

DOUBLE BLIND

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FADE IN:

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - GLENDALE, CA - DAY

Palm trees and cacti dot the SoCal garden like grey wildflowers... (**everything is in black & white**).

This essence of tranquility could easily be mistaken for Eden if not for --

THE SOUND OF pruning shears snipping off branches.

Amid the peaceful bird songs - a ridiculously loud BELCH cuts through the AIR (O.S.)

Behind a nearby palm tree --

JAY (30s/40s - Caucasian) is PISSING.

Head cocked upward - his finger traces an airplane leaving a VAPOR TRAIL across the sky.

JAY
(singing)
I'm gonna float forever...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

TOWNE (30s/40s - Caucasian) sitting on the toilet URINATING.

TOWNE
(singing)
No one's gonna bring me down...

Another noisy BELCH rings out (O.S.)

Rolling her eyes, she props the french door open with her BARE foot.

TOWNE (CONT'D)
That's totally disgusting, Jay. I
could hear it all the way in here.

Jay zips up his cargo shorts --

JAY
It was only a burp! And besides,
I'm in the safe zone.

Towne reaches for toilet paper --

TOWNE
Safe zone?

Jay picks back up his shears --

JAY
Yeah, you know? Outside, in
nature!

Towne washes her hands, looking in the MIRROR.

TOWNE
I'm gonna start coming out there,
peeing right next to you.
(she keeps washing them)
How you like that?

Jay snaps off another dead twig, chuckling --

JAY
Doesn't work that way, babe.

CUT TO BLACK

(O.S.) THREE KNOCKS

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

A door opens, revealing --

SUN (30s/40s - Asian) and GLORY (30s/40s - Latina).

SUPER: 7:00 PM

TOWNE (O.S.)
Hey, y'all!

Towne and Glory embrace.

TOWNE (CONT'D)
So glad you could make it.

GLORY
Thank you for inviting us!

She hands Towne a tiny potted plant.

GLORY (CONT'D)
Mint. May you always have the
freshest Mojitos!

Towne hugs her again --

GLORY (CONT'D)
 Baby, you've met Towne before,
 right?

TOWNE
 The cute lawyer? Where is he?

Sun leans in, smiling --

SUN
 Hi Towne.
 (hugging her)
 These are for you.

TOWNE
 Honey?!

Jay LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR from around a corner.

He spies the wine bottles in Sun's hands.

JAY
 I see you come bearing gifts. Why
 thank you, kind sir.

SUN
 We weren't sure what's on the menu,
 so we brought red and white.

Jay playfully grabs the pinot noir --

JAY
A bottle of red...

Then the chardonnay --

JAY (CONT'D)
A bottle of white...

Towne joins in:

TOWNE
It all depends upon...
 (singing together)
Your aaaaappetite!

Laughing, Jay reaches for Towne's hand. DIPPING her deep - he
 KISSES her hard on her lips.

Glory claps her hands in delight --

Not wanting to feel left out, Sun flicks his LIGHTER ON and
 holds it high.

INT. BUNGALOW - LATER

RED WINE fills a glass.

TOWNE

Drink up, y'all. There's plenty
more where this came from.

(pouring)

It feels so good to finally be
having people over like this!

GLORY

I know, it's been too long.

Holding up her glass --

GLORY (CONT'D)

I wanna make a toast! To new
neighbors and new friends... and
new ways of doing things!

The four of them clink glasses.

Springing over the couch, Jay grabs his phone and scrolls
through his PLAYLIST.

SUN (O.S.)

This is an impressive collection
Jay.

Sun admires the DVD collection amid the overflowing
bookshelves. A MANILA FOLDER sticks out, surrounded by books
and hand sanitizer.

JAY

Thanks, bud.

Gnawing on a fingernail --

JAY (CONT'D)

Question is, do we go with a little
Beck? Or is Janelle Monáe more
appropriate?

Pondering this crucial decision, his gaze falls to the mirror
above the couch, where --

A WOMAN'S FACE is reflecting back at him.

