

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

A BLACK SCREEN.

Words are typed onto it - fast. ONLINE CHAT.

The conversation is date and time-stamped: **MAY 17, 2015.**

--[hesiod] > **it's ready**

A moment's pause... before rapid-fire replies ping back underneath. It's a secret chat group, minimalist design, no graphics, highly technical, hidden deep within the dark web..

-- [defectivepurple] [hesiod] >**HELL yeh**

-- [ololturth] [hesiod] >**been waitin 4 too long h. do it**

-- [7helleven] [hesiod] >**change the world h**

-- [everythingends] [hesiod] >**fly my pretties fly!**

-- [mr_Mr] [hesiod] >**TEAR IT ALL DOWN DADDY**

-- [cRyPtLicKa] [hesiod] >**i call bullshit. FRAUD**

-- [kenjizerozero] [hesiod] >**yesyesyesyesyes blow it all open baybeee**

-- [ubermunschies] [hesiod] >**NO. Think abt the chaos.**

-- [7helleven] [ubermunschies] >**dude the chaos is the POINT**

Another long pause. Then more words tap onto the screen:

--[hesiod] > **say goodbye to the world you knew**

We see more words pop up - not a reply, a reported action:

02:16:01 05-17-2015 [hesiod] uploaded file: pandora_320.34

TITLES BEGIN OVER:

We push into the period between the numbers until it fills the screen, becoming a PULSING PURPLE DOT on a...

DIGITIZED GLOBE, spinning slowly. The one pulsing purple dot on the East Coast of America.

But now: a LINE emerges from the dot and creates a new dot nearby, a new point of INFECTION. And another. And another, a little cluster on the Eastern Seaboard.

Now a line creeps across to the West Coast, creates a new dot there. Now a line shoots out of one of the secondary dots ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, landing in Southern ENGLAND, creating the first dot outside the US. Lines slowly emerge from EVERY SECONDARY, reaching around the world, infecting, spreading...

1

EXT. FLORIDA EVERGLADES - SUNSET

1

Pink sky turning purple as the sun dips below the horizon. A remote, swampy lake system, thrumming with life.

TITLE: **PRESENT DAY**

A LIVE CRAWFISH crawls down a YOUNG WOMAN'S ARM, towards her wrist, as she turns her palm to receive it...

A SMALL ONE-ENGINE OPEN BOAT, engine off, holds the YOUNG WOMAN, and a MAN hauling crawfish traps up into the boat. Inspects the haul. Sees her playing with the rogue crawfish.

She is PEN KINNEY, late 20s. A taut blank, a mystery. An inexpressive face and flat stare give nothing away. We sense damage, deeply suppressed. Scruffy gear, cap, suitable for fishing. She looks up - face remaining impassive.

GARRETT GRAYLING is early 30s, as relaxed as Pen isn't. Threadbare T-shirt, trucker hat, beard - but it's all sincere. No hipster appropriation here. Old-world gentility, easy warm humor.

GARRETT

I've told you... you're asking for a nip.

(pinching air)

Get him behind the claws.

Pen speaks in a detached tone. Betrays little emotion.

PEN

He was on the outside of the trap. Like he was trying to get in.

(beat, looking)

He seems big.

GARRETT

... Nowadays, I guess he is.

(beat)

If you like him, bring him back. We can put him in that old tank.

A short, small smile from Pen before she looks back at the crawfish. She opens the hatch to a trap, drops him in.

PEN

He should be with his family.

2

INT. CABIN, FLORIDA - DUSK

2

CRAWFISH bounce in boiling water on the stove. GARRETT, a little cleaned up, starts to fish them out. The cabin is truly rustic, but comfortable.

PEN gets beers out of a refrigerator, pops them.

GARRETT

You just posted a new P.B.
(shows his watch)
Seven hours unplugged.

PEN

... I didn't even notice.

She passes him a beer. Clinks, they swig.

PEN (CONT'D)

Guess I should check in.

GARRETT

Do your thing.

She heads through a door.

3

INT. CABIN, PEN'S STUDY, FLORIDA - CONTINUOUS

3

PEN enters - the little room has been jury-rigged as a one-woman NERVE CENTRE. Incongruous in this remote cabin. Masses of COMPUTER EQUIPMENT, cables everywhere. Towers, routers, two huge monitors. A TV too. All on standby. Pen touches buttons, everything wakes up.

ON THE TV: cable news, ON MUTE. A breaking corporate scandal. Pen doesn't pay attention.

ON ONE MONITOR: a LIVE GLOBAL MAP of CYBER-INTRUSIONS - arcing, colored beams firing from origin country to target country. Hundreds of attacks a second (map.norsecorp.com). A table shows scrolling lists of data, impenetrable.

ON ANOTHER MONITOR: Pen checks a SECURE MAIL CLIENT. A few new messages, subject lines like: "cybersecurity question" and "International Journal of Applied Cryptography: RENEW".

She scans them, disinterested. Picks up her cellphone, wakes it up - 3 VOICEMAILS. She starts listening to them.

MESSAGE 1 (V.O.)

(nerdy, midwest)

Hey, Miss Kinney, Greg Lobdell again, from WireStar West. Listen, thanks for sending over the patch for the vulnerability you found in our system. Thing is, our network engineer is... well. We're a small-town firm. Could you maybe walk him through the install on the phone-

Pen listens, bored, when her eyes drift up to the TV. Something about the news report ARRESTS her.

ON THE TV: a scrolling STRAP reads "... 150,000 CONFIDENTIAL FILES LEAKED IN SUSPECTED HACK of CANOPY WORLDWIDE..."

Pen kills the message, grabs the remote, unmutes.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
... insiders say the logistics giant is facing an 'existential crisis' after the massive leak of confidential files, which appear to show widespread internal corruption, implicating a number of the firm's directors. Doug Chang is at their Manhattan headquarters - Doug, what's the mood like there?

Pen slowly stands, watches. QUIETLY SHOCKED. She watches a second longer, thinks... then snatches up her phone again, hurriedly dials a number.

RECORDED VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
You have reached the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If this is an emergency, please hang up and dial 911. Please hold while you are transferred to the next available representative. This call may be recorded or monitored.

ON TV: a REPORTER in a throng outside a Manhattan skyscraper.

REPORTER (DOUG CHANG)
(ON TV)
In a word, Rachel - chaos. Canopy have been blind-sided by this hack - this is a company that, until today, has enjoyed an industry-best cybersecurity record. Their CTO...

We hear a ringtone - then:

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
how may I direct your call?

Pen mutes the TV again so she can speak. Though her voice and face are always measured - there's URGENCY underneath.

PEN
Cyber Division. Supervisory Special Agent Ransford Adams. My name's Pen Kinney.

VOICE ON PHONE (V.O.)
One moment, please.

FBI CYBER AGENT (V.O.)
... Cyber.

PEN
Is Agent Adams available?

FBI CYBER AGENT (V.O.)
 He's home for the night. Ms...
 Kinney, is it? May I ask what
 capacity you're calling in?

PEN
 I'm an independent information
 security consultant. Your
 department commissioned a paper
 from me a couple of years ago. I
 need to speak with Adams. It's
 urgent.

FBI CYBER AGENT (V.O.)
 You can discuss it with me.

PEN
 ... No. It has to be him.

FBI CYBER AGENT (V.O.)
 Ma'am, you understand, I can't
 connect you with the S.S.A. without
 knowing what it's regarding.

PEN
 ... Okay. Forget it.

She hangs up. Thinking.

4

EXT. CABIN PORCH/DECK - DUSK

4

GARRETT is fixing a broken crawfish trap. PEN walks slowly
 out. Mind working overtime. Garrett sees.

GARRETT
 You okay?

PEN
 That thing I was worried would
 happen... it just happened.

Garrett stands. He knows this is big.

PEN (CONT'D)
 It's sooner than I expected - but
 it proves my model.
 (beat, disbelief)
 Shit. I have to go to D.C. Make my
 guy listen.

Garrett nods, grave. Expects it, but doesn't want to hear it.

GARRETT
 ... I'll come with. We'll do the
 thing with the monument.

He mimes the "finger on the needle" photo everyone does. But Pen looks at him flatly, awkwardly. He raises his eyebrows - never seen her quite this distracted before.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You sure you're okay?

PEN

I'm going alone. Get it over with.
And come back.

Garrett understands. He nods.

GARRETT

When?

PEN

Next flight's in the morning.

Beat. Garrett nods, processing all that.

GARRETT

Then we'd better make a damn night
of it.

5 **EXT. CABIN JETTY, FLORIDA - DUSK**

5

The rickety cabin juts out over the lake. A jetty leads down to the tied boat. The only building in sight. Cicadas throb, fireflies wheel, lake water frisks the cabin's stilts.

PEN and GARRETT sit in deck chairs, eating the crawfish with lemon, butter, hot sauce. Bliss.

6 **EXT. CABIN PORCH/DECK - DUSK/NIGHT**

6

Darker. Lamps lit. PEN and GARRETT recline on a swing seat, looking out at the water, sharing a cigarette, fresh beers.

PEN

It's funny.

GARRETT

What is?

PEN

This feeling. I can't remember not
wanting to leave a place before.

GARRETT

That's not funny. That's super sad.

