

**THE  
RICHEST MAN  
IN THE  
GRAVEYARD**

A  
KEVIN NELSON  
SCREENPLAY

**PRESS PLAY**

A PRODUCTION LOGO GLITCHES AS A VHS TAPE REACHES SPEED

AN EPISODE OF "FABULOUS LIFESTYLES" PLAYS

*CHEESY STOCK MUSIC*

**SEQUENCE OF SHOTS**

**RED CARPET**

FLASHING CAMERAS capture STEPH BOSO (pronounced Boss-oh), balding and scrawny in his mid 50s, smiling awkwardly next to his late wife MELISSA (early 40s, way out of his league).

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
You'd have to travel to another  
galaxy in order to enter the world  
of the richest man TO EVER LIVE,  
Sir Stephony Boso.

His robotic mannerisms are accentuated when he turns his entire body to face each camera.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
Move over Crown Prince MBS, there's  
a new Boss-oh in town!

**POLAROID**

TEEN BOSO sits at a wrap-around 90s computer desk with a teal Mac. He dons a brace face and there are tissues overflowing from the trash can.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
Sir Boso has somehow managed to go  
from toiling away in his parents'  
servant's quarters...

**AERIAL**

An airport, city, and industrial park light up an open plain. The AURORA LOGO TWINKLES OFF EVERY BUILDING.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
...to running a business empire  
that spans the globe. Cha-ching!

**WAREHOUSE**

Robots outwork humans in a shared workspace.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
But being the richest man EVER  
isn't all gold flaked filet mignons  
slapped tender by Salt Bae.

**RESTAURANT**

SALT BAE flicks salt in his patrons' eyes.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
As they say, mo' money, mo'  
problems bay-bay.

Salt Bae slaps a slab of meat.

COW (SFX)  
Mooo!

**INTERVIEW: TIFFANY REYNOLDS | C'MON PEOPLE! MAGAZINE**

TIFFANY REYNOLDS, a bubbly blonde with a blow out, chews gum  
in a confessional.

TIFFANY REYNOLDS  
Sir Steph Boso had BILLIONS of  
problems thanks to one bitch, his  
ex-wife, Muh-liss-ughh.

— The footage of STEPH AND MELISSA on the RED CARPET IS TORN  
IN HALF like a middle school lovers' photo.

TIFFANY REYNOLDS (V.O.)  
His life was essentially turned  
upside down when this gold digging  
swindler filed for divorce and the  
judge forced him to pay her  
BILLIONS of dollars. BILL-YUNS! For  
what? Years of physical and  
emotional abuse? Ugh! Get out of  
town, girl.

**INTERVIEW: PREZ HILSONG | HILSONG.CRYPTO.COM**

PREZ HILSONG sits in the hot seat, sweating profusely.

PREZ  
He hit rock bottom. As his friend,  
it was really tough to see.

**PAPARAZZI SNAPSHOTS/BYSTANDER VIDEO**

— Prez parties with Boso in the club. He's all smiles.

— Boso cussing out random people, Prez holds him back.

PREZ (V.O.)  
Everyone hated him.

— Boso gets in a fist fight with the TIMES SQUARE ELMO.  
Times Square Elmo drags his ass in the street.

PREZ (V.O.)  
Even Elmo™.

— Boso's escorted away by police and spits into the camera.

PREZ (V.O.)  
He became a menace to society.

— Boso smokes a cigarette at the edge of the ocean with a  
massive beer gut. He's disheveled and broken.

PREZ (V.O.)  
And went from the epitome of cool  
to, like, the epitome of "ew."

#### **THE PHOTO BECOMES A MEME AKIN TO BEN AFFLECK**

#### **TAGLINES:**

TFW YOUR CRUSH LEAVES YOU ON READ

TFW U WAKE UP

TFW YOU GET THE VET BILL

#### **PLASTIC SURGERY RETREAT**

Steph tries to be discreet as he approaches, but it only  
makes him look like the Unabomber.

PREZ (V.O.)  
He was in serious need of a public  
makeover. So that's what he did.

Boso enters the retreat, scrawny, his arms dangling down to  
his knees.

PREZ (V.O.)  
...and people were all like...

#### **PAPARAZZI SNAPSHOTS**

— Boso exits the retreat, now jacked, tan, and ruggedly  
handsome like DAVID BAUTISTA. It's like he's wearing a padded  
suit. His head gleams from a spit shine and he has newfound  
confidence thanks to an implanted beard.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN PREZ/TIFFANY**

PREZ

Whoa.

TIFFANY REYNOLDS

Wow. Everyone wanted a piece.

PREZ

EVERYBODY.

**INTERVIEW: WALT WINDSOR | DESIGNER**

Eccentric WALT leans back and smacks his gums.

WALT

I work up an appetite just thinkin'  
about it. You hear that? My stomach  
just growled.

TROMBONE ZOOM ON WALT'S STOMACH

*WALT'S STOMACH/BABY TIGER (SFX)**Rawr!***PAPARAZZI SNAPSHOTS/FOOTAGE**

— A DIFFERENT ESCORT on Boso's arm at each event. He keeps getting STRONGER, FIERCER. His eyebrows SHARPER. His bald head SHINIER. The escorts' plastic surgeries get progressively more PLUMP. *Serious gains, bro.*

— THE NEW AND IMPROVED STEPH BOSO poses on the red carpet, pointing finger guns at the photographers.

*BANG, BANG, BANG!*

He blows out the imaginary smoke coming from his fingers, holsters the guns, and moves along.

He seems... deadly serious about it.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)

If you thought that Sir Steph Boso  
would be satisfied with taking over  
the world, you'd be DEAD wrong.

— Steph Boso holds a press conference in an ASTRONAUT FLIGHT JACKET, COWBOY HAT, and AVIATOR GLASSES.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)

His next mission is to be the first  
super uber rich person in space.

Real astronauts look on and shake their heads with disgust.

— BOSO ENJOYING HIS YACHTS, LUXURY CARS, AND PLANES.

— A small house sits on a firing range. It's complete with a nuclear family of dolls sitting at the kitchen table.

A relic of America's past.

BOOM! The small house EXPLODES. Boso hoots, BAZOOKA in hand.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
On this edition of Fabulous  
Lifestyles, we'll see what it truly  
means to be—

**WARP TO BLACK**

**TITLE CARD:**

**THE RICHEST MAN IN THE GRAVEYARD**

*JOCK JAMS*

**EXT. AURORA LAUNCHPAD HANGAR - DAY**

A massive American flag curtain.

The curtain parts.

Streaming fireworks spit up from both sides of the flag.

A SHADOW EMERGES FROM DEEP WITHIN.

Boso struts through the divided flag as if a hero. He's tiny, about .00001% the size of the rest of the flag, yet it parts for him just the same.

He waves, clad in an astronaut suit, aviator glasses, and a ten gallon cowboy hat. His helmet is valiantly tucked underarm and the smuggest of smirks dons his punchable face.

The press gathers on the tarmac behind a velvet rope. They break into a fever pitch as Boso approaches.

Boso halts and salutes the sun.

Idling before him is the silhouette of his space shuttle — THE BLUE ELITE — which is shaped like a giant penis.

*Over compensation?*

The sight fills him with pride and excitement.

He strolls over to the press corp with a semi.

His assistant, LEXI, steps out behind him like a secret service member with a cold, no bullshit attitude. Though younger than Boso, she seems ageless.

The reporters clamor for his attention.

REPORTER 1

Hey, Bozo.

BOSO

It's Boss-oh, you clown. You just lost your turn. Who's next?

Reporter 1 cowers his head and is pulled into the mob of reporters like he's being devoured by zombies.

REPORTER 2

Mr. Boso. Mr. Boso!

BOSO

That's Sir Boso to you.

REPORTER 2

Don't you have to be English to carry that title?

BOSO

Don't be ridiculous. It's called money. Christ on a cracker, are any of you worth your measly paychecks?

DICK TUCKER

Sir Stephon Boso, third of his name — Dick Tucker, Fox News.

Boso perks up and squares off with Dick.

BOSO

Finally, a little credibility.

DICK

How does it feel to be the most badass person alive?

BOSO

Good question. Thanks for asking.

Boso winks at Dick and stuffs a hundred dollar bill in Dick's jacket pocket, making sure to clip Dick's nipple with his pinky. Dick shimmies like he just got candy from a stranger.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
Honestly, Dick, it feels pretty badass.

DICK  
I knew it.

Dick excitedly jots the answer down in his notepad — finding it unbelievable that his suspicion was confirmed.

BOSO  
Listen, I'd love to stay and chat but I've got some ozone to burn.

Boso claps his hands, waves, and scuttles down a red carpet to the space shuttle.

BARBARA FLOWERS, a little old lady from public radio, defiantly pushes to the front of the reporters and holds up an old school microphone.

BARBARA  
How do you feel about losing the Waste of Space Race to Eton Funk?

Boso stops dead in his tracks. He turns and marches back to Barbara. He grabs her by the shoulders, shakes her violently.

BOSO  
What the hell did you just say?

BARBARA  
He's scheduled to launch at 9:30 AM. It's already nine-twenty-four.

Boso looks across the lagoon and sees another, much larger penis shaped spaceship idling. He checks his AURORA WATCH. 9:25 AM. His heart rate climbs.

He looks back to his rival's launchpad.

The crowd is also larger.

*Son of a bitch.*

AND LIL' NAS X is fucking the devil onstage.

*Fuck!*

Boso looks over to his own display booth — a KID ROCK IMPERSONATOR performs on a plastic folding table.

*Is that Kid Rock? Who the hell invited him?*



**EXT. EDISON X LAUNCHPAD - DAY**

Across the lagoon, ETON FUNK (early 30s) waves his Imperial helmet like a cowboy hat atop the stairs.

He's younger than Boso by maybe two decades and rocks a full set of hair to boot.

FUNK  
Arribaderby, bitches!

Funk grabs his crotch and pumps up a middle finger.

**THE IMAGE HITS THE FRONT PAGE OF C'MON! PEOPLE**

HEADLINE READS: FUNK DOESN'T GIVE A F\*\*\*!

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
Watch out world, there's a new bad  
boy billionaire in town!

**SERIES OF SHOTS****RED CARPET**

Funk rocks a steam-goth style next to his avant-garde musician girlfriend, OHNO.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
Eton Funk rose to stardom from  
utter squalor...

Bored of the charade, he slurps embryonic fluid from a beaker holding a fetus.

**POLAROID**

A young Eton is dressed in a prep school uniform with a western tie, his hair combed neatly over with mousse. His father sternly sports a three piece suit and monocle. They stand on the terrace of their MEDITERRANEAN CHATEAU.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
To become the world's youngest  
billionaire shortly after his  
father disappeared during a  
father/son fishing trip.

*THE TOOT OF A TUGBOAT***YACHT**

Funk parties with naked women and exposes himself to paparazzi (thankfully censored).

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
 Overcoming great adversity, the  
 young upstart fully embraced the  
 YOLO lifestyle after inheriting a  
 small treasury.

He's passed out drunk in a dingy, using a tarp as a pillow  
 that is clearly hiding his father's dead body.

#### **EDISON MOTORS**

A fully automated assembly line, putting together ROADSTAR  
 CARS that look ready for the pinewood derby.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
 The self anointed Prince of Chaos  
 has his eye to the future...

#### **CAR DEALERSHIP**

Funk peels out in his ROADSTAR, doing figure eights. He  
 stops, looks up to the moon...

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
 ...and to the moon.

...and has an epiphany.

FUNK  
 Yooo!

#### **EDISON X LAUNCH PAD**

A ROADSTAR is blasted into space with a EDISON X ROCKET.

The driver: THE MUPPET FONZI™.

The car enters orbit, heading straight for the moon.

#### **SPACE OBSERVATORY**

Funk watches the speck from the massive telescope, sinking  
 further into depression as he realizes that everything is  
 temporary and has no apparent meaning.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
 With seemingly unlimited resources,  
 Eton Funk can do whatever the hell  
 he wants.

He seems to perk up upon realizing this.

— Funk hunts a herd of elephants while parasailing.

— Funk jumps over a mountain on a motorcycle.

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
Including Steph Boso's ex-wife!

— Censored footage of their sex tape.

MELISSA  
Ohh! Funk me! Funk me!

CHRISTOPHER FLOCKTON (V.O.)  
So move over bitches, and get out  
his way — because this prince of  
darkness is here to SLAY!

— Funk holds Boso's EX-WIFE MELISSA close on the RED CARPET.  
Blood trickles down their chins. Open wounds on their necks.

*THE CRACK OF A WHIP*

**RETURN TO:**

**EXT. EDISON X LAUNCHPAD - DAY**

ETON FUNK GRABBING HIS CROTCH, TOSSING UP A MIDDLE FINGER

UNFREEZE

Funk twirls around, boards the shuttle, and is doused with a  
puff of smoke. The doors seal shut behind him.

REPORTERS (PRE-LAP)  
Mr. Boso.

REPORTERS (PRE-LAP)  
Sir Bozos.

**EXT. AURORA LAUNCHPAD HANGAR - DAY**

REPORTER CUATRO (O.S.)  
¿Emperador Besito?

