

CUL-DE-SAC
"Pilot"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on BRENT CALDWELL (25) slight build... yet --
POWERFUL.

Brent crouches behind an interior window and pants for breath holding a 9MM pistol - with a Mountain Dew bottle as a makeshift silencer.

SEVERAL SECURITY MEN shoot at Brent-

GUNSHOTS shatter the glass window.

Brent leans backward and returns fire; his gun hisses a plastic, popping sound - slightly louder than a silencer, yet -- effective.

A few meters in front of him a door sways open; a sliver of light shines through.

Brent sprints toward the door.

He barrel rolls into the door, which vacuum seals behind him.

The Security team sprints to the door and inputs codes on the door security panel, but access is denied.

The Security team darts to a large bullet proof glass window, next to the door.

The team presses their heads against the window trying to peer inside, but - the one sided mirror prohibits their view.

The men shoot at the glass, their bullets bounce off.

The men pound their guns against the glass, desperate to get in.

INT. WAREHOUSE, MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Brent surveys the room and pops a stick of gum in his mouth.

Behind him, the interior security panel sparks. Torn, frayed wires are loosely held together by chewing gum.

SEVERAL WORKSTATIONS containing: microscopes, slides, notebook binders, racks of test-tubes line the room.

Brent rummages through a desk looking for something; he pulls drawers apart, and tosses papers and binders behind him.

He knocks over an entire test-tube rack and spills the contents over his clothes.

A CIA OPERATIVE'S VOICE comes over Brent's earpiece - -

MAN (O.S.)
Mannequin have you located the sweater?

Brent pushes his earpiece deeper in his ear canal - -

BRENT
 Negative *Corporate*, still searching for my size.

Brent moves to the next workstation and scrutinizes the area.

MAN (O.S.)
 Have you checked the clearance rounders?

Brent raises his head and searches the room.

A biohazard area with a red square on the floor that reads "Keep Clear," catches his eye.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Security team lines C4 EXPLOSIVES around the door. They attach a detonator and run wires, while MORE SECURITY OFFICERS take cover behind a desk.

INT. WAREHOUSE, MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Brent notices a biohazard waste trash bucket hanging against the wall. A sticker clearly states "Danger: Hazardous materials inside. Biohazard. Biohazardous Waste. Infectious Waste."

Brent casts about, hoping to see any option aside from what he's about to do - -

Brent hesitantly, but resolutely sticks his hand into the biohazard trash. He moves his hand into the bucket, reaching deeper. He clenches onto something and pulls it out.

It is a medicine bottle.

Brent opens the bottle, revealing- SEVERAL RED SPHERE PILLS.
Smoke creeps out from under the door.

BRENT
Corporate, I've made my purchase.

MAN (O.S.)
Copy that, Mannequin. We're staging the sales floor for your exit. A manager will meet you on the roof.

POP.

The door falls into the medical lab, and smoke enters.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Security team moves into the lab, smoke blankets the air.

INT. WAREHOUSE, MEDICAL LAB - CONTINUOUS

The men move through the smoke, and survey the area - Brent is nowhere in sight.

The team scatters.

The LAST MAN trails. He looks up and notices - -

Brent hangs in the air, gripping an intricate line of tubes.

The man raises his gun, ready to fire, when - -

Brent drop kicks him in the jaw before jumping onto the his shoulders and twisting his neck. They glide to the floor.

Brent grabs the man's gun, and sprints out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brent sprays bullets at his pursuers. He sprints to the other end of the warehouse to a staircase, and makes his way to the roof.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, ROOF - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER, with GUNMEN drop a rope down to Brent. Brent attaches it to his belt, and the chopper skids him off the roof.

The Security Team trails behind Brent. They reach the roof just as the helicopter comes to the rescue.

The gunmen fire at the Security Team; the Security Team aims for the chopper, and hits the rudder - the chopper exudes smoke.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

ALARMS SOUND.

The helicopter spins out of control, and descends toward the ground with Brent dangling from a wire outside the chopper.

The chopper dodges skyscrapers.

Brent sways toward a skyscraper black window - -

FADE TO CREDITS.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SUBDIVISION - DAY

It's your typical Los Angeles neighborhood.

SUPERIMPOSE: "CULVER CITY, CA."

PEOPLE water their lawn, play frisbee, run with their dogs - enjoying a typical afternoon.

INT. THE CALDWELL'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Brent in workout clothes, sweat dripping down his back sprints in with GROCERY BAGS.

He kicks garage door shut, with his leg.

BRENT

(between bites of an
apple)

Hey.

RORI CALDWELL (24) gorgeous, smart, fingers through a cook-book, jumps up from the couch and grabs a bag from him.

She places the bag on the counter and puts away the contents.

She opens a bag of chips and salsa and dumps them into a bowl.

KEISHA MONDY (25) black, pretty, full lips, struts from the couch over to the food.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Place looks great.

Keisha grabs a chip.

KEISHA

(facetious)

I'm good at what I do.

Rori laughs as Brent moves in for a kiss, when-

Rori stops, and sniffs.

RORI

You stink.

Brent looks down at his pit-stained shirt.

KEISHA

She's right.

