

COME AS YOU ARE

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FADE IN:

...as a barrage of INTERNET VIDEOS mosaic the screen. Placid at first. Your daily feed. VACATION PORN. YOUR NIECE'S BIRTHDAY. KIM AND KANYE. The world as you want it and then -- a sickness spreads. Lurid content appears.

GRAPHIC SEX. ULTRA VIOLENCE. TERRORISM. HATE. A MAN is SET ON FIRE. ANOTHER'S SHOT BY COPS. A WOMAN is RAPED. A PROTESTOR'S BASHED by the POLICE. The world ripping at the seams. Like a virus, this filth seeks to overtake the entire screen until --

One by one -- the images disappear. Deleted. Like pieces removed from a puzzle to reveal in their sanitized absence --

Our title: **COME AS YOU ARE**

BRIE (V.O.)

Before I start - for the bleeding
hearts out there - let me give you
a TRIGGER WARNING. What you see
next is gonna disturb you.

INSERT VIDEO: BRIE'S WEBCAM - A MANIFESTO

We're looking at BRIE SALTER - the *hero* of this film -
addressing the camera in an bleak, bare-bones apartment.

Brie's the girl next door. 28. All-American. Beautiful. But
right now, she's alone. Stripped of make-up or vanity. A
thousand yard stare that is undeniably frightening.

BRIE

By the time you see this video, a
lot of people will be dead and the
world's going to ask why this had
to happen? How did I get here? But
that's not the right question. The
right question is -- why haven't
you?

As she continues, we realize she is seated before an ARSENAL
OF WEAPONS. AMMO. TACTICAL VESTS. Ready for a war.

BRIE (CONT'D)

See, I used to believe the best in
people. Sure, we have our bubbles
but I thought basically we're good.
Basically we care. But I was naive.
Like you.

(MORE)

BRIE (CONT'D)

Because the truth is when you dig down beneath the surface, beneath the artifice and the anonymity, this is an ugly place, full of hate and bullies and bigots and racists and perverts. And I for one can't sit back and take it any longer.

Her hands are sunk below frame. They emerge holding a GUN. A jet black BERATTA M9.

BRIE (CONT'D)

This is not a suicide note. I don't want to die. But it's time for somebody to pull the alarm and wake this place the fuck up.

(she racks the slide.)

I know. I don't fit the profile so listen. Let me tell you how I got here.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE COMPANY, LOBBY - DAY (**6 MONTHS EARLIER**)

Brie. Bright. Pretty and pure - waiting in the sleek, state of the art offices of a very successful, very ubiquitous SOCIAL MEDIA COMPANY.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

Most people think my generation is coddled. A bunch of pussies raised on achievement medals, addicted to their phones and entitled to the world.

All about this office - overflowing with new-age amenities - cheerful MILLENNIALS, all on devices, hurry about like they are saving the world. Brie watches them with curiosity.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

That wasn't my experience. I didn't have a trust fund.

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK FARM - DAY

Impoverished Rural America. A FARMER plows a blighted plot of land. On the back of the tractor, YOUNG BRIE (10) lends a hand. The MAN is her father. They LAUGH at something unheard.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 I'm not complaining. It's not like
 I grew up in Syria or something.
 But if there were things I wanted,
 like college, a career, I had to
 fight.

EXT. ARMY BOOT CAMP - FLASHBACK

A PLATOON of RECRUITS crawl through the muck of an ARMY
 OBSTACLE COURSE. Land on YOUNG BRIE worming through the dirt.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 To sacrifice.

INT. ARMY CAFETERIA - DAY

Brie, again, in a different queue. A Chow line in a drab ARMY
 CAFETERIA. As Brie steps up to the trough with her tray.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 It's just to say - I wasn't naive.

EXT. AFGHANI DESERT - DAWN

Brie, with her platoon, patrols an Afghan valley at Sunrise.
 In the distance, a shrouded FARMER herds a flock of sheep.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 A lot of people my age - they talk
 about safe spaces. Political
 correctness. Trigger warnings. Blow
 me. It's easy to be optimistic
 about the world if you've never
 seen it. It's harder to know what's
 out there and believe in hope in
 spite of it. But I did.

Brie, a killer with her ASSAULT RIFLE, takes a moment to
 admire the majesty of this scene. It's beautiful.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 That's what led me here.

INT. THE COMPANY, LOBBY - AS BEFORE

Brie, with her perfect resume poised on her lap.

JOY (O.S.)
Brie? Thanks for waiting. He's
ready for you now.

JOY, an attractive EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, beckons. Brie rises.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Believe it or not, I wanted to help
people. And I thought this was the
place.

INT. THE COMPANY, GEORGE KNOX'S OFFICE - DAY (PRESENT)

Brie; seated now in a panty-dropper office across from GEORGE
KNOX (35.) An aging tech Hipster. He reads her resume.

GEORGE
BA in Computer Science and
Psychology from Columbia. 2 years
distinguished service, Afghanistan.
Really impressive, Brie. So I guess
the obvious question is - why
Social Media? With your background,
why not Politics. Public health.
Social services?

BRIE
Because people live online. I'm
just looking for a purpose. I work
in a women's shelter in the Bronx,
I reach a hundred families if I'm
lucky. Here, you reach everyone.

George eats this up.

GEORGE
Well I know you spoke to Shonda
about a position in Corporate
Social Responsibility but they
kicked your resume over to me.
There was a feeling that, given
your background -- your particular
set of experiences, you might be a
better fit in my department.

BRIE
Ok. Where's that?

GEORGE
We call it Safety Net. Brie, what
do you know about Content
Moderation?

INT. THE COMPANY OFFICES, VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

As Brie's interview continues, George tours her through the facilities. A massive, open office as big as a city block.

GEORGE

Our community of users is the most valuable asset of the company, and giving them the best experience possible is priority number one.

As George continues, they pass through an organic modern dream office. Despite herself, Brie's impressed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

To do that, we need to make sure those users have unfettered access to the content they want, while at the same time, making sure they aren't bombarded with content they don't. Content that's false or inappropriate or worse -- and that's where we come in. Safety Net is the filter that makes sure this is a place without fear - of abuse or bullying or hate.

He walks passed the pantry. Think WHOLE FOODS, but better. SUSHI BAR. PIZZA OVEN. Cold Brew on tap. All sustainable and eco-friendly and -- free.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Now, we're not the politically correct police and we are not out to restrict anyone's first amendment rights. We're just here to create a safe space for everyone. So what do you think, does that sound like a place you could thrive?

BRIE

Yeah. Sure, I just - I guess I was looking for something a little less visceral.

GEORGE

You've read some of the press?

(she has)

Well I'm not going to lie. Some days are tough. There's some ugly stuff out there but frankly - that's why we need tough people like you. Who can handle it.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
As a last line of defense. Cause a
lot of people can't.

They've come to a stop by a VIDEO SCREEN. An image of a
FIREBRAND FEMALE CEO at a lectern like Steve Jobs.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Look, I know it's probably not what
you were thinking but - you do well
here - it'll open a lot of doors.
(of the CEO on screen)
She started out in Moderation. Look
at her now.
(beat)
You said you wanna reach people -
you said you want a purpose. We
have a billion users. You don't get
a bigger reach than that.

Off Brie, ready to jump.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
C'mon. What would you have done?

EXT. LOWER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

A packed bohemian street. Crowded with BARS. In one of them --

JILL (PRE-LAP)
Holy shit. I can't believe you got
a job there. You know how
competitive it is?

INT. LOWER EAST SIDE BAR - NIGHT

Brie's in a trendy bar, celebrating with girlfriends. JILL.
JENNY. SARAH. All mid 20's. Pretty. Stylish. Pedigreed.

BRIE
It's just Moderation. It's not like
I'm Sheryl Sandberg.

SARAH
Still -- you have to get like a
fucking perfect score on your SATs
just to get an interview there.

JENNY
That's not true. My cousin works
there and he's a fucking mongoloid.

The girls laughs. Polite. Vapid.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking, they
don't seem like my crowd. Truth is,
they weren't.

In unison, the girls turn to their phones. Scan their feeds.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
I met them at college. Through my
fiance. They were city kids. What
do you want? It's hard to find
friends.

Brie considers the girls when a handsome, earnest, young
intellectual enters from the cold, shaking rain from his
coat.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Peter was different.

PETER (30) beelines for Brie. Full of apologies.

PETER
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. The fucking
Politics editor is all wound up
cause of these fucking tweets and --
never mind. Fuck that guy. Tell me.
What'd they say?

He hasn't heard. Brie keeps him in suspense. A beat. Then...

BRIE
I start Monday.

Peter explodes. They kiss. The other girls watch. A hint of
envy. She loves him. They love Peter.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
He got me the interview in the
first place. He had lots of
connections. He worked at very well
regarded Liberal Publication. He
was one of the youngest editors
they ever had.

INT. UBER - NIGHT

Brie and Peter, in the back. A YOUNG UBER DRIVER at the
wheel. Console blinking with a dozen devices.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
We met in a Journalism Class. He
was my T.A. I told you I wasn't
some saint.

PETER
Content huh? So I thought most of
these Moderation centers were
overseas. Outsourced.

BRIE
They are. Eventually. But I guess
when they're launching a new
product - like now - they keep
Moderation in house, to see how
users react to it.

PETER
Ok. Long as it's what you want.

She smiles. They kiss. Peter tries for more. Gets handsy. She
pushes him off playfully. Of the driver:

BRIE
Not here. He's probably filming us.

PETER
So. He'll give us a good rating.

BRIE
Home. I'll give you all the likes
you want.

Off Peter's smile...

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kissing, Brie and Peter stumble into a renovated loft.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)
He was like me. A bleeding heart.
Plus he had his own place in
Bushwick. We were getting married
in 6 months.

They shed clothes as they move to the bed and --

BRIE (V.O.)
So maybe I wasn't fucking Sheryl
Sandberg but compared to most
people, I had my shit together. Had
a support system.

Brie pauses, reaches over and turns out the lights. Black.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Man was I wrong.

THE RUMBLE OF A SUBWAY TRAIN.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MORNING (A FEW DAYS LATER)

First day at work. Brie looks nice, waits on the platform. A BUSKER playing the FIDDLE is drowned out as the TRAIN screams into the station.

Brie drops a dollar into his GUITAR case. Enters the train.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN (MOVING) - MORNING

Brie's on a crowded car. Like everyone else, on her phone. On their screens. No one engaging.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Look at us. The internet was
supposed to connect us. To tear
down walls - but we're further
apart then ever. We all live in our
own little feeds, our own little
bubbles. Believing our own facts.

Brie scans a news feed on her phone. THE HEADLINE: "PRICE SAYS OF MUSLIMS - *PUT THEM ON A LIST!*" The picture: An ATTRACTIVE BLOND FEMALE PUNDIT. A vampire. (Remember her.)

Brie's unsettled, flips to the next story.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
What happens when those bubbles
burst?

EXT. THE COMPANY - MORNING

A towering Chelsea HIGH-RISE. A monolith. Brie joins the swarms, spinning through the doors.

INT. MAIN LOBBY. THE COMPANY - MORNING

Sleek and modern. BADGED EMPLOYEES breeze through the turnstile. Brie queues for security. Like Fort Knox. Steps up to the plate.

The GUARD checks her ID against his TABLET.

GUARD

Sorry. Not here. Moderation's on
the other side of the building.
Downstairs. They'll meet you there.

INT. DISTINCTLY DINGIER ENTRANCE TO THE COMPANY - MORNING

The white light of a body scan passes over Brie. She's in the
metal detector at a more "discreet" entrance. No logos. No
company presence. No glamour. BEEP.

Brie's waved through, retrieving her purse from the belt when
she's greeted by --

Joy, THE ASSISTANT from her interview, waiting to escort her.

JOY

Sorry about the mix up. George
should have told you. We don't use
the main entrance for Safety Net.
Come on. Follow me. Let's get you
set up.

And Brie follows her through a door. It reads: "NO VISITORS
BEYOND THIS POINT".

INT. STAIRWAY, SAFETY NET - MORNING

Brie follows Joy down a staircase like Clarice trailing
Chilton into Lecter's lair.

JOY

Hours are 9-6, but your manager
will let you know what's expected
for your team. You have 10
vacation days a year, those
accumulate 1 day at a time, every
33 days. There's a company discount
at Crunch Gym in the lobby but
you've gotta re-enter through the
main lobby to get there so...

They reach a subterranean floor. Joy swipes a KEYCARD buzzing
them into...

INT. SAFETY NET HALLWAY - MORNING

The walls lined with INSPIRATIONAL POSTERS designed like Nike
Ads, sporting Cultish platitudes: "What would you do if you
weren't afraid?" "Proceed and be Bold." Brie eyes them with
suspicion as they pass.

JOY

That's the copy room and here's the Counselor's office. You'll have mandatory group sessions once a week but you're free to schedule a meeting with her anytime, work permitting. It's confidential, of course. HR's right here.

Brie, rightly disconcerted, races to catch up as...

LAWYER (PRE-LAP)

This is a confidentiality agreement. It's boilerplate but please take your time and read it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. THE COMPANY - MORNING

Brie sits now at CONFERENCE TABLE with Joy as a company LAWYER hands out PAPERS.

LAWYER

The long and short of it is -- by signing, you agree not to speak to anyone outside the company about the specifics of your job, at any point, whether you remain an employee here or not. Failure to comply will result in termination, and potential legal action. Your signature is mandatory.

Brie shares a look with Joy. *Yikes*. But she picks up her pen to sign regardless and --

MIRZA (PRE-LAP)

So this is the moderation tool you'll be using. It's pretty slick. I made it.

INT. SMALL LECTURE HALL - MORNING

Brie watches MIRZA, an handsome Indian coder, click through a demo on his computer which is mirrored on a giant plasma TV.

MIRZA

Here's the queue, each video is identified by a unique number. The full account can only be accessed with approval from your supervisor.

(MORE)

MIRZA (CONT'D)
 You have three options for every
 piece of content: Keep. Remove.
 Escalate.

The PROGRAM looks like what he described: IMAGINE A YOUTUBE PAGE. A PHOTO or VIDEO appears in a window. A feed of thumbnails to one side.

A MODERATOR clicks KEEP / REMOVE / ESCALATE to the Video. The next clip loads and so on.

MIRZA (CONT'D)
 Here's your personal log of what
 you keep and delete each day. It's
 cleared weekly, or manually if you
 prefer. But you should know, every
 decision you make is recorded so --
 chose wisely.

Off Brie, taking notes. A model student then --

JOY (PRE-LAP)
 And this is where you'll call home.

INT. SAFETY NET OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Joy leads Brie into SAFETY NET's MAIN OFFICE. Not the Xanadu where she interviewed. A bunker. A step up from a strip mall H&R BLOCK.

TWO DOZEN "MODERATORS" at isolated desks, clicking away at Mirza's TOOL on DUAL COMPUTER SCREENS. Each guarded with SCREEN PRIVACY PROTECTORS.

It's a MULTI-ETHNIC GROUP. All shapes and sizes. Most younger than Brie. A few eye her with morbid curiosity, then return like drones to their work. George approaches.

GEORGE
 You got through the Maze. We're
 glad your here. Ready to dive in?

He leads her to an unoccupied desk. Identical to the others. A new pair of HEADPHONES is tied like a bow before the monitors. Brie's head's spinning.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
 I know Mirza walked you through the
 program. It's pretty self-
 explanatory. You spend the morning
 on videos, the afternoon on photos
 and comments.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

We have a group meeting once a week to discuss questions, memes, new policies. Things we're seeing. As you can imagine, stuff moves pretty quickly, so we have to adapt. For now, while we're still working out the kinks on the new product, I'll be down here with you so don't hesitate to ask me or anyone if there's a video or content you're unsure about. Any questions?

BRIE

Honestly?

GEORGE

It's a lot. I know. But you'll do fine. Just use your gut.

George turns on her screen. It glows across her face as her queue appears.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Go get 'em tiger.

He goes. Hold on Brie. Peering over the edge of an abyss.

Here goes nothing. She logs in. A video loads. A MOTHER BREAST FEEDS her INFANT. A beat. Brie clicks KEEP. Another appears. KIDS BULLYING EACH OTHER ON A PLAYGROUND. REMOVE.

Another appears. And another. She's off and running and --

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

So let me just tell you how Moderation actually works. Most of the inappropriate stuff that's posted on your social media site falls into pretty clear categories.

BEGIN MODERATION MONTAGE as Brie explains:

* With each item she describes, that video tiles the screen.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

You've got your clear cut case. Run of the mill smut. Horse fucking. Child Porn. Snuff films. Hate Speech. Most of this stuff, we never deal with. The Algorithm catches it.

* An ANIMATED COMPUTER SCAN (like vector face recognition) webs each image. Summarily deletes them. Gone.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 It analyzes hate speech. Detects
 skin to pixel ratios. Blood to
 screen time. It's like a ratings
 board. There're clear cut guide
 lines about what you can and can
 not post and most companies have
 designed programs to catch it.

* A SOCIAL MEDIA SITE. CREATE AN ACCOUNT PAGE. Zoom in on the
 User Agreement. The Fine print. Brie reads the text.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 NO NUDITY OR SEXUAL CONTENT. NO
 HARMFUL OR DANGEROUS CONTENT. NO
 VIOLENT OR GRAPHIC CONTENT. NO
 HATEFUL CONTENT. NO THREATS. NO
 SPAM. NO SCAMS.

The cursor clicks: "ACCEPT."

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 The stuff that filters down to us
human Moderators falls into your
 more grey-areas. For example, let's
 say you post a video of your
 Toddler at the pool.

* A HIPSTER MOTHER films her young DAUGHTER at a Hotel Pool.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 You think it's adorable. You title
 it something precious and post it
 on your page.

