

LOOTERS
"THE PILOT PURSUIT"

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TEASER

INT. TABLET - BAR AREA - AFTERNOON

The bar's lights are dim, but the rays of the afternoon sun still do their best to fight through the treated glass windows and illuminate the sleek and modern establishment. This is the kind of place that was designed for the young and hip to be "scene." Currently the crowd is of a decent size, mostly early 20-somethings who either left work early, played hookey for the day, or are unemployed.

One of the last kind, our protagonist, is slouching at an end of the bar alone--KYLE GOLDSTEIN, 22, dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, average looks, average height, average...well, everything except for self-righteousness. In his left hand he holds the drink menu. In his right he holds his smart phone, scrolling through Google results of drinks with his thumbs. The BARTENDER, male, late 20s, glances at Kyle while stacking glasses as if he knows him from somewhere.

BARTENDER

You figure out what you're gonna do?

Kyle is startled by the question. He was in his own world.

KYLE

Huh?

BARTENDER

(pointing at the menu)

For a drink. You picked your poison yet?

KYLE

Oh. No. I was just Googling some of these I haven't heard of.

BARTENDER

(benevolently)

Yeah? Which ones?

KYLE

No. No. I've got it.

(holds up phone)

That's what these are for.

The Bartender knows from experience when not to engage.

BARTENDER

Alright. Let me know when-

KYLE

(interrupting)

I wasn't trying to be rude. It's just--why trust one person when I can see what everyone thinks?

BARTENDER

(politely)

I hear ya. Just trying to help.

KYLE

I don't blame you. It's your job, and your lucky to have one. I don't even know how to begin finding one. It doesn't seem to matter how many resumes I submit. My name is dirt now.

Kyle's self-denigrating comment causes the bartender to remember where he knows his patron from.

BARTENDER

Weren't you supposed to be the next Zuckerberg?

Kyle looks at his phone, both bashful at being recognized and embarrassed at what he was recognized for.

KYLE

Only according to the leading tech magazines, the Wall Street Journal, the New York Times. Not that it matters much. I just graduated from college and I'm two months past my expiration date. Some "revolutionary idea."

A man interjects himself into the conversation, leaning on the bar next to Kyle.

NATE

It was. A video-based social networking platform. Way ahead of his time.

The bartender smirks as Kyle stares slackjawed at a man much more famous than him--our hero, NATE STONE, 38, dressed in suit slacks and a nice button up shirt, above average looks, above average height, above average...well, everything except his lack of an ability to completely focus. He nods at the bartender.

NATE (CONT'D)

I'll have your best.

Silently, swiftly, the bartender mixes a cocktail and slides it to Nate. Nate removes a \$100 bill from his pocket, extends his hands, and palms it to the Bartender, holding eye contact for a second as he does.

The Bartender quickly sees a METAL BUSINESS CARD wrapped in it and stuffs it in his breast pocket. Nate walks away with his drink.

KYLE

(confused)

You have a drink called "Your Best?" I don't see it listed...

BARTENDER

Finally made your decision? You want what he has?

KYLE

No...no...

(pauses to think)

I don't know anymore.

Two women enter the bar, SUGI HAMADA, mid-20s, skinny and beautiful, dressed fashionably and attractive, and GILLIAN JONES, late 40s, frumpy and paunchy, dressed like an academic and carrying her phone out as if she is videoing. On them...

CUT TO:

INT. TABLET - LOUNGE AREA - AFTERNOON

Slumped alone on the grayish couch is BRIAN COLLINS, late-20s, an attractive-yet-generic-looking white-American. His polo shirt is untucked and as wrinkled as his khakis. His head is dropped into his chest. On the table in front of him sits two pitchers, one is empty and the other is 1/4 full of cheap yellowish beer.

Nate struts into the room and for a flicker considers Brian with pity.

NATE

Brian! Funny seeing you here.

Nate puts his cocktail down next to the pitcher. The contrast between the two liquids and containers conveys two different lifestyles.

NATE (CONT'D)

Mind if I join your joviality?

Brian doesn't look up.

BRIAN
There's nothing to join. You made
sure of that.

NATE
Still on that, are we?

Nate sits next to Brian and rests an ankle on the opposite
knee.

BRIAN
Kind of hard to move on from you
leveraging my love life for the
sake of one of your pursuits.

NATE
Good, so you know why I'm here.

A tense moment passes as Brian refuses to respond.

NATE (CONT'D)
(expectant)
Well?

BRIAN
Well, what?

Nate doesn't get upset or annoyed. He handles himself with
perfect composure and patience as he considers what's next.
He gets his out as Sugi walks into the lounge area.

NATE
Ah, look who's here's.

Nate stands as Sugi approaches the table. Brian finally looks
up. At the sight of Sugi, pain flashes across his face.

BRIAN
(challenging Sugi)
Sugi. Here to finish the job?

Nate leans toward Sugi.

NATE
(whispering to Sugi)
Was he always this surly and
sullen? I hope that's not what you
liked about him. And where's
Gillian?

SUGI
(definitely not
whispering)
She's at the bar.

Sugi turns to Brian. Seeing him like this pains her. Brian chortles. To him, this is all evidence of the source of his problems.

BRIAN

Were you able to drag Maninder out
for the obnoxious occasion too?

On his mocking gaze...

CUT TO:

INT. TABLET - BAR AREA - AFTERNOON

Displayed on Gillian's phone is MANINDER GURAJ, mid-20s, overweight and slovenly. Gillian sits at the bar with her back facing it, completely ignoring Kyle and the Bartender.

MANINDER

Why does Brian always go to this
place? It's so...pretentious.

GILLIAN

Don't ask me. I've never understood
the appeal of bar culture. I'd
rather be home reading.

MANINDER

No disagreement here, except on the
reading part.

GILLIAN

You should get here ASAP. I doubt
we'll go much longer without an
appearance by Angus and company.

MANINDER

(sarcastic)

There's a motivating factor to
hurry.

Gillian smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. TABLET - LOUNGE AREA - AFTERNOON

Sugi grimaces as she squats, a movement that seems to contradict her prim and put together appearance, and looks Brian in the eyes.

SUGI

Brian. Where's the map?

Brian looks down. He can't bear to look at her.

BRIAN

I already told you. I don't have it anymore. And even if I didn't, I wouldn't give it to you.

Nate steps forward.

NATE

Anymore means you once had it. Which presumably points to you knowing what happened to it right after you had it. Unless you lost it. Did you lose it?

BRIAN

I didn't lose it.

SUGI

(understanding)

Then what did you do with it?

Brian takes a breath and looks right into Sugi's eyes with a boastful pride.

BRIAN

I memorized it. Then I burnt it.

Nate takes a metal card just like the one he palmed to the bartender out of his jacket and puts it in Brian's lap.

NATE

Draw it. Use your finger.

BRIAN

(laughs)

Not a chance.

For a couple of seconds it looks as if Nate is going to lose his temper. Sugi watches him hesitantly. Brian stares straight ahead.

NATE

Well, this was a waste of my while.

Nate picks up the metal card and puts it back in his jacket.

BRIAN

(staring straight ahead)

Your while?

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

And you wonder why I burnt the map?
(beat)
Did you ever notice how on every mission on something went wrong? That somehow I or some other member of the team let you down?

Nate has regained his composure. He hears the words Brian is saying, but isn't registering them as important.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's because *you* let *us* down, Nate. Always. You think you can just throw money at a problem and it solves it. It doesn't. How exactly does money fix Sugi pretending to love me so I'll work harder for you?

Sugi looks at the floor bashfully as Brian pauses. Nate isn't fazed.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

You want us to dedicate our lives to your work like you have. Well I want mine back.

Nate takes a breath.

NATE

That's absolutely acceptable. It's yours. Maybe now you'll take the time to reevaluate what really happened. I just hope your life doesn't return to the state it was in when I found you while you do.

Nate turns to leave. Sugi turns to Brian to tell him sorry. As she does, the sounds of an EXPLOSION comes from the bar area.

