

SCRIPT TITLE

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ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. FANCY 5 STAR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - EVENING

Pairs and groups of guests arrive in front of the hotel, dressed up in appropriate black-tie-event attire. A mix of limousines and luxury cars drop off incoming guests. A rotating crew of valets drives the luxury cars away for parking.

SENG LOR, host of the party, emerges from the hotel entrance. She greets a few of the new partygoers and makes her way to the nearest valet.

SENG LOR

Our next guest is the one who gets
the preferred parking space. It's a
black Bentley SUV.

The valet, a bald and incredibly fit man with unique-yet-unremarkable features, nods politely.

VALET (AGENT 47)

Of course, ma'am.

Eventually the black Bentley pulls up and the valet opens the door for the guest, taking the keys as he does so.

SPECIAL GUEST (ETHAN PRYCE)

Thanks. Make sure it comes back
this nice.

With a fake, high-class chuckle, the special guest makes their way into the hotel for the party.

INT. FANCY 5 STAR HOTEL, 2ND FLOOR COCKTAIL BAR

The lights are low and the drinks are flowing as guests chatter around the floor of the cocktail bar.

A few waiters roam between the groups, offering drinks off of platters they carry. Seng Lor roams around the bar, doing her best to be a good host.

SENG LOR

Wonderful to see you made it, Mr.
Pryce!

ETHAN PRYCE

Seng! What an event! It's lovely to see you. Oh, oh. Waiter! Over here please! A round for our amazing host.

A bald waiter with unremarkable, yet distinct, features approaches with a tray of drinks in coupe glasses.

WAITER (AGENT 47)

Champagne?

Seng and Mr. Pryce each take a glass and toast to the evening.

INT. FANCY 5 STAR HOTEL, BALLROOM

Tables lined in four rows down the length of the ballroom seat 6 guests each.

More waiters roam between the tables, this time carrying various appetizers and hors d'oeuvres.

Seng sits at the back of the stage behind the podium along with four other guest speakers.

After a few moments of general chatter, the room quiets slightly as Seng approaches the podium to speak.

SENG LOR

(Not amplified)

Hello everyone-

She taps the microphone.

SENG LOR (CONT'D)

(Not amplified)

Um, hello?

Some quiet murmurs as Seng motions off-stage for some help.

A maintenance man, dressed in hotel employee attire and donning a painter's cap, emerges from behind the curtain.

SENG LOR (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Whatever the fuck is wrong with this, fix it. Now.

MAINTENANCE MAN (AGENT 47)

Right away, ma'am.

As the maintenance man leans down to mess with the wires, Seng notices a weird tattoo on the back of his head. Thinking back, she begins to remember the same tattoo on some other employee here.

Before she can connect any dots, there's a loud POP and a couple second of mic feedback before the maintenance man stands back up.

MAINTENANCE MAN (CONT'D)
Should be all set, ma'am.

He nods his head slightly and quickly disappears back behind the curtain.

SENG LOR
ahem Sorry about that, everyone.
Anyways, for those who don't know me, and for those who've maybe enjoyed a few too many of our delicious beverages to remember, my name is Seng Lor. This is my third year hosting the annual Media & Culture Gala, and it's been-

She pauses for applause.

SENG LOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you. It's been a joy to meet new guests and see familiar faces I've seen the last few years. Speaking of familiar faces, our first of four amazing speakers tonight is one you'll all recognize, if not from here than from his vast filmography and countless television roles. I think you've all heard enough from me, so please allow me to introduce our first guest speaker: actor, director, philanthropist, and generous contributor, Boonsang Kham!

The crowd cheers, momentarily losing their decorum before quickly reeling it back in to a polite applause as Boonsang stands from his seat and takes a polite bow.

Seng glances around the room, making quick eye contact with a few guests while subtly knocking three times on the podium.

As she leaves the stage, the dozen-or-so guests she looked for, including Ethan Pryce, quietly get up and make for the ballroom exit during the applause.

BOONSANG KHAM

(Fading)

Thank you everyone. My name is
Boonsang Kham, and it's been a
pleasure to meet all of you here.
This is my first year here...

INT. FANCY 5 STAR HOTEL, OTHER BALLROOM

The seats in this ballroom are organized differently; other than the unmanned bar, there's not a table in sight. Instead, 12 chairs sat in a circle in the center of the large ballroom.

A couple members of Seng's private security team, dressed as standard hotel staff, stand at either side of the ballroom doors.

KNOCK, knock knock, KNOCK

At the signal, one of the guards opens the double doors.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Evening, Miss Lor.

Seng brushes quickly past him, followed by 13 others: The dozen guests that left the party with her, and another member of her security team. This security guard is not in disguise. His bald, uniquely plain features hidden only by a pair of dark glasses.

The bald guard stops by the door.

GUARD (AGENT 47)

(To Security Guard #1)

You. Check the windows, ensure no one has sights on this room.

(To Security Guard #2)

You, check the perimeter of the room for any tampering or bugs.

The two guards nod and begin their search as the guests take their seats.

Seng stands in the middle of the chair circle. Once everyone else has taken their seat, she begins.

SENG LOR

Thank you all for making it. I'm
sure we've all had our fair share
of champagne and speeches in our
lives to sit through that dull
drivel.

Quiet chuckles from a few guests.

SENG LOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
What's happening in the other
ballroom here isn't a simple
celebration. It's a demonstration.

She strolls slowly around the circle.

A couple of the guests' wandering eyes notice the two guards
as they scan the room.

SENG LOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Broadcasters. Publishers.
Communicators, actors, directors,
newscasters, everyone of any
significance is here tonight. Hell,
we finally bagged Boonsang, the
wallet on legs that he is.

More chuckles from her little audience.

The guard in charge of bugs notices a loose screw in the
chandelier's winch mechanism.

SENG LOR (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
In the age of technology, power
doesn't lie with who owns the land.
It doesn't lie with who owns the
wealth. No, the real power lies
with whoever controls the
information. And that, my friends,
is us.

Seng pauses for a moment, as if to allow her audience to
shower her in applause.

SENG LOR (CONT'D)
Of course, there's always room for
growth. Some of you are already
aware, but we've been looking at an
expansion of our... "services."
We're already in talks with far-
right parties in Italy, Germany,
South Korea, Chile, and New Zea-

A loud SNAP as a small piece of metal holding the chandelier
winch in place breaks, releasing the chandelier from the
ceiling. Seng is only afforded a moment to look up before it
crashes into her with force.

A few of the other guests scream in shock.

The bald security guard slips out the ballroom door before anyone else moves.

EXT. FANCY 5 STAR HOTEL, MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A bald, fit man in a black suit with a bright red tie exits the hotel through the front doors, moving aside to allow the EMTs to rush in.

DIANA BURNWOOD (V.O.)
Nice work, 47. Target eliminated.
Now, to search for that book of names. According to our source, Seng booked the Presidential Suite on the top floor. Security is extra tight on the top floor, so tread carefully.

AGENT 47
Understood.

47 turns and walks around the side of the hotel.

On the outside of the building, he notices a sturdy looking pipe that stretches to nearly the roof.

47 scales the pipe with ease, pausing out of sight of passersby in the nearby windows.

He eventually reaches the highest balcony and climbs onto it, then heaves himself over the railing.

With expert quickness, he picks the lock to the sliding glass door and enters.

INT. FANCY HOTEL, PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

DIANA BURNWOOD (V.O.)
Good job, 47. You're looking for a small book.

47 searches the room quietly. He checks each shelf, every drawer, finally finding Seng's suitcase.

Searching through the case, 47 finds a small, black book. He rifles through it and notices it's filled with names and organizations. Some of these names include: ROBERT MURKOVICH (American Football Association), MONIQUE DE LA CLAIRE (Prime Meridian Bank), AALIYAH JONES ("Gurrl POWER"), THOMAS HART (association scribbled out), and a redacted name that's been circled a few times.

47 stashes the book in his suit jacket and departs the way he entered, scaling the pipe back down to ground level.

As he turns the corner, EMTs wheel a sheet-hidden body out through the main entrance, followed by three police officers escorting a hotel staffmember in handcuffs.

SECURITY GUARD #2

You're making a mistake! This was
an accident, I swear!

47 exits the hotel grounds, hitting a button on his phone to auto-dial a number.

AGENT 47

Ready for pickup.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)

Understood.

47 crosses the street and waits patiently on a bench. A black car with no plates pulls up after less than a minute.

The ambulance and police car exit the hotel and speed off, lighting 47's face in bright blue and red lights briefly before he ducks into the car.

The car pulls out and leaves in the opposite direction.