

The Law of Fives

by

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Opening credits roll while:

EXT. FRENCH FESTIVAL - Day

It is overcast. We open upon a crowded festival. Street vendors ply their wares. Toddlers ride their father's shoulders. We can feel the very jubilation of the event.

We visit the faces of some of the revelers. They are all happy, smiling; with an air of elation about them. We then focus on TERRORIST 1's face who has a clearly affected smile upon his lips. We follow him as he walks into the festival through the main gate. He goes through a metal detector and makes eye contact with DOOR GUARD. His actions are calm but there is a nervousness in his eyes, though DOOR GUARD does not notice.

It is a very dense crowd. Our vantage moves up and over the crowd to come to rest on JACQUES and MARIE (FRENCH), French special agents.

They are the archetype of the foreign law enforcement personnel. JACQUES looks like the lead character in a Masterpiece Mystery episode. He is graying and a bit overweight, but with a force of character that allows for his position. MARIE is a more modern person. She is dressed in the conservative fashion of the day. She builds herself with the express purpose of conforming in such a way as to not make an impression remembered by others. She is pretty, but hides it as best she can behind glasses and a veneer of disinterest.

The FRENCH are hurriedly moving through the crowd. We follow them as they push past people, knocking toys from children's hands and the like.

Our vantage is once again whisked up, toward TERRORIST 1, settling on him looking at novelties. We notice that his eyes are not looking at the doll he is holding, but at some unknown danger. He puts down the doll and quickly slips past a nearby couple. He reaches into his breast pocket to retrieve sunglasses, which it is clear he doesn't need because it has begun to rain. A moan exudes from the crowd.

CROWD
(in French)
"Rain."

We move back up and toward JACQUES and MARIE who are now only 20 meters from TERRORIST 1. We follow their progress as they are able to make their way to the main gate. JACQUES pulls out a photograph of TERRORIST 1 and presents it to DOOR GUARD. She looks at it, eyes becoming wide. Frantically, she points in the direction of TERRORIST 1. JACQUES grabs the photograph and he and MARIE run off in that direction.

Our vantage moves up and over the FRENCH backs, overtaking them, and quickly moves to TERRORIST 1, who is nearing the rear of a concert crowd. We wheel about 180 degrees so that we can see TERRORIST 1's face. He is suddenly calm. He senses that he is close to serving his purpose. We move up, allowing us to see TERRORIST 1 begin to make his way into the crowd while, in the distance, we see that JACQUES and MARIE are still about 20 meters behind him, their location marked by the movement of people moving as they are pushed out of the way. TERRORIST 1 pries himself through the outer layer of concert goers. ANNOYED FATHER pushes him back and mouths, in French:

ANNOYED FATHER
(can't be heard)
Fuck you, asshole.

TERRORIST 1 ignores him, continues to move into the crowd. We wheel 180 degrees again and move backwards so that we share FRENCH point of view. They are reaching the edge of the concert crowd. They frantically look around. MARIE spots TERRORIST 1 and points him out to JACQUES. JACQUES motions for MARIE to flank to the right. JACQUES begins to push his way in.

We move forward to TERRORIST 1, who is facing away from the stage. He is now surrounded by 10 meters of people on every side. He looks around, verifies his position at the center of a large crowd. We move back and up a bit to show TERRORIST 1 surveying his position and the movement of

people signifying the FRENCH positions. They are getting close, 10 meters or so away. TERRORIST 1 spots them. We close in on the scene, allowing us to see TERRORIST 1's face and the approaching FRENCH. He looks away from them, looks in our direction. We continue to close on him as the FRENCH get within 5 meters. He sighs, a frown moving across his face. He closes his eyes, then opens them skyward. We watch as he has places his hand inside his jacket. JACQUES and MARIE are now are now three lines of people away.

Slow motion as we watch the face of TERRORIST 1 prepare for death. He looks directly in our direction, eyes open wide. We back away, as his mouth opens with the first syllable of:

TERRORIST 1
(as we switch back to real time)
Allah Akbar!

JACQUES and MARIE are now only a line of people away. JACQUES, a little closer, tries to lunge towards TERRORIST 1, but the people surrounding him suddenly understand what is happening and begin to panic, pushing the FRENCH backwards as they try to flee for their lives. We hear the loud initial burst of sound from an explosion and witness a bright flash. Then, suddenly, we snap to black.

INT. THE PROVERBIAL "CAVE" IN THE MIDDLE EAST - 7 YEARS AGO

We fade in on MUHAMMAD, who walks into our view from the right, followed by DANIEL and JANET. He motions to DANIEL and JANET to sit on some nearby pillows. MUHAMMAD is wearing traditional thawb (Arab garments), and, seemingly out of place, gloves.

The TERRORISTS are archetypes of terrorists, but they are not to be the Osama Bin Laden video type terrorists. They should be professionals, the type of terrorist we should be most concerned about. They are all of Arab, Afghan, Persian, etc. decent but clearly have a western background. They all speak excellent English, and have the mannerisms of socialized Westerners.

MUHAMMAD is an especially slick example of the above. He is a medical MD, born in France. He speaks English with a French accent.

JANET is a stunning woman. She has a strongly professional swagger, which acts as a flirtation, and seems to command attention from anyone near. She is driven to get the story any way she can, the power of her presence not enough for her. It is professional accolades she desires most. She is an archetypical MEDIA television reporter.

The only thing JANET and DANIEL, the cameraman, have in common is their pursuit of professional accolades. DANIEL is overweight, maybe fat, but don't say that to his face. He may have never cut his hair. It would appear that he cuts his beard with a weed whacker. While JANET is over the top, DANIEL is practical. She could never be successful without him. DANIEL occupies this MEDIA archetype, the disheveled but outstanding technician.

MUHAMMAD

It is to be understood that there will be no pictures of my face or of any part of our home here except for what I tell you. We cannot touch in any way - I know it is strange. I have stayed alive all this time because I am careful. Our men at Interpol have confirmed that there is no genetic material or fingerprints of me in existence. One photograph survives, of me at 13. I am invisible to you and all your "superior" technology.

JANET

Understood, Mr. Al-Ahmed.

MUHAMMAD

You also must know. I am aware our liaison has informed you of the conditions surrounding this interview. You are Janet Browning, currently residing at 212 Harbor street in London, England. You are Daniel Marshall, also living in London, at 14

Herald street. You both have spouses, and you, Daniel, have four children. All these people will be killed if you allow any information to be released that I do not sanction, in addition to the two of you. We investigated your information. Each of you has been quoted as saying that you feel that you deserved a Pulitzer prize, each twice. You are motivated solely by the adoration of your peers. You could save the lives of hundreds of your countrymen if you were to tell your army where I am. But you will not. You will not because that is not what you journalists do, especially the two of you, and you will not get your coveted prize if you were to do so.

JANET

Mr. Al-Ahmed, journalism is strictly dedicated to protecting our sources. If we were...

MUHAMMAD

Ms. Browning, you may justify your actions in whatever manner you chose. You, and your camera man, are here only because you lack the morals to do what any thinking man would do. It is good for you. It is good for me. We use each other, yes, in this arrangement. It is for my greater purpose that I find solace. For you, it is your prize.

DANIEL and JANET are markedly unfazed. JANET stares with clear interest at MUHAMMAD. DANIEL receives CAMERA from TERRORIST 2. TERRORIST 2 stands in front of it. DANIEL starts to set up.

CAMERA is DANIEL's camera. It can be any camera DANIEL uses. I do understand that giving camera controls is not recommended in screen plays. However, I felt it was

integral to do so. Apologies if it offends.

JANET

Understood Mr. Al-Ahmed. For the record, we do it for the truth. I may or may not be able to save hundreds of people. What I know is that I can bring your story to light. Truth is power in the West, Mr. Al-Ahmed. Shall we start.

MUHAMMAD

Yes. In a moment. Allow me to adjust my Keffiyeh.

MUHAMMAD grabs his Keffiyeh (traditional Arab head garment) and wraps it around his face. He sits cross-legged in front of a green background, set up with lights etc.

DANIEL

We could also film you in silhouette. It disguises your face completely.

MUHAMMAD

No, Mr. Marshall. Not even the shape of my face is allowed to be filmed. When I watched the news, and that was the way they hid a face, I could perhaps tell who the person was. I know it has been tested, but one never knows what technologies will come.

DANIEL

Just an option. Let me know when you're ready.

He makes an adjustment to his camera, takes a beat, looks up at MUHAMMAD.

With all due respect, sir, when did you get a chance to watch local nightly news? That's usually where they film in silhouette. Is that right?

MUHAMMAD

I was raised in France.

(note: I don't know if they use silhouette in French local news.)

MUHAMMAD finishes preparing his Keffiyeh. He puts on dark sunglasses. His face is basically completely obscured. He motions to DANIEL to go. TERRORIST 2 steps out of the way. The red light of "recording" blinks on. We enter CAMERA.

We watch MUHAMMAD pick up a microphone that has been sitting by his feet. Out of view of CAMERA, a speaker registers:

MUHAMMAD

(distorted)

Testing.

JANET

(off screen)

Mr. Al-Ahmed, let's start with some background questions. You are a medical doctor, correct? With the luxury that could provide, why would you be out here, in these surroundings?

MUHAMMAD

(distorted)

You Westerners think that all of life is "luxury." It is to great Allah that I have given my life, to destroy your Western "luxury", your decadence.

We fade out during his response.

EXT. SANDY MIDDLE EASTERN BATTLEFIELD - THE HEAT OF THE DAY

We fade in on a battlefield. Five ARAB DEFENDERS fire AK-47s at an unknown foe from behind cover. One is shot and falls back. MUHAMMAD runs in from the right. TERRORIST 3 meets him in front of us.

TERRORIST 3

(in Arabic)
They came from the helicopters. We
have no hope to win this fight. You
must leave, sir.

MUHAMMAD
(in Arabic)
I will never leave my men!

TERRORIST 3
(in Arabic)
All the time, sir? All the patience
spent, with your gloves. Cleaning your
bed with bleach every day. This time
can not be wasted. You are clean to
the infidel. We cannot lose you here.

ARAB DEFENDER 1
(Arabic)
Go sir! It is for a greater good that
we die!

ARAB DEFENDER 2 is shot.

ARAB DEFENDER 2
(Arabic)
Allah Akbar! I die for you my God.

ARAB DEFENDER 1
(Arabic)
Go now. Peace be with you, my friend.
Go to France and strike the infidel in
their homes. Leave. We will destroy
the base behind you. Leave!

MUHAMMAD
Your sacrifice will not be forgotten!
Peace be upon you, brother.

MUHAMMAD leaves with TERRORIST 2. Fade out.

INT. FRENCH MEDICAL CLINIC - NIGHT

MUHAMMAD and TERRORIST 2 sit in a darkened private surgical
facility. TERRORIST 3 enters through the door.

MUHAMMAD

It is good to see you my brother.

TERRORIST 3

(in Arabic)

Peace upon you, my brother.

MUHAMMAD

Only English or French from now until we strike. We must begin to think like them.

TERRORIST 3

(switching to English)

I am sorry.

MUHAMMAD

What can you do?

TERRORIST 3

My training is not in this vanity, but I believe I can change your face enough that none can recognize you.

MUHAMMAD

Not even the two of you?

TERRORIST 3

We will see you before and after, but I believe I can change your features enough that it will not be the same man on either side.

MUHAMMAD

Without scars or any reason to make our enemy believe this has been done?

TERRORIST 3

Not with my training. I will leave scars.

(beat)

We have a plan.

TERRORIST 2

We have been investigating a doctor, Gerald Akbar, who looks something like you. What we plan is to ignite his house with fire. During the fire, we will insure Akbar receives burns to his face.

TERRORIST 3

My hospital is the closest so he will be sent there.

TERRORIST 2

We then kill him, and substitute you in his place.

MUHAMMAD

(stunned but coming to grips)
What about his family? Would they not know?

TERRORIST 3

They will die in the fire. His Mother is dead. His Father has dementia.

MUHAMMAD

You will have to burn me.

TERRORIST 2

Yes, my friend. We must burn you like we burn him. We have to burn him enough that he cannot reveal the truth.

TERRORIST 3

And we will need you able to walk.

MUHAMMAD gives a resigned sigh.

MUHAMMAD

What we must do for God. Let us get this done.

TERRORIST 3

The surgery must come first...

Fade out.

EXT. IN FRONT OF A FRENCH GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

PRESIDENT BOUTIQUE (BOUTIQUE) stands behind a podium set up in front of a French government building. To his left and right are DIGNITARIES. MUHAMMAD sits directly to BOUTIQUE's left. BOUTIQUE speaks to an audience.

BOUTIQUE

(in French)

Gerald Akbar shows the greatest item any of us can possess, courage. After his family died and he was gravely injured in a fire at his home two years ago, he could have given up. He could have ended his brilliant career, and sat idle as the world passed him by. But he did not do that. Instead, he founded the Akbar Foundation for the Treatment of Dementia, inspired by his father who suffers from this illness. He tells movingly, in his autobiography entitled, "Getting Well", that his own father didn't recognize him after he started getting better. He knew something had to be done. So only a year after his horrible ordeal, he was back, working for a better future. For his father, for himself, and for our nation. It is this courage and conviction that has led me to appoint Gerald Akbar to be my Minister of Health. Gerald?

MUHAMMAD stands up to applause from the audience and the DIGNITARIES, approaches the podium. As he is about to begin speaking, we fade out.

MONTAGUE - THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BOMB. TWO YEARS LATER.

Fade in

MUHAMMAD, is overseeing the construction of THE BOMB. TERRORIST 2 through 7 are soldering electronics, mixing chemicals, and constructing the casing of the bomb. We see a part of the casing, which looks a bit like an ice cream cone.

The TERRORISTS package THE BOMB in six separate bundles into a crate clearly labeled "InstiCorp." We follow the crates as they get loaded into an automobile, taken to a train yard, loaded into a freight train, and then loaded on to an anonymous freight truck. The freight truck takes THE BOMB to a loading dock. Night has fallen. The crate is quietly loaded onto a ship clearly labeled "InstiCorp." PROFESSIONAL 1, greets TERRORIST 2 at the dock. They discuss the shipment, but we can't quite hear them. PROFESSIONAL 2 hands TERRORIST 2 paperwork. TERRORIST 2 signs it as the crate is loaded on to the ship.

The final scene of the montage is of the ship as it sails out of a French port. Fade out.

EXT/INT OVERCAST DAY IN AN INDUSTRIALIZED NATION

(note: From this point forth, we are in real-time. A conscious effort should be given to minimizing any cuts.)

(additional note: The Industrialized nation is not necessarily the United States, but acts and sounds like it.)

We fade in on a view of THE BUILDING. It is a large business building, 15 or so stories, black and foreboding. From our vantage point, we can see the left side of the building, where we notice one of the entrances leads to a loading dock. We shift right and then down-right to an on-location news report outside an wrought-iron gate surrounding the entire campus. Behind the gate, the landscaping is well manicured.

JANET wears the most fashionable suit available, with the top button undone to expose some skin between her breasts. DANIEL stands behind CAMERA, filming her. She is delivering a report. We move into CAMERA,

JANET

(we cut in on)
...reporting from the main
headquarters of InstiCorp. Behind
me...

JANET points at THE BUILDING. CAMERA moves right, focuses
on THE BUILDING.

...is the site of the historical
signing of the new trade agreement,
negotiated between French President
Charles Boutique and InstiCorp CEO,
Brad Parcel. The new trade
agreement will finally formalize the
long anticipated agreement between
InstiCorp and the French government
that will allow spent nuclear fuel rods
to be transported to this actual
location, this building to be
reprocessed.

(CAMERA moves back to JANET)
Critics of the agreement are worried by
the environmental risks, and that of
terrorism.

JANET begins to trail off as we move out of CAMERA's point
of view.

InstiCorp has insisted that there is no
reason to be concerned.

As we pull back, we see to the right of DANIEL and JANET a
number of other journalists covering the story. Their
cameras are pointing towards two podiums which have been
set up in front of an entrance. Above the entrance, on the
second floor, we see three lit rooms which don't have the
blackness of the rest of THE BUILDING. The left room is
the conference room, the middle, BRAD's office, and the
right is also a conference room but is not used. We move
over a gate, past the podiums, along a path leading to a
door to THE BUILDING, then, finally, up to the window of
the left conference room. We travel through the outer
window, into THE BUILDING. In front of us are BRAD and
OI!, sitting at a conference table.

BRAD stands in for our archetype of a business

PROFESSIONAL. He wears a light, Banana Republic-esque sport jacket and light colored pants. His tie is cotton, of a simple design, and is atonal. He dresses to belay trust and kindness, a false cover for a vicious demeanor.

OI! is the archetype punk, if such a thing exists. He wears the garb of an old school punk because he is one. He currently has his hawk in liberty spikes, wears a black tank top wife beater, 20 eyelet broken-in docs, a leather jacket that has been through the armageddon, and bondage pants. He likes to lift his lip a lot like Sid Vicious in the famous photograph, but does it cause it's him. OI! breaths legitimacy.

They are leaning together as they talk, watching the door to make sure no one interrupts. We catch:

OI!

That's fucking fucked up.

BRAD

It has to be this way.

OI!

You realize you're gonna fuck over a ton of your own people.

BRAD

I understand that. Will you do it?

OI!

Fuck man. How much?

BRAD

2.4 million to the youth shelter.

OI!

2.4? Fuck. Shit. I do this in my own way.

BRAD

I don't care but this is the only time ever we are going to speak about this. Clear?

OI!

Yeah, OK. For 5, nothing less. I see that the money's there, and you give us some dynamite.

BRAD

Fine. InstiCorp thanks you for your help.

OI!

Where's InstiCorp gonna get dynamite in, like, the next half hour?

BRAD

I never come to a meeting ill prepared. We researched you, not only for the advertising deal, but what you might want for this favor. You used dynamite in the "Hell is Capitalism" video. You're not going to worry about the last part.

OI!

And I used Molotov cocktails in "That Greedy Fucking Bastard."

BRAD

I can throw them in free of charge.

OI!

That is seriously fucked up, man. Whatever. I'll do your fucking dirty work. Honestly you wouldnt'a had to pay me. But I don't start till I hear from Rachael that the kids got their money. And how the hell are you gonna do this to your own people? Not that I mind, corporate assholes, but you're gonna let me get medieval.

Brad pulls out digital device, presses a few keys as PROFESSIONAL 2 and 3 and PUNK 1 enter with coffee and other drinks. A CATERER enters with sandwiches, sets them down, then leaves.

BRAD

(Looks at OI!)

Done.

He shows his device to OI! OI! looks at it, stares in momentary disbelieve at BRAD, and then shakes his hand.

PROFESSIONAL 2

Looks like you two had a productive break! So, Mr. Oi!,

OI!

It's fucking "Oi!" you bitchy corporate whore. Mr. Oi!. Mister's for you goddamn sold out money sluts. Fucking Oi!, Ok?

PROFESSIONAL 2

Oi!. Can we get back to page 5 of the Advertising agreement, paragraph 2? This is...uh.

OI!

(into PUNK 1's ear)

We gotta get some guys together. I got a job. You're gonna like it, it's gonna be fun!

PUNK 1 motions that he doesn't understand.

OI!

Use your Blackberry. Now, man. We have to get this done now. Just tell everyone to meet on 21st in like 15.

PUNK 1 nods, pulls out his Blackberry.

PUNK 1

Done.

OI!

(to both PUNK 1 and BRAD)

All settled then?

(they nod)

(to BRAD)

Then watch the fuck out.

OI! very suddenly turns on PROFESSIONAL 1, who is knocked

back by his stare.

OI!

14% for the homeless society. What are you fucking daft? You corporate bastards take 21% for your filthy goals and I get 14% for what I believe in? My goals? Well, fuck you. That's it. Fuck you. I'm gonna rain down on you, like it's fucking doomsday.

OI! overturns his chair, knocks BRAD back. BRAD flashes a smile in our direction, unseen by anyone.

OI!

(to PUNK 1)

We're out of here. Fuck your sandwiches, fuck your smug always-happiness, and fuck this corporate smelling building. We're gonna bring you down.

OI! and PUNK 1 exit. PROFESSIONAL 2 runs after.

PROFESSIONAL 2

Mr. Oi!, Mr. Oi!

OI!

(overheard)

It's fucking "Oi!", money slut.

While all this is going on, BRAD has preened. PROFESSIONAL 3 sits in the seat he has occupied as if all is as planned. BRAD checks the time. As on cue, PROFESSIONAL 4 - BRAD's personal assistant, enters at the door. BRAD gets up.

PROFESSIONAL 4

Brad, sir, your 1:00 is here.

We follow BRAD from outside THE BUILDING as he leaves the conference room and moves into his office.

MUHAMMAD sits across from a large desk. He gets up to greet

BRAD.

MUHAMMAD

Mr. Parcel...

BRAD

No, please, Brad.

MUHAMMAD

Brad. It is a pleasure to finally meet you.

BRAD

The pleasure is all mine. Is there anything we can get you, Minister?
(motions to PROFESSIONAL 4)

MUHAMMAD

It was my understanding that our visit would be brief.

BRAD

Yes...well. I pretty much have to ask, don't I. Uh...

MUHAMMAD

That was a very curious thing for you to say Mr....Brad.

BRAD

It is a curious day, Minister. I apologize.

MUHAMMAD

That is true Brad, it is a curious day and the curiousness calls me elsewhere. Let us get to business.

BRAD

Agreed. We have accepted the payment from your government. The package has arrived without incident, no questions asked. The only thing we need to know

is where you want it delivered.

MUHAMMAD

We'll pick it up downstairs.

BRAD

(shocked)

Here?

MUHAMMAD stares at Brad blankly with something dark in his eye.

BRAD

Of course Minister. I can have it ready in fifteen minutes.

(They shake)

I have to know, 750 Million to deliver a package with no questions asked. Should I be running for the hills, here?

(chuckles)

I mean this isn't like something terrorist or something?

MUHAMMAD

(doesn't miss a beat)

Yes, Brad, we are going to blow you all up.

(they both laugh)

I am sorry Mr...Brad, no questions asked means that. Thank you for your cooperation.

BRAD

Of course Minister.

MUHAMMAD leaves. BRAD picks up phone.

(into phone)

Yeah Jerry? Yeah, bring the French package down to the loading dock. Yeah here. 15 minutes, Jerry. Get on it.

PROFESSIONAL 2 enters flustered.

PROFESSIONAL 4
Brad, they're starting right now!

BRAD
(under his breath)
Darn.
(back into phone)
Have to get going Jerry. Just get it
to the customer asap, I want to be done
with this ASAP. Uh-huh. Bye.

BRAD throws down the phone, picks up his digital device,
and runs out door behind PROFESSIONAL 4. PROFESSIONAL 2
joins the group.

PROFESSIONAL 2
Couldn't save OI!

Our point of view moves backward, out of the building
through BRAD's office's window, and down to the ground
floor. We are looking through the glass door entrance to
this side of the BUILDING. In the background we can barely
hear a speech being given at the podium behind us. We see
BRAD, PROFESSIONAL 2 and 4 run down a flight of stairs at
the end of the hall past the glass doors. They begin a
decent trot towards us. We can start to hear them as they
get closer to the door.

(Note: I need to write the background speech)

BRAD
How could this happen? It's not even
1:15 yet?

PROFESSIONAL 4
I donno, boss. I...

BRAD
(angrily)
It's your flipping job to know. WHAT
HAPPENED?

PROFESSIONAL 2
Something about Oi! wanting to make a

statement on behalf of the company?

BRAD

(chuckles)

We can't let him do that. Good work.
I'm sorry I got mad at you. It's been
a rough day.

PROFESSIONAL 4

Yes Brad.

BRAD

Has the Minister been prepped? Is he
aware that he has to be on television
in 30 seconds?

PROFESSIONAL 4

(holding her digital device)

Yes, he's...

MINISTER and his security detail appear coming down the
stairs at the end of the hall, 30 seconds or so behind
BRAD's entourage. BRAD follows PROFESSIONAL 4's look
behind her. BRAD nods.

The PROFESSIONALS have made their way to the glass doors.
They open the door as our perspective moves quickly
backward, over the podium and the gathered AUDIENCE and
OTHER MEDIA. We move directly behind JANET and DANIEL.
Once we get our bearings we move into DANIEL's CAMERA.

PROFESSIONAL 5 is speaking at the podium.

PROFESSIONAL 5

...and at 3:15, there will be a formal
meet and greet at the North gate. You
will need preferred press credentials
in order to attend...

She sees the approaching PROFESSIONALS.

PROFESSIONAL 5

Oh Wow. Looks like we're ready to
begin!

PROFESSIONAL 5 takes a few awkward steps backward and steps off the stage. We see BRAD climb onto the podium stage. He moves to a chair set up beside the podium, stage left. MINISTER takes a seat in a chair stage right. PROFESSIONAL 2 notes that everything is ready.

PROFESSIONAL 2

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am honored to present our distinguished guest, a Nobel prize winning economist, and our Minister of finance...

JANET and DANIEL's talking drowns out the speech.

JANET

I hate this part.

DANIEL

Of the job? Yeah. Drivel. So I guess I don't need to film this, since we've already ruined the print.

JANET

Don't care. I can't imagine using this anyway.

CAMERA is focuses on BRAD's office.

MINISTER

(off-camera)

...study after study has proven that this sort of retreatment of the nuclear material, not only is safe, but can extend a portion of the nuclear fuel to a fully useful state. Thus...

JANET

What are you filming?

DANIEL

Brad's office.

JANET

Scoop?

DANIEL

(chuckles)

Trying to get a close-up on the top secret documents he has laying around.

CAMERA pans left to show the second conference room. MUHAMMAD is signing papers. Daniel zooms in.

DANIEL

Hay, is that Muhammad Al-Ahmed?

JANET

(laughs)

The most wanted terrorist in the world sitting inside InstiCorp main headquarters, while they're talking about safety? Not a good day for InstiCorp. Hey, I think this guy's getting close to introducing Brad.

CAMERA moves back down to the podiums.

MINISTER

...and here is the man of the hour. My personal friend. Brad Parcel. Brad.

We pan to BRAD. He stands, acknowledges the smattering of applause, and inhabits the podium.

BRAD

Thank you Minister.

(a smattering of applause)

This will be a historic day in this country. We are here to witness a day where the greatness of our two nations will be brought together in this wondrous enterprise.

JANET

Think he'll say anything new?

DANIEL

You wanna fuck up this print too?

JANET

We'll just use the visual anyway,
right?

(deeper voice, mocking herself)

Brad Parcel once again laid out his
argument that processing nuclear waste
inside a major city is really super
safe.

BRAD

...and continued alignment between our
great nations. Minister, you have been
there from the very first days, making
sure this historic agreement became a
reality.

CAMERA begins to appear tired.

JANET

(now mocking BRAD)

And he has shown that there is no risk
of nuclear contamination.

BRAD

...basically no risk of nuclear
contamination from our...

JANET

We don't have to be here.

DANIEL

Where do you want to go?

In the background we can hear OI! and PUNK 1 shouting at
the top of their lungs. CAMERA pans left to focus on them.
They begin at a mild walk, then, when they are sure cameras
are on them, begin to run toward podium.

DANIEL

We got something.

The PUNKS run up close to podiums, standing to the left of
the stage. BRAD has stopped speaking and he, MINISTER, and
anyone else of the stage are staring at them. OI! looks at
BRAD and hefts his breasts at him. OI! runs to the nearest
video camera (not CAMERA) and begins to rant.

OI!
Hey, fuck the French free trade agreement. I'm gonna go where you all should go. All you. Get to the protests! Don't listen to these corporate fucks! The power of the people! We're gonna get so loud God will hear us. Power of the people! Power of the people!

By this time, SECURITY has walked up behind the PUNKS. One tries to grab OI! OI! rips himself away.

OI!
PIG! Power of the people! You mark this day, normal people everywhere. Today we WIN!

SECURITY has now grabbed both punks. PUNK 1 continues to scream:

PUNK 1
Power of the people! Power of the people!

DANIEL has been able to move to get his shot. OI! turns to him, and a smirk comes across his face. He is being led away, but DANIEL is following.

OI!
(into CAMERA)
You want a scoop? These corporate dicks are screwing you, they're screwing me, and their fucking screwing themselves. Themselves! I got paid by them to do this. Paid. They gave me dynamite.

SECURITY leads PUNKS away faster than DANIEL can move.

DANIEL
And out.

CAMERA registers "stop.", but we are still "in" it.

JANET

What do you wanna do with that?

DANIEL

I don't know. Maybe a segue into more of the protest.

(mimicking JANET)

Punk singer Oi! pronounced his displeasure with the French trade agreement blah blah blah? He even claimed corporations gave him dynamite. Maybe we could try to find out what he meant.

CAMERA is filming her, looking up at the conference room. CAMERA follows her eyes to the Conference Room. CAMERA registers: "Record"

JANET

God that sure does look like him.

CAMERA shows MUHAMMAD looking out the conference room window. CAMERA zooms in and we get a good look at him.

JANET

I think that's the Health Minister. Akbrain or something? It's a splitting image of him, though. We must have Al-Ahmed on the brain.

MUHAMMAD has just signed the last of a series of papers and is looking out the window one last time.

JANET

I have an idea.

CAMERA pans out to show that she has pulled her blouse up to expose a bright red bra. She is waving her hands trying to get MUHAMMAD's attention.

JANET

(over her shoulder)

We met Muhammad Al-Ahmed in Afghanistan, right? We've never met

the Health Minister.

DANIEL

You could'a just tried waving.

CAMERA focuses back on MUHAMMAD.

JANET

(off-camera)

It's a really nice bra.

DANIEL laughs. MUHAMMAD has noticed JANET. CAMERA zooms in. At first he smiles like a man who has just seen a nice red bra on a beautiful woman. We then watch as he recognizes who the beautiful woman is. Just for a blip, we see pure fear enter his frame. He then looks straight forward, turns around gracefully, and leaves quickly to the left.

CAMERA pans back down to JANET. She is fully clothed. A number of other REPORTERS have gathered around.

REPORTER 1

It is a REALLY nice bra. Why'd you do that?

JANET

Hunch.

(quick, knowing take into CAMERA)

REPORTER 2

Yeah but what story? Public nudity at InstiCorp?

JANET

French Health Minister. Gotta go, guys. Have fun covering this shit.

We watch as JANET points to her right. CAMERA registers: "Stop", gets picked up off its tripod. Daniel holds it in his right hand at arm's length. Magically, CAMERA continues to have a manicured shot, even in this position.

We follow JANET as the two make their way to their van. Upon arrival, DANIEL sets the camera down in the van so we can watch from behind. He loads his tripod into the van

and takes a drink from a flask. JANET, who has been retrieving something from the front seat walks around the van and sits beside DANIEL.

