

**THE KINGBREAKER**

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## Kingmaker

*king-mey-ker* / noun:

1. a person outside the royal or political ranks who brings leaders to power through the covert exercise of influence.

The definition fades into the onyx blackness, leaving only "Kingmaker." Like a vintage flip clock, a flap flips down replacing "maker" with "breaker."

TITLE UP: **THE KINGBREAKER**

OVER CREDITS: STOCK FOOTAGE--

**REVOLUTIONS all over the globe.** Hell on earth being raised in an attempt to create utopia--

CUBA, 1961. Armed EXILES storm the beach during the Bay of Pigs, scores surrender. *FIDEL CASTRO* wildly denounces the failed American-backed invasion.

IRAN, 1979. Protestors burn and stomp pictures of the Shah. The *AYATOLLAH KHOMEINI's* fiery eyes glare down at them from posters being waved.

KOSOVO, 1998. NATO planes drop bombs on Serbian kill squads. *SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC* stands trial for war crimes at The Hague.

SYRIA, 2011. Rioters hurl Molotov cocktails at RIOT COPS. Whole blocks burn. *BASHAR AL-ASSAD* gives a defiant interview.

LIBYA, 2012. *MUAMMAR GADDAFI* strides through an opulent palace. Now bloodied, he sits in a truck bed, terrified and surrounded by an angry mob toting AK-47s.

EGYPT, 2013. A million demonstrators mass in Tahrir Square, CHANTING and SINGING. Soldiers fire into the crowd. President *HOSNI MUBARAK* awaits trial behind bars.

TURKEY, 2016. Tanks roll through Istanbul. President *RECEP TAYYIP ERDOGAN* implores his people to take to the streets and stop the attempted coup. Police barricade state buildings as protestors amass outside.

END CREDITS.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. PERIMETER WALL - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DUSK

PROTESTERS rally outside a barricaded checkpoint. A phalanx of SOLDIERS in RIOT GEAR stand SHIELD-TO-SHIELD.

DOZENS of SECRET POLICE, known as "The Krypteia," back them up from positions atop transport trucks and two guard towers.

Clad head-to-toe in BLACK body armor and slung with H&K G36 ASSAULT RIFLES, these elite forces are easily distinguishable from the regulars. Faces obscured behind BALLISTIC FACE MASKS. Their presence feels cold, menacing.

Despite the overwhelming show of force, protesters continue their CHANT.

SUP: **Tarmania. Right Now.**

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Welcome to Tarmania, a country on the Balkan peninsula that's so tiny most people wouldn't know if we made it up or not.

Dilapidated buildings line the pot-holed street. Most are pockmarked with decades-old scars of bombs and bullets.

CLOSE ON: A SPEED LIMIT SIGN reads 35 KPH. "BRANKO OUT! FREEDOM NOW!" has been GRAFFITIED over it.

WHOOSH!

POLICE, light bars flashing, rush past like a locomotive leading a freight train of LUXURY VEHICLES. They clearly don't give a shit about the speed limit.

Sandwiched between a COLUMN of MERCEDES G-WAGONS, POLICE CARS and MOTORCYCLES, is a blacked-out--

INT. ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM (MOVING)

Its spacious cabin is decked-out with rare-wood panelling inlaid with flat-screen displays.

Reclined in a plush leather seat, a GENTLEMAN with an aura of importance gazes out the window. A bespoke suit emphasizes his athletic build, crested with a classic fade. All but the handsome curves of his face are obscured by shadows.

We'll call him... **BOB**... yep, just Bob.

EXT. PERIMETER WALL - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

The MOTORCADE slows as it approaches the picket line. Police WHOOP their SIRENS, trying to get protestors to make way.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM (SLOWING)

Bob looks to the other passenger, **GENERAL VUKOVIC** (50s), who sits erect in formal dress uniform adorned with a chest-full of medals. You could put this guy in a Hawaiian shirt and Birkenstocks and his stoic demeanor would still scream "not to be fucked with."

The General checks his WATCH. Bob notices.

BOB  
President said 7 o'clock. Nervous  
you're going to make the belle late  
to the ball?

Vukovic doesn't acknowledge the comment.

BOB  
Don't blame you. I've seen what he  
does to people who make him wait.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
(cutting)  
If we are late it will be thanks to  
these traitors you drummed up.

BOB  
Revolutionaries are only traitors  
until they win.

EXT. PERIMETER WALL - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

The protestors reluctantly part as police YELL THREATS over a PA SYSTEM. The motorcade slinks through the crowd...

I/E. ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM (MOVING)

Bob peers through the bullet-proof glass as those feeling particularly brave take parting shots. Some SLAM FISTS on the sides of the vehicles and JEER loudly as the car passes.

EXT. PERIMETER WALL - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

The Krypteia watch the mob ROCK their commander's car side-to-side. They've had enough and FIRE into the crowd--

Protestors SCREAM and FLEE, leaving the wounded behind.

I/E. ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM (MOVING)

GENERAL VUKOVIC

What do you call them now? Martyrs?

Bob eyes the massacre with an almost reptilian apathy.

BOB

Useless.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

The convoy clears the SECURITY GATE. It travels down a driveway long enough to land a jumbo jet.

At the end, the drive weaves around a massive fountain and under the porte-cochère of a monstrous PRESIDENTIAL PALACE. Colored LED lights accent its gargantuan stone edifice.

The COMPOUND covers ten square blocks. SECRET POLICE stand-guard at every possible point of entry.

The Rolls stops at a RED CARPET. Follow the crimson silk road to a GRAND DOOR.

TWENTY SECRET POLICE dismount and form a perimeter. SERVANTS open the Rolls Royce's doors.

Bob's Italian-leather shoes step down to the carpet.

We get our first full look at his 30-something FACE-- CHEEKS BRUISED BLACK AND BLUE, SWOLLEN. Contrasting his dapper dress, his mug looks like he's been through hell and back.

Police salute and stand at attention.

Vukovic steps out and returns their reverence with a stiff salute. Bob just nods dismissively.

The servants escort them into the--

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Bob and General Vukovic are ushered through the grand entrance, a labyrinth of giant rooms. Everything is plated, gilded, trimmed, embroidered or cast in solid GOLD.

Think Donald Trump on... well, Donald Trump.

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Massive and opulent. Waterford crystal chandeliers hang over a fifty-foot Italian marble dining table.

Bob and General Vukovic enter, accompanied by servants. They show Bob to his place setting. The General stays by the door.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
This is where I leave you.

BOB  
Oh, you're not joining us? Surely  
Branko invites a man of your esteem  
to dinners like this all the time.

They both know that's not true. The General's slighted.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
President Zahradnic insisted that  
it be just the two of you tonight.

He leaves the room.

Bob stands there awkwardly, flanked by servants.

He checks out his place setting. A dozen pieces of gold flatware surround a fine china plate hand-painted with the President's seal.

He eyes an ANTIQUE GOLD GRANDFATHER CLOCK that towers against the wall across from him. Bob's gaze focuses on its SECOND HAND, methodically TICKING. His host is late.

Speak of the devil-- a door at the end of the room OPENS.

Draped in an even finer suit, **PRESIDENT BRANKO ZAHRADNIC** (50s) enters with a stately stride. He greets Bob with a veneer-white garish grin and open arms. Branko speaks with a vaguely Eastern-European accent.

BRANKO  
Bob! So good to see you.

Branko is good-looking in the conventional sense, but something is off. His face is unnaturally smooth. Skin pulled tight like a drum. His plastic surgeon was going for Don Draper but ended up with Wayne Newton.

BRANKO  
Welcome back to Tarmania! Thank you  
for accepting my invitation.

BOB  
Well, my schedule freed up so...

Branko lets out a HAUGHTY CHUCKLE.

BRANKO  
I missed that sense of humor. Come  
here, old friend.

He gives Bob a stiff embrace and a kiss on each cheek, which Bob accepts uncomfortably.

BRANKO  
I'm sorry you've had to go through  
so much trouble.

BOB  
It's all part of the job.

BRANKO  
And what a magnificent job you've  
done.

Servants pull out their chairs. Bob and Branko take their seats at opposite sides of the lengthy table.

BOB  
I should say the same to you. Love  
what you've done with the place.

BRANKO  
I owe it all to you. You helped me  
ascend this throne, and thanks to  
you I will remain firmly seated  
upon it. So tonight let us break  
bread in a feast of celebration.

He raises his chalice to Bob.

BRANKO  
To The Kingbreaker!

CUT TO:

INT. GOTHIC CATHEDRAL - DAY

SUP: **Berlin. 180 Days Ago.**

Bob sits in the back row. His tattered clothes, ratty beard and shaggy hair give him the appearance of a HOMELESS MAN.

He watches a humble WEDDING in progress. The bride and groom exchange rings and kiss. They shed tears of joy.

Bob squints like he's trying to figure something out. Cocks his head to the side like he has ahold of the answer, but it slips away. He shakes his head in disappointment.

SAM (O.S.)  
Are you with the bride or groom?

**SAM JONES** (60s) walks down the aisle behind him. Sam is a born Texan. His stocky frame suggests he was once formidable, but being behind a desk for the last couple decades has earned him a potbelly.

BOB  
(German)  
*<Sorry, I don't speak English.>*

SAM  
Don't give me that shit. I scanned for frequencies before I came in. We're clear.

He takes a seat next to Bob.

SAM  
I have another op for you.

BOB  
Not talking until you hand over the goods.

SAM  
I fly halfway across the world and that's how you greet me?

BOB  
You opened with "I have another op," so...

Sam's really annoyed now.

SAM  
Like your fucking delivery boy. Christ.

Sam looks up at the crucifix in the front and self-consciously crosses himself.

He pulls a MCDONALD'S BAG from a backpack, slings it to Bob.

BOB  
Extra pickles, extra special sauce?

SAM

Of course. Want me to put on an apron and say "have it your way"?

BOB

That's Burger King.

Whatever. Bob digs in ravenously. Sam watches, disgusted.

SAM

You look like shit, partner. Stink like shit, too.

BOB

I'm a bum. Gotta smell the part.

SAM

What on earth for?

BOB

Being homeless is the perfect cover. No one looks me in the eyes. Cops never ask me for I-D. Shelters give me hot meals. Tourists give me change.

SAM

Guy with a two-grand-a-week agency stipend chooses to live like a bum. You're a real piece of work.

BOB

You come here to stroke my ego or tell me about an op?

Sam hesitates for a beat. He goes to speak--

BOB

And spare me the grandstanding. Who's the target?

Bob rummages through the bag of food.

SAM

Branko Zahradnic.

BOB

Whoa, whoa whoa. Hold on.

SAM

Now hey, I get that taking down a guy you installed is a tall order, but look at it as a new challenge.

BOB

You have got to be kidding me.

SAM

Come on. I really need you to play ball, Bob. We need our best regime-change guy on this one.

BOB

What? I'm not talking about the op. They forgot my barbecue sauce.

Sam understands the miscommunication. Pulls out some BBQ SAUCE PACKETS from his backpack, gives them to Bob.

BOB

That's what I'm talkin' about...

Bob peels one open, dunks a handful of fries and consumes them with satisfaction.

SAM

So what do you say? Branko's starting to make the North Koreans look like humanitarians. Black-bagging dissidents. Public executions...

BOB

(interrupts)

Fine, whatever. I'll do it. Changing a regime is like changing a light bulb. I've got no loyalty to the guy. Who's our "Mandela"?

Relieved, Sam hands over a FILE.

SAM

Here's the brief on his replacement. We've already got a safe house up and running, and the Puzzle Palace owns his closed-circuit network.

BOB

Wonderful. Give me 72 hours to work my magic. I'll need a suite at the Ritz. And have them confirm that the mattress is a Tempur-Pedic. I need that Swedish sleep.

SAM

Oh okay, I'll make sure they leave extra towels, too. Jesus, I'm not your fucking travel agent either.

Sam self-consciously crosses himself again.

BOB

You gonna keep doing that?

Sam gives him the MIDDLE FINGER. Bob grins.

SAM

Are you gonna keep insisting that we meet in churches?

(beat)

Don't tell me you found God.

BOB

What I found is a one-stop shop for observing human emotion. Weddings, christenings, funerals...

SAM

So you're using it like a zoo?

BOB

Your words, Sam... Just trying to figure out what I've been missing.

SAM

It's called empathy. And it ain't in the job description, Bob. We pick sociopaths for a reason.

Bob bristles at that word.

BOB

Do you really need to go labeling people? And you say I'm the one who doesn't understand feelings...

Sam rolls his eyes.

The wedding procession makes its way up the aisle and out of the cathedral. As a GUEST walks past, he pauses to shake Sam's hand.

GUEST

(German)

*<Good for you, sir, feeding the needy. You're a kind soul.>*

SAM  
<It's the least I could do.>

Sam smiles and nods. Bob grins like the Cheshire Cat through his Special-Sauce-soaked beard. *Good cover, huh?*

When the guest is out of ear-shot, Sam drops his smile.

SAM  
(to Bob)  
You smug son of a bitch.

EXT. COMMERZBANK ATM - NIGHT

Bob wheels a ratty SUITCASE up to an ATM in a posh section of Berlin. He inserts a card. The balance of his CIA account has a lot of zeros. 100 EURO notes WHIR out of the machine.

INT. LOBBY - RITZ-CARLTON, BERLIN - NIGHT

Bellhops and concierge glare as Bob shuffles up to reception. There's no way a bum can afford this hotel.

They're shocked to find he actually has a reservation.

INT. SUITE - RITZ-CARLTON - LATER

Bob unzips the suitcase to reveal all the necessities of a luxury traveler, including a tailored SUIT and a neatly organized TOILETRY KIT.

He showers off the grime in silence, steam swirls around his weathered, but chiseled physique.

Bob stares coldly into the mirror as he meticulously shaves with a straight-razor.

In a hotel-branded robe, he studies the file on Branko and his opposition. Swipes through articles on a TABLET: mostly accusations of corruption, ostentatious displays of wealth.

LATER

Bob's hit a wall with the research. Now dressed in the SUIT, he KNOTS his tie and SPLASHES on some cologne.

INT. LOBBY BAR - RITZ-CARLTON - MOMENTS LATER

Bob slides up to the bar next to a WOMAN dressed a little tawdry for this joint. Her bright RED drink is almost empty.

BOB  
It'd be a shame if a woman as  
beautiful as yourself was drinking  
alone tonight.

WOMAN  
Then it's a shame. Care to join me?

She went for that a little too easily.

BOB  
Absolutely. Can I get you another  
cranberry juice?

WOMAN  
(surprised)  
Wait, how did you know...?

BOB  
Or, we could skip ahead to the part  
where you tell me you're "working"  
tonight, and we go up to my suite.  
Already hit the ATM. I'm flush.

He flashes the wad of CASH.

WOMAN  
All business. Yeah, works for me.

Bob turns, heads for the door. She follows tentatively.

INT. SUITE - THE RITZ-CARLTON - LATER

The fun just ended, if you can call it that. Bob stares  
blankly at the ceiling, deep in thought. Thin linen sheets  
display the opaque silhouettes of their nude bodies.

The woman slides out of bed, pulls on her dress and ZIPS it.  
She grabs the rest of the CASH off the table.

She glances over at Bob, still off in his own world.

WOMAN  
You know, you're actually a good  
looking guy. Probably wouldn't have  
to pay for sex.

BOB  
Like you said, all business. I  
prefer it this way.

WOMAN  
Nobody prefers it this way.

But her insight's totally lost on Bob...

...he's already moved on, now watching Looney Toons on his tablet- the crafty ROAD RUNNER dupes WILE E. COYOTE into being flattened by his own anvil.

She slips out as Bob giggles like a kid on Saturday morning.

Then, an IDEA hits him.

EXT. MONTE CARLO - DAY

SUP: **Monte Carlo. 168 Days Ago.**

The MONACO GRAND PRIX is underway. Formula One cars snake through winding streets at blinding speeds under an azure sky.

Packed temporary grandstands line the Circuit. Hotel balconies teem with spectators.

A flotilla of mega-yachts chokes the harbor. Toys of the uber-elite in attendance for the most glamorous and prestigious auto race in the world.

INT. VIP PADDOCK - CIRCUIT DE MONACO - DAY

A luxury paddock lounge overlooks the street circuit.

Billionaire racing team owners graze on a full spread of gourmet provisions and champagne. Dozens of 100-inch curved TVs broadcast the race live.

Branko watches intensely, behind a buffer of suited Krypteia.

BRANKO

(into a Bluetooth headset)  
Tell him to pit on lap 70. Tires are slick. Turns look sloppy. We need a strong finish.

PIT CREW CHIEF (V.O.)

Yes, sir.

An OLDER MAN moves in beside him. This is **HENRY STONECUTTER** (60s). In contrast to Branko, he's casually dressed in his team's racing jacket and cap.

HENRY

Beautiful day for a race.

Henry extends Branko his hand.

HENRY

Henry Stonecutter, pleasure.

Branko doesn't even acknowledge his gesture.

BRANKO

My men ran a security check when you reached out. I was inherently skeptical when I hadn't heard of a man who owns stakes in the lion's share of the Fortune 500.