CUT TO:

INT. TABLET - BAR AREA - AFTERNOON

The bar door flies forward and lays flat on the floor. A large hulking mass of a man stands in the now-empty door frame like a professional wrestler performing his entrance, arms extended forward from pushing the door of its hinges. He is JAMES "THE TITAN" TIDRICK late 20s, a former MMA fighter turned hired gun.

Kyle, now with a pitcher in front of him of the same yellowish beer that Brian had, doesn't flinch. His eyes just get wide.

KYLE
(disbelief)
Is that The Titan?

The Bartender doesn't answer. He is backed away from the bar. Gillian moves closer to Kyle.

GILLIAN
(to Kyle)
Indeed it is. Lots of famous people here, huh?
(to Maninder on phone)
Now would be a good time.

Gillian hangs up the phone and steps in front of The Titan. He looks down at her.

THE TITAN
Move.

GILLIAN
No?

Gillian closes her eyes and braces for an impact. Before there is one, in through the dissipating smoke walks ANGUS BLACKWOOD, 70s, thick gray beard, dressed in an expensive business suit. Behind him is BENTLEY FITZGERALD, early 40s, messy hair, glasses, and horrible posture.

ANGUS
Gillian, I don't know why you insist on putting yourself in harm's way for the sake of nothing. Now please, step aside while I pay for the damage Mr. Tidrick did to this establishment.

Angus pulls \$500 from his inside jacket pocket and places it on the bar. The bartender hurriedly grabs it and retreats again. Gillian doesn't move until The Titan snarls. Then she jumps away.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Angus readjusts his coat as he moves away from the bar.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
You may continue, Mr. Tidrick.

Angus and The Titan move toward the lounge area. Bentley doesn't follow, as he and Gillian are sharing a moment of understanding.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Bentley, are you coming?

Bentley snaps to attention.

BENTLEY
(yelling)
Coming! Sorry!

Bentley scurries off after his boss and coworker.

INT. TABLET - LOUNGE AREA - AFTERNOON

Angus immediately makes himself the center of attention.

ANGUS
Gentleman, it seems you have a disagreement. I believe I can provide a solution.

SUGI
Oh, is that why you're here?

ANGUS
Ms. Hamada, I assure you, I only want what's best for everyone.

Nate holds his hand out to Sugi to signal for her to hold back.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
That's right. Nate understands.
(beat)
Mr. Tidrick?

The Titan goes over to Brian.

THE TITAN
(to Brian)
Please do not move. I do not want to hurt you.

The Titan picks Brian up and slings him over his shoulder.

ANGUS
Thank you all for your cooperation.

Brian pompously waves to Nate as they exit. Bentley starts to follow.

NATE
 (to Bentley)
 Why are you here?

BENTLEY
 (shrugs)
 I just do what I'm told.

His spineless response causes Nate and Sugi to react with disappointed disdain.

CUT TO:

INT. TABLET - BAR AREA - AFTERNOON

A small yet substantial remote controlled aircraft with a video screen flies in the bar entrance over the heads of Angus' exiting team. The Titan dodges it. The screen displays Maninder.

MANINDER
 Did I make it? Did I stop them?

GILLIAN
 What do you think?

NATE
 (entering)
 There was nothing to neutralize.
 Don't worry about it.

Nate and then Sugi flank the hovering aircraft with a close-up of confused looking Maninder's face on it.

SUGI
 Nice timing as usual, Maninder.

Nate signals to his team. The team files out--Sugi, Gillian, and Maninder's aircraft. Nate stops in the doorway, turns back to the bar, and locks eyes with Kyle, challenging him.

NATE
 See you soon.

Kyle shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Nate exits.

KYLE
 (denial)
 He was talking to you, right?

The bartender removes the metal card Nate slipped him from his pocket and slides it across the bar. A small screen lights up on the thin metal and displays the message:

"You're invited"

A few seconds later, the message fades and a new one appears:

"Spec Tech 8 AM Tomorrow"

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. SPEC TECH - MORNING

Elegant, angular, clean, the Spec Tech headquarters towers over a well-manicured lawn and street with perfect pavement. Splitting the grass is a long stone path leading up to the glass front doors of the company.

The street is lined with two hour parking signs. A dirty and dented early-2000s Jetta pulls into a spot adjacent to the walkway. Kyle gets out, goes over to the meter, and begins to scrounge for change in his pocket.

NATE (O.S.)

Don't!

Nate is jogging up the walkway.

NATE (CONT'D)

There's no need. We'll take care of your car.

Kyle is in full-on cynical and unimpressed mode.

KYLE

No tumble and roll, Willy Wonka?

NATE

I don't really see a need for trivial theatrics?

The pair move down the path toward the entrance.

NATE (CONT'D)

Do you still have your Golden Ticket?

Nate opens the front door revealing the inside.

INT. SPEC TECH - LOBBY - MORNING

The peaceful silence and sterile white brightness are overpowering. Only what is necessary is there--a few chairs for guests, signage, and entrance and exit doors.

KYLE

(shielding his eyes)
Holy crap.

NATE

Nothing holy here.

Protruding from the far wall is a circular reception desk. The words Spec Tech are attached to the wall above it. The lettering is neither large nor ornamental. A pleasant middle-aged woman JANICE sits at the desk.

Janice puts a tablet computer on the counter in front of Kyle without acknowledging him. A blue ray emanates from it and runs back and forth across his face.

JANICE
Please sign in.

Kyle stares blankly after the scan is finished. Janice slides her finger across the middle of the screen. It lights up again. Kyle flinches, picks it up, and starts to sign his name with his finger.

NATE
Handprint is fine.

Kyle presses his hand against the screen.

JANICE
Thank you.

Janice places a round pin on the counter in front of Kyle.

JANICE (CONT'D)
Please wear that at all times when
you're in the building.

Kyle doesn't pick up the pin. Instead, he turns to Nate.

KYLE
I might be more willing to do what
I'm asked if someone explains to me
what's going on...and I'm actually
asked.

Nate tilts his head to the side for a moment then smiles. Something about what Kyle said pleases him immensely.

NATE
That's a locator. It lets us know
you're where you're supposed to be
when you're in the building. This
is all standard visitor protocol.

KYLE
Next time maybe lead with
that...and tell me why I'm a
visitor here?

Nate ignores Kyle's question.

NATE
And what about Janice?

KYLE
(to Janice)
Thank you, Janice?

NATE
No, what about how she helped you?

KYLE
She didn't really help me as much
as she directed me.

Kyle pauses. He has more to say, but is still unsure of what is even going on. Both Nate and Janice wait for him to continue.

KYLE (CONT'D)
A little more friendliness could go
a long way. You know, "Welcome to
Spech Tech," "do you have an
appointment," "we'll be scanning
your face into our system..."

Nate immediately turns to Janice.

NATE
(to Janice)
Be friendlier.

Kyle faceplams at the irony of Nate's command to Janice.

NATE (CONT'D)
(to Janice)
Are we good?

JANICE
We're fine, sir, as always.

NATE
(to Kyle)
Are we good?

Kyle looks up in disbelief.

KYLE
Sure?

NATE
Then pin that pin and push on!

Nate heads over to the one door in the lobby, opens the it, and walks through.

JANICE
 (with difficulty)
 Enjoy your tour.

NATE (O.S.)
 Good effort, Janice!

Kyle places the pin over his left breast.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - LIBRARY - MORNING

Cherry wood walls, matching rugs, ornate furniture, wide floor, and high ceilings make up the room. There is no circulation desk or librarian, only a smattering of old white men in the chairs and couches reading.

Angus strolls in by a few of the readers.

ANGUS
 Morning, gentleman.

None of the men look up from their books and documents. Angus isn't bothered by the lack of reaction. He continues his relaxed meander over to a seemingly random bookcase and tilts a copy of *The Leviathan* forward. The bookcase rises up into the ceiling.

