

CONSPIRACY CRAZE
"PILOT"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

White House officials sit around a table. SIMON KENSINGTON (31), White House Chef, enters from the kitchen, ringing a bell. Servers follow him, bringing silver platters to the table.

SIMON
Dinner is served.

The servers take the covers off the dishes to reveal all meat entrees- steak, pork, and chicken.

FREDRICK, the eldest official in the room waves Simon over.

FREDRICK
Excuse me chef, do you have
something more green and leafy and
less red, dead, and bloody for us
vegetarian folk?

SIMON
Of course sir. My apologies.

Simon retreats into the kitchen, rolling his eyes.

DONNA, the head of the committee, asserting her dominance with her designer pant suit stands up.

DONNA
All right everyone, now let's get
down to business. In typical
American fashion, Americans are
losing faith in America. I say its
time to push forward with Operation
Eagle in a Nest.

The whole room nods in agreement except for Fredrick.

FREDRICK
Donna, we talked about this.
Operation Eagle in a Nest is not
the American way. It goes against
every principle we vowed to uphold.
It's lying to the public.

DONNA
Yes, but the public loves lies.
They need lies. They want to be
lied to.

(MORE)

DONNA (CONT'D)

And above all else, what's more
American than a little white lie?

FREDRICK

I will not stand for this. We
cannot falsify statistics to make
it look like America is more
successful than it is. I'm not
afraid to go on the record with
proof of all the lies of this
Administration.

Simon returns carrying a bowl of salad, drenched in dressing.

DONNA

Do you mean to inform this
committee that you intend to
sabotage Operation Eagle in a Nest?

FREDRICK

By the time I'm through, the Eagle
won't have a nest to go to.

A few members gasp. Simon delivers the salad. Fredrick starts
digging in.

DONNA

Fredrick, I expected more from you.
I really did. But if we can pull
off the staging of the moon
landing, we can and will stage
whatever we so chose.

FREDRICK

I still to this day regret Stanley
Kubrick convincing me to allow that
to happen. That's why I can't let
this go through too.

Simon looks around the room in shock. He retreats back into
the kitchen.

DONNA

I'm afraid you have no more say in
this. It's time we all move on.

Fredrick begins coughing uncontrollably. He reaches for his
water.

The rest of the committee members stand up and begin filing
out of the room.

Fredrick falls to the ground, choking. GAVIN, the head of the
Secret Service bends down to Fredrick's level.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Consider part one of Eagle in a Nest complete. From conversations with him in the past, I knew he would be in opposition. This had to be done. If anyone asks, he died of a heart attack after leaving tonight's dinner.

Simon rushes into the room from hearing the commotion. The Secret Service shove Simon back into the kitchen.

INT. WHITE HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Simon catches his balance as he hits into one of the kitchen's counters, causing the salad dressing on the counter to fall into the soapy sink.

Simon submerges his hand in the sink water and retrieves the bottle of dressing.

The corner of the bottle's label peels off a bit from the water. Simon scratches at the label. The bare bottle is covered with a skull-and-cross-bones marking.

Simon barges through the kitchen door, salad dressing in hand.

INT. WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin hunches over Fredrick's lifeless body. He looks up at Simon and puts his finger to his lips.

Simon remains motionless from the shock. Gavin nods to two commanding secret service officers standing by the door.

The two officers take either side of Simon and drag him into the hallway.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Officers SAL and TOD push Simon up against the wall.

SAL

Well chef, if I were you I would've just stayed in that kitchen.

Sal and Tod glare Simon down. Simon holds up the salad dressing.

SIMON

Did you, did you guys know about this?

TOD

I have no idea what you're talking about. And if I were you, I would stop talking about what you don't know about.

SIMON

But. Like. I had no idea it was poison.

SAL

Whoa. Poison? Who said anything about that. In fact, that word should never be brought up again. For everyone's own sake.

Tod snatches the salad dressing from Simon's hand. He gets down on one knee and chugs it. He throws the empty bottle to the ground once finished.

TOD

No poison here. I'd say we should just forget this whole thing ever happened, eh Sally?

SAL

Yes. That sounds like a brilliant idea Tod.

TOD

What do you think Simon?

Simon stares at them.

SAL

Hey. He asked you a question.

SIMON

Um. Right. Yeah. We definitely landed on the moon and absolutely no one got poisoned.

Sal and Tod look at each other.