HENRY

I take great care to stay out of the press.

BRANKO

Anti-trust laws don't matter if no one knows you have a monopoly.

HENRY

Something like that.

BRANKO

So, you have something to offer?

HENRY

Indeed I do. Access to something you don't realize you already have.

He has Branko's attention.

HENRY

One of my companies discovered the largest deposits of rare-earth minerals in the world, buried in Tarmania. You grant me exclusive mining rights, and I'll give you 100 billion up front, plus 10% of whatever we pull out of the ground. You've been trying to get Tarmania a seat at the U.N. That kind of juice could be just what you need.

Branko shrugs in admission, but he's not that easy.

BRANKO

If these minerals are located in my country, then you just gave up your only bargaining chip.

HENRY

You'll need my satellites to  
pinpoint the deposits, unless you  
want to waste a decade digging.  
It's more than a fair offer.

BRANKO

(scoffs)

I didn't get where I am by being  
fair.

HENRY

Fine. How about we settle this like  
gentlemen? A wager.

Branko's ears perk up. Henry points to the screen.

HENRY

Your car is leading mine by six  
seconds. You beat me to the finish,  
you name the terms. I cross first,  
you accept my offer, as is.

Branko can't help himself. They shake hands.

BRANKO

Deal.

EXT. CIRCUIT DE MONACO - DAY

The Formula One cars glide around hairpin turns. The high-  
pitched WHINE of their supped-up engines is deafening.

Branko's BRIGHT YELLOW CAR blisters down a straightaway. Five  
cars back, Henry's BLUE CAR makes a pass, gaining.

INT. VIP Paddock - CIRCUIT DE MONACO

Branko watches in tense silence.

PIT CREW CHIEF (V.O.)

Come in to pit.

BRANKO

(into Bluetooth headset)

No. Skip the pit.

PIT CREW CHIEF (V.O.)

Sir, you said to change on lap 70.

BRANKO  
(into Bluetooth headset)  
Now I'm ordering you to skip it.

Eavesdropping, Henry leans in.

HENRY  
Risky move. I respect that.

BRANKO  
I'm prepared to win at all costs.

EXT. CIRCUIT DE MONACO

The cars blitz into the Circuit's famous tunnel.

A few tight turns and Henry's blue car is neck and neck with Branko's yellow car.

BRANKO  
Faster. Go. Go.

Branko's driver punches it into another straightaway. His rear tires BLOW-- SPINS OUT of control as he crosses the finish line ahead of Henry's car and SLAMS into the wall.

INT. VIP PADDOCK - CIRCUIT DE MONACO - DAY

Branko fist-pumps in celebration, without the slightest care for the wellbeing of his driver.

BRANKO  
Yes! I win. You lose.

HENRY  
Very well. What are your terms?

BRANKO  
No terms. The deal is, there is no deal. And if you or any of your affiliates set foot in my country and attempt to mine my land, the only thing you will be digging is a mass grave.

Branko rises, heads for the door.

HENRY  
That's quite the shame. Hopefully Tarmania's next President is a little more pragmatic.

Branko stops, turns back.

HENRY

Read the news? Dictators are  
getting deposed all the time.

Branko doesn't appreciate being threatened. That's his move.

BRANKO

How do you Americans say?  
(beat)  
Go fuck yourself.

He SNAPS at his guards, who surround him as he leaves.

I/E. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT

A Soviet-era 6X6 TRANSPORT TRUCK rumbles down a moonlit,  
rocky road.

**SUP: Tarmania/Serbia Border. 153 Days Ago.**

BOB sleeps soundly in the back of the truck despite being  
jostled by the rough terrain.

The truck stops. Armed SMUGGLERS jerk open the tailgate,  
throw up the canvas cover and shine a flashlight inside.

LEAD SMUGGLER

We're here. Get out. Hurry up!

Bob, now wearing medical scrubs, calmly wakes, rubs his eyes  
and gets up. He's been using a brick of heroin as a pillow.

Faking a bum knee, he struggles to climb down. The smuggler  
jerks Bob's arm, making him fall to the ground.

BOB

Thanks for the help.

The smuggler waves in his crew, who chuckle as they step over  
Bob and off-load the cargo.

EXT. BALKAN MOUNTAIN PASS - MOMENTS LATER

They transfer the bales of drugs to their cohort's VANS.

Bob hobbles to his feet, dusts himself off. The smugglers  
toss WOOD CRATES stenciled "MEDICAL SUPPLIES" on the ground.

BOB

Hey, be careful with those.

LEAD SMUGGLER  
Shut up. You, money now.

Bob fishes out an envelope from his satchel. The smuggler snatches it away, opens it and counts the stack of EUROS.

LEAD SMUGGLER  
This is not enough.

BOB  
We agreed on your fee... That's all the cash I have.

The smuggler motions to his crew.

LEAD SMUGGLER  
Put these back on the truck.

BOB  
No, please, you can't!

Bob hobbles in front of the crates like a human shield. The smuggler draws a Nagant REVOLVER, puts it to his head.

BOB  
(feigned panic)  
Whoa, easy there. I'm with Doctors Without Borders. We're just trying to get this medicine to sick Tarmanian children.

He COCKS the revolver. Bob throws up his hands, exposing a GOLD ROLEX on his wrist.

BOB  
You don't care. Okay, let's work something out... What about my watch? It's a Rolex.

The smuggler eyes it, interest piqued.

BOB  
I'll take it off, and you can see for yourself, just don't shoot.

Bob unclasps the watch, hands it over. The smuggler looks it over, feels the weight. It's real. *What's he going to do with a million IUs of polio vaccine anyway?*

He lowers the gun, waves to his crew.

BOB  
Don't I get a ride?

Everyone hops into their vehicles and drives away, leaving Bob stranded and alone.

Bob drops his act and digs into the open crates. Hidden under layers of medical supplies are a new watch, a PASSPORT for Bob's new cover, COMPACT WEAPONS, cash in multiple currencies and a host of HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT.

Bob inserts a clear, micro EARBUD COM-UNIT and keys it up.

BOB  
(to earbud)  
ACME, Road Runner is in country.  
The Wile E. Coyotes took the bait.  
Time to drop the anvil.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - DRONE BAY

Sam stands watching a drone-fed MONITOR. Through the INFRARED we can see Bob looking straight up at us.

BOB (V.O.)  
Told ya they'd try to fuck me.

SAM  
Shit. Anyone ever told you you're a  
sore winner?

He points to a TECH who controls the PREDATOR via joystick.

SAM  
Send it.

I/E. TRANSPORT TRUCK - NIGHT

Lumbering back across the border.

Inside, the smugglers pass around, admire Bob's Rolex.  
They're confused when they find a BLINKING RED LIGHT.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS

Bob watches the truck's headlights rise and dim as it curves through the pass in the distance.

SHOOM! A MISSILE streaks from the sky, OBLITERATING the truck in a FIREBALL-- the product of a DRONE-STRIKE.

The flame's orange glow illuminates Bob's deadpan expression.

BOB  
(a la Road Runner; cold)  
Beep. Beep.

EXT. TENEMENT, TARMANIA - DAY

A TAXI pulls away, leaving a thick cloud of black exhaust.

Bob stands on the sidewalk next to his crates of gear, staring up at a concrete tenement. Laundry hangs from many of the windows. Bit of a step down from the Ritz.

INT. HALLWAY - TENEMENT

Bob stops at a door. Flips open the DOORKNOB to reveal a FINGERPRINT SCANNER. Presses his thumb to the plate.

SCHUNK! The sound of hidden steel bolts retracting. The door pops open and Bob enters--

INT. KITCHEN - SAFE HOUSE

He sets a bottle of Kentucky BOURBON on the counter. Opens the fridge- empty. *Great.* The only food in the place is a cupboard full of military-issue Meals Ready to Eat (MREs).

INT. BEDROOM - SAFE HOUSE

A lone mattress on the floor. Bob sits at a desk pre-staged with an ultra-thin LAPTOP. He opens it, types a password into a secure NSA terminal.

ON SCREEN: Feeds from Branko's palace security cameras POPULATE. Bob cycles through them-- dining room, master bedroom, master closet, barber shop, terrace, garage.

BOB  
Thank you, N-S-A.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

And we're back in the PRESENT with Bob and President Zahradnic at the palace banquet table. Servants present the first course. The gray, gelatinous clump jiggles as it's set in front of Bob-- he's repulsed.

BOB  
This looks... amazing.

BRANKO  
Goat brain is a Tarmanian delicacy.

One of the servants tastes Branko's food for him.

BOB  
Is it? Well, I always thought  
governments could use more brains.

Branko CHUCKLES. Bob randomly plucks one of the gold forks  
and takes a bite. He chews, it tastes worse than it looks.

BRANKO  
How do you like it? Creamy, no?

BOB  
Could use a little salt. I don't  
see a shaker on the table...

Branko smirks.

BRANKO  
There's a salt cellar to your left.

Bob settles on a gold double-lidded salt cellar, opens it.

BOB  
Oh, look at that. There's a little  
spoon inside. How sophisticated.

Bob heaps salt onto the dish. Branko watches him, fascinated.

BRANKO  
When the chance for this reunion  
presented itself, I just couldn't  
resist. So, tell me about this  
illustrious career of yours.

Bob's picking up on Branko's sudden deference. The  
President's trying to butter him up.

BOB  
My record is 19 regimes toppled, no  
losses... and one draw.

BRANKO  
How does a revolution end in a tie?

BOB

Cuba. I had 'em on the ropes and the suits threw in the towel, re-opened diplomatic relations.

(beat, asserting himself)

Getting pulled out doesn't count as a loss. That's a draw.

Branko lets out a maniacal BELLY LAUGH.

BRANKO

That's good, I like that. I'm fascinated to learn your process.

BOB

This's where the Agency taught me to say "that's classified" or "if I told you, I'd have to kill you." But...

Bob ponders this. Branko hangs on his every word.

BOB

...fuck it, okay. What's the difference anyway, right?

Branko grins wildly and CLAPS in excitement.

BRANKO

My sentiments exactly.

BOB

Well, grab your popcorn and settle into your seat. You're about to hear my six simple steps for overthrowing a regime.

(beat)

Step #1: Know your target.

Beat.

BRANKO

You profiled me.

BOB

I profiled you when I put you in 12 years ago. And I profiled you again when I was tapped to take you out.

BRANKO

And what did your analysis reveal? How have I changed?

BOB  
People don't change. Wealth and  
power just amplify who they are.  
(beat)  
First off, you're paranoid...

**CUT TO:**

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

BOB (V.O.)  
...reclusive, always on the move in  
armored convoys with a 100-man  
security team. Your loyal Head of  
Secret Police, General Vukovic, is  
like your shadow, never more than a  
few steps away.

General Vukovic commands a massive SECURITY TEAM as they  
escort Branko out of the front of the palace.

Fleets of armored G-Wagons, Suburbans run idle.

Branko enters one of SIX identical armored Rolls Royce  
Phantoms, adorned with the TARMANIAN FLAG and Presidential  
Seal-- part of a MOTORCADE that dwarfs the one we saw Bob in.

BOB (V.O.)  
You have body doubles to confuse  
enemies.

At the back entrance, the REAL BRANKO is covertly escorted  
out into an identical motorcade.

The TWO motorcades simultaneously pull out of the compound,  
heading opposite directions onto--

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

With speed and numbers, the Presidential Motorcade dominates  
streets and highways, chugging diesel fuel.

Secret Police speed ahead to shut off intersections and  
exits. They don't hesitate to RUN CARS OFF THE ROAD if the  
drivers do not comply.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL RETREAT - NIGHT

BOB (V.O.)  
You never sleep in the same palace  
more than two nights in a row.

The motorcade is cleared to enter the compound, where a behemoth Mediterranean-style mansion is perched on the SHORE.

INT. SECRET POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

BOB (V.O.)

The Krypteia record everything with microphones and surveillance cameras hidden all over Tarmania.

INTELLIGENCE ANALYSTS scour streams of AUDIO and VIDEO from CAMERAS, MICROPHONES and WIRE-TAPPED CALLS of their countrymen, report anything suspicious to superiors.

BOB (V.O.)

If you or your regime is mentioned in a manner other than that of pious exaltation, the culprits are to be arrested, interrogated and jailed, or worse.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

BRANKO

Surely a spy can't call our security protocols paranoid.

A servant places the next course in front of them, cabbage soup. He tastes Branko's food again.

BOB

Case in point: This is *your* palace, staffed with *your* people. That's *your* food, inspected by *your* Agricultural Department and you still have a taster make sure it isn't poisoned. Not paranoid?

Branko becomes self-aware of this point, smirks.

BRANKO

What you call paranoid, I call pragmatic. With men like you out there lurking in the shadows, men like me can never be too cautious.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. PRISON - DAWN

BOB (V.O.)  
You'd prefer to kill someone rather  
than admit you were wrong. Anyone  
who questions you is executed.

EXECUTIONERS take aim at HOODED PRISONERS, fire-- RATATAT!

INT. OWNER'S BOX - SOCCER STADIUM - NIGHT

BOB (V.O.)  
And your methods have gotten  
increasingly creative.

Branko and General Vukovic sip vodka in a lavish box. Branko raises a pair of GOLD BINOCULARS.

THROUGH BINOCULARS: Floodlights illuminate every corner of the SOCCER FIELD below. The stadium is empty, save for a POLICE VAN parked near one of the GOALS.

SECRET POLICE shove a PRISONER out the back of the van. They jab their rifles at him. He takes off running.

SWING OVER TO: Guards release a SIBERIAN TIGER from a cage. It bounds after the prisoner, leaps onto his back, sinks its jaws in, tackling him. It devours its SCREAMING prey alive.

Branko grins wildly. Vukovic grimaces-- it's a bit excessive.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - MORNING

BOB (V.O.)  
You're extremely vain.

Branko, sprawled out in the middle of a giant bed, sleeps soundly. He slowly wakes and unravels himself from the silk sheets and TWO NAKED WOMEN. Leaves them there.

INT. PRIVATE BARBER SHOP - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Branko sits in a gold chair. His HAIRSTYLIST fearfully trims.

BOB (V.O.)  
You've had at least ten cosmetic  
surgeries and every morning you're  
groomed in your own barber shop.  
Your appearance must always be  
flawless.

(MORE)

BOB (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
In fact, you tortured two hair  
stylists and a plastic surgeon when  
they couldn't achieve perfection.

INT. MASTER CLOSET - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

BOB (V.O.)  
Even though every designer already  
makes your size, you insist that  
everything you wear is bespoke.

Now groomed, Branko stands on a literal golden pedestal while  
his TAILOR takes his measurements. Servants wheel away racks  
of barely-worn clothes.

INT. BEDROOM - SAFE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Bob watches this through Branko's security camera feeds on  
his ultra-thin laptop, taking notes.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

BOB (V.O.)  
You never wear the same suit more  
than once, and insist on having  
them burned instead of dry-cleaned.

Out back, the servants peel the worn suits off gold hangers,  
throw them into a FURNACE with the rest of the palace refuse.  
Hundreds of thousands of dollars go up in smoke.

INT. MASTER CLOSET - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

BOB (V.O.)  
You're obsessed with fashion...

Racks of brand new designer clothing are brought in. Branko  
is pleased. Servants present him with the day's dress  
options. He selects an outfit.

EXT. TERRACE - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

Branko, in his new outfit, eats an indulgent breakfast under  
a vine-covered stone TERRACE.

BOB (V.O.)  
...young women...

WOMEN of questionable age-of-consent are trotted out IN BIKINIS by servants. Branko scans their bodies for imperfections, selects the one with the fewest.

INT. MASTER GARAGE - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Only someone like Branko could call this a garage. It's the size of an airplane hangar and houses Branko's massive collection of RARE and EXOTIC SPORTS CARS.

BOB (V.O.)  
...and sports cars.

SIX SUPERCARS run idle, having been prepped by servants for their leader's daily drive. Branko selects one, a--

I/E. BUGATTI CHIRON (MOVING) - DAY

Branko, in his new clothes, with his new girl riding shotgun, drives his new BUGATTI CHIRON through Tarmania's countryside. His Secret Police have blocked off a circuit like the Monaco Grand Prix. But today's track is just for him.

BOB (V.O.)  
...and you think you're invincible.

He cruises around hairpin turns and into a straightaway. Pushes the \$2.6 million supercar to speeds over 200 MPH!

The GIRL at least acts like she's turned on, having fun. From where Branko is sitting, it's good to be the king.

HIGH ABOVE-- a glint in the sky overhead. ZOOM into a DRONE.

EXT. CITY STREET - SAME TIME

Bob sips tea at an outdoor cafe. Tweed suit, spectacles. A WOODEN CANE rests against his chair. He's clearly going for Indiana Jones meets Professor X, and nailing it.

The DRONE FEED is projected into the lens of his GLASSES. The clear micro EARBUD COM-UNIT rests in his right ear.

BOB  
(to earbud)  
Switch to mark two.

THROUGH HIS LENS: the drone camera PANS to a rusted-out 90's Peugeot traveling down a nearby dirt road.

The drone silently stalks the car as it enters the city, winding through alleyways and back roads.

