

# David Sc 1

13.

NEWS ANCHOR

In town today for the conclusion of the Pentagon hacker trial, Director of Homeland Security Frank Wilcox made a statement in front of the Federal Courthouse.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. SMALL APARTMENT - SAME

An older TV (still with the curved TV tube) sits in the corner of small living room showing the SAME NEWS.

ON THE TV SCREEN

Homeland Security Chief Wilcox's statement outside the Federal Courthouse.

A crowd of reporters swarm around Wilcox who stops and turns to the cameras.

WILCOX

Today is an important day. I am confident that justice will be served and a clear message will ring loudly in cyberspace.

BACK TO THE LIVING ROOM

George limps into the living room, holding a white plastic space gun.

He quickly picks up the remote and turns off the TV. He waits a moment with his space gun ready. No one comes.

GEORGE

(loudly)

Hey, Space Cowboy, what do you want for lunch?

No answer. Concern washes over George's face.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David sits on the floor holding a similar white space gun with his back against the bed.

He's wheezing and short of breath.

DAVID

Sorry, daddy.

George enters and squats down next to David.

start →

10F3

GEORGE  
No. You're a strong boy. You're  
just sick. I'm sorry, I should have  
had you resting more.

DAVID  
I thought I felt better.

GEORGE  
You will. We'll go see the doctor.

David tries to smile for his daddy, hopeful.

DAVID  
Okay, when I'm better I will the  
Alien King, okay?

George puts on an unconvincing smile.

GEORGE  
My only son is an extraterrestrial.

David tries to smile but his labored wheezing interrupts the  
attempt so the boy just nods.

GEORGE  
If you are the King then I will be  
your General.

With his head still hanging low David manages to glance up at  
his father.

DAVID  
You mean my War Commander?

GEORGE  
Yes. I will be the Commander and  
you will be the King and we'll win  
for sure.

DAVID  
(weakly)  
Cool.

George rustles David's hair, then helps him to his feet.

DAVID  
But we can't win, Daddy.

GEORGE  
No?

DAVID  
Course not. We're the bad guys.

George grins proudly, but then David starts to cough,  
hunching over as he does. George holds onto him, careful to  
give him room to breathe.

20F3

GEORGE  
It's alright. You'll feel better. I  
promise. Rest now. Relax, Davey. *← end*

David nods as he recovers a little and stands up into his  
father's arms.

INT. COURTROOM LOBBY - DAY

JOSH MARTIN, 20s, handsome for a computer geek, is lead down  
the marble hallway by JIM STRICKLAND, 50s, a hard nosed, no  
nonsense HOMELAND SECURITY FIELD AGENT for the Cyber  
Terrorism Unit.

STRICKLAND  
We're early. I'll check you in.  
Stay put.

JOSH  
Mind if I grab a candy bar?

STRICKLAND  
That machine there. Twenty seconds.

Josh nods his head.

STRICKLAND  
I'll be watching.

Josh rolls his eyes as he heads to the candy machine.

Strickland steps up to a CREEK.

STRICKLAND  
(to clerk)  
Agent Strickland, Homeland  
Security.

At the vending machine, Josh stares vacantly at the many  
choices. A SMALL BOY with messy hair appears next to him.

BOY  
That one has chocolate and caramel  
and marshmallows too.

JOSH  
Yeah, you right. That's the bomb.

The boy smiles but stares longingly at the candy.

JOSH  
I know that look. You a little  
short on funds, huh?

The boy looks up at him, unsure, eventually nods.

JOSH  
Okay. Alright.

*30F3*