

AN ATTEMPT

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FADE IN

INT. SMALL ROOM - MORNING

A man carrying a large bag enters the room, we do not see his face as it is out of frame; he places the bag on the table.

He opens a window to a loud cheering crashing through.

He empties the contents onto the table.

It's a deconstructed bolt action rifle with a large scope and a handful of bullets, along with a notebook.

He meticulously builds the rifle, finally loading in a single bullet. He takes aim at something through the window.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - FLASH BACK

The office walls are filled with various awards and certificates. File cabinets line the perimeter and a large, wooden desk sit just off center of the square room.

We see a MAN (black, 40's), sitting and writing onto a pad of paper, but we do not see his face. He wears a black suit.

A knock.

MAN IN BLACK

Come.

The door opens.

It's his ASSISTANT (black, 40's), blank facial expression and sweaty. Also well dressed.

ASSISTANT

I need to speak with you. Some urgent news you need to hear.

The Man in Black stops writing, and we see his hands place black framed glasses onto the desk.

MAN IN BLACK

(slightly annoyed)

I haven't the time nor the patience for this

(beat)

Speak, now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT
I don't know how to put this-

MAN IN BLACK
(interrupting)
-Just put it the best way you know
how.

ASSISTANT
There is word of a plan to try and
kill you.

The Man in Black slaps his hand against the desk and stands.

The sudden noise startles the already nervous Assistant.

MAN IN BLACK
HA! Let 'em try, wouldn't be the
first time, you know.

ASSISTANT
No, no, it wouldn't. But this time we
know it's comin', maybe can do
something about it?

MAN IN BLACK
(sits back down,
interested)
What are you suggesting?

He motions for his Assistant to take a seat at one of the
two empty chairs in front of the desk.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

The Man in Black sits and has his suit jacket draped over
his chair.

His Assistant is standing next to him.

ASSISTANT
This next one is close to the same
age as you, and isn't from these
parts. Lives out West somewhere.

MAN IN BLACK
We've been at this all day since
yesterday. Let's just get it done.

The Assistant walks to the door and knocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Someone opens it and comes in, we do not see his face. He stands next to the assistant in front of the door.

The man at the desk jumps up in astonishment and walks towards the mysterious fellow.

MAN IN BLACK (cont'd)
I...I don't even know what to say.
(to his assistant)
Where did you find him?

ASSISTANT
(Looking proud)
Whatever you need, I can get.

MAN IN BLACK
Good, good job now.

The Assistant opens the door as he and the mysterious man leave the room.

The Man in Black pulls the door shut.

INT. MAN IN BLACK'S CAR (MOVING) - MORNING

The Assistant drives as the Man in Black is positioned directly behind, we do not see his face.

The Assistant points through the passenger window.

ASSISTANT
You see that over there? That's where you'll be.

MAN AT DESK
What floor?

ASSISTANT
The fifth.
(beat)
Should be high enough.

The car approaches an open courtyard where a stage is being constructed.

ASSISTANT (cont'd)
And this is where he'll be.

MAN AT DESK
You certain people won't be able to tell it isn't me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT

From the crowds view, even your own mother would be fooled.

MAN AT DESK

What are the details of the threat, exactly?

ASSISTANT

Not too much detail, just planning for the worst, hoping for the best. But the timing of the threat suggests it could happen at this event here, tomorrow.

INT. SMALL ROOM - MORNING - PRESENT

The cheers of the crowd grow louder and louder.

He looks through the scope.

RIFLE SCOPE

His assistant is standing at a podium, speaking through a microphone.

ASSISTANT

With great honor and appreciation - Malcom X.

The mysterious man that is Malcom X's body double walks to the podium.

BACK TO SCENE

We see the Man in Black's face as he looks through the scope.

It's Malcom X.

Shouting begins from the crowd.

CROWD MEMBER

Nigger! Get your hand outta my pocket!

Malcom fires a handful of shots and screams replace cheers.

RIFLE SCOPE

Three dead bodies surround the podium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His Assistant and body double look up in his direction.

BACK TO SCENE

Malcom fires two shots.

He calmly sits back in his chair and places the butt of his rifle onto the floor.

He rest his chin on the barrel and winces from the heat.

We follow his hand down the length of the rifle, finally to the trigger as he squeezes.

The rifle falls as his body crumbles onto the floor.

There is a notebook opened to a page on the table, it's the same notebook that sat on his desk.

INSERT PAGE

To all that have followed me for these many years - I am sorry.

X.

BACK TO SCENE

FADE OUT