Bob's feed ZOOMS IN as the Peugeot stops in front of a PUB.

Bob peers over the top of his glasses to see--

ACROSS THE STREET-- the same Peugeot parked right in front of him. A STOCKY MAN gets out, enters the pub.

Bob kills the feed. He stands, bracing himself on the cane, and follows the man with a slight LIMP.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Bob loudly SLURPS his cabbage soup. Branko watches this, irritated.

BOB

You've come a long way from that  
shit-box army tent I found you in.  
Not bad for a kid from the sticks.

Branko smirks.

BRANKO

I can't deny my humble beginnings,  
but look at what I've become. Sure,  
I spoil myself a little, but people  
respect leaders they want to be. I  
give them something to look up to.

BOB

Oh yeah, you're a great role model.  
Strange that it was so easy to find  
people who don't like you.

(beat)

Step #2 is: to locate, infiltrate,  
befriend, motivate and organize the  
opposition.

**CUT TO:**

INT. PUB - DAY

**SUP: Tarmania. 137 Days Ago.**

Bob enters-- the dive is quiet and empty, save for a few PATRONS huddled around a far table. They keep their voices to a murmur.

The BARTENDER looks up, startled, to see Bob.

BARTENDER

We don't open for two hours.

He moves within arms-reach of sawed-off AK-47 leaning against the inside of the bar. Bob clocks this, almost imperceptibly.

He holds up his TREMBLING right hand.

BOB

Apologies. Can you spare an early pint? Best medicine to keep the shaking under control.

The bartender steals a glance toward the group of patrons. He cautiously pours Bob a beer.

Bob perches on the nearest bar stool and opens a book.

CLOSE ON: the micro EARBUD in his right ear. Amplifying the patrons' conversation--

A spirited debate is taking place. The leader of the opposition movement "Freedom Now!," **FILIP** (30s), makes his case. He's the man Bob followed earlier.

FILIP

I'm tired of waiting. We need to make the first move.

The only woman at the table, **TERESA** (late 20s), nervously rubs a PENDANT hanging from her neck.

TERESA

We have. The second distribution of flyers already went out.

FILIP

Flyers are pointless. Twenty people showed up to our last rally.

TERESA

Maybe forty show up next time. Then eighty. Eventually we'll have more supporters than Branko can silence.

FILIP

Don't you get it? The only thing a man like Branko understands is violence.

TERESA

So, what are you suggesting?

FILIP

I'm talking about going to war.  
 Revolution. The only way he leaves  
 that palace is if we drag him out  
 of it and put a bullet in his head.  
 Just look at Libya.

Bob continues to feign reading while he eavesdrops--

TERESA

We don't have enough supporters for  
 a rally, much less an army.

FILIP

Because our message is weak. People  
 will rise up if we give them a  
 cause. Revolution is simple.

TERESA

The Krypteia and the military would  
 crush us. Even if we survived, the  
 window for change slams shut for a  
 century. Branko's grandchildren  
 would rule Tarmania.

FILIP

They will now! The only way things  
 change is revolution. It happened  
 here before, it can happen again.

TERESA

The military isn't a bunch of  
 faceless soldiers. They're fellow  
 countrymen who love Tarmania. I'm  
 willing to spill my own blood for  
 freedom, but not theirs.

Bob turns around to face the table, interjects.

BOB

Pardon me, miss, but you're being a  
 little naive to the reality of the  
 situation.

The whole table tenses. Eyes swivel to Bob at the bar,  
 leaning on his cane. Teresa's infuriated by the interruption.

Filip aggressively moves to Bob, his barrel-chest puffed up.

FILIP

Nobody asked your opinion...  
 (looking Bob up and down)  
 ...cripple.

BOB

I understand, and those are both astute observations. But you should hear me out before you thrash me.

FILIP

Who the fuck are you? You Krypteia?

Filip draws a Makarov PISTOL. A few others follow suit, including the bartender.

BOB

For the past few minutes I've listened to you all openly discuss sedition. If I were Secret Police, a team would've already raided this place, and you'd be dead.

Filip looks to Teresa, he makes a good point. Bob gestures to his hand on his cane, SHAKING.

BOB

You see that. It's called resting tremor. It's a symptom of Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis.

(off his blank look)

A-L-S is a degenerative nerve disease that progressively attacks the nerves in my brain and spinal cord. Doctors gave me a few years, tops. Until then I will be, as you so succinctly put it, a "cripple."

Filip reassesses. Doesn't get more unassuming than that.

FILIP

Fine. Enough with the sob story. Who are you?

BOB

My name is Dr. Spartak Luga. I'm a son of Tarmania. Exiled when Branko took power. Since then, I've lived in the West. Studied at Boston College, where I'm now a Professor of Political Science.

FILIP

None of that is enough to stop me from killing you right now.

BOB

I don't fear death. My condition has forced me to reconcile with a short life. What I fear, is dying without making a difference.

Something stirs in a few of them.

TERESA

Why are you here? Why us?

BOB

I'm here to help. When I sensed revolution brewing again, I had to return to my homeland, help oust Branko and ensure that the next leader is an honorable one.

Filip lowers his gun, motions others to do so.

FILIP

How can a cripple help win a war?

BOB

I've studied everything there is to know about revolutions. I know how they're won, and lost. I can teach you how to beat Branko at his own game. Free our homeland.

Filip shrugs, he makes another good point.

FILIP

Join us for a drink. We'll see what you know.

BOB

One drink. Then we must all leave this place and never come back. If I can find these little not-so-secret meetings, Branko can too.

He's already teaching.

They pat Bob on the back. He takes a seat. Most at the table have been disarmed, but Teresa remains suspicious.

LATER

Now chumming it up with the group, Bob drinks and laughs.

Teresa gathers scraps from the leftover bar-food into a BURLAP SACK and leaves the table. Bob tracks her movement.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - PUB - NIGHT

Teresa slips out the back exit, pulls out her CELL PHONE, opens a GOOGLE SEARCH and types in Bob's alias.

INT. PUB - SAME TIME

They all LAUGH at a joke Filip has just told. Bob acts like it's the funniest thing he's ever heard.

He scans the pub, hiding his concern at Teresa's absence.

BOB

That one almost made me piss my pants. I need to take a leak.

He shakily rises with the aid of his cane.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - PUB - NIGHT

Teresa opens the first link. It's an OP-ED ARTICLE in the NEW YORK TIMES by Professor Luga, but there's NO PICTURE.

Her eyes narrow, suspicion building.

INT. PUB

Bob moves past the bathroom, pace hindered by his feigned limp. Once he's out of sight, he picks it up.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - PUB

Teresa opens the second link-- the Professor's PROFILE PAGE on BOSTON COLLEGE'S WEB SITE. She eyes the HEADSHOT... it's definitely Bob. His story checks out.

She shakes her head, disappointed her intuition was wrong.

BOB (O.S.)

I hope I didn't scare you off.

Teresa turns to find Bob approaching unsteadily, leading each step with his cane.

TERESA

Pretty presumptuous of you.

She eyes him with simultaneous feelings of sympathy and anger, still frustrated with Bob from their debate.

TERESA

There was plenty of good food that didn't get eaten. I won't let it go to waste when there are children going hungry.

She distributes the burlap sack of leftovers to nearby HOMELESS CHILDREN. She is kind and gentle with them.

Some graciously accept the donation and embrace her, while others snatch morsels from her hands and scurry off to eat what is most likely their largest meal of the day.

Bob is surprised by the genuineness of her sentiment.

BOB

That's very admirable of you.

(silent beat)

Listen, I want to apologize if I upset you. Sometimes I can be a bit too candid.

TERESA

It's fine.

BOB

Good. But I want to be clear, what I said in there is valid. Historically, freedom is the exception, not the rule. Power concentrates itself. It operates by the same natural law as gravity. The bigger something is, the greater its forces to attract more of the like. If it grows big enough, the only thing that can break the cycle is to introduce a greater force, upset the status quo. That's what a revolution is. And that's why Tarmania needs one.

TERESA

Don't lecture to me like one of your students. There's no one that wants Branko to fall more than I do. It's the violent means I refuse to accept.

BOB

Revolution isn't for the faint of heart. Tyrants don't just give power back to the people because they asked for it nicely.

TERESA

We're not asking. We are demanding.

BOB

"We" who... you and the coalition  
of eight in there? Probably got  
that many because of the free food.

Teresa's so offended, she almost laughs.

TERESA

I see what you mean by "a bit too  
candid."

Bob self-consciously reins it in.

BOB

I respect your desire to do this  
peacefully, I really do. But when  
Branko turns violent, which tyrants  
always do, you better have the will  
to defend yourself and your ideas  
with force. Revolution is a zero-  
sum game. It's liberty or death.

He jabs the ground with his cane- an exclamation point.

BOB

And dying for your cause only  
matters if there are people left  
alive to see it through.

Teresa thinks this over, slowly rubbing her pendant.

Bob sees it's an ANTIQUE COIN dangling from some twine.

TERESA

You know, while you were safe in  
America, I was here, growing up on  
the streets. Trying to avoid  
starving or becoming a plaything  
for the Krypteia. I watched Branko  
turn my country into a prison.

She's recalling something very painful.

TERESA

I may wish for peace and give food  
to the hungry, but don't for  
another second mistake my kindness  
for weakness.

She marches back inside.

Bob nods, fascinated.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A sheet of plywood laid over sawhorses provides a makeshift table. Another fashioned with 2x4s is a crude chalkboard.

Bob stands in front, like a professor. His pupils, the entire ranks of "Freedom Now!"-- twenty is a generous estimate.

BOB

There is one key concept that determines the outcome of all wars, but particularly revolutions. Anyone know what that is?

TERESA

Who has the truth on their side.

BOB

Wrong. In 1938, Adolf Hitler convinced Germany, Japan and Italy that the truth was on his side.

Filip offers a guess.

FILIP

Which side has the most power.

BOB

Close. It's the side with the *perception* of power. All three Axis-countries were relatively small. But their tyrants *perceived* they could take over the world. Right now Branko *perceives* that his power is greater than ever. We, my patriots, are going to change that.

The rebels are inspired.

BOB

We'll start with recruitment. Each of you will create ten anonymous social media accounts with "Freedom Now!" in the title. Spread them across Twitter, Snapchat and Instagram. Subscribe them to each other, along with a few celebrities so they aren't flagged as bogus.

The aspiring revolutionaries take notes, captivated.

BOB

After we're done here tonight,  
instruct every friend you trust to  
follow them and then tell all of  
their friends to do the same. This  
way, every time we post against  
Branko, it will reach millions of  
our citizens. If only 1% turn out  
to protest, it'll be enough to pack  
Victory Square so tight Branko will  
be shitting his silk underwear.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - DAYS LATER

The space has been arranged like a conference hall. A crude  
STAGE and PODIUM are set up against a CURTAIN.

The last few SUPPORTERS are covertly let in through a  
basement entrance by rebels with AK-47 MACHINE GUNS. There  
must be sixty people in attendance for this secret gathering.  
They're making some real progress.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- Bob coaches a very nervous Filip through  
his speech. Teresa stands nearby, providing moral support.

FILIP

The time for fear is... fuck...  
I've been shot at, and I've never  
been so nervous in my life.

BOB

You have to speak with confidence.  
Believe your words. Connect with  
your audience. Remember, everyone  
out there risked their lives to be  
here. They're afraid. Be fearless.

Filip nods hard.

BOB

Now try it with me. Chin up. Eyes  
forward. Head swiveling. Engage  
every corner of the room. Never  
have both hands on the podium.  
Always have an open palm driving  
the point home.

Filip starts with an open palm.

FILIP

The time for fear is over. Courage  
is now our greatest ally.

BOB

When the point changes, use the  
other hand. Aggressive points, use  
a fist.

Filip switches hands, balls up his fist.

FILIP

It is Branko who should fear us.  
Tarmania is a proud nation.

BOB

When talking about the country,  
touch your heart. For the people,  
open your arms wide.

Filip practices the movements, breathes deep.

BOB

Good. It's showtime.

Filip exits the curtain, faces the CHEERING crowd and waves.

Bob's impressed. Without taking his eyes off Filip--

BOB

(to Teresa)

Have you thought about what you  
want to say when it's your time?

TERESA

I want the people to stand up to  
Branko with words instead of  
bullets. How quickly we forget. Our  
streets still bear the scars of  
battles fought on our own  
doorsteps. Branko's war against the  
king turned families against one  
another. Children were orphaned as  
their parents were slaughtered.

(beat; turns to Bob)

I was one of them.

Bob swivels to meet her gaze. He realizes that he's directly  
responsible for the death of Teresa's parents. If there was a  
time he'd feel a fraction of empathy, it would be now.

BOB

I'm so sorry.

TERESA

Don't be. They supported him.  
Didn't live long enough to see  
everything he sold was a lie.

BOB  
 Well, I did.  
 (then)  
 I supported Branko, too.

This admission catches her off-guard. Bob shrugs guiltily.

BOB  
 Fear can persuade even good folks  
 to comply with just about anything.  
 After I fled, my parents stayed  
 behind. Never saw them again.

TERESA  
 Seems we're both fighting to  
 liberate our country from the  
 mistakes of the past.

She gives him a comforting smile.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

Branko and Bob continue their dinner. A three-foot smoked sturgeon lies on a gold platter. A servant cuts into its belly-- black caviar gushes out.

Branko's amused. Bob's stomach turns.

BRANKO  
 I am rather relishing hearing the  
 magician reveal his secrets.

BOB  
 And vice versa. I've decided the  
 fate of nations, and the only  
 credit I'll get is a star chiseled  
 on a wall at the Agency. It's fun  
 to have my time in the spotlight.

BRANKO  
 Very good. If you're not having  
 fun, then what's the point of life?

Bob nods in agreement.

BOB  
 I know, right? Well, this next one  
 probably wasn't fun for you. Step  
#3: Ridicule the leader for past  
transgressions and invent new ones.  
Incite protests.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)  
If they don't turn violent, make  
them. Blame the leader. Legitimize  
his opposition.

**CUT TO:**

INT. WAREHOUSE

**SUP: 92 Days Ago.**

Bob oversees Filip and Teresa, who manage dozens of SUPPORTERS creating POSTERS with humiliating PHOTOS--

-- One, an unflattering angle of Branko in a Euro-swimsuit getting out of a Monaco hotel pool surrounded by women in bikinis written over with "#BRANKO THE PLAYBOY."

-- Another, Branko's head with devil horns and bloody fangs stenciled with "#BRANKO THE TYRANT."

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

A THOUSAND "Freedom Now!" SUPPORTERS assemble in VICTORY SQUARE-- ten square blocks of cement in the heart of Tarmania's Capital. They carry SIGNS and BANNERS that read: "#DOWN WITH BRANKO," "#FREE TARMANIA," "#FREEDOM NOW!"

A 50-foot tall BRONZE STATUE OF BRANKO towers over them all.

COLUMNS of TARMANIAN POLICE in RIOT GEAR have cordoned off streets, confining the protestors to the square. Behind their SHIELDS and FACE-MASKS, the policemen are on edge.

So far, the demonstration is PEACEFUL.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Bob, Filip, Teresa and a few other "Freedom Now!" Leaders observe their creation stirring below. Filip is agitated.

FILIP  
I don't understand why we're up  
here just watching. We should be  
down there with our people.

BOB  
For better or worse, humans are  
social creatures. But group  
together more than ten of them, and  
they will fail to work together  
effectively without leadership.

FILIP

Exactly. So let's go down there.

BOB

That's a marvelous idea. We'll get you a t-shirt and a clipboard and a bullhorn. And when the Krypteia figure out you organized this protest they'll shoot you on sight.

Bob asserts eye contact with Filip and Teresa, head oscillating unnaturally with tremor.

BOB

Leadership isn't effective if the leaders are dead.

Filip looks like he just got slapped. Bob lowers his glasses, wipes his face with a handkerchief. Suddenly, he stumbles back. Teresa catches him, Filip helps steady his cane.

TERESA

Spartak, are you alright?

BOB

(feigning exhaustion)

I'm fine. My condition is very taxing. I'm afraid all of this stimulation has sapped my energy. I just need to lay down for a moment. Somewhere quiet.

FILIP

There's a bedroom in the back.

INT. BACK BEDROOM - THIRD-FLOOR APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Teresa helps Bob limp inside.

BOB

This is quite nice.

TERESA

The owner is a long-time supporter.

Bob strains, trembling as she helps lower him onto the bed.

BOB

Thank you. I'll be fine in an hour.

She moves to the door, hesitates, then closes it behind her.

Bob checks his WATCH, waits a beat. Gets up and moves to a window, draws the curtains and silently climbs out.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

With incredible agility, Bob stealthily FREE-CLIMBS the building. Shimmies along a ledge forty feet above the cement.

Eyes the adjacent building, focusing on a window ledge one-story below-- he takes the insane leap of faith.

Free falling across the divide, Bob catches his full weight on a sliver of cement with just his fingertips. *Holy shit.*

He repeats the acrobatics, eventually landing on the ground.

