

PRE-UTOPIAN TENSION

BY:

CHRISTIAN MAXWELL

cmaxwell1347@gmail.com  
(347) 819-3591

OVER BLACK:

"Proverbs for Paranoids:

3. If they can get you asking the wrong questions, they don't have to worry about answers.

4. You hide, they seek.

5. Paranoids are not paranoid because they're paranoid, but because they keep putting themselves, fucking idiots, deliberately into paranoid situations."

- **Thomas Pynchon, Gravity's Rainbow**

FADE IN:

EXT. WATERFRONT - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

A curtain of semi-translucent fog. From somewhere deep inside the fog bank, bright white lights are visible. A gust of wind gradually dissipates the curtain of fog - revealing the source of the white lights:

The 'Port of San Francisco' sign.

The HORN from a lonely freighter is audible in the distance (o.s.)

EXT. GEARY STREET - NIGHT

The Clift Hotel. Its stone exterior bathed in eerie yellow lights, the arched windows on the ground floor covered by dark purple blinds.

The fog bank slowly creeping across its exterior gives the building a slightly Gothic appearance.

INT. LIVING ROOM BAR - CLIFT HOTEL - NIGHT

As the name implies, it is decorated like an upscale living room. Dark mahogany walls, brown leather couches. Just after work, it's crowded, not many places to sit.

Sitting at one of the only leather couches with an empty seat across from it -- is TED BODINE: late 30s, tech bro/app evangelist, staring into his phone. While looking down he notices, just past the edge of the table:

A pair of mud-caked boots in front of him. He looks up at their owner:

JOSEPHINE 'MOUSE' WEYMOUTH: early 30s, African-American, whip smart, leaner and more athletic than her nickname implies, wearing a blood-stained, torn, army surplus jacket.

She looks as if she's just stepped off a literal battlefield.

She's on edge, eyes darting back and forth between the entrance and a large duffle bag on the floor beside her.

MOUSE

Looks like it's your lucky day...

He tries to introduce himself:

BODINE

Ted, Bodine. Friends call me...

She cuts him off.

MOUSE

...don't care. I'm about to tell you...the most important thing you've ever heard in your life...

Without waiting for an invitation, MOUSE takes a seat across from him. The WAITER comes over to take her order; he eyes her nervously:

WAITER

Cops are looking for you.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

A darkened downtown street. The CRACKLE of GUNFIRE in the air. MOUSE, gritting her teeth, fires a gun from behind cover.

She fires at UNSEEN ASSAILANTS, her rounds slicing through nearby vehicles with loud PINGS.

MOUSE hears automatic weapon fire behind her and turns. We don't see what she sees, but we hear her SCREAM:

MOUSE

Nooo!!!

She raises her weapon and FIRES a series of shots, her face intermittently illuminated by the muzzle flash.

END FLASHBACK.

MOUSE snaps back to the present:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

No shit.

(beat)

Tequila. Leave the bottle.

The WAITER heads back to the bar. After the WAITER leaves, BODINE looks her over again, re-evaluating.

BODINE

Did he just say the cops are looking for you?

The WAITER returns and sets down a bottle and two shot glasses. MOUSE pours a pair of shots; before BODINE can reach for a glass, she downs them both in quick succession.

MOUSE

By the time they come back, I'll be long gone.

BODINE holds up his free hand, palm up:

BODINE

Hey, I just got off work, just wanna grabba drink, check my socials, I don't want to get caught up in...whatever it is you're caught up in.

Ignoring this:

MOUSE

You watch the news?

BODINE

Ah, it's all fake, right?

MOUSE rolls her eyes at his apathy, then looks him over:

MOUSE

You work at a start-up, saving up for a Tesla, and when you finally get it, and you're driving around town, you won't have to worry about getting shot in the back at a traffic stop...hey that's somebody else's problem, right?

BODINE doesn't offer much protest, she's clearly hit a nerve.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Well...Ted...you need to start paying attention to what's going on in the world, now.

(MORE)

MOUSE (CONT'D)

And by now, I mean right fucking now.

(beat)

You know the big events that change the course of human history: Fall of The Roman Empire...

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

The Enola Gay bomber, metallic hull gleaming in the sunlight, flies over Hiroshima.

MOUSE (V.O.)

...the atomic bomb...

The bombing doors of the B-29 open with a mechanized HUM, revealing the payload contained therein.

'Fat Boy' is released from its clamps with a HISS...

POV - BOMB: It streaks towards its date with destiny.

Just before the bomb hits...

CUT BACK TO:

MOUSE

...9/11.

MOUSE checks her watch, doesn't wait for him to respond:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

...we're about to have one.

Suddenly BODINE'S laser-focused on her words:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Your job, 'The Gram', not so important now, huh?

She leans in closer, for added emphasis:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

...an outbreak of 'Tulsa Flu' is going to start a chain reaction of crises: widespread rioting, police crackdowns, shortages of food, water...large scale conflicts that only end...because there's no one left alive to fight...

(MORE)

MOUSE (CONT'D)

(beat)

...so Ted Bodine...

She fixes her gaze on him; it is almost frightening in its intensity:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

...listen carefully, because I'm not going to repeat myself...

(beat)

...the human race is about to be presented with a choice. We either destroy the systems that are going to try to exploit the coming chaos...or we end up like the dinosaurs.

A beat.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

That's the choice: utopia or oblivion.

SMASH CUT:

OVER BLACK:

96 Hours Earlier

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A tangled trio of naked sleeping bodies. On one side of the bed, a SKINNY MAN in his mid 20s, on the other side a FIT MAN also mid 20s, and in the middle: MOUSE. Her phone alarm starts BEEPING. Her eyes pop open.

She picks up the phone, looks at the display. Her eyes go wide as if she's just been given a jolt of electricity.

MOUSE

Shit. Shit.

She leaps out of bed, but her companions barely stir. MOUSE sorts through a pile of clothes on the floor and hurriedly puts on a 'clean-ish' version of the outfit we just saw.

Fully dressed, she takes one last look at the two MEN still asleep, smiles -- then heads for the door.

EXT. STREET - OAKLAND - DAY

Cloudy. A small group of COMMUTERS wait at the bus stop. MOUSE among them, despite the grim weather, she's all smiles: wearing a broad 'I Got Laid Last Night' grin and earbuds, listening to "Pieces of A Man":

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
 ...the revolution will not go  
 better with Coke...

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

Gray and overcast skies hang over the familiar San Francisco skyline.

A cluster of skyscrapers near the choppy, dark waters of the Pacific. The Transamerica pyramid at one end and the Embarcadero buildings at the other.

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
 ...the revolution will not fight  
 germs that cause bad breath...

ANGLE ON EMBARCADERO TWO

Embarcadero Center Two: A skyscraper divided into five thin slices.

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
 ...the revolution will put you in  
 the driver's seat...

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

Beige. Minimalist. Shades drawn. A lone fluorescent strip overhead adds a harsh glow to the darkened room.

Seated under the light, behind a sleek chrome desk is KARL FRANTZ: late 30's, bottle blonde, eccentric, despite the jacket and tie, more punk than corporate.

On his monitor: An official-looking document. The header reads "The Malthus Corporation", underneath 'Report No: 347'.

The phone on his desk is on 'speaker':

MALE VOICE  
 (over speaker)  
 You're reading an excerpt. The  
 complete report is four hundred  
 pages.

(MORE)

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Before I send the rest, I have a condition.

FRANTZ

Name it.

MALE VOICE

(over speaker)

I want to meet, in person.

FRANTZ

I'll send two of my best.

MALE VOICE

(over speaker)

I need to vet them first.

INT. EMMA'S DESK - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

Where EMMA DHAWAN, a professional, Indian-American woman in her late 20's, stares longingly at the Instagram feed for a picturesque Napa vineyard.

A CHIMING intercom interrupts her daydream:

FRANTZ

(over intercom)

Emma, could you get Bob and Mouse in here please?

EMMA

(into intercom)

Right away sir.

She closes Instagram, and dials two extensions. No answer. She immediately rises from her desk and heads into the:

INT. OPEN WORK AREA - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - DAY

A typical workday. Lots of employees moving around. The open space is a cross between a tech firm and the editorial floor of a major newspaper.

A large sign hangs on the wall above a large cubicle farm:

THE WHISTLEBLOWER

EMMA navigates the busy work area en route to:

INT. BREAK ROOM - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - DAY

Typical break room: refrigerator, vending machines, a table and chairs in front of a small television.

Seated at the table is BOB HARRISON - early 30's, longish hair, more grad student than corporate professional - sipping a cup of coffee.

His attention focused on the television: Daytime talk show. Panel discussion. Four middle-aged female HOSTS.

The CAMERA focuses on DARCY REGAN. She's wearing glasses, unsuccessfully trying to disguise the fact she looks like a porn star.

DARCY

(turned to co-host)

Well I did my own research and this study says that vaccines cause autism and that's what my organization is all about, getting the truth out there so parents can make informed choices...

(turning to the camera)

...so I'm not vaccinating my kids against the 'Tulsa Flu' and moms if you care about your kids, you shouldn't either...

CO-HOST

...that's incredibly irresponsible, it's absolutely devastating communities throughout Missouri, Texas, Louisiana, Florida...

Just as DARCY is about to respond, the television is partially drowned out by the sound of loud FOOTSTEPS:

BOB looks up to find MOUSE, not a care in the world - entering the break room. She throws a bag on the table, a dog-eared copy of "Gravity's Rainbow" slides partially out.

There is an almost sibling-like unselfconsciousness between them. BOB ties his long hair up in a bun, prompting a response from MOUSE:

MOUSE

Dude. A man bun? Seriously?

BOB looks her up and down. A look of realization suddenly crosses his face. His lips twist up into a smile.

BOB

Isn't that what you were wearing  
yesterday?

MOUSE

I'm mildly freaked out, like, all  
the time, got to relieve the  
tension somehow. It's either dick  
or Lithium.

BOB blushes.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Hey man, you asked. You could stand  
to get out a bit more yourself.

She looks him over:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

You know I don't like that many  
people, but for some reason I like  
you.

BOB smiles at the compliment. From MOUSE this passes for high  
praise.

BOB

I'm pleased you find me worthy of  
friendship.

Ignoring his sarcasm, she continues.

MOUSE

And as your friend, I'm telling  
you, you have to get over that  
mystery woman you've been pining  
over. I can't believe you won't  
tell me who she is.

(beat)

We don't keep secrets from each  
other.

BOB

It was...complicated...but mainly  
my fault.

MOUSE

That goes without saying...

She's teased him enough for one morning. MOUSE glances at the  
t.v.:

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
...what weighty subject are they  
tackling this morning?

BOB  
Darcy Regan is talking about her  
anti-vaxx campaign.

MOUSE does a quick double take.

MOUSE  
Her what? She's not an  
epidemiologist. Wait...didn't she  
start in porn?

BOB  
Yup. Pretty much her career arc:  
Porn, reality tv, talk show.

MOUSE  
No judgment, but why in the hell is  
anyone listening to her medical  
advice?

BOB  
Beats the hell out of me, but  
people do. She's got twenty million  
Facebook followers.

MOUSE shakes her head in disbelief.

BOB (CONT'D)  
You finish verifying that report  
from the C.D.C.?

MOUSE  
Yessir. All caught up. My plan is  
to pretend to work till five, get  
through the day doing as little as  
possible.

BOB  
Frantz promised me a promotion this  
year, with the raise, maybe I can  
put a down payment on a place.  
(beat)  
If you put in a little more effort,  
you'd get promoted too.

MOUSE  
I'm fine where I'm at and I'm  
definitely not gonna bust my ass  
for that Assange wanna-be nut job.

Before BOB can respond, they're interrupted by the appearance of EMMA. She looks at MOUSE disapprovingly, before addressing BOB.

EMMA  
He'd like to see you right away.

BOB starts to rise.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
(turning to MOUSE)  
Both of you.

MOUSE slides her book back in her bag and follows the pair out of the break room. On the way out:

MOUSE  
(to EMMA)  
Hey...uh...how much of that did you hear?

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE and BOB enter to find FRANTZ at this computer. He notices their entrance, but his expression doesn't change, his tone is flat, emotionless. Before they even sit down:

FRANTZ  
A source wants a meet.

MOUSE yawns.

FRANTZ (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, am I keeping you up?

MOUSE  
Late night. Please continue.

Accustomed to the snark, FRANTZ ignores her and continues:

FRANTZ  
...he wants to meet with someone from the staff before he sends a document. I volunteered you two.  
(beat)  
He wants to check you out first, any deep, dark secrets you're hiding?

BOB and MOUSE exchange a look.

MOUSE  
Besides setting some cop cars on  
fire? Nope.

FRANTZ  
You're kidding.

She laughs, then abruptly stops.

MOUSE  
Am I though?

A beat. FRANTZ isn't sure she's kidding. He finally decides she is. He laughs and continues:

FRANTZ  
In the interim, I want you to  
familiarize yourself with the  
excerpt.

He continues reading - signaling the meeting is over. BOB and MOUSE rise from their chairs and head toward the exit.

EXT. EMMA'S DESK - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

As they pass EMMA'S desk, she calls out to them.

EMMA  
I'm sending it you now. If the  
source wants to meet, I'll be in  
touch.

With her characteristic sarcasm:

MOUSE  
Can't wait.

MOUSE and BOB continue moving down the:

INT. CORRIDOR - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

Heading back toward the cubicle farm. BOB looks at his iPad.

BOB  
Meet up later to discuss? Maybe  
grab some dinner. Pizza, Chinese?

MOUSE  
Pizza. My place at 7:00pm. Don't  
you dare get pineapple.  
(beat)  
That's just wrong. Morally.

BOB

This time, you could at least clean up a little first.

MOUSE

I could, but I probably won't.

EXT. STREET - OAKLAND - NIGHT

A hilly residential street on the outskirts of Oakland.

INT. LIVINGROOM - MOUSE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

True to her word, MOUSE hasn't cleaned up, instead she's perusing a document on her computer. The camera lens on the front of the monitor is covered with a thin strip of black tape.

At one end of the couch BOB is reading on his iPad.

At the other end is IDAHO: six feet of muscle, full red beard, shaved head, mohawk, tattoos creeping out the neck of his t-shirt (the type of guy you might cross the street to avoid), is playing a video game: Grand Theft Auto VII. His character is killing an ACCOUNTANT.

MOUSE over from her monitor:

MOUSE

Wait aren't you supposed to be killing hookers and drug dealers?

IDAHO

Probably, I find this more therapeutic.

Ignoring them, BOB is thoroughly engrossed in what he's reading:

BOB

This is just...

EXT. WORLD TRADE CENTER - DAY

The Twin Towers. The first jet smashes in Tower One, in an explosion of flame and smoke. Moments later the second jet crashes into Tower Two.

BOB (V.O.)

...a description...

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING - DAY

CONDOLEEZA RICE making her famous 'no one could have predicted..' statement before the assembled 9/11 Commission.

BOB (V.O.)  
...of 9/11....

INT. LIVINGROOM - MOUSE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Still looking at her monitor.

MOUSE  
Check the date.

BOB looks at the first page of the report on his iPad: March 2000.

BOB  
Wait that can't be right.  
(checking the monitor  
again)  
Who are these people again?

MOUSE's hands fly over the keyboard. On one monitor, a homepage for the Malthus Corporation. She clicks on a header marked: About Us.

CLOSE - MONITOR: A bland corporate ID video.

