

BLOWN
(Sample)

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EXT. PALMER'S HOME - EARLY MORNING

GENERAL ANTHONY PALMER, in his 60's, still broad chested and spry, cutting an impressive figure in his crisp Army uniform, steps out onto the porch of his well manicured home. Briefcase in hand he shuts the door behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S HEALTH CLINIC - EARLY MORNING

The sliding doors of the medical office building part and a WOMAN, mid-late 30s, steps out onto the walkway beneath the front awning. She slowly walks to curb of the walkway heading to the parking lot, but stops. Her expression seems a mixture between blank and stunned.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALMER'S HOME - EARLY MORNING

PALMER admires the morning as he strides down the walk to his driveway where his dark suv, tinted windows with government plates, sits. The lights flash as he hits the unlock button and he opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

The driver's side door of nice midsize sedan opens and the WOMAN from the clinic settles in behind the wheel before closing the door behind her. She sits for a moment, still a bit stunned and silent.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S SUV - EARLY MORNING

His suitcase set securely in the passenger seat, PALMER finishes setting his phone in it's center console charger and slides the key into the ignition. It cranks, but doesn't start. He tries it again, but no luck.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

The WOMAN pulls some kind of paper from her pocket, the sound of it unfolding clear in the stillness. She stares down at the unseen document. The longer she looks the more tears begin to well.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S SUV - EARLY MORNING

The more PALMER cranks the less power it seems to have. He lets out a grunt of frustration just as he notices something tucked under his windshield wiper. A beat up, black and white photograph laid face down on the windshield. The tilted angle makes it hard to see clearly.

Palmer reaches for the door handle, but the second he pulls, the locks snap shut. He yanks again, but the locks just keep clicking closed.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

Peering past WOMAN in the driver's seat, her face in the reflection of the driver's side mirror, her emotions clearly still running high.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S SUV - EARLY MORNING

Real concern setting in PALMER grabs his phone, but sees he has no bars. Now knowing this isn't coincidence he's startled by the sudden swing of the wiper arms, dragging the photo up near the center of the windshield.

He immediately recognizes the old squad... Bravo Squad... once under his command. One face in the photo stands out, (younger) Lt. Jackson Boyer. Palmer stares at it, trying to discern some meaning, but his eyes dart to the garage door in front of him as it suddenly begins to rise.

Looking inside the garage reveals the standard storage clutter along with a small home gym area. It takes a moment for the DARK FIGURE, obscured by the disappearing shadow of the door, to appear.

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

As the WOMAN from the clinic sits framed in the reflection of the driver's side mirror, the view shifts, a new angle reflecting the approach of a DARK FIGURE, face covered under a medical mask, shades and a brimmed cap walking with purpose towards her car.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S SUV - EARLY MORNING

PALMER looks on as the garage door continues to rise, until the DARK FIGURE's face nearly appears.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S HOME - GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

Peering out of the garage past the DARK FIGURE, just as the door raises high enough to reveal their face, PALMER's expression trapped behind the glass turns from angry apprehension to plain shock.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOMEN'S CLINIC LOT - EARLY MORNING

Peering just over to the bottom sill of the driver's door the WOMAN continues to look down at the paper in her hand. The the outside reflection obscures her expression, but she's still too engrossed to notice the DARK FIGURE as he leans down to look inside the car, his reflection hovering in the glass.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S HOME - GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

PALMER begins to bang on the glass, yelling out to the DARK FIGURE who just stands watching. His words are too muffled to understand. The Figure calmly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a phone. They quickly attach something to a text and hit send. Palmer stops banging on the window as a message chime sounds in the suv.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S SUV - EARLY MORNING

PALMER, shocked hearing his phone chime can only look confused as he stares at his phone for a moment. He has a text from "UNKNOWN". He gives a quick glance to and out of focus DARK FIGURE before grabbing the phone and opening the message.

Instead of words, numbers. A running count down, descending from "60".

CUT TO:

INT. WOMAN'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

The WOMAN from the clinic is startled from her contemplations, noticing the DARK FIGURE leaned down, staring in her window. She bolts to the passenger seat, away from the driver's door as the glass shatters inward. The world moving at a crawl, the Dark Figure leans into the window, his form beginning to block out the world.

FADE TO:

INT. PALMER'S SUV - EARLY MORNING

While PALMER's protests and banging fists can be heard, he can only be seen in what reflection there is on his phone screen. The timer continues to tick down.

CUT TO:

INT. PALMER'S HOME - GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

The world still moving at a fraction of normal, the descending garage door begins to block out the light. PALMER bangs on the windshield, desperately trying to communicate until the world goes dark.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL NEWS HELICOPTER - EARLY MORNING

The skyline of Washington, D.C. not far in the distance, the Channel 5 Action News helicopter glides along above morning rush hour traffic. Morning traffic reporter BERT MACKLEND sits focused on the camera as he waits for his cue from LESLIE in the studio.

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LESLIE(OS)
...wow, sounds like it's gonna be a
hot one Joan. Well, let's go to our
eye in the sky, morning traffic
reporter Bert Macklend. Bert, how
are things looking this morning?