TOD

I don't believe him.

SAL

Yeah me either. I say this calls for a Code 1776.

Simon breathes heavily.

SIMON

Please no. Please don't kill me.

The dining room door swings open, hitting the wall. Gavin steps into the hallway, cracking his knuckles.

GAVIN

Gentlemen. Now let's not get too hasty with our decisions.

Gavin smirks and reaches to put his hand on Simon's shoulder.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

I think I have a better idea to set this poor, confused soul straight.

CUT TO:

INT. "CU" MEETING ROOM - DAY

The room is dull with one door and barred windows at ceiling level as if designed for those clinically insane.

Six individuals and Simon sit in a circle of chairs. A white board is at the front of the room with the words "Welcome to CU" written on it.

SAMANTHA, the peppy therapist and leader of the group sits in front of the board in a brightly colored dress.

Simon sits, using his hand to keep his head up. He squints, looking around the room scrutinizing the group.

SIMON

Sorry, you said this was what?

SAMANTHA

This would be your first session of CU. I recognize you must be in a state of denial, but just remember acceptance is always the first step. But no worries at all in this room. We'll get you there in due time.

SIMON

Right. So much denial. And CU would be....

SAMANTHA
 Why, Conspirators Undisclosed of
 course. CU.

The group all chant the letters "CU" while making their right hand into a the letter "C" then turning it to become a "U" shape.

RICHARD, visibly a stoner with his long, greasy hair and beanie, chuckles to himself.

RICHARD
 Although I prefer it standing for
 Conspirators Unleashed.

SAMANTHA
 The "U" means undisclosed because
 this is a safe space, Richard.
 We're all here to support each
 other and heal. Healing is a
 process. But it doesn't have to be.
 That's why we're twice as effective
 as Alcoholics Anonymous with just
 half the steps.

SIMON
 Interesting. But wouldn't less
 steps be less effective?

SAMANTHA
 They don't pay me enough to give
 you all 12 so 6 it is. Anywho,
 let's get started, shall we?
 Richard? You know the drill.

Richard nods at Simon in acknowledgement.

RICHARD
 Hey man. I'm Richard.

EVERYONE
 Hi Richard.

RICHARD
 Sure I dig conspiracies. Ain't
 gonna let The Man put a stop to me.
 But I guess I'm here because my
 mother forced me to. She kicked me
 out of the basement after I
 contracted the measles. Said I need
 to start vaccinating or something.
 I don't know man, but you can't
 trust what they put in those shots.
 (MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
A little MJ is the only medicine I
need, if you know what I mean.

Simon scoots his chair away from Richard.

SIMON
So like he's allowed to be in this
room right now? He's probably
reintroducing us to diseases from
the stone age. That's not
concerning to anyone?

SAMANTHA
Simon, this is a judgement free
zone. We accept everyone here.

RICHARD
Nah, it's okay. He's probably
right. But there's no disease a
little cannabis can't cure so it's
fine man.

Simon rolls his eyes in astonishment.

SIMON
Yeah that's not how that works.

SAMANTHA
All right, moving on. Frank, care
to introduce yourself?

FRANK, the short elderly man adjusts his glasses and sits up
straight to speak.

FRANK
Ah yes. Frank. That's me. So I've
been theory free for five years
now.

Everyone applauds Frank's accomplishment.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Thank you. Thank you. I take my
sobriety extremely seriously. I
cannot wait to finally get to step
3 of the process this year.

SIMON
What? You've been free of
conspiracies for 5 years and you're
just getting to the third step now?
What even are these steps?

FRANK

Well, you know... CU is a process.

Simon makes eye contact with Samantha and points at her.

SIMON

But like she said, it doesn't have to be.

Samantha nods.

FRANK

Yeah, well everything takes time.
I'm in no rush.

JASMINE, a young college girl begins mumbling under her breath.

JASMINE

No rush? How much longer does this guy think he'll live?

SAMANTHA

What was that Jasmine?

JASMINE

Oh nothing. I was just ready to introduce myself. I'm Jasmine. Long story short, I landed here after trespassing in Area 51. I've seen aliens before, I just wanted to see more, no big deal.

JEREMY, a middle-age man sits with his feet on the chair, holding his knees to his chest while constantly twitching his head to look around the room.

JEREMY

Am I next? Is it someone else? Is it no one else? I don't know. I'm Jeremy. I used to work on smartphones. But now I know better. They're watching us. They always are. They know everything. Wait, is that a camera?

