

EXTENDED LIFE INDIVIDUALS (ELI)

Written by: Angel Hilson

EXTENDED LIFE INDIVIDUALS (ELI)

"PILOT"

INT. DIONYSUS' PENTHOUSE - FUTURE VISION MEDIA ROOM - DAY

White oak floors. White walls, spacious. 15 ft. ceiling. No windows in a room surrounded w/technology charged with the power of ZEUS, 50's, King of Gods. An entire wall of flat screen televisions, 3-screen super computer, tablet, FM/AM radio, satellite radio, CB radios, all bask in a *Blue Glow*.

Death Fate Goddess, ATROPOS, 19, mixed race, admires her Large Golden Shears. God of Wine, DIONYSUS, 20's, Korean-American and flaming heterosexual, looks up from the monitor.

DIONYSUS

Whoa! You brought *those* with you.

Atropos smiles, then sheaths them into a holster on her hip.

A virgin to earthly technology, she tucks her long jet black hair behind her ears. Peers curiously at the screen over Dionysus' shoulder, who thoroughly enjoys the thrill-hunt.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

We'll find you just yet.

The countless nights he's been mistaken for a certain K-pop Idol taught him to live in the moment. Ride the wave.

Insert: K-pop fangirl throws him to a wall, kisses him passionately. He smiles mischievously. Continues kissing.

Back to penthouse. Dionysus pulls Atropos from the screen.

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

Hey! Easy on the eyes.

He stops on a Glowing Instagram profile, joins the Livestream. Alarmed, Atropos tenses up and instinctively reaches for her Large Golden Shears.

ATROPOS

*How* is that mortal so incredibly small?

Atropos frowns. Dionysus laughs.

DIONYSUS

Oh no, honey. Um. This is like...your Future Vision.

(MORE)

DIONYSUS (CONT'D)

It's like a *window*...a way to view things.

Atropos relaxes. Re-sheaths her Golden Shears.

ATROPOS

Very well.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Livestream at the scene. PAUL, early 20s, blonde tip dyed dreads, social media famous, stands in front of an apartment.

PAUL

Hey guys, it's your boy, Pauly with my eye on the streets. You know I always come the real. (sighs) Bruh. Today is a rough one. Woke up to the sound of a loud, sickening thud. Right outside my window. (exhales) Not pretty.

He rubs his bloodshot eyes. Sad emojis, heart emojis the comments.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Bruh, when I say nothing and I mean nothing can prepare you for what I saw with my own two eyes.

Paul bucks his eyes, shakes his head. Followers ask, "What was it?" "Out with it!" "Come on, tell us!"

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's just gruesome! Definitely not the way you want to start your day. Think I was the first one here. I called 911.

He looks agitated. Shocked and sad face emojis populate the comments. A crowd of people behind a barricade, yellow tape, police cars, an ambulance and a firetruck block the street in front of the apartment building.

PAUL (CONT'D)

The body is there. (points) Unrecognizable. I think it's a girl.

Shocked emojis, followers comments "Whaaaaaa?" "No way!" "So sorry." Tears well up in Paul's eyes, he quickly wipes them before they fall. He shifts the camera from his face.

Zooms in, past the yellow tape, a white blood-soaked sheet covering a body.

A pair of heels strut on concrete. SIENNA HANSLEY, late 20's, brunette, pushy and ambitious news reporter, arrives on the scene. Paul films her.

SIENNA (O.C.)

Over here. Bring the goddamn camera here! I want the building and yellow tape behind me when we start.

Angry emojis fill the comments. JOEY BECKETT, 30s, scruffy, unshaven camera guy, shuffles.

JOEY

How about now?

Sienna nods, pats her hair down, reaches for the mic.

SIENNA

What the fuck, Joe?

JOEY

It's Joey.

SIENNA

Mic?

Sienna ignores him. Irritated she holds her hand out.

Paul pivots the camera to himself, laughs incredulously. Followers send angry, laughing emojis. He turns the camera back on the two.

Joey fumbles through his side bag, gives her a mic. He does a silent 3, 2, 1 countdown then steadies the camera with both hands.

SIENNA (CONT'D)

The body of a young woman was discovered this morning.

