

The Harpist

by

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THE HARPIST
By RICKY RASURA

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING (PRESENT DAY)

Ricky; a tuxedo donned man in his early forties, plays harp at a dimly lit restaurant. In front of him is a fancy stand holding a beautiful glass tip jar.

RICKY (V.O.)
Working a room takes patience, and
a shark-like mentality.

Ricky finishes a song and examines the dinner room.

CLOSE UP: The tip jar has just a couple of fives and tens.
He frowns at the few bills.

RICKY (V.O.)
The tip jar is the holy grail of a
harpist.

Across the room he see a big table of laughing guests.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Huge tables never tip unless you
are right next to them.

Ricky sees another table of younger socialites, having a great time, as they ignore a waiter bringing them food.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Inheritance A-Holes, they don't
care about my tip jar.

Ricky smiles. A table of three ladies in their fifties.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Ah, here we go. Tip jar heaven. Up
until now I've played classical,
harpy crap. It's splashy, but in no
way a money maker.

Ricky pulls up his list of music on his iPad.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
These ladies don't need me to play
a sweet harp song. I need to remind
them they were once young and
independent.

Ricky picks ELTON JOHN and starts playing.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I have to get them off their
 conversation and, instead, to start
 singing the song I'm playing.

Ricky plays the harp. SUBTITLE - DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Now do I go with a fun song like
 Don't Go Breaking My Heart?

Only one of the three ladies starts moving her shoulders,
 but the other ladies keep on talking without singing.

SUBTITLE - BENNIE AND THE JETS

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 No. I have to go with something
 that has more of a spark.

Ricky rocks out and performs BENNIE AND THE JETS. The ladies
 all bob around and cheer their wine glasses.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 There it is! I got them. Yes!

Then suddenly a waiter brings their meals and they forget
 about Ricky playing the harp.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Damn! I lost them. What about
 something more subtle.

SUBTITLE - YOUR SONG

Ricky swiftly plays through YOUR SONG, the ladies slowly
 rock and softly smile.

RICKY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 There it is! They're all mine!

LADIES CHORUS
 (in unison)
 I hope you don't mind! I hope you
 don't mind! That I put down
 these...

LADY 1
 Books--

LADY 2
 Words--

LADY 3

Crowns--

The ladies drop their singing intensity, and are all embarrassed that they don't know the rest of the lyrics.

Ricky stops playing and lowers his head.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Ricky stares hard at his iPad.

RICKY (V.O.)

There is only one Elton John song
that every forty-something will
drop everything for: Candle in the
Wind.

Ricky presses the iPad and starts to play the intro piano part of Candle in the Wind.

SUBTITLES - CANDLE IN THE WIND

The ladies stop talking mid-conversation, as Ricky breaks into the thick of the piano intro.

LADIES CHORUS

(singing in unison)

Goodbye Norma Jean, though I never
knew you at all, you had the grace
to hold yourself, while those
around you crawled.

During the next verse, the ladies put down their wine glasses, and place their napkins on the table.

LADIES CHORUS (CONT'D)

(singing in unison)

They crawled out of the woodwork,
and they whispered into your brain,
they set you on the treadmill, and
they made you change your name.

A drummer appears next to Ricky and plays the beat into the chorus. The camera PANS BACK and now a bass and guitar player join in with Ricky's performance of the song.

The Ladies Chorus sing out loud and dance.

LADIES CHORUS (CONT'D)

(singing in unison)

And it seems to me you lived your
life, like a candle in the wind.

The restaurant guests at every table all stop their eating and SING the harmony (AHH) along with Ricky and the band.

LADIES CHORUS (CONT'D)

(singing)

Never knowing who to cling to, when
the rain set in.

Everyone is swaying or dancing along the song. The guitar plays the famous little solo.

LADIES CHORUS (CONT'D)

(singing)

And I would have liked to have
known you, but I was just a kid.

The restaurant all sing out.

RESTAURANT CHORUS

(singing)

YOUR CANDLE BURNED OUT LONG BEFORE,
YOUR LEGEND EVER DID.

The guitar repeats his solo rift, but the band dies down, as they begin the outro.

The Ladies chorus are now seated back in their seats. They grab their wine glass.

LADIES CHORUS

(singing softly)

Your candle burned out long before,
your legend ever did.

The band drops out and Ricky finishes the outro, and plays the last chord by himself.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Ricky's playing a different song, there is no dream band behind him now as the Ladies Chorus walks out of the restaurant. Lady 1 puts a bunch of twenties into the tip jar. Then Lady 2 puts in a hundred dollar bill.

Ricky smiles at them.

Lady 3 puts a folded piece a paper into the tip jar.

LADY 3

(in a hushed tone)

Text me.

She winks at Ricky, as he continues playing.

RICKY (V.O.)
And just like that, all bills paid.

INT. ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

A full orchestra is rehearsing through a major work. Ricky plays along with them.

RICKY (V.O.)
Real pros play in orchestra. Is every musician gonna be a big pop star? A flat out N and O.

The CAMERA PANS around the orchestra CLOSE UPS of different instrumentalists through out the song.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Most musicians are nerds, dorks, and outcasts. You think dressing sexy is gonna help you play the oboe solo in Mahler's first symphony? It's take practice. Lots.

INT. PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Ricky practices the harp in tight quarters. He runs an orchestral part. Then he makes a big mistake.

RICKY
Damn it.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The harp sits in a living room. Ricky practices the same orchestra part. He makes the same mistake.

RICKY
Damn!

INT. ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

The orchestra plays the full version of the orchestral part Ricky has been working on. He nails it perfectly.

Ricky smiles, but the rest of the orchestra plays on.

RICKY (V.O.)
You can't show weakness around musicians. In orchestra, I'm the

only one playing the harp. Either I nail the section or I don't. Look at the stuck-up violinist, if one of them makes a mistake they got the someone else to cover it up.

Violinist play quickly and in sync.

INT. ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL HALL - LATER

Ricky turns the page of his orchestra music.

CLOSE UP of Ricky's orchestra part. There are no notes on the page of music, just rest; where he doesn't play at all.

Ricky sit at his harp without playing, as the orchestra plays fast music.

RICKY (V.O.)

Even the greatest of composers of all time, couldn't write a decent harp part if it hit them in the face.

Ricky sits during another rehearsal. Everyone is playing, except for him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

So I sit during some of the most dramatic pieces of music in history. So much beauty and emotion, and I have to sit still.

Ricky reads a book during a different rehearsal.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Composers spilling their soul out and I-I sit there.

Ricky wears his tux and sits as professional as he possibly can as the music around him runs wild.

RICKY (CONT'D)

And sit there.

During a rehearsal, Ricky readies himself to finally play. He pulls the harp back, places he's hands, licks his lips.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Finally my entrance comes up. I going to barge through the gate, I AM HERE TO CONQUER!

The conductor stops the orchestra and give instructions.

CONDUCTOR
Violins this whole section is
tenuto--

RICKY (V.O.)
No respect, no measure of worth.
Conductors and most of the
musicians think the harp is nothing
more than fire wood.

The orchestra mostly sits except for a few instruments
playing.

RICKY (CONT'D)
But when I do play, it's magical.
Magically beautiful.

Ricky plays a sweet solo, with an orchestra section.

RICKY (CONT'D)
This is the reason I play. This is
the reason I practice countless
hours. Moments like this are the
reason I breath.

Ricky finishes his section as the violins take off for the
next section.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I wish this could be my life----but

INT. CHURCH HALL - EVENING

Ricky conducts a small choir of elderly singers, some better
than others.

RICKY (CONT'D)
But regional orchestra gigs, like
the ones I play in, barely pay. I
have a better chance of hitting the
lottery, than playing with the big
professional symphonies in Austin
or Dallas.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ricky works one on one with a teenager teaching the violin.

RICKY (CONT'D)
I have to take any kind of music

job that helps pay the bills.

MONTAGE - RICKY RECEIVING MONEY

A parent writes out a check to him.

A secretary hands Ricky an envelope with a check.

A man pulls out a wad of cash and hands Ricky a couple of hundred dollar bills.

RICKY (CONT'D)

It all comes down to supporting--

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

LITTLE ROSEMARY screams loudly. She is barely four years old. She holds a halloween dress with lots of frills, but the frills have seen better days.

LITTLE ROSEMARY

(screaming with tears)

Zombie dress!

Ricky is on his knees on the carpet, as Little Rosemary thrust the dress towards him.

RICKY

Rosemary you've wore that dress everyday for months.

LITTLE ROSEMARY

(screaming louder)

ZOMBIE DRESS!

Ricky gazes up, AMBER RASURA, who is Ricky's wife walks up behind them.

AMBER

Rosemary that Zombie Dress needs to be washed.

Ricky grabs the dress and give it the smell test. His face turns sour.

RICKY

It's super stinky!

Ricky passes the dress to Amber and she smells it and gets the stink face immediately

LITTLE ROSEMARY
I want to wear it!

RICKY
Do you want to be as stinky as a
skunky?

Little Rosemary replies without thinking.

LITTLE ROSEMARY
(screams)
No!

RICKY
You see, we need to wash it before
you can wear again?

Amber walks off the dress.

LITTLE ROSEMARY
(walling away)
NO!!!!

RICKY (V.O.)
The music I play isn't for you or
him or her. It's for this family to
be happy: sometimes.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 'DEC. 8TH 7:14PM'

ALL THE DATES IN THE SCENE HEADING; THROUGH OUT THE SCRIPT,
ARE SUPER IMPOSED ON THE SCREEN.

It's a pleasant night at the posh DiaBello's Restaurant. The
harp music reigns through the air over mild conversation.
The dimly lit room reveals sporadic tables filled.

A waiter, DONOVAN KIMBELL; a twenty-two year old young man,
walks up to a table of two. He is well dressed in a formal
black suit. He sports an apron, which is the only thing
distinguishing him from the dinner guests.

His hair is trimmed short and slicked back; it hovers
between a emo and rockabilly cut.

DONOVAN
Welcome to DiaBello's. My name is
Donovan. I'll be your server
tonight. Would either of you like
to start off with a glass of wine?

The dinner guests, a young couple in their late twenties,
both turn their menu over to the wine section.

BOYFRIEND 1, a dapper man, who is dressed to the nine. His scruffy facial hair shows this isn't his regular garb. Still, he's made of money and it shows through his attitude.

BOYFRIEND 1
Babe, I've been trained in the
special art of picking wine.

GIRLFRIEND 1, a pretty Asian woman, GIGGLES sheepishly.

Boyfriend 1 puckers his lips and runs his finger down the wine list. He begins to talk like a prestigious professor.

BOYFRIEND 1 (CONT'D)
Well, according to the geometric
pressure and the lameness of this
restaurant, I will select...

Boyfriend 1 gazes up at Girlfriend 1 and they both laugh.

Donavan's soft smile breaks a bit.

Boyfriend 1 loses his scholarly accent.

BOYFRIEND 1 (CONT'D)
I don't know. What do you think we
should get?

Donavan's eyes roll slightly.

DONOVAN
Are you in the mood for red or
white? Room temperature or chilled?

Boyfriend 1 peers precariously at Girlfriend 1.

BOYFRIEND 1
I'm in the mood for something sweet
and Asian, particularly from the
Philippi-nick region.

Girlfriend 1 giggles again.

DONOVAN
We don't carry any Asian wine. Most
Asian wine is called sake.

GIRLFRIEND 1
Ooo, sake bombs.

Boyfriend 1 scans the menu again.

BOYFRIEND 1
Wait? No Sake Bombs on the menu?

Donovan sarcastically joins in on the fun.

DONOVAN
Sorry, sake bombs are only offered
at McDonalds.

Girlfriend 1 laughs at Donovan's joke.

Boyfriend 1 isn't happy that Donovan chimed in on the joke.

BOYFRIEND 1
Look, we'll take the Santa
Margherita Pino Grigio.

Boyfriend 1 quickly grabs the wine menu from Girlfriend 1.

BOYFRIEND 1 (CONT'D)
That'll be all for now.

Donovan hasn't finish taking orders.

DONOVAN
Would you like any appetizers?

Boyfriend 1 loses his smile and gives a look to Girlfriend 1. She quickly loses her smile.

BOYFRIEND 1
That will be it for now.

Donovan gives a big smile.

DONOVAN
Would you like a glass of water?

BOYFRIEND 1
Didn't you hear me?

DONOVAN
Sorry sir, it's a Texas law. I have
to ask.

BOYFRIEND 1
Leave us.

On that cue, Donovan left without saying a word.

GIRLFRIEND 1
Wait. Can I have a water?

Boyfriend 1 is furious.

Donovan turns around but doesn't stop walking away.

DONOVAN

Your wish is my command, madam.

As Donovan rotates back forward, he passes Ricky playing the harp. He is just a table or two away from him. Ricky has been listening to the whole conversation.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A different harp song fills the restaurant. Donovan passes Ricky, holding two plates of food. He gently put both plates down in front of Boyfriend 1 and Girlfriend 1.

As he puts the plates down, Girlfriend 1 sees that Donovan has a tattoo protruding out of his collar on the left side.

GIRLFRIEND 1

Do you have a tattoo on your neck?

Donovan's a little startled, and pulls his collar up.

DONOVAN

Yes.

Boyfriend 1 lights up, as he puts his napkin on his lap.

BOYFRIEND 1

Oh, oh. I know the name of that kind of tattoo.

Donovan blankly stares at him.

BOYFRIEND 1

Oh, I remember, your tattoo is called an Everlasting Jobstopper!

Girlfriend 1 doesn't laugh and gives an embarrassed sigh.

Donovan's lips tighten. He opens his mouth to rage. Then, he takes a deep breath and then brings his hand to his collar and straightens it up again.

DONOVAN

Enjoy your dinner.

Ricky glances up from his harp and watches Donovan walk away stiffly from the table.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

A different song fills the air as Ricky still plays background music. The restaurant is less crowded, but a

thick laughter comes from the couple. They have permanent wine buzz on their face.

Donovan walks up and places the check on the table. Boyfriend 1 quickly grabs the check and opens it.

BOYFRIEND 1

Wow!

Girlfriend 1 laughs.

GIRLFRIEND 1

What?!

BOYFRIEND 1

It's pricy! (turns to Donovan) Did you charge us for a tattoo removal!

Girlfriend 1 erupts into laughter.

BOYFRIEND 1

I'm kidding! I'm kidding.

Donovan glances away from the couple, and starts to walk away from the table.

Boyfriend 1 puts out his hand to stop Donovan from leaving.

BOYFRIEND 1 (CONT'D)

No, no, no, I'll pay now. We have a thang.

GIRLFRIEND 1

Did you just say thang?

They both laugh out loud again.

Ricky watches the table going-ons, while still playing.

Donovan walks away again, but Boyfriend 1 grabs his wrist.

BOYFRIEND 1

Wait a second.

DONOVAN

I'll pick the check up later. I have another ta--

BOYFRIEND 1

You don't have shit, just wait.

Boyfriend 1 does not let go of Donovan's wrist.

Donovan takes a deep breath and steps back into center of

the couple.

Donovan's frustration boils.

DONOVAN
What's your prob--question?

BOYFRIEND 1
I'm paying the bill, that's that
I'm doing.

Boyfriend 1 takes out a wad of cash. He can now see that Donovan is upset with him, but keeps pushing the envelope.

He lays down two hundred dollar bills.

BOYFRIEND 1
Here's money for the bill.

He lays down another hundred dollar bill.

BOYFRIEND 1 (CONT'D)
This one is for your husband.

Boyfriend 1 grins, he lays down another bill.

BOYFRIEND 1 (CONT'D)
Get him a matching dick tattoo!

Donovan raises his right arm to punch Boyfriend 1.

Ricky steps up and quickly grabs his arm.

RICKY
Don't! It's not worth it.

Donovan angers up and stomps out of the restaurant.

Ricky turns to the couple and collects the money.

RICKY
You are a great tipper. Donovan's
husband's gonna love the tattoo!

The couple are stunned that the scene didn't escalate and start to leave in silence.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Don't wreck your Uber. Bye.

Ricky glances back towards the area where Donovan left.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The door to the back entrance of the restaurant opens and Ricky peers out. He sees Donovan standing against the wall, lighting a cigarette. Ricky casually walks to Donovan.

DONOVAN

I hate rich A-Holes like that! They act like they own the place!

Donovan hands Ricky a cigarette and he lights up.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Why can't they just act normal?

RICKY

They all have tech jobs now. They're all dorks with cash; dating women way out their league.

Donovan takes in a big puff of his cigarette and stares out.

RICKY (CONT'D)

It's not natural. They mentally can't deal with hotties.

Donovan straightens up.

DONOVAN

Why is it always the neck tattoo that gets them all worked up?

