

# WHETHER YOU



## REPORT IT

not even holding on to anything, so good are his Spartan reflexes and balance.

MASTER CHIEF  
Captain Manilow, open the airlock.  
I'm coming inside to kick some ass.

CAPTAIN MANILOW  
(stressed, scratchy radio  
com interference)  
Chief, I can't reach the switch. A  
Flood has my leg.

MASTER CHIEF  
Don't sweat it. I've got a plan.

The Chief punches a hole in the roof of the Winter, and then  
tears a big hole in it. He drops into his own hole with  
balletic grace.

Inside, the halls and corridors are lousy with Flood  
infestation. Pools of slime, including acid slime glitter in  
the uncanny darkness. The Chief gets his bearings and loads a  
fresh shell into his Mega-Shotgun.

MASTER CHIEF  
I'm here to put a plug in this  
Flood.

He races through the corridors. Meanwhile...

CAMERA LOW ON MANILOW'S LEG, WE SEE A FLOOD GRABBER FORM  
CLINGING TO HIS ANKLE, LIKE A BIOLOGICAL LEG IRON.

Let go of me you slimy sonofa

Manilow reaches down and sticks two fingers into each of the  
Flood Grabber form's eyes. It slithers away under a table,  
screaming.

CUT TO:

## WRITE IT



## SHOOT IT



## CREATE IT



## RECORD IT



## RESEARCH IT

# WE TEACH IT

## BEA2012

APRIL 15-18, LVH



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