

SACRED PROFANITY
(EXCERPT)

Written by

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Based on Future Events

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FADE IN:

SUPER ON BLACK:

"It is not enough for journalists to see themselves as mere messengers without understanding the hidden agendas of the message and myths that surround it." – John Pilger

INT. JONAH SPITZ WORK STATION/APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: *Queens, New Dubai -- 2056 A.D.*

It's a small, spartan work/sleep cubicle.

JONAH SPITZ, mid-30s, barefoot, no shirt, metro-sexual manbun, and matching **pierced eyebrow barbells**, edits VR 3-D Holographic™ imagery. It's like the R2-D2 projection of Leia in *Star Wars*, but hi-rez.

He taps and swipes at the virtual controls of the edit console that projects from a small handheld device.

HOLO-DISPLAY SEQUENCE#1: WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

SUPER ON HOLO: *September 11, 2001*

The World Trade towers collapse in pornographic slow motion.

Building #7 goes down in its own footprint.

SUPER ON HOLO: *HOW WE GOT FROM THERE TO HERE, by Jonah Spitz*

With quick virtual key strokes, Jonah composites a pre-recorded, well-dressed version of himself over the footage as a **talking head**.

JONAH (V.O.)

It's been fifty-five years since
9/11, the catalyst for what we have
come to call the 10th Crusade.

Jonah shuttles through urban combat footage, circa 2001-13.

Takes a gulp of coffee, lights a cigarette.

Opens Holo-Sequence#2, hits "play" with a virtual key.

HOLO-SEQUENCE#2

MONTAGE: urban warfare - DAY & NIGHT

-- Soldiers duck IN-COMING FIRE. Move door-to-door and building-to-building.

-- Multi-role military aircraft streak overhead.

- Missiles fall from the sky like a meteor shower.
- Explosions crater roads, topple buildings.

JONAH (V.O.)

(as holo)

The American invasion of Afghanistan and Iraq catalyzed the escalation of terrorism and counter-terrorism which metastasized like Stage 4 Cancer. Military conflicts and trade wars stretched tensions to a tipping point, and then...

SUPER ON HOLO: *Washington DC, April 6, 2032*

- A mushroom cloud rises.

JONAH (V.O.)

The official story was that the first missile was fired from China, but made to look like it came from North Korea. Conspiracy theorists claimed that a psychotic general turned a false flag attack into mass suicide. The truth may never be known, but the resulting chaos that followed destroyed the already fraying infrastructure of the U.S. Federal government. To add insult to injury, the Provisional Government sold the New York City naming rights to Dubai.

MONTAGE: quick cuts of arcane religious ceremonies

- A lamb is sacrificed on a stone altar.
- A teenage boy writhes and contorts as he's overcome by a spirit in a dark field before a bonfire.
- Naked men and women in a virtuous frenzy, flagellate themselves in a padded room.

JONAH (V.O.)

The Abrahamic religions contorted and fragmented -- many of them into death cults. A new generation of spiritual leaders took pieces of Christianity, Islam, Judaism, Hinduism, Buddhism and folded in exotic elements from ancient, animist, and ethnic ritual to make their own arcane hybrids. One hundred hothouse flowers blossomed, further splintering the population.

INT. JONAH SPITZ WORK STATION/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonah **keys** his image in and out of the montage. He makes himself smaller, then larger - searching for visual balance.

He opens Sequence#3.

HOLO-DISPLAY SEQUENCE#3: EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

SUPER ON HOLO: *Brooklyn, New Dubai - March 27, 2055*

DIVINE FAITH SOLDIERS in urban-camo pants and black tunics train assault rifles on THREE MEN kneeling in the street.

DIVINE FAITH SOLDIER 1 hefts a chain saw. Fires it up

INT. JONAH SPITZ WORK STATION/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonah "scratches" the footage of the beheading back and forth, then plays the execution through.

3-D footage of the SPRAY of blood from the severed neck drips to form the title: "DIVINE FAITH."

JONAH

It's a horror story! I love it!

Jonah opens Holo-Sequence#4.

HOLO-DISPLAY SEQUENCE#4: EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

SUPER ON HOLO: *Manhattan, New Dubai*

Drone POV as it swoops through desolate streets past makeshift tents, burned-out cars, and homeless scavenging through rubbish heaps in an *almost* recognizable NYC.