MOUSE  
Malthus Corporation. Security  
company. The website doesn't tell  
you too much, typical PR  
bullshit...

She glances at the second monitor: Lines of code fill the screen.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
...but they've got some serious  
military, Pentagon grade  
encryption...

BOB'S cell phone PINGS. He checks the message.

BOB  
Looks like we checked out. Frantz's  
mysterious contact wants to meet us  
at DeYoung tomorrow morning.

EXT. DE YOUNG MUSEUM - GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

A slight, steady drizzle. The museum is a long brown metal base, with an inverted pyramid at one end.

It resembles a piece of metallic modern sculpture more than a building - in stark contrast to the greenery of the park.

At the entrance BOB is waiting impatiently, coffee in one hand, an umbrella in the other, for MOUSE.

He looks at his watch, accidentally spilling his coffee in the process, when MOUSE saunters up the stairs.

BOB  
You're late.

MOUSE  
Blame B.A.R.T. Idaho couldn't make it, gym.

BOB  
The contact just wanted to meet with us. Idaho would've scared him off.

MOUSE  
Yeah, he does seem to have that effect on people.

BOB  
Why do you hang out with that maniac?

She stops in her stride for a moment, and turns to BOB.

MOUSE  
I need you guys to play nice, got it?

Left speechless by an uncharacteristic outpouring of emotion, BOB just nods in response. MOUSE opens the glass double doors:

INT. GALLERY - DE YOUNG MUSEUM - DAY

Once inside they immediately scan the area.

MOUSE  
How are we supposed to find this guy? Please tell me we have at least have a cool code phrase or something?

She gets even more excited:

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, oh and maybe he's British...  
 (faux English accent)  
 "I hear it's cold near the Thames  
 this time of year..."

BOB  
 No. We're supposed to wait for him  
 in front of a painting.

BOB is distracted, his attention focused on the paintings in front of them. MOUSE scans the gallery as well:

MOUSE  
 Any painting in particular we're  
 supposed to wait in front of?  
 They've got a few.

BOB spots the painting.

BOB  
 This one.

They move to the central part of the gallery, across from a large painting and sit down. BOB scans the gallery again. MOUSE reaches into her bag, produces her paperback and starts reading:

BOB (CONT'D)  
 What are you doing?

MOUSE  
 Trying to pass the time  
 productively.

What they don't notice is that a MIDDLE-AGED MAN in a light trench coat has sat down next to MOUSE, he is in fact British:

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 Right on time.

MOUSE  
 Excuse me?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
 Just act natural.

MOUSE  
 I am. You're the one sneaking up on  
 people.

BOB  
We're from Whistleblower. You  
are...

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
You can call me Mister Little.

MOUSE  
And you're British aren't you?

He responds, voice dripping with sarcasm:

MR. LITTLE  
What gave me away?

His condescension doesn't dampen her enthusiasm in the slightest.

BOB  
Ok... Mister Little. We read the  
excerpt.

MR. LITTLE makes an abrupt conversational left turn (without signaling), directing their attention to the painting in front of them:

MR. LITTLE  
This painting is called 'Landscape  
with The Fall of Icarus'.

An oil painting, in the foreground is a farmer ploughing a field on a hilltop, overlooking the ocean. In the background a winged figure is plummeting toward the sea.

MR. LITTLE (V.O.)  
It was originally attributed to  
Piter Bruegel The Elder but in all  
likelihood, it's a copy.

BOB  
I don't really know much about art,  
and I'm not sure what it has to do  
with this report...

MR. LITTLE  
Look carefully.

MOUSE and BOB do as instructed and lean closer - hoping to notice something they missed the first time: The farmer ploughing a field has his back turned to the scene unfolding behind him.

MR. LITTLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You know the story of Icarus?

MOUSE (O.S.)  
 Tried to escape prison with wings  
 of wax, flew too close to the  
 sun...sun melted  
 wings..crashed...died.

MR. LITTLE (O.S.)  
 Correct. Notice how the farmer is  
 tending to his field, and doesn't  
 even notice the tragedy taking  
 place just behind him.

MOUSE and BOB look closer at the painting.

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)  
 What I sent Frantz was an excerpt  
 from a larger document simply  
 titled 'Report 347'.

BOB is already getting restless:

BOB  
 Which...

MR. LITTLE  
 ...details an 'Event', that results  
 in a fundamental, once-in-a-  
 millennia, change to human society.

MOUSE and BOB'S expression suggest they don't fully  
 appreciate the gravity of his comment.

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)  
 And 'The Event' is...

He checks his watch.

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)  
 ...imminent.

As he speaks these words, he's clearly commanded MOUSE'S  
 interest, while a curtain has come down behind BOB'S eyes.

BOB  
 And you think you're in danger for  
 leaking it?

MR. LITTLE  
 I don't 'think' I'm in danger. I  
 'know' I'm in danger.

(beat)

(MORE)

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)

My former employers are very media savvy and have gone to great lengths to craft a low-key, but benevolent, public image while simultaneously keeping their involvement in some truly unsavory conflicts hidden...but let me assure you they are very powerful, very dangerous people.

(beat)

They want the nature of 'The Event' to remain a secret.

(beat)

They have the will and the ability to silence anyone who attempts to make the information contained in the report, public.

He hears FOOTSTEPS ECHOING on the tile, and looks around nervously, but only finds: A TOURIST COUPLE passing through the gallery. He waits until they're out of earshot before continuing:

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)

I want your employer to understand the risk you're taking by publishing this.

BOB

We've published leaked documents before and we've got a whole team of lawyers to make certain we stay out of jail.

MR. LITTLE

I'm not talking about the courts or prison. Malthus operates well outside....

(a beat)

...the normal judicial process.

MOUSE

We'll be taking the same risk you have by coming forward.

MR. LITTLE

Not exactly. I am, as you Yanks are fond of saying: 'Getting the hell out of Dodge'.

(beat)

That is how you say it, correct?

MOUSE

Your grasp of colloquial American expressions is first rate.

MR. LITTLE

I'm on a flight to Tokyo in a few hours. My former employers don't have much of a presence in Asia, yet.

They're surprised by his plan. They are slowly beginning to comprehend the stakes.

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)

You understand what I've told you and you still want to read the rest of the report?

BOB and MOUSE look at each other, but there is a hint of uncertainty in BOB'S expression. MOUSE answers for both of them.

MOUSE

We understand.

MR. LITTLE

I'll send the rest of the report when I'm certain I'm safe.

MOUSE

What if we have questions? How can we contact you?

MR. LITTLE

If you have questions, you'll have to answer them for yourselves.

(beat)

Provided you live long enough.

INT. B.A.R.T. TRAIN CAR - DAY

The morning commute. MOUSE and BOB stand huddled together in the crowded subway car - so deep in conversation, they don't notice...

...the BUSINESSMAN at the end of the car, casting furtive glances in their direction, then whispering into his cuff.

MOUSE

That was pretty cool. I am fully on board.

BOB

Two possibilities. Either 'Malthus' is trying to make everyone paranoid, which would be good for business OR he's the paranoid one. You read that excerpt.

MOUSE

There was an FBI agent that raised some concerns about the hijackers taking the flying lessons. No one else had any clue.

BOB

There were warning signs. They were ignored.

MOUSE

That's what makes this so strange. Whoever wrote this report had figured out the plan a year before 9/11.

BOB

He could've altered the time-stamp on the document.

MOUSE

Oh come on dude, don't 'Scully' me.

INT. EMBARCADERO STATION - DAY

MOUSE and BOB ride the escalator toward the street, and into the little sunshine that manages to penetrate the clouds. The BUSINESSMAN is just a few stairs below them.

MOUSE

How do we know this guy isn't legit? This company, has some serious military grade encryption on their site.

(beat)

That isn't easy to come by unless you're extremely well-funded, you've got world class coders, and serious shit to hide.

The BUSINESSMAN walks by them, unnoticed.

BOB

Maybe it's staffed by more paranoid types like Mr. Little.

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - DAY

FRANTZ is seated behind his desk, EMMA hovering just over his shoulder. BOB and MOUSE sit across from him.

FRANTZ

We received another excerpt...

(beat)

I'd like the two of you to stay on this. Read the new documents.

BOB

We're going ahead with this? If I'm being completely candid, I think he's paranoid and more than a little crazy.

FRANTZ

You're skeptical?

BOB

Very.

FRANTZ

And that's precisely why you're the perfect person to verify the report.

(to MOUSE)

And your feelings?

MOUSE

He seemed genuinely concerned about his well-being, and ours if we got involved in this. I believed him.

FRANTZ smiles.

FRANTZ

(to BOB)

And here's the perfect Devil's Advocate. Get started on this right away. When you've finished verifying it, I'll publish it.

(a beat - more serious)

In the event Mister Little was right and things become dangerous, I've put a four step 'emergency protocol' in place...

INT. OPEN WORK AREA - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - LATER

The end of the workday. People are packing up and heading towards the exit.

INT. CUBICLE - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

In their shared workspace BOB and MOUSE are seated in front of their desktops, each reading their own copy of the report. BOB gets up to stretch. MOUSE leans back in frustration:

MOUSE

...I've been over this twice...the sourcing, their conclusions are solid...and if these dates are right, but how in the hell did they know this stuff? Modeling? Predictive algorithms? A.I.?

BOB

Or, like I said yesterday, just good old-fashioned 'back-dating'.

BOB turns off his computer and puts his iPad in his bag.

MOUSE

Calling it quits?

BOB

I think these guys are grifters, this is a con, make us think they can basically see the future, we publish it, give them some legitimacy, so they can jack up their fees. It's a scam.

MOUSE

Hot date?  
(under her breath)  
Finally.

BOB

I heard that. Meeting the guys to watch the game, grab some drinks. You want to come with?

She laughs at the absurdity of the suggestion:

MOUSE

Hard pass.

BOB

Suit yourself. Steph Curry is THE TRUTH.

EXT. 18TH STREET - NIGHT

The streets have become enveloped in a fairly thick fog. BOB makes his way down the familiar street, walking at a brisk pace. He looks at his watch, realizes he's running late and picks up his pace,.

There isn't much pedestrian traffic. The only sounds on the street are from nearby cars.

BOB hears a pair of FOOTSTEPS behind him, that seem to be keeping pace. He looks up to find: Through the fog, he can barely make out the figure of a MAN watching him from across the street.

He assumes it was just his imagination. He looks back: The MAN has moved down the street in the opposite direction.

He laughs at his own paranoia, then turns the corner onto:

EXT. BRYANT STREET - NIGHT

More pedestrians and traffic. BOB is about to dismiss this as paranoia - when the fog clears momentarily and he gets a glimpse at: A SECOND MAN, watching him from across the street.

BOB picks up his pace, reaching the corner and making another turn onto:

EXT. 16TH STREET - NIGHT

The DOUBLE PLAY bar sits on the corner. BOB steps inside:

INT. DOUBLE PLAY - NIGHT

A sports bar. The walls decorated with black and white photos of baseball players. A group of FRIENDS at the bar notice his arrival and wave him over.

At the bar, BOB is greeted by four FRIENDS, young men all in their early 30's.

FIRST FRIEND

You okay there bud?

SECOND FRIEND

(to BARTENDER)

Let's get this man a drink.

BOB  
I'm okay, it's...

The FIRST FRIEND looks at him, with a hint of concern.

BOB (CONT'D)  
It's nothing man, I just have an  
overactive imagination.

INT. B.A.R.T. STATION - NIGHT

The station is surprisingly empty. MOUSE waits at the platform edge, buried in "Gravity's Rainbow".

After a moment, she looks up from her book - and down the tunnel: Darkness interrupted by an occasional fluorescent bulb.

Her looking down the tunnel is interrupted by the ECHO of FOOTSTEPS, approaching.

The FOOTSTEPS approach, finally stopping nearby. The same middle-aged BUSINESSMAN from earlier is standing right next to MOUSE.

There is nothing strange about him except for his unusual proximity.

BUSINESSMAN  
The station is unusually empty.

She keeps her answer brief, not wishing to prolong the conversation.

MOUSE  
Yup.

BUSINESSMAN  
A young woman like yourself, you  
have to be careful, no transit  
police around...

The subtle threat in his tone is unmistakable. MOUSE turns to face him, taking a step back, while reaching into her bag.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
...if someone were to say attack  
you, it'd be a long time before  
someone could here to help you.

MOUSE

If someone was stupid enough to try that, I'd pepper spray the fuck out of them.

MOUSE'S hand has found the pepper spray in her bag. She's preparing to douse him, when the train pulls into the station.

The doors slide open. The BUSINESSMAN steps across the threshold, then turns to MOUSE, smiling creepily:

BUSINESSMAN

Aren't you coming?

MOUSE

Think I'll walk, thanks.

The doors close, their eyes are still locked on each other through the polymer window. The train leaves the station, MOUSE watches it go.

MOUSE'S expression betrays her concern. She put up a brave front, but the encounter's clearly shaken her a bit.

EXT. SFO - NIGHT

A yellow taxi comes to a stop outside the Tsubasa terminal.

MR. LITTLE, carrying a black briefcase, exits the taxi. He stops on the sidewalk. Looks around to make certain he wasn't followed.

INT. SECURITY - SFO - NIGHT

MR. LITTLE shows his ticket and i.d. to the T.S.A. AGENT, then passes through the T.S.A. full body scanner.

INT. DEPARTURE GATE - SFO - NIGHT

Having reached his gate, MR. LITTLE finds a seat toward the far end of the gate. He sits down and removes the laptop, and brings up: The Whistleblower submission platform. There is a large attachment marked "Report 347".

A 'Submit' button is highlighted.

MR. LITTLE sighs with relief.

P.A.

Tsubasa airlines will now begin boarding flight Seven Twenty non-stop to Tokyo. We'll begin with our passengers in first class...

MR. LITTLE replaces the laptop in the suitcase, gathers his coat and heads toward the gate.

INT. FIRST CLASS - FLIGHT 720 - NIGHT

MR. LITTLE places his briefcase and coat in the overhead compartment. He settles into the aisle seat.

Just as he's fastened his seat belt, a BUSINESSWOMAN - a Hitchcock blonde: icy, expensive suit, hair pulled back from her face - appears in the aisle. She points to the seat next to him:

BUSINESSWOMAN

Sorry. I think I'm in there.

MR. LITTLE unbuckles his seat belt and stands to let her pass by.

BUSINESSWOMAN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

One of the FLIGHT ATTENDANTS stops at their seats.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Can I get you anything to drink?

BUSINESSWOMAN

Champagne please.

MR. LITTLE

Scotch. Neat.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Very good.

INT. FIRST CLASS - FLIGHT 720 - LATER

While waiting for take-off, MR. LITTLE and the BUSINESSWOMAN have both finished a couple drinks. She extends her hand. They shake.

INGRAHAM

Cathryn, Ingraham.

MR. LITTLE

Nice to meet you. Going to Tokyo for work?

INGRAHAM

Sadly no. I'd love to get in eighteen holes at Kogenai. You golf?

MR. LITTLE

No I don't.

INGRAHAM

You should. The course at Kogenai is breathtakingly beautiful. They're perverted little bastards, the Japs, but damned if they don't know how to build a golf course.

He takes offense at her comment, but lets it slide.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

Ok, so one more question...

MR. LITTLE

Very well.

She leans in close, and her genial expression becomes slightly menacing.

INGRAHAM

Have you sent the rest of 'three-four-seven' to The Whistleblower?