RICKY

Because that's their dream. They wish they could be the biker that rides into town, shooting a sawed-off shot gun, snorting coke, and pounding chicks.

DONOVAN

I do none of those things.

RICKY

It doesn't matter, that's what they think of you.

Donovan takes a drag.

DONOVAN

That's my problem, I didn't go to their colleges. I travelled after high school. My best friend is a tattoo artist.

Ricky takes in a drag of the cigarette too.

RICKY
You see, you're rich in life.

DONOVAN
I don't want to be rich in life, I
just want to be rich.

Ricky agrees, while blowing out smoke.

RICKY
I get to at least play for the
rich. I always play Reginald
Dillion's Christmas Eve party.

Donovan's eyes light up.

DONOVAN
Reg Dillion? Cinbix Trust? The guy
that owns the world?

RICKY
I don't think he owns the world--

DONOVAN
He's the richest--

The back door blast opens and the RESTAURANT MANAGER 1 yells
out.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
Hey Ricky, that harp is not going
to play itself!

Ricky stomps out his cigarette.

RICKY
Oh shit, I gotta go.

Donovan doesn't toss his cigarette as Ricky runs back in. He
takes a thick drag off it, in deep thought.

INT. STAGE - NIGHT - 'DEC. 9TH 2:13PM'

The background is a winter wonderland. A YOUNG NUTCRACKER
leads YOUNG CLARA towards the side of the stage. The couple
stops in front of an elderly masked MAGICIAN. They bow as
the lights go DARK.

The lights come back up and the young couple have aged into
heavenly late teen versions of themselves. The radiant
ballerina and danseur (male ballerina) each take each

other's hand; gently, like it's the first time. They dance cordially, as if they are smelling fresh flowers.

The MUSIC reigns through the air. The harp is very prominent as the dancers prance.

The CAMERA PANS DOWN, past the floor, as the dancers go out of view. Then the orchestra comes into view. The music is soft with caressing build ups through out the strings. It's easy to tell that this performance is a rehearsal, as all of the orchestra is normal clothes.

The CAMERA PANS TO Ricky. He carries the orchestra with luscious arpeggios. He concentrates with vigor, making sure he keeps the beat of the orchestra going.

RICKY (V.O.)

The Nutcracker, Tchaikovsky's tour de force of a girl's sweet dream of a strapping young man, is the classical staple for the holiday season. The sheer brilliance of the dancing and music has ingrained itself in our American culture.

The radiant ballerina is being escorted through the dance with the male danseur. She glides through the air and floats on the stage. The music builds majestically, as the harp constantly carries the beat with its fast arpeggios.

The dancers twirl and the danseur throws the ballerina and catches her with a thunderous crash of the cymbals.

The ballerina floats away from the danseur. The music builds up and the ballerina bounces towards the danseur. She jumps.

The danseur catches the ballerina. Then two beats later, the cymbals crash.

Through the loud speakers, STAGE DIRECTOR 1 calls out.

STAGE DIRECTOR 1 (O.S.)

Stop! Stop!

STAGE DIRECTOR 1, runs onto the stage, as PIT CONDUCTOR 1 stops the orchestra.

Ricky who is watching his hands playing continues playing a couple of beats, before noticing they had stopped playing.

STAGE DIRECTOR 1

(arrogant)

Your arabesque was too far away from him. You'll miss the timing of

the jump every time.

The orchestra sits and listens to Stage Director 1.

Ricky notices his phone silently ringing. It's Donovan. He sent a text.

It READS: 'We need to talk.'

Ricky doesn't noticeably react to the text.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING - 'DEC. 9TH 6:55PM'

The sun is setting in the sky, as Ricky and his family eat dinner.

AMBER

How was today's rehearsal?

RICKY

Rough, we'll barely have it by showtime.

AMBER

Don't you have rehearsals all week?

RICKY

Just two more.

AMBER

We'll really going to feel that, once the check comes in.

Ricky takes a big bite and doesn't respond.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Honey, I'm not trying to nag you, but has Mr. Dillon called you about playing on Christmas Eve?

Ricky shakes his head in disagreement.

AMBER (CONT'D)

That check pays for a lot.

RICKY

And more.

AMBER

Are you gonna call him?

RICKY

No.

AMBER

What if someone else calls for you
to play on Christmas?

RICKY

I'm gonna say I'm booked, until Mr.
Dillon calls.

AMBER

Then if he doesn't call, you get to
spend Christmas Eve with us!

Amber smiles big.

LITTLE RICARDO

Stay with us Daddy!

RICKY

Sweetie, it's barely December ninth
today. He's busy ruling the world.
Plus, I'm not worried about
Christmas Eve right now. I have a
billion gigs before.

Amber drops her smile.

AMBER

Are we going to see you this
holiday season?

Ricky squirms in his seat.

RICKY

I'm going to be busy.

AMBER

You're already busy.

Little Ricardo looks sad and frowns like Amber.

RICKY

I'm just trying my best, sweetie.
It's gig season.

Amber somberly answers.

AMBER

I know.

RICKY

Christmas Day is a little over two
weeks away.

AMBER
Two very long weeks.

RICKY
Then after that we're gonna to stay
happy family.

Ricky smiles at Amber with a hesitant gaze.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING - 'DEC. 9TH 7:02PM'

Sitting at the dining table, Donovan reads his MacBook computer, as he's finishing dinner. Donovan's pad is decorated with a womanly middle class decor. A full plate of food is next to him, but no one sits at the table with him.

There is a lady; EVELYN, Donovan's mom, pacing and talking business on the phone.

EVELYN (O.S.)
--The packet network has been
reconfigured three times! The
facial recognition has to work now.

A maid walks by Donovan and takes his empty plate. Donovan doesn't take his eyes off the MacBook.

Donovan clicks a couple of times and a website APPEARS.

INSERT - MACBOOK SCREEN

The website is called URANCESTORS. It has an elderly couple hugging with big smiles at the top of the page. There is a quote underneath the couple that says 'THOUSANDS OF NEW MATCHES EVERYDAY!' Donovan logs into his account.

BACK TO SCENE

Donovan scrolls a little and then clicks the finger pad.

EVELYN (O.S.)
I told you the investors are not
going to believe your Dancing
Baloney on that macrosite! The
polls don't lie!

DONAVAN
(without looking up)
Mother! You're dinner is cold!

Donovan scrolls down to his ancestor matches.

FULL SCREEN - MACBOOK

The website shows that Donovan has ten matches on his profile. He clicks on that button. Ten profiles appear with their NAMES, AGE, and PERCENTAGE OF MATCH. Most are under forty percent, but one shows ninety-nine percent match.

CLOSE UP

The name is NICOLAS GEARHART, FIFTY-NINE YEARS OLD.

The arrow cursor COPIES the full name.

FULL SCREEN - MACBOOK

Donovan pulls up a new page, a Google search page APPEARS. The arrow clicks on the search bar and the name NICOLAS GEARHART APPEARS. Donovan clicks on the bar to search.

A face of a white haired-man comes up with some more info:

CLOSE UP

NICOLAS GEARHART, CEO OF SPEAR SHOCK INC.

SUDDENLY A TEXT FLASHES IN FRONT OF THE INFO.

CLOSE UP

MEET ME AT 2:30 A.M.

BACK TO SCENE

EVELYN (O.S.)

Jackson, I don't care if they don't
like the injected advertising! We
have to make money!

Donovan gets up, upset he has to stop what he is doing.

He walks into the living room, and there is his mother, Evelyn. She is a well dressed woman in her late fifties. She is wearing Apple Earbuds with the wires.

DONOVAN

Mother, please get off the phone.
Dinner was ready awhile ago.

Evelyn puts up her hand, to silence Donovan, as she listens to the other side of the phone.

Her face goes from stern to angry. She grabs the white wire hanging by her face and directly speaks into the small mic in the middle of the wire.

EVELYN
(into Earbuds)
Jackson, your software update is
pure crap. You have ruined the
whole company!

Donovan is fed up with her yelling and walks up to her. He
pulls the earbuds out of her ears with a hard yank.

Evelyn is shocked.

EVELYN
That is an important call!

DONOVAN
No, it isn't. It's time for dinner.

Evelyn tries to grab the earbuds from Donovan's hands. They
struggle for a bit, then Donovan lets go.

Evelyn pulls them, until she reaches the end of the line.
They are not plugged into the phone.

EVELYN
Where's my phone?!

Donovan puts his hand into his face and shakes his head.

DONOVAN
Eat your food, please.

EVELYN
What did you do with my phone?!

DONOVAN
Please, eat.

Evelyn searches aggressively through the furniture and floor
for her phone. She finally stands up and faces Donovan.

EVELYN
Give me my phone!

DONOVAN
You don't have a phone.

EVELYN
Donovan, give me my phone.

DONOVAN
You don't have a phone anymore,
Mother. You don't work anymore,
Mother! Remember?

Evelyn loses a bit of her anger as her mind starts to blankly think. But then she dives back in.

EVELYN

You ungrateful Son! All you do is run around in the streets with those no-good-for-nothing friends!

DONOVAN

Mother, please sit down and eat.

Evelyn goes in for the kill.

EVELYN

I run two companies and raise you! All by myself!

DONOVAN

You don't work anymore, Mother!

EVELYN

What do you think, I'm doing at this moment?!

DONOVAN

You don't work anymore. Remember?! Where is your phone? Huh?

Donovan grabs the wired earbuds and shows her the end of the wire that goes into the phone.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

These were never plugged in! You're talking to a ghost!

Evelyn's mind starts to work in overdrive and she loses her angry edge.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Mother, you're sick. You don't work anymore. I take care of you now.

Evelyn stares into oblivion trying to remember.

EVELYN

I...I...am CEO
of...Hardware...Divi--

Donovan walks up to her and grabs her hands.

DONOVAN

You were the CEO of Software Diversities. You were really good at your job.

Evelyn manages a trembly smile.

Donovan smiles big and starts to lead her to the table.

EVELYN

I was good?

Donovan kneels next to her. He gets close up.

DONOVAN

You were the best, but I'm taking
care of you. You tend to forget
that.

Evelyn shakes her head in agreement. She grabs a fork,
Donovan puts the earbuds on the dining table.

Evelyn sees the earbuds, and her demeanor changes instantly.
Her right hand grabs the earbuds and she put one in her ear.

EVELYN

Jackson, the reciprocal link needs
to expand--

She gets up from her chair and begins to pace in the living
room again.

Donovan smacks his face against the table.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

--Check the Wayback Machine for any
adverse effects from our
acquisition cost.

Donovan stands up, ready to be angry again, but a hand grabs
his shoulder. It's MELINDA, the care-giver.

MELINDA

I'll take care of her.

Donovan not happy with that answer, angers up quickly.

DONOVAN

No!

Melinda steps in front of him.

MELINDA

She's sick, there is nothing you
can do about it.

Donovan grabs his mother's plate of food and throws it. It
splashes against the wall and food flies everywhere.

He storms out of the room, as Evelyn doesn't flinch, she just keeps talking on the phone.

EXT. STREET - LATE NIGHT - 'DEC. 10TH 2:31AM'

The streets are empty except for an occasional car. The street is strewn with trash all around. Donovan walks down the street with his hands in the pockets of his jacket.

Out of the right pocket he pulls and unfolds a piece of paper, reading the address again. He sees that he is at the right place. Donovan knocks a timed knock.

He waits.

And waits.

Then the door unlocks stiffly, and it opens.

A small man opens the door. It's Lawrence Winfrent aka: JAILBREAK. He's dressed in hip-hop gangster attire, but is way too nerdy for the outfit.

JAILBREAK

Hurry in! The Federals are always creeping around.

Donovan rushes in, unexpectedly.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jailbreak closes the door behind him. The apartment is crammed. There's no furniture, just computer hardware. Stacks of servers are running nonstop. Cables run everywhere and a big computer monitor is in the center of the room.

DONOVAN

(in a deep voice)

And he lived amongst the wires, the narrator said.

Jailbreak chuckles.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

I don't live here. They'd be sending me back to jail, if the Federals knew I was on a computer. I'm Jailbreak.

Donovan shakes his hand.

DONOVAN

I'm Donovan.

Jailbreak doesn't say anything and sits down at his computer station.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Is this where I stand around for two hours and watch you play Call of Duty Seven?

JAILBREAK

You're the one that wanted to see what I was working on?

Donovan paces around, getting a closer look at everything.

DONOVAN

I didn't know you could get so much computer gear while on probation?

Jailbreak chuckles again, as he types quickly.

JAILBREAK

I bought most of this when I was in jail. I had reoccurring purchases set up from an account the Federals didn't find. They found most of my online trails, but not this one. Stealing password from someone's bank account and transferring the money was easy, till I got caught.

DONOVAN

How do you think you won't get caught again?

JAILBREAK

I do what's called DNA phenotyping. I get the DNA of people and then I become them, virtually.

Jailbreak turns to his desk, it's messy with papers and gadgets. He grabs a closed test tube with a cap and fluid in it. He continues his search finds a couple of Q-Tips.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

Here, rub one of these on the inside of your mouth.

Donovan gets grossed out but still grabs the Q-Tips out of his hand and rubs one in his mouth. He hands the Q-Tip back to Jailbreak.

Jailbreak opens the test tube and sticks the Q-Tips side Donovan rubbed into the test tube. He breaks the other half off, and closes the test tube.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

The test tube mixes your DNA, to get it ready for analyzing.

Jailbreak walks to a small table behind his computer. It holds a small black device, shaped like an anvil. It has handles on each side. He lifts the handles and a blue light emits from the middle of the device.

He grabs a petri dish from a stack of them. Jailbreak opens the test tube, pulls out the cotton swab and gently brushes the petri dish with the Q-Tip. He then places a thin piece of glass on top of the specimen. He puts the petri dish inside the small black device. He presses a button on it, and the blue light disappears when it closes.

Jailbreak pulls out his phone, and loads an app on it. He then places his screen on top of the black device, facing down, and goes back to his computer.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

This imaging system uses my phone's camera to scan and load your DNA into my computer.

Donovan gets closer.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

Now, analyzing DNA is a bitch. It takes months, or a super-computer to get a person's template, but my algorithm matches DNA sequences from the ancestry sites and law enforcement DNA databases.

They both stare at the computer screen. The computer rings and a mug shot of Donovan APPEARS ON THE SCREEN.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

Donovan Marion Mitchell.

DONOVAN

The fuck? That was years ago.

JAILBREAK

When you get arrested, the FBI doesn't forget. They take a DNA sample and add it to its database.

DONOVAN
I didn't even know.

JAILBREAK
Ever since nine-eleven the government has stepped up its game and has almost ninety percent of the American population's DNA. If you commit a crime and leave a booger, they will find you.

Donovan stands up and walks away from the computer, stepping on wires and almost tripping.

DONOVAN
So you're starting an ancestry site that connects felons to their mom?

Jailbreak laughs and turns to Donovan.

JAILBREAK
No. You are going to connect me with rich people.

DONOVAN
Me?

JAILBREAK
Yep. Your fancy restaurant will provide the kind of people that we need the DNA from.

Donovan walks up to the computer.

DONOVAN
How in the world are we getting into people's bank accounts with their DNA sample? I don't think knowing that someone is related to Elvis is gonna get us a million dollars?

JAILBREAK
People's DNA are one of a kind. Our DNA carries the way calculations are made in the brain. My algorithm runs a hack that specifically targets that packet of DNA. Once I upload someone's DNA against my password code breaker: voila, unlimited access!

Donovan takes a step back trying to comprehend the info.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)
Plus, we can access a person's
passwords in the future.

DONOVAN
What if they change their password?

Jailbreak turns to Donovan.

JAILBREAK
You don't understand the big
picture, do you? This isn't a one
time thing. I can figure out
passwords to accounts even after
they have changed their passwords.
My algorithm is an ever evolving
system. I can figure out the
passwords for every account
Facebook, Twitter. We can reach
every service a person has online,
all we gotta do is sign in.

Donovan is finally intrigued.

DONOVAN
So we just need to pick a few
people and live through them?

JAILBREAK
Exactly. Everyone's life is not
real anymore. It's all online and
virtual. We don't need to directly
steal from a person's bank account.
We can create or 'become' bank
accounts or 'become' invisible jobs
with their accounts! No one will
know it's us, it'll be just part of
the cogs of their lives.

Donovan is starting to see the final picture.

DONOVAN
No more bank heists?

JAILBREAK
No more bank heists.

No one says anything.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)
Wait, when have you done a bank
heist?

DONOVAN

Never.

They both laugh.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

But you're talking about CEOs?

JAILBREAK

Yeah, guys that have multiple corporate accounts, where we quietly drain the system.

DONOVAN

A little at a time?

JAILBREAK

You can't make big transfers around the world without getting noticed.

