

The Briefing

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EXT. SMALL HOUSE - FIELD - DAY

Derelict, seemingly abandoned and surrounded by an overgrowth of bush.

A white sedan pulls up, and a man, somewhere in his forties, wearing a smart business suit, exits from the driver's side. We'll know him as the "SUITED MAN"

He closes the car door and stands idly, peering apprehensively at the house.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The room mirrors the run-down exterior of the house; dilapidated walls, rusty pots and pans, cracked plates - everything stained by the residue of past years.

At one end of a worn table sits a dishevelled BEARDED fifty-something MAN, clad in clothes so worn and grimy that one could only assume this is the place where he squats.

The kitchen door creeps open, and the suited man cautiously enters.

The two men exchange a look, a silent acknowledgement of their familiarity, and there is a palpable weight to the moment.

BEARDED MAN

Thank you for seeing me.

SUITED MAN

You say that like it's voluntary.

BEARDED MAN

Everything is voluntary... please take a seat, my friend.

The suited man, still weighed down by apprehension, complies.

BEARDED MAN

I was expecting two of you.

SUITED MAN

She couldn't face this one.

The bearded man reflects on that momentarily, then slides a piece of paper across the table. The suited man picks it up, reading it with that lingering sense of unease.

BEARDED MAN

I possess two bags, each housing
warheads with a yield of two
hundred tonnes of TNT.

The suited man gazes toward the two black duffle bags
positioned by the bearded man's side.

BEARDED MAN

They're both U.S-made, you take
them to those two cities...

The suited man glances back down at the paper lying on the
table.

BEARDED MAN

...let the sparks fly and wait for
the dominoes to fall.

A tense silence ensues.

SUITED MAN

I don't understand, how is this
free will?

BEARDED MAN

We're just getting the ball
rolling... like we did before.

The suited man stares, his expression bordering on pleading.

SUITED MAN

Listen, please... they've got so
much more to achieve... their story
isn't finished.

The bearded man shakes his head, he points to the piece of
paper lying on the table.

BEARDED MAN

That is the first page of the last
chapter. It's time for a new book.

SUITED MAN

...Why? Why now? Is it the damage
to the environment? The melding
with nature? I can try and chang--

BEARDED MAN

Adam, he's finished with this
story, it's time to reset.

The suited man ponders deeply, breathing heavily.

SUITED MAN

I can't do it. Neither will she.
Our attachment has grown too
strong.

BEARDED MAN

I truly understand. I admire your
affinity, but it's not up to us.
It's either this way or
(points upwards)
he turns the light off.

The suited man gazes upward at the decrepit ceiling, his
focus extending beyond it as the gravity of the words sinks
in.

He turns his gaze back towards the bearded man, his eyes
showing signs of yielding.

BEARDED MAN

Remember the deal; you were always
part of both the inaugural and
concluding acts. You'll get to
witness a rebirth, a fresh
evolution, just with a different
cast.

The suited man carefully assesses the situation, drawing from
deep within to offer a subtle nod.

In response, the bearded man reciprocates with his own nod,
signifying a hard-thought agreement reached.

SUITED MAN

When does it need to be done?

BEARDED MAN

Soon. It needs to be done soon.

They sit in silence.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - FIELD - DAY

The man in the suit emerges from the front door, carrying a
duffle bag in each hand.

MOMENTS LATER

He loads the duffle bags into the trunk of the sedan, his
gaze fixed on them for a moment before forcefully slamming
the trunk shut.

INT. SEDAN - MOMENTS LATER

In the driver seat, the suited man pulls his cell phone from his jacket pocket, presses a call button, puts the phone to his ear and waits --

SUITED MAN

...It's Beijing and Saint Petersburg.

(listens)

Maybe a month...we've got a month to talk them out.

(listens)

I love you too.

He presses the end call button and drops the phone back into his jacket then sits motionless in his car.

He then snaps to action, pulling his car keys out, turning the ignition, puts the car into gear...

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - FIELD

The sedan carefully manoeuvres its way onto the dusty path and drives away, leaving --

The small derelict abandoned house - looking so forgotten, rejected and insignificant.

FADE OUT.