

Forever Has Fallen

Season 1 Episode 4:
PR DISASTER

SFX: Heavy breathing. In the distance, a jet ski engine roars to life and moves away.

HAKON (VO)

"Fear, when it turns into sheer, blinding terror, does a lot of things. With Karl-Axel's words ringing in my head, I'm running hard, which I'm simply not equipped to do. I know this might be hard to understand, but I can't run, as in, I honestly look like a duck, with my head leaning far forward, and my arms pinned to my sides pointing towards my ass. I don't know why I do this, but safe to say, running has never been a big thing for me. After about 30 metres, I'm already feeling spent. Pathetic? Yes. But my god, the terror streaking through me has turned my legs to jelly. Karl-Axel on the other hand went like a startled rabbit, leaping over the handrail, running down to the water and jumping on a jet ski. It was the look on his face, he was scared, really scared, the look of a man who could imagine the unimaginable happening to him. It happened so fast. Him turning white, me standing there in shock, trying to explain, I had my phone turned off, watching him leap onto a jet ski and heading off in an explosion of white water. When I realised I was alone, that's when real terror took hold."

HAKON (CRYING/BREATHING HARD)

"(Whimpering) Oh fuck, oh god, help me."

HAKON (VO - WITH HIM CRYING UNDER)

"True to say, I was feeling beyond overwhelmed. Not only could I not run much further, I had no idea where to run to, or where the danger that scared KA was going to come from. It felt like the entire sky above me was going to collapse onto me at any moment. Not only could I not muster my woefully under powered legs to take me away, I was clueless as to where they should take me, and that's

when the tears flowed. I was reduced to a stumbling, blubbering mess, with moist cheeks, feeling like an overturned turtle stealing a glance to see a hunter smacking his lips. And that's when it happened..."

LITTLE GIRL

"Excuse me mister - are you ok?"

HAKON

"What? Umm, it's best to get away from me."

MOTHER

"Lena, Lena!"

LITTLE GIRL

"It's ok mum, it's the man from TV. My mum says never talk to strangers, but I know you."

MOTHER

"Lena! Oh I'm sorry, if she is... You are Hakon Blixt?"

HAKON

"Ummm, yes, I'm sorry, I'm just having a panic attack - I think, I'm not sure."

MOTHER

"It's ok, just breathe, just breathe. Would you like some water?"

HAKON (VO)

"As I'm looking through my blurry eyes, at this mother and daughter offering me water, while I'm losing my shit, nothing happens. Absolutely nothing. I have no idea what could have happened, a bullet to the head? A van of masked vicious bastards pulling up. Or I spontaneously combust. But, none of those things happen. Nothing more unpleasant than being offered a lipstick stained water bottle."

HAKON

"I'm ok. I'm ok now. I'm fine..."

MOTHER

"Are you sure?"

HAKON

"Yes, yes, sorry, just got - I don't know, overwhelmed. It's been..."

MOTHER

"Very stressful I'm sure with this whole Forever Social business. I saw you on TV the other night, he seemed to have quite an impact on you."

HAKON

"You can't imagine."

Scene change: Offices of The Forever Social.

SFX: Elevator, ping, 19th floor

ZAKHIRA

"Ah, Chuck baby, how are you, it's been too long - hey nice offices aren't they."

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"(grunts)"

ZAKHIRA

"I don't have much faith in the cover story: you an IT security guy? Oh and the flight over was brilliant, thank you for asking"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"Emphasis on 'security.' But nothing to worry about, we have the run of the place. You know Kiril, fingers, pies... all that."

ZAKHIRA

"Well lead the way, I want to see where the great man himself dreamt up all of this. And how are those balls of yours? Rumour has it, you've gone Hitler?"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"I can assure you, just a rumour. But that bitch, she paid."

ZAKHIRA

"Oh, you brute. I personally think you can't aim for shit, which is why it got all messy with the nose thing."

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"My aim is just fine."

ZAKHIRA

"Sooooo... Here's his desk. Excuse me for a second."

SFX: Need to make it clear Zakhira get's onto floor, thing is - she is very fit so a grunt won't do.

