

HERE COME THE WARM JETS

PILOT

By:

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FADE IN:

SNOWFLAKES: They drift through the FRAME, before falling on:

EXT. WATERFRONT - PORT OF BALTIMORE - NIGHT

The last snow of winter. A trio of cargo ships docked at the port. Huge stacks of multicolored cargo containers, 2 and 3 stories high, form a maze at the edge of the dock.

INT. ROW OF SHIPPING CONTAINERS - PORT OF BALTIMORE - NIGHT

A DOCK MANAGER, mid-40s, burly, tough, in a winter jacket and Day-Glo orange vest, leads GEORGE GREY - early 30s, bespoke dark suit and fur-trimmed topcoat - through a windswept labyrinth of shipping containers.

The DOCK MANAGER checks his clipboard against the numbered tags on the containers.

DOCK MANAGER  
Should be, right... here.

They stop in front of a large red container marked 3207 - 459. The DOCK MANAGER looks GREY up and down, sizing him up.

DOCK MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Don't usually see guys like you  
down here, freezin' ya' balls off  
in de middle a da' night. You  
usually have 'people' ta handle  
this kinda 'ting.

GREY  
My employer prefers that I be very  
'hands on' in my duties.  
(re: the container)  
Could you open it for me?

The DOCK MANAGER release the clamp, the heavy metal doors  
CREAK open.

The DOCK MANAGER'S expression changes once he peers into the  
darkness and sees the contents:

DOCK MANAGER  
Wait a minute is somebody in there?

GREY removes his right glove - with his other hand he  
discreetly takes something out of his pocket, before pressing  
it into his right palm.

He extends his ungloved hand. The DOCK MANAGER - not wanting to seem rude, removes his glove and shakes GREY'S hand, still distracted by the contents of the shipping container. In order to reclaim his full attention, he shakes his hand:

GREY  
Thank you for your help, your  
business is very important to us.

GREY continues shaking his hand much longer than normal; at this point the DOCK MANAGER realizes something strange is happening. He looks down at his hand:

CLOSE - HAND: Still entwined with GREY'S - but his hand is glowing like a heated piece of coal.

EXT. SECOND ROW OF CONTAINERS - PORT OF BALTIMORE - LATER

The stacked shipping containers form a wind tunnel.

A gust of wind raises a curtain of snow into the air.

On the far side of the snowy curtain something is glowing RED. That RED GLOW is actually a FIREBALL.

It BLAZES through the curtain of snow.

On closer inspection we see that it is the DOCK MANAGER, who's been set ablaze.

DOCK MANAGER  
Aaaahhhhh!!!!

The SCREAMING stops as his vocal chords are burned away.

His twisted, blackened form takes a few agonized steps forward, SLAMMING into the side of a shipping container, before staggering into the middle of the row - then falling to the ground - dead.

Two pairs of shoes walk by the charred, still smoldering body.

SMASH CUT:

TITLE CARD: **HERE COME THE WARM JETS**

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

SEEN FROM OVERHEAD: Suburban Wilmslow Virginia, a cul-de-sac of upper middle-class homes. There are no signs of life except for several landscaping crews doing yard work.

There is a sudden BURST of noise, blazing guitars, thumping bass, tearing through the suburban silence -- and it's all coming from:

INT. GARAGE - BERNERS HOME - CONTINUOUS

A King Crimson cover band, comprised of middle-aged Caucasian men, Dad bods in full-effect: A LEAD VOCALIST, DRUMMER, BASSIST and TWO GUITARISTS.

They're not going to be signed to a label anytime soon, but they're not bad. They're powering through a cover of the frenetic, paranoid "Thela Hun Ginjeet":

LEAD SINGER  
...I was thinking...this is a  
dangerous place, this is a  
dangerous place...

The verse over, the TWO GUITARISTS launch into dueling solos, living out rock star fantasies from their (no doubt) awkward teenage years.

INT. GARAGE - BERNERS HOME - LATER

Practice is over, 'the band' are packing up their instruments. The LEAD SINGER turns to the home's owner, and LEAD GUITARIST: STEPHEN BERNERS, late 50s, salt and pepper hair, sweats.

LEAD SINGER  
How's Wednesday looking?

STEPHEN  
Cassie's coming over to do her  
taxes.

BASSIST  
The fifteenth is right around the  
corner, that's cutting it kind of  
close isn't it?

STEPHEN

If she didn't wait until the last minute, and make me a little crazy, she wouldn't be my daughter.

The BAND MEMBERS with children of their own, laugh knowingly. They up the last of their instruments, and head toward their cars.

One of STEPHEN'S neighbors passes by - walking a toy dog; both stare daggers at him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Hi there Mrs. White.

She doesn't respond. STEPHEN smiles, closes the garage door and heads back into the house.

EXT. I-495 - OUTSIDE WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

A red and blue delivery van - bearing a logo resembling a truck and the name CAMBRIDGE LOGISTICS - navigates rush hour traffic.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - DAY

Behind the wheel is CASSANDRA 'CASS' BERNERS, late 20s, jet black hair pulled into a ponytail. The company's dark overalls and cap pulled low. She's annoyed as her eyes scan the slow-moving traffic:

CASS

Get off the road, you can be late for the Proud Boys rally.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

The delivery van reaches its destination, a Cambridge Logistics distribution center teeming with activity at the end of the day.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DISTRIBUTION CENTER - DAY

A small group of women, at the end of the workday. CASS is changing. Underneath the uniform, she's got a sleeve of tattoos on each arm.

She's slipping into jeans and a t-shirt when she's interrupted by one of her co-workers, MELODY HAYES, mid 30s.

MELODY is half-paying attention, staring at her phone: The blue and white home page for **Content**, a social networking site.

MELODY

What are you gettin' into tonight  
Cass?

CASS can see she isn't really listening and decides to have some fun at her expense.

CASS

I was supposed to go to my Dad's to  
do my taxes.

But MELODY can't be bothered to look up from her phone.

CASS (CONT'D)

But I think I'm gonna bang your  
husband instead.

Still looking at her phone, MELODY misses the joke - while continuing to pretend that she's been paying attention.

MELODY

Yeah, that sounds crazy.

EXT. STREET - BERNERS NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

A lone car, rusty, in need of bodywork, looking as if it's wandered into this quiet neighborhood of manicured lawns by accident, makes its way down the street.

EXT. BERNERS HOME - DAY

The car parks in the driveway. The door opens and CASS emerges, carrying a brown paper bag of receipts.

Much like her car - she looks wildly out of place in suburbia - but when she reaches the front door, instead of ringing the doorbell, she produces a key, unlocks the front door stepping into:

INT. FOYER - BERNERS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Where she pauses before fully entering the house:

CASS  
Dad I'm here! I hope you're  
dressed, don't want to walk in on  
you naked, again, not sure my  
insurance covers therapy.

No answer. She steps into the:

INT. LIVING ROOM - BERNERS HOME - CONTINUOUS

and calls out again, more urgently:

CASS  
Dad?

Still no answer. A beat.

She senses something is wrong. She hurriedly moves into...

INT. HOME OFFICE - BERNERS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Where her father, STEPHEN BERNERS, sits slumped in his chair,  
facing his desktop.

CASS  
Dad?

She rushes to his side. When she reaches him she's hit by the  
stench of urine. She cracks a joke to cover for her mounting  
concern:

CASS (CONT'D)  
Bathroom's right around the corner.

He's not moving or answering. She walks around in front of  
him only to find:

STEPHEN, slack-jawed, shirt wet with drool, sweats stained  
with dried urine, eyes vacant - staring at a computer  
monitor:

Two windows are open side by side: A large Excel spreadsheet  
on one side, and **Content**, the social network site, open on  
the other.

CASS clamps down the panic, and shakes her father, trying to  
rouse him.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Dad! Dad!

Still no response. She takes out her phone.

911 OPERATOR  
(over speaker)  
Nine-one-one, what is your  
emergency?

CASS  
I need an ambulance at Thirty Eight  
Sixty Motte. It's my Dad, I think  
he's had a heart attack or a  
stroke.

EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

The ambulance, lights FLASHING and siren BLARING, slaloms  
through downtown traffic.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

In the back two PARAMEDICS examine STEPHEN, while CASS looks  
on, fearing the worst.

PARAMEDIC #1  
Blood pressure?

PARAMEDIC #2 (O.S.)  
Sixty over forty and dropping.

PARAMEDIC #1  
He's severely dehydrated, I'm going  
to try and get some fluids into  
him.

PARAMEDIC #1 connects STEPHEN to an I.V., trying to reconcile  
what STEPHEN'S symptoms are telling him. They turn to CASS:

PARAMEDIC #1 (CONT'D)  
How long has he been unconscious?

CASS  
I, I, don't know, I just found him  
like this.

INT. E.R. EXAM ROOM AREA - LATER

Outside a curtained examination area, DR. DAVID GABEL, early  
40s, highly competent - delivers his preliminary results to a  
visibly worried CASS.

GABEL  
Good news first, your father's  
regained consciousness.



CASS sighs with relief.

CASS  
Did he have a heart attack?

GABEL  
Your father suffered a grand mal seizure.

CASS  
A seizure?

GABEL  
Does he or anyone in your family have a history of epilepsy?

CASS  
(definitive)  
No.  
(then less certain)  
Not that I know of. This can just happen?

GABEL  
It's possible.  
(beat)  
We did an MRI, ran a CAT scan, there was some unusual electrical activity in his brain. Do you know what he was doing when he had the seizure?

CASS  
I found him in his office, looked like he'd been working.

GABEL makes a note on STEPHEN'S chart.

GABEL  
I have no idea what caused the seizure. We're going to run some more tests and I'm going to prescribe Carbamazepine to minimize the chances of it happening again...

He makes a notation on the chart again.

GABEL (CONT'D)  
...in cases like this, some loss of memory isn't unusual either. If he's showing signs, I can recommend a therapist to you.

CASS  
But he's awake?

GABEL  
He's lucid, a little confused,  
which is to be expected.

CASS  
Can I see him?

GABEL  
Yes, of course.

He steps aside, draws the curtain back a bit so CASS can enter the:

INT. E.R. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Now lying in a hospital bed, propped up on pillows, hooked up to an I.V. - STEPHEN BERNERS does look confused. He examines his gown and wristband:

STEPHEN  
Cassie. Honey, how did I get here?

CASS  
You don't remember?

STEPHEN  
No, one minute I was on the phone  
with you, I was on...  
(searching his memory)  
Aren't we supposed to do your taxes  
later this week, on Wednesday?

CASS  
It is Wednesday. I talked to you  
three days ago.

STEPHEN  
Haha. Very funny. Another joke at  
the old man's expense.

She takes out her phone and holds up the display: Wednesday  
April 9

That wipes the smile from his face.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
I've been unconscious for three  
days?

## INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - DAY

Warm sunlight pours in through the open shades. One wall is lined with medical texts. The other wall with framed degrees.

Four pieces of furniture: a reclining sofa, two chairs - facing each other in the center of the room, and a desk at the back of the room.

Sitting behind the desk is DR. PATRICIA EARLY, mid-30s, African-American, intelligent, meticulous, not a hair out of place - at first glance you'd probably mistake her for an architect. She speaks into an iPhone; her tone calm, measured:

PATRICIA

April thirteenth, session one...  
(consults her notes)  
...referred by Dave Gabel at  
General...

## INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

STEPHEN enters the reception area, under CASS' worried gaze. He settles into a chair, while CASS approaches the receptionist, JOCELYN, mid 20s, professional, very attractive.

CASS

Stephen Berners. He has an  
appointment at two.

He nudges her out of the way.

STEPHEN

(to CASS)  
I can speak for myself young lady.  
Why don't you have a seat?  
(to JOCELYN)  
My daughter. Very pushy. Got that  
from her mother. I've got an  
appointment at two.

JOCELYN smiles. She motions towards the chairs on the far side of the room.

JOCELYN

Please have a seat. Can I get you  
anything?

STEPHEN

A water, if you have it.

JOCELYN moves over to a small mini-fridge, then returns with a bottled water.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

JOCELYN

I'll let the doctor know.

JOCELYN crosses the room, sits down at her desk, while CASS and her father settle into two chairs.

CASS

Don't forget your pills.

STEPHEN

That's what the water's for. Where is this focus and attention to detail when it comes to your life?

CASS

It's been hard...after Mom.

STEPHEN

And you blame yourself.

She protests:

CASS

No I don't.

He looks around:

STEPHEN

I'm not a therapist, obviously. But I can tell you blame yourself. And the guilt's eating you up, but I got news for you, it's not your fault.

CASS

Yes it was. We were barely speaking, and I wasn't there at the end.

STEPHEN

There was nothing you could've done. Afterwards, it was tough for me too, but eventually I went back to work, tried to get as close to normal as I could, but you...

(beat)

...she wouldn't have wanted to see you like this, dead end job...

(MORE)

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
as a delivery driver, no partner,  
no home, just kind of drifting  
through life. She wouldn't have  
wanted that. I don't want that  
either.

No response from CASS.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)  
I worry about you kiddo.

He takes out a prescription bottle, shakes two pills into his  
hand, swallows them - then washes it down with a long pull of  
water.

While he swallows, CASS seizes on the opportunity to change  
the subject:

CASS  
But today isn't about me.

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PATRICIA is still recording pre-session notes:

PATRICIA  
Patient is possibly experiencing  
T.E.A.

She's interrupted when an intercom sounds. She answers it:

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Yes?

JOCELYN  
(over intercom)  
Your two o'clock is here.

PATRICIA  
(into intercom)  
Please send him in Jocelyn.

She rises to her feet, emerges from behind the desk, just as  
the door opens. STEPHEN walks in, still holding the half-  
empty water bottle in one hand.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Hello Mister Berners.

STEPHEN  
Stephen is fine.

He scans the room, uncertain what to do with himself. She picks up on it, gestures toward the chair:

PATRICIA  
Alright Stephen. Would you like to sit down?

He glances at the reclining sofa:

STEPHEN  
Aren't I supposed to lie down or something?

PATRICIA smiles.

PATRICIA  
Some of my patients like to lie down, others like to sit. I want you to do whatever makes you most comfortable.

Despite her cerebral appearance, her charm gradually makes him feel more at ease. He chooses to sit in the chair, she sits down opposite him.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Ok, we've got the seating situation figured out, you're practically cured.

STEPHEN  
Then I can go?

PATRICIA  
Well since you came all the way here, we might as well chat a little.

Smiling, he fully relaxes into the seat across from her.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
(producing the iPhone)  
I like to record my sessions, to review later, is that alright?

This question immediately sets STEPHEN on edge a little.

STEPHEN  
Who hears those recordings?

PATRICIA  
No one. Just me. I like to review them, make notes, it helps me offer a more effective treatment.

STEPHEN

No one's going to hear them except you?

PATRICIA

That's right.

STEPHEN

Doc.

PATRICIA

You can call me Patricia or Pat.

STEPHEN leans forward, studies her to make certain he has her full attention. His intense gaze makes her squirm, almost imperceptibly, in her seat.

STEPHEN

I don't care if you record the sessions, but for your own protection, I think you should review the sessions, do whatever you need to do, then delete the recordings.

She can't help but furrow her brow at his statement.

PATRICIA

My protection?

STEPHEN

It's not safe for you to have a record of what we talk about here.

Seeing that he's made her a bit uneasy, he changes tack.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Your specialties are hypnotherapy and recovered memories?

PATRICIA

Many of my patients have experienced some type of trauma, which they repress - as a means of coping. The problem is that the repressed memory can manifest in other unhealthy ways, so I try to help my patients remember whatever it is they're trying to forget, and once we get to the source, then we can treat it and help them live happier, more productive lives.

STEPHEN

I need to retrieve a specific memory, something I've forgotten, something important.

PATRICIA

Okay, we can certainly try to do that. You had a seizure?

STEPHEN

Earlier in the week. I can't remember much of anything from the past week.

(a beat)

I keep seeing...insects...

(beat)

...butterflies...no, no it was a moth...I think and the moth...it's important somehow.

PATRICIA

Not being able to remember events over a period of days or even hours after a seizure isn't unusual, there's even a name for it: Transient Epileptic Amnesia. Your memory will eventually come back.

STEPHEN

(urgency creeping into his tone)

I can't wait for 'eventually'. I need to know about the moth...I need to know what happened to me.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

CASS is nervous, pacing the area. JOCELYN tries to calm her down.

JOCELYN

Relax, your Dad is in good hands. I promise.

They're interrupted - when the office door opens suddenly, and SILVER Y., a man of indeterminate age, wearing a dark suit, enters. He approaches JOCELYN and stares at her with a predator-like stillness.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

Can I help you?



MAN

Do you take walk-ins?

JOCELYN

The doctor's with a patient right now. We'd ask that you make an appointment.

JOCELYN opens her calendar.

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

Your name?

SILVER Y.

Mister Silver will be fine.

She hands him a form attached to a clipboard.

JOCELYN

Just fill this out for me.