As he realizes who she is, he becomes resigned to his fate. INGRAHAM smiles.

EXT. GATE - SFO - LATER

A cargo vehicle parks next to Flight 720 - still at the gate. The vehicle's mobile walkway, attaches itself to the far side of the plane.

INT. FIRST CLASS - FLIGHT 720 - LATER

MR. LITTLE appears to be asleep in his seat, snug under a blanket. INGRAHAM walks up the aisle, disappearing into the:

INT. GALLEY - FLIGHT 720 - CONTINUOUS

Empty while the crew is making pre-flight preparations. INGRAHAM opens the door reserved for loading cargo to find: SEAN BAIER -- early 40s, round-faced, in the 40's he would've been a dutiful SS Officer.

He smiles creepily while waiting for her at the top landing of the mobile walkway.

INT. COCKPIT - PLANE - LATER

The instrument panel illuminates the darkened cabin. The PILOT and CO-PILOT check their instruments.

PILOT  
(into headset)  
This is Tsubasa Seven-Twenty...

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - SFO - CONTINUOUS

A cramped space, filled with activity. An AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER, his face bathed in an electric blue and green glow from his monitor, checks his screen: A small airplane icon marked 720 sits at the edge of the runway.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
Tsubasa 720 - you are cleared for  
takeoff.

INT. COCKPIT - PLANE - CONTINUOUS

Receiving the all-clear, the PILOT pushes the throttle forward.

EXT. RUNWAY - SFO - NIGHT

The plane taxis down the runway, finally lifting off into the night sky...

INT. FIRST CLASS - CONTINUOUS

The passengers are all seated. Two FLIGHT ATTENDANTS walk down the aisle. The FLIGHT ATTENDANTS pass MR. LITTLE'S seat, where he is, they assume, asleep.

The window seat is empty.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT stops and looks at the empty seat curiously, then turns to another FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(in Japanese)  
*Wasn't there someone in Two-A?*

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The plane rises higher, the lights of San Francisco slowly receding below.

The plane flies into cloud cover.

INT. AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL - SFO - CONTINUOUS

The AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER is watching his monitor: The icon for 720 heads out over the Pacific and then just freezes.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER  
That's weird.  
(into headset)  
Tsubasa Seven-Twenty, this is SFO tower.

Silence.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
I repeat Tsubasa Seven-Twenty, this is SFO tower. Come in. Over.

Silence. The AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER, growing more concerned turns to his SUPERVISOR at a nearby station.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLER (CONT'D)  
I think we've got a problem with Tsubasa Seven-Twenty.

EXT. 18TH STREET - NIGHT

BAIER in a heavy dark coat, jeans, lurks in the shadows, just across the fog enshrouded street. His attention focused on: The bar across the street.

He puts his hand to an earpiece, then raises his wrist-mounted microphone to his lips.

BAIER  
(into mic)  
Go for Baier.  
(MORE)

BAIER (CONT'D)  
 (a beat)  
 Target is in place.

INGRAHAM  
 (over ear-piece)  
 Get eyes on the target.

INT. DOUBLE PLAY - NIGHT

At the BAR, BOB and his friends are dividing their attention between ordering more drinks and: The game, suddenly replaced by a somber local anchor.

ANCHOR  
 ...we interrupt the game with  
 breaking news Tsubasa Airlines  
 flight 720 to Tokyo disappeared  
 shortly after takeoff from S.F.O...

BOB turns to the BARTENDER.

BOB  
 Could you turn this up a little?

The BARTENDER does.

BOB (CONT'D)  
 (to BARTENDER)  
 Thanks.

ANCHOR  
 ...the plane was reported missing  
 two hours ago...the FAA has been  
 unable to confirm the flight's  
 location or status...

BOB leaps off his stool, heads out into the:

EXT. ALLEY - DOUBLE PLAY - NIGHT (INTERCUT W/MOUSE)

He looks around the alley, once familiar - it's now enveloped in fog and filled with potential danger. BOB looks around a second time, satisfied he's alone - he dials his cell phone. He hears MOUSE answer:

MOUSE  
 (over phone)  
 I was just about to call you.

BOB  
 You remember Mister Little?

INT. LIVINGROOM - MOUSE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE is reclining on the couch: a copy of 'Gravity's Rainbow', empty edible wrappers and her laptop are on the coffee table.

MOUSE

(into phone)

It was only eight hours ago dude.  
Weed's damage to the short term  
memory is grossly exaggerated.

BOB

Little...where did he say he was  
going?

She hears tension in his voice, decides against reprimanding him for being rude and just answers his question.

MOUSE

Tokyo.

BOB

(over phone)

Turn on your t.v. The news.

MOUSE

(scoffing)

Cable news? No thanks, don't feel  
like lopping thirty points off my  
I.Q.

BOB

Just do it. Now.

His tone alarms her. She forgets about her own encounter, then turns on the television:

MOUSE watches the screen. Her buzz is gone, she's completely alert - but speechless. After a few seconds she remembers she's on the phone:

MOUSE

(into phone)

You think that was him?

EXT. ALLEY - DOUBLE PLAY - CONTINUOUS

With the cell phone still at his ear BOB looks down the narrow alley anxiously.

BOB  
(into phone)  
I thought he was a nut, or that  
this was a scam...

MOUSE  
(over phone)  
...but now you think he might have  
been onto something.

BOB studies the passing PEDESTRIANS.

BOB  
(into phone)  
This can't be a coincidence.  
I think we need to meet.

MOUSE  
(over phone)  
Well if whoever is responsible for  
this can make fucking planes  
disappear, we have to assume  
they're monitoring our phones.  
(a beat)  
Hey, you remember the protocol?

BOB  
Yeah. Kind of. I was only half  
paying attention.

MOUSE  
Remember the first couple steps?  
(beat)  
Dump your phones. Take alternate  
route to the 'safe house'.

BOB stops, considers. Slowly, an expression of realization  
spreads across his face.

BOB  
(into phone)  
Yeah. Yeah.

MOUSE  
(over phone)  
Get going. See you in an hour.

With that, he ends the call, throws the phone to the ground:  
His foot smashes the phone into a thousand pieces.

INT. 18TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

BAIER, lurking in the shadows, quickly taps his earpiece.

BAIER  
(into wrist mic)  
Copy that. I'll get eyes on the  
target.

He steps out of the shadows and moves purposefully through the fog, across the street and into:

INT. DOUBLE PLAY - CONTINUOUS

He scans the room: Small groups of DINERS at tables, BOB'S FRIENDS are at the bar, but BOB is conspicuously absent.

BAIER pushes through the crowd, toward:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He pushes the door open, where a BAR PATRON is urinating in the only toilet.

BAR PATRON  
You know what they say, you don't  
buy beer, you just rent it.

Agitated, BAIER slams the door shut, then sees at the end of the hall: The rear entrance.

He races out into:

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The alley is empty. He steps on the remnants of BOB'S cell phone - then immediately into the microphone:

BAIER  
Target's dumped his phone. He's in  
the wind.

INT. CLIFT HOTEL - NIGHT

Tastefully decorated, upscale hotel room. BOB is raiding the minibar. He digs out a bottle and a cup, sets both on top of the mini-fridge. He unscrews the top and pours the wine into the cup.

He drains the cup in one gulp. He hasn't even had time for the alcohol to steady his nerves when there is a KNOCK at the door.

BOB  
Who is it?

BOB gets up and moves closer to the door. BOB looks through the peephole: IDAHO in a leather motorcycle jacket, somehow managing to look even more menacing than usual.

IDAHO  
(through door)  
It's me.

BOB opens the door and IDAHO, carrying a large duffle, pushes past him.

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
I was going to finish up at the gym, maybe hit the Castro, instead Mouse tells me to meet her here.  
(beat)  
Would one of you like to explain just what the hell is going on?

He looks around and notices they're the only two in the room:

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
Isn't Mouse here yet?

BOB  
No, just us.

BOB crosses to the window, closes the shades, then checks the door again.

BOB (CONT'D)  
Did you...

IDAHO  
...dumped my cell phone. Made sure I wasn't tailed. Stayed off traffic cams. I know how to keep a low profile.

BOB  
Coulda fooled me...

IDAHO  
What?

BOB feigns ignorance.

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
Seriously, what the fuck is going on?

BOB

I am ninety percent certain we're  
being followed.

His expression changes from mild irritation to genuine  
concern.

IDAHO

By who?

EXT. STREET - MISSION - NIGHT

MOUSE nervously makes her way down the street, constantly  
glancing over her back to make sure the BUSINESSMAN from the  
subway isn't behind her.

Satisfied that she's alone, she steps out into the street and  
hails a taxi.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE settles into the back street. She looks through the  
plexiglass partition, noticing: The meter and a hack license  
that reads STEVE KILMEADE.

MOUSE

Just take me to Geary please.

KILMEADE smiles.

KILMEADE

A night on the town huh?

MOUSE

Just meeting a couple friends.

KILMEADE

Good for you. OK, Geary it is.

KILMEADE activates the meter, then pulls the car into  
traffic.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

The taxi races down a nearly deserted, fog enshrouded street.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

The driver is all smiles and engages in some friendly banter:

KILMEADE  
So you from the Bay area?

MOUSE  
No. I'm from Boston.

She's too preoccupied to engage in small talk, brusque:

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
And before you ask, I'm not a 'Sox' fan and don't ask me to say 'wicked pissah' or some dumb shit like that.

KILMEADE  
Got it.

MOUSE looks out the window, doesn't recognize the street.

MOUSE  
Where are you going?

KILMEADE  
Shortcut.

MOUSE  
I live here, don't try the 'gouge the tourist' routine, I know this isn't the way to Geary...

KILMEADE only smiles. It's only then that MOUSE realizes she's in trouble.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
You know what, on second thought, you can let me out here.

Instead of slowing down, KILMEADE accelerates and MOUSE is pushed back into the seat.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The taxi finally comes to a SCREECHING stop facing the Bay. KILMEADE gets out, and places a brick on the gas. The tires SCREECH again.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

From the backseat - MOUSE looks on in horror.

MOUSE  
No! No! No! Let me out!

She frantically pounds the windows, tries the door handle again. Locked.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The CAB DRIVER reaches in again, puts the taxi in 'drive', and backs away as..

The taxi speeds up, heading right for the:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - CONTINUOUS

The taxi is airborne.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Watching the BAY rushing up toward her.

MOUSE

Don't panic.

All her senses are telling her the exact opposite though.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

This is happening.

She snaps the seatbelts into place, grips them tightly, then closes her eyes, not to accept death, but to focus.

INT. BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL NATATORIUM - DAY

CLOSE - MOUSE: Eyes closed. Taking in deep, deliberate breaths.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: In a blue one-piece, poised at the edge of a high diving board. She's clearly nervous, but gathers her nerve and launches herself into space as...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - CONTINUOUS

...the taxi SLAMS into the icy water of the Pacific, quickly sinking beneath the surface, amidst a flurry of bubbles.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Despite having braced herself, MOUSE is thrown forward, her forehead SLAMMING into the partition. Her head SNAPS back and she falls back into the seat.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

As KILMEADE watches the taxi disappear from sight. He checks his watch.

CLOSE: Four minutes have elapsed.

He keeps scanning the surface of the bay, half-expecting MOUSE to break the surface of the Pacific.

She's not swimming to the surface, because she's otherwise occupied...

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Momentarily fazed by the impact MOUSE quickly regains her composure - then looks out at the murky waters surrounding her.

MOUSE

Ok, it's just water.

She takes another moment to control her breathing. She remains calm, even as the taxi continues its' potentially fatal descent into the Bay. She takes a deep breath to center herself:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

It's a metric fuckton of water, but you got this.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

KILMEADE scans the water like a hawk, searching for prey. Still no movement. He checks his watch again:

CLOSE: Seven minutes gone.

Satisfied that she's dead. He turns toward a Range Rover, engine running, waiting at the curb.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

As the taxi fills with water, MOUSE uses both hands to forcefully roll down the window, while trying to suppress the panic rising inside of her as the BAY pours into the cab.

She manages to create a small opening, just enough for her to squeeze out.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - CONTINUOUS

She swims upward, gracefully and powerfully, towards the surface...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLIFT HOTEL - NIGHT

Having drained a few bottles from the mini-bar, IDAHO is perched on the edge of a bed, as BOB paces the length of the room:

IDAHO

I've heard of them.

BOB

They think something massive is about to go down...

(beat)

...could be a terrorist attack, I don't know exactly what 'it' is...but Malthus does, and they think it's somehow to their advantage to keep it a secret, and I'm pretty sure they just brought down a civilian airliner to keep it quiet.

(beat)

Mouse would say it's another example of late stage capitalism trying to chew us up and shit us out.

(beat)

Speaking of which...where are they? They should be here by now.

IDAHO opens his bag: filled with explosives, a pair of matte-black Sig Sauers, an AR-15, plastic wrist ties, spare magazines, a crowbar, two knives and a box protein bars.

BOB (CONT'D)

What the fuck is that?

IDAHO grabs one of the Sigs:

IDAHO

My 'Go' bag.

BOB examines the contents:

BOB

Are those explosives? Where the fuck are you 'going'? Syria?

IDAHO  
My Dad was kind of a survivalist,  
always told me to keep one handy.

BOB feels a bit deflated.

BOB  
Mine just told me to save for  
retirement.

There is a loud KNOCK at the door. IDAHO works the slide on his Sig and points it at the door before responding.

IDAHO  
Who is it?

MOUSE  
(through door)  
It's me...

IDAHO and BOB rush to the door, they open it:

To find MOUSE, clothes soaked, dripping water onto the hallway floor - still trying to catch her breath.

INT. BATHROOM - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE: Wet clothes hanging on the towel rack.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Wearing a hotel robe, MOUSE stands facing the mirror.

She stares at her frightened reflection. Then down at her hand, which is still shaking.

She takes a moment to steady herself, regains her composure, before opening up the bathroom door and stepping into the:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLIFT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Where she crosses to the mini-fridge - and glancing at the television. Nearby IDAHO and BOB watch her, their concern evident.

CLOSE - TELEVISION: The same local news anchor she was watching earlier.

ANCHOR

...this is KNTV's continuing coverage of Tsubasa Flight Seven-Twenty..theories are coming in on our Twitter feed about the possible fate of Tsubasa Flight Seven-Twenty...

BOB

What the hell happened?

MOUSE knocks back a mini-bottle of Tequila. Her face screws up into a sour expression as the Tequila hits her.

BOB (CONT'D)

Someone just tried to drown you?

BOB is about to comment, when MOUSE angrily cuts him off.

MOUSE

And don't say it was an accident or say 'There has to be a logical explanation', it wasn't an accident or coincidence...they just tried to straight murder me.

BOB

I wasn't going to say that. I'm glad you're okay.

She realizes she's just taking out her frustration on him. Her tone softens.

MOUSE

I'm sorry dude. I'm not handling this well.

IDAHO

They didn't stick around to see if you survived?

MOUSE

When I came back up there wasn't anybody around.

IDAHO returns his attention to the television.

BOB

When you showed up I was just telling Idaho that I thought I was being followed.

IDAHO, still focused on the t.v., interjects:

IDAHO

It's like they have no facts, so they're pulling theories out of their asses...I swear this one guy just said it might be supernatural...

BOB ignores IDAHO and resumes his conversation with MOUSE.

BOB

What if we give it, the report, back?

IDAHO

I think you're way past that.

