

THE SIX

WHEN THE SHIT HITS THE FAN

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. WALLACE'S CAR - 4:00PM

HELEN WALLACE (50) is unconscious at the wheel. The contents of an envelope on the passenger seat have been splayed everywhere. Distant, continuous sound of horn. Accident noises rushing back. Wallace gasps. She is coming to. Everything is blurry. There is a voice: POLICE OFFICER CALVIN JACKSON (30's, 40's) is in her face. She sees his lips moving but she can't make out what he's saying. She leans back and off the deflating airbag and horn.

JACKSON

Wake up! Ma'am, ma'am, wake up. Hi there! Can you hear me? Can you tell me your name? Can you tell me what your name is?

WALLACE

(slowly coming to)
Helen-

JACKSON

Hi Helen, I'm Officer Jackson-

WALLACE

Wallace. People call me Wallace.

JACKSON

Can you tell me what happened?

WALLACE

I have no idea. There was a guy, got doored.

JACKSON

Do you know what day it is?

WALLACE

Is he OK? I don't know. Friday, it's Friday.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKSON

He's fine. Have you had anything to drink today?

WALLACE

To drink? No. I've been at work. I had some fake champagne.

JACKSON

Fake champagne?

WALLACE

Fizzy grape juice. It's my birthday.

JACKSON

Happy birthday.

WALLACE

Thanks.

JACKSON

Where's work?

Rustling around to gather the contents of her envelope.

WALLACE

I teach...at the University.

JACKSON

Ok, Helen. Why don't you just leave that stuff. The ambulance is going to be here shortly. We're just going to sit tight until they get here.

WALLACE

No ambulance! I'm fine. I gotta get home.

She tries to get up.

JACKSON

Please don't do that. You got a pretty good cut there you need to get looked at. Then we can go through a couple things.

WALLACE

What things?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKSON

Just not sure how you managed to rear-end me here. Perfectly clear day.

WALLACE

What? What are you talking about?

Trying to get up again.

WALLACE (cont'd)

I did not.

JACKSON

Stop that. You have to stop that!

WALLACE

No! Are you sure it was me? I'm a very good driver.

JACKSON

Are you kidding me?

WALLACE

(a beat)

Let me see.

He moves out of her way. The front of her car is in his trunk.

WALLACE (cont'd)

What? No, no, no, no, no. No way. This is- This is not possible. You must've- Did you cut me off?

JACKSON

Helen-

WALLACE

Wallace.

JACKSON

I was stopped. I pulled over- the cyclist.

WALLACE

Well, you're not even hurt!

JACKSON

I wasn't in the-(realizing) You're that woman!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WALLACE

What woman?

JACKSON

That woman! From this morning!

ACT ONE

INT./EXT. WALLACE'S CAR - 8:45AM

Rush hour traffic. Wallace pulls out of the Tim Horton's drive through and into the line of traffic cutting off a cab. HONK! A radio talk show debates:

HOST (V.O.)

So at this point we're counting on the Chinese?

GUEST (V.O.)

Largely. Because neither power is likely to back down without compulsion.

HOST (V.O.)

I saw one headline in the wee hours that used the term "brink". Do you think that's accurate?

She tries to drink her Tim Horton's coffee. It's dripping everywhere.

GUEST (V.O.)

I don't know. We're certainly closer than we have been since...

WALLACE

Chris almighty.

She struggles to clean coffee off her suit. Her phone buzzes. A text from "Evan". She swipes the message away. The traffic starts to move but she does not. Horns honk.

INT. ANSARI'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

AHMAD ANSARI (30'S) is listening to the same radio show. This *woman*, driving the Audi is clearly and idiot.

GUEST

...oh I don't know- Cuban Missile Crisis?

HOST (V.O.)

You think we're personally at risk up here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSARI

Of course we are.

GUEST (V.O.)

Who knows. If I were them, I'd be looking at containment plans that involved both borders.

ANSARI

Obviously.

GUEST (V.O.)

And while we're not enemy number one, our track record isn't perfect. Guilty by association.

ANSARI

(honks again)

Jesus Christ, lady.

HOST

I'm not sure guilty is-

His earpiece rings. He turns the radio off but we can still hear it emanating from other cars.

ANSARI

Ahmad. Yeah, what's up? Is she OK? Call Hospital at Home. See what time they come. OK. Let me know. I'll bring something later. From Amena. Yeah.

(in Arabic)

Talk to you later. Love you.

INT./EXT. JACKSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jackson, two cars back, is in his own rush hour hell. Trapped in traffic with his daughter JADA(5), entirely dressed in an Elsa costume and holding an Elsa doll, who almost never stops talking. Jada has to get to school and they're late as usual. Same radio station.

HOST (V.O.)

So what do we do?

GUEST (V.O.)

That's the question isn't it. We wait, we hope, we lobby our governments, we pray if you believe in that sort of thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST (V.O.)
That's all you got?

GUEST (V.O.)
Wish I had more!

JACKSON
(honking)
Oh come on. Not today.

GUEST (V.O.)
Bottom line is, we're in a new
world. The old rules don't apply
anymore and we have to start
wrapping our minds around that.

HOST (V.O.)
Well I want to thank our esteemed
guest-

Jackson flips the radio off. *Too much bullshit.* He honks again.

JADA
They're driving crazy Daddy.

JACKSON
I know baby.

JADA
Why's everybody so crazy?

JACKSON
I don't know baby.

JADA
Daddy, I don't want to go to
school.

She drops Elsa's shoe.

JADA (cont'd)
Daddy.

INT./EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ansari hangs his head out the window. Honking more aggressively now.

ANSARI
Wake up lady! Drive! You're
blocking the traffic!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He lays on the horn. We see Wallace through the rear window her face in the mirror. She snaps inside. She gets out. Her suit is covered in coffee. She puts on her sunglasses and walks towards the cab in that, *now someone is gonna die*, way.

INT. JACKSON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Officer Jackson watches in aggravation.

JACKSON
(reaching back to
grab the shoe)

Here.

JADA
I really don't want to go to
school.

JACKSON
We've talked about that Jada- No,
lady get back in your car.

JADA
Daddy! I don't want to go! I want
Mommy!

EXT. ANSARI'S CAB - CONTINUOUS

Wallace approaches the cabby's window. He turns off his radio.

ANSARI
What are you doing crazy lady?
You're blocking the traffic. Wake
up! It's rush hour.

WALLACE

She puts her purse down in that, *now you made me put my
purse down*, way.

WALLACE (cont'd)
(leaning in)
Where are you from?

He stares at her; *WTF?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE (cont'd)
 Maybe you didn't notice but I was
 having some trouble up there?

ANSARI
 I don't care-

WALLACE
 If you were from here, you'd know
 that it's impolite to honk like
 that.

He stares: *WTF?!* She stares back: *THAT'S RIGHT!* Ansari
 honks. It's a stare down.

INT./EXT. JACKSON'S CAR/STREET CONTINUOUS

Jackson hangs his head out the window.

JACKSON
 Excuse me!

JADA
 Daddy I dropped the other shoe.

JACKSON
 Excuse me!

JADA
 Daddy!

JACKSON
 Baby, stop!

Wallace hears this and trains her sights on Jackson.

WALLACE
 Excuse me?

JACKSON
 Not you. My daughter-

WALLACE
 And I heard you honk too-

JADA
 Daddy!

JACKSON
 Is there a problem?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WALLACE

Nope. Thanks. Everything's fine.

Ansari hanging his head out the window to look back at Officer Jackson.

ANSARI

She's crazy.

WALLACE

Good one.

JACKSON

If you wouldn't mind-

JADA

I want Mommy!

JACKSON

Would you please get back in your car drive lady!

ANSARI

She's crazy. You're crazy lady!

His head out the window back at Jackson.

ANSARI (cont'd)

She's rat shit crazy!

Gets in his face.

WALLACE

Bat shit. It's bat shit crazy.
Learn the language.

Ansari honks more. Ansari hits auto dial on his phone and unleashes via his Bluetooth, in Arabic, about *this woman*.

WALLACE (cont'd)

Oh, you want to go there? Fine.

Wallace pulls out her phone. Another message from "Evan" on the screen. She swipes it away and dials "Lee".

EXT. CORSO ITALIA - MOMENTS BEFORE

LEONORA ROSSI (40'S) is walking her dog WOOFUS. She sees a YOUNG WOMAN (20'S) carrying a big pack of flyers going door-to-door, depositing them into mailboxes. Lee flares.

(CONTINUED)