He sits down and smiles at CASS, who doesn't smile back.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER

SILVER Y. takes the completed form to JOCELYN, while CASS watches him cautiously.

JOCELYN

(making a notation)

Ok Mister Silver, this all looks good, now we just need to schedule a time.

(scanning the calendar)

The doctor has an opening next Tuesday at nine a.m. Does that work for you?

SILVER Y. scans his phone.

SILVER Y.

I can't open my calendar. Do you mind if I log onto it from your desktop?

It's an unusual request, but JOCELYN is happy to oblige. She moves out from behind the desk. SILVER Y. takes her place, sits down and works the keyboard:

CLOSE - MONITOR: A Torrent site. The cursor double clicks a magnet icon.

EXTREME CLOSE - MONITOR: Along the bottom of the window, an icon shows the download is complete. The cursor clicks on 'Close All'.

SILVER Y. (CONT'D)  
Yes, next Tuesday will work, I'll mark it in my calendar, once I get it fixed.

He rises from the desk, allowing JOCELYN to sit down again.

JOCELYN  
Of course. We'll see you next Tuesday.

SILVER Y.  
See you then.

With that, he leaves the office. The second the door closes:

CASS  
Was it just me or was he creepy af?

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The lights in the room have been dimmed, shades drawn. PATRICIA and STEPHEN sit facing each other.

PATRICIA  
We'll start with a short relaxation sequence, please close your eyes.

STEPHEN is reluctant, but does as she asks. He closes his eyes.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Is there somewhere, that you enjoy being, where you feel safe and comfortable?

STEPHEN  
After my wife died, I used to go out to Shenandoah, go hiking, being in nature helped, take my mind off things.

PATRICIA  
Okay, so picture yourself in Shenandoah.

EXT. SHENANDOAH NATIONAL PARK - DAY

STEPHEN is now standing alone, deep in the forest, surrounded by towering oak trees. Water flowing over rocks and CHIRPING birds are the only sounds.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
It's peaceful here, I'm going to  
count down from ten, and when I get  
to one, you will be completely  
relaxed.

He's enjoying the nature surrounding him, as PATRICIA'S voice becomes more faint.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six,  
you're feeling more and more  
relaxed...five, four, three, two,  
one.  
(a beat)  
How do you feel Stephen?

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
I feel good.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
Can you tell about what happened to  
you earlier this week?

STEPHEN takes a few steps into the forest, but as he walks forward, the path ahead of him becomes concrete, the oak trees become glass walls, and STEPHEN finds himself:

INT. OFFICE - CAMBRIDGE LOGISTICS - DAY

Corporate headquarters. A glass-walled office. STEPHEN in suit and tie, is reviewing two stacks of documents, trying to reconcile them; doesn't notice SILVER Y. lurking in the b.g.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
I'd been noticing some mysterious  
shipments, so I took some documents  
home.

STEPHEN inserts a thumb drive into his hard drive.

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

Seated at his desk, in front of his laptop, now more comfortable in sweats. On his monitor: Two windows are open. An Excel spreadsheet and Content.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
Trying to figure out...

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where STEPHEN, his eyes closed tightly, is struggling to recall the details of the afternoon.

PATRICIA  
Figure out what?

STEPHEN  
Trying to figure out what we were shipping for...

INT. HOME OFFICE - DAY

At his desk, focused on his computer: Two open windows. An Excel spreadsheet, the Content site.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
...Benjamin Eastman.

In the other window, the mailbox icon indicates that he has a message. The cursor clicks on it.

The sender's name is BENJAMIN EASTMAN.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
Then, out of the blue, I got a  
'Content' message from him, from  
Benjamin Eastman, but I don't know  
him, I've never talked to him...

The cursor clicks on the highlighted message. It opens revealing a solitary link. The cursor clicks on the link.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
... but I wanted to ask him about  
these shipments, so I opened it...

A video begins to play. The first thing we hear is a distinct SOUND: discordant, ominous, elliptical.

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
There was a video, a horrible  
sound.

The horrible discordant sound, a high-pitched HUM, is accompanied by the image of a brown egg-shaped cocoon, covered in strands of silk. The cocoon slowly cracks open near the top.

A moth, its wings still glued to its body and covered by a thick fluid -- emits a GOOEY, SLURPY sound as it struggles to emerge from the confines of the cocoon.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
What was it Stephen?

Once its free, it spreads its wings revealing it is a Death's Head hawkmoth.

The Death's Head grows LARGER.

STEPHEN'S jaw goes slack, eyes glaze over.

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where PATRICIA can't help but notice STEPHEN'S growing distress.

PATRICIA  
What was it?

In response to her question STEPHEN furrows his brow, closes his eyes tighter, beads of perspiration form on his forehead.

STEPHEN  
It... was... Death.

He wants to say something else, but the words become stuck in his throat. PATRICIA sees he's becoming anxious.

PATRICIA  
Stephen, I want you to go back to Shenandoah.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Where STEPHEN pictures himself standing amidst the tall trees, calmer.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
Can you do that for me?

He closes his eyes, takes in a long deep breath - savoring the peace and quiet.

STEPHEN  
I'm in the forest.  
(beat)  
It's quiet here.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
Good. I'm going to count backwards,  
when I reach one, you'll awake,  
relaxed and refreshed... three...

INT. PATRICIA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where STEPHEN is sitting upright in his chair, calm - but now PATRICIA is the one who looks disturbed.

PATRICIA  
...two, one, wake up Stephen.

STEPHEN opens his eyes, pleasant, no signs of distress.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
How do you feel Stephen?

STEPHEN  
(smiling)  
Great. Better than I've felt all  
week.

PATRICIA  
Good.  
(beat)  
I want you to hold on to that.

From the change in her body language, STEPHEN senses that she's about to give him bad news - like his daughter, he makes a joke:

STEPHEN  
Is this where you tell me I'm  
crazy?

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

CASS is growing a bit restless. She looks at her watch.

CASS  
(to JOCELYN)  
Do these sessions usually run long?

JOCELYN  
No, Doctor Early usually keeps a  
pretty tight schedule.

The door to the office opens and STEPHEN emerges, he looks stricken.

CASS  
What happened?

He doesn't answer her question, instead:

STEPHEN  
I've got to make a call. Wait for  
me in the car.  
(motions for her to go)  
I'll be right there.

INT. CAR - PARKING LOT - DUSK

CASS watches her Dad make a phone call, just outside the  
entrance to PATRICIA'S office.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Where CASS is behind the wheel, alternately watching the  
road, and looking at her ashen-faced father.

STEPHEN  
(wetting his lips)  
These meds give me dry mouth.

CASS  
Been there.

On his confused look, which just makes her grin.

CASS (CONT'D)  
There's water in the glovebox.

He opens the glovebox and removes another bottled water.

CASS (CONT'D)  
Now it's my turn to grill you.  
(beat)  
You want to tell me what's been  
going on the past few days?  
(a beat)  
You've hardly been home, you wander  
around like you're in a daze, you  
haven't been like this.

She doesn't want to finish the sentence.

STEPHEN  
Since...

Neither does STEPHEN.

CASS  
Is it from the seizure? Or  
something else?

STEPHEN  
I've got a lot on my mind.

STEPHEN is doing a poor job of being evasive.

CASS  
Well I'm glad you took that  
doctor's advice and saw someone, I  
think therapy will help.

STEPHEN  
I promised you that I would.

CASS  
Thank you for keeping your promise.

A silence falls over the car, neither of them eager to speak.

CASS (CONT'D)  
So now that you talked to  
somebody...  
(looking him over)  
You want to tell me what the hell  
happened? You look worse than when  
you went in.

He looks behind him, disturbed to find the laptop in the  
middle of the backseat.

STEPHEN  
You didn't use this did you?

CASS  
No why?

STEPHEN  
(looking at the road)  
You need to make a right here.

CASS  
(with some affectionate  
snark)  
You having another seizure? This  
isn't the way home.

Used to his daughter's dark sense of humor.

STEPHEN  
Just make the turn, smart ass.



CASS turns the wheel, guiding the car down a busy downtown street.

CASS  
Well if you're not going to tell me  
about your session with the Doc,  
would you at least tell me where  
we're going?

STEPHEN  
Police station.

She involuntarily blurts out:

CASS  
The cops can eat my whole ass.

On STEPHEN'S disapproving look:

CASS (CONT'D)  
Don't trust them.

STEPHEN  
Cassie, I think a crime's been  
committed, so we're going to report  
it, and let the police investigate.

Smiles as she thinks of a joke:

CASS  
No one ever wrote a song called  
'Fuck The Fire Department'.  
(beat)  
I'm just sayin'.

EXT. WILMSLOW POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Police headquarters, a Brutalist-style block of concrete in the heart of downtown.

CASS and STEPHEN, laptop in hand, mount the stairs at the entrance.

A CLICK and their image is frozen.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

WIDEN TO REVEAL: GEORGE GREY and SILVER Y. sit in the front seat of a car parked a discreet distance from the entrance. SILVER watches them enter, scowling as he does. He turns to GREY.

SILVER Y.

A few years ago I decided to create  
a complete collection of  
Superfamily Bombycoidea, eleven  
different species: Family  
Sphingidae Saturniidae, the Pandora  
Sphinx, the Imperial, the  
Polyphemus...

(smiling as he remembers)  
...oh he was tricky, but I got him  
in the end.

GREY nods.

GREY

How long did it take to complete  
the collection?

SILVER Y.

Three years.

GREY

Was it worth it?

SILVER Y. closes his eyes, his expression best described as  
rapturous.

SILVER Y.

Oh yes. You should come to the  
house and see them mounted.

GREY watches CASS and STEPHEN disappear into police  
headquarters.

GREY

When we're finished dotting our  
'I's and crossing our 'T's, Mr.  
Cotton's invited us over for tea.

INT. WILMSLOW POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT

STEPHEN and CASS sit across from a tired, irritable DETECTIVE  
FRANK LANDRY, bearded, heavy - like a former athlete who's  
let himself go.

LANDRY leans back in his chair, as if he physically wants to  
distance himself from STEPHEN'S story:

DETECTIVE LANDRY

So wait a minute, let me get this  
straight, you're an accountant?

STEPHEN

I work for a shipping company, in the accounting department. I noticed several shipments by someone named Benjamin Eastman, but there was no record of the shipments, their destinations or payment.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

You're a numbers guy, when things don't add up it makes you crazy. A couple book-keeping errors don't mean you're secretly working for a fucking cartel.

STEPHEN

I didn't say I was working for a cartel, I make sure our books are always very precise. A series of shipments for the same customer with no weight, cost, or payment is highly unusual.

(a beat)

So I started to suspect something strange, maybe illegal, was going on.

DETECTIVE LANDRY

And so you think this drug lord figured out you were onto them and gave you a seizure, electronically?

CASS stands exasperated.

CASS

C'mon Dad, they're not taking this seriously.

STEPHEN pats CASS on the arm. She sits back down.

STEPHEN

Please excuse my daughter.

He shoots her a stern look, before continuing:

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Like I said, it's probably not narcotics but I stumbled onto something that someone didn't want me to see. They sent that message, that induced the seizure, to keep me quiet.

DETECTIVE LANDRY shakes his head, not believing what STEPHEN is telling him.

DETECTIVE LANDRY  
That's the craziest shit I've ever heard.

CASS  
Well is there someone here who can at least look at his laptop see if it's been tampered with? Or where this message came from?

INT. COMPUTER LAB - WILMSLOW POLICE - NIGHT

In amongst the shelves filled with unused and unclaimed computer equipment is their resident tech expert HERNAN ESPINOSA, mid 30s, trim, bookish, examines the laptop while LANDRY and CASS look on. STEPHEN stands nearby, polishing off another bottled water.

ESPINOSA  
Well there's no sign of tampering.

He secures the top of the laptop, then turns on the computer.

ESPINOSA (CONT'D)  
I want to take a look at your Content account.  
(a beat)  
What's your password?

STEPHEN takes a brief, loving look at his daughter before answering.

STEPHEN  
Cassandra.  
(then to CASS)  
But don't think you can go snooping on my computer now, I'm changing my password the minute we leave here.

CASS  
(under her breath)  
Probably to 'password'.

ESPINOSA types in the password, then pulls up his browsing history.

ESPINOSA  
Okay, I see the session you were talking about... who sent the video?

STEPHEN  
Benjamin Eastman.

ESPINOSA  
And you don't know this person?

On the monitor: He examines the list of 'Friends'.

ESPINOSA (CONT'D)  
There's no one here named Benjamin.  
Hold on.

On the monitor: The cursor clicks on the mailbox, but it's empty.

ESPINOSA (CONT'D)  
And there's nothing in your  
mailbox.  
(a beat)  
Usually when someone sends a  
message there's a digital record of  
it somewhere, even if you delete  
it.

On the monitor: A page of source code.

ESPINOSA (CONT'D)  
There's no trace of a message,  
malware or interference of any  
kind.

She shoots a withering look at LANDRY and ESPINOSA:

CASS  
He didn't just imagine this damnit!

Then she adds for emphasis:

CASS (CONT'D)  
The seizure was real. I was in the  
back of the ambulance with him.

ESPINOSA  
I'm not saying it didn't happen.

LANDRY  
I am. A video that makes you pass  
out?! C'mon...

ESPINOSA  
What he's describing is highly  
unusual, but within the realm of  
possibility...  
(beat)  
(MORE)

ESPINOSA (CONT'D)

...but there isn't any trace of  
anything like what you're  
describing on your computer.

INT. DINING ROOM - PATRICIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Like the home's owner, the space is minimalist, tasteful.  
JOCELYN sits at the large dining table, her attention focused  
on the open laptop in front of her.

PATRICIA enters the room carrying two plates and cutlery -  
followed by a Weimaraner EMMA. She sets two places at the  
table, then pets EMMA (who was hoping for food) - while  
JOCELYN remains focused on the laptop.

PATRICIA

You can keep pretending to work,  
but you're not getting out of this  
that easy.

JOCELYN

I'm not 'pretending' to work. I  
just want to make sure your  
calendar's up to date and there are  
a couple emails to answer, then I'm  
done, I promise.

Once she's set the dishes down, PATRICIA moves to JOCELYN'S  
side and traces her fingertips along the top of her shoulders  
- it's clear their relationship isn't just professional.

PATRICA

Promise?

JOCELYN nods.

PATRICIA

Then we're going to have 'the  
talk'.

JOCELYN

I know, I know, I said I'd give you  
an answer. I'm just not sure.

PATRICIA

I really care about you, I want to  
be with you.

(now more serious)

And I thought you wanted to be with  
me too.

JOCELYN

I do, but I like having my own place.

PATRICIA

You're here most nights anyway, it's like you already live here, and I'm not asking you to get married.

JOCELYN

But that's the next step isn't it?

PATRICIA

I don't know. I haven't really planned it out.

JOCELYN

You plan everything.

PATRICIA laughs.

PATRICIA

Oh I will admit, I'm a bit of a control freak but not where you're concerned...I don't have our lives all mapped out...I promise, but I love waking up next to you everyday, and...

The front doorbell RINGS.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

(lighter)

To be continued.

(looking around)

Where's my purse?

JOCELYN

Where you left it, by the front door.

PATRICIA leans over and kisses her tenderly on the forehead. She leaves the room and EMMA trots off behind her. The doorbell RINGS again.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

On the way!

JOCELYN looks down at the laptop:

The Content site. She posts a comment: "Uh oh, time for the big talk", followed by a 'Screaming' emoji on her wall.

She's waiting on a response when:

A highlighted, unread message from 'Benjamin Eastman' appears. The cursor moves over the message, then blinks as she opens it.

The room is filled with a brief burst of the horrible discordant NOISE.

On the monitor: The Death's Head hawkmoth, spreads its magnificent gold and black wings. The wings PULSATE. The effect is hypnotic.

It beats its wings, then the two-dimensional image seems to burst through the monitor.

Now in nightmarish 3-D, the massive gold and black wings and the Death's Head body FILLS JOCELYN'S ENTIRE FIELD OF VISION.

As her eyes roll back in her head until only the whites of her eyes are visible.

INT. FOYER - PATRICIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Stocking feet padding on the hardwood floors, PATRICIA arrives at the front door, and her purse is sitting on the key table, right where JOCELYN said it would be.

She opens it, and removes her wallet - then answers the door for the DELIVERYMAN, holding two large plastic bags.

PATRICIA  
Hi. You got here fast.

He ignores the praise. EMMA moves forward to sniff the delivery bags, but PATRICIA grabs her collar.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
(to EMMA)  
Behave yourself.  
(to DELIVERYMAN)  
Sorry about her.

DELIVERYMAN  
No prob. That's twenty-nine forty-four.

PATRICIA hands him two \$20s. He starts to search for the correct change. She stops him.

PATRICIA  
Keep the change.



With the same general lack of enthusiasm:

DELIVERYMAN

Thanks. Have a good night.

She smiles and closes the front door. She looks down and notices one of the bags has started to leak.

The bag leaks right in front of the dog. EMMA'S patience has paid off. She starts to lap up the takeout leakage.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Stop that. Babe, could you...