MOUSE goes to BOB'S bag and begins searching through it.

MOUSE

Got your iPad?

BOB

It's in there.

She sets it on the table.

MOUSE

(to IDAHO)

Tape?

He reaches into his 'Go' bag, produces a roll of black electrical tape and tosses it to her. She unrolls a sliver and places it over the camera lens of the iPad.

Satisfied, her hands begin flying over the keys.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

We might as well see what the hell this thing is, why Malthus is so desperate to keep it a secret. Do you have a spare flash drive?

BOB reaches into the bag and hands her a small flash drive.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

(to IDAHO)

Would call down to the Concierge, see if they can get a laptop up here. Maybe two, you want to read this?

IDAHO looks at her as if she's taken leave of her senses.

IDAHO  
Fuck no.

MOUSE  
Fair enough.

IDAHO picks up the phone and dials the front desk.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
(to BOB)  
I'm going to access our server, and  
download a copy of the complete  
report.

BOB  
Is it safe?

MOUSE  
I can mask our location.

IDAHO  
(into phone)  
This is room three-seventy. We need  
another laptop up here, and some  
dinner.

He examines the menu:

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
I'd like the Kale salad and a  
bottle of Evian.

MOUSE  
Coffee!

IDAHO  
And a pot of coffee. Thank you.

He hangs up the phone. BOB just looks at him.

BOB  
A Kale salad and Evian?

IDAHO  
(proudly)  
Hey, my body is a temple.

As MOUSE looks around the room:

MOUSE  
Anything from 'Ms. Stick Up Her  
Ass' or Frantz?

BOB

If by 'Ms. Stick Up Her Ass' you mean Emma, I texted them. Haven't heard back.

MOUSE

So where the hell are they?

EXT. EMBARCADERO TWO - NIGHT

Only a few of the office lights are on.

EXT. OPEN WORK AREA - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

The office is completely empty and dark, except for one light at the end of the hallway.

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

That light is in FRANTZ'S office. He sits at his computer, the screen open to the document queue.

FRANTZ clicks the button for 'Download'. He opens the document: Get out. Now.

FRANTZ hits delete, the fear is visible on his face.

EXT. GEARY STREET - NIGHT

A cluster of buildings, still engulfed in fog, at this section of Geary. The sidewalks are busy with pedestrians, the streets filled with traffic.

INT. HALLWAY - CLIFT - NIGHT

An empty room service tray sits outside Room 370.

INT. CLIFT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

IDAHO drinks a glass of water on the large king bed, still transfixed by the news. BOB and MOUSE, still in a robe, sit on opposite sides of a table that can barely contain their laptops and coffee cups. She leans back from the monitor:

MOUSE

What do we know about Malthus?

BOB

After you told me about their encryption I did some digging.

(beat)

They're one of the largest private employers in the world, headquarters in Houston, a dozen offices globally, providing security services to different governments.

MOUSE

How can they be that big, and no one's ever heard of them?

BOB

Like Mr. Little said, they go to great lengths to keep their activities out of the press.

She turns and positions herself in front of her laptop.

MOUSE

If I'm going to be murdered, I'd at least like to know why.

EXT. EMBARCADERO TWO - NIGHT

Embarcadero Center Two dotted by a few office lights.

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

FRANTZ is quickly packing up a laptop with one hand, turning off his desktop with the other. His cell phone, on 'speaker', is on the desk RINGING:

FRANTZ

Pickuppickuppickup..

INT. LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT

A busy laundromat. EMMA is at the counter, folding her laundry. Her phone sits on the counter nearby.

CLOSE - PHONE: It's set to vibrate. The Home Screen reads 'Karl Frantz'.

She looks over on the second to last ring. She sees FRANTZ calling, rolls her eyes, then answers.

FRANTZ  
 (over phone)  
 ...Emma...the emergency protocol we  
 talked about...

This stops her in her tracks. She stops folding, staring  
 ahead in disbelief.

FRANTZ (CONT'D)  
 (over phone)  
 ...you need to move, quickly...

EMMA  
 (into phone)  
 ...I thought you said we'd probably  
 never need to...

FRANTZ  
 (over phone)  
 ...I was wrong. Drop what you're  
 doing and go...

She presses 'End'. Throws the laundry in a bag and hustles  
 out the front door.

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Standing next to his desk, FRANTZ is ready to leave. He hears  
 FOOTSTEPS in the hall. He looks up to find: INGRAHAM, WALLACE  
 and BAIER, holding a large black bag, and KILMEADE standing  
 in his doorway.

INGRAHAM steps out in front of her colleagues.

INGRAHAM  
 Do you know who I am?

Without waiting for FRANTZ to respond:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
 I represent Malthus.

WALLACE moves to the door to serve as look-out. BAIER drops  
 the bag on the ground. He and KILMEADE move behind the desk,  
 forcing FRANTZ back into his seat.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
 There is a document in your  
 possession, 'Report Three-Four-  
 Seven'.  
 (beat)  
 Have you distributed it to any of  
 your employees?

FRANTZ doesn't respond.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a 'yes'. I need a list of the people who've read it and where they are.

FRANTZ

I'm not going to put my people in danger.

INGRAHAM smiles. She reaches into her purse and slips on a pair of latex gloves. Her tone is professional, even cordial:

INGRAHAM

You know, I was actually hoping you'd say that. Part of my job requires me to extract information from people, sometimes forcefully.

FRANTZ

You torture people.

INGRAHAM

Torture, 'enhanced interrogation', information extraction, like any other skill, if you don't do it every so often, you get rusty.

FRANTZ tries to put on a brave face. INGRAHAM moves behind the desk and pushes FRANTZ back into his chair.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

(to BAIER & KILMEADE)

Spin him around.

They spin FRANTZ around to face her.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

(to BAIER & KILMEADE)

Open his mouth.

FRANTZ clenches his mouth shut. KILMEADE and BAIER forcefully pry it open and keep it open. FRANTZ squirms in his chair, in anticipation of what comes next.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

Some of my colleagues like to use water, electrodes to the genitals, but I've found some of the older methods are the most effective.

She reaches into her purse and produces: A pair of pliers.

FRANTZ instinctively pushes back away from the pliers, but BAIER and KILMEADE have him in a vice grip.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

The average adult male has about 32 teeth. So I'm going to ask again, who's read 'Three-Four-Seven' and where are they?

FRANTZ tries to answer, but his mouth being held open prevents him from answering. INGRAHAM signals to BAIER and KILMEADE to release his mouth.

FRANTZ

I'm not going to tell you a damn thing.

INGRAHAM snaps the pliers a couple times.

INGRAHAM

I haven't done this in awhile, so this first one may take a few tries...

INGRAHAM leans forward, guiding the pliers into FRANTZ'S mouth.

INGRAHAM gets a firm grip, clamps the pliers then her arm jerks back...

INT. OPEN WORK AREA - THE WHISTLEBLOWER - CONTINUOUS

The entire area reverberates with FRANTZ'S agonized screams:

FRANTZ (O.S.)

Agggghhhh!!!!

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - LATER

INGRAHAM, removing bloody latex gloves. She steps aside revealing:

FRANTZ sits at his desk in incredible pain. Blood and tears stream down his face in equal measure.

INGRAHAM

Thank you for your cooperation  
Mister Frantz.

He spits great globs of blood onto his desk by way of response. INGRAHAM turns around and sees the blood-stained desk.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(to BAIER)  
Sean.

BAIER nods in acknowledgment of her non-verbal command. He removes a pistol, already equipped with a silencer, and places the barrel on FRANTZ'S temple.

Before FRANTZ can even register this new sensation through the pain - BAIER pulls the trigger - splattering the tasteful beige decor with blood and tissue.

EXT. STREET - EMBARCADERO TWO - NIGHT

A black S.U.V., with darkened windows is double-parked across the street from the skyscrapers.

INT. S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

BAIER is behind the wheel, KILMEADE in the passenger seat, WALLACE and INGRAHAM are in the back.

INGRAHAM looks at her watch, then taps KILMEADE on the shoulder.

INGRAHAM  
Alright...go ahead.

On her signal, BAIER starts the engine, KILMEADE produces his cell phone, and dials a number.

INT. FRANTZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

FRANTZ'S body lies on the floor behind his desk. On the desktop: A block of Semtex, wired to another cell phone.

The display illuminates as it receives an incoming call...  
...activating the explosives...

EXT. EMBARCADERO TWO - CONTINUOUS

The air is filled with a CONCUSSIVE BLAST, as thousands of shards of glass explode outward, followed by great clouds of yellow and orange flame.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The shards rain glass on the street and PEDESTRIANS below.

INT. S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

INGRAHAM watches the explosion from the back seat, her expression impossible to read.

INGRAHAM  
Just have to find the people Little  
talked to.

She looks at her watch, impatiently:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
With any luck, we can wrap this up  
and I can be on the links by 9 or  
10.  
(to BAIER)  
Did you pack my clubs?

BAIER  
Yeah.

They both turn around to find a set of high-end golf clubs secured safely in the back.

INGRAHAM  
Great. Time for our next stop.

BAIER nods and pulls the car into traffic.

INT. CLIFT HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hunched over laptops: MOUSE, IDAHO and BOB are squeezed around a small table.

MOUSE  
This next one is from Two Thousand-  
Two.  
(a beat)  
About Iraq.  
(a beat)  
How are they related?

IDAHO coughs to barely mask his response:

IDAHO  
Bush...  
(coughs)  
...Cheney...

MOUSE

Well duh...they're listed by name:  
Bush, Cheney, Rumsfeld,  
Wolfowitz...all part of some group  
called...

Although it seems IDAHO is focused on the television, he finishes her thought.

IDAHO

...'Partnership For A New American  
Century'...

On their surprised looks.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

Hey, I read The Chronicle.

MOUSE picks up where BOB left off:

MOUSE

...that advocated invading several  
Middle Eastern countries, but their  
lack of understanding of the  
region, would result in some  
egregious clusterfuckery.

IDAHO

It says 'egregious clusterfuckery'?

MOUSE

I'm paraphrasing.

BOB

And because of their political  
connections, they'd manage to avoid  
facing any consequences.

IDAHO

Which was right on the money.

MOUSE

So far that's what all these things  
have in common...

(beat)

...huge clusterfucks that no one  
saw coming, but should have.

(beat)

That we chose not to learn any  
lessons from...

She stands, paces, as she thinks out loud:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

So I'm guessing this 'Event' is something like that.

(beat)

But I can't for the life of me figure out what it is, or if there's any way to stop it from happening.

(beat)

What are we missing?

Before BOB can respond, the PHONE RINGS. They each exchange a look, wondering if they should answer.

BOB

(to IDAHO)

Did you tell anyone you were coming here, anyone at all?

IDAHO

Not a soul.

BOB

(to MOUSE)

And you weren't followed?

MOUSE

No.

BOB

So who the fuck is calling?

The PHONE keeps RINGING. IDAHO decides to relieve the tension - which is almost unbearable.

IDAHO

One way to find out.

He picks up the phone and answers - keeping his tone calm and friendly.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

Hello.

FRONT DESK

(over phone)

This is the front desk.

IDAHO mouths the words 'Front Desk' to BOB and MOUSE, who sigh with relief.

IDAHO  
(into phone)  
Ok, ok. Thank you. You have a nice  
night as well.

He hangs up the phone, then turns to an expectant BOB and  
MOUSE.

MOUSE  
So?

BOB  
What'd they want?

IDAHO  
It was a message, from someone  
named Emma. She said to be ready to  
move in five.

BOB and MOUSE exchange very worried looks. They each move to  
opposite sides of the table, shut down their respective  
computers, remove the flash drives.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

EMMA navigates the car through traffic. She drives quickly,  
but is careful not to break any traffic laws.

She stops at a red light and glances over: It's a police car.

She smiles. The POLICEMEN glare.

EMMA  
That's right gentlemen, just an  
average law-abiding citizen.  
Nothing to see here. For once, just  
ignore all the melanin...

The light turns green. She accelerates.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
...and let me go about my business.

In her rearview she can see the police car slow down, and  
change lanes. It's now directly behind her.

She clenches her jaw. Expecting to see red and blue flashing  
lights at any moment.

A long beat.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Her car drives through the intersection, while the police car turns to the left.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - CLIFT HOTEL - LATER

Each of them are finishing packing up their respective belongings.

There is a KNOCK at the door. BOB ignores her jibe and responds to the knock.

BOB  
Who is it?

EMMA  
(through door)  
It's me.

He opens the door, EMMA rushes in. She hugs BOB with an intensity that takes them both a bit by surprise.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You okay?

BOB  
Yeah.

MOUSE'S eyes grow wide with realization, like a light bulb has gone off over her head.

MOUSE  
Wait a minute, don't tell me...  
...she's the mystery woman? It's  
EMMA?

She shakes her head in disbelief and mild amusement.

EMMA  
Why is that so hard to believe?

MOUSE  
Today is just one surprise after  
another.

BOB  
(to EMMA)  
Did you check to see if you were  
followed?

EMMA

I followed the procedure. I parked around the back at a loading dock, no one except a couple people on the staff saw me come in.

BOB

Good.

MOUSE

Any word from Frantz?

EMMA

Just to meet you here right away. That was it. Nothing since.

MOUSE

That can't be good.

EMMA

He's probably waiting for us at the safe house, I think we should just get out of here, I left the car running.

MOUSE

We'll be lucky if it's still there.

EMMA doesn't take the bait.

EMMA

Let's just get moving.

BOB

Good idea.  
(to MOUSE & IDAHO)  
Ready?

MOUSE hoist bags over their shoulders and nod. BOB heads to the door, turns the knob and slowly peers around the corner: An empty corridor in both directions.

BOB (CONT'D)

It's clear.

One by one, they head out into the:

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

With BOB in the lead, EMMA and MOUSE behind him and IDAHO bringing up the rear - they start towards the elevator when IDAHO speaks up:

IDAHO

Not to sound too paranoid, but we should probably avoid the elevator...take the stairs.

MOUSE

In this situation, I don't think there is a such thing as too paranoid.

IDAHO turns and moves past the rest of the group, again taking point. He's taken a few steps forward when we hear the PING from the elevator behind them.

The elevator doors open to reveal INGRAHAM, KILMEADE, BAIER and WALLACE.

They step into the corridor:

MOUSE, BOB, EMMA and IDAHO are almost at the stairwell door. IDAHO hears the elevator PING again.

He looks behind them to find: BAIER, WALLACE and KILMEADE.

Zeroes in on their physiques, Oakley wraparound sunglasses, their dress, the bulges under their armpits.

At the same time INGRAHAM, checks her cell phone: Pictures of BOB and MOUSE.

She turns to BAIER and nods. His hands slip into his jacket.

IDAHO has a second head start. His hand, clutching the Sig Sauer, is already coming out of his duffle bag.

He FIRES. The BOOM echoes through the narrow confined space. BOB, MOUSE, and EMMA spin to discover the source of the noise.

They figure it out quickly enough.

IDAHO

Go! Go! Go!

He squeezes off another few rounds, providing cover fire.

BOB, MOUSE and EMMA sprint down the hall.

INGRAHAM and BAIER dive to one side, WALLACE and KILMEADE to the other - seeking cover.

The first rounds stitch the walls in front of them. BAIER, WALLACE and KILMEADE slide compact automatic weapons, equipped with silencers from their coats and spray.