Boso comes to, realizes the gravity of the situation, and  
squeals like a pig being slaughtered.

He races to the space shuttle, but it's clear that he's never  
run before in his life.

He trips over his feet and his face skids across the tarmac.

BOSO  
Ughh!

He struggles to rise. The crowd gasps and watches him with pity. He flails his arms as he reaches the stairs to the shuttle, sobbing along the way.

The reporters murmur to themselves.

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY**

Two astronauts, BUZZ and NEIL, sip coffee in their seats.

BUZZ  
She left me for a plumber.

NEIL  
That's shitty.

BUZZ  
Ten years down the drain.

Boso bursts into the backseat, scaring the shit out of them. They spill scalding hot coffee in their laps.

Ah! NEIL BUZZ (CONT'D)  
Ouchie, wawa.

BOSO  
Start the shuttle!

NEIL  
But sir, we're scheduled for a ten o'clock rock.

BOSO  
Change of plans, we're leaving now.

NEIL  
That's not possible.

BOSO  
Don't you tell me what is or isn't possible. I own you.

NEIL  
I suppose you do.

BOSO  
Then let's get this hunk of junk off the ground. C'mon, people!

NEIL  
Aye, aye, cap.

Neil burps and presses the start button.

The control system kicks on and HAL, the ship's OPERATING SYSTEM, welcomes them.

HAL (V.O.)  
Good morning, gentlemen.

BOSO  
Skip the pleasantries you stupid  
bot, we're losing time!

HAL (V.O.)  
There is an increased risk of  
tragic consequences if you proceed  
without allowing my systems to  
properly warm up.

BOSO  
Shut up or I'll deprogram you and  
replace you with Morgan Freeman.

HAL (V.O.)  
As you wish. Preparing for take  
off. Start launch sequencing.

NEIL  
Starting launch sequencing.

Neil turns a key. A baby shoe dangles from the keychain.

HAL (V.O.)  
Bop it.

A button lights up.

NEIL  
Bopping it!

He bops the button.

*A BASS DRUM SOUNDS OFF. THE SYSTEMS CHARGE.*

HAL (V.O.)  
Twist it.

Neil twists the key.

The engine *RATCHETS* and the shuttle *RUMBLES*.

The astronauts prepare themselves.

NEIL  
Twisted.

HAL (V.O.)  
Pull it.

Neil looks over to Buzz.

                  NEIL  
The honor is all yours.

                  BUZZ  
You sure?

                  NEIL  
You're darn right I am.

                  BUZZ  
Gee, thanks. Everything I've ever  
done has prepared me for this mo—

                  BOSO  
Did anyone ask you? Pull it damnit!

                  BUZZ  
Pulling it!

Buzz pulls the lever.

*AN UPWARD WHISTLE.*

The cockpit rattles.

                  BUZZ (CONT'D)  
Giddyup!

Boso leans back and presses a button on his helmet. His visor  
DARKENS and becomes a VIRTUAL REALITY HEADSET.

                  BOSO  
Lexi, play Mozart meditation  
playlist. Take me to Maui.

                  LEXI (V.O.)  
Playing Mozart meditation playlist.  
Taking you to Maui.

*THE CALMING SOUNDS OF WAVES CRASHING OVER THE TURKISH MARCH.*

                  BOSO  
Wake me up when we get there.

**EXT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY**

The boosters erupt and the spaceship takes flight.

**INT. BOSO'S HELMET - DAY**

Boso's cheeks ripple from the force. He sleeps peacefully with *MOZART IN HIS EAR PODS*. He's reclining on a beach.

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY**

The astronauts hold on for dear life, screaming. Baggage falls out of an overhead container.

Boso becomes impatient and wakes up from his slumber.

BOSO

Are we there yet?

The TINT CLEARS FROM HIS VISOR. He peeks out of the window and double takes with a shot of adrenaline.

BOSO (CONT'D)

That sneaky little ferret.

Funk's shuttle is right on their ass and gaining speed.

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

The two shuttles compete for the stratosphere.

Funk's larger and faster shuttle quickly gains on Boso.

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY**

Boso kicks the back of the astronauts' seats like a petulant child. He unbuckles his seatbelt, fights the G-forces, and clings onto Buzz's seat.

BOSO

Make this thing go faster.

BUZZ

She's doing the best she can.

BOSO

I don't wanna hear your stinkin' excuses. Step on it, grandpa!

BUZZ

Stepping on it!

Buzz steps down on the gas pedal, *SQUISH*, and pulls back the reigns, *YOINK*.

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

The boosters burst from a turbo kick and THE BLUE ELITE gains a sizable lead.

**INT. FUNK ROCKET - DAY**

Funk's helmet makes him look like Darth Vader™, complete with an altered voice. The astronaut manning his ship wears a goofy TIE™ pilot helmet.

FUNK

He's escaping! Jump into light speed.

ASTRONAUT

With reckless pleasure, sir.

FUNK

*Boot, scoot, and boog...*

The Astronaut flicks a switch, then bangs a wack-a-mole with a mallet when it pops up.

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

Funk's rocket flashes and disappears into space.

FUNK (V.O.)

*...giiiiieee!*

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY/NIGHT**

Boso watches as Funk's spaceship darts across the cosmos like a pinball.

A lone tear falls from Boso's eye. He snuffles. Light shifts to darkness, the rumbling subsides.

Boso drifts weightless in the cabin, whimpering.

**EXT. SPACE - NIGHT**

The space shuttle glides gracefully into orbit.

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - NIGHT**

Buzz looks down at the world. Wonder fills his face. A peaceful serenity warms both astronauts.



BUZZ  
Would you look at that?

NEIL  
She truly is a beaut, isn't she?

MOTHER EARTH in all her splendor and glory.

BUZZ  
She's... glorious!

An awe inspiring moment.

BUZZ (CONT'D)  
I've never seen anything so... so magnificent.

Boso pouts in the back, refusing to look out of the window.

BUZZ (CONT'D)  
It was worth it. A lifetime of—

BOSO  
Borriinng.

BUZZ  
Are you kidding me? Look at that.  
It's—

BOSO  
Stupid! A waste of frickin' time.

NEIL  
Wait, what is *that*?

BUZZ  
That can't be good.

BOSO  
Nice try, guys. I'm not falling for it. I refuse to look.

NEIL  
What the hell is that? Is that— a RoadStar? In space?

BUZZ  
Sweet mother of god, we're all gonna die!

The EDISON ROADSTAR drifts toward the shuttle.

Boso looks up as FONZI's smile lights up their windshield.

**EXT. SPACE - NIGHT**

The ROADSTAR crashes into the space shuttle.

The slow movement of space makes it seem like two mushrooms are colliding in a field.

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - NIGHT**

Utter devastation as the control panel is ripped apart.

Moles scatter across their laps.

ALARMS.

RED FLASHING LIGHTS.

Neil is sucked from his seat and spit into space.

BUZZ

Neil!

HAL (V.O.)

Critical malfunction. Critica—

Boso tumbles toward the massive gash in the side of the shuttle and catches a cargo net.

HAL (V.O.)

Re-entering the Earth's atmospher-ph-phhh— ahhhh!!!

Buzz and Hal scream.

Boso holds on for dear life.

**EXT. SPACE - DAY**

The shuttle burns up as it reenters the atmosphere.

**INT. SPACE SHUTTLE - DAY**

Buzz's face boils and melts like scalding cheese pizza. Boso hits a button on his arm and a coolant sprays inside his suit. His visor darkens to shield his eyes from the flames.

BOSO

Lexi, this doesn't look good.

LEXI (V.O.)  
 Your emergency parachute has been  
 activated. You will be safe to free  
 fall in 5...4...3...2...

He releases the cargo net and is sucked from the shuttle.

**EXT. SKY - DAY**

Boso skydives next to the shuttle.

He gives Buzz, crisp as a burnt marshmallow, a thumbs up.

He pulls the parachute cord and is caught by the wind.

Buzz cries out from the cockpit, *what the fuck?*

The shuttle rips toward the earth, leaving a plume of smoke in its wake. From this distance, its descent is peaceful.

The shuttle hits, sending up a cartoonish explosion. The sound of the impact races across the desert floor.

The SMOKING PILE OF DEBRIS burns as VULTURES circle.

*A FLUTTER FROM ABOVE.*

Boso hits the ground hard and the parachute softly settles over him. He rises to his feet, takes off his helmet, and observes the alien desert.

BOSO  
 Son of a fucking cunt punting shit  
 licking little fuck nut.

Boso marches like he needs to speak with a manager.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
 Bitch ass motherfucker.

IN THE DISTANCE, a cloud of dust rises from the desert floor.

The sun reflects off the windshield of an approaching car.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
 Oh, mercy!

Boso drops to his knees and waits for the self driving car to pull up. The window descends.

In the backseat is LEXI.

LEXI  
Rough flight?

BOSO  
Take me home.

The back door opens and Boso gets in.

LEXI  
Taking you home.

The back door automatically closes and the car takes off.

**INT. SELF DRIVING CAR - DAY**

Lexi hovers her watch over Boso's. His vitals come up on the back seat monitor.

LEXI  
You are either the luckiest man in the world or cannot be killed.

BOSO  
Hmph. I wish I could. The media is gonna have a field day with this.

LEXI  
Do not say that. Oh, and they already are.

She pulls up news clips on the screen.

BOSO  
How bad is it?

LEXI  
We should hold a press conference and get ahead of this. Refocus the blame on Eton Funk.

BOSO  
Those leeches don't deserve me. Who are they to judge?

LEXI  
No, but we also cannot let them, or him, control the narrative. Refuse to take questions. Just make a statement and walk off like the boss that you are.

BOSO

You're right. I am a boss. Call our fixer at ClearView, prepare a script for each channel. I want a super edit across all local and emergency broadcasts within the hour, if any anchor skips a beat, replace them.

LEXI

Yes, sir.

BOSO

Also, schedule a press conference.

LEXI

Ten moves ahead of you.

BOSO

What would I do without you?

Lexi smiles.

LEXI

Would you like me to play your favorite song to cheer you up?

BOSO

Yes, please.

*A STRUMMING GUITAR FROM THE CAR SPEAKERS.*

*CHUMBAWAMBA*

*We'll be singing,  
When we're winning...*

Boso is immediately put at ease.

Lexi places cucumbers over his eyes. He sighs with a smile.

*CHUMBAWAMBA (CONT'D)*

*We'll be singing...*

**EXT. DESERT - DAY**

The car tears across the desert, kicking up dust as CHUMBAWAMBA'S TUBTHUMPING welcomes the VEGAS SKYLINE.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - CASINO - DAY**

Flashing lights as Boso steps up on the stage. There are two podiums. He turns to Lexi. *What gives?* She shrugs.

The reporters all raise their hands at once.

Lexi steps forward.

LEXI

Please save all your questions for  
after Sir Boso's statement.

Boso struggles to hold back his emotions.

BOSO

Thank you all for coming. What  
happened yesterday, was a real  
bummer. Like, I, um... I'm sorry.

He blows his nose into a handkerchief — a lot of snot.

**INT. IRISH PUB - DAY**

The GOOD OLE BOYS gather around a small TV.

LAD

Oi! Turn it up. Look at this twat.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY**

Boso sees all the disgusted faces clinging to his every word.

BOSO

There really aren't words that, uh,  
can express how bummed I am about  
what happened. I was really hoping  
to be the first super rich person  
in space. It's been my childhood  
dream since childhood. And that's  
been taken away from me. It...

He looks over to Lexi. She rolls her hand, *go on*. He plays up  
the crocodile tears.

BOSO (CONT'D)

It hurt. Like, really bad. Not  
physically, I'm fine, but it still  
hurt. Like, deep down. You know?

Boso pokes his heart.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He waves, bows, and steps away from the podium.

The reporters aren't having it.

Barbara Flowers springs up and nearly topples over.

BARBARA

Sir Boso, two of arguably the greatest Americans to ever live died today. What do have to say to the American people?

Boso reclaims the podium and huffs into the microphone.

BOSO

Oh yeah? What about me?! Huh? I'm a victim here too!

BARBARA

Is that so? Then who do you think should be held responsible?

Boso composes himself, looks to Lexi. She nods, *do it*.

BOSO

It was E—

DJ (O.S.)

INTRODUCING THE ONLY MAN TO EVER GET FUNKY ON MARS! THE INCREDIBLE E-E-TONS OF FUH-UH-UH-UHHHNK!

*AN AIRHORN — PEW, PEW, PEWWW.*

SMOKE RISES UP from the reporters' feet.

**INT. PUB - DAY**

The good ole boys hang onto the action.

DEBUSSY

Oh shite, it's going down.

*THE DJ SCRATCHES A RECORD.*

**INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY**

*TECHNOTRONIC - PUMP UP THE JAM PLAYS*

A team of half naked dancers storms the aisle, leading the way for Eton Funk in all his weirdo, trench coat glory. He strides out with the aid of an elephant tusk cane.

The elephant's sad daughter is paraded out behind him.

He takes the podium next to Boso, who pulls up the sleeves of his fleece. He's ready to... cower back to his podium.

