

OPERATION: OCCUPY

Written by

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Ext. Monroe Street Bridge - Day

SUPERIMPOSE: March 22, 2015

THREE-HUNDRED PEOPLE crowd along the bridge, SHOUTING.

Signs flash: "We are the 99%" "Corporations are not people" "People over Politics" "Save the American Dream" "Banks got Bailed Out, We Got Sold Out" "Get Money Out of Politics" "My Name is Inigo America. You Killed My Freedom. Prepare to Change" "You Cannot Evict an Idea." "Occupy Our Homes." "Evict the Bankers" "Freedom to Protest." "Expel the Crooks" "Save the Environment" "Living Wages Now. "Health-care for All"

News cameras surround the area.

THREE REPORTERS SHOUT questions to the PROTESTORS.

FIFTEEN COPS wearing vests and helmets move forward as the PROTESTORS get LOUDER.

COP #1 SHOUTS to a Protester who attempts to move out of the way as the baton slashes forward. A WOMAN SCREAMS and A CHILD falls forward.

TEN PEOPLE begin moving toward the Cop.

VOICES RAISE. LOUDER. LOUDER. Hands fly STRIKING the Cops.

A GUN SHOT RINGS OUT.

TWO Dragonflyer X4-P mini helicopter DRONES BUZZ past the sides of the bridge, taking video of Protestors through high powered thermal imaging lenses.

A Protestor looks up, raises his arm, FIRES at the drone.

Two more drone fly up. Another GUN SHOT FIRES.

Drone Two begins to fall.

The third and fourth drones have fire power.

TWO SHADOWHAWK DRONES BUZZ in the air with a shotgun attached to the bottom, appears in the sky a little over 1,000 feet above the Protestors. Rapid GUN FIRE fills the air, and ONE-HUNDRED PEOPLE scatter from the attack.

The Protestors point their guns, the drones fire, the two Protestors fire their guns. Fire covers the side of the bridge.

The ground SHAKES.

The bridge sways side to side.

TWO-HUNDRED PEOPLE SCREAM and run, trampling over each other.

SIRENS flood the streets.

Six POLICE CARS SCREECH to a halt surrounding each end of the bridge.

Moving quickly, TWELVE COPS direct the Protesters.

SIX AMBULANCE DRIVERS set up triage centers by the side of Spokane River adjoining Monroe Street Bridge.

PEOPLE attempt to help the injured.

A group of protestors sit coughing and choking on the black smoke that rises from the flames.

TWELVE POLICE begin to FIRE into the crowd.

Men, Women, Children drop like flies.

The streets completely blacken with fumes.

SCREAMS echo.

Black gloved hands, reach out slowly, falling away.

Red blood oozes over the bridge.

The day turns to the aura of night.

The Newscasters gape in shock, as their cameras continue to capture the bedlam unfolding.

A FEMALE REPORTER SCREAMS.

Silence.

A MAN frozen in place stares as a GIRL falls from the side of the bridge.

He reaches out to grab her when a SIZZLING bullet lodges into his black covered front.

The impact sends him over the ledge...

INT. SPOKANE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY (SIX MONTHS EARLIER)

SUPERIMPOSE: SEPTEMBER 9, 2014

CAPTAIN FREDRICK, 65, a tall, and lanky man sits in his office. He taps the desk with a pencil waiting impatiently for JOHN MURPHY, 46, a hard headed, justice oriented, undercover agent for the Spokane Police Department.

Agent John Murphy, 46, walks into the office.

CAPTAIN FREDRICK

John, I am glad you came in. I have a new undercover assignment for you.

JOHN

What assignment is it, Captain?

CAPTAIN FREDRICK

I am not sure you are ready for this one, but the Mayor insisted I get you on this case.

JOHN

The Mayor? Must be a big case?

CAPTAIN FREDRICK

Here is the file for you. We expect to hear from you in about two weeks. We need updates on their whereabouts as well as current membership numbers, fire power, and up coming plans.

JOHN

Yes, Sir!

INT. SPOKANE POLICE DEPARTMENT - JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

John carries his file into his office, impressive accommodations adorn his office wall. His desk, organized, and clean. John opens the envelope, sets the paper out and settles in to read them. He turns on his laptop and begins to read out Loud from his file.

JOHN

"Code Name: Charlie Smith
Operation: Occupy
Assignment: Infiltrate, discover
weakness, destroy"

John types "Occupy Spokane" on the Internet, clicks "news" and "videos" pop up with reports regarding The Occupy Movement.

INT. VIDEO - RIVERFRONT PARK - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: June, 15 2012

ROBIN DAWN GREENWOOD, 43, is a beautifully aged woman holding a microphone..