EXT. NEARBY STREETS - VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

Bob pays-off some TEENS with CASH. As they scurry off, he clocks TWO RIOT POLICE dragging a BOUND WOMAN into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The riot cops tower over their defenseless victim. She tries in vain to squirm away as #1 undoes his belt.

Out of nowhere, two hands grab #2, spin him around--

...BOB STRIKES #2 in the THROAT, crushing his trachea with a sickening CRUNCH...

...as he goes down, Bob simultaneously strips him of his rifle and kicks #1 in the groin-- he crumples.

Bob bludgeons #1 with the rifle butt again and again. He pivots, does the same to #2. Confirms they're both dead.

It's VIOLENT, and it's over in three seconds flat.

Bob checks both ends of the alley, coast is clear. No one heard them over the din of the protest.

With a finger to his mouth, he motions "shhh" to the woman. Cuts her zip-ties. She can't run away fast enough.

Bob drags the cops behind the dumpster and strips one of his uniform and...

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

-- Bob's group of teens enter the mass of protestors and weave their way to the front, where others taunt the cops.

-- The teens HURL ROCKS at the RIOT POLICE.

-- Behind the front line-- Bob, now dressed in a riot police uniform, flips down his face shield. Takes aim with an RG-6 GRENADE LAUNCHER and FIRES TEAR GAS into the crowd.

-- Confused, ANOTHER COP SHOOTS a gas canister into the protest. Like an avalanche, the rest join in. THUNK! THUNK!

-- Plumes of noxious gas rise. The angered crowd fights back. Police beat them back with their SHIELDS and CLUBS.

-- The peaceful protest rapidly mutates into an all out RIOT.

-- One protester boldly picks up a tear gas canister and lobs it back at the cops, who choke on their own medicine.

INT. THIRD-FLOOR APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Filip and Teresa watch the protest devolve into violence. She thumbs her coin necklace, gravely concerned. He's captivated.

TERESA

Spartak was right. They shot first... I should check on him.

FILIP

He said he wanted to rest.

But Teresa can't hold back her suspicious intuition. She moves through the back hall, cracks the door to see--

INT. BACK BEDROOM - THIRD-FLOOR APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The bed is EMPTY. Concerned, she enters, scanning the rest of the room, but it's TOTALLY VACANT. Bob is gone.

The SHUNK! of old plumbing startles her. The BATHROOM DOOR opens. Bob exits, patting his WET FACE with a handtowel.

BOB

Sorry to make you jump. Splashing cold water on my face wakes me up.

TERESA

No worries, just looking in on you.

Teresa shakes it off, leaves. Bob's expression drops, cold. He wads up the rag, tosses it over his shoulder like trash.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

More RIOT POLICE rush toward the chaos in the square. One of them notices something, stops.

A BOOT protrudes from a pile of trash.

The cop furiously tosses the refuse aside, uncovering Bob's victims. He blows a WHISTLE to alert the others.

EXT. PASTURE - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - MOMENTS LATER

Branko rides atop a pale white STALLION with a flowing mane as it gallops over several equestrian JUMPS.

General Vukovic waits patiently. Branko trots the horse over to him. Its bridle, reins and saddle are in-laid with GOLD.

BRANKO

Can't you see I'm busy?

General Vukovic pushes past it.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

Mr. President, there is a matter of national security I think you would like to be aware of.

Branko doesn't dismount, forcing Vukovic to look up at him.

BRANKO

Fine. What is it?

GENERAL VUKOVIC

A protest in Victory Square.

Branko slumps his head to the side... "Big whoop."

BRANKO

So detain them.

He snaps the reins-- the horse saunters along slowly. Vukovic hurries to keep up.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
I'm afraid that's not possible, Mr.  
President. Our estimates have them  
numbering more than a thousand.

Branko perks up, skeptical.

BRANKO  
A thousand?

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Yes, sir. And the demonstration has  
escalated into a riot. Our police  
forces are facing widespread  
resistance. Two of our men were  
found dead, sir.

BRANKO  
A thousand people don't just  
spontaneously assemble.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Initial intelligence suggests the  
protest was conceived over several  
social media sites and coordinated  
using cell phones. We're working to  
identify those involved.

The hairs on the back of Branko's neck tingle. He knows from  
experience that uprisings aren't always grassroots.

BRANKO  
Is foreign influence possible?

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Always, but unlikely.

BRANKO  
Are you certain?

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
We've been able to track the meta-  
data from the devices to entirely  
domestic server hubs.

Hearing this, Branko's relieved. The answer is so simple.

BRANKO  
Shut down the Internet. Then  
dispatch the Krypteia to crush  
this... demonstration. Decisively.

Vukovic lets the gravity of this order sink in.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Yes, Mr. President.

The General hurries off.

BRANKO  
(to himself)  
Branko gives and Branko takes away.

He whips the horse with a riding crop, it trots away. He's already moved on with his life.

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

The protesters have gained ground, pushing the riot police back. Emboldened, more join in.

Some try to check their phones, but-- THE SIGNAL IS GONE.

Mass confusion spreads.

Seemingly out of nowhere, a REGIMENT of Secret Police MOUNTED on HORSEBACK flanks them and CHARGES right into the CROWD.

Protesters are TRAMPLED, bones crushed between steel horseshoes and the pavement.

Krypteia pummel those left standing with STEEL BATONS.

Its nerve lost, the crowd flees the square in panic.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Looney Tunes play on TV-- Road Runner and Coyote at it again.

Bob assembles a collapsible SATELLITE DISH. He connects it to a HI-TECH WIRELESS ROUTER and stuffs it into a backpack.

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - NIGHT

The once-chaotic square is now silent, void of people. Faint moonlight casts a shadow of BRANKO'S STATUE.

INT. BRANKO STATUE

INSIDE THE STATUE'S HEAD: Bob, dressed in all black, conceals his device. The statue now acts as a SATELLITE ANTENNA.

He pulls a mask over his face, descends the SPIRAL STAIRCASE and out a door into--

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

He exits the statue's base, locks the door behind him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The "Freedom Now!" leadership is frantic.

FILIP

Our entire network is paralyzed.  
We're dead in the water.

TERESA

How can you think about the  
Internet when our own supporters  
and police are dying?

He's not going to be drawn into another debate with her.

FILIP

What's important is that we fight  
on, so they didn't die for nothing.  
And we can't win a revolution if we  
can't organize!

TERESA

We organized without the Internet  
before, we can do it again.

Bob enters.

BOB

We won't have to.

FILIP

What? It's going to take a miracle  
to get Branko to turn it back on.

BOB

Give me your phone.

Teresa does. Bob types into the phone.

FILIP

That might as well be a doorstep  
without a connection.

Bob hands the phone back to Teresa.

BOB

Google something.  
(on her look)  
Just try it. Humor me.

Teresa opens a GOOGLE SEARCH PAGE. She types in a search. To her bewilderment, the results populate.

TERESA  
What did you do?

BOB  
You asked for a miracle, I give you  
W-LAN Wi-Fi.

TERESA  
What network are you using?

BOB  
See for yourself.

Teresa checks her phone. She's connected to a WI-FI NETWORK named: "FREEDOM NOW!"

TERESA  
How is this possible?

BOB  
An array of geosynchronous  
satellites 90 miles above us beams  
down the signal, creating a massive  
Wi-Fi hotspot. A private network.  
All you need is the password.

TERESA  
Who has the technology to do that?

BOB  
My university developed it so  
scientists conducting studies in  
remote parts of the world can share  
data in real-time.

FILIP  
You set this up? You knew Branko  
would cut off the Internet?

BOB  
Of course. The first freedom  
tyrants must take away is speech.  
They know that if subjects can say  
what they want, whenever they want,  
they won't be subjects for long.

TERESA  
This is incredible.

FILIP  
We're back in business.

BOB  
We've only just begun.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

"Freedom Now!" holds a SERIES of secret rallies:

-- BAR BASEMENT -- Filip addresses the crowd. He's getting the hang of it, gesturing as Bob taught.

FILIP  
Look at what Branko has done. He is  
a tyrant. The Krypteia violate us  
and subject us to constant terror.

The people BOO and JEER.

FILIP  
But that fear ends now. He's got to  
go! Branko out, freedom now!

-- RESTAURANT, AFTER-HOURS -- Teresa speaks to the crowd.

TERESA  
Let us do away with hate and  
bigotry! Let us bring civil rights  
to Tarmania.

-- SUPPORTER'S HOUSE -- Packed to the rafters.

FILIP  
No more will Branko levy unjust  
taxes while his regime is exempt!  
No more will he cut off our imports  
and force us to buy only his goods  
from his outlets at obscene prices!

-- WAREHOUSE --

TERESA  
Brothers and sisters, in the name  
of virtue and liberty let us unite!

BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- The crowd cheers as Bob watches with  
Filip beside him.

BOB  
(to Filip)  
Inspiring stuff. Unity's a powerful  
message.

FILIP  
We don't need unity, we need to  
prepare for war.

BOB  
And that attitude is why you should  
be leading "Freedom Now!".

Filip looks equal parts complimented and confused.

BOB  
The committee approach is nice, but  
every movement needs a face. A  
"Mandela." Someone who can inspire,  
but also make the tough decisions.  
Only one man can succeed Branko.  
(then)  
When that happens, your influential  
friends will become dangerous.

Filip's ego inflates.

FILIP  
I have no problem breaking a few  
eggs.

Bob leans in, WHISPERS something.

PROTESTORS (PRE-LAP)  
Branko out! Freedom Now!

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

"Freedom Now!" SUPPORTERS use Bob's satellite Wi-Fi network  
to coordinate another PROTEST.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Branko gives a speech at a podium in front of NEWS CAMERAS.

BRANKO  
...they claim they speak for all of  
Tarmania. They lie. My fellow  
citizens, I ask you to take to the  
streets. Show these traitors how  
much you love your President.

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

"Freedom Now!" protesters CLASH with Pro-Branko SUPPORTERS.  
Some wear bandanas or Guy Fawkes masks.

Citizens battle with improvised weapons-- slingshots, clubs, trash can lids as shields. Hurl Molotov cocktails.

Cars and piles of trash BURN. It's a war zone.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

Bob and Branko finish the course.

As a servant clears Bob's plate, he notices that Bob has arranged the remnants of his vegetables into a SMILEY FACE.

Branko dabs the corners of his mouth with a SILK NAPKIN.

BRANKO

Our grand game of tug-of-war  
provided quite the spectacle.

The room's crystal chandeliers DIM.

BOB

What's with the mood-lighting? You  
trying to seduce me?

BRANKO

I like to have a little  
entertainment to break up the meal.  
Gives us a chance to digest.

THIRTY members of an ORCHESTRA emerge, instruments in hand.

BOB

Oh, I get it. Like a halftime show.

A servant places a PLUSH CHAIR and leather VIOLIN CASE at the front. Branko opens it. Removes a pristine STRADIVARIUS.

BRANKO

Antonio Stradivari handcrafted this  
in 1723. Worth 16 million.

The orchestra slowly crescendos as Branko sits, draws the bow. Starts to PLAY-- but he's off. Flat, out of tune.

Bob covers his mouth, stifling a giggle.

Branko notices, annoyed. He continues furiously. The orchestra plays louder, trying to cover his mistakes.

Bob tries to stonewall, but he's full-on LAUGHING now. Branko STOPS. Unsure and uneasy, the band keeps playing.

BRANKO  
What is so funny?

BOB  
You. You're awful! And you don't realize it because you play with a bunch of spineless yes-men who can't tell you the truth.

Branko's eyes read FIRE. He rears back, SMASHES the antique violin on the chair OVER AND OVER until only SHARDS remain.

Talk about an overreaction to criticism.

The MUSIC STOPS. Everybody stands at attention, frozen.

BRANKO  
That's enough! Leave us!

The musicians and servants rush out of the room.

Bob slugs back his drink, enjoys getting under Branko's skin.

BOB  
Well, you clearly didn't pick up much of the playbook on the last go around. Step #4 is: Be disruptive, unpredictable. Use sabotage to keep the leader off-balance. Make sure you have the world's attention when he overreacts.

**CUT TO:**

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

**SUP: 54 Days Ago.**

Bob has MAPS up on the board. The "Freedom Now!" leadership listens as he briefs them on their mission.

BOB  
We can't hit his military forces directly. So we hit Branko where it hurts: the state distribution routes and the harbor. These are his pressure points. Squeeze them.

EXT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

A POLICE CRUISER parks. TWO POLICEMEN get out and are welcomed into a BROTHEL by ESCORTS.

Filip and Teresa covertly break into the cruiser, steal it.

EXT. STATE FOOD DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

A SEMI TRUCK pulls out of the giant complex's loading bay and is cleared through a heavily-guarded perimeter gate.

I/E. SEMI TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER (MOVING)

FOUR ARMED GUARDS sit on benches. Clearly Branko thinks their cargo is valuable enough to require this level of protection.

The DRIVER sees a POLICE ROADBLOCK ahead. He slows the semi to a stop, rolls down his window.

CLICK! Filip jams his Makarov in the driver's face. He reaches inside the cab and unlocks the doors.

SUPPORTERS with AK-47s rush in from their hiding-spots in the DITCH and throw the rest of the doors open.

It all happens so fast the guards are not able to react. They surrender peacefully.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The guards are lined up, held at gunpoint by Filip's men.

Teresa opens the rear hatch of the SEMI TRAILER- it's not carrying gold or diamonds, but FOOD. Pallets of simple staples-- bread, milk, eggs, bottled water.

TERESA

There's enough food here to feed a thousand people for weeks.

Filip nods. He and his men EXECUTE the guards with MACHINE GUN FIRE-- bodies fall into a pile in the ditch.

Teresa's jaw drops, horrified. She stumbles toward the ditch, eyeing the carnage. Tears stream.

She spins, barrels toward Filip, glassy eyes now shooting daggers.

She SHOVES Filip, beats on his chest with her flailing fists.

TERESA

Monster! What is wrong with you?!

Filip grabs her wrists, stopping her assault.

FILIP

They get fat while we starve. Fuck them.

TERESA

We don't murder people who surrender peacefully. We have to be better than Branko.

Filip shrugs her off, gestures to his men.

FILIP

Everybody load up.

Filip climbs into the semi. Teresa glares as it pulls away.

EXT. TARMANIA HARBOR - NIGHT

A massive CARGO SHIP stacked tall with SHIPPING CONTAINERS is ported in the HARBOR.

EXT. CONTAINER SHIP

Filip, Teresa and a dozen masked supporters armed with AK-47s, swarm onto the DECK like pirates. Climbing LADDERS and ROPES they hook onto the side of the ship.

The element of surprise allows them to get the drop on ARMED PORT GUARDS, who are forced to comply without resistance.

Filip uses their keys to open the CONTAINERS. Jackpot. They're filled with CRATES OF FINE WINE, BOURBON and CLOTHES.

Parked inside one is a LAMBORGHINI VENENO-- the most expensive car in the world.

Supporters TOSS armfuls of DESIGNER CLOTHES into the HARBOR as Teresa RECORDS the whole thing on her PHONE.

They use an impromptu ZIP-LINE to off-load some of the crates into VANS parked on the DOCK.

Once the vans are packed to the gills, Filip motions everybody to retreat to the vans for extraction.

Each supporter clips on, RIDES the zip-line down to the vans.

Filip stays behind. He STARTS the LAMBORGHINI. Jams a PIPE in between the ACCELERATOR and driver's seat. The engine ROARS as it revs. He shifts it into DRIVE and--

INT. THEATER - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

Branko watches in horror as the Lamborghini shoots out of the container like a MISSILE. It splashes down into the harbor and sinks amid the floating debris of FINE GOODS.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

Terrorist group "Freedom Now!" took credit for the attack in a video posted on Twitter this morning.

General Vukovic stands tensely by his side.

BRANKO

Get that off the broadcast! Now!  
Have whoever put that up killed.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

Yes, Mr. President.

With a nod, General Vukovic commands two Krypteia to do so.

BRANKO

What the fuck is going on?!

GENERAL VUKOVIC

We've doubled our security on food distribution convoys. But we had no intelligence they'd be coordinated enough to hit the port.

BRANKO

You told me they were coordinating using social media. So tell me how they're still able to do it without the FUCKING INTERNET?!

GENERAL VUKOVIC

I do not know, sir.

BRANKO

You better find out. How's the U.N. going to take me seriously if I can't even control my own people?

(pacing; frantic)

I'm declaring a state of emergency.  
Institute Martial Law.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

Sir, I'm obligated to remind you, that would effectively grind Tarmania to a halt, and likely escalate the situation.

BRANKO

Escalate?! This movement is growing exponentially.

(beat)

People don't organize at this level without being led. Find the leaders. Kill them. Quickly.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY/NIGHT

MARTIAL LAW is in effect-- CONVOYS of Secret Police patrol the city. Occasionally they make a stop, dismount and RAID--

I/E. MULTIPLE LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT

-- Secret Police RANSACK houses, tenements, businesses-- searching for some shred of evidence that would lead to the identity of the leadership.

-- They emerge, perp-walking ZIP-TIED CITIZENS at gunpoint, force them into the back of ARMORED VANS.

-- Krypteia gather families in front of their homes. They single-out a father. Force the rest to watch as they BEAT him to DEATH with clubs- a brutal example.

