

NINE NINETY

"DISCLOSURE"

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

- 1 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 1  
The violins strike.  
The orchestra begins their dramatic performance.
- 2 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 2  
Pacing down the hallway, a man, with a silver chest in hand.
- 3 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT 3  
Rapid typing on a clacking keyboard.  
It's a tech guy, hacking away at a system.
- 4 EXT. WAREHOUSE, FLASHBACK - DAY 4  
The FBI races to the warehouse entrance.  
The tyres screech to an abrasive halt on the tarmac.  
The officers get into position, as the guards open fire.  
This, is the start of an FBI shoot-out.  
END FLASHBACK
- 5 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT 5  
Blood, sweat and tears.  
The dramatic performance reaches resounding new heights. If these violins were human, they'd be screeching blood.  
A slim, mid 40's man, with fine, grey streaks of hair. He's the devil in disguise. His eyes contain an unsettling glare mixed, with a captivating sparkle. This, is DWAYNE HUNTER. His presence, catching the eyes of a woman across the table.  
His starter arrives, *Devils on Horseback*. His wife follows soon after, kissing him on the cheek, before taking a seat to his right.

6 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 6

The man continues pacing atop prestigious, red carpet. The lighting is set to dim and sparing. Here he comes, closing in on the SilverRing doorway.

CUT TO:

7 INT. SILVERRING - CONTINUOUS 7

The man enters the room. It, too, is darkly lit, with just enough lighting to notice the precisely, textured red walls, black carpet and even lighting. This room was built for purpose. Any old room wouldn't do.

Situated in the middle, is a vast, glass table, with every seat filled except for one. The man approaches the head seat.

The room falls silent as he opens the case.

Realising its contents, they all cast a dubious smirk across their faces.

8 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT 8

Cramped in size and lacking any viable connection to the real world outside, this office is only lit by a table lamp, a computer screen and a muted TV. On this TV is a broadcast, promoting the President, First Lady their son Zachary and the upcoming announcement and interview to be made.

Living on the opposite side of the room, is a tech guy. A hacker. Introducing, BRIAN JACKSON. A mid 30's man, brown eyes, medium build. Smart but gullible. Tapping away assertively, he attempts to hack a complicated system.

But--

He's too late. A warning flashes up. Someone has already beaten him to it.

9 INT. WAREHOUSE, FLASHBACK - DAY 9

Money and guns. Trash bags, body bags. The Mafia stacks the cash and loads the guns.

But--

It's too late. The game is up. The doors fly open, as the FBI floods in.

OFFICER 1  
FBI! Drop the gun!

OFFICER 2  
Get on the floor!

OFFICER 3  
Raise your hands where I can see  
'em.

The guns fall, as the penny finally drops.

OFFICER 1  
Get down slowly. And keep your  
hands above your head!

MAN 1  
Fuck.

Then--

A gun goes off, flying straight into the man's head.

END FLASHBACK

10 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

10

Suddenly, the typing stops. Brian glances down at a photo on his desk, showing the same man who was shot in the past. His mind is racing, struggling to contain his thoughts.

Then--

He slams the photo in the draw. The 'scene' is over. Looking up at the TV first, he then glances back down towards his computer screen.

Then--

The door flies open, as OSCAR WHITE steps into the room. Late 20's, young, charming and manipulative. He enters the room, claiming ownership, as he slams the door behind him.

OSCAR  
A Holy War.

His comment makes little sense.

BRIAN  
What?

OSCAR

That's what he calls it. These men think they're fighting for their country, when in fact, they're marching to their death...

The broadcast is still live on the TV. This time, however, they're making a campaign. Military propaganda to be specific. They're recruiting for the army.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Serving their future onto a silver platter, for the man in the Oval.

Oscar turns and patronisingly smiles at Brian.

BRIAN

The time has come for change.

Oscar seems a little confused.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's what he says isn't it?

After peeking out the blinds, Oscar takes a seat in front of Brian's desk.

OSCAR

I'm sure he values your commitment, greatly.

(beat)

You're a smart guy, Brian. Tell me something. How much do you trust Wilson?

BRIAN

He's a man of his word.

OSCAR

A man of his word...

He chuckles.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I have something for you.

Throwing a file onto the table, Brian opens it, unsure of what to expect. Enough to give anybody sleepless nights, the endless pictures of beheaded and dismembered bodies, is enough to make anyone feel uncomfortable.

BRIAN

What is this?

Reaching into another file, Oscar pulls out another picture. This picture, again, is another one showing the same man who was shot in the past. This time, however, he's surrounded in a pool of blood. Staring at the photo for a split moment, Brian turns it back over in discontent.

Oscar leans forward in the chair.

OSCAR

Now that, that's the SilverRing. Mr President. They're all the same to be honest.

(beat)

You still believe him to be a man of his word?

BRIAN

What do you want, Oscar?

Oscar leans back in the chair.

OSCAR

Equity. Every action must meet its consequence.

After handing Brian another file, one that's more personal, Oscar goes back to looking out the window.

BRIAN

Where did you get this?

OSCAR

I'm not a man to bride or blackmail, but I really need you in on this.

(beat)

You think you can do that for me?

Silence falls. He starts to head out the room.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Let me know when you decide... You can keep those by the way.

Somehow the room feels cold as Oscar makes his exit. Brian slams the window shut.

CUT TO: TITLE  
CARD

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Another busy night of restless staff and helpless parents wandering around.

Until--

BANG. Another child is admitted, bursting through the emergency doors on another sick bed.

NURSE 1

Amy, can you hear me?

DOCTOR

She's losing consciousness.

PARAMEDIC

Anaphylaxis. Age 7. The parents believe the reaction occurred from a nut allergy.

DOCTOR

Believe? What were they doing?

NURSE 2

Getting married.

DOCTOR

She's going into cardiac arrest.

SLAM. They burst through a set of double doors.

Before--

BANG. A bomb goes off, bringing the entire ward to collapse on itself. The alarms ring, the screams faint and few...

Then--

CUT TO:

INT. OLIVIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SMASH.

OLIVIA HARPER, late 20's, knocks a glass to the floor, fumbling to find the buzzing phone. Staring blankly at the screen, she slowly awakes from her slumber, as the message begins to make sense...

OLIVIA  
What--

INTERCUT:

WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - LATER

Olivia arrives at the White House with assistant, MATTHEW DE SANTIS, late 30's.

OLIVIA  
Exactly my first thought.

MATTHEW  
But I don't see the correlation  
between war and children.

He hands her a cup of coffee.

OLIVIA  
There doesn't need to be. The goal  
of terrorism is attention. That's  
all it is these days. People  
bombing for pleasure, rather than  
purpose.

She takes a sip.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
God, is Starbucks even open? How do  
you get coffee at this hour?

MATTHEW  
I have my ways...

She stops and looks at him, needing the details.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Drive through.

They continue.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)  
So what's next?

INT. PRESS SECRETARY - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia throws her bag to the chair, continuing with the conversation.



OLIVIA

Next, we evaluate the story. Create a diversion.

MATTHEW

Well it's pretty clear on Wilson's part--

OLIVIA

What do you mean?

