

DAVID

Big day. You all eat breakfast?

THI BE

Julie drank my orange juice.

JULIE

Yo, we're snitching now?!

THI BE

You don't drink a Vietnamese bitch's fruit juice! That's a known rule!

DAVID

Everyone, shut up. I want to talk.

They pipe down. He takes a moment to look at them, proud.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I don't know what's going to happen today. I hope you guys end up walking out of here with a lot of money, but you could just as easily leave with nothing but the clothes on your back and...the fifty pounds of make-up on your face.

THE GIRLS (IN UNISON)

*What-?! Fuck you! I look good, etc.!*

DAVID

What I want you to remember is this: the money is just a vehicle for a message. That you are worth something. That people *like you* are worth something. And-

*KNOCK-KNOCK.* A YOUNG ATTORNEY appears in the doorway.

YOUNG ATTORNEY

They'd like to speak with you, sir.

David nods at the girls. *To be continued.*

**INT. ESTATE'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS**

A near-identical suite to that of the claimants, but this one crawling with LAWYERS. Lujan enters to find Waechter and Donnici standing at a table in the middle room.

DAVID

Mr. Waechter. Mr. Donnici.

WAECHTER

Can we get you anything? Water?

He shakes his head, as they shake his hand. Everyone sits.

DAVID

So, gentlemen: where do we stand?

DONNICI

I suppose we stand at the crossroads of position and preference.

DAVID

Oh?

DONNICI

Our position remains that we are willing to take this matter before a judge. Our preference would be to settle and put the madness behind us.

WAECHTER

Where do you stand, David?

DAVID

At the crossroads of "cut the bullshit" and "make me an offer."

Waechter smirks. Donnici sneers.

DONNICI

You should know that we are unwilling to give up equity in DHL or any of its subsidiaries.

DAVID

I'm sorry, do you need me to explain what an offer is?

DONNICI

That is non-negotiable.

DAVID

Do you take toys away from your kids on Christmas?

Donnici allows himself a calming breath. Then...

DONNICI

\$10 million dollars per child.

DAVID

\$150.

DONNICI

What?

DAVID

\$150 million per child.

DONNICI

Is that a joke?

DAVID

Did you hear a rimshot?

Donnici peers sideways at Waechter-

WAECHTER

We are willing to go as high as \$15 million per child.

DAVID

That's great. Some wiggle room.

Then, nothing.

WAECHTER

Would you like to counter?

DAVID

Holding firm at \$150 million.

WAECHTER

*Why?*

DAVID

Because the law allows it.

DONNICI

Mr. Lujan-

DAVID

"Pig fuck," please.

DONNICI

Do you think I'm bluffing when I say I'm willing to take this to court?

DAVID

Of course not.

DONNICI

And your position is?

DAVID

Go ahead.

DONNICI

Go ahead?

DAVID

Go. Ahead.

They stare at him, in disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Look, I've got genetic evidence-

DONNICI

*Inadmissable* genetic evidence-

DAVID

I've got physical evidence, documentary evidence, witness testimony coming out of my ass. I've got you greedy sons-of-bitches on everything short of corpse rape. I have four adorable children, and from the looks of the lobby, more to come; four young women who've endured a hotter hell than you could ever imagine. I have public sentiment, reason, logic, veracity, virtue, and God himself on my side: I think I can win over a judge.

(then-)

So, my position is, go ahead, motherfucker. Take me to court.

Silence. Donnici burns with barely contained anger.

DONNICI

Very well. I'd like to exercise my right to conduct depositions on your clients and their guardians prior to litigation.

DAVID

Of course.

Donnici stands, straightens his tie. David frowns.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Wait, *right now?*

Lujan meets eyes with Waechter. Donnici heads for the door.

**INT. CLAIMANTS' SUITE - LATER**

Donnici and Mercedes sit across from each other at a table, a telephone between them. Fennell sits with the other women and children on the bed behind her.

David holds a Bible, which Mercedes has placed her hand on. OVER SPEAKERPHONE, a *familiar voice...*

JUDGE CASTRO (ON PHONE)

*...you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?*

MERCEDES

Yes.

DAVID

Thanks, Alex.

Lujan ends the call, puts the Bible away. As Donnici fiddles with a tape recorder, Waechter kneels down beside him-

WAECHTER

What are you doing?

DONNICI

This whole case is predicated on the credibility of these girls. You take that away, they've got nothing. No case.

WAECHTER

We arranged this conference to negotiate a settlement, Pete. That's why we're here. We don't want to go back to court.

Donnici places the recorder on the table, turns to Mercedes.

DONNICI

Ms. Feliciano, when did you first begin to menstruate?

DAVID

What?

DONNICI

I want to know when she first began to menstruate.

DAVID

You want to tell me how that's relevant?

DONNICI

I'm sorry, do we need to pause in order for Mr. Lujan to have "the talk" with his parents?

DAVID

Do not take your problems with me out an innocent girl.

DONNICI

She couldn't have gotten pregnant prior to her first period. That's how it's relevant. Now-

(to Mercedes)

When did you first begin to menstruate?

Mercedes turns to look at the other girls-

MERCEDES

He means to bleed?

They nod. She turns back.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Thirteen.

DONNICI

Thirteen. And you met Larry Hillblom when you were-?

MERCEDES

Fourteen.

DONNICI

Fourteen. And you had sex with him the first night you met?

No answer. She looks distraught.

DONNICI (CONT'D)

Ms. Feliciano, did you have sex with Larry Hillblom the night you met him?

MERCEDES

Yes.

DONNICI

Is that normal behavior for you?

WAECHTER

Come on, Pete...

DONNICI

To have sex with men the moment you meet them?

David slaps his hand on the table-

DAVID

That's enough!

DONNICI

Are you going to hit me, Mr. Lujan?

David steps toward Donnici, who seems almost...excited.

DONNICI (CONT'D)

Fair warning, I am a bit more litigious than my colleague, Mr. Waechter. But go ahead, take your shot.

FENNELL (O.S.)

Lujan-!

David looks at Fennell, who shakes his head, more serious than we've ever seen him before. *They talked about this.*

Donnici turns back to-

DONNICI

Ms. Feliciano, would you consider it normal behavior for you to have-?

KAELANI

This guy ain't shit, Mercedes. I bet he couldn't even get it up for your hot little ass.

JULIE

With his fuckboy shoes and his two-inch dick!

KAELANI

Just answer his stupid question and let's go dancing, yeah?

Mercedes laughs, looks at Donnici-

MERCEDES

Sometimes, yes. I sleep with men the first night, if they pay enough money. But none before Larry. Larry was my first.

DONNICI

And what do you remember about sex with Larry?

DAVID

This is completely out of line!

DONNICI

(to Lujan)

I am trying to depose a goddamn witness!

DAVID

You are trying to slaughter the weakest of the herd!

Donnici gets right up in Mercedes' face.

DONNICI

Was his penis circumcised?!

DAVID

(to Waechter)

Will you control him?!

WAECHTER

Pete, you can't just brutalize them!

DONNICI

If Larry was this girl's first screw, don't you think she'd remember his fucking cock?!

WAECHTER

It's not important!

DONNICI

(to Mercedes)

Was Larry Hillblom circumcised?!

DAVID

Enough!

Mercedes turns to the girls, again. Julie makes a scissor with her fingers.

JULIE

Cut.

She turns back to Donnici, nods. Donnici turns to look at Lujan, his gaze violent.

DONNICI

One last question, Ms. Feliciano. About shame. Do you feel no shame?

DAVID

Fuck you. Mercedes, you don't have to-

MERCEDES

It's okay.

Somewhere on the other side of the room, a baby begins to cry. Mercedes looks at Junior.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Can you bring me Mercedita?

Junior carefully removes the baby from her bassinet and hands it to Mercedes, who kisses her, then looks up at Donnici.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Have you met my daughter?

DONNICI

No.

MERCEDES

Would you like to hold her?

DONNICI

No.

She places Mercedita on the table between them...

MERCEDES

Please.

Donnici eyes the baby for what feels like an eternity, and finally, takes her in his arms.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

Mr. Hillblom...Larry...he bought me from my family, and we made her. I cost 1,500 pesos; \$35 American dollars. I gave it to my daddy for gasoline.

Donnici from the baby to her mother.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

You ask if I feel shame, and I say yes: every day, every time someone looks at me with their eyes. Here, now, when I sit with you, I feel so much shame, I could run away. I could die.

(pauses)

But I won't. I will not run. I will not die. I will sit here and answer every question you ask. I will tell my truth, and I will be strong. For her.

She points to her child.

MERCEDES (CONT'D)

I will not let her have my shame.

Donnici stares at Mercedes; she stares right back at him.

Waechter touches his shoulder, and he hands Mercedes back her daughter. He turns to Lujan.

DONNICI

I'm going to discuss our terms with the Davies trust. We can pick up where we left off in a few hours.

And he walks out of the suite.

DISSOLVE TO:

**LATER THAT EVENING.**

Lujan et. al. are flopped out around the room, exhausted and tense. Some nap, some snack, some just stare at the ceiling.

The PHONE RINGS. Everyone snaps to attention.

DAVID

(answering)

This is David Lujan.

(listens-)

Uh-huh...yes...pending what? Alright.

(listens-)

Yes. Yes, I think we do. Goodbye, now.

He hangs up, falls backward on the bed. A tense moment.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You guys probably want to know what that call was about, huh?

HOWLS OF ANGER. Thi Be and Kaelani chuck pillows at him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I just accepted a settlement offer on your behalf.

FENNELL

What was the offer?

DAVID

A percentage.

David stands up and walks to a nearby dresser, upon which rests a make-up kit and a large mirror.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A percentage of Larry's billion dollar estate, to split amongst the family.

KAELANI

What percentage?

He picks up a tube of lipstick, and writes on the mirror:

"60%"

AND EVERYONE LOSES THEIR MINDS. Shrieking. Crying. Hugging. Kissing. Dancing on furniture.

In the midst of it, David slips out the door by himself.

**INT. DIAMOND HOTEL, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

He leans against a wall, his breath heavy. As he wipes his eyes, he spots Nick Waechter, leaning over the top floor balcony, staring at something.

David makes an approach, leans against the railing, and sees that Waechter's gazing at the mob of women and children that is *still* sprawled out in the lobby below.

WAECHTER

It sort of reminds you of those old pictures of Ellis Island.

DAVID

*Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.*

DAVID (CONT'D)

*-The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.*

WAECHTER

*The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.*

\*

WAECHTER

I'm not sure this place was built to cater to "wretched refuse."

DAVID

(shrugs)

They had a room for Donnici.

Waechter laughs. Then, he quiets.

WAECHTER

You destroyed a man's legacy. I know that shouldn't bother me, but-

DAVID

You give me too much credit. All I did was piss on his grave.

WAECHTER

Isn't that the same thing?

DAVID

No. Piss dries.

WAECHTER

It's still hard, you know?

DAVID

What is?

WAECHTER

Seeing him as this monster. There are times I find myself wishing the truth had stayed buried. The truth still feels like a betrayal.

Silence. Then-

DAVID

Had you ever dealt with a will before?

WAECHTER

Nope. First timer.

DAVID

I interned for a firm that specialized in Elder Law when I was fresh out of college, so I used to deal with them every day. You want to know what's strange about Larry's?

WAECHTER

What?

DAVID

There's no disinheritance clause.

(then-)

Larry knew he was Junior's father. He knew Baby Mercedita was on the way. He had to suspect he might have more kids running around out there. And yet, this billionaire, this titan of industry, did absolutely nothing to stop them from going after his assets in the event of his death.

WAECHTER

What are you saying?

DAVID

I'm saying two simple sentences could have prevented all of this. Two sentences, dropped somewhere into his will, disinheriting "any illegitimate or unrecognized children," and there never would have been a case. But those sentences didn't exist; there was no disinheritance clause.

(pauses)

You've got to ask yourself *why*, don't you? Why didn't the genius think to protect his fortune?

Waechter's eyes widen with realization...

WAECHTER

Because he didn't want to give it away. He wanted someone to earn it.

Lujan shrugs, pats him on the back-

DAVID

You knew him better than I did.

WAECHTER

He really was a monster, wasn't he?

David walks to the elevator, presses the call button-

DAVID

Monsters don't exist, Nick. I think you're letting him off the hook too easy.

He steps into the elevator, and he's gone.

**EXT. GARAPAN VILLAGE - DAY**

The usual hustle and bustle of tourists and locals. Kaelani and Junior sit by the dock, waiting for the water taxi.

JUNIOR  
Can we go Legoland?

KAELANI  
Not today.

JUNIOR  
Why not?

KAELANI  
Because we have to go pick up Grandma Naoko's medicine.

JUNIOR  
Can I go buy, like, infinity Legos, and make my own Legoland?

KAELANI  
That's stupid.

JUNIOR  
Can I buy a wolf?

KAELANI  
Hell no, you can't buy a wolf-

JUNIOR  
(pouting)  
I thought I was a millionaire, now!

KAELANI  
You are. But that doesn't mean you can just do whatever you want.

JUNIOR  
What does it mean, then?

It's a big question, and Kaelani seems to grow increasingly stressed as she ponders it, until...

Junior tugs on her sleeve, and points at a familiar fat man wheeling a shaved ice cart into Garapan village.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
Can we get ices now, Mom?

A quiet moment. And she smiles.

KAELANI

Sure, baby. Sure, we can.

And they walk off, hand-in-hand.

CUT TO:

**TITLE CARD: Junior Hillbroom, Mercedita Feliciano, Jellian Cuartero, and Nguyen Be Lory were awarded just under \$100 million apiece.**

**TITLE CARD: The children paid \$3 million to Josephine Nocasa. She received nothing from the Hillblom estate.**

**TITLE CARD: They also agreed to pay \$4 million apiece to each of Larry Hillblom's "phantom children," meaning those who, at the time of the settlement, were unconfirmed by DNA testing.**

**TITLE CARD: Together, the children purchased a \$30 million insurance policy, to be used in the event that any more siblings came forward.**

**TITLE CARD: Several have.**

**TITLE CARD: David Lujan lives with his family in Guam. He continues to practice law.**

FADE TO BLACK.