

THE LIFE

PILOT: THE AUDITION

Written by

Kristy Thomas

*Seeking representation
(214) 392-7714
kristy@alwayswriting4u.com

EXT. A HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

A massive, flashy, gated residence in an UPSCALE neighborhood sets the scene. A LOVELY LARGE BLACK woman in a Fabletics-type matching outfit walks past as a BLACK LAB walks next to her. It is that kind of snazzy neighborhood. Up a long isolated driveway women GIGGLING can be heard.

INT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Through the front door of the house, there is a dining room to the right with a setting for four. On it are leftovers of a nice steak, sides, and wine, lots and lots of wine. There is more laughter from upstairs.

At the top of the stairs, a door is open. Three beautiful and nearly naked women lay on the bed with one man tied to the bed completely naked. One of the women climbs on top as the other two pour wine into his mouth and hers.

MAN

(laughs)

You girls are worth every penny.

The girl on top begins to KISS him as the other two finish off the wine, run out of the room, and run down the stairs to get more.

INT. A HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two women fumble in the dark to find more wine in the refrigerator. SARA (18) a sweet, innocent girl in her first year in the life, taps the screen of her watch.

SARA

Almost done.

ELLA (40s), an old school working girl who has been there and done all of that and still looks good, checks her watch too.

ELLA

Not bad considering that the bitch upstairs is doing all the hard work.

They both laugh, toast their bottles of wine, and take a big drink. They hear a loud THUD from upstairs. They both FREEZE, look up, then to each other.

They TIP TOE their way up the stairs. The SILENCE is jarring. At the top of the stairs, they peer into the room, and there is no movement.

SARA
Everything okay in there?

A bottle of spilled RED WINE is on the floor. They turn their bottles upside down into WEAPONS. Slowly, Ella opens the door, turns on the lights, and Sara SCREAMS.

The girl lies DEAD on top of the man DEAD. They move closer to see his throat is cut from ear to ear with DOCTOR precision. They look around, and the sliding glass door is OPEN. Wind blows in from the balcony.

Ella grabs a shirt off of the dresser and wraps it around her hand. She goes to the door and looks out, nothing. Sara is about to pass out or vomit, or both.

SARA (CONT'D)
Fuck me, what do we do? Fuck.

ELLA
(calm)
We call it in.

Sara walks around the scene, trying not to touch anything.

ELLA (CONT'D)
Get dressed. Hurry up. Don't touch anything.

Sara nods. Ella gathers her things using her covered hand and exits. Sara tries to do the same but walks through the blood and puts her hand on the dresser to balance. Her clothes are under the couple. She pushes them off to get her things.

Ella peeks back into the room.

ELLA (CONT'D)
The fuck did I tell you?

SARA
But my stuff was-

ELLA
What did you touch?

Sara cries as she points to all the places she touched.

ELLA (CONT'D)
You fucked up. Don't. Touch. Shit.
Else! Do you understand this time?

Nothing but tears.

ELLA (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I said?

Sara nods. Ella grabs her and throws her into the hallway.

ELLA (CONT'D)
Get dressed. We only have a few minutes.

SARA
What do we- what can-

Ella picks up her phone, dials.

ELLA
(into phone)
Two situations at the big house.
(pause) Two minutes, copy that.

Ella hangs up. Sara sits shaking on the top step. Ella sits next to her.

SARA
They're dead.

Ella nods.

SARA (CONT'D)
Who- how could someone have- we were just in the room then- we were only gone for-

ELLA
In all my years, this is the craziest shit that I've ever experienced. But listen, in less than two minutes it'll be handled.

Sara looks at her confused.

ELLA (CONT'D)
I told you all you gotta do is-

SARA
Trust.

They share a slight smile as Ella pulls Sara to her feet.

ELLA
Now listen to me. I need you to go out the back door, use your shirt to open it, and leave it open for me. The car should be there in
(MORE)

ELLA (CONT'D)
(looking at her watch)
Less than a minute. Go.

