

INT. BIOTECH CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A massive conference room with a video screen covering the entire length of one wall. Hundreds of television channels running.

STEVE ELFMAN, early 20s, spikey hair and a nose-ring, paces back and forth. Eight expressionless MEN sit around the conference table. Worried.

The door bursts open. Hester and his men storm in.

ELFMAN

Mr Hester--

HESTER

Get out!

ELFMAN

But, it wasn't my fault! The communication signal didn't--

HESTER

I don't want to hear it! You didn't track him. End of story.

ELFMAN

But Franklin sent us on a wild goose chase...

One of the men at the table stands up. It's JOHN PASLOW, wearing a suit.

ANGLE ON

John's ear. The microchip is embedded in the back of his earlobe. He scratches it.

JOHN

The technology doesn't work, sir.  
(indicating Elfman)  
It's not his fault.

Hester stops. Turns to John. A look of uncertainty.

HESTER

Who... who are you?

JOHN

Sir? I'm Charles Wayburn, sir.  
I've been part of the team for the past 18 months.

Dazed and confused, Hester nods. Paslow locks eyes with him, unrelenting. Hypnotic.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Cheeseburger and fries with that shake, please, Richard. Mr Hester, are you listening to me?

(MORE)

**SAMPLE FORMATTING**  
Reading Script

Courier 12pt font only  
Unnumbered scenes  
Standard Slugline / Scene-headings  
One page = One minute  
...etc...

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