



BtP 002

Written by



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## **INT. HOTEL LOBBY**

Dressed in business suits, Randal and Corey enter the empty lobby of a hotel.

RANDAL

Were you able to find out much about this sponsor?  
We are meeting them in the lobby of a hotel that doesn't  
open for another three weeks.

COREY

In speaking to Jude Parrasala – not much. He seems  
convinced that this job is a very big deal.

RANDAL

Yeah. I'm not liking this idea. It seems suspect.

The two approach Eva Choi, also in a business suit, standing with a bodyguard.

EVA

Gentlemen, what is the code word?

COREY

Grasshopper.

EVA

Excellent. Follow me, please.

## **INT. LARGE EXECUTIVE OFFICE OVERLOOKING THE STREET - DAY**

Corey and Randal take seats in chairs across from the woman.

Corey activates a mobile device that he places on the table before them.

COREY

Sorry. Formalities. This is a jammer, and it's  
designed to disrupt all video and audio surveillance in  
one hundred feet.

CLOSE ON THE DEVICE. It emits blue spectrums of light that encapsulates the party.

COREY

Now we can begin.

Eva's bodyguard walks over to the desk to retrieve a brown envelope.

EVA

I am Eva Choi, and I will be representing clients who prefer to remain anonymous in this transaction. You came highly recommended by the Parrasala syndicate. So, I trust that your work is both discreet and effective.

Eva's bodyguard returns, handing her the envelope and standing behind her chair.

EVA

My clients have an urgent need for your services, as those services might relate to the elimination of a high-profile target. The profile of this target is what makes the job a sensitive matter, but my clients understand the complexities involved in making this happen. Thus, they are willing to pay three-million Swiss francs, with a retainer of one million Swiss francs, should you choose to accept this assignment.

Randal leans forward with a startled look.

RANDAL

Three million? How high-profile is this target?

Eva proceeds to hand Randal the brown envelope.

EVA

Very.

From the brown envelope, in Randal's hands, are photographs of a politician giving speeches and shaking hands.

RANDAL

Senator Nathaniel Powell?

EVA

Yes, that is him.

RANDAL

You want us to kill the man most likely to become the next President of the United States? The next black President of the United States???"

Sitting back in her seat, the woman gives a confident expression, while toying with her wedding ring.

EVA

Yes, we do.

CLOSE UP of Randal and Corey staring at one another.

Randal places the photographs and envelope on the table before him, as Eva Choi looks on without a change in her expression.

EVA

Do you know Senator Powell?

RANDAL

I do not know the man personally, no, but there is not a person in this country, right now, who does not know who he is. His face is plastered all over TV and the Internet. People love this man.

Eva begins toying with a large diamond ring on her left ring finger.

RANDAL

When you say high-profile – well, you don't get more high-profile than this.

EVA

My clients understand precisely how delicate this assignment happens to be. That is why the payment is so generous. They also want to ensure that the job is done correctly.

Randal closes his eyes.

Then Randal lowers his head and bites his lip.

With a sigh, Randal lifts his head and opens his eyes.

RANDAL

No, no, I'm sorry. I'm not your guy. We can't do this.

Randal and Corey rise from their seats, as Eva Choi, unalarmed, remains seated.

With his own menacing and attentive expression, her bodyguard stands near her.

EVA

Is there a problem?

RANDAL

Yeah, we can't do this job.

EVA

I am sorry? I was led to believe that you were one of the best, um, contractors in the country. I was told that you were easily capable of completing this task. What is the issue?"

RANDAL

Look – Miss Choi, is it? Mrs. Choi? Whatever. I appreciate the consideration, but this isn't what we do. We don't kill politicians.

Eva Choi collects the photographs on the table before her.

EVA

Mr. Gant, it is my understanding that your wife is black, and that you two have children together. Is that right?

CLOSE UP of Randal's face, as he become angry at the mention of his family.

RANDAL

What about them?

Eva Choi is now rising from her seat.

EVA

My clients and I are sensitive to that fact.

RANDAL

Oh, you are sensitive to that fact, are you? How good of you. Lady, we still aren't interested. Have a good day.

Corey and Randal proceed to the exit, while the bodyguard blocks their path.

The bodyguard grabs Randal's arm, while brandishing a gun in the other hand.

BODYGUARD

She was not done with you. Return to your seat.

RANDAL

Oh, yeah, that was a mistake!

Randal hits the bodyguard with an uppercut to the chin.

Randal grabs the bodyguard's gun.

Randal flips the bodyguard off his feet.

Randal stands over the bodyguard, while pointing the weapon at his face.

