

The scene between President Clayton and the character Malena Carol is part of a feature film script called *The Gaming Class*. It is a story set in a future where the class divide in America is greater than ever and pretty much everything of importance in America is inherited and owned by a set of very wealthy and powerful families. Instead of focusing on the real world, a “gaming class” emerges where a vast majority of people are sucked into the virtual world of the game *Parkland*. Malena Carol is the founder and leader of the “Parkland Revolution”, who fight back against the loss of the real world to this set of ruling families. During the course of the Parkland Revolution, Malena takes aim at a man named Parker Thompson who belongs to the ruling families. However, the main character of the story, a young man named Jacob Ormond, ends up choosing to betray the revolution for love and delivers Malena into the hands of the ruling families which begins the downfall of the Parkland Revolution. The scene itself is Clayton’s attempt to calm Malena and get her to soften her stances.

INT. UNDERGROUND DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A table, prepared for a meal, stands alone in the middle of the room. Clayton waits there while seated.

Malena follows a bald man into the room.

Clayton stands and extends his hand.

CLAYTON
Good evening, Ms. Carol.

She ignores him, rushes to her seat. He takes his seat too.

Clayton cracks a half smile. Clayton makes eye contact with the bald man, nods.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
We're ready.

The bald man leaves the room.

The two stare at each other for a beat. She remains focused, unkind, while he assesses her.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
You a fan of seafood?

Malena doesn't respond.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
See, I'm kind of hoping you'll
respond here, how else will I get
to know the concerns of the people?

Malena raises her eyebrows.

MALENA
You care about the people?

CLAYTON
Ms. Carol, we're not so bad.

The bald man comes back, carries a large and neatly made plate with a lobster. He sets it on the table.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Clayton takes a portion to himself.

He motions to the lobster.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Please, eat. It'd be difficult to finish by myself.

MALENA

I had Hermann Marshalls's head cut off. I would've had yours as well. You really want to dine with me?

Clayton takes a DEEP BREATH.

CLAYTON

Are you familiar with the gospels, Ms. Carol? From the Christian religion.

Malena nods slowly, wonders what Clayton's getting at.

MALENA

A bit.

CLAYTON

In the crucifixion narrative, we see Pilate give the crowd a choice between freeing the innocent hero and a murderer. The crowd chose the murderer so Pilate had the murderer released, and Christ condemned. But I think in your case, we can learn from history. This time, the murderer isn't freed, and the appeals of the hero are heard.

Malena LAUGHS.

MALENA

That's the best you've got? I'm not going to cooperate, whatever flowery words you have for me. The murderer wasn't kept, you're the murderer.

She sneers at him, feeling triumphant.

Clayton SIGHS.

CLAYTON

You've only seen part of the picture.

Clayton puts down his fork, stands.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Come with me, I want to show you
something.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Clayton leads Malena, followed by the bald man, to a white hospital room.

CLAYTON
I heard your mother was sick.

Malena sees a bed with TRISHA CAROL, 71, treated on it.
Malena stops in her tracks.

Malena stares at her mother with an unreadable expression.

They stay there for a beat.

MALENA
You're taking care of her?

CLAYTON
It's the least we could do.

Malena continues to stare at her mother.

A beat.

She turns, glares at Clayton. He awaits her response.

MALENA
Her life is insignificant, you and
I won't be friends.

She remains fixed on Clayton, who loses composure.