BERT
Thanks Leslie! Everything is
looking pretty decent, no major
obstructions at this hour. You may
run into...

Suddenly [in real time sync with Palmer countdown], out the
window of the helicopter, a large orange/red flash somewhere
on ground below. The thud of the explosion hits a moment
later. There is a collective gasp.

LESLIE(OS)
Oh my gosh! Barry, what was that?

BERT
Not exactly sure Leslie, it seems
to be some kind of explosion!
Goodness, you hope nobody is hurt!

CUT TO:

[TITLE SEQUENCE]

"BLOWN"

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY BACKSTREETS - MIDDAY

A small sports sedan, pricey and a bit out of place in it's
current surroundings, weaves it's way through numerous
rundown, city back streets.

INT. SPORTS SEDAN - MIDDAY

Inside the sedan the engine roars and the DRIVER, in a
tailored yet disheveled suit, is sharp and focused behind
the wheel as he navigates the alleys, side streets and sharp
turns. The driver makes a point of snatching off his tie.

His "white knuckle" grip on the wheel is dotted with specks
of blood. His face hidden, only glimpses of his eyes are
seen in the car's mirrors as he constantly checks them. A

(CONTINUED)

quick swipe and his phone in the center console wakes with a blaring, "breaking news" theme, the graphics of the locals stations live stream rushing across the screen before quickly fading into the picture of the NEWS ANCHOR behind his desk.

SEQUENCE

As the ANCHOR speaks the picture cuts between the news, the phone, the DRIVER and the exterior of the car tearing through the streets.

ANCHOR

Hello ladies and gentlemen, this is Travis Wallace at the Channel 5 Action News Desk. We're interrupting your regularly scheduled program to bring you new, breaking details about the explosion that rocked a sleepy Falls Church community earlier this morning and the city wide manhunt underway at this hour. It's been speculated all morning, but authorities are finally confirming that it was indeed a car bomb that exploded just after 7am this morning. Authorities are also confirming the identity of the single victim in this attack, this man...

On the screen the picture of middle aged man, likely in his mid to late 50's, fit looking and donning a dress Army uniform.

ANCHOR

Brigadier General Randal Palmer. The General was a 30 plus year veteran of the Army and was a part of the Inspector General's office at the Pentagon. It is believed that General Palmer was about to start his morning commute into work when authorities say a bomb went off in his car. If General Palmer's name sounds familiar you may remember that a few months ago Palmer garnered national headlines after his rather scathing congressional testimony regarding the actions of private military contracting company Red Caliber.

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There is "b-roll" of conflict zones around the world then footage of the General testifying in front of a congressional committee.

ANCHOR

Red Caliber, as you may know, is the Private Military Contractor with US contracts in Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan and a number of other hot zones around the world. The company came under intense scrutiny by congress after allegations of violence toward civilians as well as criminal activity such as gun and drug smuggling began surfacing in the media.

CUT TO

EXT. OVERPASS - MIDDAY

The car finally pulls into an abandoned space under a dark, trash and debris strewn overpass, stopping with a screech.

CUT TO

INT. SPORTS SEDAN - MIDDAY

ANCHOR

Authorities are now indicating it is this testimony that they believe lead to the violent events of this morning. Police and federal authorities are now out in force, seeking this man... Retired army Captain Jackson Boyer.

A picture of the suspect appears on screen and, for just a moment, the driver look at the screen intently. The reflection on the phone screen reveals the suspect and the DRIVER are the same man.

ANCHOR

Details are still sketchy, but apparently Boyer served under Palmer until 3 years ago when authorities say Palmer, after learning of possible misconduct during the Captain's most recent tour in Afghanistan, had Boyer drummed out of the service.

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The words of the Anchor as well as the rest of the world become hollow and distant as JACKSON's thoughts seem to drift...

FADE TO:

INT. MILITARY HOSPITAL - ICU ROOM - NIGHT

A *younger* version of JACKSON, portions of him covered in bandages and bruises, multiple IVs and monitors latched to him, lays unconscious for a moment before his eyes slowly flutter open. Apart from the hum of air conditioning vents and the beeping of his heart monitor, the room, lit by the single light over his bed, is silent. After a moment he notices the silhouette of a man standing, peering out of his room window.

JACKSON

Colonel?

The man at the window, a *younger* version of PALMER, turns to him.

PALMER

Lieutenant Boyer... Those doctors out there didn't think you were going to make it. I kept telling them you were too stubborn not to. Welcome back to the land of the living.

[beat]

JACKSON

I lost them all Colonel. Vasquez... Hicks, Frost, Hudson, Gorman...

PALMER

Take a deep breathe Lieutenant.

JACKSON

Ryan, sir.... I lost Ryan.

The silence returns as both men struggle with his words. Palmer slowly moves over, pulling a chair up to his bedside.

JACKSON

Ryan...

PALMER

Was my son. He was a patriot that knew the risks as well as anyone.

(CONTINUED)

JACKSON

I'm responsible. I was his
commanding officer.

PALMER

He was my son and you were his
brother-in-arms because he knew the
kind of man you were. [beat] I was
his father. You were his brother.
That makes you my son too.

