

SYNDICATE

Written by

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FADE IN

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The sun's rays fade away as they peek though the window of a small studio apartment in a large city. The apartment houses a bed, a LAMP glowing on a night stand, a large TELEVISION mounted to the wall, a wired apartment TELEPHONE and a small kitchen area.

JOSH, appearing saddened, is typing on his LAPTOP while lying on the bed. His computer screen, propped on his lap, shows a semi-composed e-mail to an ADULTERY LAWYER. He stops typing for a moment and lies his head on the pillow beneath it.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. DOWNTOWN DINER - AFTERNOON

SARAH, a beautiful brunette in her mid-twenties, is walking back to her table with Josh, wearing a Black Blazer and Tan Kahkis, in a sit-down restaurant. She adjusts her skirt before she pulls her chair out from the table and sits.

SARAH

They have a bathroom attendant in there and everyth-

Josh holds Sarah's PHONE up to her, which she had left at the table.

JOSH

Who is Caleb and why is he texting you stuff like this?

The phone shows a text from someone named Caleb that reads **"Hey gorgeous, you with him tonight or do you wanna come over?"**

SARAH

(sheepishly)

He... he is just a friend. A good friend.

JOSH

A good friend? You can't possibly expect me to believe that.

SARAH

Do you?

JOSH  
Are you fucking serious?

Josh slams the phone on the table, shattering the screen and sending PIECES OF CELL PHONE flying through the air.

SARAH  
What the fuck! I just got that fucking phone yesterday!

JOSH  
Looks like all the contacts transferred over just fine.

SARAH  
You asshole! You're going to pay for that phone!

JOSH  
Ha! Bullshit! You think the cost of your damn phone is equal to what I've spent on you in our six months?

Sarah stands up from her chair absolutely seething with rage.

SARAH  
I regret every minute of those six months. Don't ever fucking talk to me again!

JOSH  
(with confidence)  
I guess I can't call you, can I?

SARAH  
Fuck you!

Sarah walks away from the table as Josh puts his head in his hands and closes his eyes in instant regret.

JOSH  
(to himself)  
Jesus... Six months gone over a fucking phone?

He sniffles a bit and starts to pick up the BROKEN PHONE PIECES.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Maybe I shouldn't have smashed it that hard.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - EVENING (NOW COMPLETELY DARK OUT)

Josh is still in bed, staring at the ceiling. His lips part into a soft smile.

JOSH

I really didn't think it'd *explode!*

Josh chuckles to himself. He sets his laptop on the night stand and turns the lamp off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NEXT DAY, AFTERNOON

Josh rounds the corner on the intersection between 36th and 5th streets through the sliding glass doors of a grocery store. He gives a weird look to an EMPLOYEE walking carts in next to him. The employee is peering at Josh a bit more intently than what would normally be comfortable.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SECONDS LATER

The grocery store is dark and drab. A sign for 'Dairy' hangs above the sliding glass doors.

The employee quickly darts around a corner to put the carts away and Josh shrugs the odd situation off. As Josh goes around the store collecting his goods, the employee always seems to be about ten feet behind him doing various tasks.

Josh continues to cross items off of his LIST until he is left with one more: eggs. The employee, still stalking, rushes past him from behind while trying to catch a glimpse of the list.

The employee hurriedly walks through the doors leading to the workers' dairy storage room and comes back a beat later with his hands full of EGG CARTONS.

Josh is now motionless and staring down the employee, trying to figure out how the employee knew what he needed.

JOSH

Were you looking at...

The employee hurriedly walks back through the doors to the storage room before Josh can muster his entire sentence.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
...My list from behind?  
(beat)  
Weird little fucker.

Josh grabs the box of eggs on the top of the pile the employee had just laid and walks to the checkout lanes.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Josh is sitting silently on a busy, moving train. There is plenty of trash on the floor of the car, accompanied with spots where drinks have been spilled.

As the train comes to a stop he looks out the window and sees Sarah and her new BOYFRIEND walking to the opposite end of the platform.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

A) INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY - Sarah and Josh walk to catch their train.

B) INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY - The couple looks around nervously as other RIDERS are nonchalantly wearing no pants on their ride.

C) EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY - The couple walks out of the subway tunnel and down the street, window-shopping.

D) EXT. TOP OF SKYSCRAPER - DAY - The couple stares out at the city below from an observation deck. A nearby seagull poops on someone's shoulder next to the couple.

E) EXT. FOOD TRUCK - DAY - The couple eats food together at a table as they playfully talk.

F) EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY - The couple walks down into the subway tunnel they came out of before.

G) INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY - Sarah lays her head on Josh's shoulder as the train speeds along. A MARIACHI BAND plays in the subway train.

END OF MONTAGE

END FLASHBACK.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Josh sighs as he drops one of his grocery bags on the subway train floor.

JOSH  
Simpler times.

Josh notices the cleanliness of the subway car's floor.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Ew.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Josh opens the door to his apartment and sets the bags of groceries on the counter. As he is un-bagging them, he hears a BEEPING noise from outside. He walks to the window and sees a large moving van backing into a space outside his apartment building.

JOSH  
Who moves in at night? Moron.

Josh goes back to the counter to keep putting away his groceries.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
(ranting)  
Light is an essential part of the moving process. You don't know your new home very well and you've gotta see every detail to avoid injury.  
(to his window)  
If you fall I'm not helping you!

Josh closes his cupboards and fridge and gets into bed.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - 3AM (SEVERAL HOURS LATER)

A loud CRASH wakes Josh up from his peaceful sleep.

JOSH  
(groggily)  
You asshole, I told you to wait until daytime.

He gets up from his bed and sees that his television has fallen from the wall, his coaxial and Ethernet cords have been ripped out, and the wall outlet where they were plugged in is in complete disarray.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Aw, son of a bitch.

Giving a middle-finger to the wall of his new neighbor, Josh walks back to his bed and falls on top of it, uncaring.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING (SEVERAL HOURS LATER)

Josh lies in his bed the same way as hours earlier, the sun's rays hitting his backside. He stands up, puts slippers on and walks to his apartment door.

JOSH  
(with clenched teeth,  
almost unintelligible)  
...mother fucking...ass...bitch...

He opens the door and heads out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOSH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway is painted a dirty, grey color.

Josh knocks on the door of his new neighbor and sees the same employee from the grocery store that was stalking him in his uniform blankly staring back at him once the door opens.

JOSH  
(flabbergasted)  
Hey... you got me my eggs.

EMPLOYEE  
(sternly)  
Yes.

JOSH  
How did you know I needed--

EMPLOYEE  
(interrupting)  
I just moved in here. Nice building.

JOSH  
Yeah, did you move in late last night?

EMPLOYEE  
Early this morning, actually.

JOSH  
Kinda odd time for that, don't you think?

EMPLOYEE  
No.

JOSH  
Well... I don't mean to bother you but you knocked down my TV last night when you were moving.

EMPLOYEE  
My condolences.

JOSH  
That's it? No "is it broken?" or even "I'm sorry?"

Josh hears his phone RINGING back in his apartment.

Giving up hope for friendship, he turns around and heads back to his apartment to answer the phone.

EMPLOYEE  
Enjoy the eggs.

The employee shuts his door hastily. Josh, trying to comprehend the employee's line of logic, enters his apartment.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

Josh walks through the door, picks up the still-ringing PHONE and answers it.

JOSH  
This is Josh.

The spoken words cannot be deciphered on the other end of the line.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Fine, I'll be there ASAP.

Josh hangs up the phone and runs into his closet area, only to emerge seconds later in jeans and a black blazer over his pajama top.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
There better be donuts at this god damn meeting.

Josh hurriedly leaves his apartment as his breakfast ingredients remain on the counter.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Josh's office building is sleek and Frank Lloyd Wright-esque. It is colored white.

Josh exits the front doors of the building looking quite stiff and stressed after his meeting.

JOSH  
Completely pointless. Dumb-ass  
policy change bullshit.

TWO MEN in sharp, business clothing walk towards the building past Josh as he mutters to himself.

MAN ON STREET  
Nice pajamas, dude.

JOSH  
Fuck off.

Josh walks further away from the two men.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
(mostly under his breath)  
Sarah liked these pajamas.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - 3AM (SEVERAL HOURS LATER)

Josh is sleeping soundly until a loud DRILLING NOISE wakes him up. He gets up from bed, turns on his lamp and sets off to find what is causing the noise.

JOSH  
If he's hanging pictures I'm gunna  
shit.

Josh scours his apartment to no avail, failing to look at the top of a wall facing the entire living space, where a small hole has been drilled.

Josh, feeling defeated, heads back to his bed and puts on a SLEEPING MASK and EARPLUGS that are left on his bed-side table.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
I'm sick of this. Management is  
going to have to answer for this  
shit.

Josh slips off to sleep.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Josh, now completely sound asleep, is not woken by the sound of his neighbor, the employee, who has broken into his apartment holding a SECURITY CAMERA disguised as a smoke alarm.

He, much like a cat-burglar, tiptoes into Josh's apartment, sets the camera down and tiptoes back out into the hallway. He returns seconds later with a ladder and a tool belt.

He puts up the ladder and starts to install the camera, wiring it into the same hole that was drilled thirty minutes prior. Once the camera is up, he presses a button on the front of it and a red light starts to inaudibly flash.

The employee then sneaks back into the hallway only to emerge once more with phone wiring. He tampers with Josh's phone wiring exposed from when the television fell down the night before.

Before too long he takes his left-over wiring and tools into the hallway. When he comes back he takes the ladder down and leaves. The door slams shut and Josh musters a half-snore.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Josh gets up from bed and walks into his kitchen, still looking for the source of the noise a few hours earlier.

JOSH

If he has a drill he better offer  
to fix my wall mount of my socket.

After looking around for a few seconds, he notices the blinking light on the security camera.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What the hell...?

Josh, dumbfounded, grabs a leasing community book from a cupboard in his kitchen and starts to flip through pages.

JOSH (CONT'D)

That's illegal! Those mother-  
fuckers can't come into my room  
without my consent! Especially  
while I'm sleeping? I could have  
been raped.

He finds the page he is looking for, squints at it, grabs his TELEPHONE and starts to dial a number.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

There are almost no light apparent in the Employee's apartment other than the glow of a COMPUTER SCREEN and the morning light slipping through the closed BLINDS on the window.

The employee is staring blankly at his PHONE as he sits at his work station, cluttered with papers. The employee's phone starts to RING in front of his face. Without so much as a blink, he picks up the PHONE.

EMPLOYEE

Hello, this is Halo Management.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

JOSH

Yeah, I've got a question. Is it illegal for you to come into a tenant's apartment without giving them a warning call or e-mail?

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOSH AND THE EMPLOYEE

EMPLOYEE

What is this matter pertaining to?

JOSH

(mockingly)

What the fuck do you mean 'what is it pertaining to?' You came into my apartment last night and installed a smoke alarm while I was sleeping? Who does that?

EMPLOYEE

Fire code changes were made in the City Council Meeting last week, sir.

JOSH

I'm pretty sure the tenants are supposed to know when those changes are being made.

EMPLOYEE

Well, it was in the paper.

JOSH

You're a complete dolt. How am I supposed to know I am safe if your employees are allowed in my apartment without my knowledge...  
*WHILE I AM SLEEPING?*

EMPLOYEE

I assure you that all apartments were treated the same.

Josh starts to peel a BANANA.

JOSH

Oh good, so you did this to everyone else living here? You're going to get sued!

EMPLOYEE

We were just following protocol, sir.

Josh is now eating the banana while still continuing the conversation.

JOSH

(partially inaudible)  
Aha, following protocol. Well if your protocol is pissing off your renters then you're doing a damn good job.

Josh hangs up the phone, still having pieces of chewed banana in his mouth.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

The employee hangs up his phone more softly than Josh does. He begins to intently stare at a COMPUTER SCREEN in front of him. He moves his computer mouse and the image on the screen starts to zoom in.

The image on the screen is a live feed from the security camera he had installed hours earlier and shows Josh finishing his banana.

EMPLOYEE

(to his computer screen)  
That can't be enough to eat...  
you're still a hungry boy, aren't you?

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

JOSH  
I'm just glad the electrician  
didn't steal any of my food.

Josh reaches into the fridge to grab more food for breakfast.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
(mumbling)  
Probably some fat ass... I want  
this ham for myself...

He pulls out some ham, milk, and cheese he had picked up at the store.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

The employee is still staring at the screen in front of him, even more intensely than before. The screen shows Josh grabbing the carton of eggs from his fridge.

EMPLOYEE  
Ah, yes. Good morning, sunshine.  
There you go.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

Josh sets the carton of eggs on the counter alongside cooking oil. He turns the stove on, sets the pan on the heat and pour oil in the pan.

JOSH  
It's finally time for me to follow  
protocol and eat a balanced  
breakfast.

Josh reaches for the carton of eggs.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

The screen shows Josh about to open the carton in front of him.

EMPLOYEE  
(whispering)  
Enjoy the eggs.

The employee clicks his computer mouse.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Josh is about to open the carton of eggs and he remembers the odd dialogue between him and the employee from before.

JOSH

Ha. I *will* enjoy these eggs.

As Josh opens the carton, a metallic device on the inside cover of the carton beeps once and explodes.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The only area of a dimly lit studio apartment we can see is a desk with an immense amount of PAPERS, MANILA ENVELOPES, and BINDERS. The desktop of her COMPUTER is littered with files all named in random numbers.

Sarah sits at the desk with her new CELL PHONE up to her ear, completely different from the smashed one.

SARAH

Did you find anything out of the ordinary?

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Employee is sitting in the same exact position as before the cut to black.

EMPLOYEE

How am I supposed to know what to look for if you won't tell me?

INTERCUT BETWEEN SARAH AND THE EMPLOYEE

SARAH

(hesitant)

Okay, fine. Never-mind it. What exactly *did* you do?

EMPLOYEE

I put up some surveillance cameras.

SARAH

(beat)  
Anything weird yet?

EMPLOYEE

No, but he does keep looking at pictures of you.

SARAH

Fucking sap. Okay, just keep me updated if he starts snooping around in his clothes or trash or anything.

EMPLOYEE

I'm not going to engage the conversation after this call. It's too risky. You have my card.

SARAH

Fine. I'll call you. Just keep me updated. Please.

EMPLOYEE

Sarah, I can just go in and grab whatever it is myself if you'd just tell me. It's my job.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT

Still on the phone, Sarah sifts through the papers on the desk in front of her and finds a small business card. The card reads **'GERALD R. HYLIARD; P.I. in accordance with N.Y.P.D.'**

SARAH

No, I need to go get it myself.

She puts the card into her BACKPACK after giving it a long look.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT

The employee starts taking notes on a NOTE PAD while still talking with Sarah.

EMPLOYEE

Fine then. You said clothes and trash, right?

The employee hangs up the phone, gets up from his chair at the desk and walks out of frame.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)  
Clothes and trash.

INT. DARK, UNSPECIFIED ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lying on the ground, bound by ropes, Josh wakes up from being unconscious. He is inside a small room lit by only one overhead light. His hair is tussled and his clothes are ragged, so he had been unconscious for quite a bit of time.

The employee, completely shaded, walks into the room and shuts the door, making a metallic SLAM. He stands in the corner where no light can reach him.

EMPLOYEE  
Hello.

JOSH  
(disoriented)  
Who are you?

EMPLOYEE  
Not important. I'm here to learn about you.

JOSH  
I haven't done anything. Check my record.

EMPLOYEE  
I did. Does that 'anything' include indecent exposure back in 2011?

JOSH  
That was in College... this can't possibly be for that.

EMPLOYEE  
Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. Tell me, how often do you tidy your place of residence?

JOSH  
I'm being interrogated for cleaning my apartment?

EMPLOYEE  
Answer. How often do you take your trash out? How often do you do your laundry? How often do you dust, sweep and wash windows?

JOSH

Listen. If you're from management,  
this is getting pretty shallow-

EMPLOYEE

(interrupting)

Please answer the questions.

JOSH

No! I want to know what this is  
for!

The employee walks from his shaded spot in the corner back to the door and flips a SWITCH on the wall. He closes the door with another SLAM and watches from the outside as smoke fills the room from the ceiling.

Josh begins gasping for air and passes out. The employee flips a switch on the opposite side of the wall and the smoke stops coming from the ceiling. Josh, again, lies unconscious.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - ONE DAY LATER

Josh is in bed- covers pulled over him neatly and evenly, as if done by someone with OCD. As if nothing has happened, he gets out of bed and starts his morning routine by walking into the kitchen.

In the kitchen he grabs another BANANA and peels it, blankly staring at his apartment. Realizing this has happened before, he turns his head slightly and notices yet another blinking smoke alarm on a different wall of his apartment.

JOSH

You're kidding me, right?

He picks up his TELEPHONE and dials the same number he did earlier.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

The employee is staring blankly at his PHONE as he sits at his work station, cluttered with papers. The employee's phone starts to RING in front of his face. Without so much as a blink, he picks up the PHONE.

EMPLOYEE

Hello, this is Halo Management.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY

JOSH  
(under his breath)  
Same guy as last time, huh?  
(into the phone)  
I thought I told you guys yesterday  
about not coming into my apartment  
and installing shit without me  
knowing.

INTERCUT BETWEEN JOSH AND THE EMPLOYEE

EMPLOYEE  
What is this matter pertaining to?

JOSH  
GOD DAMN IT, I AM GOING TO STRANGLE  
YOU!

EMPLOYEE  
There is no need for such a violent  
tone, sir.

JOSH  
(beat)  
Why. Why did you install another  
fire alarm?

EMPLOYEE  
The job wasn't finished yet.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Josh has his head in his free hand, propped up by the counter. His eyes are closed in disappointment and disgust. He hangs up the phone without giving a reply.

JOSH  
Halo, my ass.

FADE OUT.

INT. MEETING ROOM - MID-MORNING

Light shines through large glass windows of a meeting space in the headquarters for 'Starshare' Brokerage Firm. A meeting is being conducted by MAN 1 in a very expensive Tom Ford suit with slicked-back, black hair.

He is gesturing wildly at a blackboard on the wall with several FIGURES and CHARTS sloping downwards.

MAN 1

Listen to me, ladies and gentlemen.  
The whirlwind platform is a  
dashboard for retail investors who  
want to track their accounts, view  
market data, and make trades.

Among the group of ASSOCIATES scattered around the table sits CALEB, a 28-year-old in a cardigan and slacks; obviously uninterested. Caleb is fiddling around with his pen and clicking it on the table as the other ASSOCIATES intently listen to the man conducting the meeting.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

We kick it up a notch with  
'StarPro'. A program for more  
active traders. We are all  
familiar with the parameters for  
entry, right?

ASSOCIATES

(in unison)  
\$250,000.

Caleb snaps out of his daydream and fidgeting as the associates echo around him. The pen suddenly explodes and the table locks eyes with Caleb.

Man 1 slowly cocks his head towards Caleb and is now glaring at him.

MAN 1

Exactly. 250 bones. 250 big ones.  
250 large in their account balance.  
This means that we need to be on  
the up and up in the game, okie  
dokey?

Caleb nods nervously. Man 1 sports a shit-eating grin.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Good. Great. Fantastic.

He turns back to the board and points out a few more points of interest.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

We excel at innovative trading  
technology...

Caleb looks more intently at the table in front of him.

CALEB (V.O.)  
\$250,000? Jesus Christ...

MAN 1  
...ETF Screeners, real-time quotes,  
and CNBC Video On Demand. With  
this kind of investment into our  
clients, it seems as if they are  
getting our best, right?

ASSOCIATES  
(in unison)  
Right.

MAN 1  
(furious)  
So how the FUCK are we on top of  
our game when we are the last ones  
to speculate on this?

He grabs a REMOTE on the table in front of him and turns on a  
TELEVISION on the wall.

On the television, WOLF BLITZER is giving commentary on new  
tech startups, one of which is called Hatch Media.

TELEVISION SLIDE SHOW MONTAGE DURING V.O.

A) INT. CONVENTION CENTER - A CEO is giving a presentation on  
a new smartphone to a large AUDIENCE

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
The unveiling that no one could  
wait for is set for today at Hatch  
Media for the new Hatch Illuminate  
smartphone.

B) SLIDE - The logo for Hatch Media is side by side with the  
new ILLUMINATE SMARTPHONE.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
But believe it or not, the biggest  
news of today is not about Hatch's  
new product.

C) EXT. WALL STREET - Traffic slowly passes by the street  
sign for Wall Street in downtown NYC.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
The news regarding to the new  
product unveil isn't much related  
to Hatch Media at all.

D) INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - Traders scurry on the floor of the NYSE.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
The news resides within the New York Stock Exchange, where several brokerage firms have not manipulated trading value of Hatch Media's Stock.

E) EXT. E-TRADE HEADQUARTERS

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
Several firms, including E-Trade...

F) EXT. SCOTTRADE HEADQUARTERS

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
...Scottrade...

G) EXT. STARSHARE BUILDING

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
...and most notably, Starshare, who closed on Hatch Media at just below 100 points yesterday with the market median being 115.24.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The ASSOCIATES stare intently at the screen in front of them.

ASSOCIATE 1  
Is that a live feed?

He waves out the window hoping to see himself waving on camera. Man 1 throws the remote at the waving associate, just narrowly missing his head.

MAN 1  
If it was a live feed I really hope they captured that. What the hell are we doing here? Why aren't we keeping up on these release dates? Do you know how many people are going to invest in Hatch once this phone drops?

ASSOCIATES  
(in unison)  
A lot.

MAN 1

That's right. A lot of people.  
This CAN NOT happen again. Adjust  
the figures before the market  
opens.

He walks briskly out of the room and the group disbands.

EXT. STARSHARE BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Caleb walks out of the building as a herd of REPORTERS with  
microphones in-hand rush towards him.

REPORTER 1

Sir! Why did Starshare open so low  
on Hatch today?

REPORTER 2

Who is responsible for the almost  
certain loss of profits for  
Starshare?

Caleb starts walking away from the crowd faster as he holds  
his hand up to his face, trying to shield his identity.

CALEB

Well, it's not me! I swear it!

Now running, Caleb disappears into the nearest Subway tunnel.

CALEB (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I swear I uploaded those numbers  
correctly.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Sarah gathers PAPERS and her LAPTOP off of a WORK DESK inside  
a dimly lit loft apartment. She piles everything into her  
RED BACKPACK, slings it over her shoulder and heads towards  
the door to exit the apartment.

Caleb opens the door from the outside as Sarah reaches for  
the handle from the inside.