The corridor is filled with the SNIK SNIK SNIK of bullets fired from silencers:

Two TOURISTS decide to investigate the source of the noise, and are unfortunate enough to step out of their rooms just as the far end of the corridor is sprayed with bullets...

The TOURISTS each on opposite sides of the corridor, jerk spastically as they're riddled with bullets.

The rounds that don't hit them shred the doors and walls, as the dust settles, it's obvious the far end of the corridor is empty.

To confirm this, the stairwell door SLAMS shut.

Seeing they've missed their quarry WALLACE and KILMEADE take the lead, with INGRAHAM and BAIER behind them, and walk briskly, stepping over the bodies of the TOURISTS, toward the:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

BOB gently guides EMMA and MOUSE in front of him, as they race down the stairwell, taking the stairs two at a time.

IDAHO stops every few steps to look above them: An empty stairwell.

BOB  
What...the...fuck!

IDAHO  
Just keep moving. They're probably right behind us.

EMMA  
How did you know?!

IDAHO steals a quick glance behind them:

IDAHO  
They reminded me of guys from my old unit, the clothes, the way they moved.

As they pass another stair landing:

EMMA  
Once we get down to the dock...

She's interrupted by the muffled SNIK SNIK SNIK of automatic weapons fire, as bullets stitch the walls above them.

IDAHO looks up: KILMEADE and WALLACE leaning over the stair railing - making it difficult to aim.

IDAHO raises his Sig and FIRES several rounds. Each SHOT BOOMS in the cavernous space.

BOB, EMMA and MOUSE keep running down the stairs. While IDAHO stops for a moment to change mags.

He fires UPWARD again to cover their retreat, before finally running down the stairs himself.

INT. SERVICE CORRIDOR - CLIFT - SAME

Dark and at the moment, deserted. The door cracks open and BOB peers through. When he's satisfied, he opens the door wider and slips through. MOUSE and the others quickly file through.

MOUSE passes a WAITER (who we recognize from the opening scene). They make eye contact. He reacts to the near panicked expression on her face.

WAITER

You okay?

MOUSE

Are the cops here?

The WAITER looks around.

WAITER

Cops?

MOUSE

I'll take that as a 'No'.

The group keeps moving quickly down the corridor, their steps echoing on the concrete floor. EMMA dashes ahead of BOB, then points to a large double door:

EMMA

It's right through here...

MOUSE and IDAHO behind them, running, they look over their shoulder: The door behind them opens.

IDAHO

Move! Move! Move!

IDAHO turns, firing the Sig as he runs - forcing KILMEADE and WALLACE to retreat behind the door again. The WAITER drops to the floor and seeks cover.

KILMEADE and WALLACE emerge from their cover and immediately start FIRING, but not before...

The others have reached the end of the corridor, flinging the double doors open to reveal:

EXT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Where EMMA'S car is waiting, engine still running. They each run around to a door, fling them open and jump in.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMMA takes off the parking brake, slips the car into reverse and without looking behind her - guns the car straight back.

IDAHO throws EMMA'S laundry bag on the car floor, while looking out the back window.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - CONTINUOUS

As KILMEADE and WALLACE reach the loading dock. They take aim and FIRE, unleashing another fusillade of bullets at the far end of the loading dock, but they're too late as EMMA'S car disappears around the corner.

They're joined moments later by INGRAHAM and BAIER.

INGRAHAM

That was unexpected.

KILMEADE

There wasn't anything in the file about private security.

INGRAHAM

He wasn't a pro, and he won't surprise us again.

BAIER

(touches earpiece)  
S.F.P.D. are en route.

INGRAHAM

Then we should make ourselves scarce.

Before they exit, she turns to KILMEADE:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Does Malthus still have a contact  
at Travis Air Force Base?

INT. EMMA'S CAR - NIGHT

EMMA does her best to guide them safely through the fog enshrouded streets. BOB turns around until he's facing the back seat.

BOB  
(to IDAHO)  
You know, I always thought you were  
kind of a nutcase, but you really  
saved our asses back there.

IDAHO  
Apology accepted.

MOUSE does not take the opportunity to say the same to EMMA, instead asking:

MOUSE  
Where we headed?

EMMA  
Somewhere people won't be shooting  
at us.

EXT. PACBELL BUILDING - SOMA - NIGHT

A twenty-six story Beaux-Arts style skyscraper, the top of the building enshrouded in the ever present fog.

EMMA'S car pulls into an empty garage beneath the building.

INT. GARAGE - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

They walk through the dimly lit space, feet ECHOING on the concrete, until they arrive at the elevator.

EMMA  
...this place has been empty for  
the last eight, nine years. Karl  
convinced the owner to lease him an  
entire floor..

INT. ELEVATOR - PACBELL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

As the elevator rises into the building.

EMMA

...I have to warn you, it's not pretty...

BOB

Can't be any worse than Mouse's.

The elevator comes to a stop. The doors slide open, and they step onto:

INT. EMPTY FLOOR - PACBELL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Not pretty is an understatement. Paint is peeling off the walls, there are huge mold stains and signs of serious water damage.

In the midst of the decay, there are four desks clustered in the middle of the room. Computers on the desks, wires running to an ad-hoc server set up nearby.

BOB

I stand corrected.

EMMA

We should be safe here.

MOUSE

Thank you Karl.

EMMA

It's leased under a series of shell companies. No connection to Whistleblower or any of us.

MOUSE immediately moves to the computer set-up and sits in front of a monitor, while IDAHO scans the room.

BOB

And no one knows about this?

EMMA

No one outside this room.

MOUSE

The servers?

EMMA

We took precautions, masked the IPs, it'll be next to impossible to figure out the location.

IDAHO

There's an emergency exit in the corner, other than that, the only way up is the elevator.

EMMA moves to a pair of monitors on the corner of the desk featuring security camera images.

EMMA

We've got the stairs and elevator wired. If anyone tries to come up here, we'll have plenty of warning.

MOUSE settles in at one of the stations. She leans back in the chair and kicks her feet up.

INT. VACANT ROOM - PACBELL BUILDING - LATER

With the floor largely to themselves, EMMA and BOB have snuck off to an empty room, out of earshot.

BOB

I know this is a strange time to bring this up...but..I'm really sorry about how things ended between us.

EMMA

You picked a hell of a time to apologize.

BOB

I know, but I might not get another chance.

(beat)

I was too focused on work, too worried about people in the office finding out, and costing me this promotion...but not being with you has made me realize just how important you are to me.

She reaches out and gently touches his arm, but balances the tenderness with some heavy sarcasm:

EMMA

And it only took an imminent global catastrophe for you to realize that.

He smiles, nods, concedes the point.

BOB

Without you in my life, the promotion, doesn't mean much. I want to build a life together, a home, a family.

EMMA

I want those things too...but you really hurt me.

(beat)

If we live through this, we start by taking a long weekend in Napa, just the two of us...

Thinking he's finishing her sentence:

BOB

Reconnecting. Planning a life together.

EMMA

I was going to say drinking wine and fucking...but sure...

(makes air quotes)

..."reconnecting"...we could do that too.

INT. FIRST CLASS - NIGHT

Amidst a collection of BUSINESSMEN in dark suits, MOUSE in her army jacket sticks out like a sore thumb. She looks around, surprised to find herself in the window seat of a plane.

She slides up the shade and looks out the window: They are cruising at 10,000 feet. The expanse of the Pacific stretches out beneath her.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANT arrives with the drinks tray.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Something to drink?

MOUSE

Tequila.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

(to her seat mate)

And for you sir?

MR. LITTLE (O.S.)

Scotch, neat, thank you.

MOUSE turns to find MR. LITTLE in the seat next to her. The FLIGHT ATTENDANT pours each of them a glass. Once their glasses are filled, MR. LITTLE lifts his glass for an impromptu toast.

MR. LITTLE (CONT'D)

Nice to see you again.

They clink glasses.

MOUSE

I have questions.

MR. LITTLE

As much as I've enjoyed seeing you again, no time for questions...

The seatbelt signs suddenly comes on. Seconds later, the cabin begins to shudder with turbulence.

CAPTAIN

(over speaker)

This is the Captain, we're experiencing a little turbulence...we ask that until we get through it you stay in your seats, with your seat-belts fastened. Thank you.

An air pocket sends the plane rocking violently. MOUSE sits still in her seat, unnerved by the turbulence.

As the plane continues to buck and pitch in the turbulent air, MOUSE grabs hold of the arm rest and squeezes.

MR. LITTLE

...we've flown too close to the sun...

Another shudder of turbulence ROCKS the plane. MOUSE closes her eyes in silent prayer.

As the words leave his mouth, the plane is rocked violently, eliciting SCREAMS from some of the passengers.

The Emergency Exit Door is suddenly RIPPED away from the plane - in a WHOOSH of air, PASSENGERS and FLIGHT ATTENDANTS are sucked outside.

The plane is descending rapidly. MOUSE frantically looks around the cabin: As the plane nosedives, PASSENGERS, FLIGHT ATTENDANTS and drink trays and luggage are launched forward through space.

EXT. NIGHT SKY

The airplane is in a fiery descent into the Pacific.

INT. FIRST CLASS SEAT - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE has the armrests in a death grip. She makes the mistake of looking out the window: Where the waters of the Pacific are rapidly rising up to greet them.

MOUSE  
Don't panic.  
(beat)  
This is happening.

Before smashing into the Pacific we...

SMASH CUT:

INT. EMPTY FLOOR - PACBELL BUILDING - DAWN

MOUSE sits up abruptly. She looks around to get her bearings - to find IDAHO pacing the room, and BOB and EMMA whispering in intimate conversation. BOB notices she's awake:

BOB  
You nodded off on us.

MOUSE rubs the sleep from her eyes:

MOUSE  
Nightmare.

IDAHO  
Not surprised. That was some hairy  
shit back at the hotel.

EMMA  
Where's Karl? He should be here by  
now.

IDAHO  
I'm going up to the roof, have a  
look around.

With that, IDAHO disappears into the stairwell. EMMA looks at BOB'S monitor, they exchange a charged glance; BOB turns to MOUSE:

BOB  
I don't think Karl's coming.

She moves around to his monitor, featuring: A KNTV news feed. An ANCHOR standing in front of a burning building, still spitting out thick plumes of black smoke.

ANCHOR

...what you're seeing are the remains of the Whistleblower offices. The body found in the building appears to belong to founder Karl Frantz...

EMMA

No. This can't be happening.

MOUSE

If we plan to live through this we need to understand what 'The Event' is.

(beat)

Bob and I'll dig deeper into 'Three-Four-Seven'.

EMMA

While you two are doing that, I'll find out everything I can about Malthus.

MOUSE

Don't bother. You can't crack their encryption.

EMMA

You let me worry about that.

EMMA doesn't wait for a response, turns to her monitor and begins typing.

EXT. ROOFTOP - PACBELL BUILDING - DAWN

The sky is brightening as dawn approaches. Perched at the roof's edge, IDAHO scans the streets below. The fog has lifted a bit allowing him to see:

The city at the start of a new day. A municipal street cleaning truck, is virtually the only traffic or movement on the street.

Moments later, a COOK is unlocking the entrance of a small diner. As he opens the door, a white delivery van, parks near the entrance.

The COOK and DRIVER exchange pleasantries.

IDAHO watches this exchange with an unusual degree of interest.

INT. EMPTY FLOOR - PACBELL BUILDING - DAWN

Slumped in a seat, a bleary-eyed BOB, is watching the same daytime talk show BOB was watching the day before. Panel discussion. Four middle-aged female HOSTS, led by DARCY REGAN:

DARCY

This study confirms that the vaccine causes autism. I've done my own research.

(beat)

I wouldn't have an organization with hundreds of thousands of members and twenty million Facebook followers if I didn't know what I was talking about.

Her CO-HOST challenges her statement:

CO-HOST

The study you're citing has been widely and repeatedly discredited...

Which sets off a SCREAMING match.

It's too early for that. IDAHO changes the channel to another talk show: A vapid, pretty NEWS ANCHOR, unusually cheery for the hour, is seated at a desk with a GUEST.

ANCHOR

...our viewers have been Tweeting some of their theories, one viewer suggested that Flight 720 disappeared into a black hole...

(turns to her GUEST)

...that's preposterous. Or is it?

Too early for that either. BOB rubs his eyes in disbelief.

BOB

Either I'm starting to hallucinate...

(still trying to rouse himself)

...or they were just talking about whether the plane disappeared into a black hole.

MOUSE

No you weren't hallucinating. They said that. That happened.

BOB

Wow, just wow. Since I turned this on I think I've gotten about thirty seconds of factual information and a couple hours of wild ass speculation.

EMMA

I think we can safely rule out the sudden appearance of a black hole.

MOUSE

Agreed. What did you find out about Malthus?

EMMA she turns to her computer screen.

EMMA

Not that much in public records.

MOUSE

I think they've gone to a lot of trouble to keep it that way.

EMMA

They're huge, privately held. They have forty-two thousand full-time employees, in 12 countries: Syria, Iraq, Pakistan, Crimea... anywhere there's a lot of violence, someone subcontracts them to do security.

BOB

So they're like Blackwater or Xe or whatever they're called now.

EMMA

Exactly. They've got an office here, a few floors of Embarcadero One. I managed to crack their first couple layers of encryption.

MOUSE is startled:

MOUSE

You cracked 256-bit encryption?

EMMA

Did you think Karl hired me for my looks?

MOUSE'S shrug suggests the thought crossed her mind.

MOUSE  
Kinda. Sorta. Maybe.  
(beat)  
Ok you got me. I did. I totally  
did.

EMMA ignores the slight:

EMMA  
Come here, look at this.

They both come over to her computer and peer over her  
shoulder: Three separate screens display internal emails.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
I found a few references to this  
report. Their C.E.O. is concerned  
about 'Three-Four-Seven' being  
leaked, that it's going to  
interfere with their preparations  
for 'The Event'.

MOUSE  
(off screen)  
Here's a request for a retrieval  
team. And the approval.

BOB  
Must be who's after us.

MOUSE  
You get any names?

EMMA  
No. They just said they'll use  
their usual subcontractors from  
Dallas.

MOUSE  
Anything else?

BOB  
That's a lot more than we knew  
yesterday.

MOUSE  
Which still isn't much.

EMMA leans back in her chair in equal parts frustration and  
fatigue. MOUSE and BOB circle back to their desks.

EMMA  
 (to MOUSE)  
 Did you finish it? Anymore  
 predictions?

MOUSE  
 The last few sections were all done  
 in 2015, about...

BEGIN NEWS FOOTAGE:

PUTIN on RT.

MARINE LE PEN addressing an angry, exclusively elderly,  
 caucasian crowd in Paris.

BORIS JOHNSON doing the same in London.

MOUSE (V.O.)  
 Putin and the G.R.U. interfering in  
 Western elections...France,  
 England, the U.S.

BOB  
 They basically predicted Brexit and  
 the election of...

MOUSE  
 Cheeto Mussolini.

BOB shakes his head in disbelief.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
 Then the government's prioritizes  
 tax cuts and helping big  
 corporations, instead of things  
 like the E.P.A. or C.D.C.

EMMA picks up on her train of thought and says what none of  
 them want to hear.

EMMA  
 They're talking about The Tulsa  
 Flu.

MOUSE  
 ...we didn't learn anything from  
 9/11, Katrina, Covid, didn't learn  
any lessons, we're not dealing with  
 'Tulsa Flu' well...so it's going to  
 keep spreading like wildfire, first  
 the U.S., then the world. It'll  
 infect hundreds of millions  
 globally...