Jeremy points directly at Simon.

SAMANTHA

No Jeremy. That's just our new friend Simon. He's a real person. Not a camera.

JEREMY

Right. But how do we know that? I guess we don't. I guess we never will.

RICHARD

Whoa man, he's got a point.

Everyone in the room sizes Simon up while shrugging and nodding in agreement.

SIMON

Guys, come on. I think I would know if I were a camera.

JEREMY

Oh no. The technology revolution if upon us. Cameras are becoming aware of their own existence. Everyone hide. No one is safe.

Jeremy buries his head between his knees. CAMERON, the mother figure of the group reaches over to rub Jeremy's back in comfort.

CAMERON

Hey all. My name's Cameron. I guess I'm here because I have a bit of a trust issue. Found out on our 12th anniversary that my ex-husband was a spy forced into marriage. So yeah. I've got that going for me.

SAMANTHA

Thank you all for sharing. Such brave souls. Conspiracies are a potent enemy. But we will get through these struggles together. Simon, are you ready to share your story?

Simon is silent.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

It's all right darling. We don't bite.

SIMON

Well. I work in the White House. And I witnessed a deliberate poisoning ordered by the administration, was threatened by the Secret Service, and found out the moon landing was faked.

(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

All in the same day so there's a lot going on I guess.

Everyone in the room begins chuckling.

FRANK

Aw son, you've got quite the imagination. Probably just from stress. The White House sounds like an exhausting place to work.

SIMON

No. I'm serious. This all actually happened. They are plotting murder left and right in there.

JASMINE

Wow. Not another one. Just like Jeremy. Completely bonkers.

SAMANTHA

Now guys. Cut Simon some slack. This is his first meeting. What do we say to him?

Everyone begins unenthusiastically chanting along with Samantha.

EVERYONE

Thank you for sharing your story.
May six steps bring you peace.

SIMON

Wow. Don't know what that was but I hope it never happens again.

SAMANTHA

Oh there's plenty more where that came from. You can trust me on that.

SIMON

Sadly, I believe you. But I think it's about time I use the John if you don't mind.

Simon leaves the room and heads into the building's hallway.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A man stands directly outside the meeting room with sunglasses and a hood. He has a clipboard in his hand and is scribbling notes furiously.

Simon sidesteps past the man who does not look up or acknowledge Simon's presence at all.

Simon continues on into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simon stands in front of the sink and mirror, splashing water in his face.

SIMON

Maybe I am in denial...

Simon bends over to splash more water on his face. He comes back up to stare at his reflection and shakes off his daze.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Nah. These people are plain crazy.

Simon reaches for the door to leave. He jumps as the clipboard man exits the stall behind him. Simon rushes out of the bathroom.

INT. "CU" MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Simon hurries back into the room. Everyone else is putting on jackets and gathering their belongings to leave.

SIMON

Guys. There's some random man watching us. He's been taking notes this whole time. And...

JEREMY

We're always being watched. No one is ever safe. The world is under surveillance.

No one else expresses concern. The rest of the group exchange looks to Samantha. Sam nods in return.

CAMERON

That's just a mandated agent sent to monitor these sessions. We know he's there. But he has to be. You get used to him after a while. He's just making sure our conspiracies don't get "out of hand." Whatever that means. Wouldn't want us uniting to overthrow the government or something I guess.

Cameron awkwardly laughs to herself.

SAMANTHA

I think he's ready guys. CU dismissed. But Simon, would you come here for a second?

Everyone else leaves while Simon goes up to speak with Sam.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)

I'm impressed with how fast you've shown your allegiance.

SIMON

Allegiance?

SAMANTHA

Yes, your allegiance. Through exposing the imposter at the door.

SIMON

The appointed agent?

SAMANTHA

Exactly. I think you're finally ready for step 2.

SIMON

Finally? I just got here. And what happened to step 1?

SAMANTHA

Exactly.

SIMON

Exactly what?

SAMANTHA

You ask too many questions. It's my turn to test you. Is Tupac dead?

SIMON

What, of course not.

SAMANTHA

What shape is the Earth?

SIMON

Flat.

SAMANTHA

Explain Stonehenge.

SIMON
That's easy. It's a portal to
another dimension.

SAMANTHA
Are you a mole working for Agent
Mullinsky?

SIMON
Agent Mullinsky? Who is that?

SAMANTHA
Good answers. Good answers. Well
welcome aboard Simon.

Sam extends her arm for a handshake. She holds a folded up
piece of paper in her hand.

Simon hesitates, yet shakes Sam's hand. He lets go and the
paper drifts to the ground.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
You're not very smooth, but we
shall work on that.

Samantha picks up the paper and hands it to Simon.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Read it. Memorize it. Eat it.

Simon unfolds the paper. It reads "42 Harold Avenue- 10PM."
He nods and crumples it back up.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
I said read it and eat *it*. We don't
play around here.

Simon looks back and forth between Sam and the paper. Sam's
eyes widen at him, motioning for him to follow through.

Simon begins chewing the paper. Sam stares at him and motions
impatiently with her hands. He gulps.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Excellent. I guess we'll "CU"
later then.

Samantha does the "CU" hand gesture. She gathers her things
and heads for the door. She stops short and turns back
around.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)
Oh, and before I forget, it's BYOT.

SIMON

BYOT?

SAMANTHA

Bring Your Own Tinfoil, of course.
You've got a lot to learn my
friend.

Sam leaves, making Simon the last in the room. He stares at the door, reflecting upon everything that has happened.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Simon turns off the TV in his room, gets up from his bed and stretches while letting out a loud exhale. He turns off his light and heads back to his bed.

A gust of wind blows some papers off his nightstand. Simon turns to reach for the window. As he goes to close it, he meets eyes with a figure sitting in a tree directly outside. Simon screams in fright, and tumbles out of his bed.

The figure leans closer to the window. Simon looks up from the floor.

SIMON

Jeremy! What the hell dude?

Jeremy pulls up the window screen and hops into Simon's bedroom.

JEREMY

I was just checking in.

SIMON

Checking in? People don't just climb other people's trees and hop through their windows. This is not normal man. How did you even know where I live?

JEREMY

You can never be too careful with who you meet at CU. Had to do a full background check on you. Make sure you're clean. We're always being watched. You should be glad I came to rescue you.

SIMON

Rescue me how? By giving me a heart attack?

JEREMY

No, by taking you to Sam's of course. Didn't you get the message?

SIMON

The message I had to swallow? Yeah, its somewhere in my small intestine right about now.

JEREMY

Well then we have no time to lose. Sam sees something in you. We must hurry.

Jeremy pauses. He twitches his head to angle his ear.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

What was that? You're not recording this conversation are you?

SIMON

No. Calm down Jeremy. That was just my washing machine chiming. I wash my clothes. You should try it sometime.

JEREMY

There's not time for that, we gotta go.

Jeremy grabs Simon by the wrist and pulls him to the window.

SIMON

Oh no monkey boy. Some of us value our lives. If I'm leaving, I'm going through the front door, not down some rotting tree.

JEREMY

Fine. Have it your way.

Jeremy shimmies down the trunk of the tree. Simon uses the stairs. The two begin walking down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The CU group of Richard, Jasmine, Cameron, and Frank all sit along Sam's porch on railings and chairs. Jeremy drags Simon up to the porch steps.

Richard stands in front of Sam's front door. He rings the doorbell, takes a step back, then repeatedly rings some more.

FRANK

You're late.

JEREMY

Had to go round up the new guy.
Plus we took the long way. Couldn't
be seen on the main roads. There
are cameras everywhere. It's
madness I tell you.

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK

I'm sure it is. Good thinking. Has
anyone gotten a hold of Sam? I
wonder where she's gone out to.

CAMERON

I tried calling her and have gotten
nothing. Maybe she's walking her
dog or something.

A dog barks from inside the house.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

Well there goes that theory.

FRANK

Hey watch it with the "T" word.

CAMERON

Just because you're in remission
doesn't mean we are.

SIMON

I thought that was the whole point
of these meetings... to recover
from theorizing.

The group begins laughing.

CAMERON

Oh kiddo, you've got a lot to
learn.

SIMON
So I keep hearing.

RICHARD
Well maybe Sam has just gone out
for tacos or something. That's what
I'd be doing right about now. You
know what they say, a taco a day
keeps the doctor away.

SIMON
Yeah, no one says that.

Richard shrugs. He pulls a taco out from his pocket and starts eating it.

Jasmine jumps up from her chair.

JASMINE
I don't know about anyone else, but
I'm not waiting around any longer.

Jasmine jumps up on the porch railing and reaches for the porch's roof. She begins scaling the house.

SIMON
What is with you people and
climbing?

CAMERON
Jasmine, honey, please get down
before you hurt yourself.

FRANK
Yeah not a good idea.

JEREMY
Yes. Climb, climb, climb.

Jasmine hoists herself up to an ajar window on the second floor. She pushes the window fully open and rolls inside.

The rest of the crew wait at ground level. Richard rings the door bell a few more times.

Jasmine finally unlocks the door from within.

JASMINE
Guys! We've got a problem.

INT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The group walks into the living room to a scene of over turned furniture, broken lamps, and loose papers.

JEREMY

Welp, we're doomed. Big Brother has found us. Run for your lives.

Jeremy begins running in circles around the living room. He puts on a tinfoil hat. Everyone else starts digging through the piled up mess.

Richard pulls an old record out from under some books.

RICHARD

Hey man, I found a sick record. Maybe it's got some Zeppelin on it.

Richard passes the record to Simon who is standing by an old record player in the corner of the room. Simon drops the needle on the record and it begins faintly playing a wonky tune.

Jasmine gasps. She rushes over to the player.

JASMINE

Do you guys hear that?

RICHARD

If it ain't Zeppelin, I ain't listening.

JASMINE

No you have to listen. Those aren't just any noises. It's a message. I swear it is.

FRANK

Jasmine, please not again. We've been over this. Not every abstract sound is a secret code.

JASMINE

You don't understand Frank. You've been out of the theorizing game for too long now. I know messages. I receive them all the time when trying to communicate with extraterrestrials.

FRANK

Here we go again.

Jasmine begins spinning the record in the opposite direction. It plays backwards sounding like warped noises.

JASMINE

Right there. You guys had to have heard that. It clearly said "Stop searching for Sam."

Jasmine goes back and forth on the record, playing a few seconds of sound over and over again where the "message" is.

SIMON

You call that clear words? I call that Animal Planet's whale calling special.

Jasmine puts her ear practically on top of the record as she continues to manipulate its playing. Jeremy rushes over to her, showing interest and concern in the noise.

Jasmine plays it back a few more times while speaking along with it.

JASMINE

Stop searching for Sam. Stop searching for Sam.

JEREMY

They have Sam. They took her. They're after us.

SIMON

Who even is "they"?

JEREMY

It's Big Brother. They've been watching us. They always have been. They know everything.

Cameron walks over to the record player to remove the disk. She puts her hand on Jeremy's shoulder.

CAMERON

All right. That's enough of that. Everything will be just fine Jer, I promise.

Simon, who has been digging through the mess picks up a chair to discover a bottle exploded on the floor. He turns it over. It has the same marking as the salad dressing from the White House Kitchen.

Simon holds it up for the room to see.

SIMON

Um, guys? Is there anyone who may
have wanted Sam dead?

The room gasps. Jeremy falls to his knees, clutching his
tin foil hat to his head.

CAMERON

We aren't safe to discuss things up
here. Everyone down into the Safe
Room.

Cameron unlocks the cellar door and everyone moves down into
Sam's basement.

INT. SAMANTHA'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The groups all take a seat along various couches, futons, and
bean bag chairs. The walls of the Safe Room are lined with
tin foil. Upon the tin foil are conspiracy notes and pictures
with strings used to connect the data pieces together.

SIMON

Holy cow, what is this place?

RICHARD

Welcome to conspiracy heaven, man.
Every theory that has ever been
thought is along this wall. They're
all connected. We're just trying to
figure out how. One step at a time.

SIMON

And this is Samantha's basement?
Does she know about this? This
seems to be the antithesis of
recovery.

The group chuckles.

JASMINE

Ah, you're learning. CU is just a
cover for the real things that
happen in this room. Let your
theories run wild pal. We're all
ears down here.

Simon holds the poisonous salad dressing bottle in his hands.

SIMON

Well I've dealt with this bottle
before. I believe we have a Salad
Dressing Conspiracy on our hands.
(MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

I suspect someone's going around poisoning their targets.

FRANK

Salad dressing, eh? That's kinda funny. Not like the 'haha' type of funny but more the 'gee what a coincidence' type of funny.

CAMERON

And why would you say that?

FRANK

Well just how Sam and her husband used to make their own salad dressing is all. She used to give me loads of that stuff. Had a whole fridge stocked down here with her homemade bottles. Ah, those were the days.

SIMON

Frank, I think you're on to something.

FRANK

Ah no. I'm not on to anything. Just a memory. I refuse to be wrapped back into these games.

CAMERON

Fine. But let's add salad dressing to the wall. It has to have a connection to something.

Richard gets up from a sunken bean bag chair and retreats behind the staircase. He returns holding two bottles.

RICHARD

Are these the dressing stuff Sam makes? I keep throwing these random things out to make room for my pizza rolls down here. Mini fridges are just too mini. You feel me?

Richard throws Frank a bottle. Frank investigates it and nods.

FRANK

Ah yes. This is it. Such a rich taste. So good, it doesn't even need a salad.

Frank pulls a reusable straw from his pocket and inserts it into the dressing. He begins sipping.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Ah. That's the stuff right there.

Simon stands up and walks toward Richard who has the other bottle.

SIMON

Wait a second. This is exactly the same dressing we used to serve. In the White House I mean. Before last night I mean. Before the poisoning. Something smells fishy here.

RICHARD

Ah, sorry bro. Must be smelling my fish tacos. Also scored that from the fridge just now.

Richard reaches to pull out fish tacos from his pocket and begins eating them. He leaves Simon with Sam's salad dressing bottle.

JASMINE

Well this still doesn't explain Sam's disappearance. I'm calling her again.

Jasmine whips out her bedazzled cellphone and dials Sam's number. Jeremy sits rocking in a corner.

JEREMY

Please no cellphones in the Safe Room. No traces. No traces.

Jasmine continues with the call. No answer.

CAMERON

Remember the Boy Scout Conspiracy of 2013?

JASMINE

How could we forget? They were building mazes of bridges around town to lure people to their popcorn stand.

CAMERON

Exactly. Well what if kidnapping Sam was a way to lure us to this salad dressing?

SIMON

How do we know Sam was kidnapped?

CAMERON

We don't. We just hope it wasn't something worse. But how do we know the salad dressing is poisonous?

JASMINE

We don't. And we hope it's not.

SIMON

Guys, listen. I witnessed a poisoning just last night. Used a similar bottle to prepare a salad and seconds later the man was dead.

RICHARD

Whoa. Didn't know New Guy was a murderer. Sweet.

SIMON

I swear to you it's poison.

CAMERON

I'm sure you do. But rule number one of conspiracy investigations, nothing is as it seems.

JASMINE

Just like the record with the secret message!

SIMON

Okay. But like are we actually accepting that as evidence?

CAMERON

Hey, all is game when it comes down to the game.

SIMON

What game? It's not like we're playing Monopoly or something.

CAMERON

Oh, but I think we are. We just landed our selves in jail, waiting to roll snake eyes while our opponents keep making moves.

RICHARD

Oh, yo. If we're in jail man I can help get us out.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Got a police officer for a cousin.
He's helped me out before.

Cameron turns to Richard and sighs.

CAMERON
Richard, we're not in jail. It was
a metaphor.

RICHARD
Oh. Sweet.

CAMERON
Anyway, there's only one way to
tell if it's poison. And
unfortunately, only one man for the
job.

Cameron takes the salad dressing bottle from Simon and hands
it to Richard.

RICHARD
Sick. Another poison test. I feel
like a super hero.

Richard goes to drink the bottle.

SIMON
Whoa, what are you doing?

RICHARD
It's all right man. Ever since I
got the chicken pox, mumps, and
yellow fever all in one week, I've
been immune to 37 different types
of poisons. They turn my tongue
purple but don't affect me
otherwise. It's totally rad man.

SIMON
(under his breath)
Of course that happened.

Richard begins drinking the dressing. Everyone stares.

Richard starts chocking. Everyone gasps, moves in closer, and
extends their arms out toward him. Richard clears his throat.

RICHARD
Sorry. Just have some taco stuck in
the back of my throat.

Everyone exhales, moving back into their original positions.

JASMINE

Okay Richard. Show us your tongue.

Richard sticks out his tongue. It is its normal pink color.

CAMERON

So if it's not poison, why was it left here?

RICHARD

I don't know man but as I drank it, it felt like it was turning into a solid. Pretty crazy stuff.

Cameron takes the bottle from Richard. She shakes it and the bottle rattles.

CAMERON

For once, he's not totally delusional. There is something inside here.

JEREMY

Oh my god. It's a tracker. We're being recorded. They're after us.

Jeremy rocks back and forth with his knees to his chest. Cameron unscrews the cap and begins pouring the salad dressing contents onto the floor.

A black plastic device covered in dressing hits the ground.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

It's a recording device. I knew it. They're onto us.

Cameron picks up the device. It's blinking red. She brings it close to her face to investigate it. Cameron drops the device and promptly stomps on it. It shatters.

CAMERON

Tonight is a night of firsts. Jeremy is right. It was a recording device.

Jeremy stops freaking out and rocking for one second. He twitches his head upward to look at Cameron.

JEREMY

Wait what? I was right? That never happens. That's crazy.

Jeremy goes right back into hysterically rocking back and forth while murmuring to himself.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

That's crazy bad I mean. We're all gonna die.

CAMERON

Well they always say the proof is in the pudding, but I never thought it would be in the salad dressing.

SIMON

But what does this have to do with Samantha? Does she have any known enemies?

JASMINE

I don't know new guy. You tell us. 14 hours ago Sam was safe at our regular CU meeting, then a White House guy comes along and everything goes sour. Tell us chef, why'd you stop using Sam's salad dressing?

SIMON

It's not my decision, I swear. They stock the kitchen cabinets for me. I just use what's available.

JASMINE

Well, the White House had no problem using you once to assist them in murder. Why not a second time? Who's idea was it for you to go to CU sessions anyway?

SIMON

Well it was this Gavin dude. He runs the Secret Service. I had no other choice. He made that quite clear. But I have nothing to do with Sam's disappearance. I promise.

Frank scoffs in the corner. Simon approaches him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

And what's that supposed to mean?

FRANK

Kid, I've seen a lot of different people go through the system from my time here. Loons, and idiots, liars, moles, and even a taco loving hippie.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

And you my friend have to be a fool to not see that you pose a threat to us all coming from the White House.

SIMON

I do not appreciate my integrity being questioned here. I am a victim of conspiracy just like all of you. If you wanna find Sam, you're gonna need my help and you're gonna have to trust me. When it comes to salad dressing, I know a thing or two.

Simon clears some space on the wall covered with notes. He writes the words "Salad Dressing Conspiracy" and pins both bottles to the wall under the words.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If the White House somehow found out about these meetings, they probably think you all and especially Sam pose a threat to them, so they served up some dressing to throw a bunch of conspirators off guard. Well you know what we're gonna do?

Everyone in the room intently watches Simon take charge. Even Jeremy sits up straight for Simon's speech.

JEREMY

What? What will we do?

SIMON

We're gonna serve it right back at them. Looks like we just rolled snake eyes. We're no longer prisoners to conspiracy. We're participants. Our move now.

RICHARD

Yo bro. You mean we're gonna fight dressing with dressing?

SIMON

Precisely.

RICHARD

Rad dude. I dig it.

SIMON

So. Who's with me? Who's up for
Operation Sabotage Is A Dish Best
Served With Salad Dressing?

Simon raises his fist in the middle of the circle. He waits
for more hands to join him. Jasmine steps into the circle.

JASMINE

Dude, I'm all for the scheme, but
you're terrible at naming things.
You're leaving nothing up to the
imagination. How about Operation
Snake Eyes? Has a cooler ring to
it.

Jasmine raises her fist to join Simon's. Cameron, Jeremy, and
Richard follow suit. Frank stands up with a nod and raises
his hand to the circle.

CAMERON

Frank, you're actually going to
join us? What about your sobriety?

FRANK

I refuse to partake in your
theories but I'm in strictly to
find Sam. And to make sure you
fools don't do anything too stupid,
even though I know you will.

Simon smiles as everyone commits to the operation.

Jeremy puts his hand down and backs up from the circle. He
twitches his head toward the window.

JEREMY

Do you hear that?

The bushes outside the window continue to rustle.

SIMON

Looks like we're not alone. Gather
your things. We've been
compromised. But I know where we
can go.

Everyone begins packing up their belongings and heading for
the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Out from the bushes pops Gavin in his all black suit, sunglasses, and an ear piece. He begins pacing away from the house. Gavin talks into his watch.

GAVIN

They know we're here. Take that therapist to Southville. I've got a crew down there who will know exactly what to do.

FADE TO BLACK.