PEN

(blankly, like she doesn't
know the difference)
Oh. Right.

Concerned, protective, he puts his face in her hair.

7 **INT. CABIN, BEDROOM - NIGHT**

7

PEN and GARRETT finish having sex, she on him, both sitting up, clinging to each other with something like desperation. She presses her forehead hard against his.

PEN
 (whispers)
 I need you to do something for me
 while I'm gone.

8 **EXT. CABIN - DAY**

8

Morning over the everglades. The sound of a PRINTER.

9 **INT. CABIN, PEN'S STUDY - DAY**

9

The PRINTER is spitting out page after page of some kind of REPORT with graphs, tables etc.

PEN is wearing her best jeans, a smart shirt. Hair up. She takes a SUIT JACKET from a closet, dusts it off - rarely worn. Shrugs it on. Feels uncomfortable. Her feet still in battered sneakers though - smart as she gets. Looks in the mirror - flat stare. Whatever. Goes to the computer.

Her fingers fly on the keyboard - shutting down programs. Brings up a DRIVE ERASER program. Clicks through, setting up an 'Erasure Schedule'. "ERASE ALL DATA".

Onscreen: "CONFIRM", "ARE YOU SURE?", "ALL DATA WILL BE PERMANENTLY ERASED". Pen turns - the printer has STOPPED.

Pen clicks the final "Confirm". Grabs the print-out, files it in a binder, puts it in a heavy, bright-orange PRO HIKING RUCKSACK with several others.

GARRETT appears in the doorway. Dressed. T-shirt, ripped jeans. He raises an eyebrow at her smartish outfit.

GARRETT
 Alright. City slicker. You all set?

PEN
 All set. When you see blue screens,
 you're good to go.

10 **EXT. EVERGLADES, HIGHWAY 41 - DAY**

10

GARRETT's beat-up TRUCK flies along.

11 **INT. GARRETT'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS**

11

GARRETT driving. PEN looking out the window.

The RUCKSACK is on the seat between them. She's resting a protective hand on it. Garrett glances over, sees. Puts a hand on top of hers.

12 INT. GARRETT'S TRUCK / EXT. FORT LAUDERDALE AIRPORT - DAY 12

GARRETT parks. Starts to get out. She puts a hand on his.

PEN

Garrett.

She shakes her head. She doesn't want him to come in. He knows not to push it. She leans over, kisses him passionately. He breaks it off but holds her head close.

GARRETT

I'll see you soon. Right?

They look at each other. She nods. Both want to believe it. Neither quite does. He doesn't let her go. He's intense.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

... Don't let it pull you back down. Promise me.

She nods, gets out, with her rucksack. Pulls another small CASE from the back - heads for the terminal.

Garrett watches her go, uncertain. Clearly not sure if he will see her soon. Or ever. To displace his churning feelings, he GUNS the truck, pulls it out, TOO FAST.

-- Pen turns to see him burn out of the lot. Heads inside.

13 INT. CABIN, PEN'S STUDY - DAY 13

PEN's dark nerve centre - all the monitors show BLANK BLUE SCREENS. We slowly pull out and away from them...

We hear the sound of the TRUCK pulling up, the door opening, someone entering the cabin. GARRETT. He's CRUSHED. But he agreed to do something for her. He stands in the doorway, looking in at the BLUE SCREENS.

14 EXT. EVERGLADES, LAKE - DAY 14

GARRETT pilots his boat out to a deserted corner of the lake system. Not a soul around. We move down to see - the DRIVES AND TOWERS from Pen's study in the boat. Two LAPTOPS as well. All in a net.

Garrett stops the boat, kills the outboard. Hauls the net up, and over into the water. He watches the computers sink below the green surface of the swampy water.

ACT II

15 EXT. OLD STREET, EAST LONDON, UNITED KINGDOM - DAY 15

TITLE: LONDON, UK.

The hip, buzzy, semi-shabby "Silicon Roundabout", tech start-ups and cool bars clustered with kebab shops. We find a modern apartment block...

CHRIS (V.O.)
(murmured to himself)
You make good choices.

16

INT. BATHROOM, CHRIS'S FLAT - DAY

16

Small but new, smart. The mirror - CHRIS WAVERLEY's head pops up from the basin. He's early 30s, handsome, twitchy, British. And fast-talking, slippery, hands and eyes always moving, sliding, seeking to elude, to escape. He's a LIAR.

He's dressed in the smart casual uniform of the cool London media exec - fitted shirt, no tie, jeans, brown brogues.

He stares at himself. And a moment of anxiety breaks through. Then gees himself up again. Shit-eating grin. Checks his watch. Fixes his hair, fiddling. Under his breath, he continues the murmured mantra.

CHRIS
You make good choices. You make
great choices. You offer value.

He picks up his phone (latest model, large 'phablet' style) from the rim of the bathtub, scrolls. Rarely out of his hand.

NAOMI (O.S.)
You don't need to be beautiful for
this, you know!

CHRIS
... For what?

NAOMI (O.S.)
The midwife...

Shit. Chris shuts his eyes. He forgot. He presses his phone into his forehead in frustration.

17

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT, LONDON - DAY

17

A PREGNANT BELLY. NAOMI sits on a couch - late 20s, hip, subtle tats, cool haircut, in pajamas. The apartment is small, modern, full of tech and quirky decoration. The bathroom door opens - CHRIS's face full of wincing apology.

NAOMI
No. No. You put it in your phone.

CHRIS
It went out of my head. Sorry. I've got an investor breakfast. Could be the one... I'm sorry, Nay. I really am.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(kissing, hugging her)
Mm. I love you like this. I think
we should have at least ten.

Naomi isn't falling for it - takes his hands off her belly.

NAOMI
Stop trying to charm me back into a
good mood. That doesn't work. I
just used to let you think it did.

Chris is struck by that hard truth, steps back. Blinks.

CHRIS
... I'll come to the next one.
Bring home some booklets.

He checks his watch - shit. Grabs his jacket, a backpack,
goes. Naomi left alone. Her hands go to her bump. Worried.

18 **EXT. OLD STREET, LONDON - DAY** 18

CHRIS knives expertly through the crowds on a push SCOOTER,
big cans on his ears, leaking electronica.

19 **INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE - DAY** 19

CHRIS bundles in, fast, flustered, looking at his phone. The
office is a small, shabby room, three desks, lots of clutter.

Programmer NAF KHAN, early 20s, Bangladeshi, overweight, wild
nest of hair, wearing jogging bottoms, plush slippers - sits
at a desk groaning with computer equipment, monitors.

And he's STARING IN WONDER at his screen. The screen dense
with code. Whatever awe-inspiring sight he sees, it's not
available to us. Fingers flying. Noise-cancelling headphones.

Chris ruffles Naf's hair affectionately. He doesn't flinch.

CHRIS
Morning genius.

AMY WICK (late 20s, smart, composed, professional, skeptical)
gets up from her desk, pulling a jacket on.

AMY
We have five minutes...

CHRIS
(looking at phone)
Naf. These people we're about to
meet - I told them the app will be
ready by June. Is that possible?

Naf is too "locked in" on the screen to hear. Keeps typing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Nafeez? Hello?

Chris clicks his fingers by Naf's head. Waves a hand in front of his eyes. Nothing. So he PULLS NAF'S HEADPHONES OFF.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Back to Earth, mate-

The earphones being ripped away SNAPS Naf back to reality. He blinks, stunned, looks up at Chris - ANGRY.

NAF
What the hell are you doing?!

Chris and Amy are surprised by his outburst - Chris gives her an amused "what was that?!" look. She responds with a shrug - equally baffled.

CHRIS
The app? June?

NAF
... What? Whatever, who cares?!

He pulls his headphones back on, turns back to the screen.

NAF (CONT'D)
(under breath, to himself)
This can't be right...

Huh? Chris looks at the dense data onscreen. Meaningless.

CHRIS
Okaaaay. I'm saying June then.
Cheer up by the time we get back,
we might be celebrating.

Chris heads for the door.

AMY
(sarcastic)
Maybe we should take these?

She hands him two shiny, cool BUSINESS PLANS for something called "YUBICLE". Tagline - "Your Corner of the Internet".

CHRIS
Now you will go far...

He disappears. Doubtful, hesitant, Amy follows him out.

The SCREENS reflected in Naf's hypnotized, gaping eyes...

JUNIOR INVESTOR (V.O.)
We looked into your history as a
company director...

20

INT. RESTAURANT, OLD STREET - DAY

20

CHRIS's fingers anxiously tap his coffee cup. A MAN opposite reads the business plan - 50s, wealthy. A SENIOR INVESTOR. A JUNIOR INVESTOR is the one talking - a woman, 40, sharp.

The investors sit opposite Chris and Amy, dirty plates and cups between them, breakfast is over. Phones on the table.

JUNIOR INVESTOR

... There's a fair few defunct tech businesses to your name... a couple of bankruptcies too.

There's a flicker of panic on Chris's face - for a moment he's found out, stricken. But recovers instantly.

CHRIS

When you shoot for the moon, a lot of your rockets end up in the sea. But - it's also the only way to get to the moon.