JANET

You saw it? In his eyes?

(Daniel nods.)

This could be big. Huge! We talk to him in Afghanistan, we bring him to the attention of the press everywhere, and we bring him down. Fucking Pulitzer 4, baby!

She high fives a not as happy DANIEL.

Come on, we have to get on this.

DANIEL

We have to call the cops. Security. Be responsible and shit.

JANET

We're not even sure it was him.

DANIEL

Yeah we are! Damn-it, this could be seriously dangerous. We have enough now. We can bring down the French Health Minister for being a terrorist. Let's get out of here with our lives, Janet.

JANET

Uh-Huh. When's the last time you've ran from a story?

JANET stares directly into DANIEL's eyes. He keeps a straight face for a second, then breaks into laughter.

DANIEL

I can never really get you with that one, can I?

DANIEL takes another shot from his flask. They begin loading their gear.

JANET

You want another Pulitzer more than even me.

DANIEL grabs CAMERA, loads it into Van. We hear JANET getting into van, starting it. She clicks on her seatbelt.

JANET

I'm gonna head around to the West entrance. Hopefully, Al-Ahmed will be going out that direction. I'm guessing the protest. Your camera's still on.

DANIEL

Shit.

CAMERA registers "Off"

We snap to blackness. 2 seconds. We snap back to a wider view of the van as it motors off into the distance. Our vantage shifts right, back in the direction of the podiums. We start to moving quickly toward them. FRENCH PR GUY is speaking.

FRENCH PR GUY

...the trust shown by InstiCorp has been phenomenal. They have been with us every step of the way, insuring that the shipments will be both safe and efficient. With the help of Health Minister Akbar and this countries excellent safety specialists, we know we have a better than 99% chance that nothing will ever go wrong. We have a real partner in InstiCorp.

While the speech continues, we are steadily moving forward, more of to the right side of the podium can be seen. Coming into sight are JACQUES and MARIE with other FRENCH, monitoring. JACQUES grabs his ear-piece, nods. He motions to MARIE. We follow JACQUES and MARIE as they slide away from the press conference and make their way towards the French Security Command Center, a tent erected some distance from the news conference.

JACQUES, MARIE, and all other FRENCH always speak in French, unless otherwise noted.

JACQUES
(quickly walking up to FRENCH 1)
Al-Ahmed is in country!

FRENCH 1
Yes. We have him on video surveillance from the airport.

JACQUES
Confirmed? Have you seen the footage?

FRENCH 1
No sir, but...

JACQUES
Facial recognition software?

FRENCH 1
(flashes a glance at JACQUES)
Yes sir.

JACQUES
You know I don't trust that stuff. Even Health Minister Akbar gets scanned as Al-Ahmed.

FRENCH 1
We also have an eyewitness account, a refugee from Afghanistan who told law enforcement he swore it was
Al-Ahmed.
We couldn't apprehend him there, sir, and he appears to have diplomatic status.

JACQUES
(without a subtitle)
Merde!

MARIE
What country?

FRENCH 1

France, ma'am.

JACQUES

How? And we're sure? Maybe it was Minister Akbar. The witness maybe saw Akbar and thought it was Al-Ahmed.

MARIE

We can't take that chance. The facial recognition software is state of the art. It's supposed to see through almost total disfigurements. For all we know, Akbar is Al-Ahmed. We have to take this as a credible threat and go from there. If he's here, he's going to strike quickly, with the protests and the agreement...

(sudden realization)

... and the President! Where is the President now?

FRENCH 2 begins frantically dialing a cell phone.

MARIE

Get local law enforcement and the host country's Intel in on this. If he's here, on the ground, now, we might be the only ones who have a chance at getting him.

JACQUES

What do you want to go on?

FRENCH 2

(looking up from cell phone)

The President is in his hotel room at "The Nightingale."

FRENCH 1

I've got the airport footage.

(staring at a laptop)

The footage time stamp is 3 hours ago. He isn't that far ahead of us.

JACQUES
(looking over FRENCH 1 shoulder)
That looks like Akbar.

MARIE
And this is probably just a false
alarm. But we have to go on this one
Jacques.

JACQUES
Always by the book, Marie. No, you're
right. Maybe Akbar is Al-Ahmed. We
can't rule it out. If Al-Ahmed is
here, you're right, he's probably going
to go for the President, so we need to
be as close to Boutique as we can get.

MARIE
To "The Nightingale?"

JACQUES
Yeah, unless something else becomes
relevant.
(to FRENCH 2)
We need local law enforcement to clear
out that building.
(pointing to THE BUILDING)

FRENCH 2
There might be some problem with...

JACQUES
Get it done, agent. We need that
building cleared.
(to everyone)
All right, people, let's get on top of
this.

JACQUES, MARIE, and all other FRENCH dial a new number on
their cell phones. JACQUES and MARIE walk quickly to a car,
and get in. MARIE drives. We follow them outside the car
as they back up and speed out of parking lot and onto 19th
street. They are stopped at a "t" intersection with

Central St. by a police cordon manned by the POLICE. They are asked for their credentials. The POLICE 1 looks at papers, waves them through. We stop following them here. They speed off down 19th, past Central, as we wheel to look up Central St.

Central is covered with people from 22nd on as far as we can see. Central is apparently a commercial district but it ends abruptly at 19th, becoming one of the main entrances to THE BUILDING. Between 19th and the building entrance is a street-width field of grass. The police are set up in this grassy area. We can see a large number of police vehicles, in addition to a number of city busses. A city bus blocks half of Central, prepared to seal the spot where 19th meets Central. 75 or so POLICE do police things.

We move close to ground level, past the bus blocking Central and over a cordon at 20th and 21st Streets. We are beginning to make out the wall of people in the background. In the foreground we see a wall of police on 22nd Street in full riot gear, preparing tear gas. We move to the left of the POLICE line and set up the vantage of the 18th century battle that it is. We continue to watch the battle from the police lines for a bit, as the PROTEST gets closer.

We now move from the police line, into the PROTEST its self. Drums pound, horns blare. 50,000 people chant "Power of the People!" in unison. We see giant living cartoons of oil wells and nuclear fuel rods. The movement of the crowd is contagious.

We continue to move through the crowd, up the street and to 23rd street and into a back alley. OI! and PUNK 1 are talking to the other PUNKS. Under each of the PUNK's arms, are sticks of dynamite. Behind them are crates of Molotov cocktails, one of which is open so we can see what they are. Another pile of dynamite sits nearby.

PUNK 3

...to help the fucking kids?

OI!

They already got the donation.

PUNK 4

Money for poor kids paying us to raise
bloody hell? Corporate America lost
it's fucking mind?

PUNK 1

Yeah, I almost came when I heard it.

OI!

I've thought about that. They must
want the protest to appear as violent,
so they look like a victim. So, don't
hurt anybody, especially the pigs.
Make sure you know what you're blowing
up. No Mom and Pop fucking craft
marts, eh? But scorch those fucking
Corporate Holes! Make them burn! Let's
cause some mayhem!

PUNK 3

Fucking rock and roll!

Exeunt all PUNKS save OI! and PUNK 5

OI!

Make sure you get Labor in on this
shit. Workin' stiffs gonna get some
fucking payback! Not those
tree-huggers, though. They'll just
tell. Or blow themselves up.

PUNK 5

Yeah. On it man.

We follow OI! as he follows the rest of the PUNKS, who are
handing out sticks of dynamite to non-hippies. OI!
continues running until he gets to Central St. The wall of
people on Central see OI!, cheer, and make a path for him.

The mayhem has begun. PUNKS have started spray-painting
"Misfits" logos and the like on bus stops. Others have
grabbed a park bench from somewhere and are breaking the
windows of and otherwise vandalizing "New Marine", "Hole",
and "Java Nation" stores. One PUNK runs over to PROTEST 1,
who is taking part in the destruction of a New Marine
store.

PROTEST 1
FUCK New Marine. FUCK corporate
slavery. Today we bring you down!

DYNAMITE PUNK
Might this help?
(hands PROTEST 1 dynamite)

We move to the front of the protest, clearly given life by the arrival of the PUNKS. We pause here for a moment, focused on the POLICE line opposite. The police have clearly taken notice of the change and begin to march. We move toward their line. Once we get to it we swing around to a vantage point showing the police line and the approach of the protesters; the 18th century battle. POLICE 2 is the tactical leader of the POLICE line. He is on the opposite side of the line from our view.

POLICE 2
(over bullhorn, at protest)
Attention protesters! This has become
an unlawful gathering. We are going
to ask you to disperse. If you do not
dis...

A sudden flash from behind the wall of protesters, and a boom. "New Marine" is no more.

I repeat, if you do not disperse NOW,
we will be forced...

The PROTESTERS begin to chant, "Go away pig." Led on by OI!, who stands at front. POLICE 2 is getting aggravated.

POLICE 2
WE WILL BE forced to use tear gas
and... Attention here. Disperse NOW!

By now, the two lines are only 10 meters from each other.

POLICE 2
(commanding the line)
Halt! Prepare projectiles.
(back to PROTESTERS)

This is your final warning. We will...

The police take out tear gas dispensers. We see OI!
standing in front of the line, urging the PROTESTERS on.

OI!

(not heard)

They're gonna gas us!

When OI! says this, a visible wave washes over the
PROTESTER line, caused by fear and distress over the fact
that their own people are going to fire upon them. OI!
turns to his line, raises his hand to rally his troops,
wheels on the POLICE line, points at it; then proceeds to
sprint at full speed towards it. The line follows.

OI!

(also not heard)

Charge!

POLICE 2

FIRE!

A few protesters begin to crash into the police line as
tear gas canisters fly. The tear gas has been fired too
long and the wind is blowing away from the POLICE. More
PROTESTERS realize that attack is the best option to avoid
the tear gas. They smash into the POLICE line. Suddenly,
the entire crowd, compelled by a mob mentality, surges
forward. The mob begins to crash en masse into the POLICE
line. We see the line give a bit. A POLICEMAN stumbles.
A few of the mob gets through. More police reinforce hole
by attacking with their night sticks, but the mob continues
to come. The rest of the line begins to waiver.

Our vantage moves up and directly perpendicular to the
POLICE line. We watch as PROTESTERS begin to flood through
the line. More POLICE begin to reinforce from the 21st
Street cordon, but the hole has gotten too big. The 22nd
Street line breaks, and suddenly routs. The mob pushes
forward in pursuit.

POLICE 2

BACK!

We follow the front of the mob as it heads down Central St. Those POLICE coming from the 21st Street cordon are swarmed immediately. The 21st Street cordon is already wavering, even though the protest has yet to arrive.

Our vantage swings 180 degrees. We begin to move up Central St., past 22nd and 23rd Streets. We come to rest at 24th and Central, focused on "Jerry's", a sleazy motel.

"Jerry's" has a balcony on the second floor which covers a porch on the first. On both levels, parties rage. It is clear that the PROTESTERS have rented most of the rooms, which are serving as rest stops. At a table along the Central St. sidewalk, PROTESTERS are giving cups filled with water. In some of the rooms, a nice beer can be had. Some have been designated for smoking. Not cigarettes. There are PROTESTERS everywhere.

JERRY'S PROTESTER

We've broken through the police line!
Everybody, get inspired! We'll stop
the agreement! Power of the people!

Some follow. Some drink more beer. As we have been watching this unfold, we move toward a Bentley parked outside the motel. It stands out drastically. Parked beside it is a pickup with "Garbage Removal Accessory" painted on its side. In the back, we can see a wooden crate clearly marked "InstiCorp." It is the same crate we saw being loaded into an InstiCorp ship and, of course, holds THE BOMB.

Above these two vehicles, on the balcony, MUHAMMAD and TERRORISTS 2 thru 7 are arguing. The TERRORISTS are wearing white jump suits with "Sanitation" adhered badly to their backs.

We move towards the assembled TERRORISTS, who are standing in a circle, discussing. TERRORIST 6 leans over the railing, watching the protest.

TERRORIST 4

Why couldn't we just leave it there?

It's where it's headed anyway.

MUHAMMAD

They will clear the building before The French President arrives. It must be like this. Allah wills it.

TERRORIST 5

Why must we wait now?

MUHAMMAD

They won't begin letting diplomatic cars in until 5:00. After the bomb sweep.

TERRORIST 3

But you said they've moved up the signing. You said they heightened security.

MUHAMMAD

Maybe I can stall.

TERRORIST 6

What is happening?

Our vantage moves to show that the rapid flow of people forward has left the street startlingly empty.

TERRORIST 6

Muhammad, we have a problem.

(points to vanished crowd)

Did the police clear the streets? Are we discovered?

MUHAMMAD walks to rail.

MUHAMMAD

(under his breath)

They've broken through.

(to TERRORISTS)

The protesters have broken through the police lines. It is the will of God. We will carry the device in.

TERRORIST 2

Through the protest? How will we get inside the gates? What about the months of planning?

MUHAMMAD

This is God's plan. I sense it. This is the way to get the device inside. You must trust me, brother.

TERRORIST 2

Praise be to Allah.

TERRORISTS

Allah Akbar.

MUHAMMAD motions for TERRORISTS to follow. We follow them down the stairs to the parking lot. When MUHAMMAD gets to the sanitation truck, he turns around to address TERRORISTS.

MUHAMMAD

We have to fit in. Do what I do. Put your shirt over your jumpsuit. Take off those "Sanitation" stickers. Are you ready?

The TERRORISTS all nod and begin doing what he said. MUHAMMAD's typically stoic expression transforms into a smile. He spins around, jumps into the back of the sanitation truck.

MUHAMMAD

Power with the people!

By now, "Jerry's" rooms have all emptied. PROTESTERS are everywhere, many with beer in hand. The other TERRORISTS follow after MUHAMMAD, chanting "Power to (or with) the people". They surround the pickup. MUHAMMAD starts to pry the crate with THE BOMB apart.

MUHAMMAD

(to PROTESTERS)

Let's destroy this truck!

The TERRORISTS are stunned. The PROTESTERS are more than willing to help. They begin to smash the truck's windows. One PROTESTER spray-paints over the "Garbage Removal Accessory" logo. MUHAMMAD motions to the TERRORISTS to join in. Three begin slashing the tires. Two jump into the rear and help MUHAMMAD break apart the crate. They open a hole. MUHAMMAD reaches in and pulls out a piece of THE BOMB, hands it to a TERRORIST. He grabs another, handing it off; then another. Soon, all six parts of THE BOMB are in the hands of the TERRORISTS. The two TERRORISTS in the rear jump down. MUHAMMAD kicks out the rear window of the truck and shouts:

MUHAMMAD

Power with the people!

He jumps down. PROTESTERS applaud. The TERRORISTS begin to walk away, carrying THE BOMB.

STONED PROTESTOR

(walks up to MUHAMMAD)

You're gonna go into the building and you're gonna blow it up. To smithereens. I saw you grab those packages. You're like a terrorists, right?

MUHAMMAD

Do you expect to stop me?

STONED PROTESTOR

No, man. It's good. You'll get us on the news, man. Plus you'll take out those corporate interests. It's groovy, man.

MUHAMMAD

I thought you were all non-violent.

STONED PROTESTOR

To a point, man. Whatever works. Peace bro.

The STONED PROTESTOR gives MUHAMMAD the peace symbol, which, ironically, MUHAMMAD returns. A momentary smile

passes over MUHAMMAD's face as the TERRORISTS vanish into the crowd.