ZAKHIRA

"Nope, no tech genius billionaire under here!"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"You really are... Look can we just get on with it. Kiril is, as you know, not happy. You are meant to be the smart one, so, get smart. Because that little prick vanished the moment he hit the ground. These pussy Swedish cops totally fucked up. And now, we have to fix this."

ZAKHIRA

"Have the police got back with CCTV?"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"Yeah."

ZAKHIRA

"And...?"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"Nothing."

ZAKHIRA

"No major surprise. Sweden has one of the lowest penetrations of CCTV in the EU, and now with GDPR, hummm we

can't count on that changing too much, too soon - not soon enough for us! Pity he did not use the subway, plenty of cameras there."

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"So genius, what next? Kiril is going to call soon and, well I want something to tell him."

ZAKHIRA

"Oh, is big bad Chuck the Hammer fwightened of that nasty old man?"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"Fuck you. Be as smart ass as you like. But, this could get very serious for both of us."

ZAKHIRA (SNORTS)

(Laughing) "You look soooo funny just now. Seriously, that pipsqueak got you alllllll jumpy?"

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"You get no warning. He can carry on like this for years and then suddenly, you are on the floor, chocking on vomit from radiation poisoning."

ZAKHIRA

"Ahh, polonium-210. So easy to get through security, so easy to administer, and sooooo easy to make a get away, it takes days until the victim feels anything. You know it was a woman who discovered it, the wonderful Marie Curie, but the dumb Polack named it after her own country - what does that say about Poland! Fascinating substance, it is all around us, one of the most toxic things you can imagine. One gram could kill 50 million people and make another 50 million people very sick indeed. For just one person, one millionth of a gram..."

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"Save it. Think you are scaring me?"

ZAKHIRA

"Oh, I'm not scary, but polonium is positively horrid, as it spreads around the body, it leaves a trail of reactive radicals, taking electrons from any molecule in its path. Your very DNA is ruined from alpha particle radiation which makes your cells go, 'I don't want to live anymore', and poof, they kill themselves. So for days and days and days, your teeny, tiny cells commit suicide, all inside you, slowly."

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"You done?"

ZAKHIRA

"I'll tell you what I am. Hungry! Let's eat! Let's be friends! We will get this rascal, I actually don't think he is very far away."

Scene change: Hakon's apartment.

SFX: Phone vibrates

HAKON

"KA?"

KARL-AXEL

"Ahh, you made it, well done dip shit - thanks for making a very fucking dangerous situation even more combustable."

HAKON

"Yeah, I'm fine. Thanks for your concern."

KARL-AXEL

"I told you, leave your goddamn phone behind."

HAKON

"I had it turned..."

KARL-AXEL

"...off? Humm, well out of the two of us, who has made billions of dollars in wealth from mastering modern communications? Since 2004, governments have had the ability to track phones, yes, even when turned off - it's made it pretty simple to hunt down arabs, especially the ones we don't like."

HAKON

"But, but how, I mean, no power, no signal. You said something about The Find technique, before you left me, all alone, to face god knows what."

KARL-AXEL

"Well there's two basic ways. Either someone gets hold of your phone and connects a tiny chip directly to your battery, or you can get a trojan either as an email or what looks like an update - for any of the apps you have laying about on your phone."

HAKON

"So that's why you asked if my phone had been up my ass?"

KARL-AXEL

"Basically, that's the safest way to know, no-one has been messing with your phone, without locking it in a vault and only you have the combination. Back in 2009, I consulted on a project in the UAE, targeting Etisalat's 100,000 subscribers. Unfortunately the good people at SS8 screwed up and got caught. But, this was back in 2009, imagine the shit we can do now.. Those monkeys at SS8 are most likely gunning for me now, just for fun."

HAKON

"What about these burners?"

KARL-AXEL

"Like a condom, pretty much fool proof, they can't 'pluck' us out of

the air, not with the billions of signals pouring out. But, trust me, they are working on it."

HAKON

"And, who, exactly are they? These sort of questions you wouldn't allow, even with an NDA."

KARL-AXEL

"Things certainly have changed, haven't they? Right now, you have a mix of government security, private contractors and our Russian friends - they are all trying to figure out who fucks the duck, and who holds it down. Speaking as the duck, I have to make sure no one lays a hand on me, it won't be pleasant either way."

HAKON

"Who do I, ehh, we have to worry about?"

KARL-AXEL

"Ha, don't worry, I understand the need for self preservation. As you saw, I will get up and move if I have to, which is why there are certain things you simply can't know - because frankly, I think the chances of you getting caught, are pretty strong - I really don't like your odds. But I will give you enough to help you, to protect yourself."

HAKON (CHOKES UP)

"Umm, what do you think, as in, like being arrested or umm, hurt... or"

KARL-AXEL

"...look, don't get teary. I won't give you stuff that can make them go Snowden on you ok. Most likely they will want to shake you down..."

HAKON

"Already happened. David Borg, son of Jacob hauled me in. Aside from the rampant homophobia and ancient view

of religion - he's about to stumble into the 18th century."

KARL-AXEL

"Ahh! And how did that go?"

HAKON

"I did what we agreed on - I burned you. I related what an asshole you are, with massive mummy issues, narcissistic and most likely a closet gay, which is why you gave me the book deal."

KARL-AXEL

"Atta boy! I'm sure Mr. Borg enjoyed more reasons to hate my guts. And I'm pretty sure Borg senior is rallying the faithful to join the hunt too."

HAKON

"They are pretty much pulling out all the stops. David Borg has got himself on the Interpol task force, taking the lead locally."

KARL-AXEL

"Ok, so in terms of who you have to be careful of, and I hope you take notes on this... The proper authorities will be watching and listening, as you know, I don't do family and certainly don't have a lot of friends, so the pool is pretty shallow for them to swim in when it comes to targets to get under surveillance."

HAKON

"Not even a thought of reaching out to your father? I mean I can if..."

KARL-AXEL

"Not another fucking word, not one more. Not happening, not ever."

HAKON

"Ok, ok, ok..."

KARL-AXEL

"When it comes to the authorities, your biggest worry is the Americans. The technology I developed, you can't

do without the blessing of Homeland Security or the NSA. There's certain channels you have to work through, and Sweden is very compliant, it only took the assassination of Olof Palme, our former Prime Minister, to show what they were willing and able to do. I can't believe the guts of the OlofPalmeFoundation.com, to keep that little flame flickering. These guys, they have a different rule book, plus, they will be very worried that I have gone off the deep end. Because I know shit. I'm working out how to let them know I am not a threat, without giving my game away. These guys, you have be concerned with. They won't kill you, but, if they think you know stuff, they will try and get it, and you might end up in a cell with dudes in Guatemala you don't want to be romantic with."

KARL-AXEL

"Now, the big worry is Kiril. He knows, that I know, what his ultimate aim is. And he believes I have done this to pull the rug from under his grand master plan. And you my friend, are in the firing line, regardless of us having these little conversations or not. When I bolted, it was Kiril who I had in mind."

HAKON

"But I don't actually know anything! And surely he knows that you would not tell me anything important."

KARL-AXEL

"This is a guy was more than happy to fake a terror attack, killing hundreds of his own countrymen, just to help out a friend, and of course ensure his own position. He does not really get hung up on semantics - nor do his employees."

HAKON

"So what can I do?"

KARL-AXEL

"Don't trust the police or any government official - assume Kiril is behind it. Always have a lawyer present, that makes killing you more complicated, and perhaps not worth it. Try to never be alone and, do what I say, when I say."

HAKON

"What is Kiril's ultimate aim?"

KARL-AXEL

"My friend, you are best off not knowing. One little slip, it will be bye bye Hakon, along with anyone close to you. Kiril gets really fucking mafioso when it comes to this."

Scene change: Hidden location. Big room, with echo.

SFX: Water dripping.

ZAKHIRA

"So Sara, the agent, publicist and fancy lady helping Hakon Blixt be famous, so nice to meet you."

SARA

"Who are you people? Why am here?"

ZAKHIRA

"Jesus lady - please! Be original. Everybody asks the same silly billy questions. Soon, you be, 'Oh, I don't know anything. I have done nothing, yada yada. You know Chuck, I really can't stand the repetition - this is the worst part of the job, the tears, the denials, the confusion."

