

THE 100: TOWARD A BETTER WORLD

Written by

Alexander Craig

Photograph: Spencer Platt/Getty

alexandercraig@me.com  
+44(0)7747846464



**INT. GALLERY SPACE - NIGHT**

Floor-to-ceiling displays of the one hundred most influential people in the world, as dictated by TIME magazine.

JARED (38, tall, slim, slick) runs final checks on lighting, spacing, election and poise.

VIOLA (V.O.)  
He knows he shouldn't be here.

Jared runs his hands over the TIME magazine posters on the walls, across the faces and the power.

NANCY (V.O.)  
And chooses not to care, I imagine.

Jared flattens tight air bubbles caught in Leonardo DiCaprio's face, smoothens him out, makes him pristine.

NICKI (V.O.)  
Look at that smirk.

Jared gets close to Leo, looking for the blemish, wishes him perfect for the big day of big boys in New York.

BE (V.O.)  
You keep away from me now, child.

Jared checks Leo one last time, pulls back and surveys his work, proud. Jared nods, mechanical, an automaton in black.

BE (V.O.)  
You don't want what I got for you.

**INT. GALLERY SPACE - MORNING**

The room's alive with suits and shoulders and chatter, Jared at the centre of the buzz, drink in hand, smile stuck on and hairline clean, forehead gleaming.

MELINDA (V.O.)  
Maybe there's some good'll come of  
all of this. Some lesson.

Jared shakes the hand of a beaming Bradley Cooper, the latter's shirt open a few buttons, hinting at the man beneath.

The two fall into self-congratulatory, chest-beating embrace.

HILLARY (V.O.)  
Y' think?