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Based on a true story.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

There's landscaping.

And then there's total landscaping.

And if you don't know the difference... oh boy.

A shitty truck is parked outside a shittier liquor store. A weed wacker, bags of fertilizer, and a mower clutter the bed.

Inside the cab, calloused hands grip the wheel.

TREY (30) is the sharpest tool in the shed. But only in a shed with a bunch of like... really fucking dull tools.

He stares at the ad-tattooed storefront. Fluorescents hum on. A CLOSED sign is flipped to OPEN. Trey's eyes find the dash.

6:59am.

He bends the curve of his hat by habit. Before his hands can open the door, and his boots can hit the beer aisle, Trey throws the truck into reverse and speeds into a McDonald's.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

A pair of Egg McMuffin wrappers sit on a desk.

A computer mouse looks tiny in Trey's hands. He's not meant for desk work anymore than sharks were meant to sing.

Trey was put on this Earth to mow lawns. It's one of two things he's good at. On a lawn, he had value. He mattered.

But Trey's not on a lawn. Not anymore.

An office phone RINGS.

Trey tucks his hands into his jeans. Trying to force out a fart or burp - whichever end that toilet cloud chose first.

Another RING.

Trey picks his teeth with a finger. RING.

Showtime.

TREY

Four Seasons Total Landscaping?

(listening)

Landscaping- um... total landscaping. Grounds maintenance, irrigation. Seeding. Snow removal.

(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)  
Everything. Tot- that's what the  
total's for.

Another click on the 'puter. Trey squints, removing his hat.

TREY (CONT'D)  
Are we a hotel?

Trey looks around at weed-killer stacked on metal shelves.  
Coils of hose. He takes a long time to answer.

A really long time.

TREY (CONT'D)  
Not really- no.

GWEN (21) pops a k-cup into a coffee maker behind Trey.

This world was built by pervy old white men (source:  
Twitter). The world is wrong. It's up to Gwen to fix it. Or  
at least make everyone else as miserable as she feels in it.

TREY (CONT'D)  
The parkin' lot is fine... it looks  
a lot like other... parkin' lots.  
(listening)  
Podium? No, no podiums.... I could  
probably build one though?

They like that. Trey cups the receiver, turning to Gwen.

TREY (CONT'D)  
Remember that student film that  
shot here a few years back?

GWEN  
It sucked.

TREY  
I thought it was pretty good.

GWEN  
It fucking sucked.

TREY  
How much did your mom charge'em?

GWEN  
She didn't. Didn't even give her a  
special thanks. Pretentious fuckin--

TREY  
Think she'd be cool if someone shot  
a thing on a... a backdrop?

Gwen shrugs and exits. Trey uncups the phone.

TREY (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I'm here. We get a lot of requests like this... yeah, really. We have a um... a five-hundred dollar filming fee. Non-negotiable.

Silence. He might have pushed too far. Nope.

TREY (CONT'D)  
 Great, yeah. I'll pencil you in. We're right off I-95. What?  
 (he chuckles)  
 Yes, I consent and agree. I agree to that. I agree to exactly that.

Trey hangs up. He swivels in his desk chair, raising two hands in the air - someone is dumb enough to pay \$500 to film in their parking lot. And in this moment of triumph...

INSERT TITLE: Total Landscaping

Trey exits. The computer is open to the site for DREXEL UNIVERSITY. The mouse cursor hovers on a REGISTER button.

An *un-clicked* registration button. A college boy at thirty.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Gwen stares at her phone. She is, after all, the resistance.

An iMac live-streams CNN. ONSCREEN - John King swishes and flicks the magic board like Hermione Granger on adderall.

It's November 7th, 2020.

At any moment Joe Biden will overtake Donald J. Trump in the vote count to become the 46th president of the United States.

At no moment will the sitting president accept that.

Trey enters.

TREY  
 Will you do work?

GWEN  
 I'm monitoring our socials.

TREY  
 You're watching TV.

GWEN  
It's important.

TREY  
Right now maybe. Once it's not,  
these people'll leave Philly and do  
jack all 'til they pretend to give  
a shit again in four years.

GWEN  
There literally won't be an Earth  
in four years if he wins.

TREY  
There'll be an... Earth.

GWEN  
What do you want?

TREY  
Somebody wants to film something.  
They said we'd be anonymous.

GWEN  
That's not sketchy.

TREY  
Yeah, I don't know. They're paying  
five hundred for an hour though.

GWEN  
Why the shit would they do that?

TREY  
Because I'm really smart and good  
at negotiating.

GWEN  
No.

TREY  
When's your mom getting in?

GWEN  
She's not. It's Saturday. Why, you  
want to split the money?

TREY  
I want to let your mom know she's  
up \$500 dollars for the day.

GWEN  
Oh my god, you're still trying to  
suck my mom's dick?

TREY

I- I'm not sucking her... your mom gave me a shot when no one else--

GWEN

Deep. Hashtag deep. She's not putting you back on lawns.

TREY

She will when she finds out what a loyal, hardworking employee I am.

GWEN

Who also kind of, sort of, *definitely* got the company sued before putting in his two weeks.

TREY

The kid threw the ball.

GWEN

You ask Claire about the shoot?

TREY

She left me in charge.

GWEN

She demoted you to phones for reckless endangerment of a minor.

TREY

He threw the ball--

GWEN

Who did you vote for?

Gwen stands. She takes a big RED MARKER to a calendar. It reads simply 'DAYS UNTIL TREY LEAVES.' Another X. Eight days.

Trey blinks. It's his first time seeing the calendar.

TREY

Doesn't matter.

GWEN

You voted for him didn't you? You voted for... actual Satan?

TREY

I... you know where John is?

GWEN

Why? You and QaJohn going to another rally together?

TREY

They're AA meetings, they're not political--

GWEN

Is there a pedophile ring that needs to be broken up?

TREY

I don't... please pretend to work.

GWEN

Or your mom's going to call my mom?

When you're outmatched, you're outmatched. Trey exits.

**EXT. BACK LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

The building is painted vomit green. Stenciled with the letters 'FSTL.' A chainlink fence separates the lot from an industrial park off the I-95 highway in East Philly.

The warehouse is flanked by a PORN STORE and a CROSS-FIT GYM. A red-brick MORTUARY rests across an alley to the south.

Trey exits into the bright Philadelphia sun. Rider mowers line the lot. One in particular catches his eye.

An Astro 9000 MOWER. King of the grass. Brand new. Black on black. Shadowfax to Trey's Gandalf.

TREY

Shhh, shhh, shhh.

Trey approaches. *Slow*. He extends a hand but doesn't touch. You go ninety, the mower has to go the last ten.

QAJOHN

Can't get it into gear.

JOHN, nicknamed QAJOHN (32) by Gwen, wipes oil from his hands. John is Gwen's older brother.

QaJohn is rational, down to earth, protective. Kind. *IRL*. But sit him in front of computer and tell him Jewish space lasers are starting wild-fires in California and he's all in.

TREY

New ones have a kill switch under the seat. Just needs weight.

Trey sits in his thrown. The mower hums to life. *Beautiful*.

QAJOHN

Not even a John Deer. More like a John Elk. John Gazelle.

TREY

(he laughs: mower jokes)  
Whose crew is this going to?

QAJOHN

Todd.

TREY

Too much mower for Tik-Todd.

QAJOHN

She was going to be yours,  
before... you know...

TREY

The kid threw the ball, John. I continued my trajectory--

QaJohn raises his hands. He doesn't want the smoke.

QAJOHN

American made. If they really steal this thing good luck getting riders like this out of China.

TREY

If who steals what?

QAJOHN

You know who.

Trey doesn't.

TREY

Voldemort?

QAJOHN

It's not a joke. I could show you some stuff that'd blow your mind. You can make a difference, buddy.

TREY

No, I can't.

QAJOHN

Anyone can make a difference.

TREY

No, I don't believe that. Maybe if I was like... Elon Musk or a Kennedy or some shit. Rihanna?

QAJOHN  
Once you've seen what I've seen--

TREY  
This like in high school when you  
said all cyclists are coke-heads?

QAJOHN  
Why else do it? Why ride?

TREY  
Exercise.

QAJOHN  
Those guys are just trying to come  
down and get some sleep. Like...  
little coked-out hamsters.

Trey measures John. He's getting big. The bags under his eyes  
are getting big too.

TREY  
You haven't... um... sorry.

QAJOHN  
I haven't drank. You?

TREY  
No. Shocking but...  
(changing the subject)  
I need wood. I'm makin' a podium  
for a... film thing.

QAJOHN  
What kind of film thing?

TREY  
I don't know. Press? Getting Claire  
an extra \$500.

QAJOHN  
You ask her?

TREY  
She left me in charge.

QAJOHN  
She put you on phones.

QaJohn measures Trey now. A slow smile.

QAJOHN (CONT'D)  
You really think \$500 is going to  
convince my mom to put you back on  
lawns before you take off?

TREY

She got this mower to spite me.

QAJOHN

It's the end of the fiscal year.  
Probably spending some money to  
fall under a tax bracket.

TREY

Maybe. You got that wood?

QAJOHN

Gwen working?

TREY

Working's a strong word.

QAJOHN

I'm not going in there with that  
psycho. The other day she tried to  
tell me Covid started from bats.

TREY

Didn't it?

QAJOHN

Jesus. Next you'll be telling me  
Fauci's a doctor.

TREY

He... okay.

QAJOHN

Do yourself a favor, man. Google  
the Tuskegee Study. Those guys  
listened to government 'doctors.'

TREY

The wood. I just need wood, John.

QAJOHN

I'll stack it by the gate. Check  
with the neighbors for the shoot.

TREY

It's our lot.

QAJOHN

Technically, it's shared.

TREY

Since when? It'll be over before  
any of those assholes notice.

QAJOHN  
Still got to get the okay.

TREY  
No?

QAJOHN  
Yeah, man.

TREY  
Fine. Fuck. I'll talk to Zee.

QAJOHN  
While you're at it, see what that  
pedo's got going on in the back.

TREY  
I won't. Thanks, John.

**INT. FANTASY ISLAND - DAY**

Don't let the yellow awnings fool you, Fantasy Island sells  
porn. They don't sell it particularly well.

The door DINGS with Trey's entrance.

A man exits from a BLOOD RED DOOR in the back by the dildo  
section. Why red? Because it's provocative.

ZEE  
Welcome to Fantasy...

ZEE (67) recognizes Trey, dropping the greeting. He locks the  
door behind him. A lot of padlocks. Like... a lot, a lot.

TREY  
What's going on back there, Zee?

ZEE  
Wouldn't you like to know.

TREY  
It's a locked door in a porn store.  
I don't think I want to know.

Zee passes Trey. He stops to whisper.

ZEE  
You want to know.

Zee picks up little wood block behind a bulletproof glass  
casing. To prevent people from stealing porn.

Because apparently the internet doesn't exist in East Philly.

Zee widdles the pine block into a plump figure. He speaks with the sing-song rhythm of a non-native speaker. His sharp eyes miss nothing - fluctuating between kindness and unease.

Zee's got a soft spot for Trey. Doesn't mean he trusts him.

TREY  
How're the grandkids?

ZEE  
They are a black hole of money.  
College is a bullshit.

TREY  
Yeah, that's why I dropped out.

Trey winks at Zee. That gets a smile.

ZEE  
We have a new one about anal sex  
with the daughter of your employer.

TREY  
Why would- I'm eight years older.

ZEE  
That is nothing.

TREY  
Maybe where you're from.

ZEE  
Statistically, relationships with  
an age gap are more likely to last.

TREY  
R- um... really?

Zee smiles. Trey catches himself.

TREY (CONT'D)  
We're havin' a shoot. In our lot.

ZEE  
I do not want to be on camera.

TREY  
That's perfect 'cause nobody asked.

ZEE  
I am very serious.

TREY  
They're not gonna film you.

ZEE

And they cannot use any of our spots. I need it for the customers.

TREY

What customers?

ZEE

The freaks come out at night. You know this.

TREY

I don't know anything about that.

ZEE

You know this.

TREY

(laughing)

Alright, buddy. No parkin'.

ZEE

Don't trust filmmakers. Sneaky.

TREY

You can trust me?

ZEE

No. Do not fuck me on this.

TREY

You'll hardly notice. I promise.

ZEE

I will tow.

TREY

I know, I know. You love to tow.

ZEE

I love it. I pick up the phone.  
*Poof.* Car disappears.

Trey's eyes scan from the small wooden man in Zee's hand to a TELEVISION. John King works the magic wall. John from Boston.

TREY

You too?

ZEE

It is important.

**INT. PHILLY IRON - DAY**

Have you ever seen dumbbells with American flag wrap?

You're about to.

The Iron is a cross-fit gym. Lots of people don't like cross fit for the same reason they don't like politics: a) it can have a culty vibe and b) you can hurt yourself.

The gym is full, but there's not a lot of lifting going on. Eyes are cast up at flatscreens suspended from the ceiling.

STEPHAN (43) won't put a carb into his body, never tasted the sweet aspartame of a diet coke, but he'll mainline whatever bullshit he reads on Facebook straight into his brain.

Stephan tightens his belt. He's what the internet might call a 'short king.' A man that's felt passed on.

STEPHAN

Trey, just the man I wanted to see.

TREY

You hear about the shoot?

STEPHAN

I heard about the Ocean Lane kid.

TREY

From who?

STEPHAN

Facebook.

TREY

*What?*

STEPHAN

You got a dragon down in that lil' dungeon of yours. I'm your sponsor--

TREY

John's my sponsor. I haven't drank.

SPEPHAN

I'm not talking about drinking. Anger is another drug.

TREY

Kid threw the ball--

STEPHAN

Say it with me...