CHUCK THE HAMMER

"Can I rape her before you kill her..."

SARA

"Oh my god - help me, help me!"

ZAKHIRA

"Shhh, shhh, shhhh, calm down... Chuck really, so kinky! But now look at what you have done. Sara, listen, shhhh, listen..."

SARA

"Please don't hurt me, please..."

ZAKHIRA

"Ok, ok, ok, listen, please no more screaming out, ok? It's annoying and no one can hear you here. Look, hey Chuck, let's show her, huh..."

(Zakhira and Chuck scream, 3 gun shots)

ZAKHIRA

"See, nothing. So, pipe down, it will only agitate me, and don't worry, that big ape, so many steroids, so, I think performance might be an issue. The circus comes to down, but no clowns turn up, get my drift eh?"

"So, to business. You had a nice lunch with Hakon? Book selling very nicely. Lots and lots to talk about. He didn't happen to mention, where Karl-Axel is, did he?"

SARA

"Umm, no, no, not at all."

ZAKHIRA

"But you did talk about Karl-Axel, yes?"

SARA

"Umm, yes, yes we did, umm, but umm no idea, umm..."

ZAKHIRA

"Shh, shhh, you are doing well. Stay calm, you see, we talk, you give information, it's going fine, see. Would you like water?"

SARA

"Umm, yes, please."

ZAKHIRA

"Ok, here we go..."

SARA (BREAKS DOWN IN TEARS)

"Thank you. I really don't know anything useful, and you are going to get angry, and..."

ZAKHIRA

"Sara, Sara, Sara, please, we were doing so good then, c'mon, you never know what might be useful or not. For instance, Hakon should be here, not you, but by golly he is a slippery little thing. This is not our first rodeo, but I tell you, that guy, that guy! He managed to give us the slip. Now, can you tell me why would he be so paranoid? He is jumping on and off random trains, trying to change his appearance, buying clothes, throwing them away - I mean I tell you, he was very slippery. And that makes me very suspicious."

SARA

"Oh, umm, well, he had a, ummm, gypsy..."

ZAKHIRA

"A gypsy?"

SARA

"Yes, there was a gypsy (begins to breakdown), please don't hurt me, promise, please."

ZAKHIRA

"Yes, yes, it's fine... Just keep talking."

SARA

"And him, don't let him touch me, please, please, please."

ZAKHIRA

"Him? Ah, forget about him, men huh, sex, sex, sex - it's all they think about, you know some say, they are thinking about sex every seven seconds! But, think about it, that's

a crazy number, it adds up to 514 times an hour, that's 7,200 times during each waking day. There's research to say that it is more like 19 or so. But, this whole area of research is flawed because of the white bear problem. When you leave from here, try this out, it's fun! Tell a child to put their hand in their air and only put it down when they've stopped thinking about a white bear. You see, once you start thinking about something, trying to forget it just brings it back to mind."

SARA

"Umm, okay, okay, okay."

ZAKHIRA

"Chuck, go sit down over there, and no more rape talk ok?"

CHUCK

"(grunts)"

ZAKHIRA

"Excuse me Mister? No more, understand?"

CHUCK

"(Mutters) yes."

ZAKHIRA

"Hey! Hey you! Say it loud and say it proud!"

CHUCK

"(Booms) yes! (mutters) Fucking crazy bitch..."

ZAKHIRA (TO CHUCK)

"I heard that, naughty boy."

ZAKHIRA (TO SARA)

"Can you believe I work with this animal? I think he is quite misogynistic, it's terrible, really terrible, what do you do with a man like that, huh? Anyho - back you, there was a gypsy! What did this gypsy want?"

SARA (CALM AND EAGER TO PLEASE)

"Well this was the funny thing, she, gave him a phone."

ZAKHIRA

"A phone you say! What an odd thing. I mean the gypsies are takers, not givers - never hear of a gypsy giving away phones. Did he know the gypsy?"

SARA

"No, not at all. He was shocked. I actually thought it might be a bomb."

ZAKHIRA

"A bomb, my goodness, a bomb! That must have been a fright!"