Sara RUNS down the stairs. Ella turns back to the room and takes out her phone. She walks the room with detective eyes, taking PICTURES of every area like the bedroom, under the bed, and the bathroom. She KICKS open the closet before focusing on the sliding glass door, its handle, then the floor.

She backs out of the room slowly. Then, she turns and proceeds down the steps. She ducks into the kitchen, looks around, and exits out of the open back door.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A black SUV waits with the door open. A large man in a black suit holds the door open, gun in hand.

INT. SUV - CONTINUOUS

Ella slides into the back seat next to Sara, who takes deep breaths through the open window. The big man sits in the driver's seat silently as RIZ (26), solid build with little emotion, turns around.

RIZ
What happened?

ELLA
We went downstairs, grabbed some bottles, and when we got back, the John and the other girl were dead.

RIZ
That fast?

ELLA
That damn fast.

RIZ
The house clean?

With disappointment.

ELLA
No.

Riz sighs then lets out a slight laugh.

RIZ
It's been a while since we've had
to clean up after you.

ELLA
Fuck you, Riz.

Ella sits back and lets her window down as she stares at the house. The car starts and drives away.

RIZ
(into his phone)
Yeah, I spilled my drink at 11911
Web Creek Ln. You can leave the
trash where it is, but I need you
to clean up everything else.

Ella leans forward.

ELLA
She touched the bodies.

Riz glares at Sara, who avoids.

RIZ
(into his phone)
On second thought, put the cans in
the shower and let them run hot for
a bit. You got the order? (beat)
That's right. Top to bottom, cans
in the shower, hot, and enter
through the back door. Start the
clean up there.

Ella leans forward again.

RIZ (CONT'D)
(annoyed)
What?

ELLA
Get the CSI treatment, just in
case.

RIZ
(into the phone)
Yo, CSI that shit too. The John is
divorced, no kids. Should have
plenty of time. What we looking at?

Riz looks at a text that comes into his phone that reads
"\$250,000."

RIZ (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I got it, and I know you're worth every penny (laughs). That's why we fucks with you. Get it done.

Riz hangs up the phone.

ELLA

Send me the invoice.

RIZ

Already done.

The SUV continues to drive away.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

Sara VOMITS onto the grass. She finishes, stands up, and takes a deep breath only to see the blood on her hands and begins to vomit again. Ella looks at her through the open door.

INT. SIS' OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

The office is LAID. It looks like it was ripped directly from Cosmopolitan Magazine with a black decor theme. On the walls are portraits of the GOATS: a women rapper collage, a collage of women MMA fighters, a collage of the greatest boxers.

SIS (29), think a bad ass white girl who is a good mix of street-hustle and dog-eat-dog mentality, sits at her desk. She is deep in thought as she grinds a stress ball so tight it BURSTS open.

SIS

Fuck.

She takes a knife out her pant leg and scrapes the dust into the trash then puts the knife back. The door BUSTS open. Sis pulls a gun from UNDER her desk on MIA (32), an assertive business woman in a crisp white suit with red accents.

MIA

Who did you think was coming in this office at this hour to get you other than me?

Sis puts the gun away as Mia sits on the edge of her desk and they both look at their phones. "Two still out" can be seen on their screens.

MIA (CONT'D)
So, what happened?

SIS
I know what you know. Three in the morning, I'd rather be with my girl-

MIA
(laughs)
Which girl is that? Monday night is that... Kimmie with an "ie" or has she been upgraded to the Friday night dime piece?

They both laugh as Mia sits on Sis' lap for a moment. They KISS passionately as the door opens, and in walks the driver, Riz, Ella, and Sara. Mia puts a finger up as if to say, "one second." They all FREEZE.

Mia and Sis finish their kiss. Sis fixes the DEEP RED lipstick on Mia's face then wipes it off of hers. Mia walks over to the group, who stand in silence with their heads to the ground.

MIA (CONT'D)
Somebody fucking speak.