The MOTHER loads the VIDEO into her feed. Titles it: "Lil'
 Leducky." Glows as the LIKES pile in.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 The only problem is, your
 daughter's three and she's not
 wearing a top and someone with a
 healthy dose of paranoia, or
 perversion - take your pick - flags
 it as INAPPROPRIATE.

* A decidedly more CONSERVATIVE MOTHER views the video while
 sitting in church. She's takes it as a personal affront and
 flags it.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 And now, that flagged video, sifts
 down to someone like me. A
 Moderator.

* Brie's working at her Queue. Easy choices. AN OBESE MAN MASTURBATING: REMOVE. A FIERY CAR WRECK: KEEP. Now the TODDLER VIDEO. She pauses.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 99 times out of a hundred, it's a
 black and white policy decision.
 Yes. No. Yes. No. The rest, it just
 comes down to personal tolerance.

Brie considers the video. The innocent giggling girl. Makes her ruling: KEEP.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 I know. You thought it was more
 sophisticated than that. It's not.

* Widen out now. From Brie. To the dozen other Moderators in this room --

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 And this is what happens thousands
 of times a day. To every Moderator.
 All over the country. All over the
 world.

-- to the Hundreds of other sweatshops like this in the City.
 In the Country. In the World.

A Thousand tiny Moderators, Yes / No-ing through our lives.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 We are the ones behind the curtain,
 making sure your Grandmother on
 Tumblr doesn't wind up with a feed
 full of cockshots.

* An earthy Grandmother, flipping through her Grandkids' TUMBLER, gets that sudden surprising rush when a THROBBING dickpick interrupts her feed.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 We keep the internet safe for
 families and sponsors and the
 bullshit propaganda of our lives.
 How much Nipple is ok? How much
 blood? How much pain? What's news?
 What's not?

* A BARRAGE OF THESE VIDEOS. ECU of an Areola. Of a BABY BEING BORN. Of a THROAT being SLIT. A MASS GRAVE in Mexico. A BUS EXPLOSION IN TEL-AVIV. BOOM. A beheading. A child being smacked.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 The real problem is - not the P.C.
 Free speech, open airwaves of it -
 it's that there is so goddamn much
 of it. So much hate. And violence.
 And pain. And chances are, if you
 haven't seen it, it's because I saw
 it for you.

* End on Brie, frozen in the glow of her screen as the horror
 keeps on coming and coming. A BEHEADING. AN ABORTION. A DOG
 BEING SHOT.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Sometimes, all you can do, is close
 your eyes and hit Delete.

Brie swallows hard. DELETE. The video's gone. Hold On Brie.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Problem is sometimes you close your
 eyes, and the image's still there.

INT. BATHROOM, SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie's using the toilet. On the inside of her stall, POSTERS
 promote company events. "OVERNIGHT HACK-A-TON." "COMPANY
 MUDDER RACE." Very collegiate. Brie's shaking her head as --

O.S. she hears a WOMAN sobbing in a neighboring stall. Brie's
 wary to interfere.

MOMENTS LATER. AT THE SINK

Brie's washing her hands when the other stall opens and a
 young red-eyed FEMALE MODERATOR (NICOLA) exits and moves to
 the sink.

Brie says nothing. Nicola either. Off their silence.

INT. PANTRY, SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie makes a coffee in the Safety Net kitchen. Nothing like
 the spread she saw on the tour. Burnt Folgers and powered
 creamer. She regards it with contempt.

TONY (O.S.)
 Not exactly Whole Foods, is it?

TONY (30) a friendly, tattooed skater punk, adrenaline junky,
 emerges from behind the fridge door with a Red Bull.

TONY (CONT'D)

I stick to the hard stuff. What're you in for?

BRIE

Excuse me?

TONY

You look like an upstanding young person. How'd you end up in the muck down here with us? Bleeding heart or -- let me guess, the promise of upward mobility?

(mimicking George
verbatim)

"You know Prisha started in Safety Net, and look at her now."

BRIE

Some tough rungs on the ladder?

TONY

What ladder?

(Brie reacts)

Sorry. Hey. Don't listen to me. I've been here too long. First day's the hardest. You make it through this - the rest is a cake-walk. If you want, a few of us go out for drinks most nights to a dump around here, nothing serious - but, might help to hear some war stories.

BRIE

Maybe another time. Thanks.

TONY

No sweat. But one piece of advice. Don't take it home. Find a way to unwind. It'll eat you alive. Believe me.

Tony smiles. Goes. Hold on Brie, unsettled. But intrigued.

INT. SAFETY NET OFFICE - LATER

End of the day. Brie at her screen. Headphones on. Locked in. Breaks her trance when a hand taps her shoulder. George.

GEORGE

It's past Six. Get out of here. No extra credit for staying late.

She looks around. She's the last one there.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Good work today.

George goes. Brie shuts things down. Removes her purse from her desk then notices something abandoned in the bottom of the drawer. Brie removes it to reveal:

A charm necklace. ST. ANTHONY. Brie considers it -- as if an omen...

INT. COMPANY HALLWAY - EVENING

Brie's headed down a hallway for the exit when something stops her. A ROAR of APPLAUSE rising behind closed doors.

Intrigued, she approaches. Slipping inside to find --

INT. AUDITORIUM, COMPANY - SAME

A sleek auditorium packed with True Believers. Company ACOLYTES cheering like a Pep Rally as --

ON STAGE. The CEO. PRISHA RAZUL. The attractive, 40 year old Pakistani woman in Alexander McQueen seen previously on video in Brie's tour, details a product launch.

PRISHA
For too long, we've seen our platform corrupted. Used not to connect, but to divide. To indoctrinate, radicalize, recruit, and spread hate. Well, not any more. We're taking back control. Imagine if we could identify the most vulnerable users online, before they headed down a path toward violence and offer them an alternate route. Imagine if we could eliminate the gap - that precious time between vulnerability and radicalization - between posting and acting - and offer hope instead of hate. A safe space. A new community. A new tack. That is FULL SAIL.

On Brie, in the doorway, transfixed.

PRISHA (CONT'D)

Full Sail is a global platform, that will access not only ours, but the 15 largest social networks in the world to analyze video, audio, text, and search to identify users headed on a path to destruction and get them the help they need. To stop the next Pulse, Columbine, San Bernadino before those tragedies even start by offering direct, pre-emptive alternatives. Identify. De-escalate. Re-direct. That's what FULL SAIL can do.

The crowd APPLAUDS. Brie as well. Like she's seen an Oracle when -- a HAND grabs her shoulder. A SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD

Let's go. You can't be in here.

He shows Brie to the door. She complies, but she's tasted to Kool-aid. And she's hooked.

LAUREN (PRE-LAP)

Will you look at this woman?

INT. BAYRIDGE PLAYGROUND - DAY

A breezy fall Sunday. Blue Collar families. Kids tear around a concrete playground. Brie's here, with her sister LAUREN.

LAUREN

Every week. Her kid scrapes his knee and she acts like he's severed a fucking artery. He's just looking for a fucking cookie.

Brie laughs. Lauren's 30. A teacher. Aggressively anti-hip.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

My sister didn't give a shit about any of this.

They're watching, with utter contempt, as another MOTHER treats her CHILD'S skinned knee with dramatic attention.

LAUREN

Seriously, where the fuck does she think she is? Hacksaw Ridge?

Through their laughter, LUCILLE (Lauren's 5 year-old-daughter) calls from the jungle gym. Lucille's adorable. Full of life, but with noticeable PORT-WINE STAINS on her face.

LUCILLE

Aunt Brie -- did you see how I went down the slide? Like a ski-racer.

BRIE

Yeah. I saw. So fast. You're look like Lindsay Vonn. Let's see it again.

(to Lauren)

God she's cute. How's she doing?

LAUREN

Fine. I'm the basket case. These kids at school, keeping calling her Gorbachev.

(Off Brie's reaction)

They hear it from the parents. I wanna go in there and kill those little fuckers.

BRIE

You should. You should fucking Sandy Hook those kids.

LAUREN

Well that's dark. You sure this job isn't getting to you? I've been hearing a lot of stuff on NPR about Moderation recently - it sounds pretty dark. You sure you're up for that?

BRIE

I'm fine. Thanks for worrying.

LAUREN

I'm just saying, you are always trying to protect everyone. Like after Mom and Dad died. I just wanna make sure someone's looking out for you.

Brie pokes her with her elbow. They smile.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

See. What did I tell you? What a putz.

ANGLE ON: The "injured boy," who's now seated on a bench with his MOTHER, watching a video on her phone. Eating a cookie.

As Lucille approaches, Brie and Lauren die laughing.

LUCILLE
What's so funny?

BRIE
Nothing. Your mom's a nut.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
But she was right. I should have
looked out for myself. But there
were parts of it I liked.

INT. SAFETY NET OFFICE - DAY

Brie's at her desk, laughing at a RAP PARODY video on screen.
She *KEEPS* it.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
I had a window into people that no
one else got to see. Unadulterated.
Unfiltered.

INT. SAFETY NET OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

Brie cries at her desk, watching a BREAK-UP video.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
And you didn't just share it with
them, you controlled it.

She REMOVES it.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
You had the power to edit their
lives.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MORNING (COUPLE WEEKS LATER)

Brie bobs along with the other riders. Only this time, she's
not on her phone like all the rest. She's watching them.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
It was godlike.

A whole world on their phones. Disconnected. Only Brie,
watching from above.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
But you can't avoid the darkness
forever. Because it's everywhere.

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Another day. Brie's at her computer. Reeling. Push in on her as she hits: DELETE. DELETE. DELETE. DELETE.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Hate. Violence. Blood. Guts. Sickos
 fucking animals. Fuckheads hurting
 kids. People fucking Mannequins.
 Faceshots. Blumpkins. Fisting. You
 fucking name it. We saw it.

Now tight on Brie. Sick in her guts. Shuts off her screen.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 That's why the counseling.

INT. GROUP THERAPY SESSION - DAY

Stale donuts and Plastic folding chairs. Brie and THREE OTHER MODERATORS listening to the COUNSELOR.

COUNSELOR
 The thing about Trauma is, it can't
 be buried. Trauma's a ghost. It
 will come back and haunt you unless
 you face it. Unless you come to
 terms with what you've experienced
 and learn to live with it because
 there is no escaping it.

On Brie, listening diligently.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Believe me. I've heard this shit
 before. The truth is, you don't
 know how you're gonna deal with it
 until it hits you in the face.

INSERT MONTAGE.

* Tony and ANOTHER MODERATOR bump coke in the bathroom.

* A bored JAPANESE WOMAN pops Sour Patch Kids, clicking through porn.

* Nicola watches a WAR VIDEO. An INSURGENT standing over a fallen REBEL, about to smash his face.

NICOLA
 This is so gross. You gotta see it.

A FRAT BOY watches over her shoulder. Hold on him for impact as the boot comes down O.S.

NICOLA (CONT'D)

Dude, you got your grape stomped!

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

I've seen the toughest assholes
you'll ever meet throw up at the
first sight of blood and the
littlest girl in the world not
flinch at a gun in her face. You
don't know what people are made of.
You cope in your own way. I used to
go for runs.

EXT. WEST SIDE HIGHWAY RUNNING PATH - DAY

In tailored athletic gear, Brie sprints along the river. Punishing herself. Purging.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

You laugh. You cry. You throw up.
You jerk-off. You turn yourself
off. You turn yourself on. But no
matter how you escape - what
everyone will tell you is, there
are things you can't outrun. Can't
un-see. Can't scrub from your
brain. Eventually, everyone catches
theirs.

INT. BRIE'S DESK - DAY

Tight on the screen. We only need a second because this should be hard to watch. In her bedroom, an overweight AFRICAN AMERICAN TEENAGE GIRL (CASSIE) cries to her webcam.

CASSIE (ON SCREEN)

You said I was a fat pig and that I
oughta be butchered. Well when you
read about this in the paper
tomorrow, I hope you're happy.

Cassie tilts her camera to reveal a BOTTLE OF PILLS spilled before her.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Oink oink.

REVERSE ON Brie; watching. Through tears. And anger.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
For me, I just had to believe I was
helping people.

INT. GEORGE'S DESK, SAFETY NET - LATER

Distraught, Brie waits at George's desk for an answer.

GEORGE
OK, so I pinged Bernadette, she's
our liason with outreach. As soon
as she gets back to her desk,
she'll review the video and take it
from there.

BRIE
But what if it's too late? You saw
this girl. She could be ODing right
now?

GEORGE
And that's why we're following our
protocol. Don't worry. You did the
right thing. We'll take it from
here.

BRIE
Look, these guys have been
harassing her for months. I've been
reading their comments and it's
pretty fucking serious so can't we--

GEORGE
You've been reading their what?
(Brie's silent. Caught)
You know you're not supposed to dig
into people's accounts. You watch
the content and you make a
decision. You do not get
emotionally involved.

BRIE
(tacking)
Yeah. I know. All I'm saying is -
this girl is in danger. Where's the
protocol for that?

GEORGE
It exists and we're following it. I
will let you know.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

But I need to make sure I'm being clear - I know you want to help but you are not to get involved in their lives. Do you understand?

Off Brie, nodding. For now.

EXT. THE COMPANY ENTRANCE - EVENING

End of the day. Pouring rain. Brie stands under the awning, upset on her cell with Peter.

BRIE

Really? You can't get out? No. No. I understand. I just. Tough one today. I'll be all right. I'll see you at home.

She hangs up. Lingers before veil of rain. Tony appears. Lighting a cigarette.

TONY

Caught a bad one today, huh? Want a drink? I'm buying.

INT. DIVE BAR - LATER

Coke den. Every surface sticky. Tony and Brie sharing a booth. A couple drinks in.

TONY

You get used to it. You report it. You do what you can, but you can't help everyone. You're a janitor. Not a cop. You're here to maintain the illusion.

BRIE

And that doesn't bother you? All this shit is out there. We take it down, but where're the consequences? There's no effect in the real world.

TONY

Is that why you're here? To effect the real world?

Tony laughs. Downs a shot.

BRIE

That's so naive?

TONY

No. It's sweet actually.

BRIE

Ok. But we're here. They're paying us. They must want to do the right thing.

TONY

Sure. But it's not altruism. It's capitalism. Look what happened to Twitter. They're like the biggest company in the world - they've got a gazillion users but no one will buy them - you know why? Because it doesn't make any money - because it took them 10 years to realize their site was infested with assholes and trolls and Pepsi doesn't want their ads running next to a post for the KKK. That's why we're here. We're PR.

(she's clearly dispirited)

It used to bother me too, but the truth is - there's going to be sick shit out there whether I see the videos or not. Anyway, I'm kind of addicted to it now.

BRIE

That's fucked up. I'm gonna ask George to move me to another team.

(off his look)

What?

TONY

I don't want to just burst all your bubbles today but that ain't gonna happen. You're tainted goods. They tell you about the last girl who had your desk? Marcy something. Marcy Shea.

BRIE

(sarcastic)

No. What, did she kill herself?

TONY

(serious)

Almost. She cracked up. Couldn't take it. Bout two months in. Crying all the time. Paranoid. She started running to and from the subway, worried she was being followed.

(MORE)

TONY (CONT'D)

She had a full-on nervous breakdown. Family had to have her committed.

BRIE

Jesus.

TONY

I know. That's what happens. We're filters. And you know what happens when a filter finally catches too much shit.

BRIE

It breaks.

TONY

Yeah. And then the shit goes everywhere. And believe me, the last thing they want is for the shit to go everywhere. You want a job at all, I'd keep your mouth shut.

BRIE

So what you're saying is - I'm fucked?

TONY

Yeah. Pretty much. But at least you're not alone.

Tony smiles. Raises his glass. Cheers.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

Tony was right, but he was wrong about one thing. I didn't want my eyes closed. They were just starting to open.

I./E. TAXI (MOVING) - NIGHT

Brie in the window. Headed home. Upset. On the in-cab TV: A CABLE NEWS PERSONALITY rants behind the desk of her show. ANN PRICE (the skeletal toxic pundit met earlier.)

ANN PRICE

...and if Mr. Cantor, the Mayor of New York, thinks he speaks for America, he's more out of touch than I thought.

(MORE)

ANN PRICE (CONT'D)
It's time for the liberal
snowflakes and the coastal elites
to wake up and realize what the
real hard-working American's have
known years. This is not your
country anymore.

Off Brie, unable to escape. Bombarded on all sides...

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Brie arrives home. It's late. The lights are out. She assumes
Peter's asleep. Careful not to make a racket when...

She hears VOICES from the bedroom. SOMEONE HAVING SEX. She
approaches. Ready to snap, pushing open door to reveal --

Peter, in bed, jerking off at his computer.

BRIE
Thought you were out with clients?

Mortified, Peter scrambles for his clothes, retreating feebly
to the bathroom to get dressed.

BRIE (CONT'D)
Please. Don't let me interrupt.
Finish up.

For a moment, Brie sees the humor in this. Laughs. But when
she sees his computer screen --

BRIE (CONT'D)
What the --

Push in on Brie as she scrolls the page. Her face goes white.
Peter emerges clothed from the Bathroom behind her, seeing
the screen. Horror struck.

PETER
I can explain.

BRIE
Where did you get this? These are
my friends. What the fuck is this?

Now we see the screen. A REDDIT page. A thread of CANDID
REVENGE PORN VIDEOS shared between creeps.

The video Peter's been indulging in: a surreptitiously shot
video of their friend Jenny (met at the bar) naked in the
shower.

BRIE (CONT'D)
Who posted this? Joey? Did he send
this to you?
(finally Peter nods)
That is fucked up. What are you
guys, sharing videos of us?
(and then it dawns on her)
Wait. Are there videos of --

Instead of an answer, Peter rushes to close the computer but
he's too late. Brie spins it away and --

BRIE (CONT'D)
Mother fucker.

PETER
I can explain.

