

*Century*  
Episode One

written by

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FADE IN

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - DAY

A crowded lot, filled with protestors and supporters. One side, red, deep and branded with anti-muslim signs. The other, scattered but strong, dawning flags of liberation. REBECCA "RJ" AUTRY (30s) stands among them, a raised flag and a stern look. Beside her stands SHIVAM VERMA (30s), equally determined.

Out of the opposing crowd comes a tall man.

PROTESTOR

Give y'all people an inch and you want a mile! Either ya assimilate or get the hell out my country.

SHIVAM

Our country!

PROTESTOR

The hell it is! This is what we get for letting any and everyone in here. Killin' the American dream. Disturbing the social fabric-

RJ

Fuck the social fabric and the American dream, man. You have been tearing that away since the beginning. Gentrification, housing segregation, Islamophobia-

PROTESTOR

That's what's wrong with ya now. Always looking for excuses. You think *his kind* would welcome you with open arms, eh?

SHIVAM

My kind? -

PROTESTOR

Oh come off it.

(To RJ)

You and your rainbow people and such. They'd get rid of ya. Bunch of terrorist - and you want people like that in your neighborhoods?

This gets her to step out of the line and into the man's space.

RJ

Oh, so now you actually care about "my people". Strange, you seem to forget my people were lynched for existing, enslaved since birth. And my "rainbow people" was left to die during an epidemic that could've been prevented. And this guy-  
(points to Shivam)  
Was the only one there for me during my worst.

PROTESTOR

Bunch of terrorist!

RJ

What you say?

PROTESTOR

The lot of you! Terrorist, N-

RJ swings, squaring him in the jaw.

Chaos breaks as emotions erupts. She feels a hand pull her back then...

Black.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. STANDARDS BAR - DAY

The low rumble of a bass notes wakes her up. Her head is pounding and she's dawning a bruised eye. She slowly rises from the bench and looks toward the small sound stage. Shivam sits on a chair, strumming a familiar tune.

SHIVAM  
(sarcastically)  
I told you to behave.

RJ  
He had it coming. How is everyone?

SHIVAM  
Safe. Cops showed up and cleared everyone out. Group went to the rec center.

RJ nods, getting up and making her way to the bar.

SHIVAM (CONT'D)  
I should have my breath. You never listen.

RJ shakes her head, reaching for her phone.

SHIVAM (CONT'D)  
That has been ringing non-stop.

RJ  
Mmm. Yeah, it's probably Cyndi.

Shivam stops playing and looks at her friend, perplexed.

SHIVAM  
The meeting? You said that was next week?

RJ  
It was. They have a case coming up so they pushed it.

SHIVAM  
And you've been avoiding it?

RJ  
Look, Cyndi is great but Ezekiel...

SHIVAM

You just stood up against a mob,  
RJ, I think you can do dinner. Its  
just dinner.

EXT. CENTURY ESTATE - DAY

RJ walks across the lawn, disheveled. She holds her phone to her ear...

RJ

(INTO PHONE)

Hey, Cyndi. I'm here. I thought you  
were meeting me at the lot? Call  
me.

She hangs up and heads to the entrance. She eyes the grand doors and knocks. She peers through the window - nothing. She shifts her bags on her shoulder and heads to the next door. Still nothing.

RJ (CONT'D)

Gotta be kidding me.

Finally, finds an open back entrance. She goes in and immediately is face to face with a tall man.

EZEKIEL

Lost?

RJ

Yeah sorry. I'm -

Ezekiel steps outside, closing the door behind him.

RJ (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

EZEKIEL

Tell me, what do you think you're  
going to accomplish here? An  
outsider like you ?

She smirks at this, knowingly.

RJ

It's been a year, Ezekiel. When is  
this petty act going to stop?  
You're pathetic.

EZEKIEL

And you're just a product of a pity  
fuck-

The door suddenly opens and GENEVA GLASS (40s) steps out. Gen  
bristles at RJ's appearance.

GENEVA

Oh my God, RJ what happened?

RJ

Fighting the good fight and all.

GENEVA

Come on, let's get you settled.  
I'll be in a second.

RJ pushes past Ezekiel who shakes his head.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Try to show some respect, brother?

EZEKIEL

The outsider couldn't even show up  
half decent.