Amidst these blocks of urban devastation there are gleaming **islands** of **hi-tech garrison towers** with helicopter landing pads, gun turrets, and rooftop gardens with pools.

JONAH (V.O.)

After twenty-three years of constant violence, the Divine Faith's rejection of an alliance with either the U.N. or the New Dubai Provisional Government ensures that peace will continue to be elusive. Arch-Cardinal Omar Ben-Darius has continued to stridently preach that the chaos is obvious evidence of a fast-approaching apocalypse. This has proved to have been a very effective recruiting tool for the Divine Faith.

Jonah inserts a subtitled shot of the imperious, harsh face of ARCH-CARDINAL OMAR BEN-DARIUS (50s).

JONAH (V.O.)

But a grassroots movement has spontaneously risen to challenge the world view of Arch-Cardinal Ben-Darius and the Divine Faith.

INT. JONAH SPITZ WORK STATION/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonah addresses his own image on the holo-display.

JONAH

It's showtime.

INT. STUDIO INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jonah, well-groomed, wearing semi-formal, sits across from ZEBULON (mid-40s), who wears a simple white tunic.

A two-camera setup records the interview.

JONAH

Jonah Spitz here. I'm honored to be speaking with Ulama Zebulon whose unlikely rise from high school history teacher to prominent post-dogmatic spiritual leader has given hope to a growing number of people.

ZEBULON

I make no claims to be a spiritual leader, healer or miracle worker. I am just a public school teacher.

JONAH

Who is now on unpaid leave for teaching from unofficial sources, using non-mainstream alternative narratives.

(off Zebulon's silence)

And acquiring followers. Believers? Many of them your former students. What have you been teaching them?

ZEBULON

This is hardly a great revelation, but we do live in perilous times. If we are to survive as a species, we must as individuals increase our spiritual density and as a group raise the spiritual vibration of the planet. All of us, including the powers-that-be.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The holo-projections of the Zebulon-Jonah interview hover in the air above blue tarp shelters, run-down bazaar booths selling food and goods and a seething mass of people.

A throng of white-clad BELIEVERS in the crowd view the holographic projection with riveted concentration.

ZEBULON (V.O.)

(as holo)

Any political system will work if its leaders provide service to the people.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Jonah leans forward, intense but respectful.

JONAH

Abuse of power has been a constant since the beginning of recorded history. Lord Acton's well worn cliché is true: power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

ZEBULON

A leader should be a steward of the land and people. The elite must stop using the populace as a crop to be harvested for their personal material gain.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The Believers shout their agreement.

EXT. UNION SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

SUPER: *Union Square, San Francisco*

Believers watching the holo-monitors break into cheers.

EXT. MAGNIFICENT MILE, CHICAGO - DAY

SUPER: *Magnificent Mile, Chicago*

Believers watching holo-monitors cheer.

INTER-CUT BETWEEN TIMES SQUARE, AND INTERVIEW ROOM

The Believers in Times Square are rapt, following every word.

JONAH

Like Arch-Cardinal Omar Ben-Darius?

ZEBULON

We cannot rely on leaders, neither secular nor sacred, to save us. We are *all* responsible for being the change.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY

The Believers jostle, passion rising.

BELIEVERS

Zebulon speaks truth! Zebulon brings the truth!

INT. SHREDDED PALM BAR - NIGHT

Tropically-themed. Holo-displays show surfing, water sports.

Jonah nurses a whiskey at the bar.

He glances at the bartender, SUZI WONG, a 20-something, hot Asian chick, long hair twisted, piled, speared with a skewer.

Jonah taps his finger on his right eyebrow barbell, pans with her as she spins to the sink with a glass in her hand.

He taps his handheld and Suzi comes up in 3-D Holographic™ in privacy mode. Jonah plays back in slow motion. Nods appreciation. Deletes it.

Sees he has a message. He taps to access. Reads.

JONAH

(mutters)

You gotta be kidding me...

Jonah taps on Bernard's **icon** in the message.

INT. NEWSSEEK OFFICES - NIGHT

BERNARD JAEGER (50s), a large man sheathed in hard suet. He puffs on a cigarette, takes a bite of a donut. Chases the smoke and sugared starch with a gulp of coffee.

Multiple holo-displays on "mute" float in the air above his debris-strewn desk: news, sports, talk, reality and entertainment shows, v-logs, porn, cartoons, holo-shopping, spreadsheets, stock market charts, etc -- the entire mediated spectrum of Western culture.

