

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE UNIVERSITY  
SCHREYER HONORS COLLEGE

DEPARTMENT OF FILM PRODUCTION

PRESUMPTION OF INNOCENCE  
A Feature-Length Screenplay

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A thesis  
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## ABSTRACT

My thesis was written with the purpose of honing my craft in the screenwriting arts and pushing my writing to excel past unique challenges. While I plan to become a screenwriter in the future, I had never written a feature-length project before this one. With this, I wanted to challenge my screenwriting as well as my planning and organization skills to tell a story that was both entertaining and consistent in a long-form project. Besides pulling brief snippets of inspiration from my own life, I had also never written a screenplay that was based on a true story. The life of Joshua Schulte is an incredibly intriguing one and it was an incredibly rewarding experience to conduct extensive research on his life and attempt to bring him to life on-screen.

I felt that Schulte's complex and nuanced character was both challenging and fascinating to write. I loved attempting to explore his emotional volatility and ascertain how a relatively average man is pushed to extremes after withstanding perceived mistreatment from his peers. I made sure to pull inspiration from existing films like *Nightcrawler* (2014), *The Wolf of Wall Street* (2013), and *The Informant!* (2009), all of which explore complex, unlikeable male protagonists in-depth and turn a critical eye to the often apathetic and male-dominated nature of postmodern society. Additionally, Schulte's background in cyber-intelligence was completely unfamiliar to me; while it was certainly a bit of a challenge to include terminology and technology that I had previously never heard of before to make the story feel more realistic, I enjoyed learning about a new field and exploring a new genre for my writing.

Overall, while writing this thesis presented me with a lot of unique challenges and 'firsts', I am incredibly proud of the finished product and am grateful for the opportunity to graduate with a feature-length script such as this in my repertoire.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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**TABLE OF CONTENTS**

ABSTRACT.....	ii
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.....	iii
SCENE 1.....	1
SCENE 2.....	1
SCENE 3.....	2
SCENE 4.....	2
SCENE 5.....	2
SCENE 6.....	2
SCENE 7.....	2
SCENE 8.....	3
SCENE 9.....	3
SCENE 10.....	3
SCENE 11.....	3
SCENE 12.....	3
SCENE 13.....	4
SCENE 14.....	5
SCENE 15.....	5
SCENE 16.....	5
SCENE 17.....	5
SCENE 18.....	6
SCENE 19.....	7
SCENE 20.....	8

SCENE 21.....	10
SCENE 22.....	10
SCENE 23.....	11
SCENE 24.....	11
SCENE 25.....	12
SCENE 26.....	12
SCENE 27.....	13
SCENE 28.....	13
SCENE 29.....	14
SCENE 30.....	14
SCENE 31.....	14
SCENE 32.....	14
SCENE 33.....	15
SCENE 34.....	16
SCENE 35.....	16
SCENE 36.....	16
SCENE 37.....	17
SCENE 38.....	17
SCENE 39.....	17
SCENE 40.....	17
SCENE 41.....	17
SCENE 42.....	17
SCENE 43.....	18

SCENE 44.....	19
SCENE 45.....	21
SCENE 46.....	24
SCENE 47.....	24
SCENE 48.....	26
SCENE 49.....	30
SCENE 50.....	30
SCENE 51.....	31
SCENE 52.....	33
SCENE 53.....	36
SCENE 54.....	37
SCENE 55.....	37
SCENE 56.....	39
SCENE 57.....	41
SCENE 58.....	43
SCENE 59.....	43
SCENE 60.....	43
SCENE 61.....	44
SCENE 62.....	43
SCENE 63.....	45
SCENE 64.....	46
SCENE 65.....	46
SCENE 66.....	47

SCENE 67.....	49
SCENE 68.....	49
SCENE 69.....	50
SCENE 70.....	50
SCENE 71.....	51
SCENE 72.....	52
SCENE 73.....	54
SCENE 74.....	55
SCENE 75.....	55
SCENE 76.....	56
SCENE 77.....	57
SCENE 78.....	59
SCENE 79.....	61
SCENE 80.....	61
SCENE 81.....	61
SCENE 82.....	61
SCENE 83.....	62
SCENE 84.....	62
SCENE 85.....	63
SCENE 86.....	66
SCENE 87.....	66
SCENE 88.....	67
SCENE 89.....	72

SCENE 90.....	72
SCENE 91.....	73
SCENE 92.....	73
SCENE 93.....	73
SCENE 94.....	74
SCENE 95.....	75
SCENE 96.....	76
SCENE 97.....	76
SCENE 98.....	76
SCENE 99.....	77
SCENE 100.....	78
SCENE 101.....	78
SCENE 102.....	79
SCENE 103.....	79
SCENE 104.....	80
SCENE 105.....	81
SCENE 106.....	81
SCENE 107.....	81
SCENE 108.....	82
SCENE 109.....	86
SCENE 110.....	88
SCENE 111.....	91
SCENE 112.....	92



SCENE 113.....	94
SCENE 114.....	96
SCENE 115.....	97
SCENE 116.....	99
REFERENCES.....	101
ACADEMIC VITA.....	105

PRESUMPTION OF INNOCENCE

Written by

Paige Taylor

Based on a true story

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE, 34, sits calmly and speaks to an unknown figure. As we zoom out from his face, we begin to take in the details of the scene. From the simple gray room, the orange jumpsuit, and the metal table to which Joshua is handcuffed, it is slowly revealed that he is in a correctional facility. He speaks in an even, intelligent tone.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Since I was a little kid, I knew that I wanted to be a CIA agent. Well, not exactly an *agent per se*, but I knew that I wanted to help my country. With my build, I knew pretty quickly that the Army wasn't really in the cards for me. But I still wanted to do my part and make a difference. Then in elementary school I had this science teacher. One day, he took apart a whole computer in front of the class and put it back together again. I couldn't believe it--a whole universe in a couple of wires and lines of code. From then on, I was hooked. My whole life was computers. All through middle school, I jumped at every chance I could to learn more about them. In high school, I started building my own. Then, I got involved in cyber security in college and never looked back. You know, the United States is one of the greatest places in the world. We're all about independence, democracy, freedom--powerful and *important* things. The kinds of things that deserve to be protected. But even so, we're plagued with mass incarceration, wealth inequality, starvation, poverty...I never understood that. I thought that if I got involved and worked hard I could really try to fix things. Change it all for the better. (beat.) Then, I grew up.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY.

Washington, D.C. CIA headquarters. CORPORATE DRONES make their

way to their respective office buildings with slack-jawed expressions and loosely-gripped coffee cups. Joshua is one of them, but his eyes hint at intelligence and a spark of something more. He marches through the front door of the OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - SECURITY LINE. DAY.

Joshua takes his spot in the security line. SECURITY DETAIL scans badges, checks IDs, and pats down employees with an intense, near-excessive level of seriousness. The employees stare vacantly forward and pay no mind. Joshua makes eye contact with an OFFICER as he hands her his ID. He nods.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - ELEVATOR. DAY.

Joshua scans his badge to use the elevator. He enters, cramming himself between a crowd of EMPLOYEES that look almost exactly like him.

CUE MONTAGE:

--Fast shots of high-tech equipment. Circuit boards, massive surveillance monitors, server rooms, lines of code. Spies in the twenty-first century.

JOSHUA SCHULTE (V.O.)

The life of a CIA hacker is a dangerous one. Every day on the job is full of compromising foreign security systems...

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. NIGHT.

--A CIA EMPLOYEE dramatically pressing a button in front of a comically large computer monitor.

CUT TO:

INT. UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

--Two FOREIGN GOVERNMENT AGENTS staring in bewilderment as their surveillance cameras are disabled one-by-one.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - OFFICE. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE (V.O.) CONT'D

...creating firmware to protect the U.S. from attacks...

--A group of CIA AGENTS debating feverishly over a whiteboard scribbled with hopelessly complicated equations.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - UNKNOWN. DAY.

--A focused CIA AGENT soldering a circuit board, sparks flying.

INT. UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS. - HALLWAY. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE (V.O.) CONT'D  
 ...andsometimesevenseeking*physical*  
*access.*

--An UNDERCOVER AGENT posed as a slightly suspicious security guard standing outside of an office.

INT. UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE. DAY.

--A CIA AGENT checking the door frequently while uploading top secret files to a small THUMB DRIVE.

INT. UNKNOWN GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY. DAY.

--The CIA agent walks down a hallway and shakes hands with another UNDERCOVER AGENT. The agent walks away inconspicuously, thumb drive concealed between his fingers.

JOSHUA SCHULTE (V.O.)  
 Being a CIA agent is not for the faint of heart. But the work we did was *important*. And we took it all very seriously to make sure the country was protected, even from the shadows.

END MONTAGE.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Josh exits the elevator and steps out onto the OSB floor. Various AGENTS and EMPLOYEES stroll around the "Severance-esque" office space and work diligently in their cubicles. Josh strolls down the aisle and arrives at his--

CUBICLE

--and engages in an elaborate handshake with his cubicle neighbor and good friend, MICHAEL. Late-20s, on the nerdier side but

likable. Michael beams.

MICHAEL

There he is! Man of the hour.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah? Why's that?

MICHAEL

Man, don't act like you don't know. Karen's been singing your praises all morning. How in the hell did you break past that firewall?

Josh shrugs, fake humble.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Oh, you know. Just a little bit of code, a lot of luck, and a...Trojan horse.

MICHAEL

Woah, a *Trojan horse*?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah, well...takes a thief to catch a thief, right?

MICHAEL

Right on. I'll tell you, one of these days, it's gonna be you in Karen's office.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah, yeah. One thing at a time. And right now this thing is files. So...so many files.

MICHAEL

Ain't that the truth. God speed, soldier.

They fist bump--complete with explosion--across the cubicle aisle. Josh cracks his knuckles and locks in. We see a whirlwind of files, reports, and codes flash across Josh's desk and computer screen. Josh is at once intensely concentrated and at peace.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

An OSB supervisor, SEAN, 30s, eagerly climbing the corporate

ladder, explains lines of code animatedly to a conference room of AGENTS that hang onto his every word. Josh is among them, eyes sparkling.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Sean shifts uncomfortably in his chair. He appears to be mid-interview.

SEAN

Well...yeah... don't get me wrong, the work we do is very important. In a digital world like this, op-sec is becoming more and more critical every day. Some of the stuff Josh was working on..jeez, just brilliant. But...in the office, we tended to keep things pretty...light?

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

FRANK, 60s, a weathered OSB supervisor. His demeanor suggests many sleepless nights and headache-inducing conversations in his recent past.

FRANK

The work these boys do can get very intense. We wanted to promote a positive work environment to offset that. We were known more as the social branch. Like a...

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

SEAN

The office was kind of like...well, like..

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

KAREN, 40s, OSB supervisor. Radiates the air of a mother tired of cleaning up messes.

KAREN

It was a frat house. A frat house full of nerds.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - DAY.

As the elevator doors open and Josh steps onto the OSB floor, two AGENTS fly past him. They chase each other across the office, roaring with laughter. SIX--mid 20s, tall, lanky and generally up to no good--ducks behind a cubicle wall and fires a rubber band at the other.

TOP DOG winces. Late 20s, tan with a medium build, generally well liked but deceptively so. Has that "poster boy" smile that is dripping with exceptionalism.

TOP DOG

Ow! I'll get you for that one, dipshit.

Top Dog charges Six and holds him in a headlock. Six doubles over in laughter.

SIX

Ahh, fuck, okay okay!! Uncle, dude, uncle. Let's call it even, alright?

Top Dog refuses to relent.

TOP DOG

Not until you admit it.

SIX

Ugh.

TOP DOG

Say it.

Top Dog pulls tighter and Six yelps, grinning.

SIX

Fine, fine. Your text coding is better.

Top Dog relents and the two agents shake hands in mock diplomacy.

SIX

...even though that's not what your mom said last night.

TOP DOG

Oh, Six, you fucking--

He laughs and runs away before Top Dog can catch him.



INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - OFFICE. DAY - CONTINUOUS

Six zooms past Karen and spills some of the contents of her coffee onto her pristine white shirt. Top Dog clocks this and hides behind a corner. Karen swears under her breath.

KAREN

*God, Matarazzo, seriously?*

Six sucks his teeth and grins sheepishly.

SIX

*Yikes. Sorry, boss. They say that ombre is, like, in now though...right?*

KAREN

*We talked about this, didn't we? I don't know how many times I can keep--*

SIX

*Well, yeah, but in my defense, I--*

She holds up a hand and drags the other through her hair exasperatedly. He slowly trails off.

KAREN

*Agent, just spare me the headache. DeLowry from Floor 3 is coming by later this afternoon. Just *please* try to act like a professional today. Normal walking speed in the office. No catapulting office supplies. No...whatever the fuck it is you spend your time doing here. Just *work*. Do you think you could do that for me today? *Please?**

SIX

*(guilty)*

*Yes, mom.*

KAREN

*And I told you to stop calling me that.*

SIX

*Yes...sir?*

Just then, BONNIE STITH, late 50s, fiercely independent, no-nonsense, pokes her head out from her office behind them.