INT. BASEMENT - PUB - NIGHT

It's been converted into a REFUGE to hide its leadership from the Krypteia's Martial Law tactics.

A flickering OIL LANTERN drives the darkness from one corner of the dank space, dimly illuminating stacks of food-stuffs, cases of bottled water and rows of thin COTS.

Among them, Teresa tosses and turns under a gauzy blanket-- a futile attempt to get comfortable on the frigid cement floor.

ACROSS THE ROOM-- While the others try to get some sleep, Filip paces around the lantern, mumbling to himself.

From a bar chair, Bob sips a shot of fine bourbon and watches, trying to hide his amusement at Filip dancing around the flame like a moth.

BOB

(voice low)

Filip, you look like you could use a drink. A shot of Kentucky's finest might help you sleep.

Bob pours a shot for Filip, who doesn't acknowledge.

Bob shrugs and takes the shot for himself. Sighs, it's good.

INT. SECRET POLICE HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Kitted up in tactical gear, General Vukovic briefs two teams of KRYPTeia COMMANDOS on a mission.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

New intelligence from an informant suggests the rebel leadership has been squatting at this bar to avoid our sweeps. This is our target.

INT. BASEMENT - PUB - SAME TIME

FILIP

I can't take being down here another second. We do nothing while Branko and his Krypteia destroy everything we have built.

BOB

You have to be tired of hearing it, because I am tired of saying it: this is all part of the plan.

ON TERESA'S COT-- She listens in on Bob and Filip, skeptical.

FILIP (O.S.)

Yes, well, hiding in this shit hole like vermin waiting to be exterminated has me questioning this plan of yours.

BOB (O.S.)

Fear is toxic, and not a quality people value in a leader.

BACK ACROSS THE ROOM-- Bob winks, pours another shot for Filip and himself.

BOB

So, you might want to keep your voice down. People are trying to sleep.

Filip senses Bob's manipulation. He bows up his chest.

FILIP  
(raising his voice)  
No... I won't keep it down. I've  
had enough of this shit. We deserve  
to know what is going on.

The rest audibly stir, in agreement with Filip.

EXT. SECRET POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

General Vukovic and the Krypteia commandos mount up into armored Suburbans and move out. The convoy speeds past the secured perimeter.

INT. BASEMENT - PUB

Bob senses the brewing mutiny. The eyes of the grimy, weary and disillusioned leadership are all fixed on him now.

FILIP  
How can we win a war against Branko  
if we are not even fighting it?

Bob rises with the aid of his cane, ALS trembling.

BOB  
Okay. You're right. Allow me to  
enlighten you.  
(beat; to all)  
You see, the battlefield is not out  
there on the streets... It is  
inside people's minds. And it's  
there, that Branko is losing.

Filip doesn't understand, almost taking it as disrespect.

FILIP  
For two weeks now we've been eating  
where we're sleeping, and sleeping  
where we're shitting, and we have  
not had a single rally. Not one.  
Make us understand why.

BOB  
There is a time for everything.  
Soon, it will be time for us to  
strike back.

Filip grandstands, looking to his audience, chuckling.

FILIP  
Strike back?... With what army?

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

The Krypteia convoy switches its lights off, silently rolls up to the front of the bar. General Vukovic orders his commandos to dismount, stack on the ENTRANCE.

INT. BASEMENT - PUB

BOB

I'll reach out to some of my colleagues. They'll arrange for the firepower to be delivered.

FILIP

So now we're supposed to believe your college comrades can get us truckloads of A-Ks and R-P-Gs?

BOB

More like C-N-Ns and B-B-Cs. My friends don't carry guns, they carry cameras. And when they broadcast Branko's atrocities live to the world in crystal clear 4-K, the U.N. will crawl so far up his ass, they'll be chewing his food for him.

(beat)

He's been so busy looking for us, that he's failed to look at himself. That's misdirection.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

The Krypteia BASH open the door with a battering ram.

INT. PUB - CONTINUOUS

The commandos rush inside, clearing every section...then down to the basement...

...but it's totally EMPTY.

They're dumfounded. General Vukovic is furious.

POP WIDE: We realize, this is a completely DIFFERENT bar from where they are hiding. They held a rally here once. But Bob was smart enough not to use the same place twice.

INT. BASEMENT - PUB - SAME TIME

Bob confidently pours himself another shot of bourbon.

BOB

Branko is a man possessed by  
vanity. He won't be able to bear  
his reputation being sullied on the  
global stage. So he'll be forced to  
yield to the mounting political  
pressure and suspend Martial Law.

(beat)

And when he does, everyone he's  
abused along the way will flock to  
join us.

Bob slams the shot like a boss.

Filip looks to the others-- visibly satisfied. Teresa tries  
to hold back an impressed smile-- this is more her speed.

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

The "Freedom Now!" PROTESTORS are back. There's more than  
ever, and they are pissed. They CHANT and wave signs decrying  
the Martial Law and the Secret Police's brutal tactics.

RIOT POLICE passively keep them at bay, now held in check by  
international peacekeepers of a sort-- JOURNALISTS and NEWS  
CREWS from CNN, the BBC, Deutsche Wells, France 24--

You name 'em, they're here, and they've been camped in the  
square for days like a Forward Operating Base--

A cavalry of NEWS VANS mounted with satellite dishes  
broadcast LIVE from artillery batteries of high-def CAMERAS  
covering every sector.

A STATE SEMI-TRUCK approaches a VEHICLE CHECKPOINT to the  
square. Police wave it through. Protestors make way as it  
pulls into the center of the square.

Its DRIVER gets out, joins a few COHORTS, who throw open the  
trailer doors and distribute food to the protestors-- we  
RECOGNIZE THEM as some of the movement's most loyal  
supporters, disguised in state guard uniforms.

One of them unfurls a banner on the side of the trailer that  
has been GRAFFITIED with "COURTESY OF FREEDOM NOW!". We can  
now tell it's the STOLEN semi.

Realizing they've been had, the police seethe.

Protesters swarm in. CHEER in support. Cry tears of joy as they receive armfuls of FOOD. Show it to the news cameras.

The media eats it up.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - LATER

Branko wears a silk robe, drinks champagne while he channel-surfs on a 100-inch curved TV from his massive bed. A pair of passed-out GIRLS flank him. Classic Branko.

Servants are posted at every doorway.

He irreverently picks through an assortment of fine cheeses, dried dates, nuts and fresh grapes artfully displayed on a gold-gilt platter set across his lap.

Branko thrusts his gold chalice into the air. After a beat, he impatiently twiddles it.

BRANKO  
(to servant)  
Idiot, this means more.

A servant draws a bottle of Cristal champagne from a gold bucket of ice and fills Branko's chalice in a hurry.

BRANKO  
Next.

Branko SNAPS his fingers at another servant with an iPad.

The channel changes to CNN-- ANDERSON COOPER reports on the grassroots uprising and deteriorating situation in Tarmania.

SNAP! Now MSNBC-- RACHEL MADDOW scolds Branko for imposing Martial Law on his impoverished people while he lives large.

Branko's anger is escalating exponentially. SNAP!

Onto HBO-- JOHN OLIVER skewers Branko over photos showing him in various unflattering poses-- highlighting his plastic surgery, hair plugs, douche clothes.

JOHN OLIVER  
Tarmanian President Branko  
Zharadnic has officially won the  
award for world's creepiest clown,  
just barely edging out Stephen  
King's Pennywise, Ronald McDonald  
and the reigning Clown-in-Chief,  
Donald Trump.

Branko's face is now flush red, blood boiling, fuming.

BRANKO

Turn it off or die!

Enraged, he throws the food off the tray. Catches his own reflection in the gold-plating-- warped like a funhouse mirror. Leans close to examine his hairline. Pokes at blemishes on his face.

BRANKO

Get out! Get out, get out, GET OUT!

Terrified, everyone flees the room.

Branko continues obsessing over his imperfections. Underneath all the bravado lies massive insecurities.

INT. SECRET POLICE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

A room full of the Krypteia's high-level brass present intel briefs to their commanding officer, General Vukovic.

Branko storms in with no regard for his interruption.

BRANKO

Suspend Martial Law!

Vukovic and his men scramble to stand at attention.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

What?

BRANKO

Are you fucking deaf?! Suspend Martial Law at once! I won't let a bunch of bleating sheep jeopardize my bid to the U.N.

AND Branko is gone just as quickly as he came.

Vukovic waits a beat until Branko is certainly long gone.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

Yes, sir... Mr. Clown-in-Chief.

The room chuckles at Vukovic's rare exhibition of humor. Even he cracks the first hint of a smile we've ever seen from him.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Citizens flocking to join the movement cram inside for another RALLY.

Teresa serves them HOT MEALS and Branko's FINE WINE.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

Bob and Branko consume rare roast beef and boiled potatoes.

BRANKO

Losing a shipload of my effects was nothing but an annoyance.

BOB

Those who have much, have much to lose, huh?

BRANKO

I have no problem giving my enemies a chance to eat and drink like kings before they're executed.

BOB

Watch out, pretty soon they'll be calling you Branko the Benevolent.

Branko's picking up on Bob's sarcasm. Waves him to continue.

BOB

Still can't take a joke. Okay, Step #5: Select the new leader from the opposition movement. Once the country has fallen into chaos, offer him to the people as an alternative that promises to restore order.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

**SUP: 31 Days Ago.**

Riots, unrest and anarchy have spread all over the country.

Protestors BURN BRANKO IN EFFIGY.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Prepped for another rally. The "Freedom Now!" leadership sit at a table, locked in a heated debate.

BOB

We all have an equal voice at this table, and that won't change. But the fact remains, Branko needs a challenger. A singular face of the movement people can rally behind.

(beat)

My vote goes to Filip.

Filip shoots Bob a knowing glance.

Teresa looks around the room as one-by-one, the leadership votes for Filip. She can't believe, out of all the decent candidates, they've chosen the biggest asshole of the bunch. Strength has been valued over empathy.

It's her turn. She acquiesces to the will of the majority.

TERESA

So it's Filip, then.

FILIP

I'm honored. We're going to change this country, together.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

Bob shovels the remains of the course into his mouth. Branko watches on, disturbed at Bob's degrading manners.

BRANKO

I wonder, why did you pick Filip as the one to usurp me? We have nothing in common.

Bob chomps his dinner while he talks. Flecks of food fly.

BOB

That's incorrect.

BRANKO

(offended)

Name one thing.

BOB  
Besides overcompensating for a tiny  
dick-tator?

BRANKO  
Quite the silver tongue you have.  
Shall I have them cut it out?

Bob gulps his wine, swishes it in his mouth like Scope and  
washes it all down with an obnoxious BELCH.

BOB  
Was that over the line?  
(sighs)  
Okay, you and Filip both possess  
the three "must haves" of any  
successful revolutionary leader.  
(beat)  
He must be revered by the populous.

BRANKO  
Of course.

BOB  
He must have been persecuted for  
his political beliefs.

BRANKO  
Sounds familiar.

BOB  
He must be perceived as an  
unwavering patriot.

BRANKO  
Definitely me.

Bob nods to Branko, cocky.

BOB  
See. Told you.

Bob returns to eating his food. Branko digs for a comeback.

BRANKO  
You left out the most important  
one. "He must live long enough to  
see victory."

Bob shrugs, giving Branko props. He raises his wine glass

BOB  
Touché, Mr. President.

Branko grins in satisfaction, finishes the rest of his wine in one long confident swig. That tasted incredible.

**CUT TO:**

INT. SITUATION ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

**SUP: 23 Days Ago.**

General Vukovic and his staff update Branko on their investigation into the growing movement.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Despite their attempts to stay hidden, we've identified the inner circle running "Freedom Now!". The good news is, it's small.

An ORG CHART of the leadership is projected onto the wall.

Vukovic changes the slide to a PHOTO of Filip.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
We believe the ringleader is this man: Filip Dragic.

Branko's eyes narrow on the photo, the face of his enemy.

BRANKO  
Tell me everything about him.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Dragic was one of our own, enlisted in our army and rose to the rank of sergeant before he was caught distributing subversive material. He spent four years in Krypteia re-education camp and was released just nine months ago--

BRANKO  
(cutting him off)  
There is no way a sergeant has even a shred of the cunning it would take to organize and lead a faction of this magnitude. Who's next?

General Vukovic flips to the next slide-- a PHOTO of Teresa.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
This is Teresa Kasun. She was educated at Tarmania University--

Branko's chauvinism instantly dismisses that she could be a threat to his power.

BRANKO

A woman? Pssh. Next... This is all you have?

Vukovic flips through the slides. One catches Branko's eye-- an IMAGE capture from a Krypteia surveillance feed-- a wide shot of the leadership exiting the pub. It flips to another.

BRANKO

Stop. Go back.

The General does. Branko's eyes narrow on the surveillance image-- amongst the group is BOB, in his Dr. Spartak Luga cover. He looks so familiar, Branko's having déjà vu.

Then the realization hits him.

BRANKO

(blurting)

Everyone out now! General Vukovic, you stay.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

You heard the President!

The Intelligence Officers scurry out of the room.

Branko gets up, points to Bob on the screen.

BRANKO

Who is this man?

GENERAL VUKOVIC

We haven't been able to I-D him yet, but our intelligence suggests he's not a key player.

BRANKO

Then our intelligence has failed. You don't recognize this man? Think hard.

General Vukovic is drawing a blank.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

No, sir. We cannot seem to find much on him either.

BRANKO

Of course you can't! That's because he's The Kingbreaker!

It takes a moment for the General to place that name.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
The C-I-A man?

BRANKO  
He's behind this uprising. I want to know why. And this doesn't leave the room. You and I are the only ones who know about last time.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Are you sure?

BRANKO  
Absolutely. I killed the rest. And you buried the bodies.

Vukovic starts to think he might be next.

BRANKO  
I can't believe you let him get this far. Find him. Or take his place on the blocks.

Vukovic was right. Branko storms out of the room.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

Branko catches Bob staring at the ANTIQUE GOLD CLOCK.

BRANKO  
I've noticed you have an affinity for that clock. You have good taste. It's a Breguet, worth over 8 million, U.S.

Bob doesn't respond. Just stares at the clock.

BRANKO  
Must be difficult watching the last few moments of your life tick away. Tic. Toc. Tic. Toc.

Bob snaps out of it. He looks to Branko, angered.

BOB  
Hey pal, you offered me a five-star meal and a quick death if I told you my process.  
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

But instead, I'm choking down goat brain while you drone on like an obnoxious child that won a stuffed animal at a carnival! It's worse than the fucking torture!

Bob waves in a servant for more wine.

BOB

One more over here.

The servant fills his glass from a crystal decanter. Bob immediately chugs it. He grabs the servant's arm.

BOB

Let me just save you the trip.

Bob downs the rest of the glass and presents it again.

BOB

Fill 'er up.

Branko eyes Bob almost feeling pity. Bob slumps, broken.

BRANKO

Do you even know why you were sent to depose me?

BOB

Don't know. Don't care. Never have. Order came down from above. I'm just here to do a job and win.

BRANKO

Unfortunately for you. You've lost.

**CUT TO:**

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

**SUP: 6 Days Ago.**

The leadership of "Freedom Now!" has convened at their HQ. Filip addresses them.

FILIP

Branko is weak. We are strong. The time has come to raise an army and go to war!

Some of them CHEER.

Bob notices Teresa watching, pained, rubbing her pendant. She wipes away tears, hoping no one noticed. Bob approaches.

BOB

Can I trouble you for some tea?  
(on his tremor)  
I'd just make a mess.

TERESA

Sure.

FILIP

(continuing his speech)  
The time has come to drag Branko  
and every last one of his dogs out  
of their mansions and onto the  
streets they've neglected and put  
fucking bullets in their heads!

The leadership CHEERS even louder. Filip eyes Bob and Teresa moving to the makeshift--

KITCHEN-- Teresa fills a kettle with water, uses a long match to light a portable propane stove.

Bob notices he's not the only one shaking.

BOB

Teresa, are you alright?

Teresa SLAMS the kettle down on the burner.

TERESA

No, I'm not alright! Filip is going  
to start a civil war that will  
destroy what's left of our country.  
I prayed it wouldn't come to this.

Bob puts his arm around her shoulder, it tremors.

BOB

I understand.

Teresa sees the toll the movement has taken on him.

TERESA

No, I'm sorry. You've given so much  
time and energy to this. It must be  
so hard with your condition.

BOB

I don't do well with pity.

TERESA

Not pity, gratitude. Everything's happening so fast, I just realized I've never stopped to ask you about your life.

BOB

I told you I'm a professor...

TERESA

I know the genius doctor with the plan. But who are you really? Like on the inside?

BOB

Inside?

TERESA

Yeah, you know, is there anything you're passionate about other than this revolution? What are your hopes? Dreams?

(beat)

Is there a Mrs. Luga waiting back in Boston? Do you have children?

The sort of people Bob deals with never ask personal questions. Don't care enough to. He improvises an answer.

BOB

Yeah, I married this girl. We had a couple kids.

TERESA

You must feel miserable being away from your family for so long.