SARAH

Oh! Hi Honey!

CALEB

Hey babe, I thought you were going  
to come over later today.

SARAH  
Well... yeah.

CALEB  
What were you doing? Were you  
leaving?

SARAH  
I just had to take my bag back  
home.

CALEB  
Anything pertinent?

SARAH  
No, not truly.

CALEB  
Then please stay. Can't you just  
take it home when you leave  
tomorrow?

SARAH  
(hesitantly)  
I suppose so.

CALEB  
Is everything okay?

SARAH  
Yeah. I just don't feel too good.  
I was going to get some medicine.

CALEB  
Aw, I'm sorry! I can stop out  
really quick if you'd like.

Sarah places her hand on her forehead to mimic a headache and  
musters a smile.

SARAH  
Sure, that'd be wonderful babe.  
Just can you go to Fastmart on  
45th?

CALEB  
45th? I don't want to be out for  
another hour. I'll just go to the  
corner. They have the same stuff.

SARAH  
But the Fastmart is so much  
cheaper. Please?

CALEB

Sarah, I want you to get better and the only way I can assure that is if I'm here beside you. I'll be back soon.

SARAH

Okay, fine. Thank you, Caleb.

CALEB

Love you, baby.

SARAH

I lo-

Sarah interrupts herself by slamming the door in Caleb's face before she can finish the sentence.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(to herself)

Cocksucker! Why can't you organize your work shit?

INT. HALLWAYS OUTSIDE CALEB'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Caleb walks towards the elevator.

CALEB

Poor girl.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

SARAH

Shithead.

Sarah grabs out her CELL PHONE which clearly displays the logo for Hatch Media out from her pocket and dials a number.

INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

SCOTT, a black-haired man in his 40s with glasses, sits at his kitchen TABLE reading a copy of the WALL STREET JOURNAL.

Sitting next to his cup of still-steaming coffee, his PHONE starts to ring. He picks it up.

SCOTT

Go.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

SARAH  
Can you come by 36th and 5th? I'm  
going to drop something off to you.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SCOTT AND SARAH

SCOTT  
Whose place is that?

SARAH  
It's Caleb's.

SCOTT  
Whose?

SARAH  
The one I'm working on now.

SCOTT  
More information.

SARAH  
StarShare.

SCOTT  
Ah, yes. Wonderful. What's the  
pick up?

SARAH  
Red Jansport.

SCOTT  
Nice and high-profile.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

SARAH  
Shut up, you ass. He came home  
before I could leave with the info.  
Just call me when you get here.

Sarah hangs up the cell phone, cinches up the straps on her  
backpack and heads out of the apartment.

EXT. CALEB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah walks out the front door of the apartment and heads out  
onto the corner of 36th and 5th streets. She waits, eyeing  
everyone that passes by.

## EXT. GROCERY STORE - SIMULTANEOUSLY

The Employee is sweeping the entrance to the grocery store. He looks up and sees Sarah across the street. Confused, he stops sweeping and looks diligently at Sarah's actions.

Sarah takes her phone out of her pocket and has a short conversation into it, too far away to be heard.

At the intersection, a BLACK MERCEDES comes to a stop at the corner and Sarah approaches it, hands her RED BACKPACK inside the car and sprints back inside Caleb's apartment building. The car speeds away in haste.

The Employee takes out the same NOTE PAD he used before and scribbles some more notes. He closes the pad and goes back to sweeping.

Caleb, with a handful of medications, pushes by the Employee out the front of the grocery store, knocking him into a potted plant near the doors.

CALEB

Sorry, man. My bad.

EMPLOYEE

It's fine.

Caleb starts to jog across the street to his apartment building.

CALEB

Sick girlfriend. You know how it is!

The Employee exhales in disgust and continues sweeping. He finishes and looks up and across the street to see Caleb entering the same building that Sarah did moments earlier.

Once again, he reaches for his note pad and scrawls more notes. Putting his pad away, he enters the grocery store.

## INT. GROCERY STORE

The Employee goes to the nearest register inside the store and logs into the sales software. Clicking on a tab labeled 'Recent Transactions', he scrolls to the top and clicks on the transaction at the top of the list. The RECEIPT for the transaction opens and he prints another copy.

Tucking the receipt behind his note pad in his pocket, he walks to the back of the store and clocks out.

## INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Employee is holding the RECEIPT from the earlier transaction up to his COMPUTER SCREEN. He types the numbers from the credit card on the receipt into a database on his computer. He hits the enter key and Caleb's picture shows up on the screen.

A link on the database to Caleb's Facebook page shows up and the Employee clicks it. In the 'About' tab, he scrolls down to 'Relationship Status' which is "In a relationship". He clicks one more time and the profile for Sarah Mark pops up, with Sarah's face on it.

EMPLOYEE

Interesting.

He scrawls more notes on his NOTE PAD once again, closes his computer and exits the room.

## INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Sarah and Caleb are getting lying in bed together.

CALEB

Not sure what's causing it?

SARAH

No, not really. Just feel warm.

CALEB

Ah, I'm sorry.

SARAH

It's fine.

CALEB

Where did you put your bag? I don't want you to forget it tomorrow.

SARAH

It's right on top of my shoes. Don't worry. I won't forget it.

CALEB

Good.

Caleb rolls over facing the night stand.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Hey, don't you want to charge your phone?

SARAH  
It's fine.

CALEB  
Where is it? I can grab it for you.

SARAH  
Caleb, just go to bed. Please.

Caleb rolls back over to face Sarah and stares at her, expressionless.

CALEB  
(under his breath)  
Must be side effects of the meds.

Caleb kisses Sarah on the cheek and rolls back over to go to sleep.

FADE OUT.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Caleb is in a robe on his COUCH watching his TELEVISION watching JIM CRAMER's 'Mad Money'.

INT. JIM CRAMER'S 'MAD MONEY' STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

JIM CRAMER  
Some people think that Wall Street  
only worships one god: Money.  
Well, quick! Switch religions!  
There is a new god to worship now!  
Whoever at StarShare forgot to  
update opening bell prices!

Jim hits a button on his desk and a prizefight DING DING DING rings through the studio.

JIM CRAMER (CONT'D)  
Hatch Investors through StarShare,  
get on your knees and worship this  
man, whomever he may be!

He presses another button on his desk and a church choir's harmonious AHHHH sings aloud.

JIM CRAMER (CONT'D)  
I say 'whomever' it may be because  
StarShare has not yet made it  
public who slipped up.

Jim hits yet another button on his desk, making a cartoon BANANA PEEL SLIP sound effect.

JIM CRAMER (CONT'D)

But be clear! The next person you see walking out of their headquarters with a box of their office belongings is your new God!

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sarah runs from the bedroom, past Caleb in the living room, to the area by the entry door. She is wearing a pantsuit with her hair in a ponytail.

SARAH

Got called in early today babe, gotta run!

CALEB

Aw, really? We were going to have a lazy day today! You said you had the day off! I didn't hear you talking to anybody.

SARAH

Sorry, hon. We'll have to do it another day.

Sarah picks up her shoes off of the floor and slips them on.

CALEB

Fine. I love you!

SARAH

Love you too.

Sarah quickly opens the door and heads into the hallway.

CALEB

Wait, don't forget your bag!

The door SHUTS without another word from Sarah.

CALEB (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

Great.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CALEB'S APARTMENT

Sarah starts to sprint down the hallway to the stairs.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT

Caleb gets up from the couch and walks towards the door where the shoes are stored and stares blankly at the void. No bag. He opens his front door.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE CALEB'S APARTMENT

The hallway is absolutely empty.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT

He closes his front door, walks back into the bedroom and looks around for the bag there. Still nothing.

CALEB  
What the hell?

Caleb pulls his CELL PHONE out of his robe pocket and dials.

INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Scott sits at his large oak desk signing papers. On a large FLAT SCREEN behind him, the same episode of Jim Cramer's 'Mad Money' is playing there as well. Sarah's RED BACKPACK sits on top of the desk, zipped open.

A RINGING starts. Sarah's backpack starts to softly vibrate.

Scott looks up, puzzled. He reaches inside the backpack and grabs out Sarah's phone. The caller ID reads 'Caleb'.

SCOTT  
(to himself)  
Yeah, you left your phone in the  
backpack... dumb broad.

He answers the phone and holds it up to his ear.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Go.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Caleb, realizing that it is not Sarah who has her phone he starts to panic and sets the phone down without hanging up. He runs out of his doorway.

INT. UNKNOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Scott sits, waiting for a reply.

SCOTT  
Nika? Hello... Nika...

No response.

He hangs up Sarah's cell phone and continues signing papers. A door SLAMS in the other room and Sarah walks into Scott's office, looking disheveled. She slumps down in a chair next to the desk and lets out a long sigh.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Please, sit down.

SARAH  
Fuck off. I have no idea how I got out of there unscathed this morning.

SCOTT  
Yeah... I thought you were staying longer, so--

SARAH  
I was going to but I thought he was going to ask about the files so I left.

SCOTT  
He called your phone. And I thought it was you trying to reach me.

Sarah's eyes widen.

SARAH  
Um... how long ago?

SCOTT  
You walked in literally two seconds after I hung up.

Sarah gets up from the chair and starts pacing.

SARAH  
Oh shit. Oh shit.

SCOTT  
Relax. Jesus. I said absolutely nothing about anything.

SARAH  
You didn't spill anything at all?

SCOTT  
Nothing. He didn't even answer.

Sarah sits back down in her chair, devoid of emotion.

SARAH  
That worries me.

SCOTT  
Why?

SARAH  
Did you say anything when you  
picked up?

SCOTT  
I didn't say my name, I just said  
'go'.

SARAH  
Shit. Why?

A moment passes.

SCOTT  
Why? What do you mean why? I always  
say that. You don't expect me to  
answer a phone and say absolutely  
nothing, do you? That's dumb as  
hell.

SARAH  
He doesn't like it when I don't  
answer. I can't imagine what he'd  
think when a *guy* answered.

SCOTT  
Listen. It's going to be fine.

CALEB (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Sarah! Sarah!

Scott and Sarah look out the WINDOW in Scott's office to see  
Caleb jogging down the street in his robe.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Caleb is looking around the street for Sarah as he runs.

CALEB  
Sarah! Oh god!

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SARAH  
Oh no no no no no no... this just  
got bad. Very bad.

SCOTT  
Fuck. Has he ever asked about  
work?

SARAH  
No, he still has no clue.

SCOTT  
Well, maybe that *was* for the best.

SARAH  
What do you mean? What the hell am  
I supposed to tell him?

SCOTT  
I don't know.

SARAH  
I can't tell him anything without  
compromising the plan.

SCOTT  
Then don't. You let this one  
slide. You've been in worse places  
before...

Scott raises his hands to do air quotes with his fingers.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
..."Sarah".

SARAH  
But I never wound up missing  
before, Scott!

SCOTT  
Let me make some calls. Calm down.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF SCOTT'S OFFICE

Caleb is on a PAY PHONE, still in his robe, crying and panicking.

CALEB

Yes, hello. I need to report a missing person.

(beat)

Sarah Klassen. 27 years old. Brunette.

(beat)

She's my girlfriend. She left our apartment to go to work this morning and I was supposed to remind her to grab her backpack. She never grabbed it so I went to tell her and she was gone! It's like she disappeared!