MOUSE quietly analyzes the data. As she does, we can almost hear the gears turning in her head. She envisions the resulting devastation before offering:

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
 ...that's 'The Event'.  
 (beat)  
 That's what Report 347 is about.  
 (beat)  
 It's about the end result of the choices we make.

She pauses to let the others consider this, before continuing:

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
 We choose to ignore terrorist warnings, choose to ignore the militarization of police forces, choose to ignore millions of heavily armed white supremacists, choose to accept that people who think we've been infiltrated by a race of lizard aliens are totally rational, choose to ignore scientists and listen to idiot randos on Facebook, and porn stars...like...

Thinking out loud:

EMMA  
 ...Darcy Regan.

MOUSE  
 She's constantly sending out tweets questioning the vaccine...

BOB  
 And tens of millions of her followers aren't taking it.

MOUSE  
 Every time that simple bitch tweets, we take a step closer to a fucking bio-apocalypse.

IDAHO laughs bitterly, while BOB tries to focus their attention:

BOB

We have to publish this. That'll get the info out there, the right people read it and maybe that's enough to stop this thing from spreading and get Malthus off our backs. Crisis averted.

EMMA

That would've been a good idea yesterday, when Karl was still alive. He's the only one that could publish.

BOB is still visibly shaken:

BOB

I can't believe he's just...gone.

MOUSE

I wasn't that crazy about the guy, but...fuck.

(to EMMA)

He was the only one who could publish? You're shitting me.

EMMA

I shit you not.

(beat)

Publishing command requires a ten digit pin. He was the only person in the company that knew it.

MOUSE paces while she tries to game things out:

MOUSE

They wanted this thing kept in house and they've gone to a lot of trouble to keep it secret. So we've got to find out who wrote this damn thing, why Malthus is trying to keep it quiet, and if there's anyway to stop this 'Event'.

EMMA

You're forgetting one other fairly important thing we need to do.

MOUSE

And that is?

EMMA

Save our own asses.

MOUSE smiles, nods in acknowledgement before continuing:

MOUSE

We need to stay a step ahead of  
Malthus, and to do that we need to  
know what their game plan is.

They're interrupted by IDAHO, who has quietly pulled up a chair.

IDAHO

I got an idea.

MOUSE

You want to share with the rest of  
the class?

IDAHO

We're going to need a few things,  
some new wheels for one and we're  
going to have to stop playing nice.

EMMA

These bastards killed Karl...

BOB

...and the folks at the hotel.

MOUSE

And one of those fuckers almost  
drowned me.

(beat)

I'm ready to stop playing nice.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - DUSK

A Reaper Drone flies ominously, silently, above the city,  
just below the cloud cover.

A camera mounted on the underside of the nose, pans from left  
to right, scanning the streets below:

POV - REAPER DRONE: An inlaid targeting bullseye, jumps from  
PEDESTRIAN to PEDESTRIAN.

EXT. MOUSE'S STREET - OAKLAND - DUSK

A light rain has begun to fall. A black S.U.V., a little  
incongruous here, is parked across the street from Mouse's  
building.

INT. S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

Raindrops splash on the windshield. The interior is filled with the GENTLE PATTERN of RAINDROPS and AMBIENT STREET SOUNDS.

BAIER is behind the wheel, typing commands into an open laptop in the passenger seat -- connected to a parabolic mike on the dash, aimed at Mouse's place.

The sound of RAIN diminishes. His adjustment of the sound is interrupted by a beeping in his earpiece.

BAIER  
(into microphone)  
Negative on Weymouth.

EXT. STREET - NOB HILL - CONTINUOUS

A decidedly more upscale street in S.F. PEDESTRIANS carrying umbrellas, hurry to get out of the rain. A second S.U.V., more inconspicuous in this neighborhood, is parked across the street from Emma's.

INT. SECOND S.U.V. - CONTINUOUS

Where WALLACE sits, weapon resting in his lap. A similar surveillance setup in the passenger seat. He speaks into a microphone hidden in his sleeve.

WALLACE  
(into microphone)  
Negative on Dhawan and Harrison.

EXT. EMBARCADERO ONE - DUSK

A steady stream of people walk through the main entrance at the end of the workday, opening umbrellas just as they step onto the street.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MALTHUS - DUSK

Temporarily transformed into a large office. INGRAHAM and KILMEADE are seated around the table, in front of open laptops and communication equipment.

INGRAHAM  
Copy that. Ingraham out.

She disconnects them, then turns to KILMEADE:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

The Reaper?

KILMEADE scans the monitor, displaying the drone's point of view.

KILMEADE

Sent the ID's to analysis at  
Travis.

(beat)

But so far nothing.

Irritated, she paces the conference room as she thinks:

INGRAHAM

What about known associates?

KILMEADE

Files say they don't really have  
friends...except for Harrison.

INGRAHAM

Family?

KILMEADE

We're monitoring phones and email.  
So far they haven't reached out to  
anyone.

INGRAHAM

You can't just drop off the face of  
the Earth that quickly. They don't  
have any training.

(beat)

I want you to comb through all  
their communications...Harrison,  
Weymouth, Dhawan, there's got to be  
a clue there somewhere.

KILMEADE

I've looked.

INGRAHAM

Well then look again. I don't care  
if we're here all night.

(beat)

Once you get something, send it to  
Travis.

She stops, feels her stomach, it's GRUMBLING.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
(to KILMEADE)  
Looks like we're eating in. Pick up  
something from that sushi place.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

KILMEADE stands in the elevator. He looks up: At the  
countdown as the elevator reaches the ground floor.

The doors open.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

KILMEADE strides through the lobby. Gathering his raincoat  
around him before he steps outside.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Once he reaches the street, he's careful to do a quick scan  
of his environment: A few people lingering around at the end  
of the workday. Nothing out of the ordinary.

He shakes his head, laughing at his own paranoia. Certain  
that there are no immediate threats, he takes out his cell  
phone, dials - then places it to his ear.

KILMEADE  
(into phone)  
I want to put in a 'To Go' order...

INT. MIYOSHI - NIGHT

A tiny Mom n' Pop Japanese restaurant. Three tables and a  
counter. A young WOMAN is asleep at one of the tables. An  
elderly HUSBAND and WIFE team work the register and do the  
cooking.

The WIFE sees the WOMAN at the table and comes from behind  
the counter to shake her roughly.

WIFE  
Wake up. You can't sleep here! This  
isn't hotel! Wake up!

KILMEADE enters the small restaurant, shakes the excess water  
off his coat, and heads straight to the counter. The WIFE  
leaves her sleeping CUSTOMER to attend to KILMEADE.

KILMEADE

I placed a 'To Go' order.

The WIFE looks at the three large plastic bags next to the counter. She rings up the order.

WIFE

Sixty three, forty five.

KILMEADE hands her a stack of twenties. Before she can make change, her eyes go wide with surprise.

KILMEADE sees her sudden change in expression and looks to his right: To find MOUSE standing next to him.

MOUSE

You've been looking for us. Thought we'd save you the trouble.

KILMEADE reaches into his jacket. He can't remove it, because another powerful arm - belonging to IDAHO is grabbing his wrist.

IDAHO

Whoa there. Feel that?

KILMEADE glances down to confirm: A Sig is being jammed into his ribcage.

KILMEADE

You do this and you're dead.

IDAHO

Hey everybody's gotta go sometime right?

IDAHO slides a plastic tie over his wrists, then cinches it tight.

The WIFE senses the threat of imminent violence and wisely backs away from the counter.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

Start walking.

IDAHO prods him again with the gun, then leads him toward the exit. MOUSE follows, then stops in her tracks, turns and grabs the take-out order. The WIFE tries to hand her the change.

MOUSE

No you keep that. That's for you.

She nods appreciatively, despite being somewhat confused.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE MIYOSHI - CONTINUOUS

IDAHO keeps a tight grip on KILMEADE, careful to maintain his balance as he pushes him across the sidewalk, through puddles, towards a beat-up gray delivery van.

The doors slide open, where BOB is waiting.

Just before they reach the van, MOUSE uses her free hand to slip a black bag over KILMEADE'S head.

IDAHO shoves him into the van, where he lands awkwardly. MOUSE jumps in after them, still holding the takeout bags.

The doors slide shut. The van PEELS AWAY from the curb, tires SQUEALING.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

EMMA, behind the wheel, steers the van uncertainly through traffic.

EMMA

How did I become the official  
getaway driver?

IDAHO

Getaway driver sentence is a good  
deal. You'll get 5 years less than  
the rest of us.

BOB

I still can't believe we just did  
that.

EMMA

I don't kidnap people. I went to  
Stanford!

BOB kisses her reassuringly on the cheek.

IDAHO

This son of a bitch knows something  
and I intend to find out what it  
is.

BOB notices MOUSE digging into open 'To Go' containers.

BOB

Is there some Yellowtail in there  
by any chance?

INT. EMPTY FLOOR - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

Empty take out containers cover each of the desks. IDAHO, EMMA and BOB (eating together) are finishing up their meals, each glued to computer monitors featuring: A cable news station.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

...in our ongoing coverage of Tsubasa Flight Seven-Twenty, a growing number of our viewers have suggested that the plane's disappearance is supernatural in origin, our next guest is the author of a book on the 'Bermuda Triangle'...

Disgusted, BOB goes to another news site.

BOB

Hey listen to this..

ANCHOR (V.O.)

...our next story is the kidnapping of a San Francisco man from a restaurant in the Embarcadero earlier this evening...

They come around to his monitor for a better look: Grainy black and white security camera footage of IDAHO and MOUSE, their faces turned away from the camera, pushing KILMEADE out of Miyoshi.

ANCHOR (V.O.)

This security camera footage is believed to be a young woman and her accomplice kidnapping Steve Kilmeade...

IDAHO

(to MOUSE - indignant)

Your 'accomplice'? It was my idea.

MOUSE

I'll be sure to let them know at the trial.

EMMA

So what now?

INT. VACANT ROOM - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

Peeling paint, signs of water damage, generally dilapidated like the rest of the building.

In the middle of the floor, KILMEADE, black bag on his head - sits tied to a wheeled office chair. The only sound is his own heavy breathing.

The door opens, CREAKING loudly as it does: IDAHO, BOB, EMMA and MOUSE step through.

They stop just in front of KILMEADE. MOUSE steps to his side and removes the black bag. KILMEADE is all smiles:

KILMEADE

Let me see if I've got this right...

KILMEADE scans the group from left to right.

KILMEADE (CONT'D)

(to IDAHO)

...you're Theodore Butler...

EMMA looks at him with mild astonishment.

EMMA

Theodore?

IDAHO shrugs. Then he turns to BOB.

KILMEADE

Robert Harrison.

His eyes linger lasciviously on EMMA:

KILMEADE (CONT'D)

...Frantz's assistant..

BOB lunges at him, but EMMA grabs him before he can reach the restrained KILMEADE.

EMMA

(calmly)

Emma.

KILMEADE turns to MOUSE:

KILMEADE

And I remember you. Didn't think you'd get out of that taxi.

MOUSE

Varsity Swim. Brookline Warriors.  
If you clowns'd done your homework,  
you'd have known that.

IDAHO

This is the guy?

MOUSE

That's the guy.

IDAHO

Ok since you like to drop people  
into things, I think I've got an  
idea about what we can do with you.

EMMA looks on nervously.

EMMA

What are you going to do?

IDAHO grins devilishly.

INT. EMPTY FLOOR - PACBELL BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

IDAHO pushes him across the floor, with BOB, EMMA and MOUSE  
following nervously behind.

He rolls him up to the elevator doors, then stops.

IDAHO

Oh, forgot something.

He smiles like he forgot his car keys, then rushes over to  
his 'Go' bag. He returns holding a crow bar.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

Can't do much without this.

KILMEADE is starting to get nervous as well. He tries to  
hide his fear behind bravado.

KILMEADE

What are you planning on doing with  
that? You think I can't take a  
beating? Go ahead you fuck, do your  
worst.

IDAHO simply smiles.

IDAHO

Nope. Had something a little  
different in mind.

(MORE)

IDAHO (CONT'D)  
(to MOUSE, BOB & EMMA)  
Okay, what did you want to ask this  
guy?

The pent-up questions they've been unable to answer just come pouring out almost rapid-fire:

BOB  
What happened to Little?

KILMEADE just smiles at them.

MOUSE  
Who wrote report Three-Four-Seven  
and where can we find them?

KILMEADE, still wearing a shit-eating grin:

KILMEADE  
I'm not telling you shit.  
(to IDAHO)  
Like I said, do your worst.

IDAHO picks up the crowbar, there is a tense moment as the group is half expecting him to beat KILMEADE into a bloody pulp. Instead...

IDAHO wedges the crowbar between the elevator doors - and with a couple powerful pushes, manages to pry the doors open.

They SQUEAL loudly as they open, revealing: a dark elevator shaft.

IDAHO looks down: The small shaft is at least twenty stories straight down, the bottom of the shaft disappearing into a pit of darkness.

He then wedges himself between the doors and uses his weight to push them open about 4 feet, just wide enough to walk through.

He pushes the seated KILMEADE right up to the threshold and pauses.

IDAHO  
I could take this crowbar and bash  
your fucking skull in. I could do  
that, but it's a lot of work.  
(to EMMA)  
How high up are we?

EMMA  
Twenty five stories.

IDAHO

Instead of expending all that energy, I thought I'd take a page out of your playbook, and let gravity do the work for me. I push you into that shaft and no one finds the body for years. So here we go...

IDAHO pushes the chair back a bit. The wheels CREAK as they roll closer to the edge of the threshold.

KILMEADE looks down as he realizes he's inches away from the drop.

KILMEADE

(defiantly)

You don't have the balls.

IDAHO looks back at the group and smiles. He holds up his right hand and his fingers form an '0'.

IDAHO

Do you know what this is?

(grins)

It's the number of fucks I give about you.

MOUSE

Three questions...

(slowly for emphasis)

What happened to Little? Who wrote report Three-Four-Seven? And where can we find them?

IDAHO

(to KILMEADE)

Last chance.

KILMEADE remains silent. IDAHO grips him by his jacket and pushes him a few inches further back.

The two rear wheels are now in the shaft itself.

KILMEADE is tipped precariously over the edge. IDAHO'S grip the only thing that's keeping KILMEADE from plummeting into the shaft.

KILMEADE

Fuck you!

IDAHO lets go.

EMMA, BOB and MOUSE gasp in unison.

IDAHO reaches out, lighting quick and grabs KILMEADE again before he goes all the way back into the shaft - effectively calling his bluff.

KILMEADE (CONT'D)

Ok, ok, I'll tell you what you want to know. Pull me back up! pull me back up!

IDAHO pulls him back a few inches. The wheels are still dangling over the edge. IDAHO hasn't pulled him far back enough to set KILMEADE'S mind at ease - which is the idea.

KILMEADE (CONT'D)

I don't know much...Our orders were to eliminate anyone who'd read 'Three-Four-Seven'. That included Little and you.

Which visibly agitates IDAHO. He pushes KILMEADE back toward the ledge. MOUSE grabs his forearms.

MOUSE

Wait!

(to KILMEADE)

Who wrote the damn thing? Where can we find them?

KILMEADE

It's a think tank, called 'Akashic'. They're our next target.

MOUSE

Where?

He frantically searches his memory for the address:

KILMEADE

Sixty Spear Street. Old Morgan Stanley building.