Everything but her eyes are concealed by a FACE MASK.

JAY (CONT'D)

(startled)

Jesus!

In the dutch doorway --

The SILHOUETTE looms.

TOWNE (O.S.)

Oh, yay!

Towne hurries to the door.

The porch light IS FLICKERING over CANDIS (30s/40s - African American)- while **simultaneously FLASHING on the Viewer's screen...** then abruptly GOES BLACK.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - 8:00 PM
[Episode 2]

The WHITE LIGHT over Candis's head has stabilized.

Towne embraces her - oblivious.

TOWNE

I'm so glad you came!

Candis - lowering her mask - hugs her back.

TOWNE (CONT'D)

Have y'all met Candis?

Candis gives a big wave --

CANDIS

Hey!

EVERYONE ELSE

Hi Candis!

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - LATER

FINGERS DIG in the DIRT.

Pulling her hands back, Towne looks up at the women.

TOWNE

Here, take this.

Handing Glory several fresh oregano leaves.

GLORY

So what do you think about me opening with "The cat fights, the love affairs, the 20-minute-slow-mo kisses that shaped us into the passionate women we are today"... Too dramatic?

TOWNE

Too dramatic??
(giggling)
I love it! You host a podcast on telenovelas... It's totally on brand.

Towne hands more leaves to them.

CANDIS

Why so much?

TOWNE

I like how it tastes.

Standing up --

TOWNE (CONT'D)

And, carvacrol... Wait. Is that an eyelash?

Wiping her fingers clean, Towne gently plucks a lone eyelash from Candis's cheek.

TOWNE (CONT'D)

Make a wish.

Candis giggles and Glory leans in.

CANDIS

Okay.

Closing her eyes --

GLORY

Isn't she supposed to blow on it?

TOWNE

That's right.

Candis blows on Towne's fingers and the eyelash flutters in the breeze.

Jumping back --

TOWNE (CONT'D)
 Don't let it land on us! If it
 does, it won't come true.

The women hop backwards, laughing, as the eyelash just misses
 them. It falls to ground and disappears into the black DIRT --

LATER:

A SLIDING GLASS DOOR OPENS --

JAY
 This used to be a garage.

Reaching inside the GUEST HOUSE he grabs a couple bottles of
 wine.

SUN
 No shit?

JAY
 Yeah, I rebuilt most of it myself.

Handing the bottles to Sun.

JAY (CONT'D)
 I'm thinking of bringing my weights
 out here.

Sun peers inside --

SUN
 I dig how your cultivating a
 minimalist vibe.

Jay grabs two more bottles.

JAY
 It's a new decade bro... I wanna
 eat healthier. I wanna stay fit.
 Towne too.

Pulling the door shut, he stands outside and looks up at the
 sky.

JAY (CONT'D)
 I want it all.

Sun looks up too --

SUN
 Be better... *Be best*... right?

A BEAT.

They both shake their heads in utter defeat. There's nothing else to say really.

A helicopter passes overhead...

SUN (CONT'D)

You ever think about the fact that we're all either getting married to the person we're with right now - or - we're in the process of breaking up...?

LATER:

IN GARDEN --

Towne is still barefoot. Her toes press down into the soil.

Bending down --

TOWNE

How did you know Glory?

She plants the new mint tree next to the oregano and thyme herbs.

GLORY

It's my Latina witch magic. I pretty much know everything about plants.

Standing up, the three women look down into the dirt --

GLORY (CONT'D)

They're all part of the same family, too.

TOWNE

With the same dietary properties.

She fills Candis's wine glass, then Glory's --

TOWNE (CONT'D)

I wanna be more healthy this decade, more fit... I wanna be a good actress.

GLORY

What are you talking about? You're a great fucking actress!

Towne grabs Glory's arm.

TOWNE
Thank you.

A BEAT.

TOWNE (CONT'D)
But... I wanna be better, too. Ya
know? Like, upgrade. These are the
roaring 20s...
(filling her own glass)
I wanna roar.

