

THE SECRET PACKAGE

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FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE PRESS ROOM - DAY

The PRESIDENT steps to a podium in front of clamoring REPORTERS.

REPORTER #1

What about the outsourcing Mr. President? Mr. President! What about the outsourcing?

The President points to REPORTER #1.

REPORTER #1

Mr. President, the report about Pentagon cuts came today and there's talk about outsourcing. What could the Pentagon possibly outsource?

The President looks back and forth to four teleprompters scrolling his response.

PRESIDENT

We, are looking at all options. When I, we, determine the best course of action, that meets the needs of our military, we will make the best informed decision, that meets the needs of our, yours and mine, military. Thank you.

The President turns and leaves as Reporters CACKLE behind.

EXT. PARK - DAY

A banner strung between two trees reads:

FEDEX FAMILY PICNIC: WHEN YOU'RE FEDEX, YOU'RE FAMILY

SERIES OF SHOTS

Another banner, huge: FEDEX; above a stage set with mics and empty chairs.

A BURLEY DUDE tends sizzling burgers on a giant grill.

Plates and plastic utensils are spread out.

Preteen KIDS play soccer...on their iPhones.

A group of six to eight-year-olds play real soccer.

Co-ed volleyball. A HOTTIE'S failed spike sends her first in the net then to the ground.

A COOLER OF BEER (bottles) slams down on a table.

AT THE TABLE

MARK (33) wrests a beer from the cooler, pops it, and takes a swig.

MARK

Ahhh. Fuck, man.

PIA (34), all smiles, throws bags of chips on the table.

Mark snaps the bottle cap toward the volleyball players...

...and hits one in the face.

Mark grabs another beer and tosses it to Pia.

PIA

Thanks.

She holds the beer up to Mark. And?

JERRY (32) reaches in and takes Pia's beer. He twists off the top and hands it back to her.

Pia tips the bottle to Mark again before taking a drink.

PIA

And thank you very much, Jerry. You're a sweetie.

JERRY

And you're hot.

MARK

Get a load of the fucking stage, man.

JERRY

If you're gonna get pink slipped, this is the way to do it.

PIA

I think it's cool.

MARK

You're in a good mood. You fuckin' stoned or get pregnant on your vacation?

PIA

It's none of your business what I did last week.

JERRY

Oooh. Pia has a secret.

Pia grabs a beer and pitches it - like, as in baseball - at Jerry. Jerry does a one handed snatch, twist top, and drink move, then holds the bottle up for a cheer.

JERRY

To your secret. May you name it after me.

They all clink bottles.

PIA

Jerry it is.

MARK

Or Jerretta.

INT. PENTAGON WAR ROOM - DAY

OFFICERS and ENLISTED PERSONNEL scan screens displaying the world's hot spots.

INSERT DISPLAY of Eastern Afghanistan. CLICK CLICK WHIR and the image zooms in to a valley and some caves. Just outside one cave is a flicker of light.

GENERAL MITCHELL and GENERAL CLARK watch from the back.

GENERAL MITCHELL

What kind of outsourcing do you think our Commander in Chief has in mind?

GENERAL CLARK

Beats the shit out of me. You'd think he'd let us in on it.

EXT. SKY - WICKED STORM - NIGHT

CRACK! FLASH! Lightning veins across the thunderhead.

A FEDEX JET ROARS through.

INT. FEDEX JET COCKPIT - NIGHT

CRACK! FLASH! The PILOT fights the controls, flips overhead buttons.

PILOT

Where are we!?!

CRACK! FLASH! The COPILOT flips toggles, barks into his mic.

COPILOT
Federal Express November niner five
zero five Zulu, November-

IN THE BACK OF THE JET

The jet bucks and CARGO stresses against hold down straps.

Pia is strapped in a bulkhead jump seat.

CRACK! FLASH!

The jet jumps wildly and cargo stresses the straps again.

Another wild jump and a strap hold-down point rips from the fuselage!

Cargo spills and bursts, Wilson brand soccer balls bounce about.

A carton skids off, slams down and splits open; SKATES skitter across the deck.

Pia wrestles down the com mic.

PIA
We've got loose cargo!

PILOT
(from mic)
Make sure the package is secure!

Pia unbuckles her harness just as the jet bucks again and a whole wall of Fedex packages heel over.

Pia dives toward the cabin as the wall of packages slam down on the now empty jump seat.

INT. FEDEX JET COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

SLAM! Pia struggles in.

PIA
It's a nightmare back there!

