

CORKED

Written by

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ON BLACK

The sound of semi-truck gears. The gears GRIND and SQUEAL. A horn WAILS. Tires SCREECH. Metal SCRATCHES. Sirens BLARE.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The faint sound of sirens doesn't distract CATHERINE ROGERS (35), the picture of cool professionalism, she adjust her headset, shakes her head and sucks her teeth in disgust.

CATHERINE

Line 27. We're investment bankers.
People expect us to get the math
right. Fix it and get me a new
model.

Catherine pulls her headset off.

ANNA (27), ambitious, intense and a little nervous clutches a tablet. She walks to Catherine's desk. As Anna walks we see a series of framed magazine covers: U.S. BANKER Rising Stars of Wall Street, AMERICAN BANKER Top 40 Under 40, FORBES Top Investment Bankers to Watch. Anna taps on the tablet.

ANNA

Uh -- Can I confirm your lunch?

CATHERINE

No. Move Bernard.

ANNA

This will be the fourth time... He
was rather insistent.

Catherine gives Anna a withering look.

CATHERINE

Closing Davis Investment Group is
more important.

Anna breaks eye contact. She scrolls on the tablet.

ANNA

Uh -- your mother called about
Christmas in Texas.

CATHERINE

Eh. Can you think of anything
worse? I'll handle it. You can take
care of this.

Catherine reaches beneath her desk. She pulls out a large box.
Anna takes the box. She looks at the image.

ANNA

A nativity set. It's beautiful.

Anna places her tablet on the box. She looks at Catherine.

CATHERINE

Is there something else?

ANNA

Uh -- My notes on the term sheet?

Catherine shuffles papers.

CATHERINE

Your instincts are good.

Catherine pulls the notes out of a pile.

CATHERINE

Your math is sloppy.

Catherine drops the pages on top of the box.

Anna struggles to look over the box at Catherine.

CATHERINE

Mistakes are expensive. Don't make them.

Anna drops her head and walks away.

Catherine shuffles some papers. She uncovers her phone and looks at the screen: A string of missed calls from, "512-393-7800, Driftwood, TX." She scrolls through text messages and stops on the last one.

MOM(TEXT)

*Can't wait to see you. Smiley Face
Emoji. Christmas Tree Emoji.*

The phone vibrates. Catherine looks at the screen: 512-393-7800, Driftwood, TX. She hits the button.

CATHERINE

Hello.

CALLER (V.O.)

Catherine Rogers?

CATHERINE
Who is this?

CALLER (V.O.)
Ma'am this is deputy Brady Walker
with the Driftwood Sheriff's
Department, in Texas.

CATHERINE
How may I help you?

BRADY (V.O.)
To verify, are Neil and Eloise
Rogers your parents?

CATHERINE
Yes. What's this about?

BRADY (V.O.)
I've left you several messages--

CATHERINE
I've been busy.

A KNOCK on the door.

Catherine looks up.

BERNARD ROTH (60), slick, arrogant, used to being the most
important person in the room, leans against the door frame.
He polishes an apple on his jacket sleeve.

Catherine waves him in.

Bernard closes the office door and walks over to the window.

BRADY (V.O.)
Your parents were in an accident.

Catherine watches Bernard.

BRADY (V.O.)
You need to come to Texas.

CATHERINE
No. I can't. I've got your number.
Let me call you back.

Catherine hits end. She stares at the phone with concern.

Bernard turns from the window and looks at Catherine.

BERNARD
Christ! Who died?

Catherine looks up.

CATHERINE

I don't have time for this. Anna should've--

BERNARD

This won't take long.

Bernard bites into the apple and steps away from the window.

BERNARD

You're fired.

CATHERINE

What? You can't fire me. I'm on the verge of closing Nagasaki.

Bernard looks past Catherine through the glass pane in the office door at Anna. He gestures with his apple.

BERNARD

Anna can handle it. She's quite the go-getter. She showed me her notes.

CATHERINE

Anna? She can't start a sentence with saying "Uh."

Catherine walks around the desk.

CATHERINE

I've worked too hard. When I close this deal, I'm taking my seat as a named partner. I've earned it.

BERNARD

There it is.

He points his apple at Catherine.

BERNARD

The attitude. You don't have respect for the chain of command. How many meetings did I request?

CATHERINE

I was hired to close deals.

Bernard takes another bite of his apple. He wipes his mouth.

BERNARD

I run things. I ask for a meeting, you take it.

CATHERINE

Well... Now I know how you feel--

BERNARD

The girl from HR will be down to go over things. It's a nice package.

Catherine sighs, she shifts on her feet.

CATHERINE

The partners won't let this happen.

Bernard walks to the door.

BERNARD

Your arrogance is boundless.

Catherine's phone vibrates on the desk. She looks at it: Driftwood, Texas. She snatches it up and in an effort to switch it off inadvertently turns it on.

BERNARD

You think I'd be here if they weren't behind me?

Catherine strides over to Bernard.

CATHERINE

I've got twenty million on the table and the support of Nagasaki's chairman.

Bernard sneers.

BERNARD

Your boyfriends money won't save you this time.

Catherine, defiant, stares at Bernard.

BERNARD

As for the chairman, he's out. Seems his government doesn't look kindly on people who accept bribes.

Bernard takes another bite of the apple and opens the door.

Two armed SECURITY GUARDS with boxes stand outside.

Bernard walks out of the office. He waves the Guards in.

Catherine's phone rings. She hits the button.

CATHERINE

What!

BRADY (V.O.)

Ma'am, we got disconnected. As I was say'n, y'er parents-

CATHERINE

Listen, this is not a good time-

BRADY (V.O.)

Never is. That being said, Doc-

An image of MATT DAVIS (40), flashes on Catherine's computer screen. He's handsome. His presence commands respect.

CATHERINE

Sheriff, please hold.

Catherine hits mute. She picks up her headset and clicks on Matt's image.

CATHERINE

News travels fast.

Catherine looks from Matt to a Guard. The Guard takes the framed magazine covers off the wall and places them in a box.

MATT (V.O.)

Bernard feels threatened. He struck first. The partners want a meeting.

A Guard picks up a framed photo. Catherine snatches the photo and stares at the image: Catherine in a cap and gown. A MAN adjusts her tassel. A WOMAN clutches her arm and looks up at her with adoration.

MATT (V.O.)

Don't get distracted. This is what you've worked for.

Catherine returns her attention to Matt.

MATT

Are you ready to take your place?

Catherine puts the photo face down on the desk. She hits mute, takes off her headset and picks up her phone.

CATHERINE

Hello, Sheriff.

FADE TO BLACK.