They CLINK their glasses together, giggling and roaring at
the top of their lungs --

LATER:

IN BACKYARD --

Jay and Sun have joined the women, helping set the TABLE.

SUN
You've got a cool place here.

JAY
Been in the family since 1932. I'm
just paying it forward. Like my
dad before me.

The wine is flowing. Towne sets a giant salad in the middle.

Reaching for a CANDLE -

Sun's LIGHTER APPEARS - igniting the candle's wick.

TOWNE
Glory, your man be smooth... How
you get him to act like that?

Laughing, Glory drapes herself across Sun's chest --

GLORY
He's my fuck-boy, that's how.

SUN
I prefer boy-toy.

Pantomiming WINDING HIMSELF UP he does the robot and REACHES
for Glory.

OUCH!

His hand BRUSHES A CACTUS, drawing blood.

SUN (CONT'D)
Dammit.

TOWNE
Lemme get a band-aid.

Candis drizzles WATER over Sun's cut --

SUN
It's nothing.

Glory squeezes Sun's ass.

GLORY
That's hot, baby.

Kissing his thumb until --

TOWNE PLACES A BAND-AID over his tiny cut.

Jay holds up GARDEN CLIPPERS.

JAY
Alright, alright -

Talking to the cacti --

JAY (CONT'D)
Which one of ya did it?

Towne laughs, and we see the band-aid darken with blood, in stark black & white.

EXT. BUNGALOW - BACKYARD - 9:00 PM
[Episode 3]

Through the candle's FLAME we see Sun, chowing down, his plate almost clean.

He takes a sip of wine and laughs --

JAY (O.S.)
Glory.

Caught off guard --

GLORY
How can I help you, love?

JAY
Truth or dare?

She considers this for a BEAT.

GLORY
Dare.

Ooohs and Aaaahs from the table.

JAY
How 'bout you give your fuck boy a
hickey.

SUN
Oh, hell no, man!

As he moves away from Glory - she reaches out and grabs him
by the belt.

Sun feigns retreat as she plants one square on his neck.

TOWNE
Whoohoo! Now you know what
unwanted physical contact feels
like boys!

Regaining his breath from laughing --

JAY
Okay, Sun. Your turn. Truth or
dare?

Sun is furiously rubbing his neck while making sexy faces to
Glory - much to the amusement of the women.

SUN
Shit. Truth, I guess.

JAY
What's the most fucked up thing
you've ever seen?

Still rubbing - he ponders the question.

A BEAT.

SUN
There's this woman named Marta from
work... She's 28. Had her eight
year old daughter Lupe taken away
from her by ICE.

Everyone looks at him.

He drains his wine glass --

SUN (CONT'D)

That isn't even the most fucked up part. The most fucked up part is that we don't even know exactly where Lupe is. She's at one of the concentration camps in Texas. But there are dozens of them there.

Delirious - Jay runs inside and comes LEAPING BACK with what appears to be a JUDGE'S GAVEL.

Banging it on the table --

JAY

Counselor, this is my granddaddy's gavel. He was a federal judge. And by the power vested in me, I hereby rule that your case is too vile and fucked up for me to process in my current
(burps)
disposition.

His dander up --

SUN

Your honor, I'd like to remind the court that the white whale is number 45 himself. And as he has continually bespoiled and besmirched our great nation, I will do whatever is in my power to keep this court sacrosanct!

Everyone CHEERS and begins pounding the table.

SUN (CONT'D)

But rest assured I'll go full goddamn Ahab if I have to, your honor!

Towne gets up and starts topping off everyone's glass --

TOWNE

Alexa, play Lizzo.

ALEXA (O.S.)

I'm sorry. Could you repeat that?

TOWNE

Alexa, play "Truth Hurts" by Lizzo!

Glory picks up a tomato and feeds it to Sun with her fingers.

Sun makes a slurping sound.

CANDIS
(buzzing)
This is awesome.

GLORY
So, whaddya wanna say, baby?

ALEXA (O.S.)
*I couldn't understand. Can you
please repeat that?*

The black & white palm trees sway in the SoCal breeze,
listening...