We hold still for a moment, facing down Central St., towards 22nd, 21st, etc. After a few seconds, we see JANET and DANIEL get up from behind a dumpster, where they have been hiding. DANIEL has been filming TERRORISTS. We move towards them rapidly. Suddenly, we move inside CAMERA.

CAMERA is filming the TERRORISTS in the crowd as best it can.

JANET

Did you get that?

DANIEL

This is fucked up. Yeah, I got it. We gotta do something. I'm actually being serious.

JANET

What? What? What do you want to do? Call the cops...get a shot of that.

We see JANET's arm point right, into the frame. CAMERA pans right to a scene of a police car, just arrived, getting mobbed by PROTESTERS carrying dynamite. The two POLICE inside look desperate.

JANET

Call the cops?
(walking into shot)
We can't lose them.

DANIEL

We've got enough for three Pulitzers. Yeah, we should call the cops.

CAMERA has watched as the POLICE inside the car foolishly opened their doors. After some struggle, the POLICE have been pulled free, their guns taken. An especially hippy looking PROTESTER motions for them to sit. Clearly afraid, the POLICE sit and PROTESTERS form a ring in the middle of the street. PUNKS take all firearms. Joints are lit and passed. The POLICE don't inhale.

DANIEL
(under breath)
Social commentary, that.

JANET
Seriously, the cops? Those cops?

DANIEL
We're not gonna lose Al-Ahmed. They're wearing bright white jumpsuits. They can't be hard to find. Maybe we call the Feds or something.

JANET
Same jumpsuits the Garbage people have. I'm losing them, you got um? How'd that shot come out?

The POLICE have gotten up, a smile on their faces. They are leaving.

DANIEL
Classic. Except where you walked into the shot. We don't need to follow those fuckers. We've already got...

CAMERA is lifted. It scans the last spot we saw the TERRORIST. We don't see the TERRORISTS.

DANIEL
(under his breath)
Shit, shit, shit.

JANET
Over there.

JANET's arm points in from the right. CAMERA follows. We see two of the TERRORISTS.

DANIEL
Yeah, ok. Let's move.

DANIEL follows JANET running toward the last spot she saw the TERRORISTS, CAMERA being carried at arms length. We stop moving as CAMERA follows the last of TERRORISTS moving around a corner on 21st Street.

DANIEL
Got 'em. Got 'em. Let's go.

CAMERA starts following again, as DANIEL and JANET run after TERRORISTS around the corner.

DANIEL
(during chase)
Around the corner. Around, on 21st. I donno, maybe going down Pine Street. I don't know, Janet. It's really good footage and we'll catch...

CAMERA has come to rest on a TERRORIST as he makes his way through the crowd.

Got one. They're headed down...

JANET has been looking around. She looks at DANIEL, looks off to her left. CAMERA, follows her gaze, sees nothing, snaps back to her.

See um?

JANET
Yeah, yeah.

JANET grabs her knees, pants.

JANET
Stop here. Regroup.

We watch JANET pant for a few second. Now CAMERA pans around. The street is less clogged with people because they are spreading out across the area. Containment by the POLICE has broken down everywhere but at the front. Looking down 21st, we watch POLICE retreat. CAMERA shows PUNKS breaking apart many of the stores in the area, though "Frank's Hardware" is notably unharmed. CAMERA flashes back to TERRORISTS, who are stuck at the opposite corner of

21st and Central. We move around a bit, focusing on a small enclave of POLICE who were retreating. They are attempting to fend off a huge crowd with mace. A police van pulls up. They make a hole through the mob and pry their way out. They get in the van as it is pelted with hundreds of flowers. A PUNK fires a police gun into the air. We flash back to TERRORISTS, they're still stuck.

We move to another scene of PUNKS. They have wheeled a dumpster to this side of 21st and Central, to a "The Hole" store. Underneath, they have placed 3 bundles of dynamite. The PUNKS are about to light it. CAMERA backs away quickly.

PUNK 6

Alright, everybody stand back.

(to PUNK 7)

You're sure it's going to go that way?

ON LOOKING PROTESTER

(beside CAMERA)

How far is safe?

PUNK 6

Further than you are.

CAMERA backs up more.

PUNK 7

Set.

ON LOOKING PROTESTER

Isn't it just going to blow back at us?

JANET

It's just gonna blow back at us. We gotta move.

CAMERA snaps back to TERRORISTS, who have made their way through. We catch the last of them, as he rounds the corner.

PUNK 6

(off screen)

Then fucking stand further back!

CAMERA moves to the perspective of being at arm's length down. DANIEL and JANET make their way very quickly to the far side of 21st, and take cover. We hear a loud bang. Dust and debris stream in from the direction of the blast. Suddenly, a dumpster crashes in from the sky. Local PROTESTERS cheer, laugh, and generally emote favorably to the event.

PUNK 6

(barely heard off-screen)

Holy fucking shit! Hell yeah!

(a deep "woo")

Shit, anyone hurt? Everyone good? You good? Yeah? Alright.

(beat)

FUCKING COOL!

CAMERA steadies, is lifted up to DANIEL's full height, and then gets extended higher when DANIEL lifts it above his head. We can make out TERRORISTS in their bright white jumpsuits, making their way quickly down Central St. It is also now apparent that the protest has broken the POLICE line on 20th Street.

DANIEL

Still got um. No fucking clue how we get through that crowd.

JANET

Well... We should call the cops or - Feds.

DANIEL

You're actually scared?

JANET

Due diligence. And, honestly, yeah. That's what I love about this job.

DANIEL

I haven't had an adrenaline rush this good in months.

They laugh. CAMERA has been resting this time, focused on JANET. DANIEL grabs it and begins to scan Pine St. the next street parallel to Central Street on the side they're on. CAMERA focuses on a group of PROTESTERS wearing "Union Yes!" tee shirts.

DANIEL

We have to let someone in the government know about all this. Not the cops. They seem tied up.

CAMERA zooms to PROTESTERS offering flowers to POLICE who, though now armed with rifles, are backing up. Flowers are overcoming bullets this day.

DANIEL

Some government agency or something.

JANET

General Monique? The guy we interviewed about French terrorist readiness?

DANIEL

Yeah, or have someone else call him. The French contingent. That's good.

CAMERA has shifted back to the "Union Yes!" PROTESTERS. Suddenly, CRIER PROTESTER begins shouting over the general loudness. CAMERA moves, towards 19th, to him.

CRIER PROTESTER

The city's Sanitation Department Union has joined us! Let them though, they've got something to say.

DANIEL

(loudly, with frustration)
Fuck!

CRIER PROTESTER

(unheard over DANIEL's remark)
Yeah, to the front.

CAMERA focuses back on the "Union Yes!" guys. Behind us, the yells get louder, the drums heavier. The Union guys start shouting, becoming aroused. The protest has reached a zenith.

JANET

(evil sarcastic tone)

Oh, by the way. Those Union guys you're cheering for are really terrorists. We are down, Dan. We gotta go now, or we're out.

DANIEL

Yeah. Shit. Monique?

JANET

Across the Atlantic. Anyway, I got his secretary.

DANIEL

So we're setting up to cover a real-life massacre. I'm not sure even I can deal with that. Morally.

CAMERA moves from the "Union Yes!" guys to Pine Street its self. It is a complete log jam of cars. CAMERA pauses on one car, then zooms in. It is JACQUES and MARIE's car. They are insurmountably stuck.

DANIEL

Holy synchronous timing, batman. That's Jacques and Marie, those French cops who helped us with the Al-Ahmed story.

JANET

Hot damn! Holy shit! I can't believe it! Just like the best possible people to see right now. That was, like, magical.

(beat)
Do it again.

DANIEL sets down CAMERA and he and JANET both start waving and calling to the car.

DANIEL
No bra this time?

JANET
Marie's driving, and I don't think she's the type.

CAMERA's shot is such that it is difficult to see the FRENCH car well. However, we can barely make out MARIE start to turn to face MEDIA. Then, sudden blackness. 2 seconds.

We flash into JACQUES and MARIE's car. MARIE is looking left, out her window. We notice as she reacts to seeing MEDIA. JACQUES is on the phone.

JACQUES
(in English)
Yes Commandant. I understand... Yes. At least 40,000. Yes sir. I know the gravity because I'm looking at it now.

He looks out MARIE's window at the protest at the moment MARIE reacts to JANET. He does not catch the reaction.

(English)
Sir...Mr. Commandant! I'm talking about a terrorist attack on your soil. Yes...Yes.

JACQUES sighs. MARIE hits him on the shoulder. JACQUES brushes her off. She hits him again. He ignores her.

(English)
The lead security attaché for President Boutique's...

MARIE continues to try frantically to get JACQUES' attention. JACQUES, still brushing her away, calmly looks

out her window, covers his cell phone's mouthpiece, and says to MARIE in French.

Why are those people waving at us?

MARIE grabs his cell phone, hangs it up, opens JACQUES door, and begins to push him out.

MARIE

We have to go.

JACQUES appears confused. He begins a process of getting out of an automobile. MARIE has already left the vehicle.

JACQUES

Isn't that that Janet journalist, from the morning program on CBX?

We move out of JACQUES' window. Our view encompasses the FRENCH car in the foreground, with the waving MEDIA visible in the distance. We watch as JANET and DANIEL see that TERRORISTS are leaving. They point frantically at the departing TERRORISTS, and begin to move after them. MARIE, meanwhile, has quickly backed up the very small distance available to the car, and pulled onto the sidewalk; all with her door still open. JACQUES, who was in the process of getting out, nearly falls out of the car. A local POLICEMAN has noticed all this, and begins to move toward the car.

MARIE gets out of the car, runs to the trunk, gathers the FRENCH "kits", and then runs around to JACQUES' side.

In the distance, we have watched MEDIA acknowledge that the FRENCH have seen them, but are unable to stay due to the TERRORISTS moving away.

MARIE

(opens JACQUES' door, leans in)
Janet Doyle. She interviewed us about
Muhammad Al-Ahmed years ago.

A sudden realization comes across JACQUES' face.

JACQUES' method of quickness is unlike MARIE's. He lumbers

out of the car, slowly checks his revolver; he carries a revolver; gives a quick yawn, and is ready. POLICE have shown up to the illegally parked car. MARIE walks up to them with her credentials in her left hand.

MARIE

(English)

We are with the special Attaché to President...

POLICE 3

Ma'am, I'm going to have to ask you to move your car. This is a security only zone.

MARIE

(English)

As I was saying, officer...

Instead of looking at her credentials, POLICE 3 draws his weapon.

POLICE 3

Ma'am, I need you to stand still. Can you do that for me?

MARIE

(English)

Will you at least look at my papers?

JACQUES

(English)

Officer, she's ok. She's on our side.

POLICE 3 looks at JACQUES, lowers his weapon. JACQUES shakes his hand. He grabs for his inside jacket pocket.

JACQUES

(English)

Credentials?

POLICE 3 nods "no." MARIE is incensed.

MARIE

(English)

You're not even going to look at them?

POLICE 3

I can tell he's with law enforcement.
If you had just announced yourself, we
wouldn'tve have a problem.

MARIE

(English)

I DID.

(waves credentials)

We have to go.

POLICE 3

Now wait a moment, Ma'am. I'm going to
need to check you guys out. Let me get
some information. Why are you here?

JACQUES

(English)

We are with the French President
Boutique's security detail.

POLICE 3

The president's boutique?

JACQUES

(English)

The French President's name is
Boutique.

POLICE 3

I probably should know that.

MARIE

(English)

Since this protest and everything is
tied to his presence, probably yes. We
have to go.

MARIE begins to leave. JACQUES shrugs to POLICE 3 and
follows.

POLICE 3

(to the departing FRENCH)

You still have to move your car!

MARIE

(over her shoulder, in English)

Tow it.

We switch angles to follow JACQUES and MARIE. They begin moving in the direction that they last saw MEDIA.

We chase FRENCH as they trot towards unseen MEDIA. In front of them, we see PUNKS as they load the still present, blown up dumpster, now righted, with flammables. A number of PUNKS and PROTESTERS grab the back of the dumpster and roll it towards Pine St. (towards us), setting it ablaze in the process.

MARIE

We have to stop...

JACQUES

The President, Marie.

They are compelled to watch as the dumpster picks up speed.

The PUNK's timing could not have been better. They reach the corner of 21st and Pine exactly as a reinforcement line of POLICE rounds it. The PUNKS, not wanting to hurt anyone, release the dumpster. The POLICE line breaks instantly, as they avoid the dumpster. Other PROTESTORS see what is going on and run to the site. The POLICE are trying to regroup, but the a wave of people begins to descend upon them. In the background, we can still make out POLICE 3, who has been watching all this, dumbfounded, trying to write a ticket.

PEACEFUL PROTESTER

Hug them. They need a hug. Don't let them spray you but don't hurt the cops. K? We can't hurt the cops.

Many PROTESTERS and PUNKS hear the PEACEFUL PROTESTER, and start to chant, "Give those cops a hug." Though the POLICE have managed to re-establish a line, they are not prepared for the mass of hugs mobbing them. Some allow themselves

to be hugged. Other's retreat, but the attack has been thwarted. A PUNK grabs one of the POLICE's service weapons and fires one shot into the air. PEACEFUL PROTESTER, in mime, scolds him, and takes the weapon. OI!, who has come to find out what is going on, takes the weapon from PEACEFUL PROTESTER.

While all this has been happening, we have been keeping tabs on the FRENCH. They have been stuck, trying to make their way towards 19th and MEDIA. Finally, FRENCH manage to make their way into the crowd. We follow them.

The FRENCH quickly become stopped. The protest has been bottled up for now on 20th.

Reminder: The following is in French, with English subtitles.

MARIE

(furious)

How could we let that happen!

JACQUES

I think it's best we don't let them know we're law enforcement. It will only hinder our efforts. We can only think about protecting the President right now.

The scene is becoming more chaotic. The PROTESTERS feel that have won a major battle. With renewed energy, the crowd pushes forward en masse. The Police line at 20th falls back. Behind them, we can see the city bus ready to block 19th street begin to move into place.

POLICE 2

Back, back, lads! Reinforce in front of the bus!

The bus moves quickly into place. The POLICE begin a rapid retreat. The PROTEST follows. POLICE are successful at reforming their line in front of the bus, mostly because the PROTESTERS at the front of the mob have realized that the bus is not going to be moved. PROTESTERS at the front stop. Some turn around, motioning for the crowd behind to

back up, to no avail. Some try to find cover.

We move back towards 20th street and focus on JACQUES and MARIE, who are running along with crowd, making good time. Behind us, suddenly the mob is stopped when the front crashes into a POLICE line set up right in front of the bus. The sudden stop is not heeded by those behind instantly, and the crowd continues to surge forward. This compacts the mob, creating a solid mass of people 30 meters wide.

We are still on the FRENCH, as this happens, but have quickly moved upwards in order to see the full effect of all this. About 10 meters in front of us, to the FRENCH's right, now looking towards the bus et all, we can make out DANIEL and JANET. About 5 meters in front of that, but some distance to MEDIA's left, we can make out the 6 TERRORISTS clad in white. They have made a circle, and are not swallowed by the mob. Our vantage moves to directly behind the rapidly enveloped FRENCH, only a few feet above their heads. Most of the following conversation is only legible due to the subtitles.

JACQUES

This can't be healthy. No, no! They can't be gassing us now. How unethical!

MARIE

Maybe Janet Doyle wasn't motioning about Al-Ahmed.