She picks up the pace as she heads back toward the:

INT. DINING ROOM - PATRICIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

And she isn't prepared for what she finds:

JOCELYN lies motionless on her side. Only the whites of her eyes are visible. Blank pools of white 'staring' upward. A small pool of saliva gathering on the floor beneath her mouth.

Despite the fear and grief washing over her, in that moment she's too confused to scream - instead PATRICIA drops the delivery bags to the ground.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - WILMSLOW POLICE - NIGHT

Frustrated, CASS paces the small space - next to her STEPHEN finishes the last of his water, then tosses the empty bottle.

CASS

This is crazy. There's got to be some way to figure this out.

ESPINOSA

Theoretically it's possible to send a message with an attachment, then have it remove any trace of itself, but it would take someone of incredible skill to do that.

Instead of pressing further, STEPHEN feels the call of nature.

STEPHEN

Sorry, is there a bathroom down here?

DETECTIVE LANDRY  
Around the corner to the right.

STEPHEN  
Thanks I'll be right back.

He walks out of the lab into a:

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - WILMSLOW POLICE - CONTINUOUS

Where he passes beneath a surveillance camera, before turning right into:

INT. SECOND BASEMENT HALLWAY - WILMSLOW POLICE - CONTINUOUS

STEPHEN spots the Men's Room door and pushes it open.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - WILMSLOW POLICE - CONTINUOUS

While CASS continues to question ESPINOSA:

CASS  
Can you find out if someone with  
those kind of skills sent it to my  
Dad?

Before ESPINOSA can answer, the FIRE ALARM SOUNDS.

DETECTIVE LANDRY  
Un-fucking-believable.

They step out into:

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - WILMSLOW POLICE - CONTINUOUS

Where red lights are FLASHING and bells are RINGING.

DETECTIVE LANDRY  
Alright, we've got to go outside.  
(looking around - then to  
CASS)  
We'll meet your Dad out front.

They head toward the illuminated Exit sign in the opposite direction.

Once the door to the stairwell has closed behind them, a closet door opens and GEORGE GREY, carrying a steel briefcase emerges.

He looks down the corridor to make certain he hasn't been observed - then enters:

INT. COMPUTER LAB - CONTINUOUS

Where STEPHEN'S laptop is sitting on the desk unattended. GREY sets his briefcase on the desk and opens it:

A foam cutout. The perfect fit for a laptop.

GREY slides the laptop into place, closes the briefcase and locks it.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

At the sink, STEPHEN hurriedly washes his hands, as the FIRE ALARM continues to RING in the b.g.

He dries his hands, opens the bathroom door and steps out into:

INT. SECOND BASEMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Where SILVER Y. is standing in the middle of the hallway, waiting for him.

STEPHEN

I was in the bathroom, I'm on the way out. You from the fire department?

SILVER Y.

I am not. Any last words?

STEPHEN is understandably confused. A beat passes, before he realizes what's happening.

STEPHEN

Wait.

SILVER Y. is suddenly replaced by a giant Death's Head hawkmoth.

The Death's Head hawkmoth grows LARGER until it takes up the entire end of the hallway. The slow-motion beating of its wings is hypnotic.

STEPHEN'S hands are spasming. He's powerless to prevent the shaking. He looks down at them in disbelief, as his own body betrays him.

The palsy spreads to his arms and legs.

His eyelids flutter as he struggles to remain conscious.

After a valiant effort, he loses the fight and his eyes roll back in his head.

His spasming legs become too wobbly to keep him erect. He drops to his knees, before toppling over, the life draining out of him.

He's dead before his body SLAMS into the concrete floor.

SILVER Y. calmly walks over to him, kneels beside his body and uses his index and forefinger to check STEPHEN'S pulse. Finding nothing, he stands and turns around to find GREY standing quietly.

SILVER Y.

Success?

GREY taps the briefcase and smiles; he examines STEPHEN'S lifeless corpse:

GREY

I think Mister Cotton will be pleased.

EXT. WILMSLOW GENERAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A WAILING siren silence pierces the quiet, as an ambulance comes to a halt outside the Emergency Room.

A small group of ER NURSES race out to meet the ambulance. The rear doors fly open, as JOCELYN is rolled out on a gurney.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The NURSES and PARAMEDICS, followed by PATRICIA, race the gurney toward the:

INT. EMERGENCY EXAM ROOM - NIGHT

Where this time it's PATRICIA who finds herself waiting outside the curtained examination area. She can hear the voices of the medical team only a few feet away:

GABEL (O.S.)

She's gone into v-tac.

ER NURSE (O.S.)  
 Three hundred joules, charging...  
 (beat)  
 ...clear!

GABEL (O.S.)  
 Again!

ER NURSE (O.S.)  
 Clear!

ER NURSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 No response.

GABEL (O.S.)  
 Again!

A passing NURSE sees PATRICIA waiting outside the exam area.

SECOND NURSE  
 I'm sorry, you can't be here.

The NURSE gently takes her by hand, like a dance partner and gently but insistently leads her toward the:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

PATRICIA sits silently, still grappling with JOCELYN'S seizure. The double doors swing open and DR. GABEL enters, scans the room before he finds PATRICIA.

He sits down next to her, offers her a consolatory embrace, then fixes his attention on her - to prepare her for what's coming.

GABEL  
 I'm sorry Pat. She didn't make it.  
 I did everything I could.

PATRICIA  
 I know you did. Thank you.

A long beat, as she pushes down the grief, to articulate the next series of questions.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
 It was a seizure wasn't it?

GABEL  
 Was she epileptic?

PATRICIA  
 No. It was induced.

GABEL

I referred another patient to you,  
last week. His seizure presented  
the same way.

PATRICIA

Stephen. Stephen Berners.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

A small funeral. STEPHEN'S casket lies just below the pulpit, where CASS addresses the assembled MOURNERS (STEPHEN'S BANDMATES among them) - her voice choked with emotion.

CASS

My father was always there for me,  
he taught me to ride a bike, helped  
me with my math homework, I'm no  
good with numbers.

CASS laughs to herself, which in turn elicits a small chuckle from the MOURNERS.

CASS (CONT'D)

Even after my mother died, he  
helped me through a really rough  
period, I really made him suffer, I  
didn't mean to, but I did.

(beat)

But he was always there for me, and  
I'm not sure what I'm going to do  
without him.

She starts to sob. She bravely tries to compose herself and continue the eulogy, but she can't.

The PARISH PRIEST comes to her side, puts a comforting arm around her, and gently leads her back to her seat.

INT. BEDROOM - STEPHEN'S HOUSE - DAY

CASS moves through the room like a ghost. She looks around the room at the furniture, her father's belongings, the finality of his death hits her in waves. The sheer weight of it forces her to sit down, where she begins sobbing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The television's on. CASS scrolls through the menu to distract herself. She finds a program her father had recorded, and was midway through: Secret Programs 1971-2021.

She moves the cursor over the title, and hits 'Play'.

ON SCREEN: A BLOGGER, late 40s, polo shirt, positioned in front of a desk full of monitors, mid-interview:

BLOGGER

... 'The Condon Report', wasn't very thorough, it was sloppy, rushed, and there were dozens of cases they couldn't explain... regardless, 'The Condon Report' essentially closed the Air Force's entire investigation.

(beat)

There was speculation that the 'Condon Report' was deliberate misinformation, a distraction and a way to prevent people from asking questions the Air Force and Pentagon didn't want to answer.

(beat)

Then in a surprising turn of events, a few years later, a new task force was formed...

(beat)

...to investigate the cases that The Condon Report couldn't explain...

Her phone RINGS. She welcomes the interruption and answers the call.

CASS

Hello?

MEHTA

(over phone)

Ms. Berners? Cassandra Berners?

(beat)

I'm Ajit Mehta, your father's attorney.

INT. OFFICE - LAW OFFICES - DAY

CASS sits opposite AJIT MEHTA, handsome, well-dressed, late 30s.

MEHTA

There were some rather unusual circumstances surrounding your father's estate.

CASS can't help herself:

CASS

This is where you tell me he had a  
secret family right?

Unaccustomed to clients with a sense of humor, he's unsure  
how to respond to that. He's a bit flustered:

MEHTA

No, nothing like that.

He slides a stack of documents across the desk, toward CASS.

MEHTA (CONT'D)

The estate is fairly  
straightforward, you were  
designated as the sole heir. I just  
need some signatures from you and  
that's all taken care of.

CASS gives them a quick once-over, then picks up the pen, she  
signs and slides them back to MEHTA.

CASS

What were the 'unusual  
circumstances'?

MEHTA

About a week ago, he added an item  
to the estate...