DONOVAN

My restaurant doesn't have those kind of fuckers always in there. Rarely do we get a multi-millionaire, definitely no billionaires...Wait.

Jailbreak waits a beat for Donovan to finish.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

But I do know someone that is around rich fucks all the time.

INT./EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON - 'DEC. 11TH 3:15PM'

The house rings with fast harp passages and playful screams. Ricky is nailing all of passages, as Little Ricardo runs around in circles in front of the harp.

The door bell rings and Amber opens the door. Little Ricardo runs over to see who it is, as Ricky keeps practicing. Amber talks to whom is at the door for a beat.

AMBER (O.S.)

Oh no!

Amber's big gasp is enough for Ricky to stop practicing. He gets up and walks to the door. Outside stands an elderly man, BRUCE; the brother of the landlord.

Amber looks slowly towards Ricky and lowers her head.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Hi Bruce, how's Jack doing? Please
come in.

Bruce; a gentle man, walks in as the door closes behind him.
He tightens his lips before he speaks.

BRUCE
Well, Jack passed last week.

RICKY
Oh Jesus!

BRUCE
He developed pneumonia after his
fall last month.

AMBER
How long was he sick?

Bruce fights back the tears.

BRUCE
Only a couple of days. The sickness
hit him hard and...and... I've told
the story too many times lately.

RICKY
It's okay.

BRUCE
Well, the reason I'm here is to
tell ya'll that Jack left the house
to me, and I'm...

AMBER
No! Please no.

BRUCE
I'm sorry, Ms. Amber, but I've
gotta put it on the market.

RICKY
Are you kicking us out?

BRUCE
I need ya'll out in a month.

RICKY AND AMBER
WHAT?!!

BRUCE (CONT'D)
My brother left me the house, but
he also left me with all of his

bills. I can barely make this month's mortgage, and I can't make next month's. Your rent money has to go to his burial.

Ricky steps forward and places his hand on Bruce's shoulder. But he pulls away before Ricky's hand touches anything.

BRUCE (CONT'D)
You have a full month to leave.

Bruce turns and walks away, leaving Ricky and Amber somber.

INT. STAGE - EVENING - 'DEC. 13TH 5:49PM'

Ricky pushes his harp through a rush of people. It's the final rehearsal before the Nutcracker performance. Manic kids run around in their ballerina gear. Dancers are cramming one last run through of their solo dances all throughout the stage.

At the edge of the stage, the whole orchestra is set up and ready. The pit conductor's high podium, chairs, and music stage are empty as Ricky pushes his harp to his spot. He lowers the harp off of the dolly and walks away. The STAGE HAND begins the process of lowering the stage into the pit.

Ricky looks around and sees the chaos around him.

RICKY (V.O.)
The dress rehearsal. The last run through before the big night. It's recorded for the promo video. Also, photographers can get close up shots of the dancers during their routine.

Ricky walks downstairs to the entrance of the pit.

INT. PIT - EVENING - 'DEC. 13TH 7:00PM'

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE STAGE AND PIT

The violins begin with a gentle opening theme, as the woodwinds take over.

Ricky sits at his harp, not playing.

RICKY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
There are four prominent harp sections throughout the ballet. The first one is where the Nutcracker

is snug in Clara's arms before she goes to bed.

INTERCUT DIFFERENT MUSIC SCENE - STAGE

Clara is in her full night gown, sweetly dancing around with the Nutcracker doll in her arms. She happily holds him as she makes her way to her bed. She lays the Nutcracker next to her in the bed and she falls swiftly to sleep.

BACK TO SCENE - IN THE PIT

Ricky still sits at his harp as the orchestra is playing the OVERTURE.

RICKY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
My next big section, of course is the Clara and Nutcracker dance, when the Nutcracker becomes a man.

INTERCUT DIFFERENT MUSIC SCENE - STAGE

Clara gorgeously dances with the Nutcracker, as Ricky plays sweet arpeggios. Clara's night gown flows in the air as the Nutcracker carries her around the stage.

BACK TO SCENE - IN THE PIT

The overture of the ballet continues.

RICKY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
I may not play at the beginning of the ballet, but I do get to finish it. The last dance between the Sugar Plum Fairy and her handsome Nutcracker Prince is a beautifully choreographed dream.

INTERCUT DIFFERENT MUSIC SCENE - STAGE

The backstage is lit by a dreamy snowy landscape. Seated along the edges of the stage are the different dancers that have performed. The Sugar Plum Fairy and the Nutcracker Prince sit at the back of the stage on their throne.

The Nutcracker puts out his hand for the Sugar Plum Fairy. She stands as the cellos take over from the beautiful arpeggios. They walk to the middle of the stage and begin their beautiful dance. It's majestic and enchanting.

BACK TO SCENE - IN THE PIT

We're back to the orchestra playing the overture to the whole ballet. Ricky once again sits unmoving at his harp.

RICKY (CONT'D) (V.O.)
 My big solo is during The Waltz of
 the Flowers. My performance comes
 after all the special dances have
 been done. Then I play the most
 exposed harp solo in all of
 classical music.

INT. THE PIT - 'DEC. 13TH 8:14PM'

Ricky stretches his arms out in front of him, then up. They give small uncontrollable shakes.

Ricky breathes nervously suddenly, trying to hold the stage fright back.

ON STAGE

The music starts as the the four ballerinas place themselves in the middle of the stage. The woodwinds play a sweet building phrase that drops softly.

A monstrous harp arpeggio roars upward, but then dies out on the way down. The dancers eye each other, knowing that wasn't how it is supposed to go.

IN THE PIT

Ricky shakes his hands aggressively. They aren't working correctly.

The woodwinds continue, building on their first phrase. Ricky places his hands again for another arpeggio, as the woodwinds phrase ends quickly.

ON STAGE

The dancers gently bow, as Ricky's next arpeggio doesn't just miss the mark, but falls apart on the way up and then the notes crash into different notes.

A dancer loses her smile.

IN THE PIT

Pit Conductor 1 gives an evil eye to Ricky, as the woodwinds take over the musical phrase. Ricky, looking fazed and confused at what just happened, licks his dry lips.

The winds gently slow down their tempo.

Ricky has his hands ready on the harp as the winds finish. There is a beat of complete silence. His fingers pluck notes

that descend slowly, but quickly pick up speed.

Ricky smiles half-heartedly.

ON STAGE

The dancers move at ease with Ricky's building cadenza.

IN THE PIT

Ricky lets a breath out as the solo is building as it should. He moves to adjust from his rigid posture.

CLOSE UP - RICKY'S RIGHT FOOT

Just as Ricky reaches the top of the harp, Ricky moves his right foot. There is a loud crash within the harp as the foot kicks a pedal out of place. Ricky rips a chord loudly.

It's the wrong chord.

ON STAGE

The dancers are jolted slightly in their stance.

IN THE PIT

Ricky start the descending notes, but they are still the wrong notes. A look of horror shakes him.

CLOSE UP - RICKY'S RIGHT FOOT

His feet scramble, searching to correct the mistake.

ON STAGE

The ballerinas are confused. The music is not what they have endlessly practiced and they don't know what to do.

CLOSE UP - RICKY'S RIGHT FOOT

Ricky's right foot finally finds the pedal that is off and quickly fixes it.

IN THE PIT

The arpeggiated notes finally sound good, but it is too late. Pit Conductor 1 taps on his music stand to stop the music.

Ricky continues, oblivious to Pit Conductor 1.

PIT CONDUCTOR 1

Ricky stop!

The loud voice stops Ricky in his tracks. He gazes up with fear strapped to his eyes.

PIT CONDUCTOR 1
What the fuck?! Did you even tune
the harp?!

Ricky doesn't breath, or say anything.

PIT CONDUCTOR 1
Let's pick up at letter C. After
the harp solo!

Pit Conductor 1 puts his hands up and re-animates the ballet. The strings in the orchestra start a soft waltz harmony. Ricky peers around. No one is looking at him, but he feels everyone's cold shoulder blaring at him.

The French Horns come in lightly, starting the beautiful theme of Waltz of the Flowers.

Ricky slowly sets his harp down, as he stares into oblivion.

CLOSE UP

Ricky shows no emotion, just a blank stare, but little twitches randomly appear on his face. As the very happy music sings, he is encompassed into a dark hole.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - 'DEC. 14TH 8:21AM'

WALTZ OF THE FLOWERS MUSIC CONTINUES INTO THE FOLLOWING
SCENES

MONTAGE

Staring blankly with a sad demeanor, Ricky holds a spoonful of cereal, as Amber and Little Ricardo happily play.

Putting on his bow tie, Ricky messes up and starts again.

Ricky bangs on the steering wheel of his car.

WALTZ OF THE FLOWERS MUSIC ENDS

INT. STAGE - NIGHT - 'DEC. 14TH 5:55PM'

Ricky sluggishly walks along the stage towards the pit entrance. Disquieting glances are shared by everyone around him as he walks by, but he doesn't notice them.

Ricky walks to the stairs and runs into RAYMOND; a

violinist. Raymond raises his hand about to say something, but then he closes it. He grimaces and walks away.

As Ricky walks down the stairs, there are sounds of a musician practicing. It is an instrument that is very recognizable.

INT. PIT - CONTINUOUS

Ricky rushes down the stairs and enters the pit.

The whole orchestra setup is completely the same as it was the night before. The only difference is his harp has been replaced, and there is a YOUNG GIRL HARPIST playing it.

Ricky walks up to her.

RICKY

Excuse me, who are you?

The Young Girl Harpist looks up at him, confused.

YOUNG GIRL HARPIST

The harpist messed up the solo last night, so I was brought in.

RICKY

Really?

Ricky bites his lips and angers up immediately, just as Pit Conductor 1 rushes down the stairs and enters.

RICKY

Where the fuck is my harp?! You fucking bastard!

PIT CONDUCTOR 1

You're a fucking!---

Pit Conductor 1 regains his composure quickly.

PIT CONDUCTOR 1

Natasha has taken time from her auditioning material to come--

Ricky walks right up to Pit Conductor 1.

RICKY

You know I have played this ballet perfectly countless times!

Pit Conductor 1 holds his anger in, but by a hair.

PIT CONDUCTOR 1
Your harp is by the exit. Goodbye!

Ricky angers up, but no words scramble out.

Ricky turns to Natasha, and sarcasm does come out.

RICKY
Good luck on the audition.

Young Girl Harpist looks confused.

YOUNG GIRL HARPIST
Th-thanks.

Ricky turns to Pit Conductor 1 with a snarl.

RICKY
It's so nice the wife lets you fuck
college girls on the side.

Pit Conductor 1 slaps Ricky's face. He steps up to Ricky and
whispers with intensity.

PIT CONDUCTOR 1
You will never play classical music
in this town ever again!

Ricky's mouth stumbles.

RICKY
You--you---

PIT CONDUCTOR 1
Leave. You're a worthless excuse
for a harpist.

Ricky turns back to the Young Girl Harpist, who quickly
turns back to her harp and continues to practice.

Pit Conductor 1 gestures Ricky out of the pit. With a deep
breath, Ricky walks up the stairs.

ON STAGE

As Ricky reaches the stage, he see his harp just to the side
of him. Unfortunately, he sees everyone else staring at him
too. They all might have not seen the fight, but they
definitely heard it.

Ricky swallows his pride and tilts the dolly, holding his
harp back and walks the harp towards the exit. Everyone
somerly watches as he leaves.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - 'DEC. 15TH 7:51PM'

DiaBello's is packed. Every table is taken and there is a bright chatter through out the restaurant. Topping off the happy environment is Ricky playing Christmas music.

Ricky's hands are flying around, as he plays a flashy holiday song. Ricky face does not convey the cheerful music as he concentrates on his performance. There are no mistakes, but there are also no smiles.

DRUNK GENTLEMAN 1 walks up to Ricky and slaps him on the back joyfully. A little bit of his cocktail spills. He puts a twenty dollar bill in his tip jar.

DRUNK GENTLEMAN 1
I love this song! It reminds me of
my old days at my Grand Nana's.

Rolling his eyes, Ricky agrees.

RICKY
Thanks.

Ricky struggles to continue the piece.

DRUNK GENTLEMAN 1
Can you, uh, Jingle Bell Rock?

Ricky tries to continue playing, while trying to respond to Drunk Gentleman 1. It doesn't work. The song he was playing falls apart and he stops playing.

RICKY
I'm sorry, did you ask me to play
Jingle Bell Rock?

Drunk Gentleman 1 gets mad that Ricky didn't understand his drunk slurring.

DRUNK GENTLEMAN 1
Yeah, Jingle Bell Rock? Hall and
Oates? You know it?

RICKY
I don't know that song.

DRUNK GENTLEMAN 1
What?!

Ricky shakes his head in denial.

DRUNK GENTLEMAN 1 (CONT'D)
You just ruined Christmas.

Drunk Gentleman 1 reaches into the tip jar and pulls out his twenty dollar bill and put its back into his pocket, as he walks off. Ricky doesn't say anything and continues playing the song he was playing before.

Donovan sees everything from afar and strolls over.

DONOVAN

You're gonna let that fucker just grab money out of your tip jar?

RICKY

I don't want his money.

DONOVAN

What happened?

Ricky is trying hard to play the song correctly again, but he keeps making mistakes as Donovan tries to make a conversation. He stops playing and turns to Donovan.

RICKY

I don't know every Christmas song and he's pissed about it.

DONOVAN

Which one?

RICKY

Jingle Bell Rock.

DONOVAN

Jesus, Hall and Oates. I'm puking on the inside, just thinking of Oates's mustache.

Donovan smiles. Then Ricky finally breaks out a smile.

DONOVAN

Meet me in the alley for a smoke.

RICKY

Cool, cool.

Ricky turns the page and starts another Christmas song.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - DEC. 15TH 8:32PM

Donovan breaks out laughing hysterically, billowing smoke.

DONOVAN

He slapped you too?

Ricky shakes his head in agreement, blowing out smoke.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
I would have drop kicked that
motherfucker!

RICKY
I didn't want to go to jail. Plus,
he'd black-ball me from other gigs.

Donovan's face is red, as he get serious.

DONOVAN
Can he really do that?

RICKY
Probably, he's friends with the
conductor of my other orchestra.
I'm playing that on Friday.

DONOVAN
Fuck.

Ricky saddens up.

DONOVAN
You still have the rich dude gig?

RICKY
Nope. Mr. Dillon hasn't called.

DONOVAN
What?! I thought that was your most
locked in gig.

RICKY
Me too. He always calls in early
December. That one gig pays for a
whole month's worth of rent.

Donovan's eyes open wide.

DONOVAN
Four grand?

RICKY
More.

DONOVAN
Damn! That fucker is rich as fuck.

RICKY
Reginald Dillon makes the money he
gives me in less than a blink of an

eye.

Donovan takes in a deep drag off his cigarette and throws it on the ground. He peers into Ricky's eyes.

DONOVAN

What if we can become that rich?

Ricky laughs a little, as he takes in his last drag.

RICKY

Ha ha.

Donovan looks down the alley both ways and doesn't see anybody. He takes a step closer to Ricky.

DONOVAN

I know someone that can make us that rich.

RICKY

Is someone talking you up a storm?

DONOVAN

No, really. I know a hacker.

Ricky's curiosity lingers and he steps closer to Donovan.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

He can get us more money than we could ever dream of.

RICKY

How?

Donovan grabs Ricky's cigarette butt and puts it in front of Ricky's face.

DONOVAN

DNA. He gets all the information about someone with just their DNA.

RICKY

What?

DONOVAN

You're around a bunch of rich fucks. We could get into their bank accounts. We wouldn't have to work anymore.

Donovan throws his arms out, and raises his voice.

RICKY
I'm not gonna steal from someone
I'm playing for?

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
We wouldn't have to hang out in
this crusty fucking alley!

Just then the back door opens, and RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
burst out.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
Ricky that drunk asshole wants you
to play Jingle Bell Rock. You
better play it or you're fired.

They both start walking towards the back door.

DONOVAN
If you fire him, you'll have to
fire me.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
(to Donovan)
I should have fired you a long time
ago. (To Ricky) Tell me you know
the fucking song?

Ricky looks down at the ground.

RICKY
I know it. I just hate playing that
song. Any kind of music from the
eighties makes me throw up, but
Christmas eighties? Get the bucket.

Donovan does a fake puking sound. Ricky pushes Donovan
against the wall, as they both crack up walking in.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING - 'DEC. 16TH 7:21AM'

It's a dark bedroom with a small slit of sunshine breaking
in through the blinds. Donovan lays asleep.

Suddenly the door bursts open. It is Evelyn, wearing her
work suit. Her hair is pulled back in a slicked-back
ponytail. She's all business, but looks frail.

EVELYN
Virginia, it's time for school. You
don't want to be late.

Donovan doesn't move.