The Junior Investor looks unimpressed. But the Senior Investor likes it, smiles. Chris senses blood. Goes for the close. Taps the Yubicle prospectus.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

And I believe this is our Apollo 11. It's what the internet would be like if you could harness the raw power of all the big names in search, video, social - and curate all those services into your own, personalized, private space. Instead of hopping from one huge branded site to another like you're at a bloody shopping centre - you just step into your own virtual study. And everything's right there. Just where you need it, just how you want it - Yubicle.

He shrugs with faux modesty. Flashy, but good pitch. The Senior Investor grins warmly, nods. He loves it...

Chris's surprise and excitement is rising, but he tries to play it cool, and succeeds. He smiles, sips coffee.

21

EXT. RESTAURANT, OLD STREET - DAY

21

CHRIS sees the INVESTORS into an Uber, waves them off. Allows himself a private beat of vulnerable, thankful RELIEF. Before turning to AMY, beaming. She doesn't return it.

Chris pulls his phone out, scrolls, checking.

CHRIS

Tell me Apollo 11 wasn't the one that blew up... because I think we might have hooked them.

(looks up, sees her face)
What?

AMY

This extra ten per cent they want. That you agreed to. It'll come out of Naf's share. Won't it? That's why you've never put his terms in writing... Naf is this business. You just thought of the name.

CHRIS

If it wasn't for me, Naf would still be in his room at his Mum's, trying to hack Area 51. I've looked out for him when no-one else has.

(beat)

If we don't get investment soon, we're done. So yes. I'll do what I have to, to make this work. The road to the top of the mountain is never straight.

AMY

You really have to stop talking like an inspirational poster.

Beat.

CHRIS

Is this really about Naf, or...?

She shakes her head sadly - like it's pathetic he would even think that. She walks away. He follows, cursing himself.

22

INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE - DAY

22

CHRIS walks in, takes off his jacket.

CHRIS

Before you ask, I smashed it.

As he rounds the corner, he sees NAF's not there. The office is empty. Naf's JACKET still on his chair. His BACKPACK. His SNEAKERS. The screens still on. A couple of sheets of PAPER on the floor, where they've been knocked off.

And Naf's PHONE (in distinctive nerdy, chunky, comic-book case), plugged in - the screen still awake - Chris sees the screen GO BLACK, go to sleep. Can't have been long.

Chris frowns. Looks at the various, technical windows and programs Naf had open on his screen. The DENSE CODE.

A windowed VIDEO is opened, paused. AMY enters.

AMY

... Where is he?

CHRIS

Toilet?

AMY

I was just in there. Pretty sure I would have noticed him.

CHRIS

Then... he's gone out logged in. Without his stuff. In his slippers.

Chris and Amy share a look. Puzzled - half amused/worried.

AMY

I'll check with the lot downstairs.

Amy nods, goes. Chris leans down, looks at Naf's screens. Curious. This feels quite odd. He clicks the replay button on the video. It plays, in a small window. Poor quality - old, degraded, VHS-era, and just a few seconds long. It shows:

A shaky, hand-held camcorder-type view of an uninhabited ROCKY VALLEY (South America perhaps?). Seemingly, we're on the roof of a building overlooking it. The camera sweeps around, nervously, unprofessionally - as if trying to take in every detail of the landscape. Then - angry, distant SHOUTS - the language inaudible. The camera jerks and spins, in apparent fear - we see the dusty ground whizz past beneath us - the cameraperson is running - BEING PURSUED.

Suddenly a snatch of a PIERCING SCREAM - that's abruptly CUT OFF in an instant as the footage CUTS TO BLACK.

Chris sits back. Thinks. That's unsettling. DISTURBING.

Amy returns. Slightly breathless.

AMY (CONT'D)

They said they heard someone run down the stairs and out a couple of minutes ago.

CHRIS

"Run"?

(beat)

What did he say earlier? When he had his little freakout?

Amy shrugs. Chris thinks, remembering.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

He said something was happening...

He looks back at Naf's screens. Frowns. Thinking. Shrugs.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Ah, he probably just saw a rare
Pokemon nearby.

AMY

And went out to catch it without
his phone?

(beat)

I'm going to check the cafe...

She leaves. Chris thinks. He plays the video again. The filename is just "videofile.mov".

It all feels very real. Like it actually happened. Not staged. The degraded quality and timestamp date it 02/29/97. It's unsettling.. and it captures Chris's imagination.

He notices a USB PEN DRIVE sticking out of Naf's computer tower. Looks back at the video. Uses the mouse - finds the file window for the USB drive - headed "Removable Storage".

In the USB DRIVE'S WINDOW is one file - "videofile.mov". Naf was downloading the video to the drive - but didn't take it.

Chris thinks. And PULLS THE PEN DRIVE OUT. Pockets it. Takes NAF'S PHONE too.

Then he closes everything down, logging Naf out, closing the windows. The video window too. The final window contains the impenetrable CODE - we now see the heading:

"pandora_320.34"

BLINK. It disappears as Chris clicks it away.

As he leaves, we slowly push in on Naf's monitor's WEBCAM...

23 **INT. DULLES AIRPORT, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY**

23

The RUCKSACK on her back as PEN heads off the plane. The place vibrating with people. Pen pauses, just for a second - unused to the crowds.

-- She exits the terminal - a hundred pairs of eyes, expectant people scanning for their loved ones. She sharply turns away.

24 **EXT. AIRPORT, CAB RANK - DAY**

24

PEN gets in a cab.

25 **INT. CAB - DAY**

25

PEN

Nine three five Pennsylvania.

The SOMALI DRIVER eyes her in the rear view. That address is significant, clearly.

SOMALI DRIVER
(accented)
... You got it.

He pulls away. Beat.

First time in D.C.?

PEN
No.

The Driver smiles, looks at her, wanting more. She looks out the window.

PEN (CONT'D)
... I guess I was raised here.

26 **EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, D.C. - DAY** 26

The J. EDGAR HOOVER FBI BUILDING. As the sign tells us.

27 **INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, LOBBY, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY** 27

Grand. Lots of UNIFORMED SECURITY. Airport scanners. PEN sits waiting, rucksack in the next seat. She yawns. A SUITED MAN approaches, with a LANYARD.

SUITED MAN
Miss Kinney?

Pen straightens, gathers herself.

SUITED MAN (CONT'D)
Ma'am, I'm from building security. I apologize, but Agent Adams' office have made it clear he's very busy and won't be able to meet. I'm afraid I'll have to ask to you move on.

PEN
I just need three minutes with him.

SUITED MAN
I understand, Ma'am. But that's not going to be possible. I'm sorry. You should really have an appointment set next time. This way, please.

The Suited Man gestures to the door. Perfectly sympathetic and polite, but firm. He motions again to the exit.

RANSFORD (CONT'D)

Anything nasty in here I want to know about?

PEN

No.

He flips the open her RUCKSACK - just FOLDERS and PAPERS.

RANSFORD

Weapons, sharps, narcotics, on your person?

PEN

No.

He starts to pat her down. Looks at her WALLET, LICENSE - finds her BOARDING PASS - replaces them. As he does all this:

RANSFORD

Miss Kinney, I assume you've followed me from my home, which constitutes threatening behavior. Furthermore I suspect you obtained my home address illegally. Threatening a federal employee is a Class E felony. You've travelled from Florida, which could put you on the hook for interstate stalking. Turn around.

She turns. Her face is impassive as ever.

PEN

I'm not crazy. I just don't know who else to go to with this. Three minutes. Then you never have to see me again.

Ransford is no longer threatened by her. Vague annoyance, sympathy, touch of intrigue. Mulls his options for a second.

RANSFORD

... In.

He pushes her inside the pizza joint.

32

INT. PIZZA PLACE, WASHINGTON D.C. - CONTINUOUS

32

RANSFORD guides PEN to a table, sits her down.

CABLE NEWS plays on a TV: a report into the Canopy story. A SENIOR EXECUTIVE talks to reporters. The strap tells us he is "Peter Schmidt, Chief Technology Officer, Canopy Worldwide".

SENIOR EXECUTIVE (ON TV)

... still trying to trace the origin point of the intrusion.

(MORE)

SENIOR EXECUTIVE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
And the identity of the actors
responsible.

REPORTER
Mr Schmidt, are you going to
resign?

SENIOR EXECUTIVE (ON TV)
I, uh... I feel I owe it to the
firm to do all I can. So that's not
an option I'm considering...

REPORTER
But you couldn't protect the firm
from this devastating attack, could
you?

ON THE TV: the Senior Executive flounders...

Ransford and Pen ignore the TV. He stares at her.

RANSFORD
Why me?

PEN
Two years ago, the FBI asked me to
write a paper. "Outlying Scenarios
in State-Level Cybersecurity:
Strategizing for the Low-
Probability/High-Impact Threat".
Took me three months. And - they
threw it out. Rejected every
finding. Guess they laughed at me.
(shrugs, not hurt)
Apart from you. You read it.
Emailed to thank me. You know tech.
You're only third in line at Cyber.
But the two guys above you are
political appointees who probably
still use Hotmail.

RANSFORD
... I don't remember your paper.
I'm just polite. What do you want
to tell me?

Oh. If that hurts Pen, we don't see it. Face a mask. She
turns to the TV briefly: onscreen, a PUNDIT in the STUDIO.

PUNDIT (ON TV)
... they're frantic. Canopy just
have no idea where these leaks are
coming from, how they're happening,
or who's doing them...

Pen turns back to Ransford. Takes a breath. Here goes.

PEN

Not many infosec people look at the big picture. Worldwide encryption trends, long-term patterns. Most look at it from the client's point of view. Or the state's. Not me.

(beat)

I noticed something a few months back. It didn't make any sense, so I went deep. Dropped everything else, and just worked this.

She slides the RUCKSACK across the floor to rest at his feet.

PEN (CONT'D)

Five months' worth of macro-level global encryption data analysis, and the model I built to track the changes I observed. Don't worry, I wiped all my data. Dumped the hardware too. That's everything.

(nods to TV)

This Canopy hack proves my model. They used 256-key AES, that's some expensive crypto. Marketed as "uncrackable". Not anymore. This-

RANSFORD

(interrupting)

After they told me you'd come to the building, I pulled your file.

Pen blinks, taken aback at being interrupted.

RANSFORD (CONT'D)

You've worked at some top security outfits. They loved your talent. They just didn't love you. You could never hold it down for more than a few months. There were... "difficulties". So. Now you roll freelance. Part-time.

He glances down at her incongruously battered sneakers.

RANSFORD (CONT'D)

... Small-time.

PEN

That has nothing to do with this.

RANSFORD

Here's what we're gonna do. You're going to go home. Back to Florida, wherever. You're gonna forget this... whatever this is.

(beat)

(MORE)

RANSFORD (CONT'D)

And you're gonna leave me alone.
Agreed?

Beat.

PEN

If you promise me you'll look at my
work in the next twenty-four hours.

RANSFORD

(exasperated)
Lady, you're not hearing me.

PEN

If you want to get rid of me, just
promise me you'll read it. Today.

Ransford sighs.

RANSFORD

... Fine. I'll take a look.

PEN

I'll know if you haven't.

RANSFORD

Oh yeah? How?

PEN

Because when you have, you'll want
to talk to me. I'm at the Comfort
Inn. My details are all in there.

Ransford leans in, now very gentle and sympathetic.

RANSFORD

I also know - you're one of the
Marzhauser kids.

Whoa. That knocks Pen for six. She looks away. Has to catch
her breath, her thoughts.

RANSFORD (CONT'D)

Why do you think I'm trying to give
you an easy ride here?

Pen gathers herself. Stands, interrupts. Firm.

PEN

Read it. Today. There might still
be time to do something.

She walks out. Ransford, thoughtful. RUCKSACK at his feet.

ACT III

33 INT. PEN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN 33

Morning. PEN sits in bed. In Garrett's T-shirt. Deep in thought. Troubled. Hasn't slept much. The clock reads 5.41AM.

She gives up on sleep, gets out of bed, pulls on clothes.

34 INT. COMFORT INN, LOBBY - DAY 34

PEN exits the elevator, a brief wave to the chirpy RECEPTIONIST. Heads for the BUSINESS CENTER.

35 INT. COMFORT INN, BUSINESS CENTER - DAY 35

Empty, crummy. A broken PHOTOCOPIER, a couple of aging PCs. No-one here. Feels like no-one's ever here. She sits at a PC in the corner. Fires it up. Goes to YouTube.

Types in the search field: "marzhauser children".

Hundreds of results. The thumbnails show dated home video type stuff. Videos are called things like: "MARZHAUSER CHILDREN", "MARZHAUSER, PENELOPE, "MARZHAUSER KIDS".

She clicks one - "PENELOPE MARZHAUSER BIRTHDAY PARTY 19/07/1997"

It plays. An OLD 90s HOME VIDEO of a KIDS BIRTHDAY PARTY. Children playing a game in a room. Balloons, party hats, presents. A family home movie.

PEN, aged nine, short hair, is the centre of attention - but isn't having a good time. Stony-faced, quiet. Also present: older brother SEBBY (11), and younger sister FRANCES (7).

Pen STARES at her younger self. Emotion ripples within her.

Then suddenly the camera angle changes. Seeing the action from a high corner. CCTV-like. Weird...

And now Pen can see a BIG, TALL MAN in the background. Beard, glasses, standing, arms folded, watching the little girl intently. Grainy on the computer screen, features blurred.

Pen STARES at him. Ambivalently. He means a lot.

She stops it. We see beneath the video window, the data:

"Published on October 13th 2005 9,876,123 views"

The sidebar shows - hundreds and hundreds of clips of her childhood. Every banal moment - "MARZHAUSERS VISIT GRANPA", "MARZHAUSER CHILDREN DENTIST VISIT", "SEBBY MARZHAUSER STREP THROAT". Re-uploaded dozens of times by different users, different resolutions, reactions videos, parodies, comments.

Like their whole lives filmed and posted time and again...

Pen watches. Hard as ever to know what she's feeling.

36

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

36

PEN rides up, gets off her bikeshare bike, locks it. A wide, leafy street. Strangely hesitant, she turns, and looks up at the early 20th century HOUSE she's in front of. Big, once grand, four storeys, but fallen into disrepair.

Pen stands looking up at it. The house clearly means something to her. She approaches the door - rings the bell.

After a moment, the door opens:

A WOMAN, 60, glasses, short white hair, baggy cardigan over faded shirt. She's messy, distracted, fierce intelligence behind frazzled, wary. This is PROFESSOR SABINE MARZHAUSER.

And she looks DUMBFUNDED to see Pen... Pen's own face is blanker than ever. Sabine's face breaks out in JOY - but then, like when a lost child returns, the joy and relief is rapidly replaced by ANGER. And here, something like heartbreak. She says nothing - just turns, walks back in, jittery, leaving the door open, and Pen standing there.

Pen takes a beat - crossing the threshold of this house troubles her. She moves slowly in...

37

INT. HALLWAY / KITCHEN, MARZHAUSER HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. -37
CONTINUOUS

As grand and faded on the inside as the outside. Cavernous - but slipping into disrepair. Piles of academic books and journals. Little sign of anyone else but Sabine there.

PEN pads slowly deeper, studiously trying to avoid looking around. She finds a KITCHEN TABLE, chaotically piled with books and papers. A LAPTOP. Either side of which are a couple of FRAMED PHOTOS. SABINE is rooting in a messy DRAWER - finds cigarettes. Pen just stands and waits.

Sabine finds MATCHES on a mantelpiece by some candles. Lights her cigarette. Takes a drag. Another. Finally, ready to look at Pen. Trying to keep her clashing emotions under control.

SABINE

Three years. Three years and two months. I don't know where you are, what you're doing... if you're okay...

PEN

I texted.

SABINE

Oh, right. Twice a year to tell me you're not dead. I suppose I should be grateful for that much...

Sabine smokes angrily, displacing her suppressed turmoil.

Pen's attention grabbed by the FRAMED PHOTO on the other side of Sabine's LAPTOP. An oblique angle, but we can just make out it's a faded PHOTOGRAPH from the 80s - a younger Sabine and a big, tall MAN with glasses, bushy beard and wild hair. We don't get a good look at his face.

PEN

What are you working on?

Sabine notices where Pen is looking - crosses quickly, gently puts the photo face down on the table.

SABINE

Howie Jarman at Georgetown asked me to do a guest season of seminars. It's charity, but what am I, proud?
(softens)
Are you... okay? At least?

PEN

I'm okay. I've been in Florida, mostly. I met a guy.

Beat. Sabine takes a moment to process that surprise.

SABINE

Oh. That's... great. Does he...?

PEN

Yeah. He knows everything.

SABINE

So. Why are you here? Why now?

PEN

I was in town. Work thing.

Sabine's hurt she's not the reason, but swallows it.

SABINE

You couldn't call ahead? Email?

PEN

Face to face might be the only safe way to talk.

SABINE

... Your computers are making you paranoid again.

Pen chooses to ignore that. Her eyes drift up to the corner of the room. There: an EMPTY BRACKET. HOLES FOR CABLES drilled in the wall. In the hall - another EMPTY BRACKET and old cut CABLE fastened to the cornice. Painted over, but not filled or removed. A job half-finished. The whole place is half-finished, somewhere between preservation and renovation - chaotic and split. A bit like Sabine. The sight STINGS Pen.

Every room in this house is like this - as if once, there were CAMERAS in every corner. We realize - it's the house from the videos Pen watched.

PEN

I thought you might have finally moved.

SABINE

Moved?

She says it like it's the craziest thing Pen could say. Her eyes tilt to the photo face down on the table. Quietly...

SABINE (CONT'D)

... This is... was our home. Whatever's happened, it's-

PEN

It was never a home for us.

Sabine looks down, ashamed. Wants to change the subject.

SABINE

What do you mean, anyway, it's not safe to talk?

Pen pauses. How to explain?

PEN

... Something's wrong with the internet.

SABINE

Pen... are you...

PEN

I'm fine. You'll understand before long. Everyone will.

Pen moves to look at the other FRAMED PHOTO by Sabine's laptop square on: early 90s - of her as a kid aged 8 with her OLDER BROTHER, SEBBY, and YOUNGER SISTER, FRANCES.

Pen has been utterly detached. But can't hide the feelings now, as she picks up the photo to study it.