SUN
We're not wrong.

JAY
(to Towne)
Babe, you gotta say it more
clearly... Alexa, play Lizzo.

A BEAT.

GLORY
Wrong about what?

Finally, Alexa plays Lizzo --

SUN
About feeling like shit. I mean,
the American Republic is unraveling
before our very eyes. Just like
the Roman Republic did. And you
know what the Romans got when that
happened?

Everyone is engrossed by Sun's fiery passion --

SUN (CONT'D)
Emperors. They got emperors. One
man rule.

JAY
I've said it once and I'll say it
again. Shit. Show.

SUN
And it's not just Moby Dick
himself, either.
(MORE)

SUN (CONT'D)

History is repeating itself because half of the people in this country are a bunch of brainwashed enablers who are letting it happen.

TOWNE

Cult 45.

Sun points to Towne --

SUN

Preach!

TOWNE

The women.

GLORY

The fucking women!

CANDIS

White women.

TOWNE

Yes... The fucking white women!
Over half of us.

She beats her fists on the table.

Sun responds by JUMPING up on his chair.

SUN

The birther lie!

He takes a big gulp --

SUN (CONT'D)

One of the most malignant and ugly lies in American history!

GLORY

The false equivalency.

TOWNE

Fake news! Alternative facts.

GLORY

There were very fine people on both sides!

TOWNE

Inject your body with bleach!

Sun toasts the table --

SUN
 Individual-One can SUCK it... This
 is what I'm saying!

Everyone drains their glass.

JAY
 I have to shut that shit out, ya
 know?

No one answers --

JAY (CONT'D)
 For my sanity. For my own fucking
 peace of mind.

LIZZO (V.O.)
 (from speaker)
*Why men great 'til they gotta be
 great?*

Sun fires up his lighter.

A BEAT.

SUN
 We need to put that shit-gibbon's
 fire out.

With the swish of his hand the flame DISAPPEARS in his fist.

SUN (CONT'D)
 And bring it back with something
 new.

Opening his fingers - the lighter's fire MAGICALLY COMES BACK
 ON.

Everyone Ooohs and Aaahs.

Jay lights a joint in the flames and offers it forward --

INT. BUNGALOW - 10:00 PM
 [Episode 4]

Glory is drunk.

Fun drunk. Controlled drunk. She opens her purse and throws a
 FIVE DOLLAR BILL on the table next to a smoldering roach.

GLORY

Okay, c'mon now. Everybody pony up.
Let's go.

Jay giggles and opens his wallet. He drops a ONE DOLLAR BILL on the table, the green bills looking SILVER in the black & white.

TOWNE

What are we playin'?

GLORY

Liar's poker.

Sun plops down on the couch next to Glory.

SUN

Any bill, right?

He hands her a TWENTY.

GLORY

Yes. Doesn't matter who's on it.

Candis stops browsing through the DVDs and drops a ONE DOLLAR BILL in --

TOWNE

Wait. Wait!

Towne dramatically places a TEN DOLLAR BILL on the pile.

TOWNE (CONT'D)

(rapping)

The 10 dollar -

Founding father without a father -

Glory stacks them together --

GLORY

They're our cards, pick one.

LATER:

More wine is being poured.

They sit in a circle, each holding a BILL in front of their faces --

GLORY (CONT'D)

Ummm... Let's see... Four eights.

Everyone is studying their respective serial numbers, calculating how many duplicate numerals there are among all of them.

CANDIS
You're next Towne.

TOWNE
I know, I know...

Beck wails in the background --

TOWNE (CONT'D)
Five fives!

Jay hops up, dancing in place.

JAY
Baby...
(slurring)
Good call, baby.

Towne jumps up too --

GLORY
C'mon now people. Stay with me...
Jay! It's your bid.

But he turns the music up until --

EVERYONE SETS their bills down - and starts dancing too.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON dark blood on a sanitary pad.

The used pad is replaced with a new one, underwear is pulled up.

Glory stares into the mirror.