ROBIN

Occupy Spokane began October 9, 2011. Their main objective is to remove money from politics. As you can see behind me, people have gathered for another rally.

Computer screen shows the rally. "Signs up".

PEOPLE

We are the 99%. We are the 99%.
People over politics.

THREE-HUNDRED PEOPLE converge on road in front of Riverfront Park. Group Organizers gather the Men, Women, and Children. CHANTS get louder.

ROBIN

I am standing here with one of the organizers. Can you tell us a little bit more about the cause?

BOB

We are determined to make a difference. We need to make our government listen. We need to get money out of politics and put people first.

ROBIN

Have the police left you alone?

BOB

For the most part. You know, Robin, most police do not make over 60,000 dollars a year. In fact many make less. Technically, they belong with us, working to change our world.

The People begin marching, and CHANTING.

ROBIN

Thank you for taking the time to talk to us. This is Robin Greenwood signing off.

INT. JOHN'S COMPUTER - SAME DAY

John shakes his head. He CLICKS on his "e-mail" marked "SENSITIVE FOR YOUR EYES ONLY" directly from the Mayor of Spokane and begins reading background on the Occupy Movement.

JOHN

"Operation: Occupy is a time sensitive operation. The terrorist cells are popping up all around the country. Their objective: bring down the U. S. Government and Corporations who control mass business. You must infiltrate and disarm these terrorists. You have 6 months to complete this mission."

John picks up his black book and looks up Robin's number. He places a discreet call to set up a meeting.

John turns off his computer and closes it.

He picks up the undercover business card. Glances at the info and says it aloud repeatedly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

"Charlie Smith- AAA CAB DRIVER- 5092225555- 24 hour service"

EXT. OUTSIDE SPOKANE POLICE DEPARTMENT- PARKING LOT - DAY

John cleans out his desk and packs three boxes into his new AAA cab. He heads out to meet Robin.

EXT. SPOKANE POLICE DEPARTMENT SIDEWALK - DAY

John checks the time and walks the two blocks to the Subway restaurant to meet with Robin for a quick bite. They meet at the door. Robin kisses him on the cheek.

ROBIN

Hello, John, what can I do for you?

They order.

JOHN

I need a little bit of investigative work done. I think you would be perfect for this.

Robin leans forward, eyes twinkling, lips twitching.

ROBIN
Yes, John?

JOHN
I need... you to dig up all the
dirt on The Occupy Leaders.

He slides a file toward her.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I need it all tomorrow. By the way
(Beat) I enjoyed watching your
interviews.

ROBIN
Oh, is that all? I will e-mail all
I have once I get home. Why all the
secrecy? You could have asked me
over the phone.

Robin places her elbows on the table; chin in hand, blinking
quickly. Her breath is a bit labored.

JOHN
I just didn't want to be overheard.

ROBIN
Is that all?

JOHN
I might have missed you. Just a
little.

ROBIN
When do you want to 'meet' again?

JOHN
I'll call you.

EXT. OUTSIDE SUBWAY - NIGHT

John gets up and walks her out. Her hand caresses his arm
when she gives him a deep kiss. John hastily pushes her away,
but continues to stare down at her. She grins and gives a
wave. He stands there, stunned, watching the faint wiggle of
her hips.

He walks to the Spokane Police Department, smiling.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE SPD - NIGHT

When he gets to the parking lot, he climbs into his AAA cab.

He drives home a frown on his forehead.

JOHN

I just don't understand how
law-abiding citizens could join
a terrorist group.

EXT. FRONT OF JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John pulls in front of his house, grabs his boxes, and opens the door.

John shivers upon entering.

He makes a pot of coffee and does more research on the Occupy Movement on his laptop. After reading Robin's research "e-mails" he SLAMS his fist on the table.

JOHN

What lies! Where are they coming up
with this stuff? What ever happened
to the law and order in this
country?

EXT. RIVERFRONT PARK, SPOKANE WA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Saturday 12:00 p.m.

John attends his first meeting. He walks around the parameter, checking out the people.

A MAN grabs a bullhorn.

MAN

First we walk up Main Street, stop
at the Bank of America, moving on
toward the Wells Fargo Bank, to
Chase Bank and finally finish at
the Federal Building. Anything
else? No? Lets go!

ONE-HUNDRED PEOPLE begin to move, following the plan. They SHOUT, YELL and CHANT.

John hangs back, watching, the strong silent type, and secure behind his "V" Mask, taking notes while he walks.

JOHN

"Day one of my undercover job. The
people are friendly, though angry.
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

They will accept anyone into the fold. They trust easily. This should be an easy job!"

