

RESET

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ACT ONE

EXT. CARTEL MANSION - NIGHT

EMIL QUANDO (45), slick in a loud-colored zoot suit, enjoys a cigar by the pool. His expression betrays the tiniest bit of surprise when MAX KINSEY (28), sits across the table from him. Max's face is stained with dirt, sweat and a lot of blood. None of it his. Emil looks him up and down.

EMIL
It's done then.

MAX
There was a hitch. Hitches cost double.

Emil takes a long drag on his cigar. Studies Max.

EMIL
Fair enough.

He puts down the cigar and reaches inside his suit.

Jumpy, Max levels a gun on the man who remains calm.

MAX
You understand that my trust has worn a bit thin tonight.

EMIL
Of course. You have my apologies.

Emil slowly pulls out his phone. Swipes through his apps to summon his bodyguards.

EMIL (CONT'D)
Transferred to the same account?

MAX
(dripping with irony)
As usual.

Emil fiddles with his phone. Gets more agitated by the moment, but tries to hide it.

EMIL
My WiFi appears to be down. Let me get Carlos to reset it.

He moves to stand, but Max shoves the table at him forcing Emil back into his seat.

MAX

Funny how that works. You just flip a switch and start all over again. Start out fresh. With a slate you haven't yet fucked up. And things just work again.

EMIL

Maybe you'd like a drink while you wait for the WiFi. Carlos will--

MAX

Come now, Emil. We both know there's no money. Why else would you send me after your rival then warn them I was coming?

EMIL

What a ridiculous accusation. If that's what you think of me, perhaps it's time we go our separate ways.

Emil shoves his nose in the air and tries to stand again. Max sits him down the same way. He's not finished.

MAX

You hired me because I'm good at what I do.

EMIL

Nobody's better. You will be a true loss for my organization.

MAX

Yet, there you sit. So convinced that you can stall me long enough for Carlos or one of your seven bodyguards to come to your aid. They're unavailable, Emil.

Emil swallows hard, his predicament finally sinking in.

EMIL

What do you want, Jack? How can we make this right?

Max lifts the gun.

MAX

You had it right the first time. It is time for us to part ways.

EMIL

Wait, wait! Hold on! What about your vendetta? Who else can you get to fund it? You need--

Max executes Emil before he can finish begging for his life.

MAX
I'll think of something.

Worn, Max slumps back in his chair to rest a moment. Stands. Notes the puddle of his blood pooled under his leg.

MAX (CONT'D)
Fuck.

EXT. CARTEL MANSION - NIGHT

Max exits, now wearing one of Emil's zoot suits. He grips a can of gasoline in his gloved hand. He douses each body he passes and drops a lit match on them. They go up in flames.

As he walks away, more fires become visible inside the mansion. More bodies. He's covered his tracks.

Without a backward glance, he frees a motorcycle from a final body. Tosses the last match as he rides away.

INT. NEWS & BREWS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Election coverage plays on monitors mounted around the shop.

KEISHA "KIKI" SPEARS (20), African American, jots a note on an iPad. She nods at her friends, TAYLOR (20), redhead, and KRISTIANNE (20), blonde.

TAYLOR
Are you sure you have the capacity to store the feeds? We don't want to lose one second of footage.

KIKI
I'll double check this weekend.

KRISTIANNE
Are we crazy for going through with this? Those rallies are nuts.

KIKI
That's why we have to do it. We have to get the story out. The full story.

KRISTIANNE
I know, but-- There has to be another way. Some of those supporters scare me.

TAYLOR
Anybody should be scared, it's
Kiki. If they're going to attack
anyone, it'll be her.

KIKI
Thanks.

TAYLOR
I'm just saying.

Kiki squeezes Kristianne's hand.

KIKI
Look. If you get scared, just take off.
In this case, that platinum blonde hair
of yours may as well be armor.

KRISTIANNE
I'd never leave you two alone.

KIKI
Okay. Original plan, then. Video
everything from the moment we
arrive until we leave. Broadcast it
uncut so people can see what these
gatherings are really like.

