

CONTROL

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Bright lights. Big city.

EXT/INT. CAR - NIGHT

Your standard New York City car service sedan. Shiny. Black.

BRUCE BAILEY, 50s, sits in the back. He scans the world outside as it passes, hyper-aware, like a man with military experience. A cell phone sits on the seat next to him.

BRUCE

You said you could protect her.

ANDY (V.O.)

(on speakerphone)

And we can. She's surrounded by the best. You know that.

BRUCE

Yet you called me.

ANDY (V.O.)

Not my choice.

BRUCE

So it was her?

ANDY (V.O.)

Can you help, or not?

Bruce leans forward, taps the DRIVER'S shoulder.

BRUCE

MOMA.

The Driver nods.

BRUCE

(to Andy)

I'll be there in five. And, for the record, I told you this would happen.

ANDY (V.O.)

And I told you, we --

Bruce taps the phone, ends the call.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - NIGHT

Rival groups of POLITICAL PROTESTERS and SUPPORTERS line a narrow city street.

On one side, opposite the museum, handwritten signs bob above the crowd of gun-rights advocates: SAVE THE 2ND AMENDMENT, COME AND GET IT, etc.

They chant: "COLD DEAD HANDS. COLD DEAD HANDS."

Closer to the museum, supporters of gun control hold up their own signs. Professionally made, politically parsed, they read: SAFER SCHOOLS, SAFER AMERICA and BAILEY/FRANKEN 2028.

Their chants cut through the opposition's: "NO MORE GUNS. NO MORE GUNS."

Bruce closes the door of the sedan, pushes through the crowd toward the museum.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - LOBBY - NIGHT

Long lines of GUESTS, dressed for a party, wait to clear temporary security stations.

A large banner hangs from a balcony overlooking the lobby: BAILEY FOR PRESIDENT, 2028.

Bruce pushes to the front of a line. A SECURITY GUARD sees him coming.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir, you need to --

BRUCE

(points to the banner)

I'm her husband.

A GRUMPY GUEST in line calls him out.

GRUMPY GUEST

She doesn't have a husband.

BRUCE

Ex-husband.

(to the guard)

Call Andy Carter. He'll let --

SECURITY GUARD

Back of the line, sir.

Bruce holds out his arms, frustrated. The movement opens his SUIT COAT just a tad, exposing a shoulder holster.

SECURITY GUARD
You'll have to check that.

Bruce flashes an ID: he's CIA.

SECURITY GUARD
I'm supposed to be impressed? I
just cleared Oprah freakin' Winfrey
-- after she waited in line.

The Guard waves him away.

Bruce heads to the back of the line.

Once there, he checks his watch, looks at the long line ahead of him.

He dials his cell phone.

ANDY (V.O.)
Leave a message.

BEEP.

BRUCE
I'm in the lobby. Where are you?

Bruce hangs up, drops the phone in his suit pocket, checks his watch again.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - BACK HALL - NIGHT

Bruce's footsteps echo off the cold, white walls. Ahead of him, ANDY CARTER, 60s, frenetic and frazzled, talks to ELIZABETH BAILEY, 50s, powerful, charismatic.

ANDY
Took your time, I see.

BRUCE
Stopped at the snack bar for some
Dippin' Dots.

ANDY
Funny.

BRUCE
(to Elizabeth)
Do you have the note?

ELIZABETH
Nice to see you, too.

BRUCE
You didn't call me for my lively
small talk.

ELIZABETH
No, but a "you look nice tonight"
wouldn't hurt.

ANDY
(suddenly a third wheel)
I'll leave you two to catch up.
(to Elizabeth)
Don't go far. We'll have results
soon.

He pats Bruce on the shoulder and scoots into a nearby room.

ELIZABETH
At least tell me you voted for me.

BRUCE
(joking)
That was today?

Bruce motions to Elizabeth: GIVE IT TO ME. She reaches into
her pocket, pulls out a piece of paper, hands it to him.

ELIZABETH
Always business with you.

Bruce unfolds the handwritten note: YOU DIE. TONIGHT.

ELIZABETH
I have a press thing on the 3rd
floor. Walk with me.

She strides down the hallway, he follows.

BRUCE
There've been more?

She stops at an elevator, hits the button.

ELIZABETH
Seventeen in all.

The elevator door opens and they step inside.

ELEVATOR

The elevator climbs.

Bruce reaches over, hits the STOP button.

BRUCE

Why me? You have a whole team of --

ELIZABETH

You're the only one I can trust.

BRUCE

You don't see the irony?

ELIZABETH

What? That I'm about to be elected president on a gun control platform?

He opens his LEATHER JACKET, shows his weapon.

BRUCE

And yet you need a hired gun for protection.

ELIZABETH

Yes. I see it. I was hoping we could skip this.

BRUCE

It'd be nice if you'd apologize.

ELIZABETH

I'm not going to apologize.

BRUCE

You called me a hitman.

ELIZABETH

You are a hitman.

BRUCE

I'm CIA.

ELIZABETH

You were off book and we both know it.

BRUCE

Off book does not mean unsanctioned. You become president, you're gonna love me.

ELIZABETH

You want an apology? Fine. I'm sorry I called you a violent sadist who sees a gun as the solution to every problem. Now, can we focus?

BANG! Metal clangs in the shaft above the elevator.

Bruce yanks Elizabeth to the corner, pulls his gun and aims it at the tiny door in the roof of the cab.

BRUCE

Who would want you dead?