(beat)

I called her phone and it was a man's voice that answered.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Sarah stares out the window at Caleb who is still talking to the police on the pay phone. Scott walks in with a large ENVELOPE and hands it to Sarah.

SCOTT

Nika, you really need to be more careful. We can't continue to keep doing this every year.

\*For clarity, we'll continue to refer to her as 'Sarah'\*

SARAH

I know. This one got away from me is all.

SCOTT

That's the thing. StarShare is a gold mine. We can't lose this contact.

SARAH

How do you expect me to keep up with Caleb? He just probably reported me missing!

SCOTT

Listen, Nika. This is your mistake. You need to figure this one out on your own. I covered your IDs and accounts.

Sarah sighs and looks towards the floor.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I'm only leaving you this one. Sever the rest of your ties. All of them. But this one you need to maintain.

Scott leaves the office as Sarah holds her head in her hands.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Josh gets ready for his day by sifting through a pile of CLOTHES on the floor near his bed. He grabs a pair of tan KHAKIS, lying next to the Black Blazer from the date with Sarah. He attempts to get the wrinkles out of the pant legs, unsuccessfully.

He lays them on the bed and tries to smooth out the wrinkles with more applied force. When applying pressure to the right side of the pants, he comes across an obvious bump in the pocket. Reaching inside the pocket, he grabs out Sarah's BROKEN PHONE.

CUT TO:

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

The Employee is sitting at his desk, same position as previous scenes, intently staring at his COMPUTER SCREEN.

On the screen, security camera feed shows Josh smoothing out the wrinkles in his KHAKI pants. The Employee sips coffee without transferring his intense gaze from the screen, and without blinking at all.

EMPLOYEE

(to himself)

That's right. I think the egg has finally cracked.

He takes the NOTE PAD out of the pocket of his shirt and takes more notes on it. He puts the pad away and continues to stare at the screen.

On the screen, Josh puts on the same khaki pants and grabs a t-shirt. He puts on the t-shirt and grabs his keys off of his nightstand before heading out of frame.

The Employee finishes his coffee and turns the computer monitor off.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL ELECTRONICS STORE - MID DAY

Josh is waiting in line to fix the broken phone. The store is dimly lit and very busy. Next to the check out counter sits a complementary COFFEE POT.

INT. MALL CONCOURSE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Employee sits on a bench outside of the same electronics store. He notices Josh approaching the front of the line and gets up from his seat.

The employee walks into the store and walks straight to the coffee dispenser, where he pours himself a cup. Next to the pot, he takes two sugar packets and dumps them in his cup.

STORE CLERK (O.S.)  
Total's going to be \$126.33.

As the Employee stirs his coffee, he looks to the left and sees Josh giving the broken phone to the STORE CLERK and paying the bill. Reaching into his pocket, he takes out two packets of SEDATIVES (disguised as packets of sugar) from his pockets.

STORE CLERK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Go ahead and have something to  
drink while we work on this.

JOSH (O.S.)  
Thanks a lot.

The Employee sets the sedatives in the place of the empty sugar packets and walks out of the store.

Josh pours himself a cup of coffee from the pot and picks up the sedatives as well as an extra sugar from the tray. He rips all three packets open and stirs them into his coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOSH'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Josh is walking towards his door with a bag from the electronics store in one hand and the cup of coffee in the other. He takes the final gulp of the coffee and sets the cup into a nearby TRASH CAN.

Arriving at his door, he reaches for his keys inside his pocket and abruptly falls to the floor unconscious.

A few feet away, a door CREAKS and the head of the Employee pops out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - EVENING

Caleb, still in his bathrobe and very disheveled, is speaking with the police about Sarah's disappearance in a dark office space. Caleb hands a LARGE ENVELOPE to one of the officers.

CALEB

I have pictures, descriptions of the clothes she was wearing and contact information.

POLICE OFFICER ONE looks through the files he has pulled out of the envelope looking confused. He hands them to POLICE OFFICER TWO.

POLICE OFFICER ONE

You have no other information on... Sarah... is it?

Caleb nods.

POLICE OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)

Nothing odd surrounding her disappearance?

CALEB

Everything seems out of place with her. It's kind of quirky and I like that about her.

Police Officer One and Two give each other a suspicious look.

POLICE OFFICER ONE  
But you don't even know where she worked? How long have you been dating?

CALEB  
A couple of days now.

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
I feel as though that's one of the first few things you learn about a person.

CALEB  
She said it wasn't pertinent and letting it be a mystery was kind of exciting to me.

POLICE OFFICER ONE  
And now she is gone, and you're freaking out?

CALEB  
I'm really concerned this time.

Police Officer Two hand the files and envelope back to Police Officer One.

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
Where did you get these pictures from?

CALEB  
I had them printed up.

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
Did you get them from any sort of social media?

CALEB  
Sarah never had any social media. Or I never knew of any, at least.

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
I feel like *that's* one of the first few things you learn about a person, too.

POLICE OFFICER ONE  
Let me make copies of these and give you a copy.

Police Officer One gets up from the table they are sitting at and grabs the files. Leafing through them once more, he exits the room.

POLICE OFFICER TWO

There is nothing to worry about.  
These sorts of things happen.

(beat)

I just wish we had more information  
to go off.

CALEB

I do too. Sarah didn't like  
discussing a whole lot with me.  
She was simple. Just another thing  
I liked about her.

Police Officer One walks back in with the envelope and an extra FILE. He gives the file to Caleb and sits back down. Caleb looks at the file.

POLICE OFFICER TWO

(quietly, to Police  
Officer One)

That was quick.

POLICE OFFICER ONE

(answering the same way)

I could put it all on one page.

POLICE OFFICER TWO

(to Caleb)

We will start calling and  
searching. We have your info, so  
in the meantime you can do whatever  
you can to search on your own.

CALEB

Thank you. I'll be in touch if I  
find anything out.

POLICE OFFICER ONE

We will do the same.

Caleb gets up and walks out of the room.

Police Officer One waits a moment to initiate the conversation.

POLICE OFFICER ONE (CONT'D)

Ever seen anything like this?

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
No, but every fiber of my being suggests foul play. This is a weird one.

POLICE OFFICER ONE  
Same here. Virtually no information on a significant other? This is going to be hard for even us to handle.

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
What do you suggest?

POLICE OFFICER ONE  
We can do a bit of digging but I don't think we'll get very far. We can go also outside the force if you think it would help.

POLICE OFFICER TWO  
That may be best. There are bigger crimes to solve.

CUT TO:

INT. DARK, UNSPECIFIED ROOM

Lying on the ground, bound by ropes, Josh wakes up from being unconscious. He looks around, confused, and suddenly is overcome by deja vu.

JOSH  
Oh christ, not again.  
(now screaming)  
I haven't done anything!

The employee, completely shaded, walks into the room and shuts the door, making a metallic SLAM. He stands in the corner where no light can reach him.

EMPLOYEE  
Is that right?

JOSH  
Why does this happen every other day now? Is this going to be a recurring thing? Can I schedule these days off on my cal-

EMPLOYEE  
Why were you at the mall today?

JOSH  
Why are you tracking my movements?

EMPLOYEE  
Please, god, answer the question.

JOSH  
Ah! Breaking, are we?

EMPLOYEE  
(frustrated)  
What does that phone mean to you?

JOSH  
Sarah's phone? Why do you care?

EMPLOYEE  
(to himself)  
Sarah's phone... why does she want  
me to investigate her own phone?

JOSH  
How do you know Sarah?

The Employee does not answer.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Is Sarah behind all this?

Again, the Employee gives no answer.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Over a phone. Fucking ridiculous.

EMPLOYEE  
Why does that phone have any value  
to you?

JOSH  
Because it's new and I can sell it!  
I just needed to fix the fucking  
screen.

The Employee pauses to think, then quickly rushes out of the door.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Aw, no. Come on! Tell me what this  
is about god damn it!

The door shuts with a SLAM. He flips the same switch on the wall as before and walks out of frame.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - SECONDS LATER

The Employee sits down at his desk and dials his PHONE. No answer.

EMPLOYEE  
(to himself)  
Sarah, what are you up to?

He sets his phone down on the desk and walks back out of the room.

INT. DARK, UNSPECIFIED ROOM

The Employee flips the switch on the wall into the down position before walking into the room and standing over Josh.

Josh does not stir. The Employee nudges him with his foot until Josh wakes, very startled.

JOSH  
What the fuck? Holy shit, what are you doing here?

EMPLOYEE  
I have never compromised my identity in a case before.

JOSH  
Case? You broke my TV, gave me my eggs, and are now holding me hostage.

EMPLOYEE  
I'm going to be frank with you. I need some information.

JOSH  
I'm not giving you a damn thing until you untie me and tell me what the fuck I am doing here.

EMPLOYEE  
Your ex-girlfriend hired me to investigate your behavior.

JOSH  
Sarah hired you... a grocery store clerk... to investigate my behavior. Am I in the twilight zone?

The Employee starts to untie Josh.

EMPLOYEE

I'm a private investigator, Josh.

JOSH

Who also gets eggs?

EMPLOYEE

Please just cooperate. It's for both of our benefits.

JOSH

What are you talking about?

EMPLOYEE

I am not exactly sure... but it's not normal. Why do you think she wants her phone back so badly?

JOSH

Because it's new! I told you earlier! I busted it the day after she got it.

Josh chuckles.

EMPLOYEE

That is not it. No one needs a phone that badly.

JOSH

But it was Hatch's new one that just came out. It retails for \$799. We put a whole bunch of cool shit into it.

EMPLOYEE

'We'? Who is 'we'?

JOSH

I work for Hatch. I would know: that's one hell of a phone.

EMPLOYEE

Get up.

The Employee offers his hand to Josh. Josh takes it and the Employee pulls him up from the ground.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

Come with me.

They walk out of the dark room.

JOSH  
So what kind of gas do you use to-

EMPLOYEE  
Shut up.

INT. THE EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT

The pair walks in near the desk. The Employee sits down at his computer and types. The security cameras that see into Josh's Apartment pop up on the desktop.

JOSH  
Holy shit. You're a psycho. I should call the cops on you!

EMPLOYEE  
How much do you think that will do?

The Employee reaches into one of the DRAWERS in his desk and pulls out a card. The card simply reads '**GERALD R. HYLIARD; P.I. in accordance with N.Y.P.D.**'

\*We will refer to the Employee as 'Gerald' from now on\*

JOSH  
Jesus. You're a madman.

GERALD  
I like that.

JOSH  
You saw *everything* that went on in my apartment?

GERALD  
(coughs)  
Yes.

JOSH  
You're one perverted son of a bitch, you know that?

GERALD  
That's by your own doing. I get paid to monitor you.

JOSH  
Let's stop talking about this. Why am I here and why do you need my help?

GERALD

Sarah hired me to monitor you. She didn't want me to know what you actually had that was hers, otherwise I could have just gotten it myself and been done with it.

JOSH

That bitch is ruining my life.

GERALD

If it's the phone that she wants back, it has to be important.

The Employee pulls the phone out of the BAG on the floor and examines it.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You work at Hatch? What exactly do you do?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sarah is walking in the rain to a pay phone on the sidewalk. She stops at the phone, puts two QUARTERS in, and dials a number.

INT. GERALD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gerald and Josh continue to examine the PHONE. Josh rips it from the Employee's hands and taps on the screen.

JOSH

Damn. I can't remember her password.

GERALD

Password?

JOSH

Her lock screen. I can't bypass it.