Evelyn starts to go through the top draw of his dresser.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Virginia, did you give the signed
letter back to your teacher about
the school trip?

Donovan doesn't move, but speaks.

DONOVAN (O.C.)
Virginia doesn't live with us mom.

Evelyn turns back to Donovan.

EVELYN
Virginia, that is no way to talk to
your mother.

Donovan doesn't flinch an inch.

DONOVAN (O.C.)
Mother, Virginia left cause you act
crazy. Like now.

EVELYN
Stop messing around, Virginia, I
have a meeting with a client.

Evelyn lays down a pair of shorts and one sock on the bed.

EVELYN
My client is flying in from
Beijing. Now get up and get ready
for school!

Donovan pushes the blanket off of him and sits up.

DONOVAN
Mother, stop being fucking crazy!

Evelyn slaps Donovan.

Melinda, the nurse, rushes to the entrance of bedroom.

MELINDA
Evelyn don't!

It's too late though. Evelyn angers up. She starts to slap
Donovan continuously in the face.

Donovan reflexes and kicks her in the stomach. She flies
back, falling. The back of Evelyn's head aims for the
dresser. Melinda quickly jumps behind Evelyn. She catches
the back of her head before it rams into the dresser.

DONOVAN

Mother!

Melinda's back falls into the dresser, but not hard.

Donovan jumps out of the bed and runs to them, as Evelyn clutches her stomach.

EVELYN

You're always running around in those streets!

Donovan's nostrils flare at Evelyn's dig.

MELINDA

Donovan don't.

Donovan stands, unable to decide if he's angry or remorseful.

DONOVAN

Mother, you're sick! What happens when the money runs out for Melinda to take care of you??

Melinda doesn't say a word.

EVELYN

At least I have my Virginia!

DONOVAN

It's only you and me, Mother! No Virginia! She can't take this!

Evelyn starts to break out crying.

EVELYN

I will always have my little sweet Virginia!

Evelyn rocks an imaginary baby in her arms. She smiles softly through sobs.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Oh sleepy baby, rest your head, dream of sheep, and little Bo-Peep.

Donovan takes in a deep breath, mad he can't get her undivided attention. Donovan softly speaks.

DONOVAN

Mother, who's Nicolas Gearhart?

Evelyn's demeanor makes a hundred and eighty degree change.

She stops singing and loses her smile.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
 You know his name, don't you? I
 found him, Mother.

Donovan becomes more authoritative as he has her attention.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
 I knew you lied. I knew!

Evelyn's silence tells Donovan all he needs to know. Melinda finally stands up and starts to pick up Evelyn.

MELINDA
 We're going back to bed.

Donovan steps in and stops Melinda from leaving.

DONOVAN
 No. No. No. Not while I have her
 attention. (turns to Evelyn)
 Nicolas Gearhart is my father. The
 DNA test says he is. I found your
 last lie. It's okay, because he
 lied too. I'm gonna find him.

Evelyn breaks her silence and wails her arms.

EVELYN
 No! No!

Donovan sinisterly smiles.

DONOVAN
 Yes! He is the one that will pay
 for this fucking mess!

Evelyn slaps Donovan again.

This time Donovan doesn't move. He just stares.

Melinda pulls Evelyn out of the room. She doesn't resist.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
 It's okay mother. I'm gonna fix
 this family! We're going to be one
 happy family!

INT. CHURCH - MORNING - 'DEC. 16TH 9:49AM'

Eight days before Christmas Eve and the church is packed. Every row is filled as they silently watch the altar area. A

sweet voice sings, accompanied by a harp.

Amber Rasura sings a lulling piece with Ricky playing the harp. The harp's deep resonance reverberates through out the church. It mixes well with Amber's soprano voice.

The faces of the audience are relaxed, even during the developmental portion of the piece of music. Dreamy minor chords reign as the song builds and builds. The song crescendos into a climax and finally a major chord erupts into the bright melody from the beginning of the song.

The anthem ends on a beautiful high note from Amber and Ricky's soft chord. Ricky stands up and grabs Amber's hand. They both take a big bow. A couple of claps begin in the back, then the whole church erupts in big applause.

The applause dies down. Ricky and Amber take their seat as the church service continues.

INT. FELLOWSHIP HALL - LATER

After the church service everyone gathers in the social hall. There are some tables, but most everyone stands.

At one of the tables, Amber sits, and helps Little Rosemary to her breakfast snacks. Ricky stands as a church member congratulates him on their performance.

Ricky sits down at the table and sips his coffee.

AMBER

Eat your strawberries before you
eat your cookie.

Little Rosemary shoves a whole cookie into her mouth.

RICKY

Ricardo!

AMBER

Let him eat the cookie.

RICKY

I wanted that cookie!

LITTLE ROSEMARY

(through a mouthful)

Mine!

Amber and Ricky laugh, as a middle-aged woman; FARAH, who is in her Sunday's Best dress, walks up to Ricky and Amber's table. She flashes a divine smile.

FARAH
You guys sounded really amazing!

Ricky and Amber both thank her.

FARAH (CONT'D)
Can I join you guys?

AMBER
Sure!

Farah sits next to Amber.

FARAH
Hi, I'm Farah.

She sticks out her hand and shakes Amber's hand. Ricky reaches over the table and shakes too. Farah sticks out her hand to shake Ricardo's little hand, but he bites his strawberry with a roar, instead.

They all laugh at his antics.

FARAH (CONT'D)
You both sounded great this morning! I just love that song you guys did. The bulletin says you wrote it too.

AMBER
Yeah, we play it every Christmas.

FARAH
Where are you playing next?

Amber turns to Ricky.

AMBER
Together? This is the only one.

FARAH
No way. Why don't you guys play out more?

RICKY
During the Holidays, I get booked solid with other performances.

Ricky turns to Amber.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Other performances that pay.

FARAH

It's Christmas time. I bet you're booked for a lot of jobs!

RICKY

Except for one, Reg Dillon's Christmas Eve party.

Farah perks up.

FARAH

You mean Reginald Dillon? The guy who invented the Cinbix Code?

Ricky shakes his head in agreement.

FARAH

Wow! There's a big documentary about him on Netflix.

RICKY

I've played his Christmas Eve party the last three years.

FARAH

But Christmas Eve is like, next week? Why hasn't he booked you?

Ricky shakes his head.

RICKY

Mr. Dillon doesn't like to be called.

FARAH

The documentary did say that he is a secretive person.

RICKY

His parties are really subdued. Mr. Dillon doesn't have much of a family. He invites different business partners mostly, but his gifts are outrageous!

Farah closes in.

RICKY (CONT'D)

A couple years ago, he gifted a guest a self-driving drone car!

Farah wows.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Mr. Dillon is all about prototype gifts. I think since his guests are giving up the most important time of the year to hang out with him, he really gives outrageous gifts.

Amber chimes in.

AMBER

He gave us something last year.

Farah doesn't hold back.

FARAH

What was it? If you don't mind me asking?

RICKY

Well, I don't know how to explain it. It's kinda weird.

AMBER

It applies to his harp playing.

FARAH

Okay, you're killing me, tell me!

RICKY

It's called InEar-Soul. It hooks up to my harp.

FARAH

Okay, I don't get it.

RICKY

When I play the harp for a party, I'm always plugged into a speaker. The acoustic harp does not carry enough sound for a loud gathering, so I electrify the harp.

Amber giggles.

FARAH

What's so funny?

AMBER

Well, the first time Ricky plugged it in, well, it--was--

Amber can't put the right words together.

AMBER (CONT'D)
-Was different.

Ricky cuts in.

RICKY
It beams the music into your brain,
not your ears.

Farah doesn't understand.

RICKY (CONT'D)
It somehow bluetooths or sends the
music into your brain. When I used
it, it was so weird, because you
could hear the harp acoustically,
but then your brain was hearing the
music inside yourself too.

AMBER
It was crazy! My ear drums were
rattling. We both got bloody noses.

FARAH
Bloody noses?

RICKY
My harp has such a thick resonance
that our brains were rattling.
Then, when I hit certain
frequencies, blood gushed out of
our noses.

AMBER
My brain was having an earthquake.

FARAH
Wow.

RICKY
It was hard to keep playing the
harp because of the overload of
sound coming from it.

FARAH
Do you still have it?

RICKY
I still carry it in my gig bag.
It's kinda a nostalgic thing. I
don't use it though.

FARAH
I'm sorry he hasn't called yet.

RICKY

The idea of calling me has to come from him. That's how he became successful.

AMBER

He's a billionaire. Ricky, call him.

Ricky doesn't say anything.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING - 'DEC. 17TH 7:46PM'

MONTAGE

It's a grand Christmas party and people cheer and splash champagne everywhere. Ricky plays a fun Christmas song in the background, but he is all business, no smiling.

RICKY (V.O.)

Hell week. The week leading up to Christmas Eve is the most grueling time of the year. I can only dispense so much Christmas cheer.

EXT. CAFETERIA - MORNING - 'DEC. 18TH 8:45AM'

Ricky PLAYS 'JINGLE BELL ROCK' on the harp at a retirement center. It's PLAYED THROUGH THE MONTAGE.

THE 'DEC.' REMAINS ON THE SUPER IMPOSED DATE, ONLY THE DAY AND TIME CHANGES THROUGHOUT THE MONTAGE

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON - 'DEC. 18TH 2:07PM'

A collection of office workers are gathered for a group photo, as Ricky plays the harp.

INT. ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL HALL - EVENING - 'DEC. 18TH 9:32PM'

The full orchestra is playing during a rehearsal.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - MORNING - 'DEC. 19TH 9:19AM'

Ricky plays a duet with a 3rd GRADE GIRL. She SINGS a sweet song as Ricky accompanies her on the harp.

The camera PANS ALONG the rows of parents.

EXT. BACKYARD - NOON - 'DEC. 19TH 11:57AM'

Little Rosemary is being chased by Amber in the backyard.

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON - 'DEC. 19TH 2:01PM'

The harp joyfully blossoms a Christmas tune, as the elderly ladies sway and talk during a luncheon at their table.

INT. ORCHESTRA REHEARSAL HALL - EVENING - 'DEC 19TH 8:16PM'

The orchestra rehearses a holiday song with a guest singer.

INT. OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON - 'DEC. 20TH 3:46PM'

An office party blares away and co-workers celebrate at the holiday party. Ricky is playing harp but no one recognizes it or cares. He is barely heard through the laughter.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - EVENING - 'DEC. 20 10:39PM'

A beautiful Christmas motif decorates the patio of a high top restaurant. He is exhausted. Ricky stops playing the harp, and bends over. He grabs his beer, and just sits at his harp, taking sips.

RICKY
Merry fucking Christmas.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING - 'DEC. 21ST 7:08AM'

The hint of morning comes over the living room at Ricky's house. He is passed out on the sofa with his suit halfway undone. He is not in a comfortable position.

Suddenly, his phone goes off and he is shaken awake. He looks around confused and then realizes his phone is in his pocket. He streaks his right hand into his pocket and retrieves it. He presses the button and pushes the phone to his ear. His groggily voice answers.

RICKY
Hello?

EXT. HOUSE BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A wintery breeze comes off the frosty countryside. The sun is making its presence felt. REGINALD DILLON; a sculpted man

in his early fifties, sits in a patio chair away from his backyard.

MR. DILLON
Ricky, it's Reg Dillon.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

Ricky brushes the crust from his eyes.

RICKY
Oh, good morning, I've been wondering if you were going to call.

MR. DILLON
Well, that was my problem. I didn't have a phone till today. I was in the Antarctic Peninsula for a month. I was off the grid.

RICKY
You were in Antarctica?

Mr. Dillon changes the subject.

MR. DILLON
How many years have you been playing my party?

RICKY
Three years.

MR. DILLON
That long?

RICKY
You were one of my first gigs when we moved here.

MR. DILLON
Why haven't I replaced you yet?

RICKY
Because...I'm a pretty blonde girl?

MR. DILLON
Ha ha, funny. You know why I haven't replaced you? You haven't once put on social media that you've played at my house.

RICKY
Are we Facebook friends?

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)

No, I had a couple of workers go through your emails, social media, and searches. Not once did you say anything about playing at my house. Why is that?

Ricky is a little shocked about getting hacked, but answers Mr. Dillon's question.

RICKY

I don't think it's right to brag about playing any gig, except like orchestra or audience gigs.

MR. DILLON

Good answer, let's book you for this Christmas Eve.

Ricky pumps his fist in the air.

RICKY

Thanks you! I'll be there!

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)

See you Monday.

Mr. Dillon hangs up.

INTERCUT ENDS

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ricky smiles into the phone.

RICKY

Bye.

He throws the phone in joy and rushes into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the bed, Amber and Little Ricardo are sound asleep. Ricky rushes in then, tip-toes the rest of the way around the bed. He bends down and whispers to Amber.

RICKY

Mr. Dillon called and he wants me to play Christmas Eve!

Ricky smiles broadly at Amber's closed eyes.

AMBER

Good, Bruce came by last night.

Ricky's smile loses it intensity.

RICKY

What? He came by?

Amber opens her eyes, and sadly frowns.

AMBER

He wants us out by New Year's Day.
Someone bought the house.

Ricky doesn't say anything anymore and leans back against the night table in deep thought.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - MORNING - 'DEC. 21ST 10:14AM'

There are tall buildings surrounding the street, and lots of people bustling by. A vehicle pulls up to the curb and from the back seat Donovan appears. He is nicely dressed, with a shiny tie. He gets out of the car and stares up at the building in front of him, holding an iPad.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A doorman opens the door for Donovan. He smiles real big and walks right in. It's a modernistic lobby with fully automated touch screen directories. Donovan walks up to one of the touch screens and presses it a couple of times. Out pops the one that he wants.

CLOSE UP - SPEAR SHOCK ELECTRONIC CONSULTANTS 2700 FLOOR 17

BACK TO SCENE

Donovan licks his lips and walks towards the elevator.

INT. BUILDING OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Donovan walks out of the elevator and sees only one entrance to a big office. An elegantly designed logo for the business appears on the glass doorway. Donovan walks into the main office lobby and up to the secretary.

SECRETARY #1

How can I help you?

Donovan smiles big.

DONOVAN
I'm here to see the main man,
Nicolas Gearhart.

SECRETARY #1
Do you have an appointment?

DONOVAN
Of course I do, I'm his son!

Secretary #1 is shocked that she didn't know.

SECRETARY #1
Sorry, I didn't-- His office is--

Secretary #1 is about to point to the left, but Donovan
beats her to it.

DONOVAN
Dat's ta way!

Donovan points hard to the left with both hands, acting like
he knows the way.

SECRETARY #1
Yup.

Donovan walks down the office corridor and sees multiple
rows of cubicles with workers all typing away. At the end of
the corridor is a secretary desk with a clouded glass wall
behind it: Nicolas Gearhart's office.

Secretary #2 sits at her desk and looks up to see the
arrival of Donovan.

SECRETARY #2
How can I help you?

DONOVAN
I'm here to see Mr. Gearhart.

She peers at her computer, and turns back to Donovan.

SECRETARY #2
I'm sorry, but Mr. Gearhart doesn't
have any appointments this morning.
What time were you to see him?

DONOVAN
Twenty-years ago.

SECRETARY #2
Excuse me?

DONOVAN
I'm Donavan, his long lost son.

Secretary #2 laughs at the joke Donovan is playing. Her smile fades as she realizes he isn't joking.

SECRETARY #2
Okay, I'll have to get security--

Donovan quickly flashes his iPad with the screen showing information from URANCESTRY.COM

DONOVAN
I'm a ninety-eight percent match to good ol' Gearhart.

Secretary #2 loses her smile and scans the page.

SECRETARY #2
He did just do that DNA test.

DONOVAN
I know I just found out that we're a match! I've been waiting years for this kind of email.

Secretary #2 frowns and is about to speak, but Donovan loses his smile too and stops her.

DONOVAN
Ma'am, I've been waiting a long time to meet the man that made me. Please let him know I'm here?

Her frowns deepens, but she leans over to the desktop phone and presses a button.

SECRETARY #2
Mr. Gearhart?

NICOLAS GEARHART (O.S.)
Yes?

SECRETARY #2
There is a gentleman out here claiming to be your son?

A GRUNT comes from the other side of the line.

SECRETARY #2 (CONT'D)
He found you from your DNA test.

NICOLAS GEARHART (V.O.)
I got the email too. (Sign) Send

him in.

The colluded glass wall turns instantly clear. Donovan can see into the office.

Nicolas Gearhart sits at his desk. He is a brawny man, you can see he arm muscles defined in his suit. He is mostly gray haired but still has some brown hair through his expensive hair cut.

SECRETARY #2

Go ahead.

DONOVAN

Thank you, Ma'am

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Donovan walks into Nicolas's office. Its bold, modern-masculine decor inside resonates power and control.

