

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!



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