EXT. SPOKANE CLUB - DAY - 3 PM

John walks the three blocks. He works out for one hour. On his way home, he hears the UPROAR of an angry Crowd.

EXT. RITZ HOTEL - RIVERSIDE SIDEWALK - DAY

THREE-HUNDRED PEOPLE converge on the Ritz Hotel. Some are cuffed to bars, lampposts and rails. Others are milling around. CHANTS can be heard throughout the downtown streets.

CROWD

We are the 99%. We are the 99%.
People before profits. Corporations
are not people. We are the 99%. We
are the 99%.

CHANTS become background noise. John, sweaty from his workout, sees an elderly WOMAN on the side of the road. She is battered, bloody, shaken and appears to be in shock.

JOHN

What's going on over here?

BARBARA HART, 60, grey haired grandmotherly type, spunky, slim, stubborn and smart, wife of Occupy Spokane Leader who fights against injustice every day.

BARBARA

Cops are tearing up my apartment.
That's what's going on. What do you
care, young man?

JOHN

Why would they tear up your
apartment? What happened to you?
Get into a fight with them or a
door?

BARBARA

I don't fight doors. That's a
losing battle. Guess it was them,
then, huh?

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

They wanted to know where my husband was and when I wouldn't tell them, this is what they did to me. So I repeat. What's it to you, young man?

A beat.

JOHN

(Recognition in his eyes)
Come with me, Ma'am. I know a safe place for you. I know who you are. Let me help you, please.

John gently helps her to her feet and glances over at the ONE-HUNDRED PROTESTORS and FORTY COPS. No one is looking.

He leads her toward his house that is just two blocks away.

He keeps his arm around her to guide her.

He protects her from preying eyes.

His arm also keeps the blood from dropping.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - RIVERSIDE - DAY- FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

John does a quick look-see around his living room to be sure all his cop and John Murphy identifications are hidden from view.

Barbara barely notices anything.

JOHN

Here, sit down while I fix a quick snack and hot tea for you. We also need to clean up those scratches and talk. Do you like cold cuts or soup? That's all I have to offer right now.

BARBARA

Cold cuts and tea, please, young man.

JOHN

OK, sit right here. Now don't go anywhere. I'll be right back.

BARBARA

I don't have the energy or desire to go anywhere right now, young man. Before you go, though, who are you and why are you helping me?

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

You could get into serious trouble doing this.

JOHN

I told you. I know who you are. I was at the rally today. I bet the older gentleman with the bull-horn was your husband, right?

BARBARA

Yes, that was him. Tall, sixty's, good looking with a deep, trembling voice. That's Nick. So why are you helping me? I still don't know your name, young man?

JOHN

My name is Charlie Smith. I am helping you because you need the help. I was at the rally today. That's why I am helping you. Want those cold cuts and tea now?

BARBARA

(Barbara visibly relaxes)
Cold cuts and tea does sound good.
Thank you, young man.

INT. JOHNS KITCHEN - NIGHT

John moves to the kitchen where he puts a plate of cold cuts together.

He gets the water started.

He goes to the far end of the room and opens a cupboard door where his emergency supplies are held. He gets band-aids, wipes, wraps, tape, gauze, and antibiotic ointment.

The last things he grabs are two fully charged disposable Tract phones.

He lays them all out on the counter top and pulls a tray from under the counter and places everything neatly on top.

He picks up the tray and heads back into the living room.

He places the tray on the coffee table and sits down next to her.

INT. JOHNS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JOHN

Here we go. Ham, cheese, crackers,
and tea. Now, let me look at you.

He gently cleans all her scraps and cuts and checks the knot
on her head.

Blood attaches to his hand.

He wipes himself up and bandages her cuts.

BARBARA

This looks good. What's the rest of
it for? I can't eat a phone, young
man.

JOHN

If you and your husband are now
wanted by the police, you will need
a way to keep in touch. I use them
all the time. They are great for
keeping a step ahead of, (beat)
people. Fully charged, one for you
and one for your husband.

BARBARA

(looks shocked)

What 'people' do we not want to
speak to or stay ahead of?

JOHN

Can you go home?

BARBARA

Well, no, I guess not.

JOHN

Do you have cell phones right now?
Can you get in touch with your
husband?

BARBARA

No, I don't. I just have what you
see. No, I can't call him. He is,
(beat) at a meeting.

JOHN

Well, there you go. Once I have you
cleaned up and fed, we will go find
your husband and then figure out
what is next. While you eat, tell
me about the Ritz and Occupy.