BONNIE

Karen?

Karen blanches and turns around slowly to face her boss. Bonnie clocks the coffee stain forming on her shirt.

BONNIE

My office.

Her head disappears behind the door. Six lets out a low whistle and disappears into his cubicle. Karen attempts to smooth out her shirt--to no avail. Defeated, she shuffles into Bonnie's office.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - BONNIE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Karen enters the sparsely decorated office and takes a seat across from Bonnie, guilty. Bonnie paces around her office, thoughtfully gazing out the window.

KAREN

(exasperated)

Sorry about that, Bonnie. Six is just--

BONNIE

Six?

KAREN

I mean, um, Agent Matarazzo. The boys like to use codenames to--

BONNIE

Karen, how long have you been overseeing this department?

KAREN

Er, about a year.

BONNIE

Right. And in the past year, how many times have I called you here to discuss complaints about the, ah... "boys"?

Karen attempts to count on her fingers.

BONNIE

Seventeen. Seventeen complaints.

KAREN

...Seventeen...Right. I know things haven't been...perfect, ma'am, but I think with a few more months I can really get through to--

Bonnie holds up a hand and Karen stops speaking immediately. Bonnie crosses and takes a seat at her desk. Karen blanches.

BONNIE

Look, Agent. You've got heart, I'll give you that. And the coding from this department is turning the right heads upstairs. But I can't keep getting these complaints. Nerf guns, shaving cream...we're the CIA, for God's sake.

KAREN

I know. I'll talk to the boys again this week and see if I can--

BONNIE

That's the problem. They're not your "boys", Karen--they're your employees. Word to the wise, I didn't get to where I am now by playing house. The men in this line of work will walk all over you if you let them. You've got to show them you're serious. Otherwise, you'll get stuck cleaning up their messes forever.

KAREN

You're absolutely right, ma'am.

BONNIE

I better be. Quarterly review is coming up soon. I'd rather not have complaint number eighteen before then. Tread lightly, Agent.

Bonnie picks up her phone and waves Karen away.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - BATHROOM. DAY - MOMENTS LATER.

Karen desperately scrubs at her coffee-stained blouse over the sink. She looks at her frazzled reflection in the mirror and sighs

heavily before putting a sweater on.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Josh makes his way to his desk. As he walks, we take in the rest of the office. AGENTS are making paper planes, writing complex lines of codes on whiteboards, and balancing stacks of Post-Its on top of each other. A "Google-esque" atmosphere in a drab corporate setting. Josh skirts past the chaos and finds refuge at his desk. The cubicle is meticulously well-kept and sparse in decorations, save for a Boba Fett bobblehead and a shiny custom nameplate reading "BAD ASS". As he takes a deep breath and prepares to get to work, a stray rubber band hits him square in the jaw. He swears and stands up abruptly, searching for the culprit.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

HEY! For fuck's sake Michael, it's 9 o'clock in the morning.

MICHAEL

Terrorism waits for *no man*, Josh. Plus, these rubber bands aren't gonna fire themselves!

Michael winds up another attack, but Josh shoots him a death glare and he backs off. Josh stomps off to the break room. The agents clock this and exchange *oooooohs* like they angered the school principal.

TOP DOG

Uh ohhhh, Voldemort's mobile. And he looks pissed.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Cut it out, Top Dog. And I *told* you--my nickname is Bad Ass.

ANGEL

(under his breath)  
More like Bald Ass.

The agents snicker and Josh pretends not to hear it.

TRAIN TRACKS

But that's not how it works, Voldemort. The nickname chooses the wizard, you

know.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I don't even understand why we need them  
in the first place. Some people are  
*actually* trying to work in here.

Top Dog rolls his eyes as Josh disappears into the break room.  
Six stands up with mock seriousness, imitating Josh.

SIX

That's right, men. Vold--I mean,  
*Josh*--is onto something. We've got  
some *actual* work to do. I propose we  
sit at our *actual desks*, slam out some  
*actual code*, and be boring as fuck while  
we *actually* do it. Whaddya say, men?

Someone fires a rubber band at him.

SIX

(mock anger)  
*Who did that?!?!*

The office erupts in laughter. Michael shifts uncomfortably. The  
laughter echoes as we see Josh in the break room, who scoffs with  
indifference. But just for a second, we see a small crack in the  
armor--a hint of insecurity.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

KAREN

Rubber bands, inside jokes, Nerf guns,  
you name it. But their favorite was  
nicknames.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

TOP DOG

Well, I'm Top Dog, obviously.

He smiles confidently as if posing for a photo. After no response,  
he laughs a little awkwardly.

TOP DOG

But uh, there was--

CUT TO:

CUE MONTAGE:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Various CIA AGENTS smiling and goofing off.

SUPER: TRAIN TRACKS

TOP DOG (V.O.)

Train Tracks. Because of the braces.

TRAIN TRACKS, late 30s with the early stages of male-pattern baldness. He beams and we see a set of adult braces.

INT. SKIP'S APARTMENT. DAY.

TOP DOG (V.O.) CONT'D

Six, short for Eighty-Six. He was always calling off work for some bullshit reason.

SUPER: SIX

Six focuses on an intense round of Call of Duty, cell phone pressed to one cheek.

SIX

Yeah, so sorry boss, but I'm having a real bad case of--

He coughs and glances at his nearby laptop screen, squinting.

SIX

Fy-bro-my-al-gee-ah? Yeah, crazy flare-up outta nowhere. I think I should probably do the right thing and take it eas--FUCK!!

He slams buttons on his controller.

SIX

Yeah, yeah, totally fine, sorry. Just the uh...pain..y' know? So...chronic. Thanks for understanding. See you Monday.

He hangs up the phone.

SIX

Yessss.

He dies in his video game and throws the controller.

SIX

Oh, COME ON!

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - BREAK ROOM. DAY.

SUPER: DICK MOVE

DICK MOVE, 40s male with a heavier build. Cheery, fatherly disposition. He stacks TUPPERWARE CONTAINERS in the break room fridge while humming to himself.

TOP DOG (V.O.)

Dick Move, because one time he brought a bunch of food into the office and didn't share it with anyone.

When he closes the fridge door, he sees five agents looking at him with arms crossed. He blanches.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

SUPER: DB

DB, scrawny, freshly a college graduate (20s), radiates intelligence, types furiously on his computer. Three agents look over his shoulder in complete awe.

TOP DOG (V.O.)

There's DB, short for Data Breach. That kid can crack through security systems faster than anyone I've ever seen.

DB hits enter with a flourish and the crowd cheers. He grins.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

SUPER: ANGEL

ANGEL, early 30s male, very Italian. Looks like he exists only in wife-beaters on his days off. He grins at the camera dead-on like a criminal who knows he got away with something.

TOP DOG (V.O.) CONT'D

Angel, because...well, you don't wanna know about that one.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

SUPER: VOLDEMORT

Josh's face, serious.

TOP DOG (V.O.) CONT'D  
Aaaand Josh was Voldemort.

END MONTAGE.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

FRANK STEDMAN

Look, there's nothing wrong with a little workplace fun. Sure, things could get a bit...boisterous, at times, but that's just how it was. These days, there's a lot more *sensitivity*. Back when *I* was on the floor, we used to--(chuckles) Well, anyway. Point is, somewhere down the line, people started acting like a bit of fun was a bad thing. But we all had a good time--even Josh! ...Mostly.

INT. LOCAL BAR. NIGHT.

Josh drinks with his coworkers in a booth at the local bar. Everyone is laughing and having a great time--Josh included.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

(mid-story)

...and so I said, "Try turning it off and on again!"

His audience erupts in laughter. Michael wipes tears from his eyes.

MICHAEL

Dude, there is *no way* that you said that.

Top Dog chuckles.

TOP DOG

Well, if that's true, then you're definitely cooler than I thought you were, *Josh*.



They clink beers and Josh smiles. Angel looks at his watch.

ANGEL

Oh, would you look at the time. Hey Top Dog, don't you think it's--

TOP DOG

Oh, I think it's *gotta* be--

TOP DOG

Karaoke o'clock!

ANGEL

Karaoke o'clock!

INT. LOCAL BAR. NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The gang is crowded around a small karaoke stage. Top Dog nails his solo in "Livin' On a Prayer" and the bar erupts in applause. He bows dramatically and pretends to catch flowers from the audience. He downs the rest of his beer and motions for Josh to take the stage. He laughs uncertainly.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Ohhh no, I don't think I--

TOP DOG

Yes. I just *know* you wanna sing from the heart right now.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I'm an awful singer, and I--

ANGEL

Boooooo!

Top Dog waves Angel away.

TOP DOG

Who cares? Come on man, it'll be fun. Promise.

He looks up at Top Dog, trusting. He takes his hand.

CUT TO:

Josh is poorly performing a rendition of *Escape (The Piña Colada Song)*. Someone is recording it on his phone and the agents conceal their laughter. Josh's confidence falters. He looks for Top Dog,

who is grinning next to the cameraman. Josh's expression hardens.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - OFFICE. DAY.

MICHAEL

Oh come on, Josh wasn't *that* bad. So he had some rough edges--who doesn't? We were pretty good friends, actually. What's important is he's a *good* guy. If you really needed him, he'd be there. When my cat got ran over by that semi-, he was the only one from the office who checked up on me.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE. DAY.

We see a dejected, tear-stained Michael in pajamas shuffling to the door. He opens it to find Josh, Funyuns and Xbox game in hand. He shrugs and grins. Michael snuffles and smiles back. The two play video games on the couch, Michael wrapped in a blanket and surrounded by tissues and pictures of his cat, MITTENS.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Michael stares mournfully at a picture of the deceased cat in his wallet.

MICHAEL

You don't forget something like that. Especially when it's about Mittens. Best goddamn cat I ever had.

He suddenly looks up, wide-eyed.

MICHAEL

Don't tell Socks I said that.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

KAREN

It was a bit of a corporate headache in there at times. But at the end of the day, these agents did good work. Josh, especially. He was one of the most loyal, hard-working employees we've had ever had. (beat). That is, until...

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

FRANK STEDMAN

Amol.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

ANGEL

Amol.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

TOP DOG

Amol.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Karen drags a hand over her face.

KAREN

...Amol.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

AMOL steps out of the OSB elevator. Mid-30s, heavier build, buttoned-up and lightly insecure. He takes in the office and spots Josh who waves good-naturedly.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Hey, you're the new recruit, right?  
Aaron?

AMOL

...Amol.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Amol. Name's Josh. Welcome to the CIA.

They shake hands and exchange smiles.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

C'mon, I'll show you around.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - "WAR ROOM". DAY.

Josh shows Amol the "War Room", where a couple of AGENTS are hard at work creating malware codes.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

This here's the "War Room". This is where we come up with our nastiest bits of code. Malware, exploits, you name it. Hey, Major, how's progress on Almost Meat?

Amol nods and writes this down on a small NOTEPAD. MAJOR, yet another average male, sighs at Josh exasperatedly.

MAJOR

Slow as always. These parameters are a real bitch.

AMOL

Almost...Meat?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

We make sure to give our malware code names so they can't be deciphered if they're intercepted.

Amol nods again and writes this down.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

You'll be working on Brutal Kangaroo with me, but we've also got Almost Meat, Anger Quake, Wild Turkey, and, my personal favorite, McNugget.

AMOL

(scoffs)

McNugget?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

That one's deadly. It might sound like good fun, Amol, but this stuff is no joke. Remember that.

Amol nods gravely.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Amol follows Josh around, scribbling in his notepad. Angel pokes his head up from his cubicle.

ANGEL

Ooh, fresh blood!

Angel does a poor Dracula impression.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
...right. That's Angel.

AMOL  
Angel?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Malware exploits aren't the only  
things with nicknames around here.  
Maybe you'll get one someday--if  
you're lucky.

AMOL  
Hi, Angel.

Angel narrows his eyes and snatches Amol's notepad.

AMOL  
Hey!

ANGEL  
(reading)  
Malware encryption..botnets..  
DDoS... Boringgg! Jesus, what is this  
guy teaching you?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
I'm teaching him our *jobs*, dumbass.

ANGEL  
(ignoring Josh)  
Here's what you need to know, freshie.  
Don't be dumb and come in ready to fight  
the good fight everyday. Keep your head  
down and you'll stay above water.

Angel tosses the notepad back to Amol. He catches it and nods.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Thank you for that, uh, informative  
insight into the CIA. Let's move on with  
the next part of the tour.

AMOL  
(extending hand)  
It was nice to meet you, Angel.

Angel regards the request for handshake with disdain.

ANGEL

What the fuck is that?

AMOL

I-I just was saying it's nice to meet you.