INT. PLACYNTIA - SECRET BASE - MORNING

The tiny form of the young woman seated at a desk behind the door grows as Angus approaches, though not as much as might be expected. VANESSA REY, early 20s, dressed professionally and youthfully in a skirt and heels, shoots to her feet.

VANESSA
 Good morning, Mr. Blackwood.

Angus doesn't respond. In fact, he doesn't even acknowledge she's there long enough to break stride. She falls into pace beside him.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 Our surveillance of Spec Tech paid off again this morning.

Still no response from Angus. Vanessa shows him a picture of Kyle on her phone.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
 You may recognize this young man.

ANGUS

Interesting. What does Nate want with him?

VANESSA

Not sure. It's seems he's being brought in for an interview or test, maybe an addition to Nate's team.

Angus stops.

ANGUS

Keep me apprised.

(beat)

Where is the subtraction from Mr. Stone's team?

Vanessa flips through some programs on her phone.

VANESSA

Conference Room C.

ANGUS

Very good. Thank you.

Angus leaves Vanessa making notes on her phone.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEC TECH - LABORATORIES

A warehouse is spread before Nate and Kyle. There are no walls or cubicles to demarcate work areas, only a plethora of tables and white-coated employees moving between them.

NATE

This is where it all happens--well, some of it.

KYLE

Some of it? Your sales pitch needs a little work too.

NATE

Who said this is a sales pitch?

KYLE

(a bit frustrated)

No one, but then what am I doing here?

NATE

We just met. Kind of a deep question to lead with, don't you think?

Kyle is silenced by the remark, crosses his arms, and reluctantly relinquishes to the tour. Nate guides him over to a table with three monitors. A visor sits on the table in front of the screens. Nate picks it up and hands it to Kyle.

NATE (CONT'D)

Put this on.

Kyle slides the visor over his face. A computer rendering of a cargo ship's bridge replaces the warehouse. Where the table was, is a control panel. Kyle pushes a button.

The virtual ship lurches as it starts to move...and the ground under Kyle lurches too, nearly causing him to lose his balance. Kyle rips the visor off. The ground is still flat.

KYLE

The ground moved, right?

NATE

Not under me.

Nate excitedly scurries over to another table which is covered with tangled sets of headphones.

NATE (CONT'D)

These will let you understand anything anyone is saying.

KYLE

Like foreign languages?

NATE

Anything.

KYLE

Like you right now?

NATE

Well, it's still in the early--

Kyle has had enough.

KYLE

This is impressive, I'll give you that. But I already knew this is one of the world's leading tech companies.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

When do we talk about what happened
in the bar yesterday and why you
gave me this?

Kyle pulls the card the bartender gave him out of his pocket.

NATE

For someone with nowhere to go, you
sure are impatient.

In the back corner of the warehouse, Nate places his palm
flat against the wall. A second later, a crack forms in and
elevator doors open from it. Nate steps inside.

NATE (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Kyle doesn't listen, stepping inside. He immediately notices
the lack of buttons.

COMPUTER

Second passenger is unverified.
Please confirm identity.

Panic washes over Kyle's face.

NATE

(annoyed)

Would you just go outside and scan
your handprint in?

Completely freaked out, Kyle runs out of the elevator and
places his hand in the same spot Nate did.

COMPUTER

Confirmed.

Kyle steps back inside. The elevator starts to move.

NATE

(ominous)

Going down.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - CONFERENCE ROOM C

Angus enters what is distinctly an interrogation room.
Sitting at the table is Brian. Across from him is Bentley,
scrolling through a file on Brian on his tablet. Leaning
against the wall in the corner, surely there as an
intimidation tactic, is The Titan.

Angus puts his hands on Bentley's shoulders like a father to his son.

ANGUS

I trust we're treating Mr. Collins well?

BENTLEY

As well as can be expected in Conference Room C.

Brian is relaxed. He doesn't care about any of this.

ANGUS

Please ignore my associate's remark.

Bentley slumps forward and disappears into his tablet.

BRIAN

That's what I've been doing-

ANGUS

Then I hope we can establish a more substantive dialogue.

BRIAN

What makes you think I want you to have the map anymore than I want Nate Stone to have it?

Angus leans back in his chair to mimic Brian.

ANGUS

It would seem that if you oppose him, you would want us to succeed. We are considered rivals.

BRIAN

So are the Ravens and the Steelers. Do you think I really care who wins when they play?

The Titan snickers at the remark. Angus pauses for a second, considering what Brian has just said.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Do you want to know why I don't want you to have it?

ANGUS

Enlighten me.

BRIAN

Because as self-involved, careless,
and annoyingly alliterative as Nate
Stone may be, you're worse. Who
knows what would happen if you
found where it leads.

Angus feigns deep thought then stands.

ANGUS

Come with me, Bentley.

Bentley follows. Angus turns to The Titan.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Mr. Tidrick, please show our guest
to Conference Room F.

Bentley's face goes white. The Titan again slings Brian over
his shoulder. Again Brian does not protest.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEC TECH - UNDERGROUND BASE

The elevator doors open to reveal a round sparsely furnished
windowless room. The curve is outlined with desks, a climbing
wall, and a mirrored training area with an assortment of
weapons--wooden, pointy, and a case of firearms. In the
direct middle of the room is a conference table.

NATE

Welcome to the-

KYLE

Danger Room?

NATE

Not what I was going to say, but
perfectly passable.

(beat)

This is where it all happens.

KYLE

What's it?

NATE

A pronoun. You did actually
graduate, right?

Kyle is not amused.

KYLE
The non-literal it. The thing that
happens here

Nate stops, takes in a deep breath, and with a glint in his
eye...

NATE
Treasure Hunting.

KYLE
(disbelief)
Treasure hunting.

NATE
Well, the technical term is
valuable object pursuit, but
treasure hunting sounds shinier,
don't you think?

KYLE
I think there has to be a middle
ground that doesn't make you sound
like a pretentious academic or
cartoon duck.

GILLIAN (O.S.)
What's wrong with being a
pretentious academic?

NATE
Excellent. Terrific transition!

Nate spins around and marches towards her work space. Gillian
is thumbing through a volume on the history of cartography.
Her desk is cluttered with books, both open and closed.

NATE (CONT'D)
Meet Dr. Jones, team archeologist
and anthropologist.

Gillian stands and extends her hand.

GILLIAN
Gillian will do fine.

Kyle cautiously accepts the handshake.

KYLE
Your name is Dr. Jones. And you're
an archeologist.

GILLIAN
Yes...

Kyle looks at Nate who is smiling, blissfully unaware.

KYLE

I'm going to let that one go.

Kyle points to all the books on Gillian's desk.

KYLE (CONT'D)

You've heard of computers, right?

GILLIAN

There's more knowledge in books than there is on the entirety of the internet. Sometimes I wonder about you Wunderkinds.

Kyle tries not to show how much the comment bothers him. Gillian sits back down and moves some books from her desktop, creating large stacks that look like they might topple. Where they once were is a large, flat built-in monitor.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

And yes, I've heard of computers.

She touches the screen bringing the CPU out of sleep mode. Displayed on it is a quasi-rendered jungle setting.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)

I'm currently attempting to translate historical hand-drawn maps into 3D renderings.

KYLE

In order to?

GILLIAN

Identify any markings or symbols that seem out of place.

Nate is silently observing the interaction between the two.

KYLE

Won't you lose a lot of the cartographer's original message if you change the map's medium, so you'll be unable to distinguish between any of his symbols and any alien symbols?

Gillian flinches at Kyle's use of the word "alien, spins, and looks at Kyle for the slightest second.

GILLIAN
(thinking)
That's...

Kyle flinches, waiting for an insult.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
...a great point.

Gillian spins back and goes into the code of the map's program. Kyle is stunned.

NATE
(loudly)
Onward!

Nate starts toward another work station. Kyle shakes off his stupor and follows.

Sugi reclines in her office chair, legs crossed, bored. She scrolls through a store website on a tablet she's holding. Her desk is completely empty.