MEHTA reads an invoice:

MEHTA (CONT'D)

... a storage unit, at... U-Store  
It, in D.C.

He slides the invoice across the desk to CASS as well.

CASS

So I'm now the proud owner of the  
contents of a storage unit.

MEHTA

The day he died I received a rather  
unusual phone call from him.

CASS

When did he call?

MEHTA

It was late in the day.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:



From the front seat of the car, CASS watches her father standing outside PATRICIA'S office on the phone, making a call.

END FLASHBACK.

MEHTA (CONT'D)

And he told me quite specifically  
that if something happened to him,  
it was imperative that you examine  
the contents of the storage unit  
with a...

He digs through some papers in a file, before:

MEHTA (CONT'D)

... Doctor Patricia Early.

EXT. TIDAL BASIN - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

CLOSE - TREES: Beautiful pink cherry blossoms.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: An eruption of pink, as the cherry blossom trees along the reservoir are in full glorious bloom. The Jefferson Memorial faintly visible in the b.g.

PATRICIA is on a bench, staring into the reservoir, when she can hear footsteps approaching. When she looks up, she's surprised to find CASS standing next to her.

CASS

Doc, you're a hard woman to track  
down.

PATRICIA

Patricia or Pat are fine.

CASS

I'm going to stick with 'Doc'.

(beat)

Listen, I'm sorry about Jocelyn.

The mere mention of her name is like a blow. PATRICIA flinches, almost imperceptibly; even in her grief, she remains relatively stoic.

PATRICIA

I was sleeping with my assistant,  
I'm a walking cliché.

CASS

Hey, I don't know you that well,  
but the only thing that's really  
important is if you made each other  
happy.

PATRICIA

I thought we were happy, the night  
she died, we were talking about  
moving in together, she was  
reluctant, I think she wanted to  
hold onto her place, in case things  
with us didn't work out.

(beat)

I'm a therapist for goodness sake,  
I should've seen that coming, how  
could I not spot someone with  
intimacy issues?

She laughs bitterly - eager to change the subject.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

I heard about your father, I'm  
sorry.

CASS

That's kind of why I wanted to talk  
to you.

PATRICIA

That's perfectly normal. I'd be  
happy to talk you in the office or  
more informally if...

CASS

(cutting her off)

No Doc. I need you to take a ride  
with me.

EXT. ROAD - WASHINGTON D.C. - LATER

The remote outskirts of D.C., the landscape dotted with  
abandoned buildings and vacant lots.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

CASS is focused on the road, while PATRICIA takes in their  
increasingly grim surroundings.

PATRICIA

Where exactly are we going?

CASS

My Dad knew something bad was about to happen, and that after he was gone, I'd have a lot of questions.

PATRICIA

Our sessions are privileged.

CASS

My Dad is dead. He wanted us, you and me, to figure out why. So fuck your client-patient privilege.

PATRICIA hesitates, before finally relenting:

PATRICIA

I hypnotized him, tried to recover the memories of what happened to him during those missing three days.

(a beat as she remembers the session)

He didn't want any traces of his 'research' out there, even conversations about it, he insisted that I even delete the recordings of our sessions.

CASS

Did you?

PATRICIA

He didn't really go into detail about what he saw... it involved moths...

(as she remembers the session)

...but he knew something, something someone was willing to kill to keep secret.

CASS

Did you erase them?

PATRICIA

At the time, I thought he was just being paranoid, but I did as he asked.

(a beat)

I didn't realize how much danger he was in, that we're all in, and Jocelyn was the one who paid the price.

PATRICIA is fighting back the guilt and grief welling up in her.

CASS

There's no way you could've known.  
But I think he left us a clue,  
about who did this to him, to  
Jocelyn. That's where we're going.

PATRICIA is still confused, but lets that answer suffice for the time being.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE U-STORE IT - NIGHT

CASS' car stops on the street just outside the storage facility. CASS and PATRICIA step out of the car and take in the decrepit, largely abandoned neighborhood.

The facility itself is bordered by large vacant lots. If something were to happen here, there wouldn't be any witnesses...

EXT. U-STORE IT - NIGHT

CASS and PATRICIA pass through the open gate, and enter the facility itself. Bleak. Rows of cinder block storage units - each unit with a roll-up, corrugated steel door.

PATRICIA looks around, finally spotting the office behind them.

PATRICIA

I'm sure they can open it up for  
us.

INT. OFFICE - U-STORE IT - NIGHT

Just as bleak as the rest of the storage facility. A messy, office lit by a single, malfunctioning fluorescent lamp.

Sitting behind the office's lone desk is the manager, JUNIOR, mid 40s, rail thin, engrossed in something on the screen of an ancient PC:

The familiar layout of the **Content** site. A series of dubious looking stories, each more outrageous than the last scrolls down the screen.

He hears the CHIME above the door as CASS and PATRICIA enter, but doesn't bother to look up from the computer screen.

CASS and PATRICIA exchange a disbelieving look between them.

PATRICIA  
Excuse me, sir?

JUNIOR  
We're about to expose them, then  
we're going to win.

For a brief moment, the normally unflappable PATRICIA looks at CASS incredulously - unable to comprehend what she's hearing - before regaining her composure.

PATRICIA  
I'm sorry, I'm not quite sure what  
you mean by that.

JUNIOR  
The true believers, they're going  
to expose the lizard people running  
the world.

PATRICIA  
Nothing that you just said is even  
remotely true.

JUNIOR, still fixated on the monitor:

JUNIOR  
Says so right here.

PATRICIA  
(changing the subject)  
Setting aside the non-existent  
credibility of Content  
conspiracies, we need some help  
getting into a unit.

When JUNIOR finally looks up sees two attractive women at the desk, and immediately gives them his undivided attention.

JUNIOR  
Well hello there. You need help  
getting into a unit?

CASS  
My Dad just passed away, he had a  
storage facility here. I need to  
get inside.

JUNIOR  
Well I'm sorry to hear that  
darlin', I just need to see some ID

CASS reaches into her jacket, removes an invoice and ID and sets them on the counter. JUNIOR examines them closely and then with an attempt at a sleazy variety of charm:

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
Cassandra. Pretty name, for a pretty lady.

PATRICIA rolls her eyes, while CASSANDRA just ignores it and propels the conversation forward:

CASS  
My Dad's name was Stephen Berners.

JUNIOR turns, pulls up the record on his computer.

JUNIOR  
Yeah, unit three forty-seven.

There's a cabinet next to the desk, he opens it and it's full of keys. He searches for #347, removes the duplicate.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
Here we go.

He hands the key to CASS.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
It's second row to the left. You two need me to open that up for you? Those doors are pretty heavy.

CASS  
Thanks, but I think we'll manage.

EXT. U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

They descend the stairs from the office.

CASS  
He was a piece of work.

PATRICIA  
Not the term I'd use...  
(then smiling)  
...but that works too.

Then walk down the rows of units. There's virtually no noise from traffic, just their shoes echoing on the asphalt.

They turn a corner into:

EXT. SECOND ROW OF UNITS - U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

Where they scan the numbers on the units until CASS comes to a stop:

CASS  
Here it is.

She inserts the key into the lock, it turns with a satisfying CLICK. PATRICIA reaches down and slides the roll-up door just above their heads. It's dark.

CASS reaches into her pocket and removes a pair of small flashlights. She hands one to PATRICIA.

PATRICIA  
(smiling)  
You came prepared.

They turn on the flashlights and point them at the interior of the unit:

Where their beams play across a few boxes, a portable document shredder - a desk and lamp squeezed into a corner. They step in:

INT. STORAGE UNIT #347 - U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

PATRICIA opens one of the boxes - while CASS sits down at the desk and turns on the lamp.

PATRICIA  
These are shipping records.

CASS looks down at the desktop, there is a letter with CASSANDRA written across the front. She opens it, finds a letter in her father's neat handwriting.

While PATRICIA searches through records, CASS reads the letter to herself:

STEPHEN (V.O.)  
My dearest Cassie, if you're  
reading this letter then this means  
that my worst fears have come to  
pass...  
(beat)  
I believe the people responsible  
are connected to an obscure  
Pentagon agency, formed after the  
unsatisfactory conclusion of an  
infamous Air Force investigation...  
(beat)  
(MORE)

STEPHEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...complete with an appropriately  
 Orwellian name: the 'Atypical  
 Threat Research Group'...

CASSANDRA feels her eyes welling up with tears as she reads,  
 imagining STEPHEN is standing in front of her:

STEPHEN  
 I've left documents detailing how  
 Cambridge was awarded a secret no-  
 bid contract from A.T.R.G., to ship  
 equipment to a company called  
 Vanguard.