TAYLOR
Who knows, maybe they're not as bad
as we're thinking. What we've seen
so far could just be the worst of
the worst. You know, the whole
bleeding and leading thing.

Kristianne holds up her coffee mug.

KRISTIANNE
To journalistic integrity.

Kiki and Taylor join her in the toast.

TAYLOR
To journalistic integrity.

KIKI
To journalistic integrity.

After sipping, Kiki checks the time on her phone. Notes that she's missed a couple alarms and quickly gathers her things.

KIKI
Shoot. I'm late. Gotta go pick up
my brother.

Kristianne smiles and sighs.

KRISTIANNE
He's so hot.

KIKI

Ewww.

Kristianne catches her hand.

KRISTIANNE

Maybe I should come over this weekend. Help you check the feeds.

KIKI

He'll probably be jetlagged, but I'll let you know.

After Kiki leaves, Taylor flicks a nut from the top of her muffin at Kristianne.

TAYLOR

Pathetic.

KRISTIANNE

I prefer decisive.

EXT. STADIUM - DAY

PROTESTERS with picket signs stating "#NeverBundt" march on one side. SUPPORTERS with signs demanding to "Reshape America. Bundt 2016" march on the other. They hurl insults across the shrinking divide.

SARAH DOTSON (30), tiny, but fierce, parks an SUV at the perimeter. Gets out to survey the scene. With a shake of her head, she makes her way through the crowd.

A few local OFFICERS lounge nearby, while several scary looking BIKERS patrol for them.

SUPPORTER

Get a job, you fucking loser!

PROTESTER

I've got a job. One I created for me and my 49 employees.

SUPPORTER

And yet you have time to be out here sticking your nose where it's not wanted.

PROTESTER

You're here, too. Guess that makes you the unemployed loser.

The supporter jumps the barrier to go after the protester. The protester holds his own.

A biker jumps in and slams the protester to the ground. Plants a knee in the man's back. The other supporters cheer while the other protesters shout.

The biker tries to cuff the man, but Sarah grabs his arm.

SARAH
Stop right there.

The biker tries to knock her off, but she's got a solid grip on him. Before he knows what's happening, she's got him on the ground and cuffed with zip ties. He bucks and screams.

BIKER
You stupid bitch. Get the fuck off me. You can't do this.

The Officers finally take an interest in what's happening and race over. She hauls the man to his feet. Shoves him at the nearest officer.

SARAH
This man is under arrest.

OFFICER
Says who?

She shows him her badge and ID.

SARAH
Special Agent Sarah Dotson,
Secret Service.

Seeing no choice the officer takes the man into custody.

SARAH (CONT'D)
While you book this asshole for assault, both on a civilian and a federal agent, I want this area cleared. Completely. I will not bring Mr. Bundt through here while it is this insecure.

OFFICER
Yes, Ma'am.

While they do her bidding, Sarah surveys the venue's exterior. She's got her work cut out for her.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Head down, Max trudges along carrying a duffel. He's changed clothes again, but he's in pain.

A battered, blue pickup truck slows to keep pace beside him. Kiki yells out the window.

KIKI
You look like you could use a ride.

Max looks up to see her. Nods and tosses the duffel in the back. He climbs in.

INT. KIKI'S TRUCK - DAY

Kiki studies Max from head to toe as he settles into the seat and closes his eyes.

KIKI
You look terrible.

MAX
Shut up and drive.

Kiki snorts and eases back on the road.

KIKI
Ungrateful son of a bitch.

MAX
Yeah, yeah. Missed you, too.

He grabs her and pulls her down to plant a brotherly kiss on her temple. She playfully smacks at him. Determined to have the last word--

KIKI
Don't bleed on my seat or I'll have to kick your ass.

INT. FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wearing only a pair of shorts, Max twists in front of the full length mirror trying to see the bullet wound on the back of his leg. It's hopeless, he stands with a grimace giving us a good look at his scarred chest.