NATE (CONT'D)
This is Sugi Hamada, team
Survivalist and IT.

Sugi doesn't stand or otherwise acknowledge their presence.

SUGI
Hi.

In an instant, Kyle is smitten...and frozen in fear. Nate elbows him.

NATE
Say hi, Kyle.

KYLE
(quietly)
Hi.

Sugi nods, still only looking at her tablet.

NATE
Sugi, why don't you tell Kyle what
you do here?

Nate takes the tablet out of her hands. She finally looks up at Kyle, but doesn't react.

SUGI

(annoyed)

Not much unless we're in the field,
he makes me run a simulation, or he
gets a virus from looking at porn.

KYLE

A simulation?

SUGI

Yeah, you know The Danger Room?

Kyle's eyes light up. She made the same reference as him.

SUGI (CONT'D)

It's nothing like that.

Sugi snatches the tablet out of Nate's hands, swipes to a
simulation program, then swipes back to the website.

SUGI (CONT'D)

Are we good?

Nate moves away from the station. Kyle follows.

KYLE

Is she always that unfriendly?

NATE

You'll get used to it.

(beat)

Last person!

Nate walks over to a section of the wall and slides a panel
away revealing a piece of glass. He looks through, slides it
shut, and places his hand on the wall as with the elevator
earlier. A large section of the wall starts to rise.

KYLE

I probably should've seen that
coming.

INT. SPEC TECH - TEAM GARAGE

A large garage is littered with science fiction and fantasy
paraphernalia. At the far end, a huge flat screen shows a
graphically rendered video of a car speeding and swerving
down streets. Maninder sits on the floor in front of it

KYLE

(yelling to Maninder)

Are you doing a remote-controlled
test run?

Maninder loses his focus and then loses control of the car as it careens into a building and explodes. The image fades to black and then a video game start screen.

MANINDER

I was trying to beat my high score,
but now thanks to you, I have to
start over.

KYLE

Sorry?

NATE

Kyle. This is Maninder, our
mechanic, demolitions expert, and
pilot. He'll be driving you home.

Maninder smiles like a giddy child. Nate starts to leave.

KYLE

That's it? The tour's over?

NATE

Tour's over.

The garage door closes in front of Nate as he faces the two guys. Kyle turns to Maninder and smiles sheepishly, completely unaware of who Kyle is.

MANINDER

Oh, come on, I'm not mad.

Maninder tosses Kyle a wireless controller.

MANINDER (CONT'D)

You in or not?

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - CONFERENCE ROOM F

Brian is strapped on to a slender metallic table. Angus and the Titan stand on either side of it. Bentley is in the corner of the room on a computer facing away from the group.

ANGUS

What I don't quite understand is
what you have to gain by
withholding information.

Brian stares straight at the ceiling.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

Is doing the right thing really that satisfying? You do understand that I'm going to find out where the map leads eventually, with or without your help.

Angus looks for a response. He gets none.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

So you see, any satisfaction you derive from your denial will be short lived. Care to change your mind?

Still, silence from Brian.

ANGUS (CONT'D)

(unconcerned)

Very well. Bentley?

BENTLEY

(hesitant, not looking)

Yes sir.

ANGUS

Commence.

Angus stands behind Bentley and places a hand on his shoulder reassuringly. Bentley pushes a key, drops his head, and covers his ears.

Brian's body convulses, slowly at first, but growing in speed and intensity until...Brian screams.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SPEC TECH TEAM VAN - AFTERNOON

Kyle is strapped in to the van's wall, the only thing keeping him from being tossed around. A monitor shows the road the van is speeding down. In a picture-in-picture Maninder is calmly lounging in the garage with a video game controller.

KYLE

Are you *sure* it wouldn't be better if you were actually driving?

MANINDER

Kyle, trust me, I've done this so many times.

KYLE

With someone in the van?

Maninder doesn't respond right away, a bit thrown by the question.

MANINDER

...yes.

The van speeds through an intersection right after a yellow light turns red narrowly missing a car turning left in front of it.

KYLE

(resigned)

You know where you're going, right?

MANINDER

Yes, of course, I drove your car there earlier.

KYLE

(alarmed)

Remotely?!

(beat)

You know what? Nevermind.

The van swerves right and the passenger side wheels run on the sidewalk for a few feet.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Do you ever leave the garage?

Maninder has never been asked or thought about that before.

MANINDER

Why?

KYLE

Besides seeing what it's really like to drive on streets? How about there's a world to be part of.

MANINDER

(laughing)

Who am I, Ariel? This garage is awesome. Nate put everything I've always wanted in it.

With no good response, Kyle closes his eyes and attempts to relax. A few seconds later, the van jolts to a stop. The door opens to reveal his car, a scratch down the entire side.

MANINDER (CONT'D)

Sorry about the scratch.

Kyle is dumped onto the sidewalk. The van speeds away, the door closing as it does.

CUT TO:

INT. STONE FAMILY KITCHEN - EVENING

In the middle of the large, open kitchen at the island is DANA STONE, mid-30s, a small-town girl and Nate's wife. She is preparing plates with elaborate floral garnishes. Nate bursts in, as energetic as always.

NATE

What a spectacular sight.

They share an end-of-the-day-greeting kiss.

DANA

I'm glad you like it. We just got them in today. I thought they'd go perfect with the dinner I had planned.

She's referring to the garnish. Nate wasn't.

NATE

(smirking)

Yeah, that too.

Dana smiles and goes to the sink as to not give Nate the satisfaction of having flattered her. This is clearly common practice.

DANA
How's recovering the map going?

NATE
No idea where the X is.

Nate needs to change the subject. He can't dwell on what he perceives as his failures.

NATE (CONT'D)
Did Jimmy decide yet?

DANA
I don't know. He won't talk to me.

Nate goes over to the stairs.

NATE
(yelling)
Jimmy, can you come downstairs?

JIMMY STONE 16, bookish but not socially awkward, rushes down the stairs and stops at the bottom, unsure of what to expect.

JIMMY
I was doing my home-

NATE
So what's your major going to be,
my man?

JIMMY
A major pain is what it is.

Nate glances at Dana for back-up.

DANA
Don't look at me. He takes after
his father.

JIMMY
She's right. And I don't understand
why I have to decide right now. I'm
only a sophomore. I can't even
drive yet and just took the PSAT.

NATE
You scored high, right? You're
going to be asked to do more than
you expected soon and if you don't
know where you're going, you'll
never get there.

Jimmy clams up. He is tired of conversations like this.

JIMMY
I'm going back to my room.

Jimmy makes his way back upstairs deliberately to emphasize that he decides where he goes. Nate watches him then turns around to see Dana putting on her coat.

DANA
(softly)
I'm sorry. I got a text from the store. I have to go back for a few.

Dana kisses Nate on the cheek.

DANA (CONT'D)
You run out all the time too, you know. The food will be ready in 30, if you're hungry.

Dana exits. Nate isn't brought down by this at all. He pulls a chain out from under his shirt, holds the PIECE OF 1970s COMPUTER HARDWARE attached to it, and looks at his wife's prep work with a wide smile.

NATE
(jubilant)
Absolutely acceptable.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - ANGUS' OFFICE - EVENING

An old-fashioned wood-finished room that matches the library, though not very large. Angus sits in a lounge chair reading for leisure on a tablet. There is a knock on his door.

ANGUS
Come in.

The door creaks as Vanessa Rey enters, her phone in hand.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
Ah, Ms. Rey. Do you ever go home?

VANESSA
Sir? There's work to do.

ANGUS
There's always work to do. What brings you here now?

VANESSA

You asked me to keep you updated on the young man who visited the Spec Tech offices.

ANGUS

Ah, yes, apprise me.

Vanessa flips through information on her phone quickly then hands it to Angus. A picture and bio of Kyle is displayed.