INT. SIS' OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

SILENCE. Mia walks the room.

MIA
I'm not going to ask again.

Ella takes a step forward.

ELLA
Regular night-

SIS
Clearly not if muthafuckas dying.

Ella nods.

ELLA
It started out regular. Order came in. Order asked for "experience and brand new."

Sara steps forward.

SARA
I'm brand new.

Everyone glares at her. She takes a step back.

MIA

And then?

ELLA

When we get there, there's a third girl. Didn't think much of it. If three is what he wants, fuck it as long as we get paid, right? About halfway through we went downstairs for more wine. We left the other girl upstairs. She on top, both naked, he's giggling, all is cool. (beat) Then, we heard a noise.

MIA

Describe it.

ELLA/ SARA

Like-

SARA

Like when you hit the beaver head with the mallet, that game.

SIS

Wackamole.

Sara shrugs. Everyone low-key smiles.

ELLA

Went back upstairs and they were dead. Throats cut ear to ear, blood everywhere, sliding glass door open, like a ghost.

Ella gives Riz her phone.

SIS

I don't believe in ghosts.

ELLA

Followed protocol. Made contact, took pictures then video and got up out of there.

Mia holds out her hand. Sara begins to cry and shakes her head. Ella opens her purse and gives Mia a STACK of money.

SIS

Goodnight.

Ella and Sara QUICKLY exit.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sara breaks down in tears. Ella consoles her for a moment.

ELLA

Don't you ever cry in front of them. Take that shit to the bathroom.

SARA

I'm sorry I didn't have any money to give them.

Ella takes her hand and leads her away.

INT. WYATT'S OFFICE - MORNING

WYATT (29), think Jackie Chan in his sexy prime and taller. Asian music plays as he exercises shirtless with nunchucks. Mia enters and laughs. He finishes his last move as she sits and watches. He ends in prayer pose. She nods back.

WYATT

I make you laugh?

MIA

I mean, I bought everyone on staff a gym membership.

He laughs then drinks water as he hands her a folder.

WYATT

Fuck the gym bros and their Kung Fu bullshit. I'm ancestral.

He puts on his shirt as she flips through the folder.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Numbers are looking good.

MIA

Any chance we can cut back on cyber security?

Wyatt laughs.

WYATT

Cyber security is expensive for the pizza place down the street, and we're running girls like it's an app for a lawn service.

(MORE)

WYATT (CONT'D)

We are offering an elite product,
privately, safely, and staying
rich. It's not going to be cheap.

MIA

How are the ladies' accounts doing?

Wyatt turns around back to his computer.

WYATT

They're doing great. Their
investments are solid. College
funds growing. You're doing a good
thing for them.

Mia nods.

MIA

Appointments for this week?

WYATT

OBGYN on Tuesday, dentist on
Wednesday, investment banker on
Wednesday night for the new girls,
and the realtor is here on Friday
for those ready to wrap this life
up.

MIA

Had to do some clean up this
morning.

WYATT

I heard. Checked in. They're over
there working.

A knock on the door.

WYATT (CONT'D)

Deposit time. Come in.

LAUREN (22) enters. She is shy but all legs. She hands Wyatt
a few stacks of cash with a deposit slip.

MIA

How close are you?

LAUREN

Maybe six months. I'll be able to
pay cash for college and get a
place for me and my little brother.
I'm talking to the real estate
person this week. I'm doing good.

WYATT

You know, Lauren, we have accounts that are safe. Direct deposit, wire transfers, it's safer than money.

Lauren laughs.

LAUREN

Only thing my daddy taught me, cash money is King.

They all smile as she exits with Mia behind her.

WYATT

Mia, Wes is trying to put out feelers.

MIA

He can't stand a woman being better at this than he is. I'll handle it.

Mia exits.

EXT. BUSY PARK BENCH - MORNING

Sis sits on a busy park bench watching the kids play kickball. MICHELLE (31), tall, strong, scary, and a female police officer, approaches and sits as a ball lands at her feet. She tosses it back to the kids.

