

TEN MILLION

Written by

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EXT. TIBURON SHORELINE - DAWN

San Francisco Bay. The grey fog hovers. Black cormorants fly east in long ribbons. Pelicans bob on small waves. Halyards slap against the masts of sleek, white boats lining well-kept docks. Lights warm the windows of homes overlooking the bay. A paddleboarder passes under the homes, silently.

POUND. POUND. POUND.

The pelicans take off, and the cormorants scatter. The paddleboarder looks around, trying to find the sound.

INT. WENDECKER HOUSE - DAWN

POUND. POUND. POUND.

Barefoot and barely awake, PATTI WENDECKER (mid-forties, mid-fit, mid-pretty) struggles to get her arms into her bathrobe. She rushes down the carpeted hallway of an upscale home.

PATTI (V.O.)

If you ask me, the FBI should let you finish your first cup of coffee and run a brush through your hair before they pound on your door with warrants, rifles, and bulletproof vests.

POUND. POUND. POUND. Lamps shake, and artwork shifts on the walls. Patti opens the front door to a SWAT TEAM OF FBI AGENTS. She shakes her head in disgust.

PATTI (V.O.)

I told them right off you've got the wrong house. By noon, *FBI Idiots* would be trending on TikTok.

Agents slam Patti to the floor. One presses a knee into her back, yanks her arms around her, and slips on hand-restraints.

PATTI (V.O.)

Sometimes, I miss those days.

A dozen armed Agents storm pass her, their feet stomping dangerously close to her head. They kick open doors, crouch behind furniture, and point guns out in front of them.

PATTI (V.O.)

When sarcasm replaced wisdom, power replaced passion, and right and wrong were merely points of view.

Two Agents yank Patti by her armpits and sit her on the floor against the wall.

GIRLS SCREAM.

Patti's daughters, ABBY, 16, and MONICA, 14, stumble down the stairs, their hands bound behind them and a BEHEMOTH IN A BLACK HELMET on their tails.

Patti tries to stand, but with her hands tied behind her, she topples over. Behemoth sits the girls beside Patti and tips her back up.

PATTI  
Don't touch them.

Behemoth scoffs and backs off.

PATTI (V.O.)  
But on that morning, as we sat there trussed and terrified, all I knew was someone had made a terrible, terrible mistake. I just didn't know who.

Head agent, KYLE BARR, steps through the front door. In flack jacket and helmet, he's hard-jawed, fit, humorless. He looms over Patti and the girls.

PATTI  
My husband is an attorney.

AGENT BARR  
Not for long.

Agent Barr tosses papers into Patti's lap and steps away.

BEHEMOTH (O.C.)  
Come here you son of a bitch.

Behemoth drags SAM WENDECKER into the foyer. Sam, 45, an aging Adonis with a comb-over, is tucked into an expensive suit and wing tips.

BEHEMOTH (CONT'D)  
Look what I found in the backyard trying to make a run for it.

PATTI  
Sam!

Agents shove Sam against the wall and cuff his hands behind his back. They mumble words like warrant, arrest, silence, and rights. Sam looks at Patti, then averts his eye.

SAM  
Patti, I'm so sorry.

PATTI  
What?

Agent Barr drags Sam out the door. He leaves the door ajar.

ABBY  
He said he was sorry.

Patti watches Agent Barr shove Sam into a black sedan and drive off.

PATTI  
(yelling)  
You could have warned me.

Two Agents lift Patti to her feet with a grunt.

AGENT  
Ma'am, do you have any arms?

PATTI  
Don't call me Ma'am.

TECH  
What should I call you?

PATTI  
Nothing. Nothing at all.

TECH  
All right, Mrs. Nothing At All. Any firearms in the house?

PATTI  
Of course not.

The agents release Patti and the girls and herd them to a ripped-open couch.

AGENT  
Now don't move.

MONICA  
What? And miss all the fun?

The Wendecker home reflects affluence but not true wealth. A wall of glass faces San Francisco Bay. Other walls are lined with shelves holding a chaotic assortment of art and mementoes -- handmade pottery, Mexican alebrijes, bolga baskets, most of which is being tossed to the floor.