VANESSA

This is Kyle Goldstein, a recent college graduate who studied Public Relations. He's not Stone's usual type of recruit. His views on corporations aren't very favorable. Other than that, he's unremarkable.

Angus leans back in his chair.

ANGUS

(thoughtfully)
Unremarkable.

VANESSA

(confused)
Excuse me?

ANGUS

An interesting word choice.

Vanessa ignores the comment, typing furiously on her phone.

VANESSA

I'm texting you his home address and the address of his favorite hang out.

Angus' phone dings. He doesn't look at it.

ANGUS

Is it that dreadful bar?

VANESSA

Yes sir.

ANGUS

Thank you, Ms. Rey. Make sure you make it home tonight.

Vanessa bows and exits, focused on her phone. Angus shakes his head.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Unremarkable.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEC TECH - UNDERGROUND BASE - NIGHT

Darkness, except for the glow emanating from the now-open garage. Gillian steps out of the elevator and pushes a button. The lights in the main room go up.

MANINDER (O.S.)
(yelling)
Who turned the lights on? I had the perfect luminescence in here.

Gillian is amused, but not surprised he's still here.

GILLIAN
Hi, Maninder.

Maninder rushes into the room like an excited child.

MANINDER
Gillian! What are you doing here?
Nevermind. Hold on. I have Kyle on video chat.

Maninder rushes back into and out of the room. When he returns, he's carrying a laptop displaying...

INT. TABLET - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Kyle leans over the bar staring at his phone.

INTERCUT BETWEEN GILLIAN/MANINDER AND KYLE

Gillian puts her bag down on her desk.

GILLIAN
You know, there's an easier way to do that.

KYLE
(not surprised)
There is.

MANINDER
(surprised)
There is?

Gillian takes out a metal card like the one Kyle was given by the bartender. She speaks into it.

GILLIAN
Take your card out of your pocket.

Kyle tosses the card onto the bar nonchalantly.

GILLIAN (CONT'D)
Kyle.

Kyle is startled as hologram of Gillian's head appears over the card.

KYLE
Jesus.

Kyle's head is now on display on Gillian's desk as well.

MANINDER
Riiiiight, I forgot he had a card
already.

Gillian shoots a glare at Maninder.

KYLE
Already? Why can't I see Maninder
too?

Maninder takes his card out of his pocket.

MANINDER
Kyle.

Again, Kyle is startled by the appearance of Maninder's head.

KYLE
Come on! Warn me!

MANINDER
You really should just expect stuff
like this from now on.

KYLE
From now on?

Gillian shoots Maninder another glare.

GILLIAN
(firmly)
Maninder
(beat)
Anyway, I'll let you boys get back
to your games.

She reaches for the card. Kyle is a little insulted by the use of the words "boys" and "games."

KYLE

Hold on. What are you doing there so late?

GILLIAN

Working.

KYLE

(disbelief)

Working.

Gillian boots up her computer and shows a map in its infantile stages.

GILLIAN

If we can't recover the map from Brian, we're going to need another solution, so I'm trying to recreate it.

KYLE

The map? Brian?

Eager to contribute, and to show Kyle how obvious the answers to his questions are, Maninder interjects. Except Kyle doesn't know, so why did Gillian even mention it?

MANINDER

Brian is our former team member who quit after our last mission when we found a map that supposedly leads to the Garden of Eden.

There is no glare from Gillian this time, only shock from Kyle. We have to wonder, is this a controlled leak?

KYLE

What?

(beat)

Nevermind. Let's simplify this. Why are you at work again?

GILLIAN

To attempt to recreate--

Kyle waves his hand.

KYLE

Yes, yes, I know what you're doing at work, but why are you at work?

Gillian is annoyed now. She sits and reaches for her card.

GILLIAN
 This base is ideal for keeping my
 life productive. I mean, where else
 am I going to spend my time a bar?

Maninder is shocked. Gillian is rarely snippy. Kyle is hurt, but doesn't want to show it.

KYLE
 How do I shut this thing off?

GILLIAN
 It doesn't shut off. End call.

Gillian's head disappears. Maninder's is still there looking mopey.

MANINDER
 (forlorn)
 End call.

Maninder's head disappears. END INTERCUT.

MANINDER (CONT'D)
 What the hell, Gillian?

Gillian looks at him like a mother might her child.

GILLIAN
 (softly)
 Maninder.

Maninder relaxes, acquiescing to whatever just happened, as even he is clearly not in the loop, and wanders off. Gillian happily picks up a book.

CUT TO:

INT. TABLET - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Kyle has his face pressed into his phone, ignoring the din around him. The same bartender eyes him skeptically.

BARTENDER
 Same as last time?

KYLE
 No. Apparently that beer is swill.

BARTENDER
 Where'd you hear that?

Kyle holds up his phone.

KYLE
 Craftbrewers.com, one of the most
 popular sites for fans of craft
 brews.

BARTENDER
 I've heard of it. What'd you think
 of the beer?

Kyle fidgets in his seat. The question makes him self-conscious.

KYLE
 I liked it, but the brewers say
 it's not hoppy enough.

The bartender springs into action, grabbing a glass and filling it from the tap. He knows Kyle's type.

BARTENDER
 I've got just the thing for you.

KYLE
 Wait, how much is it?

BARTENDER
 Don't worry about it. It's on--

ANGUS (O.S.)
 Me.

Angus drops his black AmEx on the bar. Kyle and a few patrons stare at him slackjaw. Angus is solely focused on Kyle.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 What's a matter, young man?

Angus pulls out the chair next to Kyle and starts to sit.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 May I?

Kyle is still bemused. Angus finishes sitting anyway.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 Hello, Mr. Goldstein. Allow me to
 introduce myself. Angus Blackwood,
 CEO and Founder of Placyntia. I
 assume you're familiar, yes?

Kyle is slowly putting the pieces together.

KYLE

I'm guessing this has something to do with Nate Stone and not my recent job application...

ANGUS

Very impressive, Mr. Goldstein. I see why Nate picked you.

Angus' second sentence throws Kyle off. *Was he being recruited--by two companies now?*

KYLE

Picked me for what? Didn't you hear? I don't know anything.

ANGUS

Now we all know that isn't true. How is the Spec Tech team dealing with Brian's refusal to talk?

KYLE

No idea, really. Gillian was trying to recreate the map or something.

Angus smiles smugly.

ANGUS

Ah, Dr. Jones, always so clever.

KYLE

Am I the only one that has an issue with her name?

Angus pats Kyle on the back as a long time pal might.

ANGUS

Don't focus on such trivialities, my dear boy. Instead tell me, how does Nate intend on forcing Brian to tell the truth about the map?

Kyle hesitates for a moment, not sure if he should respond or not, though he has no real information to share.

KYLE

You realize you can't force someone to tell the truth, right? You can make them talk, but there's no guarantee they won't lie.

A pregnant pause as Angus processes the comment and Kyle fears the reply.

ANGUS
I have to make sure Mr. Collins
tells the truth. How astute.

Angus, now completely ignoring Kyle and everyone else,
stands.

KYLE
That's not--

Angus picks up his black AmEx and turns to leave.

ANGUS
Good day.

KYLE
(to self)
Nevermind.

The bartender places a pint of beer in front of Kyle.

KYLE (CONT'D)
He took his--

BARTENDER
Don't worry. I've got it.

Slightly relieved, Kyle looks over his shoulder at Angus
exiting the bar.

KYLE
Can I get a couple of shots too?

He grins sheepishly. The bartender laughs.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(sighing)
At least Nate Stone listened to me.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KYLE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The lights are off. Kyle is sprawled out face down on his bed, the position he drunkenly stumbled and passed out.

A light clicks on illuminating a corner of the room. Nate is sitting in a beat up leather chair. Kyle stirs.

KYLE
(mumbling)
Who turned on the...

Kyle props himself up on his side, sees Nate, and scrambles to a sitting position.

KYLE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here?

Nate is unaffected by Kyle's anger and scorn.

NATE
I wanted to talk to you.

