



<p>Middle aged male/ mid-socio economic/ Caucasian</p> <p>Medium and Tight of intense man speaking</p> <p>Look of transparency as he admits a flaw in his character</p> <p>Man suddenly loosens up with a look of semi- amazement & realization crossing his face</p> <p>Self deprecating, darkly humorous tone</p> <p>Two cute rambunctious children run to Daddy and hug his neck.</p> <p>All clouds have left his countenance. His manner is one of love, protection and loyalty to his children.</p> <p>ANNOUNCER (font/CSEPP phone numbers)</p> <p>Daddy is on the ground rolling around with his kids. They have hold of him and he looks at the camera seriously.</p>	<p>CAN'T TRUST GOVERNMENT Family to Protect</p> <p>I can't trust the government.</p> <p>...Spent most of my life thinking that.</p> <p>Then one day it hit me. Why would the Umatilla Chemical Depot have the Outreach Office? Why would the county come to my door with a tone alert radio, free? Why do all of that for me?</p> <p>...to keep me in the dark?</p> <p>I have a family to protect. It's my job to make sure I know what to do if there's an emergency.</p> <p>I mean, what's the real problem here? The government or my old way of thinking?</p>
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