MATTHEW

Two years ago he campaigned peace, solidarity. Bringing troops in from Iraq...

OLIVIA

Instead, he does the opposite--

MATTHEW

The following year, rumours of a mysterious child, who apparently died from excessive water on the lungs. All rumours denied by both him and First Lady. Except, no one believes them...

OLIVIA

Not long after he calls war on Iraq and in the process--

MATTHEW

Leaves a weakness...

OLIVIA

(beat)

We've gone from 9/11 to war. ISIS and back to war again.

MATTHEW

And now--

OLIVIA

The SilverRing. You can't eradicate terrorism--

MATTHEW

So you side with it, instead.

She takes a seat.

OLIVIA

But at usual, you can't please everyone.

MATTHEW

With the current conflict and hostility, no chance...

OLIVIA

And that's when it turned personal... Children--

INTERCUT:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A hundred lights, a thousand questions. Olivia continues to present the White House statement to the press, who as always, have many pressing questions:

OLIVIA

Vs war? An obscene theory. The President continues to stand by his role in protecting the lives of endangered children and deprived families.

(beat)

Yes.

WOMAN

Jennifer Bailey, *New York Times*. The White House, on several occasions, has defended the President's role and commitments. But from where I'm standing his views are unclear... He's promoting war, promising peace and presenting false hope to endangered children--

OLIVIA

The President is in no way endangering children--

WOMAN

So the bombing that occurred earlier this morning at a children's hospital, was in no form a retaliation towards the President's persistent recruitment strategies?

OLIVIA

Nations will continue to have conflict as long as people think with their hearts, and retaliate through anger.

(MORE)

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 President Wilson's one and only  
 promise was to actively promote  
 change throughout the United  
 States, and any step required to  
 fulfill that promise, the President  
 will take.

The press continue to roar once again, bursting with  
 countless questions:

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
 No further questions.

The cameras flash once again:

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM, L.A - DAY

Gun shots, riffles... FLASH. A grenade goes off.

Seated in a house that resembles the war zone reflected on  
 the TV is, MASON WHITE. A kid in his early teens, immersed in  
 a video game, well above his age.

MASON  
 Go over!

Slim, stunning and not a day over 35, AMANDA WHITE walks into  
 the living room. A woman of power in her own right. But for  
 the now, she's the housewife who cleans, works and plays in  
 six inch heels.

AMANDA  
 (into phone)  
 Lose my number!

MAN 1 (V.O.)  
 Amanda!  
 (hangs up)

MASON  
 Come on you jackass!

AMANDA  
 That's the swear jar Mason.

MASON  
 Jackass isn't even a swear word.

Mother to 3, her most demanding, LANDON WHITE, has just  
 fallen asleep as she lays him down into the crib.

Grabbing a role of tape, she begins to frantically tape up one of the many cardboard boxes in the room.

Then--

She opens up a cupboard door, to which she's greeted by a large bag of money, flooding out across the floor.

MASON (CONT'D)

Drop dead!

Amanda scrambles to collect the money, slamming the cupboard door shut once she's finished, to which the baby starts crying.

AMANDA

Damn it!

Whether she's more angry at the baby or the bag of money, it's not really clear, but she picks the baby in the end.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Raymond!

The hot L.A. mornings are starting to get to her. She hopes to be as cool as the air coming out the A.C.

But--

There's an explosion, as a bomb goes off. The game is up.

MASON

What the hell! That wasn't even me!

On the verge of yanking the TV down from the wall, she saves herself the embarrassment, after a handful of narcotics and stolen passports fall from the fireplace.

Finally--

The phone rings...

Amanda glances over at the taped up box.

13

INT. MANSION - STUDY, L.A. - CONTINUOUS

13

Early 50's, bald, blue eyes and medium build. He's the man who tolerates family but despises friendships. This, is RAYMOND WHITE.

After shredding a huge stack of papers, he returns to his call, oblivious to everything else around him.

RAYMOND  
 (into phone)  
 He's insipid. Cut him off.

Swivelling over to his desk, he clears a path between more money and stolen passports, as he deletes a wad of e-mails and files.

Then--

He turns to the doorway, with Amanda standing there with Landon in one hand and the phone in the other.

AMANDA  
 Phone. For you.

Caught of guard, he eventually gets out of the chair, grabbing the phone.

RAYMOND  
 (into phone)  
 Call you back in ten.

As Raymond exits the room to take the call, however, there's a CLOSE ON a photo, depicting the Confederates Flag.

14 I/E. MANSION - GARDEN, L.A./WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - 14  
 CONTINUOUS

Raymond lights a cigarette.

Mid 40's, reserved and slightly indecisive, STANLEY WILSON is the 46th President of the United States, and he's about to make a big appointment.

RAYMOND  
 (into phone)  
 Mr President. Thought I'd never see the day.

WILSON  
 (into phone)  
 You've always been a difficult man to please.

Raymond takes a cautious drag.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 How's Amanda and the kids?

RAYMOND  
 (into phone)  
 A lot better than I am these days.

WILSON  
(into phone)  
Time I did you favour.

RAYMOND  
(into phone)  
Sounds like you're making me an offer.

WILSON  
(into phone)  
My hands are tied. The SilverRing needs direction.

RAYMOND  
(into phone)  
You sure you're the one offering the favour?

WILSON  
(into phone)  
I'm looking for a leader. Someone with balls, guts. A no nonsense type of guy.

Raymond begins to smirk. He's been waiting for this.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I need someone I can trust.

Raymond's face drops, turning sour. This fantasy is turned into a reality, as he remembers this entire deal is based on the trust of this "friendship". He replies in the most suitable manner:

RAYMOND  
(into phone)  
Smart man.

WILSON  
(into phone)  
I need you in DC by tomorrow. You think you can make it?

Raymond chuckles.

RAYMOND  
See you in 24 hours.  
(hangs up)

Scorning the cigarette with his foot, Raymond walks off, cooking up an agenda.

15 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

15

Stanley hangs the phone up, processing the conversation a thousand times in his head.

Then--

Someone makes him jump.

KHALID  
Smart man indeed.

Wilson turns to face him, as the rest of the room comes into focus. Seated in the middle of the room, is a late 40's man, brown eyes, Asian. His dark hair, styled to the utmost care and precision. This, is ALAN KHALID.

WILSON  
What do you want from all of this?

Wilson moves to the centre of the room, trespassing on the devil's playground.

KHALID  
Me? I'm simply following your command.

WILSON  
If you were following orders we wouldn't be sitting here, right now.

Khalid leans forward in the chair.

KHALID  
If I was following orders, you'd be a dead man.

Leaning back in the chair, Khalid begins to twist his diamond studded ring.

KHALID (CONT'D)  
You're a frigid man, Mr President.

WILSON  
Quit your games, those kids did nothing wrong!

KHALID  
Losing a child is only the beginning.

WILSON

And this is you playing nice, how exactly?!

Khalid smiles.

KHALID

Mr President. Let's call this one a draw. Getting into specifics is such a messy job.

His smile turns upside down as he gulps his glass of water down, locking eyes with the President in the process. He leaves the chair behind.

KHALID (CONT'D)

You asked me what I want.