GERALD

I thought you worked for the company.

JOSH

Those security systems are foolproof.

GERALD'S PHONE starts to RING, and he picks it up.

GERALD  
Hyliard.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

SARAH  
Hey, Gerald, I apologize for not  
getting back to you in a while.  
Anything happening with Josh?

INT. GERALD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

GERALD  
Nothing yet.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SARAH AND GERALD

SARAH  
That's it? Nothing?

GERALD  
No ma'am.

SARAH  
Well... okay. Laundry and garbage,  
right?

GERALD  
Laundry and garbage.

SARAH  
And he hasn't done a *thing*?

GERALD  
No ma'am.  
(beat)  
I can text you a full report if you  
so choose. I'll use this number.

SARAH  
N...no, that's okay. Just keep  
looking.

GERALD  
Of course.

Gerald hangs up the phone. He has a concerned look on his  
face.

JOSH  
Who was that?

GERALD  
A client.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sarah hesitantly hangs up the pay phone, takes a deep breath and walks into the dark night.

INT. GERALD'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JOSH  
Laundry and garbage? Are you  
investigating a dumpster diver?  
(beat)  
It wasn't Sarah, was it?

GERALD  
No.

JOSH  
Good. I feel like I might need to  
interject.

GERALD  
Even if it was, why would I feel  
the need to tell you?

JOSH  
We're in this together now, aren't  
we?

GERALD  
You seem to lack the simple  
capacity to realize that I am a  
Private Investigator.

JOSH  
(sarcastically)  
If I find out that Sarah was just  
on the phone with you... there will  
be severe consequences.

Gerald looks at Josh with a blank expression.

GERALD  
Indeed.

JOSH  
Hey, wait a second.

Josh picks up SARAH'S PHONE from the desk.

GERALD  
What are you doing?

JOSH  
You can activate bluetooth on these things without unlocking it.

GERALD  
What would that do?

JOSH  
Since you're being cordial and sharing information with me, I will share some information with you.

GERALD  
Elaborate.

JOSH  
Hold on for one second.

Josh walks out of the office for 5 seconds and comes back in.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Where did you put my god damn keys?

GERALD  
A bag of everything that was on you when you came back from the mall is on the counter.

Josh walks out of the office for two seconds and peeks his head past the door frame.

JOSH  
You sick fuck.

Josh ducks back behind the wall.

JOSH (O.S.)(CONT'D)  
(mumbling)  
I might take a shower while I'm over there.

Gerald smiles.

Gerald's phone starts to ring once more and he picks it up.

GERALD  
Hyliard.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

On the OFFICE PHONE is Police Officer One.

OFFICER EISEN  
Gerald, it's Carey Eisen, N.Y.P.D.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GERALD AND OFFICER EISEN

GERALD  
What do you have for me?

OFFICER EISEN  
We've got a possible foul play that  
we'd like you to look into.

GERALD  
Any other case information?

OFFICER EISEN  
We have the stuff here. Come down  
to the station and you'll see why  
we think it's foul play.

GERALD  
I'll come down as soon as I can.

END INTERCUT

Gerald taps on his phone screen, puts the phone down, and picks up a SATCHEL from the floor and starts to place FILES and PAPERS from his desk inside of it.

Glancing up at his computer screen, a look of resentment comes across his face as he notices Josh mooning the security camera in his apartment. Gerald diverts his gaze.

Josh pulls his pants back up and walks out of frame. The front door to Gerald's apartment SHUTS. Josh emerges through the office doorway a couple of seconds later.

Josh reaches into his pocket and fishes around.

JOSH  
Our new project. It's called the  
Roost.

Josh pulls a SMART WATCH device out of his pocket and displays it in front of Gerald.

GERALD  
How will that help us?

JOSH

If I can connect it to Sarah's phone, we can pull in data. It's not perfect but we can sure try it. The announcement isn't for another couple of days.

Gerald gets up from his chair at the desk and throw the satchel's strap over his shoulder.

GERALD

This is what is going to happen: I need to run a quick errand, but I don't want you rooting around in here.

JOSH

But it's perfectly fine to have 24/7 video live stream coming from inside my apartment?

GERALD

Let's compromise.

Gerald unplugs his computer from the WALL OUTLET and the computer screen goes dark.

JOSH

Good enough. What do you want me to do.

GERALD

Take her phone and see what's on there. I will be back tomorrow.

Gerald walks towards the door of his apartment.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Does anyone else have a device like that?

Josh taps at the watch's screen.

JOSH

Just I, Popeye.

Gerald opens his door.

GERALD

(to himself)  
Juvenile.

He motions for Josh to exit the apartment.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Come on.

JOSH

Can't you have a little bit of fun?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GERALD

Don't you worry about the amount of fun I have.

Gerald closes the door to his apartment and the pair walks together down the hallway. Josh stops at the door to his apartment and puts his keys in the door.

JOSH

I can only imagine what kind of weird shit you consider to be fun.

Josh opens the door, enters his apartment, and SHUTS the door behind him.

Gerald takes out his phone, taps the screen a few times and turns it sideways.

The phone screen displays the security camera feed inside Josh's apartment. Josh is seen entering and setting the Roost Smart Watch on his counter.

Gerald chuckles.

EXT. POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER

Gerald walks up the steps and to the door of the Police Station. He opens the door and enters.

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Gerald closes the door and walks past the receptionist's desk, showing the receptionist his ID CARD. He turns left into a separate room.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Officer Eisen is sitting in the same room as before with PAPERS spread over the DESK in front of him.

Gerald sits down in an empty CHAIR behind the desk.

GERALD

What do you have for me?

OFFICER EISEN

A man by the name of Caleb Wallace came in two days ago and gave us this information.

Officer Eisen hands Gerald a COPIED FILE.

OFFICER EISEN (CONT'D)

It's virtually nothing, but that is what we have. He said she disappeared practically out of thin air.

Gerald's expression turns from interest to confusion. He looks at the paper closer.

GERALD

Sarah Klassen?

OFFICER EISEN

Mhm. It reeks of foul play.

GERALD

Two days ago? You are positive of this?

OFFICER EISEN

No, it's only my job, Mr. Hyliard.  
(growing suspicious)  
Why... do you ask?

GERALD

Just trying to get all of the information.

A moment passes.

Officer Eisen reclines in his office chair.

OFFICER EISEN

You haven't heard anything about her or from her, right?

GERALD

I have not.

OFFICER EISEN

Yeah, same on our end. Could you look into this a bit more for us? Like I said before, it's probably a code 12.

Officer Eisen leans forward and gets up from his chair.

OFFICER EISEN (CONT'D)  
But, just to be safe. We  
appreciate it.

Gerald gets up from his chair as well. His eyes are fixed on the document.

GERALD  
Yeah. I'll get right on it.

He walks out of the office.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Gerald stuffs the FILES in his satchel and reaches inside his pocket for his phone as he walks towards the building's exit.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

He takes his phone out, taps the screen a few times, and turns it sideways once more.

The surveillance feed shows the empty living room of Josh's apartment.

Gerald looks closer at his phone screen.

On the screen, a picture frame is flung at the wall and breaks into pieces. Josh is on a rampage destroying various items in his apartment.

GERALD  
Oh boy.

Gerald puts his phone back into his pocket and starts to sprint down the sidewalk.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE JOSH'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Gerald sprints towards Josh's door. He digs inside of his satchel for a set of KEYS. He finds them and keys into Josh's door.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT

Josh is in the process of knocking his WORK DESK over on to the floor and throwing PAPERS into the air.

JOSH  
GOD DAMN IT, GOD DAMN IT, GOD DAMN  
IT!

He turns and looks at Gerald standing, mouth agape, in the doorway.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Oh great! You have keys to my  
apartment too!

GERALD  
What are you doing?

JOSH  
She stole everything!

GERALD  
What is 'everything'?

JOSH  
My work files! Everything I've  
done in the past 3 months for  
Hatch!

Josh picks up a FILE BOX, turns it upside-down, and dumps out the contents. PAPERS and YELLOW ENVELOPES flutter to the ground.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
It disappeared! She took notes  
about it on her phone! I'm going to  
kill that bitch!

Josh rests his hands on his knees to catch his breath. He turns to the door.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
And you!

He walks towards the door and points his finger at Gerald.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
You helped her with all of this!  
The god damn grocery store clerk  
wants to get into my girl's pants,  
huh?

GERALD  
No, I'm not-

Josh cocks back and throws a punch at Gerald, hitting him square in the jaw. Gerald stumbles backwards and falls to his ground in the hallway.

JOSH

Want the latest scoop on the next  
big gadget, too?

As Gerald tries to regain his balance, Josh lands a kick on the side of his face, knocking him out cold. His satchel falls off of his shoulder and the contents spill out onto the hallway floor: SIX PAPERS.

Josh walks back inside his apartment and sits on the floor, his back propped up on the overturned desk. After regaining his composure and breath, he studies Gerald's unconscious body and the contents of his satchel.

Josh gets up and walks towards the PAPER nearest to the satchel. On the paper is the headline **Missing: Sarah Klassen** and displays a picture of Sarah below it.

He picks up the paper and studies it closely. Below the picture reads **Contact NYPD or Caleb Wallace at 262-655-4234 with new information.**

JOSH (CONT'D)

Who the fuck is Caleb Wallace?

CUT TO:

INT. CALEB'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Caleb is sitting in his office at StarShare typing on his computer, obviously disgruntled. The man running the meeting from before walks past, looking in as he passes. He backs up and stops behind Caleb. He taps him on the shoulder.

MAN 1

Wallace, I know what happened and everyone at StarShare feels for you.

Caleb turns around and stares blankly back at him.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

We're all pulling for you and know she'll be found safe and sound.

The man kneels down to get to Caleb's eye level.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

But, that being said, you can't let your performance slump because of it. This is a big quarter for us after your blunder.

(MORE)

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
 I need you at the top of your game  
 these next few days, okay?

Caleb renders no response. The man stands back up, pats Caleb on the shoulder, and walks away.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
 It'll all work out. I promise,  
 Wallace!

Caleb turns back around and continues typing.

FADE OUT.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - MID-MORNING

Scott sits in a gray suit behind his desk on his OFFICE PHONE.

SCOTT  
 What exactly do you plan on doing  
 for the next few weeks?  
 (beat)  
 You wouldn't want to invalidate  
 your contract, would you?

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF UNKNOWN APARTMENT BUILDING -  
 CONTINUOUS

Sarah stands at a PAY PHONE, partially concealing her face with the neck of her TRENCH COAT.

SARAH  
 I'm not sure.

INTERCUT BETWEEN SCOTT AND SARAH

SCOTT  
 You better figure that out. You  
 need to start collecting more  
 information for us.

SARAH  
 That's all you care about. Money.  
 Not people.

SCOTT  
 (like an ass)  
 That's not true, Nika. I love the  
 people! They're the ones who  
 provide the money.

SARAH  
You're such an ass.

SCOTT  
And don't forget, I care about you  
as well.

SARAH  
(frustration is  
increasing)  
Do you? How is that?

SCOTT  
C'mon. We didn't start this for  
nothing.

SARAH  
Exactly. You started this for  
money. That's it.

SCOTT  
No, I started this because it's  
what I do. And I want to provide a  
nice life for us down the line.

SARAH  
Bullshit. You don't care about  
anybody.

SCOTT  
If I didn't care, I would just  
leave you to take on your status as  
a missing person by yourself.