Palmer clasps his shoulder, both men struggle to hold back
tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVERPASS - MIDDAY

Jackson's car sits among the junk left lying under a rundown
overpass on a run down, industrialized side of town,
obscured by the shadows and pylons.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTS SEDAN - MIDDAY

Jackson reaches over snatches the phone off the center
console and switches it off before opening the door and
stepping out. When he stands it reveals what was on the
driver's seat underneath his legs... a 9mm pistol and an
extra clip.

CUT TO

EXT. OVERPASS - MIDDAY - CONTINUOUS

Jackson reaches into the car and grabs the pistol and clip.
He slides the gun into the waistband. Slamming the driver's
side door, keys in one hand and phone in the other, Jackson
quickly opens the back of the phone as he rounds the side of
the car. As he reaches the trunk he pulls the battery out of
the phone and snatches out the simcard. Putting all the
phone pieces in one hand he takes the keys and uses them to
pop the trunk. He clears the slight clutter of old boxes and
paper in the trunk and lifts the carpet, revealing the spare
tire compartment.

Jackson reaches in and quickly pulls the spare, dropping it
on the ground. It reveals two black bags, one small canvas
bag and a much smaller leather, shaving kit bag. He sets

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both on the bumper and unzips the canvas bag first. Digging through the tangle of emergency roadside equipment he retrieves a road flare.

He slides the flare into his pocket before shoving the canvas sack back into the trunk and slamming the lid. He takes the leather bag and sets it on top of the trunk. He unzips a side pocket and pulls out something small, wrapped in plastic. It's a phone simcard card, which he slides into place before reassembling the phone before and turning it back on.

While the phone reboots Jackson goes into the main compartment of the bag and pulling out several items... some moist towelettes, some gauze and medical tape as well as a small bottle of peroxide. Also pen stick detergent and paper towels. Finally the phone reboots and it kicks right back to the news feed as before.

On the screen, shot at a high angle, is some slightly grainy, desaturated security footage. Two MEN IN SUITS stand in what appears to be the reception area of an office building as Jackson walks into view. The two men quickly put their hands on his shoulder and turn to escort him away, but Jackson quickly shrugs them off, looking a bit confused as to why he should.

There is a short discussion between Jackson and the two men and at the end of it Jackson looks a bit stunned. The two men seize him by the shoulders to escort him out again, but again Jackson shrugs them off. Finally one of the men pushes back his suit jacket and moves his hand to the gun he's apparently wearing on his hip. Jackson quickly raises his hand, seemingly relenting. They seize him by his shoulders again and move Jackson ahead of them they take a few steps, but Jackson suddenly elbows one of the men in the face.

Jackson spins and slams the same elbow into the other man's temple, spinning the second man 180 degrees. The first man has recovered from his first blow just enough to go for his gun. Jackson snatches the gun out of the holster of the second man and spins to the first. The first man is too slow and catches a bullet in the leg from Jackson, immediately tumbling to the floor and dropping his gun.

Watching the footage, Jackson wipes the blood from his hands.

The second man turns, throwing a punch, but Jackson easily ducks. Jackson comes back up and uses the butt of the gun to crack him in the side of the head. Again the man spins a way dazed and Jackson puts around in the second man's leg as well. Jackson very quickly kneels down and digs around the

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second man's waist line for a second before retrieving a clip of ammunition. Tucking the gun and the clip behind his back Jackson flees the scene.

As this unfolds Jackson calmly, but quickly uses the detergent stick and paper towels to fade the most conspicuous of the blood stains.

ANCHOR

That was the scene inside the lobby of the Red Caliber corporate offices early this morning when FBI agents attempted to bring Boyer in for questioning.

As the anchor speaks Jackson goes through the bag again. First pulling out a pair of black leather gloves which he slides on. Then, one by one he pulls out a small flashlight, a ring of keys which he stuffs into his pockets one by one. Finally he pulls out a multitool and immediately unfolds the knife blade and dropping out of view. As the anchor continues there is a series of loud, metallic thuds before, slowly, the sound of liquid pouring onto the ground is heard.

ANCHOR

Only a person of interests a few hours ago authorities are now saying Jackson Boyer is their primary suspect in the death of General Palmer.

Jackson rises again and closes the multitool knife and sliding it back in his pocket. He snatches the phone off the trunk and quickly moves to the opening of an alleyway between some buildings across from the overpass

ANCHOR

Anyone with any knowledge of the whereabouts of Jackson Boyer is urged to contact the authorities immediately.

EXT. ALLEY - MIDDAY

When he reaches the mouth of the alley Jackson turns and pulls the road flare out of his pocket. Striking the flare he turns back to the car, now sitting prone in a puddle of gasoline.

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ANCHOR

Authorities insist that if you see
Boyer you should not approach him.

Jackson tosses the lit flare at the car and turns down
connecting alley. Jackson walks closer and closer before
passing out of the picture.

ANCHOR

Boyer is considered armed and
extremely dangerous.

The ground rocks and the alley is briefly bathed in orange
light of an explosion.