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The First Five
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EXT. PALATIAL MANSION - TEXAS - DAY.

The giant oak doors of a palatial mansion open and TWO, TRIUMPHANT, EXUBERANT MEN stroll out in SLOW MOTION.

Camera left is TANNER REDMOND (Late 30s, a bold Texan with perfect hair, carefully curated stubble, shaved right where his jaw line should be, and classic snakeskin cowboy boots).

TANNER (V.O.)

On the left, that's me. Tanner Redmond, friends call me Big T, enemies too, acquaintances as well. Basically anyone who has respected the request that I be referred to by that moniker...

SUPER: Summer 2007

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

On the right, my best friend and business partner Gil Bartlett. I call him Fish, but don't you dare or he'll wallop you something awful, partially because his love language is violence, but also because he hates the name. Dunno why...

GIL BARTLETT (Mid 30s, muscular tough guy, wears a collared shirt with the top two buttons open, a sterling silver chain with a mackerel swims in his chest hair.)

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

This seven bedroom, six and a half bath mansion was the biggest sale of our career, a whopping twenty seven point three million dollars, cha-ching.

They cockily waltz towards us happy as clams because life right now is *very good*.

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

After commish, we were gonna rake in almost eight hundred grand a piece. Now I don't care where you're from --

GIL (V.O.)

And oh baby was it sweet! First thing I was gunna do was buy these vintage clown shoes worn by this veteran rodeo clown named Hopscotch --

TANNER (V.O.)

Fish? The hell man? How'd you get in here?

GIL (V.O.)

Well, let's see, last I remember I was reading a book on lucid dreaming, guess I fell asleep... Dang, you think maybe it's working? Is this what the book was talking about?

TANNER (V.O.)

Can't you go lucid dream somewhere else?? Seems like I can't even have a single moment to myself these days. We live together, work together, now we gotta dream together?

GIL (V.O.)

Okay, my bad, see you tomorrow I guess...

As we TRACK BACK we reveal A CANDY APPLE RED LAMBORGHINI, parked in the large driveway of the estate.

TANNER (V.O.)

Yeah man, see you tomorrow. Back to the story. You see, Me and Gil were killing the Texas real estate market. New construction, high dollar condos, repos, renos, lease to owns, we did it all. The banks kept supplying an endless stream of buyers, so we didn't ask any questions. Really, *not a single one...*

We transition from slow motion to back to 24fps. Tanner's dialogue dubs Gil speaking on screen.

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)

I think Gil even said at one point, "*Man, things are so perfect, I can't even imagine them going wrong. Like I just want to challenge God or the Universe or Zeus, like whoever is out there, bring it on, because we cannot be stopped!*"

Tanner on screen replies via his voice over.

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 And I was like, *"Hey man that's a weird thing to say right now, almost seems like you're inviting disaster."*
 And Gil goes, I'll never forget it he goes... *"I know right?!"*

Gil shrugs, oblivious to the obvious meltdown that's-a-coming.

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Which reminds me, I watched this documentary once with these people that claimed you could stare at the Sun and in turn receive vibrant energy, the kind that you could digest as fuel instead of food? They were just a hair fuller o' the same dumb, unbridled confidence, we were.

Tanner and Gil climb into Tanner's car, then pull off into the distance. Tanner sighs heavily over V.O.

TANNER (V.O.) (cont'd)
 Seems both parties were clearly unable to see the bright as day signs that their impending doom was upon them... I mean really, someone tells you to stare at the Sun for food, you don't even skip a beat, just run on outside and get to starin'? And then when it starts to hurt, your vision dims, but you just keep at it?! That's basically what we were doing by thinking we were too big to fail, pretty much the same wavelength...

EXT. TEXAS COUNTRYSIDE HIGHWAY - DAY.

Tanner and Gil speed past long fields. We CRANE DOWN to see their mile wide smiles through the windshield. SUDDENLY WE FREEZE-FRAME, the sound of TELEVISION STATIC RISES until it's broken by:

VARIOUS NEWS ANCHORS (V.O.)
 Over seven trillion in risky derivatives... fixed interest rates leading too... Major financial crisis... Collapse of big banks...

TIGHT ON TANNER'S ecstatic expression frozen in time.

VARIOUS NEWS ANCHORS (V.O.) (cont'd)
We've just received word... A
prestigious insurance company...
Taken over by the federal
government...

TIGHT ON GIL'S FACE.

VARIOUS NEWS ANCHORS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Extremely bad news for investors...
This will make those stocks basically
worthless...

The word worthless echos, again and again. We're just inside
the windshield when suddenly GIL AND TANNER UNFREEZE.

GIL
I just got a weird feeling man. Like
a scared feeling. What do you think
that could be?

TANNER
Who cares! We're about to be rich as
hell. Like Jeff Bezos', Super Yacht
Captain, rich.

GIL
I-I dunno, it's pretty persistent Big
T.

TANNER
Look, what do Ostriches do when they
get scared huh?

GIL
They bury their heads in the sand?

TANNER
And the trouble just passes them
right on by. So that's what we'll do
okay?

GIL
Thanks man, you always know what to
say when I get to worrying...

TANNER
See, you got to using that brain
again, and what did it get you?

GIL
Not a damn thing.

TANNER

Exactly.

Tanner presses the throttle harder, the engine revs loud.

FROM ABOVE we watch as their car whizzes off, down the lone highway somewhere in the Texas hill country.

TANNER (V.O.)

Yeah, that was dumb. Oh and by the way, I found out that Ostriches don't actually bury their heads in sand, so you can all stop emailing me about it, okay?

DISSOLVE TO
BLACK:

INT. BUNKER - DAY.

Super: Fifteen years later

A door opens and illuminates the formerly black screen. TANNER flips a wall switch, utilitarian halogen lights slowly blink on. Tanner descends down stark metal stairs followed by a HAPPY, BUT WARY TEXAN COUPLE, ED and NORMA.

ED

Uh, is this it Big T?

Tanner has gained at least thirty pounds, his hair is thinning and gray, and his teeth are unnaturally white and stark against his spray tanned face.

TANNER

Yeah-yeah, come on down here, let me show you the place.

As we reach the bottom of the stairs, we release it's A DOOMSDAY BUNKER.

TANNER (cont'd)

This one was built to withstand a nuclear event the strength of Fukushima.

Shelves of pre-packaged foods stacked high on shelves.

NORMA

Is that likely to happen, way out here?