Nicolas stands up from his desk and walks around it to welcome Donovan. He doesn't smile, all business.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Welcome, please sit down.

Nicolas waves Donovan towards a chair in front of his desk. Without saying anything Donovan sits down in the chair. Nicolas casually walks back to his chair and sits too. Donovan almost says something, but holds back, waiting for the chance that Nicolas will say something first. Nicolas clears his throat, and fixes his suit coat.

Donovan clears his throat and tries again to talk, but a sweet smile comes to his face as he realizes he is sitting with the person he's wanted to meet his whole life. He finally, shyly musters some words.

DONOVAN

It's good to meet you.

Nicolas smirks, with a soft smile.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Is there a purpose to your unannounced visit?

Donovan doesn't take Nicolas's tone to heart. Nicolas could have said something in Japanese, it didn't matter, he was just glad that he heard his father speak.

DONOVAN
I've just wanted to meet you.

NICOLAS GEARHART
You could have contacted me before
just barging in?

Donovan continues to think. What was he going to say to him the first time he got to see his dad? He doesn't remember.

DONOVAN
I don't know what to say.

Nicolas begins to get impatient with Donovan not directly answering his questions.

NICOLAS GEARHART
Just like your mother.

On that cue, Donovan finally wakes up from his daze.

NICOLAS GEARHART (CONT'D)
She always forgets everything.

Donovan's face creases.

DONOVAN
Was she always forgetful?

Nicolas gets agitated he has to answer a question.

NICOLAS GEARHART
Yes. Now, why are you here? Today?

DONOVAN
Why didn't you ever reach out?

NICOLAS GEARHART
Your mother wanted me out of her
life. It was her decision to keep
me away from you.

Donovan hiccups a laugh.

DONOVAN
She told me so many different
things about you.

Donovan sits up.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
She said you were a biker and died
in a motorcycle accident once. Or,
you were exploring Siberia for the

Russian Government.

Nicolas rolls his eyes and checks the time, but then Donovan slaps his knee in excitement.

DONAVAN (CONT'D)

Oh, the best one was you died in one of the 9/11 planes.

Donovan laughs.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Okay, okay. I'm glad your mother is doing well. And that you are doing well. I think it's time we end--

DONOVAN

She wasn't making those stories up. She really believed you died in a plane on 9/11.

Nicolas doesn't say anything.

DONOVAN

She would show me the video of 9/11 and point to the second plane and would say you were on it.

Nicolas's lips tighten.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

She would tell me you were such a hardcore biker, you would shoot people while riding your bike.

Donovan raises his voice.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

She would tell me that you were fighting in Iran, killing spies.

NICOLAS GEARHART

They're all lies.

DONOVAN

Well, I believed those lies. Because she believed those lies.

NICOLAS GEARHART

She made that shit up, not I.

Donovan sits back into his seat.

DONOVAN

What did you tell--

NICOLAS GEARHART

Look, Donald, (looks down at his notes) Donovan. Your mother and I were never in a relationship. We were business partners, that's it. She ran a company, I run my own company. We thought it was best to not let anyone know that we had sexual relationship together.

DONOVAN

I'm so glad that my life has been a secret to the world! So glad.

NICOLAS GEARHART

It was all your mother's decision.

Nicolas stares at Donovan.

DONOVAN

Did you know she was getting Alzheimer's disease?

Nicolas doesn't say anything.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

My life is shifting through the lies and half-truths now. Nothing in her head is real anymore.

Nicolas grunts a laugh.

NICOLAS GEARHART

I'm sorry things turned out this way, but your mother seduced me--

DONOVAN

Seduced you?

Nicolas pushes back into his seat.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Look, I don't know your mother now, but she was a confident woman. She used to get what she wanted, and she wanted me.

DONOVAN

You don't keep your ego a secret.

Nicolas sits up.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Look, what the hell do you want from me? We are not going to play a father and son dance either. There is nothing here.

Lashing back, Donovan dives in.

DONOVAN

Yes, I am here. You made me, you asshole. You. You left me to take care of her with no support!

NICOLAS GEARHART

I knew it! Long lost son comes in and needs money!

DONOVAN

You never gave her a dime! You're a dead beat of a fucking dad!

Nicolas stand out of his seat in full anger.

NICOLAS GEARHART

I gave your mother money! I gave her money to get a goddamn abortion!

Donovan drops back into his seat, revolted.

NICOLAS GEARHART (CONT'D)

Now, get out of my fucking office! You-you're an abomination!

Donovan rushes at his dad and leaps over the desk. Nicolas reacts quickly and slaps Donovan hard on his face.

Donovan is stunned by the slap and stops in his track.

NICOLAS GEARHART

You're worthless to me.

DONOVAN

I am your son!

Nicolas walks around the side of his desk and presses the button to made the glass wall turn from clouded to clear.

Donovan stands himself up from the desk, all while staring at his dad. He fixes his tie.

He walks to the door, not looking back.

DONOVAN

It was great getting to know ya
dad. Tell gramps I said Yo!

Donovan flips a finger as he walks out.

INT. CONCERT HALL - EVENING - 'DEC. 21ST 7:42PM'

With the whip of his baton, CONDUCTOR 2 begins a very quick tempo and the violins and percussion start an extremely fast Jingle Bells. All the men are in their tuxes. All the women are in their beautiful concert black.

Towards the back on the right side of the stage is Ricky playing his part in the high register of the harp. As the quiet section of violins and harp ends, the whole orchestra erupts into a joyous celebration of Christmas.

The orchestra tempo zooms faster as the loudness gets greater. Finally Conductor 2 slows everyone, as timpani roars countless booms, then every player bolts out one final note. The hall rings in a rapturous applause.

Conductor 2 swings his arm and the whole orchestra stands up. They all take a bow together.

Ricky does a graceless and gawky bow with the group.

The audience applause dies down as the house lights come up.

INT. BACKSTAGE - LATER

A trickle of musicians walk by. They carry their instrument, with a relaxed composure, a contrast to their elegant attire. Ricky is pinning his phone to his ear.

Musician 1 walks by with a big smile.

MUSICIAN 1

Hey good job tonight Ricky!

Ricky waves his hand and mouths the words 'THANKS'. Musician 1 mouths a 'OH', as he sees that Ricky is on the phone.

EXT. STREET ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Donovan wears a back pack as he answers his phone.

DONOVAN

Ricky Rasura, my main harp man!

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

Ricky gazes around and doesn't see anybody close to him.

RICKY
Guess who called this morning about
Christmas Eve?

DONOVAN
No shit!

RICKY
Can your computer guy, Jailbreak,
really do what he says he can do?

DONOVAN
He accessed every account I have
with DNA from my saliva.

RICKY
Okay.

Donovan looks at his phone and SEES a new text message.

THE TEXT READS - I'M HERE

BACK TO INTERCUT

DONOVAN
Hey, I'll see you tomorrow night
and we'll plan this all out, and
we'll all have a merry Christmas!

Ricky frowns, regretting his call to Donovan.

RICKY
Okay, see you tomorrow.

Ricky hangs up.

DONOVAN
Sleep tight.

INTERCUT ENDS

Donovan hangs up the phone and walks down the alley. There are multiple homeless people all around.

Halfway down the alley, Donovan sees a door open. Out steps TEENAGE BOY 1. He has an extremely stoned gaze.

TEENAGE BOY 1
Are ya Donovan?

DONOVAN

Yeah.

Teenage Boy 1 peers up and down the alley. He reaches behind his back and pulls out a six shooter revolver.

Donovan looks both ways and takes it from Teenage Boy 1. He awkwardly holds the gun as if it's gonna bite him.

TEENAGE BOY 1

It's loaded, be the fuck careful.

Donovan lifts up the back of his shirt and tries to stick the gun along his belt line, but then he jerks around.

DONOVAN

Aww, that's cold!

Teenage Boy 1 laughs.

Donovan straightens his back, uncomfortably wiggling.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ! How do you walk around with this in your back?!

Donovan pulls the gun out and sticks it into his backpack. He quickly turns and walks down the alley.

There is a sweet jump to his step.

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING - 'DEC 22ND 8:11PM'

The Christmas cheer overflows through out the restaurant as Christmas Day quickly approaches. Ricky's harp playing rings all around and the wine and champagne glasses clink away.

Donovan swings through with the tables in his perfect waiter attire. He strolls up to a table of four.

DONOVAN

What kind of drinks would you like Santa to bring you?

The table of four includes ELDERLY MAN 1; his wife, ELDERLY LADY 1; a middle-aged man, SON 1; and his wife, DAUGHTER-IN-LAW 1. They are all from the Mid-West.

ELDER LADY 1

Well, if Santa's making it, then I'll take a white wine.

DONOVAN
Rosé or chardonnay?

ELDER LADY 1
Chardonnay.

Donovan turns to Elderly Man 1.

ELDERLY MAN 1
I'll take a scotch.

DONOVAN
McCallan 12 or Glenlivet 15?

ELDERLY MAN 1
I'll take the Glenlivet.

Donovan turns to the middle-aged man. Son 1 doesn't lift his eyes from the drink menu.

SON 1
I'll take a beer.

Son 1's eyes squint deeper into the menu, then he gives up.

SON 1
Do you guys have a Michelob Ultra?

DONOVAN
We have an Italian beer similar to that called Peroni.

SON 1
Pepperoni?

DONOVAN
No, Peroni.

Son 1 squints at Donovan.

SON 1
Pepper? I don't care. (Under his breath) Fucking holidays.

Donovan hears it but continues.

DONOVAN
And you Ma'am?

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW 1
I'll have a water.

DONOVAN
Still or Sparkling?

ELDER LADY 1
Is sparkling water good?

DONOVAN
Of course it is, my lady!

Elderly Man 1 gives a quick smirk to Donavan.

SON 1
You know what, give me two of those
pussy beers.

ELDER LADY 1
Lincoln!

LINCOLN/Son 1 gives a jerk smile.

LINCOLN/SON 1
What?

DONOVAN
Two pussies it is. I'll be back
with those drinks.

Donovan leaves the table and the CAMERA PANS behind Donovan.
All the tables are full and other waiters pass by him.
Donovan walks by Ricky playing the harp.

The CAMERA PANS away from Ricky and continues with Donovan
until he reaches the bar. He walks up to the end of the bar
and inputs the order on a touch screen register.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

At the end of the bar by the register are two women in their
late thirties. They each have a full colorful drinks in
martini glasses. COUGAR 2 also holds a full shot of liquor
too.

COUGAR 1; a busty blonde of thirty-eight years, calls out.

COUGAR 1
Donovan!

Cougar 2; a sultry brunette, who just turned thirty-six,
follows suit and raises her drink to cheers Donovan.

He waltzes to Cougar 2, and grabs both drinks from her
hands. He gracefully takes the shot while twirling around.

COUGAR 2
Hey!

The Cougars both gasp humourously as he sneaks in a sip from Cougar 2's drink too.

COUGAR 2 (CONT'D)
I'm not Santa! Over here!

Donovan hands her the drink back.

DONOVAN
Forgive me, Madam.

He grabs her right hand and gently kisses it, like a queen.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Madam Claus.

Cougar 2 takes a big sip of her drink.

Donovan starts to walk away from the Cougars along to bar, but he doesn't take his eyes off them.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
I bid you both adieu.

He blows them a kiss, as he swings around and crashes into the Restaurant Manager 1. Donovan laughs out loud.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
Turn it down Donovan.

The Cougars laugh out loud too.

Donovan straightens up into a soldier's pose and salutes.

DONOVAN
Sir, yes sir!

With a grunt, Restaurant Manager 1 walks around Donovan. From the distance, Ricky is watching the happenings as he plays the the harp.

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Donovan walks up to the table of Mid-Westerners, carrying a big tray of fresh plates. He places the tray stand in front of the table, and puts the food tray down. He quickly hands out the plates. Elderly Lady 1 and Daughter-in-Law smile and ready themselves for their meal.

DONOVAN
Is there anything else I can get you?

Lincoln/Son 1 peers at his plate, revolted.

LINCOLN/SON 1
What the hell is this?

Donovan does a hiccup laugh.

DONOVAN
Um, food?

LINCOLN/SON 1
I ordered spaghetti with meatballs.

Lincoln/Son 1 picks up what looks like a shriveled tomato, and inspects it not knowing what it could be.

LINCOLN/SON 1
What the hell is this?

DONOVAN
A rat turd.

Lincoln drops the piece of food like it's radioactive.

Everyone at the table gasp.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Kidding! It's a sun-dried tomato,
which are a staple of our spaghetti
agile e olio plate.

Donovan quickly dives in and grabs the plate as he finishes the sentence and quickly talking.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
I'll get you a fresh plate of
spaghetti with meatballs.

Donovan swivels and grabs the tray and tray stand quickly. As he walks away, he hears Son 1.

LINCOLN (O.S.)
It's the faggot's fault, not mine.

As Donovan walks towards the kitchen his face drowns in anger. He looks towards the harp, and makes eye contact with Ricky. A gaze of concern comes over Ricky's face.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - LATER

The chatter around the restaurant is hitting a peak of Christmas cheer. Donovan and the Cougars are no different. All three laugh at the top of their lungs. They all take

down a shot of liquor and put the glasses back on the bar.

COUGAR 1
I haven't drank Jaeger since I was
nineteen!

DONOVAN
So tell me, how were the Dark Ages?

Cougar 1 slaps Donovan on the shoulder.

COUGAR 2
How old are you?

DONOVAN
(with a deep voice)
Old enough to be your father!

The Cougars laugh again, but Cougar 1 takes on a sexy tone.

COUGAR 1
Will you be my Daddy?

With a sweet tone Cougar 2 joins.

COUGAR 2
Mine too?

DONOVAN
I am an equal opportunity Daddy.

Cougar 2 extends her chest towards Donovan, and grabs his tie, slowly reeling him in.

COUGAR 2
But we've been bad.

Cougar 1 gently touches her bottom lip with her finger.

COUGAR 1
It's time for our spanking. We
should all get out of here.

WAITER 2 comes up from behind Donovan and pulls his shoulder and talks into his ear.

WAITER 2
Table sixteen is turning into a
shit storm.

Donovan's eyes narrow and focus, not in embarrassment, but in anger, as he starts to walk away from the Cougars.

DONOVAN
We should get more creative;
chains, whips, chips, dips, your
standard threesome supplies.

The Cougars laugh in anticipation.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Donovan takes a step forward, but the next step hiccups as he heads towards the Mid-West table. He straightens his walk as he fixes his tie. He stops by Ricky playing the harp. Donovan gives Ricky a shoulder rub as he finishes a song. Ricky turns to Donovan.

RICKY
Shit, you're hammered.

DONOVAN
I'm blissful.

Donovan starts walking away.

Ricky turns the the page of his music quickly and pulls the harp back to play. He whispers harshly.

RICKY
Let's take a break!

Donovan doesn't turn or say anything back as Ricky begins to PLAY the holiday song CAROL OF THE BELLS.

With a glance, Donovan can already see what is coming. The Mid-West table looks somber compared to the surrounding tables. He takes on a serious tone on his face. He walks up to the table and pulls out a waiter's wallet and puts it down on the table.

DONOVAN
Sorry for the delay, here is the
check. I hope tonight was a
delightful evening and please have
a very merry Christmas.

Donovan smiles and waits for a response. Lincoln pushes the waiter's wallet back towards Donovan.

LINCOLN
We're not paying.

Elderly Man 1 tries to reach for the bill.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)

Dad no!

Lincoln blocks Elderly Man 1's hand from reaching the check.

DONOVAN

Excuse me?

LINCOLN

You heard me the first time.

ELDER LADY 1

You shouldn't be pandering to older ladies like that.

Elderly Lady 1 points to the bar.

CLOSE UP

Cougar 2 is making out with another man.

BACK TO SCENE

Donovan's heart sinks as he's losing his three-some.

DONOVAN

I--I--

Donovan turns back to the table.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming.

Donovan tries to leave. He wants to claim his Cougars back.

Lincoln reaches and grabs Donovan's arm.

LINCOLN

Faggot, did you hear what I said?!

Donovan is shocked by being grabbed and sees everything start to move in slow motion. Daughter-In-Law 1 starts to get up and to stop further confrontation.

With one more gaze to the bar, Donovan confirms his window with the Cougars is closed as they both rub a different man.

LINCOLN (O.C.)

Did your dad fuck you in both ears?
I'm not paying for this bullshit!

Upon the word 'DAD', Donovan's eyes blaze rage.

Before Donovan throws the first punch, Ricky stops playing

and makes a B-line to Donovan, but it's too late. Donovan punches Lincoln in the face, as he is leaving the harp.

DONOVAN

I don't have a dad!

Lincoln is shell-shocked after the first punch. His left hand tries to raise up to block the next one, but it gets stuck under the table.

Donovan sees a clear shoot and lands one more blow on Lincoln's face, this time on his left temple. Lincoln collapses back into his seat.

Daughter-in-Law 1 pushes Donovan in the torso. He loses his balance and falls away and backwards from the Mid-West table. Donovan's head cracks against the table next to him. He falls to the ground, knocked out. Ricky gets to Donovan and turns him around, looking for a response.

Nothing.

Lincoln gets up and launches into a blind rage.

He pushes Ricky out of the way.

He kicks Donovan in the side.

Everyone in the immediate area gasps.

Donovan's body bounces with the kick, but he still doesn't move. Lincoln pulses a smile, knowing his next kick is going directly into Donovan's head.

He winds up.

Ricky springs from the floor and lays his right shoulder into Lincoln's gut, tackling him to the ground.

By now Restaurant Manager 1 and other wait staff are on the scene and start to pull Ricky and Lincoln apart.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1

What's going on here?!

RICKY

Donavan's dead!

Everyone peers to the floor at Donovan.

WAITER 3 bends down and puts his ear to Donovan's chest and his mouth.

WAITER 3
I think he's breathing.

Waiter 3 gets serious and raises his right hand.

WAITER 3 (CONT'D)
I saw this on YouTube.

Waiter 3 smacks Donovan with a loud slap to the face. Everyone gasps at the loudness of the slap. Suddenly, Donovan wakes up with a loud scream. Everyone gasps a little louder from the shock of Donovan waking up. Ricky races over to Donovan and helps him up to a sitting position.

RICKY
Are you alright?

Donovan blinks a couple times and looks around.

DONOVAN
Did I spill a drink?

Ricky helps Donovan up, Restaurant Manager 1 interjects.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
What's happening here?!

Elderly Man 1 chimes in.

ELDERLY MAN 1
That boy hit my son.

DAUGHTER-IN-LAW 1
Twice!

Donovan straightens his tie.

RICKY
He kicked him in the stomach!

DONOVAN
I remember now. That guy is an asshole.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
Donovan, did you punch first?

DONOVAN
Yep.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
You're fired.

RICKY
What?! He's the one that got
knocked out!

Restaurant Manager 1 turns to Lincoln.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1 (CONT'D)
Do we need to call an ambulance?

Lincoln is insulted by the question.

LINCOLN
Pssh, no! I'm fine.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
Do you want to call the police?

Elderly Man 1 steps in.

ELDER MAN 1
Don't call the police. The boy has
been let go. It's time to leave.

Ricky turns to Restaurant Manager 1.

RICKY
You know Donovan! He wouldn't do
something like this unless he had
to. This guy is a fucking asshole!

Restaurant Manager 1 yells out.

RESTAURANT MANAGER 1
Donovan is fired and so are you!

Everyone at Diabello's does a small gasp. No one moves.

Elderly Man 1 starts to walk off without saying anything. He
is followed by Elderly Lady 1 and Daughter-in-Law 1.

Lincoln walks by Donovan and speaks.

LINCOLN
Fuck you.

Donovan suddenly goes in for a punch. Lincoln and everyone
else around flinch. Donovan stops mid punch and freezes. He
creases a snarl and screams.

DONOVAN
NO, FUCK YOU!

Donovan turns and walks away. No one moves.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - 'DEC. 23RD 11:33AM'

The sun shines brightly through the windows of Ricky's house. A Christmas Tree lights up the living room as Little Ricardo runs up and picks up a couple of toys and walks them over to a box. He puts them in carefully and starts to try to close it. The flaps go down, but then pop back up. It's confusing for him, so he tries to close the box again. Amber comes over and helps him.

AMBER

Sweetie, we still need to put more stuff into the box before we close it. Come on, help me get some of those books in there.

Ricky walks into the room.

RICKY

Amber, honey, did the guy from the house we looked at call you back?

AMBER

No.

RICKY

What about the one on the north side?

AMBER

That one is out of our price range.

Ricky goes over to help Little Rosemary pick up some books.

RICKY

Oh, the one downtown?

Amber frowns as Ricky gives Little Ricardo a kiss.

RICKY

Well, we have to find somewhere in the next couple of days.

AMBER

I know, I know.

Ricky's phone goes off in his pocket. He pulls it out and the word 'DONOVAN' APPEARS on it.

Amber keeps on packing as Ricky walks away to talk. He puts the phone to his ear.

RICKY

Hey.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Donovan sits at the dining table, with the phone to his ear.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

DONOVAN
We have to meet.

Ricky peers at Amber and Little Rosemary packing.

RICKY
I can't.

DONOVAN
We have to plan for tomorrow.

RICKY
Tomorrow? We haven't even talked
about last night.

DONOVAN
Tomorrow is what matters. Our lives
are going to change for the better.

Ricky looks into the living room, Amber isn't listening.

RICKY
Better? We both got fired last
night! How are we better?

DONOVAN
Meet me and Jailbreak at the coffee
shop on third, in half an hour.

RICKY
A half? I--

Ricky notices that the line is dead. He frowns and walks
back into the living room.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Sweetie, I'm gonna go meet Donovan,
right now. I'll be back soon.

Ricky grabs his jacket, gives a kiss, and leaves.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY - 'DEC. 23RD 12:32PM'

People fill the coffee shop as they try to get food in,
between the shopping and holiday festivities. Donovan and
Jailbreak sit together as Ricky walks into the restaurant.

Ricky quickly sees Donovan sitting with a man. He heads over. He sits down on the empty side of the booth.

RICKY

Hey guys.

JAILBREAK

Good morning. My name is Jailbreak.

Ricky extends his hand questionably to Jailbreak, and gives Donovan a worried glance.

RICKY

Ricky.

DONOVAN

Jailbreak here has the answer to all of our prayers.

RICKY

Okay, so tell me how this works. I really don't think I want to do any of this.

Jailbreak leans in.

JAILBREAK

It's called--

Jailbreak glances at Donovan.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

I'm calling it DNA Destiny. I can predict secretive initiatives by only knowing someone's DNA.

RICKY

You can predict someone's future?

JAILBREAK

Not their daily life, but decisions on calculated platforms.

DONOVAN

Dillon's bank account is what he's talking about.

JAILBREAK

Well, yeah.

Ricky pushes away.

RICKY

I am not going to grab Mr.
Dillion's debit card.

JAILBREAK

You didn't tell him?

Jailbreak turns too Donovan.

DONOVAN

I haven't had time--

Jailbreak interjects Donovan and continues from where he left off.

JAILBREAK

I not asking you to take his
wallet. All we need is a sample of
his DNA.

RICKY

Perfect, I'll hand him a Q-Tip to
swab his nose.

JAILBREAK

There will be multiple items for
you to grab. You're playing at his
house, correct?

RICKY

Yes, but I play the harp the whole
time. I doubt, I'll have a chance
to pick anything up and take it.

DONOVAN

You won't have to. I will.

Ricky and Jailbreak's faces jar in confused.

RICKY

What? You can't.

DONOVAN

Yes, I can.

JAILBREAK

How?

Donovan smiles.

DONOVAN

I'll be your harp mover. You hurt
your back, remember?

Ricky starts to put two plus two together.

RICKY

Ah. My back actually hurts from being kicked.

DONOVAN

I'll sit in the van, move your harp around. Before we leave . I'll go get a glass of water from the kitchen and grab the fork Dillon used for pie. Then we go home and celebrate Christmas.

Ricky doesn't say anything and contemplates Donovan's idea.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

Mr. Dillon trusts you? (PAUSE) You trust me?

Donovan shines a big smile.

RICKY

Harpists have been known to use someone to move their harp.

Donovan claps his hands.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I still don't know. How are we going to get away with it? There is always a trail of where money goes online, right?

JAILBREAK

With DNA Destiny, I can circumvent all blockchain code that inhibits protection. Spyware is always looking for an intruder. I'll be able to access any of his accounts as if I was him.

RICKY

I still don't know how we're not gonna get caught taking the money?

Jailbreak leans closer to both of them.

JAILBREAK

My log in times will be his log in times. My malware is designed to only active when Dillon would be using his computer. Whenever he logs into any bank account, my

malware will add extra cents to his top ten recurring expenses. When those expenses go out, the add payment is sent to an invisible account.

Donovan leans closes in.

JAILBREAK (CONT'D)

This so called 'unseeable account' money will get blasted across hundreds of bank accounts and money conversion, before it ends up in our accounts.

RICKY

I still think we'll get caught. When you log in he'll know, right?

Jailbreak laughs.

JAILBREAK

I've learned from my mistakes, Ricky. I've been caught and put in jail. I'm on probation for the next three years. This conversation here is not happening.

RICKY

How do we get our share?

JAILBREAK

Cryptocurrencies. There are hundreds of digital currency companies out there to stash real money in. Bitcoin is the big name company, but most are unknown and unregulated. Plus, they trade at such a low value no one will know anything.

Ricky leans back in his seat still not convinced.

RICKY

You promise we won't get caught?

JAILBREAK

How are we getting caught if we are a carbon copy of Dillon?

Donovan smiles real big as Ricky frowns.

RICKY

Okay. I'll call him and say my back

is hurting. I can still play the harp, but I can't move it around. I'll pick you up around five.

Donovan shakes his hand.

DONOVAN
Till then I bid you adieu.

Ricky turns to Jailbreak and shakes his hand.

JAILBREAK
Merry Christmas.

RICKY
(Sacastically)
Merry Fucking Christmas.

Ricky gets up and walks out of the cafe, never ordering.

INT. HOUSE - DAY - 'DEC. 24TH 4:11PM'

Soft radio Christmas music caresses the environment of Ricky's house. There are multiple boxes piled up around the Christmas decorations. Little Rosemary is running around the boxes with her toys. He runs through the hallway with its own pile of mid-packing bags and boxes. He keeps dodging obstacles till he ends up in the bedroom. Ricky is staring at a tall mirror, finishing up his tie.

AMBER
We have a week to move and not a clue of where we're going.

RICKY
I'm a harpist. I have a free ticket to heaven, and I'll sneak you in.

Amber goes in for a big hug. Ricky takes her all in.

AMBER
I'm scared. I don't want to move. I don't know what to do.

RICKY
I'll always take care of you, no matter what I have to do.

A CLOSE UP of Ricky's face shows a crushed smirk.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY - 'DEC. 24TH 4:33PM'

The sun is fading fast outside as Donovan turns on the Christmas lights on their Christmas tree. He is dressed in a nice black suit. He holds a present, wrapped with a cute bow. Sitting in the corner of the room is his mother. She is bundled up with her knees to her chest.

Donovan gently moves towards her and put out his hand. She doesn't even notice him. She keeps her gaze at the wall.

DONOVAN

Mother, it's Donovan. I have a present for you.

Without moving her gaze.

EVELYN

Are all the updates done? Are they?

DONOVAN

Yes, they're all done.

EVELYN

Every framework has been tested?

Donovan reaches and helps her to her feet.

DONOVAN

I personally tested them.

They both walk slowly to the dining room. They sit down cat-a-corner to each other at the table.

EVELYN

You are such a reliable assistant, Ray. I don't know what I'd do without you.

Donovan hands her the present.

DONOVAN

Open it!

Donovan smiles with grandeur. Evelyn smiles back hesitantly, but she does begin to unwrap the present. She takes the wrapping paper off and reveals a small box. Evelyn takes the top of the box off to uncover a folded pamphlet.

DONOVAN

Take it out.

Evelyn takes the folded pamphlet out. She straightens out the pamphlet and it shows a picture of a woman in a

wheelchair, smiling happily as she is pushed by a nurse.

The title of the pamphlet READS: CENTRAL RETIREMENT CENTER.
Evelyn looks at the picture and a huge smile erupts.

EVELYN
We made the deal with the
Japanese?!

DONOVAN
Yes!

EVELYN
They're going to buy our product?!

Donovan gulps a smile.

DONOVAN
Yup.

EVELYN
I can't wait to work with them!
When do we start?

Donovan loses his smile.

DONOVAN
Tomorrow.

EVELYN
On Christmas Day?

Color returns to her face as she gets excited about the new
job opportunity.

DONOVAN
That's right. There is one thing-
you have to go live on-site.

EVELYN
That's great! I like their 'hands
on' approach to this project.

Donovan holds back tears.

DONOVAN
They're gonna take care of you now.
I can't do this anymore.

EVELYN
Well, we don't have the practical
facilities here.

DONOVAN

I can't see you anymore. I have to get away from you.

EVELYN

The Japanese really know what they're doing.

DONOVAN

You ruined my life. I'm gonna start a new one. Away from you, from the restaurant. Away from everything.

EVELYN

The factories must be in China.

DONOVAN

No one will know where I came from, and my past will be all forgotten.

EVELYN

Frankly, I think the Philippines is better for our product management.

Donovan stands up and kisses his mother on the forehead.

DONVAN

I love you. Merry Christmas.

Evelyn pulls back.

EVELYN

Ray, let's keep this professional.

Donovan walks off, as Evelyn continues talking.

EXT. STREET - DAY - 'DEC. 5:27PM'

The sidewalk is full of people walking by in their coats, carrying presents or pot luck entrees for their Christmas dinners. Donovan holds a soft case freezer tote bag.

Ricky pulls up in his van, without parking. Donovan walks up to the driver's side window with the tote bag.

DONOVAN

DNA preservation bag is ready sir!

Ricky cracks a small smile.

RICKY

Put it in the back.

DONOVAN
Sir, yes sir!

Donovan walks off giggling. He goes around the back and opens the big door. In the cargo area of the van, is the harp, amp, music stand, and multiple harp bags. Donovan drops his smile and checks the front of the van to see if Ricky is watching him.

Ricky isn't.

Donovan puts the tote bag down. Donovan huddles himself more into the back of the van. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out the gun he just bought. He opens Ricky's biggest harp bag, and stuffs the gun below a bunch of harp accessories.

Donovan zips the bag closed quickly and slams the back door closed. He jumps into the passenger seat.

DONOVAN
Let's go deck the halls.

EXT. GUARD BOOTH - EVENING - DEC. 24TH 6:01PM

Ricky pulls the van up to a security booth, and rolls down the window. SECURITY GUARD 1 stands up from his seat in the cubicle-sized building and opens the window door panel.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Are you Ricky Rasura?

Ricky smiles and shakes his head in agreement.

RICKY
Yes sir.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Are you Donovan Mitchell?

DONOVAN
That's right, Donovan Mitchell.

Security Guard 1 goes back into the security booth. He grabs a big tray, like the ones at airport security checks.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Place your electronic gadgets here.

Ricky places both of their phones in the big tray.

SECURITY GUARD 1
Any other electronic devices?

RICKY

Yes, my amplification equipment in the back of the van.

SECURITY GUARD 1

I'm going to check the van now.

Security Guard 1 goes back into the booth and pulls out a weird-looking hand gadget with a screen.

Donovan nervously gazes at Security Guard 1 as he walks out of the booth.

DONOVAN

Is that a metal detector?

SECURITY GUARD 1

No sir, it checks for electrical current and radio-active isotopes from other transmitting equipment. Mr. Dillon doesn't like spies.

Security Guard 1 goes around the van and only gets a spike when he walks by the back of the vehicle. He makes his way all the way around and turns it off.

SECURITY GUARD 1

You guys are good.

Ricky puts the van in drive.

RICKY

Have a Merry Christmas!

The van rolls forward and suddenly they are enclosed in well-kept trees and shrubbery. The surrounding city light dwindles and night has fallen upon them.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly the trees clear and a large opening appears. A deep blue hue encases the quaint mansion. Ricky's van steadily rolls to the front of the large house.

RICKY

Remember, there are cameras filming us the whole time. Also, don't fuck with Mr. Dillon, he can see through a fresh layer of T-Rex shit. Plus, we won't see him until after all the guests arrive.

Ricky pulls the van up to the front and stops the car.

DONOVAN

It's go time, Mr. Hurt Bacharach.

EXT. MANSION ENTRANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Donovan opens the door and rushes around to the back door. Ricky gingerly steps out. He grabs Ricky's harp bag, stool, and amplifier and walks them up to the front door.

Ricky grabs the folded music stand bag.

RICKY

Get the harp dolly and harp out.

With a quickness to his step, Donovan grabs the dolly out and pulls the harp out, which is in its thick soft case. The dolly has three wheels on each side, making a triangle of wheels. Ricky tries to help, but Donovan fights him off.

DONOVAN

I'm the assistant today, get away.

Donovan puts the straps around the harp, and begins to wheel it towards the front door, but it doesn't roll well because the driveway is made up of small tan pebbles.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)

You need an off-road harp dolly.

RICKY

Go backwards and pull the harp.