The chime of an incoming call.

Bernard sees Jonah's **icon** and taps on.

JONAH (V.O.)
Bernard, an e-pink slip? You
fucking coward.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SHREDDED PALMS BAR AND NEWSSEEK OFFICE

Jonah tosses down the rest of his whiskey.

BERNARD
You don't know how difficult this
is, Jonah. It's tearing me apart.

JONAH
Cry me a river. I gave NewsSeek the
best ten years of my life. Whereas
you apparently, still have a job.

BERNARD
Look at it as a chance to get out
alive. Josh Friedman didn't.
Neither did Tsubaki Black or
Makaela Mills.
(reads from a holo window)
NewsSeek would like to thank you
for your countless valuable
contributions. We wish you the best
of luck in all of your future
professional and personal
endeavors.

Jonah rolls his eyes.

JONAH
Endeavor to blow me.

BERNARD
I wish I could, Jonah. The new
regime's mandate is, and I quote:
"Stop spending a fortune to pick
pennies off the floor." You know
what I'm saying?

Jonah gets Suzi's attention, makes eye contact.

JONAH
Yeah, go fuck yourself.

Suzi points to herself, raises a questioning eyebrow.

Jonah taps his glass.

BERNARD
Fuck you too, Jonah. And I say that
with all my love and respect.

JONAH

As NewsSeek meekly mutates into a
slime ball tabloid.

Suzi pours him another whiskey. Jonah downs it.

Bernard cycles through holo-screens, pauses on some porn.

BERNARD

Not mutate. Pupate. Corporate came
up with a plan for dedicated
journalists. I think it's
brilliant. Contracted free-lance.

JONAH

Sounds more like clever corporate
cost-cutting.

BERNARD

You're thinking like an indentured
servant. This is profit sharing!
Fees will be based on unique click
count and duration of visit.
There's no payment ceiling, so the
upside is huge. Break down your
journalistic caterpillar cells and
become a butterfly! As an
independent contractor, content
aggregator, vertical entrepreneur --
the sky's the limit!

JONAH

News is more than boldface names
allegedly indulging in bad
behavior.

BERNARD

It's best if it's both.

JONAH

What about independent
corroboration?

BERNARD

The truth will come out in the end.

JONAH

It's a sad day for truth when it
comes last.

BERNARD

Dude, your stories are tired:
assassinations, street executions,
kidnappings -- everyone's got
disaster fatigue. Time is change.
We are what we are, not what we
were. Evolve or go extinct.

JONAH

I live and die as a Creationist.

BERNARD

My advise? Create some clicks. Or die and someone else will.

Jonah taps off, sighs, shakes his head. Nudges his glass.

Suzi pours Jonah another whiskey.

SUZI

Tough day?

JONAH

Ever felt so insignificant and exploited you could just scream?

SUZI

Try being a thirteen-year-old, paid-by-the-fraction-of-a-click web actress. You'll scream for sure.

JONAH

I'd need a time machine and a sex change, but yeah, I see your point... I'm Jonah Spitz.

Jonah offers his hand. Suzi takes it.

SUZI

Suzi Wong.

JONAH

You're not thirteen.

SUZI

I was.

JONAH

What kind of a world did you act in, Suzi Wong?

SUZI

A world where I had to crawl through broken glass to perform oral sex.

JONAH

Ouch. And I thought I was in a tough business.

SUZI

That was the audition.

Jonah shakes his head.

JONAH
And all you were left with was a
bad taste in your mouth.

SUZI
That's show biz.

EXT. EXCEL MOTEL - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a nondescript motel.

INT. EXCEL MOTEL - NIGHT

Faded and tattered room.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a bathrobe drags limp NAKED GIRL, long black hair, petite body, halfway onto the bed.

Middle-Aged Man turns to a camera on a tripod, triggers it with a remote, takes off his robe revealing a flaccid penis.

He spreads Naked Girl's legs and mounts her. Thrusts in a desultory way.

Turns back to the camera and clicks it off with the remote.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Sorry about the ED. Forgot my
pills. Can you still use it?

Jonah emerges from a shadowed corner.

JONAH
I'll give you a big stiffy in post,
but we're going to have to go
again. Pound her like a raging itch
that you can't stop scratching!

INT. EXCEL MOTEL - NIGHT (LATER)

Jonah holds out his handheld to clothed Middle-Aged Man.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Is this necessary?