Khalid makes his way to the door.

KHALID (CONT'D)

Find a way to have Islam and the United States on level ground, or that announcement of yours goes up in smoke.

Wilson remains frozen in position, as Khalid gives his final word.

KHALID (CONT'D)

See you in 24 hours.

16 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY/UNITED NATIONS - HALLWAY, N.Y. -16 DAY

Partners in crime, Oscar and Dwayne are in on something. Unlike most plans, however, there's no predicting the outcome this time.

OSCAR

(into phone)

Take the hint, Dwayne. He wants no part in this.

DWAYNE

(into phone)

Learn to lead with a little conviction, Oscar. That way you won't spew the bull, when shit hits the fan.

Oscar stops in his tracks.



OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Has it ever occurred to you that  
 this is just a horrible plan, with  
 awful execution. How about this,  
 the next you decide to turn  
 someone's life into a dog's dinner,  
 try doing it the old fashioned way.

DWAYNE  
 (into phone)  
 There's no do-overs, but you've  
 given me an idea.

OSCAR  
 (beat)  
 (into phone)  
 What?

DWAYNE  
 (into phone)  
 It's who. And his name is Zach.  
 (hangs up)

Oscar is left, more than confused.

17 INT. UNITED NATIONS - HALLWAY/PRIVATE ROOM, N.Y. - CONTINUOUS

Completing his first deal, Dwayne continues to make another. Charging down the hallway, this corridor in particular, is either poorly, or the lighting is shielding its face from the over-bearing shadow.

Entering the chilly, dark room, the lights flicker on. As the room falls silent, Dwayne wastes no time as he reaches into his coat, pulls out a wadded envelope and throws it onto the table. The mysterious figure whisks the cash away from the table.

18 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

18

The dancing, shouting and beating music. This is a wild party with no end in sight. Someone posts a Tweet:

"The Presidential Sweet Son.  
 #Zachisback #Openparty

Opposite the bar, two girls are trying to capture the best of what's turning out to be a sombre night. Across the floor, towards the bar, is ZACHARY WILSON. 18, young and strapping, he's the gripping eye candy for the ladies. Beginning a countdown Zach and his friends have 10 shots to down in 10 seconds. The countdown begins...

GROUP

10, 9, 8...

As the night ticks on, one of the girls declines a call coming in from their father. This night is just getting started...

GROUP (CONT'D)

3, 2, 1...

BANG.

Zach is smashed, as he slams his last glass down onto the counter. Already struggling to stand, he downs another.

ZACH

This one, is on you, dad!

As the group cheers him on, he notices one of the two girls across the room. This girl, is VIENNA KHALID. 18, brown hair and eyes. She's just gorgeous. Making his way from the bar, he fails to notice an incoming call in his back pocket. Stumbling away, he bumps into another guy in the process.

MAN 1

Go home man, you're drunk.

ZACH

You think I don't know that?!

Zach stumbles on his way, as his phone has now disappeared.

GIRL 1

Zach? Where are you going?

MAN 2

Are you done already?

Zach turns to face the group again.

ZACH

The night is just getting started!

Turning away, he crashes into a table, sending smashed glass all over the floor...

CUT TO:

BANG.

The cupboard slams shut, as CAROLYN WILSON, mid 40's, stares in discontent at her lonely reflection in the mirror. Out, from her trembling hands, falls a set of pills.

Then--

She gasps. Wilson startles her, after he appears by the door unexpectedly. She quickly washes the pills down the sink, as he joins her in the bathroom.

Beginning to smear the make-up from her face, Wilson shifts over to her side of the sink, holding her from behind.

WILSON  
Your skin is flawless.

CAROLYN  
Since when did you start noticing  
the small things?

WILSON  
Isn't that what you always loved?

CAROLYN  
There have been many things I've  
come to love, and some... I've  
learnt to lose.

WILSON  
(beat)  
How do you expect to live on if you  
can't pick yourself up and move on?

CAROLYN  
When I'm ready, I'll do just that.  
But for now...

WILSON  
How is it all our conversations  
land us into the same problem?

CAROLYN  
Problems? Or memories?

WILSON  
I'm not sure there's a difference  
anymore.

CAROLYN  
What is wrong with you?!

WILSON

The fact that every time you wanna talk, you seem to always find any plausible reason to re-hash the same dirt into my face!

CAROLYN

Yeah. So I see how many times I can bring up the same ol' news, and you try to find a new way to react every time.

WILSON

You know what I mean--

CAROLYN

We certainly make a good team don't we?

WILSON

Don't take the moral high ground with me, you know exactly what you're doing! This time and the last.

CAROLYN

This is not what I signed up for.

WILSON

And I did? Clearly we both missed the memo!

He's about to head for the door.

CAROLYN

Is this a joke to you? Ha?  
Our daughter's memory? I've  
lost a piece of me--

WILSON (CONT'D)

What--

CAROLYN

A piece, I'll never get back!

She turns on the tap, attempting to wash her hand, but the memories are too much.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

God! I can't even-- Is this what it feels like? I don't-- I can't!

WILSON

It's a pain, isn't it? When your memories can not only be remembered but also touched.

CAROLYN

What?! W-- Are you saying this is  
my fault?!

WILSON

If you can't stand the bitterness,  
don't swallow the pill!

These two are torn up. She stares in awe at the empty sink.

CAROLYN

(beat)

I... I can't do this right now...

She exits the room, hurt and bewildered on countless levels.

Wilson grabs her by the arm.

WILSON

You think this is all over?

She tries to pull away, instead, she slips, falls and bangs  
her head on the cold floor. Attempting to bring herself back  
to life, Carolyn tries to stand back up, feeling her blood-  
covered forehead in the process...

Wilson approaches her. He stands there, motion-less, for what  
seems like an eternity.

Then--

He grabs her by the neck, like a chicken, ready for the chop,  
dragging her into the bathroom, with no other noise than--

SLAM.

The bathroom door is shut.

BACK TO:

20 INT. CLUB - LATER

20

The lights are dimmed, music beating, hearts pumping. The  
club is on fire, literally, as the bar serves up countless  
flaming martinis. Vienna and Zach, together, dancing. To  
them, the night is just beginning.

Then--

21 INT. CLUB - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

21

BANG.

Pinned to the wall, he works from her neck, down. These two are either in love or seriously drunk. As the moment starts to get serious, someone takes it a step further. A quick flash and someone has taken a photo. But who cares? The two of them carry on, like there's no tomorrow. He lifts her by the legs, taking her into a cubicle, slamming the door shut.

CUT TO:

22

INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LATER

22

Water, splashing. The body, suffocating. She's drowning, but her lesson is still being taught.

She gasps for air, as he lifts her head up.

CAROLYN

I told you-- I'm--

Before she can finish her sentence, she's back under.

WILSON

I don't want your apology! I want your pain!

He lets go, finally. She coughs and splutters.

WILSON (CONT'D)

(beat)

I want you to know how it feels. To have your life, ripped, torn and strangled to death.

He grabs her by the hair, again.

WILSON (CONT'D)

I want your eyes to bleed and burn. I want you to own it.

