

RED QUEEN CASTING CALL - EDWARD GRANT - READING 1

INT. AN AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

EDWARD GRANT, mid-fifties, wearing an expensive looking suit and a huge helmet, covered in blue lights, addresses an audience of cameramen and reporters, revelling in their attention.

He is flanked by burly looking security men in drab suits. In the middle of them, wearing a bright red business suit is his wife, ALICE GRANT, attractive blonde, early thirties. She smiles vacantly as she watches.

A banner behind him shows the image of an MRI scan with the title WHEN REVOLUTION BECOMES EVOLUTION.

EDWARD

Tonight we stand on the brink of a quantum leap in the evolution of mankind. Technology will replace the hand of chance in evolution. Transhumanism is just around the corner.

A video begins playing on a screen behind him, showing footage from various hi-tech and pharmaceutical laboratories.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Grant Systems has just acquired Brainstem Technologies, the most advanced brain mapping company in the world!

A polite round of applause, but one of audience, GEORGE ALLMAN, scruffy looking, in his late twenties, stands up.

GEORGE

Mr. Grant! Is it true that you have tried to destroy Project Red Queen?

Edward looks shocked.

EDWARD

What? Uh, project what?

He turns to the security men at his side. He mutters to them.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Get him out of here.

Alice screams.

RED QUEEN CASTING CALL - EDWARD GRANT - READING 2

INT. GRANT SYSTEMS - EDWARD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The office is huge and luxurious, with a massive desk that dominates the room.

Mac walks in, followed by Edward, who takes off the helmet.

EDWARD

This is the M.E.G. that I was going to show before last night was ruined. It's superb!

Mac looks unimpressed.

MAC

I'm sure.

There's a KNOCK on the door, and Fisher enters.

EDWARD

You remember Mr. Fisher, of course?

Fisher looks Mac up and down and gives an infuriating grin.

FISHER

How's the leg?

Mac gives him a cold look.

FISHER (CONT'D)

Everything okay, Mr. Grant?

Mac throws Bruni's envelope onto Edward's desk. Edward opens the envelope and flicks through the pictures. He looks surprised, but doesn't react too much.

EDWARD

What are these?

MAC

Pictures that were taken of your wife last night.

Edwards hands the photos to Fisher.

EDWARD

If I was the kind of man who'd hurt his wife, I'd have done so a long time ago.

He gives Mac a quick smile.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

This is a clear attempt to harass me because of some ill conceived notion that I was in some way to blame for my first wife's death in that awful, tragic, helicopter crash.

MAC

You don't seem too surprised that she has some injuries.

EDWARD

Alice is the squeakiest of wheels. If she really was hurt, the whole world would know. These are either fake or not her.

Mac holds up his camera.

MAC

I took these this morning.

Edward takes the camera and studies it, although Mac keeps hold of the strap.

FISHER

You should get someone else to check her out.

(grins)

I'll do it.

Mac snaps the camera back from Edward.

MAC

Someone can check her out when she agrees to it. Once she's made a formal complaint.

EDWARD

That sounds just peachy. Why don't you give me a copy of the photo?