(beat)  
 Hopefully Doctor Early's with you,  
 I think she can provide some  
 insight into how my seizure,  
 A.T.R.G., Cambridge, and the  
 shipper are all connected.

(beat)  
 The people that did this to me are  
 obviously dangerous, and if you two  
 decide to keep investigating this,  
 you'll make yourselves targets.

(beat)  
 And if you do, the days ahead of  
 you are going to be difficult, but  
 I know that you have the strength  
 of character to meet these new  
 challenges with equanimity, grace  
 and your 'unusual' sense of humor,  
 which I'm now convinced you also  
 got from your mother.

(beat)  
 I leave you with two things: my  
 love, and a strange phrase I came  
 across in my research...

(beat)  
 'Here Come The Warm Jets'.

STEPHEN disappears like a ghost. The tears are pouring down  
 CASS' cheeks.

She doesn't want PATRICIA to see her cry. She's busy wiping  
 away tears when:

PATRICIA  
 (re: documents)  
 If I'm reading these right...

CASS turns to face her, tears dried. PATRICIA notices, but  
 pretends not to.



PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
...there's definitely a pattern  
here...

INT. OFFICE - U-STORE IT - NIGHT

JUNIOR'S still engrossed in his Content 'news' feed. The door CHIMES again, he looks up expecting to see CASS and PATRICIA - but instead finds GREY and SILVER Y. standing at the desk, fake smiles plastered on their faces.

JUNIOR emphatically points to his screen:

JUNIOR  
The damn lizard people. We're  
coming for them.

GREY and SILVER Y. still smile broadly, then nod in acknowledgment.

GREY  
And not a moment too soon.

JUNIOR leans in closer and says:

JUNIOR  
"Where we go one, we go all."

SILVER Y. and GREY exchange a smile, then nod in agreement. Convinced that he's talking to two 'like-minded' individuals, JUNIOR becomes more solicitous.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
What can I do for you gentlemen?

GREY  
What are your rules about storing  
hazardous materials on site?

JUNIOR  
Well officially, you can't store  
anything flammable or toxic here...  
(a bit quieter)  
...but between you me and the  
walls, people keep some weird shit  
here.

He leans in closer.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)  
(in a hushed tone)  
And for a small fee, I can be  
persuaded not to ask questions.

GREY

Excellent.

GREY removes a bound stack of \$100 bills, sets it on the counter and slides them toward JUNIOR.

GREY (CONT'D)

Would this 'persuade' you to tell  
us specifically which of these  
units have flammable materials?

JUNIOR picks up the stack of \$100 bills and examines it, feels the weight. He makes a show of considering:

JUNIOR

This is good, but another one would  
be even more persuasive.

GREY and SILVER Y. exchange an amused look. GREY reaches into his pocket and produces another stack.

GREY

How this?

JUNIOR takes it and stuffs it into his pocket.

JUNIOR

That'll do it.  
(genuinely searching his  
memory)  
Try three-oh-seven. You need the  
key?

GREY

No, we'll manage.

They turn to leave, but just before they reach the door - SILVER Y. stops and turns back to JUNIOR.

SILVER Y.

If I may, you seem remarkably  
incurious about two strangers who  
walk into your office, inquiring  
about flammable materials.

(a beat)

We could be anyone, undercover  
police...

(beat)

...even 'Deep State'.

JUNIOR gives them a quick once over:

JUNIOR

I know 'Deep State' when I see it.  
You ain't it. Can't fool me. And  
you just paid me twenty large not  
to ask questions, so I'm not asking  
questions.

GREY

And we appreciate your discretion.

JUNIOR doesn't notice GREY putting in earplugs.

SILVER Y.

I want to show you a new, top-  
secret 'drop'.

Which piques JUNIOR'S curiosity:

SILVER Y. (CONT'D)

Something every digital warrior  
should see.

EXT. OFFICE - U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

There is a BLAST of the strange discordant NOISE; followed  
moments later by the sound of ROY'S body hitting the floor  
(o.s.).

The door opens and GREY and SILVER Y. emerge from the office.  
GREY removes his earplugs as they walk toward the first row  
of storage units.

At unit #307, GREY reaches down, grabs the door handle and  
JERKS the door free, the industrial lock snapping in two like  
a twig. The open door REVEALS:

A dozen industrial-sized drums marked 'Flammable' in bold,  
block letters.

EXT. U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

GREY and SILVER Y. have positioned the four drums in the  
center of the driveway.

GREY grabs one of the drums, and grips it tightly. As he  
does, the metal drum heats up, its outer skin glowing red...

INT. STORAGE UNIT #347 - U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

At the desk, PATRICIA combs through a stack of papers:

PATRICIA

Your father was very 'detail-oriented'.

CASS

I would've gone with anal, but continue.

PATRICIA

He found a group of large shipments from London, Singapore, San Francisco, one to Baltimore, sent by A.T.R.G., but never invoiced...

CASS

Accounting discrepancies drove Dad crazy.

PATRICIA

The contact on all these shipments was 'Benjamin Eastman', the same...

CASS

...motherfucker that sent the message to my Dad that induced the seizure.

EXT. U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

The main driveway. SILVER Y. is behind the wheel of their car, GREY climbs into the passenger seat.

EXTREME CLOSE - DRUM: The drum is now super-heated, throwing off sparks, seconds before...

It EXPLODES. Tongues of flame lash out at the other drums, setting off a chain reaction of EXPLOSIONS...

FLAMES RACE up the storage unit doors, inside the units.

SILVER Y. and GREY drive off, disappearing behind a wall of fire, just as:

One of the storage units EXPLODES, throwing debris into the air. The fire leaps from unit to unit - from the first row to the...

EXT. SECOND ROW OF UNITS - U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

Where the flames spread rapidly.

INT. STORAGE UNIT #347 - U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

PATRICIA looks down, and sees thin wisps of black smoke snaking under the door. She holds her hand over the metal door and feels the heat coming off it.

PATRICIA  
We have to get out here!  
(re: the door)  
And not that way.

CASS looks around at the piles of boxes.

CASS  
We have to take this with us.

The small unit is quickly filling up with smoke.

PATRICIA  
No time.

Ignoring her, CASS loads her arms with boxes.

CASS  
He wanted me to have this.

PATRICIA gently eases the boxes back onto the table.

PATRICIA  
CASS. He didn't want you to die for  
it.

She looks around the room, scanning for egress: In the corner, there's a vent, just below the ceiling.

PATRICIA quickly slides the desk chair underneath the vent, climbs up and pries the grate open.

She throws the grate CLATTERING to the ground and peers into the vent: Small. Claustrophobic.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
It's going to be a tight fit...

As the room fills with smoke...

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
...but we don't have much choice.

PATRICIA climbs into the vent. She calls back to CASS, her voice echoing in the vent.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Come on!

CASS struggles to breathe.

CASS  
Right behind you.

CASS climbs onto the chair, hoisting herself into the:

INT. VENT - CONTINUOUS

That is filling up smoke and heating up. CASS can feel the sides of the vent heating up.

CASS  
In another couple minutes we're going to be roasted.

PATRICIA scrambles forward, hand over hand. She pauses to look ahead of her, searching for the exit: Moonlight shining through, 5 meters of ahead of them.

PATRICIA  
Almost there.

She quickens the pace, finally reaching the grate. She punches it once, twice - it gives, but not enough.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
Can't open it.

CASS looks back, and can see the glow of the flames approaching.

CASS  
We're not going to make it.

PATRICIA punches at the grate with all her remaining strength and on the third punch, the grate gives way. She launches herself forward and falls:

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

Into the soft, recently unfrozen ground of the neighboring vacant lot.

INT. VENT - CONTINUOUS

Where CASS is almost at the opening when...her jeans snagged on a loose rivet head.

She tries to move forward, but she can't.

CASS

Fuck!

It's a small space, but CASS twists her body enough to be able to get a look behind her to find flames and smoke are creeping towards her.

She turns to face front - PATRICIA appears at the opening and reaches up into the vent.

PATRICIA

Grab my hands!

CASS reaches out and grabs PATRICIA'S forearms.

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

PATRICIA pulls back with all her might.

INT. VENT - CONTINUOUS

The fire and smoke are at CASS' heels. She moves forward by inches, her jeans still snagged on the rivet, until...

...the leg of her jeans rip...freeing her, she slides forward, falling...

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

...onto the ground. Just as flames shoot out of the vent.

PATRICIA helps CASS to her feet. They back away, but keep their eyes on the conflagration in front of them.

The entire storage facility is ablaze. The fire punctuated by the occasional explosion.