Angel takes his hand and shakes it fervently, mocking him.

ANGEL

Oh, yes, it's very nice to meet you, sir. We're happy to have such a *professional* like you join our team. Maybe later we can swap business cards and blow each other in the break room. (laughs)

AMOL

Wh--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Don't listen to him. For some reason his idea of a "proper greeting" is a chest bump and a pack of Mavericks.

ANGEL

I mean...if you're offering.

Josh rolls his eyes and leads Amol to another spot in the office.

INT. OSB OFFICE. DAY.

Josh points authoritatively to his computer screen while Amol nods and scribbles in his notepad.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

This here is our database. It's a bit hard to navigate at first, but I'm sure you'll get used to it. If you get stuck you can always ask me for h-

Suddenly, a NERF DART flies through the air and hits Amol in the back of the neck. He gasps and flinches reflexively. Laughter echoes throughout the office.

TOP DOG

Hey, Train Tracks, no firing at the new recruits!

TrainTracks snickers and holsters his neon weapon. He slips around a corner back to his domain. Top Dog leans on Amol's desk.

TOP DOG  
 Sorry about that, soldier. Casualties of war. And you are?

Amol looks up at him uncertainly.

AMOL  
 Uh, my name's--

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
 He's Amol, I'm Josh, and we're pretty busy. Would you mind coming back a little later, Top Dog?

Top Dog rolls his eyes, mischief glinting.

TOP DOG  
 Don't mind this one, AWOL. He's always been a bit of a hard ass. That's why we call him Voldemort.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
 (shocked re: new nickname)  
 AWOL??

AMOL  
 ...Voldemort?

TOP DOG  
 (whispering)  
 It's also because he's a little lacking in the hair department.

Josh's face turns beet red.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
 Enough! We have some serious onboarding to get through, so you and...AWOL...can catch up later.

Top Dog shrugs and strolls back to his desk.

TOP DOG  
 Whatever. AWOL, you just let me know when you're done being bored to death and I'll show you some *real* frontline

action.

Josh sighs deeply and types on his keyboard. Amol turns to watch Top Dog go and notices that he subtly beckons him to follow before slipping around a corner. Amol turns back to Josh, curiosity and temptation written across his face. After a moment, he says--

AMOL

Hey, Josh, I'm gonna run to the bathroom real quick.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

That's fine. Hurry back, though--next up we're talking data breaches.

Amol nods then briskly turns the corner. Top Dog whispers inches from Amol's face with mock crazed intensity.

TOP DOG

I knew I saw guts in you, soldier. It's time to take out the enemy. You know what to do.

Top Dog hands Amol the Nerf gun, over-the-top with it. Amol peers at the gun with uncertainty.

AMOL

Uh...are you sure that's a good idea?

Top Dog drops his act and looks at Amol, disappointed.

TOP DOG

C'mon, man. Are you gonna shoot him or what? It's your first day here--you don't wanna end up with a bad nickname like Gun Shy or Pussy or something. What's it gonna be?

Amol looks at Top Dog with the insecurity of someone who has been picked last for kickball before. He hardens his resolve and picks up the Nerf gun.

Amol and Top Dog peer around the corner like spies. Amol aims the gun, finger trembling, and--

--THUNK! The foam bullet crashes into the rim of Josh's PLASTIC COFFEE CUP and sends it toppling onto his desk. Top Dog bursts out with surprised laughter. Josh uprights the cup before significant damage can be done. Seeing red, he hurls the coffee



cup at Amol. It strikes him in the arm and the remaining coffee burns him slightly.

AMOL  
Ow! What the fuck?!

Top Dog, suddenly serious, steps out from behind the corner.

TOP DOG  
Woah, Voldemort, cool it. AWOL, are you okay?

AMOL  
I'm fine. I just didn't know we were going with the fucking nuclear option here.

Suddenly, Top Dog's face lights up.

TOP DOG  
Dude! *Nuclear Option!* Now *that's* a nickname!

AMOL  
(confused)  
For me?

TOP DOG  
Nah, man, for this absolute H-bomb of bad temper over here. You hear that, Nuclear Option? You just got upgraded. Nice one, AWOL.

Top Dog claps Amol on the back. Amol's eyes gleam with approval--and hunger for more of it. Josh clocks this and shifts uncomfortably.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
...Well, if you're done playing Rambo in the office, we still have some work to get through.

TOP DOG  
You know, AWOL, me and some of the guys in the office are going out for lunch in a few. Come with?

AMOL  
Really?

TOP DOG

Fuck it, why not. After the shit you pulled today, we could use a sharpshooter in our crew.

Amol beams and follows behind Top Dog like a puppy. He glances back at Josh with a hint of remorse that quickly hardens into impassive resolve. Josh watches them leave, enclosed by his cubicle.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Top Dog shifts uncomfortably, tapping his hands on the table.

TOP DOG

From then on, things got a little more...hostile in the office.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. WAR ROOM. DAY.

Amol and Josh are arguing over a laptop. Train Tracks and Six look on sheepishly.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I don't understand why this is even an argument. It's simple lines of code!

AMOL

Right, it's simple. So I'm not sure why you're still acting like an idiot.

Amol shoves the laptop up to Josh's nose.

AMOL

Look. You have all of these bullshit programs running for different types of data analysis. This one's checking for what kinds of commands are being run, this one's checking for how many...it's chaos. If you use a SIEM, they're all streamlined in one place. Everything's checked at once and we can spend time and resources on things that actually matter. Is that enough explanation or do you need me to dumb it down even more for you?

TRAIN TRACKS

*Ohhhhh!* Damn, AWOL, you got skills.

Josh shifts in his seat uncomfortably.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I still think we should keep things the way they are. We haven't had issues with log analysis before and there's no reason to change it.

SIX

But Josh, this is so much faster! If we--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

No! I've been the head on Brutal Kangaroo for years, and he can't just--

AMOL

Oh, so *that's* what this is about?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

N-no. This isn't--I just think you're coming in here with a lot of demands and I don't know if--

Just then, Sean walks by and steals a glance at the computer.

SEAN

Wow, a *SIEM*? I've been saying things needed to get more streamlined around here for months.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah, well I--

SEAN

Nice work, Amol.

He claps a hand on Amol's back before leaving.

SIX

Tight! Hey, AWOL, do you think you could take a look at the firewall software on Almost Meat later?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Oh, shit--sorry, Six! I totally forgot you asked me to--

SIX

Yeah, that's okay. I think I'd rather have AWOL look at it, anyway.

Amol grins.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Amol returns from another lunch with Top Dog, casting an angry glance at Josh. He sits down, working diligently and facing away from him. Josh glances over from his work, suspicious.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

How was lunch?

AMOL

(guarded)

Fine.

An awkward silence.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Hey.

Amol ignores him.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Hey!

Amol looks up, mildly irritated.

AMOL

What?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Uh, nothing. I just...wanted to see where you were at on Brutal Kangaroo. Do you need any help navigating our software? I've developed these lines of code before, and I--

Amol scoffs.

AMOL

Yeah, I think I got it. Thanks.

An uncomfortable silence. Josh looks vacantly at his computer. A moment later, he glances at the stack of rubber bands on his desk, mischievous glint in his eye. He picks one up and aims it

towards the ceiling light.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Hey, you wanna see if I can hit the light  
from here?

AMOL  
Um, not really.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
I'll bet you five bucks I could.

Amol sighs and continues typing.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
(under his breath)  
You'd want to if Top Dog asked you.

Amol swivels to face Josh.

AMOL  
What did you just say?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
(backpedaling)  
Nothing, nothing. I just..noticed that  
you seem a little stiff. I try to blow  
off steam at work every now and then,  
y'know? Keeps you sharp.

AMOL  
(smirking)  
That's not what Top Dog said about you.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
What?

AMOL  
Never mind.

Josh scoffs, glowering. He lets the rubber band fly and it smacks  
Amol in the arm.

AMOL  
Hey!!

Josh grins.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Ooooooops.

Amol picks up the rubber band and fires back, this time hitting Josh in the jaw.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Hey, no face shots!

AMOL

Keep your rubber bands to yourself, then. Matter of fact, keep all of your shit to yourself. Your papers are, like, all over my desk.

The corner of a small stack of papers just barely overlaps onto Amol's desk.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Lot of orders coming from someone in their first month here.

AMOL

Just move them, please.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Why should I? They're not bothering anyone.

AMOL

They're bothering *me*.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

It's a free country.

AMOL

Fine. I guess I'm *free* to move them myself, then.

Amol angrily shoves the papers farther onto Josh's desk, toppling the pile.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Hey! Don't fuck with my stuff. This was my space first, and you can't just--

AMOL

I *can't*? I thought it was a free country, *Nuke*.

Josh narrows his eyes and shoves papers farther onto Amol's desk. They push papers and office supplies back and forth, arguing and testing each other, until the cubicle erupts in a flurry of stationery. Just then, Karen walks by and runs a hand through her hair.

KAREN

Boys--I mean, Agents, what is going on here?

AMOL

I was just trying to work and he--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Amol is disrupting my--

KAREN

Nope! Nope! No. My mistake for asking. Pull your shit together, Agents. And clean up this mess, please.

Karen storms away and the two agents glare at each other.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Amol and Josh leave their cubicle at the same time into the incredibly narrow aisle. Josh squints at Amol, and pushes ahead of him. Amol scoffs indignantly and shoves him back. The two of them battle each other for space down the entire length of the aisle. Other AGENTS look on from their desks, snickering.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Move, fatass!

AMOL

Another comment like that and I'll break you like a twig.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I'd like to see you fucking try.

Karen stands at the end of the aisle. After an icy glare from her, the pair stop. Josh generously offers for Amol to go first, then pushes in front of him anyway.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

CUE MONTAGE:

--Josh and Amol writing angrily at their computers.

AMOL (V.O.)

I have had enough of Schulte and his childish behavior. Last night, he shot me in the face with his Nerf gun and it very easily could have hit me in the eye. I have astigmatism and it--

JOSHUA SCHULTE (V.O.)

I believe that Amol should be terminated from working with the CIA. He is very derogatory and abusive to everyone. I think that he--

AMOL (V.O.)

Last night, another incident. Josh told me that he wanted to take my mother's--

JOSHUA SCHULTE (V.O.)

Amol said that he, quote, "wants me to off myself". This sort of rhetoric does little to foster collaboration. It is my opinion that--

--Karen's inbox is inundated with emails from Josh and Amol that keep rolling in. The notifications chime rhythmically. She bangs her head on the desk.

END MONTAGE.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY - LATER.

Amol and Josh stand bickering outside of their cubicle.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Give them back!!

AMOL

I don't know what you're talking about.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I *know* you have them.

Angel walks by, groaning.

ANGEL



Jesus Christ, *what* is it this time?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

He's got my Nerf darts, I know it. I keep a whole stack of them in my desk drawer and they're all missing.

ANGEL

Wait, you're *ammo-less*?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yes, and I bought a whole 36-pack last week.

ANGEL

*Completely* ammo-less.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yes! And I need to--

ANGEL

Don't worry, Nuke. We've got you covered. Hey, Top Dog!

Top Dog pokes his head up. Angel points a finger gun in Josh's direction. Top Dog nods at the signal. He pulls out a large Nerf gun, rapid-firing darts at Josh's head. Josh dives behind a cubicle wall for cover.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Ahh!! C'mon guys, stop it!

Amol laughs and picks up his own gun. A barrage of foam bullets rain down on Josh. He charges Amol and smacks the gun out of his hand. Amol stumbles and Josh picks up the gun, keeping the barrel trained on him.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Where are they.

Amol glares at Josh. Josh fires a Nerf dart into Amol's temple.

AMOL

Ow!

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Where. Are. They.

Amol retreats into their cubicle, hands up in surrender.

AMOL

I'm telling you, I don't have them. I--

Just then, Amol bumps into the corner of his desk. There is a muffled sound of many tiny objects toppling over. Josh narrows his eyes. He shoves Amol aside and scoots the desk out from the cubicle wall. There, he discovers a sizable mound of Nerf darts stashed behind the desk.

AMOL

Uh...those aren't mine.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I know.

Josh calmly stoops down and starts reloading Amol's gun.

AMOL

(warning)

Josh...

Josh says nothing. He retrieves his own Nerf gun and starts reloading it, too. Angel and Top Dog watch from the safety of a nearby cubicle, grinning sadistically.

AMOL

Josh. Back off.

ANGEL

Now might be a good time to, uh...go  
AWOL, AWOL.

Josh clicks the plastic barrel into place and stands perfectly still. Amol's eyes widen. Josh quick-draws and fires two Nerf darts straight into Amol's chest. Amol staggers backward and sprints away. Josh chases him through the office, firing like a madman.

AMOL

Josh, stop!!!

Josh does not seem to hear him. He continues on his war path, knocking innocent COWORKERS out of the way. Papers flutter through the air.

Finally, Josh backs Amol into a corner. He puts his hands up, huffing.

AMOL

Jesus *Christ*, asshole, you made your point. I'm sorry, okay?

Josh hesitates, lowering the Nerf guns. Just then, though, he spots Top Dog observing the interaction. Josh hardens his resolve and fires--**BANG!**

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY - LATER.

Amol has a bag of ice cubes wrapped in a paper towel pressed against his right eye. He winces dramatically. Josh rolls his eyes. Bonnie looks at the two of them with contempt. Karen sits nearby, palms of her hands pressed into her eyes.

BONNIE

I feel as though this has gone too far.

AMOL

I'm sorry, ma'am. All I want is a peaceful work environment, but he--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Absolutely, ma'am. This new employee is fully disrupting the peace of the--

Bonnie holds up a hand and the pair fall silent.

BONNIE

That was not a question. Agents, I would like to try to...broker some sort of...peace, here.

Josh raises his hand. Karen groans.

BONNIE

Yes, Agent Schulte?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Personally, I'm not sure that peace can be brokered as I don't feel safe being in this room right now.

AMOL

Oh, come on, you don't seriously--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

As I have mentioned in my *numerous*

emails to you, my personal safety is--

BONNIE

Yes, yes, your "personal safety is being directly jeopardized." I have read your very...*thorough* communications up to this point. And Amol? How do *you* feel about this situation? Is *your* personal safety being jeopardized?

AMOL

Yes, ma'am. Absolutely.

Josh scoffs and Bonnie sighs disappointedly.

BONNIE

Well, since neither of you feel safe around each other, and being that one of you has already sustained an injury...

Josh goes to interject, but a raised hand and icy look from Bonnie makes him reconsider.

BONNIE

I have no choice but to separate your desks.

The boys both sigh in relief.

BONNIE

And Josh will be re-assigned to another project.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Wait, *what?!*

BONNIE

Yes, I think the best thing for you both is to--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

But Brutal Kangaroo is *my* code. You *know* that.

BONNIE

Brutal Kangaroo is the *CIA's* code, Schulte. While I do appreciate your

contributions around here, I would ask you to remember that you are not the sole player in this team.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
(scoffing)  
I don't believe this.

BONNIE  
Effective immediately. And I would implore you both to remind yourselves of what it is you are doing here in the first place. The CIA is a place of honor, not of immaturity. You have an obligation to your country above all else. If you lose sight of that again, I suggest you find another line of work.

The boys nod grimly.

BONNIE  
Dismissed.

Josh stands up abruptly and storms out of the room. Amol guiltily follows suit.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY - LATER.

Josh packs his belongings into a cardboard box. Michael leans on the wall of his cubicle and watches on, distraught.

MICHAEL  
Three years. Three years you've been my cubicle neighbor.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
We had a good run, didn't we?

MICHAEL  
How can they do this? This has to be illegal or something.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Dude, I'm literally moving two aisles away.

MICHAEL  
Might as well be another planet.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah, well, you have Amol to thank for this one.

MICHAEL

Is it really that bad?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

I mean...like...I know you guys don't like each other or whatever, but I mean, God, moving desks *and* projects? Doesn't that seem like a little much?

Joshua narrows his eyes.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I'm being harassed, Michael. It's not safe for me over here anymore.

Michael scoffs.

MICHAEL

C'mon, man. You don't *actually* believe that do you?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

...Do *you*?

Michael shifts uncomfortably, fidgeting with the frayed edge of his cubicle wall.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Got it.

Josh angrily shuts the cardboard box and turns to leave.

MICHAEL

Wait, Josh! I didn't mean it like that. I just--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Nah, loud and clear, man. Maybe this move will be better for all three of us. I could use a little space, anyway.

Josh pushes past Michael. Michael stares at a framed photo of

Mittens and slumps in defeat.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER - VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

From then on, I was treated like a  
second-rate citizen. By everyone!  
Honestly, it was like I was invisible.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Josh carries a box of his few office belongings to a small, cramped desk in the corner of the office. He blinks in disbelief. Just then, Karen walks by.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Hey, Karen! Karen?

Karen turns around.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I think there might be some sort of  
mistake here. Is this my new desk?

KAREN

Yes?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

But...this is an intern desk.

KAREN

What?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I mean, look at it. It's half the size  
of mine--I mean, my...old one. Why am  
I getting a desk meant for temps and  
newbies?

Karen approaches the desk and circles around it, eyeing it intently.

KAREN

Hmm. That's odd.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

It is, isn't it? I knew that--

KAREN

I don't see any signs on this desk that say, "Intern Desk". Do you?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Wh--well, no, but I--

KAREN  
And unless we've started hiring ghosts, there aren't any interns currently working at this desk, are there?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
No, but I think I--

KAREN  
Then there's no problem here. Enjoy the new scenery, Schulte.

Karen smiles politely and walks away. Josh glowers. He balances the box on the corner of the desk and takes a seat on the old desk chair, testing it out. He procures his "BAD ASS" nameplate and uses the Boba Fett bobblehead to prop it up on the desk. He nods, momentarily satisfied.

Just then, Amol and Angel walk by and snicker. Josh glares at them. He sighs angrily and tucks the nameplate back in the box.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Major stares at a computer blankly. Josh looks bored out of his mind.

MAJOR  
So if we move this line to line 47 and this one to 56...what happens again?

Josh sighs and pushes a singular button on the keyboard. Suddenly, all the lines of code highlighted in red switch to green.

MAJOR  
Ohhhh!!

Just then, Amol and Train Tracks enter the office.

AMOL  
We have a meeting in this room now.

JOSHUA SCHULTE



That's funny. I don't remember seeing anything on the schedule.

AMOL

Well, we have one. So you should go.

MAJOR

Hey, Josh, maybe we should--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Sorry. I don't report to you. No scheduled time, no meeting.

Amol grabs a whiteboard marker. He approaches the conference room calendar and writes, "MEETING NOW, ASSHOLE."

AMOL

Better?

TRAIN TRACKS

C'mon, guys, it's too early for this.

AMOL

Schedule says you have to leave.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I'm not going anywhere.

AMOL

Maybe I should come get Karen to settle this dispute, then. Or even Bonnie--this is really starting to feel like the "immaturity" she was warning you about.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Warning *us* about, asshole.

AMOL

Mmm...warning *you*. You heard what she said--one more slip-up and you're out of a job. You really wanna risk that right now, or can write your cute little ones and zeroes somewhere else in the office?

Josh glares at Amol, but he knows he's been bested.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Let's go, Major.

MAJOR

But don't you wanna--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I said let's go.

Josh shoulders past Amol on his way out. Amol, satisfied, takes a seat at the conference table. Train Tracks eyes him uncertainly.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Top Dog sits in his office chair, reclining casually as if taking a personal call on speaker. Six, Angel, Train Tracks, and DB lean in, concealing their laughter.

TOP DOG

Hi, is this Karen?

KAREN

Yes, speaking.

TOP DOG

This is Jared from Ticketmaster. I just wanted to call and see if you were still interested in claiming your Celine Dion tickets for this evening.

KAREN

Wh-what?

TOP DOG

Yeah, it says here a one...Karen Simons won the Dion to Meet You Sweepstakes and must claim her tickets by no later than...

Top Dog glances at his The Matrix watch, probably from K-Mart. Three PM.

TOP DOG

Three thirty on May 17, 2018, if she would like to attend the event. I am speaking to Ms. Simons, correct?

Karen starts babbling nervously.

KAREN

Oh-oh my god, yes! I can't believe I won! I mean I really-- (laughs) I'll hop on my Ticketmaster account right now and--

Top Dog sucks his teeth.

TOP DOG

Ahh, well you see, ma'am, these tickets can only be claimed in person.

KAREN

Oh, well, I'm at work for the day and I--

TOP DOG

I understand. If you're not interested in accepting them, we can always give the tickets to the next--

KAREN

NO!!! N-no. Sir. I am very, very interested.

TOP DOG

Well, then I suggest you come down to our Virginia office and claim them immediately if you would like to attend the concert. (beat) And meet-and-greet.

Angel suppresses a laugh.

KAREN

D-did you say meet-and-greet? Oh my god. Um, I-I'll be there!!

TOP DOG

Great, ma'am. And as I said, you only have until three-thirty to claim these tickets, so I suggest you leave right away.

KAREN

Right, thank you so much!

Top Dog hangs up the phone and they start hysterically laughing.

They hear rapid footsteps coming down the aisle and frantically shush each other. Karen, disheveled, pokes her head in.

KAREN

Okay, gang, I'm taking a long lunch today. I have a, um, personal emergency that needs immediate tending to. Are you guys gonna be okay on your own?

SIX

Oh, absolutely, Karen. Anything to--

KAREN

Okay great, thanks, see you all later.  
FRANCESCA!!

FRANCESCA, early 20s, assistant, pokes her head up from her desk.

FRANCESCA

Yes, ma'am?

KAREN

Cancel all of my meetings for this afternoon.

FRANCESCA

Even the one with Mr.--

KAREN

YES! All of them. You only get, er, *emergencies* like this once in a lifetime and I'll be *darned* if I'm gonna squander it.

She sprints into the elevator. The agents laugh.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Top Dog hesitates.

TOP DOG

(carefully)

Uh, I do not recall this incident.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Karen laughs unnaturally.

KAREN

Of course that didn't happen.  
Ticketmaster doesn't even *have* a  
Virginia office. (beat) I mean, I  
presume.

She shifts in her chair and clears her throat.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY - FLASHBACK.

Top Dog and the other agents gather around each other in a huddle.

TOP DOG

Alright, team. I give it about...two  
hours before Karen is back in the  
office.

ANGEL

Fight Club.

TRAIN TRACKS

God, not again, Angel. My orthodontist  
was pissed at me last time.

SIX

Okay, guys. First, we get a goldfish.  
Then we--

TRAIN TRACKS

Six, for the last time, we're not  
fucking doing *Wolf of Wall Street*.

SIX

You never let me have any fun.

TOP DOG

Boys, boys. We're thinking way too  
small here. Two *hours* of freedom--the  
world is ours right now. DB? Show them.

DB grins at Top Dog knowingly. He zips open his backpack to reveal:  
a Nintendo Switch console. The agents smile.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Top Dog stands in front of the conference room television like  
a sports announcer.

TOP DOG

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the  
inaugural OSBMarioKartChampionship.  
Let's meet our competitors. Six!!

Six stands and clasps his hands together, waving. The onlooking  
AGENTS applaud for each competitor.

TOP DOG

Angel!!

Angel flexes and kisses his bicep, grinning.

TOP DOG

Amol!!

Amol throws a couple of air punches. Michael quietly boos in the  
back of the crowd.

TOP DOG

And, of course, me.

Top Dog flashes a smile and the crowd applauds harder.

TOP DOG

Alright, gentlemen. Ground rules.  
200CCs, manual only. One race to rule  
them all. We ready?

The competitors nod and Top Dog takes his place.

TOP DOG

Let's fucking do this. 3...2...1...GO!

The game starts and the racers are off. Top Dog--playing as METAL  
MARIO--shoots off in first, with Amol (BOWSER) closely behind.  
Amol slams Angel (DRY BONES) with a red shell almost immediately  
and Six (KOOPA TROOPA) has a false start.

ANGEL

Fuck!

SIX

Fuck!

The four agents soldier on, the rest of the (small) crowd cheering  
them on. It's a tight race, but Amol/Bowser is the ultimate winner.

TOP DOG

Damn!

AMOL  
YES!! I AM THE KING!!!!

SIX  
(laughing)  
Okay, AWOL. A win is a win.

Top Dog returns to his position in the front of the room and gestures for Amol to kneel in front of him. He dramatically places an ornate crown made of Post-Its on top of his head.

TOP DOG  
Yes, yes. It was a tight race, but a fair one all the same. AWOL, I hereby dub thee Crown Champion of the Inaugural OSB Mario Kart Ch--

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
What the fuck are you guys doing in here?

Josh pops his head into the conference room and the crowd freezes as if caught by their older brother.

SIX  
Um...f-firewalling?

Josh eyes Bowser driving a victory lap on the conference room TV and snorts.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Mario Kart?

AMOL  
Why? Is that, like, beneath you or something?

Josh scoffs.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
No. But I do feel like there are slightly more important things to do around here, don't you think?

AMOL  
Maybe you just suck at it.

The audience ooooohs.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

For your information, I fucking rock at it.

TOP DOG

Do I smell a challenger?

AMOL

Nah...he's too chicken, anyway.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

You guys don't seriously think I'm gonna fall for something as stupid as *chicken*, are you?

A beat.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Just give me the fucking controller.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY - LATER.

Josh and Amol are engaged in a head-to-head race on Mario Kart's Rainbow Road track (obviously). The rest of the audience watches on with both concern and fascination as the pair, playing as Amol (Bowser) and Josh (KING BOO), hurl insults at each other.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Oh, you are *sogonna* eat my fucking dust.

AMOL

Says the one who was too pussy to play in the first place. Eat my red shell, bitch.

Bowser sends a red shell hurtling into King Boo and he flips off of the map.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Fuck! Watch your back, asshole. You've been warned.

AMOL

Oh, yeah? Just like you warned me in Bonnie's office?

The room quiets.

JOSHUA SCHULTE



Fuck off, Amol.

AMOL

Oh, I'm *really* scared. Matter of fact, I think my personal safety might be in question.

TOP DOG

C'mon, AWOL, lay off the guy.

AMOL

Why should I? It's about time we said something around here. Someone needs to tell him he's not as special as he thinks he is.

Josh sits silently, eyes glued to the screen. Amol turns his attention to him.

AMOL

What's wrong? Nothing to say?

Josh grins.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Nope.

Just then, King Boo sends a blue shell to Bowser. In the final moments of the race, Bowser blows up and veers off course. King Boo crosses the finish line, victorious. The crowd cheers and Josh grins.

AMOL

FUCK!!

Amol throws his controller down, sending it skidding across the carpet. DB sheepishly picks it up and stashes it in his bag. Top Dog crosses over to Amol like a disappointed parent.

TOP DOG

Amol, you fought valiantly. But in a tried-and-true underdog story, our real winner today is...Bad Ass.

Top Dog removes the crown from Amol's head and places it on Josh's, shaking his hand firmly. The two lock eyes and smile. Amol looks about ready to explode in anger, but suppresses it and smiles warmly. He extends his hand.

AMOL  
Good game, Josh.

Josh turns to face him suspiciously.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Yeah?

AMOL  
Yeah. All's fair in love and Wario,  
right?

Josh smiles and takes his hand. Amol claps a hand on his back before whispering menacingly in his ear.

AMOL  
I wish you were dead, and that's a  
fucking promise.

Josh's face turns white. He breaks away and gives a hasty smile before exiting the conference room.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK. DAY.

Amol rushes to an unknown destination, pursued by a shaky camera crew. He irritably puts a hand up to block his face.

AMOL  
*I told you that I didn't wanna do this.*

A beat. He lowers his hand temporarily and looks at the camera.

AMOL  
But for the record, I never fucking said  
that.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

The office is in a flurry. Agents hurry to and fro between the various cubicles, whispers and giggles flying. Top Dog steps out of the elevator before an incredibly disheveled Karen crashes into him.

KAREN  
*God!!!*

TOP DOG

Sorry, Karen. What's going on around here, anyway?

KAREN

I don't have time to explain this to you right now, Drexler. But somehow...I blame you.

She continues on her way in a huff. Top Dog hovers near Six's cubicle, who grins devilishly up at him.

TOP DOG

What's the status report, Six?

SIX

It's Nuclear Option.

TOP DOG

And?

SIX

He's gone...nuclear.

CUT TO:

INT. VIRGINIA STATE COURT. DAY.

Josh and Amol sit rigidly in their respective chairs on opposite sides of the room. Eventually, Josh takes the podium at the front of the courtroom.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Let me tell you about my new coworker, Amol.

Amol stares daggers at him from his seat--even after a warning nudge from his ATTORNEY.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

The elevator dings and the agents all swivel their heads. Josh exits the elevator, looking slightly smug as he silently takes his place at his desk. Two painfully awkward minutes later, Amol exits the elevator. He makes sure that Josh is seated before making his way to his cubicle, infuriated.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
(calling out)  
Hey, Michael!

Michael pops his head up from the cubicle.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Wanna see a magic trick? I can make  
jackasses disappear.

Josh approaches Michael and Amol's desk. When Josh gets in close range to Amol, Amol stands up and backs away like a cornered animal.

AMOL  
Fuck off, Josh.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Ah, ah, ah. Wouldn't want to be  
too..."hostile" towards each other  
right? Isn't that what the judge said?

Amol keeps backing away from Josh, never taking his eyes off of him. Eventually, Josh banishes Amol to the break room--a bird with clipped wings. Michael applauds and Angel cackles.

INT. BONNIE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Bonnie stares at Karen in bewilderment.

BONNIE  
This is a joke, right? This has got to  
be some sort of joke.

KAREN  
If only.

BONNIE  
CIA agents don't go to the courts,  
Karen. We're the government, for  
fuck's sake.

Karen runs a hand through her hair and sighs heavily.

BONNIE  
You said fifty feet?

KAREN  
15.24 meters.

Bonnie looks at her quizzically.

KAREN

Sorry. My dad and I used to play this game where we'd--

BONNIE

Obviously they can't work together anymore.

KAREN

Right, right, definitely not. What do you suggest?

Bonnie stares at a framed photo of her two SONS on her desk.

BONNIE

They won't like it.

KAREN

Yeah, well...no more messes, right?

The agents shrug, exhausted.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

On one side of the table, Karen, Bonnie, and Frank. On the other, Josh. Royally pissed.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

No.

FRANK STEDMAN

It's...not up for debate, Josh.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

No.

Frank sighs and pushes a small stack of papers towards him--the title reads, "DEPARTMENT RELOCATION REQUEST".

JOSHUA SCHULTE

You can't do this to me. This is insulting. This is...un-American.

Bonnie snorts and covers it by clearing her throat.

BONNIE

Well, Josh, since your, uh, *court*

*visit...*

Bonnie spits out the phrase like a bad word.

BONNIE

...it's not really feasible for you two to work on the same floor anymore.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

So why am *I* the one getting moved?

FRANK STEDMAN

Amol's only been cleared for the work on this floor. To have him do that process all over again seems redundant. Besides, you have enough experience for the both of you. Moving you to another department...it's just the better move.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

So that's it? It's just *convenient* for you? Less paperwork while I sign my rights away?

Karen shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

KAREN

Well, Vo--Schulte, there have also been some...complaints.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Complaints?

KAREN

About your conduct and behavior on the floor. Some of the agents have come forward and said that you're not always...the easiest to work with.

Josh scoffs incredulously.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

*Me?* You think this is *me*? Have you seen the way that Amol treats people in this office?

BONNIE

Josh, we haven't received any

complaints about Amol's behavior.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

...what?

BONNIE

Just about you.

Josh sits rigidly with this information, taking it in. The supervising agents eye him curiously. He looks down and signs the relocation request, a disgusted look on his face. He shoves the papers towards Karen and stands abruptly.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Pleasure working with you.

Josh storms out to the--

MAIN FLOOR

--and to his desk. He silently packs up his belongings into the box stored under his desk and moves to the elevator. Michael watches him close by but Josh ignores his gaze. The agents look on as the elevator doors close.

FADE OUT.

INT. DATA COLLECTION BRANCH. DAY - THE NEXT MONTH.

Somehow, the data collection office looks even more drab than the OSB floor. Josh looks miserable as he clicks monotonously on his computer. The box of his belongings remains unpacked on the desk. On his desktop, he moves a group of folders, to another group of folders, to another group of folders...

Suddenly, an idea forms. He clicks out of his browser and attempts to sign into the OSB software login. His username still works! He clicks the Brutal Kangaroo program, a curious glint in his eye. Suddenly, though, the computer lights up--ACCESS DENIED.

Josh stares at the two words in disbelief. He clicks twice more, receiving the same error. He ponders for a moment before settling on an idea. Josh opens up a new software window on his computer. Lines of green code flash across the screen.

Eventually, through a backdoor program, Josh manages to re-assign himself administrative rights to the project. He types in his login again--ACCESS GRANTED. He grins.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Frank's totally lying about this, by the way. I would never breach the CIA's data system like that.

A beat.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

But I will say, even if I *did*...

CUT TO:

INT. DATA COLLECTION BRANCH. DAY.

Josh sits at his desk scoffing as he scrolls through the Brutal Kangaroo database.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

(under his breath)

A SIEM. Are you fucking kidding me?  
Jesus, what has this agency come to?

He hesitates before discretely removing one line of code from the SIEM commands. The lines turn red.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Let's see you try to take charge *now*,  
dipshit.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY - SAME TIME.

Amol sits in the conference room with Train Tracks, Angel, and DB. He accesses the Brutal Kangaroo software and runs a simple command. Suddenly, the screen turns red. He scoffs angrily and tries again with the same result.

TRAIN TRACKS

What's the problem?

ANGEL

SIEM's all screwy for some reason.

AMOL

It's fine. Probably just a glitch in the code or something.



DB

Do you want me to try to--

AMOL

I got it.

TRAIN TRACKS

Are you sure? Because we could always--

AMOL

*I said I got it.*

He slams a couple of keys. Same result.

AMOL

*Ugh!*

DB peers over Amol's shoulder--very much in his personal space, but he doesn't seem to notice. Amol looks at him before rolling his eyes and scooting over. DB points to the screen at an UNKNOWN USER.

DB

What's that?

Amol hovers his cursor over the profile before it mysteriously disappears. The agents exchange uneasy looks.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Frank sighs heavily.

FRANK STEDMAN

The agency is all about trust. We trust the agents enough to give them access to classified data, and they earn that trust by using the data for the right purpose. When that trust is violated--and when you feel like you can't trust the people you're working with...you're in trouble.

INT. BONNIE'S OFFICE. DAY.

Amol, DB, Train Tracks, and Angel sit in Bonnie's office babbling.

ANGEL

It's gotta be Russia. There's no other explanation. Their unit has been trying to--(ad lib)

AMOL

It's not fucking Russia, dude. Do you know how many security measures we have to--(ad lib)

TRAIN TRACKS

Do you think it's someone on the inside? Oh my god, do we have a *rat*? Like *The Departed*???

(ad lib)

DB

Be serious. This isn't one of those action flicks you guys worship on the weekend. I'm sure it was just a glitch in the system. If we take a look at the data logs on the SIEM I'm sure we can--

Bonnie holds up a hand to silence the agents. To her surprise, it doesn't work.

BONNIE

Agents. Agents. (beat.) *Boys!!*

They stop talking and turn to face Bonnie. She sighs.

BONNIE

Thank you for reporting this. I will consult with the other supervisors and we will discuss next steps with the rest of the team.

ANGEL

That's *it*?? Our country could be in danger and your answer is a team meeting in the conference room?

TRAIN TRACKS

Angel, maybe we--

ANGEL

No, I'm sorry. That's *not* enough. I don't come here and bust my ass every day to up our country's defense just for this to get swept under the rug.

BONNIE

We're not sweeping anything under the rug, Marino. We just need to consider all of the possibilities first before determining a proper course of action.

ANGEL

Do you have any idea who it could be yet?

BONNIE

Not...as of right now.

The agents scoff.

BONNIE

...But as I said, we are on the case and will get back to you as soon as possible. Dismissed.

The agents stand and exit the office, disgruntled.

ANGEL

I'm telling you, it's Russia.

TRAIN TRACKS

*It's not Russia!*

ANGEL

I'm just saying what everyone's thinking, dude! You never know who can be hacking into--(ad lib)

Angel, Amol, and Train Tracks leave the office, but DB lingers. Bonnie looks up at him inquisitively.

BONNIE

Yes, Agent?

DB

Um...I wasn't sure if I should say anything. I didn't wanna get anyone in trouble.

BONNIE

What is it?

DB

After Amol left for lunch, I logged back

onto the SIEM to see if I could fix the coding. When I got back in, the unknown user was there again.

BONNIE

Thank you, Agent. We'll note this in our meeting.

DB

Um...

DB hesitates, then pulls out a crumpled piece of looseleaf from his pocket.

DB

I ran an identification program on the system to see if I could find anything out. And, uh...

Bonnie stares at him expectantly. He quickly extends his hand with the piece of paper, as if he wants nothing to do with it.

DB

It gave me an agent's ID number.

Bonnie stares at the paper, face falling.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

A room that is familiar yet contains an entirely different atmosphere than the scenes before. On one side of the table, Frank, Bonnie, Karen, and an HR REP. On the other side, Josh sits alone, staring at the wall behind their heads. Bonnie's words echo, distant and muffled.

BONNIE

...and in light of this, we have decided to terminate your contract. We'd like to thank you for your contributions to the CIA and wish you luck in your future endeavors.

A beat.

BONNIE

Josh?

Another beat. Josh turns his focus to Bonnie.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

So that's it, then.

FRANK STEDMAN

That's it.

They slide him another stack of papers. This time, ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF TERMINATION. Josh stares at it, uncomprehending. After what feels like an eternity, he picks up the pen and signs his name on the dotted line. Frank stands and extends his hand to shake, but Josh has already left.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

For the first time, we finally see Josh's apartment. A small studio, almost completely devoid of decorations. Little more than a space to sleep. He enters the apartment, not bothering to turn on the lights, and sits at his desk. His face is illuminated by the sinister glow of his laptop screen with an unreadable expression. Finally, he starts typing.

FADE OUT.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

TOP DOG

After Josh left, things were kind of different around the office. Definitely more, ah, corporate.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - CUBICLE. DAY.

Karen sits at her computer, contentedly typing away. She takes a sip from her smoothie and smiles to herself, at peace.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

Michael sits at his computer, typing at a slow, dejected speed. Amol glances over at him.

AMOL

Hey, Michael.

Michael doesn't react.

AMOL

Michael!

He glances over at Amol as he picks up a rubber band.

AMOL

Wanna see if I can hit the light from here?

Michael shakes his head sadly and turns back to his computer. Amol frowns. Suddenly, Angel slinks around the corner. He taps Michael on the shoulder and urges him to follow. Intrigued, he complies. Angel speaks in a hurried whisper.

ANGEL

Dude, have you seen this?

MICHAEL

(loudly)

Seen what?

Angel frantically shushes him.

ANGEL

I was trolling around on WikiLeaks reading about Hacking Team from Italy... (off Michael's look) What? I like their style. Anyway, I found...this.

Angel offers his smartphone and Michael takes it. The color drains from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

FRANK STEDMAN

I guess you've waited long enough, huh?  
Let's talk about what you came here for.

The camera pans to finally show us who has been conducting the interviews: SABRINA SHROFF.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS  
SECURITY BRANCH -  
INTERVIEW ROOM.  
DAY.

Sabrina shifts uncomfortably in the interview chair. She fidgets with her lapel mic.

SABRINA SHROFF

Is this thing on? Sorry, I'm usually on the other side of these things.

She clears her throat.

SABRINA SHROFF

My name is Sabrina Shroff. I'm the defense attorney for Joshua Schulte's case. That is...pretty much all you need to know about me. Back to the story.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Back to interviewing Frank. Sabrina writes in a notepad and looks at Frank intently.

SABRINA SHROFF

Tell us more about Vault 7.

CUE MONTAGE:

--various news segments discussing the Vault 7 leak. Buzz words like, "WikiLeaks data dump...", "bigger data dump than Edward Snowden...", "break into smartphones and even TVs...", "we should just live in a cave with no Internet connection..."

END MONTAGE.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

FRANK STEDMAN

In all my time at the CIA, I had never seen anything like it. 8,761 documents. Months--years of work, exposed.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

MICHAEL

It exposed Anger Quake. It exposed Brutal Kangaroo. It even exposed McNugget!

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

SEAN

It was like a digital Pearl Harbor.

SABRINA SHROFF  
Do you know how many people died in Pearl Harbor?

SEAN  
More than three thousand!

SABRINA SHROFF  
And...how many people have died as a result of Vault 7?

SEAN  
I don't have an answer to that.

SABRINA SHROFF  
...right.

She writes it down anyway.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY.

The office is in chaos. Agents scurry to and from each others desks, some hiding behind the safety of their cubicle walls or yelling obscenities into their desk phones. Papers float through the air. Karen stands in the middle of it all, speechless. At--

TOP DOG'S CUBICLE

--, Top Dog, Michael, Angel, Six, DB, and Train Tracks all talk frantically amongst themselves.

TOP DOG  
What the hell are we gonna do?

TRAIN TRACKS  
They'll probably call in the investigators from floor nine.

ANGEL  
God, what if it's the Russians?

SIX  
It's not the *Russians!*

DB  
It's not the *Russians!*



TOP DOG

Which codes were leaked again?

SIX

Like, all of them. We are so colossally fucked.

TOP DOG

But...which codes specifically, though?

The agents look at him inquisitively. Top Dog hesitates.

TOP DOG

...I don't wanna say it, but I'm pretty sure we're all thinking the same thing right now.

An uncomfortable silence. After a minute, Michael scoffs.

MICHAEL

Come on, guys. You don't seriously think he would be capable of this.

TRAIN TRACKS

I mean, he was pissed when he left the Agency. Like, *really* pissed.

ANGEL

Not to mention all the bullshit last year. You think he wanted to get back at Amol?

SIX

Where is he, anyway?

TRAIN TRACKS

Last I heard, New York.

ANGEL

You think they'll call him in for questioning?

MICHAEL

So, what, he puts the entire country at risk because Amol shot a couple of rubber bands at him? Get real.

DB

I don't know, Michael. He did--

MICHAEL

No, fuck this. You know, Amol's not exactly a saint here, either. You guys should've stuck up for him. But you didn't. And now he's gone.

With this, Top Dog shoots Michael a knowing look.

TOP DOG

Did you?

Another uncomfortable silence. After holding Top Dog's gaze for a minute, Michael storms out of the cubicle.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

After the CIA, things were looking up for me. Naturally, this only lasted for about six months.

He raises his hands up, handcuffs clinking. He puts them back on the table sheepishly.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK. DAY.

SUPER: SIX MONTHS LATER

Josh strolls on the sidewalk, the picture of confidence. He wears a crisp suit and tie and takes in the NYC atmosphere. He pauses in front of the beautiful, towering office building of BLOOMBERG LP.

INT. BLOOMBERG OFFICE. DAY.

Josh steps into the office and takes in the dazzling view. Glass, high ceilings, and sleek modern architecture. Josh accepts a complimentary cup of coffee from the counter and heads into the elevator. Again, the EMPLOYEES all look just like him.

INT. BLOOMBERG OFFICE - SOFTWARE FLOOR. DAY.

Josh taps a simple ID badge on a kiosk and enters the space. Open-concept and full of windows and light, the Bloomberg software floor makes the OSB office look like a jail cell. Josh is immediately greeted by his coworkers with warm smiles.

EMPLOYEE 1

There he is! How goes it, Josh? Fight any terrorists yet today?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

You know me.

EMPLOYEE 2

You gotta tell me what it was like over, man. Did you, like, catch Anonymous over there or something?

Josh grins and shrugs, fake-humble.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I'm not allowed to say.

His coworkers exchange oooooohs.

EMPLOYEE 3

Man, that's so cool. We should call you Agent.

A sad smile.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Nah...I'm not a huge fan of nicknames.

CUT TO:

INT. BLOOMBERG OFFICE - JOSH'S CUBICLE. DAY.

Josh sits at his cubicle and works diligently. His work computer is noticeably nicer. Employee 2 ducks his head into Josh's cubicle.

EMPLOYEE 2

Hey, dude! We're gonna go get lunch in a few. Come with?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Sure! Thanks.

Employee 2 nods and heads on his way. Josh glances at a small photo on his bulletin of him and Michael playing laser tag.

EXT. MANHATTAN SIDEWALK. DAY - SAME TIME.

Josh exits the Bloomberg office with a few COWORKERS and heads to lunch. While on his way, he is stopped by a familiar face--Sean!

Sean laughs incredulously.

SEAN  
I'll be damned. Is that you, Josh?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Hey, Sean, long time no see.

SEAN  
Damn, you clean up nice! New York life  
treating you well?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Yeah, you know. Beats DC.

Sean returns the smile.

SEAN  
...Good. That's really good.

An awkward pause.

SEAN  
Well, hey! I'm about to get lunch over  
on 42nd. Some sandwich joint my cousin  
swears by. Come with?

Josh hesitates, then waves on his coworkers up ahead. He smiles at Sean.

INT. PERSHING SQUARE DINER. DAY - MOMENTS LATER.

A classic New York diner. Josh and Sean eat sandwiches in weighted silence. After a moment, Sean speaks.

SEAN  
So, how's working at Bloomberg? You  
still handling op-sec?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Software engineering.

SEAN  
Ah, I see. Certainly less intense than  
your work at the Agency, huh?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Still important.

SEAN

Right, right. Definitely. And I'm sure  
the pay's better, huh?

Sean laughs. Josh doesn't return it.

SEAN

Well, truth be told, the guys and I sure  
miss seeing you around at the office.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Really?

SEAN

Of course.

A beat.

SEAN

Especially with everything that's  
going on...

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What's going on?

SEAN

I can't exactly go into details...

Joshua nods knowingly, dropping it. A beat.

SEAN

But if I could...I would say that  
there's been a security breach.

Josh stiffens.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

A security breach? What kind?

SEAN

It seems like someone's leaked a lot  
of CIA information onto the Internet.  
WikiLeaks, of all things. Can you  
believe it?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

God, I honestly can't. Who would do  
something like that?

SEAN

No clue. (beat) Do you have any ideas?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What do you mean?

SEAN

I mean, you knew the office inside and out while you were there. Any leads on who would do this?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Not really.

SEAN

You sure? Even off the record?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

There's a record?

SEAN

...of course not. I just mean, you understood the office dynamic as well as anyone. Management is really trying to get ahead of this, so if you have anything...

Josh avoids Sean's gaze, shoving a French fry into his mouth.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I haven't been there for months, Sean.

SEAN

I just know how much the Agency meant to you. And to so many people who work there.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah, well...people have the tendency to surprise you if you don't keep an eye on them.

SEAN

Yeah. I guess they really do. Just...promise you'll give me a call if you think of anything, okay?

Josh nods impassively. Underneath the table, his hands are

shaking. The waiter arrives and drops a check onto the table. Sean offers his card.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Are you sure?

SEAN

Hey, anything for an old friend. Right?

A beat. Weighted silence. The waiter picks up the card and disappears. Josh stands and Sean holds his gaze intensely.

SEAN

It was *really* great to see you, Josh.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Likewise.

SEAN

Maybe we'll see each other again soon.

Josh smiles at him, but his eyes indicate something much more complicated.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah. Maybe.

Josh stands and Sean offers his hand. Josh hesitates, then takes it. He leaves the cafe. After he's gone, we see Sean glance at a nearby PATRON. He sits with a briefcase in his lap. He gives a curt nod and Sean returns it. We see various PATRONS around the cafe, also holding briefcases. Inside the cases, we hear the subtle whirring of recording devices. Sean stares at the patrons, a grave expression on his face.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT - LATER.

Josh steps into his apartment in a flurry. He whips out his laptop and starts typing rapidly into the search engine, biting a fingernail.

INT. BLOOMBERG BUILDINGS. DAY - THE NEXT DAY.

Josh enters work, confidence from earlier faltering. He psychs himself up on the elevator before arriving on the--

SOFTWARE FLOOR.

Josh heads to his desk and buries himself in work. In the cubicle

next to him, he hears faint whispers. He cranes his neck to listen.

EMPLOYEE 2  
(whispering)  
Can you believe he actually came to  
*work*?

EMPLOYEE 1  
(whispering)  
I mean, they didn't technically find  
him *guilty* of anything yet, right?

EMPLOYEE 3  
(whispering)  
Well, yeah, but...I mean, come on. Have  
you *met* the guy?

The employees snicker. Josh's face reddens. He stands up abruptly  
and travels to the cubicle, where the whispers cease immediately.

EMPLOYEE 1  
(obviously guilty)  
..h-hey Josh! How goes it?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Do you have something you wanna say to  
me?

EMPLOYEE 2  
What? What do you mean?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
You know exactly what I mean.

EMPLOYEE 3  
(steely)  
No, Josh, I don't think we do. Can you  
explain it to us?

Josh stands there, silent. Employee 1 shifts uncomfortably.

EMPLOYEE 1  
Well, uh, I'm gonna head to the break  
room. Get myself a coffee.

EMPLOYEE 2  
Yeah, good idea.

EMPLOYEE 3



I'll come with.

The three employees make a hasty exit towards the break room. Employee 2 hesitates.

EMPLOYEE 2

It was, uh, good to see you, Josh.

Josh stares back at him, expressionless.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Funny, everyone seems to keep saying that to me.

Employee 2 laughs awkwardly and gets the hell out of there.

INT. UPSCALE NEW YORK RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Josh is out to dinner with his parents, DEANNA and ROGER SCHULTE. Forks and wine glasses clink politely throughout the dimly lit restaurant.

DEANNA SCHULTE

This restaurant is beautiful, honey. Thank you for meeting us.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What's the occasion?

ROGER SCHULTE

No occasion! Just wanted to see ya. It is good to see you, Josh.

Josh half-smiles.

ROGER SCHULTE

How's the new job treating you, champ?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

It's great, actually!

DEANNA SCHULTE

Getting along with everyone?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yeah, definitely.

DEANNA SCHULTE

That's great, honey. I know how much you hated that FBI job.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

CIA, actually.

ROGER SCHULTE

What's the difference again?

DEANNA SCHULTE

I think it's something to do with federal crimes..? Honey, can you explain it to us again?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

International versus domestic. I didn't hate it, by the way.

ROGER SCHULTE

Are you kidding? You seemed miserable! Always talking about that, uh...what's his name, Aaron? Arthur?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

...Amol.

ROGER SCHULTE

Amol. Right. God, he sounded like a handful.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Well, yeah, but--

DEANNA SCHULTE

Greener pastures, right? You seem a lot more successful here, anyway.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I guess so.

ROGER SCHULTE

You don't sound so convinced.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

No, no. Bloomberg is great. Just...a lot on my mind right now, I guess.

DEANNA SCHULTE

You're...not in any sort of trouble,  
are you?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What?

DEANNA SCHULTE

Because you can tell us if you are. We're  
here for you, sweetie.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Why do you say that?

Roger shoots Deanna a look. She pushes around the leaves in her  
salad, avoiding Josh's gaze.

DEANNA SCHULTE

(walking on eggshells)

Well, I, ah, saw your name in the paper  
the other day.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What paper?

DEANNA SCHULTE

Oh you know...the, ah, LA Times. But  
I'm sure it's nothing.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

*What?*

ROGER SCHULTE

What your mother means to say is we're  
worried about you, son. We just wanted  
to check up and make sure you're  
alright.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Well, I'm *fine*.

ROGER SCHULTE

Good.

They continue eating in silence. Suddenly, Deanna laughs.

DEANNA SCHULTE

Josh, do you remember that time in

Seattle when we--

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
What did the LA Times say about me?

ROGER SCHULTE  
Son...

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Mom. What did they say about me?

DEANNA SCHULTE  
Let's not talk about this right now,  
sweetheart. We're having such a nice  
dinner together. When's the last time  
we--

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
You brought it up. Don't you think I  
deserve to know?

Deanna hesitates.

DEANNA SCHULTE  
Well, they said you...

She trails off.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Well? What is it?

ROGER SCHULTE  
Josh, don't antagonize your mother,  
please.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
I'm not *antagonizing* her. She's the one  
treating me like I'm some...some  
*criminal*.

Deanna looks up at her son, shocked.

DEANNA SCHULTE  
I--

The WAITER drops off the check and she stops speaking immediately.  
Josh drops in his card and hands it back to the waiter without  
looking at the total.

DEANNA SCHULTE  
(whispering)  
I am *not* treating you like a criminal!

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Then tell me.

Deanna sighs heavily, putting her fork down.

DEANNA SCHULTE  
They say...you stole a bunch of data from the government. I don't know, I could hardly make sense of the article, anyway. I skimmed.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Do you believe it?

A beat.

DEANNA SCHULTE  
I told you I don't understand all this stuff. I never--

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
That's not what I asked.

Deanna looks at her son, unsure what to say. Josh turns to his father next.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Dad?

Roger looks up at his son.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Do you?

A weighted silence.

ROGER SCHULTE  
We just want to make sure you're safe, son.

Josh lets out a small, stunned laugh.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Got it.

The waiter returns. Josh takes his card back and gathers his things.

DEANNA SCHULTE

Honey...

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Nope. Loud and clear.

Joshua stands and looks at his parents with disdain.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Really great to see you guys. Same time  
in ten to fifteen years?

Deanna's mouth falls open. Josh exits the restaurant, not looking back.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK. NIGHT - MUCH LATER.

Josh stumbles out of a bar onto the sidewalk. Late evening or early morning, impossible to say. He strolls leisurely on the empty sidewalk, humming and grinning to himself. After a moment, he stumbles and catches himself on an LED kiosk. After regaining his balance, he comes face-to-face with the picture of a NYPD officer. He takes a step back, startled. The LED poster reads, "IF YOU SEE SOMETHING, SAY SOMETHING." He meets the photographed officer's gaze, smile vanishing.

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT. DAY.

Josh wakes up slowly, a ringing in his ears. He holds his hands to his eyes, head pounding. It's like we can hear his heartbeat. Actually, we can. Thump, thump, thump. Wait--it's the door.

Josh shuffles over to his front door, rubbing sleep from his eyes. He grimaces at the pounding.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Alright, *alright!* Christ.

He opens the door.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Do you know what time it is? It's  
practically--

He goes to check his watch and is immediately thrown against the wall by CIA AGENTS. They restrain him immediately.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Wait, wait, what the fuck?!

AGENT 1  
FREEZE! Put your hands behind your  
back.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
HEY!!!

AGENT 2  
Joshua Schulte, you are under arrest  
for connection to the Vault 7 leak.  
Anything you say can and will--

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Wait, stop! You can't do this! I didn't  
do it!!

Agent 3 rifles through Joshua's dresser and pulls out a ratty t-shirt and sweatpants, tossing them to Agent 1. He leads Josh to his bedroom. The rest of the agents tear through his kitchen and living room--maybe for last-minute clues, or maybe just because they can. Josh re-enters the living room and looks on, helpless.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - SIDEWALK. DAY.

Josh is led in handcuffs to the courthouse. Cameras flash left and right. Josh is silent and dejected. The Agents shake hands and nod at each other, victorious.

INT. COURTHOUSE. DAY - MOMENTS LATER.

Josh gets his fingerprints taken before the Agents lead him down the hall. They upgrade his handcuffs by adding an ankle chain. They take him to the--

HOLDING CELL

--and instruct him to sit on the metal bench with three other INMATES double his size and infinitely more menacingly. They shutter the bars in front of his face. For once, Josh remains silent.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY - LATER.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I didn't do it, you know.

Sabrina scribbles in her notepad.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

They're trying to paint me out to be some kind of monster. Do you have any idea what I've been through?

SABRINA SHROFF

You may have mentioned it once or twice.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I'd really like to just put all this behind me. Clear my name and forget about it. You'll help me, right, Ms. Shroff?

Sabrina places her notepad on the table and faces Josh earnestly.

SABRINA SHROFF

You wanna know what I think about this situation? Honestly?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yes. Honestly.

SABRINA SHROFF

Well, I think you're an asshole, Mr. Schulte.

Josh glowers. She lifts up a page in the notepad.

SABRINA SHROFF

Incredibly volatile, impossible to work with, perpetrator of an already toxic environment. Not exactly the poster boy for the CIA.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Thanks.

SABRINA SHROFF

But a difficult employee doesn't translate to being a traitor. Not by a long shot. And I'm willing to go to great lengths to prove that.

JOSHUA SCHULTE



Honestly?

SABRINA SHROFF

Honestly.

Josh nods, satisfied.

INT. LAW FIRM OFFICE. DAY.

Sabrina and the rest of Schulte's DEFENSE TEAM sit around a round table a la "Twelve Angry Men".

SABRINA SHROFF

So, talk me through what we know so far.

LAWYER 1

Well, it's not exactly ideal on Josh's end.

SABRINA SHROFF

Hit me with it.

LAWYER 1

First off, the Mexico trip.

CUT TO:

INT. JFK AIRPORT - TSA SECURITY LINE. DAY - FLASHBACK.

Josh argues with a TSA AGENT, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and a neck pillow fastened around his neck. His brother, TYLER, looks on sheepishly.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I don't understand what you're talking about right now. My passport isn't *working*??

TSA AGENT

Sir, maybe it would be better if we stepped out of the line and discussed this further.

TYLER SCHULTE

Hey, Josh, maybe we should--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

No, I don't want to step out of *line*. This is ridiculous. As a government

employee, I should be able to--

TSA AGENT

But, sir...you aren't.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Excuse me?

TSA AGENT

Well, not anymore, anyway. Says here you were terminated six months ago. Look.

The agent points to his computer screen, which reads, "DENIED".

JOSHUA SCHULTE

I mean...this--this is just crazy.

TSA AGENT

(hesitantly)

Also...

The agent scrolls down to reveal the damning line next to Josh's headshot: "CURRENTLY UNDER INVESTIGATION." Josh blanches.

TSA AGENT

So...maybe you should step out of line with us.

Josh stares at the agent in mute anger before dragging his brother towards the terminal exit.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Okay, *total* misunderstanding. If they wanted the passport back, they should've told me that--which they *didn't*. And second, what's wrong with Mexico? I should be able to take a short trip to Cancún with my brother if I wanted to. It's not like I was under arrest or anything. I was a free man! Right?

Sabrina nods at Josh, wanting to believe him. She takes note of this in her pad.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW FIRM OFFICE. DAY.

SABRINA SHROFF

Could be chalked up to plain old stupidity. God knows there's a lot of that in this case. What else you got?

LAWYER 2

Well, the Google searches aren't all-absolving either.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT. DAY - FLASHBACK.

A pounding on the door. Josh opens it and is met with several CIA INVESTIGATORS. His eyes narrow.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

What the fuck is this?

Investigator 2 holds up a paper.

INVESTIGATOR 1

We have a warrant to search this apartment.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

On what grounds?

INVESTIGATOR 1

You've been labeled as a suspect in the leak of Vault 7. We suggest you get a hotel room tonight. This could take a while.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

And if I say no?

INVESTIGATOR 1

...you probably don't want to do that.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Is that a threat?

INVESTIGATOR 1

It's advice.

A weighted silence. Josh takes his coat and storms out the door.

The investigators get to investigating. Opening kitchen cabinets, shuffling papers on the kitchen table.

Investigator 3 crosses over to Josh's laptop. He checks the search history and scoffs incredulously. We see a comical amount of searches involving "CIA", "Vault 7", and "data breach". One tab is open with an article titled, "F.B.I. Joins C.I.A. in Hunt for Leaker."

CUT TO:

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Look, when your old coworker comes calling about a data breach at the C-I-fucking-A, *obviously* you're gonna wanna do some research. I didn't realize being curious was something I could be convicted for. Sue me.

Sabrina nods again, less confident than before. She takes more notes.

INT. LAW FIRM OFFICE. DAY.

SABRINA SHROFF

Could be circumstantial. What else?

The lawyers shift uncomfortably.

SABRINA SHROFF

What? Spit it out.

LAWYER 3

There's also...the virtual machine.

Sabrina frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

DB wheels in a whiteboard. He scribbles cryptic diagrams, speaking animatedly to Sabrina.

DB

So, you have your regular computer. The

computer comes standard with a bunch of different functions. Calculator, calendar, settings, whatever. All built-in software to help you and the computer run things smoothly. But there are also downloadable programs. Spotify, Microsoft Word, et cetera, that you can download separately. One of the things you can download is a Virtual Machine, or VM. This is pretty much a computer within a computer. So now you have all of your apps and programs on your *computer*, but then a whole *separate* set of apps and programs on the *VM*. It might as well be a different computer entirely--just without the hardware or CPU to prove it.

SABRINA SHROFF

And...why would you wanna do that?

DB

Two reasons, mainly. One, because sometimes computers don't have the firepower for some bulkier softwares. It's better to download a VM that can handle it rather than buy another computer entirely.

SABRINA SHROFF

And second?

DB hesitates.

DB

Well, it's a more isolated environment.

SABRINA SHROFF

So?

DB

So...you can get away with some pretty sketchy shit without anyone noticing.

Sabrina pales.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INVESTIGATION OFFICE. DAY.

SABRINA SHROFF

Could be a lot of different things. What matters is what you found on it, right?

Lawyer 3 looks at Sabrina sheepishly.

LAWYER 3

Well...that's the problem. We don't know.

SABRINA SHROFF

What? Why?

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

FRANK STEDMAN

I'm afraid that's classified.

SABRINA SHROFF

Seriously?

FRANK STEDMAN

Information related to the Vault 7 leak is marked as Top Secret. Only those with proper clearance can access the files.

Sabrina slaps her ID card on the table--it reads, "TOP SECRET CLEARANCE". Frank stiffens.

FRANK STEDMAN

How did you get this?

SABRINA SHROFF

Needed it for another client case a while back. Now, about the VM...

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH - INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

Sean sucks his teeth.

SEAN

Ah, well...actually, you don't have the proper clearance for that information.

SABRINA SHROFF

What? But...Frank told me it was Top

Secret.

SEAN

Well, yeah, the information surrounding Mr. Schulte is Top Secret. That's why you're talking to us right now. But...the VM information specifically, that's actually SCI.

SABRINA SHROFF

SCI?

SEAN

Sensitive Compartmented Information. You need another level of clearance for that.

Sabrina scoffs.

SABRINA SHROFF

This is ridiculous. There's something more secret than Top Secret?

Sean shrugs.

SABRINA SHROFF

So...how do I get that clearance?

SEAN

Oh. You don't.

Sabrina groans.

EXT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY - MOMENTS LATER.

Sabrina leans against the hallway wall, sighing. Just then, Investigator 3 bumps into her.

INVESTIGATOR 3

Apologies.

Sabrina waves him on. Just then, she discovers a slip of paper in her hand--"STARBUCKS. 15 MINUTES."

INT. STARBUCKS CAFE. DAY.

Investigator 3 shifts uncomfortably, eyes scanning the room. Sabrina sips her latte.

SABRINA SHROFF  
And...you are?

INVESTIGATOR 3  
Why, did someone ask?

SABRINA SHROFF  
No...

INVESTIGATOR 3  
Okay. Good. Well, I'm not important.

SABRINA SHROFF  
Got it.

INVESTIGATOR 3  
But...I think I have the information  
you're looking for.

Sabrina leans forward.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S  
APARTMENT. DAY.

Investigator 3 sits at Josh's desk, staring at his laptop pensively. Before him is a blinking password input.

INVESTIGATOR 3  
What the hell is his password?

INVESTIGATOR 1  
It's gotta have, like, three cyphers'  
worth of encryption or some shit. God,  
I hate assignments like these.

INVESTIGATOR 3  
What about his desk drawers? Did we find  
anything?

INVESTIGATOR 1  
C'mon, Jules. A guy like this isn't  
gonna just leave his password laying  
around.

INVESTIGATOR 2  
What about his phone?



He tosses the phone to Investigator 2.

INVESTIGATOR 3  
No password at all, surprisingly.

INVESTIGATOR 2  
No, I mean, like, what about his Notes app or something?

INVESTIGATOR 1  
You don't seriously think he'd be that stupid, do you? Nice try, rookie.

Investigators 1 and 3 ("JULES") share a laugh. Investigator 2 sulks--then, her eyes light up. She delivers the phone to Jules, smirking. His jaw drops.

JULES  
You can't be fucking serious.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS CAFE. DAY.

SABRINA SHROFF  
You can't be fucking *serious*.

JULES  
That's what I said!! Anyway.

CUT TO:

INT. JOSH'S APARTMENT. DAY - FLASHBACK.

On Josh's phone, we see a Notes document titled, "Passwords". It's a long document. Jules types in a password labeled "VM" and watches in awe as the VM unlocks. He navigates to the home directory--locked again. He consults the password list and unlocks it yet again. He navigates to one final folder, titled "PRIVATE".

INVESTIGATOR 1  
Three for three.

JULES  
I don't believe it.

INVESTIGATOR 1  
What is it?

Jules stares at the phone, mute.

INVESTIGATOR 2  
Is it not listed? Maybe it's one of the--

Jules starts typing, not trusting his own hands. He types in the password--"123ABCdef". Investigator 2 snorts.

INVESTIGATOR 2  
Very funny.

Gravely, Jules hits enter. The folder unlocks. The other investigators look on, stunned. We see a trove of documents uploaded from the CIA's server--all marked March 3, 2016.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS CAFE. DAY.

SABRINA SHROFF  
Good God. So, that's it, then? You just  
matched the data on WikiLeaks and--

JULES  
Getting there.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATIONS  
SECURITY BRANCH -  
BREAK ROOM. DAY -  
FLASHBACK.

Dick Move stands in the kitchen, chomping on a granola bar and observing the small huddle of investigators arguing by the elevator. Top Dog strolls into the kitchen and grabs a coffee.

TOP DOG  
What are they up to over there, Dick?

DICK MOVE  
They're trying to figure out the best  
way to access the Vault 7 files.

TOP DOG  
Aren't they on WikiLeaks? All you have  
to do is pull up the website and--

Top Dog goes to Google the Vault, but Dick Move slaps the phone

out of his hand.

TOP DOG  
Hey, what the fuck!

DICK MOVE  
Don't!! The agents upstairs classified  
it as Top Secret.

TOP DOG  
Meaning...

DICK MOVE  
Meaning you can't access it without  
proper clearance.

TOP DOG  
But...it's online.

DICK MOVE  
Hence the kerfuffle over there.

TOP DOG  
Did you just un-ironically use the word  
kerfuffle? God, you're old.

DICK MOVE  
I'm 42, man.

Top Dog nods as if to say, "Exactly". Dick Move rolls his eyes and Top Dog exits the kitchen. As he passes the investigators, we overhear their conversation.

INVESTIGATOR 2  
The boss said we can't access it without  
following the correct protocol.

JULES  
But it doesn't make sense! I could pull  
up this website in two seconds on my  
phone, why don't we just--

Jules pulls out his phone and the investigators freak out.

INVESTIGATOR 2  
Don't!!!!

JULES  
God, *fine*. What do we do, then?

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS CAFE. DAY - FLASHBACK.

Jules walks into the Starbucks cafe, glowering. He clutches a shiny new LAPTOP BOX in his hand. He whispers into his collar.

JULES  
(whispering)  
For the record, this is fucking stupid.

INVESTIGATOR 1 (O.S.)  
(through an earpiece)  
Do you want to get fired?? Just do it,  
man.

Jules sighs and stomps up to the counter. The BARISTA looks at him expectantly.

JULES  
Cappuccino. Soy milk.

Investigator 1 snickers over the earpiece.

JULES  
I'm fucking lactose intolerant, okay?

BARISTA  
Jeez, dude. Whatever.

Jules accepts the cappuccino and sits at a lone table in the back of the cafe. He unboxes the laptop--not without difficulty or swearing--and types in the website. Upon accessing WikiLeaks, his eyes widen. He lets out a low whistle.

JULES  
I'll be damned.

INVESTIGATOR 2 (O.S.)

What is it??

INVESTIGATOR 1 (O.S.)

Jesus, rookie, back up, please.

INVESTIGATOR 2 (O.S.)

Sorry.

We see the trove of documents posted to WikiLeaks. They're all marked with March 3, 2016--the same date as the files on Josh's computer.

INT. OPERATIONS SECURITY BRANCH. DAY - FLASHBACK.

Jules slips the laptop into an evidence bag labeled, "TOP SECRET" before locking it in a safe. He turns to the camera disdainfully.

JULES

Yeah, they *actually* made me do this.

CUT TO:

INT. STARBUCKS CAFE. DAY.

Sabrina stares at the Jules in disbelief.

SABRINA SHROFF

Well...maybe he, ah...is it possible that...

Jules shakes his head slowly. Sabrina sighs.

SABRINA SHROFF

Got it. Can I ask you something?

Jules nods hesitantly.

SABRINA SHROFF

Why are you helping me, anyway?

JULES

*That* I can answer. One, because this bureaucracy shit drives me up the fucking wall. You wouldn't *believe* how many classifications and clearance levels there are. Just for this guy to slip through the cracks and get away with it? Something's gotta change here. Fast. (Beat) Two, because you're a good defense lawyer. Very good.

Sabrina smiles.

JULES

And I want you to drop the case.

She frowns.

SABRINA SHROFF  
Why would I do that?

JULES  
Consider it a...moral obligation.

Sabrina is unconvinced. Jules sips his cappuccino nervously.

JULES  
We, uh...found a lot more than just CIA  
files on that VM.

SABRINA SHROFF  
Really? What did you find?

JULES  
It's classified, but...nothing good.  
Personally, I'd like to see this guy  
behind bars as soon as possible. And  
honestly, if you knew what I knew, I  
think you'd be inclined to agree.

SABRINA SHROFF  
You might be surprised.

Jules hesitates, then writes a note on his napkin. He slides it over to Sabrina. She reads it and her face pales.

JULES  
I don't think I would be.

Sabrina considers this.

SABRINA SHROFF  
Well, thank you, ah...

Sabrina gestures with her hands, searching for a name.

JULES  
Just...

Jules looks down at his cappuccino.

JULES  
Call me Cap.

SABRINA SHROFF

Thank you...Cap.

He nods, looks around one final time, then exits.

INT. METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER-VISITOR'S ROOM. DAY.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

So, the trial is in one week.

Sabrina nods.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Lots to prepare for. First, I was thinking that we could go over your overall thesis. I definitely trust that you know what you're talking about when it comes to the courtroom. But when it comes to cyber security...I'm not as convinced. I'm sure you've been studying up, but I figured I could give you an overview. It's *really* complicated, but I'm sure I could explain it to you.

Sabrina snorts.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Well, key concepts anyway. Next, I wanna discuss the angle here. The whole, "I'm an asshole but I'm not a criminal" shtick. It's good, but...do you think people will buy it? I mean, I had friends in the office. I'd like to think we all got along. I dunno, I just think there might be a better case to make here. I mean, there are *obvious* villains in this story. We should lean into that. Also, can we discuss me getting out of this ridiculous jumpsuit? Honestly, the jury might as well sentence me right then and there--I already look like a criminal, why not just seal the deal? I'd like to get one of my suits back from my apartment. The navy one, preferably. Pink tie--I'm a nice guy. (Beat) Is there a reason you're not writing any of this down?

SABRINA SHROFF

What?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

It's just...you always write stuff down. Why aren't you writing anything?

Sabrina hesitantly opens her notepad.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Well, don't just write stuff down because I *told* you to. Write it down because...I don't know. Because you always do.

Sabrina clicks her pen, hovering over the page. She sighs and closes the notepad.

SABRINA SHROFF

Mr. Schulte, I'd like to think I have gotten to know you pretty well over these past few weeks.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yes, well, that's what I'm paying you for, isn't it?

Silence.

SABRINA SHROFF

Right. Well, you seem like a good person. Maybe a little short-sighted, but good. And I liked to think that I could really help you here. But unfortunately, something has popped up. I can no longer represent you in this case.

Josh is taken aback.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

You...what?

SABRINA SHROFF

I can recommend you some other defense lawyers that I've worked with in the past. Real high-quality. I'm sure they'll do just as good a job as--



JOSHUA SCHULTE  
You're leaving?

SABRINA SHROFF  
...yes.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Because something..."came up"?

She looks at him guiltily.

SABRINA SHROFF  
That's correct.

Josh's expression hardens.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Things don't just..."popup", Sabrina.  
They come from somewhere.

Silence.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
What did they say about me?

SABRINA SHROFF  
What?

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
Did someone say something about me?

SABRINA SHROFF  
I...don't see how this is relevant.

JOSHUA SCHULTE  
I don't see how you think it isn't.

Sabrina hesitates.

SABRINA SHROFF  
I agreed to represent you when I thought  
that this was a case solely revolving  
around cyber security. But in light  
of...new developments...I am morally  
obligated to re-assign myself to  
another case.

Josh takes this in.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

So that's it, then. You really think I did this?

SABRINA SHROFF

I think that you deserve a proper legal team who can--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

That's not what I asked.

A beat.

SABRINA SHROFF

I know it isn't.

Josh gives a hollow chuckle.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Well, thank you for your time, Ms. Shroff. Hopefully in the future you can find a client whose word you actually believe.

SABRINA SHROFF

That's not what I--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Honestly, I think I'm better off on my own, anyway. You couldn't explain any of this stuff if you tried.

Sabrina scoffs.

SABRINA SHROFF

Josh, I--

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Guard! I think we're done here.

The guard enters the room and unlocks Josh's handcuffs from the table. Josh extends his hand towards Sabrina.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

(coldly)

Pleasure working with you.

She shakes his hand, face falling. Josh brushes past her. He walks back to his--

CELL

--and the guard locks him in. Josh stares out the small, barred window, feeling nothing.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. COURTHOUSE. DAY - A WEEK LATER.

The BAILIFF crosses to the front of the room.

BAILIFF

All rise.

All rise.

BAILIFF

Please rise. The court of [\_\_], is now in session. The honorable Judge Furman presiding.

As the Judge speaks, we see various characters from our story seated around the courthouse: Deanna and Roger, Top Dog, Six, Michael, Train Tracks, Karen, Bonnie. On one bench, Amol. On the opposite, Josh.

JUDGE FURMAN

Everyone but the Jury, please be seated. Members of the Jury, your duty today will be to determine whether the defendant, Joshua Schulte, is guilty or not guilty based only on facts and evidence provided in this case. The prosecution has the burden of proving the guilt of the defendant beyond a reasonable doubt. This burden remains on the prosecution through the trial. The prosecution must prove that a crime was committed and that the defendant is guilty. However, if you are not satisfied with the defendant's guilt to that extent, then reasonable doubt exists and the defendant must be found not guilty.

BAILIFF

Please raise your right hand. Do you solemnly swear or affirm that you will

truly listen to this case and render  
a true verdict and a fair sentence as  
to this defendant?

JURY MEMBERS

(in unison)

I do.

BAILIFF

You may be seated.

JUDGE

Is the defense ready?

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Yes, your Honor.

Josh shuffles onto the podium, wearing a navy suit and pink tie.  
He stares directly into the camera, just like the opening scene.

JOSHUA SCHULTE

Since I was a little kid, I knew that  
I wanted to be a CIA agent.

FADE OUT.

SUPER: On July 13, 2022, a jury reached a verdict in the trial  
of Joshua Schulte, accused of leaking the Vault 7 documents and  
single-handedly orchestrating the largest data theft in CIA  
history.

He was found guilty on all nine counts.

He was also found guilty of the possession and distribution of  
several terabytes of child pornography.

END.

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## ACADEMIC VITA

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### Education:

The Pennsylvania State University, *Schreyer Honors College* B.A. Film Production |  
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### Professional Experience:

CommAgency

Producer, *August 2022 – December 2023* State College, PA

Red Fort Productions

Senior Intern, *August 2023– December 2023* Los Angeles, CA/Remote

Mandalay Entertainment Group

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Sobini Films

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Production Intern, *June 2021 – August 2021* Los Angeles, CA

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### Student Involvement:

Delta Kappa Alpha

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Student Film Organization

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Dean's List (all semesters)

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