Jonah makes a cutting motion with his hand over his cheek.

JONAH
My client takes the NDA very, very
seriously.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN
Yakuza?

Jonah nods solemnly.

Middle-Aged Man presses his thumb on the handheld.

Jonah hands him an envelope, and ushers him out.

Naked Girl (it's Suzi) saunters out from the bathroom in street clothes, hair twisted and piled on her head.

Jonah hands her another envelope.

Suzi opens it and counts the cash. Frowns.

SUZI

You can't be serious.

JONAH

My client --

SUZI

Who, you? Don't bullshit me.

JONAH

How hard is it to play a corpse getting dry humped?

SUZI

With your shitty direction? Here's a suggestion: don't say "itch" or "scratch" when someone's trying to lie still in a fleabag motel.

JONAH

That tension should have inspired motivation based on your research. You did do research, right?

SUZI

Hell, yeah! My rigor mortis was textbook accurate. My neck was stiff, but my legs were still flexible. And you know, decaying corpses will fart if pressure is applied to the abdomen.

They burst into laughter.

JONAH

It's an advance. We'll split fifty-fifty after expenses. You know, the limo, the drugs, champagne --

Suzi slugs Jonah in the shoulder.

INT. JONAH'S WORK STATION/APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jonah swipes through clearly labelled 3-D images of U.N. Secretary-General LANCASTER QUINN, a distinguished elite.

He copies and maps Quinn's face onto Middle-Aged Man's head.
Animates it.

Copies, pastes, and trims sampled audio files of Lancaster Quinn's voice to make a sentence. Filters and EQ's until it sounds smooth and real.

LANCASTER (V.O.)
You love it. Or you would if you
were still alive.

Jonah places the audio on the holo timeline, animates Quinn's mouth. Plays it.

Chortles with delight.

JONAH
(to himself)
Endeavor to blow me again, Bernard.

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernard goes through Jonah's holo, frame by frame. Zooms on Lancaster Quinn's face. Pans around 360 degrees.

Shakes his head.

Taps Jonah's icon on his holo-display.

EXT. VINEGAR HILL, BROOKLYN - DAY

Jonah crouches behind a car, watches a supply truck bump over pot holes as it heads his way.

SUPER: *Vinegar Hill, Brooklyn*

On Jonah's corneal display (inside his head), augmented reality files of "Jackers," paramilitary freelancers, scroll superimposed over his POV of the supply truck.

Then Bernard's icon pops up.

EXT. VINEGAR HILL - DAY

Jonah taps on but his attention is on the truck.

JONAH
Yeah?

BERNARD (V.O.)
Your Lancaster Quinn post.

JONAH
What about it?

BERNARD (V.O.)
Shot to number one overnight.

JONAH
You know my bank account number.

BERNARD (V.O.)
Yeah, but I'm wondering about the veracity of the piece.

JONAH
"Veracity?"

BERNARD (V.O.)
Meaning: is it fucking real?

JONAH
Raising consciousness through vocabulary. That's good, Bernard.

BERNARD (V.O.)
You've put NewsSeek in a legal situation.

A holo-window opens in Jonah's corneal display.

INT. U.N. PRESS BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The real Lancaster Quinn stands behind a podium marked with the U.N. logo in front of a crowd of reporters.

LANCASTER (V.O.)
NewsSeek is not seeking the news.
They are slandering, pandering to
the lowest common denominator.
Today, our collective IQ dropped
twenty points.

Reporters interrupt with shouted questions.

REPORTERS (V.O.)
Is this related to the child
sex ring that the under
secretary general has been
implicated in?

LANCASTER (V.O.)
The United Nations Legal
Counsel, Shin So-ra, will
answer any further questions.
Thank you very much.

EXT. VINEGAR HILL - DAY

The truck rumbles closer.

BERNARD (V.O.)
Jonah? You have anything to say?

An rocket-propelled-grenade SLAMS into the truck.

BERNARD (V.O.)
Holy Jesus! What the fuck was that?

Truck Driver staggers out of the cab and is shot down.
 JACKERS in motley, urban camouflage, converge on the truck.

JONAH'S INTERNAL DISPLAY - DAY

Jonah attaches the augmented reality files of the Jackers recent hijackings to the live footage.

JONAH
 Jackers ambushing a New Dubai
 supply truck. Hold on. Got a live
 feed for you.

