



<p>Middle aged male/ semi-distinguished/ Hispanic/In dress shirt w/rolled up sleeves and loosened tie (just got off work)</p> <p>Up from black (Font) Umatilla, OR</p> <p>Light Music over pastoral scene of countryside</p> <p>(SFX) siren</p> <p>Dissolve to man speaking. Leans forward/speaking confidentially with anger under his words</p> <p>Friend to friend</p> <p>Camera shot begins to widen to reveal the man's beautiful wife by his side. Wife is touching his shoulder with respect as he reveals his hidden vulnerabilities</p> <p>Man turns his face to his wife and buries himself in her embrace</p> <p>ANNOUNCER (font/CSEPP & phone numbers)</p> <p>Man looks up and turns to the camera. His tone is of utter humility and just a tinge of shame and/or helplessness</p>	<p>THE FALSE ALARM Anger & Responsibility</p> <p>(Font)</p> <p>(Light music over breathtaking shot of Oregon countryside)</p> <p>(Siren blows, cutting through the peace)</p> <p>When that siren went off last year at the Chemical Depot, I was angry. Really angry. It was a <i>false alarm</i>.</p> <p>But you know what? I learned something. All my neighbors were going indoors. They were prepared. But when that siren went off I realized I had no idea what to do.</p> <p>I was angry... ...because I was <i>scared</i>.</p> <p>I have people I am responsible for...</p> <p>...people I love.</p>
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