BOB

Yeah, it has been miserable. But hey, it is what it is.

Teresa picks up on Bob's tone- cold, detached. His sociopathy makes it difficult to lie about such foreign emotions.

TERESA

Really? See, I couldn't bear that. Are they young?

BOB

Very young.

TERESA

I bet your wife can't wait until you come home.

BOB  
Oh, she died a while back.

TERESA  
I'm so sorry. Who's taking care of  
your kids?

The TEA KETTLE starts to WHISTLE.

BOB  
My parents...

Teresa blinks, processing-- suddenly it dawns on her-- Bob's story doesn't add up.

TERESA  
The ones who died in Tarmania after  
you went into exile?

Bob realizes he's caught in his own lie.

Teresa's empathy meter is so sensitive she can tell he's full of shit. She always knew something about him was off, but overrode her intuition.

The kettle whistle has built to a PIERCING crescendo.

A moment of frozen intensity. What's her next move?

BOOM! An explosion rocks the building, drawing Bob and Teresa's attention.

RATATATAT! The sound of machine gun fire nears.

#### MAIN AREA

A REBEL yells out.

REBEL #1  
Krypteia! It's a raid!

He's RIDDLED with bullets as Krypteia rush in, guns blazing.

They're not here to take prisoners. This is a kill squad.

Rebels ready their AK-47s to engage the invaders...

...but they are out-gunned and out-numbered by the professionals.

Rebels fall one after another like bloody dominos.

Even those who surrender aren't met with mercy.

KITCHEN

Teresa freezes. Bob's demeanor shifts, DROPS HIS COVER ACT-- posture straightens, eyes focus. He drops the cane, loses the glasses. Moves to the door, peers out-- it's a bloodbath.

He drives his shoulder into the refrigerator, topples it over, barring the door.

TERESA  
(sputtering fragments)  
How did? Who are? What's going?

BOB  
We have to go. I'll explain later.

TERESA  
What... what about the others?

BOB  
They're not gonna let anyone leave  
this building alive. We need to  
worry about ourselves.

He grabs Teresa's hand and urgently leads her down a stairway into the BASEMENT.

BEHIND THE CURTAIN

Filip throws open a case revealing an PKM BELT-FED MACHINE GUN. He loads it up.

MAIN AREA

The Krypteia spread out tactically, engaging rebels.

Filip emerges from the curtain and lets loose with the PKM. RATATATAT! Successfully downs a handful of Secret Police.

Others RETURN FIRE.

Filip's HIT multiple times, but continues to SPRAY WILDLY. He steadies his machine gun on the podium, hitting a few more.

The rest key-in on Filip-- bullets splinter the podium, rip through wood and flesh-- a detonation of blood and debris.

Filip finally succumbs, falls to his back-- DEAD.

BASEMENT

Bob moves through the darkness with Teresa in tow. He can HEAR movement at the far end. RATATAT! Bob pulls her to cover at the last second.

TERESA  
How can they see us?

BOB  
Thermal optics.

Bob notices they are leaning against a crate of Branko's stolen LIQUOR.

He takes out a bottle, tears off some of his shirt sleeve and stuffs it inside-- an improvised MOLOTOV COCKTAIL. He sparks a zippo, lighting the cloth fuse.

Bob hurls the flaming bottle at the TEAM of Secret Police stalking closer.

It shatters on the cement floor, the blaze ENGULFS the front three commandos. The rest are BLINDED, their thermal optics overwhelmed by the flames.

Bob charges, snatches the RIFLE from a blinded gunman and sends him careening into the others with a push-kick.

He DROPS each Krypteia with a precise DOUBLE-TAP to the chest, then to the head. By the time the final piece of brass hits the floor, all resistance has been eliminated.

Bob returns to Teresa and puts out his hand.

BOB  
Let's go.

Teresa rises, she looks to Bob with shock. This isn't the work of a nerve disease-addled professor.

Bob leads them out of the basement and up to the--

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Bob and Teresa emerge from a hidden stairwell.

Bob moves to a POLICE CRUISER guarding the outer perimeter. An unsuspecting OFFICER stands nearby, mesmerized by the fireworks of the raid. It's an action movie playing out live.

BOB (O.S.)  
Hey, bud.

The officer turns to see Bob, who lands a few quick and BRUTAL strikes. He grabs the officer's head and smashes it against the cruiser's hood, hard. The cop goes limp.

Teresa is in shock at Bob's display of physicality. Bob opens the cruiser's driver-side door.

BOB  
(to Teresa)  
Get in.

RATATAT! A PATROL of Secret Police fires on them--

Bob drops behind the cruiser, snatches up the cop's PISTOL.

He rolls in-line with the front axle. Using it for cover, he RETURNS FIRE underneath the car. Shooting the THREE attackers in the legs, then finishes them off as he runs DRY.

But Bob knows more are coming. He slams in a fresh MAGAZINE, slingshots the slide. Climbs behind the wheel of the--

I/E. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Bob straps in, starts the cruiser. He looks for Teresa, still standing outside frozen in shock.

BOB  
Get in the car now!

Teresa snaps out of it and gets in.

Bob looks straight ahead, TWO Secret Police Mercedes G-WAGONS round a corner, heading straight for him.

Bob shifts it into reverse and guns the throttle. Using the mirrors, he drives the cruiser BACKWARDS.

The G-Wagon's engines ROAR as they gain on Bob and Teresa.

Bob cuts the wheel, spinning the cruiser 180 degrees and throws it into first gear, speeds through an INTERSECTION.

He navigates the city streets at high speeds with the skill and proficiency of a Formula One driver.

BOB  
Shit, this thing's a bullet magnet,  
and they have armor.  
(to Teresa)  
In the back seat, there's a bag of  
riot gear. You see it?

Teresa gets eyes on the BAG.

TERESA  
Uh... I see it.

BOB  
There's a level-four vest inside. I  
need you to unfold it and lay it  
across so the armored plates are  
flat up against the back seat.

Teresa follows his instruction.

A BURST of BULLETS punch holes in the cruiser's rear window.  
Bob sinks as low as he can.

BOB  
Get down and stay down.

In the REARVIEW MIRROR: Krypteia jut out from the MOONROOF of  
each G-Wagon, spray H&K MG4 machine guns at Bob's cruiser--  
barking muzzle-flashes into the night like dragon's breath.

Bullets penetrate the cruiser's thin skin with ease.

The rear window SHATTERS. The bulletproof vest dances  
violently as it absorbs the supersonic projectiles.

Bob knows it won't stop much more. He flips a few switches,  
kicking on the POLICE LIGHTS and SIREN.

He jerks the wheel, right into OF ONCOMING TRAFFIC.

The G-Wagons follow suit. Incoming cars swerve to avoid the  
FLASHING police cruiser. Bob weaves through the onslaught.

The Secret Police try their damndest to keep up, but Bob's a  
superior driver.

In a straightaway, one of the G-Wagons gains as its gunner  
continues to RAIN FIRE on the cruiser.

Bob guns it, playing chicken with an oncoming car. Teresa  
loses her breath, braces for impact.

At the last possible moment, Bob swerves, sheering off the  
side-view mirror-- leaving the G-Wagon on his tail with no  
time to react.

It impacts the oncoming car in a HEAD-TO-HEAD COLLISION--  
headlights go dark in a cloud of shredded metal and dust.

But Bob and Teresa still have one G-Wagon in pursuit. Bob  
clocks it closing on them.

BOB  
Fasten your seat-belt. Keep your  
arms in your lap.  
(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)  
And no matter what, don't tense up.  
We're about to get in a wreck.

Teresa's eyes go wide. She does as instructed.

He CRANKS the EMERGENCY BRAKE. The cruiser's wheels lock up.

The G-Wagon can't slow down fast enough and SLAMS into the rear-end of the cruiser.

The cruiser's airbags go off, catching Bob and Teresa's limp bodies. The mass of crumpled steel screeches to a stop.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Bob pushes out of the wrecked cruiser, getting his bearings.

He surveys the wreckage-- the G-Wagon's bumper smashed all the way into the cruiser's back seat. The moonroof gunner lies in a mangled heap on the cruiser's hood. The bloodied driver hangs out of his open window.

The driver sees Bob approaching and scrambles for his SIDEARM. Bob snatches the pistol from him and puts a SAFETY SHOT in his head.

Traffic has stopped to eye the carnage. Bob levels the pistol at a HATCHBACK and motions for the driver to get out.

Bob scoops a barely conscious Teresa out of the cruiser wreckage, helps her into the hatchback. He pulls away.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Bob screeches around a corner to a side street. He checks the REARVIEW: doesn't spot any pursuers.

INT. SINGLE-CAR GARAGE - TENEMENT BUILDING

Bob parks. He hops out, pulls down the door.

INT. HALL - TENEMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Bob approaches the SAFE HOUSE door with Teresa in tow.

He keys in using the hidden FINGERPRINT SCANNER. Steel bolts retract. The door swings open--

INT. SAFE HOUSE

Bob flicks on the lights. Teresa surveys the sterile space, extreme confusion almost leaving her frozen in a fugue state.

BOB  
Give me your cell phone.

She hands it over. Bob takes it and moves into the--

KITCHEN

He opens the MICROWAVE and puts his phone inside.

Hesitates, makes sure he's out of view... opens her phone and TYPES something, hits SEND.

He tosses hers in, closes the microwave door, hits START.

Their phones SPARK, SIZZLE and POP as they fry.

Bob fishes out the bottle of BOURBON. Pours four fingers into a coffee mug.

BOB  
Your adrenaline is still spiking  
from the shock.

LIVING AREA

He brings the mug in to her.

BOB  
Drink this. It'll calm your nerves.

She sips the bourbon, stops when it burns.

BOB  
No. Finish it.

She gulps the rest of it down.

BOB  
Now lie down on the couch and close  
your eyes. You need to rest.

Not knowing what else to do, Teresa takes his advice. Bob turns to head into the BEDROOM. She sits up, worried.

TERESA  
Where are you going?

BOB  
I'll just be in the other room.

He closes the door behind him. Teresa lays back down, spent.

BEDROOM

The CASES of GEAR we saw Bob smuggle into the country sit open on the floor next to the mattress.

He approaches the desk. Opens his ultra-thin LAPTOP, types in the password. A SECURE VIDEO-CHAT pops up...

LIVING AREA

Through the silence, Teresa can faintly hear Bob conversing with someone. Curious, she gets up and sneaks over to the bedroom door.

She silently opens it a crack. Peeks inside--

BEDROOM

Bob briefs Sam on the FUBAR status of his op.

SAM  
(over video chat)  
You screw the pooch?

BOB  
Well, my cover's blown. I exfiled to the safe-house. H-Q is a total loss, but I was at least able to get the girl out in time.

SAM  
Good. Lay low 'til morning, then head for the border. A welcome party will be waiting.

The video-chat ends. Bob closes the laptop. He swivels to catch Teresa spying on him.

BOB  
I told you to lay down.

Teresa confronts Bob.

TERESA  
You also told me you were a crippled professor! Who are you?!

BOB  
(coming clean)  
What can I say? I'm a spy. A C-I-A regime-change specialist. My real name is Bob and I'm from Cleveland.

TERESA

You are so full of shit! Why should I believe anything you say?

BOB

Because you don't have a choice.

TERESA

We always have a choice. Watch me make mine.

Teresa makes for the door. Bob cuts her off.

BOB

Teresa, stop.

She tries to shove through, but he doesn't budge.

TERESA

Get out of my way!

BOB

Listen, I'm on your side. I was tapped to overthrow Branko and install Filip as the new leader.

TERESA

And who gave you the authority to decide that?

BOB

I'm sorry for lying to you, but I've been helping your movement. What difference do the details make at this point?

His audacity enrages her. She SLAPS him across the face.

TERESA

"What difference?" You USED me and my friends. You deceived us so you could play God. People died. Only someone who's completely detached from humanity wouldn't understand why that matters.

(beat)

You're no different than Branko.

Bob's psyche stings more than his skin. But even if she's right, he doesn't have time for it.

BOB

He's trying to kill you, and I'm trying to save you.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

So we can sit here and debate geopolitical ethics all night, but it won't change the facts: Filip is dead. The movement is in shambles. The Krypteia are hunting you down. And this safe house is the only place in Tarmania they won't find you.

(beat)

I know this may be difficult and a lot to absorb, but you need to accept the situation and get some sleep. I'll handle the rest.

She processes, centers. Although she trusts him even less than before, she knows the smart play is to stick with Bob.

Bob heads for the door.

TERESA

What kind of man can be so mechanical about all of this?

He stops, turns back. Coming to terms with it--

BOB

A sociopath. But I'm all you've got.

And he's out the door.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAWN

Bob sits in the desk chair, gun in his lap. He's been watching Teresa sleep. *Was he up all night?*

She stirs and wakes to Bob's gaze, uncomfortable.

Without a word, she slides out of bed, pulls on her shoes. Bob sits up, curious.

TERESA

Okay, double-oh-seven, what's next?

He stands abruptly.

BOB

My op's been compromised. New orders are to exfil the fuck out of Tarmania, with or without you. Your call.

TERESA  
I'm not running away.

BOB  
You're not running. Call it a  
"strategic retreat." You know, live  
to fight another day.

TERESA  
I can't change anything by hiding.

BOB  
No, but when the time is right,  
things have cooled down, you return  
home. With the right plan, the  
right backing, you'd finally be  
able to free your country. Branko  
would never see you coming.

She thinks it through. Smirks at his pitch.

TERESA  
You're a total con-artist.

BOB  
Am I wrong?

TERESA  
No.

BOB  
Good.

#### KITCHEN

Bob tears open two MRE POUCHES and stands them up on the counter. He pours bottled water inside, seals them shut, shakes them up.

Teresa emerges from the bedroom.

BOB  
Here.

He slides an MRE and a plastic spoon to her.

She opens the pouch, skeptically eyes the steaming-hot soggy yellow mixture inside.

Bob shovels spoonfuls of his own MRE into his mouth.

TERESA  
What is it?

BOB  
(reading the package)  
U.S. Army calls this one "Denver  
Omelette."

She loses her appetite at the sight. He rolls his eyes.

BOB  
Hey, I don't care what you think it  
tastes like. You need the fuel. Got  
a long road ahead of us.

Bob can tell he was too harsh. He softens.

BOB  
Besides, when's the last time a man  
cooked you breakfast?

TERESA  
If you were actually from Tarmania,  
you'd know that's never happened.

His grin is infectious, she can't help but smirk.

BOB  
Happy to be your first. Now eat up.  
Sooner you finish, sooner we can  
get going.

She reluctantly digs in.

A SERIES OF QUICK CUTS:

-- BATHROOM -- Bob rinses DYE and CHEMICAL RELAXER from Teresa's hair, revealing it's no longer brown and frizzy, but now DIRTY BLONDE and STRAIGHT. He helps her insert CONTACTS, making her brown eyes BLUE. BUZZES his head to a high-fade. He now looks like the Bob WE KNOW FROM DINNER.

-- LIVING AREA -- Bob SNAPS HEADSHOTS of their new looks.

-- BEDROOM -- He uploads them to the laptop, connects a hi-tech device-- uses the PHOTOS to CREATE GERMAN PASSPORTS.

-- LIVING AREA -- He smashes the laptop with the butt of his gun, tosses it into the fireplace with the rest of his sensitive material. Douses it with fuel. Sets it ablaze.

INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

-- Posing as German tourists on holiday, Bob and Teresa shuffle in line for a CUSTOMS CHECKPOINT.

-- She squeezes his hand nervously, he squeezes back. Reassures her with just a look.

-- A CUSTOMS AGENT scans Bob's passport, a GREEN LIGHT indicates it's CLEARED, and he's let through.

-- Bob checks his WATCH-- their train departs in two minutes.

-- Teresa is next. The agent scans her passport. A RED LIGHT indicates its authentication is INVALID. He is uneasy.

Bob gestures for him to try again. He does. A tense beat while the scanner authenticates... RED LIGHT. The agent takes a hard look at Teresa. *Does he recognize her?*

The agent BARKS into his radio.

A SUPERVISOR comes over, pulls Teresa aside. He looks at her face. The passport. Back to her face.

Bob's hand moves close to the gun concealed in his waistband. Wound tight, ready for anything.

The supervisor nods, a slight smirk crosses his lips. He leans in close to Teresa.

SUPERVISOR  
(whisper)  
Freedom now.

He WAVES HER THROUGH. A look of relief and gratitude washes over her.

Bob relaxes. *That was close.*

EXT. PASSENGER TRAIN - DAY

Bob and Teresa board the TRAIN just before the doors close, and it departs the station right on time.

INT. PASSENGER TRAIN (MOVING)

They move through PASSENGER CARS, into a FIRST CLASS CAR and enter a--

I/E. FIRST CLASS SLEEPER - TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

The train rips down the tracks. Even with the cabin door closed, Teresa is still on edge. She stares out at the forest whipping by, rubs her COIN NECKLACE. Bob notices.

BOB  
You can relax now.

TERESA  
I am relaxed.

Bob shakes his head, he knows better.

BOB  
Every time you get nervous, you rub  
that necklace. What is it?