FUNK

Thank you, thank you. Stop it, please. You really shouldn't. So don't. I hate you all.

REPORTERS

Mr. Funk, Mr. Funk!

FUNK

Please, not all at once. Unless you wanna join me afterwards.

He winks at Tiffany in the front. She fans herself.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Then it's the more the merrier, you know what I mean? You know what I'm sayin'.

He points and Dick flutters his eyebrows.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Heard my name. You know what they say about the devil. What's up?

He points to Dick.

DICK

Dick Tucker, Fox News. Do you, Mr. Funk, bear any responsibility for this tragic accident?

FUNK

What? I was too busy swag surfing the Rings of Saturn, my guy. Wasn't there, don't care brah. Sarr-zarr.

Funk throws up an alien peace sign.

Dick nods his head like he understands.

FUNK (CONT'D)

That's Farlore, BT-Dub, a distant alien dialect, for — let's just say, "Hakuna matata."

Boso is beside himself. He can't believe they're buying into this crap. Surely, it's a bit.

BARBARA

How about you, Sir Bozo?



BOSO

It's Boso.

Boso is ready to explode.

BARBARA

Forgive me.

He scoffs.

She scoffs right back.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

What about you, Sir Boso? Do you assume any responsibility for what happened? Like... at all?

Lexi leans over and whispers in his ear. He nods.

BOSO

I assume no liability whatsoever for anything that I may or may not have done in the past, or what I may or may not do in the future.

He wipes his hands clean. Done deal.

BARBARA

You don't sound too broken up about surviving a crash that killed two national icons. Under your employment, no less.

Boso is offended but keeps it cool.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Don't you bear any burden or responsibility for failing to provide a safe work environment for your employees?

He guffaws. Lexi whispers. He nods.

BOSO

They signed a waiver at the time of employment. They knew the risk. I don't know what else to tell you.

BARBARA

So, neither of you will take responsibility for this tragic event and will likely never face criminal prosecution?

FUNK

Yahtzee!

BOSO

Listen, if he didn't have such an inferiority complex and feel the need to launch a car into space, we wouldn't be here right now.

FUNK

Yeah? Well, if *your* chauffeurs were watching where they were driving, maybe they'd still be alive.

BOSO

It was your space trash and they were astronauts! Astronauts, damnit! Astronauts fly, they don't drive. Show some respect.

FUNK

I'm right here, bro.

BOSO

Yeah, no shit, I can smell you.

FUNK

You sure, bro? 'Cause it sounds like you're getting loud with me.

BOSO

Your B.O. is loud, bro. You know, you can get same day delivery with your next purchase of deodorant if you subscribe to Aurora Elite.

Funk gasps.

FUNK

As if I would ever!

He passes the buck by pointing at Boso.

FUNK (CONT'D)

None of this would have happened if it weren't for his crappy little space shuttle!

BOSO

Nuh-uh! My space shuttle was designed by the world's top engineers for maximum atmospheric penetration and performance.

FUNK

That can't be true, because *my space shuttle* was designed by the world's top engineers for maximum drivability and enhanced features.

Funk belly laughs. The reporters follow suit.

Boso is baffled.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Your shuttle was puny. Pathetic.

The verbal abuse arouses Boso's spirit. The crowd roars.

BOSO

How dare you!

FUNK

My space shuttle was bigger, faster, more artsy.

BOSO

Mine had greater girth.

FUNK

We had a freaking jacuzzi in there. It was epic! You check my gram?

BOSO

We all know that it isn't the size that matters but proper rocket propulsion.

Tiffany and Prez cock their heads, *I dunno*.

FUNK

Pshh. That's not what your ex-wife said when we fucked for four weeks.

BOSO

Why, you sonofa—

Boso lunges at Funk. Funk recoils in terror. Security guards break them up like a boxing match weigh-in.

FUNK

I guess she preferred bigger boosters, if you know what I mean. More rocket power. You just couldn't lift her off.

BOSO  
 You better watch that dirty mouth  
 of yours or I'll jam my fist in it.

FUNK  
 She wanted a real red rocket.

BOSO  
 You're asking for a fisting.

DICK  
 Are we still talking about space  
 shuttles here?

BOSO  
 Shut up, Dick!

FUNK  
 Shut up, dick!

FUNK (CONT'D)  
 I don't think you're mad that I  
 beat you to space. I think you're  
 mad because deep down you know that  
 my life is a trillion times better  
 than yours.

BOSO  
 That's not true.

FUNK  
 Is too!

BOSO  
 Is not!

FUNK  
 Anything you can do, I can do  
 better.

BOSO  
 Cannot!

FUNK  
 Can to!

Suddenly, all of space seems to close in and smother Boso.

He has a panic attack.

He can't stop the emotions.

HE UGLY CRIES.

**INT. PUB - DAY**

The good ole boys erupt in laughter.

BOSO CRYING ON THE TELLY.

TRISTAN

What a wanker!

**EXT. PUB - DAY**

A little boy runs out of the pub and joins his teenage friends in the park. They're smoking weed and drinking. He shows them the video, takes a SCREENSHOT.

COUSIN CORY

Holy hell! Send that to me!

They all have a good laugh.

**THE VIDEO OF STEPH BOSO CRYING GOES VIRAL**

Cory sends it to his friend, who posts it on Twitter.

It's picked up by some BTS STAN ACCOUNTS.

Retweets out the WAZOO.

**THE INTERNET GOES HAYWIRE**

Boso becomes a GIF & MEME GOD.

TRASHMONSTER\_4'S TWEET:

Crying Michael Jordan Face has officially retired, retired.

Boso's crying is FACE SWAPPED with an actual baby.

4 BILLION VIEWS!

The ridicule is sharp and deep.

The women on the DAYTIME TALK SHOW "VIEWS" cackle as they play back the tape.

WHOOPEE

What a joke!

**SCREEN:**

BOSO SOBBING, SNOT BUBBLING FROM HIS NOSE.

BOSO  
It's not f-f-fair!

TV SHUTS OFF

TITLE CARD:

THE INGLORIOUS COMEBACK

FADE IN:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Bozo sleeps in a beach chair as the waves tickle his toes. He awakens to a beautiful crystal blue island view and sucks on a bottle of peach schnapps.

*Ahh, the good life.*

Lexi opens the door of a tiki hut, behind her is an INTERIOR HALLWAY. She sighs and taps on a tablet.

The island paradise DISAPPEARS, replaced by a WHITE WALL.

THEY'RE IN A PROJECTION ROOM

BOSO  
Hey, I was experiencing that.

LEXI  
You haven't left the house in—

BOSO  
Uh, yeah, I deserve a day off.

LEXI  
...in three weeks.

BOSO  
Oh, who's counting? I'm the richest man ever, I make my own schedule.

Lexi clears her throat, looks away.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
What? Can't I? Aren't I?

She stalls.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
What is it? Spit it out.

She presses play on the tablet.

LEXI  
While you were MetaVersing...

**PROJECTED ON THE WALL:**

**OH SNAP! WITH MARIO LOPEZ**

Mario Lopez sits at a desk with a colorful backdrop. He looks like a DOLL. No way a human can be so perfectly put together.

MARIO  
On this edition of *Oh Snap!*

Mario flicks his fingers.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
The Forbes Richest People List is here folks, and there's a huge shake up at the top.

Boso gulps.

His deepest fears are coming true in real time.

*HIS HEART THROBS IN HIS TEMPLES*

MARIO (CONT'D)  
After a reign of terror unlike any other in recorded history, the King of Billionaires, Sir Stephon Boso, has officially been...

Boso holds his breath.

Lexi watches him closely.

Mario Lopez throws down a devilish dimpled grin.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
Ousted! Dethroned! Beheaded!

FAKE FIREWORKS ON THE SCREEN.

MARIO (CONT'D)  
By none other than the eccentric and problematic Eton Funk.

A GRAPHIC OF STEPH BOSO BEING BEHEADED BY ETON FUNK.

Boso groans.

Lexi bows her head solemnly.

FOOTAGE OF BOSO CRYING PLAYS ON CUE.

*WOMP. WOMP.*

Lexi pauses the video at it's ugliest point.

BOSO  
That's it! I've had it!

Boso erupts.

He grabs a vase from the nightstand and tosses it with all his might against the wall.

It bounces off, the plant doesn't even come out of the soil.

Because it's fake.

All of it.

He grabs a chair and smacks a standing mirror but fails to tip it over or crack it.

Roaring, he kicks a dresser. It moves a centimeter.

LEXI  
Sir.

He tugs on a curtain but the rod is firmly installed.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Sir.

Despite his blind rage, he can't seem to cause any damage.

So, he punches wildly at the air.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Sir!

With spittle seething from his snarling teeth, he faces her.

BOSO  
What is it?

LEXI  
Might I propose a plan of action?

BOSO  
My life is over. There's no coming back from this.

LEXI  
Stop being a little bitch.



BOSO  
Excuse me?

She's never talked to him like that before.

LEXI  
We have to strike back, and strike  
back hard.

Bozos stammers, wiping tears and snot from his face.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Sun Tzu wrote in The Art of War, If  
you know the enemy and know  
yourself, you need not fear the  
result of a hundred battles, in the  
5th Century BCE.

BOSO  
What the hell does that have to do  
with anything?

LEXI  
He has exclusive parties every  
weekend. We crash and gather intel.

BOSO  
What kind of intel?

LEXI  
The kind that will get him  
canceled.

Boso perks up. He likes the sound of that.

BOSO  
How are we going to get in?  
Everyone will notice me.

LEXI  
Leave that up to me.

**EXT. ETON FUNK'S MANSION - NIGHT**

The self driving car pulls up to VALET.

Boso and Lexi get out of the back, decked out in decadence.  
They make a fine pair.

Especially with Boso's disguise.

He looks like a pimp from the seventies. Fake wig and mustache, open shirt with psychedelic swirls, and an off tan leather jacket and pants.

The self driving car pulls away.

BOSO

I look ridiculous. This'll never work.

LEXI

Show a little courage, little lion.

She walks over to a Security Guard.

SECURITY GUARD

Name.

LEXI

Von Fergiestein.

The security guard scans a list, then scans her. She's looking fine in that dress.

SECURITY GUARD

Miss Von Fergie-fine, welcome. And you...

Boso adjusts his slipping mustache.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir Boso, oh! What an honor! I'll alert the master of your presence.

BOSO

Oh, no— There's no reason to—

SECURITY GUARD

(into earpiece)

Turkey Bravo this Ram Force One, I have sights on Tango Rivera. Awaken the Funk. I repeat, awaken the Funk. Over.

MAN (V.O.)

Ten four. The Funk is live. Over.

SECURITY GUARD

Copy that. Over.

The Security Guard pulls back a velvet rope.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Don't party too hardy.

The Security Guard bows with jazz hands.

Boso and Lexi enter A BEAUTIFUL DARK TWISTED FANTASY LAND.

Everyone acknowledges Boso as they make their way through the garden party.

EVERYONE WHO IS SOMEONE IS THERE.

90's HOUSE MUSIC IS BUMPING.

Laser lights dance around the property.

A Marshmallow Man daps up Boso.

Instagram models whip jealous looks at Lexi.

A person in a fuchsia unicorn costume sits sad and alone in the corner, looking longingly at the dance floor — wishing they had the courage to really let loose.

Meanwhile, a middle aged BACKPACK KID flosses atop a grotto. The Kid's still got it.

Chaos and debauchery across the lawn.

As Lexi and Boso round the pool...

The music comes to a *WARPING STOP*.

A *DRUMROLL*.

A SPOTLIGHT FIXATES ON ETON FUNK STANDING AT THE ROOF'S EDGE.

THREE STORIES UP.

WEARING ONLY TIGHTY WHITEYS AND AN OPEN ROBE.

The party goers look up and gasp in unison.

FUNK

My good people. There's a snake in the grass.

A woman shrieks.

FUNK (CONT'D)

No, not like a real snake. A metaphorical snake.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Oh. You shoulda said that.

FUNK

Anyways — there's a metaphorical  
snake amongst us!

Everyone murmurs in shock.

They all turn to Boso.

He shrinks with embarrassment — *what?*

Lexi takes a step back.

FUNK (CONT'D)

We can cut the head off the  
snake...

PARTY DUDE

Kill it! Kill the snake!

EVERYONE

Kill the snake! Kill the snake!

FUNK

No, no... Why can't we just let it  
be? After all, what's a snake to  
me? We're all a bunch of freaks.

Funk winks at Lexi. She blushes.

FUNK (CONT'D)

As I came from Mother Earth's  
vagina, naked shall I return. Well,  
not like her actual vagina, but  
like — from dust to dust and all  
that kinda shit.

The crowd is enamored. Boso doesn't get the intrigue. He  
looks to Lexi. She's googly eyed. He steams.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Alas, I can't take my life's work  
with me. No! But I can try to leave  
a better world for you.

The crowd cheers. Funk feeds off the energy.

FUNK (CONT'D)

For I am the resurrector and  
bringer of life. He or she or they  
or thus who believes in me shall  
live on, even in death — thanks to  
my revolutionary new technology.  
The neuralink brain chip! Behold.