Scar tissue the shape of shotgun pellets pepper his torso and surround a long surgical scar over his sternum. A giant, fresh bruise gives his side color.

Kiki comes in with some medical gear.

KIKI
What the hell, Max? You know you've cracked at least one rib. Are you trying to puncture a lung, too? Sit your tail down.

MAX
It's just bruised, not cracked.

KIKI

Glad we cleared that up. Now. Let me see that leg.

He lays on the bed so she can reach the wound. Once his back is turned, the bravado leaves her face. She's scared for him. Puts her feelings aside and starts stitching him up.

KIKI (CONT'D)

I take it Emil is no longer with us.

MAX

We'll figure out something else. It was only a matter of time until his greed caught up with all of us.

KIKI

You got out clean?

MAX

Burnt the bodies.

KIKI

Too bad the Federales aren't a client. You just wiped out two cartels for them. For free.

MAX

The payment will be that they don't look too hard for the doer.

Kiki finishes up the stitches and preps a morphine shot.

KIKI

Cash works, too. We're pretty strapped right now. We'll have to put some things on hold.

He rolls over to look at her.

MAX

No. We're too close. I'll figure out something.

KIKI

I know. Give me your arm.

MAX

(re: the shot)

It's okay. I don't need it.

KIKI

My ass. Your eyes are doing that "I'm in pain" crinkle thing. You need to rest to heal.

MAX

I'm resting, I'm resting.

Kiki stares him down for a long moment then packs up her gear. She puts the syringe on the night stand next to him.

KIKI

Just in case.

MAX

I'll take it if I need it. Promise.

KIKI

Whatever. Just get better before Kristianne stops by to declare her undying love for you. In this state, you'd never be able to fight her off.

MAX

Maybe I shouldn't. Fight it, I mean. She is cute.

KIKI

Oh God. She's way too young for you. You'd be bored in ten minutes. Hell, she's too young for me.

They exchange a battle-worn look. These two have been through some stuff.

KIKI (CONT'D)

Call me if you need anything.

She kisses his forehead then leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - NIGHT

A few tables have GUESTS. Most tables appear untouched. There are more WAITSTAFF in the room than DONORS.

FRANKLIN BUNDT (69), is a charismatic presence at the lectern. Adoring wife, DEFNE (42), is all smiles at the head table surrounded by STAFFERS.

Sarah enters the room and takes a surprised look around. She flashes her credentials at the DOOR AGENT. He nods her in.

BUNDT

...reshape America. Get her back on track. These foreigners. If they love their countries so much, they should just stay in them.

AGENT TODD MALICK (43), sidles up to Sarah. They whisper:

AGENT MALICK
You're early.

SARAH
You know me. I like to get the lay
of the land first.

BUNDT
And that's why I'm running for
President. But you're smart. You
know what we have to do. We have
our work cut out for us, don't we?
It's an impossible task, but I'm
just the guy to do it. See you at
the polls.

Defne leads the applause that is seriously pathetic in the
huge empty ballroom. Bundt steps away from the lectern to
shake hands with some DONORS.

Sarah gestures around the empty space and falls into step
beside Malick as he heads for Bundt.

SARAH
Always this quiet?

AGENT MALICK
Donor events? Yeah. Rallies?
They're on a whole other level.

SARAH
I got a little taste earlier.
What's with the bikers?

Malick posts up near Bundt while he chats with a DONOR.

BUNDT
Great of you to come.

DONOR
You're just such an inspiration.
I've read your book four times.

Sarah has Malick's six. Both of them continuously scan the
room for threats even while they talk.

AGENT MALICK
Self appointed security. We're
gonna have to deal with it.

SARAH
I'm gonna have to deal with it.

AGENT MALICK
Right. *You're* gonna have to deal
with it. Sooner than later. Before
things get too out of hand.

A bespectacled STAFFER whispers in Bundt's ear. He makes a show of turning his attention to the man.

BUNDT
I'm terribly sorry. We've just had some news and must go. Again, thank you for coming out. We're gonna reshape America, you and I.