Donovan pivots the harp around. The rocks crunch under the wheels. Then he has it. Donovan pulls the harp towards the front. Ricky hesitantly walks backwards too. They get to the first out of six steps.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Okay, now pull the harp up to the next step. The three wheels will rotate over each other, to make going up the stairs easier.

DONOVAN

Whatever you say, captain.

Donovan grabs the harp and dolly. He pulls up with a grunt. The wheels almost rotate, but then the wheels crashes back down on the rocks.

RICKY
Pull harder.

Donovan does another hard pull and the dolly's three wheels rotate and the harp lands on the first step.

Donovan smiles.

DONOVAN
You see. I'm--

MR. DILLON (O.C.)
For a harp assistant, you're pretty terrible.

Ricky and Donovan jump to sound of another person's voice.

They both turn to attention, it's Mr. Dillon.

Mr. Dillon stands in the doorway to his house. He is wearing a dark suit that fits him like a glove. His hair is combed perfectly as he stares down at the guys.

He holds a half empty glass of red wine.

RICKY
Mr. Dillon!

MR. DILLON
I had to see who would famously give up their prized family time to help my treasured harpist with a bad back.

Donovan continues to move the harp up the steps.

DONOVAN
I'd shake your hand, but I'm moving precious cargo Mr. D.

He gets a hang of it and he races the harp up the steps.

MR. DILLON
You know a lot of my junior execs call me Mr. D. I fired those execs.

Donovan puts the harp down, as Ricky steadies the harp.

DONOVAN
Sorry, I'm still working on pronouncing my big words.

Mr. Dillon laughs.

Donovan and Ricky walk up to Mr. Dillon and they give Mr. Dillon a courteous hand shake each.

Ricky eyes Mr. Dillon's wine glass.

CLOSE UP

It has a red wine lip stain at the top of the glass.

BACK TO SCENE

RICKY
Merry Christmas.

MR. DILLON
How's the back?

RICKY
Not good.

MR. DILLON
What happened?

DONOVAN
He was playing Jingle Bells and as he was dashing through the snow-Bam! His back went out.

MR. DILLON
Is that what happened?

RICKY
Yes, it was the one-horse sleigh.

MR. DILLON
I'm sorry to hear that. Come in, make yourself at home and play as much as you can handle.

RICKY
Thanks, do you want me to set up in the same place as last year?

MR. DILLON
Yes, that'd be great.

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONTINUOUS - 'DEC. 24TH 6:16PM'

The three of them enter the mansion. The entryway is an expansive foyer-like room with glass ceilings. Two flights of steps complete the classic mansion style.

Mr. Dillon leads them to the left. Even though the atrium-

like entrance has a touch of modernism, the library/bar is taken out of a 1890s oil tycoon's dream.

INT. LIBRARY/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Every wall of the room is covered by books. None of the books have dust-covers with cool pictures. All of the books have a rustic feel, like old encyclopedia books. The book cases go up to the next level of the house. Two rolling ladders are across from each other, to reach the high up books.

Opposite from the entrance is an antique bar. The wood shines a twilight brilliance. A long mirror behind the bar interrupts the continuation of the book shelves. BARTENDER 1 preps glasses and bottles behind the bar.

There are multiple matching sofas and arm chairs all around the room for reading or chatting. There are coffee and end tables around the seating. Each table has antique coasters and ashtrays.

The three men enter the room. Ricky catches Donovan's gaze and points to the side of the bar.

RICKY

Set up over there.

DONOVAN

Sounds good.

Bartender 1 pours Mr. Dillon another glass of wine.

MR. DILLON

Do you want a glass of wine, Ricky?

RICKY

No thank you. I can't play harp very well with a buzz.

Mr. Dillon turns back to Bartender 1.

MR. DILLON

Just one more glass for Donovan.

Donovan walks back into the room pushing the harp. He maneuvers the harp well through the maze of seats. He puts the harp down in the back corner of the room.

Donovan scurries out for the other equipment. Mr. Dillon turns to Ricky.

MR. DILLON

How have the holidays been to you this year? Lots of performances?

RICKY

Yeah, lots of Christmas parties. Orchestra concerts.

MR. DILLON

Only one more day left.

RICKY

I can't wait for the twenty-sixth!

Donovan comes back into the room carrying the harp bag, stool, and amplifier.

Ricky points to what looks to be an empty part of the room.

RICKY

Can you put the harp cover and dolly behind that couch? Thanks.

Donovan does as he's told and puts the gear out of the way. Ricky turns the harp into place, sets up the stool, and takes out the folded music stand, all gingerly; as Mr. Dillon watches him.

Ricky sits down at the harp and takes out the folded music stands out of its bag and sets it up as Donovan comes back.

DONOVAN

What's next?

RICKY

Get the harp pick-up out of the harp bag. It's what electrifies the harp. It's in a small make-up bag.

Donovan picks up the big harp bag and grabs the small make-up bag and hands it to Ricky. He inspects the bag like a five year old.

DONOVAN

What else is in here?

RICKY

Mostly harp strings. I keep the bag next to me just in case one breaks during a performance.

He comes upon a square futuristic device. He pulls it out to get a closer look at it.

DONOVAN
Do you need this?

Ricky looks at it, scared.

RICKY
No, that's the InEar Soul device.
(Turns to Mr. Dillon) Mr. Dillon,
remember you gave that to me a
couple of years ago?

MR. DILLON
Oh God, you still have that thing?
I played some AC/DC through mine
and almost had an aneurysm! My nose
gushed blood everywhere.

DONOVAN
It's that bad?

MR. DILLON
Oh yeah. Get rid of that.

RICKY
I will.

Donovan starts to put it back in the bag.

CLOSE UP of the bag.

Donovan places the InEar Soul on top of the gun he stashed
in the harp bag and zips it up.

BACK TO SCENE

With the ease of a pro, Ricky sticks the pick-up inside the
harp. He plugs the pick-up's chord into a DI box (Direct
Input), Donovan grabs the DI Box plugs the chord coming from
the DI Box into the amplifier. He flips the switch on.

The harp comes alive with a couple of plucked strings.

MR. DILLON
There you go. The gates of heaven
open.

Mr. Dillon takes back his wine glass and finishes it.

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)
Excuse me guys, I have to look like
I'm doing something important.

He puts the empty wine glass down, and starts to walk off.

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)

Donovan, there is a glass of wine for you. And if you want anything, just let me know, I'll give it to you. It's Christmas right?

DONOVAN

Thanks a lot Mr. Dillon. I'll double check my mansion to see if I'm missing anything.

Mr. Dillon doesn't say anything, but wags his finger in approval at Donovan. HE exits the room.

Ricky and Donovan both glance at the empty wine glass. Without a word Ricky nods his head and Donovan understands and strolls to the bar. He gets to the bar and extends his hand to grab Mr. Dillon's wine glass. As he is about to grab it, Bartender 1 picks it up and cleans it. Donovan instead grabs his wine glass and gives Bartender 1 a silent thank you. Ricky and Donovan grimace at their missed opportunity.

INT. LIBRARY/BAR - NIGHT - 'DEC 24TH 7:26PM'

Two guests have arrived- a well-suited British man in his seventies, SIR RICARD HOLTEEN and LADY SARA HOLTEEN; an elegantly dressed British woman, also in her seventies. They sit with Mr. Dillon. Two other guests are being escorted by BUTLER 1, to the sofa next to them.

VIRAG PHADEEP; a geeky Indian gentleman in his thirties, whose attire is much fancier than his demeanor, walks up to the Mr. Dillon and shakes his hand.

Mr. Dillon stands up to shake Virag's hand.

MR. DILLON

Mr. Virag Pradeep, my loyal adviser.

VIRAG PHADEEP

Reginald!

They turn to Ricard and Sara, as they proceed to stand up.

MR. DILLON

Virag, please meet Sir Ricard Holteen and his wife Sara Holteen.

Virag shakes both of their hands.

VIRAG PHADEEP

My pleasure.

A beautiful and young Indian woman in her early twenties, walk up from behind Virag; ARIEL PHADEEP.

MR. DILLON
And of course, the illustrious Mrs.
Ariel Phadeep.

Ariel shakes hands with the British couple.

ARIEL PHADEEP
Nice to meet the both of you.

Ariel and Virag join the the rest of the party.

MR. DILLON
Would you care for a ridiculously
expensive cigar, Virag?

VIRAG PHADEEP
Of course!

Everyone sits back down, as Ricky plays soft harp music.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Donavan is regulated to the kitchen. It is very large. He sits at a counter with bar stools. Two cooks; COOK 1, a lady in her fifties, and COOK 2, another lady but older, work very well together getting the Christmas Eve meal together. A small radio PLAYS holiday music.

With an empty wine glass, Donavan fidgets. He is not handling the waiting game well, especially without his phone. He talks to the cooks.

DONOVAN
It really sucks not having a phone.

Cook 1 answers.

COOK 1
Tell me about it, I had to learn to
read books again.

Donovan laughs.

COOK 1
Sorry honey, there is not much to
do here. We'll eat dinner when they
eat.

DONOVAN
That sounds like a great plan!

Donovan gives a big smile, but drops it immediately after Cook 1 turns away.

INT. LIBRARY/BAR - 'DEC. 24TH 7:47PM'

Ricky plays as Mr. Dillon and his guests converse. Bartender 1 walks up to them.

BARTENDER 1
Any more drinks?

Mr. Dillon gazes around quickly as he speaks.

MR. DILLON
One more round. We're still waiting for a couple of guests.

The men smoke a cigar as the conversation continues.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN
The news was pretty damning.

Sir Ricard take a puff and blows out smoke.

MR. DILLON
Well, embezzling two hundred and forty-eight million shouldn't be a crime if it's your company.

VIRAG PHADEEP
That's the shareholders money though.

MR. DILLON
They should have been watching him more closely.

Mr. Dillon takes a big puff from his cigar.

LADY SARA HOLTEEN
My darling, he's the one with access to all of the accounts. How are the shareholders supposed to be watching him?

MR. DILLON
Easy, spies. Lots of them. Shareholders control stakes in global corporations, especially one as big as Jeffrey's. If I was a key shareholder, I would have had someone watching every key stroke he did.

Mr. Dillon turns to Virag.

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)
It wouldn't surprise me if Virag
had spies on me 24/7.

VIRAG PHADEEP
You bet! Your next girlfriend
already works for me.

MR. DILLON
You see! And I haven't even met
her!

The Holteens and Ariel laugh.

A loud gong comes from a large grandfather clock, startling
the guests.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN
(in a voiceover tone)
At the stroke of midnight, you will
be visited by three ghosts!

A round of laughs comes from everyone.

MR. DILLON
Shoot, I have to play Scrooge
again?

Everyone laughs.

MR. DILLON
It's 8pm. Let us adjourn to the
dinner table. Our final guests
should be here at any moment.

LADY SARA HOLTEEN
I'm ravished.

Everyone else agrees. The men each turn around and start to
put out their cigar out in the ashtray. Ricky finishes a
song and stares down the cigar Mr. Dillon puts out. Just
then Donovan walks into the room. He walks towards Ricky. He
nods cordially without saying anything to everyone around
Mr. Dillon.

CLOSE UP

Donovan glance at Mr. Dillon's wine glass as he puts it down
on the coffee table.

It still has a couple of sips of wine left in it.

BACK TO SCENE

DONOVAN
What's next partner?

RICKY
Let's move everything into the dining room. That is where I play for dinner.

DONOVAN
Cool. What should I take first?

RICKY
Take the harp first. Go grab the dolly, (they make eye contact) just be careful around the wine glasses and cigars.

CLOSE UP

They lock eyes

DONOVAN
Got it.

BACK TO SCENE

He walks to the edge of the room and picks up the dolly from off the ground. Donovan starts making his way to Ricky. He lets all the dinner guest walk by him. He then rolls the harp dolly towards Ricky.

Suddenly, the dolly's wheel gets stuck on the end-table. Donovan pretends to not see what's happening and pulls harder to dislodge the wheel.

Ricky sees the accident.

RICKY
Donovan!

The end-table rattles and Mr. Dillon's wine glass and ashtray tip over. Wine and ash spill onto the carpet.

Donovan quickly turns around and gasps.

Mr. Dillon, who was almost out of the room, also turns.

Donovan lets go of the dolly and bends over. He begins to pick up the ashtray. Ricky rushes over too.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry! Let me pick it up.

Mr. Dillon doesn't move from where he is.

MR. DILLON

Guys, don't worry about that. Get the harp to the dining room.

Ricky walks up behind Donovan and pats him on the back. He picks up Mr. Dillon's wine glass and smoked cigar.

RICKY

Let me take that. Go move the harp.

Donovan hands over the wine glass and half smoked cigar to Ricky. Bartender 1 rushes passed by them with a towel.

RICKY (CONT'D)

We have to hurry. I should be playing harp for them within the next couple of minutes.

Donovan glances down at the DNA bounty in Ricky's hands.

Ricky gingerly turns and follows Donovan. He hurriedly puts the harp on the dolly and rolls out of the room.

Ricky puts the cigar into the wine glass and nonchalantly puts it down on floor close to the empty music stand bag; but more importantly, out of Bartender 1's sight. He grabs the music stand, stool, and walks out of the room.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The table for eight rests on the opposite side of the mansion in the dining room. The room is massive, especially with its two and a half story ceiling. Big windows make the whole outer wall, a portrait of a real TV screen saver. Outside the windows is a luscious wooden environment. Hidden lights in the trees glow picturesquely.

The centerpiece of the room is the Christmas Tree. It's a gorgeous one and a half story pine. LED lights blink softly as if lighted lady bugs fly within the tree. It has white fake snow falling gently from thin rods on the ceiling. Underneath the tree are presents of all sizes, wrapped and decorated beautifully.

Donovan follows Mr. Dillon into the room. Against the windows; on the far side of the room, is where he points for Donovan to put the harp.

MR. DILLON

Right there is great. It's where he usually sits.

He puts the harp down and turns to the tree. He wants to gaze at it for a long time, but he focuses on the mission and walks out.

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Donovan and Ricky meet in the middle of the foyer in front of the entrance door. Ricky is carrying the stool, folded music stand, and amplifier.

DONOVAN
Do you need help?

RICKY
I can make it. (MAKES EYE CONTACT)
Can you pick up anything I left
behind and put it in the empty bag
back there?

DONOVAN
Sure.

RICKY
Throw the bag back in the van, I
don't need it anymore. Here are
the keys.

Ricky hands Donovan his van keys. Right at that moment, the doorbell rings. Donovan and Ricky both turn to the door, which is right by them. They both look at each other.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Two more hours, we can do this.

Donovan doesn't say anything back as he walks away from Ricky, heading towards the library room.

Ricky, himself keeps walking to the dining room. Mr. Dillon passes him to answer the door.

MR. DILLON
Merry Christmas! Come in! Come in!

INT. LIBRARY/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Donovan walks past Bartender 1, who is patting the wine stain out. He SEES what Ricky was talking about and quickly puts the wine glass and cigar into the music stand backpack. He gets up, surveys the area, and walks off.

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Donovan walks into the foyer and glances to see Mr. Dillon's back and the backs of a middle-aged couple, but he focuses on the front door. He opens the door and glides out, carrying the backpack.

EXT. MANSION ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Donovan exits and skips down the steps. There are four cars. Three very fancy ones and the van. It's a stark contrast.

He presses the button on the key fob and the back door of the van opens. Instinctually, Donovan looks back and forth to see if anyone is around: no one. He grabs the tote bag and opens it wide. He also opens the backpack too.

CLOSE UP

Donovan cautiously grabs the wine glass with the cigar butt and places it softly in the tote bag.

BACK TO SCENE

He zips up the tote bag and places it away in the van. He closes up the van and gazes at the mansion.

DONOVAN

Money, money, monnnney!

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 'DEC. 24TH 8:25PM'

The harp music cast a warm feeling through out the room. Mr. Dillon and his six guests all wait patiently as the salad plates are being picked up by BUTLER 1 and COOK 1.

MR. Dillion continues the conversation.

MR. DILLON

Robotics will never be worth the money until the human element is taken out of the equation.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN

But humans still need to turn on the robot devices, if I am not mistaken? A human presence is still required.

MR. DILLON

That's why there is an incredible need for an influx of artificial

intelligence into the robotic stratum. What if a robot turns on the robots? And my biggest question is, what if the robots build the robots, with no humans involved?

LADY SARA HOLTEEN

You can not take human element out of the work force. What shall they do with themselves?

MR. DILLON

Government allowance. Maybe everyone learns an art?

VIRAG PHADEEP

The arts have been shunned in most cultures. Artistic humans lead to aristocratic upheaval.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN

We can't have that. The French Revolution taught us that.

VIRAG PHADEEP

Look at India, Afghanistan, Central America for example; they have a poor population. The Western and Asian market use them for their cheap labor, which keeps them afloat.