GENEVA

She's our sister, Zeke. Just...give  
her time.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - LATER

ZOLA MCELVEEN (40s) checks the time as she sits at the office  
desk, waiting.

Suddenly the office door opens and in rushes CAL HOLDING,  
fitted suit and strong cologne. Zola dawns a tight smile -  
she knows his type.

CAL

I apologize for the wait. I was  
expecting Mr. McElveen for this  
meeting?

He sits in his chair, leaning back.

ZOLA

His flight was delayed  
unfortunately. However, I can  
assure you that I am more than  
capable of discussing the matter.

CAL

I'm sure you think you can but Ms. McElveen, your brother has studied this case for quiet some time.

ZOLA

And he thinks you should take this to trial.

CAL

Of course. There's a multi million dollar deal on the line.

Zola reaches in her purse and takes out a small folder. She opens it revealing bank statements and photos of Cal and an unnamed woman in a compromising embrace.

ZOLA

Take a look.

Zola taps the paper. Cal takes a look, his face falling as he scans the documents.

CAL

How did you get this?

ZOLA

The McElveen name travels far.

Zola stands up and leans against the desk.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

Settle.

CAL

Does Tate know about this?

ZOLA

If he did you would know.

CAL

So, why are you here?

ZOLA

Settle and this goes all away. If you do go to trial...well, you're a smart man, I'm sure you can figure it out.

Cal is taken aback, flustered.

CAL  
Now wait here-

ZOLA  
If you settle, you'll keep your name, earnings and your affair private. Your reputation stays intact.

CAL  
You care about my reputation?

ZOLA  
Oh God no. I don't care about you at all. I do, however, care about this district. Heading to trial will bring bad press to this office. We can't have that. I can't have that.

CAL  
You want my seat?

ZOLA  
Along with your resignation and endorsement.

Zola smirks, watching Cal squirm.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Your choice.

Cal hesitates for a moment. Then...

CAL  
Settle.

ZOLA  
Mmm. Good boy.

INT. CENTURY ESTATE HALL - LATER

BEA GLASS(60s) sits at the head of the table, her kids, Geneva and Ezekiel beside her. RJ Sits at the foot, nursing a glass.

BEA  
Cyndi will meet us later. I'm glad you decided to come on board, Rebecca.

RJ  
It isn't definite.



EZEKIEL

That's for certain.

Bea gives a stern look toward her eldest.

BEA

Please, let's have a nice respectable dinner. We're family.

EZEKIEL

Six months since fathers death without a word. Then, she comes here looking like she just came from a bar fight expecting us to take her in? *Century* has a reputation to uphold.

BEA

Rebecca is just as qualified to be here as you or Geneva.

EZEKIEL

On what grounds, Mother?

RJ

I scored 173 on my LSAT. Top of my class. Yale graduate.

Ezekiel chuckles.

EZEKIEL

And yet what do you have to show for? A low wage community job?

GENEVA

Zeek!

RJ puts her fork down with a clink.

RJ

I find it funny. You are so dead set on my time here that you forgot the fact that *Century* chose me. He gave me a percentage of the firm to do so as I please. And yeah, that means outreach and the not so glamorous jobs. It also means I'm out here using my degree and my talents to help communities. I'm in these communities' day in and day out - boots to the ground. And that is what separates us, Ezekiel.

(MORE)

RJ (CONT'D)  
 You look pretty behind a desk and I  
 do the work. That's why he chose  
 me.

Ezekiel is taken aback. Geneva clears her throat, while RJ  
 gets up.

RJ (CONT'D)  
 Excuse me. I have a few phone calls  
 to make.

RJ walks away, heading up to the guest suite.

GENEVA  
 Jesus, Zeke. You couldn't pack in  
 for one night?

Geneva stands up and heads out. At the table, Ezekiel starts  
 eating his food, but catches his mother's expression.

EZEKIEL  
 Don't, mother.

Bea shakes her head, holding her hand up.

BEA  
 Have your father and I taught you  
 nothing?

EZEKIEL  
 She's crass and unfit.

BEA  
 So you've made it known.

EZEKIEL  
 Someone has to-

BEA  
 And that someone is you? Showing  
 all of your cards like a scorned  
 schoolboy?

Ezekiel raises an eyebrow, perplexed.

BEA (CONT'D)  
 The class action is coming up. We  
 are going to be tight. I want her  
 on board.