Paul pivots to two PARAMEDICS rolling a BODY BAG to the coroner's truck. Followers send scared, sad emojis.

SIENNA (O.C.) (CONT'D)

It is said she jumped to her death--

--The BODY BAG shifts in transit, almost falling. Paramedics stop, one catches it. Followers send shocked, anxious, scared emojis.

SIENNA (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 ...from this high rise in an apparent  
 suicide, early this morning.

Paramedic secures restraint on body bag. Paul pivots back to Sienna. She touches a device on her ear.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
 And we're just getting word...The  
 victim has been identified as  
 Journee Morris.

Sienna snaps her fingers, points Joey to a woman walking past. Paul and Joey pivot to MS. MORRIS, 60's, black woman, bedhead, coat over pjs, weeping as she walks towards the high rise. Sienna runs, catching her at the entrance.

SIENNA (CONT'D)  
 Miss! Excuse me, Miss. I'm told you  
 are the victim's mother. Is there  
 anything you'd like to share with  
 our viewers?

Sienna shoves the mic into Ms. Morris' face. Ms. Morris looks up, stunned, tears fall. Suddenly she's angry.

MS. MORRIS  
 Her children. My grandkids! How  
 dare you? How dare you parade my  
 daughter's death on the news like  
 this? Have some decenc--

--Sienna abruptly pulls away the mic, Paul catches her gesturing to cut that part. Followers send duh, face palm and angry emojis. Sienna waits for Ms. Morris to enter the building, composes herself and faces the camera.

SIENNA  
 More to come as details of this  
 tragic death unfold. This is Sienna  
 Hansley reporting live. Brett, it's  
 back to you.

Sienna nods, signaling her report is over.

JOEY  
 And cut.

Sienna drops the pretense.

SIENNA  
 Did you see that old hag? How rude  
 she was to me?

Followers send expletive, angry, head exploding emojis. Sienna shakes her head and walks off, Joey trails her. Paul turns the camera on himself.

PAUL  
Bruh...People are ruthless...

Paul shakes his head and stares off for a bit. Contemplating. Angry emojis, laughing emojis populate the comments. He sniffs, swallows his sorrow, then gets back into character.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
You heard it from me first. Out here keeping my ear to the streets. Remember, don't get caught with your pants down. Later fam.

Followers send hearts, prayer, clap emojis in comments. The Livestream ends.

INT. DIONYSUS PENTHOUSE - FUTURE VISION MEDIA ROOM - DAY

A concerned expression on Dionysus' face, he turns to Atropos, pointing towards the screen.

DIONYSUS  
It's dated 5 days from now.

Atropos stares back, wide-eyed worried. Rapid breaths.

INT. MT. OLYMPUS TEMPLE OF GODS - 3 THRONES CHAMBER - DAY

Harmonious harps play. Three golden thrones sit at the central hearth of a spacious, grey and white marble chamber, equipped with a single, huge golden Thread Spinning Wheel. SISTERS of FATE enter. There are 3. Adorable 1 yr. olds mixed race, chubby, trained, astute. Dressed in Grecian robes.

Each stands in front of their SAGE, 60's, teachers of wisdom. Girls face their mother, goddess THEMIS, 40's, Black. Fierce yet elegant, she sees all, even while perpetually blindfolded

Next to Themis stands their father, ZEUS, 50's, White, muscular, long white hair, white beard. With pride bordering on conceit, a crown of Oak tree leaves and Thunderbolt in hand, he delivers an OFFICIAL DECREE.

ZEUS  
Clotho. (smiles) Lachesis. Atropos.  
Daughters.

(MORE)

## ZEUS (CONT'D)

Your mother, Themis, goddess of Justice and I, your father, Zeus, King of all gods have chosen you as keepers of Mankind's Destiny. *This* is sacred duty you were born to fulfill.

Zeus looks at each of daughters. His eyes return and rest on CLOTHO, cherub-like, sandy brown curly hair.

## ZEUS (CONT'D)

No god, including myself, shall intercede, override or intrude. Your decisions are all your own and final.

Themis' golden blindfold *Radiates* and *Glow*s.

## ZEUS (CONT'D)

For your protection, you shall not leave these grounds. Half of each day is to be devoted to spinning Mortal Life Threads behind the protection of the Sealed Doors of this Temple. The gravity of your work demands it.