The eager donor nods and waves as Bundt and crew exit the ballroom into--

INT. HOTEL - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The smile drops right off Bundt's face as soon as he's out of the public eye.

BUNDT
Chicken Little, get over here.

The bespectacled staffer scurries to Bundt's side while he strides through the kitchen as if he owns the place.

Secret Service Agents, including Sarah surround him in a protective bubble.

CHICKEN LITTLE
Yes, sir!

BUNDT
Don't let that happen again. You tell me the sky is falling sooner. I don't have time to waste with losers.

CHICKEN LITTLE
Yes, sir. I'm sorry, sir.

BUNDT
You will be when I fire you.

CHICKEN LITTLE
I'm a volunteer, sir.

Bundt stops mid-stride and levels a glare on the timid man.

BUNDT
You don't think I can fire a volunteer? I've fired volunteers before. Believe me. It's real easy to fire a volunteer. Shall we find out how easy it is?

CHICKEN LITTLE
No, sir.

BUNDT

Fine. Then do better. I don't work with losers.

He strides off again. Everyone scrambles to keep up with him. Chicken Little hangs back trying to control his tears.

BUNDT (CONT'D)

Why am I doing these donor events anyway? I'm really rich. What do I need with their money?

STAFFER

They just want to feel like they're part of the process.

BUNDT

Tough. I'm not doing any more of these. Cancel them.

Another AGENT holds the elevator door open for them. Bundt steps on with Defne, Malick, Sarah and the two other AGENTS.

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Bundt eyes Sarah.

BUNDT

I haven't seen you before.

SARAH

Agent Sarah Dotson. I'm relieving Agent Malick of his command.

Bundt turns a snarl on Malick.

BUNDT

Paternity leave. What a scam. Don't you know you're supposed to leave the kids to your wife to raise.

AGENT MALICK

Yes, sir.

BUNDT

Are you any good Agent Dotson? As good as Malick here, is?

AGENT MALICK

She's the best, sir.

BUNDT

She better be.

The elevator doors open. The group steps out in the hallway.

Sarah hangs back and catches Malicks's arm.

SARAH
You owe me. Big.

His smirks says, "sorry, not sorry."

INT. KINSEY FARM HOUSE - DAY (NIGHTMARE)

In a hazy fog, a terrified 16 year old Max stares at his dad. GERARD KINSEY (56), distraught, paces the room with a sawed off shotgun clenched in his hand.

Mother, LESLEY KINSEY (45) cowers in a corner. She holds tight to ANDREA (ANDY) KINSEY (9).

GERARD
That crooked insurance fellow will
not win. I won't fail you.

He goes to cry on Lesley's shoulder. She hugs him tight.

LESLEY
You haven't failed us. Let's just
go. We'll come back for what's ours
later. None of this matters. Not as
long as we're together.

He gets himself together. Gives her a sweet kiss.

GERARD
Together.

He raises the shotgun and shoots Lesley point blank in the chest. Andy screams as her mother falls over, dead.

GERARD (CONT'D)
I love you, sweetheart. My
beautiful girl.

He shoots Andy in the chest. The blast nearly shreds her little body. She lands on Lesley.

Max wets his pants. Freezes in place. Gerard turns to him.

GERARD (CONT'D)
I love you, son.

Gerard lifts the gun to fire.

JACK (O.C.)
Dad, no!

His brother, JACK KINSEY (18), comes out of nowhere. He tackles Max just as the gun fires.

The blast catches Jack in the back. Some of the pellets go through him and lodge in Max's chest. They both go down.

Max stares in Jack's eyes while the life leaves his body.

SHERIFF DEPUTIES storm the room. Gerard shoves the gun under his chin.

GERARD

Together.

He pulls the trigger. His body drops next to his sons. Max's eyes drift closed. He's bleeding out.

INT. FARM HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

In a blind panic, Max bolts up from the nightmare. Claws at the shotgun pellet scars on his chest.

END ACT ONE