SARAH  
(beat)  
So Caleb actually filed a report?

SCOTT  
Indeed. I'm taking care of it for  
you because I'm that nice of a  
person.

SARAH  
So you care about me?

SCOTT  
Of course I do. So while I take  
care of it you need to move forward  
with other contracts.

SARAH

Hm... Really doesn't seem like you care with the way you keep tasking me with other guys to get information out of.

SCOTT

(eagerly)

Would you rather be with girls?

SARAH

You're a pig.

Sarah slams the phone back on the receiver and walks away into the dark night.

END INTERCUT

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scott is laughing hysterically at the conversation's ending and he sets the phone back on the receiver. He closes his eyes in satisfaction and lets out a sigh as he reclines in his chair.

After a moment, his eyes open and he grunts.

SCOTT

Ugh. I'm a nice person.

He takes the phone once more and dials **911**.

He hold the phone up to his ear and reclines in his chair once more.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Hello? Yes, I need to report a domestic disturbance.

(beat)

My neighbor and his girlfriend are shouting and then I heard a loud crash.

(faking being startled)

Oh god! Now he's carrying boxes out of the apartment!

(beat)

No, please. I prefer to remain anonymous.

(beat)

His name is Caleb Wallace, and I think his girlfriend is named Sarah. I don't know her last name.

Scott shuffles through some assorted PAPERS on the desk in front of him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
180 Canal St.  
(beat)  
Thank you! Please hurry!

Scott places the phone back on its receiver and reclines in his chair once more.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Ahh. I'm a good person.

FADE OUT.

EXT. CALEB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Josh, in a gray sweatshirt and sweatpants, checks a crinkled slip of PAPER in his hands and looks up at the building's address: **180 Canal**.

He stuffs the paper into the pocket of his sweatpants and enters the building with a deep inhale and exhale.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Standing in the lobby, Josh looks around.

A series of SIRENS get closer to the building and 3 POLICE CARS SCREECH to a halt in front of the building's front door.

JOSH  
Oh shit. That bastard...

Josh frantically starts to look around for cover.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
That shelf-stocking mother-fucker probably has a tracker on me.

5 POLICE OFFICERS SLAM the doors to their patrol cars and rush, guns drawn, towards the apartment building's entrance.

Josh is running around the building's lobby still trying to find a hiding spot.

The officers rush through the door of the building in a line.

Josh gives up hope, puts his hand in the air for the officers, and closes his eyes.

LEAD OFFICER  
Move! Move! Move!

The five officers brush past Josh as he stands in the middle of the lobby and sprint up the stairwell out of sight.

Josh opens his eyes and looks around the empty lobby, flabbergasted. He hurries out the front of the apartment building and sprints down the sidewalk.

INT. CALEB'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The Police officers bust down Caleb's front door with a loud BANG!

LEAD OFFICER  
NYPD!

The five officers all take different directions searching for Caleb throughout his apartment.

After a few moments the reconvene near the entry to the apartment.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
No sign of any subject?

The other officers shake their heads.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Damn it! Look for occupation info.

They do the same split off into different directions as before. The lead officer looks on Caleb's word desk at strewn-about PAPERS, one of which has the heading **Starshare Quarter One**. He picks the paper up and puts it into his pocket.

He unclips a PHONE from his belt, presses it and holds it up to his ear.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Carey? Hanson. Do we have record of Caleb Wallace working for Starshare Trading?  
(beat)  
Perfect. We're on our way.

He hangs up the phone, clips it back to his belt and walks towards the door.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Boys! Move out. We're going  
downtown!

The officers reconvene and exit Caleb's Apartment, stepping over his broken down door on the way.

INT. STARSHARE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Back in the conference room, the Starshare Meeting group sits with lowered heads, with the exception of Man 1 leading the meeting.

MAN 1  
Okay, listen, people.

He looks Caleb straight in the face.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
We can not fuck this up like last  
time.

He diverts his gaze.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
People, we are one of the largest  
trading firms in the country and  
two missteps in a row will besmirch  
our name and we will go down in  
history right next to Enron.

He writes '**Enron**' on the WHITEBOARD behind him in marker.

The same associate who spoke up at the first meeting makes and explosion gesture with his hands.

ASSOCIATE 1  
Boom!

The head man whirls behind him, grabs the ERASER to the whiteboard and chucks it at the associate's head.

MAN 1  
The premiere for the Roost Watch is  
in one, count it, one day, people!

He turns to Caleb once more.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
Caleb, I'm not going to lie. The  
board and I considered letting you  
go after your last inexcusable  
blunder.

Caleb turns to face the confronting voice.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

I mean, it was terrible and almost  
put this company in the dirt...

Caleb hangs his head.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

But I was such a nice guy that I  
prayed on my hands and knees...

He kneels.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

For you to stay on the numbers  
board.

He gets back up again.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

This is your redemption. And if  
you fuck up once more, you'll be  
red and dead.

ASSOCIATE 1

Ha! I love that video game.

MAN 1

Where did the eraser go?

CUT TO:

INT. CALEB'S OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Caleb sits typing at his computer. The meeting leader walks  
past Caleb's office, then backs up directly behind him.

MAN 1

Hey, buddy. I know all eyes were  
on you in there. But it's for a  
good reason.

Caleb refuses to turn around.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

You're my power player. We need  
you.

Caleb stops typing.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
That's right. You're a vital part  
of this team.

Caleb starts to smile.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
And beyond that, I'm positive that  
knocking this Hatch Release out of  
the fucking park will get you out  
of your emotional funk!

Caleb's smile disappears in a snap.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
It'll be such a happy ending for  
all of us! Isn't that great?

He pats Caleb on the shoulder and exits the office while  
laughing.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
(mocking Princess Leia  
from Star Wars)  
Help me, Caleb Wallace! You're my  
only hope!

Caleb resumes typing.

MAN 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(to the entire office)  
I'm going to lunch! I'll be back  
whenever it's over!

INT. OFFICE AUXILIARY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Man 1 walks to the wall and presses the DOWN button for the  
ELEVATOR. After a moment, the elevator DINGS and the doors  
open.

MAN 1  
Taco Bell's all-day breakfast: here  
I come!

He steps into the elevator, turns around, and the doors start  
to close.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)  
I could use some scrambled eggs.

The doors shut.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The squad of five police officers are charging up the steps, guns drawn.

INT. OFFICE AUXILIARY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The officers burst through the stairwell door with their guns drawn and sprint down the hall.

INT. CALEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Caleb is still typing on his computer.

CALEB  
I hate this job.

The officers come around the corner of Caleb's office and run inside.

LEAD OFFICER  
Freeze!

Caleb jumps, startled by the officers

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
I said freeze!

CALEB  
Okay! I'm freezing!

Caleb starts to turn around.

LEAD OFFICER  
Don't you move!

CALEB  
Okay, okay.

LEAD OFFICER  
Caleb Wallace, you're under arrest.

The officers lower their guns.

CALEB  
They didn't fire me! I just made a  
mistake, it wasn't illegal!

The lead officer reaches for a pair of HANDCUFFS on his waist and opens them.

LEAD OFFICER  
I'd hardly call murder and security  
fraud legal.

The lead officer wrenches Caleb's hands tightly behind his back.

Caleb grunts in discomfort.

CALEB  
Security fraud? Wait, MURDER? Of  
who?

The lead officer tightens the handcuffs around Calebs wrists and they CLICK.

LEAD OFFICER  
Sarah Klassen. You have the right  
to remain silent.

The lead officer picks Caleb up from his chair and turns him towards the office's exit.

LEAD OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Anything you say can and will be  
used against you in a court of law.

The group exits the office with Caleb at the front of the line.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE AUXILIARY HALLWAY - 30 MINUTES LATER

The elevator DINGS and the doors open. Man 1 steps out and walks down the hallway.

INT. CALEB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Man 1 walks past Caleb's office, completely oblivious to his absence.

MAN 1  
Remember Wallace, update the  
numbers for the release tomorrow!  
You're the MVP!

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER

Gerald stirs from being knocked out by Josh's punch. A bit dazed, he looks around and snaps into action. He gets up from the ground and scoops his papers into one pile.

He picks up his satchel and reaches for Josh's door handle. He tries to open the door and it is locked. He looks inside his satchel for the keys he has for Josh's apartment. They are not there. He gives up and walks to his apartment one door over. He opens his door and walks inside.

INT. EMPLOYEE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gerald walks to his kitchen counter and spreads his papers out on it.

GERALD

One, two, three...

He points to the papers as he counts.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Four, five... where is the flyer?

He checks inside his satchel for the missing paper. No where to be found

GERALD (CONT'D)

He's going to kill her. Damn it!

He sprints out of his apartment and SHUTS the door behind him.

INT. STARSHARE BUILDING - NEXT MORNING

In the meeting room, Man 1 is sitting at the head of the TABLE with his head lying flat on top of it. The other associates are either staring at their hands or staring blankly at the ceiling.

The room stays silent for an almost uncomfortable amount of time until Man 1 blindly presses a button on a REMOTE in front of him. The television on the wall behind him turns on.

On the television, WOLF BLITZER is giving commentary on the result of Hatch Media's Smart Watch release.

TELEVISION SLIDE SHOW MONTAGE DURING V.O.

A) INT. CONVENTION CENTER - The Hatch Media CEO is giving a presentation on the new smart watch to a large AUDIENCE.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
The second product unveiled in the  
last two weeks by Hatch Media...

B) SLIDE - The logo for Hatch Media is side by side with the new SMART WATCH.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
...has had an incredible release  
all across the board with both  
investors and the tech-savvy  
public.

C) EXT. NYC Street - Crowds of PEOPLE walk down the sidewalk, mostly on their CELL PHONES.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
But not for the reason that you  
might think.

D) INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - Traders scurry on the floor of the NYSE.

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
Startrade, who infamously closed 18  
points low on Hatch Media's stock  
for the release of the Illuminate  
Smart phone, is once again in the  
spotlight.

E) INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - MCU of Wolf Blitzer

WOLF BLITZER (V.O.)  
In the last fourteen days and two  
product unveilings, Starshare has  
yet to adjust Hatch Media's buy-in  
price of 98.52.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. STARSHARE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Man 1, head still down on the table, clenches his hand into a fist and pounds it on the television remote. The channel changes.

Now on the television is Jim Cramer and his show 'Mad Money'.

Jim is just continuously pressing a button on the control panel in front of him. A voice repeating "BUY! BUY! BUY!" RINGS through the studio.

INT. STARSHARE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Man 1 hits the remote with his fist harder than the last time and the sound from the television cuts off. He lifts his head and stares blankly to the center of the table, not looking at anyone specific.

MAN 1

I am utterly speechless.

Seconds pass.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

Do you really mean to tell me that no one thought it was noteworthy that our Stock Exchange rep was arrested?

Associate 1 raises his hands and inhales as if about to speak.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

SHUT THE FUCK UP!

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - MID-MORNING

Scott walks behind his desk with a NEWSPAPER in one hand and picks his phone up off of the desk with the other. He has no notifications. He sets the phone down, sits in his OFFICE CHAIR and opens the newspaper.

The paper's headline: **STARSHARE PLUMMETS**

Scott smiles, swivels around in his chair and looks out the window to the street below.

SCOTT

She's had to have heard by now.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Gerald is running down the sidewalk with his phone pressed to his ear.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A slight BUZZ comes from Sarah's BACKPACK, propped up against Scott's desk. Scott turns around and stares at the backpack.

