

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Glass Walls

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First
Draft

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK- DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - MORNING

The sidewalks are crowded. Everyone is heading to work, busy as always.

Among the sea of humanity, someone is heading to their office. This is Peter Mayfeld, sharply dressed, physically fit, looks welcoming and approachable. Think Ryan Reynolds or Paul Rudd. He is the president of NBC.

He steps into the lobby of his office building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

MURPH

Good morning Mr. Mayfeld!

PETER

Murph! How are ya?

MURPH

All good here sir.

PETER

Love to hear it pal.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TOP FLOOR RECEPTION - MORNING

Upscale office space with floor to ceiling glass walls.

The sound of keyboard clicking is interrupted by the elevator ding.

PETER

Morning Grace

GRACE

Good morning Mr. Mayfeld

PETER

Hold my other calls this morning, I have a Zoom meeting with Susan over at CBS.

GRACE

Will do.

Grace frantically presses buttons on her call board.

Peter walks into his office, nice, clean, filled with awards and trophies from over the years.

He sits in his leather office chair overlooking downtown New York and the Hudson river.

Peter turns on his desktop as the "NBC" peacock logo is shown as his wallpaper. The screen is cluttered with files and unread emails.

He swipes across screen to reveal a different desktop... black wallpaper much less cluttered.

He opens an email from "Sami Jasim Muhammad al-Jaburi" the email reads "More is needed for that kind of event".

Peter responds "You will have what you need"

Peters phone rings.

PETER

Hello?

SNIPER

(Deep, brazen voice)
Hello Mr. Mayfeld.

PETER

Who is this?

SNIPER

That's not important right now.

PETER

(Annoyed, scoffs)
OK then, goodbye.

Peter hangs up and immediately blocks the last caller on his phone.

PETER (cont'd)

(Shouts to Grace outside his office)
Grace! I thought I asked you to hold my calls?

GRACE

I'm sorry sir, I thought I had!

Cut to Grace panicking and pressing all kinds of buttons on her call board.

Peter goes back to reading his email from Sami.

His phone rings again.

PETER
Who is this?

SNIPER
It's rude to hang up someone.

PETER
How the hell do you have this
number!?

SNIPER
Don't worry about that.

PETER
What th- what do you want?

SNIPER
Now you're asking the better
questions. That's more like it.

SNIPER (cont'd)
You're not the man you say you are
Mr. Mayfeld.

PETER
What the hell is that supposed to
mean?

SNIPER
Stop lying to yourself. You're
responsible for the attacks in
Aleppo.

PETER
(More
alert, increasingly
nervous)
I...I don't know what you're talking
about.

SNIPER
Cut the shit.

PETER
You don't know who you're messing
with.

Peter attempts to reach for the panic button under his desk.

SNIPER
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

PETER

What?....how did you-

SNIPER

Why don't you take a look down, I wouldn't want to mess up that nice tie of yours.

Peter looks down to see the bright red glow of a rifle scope in the middle of his chest.

SNIPER (cont'd)

Do I have your attention now?

SNIPER (cont'd)

You need to stay calm and don't try anything funny again. Maybe you'll even make this out alive.

PETER

What do you want? Money?

SNIPER

If only it were that simple. See I want you to go down to that cushy studio of yours and put a stop to the lies you have them tell.

PETER

What lies are you talking about?

SNIPER

Hmm what lies? Maybe the fact that you have been funding ISIS attacks in the Middle East ever since you took over as president at NBC.

PETER

You don't know what you're talking about.

SNIPER

January 18th- you sent \$528 million to Sami Jasim Muhammad al-Jaburi. On January 27th- 211 people were killed in a suicide bombing in Mosul.

PETER

(Looking around
nervously)

...You can't prove anything.

Peter tries to quickly press the panic button under his desk.

Before his finger could press on the button he is shot right at the tip of his finger.

The bullet left a small hole in his office window and took off a chunk of his finger.

PETER (cont'd)
AHHHH What the fu*k! Jesus!

SNIPER
You shouldn't have done that.

PETER
You almost shot my finger off you
fu*king psycho!

SNIPER
I told you not to try anything funny.

Grace cracks open the door to see what happened

GRACE
Is everything alright sir!

PETER
(Trying to hide his
pain)
Everything's fine! Just knocked over
my mug-I'll clean it up.

Before she leaves Grace glances at Peter's tie and notices the red dot from the rifle.

SNIPER
Get rid of her.

PETER
It's ok Grace. I'm alright.

GRACE
Sir you have something on your tie, I
can clean that up for you.

Peter looks down at the red dot again and looks back up Grace now terrified for her safety.

Peter mouths "Go"

Grace leaves the office and closes the door.