SARA

"I did make a bit of a scene..."

ZAKHIRA

"Tick tock, tick tock! (laughs)"

Sara laughs nervously, with a mix of relief - she feels she might be ok.

ZAKHIRA

"So what did he do with the phone?"

SARA

"The phone... It rang, it rang!"

ZAKHIRA

"Oh? Really, as you were having lunch!"

SARA

"yes, yes, yes it rang and Hakon answered. It was umm, oh dear, let me think. Umm, I had too many G and Ts last night, so, umm, it was an old friend."

ZAKHIRA

"Ahh, an old friend?"

SARA

"I didn't believe it, for a second, god, he is an awful stupid liar. But,

he said it was an old friend whose cat had died."

ZAKHIRA (SNORTS, HYSTERICAL LAUGH)

"Oh go on! An old friend whose cat died, got a gypsy to deliver a phone."

SARA

"Yeah, yeah, crazy, when you hear it out loud like that, but yeah, how ridiculous, right!? Oh - and, get this, Hakon claimed that the friend was paranoid, had some kind of schitzo thing."

ZAKHIRA

"C'mon, please stop. You're killing me. This Hakon sounds like such a cad! Perhaps him and the ape over there should go bowling sometime, eh?"

SARA

"yes, (laughing becomes strained, she realises, she might have put Hakon into trouble) - they would make - well quite the couple."

ZAKHIRA (A LITTLE SINISTER)

"Yes, yes, they would..."

SARA (WANTING TO GET BACK INTO RAPPORT)

"So, Hakon, he apologised, had to take the call and went outside."

ZAKHIRA

"You didn't happen to hear, just a little bit, the voice on the other end?"

SARA

"No, no, nothing. Hakon, was acting weird. As I said, terrible liar!"

ZAKHIRA

"Crazy paranoid friend with a dead cat using gypsies as a delivery service - I must say, very inventive of him!"

SARA

"Oh, he is a very clever man, very sweet too..."

ZAKHIRA

"Oh, I'm sure he is, just a darling."

Uncomfortable pause

SARA

"So, that's everything. Ummm, dead cat and all..."

ZAKHIRA

"You know Sara, I believe you. I truly, honestly believe you. Every single honey dipped word that left those beautiful lips of yours."

SARA

"Oh, thank you, yes, it was everything. I don't know how I got caught up in this mess. But thank you, ummm. Please can leave?"

ZAKHIRA

"Oh Sara, Sara, Sara, Sara."

Zakhira kisses Sara on the lips.

ZAKHIRA

"Oh what a waste. You are just so stunning."

SARA

"Oh, please. Please, I won't tell. I don't know anything..."

Kakhira sniffs the air.

ZAKHIRA

"Whew, it's just intoxicating, that smell, the fear just pouring out from you, like an aurora. Oh Sara, you really do stir my soul. But! Ohhhh, Chuckie!"

SARA

"No! nooooo..."

ZAKHIRA

"You've been such a good boy - she's all yours! Cooome and get it!"

SARA (SCREAMS)

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Zakhira knocks Sara out

ZAKHIRA

"Jesus woman, I said, no more screaming. (To Chuck) I mean what's the point? Seriously, we showed her no-one can hear a thing, we even shot guns. My glock hits 162 decibels. The loudest verified human scream is 129. Ok, fair is fair, I think she nearly got there, but really - W - T - F. Pointless."

CHUCK

"I think you shattered her jaw, I hope you didn't kill her. No, she still breathes. I wish I could get onto the program."

ZAKHIRA

"You on the program? Seriously, making you 10 times stronger, with, and please, I speak from the heart, so don't take it personal, but you're not the smartest little malchik in the playground, are you? I think Kiril can see some consequences, might not be such a good idea - Frankenstein and all that, ever read the book, no? Humm, okay. Just stick to the roids big boy."

CHUCK

"Well, now I have to wait until she wakes up."

ZAKHIRA

"Oh my, I didn't realise you were such a romantic. When you're done, make sure the body is disposed of, as in, itty-bitty sized pieces, yeah?"

Zakhira does a poor version of MC Hammer, ends with "Hammer Time"

SFX: door slams.