

OPERATION SOUTH LAWN

FADE IN

EXT. C-212 AIRPLANE - DAY

The high wing twin-engine jump plane cruises at a low altitude over green forests and fields. It's painted grey with no discernible markings.

The main cabin door has been removed.

INT. C-212 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The jump plane has side-by-side controls but, for this flight, there is only one PILOT at the helm. He sits left seat, wears a visored helmet and olive drab coveralls.

To the pilot's right sits AGENT SMITH (50). He wears a black suit and tie, a voice activated headset, and sunglasses.

Behind the pilot sits AGENT JOHNSON. He's dressed identical to Smith with a similar headset. They look like twins except Johnson is half Smith's age.

The cockpit is segregated from the main cabin by a door with a small view port window.

PILOT

Agent Smith, five minutes to target.

SMITH

Roger that.

Smith turns to Johnson.

SMITH

Hey, Johnson. I bet you never thought one of your first assignments would be to drop a package on the White House, eh?

JOHNSON

No, sir, though ours is not to wonder why, right? I just don't know why we have to have the package on a timer. Can't our jumper set it off manually?

SMITH

Are you kidding me? Have you seen that bozo?

Smith thumbs over his shoulder to the rear cabin.

Johnson unbuckles his harness and looks through the view port to look at their jumper.

Alone in the main cabin sits a CLOWN on the bench seat that runs along the fuselage. The clown looks very creepy.

Johnson gets a disturbed look on his face and turns back to Smith in disgust.

JOHNSON

Ugh. Why a clown? I HATE clowns.

SMITH

That's what the lady wanted.

When Johnson turns to look back through the view port, the clown's painted face fills the window.

JOHNSON

GAH!

Johnson jumps back in surprise. He activates the intercom.

JOHNSON

Get back in your seat, Bozo!

The clown looks to his right and left. He shrugs with a look of misunderstanding.

SMITH

Hey, Johnson. His name's Butcho, not Bozo.

JOHNSON

Butcho! Sit back down!

Butcho stands at attention, salutes, and moonwalks back to his seat.

PILOT

Three minutes.

SMITH

Roger. Johnson, go back there and make sure Butcho knows what the hell he's supposed to do.

Johnson reluctantly takes off his headset and goes back to

THE MAIN CABIN

He sits across from Butcho on the bench seat that runs opposite and parallel.

With the cabin door removed and the roar of the twin engines, Johnson has to yell to be heard.

JOHNSON

Okay, Butcho. Let's run through
this plan one more time.

Butcho reaches for the bulb of a bicycle horn that's
attached to his harness, squeezes it twice and nods.

JOHNSON

You won't talk, will you.

He honks once, shakes his head and smiles a creepy smile.

JOHNSON

This is ridiculous. Okay. See that
red light?

He points to a red light on the wall.

Butcho mirrors his action and points to the red light.

JOHNSON

When that light turns yellow,
you'll have ten seconds to jump.

Johnson puts out his two hands with fingers splayed to show
ten fingers.

Butcho mimes Johnson's words and mirrors his action with
hands out and holds up his ten fingers.

Johnson looks frustrated and points at Butcho then himself.

JOHNSON

Are you mocking of me?

Again, Butcho mimes and mirrors his actions.

JOHNSON

Stop it!

Again with the mime and mirror.

Johnson is pissed off.

JOHNSON

Why I oughta...

He grabs Butcho's collar with one hand and reaches inside
his jacket with the other to pull out his pistol.

Butcho mirrors him but pulls out a rubber chicken.

SMITH

Johnson! What the hell are you
doing? Let go of the damn clown!

Smith is in the cockpit doorway with a look of disbelief.

JOHNSON

But, Smith...he--

SMITH

We're two minutes out! I've got to monitor the drop. Explain the package!

Smith goes back in the cockpit and shuts the door.

Johnson releases his grip on Butcho, holsters his gun and regains his composure.

Butcho leans back with a smug look and smirks. He points to Johnson, then to himself and makes a peace sign.

JOHNSON

Yeah, sure. Truce. Okay, the target is the White House.

Butcho holds his open hand to his mouth with a feigned look of surprise.

JOHNSON

When you pop your chute, pull your smoke canisters and spiral in to the gathering on the south lawn.

Butcho holds his hand high and spirals it down.

JOHNSON

Now...the package. Attached to your harness hangs the time bomb. The timer is activated by altitude. It'll go off at exactly two hundred feet. Got it?

Butcho honks twice and Johnson rolls his eyes.

JOHNSON

Okay. The package has a small zone of effect, so you need to be right on target.

Butcho holds his hand up to signal 'wait a second'. He reaches in his suit and pulls out a handful of balloons.

He stretches out a red balloon and inflates it to a five foot long, two inch wide size before tying the end.

With incredible speed and deft precision, he twists and bends it into five equal sections. He wraps it with two deflated black balloons to hold them together.

He hands Johnson what looks like a bundle of dynamite.

JOHNSON

Um, thank you?

Butcho does a royal bow as the red light turns yellow.

JOHNSON

Ten seconds. Let's move!

They get up and go to the open door. Butcho stands on the edge and faces Johnson.

JOHNSON

Make us proud, Butcho!

As the light turns green, Butcho reaches forward and pops the balloon in Johnson's hand. Pink and purple glitter explodes all over the agent.

Butcho jumps back out the door with one hand on his crotch as the other hand flips Johnson the middle finger.

JOHNSON

God, how I hate clowns.

EXT. SOUTH LAWN OF THE WHITE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The PRESIDENT and FIRST LADY are seated at a table surrounded by many DIGNITARIES and GUESTS.

A banner reads HAPPY BIRTHDAY MISTER PRESIDENT.

The President looks up and points to the sky. He gets excited and leans over to his trophy wife.

PRESIDENT

Is that a clown? I think that's a clown!

Butcho spirals closer to the ground as red, white and blue smoke trails behind.

At exactly two hundred feet above the President, the package bursts open and showers the gathering with an obscene amount of confetti and glitter.

FIRST LADY

Happy Birthday, dahling.

PRESIDENT

God, how I love clowns! Nothing's too good for me!