SCOTT  
I thought I disconnected that  
phone...

He reaches into Sarah's bag and pulls out the buzzing PHONE. He hits a button on the screen and sets it right back in the bag.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gerald, still running and pushing past people on the sidewalk, takes his phone down from his ear and looks at it.

GERALD  
Come on, Sarah. Pick up!

He re-dials and puts the phone back up to his ear.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scott is turning around to look back out the window when the bag BUZZES once more. He turns back towards the bag.

SCOTT  
Son of a bitch.

He reaches inside the bag and grabs out the phone more hastily than before, along with a few PAPERS clenched in his grip.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Damn unlisted number.

He sets the phone and papers down on his desk. He turns back around halfway and stops. He is puzzled. He turns back to the desk slowly and reaches down on the desk to examine the smallest crumpled paper.

He unfolds it and reads aloud.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Gerald Hyliard, P.I. with the  
N.Y.P.D...

He picks up the phone with his other hand once again. He glances back and forth from the phone to the paper and back.

Scott looks up from the phone and smirks. He clenches his fist, balls up the business card, and chucks it towards a garbage can.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Oh, this just keeps getting better  
and better.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gerald, still running, brings his phone down from his ear.

GERALD  
God damn it!

He puts the phone in his satchel and doesn't stop running.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door to Scott's office OPENS and Sarah peeks around the corner. Scott looks up.

SCOTT  
Ah, yes. Nika, come sit down.

Without a word, Sarah slowly walks into the office and slinks into the CHAIR closest to the door. She is uneasy.

Scott begins to pace back and forth.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Your leads are becoming less and  
less productive.

SARAH  
I know. I just-

SCOTT  
I know you've been giving me fake  
leads, Nika.

Sarah closes her eyes and lowers her head in shame.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
(acting upbeat)  
But, I am willing to look past that  
and forgive you! The Roost Watch  
makes up for it ten-fold!

Sarah looks up in confusion.

SARAH

Wait... Hatch? I thought we already took that lead and abandoned it?

SCOTT

Oh, I know. But the thing is: The numbers were once again in our favor for the release! Isn't it incredible?

SARAH

(to herself)

How is that possible?

Scott moves closer to Sarah.

SCOTT

Oh, I don't know. It could be plausible that your Starshare friend didn't quite make it into work to adjust them.

Scott smiles, turns around and walks around his desk.

Sarah, mouth agape, starts to cry.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Oh, come now. It'll all be just fine! You just earned us 23 Million!

SARAH

(choked up)

What did you do to Caleb?

SCOTT

Not a thing! I didn't lay a hand on him.

SARAH

What the fuck did you do to Caleb?!?

SCOTT

Nika, forget about Caleb. I have a new lead for you to pursue. You better not fucking flake on it this time.

Sarah breaks down and sobs wildly. Scott notices and starts speaking more directly to her.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Nika, listen. The lead is a guy  
named Hyliard.

Sarah stops crying and looks up at Scott. She still  
sniffles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Gerald, I believe. He is essential  
to the continuation of our profits.

Sarah stares blankly back at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
What? No questions? Where do you  
find him? Nothing?

A moment passes.

SARAH  
(sniffing)  
Wh- Where do you find him?

Scott slaps Sarah across the face and she reels back in both  
surprise and pain.

SCOTT  
Cut the shit, Nika! I know you're  
going behind my back!

He picks up Sarah's phone off of the desk and displays it in  
his hands.

SCOTT (CONT'D)  
Look familiar? Your Private  
Investigator friend keeps trying to  
call you!

SARAH  
You never cared about us! Just  
profit!

SCOTT  
You dumb bitch. This is a  
business! Nothing more. But  
millions of dollars wasn't enough  
for you, was it?

SARAH  
Fuck you, Scott!

Sarah gets up from the chair and opens the door.

SCOTT  
No, no, no! No you don't.

Scott drops the phone onto the desk and runs after her. He catches up and grabs her arm.

SARAH  
Get off me, you bastard!

Sarah struggles to get out of Scott's grip.

SCOTT  
Quit struggling! All you've been  
is trouble!

SARAH  
Twenty Million Dollars is trouble?!

Sarah punches Scott with her free hand and he falls back onto the floor.

SCOTT  
Fuck!

Sarah runs and grabs her phone off of the desk. She sprints towards Scott who is trying to get up. She kicks him in the chest and knocks the wind out of him.

He falls back onto the floor, coughing and struggling to breathe. Sarah SLAMS the door.

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Sarah sprints down the steps as fast as she can, looking back every once in a while for Scott.

INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Scott struggles to regain his breath, but eventually stands with the help of his desk. After resting for a moment, he picks the business card up off of the floor and stuffs it into his pocket.

He goes around to the back of his desk, opens a drawer and pulls out a REVOLVER. He conceals it behind he flap of his suit jacket and exits the office.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sarah runs out of Scott's building and onto the sidewalk.

Gerald see's Sarah running towards him.

GERALD

Sarah!

He holds up his hands and waves.

SARAH

Oh fuck!

Sarah turns around and runs the other way.

GERALD

Hey! Come back! You're in danger!

Sarah stops and turns around towards Gerald.

SARAH

No fucking shit! Scott's going to kill me!

GERALD

Who is Scott? Another lead?

SARAH

(under her breath)  
God damn it.

Gerald jogs towards Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Get away from me! He put me up to everything!

Sarah starts sprinting the other way, towards the building's entrance.

GERALD

Who? Scott?

Scott exits the building and sees Sarah running towards him. Scott starts a dead sprint towards Sarah.

Sarah SCREAMS! She stops on a dime, turns around, and starts running towards Gerald once more.

Scott draws his pistol as he runs towards Sarah.

SCOTT

Not this time, Nika!

GERALD

Sarah? What is going on?!

Sarah body-checks Gerald into a nearby pile of GARBAGE BAGS placed on the sidewalk and keeps sprinting.

Scott shoots at Sarah, striking a light pole about five feet away from her.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Oh shit.

Gerald gets up from the garbage bags, gulps, and clocks Scott in the face as he runs past. The blow shatters Scott's glasses and knocks him backwards, unconscious. The revolver flies out of his grip and hits the pavement.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
Aw, fuck!

Sarah hears the punch and turns around.

SARAH  
Holy shit! Gerald!

She walks back as Gerald clutches his hand in pain.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Are you okay?

GERALD  
Punching an attempted murderer  
requires double pay.

SARAH  
Gerald, I'm so sorry! I'm in big  
trouble, aren't I?

GERALD  
Lying to a police investigator  
isn't exactly the smartest thing to  
do, Sarah. Or is it Nika?

SARAH  
Long story.

GERALD  
Another one you'll need to explain  
at the station.

SARAH  
We can go back to his office and  
get all the evidence we need.

GERALD

You better start now, while we wait.

Gerald reaches inside his satchel for a pair of handcuffs. He turns Sarah around and places them on her wrists.

SARAH

I'm so sorry. For all of this.

GERALD

It's part of the job. Now explain.

SARAH

It's the Wall Street Syndicate. We solicit for information on the latest stocks and invest in the information we get.

GERALD

Let me guess: your group was a part of the Starshare debacle?

Sarah hangs her head in shame.

SARAH

That was my boyfriend: Caleb. He worked there and uploaded numbers that were inaccurate.

GERALD

And why is that?

SARAH

I switched his documents with faulty ones the syndicate produced.

Gerald reaches into his satchel once more and pulls out his phone. He presses a button on the phone and holds it up to his ear.

GERALD

Eisen, it's Hyliard. I've solved the Sarah Klassen case.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Officer Eisen sits in her office chair at her desk eating PAD THAI while on her phone.

OFFICER EISEN

A little tardy to the party there, Gerald.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GERALD AND OFFICER EISEN

GERALD

What? What are you talking about?

OFFICER EISEN

Sullivan and his troupe arrested some guy for the Klassen murder yesterday. Got him on insider trading, too.

GERALD

What? Why wasn't I informed of this?

OFFICER EISEN

I don't know!

GERALD

Shit. Get Sullivan's crew to 45th and 6th right now.

OFFICER EISEN

Why?

GERALD

(losing all composure)

DON'T QUESTION ME, DAMN IT! I HAVE KLASSEN HERE, ALIVE!

Amid the screaming, Scott stirs.

SARAH

Gerald!

Sarah point to Scott's movements.

Gerald turns around and kicks Scott in the head, knocking him out once more.

GERALD

(to the phone)

45TH AND 6TH! DON'T MAKE ME ASK AGAIN! I HAVE THE SUSPECT!

END INTERCUT

Josh, still in his gray track suit, is among a group of people crowded around the altercation. He comes closer to get a better look.

INT. POLICE STATION OFFICE

OFFICER EISEN  
(to phone)  
Klassen's alive? Oh, shit!

She takes the phone away from her ear, gets up from her chair and runs out of the office.

OFFICER EISEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Klassen's alive! Get Sullivan's  
group to 45th and 6th!

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Gerald hangs up his phone and puts it back into his satchel.

Josh gets closer and notices it's Sarah and Gerald together. His face fills with rage. He parts from the group and walks towards Sarah and Gerald.

SARAH  
Oh, god! Gerald, I'm so sorry!

GERALD  
Like I said before: It's part of  
the job. It's over now. You just  
need to testify against your friend  
Scott here.

Josh holds the abandoned revolver to Gerald's temple.

JOSH  
You really think this is over?

Gerald slowly turns around to Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
This is just beginning! You ruined  
my fucking life! Both of you!

SARAH  
Josh, stop this! Please!

JOSH  
Shut the fuck up, Sarah!

GERALD  
Josh, listen-

JOSH  
No, YOU listen!

Josh cocks the revolver. The audience gathered around the group quickly disbands in different directions, some screaming.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I have the gun, so you're all going to listen to me. Sarah, you... why are you in handcuffs?

SARAH

I'm part of a crime ring. I led you on, Josh. I'm so sorry.

Josh pulls the revolver away from Gerald's temple and hurries over to Sarah. He holds the gun to hers.

GERALD

Josh! You don't want to do this!

SARAH

No, Gerald, I deserve it. I let the syndicate get the best of me.

JOSH

Syndicate?

GERALD

Josh, lower the gun! I mean it!

Josh points the gun at Gerald and he backs off. He goes back to Sarah.

SARAH

The Wall Street Syndicate. I took advantage of big players on Wall Street for our financial gain. I'm so sorry, Josh.

Josh lowers the revolver.

JOSH

Two things:  
(managing a confident  
smile)  
I'm a big Wall Street player?

Sarah rolls her eyes.

JOSH (CONT'D)

And did you just say I'm sorry?

SARAH

I always cared about you, Josh. We would have never worked out because of the syndicate.

Josh's shoulders droop. After a moment he regains normal posture. He turns to Gerald.

JOSH

Are you part of the syndicate too?

GERALD

Of course. A certified police detective turned trading-fraud kingpin. Makes perfect sense as to why she's in handcuffs.

Josh halfheartedly points the gun at Gerald.

JOSH

You two are just a bother.

GERALD

Put the gun down. I'm warning you.

JOSH

(almost playfully)  
Damn it, Gerald. I'm done playing games!

GERALD

Suit yourself.

LEAD OFFICER (O.S.)

N.Y.P.D.!

The same squad of police officers as before, with the Lead Officer once again at the front of the pack, gang-tackle Josh to the pavement. Josh GRUNTS in pain as he HITS the ground.