EMMA dashes over to her temporary desk. She sits down and begins typing. She brings up: City of San Francisco. Deeds.

EMMA

According to this, Morgan Stanley abandoned the building and it was also leased to a series of shell companies, but they're under the control of the Akashic Corporation.

MOUSE

Does your boss know about this place?

KILMEADE

Of course.

MOUSE

If we try and go to Akashic, will your people be waiting for us?

KILMEADE

Maybe. I don't know.

IDAHO

If that's all you've got for us...

He starts to loosen his grip on KILMEADE, who starts to slide back into the shaft, when MOUSE stops him again.

MOUSE

No.

IDAHO

This fuck tried to drown you, shoot us at the hotel. Let's get rid of him and find these 'Akashic' people.

EMMA nods in agreement.

EMMA

He wouldn't hesitate to do the same to one of us.

BOB

Mouse's right. We can't just go around dropping people down elevator shafts.

IDAHO

Why not?

BOB can't believe he actually has to explain this.

BOB

We're not murderers.

(beat)

If we do that, we're no better than they are. Pull him back up.

IDAHO is clearly disappointed. He reluctantly pulls KILMEADE all the way back onto the floor.

MOUSE

(to IDAHO)

Put him back in that room. Then meet us on the roof.

(MORE)

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
 (to the others)  
 We need to talk.

INT. VACANT ROOM - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

It is eerily quiet and still. KILMEADE sits under a lone lamp - tied to a chair, his head covered with a black bag.

EXT. ROOFTOP - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

The fog has returned, covering the rooftop and much of the city below. EMMA, MOUSE, IDAHO and BOB - pulling his collar around his neck for warmth - stand huddled together.

MOUSE  
 I don't think we have much choice.

BOB  
 We've got a choice. We can walk away from this.

MOUSE  
 And what, turn this story over to cable news? They couldn't be bothered to stop talking about black holes and the Bermuda Triangle long enough to look into this.

BOB  
 F.B.I.?

MOUSE  
 People have been telling the Feds that white nationalist groups are a major security threat for a decade...

EXT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

Thousands of angry, red-faced INSURRECTIONISTS waving flags, climb over barricades.

MOUSE (V.O.)  
 ...and The Capitol Insurrection still happened...they planned that whole thing out in the open...

Two INSURRECTIONISTS pose for selfies, highlighting their sweatshirts with 'Jan. 6' emblazoned across the front.

MOUSE (V.O.)  
I mean they even had MERCH for  
fuck's sake...

EXT. ROOFTOP - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

MOUSE'S visibly angry as she recounts the events of that day:

MOUSE  
(beat)  
...F.B.I., couldn't...or wouldn't  
stop that...you think they can  
handle this?  
(beat)  
WE are the only people we can rely  
on to get us out of this.

EMMA  
Not to mention the fact going to  
the authorities is complicated by  
the fact we're probably wanted for  
kidnapping.

MOUSE  
F.B.I. isn't going to listen to us,  
they'd just as soon throw us in  
jail and be done with it.

IDAHO  
And if they did listen, they  
couldn't get their act together in  
time.

BOB is clearly in the minority, but keeps offering  
alternatives:

BOB  
If we turn ourselves in, maybe  
they'd be lenient in sentencing.

MOUSE  
So that's five years instead of ten  
in federal prison.

BOB repeats the words to himself:

BOB  
Federal prison.

EMMA  
(to BOB)  
And you are much too pretty for  
prison.

BOB  
Thanks babe.

MOUSE is pacing, thinking:

MOUSE  
Malthus is huge. They're everywhere.  
(to EMMA)  
What'd you say...a huge HQ in Houston, a dozen different offices. We can't have much of a life anywhere until we get Malthus off our backs.

BOB  
How do we do that exactly?

MOUSE  
Akashic. Maybe they can give us info that we can use to blackmail Malthus, or at least use as leverage.  
(beat)  
We gotta shake Malthus, then find some way to stop this 'Event'.

IDAHO  
(mainly for BOB'S benefit)  
The only way out..is in.

A hush falls over the group while they contemplate the implications.

BOB  
You heard Kilmeade, Malthus is going to be waiting for us.

MOUSE  
And he's going to tell us how to avoid them.

BOB  
I think it's a bad idea.

MOUSE  
Duly noted.  
(to IDAHO)  
Get Mister Piece of Shit ready. He's coming with us.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - PACBELL BUILDING - NIGHT

The few functioning fluorescent bulbs provide scant illumination. IDAHO, gun drawn, guides a bagged KILMEADE toward the van - while MOUSE, BOB and EMMA follow.

KILMEADE

You guys are so fucking dead.

MOUSE

Yeah you keep saying that, but you're the dickhole with a bag on his head.

EMMA unlocks the side door, sliding it back. IDAHO takes KILMEADE by the back of the head and SLAMS it into the roof.

IDAHO

Sorry. That's my bad.

KILMEADE'S too disoriented to respond. MOUSE shoots IDAHO a disapproving look.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

Guy gets on my fucking nerves. And he did try to drown you.

EMMA moves toward the drivers side.

EMMA

Looks like I'm driving. Again.

IDAHO

Well you are the getaway driver, kind of your job.

She gets in behind the wheel, BOB gets in the passenger side.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

EMMA and BOB sit up front, while she guides the car through the sparse late night traffic:

BOB

So let's say that we manage to find this Akashic company, and not get killed.

(beat)

What's going to happen to us?

EMMA

Our old lives are over.

BOB

Then we'll start over somewhere else.

(beat)

But before we do, I'm going to make sure we take that weekend in Napa.

EMMA

That might be the most insane, sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me.

MOUSE rolls her eyes. Then she turns her attention to their captive:

MOUSE

Are they going to have Akashic under surveillance?

KILMEADE

She won't be expecting you to know about Akashic.

MOUSE

She?

KILMEADE

Ingraham. She's heading the 'clean up' crew.

IDAHO unzips the 'Go' bag and removes two Sig Sauer pistols. He releases the safety and hands one to MOUSE. She accepts it a bit reluctantly.

IDAHO

I know guns aren't your thing...

MOUSE

...under the circumstances...

IDAHO

You fire a gun before?

MOUSE

I went to a range a couple times.

IDAHO

Keep both eyes open when you aim. Grip the handle strong, squeeze...don't pull...the trigger.

She nods. She grips the weapon, works the slide - then puts it in the waistband of her jeans.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

That thing is live. Be careful not to shoot yourself in the ass.

MOUSE

Shoot the mercenaries, not my ass. Got it.

IDAHO reaches into the bag and removes a pair of small knives and gives her one as well.

IDAHO

Hook this on your hip.

MOUSE takes the sheath, with a clip, then attaches it on her right hip.

Through the windshield, EMMA sees the building up ahead and starts to slow down.

EMMA

O.K. we're here.

IDAHO moves up front.

IDAHO

I want you to stop about a block away. Just in case...  
(re: KILMEADE)  
...he was wrong. Stop here.

EMMA brings the van to a complete stop. IDAHO grips the door handle, looks up and sees: Two black Range Rovers parked across the street.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

In today's least surprising news, this idiot didn't know what he was talking about. They're here. Do we go?

MOUSE and BOB are torn, so IDAHO makes the decision for them.

IDAHO (CONT'D)

(re: KILMEADE)

Still might be a way in, we use him...as a bargaining chip or shield to get us in and out.

(to MOUSE, EMMA & BOB)

You guys talk to Akashic. Find out what you need. Then we get out.

BOB

And back to Pacbell.

MOUSE  
Then we'll figure it out from  
there.

BOB, EMMA and MOUSE all nod in unison.

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
(to BOB)  
And watch your ass. If you get  
killed, I'm going to be really  
pissed at you.

He gives a slight smile, despite his nerves:

BOB  
You got it.

EMMA  
And what about me?

MOUSE looks at her, but instead of disdain - we see genuine warmth and friendship. Then with her more usual sarcasm:

MOUSE  
You too I guess.

EMMA understands that she means it. They exchange a brief smile - which for them is fairly effusive.

With that, IDAHO opens the van door - then pushes KILMEADE out, but keeping a tight grip on his bound hands.

As they exit the van, EMMA says, mostly to herself:

EMMA  
"All the worlds are fear-struck,  
even just as I am. All my peace is  
gone; my heart is troubled."

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE AKASHIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

With a tight hold on KILMEADE, IDAHO looks at the S.U.V. for signs of movement. Nothing. IDAHO looks back toward the van and signals for the others to follow.

Using the fog for cover, staying in a tight group, they cross the street, with IDAHO and KILMEADE bringing up the rear.

IDAHO  
We don't want any trouble. I've got  
your man.

KILMEADE  
 (to INGRAHAM)  
 He's bluffing!

IDAHO hits him in the back of the head with the butt of his gun.

IDAHO  
 (to KILMEADE)  
 You need to shut the hell up.  
 (to INGRAHAM)  
 We don't want any trouble.

BAIER and another MERCENARY hide behind the SECOND VEHICLE.

INGRAHAM and WALLACE kneel behind the first one, weapons in hand. INGRAHAM peeks over the hood: Their targets are just ahead.

BAIER  
 They've got Kilmeade.

WALLACE  
 (to INGRAHAM)  
 How do we proceed?

INGRAHAM  
 Take them out.

At the same time, WALLACE, BAIER and the third MERCENARY stand up and begin FIRING over the hood SNIK SNIK SNIK:

The first fusillade of bullets tear through KILMEADE. Bloodstains mushroom across his shirt.

IDAHO releases his grip on his 'shield' as KILMEADE'S lifeless body drops to the pavement and he returns FIRE.

Forcing INGRAHAM and the other MERCENARIES to seek cover behind their cars.

EMMA, BOB, MOUSE and IDAHO do likewise and take cover behind a line of cars parked directly in front of the Akashic building.

Behind the first vehicle, INGRAHAM looks at her two subordinates.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
 (to BAIER)  
 Flank them.  
 (to WALLACE )  
 Cover him. Then take the other side.

WALLACE moves into firing position.

BOB and EMMA, taking cover behind two cars, are nearest the entrance.

BOB  
Do we wait or go now?

MOUSE  
If we want answers...

She points at the building:

MOUSE (CONT'D)  
They're in there. At Akashic.  
We've got in to get in, or all of  
this was for nothing.

EMMA nods.

EMMA  
It's right there. We make a run for  
it.

IDAHO  
We'll cover you.

MOUSE and IDAHO rise to their feet, already FIRING. Their rounds slicing through the vehicles with loud PINGS.

BOB and EMMA make a run for the entrance, not realizing that WALLACE and BAIER are standing at opposite ends of the block waiting for them to do just that.

Everything goes quiet as BOB hears a CLICK from an automatic weapon to his left.

He turns and looks beside him: WALLACE is only nine feet away and has him in his sights.

He doesn't hear the weapon until after he's already been hit.

EMMA looks over to see BOB fall. She doesn't have time to scream because BAIER is already firing at her. Her body twists spastically as the bullets tear through her.

MOUSE hears the automatic weapon fire behind them and turns in time to see: BOB and EMMA cut down in a hail of gunfire.

MOUSE  
Nooo!!!

It takes her a moment even to process what she's just witnessed. When she does, she raises the Sig, turns and fires at WALLACE.

She's not a sharpshooter - but she manages to fire off five rounds in quick succession, three of them striking home. As she does, she unleashes a primal SCREAM:

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Nooo!!!!

IDAHO spins and fires at BAIER, who returns fire.

IDAHO

Sonuvabitch!!

IDAHO keeps firing at BAIER. His shots strike him in the chest.

BAIER crumples like a marionette with its strings cut.

Driven forward by a mixture of grief, anger and adrenalin IDAHO and MOUSE rush into the:

INT. LOBBY - AKASHIC BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A sparse, Neo-Classical lobby. They sprint through, feet ECHOING on the marble floor. MOUSE reaches the bank of elevators first. She hits the "Up" button.

It seems like an eternity, but the elevator finally starts to descend. She turns around to find:

IDAHO has stopped halfway across the lobby. MOUSE examines him more closely and notices: Half of IDAHO'S shirt is wet and red with blood.

The smile on his face betrays the fact he's racked with pain.

IDAHO

How do you like that? I didn't even feel it.

He feels it now though, falling to his knees, then on his back. MOUSE rushes to his side, momentarily forgetting about INGRAHAM. She cradles IDAHO'S blood-soaked head in her arms. He tries to speak and instead spurts out blood.

MOUSE

Shh..shh..don't try to talk.

His head rolls back, lifeless. She grabs his hand, hoping she can will him back to life.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

No.

CLOSE - MOUSE'S WAISTBAND: INGRAHAM'S hand slips around the grip of her pistol and slides it out of the back of her pants.

INGRAHAM (O.S.)

I'll take that. Get up.

MOUSE turns to find INGRAHAM has managed to position herself between MOUSE and the elevator.

INGRAHAM motions for her to stand up with the gun. Although it doesn't matter at this point, MOUSE tenderly rests IDAHO'S head on the ground and slowly struggles to her feet.

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)

You've been a real handful young lady. You and your co-workers.

INGRAHAM stands with the gun trained on MOUSE.

MOUSE

You're Ingraham.

INGRAHAM

In all my glory. Just two questions really: Did you give '347' to anyone else?

(beat)

And what do you know about 'The Event'?

MOUSE'S sadness has now given way to barely controlled rage.

MOUSE

You just killed my friends. The only two people I really care about in the whole fucking world...

(a beat)

...and Emma...and you just killed them like they were nothing.

INGRAHAM

You should be thanking me they went quickly. Believe me, there are worse ways to go.

A sliver of blonde hair slips out of place. She pauses to replace it. She smooths her hair before continuing:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I'm going to ask again...  
(beat)  
...you're going to answer...or...

She sets down her bag and removes the pliers, brandishing them:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
I'll pull out every tooth out of  
that pretty little head of yours.  
Do I make myself clear?

MOUSE  
You killed Bob.

INGRAHAM smiles. This is a point of pride.

INGRAHAM  
Did you give 'Three-Four-Seven' to  
anyone else?

MOUSE is still fighting back tears:

MOUSE  
You killed Idaho.

INGRAHAM  
I'll take that as a 'No'. If I do  
this quick...

INGRAHAM does a quick check of her watch:

INGRAHAM (CONT'D)  
...I can make the seven AM flight  
and get in 18 holes at Colonial.

INGRAHAM takes aim. Her index finger starts to squeeze the trigger.

MOUSE braces herself for the pain.

There is a loud PING behind INGRAHAM. She turns to find the source: It's only the elevator. The doors slowly slide open.

When she turns back around, she realizes that the momentary distraction has proved costly...

MOUSE has seized on the opportunity and closed the distance between them. In one fluid motion, she unclips the sheath, slides the knife out..

..and in an uppercut, uses the knife to stab through skin, bone and cartilage, BURYING THE KNIFE JUST BENEATH INGRAHAM'S JAW.

MOUSE

That's for my friends you fucking psycho bitch!!!

INGRAHAM stumbles backward, her hand drops the gun, reaching in vain for the knife's grip, that is jutting from under her jaw line.

Her hand finally reaches it but can't gain purchase because it is already slick with her blood.

She collapses from blood loss. Not wishing to waste time, MOUSE steps over INGRAHAM'S prone form into the:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

As the elevator rises into the building, MOUSE -- covered in flecks of blood -- cycles through a whole range of emotions: relief, rage, grief - then back again.