JACQUES

It has to be. The way they were waving? It is the plan of the universe.

(referring to their predicament)
...and this must be hell.

MARIE

God's plan? We're here because of divine intervention?

JACQUES

(sarcastically)

Yeah, God's plan. You need to read The Illuminatus.

MARIE

(in English)

Stop grabbing my ass!

(back to French)

Not right now, JACQUES.

JACQUES

Going somewhere?

MARIE

We're fighting for survival here!

JACQUES

We'll live. Sooner or later, they'll get that bus out of the way. They set up a police line in front of it, so those guys are going to have to retreat soon. And maybe this is important. I figure it's the Law of Fives.

Screaming, unnatural sounds, and a general aura of human suffering surround the FRENCH. We are now situated directly above them. The full torture of their situation is apparent. However, JACQUES continues.

JACQUES

The Law of Fives. If there are five different forces all fighting around one objective then there will be chaos and no one can predict what will happen. Chaos. Because 5 is the number of chaos.

MARIE

(in a painful sarcastic tone)

Fascinating.

JACQUES

We're chasing a journalist. So that's one. Punks, two. Us. Al-Ahmed, if this is even him.

JACQUES counts on his hand, as teargas canisters begin raining in.

MARIE

Right. Four. We need to find a way out of this. This having your lungs squeezed which were just filled with tear gas needs to stop.

JACQUES

We won't be here much longer. Thinking about the fifth might answer a critical question. Why is Muhammad Al-Ahmed here?

Nearly on cue, our vantage shifts up, and we can see that the bus is being moved out of the way. A gap of about 4 meters has opened. The POLICE in front of the bus begin to file out through the hole, but the PROTESTERS surge forward towards the hole, having no other space to fill. The POLICE scramble to get out quickly.

POLICE 2

(barely audible)

We're dying here! Pull the bus forward! I know, but these are our guys!

The intent was clearly to replace the bus once the POLICE has escaped, but the movement of the bus forward, just a meter or so, has opened a hole too large to make that plan feasible. The POLICE retreat becomes a rout. PROTESTERS begin streaming through the hole.

JACQUES

(calmly)

See. We'll be fine.

MARIE stands aghast for a moment, as the crowd begins to clear a bit. She provides us with a little smile, and turns to JACQUES.

MARIE

Alright. Five forces. What's the

fifth?

FRENCH are now able to start moving forward.

JACQUES

We can't think about that right now.
We have to move.

MARIE's sigh ripples across her body.

Around them, people help others that have fallen. Some gasp for air. Others take care of still active tear gas canisters. A woman washes teargas from the eyes of a bloodied man.

JACQUES

Marie, my dear. I'm not reading the future. I can feel your look. That was chaos, Marie. The bus moving then. Knowing the moment. Blind change I got that right.

The FRENCH have nearly made it to the hole.

This day is chaos. Maybe it's not the Law of Fives. That book includes a lot of bull shit. But we need to be aware that it's a really weird day.

The FRENCH literally run into OI!'s back, who is directing traffic as the mouth of the hole.

OI!

(heralding)

They're reforming in the parking lot outside the building, which is stupid cause I'm getting some big trucks driven down here which is gonna pin um to the gate. So, if you wanna change the fucking world tonight, let's move. Through the hole! Get ready!

OI! ducks through the hole. MARIE and JACQUES jump at the opportunity to follow him, and some other PUNKS, closely.

PUNK 3

(to MARIE)

What the fuck 'er you doin here?

JACQUES

(in English)

It is ok man. We're here for a purpose.

PUNK 3 smirks, shrugs; gives them no mind.

DELIVERYWOMAN catches up with JACQUES and MARIE while they are making their way through the hole.

DELIVERYWOMAN

(to MARIE)

Are you with Oi!?

MARIE

(English)

No.

She points at him. DELIVERYWOMAN tugs at OI!'s leather.
He circles to her.

DELIVERYWOMAN

Oi!? Oi!? I'm...um. Wow, I'm such a big fan.

OI!

You want me to sign your tits?

DELIVERYWOMAN

Uh, no. I mean, not now. I'm. I'm here with your delivery from Max's Army Surplus. All the gas masks we had in stock. Fuckin cool, man.

OI!

You're alright. Bring um down to the end of Pine and then join us.

DELIVERYWOMAN

(twitterpated)

Um...Thanks. I'll come out.

Wow...uh...See you then. Oh, wait.
There's no way I can get down Pine
Street. It's...

OI!

We had some of our labor guys make some
space on Pine since the cops ran away.
Just tell them it's for me. They're
expecting you.

DELIVERYWOMAN

Um...Ok. Thanks Oi! I'll be there
soon.

(she leaves beaming)

We have now come to the other side of the bus, where the
grassy area running parallel to 19th, starts. The bus is
in the process of being destroyed to our left. In the
distance, we can see the final POLICE line, right in front
of the main gate. The grassy area on this side of 19th is
mostly clear of people, though is rapidly filling up in
front of the gate. JACQUES and MARIE walk out into the
first relative freedom they've had is some time. JACQUES
immediately begins scanning for MEDIA.

JACQUES

I was a subway cop, when I started. I
always hated being closed in, under
ground, you know. Being a subway cop
was nothing.

MARIE

Come now, JACQUES. There is no rest
for us.

JACQUES

A second. Perhaps two.

MARIE

Jacques, you are a turd. Not now, or I
shall become angry.

She points at the BUILDING's right side. She starts our
running, sees JACQUES not following her.

JACQUES
You want to run?

MARIE nods "Yes", starts running.

Wait! Wait! What about those
reporters? We didn't just go through
that...

MARIE
I see French diplomatic cars... there.
You see... looks like Louis by his
driving. Come on!

We move so that we can see where she's pointing. Past the
main gate, which is now to our left, we can see in the
distant background FRENCH cars pulling through a gate
perpendicular to the one closest.

JACQUES
We cannot ignore the synchron...

MARIE steps directly in front of JACQUES, looks him
directly in the eye.

MARIE
We have to do this by the book right
now, Jacques. We can be at the
President's side if we move now.
That's what we do, Jacques. We stand
at the President's side.

JACQUES
Yes, we protect the President, Marie.
That means we follow leads...

MARIE
Do you see them? Do you fucking see
them, Jacques? What fucking lead.

JACQUES makes a final visual sweep of the area. He does
not see MEDIA or TERRORISTS.

JACQUES
(sighs)

Alright. We make our way to the building. We're missing this, Marie, by seconds.

MARIE

Seconds we don't have.

MARIE nods at JACQUES. The two run off toward the far gate side of the building.

Our vantage shifts left, to focus on the main gate. The POLICE are entrenched in front of the main gate of the BUILDING. There are three rows of riot police protecting the gate. The first is some 30 meters in front of the gate, protecting a section of the grassy area. Their position is precarious. They don't have anything protecting their left flank and their right, anchored by the BUILDING's wall, is quickly getting desperate. Thousands of protesters are flowing into the area every minute. Tear Gas is being fired into the crowd but it is blowing mostly away from the gate, being easily avoided by the PROTEST. Organized PROTESTERS take bunches of gas masks to the front. We move to the other side of the gate, now facing away from the direction the FRENCH went. In the distance, we can see and hear 4 large dump trucks approach an abandoned POLICE cordon on 19th and Spruce Street, which is the street parallel to Central on that side. The driver and passengers get out, remove the cordon, get back in the trucks, and drive in. The outermost POLICE line crumbles at the sight of the trucks. The second line absorbs the retreating first line and stops the PROTESTOR's charge for the time being.

We focus on the front of the BUILDING. We move over its outer gate, towards the entrance in front of us. Once we get close, and the sounds of the protest and the trucks get faint, we move up to Brad's Office. BRAD is on the phone.

BRAD

Yes Mr. President, we have the situation under control. I don't know anything about the national security issue, you'd have to speak with our Federal Liaison. Yes, sir, I have spoken with the Federal Liaison. Yes,

yeah, yes, I did understand what he had to say. Let me rephrase, I am not *authorized* to speak about the national security issue. Yes. Yes. I can patch you through. Yes. I can patch you right through. Thank you Mr. President. Uh-huh. O...OK, stay on the line.

BRAD hits "hold" then "line", dials an extension.

BRAD

Hay Blake? Yeah, I've got President Boutique on the other line, can you talk to him? Yeah? Thanks.

(patches BOUTIQUE through)

Mr. President? Yes, I have Blake...yes, his name is Blake. Blake? He'll take it from here. Thank y...Thank you Mr. President

BRAD hangs up phone. PROFESSIONAL 2 has entered at door.

BRAD is stressed. Every blood vessel on his body breaths stress. He takes a deep breath, looks up at PROFESSIONAL 2.

PROFESSIONAL 2

The police say their lines aren't gonna hold.

BRAD

Let them know that InstiCorp is fully understanding of whatever steps are necessary to keep the protests in line.

PROFESSIONAL 2

They've already used every legal means to disburse them. And did you know that Oi! is out there with them?

BRAD

I was at the press conference.

PROFESSIONAL 2

Yeah, he has dynamite and gasoline and trucks and all the resources of a multi-platinum rock star. The cops say if he wasn't here...

BRAD

I don't care about Oi! We need him for the advertising but that's it. Blank him.

PROFESSIONAL 2

He walked out of the advertising meeting.

BRAD

He'll be back.

PROFESSIONAL 2

(shuts door behind herself)

Brad, is there anything I need to know? I mean, I wonder why Oi! would have changed his tone so quickly, in the meeting earlier. I saw you in there with him today. When you're making a deal, you're easy to read. If I need to know something...

BRAD

It's none of your bleeping business.

PROFESSIONAL 2

Well, I mean, sir...

BRAD

You don't need to know anything about it.

PROFESSIONAL 2

I am chief legal counsel.

BRAD

You're not ding dong if I don't want you to be.

PROFESSIONAL 2

(mustered calm and earnestness)
Brad. If you did anything that affects
the company, I need to...

BRAD loses it.

BRAD

(goes straight for the jugular)
We can let you go at anytime and you
know it. What were you before. A
public attorney? In some little small
suburb? You like those paintings?
Huh? Those nice painting you collect?
Who's gonna pay for those paintings you
like so much? Huh? Can't make enough
for a Rembrandt as a whore.

PROFESSIONAL 2

(distracted, nearly crying)
I...should I get more people in here,
sir? If we're doing anything
illegal...

BRAD

No bleeping more! Blank legal this,
legal that.

(directly to PROFESSIONAL 2)
It can't get back...I'm not at fault!
InstiCorp is fine. We're Ok. It won't
come back on us.

PROFESSIONAL 2

Sir?

BRAD literally dives at her, getting directly in her face.

BRAD

THAT IS ALL! If you ever BLIPPING say
another word...you remember when I was
in there. Down there? Huh? I made
you scream? I'll make you scream.

PROFESSIONAL 2 is stunned. She is unable to move, staring
blindly ahead.

BRAD

Get me coffee.

PROFESSIONAL 2 grabs BRAD's coffee mug. She moves like an automaton.

PROFESSIONAL 2

It's your...your security...

She begins to cry. BRAD transforms. He plays her as if she's transparent.

BRAD

We're all stressed right now, huh?
National Security issues and all.

(he chuckles)

Just gotta get through it. Back to work. Bury it for me right now, dear-y. Ok? We have to work now. It's ok. I'll get past your mistake.

She is barely suppressing a tremble of fear.

BRAD

Good.

(he touches her cheek, turns away)

Where is Joe?

PROFESSIONAL 2 composes herself. She wipes her face, closes her eyes, takes a deep breath, lets it out. We watch as her frown becomes a cheery smile for a second, then to neutral. We can see her think, "It's my job to be there for Brad." She opens her eyes.

PROFESSIONAL 2

I'm...I'm really sorry about that.

BRAD

That's my girl. What you need to know, without getting all in to it is that I made it clear that Oi! could make the protest bigger and InstiCorp wouldn't be mad. We need the protest to be big...

PROFESSIONAL 2

...so that we look like the victims.
You really are brilliant. I'm really
sorry. I don't know why I acted that
way.

BRAD

(turns away from her)
Find Joe. I thought we asked for him 3
hours ago.

PROFESSIONAL 2

(completely back)
I paged him at 10:32. Three and a half
hours.

BRAD

Go find...

PROFESSIONAL 2 turns to the door, hand on the handle. She
turns back to BRAD.

PROFESSIONAL 2

You know I love you, Brad.

She turns the handle and it gone in an instant.

A few seconds pass. BRAD looks at a file on his desk.

PROFESSIONAL 4

(over the intercom)
Line two, sir. It's Joe.

BRAD

Line 2? Thanks dear.

(into phone)

Joe. Where the Joe you been, Joe?
I just sent...it's ok. Better late
than never.

(he grimaces)

Can you give me a situation update on
where we're at? You're at the command
post. That's good, we're...we're doing
good? How's the front gate? I thought

you were at the command post? Just there. Uh-huh. Ok, how does it look? Ok. What sort of personnel do we have there...No, no, I'm not telling you how to do... You usually have better... more specific information. Yeah, a lot of stress. I really need to know how we're doing out there, ok Joe? We're counting on... WHAT?

(becomes visibly fearful)

What did you say? No, I...Yeah, just the stress. Just the stress. Right. You'll be OK. Bye.

PROFESSIONAL 4

(comes to the door)

Sal Everson is...

BRAD

(stands, goes to PROFESSIONAL 4)

I think we have a problem. I just got off the phone with Joe, I think he said he was "in trouble", and after he said it, he changed and wanted to get off the phone.

PROFESSIONAL 4

You think Joe is, like, kidnapped.

BRAD

Maybe. Do you think... I mean, that could never happen here, right?

PROFESSIONAL 4

Maybe we need to get the authorities.

BRAD

(gruffly)

We don't even know what is going on. We have time. Send Kobe with a security detail down there to check.

PROFESSIONAL 4

You think the protesters...?

BRAD

Break in? No...Shoot,...No. We bought the best... What time is it?

PROFESSIONAL 4

2:12, sir.

BRAD

Get the security command post on the line. See if anyone is down there. What we have to do is fix this quick. Get somebody in charge down there and have them call my cell.

BRAD puts on his jacket, walks out door, we follow.

Get the police chief on the line asap. Give me five minutes with the security...

(on check of watch)

make that three with security and 2 with the... Never mind. I gotta go.

PROFESSIONAL 4

(frantically dialing numbers)

Got it. Security.

PROFESSIONAL 3 is walking the opposite direction, toward the camera. BRAD stops him.

BRAD

What'er you doing? Doesn't matter, you're with me.

PROFESSIONAL 3

Y...Yes sir. Uh...can I grab my coat?

BRAD

I don't care if you flipping freeze to death, you're walking with me. Now.

By now, we have followed BRAD and PROFESSIONALS 3 and 4 down the stairs to the first floor. We continue to follow

the group as it becomes apparent we are headed outside, towards the protest.

PROFESSIONAL 4

Where are we going?

BRAD

To a protest.

BRAD's digital communication device rings. He answers.

BRAD

Security? Who is this? Frank? Get Joe on the line. I don't care... I'll make this simple. Get Joe on the phone right now or pack your things. Yes. Yes. You're fired Frank. Do you understand? Fir... What do you mean he's not there? I talked... Frank! Frank! Stay with me. I won't fire... I need you here right now. I won't fire you. Frank. Listen to me. You're not fired. Now tell me where Joe is.

(BRAD gets really angry)

He just left? He What!? Lie?

