

ROGER

9.

INT. CHRYSALIS BUILDING - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Ben walks across the marble lobby, past a massive SCREEN WALL showing a CORPORATE VIDEO:

A radiant sunset, a young and beautiful FAMILY having a picnic by a crystal clear creek, a farmer proudly watching his golden fields of wheat and corn... A caption under the images of the farm reads **Anchorage, Alaska.**

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.)

Over the past 40 years, Chrysalis has been using the latest genetic engineering technology to produce the best seeds in the market. Successful in the most challenging environments, our pest and drought resistant crops are sold in over a hundred countries. Chrysalis, committed to feeding our ever-growing world.

Ben sighs when he sees the long lines of company men waiting their turn for the stringent SECURITY SCREENINGS, and joins one. The checkpoints are also guarded by armed security.

A FEMALE EXECUTIVE drops her briefcase on the belt of an advanced X-RAY machine and steps into a BODY SCANNER, hands raised and feet apart.

A SCREEN produces a detailed 3D image of the subject and detects the SMARTPHONE in her pocket, scanning the files in its hard drive. The screen also shows the contents of the briefcase, and the files in the LAPTOP stored within.

A GREEN LIGHT and one of the guards signals the woman that she's been cleared.

ARMED GUARD

Next.

A hand falls on Ben's shoulder. He turns to find ROGER CAPLAN (32), an ambitious and charming junior executive.

ROGER

Full cavity search for my friend!

BEN

Hey, Roger.

ROGER

(re: the Guards)

Those guys seem in an especially pissy mood today.

start →

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SUSAN (38), a female drone also in line, chimes in.

SUSAN
Don't you watch the news? Some environmentalist nuts killed a dozen of our guys today.

ROGER
Eco-terrorists my ass. Word is it was Radiance agents.

SUSAN
Radiance? You think they'd dare to?

~~BEN~~
I'd expect anything from those assholes. Remember the hostage crisis of '56.

ROGER
I'm telling you. This is no terrorist attack. It's sabotage.

end

~~BEN~~
I've heard we were working on some new prototype in Jakarta.

SUSAN
What kind of prototype?

~~BEN~~
The "we-don't-have-the-clearance" kind.

Suddenly, a deafening ALARM GOES OFF. The crowd falls into a tense silence as they all turn towards the security check. Some gasp, others crouch. Are they under attack?

A chubby middle-aged sad sack, GARY (47), stands inside a body scanner, RED LIGHTS FLASHING. The source of the alarm. He's frozen in place, sweaty and terrified, as he sees...

HALF A DOZEN GUARDS gather around him, carefully unholstering their handguns, fingers off the trigger.

GUARD 1
Please step out of the scanner, sir. Slowly.

Gary complies, trying not to make any sudden movements.

The SCREEN yells in bright red: "WARNING! UNAUTHORIZED FILE". GUARD 1 talks to his radio, carefully approaching GARY'S BRIEFCASE as it slowly comes out of the X-Ray machine.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
We got a code 6 down here. Yeah,
some kind of malware. A trojan
maybe.

Guard 1 waves a HANDHELD DEVICE over the briefcase.

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
Doesn't seem to be booby-trapped.
I'm gonna open it.

Click. Click. He releases both lashes, carefully opens the briefcase and... NOTHING HAPPENS. Phew...

GUARD 1 (CONT'D)
I'm turning it on now.

He presses a button on the LAPTOP inside and it powers up. He clicks on the highlighted files and suddenly... SCREAMS!

Moans of pleasure actually! A VIDEO has popped up on the laptop's screen. An amateurish looking video of a MORBIDLY OBESE COUPLE screwing in a dinghy room.

After a second of confusion, GUARD 2 shakes his head and hushes to a third guard.

GUARD 2
Can't they erase this shit before
coming to work?

The whole room fills with whispers and giggles from the company men and women.

ROGER
Loser...