KYLE
So you broke in to my apartment?

NATE
"Break in" would be a loose label.
The door was unlocked.

Nate looks around the room.

NATE (CONT'D)
Of course, "apartment" would be a
loose label too.

Kyle is not amused.

KYLE
Yeah, I'm poor, got it. What do you
want?

NATE
Nothing really. Just a routine wrap-
up.

Another light clicks on illuminating Sugi in the corner opposite Nate. She is clearly annoyed at being there. Kyle immediately tenses up.

SUGI
(disinterested)
Was that my cue?

Kyle's composure is gone.

KYLE
(quietly)
I hope so.

Sugi warns him to back off with dragon eyes. Nate knows her presence could be misinterpreted as an inappropriate bribe. It's part of his intent.

NATE
Hold your horses. This isn't what
it looks like?

KYLE
Then what is it? You know Asians
are my go-to, right?

Kyle still hasn't recovered. His comment disgusts Sugi.

SUGI
Who doesn't know that? Plus, he
does research on all his recruits.
It's why he made me come with him.

The explanation calms Kyle a bit.

KYLE
(whispering)
Recruits...

SUGI
Yeah. I wasn't sure about listening
to him at first, but it was
probably the right move.

Sugi smiles softly. The gesture seems to finally awaken Kyle.

KYLE
I was right! That was--this *is* a
sales pitch. And I'll admit, this
is your best rhetorical ploy yet.

He nods at Sugi. She turns away to hide her blushing. Nate doesn't react.

NATE
Do you still have your card?

Kyle pulls the card out of his pocket.

NATE (CONT'D)
 Then come by Spec Tech today.
 (beat)
 See you soon.

Nate turns his light off for effect. Sugi doesn't.

NATE (CONT'D)
 Sugi.

SUGI
 Oh, sorry.

Sugi turns her light off. The room goes back to darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - BENTLEY'S LAB - MORNING

Bentley is bent over a microscope examining something so intently that he doesn't notice when Angus barges in. Angus taps him on the shoulder, startling him.i

BENTLEY
 (angry)
 Can't you see--

He sees who has interrupted him and immediately controls himself.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)
 Oh, Mr. Blackwood. How are you?

ANGUS
 Bentley. We need a way to make sure Mr. Collins can only tell the truth. That way, he has no choice but to tell us the map's location.

BENTLEY
 (matter-of-fact)
 Impossible. There's no way to circumvent free will.

That answers is completely unacceptable for Angus. Bentley quivers, trying to conjure a quick solution.

BENTLEY (CONT'D)
But...if we could reverse the way he conceptualizes truth, then every lie he told would be the truth, and vice-versa.

ANGUS

Impressive, though I hope you're not suggesting we drill into his brain. Even I have my limits.

Bentley is offended at Angus making that claim.

BENTLEY

No you don't.

ANGUS

Fair enough. Do we have a method that's perhaps less costly and time-consuming?

Bentley retreats inward, pushing hard for an answer. He comes up with one, but is more relieved than excited.

BENTLEY

The Reciprico Root. It's been known to reverse binary concepts in people's minds. But it's extremely rare. I've never seen it.

ANGUS

But if you possessed it?

BENTLEY

If I had it, I could synthesize a formula that we would have to get him to drink.

Angus presses a button on the speaker box next to the door.

ANGUS

Ms. Rey, would you please report to Bentley's Laboratory?

Not ten seconds later, Vanessa bursts into the room.

VANESSA

How can I help you, Mr. Blackwood?

ANGUS

The Reciproco Root. Have you heard of it?

VANESSA

That sounds familiar. One second.

Vanessa pushes a few buttons on her phone.

VANESSA (CONT'D)
Here it is. It was identified and recovered at Lake Garda by Spec Tech--which means it's housed in their secret facility.

ANGUS
Dana Stone's nursery.

Bentley is now an observer to this conversation.

BENTLEY
(confused)
I thought it was a secret?

Angus laughs.

ANGUS
(to Vanessa)
Inform Mr. Tidrick he is going on a procurement mission on which he'll be accompanied by Bentley.

BENTLEY
(shocked)
Me?!

ANGUS
(to Bentley)
You'll need to identify and synthesize the root on site. There's no need to decide the war with this battle.
(to Vanessa)
Ms. Rey?

Vanessa stashes her phone in her pocket.

VANESSA
On it, sir.

She exits. Bentley stands there slack-jaw.

ANGUS
Don't you have preparations to attend to, Bentley?

Bentley snaps to attention as Angus exits.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEC TECH - LABORATORIES - DAY

Kyle places his palm against the wall in the back corner of the room.

COMPUTER
Welcome, Kyle.

The slit of light splits the wall revealing the elevator. He steps in and it brings him down.

INT. SPEC TECH - UNDERGROUND BASE - DAY

The doors open and reveal...nothing, no movement, no conversation. Kyle's heart sinks in disappointment. He was at least hoping for *some type* of welcome.

He wanders into the middle of the room and notices something that wasn't there before--an empty desk with a big metal box atop it. He approaches it hesitantly. A nameplate reads "KYLE GOLDSTEIN TEAM LIAISON" with a small rectangular cutout just below it.

NATE (O.S.)
That's your welcome package.

Kyle turns around to see Nate standing inches from his face with his hand extended.

NATE (CONT'D)
Glad to have--

Kyle stares at Nate's hand. This is too presumptuous for him.

KYLE
I'm not sure what you think is going on. I haven't accepted anything. I haven't been *offered* anything.

Nate puts his hand in his pocket.

NATE
But you're here.

KYLE
Nowhere to go, remember?

NATE
Spec Tech's somewhere.
(beat)
Consider this your offer.
(MORE)

NATE (CONT'D)

You need to decide if this is the direction you want your life to go soon.

KYLE

Resorting to pressure sales already?

NATE

This isn't a sale. Much more than your future is a stake. I hope you show me I made the correct choice.

Nate walks away leaving Kyle staring at the box. He runs his hand over the nameplate and the rectangular cut out.

CUT TO:

EXT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - AFTERNOON

A black SUV pulls up to the small establishment. The Titan and Bentley step out and move toward the door, the latter carrying a briefcase.

THE TITAN

Let me handle this, Bentley. It will be easier that way.

BENTLEY

Um, ok, why?

The Titan cracks his knuckles.

THE TITAN

I will take care of business. You would do your business in your pants.

BENTLEY

Really, James, a poop joke?

THE TITAN

Do not call me that. It is not my name.

The Titan grabs the front door handle, flings the door open, and stomps through. He is trying hard to put on an air of aggression.

INT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - AFTERNOON

Though covered in floral arrangements, the shop is neat and tidy. Even the back door to the outside area for shrubs and other potted plans is clean. As Bentley enters, The Titan is well ahead of him.

BENTLEY

(yelling to James)

How do you make a poop joke when you never even use contractions?

The Titan ignores the question, fronting a thick skin as usual, and approaches the front counter where Dana is handwriting a card, a storage room door behind her.

THE TITAN

That is a nice touch now-a-days.

Bentley has finally caught up to his coworker.

DANA

(not looking up)

Thank you. One of my rules is that flowers should always be a personal, never a cliché, gift.

THE TITAN

Are you the owner?

Dana looks up. She immediately recognizes the duo.

DANA

Yes. But you already know that. And I know who you are.

THE TITAN

Then this will go painlessly.

DANA

(to herself)

Of course, maybe you don't know me.

Bentley reluctantly inserts himself into the conversation.

BENTLEY

What my colleague is saying is we were wondering if you were willing to point us in the direction of--

The Titan menacingly steps in front of Bentley.

THE TITAN

Where is the Reciproco Root?

BENTLEY

(sarcastic)

Oh, yes, that'll make things easier.

The Titan growls. Bentley is sufficiently intimidate.

DANA

We should talk about this first.
What do you want it for?

THE TITAN

That is none of your concern. I do not talk except with my fists.

Dana is not bothered by this threat. She continues smiling.