(more calm)

Frank. Frank! I need...! I need you to listen right now. You have to step up Frank. You're in charge now. It doesn't matter why he left right now, Frank. We may have a problem. Get me a report... I know, but you have to step up. For me. For the company. Ok? I have to know how security at the south gate is. Ok? I'm headed out there, Frank. I'm headed there now, Ok? So this is huge. This is my personal safety. Ok Frank? Check all the other systems too. I know that takes a long... Frank? Ok, south gate first. Then... I have a call on the other line. You can do... Uh-huh. Uh-huh. I have to go. Calm down. Bye-bye.

BRAD presses the button on his device to answer call waiting. By now, the group has made it to the entrance. BRAD has had to wait here for a few seconds in order to deal with Frank. Once he answers his call waiting, the three exit and begin walking toward the gate.

PROFESSIONAL 3

Sir, I don't think this is a good...

BRAD motions that he is on the phone.

BRAD

Hello? Sergeant Brady. Is The Commandant... Do what you have to. Is The Commandant... Where is he? Well, don't you worry, I'm on the way. Yes, on my way to your command... To talk to them. Yeah, the protesters. I can calm them down. Well, I'm already on my way so...oh, I see the Commandant now! We're all there for ya, Sergeant. Bye.

Walks up to THE COMMANDANT who is busy on the radio trying to organize the retreat of the second POLICE line. Behind him, we see the gate guarded by POLICE. Behind that we can make out the second line being broken, POLICE retreating to the final position, in front of the gate; PROTESTERS directly of their heels. We hear the PROTESTERS crash into the final POLICE line.

BRAD

Commandant...

THE COMMANDANT

Mr. Parcel! You shouldn't be...

BRAD

Brad. Please call me Brad.

THE COMMANDANT

You have to get the hell out of here.

We can hear the PROTESTERS, who are noticeably making the gate sway.

GATE PROTESTOR 1

There's that Corporate son of a bitch himself! Fucking Brad Parcel himself!

GATE PROTESTOR 2

I'll teach you to pollute the planet, fucking hack.

GATE PROTESTOR 3

What, come to try to pay us all off?

THE COMMANDANT

(Looks at the gate, looks back)
You're inciting them!

BRAD

Now Commandant, maybe if I could just talk to them a bit.

THE COMMANDANT

Get the hell out of here.
(motions to GATE POLICEMAN)
Get him out of here!

BRAD

(calmly)
Mr. Commandant, need I remind you of the debt your organization owes to InstiCorp? Without our funding, wouldn't you be unable to do your job?

The GATE POLICEMAN is standing behind BRAD.

THE COMMANDANT

You're pulling this now! This. Now. You're fucking sick.

BRAD

If not now, when? Right now is the reason companies give so much to you

guys. So when we need a favor...
Nobody says it, but you know it's true.
Oh and watch that language. You're a
man of God.

THE COMMANDANT
(calmer. Reasoning with BRAD)
With all due respect, Mr. Parcel...

BRAD
Brad.

THE COMMANDANT
I don't care what I fucking call you
right now, those people want nothing
more than to see your downfall! Do you
understand?

BRAD
Now you're being melodramatic.

GATE PROTESTOR 4
(we overhear)
Die you corporate fuck!
(throws shoe)

BRAD
All I have to do is talk to them, get
them to settle down and it'll be all
good. Now, can I borrow your
megaphone?

BRAD grabs a Megaphone from THE COMMANDANT's hand, who is
simply stunned, and starts shouting to the POLICE at the
gate.

BRAD
You can let them through.
(back to THE COMMANDANT)
You just have to talk to them.

THE COMMANDANT has run up behind BRAD and grabbed the arm
in which BRAD holds the megaphone. BRAD's statement has
already had an effect, though. The POLICE at the gate are
distracted by BRAD's words, and have begun to become

separated, their final line breaking.

THE COMMANDANT

You're a fucking idiot. I don't care if the force gets shut the fuck down, motherfucker. I'm not gonna let my guys get hurt, 'cause you're so goddamn high and mighty. Officer, arrest him.

GATE POLICEMAN grabs for BRAD's wrists. BRAD evades, escapes THE COMMANDANT's grasp.

GATE POLICEMAN

Sir!

Everyone's attention turns to a loud boom in the direction of the gate. We see in the background smoke rising from an apparent explosion that has broken the final POLICE line in front of the gate. A POLICE SERGEANT runs to THE COMMANDANT's location.

POLICE SERGEANT GUS

What the hell are you doing back here? We're getting crushed. We have to get out of here!

THE COMMANDANT

Yeah Gus, bring um back, bring um back! Get our guys out of there!

BRAD, who has been stubbornly avoiding GATE POLICEMAN, has taken the diversion caused by SERGEANT GUS' speech to walk to the gate, megaphone in hand. As he approaches, the noise of the protest gets louder. BRAD climbs on to the gate. The PROTESTERS get very loud, but leave him unscathed.

THE COMMANDANT

How'd he...

THE COMMANDANT motions to GATE POLICEMAN to get BRAD down, but it is too late. The PROTESTOR's have stopped pushing the gate and are calming down.

GATE PROTESTOR 1

He wants to speak. Be quiet.

GATE POLICEMAN is stunned, unable to move, as the crowd stops pushing the gate, and quiets. BRAD turns on the megaphone. We see a "customer service" smile spread across his lips.

BRAD

Friends!

Various PROTESTERS chide BRAD with lines such as: "Come out for a truce?" "Looks like he's got his tail between his legs, guys." "You look stressed, Brad. You want some of this?" as he hands BRAD a joint.

BRAD

(Louder)

Friends!

GATE PROTESTOR 1

Let the bastard speak.

GATE PROTESTOR 5

What you wanna say, asshole.

BRAD

Isn't it a great country we live in where we can say "asshole" to one another as a right? Isn't it a great nation that lets you be there and me be here, co-existing in the same great place? I want to listen to you. I am here to listen to you. We can change together!

This gets some response from the audience. There is scattered applause.

BRAD

I will send out my top aides
(he motions to PROFESSIONAL 3)

and you can get together your people
and we can talk this out. I swear to
you that I will focus on ways we can
work this out. InstiCorp can change.
We can change. And we can get along.

THE COMMANDANT

(to another POLICEWOMAN)

Insane.

BRAD

We're all just people, right? I'm sure
we can come together.

He can sense the audience coming around. We can hear
Brad's cell phone go off. He deftly turns it off in his
pocket.

BRAD

I have people here who can take your
complaints.

He indicates the two PROFESSIONALS. PROFESSIONAL 3
swallows hard.

BRAD

We can get talks underway in no time.
All I ask of you is that you disperse
and we'll be on our way.

GATE PROTESTOR 6

(upon hearing the word "disperse")

Disperse!?

The PROTESTERS begin to mutter.

BRAD

(realizes he's losing the crowd)

Look, people, we are men and women
here, not apes and monkeys. We don't
need to shout.

GATE PROTESTOR 4

You're the fucking monkey, dickweed.

GATE PROTESTOR 2

If we disperse, we lose our power.

BRAD is getting a bit flustered.

BRAD

These are my top aides. We can talk at a table. We don't need to shout.

GATE PROTESTOR 5

We lose our power when we leave the streets.

GATE PROTESTOR 6

Are you fucking serious, Brad?

GATE PROTESTOR 1

He's just trying to get us gone. It's a ploy.

BRAD

I...I need you to move because we are a great nation that respects other great nations.

The audience starts to calm down a bit again.

BRAD

The President of France is coming here today. We are not a people that would show disrespect...

The PROTESTERS boo

THE COMMANDANT

Yup. This is bad.

GATE PROTESTOR 6

Fuck the President of France. That enough disrespect for ya?

The protest comes back to life.

BRAD

I mean, we don't want our closest friends in France,

(louder boos)
to feel...

GATE PROTESTOR 7
Their dumping their nuclear waste on
us. I don't care how they feel.

VARIOUS PROTESTERS
YEAH!

BRAD
(unheard over the growing unrest)
...unwelcome here.

For the first time, BRAD has lost his focus.

Hay, now look here. France has been
nothing but...

PUNK 4
We know the President of France is
coming and we're here to make him
"uncomfortable." If you couldn't tell,
that's why we're here.

GATE PROTESTOR 8
Jesus fucking god, Brad. You're such a
dork.

BRAD is red in the face and really angered now. He takes
the megaphone a bit from his mouth and shouts to GATE
PROTESTOR 8. The megaphone is close enough to his mouth
that many PROTESTERS hear him.

BRAD
Watch your gosh-darn language there
young man.

GATE PROTESTOR 8
Fuck you.

A few of the PROTESTERS around GATE PROTESTOR 8 begin to
shout "fuck you" at BRAD. After a few seconds, this
becomes a chant. The chant begins to spread. Soon a
thousand voices are shouting, "fuck you" at BRAD. They are

starting to pelt BRAD with stuff. BRAD climbs down from gate, hands megaphone to THE COMMANDANT, and calmly but deliberately begins to walk away. At this moment, BRAD doesn't know who he is.

THE COMMANDANT

You'll hear from us after this is all over. That I assure you. We're gonna bring...

BRAD

(very emotional)

Not now.

THE COMMANDANT

I could arrest you right...

BRAD

(a snaps for a moment)

Not fucking now, Commandant!

(instantly back to normal)

The President of France is on his way.

THE COMMANDANT turns away from BRAD and begins barking orders to the POLICE that are left. The gate has begun to sway again, as the PROTESTERS start to push against it.

We follow BRAD, with the gate in the background. His face is contorted and it appears he's close to crying. He walks well below his typical gate. His digital communication device rings. He grabs a handkerchief from his jacket pocket and wipes his eyes, checks who it is. He sighs, gathers himself.

BRAD

(as if nothing has happened)

Joe? Hi Frank. Sorry. Frank. It's been a hard day. The gate?

BRAD turns to face the gate, startled. The gate is creaking.

BRAD

It's unlocked? Not secure. Uh-huh. Lock it. No Frank, you have to. You

have to find a way. Joe's security code? Don't you have a security code? Then find another way! Right now! No, there can't be any excuses! Impossible? The problem BRAD was recently experiencing, that is, not knowing who he was, has subsided. Now, he is completely aware that he is a human, flesh and bone, who is being heckled by thousands of angry other humans. He becomes terrified. A fear for his life crosses his face.

BRAD

Lock it! Frank, you're a fucking pussy! Get the gate locked. Your fucking fired. Something you're not thinking of. PUSSY, Frank!

BRAD crumples to the grass. He holds the digital communication device in both hands, directly in front of his face, shouting as loud as he can into the mike.

Fucking now! Fucking now! Get it locked, Frank! Get it locked! You're a shitty wimp Frank! Get it locked! Now Frank!

We hear a loud metallic snap. The gate has broken open. The doors of the gate carve a hole in the final protecting POLICE. THE COMMANDANT snaps into his highest gear.

THE COMMANDANT

Retreat right! Retreat right! Save yourselves!

PROTESTERS begin to stream through the gate. POLICE run as fast as they can. Oi! and his entourage walk slowly through the portal. GATE PROTESTOR 9 sees the fetal BRAD.

GATE PROTESTOR 9

Get him!

BRAD looks up, closes phone. His face is wet. It bares the expression of one who is having the worst day they will ever have. He stumbles up and begins a full sprint to the entrance.

Our vantage shifts up, to a place where we can watch as the PROTESTERS give chase to BRAD. While we watch this unfold, our vantage moves back, above the gate. Once it becomes clear that BRAD will make it safely to the doorway, we shift left. In the distance, we can see JANET and DANIEL taping a story on the far side of the fence. We move in on them. Once we get close enough, we quickly move inside CAMERA.

JANET

...and as you can see behind me, the protest seems to have picked up intensity. We have had reports that Brad Parcel has actually talked to the protesters, apparently further infuriating them. We have been able to confirm that the protestors have been able to break through all the police lines, and have moved onto InstiCorp's grounds. The fate of those inside the building is uncertain. Without the police, it is also uncertain whether InstiCorp's security personnel can secure the premises, a premises that, of course, contains the first shipment of nuclear waste from France.

(JANET motions to cut)

How's that?

DANIEL

I'm sure it's fine.

CAMERA zooms to a section of THE BUILDING's outer fence, where MUHAMMAD and the rest of the TERRORISTS have placed 4 sticks of dynamite in a small breach at its bottom. They light the fuse. TERRORISTS run backwards as PROTESTERS cheer. CAMERA backs up. The explosion shakes CAMERA. The procedure has been successful. There is now a large hole in the gate. The TERRORISTS begin to crawl through.

DANIEL

Why not just go through the front gate?
And who would give Terrorists Dynamite?

JANET

Camera.

JANET points out of the shot. CAMERA zooms in on an InstiCorp camera.

Probably linked to facial recognition. It would raise an automatic red flag. And cause protesters like to see stuff go boom.

DANIEL

(chuckles)

We gotta move, toots. All but one of them is through the hole.

HOLE PROTESTOR

(running towards us)

They've found another way in!

HOLE PROTESTOR grabs CAMERA. DANIEL pulls it back.

DANIEL

Fuck off, dude!

CAMERA stabilizes, focused on the hole in the fence. PROTESTERS have begun to run towards the hole. CAMERA registers that the last of the TERRORISTS have made it through and it's safe to go. A line has formed to get through the fence hole. DANIEL and JANET jump in line. We watch as DANIEL'S arm becomes visible. He taps a PROTESTER on the shoulder.

DANIEL

Hay dude. Dude! Let us go first, we're press.

TAPPED PROTESTER moves out of the way.

TAPPED PROTESTER

(off screen)

Media! Fuck yeah!

CAMERA follows JANET as she crawls through, then passes through the hole. DANIEL puts CAMERA down on the other side of the hole, facing the hole so that we might watch

DANIEL extricate himself from the hole. DANIEL picks up CAMERA which wheels around to catch the TERRORISTS running to the left side of the building.

JANET

(off screen)

Shit. This is going too fast.

CAMERA moves to JANET, moves back to rapidly disappearing TERRORISTS, back to JANET.

Ok, ok. I'm gonna call the cops again.

DANIEL

OK, yeah. But we have to start walking.

JANET walks into our vantage from the right. She is on her cell phone.

JANET

That's right. Terrorists. We're watching them walk on InstiCorp property right now. I know the police are busy. I can see that too. Just send some guys around to the West... Well, all sorts of law enforcement are around here. Yeah, they do seem to be retreat... Ok, but some have got to have their radios on. Send one of them...

JANET's eyes get huge. Sweat seems to issue like a geyser from her forehead. She has just heard something stupid. She takes the phone from her ear, grasps it with both hands, and screams into the headset.

JANET

Ok, ma'am? Terrorists are entering a building that currently holds radioactive material. How's that not a priority. This is NOT a crank call! Do what you want, I have to go.

JANET hangs up. The camera focuses on the TERRORISTS, far in the distance.

DANIEL
Fucking useless.

JANET
No shit.

In the distance, we see that the podiums are on fire. Smattering of PROTESTERS have started to gather. They form rings, holding each other's hands, and take up space. More are flooding in. The POLICE are powerless to stop it. We may be able to make out a well established POLICE line on the far side of THE BUILDING.

We are moving, making our way towards the left corner of THE BUILDING. When we get to it, CAMERA swings around to show TERRORISTS, quite a ways in the distance, putting THE BOMB in garbage bags. They stand behind soft cover, shielding them from the view of a distant but approaching POLICE line. The TERRORISTS are done, and start walking towards a loading dock, appearing as if they're taking out the garbage.

