

# MADYSUN 1

BRAVE NEW WORLD - #101 - BLUE DRAFT (11/21/18)

30.

## ~~ACT THREE~~

FADE IN:

~~OVER MUSIC CUE "Lido Shuffle" by Boz Skaggs feat. DeadMau5  
feat. Falco feat. Jefferson Airplane feat. Prodigy feat--~~

27

~~INT. WHITE LIMO - DAY~~

27

~~This oversampled, remixed, cannibalized post post EDM genre-  
fusion of absolute trash warbles from the STEREO.~~

~~SOAP SUDS cover the windshield obscuring our view until A  
JET OF WATER wipes them away, revealing JOHN (20s). He sets  
his hose aside and leans in to pick at a chip in the glass.  
We get our first look at the man who could change the world.~~

~~Impressed, we are not. He's not a bad looking guy, but his be-  
fucked pair of paparazzi shades and DIY haircut aren't doing  
him any favors. Shirt off, sweating and sunburned, John  
appears undernourished, all muscle and sinew, the full  
tapestry of his homemade tattoos on display from jaw to junk.~~

~~John grimaces at the chip then disappears from frame.~~

~~John opens the car door and leans in to retrieve what appears  
to be some sort of JURY-RIGGED MP3 PLAYER. As he ejects the  
CASSETTE ADAPTER, his elbow brushes the upholstery. It comes  
away sticky and red. Is that... blood?~~

~~GUN SHOTS ring out in the distance.~~

28

~~EXT. THE SAVAGE LANDS - BACK LOT - DAY~~

28

~~That is blood.~~

~~John trains his hose on the Limo, blasting a copious amount  
of gore from the driver's side.~~

~~MORE GUN SHOTS in the distance. John doesn't react except to  
pause his work, jack his headphones into his mp3 and hit  
play.~~

~~John grooves with his music, working his way around the Limo,  
the lone human in this frying pan of a parking lot until--~~

~~IN THE SIDE MIRROR, John spots a white GHOST-LIKE APPARITION  
moving through the asphalt's shimmering heat.~~

~~He shuts off the hose, checks his teeth in the mirror,  
adjusts his sunglasses, then hustles in pursuit of...~~

A BRIDE... (20s, 8 months pregnant) trudges across the lot in her BLOOD-SPATTERED WEDDING DRESS. This is MADYSUN. She makes no attempt to hide her exhaustion as John comes bounding up.

JOHN

Wait! Hey! Wait up!

Madysun stops, waits, impatient as John tries to catch his breath. John looks at her. He's nervous, clearly smitten.

MADYSUN

What?

JOHN

Hi. I just... Are you okay?

MADYSUN

Do I look okay? Hell no, I'm hot as balls in this thing.

She begins pulling the dress off over her head, gets stuck.

MADYSUN (CONT'D)

Jesus, John, you gonna give me a fucking hand here or what?

John springs into action and helps pull the dress off, revealing a FALSE PREGNANT BELLY strapped to Madysun's torso.

Madysun unstraps the false belly, hands it to John. She stands there, arms folded, in her swimsuit and cowboy boots.

MADYSUN (CONT'D)

So?

(off John)

Christ man, spit it out. They'll be coming soon.

John looks towards the LARGE WOODEN STRUCTURE looming at the far end of the lot. We see SCAFFOLDS and LIGHTING RIGS. It's the back side of some sort of facade.

JOHN

I just... you didn't show last night and I thought maybe something happened or... It's no big deal.

MADYSUN

Right. Sorry, there was a meeting last night.

JOHN

With your... group.

MADYSUN

You oughta come sometime.

John shrugs, kicks at the gravel.

JOHN

Well that's too bad because I thought you were coming over. I wanted to show you the view.

MADYSUN

(smirks)

You already showed me the view.

JOHN

(suggestive)

I wanted to show you again.

John gives her a wry smile. She can't help but smile back.

MADYSUN

You're bad.

JOHN

Am I?

MADYSUN

I told you, that's not a good idea.

JOHN

Why not?

MADYSUN

Because I'm with somebody, dummy.

JOHN

But I'd be good to you.

MADYSUN

What's that got to do with anything?

KVLE (O.S.)

Hey! Dickhead!

John looks to see KVLE (30, built) coming from the direction of the wood structure. He wears a CHEAP SUIT and is trailed by several GROOMSMEN.

MADYSUN

See? Dammit. I don't need to be dealing with this shit.

(then)

You better go. I'll cool him out.

(MORE)

MADYSUN (CONT'D)

(he doesn't move)

Get the hell out of here, John.

END

Too late. Kvle storms up. Before John can react, Kvle pulls A REVOLVER from his tux, points it at John's chest and -- BANG.

~~John blinks back, miraculously unharmed.~~

KVLE

You made us look like a bunch of God damn idiots out there.

Kvle pulls the trigger again. CLICK. Again. CLICK. Again-- BANG.

KVLE (CONT'D)

How am I supposed to work with this shit?

JOHN

Sorry, Kvle.

KVLE

Fuck your sorry. You don't care. That's your problem. I don't know why you can't be professional for one damn--

JOHN

As we discussed, you gotta check the firing pin before you--

Kvle shoves John to the ground.

KVLE

You check it, prop boy. Do your job. And get it through your head. We don't do it right, maybe they stop coming. They don't come, we don't eat.

Kvle flings the gun. It hits John squarely in the forehead. John falls back on his butt.

Kvle drops his suit jacket on John and walks off. The Groomsmen follow, dropping their GUNS and gear on John as well. Kvle stops, looks back.

KVLE (CONT'D)

(to Madysun)

I know you're not gonna make me wait.

Madysun looks down at John, disappointed.