ELIZABETH

Let's see. There's the NRA, gun manufacturers, any one of about a hundred million gun owners. Not to mention a number of foreign entities. Then there's --

BRUCE

I get it. Stupid question.

ELIZABETH

I've eliminated Oprah as a suspect. She seems nice.

Bruce takes off his jacket, throws it aside.

BRUCE

I'm going after them.

He leaps, takes a foothold on the hand rail and grabs the edge of a light fixture for balance.

Bruce pushes the roof door open, swings from the handrail and grabs the roof edge. He pulls himself out of the elevator.

ELEVATOR SHAFT

He peeks back into the elevator.

BRUCE

Stay here.

PING! A bullet ricochets off a nearby metal surface. Bruce rolls to the corner, looks up.

A HITMAN, looking down from an open elevator door, fires off another silenced round. Just misses. The Hitman ducks back from the shaft.

Bruce scrambles to his feet and frantically climbs a nearby ladder. Reaching the opening, he peeks into the

MUSEUM FIFTH FLOOR

It's dark. Empty. He pulls himself up, carefully slides along a wall toward the closed exhibition space.

He rounds a corner.

THWAP! A bullet rips into a painting over Bruce's shoulder:
THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY, SALVADOR DALI.

Bruce ducks, scoots down the wall, past a Picasso and a Matisse. He looks around another corner, down a hall.

A gun COCKS behind him, he wheels, draws on the Hitman.

An exchange of bullets. The Hitman rocks back, as does Bruce.

The Hitman, wounded, retreats into the darkness.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Bruce drops into the elevator.

BRUCE

You okay?

Elizabeth's eyes are wide with horror.

Bruce looks down. Blood soaks his shirt, oozes from a shoulder wound.

His pant leg is torn, exposing a second wound.

He drops to the floor, braces against a corner.

ELIZABETH

We have to get you help.

Bruce removes his belt, tourniquets his leg.

BRUCE

No. They want you -- they have to get in here. Which means, they have to go through me.

Elizabeth slides next to him.

His gun on his lap, he pulls her close.

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

Bruce stands in the security line, near the front.

He checks his watch.

ANDY (O.S.)

Bruce!

Bruce looks up to see... Andy, waving him over.

The Security Guard stops Bruce.

ANDY

Let him through.

Andy holds up a credential, the Security Guard nods, motions for Bruce's gun.

Bruce quickly sheds his suit coat, unbuckles the holster and hands it to the Guard.

Bruce grabs the claim ticket, rushes to Andy.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bruce and Andy stride down the hall.

ANDY

Thank God you're here.

Bruce grabs Andy, shoves him against the wall.

BRUCE

You said -- you'd protect her.

ANDY

I'm protecting everybody. If she becomes president -- and she's about to -- first month, we'll pass gun control. First month. After that --

BRUCE

I care about her, not some political victory.

ANDY

You know how many lives will be saved when that legislation passes? Thousands -- hell, hundreds of thousands.

Bruce releases his grip.

BRUCE
Take me to her.

INT. CAMPAIGN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

A private room inside the museum. Mounted TVs flash continuous news coverage.

The STAFF, numerous and young, watch intently, almost somber.

Bruce and Andy burst into the room, but nobody flinches. They're watching the monitors: BREAKING NEWS

WOLF BLITZER
(on TV)
CNN now confirms, Elizabeth Bailey is the next president of the United States.

CHEERS echo from celebrations in other parts of the building. The staff in this room, however, don't move.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)
The forty-seventh president -- the first female...

Andy wears a large grin as he watches the coverage. Bruce knocks him on the shoulder.

BRUCE
She's a brilliant person. You know that, right?

Andy nods. He hands something to Bruce.

Bruce slips the object into his pocket.

BRUCE
Now where is she?

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Bruce grows weak. Elizabeth cradles his head.

ELIZABETH
This is my fault. You told me not to run.

BRUCE
I couldn't stand to see you in
danger.

INT. CAMPAIGN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Andy and Bruce stand near a closet door.

ANDY
It's never been this bad.

ELEVATOR

Elizabeth and Bruce watch as the elevator door slides open, slowly. Elizabeth tucks behind Bruce as he draws his weapon, ready to defend her.

CAMPAIGN WAR ROOM

Bruce opens the closet door, gently.

Elizabeth cowers in the corner of the closet.

ELEVATOR

Elizabeth looks up, confused. She stares at Bruce as he stands in the doorway. No blood. No wounds.

She looks to her side. Bruce -- the wounded Bruce -- is gone.

CLOSET

Bruce steps gently into the closet, closes the door behind him. He settles onto the floor next to Elizabeth.

BRUCE
Hey, honey. It's me. Bruce.

She feels his chest, checks his leg. No wounds.

BRUCE
You've had quite a day. Lot's going
on. I think you forgot something.

He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pill bottle. She shakes her head.

ELIZABETH
They're coming. They shot you.

She holds up a piece of paper. It's blank.

Bruce sets it aside.

BRUCE

Nobody's coming. You're safe. I got you, okay?

She nods.

He offers her a pill. She downs it.

BRUCE

Anybody wants to get to you, they have to get through me.

He pulls her close.

INT. CAMPAIGN WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Andy looks around at the nervous, stunned staff.

ANDY

Alright, everybody. There's work to do.

(points)

Christine, let the media know, President-Elect Bailey will give her acceptance speech in twenty minutes. Josh, tell the folks in the exhibition hall the same. Let's go everybody.

The staff scrambles into motion.

FADE OUT.