

THE HIDDEN AGENDA

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Written in MS Word

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FADE IN:

INT – WINDOWED OFFICE, SMALL TECHNOLOGY COMPLEX – DAY
IVAN MARCLOV looks out over the raging ocean from his windowed office high in the corner of the technology complex. Dressed completely in black Marclov looks more like an assassin than a business man.

As he turns his chair towards the room, he hides the dark expression of anger with a friendly look of incredulity. Across the desk stands a very distinguished looking SCIENTIST.

MARCLOV

You are sure of this? Only ONE???

SCIENTIST

Yes, sir.

(hands a folder to Marclov)

Amazing, isn't it. Out of the entire human race, there was only one person that met the constraints.

MARCLOV

(reading)

Yes, yes, amazing. Thank you doctor, I can see that this is very complete. You may go.

The scientist is almost to the door before Marclov's pleasant voice stops him; he turns.

MARCLOV

Oh, and how is your family doing? Your daughter is as pretty as ever?

(the surprised scientist nods)

Good.

Marclov suddenly produces a silver gun with a bulbous end and fires it at the scientist.

BLUE FLASH:

The beam from the gun strikes the scientist in the chest and he falls to the ground barely conscious. Marclov gets up and alters a setting on the gun as he walks towards the groaning scientist.

The last thing that the scientist sees is the smiling face of Marclov from above the gun.

RED FLASH, BUZZING WHINE:

Marclov looks down at the dead scientist with satisfaction. He returns to his desk and keys a command into his computer terminal.

A RED NIMBUS appears around his office like a shield and then, in the center of the room, a SMOKEY PORTAL appears. Suddenly, two, unhealthy, bright yellow goat like eyes belonging to a DEMON-LIKE CREATURE stare out.

MARCLOV

Good news my friend, we have found a suitable candidate.

CREATURE

It is about time, Marclov.

MARCLOV

(gestures with silver gun)

Yes, I agree. And the good doctor has paid for his tardiness.

(looks at silver gun)

I must thank you for this wonderful weapon. What did you call it? A *T'nox* or something?

CREATURE

Something like that, yes.

(impatient)

The candidates?

MARCLOV

(off-hand)

Candidate. There is only one.

CREATURE

ONE???

MARCLOV

Yes, one... a man named...

(consults computer)

...Wilson Adam Grey.

FAST CUT: