

LINE OF SUCCESSION

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL PROPERTY - WINTER - DAY

Super: Camp Unity, Texas - 1961

At the edge of dense woodlands sits an oversized, rustic LOG CABIN. Isolated from the world, a REBEL EXTREMIST FLAG flutters high over the compound. Smoke wafts from its chimney, indicating life.

From its rickety front porch, a pasture of brown grass fans outward, spilling down into a peaceful valley inhabited by cows. There is nothing but usual country sounds.

Immediately behind the rustic construct, massive diesel FUEL TANKS hiss and pump.

WIDE PAN - TINY ANTENNAS of claymore mines a short distance away, hidden under a covering of dead leaves and twigs at intervals between a heavy concentration of trees which compete with a maze of trip wires. The forest floor looks impassable.

THREE SKINHEADS, AK-47's slung over their shoulders, patrol the woods, ever careful to retrace their footsteps or face obliteration. Plumes of vapor form in front of them when they breath.

Suddenly, the "RAT-TAT-TAT" OF MACHINE GUN FIRE!

The men snap their heads about, towards the noise on the far side of the cabin. They race around, emerge in front and immediately return fire at their attackers (O.C.).

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Deep in the woodlands, a YOUNG BOY (9), head shaved, burns ants with a magnifying glass. A cruel gleam conjures in his sadistic eyes. The sun ducks in and out of tall trees. He

becomes frustrated when it does. He enjoys killing things!
Immensely!

Guarding him is a MAN (30's), also shaven, and a pretty
CHINESE GIRL (18). Both are heavily armed, ever on the
alert, always scanning their surroundings for trouble.

Startled at a distant sound of gunfire, the long-haired
girl pulls her AK-47 from her shoulder a split second
before the boy's ears prick to EXPLOSIONS in the distance.

YOUNG HARBINGER
Grandpa!

He hurries out to a clearing atop a cliff.

HARBINGER'S POV: Down in the valley, thick clouds of black
smoke billow from the trees when the fuel tanks explode. A
squad of FBI AGENTS march on the cabin, guns blazing.

EXT. LOG CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The front door is flung open. Out rushes a HEAVY SET MAN
(60's), a dangerous Nazi skinhead, into the white gray
smoke with two 30 cal Browning machine guns slung under his
arms. He fires the belt-fed ammo jobs with fierce, gritted
teeth.

EXTREMIST LEADER
Glory to the coming of a new Reich!

TWO MEN, shaved heads, rush out onto the porch to assist
him with guns blazing, but are mowed down in a hail of FBI
gunfire.

CAMERA PAN dead bodies in thick woollens lying in the mud
off the porch.

The LEAD FBI AGENT scrambles up and kneels over the
leader's dying body while his men cautiously enter the
cabin. He smirks when he hears a volley of fire inside, a
mop up campaign. Drawing his weapon to the man's head,
cruel look, he executes man and dream.

EXT. THE HILLS - CONTINUOUS

Young Dan sees the carnage and cries.

YOUNG HARBINGER

No, no, Grandpa!

When he tries to make a dash to go help, his 'minders' pull him back to the safety of the woods. Hidden from view, he is forced to watch the massacre. The Chinese girl pulls him closely, protectively. The FBI doesn't know about him, nor will they ever.

YOUNG MILA CH'U

Stay here.

The boy struggles but cannot break her firm grip.

YOUNG HARBINGER

Mila, let me go to Grandpa!

YOUNG MILA CH'U

NO! There is nothing more that can be done for your grandfather. You are meant for something much greater, young Daniel. One day you will lead this country. And it's ideologies will become better because of you.

EXTREME CLOSE SHOT - The boy's ANGRY ICE BLUE EYES stare right through us...the thousand-yard stare. He wants payback.. BADLY!!

FADE TO:

INT. AIRFORCE TWO - NIGHT - 44 YEARS LATER

SAME MADDENED EYES -- Eyes morph from a young boy to a commanding, worldly MAN (53). In a dark suit, he sits alone in a big leather airplane seat. Troubled, he raps his fingers on the armrest. A diabolically criminal but seductively charming and crafty man, you should treat him as such or be very sorry you ever met him.

NESTOR, a Secret Service Agent, taps him on the shoulder.

NESTOR

Congressman Harbinger, the President's on line one.

Woken from his troubling thoughts, Harbinger clears his throat.

HARBINGER

Thanks Nestor, I'll take it in the briefing room.

He stands and disappears into a..

INT. AIRFORCE TWO/BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Soundproof, furnished room with a big oblong table and high-back chairs. A large flat screen on the wall broadcasts a CNN NEWS REPORT.

CNN ANNOUNCER

(on tv)

The Vice President is still critical and in a coma after falling from his horse on his Kentucky ranch. The White House maintains a strict no-comment policy at this time. An entire nation, and indeed the world, holds vigil and prayer.

The RED PHONE on the table blinks. Harbinger closes the door, sits up and answers it.

HARBINGER

Yes, Mr. President.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

Super: V.A. Hospital, Maryland

DOCTORS work frantically on the VICE PRESIDENT (60), trying whatever to resuscitate him - lots of yelling, worry.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. WOODED PROPERTY - DAY

The V.P. gallops his horse along a narrow dirt path. Alone, tall trees and thick brush ensure privacy. He jumps a rushing brook with ease and lands on the other side.

A KING COBRA slithers from a bush, lifts up and spits angrily. The horse rears in fright, the momentum propelling its rider from the saddle. He hits his head against a rock and his steed runs away.

Unconscious, blood pours from a deep gash under his hairline.

CAMERA ON a white gloved hand reaches into view, grabs the snake and boxes it up. A human shape, sinister, unrecognizable, covertly escapes while echoing laughter. FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

The resuscitation machines flat-line, the high-pitched buzzer proclaiming death.

JEFFERSON CHAMBERS (66), pale and shocked, stands by the door. As the U.S. President, the burden of office outwardly shows. A NAVY LIEUTENANT stands beside him clutching a briefcase. Chambers opens it up and grabs the phone, a secured line.

CHAMBERS

(into phone)

Dan, the Vice President died at 9:10 this morning. The country's in a state of emergency. I'm bypassing the line of succession. I'm counting on you as Minority Leader to be my new right hand.

INT. AIRFORCE TWO, BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

HARBINGER sits back in a padded leather chair, releases his tie and breathes more assuredly. A power hungry bastard, his upper lip curls.

HARBINGER

I'm ready for the nomination, Mr. President.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - DAY

CHAMBERS

Land at Andrews. Marine One will be waiting.

CHAMBERS drops the phone and is hurried away by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS shouting "GO, GO, GO!" through hospital workers crowding the ward's hallway.

INT. AIRFORCE TWO/BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

Harbinger re-cradles the phone, looks out the window and sees..

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

..an F-16 arriving off the 767's starboard wing.

HARBINGER (V.O.)

(puffy)

Soon.. very, very soon.

His words echo. Like his last name, he is a dark angel heralding disaster.

ROLL CREDITS:

**What you just read was the opening
five minutes of the movie prior
to roll of credits**

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