KID

Thanks, Officer Lora.

She waves.

SIS

Officer Lora.

Laughs.

MICHELLE

Got a missing girl we're looking for. You know anything about that?

Sis looks around.

SIS

Naw. I don't know nothing bout that.

Michelle moves in a little closer. It's clear they know each other.

MICHELLE

Come on, Sis. I'm trying to make detective, and the more I know, the better I come across.

SIS

Kissing that brass ass. Did I teach you nothing back in the house?

MICHELLE

Taught me everything. I do this, you do... You do that.

They sit for a moment, then Michelle stands.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Hit the house for me.

SIS

What's up?

MICHELLE

Our little brother Jaylen won't go to school. He listens to you. Hell, he only listens to you.

Sis nods as Michelle begins to walk towards the kids and starts playing kickball as Sis looks on.

INT. MIA'S OFFICE - MORNING

Mia works on her laptop as Sara enters quietly with a bag over her shoulder. Sara is surprised to see Mia there.

MIA

Most people knock.

Sara is terrified.

SARA

I- I was just going to drop off this letter. I didn't think you would be here.

Mia holds out her hand and takes the letter, reads it, and laughs.

MIA

This ain't a job-job. We don't do two week notices.

SARA

Not two weeks. I'm leaving now.

Mia looks at her bag and eyes her to sit. She does.

MIA
Too hard for ya?

Silence.

MIA (CONT'D)
You went through all of that
training and forgot all the damn
rules. How do you make the
sandwich?

Silence.

MIA (CONT'D)
(yelling)
How?!

Sara jumps in her chair then stands and recites with perfect precision.

SARA
The John must think he is the meat,
the most important part. But as the
trick, we know that's the bullshit
he's paying us to make him believe.
Make the deal, make him believe,
make him pay, make your money.
Bread= our security because they
are always around us. Meat= us
truly because we are always in
charge which is key because no one
expects us to be. Cheese, lettuce,
tomato, mayo= all of the extras
that they get if they pay, first.
If they don't pay, it's a dry ass
meat and bread sandwich.

MIA
Why are we different?

SARA
We have the element of choice.

MIA
Why do we give you choice?

SARA
Because women have never been given
full control of their bodies.

MIA
Why are we rich?

SARA
Because you and Sis are boss
bitches.

Mia smiles, then Sara smiles.

SARA (CONT'D)
Because you and Sis make sure we
never forget that we own...us. No
pimps, no hoes, straight up.

Mia picks up Sara's bag and tries to hand it back to her.

SARA (CONT'D)
(in tears)
I'm not made for this. I saw two
dead people- like naked and fucking
dead. Dead! And fucking Casper the
ghost swooped in and killed them
like it was a magic trick.

She collapses on the couch and covers her face. Mia sits next
to her.

MIA
My first time I was in a foster
home, and I hadn't eaten in three
days.

Sara looks at her.

MIA (CONT'D)
I turned a trick so I could get
that corner store sandwich you
talked about. I had to. We give you
the tools and do our best to be
everything that you said. Keep you
safe, healthy, making money, but
shit's gonna happen sometimes.

SARA
I'm not like Ella.

Mia laughs.

MIA
Her old ass been in the game for a
long time. Like biblical times.

Sara breaks a smile.

SARA
She saved me.

MIA

As she should have. We all have
your back.

Mia gets up and walks behind her desk, opens a SAFE, and
offers Sara a small stack of money.

SARA

What's this for?

MIA

You worked last night.

Sara looks at her.

MIA (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

SARA

Mom's in rehab. Meth. (beat) She-
she burned down our house when she
decided since she couldn't afford
to buy meth- so she tried to cook
it.

MIA

Why?

SARA

When my mom gets out of rehab,
she'll have a place so I can help
keep her clean.

MIA

Because...

SARA

Because... I'm all she has.

Mia nods. Sara looks at the money, gets up, grabs her bag,
takes the stack, and exits.