SNIPER
It'll be a shame when she finds out
who you really are.

PETER

How do you know about al-Jaburi?

SNIPER

When you spend as much time as I have deployed, you begin to notice the difference between the ones fighting for a cause and the ones fighting because that's what their told.

PETER

So you're military?

SNIPER

Something like that.

PETER

You know I can get all the money you need for you and your family to retire and live on a nice beach for the rest of your life.

SNIPER

Don't ever bring up my family again.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH RISE-NEW YORK-DAY

Reveal the sniper. Wearing military issued uniform, patches ripped off. He is laying flat with a rifle pointed out the window. He looks away from his scope to look at a small photo print- a family wearing baseball jerseys together at a game.

The sniper snuffles to hold back an incoming tear.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TOP FLOOR RECEPTION

Grace is sitting, leg tapping anxiously.

She all of the sudden stops and dials 911 from her call board.

911 OPERATOR

911 what is your emergency?

GRACE

Yes, hi... I think my boss is in trouble?

911 OPERATOR

OK...is he hurt? Does he need an ambulance?

GRACE

Um- I don't know.

911 OPERATOR

Did something happen?

GRACE

(Frantically going
over too many
details)

Well yeah! He asked me to hold his calls and I thought I did, but then he shouted, and it's never good when he shouts, so I tried to hold his calls again, and it's just like my big summer internship and I wore my favorite socks today...

911 OPERATOR

Ok... ma'am

GRACE

Yes.

911 OPERATOR

Your boss...

GRACE

Oh right so I heard this weird noise and then Mr. Mayfeld shouted Ah FUCK- which he only yells when Susan from CBS is over late at night. But it's morning so I knew that wasn't it.

911 OPERATOR

So he shouted?

GRACE

Right- so I went to check on him, but I didn't knock oopsies.. and he said he was ok and that he just dropped his mug, but his mug was standing just fine.

911 OPERATOR

So is your boss in trouble?

GRACE

Yes! He had this little red glowy thing on his chest and he looked scared.

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am who is your boss?

GRACE

Peter Mayfeld...why?

911 OPERATOR

Peter Mayfeld, from NBC?

GRACE

That's him.

911 OPERATOR

Ok ma'am I'll send a couple officers over there to check on him.

GRACE

Okie dokie

Grace hangs up before the 911 operator could ask any more questions. While trying to hang up she accidentally knocked over some papers and had to pick them all up.

(CUT BACK TO)

INT. PETERS OFFICE- DAY

Peter is clutching his now battered finger, grimacing in pain.

PETER

I need to see a doctor.

SNIPER

You won't need one soon.

PETER

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

SNIPER

You really thought you could buy your way out of this?

PETER

Well...kinda yeah.

SNIPER

I can't believe I fought a war to
protect scumbags like you.

PETER

Those wars are great for business.

EXT. DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN- LATE AFTERNOON

Two NYPD cars roll into the Park avenue skyrise.

INT. PETERS OFFICE- LATE AFTERNOON

SNIPER

Why the hell are the cops here!?

PETER

I...don't know, I've been talking to
you.

The officers enter the building and board the elevator-not
showing much of a rush.

SNIPER

This isn't how this was supposed to
happen. Shit!

PETER

What!

SNIPER

They weren't supposed to be here now!

PETER

(Sensing the
situation escalating)
I didn't do anything!

SNIPER

Shut the hell up! You're the reason
thousands are dead!

PETER

Listen-I've never even been to the
middle east. I don't do heat. When I
took over here we were 5th in the
ratings. I had to do something to
save my job and provide for my
family.

SNIPER

Don't you talk about family! You've been hooking up with the CBS lady for months.

PETER

How...the-how do you know about that.

SNIPER

Glass walls tell a story.

Cut to multiple hand prints in the window of Peter's office.

PETER

Shit.

SNIPER

When this is over all of your dirty little secrets will be out there.

PETER

You're bluffing.

The elevator dings as the police make it to the top floor.

SNIPER

Times up.

PETER

Wait!

The sniper shoots one round right between Peter's eyes, killing him instantly in his chair. The bullet enters through the same hole as the previous and not a sound is made.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - TOP FLOOR

Grace is telling the officers the story she told the 911 operator, this time with even more unnecessary details.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: COPS DISCOVERING EMAILS TO SAMI JASIM MUHAMMAD AL-JABURI, GRACE SPEAKING TO DISGRUNTLED FBI AGENTS, THE SNIPER IN A CEMETERY LOOKING AT THE GRAVES OF HIS WIFE AND CHILD WHO DIED IN A CAR ACCIDENT WHILE THE SNIPER WAS DEPLOYED.

FADE TO BLACK