Trey won't say it with him. So Stephan just talks slower.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)  
If you... don't... control your...  
anger... anger... controls you.

TREY  
(humoring him)  
Controls you.

STEPHAN  
Good. A kid threw something. Can't  
do anything about that. You know  
what you can do something about?

TREY  
How I choose to respond to it?

STEPHAN  
Exactly. You been using Headspace?

TREY  
Shit's expensive.

STEPHAN  
Try Calm. It'll help you stop and  
think about the person you want to  
be before rage makes that decision.

TREY  
Yeah, yeah. Thanks Stephan--

STEPHAN  
Jesus fuck! Can you believe these  
fucking traitors called Arizona?

Steve's veins pop towards a flatscreen. Fox News. Trump's  
lead in Pennsylvania is all but evaporated.

It's around that time Fox started losing viewers to OAN.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)  
CNN hasn't even called Arizona!  
Traitors! Fucking traitors!  
(to Trey)  
Ten minutes of meditation a day  
will change your life, brother.

TREY  
Yeah. Um... the shoot?

STEPHAN  
All good, amigo. Just... breathe.  
(to a lifter)  
(MORE)

STEPHAN (CONT'D)  
 Hey Jeremy! Put on fucking OAN, I'm  
 done with these fucking liars!

**INT. DELAWARE VALLEY CREMATION CENTER - DAY**

You know what's fucking creepy?

*Mortuaries.*

You know what's creepier?

*Cremation centers.*

Delaware Valley is both. Trey peaks inside the door.

TREY

Hello?

Turquoise paint. Shadows in every corner. Wall sconces.

Never linger in an interior with wall sconces.

Trey stares into a patch of darkness. He could swear  
 someone's standing very still, smiling back at him. He leans--

INTERCOM

Hello.

Trey PUNCHES the wall.

TREY

Oh fuck me! Fuck!

He looks over to find an INTERCOM. *What was once an intercom.*  
 A female VOICE fluctuates from broken plastic.

TREY (CONT'D)

Um, shit... it's Trey! From Four  
 Seasons Total Landscaping!

INTERCOM

You don't need to yell. Can... come  
 downstairs?

TREY

(yelling)

I don't- can you please come up?!

INTERCOM

I'm ver... busy.

TREY

(beat)

Okay. Yeah!

**INT. MORG - DELAWARE VALLEY CREMATION CENTER - DAY**

Trey descends dark stairs leading to a single door.

The room is white. Stainless steel instruments. Windows look up into the parking lot. A single table rests in the center.

A male BODY sits on it. He's not *underweight*.

TREY

Hello?

The body RISES to an upright position.

TREY (CONT'D)

Don't, don't, don't--

VICKY (45) peeks out from behind the gurney, laughing. Vicky looks like the last person to work with the dead. She's upbeat, bubbly even. But beneath that... darkness.

VICKY

I'm sorry, sorry! It gets a little boring down here.

TREY

That's um... is that...

VICKY

What?

TREY

Real?

VICKY

Oh yeah.

TREY

How'd it die?

VICKY

He's obese and a smoker. How do you think he died?

TREY

Covid?

VICKY

God, it's been so amazing.

(off Trey)

Terrible of course. Horrible disease. I would never...

TREY

Right.

VICKY

But amazing. You want to touch him?

Trey shakes his head left and right.

TREY

Shooting film. We're gonna shoot some of um... that film.

VICKY

What?

TREY

We're... there's a shoot in our parking lot this afternoon. I'm just giving you a heads up.

VICKY

Oh... no. I can't work with the noise. Remember that student film?

TREY

I thought it was pretty good.

VICKY

It wasn't.

Trey's eyes fixate on the slab. A dead body. Big dead.

TREY

You... ah... you won't even notice.

VICKY

I have ears like a rat.

TREY

It's... congrats.

VICKY

Look at this.

TREY

Please don't--

Vicky opens the departed's mouth. Finger right in the gums.

VICKY

You see tobacco stains? He smoked a pack a day. This isn't a job. It's art. I know that's pretentious but--

TREY

(gagging)

No. That's... oh god... that's how I feel about mowing lawns.

VICKY  
I need silence to work. If I hear a  
peep I'll call Rick.

TREY  
Who's Rick?

VICKY  
Property owner.

TREY  
Claire owns?

VICKY  
(smiling)  
No.

TREY  
It'll be fine. Quiet on set, right?  
It's gonna be fine.

VICKY  
If it's not...

Vicky nods to the body.

TREY  
You'll what... kill me? Is that  
what you're going for?

VICKY  
No, no. Of course not, just...

She nods to the departed again. Smiling. *Friendly.*

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey exits. He swings to the side alley and dry-heaves.

INSERT: 8:47am

Trey looks up. A landscaper, TODD (25), crosses the lot. Todd  
looks like he makes Tik Tok's while mowing lawns. *He does.*

TREY  
Todd... what're you doin' here?  
Schmidt's are today.

TODD  
I'm seeing the President.

TREY  
You can't leave for a rally--

TODD  
Nah, bro. He's coming here.

TREY  
No, he's not. Just... please go  
back and finish the lawn--

TODD  
Don't you have some phones to  
answer, college boy?

Todd laughs, continuing to the Iron. Trey wipes his mouth.

*President's coming.* Maybe to Philly?

Outside the fence, two MEN (50's) drag a cooler. They look like dads; red-faces, grey goatees. They crack Miller Lite's. Like they were the first to a football tailgate.

Except they're in an industrial park. There's a hundred like it off the I-95. A thousand throughout Pennsylvania.

The men pull dad-pistols on Trey - aiming and winking. *Poof.*

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

A phone RINGS. Trey passes the office doorframe to answer.

TREY  
Four Seasons Total Landscaping.

MARCY DEITRICH (PHONE)  
Hey, my name is Marcy Deitrich.

TREY  
Yeah, yeah, I love your lawn.  
How're you, Marcy? It's Trey.

MARCY DEITRICH (PHONE)  
Hey, Trey. I need to cancel.

TREY  
For Monday? If um... Todd messed up  
I can... I'll have someone come by--

MARCY DEITRICH (PHONE)  
I need to cancel forever. Sorry, I  
just can't support your politics.

TREY  
(beat)  
What politics?

She hangs up. Trey lowers the phone.

His gaze falls on us. Not us... the CNN livestream.

Trey moves closer. With each step, he hears more and more of something he really doesn't want to fucking hear.

JOHN KING (TV)

The president has just tweeted: *Big press conference today in Philadelphia at the Four Seasons Total Landscaping. 11:30 AM.*

TREY

Fuck you. Fuck you, John King.

The tweet fills the screen.

JOHN KING (TV)

Jake, as our resident Philadelphian what do you know about the Four Seasons Total Landscaping?

JAKE TAPPER (TV)

Well, nothing. Other than it's not a hotel.

The stream shows helicopter footage of a shitty parking lot off the I-95. It looks an awful lot like their shitty parking lot off the I-95. Trey looks up. A helicopter THUDS overhead.

Probably just a coincidence.

Trey thinks. Or panics. Definitely one of the two.

He X's out of the livestream. Problem solved.

*Silence.*

Blissful silence--

A cell phone VIBRATES on the desk. Gwen's cell phone.

A twitter notification tattoos the screen. The same tweet:

*'Big press conference today in Philadelphia at the Four Seasons Total landscaping. 11:30AM.'*

Trey reads it. He re-reads. One more time.

Phone's pretty close to the edge already.

Trey pushes the phone with index finger only off the desk and into a trash bin. Out of sight out of mind.

He rips the iMac cord out of the socket for good measure. That should stop the internet.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Trey paces - bending the brim of his cap to the perfect curve. Gwen sits on a couch by large garbage doors.

Her headphones run into an iPad. A series of Zoom squares fill the screen. It's an Al-Anon meeting.

AA is for alcoholics. Al-Anon is for their loved ones.

That's not Trey's concern. The iPad is.

That iPad is connected to the internet. Twitter is on the internet. It's only a matter of time until she clicks and--

GWEN

Fuck you doing, creeper?

TREY

Um... iPad. Can I use your iPad?

GWEN

Use John's. I'm busy.

Gwen puts her earbuds back in. She addresses the zoom:

GWEN (CONT'D)

Sorry. A co-worker was literally molesting me with his gaze. I'm Gwen. My brother has six years.

Trey lingers. There's no wall sconces here, it's fine.

Al-Anon. Time heals all wounds. Unless... you know... it fucking didn't? One problem at a time though.

**EXT. BACK LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey spends less time admiring the mowers. So does QaJohn. He texts in the heated driver's seat of the Astro Rider.

TREY

It's the hotel.

QAJOHN

No it's not. How's Gwen taking it?

Trey looks away. His reaction says it all. QaJohn laughs.

QAJOHN (CONT'D)

I wasn't sure what side you're on.

TREY

I'm not on a side. I'm sideless.

QAJOHN  
Everyone's on the side. Republicans  
or pedophiles.

TREY  
Isn't the president accused of  
being a pedophile?

QAJOHN  
No, he's accused of everything  
else. Falsely accused. The cabal--

TREY  
I'm on the Total Landscaping side.

QAJOHN  
Everyone is now. All the boys are  
coming down.

TREY  
Chris and Mike are coming here?

QAJOHN  
They are?

TREY  
I'm asking you?

QAJOHN  
I haven't seen those guys in  
forever.

TREY  
Mike just had a kid. Little girl.

QAJOHN  
With Kate?

TREY  
Yeah, man. With his wife. What boys  
were you talking about?

QAJOHN  
The boys from 4-Chan.

TREY  
Jesus, don't give our address out.  
We're already on thin ice with the  
other shops.

QAJOHN  
I posted it on Gab.

TREY  
What's Gab?

QAJOHN  
You're not on the internet?

TREY  
I'm not on whatever weird fucking  
corners of the internet you're on.

QAJOHN  
Not anymore, right?

TREY  
Right.

QAJOHN  
Sorry.

TREY  
I need your iPad.

QaJohn pulls an iPad from a tool bag. A large WWG1WGA sticker stretches across the back. Trey pretends not to see it.

#### INT. BACKROOM - DAY

Beneath a lone florescent, Trey works. He runs his hands along the wood. He's good at this. He's a good listener.

YOUTUBER (IPAD)  
Once you've got your pieces cut, we  
can start to put them together.

His eyes shift to QaJohn's iPad. A YOUTUBER (46) instructs on how to build the perfect fucking podium. Trey hammers planks.

YOUTUBER (IPAD) (CONT'D)  
Now, you sand and stain. I like a  
nice cherry, but that's a personal  
preference. Please remember to  
*hammer* that like button.

Trey steps back and looks at a small but sturdy podium. Unstained but worthy of a president. Worthy of our president.

Trey searches shelves. Sandpaper. He can't find sandpaper.

The algorithm, however, has found something.

QaJohn's iPad loads the next video. A WOMAN (43) gives an intro to a video titled 'Supreme Court - Supreme Pedophilia.'

YOUTUBE WOMAN (IPAD)  
This is their symbol. The scales of  
justice. You can't make this stuff  
up. You know what else has scales?

Trey lifts an empty box of sand-paper. He turns back to the iPad. The woman pauses for dramatic effect.

YOUTUBE WOMAN (IPAD) (CONT'D)  
A snake. Let's get into it.

Her intro music drops. LOUD. Techno. Trey closes the iPad. His phone VIBRATES from a work bench.

MOM.

Trey picks the phone up and rears back - like he's going to throw it against the wall with all his strength.

He answers instead with the lightest tap. His voice softens.

TREY  
Hey mom, I signed up for classes...  
yeah, hundred percent.  
(he listens)  
I can't leave, I'm working....  
That's... the hotel I think.... Oh,  
no idea why Claire would do that.

Trey's phone lights up with a call from a random number.

TREY (CONT'D)  
I'll um... I'll call you back.  
(answering new call)  
Hello?

MAN (PHONE)  
*You're fucking dead!?*

It's kind of a question despite the shout. Trey's thrown.

TREY  
How would I know for sure?

MAN (PHONE)  
*Because I'm going to kill--*

Trey hangs up. No sooner does the call end than his phone VIBRATES again. More random numbers. Incoming texts.

A muffled RING. The office phone.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The landline RINGS. And RINGS. And RINGS. So much so that even Gwen is bothered to answer.

Just as she's about to lift the receiver--

Trey car slides. You know the one. When people slide over the hood of a car in action movies to look cool.

Trey does it on a desk and it doesn't look cool. He knocks over a stapler and three-hole punch.

TREY

I got it. I'm on phone duty.

Gwen starts to leave. The phone still RINGS.

GWEN

You going to pick it up?

TREY

Sure.

He doesn't. Trey just smiles at Gwen.

GWEN

Answer the fucking phone.

Trey stares at Gwen. To the phone. Back to Gwen. He answers.

TREY

Four Seasons Total Landscaping?

MAN (PHONE)

*I'm going to burn your fucking building down you right wing--*

TREY

Okay, no worries.

Trey presses the receiver down with entirely too much force.

TREY (CONT'D)

Wrong number.

Gwen exits, closing the door behind her. Trey has a moment to exhale. A moment to contemplate what the fuck is going on.

Moments pass.

GWEN (O.S.)

What the fuck did you do?

TREY

I didn't touch a dead body.

Gwen returns with her cell phone. A tissue is stuck to it.

GWEN

What?

TREY  
I didn't.

GWEN  
Have you seen twitter?

TREY  
Like... ever?

GWEN  
He's coming here.

TREY  
Um... who- who is coming here?

Gwen holds her phone for Trey to see. He reads:

TREY (CONT'D)  
*Big press conference today.... He means the hotel.*

GWEN  
He did. Scroll down.