TERESA  
It's a coin from ancient Greece.

BOB  
What's it mean to you?

TERESA  
You wouldn't understand.

BOB  
Try me.

She holds it up for Bob to see.

TERESA  
It's engraved with the word  
"Eleutheria." It means liberty.  
This coin was minted when  
philosophers of this land birthed  
the very notion of democracy.  
(beat)  
I wear it to remind me that if my  
homeland was once free, there is  
hope it can be again.  
(then)  
Because of you, I have a second  
chance at being a part of that.

Through all her anger and distrust, all she feels now for Bob  
is gratitude.

TERESA  
Thank you.

But Bob can't feel her deep appreciation. Tries to mask it.

BOB  
Just another day at the office.

She moves in closer.

TERESA

No, I mean it. Really. You saved my life. I'm eternally grateful. I want you to feel that...

Teresa gazes deep into his eyes, searching for a vestige of humanity. For once Bob is speechless.

She puts his right hand over her heart.

TERESA

Can you feel it?

To his surprise, he can.

Overwhelmed, he moves in for a kiss...

But he's INTERRUPTED by the train JOSTLING.

His expression drops. He moves to the cabin window, peers out, concerned.

TERESA

What's wrong?

BOB

We're slowing down.

TERESA

So? We have one more stop before the border.

BOB

Yeah, but we're seven minutes ahead of schedule for that stop. If there's one thing tyrants get right, it's that the trains always run on time.

The train STOPS. Her fear and panic rush back.

TERESA

You said if we made it through customs we were home free.

BOB

Apparently not.

Bob slides open the cabin door and peeks out.

Three cabins away-- FOUR SECRET POLICE sweep the hall, re-checking each passenger against PHOTOS of Bob and Teresa.

BOB  
Krypteia. They're coming for us. I  
need you to hide. It's going to get  
crowded in here.

She ducks into their private lavatory.

The Secret Police KNOCK on the cabin door.

SECRET POLICE (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Krypteia. I-D check. Open up.

Bob opens the door.

BOB  
Sure, let me get my passport.

Two of the Secret Police enter. Bob ambushes them with QUICK  
BRUTAL strikes to the throat, eyes, nose, groin, knees...

...the other two push inside...

...Bob takes them all on at the same time.

One-by-one, they crumple unconscious at his feet.

Bob has to clear the bodies to let Teresa out. She exits to  
see the aftermath.

BOB  
We're getting off here.

He SMASHES out the cabin WINDOW and throws a blanket over the  
window sill to cover glass shards and...

EXT. WOODS - DAY

She lands next to the train tracks, which carve through a  
dense FOREST. Bob follows.

At the front of the train, TWO TEAMS of Secret Police spot  
them and OPEN FIRE-- RATATAT!

Bob draws from concealment, and in less than a second, FIRES  
back, downing TWO.

He pushes Teresa behind a tree for cover.

BOB  
We need to make a run for the  
border. Follow me.

MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Teresa sprint through the WOODS, trees obscure what's coming up and what's behind them.

Their hot breath pumps into the cold mountain air like steam.

Bob hears the BARKING HOUNDS of an incoming patrol. He motions to Teresa to stop.

BOB

There's a patrol up ahead. We have to hide. Let them pass.

He shows her how to rub soil and crushed pine needles all over her face, hands.

BOB

It'll cover our scent. Throw off the dogs.

TERESA

The dogs?

Bob buries her in mud and dead tree branches on the forest floor. He conceals himself in the same way.

BOB'S POV: Dirt and leaf obstructed, he can see the Krypteia patrol enter the clearing. They carefully sweep the area, following their rabid dogs.

TERESA'S POV: The patrol moves close to where Bob is hidden. One dog hits a scent hard on the mound of forest debris. The Secret Police PUMP HALF A MAG into the pile.

Teresa's jaw drops in horror.

But the Secret Police turn it over. It's EMPTY.

They continue their sweep, moving toward the train.

Teresa trembles with panic, strains to hold back her tears, hyperventilating.

A HAND reaches from BEHIND, covers her mouth...

...Teresa whips around to see...it's Bob. Motions "shhh" with his other hand. She nods. They whisper.

TERESA

I thought they killed you.

BOB  
 That won't happen.  
 (beat)  
 Listen, we're clear. They'll sweep  
 back to the train. Border is that  
 way. Let's go.

Bob helps Teresa dig out of her hide. Now both covered in  
 soil, leaves, they get back on the run.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

They've covered miles of rough terrain. Bob motions to Teresa  
 to stop. They take cover behind a felled, rotting tree.

BOB  
 Fifty meters up. That's it. There's  
 no fence or border checkpoint.

She nods, trying to catch her breath. He's barely winded.  
 She can't hold it back any longer and PUKES.

TERESA  
 My lungs are burning.

BOB  
 Breathe deep. Slow your heart rate.  
 (beat)  
 I'm gonna need you at a dead sprint  
 until we're on the other side of  
 the border.

She heeds his advice. Calms her breathing and takes his hand.

A long beat.

BOB  
 Alright, ready?

Teresa looks to Bob like "I'll never be ready," but she nods  
 like a champ.

BOB  
 Good. On my count.  
 (beat)  
 Move.

They both SPRINT...

...weaving through the forest's dense foliage.

Bob sees the BORDER CLEARING just up ahead...

...no resistance in sight. They push out of the woods and straight into--

TWO SECRET POLICE PATROLS that have been waiting, posted at angles to remain out of sight. They train their weapons on Bob and Teresa.

Bob locks eyes with their commander-- General Vukovic.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
You are surrounded! Get on the  
ground with your hands up!

Teresa looks to Bob in total fear, her eyes scream "what should we do?".

Bob shakes his head in anger and disappointment. He raises his hands to the sky and complies.

BOB  
I'm sorry, Teresa.

They have no choice but to surrender.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRISON - DAY

Bob, bloodied and stripped to the waist, hangs from CORDS tied around his WRISTS and ANKLES.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
We can do this all day, Bob. This brings me no pleasure. I will stop if you tell me everything. How you operate. Your process. Your contacts in "Freedom Now!".

BOB  
I won't give you a word.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Hit him again.

A faceless guard pummels Bob's sensitive areas with a RUBBER TRUNCHEON. This has been going on for days.

BOB  
Same old Vukovic. The consummate soldier. Except you're so focused on following orders you don't stop to think if the man giving them is actually interested in the nation's better good.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
I swore an oath to Tarmania and  
President Zahradnic is our leader.

BOB  
Yeah, because I made him. Funny,  
you would've been my first choice.  
But I knew you didn't have the  
stomach for politics. Ironical, since  
you have the stomach for torture.

General Vukovic doesn't show it, but that got to him.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
Hit him again.

The guard SLAMS his fists into Bob like a punching bag.

Vukovic sees a RED LIGHT pop on above the TWO-WAY MIRROR.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
That's enough for now.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - PRISON - SAME TIME

ON THE OTHER SIDE-- Branko watches the mirror-- it's the  
silver-screen of a poshly decorated cinema. Vukovic enters.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
He is unresponsive to our  
interrogation methods.

Branko nods, whispers a command into his ear.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Bob hangs, spent. General Vukovic enters, approaches.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
President Zahradnic would like to  
offer you a deal.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT (NOW)

Branko and Bob watch a servant at a table-side stove-cart  
prepare dessert like a showman-- pours brandy into a pan,  
with a match, ignites the flambéd bananas.

Two more servants present the sweets to Bob and Branko.

BOB  
 Finally, something that won't look  
 better on the way out.

Bob chews slowly, savoring the flavor of the last course of  
 the last meal he'll ever eat. He sighs with satisfaction.

BOB  
 Mmm. Mmmmm. Mmmmmmmmm!

Bob's over-the-top theatrics have made Branko lose his  
 appetite-- drops his gold fork, pushes his plate away.

BRANKO  
 (abruptly)  
 So, why did you take Teresa with  
 you?

BOB  
 I just reacted. She's valuable to  
 the movement.

Bob's answer doesn't check out.

BRANKO  
 No. I know what that was.

Bob feigns ignorance, poorly.

BOB  
 What?

BRANKO  
 I can tell by the look on your  
 face. You fucked her. She got you  
 pussy drunk, didn't she?

BOB  
 Please, I'm a professional.

BRANKO  
 Yes, that's it. She is a fine piece  
 of ass, I'll give you that.

Bob smirks, feigning guilt. Branko smiles.

BRANKO  
 That's what I thought.

BOB  
 It doesn't matter. That's not  
 enough of a slip-up for you to  
 track me down. There has to be  
 more.

Branko shrugs coyly.

BRANKO

True.

Bob leans in, hungry for the answer.

BOB

So what was it?

Branko revels in the fact that his creator is asking him how he was outsmarted. He has a thought.

BRANKO

You know what? Since you have honored your end of the deal, I will reciprocate. Tell you how I beat the mighty Kingbreaker.

(to servants and guards)

Everybody out. Leave us, lock the door and do not enter unless I explicitly call for you... Now!

They rush out of the room, locking the door behind.

BRANKO

Now that we have some privacy, let me regale you.

**CUT TO:**

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - DAY

**SUP: 23 Days Ago.**

Branko storms in holding the PHOTO of Bob.

He sits behind his large antique desk in an oversized dark leather chair, deep in thought-- stares at the photo.

BRANKO (V.O.)

I was racking my brain trying to figure out why you were back in Tarmania trying to overthrow a regime you installed. There had to be an outside influence.

Branko has an idea. He flips through his APPOINTMENT BOOK and stops when he finds what he's looking for. He makes a call.

BRANKO

Get me Henry Stonecutter. Now.

LATER

Branko stands in front of a large monitor on a VIDEO CALL. On the other end-- Henry Stonecutter from his PRIVATE JET.

HENRY

Good to hear from you, President Zahradnic. How are things in your fine country of Tarmania?

BRANKO

Spare me the platitudes. Are you or are you not behind the revolution?

HENRY

Revolution? I'm confused. I assumed you reached out in regards to my offer.

BRANKO

Maybe I did. The last time we met you intimated that I might be deposed. A brief time passes, and now there is a C-I-A operative in Tarmania fomenting a revolution. I do not believe in coincidences.

HENRY

Neither do I.

(beat)

Well done. You got me. I admit, I have many friends in high places.

(then)

If you reconsider my offer, they'll leave you alone.

Branko seethes with fury.

BRANKO

Then I agree to your terms.

HENRY

Perfect.

BRANKO

So, you will call off your dogs?

HENRY

With the next call I make. In fact, I'll even throw in the agent that's been causing you all this trouble to sweeten the deal.

BRANKO

You would just hand him over?

HENRY

I'm paying his handler enough he won't mind. Bob's past his prime, headful of secrets. He's expendable. Do whatever you want with him. Kill him. Hell, use him and then kill him. Nothing rallies people like a foreign threat.

Branko shrugs, that's not a bad idea.

**CUT TO:**

INT. DINING ROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE (NOW)

Bob stares at the ANTIQUE GOLD CLOCK-- ticking down his last moments. Fury blazes in his eyes.

BOB

It seems irony's trending... betrayed by my own handler. Spent half my life working with Sam and the crusty son of a bitch sold me out just like that.

(beat)

Both of you just bent over and kissed this guy's ring.

BRANKO

Ha! I have no intention of honoring the deal. Now that I have you, Stonecutter no longer has any players on the board. I'm just going to kill them both.

BOB

Can you at least make it slow and painful? For me.

BRANKO

It would be my pleasure to grant you this final wish.

BOB

So, what do you get out of this besides revenge?

BRANKO

Global respect. A massive mineral discovery puts Tarmania on the map.

(MORE)

BRANKO (CONT'D)

They'll have to give me a seat at the U.N. As a bonus, I plan to keep all of the money for myself.

BOB

Why do tyrants always wrap their greed in nationalism? You don't give a single fuck about the people. You have no regard for anyone but yourself. This is all about a simpleton trying to amass enough wealth and power to make people forget who he is. A nobody.

Now Branko is furious.

BRANKO

Look around you. Is this the home of a nobody?! No. This is the palace of a king. And my people are nothing but mindless animals that need to be controlled. They don't deserve wealth and wouldn't know what to do with it if they had it.

BOB

Says the guy who spends their fortune on racing cars, riding horses and a pet tiger.

(beat)

I'm gone for like five minutes, and you go from freedom fighter to a walking cliché.

BRANKO

I quickly learned military men are just loyal dogs that are to be used as expendable pawns so that true leaders can keep their rightful seat of power. And now your death will serve this purpose.

Bob deflates, defeated.

BOB

Bravo, you have learned something. You even figured out the final step on your own. Step #6: Topple the leader and install his successor. Clean up. Persuade the new leader to eliminate his compatriots. They are now threats to his power.

BRANKO

Well, it looks like I'll be following the latter half of that step to the letter when I execute you tomorrow. Your failed coup will give me just the popularity boost I need to rally public support around me.

BOB

How's that?

BRANKO

I'll reveal that a foreign government is meddling in my country's affairs in a rousing speech that will stir up the people's nationalism. I will then publicly execute you and that rebel cunt in the square to show my strength in standing up to foreign manipulation and domestic traitors.

(beat)

Now that I think of it, I will even create a new agency: "The Ministry of National Safety and Security".

BOB

Catchy.

BRANKO

By killing you, I'm finally finishing what you started all those years ago. You got me into power and, in fact, did become a threat. Even according to your own rules, you must die. Tomorrow, Frankenstein will kill his creator. Poetic. Isn't it?

BOB

Hate to burst your bubble there, but you've got that backwards. Dr. Frankenstein was the creator... and the monster killed himself.

Branko shakes his head in fury. Keys an intercom.

BRANKO

We're finished here. Take him away.

Guards enter and escort Bob out.

BOB  
(on his way out)  
See you in the morning.

CUT TO:

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - PRESIDENTIAL PALACE - NIGHT

Bob, now wearing fine silk pajamas, slips himself between the satin sheets of a king-sized bed. He lays his head on the fluffy pillow.

He looks cool as a cucumber.

INT. CELL - PRISON - SAME TIME

A shaft of light carves through the dingy, dark cell from an open door. Teresa struggles as guards force her inside.

One RIPS OFF her COIN NECKLACE, then throws her to the ground with a THUD. The door SLAMS shut.

They've given her the royal treatment. She wears little more than rags. Blood seeps from her nose and lips.

Too weak to move, she curls up on the cold concrete for the night, rubbing the bare skin where the COIN used to rest.

INT. TARMANIAN HOME - SAME TIME

A large Tarmanian family huddles around a TV, watching the State News Report announcing Teresa's forthcoming execution. It's the same family that watched Krypteia beat their patriarch to death in the street.

There's a KNOCK at the door. The eldest TEENAGE BOY opens it to find a "Freedom Now!" supporter we recognize.

SUPPORTER  
Freedom now.

TEENAGE BOY  
Freedom now.

They shake hands, and the teenager slips out with the supporter. They head for the next house and... KNOCK.

The KNOCKS continue and--

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

Still packed with protestors. Riot police blockade all routes into and out of the square. But today they're backed up by TRUCKLOADS of SOLDIERS, geared up and ready for a war.

A MASSIVE STAGE has been erected at one end so that Branko can admire his own statue staring back at him.

Guarding the stage are 300 SECRET POLICE. They ominously scan the crowd like vultures, de-humanized by their BALLISTIC FACE MASKS. SNIPERS are perched on every high point.

ON STAGE-- A podium sprouting with a bouquet of microphones is flanked by teleprompters.

Behind it, Tarmania's LEADERSHIP is in attendance, dressed in their best. Among them is General Vukovic. Behind them, a full MILITARY BRASS BAND plays.

IN THE CROWD-- INTERNATIONAL PRESS CREWS stand by. Cameras roll, producers prep their TALKING HEADS with makeup and talking points-- eager to capture what will surely be their Pulitzer winner.

Though the people intermingle, they remain ideologically divided-- a third protest Branko, another third support Branko and the last third don't have a clue who they should support.

WHOOSH!

THREE AW101 VVIP luxury HELICOPTERS emblazoned with the Tarmanian flag and Presidential Seal SOAR over the teeming square so low that their rotor-wash blows hats off heads and signs out of hands.

The impressive aircraft suck everyone's attention to the sky like a giant vacuum.

People shield their eyes as the choppers bank hard in front of the sun. Two of them hover high above while only the third descends behind the stage.

Heads swivel to a Jerry Jones-sized JUMBOTRON--

It broadcasts the live State News feed of the helicopter as it hovers above the square and settles on the cobblestone--

Branko's version of Marine One landing on the South Lawn.

Krypteia open the helicopter's hatch, lower its stairs to the end of a long RED CARPET. They stand at attention on either side like columns, awaiting their leader.

An ANNOUNCER comes over the SPEAKERS--

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
His excellency, the President of  
Tarmania, Branko Zahradnic!

Branko emerges, wearing formal MILITARY DRESS that's a little too tailored and stylish to really sell him as a warrior. His suit-coat is adorned with a ceremonial sash and enough service MEDALS to cover his chest.

The Krypteia stiffly salute Branko in unison. Branko returns the salute, like he actually gives a shit.