(beat)

You murdered her. Accept and be proud.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

23 INT. KHALID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

23

SLAM.

Plastered front and centre on the morning's top stories, are the steamy pictures of Zach and Vienna's drunken shenanigans, from the night before.

Traditional in his rituals, Khalid remains seated firmly, in his single, black, leather sofa, reading his morning paper. He's the only one in the room, as if he own it. Lord of the manor.

Taking a cautious break from his morning rituals, he picks the iPad up from the table, staring at the article in disgust, before turning it back down 3 seconds later. He slowly disappears behind his own paper again, like a lion, retreating back to its den.

PRIYA KHALID, mid 40's, pours herself a cup of coffee, clearly stressed over what is becoming a problem, they never saw coming.

PRIYA

Do you know, my mother once told me  
if you want the job done properly,  
you should do it yourself.

Khalid lets out a sigh, resting his newspaper on his lap. His morning is now over.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

She also told me, a good husband  
know the right moment to listen to  
his wife.

KHALID

Let me guess. Vienna.

PRIYA

Wow. You are good at this.

KHALID

I said I'll handle it, Priya, so  
trust me. Vienna will learn her  
lesson.

PRIYA

18, Khalid. A teenager. In her book, it's all about living on the up, not drowning in the consequences.

KHALID

A teen, yes. Too young to learn, never.

PRIYA

When I was her age, I never considered doing half of what she's does.

KHALID

I believe your parents never proposed such an offer.

PRIYA

My parents had nothing to do with it. You know I don't like all these clubs, all these parties and any other type of social, functional or jamboree, where everybody is flagging their virginity as 'up for sale'.

He raises the newspaper over his face.

KHALID

And yet you found me?

PRIYA

You know that, Khalid.

KHALID

Vienna is nothing more than a work in a progress.

PRIYA

Progress-- According to who? Because I can assure you, the only people making progress, are the endless streams of strangers and freaks, who get to play 'Happy Hour' with our daughter at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Then, there's a surprise to all.

VIENNA

Wow. You make it sound so easy.



After hearing it all, Vienna makes her appearance into the living room.

VIENNA (CONT'D)

Might I add, Zach is hardly a stranger and what he did... Well as you said, your teenage days are well and truly over, so I guess you missed your chance.

Peering over his newspaper, Khalid looks beyond shocked or surprised. Priya, on the other hand, can't find the words to describe it. Clearly, Vienna lost her manners and gained exquisite hearing skills over night.

VIENNA (CONT'D)

Thin walls.

Apparently not then.

PRIYA

You're getting of hand!

VIENNA

Cos, you'd know all about that, wouldn't you?

PRIYA

Your grandfather wants to see you.

VIENNA

You mean your lonely, single father and his tacky piece on the side? No thanks.

PRIYA

Any moment now, Khalid.

VIENNA

I mean you can't be serious? Right, Dad?

As her phone begins to ring, Priya makes a shifty exit into the kitchen.

PRIYA

This is not over, Vienna!

VIENNA

Dad?!

KHALID

It's nothing more, than a harmless meal.

VIENNA

Harmless? What happened to drawing the line? Moving on? He, outright, sold his daughter for goodness sake!

KHALID

All the better to face him, head on.

VIENNA

What? That doesn't even make any sense!

(beat)

No.

KHALID

Vienna!

VIENNA

No! I'm not going and you can't force me!

As Vienna turns to walk out the room, Khalid finally takes the plunge, arising from his throne.

KHALID

It's out of my hands.

VIENNA

What? What is?

KHALID

Whatever happens from here, I can't control it.

VIENNA

Then why start it to begin with?

Khalid smiles.

KHALID

You're smart girl.

He slowly moves towards her.

KHALID (CONT'D)

I can only hope you'll find your way out.

VIENNA

Why are you talking like that?

He hands her a silver key.

KHALID  
It's something I can't take back.

Then--

His phone vibrates, closing out one conversation, as he replies to another:

"Collect in an hour."

KHALID (CONT'D)  
(to Vienna)  
5:30. Don't be late.

He walks off into the kitchen, leaving Vienna speechless over his little gift.

24 INT. KHALID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

24

Priya hastily ends her conversation on the phone, as she notices Khalid standing by the doorway.

PRIYA  
(into phone, in Arabic)  
It's not over yet.  
(in English)  
Don't do anything you'll regret.  
Look, I'll speak to you tonight.  
(hangs up)

KHALID  
Who was that?

PRIYA  
Did you talk to her?

KHALID  
(beat)  
10 years ago, when we came here.  
What did I say to you?

PRIYA  
It's hard to say.

She turns her back to him and scoffs.

PRIYA (CONT'D)  
If I remember correctly, we all had something to say. And then, there were the few, who actually made sense.

KHALID

And?  
 (beat)  
 Priya?

She turns back around, to face him again.

PRIYA

(beat)  
 You told me I'm protected by God.

Khalid begins to approach her.

KHALID

Protected by *me*.

Leaning in, he gives her a hug.

KHALID (CONT'D)

From now...

PRIYA

Until Eternity.

With nothing more than a chilling glare in his eye, they both seem to have hidden secrets, as Priya gazes at a photo of a man and woman on her lock-screen.

I/E. UNITED NATIONS, N.Y./IRAQI CHILDREN'S SHELTER -  
 DAY/NIGHT

The gavel knocks, as the assembly is now in session.

The doors fly open, as Secretary General, Dwayne Hunter is introduced to the room. Walking in, this man is full of confidence, as he's prepared to address the Nation and all of its issues.

In Iraq, however, a fleet of pick-up trucks come to a halt. The men step out, dressed up in balaclava's, camouflage suits and black boots. They're here on a mission: Take what they want, grab what they need and leave no time to question.

As Dwayne opens the assembly with a passionate and disconcerting speech, the power of his words will stretch far beyond their spoken form.

DWAYNE

2018. The year of isolation and  
 division. The year, we, the United  
 States, let our guards down.

The guns are cocked. The men head straight for the shelters.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Peace and solidarity have fallen of  
 the radar, with deception and  
 propaganda taking its place.

The doors to the shelter are kicked open.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Our soldiers are fighting an  
 endless war. Risking their lives on  
 the battlefield.

Grabbing a child in one hand, gun in the other, the man stamps  
 out a candle light in the process.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Neglectful actions. Forgotten  
 promises. Deceitful campaigns.

One after the other, each child is plucked from the floor  
 like a blade of grass.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 Our country is a tangled web of  
 confusion and misdirection. Our  
 bitter past, has diluted our  
 chances to a conclusive future.

Like filthy trash bags, a handful of kids are thrown into the  
 back of the trucks. But, there's more.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 But today. Today is our chance to  
 set ourselves straight. Now, more  
 than ever, we need harmony and  
 unity.

Slamming the trucks shut, they begin littering the shelters  
 with fuel.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 We need optimism and hope.

They strike a match.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)  
 We need all our states and peoples  
 united in peace and prosperity.

A child hopes to stay in close proximity of her sibling.

Instead--

Her head is knocked in by the end of a gun.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

As the United Nations goes through these necessary and significant adjustments, I ask the same of our American people, as we usher in a new era, a new focus and a new chapter.

The doors slam shut.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

The time has come for change.

After the setting the buildings on fire, they drive off, leaving the child on the side of the road surrounded in a pool of blood.

25 INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING - DAY 25

Every Mac, iPhone, iPad and Blackberry is either buzzing, humming or chirping to the news from the day before. Then--

CUT TO:

26 INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS SECRETARY - CONTINUOUS 26

Olivia is about to have many problems knocking on her door. But first?

A surprise:

OLIVIA

To think those simple minded jack-asses, can actually sleep at night!

She turns the TV off, as the latest broadcast covering the news in Iraq, is just another one of many. Matthew, however, is still confused about one small detail...

MATTHEW

I thought intel told us it was two?

Olivia slumps in her chair.

OLIVIA

Yeah?

MATTHEW

So, they said 5.

She swivels around in the chair, looking out the window as she fiddles with the engagement ring on her finger.

OLIVIA  
12 o'clock, Matthew. I could barely  
recite the letters of the alphabet.

MATTHEW  
No, you're still not following. If  
they only took children from 2 of  
the 5 shelters, then what happened  
to the other 3?

Frozen. She sits there frozen, as it finally dawns on her.  
She remains like this for what seems like an eternity. She  
swivels round.

Then--

OLIVIA  
Oh my--

But--

Olivia GASPS.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ, Camila!

The Chief of Staff appears by the door. Late 50's, early  
60's, CAMILA STONE is one of those many people, who always  
look like they're sucking on sour limes. When she arrived,  
it's not really clear. But one thing is for certain... She's  
pissed.

CAMILA  
Oh my God, in-deed.

It's a staring match, for at least 2 seconds.

Then--

CUT TO:

27

INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

27

The White House staff are buzzing all over. Some are busy  
trying to do their job, and the others? Well they're just  
using this job as an excuse to look busy.

OLIVIA  
Camila! Camila, stop!

CAMILA

What are the stats on Zach? Or are you having trouble reciting numbers too?

MATTHEW

5 million re-tweets. No.1 Worldwide trend.

CAMILA

You say it with such conviction.

OLIVIA

Don't take it out on him! An oversight, Camila. I'll fix it.

CAMILA

You're telling me.

Olivia looks at her confused, unsure of whether that was a statement or a question.

OLIVIA

Oh my God.

CAMILA

I'm sorry, exactly what kind of response were you looking for, after you decided to glue your ass to the chair, instead of the doing the job I hired you to do!

OLIVIA

I told you. I'll fix it.

CAMILA

Don't bother!

OLIVIA

What?

CAMILA

Iraq. All of it. They've been at it for months, Olivia. Today? Today is important and if it goes wrong, it's my ass. And if it that happens? It'll be my ass on top of you!

OLIVIA

Well why is he still giving his announcement?! Clearly it's not a good idea!



CAMILA  
Meaning what?!

OLIVIA  
Don't play dumb, Camila. Wilson  
calls war on Iraq, and they're  
retaliating with the one thing they  
know that'll get to him.

CAMILA  
You toss murder and sex into the  
same room, I think we both know  
which one will come out on top.

OLIVIA  
This isn't survival of the fittest!  
(beat)  
You hired me for my expertise--

CAMILA  
So quit tossing your opinions in my  
face!

OLIVIA  
(beat)  
Fine. Matthew.

Matthew hands her a file.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)  
Here!

CAMILA  
What's this?

OLIVIA  
Everything on Zach. Clearly, kids  
held at gunpoint doesn't tickle  
your fancy for what's important,  
but horny teenagers do. So why  
don't you handle it?

CAMILA  
Because it's not my problem!

OLIVIA  
And now, you're not mine either.

Olivia turns away, with Matthew following closely behind.

CAMILA

(beat)

Make no mistake, Olivia. Oscar got you this job, not your expertise.

28 INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING, HALLWAY - DAY

28

Here comes Dwayne, there goes Khalid.

Until--

They arrive at opposite ends of the hallway. They pace towards each other until they meet in the middle, where Dwayne tosses Khalid an envelope.

DWAYNE

You got what you want, your name is on the board. Time for you to stand on your own two feet.

As Dwayne continues on his way, Khalid tips the envelope in his hand, revealing a phone inside.

29 INT. DEPARTMENT OF STATE - OFFICE - DAY

29

Sitting and contemplating, Oscar is at his desk, lording over 4 files. These aren't ordinary government files. They've been specially conceived and collated for a purpose. He opens each file, one at a time, each of which pertaining to a different person.

The first file is for Dwayne. Oscar glances at the file, which has the code "Nine Ninety" inscribed on the front. Then, he loads a video file:

DWAYNE (V.O.)

What is Nine Ninety? It's the Alpha and Omega. The beginning and end of time.

The second file is Khalid's:

KHALID (V.O.)

Reciprocation. No, better way to have Islam and the United States on level ground.

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)

What about 9/11, ISIS... The SilverRing?

KHALID (V.O.)  
What about them?

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
We know you're a bitter man playing  
a sour game.

KHALID (V.O.)  
9/11 was foreplay. ISIS is war. The  
SilverRing? I'm simply reaping my  
reward.

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
Meaning?

Khalid chuckles a rustic, tainted laugh.

KHALID (V.O.)  
Spoilers...

The next file belongs to Raymond:

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
Authority. Order. Morality. You  
fail to show any regard for these  
on several counts. Is there  
anything you wish to say?

RAYMOND (V.O.)  
Those principles are weak. Nothing  
more than a fallacy. They're  
barriers. And I'll tear them down,  
one by one.

The last file belongs to Brian:

BRIAN (V.O.)  
They murdered him...

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
They?

BRIAN (V.O.)  
I can't--

Slamming the table...

BRIAN (V.O.)  
I can't get the image out of my  
head!  
(beat)  
I'm sure they did it-- I know it...

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
And you had no part in it?

Just before the question is answered, a shadow appears by the doorway. Oscar pauses the video file, as Brian fully appears.

BRIAN  
I'm in.

OSCAR  
Our latest addition.

The same way he appeared, is the same way he disappears, beyond the doorway. Oscar smirks as he resumes the video file:

INTERROGATOR (V.O.)  
Who killed your father? The FBI or  
the mob?

30 INT. WHITE HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

30

Gazing out of the window onto the grounds below him, Zach is lost in his own world...

Before--

The door clicks shut. As he turns, Khalid is there standing by the doorway, with an envelope in hand, to which he throws down onto a table.

KHALID  
Should be more careful.

Zach looks at Khalid, then back at the phone. Approaching the table, he cautiously picks it up.

ZACH  
How'd you get this?

But Khalid isn't having any of this. This isn't 20 questions. He came here for a purpose. Wasting no time, Khalid unlocks his phone and finds the article of Vienna and Zach. Something Zach, shows little pleasure to.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
What's it to you?

Khalid puts the phone back into his pocket, before taking a seat in a lonely chair across the room.

KHALID

I asked myself the same question. I assume you didn't, as somehow my daughter's legs found themselves tangled into your arms.

The penny drops.

ZACH

That's just a picture.

KHALID

One, the both of us will have to live with for the next 30 years.

Zach swallows a lump. He turns back to the window.

ZACH

Are we at the point where you fly off the handle, I say it meant nothing, then you beat the crap out of me anyway?

Khalid stares at him, inquisitively. How predictable...

KHALID

What's the point of playing the game, when your opponent knows your every move before you even take it?

ZACH

It's just a little too familiar, that's all.

KHALID

This is all very appealing, but somehow I don't think your father will give his approval.

Zach scoffs.

ZACH

How did I know he was somewhere in all of this?

He turns to face Khalid, again.

ZACH (CONT'D)

What? Did he send you?!

(beat)

You know what, don't bother, save your breath, because I've heard it all before.

KHALID  
Your relationship seems cold.

ZACH  
None existent, the last time I checked.

KHALID  
I disagree. He cares greatly--

ZACH  
Well why isn't he here to say for himself?! Oh wait, no, that's too easy--

KHALID  
Or too hard...

ZACH  
Instead, he sends his bulldog to bite me on the ass instead.

KHALID  
Can you blame him? You acting out and getting drunk, hardly makes this thing any easier.

ZACH  
He's a gutless weasel, who cares more about politics and war than his own family!

Finally, Khalid catches his opportunity.

KHALID  
Don't sound so philosophical. You make it seem like you actually want a relationship.

ZACH  
I just want to be treated like an equal. Treated like I actually mean something, rather than some afterthought that occasionally pops into his head.

KHALID  
It works both ways.

Zach doesn't follow.

KHALID (CONT'D)

You want a relationship. You want his attention. If he won't come to you, you go to him.

Khalid gets out of the chair.

KHALID (CONT'D)

His announcement, today. Join it.

ZACH

What?

Khalid slowly approaches him, keeping the distance of a few paces between them.

KHALID

Do something your father can't ignore. Something he'll be proud of. Take your chance while you still have it.

Khalid gives his final word, before making a cautious exit.

KHALID (CONT'D)

Some of us, don't get that second chance.

31 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT 31

The clocks are ticking. It's just Wilson and the Oval Office. Looking lost, it seems like he has a thousand thoughts, each of them running away from him. But, there's a storm coming...

CUT TO:

32 INT. WHITE HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT 32

As Khalid approaches the SilverRing, something tells him he's not the only down the corridor. Khalid stops in his path, turning to face the shadows. In the end-- it's Brian.

BRIAN

I know you hacked the system.

KHALID

I also started WWIII. We hope for many things in this world, Jackson, but only a few are willing to make it happen.

BRIAN

Data was stolen. I know your name's  
all over it--

With plans to win this reproach, Khalid begins to approach him.

KHALID

Don't divulge into things you have  
no knowledge of. You won't win.

With nothing more than an arms length between them, Khalid comes to a stop.

KHALID (CONT'D)

You're a smart man, Jackson. But we  
both know things start to go fuzzy  
when your mind goes under pressure.  
How about you quit, while your  
behind?

Khalid turns, continuing on his way.

KHALID (CONT'D)

We wouldn't want you having another  
scene now would we?

As he continues, he gives his final line, with his words sending a cold gust of air down the hallway.

KHALID (CONT'D)

The Mafia. Such a dark place.

The lights flicker.

33 INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

33

Entering the Oval Office, Camila has only one thing on her mind. Wilson? He's not too sure.

The room falls silent, as Camila approaches his desk.

CAMILA

That's your speech, amended...

But there's no response.

CAMILA (CONT'D)

Only 2 hours to go now, Mr  
President.

Finally, he lets out a sigh, swiveling around in the chair to face her.



WILSON

You think I'm doing the right thing?

CAMILA

I'm not sure I follow--

WILSON

Yes-- you do. It's been 2 years since I've been elected. The SilverRing, Iraq. War and conflict has been my gift to the world, after the promise of peace and stability.

CAMILA

Sometimes a promise must be broken.

Wilson laughs.

WILSON

Nothing that comes out of this place is a promise. Not anymore. The only promise the White House will ever fulfill is that of death, and apparently, we don't have enough.

CAMILA

45 Presidents. You make number 46. Over the years there have many in my time, believe me. They've done a lot worse.

(beat)

You've hardly started WWIII...

Right?

WILSON

(beat)

Not yet.

Then--

Without a moments notice, the door flies open.

CAROLYN

Stanley, we need to talk... *now*.

CAMILA

I'll come back later.

Camila departs, closing the door shut.

CAROLYN

What was all that about?

Ignoring the noise in the room, Wilson continues flicking through the file on his desk.

Carolyn scoffs...

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

You know, for the first time in years, I finally thought we'd moved on. Moved pass this...

Silence.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Apparently I was wrong.

WILSON

If you come to cry me another love song, I don't want to hear it. I'm not prepared to trod down some path of self destruction, a path you can't seem to turn away from, just because it pleases you.

CAROLYN

I'm sorry to disappoint, Stanley. Truly. But we're not all cold, bitter and self-centered as you are...

Okay.

WILSON

(beat)

You done? Because--

CAROLYN

This entire interview was supposed to be about us, a chance for us to move on. But no, what did you do? You twisted everything and made it all about you and now what? I'm just supposed to stroll in there and do what exactly? Ha? Lie for another 10 years?!

WILSON

What do you want from me?!

She sweeps the table clean.

CAROLYN

Put the goddam files, down and talk to me!

He rockets out of his chair in frustration.

WILSON

This whole thing, everything, was your doing.

(beat)

Next time learn to cover up your actions--

CAROLYN

Next time?!

WILSON

Don't come crying to me, just you didn't know how to handle yourself or your past. All you ever do, is sweep everything under the carpet until one day you trip and break your neck, and I'm doing breaking your fall.

He takes a seat, again.

She's flawed.

CAROLYN

Excuse me? Don't you come here flipping the script on me! I had nothing to do with it. So you can take your guilt trip and shove up your ass!

She leans in on the table.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

Believe me, if I'd done it, they'd know about it, because you'd be nothing more than a rotting corpse.

Then--

The door knocks. She takes a step back.

WILSON

What is it?

Zach walks in.

WILSON (CONT'D)

Now's not the time!

ZACH  
Well it can't wait.

Carolyn composes herself.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Look, I've had some time to think  
and I just wanted to apologise--

WILSON  
It took you that long to think or  
to come up with an apology, because--

CAROLYN  
Stan--

WILSON		ZACH
No. It's not good enough.	Money?	
You're out of control. This entire day has been all about money, sex and clubbing...		

WILSON  
And I'm just about over it.  
Everybody's been chasing, hand and  
foot--

CAROLYN  
Not everyone...

ZACH  
I know that, which is why I've  
decided to do something about it.

Carolyn looks at Zach's face. She knows he's done something  
stupid.

CAROLYN  
Zach, what have you done?

ZACH  
I've decided to join your movement,  
Dad. Today. I'm joining the army.

And just like that, the storm has passed.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

I/E. KHALID'S CAR - NIGHT

The Khalid's pull up to the Khoury's mansion. Pondering her life of the past, Priya can't help but think how much she'd give to relive those moments, as nothing could prepare for what was about to take place...

PRIYA

Remind me, why we're doing this again?

KHALID

What--

PRIYA

I just can't help thinking that this is all just a mistake.

VIENNA

This was your idea.

KHALID

You don't have to do anything you don't want to...

Khalid doesn't give up on Priya, who begins to clearly feel unsettled.

KHALID (CONT'D)

But I think we both know, you can't have this thing, hanging over your head for another 10 years.

PRIYA

(beat)

Aaliyah. I'll do this for my mother. No-one else.

The gate to the mansion opens...

I/E. KHOURY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

There's a huge cry, as Khalid rings the door bell. To some, this is the tune of happiness. For Priya, this is the sound of death.

Then--

The door opens.

KHALID

Daya.

DAYA

Mr and Mrs Khalid!

PRIYA

So good to see you. And please,  
call me Priya. I think we're past  
formalities.

DAYA

Please, let me take your coats.

Daya retrieves their coats, caught of guard, by Vienna's  
beauty.

DAYA (CONT'D)

Is this--

PRIYA

Vienna? Yeah. A lot has changed  
since the last time.

DAYA

Stunning and gorgeous, just like  
Aaliyah.

VIENNA

Thanks.

Then--

The host appears from behind, casting frozen ice on what was  
becoming a warm welcome.

ELI

Priya. Family.

They all turn around... To another surprise. To the side of  
ELI KHOURY, mid 60's, appears a young woman. In her late  
20's, Asian, this woman looks like she belongs on the  
catwalk. Introducing, JAMEELAH HUDSON.

ELI (CONT'D)

Welcome home.

INT. SOUTHPORT CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, N.Y. - NIGHT

CLANG.

The prison gate is just another noise amongst the screams,  
the laughter and the cries. This, is SuperMax.

Known by many as simply, "The Lady", this late 60's woman is set to rip someone's word apart. But for now, she's the inmate whose seen all and heard all. Knowing a lot about everything, but only sharing a lot about nothing...

THE LADY  
(mumbles)

Be watchful of the devil at work.  
No man can predict. No soul can be  
saved. But surely, those mighty  
towers, couldn't last another  
day...

Turning her right arm over with restraint, a portion of her arm seems slightly bruised and raised, as if there's something beneath the surface of her skin. After gently rubbing her fingers across it, she pull her sleeve back down.

Panning to the right, she slowly fades behind the wall.

INT. KHOURY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The dinner is well underway as the maids depart the dining room, leaving an awkward silence behind. The dinner clearly needs a topic of conversation, assuming any of them has anything nice to say.

ELI  
The next time you all decide to  
space your visitations out for so  
long, you should let us know. We'll  
host a bigger welcome.

PRIYA  
We?

There's an awkward pause.

KHALID  
Eli. You know how Priya feels about  
large get-togethers.

ELI  
I know, she used to love them at  
one point.

KHALID  
I guess she could only take so many  
do-overs.

PRIYA  
She, is sitting right here.

Somewhat protective and a bit of a loose cannon, JOSIAH KHOURY, late 30's, can be slightly unpredictable at times. But for now, he's the supportive brother.

KHALID

J, I didn't know you were in town--

Before anyone can even process the question, Priya jumps in...

PRIYA

I invited him. He's just visiting for a short while, aren't you?

Josiah gives his father a chilling glare.

JOSIAH

(beat)

Yeah. Apparently my invitation got lost. What does it matter, right?

Shedding a false smile, Priya returns the same gesture.

JAMEELAH

I never understood, Eli. How come you've never told me anything about your son.

VIENNA

I didn't think it was any of your business.

The whole table stops, gazing at Vienna.

VIENNA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, how rude. But you know what, Uncle J's life is so boring, no offence.

None taken.

VIENNA (CONT'D)

You should tell us about yourself. As a model, I'm pretty sure that's your favourite topic of conversation anyway.

KHALID

Vienna...

VIENNA

What? I'm being plenty fair... Letting the guest speak.



JAMEELAH  
I'm not a model--

VIENNA  
No?!

JAMEELAH  
And I'm pretty sure my title  
expands beyond a guest. Right, Eli?

VIENNA  
I'm sure your title expands to many  
things. All the way--

PRIYA  
Hush, Vienna. Clearly this woman  
means something. Right, Dad? Hasn't  
even been 5 minutes and she's  
already got my mother's ring.

ELI  
It's my decision to do as I please.

PRIYA  
Oh, I don't refute that. Because  
that's your thing isn't it? Doing  
whatever you want? Even though, I'd  
expect you to try and wait until  
her body went cold first... But  
hey.

ELI  
It's been 10 years.

PRIYA  
Ah. But this isn't the first time.

JAMEELAH  
What is she talking about?

JOSIAH  
Wasn't the ring yours, Priya?  
Remind me again, Dad, how many  
carats is it?

ELI  
Your mother didn't leave it to  
anyone!

VIENNA  
That's because she was never given  
a chance.

Khalid begins to feel uncomfortable in his own skin.

PRIYA

No worries, J. It's tainted. Like many things at this table.

Priya turns to Khalid.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

More peas, honey?

VIENNA

Well, that's good to know. At least we're all clear that she's not only in this thing for sex.

KHALID

I'm not going to tell you again!

VIENNA

And I told you I didn't want to be here.

JAMEELAH

Look, Vienna, I don't even know you-

VIENNA

All the better--

JAMEELAH

(beat)

What the hell is your problem?!

VIENNA

Oh, there she is.

JAMEELAH

(to Eli)

Are you gonna let her speak to me that way?!

VIENNA

I'm not sure you have enough respect at this table, just yet, to have anyone defend you.

PRIYA

Vienna, drop it.

JAMEELAH

(to Eli)

I'm not taking this!

VIENNA

Bye.

But this has gone too far.

JAMEELAH  
 (to Vienna)  
 And as for you?  
 (in Arabic)  
 You're a silver key girl now.

VIENNA  
 I'm assuming you're upset. The  
 bathroom is down the hall to the  
 right.

Jameelah exits the room, with Khalid glancing over the table  
 at Eli.

VIENNA (CONT'D)  
 We should do this more often.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - NIGHT

SLAM.

Wilson flings the file down onto his desk. Clearly this isn't  
 his day, as he receives another knock on his door.

WILSON  
 What the hell are you talking  
 about?!

BRIAN  
 Khalid took something. He hacked  
 it.

WILSON  
 Hacked it? Hacked what?! You know  
 what, don't answer that, because it  
 was your job to protect it in the  
 first place!

BRIAN  
 It's not safe for you to leave!

WILSON  
 Oh and now you know what's safe and  
 what isn't?

BRIAN  
 It's my job!

WILSON  
 That your clearly failing at!  
 (beat)  
 (MORE)

WILSON (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? Ha? What's going on in your head, it's like you can't see straight anymore!

BRIAN

(beat)

You know what, don't say I didn't warn you.

INT. KHOURY'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

We resume formalities, at what is clearly turning into a dysfunctional dinner party.

PRIYA

Did she say silver key?

Priya looks at Khalid, then back to her father.

ELI

She's a possessive woman. I'll talk to her.

PRIYA

No, no. That's not what I asked.

ELI

(in Arabic)

For goodness sake, girl!

JOSIAH

You know anything, Khalid?

He's completely caught off guard.

KHALID

I couldn't really make out what she said.

PRIYA

It's happening all over again, isn't it?

ELI

I don't follow--

PRIYA

Answer the damn question!

ELI

You're getting irate.

JOSIAH

Tell her what she wants to know.

PRIYA

You are not spreading your poison  
any further into this family!

ELI

How can you detest the one thing  
that brought you so much happiness?

PRIYA

Detest? I'm damn right rebelling!

Slamming the table in the process.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Don't you sit there and make it  
sound like I actually had a choice.

KHALID

I think it's time we left.

ELI

You're not going anywhere, Khalid.

PRIYA

(to Khalid)

What does he have on you?

KHALID

What do you mean?!

JOSIAH

Dad, I think it's time we called it  
a night.

ELI

(to Josiah)

Don't act so innocent. You're my  
son, not a saint.

PRIYA

(to Khalid)

I mean, you've been sitting there  
all evening letting him treat you  
like his little lap dog.

JOSIAH

(to Eli)

Care to elaborate?

ELI  
 (to Josiah)  
 I'm not the only one sitting at  
 this table capable of murder...

Eli turns to Khalid.

ELI (CONT'D)  
 (to Khalid)  
 Am I Khalid?!

The entire room falls silent to the revelation, as Vienna  
 returns into the room.

VIENNA  
 I know you guys all hate each  
 other, but seriously. I could hear  
 you upstairs.

ELI  
 Well, Khalid? Pick your side.

PRIYA  
 (to Eli)  
 I can't believe you.

Vienna is about to sit down...

JOSIAH  
 I wouldn't bother if I was you.

They all stand up from the table, with the exception of Eli.

ELI  
 Oh, don't take it so personally.  
 Seriously, the both of you!

KHALID  
 We're going!

Vienna and Khalid exit the dining room.

JOSIAH  
 You've screwed up. Big time.

ELI  
 I think you've cast enough threats  
 in your lifetime. Don't you think?

Josiah smirks.

JOSIAH  
 Watch you back, old man.

Josiah makes his exit, leaving Priya and Eli behind.

ELI

Priya? You understand don't you?

Priya, however, only has one thing to say to her father.

PRIYA

You may have sold me like a slave  
before, but if you ever come  
between my family again--

She grabs his face with force.

PRIYA (CONT'D)

Let's just say you'll have another  
killer to add to your list.

She exits the room swiftly.

INT. KHOURY'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Meeting the rest of the party in the hallway, she bursts out  
the front door straight afterwards.

VIENNA

What about our coats?

PRIYA

We'll buy new ones.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Broadcasting is set to begin, as the producer preps Carolyn's  
microphone. Olivia then approaches her.

OLIVIA

Water?

Carolyn declines.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

A moment, please.

The producer walks off.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

Composure is key. Give her a chance  
to bite, and she'll swallow you  
alive. Retain eye contact and  
remain consistent.

Carolyn continues to glare at the interviewer, BARBARA, late 60's. She believes if she looks long enough, she can set her hair on fire or something.

OLIVIA (CONT'D)

And for the questions you don't have an answer for, divert. Some questions don't deserve an answer.

FADE TO:

I/E. PRESIDENT'S CAR - NIGHT

On his way to make his announcement, Wilson receives a message:

One hour left. I'm not waiting any longer.

Wilson deletes the e-mail, as his phone pops up a message: "No signal".

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Behind the computer once again, Brian has completed another hack.

Then--

The phones lose signal. Inside and out the White House.

CUT TO:

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - LATER

With the interview now underway, the spectacle begins to escalate.

BARBARA

Adoption was the central point for many. There were reports, countless rumours, all dating back to over a year ago...

Carolyn sits still and stifled. She knew it was coming.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Now the White House declined these to be true - of course - but you can never be sure. Always best to hear it from the horses mouth.



Carolyn stammers.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
I mean we're allowed to have  
secrets. But don't you think as  
First Lady you owe an explanation?

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Another hack and Brain has completed it.

CUT TO:

I/E. PRESIDENT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The doors lock as the car picks up speed.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Carolyn remains in hell, as the interview continues.

BARBARA  
We have an exclusive here.

Barbara opens an envelope.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
A copy of the adoption papers.

Olivia freezes, she wasn't expecting this. Carolyn breaks a sweat.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
This is the first time these  
documents have come to light, but I  
want to focus specifically on the  
details. That being the birth  
certificate.

Carolyn stares blankly, unsure of her direction.

BARBARA (CONT'D)  
It's blank. No father. As a matter  
of fact the child has been named  
after you, by surname. Is the  
President the father to your  
daughter? Or should I say was,  
because this little girl, so far to  
this day, has never been mentioned  
or spoken about...

Carolyn chokes.

I/E. PRESIDENT'S CAR/STREET - CONTINUOUS

A street washer passes, as the Presidential convoy continues to make strides.

But--

There's a leak. A gas trail streams onto the tarmac as the driver lowers the gas peddle, saying his last words:

DRIVER

The world was a better place.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Brian completes the third hack and hits enter.

Then--

CUT TO:

I/E. PRESIDENT'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The tyres blow, sending the trailing cars to a screeching halt.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Everything feels set up, making the day go horribly wrong.

BARBARA

Is he the father or not?

Olivia is squeamish, as Carolyn is about to tell all.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Panning out, Oscar is revealed watching Carolyn in the disastrous interview. His smirk is so big, you'd think he's won the lottery. She's out of her depths and he knows it.

I/E. PRESIDENT'S CAR - NIGHT

Just as the car begins to skid, behind the commotion, a foot comes into focus, stepping into the road. Within a split second they callously drop a match.

The gas trail engulfs into flames, ripping along the tarmac, as the world comes to a stop.

Then--

The fire trail comes into contact with the car.

Preceded by a bang and a loud explosion, the car suddenly flips over, completing a full 360, three times over.

Then--

Silence.

The car lands on its roof.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

An ASSISTANT comes into his office.

ASSISTANT

Sorry to disturb, Mr Secretary. The car has arrived.

I/E. PRIVATE CAR - NIGHT

A WOMAN flips out a pocket mirror, as she applies a gleaming layer of red lipstick. The colour looks scandalous.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Olivia calls time, closing out the interview. She steps in, whispering something into Carolyn's ear.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Brian quits typing, as something seems to have gone wrong. An error of some sort: He begins to have a scene, with words ringing in his ears

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - FLASHBACK

OSCAR

Equity. Every action must meet its consequence.

KHALID  
Don't divulge into things you have  
no knowledge of. You won't win.

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO:

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Brian glances over towards the TV, as the Presidential  
accident begins to make broadcast. He mind begins to race...

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS - NIGHT

The unknown car comes to a stop as the doors are opened.  
Stepping out, is a pair of stunning red heels, as a man joins  
her to her right.

Panning up, this is the arrival of Raymond and Amanda.

Oscar approaches.

OSCAR  
Amanda. Dad. Welcome to the White  
House.

FADE OUT.