EXT. VINEGAR HILL - DAY

Jonah leans from cover for a better photo angle.
 JACKER LEADER and two of his MEN run towards him.

JONAH
 (under his breath)
 Oh, shit. They spotted me.
 (to Bernard)
 You getting this?

INT. BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Jonah's POV opens in Bernard's array of holo-displays.
 Bernard swipes Jonah's feed to the center of his displays.
 Jackers converge on Jonah.

JACKER LEADER (V.O.)
 Okay asshole, on your knees, hands
 where I can see them!

EXT. VINEGAR HILL - DAY

Jonah drops to his knees, hands in the air.

JACKER LEADER
 Well, who the fuck do we have here?

JONAH
 Civilian, sir! Wrong place, wrong
 time!

Jacker Leader kicks Jonah in the chest, knocking him over.

JACKER LEADER
 Where should you be, Civilian?

JONAH
On the ground eating your shit?

Jacker Leader laughs.

JACKER LEADER
After you suck my dick.

JONAH
Yes sir, I can do that.

BERNARD'S HOLO-DISPLAY - DAY

Jacker Leader's attention turns inward. He mutters subvocally into his throat mic. Listens to a reply.

Returns his attention to Jonah. Smiles.

JACKER LEADER
Aye, wrong place, wrong time.

Points his gun at Jonah's head.

BERNARD'S OFFICE - DAY

With Jonah's POV cam, the gun appears to be aimed right at Bernard's head. He flinches.

BERNARD'S HOLO-DISPLAY - DAY

Jonah's POV: Jacker leader roundhouse-kicks Jonah in the head and the cam-view face-plants into the ground.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Zebulon's Believers converge on the square.

SALAHUDDIN (mid-30s), well-built, athletic, stands on the sidewalk on W.46th, just off the Square.

He swipes and taps through menus on his handheld, hacking the holo-displays.

In unison, all the displays flicker from the weather report to an image of Zebulon standing in a virtual oasis.

Believers look up at the holo-displays, start to cheer.

HOLO-DISPLAYS - NIGHT

Zebulon raises his hands in benediction.

ZEBULON (V.O.)

(as holo)

Treat your body as a temple and focus on being loving, forgiving and of service to others. Do not give into the fear that leads to hate! We must transcend race, religion, and nationality if we are to survive!

INTERCUT BETWEEN HOLO-DISPLAYS AND TIMES SQUARE AS NEEDED

The Believers shout affirmation.

BELIEVERS

Zebulon speaks the truth!

A force of U.N. PEACEKEEPERS with riot shields, billy clubs and assault rifles slowly advance towards the Believers.

The holo-displays "cut" from Zebulon in the virtual oasis to a field of flowers blowing in the wind in slow motion, accompanied by soothing music.

INT. DIVINE FAITH PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

SUPER: *Divine Faith Headquarters, New Dubai*

Artwork covers the walls of an opulent penthouse at the top of a hundred fifty-story tower. At first glance from a distance, the paintings look art-historical, museum-quality.

KAT KAHINA (late 20s), lean and mean, stares at the holo of the flowers floating in the air.

ACOLYTES, flesh pups of both sexes, soak in the hot tub-within-pool overlooking the city.

Arch-Cardinal Omar Ben-Darius in a loose robe sprawls on a low couch, fingering a high-tech, vape hookah.

Omar gets up and studies one of the paintings. Up close it's a poorly-rendered replica of the Mona Lisa with a sloppy, spray-painted happy face.

Kat searches, finds a low-rez v-log of the Times Square riot.

OMAR

Kat, please! Zebulon has bored me enough for one evening.

KAT

You find fake art more interesting?

OMAR

I beg your pardon. This is a feminist statement about the male domination of art history. Surely you can appreciate that.

KAT

Shouldn't you be tracking our web analytics, instead? Tithes are down eleven percent from last quarter. Or do those numbers bore you, too?
(points to holo-display)
Can't you see what's happening?

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Peacekeepers form a shield wall and start forcing the Believers from the square.

OMAR (V.O.)

I see Peacekeepers keeping the peace.

JAMAAL MCNEIL, scruffy v-logger, 21, turns his handheld from the riot in Times Square to himself as he reports.

JAMAAL

This is Jamaal McNeil, live from Times Square. Peacekeepers are attacking Zebulon's unarmed Believers without provocation.

Jamaal pans back to the action.

Gunships hover overhead.