He waves to the cameras as his massive security detail escorts him down the red carpet and up the side of the stage.

The crowd BOOS and CHEERS while the band plays INTRO MUSIC as Branko enters the stage-- handshaking the elite on his way up to the podium.

The degree to which Branko's lavish lifestyle is disconnected from that of his people is so obvious, it's cringe-worthy.

ON STAGE-- Branko takes the podium. He salutes the crowd like all dictators do.

BRANKO  
My fellow Tarmanians. The sun  
shines down upon our great nation  
today, because our future is  
bright. We are set for our debut on  
the global stage. Under my  
direction, our Department of State  
Mineral Resources has discovered  
one of the largest deposits of rare  
minerals in the world. This gift  
from our homeland will bring  
billions of dollars and tens of  
thousands of jobs to Tarmania.

Branko gestures as he speaks-- we notice remnants of Bob's training from all those years ago.

BRANKO  
Noble citizens of Tarmania, I vow  
that each and every one of you will  
share in this wealth. This  
prosperity will bring you untold  
opportunities.  
(MORE)

BRANKO (CONT'D)

The world will no longer be able to deny the significance of our small but mighty country.

Branko's supporters CHEER.

*He's one hell of a liar.*

Bob and Teresa are trotted out in CHAINS underneath a GALLOWS that's been installed stage left. On the scaffold above, a hooded EXECUTIONER readies ropes tied off with NOOSES.

BRANKO

But unfortunately there are some that are trying to hinder our nation's progress. The turmoil and chaos that you've endured has been caused by these traitors. They don't want you to have the wealth and respect you deserve.

The Krypteia force Bob and Teresa up the gallows' stairs. The Executioner moves each of them over a trap-door.

BRANKO

Working with foreign intelligence agencies of the West, they have plotted to overthrow your rightful leader...

ON BOB AND TERESA-- Without a word, the Executioner methodically cinches a noose around each of their necks-- positioning the knots at the base of the skull to ensure a clean break.

Teresa weeps, but given the circumstances, she's actually holding it together pretty well.

BOB

Don't be afraid, Teresa.

TERESA

I'm not afraid to die anymore. But when you told me this would end with liberty or death, I was hoping it would be liberty.

BOB

Me too. But as long as there's still blood in your veins and air in your lungs, you're still in the fight. You're not dead till you're dead. Got it?

She nods, the new perspective surges her full of might--  
what's she got left to lose? She CRIES OUT--

TERESA  
Branko out! Freedom now! Branko  
out! Freedom now!

IN THE CROWD-- A few REBELS begin chanting.

BACK ON BRANKO-- He hears the chant, but scans for its  
source. He tries to ignore it and continues.

BRANKO  
...I will restore law and order so  
that together, we can make Tarmania  
great again!

IN THE CROWD-- More Rebels start picking up Teresa's chant.

REBELS  
(all together)  
Branko out! Freedom Now!

ON STAGE-- Teresa continues to call out.

TERESA  
Shake off the chains of bondage!  
You have the power to choose!

The Executioner puts his hand on the lever. Waits for the  
order to throw it, and hang Bob and Teresa.

TERESA  
I'd rather die standing for liberty  
than live one more breath as a  
slave!

Branko tries to stonewall.

BRANKO  
And every single person responsible  
for--

But the CHANT only grows LOUDER.

BRANKO  
--every single person responsible  
for sending this country into chaos  
will be found, and executed...

IN THE CROWD-- The UNARMED REBELS have amassed around the  
stage, closing in.

They egg-on others to join them.

ON STAGE--

TERESA

Absolute power corrupts absolutely!  
That's why no one should have it!  
But his power comes from each of  
you! And you can take it back!

IN THE CROWD-- Seeing Teresa show such strength in the face of death inspires even Branko's supporters. Many convert and join in the CHANT.

ON STAGE-- Branko fumes. He's had enough.

BRANKO

"Freedom Now!" is a false movement!

He loses control.

BRANKO

There is no such thing as freedom!  
It is a lie, sold by the West so  
they can conquer nations and expand  
their empire!

The CHANT GROWS LOUDER AND LOUDER until it is so ROARING  
Branko can barely hear his own voice.

BRANKO

The truth is-- all people need a  
ruler! They need structure! Freedom  
is chaos! I provide order...

Bob calls out to Branko from the gallows.

BOB

I don't think they're buying it.

Branko steps back from the podium and turns to Bob.

BRANKO

You think I care? What are they  
going to do about it? They're not  
armed. My men are.

IN THE CROWD-- The REBELS push forward, climbing over the  
cement K-RAIL barriers where a phalanx line of RIOT POLICE  
stand ready.

The riot police hold their shields together. But the force of  
human mass moving against them is too great.

It drives them apart.

ON STAGE-- Bob grins smugly at Branko.

BOB

There's too many of 'em. Armed or not, they're comin' through.

Branko eyes the horde encroaching, turns to--

BRANKO

General Vukovic, command your men to open fire on these instigators!

The General readies a handheld RADIO COM. He goes to speak into it, but... he stops himself.

BRANKO

What are you waiting for?! Do it!

Vukovic simmers on this for a beat. The past twenty years of his command will be defined by what he does next.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

(into radio)

Krypteia, stand down. Do not fire. These people are unarmed.

Almost in disbelief, his Secret Police look to their commander to confirm the order.

General Vukovic waves them to lower their ASSAULT RIFLES. They comply and let the rebels through.

The rebels STORM THE STAGE, climbing up the scaffolding...

Branko marches to Vukovic.

BRANKO

What are you doing?!

GENERAL VUKOVIC

I will not order MY men to fire on unarmed protestors. You've betrayed Tarmania far more than any of these people. You've stolen its wealth. You consider its soldiers and citizens as nothing but livestock on your farm.

IN THE CROWD-- Everybody watches this play out on the BIG SCREEN. They can hear everything from the stage MICROPHONES over the SPEAKERS.

ON STAGE-- Gobsmacked, Branko cuts to the Executioner.

BRANKO  
You, hang the spies!

The Executioner pulls down on the lever...

...Teresa and Bob share one last look... moments from death... the trap-door rattles...

...But before the Executioner can pull the lever all the way, he turns to see the rebel mob NOW STANDING RIGHT BEHIND HIM.

He looks to Branko, then back to the rebels-- about to tear him apart if he makes the wrong move...

...It's futile. Self-preservation kicks in, he RELEASES the lever and backs away.

"Freedom Now!" rebels, many recognizable from before, grant the Executioner a stay. They CUT Teresa and Bob FREE.

Branko continues to spin out.

BRANKO  
General, stop this madness at once!

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
I am. When I helped you take power, I supported you because I believed that you had the nation's best interests at heart. Now I know that was a lie.

BRANKO  
You're a soldier. Where is your loyalty to your Supreme Leader?!

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
I swore my life to this country, not to you.

BRANKO  
You are an insubordinate traitor! Someone shoot this piece of shit!

Branko looks around frantic for someone to intervene.

Krypteia and Military don't budge, just stare back at him, seeing him in a whole new light. The emperor has no clothes.

GENERAL VUKOVIC  
No, Branko, you're the traitor.

Vukovic rips off Branko's MILITARY MEDALS from his chest.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

You're not fit to wear these. And  
you're not fit for this office.

Rebels move in, CAPTURE Branko. Bob approaches.

BOB

Remember when I told you there were  
six steps to my process? I lied.  
There's actually eight.

(beat)

And Step #7 is: You've won their  
hearts and minds, but true  
political power comes from the  
barrel of a gun. Be sure the  
military is on your side.

Branko is having a total "WTF?!" moment.

BOB

You did that for me by revealing  
your true character in front of  
General Vukovic.

This realization crystallizes in Branko's mind. He's dug his  
own grave.

BOB

(gloating)

I orchestrated this whole thing. I  
got you to sit the spy down to  
dinner and concoct this elaborate  
plan to kill him, and then I turned  
it on you. I actually had a lot of  
fun with it. Now, I'm off to enjoy  
step eight.

As rebels drag Branko away, he yells back, still obsessed  
with how Bob beat him.

BRANKO

What's step eight?! Bob?! BOB!

Bob stares blankly as Branko is hauled off.

BOB

(a la Road Runner)

Beep. Beep.

ACROSS THE STAGE-- Teresa huddles with her revolutionaries.  
Bob approaches.

BOB

People are on edge. It's going to get real ugly, real fast unless someone takes the mic to settle them down. Reassure them. I think it should be you.

Teresa doesn't know what to say.

TERESA

I don't think I'm the right person for this. Everyone thought Filip was the best choice...

BOB

Filip was an asshole. He was going to kill you and the rest of the leadership as soon as he got in power.

Teresa's shocked.

BOB

I was wrong. Wrong about Filip, wrong about you, wrong about what's good for Tarmania. Now I know that the people need YOU to lead them.

Teresa's head is spinning.

TERESA

I'm not even sure I want to. All leaders eventually become corrupted. I could never live with myself if I went down that path.

BOB

And that's exactly why you must lead. I've been all over the globe, and you are the only genuine, selfless and virtuous rebel that I've ever met. Everyone else was just greedy for wealth or power.

Bob puts her hands in his.

BOB

But you give me hope that the world can change for the better. You will bring freedom to Tarmania. But it's up to you whether or not you fulfill that destiny.

Teresa wipes away the tears Bob's words brought out of her and steels herself.

She takes the PODIUM--

TERESA  
(off the cuff)  
Tarmania. Do not be afraid.  
Dictators like Branko want to  
convince us that we cannot be free.  
That we are too stupid or too weak  
to know what to do with freedom.  
That is the lie of all tyrants.

Teresa COVERS HER HEART, just like Bob taught her.

TERESA  
The truth is, we all want to help  
one another. We want to love one  
another. We want to defend  
ourselves and each other.

Talking about the people, she OPENS HER ARMS WIDE.

TERESA  
If we embrace this truth, people of  
every kind can live in harmony.

She drives home the point with an OPEN PALM.

TERESA  
Progressing toward more freedom,  
not more tyranny.

She SWITCHES HANDS, changing the point.

TERESA  
Dictators like Branko stoke the  
flames of division. They know that  
as long as we fight each other, we  
can't unite against them. We cannot  
allow them to poison our souls with  
fear and hate any longer.

She uses a FIST to nail down the aggressive point.

TERESA  
Instead, let us prove to the  
tyrants of the world that we are  
responsible enough to wield the  
great power of liberty. Let us be  
accountable to each other and to  
nature. And to use our freedom for  
the gain of others.

Teresa is now swelling with emotion. The crowd CHANTS.

CROWD

Te-re-sa! Te-re-sa! Te-re-sa!

She can't stop her tears.

TERESA

I don't want to rule anyone. I ask you to demand that we will have an election. You deserve the right to choose your own leader.

The crowd loves her and CHEERS. Citizens cry tears of joy at her message.

ACROSS THE STAGE-- Bob leans in to General Vukovic.

BOB

Listen to her. She's a righteous lady. The people love her. But she's going to need a running mate to win an election.

General Vukovic seriously considers this as he continues to watch Teresa deliver her rousing speech.

As Bob silently exits stage-right, he turns back, proud to see Teresa rise to the occasion. He's going to miss her.

As he slips away we CUT BACK TO WHAT WE DIDN'T SEE BEFORE:

-- CATHEDRAL -- Sam hands Bob the FILE. Inside is a PHOTO OF TERESA. She was really who the CIA had selected as the next leader all along.

-- MONACO GRAND PRIX -- After Stonecutter finishes meeting with Branko, he peels off a MASK revealing HE'S ACTUALLY SAM.

-- PALACE DINING ROOM -- Bob explains his criteria for choosing a leader to Branko:

BOB

...both possess the three "must haves" of any successful revolutionary leader: He must be revered by the populous.

-- PUB BACK ALLEY -- Teresa gives the leftovers to poor children on the street.

BOB (V.O.)

He must have been persecuted for his political beliefs.

-- PRISON -- Teresa is beaten and tortured, then dragged into a CELL.

-- VICTORY SQUARE -- She's shackled to the STAGE for execution.

BOB (V.O.)  
He must be perceived as an  
 unwavering patriot.

-- AT THE PODIUM -- Teresa delivers her speech to an enthralled crowd in VICTORY SQUARE. She's a natural.

-- "FREEDOM NOW!" HQ WAREHOUSE --

BOB (V.O.)  
Step #6: Topple the leader and  
install his successor. Clean up.  
Persuade the new leader to  
eliminate his compatriots. They are  
now threats to his power.

We see that Bob protected Teresa from being killed by making sure she was out of harm's way before the Secret Police raid.

Filip and the rest of his men are killed, removing any potential threats to Teresa's leadership.

-- SAFE HOUSE -- Just before Bob puts Teresa's phone in the microwave. We see what he typed-- a TWEET to her "Freedom Now!" account.

It READS: "I'm alive. The movement lives with me. Branko's men will capture me, but come free me from his chains and together we will free Tarmania!"

-- SECRET POLICE HEADQUARTERS --

BOB (V.O.)  
Step #7: You've won their hearts  
and minds, but true political power  
comes from the barrel of a gun. Be  
sure the military is on your side.

General Vukovic sits behind a monitor watching the dinner over the SURVEILLANCE FEED from a CAMERA hidden in the ANTIQUE GOLD CLOCK. Bob stares back at him through the lens.

Vukovic is DISGUSTED as Branko RANTS.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

TERESA

Brothers and sisters of Tarmania,  
in the name of virtue and liberty,  
let us all unite!

Teresa finishes to THUNDEROUS applause.

She turns back to her elated supporters. She scans for a particular face, moves to get a better view, but still can't find who she's looking for.

Bob is long gone. Like he was never there.

Teresa is surprised by the void Bob's absence has left in her heart. A major force in the movement just evaporated into thin air.

General Vukovic approaches. He kneels before her, presenting his decorative sword.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

The seat of power is yours for the  
taking. I have trespassed against  
our nation. I submit to you.  
Imprison me, exile me or kill me.  
It is your choice to make.

Teresa accepts the sword. Eyes the instrument of power that's just been handed over to her.

TERESA

You're right. I could do all of  
those things. But I won't. I'm not  
a tyrant like Branko. And I won't  
assume power unless the people  
elect me. They decide. Now rise.

General Vukovic stands. Teresa gives him back his sword.

TERESA

I don't want to punish you. I want  
to thank you, General Vukovic. In  
standing up to Branko, you helped  
free our nation. You're a true  
patriot.

(beat)

If you would like to run against  
me, I completely understand.  
Tarmania deserves the opportunity  
to choose who represents them.

Vukovic smiles. She is lovely. Just the sort of leader that he's always wanted to serve.

GENERAL VUKOVIC

I have no intention to run against you. In fact, I will not only support your campaign, but if you would have me, I would be proud to be your running-mate in your bid for our nation's Presidency.

Teresa's overwhelmed by the honor. Accepts with a stiff handshake.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VICTORY SQUARE - DAY

Teresa and General Vukovic hold a campaign rally.

They watch BULLDOZERS bring down Branko's massive statue. A cathartic resolution to a dark chapter in Tarmania's history.

Someone hands her a VELVET BOX.

Curious, she opens it to find-- her stolen COIN NECKLACE.

Along with a NOTE: "Remember, as a Head of State, above all, it's liberty or death..."

Teresa smiles. It doesn't say who, but she knows it's from Bob. Ironically, she hopes she'll never see him again, because she knows what that would mean.

INT. CATHEDRAL - DAY

SUP: **Montenegro.**

Bob sits in the back row watching a baptism.

He squints as the priest pours water over the baby's head. The parents radiate sheer joy.

The corners of Bob's mouth turn up slightly. A smile. He's finally figured out what he's been missing.

SAM (O.S.)

Nice to see you dressed respectably in church for once.

Sam slides into the pew next to Bob. Reaches into his satchel...

SAM

Here you go. Before you crawl up my  
ass about it...

He pulls out a McDonald's bag and cup. Bob grins.

BOB

Step #8: Savor the sweet taste of  
victory.

Sam rolls his eyes, quips--

SAM

I had to go to Sarajevo for this.

Bob digs into his meal.

BOB

(with satisfaction)

Oh, it was worth it.

SAM

Well, it's official. Teresa and  
Vukovic won in a landslide. Signed  
a constitution guaranteeing civil  
liberties and a representative  
legislature. And Branko finally got  
his seat at the U.N. Too bad for  
him it's in a jail cell at The  
Hague awaiting trial for crimes  
against humanity.

(beat)

I gotta hand it to you, Bob. You  
did it again.

Bob's enjoying his meal so much he's not even paying  
attention to Sam's admiration.

Sam smirks, some things don't change.

SAM

I gotta know, why McDonald's?

BOB

Been around the world enough to eat  
some really shit food. But no  
matter where you go, you can count  
on the same level of shit from  
Micky D's. I find that reassuring.

SAM

Not much of a reward.

BOB  
(mouth full)  
Winning is my reward. Some people  
play the lottery, some play the  
stock market. I just played a  
nation. And won.

Bob slurps his drink straw, washing it down with a smile.

BOB  
And nothing makes me hungrier than  
some good ole' fashioned regime-  
change.

**SMASH TO BLACK.**