

The Bilderberg Bug

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

Tall, locked iron gates prevent access to a road that leads to a distant, luxurious hotel.

GUY (V.O.)
Since 1954, a collection of the world's most powerful people, known as the Bilderberg Group, meet once a year in a remote location, usually an expensive hotel reserved for the super rich. Public entry is made inaccessible by impenetrable security.

A disregarded protest flyer sweeps across the ground. It reads: *BAN BILDERBURG SCUM - UNCOVER THE TRUTH.com*

GUY (V.O.)
Meeting details have never been revealed, prompting conspiracy theories the Bilderbergs are part of a secret society, an occult organisation plotting to create a totalitarian world government known as the New World Order.

INT. HOTEL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight seeps inside from ajar window curtains.

An empty auditorium. A projector screen on a stage. Tables covered in thick white sheets display an organized collection of empty champagne flutes and wine glasses.

GUY (V.O.)
No one has ever witnessed what happens inside, what insidious discussions take place. Until now.

UNDERNEATH TABLE - NIGHT

GUY lies on a sleeping bag, face lit by the display screen of his mobile phone. He types a text message.

PHONE DISPLAY SCREEN

GUY: *MADE IT.*

DAVID (replying): *Gr8 job U crazy bastard!*

Guy smiles. He types another message.

GUY: *Don't forget to make the call. Speak soon.*

Guy turns his phone off. He gingerly spreads a slim prepared split in the sheet. He peers through the gap:

A limited view of the moonlit stage, with only a small section of the projector screen visible.

GUY (V.O.)

So how did I beat the tightest security in the world? Several months of planning that involved members of my Internet journalist team, Uncover The Truth dot com, and working my way up from being a waiter to becoming a trusted member of the hotel staff.

Guy makes himself as comfortable as possible on his sleeping bag. He closes his eyes. Smug smile.

GUY (V.O.)

I'll go down in history as the man who exposed these parasites. Oh yes, tomorrow will be a night to remember.

EXT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE ROAD - DAY

Acres of secluded land surround splendid grounds beyond closed iron gates. Angry PROTESTERS yell, demonstrating their frustrations.

PROTESTERS (O.S.)

Stop the global mafia! Ban the Bilderbergs! The New World Order ate my hamster!

INT. HOTEL - UNDERNEATH TABLE - DAY

Guy listens intently to voices in the room.

HOTEL STAFF #1 (O.S.)

Guy's not gonna be in today, can you believe that? We're meant to pander to the world's elite and his old man calls up saying he's sick.

HOTEL STAFF #2 (O.S.)

Cut the dude some stick, man, he worked overtime last night and prepared this whole room. Besides, it's not as if we're in high demand, these Bilderberg guys are using their own staff.

HOTEL STAFF #1 (O.S.)
 That's not the point. He's been
 acting weird lately and I heard
 rumours he won't be allowed back
 on the premises. Dead. Man.
 Walking.

Guy smirks as he hears footsteps trail away.

GUY (V.O.)
 Little do they know, I have no
 intention of coming back.

EXT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

Feverish nocturnal noises. A downstairs hotel window
 light shines in the distance.

INT. HOTEL - UNDERNEATH TABLE - NIGHT

Conference room light saturates the table sheet. The
 thick material conceals Guy's hiding space.

Guy's alert, concentrated, as he eavesdrops on a large
 gathering, a mixture of boisterous, posh voices.

He grips a mini voice recorder in his hand, trying to
 capture the variety of conversations.

Agitated by the unclear chit-chat, he slips a pair of
 headphones over his ears.

GUY (V.O.)
 That's it, cockroaches. Talk about
 croissants and vintage Armagnac.
 Discuss bankrupting the world for
 your own nefarious deeds later.
 I'll catch it all.

LATER

Guy spies through the sheet gap, vision limited to
 unclear words displayed on the conference screen.

A SUITED MAN, face unseeable, appears on stage.

SUITED MAN
 Ladies and gentlemen, let's talk
 about current economic issues, a
 key topic for discussion on our
 agenda.

Guy sighs, weary, impatient.

SUITED MAN
Serenade B, a programme designed
to appease civilians... or as we
like to call them, our puppets.

Guy perks up, his eyes wide in excitement. He grips his
voice recorder, gnaws his lip in anticipation.

GUY (V.O.)
That's it, puppet master. Give me
the juicy details.

SUITED MAN
Let's analyse Exhibit A on the
screen.

The audience murmur in interest.

Guy squints, struggles to see the screen. It would appear
to be a satellite image of a grey mountainous region,
filled with craters and deep valleys.

SUITED MAN
That's us now.

GUY (V.O.)
Some desolate area of land?

The image changes. A star sign hidden within a mass of
purple and white geometrical shapes. A green pyramid sits
above the words: *NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM*

SUITED MAN
That's us again.

The audience laugh. Guy smirks. He's not smiling with the
audience, however, it's because he recognizes--

GUY (V.O.)
Symbols of the illuminati, printed
on British and American currency.

Another picture. Blurry, hard to make out. Pinkish. Red.
Blue valleys. A mass of swaying black and white lines.

SUITED MAN
That's them.

The audience groan in disgust. Guy frowns at the image,
unable to decipher the picture.

The final picture. A graveyard.

SUITED MAN
That's them in fifty years.

Laughter from the audience. A round of applause.

SUITED MAN

With Serenade B, we can depopulate the human race to manageable levels. I'd like to show you how with the following example.

Guy's jaw drops, horrified, his eyes transfixed to the stage. Suited Man moves out of view. The conference screen turns black. Silence.

Guy dares to spread the sheet gap a little wider...

The voice recorder slips from his fingers, hits the floor with a soft thud.

Guy freezes. Heartbeat pounds. Surely they couldn't have heard such a small sound...

He looks at the screen. It's clearer. It's dark, but movement can be seen. As if it's showing a live feed...

A SCRATCHING sound, like that of an insect. Close by. Growing nearer.

Guy looks at the table ceiling. No, not from there.

He peers through the sheet gap. Tries to deduce the image on the screen. Sudden dread. It's him. Sideways on.

Guy slowly turns his head...

He SCREAMS as SOMETHING HIDEOUS rushes towards him.

EXT. HOTEL - ENTRANCE ROAD - NIGHT

Laughter and celebratory CHEERS echo from the hotel.

FADE TO BLACK.