THE TITAN (CONT'D)

Now please, show Bentley where the Root is.

DANA

(sarcastic)

Well, since you asked so nicely, follow me.

Chaperoned by The Titan, Dana opens the storage room, propping the door. At the back of the room she drops to a knee and taps the floor. A panel pops up. She quickly enters a code. The panel descends as a trap door opens.

THE TITAN

You first.

Dana reaches to open the trap door the rest of the way. Near the handle is a small button she attempts to push surreptitiously.

THE TITAN (CONT'D)

What did that do?

DANA

(bluffing)

I disabled the security system.

The Titan considers this for half a second.

THE TITAN

Give me your cell phone.

Dana hands over her phone. The Titan crushes it in his hand and drops the pieces.

DANA

Thank you. I needed an excuse to buy a new one.

The Titan pushes her in the back.

THE TITAN

Go.

Dana starts to descend the ladder.

CUT TO:

INT. SPEC TECH - UNDERGROUND BASE - AFTERNOON

The team and Kyle are sitting around the conference table. Nate is standing in the front, leading a briefing. A 3D holographic blueprint of the Placyntia buiding is projected over the table.

NATE

The present problem is not knowing exactly where they are holding Brian.

KYLE

How would you even know where to start searching in there?

Kyle motions to the hologram. He is a bit overwhelmed by the meeting.

NATE

Let me lead.

An obnoxiously loud buzzer sound effect from Family Feud goes off. Nate freezes, holds the piece of computer hardware on his chain, reaches in his pocket for his phone to check it.

NATE (CONT'D)

Gotta go.

Nate bolts for the garage leaving the team to decipher their tablet-based briefing reports themselves. Kyle intently observes Nate's exit.

KYLE

So he is as self-involved as everyone says.

Maninder barely looks up from his report. Nate's sudden exit is commonplace for his team.

MANINDER

That buzzer was for his family,
dude. I can't believe you didn't
recognize it from Family Feud.

Kyle doesn't understand. Slightly bothered at Kyle's slight
of her boss, Gillian chimes in.

GILLIAN

Despite what "everyone" may say,
Nate Stone cares about many things.

Kyle removes the card from his pocket and flips it over
furtively. A message is displayed on the small screen:

"If you don't know where you're going, you'll never get
there. - NS"

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. SPEC TECH - UNDERGROUND BASE - AFTERNOON

Kyle stands over his desk gaping down at the giant metal box while holding the metal card out. We can still see Nate's message on it. Kyle's hand hovers as if he is about to drop the card in when...

SUGI (O.S.)
(yelling)
Kyle. We're doing this briefing without Nate. Are you in?

Kyle's silently walks over and slumps into a conference table chair. The words "The Pilot Pursuit" project over the desk like the blueprint did in the last scene.

SUGI (CONT'D)
Here's the plan. We go to the library and gain access to the secret base. That's the most likely place Brian will be.

The words transform into an image of the bookshelf in Placynthia's lobby. The copy of The Leviathan is zoomed in on and titled forward. The image zooms back out to show the bookcase rising into the ceiling.

KYLE
You know where their *secret* base is?

Sugi hits Kyle with a cross eye. She already knows he'll be a threat to her homeostasis.

SUGI
Once there we'll locate Brian-

The image changes to a hologram of Brian.

SUGI (CONT'D)
-and release him to gain his trust.

KYLE
Is he a fish?

Sugi tries not to show how annoyed she is because she knows that is exactly what Kyle wants.

SUGI
He's our recently resigned former pilot.

Maninder who shifts awkwardly. The crashing makes sense now.

GILLIAN

And her ex. That may present some complications.

Sugi is harried and about to give up on the briefing.

KYLE

Your ex?!

MANINDER

Only because you need "e-x" to spell sex.

SUGI

Moving on.

(beat)

Once Brian is free, we convince him to tell us everything he knows about the map.

Kyle raises his hand this time. Sugi calls on him.

SUGI (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Yes, Kyle.

KYLE

I'm guessing that's where I come in.

SUGI

Yes, that's where we see how useful you actually are.

The lights turn back on. Everyone starts to get up.

KYLE

Wait, that's it?

GILLIAN

Usually if there's a problem on a Pursuit Nate figures out what we can do to solve it.

Kyle face palms.

CUT TO:

INT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - SECRET STORAGE FACILITY

The Titan has Dana tied up with nylon straps while Bentley has set up a lab on a table with the briefcase open on it.

THE TITAN

(to Dana)

I apologize if you are uncomfortable. The restrains are a necessity of the job.

Dana smiles.

DANA

No worries. You should see what my husband and I are into.

The Titan dodges the comment by going over to Bentley's lab.

THE TITAN

How much longer?

BENTLEY

At least half an hour. This is a delicate process. Then we have to test it. If it's not right, it could cause brain damage.

Dana hears the comment and for the first time shows a crack in her composure.

THE TITAN

Good. Hurry.

The Titan walks back over to Dana and looks up the ladder they climbed down.

CUT TO:

EXT. JIMMY'S SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Nate leans against an inconspicuous black four door sedan as the students file out of school through the parking lot. Jimmy is in the herd, staring at a tablet yet somehow not falling or walking into anyone.

NATE

Psst, kid.

Jimmy doesn't respond.

NATE (CONT'D)
 (louder)
 Hey. You.

Several students look around scared but calm down when they see Nat. They're accustomed to his antics. Finally someone taps Jimmy on the shoulder and points to his father. Jimmy puts the tablet in his bag as he approaches.

NATE (CONT'D)
 Finally. I thought I was going to have to yell "He's got a gun."

JIMMY
 What do you want, Dad?

NATE
 I need your help. I'm about to go on a Pursuit and there's some weeds in your mother's garden.

Jimmy's eyes light up with excitement and fear. That is clearly a code phrase.

JIMMY
 And you want me to pluck them?

Nate tosses the car keys to Jimmy.

NATE
 Just figure out what you're going to do and go.

Nate starts walking away.

JIMMY
 But I don't take my test until next month.

NATE
 (yelling)
 Then don't get pulled over.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - LIBRARY - AFTERNOON

Kyle, Gillian, Sugi, and Maninder's remote-controlled aircraft displaying his face strut into the library like a team out of a cheesy action movie. Sugi follows behind Kyle and Gillian who are flanked by Maninder's aircraft. Not a single person there looks up from his or her reading material.

KYLE
 (to Gillian)
 So we just casually wander in here
 and hope no one bothers us?

GILLIAN
 Why would they? We know more about
 what we're doing than they do.

This idea sets in with Kyle for a second.

KYLE
 Ah, act as if.

SUGI
 (sarcastic)
 Yeah, exactly.

Gillian stands in front of the copy of the Leviathan.

GILLIAN
 (to Kyle)
 Do you want to do the honors?

KYLE
 I'm not sure I would call it that,
 but ok.
 (quoting)
 Now I am about to take my first
 voyage, a great leap in the dark.

SUGI
 It's last. Last voyage.

Kyle and Gillian look at Sugi with surprise.

MANINDER
 (Confused)
 Say wha?

KYLE
 (to Sugi)
 I was being poetic.
 (to Gillian and Maninder)
 Are we good?

Gillian nods. Maninder gives a thumbs up. Kyle tilts the book forward. The bookcase begins rising.

CUT TO:

INT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - EVENING

A few annoyed looking customers are loitering near the front counter. One particularly angry looking MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN is standing at the counter, an assortment of small potted plants in front of her. Jimmy approaches her.

JIMMY

What's going on?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(angry)

I've been waiting here for two hours and not one person has tried to help me.

JIMMY

And you...

Jimmy wants to say something derisive like "and you had nothing better to do than stand here for two hours for some common house plants," but holds his tongue and looks around instead. He notes that the door to the storage room is propped open and remembers the service bell.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...didn't push the bell for service?

The middle-aged woman looks at the bell and back at Jimmy.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(snotty)

I didn't see it. And I shouldn't have to push a bell to get service.