She bends down and lifts a high heel off her foot.

Massaging her toes --

TOWNE (O.S.)
I'm coming in!

Towne squeezes inside, shutting the door behind her and standing next to Glory in the mirror. She pulls up her shirt and lifts her bra revealing an angry line from the support wire.

TOWNE (CONT'D)
That's why I go barefoot.

Looking down at Glory's feet, she readjusts her bra --

TOWNE (CONT'D)
How's the fibromyalgia?

GLORY
I don't know. Nothing seems to
really work... I need better drugs.

Silently, they touch up their makeup in the mirror.

GLORY (CONT'D)
At least with masks we didn't have
to worry about painting our faces.

TOWNE
Where did you learn how to play
poker like that?

GLORY
The Wire.

A BEAT.

TOWNE
Stringer Bell, though.

Glory pantomimes having sex with Idris Elba until --
THEY LAUGH SO HARD the mirror shakes.

LATER:

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Sun stands close to Glory, drunk and high.

SUN
Eenie...

He touches her shoulder.

JAY
(stumbling in)
Meanie.

SUN
Miney...

Glory steps in front of Jay - kissing Sun on the lips.

GLORY

Moe.

Towne APPLAUDS loudly and Candis pours herself some more WATER.

Sun KISSES Glory back until --

Jay pulls Towne in for a twirl, and they fall to the couch laughing.

Glory backs up, as Thom Yorke warbles:

RADIOHEAD

(from stereo)

And this just feels like...

GLORY

(singing along)

... Spinning plates.

She SPINS the globe and squeals with laughter.

Jay turns the music up.

The GLOBE is still SPINNING WHEN --

Candis's hand STOPS it.

Some water from her glass spills on North America...

A BEAT.

She looks up.

But not at Jay or Towne or Sun or Glory.

She looks DIRECTLY AT US.

TOWNE (O.S.)

Candy, baby... What are you doing?

Candis is looking INTO THE CAMERA (it's unsettling) --

CANDIS

Did you get all that?

JAY

Who are you talking to?

Turning to face the Partygoers --

The *black & white world* **FLOODS WITH COLOR** as Candis's face fills the screen:

CANDIS
You all have been part of a DOUBLE
BLIND experiment.

SMASH-CUT TO
BLACK.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT - **ONE SECOND LATER**
[Episode 5]

Picking up where Episode 4 left off (now in FULL COLOR),
Candis is addressing the camera straight on --

CANDIS
A double blind experiment is a
study in which neither the
participants nor the experimenters
know who is receiving a particular
treatment.

Glory spills her wine, in vivid red --

TOWNE
Candis... are you feeling okay?

They stare up at her, but Candis is undeterred:

CANDIS
This procedure is utilized to
prevent bias in research results.

Her PHONE BEEPS.

CANDIS (CONT'D)
Towne. Jay.

She nods at the DATA flashing across her phone screen.

CANDIS (CONT'D)
Sun. Glory.

A BEAT.

CANDIS (CONT'D)
Y'all have been the Control Group
in this experiment.

GLORY
Experiment??

STARING DIRECTLY AHEAD, Candis refixes her gaze **on us** - *the Viewer*:

CANDIS

And you -

She POINTS her index finger in front of her --

CANDIS (CONT'D)

You have been the Test Group.

The Partygoers are SPEECHLESS.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Yes, you out there watching - you are not an observer, you are a PARTICIPANT... The drug given to the Test Group was designed to heighten one's ability to detect instances of systemic white male privilege... But the results are showing --

Studying her phone --

CANDIS (CONT'D)

The results are showing almost no difference from the Control Group.

JAY

What do you mean... white male privilege?

CANDIS

In theory, you in the Control Group should have had a lower percentage of detection. Since you were only given a placebo.

SUN

(jumping up)

What the FUCK is going on??

Glory pulls Sun back down next to her on the couch, STUNNED. She raises her empty wine glass and Towne, ever the gracious host, FILLS IT UP. She does the same for Jay and Sun until --

CANDIS

This drug was administered through the airwaves via the ELECTRONIC FLASH you experienced when I first arrived.