Sarah lets out a YELP of surprise and Gerald closes his eyes and shakes his head.

GERALD

Sullivan, get that one in handcuffs.

Gerald gestures over to Scott.

The lead officer stands up, without noticing the gesture.

LEAD OFFICER

Doing so now, sir. He ain't moving.

GERALD  
No, that one.

Gerald once again points to the unconscious Scott.

LEAD OFFICER  
Sir, this is the one with the gun.

GERALD  
No charges will be pressed. Go get the other one.

LEAD OFFICER  
Sir-

GERALD  
He's just an idiot! Go get that one.

LEAD OFFICER  
Yes sir.  
(to his officers)  
Boys! Bogie on the sidewalk!

The four other officers piled on top of Josh get up and run over to Scott's body. The lead officer walks to Scott's body as well after getting a nod from Gerald.

After a moment, Josh gets up and looks at Gerald.

JOSH  
You're really not pressing any charges?

GERALD  
No. We were both very intrusive to you and your property. The station is willing to let bygones be bygones if you accept.

JOSH  
(excited)  
Fine by me!

Josh looks over to Sarah and the smile fades from his face.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
Wait, if you're letting me off, why is she still in handcuffs? She was under his control.

Josh points to Scott, where the officers have him standing, conscious, and in handcuffs.

GERALD  
Because, YOU didn't steal 22.8  
Million Dollars.

JOSH  
But she... 22.8 Million Dollars?  
Holy shit, Sarah!

SARAH  
All because that fuck-head led me  
on.

Sarah gestures by nodding her head towards Scott. The group of officers is leading Scott to a mob of SQUAD CARS blocking the road. They pass by Gerald, Sarah and Josh.

SCOTT  
(to the group)  
You'll regret this, Nika! On Wall  
Street, money DOES buy happiness!

The officers push Scott more rapidly towards the cars.

SARAH & JOSH  
(together)  
What an asshole.

JOSH  
Wait... Nika?

SARAH  
Yes, that's my name.

JOSH  
Damn. That's kind of bad ass.

GERALD  
Okay, we need to get to the station  
to sort everything out. Josh, we  
may need you to provide testimony  
for us. Come with.

JOSH  
(not paying any attention)  
So, is that, like, Russian?

GERALD  
Move it.

Gerald pushes Sarah with one hand and Josh with the other down the sidewalk.

INT. POLICE STATION CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Gerald and Sarah are sitting next to each other around a large table; Sarah is now out of handcuffs and rubbing her wrists. Josh sits on the other side of Gerald.

A GUARD leads Caleb into the conference room. Caleb is dressed in an orange prison jumpsuit and handcuffed.

Caleb notices Sarah sitting at the table and his eyes get big.

CALEB

Sarah!

Caleb tries to run to Sarah but is TAZED by the guard and falls to the floor. He groans and lies motionless next to the conference table.

GERALD

(to the guard)

He's fine in here with us.

The guard turns around and leaves without helping Caleb to his feet.

CALEB

(muffled)

I can't believe you're okay!

Sarah shifts uncomfortably.

Josh looks past Gerald to Sarah.

JOSH

What did you do to this guy?

Sarah looks back at Josh.

SARAH

Shut up!

GERALD

(to caleb)

Caleb Wallace, do you assume any responsibility for the actions of the Wall Street Syndicate?

CALEB

(still muffled)

What?

Caleb rolls over onto his back.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I don't even know what that is!

Gerald looks over to Sarah and she nods her head in confirmation.

GERALD

That's all I needed to hear.

Gerald gets up from his seat and helps Caleb up to stand. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a small KEY and unlocks Caleb's handcuffs.

Caleb, without hesitation, turns around and hugs Gerald very tight. Gerald is uneasy at first, but then hugs Caleb back and gives a smile.

CALEB

(quietly)

Thank you.

Josh and Sarah exchange nervous glances as the hug continues for several seconds.

Caleb unclasps his arms from around Gerald.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Now can I hug her?

GERALD

You may.

Caleb goes over to hug Sarah as she starts to tear up. Sarah stands up and they hug.

Josh's face contorts to a scowl.

CALEB

I thought you were dead!

SARAH

(sobbing)

I'm so sorry, Caleb.

Caleb un-buries his head from Sarah's shoulder and looks at her square in the face.

CALEB

Why on Earth are you sorry? You were kidnapped!

Sarah wipes away a tear from her cheek.

SARAH  
We need to talk.

Gerald walks behind the both of them and motions for them both to sit. Caleb sits down in Gerald's chair at the table.

CALEB  
Can't we discuss this later? I just want to go home.

SARAH  
Caleb, I did all of this.

CALEB  
Wh... What?

SARAH  
It was my job. I was part of a crime ring on Wall Street.

CALEB  
You *what?! Sarah*, how could you?

Sarah quietly resumes sobbing.

SARAH  
I'm so sorry, Caleb!

Josh slowly starts to push his rolling chair away from the table, stand up and walk away as nonchalantly as possible.

CALEB  
Sarah, I trusted you! How could you do this to me?

SARAH  
I don't know.

Sarah hangs her head.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
I just got caught up in the grandeur of the moment. I set you up.

CALEB  
I cannot believe you. I let you into my life and you stab me in the back!

Sarah sits in silence, eyes closed.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I loved you, Sarah. God damn it, I *still* love you and will for a long time.

SARAH

Really?

CALEB

Yes! Love doesn't diminish just like that. But-

Sarah's head jolts up.

SARAH

You're willing to take me back?

JOSH (O.S.)

Hey, what the fuck?

Sarah looks over to Josh and scowls.

GERALD (O.S.)

Shut up, Josh.

Sarah turns back to Caleb.

CALEB

I can't. All of the trust is gone. You put me in jail. You got me fired from my job. You ruined my life. I'm sorry, Sarah, I can't go back from that.

SARAH

Caleb-

CALEB

I just can't, Sarah! Please don't try to sway my decision. If I did the same to you would you want to get back with me?

SARAH

N...no.

CALEB

I'm sorry, Sarah. I just can't.

JOSH

Her real name is Nika, by the way.

Caleb looks over at Josh and then back to Sarah.

CALEB  
 (to sarah)  
 Who is he?

SARAH  
 Someone else I fucked over.

JOSH  
 She ain't lyin'!

GERALD  
 (to josh)  
 How can someone be this juvenile?

JOSH  
 (arrogantly)  
 Hey! I did get fucked over, you  
 know. Just... not as bad as  
 orangey here.

Josh gestures to Caleb's prison jumpsuit and its bright orange color.

Sarah and Caleb are glaring at Josh. The room is silent for a few moments. Sarah and Caleb turn back to each other.

CALEB  
 (to sarah)  
 I hope you understand.

SARAH  
 No, I do. I just feel like an  
 asshole.

CALEB  
 I forgive you, Sarah.

JOSH (O.S.)  
 (correcting caleb)  
 Nika!

Gerald HITS Josh.

JOSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Hey!

Sarah stands up and hugs Caleb tightly.

GERALD  
 (to josh)  
 Don't say a fucking word.

Josh puts his hands up in an innocent pose.

Sarah and Caleb embrace for a moment longer and Caleb turns around to Gerald.

CALEB  
So what happens now?

GERALD  
Caleb Wallace, do you wish to press charges against Sarah Klassen for Document Fraud?

CALEB  
No, I don't.

GERALD  
Then, simply put, nothing happens now. You can go home.

SARAH  
What about me?

Gerald walks over to the door, peers out the door's window to the left and right, and walks back.

GERALD  
You can go too. I'll do the paperwork for this right now. I'll contact you with dates for Scott's hearing. You still need to testify. You'll walk with the information you provide, but for now you are on-

Gerald performs air quotes with his hands.

GERALD (CONT'D)  
"24 hour leave". The extradition order has already been filled out.

SARAH  
Thank you, Gerald.

Sarah begins to walk out of the room.

JOSH  
Hey, wait up!

Josh jogs to catch up with Sarah before she exits and they walk out together.

CALEB  
(to Gerald)  
Can I have my stuff?

Gerald nods and walks out of the room as well.

Caleb sits down in the chair and looks around the empty room.

A moment later, Gerald reemerges with Caleb's clothes and belongings in medium-sized BOX. He sets it on the table and walks to a corner of the room.

GERALD

Here's everything you came in with.  
There's a locker room right across  
the hall where you ca...

Caleb starts stripping off his orange jumpsuit and begins to change right in front of Gerald. Gerald quickly diverts his gaze.

Caleb notices that Gerald had trailed off and turns around towards him.

CALEB

Sorry if this is uncomfortable.  
You don't mind, do you?

GERALD

Uncomfortable? No. It's fine.

CALEB

I just can't stand to be in this  
thing any longer.

Caleb continues to change. Gerald tries hard not to stare.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Is my phone in the box?

Gerald is still looking everywhere but at Caleb.

GERALD

(uneasy)  
Mhmmmm.

CALEB

Thank you.

Caleb, now fully dressed in his office clothes, reaches inside the box and grabs out a PHONE. He presses a button on the front and starts scrolling.

CALEB (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

GERALD

What is it?

CALEB  
They evicted me!

GERALD  
Really?

CALEB  
I have 24 hours to move out from...  
last night at 7.

Gerald checks his watch.

GERALD  
That gives you... 3 hours.

CALEB  
What am I supposed to do now?

Caleb sits down in an empty chair and sulks.

GERALD  
Well... you could stay with me if  
you'd like... Just until you get  
back on your feet.

CALEB  
Are you sure? I have to find a new  
job, I don't have a lot of money...

GERALD  
Don't worry about that.

CALEB  
Then of course!

Caleb gets up hugs Gerald once again. Gerald smiles.

EXT. OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - SIMULTANEOUS

Sarah exits the police station and walks down the steps with  
Josh following close behind. They walk down the sidewalk  
side-by-side.

JOSH  
Sooooo... What exactly did you do  
to him?

SARAH  
I forged documents that manipulated  
Hatch's opening cost.

JOSH  
Christ, really?

SARAH  
It's sick to think about after the  
fact.

JOSH  
I'd imagine so. I'm glad I don't  
invest.

SARAH  
Can I ask you something?

JOSH  
Shoot.

Sarah chuckles.

SARAH  
How appropriate. Would you really  
have shot me earlier?

JOSH  
Hell no. I never planned on  
pulling the trigger at all.

SARAH  
Really?

JOSH  
No. I was just pissed.

SARAH  
Not anymore?

JOSH  
Not really. You got screwed over  
as much as I did.

SARAH  
Gee. Thanks.

Josh looks at Sarah and smiles. They continue walking without  
a sound.

JOSH  
(exactly like a few  
sentences prior)  
Sooooo... Do you want to go get  
lunch or something?

SARAH  
You're joking, right?

JOSH  
Why would I be joking?

SARAH  
I don't know, after everything that  
has gone down...

JOSH  
It all worked out okay, didn't it?

Sarah smiles back at Josh.

SARAH  
Yeah, I guess so.

They turn a corner and continue walking, now hand-in-hand.

JOSH  
But if another guys texts you while  
we eat, even if it's your Dad, I'll  
reconsider the trigger-pulling  
thing.

Sarah playfully hits Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)  
What sound good to eat?

SARAH  
I never had breakfast. How about  
some eggs?

JOSH  
(agitated)  
No!

FADE TO BLACK.