Then - a THOUGHT occurs.

PEN (CONT'D)

... I think I'm going to start looking again.

That makes Sabine deflate - sad, weary.

SABINE

... Haven't we given enough years to that? Why now?

PEN

What's happening - it might make it harder for them to hide.

Pen gazes intently at the photo again. SEBBY. FRAN.

PEN (CONT'D)

I've pictured the moment so many times. I play it over and over again in my head. I walk up to them. I look at Sebby. I look at Frances. Then I look at Dad. And I always ask him the same question.

(beat)

"Why didn't you take me with you?"

That breaks Sabine. The anger, the brittle facade - the last of it falls away. Just love left. Overcome, she rushes to her daughter, whom she loves deeply. Takes her hands, trembling.

SABINE

... Oh darling. I wish... I wish I had answers.

PEN

You still think he'll come back. Bring them home. That we'll all be in this house again one day, together. That's why you can't move.

Sabine looks wretched, pathetic. Clings to Pen's hands.

SABINE

... I'm still trying to find a way. Just like you. He did this to both of us, remember? I'm not on his side, Penelope, I'm on yours. Or I would be, if you'd let me. We could do this together. Just tell me what to say, what to do. I'll do anything...

PEN

You had a chance to do something.

The final blow. Sabine left silenced and CRUSHED. Pen's face a mask. Pitiless. She turns and walks away.

38 **EXT. LE MARS, IOWA - DAY**

38

TITLE: LE MARS, IOWA.

Morning in the self-professed ice-cream capital of the world. Flags stir on lawns. We find a HOUSE on a quiet street.

39 **INT. MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE, IOWA - DAY**

39

LORRIE CALVERT is woken by her phone's alarm. Alone in her small double bed, under a floral bedspread. She's 50s, a little overweight, a warm but sharp-humored face. She yawns.

Her bedroom is comfy, messy. Stacks of laundry. Medication bottles on the dresser. She hears noise - her door is ajar. A MAN is moving around in his separate bedroom across the hall.

LORRIE

How is it that even when I set my alarm super early, you're still up before me?

The MAN is kind, mousy, softly-spoken. Mustache. A soft plaid shirt tucked into slacks. Crocs. This is MIKE CALVERT.

MIKE

Because I read the "Seven Habits of Highly Effective People."

He smiles. She grins back. He brings coffee for her. No kiss though - it feels like they're more friends than married. Though they both have rings.

LORRIE

One of these days I'm going to catch you out. See what the hell you're up to.

He goes back into his bedroom. She sits up. Sips coffee.

LORRIE (CONT'D)

You heading out?

MIKE

Yep, soon. You?

LORRIE

Antoine's coming in ten. Ugghhh... he's going to make me use my body.

It's a mock whine. She pinches her tummy in distaste.

LORRIE (CONT'D)

Reminds me. Don't forget to pick up the ribs for Autie tomorrow.

MIKE

How could I forget? Dinner tomorrow is the one thing in my schedule this month.

(beat, looks in again)

But I was thinking. What if she's become a vegan or something?

LORRIE

Not our girl. She'll probably be a Maoist or an anarchist or something this semester, but she'll always be a carnivore.

He nods, winks. And he goes. Her smile fades quite quickly.

40 **EXT. MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY**

40

MIKE, with thermos cup of coffee, heads out the front door. ANTOINE is getting off his motorbike. He's black, late 30s, fit and muscular - but 10 years past his prime. Still a stud, but a little paunch to go with the toned arms.

MIKE

Antoine. Don't let her weasel out of anything. Or all I hear about is how you're "too darn nice".

ANTOINE

(laughs)

I can do mean. Have a good day.

Antoine heads in, Mike walks down the drive. Mike glances back - once he's satisfied Antoine is gone, he surreptitiously doubles back to the GARAGE, lifts the door.

41 **INT. GARAGE, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

41

MIKE slips in. From behind sheets of cladding, he retrieves a LONG, HEAVY HOLDALL. Long enough for a gun. Slips out again.

42 **EXT. MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

42

MIKE, watchful, composed, puts the HOLDALL in his STATION WAGON. Checks around. No-one's seen him. He gets in, drives.

43 **INT. MIKE AND LORRIE'S STATIONWAGON - DAY**

43

MIKE drives. Watchfully - always watchful, always careful. We maybe feel we don't know why he's so sharp-eyed.

He passes a dilapidated house on a corner. Junk on the patchy lawn. On the peeling porch sits a grizzled, skinny, sour-faced MAN OF SEVENTY-ONE. This is BOB LAPKA. On the first beer of the day, reading an ancient paperback. Not yet 9am. Bob is smartly dressed - shirt, tie, jacket, slacks, hat. But his clothes are messy and worn. Think Tom Wolfe after a month of drinking cologne.

Mike stops at a sign. Winds down his window. Waves, cheery.

MIKE

Morning Bob! She's a fine one, huh?

Bob scowls and gives him the FINGER. Mike gives him a thumbs-up back - all routine. Not offended at all. He drives on.

LORRIE (V.O.)

Ow... ow ow ow. That hurts...

44

INT. LIVING ROOM, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY

44

LORRIE in workout gear, on her back, in a chintzy, dated room. Red-faced, sweating. ANTOINE, in lycra, forces her leg back as far as it'll go. The TV on quietly - news. Talking heads, straps, live feeds picture-in-picture. Jam-packed.

NEWS PUNDIT (ON TV)

... the share price dropped to its lowest on record, causing panic in the markets...

Antoine and Lorrie ignore it. It fades.

ANTOINE

I know this doesn't hurt that much, Lorrie. Come on.

LORRIE

It's not so much the pain... it's that, whatever's hurting is something I never knew I had...

ANTOINE

(laughs, eases up)
Okay. Take two, stretch it out.

He helps her to her feet, she's puffing. He sniffs the air.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Something smells good.

LORRIE

Granola bars. Autumn's favourite. She's coming home tomorrow.
(beat, rubbing back)
I think I'm hitting the wall.

ANTOINE

The wall is the thing you need to get over.

LORRIE

Or maybe it's the thing I need to not run into face first.

Antoine smiles. Beat. Looks up at her, in a different mood...

ANTOINE

We could do the other thing, if you like. Best exercise there is.

Lorrie looks at him. Smiles regretfully. Shakes her head.

LORRIE

That was a mistake. Six mistakes.

ANTOINE

... You sure?

LORRIE

I'm sure. Come on. Let's do the leg thing again.

He shrugs affably. Okay. The phone RINGS.

LORRIE (CONT'D)

That'll be Autie telling me she's been arrested at a protest and won't be home tomorrow.

45

INT. KITCHEN, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

45

LORRIE grabs the cordless phone.

LORRIE

Hello?

CALLER (V.O.)

Mrs Loretta Calvert?

LORRIE

I'm sorry, I can't buy anything. I'm very poor. Thank you...

She's about to hang up.

CALLER (V.O.)

We wanted to talk to you about insuring the natural gas outdoor grill you recently purchased.

LORRIE

(frowns, amused)

We haven't bought a barbecue.

CALLER (V.O.)

(oddly firm)

... Our records clearly show you have, Mrs Calvert. The natural gas outdoor grill?

And now something clicks. Lorrie turns pale.

LORRIE

I... I don't... Yes. Um. Look. I...

Anxious, she peers out to see Antoine on his cellphone.

CALLER (V.O.)

Good. First, may I ask, are you satisfied with your purchase?

Lorrie is panicking, trying to remember.

LORRIE

(quiet, urgent)

Um... listen, I'm sorry, I can't remember. It's been so long...

Silence. Lorrie knows she'll get no leeway here. Thinks...

LORRIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay. Yes, I'm satisfied. No. Wait. I'm "mostly satisfied". That it? Something about the weather? Jeez, it's been twenty-three years...

Pitiless silence. She has to get it right. Thinks.

LORRIE (CONT'D)

"I'm mostly satisfied. But we're yet to try it in all weathers."

CALLER (V.O.)

(immediately)

Six oh seven, three nine eight, zero one six five. Valid for a hundred and twenty seconds.

They hang up. Lorrie races for a pad, a pen, scribbles.

Looks at her digital watch. Clock ticking. Then gathers herself. Goes through to Antoine.

46

INT. LIVING ROOM, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

46

LORRIE enters, turns off the TV, finds her purse.

LORRIE

Antoine, I apologize. That was my friend, her Mom's not well, she needs someone to mind her store - we have to call it a day.

She hands him some money. He takes it, nods. She hurries him out. Once the door's shut - her face goes grim again.

47

INT. CLOSET, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY

47

LORRIE leans in, rummages frantically, groping up into a dark hidden corner. Finds a little packet - a beige plastic gizmo (late 80s/early 90s era tech) with a PHONE CABLE attached.

48

INT. KITCHEN, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY

48

LORRIE hurriedly plugs in the GIZMO. Punches in the number she wrote down. Listens. BEEPS and SCRAMBLED STATIC before:

CALLER (V.O.)

Line secure. Green for go, standard protocols apply.

LORRIE

This... this doesn't make any sense. We've had no contact...

CALLER (V.O.)

We have an active threat. You have to make safe the package, follow Scenario One. Understood?

LORRIE

Are you sure? It's been so long. Can't local law enforcement handle it?

CALLER (V.O.)

Scenario One. Understood?

LORRIE

Okay, goddamn it. You have to have our file in front of you - you have to know why I'm querying this... you're burning us! Forever, we can't ever come back...

(sighs, more professional)

Scenario One. Understood. What's the nature of the threat?

CALLER (V.O.)

The package's identity may be compromised.

The line goes dead. Lorrie is shaken... then smells something. Runs to the oven - pulls out SMOKING GRANOLA BARS.

49

EXT. WOODLANDS, IOWA - DAY

49

LONG grass sways - someone CRAWLS through it on his belly. A MAN with a RIFLE - he stops, and takes aim... except this is a REPLICA 1800s MUSKET. It's MIKE - and he's dressed in full NATIVE AMERICAN DRESS. Still has his glasses on though.

He takes aim at - TWO OUT-OF-SHAPE GUYS sitting under a tree fifty feet away, dressed in COWBOY GEAR, dozing. They have muskets too. He takes aim... when his phone starts VIBRATING, loud enough to hear in the dead silence of the woods.

Five feet away, another middle-aged MAN in Native American dress stands up from where he was hidden.

MAN

Who is that? Calvert - no phones!
Come on, man. Greenhorn move.

MIKE

Don't sweat it, Gordon. I
apologize. I'm taking myself out.

He stands, walks away, pissed off. His phone still vibrating -
"Home". He answers.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Lorrie?

50

**INT. KITCHEN, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE / EXT. WOODS (INTERCUT) 50-
CONTINUOUS**

LORRIE paces, the gizmo still in the phone.

LORRIE

... Where the hell are you? I
called your office...

MIKE stops, standing among WILDFLOWERS. Reluctant to say.

MIKE

I stepped out.

Lorrie's puzzled by that, but has bigger fish to fry.

LORRIE

Can you be overheard?

MIKE

No...

LORRIE

I just got the call. About insuring
the outdoor grill we bought.

MIKE

... What outdoor grill?

LORRIE

The one we bought. A very long time
ago. This is the call we've been
waiting for. The call we thought
would never come.

Now the blood drains from Mike's face.

MIKE

... Is this a joke? If it is,
you're getting funnier.

LORRIE

It's not a joke. They called about
the grill.

MIKE

It's got to be a snafu. It's been twenty-three...

LORRIE

I called them back. It's Scenario One. Do you remember Scenario One?

MIKE

... Yes.

LORRIE

Go now. I'll see you at the house.

CLICK - she hangs up. Mike stands stunned for a beat - then runs off at speed. We're left with the wildflowers...

ACT IV

51

INT. KITCHEN / BATHROOM, CHRIS'S APARTMENT, LONDON - NIGHT 51

The USB PEN DRIVE and NAF'S PHONE - in its colorful chunky case - sit on the kitchen worktop, ignored. Along from them, CHRIS is cooking - he's quick, skilled.

NAOMI (O.S.)

So he's like...

-- IN THE BATHROOM: NAOMI lies in a bubbly bath, one hand on her bump, one on her phone, looking at a baby app. We see she has more tats. They talk through the open bathroom door. She's distracted, not that interested in the conversation.

NAOMI (CONT'D)

... missing?

Chris pauses chopping chilli. Thinks.

CHRIS

Well, yeah. Sort of.

NAOMI

Are you worried?

CHRIS

A bit, yeah. But it is Naf. You know he's an oddball...

Chris's phone RINGS. He looks at it. "Caller Unknown". This could be Naf. Chris snatches it up.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Chris Waverley.

WOMAN (V.O.)

(stern, older, British)
We'll need it back right away, Mr Waverley, as you well know.

CHRIS

Who is this? What are you on about?

WOMAN (V.O.)

Alright. If you want to play silly buggers. The video file you downloaded. We want it back.

Chris looks at the USB DRIVE lying on the worktop.

WOMAN (V.O.)

If you've already sold it, shared it or passed it on, we have a rather large problem. If you haven't, this can all be resolved in a friendly manner.

CHRIS

Who are you? Are you with Naf? Is this some in-joke nerd thing?
(beat, quietly)
Is this about the equity share?

Beat. Silence.

WOMAN (V.O.)

So the line you are taking is that you are blissfully unaware of the significance of what you took, and are just a naive innocent. Is that a fair summary? If it is, it makes the position we must take rather clearer.

CHRIS

This is bizarre, I love it! Come on, what's this all about?

The phone goes dead. Chris is bewildered.

NAOMI

Who was that?

CHRIS

I don't know... some sort of ARG weird marketing thing. I think...

He picks up the drive... angle on it...

52

INT. CHRIS'S APARTMENT - LATER

52

The VIDEO plays again. The camera's shaky, methodical move, as if attempting to record the details of it - the loud, split-second of SCREAM.

CHRIS sits watching it on his laptop, earphones in. NAOMI watches TV in her bathrobe, sitting on a pregnancy ball, rolling around. Empty dinner bowls on the coffee table.

Chris switches to Facebook (he's lightning quick on the laptop), taps out a message to 'Naf Khan'. 'mate - whatever the hell you're up to, get in touch. getting worried now. got yr phone with me. C'. We see earlier messages from Chris - 'er... where r u?' and 'wtf? Call me'.

Tabs back to the paused video on his laptop on the couch. Intrigue and worry giving way to FEAR...

53 **EXT. BACK YARD, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE, IOWA - DAY** 53

FEET swiftly pace over the turf, measured paces. Move up to see it's LORRIE. She's counting her steps.

LORRIE
... thirty-four, thirty-five...?

She looks unsure of the count - but THUNKS the shovel into the earth anyway. Digging fast, frantic.

54 **INT. MIKE & LORRIE'S STATIONWAGON / EXT. BACK YARD, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE (INTERCUT) - CONTINUOUS** 54

MIKE speeds, looking in the rearview, pulling a stray FEATHER out of his hair. His CELLPHONE rings - he answers.

MIKE
Lorrie.

Lorrie paces, sweating. A small hole behind her.

LORRIE
Was it thirty-five or FORTY-five?

MIKE
Forty-five. I think.

LORRIE
You sure?

MIKE
No. Hang on. This was years before you had your hip surgery.

LORRIE
So?

MIKE
So your... gait will have changed.

LORRIE
My "gait"? Are you saying I walk funny?

MIKE
I'm here, gotta go.

Mike screeches to a halt - outside BOB LAPKA'S HOUSE.

Lorrie starts pacing again - taking exaggerated strides now.

55 **EXT. BOB LAPKA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 55

MIKE hurries up to the crumbling, filthy house - the chair on the stoop empty for once. The doorbell broken, Mike KNOCKS.

No answer. Knocks again, loud, persistent. Still nothing.

Tries the door - locked. So Mike peers in through the smeared windows. Just gloom and mess inside.

Mike goes round to the back yard - all junk machinery and rusting lawn chairs. Tries the back door. Hammers on it.

MIKE

Bob? Bob!

Mike picks up a brick. Pulls down the handle of the door - and expertly brings the brick down on the mechanism. Aim a little off though. Tries again. The door pops open...

56 **INT. BOB LAPKA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS** 56

A dump. Encrusted grime everywhere. MIKE puts a finger to his nose. Piles of ancient books - heavyweight stuff in all subjects. HISTORICAL MEMORABILIA. Framed newspapers of historical events. JFK, moon landing, Berlin wall. A SHOTGUN propped up. Dozens of EMPTY BEER CANS and WINE BOTTLES.

Like a history professor went off the rails, and then some.

57 **EXT. BACK YARD, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY** 57

LORRIE is panting as she hurls the SHOVEL down into the earth... CLANG. She looks relieved. Finally.

A few more shovel-loads uncover a RUSTING METAL FLIGHTCASE. Checking she's not overlooked - drags it inside - it's HEAVY:

58 **INT. KITCHEN, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY** 58

LORRIE opens the case on the floor. Dials the combinations (has to think about it). Pops it.

Inside: pristine plastic-wrapped bundles of CASH. A baggie full of PASSPORTS of different colors. A box of 20-year-old CELLPHONES. RADIOS, RATIONS, MEDICAL KITS, SURVIVAL GEAR.

And in separate plastic cases - FOUR PISTOLS, a SNIPER RIFLE and a SUB-MACHINE GUN. Plenty of ammunition...

59 **INT. KITCHEN, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - LATER** 59

LORRIE sits at the kitchen table. PISTOLS and the SUB-MACHINE GUN laid out on a cloth. She's stripping and cleaning a pistol. But she's lost her touch - tries to put it back together and a SPRING pops out, flying to the floor.

LORRIE

Come on!

She takes a breath. Shuts her eyes. Letting her frustration go. Summoning her old self. Calming. When she opens her eyes, she's steely, calm, focused. Professional. She resumes.

And slowly... it starts to come back... she puts the pistol back together and takes aim. She looks highly trained. We see she's aiming at a chintzy wall ornament that proclaims, between gurning anthropomorphic peanuts: "This Family Is Like PEANUT BRITTLE - Real SWEET But Fulla NUTS!!".

She smiles. Getting into it. Muscle memory returning. Puts the pistol back in the CASE. Next the SUB-MACHINE GUN. She racks and checks it like she's been doing it every morning before breakfast. Removes the clip, when:

KNOCK KNOCK. From behind her. She freezes. Goes to the door - peeks out the clear panel of glass at the top. Her neighbour, DONNA (50s, friendly, folksy), grinning in the window of the back door. Can't quite see in, thankfully.

LORRIE (CONT'D)

One sec - cookie dough hands!

Lorrie shuts the case, slides it out of view. Turns - the sub-machine gun on the table. Shit. She opens the CHEST FREEZER, drops it in.

She opens the door to Donna with a smile, drying her hands.

DONNA

Baking, gardening... what did you do with Lorrie?

She nods to the garden and the muddy shovel. Lorrie smiles.

LORRIE

Finally decided to give the old "good wife and mother" thing a go.

DONNA

Ha. Listen. Tony's cousin's in town and he wants me to do my chicken pot pie. Can I get my dish back?

LORRIE

Do I really still have that?! I'm the worst neighbor.

Lorrie retrieves a DISH from a cupboard. Hands it to Donna. Donna peers in - sees the corner of the earthy metal CASE.

DONNA

Don't sweat it. I'll see you Sunday at Gina's?

BOB

I'm not sure you understand. I don't care. And I'm not going anywhere with you until I feel like it, which I doubt will be soon. Go home, Calvert. Why not take that chubby wife of yours to bed. I'll bet it's been a while.

Mike's momentarily amused by that response - before glancing round to check no one's looking. Then GRABS Bob's wrist and TWISTS it, hard.

MIKE

(low, threatening)

I don't recall offering a choice.

Bob's taken aback at mild-mannered Mike Calvert's tone. Mike grabs Bob's elbow in some kind of arm lock and pulls him to his feet. Shoves him towards the door - looks out first to check coast is clear - pushes him out into the light.

62

EXT. FRONT YARD, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - DAY

62

LORRIE's waiting in the carport with PACKED BAGS as MIKE zooms up. BOB LAPKA in the back seat, peering out. He creases up again. Makes him COUGH, sickly.

BOB

Both of you?! Oh, this is too much. All this time?

LORRIE

Twenty-three years, Bob.

Mike helps her put the bags in the trunk. Gives her a look - "you OK?" Lorrie nods with a smile - is she... excited?

LORRIE (CONT'D)

Where were you earlier?

MIKE

What?

LORRIE

You weren't at work.

MIKE

I wasn't anywhere. Does it matter?

He gets in the car. Leaving Lorrie a little perplexed.

63

INT. MIKE AND LORRIE'S STATIONWAGON - CONTINUOUS

63

LORRIE gets in beside MIKE. He gets his phone out.

LORRIE

Shit. We need to ditch them.

MIKE

That wasn't in the orders.

LORRIE

We got our orders before everyone had cellphones. We can be tracked.

MIKE

Autumn'll come back to an empty house. She'll try to call us...

LORRIE

We'll find another way to contact her safely. Soon as we can.

MIKE

No way...

LORRIE

We have a job to do. Keep him safe. Keep him moving until we get to the handover point. Tell no one.

Bob listens carefully.

MIKE

I'm the senior agent, Lorrie. I have command. She's our daughter.

That blindsides Lorrie a little. Is she offended? But...

LORRIE

I'll let that go. Mike, we haven't waited half our lives for these orders, not to follow them when they come. We took an oath. Autumn's a grown woman.

Mike grudgingly knows she's right...

64

EXT. STREET CORNER, LE MARS, IOWA - DAY

64

MIKE pulls up by a TRASHCAN. LORRIE beside him. BOB in back. Mike takes Lorrie's cellphone with his and gets out.

He dismantles Lorrie's phone over the trashcan, dropping the pieces in. Goes to do the same to his - but stops. Instead, puts it on silent and slips it back into a hip pocket. Gets back in the car. Nods to Lorrie.

65

EXT. FREEWAY ON RAMP, LE MARS, IOWA - DAY

65

MIKE guns the car onto the freeway. Intense, anxious.

LORRIE watches a "YOU ARE LEAVING LE MARS, IOWA" sign whizz past. Looks ahead to the open road. She's charged up.

In the back, BOB eyes them shrewdly. His mind racing.

BOB

So. I'm assuming you two have no idea why you've wasted your whole lives looking after my ass.

(beat)

You must be pretty curious...

He laughs. Mike and Lorrie look at each other. And how.

BOB (CONT'D)

Ah. Let me guess. You're not supposed to ask me who I am... Well, get this. I want to go home. Pick up some stuff.

LORRIE

That's not happening. It's not safe. We'll get whatever you need.

BOB

Let's see how quickly I can change your minds.

BOB OPENS THE REAR DOOR. As the car flies along at seventy. He LEANS TOWARDS THE ROAD. He doesn't give a fuck.

LORRIE

Jesus Christ!

Lorrie lunges into the back to grab him, trying to pull him back in. Bob's face inches from the tarmac.

MIKE

What the hell are you doing?!

Mike slows, skids the car to a halt on the shoulder. Mike helps Lorrie yank Bob back onto the rear seat. He's GRINNING.

LORRIE

(low, to Mike)

... Clean clothes could be good.

She leans towards her open window. Clearly Bob smells.

66

INT. FRONT ROOM, BOB LAPKA'S HOUSE - DAY

66

The door unlocks with a KEY. LORRIE peers inside. She cautiously steps in, raising her PISTOL as she goes. MIKE follows behind, holding BOB by the arm. Points at a crappy chair for him to sit. Puts a finger to his lips.

Mike then gets out his own PISTOL. Together, he and Lorrie sweep through the crumbling one storey home. Moving elegantly, quickly. Pointing, gesturing, covering each other.

Working silently as one. Most in-sync they've been in years.

But the house is EMPTY. Mike and Lorrie come back to Bob.

MIKE

One bag. Three minutes.

Bob heads into the BEDROOM. Mike guards the front door.

Lorrie looks around. The old newspapers. Famous moments in history. A wooden box of MILITARY MEDALS. Then she sees a SMOOTH, SPACE-GREY ROCK in a glass box on the mantelpiece.

She opens a cardboard box - piles of yellowing newspaper cuttings about PESTICIDE TRIALS. Mike sees her snooping.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Lor...

LORRIE

What, you don't want to know?

KNOCK KNOCK. The FRONT DOOR. MIKE jumps, whirls, aims at the door. Adrenaline firing, trigger finger twitching. Lorrie holds up a calming hand - wait.

Breaths held. Mike's knuckles white on the gun's grip. Lorrie peers through a crack in the curtain - to see a smart, ELDERLY WOMAN. Copy of THE WATCHTOWER in her hand.

She turns and heads away down the path. Lorrie RELIEVED.

LORRIE (CONT'D)

Just a nice old Jesus lady.

Mike sits heavily on a chair. Head between his legs, he VOMITS. Lorrie rubs his back, affectionately.

MIKE

I almost pulled the trigger, Lor.

LORRIE

You'll pick it up again. It all comes back.

MIKE

You think? We've spent more time being the people we pretend to be - than being the people we are.

On Lorrie... a little worried.

67

INT. BOB LAPKA'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

67

BOB throws clothes and paperbacks in a duffel bag. Then quietly sinks to his knees. Carefully LEVERS UP a FLOORBOARD. Pulls out a THICK, YELLOW ENVELOPE. Puts it in his jacket.

68

INT./EXT. BOB LAPKA'S HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

68

BOB enters to see MIKE and LORRIE waiting. Nonchalantly strolls right past them, out the front door.

BOB

That old hag knocks on my door
twice a week. You should have shot.

Mike and Lorrie follow. Heads on swivels, they see him into the back of the STATIONWAGON, get in - and drive away.

69

INT. VARIOUS, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE, IOWA - DUSK

69

Across town. We move slowly away from the FRONT DOOR in the Calverts' still, silent house, when... a DARK SHAPE appears.

A KEY TURNS IN THE LOCK.

And a YOUNG WOMAN of 20 enters. Long curly hair, casually dressed, joggers, dragging a HUGE bag of dirty laundry.

YOUNG WOMAN

Surprise! Don't have heart attacks!

This is AUTUMN CALVERT, Mike and Lorrie's daughter. She drops the bag, moves further into the house. Shouting.

AUTUMN

Mom? Dad? If you're frolicking in the hot tub, I'm never coming home from college again.

After a quick check of rooms, Autumn dials "MOM" on her cellphone - as she raids the fridge for snacks. Instantly goes to answerphone. She tries "DAD".

70

INT. MIKE & LORRIE'S STATIONWAGON - CONTINUOUS

70

LORRIE checks BOB in the back with the rearview, as he settles down for a nap. Driving, MIKE's secret CELLPHONE vibrates gently in his pocket.

He sneaks a look: "AUTUMN CELL". He's anguished, WISHES he could answer. But quietly slips the phone back in his pocket.

71

INT. KITCHEN, MIKE & LORRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

71

AUTUMN hangs up her endlessly ringing CELLPHONE. Frowns - that's odd. But nothing to be concerned about just yet.

As she grabs a glass from a cupboard, she sees the back yard - and the freshly dug holes. Again odd, but not worrying.