TREY  
*Four Seasons Total Landscaping. Not the hotel.*  
(to Gwen)  
That's not real.

GWEN  
It is. Look at this one.

TREY  
Who's Corey Lewandowski?

GWEN  
Just read.

TREY  
*All great Americans in PA use Four Seasons Total Landscaping. They love this country and are American Patriots.*  
(to Gwen)  
That's good, right?

GWEN  
Not from him. You know about this?

TREY  
Me? No. That's um... that's crazy.

GWEN

This is the press conference you agreed to.

TREY

No. I agreed to a shoot against a backdrop with like... a podium.

GWEN

That's a press conference, moron.

TREY

(long beat)

I think it's a mix up.

GWEN

Jesus Christ. Do you understand how fucking fucked we are?

TREY

Should we call the cops?

GWEN

Why? Do you hate black people?

TREY

What?

Gwen only raises her eyebrows: *do you hate black people?*

TREY (CONT'D)

I don't- what do we do?

GWEN

Cancel.

TREY

On the president?

GWEN

Yeah.

TREY

We can do that?

GWEN

You can do anything you set your mind to.

TREY

Fuck. Fuck. Okay. Yeah... yeah.  
We'll just cancel. They'll be cool.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Trey holds the dial phone to his ear. He exchanges a glance with Gwen. She doesn't look hopeful.

Trey repositions himself on the desk so he doesn't have to look at her. A CLICK.

AIDE (PHONE)

*Potus.*

TREY

That's... Potus. That's cool.

AIDE (PHONE)

*Where'd you get this number?*

We hear the Aide's voice now.

Remember the scene in *Dragon Tattoo* where Daniel Craig enters a murderer's house because he didn't want to be impolite?

The Aide works on the same principal. He lets things sit, let's the awkwardness be worse than the end result.

TREY

It's... star sixty nine. I'm with the Four Seasons. Total Landscaping, not the hotel.

AIDE (PHONE)

*What's up, bud? I'm on my way.*

TREY

That's great. We need to cancel. I can throw you somethin' for gas.

Trey says it fast. Like he could just sneak it in.

AIDE (PHONE)

*Okay, sure. We're not doing that.*

TREY

We didn't know--

AIDE (PHONE)

*I told you everything.*

TREY

We're supposed to be anonymous.

AIDE (PHONE)

*The president kind of shoots from the hip. 2nd Amendment, am I right?*

TREY

Sure. Regardless, we didn't really understand the... severity of--

AIDE (PHONE)

*Having a presidential press conference? It's an honor.*

TREY

We're really honored.

AIDE (PHONE)

*You don't sound really honored.*

TREY

I'm honored. It's just... things are a little um... hot right now--

AIDE (PHONE)

*That's why we're so happy lower-working class Americans like you stepped up and took a stand.*

TREY

I'm sit- sitting so...

AIDE (PHONE)

*Trey. We're already en route.*

TREY

We didn't sign anything.

AIDE (PHONE)

*Check your phone. That's me.*

Trey's cell phone vibrates. A voice memo.

TREY

How'd you get my number?

AIDE (PHONE)

*Executive privilege.*

He hits play. It's a recording of their earlier conversation:

AIDE (VOICE MEMO) (CONT'D)

*You agree and consent?*

Trey chuckles on the recording. He doesn't in real life.

TREY (VOICE MEMO)

*Yes, I consent and agree. I agree to that. I agree to exactly that.*

Trey looks at Gwen. She prayer-hands her nose.

TREY (CONT'D)  
You recorded our conversation?

AIDE (PHONE)  
*We're the Whitehouse. We record everything. Almost everything.*

TREY  
We haven't been paid yet.

AIDE (PHONE)  
*I have the cash literally in my hand. Anything else?*

TREY  
(beat)  
No.

AIDE (PHONE)  
*Great. Thank you for your service.*

A click. Trey slowly lowers the phone.

GWEN  
How'd that go?

TREY  
Awesome.

GWEN  
Sounded awesome.

TREY  
Yeah, they're still coming.

The phone RINGS. Trey RIPS the receiver from the cord - still trying to project confidence. He starts to exit.

GWEN  
Where you going?

TREY  
Get sandpaper for the podium.

GWEN  
Why the fuck don't they have their own podium?

Same reason they went with a landscaping firm instead of the Four Seasons hotel. The Trump Campaign was broke.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey closes the gate to the lot. The tailgate of two has grown to FOUR. It's quiet. *For now.* His phone vibrates.

Another call from MOM. He answers.

TREY

I signed up... you called the dean?

Trey looks down at more texts from a random numbers.

TREY (CONT'D)

Hold on, I'm getting a call from admissions. I'll call you back.

Trey powers down the phone. Rage-squeezing that button.

His eyes shift to the grass under the chainlink fence. He drops, pulling dandelions from cracked cement.

It's his own little form of meditation. Something he can control. Something he can do well.

An oasis where he matters.

Zee watches Trey from beneath the yellow awning. He gives Trey a mob-nod. You know the one. Good old mob-nod.

**EXT. FANTASY ISLAND - DAY**

Trey looks up from the pavement. Zee leans over the stoop. For a moment, neither man says anything.

TREY

You got any sandpaper?

ZEE

There will be more cars?

TREY (CONT'D)

I think the President of the United States might be coming.

ZEE

I see. Cameras?

TREY

Probably more than one.

ZEE

You shut it down.

TREY

I tried.

ZEE  
I cannot have these cars.

TREY  
I know--

ZEE  
I cannot have these cameras!

TREY  
Just... stay inside. Lock the door.

ZEE  
What about my customers?

TREY  
What customers?!

ZEE  
You do not understand. I have...  
things to hide.

TREY  
What like...

His eyes flicker to the sign. *Fantasy Island*.

TREY (CONT'D)  
... like kiddy shit?

ZEE  
No. Fuck you!

TREY  
Sorry, I was just talking to John--

ZEE  
What is wrong with you two?

TREY  
It's kind of- you work at a porn  
store. There's a big red door--

ZEE  
I overstayed my visa.

TREY  
That's way better than kiddy porn.

ZEE  
I cannot have cameras. Attention.

TREY  
I get it, I get it. I do.

ZEE  
No you don't.

TREY  
I've... got shit to hide too.

ZEE  
What do you have to hide?

TREY  
I was once a teenage boy in Philly  
with a cell phone. Plenty.

ZEE  
(beat)  
No sandpaper. It's a porn store.

TREY  
Makes sense.

ZEE  
You do not need it. It will take  
the character out of the wood.

TREY  
I know what I'm doin'.

ZEE  
We have a section on sex with your  
best friend's sister if you are--

TREY  
Yeah, maybe later Zee.

ZEE  
I'll tow.

TREY  
I know. I know you'll tow.

Trey walks across the...

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

... straight to the mortuary. But the Iron is on the way.

STEPHAN (O.S.)  
Trey!

Trey's stands all of ten feet from Stephan. He still yells.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)  
Trey! Trey!!!

TREY  
*What, Stephan?*

STEPHAN  
He's coming?

TREY  
It might be more of a shit show  
than I thought. Sorry, man.

STEPHAN  
You're sorry? Sorry?

TREY  
If there's any way--

STEPHAN  
Never apologize for patriotism. We  
might really overturn this thing.

TREY  
The press conference?

STEPHAN  
The election.

TREY  
What would it matter if they did?

STEPHAN  
What do you mean?

TREY  
It's all the same shit. No matter  
who wins, it's the same.

STEPHAN  
You think these liberals give a  
fuck about people like us?

TREY  
I think they give exactly as many  
fucks as the other side.

STEPHAN  
We don't check their boxes, Trey.  
Left wants to make sure people like  
you never work again because you  
messed up in high school.

TREY  
College. Well, both. How did you--

STEPHAN  
 Facebook. Left talks about body  
 positivity but won't give a guy  
 under six-two the time of day.

TREY  
 What?

STEPHAN  
 They killed forgiveness. I'll never  
 fucking forgive them for that.

TREY  
 (beat)  
 I got to talk to Vicky.

STEPHAN  
 You're in control, hombre.

TREY  
 Yeah, yeah, thanks.

STEPHAN  
 And don't be afraid to smash some  
 lib skulls if they get in the way.

Trey squints. Tell people it's a culture war enough, it's  
 only a matter of time before they start to act like soldiers.

**INT. MORG - DELWARE VALLEY CREMATION SERVICES - DAY**

Trey pokes his head in from the dark. Vicky trims the  
 eyebrows of the departed.

For a moment, Trey just watches her work. She is meant to do  
 this. *He was meant to mow lawns.*

TREY  
 Awesome.

VICKY  
 Jesus- fuck!

Vicky flinches - pulling out a tuft of eyebrow.

VICKY (CONT'D)  
 Can't roll up on me like that.

TREY  
 I'm sorry, I'm so sorry! I knocked.

VICKY  
 How many times?

TREY

Twice. Three might've been better--

VICKY

Three would've been great.

TREY

Yeah, I... I think there might be slightly more people for the shoot.

VICKY

I have twitter, Trey.

TREY

Right, right. It should only be an hour. Have lunch on me--

VICKY

I need quiet to work. I don't need lunch to work.

TREY

You think the president's supporters are loud?

Vicky smiles - she could be offering freshly baked cookies.

VICKY

You know how many bodies I have running through this place?

TREY

I don't want to know--

VICKY

A river. A river of bodies. I'm cooch-deep in corpses.

(Trey dry heaves)

That eyebrow's going to take me all afternoon to fix.

TREY

Can I help?

VICKY

Do you want to?

TREY

Not at all, it was a completely empty gesture. I can um...

Trey waves at the walls. Vicky shrugs: *what?*

TREY (CONT'D)

Sound proof. I'll sound proof it.

VICKY  
You know how to do that?

TREY  
I'll youtube it. I'll replace the  
intercom too.

VICKY  
What happened to the intercom?

TREY  
Please don't call Rick. I might've  
put Claire in a tough spot.

VICKY  
(beat)  
I called him an hour ago. Sorry.

Trey lingers. Never linger around wall sconces.

TREY  
You ever hear of a Tuskegee Study?

VICKY  
In school, sure. Government gave a  
bunch of black men syphilis and  
then never treated them. Even when  
they had a cure.

TREY  
Why would we do that?

VICKY  
Because we could?

Trey processes - pretty fucked up.

VICKY (CONT'D)  
Anything else?

TREY  
Sand-paper. Do you have sandpaper?

Vicky pulls a stack of sandpaper from a drawer.

VICKY  
You know what we use that for?

TREY  
No thanks. I'll be back for the...

Trey motions to the walls again. Two hands - pressing up.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

QaJohn peaks into the warehouse. He finds Gwen on the couch.

QAJOHN  
Hey, hey. Ah... Trey in?

GWEN  
No. I'm glad you're here though.

QAJOHN  
Ah, really- how come?

GWEN  
I got a lead for you.

QAJOHN  
Okay. I know you're making fun of--

GWEN  
I'm serious. I was on twitter and did a deep dive. I was wrong... to believe in equality and all that.

QAJOHN  
Where on twitter?

GWEN  
Anonymous user? I think a sock puppet. Guy knew his shit though. There's a ring in Massachusetts. Multiple. It's a blue state.

QAJOHN  
(beat)  
Very blue state.

She has him now. QaJohn starts texting out notes.

GWEN  
Very. This guy said affluent older men are diddling children. Have been for decades. Blood rituals. The works. Police turned a blind eye. It started in Boston but it could have spread to Philly. Maybe the world. They have these fronts. Franchises- pop-ups, I guess. But they're rings. All of them.

QAJOHN  
Jesus. What are the fronts called?

GWEN  
They're called *churches*, John. Cath-  
o-Lick... *churches*.

Gwen over-pronounces every word. QaJohn's jaw tenses.

QAJOHN  
Okay, you know what? Fuck you,  
Gwen. It's not a joke.

GWEN  
Trust the plan.

John storms out. The great storm. Trey enters with sandpaper.

TREY  
You good?

GWEN  
Great.

**INT. BACKROOM - DAY**

Trey blows wood dust off the podium, falling like snowflakes.  
Gwen reads from her phone in monotone:

GWEN  
*Dead. I'm going to gut you like a--*

TREY  
I just left Vicky's. Can we not?

GWEN  
*Here's another: how do you stupid  
fucks politicize landscaping? Not a  
death threat. Oh. There's a second  
paragraph. That's a death threat.*

She glances up at Trey. That glance turns into a stare.

TREY  
What?

GWEN  
You don't fucking suck at this.

TREY  
Thanks. Um... what's up with John?

GWEN  
Fauci created Covid. They re-use  
vats of vaccine with fetus DNA.  
Hollywood is a cabal of pedophiles,  
which at least has some truth to it-

TREY  
I meant with you and John.

GWEN  
Oh. It's just... um...

It's the one thing Gwen seems unsure about.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
You weren't there when he was bad.  
I mean you were but you were...

TREY  
Working on myself--

GWEN  
Equally fucked up. It wasn't fun.  
For me but especially for my mom.  
This- the internet shit... deep  
state. It feels like that all over.  
He's a different person like--

TREY  
Like when he...

GWEN  
Yeah. I don't feel like watching it  
again. Him falling apart in slow  
motion. My mom taking out loans to  
put him through rehab. I can't.

TREY  
He isn't using. Or drinking.

GWEN  
Not yet. But... day's still young.

TREY  
I'll keep an eye on him.

GWEN  
That reminds me. Who'd you vote  
for?

Just like that, Gwen hides back behind her wall.

TREY  
I... it doesn't matter--

GWEN  
Probably the guy you let destroy my  
family's reputation and business in  
a single morning.

TREY  
What time is it?

