

**IT'S
ONE
OF
US**

J.T. ELLISON





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THE MAN WITH MANY FACES

Documentary Script (Draft)

SCENE	VIDEO	AUDIO
<p>1</p> <p>The Setup:</p> <p>Park</p>	<p>B-Roll: Scenes from a lab, test tubes and centrifuges spinning, scientists in lab coats.</p> <p>Text: “Winterborn Life Sciences, Chapel Hill, North Carolina”</p> <p>Text: “Helping Create Families Everywhere”</p> <p>FADE TO:</p> <p>B-Roll: PARK BENDER’S office</p> <p>Text: “Park Bender’s Home Office”</p> <p>Observational: PARK looks up, stares at the window, seemingly lost in thought.</p> <p>B-Roll: (SLOW PAN) Framed photographs of multiple children of various ages on a table.</p> <p>B-Roll: Close-up of the computer keyboard as fingers fly across the keys.</p> <p>B-Roll: Professional graduation photo of a young Park Bender, smiling for the camera.</p> <p>Exterior: The brown wooden door to Park’s office, and a woman’s raised fist.</p>	<p>Music: Thomas Dolby, “She Blinded Me with Science.”</p> <p>Narrator: When he donated his sperm, he thought he was helping families in need. He couldn’t imagine the trouble that was to come.</p> <p>Music: Dolby melds into Chopin’s Nocturnes, Op. 9: No. 2 in E-flat Major.</p> <p>Narrator: A celebrated sperm donor, Park Bender has thirty-two children, and counting. Today, he’s meeting one of his daughters for the first time.</p> <p>Park: “It started as a way to earn a little extra cash. I was in grad school, broke, like everyone around me. I had some friends who were doing it and they said I could make some cash and help people. All I ever wanted was to help people. I had no idea what this would turn into.”</p> <p>Background: Three sharp knocks at the door.</p> <p>Park: <i>(Laughing nervously.)</i> “I guess she’s here.”</p>

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<p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>The Setup: The Murders</p>	<p>B-Roll: A calm lake on a sunny spring day.</p> <p>Text: “Radnor Lake, Nashville, Tennessee”</p> <p>B-Roll: A set of feet hurries along the path into the woods, dragging a body wrapped in canvas.</p> <p>B-Roll: A car rolls away from the lake parking lot.</p> <p>B-Roll: The Nashville city skyline, sweep pan the river, the bridges, the lights of the city.</p> <p>Text: “Nashville, Tennessee”</p> <p>B-Roll: Lower Broadway, the streets filled with revelers</p> <p>B-Roll: PARK BENDER’S office</p> <p>Park Interview: PARK BENDER, 43 years old, sits at his messy desk typing on a computer. He wears a white button-down and faded jeans. His hair has a streak of silver from temple to nape. The sun shines into the room, illuminating dust motes floating in the air.</p>	<p>Sound: Birds chirp, a breeze rustles the trees. Water laps the shoreline.</p> <p>Narrator: They found the first body in the lake.</p> <p>Sound: Heavy breathing, as someone runs.</p> <p>Narrator: At the time, they had no idea how many there were.</p> <p>Sound: Tires crunching on gravel.</p> <p>Music: Dread-filled violins.</p> <p>Narrator: No idea how many women he had killed.</p> <p>Music: Strains of twangy country from the downtown honky-tonks.</p> <p>Narrator: Nashville was under siege, and they didn’t even know it.</p> <p>Park: “I had no idea what was happening. One day we were fine. The next, I was a murder suspect.”</p>

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<p>26</p> <p>The Setup:</p> <p>Scarlett</p>	<p>B-Roll: A rocky path toward a mountain lake focuses on a weathered sign that says “Maverick Pass Campground.”</p> <p>Text: “The Halves Family Reunion”</p> <p>FADE TO:</p> <p>Observational: A young woman in a plaid skirt with red hair stands with her back to the camera, watching over a group of people.</p> <p>Scarlett Interview: SCARLETT FLYNN, 18, sits at a picnic table, wearing sunglasses, her hair in a bun.</p> <p>Text: “Maverick Pass Campground”</p> <p>Observational: SCARLETT watching a crowd of people with a smile on her face.</p> <p>B-Roll: (SLOW PAN) Men and women of various ages milling around a campground.</p> <p>B-Roll: The lake, shimmering, people in inner tubes and a boat pulling a skier.</p> <p>B-Roll: A picnic lunch on a long table covered in a blue-checked tablecloth.</p> <p>B-Roll: (PAN IN; CLOSE-UP) A fly sits on the potato salad.</p> <p>FADE TO:</p> <p>B-Roll: A campfire.</p>	<p>Sound: Shouts, happy laughter, children’s screams of joy.</p> <p>Narrator: Scarlett Flynn was determined to get all of the siblings together at least once.</p> <p>Scarlett (VO): You don’t know what it’s like, everyone staring, everyone gossiping. I didn’t know anything, but they treated me like I was the one who’d done it. Which wasn’t the coolest, you know? Peyton was responsible, and I bore the brunt of it.</p> <p>Music: Nirvana, “Smells Like Teen Spirit,” from a car stereo.</p> <p>Narrator: The Halves, as they call themselves, are trying to find a way forward in the midst of the tragedy that brought them together.</p> <p>Scarlett: Having so many siblings is like a blizzard erupting out of nowhere. I felt overwhelmed at first. Everyone’s different, but everyone’s the same. I’ve met all the ones we know about so far, but we get new people still. We don’t know how many are out there. Incredible, isn’t it?</p> <p>Sound: Crickets, the soft strumming of a guitar.</p> <p>Music: Melancholic guitars.</p>

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Documentary Script (Draft)

SCENE	VIDEO	AUDIO
<p>38</p> <p>The Setup:</p> <p>The Detectives</p>	<p>B-Roll: Nashville Police Headquarters.</p> <p>Text: “Metro Police, Nashville, Tennessee”</p> <p>B-Roll: Inside the police headquarters.</p> <p>B-Roll: A long, gray-carpeted industrial hallway.</p> <p>B-Roll: (Close-up on sign) “Violent Crimes”</p> <p>B-Roll: The rabbit warren of back-to-front desks of the violent crimes team.</p> <p>Text: “The Homicide Team”</p> <p>Will Osley Interview: DETECTIVE WILL OSLEY, 38 years old, sits in a chair with his cowboy-booted feet on his desk. His gold sunglasses are clipped in his pocket.</p> <p>Text: “Homicide Detective William Osley”</p> <p>Observational: OSLEY flips the pages of a file.</p> <p>B-Roll: A binder full of paper.</p>	<p>Sound: Typing, phones ringing.</p> <p>Narrator: The police were baffled by the earlier case involving Park Bender.</p> <p>Sound: Whispery pages turn.</p> <p>Osley (VO): So when we exhumed the body, we typed the embryo. Sure enough, the baby was the roommate’s. Created quite a bit of confusion for us because I gotta admit, I really thought Bender was our guy. Just goes to show you sometimes, your instincts can be off. Sure am glad we didn’t force the issue, because if we’d peeled Bender’s life open the way we were going...well, I’m just glad the right man was convicted. Still circumstantial as hell, but that’s a pretty strong tie—DNA in the body is hard to refute. Guess she told her mama the truth about who got her pregnant.</p>

Continue Scene 38

SCENE	VIDEO	AUDIO
	<p>FADE TO:</p> <p>B-Roll: Park Bender's home in Nashville.</p> <p>Text: "Park Bender's Home"</p> <p>B-Roll: A police car.</p> <p>Observational: A female detective with blond hair watches the house.</p> <p>FADE TO:</p> <p>B-Roll: The rabbit warren of back-to-front desks of the violent crimes team. Moore has joined Osley.</p> <p>Text: "Homicide Detective Josephine Moore"</p> <p>Moore Interview: DETECTIVE JOSEPHINE MOORE, 29 years old, dressed in a black pantsuit, stands with her arms crossed, shaking her head.</p>	<p>Sound: Suburban bliss—birds chirping, the whirl of a bicycle wheel, car doors.</p> <p>Music: Building dread violins.</p> <p>Narrator: His partner disagrees.</p> <p>Sound: Resounding silence.</p> <p>Sound: (FADE IN) Water lapping against a shoreline.</p> <p>Moore: I still don't trust him. There's more to the story that he hasn't told us. But the case is effectively closed, so there's not much more we can do.</p> <p>Osley: You're just mad I was right. I'm always right.</p>

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<p>40</p> <p>The Setup:</p> <p>Olivia</p>	<p>B-Roll: (SLOW PAN) Interior design studio in LA, close-up of kitchen fixtures, pull out to frame glass door, with stylized lettering.</p> <p>Text: “Olivia Hutton Designs”</p> <p>FADE TO:</p> <p>Interview: OLIVIA BENDER, 43 years old, wearing black-framed sunglasses, a no-nonsense pantsuit, and carrying a green leather sample bag, leaves her business and walks quickly down the streets, ignoring the camera.</p> <p>Text: “Olivia Bender”</p> <p>Interview: OLIVIA stops, whips off sunglasses, faces the camera head-on.</p> <p>B-Roll: (SLOW PAN) Sunshine moving across the floor of a high-end kitchen.</p> <p>Observational: A wineglass rolls along the marble countertop and teeters on the edge...</p> <p>SMASH CUT TO:</p> <p>B-Roll: Waves crash on the beach. A fine spray of water covers the camera lens. A solitary figure moves down the beach in soft focus.</p> <p>FADE TO BLACK</p>	<p>Music: The Ting Tings, “That’s Not My Name.”</p> <p>Narrator: The police were shocked when Olivia Bender left town suddenly.</p> <p>Sound: Rapid footsteps, high heels on concrete.</p> <p>Sound: Voice calling Olivia’s name.</p> <p>Olivia: I’m not comfortable being the focus of this. Park and I have made our peace with the situation. I was crushed by the revelation of his children, and clearly, the media intrusion was too much for our marriage to bear. I had to leave. It was the only thing to do. That’s all I have to add. Please leave me alone.</p> <p>Sound: Glass shattering.</p> <p>Narrator: After this single brief interview, Olivia Bender declined to participate further with this documentary.</p> <p>Sound: Silence.</p>

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