Dabbing her hands with sanitizer, Candis stands in a way SO THAT she's addressing both the Partygoers and the Viewer.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Which also allowed us to capture
all of your reactions.

You can hear a pin drop as she speed-reads through the
incoming data.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Unfortunately, though, the dosage
of our drug does not appear to have
been strong enough.

Turning, she looks directly into the camera (*AT US... it's
creepy*):

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Because almost all of you out there
STILL scored very low in your
ability to detect these
occurrences.

The room bursting with color, she retrieves the MANILA
ENVELOPE from between the stack of DVD's.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Let's start with *space*.

She pulls out a piece of paper and holds it in front of Jay --

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Jay, you keep the deed to this
property right here amongst your
movies. This must be something you
cherish?

JAY

I like my house, so... yeah.

CANDIS

When your grandfather Garland
bought this property in 1932, the
City of Glendale was known as a
"Sundown Town." It was so called
because African Americans like me
were not only prohibited from
residing or owning property here,
but they actually had to exit the
city limits by sundown every
evening.

FLASH TO:

EXT. BUNGALOW - 1932 (**BLACK AND WHITE**)

In dignified repose --

GARLAND (30s) stands in the front yard, examining the house.

CANDIS (V.O.)

White flight played a central role
in your grandfather's decision to
leave the Boyle Heights area of Los
Angeles and move his family,
including your father, here to the
suburbs.

Beaming with satisfaction - Garland offers an EXAGGERATED
HANDSHAKE to the WHITE MALE REALTOR.

CANDIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

This was the same man who sat on
LA's ninth circuit for 27 years.

CLOSE ON: Garland, wearing black judge's robes and a grim
scowl, BANGS THE GAVEL.

BACK TO:

Candis hands Jay the old house deed.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

This house. This *space*. Was
handed down to you at an enormous
cost that others were forced to pay
for.

Jay wants to say something. But he bites his tongue.

Towne gets up --

TOWNE

Candis, I don't know what the hell
this is, but -

CANDIS

(interrupting)
Carvacrol.

Holding up her phone --

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Don't worry... Only two percent of the Test Group indicated any understanding of this, so you're not alone --

FLASH TO:

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

FINGERS PLANT an oregano seed in dark soil.

CANDIS (V.O.)

Carvacrol is a weight loss booster...

SUDDENLY, in sped-up stop-motion, WE SEE the bright green oregano plant sprout out of the dirt and SHOOT UPWARDS --

CANDIS (V.O.)(CONT'D)

... and yet the vast majority of people believe they're using it - whatever "it" may be - for health reasons, because most Americans confuse and equate health with weight. Which is a tenet of white supremacy.

A MONTAGE OF IMAGES fills the screen, faster and faster as we travel backward INTO:

THE HISTORY of (white)MEN CONTROLLING WOMEN'S BODIES

As Candis narrates --

A) A DEBUTANTE AT A BALL, stuffed into a corset as DEBONAIRS lust over her like a piece of meat.

B) SALEM WITCH TRIALS: a young girl HANGS from Proctor's Ledge while her Puritan male executioners watch from below.

C) KAYAN WOMEN of Myanmar wearing rows of NECK RINGS.

D) PRO-LIFE MEN scream at a WOMAN as she enters Planned Parenthood.

E) A LITTLE GIRL unwraps a bikini-clad BARBIE DOLL as her FATHER proudly looks on.

F) BROCK TURNER MUGSHOT with the words "Affluenza" over him.

BACK ON:

Candis staring into the camera:

CANDIS (CONT'D)
 Then there's *privileged passivity*,
 which only eight percent of you
 scored positively on --

FLASH TO:

Jay at the dinner table (**from earlier**):

JAY
*I have to shut that shit out, ya
 know?*

No one answers --

JAY (CONT'D)
*For my sanity. For my own fucking
 peace of mind...*

CANDIS
 The white, straight, cisgender male
 - unlike anyone else in our society
 - has been granted this rare
 privilege of being able to truly
not concern himself with whatever
 he chooses. He is allowed to get
 away with things, and break rules,
 that no one else can. And he is
 often rewarded and looked upon as
 heroic for this.