EZEKIEL  
 Mother-

BEA

Deep in the ocean lies a blue ringed creature. They're gorgeous, really. Tiny things. And yet... one of the deadliest creatures in the world.

Bea wipes her mouth with the napkin and gets up, walking over to a confused Ezekiel.

BEA (CONT'D)

One sting and your breathing slows. Your body goes numb. Your organs start to fail. You'll die slowly. And the worst part is the sting is painless. Here you thought you were touching a nice, *friendly* creature. You wouldn't know what was happening to you or why. You'd just know your body is killing you from the inside. You understand, son?

EZEKIEL

I understand that well. However, there are other ways to get what we want.

BEA

Always on the aggressive. A kill from the inside is often untraceable, son.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WESTSIDE - DAY

CYNDI GLASS (40s) stares at herself in the broken bathroom mirror. Her face is sweaty and shows signs of numerous sleepless nights. On the bathroom sink lies a small piece of paper with white powder. She bends down, taking it in. Her phone beeps, signaling a text. She quickly wipes her face, then opens the message.

'Where are you? We need you back!'

Cyndi sighs and tries to clean up her mess. She reaches a hand in her pocket but find nothing.

CYNDI

Keys?

Cyndi thumbs through her phone, finding a number and dials.

INT. CENTURY ESTATE - MOMENTS LATER

RJ sits at her desk, sifting through her laptop. She eyes the documents titled "Deposition Files". She scrolls through until there is a knock at the door.

Geneva comes in, greeting RJ.

GENEVA

Studying up?

RJ

As much as I can.

GENEVA

It's going to be a big one.

RJ

Seems like it. Makes me wonder why you all want me here.

GENEVA

You're family. It might be a rough start but you do belong here. Whether our brother wants to admit it or not.

RJ

I just don't know where I fit in here. My work is community driven not defending some tech wiz.

GENEVA

You're part of *Century*, RJ. Our influence runs deep. *Century* holds power. Power to make real change.

Geneva's phone rings, stopping their conversation. She looks at the name; CYNDI.

She answers.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

Cyndi, I thought you were at the hearing?

(beat)

What? Where are you?

Geneva sighs then hangs up the phone.

GENEVA (CONT'D)

I have to go pick up our sister. Got herself stranded over at the Westside.

RJ

I'll go with you. I need to get out of here for a bit, anyway.

INT. JAZZ BAR - LATER

Kai, a waitress, wipes a few tables on the main floor. She doesn't look up as the bar door opens. In walks a taller MAN, suit and tie.

KAI

How are you? I'll be right with you. Feel free to look at the lunch menu.

The man gives a nod and sits down at the bar. Shivam comes from the back and sees the man. He wipes his hands and heads behind the bar. He takes in the man's stoic appearance.

SHIVAM

What can I get you?

MAN

Greyhound.

KAI

Will do.

Shivam begins making the drink, still eyeing the man.

SHIVAM  
Business trip?

MAN  
Only for a few nights.

Shivam gives the man the drink, who nods a 'thank you'. He looks around, seeing the "United Voices" signs in a corner.

MAN (CONT'D)  
How long have you been here? The bar, I mean?

SHIVAM  
Oh, it's a historic property.

Shivam gestures to an old picture on the wall, behind him.

KAI  
Joshua Burns opened it in 32'. Been here through the riots, depression and the crash.

The man nods.

Another customer comes in. Shivam excuses himself to tend to them.

The man takes out his phone looks at a photo of Shivam.

He swipes and lands on a photo of the protest incident, depicting both Shivam and RJ.

He texts an undisclosed number.

It reads

"Bar on 21st. Gathering information."

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Cyndi stumbles out of the gas station, smiling as she sees her sisters.

CYNDI  
Thanks for coming.

GENEVA  
Well, I didn't have a choice did I?

Cyndi looks at RJ.

CYNDI  
We had a thing today.

RJ takes a step forward, catching her before she falls.

RJ  
It's fine, lets just get you home.

CYNDI  
No, I have a hearing.

Geneva opens the car door.

GENEVA  
Not in this state. Come on, Cyndi.  
You were doing so well. What if  
someone recognized you?

CYNDI  
I'm fine.

They help their sister into the car.

GENEVA  
We'll have to postpone the hearing,  
then.

CYNDI  
No. They already gave me two  
extensions. I can do this... I just  
needed a little dust to clear my  
head, you know?