GWEN  
Nine thirty. Claire's almost here.

TREY  
You said she's not coming in today.

GWEN  
I think she makes an exception when  
we become a national joke.

TREY  
We've done shoots before--

GWEN  
Not presidential press conferences  
in a the middle of a civil war.

TREY  
I'm counting to ten. Because you're  
starting to piss me off.

GWEN  
Oh, wowie. A ten count?

TREY  
One.

GWEN  
You're never going back on lawns.

TREY  
Two.

GWEN  
Not that it matters since you're  
quitting. Basically upper-deckered  
my mom's life-work and bailed.

TREY  
Three.

GWEN  
Fucking child abuse.

TREY  
The kid threw- four.

GWEN  
Run back to mommy to fix  
everything, trust fund baby.

TREY

Five.

GWEN

You know what? I feel sorry for you. I do. I'm going to go read more death threats in the office.

Gwen hops off the table and exits before Trey can get to...

TREY

Six.

He sands the wood. A little harder than normal.

TREY (CONT'D)

Seven--

Trey slips. His hand catches a splinter. A big one. He looks down. BLOOD drips on the podium.

A nice cherry stain.

Trey PUNCHES the podium. Again and again. *Punching*. That's the second thing he's good at. Right after mowing lawns.

It's always easier to rip something apart than put it together. That's a metaphor. For democracy, obvi.

Slow exhales. Trey stares down at the fruits of his labor. He'll have to pick up the pieces and start over. *Again*.

TREY (CONT'D)

Eight.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey runs a hose over his wound, washing out the blood.

Past the fence, the tailgate has reached SIX. All male. All maskless. All in their mid to late fifties. Shocking.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Trey enters, stretching duct-tape over his palm. Gwen leans against his desk. QaJohn sits next to her.

TREY

Good to see you two talking.

They don't say a word. Trey follows their eyes.

CLAIRE (55) wears sweats, reading her phone. It's her day off. *Was*. Her body language is all business. She is not.

She's a good boss. Philly through and through. She gives a shit about her employees. She gives a shit about what she's built here. What she'll leave to her kids.

TREY (CONT'D)

Hey, Claire. Hap- happy Saturday.

CLAIRE

Hey, Trey.

She lets it sit. A true mom. The guilty will always confess. Unless they're accused of insurrection, in which case...

TREY

I um... we're having a press conference in the parking lot.

CLAIRE

I heard.

TREY

They're paying us.

CLAIRE

How much?

TREY

Five hundred.

CLAIRE

You have it?

TREY

No. Not yet. It's um... on the way.

CLAIRE

Okay.

(teaching moment)

You understand how little five hundred dollars is comparative--

TREY

Comparative to what?

CLAIRE

To this fucking shit show!

Claire face twists quickly to rage. She calms herself. Tries.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

How many have we lost?

GWEN  
Deitrich's, Holland's, Smith's,  
Johnson's on South Main.

CLAIRE  
What're we at now with... the web?

GWEN  
Two bomb threats, nineteen death  
threats, four ra--

QAJOHN  
It's trolls, mom. It'll blow over.

Claire pushes play on the phone.

PHONE  
You have two thousand forty seven  
new messages. First message.

A man speaks from the answering machine. These are all real  
voicemails the Four Seasons Total Landscaping received:

MAN (VOICEMAIL)  
*Hey, I heard you're running a  
special on dismantling democracy--*

Claire pushes stop. She blinks slowly, patiently, at Trey.

TREY  
I'm sorry.

CLAIRE  
I know, Trey.

TREY  
I just... I was trying to help.

CLAIRE  
I know.

TREY  
Gwen shrugged.

GWEN  
I didn't fucking--

CLAIRE  
Gwen is twenty-one.

GWEN  
I am capable of making my own--

CLAIRE  
Shut up.

GWEN

Okay.

CLAIRE

I put you on the phones for one weekend and look at this shit.

TREY

(thinking)

You... ever think this might not have happened if I was on lawns?

CLAIRE

No. I think it might not have happened if I had just fired you for assaulting a minor--

TREY

He threw the ball. I mowed--

CLAIRE

I don't care if he threw the ball!  
I don't care if Gwen shrugged.  
You're a fucking adult. When you're in charge, when you're a parent you learn... it's always your fault.

It's subtle, but QaJohn looks away. Trey catches it.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I can't believe this is happening.  
Of all the fucking parking lots in the world, they picked ours.

Claire looks down at her phone. It vibrates. Lots.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Do you know how hard it is to be a woman in the landscaping business?

TREY

Yes.

Claire and Gwen lean back in unison. QaJohn shakes his head.

TREY (CONT'D)

Sorry. No.

CLAIRE

You know how often I get asked if I own this place with my husband?

TREY

No.

CLAIRE

I tried so hard to avoid politics, you know? It's everywhere I get it, but... one phone call. *One*. And we lose half our customers.

TREY

What half did we lose?

CLAIRE

The half that pays on time. Are you some kind of closet... political activist like...

Claire nods to QaJohn.

QAJOHN

There's pedophile rings--

CLAIRE

I'm sure there are pedophile rings out there. And it's awful. I'm also sure... you will not be the one to stop them, sweetheart.

(to Trey)

Are you into this shit too?

TREY

No, I don't think it matters. Politics not pedophiles.

CLAIRE

Was it... personal?

TREY

No, Claire. I love... *it* here.

CLAIRE

You're leaving? Do as much damage on your way out the door? Your mom--

TREY

No, I... I was trying to help.

CLAIRE

We're the Four Seasons Total Landscaping.

She means this. With all her heart.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

We have to be above politics. If we become politicized... what's safe?

TREY  
I can fix this.

CLAIRE  
I need you to do nothing.

TREY  
I... am I fired?

CLAIRE  
You quit? We can argue semantics later. For now... what's going on out there doesn't concern you.

TREY  
I'll go check on Zee.

CLAIRE  
I already called Fantasy's owner to apologize. Nothing. Do nothing.

TREY  
I'll... go... do--

CLAIRE  
Nothing.

TREY  
Nothing.

CLAIRE  
(to Gwen)  
What do they have?

GWEN  
They recorded Trey consenting.

CLAIRE  
A recording isn't a contract. I'll call our lawyer, see about backing--

GWEN  
We shouldn't.

CLAIRE  
What do you mean?

GWEN  
It's bad, mom. Like... *bad bad*. That's pissing off what's suppose to be the rational side. If we pull out, assuming we even can, we'll piss off the not-rational side.

Claire looks to John. He knows the not-rational side.

QAJOHN  
Ah... yeah. She's right.

Claire processes. Gwen and QaJohn don't agree on much.

CLAIRE  
Fuck.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey's work-boots dangle from the bed of his truck.

TEN tailgaters pass Miller Lites. They laugh. Not a care in the world. There's freedom in absolute conviction.

QAJOHN  
Psst.

Trey finds QaJohn whispering all of six feet away.

TREY  
What, John?

QAJOHN  
Tik-Todd left the Schmidt lawn.

TREY  
I know... it's a beautiful lawn.

QAJOHN  
You want to go finish it?

TREY  
I'm suppose to be on phones.

QAJOHN  
They're unplugged.

TREY  
I don't want to piss Claire off--

QAJOHN  
It'd be hard to piss her off anymore than you already have.  
(Trey hesitates)  
In and out. Thirty minutes. One more before you're making six figures to stare at a computer.

TREY  
(beat)  
Can we bring the Astro?

**INT. TRUCK - DAY**

QaJohn drives Trey. They sip Dunkin's. Product placement.

QAJOHN

You go in?

TREY

No... but I've been counting liquor stores on my way home. You do that?

QAJOHN

All the time. I've gone in. I've got to the check out.

TREY

It feels like since Ocean Lane... it's gonna happen. It's only a matter of when. I'm this balloon.

QAJOHN

You're a balloon?

TREY

Just- yeah. And if I don't have a drink, let a little air out... it's gonna burst. Is that crazy?

QAJOHN

No. But if you feel like you're going to relapse, like you really are... these guys have the hook up.

John honks. He taps his nose twice at a passing CYCLIST (46).

TREY

Jesus, they are not coke-heads.

QAJOHN

Yes, they are. Look at them.

TREY

(laughing)

How'd you get into it?

QAJOHN

AA? Claire didn't give me choice.

TREY

No the other shit. Q shit.

QAJOHN

Oh... watched a video, I guess? Then another.

(MORE)

QAJOHN (CONT'D)

Joined a Facebook group. People were nice. Welcoming. I know what you think it is.

TREY

I don't think you do.

QAJOHN

It's people trying to help. It's... I don't know... community. It gave me purpose when I felt like I didn't have one. Made me feel like I mattered. Like I could help. I used to um... I was um...

TREY

You used to what?

QAJOHN

I used to be Gwen's big brother. I still am but... I was gonna take over the Total. Claire and Gwen don't really need me anymore.

TREY

They do. Of course they do.

QAJOHN

You know what it's like. People think you're so fragile. Smallest thing goes wrong you'll lose it.

(beat)

They don't trust me anymore. I just keep the mowers running now.

TREY

Yeah but you're good at it. Great.

QAJOHN

I don't know, man.

John becomes fascinated with whatever's out the window.

**EXT. SCHMIDT LAWN - DAY**

The Schmidt lawn. Holy Schmidt what a beauty, am I right?

Trey plucks blades of grass. He rubs it in his hands and sniffs. Like Maximus rubbing dirt before a gladiator match.

John lowers the lift. The Shadowfax of mowers hits green.

**EXT. SCHMIDT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Trey rides the Astro. He was meant to. It's ten in the morning but for no reason at all it feels like golden hour.

QaJohn fertilizes a dead patch of grass. He looks up at Trey.

It's like seeing Tom Brady throw a spiral. A Pedro Martinez change-up. A Donald Trump lie. The best in their prime.

**EXT. SCHMIDT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Trey and QaJohn look back at the lawn. It's beautiful.

KEN SCHMIDT (33) holds a newborn in his arms. He wears a day-trader vest. He went to High School with John and Trey.

KEN SCHMIDT

Nice job, John. Hey, Trey.

TREY

Sup, Ken?

KEN SCHMIDT

You guys are still mowing lawns?

Trey looks at the sea of grass. His lawn. Technically Ken's, but really it's Trey's. At least in this brief moment.

TREY

Fuck yeah we are.

**EXT. BACK LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Claire argues with RICK (65). Rick's a real mansplainer.

All men are. Not me though. I'm diffy. Let me just explain what mansplaining is real fast so I know you understand the character of Rick and why he's Claire's own personal hell...

RICK

You want to look at the lease?

CLAIRE

Sure. Let me find the email.

A truck pulls in. Trey exits the cab with John.

Claire looks at Trey like he just drove himself home shit-faced from prom. But Claire has her hands full.

RICK

Don't worry. I brought copies.

Rick places a contract on the hood of a mower, mask around his chin. It's never good when they bring copies.

TREY  
Who's that?

QAJOHN  
Rick.

Trey sees the weight on Claire as Rick licks his fingers in a pandemic and flips through the pages. Trey and John enter...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

... and gets as far as the desk.

GWEN  
We're trending number one on  
twitter, assholes.

QAJOHN  
(looking at his phone)  
Number one on Gab too.

GWEN  
Nobody gives a fuck about Gab--

AIDE  
Hello?

The AIDE (27) is baby-faced. He wears a flannel and a vest as if to say: we're casual at this White House. We're cool. We aren't dismantling democracy one norm at a time.

TREY  
Can I help you?

AIDE  
This is it?

TREY  
Sorry, who are you?

AIDE  
We spoke on the phone. I'm with the  
White House. Who's in charge here?

Trey looks back at the windows. Claire has her hands on her hips. Still going over the lease line by line with Rick.

Trey looks QaJohn. A nod. He looks to Gwen. *An eye roll.*

GWEN  
My mom's out back--

TREY  
I am. I'm um... I am the one in  
charge.

GWEN  
(to herself)  
Jesus Christ.

AIDE  
Walk with me.

TREY  
You want me to go over there?

AIDE  
Yes.

Trey squints at Gwen and QaJohn. He walks over four steps.

AIDE (CONT'D)  
I don't think this will work.

TREY  
That's great.

AIDE  
We're still going to do it.

TREY  
If you need to cancel, you know...  
don't worry about the location fee.

AIDE  
Location fee?

TREY  
The five hundred dollars.

AIDE  
Right. That's on the way.

TREY  
You said you had it in your hands.

AIDE  
Figure of speech.

TREY  
You said it was *literally* in your--

AIDE  
We need someone on the gate to make  
sure friendly press is allowed in  
first. I assume you know which  
outlets those are?

TREY

No. I don't really follow politics.

The Aide turns - making eye contact for the first time.

AIDE

Why'd you agree to this?

TREY

I like to mow lawns.

AIDE

Seems unrelated.

The Aide continues walking to the bay door.

AIDE (CONT'D)

His supporters are setting up camp across the street.

TREY

Nobody can park in front of the Fantasy Island.

AIDE

Shouldn't be an issue.

TREY

Also, we need to keep it down for the mortuary. Vicky's working.

AIDE

Keep it down?

TREY

Uh-huh, yes. Otherwise I don't think we can make it work.

AIDE

(smiling)

Okay, Trey. We might want to move the counter-protestors then.

TREY

Counter-protesters?

AIDE

When's the last time you were outside?

The Aide pulls the chain of the sheet-metal door in dramatic fashion. He has no idea how to do it. He tugs harder.

AIDE (CONT'D)

It's broken.

TREY

Down then up.

Trey unlatches the chain in one hard motion. The bay door lifts. The industrial park isn't empty anymore...

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

The tailgate between a couple mid-life crisis has grown to something out of the Purge.