The new guest speaks, it's Nicolas Gearhart, Donovan's dad.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Keep all of them in the factory as long as possible. They probably already run robotic equipment.

LADY SARA HOLTEEN

Nicolas, isn't that still a petty existence?

NICOLAS GEARHART

Petty existence? Excuse me, indigenous populations are the biggest problem.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN

That's why I always thought the one-child policy China did was a great approach to curtailing the population.

MR. DILLON

That didn't solve the problem for China. All you have is a broken population that are mostly factory workers. I want a population that thrives, not divided into substandard animals.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Most corporations have turned to robotics for most positions. Taking the human aspect out of production would be a CEO's wet dream..

ARIEL PHADEEP

What are billions of people going to do then, with no work?

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN

With proper population controls, that can--

NICOLAS GEARHART

Who cares? Let them figure a way to make money.

ARIEL PHADEEP

But isn't it our responsibility as leaders in this world to care for and nurture societies around the globe?

NICOLAS GEARHART

From a business standpoint; which this dinner is, no. From an international foundation standpoint; which we donate heavily to, of course.

MR. DILLON

From a business standpoint, you're right Nicolas, you can't spend a dime on the welfare of random humans, but you do need random humans to buy your product for a business to thrive. That is the society we have now.

VIRAG PHADEEP

And it's working great!

Everyone raises their wine glass to that and they clink their glasses. Just at that moment, Butler 1 and Cook 1 make their way out of the kitchen holding multiple dinner plates.

MR. DILLON
Ah, my two favorite humans!

Everyone cheers as the alcohol flows through the guests.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - "DEC. 24TH 8:42PM

Donovan puts his spoon into the first bite of his pie. He had to eat Christmas dinner all by himself. Cook 1 and Cook 2 have their own small table away from him.

He stares out the window, chewing deliberately. He searches his pockets for his phone, but then remembers he had to check it in.

DONOVAN
(to himself)
No phone.

He pulls out a couple of random papers and a picture.

He stops eating to give the picture a closer look.

CLOSE UP

It's a younger Donovan with his mom. They both shine bright smiles to the camera.

DONOVAN
(to himself)
You were so beautiful.

Donovan goes back to eating his piece of pie by himself.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT - 'DEC. 24TH 9:06PM'

It's the end of the dinner as the guests all eat the last pieces of their pumpkin pie. Ricky still plays his harp. Everyone's face is content, except for Nicolas who does not have a pie plate in front of him.

LADY SARA HOLTEEN
That pie was exquisite.

ARIEL PHADEEP
Heavenly.

VIRAG PHADEEP
Tell me again Nicolas, how long has it been since you've had sugar?

NICOLAS GEARHART
Twelve years.

VIRAG PHADEEP
No beer or wine?

NICOLAS GEARHART
I stick to a gentleman's drink.
Cognac and scotch.

ROBIN GEARHART
I can't stand any of those.

Everyone gently giggles.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN
Ah, sugar; now that's an industry I
would love to be in. I have
acquaintances for whom that market
has been prosperous for their
families.

NICOLAS GEARHART
It's not for me. I don't let that
stuff ruin my inner chemistry.

The music stops.

RICKY
A world without sugary treats is a
world without music.

Everyone turns to Ricky, as it's unexpected that the harpist
would even speak.

Mr. Dillon claps at his interruption.

Cook 1 and Butler 1 enter and start to gather the plates.

MR. DILLON
You are right my sir! Everyone
please give a round of applause for
our amazing harpist, Ricky Rasura!

The table generously claps for Ricky's performance. He
stands and takes a bow.

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)
Take a break. Oh wait a minute!
Let's get your present first.

Mr. Dillon jumps out of his seat and jogs over to the
Christmas tree. There are big boxes, but he grabs a smaller
wrapped box. He prances over to Ricky.

MR. DILLON (CONT'D)
Here you are. Open it!

Ricky takes the present and opens it in front of everyone.
He takes off the wrapping paper and laughs at what he sees.

CLOSE UP

The box reads 'InEar Soul 2'.

BACK TO SCENE

RICKY
Oh that's why you told me to get
rid of the other one!

MR. DILLON
That's right, my sir! The inventor
fixed the issues with the first one
I gave you and said this one works
like a charm. No bloody noses!

Ricky gives Mr. Dillon a thankful hug.

RICKY
Thank you.

MR. DILLON
Well, thank you for your wonderful
gift of music!

Everyone claps again. Ricky walks back to his harp and sits
down. He puts the InEar Soul box on top of his harp bag.

MR. DILLON
Alright everyone, let's adjourn to
the sofa for presents!

Everyone slowly gets up from their chair. The turkey has
made them all sluggish.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN
I don't know how you fit
helicopters in one of those boxes,
but I better be getting one!

VIRAG PHADEEP
I've been hoping for that present
for years!

MR. DILLON
Show me your own helicopter pad and
I'll Amazon Prime you one.

Just then, Donovan walks into the dining room main entrance. He has an agitated look on his face. He sees Ricky in the corner as Ariel and Virag walk by him.

DONOVAN
Do you need any hel--

Ricky sees Donovan walking towards him, but then he turn his attention to his left. Donovan's face lights with horror.

Just at that moment Nicolas lays eyes on Donovan.

NICOLAS GEARHART
What the hell are you doing here?!

Donovan doesn't move, doesn't say a word. Everyone stops in their tracks at Nicolas's tone of voice.

NICOLAS GEARHART (CONT'D)
(to Mr. Dillon)
What kind of sick joke is this?!

MR. DILLON doesn't seem phased by anything.

MR. DILLON
I'm not giving you gag gifts, I promise--

NICOLAS GEARHART
No. Him!

Nicolas points to Donavan.

MR. DILLON
Donovan? He's helping Ricky--

NICOLAS GEARHART
Grab your purse Robin, we're leaving!

Mr. Dillon looks confused, as everyone else notices the instant change in dynamic.

MR. DILLON
Wait, what the hell is going on?

Donovan speaks finally and points to Nicolas.

DONOVAN
(with malice)
He's my piece of shit dad.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 'DEC 24TH 9:13PM'

Donovan stands rigidly. He stares at his Dad as everyone glares at him. No one moves from where they are.

NICOLAS GEARHART
That boy is here to steal my money!

Everyone gasp at Nicolas's accusation.

MR. DILLON
Nicolas! What are--

DONOVAN
Steal? You fucked my mother and
kicked her to the curb like trash!

NICOLAS GEARHART
You are trash!

MR. DILLON
For fucks sake, stop yelling!

DONOVAN
You never gave me a chance!

NICOLAS GEARHART
You were never suppose to have a
chance at life!

Everyone is taken aback by the things said. Suddenly Donovan strides towards Ricky with anger blazing in his eyes.

RICKY
Donovan! Calm down!

Donovan walks towards Ricky and bends down. He pushes the the InEar Soul 2 off the harp bag and unzips it, He start tossing contents out and the original InEar Soul lands by Ricky's feet.

Donovan grabs the six-shooter he stowed away in the harp bag. He stands up and turns to his dad.

He points the gun at Nicolas.

He shoots.

Nicolas's eyes bulge. He stumbles back and grabs his chest.

Nicolas pulls his hand away from his chest, there is no blood. Behind him is a hole in the wall from the bullet barely missing him.

Donovan walks forward, still pointing the gun at his dad.

DONOVAN
You heartless son-of-a-bitch.

Donovan is about to pull the trigger, but suddenly pulls up and shoots above the head of Nicolas.

There is a beat of silence. No one can register the outcome of this Christmas dinner, but Donovan breaks the silence and turns to everyone.

DONOVAN
NOBODY FUCKING MOVE!

Just then Butler 1, Cook 1 and Cook 2, all rush into the room and Donovan points the gun at them too.

DONOVAN (CONT'D)
Everybody to the Christmas tree!

MR. DILLON
Donovan, please put the gun down!

He wags his gun at Mr. Dillon.

SIR RICARD HOLTEEN
Son, you are scaring all of us to death. Especially your father.

DONOVAN
You mean that asshole?!

Donovan turns to Nicolas, shoots just above him again.

Donovan takes a couple of steps toward Sir Ricard, pointing the gun at him.

Sir Ricard doesn't say anything more.

Ricky stands up and takes a couple of steps towards Donovan.

RICKY
Donovan, please stop.

DONOVAN
Stop what?! This is your fault!

RICKY
Donovan cool down.

DONOVAN
Go sit down and play the fucking harp! It helps me think!

Ricky walks slowly backwards, as Donovan turns the gun back to the hostages.

MR. DILLON

Donovan, you're in shock. Let's stop this now. I will get you my lawyer. He was an abusive father--

DONOVAN

Shut Up! I've just pulled a gun on rich assholes, I'm fucked.

Ricky starts to play Winter Wonderland.

Donovan face shines a wicked smile.

DONOVAN

There you go, a happy, happy song! Let's all get happy!

Donovan waves the gun around.

VIRAG PHADEEP

Donovan, we can all help you!

Donovan points the gun up and shoots into the ceiling.

DONOVAN

I'm thinking! Don't interrupt!

Ricky shakes at the sound of the gun shot, but continues to play stoically.

CLOSE UP

Ricky's foot shuffles and touches the old InEar Soul device.

BACK TO SCENE

An idea pops into Ricky's head.

He peers at his speaker. Donovan isn't watching him anymore.

MR. DILLON

You have two more bullets! You can't kill us all.

Donovan turns the gun to Mr. Dillon.

DONOVAN

But I can kill you!

Ricky acts quickly. He bends down and grabs the old InEar Soul box. He unplugs his pick up line and smacks it into the

InEar Soul. A pop goes through the speaker.

Donovan flinches, but doesn't take his eyes off Mr. Dillon as he is about to pull the trigger.

Ricky unplugs the speaker line and with one swift move: Sticks the speaker line into the old InEar Soul and turns the volume knob all the way up.

This pop of the speaker is louder, and Donovan finally turns his attention to Ricky's direction.

Ricky pulls the harp back, places his hands in position. He glances up and locks eyes with Donovan.

Mr. Dillon takes off running towards Donovan.

Donovan swings the gun towards Ricky.

Ricky starts to play the harp.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - 'DEC.24TH 9:20PM'

Ricky's first couple of notes do nothing to nobody. He then dives deep into the solo cadenza from the Nutcracker (the solo he got fired for not playing correctly.) The music is fast thirty-second note arpeggios; basically eight notes every half second. The notes are played so quickly that it sounds like a luscious honey dew dream.

Then, the honey dew dream turns into thousand shards of metal honey, slicing through everyone's inner mind. There is no audible sound coming from the amplifier, but the InEar Soul is working its magic through it. The clear sound of the harp is the only audible sound, until the screams start.

The inside of everyone's head begins to vibrate. The InEar Soul is turned up all the way, so the harp notes come into the brain at a break neck static sound. Everyone's mind is exploding in pain, they all twist into awkward positions.

Ricky screams as he continues playing, but does not miss one note. The solo continues to grow and grow and the harp's natural reverb sound is swelling within everyone's brain. There is nowhere to escape the sound.

With his mouth wide open, Ricky plays on, as the notes get higher and higher. The pain increases with every blur of his hands. He's played this solo so many times that pure instinct kicks in. It's the only way he keeps going.

Out of the corner of his eye, Ricky can see Donovan bent over, still holding the gun. Ricky turns back to the harp

and sees his hands almost at the top. He's running out of room, and the first part of the solo is about to end.

Donovan's fingers lose the grip of the gun.

Ricky squeezes his eyes shut and rips a high chord.

Blood explodes out of everyone's nose.

Donovan drops to the ground, but he still holds the gun.

Ricky opens his eyes.

He sees Donovan raise his head at Ricky.

DONOVAN
AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Donovan begins to lift the gun towards Ricky's direction.

Ricky sees this and without looking at his hands, he starts the descending section of the Nutcracker cadenza.

Everyone closes their eyes to brace themselves as the notes comes hard and fast as Ricky's fingers blaze downward.

Blood bursts out of Ricky's nose.

Donovan fights through his own mind to raise the gun.

His arm shakes violently.

Ricky's eyes bulge out of his eye sockets.

Donovan heightens his aim and fires.

A bullet goes through the sound board of the harp.

Ricky doesn't flinch and keeps playing on.

The harp music is now in the lower register and everyone's mind is literally melting with the thick vibrations.

Donovan finally aims at Ricky.

He pulls his trigger finger.

Suddenly Donovan pukes out blood and drops the gun.

He limps to the ground.

Ricky finishes the solo, breathing heavily. His body collapses on the harp.

Everyone is on the ground in their own bloody pile. Mr. Dillon gets on all four and crawls towards Donovan.

Donovan only breathes heavily.

Mr. Dillon reaches for Donovan's gun and slowly pulls it out of his hand. Mr. Dillon uses all of his strength and tosses the gun into the Christmas tree.

Mr. Dillon eyes closed and collapses to the ground.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING - 'DEC. 25TH 4:33AM'

The lights are softly turned on in Ricky's house. Amber is in a nightgown and in distress. She dials Ricky's phone number, but only gets his recorded message. She looks out the window as the morning light is breaking into view. The Christmas Tree is lined with new, unopened toys.

Through the blinds, head lights shine through. Amber rushes to the window.

It's Ricky's van.

Amber rushes out the door.

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Ricky stops the van and jumps out of his van. His tuxedo is covered in blood. Amber runs into his arms.

AMBER

Oh my God!! I've been worried sick!

RICKY

I'm okay.

AMBER

I was so frightened you weren't coming home!

Ricky bends in for another big hug.

They embrace whole-heartedly.

LITTLE ROSEMARY

Is Santa here?

Amber and Ricky quickly turn to see Little Rosemary. She is standing outside the front door.

They both laugh.

Ricky runs up to Little Rosemary and gives her a big hug.

RICKY
I love you!

Amber comes up behind them.

AMBER
Look at what Santa brought you!

They all wander inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They all gaze at the Christmas tree, which is littered with toys underneath.

LITTLE ROSEMARY
Santa brought me toys?

RICKY
Yes!

Amber turns to Ricky and goes in for a kiss.

AMBER
And Santa brought me: You!

They both kiss as Little Rosemary runs to her toys.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY - 'DEC. 25TH 4:13PM'

Donovan sits with Evelyn and Melinda at the dining table eating Christmas dinner. They all eat silently. Donovan is very cleaned up, with his hair slicked and he wears a turtleneck sweater.

A knock comes to the door.

Donovan cleans his pats at his mouth with his napkin and gets up from the table. He walks to the front entrance.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Donovan opens the door, there stands Nicolas. Instead of the dignified alpha male, he has a humble and melancholy stance.

They don't say anything to each other for a beat.

DONOVAN
Do you want to join us for dinner?

A unpretentious answer comes from Nicolas.

NICOLAS GEARHART

Yes.

Donovan turns his body and lets Nicolas enter.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donovan leads him into the dining room. Evelyn and Melinda turn around to see who was at the door.

DONOVAN

Mom, it's Nicolas, my read dad.

Evelyn smiles and in a rush wipes her mouth and jumps out of her chair.

She presses Nicolas with a big hug, pulls back, and stares happily into Nicolas's eyes.

EVELYN

Jackson! Thank you so much for getting all the updates done!

Evelyn turns to Donovan, and states congratulatory.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Roy also landed a partnership with the Japanese!

Melinda walks in and puts a plate full of food down for Nicolas on the table.

EVELYN

Please, sit and eat! We're celebrating.

DONOVAN

Come on dad, just sit. She's harmless.

Everyone goes to their chair and sits. They all grab the silverware and prepare to eat.

Donovan smiles.

DONOVAN

You see mom, I told you we'd be one happy family.

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - DAY - 'MONTHS LATER'

A Q-tip rubs the outside of a cigar. It's clipped and put into a test tub. The test tube is shaken and the liquid gets poured onto a petri dish, that is then put into a black machine as a blue light scans it.

CLOSE UP OF SCREEN

The computer screen has numbers and letters rushing upward, Matrix-Style. The text stops and a prompt box appears.

'SCAN COMPLETE'

The screen opens to a website: BANK OF UNITED KINGDOM

The screen goes to a log in and password screen.

The name 'REGINALDDILLON' is typed in the account name line. The cursor arrow carries the 'SCAN COMPLETE' over to the password area.

A password appears but it's encrypted. The cursor arrow clicks 'LOG IN' The computer thinks for a beat, then suddenly a picture of Mr. Dillon along with his bank account information comes up.

CLOSE UP OF ACCOUNT BALANCE

'\$17,329,288,760.81'

BACK TO SCENE

Jailbreak's eyes bulge and a smile comes to his face.

JAILBREAK

I'm in.

FEB. 17TH - JULY
23RD 2019

FADE OUT.