PILOT
We deliver! On time! That's our job!

IN THE BACK - MOMENTS LATER

Pia balances her way aft among strewn soccer balls, skates and packages; intent on finding something in particular.

CRACK! FLASH! The jet bucks and a large container hurdles at her.

She barely gets out of the way as the container slams into the fuselage.

U.S. ARMY is stenciled on the container.

Pia rips the Fedex label off the lid and reads it. She pitches the label aside and lifts the lid - inside is a BOMB.

She attempts to move the container, with little success, then glances over to: the soccer balls.

IN THE BACK - MOMENTS LATER

CRACK! FLASH! Wind HOWLS at a lowered rear ramp where Pia has maneuvered the bomb using soccer balls. She fiddles with a control panel on the bomb then grabs the com mic on the fuselage.

PIA
(into com mic)
The Guidance system is jammed! I'm
going manual!

Pia looks around: a skate.

MOMENTS LATER

Pia works the control panel with the knife edge of the skate.

EXT. SKY - WICKED STORM - CONTINUOUS

The Fedex jet ROARS ahead. The storm thins out, leaving the crack and flash behind.

Stars twinkle above.

INT. FEDEX JET COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The Pilot punches buttons.

PILOT
You gotta be shitting me.

The Copilot pulls up a digital display.

COPILOT
Right on target.
(into com)
Pia! We're on schedule and on target!

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Pia, wearing a crispy clean Fedex outfit, stands with hands folded in front of her. She wears white cotton gloves. An AIDE enters.

AIDE

I'm sorry, Miss Mee. The President
will be in shortly.

EXT. ED SULLIVAN THEATER - THE LATE SHOW - DAY

Today's audience lines up down the street.

INT. ED SULLIVAN THEATER - HALLWAY - DAY

Pia, in her Fedex outfit, and same white cotton gloves, waits
outside an elevator.

The elevator door opens.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Pia steps in.

Against the back wall is NICOLE KIDMAN.

Across from Kidman (and facing her) is LOUIS CK (comedian).

The door closes and the elevator heads up.

LOUIS CK

(to Pia)

Hey, you're the chick that-

PIA

Yep, that's me.

LOUIS CK

Fuckin' cool. I mean it. Really
fucking cool.

Louis CK nods to Kidman, who smiles and nods to Pia.

NICOLE KIDMAN

Yes, that was quite something.

WHIR...the lights flicker and the elevator whirs to a stop,
then the lights blink out.

LOUIS CK

Fuckin' great. Probably made in China.
(beat)

Oh. Wow. I could rape Nicole Kidman
right here and nobody-

SMACK!

LOUIS CK

Fuck!

WHIR...the lights flicker on and the elevator comes to life.

Louis CK has his hand to his cheek, which has a bright red hand print on it.

LOUIS CK

I was just kidding!

Nicole Kidman is poised for another strike.

INT. FEDEX JET - NIGHT

IN THE BACK

Soccer balls support the bomb-

-and Pia has strapped herself on top of it. Goggles, harness, parachute.

She pushes her foot against the fuselage, and the bomb, with her strapped aboard, rolls into the darkness.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Pia rides the bomb down like Slim Pickins in Dr. Strangelove. She fiddles with the control panel as she goes.

Scrawled in lip stick, across the side of the bomb: PACKAGE FROM PIA, MOTHER FUCKER!

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A Gala event. The President in his finest.

PRESIDENT

Ladies and Gentlemen...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Pia leans hard into the wind and works the control panel. The ground comes up fast, and way down there, is that lone flicker of brightness against the darkness of the ground.

Pia leans forward just a little more.

INT. THE LATE SHOW SET

The audience claps.

David Letterman's at his desk.

DAVID LETTERMAN

Miss...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Pia simultaneously releases her strappings to the bomb and pulls her rip cord.

EXT. PARK - DAY

At a stage mic is the jubilant FEDEX CEO.

FEDEX CEO

...Pia Mee!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Pia is yanked high by the parachute and she glides away while

THE BOMB

Descends down.

THE FLICKER grows - it's a campfire.

AT THE CAMPFIRE

is Osama Bin Laden, turning some unfortunate desert varmint on a spit.

FLASH! KAWHOOMPH!

A hellfire mushroom cloud billows.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Mark and Jerry stare at Pia.

MARK AND JERRY

When were you going to tell us?

PIA

I was sworn to secrecy.

Pia tips her beer to the boys and makes her way through raucous applause to the stage.

FADE OUT:

THE END