Jimmy ignores her and pushes the bell. Nothing happens. He starts pushing it at a rapid pace. Everyone turns to see what is going on.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN (CONT'D)

That's it. They've lost my business.

Jimmy keeps ringing the bell. He waves as the woman leaves and echoes his father.

JIMMY

(teasing)

See you soon!

The shop clears as Jimmy keeps ringing the bell. Finally The Titan emerges from the storage room, ducking his head as he does. Jimmy freezes for a moment--he recognizes The Titan but does The Titan recognize him?

THE TITAN

What do you want?

The Titan almost spits the words. He doesn't have the patience for this. Jimmy relaxes as his identity is clearly unknown.

JIMMY

Not "How may I help you"? That's not very good customer service.

The Titan grinds his teeth.

THE TITAN

How may I help you?

JIMMY

I'm looking for something that will really...

Jimmy pauses, searching for the exact words, the right reference, and settles on 3 Ninjas.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

...light up the eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - SECRET BASE - EVENING

The base lays before the Spec Tech team. To no one's shock except Kyle's, Nate is sitting at Vanessa's desk, leaning back, reading a magazine, legs kicked up. Vanessa is next to him typing at her computer completely ignoring him.

KYLE

I shouldn't be surprised.

Nate stands and puts down the magazine.

NATE

Thanks, Vanessa. The offer's always open.

VANESSA

(warmly)

I know.

(beat, to the team)

(MORE)

VANESSA (CONT'D)
You're looking for Conference Room
F. Angus is there now too.

Nate walks over to his team who gather around him like he's the quarterback. Kyle is the last man to join the huddle.

NATE
Alright, here's the plan. Maninder,
you fly back and forth down the
hall by the window of the room
until Angus comes out to check it
out. Gillian, that's when you run
by and tell him "Maninder's out of
control. He went that way" to get
him to follow you. Sugi, once he's
gone, go in and promise to untie
Brian. It should soften him up to
see you first.

KYLE
(under his breath)
Or it'll piss him off.

Everyone turns their attention to Kyle.

NATE
Have any helpful hints?

KYLE
(withdrawn)
Nope.

Nate continues his play calling, unfazed.

NATE
Once Sugi butters up Brian, I'll
take over. Everyone know what
they're doing?

Sugi doesn't respond. Gillian nods. Maninder gives a thumbs up.

NATE (CONT'D)
Then let's perfect the pursuit.

The team heads forward into the halls of Placyntia's secret base. Kyle hesitantly lags behind.

CUT TO:

INT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - EVENING

The Titan is awkwardly wearing an apron, holding a small potted flower in his hand to show it to Jimmy.

THE TITAN
Is this acceptable?

Jimmy grimaces.

JIMMY
No. And loosen up. This is supposed to be fun.
(beat)
You know what, I have a painting in my trunk I want to match it with. Let me show it to you.

Jimmy scurries to the door. The Titan hesitates, grumbles, and follows.

EXT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - EVENING

The black sedan Nate gave to Jimmy is parked next to the Placyntia SUV. Jimmy pops the trunk and hands a suitcase to The Titan.

JIMMY
Can you hold this? The painting is under all this stuff.

The Titan sneers but accepts the item. Jimmy starts stacking lots of items on top of it, a clear tactic to neutralize The Titan's hands. When the stack is almost to The Titan's face, Jimmy ducks his head in the trunk and starts rummaging around.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Almost got it.

Jimmy pops up and tazes The Titan in the side. The Titan's eyes go wide before he drops to the ground. Jimmy tosses the tazer over his shoulder into the trunk and takes off, rushing through the store and down the storage room ladder.

INT. GET THEE TO A NURSERY - SECRET STORAGE FACILITY

Not noticing Bentley, Jimmy unties his mother and hugs her. She leans toward his ear.

DANA
 (whispering)
 Do you want me to handle him?

Realizing there is someone else there, Jimmy releases her and swivels around.

JIMMY
 (yelling)
 Hey!

Bentley jumps, the glassware he was holding shattering on the ground. He turns to find Jimmy standing right next to him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Sup?

In one smooth movement, Jimmy pushes all the lab equipment and the Reciprico Root off the table, destroying Bentley's work. Bentley notices Dana is free and immediately bolts for the door. She ignores him and goes to her son.

DANA
 You're cleaning that up.

JIMMY
 (dry)
 You're welcome.

CUT TO:

INT. PLACYNTIA - SECRET BASE - EVENING

Kyle stands alongside Nate, a mere observer as the Spech Tech team enacts the plan in slow motion. Their execution is a thing of beauty, each seemingly perfect for the assignment he was given.

Maninder lures Angus out by continually crashing into the walls, through most intentionally. Gillian distracts him with feigned motherly concern. Sugi enters the conference room and captures all of Brian's focus in a mere moment.

Satisfied and proud, Nate enters the room then pops his head out a few seconds later. He waves Kyle over.

INT. PLACYNTIA - CONFERENCE ROOM F - EVENING

Upon entering, Kyle notices Sugi standing next to Brian and how tense it is between them. Nate is waiting by the door.

NATE

We told him we'd untie him when he told us about the map. This is where you come in, if you're in...

Nate trails off to bait Kyle, who hesitates for a slight second then presses forward.

KYLE

(to Sugi)
Untie him.

Sugi looks at Nate, who gives no directions. He is intent letting this play out.

KYLE (CONT'D)

How do you expect someone to give you what want when you are holding him captive?

Reluctantly, Sugi starts undoing the restraints. Brian grins in victory.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Hi Brian. I'm Kyle.

Brian feels his wrists now that they're free.

BRIAN

I know who you are. What I don't know is what you're doing here.

KYLE

To be honest, I don't really know either, and that's kind of the problem.

Brian relaxes. Finally someone understands his gripe.

BRIAN

(sarcastic)
The Secret of Nate Stone and his Pursuits of Perfection.

Kyle can't help but chuckle at the quip.

KYLE

I understand, man. I have no idea what you've been through with these people. I only know what I've been through. And sure, they're a bit off-putting and distracting. Maninder plays video games in a room like a teenage boy.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Gillian's that college professor who for some reason never had time to meet with you. Sugi's a bigger iceberg than what sank the Titanic. Then Nate...

Kyle fades off, thinking for a second about exactly how to put it so Brian will understand.

KYLE (CONT'D)

As much as we may not want to admit it, he's a pretty good quarterback, coach, and general manager.

Brian's face softens. The metaphor struck a chord.

KYLE (CONT'D)

None of his team had any idea where they were going before he found them. I know because I see the same thing in them I see in myself.

Kyle pauses again, this time to add effect for the punchline.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm in uncharted territory and that map is the only way I'm going to figure out where I should go, even if it's absurd that it supposedly leads to the Garden of Eden. That's the direction Nate Stone is headed, and whatever pursuit he's on, I want to be a part of it.

Brian smiles knowingly at the surety of Kyle's speech. He has no counterargument. Nate Stone has won, on multiple counts.

BRIAN

You're good.
 (looking at Nate)
 It looks like the team might finally be complete.
 (beat)
 Now get me out of here and I'll tell you all about the map.

Quickly, because he knows that once you have a yes you take it and act, Kyle slips one of Brian's arms over his shoulders.

KYLE

Sugi, a little help?

Sugi snaps herself out of a thought. Something is different in her eyes, a reverence is there now that wasn't before. Silently, she slips Brian's other arm over her shoulders. The three slowly exit the conference room.

INT. PLACYNTIA - SECRET BASE HALLWAY

On the other side of the doorway, Maninder's aircraft zips by. Gillian rushes after him a moment later. The three follow with Nate Stone right behind. Around the corner comes Angus, short-of-breath. When he sees Nate, he realizes he's been beaten, stops, and scowls.

Nate smiles devilishly, looks his rival square in the eyes, waves, and delivers a goodbye that is as much to the audience as it is Angus.

NATE

See you soon.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END