They take a few more cautious steps backward.

CASS

Holy shit.

PATRICIA

We got out just in time.

CASS

You got us out, just in time.  
(smiling with  
appreciation)  
Not bad Doc, not bad.

Silently, they bond over their brush with fiery death. In the distance, the night comes to life with the sound of approaching SIRENS from police and firemen.

CASS struggles to her feet.

CASS (CONT'D)  
But right now, I think this might  
be a good time to get the fuck out  
of Dodge.

CASS takes PATRICIA by the arm and surreptitiously walks them past the blackened, smoldering destruction around them.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE U-STORE IT - CONTINUOUS

Frightened and (understandably) paranoid, they move quickly down the street, casting glances around them to make certain their escape isn't being observed - despite the fact there aren't any people around.

Satisfied they haven't been seen, they climb into:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

PATRICIA buckles up, while CASS quickly starts the car, and drives it down the street, away from the conflagration. The POLICE, FIREMEN and PARAMEDICS arriving on the scene are too preoccupied to notice them fleeing.

PATRICIA  
I'm not a huge fan of the police...

PATRICIA glances back at the conflagration behind them:

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
... but we just fled the scene of a  
crime.

CASS keeps her eyes on the road:

CASS  
They won't be looking for us.  
(beat)  
This ain't exactly a safe  
neighborhood, they'll just call it  
arson and be done with it. Cops  
like 'easy'.

A beat as PATRICIA considers the possibly. Eventually she reluctantly nods in agreement, before offering:



PATRICIA

But clearly, this wasn't an accident.

CASS

No fucking way.

(beat)

On the bright side, if Eastman did this, and he thinks we're dead, he won't be looking for us, that gives us room to maneuver, investigate him, his people.

(a beat)

My Dad used to say "Cassie, everything happens for a reason", but the last week, all of it, seriously man, what the fuck, fuck.

(on PATRICIA'S reaction)

Sorry. I swear. A lot.

PATRICIA

You take great pleasure in swearing's transgressive nature, but I'll save a deeper analysis for another time.

CASS

Can't fucking wait.

Realizes what she just said, chuckles. PATRICIA'S still focused on their predicament:

PATRICIA

The cops may like 'easy', but they'll do forensics at the scene, probably have to use DNA or dental records to identify Junior, and the bodies of anyone else back there.

(beat)

And if Eastman somehow gets his hands on the police report, he'll know they didn't find our bodies.

CASS nods as the realization hits her.

CASS

I didn't think of that.

PATRICIA

So eventually he and his people will come after us again.

(beat)

While we're busy trying to understand the elephant.

Confusion plays across CASS' face, by way of explanation:

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
 Ancient India. Four blind men come  
 across an elephant.  
 (beat)  
 They touch it. Each of them feeling  
 a different part of the elephant,  
 the ear, the trunk. But since  
 they're only touching a part of it,  
 they don't really get a true sense  
 of what it is.

On CASS' continued confused expression, PATRICIA elaborates:

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
 The induced seizures, A.T.R.G.,  
 Eastman, Vanguard...

EXT. COTTON ESTATE - NIGHT

A McMansion set on several sprawling acres of the Virginia countryside. GREY'S car is parked out front.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 ...we're only seeing small parts of  
 something much larger.

INT. STUDY - COTTON ESTATE - NIGHT

A narrow two-story room, lined with first editions. Francis Bacon's terrifying 'Study after Velazquez's Portrait of Pope Innocent X' hangs on a far wall.

The sounds of Vivaldi's 'Cessate, omai cessate' plays in the b.g.

MYLES COTTON, mid 60's, bespoke suit, his amorality lurking behind a facade of civility and refinement - stands framed against the Francis Bacon painting.

Across from him are GREY and SILVER Y; seated, sipping cups of tea.

SILVER Y.  
 This Oolong is excellent.

COTTON  
(to SILVER Y.)  
From a specialty store in  
Singapore, I'll give you a box to  
take with you and I must apologize  
for...  
(as if he's just smelled  
something unpleasant)  
...having to bring you in through  
Baltimore, vermin infested  
nightmare, I don't know how people  
live there.

SILVER Y.  
A minor inconvenience.

COTTON  
And thank you for coming out here,  
in person, to debrief me, you know  
how they...  
(beat - reluctant to speak  
the names aloud)  
...dislike paper or digital trails.

GREY stops drinking his tea, and sets down his cup to  
respond:

GREY  
It's my pleasure to report we've  
eliminated anyone who could  
possibly 'connect the dots'.

They all smile in unison. The effect is unsettling.

EXT. COTTON ESTATE - LATER

COTTON watches SILVER Y. and GREY walk towards his car (empty-  
handed). Moments later, GREY'S car drives off the grounds,  
and into the night.

INT. STUDY - COTTON ESTATE - LATER

Vivaldi still playing in the b.g., cup of tea in hand, COTTON  
stands in front of a section of the bookcase, removes a large  
hardcover: "In Plain Sight" by Ross Coulthart

Then presses a button above the shelf. The section of  
bookcase swings away from the wall, revealing a door that  
opens into:

INT. SECRET ROOM - COTTON ESTATE - NIGHT

A dark, windowless room. COTTON enters, hits the light switch. The overhead fluorescents reluctantly flicker to life.

There is a lone table with a single chair. On top of the table is a heavy black device: The QUANTUM CRYPTOGRAPH. It looks like a cross between a PC and an old IBM Selectric.

COTTON carefully sets down his cup of tea, sits down and starts typing.

His fingers quickly tap out words. His pinkie finger hovers over what appears to be the 'Return' key, before finally pressing it.

On the monitor: Three separate lines of electric blue nonsensical words appear - slowly transforming into:

'Message Received. Your attention to detail is greatly appreciated. Please proceed as planned.'

The words float ominously in the inky blackness of the monitor, before vanishing like the cube in a magic 8-ball.

Just as the words disappear, the Q.C. begins to VIBRATE.

The VIBRATIONS grow faster, until the device itself begins to BLUR, before vanishing into thin air, right before our eyes.

COTTON sits, non-plussed, staring into the middle-distance, sipping his tea absent-mindedly when he suddenly remembers:

COTTON  
Mr. Silver forgot his Oolong.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

CASS still focused on the road, checking the rearview for POLICE. PATRICIA thinking out loud:

PATRICIA  
Thanks to your father, we know a few things. Enough to get started at least...  
(beat)  
...but before we can really 'see' the elephant, we have to understand the different parts and how they might fit together, by answering some basic questions...

EXT. VANGUARD - NIGHT

Clearing in a pine forest. Still winter here, ground covered with a dusting of snow. Incongruous in this bucolic scene: A red metal cube, seven stories high.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
...What is the 'A.T.R.G', exactly?

INT. SECONDARY ACCESS - VANGUARD - CONTINUOUS

An empty cavernous space, bathed in a reddish glow. No windows. No doors. The lone decoration, a painted square in the middle of the room:

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
What's its relationship to  
Vanguard?

A scientist waits in the middle of the room. BENJAMIN EASTMAN: Caucasian, Caesar-cut, middle-aged tech bro. A hoodie and boyish face give him a deceptively youthful appearance.

You'd expect him to have a smug resting bastard face - but his expression is respectful, almost reverent - like a parishioner awaiting communion.

He stands outside the marked square. He whispers a word. We can't hear what it is...

A beat. A familiar HUM fills the space, as a large, featureless red metal cube appears in the center of the square.

A seam appears on the surface of the cube. A door.

The door opens with a HISS. EASTMAN steps in. The door closes behind him.

The cube HUMS, then disappears, just as suddenly and mysteriously as it first appeared.

INT. METAL CUBE - VANGUARD - CONTINUOUS

EASTMAN stands quietly.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
What are they building?

Almost instantaneously, the doors open again, this time into the:

INT. TERTIARY ACCESS - VANGUARD - NIGHT

An almost identical space, but this one filled with violet light. Deathly quiet. EASTMAN walks across the space, his steps ECHOING on the floor, toward...

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
What's so valuable that they're  
willing to commit murder, to keep  
it a secret?

...the room's only door: Heavy-duty. Vault-like.

EASTMAN approaches a wall-mounted computer panel. Same technology as the QUANTUM CRYPTOGRAPH, simultaneously advanced and retro.

He closes his eyes and concentrates, as if praying.

In response, a stream of alpha-numeric data cascades down the panel display.

CASS (V.O.)  
The last thing my Dad mentioned,  
was this weird phrase..."Here Come  
The Warm Jets".  
(beat)  
What's that even mean?

The heavy-duty vault door slides open, a bright white light spills out; but before we can see the wonders contained therein, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT