

Broadcast Station 47B

written by

Garret Ballinger

Address
Phone
E-mail

FADE IN:

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

We look across a professional-grade soundboard as it hums to life. Sliders begin to move into position as various lights blink. Through the glass of the recording booth we see a "On Air" light glow red. Through speakers we begin to hear Revolution by the Beatles. The final item we see on the desk is a 1911 pistol.

BEATLES

*"You say want a revolution / Well,
you know / We all want to change
the world"*

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

BRICKWULL stands under the steaming water. He is muscular. A career of being shot, stabbed, and blown up is evident by the scars adorning him. He slicks back his hair and rinses the soap from his back. A large portrait tattoo of a human skull wearing a green beret, a noose extends bellow the chin and wraps itself around an anchor. He turns around to reveal a thick beard and intense eyes.

BEATLES

*"You tell me that it's evolution /
Well, you know / We all want to
change the world"*

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

On the end table a picture of 6 men dressed in fatigues with face paint and rifles is visible. Above a green camping cot is a wall of torn newspaper headlines read "U.S. PULLS OUT OF VIETNAM AS COMMUNISTS ADVANCE" "APOLLO 11 SHOT OUT OF SKY BY RUSSIAN MISSILE" "ALASKA INVADED". Brickwull steps into frame as he hoists on a pair of green cargo pants, casually humming to the tune as he pulls on a black shirt.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

A column of military vehicles passes by. The Soviet star is visible on the door of each truck. With each guitar strum another truck drives on.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

LT. VICTOFF looks across the Appalachian wilderness and keys up his microphone. We see dozens of heavily armed troops sit in the back of each truck, AK47s by their side.

LT. VICTOFF (V.O.)
(in Russian, subtitled)
All Sierra Victors be advised,
green light for deadly force, make
him an example to the rest of the
resistance.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Brickwull sits in the studio with a CAR-15 field stripped on a coffee table, he methodically inspects and lubricates each component before reassembling the rifle and racking the charging handle. As The Beatles fades out of our ears he places himself in front of the broadcast console and lets out a deep breath as he surveys the room and keys the mic.

BRICKWULL
Good Morning Ladies and Gents,
Rebels and Scoundrels, in case you
haven't heard today is a very
important day. Happy 4th of July
everyone! Hope you enjoyed
Revolution from The Beatles, easily
my favorite song. Speaking of the
revolution I regret to inform this
will be the last broadcast from
Radio Free U.S.

INT. REBEL OUTPOST - DAY

We see a battered radio sitting before a a graffiti American Flag, one by one REBELS enter the frame transfixed by the radio.

BRICKWULL (V.O.)
As I'm sure most of you know Ivan
is after my hide. Well it looks
like today he'll be trying to
collect. For all you out there in
the breach I'll leave you with one
more piece of enlightenment.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

Brickwull leans in closer to the mic as he stares vacantly into the distance.

BRICKWULL

For a man to be peaceful he must
also be capable of extreme
violence, otherwise he is harmless.
Stay free and stay safe America,
Brickwull out.

He stands from the desk and leaves the room as he slings the CAR-15 over his shoulder.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Dozens of SOLDIERS advance cautiously from the wood line. We see a SERGEANT turn around and make a hand signal in the direction the trucks.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Lt. Victoff returns the signal before turning a dial on the radio and holding the mic to his mouth.

LT. VICTOFF

(in Russian, subtitled)
All units, breach and clear.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Five soldiers stack up on a steel door. The last man in line approaches the door with an oversized crowbar.

INT. RADIO STATION - DAY

We see the tool puncture the door frame, as the door is payed open a pulley system is actuated. We hear the distinct clang of a grenade pin hitting the ground.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

The door and wall where the soldiers are taking cover explodes in a ball of fire. Soldiers still in the field fling themselves to the deck.

EXT. ROOF - DAY

We see through a rifle scope as each confused soldier is smoothly put in the crosshairs, finally we land on a burly man laying behind a light machine gun. A single gun shot rings out followed by confused Russian yelling. Russians begin to return fire, Brickwull throws himself against the retaining wall of the roof. A rocket streaks over Brickwull as he brings the XM21 sniper rifle to bear. He fires shot after shot with deadly effect. He is an angel of death. We look below Brickwull to see a half dozen soldiers entering the radio station. When we look back to Brickwull he has already disappeared.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO - DAY

A practiced hand delicately place a record onto a turntable. "Nowhere to Run" plays over an intercom as the same hand pops a smoke grenade. Our view is fully obstructed by billowing white smoke.

MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS

"Nowhere to run to baby, nowhere to hide"

Two flashlight beams pierce the fog. Eerily one is thrown across the room amid the sounds of struggle before a wet yelp is heard. The remaining light frantically pans the room as it backs up into a corner.

MARTHA AND THE VANDELLAS (CONT'D)

"I got nowhere to run to baby, nowhere to hide"

The smoke fades as we see the barrel of a 1911 extend from the fog, two shots ring out; one to the chest and one to the head.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brickwull works down a hallway with an Ithaca M37 at low ready. Behind him five soldiers round the corner beginning to fire. He drops to the deck and returns a volley of fire, 4 of the five fall like a ton of bricks. The remaining soldier leans against a wall clenching his abdomen. Brickwull makes it to his feet holding his side, one bullet found its mark. As he nears he presses the barrel of the shotgun against the soldier's chest.

SOLDIER

(in Russian, subtitled)
We're gonna bury you, bitch.

BRICKWULL
(in Russian, subtitled)
You should burn me instead.

The soldier spits blood at Brickwull as he methodically loads a shell into the tube and racks the gun. A shot rings out and the soldier slides down the wall.

EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

Brickwull exits through the gaping hole in the wall and dispatches soldier after soldier with two or three round bursts from his CAR-15.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

LT. Victoff's composition breaks as he sees Brickwull approaching from the top of the hill, he punches his Driver's shoulder.

LT. VICTOFF
(in Russian, subtitled)
That's him! Drive! Drive!

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The truck spins tires as it reverses with speed.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

A bloody Brickwull nonchalantly reveals a detonator and squeezes the clapper.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

The truck is still moving backwards before it is flipped in a massive explosion of dust and debris. It rolls once before coming to rest on the roof.

INT. TRUCK - DAY

Lt. Victoff, holds his head and checks his hands before turning to his driver, they exchange startled looks before the driver's head explodes, in the hole that is left behind we see the silhouette of Brickwull.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Lt. Victoff pops the door open and struggles to crawl out of the ruined vehicle. He raises to his feet and attempts to run away.

EXT. FOREST - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A shot rings out. We see his leg give out, throwing him onto a tree. He looks at the sky as he catches his breath in vain. The look on his face reveals it is his end. A shadow blocks out the sun. The barrel of the CAR-15 lifts to Lt. Victoff's temple.

LT. VICTOFF

I will not beg for mercy, Mr.
Brickwu--

Brickwull ends him. He drops the rifle, he turns around to see the radio station giving up a pillar of black smoke, bodies scattered for a two-hundred yard radius. He lets out a deep sigh with a tinge of disappointment in his face. He limps deeper into the forest as Helicopters are heard overhead.

FADE OUT.