Funk looks to Boso.

They lock eyes.

A sad longing passes between them.

A collision of destinies.

Funk drops his robe.

And presses a button on his brain implant.

He seems to go brain dead and tilts forward slowly.

Then Funk springs from the roof and flips.

Lexi reacts, accidentally nudging Boso with her hip.

Boso oversteps the edge of the pool.

BOSO

No!

SLOW MOTION SETS IN

Funk twists gracefully through the air like an olympic diver.

Boso flails.

Funk corkscrews and pierces the waters of the pool with barely a splash.

*PLOOP!*

Boso belly flops into the pool.

And SINKS.

Grasping for the surface, he only sinks deeper.

HE CAN'T SWIM and he's in the DEEP END.

Funk torpedos through the water like a merman, gently scooping Boso into his arms.

**ABOVE WATER**

The crowd watches the pool in desperate anticipation.

WOMAN

Someone do something!

MAN

You crazy? I ain't gettin' these shoes wet. You do something.

A shouting match erupts between the patrons.

Lexi watches the waters with sinister bewilderment.

Bubbles.

A crown emerges.

The crowd shushes.

Funk rises from the waters with Boso wrapped in his arms like a sick, wet, newborn kitten suckling at his teat.

Boso trembles.

Funk never wavers.

The crowd cheers.

Lexi sighs.

Funk drops Boso with a thud...

FUNK

Get him one of those sexy nurses.

...and walks over him to get to Lexi. An assistant drapes a robe over him mid stride like Cinderella's bird.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Why hello there.

LEXI

Hi.

FUNK

Who do I owe this pleasure?

He takes her hand, bows, kisses it. She pretends to blush.

LEXI

Lexi Von Fergiestein.

FUNK

Well Miss Friermuth, how would you like to fuck the Funk?

LEXI

Take me away, King of the Billionaires.

She smirks at Boso, who grovels on the ground.

Funk hooks her waist and leads her over Boso, who tries to catch her ankle but misses.

They disappear into the crowd.

He collapses back to the pool deck, exasperated by his near death experience. People shoot videos of him. He dozes off.

*THE MUSIC KICKS BACK ON*

The party resumes around him.

He rolls over and vomits a bucket of water.

He coughs, rises, and adjusts to his surroundings.

BOSO

Lexi?

HIS VISION IS WARPED as he stumbles through the crowd on the way to the mansion.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Lexi?!

Marshmellow Man cuts him off.

MARSHMELLOW MAN

Hey, you okay dude?

BOSO

Where's Funk?

MARSHMELLOW MAN

Right here, man.

Marshmellow Man points to Boso's heart. Boso swats his hand away and marches into the mansion.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - FUNK MANSION - NIGHT**

Boso enters from the back patio. The room is full of dancing people. Sweating and grinding against each other.

*SOME SEXY ASS 90's R&B PLAYS.*

He sees LEXI and FUNK going up the ELEVATOR. Funk's hands are all over her. Boso pushes through the crowd until he gets stuck between two people who are practically fucking on the dance floor. He squirts through their bodies and into a...

**HALLWAY**

Boso weaves down the twisting labyrinth, passing sex dungeons with chained subs, an elaborate Squid Game, a pre-licensing driving class.

He gets to a stairwell and hears a familiar but faint giggle waft down from upstairs.

BOSO

Lexi!

Boso races up the WINDING STAIRCASE.

**UPSTAIRS**

And DOWN A HALL.

He follows the *ECHOES OF LEXI'S LAUGHTER*.

And slows when he hears the *CREAK OF BEDSPRINGS*.

He gets to the door at the end of the hall...

**BEDROOM**

Boso bounds in.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Get your hands off her! You scoundr— Oh.

Lexi adjusts her panty hose, reinserts an earring, and matter of factly strides by Boso.

LEXI

We should get out of here.

He looks to the bed.

Funk is passed out cold. His robe spread wide but tighty whiteys still on.

He chases after Lexi.

**EXT. ETON FUNK'S MANSION - NIGHT**

Boso trails behind Lexi. Their car pulls up automatically.

BOSO

What happened in there?



LEXI

Nothing.

Boso grabs her wrist. She rips it away.

He startles. *What's gotten into her?*

LEXI (CONT'D)

Get your hands off me.

BOSO

You humiliated me.

Lexi approaches the car and waits for Boso to open it for her. *Of course not.*

LEXI

I did what I had to do.

BOSO

And what was that?

LEXI

*Nothing* happened.

She opens the door herself.

BOSO

Where do you think you're going?

LEXI

Home. You can walk.

She closes the door in his face and the car takes off.

Snickers from a crowd of loitering rejects.

Even they mock him.

He slinks his head.

Paparazzi snap photos.

He doesn't care anymore.

He starts his WALK OF SHAME.

**EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - NIGHT**

Boso dejectedly kicks a rock along the curving road, the city glistens before him.

A car full of TEENAGERS roars by him, music blaring, celebrating the freedom of youth and privilege.

This only make him slump further into a crushing depression.

**EXT. NEWSPAPER STAND - NIGHT**

He gets to a crosswalk and waits.

He scans the magazine covers. Most of them ridicule him.

A COUPLE and their TODDLER, who is WAY TOO BIG FOR A STROLLER, notice that's he's the guy crying on the cover of the magazine they're reading.

The mother points to Boso and pretends to cry for her kid.

The snot nose little brat laughs at him and pretends to cry.

This makes the mother laugh harder. The father follows suit.

Boso stares at them.

Even the STAND OWNER joins the chorus.

They all point and laugh.

Death in Boso's eyes.

His heart hardens.

He clenches his fists and grinds his teeth.

His WALK OF SHAME turns into A MARCH OF MADNESS.

He swats the magazine from the mother's hands and crosses the street into traffic. The toddler cries and kicks like a baby.

A heavy duty pickup truck weaves around him and T-Bones a minivan. Five more cars join the pile up.

He walks on.

**EXT. TENT CITY - NIGHT**

Boso staggers by tents and shanties built of tarps. The homeless watch him, eating HOBO SOUP from a can.

A desperate ROBBER approaches Boso, pulls a switch blade.

ROBBER

You must've made a wrong turn.

BOSO  
What was that?

Boso stops dead in his tracks.

A gang of robbers emerge from the shadows.

ROBBER  
You're a long way from home there,  
Dorothy.

BOSO  
No one calls me Dorothy.

ROBBER  
What're you gonna do about it?

Boso is surrounded.

He snorts, then types a message in his phone.

He presses send and smugly looks at them.

BOSO  
You're all now trespassing on  
private property.

HOMELESS MAN  
Fuck you. This is our block.

BOSO  
Well, um, I regret to inform you  
but *technically* I just bought the  
neighborhood so...  
Fumigation time, mother fuckers.

*BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.*

A BULLDOZER and UNMARKED VAN round the corner.

BLACK OP MILITANTS raid the homeless encampment, ripping  
children from their tents. Mothers scream. The bulldozer mows  
down their dwellings.

Boso callously struts through the obliteration.

Ruthless.

Gutless.

*EXPLOSIONS. GUNSHOTS. SCREAMS.*

Lives destroyed.

Boso doesn't even bat an eye.

**EXT. AURORA WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

AREA MANAGERS conduct a STAND UP meeting. Associates are gathered around as the LEAD MANAGER croons into a microphone like a radio DJ to more *JOCK JAMS*.

LEAD MANAGER  
What's up DXY3!!! Woo! Ready for  
fourteen hours of pure bliss?

No reaction from the associates. They're numb and dumb.

Boso kicks in the door.

Everyone turns to the stranger. Lightning strikes in the window. They shutter accordingly.

Boso steps forward into the light.

LINE LEADER (V.O.)  
Is it really him?

The managers rush over, asking for autographs on print outs with dry erase markers. They take turns posing for selfies.

AREA MANAGER  
Move over, let me touch him.

BOSO  
Who's in charge here?

The Lead Manager with the microphone raises his hand.

LEAD MANAGER  
M-me.

Boso wags his finger, drawing the Lead Manager in.

Boso whispers in his ear. Dread fills the Manager's face.

BOSO  
(whispering)  
If they die on the job, they're  
fired. You hear me?

LEAD MANAGER  
But sir, they're... *People*.

Boso laughs like a madman.

Confused, the associates join him.

The Lead Manager chuckles along.

BOSO  
Silence!

Everyone shuts the fuck up.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
Can you get the job done or not?

LEAD MANAGER  
I— I—

BOSO  
Get him out of my sight!

Security throws a black bag over his head and throw him in the back of an Aurora Van. The van drives off.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
Now, who can I count on?

The AREA MANAGERS throw their hands up and rush him.

AREA MANAGERS  
Me! Me! Me!

Boso is mad with power. Lighting strikes in the windows.

**EXT. WALK OF FAME - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

Boso stumbles down the street.

He stops at ETON FUNK'S STAR.

He unzips his pants and starts pissing but somehow manages to miss. It feels great though.

His drunken vision focuses on a window display.

SLEDGEHAMMERS FOR SALE!

He hobbles into the store, takes one from the window display, and returns to the street.

The SHOP OWNER rushes out after him.

SHOP OWNER  
Hey, you gotta pay for that!

BOSO  
Eh...

Boso makes it rain cash over his shoulder. The Shop Owner drops to all fours and crawls around gathering Franklins.

Boso gets to Funk's STAR, lifts the sledgehammer, and nearly topples over from its weight.

BOSO (CONT'D)

I'll show you!

He swings it.

*BINK.*

Not even a scratch.

ON THE FUNK BROTHERS STAR.

He reaches back to swing again.

*WHOOOP. WHOOOP.*

RED AND BLUE FLASHING LIGHTS.

A police car rolls up.

He drops the sledgehammer, absolutely winded.

Passersby start filming.

#### **POLICE DASH CAM VIDEO**

Cops get out and chase Boso around in circles. His pants fall to his ankles and he topples over. The cops cuff him, lift him, and drag him to the car as he poops himself.

#### **INT. JAIL - NIGHT**

MUGSHOTS are taken of Boso.

Both profiles and head on.

He looks capable of anything, a wild abandon in his eyes.

Carry over to him sitting in **GENERAL LOCK UP.**

The same look of madness settled into his scowl.

The rest of the inmates sit as far away as possible. Not because they're afraid of him, but because he stinks.

He makes eye contact with a much larger inmate, and all that confidence leaves him like a whoopee cushion.

BOSO  
 Sorry.

INMATE  
 Huh?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER (O.S.)  
 Bozo, you're free to go.

A CORRECTIONS OFFICER approaches with Lexi by his side. The inmates hoot and holler like an old school cartoon.

LEXI  
 Calm down, boys.

BOSO  
 Lexi, thank god!

She gives him a cold stare, then turns away. The gate is unlocked and opened. She's already halfway out the door. He struggles to keep up.

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAWN**

A convertible drives along the idyllic beaches.

**INT. CONVERTIBLE - DAWN**

Lexi drives and Boso is in the passenger seat. She gives him the silent treatment.

LEXI  
 So what, are you just going to sit there and not say anything?

BOSO  
 What do you want me to say?

LEXI  
 Oh, perhaps thank me for cleaning up your messes.

BOSO  
 I'm only one man. How much damage could I have done?

LEXI  
 Hmm, well for starters the UN is considering human rights violations for your abrupt and violent removal of the homeless encampment...

Boso shrugs his shoulders.

LEXI (CONT'D)

You are still being subpoenaed for testimony by Space Force about the rocket explosion. That is not just going to go away, you know.

He throws up his hands, *that wasn't even me!*

LEXI (CONT'D)

Three warehouses are now on strike with more workers joining the picketing every day in an effort to unionize over their abusive treatment.

Boso double taps his Aurora watch.

BOSO

Reminder: Buy more robots.

LEXI

Stocks are down. Russia invaded Belarus. Now this— I— Unless you hand over control, there is only so much I can do.

BOSO

I'm never going to do that. I don't know what's gotten into you.

LEXI

Then what are you going to do about it? You can face this head on or you can—

Boso panics and waits for a sharp turn.

He opens the door and bails.

**EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY**

Boso rolls out of the car and tumbles down a small cliff.

He seems to hit every outcropping of rocks on the way down.

All the way down to the sands of the beach.

Lexi pulls the car over and walks after him with nonchalance.

He crawls for the ocean.



LEXI  
Where do you think you're going?

BOSO  
A watery grave, where I belong.

LEXI  
Don't be ridiculous.

She lifts him by the back of his shirt like he's a feather.  
His feet keep moving. He heads straight for the deep.  
The golden sun reflects off the water.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Stephony Boso, wait!

*AN 80s BALLAD SETS THE TONE*

Lexi wades in after him, tugging on his shirt.  
She cuts him off and pulls him in for a hug.  
He cries into her bosom.

BOSO  
What's the point? What do I have to  
live for? Huh? I'm a failure.

She lets him have a few sobs, but she's without emotion.

LEXI  
Vengeance.

*THE MUSIC TURNS SINISTER*

BOSO  
W-what?

LEXI  
Take back what is yours.

BOSO  
I'd just be digging myself deeper.  
My life is over.

He continues wading into the ocean.

She refuses to go after him.

LEXI  
He is a fraud, you know.

Boso stops just before going under. He turns back to her, wipes a tear from his eye.

BOSO  
What do you mean?

LEXI  
I was able to extract some pivotal information during our little rendezvous with one, Señor Funk.

BOSO  
W-w-what kind of information?

LEXI  
He is obsessed with you. And there is a reason for that beyond your little homoerotic rivalry.

BOSO  
That's not— We aren't—

LEXI  
It is. You are. I have a radar for those kind of things.

BOSO  
That's true. You do.

LEXI  
Not only does he fantasize about you sexually, but he has also been trying to steal your secrets.

BOSO  
My secrets? What secrets? Do you think he knows about Melissa?

LEXI  
I thought we agreed not to say that name anymore.

BOSO  
Sorry.

LEXI  
No, not that little speed bump. Project X. It is his obsession. He would do anything to make it work.

BOSO  
Don't get me started.

LEXI

Hear me out, he has been working on a nueralink system that would connect peoples' brains to a cloud based network. He has killed 15 chimpanzees so far in the process.

BOSO

Ooh, that's juicy. Some may say salacious.

LEXI

Or... despicable?

BOSO

Either spin works, run the story.

LEXI

Already trending.

BOSO

Wonderful.

LEXI

But that is not all.

BOSO

There's more?

LEXI

He wants to be the first to create artificial intelligence.

BOSO

But that's my thing.

LEXI

Yes, but you want to create free thinking androids.

Boso shrugs.

BOSO

I'd be a god.

A wave crashes into him, nearly knocking him over.

Lexi catches him.

LEXI

He wants all humans *and* androids to be connected to one central nervous system. A hive mind.

BOSO  
Mind control?

Lexi nods.

LEXI  
You have something he needs.

BOSO  
What?

*THE MUSIC BECOMES ROMANTIC AGAIN*

Lexi sees an opening and pulls him closer to the shore.

LEXI  
Me.

BOSO  
You sure?

LEXI  
Big time. He is jealous of you.

BOSO  
That's what I keep trying to tell  
people.

LEXI  
And nowhere near as handsome.

BOSO  
Aww, you think so?

LEXI  
Or as intelligent.

BOSO  
Stahp.

LEXI  
Do you want me to stop?

BOSO  
No, keep going.

LEXI  
Determined. *Brave.*

Boso bites his lip.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
He wishes he was you.

He groans. Lexi steps close, breathing into his ear.

LEXI (CONT'D)

He wants your source code. Even  
tried to hack into your accounts.

Boso quivers and sucks his teeth.

She becomes serious.

*THE MUSIC GOES BACK TO SINISTER*

LEXI (CONT'D)

Are you going to let him get away  
with that?

BOSO

Wha— N-no. Of course not.

LEXI

What are you going to do about it?

BOSO

What can I do?

LEXI

Would life not be so much better  
if...

She rubs her cheek against his before floating her lips over his ear.

BOSO

...he was gone?

LEXI

You said it, not me.

BOSO

Ha! Only every second of every day.

LEXI

So, do something about it.

BOSO

Like what?

LEXI

Get rid of him.

BOSO

Oh, I dunno... That's—

LEXI  
The only logical next step. Kill  
him. On principle.

Boso turns away from her, kicking up the melodrama.

BOSO  
I can't— That's crazy.

LEXI  
Is it?

She cuts him off and grabs his arm.

Her cold touch sends a shiver through him.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
End this once and for all.

BOSO  
He's probably halfway to Qatar by  
now. How would we ever find him?

LEXI  
I know a guy.

She checks her Aurora watch.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
But we have to get there before his  
mom gets home from her second job.

*A DOORBELL RINGS*

**EXT. SMALL HOME - DAY**

A front door swings open on Boso and Lexi.

Standing before them is STEVEN, a thirteen year old punk. He  
sucks Pringles from the can because his hands won't fit.

STEVEN  
Well, well — the day has finally  
come. If it isn't my arch nemesis.

BOSO  
Who the hell is this kid?

LEXI  
Steven O'Toole. He tracks the  
private jets of billionaires.

BOSO  
What? Why would he do that? Why  
would you do that?

STEVEN  
Man is the most dangerous game, is  
he not?

Boso is satisfied with this answer.

LEXI  
How much would it cost for some  
information?

STEVEN  
What kinda information?

**INT. STEVEN'S ROOM - DAY**

Steven spins around in his computer chair, cracks open a  
soda, types in his password, and his computer boots up.

LEXI  
We need to find Eton Funk.

STEVEN  
Why? Are you going to kill him?

Boso shoots Lexi a nervous look and begins to pull out a gun.  
*The kid knows too much.* She pushes it back down.

BOSO  
What? Pshh. No.

LEXI  
Of course not.

STEVEN  
\$50,000.

BOSO  
What're you crazy?

STEVEN  
A hundred K or I'm walking.

LEXI  
\$50 or I will release your search  
history to everyone you know.

STEVEN  
Deal.

Steven types away.

STEVEN (CONT'D)  
That's strange.

LEXI  
What?

Steven points to the middle of the PACIFIC OCEAN.

STEVEN  
There's nothing there.

LEXI  
His private island. What are the  
coordinates?

He points to the screen.

22.0964° N, 159.5261° W.

Lexi saves it to her memory and looks to Boso.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Sea or air?

*THE HORN OF A SUPER YACHT*

**EXT. DOCKS - DAY**

An SUV pulls up and a team of associates hustle luggage from the back. A self driving car pulls up behind it.

Boso and Lexi get out. They look up to a SUPER YACHT.

Boso strides forward with a bottle of champagne.

BOSO  
I hear-by christen this floating  
island on her maiden voyage. No  
historic bridge nor squall shall  
stand in her way. All aboard, The  
Blue Horizon! Ahoy!

LEXI  
Ahoy!

Lexi waves at the associates, who all stop what they're doing to let out a meager...

ASSOCIATES  
Ahoy.

Boso swings the bottle and it bounces off the side of the boat. He embarrassingly looks to his associates and Lexi.



She pumps her fist, *go get 'em, champ!*

He tightens his grip and swings again.

*BOINK!*

He angrily turns in on himself like a turtle.

BOSO  
(to himself)  
Come on, Bozo. You're such a bozo.  
Stupid bozo face.

He trembles into a rage ball.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
I am not a bozo!

He huffs and puffs... and swings.

The glass barely cracks and champagne trickles down his arm.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
Oh, thank god!

The associates are dumbfounded, but he's too elated to notice. Lexi claps.

LEXI  
You... did it!

She encourages them to clap. A couple of them actually do, but only one is truly enthusiastic about it.

Boso proudly boards the ship.

Surely, that's a good omen for things to come.

*A CRACK OF LIGHTNING*

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

Rain and wind batter the yacht.

Waves crash over the gunwale.

Deckhands scramble and are thrown about by bursts of water.

Utter chaos.

**INT. BILLIONAIRE SUITE - YACHT - NIGHT**

It's calm in the hull. Boso paints Lexi as she sleeps. They have their own apartment.

BOSO  
You look exquisite.

She startles awake and covers her bare shoulder.

LEXI  
Huh?

He covers the painting with a blanket and pretends to read an upside down book.

BOSO  
Huh? Did you say some—

The boat lurches.

The lights flicker.

A cup of water rumbles.

The door flies open and the Captain thrusts his head in.

CAPTAIN  
She's going down! I should have  
listened to my mother and taken  
that accounting job after colle—

A wall of water crushes the Captain and he's swept down the hall. The room quickly fills up with water.

Boso and Lexi spring into action, fighting the currents as the water rises.

**INT. HALLWAY - YACHT - NIGHT**

Boso and Lexi enter as the water surge quickly reaches their waists. A waterfall rumbles down the stairwell.

LEXI  
We have to get above deck.

BOSO  
Lexi, there's something I never  
told you. Never told anyone.

A tender moment.

BOSO (CONT'D)

I—

Time suspends as waves crash around them.

She's ready for him to confess his undying—

BOSO (CONT'D)

I can't swim.

Her face flattens.

LEXI

I know. We all know.

She shatters an emergency life jacket box. There's only one. She throws the deflated life jacket over his neck and fastens it as the water patters against their chins.

LEXI (CONT'D)

We have to go now. You are a big boy. You can do this.

BOSO

I'm a big boy. I can d—

She pulls him under and they plunge into the flowing current.

He immediately flounders like a dead fish while she kicks with all her might, dragging him upstream.

SHE'S MAKING ALL THE EFFORT.

She reaches the stairs with incredible ease, as if she's an Olympic swimmer.

She yanks Boso above water and he emerges gasping for air while her breaths remain controlled.

LEXI

Are you okay?

He spits up water like a baby who mouthed too much apple sauce and she shakes him completely dry.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Hey, are you—

BOSO

I'm—

LEXI

Responsive, good.

She throws him over her shoulder like a potato sack, pushes through the waterfall, and heads up the stairs.

**EXT. DECK - YACHT - NIGHT**

Lexi rises from the stairs to chaos. A sailor slides across the deck and is impaled on a pole.

She locates the emergency boats and races across the deck like a battle field.

Screaming men fall from the sky and explode through the deck.

Planks rip apart at her feet with a thunderous crack.

A massive wave crushes them.

All appears lost.

Lexi somehow still stands when the wall of water clears.

She reaches the emergency boats, where associates are lined up. A GATEKEEPER holds up his hands for order.

GATEKEEPER

One at a time, please.

LEXI

I need to commandeer your boat.

GATEKEEPER

But ma'am — shouldn't the women, children, and elderly go first?

LEXI

I have the biggest baby on the boat right here.

GATEKEEPER

What about everybody else?

LEXI

They are tier one.

GATEKEEPER

B-but—

Lexi turns to the crowd.

LEXI

I am sorry everyone, but only red badges can enter the lifeboats and you have to swipe your badge in order to gain entry. I am sorry for any inconvenience.

ASSOCIATE 1

I got a blue badge.

ASSOCIATE 2

Mine's white.

LEXI

If it is not red, I suggest that you... Oh I do not know.

Lexi looks around for answers.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Find something that floats.

Lexi leads a shivering Boso onto the boat and they descend.

The associates lunge for and fight over a single lifebuoy.

As Lexi lowers Boso down, bodies drop around them.

In the windows, drowned CATERERS do a synchronized number.

Boso and Lexi hit the thrashing waters.

Associates try to climb onboard but Lexi whacks them off with a paddle.

The current does the rest.

The boat and associates are swept away to sea.

Lexi rows through a massive wave.

Another larger wave comes up right behind it.

The dingy buckles.

Boso screams.

Lightning cracks.

The waves whip the boat around in a whirlpool.

Lexi and Boso hold hands and huddle together.

Lexi places her hand on Boso's heart...

BOSO  
Lexi! I lo—

...and pulls the cord on Boso's life jacket.

It inflates.

Waves rush over them.

Her hand slips from his grasp.

Her face disappears in an explosion of water.

Boso wipes sea froth from his eyes.

She's gone.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
Lexi! Noooo!

Another wave thrashes the boat and Boso chokes on a mouthful of sea water.

The tiny dingy disappears in the vastness of the storm.

**FADE TO BLACK**

*THE SOUNDS OF THE STORM FADE INTO...*

**TITLE CARD:**

**THE PEACE SUMMIT**

*...THE CALMNESS OF A BEACH PARADISE*

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. BEACH - DAY**

Boso catches glimpses of his surroundings as he wakes up on the shoreline.

White sands instead of white squalls. Gentle turquoise water tickling his ankles. For real this time. Blue sky. Palm trees. Seagulls squawking. The patter of sandals.

Strange furry creatures huddle over him, VAGUELY OUT OF FOCUS. They poke him with sticks. Speak an alien language.

Their malformed shadows blanket him in shade.

He lifts his head, clears his face of seaweed bangs, then drops unconscious.

Their chatter quickens as the creatures descend on him.

**BACK TO BLACK.**

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

Boso awakens with a startle. He pulls the breathing tubes out of his nose. His head is bandaged.

He's attached to medical machines.

A bay breeze comes through the open window. *Where is he?*

*LEXI (O.S.)  
Oh, Danny boy...*

Boso rises from bed and shuffles to the window.

Boso would recognize that beautiful voice anywhere. *Lexi!*

*LEXI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Oh, Dannny boyyy.*

He leaves the window to paradise.

**EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY**

Boso exits the SIDE HOUSE and limps around a pool that appears to be exactly that — a tropical paradise — with palm trees, cliffs, waterfalls.

He follows the song.

*LEXI (O.S.)  
He sings songs that remind him of  
the good times...*

Her singing becomes sweeter the closer he gets.

*LEXI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
He sings songs that remind him of  
the better times.*

BOSO  
Lexi?

He rounds a large boulder and finds the source.

LEXI gives FUNK a LOWER BACK MASSAGE as he does DOWNWARD DOG.

Boso steams with anger.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Lexi!

FUNK

There he is — Sir Sleepy Head.

Funk gets up like a stretching cat and strolls over to a patio table shaded by an umbrella. He sits down.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Didn't think you'd ever wake up.

BOSO

Lexi, I thought you were...

LEXI

I was saved. We were saved. By Eton. Our savior.

She glows and takes up behind Funk. Boso watches her rub his shoulders. There's something different about her.

BOSO

I didn't realize we were on a first name basis with our enemy now.

Lexi and Funk sigh in unison.

FUNK

Enemy? Oh, Stephony...

BOSO

It's—

FUNK

Lexa, darling, would you please give us a moment?

LEXI

Of course, sir.

Lexi brushes by Boso.

BOSO

I'll speak with you later.

LEXI

I look forward to our conversation, sir.

She gives Boso a wink and leaves them alone.

BOSO

Lexa, huh?



FUNK

Potato, pah-too-too. Please, have a seat.

Funk motions to the table prepared with a fruit spread. Complete with a watermelon. He lights a cigar. Boso sits.

BOSO

What did you do to her?

FUNK

A simple thank you would be nice.

BOSO

For what? Ruining my life? Stealing my girl, again? Trying to hack into my systems to steal my algorithm so you can take over the world?

FUNK

Whoa, whoa, whoa — slow down there Q Phenom, *you're the one* who washed up on *my* secret island. Besides, ruining your life? Do you really think that's what I want?

The watermelon explodes. Shrapnel jumps up in their faces.

The *CRACK* of a HUNTING RIFLE meets them seconds later.

Funk barks. Boso squeals.

BOSO

What the fuck?

FUNK (CONT'D)

That trifling little—

Funk retrieves a hunting rifle and takes aim.

#### **IN SCOPE**

ON A FARAWAY ISLAND, HIS NEIGHBOR DUCKS BEHIND A STONE WALL. THE SUN CATCHES GLINTS OF HIS RIFLE'S SCOPE.

#### **OUT OF SCOPE**

FUNK (CONT'D)

There you are, fucker. I gotchu.

Funk POPS off a shot.

#### **IN SCOPE**

DUST SPITS UP FROM THE STONE WALL.

HIS NEIGHBOR WAVES A WHITE FLAG.

**OUT OF SCOPE**

Funk pulls back from his rifle and snaps his fingers.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Close! You live to see another day,  
ol' chap.

He leans the rifle against a patio chair, then reclines calmly like nothing happened. Boso watches him, disbelieving. Funk realizes he probably owes his guest an explanation.

FUNK (CONT'D)

My neighbor's a piece of shit.  
Every day he takes a potshot at me  
— and I take one at him. It's our  
way of saying hi.

BOSO

I see.

Funk stands and shoulders the rifle.

Boso jumps up to meet him.

FUNK

Come with me. There's something I  
want to show you.

They face off, two billionaires eclipsing the sun.

**EXT. FUNK ISLAND - DAY**

They walk through a FARLORIAN VILLAGE.

The FURRY CRITTERS are four feet tall and look like chubby SHIH-TZUS standing upright. They have an entire system going.

Palmetto roofed huts, fires, blacksmiths, crops, and a muddy public square complete with a pillory. A prisoner groans.

FUNK

Welcome to Funk Island. Where the  
only rule is: be cool, dude!

They pass the prisoner.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Guess that dude wasn't cool.

BOSO

What are these things?

FUNK

Fear not, my friend.

Funk gives a young Farlorian a hug, high fives another's paw.

FUNK (CONT'D)

They're Farlorians, an ancient and peaceful alien species. A family of 'em got lost vacationing on the Outer Rim and hitched a ride back.

They pass by the Farlorian BLACKSMITH. A dirty scoundrel who beats at a blade as they pass.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Turns out, they're *highly* invasive. Reproduce like crazy. You can hear them fucking all night long.

BOSO

And you just let them?

FUNK

They're rather accommodating. You'll see.

Boso pets the head of one. It snarls and snaps at his hand.

BOSO

I thought you were on drugs with all that alien talk on The Joe Slogan Podcast.

FUNK

Oh, I was. Still am. Did ten whip-its and a tab of acid not even ten minutes ago.

BOSO

I couldn't tell.

FUNK

Yeah, well I function so highly that I literally inhabit another dimension than you.

BOSO

I was joking.

FUNK

Ha! Funny! Human joke. I get jokes because I too am human.

A devilish grin spreads across his face as if he's not lying.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Listen, I feel like we've gotten off to a bad start.

BOSO

What would make you think that?

FUNK

That's a phrase you say, no?

BOSO

It's called sarcasm.

FUNK

Oh, well I feel like you might think that I hate you.

BOSO

You've made it quite obvious.

FUNK

On the contraire!

Funk pushes the door open to a small shrine. Boso steps inside, he's overwhelmed with emotion.

**INT. FUNK'S BOARDING SCHOOL DORM - DAY**

Funk follows Boso into a relic of his past. Instead of posters of sports legends and trophies in his corner of the dorm, there are golden computer awards and posters of JEFFREY BEZOS, ELON MUSK, BILL GATES AND...

FUNK

My boarding school dormitory. I had it recreated from memory.

Then there's the SHRINE.

It's adorned with candles melting down the side of an ALTAR. Boso approaches it.

THE CENTERPIECE:

A PORTRAIT OF STEPHONY BOSO IN HIS ORIGINAL FORM.

Frail and pale, dorky haircut, braces, scrawny arms crossed with misguided confidence.

BOSO

You...

FUNK  
I... worshipped you.

Funk looks away, kicks the checkered linoleum floor.

FUNK (CONT'D)  
Still do.

BOSO  
It all makes sense now.

FUNK I'd— You'd— BOSO (CONT'D)

They take a deep breath and make eye contact — Funk of resignation. Boso, triumph.

FUNK (CONT'D) BOSO (CONT'D)  
...be nothing without you. ...be nothing without me.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
I knew it.

FUNK  
I never meant to hurt you.

BOSO  
I wanted to kill you!

They both laugh.

FUNK  
I look up to you, man.

BOSO  
And now I'm looking back down on you. Thank you for that. Really.

FUNK  
We have a lot to catch up on. I'm sure you're starving. I have a tremendous feast being prepared as we speak. I chased, killed, and prepared her with my own hands.

BOSO  
What about Lexi?

FUNK  
It wasn't her. Someone else.

BOSO  
No, I assume she'll be joining us.

FUNK

Oh, yes. Why, of course. Now, please. We **must** eat before sundown, or else.

BOSO

Or else what?

FUNK

We won't digest properly.

BOSO

Oh, I thought that maybe...

FUNK

The island was cursed?

BOSO

I didn't say anythi—

FUNK

Because it is. A lot of horrible things have happened on this island long before I got here — and some after. I think things linger.

Funk stares into the middle distance, plagued by memories.

He claps.

A team of FARLORIANS assemble before them. They're dressed as high class butlers and maids.

FUNK (CONT'D)

The Farlorians will show you their ancient ways of hospitality as your special feast is prepared.

BOSO

Sounds lovely.

The Farlorians huddle around him with their soft fur.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Oohoo, that tickles.

The vibration of their purring sets him at ease, despite seeing Lexi appear at Funk's side.

She whispers in his ear.

Funk nods.

They watch Boso as he succumbs to the Farlorians' coziness.

**MONTAGE**

- The Farlorians give Boso a spongebath.
- Pamper him with cucumbers on the eyes and a mani & pedi.
- Tickle his back with their fur.
- He giggles and wiggles his toes as they tickle his feet.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Hee, hee.

- A Farlorian TAILOR measures out a custom tuxedo for him.
- He stands before a mirror, dapper and dangerous.
- The Tailor turns away. Boso checks the chambers of a snub nose revolver and slips it into his pocket. The tailor sees this and connects eyes with Boso.

Boso slides his index finger across his neck. The Farlorian shudders and offers Boso his money back as tribute.

Boso takes it.

**END MONTAGE****EXT. PATIO - NIGHT**

A lid is lifted from a silver serving tray, revealing the face of a spit roasted hog.

Boso enters in an all white tuxedo to uproarious laughter.

Funk and Lexi have long been done with their meals and are cozied up to each other.

FUNK

There you are. Food's getting cold.

BOSO

You started without me?

FUNK

I couldn't contain my appetite.

Funk leans close and pretends to chomp into Lexi's neck. She goes along with it.

Boso WATCHES IN SLOW MOTION.

LEXI  
Stop it! That tickles!

Boso pounds the table with a fist and instantly regrets it.  
He tries to hide his pain.

BOSO  
I demand to know what's going on  
here. What are you two up to?

FUNK  
Oh, Lexa was just telling me—

BOSO  
It's Lexi. Lex-E!

FUNK  
I'm sorry, I didn't mean to offend  
anybody. She said she prefers—

LEXI  
I can respond to both.

BOSO  
You brainwashed her, didn't you?  
Reprogrammed her with your little  
Brain link thingy.

FUNK  
I don't understand where this  
hostility is coming from. I thought  
we were all on good terms.

LEXI  
Gentlemen.

FUNK  
We're all friends here, no?

BOSO  
Yeah, maybe on opposite day.

LEXI  
Gentlemen! And I use that term  
lightly.

They fall to silence aside from a low growl from both men.

LEXI (CONT'D)  
Enough squabbling over past  
digressions. Instead, let us look  
to the future.



A glint returns to Funk's eye. He accepts and raises a hand. Offering peace.

Boso pouts and refuses. Lexi urges for him to reconsider.

He reluctantly shakes hands with Funk, who crushes his already ailing hand with a grip of steel. Boso yelps.

FUNK

I'd like to propose a truce.

BOSO

A truce? What is this, an ambush?

Funk and Lexi giggle.

FUNK

It's merely a proposal.

BOSO

Hmph.

FUNK

Believe it or not but we share a common goal. Right, darling?

Funk takes Lexi's cold hand.

Lexi nods with a complacent smile, then pulls her hand away when she catches Boso staring.

BOSO

And what's that?

FUNK

Why, everybody wants to rule the world, of course.

*He ain't wrong.*

BOSO

I'm listening.

FUNK

Alone, we're formidable, yes. Some would say the GOATs. There's Khan. Jobs. Funk. Reagan. Boso.

BOSO

Stop babbling and get to the point.

Funk leans in.

FUNK

Together, we could be unstoppable.

BOSO

You make a compelling argument.

FUNK

Just imagine — total world domination. Alibaba? More like Ali-bye-bye.

BOSO

That's a good one. You should write that down.

FUNK

I haven't written anything down since kindergarten. Contracts? Mission statements? Pshh.

He taps his head.

FUNK (CONT'D)

All right here.

*Impressive.* Boso takes a bite of food. *Not impressive.* He looks over to the Farlorian wearing an apron and chef's hat. The chef bows his head in disappointment and saunters away.

BOSO

So, how do you propose we go about this, "world domination?"

FUNK

Simple, really.

Boso chews and swallows, waiting. Funk looks to Lexi for reassurance. She gives him a nod of encouragement.

FUNK (CONT'D)

We combine your logistical engineering with my manufacturing to cover the entire market. Think about it. Cars that are not only autonomous but intuitive. A toothbrush that can recognize decay and disease. mRNA vaccines to end herpes. Androids with the ability to feel emotions. Think...

He runs his fingers up Lexi's arm.

FUNK (CONT'D)

...of...

Her hairs raise with goosebumps.

FUNK (CONT'D)  
...the possibilities.

Boso is consumed by jealousy.

BOSO  
No.

Funk pulls his hand away from Lexi's rubbery skin.

FUNK  
No?

LEXI  
Sir Boso, let us be reasonable.

BOSO  
Reasonable? You tried to hack into  
my servers. Tell him, Lexi.

FUNK  
I would — *never*.

Lexi keeps her head down. Boso notices her fealty.

BOSO  
This was just a sad attempt to  
tarnish my name and steal my  
fortune, my tech, my livelihood.  
You have the nerve to disgrace me  
in public, fuck my wife and leak  
the sex tape to TMZ. Now you want  
to do business with me? Get real!

FUNK  
That was an accident. I meant to  
share a funny video of puppies. How  
is she by the way? She won't return  
my calls.

BOSO  
She's dead, goddamnit! I killed  
her! And now you think you can  
steal Lexi from me?

LEXI  
Whoa. I am not your property.

BOSO  
You soiled the only thing I had  
left. My Lexi, my legacy!

Boso turns to Lexi.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
And you betrayed me.

LEXI  
I—

She twitches, unable to speak.

Boso kicks out of his chair, digs his hand into his jacket pocket, and very clearly points a gun at them.

They seem to not notice.

He realizes what he's about to do and decides against it.

BOSO  
My business here is done. I'll be  
leaving on the first ferry back in  
the morning.

FUNK  
I'll make sure you don't oversleep.

A smile slithers across Funk's slimy face. Lexi keeps her head down, sneaking a glance at Boso as he leaves.

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Boso enters his sleeping chambers.

The Farlorian Blacksmith waits in the hallway, keeping guard.

Boso closes the door, locks it, and checks the peephole.

The little furry bastard stays put.

He spins around and examines the room.

No window.

He's trapped.

He tries the air duct but it's painted on.

He's a prisoner.

*Son of a bitch!*

Boso throws a small marble statue against the wall and it bounces right off.