Cause Brie's looking at a video of herself which she clearly
shot, in a very private moment - for Peter's eyes only - laid
bare on the web for everyone to see.

BRIE
You should go to jail for this you
fucking pervert.

PETER
Brie. Come on. Wait.

But she's already moving for the door.

PETER (CONT'D)
Brie. Come on. Where are you going?
Wait - don't - come on. I need that
for work.

BRIE
Tell them where it went.

Because she has his computer. Walking out the door. Gone.

INT. BEDROOM, LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucille's bedroom. Cluttered with girly shit. Lauren is
making up a mattress on the floor. Her husband TEDDY. A big
teddy bear of a CONSTRUCTION WORKER, stands at the door.

TEDDY
Fucking scumbag. I oughta kick his
ass right now.

LAUREN
 Yeah, that would solve everything.
 (beat)
 I check your computer. I'm gonna
 find something like that?
 (he cuts her a look. Give
 me a break. She caves.)
 Come here, help me with the fucking
 sheet.

INT. LIVING ROOM, LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brie's on the couch, trying to pull it together, watching FINDING DORY with Lucille, in her pajamas. They can hear them talking upstairs.

LAUREN (O.S.)
 I told her not to trust that guy.
 You know how he is - Upper East
 Side stick up his ass.
 (beat)
 The fuck was she doing sending
 those videos in the first place.
 What'd she think was going to
 happen?

TEDDY (O.S.)
 Go easy on her, ok. Just -- she's
 been through a lot.

Brie and Lucille look at each. Shake their heads.

BRIE
 (loud)
 Hello! We can hear you!
 (dead silence. To Lucille)
 Amateurs.

A moment later, Lauren and Teddy come sheepishly down the stairs like teenagers caught fucking by their parents.

LAUREN
 So. The bed's all made up in
 Lucille's room. It's a little tight
 for now -- but Teddy will get the
 basement all set for you tomorrow.

BRIE
 It's fine. Thanks.

TEDDY
 Stay as long as you want. We could
 use the help.

LUCILLE

Where am I going to sleep tonight?

LAUREN

Well, you'll sleep with daddy and me. In our room.

LUCILLE

I don't wanna sleep with you. I wanna sleep in my room with Brie.

TEDDY

Honey. Aunt Brie needs a little room for herself right n--

BRIE

It's ok. Really. It's her room. It's cool. It'll be a sleep-over.

LAUREN

Don't say it if you don't mean it.

BRIE

No. It's good. I could use the company.

Long beat. Brie starts crying. Lauren goes to her. Astutely, Teddy ushers Lucille out of the room.

TEDDY

Come on honey. It's really late. Let's get back to bed.

LUCILLE

(to Brie)

It'll be ok. Listen to Dory - just keep swimming. Just keep swimming.

Brie manages a smile. They go. When it's finally just the sisters, Brie shatters.

BRIE

What the fuck am I going to do?

LAUREN

You're going to stay here and you're going to clear all the toxic shit from your life and go from there. Peter, this fucking job. Why expose yourself to this stuff? You need to get back to square one.

Brie leans into her sister. Cries. Agrees.

EXT. THE COMPANY ENTRANCE - MORNING

Brie, pretty ragged, approaches the building.

PETER

Brie. Wait.

BRIE

Get the fuck out of here.

She pushes inside. He follows.

INT. THE COMPANY, LOBBY - MORNING

Brie's moving to security. Peter on her tail.

PETER

Will you just let me explain. I'm
sorry. I fucked up. I know but...

BRIE

(for all to hear)

Know what? You posted a video of me
naked for your friends to see.
You're sick. You come here again
and I'll call the police.

She passes through security. Peter caught at the gate and in
the eyes of the GUARDS.

PETER

Can I at least get my computer
back?

GUARDS

Pervert.

INT. SAFETY NET HALLWAY - DAY

Brie, still in her jacket, pacing outside a conference room
where George and other honchos exit a meeting. Sees Brie.

GEORGE

(to his associates)

I'll get back to you guys in a sec.
Morning Brie. Everything all right?

BRIE

Could we talk? Somewhere private.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Where they first met. Brie's fighting back tears. George hands her a tissue.

GEORGE

Oh. I. I'm really sorry to hear that. I know it was rough yesterday with that video - that girl - but all days aren't like that.

BRIE

I'm sorry. It's just. It's more than I was expecting. I really think I'd be better off and could help more somewhere else in the company.

GEORGE

I understand. I do. And I think you have great potential. In fact, I think you'd be perfect for this new product we're launching but --

BRIE

Is that Full Sail?

GEORGE

Where'd you hear that? I can't really talk about what it is yet, but I think you'd be great for it, if you can just stick it out for a little while longer. Do you think you can do that?

BRIE

Honestly, I don't know.

GEORGE

Well listen - I'm going to set up you up with a session with Alexis tomorrow. Not a prescription. Just a suggestion. Sometimes a little air is all it takes. We'd hate to lose you.

Brie rises. Stops at the door.

BRIE

What happened to the girl? Cassie. Do you know?

GEORGE

I sent it up the chain. That's all
I can do. Someone else takes it
from there.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Similar to before only now, it's Brie in the stall crying.
She struggles to control it. Finally exiting to see...

ANOTHER MODERATOR doing her face at the sink. They share a
silent recognition.

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie - back at her desk. Logging in. Stops. Loads instead her
own live SOCIAL MEDIA PAGE. Searching for...

Cassie, the overweight girl from the video. She scans this
innocent girl's FEED. Teenage earnestness met with utter
hate.

Brie dies inside for this girl. Does the only thing she can.
She reaches out. Begins to type. A message:

JUST WANTED U 2 KNOW. UR NOT ALONE. U HAVE FRIENDS. NEED 2
TALK, CONTACT ME ANYTIME.

Brie considers it a beat. A glance at THE NECKLACE. Thoughts
of Marcy. Fuck it. She hits send. The messages goes. Brie's
on her feet. *I'm outta here.* Passing Tony on the way.

TONY

Half day? Thought you Army brats
could handle your booze.

But Brie never slows. On Tony, watching. Concerned.

EXT. CHELSEA STREETS - DAY

Upset, Brie hurries through the streets. Shielding herself
from the cold. From the world.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

A cold oasis beneath the lights. The running paths vein
through it. On one...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 In threat assessment, there's
 something called the PATH TO
 VIOLENCE.

Brie runs through the night. Gloves. Hood. On a purge. A pilgrimage. Push in on her.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Most shrinks will tell you it
 starts with pain.

Flash cut from Brie's run to:

* TEENAGE RURAL BRIE. In the back seat of a car. Trying in vain to ward off the advances of a Steel Mill High School Football Thug.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 With despair.

* TO TEENAGE BRIE and TEENAGE LAUREN huddled together on the side of a rural road. They are lit by flames, as an EMERGENCY CREW works in vein to extinguish a fiery car wreck.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 With loneliness.

* TO TEENAGE BRIE and LAUREN at a funeral. Two caskets. Their parents. Brie supports Lauren as she crumbles.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 With feeling like you've been a
 victim your whole life.

* TO BRIE, as we left her previously in Afghanistan. The Sheppard. The mountains. Brie's moment of serenity as --

BOOM! An explosion shatters her tranquility. An IED triggers beneath her Sergeants Boot. White out:

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 But that's just the back story.

Back to Brie. Running faster. No more tears now. Only fire.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 The path really begins when you
 decide you won't be a victim any
 more.

On the path, a rustling in trees. Brie passes it. Stops. Turns. TWO FIGURES struggle behind the brush.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
I spent my life believing in
goodness, in the face of despair.
Like you, I believed the veneer. I
don't anymore.

Despite the danger, Brie doesn't flee. She approaches.

Five feet away. She sees. A BRUISING MAN overpowering a
STRUGGLING WOMAN in the dirt. Ripping away her clothes when --

Brie looks at her feet. A BEER BOTTLE in the grass.

The Victim sees her first. Hope in her eyes as Brie considers
the bottle and...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN (MOVING) - LATER

Brie on a seemingly empty train. Frozen. Catatonic. She looks
at her hands. They're shaking. Bloody.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
It's hardly a choice. Like Dory
said. Just keeping swimming.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - AS BEFORE

The bottle. Brie reaches for it. Approaches -- the ATTACKER
hears -- turns just in time to see --

CRACK! Brie smashes the bottle across his face. Blood sprays.
The ATTACKER staggers.

BRIE
(to the girl)
Run.

She does. Leaving Brie alone with the dazed ATTACKER who
stumbles for her...

ATTACKER
You fucking Bitch.

SWINGING FOR BRIE -- and just as his fist connects with her
face -- WHACK!

Brie's swung the broken bottle and in a final clean movement,
drops him like a brick. Brie stands over him, holding her
eye. Blood on her hands then hits him again and again and
again...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN (MOVING) - LATER AGAIN

Brie's bloody hands. She looks up - startled to see...

A HOMELESS MAN at the other end of the car, staring at the blood. Concerned. On Brie as...

INT. SHOWER, LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Blood into the drain as Brie showers. The water beating off her head. She wretches. Pulls herself together and...

INT. LUCILLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Only a night-light on. Lucille asleep in her bed. Brie creeps in. Lays on her mattress. Awake. A sentinel.

Eyes bruised but truly open. For the first time.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - MORNING

Lucille and Lauren are having breakfast. Brie, dressed for work, tries to sneak out without being seen.

LAUREN

Hey. No breakfast? What happened to you last night?

Brie doesn't answer. Lauren turns her around at the door, revealing a heavyweight black eye.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

Jesus! What happened?

BRIE

I fell. In the park. It's not as bad as it looks.

LAUREN

You need to go to a doctor.

BRIE

(pushing her away)

I said I'm OK. I gotta go. I'm late for work.

Brie leaves. Off Lauren's worry...

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - MORNING

On the platform. The BUSKER plays. Brie hides in BIG BLACK SUNGLASSES, waiting with the other riders. Walled off. Tuned in. The train arrives.

INT. SAFETY NET OFFICES - MORNING

Brie arrives. Approaches her station. Still in sunglasses. She passes a group of MODERATORS huddled around Tony's screen, watching a video.

AUDIENCE

Oh my god! Awesome.

Brie peaks at the screen: A GOTHAMIST headline ON HIS COMPUTER - "Female Vigilante thwarts Central Park attacker. Suspect remains at large".

A shaky cellphone video begins to play. A shadowy figure emerging from the park, dropping the bottle, disappearing.

TONY

(to Brie as she passes)

You see this? What a bad-ass.

Brie manages a smile. Arrives at her desk --

GEORGE

Wasn't sure we'd see you again.

(approaches her desk)

Jesus Christ.

Brie's removed her sunglasses, revealing her shiner.

BRIE

I slipped. It's worse than it looks.

GEORGE

I hope so. Do you need to go to the doctor or --

(Brie shakes him off then)

Well I just wanted to follow up from the other day. We'd really hate to lose you and I know it's tough, but I hope you think about what I said.

BRIE

I will. I promise. I'll think about it.

George goes. A moment. Brie goes into the drawer. Considers Marcy's necklace. Logs into work. The FEED begins to load --

ON SCREEN: BEASTIALITY. CARTEL DECAPITATIONS. JAPANESE SEX DOLLS. Brie is frozen.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)

This was the true beginning.

She's broken from her reverie when a message arrives on her page. Cassie:

THANKS FOR YOUR NOTE. HELPS TO KNOW I'M NOT ALONE.

Brie, for the first time in awhile, smiles. Types back:

I'M HERE. CALL ME ANYTIME - the follows with her NUMBER.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)

No more being a victim. No more turning the other cheek. You take the moral high-ground and lose, you're still a loser. It was time to take a step further. Off-line.

Brie returns to her feed. With a purpose now. No longer racing through her queue. Now she's searching. Studying.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

You can't just cut the weeds. You gotta tear them out by the root.

ANGLE ON: Tony, watching Brie. With interest.

INT. MIRZA'S OFFICE - DAY

Mirza at his computer. A KNOCK on his door. Brie. Flirty.

BRIE

Sorry. You got a minute?

(off his smile)

I was wondering if you could show me how to encrypt my computer?

MIRZA

You haven't encrypted yet?

BRIE

I've been getting pinged by all these scammers. Just getting paranoid.

MIRZA

You should be. They're everywhere.
Where's your computer?

Off Brie's smile.

INT. GROUP COUNSELING - DAY

A GROUP OF MODERATORS listen to the testimonial of PREPPY
MALE COLLEAGUE.

PREPPY COLLEAGUE

I guess I thought it wouldn't
effect me, I mean, I've seen my
share of porn but -- I don't know.
After seeing all of this, I don't
even wanna have sex anymore. I
just...I just wanna turn everything
off. Obviously, my girlfriend
doesn't understand.

The COLLEAGUE gets unexpectedly emotional. The OTHER
MODERATORS jump in for support. Not Brie. She tunes him out.
She's on her phone. Headphones on. Watching:

A YOUTUBE TUTORIAL VIDEO: HOW TO GO ANONYMOUS ONLINE. HOW TO
MOVE AROUND THE INTERNET WITHOUT A FOOTPRINT.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

Fuck therapy. The real problem
wasn't us. It was them. Hidden.
Anonymous. Pathetic. But I was
starting to understand, to catch a
troll, I needed to go under the
bridge.

ALEXIS

BRIE!

Alexis, the Counselor, an earnest young woman, breaks Brie's
studies.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

No headphones in here. This is a
time to unplug. I was asking, do
you have anything to add to Logan's
experience? Anything you can share?

BRIE

Yeah. Just, sounds like it sucks.

Brie peers back at her phone. Again, on Tony. Intrigued.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTER WORK

Brie's still at it. Internet research. How to DOX SOMEONE.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

The biggest scam about the internet is that it was supposed to be about transparency. Democratization of information. Connecting people. What a load of shit. It's just a place for sick people to hide and indulge in their darkest Ids. It's easy to be ugly when you're anonymous. In the dark.

ON BRIE'S SEARCH SCREEN as she types out: INFO NEEDED TO DOX.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

But what happens to cockroaches when you turn on the lights? They scatter. They're pussies. No one's brave when you take away their anonymity.

The PAGE LOADS. DOXing 101. List below. Fill in the blanks.

USERNAME/S/:
E-MAIL:
CITY:
ZIP/POSTAL:
STATE/PROVINCE:
COUNTRY:
IP ADDRESS:
ISP:
OPERATING SYSTEM:
HOME ADDRESS:
PHONE NUMBER:
CELL PHONE NUMBER:
WEBSITE:

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

It's surprisingly easy to find out everything about a person online.

On Brie, as she copies this info into her notebook and...

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - EVENING

Walking back from the subway, Brie passes the open roll gate of a CROSS-FIT facility. Inside, a half dozen FANATICS work out in a bare-bones garage. A RUGGED TRAINER barks orders.

Brie pauses, watching with fascination, catching the TRAINER'S eye. A moment between them.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
I began to think about stripping it
all away. Filtering the scum, not
just from my queue, but from my
life.

INT. BAY RIDGE GROCERY STORE - EVENING

Brie winds through the aisles, checking the labels on everything. Non GMO. Organic. Cage free. No antibiotics. Loading her cart.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
The shit we read. The shit we post.
The shit we eat. It was all fake.
All made up bullshit and I was
liberated. Identify the sickness
and rip it out.

Brie studies a bag of LOW CALORIE COOKIES. Regarding its ingredients with disgust.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brie's got dinner on the stove, putting away groceries. Methodically removing Lauren's "unhealthy" food from the cabinets.

Lauren arrives, exhausted from work, sees dinner already on the stove. Instantly grateful.

BRIE
Lucille's watching a show. She had
a bath. This'll be ready in a few.
Have a glass of wine.

LAUREN
You're a saint.

She kisses her sister, then she spots the trash can of SNACKWELLS. NON-DAIRY CREAMERS. Her necessities.

BRIE
Had to make some room.

Lauren's a little pissed, but all things considered...

HISPANIC POLITICIAN (PRE-LAP)
...but hold on. What about the
Statue of Liberty? Give me your
tired, your poor, your huddled
masses yearning to breathe free.
What do you say to them?

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANN PRICE'S CABLE NEWS SHOW on TV in the living room. A
HISPANIC POLITICIAN in the ring beside her.

ANN PRICE (ON TV)
I'd say - No Vacancy. I'm sorry,
but the inn is full and we don't
want your wretched refuge anymore.
It's time to look out for the
American people already here.

TEDDY
What a bitch.

The whole family at dinner. Enjoying Brie's meal. Teddy's
peering at the TV. Lauren smacks him.

LAUREN
You hate her so much, why do you
watch? It's dinner. Turn it off.

Teddy does. Returns the table. To Brie.

TEDDY
Brie - can you guys do something
about this b-- (*catching himself.*)
How much are you guys seeing of
this monster at work?

BRIE
Well, not her so much but -- her
followers. Pretty ugly stuff. I
have some ideas but --

Lauren locks Brie's eyes at the mention of work. Long beat.

LAUREN
I thought you were leaving.
(Brie doesn't answer)
We talked about this. It's not good
for you.

BRIE

I know but -- it's not so bad.
 Anyway, it's not like I got some
 other offer banging down my door.
 (off her sister)
 Look. Don't worry. Really.
 Actually, I think it's going to be
 OK.

Off Lauren, hoping for the best, but concerned.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Lights out around the house. Brie's doing the dishes. Lauren comes in. Tired.

LAUREN

You cooked. You don't have to clean
 too.

BRIE

Almost done. I'm in the zone. Go on
 up. I'll see you in the morning.

Lauren kisses her sister on the head. Goes. A moment then once she's gone...

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - LATER

Brie sits down at a desk in her new little bunker. The half renovated basement. Not much. But it's hers. And private.

She's at her computer. Everyone else asleep and...

BRIE (CONT'D)

Here goes nothing.