RANDAL

I told your dumb ass - a mistake.

Randal peers back to Eva Choi.

RANDAL

You know there was no cause for this. I do not want to harm your man, but I will not hesitate to take his face off if my associate and I aren't able to walk out of this building without an incident.

EVA

I agree. His actions were needless. We should all take a moment to calm down.

CLOSE UP of the gun pointed in the face of the bodyguard.

EVA

Besides, you should not assume that I took this meeting without significant protection. There are more guards in the corridor, and if you fire a shot in here, you will never make it down to the lobby.

Randal takes the time to consider Eva's words.

While keeping the gun in hand, Randal aids the bodyguard up from the floor.

RANDAL

The payday on your assignment is amazing, but it would have to be because the risk is too high. I would have to be a fool to accept an assignment like this. There's no way it ends well or with me and my family living happily ever after.

Eva Choi approaches Randal.

EVA

Mr. Gant, whatever you think this assignment is – it actually is not that, at all. My clients simply want a clean kill. There are no outsized or lasting ramifications if you are successful at that. In fact, upon completion of the assignment and the final payment, everyone will go their separate ways.”

Eva Choi gestures to Randal to give her the gun.

EVA

Please, can we continue our discussion?

RANDAL

How do I know that I can trust you?

EVA

You can't know, Mr. Gant. You are just going to have to do so.

EVA

What if I sweeten the pot a little?  
One-and-a-half-million Swiss francs, upfront,  
made available to you upon your acceptance  
of this assignment?”

Randal stares at Eva's hand.

CLOSE UP of Randal's hand placing the gun into the hand of Eva Choi.

Eva Choi smiles as she walks back to her seat with the gun now in her hands.

EVA

I appreciate your reasonable nature. Now  
we can get down to business like adults  
without any bloodshed.

#### **EXT. BUSTLING CITY STREET – DAY**

Randal and Corey exit the hotel.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

Randal and Corey proceed to a crowded street corner, and Corey is studying the screen of a tablet computer.

COREY

So she did it. There's a pending transaction for the full retainer in the account.

RANDAL

I didn't doubt that she would have.

COREY

You sound like you still have some reservations.

Randal stares at a NATHANIEL POWELL FOR PRESIDENT advertisement on the side of a bus.

RANDAL

Would you?

COREY

What do you think Chanel is going to say?

RANDAL

Oh, I don't have any doubts. She is gonna be furious.

#### **INT. LUXURIOUS OFFICE SUITE OF THE HOTEL**

Eva Choi takes a seat at the broad desk and crosses her leg. Then she places a call on her mobile phone.

PERSON ON THE PHONE (O.S.)

Is there a deal in place?

EVA

There is, indeed, Dr. Tiller. The grasshopper hopped.

#### **INT. LONG CORRIDOR**

Dr Richard Tiller walks swiftly down the corridor, a phone to his own face, while he is accompanied by two men in lab coats and two guards in combat suits.

#### **ELSEWHERE**

DOCTOR TILLER

That is good news. I appreciate your diligence in this matter, Miss Choi.

DOCTOR TILLER (CONT'D)

Now pardon my rudeness. I have something pressing to attend to.



One of the scientists uses his credentials to unlock a door, while the guards train their assault weapons on the door, and while Dr Tiller puts away his phone.

The door opens, and white smoke billows from the room.

### **INT. SMALL ROOM (CONT'D)**

Lasers from the assault weapons cut through the clouds of smoke, as the guards enter the room first.

In tattered scrubs, Hope cowers against one of the singed walls. The cot in the room is twisted and smoldering.

Cover his face with only a handkerchief, Doctor Tiller approaches the woman.

HOPE

What is this, Doctor Tiller? What's wrong with me?

Doctor Tiller tries to comfort the distraught woman by touching her shoulder. The woman stares at the floor.

DOCTOR TILLER

Hope, it's okay. You will be okay.

HOPE

I... I don't understand what's happening. I was sleeping, and then...

DOCTOR TILLER

No, no, you don't have to explain anything.

Hope sobs heavily.

DOCTOR TILLER

We don't either, yet, but we're making every effort to find out.

Hope lifts her head as she continues to cry.

DOCTOR TILLER

I want you to come with me. We will run a few tests – but nothing that will hurt you. Then we can get you fed and give you a chance to rest. Is that okay, Hope?

HOPE  
Yes, sir.

Doctor Tiller escorts the distraught woman out of the destroyed room, while flanked by the guards.

The other men in lab coats assess the damage left behind.

DOCTOR TILLER (O.S.)  
Everything is going to be just fine. I promise.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**ROLL END CREDITS.**

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