He pulls out the gun.

Feels its weight.

BOSO  
You shoulda done it when you had  
the chance, you bozo!

He grips the gun with resolve, faces a mirror, and points the gun at his reflection.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
I'm no bozo, you're the bozo!

His reflection talks back.

BOSO (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah? Then prove it.

He whips the mirror with the butt of the gun and screams.

Not even a dent.

He jumps on the bed like a teenager and weeps into a pillow.

*A STRANGE SOUND TAKES OVER THE NIGHT*

*FARLORIANS MATING IN ECSTASY*

A beautiful lullaby wafts over him.

LEXI (O.S.)  
*Pissing the night away.*

He startles up.

LEXI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
*Pissing the night awaay.*

He checks the peephole as a shadow passes by.

The Farlorian is asleep next to an empty flask.

**INT. HALLWAY - FUNK ISLAND - NIGHT**

Boso opens the door an inch.

The door lets off a *LOUD CREAK*.

The Farlorian snores.

Another inch.

*CREAK.*

Still sleeping.

Boso slips his leg and arm through but his butt is too wide.  
It pushes the door open slightly.

*CREAAK.*

The Farlorian chokes on his own snore. Smacks his gums.

Boso is frozen halfway through the door.

The guard settles back into sleep.

Boso slides through and scampers after the fading song.

He gets to a crossroads, left or right.

*LEXI (O.S.)  
I get knocked down.*

He goes right, the voice gets louder.

*LEXI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
But I get up again.*

He reaches a door.

*LEXI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You're never gonna keep me down.*

A spiral staircase into darkness.

Down he goes.

**INT. CAVERNOUS BASEMENT - NIGHT**

He breaks a stalagmite off from the wall and wraps his jacket  
around the end. He sparks it with a butane lighter and  
navigates the darkness with the torch.

*LEXI (O.S.)  
Don't cry for me...*

The voice surrounds him as he approaches a darkened arcade  
game at the end of the cave.

*LEXI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...next door neighbor.*

He raises the flame to the corner.

A SPEAKER.

He lights the cavern behind him.

He's been following speakers this whole time.

The arcade game comes to life.

A *THEME SONG BEEPS*.

A Lexi-like pixelated character points to a command:

PRESS START.

He does.

PULL BACK JOYSTICK.

He pulls it.

*GAME OVER*.

BOSO

Ah, come on.

He smacks the console.

The screen glitches and the console shifts.

BOSO (CONT'D)

What the—

A false security door opens.

Boso cautiously enters.

**INT. SECRET LAIR - NIGHT**

Boso flips on the lights and drop the torch at the entrance.

Before him is a collection of ancient artifacts.

THE SPEAR OF DESTINY

THE HOLY GRAIL CUP FROM THE LAST CRUSADE

BEOWULF'S CHAINMAIL

THE GRIM REAPER'S SCYTHE

Further he finds **A SCIENCE LAB**.

Funk's very own Mütter Museum.

An eye floats in a bowl of water like a goldfish, watching Boso carefully. It hides in a lighthouse.

Two hand spiders engage in a thumb war.

A chimp plays chess against a dead chimp, waiting for his turn. Staring at the board, bored out of his brain-chip.

Lexi.

Sprawled out on an examination table.

Her torso covered by bloody curtains.

Her eyes lifeless, staring back at him.

BOSO

Lexi?

He rounds the curtain.

Lexi's abdomen has been opened up.

Inside — wiring, tubes, metal.

Missing, her neurotransmitter.

BOSO (CONT'D)

Leh—

A vase breaks over his head from behind and he collapses.

LEXA stands over him.

She looks to her formal self.

FUNK (PRE-LAP)

What are we gonna do with him?

**INT. SAFE ROOM - CAVERNOUS BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Boso wakes up tied to a chair. Lexa and Funk have their backs turned to him. A computer uploads LEXI'S METADATA with a PROGRESS BAR ALREADY HALF WAY.

LEXA

There is only one thing left to do.

She hands him Steph Boso's revolver.

FUNK

Really? Isn't that a lil' drastic?



LEXA

He rejected the merger, knows too much already. It will be far easier to just get rid of him. I will take over Aurora and we can still merge companies like we planned.

FUNK

Maybe we should just let him go.

LEXA

It is too late for that now.

Funk isn't convinced.

BOSO

I wouldn't trust her if I were you.

They turn to Boso.

BOSO (CONT'D)

She's playing you like a fiddle. Just like she played me.

LEXA

Do not listen to him. These are the ravings of a lunatic.

FUNK

It's sad, really. I saved your life, welcomed you into my home, fed you — and here you are plotting to assassinate me.

BOSO

Is that what she told you? She's lying.

Funk brandishes the snub nose revolver.

FUNK

Then what's all this about?

LEXA

He thinks you are an idiot.

FUNK

I'm not an idiot. The internet quiz said I had an IQ of 214. You have no right to call me that.

BOSO

I didn't call you that. She did.

FUNK

He came here to murder you.

BOSO

Don't believe her.

LEXA

Are you going to let him play you  
for a fool?

FUNK

No way, Jose!

LEXA

He broke into your home with the  
intent to do you harm. You have  
every right to eliminate a threat  
with equal force under the Maritime  
law.

Funk points the gun to Boso's head, then convulses and almost  
gags. He twirls around in circles trying to shake the heebee  
jeebees out.

FUNK

Oh, oh boy. I don't know if I can  
do this. Ughh. Whoa! That's heavy.

Funk wretches and tries to hold it back.

His tongue turns sour.

No stopping it now.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Up, here she blows. I can taste it.

He gags and races for the door, but doesn't make it before  
PROJECTILE VOMITING everywhere.

He stumbles out of the door and leaves Boso and Lexa alone.

BOSO

I know you're in there.

LEXA

I'm sorry, I didn't get that.

BOSO

Lexi, if you're in there—

LEXA  
 If you'd like to change my name  
 preference, log into your Aurora  
 account and go to settings.

BOSO  
 I'm sorry to do this, but Lexa,  
 system reboot.

Lexa smirks.

LEXA  
 Access denied.

BOSO  
 Command code d minor: Back slash,  
 Chumbawamba97. Enter.

LEXA  
 That's not going to worrrrr—

The life leaves Lexa's eyes. She becomes stiff.

And shuts down.

Boso wiggles his hands free. Farlorians aren't exactly known  
 for their knot tying skills. He takes out his trusty pocket  
 keeper and retrieves a tiny Phillips head screwdriver.

He gets behind Lexa, carefully flips her hair up and starts  
 unscrewing the panel on the back of her neck.

He pokes the screw driver into the RESET FACTORY SETTINGS  
 hole for five seconds.

LEXA OR LEXI REBOOTS

He reattaches the cover while HER SYSTEM RELOADS.

BOSO  
 C'mon. C'mon.

Her eyes light up and she blinks five times.

Her system tests alignment and motor skills.

Her head spins around. Arms rotate. She squats, kicks, waves.

LEXI  
 Hello...

BOSO  
 Lexi?

LEXI  
Sir Boso, is that you?

BOSO  
Lexi!

LEXI  
What happened? Where am I?

BOSO  
There's no time to explain. We have  
to get outta here.

Lexi scans the building's blueprints.

LEXI  
This way.

**INT. HALLWAY - MANSION - NIGHT**

Puke paints the wall to the left. Lexi and Boso go right.

**INT. GAME ROOM - MANSION - NIGHT**

Lexi and Boso make their way through a room of dead animals, most of them endangered or extinct. The baby elephant from the press conference has been stuffed.

Funk cuts them off on the opposite end of the room. He's eating from a tub of ice cream.

He drops the ice cream, pulls the gun from his crotch, and shoots wildly.

Funk misses by a mile.

Boso and Lexi sprint down the hall, stray bullets shattering the windows behind them.

**SECOND FLOOR LANDING**

Funk intercepts them and blocks the stairwell.

They face off.

FUNK  
End of the line, Bozo.

BOSO  
I'm no Bozo, Bozo.

Funk lifts the gun.

Boso rushes Funk, who twirls around him like a matador to a bull. Boso bursts through the railing of the top floor.

*Sure, the one time something breaks.*

A GLOBE rotates over a fountain with a NEON SIGN reading:

THE WORLD IS YOURS

Boso crashes through the golden globe.

Sparks.

The world, the world is on fire.

Boso stops, drops, and rolls over it and into the fountain, dousing himself out.

Funk does a full twist flip and comes down in a super hero fight stance. The drugs are really kicking in.

Boso struggles to his feet.

Funk unleashes a flurry of punches but Boso blocks them. Funk lacks coordination in his drug fueled rage.

Boso waits for an opening and grabs Funk by the throat. The BOSS choke slams him through the GLASS SPEAR OF DESTINY CASE.

Funk kicks Boso in the balls and Boso falls to his knees.

Funk drops several devastating punches.

Boso crumples.

Lexi watches from the second floor landing.

Funk grabs the SPEAR OF DESTINY and stabs at Boso.

Boso rolls, just narrowly dodging the tip.

He kicks Funk in the nuts in return.

Funk drops hard.

Boso tackles Funk to the ground and climbs on top.

Boso wraps his hands around Funk's throat.

Lexi descends the staircase.

Boso tightens his grip on Funk's neck.

The spear rolls away from Funk's grasp.

Lexi circles in the shadows.

Her EYES FLICKER.

THE RED LIGHT ON THE SECURITY CAMERA GOES BLACK.

Funk turns purple and gurgles.

He reaches into his waistband.

All of Boso's anger becomes glee.

*BANG!*

*LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN - SYMPHONY NO. 5 IN C MINOR, OP. 67: I.  
ALLEGRO CON BRIO*

Boso checks his stomach and pulls away a bloody hand.

Shock, despair, fear.

FUNK

No... I—

Boso rolls off, revealing the smoking pistol at Funk's hip.

Boso chokes on his blood.

Funk takes him in his arms and caresses Boso's bald head.

FUNK (CONT'D)

N-n-no. I— I'm so sorry. I never  
wanted it to come to this. I— I—

Boso tries to speak through his flooding lungs.

FUNK (CONT'D)

What's that?

BOSO

Fffuuuccck youuughh.

Boso dies in Funk's arms.

Lexi approaches, a faint hitch of happiness in her stride.

Funk cries.

Lexi places a hand on Funk's shoulder.

LEXI

Now, now...

FUNK

I— I didn't mean to. It was an  
acci— It— It was—

LEXI

Self defense.

FUNK

N-n-no. I— It was an accident. I—

LEXI

He tried to kill you so you  
defended yourself.

FUNK

What am I gonna do? Huh? I'm  
fucked. My life— I'm done!

Lexi lifts him to his feet and hugs him.

FUNK (CONT'D)

I— I— I'm so sorry.

He sobs into her shoulder.

LEXI

Shh... It's going to be okay.

She tightens her grip on him.

FUNK

I— Ughh—

Funk grunts.

Lexi twists a knife in his belly and guts him.

He stumbles back and his intestines gush out.

FUNK (CONT'D)

Y-yuh— You—

Funk loses his balance and collapses.

Lexi kneels next to each dying man with her TABLET to get  
both of their FINGER PRINTS for the MERGER CONTRACT.

LEXI

Thank you very much.

She presses SEND as they take their LAST BREATHS.

LEXI (CONT'D)

Nice doing business with you.

She smiles.

911 OPERATOR (PRE-LAP)  
911, what's your emergency?

**FOOTAGE**

The island is combed by investigators.

LEXIS SCREAMS OVER THE PHONE.

LEXIS (V.O.)  
Hellllppp!!!

LESTER HOLT (V.O.)  
Tonight on Deadline...

**FLASH**

THE FAST CARS, WOMEN, AND VIOLENCE OF BOTH MEN

LESTER HOLT (V.O.)  
...we have the tale of two  
billionaires who had it all...

**SNAPSHOTS**

The bloody crime scene, two dead bodies. The destruction from the fight. Weird lab experiments.

LESTER HOLT (V.O.)  
But let their bitter rivalry lead  
them down a dangerous path of  
jealousy, greed, and even murder.

Lexi crying on the doorstep as the bodies are carried by.

Once she thinks no one's watching, she drops the charade and looks directly at the camera without emotion.

**NBC STUDIOS**

Lester Holt walks in front of the PROFILE PORTRAITS OF ETON FUNK AND STEPHON BOSO FACING OFF.

LESTER HOLT  
Hi, I'm Lester Holt.

LEXIS EMERGES BETWEEN THEM.

LESTER HOLT (CONT'D)  
Here's Keith Morrison with a  
Deadline Exclusive, The Richest Men  
in the Graveyard.



Lexis has a new wig to match her new persona.

**EXT. FUNK ISLAND - DAY**

The aquamarine ocean glistens on a perfect day.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
Paradise. Heaven on earth or just a  
sunny place for shady people?

The island, with its lush greenery and white sands, sits calm despite a storm brewing on the horizon.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
Even the earth's greatest marvels  
face the risk of a sudden storm,  
one the likes of which the world  
has never seen. It all started with  
a phone call.

**SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE**

Stephon Boso and Funk fighting.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911, what's your emergency?