BRENT
 (playful, enveloping her
 with his smelly body)
 Maybe a kiss will make me smell
 better?

KEISHA
 Shower first, then we'll see.

Brent moves back in for a kiss; Rori places her hand on his chest, and stops - -

RORI
 She's right. You have time before
 guests arrive.

Keisha bites into another chip as Brent stares.

KEISHA
 Just sampling... for the *guests*.

Brent smells his armpits.

BRENT
 (to Rori)
 I'll go jump in.

Brent walks away.

BRENT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 When's Ray coming over?

INT. MONDY'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - DAY

RAYMOND MONDY (30) a buff, witty black man, lays on an incline bench and lifts free weights.

EXT. FULLER'S HOUSE, TENNIS COURT - DAY

In the backyard of a two story mini-mansion-

ADAM FULLER (17) blond curly hair, athletic, plays tennis with his brother; ZACHARY FULLER (13) short, blond hair.

Zachary returns Adam's serve with a corky, little jump.

Adam misses the return.

ADAM
 You suck.

ZACHARY
 (stutters)
 He- He- He- Hey Adam, if I suck why
 couldn't you return my serve?

ADAM
 Eh!

Beat.

ZACHARY
 You're just jealous of my ability.

Adam SPIKES a tennis ball at Zachary, hitting Zachary in the
 arm.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)
 OW!

ADAM
 What ability?

Zachary spikes the ball at Adam's groin.

Adam hurls over, in pain.

ZACHARY
 That one?

Zachary smirks.

ELIZABETH FULLER (38) a spot-on resemblance to Martha
 Stewart, yells out the back-door.

ELIZABETH
 Boys! Come in and get cleaned up
 before the party.

INT. FULLER'S HOUSE, BETTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Elizabeth stares at a picture of her deceased husband, Steve,
 while putting on earrings.

GRACE FULLER (8) an adopted Asian, petite girl, with locks of
 black hair, mimics Elizabeth in the mirror.

ELIZABETH
 Who's ready for a party?

Grace smiles.

INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

LINDA PIERSON (45) long silver hair, who is a fruit-loop; unboxes plates and stacks them in an empty cupboard.

She fills the cupboard with essentials.

INT. PIERSON'S HOUSE, OFFICE - DAY

MARK PIERSON (47) salt-and-pepper hair, smart and sophisticated; diligently paces in front of his computer.

A new E-MAIL catches his eye, it reads:

SUPERIMPOSE: "MOVE FORWARD WITH PHASE TWO. I WILL CONTACT YOU WHEN THE TIME IS RIGHT."

INT. JONES'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

DARKNESS.

ELECTRONICS piled high.

WIRES everywhere.

TRASH every step.

A MUTED TV strobes in the b.g.

LARRY JONES (37) overweight and pessimistic; pecks away at his computer.

Larry bites into an ice cream bar and gulps down a soft drink.

INT. SUBDIVISION - DAY

HUNTER ROBERTS (28) sarcastic, athletic man jogs with his partner-

WILL HARRIS (27) a pre-madonna, athletic, younger man trails behind Hunter.

HUNTER

(panting)

All I'm saying is turn the lights off when you're not using them.

WILL

Who pays the bills? Tree-hugger.

HUNTER

Fascist.

Hunter sprints forward, Will trails.

EXT. SUBDIVISION - NIGHT

The sun falls from the sky, as night sets in.

I/E. THE CALDWELL'S HOUSE, FOYER - NIGHT

DING, DONG.

Rori opens the door, the Fuller Family, looking their best, smile with a fruit salad in hand.

RORI

Elizabeth! So glad you all could
make it!

ELIZABETH

Good to see you!

RORI

Come in, come in.

EXT. THE CALDWELL'S HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Hunter fixes Will's collar (on his woven shirt), Will holds a bottle of wine.

HUNTER

Much better.

Hunter rings the doorbell.

WILL

You want to get away this weekend?
Vegas?

HUNTER

That'd be gre- -

Brent opens the door.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

(mid-sentence, to Brent)
- - ate. Good to see you.

BRENT

Fellas. How we doing?

WILL

Better after we get this open-

Will holds up the wine bottle and enters with Hunter. Brent closes the door, just as Ray Mondy places his hand on the door.

RAY
Room for one more?

BRENT
Always. Come on, party's in back.

I/E. THE CALDWELL'S HOUSE, FOYER - MINUTES LATER

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK.

THROUGH THE PEEPHOLE Mark and Linda nervously sway ready to enter, with a CASSEROLE.

RORI
Thank you, guys. You didn't have to bring anything. You're the guest of honor.

MARK
We never leave home empty handed.

Brent and Rori force a smile.

RORI
Come on in!

INT. THE CALDWELL'S HOUSE, FOYER - CONTINUOUS

BRENT
Let me get your coat.

Brent takes Linda's coat and hangs it on a coat rack, next to the door.

LINDA
You never know when it's going to be cold out.

MARK
(to Brent)
So, I see you've got a hoop outside. You play a lot?

BRENT
Whenever I get a free second. Which isn't too often these days. Do you play?

Brent escorts Mark to the backyard where everyone waits.