BARBARA

(eats and talks)

Well, the Ritz used to be an upper-class hotel until the downtown area fell behind the times. Now it is used for lower-income residents. My husband and I sort of run the place. Not like what we used to do, but it's what we do now.

JOHN

What did you used to do, if you don't mind my asking?

BARBARA

No problem, it's not a big secret. We used to work for Bank of America. I was a teller and Dale was a security guard. We worked there for 20 years then they sacked us.

John picks up his teacup and spoon and stirs.

JOHN

Why did they let you go?

BARBARA

Said it was due to downsizing but we knew different. They were releasing all the employees with 10 years or more job experience. At sixty, no one wants to hire you, so in the end, we lost everything.

JOHN

How did you wind up at the Ritz?

BARBARA

I am getting to that, young man. House, pension, retirement plans, gone. We were homeless for two years when a friend recommended us to the Ritz. It gave us shelter and four-hundred a month for expenses. We live light now.

JOHN

So why are the cops there? You deal in drugs or something?

BARBARA

(looks shocked)

Of course not!

(MORE)

BARBARA (CONT'D)

It was far worse than that, young man. We deal in people. When the banks got their bailouts we were not the only people the banks swindled. We opened the Ritz for the homeless.

JOHN

How many?

BARBARA

Eighty homeless plus five families. Oh my god, I hope they are all alright. I can't believe this is happening. What is wrong with this country?

Barbara twists her hands while John looks guilty.

JOHN

What? If the police raided you, you must have done something wrong. Our police are the best in the world. Must have been a fire hazard with all those people there. Something like that, yes, that's what it was.

BARBARA

Oh, posh! Where have you been, Charlie? Things are getting worse. The police raided, as you call it, because the city wants to tear down the Ritz to build condos or some such thing. That is why the police invaded. What about all those people? Where are they to go? We are not giving up. Not without a fight!

Barbara suddenly stands up, bloodied, and angry, lifts her fist into the air and loudly proclaims,

BARBARA (CONT'D)

PEOPLE FIRST, NOT PROFITS! PEOPLE FIRST, NOT PROFITS! WE ARE THE 99%. WE ARE THE 99%. CORPORATIONS ARE NOT PEOPLE! PEOPLE BLEED, BREATHE, HAVE A HEART, AND CARE! WE ARE THE 99% AND WE WILL FIGHT TO THE END!

Barbara falls to the floor.

John reaches out and picks her up, placing her on the couch.

John walks to the bathroom just located behind the living room, wets a washcloth and places it on Barbara's feverish head.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

BARBARA

What happened?

JOHN

You fainted, that's what happened. Should we go find your husband? My cab is right outside.

BARBARA

Yes, I guess we better, he has no idea what happened today.

Barbara stands up, wobbly. John offers her his arm.

EXT. OUTSIDE JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHN

Climb in. First, though, where are we going? I need an address or two.

INT./EXT. JOHN'S CAB - NIGHT - TRAVELING

BARBARA

We meet at homes, sometimes old abandoned buildings and even a few churches. We are getting a lot of outside support, you know.

JOHN

What kind of support? Where to first? The day isn't over yet and do you think the police are going to stop looking?

BARBARA

Brown's Addition, the apartment at 2119 Riverside.

They arrive. Flames engulf the building. John speeds off.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

Oh, no, what have I done?

JOHN

Calm down. Just calm down. I need you to think. Where to next?

BARBARA

Fox theatre! Hurry!

JOHN

OK, now how many other places?

BARBARA

Maybe (beat) maybe three others.

John stops in front of the Fox Theatre side street. A bright orange flame shadows the road. SIRENS blare in the distance.

BARBARA (CONT'D)

All those places! Who would do that? All those lives!

Barbara covers her face with her hands.

JOHN

You said a church. Is it listed anywhere? A black book of some kind? Something only you and your husband knew about?

BARBARA

It was listed in my new address book. It was in my purse! What have I done?

John heads the car towards the First Open Fellowship on Third. PEOPLE run out of the building. A BLAST shatters the night. People begin to fall. CHILDREN SCREAM.

John looks around. SIX SNIPERS hide on the rooftops.

JOHN

Stay here and stay low! What is your husbands name again?

BARBARA

Hurry! His name is Nick.

Barbara scoots down and peeks over the door frame. More People go down. Barbara shudders.

John quietly opens the car door. He sides on his belly to the sidewalk. Slowly, he inches forward, hugging the trees.

John scans the street looking for Nick.

The night air fills with the sounds of GUN FIRE.

People SCREAMING.

John scans the people streaming by, looking for the bullhorn man. John spots him and slithers up beside him and grabs NICK'S arm. NICK HART, 65, tall, lanky, feisty, the bullhorn man, physically jumps.