GUNSHIP LOUDSPEAKER

Disperse or you will be fired on!
This is your last warning!
Disperse!

With his handheld, Salahuddin hacks through another back door and regains control of the Times Square holo-displays.

The holo of the flowers blowing in the wind crossfades to Zebulon in the virtual oasis. He spreads his hands wide, radiating calm power.

The Believers cheer.

ZEBULON (V.O.)

(via holo)
Peace! My brothers. My sisters.
Please, no violence.

The Believers quiet, hanging on Zebulon's words.

ZEBULON (V.O.)

(via holo)

Tonight, go home in peace. But be vigilant, for when I do call for your help, I will need you to come forth with all your righteous power.

The Believers cheer, then reluctantly disperse.

Jamaal addresses his camera in selfie fashion.

JAMAAL

The Prophet said: "During the last times, my people will be afflicted with terrible and unprecedented calamities and misfortunes caused by their rulers. God will raise a man who will establish peace and justice on this earth." That man is Ulama Zebulon, The Bringer of Truth.

(beat)

And I am Jamaal McNeil, reporting from Times Square, New Dubai.

INT. DIVINE FAITH PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

The holo-display goes white, then dissipates like mist.

KAT

Ulama Zebulon, Bringer of Truth.

She casually somersaults backwards off the couch and onto her feet. Stretches gracefully.

Using the window as a mirror, Kat shadow boxes her reflection with a series of balletic kung-fu strikes.

She stares into her own eyes as she holds her last pose.

KAT

You like how that sounds?

Omar snaps his fingers.

Acolyte 1 scrambles out of the hot tub; grabs a lighter, loads the hookah. Omar takes a deep hit.

OMAR

Talk is cheap. Zebulon is an unemployed high school teacher. I am the truth.

KAT

The Divine Faith is the establishment.

Zebulon's the trendy underdog. If you're not seeing this, you're sleepwalking in dreamland.

OMAR

The Believers are an insignificant cult. The Divine Faith guarantees salvation and in these End Times, there isn't a better message.

KAT

Zebulon offers an alternative to the Apocalypse and the sheep are wandering away from our flock. They're saying Zebulon is worthy of the Mandate of Heaven.

OMAR

Piss on Zebulon and he'll melt away. Just like all the others.

Omar holds eye contact with Kat for a long moment. Nods.

KAT

I am your humble servant, Arch-Cardinal.

INT. ZEBULON'S HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A four-member HIT TEAM in the all-white garb of Zebulon's Believers stride down the hall. They are masked, showing only their eyes.

One Hit Team member has the slender form of Kat.

They approach a doorway flanked by two BODYGUARDS.

Hit Team halts and smartly salutes the confused Bodyguards.

In the split second of distraction, Hit Team takes them out and disable the security cams.

INT. ZEBULON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Zebulon's eyes open as Hit Team surrounds his bed. He sits up, calm but alert.

ZEBULON

Peace be upon the brothers of peace.

Hit Team Leader flips out a folding scimitar --

Two members of the Hit Team drag Zebulon out of bed.

HIT TEAM LEADER
Eternal peace be upon you.

ZEBULON
In the name of God, the
compassionate, the merciful.
Praise be to --

Hit Team Leader STRIKES OFF Zebulon's head in mid-sentence.
It rolls to the floor.

POV ZEBULON'S DYING EYES - CONTINUOUS

The room spins diagonally and stops to fix on Salahuddin as
he BURSTS into the room with BODYGUARDS right behind.

INT. ZEBULON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The assassins and bodyguards face-off, then:

SALAHUDDIN	HIT TEAM LEADER
For God and America!	God save America!

Two members of Hit Team are HIT, leaving Kat and Hit Team
Leader. They SPIN back-to-back, SWEEPING the room with
AUTOMATIC FIRE.

The bullets RIP through Bodyguards.

ALARMS go off.

Salahuddin, the last bodyguard standing, takes multiple shots
to his body armor, slams against a wall, and falls.

Hit Team Leader smiles, gives Kat a thumbs up. But Kat BLOWS
him away.

She shakes out a collapsible cryogenic transport container,
picks up Zebulon's head by the hair, and packs it inside.

She SHOOTS Hit Team Leader's hand off, kicks it into the
hallway, then rolls a grenade into the middle of the room.
And RUNS.

Salahuddin's eyes flicker open. He sees the grenade, staggers
out of the room. Slams the door shut as it EXPLODES.