The elevator reaches her floor. The elevator doors open, accompanied by a PING. Still wired and emotional she stumbles out into a:

INT. HALLWAY - AKASHIC CORPORATION - DAY

She propels herself, by sheer force of will, down the hall.

She finds the door marked 'A. CORP'. She turns the knob and enters:

INT. OFFICE - AKASHIC CORPORATION - DAY

A large office. It is empty, save for a chair set up in the middle of the room, facing three black 60" monitors: Displaying the Akashic logo on a loop.

With a little trepidation, she sits down in the chair.

Once she's settled, the dark monitors suddenly come to life, revealing: The face of a gray-haired man, SATORU SHIMIZU.

He's in his late fifties; his features, softened by years of alcohol, bespeak former good looks.

He's dressed casually in a cardigan and glasses. Despite the heavy toll the years have taken on his appearance he exudes an air of authority as he looks out wearily from the screen.

SATORU

Hello Josephine. Do you mind if I call you Josephine?

(beat)

The room is miked. I can hear you. So please speak normally.

MOUSE

I usually go by 'Mouse'.

SATORU

You can call me Satoru. I'm part of the Akashic corporation.

(looks o.s.)

Our studies of the response time of the San Francisco Police Department indicate we have six more minutes before the police arrive.

(beat)

Does your watch have a stopwatch function?

MOUSE suddenly remembers she's wearing a watch and looks down at it.

SATORU (CONT'D)

Please set it for six minutes.

MOUSE reaches for her watch. Sets it, a countdown begins:  
5:59, 5:58, 5:57..

MOUSE

What is all this?

SATORU

I apologize for not being able to speak to you in person, but this is a safety precaution. As you've just experienced, there are people that will go to great lengths to possess the knowledge that we have, so we have no personal contact with our clients.

MOUSE

That 'we' have?

SATORU

There are a number of us who compile and interpret this data, again for reasons of safety, our identities and location are a secret, but that's not important, that's not the reason you came here.

(beat)

You have questions. I want to provide you with answers...

(beat)

...so please ask your questions.

MOUSE

'The Event'. It's the 'Tulsa Flu' outbreak, isn't it?

SATORU

You're partially right. 'The Event' is actually a bit of a misnomer.

(beat)

'The Event' is a confluence of several different, smaller events...

(beat)

But before I answer your question, I'd like to give you a bit of background.

(beat)

'Report three-four-seven' is about systemic failure of our major institutions to anticipate problems, eliminate incompetence, and learn from their mistakes.

MOUSE

I got that much out of it.

SATORU

Did you know that in the pandemic of twenty-twenty, even after demonstrable incompetence and malicious, willful neglect, not one single government official was ever held accountable.

(beat)

None of our institutions are working as they're supposed to. If they become stressed, they will collapse completely; if they do so simultaneously...our society will collapse shortly thereafter.

(MORE)

SATORU (CONT'D)

Our democracy, western civilization  
in their current forms are much  
more fragile than most people  
realize.

MOUSE

How would they become stressed?

SATORU

I'm sure you're familiar with Darcy  
Regan.

MOUSE

Unfortunately.

SATORU

Thanks to her efforts, she's  
convinced millions of parents not  
to immunize their children from the  
Tulsa Flu.

Despite what she's experienced, MOUSE still has difficulty  
accepting this. Her slightly sarcastic tone conveys her  
skepticism.

MOUSE

She sucks. No doubt.

SATORU

On tomorrow's evening news, you're  
going to start seeing news reports  
of huge spikes in Arizona, Florida,  
Georgia and Texas.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HOUSTON - DAY

Overflowing with sick children, angry parents and overwhelmed  
NURSES and DOCTORS attempting to deal with the situation.

SATORU (V.O.)

Because the disease is so  
contagious and so many children are  
unvaccinated, they will contract it  
and it will spread rapidly...the  
number of deaths will multiply  
exponentially...

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - HOUSTON - DAY

Filled with trailers from the C.D.C., each trailer surrounded by thousands of sick children, their parents and the elderly - being treated by a handful of C.D.C. staff. It more closely resembles a scene from a Third World refugee camp.

SATORU (V.O.)

The agencies which we've systematically underfunded and staffed with morons, will be caught by surprise and they too will be overwhelmed...

INT. OFFICE - AKASHIC CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE just stares at SATORU incredulously.

MOUSE

Like the C.D.C.

INT. WALGREENS PHARMACY - BROOKLYN - DAY

An angry mob waits impatiently at a pharmacy counter, before finally STORMING over the counter, killing the PHARMACISTS in the process.

SATORU (V.O.)

...Yes...and as the government scrambles to combat the epidemic, the populace will grow increasingly desperate and violent...

INT. SIXTH AVENUE - MANHATTAN - DAY

The air is thick with black smoke. An angry mob throws bricks and Molotov cocktails at rows of highly militarized NYPD OFFICERS in jet black riot gear.

SATORU (V.O.)

...our police departments have become more like small armies and they will respond to the unrest militarily...

The POLICE open fire on the protestors. Their automatic weapons fire cuts through the cloud. Blood flows freely down the streets. It's a truly horrific sight.

## INT. STOCK EXCHANGE - DAY

Complete pandemonium. TRADERS scream and shout as the market is in free fall.

SATORU (V.O.)  
 ...the financial markets will  
 panic...

The TRADER'S at phones, grim-faced, delivering bad news to their firms.

SATORU (V.O.)  
 ...sending the country and then the  
 rest of the world into an economic  
 depression...

On the wall-mounted Quotron, the share prices drop precipitously.

## EXT. WALL STREET - MANHATTAN - DAY

The clashes with police have now turned into full-fledged warfare. Protesters and POLICE exchange weapons fire from fortified positions.

The buildings on either side of the street have been largely reduced to rubble.

The narrow streets in the financial district are strewn with bloodied corpses.

SATORU (V.O.)  
 ...and with food and water  
 scarcities...

## EXT. CITY STREET - PARIS - DAY

A pitched battle erupts on a small side street in the Marais. Opposing groups of SOLDIERS exchange automatic weapon gunfire, each side suffering massive casualties.

SATORU (V.O.)  
 ...people will fight for resources,  
 many countries will plunge into  
 civil war, most of the industrial  
 'First World' will collapse into  
 complete anarchy within thirty-six  
 months

(beat)

(MORE)

SATORU (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...the rest of the world follows  
 shortly thereafter...between the  
 disease, starvation and civil  
 unrest, we estimate casualties in  
 the billions.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

A MOB of starving CITIZENS breaking into a grocery store in Beijing.

Huge riots. Thousands of CITIZENS throwing slabs of concrete and Molotov cocktails at a police barricade in Rio de Janeiro.

A bloody clash between groups of PROTESTERS on the dusty streets of Karachi.

Moscow engulfed in flames. Russian tanks roll through rubble strewn streets.

END MONTAGE.

INT. OFFICE - AKASHIC CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

MOUSE remains perfectly still, her attention focused on SATORU'S image.

SATORU  
That is 'The Event'.

She doesn't want to believe this. Almost to comfort herself she replies, but without real conviction:

MOUSE  
 How could you know all this?

SATORU  
 We compile data, look at trends,  
 and extrapolate. All the  
 information you need to reach the  
 same conclusion is out there. You  
 just have to be paying attention.  
 (beat)  
 Sadly Americans have shown a  
 tendency, no a need, to  
aggressively ignore any information  
 they find unpleasant. Police  
 brutality, systemic racism, a  
 failing healthcare system, a steady  
 slide into authoritarianism.  
 (beat)  
 They just don't want to know.

The full impact of LITTLE'S words days earlier finally hit her.

MOUSE

The farmer ploughing his field  
while Icarus crashes into the sea  
right behind them...

SATORU

I'm sorry?

MOUSE shakes her head in disgust.

MOUSE

Fuck. Why did Malthus kill everyone  
that's read it? Everyone except  
me...and you.

SATORU

Are you familiar with the phrase  
'Never let a good crisis go to  
waste'?

(beat)

Malthus are mercenaries, not to put  
too fine a point on it.

(beat)

They look at 'The Event', wars over  
resources, like any other large  
conflict...as a business  
opportunities...but...

(a beat)

...they underestimate the scope of  
the devastation. They think they  
can 'Shock Doctrine' the  
crisis...but they'll be overrun  
just like the governments they work  
with.

MOUSE

Is there anyway to stop, 'The  
Event'?

SATORU pauses. It's clear that this knowledge has weighed on  
him heavily. After a long beat:

SATORU

At this point no. We've already  
passed the tipping point.

(beat)

How is the time?

MOUSE looks down at her watch again: 1:19, 1:18, 1:17

MOUSE

Just over a minute.

Surprisingly, SATORU smiles, there is even a hint of mischief in his expression.

SATORU

However 'The Event', also offers 'opportunities' to destroy some of the systems that are attempting to exploit the chaos.

(beat)

If one were to destroy or at least cripple enough of these organizations, it would create an opportunity for human society to re-order itself in a more humane, equitable way.

This last statement clearly piques MOUSE'S curiosity.

SATORU (CONT'D)

If one were so inclined.

(beat)

If you would permit an old man one last indulgence...

MOUSE

Go for it dude.

SATORU

A quote from Buckminster Fuller, which seems relevant: "The future is a choice between Utopia and Oblivion,"

(beat)

"Whether it is to be Utopia or Oblivion will be a touch and go relay race right up to the final moment...Humanity is 'in final exam' as to whether or not it qualifies for continuance in the Universe."

MOUSE can only manage an ironic, bitter laugh before responding:

MOUSE

So, no pressure.

SATORU

No pressure.

As she's about to ask a follow-up question, SATORU cuts her off:

SATORU (CONT'D)

I'm afraid our time is at an end.  
I suggest you take the back  
stairwell to avoid the police, best  
of luck...Mouse.

On the monitor, SATORU smiles one last time - a smile filled with a sort of paternal care and sadness. Moments later his smiling visage is replaced by the Akashic logo.

Her watch BUZZES as the stopwatch reaches zero. MOUSE rises from her chair, confused, attempting to process this information. She does manage to head back out into the:

INT. HALLWAY - AKASHIC CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

She's moving down the hall, looking over her shoulder as she does - when she hears the elevator PING behind her.

The elevator doors open and four heavily armed POLICEMEN step out. They look down an empty hallway, then head toward the door marked "AKASHIC CORPORATION".

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

MOUSE walks briskly down the alley until she's on the:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Behind her the entrance to the Akashic building is choked with police cars and ambulances.

MOUSE moves briskly in the opposite direction - but not so fast that she draws attention to herself.

INT. LIVING ROOM BAR - CLIFT HOTEL - NIGHT

MOUSE wearing the same clothes, sits at a table facing BODINE, now listening to her with rapt attention.

MOUSE

That conversation happened  
yesterday, which means...

They're interrupted by a sharp electronic BUZZ from her watch. She looks down: The stopwatch has reached 00:00

MOUSE (CONT'D)

The first stories about infection spikes will start appearing any second now...

MOUSE pours herself two more shots. She downs one.

BODINE

The Tulsa Flu is going to destroy Western civilization?

MOUSE

Weren't you listening Ted? That's just the first domino.

He's still skeptical, but his mocking grin is gone, replaced by a growing sense of doubt.

BODINE

I'm sorry, but that sounds bat shit crazy.

MOUSE

Doesn't mean it isn't true.

MOUSE downs the final shot, then rises from the table. She picks up the duffle on the floor next to her, which we now recognize as IDAHO'S 'Go' bag.

BODINE

Why me? Why're you telling me?

MOUSE

I wanted to grab one for the road, you had an empty seat, so I sat down and told you.

(beat)

Like I said, you're lucky.

She glances at her watch.

MOUSE (CONT'D)

Check the news.

BODINE shakes his head in disbelief, but his curiosity gets the better of him.

He reaches into his pocket and removes his phone, touches the screen: The KNTV news app. The first headline says 'Massive Outbreaks of The Tulsa Flu reported in Arizona, Florida, Georgia and Texas'.

BODINE

Oh my god.

He looks up at MOUSE, panic etched on his features:

BODINE (CONT'D)  
 You've got to tell somebody, the  
 cops, the F.B.I., C.N.N., somebody!

MOUSE smiles cryptically:

MOUSE  
 Had something, a little more  
 'radical', in mind.

OVER BLACK:

96 Hours Later

FADE IN:

EXT. MALTHUS H.Q. - HOUSTON - DAY

A shining glass and steel edifice in downtown Houston.

INT. CORRIDOR - MALTHUS H.Q. - CONTINUOUS

Changed out of her dirty, blood-stained outfit - now dressed in a bland pantsuit - but still carrying IDAHO'S 'Go' bag, MOUSE makes her way down a corridor, completely unrecognized by the two other OFFICE WORKERS coming towards her.

Bits of their conversation as they pass:

OFFICE WORKER  
 ...it's spreading across the  
 Southwest like wildfire...

2ND OFFICE WORKER  
 Why isn't the government all over  
 this?

They turn a corner and disappear from sight. She looks over her shoulder to make sure she's alone. She spots a fire alarm. She smashes the glass and pulls the lever.

RINGING ALARM BELLS. RED LIGHTS FLASHING. Dozens of EMPLOYEES irritated at the interruption spill out into the corridor.

Seeing the lights FLASHING they calmly - but deliberately make their way toward the exit. One of the male EMPLOYEES matches MOUSE'S stride:

EMPLOYEE  
 Probably just another drill.

MOUSE smiles sweetly in agreement and they let themselves be swept forward by the crowd until they're all:

EXT. MALTHUS H.Q. - HOUSTON - CONTINUOUS

Where several FIREMEN have already arrived, herding the crowd back away from the building. Before they can enter:

MOUSE reaches into the 'Go' bag and produces a cellphone, and pair of earbuds. She slips the earbuds in and we hear the familiar sounds of:

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
...the revolution will not be  
televised...

She presses the 'Send' button on the phone...

INT. STORAGE ROOM - MALTHUS H.Q. - CONTINUOUS

White industrial tanks. Mounted on the front, bricks of c-4.

A bundle of wires connect the c-4 to a cell phone.

The display lights up.

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
...not be televised...

INT. CORRIDOR - MALTHUS H.Q. - CONTINUOUS

A series of STAGGERED EXPLOSIONS TEAR THROUGH THE CORRIDOR.

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
...not be televised...

EXT. MALTHUS H.Q. - CONTINUOUS

Starting at the top of the building, each floor of building EXPLODES, belching glass and debris onto the sidewalk below.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The MALTHUS building in Los Angeles, EXPLODING.

A MALTHUS skyscraper in downtown Chicago, EXPLODING.

The MALTHUS offices in mid-town Manhattan, EXPLODING.

END MONTAGE.

WE SEE THE HOUSTON HEADQUARTERS BUILDING EXPLODE MULTIPLE TIMES - SPECTACULARLY - FROM DIFFERENT ANGLES (Think the climax of 'Zabriskie Point').

The EMPLOYEES and FIREMEN, calm moments ago, now flee SCREAMING from the NOISE, FLAMES and SMOKE as the building COLLAPSES like a house of cards.

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
...the revolution will not be no re-  
run brothers...

Moments later, the collected EMPLOYEES all stare at the heap of smoldering rubble in complete disbelief, everyone except:

MOUSE.

Standing by herself, calm. She allows herself a small grin of satisfaction.

GIL SCOTT-HERON (V.O.)  
...the revolution will be live.

FADE OUT.

The End