GUARD 1
(into the radio)
False alarm. It's just "fat porn."

CUT TO:

DING! A PAIR OF ELEVATOR DOORS OPENING.

INT. CHRYSALIS BUILDING - FLOOR 23 - DAY

As Ben and Roger step out, the elevator announces...

Start
→

FEMALE VOICE
23th floor. Security and
Counterintelligence.

They continue their conversation as they walk down the
HALLWAY, towards a pair of BULLETPROOF GLASS DOORS.

BEN
But they *can't* be real.

ROGER
Oh they're real. Maybe not by
birth, but surgically conjoined.

BEN
Ugh. Who wants to see *that*?

ROGER
People pay top dollar for it.

As they walk and talk, SENSORS imbedded on the wall flash as
they SCAN THEIR RETINAS.

BEN
For what, exactly?

ROGER
Depends on how much you're willing
to pay! If you can't find it in
the red zones, it doesn't exist.

The DOORS OPENS automatically in front of them. They enter
without even having to slow down.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Anyway, what about your weekend?
What did you do?

BEN
Barbecue.

Roger LAUGHS as the DOORS close between us and them.

ROGER
You guys are too sweet.

~~INT. CHRYSALIS BUILDING - LAB - DAY~~

A TEST SUBJECT sits in a small, nondescript room, his scalp
connected to an EEG through a series of electrodes. He
watches a SCREEN WALL that shows a series of HEADSHOTS of
people of different ages, races and gender: A YOUNG WOMAN, A
MIDDLE-AGED ASIAN MAN, AN ELDERLY AFRICAN AMERICAN...

end

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Roger

32.

INT. CHRYSALIS BUILDING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Ben and Roger enter the parking garage and head towards Roger's SUV, where a small congregation of COMPANY MEN is waiting for them.

start →

ROGER
Gentlemen! ARE YOU READY FOR SOME
GOOD OLD-FASHIONED DEBAUCHERY?!

They all respond with cheers and howls: LARRY, MARCUS, SUSAN and... CHAD, who waves sheepishly.

Roger's surprised to see Chad. He leans into Ben.

ROGER (CONT'D)
What is he...? Did you invite him?

BEN
Sure.

ROGER
You like the guy?

BEN
He's a lovable doofus. What's not
to like?

ROGER
You're working him, right?

BEN
Just burying the hatchet.

ROGER
(skeptical)
Right.

Cut to...

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

The SUV exits the garage, the partying execs piled up inside.

The car gets on the TOLL FREEWAY, music blaring from their sound systems, until they approach an EXIT: "SOUTHGATE".

An ELECTRONIC MESSAGE FLASHES on the SUV's windshield:

"ATTENTION, YOU'RE EXITING A GREEN ZONE. USE CAUTION"

The gates of a heavily armed TOLL PLAZA open to let the vehicle go through, exiting the freeway and pouring into the streets of:

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A TWITCHY GUY limps towards the car as they're stepping out.

Car't →

TWITCHY GUY
Hey, Rog.

Roger slips a bill into the guy's hand.

ROGER
(re: the car)
Keep an eye on my baby?

TWITCHY GUY
You got it.

They all head towards the warehouse. Roger notices that Ben looks sullen, so he puts an arm around his shoulder.

ROGER
You OK?

BEN
Yeah.

But he doesn't sound too convincing and Roger can guess why.

ROGER
They're troublemakers, man, RZ
scum. You pull a gun on a cop,
what do you expect?

Roger spots a GROUP gathered on the far end of the lot. He squeezes Ben's shoulder.

ROGER (CONT'D)
You go ahead. I'll catch up
inside.

BEN
Sure thing, you degenerate.

ROGER
Hey, you're partaking too!

And he heads towards the group.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Ben leads Chad, Susan, Larry and Marcus past TWO BOUNCERS that scan people with HANDHELD METAL DETECTORS under a sign that reads: "NO FIREARMS BEYOND THIS POINT"

end

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