A MONTAGE OF IMAGES fills the screen, faster and faster as we
 travel backward INTO:

**THE HISTORY of (white)MEN NOT PARTICIPATING IN THINGS THAT
 DON'T AFFECT THEM...**

As Candis narrates --

A) SUFFRAGETTES march in the streets while amused men smoke
 cigars on the sidewalk.

B) MITCH MCCONNELL with the words "Nevertheless, she
 persisted" written over him.

C) A DOMESTIC HOUSEWIFE holding a baby in one arm and
 stirring a pot with the other - while her husband watches a
 baseball game.

D) FAMOUS MALE ACTORS in happy photo-ops with HARVEY WEINSTEIN.

BACK ON:

Candis staring *at us*, through the camera --

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Then there's *representation*. None of you out there in the Test Group expressed any significant awareness of the massive inequity that occurs in the *spaces* we live and in society at large --

FLASH TO:

The Partygoers playing Liar's Poker (**from earlier**):

They sit in a circle, each holding a BILL in front of their faces --

GLORY

Ummm... Let's see... Four eights.

ZOOMING IN, the WHITE MALE PRESIDENTS on each bill start to SPIN and multiply, becoming --

DVDS flying by - then BOOKS, albums, furniture, paintings. All male and mostly white.

A MONTAGE OF IMAGES fills the screen, faster and faster as we travel backward INTO:

THE HISTORY of (white)MEN DOMINATING REPRESENTATION

As Candis narrates --

A) DONALD TRUMP'S CABINET - only three women among the dozens of smiling faces.

B) PHOTO OF AMERICA'S TOP CEO's - CLOSE ON the overwhelmingly white smiling faces.

C) PHOTO OF TOP SCIENTISTS - CLOSE ON the overwhelmingly white smiling male faces.

D) DIRECTORS GUILD OF AMERICA GROUP PHOTO - the smiling faces are ALL MALE.

BACK ON:

Candis looking directly ahead into the camera --

CANDIS

You can imagine white male privilege as something of a whiteness water cycle, wherein racism and sexism is the rain. That rain populates the earth, giving some areas more access to life and resources than others.

Awkward BEAT.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

The evaporation is white privilege. An invisible phenomenon that is both a result of the rain and the reason it keeps going... The fact that much of this privilege is implicit or unconscious is all the more reason why we need to root it out.

Candis turns toward the Partygoers.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

As the Control Group, you scored about how we postulated you might... Poorly.

BEFORE ANYONE CAN REACT, the data from Candis's phone begins POPPING UP ON THE SCREEN, like in the "IKEA scene" in *Fight Club*, until --

All we can see are DIGITAL NUMBERS and LETTERS revealing the embarrassingly low detection scores by the Control Group... who are now all steeped IN SHADOW.

She turns back to us.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

Worse, even with the drug, none of you out there in the Test Group registered this in any significant way in your reactions, either.

Now the Test Group's low scores, *OUR scores*, FLASH ACROSS the screen like the Matrix.

CANDIS (CONT'D)

As you can see, the dosage of our treatment doesn't seem to have been powerful enough, because all of you out there -

(pointing at us)

(MORE)

CANDIS (CONT'D)
- still weren't able to detect
instances of white male privilege
and white supremacy at any
meaningful level --

FLASH TO:

JAY AND SUN looking up at the sky:

JAY
I want it all.

Sun looks up too --

SUN
Be better... Be best... right?

A BEAT as a helicopter passes overhead.

CANDIS
Los Angeles has the largest
municipal police helicopter
operation in the world and this
constant surveillance (intended or
not) is nothing more than state-
funded racial profiling. Yet hardly
any of you out there in the viewing
audience registered this fact.

FLASH TO:

TOWNE PLACING THE BAND-AID over Sun's tiny cut --

CANDIS (V.O.)
Even band-aids are designed to
serve the white male.