Once again, Brie logs into her MODERATION TOOL. Pulls up a SCREEN GRAB of CASSIE'S video page. Scrolls to the comments section. We see what set her off. A disgusting torrent of RACIST TROLLING.

- i'm cum all over your orangutan face. Lulz.
- yr momz was raped by King Kong.
- i'd lynch you but you'd probably break the tree.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

First step, find the asshole.

Brie scours through it all, looking for the originator. The FIRST COMMENTATOR. The SOURCE. There it is.

USERNAME: _playboy_supercock7

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Second step, shine a fucking light.

Brie's fingers flying across the keyboard. Scouring Twitter. Facebook. Google. Reddit. 4chan. She cross references screen names against accounts opened -- against other threads and comments made and --

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 For the most part, finding them is easy. Most trolls are fuckhead teenagers. It's no surprise a guy who chooses Playboy Super Cock as his screen name's not the sharpest tool in the shed....

There she has it. The dots all lead to...

BRIE
 Bingo. Hello Brett Fisher.

Smiling BRETT FISHER seen in his FACEBOOK PAGE. 17 year old, Corn-fed Oklahoma virgin. Oklahoma City High.

Brie pulls up OKLAHOMA CITY HIGH'S WEBSITE. Gathers SCHOOL ADDRESS BOOK. Drafts an email from her own FICTITIOUS ANONYMOUS ACCOUNT: VICTORIA SOTO. (*more on that later.*)

BRIE TYPING
 Dear classmates of Brett Fisher.
 Thought you might like to know a bit more about your friend -
 Playboy Super Cock...

Brie hits "paste" and Brett's greatest racist hits copy onto the screen. With a last look, Brie hits SEND. Shuts her computer. Sits back and for the first time in awhile - smiles. Smug.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Welcome to the day light, bitch.

INT. OKLAHOMA HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Brett Fisher - King of the nerds himself - walks down his High School Hall, dawning with the realization that --

EVERYONE IS LOOKING AT HIM. He reaches his locker. Discovers why. Taped to his door -- printouts of BRIE'S (VICTORIA SOTO'S) EMAIL. Brett Fisher's greatest hits. Juvenile Racist Bullshit.

Brett, literally probably, shits his pants. He hurries to rip them down. Shoving them into his locker. Wanting to disappear, only when he closes the door he discovers:

A WALL OF BLACK TEENAGERS - the FOOTBALL TEAM - waiting to rip him to shreds. Off poor Brett, as his stomach hits the floor and...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 I can't say for sure that's what happened. I know his facebook page disappeared but - a girl can dream. Whatever went down, I've got to admit - it felt fucking terrific. And I wanted to do it again. And again. And everywhere.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

An obese woman BUTTERS A BAGEL WITH HER FINGER on a crowded subway car. PASSENGERS recoil.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 I began to imagine, what if you could filter them all.

Brie among them, regards her with disgust.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 Because the internet isn't an anomaly. It isn't abstract. It's just the purest distillation of who we are. And we're sick.

EXT. CHELSEA STREET - DAY

Brie exits a DELI with a salad. Headed back to the office she passes a PUBLIC WIFI / PHONE CHARGING stand (like a phone booth) where she sees --

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 And it's relentless.

A VAGRANT watching Porn in the booth, masturbating in a sleeping bag. A MOTHER and YOUNG SON flee in horror. Brie turns a cheek. Soldiers on.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
I read a story the other day about
a boy who was forced to wear a Tony
the Tiger Costume while his Uncle
and Friends raped him at a Furry
party. You can't make this shit up.
There are real bogeymen out there
and I was just waking up to it.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

George leads our MODERATORS in a presentation. Brie included.

GEORGE
Now that The LIVE function has
launched on the platform, I know
some of you voiced concerns about
the volume and tone of videos
you'll see. I spoke to Bernadette
and she approved a few of your
requests to remove any child
endangerment videos in your queue
so if anyone has concerns about
that, please let me know...

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Here's the thing about Child Porn.
It's the hardest to control cause
no one wants to see it. Even Police
Forces have hard times cataloging
it cause it's so fucked up to
watch.

George's voice fades as Brie's V.O. rises. On screen however,
Brie remains calm and engaged.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)
You know they have to hold open
hiring sessions just to get eye
balls on these videos but guess who
shows up. Perverts. A bunch of
pedophiles who think they've hit
the fucking lottery until they find
out they've gotta put their names
in a database to get the job and
big shocker - they all bounce.

George's voice rises back in as Brie raises her hand.

GEORGE
Yes, Brie?

BRIE

Where will they go? The videos. If no one's going to clear them?

GEORGE

Well, I'm taking on a bit of moderation work until we get the new center is up and running in Mexico City. Bern agreed to take some on as well but --

BRIE

You can put em in my queue, I don't mind.

The other Moderator's buzz. OOOOOHHHH.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Just trying to help.

GEORGE

Thanks, Brie. That's great. Now next up, let's talk about some trending memes we need to unpack. I'm sure you guys have been seen this?

Video plays on the big TV. Pro Ann Price. A rally. On the screen: a video of foreign effigies burning...

GEORGE (CONT'D)

So. Let's discuss. Free Speech or Hate Speech?

Off Brie, as her phone buzzes. CASSIE. Brie rises to take it.

INT. SAFETY NET HALLWAY - LATER

Brie's on the phone, speaking furtively. Excited.

BRIE

Wait! A kid in your school. And they did what? That's amazing?

INTERCUT - ON THE OTHER END OF THE LINE. IRL: CASSIE (the victim from the video, in her SCHOOL PARKING LOT.)

CASSIE

Yeah, I can't believe it. I don't know who found it all but they're going to suspend the little shit. I think it's finally going to stop.

(MORE)

CASSIE (CONT'D)
I just wanted to call. Thought
you'd wanna know.

BRIE
Thanks. I'm glad you did. Keep your
head up, ok?

Brie hangs up. Heartened. Empowered. A crack in the ceiling.

INT. SAFETY NET OFFICE - DAY

Tony enters with GRAHAM, a slovenly MODERATOR, mid-conversation.

GRAHAM
...no, I guess it's something that
I've been eating but I've been
having these just primordial shits.
Like, from the sludge of the earth.

TONY
You're not healthy.

They both pauses to discover Brie at her desk, having
overheard. Graham and Tony. Mortified.

BRIE
It sounds like you need to cut out
gluten.

GRAHAM
I'll give that a shot.

Graham hurriedly exits. A moment, just Tony and Brie.

BRIE
Nice friends.

TONY
He's evolving.

BRIE
In which direction?

Tony eyes her as she cracks a RED BULL. Guzzles. Stares
unblinking at a video on her screen. We don't see it but...

TONY
That's awful. You don't have to
watch the whole thing y'know.

Brie jots a few notes.

BRIE
Just trying to be thorough.

TONY
All right, Columbo. Well, I'm glad you're sticking around. I was worried about you there for a minute but -- looks like you're doing ok. Any chance I'll see you at drinks tonight.

BRIE
(actually touched)
Maybe. I'll give it a shot.

TONY
(on his way out)
Hell of a shiner, by the way. Hate to see the other guy.

He goes. Brie warms for a moment, then returns to her mission. The VIDEO.

A CHILD IN DANGER. With a quick search. Brie quickly finds the Poster. WHITE MALE. A YOUTUBE PAGE, stacked with LIVE TWITCH GAMER VIDEOS.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Now I wanted to see it myself.

Brie hits a few keys. On the screen. An address comes up.

INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

A GROUP OF MODERATORS enter. Approach the bar. Tony comes in last, scans for Brie. Not here yet. Bartender arrives with a beer.

BARTENDER
You're home early. How was the office?

TONY
Swell.

Tony swigs his beer. Eyes the door. Hoping. As we find...

INT. QUEENS COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Brie, with a coffee, making a phone call in a Bohemian Queens Coffee shop as she sets up her computer at a table by the window. On the phone. Brie pumps up her nerve and then...

911 OPERATOR (FILTERED)
911- what's your emergency?

BRIE
(pretty on point)
I'm stuck. In a house. My
boyfriend. He has a gun. He said
he's going to kill me. Oh god. I
think he killed my father. I know
he has a bomb. Please help.

911 OPERATOR
You say he killed your father? Can
you tell me what the address is?

BRIE
Yes, it's 601 Foster Ave. Apt. 4.
Please come quick. I don't want him
to hear me. I think I need to go.
Oh no.

Click. Brie hangs up.

TURN TO REVEAL - she is seated in a coffee shop before THE
HOUSE. 601 Foster Ave.

Brie calmly puts on headphones. Opens her computer and loads
a TWITCH PAGE. A LIVE STREAM MULTI-CAM VIDEO FEED.

PEDOPHILE DANNY, in his bedroom playing a video game. Other
GAMERS on OTHER SCREENS, playing along.

BRIE (CONT'D)
Gametime.

Brie watches the screen as out the window in the BG -- A SWAT
VAN screams to a stop outside 601 and a SWAT TEAM pours out.

ARMED OFFICERS set up a perimeter. Advances on the HOUSE.

SWAT LEADER
POLICE! SEARCH WARRANT! OPEN UP!
POLICE! SEARCH WARRANT! OPEN UP!

No answer. Out come the battering rams. PEOPLE in THE CAFE
have caught wind, filling the windows. Rubbernecking as...

BOOM! The SWAT TEAM crashes through the door, invading the
house and only Brie has a front row view as...

ON HER SCREEN: the LIVE GAMER feed is suddenly interrupted
by...

5 ARMED SWAT DUDES - storming DANNY'S BEDROOM - throwing him to the ground with shocking violence...the other GAMERS shitting their pants...

SWAT LEADER (CONT'D)
ON THE GROUND. Where's the Girl?
Where's the fucking BOMB?

DANNY
Bomb? What Bomb?

GAMERS
Dude! Oh my god. I think he's
getting swatted.

They watch in disbelief as THE COPS rip the place apart and then discover...

SWAT LEADER
Lookie lookie lookie. You know what
they do to pedophiles in Rikers?

Jackpot. No bomb. But a bombshell. Danny's treasure trove of KIDDIE PORN. Pandemonium.

The GAMERS stare in shock as the COPS drag Danny from the room --

GAMERS
Holy shit! You guys seeing this?

The RUBBERNECKS pressed to the window of the CAFE as Danny's dragged out onto the street -- thrown onto the side walk as NEWS CREWS ARRIVE and...

There's BRIE, with a front row seat, in quiet contentment, watching her masterpiece. Off her growing excitement - push in on...

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

...Tony. Taking a shot. Last man standing. Looks up to see -

BRIE
You wanna get the fuck out of here?

Brie, entering the bar. Ready to party. SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Brie pounds a line of COKE off her hand. Hands Tony back the vile. He does his own. BOOM. As soon as it hits we're...

INT. BUSHWICK DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

In the middle of a PULSING RAVE. Pounding electronica. Strobe lights flashing over -- Brie and Tony -- jumping in the middle -- then KISSING -- mauling each other and --

INT. BATHROOM. BUSHWICK DANCE CLUB - NIGHT

Brie and Tony fuck in the dark. On Brie - liberated. As the music pounds over top, drowning everything else out and --

INT. TONY'S LOFT - MORNING

Tony wakes up to discover Brie's not there. He checks his phone. Still very early then he hears the toilet flush and Brie emerges from the Bathroom, pulling on her clothes.

TONY

You leaving? It's 5 in the morning.

BRIE

I got a big day. I'll see you at work. Thanks for last night.

She goes. No kiss. On Tony, a little hurt.

TRAINER (PRE-LAP)

This isn't about your fucking beach body. This isn't about getting ripped for some bullshit propaganda picture on Instagram.

INT. CROSS FIT GYM - DAY

Brie, like a soldier again, in a PLATOON of CROSSFIT rookies getting reamed by the RIPPED TRAINER.

TRAINER

This is about getting prepared for life. For the next hurricane. For the next flood. For the next attack.

As TRAINER CONTINUES, SEE:

Brie, in front of a mirror, ripping Power Cleans. Brie, pounding burpies with the other recruits. Trainer makes his rounds.

TRAINER (CONT'D)
This is about what you are and
aren't going to be able to do when
disaster strikes. Can you carry
your weight or will you need to be
carried?

Trainers arrives at Brie on the bench. Watches. Impressed.

TRAINER (CONT'D)
Nice work. Keep at it.

Brie smiles through sweat. Picks up the bar. Keeps pounding.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
The feeling was -- empowering. And
Tony was right after all. I was
addicted.

INT. SAFETY NET - ANOTHER DAY

Brie - at her desk. Photo shop open. Finishing touches on a
photo. A Police Officer in uniform. Text over as she types:

MY NAME IS MICHAEL LOWEY AKA WHITEMIKKKE_1962.

I'M A COP IN PEORIA ILLINOIS. I TROLL A LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR
WITH (((ANTI-SEMETIC))) TAUNTS AND THREATS. HOW AM I DOING
AT MY JOB?

MY INFO: 309-655-6565 mlowey62@gmail.com

MY SUPERVISOR'S INFO: 309-321-6000 commander@Peoriapd.com

Her cursor hits save, she swings to her other monitor, Reddit
open. VICTORIA SOTO. Upload. The photo pops up => post.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

Brie's on a run. Faster than before. Vanquishing demons. She
arrives at the site of her fight. Finds a little memorial.

A PINK RIBBON tied to a tree. Note reads: NASTY WOMEN RULE

Brie smiles. Continues on and...

INT. SAFETY NET - ANOTHER DAY

CLOSE ON BRIE'S SCREEN: Two Pitbulls, jaws locked in a cage
match. One of them staggers. The other goes in for the kill.

On Brie - no Michael Vick - but forces herself to watch.
Looking for clues. Jotting something down and...

EXT. HIGHLINE - DAY

Brie. On a BURNER. Drinking a coffee while TOURISTS cruise.

OPERATOR (FILTERED)
New York Post Tipline. Whatcha you got?

BRIE
(on the phone)
There's a dog fighting ring out in Ozone Park. The man who runs it is Terrence Littlefield. Posts videos of dogs being tortured and killed under the name philly227. Fights are held in the basement of a house off Linden Boulevard, the address is 96-09.

Brie hangs up the CELL. Drops it in a trash can. Walks off.

INT. TONY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Tony and Brie. In his bed. Having sex. Tony slides beneath the covers. Beneath her legs as...

INT. OZONE PARK BASEMENT - NIGHT

The DOG RING. Two PITS at the end of their chains, chomping at the bit. A RABID CROWD of BETTERS circling the cage. And just as their HANDLERS release the reigns...

The doors kicked in by a SWAT TEAM.

SWAT LEADER
Nobody fucking move.

Off the BETTERS, caught in the lights as...

INT. TONY'S LOFT - NIGHT

Brie and Tony. As before. About to cum and...

EXT. QUEENS TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

NYPD OFFICERS perp-walk TERRENCE LITTLEFIELD out his front door. POST CAMERA'S flashing in his face, there to catch it all as we end sequence on:

GEORGE (PRE-LAP)
I assume you know why you're here?

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brie sits stone faced across from George. Reviewing her logs.

GEORGE
It's come to my attention that
you've missed some of your
counseling sessions?

Turn to reveal Alexis, the Counselor, present as well.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's also come to my attention -
that despite our previous
conversation - you've reached out
personally to some of the users
you're moderating. That can't
continue. If corporate were to find
out, that'd be it.
(off Brie's silence)
Now is there something going on
that you think we should know
about?

BRIE
No. I don't think so.

George and Alexis share a look.

ALEXIS
Look Brie, all we're saying is -
you are not the first person we've
seen go through this. You're doing
great work and you're very valuable
but you're exposing yourself to
some very traumatic material. You
might not understand how it is
affecting you til much later, and
by then it might be too late.
That's what we're here for. To be
an ear so don't have to hold it in.

BRIE
I'm not. I promise. I've just -
found another outlet. Believe me,
I'm not holding it in.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN (MOVING) - DAY

Brie and Lucille ride the subway home from school. Brie notices OTHER RIDERS looking at Lucille. Lucille notices too.

LUCILLE

Brie. What's a Gorbachev?

BRIE

Well, Gorbachev was the leader of Russia. A long time ago.

(beat)

Did you hear that at school?

(Lucille nods)

Don't listen to those kids, ok? They're idiots. Gorbachev was the president of a whole country and he had a birthmark on his face, just like you, and it didn't stop him.

(that only helps a little)

You know what people also call these? (*her birthmarks*). Firemarks. You got touched by a dragon and you survived and you know what that means? That you got a Dragon by your side and if those kids don't watch out, that Dragon's coming for them.

(she smiles)

You know who that Dragon is?

LUCILLE

You.

BRIE

You're fucking A right. And I won't let anything happen to you. Now let's go get some ice cream. I'll take you to the place your Grandpa used to take me and your mommy when we were little. Best in the city.

INT. BROOKLYN ICE CREAM PARLOR - DAY

Sun flooding the windows of a Mom and Pop Ice Cream Shop. Brie and Lucille, at the counter, sharing a Sundae.

BRIE

I didn't know you had jobs at school. What are the teachers doing?

LUCILLE

Not jobs like that! We're just helping. Like Line Leader. Or Lunch helper or something.

BRIE

Yeah. Ok and what's yours?

LUCILLE

I'm the trash helper. I help clean up all the toys and books and trash. It's the best job.

BRIE

I believe it.

They're sharing this little moment when...

JENNY (O.S.)

Brie! Oh my god. Hi.

Jenny - Brie's friend from the bar and *the videos* - is in line with a FRIEND and in dramatic shock over this sighting.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Well you look -- different. How have you been?

BRIE

(sotto to Lucille)

Christ.

(then like flipping a switch)

Hey Jenny! Oh my god. How you doing?

JENNY

I mean, honestly? I'm not really sure I should even be talking to you. After what happened with Peter.

BRIE

Talking to me?

JENNY

He's a real mess, you know. I mean, it's none of my business but I thought we were friends. If you were seeing some other guy, why didn't you just --

BRIE

What? Is that what he told you?
That *I* was cheating on him?

JENNY

Well - weren't you?

BRIE

Jesus Christ. That cocksucker. You
don't know do you?

JENNY

Know what?

BRIE

I'm sorry. I should have told you.

Brie's steaming. She grabs Lucille from her chair.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Come on, honey. We gotta go.

LUCILLE

I'm not finished.

BRIE

You can finish on the train.

Brie's hurriedly pulling their shit together to leave. On the
way out the door.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Do me a favor - you see Peter -
tell him to go fuck himself.
Actually, you know what - I'll tell
him myself.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brie, lit only by dual computer screens - hers and Peter's -
takes her revenge.

On Peter's screen; she scrolls his rogues gallery of stolen
clips. Brie. Jenny. Sarah. Jill. A dozen others - naked and
exposed.

On Brie as she types. Burning with anger and...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

In the olden days, public
humiliation was accepted. The
Puritans had their scarlet letters.
The Europeans - the pillories.

(MORE)

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In Iran they used to whip people's
feet. I, for one, am not sure why
we got rid of it.

INT. JENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

On Jenny, watching TV on the couch when her phone buzzes.
Email from Brie: *"I'm sorry I didn't send this sooner."*

Jenny opens the attachment. The VIDEO COVER FRAME we've seen.
Jenny in the shower. Off Jenny, furious as...

BOYFRIEND
Whatcha looking at?

Her BOYFRIEND, returning with WINE, walks into an ambush.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

On SARAH, at the movies with her BOYFRIEND, when she receives
a text of her own. As her blood rises and...

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

On Jill, reading the text at dinner as her BOYFRIEND returns
from the bathroom and into the fight of his life and...

INT. TONY BROOKLYN HEIGHTS BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the dark, a iPhone buzzes on a nightstand littered with
books. Its owner, a bedraggled PRINCETONIAN MAN reaches
blindly from bed. Puts on his glasses to read.

PRINCETONIAN
Good god.

His HUSBAND beside him, turns on the light.

HUSBAND
What is it?

Off the PRINCETONIAN, reading as...

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Sometimes, you just need to see
someone get flogged.

EXT. CONDE NASTE BUILDING - DAY

Peter enters the offices of this publishing powerhouse.

INT. LITERARY MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

All smiles, Peter HELLOS through the morning office when a Secretary catches him at his desk. Not warm.

SECRETARY

David would like to see you. Now.
They're waiting in the Conference
Room.

Off Peter, blissfully unaware.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter pushes through the glass doors to find DAVID (our Princetonian - revealed to be the Editor of this Magazine) seated with a firing squad of LAWYERS.

DAVID

Peter. Don't bother sitting. This
won't take long.

PETER

What's going on?

DAVID

You tell us?

Peter's knees buckle as he's passed a PRINT OUT. Knows it before he sees it. Brie's handiwork.

DAVID (CONT'D)

The source who sent this to us had
the decency to spare us the videos
but you obviously did not. You know
our legal team here.

(the suits)

They can run you through the fine
print of it but we have a
responsibility to turn this over to
the authorities, assuming they
haven't received it already. The
short and sweet of it is - pack
your things and get out of here.
You're fired.

PETER

Do I get a chance to defend myself?

DAVID

Sure. You should. Get a lawyer. A criminal one. You're going to need it. Security will escort you out.

On Peter, watching the GUILLOTINE drop.

INT. LITERARY MAGAZINE OFFICES - DAY

All eyes are on Peter at his desk, as he packs the last of his belonging into a sad little box. SECURITY OFFICERS wait to escort him from the building.

As Peter makes his walk-of-shame, he searches his co-workers support. For a hint of sympathy. Instead --

A FEMALE CO-WORKER throws an ELBOW into his gut as he passes, scattering the box and his belongings on the floor.

CO-WORKER

Pervert.

Off Peter, weakly retrieving the pieces of his life.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)

This, I thought, was power. But it wasn't long before I realized, I was actually powerless.

EXT. LUCILLE'S SCHOOL - MORNING

Still disheveled, Brie drops Lucille off at her PRESCHOOL.

BRIE

Your mom's picking you up. I've gotta work. See you at home tonight. Love you.

Lucille runs off. Joins her class. Brie lingers for a moment, watching. Little Lucille. Incredible earnest. Incredible sweet. With no means of defense when --

The BOYS begin to tease. Innocent, but merciless. GORBACHEV. GORBACHEV. GORBACHEV.

On Brie, watching from a far. Boiling.

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Brie rides a crowded train. Still beaming with some smug satisfaction we don't understand when - the train suddenly lurches to a stop. A beat then...

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (FILTERED)
Ladies and gentleman, we're being
delayed due to an incident at Union
Square. Astor Place will be the
next and final stop on this train.
We hope to be moving shortly. Thank
you for your patience.

Collective GROANS through the train. On Brie - suspicious.

EXT. ASTOR PLACE STATION - DAY

Brie, in a sea of other commuters, ascends the subway stairs as one by one - with eerie synchronicity...

ALERTS SOUND out on EVERYBODY'S PHONE. In unison, they turn to their screens. Faces pale. Brie reaches the street. Reads her own.

EMERGENCY ALERT: WANTED - AHMAD KHAN RAHAMI FOR QUESTIONING IN UNION SQUARE BOMBING. CONSIDER DANGEROUS. CALL 9-1-1 if seen.

A PHOTO of YOUNG MIDDLE EASTERN MAN attached.

Brie views it in the crowds as an caravan of AMBULANCES roars past. Fear swelling as...

EXT. UNION SQUARE - DAY

Like a moth, Brie's drawn with the crowds flocking north to Union Square where she finds...

A war zone. A POLICE PERIMETER blocks the whole park. FIRETRUCKS. AMBULANCES. SMOKE BILLOWING. BARRICADES holding back the RUBBERNECKERS.

Brie approaches an ONLOOKER.

BRIE
What happened?

ONLOOKER
There was a bomb in the trashcan.
Just went off like -- (boom!)

Brie squeezes to the front of the crowds to see...

THE CRATER OF A BOMB BLAST in the middle of the park.
 AUTHORITIES EVERYWHERE. A BOMB DEFUSING ROBOT crawling
 through the wreckage like a rover on MARS.

On Brie's face - in neutered silence. A POLICEMAN ushers her
 back.

POLICE

C'mon. Everyone back. Behind the
 barricades. Please.

Brie's slow to move, turning only with the ring of her phone.
 LAUREN. She answers, moving away.

BRIE

Hey - I'm OK. Lucille's fine. I
 dropped her off. Are you OK?

(relief)

Ok. No. I'm already here. I'm going
 to the office -- I know. I will but
 I have to. They need me.

Off Brie. Hurrying off. Chaos swirling all around her and...

EXT. THE COMPANY - DAY

Brie arrives to find the entrance busy with NEWS. POLICE.
 BOMB SNIFFING DOGS. She slips passed it - to their private
 entrance where...

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie walks into Mission Control. Command Central. COMPUTER
 SCREENS EVERYWHERE run NEWS FOOTAGE of the attack.

SENIOR STAFF never seen below ground-level busying about.
 SUITS that might be FEDS combing through paperwork.

George and Bernadette scan them through videos as Brie
 reaches her desk with the other outsiders.

BRIE

What's going on?

NICOLA

They're looking for live videos
 from this morning to find the
 bomber. George already queued a
 few.

(MORE)

NICOLA (CONT'D)
They're talking with legal about
turning them over to the FEDS.

TONY
\$100 says he learned to make the
bomb on YouTube.

NICOLA
You would know.
(to Brie)
Wanna see? Don't tell anyone I
showed you this.

She does. Nicola pulls up the videos. A YOUNG COUPLE live streaming their dog walk in the park when -- BOOM! A fireball ignites behind them, shaking the image until it crashes.

BRIE
Jesus.

NICOLA
I know. In another one you can see
the Bomber. The Full Sail team's in
there -
(conference room)
-- trying to piece it all together.
They put up a queue for us to dump
anything related so they can check
it out.

BRIE
He was a user? The bomber?

Nicola and Tony both nod.

TONY
Can't catch 'em all Columbo.

INT. SAFETY NET - LATER

Brie's at her desk. No time for work. She's devouring NEWS.
Bodies carted out of the park. Police lights swirling.

REPORTER (ON VIDEO)
...and as the manhunt continues for
the bomber or bombers of today's
attack, large anti-immigrant
protests have gathered in cities
all over the country.

VIDEO CLIPS SHOW: Protests in CHICAGO. LA. DC. ANN PRICE
LOYALISTS rallying outside mosques. ANN PRICE VIA satellite
from her MEDIA EMPIRE.

ANN PRICE (ON VIDEO)

And this is what the liberal media doesn't want to admit, Chuck. Is that by worrying about offending people, by not calling these attacks what they are - Radical Islamic Terror - you have made this country weaker and you should be ashamed. It is time to stop being polite. Stop protecting the people who are trying to kill us and start looking out for the Americans here. We need to keep these people out.

Brie, like she could kill her right through the screen as --

GEORGE

Crazy day. You doing ok?

Brie quickly closes obsessive search windows. Faces George.

BRIE

Yeah, just want to do something to help.

GEORGE

Good. Cause something's come up. We're still waiting for The FBI to tell us what they want.

BRIE

Full Sail didn't catch it?

GEORGE

We don't know. No one knows what the fuck's going on but meanwhile, Bernadette and I are supposed to be in Vegas tomorrow for this cyber security conference and now obviously, we can't, but we need someone from our team to support the LIVE demo. Is this your notebook?

George grabs a pen. Jots something down on Brie's journal. Brie's nervous he's so close to her world, but George's mind is spread too thin to notice.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's my username and password. You'll need it for the demo. You and Tony know the product. You two seem to work well. Think you could hop in our shoes?

INT. JFK AIRPORT BAR - MORNING

Brie and a whiskey, sitting at an AIRPORT BAR, glued to CABLE NEWS. An on screen FACE-OFF: The MAYOR OF NEW YORK (RICHARD CANTOR) vs. ANN PRICE.

MAYOR CANTOR

I'm not saying that. Protecting the people of this city is our first priority but the kind of blanket racism and ethnic profiling you are proposing is not only illegal and inhumane, it's flat-out dangerous. You're telling us we must sacrifice our ideals as a country to protect ourselves, and I'm telling you - once we sacrifice those ideals, we've already lost.

ANN PRICE

Well there you have it folks. Another weak leader afraid to call a spade a spade. Sad. Really. Because you Mr. Mayor and all the rest of you Beta's out there in sanctuary cities - are the number one problem. You have blood on your hands and I'm telling you now, that will not stand. Not for me and not for the millions of American's who feel the same. Not one more day.

MAYOR CANTOR

Is that a threat?

ANN PRICE

Call it a prophecy, cause there are a lot more people who think like me out there than you.

Behind Brie, Tony arrives, ushering her away.

TONY

You ready? They're boarding. I like to get on first.

On Brie, a last look at the screen. At Price. Fury. She pounds her drink and...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Brie and Tony in First Class. Vodka nips on their trays. Brie's on her phone.

TONY

Don't tell me you're working right now?

BRIE

Do you see what she's doing? To her followers. She just put out a hit on him.

Because Brie's scanning TWITTER. Comments flying from ANN PRICE'S followers:

((Cantor's))) a bitch -- problem numero uno is about to get solved. -- 2nd amendment solutions #NOLK.

Brie reads that again. #NOLK.

BRIE (CONT'D)

NOLK? What's that? See Full Sail didn't catch it because they don't know what to look for. I'm telling you, this bitch is scary. This is what we should be worried about.

TONY

Yeah, she's a lunatic. But she's not the one reading hate memes on a first class flight to Vegas. C'mon.

Tony takes away her phone. Hands her a drink. It takes a second for Brie to warm.

TONY (CONT'D)

Have you ever even been to Vegas? It's a cesspool. You're going to love it. For one night. It's the fucking best.

BRIE

I've been. One time. On a break from Ft. Hood. It wasn't really for me. At the time.

TONY

Well, good thing for you -- times have changed.

Tony cheers. Kisses her. They down their drinks as...

EXT. AIRPORT - ESTABLISHING

Their PLANE touches down in Vegas. A runway lit by the STRIP.

EXT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - ESTABLISHING

In the valley beneath casinos, the largest convention center in the country...

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Brie and Tony, with their bags, enter a sprawling hall. GAMBLERS. TOURISTS. EX-MILITARY. And TECH-NERDS. SIGNAGE and BADGED VOLUNTEERS all around announcing the conference:

BLACKHAT. 2018. THE WORLD'S PREMIERE CYBER SECURITY EVENT

VOLUNTEER

You guys here for Black Hat?

TONY

How'd you guess?

VOLUNTEER

Well, you don't look like your here for the Gun Show. It's going on at the same time. Follow me. Check in's right over. I'll get you set-up.

Off Brie, watching the VETS and RIGHT-WING NUT JOBS angling toward another wing.

MOMENTS LATER

Brie and Tony check in at a BLACKHAT reception table.

VOLUNTEER (CONT'D)

These are your badges. Keep them with you because you won't be allowed in without them. Event schedule. Booth map. Gift bag. All set.

Brie and Tony, loaded down with gear.

TONY

Ok. Looks like we don't have to be at the booth until 6. I'm gonna go to the hotel and dump this shit. You wanna come and get a drink?

BRIE

Actually, I think I'm gonna take a look around. I'll catch up with you later all right?

Brie heads off. Tony watches her go.

INT. LAS VEGAS CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Brie descends an escalator into the abyss. A THOUSAND ATTENDEES swarming the convention center floor, lined with BOOTHS, stoking tech fears, shilling SECURITY SOLUTIONS for every manner of attack.

Brie walks the stalls. PRESENTERS hawking their wares. A banner: BLACK OUTS FREAK OUTS STAKE OUTS: "The looming terror attack on your home automation devices."

A PRESENTER before a wall display of internet connected devices - Thermostat. Baby monitor. Fridge. Slow cooker.

IOT PRESENTER

...and I, your personal terrorist,
can control any of these devices.
From my phone. From an internet
cafe across the globe. I can demand
a ransom to turn down your
thermostat. Short-out your fridge.
Scare your children to death right
over their baby monitor. Unless you
protect yourself.

ON TO THE NEXT: YOU ARE BEING RECORDED

Brie listens to a RUSSIAN WOMAN with a wireless headset.

RUSSIAN WOMAN

It's not just every conversation on
your phone. It the conversations
around your Alexa. Around you
child's smart doll. Around anything
with a microphone and an internet
connection - you should assume is
being recorded, mined, studied, and
harvested -- it is like the KGB,
only worse.

AND THE NEXT: INVINCEA - OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE STRATEGIES

A MAN. Former Military Intelligence. In a company Polo Shirt preaches before a small rapt crowd.

INVINCEA REP

...your system has holes that
hackers will exploit. The biggest
of which are your employees.

(MORE)

INVINCEA REP (CONT'D)

We at Invincea bridge the challenges to patching human vulnerabilities, starting with programs to phish your own employees and weed out the weak spots.

Brie listens to the fear-mongering from the back of the crowd. Bored, she turns away. Spotting in the distance: those same CAMO-CLAD throngs attending another the conference. Off Brie, as she considers..

NRA SPOKESMAN (PRE-LAP)

The elites in the country are waging a war on your freedoms but we are not backing down.

INT. VEGAS GUN SHOW - DAY

High above the crowds: an NRA commercial proselytizes on a JUMBO-TRON.

NRA SPOKESMAN (ON VIDEO)

Stand up if you want to protect your right to protect yourself. Stand up if you want to protect your freedom. Stand up!

Brie passes beneath it, entering a crowd offering a very different mode of security. Booth after booth. Table after table. Lined with ARTILLERY.

HANDGUNS. ASSAULT RIFLES. HIGH CAPACITY MAGS. TACTICAL VESTS. VIDEO DEMOS showing weapons in action. Anything one needs to wage a war. Brie moves through it - woke.

TIM

Anything catch your eye?

BRIE

Everything.

She's stopped before a booth lined with HANDGUNS. TIM, a friendly, sunburned, stubbled vet, mans the goods.

BRIE (CONT'D)

That an M9? I haven't shot one of those since basic.

TIM

Well go on. Check it out. Like riding a bike.

Brie picks up the gun. Weighing it in her hands like a grail. She speed strips it. Reassembles. Tim likes what he sees.

TIM (CONT'D)

Annie Oakley. Where'd you serve?

BRIE

Fort Lee. Basic-ed there. Two tours in Afghanistan. Bagram. You?

TIM

Desert Storm. Out in '05. Tell ya what, never thought I'd see the day when shit was more fucked up here than over there, but here we are.

BRIE

Fucking A.

Brie, falling back into this familiar patter with ease. Still holding the piece.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Any chance there's a way for a girl to test this baby out?

Off Tim, with a glint in his eye...

INT. BLACKHAT CONFERENCE HALL - EVENING

Close on Tony's phone. 6:05. Tony views it, worried. Brie's not here. Sends another text. The 5th unanswered. *WHERE R U??*

As soon as he hits sends...

PRESENTER

Hey man, can you show me that click-through again? I'm still hitting some glitch.

TONY

Yeah. Sure. No problem.

Tony returns to the COMPANY'S BOOTH to help the PRESENTERS trouble shoot their demo. Off his last, futile look at the door, we find...

I/E. TIM'S F-150 - MOVING

Brie's in the passenger seat. Dust kicking up out the window as they move into the Desert. Tim at the wheel. Earnest.

TIM

Yeah I feel unappreciated. I served my country. I didn't lose a leg but I lost friends. I sacrificed but who back here gives a shit? No one wants to know who does the dirty work - they just want it done. And have you heard about this Stolen Valor shit? These fuckers in Airports, civilians - never served - who go around in full dress, fruit salad - medals all over like they're fucking General Patton so they can get upgraded to Business Class and shit. It makes me fucking sick. Those dudes need to get tuned up. Hard. Nothing's on the level anymore.

On Brie, nodding in agreement.

TIM (CONT'D)

We're just up here.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Brie - BERATTA in hand - firing off shots at an outdoor desert FIRING RANGE. BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

She removes her EAR PRO. Admires her handiwork. Dead on balls. Tim at her side.

TIM

Not fucking bad. You wanna try something really fun?

He moves her over to another position. A mounted, crank operated DOUBLE BARREL ASSAULT RIFLE.

BRIE

What the fuck is that?

TIM

This, my dear, is a custom job. Two AR-15 uppers. Alternating firing. Thousand rounds a minute. Just turn the crank and --

Tim demonstrates. Turns the crank. With childlike ease. Two assault rifles explode into the desert - *PTPTPTPTPTPTPT!*

BRIE

Thousand rounds a minute? And this is legal? Anyone can buy this?

TIM

Yes, ma'am. Anyone with seven thousand bucks. Per the ATF, this is not a machine gun. Not a regulated thing any more than your run-of-the-mill AR-15. But believe me, this baby ain't run-of-the-mill. Wanna give 'er a go?

BRIE

Fuck yeah.

Brie steps up to the plate. Here goes nothing. She turns the crank - *RPTPTPTPTPTP!* - unloads a mag so fast it blows her hair back. Brie HOLLERS.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

TIM

Right? Fucking trouble maker. How'd you like to have that back in New York?

Off Brie. It's a joke, but a girl can dream...

INT. ARIA HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Lobby level bar. Gaming tables in the B.G. Tony, nursing a beer beneath the TVs. Not enjoying the festivities.

Hours late, Brie finally arrives. Alive. Like she's come straight from the mountain top.

BRIE

Hey. Sorry. I ran into some people I knew and just lost track of time. Don't be pissed. You survive the demo with out me?

TONY

Yeah. But it was a fucking snoozefest. You know you could've given me a heads up you were going to bail. At least help me cover for you.

BRIE

I know. I'm sorry. But I'm here now. Let's get after it. You said this place is a cesspool. I wanna fucking party.

But Tony's sour. Pouting. Finishes his beer.

TONY

Nah. I'm tired. I'm going to bed. You'll have to slum it with out me. Have a fun night.

Tony pays his tab. Goes. Leaving Brie alone. Shaking her head. A moment. Her phone buzzes. Call from CASSIE.

Brie considers. Before she can answer. The BARTENDER arrives with a SCOTCH.

BARTENDER

From the guys down there.

Brie looks down the bar. TWO HANDSOME FINANCE GUYS. Predators looking her way. She considers the glass. The phone. Cassie. She sends it to VOICEMAIL.

Picks up the drink. Cheers. They approach.

BANKER #1

We weren't trying to eavesdrop but I heard your convo. You still looking to party? I promise, we don't plan on getting tired.

Brie looks down. Off his hand, palming a bag of COKE...

INT. ARIA HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Brie downs a line. Comes up for air to reveal:

She's in her hotel room. High as a kite. Partying with the TWO BANKERS. Everyone getting close. Handsy. Shedding clothes. Tongues. Hands. Everyone at once.

On Brie, letting everything go. No holds barred. Taking both of them at once as Vegas neon glows out the window and...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Brie's on the plane. Reeling with a hangover. Tony beside her. Utter silence. Finally...

TONY

What? No hate memes to read?
Fun time last night?

On Brie, *what does he know?* Better just not to answer and...

EXT. JFK - DAY

Pouring rain. Passenger pick-up. Brie and Tony, enemies in the cab line. They finally get a taxi. Gallant, Tony opens the door. Brie doesn't enter.

BRIE

You take it. I'll get the next one.
I think I'm gonna swing by work.

TONY

It's Sunday.
(no use arguing)
Suit yourself. That shit'll rot
your brain.

BRIE

You would know.

Hurt but managing a smile, Tony gets in his cab. Speeds away.
On Brie, as her own taxi arrives.

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie enters the office. Empty. Save for the CONFERENCE ROOM.
George and a handful of suits; a closed door meeting.

Brie studies them curiously on the way to her desk. George sees. Emerges.

GEORGE

Brie. What are you doing here? How
was the trip?

BRIE

Good. Easy. I was - I just wanted
to clear my queue. I didn't have
time before we left.
(of the meeting)
What's going on? Is this Full Sail?
Did you find anything on the
bomber?

GEORGE

What? No. Not yet. I can't really
discuss it. Go home. It's Sunday.
(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Your queue can wait. That's not a
request.

Brie, holding a last look at this shadowy meeting then...

INT. LAUREN'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

Brie enters. Locks the door. Doesn't take off her coat. Doesn't unpack her bag. Goes straight for her computer. With her notebook. On the hunt. Anything about ANN PRICE. Her followers. Their agenda.

She's on REDDIT. 4CHAN. 8CHAN. TWITTER. An army of anonymous ANGRY WHITE MEN retweeting her missives. Trolling her enemies.

GIFS of burning BLACK EFFIGIES. LIBERAL WOMEN photoshopped raped. Links to Mass Shooter Manifestos. Elliot Rodgers. Virginia Tech. Dylan Kliebold. Dylan Roof.

She's cataloging the names. The Users. The feeling of an obsession. And over and over again; she's finds this hashtag.

#NOLK. #NOLK. #NOLK. On Brie, trying to unpack its meaning.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Brie's flying on a run. But this isn't a work-out. It's a reconnaissance mission. She exits the park. Slows as she approaches her target.

A FIFTH AVENUE TOWER. A CROWD of PROTESTORS across the street, chanting Liberal Memes. *THE FUTURE IS FEMALE. AMERICA WAS FOUNDED BY IMMIGRANTS.*

Brie slips in at the back of the pack. Watching:

The entrance of the highrise where SECURITY PERSONAL appear, ushering ANN PRICE herself out the doors. Into a waiting SUV.

The crowd goes RABID. On Brie, watching silently. Scary.

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Brie comes back from her run. On alert. On edge. In a zone. Takes a moment to realize --

Lauren and Teddy, waiting for her in the kitchen. Silence.

BRIE

Geez. You scared me. I didn't even see you there.

LAUREN

(to Lucille)

Honey, go play in the other room.
You can watch a show.

Lucille leaves on the double.

BRIE

Loosening up on that huh?

LAUREN

Are you crazy?

(beat)

Did you threaten a kid at Lucille's school?

(Off Brie's pokerface)

You didn't tell this kid Emek you'd cut off his dick off with nail clippers?

Brie - can't help herself - snickers.

TEDDY

You think this is funny? She had to talk this kid's parents out of calling the police. You're lucky you're not in jail. What the fuck were you thinking?

BRIE

I was just trying to send a message.

LAUREN

Oh, you sent a message all right. Loud and clear. What the fuck's going on with you? You're out all night. You're drunk all the time. You stink like sex. This job is fucking with your head.

BRIE

You know what - nevermind. I can't do this right now. I've got bigger things to deal with.

LAUREN

Like what?

BRIE
You wouldn't understand.

Brie grabs her purse. Phone. Jacket. Heads out the door.

TEDDY
I want her out of here.

Lauren's concerned.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Some people can't see what's right
in front of their faces. You're
protecting them. And they don't
even know it.

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Still in her running clothes, Brie comes in hot. Tony catches her vibes from across the room. Immediately on alert as --

Brie beelines for George who's touring the office with a NEW FEMALE RECRUIT, a striking resemblance to Brie. (At least, when we first met her.)

GEORGE
(giving his spiel)
You spend the morning on videos,
the afternoon on photos and
comments. We have a group meeting
once a week to discuss new trends
and --

BRIE
Can I talk to you?

George startles to find Brie blocking their path.

GEORGE
Morning Brie. I'm - uh - kind of in
the middle of something here. Can't
this wait a few --

BRIE
No. It can't. You need to see this
now.

Unsettled, George excuses himself. She pulls him aside.

BRIE (CONT'D)
Have you seen this shit?

She hands George her notebooks. A crazy scrawl of manic scribblings. Code. Usernames. Hashtags. George views it with suspicion. One word circles again and again. #NOLK.

BRIE (CONT'D)

It's a call to action the Price trolls are using. It's popping everywhere. Do you know what it means?

George reads it. Shakes his head.

GEORGE

What is it? Some Tolkien Reference? This is not the kind of thing you should --

BRIE

You're not listening. Look at it! It's not a fucking Tolken reference -- this is a hit. NOLK. It means Night of the Long Knives. Does that mean anything to you? No?

(beat)

It was the night Hitler consolidated power. The night the Nazis murdered their opponents. Purged the dissidents.

GEORGE

(now scared. of her)

Where did you find this?

BRIE

The internet. It was connected to the account of 20 different politicians. Do you see what's happening? This is a hit. We should feed this to Full Sail. This bitch's followers are planning something. Somebody needs to stop them.

GEORGE

Maybe. Fine. But not you. I want you to go home. Clean up and come back to work when you are ready to calm down.

Steaming, George returns to his recruit, now shaken herself.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Where were we?

RECRUIT
Everything ok?

All eyes on Brie, shaking with urgency. Tony watches her.

LATER

Tony approaches. Despite George's request, Brie has not gone home. She's at her computer. Videos streaming. The Manifesto hit list. The last will and testament of America's most deadly mass shooters. COLUMBINE. ALTA VISTA. PULSE.

She's not even in her tool. She's choosing this shit. Gazes up over her monitor to find...

TONY
What are you watching?

Brie jumps. Unaware he's been watching. Closes her window.

BRIE
Nothing. Research.

TONY
I don't know what's gotten into you. I'm not even sure I should show you this but -- whatever. I felt like you should know.

BRIE
What?

He leans over. Types on her board. A User's PAGE LOADS. CASSIE'S.

TONY
You'd been watching her, right. I saw it this morning. I'm sorry.

Frightened, Brie reads the posts. Heart stops. She pales.

ON THE SCREEN. CASSIE'S PAGE: In memoriam. RIP posts. *Heartbroken...can't believe you are gone...God is with you...*

BRIE
(shattered)
What happened?

TONY
She hung herself. At school. Guess it just never stopped.

Brie's just speechless. Gutted. Crying. Remembers something.

BRIE

Oh god.

Into her purse. Pulling out her phone. VOICEMAIL. Cassie.

CASSIE (PRE-LAP)

Hey Brie. Sorry to bug you with
all these calls just -- I'm not
doing so hot.

INT. PANTRY, SAFETY NET - DAY

Ear to the phone, Brie listens to the missed call from Vegas.
Cassie's voice from the grave. Brie barely holds it together

CASSIE (VOICEMAIL)

I know I'm not great at realizing
when I need help. At asking for it
when I do but --

(breaking up)

I can't take it anymore. It's not
just Brett. There's more of them
now and I just -- I don't why they
hate me so much. Why everyone wants
me to die. I don't think I can
handle it anymore and --

(last moment of composure)

I just wanted to say - thanks. It
was great to know you. I know you
tried to help and -- I guess if you
get this -- give me a call please.
I'm really not sure what to do. I
don't really think I can be alone.

That's it. Brie stands there, with the phone, like it's a
smoking gun and she's pulled the trigger.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Brie throws up in the stall. Hugs the bowl. Waits for it to
come again.

MOMENTS LATER

She exits the booth. Green and sweating. Nicola at the sink.

NICOLA

You ok? That didn't sound good.

(joking)

Hope you're not pregnant.

A beat. Brie tosses that thought aside. Bigger stakes at hand.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Somebody's gotta pay. Somebody's
gotta get got.

INT. SAFETY NET - MOMENTS LATER

Brie on her queue. Searching. For a target. Video after video. No thought. Deleting everything she finds until --

THIS POSTING: Side by side images of a smiling MALE COLUMBIA STUDENT and a smiling FEMALE TEENAGER. The same person. A MEME tacked on top.

"THAT TIME YOU THOUGHT YOUR ROOMMATE WAS A PUSSY UNTIL YOU FOUND OUT HE HAD A PUSSY."

A torrent of COMMENTS beneath. Some calling this what it is - a dangerous hate-crime. Others piling on with bigoted spite.

Brie studies it for a moment. Not just this *OUTING*. But the *OUTER*. The POSTER. A name. TROY DENIHAN.

NEW WINDOW: Troy Denihan's Facebook page. Columbia Undergrad. Lacrosse player. Al Douche-bag. A bunch of PHOTOS of his BMW. Derogatory comments about his transgender roommate. The Young Man in the video: *Look at this fag - what a homo - Buffalo Bill my roommates- yada yada yada.*

On Brie as she reads it. Anger rising. Studying. She grabs her purse. Out the door. Never even shutting down.

Tony watches her go. A beat. Approaches her computer. Seeing the name. Columbia. Remembering.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Brie - on the move - on busy streets - locked on her phone. All about TROY. She bumps into a PEDESTRIAN.

PEDESTRIAN
Asshole! Get off your phone!

She doesn't even slow. Soldiers on. To the subway as...

INT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

Home alone. Lauren tidies up. Finds herself at the basement door. Knowing she shouldn't but...

INT. LAUREN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Door open, Lauren stands at the top of the stairs. Hesitant. Scared. She turns on the lights. At the foot of an abyss. As she descends...

INT. SUBWAY - DAY

Brie's on the train. Agitated. People notice. Back away. Like from a vagrant. Don't mess with her.

INT. LAUREN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Another light in the darkness. Lauren now in the middle of the room, in the middle of Brie's universe. Her obsessions. Her mind. It's chilling.

The wall's now covered with HATEFUL MEMES. 4chan threads. Her notebooks filled with HATE-SPEECH. Violent sketches. With names and dates and bodies counts.

Lauren, growing frightened. Then she notices Brie's computer. Scared but can't help herself. She turns it on and...

EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY

The campus is crawling. STUDENTS criss-crossing the quad. Exiting classes. Hustling to the next.

At one building, among the crowds pouring out find TROY. In the flesh. Yucking it up with his BROS as --

Brie watches from across the street. Following as...

EXT. COLUMBIA STREETS - DAY

Troy parts ways with his friends. Heads down a side street. Away from the crowds. Brie follows.

As they turn a corner, Troy's met by a tower of billowing smoke. A CROWD GAWKING. Troy pushing through it to find...

TROY

What the fuck! That's my car.

His beloved BMW -- ROARING WITH FLAMES. Troy tries to approach but THE WINDOWS BLOW OUT -- throwing him back. Damn near crying when his phone buzzes. Unknown number.

A TEXT: *NEXT TIME YOU'LL BE INSIDE*

Off Troy, scared to death. Searching the crowds. Sirens howling. The flames leaping behind him and...

Brie, already walking away in the other direction as...

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Quite harried, Lauren's trying to wrangle Lucille out of the house, as she sits in the doorway changing shoes. Teddy waiting behind the wheel of the car.

LAUREN

What did I just say? You are not changing your shoes again. You're going to be late.

LUCILLE

But Brie said I could wear these to soccer.

LAUREN

Well I don't know why she said that, but she's not here and you are going to be late so put on the other goddamn shoes and *LET'S GO!*

Lauren immediately regrets raising her voice. Lucille CRIES. It's at this moment Brie arrives. Still in her running clothes. Looking like hell.

Lauren and Teddy share a look.

TEDDY

Lucille. Get in the car.

Lucille gets in. They take off. On Brie and her sister.

LAUREN

We need to talk.

INT. LAUREN'S BASEMENT - DAY

Dark until Lauren flips on the lights. Revealing Brie's obsession. They stand there in silence.

LAUREN

I don't know what this is, but it can't be in my house. You need to leave. Now.

BRIE

I can explain.

LAUREN

I don't want to know. I want you to get your shit. And get out.

BRIE

You went through my stuff?

LAUREN

What did you expect? You are acting insane. Do you know who that is?

She's looking at a VIDEO on Brie's computer. A WHITE TEENAGE MALE with shaggy hair and John Lennon glasses, laughing at the camera.

BRIE

Do you?

LAUREN

Yeah. The kid from Columbine. What the fuck is he doing in my house?

BRIE

I'm studying him.

LAUREN

Why?

BRIE

To understand. So it doesn't happen again.

LAUREN

Jesus. You're fucking nuts.

BRIE

You don't get it.

LAUREN

You're right. I don't. The Brie I know wouldn't even look at this shit. You need help. And I will help you get it, but you can't be around my daughter until you do.

BRIE

What? What does she have to do with it? Where do you want me to go?

LAUREN

I don't know. Call one of your fuck buddies, but you can't stay here.

(MORE)

LAUREN (CONT'D)

You know, I've always looked up to you. You're my little sister, but you've always taken care of me. You used to be the most positive person I knew but now -- I don't even know who you are. I'm not sure you do either. And until you find out, I need you to leave.

Brie. No arguments. Gathering her essentials. Her computer. Her notebooks. Little else.

BRIE

You don't know it, but all this - I'm just trying to protect you.

LAUREN

Start by protecting yourself.

BRIE

I'll get the rest later. See ya around - sis.

EXT. BUSHWICK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Brie. Drunk. With her one bag, pounding on the buzzer. PEDESTRIANS starting to notice.

BRIE

Come on, man. I know you're in there. Pick up. Pick up. Pick up.

INT. BUSHWICK LOFT - NIGHT

The BUZZER howling in what's revealed to be TONY'S LOFT. Tony, stoned. With a FRIEND. Watching SKATING VIDEOS. Pissed.

FRIEND

Just let her in man. She's not going away.

On Tony -- as the BUZZER RINGS - not a fucking chance.

EXT. BUSHWICK WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

On the street. Brie just holding down the ringer and --

TONY

Yo! What the fuck? Are you crazy. Let go.

Tony's arrived at the door. Not letting her in.

BRIE

Got you down here didn't I? C'mon.
Let me in. I brought treats.

Revealing a bottle of TEQUILA she's pulling on.

TONY

Not tonight. It's late. You're
waking up the neighbors.

Moving away. Closing the door.

BRIE

Wait? That's it. You're really not
letting me in.

(flirting)

What, don't think you can handle
it?

TONY

Go home, Brie. You're drunk. I'll
see you tomorrow. We'll talk.

BRIE

Fine. Faggot.

TONY

You know what - Brie. Fuck you. I
know what you've been doing and
you're done. You're sicker than the
fucks you're watching.

He goes. Locking the door behind him. Leaving her in the
cold. Pissed. She slams the BUZZER. Storms away.

INT. BUSHWICK BAR - NIGHT

Packed with HIPSTERS. Brie drinks alone at the bar. Scrolling
her phone. Nowhere to go. No one to call. She comes to a
CONTACT. Stops as she considers it.

BRIE MANIFESTO (V.O.)

Desperate times. Desperate
measures.

She takes a drink. Liquid courage. Calls.

BRIE

Hey -- yeah, it's me -- nothing.
Just seeing what you're up to.

Off Brie, downing another shot and...

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Brie opens her eyes. Confused. Pounding hangover. Gathers her surroundings.

She's naked. Alone in a bed. Minimalist decor. Analy clean. Trying to remember how she got here when...

The TRAINER from her gym exits the bathroom. Primped and polished.

TRAINER

Morning sunshine. How you feeling?

BRIE

(now she remembers)

Hey. What time is it?

TRAINER

Almost 9. I gotta get in. Stay as long as you want. There's a juice in the blender. I'm glad you called. That was fun.

He kisses her. Goes. On Brie. Falling back. What the fuck.

INT. TRAINER'S SHOWER - MORNING

Brie showers. The water coming down hard. Brie's lost in it. Suddenly. Not feeling well again and...

MOMENTS LATER

Brie, on her knees. Hugs the toilet bowl. Sick again and...

INT. PHARMACY - MORNING

With practiced, shameful stealth, Brie scans the aisle. Finds her target. Looks at it with dread. A PREGNANCY TEST.

INT. THE COMPANY. ENTRANCE - DAY

Another morning. Brie enters with the crowds. Suspicious. Like eyes are on her. She passes through security, scanning her badge.

The SECURITY GUARDS. It seems like they're watching her and --

INT. SAFETY NET ENTRY HALL - DAY

As she did long ago, Brie descends the stairs. The SAFETY NET door. Brie scans her KEYCARD but the door doesn't open. The light blinks RED. Locked.

She considers it when another MODERATOR arrives. Swipes his card. Opens the door. She follows.

INT. BATHROOM. SAFETY NET - MORNING

Brie sits on the toilet. Face full of dread. Reveal she's pissing on an EPT stick. Waiting. Waiting. Finally --

On her face. Fuck.

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie enters to find -- a huddled meeting. GEORGE. ALEXIS. MIRZA. TONY. They quiet as Brie enters. Moves to her desk. Trying to ignore only...

GEORGE

Brie. Don't sit. We need to talk.

On Brie. With George. The eyes of the whole office upon them.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. SAFETY NET - DAY

Brie in the hot seat. Across from George. Alexis. Mirza. HR. Legal. George is talking. Livid. Showing Brie a screen.

One after another. Her @VICKYSOTO posts. Twitter. REDDIT. Her VIGILANTE highlights. He's reaming her out only---

We don't hear his words and neither does she because...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

And that gets me here. You want to think it started with pain. With suffering. With loss. With a war. With the death of your parents. When everything went wrong only, that's not the case. It didn't start with anyone else. It started with you. It started with a thought.

GEORGE

Hello! Brie! Are you listening to me? Don't try and deny it because we know it's you.

The sound comes roaring back. Brie's awake. Viewing her handiwork.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What the hell have you been doing here?

BRIE

I'm just doing what you hired me to do.

GEORGE

Oh. You've taken it well beyond that. I know you Doxed this kid in Oklahoma. Applied geo-filters to your queue. I know you went to see this kid at Columbia yesterday. If I didn't think it would tank this whole company, I'd call the police right now. Who the fuck is Victoria Soto anyway? Some Nazi icon?

BRIE

Well. I don't know why you're asking me and I could be wrong but - I believe she was a teacher at Sandy Hook who was killed protecting her kids.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ. You're crazier than I thought. Is that what you think? You're some kind of martyr. Get your things. And get the fuck out of here. You are fired effective immediately. Guys --

Brie looks to the door. SECURITY ready to escort her away.

BRIE

But what about Full Sail? What about what we talked about? The attack. You can't do this. I signed a contract.

GEORGE

You need help Brie. I hope you get it, but not on my time anymore.

INT. SAFETY NET - DAY

Watched by Security, Brie packs her desk. The one bag. Purse. Notebook. Pauses at the desk drawer. Marcy's necklace from long ago. She leaves it and...

Brie, on her long walk from the mound, stops at Tony's desk.

BRIE

You knew? You ratted on me?

TONY

I came by your room that night. In Vegas. To apologize. You probably don't remember. You were with those two guys. The Menendez Brothers. What do you want? I liked you. I guess I'm not as tough as I thought.

BRIE

If there's blood. It's on your hands.

She storms out. Off Tony, watching her go...

EXT. THE COMPANY - DAY

Standing on the street with her things. In the cold. All alone. An outsider.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

It begins with a thought. And it's not - I'm a victim. I'm a loser. I'm alone. That's just what lights the fuse.

On Brie. Steeling herself. Finding resolve. Making a plan.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

The real change is when you realize, it's not you who's the loser - it's them. It's not you who's a victim. It's them. Because you're special and you can't wait to show the world just how special you are. That's when the bomb goes off.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG WAREHOUSE - DAY

On the Brooklyn Waterfront. An industrial warehouse. One of the last.

MUSICIAN (PRE-LAP)
I crash at my girl's pad mostly so
this place is mainly for gear.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A long-haired WILLIAMSBURG MUSICIAN escorts Brie into a small apartment. One window. FUTON. MINI-FRIDGE. AMPS. GUITARS.

ARTIST
The building's not really cool with
AIRBNB so if anyone asks, just tell
'em you're my sister.
(off Brie's reaction)
I know. But you need a place to
crash, price is right.

Brie takes in this bunker like bedroom. We recognize it immediately as the APARTMENT FROM THE TEASER.

BRIE
How's the wifi connection?

INT. STUDIO (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - DAY

Brie moves in. Like a Task Force setting up a detail.

She blacks-out the windows. Stacks the music gear to one side. Moving everything away to make room for her agenda.

Her own personal SAFETY NET here in this bunker. Dual Computer screens. Industrial servers. All of her notes. All of her obsessions. Wiring. Plugging in and finally --

She boots up the screens. Illuminating her face. The webcam turns on and there it is...

The very same frame as our opener. Brie. In her bunker. An eerie moment as we see we're back where we started.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
And once the fuse is lit, what do
you become? A walking time bomb and
you better know where you want it
to blow.

INSERT: BRIE'S COMPUTER MONITOR as she opens an application.

FULLSAIL

Log in page. Username. Password.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
Even people in my business, they're
just like you. A thousand sites.
One password. Idiots.

Brie opens her notebook. The day of the bombing. Her flight to Vegas. There it is. George's USERNAME. George's PASSWORD.

Brie types it in. The interface opens and we're looking at a DASHBOARD. Tabs across the top.

USERS -- REPORTS -- TRACKING -- KEYWORDS

Drop down menus under each. Search criteria. Dates. Regions. Countries. Interactions. Brie begins digging.

KEYWORDS: ANN PRICE - NOLK - SAFETY - FREEDOM - ATTACK - NYC

The program begins its search. Like an Enigma Machine, whirling to life. Plumbing the internet. Breaking the code.

Brie watches, as one by one, it begins the massive undertaking of making a list of targets. User after user after user.

As Brie watches them compile...

DOCTOR CHEN(PRE-LAP)
Brie? Hi. I'm Doctor Chen. I
reviewed your ultrasound and you
are correct.

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

Brie, stone-faced on the examining table before a female OB.
DOCTOR CHEN (30's.)

DOCTOR CHEN
It looks like you're about 8 weeks.
You're not sure when your last
period was?
(Brie shakes her head)
Ok. That's fine. You indicated
you're looking to terminate. Have
you ever taken mifepristone before?
The abortion pill?

Brie shakes her head. Steely.

DOCTOR CHEN (CONT'D)

Well I can give you the first dose here. Let me tell you what you need to expect.

As the Doctor continues...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

You can get this stuff online, but I don't recommended it. The same freaks who run those fake pregnancy crisis centers -- who scare and shame women out of having abortions -- they also sell fake pills online. You take 'em, wake up in a month and find out you're still preggers. Better to show your face than get fucked.

DOCTOR CHEN (CONT'D)

...and that's really it. You take the last two pills at home. Any questions?

BRIE

No. I'm ready.

INT. STUDIO (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - NIGHT

...the ALGORITHM still churning. Spitting out names. Brie still locked in in her bunker. Sleepless. Wired. Following the threads.

Names => Facebook Accounts => Twitters posts => Video rants.

An unending stream of RURAL WHITE MALES. ANGRY. DISENFRANCHISED. SNAPPING.

Brie watches their videos. FIRING GUNS. RANTING IN THEIR PICK-UPS. IN THEIR BEDROOMS. IN THEIR SCHOOLS.

WHITE NATIONALIST 1

...the most corrupt Politician ever. Ask the parents of the victims of Benghazi. They'll tell you why you lost!

WHITE NATIONALIST 2

...because we are losing. We're losing our jobs and our way of life and it's gotta stop. Now.

INT. QUEENS POST OFFICE - DAY

And now Brie before a wall of P.O. Boxes. She opens her own to find: a small cardboard box. Return address reads:

G. PATTON / LAS VEGAS, NV - Off Brie's smile as...

INT. STUDIO (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - DAY

Brie sits on her bed. Opens the package. A box inside. Brie lifts the lid. Pulls out at note:

Sorry I couldn't get you the AR's - Tim ;)

She smiles as beneath the note she finds: A BERATTA M9. The very same we saw at the beginning of the film.

Brie admires it as...

INT. STUDIO (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - NIGHT

A YOUTUBE VIDEO: A YOUNG WHITE MALE in CARHARTTS and a Hitler-Youth Undercut, broadcasting from the front seat of his TRUCK as he drives through blighted rural America.

JAMES KELLEHER

...I know I might not survive, but that's the cost of Freedom. When you're at war, there are sacrifices. I'm ready.

Brie, field stripping her gun, while she studies this USER. JAMES KELLEHER. Another video. Her target narrowing.

JAMES KELLEHER (CONT'D)

Whether the mainstream believes it or not, you're part of a bigger extended family, and that race has a story to tell. It's a people and a blood and a place on the map.

AND ANOTHER VIDEO

JAMES KELLEHER (CONT'D)

...and the leftist media and politicians. It's not just that they are leftists and cucks. It's that in propagating the myth of ethnic unity, they undermine the truth that to be white is to be a striver. A crusader.

(MORE)

JAMES KELLEHER (CONT'D)
 An explorer and a conqueror and it
 is our duty to stamp down any and
 all who might hold us back.

Brie, now surrounded by AMMUNITION. HUNTING KNIVES. BODY
 ARMOR as the scrolls through:

James' Facebook / Youtube / Twitter pages full of violent
 sign posts. Retweeted Fake News Conspiracies. Memed targets
 of Sanctuary City Politicians. Tours of his personal ARSENAL.
 And again and again - #NOLK.

On Brie, believing she's found her man and...

INT. STUDIO (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - DAY

INSERT YOUTUBE VIDEO: Instructional Video. The Urban Carry
 Holster. An in-pants, concealed weapon device. Maximum speed.
 Maximum secrecy.

Brie watches as a FIRE-ARMS SPECIALIST demonstrates a quick
 draw. His GLOCK cocked and ready in a heartbeat.

Brie pays strict attention and...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 I read something once. Saddest
 thing. From the mother of one of
 those high school shooters.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - ANOTHER DAY

PAN AROUND THE APARTMENT TO FIND:

The web has grown. Carrie Matheson style. Photos. Travel
 dates. JAMES KELLEHER at the center. A few new faces around
 him. 3 in all. ANGRY YOUNG MEN. Their pictures printed out
 and posted on the walls.

ON ONE OF HER COMPUTERS: a stream of videos plays on a
 disturbing loop. Notorious Snuff films. Assassinations. The
 Zapruder Film. Sadat in Egypt. Benazir Bhutto. One by one,
 these LEADERS are blown away as we pan to...

HER OTHER SCREEN, cluttered with open browsers. 4CHAN.
 REDDIT. Like a CIA blacksite. Following James Kelleher's
 every movement. Every post. Every comment. His circle
 narrowing down to one day.

In red ink, A DATE CIRCLED ON A PIN-UP CALENDAR. November 24.
 Thanksgiving. In the box, in Brie's manic hand, she's written
NOLK = MTDP - again and again. As we to try decipher...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 She'd heard her son was involved
 and she said - while every other
 parent was praying their child was
 safe, I had to pray mine would die,
 so one else would be hurt. I'll
 never forget that.

Finally land on Brie. Regarding herself in a full length
 mirror. Docile and then --

BAM - just like the video - she lifts a hostler from her
 waistband, drawing the gun, aiming at herself. Fast. But not
 fast enough. A long beat then --

She return the gun to her pants. Draws again. And again. And
 again. Until it's flawless. Until it's fast. Until she's
 lethal behind the sight. She mimes the trigger and...BANG!

INT. BATHROOM. STUDIO (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - DAY

Wet from the shower, Brie stands before the mirror. Feral.
 Wired. Off the grid. She looks down to the sink to see:

Two little white pills in a little white cup. The package:
 MISOPROSTOL discarded beside. Brie regards them.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)
 I'm not taking any chances.

Brie picks up the pills. Tosses them back. Swallows.

EXT. LUCILLE'S SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - AFTERNOON

From a distance, we see Lucille racing around the playground
 with her classmates. They are wearing handmade TURKEY and
 PILGRIM and INDIAN HATS. Playing tag. A child is caught. The
 others HOLLER in excitement. Lucille's included and excited.

Brie watches from across the street with deep affection. But
 her presence here does not feel safe.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Lucille is at the swings when she notices her aunt.

LUCILLE
 Brie! Look at the hat I made!

She runs over in her Pilgrim hat to Brie, who's come inside
 the gates.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

Where have you been? My mom said you weren't feeling good.

BRIE

She did? We'll I'm ok. You can tell her I'm better now. I just -- I wanted to see you 'cause - I wanted say goodbye for awhile.

LUCILLE

Where are you going?

BRIE

Well, I've got something I need to take care of and -- I don't know when I'll be back. I'm not sure when I'll see you again and --

Surprising even herself, Brie's grows emotional.

BRIE (CONT'D)

And I just wanted you to know that -
- I love you very much and I am so proud of you. And in a few days, if you hear something bad about me on the news -- I want you to remember -
- things aren't as simple as they seem. Always remember, you gotta stand up for yourself, ok. --

Brie suddenly realizes that LUCILLE'S TEACHER has noticed her. Summoned her nerve. And coming this way.

BRIE (CONT'D)

I know. I'm leaving. Don't worry. I'm just saying bye to Lucille.

TEACHER

You need to go. Now. I already called security.

The Teacher, big mistake, puts her hand on Brie, which Brie rips off with considerable force.

BRIE

Don't fucking put your hands on me again. I said I'm going.

The Teacher backs away. Frightened. The kids are watching. Lucille's a little frightened too. Brie kneels down.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Don't be scared. Remember. Nobody gets to push you around. I'm always gonna there to protect you.

LUCILLE

Like a dragon.

BRIE

Yeah. Like a dragon. See ya kid. I love ya.

She kisses her. Realizes SECURITY is coming. Goes. Off the Teacher, relieved.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

We stay with Brie, hurrying away. Paranoid. Looking over her shoulder. But no one's coming. Not now at least. She takes out a phone. A BURNER. Dials as she walks.

911 OPERATOR

911 - what's your emergency?

BRIE

I wanna report an attack. Tomorrow at the Macy's Day Parade, 11am. There will be an attempt to assassinate the Mayor.

911 OPERATOR

Who am I talking to?

BRIE

Are you listening to me? A concerned citizen. It doesn't matter. I'm telling you someone is going to try and attack the Mayor tomorrow at the parade and you need to stop them. They are supporters of Ann Price and their names are...

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am! Ma'am. Slow down. I want to help but first you need to tell me who you are? And how you know this information?

BRIE

I know because I've been paying attention. What have you been doing?

911 OPERATOR

Ma'am. I'm gonna need you to tell me your location right now? What's your name?

BRIE

Why do you keep asking that? It doesn't matter who I am. It matters who they are. Are you going to take this seriously or not? Jesus!

Irate, Brie hangs up her burner phone. Drops it in a trash can. Storms off and...

INT. LUCILLE'S SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

Pick-up time. The school's decorated for Thanksgiving. Lauren is gathering Lucille when an ADMINISTRATOR approaches her.

ADMINISTRATOR

Lucille can you go see if Julie needs any help? Lauren, we need to talk.

Off Lauren, wondering what's up.

INT. LAUREN'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Quite frazzled, Lauren is on the phone while straining to get Lucille strapped into her car seat and having problems.

LAUREN

(re: the car seat)
Goddamn it! This thing is --
(now the phone. Voicemail)
Brie, it's your sister. Call me please. I don't know what you were doing at school today but I'm worried about you. Where are you? Will we see you for Thanksgiving? Call me back?

She hangs up the phone. Fights with the buckles. Breaks down.

LAUREN (CONT'D)

This fucking thing!

LUCILLE

It's ok, mom. I got it.

Lucille, with ease, clicks it into place. Calming her mother.

LAUREN

Did you see Aunt Brie today?

(nods)

What did she say? She was coming to Thanksgiving or not?

LUCILLE

(shakes her head)

She said she had something she need to do. And I might see her on the news. And she just wanted to say goodbye.

Off Lauren, taking that for what is it, a red alert and...

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - NIGHT

Back in her bunker. Brie readies for tomorrow. Watching a local NEWS REPORT on her COMPUTER. Night time in the UES. THANKSGIVING EVE.

Throngs of TOURISTS line COLUMBUS AVENUE to watch the giant PARADE BALLOONS inflate beneath nets like captured game.

REPORTER (TV)

'Chopper 2 was over the scene here on the Upper West Side as workers inflated Balloons, the stars of Tomorrow's Parade. Thousands were there to see it and with crowds even bigger tomorrow, and the NYPD isn't taking any chances.

And all around, NYPD patrol like an occupying force. PACKAGE CUTS TO MAN ON STREET INTERVIEWS:

A FATHER, YOUNG SON on his shoulders, speaks to the camera.

FATHER

We're feeling concerned about what's happening globally but we're feeling secure that the New York City Police Department has got our back tonight. I think it's going to be a great event.

REPORTER

Even Mayor Cantor stopped by...

PACKAGE CUTS TO THE MAYOR; drawing Brie's ire as...

MAYOR

And of course I'll be there. It is a great time to celebrate the city and to show our solidarity and we've got the greatest Police Force in the world watching our backs. I think it's going to be a fantastic day.

Off Brie, watching with a different premonition. She shuts off the screen as we...

CUT TO:

A WEBCAM: An empty frame. Brie enters. Sits. Addressing the camera in her bunker. Back where we began.

BRIE

Before I start - for the bleeding hearts out there - let me give you a TRIGGER WARNING. What you see next is gonna disturb you.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - MORNING

Thanksgiving Day. The BALLOONS unleashed. The FLOATS in line. NEWS CREWS and TOURIST already beginning to gather along the route in freezing cold. POLICE at every corner as...

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

By the time you see this video, a lot of people will be dead and the world's going to ask why this had to happen? How did I get here? But that's not the right question. The right question is -- why haven't you?

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT (BRIE'S AIRBNB) - MORNING

Game day. Brie dressed in the outfit we first met her in. Winter running gear. Only now we see the full package.

BRIE'S MANIFESTO (V.O.)

See, I used to believe the best in people. Sure, we have our bubbles but I thought basically we're good. Basically we care. But I was naive. Like you.

She straps on her holster. Backpack. Ammo belt. Bowie Knife. Gun. She's ready to go as we CUT BACK TO:

Brie, on the camera, as we met her long ago. Palming the gun.
The very end.

BRIE

So I guess this is how it ends. But
I want you to know, whatever
happens today, it was you who led
us here, not me. I'm just the
filter. It's you who made the
filth. See ya around suckers.

Brie stops recording. A last beat as she considers herself on
screen before hitting the button => UPLOAD

We stay on the screen until the progress bar reaches the end.
SUCCESS. It's live. And then we realize, the door just closed
and Brie is gone.

EXT. SAFETY NET - MORNING

Thanksgiving quiet. No one manning the store except...

INT. SAFETY NET - MORNING

Tony, at his desk, clicking absentmindedly through his queue.
Alone in the office. One ear to the phone.

TONY (PHONE)

I'm not mom. I won't be alone. I'm
going to some friends'. I'm just
doing a few hours of overtime and --
(his attention turning)
Ok. Ok. I love you too. No. I gotta
run. I gotta --

Tony hangs up the phone. Nearly drops it cause --

TONY (CONT'D)

Holy fuck.

The video that's just come across his queue. We know it well.
Brie on her webcam. Her Manifesto.

BRIE (ON VIDEO)

...by the time you see this video,
a lot of people will be dead and
the world's going to ask why this
had to happen?

Off Tony's chair hitting the floor. Because he's already on
his feet. On the phone and...

TONY
Come on. Pick up. Pick up. Pick up.
(and...)
Hello?

BRIE (FILTERED)
Hello.

Tony / we - can't believe she picked up.

TONY
Brie? Jesus Christ. Where the fuck
are you?

BRIE
Exactly where I need to be.

INTERCUT NOW WITH BRIE:

Revealed to be in CENTRAL PARK, moving with the CROWDS and
FAMILIES to the parade.

TONY
I saw your video. I took it down.

BRIE
(livid)
What?

TONY
Whatever you are thinking about
doing, listen to me Brie, don't do
it. There are people that care. I
care. You are not the reason the
world is fucked up. It's not up to
you to fix. Whatever you are
thinking about doing, don't.

BRIE
You took it down?

TONY
I was worried. You're lucky I did.

BRIE
(burying anger)
Well it doesn't matter anyway. It's
too late. Someone's gotta stop it.
If I don't. Who will?

TONY
Think about your family. Think
about Lucille.

BRIE

Who do you think I'm doing this for?

TONY

Brie! Brie --

BRIE

I'm sorry Tony, I've got to go. I need this line free. Thanks for looking out.

She hangs up. Blends into the crowds. End on Tony, distraught. He considers the phone. A long tortured beat then...he dials 911. As it rings...

EXT. GRACIE MANSION - DAY

A yellow Colonial Mansion on the East River. Security abound as...

INT. GRACIE MANSION - DAY

The MAYOR moves through the residence. Greeting STAFF busy with Holiday Preparations as he's briefed by his ASSISTANT.

ASSISTANT

...the schedule has us leaving here in 10. You'll join the Today Show Crew first and then meet the float around 81st but again, I and the security team, strongly advise you to cancel this appearance.

MAYOR CANTOR

(always on the move)

If we canceled an appearance every time we had a threat, I'd never leave the house.

ASSISTANT

This is not some crank calling the Post. This is a credible threat. You can address the public from here.

MAYOR CANTOR

And how would that look?

He's pulling on his coat as they pass through the DINING ROOM where a MULTI-CULTURAL STAFF dresses an elaborate table.

MAYOR CANTOR (CONT'D)
 Beautiful everyone. I'm getting
 hungry all ready.
 (now to his aide)
 We're not canceling anything. If
 that bitch Ann Price wants to scare
 the rest of the country, go for it,
 but this is New York. We are a city
 of Immigrants and we will show the
 world that today.

And then he is out the door as...

EXT. LAUREN'S HOUSE - DAY

TEDDY'S PARENTS in town. The house full of Thanksgiving Day
 activity. Everyone else watching FOOTBALL, while Lauren's
 cooking in the kitchen, preoccupied while the doorbell RINGS
 and RINGS.

LAUREN
 (to Teddy. Sarcastic)
 Don't worry. Don't get up. Not like
 I'm busy. I'll get it.

Finally she answers. Surprised to find a gaggle of POLICE.

POLICE
 Ma'am. We're looking for Brie
 Salter? We were told she lives
 here. She around?

LAUREN
 Why? What happened?

POLICE
 I'm sorry but - that's really a
 conversation we need to have with
 her.

TEDDY (O.S.)
 Babe, who's there?

POLICE
 Can you tell us where she is?

Off Lauren and the Cops. Her worst fears come true as...

EXT. CENTRAL PARK WEST - DAY

We find Brie - exiting the park with a wave approaching the
 MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE.

POLICE out in force. ONLOOKERS pack the sidewalks for miles. All with their CELLPHONES out FILMING the worst of Americana.

A cloying mix of patriotism and corporate propaganda flowing down the avenue. School Children. Marching Bands. Broadway themed Floats. Balloons shilling Cereal Box Characters and Cartoon Movie Franchises (*often at the same time.*)

TV CAMERAS everywhere. MATT LAUER and the TODAY SHOW CREW broadcasting from the booth.

MATT LAUER

...and now look at this. Here's comes a balloon you've all been waiting for -- it's SCRAT! the hilarious star of Ice Age and Ice Age 2 and there's his elusive acorn of dreams, which is coming back to theaters for another raucous adventure this Christmas...

LAND BACK ON BRIE

-- spinning among a crowd of thousands, wondering how in the hell she is ever going to find her targets. Desperately, she begins to search...

Pushing through the crowds, weaving through the cameras. A thousand faces but none are her KILLERS. The clock ticking and desperation spreading when --

On the North End of the Avenue, she spots THE CITY OF NEW YORK FLOAT entering the PARADE ROUTE.

The float is designed as tribute to NYC. The SKYLINE. The STATUE OF LIBERTY. THE EMPIRE STATE. And waving from among these landmarks --

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK. Surrounded by a HALF DOZEN IMMIGRANT FAMILIES. A diverse cross-section of the New Yorkers from all over the world.

Brie sees it in the distance, coming her way. Her urgency spikes. Jumps off the charts when she sees:

NYPD OFFICERS patrolling the AVENUES. Searching for a target. Something in their attitude and Brie's paranoia - tells us *that target is her.*

She pushes frantically through the crowds, but stops when...

She sees A MIDWESTERN TEENAGER GIRL with her phone, broadcasting her own view on FACEBOOK-LIVE. Brie. A light-bulb bursting.

She's goes to her own phone. Pulling up the LIVE APP. Searching for a user. JAMES KELLEHER. A beat then...

BRIE

Holy shit.

Because she got him. James Kelleher and his crew of henchman, LIVE STREAMING at this very moment as the move through the very same parade.

Like the COLUMBINE SHOOTERS. Like Elliot Rodgers. They are dressed in all black. TRENCH-COATS. FINGER-LESS GLOVES. A teenage boy's vision of death.

Kelleher carries a HEAVY BACKPACK as he moves like a shark through the crowd.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Where are you? Where are you?

Brie's frantically studying the video. Trying to pinpoint their location as suddenly, they pass the ICONIC WROUGHT IRON GATES of the DAKOTA BUILDING on 72nd and CENTRAL PARK.

Two blocks south of the Mayor's float. Headed directly their way.

BRIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ.

Brie, looking up from her phone. The street sign. 69TH ST. She's about to take off she when turns and finds herself staring face to face with AN NYPD COUNTERTERRORISM AGENT.

He locks on her face. A moment. Recognition.

NYPD AGENT

You! On the ground. Don't fucking move.

He's drawing his gun. Three OTHER OFFICERS, copping the showdown, begin to converge and --

Brie - no other choice - she takes off *RUNNING* -- pushing through CROWDS -- knocking PEOPLE down as --

THE COPS on HER HEELS -- calling in for back-up.

NYPD AGENT (CONT'D)

(radio)

Let me get some fucking back-up over here. I've got eyes on the suspect. East Side CPW. 71st. Headed North.

Brie, never slowing. Tearing through the audience. Eyes always up ahead toward --

THE MAYOR'S PARADE FLOAT. Careening to a showdown with --

JAMES KELLEHER and his GOONS. In the flesh. Gathered furtively together at the gates of the DAKOTA. Their actions obscured as they break their huddle, hurrying for the avenue--

Something conspicuously absent from James' shoulder as --

BRIE, breathless, arrives at the corner of 72nd and CPW - scanning the crowds and finds-

All parties barreling towards a fateful meeting.

THE MAYOR'S FLOAT approaches the intersection as -

Brie spots: KELLER and his GOONS taking up positions across the street. And Brie notices --

BRIE

Where's his fucking backpack? Oh god.

And that's just when the NYPD AGENT grabs Brie by the arm.

NYPD AGENT

I said don't fucking mo--

BRIE

You gotta get everyone outta here. I think there's a --

BOOM! And just like that - **AN EXPLOSION** - away from the crowds - erupts from the mouth of the Dakota, rocking the audience and sending the entire proceeding into abject chaos.

SMOKE BILLOWS from the mouth of the building like a Dragon.

PANICKED CROWDS flee in horror.

THE MARCHING BANDS and BALLOON WRANGLERS abandon their posts and run as the BALLOONS escape into the sky.

THE FLOATS GRIND TO A HALT as ATTENDEES pour off like the titanic. All of this of course, CAUGHT ON LIVE TV and...

The force of the explosion sends Brie to the ground, smashing her head - but freeing her from the grip of the AGENT and --

As she gets her bearings. CROWDS stampeding. EMERGENCY RESPONDERS rushing to the bomb site while --

Brie alone notices the THREE DARK-COATED FIGURES moving with lethal intent in the opposite direction. Into the avenue and the quickly evacuated PARADE ROUTE where --

THE MAYOR, surrounded by SECURITY PERSONNEL, is being ushered off the float, hurried to the entrance of an idling SAFETY VAN but --

Brie alone sees he will not make it. It's a trap. The entire thing a diversion. He's being moved right into the path of THE KILLERS. As they move on the MAYOR, their guns peeking from their trench-coats --

Brie's back on her feet -- as practiced -- drawing her Beratta -- running into the fray as --

BRIE (CONT'D)
Stop! Put it down!

GOON #1 spins in the street -- coat swinging open to reveal -- an AR-15 rising from his hip -- squeezing on the trigger as --

PTPTPTPTPTPTPTPTPTPTPT! -- rounds spray wildly into the street and into the air where *PSSHW!* they puncture the BALLOONS high above the trees, bringing them wheezing down but --

Brie keeps coming -- Beratta leveled through the barrage and -

BAM! BAM! -- she drops the FIRST GOON with two messy shots -- his chest and neck exploding in a red mist and --

BOOM! A shotgun blasts from GOON #2 waist - shattering the windows of the LOBBY DOORS behind her as --

Brie comes up firing -- *BAM!* 1st shot blows off fingers -- blood geysering and *BAM!* -- 2nd shot right through the eyes -- blowout. He drops to the ground to reveal --

JAMES KELLEHER - the leader and last man standing - opening on her with an AK. *RAT-A-TAT-TAT!* and -

Brie goes down. Drops her gun. Hit. A gut shot. Just managing to crawl away and take cover behind the NYC float as Kelleher moves off --

Spraying the MAYOR'S ARMORED VEHICLE with shells, sending his Security Team - who've been trying to escape inside - scrambling for cover and leaving the MAYOR alone and exposed in the eye of the gunman.

Calmly, Kelleher approaches. Levels on the Mayor.

KELLEHER
America First Motherfucker.

And just before he pulls the trigger -- **SHTICKT!** -- the blood suddenly drains from James' face as we reveal --

Brie, risen from the dead, standing beside him, burying her BOWIE KNIFE deep into James' back.

She unsheathes it from his heart. James' showers blood. Clatters his AK to the pavement. Drops to his knees. Dead.

A moment, as Brie holds the bloody knife, eye to eye with the petrified Mayor as the POLICE CONVERGE around her and she drops the knife. Falls to the ground and we --

Pull away.

Away from Brie - bleeding in the heart of the scattered city. Away from the HOWL of the SIRENS and the parade balloons collapsing around her. Away from the NYPD and the Mayor and the News Camera swarming the scene. And off the vacated chaos of the parade we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A BARRAGE OF VIDEOS MOSAIC THE SCREEN. News Reports. From around the country. From around the globe. James Kelleher. Brie Salter. Their bloody confrontation. REPORTERS squawk.

NY REPORTER

Terror in Central Park as the Mayor
of New York is attacked --

LOS ANGELES REPORTER

Thanksgiving Day Massacre as
Vigilante Shooter saves lives --

BRITISH REPORTER

Chaos across the Atlantic where --

And the voices multiply. A dozen reports. Breeding across the screen. Spreading like a sickness when...

THE VOICES SUDDENLY MUTE and we find we're looking at...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

A TELEVISION mounted above the bed in a Hospital Room where Brie's recovering from her injuries. One Nurse checks her bandages while ANOTHER delivers an ARRANGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

In fact, the whole room is covered in impressive BOUQUETS and CARE-PACKAGES and GET WELL CARDS to Brie from across the country.

Lauren, aiding her sister's recovery, reads to her from her admirers while Lucille runs about plundering CHOCOLATE from the gift sets.

LAUREN

...and here's another proposal of marriage --

(dropping a picture)

No thanks. This one's a mother of four in Georgia who say's she'll be naming her next daughter after you and one from the NRA, tasteful, inviting you to speak at their next retreat.

(throwing that one away)

Oh...and one from Tony, at your office. I don't know what this means but he says - Brie: you're a hell of a janitor.

(Brie laughs, wincing through pain)

He also says George is asking when you'll be returning to work...

Brie gives her a knowing look as a KNOCK on the door is followed by a SECURITY GUARD, entering to the room.

SECURITY GUARD

Ma'am. I'm sorry but the Mayor is here. He'd like to pay his respects. Is now a good time?

Through the crack in the door, Brie can see a crowd of STAFFERS. PRESS-CORE. SECURITY. Her sister smiles at her in some disbelief.

LAUREN

I think that's our cue to leave. Lucille. C'mon.

BRIE

Stay.

LAUREN

I'm not ready for my close-up. We've got homework. Don't worry. We'll be back. We'll see you in the morning.

She kisses her sister. Then at the door Lucille stops. Turns.

LUCILLE
 Hey Brie -
 (like a dragon)
 Roar!

Brie smiles. They go, exiting into the swarms outside leaving finally --

Brie. Alone. In her bed. Surrounded by accolades.

Hold on her here. Her smile fading as her eyes drift to the muted Television where:

CNN teases a pulpy segment. VIGILANTE'S REVENGE. Brie's RAMPAGE. Playing on a bloody loop - feeding the beast. Brie with a gun. Brie with a knife. Bodies all around.

Brie watches it. Surreal. Incredulous. Raising the remote like a gun as graphics appears:

WARNING. THIS NEXT SEGMENT CONTAINS GRAPHIC VIOLENCE

And CLICK. She turns it off.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END