Zeus seals the double-door entrance to the Temple with his signature Lightning Bolt Emblem.

## THEMIS

Your 3 Sages are the only ones with keys to bypass the seal. They shall teach you and care for you. My dearest Clotho, I grant to you the power to open the portal from the Eternal to the Temporal World. You are hereby, the Giver of Life. Spinner of the Mortal Life Thread. You are to nurture Mankind.

Clotho bows her head. Accepts. Zeus smiles proudly at Clotho, turns to LACHESIS, red hair, freckles.

## ZEUS

Responsible for a mortal's life span, Lachesis, you are hereby, the Multiplier of Life. Measurer of the Mortal Life Thread. You are to cultivate compassion towards Mankind.

Lachesis hesitates. LACHESIS' SAGE, 60's, baldhead, monk-like, sage robe, steps forward. Clotho side glances.

LACHESIS' SAGE  
(whispers) Lachesis!

Lachesis' Sage touches her shoulder. Lachesis huffs, reluctantly acquiesces. Bows her head. Zeus turns to ATROPOS, long, straight, midnight black hair.

ZEUS  
You, Atropos, decide when, where and how a mortal shall perish. You are hereby, the Enforcer of Death. Cutter of the Mortal Life Thread. You must be unyielding and fierce in your execution.

Atropos bows her head *deeply*. Accepts. She looks up for Zeus' approval to find him *beaming* at Clotho. Disappointed, she stares down at her feet.

ZEUS (CONT'D)  
Henceforth you 3 are bound by duty and honor, to maintain Mankind's balance in the Universe.

*Lightning Strikes. Burns* the name of each sister into their Throne, sealing their fate. Each Throne is now labeled with a name, "CLOTHO," "LACHESIS," "ATROPOS." With that Zeus and Themis leave.

SISTERS GROWING UP, SPINNING LIVES MONTAGE:

The girls are tiny, weaving Mortal Life Threads, Sages assist at every step.

Time jumps to grade school age 8, weaving takes great effort. Sages stand aside, assisting when needed.

Time jumps to early teens, 13, girls chat excitedly, weaving without Sages.

Time jumps to young adults, 19, weaving with grace, elegance and experience.

Clotho rotates her right arm in 3 large circles. The Golden Circle Portal appears and hovers. Out pours grey, dense fog. She reaches inside and pulls out a Soul.

A white, grapefruit-sized, illuminated Cloud. She cradles it. Whispers to it. Like cotton candy, pulls a portion and threads it into the Spinning Wheel. She spins the Cloud into a brilliant illuminated string. Clotho repeats. Reaching into the Golden Circle Portal. Starting cycle over again.

Lachesis pulls the illuminated string from the end of the Spinning Wheel. Closes her eyes. *Feels* the life of the human. Once thread passes through her hands, it becomes a glowing Gold Mortal Life Thread. She hands the Mortal Life Thread to Atropos. Repeats.

Atropos takes golden sheers in her left hand and cuts the Mortal Life Thread. Leftover portion turns black then turns to ash. Atropos passes the Mortal Life Thread through her fingers to seal. It glows brightest here. She drops it into a Long Wicker Basket on her left. Repeats.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. MT. OLYMPUS TEMPLE OF GODS - WINTER HALL - DAY

Melodic harps play as SERVANTS set a long oak table with gold dinnerware, diamond glasses and a cornucopia of food.

The sisters eat and drink lavishly in Winter Hall, a vast white and grey-veined marble hall with an oversized fireplace and Olympic torches lining the exceedingly tall walls.

**SUPER: 2023**

LACHESIS

Why did Father bind us? Did he not know that one day we would like to see the world beyond this Temple?

CLOTHO

We were born to fulfill a great duty. It is an honor, Sister.

Clotho picks a grape from a bunch. Pops it into her mouth.

LACHESIS

A foregone conclusion for you, Clotho. You are Father's favorite.

Incensed at the suggestion, Atropos looks up from her plate.

ATROPOS

It is not true. We ALL are Father's favorite.

Lachesis laughs.

LACHESIS

Ironic you should say that, when he likes you *least* of us all.

Lachesis high-pitched laugh irritates Atropos. Her heart races as she searches for harsh words to punch back.

ATROPOS  
SILENCE, you idle-headed miscreant!

Lachesis is momentarily stunned. She grasps her heart. A wounded Atropos leans forward.

ATROPOS (CONT'D)  
*I am fiercest of us all. I am the  
Bringer of Death.*

Atropos' eyes turn *black*. Her stare is as cold as Death, itself.

ATROPOS (CONT'D)  
Father *is* proud of me.

Atropos looks to Clotho for confirmation, who looks down at her plate causing Atropos to falter.

ATROPOS (CONT'D)  
I...I...know it.

Atropos blinks. Doubting. Her normal eyes return. Lachesis raises an eyebrow, a laugh escapes her. Atropos ignores her.

ATROPOS (CONT'D)  
And whether or not he considered if  
we'd like to leave, it matters not.  
For we *must* execute our duties.  
Less the Universe loses all  
balance.

LACHESIS  
Execute duties?! We *can* do this. We  
*cannot* do that! Eat while you can,  
Sisters. For once Clotho opens the  
portal, we *cannot* stop weaving  
until the day is done. Rules!  
Limitations! Control!

Lachesis slams the table.

LACHESIS (CONT'D)  
I can not bear it much longer! What  
about love? Do you NOT want to know  
what it feels like?

Atropos gulps. Contemplates. The clock strikes.

ATROPOS  
It is time.

The sisters look at each other. They rise from their meal.

ATROPOS (CONT'D)

Mind your words, Lachesis. The aides are beginning to whisper. Your discontent is becoming widespread.

Lachesis is slow to rise, drags her feet.

CLOTHO

It is for the love of mankind that we do this work, Sister.

LACHESIS

Speak for yourself, Clotho. If left to their own devices, do you honestly believe mankind will choose the greater good over their own selfish desires? They have no love, BUT love of self. How can you love a creature so blind to the beauty and balance you bring to their existence?

CLOTHO

I look at them as though they are my children. They do not know any better. And I love them still.

Lachesis refuses, shakes her head. They leave Winter Hall.

INT. MT. OLYMPUS TEMPLE OF GODS - 3 THRONES CHAMBER - DAY

Distant, the sisters walk into the Chamber. Each sits at their throne. Lachesis huffs. Atropos side eyes her. Clotho observes them both.

They weave several Mortal Life Threads. Lachesis looks up from pulling a new Mortal Life Thread. She notices the Seal on the entrance is Undone. The door is cracked open!

LACHESIS

Clotho? Atropos? The Seal!

Alarmed, Clotho and Atropos look up from their work.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

EXT. CITY AERIAL STREET VIEW - NIGHT

A grey Mercedes Benz drives down a busy two-way street.

INT. BLAKE LANE'S CAR - NIGHT

The saying, "Black don't crack" was created for BLAKE LANE. For a man in his late 50's, he's quite fit, finding his niche with women less than half his age. He touches a screen to answer a call from TATIANA, 19, who seems unsure of herself.

BLAKE  
(into car speaker phone) Hello?

TATIANA (O.S.)  
Hello? Mr. Lane? This is your intern, Tatiana?

BLAKE  
Hahaha, call me Blake, honey.  
What's up?

TATIANA (O.S.)  
Nav says I'll get there in 20?

BLAKE  
That'll work. Hey, have you eaten?

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Blake pulls up to a restaurant, stops to valet his Benz.

TATIANA (O.S.)  
(laughs) No? I thought I'd catch a bite after.

BLAKE  
I'm grabbing takeout right now,  
I'll pick you up something. What do you like?

TATIANA (O.S.)  
Uh. Whatever you're having.

BLAKE  
Gotcha.

Blake hangs up. Tosses key fob to VALET. Goes inside.

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

In walks Blake. Immaculately dressed, manicured nails. He stops at the bar. Orders takeout from curvy BARTENDER, 20's, Latina, long dark hair. Blake smiles, stares with lust.

BLAKE  
 Make that 3. And can you bag the  
 3rd meal separately?

Blake gives the Bartender his card. She places the order. Makes him a cognac. He slides a fat tip. She smiles. He watches as she walks away.

EXT. BLAKE'S APT. - NIGHT

Blake exits car. Stops near HOMELESS MAN, 60's, sitting outside his upscale apartment building. Gives him Take Out. They air fist bump. Homeless man smiles with gratitude. Blake nods. Walks to lobby where Tatiana is waiting.

INT. BLAKE'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Very nice space. Impressionist art on walls. Blake enters, Tatiana follows, takes off her jacket, blonde, big breasts. Bright eyed and ready-for-the-world, she checks her phone.

TATIANA  
 Good news! We've just hit 10  
 million subscribers!

Blake smiles.

BLAKE  
 Oh yeah? Thanks, Tits. (shakes his  
 head) I'm sorry, Tatiana, right?

Wags his finger at her cleavage. She laughs for his approval.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
 See what you're putting me through?  
 Making my work environment hostile.

He looks at his fly. She forces a laugh. Blake takes the food to kitchen. She adjusts her shirt, tries to cover herself.

INT. BLAKE'S APT. - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Blake returns, sits at round table with podcast mic. Tatiana clears her throat, pulls up a chair, opens her laptop. Blake puts on headphones.

TATIANA

Let me know when you're ready.

Blake laughs.

BLAKE

Oh, I'm always ready.

TATIANA

OK. 3, 2, 1. And we're on.

Presses record on audio and camera.

BLAKE

(into mic) Welcome to the Blake Lane Show. Where you come to hear the REAL from a Real Man's perspective. Today's topic is Boss Chick, Single Chick. You know who I'm talking about.

Presses sound effect that says "I'm educated" in a woman's voice.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

--but can you burn? You know who I'm talking about. Quick to tell you I got my money right. But can't give you one recipe. Yeah, you can burn. Can't cook worth a lick.

A sizzle sound effect.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

These women want to ask, what gives you the right to judge me, Blake? (whiny impression) What gives you the right to tell me how it is? My 10 Million subscribers.

Applause sound effect.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you. And what do these women say? I'm waiting for Mr. Right. And who is that? They always hold out for a man above her grade. A man she wants that doesn't want her. And why doesn't he want her? Because she ain't got the goods.

Womp, womp sad horn sound effect. Tatiana holds up a small white board. "Callers in cue." Blake reads it.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
 Don't play me your violins. 'Cause I  
 see you. Do you see you? I'ma take  
 our first caller of the night.

Tatiana patches her through.

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Hello?

BLAKE  
 (into mic) Caller 1! How are you?

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Uh. I'm good. You?

BLAKE  
 Doing great. What can I call you?

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Call me Monique.

BLAKE  
 OK, Monique. Why are you here? How  
 can I help you?

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 I want a millionaire husband. But I  
 keep pulling in guys that are  
 beneath me.

Alarm sound effect.

BLAKE  
 Whew, Monique! Some choice words  
 you got there. And what makes you  
 feel you deserve a millionaire?

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Uh. Well. I. Uh. I earn a nice  
 salary. I just want a man that  
 matches me or better.

BLAKE  
 Are you sexy, Monique? Rate  
 yourself on a scale of 1 to 10.

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 6.

Womp, womp sad horn sound effect.

BLAKE  
 A 6! And you think you deserve a  
 baller? Let me see you, Monique.  
 Unblock the camera and let us see.

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Didn't think I'd be on camera...

BLAKE  
 Show your face or get the hell off  
 my show.--Hello!

Monique unblocks camera on her Zoom profile. Blake picks up  
 the tablet she's on, shows it to the audience.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
 Honestly. Can I be honest, Monique?  
 Tell me I can tell you the truth.

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Uh, sure.

BLAKE  
 Honey, you're a 4. And that's *with*  
 the fake hair, fake lashes and full  
 face of makeup.

Crowd gasp sound effect.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
 How old are you?

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 Well...I...I'm 39.

Plays sound bite, "Someone please call 911."

BLAKE  
 We're in hot water now. 39! The  
 milk is sitting in the trunk of a  
 hot car baking in the sun. Catch  
 me? Spoiled goods.

MONIQUE clears her throat.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
 Women like you, live and die alone.  
 You hear me? Lucky anybody wants  
 your ass! Next caller.

MONIQUE (V.O.)  
 But I--

--Blake hangs up.