JOHN'

Are you Nick? Barbara Harts
husband?

NICK

Yes, do you know if she is safe?

JOHN

Yes, she is with me. She is in that
AAA cab over there. Come on, lets
get moving. I have some bad news.
Your building is gone. A few of
your meeting places burned up.

NICK

(shaken)

No! I can't believe it!

John holds Nick's arm as they slither back to the cab.

John opens the door, shoves him in, turns to get inside when he hears the cries A LITTLE GIRL, 4, somewhere close by. The mop of dirty blond hair stands out against the dark night.

The streetlight shines. The beam gives John a shot at saving her.

JOHN

Come here, child.

GUN FIRE volleys close by. The Girl falls.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, my God!

John rushes forward, grabs the bundle and heads back to the cab. He hears a Woman SCREAM and feels urgent hands on his shoulder.

WOMAN

That's my baby. You have my baby!

JOHN

Where do you live?

WOMAN

Just ten blocks down.

Woman SOBS and reaches for her child.

JOHN

Come on. Jump in. I will take you both home.

John shoves everyone inside and SQUEALS off.

John drops off the Mother and Daughter.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JOHN

Anybody want to explain this? Those were sharp-shooters shooting at you!

NICK

Oh, my. Oh, my!

Nick collapses on the couch.

JOHN

Come on, Man. You must know something!

John glares at both guests.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You both look like hell. Come on, you can freshen up in my Man-Cave.

EXT. OUTSIDE JOHN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

John leads them to his garage, but instead of unlatching that door, he pulls on a hidden latch, the ground opens up to show a set of stairs.

JOHN

Come on, hurry. I may not be able to save you if we get caught.

Nick starts first, followed by Barbara. John grabs the latch and hides the door and CLICKS the light switch.

NICK

Guess you weren't kidding! A Man-Cave, indeed.

JOHN

Shower is this way, bed here.
Clothes in the hallway closet. Food
and drinks are behind this door.

NICK

Why are you doing this?

JOHN

Like I told your wife, I saw you
both at the rally. When I saw
Barbara here beat up on the
sidewalk, I knew I had to help.

NICK

My name is Nick.

Nick holds out his hand.

JOHN

My name is Charlie.

They shake hands.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shower, eat and sleep. I need to do
some research online. Don't worry.
This underground bunker is the
securest, sleekest, most secret
place to be right now.

John leaves.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

John grabs his laptop and checks the online police blogs.

John makes a quick microwave dinner and settles down to watch
"V for Vendetta". He falls asleep.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY - THREE YEARS EARLIER

KNOCK on the door. TWO COPS wait.

COP #1

John Murphy? Husband to Jackie
Murphy? Was your daughter Carol
Murphy?

JOHN

Yes, Sir. What's happened? I was just getting ready to meet them in River-Haven Park.

COP #2

John, may we come in? You might want to sit down for this.

JOHN

Just tell me!

COP #1

John, your wife and child died this afternoon. A drunk plowed into the side of the van. They died on site.

John grabs the door.

JOHN

No! No, that's not possible! I just talked to them! You must have made a mistake.

COP #2

Sorry, man. Can I get you anything? we need you to identify the bodies.

JOHN

Yes, I know. I will meet you there.

END OF DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM! John wakes, startled. Tears flow down his cheeks.

JOHN

Won't it ever go away? Won't the nightmares ever stop? When will I get a chance to heal?

John rolls over and HITS the pillow.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now I have to pretend to be involved in a terrorist cell and find a way to bring them down.

John HITS the pillow again. The pillow bursts.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SAME DAY - THREE AM - NIGHT

Rubbing his eyes, John wakes to the sound of knocks.

TWO COPS, 25, 30, burly, hardened, serious looking, wait.

JOHN
What do you want?

COP #1
Sorry to disturb you, Sir. We are
conducting house-to-house searches
for these two people.

John takes the photo and stares at it.

JOHN
(Shakes head)
No, I can't say that I have. What
exactly did they do, Officer.

COP #2
That's none of your business.

JOHN
As I said, I haven't seen either of
them. Good night, Gentlemen.

COP #1
Here is our card if you do see
them. They are considered armed and
dangerous.

JOHN
What? Those two senior citizens?
Please!

COP #2
Didn't you hear all the sirens last
night?

JOHN
Yes, so what?

COP #1
They are wanted in connection with
destruction of property, vandalism,
and arson. That is just the start.
So, keep your eyes open.

COP #2
Yes, they live just a few blocks
from you.

JOHN
Yes, sure, thanks for letting me
know.

John SLAMS the door and lets out a scream.