The last of the TERRORISTS looks back and notices that a camera is pointed directly at him. He registers a double take, screws up his face, and catches up to MUHAMMAD.

DANIEL
It would appear that dangerous
terrorists just saw us filming them.

JANET
Damn it.

DANIEL
What'a ya wanna do?

JANET
Damn it. What's on the other side of
the building?

DANIEL
Employee entrance.

JANET

No. Too direct.

DANIEL

They're headed to the parking garage.
And the loading dock.

JANET

I don't remember a...

DANIEL

It's where the employees smoke. I went
down there with them during the grand
opening.

JANET

Ok. Great. They're headed for a
smoke. We'll join um, ask um why
they're here. You said they made us,
right? We could get shot.

DANIEL

We could beat them to the pass.

CAMERA focuses on a door in front of them.

See that door? It leads by way of the
break room, to the parking garage,
which is next to the loading dock. We
should be able to find them from there.

CAMERA has been sizing up the door.

JANET

What'r we going to do about security?
How do we get past the door?

DANIEL

Security won't mind another alarm.

DANIEL sets CAMERA on tripod. We are still as DANIEL,
off-screen, grabs a heavy object from the grounds, runs
into the shot, and heaves with all his force the thing he

found, only to have it bounce off the glass and nearly squish DANIEL's foot. A number of on-looking PROTESTORS, see this and decide to help. More join, and finally, the door gives way.

CAMERA quickly gets picked up and whisked through the now open door. INSTICORP EMPLOYEES, who have come to investigate the commotion, stand dazed. In the distance, we see INSTICORP SECURITY rushing to the breach. CAMERA moves quickly backward, back to the other side of the door. 4 INSTICORP SECURITY rush out, past CAMERA. We watch JANET move behind them, and we're in.

Just inside the door, CAMERA catches up with JANET. She looks into it.

JANET

We're good from here, dear. You should switch that thing off, unless you want footage of guys eating tuna.

DANIEL

Yeah.

CAMERA registers "off." Black for two seconds.

Flash in. We are looking at the door. We pan left so that we're parallel to the left side of THE BUILDING. We follow along the wall, until we get to the parking garage. We see the last two TERRORISTS move inside. We "get in line" following the last TERRORIST. We follow the TERRORIST line as they walk quickly down a short hall. At the end, one of the TERRORISTS is guiding the rest to turn to the right, through a door. The door takes us to a non-descript parking garage, mostly empty. MUHAMMAD is in the dark back left corner. We follow the TERRORIST line as they zigzag to get to MUHAMMAD's location. It is clear that they are avoiding security implements. The way they move, it would appear that they have practiced this part of their mission. They are back on track. Once they get to MUHAMMAD, they unslung their packages and try to catch their breath.

MUHAMMAD

(Pointing at THE BOMB pieces)
Assemble it here. We only have a few

minutes. I have to go in. They will be suspicious if they find the Health Minister here.

We watch the terrorists begin to assemble THE BOMB. We can now tell that THE BOMB has been designed to appear as a large atomic symbol prop. THE BOMB assembly has been well practiced and only takes a few seconds. When they finish with the assembly, they take large stickers from one of the TERRORISTS and begin adhering them to the back of each other's jumpsuits. We see that the stickers say, "InstiCorp Special Events Staff" on them. Once complete, the TERRORISTS move to the door from whence they came. TERRORIST 5 cracks the door a bit to peek through, opens it all the way and motions all to move forward. All the TERRORISTS walk through except for TERRORIST 1, who grabs the door from TERRORIST 5. MUHAMMAD, who is headed a different way, stops to talk to TERRORIST 1 before continuing.

MUHAMMAD

If anyone asks...

TERRORIST 1

Health Minister Akbar's prop.

MUHAMMAD

Not everything has gone as planned. Be wary. If you are at all worried, use force. We cannot be allowed to fail. Allah Akbar.

TERRORIST 1

Allah Akbar. See you in heaven, my friend.

TERRORIST 5 starts to hand MUHAMMAD TRIGGERING DEVICE, which is disguised as a pen.

MUHAMMAD

No. The metal detectors at the diplomatic entrance haven't been compromised by our friends in their security. We must follow the plan. It will work, God willing.

TERRORIST 1 breaths deeply, exhales, follows the rest of the TERRORISTS through the door. We follow MUHAMMAD as he turns left. We follow him as he walks up the ramp of the parking garage, past a guard post with no guard. He turns right and begins walking very quickly towards the back of THE BUILDING. We follow him as he walks out of a door in the back of THE BUILDING, around to the diplomatic entrance.

We are watching him walk from his front. In the background, we hear two dump trucks approach in the distance. It becomes clear that they're being driven along the left side of THE BUILDING. The trucks' motors come to a halt. A few beats. POLICE start flooding towards us from around the corner.

We swing around MUHAMMAD, now watching him walk from the back. INSTICORP SECURITY is guarding the diplomatic entrance. MUHAMMAD shows his security credentials to INSTICORP SECURITY 1.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1
Oh... Hey...uh...hello Mr.

MUHAMMAD
Minister.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1
Minister
(has been looking at credentials)
Akbar. How did you...?

MUHAMMAD
I got lost. I have to be inside..

INSTICORP SECURITY 1
Yes, of course Mr. minister. I
apologize. It's just that... well, there
have been some security issues today.
Just wanted to make sure you belong.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1 chuckles. MUHAMMAD does not and looks visibly irritated. Beat.

MUHAMMAD

Can I go?

INSTICORP SECURITY 1

Yes sir. Sorry...

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL and PROFESSIONAL 1 are standing on opposite sides of a red carpet rolled out under a long awning. MUHAMMAD slows his pace as he walks up. He takes a few long, deep breathes, and wipes the sweat from his brow.

PROFESSIONAL 1

Ah, Minister Akbar. Glad you made it. How did you manage to make it through the protest? No matter. We're just glad you made it through. Can I take your coat? You're sweating.

MUHAMMAD

I may be coming down with something.
(smiles)

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

Oh, well, hehe, hope I don't get it.
(beat)

MUHAMMAD

Do you know when the President is expected?

PROFESSIONAL 1

No. I thought you'd come with him. Is it safe for him to come?

MUHAMMAD

Is there a risk that they will cancel the event? Why haven't they let me know?

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

With all the chaos... Maybe they haven't made a decision. To be honest, Minister, I don't know what's going on.

MUHAMMAD

It's your job to know, isn't it?

PROFESSIONAL 1

With all due respect, Mr. Akbar, he's been doing his job. It is his job to know what's happening in this building. It goes to show you, nobody knows what's going on today.

MUHAMMAD

That's fair.

(to FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL)

I apologize. If the President does follow through, we'll want to keep the signing as short as possible. Can you let me into the media room now? I can start setting up the props. We'll get in and out as quickly as possible.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

Those French security people said...

PROFESSIONAL 1

It's ok. I know Mr. Akbar personally. Believe me, he's no terrorist.

They all laugh. MUHAMMAD has made his way through the security parameter.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

Minister Akbar? I'd be happy to bring you up. Would you follow me?

MUHAMMAD

Thank you sir. I'm expecting a prop for the photograph. Have you happened to see a large nuclear symbol?

We have come to a corridor that runs left and right from our vantage. One could typically go forward, but security has blocked it off. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL leads MUHAMMAD to the left. We turn left with them, but stop. We can

tell that they are headed to a staircase in the distance. Our vantage shifts 180 degrees, pointing down the right corridor. We see MARIE and JACQUES walk out of a door with FRENCH 1, 4, and 5. They have just missed MUHAMMAD.

MARIE

(into cell phone in English)

It is not safe for the President to come here now! We have protestors on the premises and have spotted Graystone. Yes, that is correct. Muhammad Al-Ahmed. Yes, the man responsible for the Bangladesh and... Yes, that Al-Ahmed... I am not joking, Commandant. That's right, facial recognition software. And the "news lady." Whether she is a "flake" or not, this is a credible threat. Sir. Sir! We have eyewitness... From the airport. Lead security attaché for the President of... No. No Commandant, you know I am not part of your team. Well then call the French consulate. I don't have time for this. If... If you cannot... Enough! You have been warned. If the President is harmed in any way... Yes, I will personally... It is a promise, Commandant. Get some of your people to secure the building, or anything that happens is on your hands. Goodbye.

MARIE hangs up her cell phone in a huff. The FRENCH group has made their way to the front entrance. JACQUES has been talking to the security personnel present. We begin to be able to pick up what he is saying.

JACQUES

(English)

...going to have to reschedule the signing. I know the expense you have...

PROFESSIONAL 1

With all due respect, Mr. Proust, we have everything under control. The

protesters have been stopped. We are streamlining the signing. The President will be in and out in five minutes.

JACQUES

(English)

It is not my concern how quickly the President can get done with this. My concern is that a terrorist attack... Look, a bomb takes less than five minutes to explode.

PROFESSIONAL 1

(laughing)

A bomb? You think the protestors have a bomb? Dynamite, yes, but like a professional bomb?

MARIE has been on her cell phone in the background. She comes to the fore. JACQUES looks at her. She looks utterly stressed. She rolls her eyes. She looks at PROFESSIONAL 1 so as to relay, "It's over."

PROFESSIONAL 1

(to MARIE)

Don't cancel this without consulting...!

MARIE disregards PROFESSIONAL 1, turns away from him.

PROFESSIONAL 1

Hey! We'll we shall see...

JACQUES

We're canceling. You have been consulted.

PROFESSIONAL 1 leaves in a huff. JACQUES turns toward MARIE. His eyes relay "What's going on?" MARIE responds with her expression, "I'm working on it."

MARIE

(in French, into cell phone)

Who said it was safe? We're not concerned by the protestors. Let Brad Parcel know that he will have one of the most wanted terrorists in the world showing up at his door step. Literally. He will show up with the President. Minister Akbar. I am not shitting you. Just tell Pierre to stop the motor... You haven't heard from Pierre?

We can tell that something is happening in the background. PROFESSIONALS are moving toward the entrance. We follow MARIE as she moves towards the diplomatic entrance. Outside, we see that PRESIDENT BOUTIQUE's motorcade is beginning to pull up. MARIE runs outside, waving her hands for it to turn around.

In the distance, POLICE pull PUNK 3 out of one of the dump trucks. The other is overturned. Some PROTESTERS are making their way towards us, but their momentum has been stemmed.

MARIE tries to stop the first car.

MARIE

Jean, stop the motorcade. No...now.

In the background we hear commotion from INSTICORP SECURITY and PROFESSIONAL 1.

PROFESSIONAL 1

Get ready, guys. We're up. That's the President of France right there. "A" game, every one of you.

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes photographs. INSTICORP security lines the carpet. PRESIDENT BOUTIQUE steps out. PROFESSIONAL 1 steps forward to greet him. MARIE comes back into shot, finds JACQUES, walks to him. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL walks up behind JACQUES and MARIE and smiles.

PROFESSIONAL 1

Mr. President, so good to see you. Thank you for coming out on such a

difficult day.

JACQUES cuts through the crowd, evades FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL's attempt to grab him. He walks up to BOUTIQUE, whispers into his ear. BOUTIQUE nods. BRAD, who has joined the welcoming committee, steps forward to greet BOUTIQUE. He is much aggravated that JACQUES has cut him off. Before BRAD can speak, BOUTIQUE motions to those assembled to listen.

BOUTIQUE

Thank you all for the warm reception. Unfortunately, I have been told by my security personnel that there is a grave security threat for me and I must be leaving. Thank you again. We will reschedule for a later time.

BRAD steps forward with a broad but concerned smile on his face.

BRAD

Mr. President, I am aware of no security concerns. I can understand if the protests are causing you doubt but there is not threat...

HE points into the background, where it is clear the POLICE are starting to clean up.

BOUTIQUE

(in BRAD's ear)

We have a terrorist threat.

BRAD

What? No. Never on my watch. You've met my security guy?

(refers to FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL)

Well, no you haven't, actually, but I personally vouch-safe his reliability.

JACQUES

(in other ear, in French)

Sir, we need to go now.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL
Mr. President. Thank you again for honoring us with your presence. I would like you to know that I personally supervised an exhaustive security sweep just 15 minutes ago. The entire process won't take but 5 minutes. You're already here. Why don't we get this done?

BRAD
We don't know the next time we'll see you.

BRAD smiles but with a desperation in his eyes of the possible loss of cash. FRENCH 5 has grabbed BOUTIQUE by the arm and is trying to lead him to the car. BOUTIQUE escapes. He looks at JACQUES. JACQUES provides a reluctant nod. At this, MARIE, trapped behind INSTICORP SECURITY, loses any composure she has, tries to break through but is unable. She exchanges a chilling glare with JACQUES.

BOUTIQUE
(to BRAD)
It is only going to take a few moments. In addition, since when do the French people bow to those who would cause us fear. We defy augury.
(in JACQUES' ear, in French)
I never want to see this fucker again.

PROFESSIONAL 1 reaches his arm out to signal BOUTIQUE to go through the diplomatic door. BOUTIQUE leads, followed by BRAD and PROFESSIONAL 1. JACQUES and MARIE are watching in the direction of the door intently. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL stands close.

FRENCH 5 is notably aggravated. She moves to JACQUES

FRENCH 5
(in French)
You said... You insisted that there was a credible threat!

MARIE

(fuming)

This is ridiculous Jacques! We cannot let this continue! Our job is to protect...

JACQUES

We cannot ignore his wishes, Marie. We will have to protect him as best we can by keeping Akbar and anyone suspicious out. It is OK. We will wait here for Minister Akbar. He is our only lead. Or this is all a farce. No matter. I can't see what else to do.

(English)

Where are you all going?

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL and all the other INSTICORP SECURITY have begun to move towards the door.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

That's the last car.

MARIE takes a body blow.

MARIE

(English)

Where is Akbar!? Where the fuck is Minister Akbar?

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

Why Akbar? He's already upstairs. He needed to set up...

A flash of sure terror crosses JACQUES' face. MARIE draws her weapon, motions to FRENCH 5 to do that same.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

Whoa. Guys? Really?

MARIE

(in English)

How did you not understand? NOBODY was to go upstairs before the arrival of the President! You'd better FUCKING get this clear. NOBODY else will be allowed to go upstairs. Do you understand me. Not even Jesus, if he shows up. OK? Understand?

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL looks peevisish but also defensive. He nods, nonetheless. JACQUES draws his weapon, starts leading the FRENCH towards the left hallway and the staircase. Our vantage stops as they, in normal law enforcement technique, cover each other while making their way down the corridor.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL
(behind us)
Fucking French!
(to no one)
Wasn't my call!

Our vantage shifts 90 degrees so that we are looking back in the direction of the main entrance. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL hears a sound behind him, turns and trots toward the diplomatic door. We begin to move forward, as a brisk walking pace. As we approach the entrance, a commotion from outside become louder. Once we get outside, we wheel left to see the last, desperate attack by the PROTESTERS. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL begins to jog in the direction of OI!, who is running at a dead sprint directly at us, followed by PUNK 2 and multiple PROTESTERS. He fires a handgun into the air. In his left hand he holds a half-empty bottle of Crown Royal. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL removes his weapon from it's holster and approaches OI!, who stops a few meters in front of us.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL
Halt! It ends here!

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL points his firearm directly at OI!

OI!
(to PUNK 2, clearly drunk)
They're gonna let us in. One way or another. How much dynamite do we have

left?

(PUNK 2 shrugs, drinks Crown)
Maybe we could slam our way in.

FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL

(louder)

Hold up there. That's close enough.
Put down your weapon!

OI! fires another round into the air. A line of PROTESTERS have caught up to him. They move in front of him to prevent FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL from having a clear shot. FRANK THE PROFESSIONAL lowers his weapon. Behind us, we can see a POLICE line marching forward. FRONT ENTRANCE POLICEMAN begins an announcement over a megaphone, behind our vantage.

FRONT ENTRANCE POLICEMAN

Protesters, you must stop here. This is an unlawful protest. We have been authorized to use deadly force if you do not desist now.

The PROTESTERS form a circle and hold hands. They sit. OI!, who we can still see behind the circle of PROTESTERS, provides us with a scowl. He turns toward the building and runs directly at it, crashing head first into a glass windows which vibrates a bit. He pops right back up. The PROTESTERS/ PUNKS cheer jovially. OI! points his weapon directly at the window and fires point blank into it. A spider web of damaged safety glass appears. The POLICE line starts to run, to catch up with OI!. We move up a bit, so that we have a clear view of what's going on. The POLICE all have rifles.

FRONT ENTRANCE POLICEMAN

(no megaphone)

Ladies and gentlemen, prepare to fire.

(into megaphone)

This is your final chance!

The growing mob of PROTESTERS begin to waver at this show of deadly force.

FRONT ENTRANCE POLICEMAN
(no megaphone)
Aim your weapons!

The POLICE lower their weapons at the PROTESTERS. We hear the distant sound of chambers being filled. This sound breaks the final morale of the PROTESTERS. They start running in every direction. OI! begins to laugh.

FRONT ENTRANCE POLICEMAN
Desist, desist people. We've won.
Arrest anyone who's still around.

The POLICE line breaks and begins to run towards remaining PROTESTERS. OI!, PUNK 2 and 5 do not move. When POLICE attempts to grab them, they evade. OI! fires another round into the building.

Suddenly, we move upwards til we are parallel to the second story of the building. We move through the outer window into the room in which the agreement is to be signed. It is empty. We move out of the main door, turn right, move down a corridor, turn right again where we see BRAD, PROFESSIONAL 1, and BOUTIQUE. Looking out a window at the chaos below.

BRAD
As I said, Mr. President, the situation
is well in hand.

We shift our vantage left, so that BRAD and others are 90 degrees to our right. We are looking down a hallway, the end of which ends in a staircase. JACQUE, MARIE, and FRENCH 5 are in front of a door on the right. FRENCH 5 opens it. MARIE runs through, her weapon drawn. JACQUES follows her. They are clearing the rooms leading to the media room.

BRAD
(to French)
There really is no need to worry.

BRAD goes back into the media room.

MARIE
(hardly heard)
Clear!

We move quickly backwards. We move past the main door to the signing room, to a "t" corridor intersection at the end of the hallway we've been looking at. We shift left, to look down the "t." MUHAMMAD walks past us from out of another door to the media room. About 5 meters away from us we see a security checkpoint. TERRORISTS 2-7 are standing on the other side of the checkpoint, carrying the assembled BOMB.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1
I'm sorry but I have direct orders from my supervisors. No one is allowed through.

MUHAMMAD walks up to INSTICORP SECURITY 1.

MUHAMMAD
My prop! You can let them through.

MUHAMMAD shows his credentials to INSTICORP SECURITY 1.
INSTICORP SECURITY 1 doesn't look at them.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1
I'm sorry, sir. I've been told not you let anyone through. I'm pretty sure you're not supposed to be here either.

MUHAMMAD
Brad and your security let me up here. How else would I be here? We need that prop for the photo-op.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1
I understand, sir, but I've been told...

MUHAMMAD
Do you know who I am? Probably not. I'm the Health Minister of France. Do you think I'm a terrorist or something?

You think that's a bomb? Come on. How about this, obviously I belong here. I've already been through security. Just have them pass the prop through security. I'll even sign your paper, there.

INSTICORP SECURITY 2

They said over the radio that I'm specifically not supposed to let you through, Mr. Akbar.

MUHAMMAD

That must be old. Here I am, on the other side of security. They let me through, but I need my prop. There's nothing wrong here.

INSTICORP SECURITY 2

You are on the other side of security.

(beat)

OK, I guess I can let them pass you the prop. Orders were not to let anyone through. I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

TERRORIST 2 passes the BOMB through the metal detector, which beeps. INSTICORP SECURITY 2 pays no mind to the beep, hands MUHAMMAD a clip board. TERRORIST 2 is trying to appear calm, but a profound fear can be seen in his eyes. How can I get the trigger to MUHAMMAD?

MUHAMMAD

(already has it figured out)

Got a pen?

TERRORIST 2 passes the TRIGGERING DEVICE. The metal detector beeps again. INSTICORP SECURITY 2 ignores the beep.

MUHAMMAD

Thanks.

We can see MUHAMMAD pass a smile to TERRORIST 2, out of sight of INSTICORP SECURITY 2. MUHAMMAD signs the

clipboard, walks, with the BOMB towards us, past the T intersection, into the second door to the Media room. TERRORISTS 2-7 start back down the hall. We move towards them. DANIEL, JANET, and CAMERA come around the corner, see TERRORISTS. DANIEL notices that TERRORISTS don't have BOMB parts anymore. TERRORIST 7, who saw DANIEL filming them earlier, fails miserably at trying to seem calm when he meets DANIEL's gaze. DANIEL follows TERRORISTS with his eyes as they leave.

DANIEL

This is not good.

DANIEL points towards MUHAMMAD in the distance, carrying THE BOMB.

That's Al-Ahmed. You think that - what is it? - nuclear symbol is the bomb?

(walks up to INSTICORP SECURITY 1)

They are still gonna sign the agreement?

INSTICORP SECURITY 2

I'm sorry sir, I'm under orders that no one is to...

DANIEL and JANET take out their press credentials, try to show them to INSTICORP SECURITY 2. INSTICORP SECURITY 2 ignores them.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1

I'm sorry, but I can't let anyone through.

As the second media room door closes, we can make out:

BOUTIQUE

Minister Akbar. Glad you could make it.

(trailing off)

I see you even have got the prop.

DANIEL

(to INSTICORP SECURITY 2)

Did you know that you just let a nuclear weapon pass through your security parameter?

INSTICORP SECURITY 1 laughs. Daniel does not.

INSTICORP SECURITY 2

The Health Minister? Good. Classic.

JANET

Look, who's gonna film the signing if you don't let us through?

INSTICORP SECURITY 1 looks at JANET, then at CAMERA.

INSTICORP SECURITY 1

I'm going to have to check with my supervisor. Can I see your credentials?

MEDIA's credentials are already in their hands. INSTICORP SECURITY 2 takes them, picks up a telephone.

We move down the corridor to the T. People have started filing into the media room in earnest. The FRENCH come out of the last door on the right before the signing room door. PROFESSIONAL 4 assumes a position in front of the signing room door. FRENCH 5 stands beside PROFESSIONAL 4. We move forward to their location, JACQUES and MARIE still in front of us.

MARIE

(French, to FRENCH 5)

Any sign?

FRENCH 5 nods "no."

JACQUES

If he's not inside yet...maybe it is a false alarm.

JACQUES

(to FRENCH 5)

Stay vigilant.

FRENCH 5 nods, draws his weapon, stands beside PROFESSIONAL 4. PROFESSIONAL 4 looks at the weapon, eyes wide. She shakes her head. Back to work, she smiles at someone coming towards the door. We move back up the hallway in order to frame DANIEL and JANET, as they round the corner. JACQUES and MARIE run to them.

PROFESSIONAL 4

(from behind us)

Ladies and gentlemen. The media is here. We're just about to begin.

PROFESSIONAL 3, 6, and 7; who have been standing in the hall, enter the media room.

JANET

(holding out her hand)

Mr. Proust, Ms...

MARIE

(English)

When you waved at us... the protest. Have you seen Muhammad...

JANET

Al-Ahmed is in that room. We saw him go in.

MARIE

(English)

How did we...? Shit! Janet, right? Do you think you could help us?

JANET

We've been trying... I've made like a thousand phone...

JACQUES

(English)

We are all going to die if you don't. Afterward, once we're clear, we will get the drinks.

DANIEL
I'll need one. What...

MARIE
(English)
Go in. Once you see him, signal to us.
We'll take it...

Without hesitation, JANET nods, walks into the signing room. DANIEL is a bit more apprehensive, but finally follows. Through the door, we see DANIEL walk directly to a camera on a tripod (now CAMERA). Suddenly, behind him, the outer window is hit by a bullet. It can be heard whizzing through the room. A buzz from the crowd flows out of the room. JANET, who is standing near the door, ducks.

DANIEL
Holy shit! This is entirely not safe.

PROFESSIONAL 4 touches her earpiece, nods, looks at DANIEL.

PROFESSIONAL 4
Are you ready?
(he nods)
Alright, ladies and gentlemen, we're
about the begin.

PROFESSIONAL 4 looks at the FRENCH, her look saying, "you coming in?" FRENCH walk in. We see DANIEL point to them toward MUHAMMAD. We follow them in. We hear the door close behind us.

The signing room is about 10 meters long, but very narrow. PROFESSIONALS, FRENCH DIGNITARIES, BRAD, Etc. clearly block any easy path to MUHAMMAD. We see DANIEL switch on CAMERA. We quickly move into CAMERA. From behind us, we hear:

JACQUES
(English)
Don't try to do anything yourselves.

JANET
Yeah. No doubt.

CAMERA, which now has the display "Satellite uplink active", focuses, centers frame around a podium at the front of the room. BRAD approaches it. We see the BOMB behind him, MUHAMMAD to the right of the BOMB with TRIGGER DEVICE in his hand.

DANIEL

You got him?

OFFSITE REPORTER

This is Gloria Hasbert with UNN. On our direct feed from the InstiCorp, we have Janet Moyers. Janet, can you hear us?

BRAD is speaking while all this happens.

BRAD

I understand we have some time constraints today.

(chuckle from audience)

Well, I'll keep it brief. For 5 years now, InstiCorp and The French Government have been trying to get this treaty signed, to help both our countries with the problems of spent nuclear fuel rods. There were those who thought we could not ever get our legislators to approve it. We're here to prove those people wrong.

(BOUTIQUE checks his watch)

Right, I'm keeping it short.

(chuckle)

So, without further ado, I'd like to thank The French people, our people, and most of all President Boutique for his continuous support.

OFFSITE REPORTER AND JANET talk over BRAD.

JANET

Yes, Gloria, I can hear you. We have been tracking Muhammad Al-Ahmed, the famous terrorist, as he has successfully infiltrated the InstiCorp

building with a bomb. We believe that prop is a bomb, potentially a nuclear bomb.

CAMERA focuses on THE BOMB.

Al-Ahmed, we believe, has been posing as French Health Minister, Gerald Akbar, there.

CAMERA focuses on MUHAMMAD, who looks directly into the CAMERA.

We...

OFFSITE REPORTER

Jan...I'm sorry to interrupt, but are you saying that we may be witnessing a terrorist attack.

JANET

That is exactly what I'm saying. This may be my last broadcast. However, we do have French law enforcement here.

CAMERA zooms to MARIE and she approaches MUHAMMAD. MUHAMMAD clearly sees her, but is unfazed. He is in control.

MARIE slowly approaches the podium, BRAD still speaks. MUHAMMAD moves behind the BOMB to BRAD's right. Behind, we can see JACQUES come up to BOUTIQUE and whisper in his ear. We watch as BOUTIQUE looks at MUHAMMAD, nods "no", and continues to listen to BRAD's speech. We can see MARIE back up a step, eyes focused directly on MUHAMMAD, hand on weapon. MUHAMMAD smiles, nods, "I wouldn't do that." CAMERA focuses on MARIE's hand on her weapon. BRAD finishes the dialog above.

CAMERA shift to left, to Janet, who is standing along the far wall of the room. On the right side of the frame, we can see that MUHAMMAD is still focused on MARIE, hand still on weapon.

OFFSITE REPORTER

What's he waiting for?

CAMERA centers on BRAD. He is also clearly aware that something is strange, but doesn't understand.

BRAD

President Boutique? I'm sorry, is there...

There is a slight shuffle as BRAD steps back from the podium and nearly runs into MUHAMMAD. CAMERA shifts right. We see that BOUTIQUE and JACQUES are quietly arguing. BOUTIQUE shrugs, gets up, and steps behind the podium. CAMERA zooms out, where we once again see that MUHAMMAD is eyeing MARIE and JACQUES.

DANIEL

Shit. Shit. He's still gonna sign it?

OFFSITE REPORTER

That is Daniel...uh...the camera man. It's obviously a stressful situation.

BOUTIQUE

Thank you Brad. And thank you InstiCorp for the warm reception. I can't say the same for the protestors.

BOUTIQUE chuckles. As if on cue, a bullet from the OI!, below, his the outside window. BOUTIQUE barely notices.

Since we began negotiating this agreement, safety has been our primary concern.

DANIEL

That's it.

DANIEL is right. Upon the word "safety", MUHAMMAD has sprung into action. He steps in front of BRAD, who instantly stands. BRAD notices the trigger device in MUHAMMAD's hand. He exhibits a moment of realization. He looks to the left and right, sees JANET pull out her weapon. A sudden panic fills his eyes.

MUHAMMAD has stepped between BOUTIQUE and BRAD. He relishes the spotlight for a beat. He then pushes BOUTIQUE to the floor, lifts the TRIGGER DEVICE, and screams:

MUHAMMAD

Allah Akbar!

JANET

Oh God!

We flash out of CAMERA. MUHAMMAD pushes the TRIGGER DEVICE down. MARIE, however, has been moving since the moment MUHAMMAD stepped forward. She is able to grab the hand with the TRIGGER DEVICE and keep MUHAMMAD's thumb depressed. MUHAMMAD jumps back, dragging MARIE with him. BRAD understands what is going on and grabs the TRIGGER DEVICE, thumb depressed on the trigger, from MUHAMMAD.

JACQUES

(to BRAD in English)

Keep it pressed, keep it pressed, for god's sake!

We see a look of profound gratification on BRAD's face, as he stares at the TRIGGER DEVICE in his hand. JACQUES has jumped on top of MUHAMMAD. In the chaos, BRAD has been moving closer to the windows on the far wall of the room.

BRAD

I got it. I got it safe. We're all going to be ok!

Long beat as the commotion subsides a bit. Suddenly, the window nearest BRAD shatters in safety-glass fashion. BRAD, a broad smile on his face, is hit perfectly between the eyes with a bullet from the protest below. We are suddenly thrust into super-slow-mo. We pull back from BRAD as he falls back. Everyone in the rooms tries to grab BRAD's hand as he collapses, but to no avail. We can see that BRAD's thumb has begun to come off the TRIGGER.

By now our vantage has moved some distance back. Still in super slow-mo, the BOMB has begun to explode. As the explosion moves towards us, we move through a window at the back of the room. We begin to float towards the ground.

Now above us, we can see the explosion blow out the window from which we just exited. The entire row of windows outside the signing room are consumed by the inferno. We are now about 6 meters above the ground. We wheel from the view of the explosion 180 degrees to OI! being held by four POLICE, trying to restrain him. His right arm is extended. In that hand is his hand gun, smoke emitting from its barrel, pointed at the signing room above. He has a look of menacing freedom. Time back to normal. We see instantly OI!'s face turn to fear. Bright flash/loud explosion sound as the explosion overtakes our vantage. Sudden darkness. Long beat. Credits roll.