Geneva, now furious, goes to speak, but RJ puts a hand up.

RJ  
I'll go. I'm caught up on the case.  
It's probono. Open-and-shut. I'll  
do damage control.

INT. COURTHOUSE - LATER

RJ runs up the marble stairs, making a beeline to the courtroom. She composes herself before opening.

She focuses on the Judge, making her way to the defendant's side.

RJ  
My apologies, Your Honor.

JUDGE BANNER  
Thank you for joining on such a  
short notice, Ms. Autry.

At the prosecution, stands none other than Zola. She turns to RJ, eyes sharp.

ZOLA  
Your Honor, I was under the  
impression that Ms. Glass would be  
in attendance. She has obviously  
wasted the court's time here by  
sending a junior.

RJ  
Oh, I can assure you I am well-  
prepared. The court was informed in  
advanced, Ms. McElveen.

JUDGE BANNER raises a hand before Zola could counter.

JUDGE BANNER  
I am well aware. Preceding will  
continue as planned.

RJ nods in acknowledgment. She looks at the dependent who is slouching. She raises her eyebrow and mouthed 'sit up.' Her client sits up straight.

ZOLA  
Your Honor, the complaint states  
that Ms. Legette illegally traded  
inside information and forged  
signatures to gain-



RJ

I beg your pardon, there is not evidence of that. In fact, the claim states that it was Legette's assistant who traded that knowledge.

ZOLA

It is fraud through and through-

RJ

There is no intent. My client did not knowingly pass on that information.

ZOLA

Your honor?

JUDGE BANNER

Let's save arguments for the trial.

RJ

Yes, I'm arguing that it shouldn't be a trial.

ZOLA

Your client was arrested with the flash drive in hand.

RJ

Yes, a flash drive that an undercover cop gave her just moments before the arrest.

ZOLA

Are you seriously arguing entrapment?

RJ

Your Honor?

The judge raises his hand and takes a second.

JUDGE BANNER

Ms. Autry, I appreciate your enthusiasm but I this trial will continue as planned. I will give you another week -

ZOLA

With all due respect we have waited longer than suggested.

RJ  
I agree. I am prepared for this  
case.

Zola is surprised by her eagerness.

JUDGE BANNER  
Alright then. The case will begin  
at the set date.

The judge bangs his gavel.

RJ looks at Zola, eyes burning. She's ready for a fight.

The courts begin to exit. RJ looks at her client as they are  
being led away.

RJ  
(to client)  
I will be in touch. Don't worry.

They nod before walking away.

INT. COURTHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

RJ walks out of the courtroom but is stopped by Zola.

ZOLA  
Ms. Autry is it?

RJ  
Yes.

ZOLA  
I didn't know *Century* allowed  
anyone other than family.

RJ smiles as she begins to walk.

RJ  
There's a first for everything.

ZOLA  
I'm just sorry this is your first  
case. Tough one. What happens to  
Glass?

RJ  
You're fishing. It's not becoming.

Zola stops, watching RJ walk away. She calls out to her.

ZOLA  
I hope you're ready for a fight,  
Autry.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

LEVI GORDON walls back and forth beside his car. His hands  
shakes as he reties his tie.

Bea stands in front of him, watching him closely.

Ezekiel watches from another car. His face emotionless.

Bea takes a breath to calm her nerves.

BEA  
Tell me from the beginning.

LEVI  
I don't know. I just...I woke up  
and-. Oh, God. What am I going to  
do?

BEA  
I need you to calm down.

LEVI  
Calm down! I killed someone!!

BEA  
No. This was an accident, Levi.

Bea sighs again.

BEA (CONT'D)  
Ezekiel is going to take you  
straight to my estate. Keep a low  
profile.

LEVI  
But what about-

BEA  
I'll take care of it.

LEVI  
But-

BEA

Your mother and I grew up together.  
You're practically family and us  
Glass takes care of family. Now, go  
ahead. Don't speak to anyone but  
Ezekiel.

Levi gives a frantic nod. He gets in Bea's car.

BEA (CONT'D)

Low profile.

LEVI

Yeah. Yeah, okay.

Ezekiel quickly drives off.

Bea goes to the front of Levi's car. There lays a lifeless  
and mangled body of a young woman.

BEA

Oh, Century. What the hell have we  
gotten into?

END ACT THREE

FADE OUT.