She yanks open the CHEST FREEZER in search of ice... and freezes. Looks down at the MILITARY ISSUE SUBMACHINE GUN lying on top of the waffles, steaks and frozen yoghurt.

On Autumn's wide eyes - what the hell...?

CHRIS

He's not here?

LAGHIMA

He never came home. And he won't answer his telephone.

Chris's hand closes around Naf's phone in his pocket. Can't bear to tell her. His concern increasing by the second.

LAGHIMA (CONT'D)

When did you see him last?

CHRIS

Late morning yesterday. I came back to the office, he was gone.

Laghima's concern visible now, behind her stern reserve.

LAGHIMA

I'm going to call the police.

CHRIS

They can't do much. He's an adult.

LAGHIMA

That is highly debatable.

CHRIS

(holding out his card)

I'm... sure he'll turn up. If you hear from him, will you call me?

LAGHIMA

... And vice versa.

Chris smiles, nods, head back to his cab.

77

INT. BLACK CAB, LONDON - DAY

77

The CAB pulls up by Chris's OFFICE. CHRIS taps his DEBIT CARD on the reader to pay - but there's a DEFIANT BEEP.

He tries again - same BEEP - no dice. That's weird.

CHRIS

Okay...

He hunts around in his pocket for cash. Finds a TWENTY. But the CAB'S METER reads £24.28. Shit...

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Listen, fella. I've only got twenty. Had to give my mate's mum a tenner for her window cleaner...

He sees the CAB DRIVER's blank stare in the rearview. Chris sighs, reaches into his pocket for CHANGE...

78

INT. CHRIS'S OFFICE BUILDING, LONDON - DAY

78

CHRIS striding in on his CELLPHONE. Stomps up stairs.

CHRIS

... yeah, it just got declined. I know there's money in there, so...

ONLINE BANKING WORKER (V.O.)

Ah, yes, I see. The card was declined because the account balance is zero, sir.

CHRIS

That's not right. Can you check again, please?

ONLINE BANKING WORKER (V.O.)

I have your details in front of me. You withdrew the total balance via online banking at five twenty-eight this morning.

CHRIS

... Listen to me. That wasn't me. I need to speak to someone. Now.

ONLINE BANKING WORKER (V.O.)

Putting you through to our fraud team now.

Hold music plays. He enters his office to find AMY waiting for him. She looks FURIOUS.

AMY

The investors left you a voicemail.

And she STORMS OUT. Chris is mystified. Hurries to his computer. Hits a button on the DESKPHONE to play messages.

INVESTOR (V.O. ON PHONE)

Yes... Chris, we clearly weren't meant to be copied in on that email, but we're grateful we were. We won't be taking this any further, and we'll be warning other tech investors about you.

Chris starts to panic. Goes to his computer.

As the message continues, Chris sees DOZENS of emails waiting in his inbox. Amongst the subject lines are: "What's wrong with you?", "Lose my number, dickhead" and "disgrace".

End of message. Panicking now, Chris hurriedly checks his email SENT folder. EMAIL AFTER EMAIL SENT FROM HIMSELF.

He clicks on one, written by him: "... you've been a piss poor friend, Jack..."

Clicks on one sent to AMY WICK: "... is it because I didn't bang you? Is that why you've been such a stroppy cow?"

He sits back, his life and career collapsing in front of him. Then he sees something even worse. He RUNS.

79

INT. VARIOUS, CHRIS'S APARTMENT, LONDON - DAY

79

CHRIS enters, panting. It's quiet. He pads inside, warily. Sees a CELLPHONE on the coffee table in the LIVING ROOM.

He picks it up. We see screenshots of a message conversation. He's sent SEMI-NAKED PICTURES of HIMSELF - to AMY. He sags. One of his messages "can't stop thinking about you." A reply from Amy: "stop messaging me". It crushes him. Too late...

Chris hears movement in the BEDROOM. He goes in - Naomi lying on the bed on her side, holding her belly. She's been crying. And she can't even look at him.

CHRIS

... It was like, a year ago. When we were... the IVF hadn't...

NAOMI

Don't talk about the baby. What you've done doesn't come near him, they don't even share a sentence.

CHRIS

Okay. But nothing happened. I... Nay, I was pissed, lonely, we weren't getting on, and I sent some stupid messages. That's all. You saw what she said. She told me to sod off, and she was right to.

NAOMI

I do believe you. Now get out.

Chris considers arguing - but just wearily grabs a bag.

80

EXT. STREET, LONDON - DAY

80

CHRIS walks slowly away from his apartment building with his BAG. He looks heartbroken. Shellshocked. LOST.

His CELLPHONE RINGS. Unknown number. He answers. The well-spoken, stern, older WOMAN from before.

WOMAN (V.O. ON PHONE)

Oh dear. Your life stands in ruins. But - it can be rebuilt. We'll even help. Give you your money back, et cetera. But - we need what we need.

(MORE)

WOMAN (V.O. ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 Say no again, and we'll tell Naomi
 about the hotel.

Chris shuts his eyes. He's beaten.

CHRIS

... Okay.

WOMAN (V.O. ON PHONE)
 RM13 9DD. One hour.

They hang up. Chris STUNNED.

81 **INT. PEN'S HOTEL ROOM, COMFORT INN - NIGHT/DAWN**

81

Getting light out. PEN stands, just in T-shirt, at the window, looking out over Washington at dawn. Tired.

Her phone beeps. A text. "Garrett" - "cant sleep?". Replies - "no". His reply comes back - a crappy phone shot of a LIVE CRAWFISH in a dirty tank. The message: "keepin me company til u get back". She smiles. Another from him: "when r u back?"

Her smile fades. She clicks her phone to sleep, without replying. She looks back out the window.

A sharp KNOCK at the door.

Pen starts - on edge. She looks at the time on her bedside clock - 5:02am. She peers through the spyhole. OPENS IT.

It's RANSFORD. FBI AGENT GEAR now. Suit, tie. All business.

RANSFORD

Can we go somewhere to talk?

Pen isn't in the least surprised.

82 **INT. RANSFORD'S CAR - NIGHT**

82

Nice FBI sedan. RANSFORD drives in silence, grave. PEN next to him.

83 **EXT. LINCOLN PARK - NIGHT**

83

RANSFORD parks, gets out. Walks into the park. Lights throw shadows everywhere, across the water, monuments. PEN follows. He looks around. Sufficiently isolated, alone, he speaks.

RANSFORD

Are the models accurate?

Pen nods.

RANSFORD (CONT'D)

I need to hear what you think is happening. In your own words.

Pen takes a moment to arrange her thoughts.

PEN

... Encryption and decryption should be in balance, right? Hackers exploit a vulnerability, infosec patch it, and on it goes.

(beat)

But someone tipped that balance. Feels like the hackers have started winning.

RANSFORD

We haven't exactly been crushing it in the cyber war for a while now...

PEN

Nobody's crushing it. Everyone's losing. Encryption itself is failing. All of it.

Pen getting ANIMATED now. Warming to her theory.

PEN (CONT'D)

I think whatever's doing it has been out there for a while. Spreading quietly, for months. Years maybe. The Office of Personnel Management. IRS. Yahoo. Sony. The Ukrainian power grid. Ashley Madison. Mossack Fonseca. The Fappening. Antwerp container port. The DNC...

(beat)

Now Canopy. Every week, something new. Not because the hackers are getting smarter. Because the wall that keeps them out - is falling apart.

RANSFORD

What you're talking about isn't possible. There are hundreds of ways to encrypt and protect data. Separate, distinct systems. They can't all be failing at once.

PEN

Right. Except - they are. You know my analysis is sound. That's why you're here.

(beat)

Our information isn't safe anymore. We're on the way to a totally unsecured internet. No more privacy.

(beat)

No more secrets.

Ransford reels...

84 **INT. TAXI - DAY**

84

HARD CUT into CHRIS'S VIDEO playing in extreme close-up. The panicked camera. The scream... we see Chris is watching it in the back of a cab, wondering. Frightened.

LONDON TAXI DRIVER

Here alright?

Chris stops the video, looks out. An empty industrial estate. Bit sinister.

CHRIS

Er, yeah. Fine...

85 **INT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE, DAGENHAM, ESSEX - DAY**

85

CHRIS gets out, pays the TAXI, which drives off, leaving him entirely alone. He walks tentatively, checking maps on his phone. The postcode "RM13 9DD" - the industrial estate ahead.

He puts his phone in his pocket - and walks forward...

86 **EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

86

HARD CUT to BOB LAPKA'S face, filling the frame. Asleep in the back of the car.

Somewhere in Nebraska. LORRIE filling the car as MIKE returns from the store with bottles of WATER and SNACKS. They get in.

They exchange an intense, worried look. Mike offers her his hand - she squeezes it. They turn to look at Bob. And they look worried again. Lorrie starts the car.

The station wagon pulls away. And we start to pull out, as they hit the road, driving away, north, into darkness. We pull out further, higher.

Past clouds, high into the sky, the twinkling network of lit cities and roads spread over the dark land... and we morph into the DIGITISED GLOBE from the opening, spinning slowly...

When we last saw it, it had seven or eight pulsing PURPLE DOTS, mainly in the US. Seven or eight infections.

Now, there are millions. The planet is COVERED...

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT EPISODE