On the other side of the chainlink fence, a man in a full RUBBER TRUMP SUIT lifts a 'Stop the Steal' sign.

A GUY (47) wears a bathrobe and boxers. Why? Because he can.

It's every political argument on Facebook made flesh.

The president's supporters wave flags, they shout. They don't wear masks. Spit flies in the harsh Philadelphia sun.

It always has.

Masked counter-protestors SHOUT back.

They laugh. They mock the 'fuck your feelings' crowd. Dark Brandon's victory is just a matter of time. You can taste it.

It doesn't taste good. Like licking a metal pole. But metal tastes amazing when you've spent four years eating shit.

Vicky watches from the mortuary steps. A MAN (42) blows a kazoo. Nothing says America like a South African kazoo.

Trey throws her a wave. Vicky makes a throat slitting motion. It's pretty aggressive but she's smiling so it's fine.

TREY

Is this normal?

AIDE

Yeah. Dems stealing the election has the base a bit more riled up but, hopefully we fix that today.

Trey's eyes are still on the crowd. PETER DETMARE (38), shouts at a PROTESTOR (27), gripping his crotch as he does.

TREY

That's Pete Detmare.

AIDE

You know Peter? He's our star witness. Pole watcher in Philly.

(MORE)

AIDE (CONT'D)

Well, one of many star witnesses.  
The fraud is so wide-spread.

TREY

I went to high school with him.

AIDE

How was that?

Trey inhales, cocking his head. That's the whole answer.

AIDE (CONT'D)

Okay, it was really great getting  
to know you. Where's the podium?  
Contractually, we need the podium.

TREY

It's um... we're working on it.

Trey follows the Aide back into the...

WAREHOUSE

The Aide checks his phone. This is just another day for him.

AIDE

Giuliani lands in twenty. Is there  
a place we can hold him?

If 'cellar door' is the most beautiful word combination in  
the English language, 'Giuliani lands' might be the least.

TREY

Um... shit. Claire's office, maybe.

Trey opens a door to a small office. A plaque reads 'Boss  
Lady.' The Aide lets out an honest laugh. His first.

The owner of Four Seasons Total Landscaping's name isn't  
Claire. But she does have a Boss Lady plaque on her desk.

AIDE

Boss lady. He'll love that.

The Aide exits out the bay door, chuckling to himself.

AIDE (CONT'D)

Hey, Trey? Thanks for being a  
patriot.

Trey stares. Silhouetted against chaos incarnate. The smug  
grin. The vest. *The Aide knows.*

He's the most dangerous man in the world.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Trey closes the door - muffling the screams of patriotism. He can't get a single step before he runs into Gwen.

GWEN  
What the absolute fuck. Claire told  
you to do nothing.

TREY  
I can fix this.

GWEN  
Nobody can fix this.

It's true. Nobody can fix our crazy polarized world outside of Mark Zuckerberg. And he's got every incentive not to.

TREY  
You know... you didn't say no.

GWEN  
What?

TREY  
You didn't say no when I asked.

GWEN  
I shrugged.

TREY  
Not a no.

GWEN  
You said it was a student film. An  
anonymous one. Not that President  
Sociopath was coming to shit down  
the throat of a female-owned small  
business before wiping his ass with  
whatever's left of our democracy.

TREY  
Sorry. It's just... it's so  
specific. Still not a no though.

Gwen shakes her head. Are they flirting? No idea.

GWEN  
Where you going?

TREY  
If we're going to have a press  
conference, we're going to have the  
best press conference ever.

(beat)

(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)  
A Four Seasons Total Press  
conference.

GWEN  
You're so fucking stupid I have to  
remind myself to talk slower.

TREY  
Stupid like a fox.

GWEN  
Not an expression.

TREY  
Not yet.

Trey exits. Gwen smiles. Small one. But she actually smiles.

**EXT. BACK LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey doesn't even glance at the mowers. QaJohn paces on the  
phone, absent-mindedly throwing logs into the wood chipper.

TREY  
Hang up! Don't say goodbye. Don't--

QAJOHN  
Alright, Jesus--

Trey snatches John's phone.

TREY  
No more texting, tweeting or...

QAJOHN  
Gabbing.

TREY  
Just... I'm at a nine right now.  
You want to see me at a ten?

QAJOHN  
Kind of, yeah.

TREY  
You remember Peter Detmare?

QAJOHN  
Pedo Pete?

TREY  
Wasn't he in jail?

QAJOHN  
They let him out. Covid  
overcrowding. Why?

TREY  
He's a witness.

QAJOHN  
Maybe he witnessed something?

TREY  
Like what, his own sex crimes?

QAJOHN  
He could've saw something while...  
committing sex crimes.

TREY  
You know what media outlets like  
the president?

QAJOHN  
OAN, Breitbart, Newsmax. Fox until  
they gave Arizona to Bid--

TREY  
I need you on the gate. Take Todd.  
Let those guys in first. Don't let  
in the ones that'll ask hard  
questions. I mean... let in some in-

QAJOHN  
So it seems balanced. I got you.

TREY  
Good. We need more wood. Gwen broke  
the podium.

QAJOHN  
Psycho.

TREY  
Yeah. She still into guys?

QAJOHN  
I don't know. She's some bullshit  
now. Pansexual, I think. Why?

TREY  
(to himself)  
Lucky pans.

QAJOHN  
What? Are you trying to--

TREY  
No, some protestor was askin'.

QAJOHN  
Which one?

TREY  
Wood, John. I need wood.

QaJohn tosses another log into the chipper.

QAJOHN  
We're out. Try Steph. The iron used  
to be a Karate dojo.

TREY  
Really?

QAJOHN  
Yeah. Hundred percent. Like all  
cyclist being on coke.

TREY  
They're not--  
(QaJohn grins)  
Get on the gate.

**INT. PHILLY IRON - DAY**

Trey walks past a PREACHER (43) performing a sermon to a couple Trump supporters on their knees outside the fence.

PREACHER  
God sent us an angel to save us.  
Like he sent us Jesus.

Trey strides to the Iron to find a different sort of ritual. Stephan and the other alpha males shotgun White Claws.

TREY  
Hey, Stephan you got any wood--

Stephan tosses Trey a can. He ~~eatches~~ claws it. Sick writing.

TREY (CONT'D)  
I don't drink, man.

STEPHAN  
They're keto.

TREY  
That's not--

STEPHAN  
Two grams of sugar.

TREY  
What's the percentage?

STEPHAN  
Eight.

TREY  
*Eight?*

STEPHAN  
Fuck yeah.

Trey stares at Tik-Todd ghost-chugging a White Claw. That clear fizz drains over his sleeveless shirt. Care-free.

TREY  
Um...

It's in his hand already. Little white cans with a whole lot of wisdom. The world's going to shit. What's one drink?

There's SHOUTS from across the parking lot. Trey blinks.

TREY (CONT'D)  
You got any wood? John said the Iron used to be a Karate dojo.

STEPHAN  
No. That's completely made up. Tell you what though, one of these college kids get's mouthy I might need to break out some karate.

Stephan karate chops. A big, muscle-bound fucking chop-er-oo.

TREY  
What about countin' to ten?

STEPHAN  
Give them ten seconds to run.

Laughs from the Iron. Trey watches Stephan. He's drunk, sure. Getting redder by the second. Stephan is a ticking time bomb.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)  
Someone tries to take something from you... eventually you got to stand up for what's yours.

Stephan knocks out a hang clean. Trey watches the barbell SLAM against the mat, bouncing in a cloud of chalk.

It doesn't make a sound. Some wheels turn. Slowly but...

TREY  
I need some mats.

STEPHAN  
For what?

TREY  
For the fucking president! Come on!

STEPHAN  
Sorry, sorry!  
(to the lifters)  
Get some mats, Jeremy! Fuck!

Trey stares across the lot. Zee YELLS. Trey's needed. He matters. He tosses the White Claw back.

TREY  
Bring'em over to the mortuary.

**EXT. FANTASY ISLAND - DAY**

A man in a suit, SEAN (32), has parked a BMW in one of the Fantasy Island's prized parking spots.

Sean is Trey's brother. He's what Trey would be if he didn't mow lawns. His ghost of Christmas Future or some other shit that makes me sound well-read. Jacob to his Eddy Cullen.

ZEE  
Parking is for customers only.

SEAN  
You want me to buy a nudie mag?  
I'll buy a fucking nudie mag.

ZEE  
Buy a mag. Leave.

TREY  
Sean! What're you doing here?

SEAN  
I'm here for you, dip-shit.

TREY  
Why're you wearing a suit?

SEAN  
I work.

TREY  
It's Saturday.

SEAN  
I work Saturdays.

TREY  
In a suit?  
(Sean shrugs: yes?)  
Wouldn't you put on like a sweater  
if you're going in on a weekend?

SEAN  
What's your fucking deal?

TREY  
You were out all night.

SEAN  
I was working.

TREY  
You smell like you weren't working.

SEAN  
What's 'weren't working' smell  
like, genius?

TREY  
Beer.

SEAN  
Fuck you, alright? I don't need to  
be here. I'm trying to help.

TREY  
By parking illegally?

SEAN  
Mom sent me to get you before they  
start filming.

Trey checks Zee behind him - *his fears aren't unfounded.*

TREY  
I'm not leaving.

SEAN  
I'll make you.

TREY  
Do it then.

There was a time where Sean might've been able to *make* Trey leave. But Trey's got manual labor strength, and Sean stares at an Excel spreadsheet all day. Sean thinks better of it.

He steps forward. Talking low - out of Zee's earshot.

SEAN

Look... you don't want to be here when they go live.

TREY

Why not?

SEAN

You don't. Total Landscaping is going under, okay?

TREY

Bullshit.

SEAN

I wish it was, I like John too but... it's not. You're leaving anyway. Just... up your timeline.

TREY

They need me--

SEAN

They don't. Come with me. Don't make mom clean up another fuck up.

Sibling rivalry aside, Sean is being earnest.

TREY

Move the car, Sean.

SEAN

You don't know how bad this'll get.

TREY

Please move the car.

A clenched jaw. Sean gets in the car. The BMW performs a six point turn. For a long while, Trey and Zee watch him wait for screaming protesters and counter-protestors to clear.

ZEE

I have noticed the shoot.

TREY

I know, buddy. I'm um...

Trey looks back to Zee. His wood sculpture is almost complete. It's a plump little version of our president.

TREY (CONT'D)  
 You got any wood?

Zee stares at him. Kind of a loaded question.

**INT. FANTASY ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER**

Zee leads Trey through the porn store. Past a wall of dildos, blow-up dolls, VHS, BlueRay's, books and DVD's.

Zee stops at the red door. He glances back at Trey.

*Trust.*

Zee unlocks it.

It's a wood-workers dream. Sculptures widdled from whole logs. Shelves and cabinets - lacquered and polished.

TREY  
 Jesus. Not what I was expecting in  
 the back of a porn store.

ZEE  
 What were you expecting?

TREY  
 Not... wood.

ZEE  
 I was a carpenter before coming to  
 America. A very good one.

TREY  
 Why're you working here?

ZEE  
 It is what I had.

TREY  
 Sorry.

ZEE  
 It is okay. I really like porn.

TREY  
 (beat)  
 Me too.

ZEE  
 Why are you here?

TREY  
 I like it here.

ZEE

You could have a BMW like your brother. He is not very smart.

Trey looks around. Zee trusted him. An exhale.

TREY

I um... I got a record.

ZEE

What record did you break?

TREY

No I... I got kicked out of college for fighting. *Assault*. In high school, I um... I need my job too.

ZEE

You leave for fancy job.

TREY

Not by choice. I put Claire in a tough spot... a different one. Leaving was the only way out of it.

ZEE

What happened?

TREY

A kid threw a baseball at my mower.

ZEE

I see. What did you do?

TREY

Tossed it back? Then... he threw it in front of the blades again.

ZEE

And you?

TREY

Rolled it back again. And then--

ZEE

A third time?

TREY

Can't pull that shit three times. Two maybe, but three? I thought the ball would go in the bag...

ZEE

Where did the ball go, Trey?

Trey grips Zee's wooden Trump sculpture like a baseball. He motions it towards his eye. A perfect line drive.

TREY

My mom's um... intense? She made the lawsuit disappear for Claire. All I got to do is finish my degree and stare at a spread-sheet twelve hours a day until I die.

Zee's eyes lower to the duct-taped bandage on Trey's hand.

ZEE

Maple, go with the grain. Oak, go against. But... better to let the wood be wood instead of sanding it down to shit plastic. Like people.

TREY

What do you mean?

ZEE

You cannot force maple to be oak.

TREY

Okay? Can I buy some wood off you? I need a podium. Contractually.

ZEE

What time is it?

TREY

Ten thirty seven.

ZEE

I will build it for you.

TREY

How much?

ZEE

Free.

TREY

For real?

ZEE

Yes. We are neighbors.

TREY

Cool... um... thanks Zee.

ZEE

Yes. Thirty minutes.

**INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

Trey stands beside Vicky. Stephan and Tik-Todd duct-tape a gym mat over the window. Vicky eyes Stephan up and down.

Outside, the Bathrobe Guy screams about George Soros. This is all before vaccines. Those sweet, sweet vaccines.

VICKY

Look at them all. So many clients.

TREY

By clients do you mean um...

VICKY

Future deads. None of them are wearing masks. In a crowd.

TREY

Some of the counter-protestors have-

STEPHAN

You don't need them. Natural immunity is enough.

Vicky nods from Trey to the body on the slab. She mouths:

VICKY

You need them.

Trey hands Vicky a pair of sound-proof headphones.

TREY

If the mats aren't enough. You can keep'em. I put in my two weeks.

VICKY

I got to go give out cards.

Vicky throws on a n95 mask. She pulls a stack of cards from a drawer filled with what looks like torture devices.

She hands Stephan a card. Prolonged, mortuary eye-contact.

VICKY (CONT'D)

In case you... need it.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey walks across the lot. Outside a chainlink fence in an industrial park, the war for the soul of America rages.

QAJOHN

OAN!

There's CHEERS from the crowd outside the gates. A REPORTER from OAN stumbles into the lot, hero for a day.

TREY

Even. Keep it even.

QAJOHN

CNN!

BOOS. SHOUTS. A VAN makes its way through the gate. CNN is not very popular in the President's orbit. Who knew?

AGAINST THE GREEN WALL

COREY LEWANDOWSKI (47) observes. When Trump's former campaign manager got shit-canned, he did what any patriot would - took a Fox contract and sucked up to his old boss during sweeps.

Lewandowski was there but didn't speak. Because I don't want to be sued, I won't put words in his mouth.

Corey Lewandowski leans over to the Aide:

COREY LEWANDOWSKI

What's the age of consent in this state?

AT THE SIDE ENTRANCE

Claire and Rick's argument reaches a condescending boil.

RICK

Would you say it's fair to call this a disturbance?

CLAIRE

We don't control what goes on outside our gates. That's public.

RICK

That isn't your employee?

OUTSIDE THE GATES

Gwen shouts at the Bathrobe Guy. She has some anger she needs to vent and he's wearing boxers in November.

BATHROBE GUY

Soros is bank-rolling all of this!

GWEN

All of what?

BATHROBE GUY

*Exactly!*

GWEN

Same anti-semitic bullshit. White men aren't in charge for a literal fucking second out of all of human history and you lose your minds--

A BANG.

The crowd quiets. A bang in America can mean three things. One, a car backfired. Two, a mass shooting. Or three...

A FIREWORK explodes overhead.

A glorified bottle rocket. Confidence returns to the crowd, but John isn't having it. He forces the fence open.

QAJOHN

Gwen, come on!

GWEN

I don't need your white knight shit-

Another bottle rocket BURSTS. The crowd surges. Gwen obliges. QaJohn leads her back behind the safety of the fence.

Trey SLAMS the gate closed. John checks Gwen for injuries.

QAJOHN

You alright?

GWEN

I'm fine.

Trey's eyes scan from the siblings to...

THE SIDE ENTRANCE

... Claire and Rick stare past him into the crowd.

RICK

We getting the fucking fire department down here too?

CLAIRE

I don't know. Did you call them?

Rick tears up the contract and walks away from Claire.

RICKY

This is fucked, Claire. *Fucked.*  
I'll have my lawyer reach out.

Trey puts his back to the gate. *Politics might be affecting everyday life.*

His eyes find the Fantasy island. Zee stares back. Mob nod.

**INT. BACKROOM - FANTASY ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER**

A beautiful podium rests under an Edison bulb.

TREY

I can't even see the nails.

ZEE

I used plugs.

TREY

Fuck, man. Why don't you start a...  
a carpentry business?

ZEE

(ignoring the question)  
I can maybe put on another stain.  
It will not have time to dry.

TREY

Is that okay with the fumes and  
shit?

ZEE

You are not speaking?

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey carries the podium - directing his nose away. The lot is filled with news vans. Cameras are prepped. Reporters mic'd.

STEPHAN (O.S.)

Fucking bullshit!

Trey waddles with his podium to the entrance to the Iron.

TREY

What's up, you good?

STEPHAN

They called it.

He nods to the TV. A blue checkmark fills the screen.

TREY

It's over?

STEPHAN

According to the media.

TREY

Fuck yeah! That's great!

It's a moment of pure relief for Trey. Another rejection for Stephan. Our national nightmare is at an end.

TREY (CONT'D)

Who won?

There's no way to know in two short months the capitol would be breached for the first time since 1812.

**INT. OFFICE - DAY**

Trey enters. He's got some momentum. Some swag. A little drip. Little drip for the kids. I don't fucking know.

Gwen watches the live-stream, Claire stands at her side. People take to the streets of DC on the computer.

TREY

It's over?

GWEN

I think so. They can't still do it right? Like what's the point?

TREY

You want me to check?

CLAIRE

(measuring Trey)

Yeah, go go.

As Trey hoists the podium, he watches Claire squeeze Gwen's shoulders in relief. It's over. It's finally over.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Trey lowers the podium to cracked pavement.

He takes a second to admire the Trump backdrop. It's checkered red and blue, pasted to cover half of a white bay door. It's tiny compared to the rest of the building.

The Aide slouches against green brick, composing a text. He isn't sending one, he's composing one. There's a difference.

TREY

Hey man, podium's--

The Aide raises a single finger for silence. He keeps texting with his other hand. Trey stares at that index finger.

It's over. Deep breathes.

The text is finished. The Aide lets out a satisfied exhale. God knows he deserves it. He raises his brows to Trey.

TREY (CONT'D)

Yeah, hey. Podium's here. He lost. They just announced it.

AIDE

Who did?

TREY

Um... Fox and CNN.

AIDE

CNN. What about Newsmax and OAN?

TREY

I don't know what those are.

AIDE

How do you know this before me?

The Aide checks his phone - he grimaces.

TREY

Tough break. I was um... *rooting*. I'll send everyone home?

AIDE

No.

TREY

What- what was that?

AIDE

No?

TREY

Why're you doing the press conference if the election's over?

AIDE

It's more important than ever.

TREY

But... he lost?

AIDE

(beat)

We knew he lost four days ago.

TREY

I... this is pointless--

AIDE

This is politics. The press conference is happening. We're just... changing the script a bit.

(changing the subject)

I think I saw a CNN reporter in here. Think you could have the boys toss him out? Make a show of it.

TREY

They're not bouncers.

AIDE

They're blue collar though. President loves blue collar.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The stalls match the exterior of the Total Landscaping. Green and rusted. Trey vomits chunks of egg-mcmuffin into a toilet.

The door RATTLES open. Trey is not alone.

He peaks through the crack in the stall.

A MAN (76) squirts black dye over a fading hair-line at the sinks. He applies the dye liberally.

It's the only liberal thing about him. Stop reading if you need to. It's going to get worse before it gets better.

In a thick New York accent, the man over-pronounces a mantra - fighting a lisp.

MAN

Tipsy toddlers thank Trump  
tremendously. Tipsy toddlers thank--

Trey heaves. The man makes direct eye contact.

If Nosferatu day-traded on Wall Street. Lawyer. Cousin fucker. Masked singer. Flip-Flop salesman. Trump sycophant.

America's mayor.

RUDY GIULIANI is an easy target. But there was a time when this country needed him. *Truly*. And in that moment, he did not come up short. His tragedy is our own.

RUDY GIULIANI

Sorry, thought I was alone. Warming up the pipes, you know?

He chuckles. Trey exits the stall, holding back a gag.

RUDY GIULIANI (CONT'D)  
You alright, son?

TREY  
Yeah, um... just nervous, I guess.

RUDY GIULIANI  
You care. It means you care.  
Nerves.

Rudy grins. Nothing but warmth. He squirts more dye. Lots.

RUDY GIULIANI (CONT'D)  
I used to throw up before every  
speech. Every trial. Terrified of  
public speaking. Scared shitless.  
Then... one day I got over it. Now  
I do it for a living, ya know?

TREY  
How'd you do that?

RUDY GIULIANI  
Alcohol.

Rudy removes a silver flask and shakes it at Trey.

TREY  
Oh. No... thanks.

RUDY GIULIANI  
Helps. You speakin' out there?

TREY  
Nah. I um... I got to deliver some  
bad news to some... good people.

RUDY GIULIANI  
Ah, been there. I had to deliver  
the worst news once. To the best  
people. Just be honest... but not  
brutally. Devil's in the details.  
(Rudy looks inward)  
People can tell when you care. You  
can't fake that. And you care.

TREY  
Yeah, yeah. Thanks, buddy.

RUDY GIULIANI  
It'll be alright, kid. You mind?

TREY  
No, go for it.

Rudy goes back to the mirror. Trey moves to the door.

RUDY GIULIANI  
Tipsy toddlers thank Trump tremen--

TREY  
Can I ask... why're you here? You  
really believe it was stolen?

Rudy straightens. He downs his flask. *Nerves.*

RUDY GIULIANI  
I believe... our guy is better in  
the White House than theirs. And  
that's worth fighting for. Worth  
playing dirty for.

TREY  
But why Total Landscaping?

RUDY GIULIANI  
It's off the I-95. I didn't want to  
get stuck going into Philly, then  
again getting out, you know?

TREY  
You didn't want to hit Philly  
traffic?

RUDY GIULIANI  
No.

TREY  
(thinking)  
It's Saturday.

RUDY GIULIANI  
Not just Philly traffic. New York  
on the way back, you know? *Jersey.*  
Plus, we couldn't afford the hotel.

Trey is speechless. It was just traffic. All this, for Rudy's  
commute. Rudy winks and returns to the mirror.

RUDY GIULIANI (CONT'D)  
Live from New York, it's Saturday--

Trey exits.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Trey looks at the crack to the office. Claire and Gwen talk  
in low murmurs. He raises his hand to knock...

He's not ready yet. Trey retreats to the desk where it all started. The dull glow of Drexel University's welcome page.

Gwen enters, followed by Claire.

GWEN  
Did the assholes leave?

TREY  
Um... not really.

GWEN  
What are they--

TREY  
They're still doin' it. I'm sorry.

CLAIRE  
But they lost? The election's over.

TREY  
They don't care. It doesn't matter to them. None of it matters.

CLAIRE  
God fucking damnit--

A toilet flushes.

A sink does not run. Someone is not washing hands. The bathroom door swings open. Claire and Gwen's heads turn.

RUDY GIULIANI  
This your place? You're boss lady?  
(Claire nods)  
Beautiful bathrooms.

CLAIRE  
Thanks.

RUDY GIULIANI  
Trump Tower has the best bathrooms I've ever seen. But you're a close second, you know?

He laughs. That ole' Rudy chuckle. It always comes back to Trump. It's always a competition. Small hands.

Rudy smiles and exits. Showtime. Trey looks to Claire.

TREY  
I can... threaten the Aide. Or have my mom's lawyer threaten him. Maybe if we turn on the hoses--

CLAIRE  
Go home, Trey.

Trey looks from Claire to Gwen. She's serious.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Please just... go home.

Trey takes his cell phone from the desk. His eyes find the computer. His mouse cursor hovers over the REGISTER BUTTON.

He CLICKS.

Drexel University. Registration complete. Trey exits.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

The president's lawyer takes the podium. A series of REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS form a semi-circle.

Supporters and counter-protestors watch from the fence behind them. All in a tiny lot in East Philly.

RUDY GIULIANI  
Wow, beautiful day.

He's flanked by a big yellow reel of hose. A green hose. *Rudy Giuliani*. Black hair dye drips down his cheeks.

Trey moves behind the press junket.

Beaten.

Lewandowski, the Aide, and a series of not-Secret Service SECURITY GUARDS rest beside the tiny Trump 2020 backdrop.

Some reporters have started to pack up. Those that stay fire off questions:

REPORTER  
Will Trump concede the election?

He won't.

REPORTER #2  
The networks declared Biden--

RUDY GIULIANI  
What network?

REPORTER #2  
All the networks.

RUDY GIULIANI  
All the- wow. Oh my goodness. All  
the networks!

Rudy lifts his hands to the heavens. An old man literally  
shouts at the clouds.

RUDY GIULIANI (CONT'D)  
Since when did the networks decide  
the elections?

Voters decide. But the networks have announced that decision  
reliably for around seventy years, give or take.

RUDY GIULIANI (CONT'D)  
We have multiple examples of voter  
fraud in the state of Pennsylvania.

With each passing word, the crowd gets more agitated. They're  
an orchestra of rage and grievance. Rudy knows all the beats.

Trey hears a voice over the chorus of camera shutters.

ZEE (O.S.)  
Move the car!

Zee leans over the porn store railing. Another ASSHOLE (27)  
parks his dad's Tesla in front of the Fantasy Island.

That's not Trey's problem. His fault maybe but...

In the crowd, Stephan pokes a COLLEGE STUDENT's (20) chest.

STEPHAN  
You going to cancel me, big man?

That's not Trey's fight either. Not anymore.

He kicks dirt to a beat-up truck.

Vicky sits on the stoop of the mortuary. She wears Trey's  
headphones around her neck. She's given up on work. On art.

That's on her. Not Trey. They're good headphones. Great even.

He did what he could. More than most.

Trey climbs into his...

**INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

... and buckles his seat belt. Adjusts the rear view mirror.  
Chaos behind. He puts the key in the ignition and moves on.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

A truck is parked outside a shitty liquor store. A weed wacker, bags of fertilizer, and a push mower clutter the bed.

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

Trey waits in line, staring down at a sixer of Bud Light.

A CYCLIST (37) in RED SPANDEX buys a pair of Evian's. His shoes click-clack away on cheap linoleum forever.

Trey's turn.

He places the six pack on the counter. Expecting some kind of reaction from a CLERK (66). One last plea to turn around.

Trey gets none. For the Clerk, this is another customer. Hour seven of twelve on his shift. It doesn't matter.

Trey doesn't.

They both know it. Trey shovels cash onto the counter.

**EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

Trey exits into the Philadelphia sun. He looks down at the brown paper bag in his hand. The quiet relief of giving up.

And just then... he hears spikes on cement.

The Red Spandex cyclist passes the bottled water to a YELLOW CYCLIST (46). He digs into his yellow tights.

Yellow pulls out a set of car keys and a little ziplock bag.

The cyclist scoops a dash of white powder from the bag up to his nose. He offers a key bump of COCCAINE to his fellow rider. The red rider takes it. He's a cyclist after all.

Trey laughs.

QaJohn was right. And if he was right about cyclists being coked out of their mind at all times (they 100% are, every one of them) maybe he was right about something else.

Not the pedophile stuff. *Christ.*

Maybe one person really could make a difference. Maybe Trey actually fucking matters. Not a lot but... enough.

Trey stares down at the six pack.

He lays the brown paper bag with the utmost care beside a trash can. Today's not the day. His eyes find the truck.

Once more unto the fray for Trey.

Honestly, stop reading if you don't like the line above. No one's forcing you to finish. I certainly wouldn't blame you.

**EXT. BACK LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

The truck burst through the chainlink gates, skidding to a stop in a cloud of dust. Trey hops down onto the gravel.

Tik-Todd stares at him - mouth agape.

TREY

Close the fucking gate, Todd!

For once, Todd takes an order from Trey.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

The Aide smiles along with Rudy, posted up like a mailbox.

Trey steps directly in his view. The Aide tries to pretend Trey isn't there. He really tries.

TREY

Hey.

AIDE

What's up, bro?

TREY

I told you we couldn't park in front of Fantasy Island. That's a breach of contract.

AIDE

A what?

TREY

A ah... a breach of con--

AIDE

I heard you.

TREY

We haven't been paid yet either.

AIDE

It's in transit.

TREY  
 Everyones here. Who's transiting  
 the money?

AIDE  
 With government there's always red  
 tape. It's five hundred dollars.  
 The President sneezes that.

TREY  
 Then it shouldn't be an issue.

AIDE  
 Relax. You'll get your big five  
 hundred dollars, man.

TREY  
 Are you full of shit or do you just  
 not give a fuck?

AIDE  
 Full of shit?

TREY  
 Or don't give a fuck. That was-  
 that was... the other option.

AIDE  
 Of course we don't give a fuck.  
 Look at you.

To his credit, Trey looks at himself.

AIDE (CONT'D)  
 He doesn't give a shit about you.  
 He doesn't give a shit about me. He  
 doesn't give a shit about anyone  
 but himself. Philly doesn't matter.  
 We need the votes to win the state  
 so we can go home and you all can  
 go back to your shitty lives.

TREY  
 I want you out.

AIDE  
 I want me out too. As soon as this  
 shit is over I will be.

TREY  
 Now.

AIDE  
 When we're done. Okay, fuck-stick?

Trey leans over the Aide. The Aide is unintimidated. He would like nothing more than a lawsuit. This is the way.

AIDE (CONT'D)

Run along. Actually can you grab me a coffee? I assume you have K-cups.

TREY

Yeah, we got K-cups.

AIDE

Of course you do.

Trey realizes he doesn't want coffee. He just wants to make fun of their coffee maker. *Sad.*

Trey's duct-taped fists clench. His jaw tightens. He's inches from the Aide's face. Still a pandemic. He whispers:

TREY

I prefer them.

Trey exits. The Aide goes back to his phone. Tinder swipes.

#### **INT. FANTASY ISLAND - DAY**

Trey climbs the steps into the Fantasy Island. It's a porn store, I'm not sure if I mentioned that.

A REPORTER (24) holds a mic. A CAMERA MAN (27) shoots b-roll.

REPORTER

We can blur you out.

ZEE

If you are not going to buy something you must leave.

REPORTER

We're allowed to be here.

TREY

You got a release form for what he's shooting?

Trey nods to the cameraman. He's lensing up a Bad Dragon. Google Bad Dragons. I did my research. For the script.

TREY (CONT'D)

You sign anything, Zee?

(Zee shakes his head)

You use any of that footage we'll sue. This is private property.

REPORTER  
Relax, man.

TREY  
You gonna buy something?

REPORTER  
No. Pornhub exists.

TREY  
Get out.

The cameraman lowers the rig and exits. The reporter follows.

TREY (CONT'D)  
How much do you get paid per tow?

ZEE  
Nothing. Parking is for customers.

TREY  
How much?

ZEE  
Hundred per car.

TREY  
You got five spots. I'll give you  
five hundred not to tow them.

ZEE  
You give it now?

TREY  
No, I don't have it on me, it's in  
transit...

And right then and there, Trey realizes who he sounds like.  
*The Aide*. We both know you're skimming. It's the Aide.

TREY (CONT'D)  
I'm... I'm sorry, man. I fucked up.

ZEE  
Big time.

TREY  
I didn't listen to you. I didn't  
take you seriously because--

ZEE  
Because of the accent?

TREY  
 Porn store but... probably the  
 accent too, yeah.

ZEE  
 I love it here. I love porn.

TREY  
 I love it too. Here and porn.

ZEE  
 It is the best. America is the  
 best. Porn is the best.

TREY  
 I know. It really is.  
 (beat)  
 I'll lock up for you. Go home.

Zee measures Trey. *Trust.*

ZEE  
 The freaks come out at night.

Zee tosses Trey the keys. He hesitates by the door.

ZEE (CONT'D)  
 There is some new stuff in the back  
 about being dominated by your mom--

TREY  
 Stop.

Zee smiles warmly. Trey returns it.

ZEE  
 Podium looks good.

TREY  
 Podium looks great.

**EXT. FANTASY ISLAND - DAY**

Trey tests the door to make sure it won't budge.

Fantasy island is a porn store. That makes it a prime target  
 for theft in 1985 before the internet.

STEPHAN (O.S.)  
 According to who- fucking CNN?

Trey stares at the closed door sign. He knows that tone.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

Stephan towers under a COLLEGE STUDENT (21). The kid has a decade of online trolling before bringing his game IRL.

COLLEGE STUDENT

It's every network. Republican officials in Georgia and Arizona--

STEPHAN

Who are lying.

COLLEGE STUDENT

What's more plausible? Let's game this out. Republicans and Democrats organized a massive scheme over text and email, that no one has uncovered when literally everything is public on the internet. Or the biggest asshole on the planet didn't win a popularity contest?

STEPHAN

First one.

COLLEGE STUDENT

Jesus, he lost man.

STEPHAN

Tell me he lost one more time.

You can always tell a fight is coming when someone keeps repeating the same stupid phrase over and over and over.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

Tell me he lost one more time.

It means communication has broken down.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

Tell me he lost one more--

COLLEGE STUDENT

He lost?

Trey pushes through tanned deltoids into the altercation.

TREY

Stephan, stop--

Stephan throws a PUNCH.

And connects with Trey's face.

Trey stumbles to the pavement. Not unconscious, just dazed.

A figure silhouettes the mid-day sun. Tall. Powerful. Godly even. It offers Trey a hand.

TRUMP. Not the real one. Rubber Mask Trump. He pulls Trey back to his feet. Brushes the dirt off his shoulders.

TREY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Trey's attention shifts to Stephan, anger flooding back.

STEPHAN

I meant to punch this asshole. He's-

TREY

I don't...

Trey fists open and close - like he might throw a punch of his own. He restrains himself. Deep breathes. Deep B's.

TREY (CONT'D)

You don't control what he says. You control how you react to it.

STEPHAN

He's full of fucking--

TREY

Stephan? You control how you react.

STEPHAN

Yeah. Yeah.

TREY

I need to hear you say it.

STEPHAN

I control how I react.  
(to the College Student)  
Sorry, bro. We cool?

COLLEGE STUDENT

You guys are fucking weird.

Stephan steps forward. Trey puts a hand on his chest.

TREY

Do some cardio. Ride the peloton.

STEPHAN

I don't have pelotons. I'm not a coke-head.

TREY

Go.

Stephan offers Trey a grateful look, and returns to the Iron.

Trey adjusts his jaw. His eyes fall on the man in the Rubber Trump Suit. Staring silently at Trey.

TREY (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get the suit?

RUBBER TRUMP SUIT  
(muffled)  
China.

Trey stares at Rubber Trump a long beat.

He can only nod: *checks out*.

**EXT. DELAWARE CREMATION - DAY**

Trey sits on the stoop. Vicky tends to his wound.

VICKY  
Stephan's really strong.

TREY  
Sucker punch.

VICKY  
You think he'd be into me?

TREY  
More than anything I just want this  
conversation to end.  
(beat)  
Sorry. He's a good guy. He has his  
issues but...

VICKY  
Who doesn't?

Trey nods. Vicky applies some paste to his wound.

TREY  
Damn, that kind of numbs it out.

VICKY  
Formaldehyde has a numbing effect.

TREY  
Am I going to die?

VICKY  
Not from that no. You're not  
wearing a mask.

She nods to the crowd. Trey stares at the chaos.

TREY  
You think this will ever... stop?

VICKY  
Not really.

TREY  
We can turn it around--

VICKY  
We ignored Sandy Hook. That was not... *far enough* for us. This definitely isn't.  
(off Trey)  
Don't tell me you haven't felt it? That steady hum of anxiety for a decade. It only ever gets worse. And the truth is... we deserve it. All of it. We earned it.

TREY  
So we just quit?

VICKY  
When I feel down, I remember, I can always kill myself. I mean you can only pull that lever once, but... you can. That cheers me up.

TREY  
(beat)  
I have to do something.

VICKY  
Do what I do... find a business that isn't affected by the madness.

TREY  
Landscaping isn't political.

VICKY  
It wasn't. You have Stephan's numb--

BETH  
Trey?

To say Beth (60) has her shit together is to imply she shits instead of eating the perfect amount of calories per day. She's smart. Ruthless. She's also Trey's mom.

Like Claire, if Claire had chosen profit every step of the way. If Claire had only picked winners.

BETH (CONT'D)  
What happened? Are you okay?

Beth takes Trey's chin in her hands - examining the wound.

BETH (CONT'D)  
Who did this?

TREY  
What're you doing here, mom?

She hands Trey a new iPhone.

BETH  
It's a private number. No one knows  
it's connected to you.

TREY  
I can handle it.

BETH  
This is you handling it?

TREY  
Yeah.

BETH  
Come on. I'll take you home.

TREY  
I can't leave.

BETH  
You can't stay here. Your future--

TREY  
My future. I'm thirty. I think I'm  
living my future.

BETH  
(beat)  
Claire took out a loan against her  
mortgage. The business is failing.  
And that's before all this.

TREY  
How do you know that?

BETH  
Because I'm your mom. Not...

Not Claire. That's what she won't say.

BETH (CONT'D)

I... the press conference is going to be the nail in the coffin.

VICKY

Actually we don't nail them. It's just a latch. It's not like the dead are getting out. *Yet*, right?

Beth stares at Vicky. No expression. She. Just. Stares.

Vicky fucks off.

BETH

You shouldn't feel guilty. They were going under anyway. This place doesn't matter--

TREY

It matters to me. I like mowing lawns. I'm good at it. I'd be a below average business person.

BETH

You can get pretty far in life as a below average business person.

TREY

I'm maple, mom. I'm fucking maple! I can't just be oak, you know?

BETH

Honestly no.

Trey stands - opening and closing his duct-taped hand.

BETH (CONT'D)

Nine hundred fifty seven thousand dollars. That's how much I've invested in you. Tuition. Food. Housing. Legal fees.

TREY

Jesus. You know the number?

BETH

It's my job.

TREY

I'm a bad bet, mom.

BETH

You're not... you're... I don't know you anymore. You don't talk to me anymore--

TREY  
Because all you want to talk about  
is my career! My future!

BETH  
Because you're throwing it away!

TREY  
I'm a fuck up! I'm a fuck up, mom.  
I don't have anything to throw  
away. And I'm tired. Of fighting  
all the time. It's not you. It is  
but not... you you. I just...

BETH  
I'm done after this. Do you get  
that? No more cleaning up messes.

TREY  
You should never have cleaned them  
up in the first place.

BETH  
The kid you beat up in college.

TREY  
He lost the fight.

BETH  
The one you threatened on Xbox live  
in high school.

TREY  
He um... yeah. That one was my bad.

BETH  
The Ocean Lane kid?

Trey looks away in shame. He sees something in the crowd.

TREY  
The Ocean Lane kid.

BETH  
What?

TREY  
That's the kid. The one I  
assaulted. I have to go.

BETH  
To assault him again?

TREY

To clean up my own mess. I love you  
mom, I just um... I love you.

BETH

It's not a career. This was suppose  
to be a summer job.

TREY

It's Four Seasons Total  
Landscaping, mom. Not One Season  
Total Landscaping.  
(smiling)  
That'd be ridiculous.

Beth can't help but laugh.

TREY (CONT'D)

I'm um... I'm sorry. Maybe tomorrow  
I can come over and cut the lawn.  
Then we can watch the Eagles after?

BETH

Okay. Yeah.

TREY

We can talk about... anything but  
my future. Literally anything.

Trey continues towards the chaos. He turns around again.

TREY (CONT'D)

Don't invite Sean.

BETH

Of course not.

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Trey follows a pack of KIDS. Hoodies up. Street youths.  
*Philly street youths.* The most dangerous kind of youths.

Outside the gates to the parking lot, Trump supporters and  
counter-protesters still rage. It's heated, but not violent.

Not yet.

Trey watches. A TWELVE YEAR OLD picks up a ROCK.

He tosses it into the crowd. It hits a TRUMP SUPPORTER (60)  
in the back - protected by a thick winter coat.

The kid picks up a bigger rock. If we were throwing a pebble  
before this is a *Lord of the Flies* sized rock. RIP Piggie.

The kid crow-hops to throw...

Trey GRABS his arm. THE OCEAN LANE KID (12) turns.

OCEAN LANE KID  
 What the fuck, you can't touch me!  
 I'm a minor--

The greenish-blue whispers of a fading black eye.

OCEAN LANE KID (CONT'D)  
 It's you.

The other street youths take notice. They're all as awful as middle schoolers can be.

You're not going to remember their names. You're busy. So let's just call them CRAB (13) and GOYLE (12).

CRAB  
 This the retard that attacked you?

GOYLE  
 Jesus, he's even more retarded than I pictured when you described him.

TREY  
 How did you describe me?

OCEAN LANE KID  
 Accurately, retard.

TREY  
 Okay, calm down with the r-word.

GOYLE  
 (laughing)  
 The r-word!

OCEAN LANE KID  
 You touch me my dad'll sue. Again.

TREY  
 Yeah, but my mom makes way more than your dad. I could get at least a few more assaults in before she'd have to skip her morning coffee, you know?

There's fear in the kid's eyes. Trey regrets it.

TREY (CONT'D)  
 Um... why're you throwing rocks?

The Ocean Land Kid shrugs. He genuinely doesn't know why.

TREY (CONT'D)

Are you on the President's side?

OCEAN LANE KID

I don't know. I just want to see if  
I can get these assholes to fight.

Trey inhales to speak. He thinks better of it. He releases  
the Ocean Lane Kid.

TREY

I get it.

OCEAN LANE KID

Get what?

TREY

Um... I'm sorry I ran over the  
ball. Honestly, I thought it'd just  
go into the grass bag. But it was  
kind of awesome to see. It got you  
right in the eye. Like... fuck?

Trey laughs. Crab and Goyle chuckle. *Violence.* Always funny.

TREY (CONT'D)

But... I'm sorry, man. I didn't  
mean to hurt you. What I did. It  
mattered, it affected you.

OCEAN LANE KID

No it didn't.

TREY

It did.

Trey really means it. The kid is dumbfounded.

TREY (CONT'D)

If you ever want to talk to someone  
about that temper, I'll be at the  
Four Seasons Total Landscaping.  
(to himself)  
Maybe.

OCEAN LANE KID

Why would I want to do that?

TREY

Because if you don't you'll end up  
like me.

Some shred seems to get through. Trey pushes past the kid.

He had a world to fix. Not the whole world. Not our political world. Just... his little world.

The Four Seasons Total Landscaping.

Trey's wall sconce in the dark--

A ROCK hits him in the back of the head. HARD.

OCEAN LANE KID

Thanks for the heart to heart,  
faggot!

As soon as Trey turns, the kids take off running.

Trey smiles. Everyone goes at their own pace. Oak got to be oak. He touches the back of his head, pulling his fingers.

There's BLOOD. A *lot*. But... one problem at a time. Trey's a lot of things. A multi-tasker is not one of them.

He marches on towards the hot gates.

**EXT. GATES - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - DAY**

I'm not going to say making a press conference outside a industrial landscaping facility dramatic is hard. But if you have a camera that does slow motion, now's the time.

In slow motion (awesome), Trey pushes through the crowd.

Trump supporters shout at counter protestors. There's anger. At anything and everything. Sides are picked.

Brother against brother.

Husband against wife.

Neighbor against neighbor.

Americans always do the right thing - but only after all other possibilities are exhausted.

That's what Winny Churchill said during WWII. He was right.

He still is.

We're just really taking our time on this one.

As an I, back to the story. Trey moves through stained red, white, and blue. Bodies collide against body.

In slow motion, the one thing that's clear is a lot of fucking spit is falling on Trey. Like a lot of SPIT.

Imagine a sprinkler of thick, Covid-yellow saliva.

Trey covers his mouth with an elbow, pushing forward. QaJohn, sweet QaJohn, shouts something in slow motion.

QAJOHN  
Hurry! Hurry!

His spit falls on Trey too. We're four months from Pfizer.

TREY  
iPad!

QAJOHN  
What?

TREY  
Give me your iPad!

This is all great dialogue in slow motion.

Trey stumbles through the gate. He snatches John's iPad. QaJohn forces the fence against the surging tide of bodies.

Trey pushes forward. No time for hand sanitizer.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - CONTINUOUS**

Cameras FLASH. Heads turn to the strange landscaper dripping blood and covid-spit.

Trey nearly falls. Maybe that rock was bigger than he thought? But he can't stop now.

He matters. What he has to say... matters.

Rudy wipes dye from his brow. Trey makes eye-contact with him. America's mayor smiles. Trey cares. You can't fake that.

Rudy throws him a wink before introducing his star witness:

PETER DETMARE.

Walking comb-over. Philadelphia poll watcher. Pedo-Pete. A smoking gun. Peter had seen voter fraud. Peter is witness to history. Peter had *seen*. Peter would right this wrong.

Peter takes the mic. The spotlight is his.

Trey - as dramatically and epically as possible - shuffles behind Pete past the Trump 2020 wallpaper to the Aide.

AIDE  
Jesus, pal. What happened to you--

Trey whispers something small in his ear, yet huge:

TREY  
You know that guy's a sex offender?

AIDE  
Bullshit.

TREY  
It's on Youtube.

AIDE  
Don't fucking--

Trey pulls up QaJohn's iPad. That algorithm is primed for pedo-hunting. It's the first hit on Youtube.

I'm not going into details.

Peter Detmare. A trench coat. A playground.

I changed the name but this is all true. The Trump campaign's star witness to voter fraud was a convicted sex offender with a long, well-documented history of lying. They didn't check.

TREY  
You didn't google him?

AIDE  
Um... busy. So busy. Thank you for bringing this to our attention. Of course, the campaign had no idea.

TREY  
Of course.

AIDE  
We're the real victims here.

TREY  
I don't know politics, but wouldn't a background check fall on you?

Trey turns and walks away from the checkered backdrop and the podium. He might as well be walking away from an EXPLOSION.

The Aide whispers into Lewandowski's ear.

Lewandowski stares at him, jaw clenching.

Corey side-steps to Giuliani.

He leans into Rudy's dyed temple. A game of Trump telephone.

Giuliani raises his brows. He eyes the cameras and the crowd.

For once, that confidence, that unshakeable confidence that not even a fresh coat of hair dye could knock...

*Shakes.*

Giuliani snatches the mic from Peter.

RUDY GIULIANI

We're confident that we will prove our case in a court of law. No further questions.

Rudy steps away from the podium with the speed of a much younger man. Trey still walks away in slow motion.

Stephan's mouth is agape. If there's proof, why not show it? Why talk about it non-stop and yet... never *present* it?

Vicky smiles from the stoop of the mortuary - if an idiot like Trey could do something, literally anything, no matter how small - maybe just maybe there's hope for us after all.

Gwen looks up from her phone by the Four Seasons entrance.

Trey throws her a wink.

We can't hear what she says - we're still doing the slow motion thing - but it looks a lot like she's mouthing:

GWEN

Why the fuck are you winking at me?

Trey shrugs - it seemed like the right moment.

*It wasn't.* Trey turns back to the scene. There's always something a little sad about the end of a party.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - HOURS LATER**

The last news vans leaves Fantasy Island's parking spots.

Trey locks the gate behind it, surveying an empty lot that was the center of the political world hours before.

Vicky passes out n95 masks to protestors. Not business cards.

PROTESTOR

I don't need one.

VICKY

I work in a mortuary. Take it.

It would cut her margins, but it's the right thing to do.

Trey bends down to pluck a dandelion from a thatch of grass.

He stops. It's not hurting anyone. Just quietly, confidently, doing dandelion shit. Trey leaves the weed.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Trey hesitates before Claire's office. Deep breathes, just like Stephan taught him. Water runs to his right.

QaJohn washes his hands in the shitty little sink. Gwen stares down at her phone. Her eyes shift to John.

GWEN

You off tomorrow?

QAJOHN

Yeah... why?

GWEN

I'm off too.

QAJOHN

Cool. You ah... you earned it.

QaJohn goes back to washing his hands. Gwen reaches for her phone but stops. She watches at her big brother.

GWEN

Want to watch all three John Wicks?

QaJohn turns off the faucet. Flicks water from his hands.

QAJOHN

You want to have a John Wick day?

GWEN

I do.

It's an olive branch. John scans Gwen for sarcasm. Even the world's most skeptic man finds none. Eyes wet with tears.

QAJOHN

Can we wear suits?

Trey smiles to himself. He pushes into Claire's office.

**INT. CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY**

A voicemail plays. A woman speaks:

WOMAN (VOICEMAIL)

*I'd like to cancel my services.*

Claire runs her hands across her face. Not moments before, Rudy fucking Giuliani was dripping dye in that exact chair.

Of all the parking lots in the world, they chose hers.

TREY

Hey, Claire. How's it going?

Claire looks up at Trey. Maybe it isn't going well.

TREY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about um...

CLAIRE

It's not your fault. I mean it is but... fuck you.

TREY

I know I deserve--

CLAIRE

America was built on fuck you, you know? Tea party, fuck you. Pearl Harbor, fuck you. 9/11, fuck you.

TREY

What's um...

CLAIRE

World listened. We ran out of people to tell to fuck themselves. So we started telling each other. This was going to happen somewhere. Sucks it was here but, you answered a phone. I put you on phones.

TREY

Yeah. Um... if you'll have me I'd like to rescind my two weeks and stay on. I'll take a pay cut or... work for free. Not free but...

(beat)

I um... I really like it here. You're a good boss. Great one.

Claire leans back in her chair. She weighs Trey.

CLAIRE

You'll stay on the desk to start.

(standing)

And when you're through all the voicemails, we can talk about getting you back on the lawns.

TREY

Are you--

CLAIRE

Astro's too much mower for Todd.

Claire exits. Trey takes a seat at the desk. Get through the voicemails and it's nothing but rolling hills of green.

His eyes shift from the Boss Lady plaque to a framed photo. Claire, Gwen, John and Trey smile in front of the warehouse.

Trey grins and pushes play on the desk phone.

PHONE

*You have nine thousand two hundred twenty six messages. Message one.*

A MAN speaks. Again, real voicemail:

MAN (VOICEMAIL)

*Hey, I'd like to order more bullshit from today's conference.*

Trey pushes a button.

PHONE

*Message deleted. You have nine-thousand two hundred twenty five messages. Message two.*

Trey sits there and goes through them all. He has to. Tomorrow, there will be nine thousand more. And at least a few of those people would need landscaping.

Total Landscaping.

**EXT. MAIN LOT - FOUR SEASONS TOTAL LANDSCAPING - SUNSET**

Gwen sits on the tipped-over podium. Trey joins her.

Their eyes drift to the Fantasy Island. A MAN (42) tests the locked doors. Zee was right. The freaks come out at night.

TREY

I should probably let that guy in.  
I'm um... sorry for today.

GWEN

It's okay. We got a billion dollars in free advertising.

TREY

We're a meme.

GWEN

There are worse things.

Trey's phone rings beside him. The new phone. Another random number. He answers. The Aide's voice crackles through.

AIDE (PHONE)

*Hey buddy, it's me. I wanted to talk to you about the location fee.*

TREY

Oh, yeah. You can just mail it.

AIDE (PHONE)

*We're not going to. We didn't end up having the full conference, you see? The president is very disappointed in how things were handled. Very disappointed.*

Trey clutches his cell phone. He's going to snap. Smash it.

AIDE (PHONE) (CONT'D)

*If you sue there'll be repercussions. We employ some of the best lawyers in the world. Not to mention the base.*

And then... Trey exhales.

TREY

Thanks for letting me know.

AIDE (PHONE)

*Trey, you're not listening. If you--*

Trey hangs up. He smiles at Gwen. For a minute, they just watch the sun set over an industrial park in East Philly.

TREY

Zee was an amazin' carpenter in his country. His old country, this is his country now.

GWEN

No shit?

TREY

Yeah. I um... I was wrong.

GWEN

You won't vote for him again?

TREY  
I didn't. I didn't vote for anyone.  
I didn't vote.

GWEN  
Well... always twenty twenty-four.

She's right. There's always next election. And mid-terms.

Four more years. Four more years of screaming at each other.  
Four years of Oscar speeches. Four years of Buzz-feed  
articles about nuclear launch protocols.

Four years to move the ball that is democracy one inch  
forward. And pay for it every millimeter of the way.

Yeah, I mixed the imperial and metric system. But you're  
already at the end of the script and I don't give shit.

Four years. We'll have to do it all again. *And again.* Every  
four years. Forever. Until we get it right.

Or really, really wrong.

Trey exhales. It's the most beautiful and depressing thought  
he could imagine.

GWEN (CONT'D)  
I can like... explain the parties  
to you sometime if you want.

TREY  
What... like a date?

GWEN  
No, you fucking pervert--

TREY  
Because we're coworkers and that'd  
be really inappropriate.

Trey offers no expression. The slightest whisper of a smile  
touches Gwen's cheeks: he can learn.

GWEN  
Yeah, it would.

TREY  
Couldn't agree more.

GWEN  
Okay.

The man shakes the doors of the Fantasy Island.

TREY

On the bright side... can't get  
much worse than this, right?

Cut to BLACK.

FUN FACT

Before the press conference on  
November 7th, 2020, The Four  
Seasons Total Landscaping was  
struggling to stay in business.

FUN FACT (CONT'D)

With the initial torrent of online  
abuse, phone calls and loss of  
clients, the Four Seasons almost  
closed its doors.

FUN FACT (CONT'D)

Rather than fight it, the company  
leaned into the joke and started  
making their own memes.

FUN FACT (CONT'D)

Since the press conference, Four  
Seasons Total Landscaping has made  
over 1.5 Million dollars in their  
pivot to t-shirt sales. Effectively  
keeping the family owned business  
afloat for years to come.

FUN FACT (CONT'D)

They've donated over fifty thousand  
dollars to help out other small  
businesses and charities.