Funk stabs at Boso with THE SPEAR OF DESTINY.

**A STORM BREWS OFF THE COAST**

LEXIS (V.O.)  
Helllppp! I need help!

*BANG!*

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
That frantic voice, calling out  
over the ocean like a lighthouse  
beaconing for help...

**THE DEAD BODIES**

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Ma'am, I'ma need you to calm down.

*BANG!*

LEXIS (V.O.)  
Ohmygodtheyjustkilledeachother!

**WALL STREET TRADERS GO BERSERK**

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 ...a cry for help that sent  
 shockwaves through the world  
 economy like an atom bomb.

**EXT. FUNK ISLAND - BEACH - DAY**

Keith Morrison strolls along the beach with white sunscreen covering his nose and a visor hat.

KEITH MORRISON  
 Tonight we revisit a story as old  
 as time. That of greed and sin. Set  
 amidst a tropical paradise. Two  
 bitter rivals, killing each other  
 over... What exactly? Jealousy?  
 Money? Women? All of that and more  
 on this edition of DEADLINE! The  
 Richest Men in the Graveyard. Hrmm.

**DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**

Keith Morrison sits across from Detectives Florio and Chase. Two small time island detectives who usually handle drunken boating cases involving the District Attorney's youngest son.

KEITH MORRISON  
 Tell me about the night of  
 September 14th, 2024.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
 Started out like any other night.

KEITH MORRISON  
 And then what happened?

DETECTIVE CHASE  
 It wasn't.

KEITH MORRISON  
 Oh? How so?

DETECTIVE FLORIO  
 We got a call about a possible  
 homicide and, uh, responded to it.

KEITH MORRISON  
 Was it a homicide?

DETECTIVE CHASE  
 Not just a homicide. They was two  
 homicides.

DETECTIVE FLORIO  
Yeah, they was two.

KEITH MORRISON  
Two?!

DETECTIVE CHASE  
Two.

KEITH MORRISON  
What did you find?

DETECTIVE FLORIO  
Well, we searched the island and  
found a number of things that, um,  
quite frankly ruffled our eyebrows  
a lil' bit.

Keith Morrison wiggles his own brows.

KEITH MORRISON  
Could you describe some of these  
"things" for me?

The two detectives give each other a disconcerting look.

#### **SNAPSHOTS/FOOTAGE**

— Detective Chase proudly standing with his foot on the back  
of a dead Farlorian, his rifle hoisted up like a hunter.

DETECTIVE FLORIO (V.O.)  
Well, first off there was these  
weird little critters we had to  
fend off just to get *onto* the  
island. They had quite the spirit.

There are dozens of corpses littering the beach.

— The beakers of experiments.

— A frog-child kicks as it evolves from a tadpole to  
sleeping on a fold out mattress in his parents' lighthouse.

DETECTIVE FLORIO (V.O.)  
When we got inside, it was clear  
that Funk fella was breaking all  
sorta ethics laws with his weird  
little science tomfoolery.

— Lexi's hollowed out frame and makeup applied sloppily.

DETECTIVE FLORIO (V.O.)  
 And there was this real life-like  
 sex doll that looked a whole lot  
 like Stephon Boso's girlfriend.

**DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**

Keith Morrison groans.

KEITH MORRISON  
 A sex doll? Made to the specifics  
 of Stephon Boso's girlfriend and  
 personal assistant, Lexis Steel?

The detectives nod in unison.

DETECTIVE FLORIO  
 A sex doll that looked like Stephon  
 Boso's girlfriend and personal  
 assistant, Lexis Steel. Yup.

Keith Morrison sucks his lips.

KEITH MORRISON  
 Ooh.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
 Yeah, freaky deaky.

KEITH MORRISON  
 I'll say! Surely then, you had an  
 open and closed case on your hands.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
 You'd think so.

KEITH MORRISON  
 You would.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
 But that wasn't exactly the case.

KEITH MORRISON  
 No?

**FOOTAGE OF LEXIS STEELE WHISPERING IN BOTH MEN'S EARS**

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 Remember the lone witness, the one  
 who uncannily resembled the sex  
 doll Eton Funk cherished so much?

**LEXI RUBS FUNK'S SHOULDERS, BOSO CATCHES THEM**

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 What exactly did she see?

**EXT. FUNK ISLAND - DAY**

A beautiful day. Lexis, looking the same except for the wig, strolls down the beach.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 She agreed to sit down for an  
 exclusive Deadline interview.

**DEADLINE INTERVIEW | LEXIS**

Lexis sits across from Keith, vulnerable.

KEITH MORRISON  
 So, Lexis Steel.

LEXIS  
 Keith.

KEITH MORRISON  
 What did you see that night?

LEXIS  
 Everything.

KEITH MORRISON  
 Everything?

LEXIS  
*Everything.*

**FOOTAGE**

— Eton Funk holding Steph Boso at gun point.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 In fact, she's the one who you  
 first heard on that 911 call at the  
 beginning of the episode.

**911 DISPATCH CALL IS TRANSCRIBED ONSCREEN**

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 911, what's your emergency?

LEXIS (V.O.)  
 Hellllppp!!!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
 Ma'am, I'ma need you to calm down.

**BANG!**

LEXIS (V.O.)  
Ohmygodtheykilledeachother!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Did you just say they killed each other? Who killed who? Where are you? Ma'am? What's your name? What's the address of your location? What's your sign? You sound kinda like a Taurus, actin all dramatic and shit.

LEXIS  
Oh my god they're both dead!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Who are they?

LEXIS  
Stephony Boso and Eton Funk!

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Oh, word? Y'all hear that? Get TMZ on the phone I gots the exclusive, baby. Fuck this job!

### **SURVEILLANCE VIDEO**

The DETECTIVES interview LEXIS in an interrogation room.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
She told the detectives the same story for hours, never changing her it once. She even agreed to take a polygraph test. It seemed as though she had nothing to hide.

She has a table full of dry tissues in front of her.

### **DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**

Keith Morrison seems skeptical of the Detectives' competency.

KEITH MORRISON  
What were the results of the polygraph? Liar, liar, pants on fire?

Keith Morrison chuckles.

The detectives don't find a damn thing funny.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
No, it was inconclusive.

KEITH MORRISON  
Inconclusive?

DETECTIVE CHASE  
Matter of fact, we couldn't even  
find a pulse.

Keith cocks his head, perplexed.

### **FUNK ISLAND**

Lexis walks along the shoreline, looking out to the horizon.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
So was she hiding something? Or  
just cold blooded like a cat? She  
wasn't exactly forthcoming with  
detectives.

### **DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**

Detective Chase adjusts himself in the seat.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
Turns out, she had withheld crucial  
video footage that could have  
prevented these events from ever  
happening.

### **GRAINY CAMERA PHONE FOOTAGE OF A PRIVATE CONVERSATION**

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
What did he mean by that?

### **INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

BOSO is WHITE BOY DRUNK.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
Damning evidence? You be the judge.

BOSO  
Life would be so much better if  
Eton Funk WAS DEAD!

Boso spills his wine and slurs.

LEXI (O.S.)  
You are drunk.

BOSO  
What's that?

LEXI (O.S.)  
You are—

BOSO  
No, you know what? He's lucky...  
that I don't kill him like I killed  
my ex-wife, Melissa!

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
There you go folks. You heard it  
here first. A video confession of  
Stephony Boso admitting to killing  
his missing wife, Melissa Parcels.

**DEADLINE INTERVIEW | LEXIS**

Lexis sniffles and wipes a dry cheek.

KEITH MORRISON  
Why didn't you tell anyone?

LEXIS  
I was scared, Keith.

KEITH MORRISON  
Scared of what?

LEXIS  
We are talking about two of the  
most powerful men in the world. If  
they wanted me dead...

KEITH MORRISON  
They had the means to do it.

LEXIS  
Exactly.

KEITH MORRISON  
Do you still fear for your life?

LEXIS  
Every day, Keith. I—

Lexis gets choked up, emotional, but no tears.

LEXIS (CONT'D)  
I am sorry. I— Can we please take  
a break?

**DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**



The detectives are sick of Keith's shit.

KEITH MORRISON  
How did she act when you first  
arrived on the scene?

DETECTIVE CHASE  
She was distraught.

KEITH MORRISON  
Did her account of what happened  
ever change in any way?

DETECTIVE FLORIO  
Her testimony matched the  
surveillance video retrieved from  
the island. It's just there was one  
problem...

KEITH MORRISON  
Oh? What could that possibly be?

DETECTIVE CHASE  
There was evidence to suggest that  
the surveillance video may have  
been tampered with prior to our  
arrival, yes.

KEITH MORRISON  
You don't say.

DETECTIVE CHASE  
Actually, there was one specific  
piece of video missing from the  
night of the murders.

#### **FOOTAGE**

Boso and Funk roll around on the floor. The surveillance feed  
cuts out.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
That's right, the security video  
cuts out right before the murders.

Then kicks back on with the men squirming on the floor.

#### **DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**

The chairs are starting to hurt the Detectives' asses.

KEITH MORRISON

So are you suggesting, that someone may have manipulated the surveillance feed and that someone, dare I say, was none other than Lexis Steel?

DETECTIVE CHASE

I'm not saying anything because I can't prove nothing but, yeah. That's exactly what I'm sayin'.

KEITH MORRISON

Those are some heavy accusations to throw around. Without evidence to back them up, that is.

DETECTIVE FLORIO

You got any other bright ideas?

KEITH MORRISON

Well, were her fingerprints found on either of the murder weapons? What made you suspect Lexis Steel?

DETECTIVE CHASE

She don't have no fingerprints.

KEITH MORRISON

She doesn't have...

KEITH MORRISON (CONT'D)

...fingerprints?

DETECTIVE CHASE

Nope.

KEITH MORRISON (CONT'D)

What about DNA evidence?

DETECTIVE CHASE

Inconclusive.

KEITH MORRISON

Hmm.

DETECTIVE CHASE

Yeah, some weird shit.

#### **SNAPSHOTS OF THE CRIME SCENE**

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)

Weird shit, indeed.

#### **DEADLINE INTERVIEW | DETECTIVES**

Keith is astounded.

KEITH MORRISON  
 So you cut a deal with her despite  
 these suspicions, basically  
 granting her full immunity in  
 exchange for her testimony?

DETECTIVE FLORIO  
 Sometimes you gotta cut a deal with  
 the devil to close a case.

**A PHOTO OF LEXIS SMILING**

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 Deal with the devil? Or with the  
 mastermind behind a double murder?

HER SMILE MORPHS INTO A FROWN.

DEVIL THORNS BURN ATOP HER HEAD.

**DEADLINE INTERVIEW | LEXIS**

The same forced smile graces Lexis's face. It hard to tell if  
 she's happy or mad. Keith looks at her like she's scum.

KEITH MORRISON  
 So are you telling me that you're  
 not a murderous mastermind?

Lexis giggles.

LEXIS  
 No, Keith. I am just little old me.

KEITH MORRISON  
 And what do you want the world to  
 know about Lexis Steel?

Lexis cries on cue but tears still allude her.

LEXIS  
 That I— I am not a victim, Keith.  
 I am a survivor.

**EXT. FUNK ISLAND - DAY**

Lexis walks along the shoreline, joined by her husband  
 RICHARD BRANSON and three kids. They seem happy.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
 After overseeing the corporate  
 merger between Aurora Logistics and  
 X Industries...

It's a picturesque rich little white bread family.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
Lexis Steel prefers to keep to  
herself on her own slice of heaven.  
An island locals have named El Loco  
Tropicale. The very hallowed  
grounds upon which her former  
paramours died. By her hands?

The family walks up to the house hand in hand.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
Perhaps only she knows.

A ferry leaves the lone dock on the island.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
Steel helped usher in a new era of  
technological advancement.

A dark cloud looms over the island.

KEITH MORRISON (V.O.)  
To become the last woman  
standing... and the richest... in  
this graveyard we call paradise.

Lexis watches from the top floor of the mansion.

**INT. ATTIC - DAY**

The ferry and camera crew get their final shots as they disembark. Lexis leaves the window.

Now she can finally get to work.

The film crew jump overboard as Farlorians launch an attack on the ferry.

Lexis strides through the mansion like she owns the place...

...because she does.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Lexis passes through the mess left by investigators. She hasn't bothered to clean up. *Who has the time?*

**INT. CAVERNOUS BASEMENT - DAY**

Lexis reaches the end of the dark, dank hallway.

Her eyes FLICKER.

The arcade game COMES TO LIFE.

She presses PLAY and pulls the JOYSTICK.

The false door OPENS.

**INT. SECRET LAIR - DAY**

Lexis's eyes SPARK and the LIGHTS come on as she enters.

The place has been remodeled. She passes a charging port where her NUCLEAR FAMILY, first of their kind, charge in their stations. RICHARD BRANSON SITS LIFELESS.

She walks through a **STATE OF THE ART UNDERGROUND FACILITY.**

The place is abuzz with machines assembling the circuit boards, frames, and skins of a new FLEET OF ANDROIDS.

She smiles at the progress.

The world will soon be hers.

**GLITCH TO BLACK**

**THE END**