**As the band-aid darkens with blood, WE SEE the light colored
band-aid standing out on Sun's skin --**

FLASH TO:

DINNER SCENE when Towne topped off everyone's wine --

TOWNE
Alexa, play Lizzo.

ALEXA (O.S.)
I'm sorry. Could you repeat that?

CANDIS (V.O.)
 Voice-recognition technology is 70 percent less likely to accurately understand women than men because the vast majority of algorithms are trained on male data sets.

JAY
Babe, you gotta say it more clearly... Alexa, play Lizzo.

Candis stares at us through the camera lens --

CANDIS
 Even with the drug, only two percent of you registered this fact while watching. And 96 percent of you agreed with Jay, that Towne must not be speaking clearly enough
 --

FLASH TO:

GLORY'S SANITARY PAD:

TOWNE (V.O.)
How's the fibromyalgia?

GLORY (V.O.)
I don't know. Nothing seems to really work... I need better drugs.

CANDIS
 (speaking directly to us)
 This unconscious bias affects health too, as significant amounts of medication don't work when a woman is on her period because women commonly aren't included in clinical trials.

Glory massages her foot; Towne eyes the line under her breast... Their reflections in the mirror stare back at us --

CANDIS (V.O.)
 Again, though, only eight percent of you registered this connection. The other 92 percent showed levels of thinking that Glory must be overly emotional or a hypochondriac...

(MORE)

CANDIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 And only six percent of you
 registered the severe inequity of
 women having to wear things males
 want them to - regardless of the
 discomfort or pain it inflicts --

FLASH TO:

Sun teasing Glory:

SUN
Eenie...

JAY
Meanie.

SUN
Miney...

GLORY
Moe.

CANDIS (V.O.)
 Only 11 percent of you registered
 any awareness that this saying is
 racist.
 (a beat)
 We will have to up the dosage next
 time.

As the DATA BECOMES OVERWHELMING & INDISPUTABLE, the text and
 numbers on the screen DISSOLVE INTO beads of water...

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

... FALLING DOWN on Candis's back. The LETTERS and DROPS OF
 WATER intermingle, multiplying into a cascade of liquid
 statistics expressing White Male Privilege... which Candis
 CONTINUES TO WASH OFF HER SKIN - the bar of soap in her
 hand...

BECOMING:

EXT. GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

THE HANDLE OF A WHIP, which Candis is now gripping with her
 fingers.

The STATISTICS keep pouring in around it, as she raises her
 hand and WE PULL BACK TO SEE:

A FACELESS WHITE MALE huddled before her, his white back taking the BRUNT of three vicious whip strokes.

With EACH SNAP more text & data explode into the air, the SINS of White Male Privilege too innumerable to list.

We FREEZE FRAME on the image of Candis, crying, in full extension with the whip's popper only inches from the man's skin, until --

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

It switches back to the bar of soap, which Candis grips tightly --

A BEAT.

But then she begins washing herself again, the water spilling over her like RAIN, which --

PULLING OUT:

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

BECOMES ACTUAL RAIN pouring down on the bungalow's roof.

PULLING UP through the palm trees and INTO THE SKY --

WE SEE hundreds of other homes being rained on.

FURTHER UP we go, more lights from more houses.

Thousands.

CANDIS (V.O.)
I guess this is my wish, then.

HIGHER we go --

CANDIS (V.O.)
That we continue to wash away all
the DEFAULTS of white male
privilege.

Millions of homes now.

Los Angeles spreads out below us like an ocean of lights --

CANDIS (V.O.)
And that white males better
recognize their unearned privilege,
because it's literally HARDWIRED
into everything we do - as this
double blind experiment reveals...

NOW CANDIS IS LOOKING directly into the camera - **DIRECTLY AT
US:**

CANDIS
And because this is so
overwhelmingly so - that white
males stop pushing back so hard
when a woman speaks up about gender
or a person of color speaks out
about race.
(a beat)
STOP.

FADE OUT.