

SAVE THE DATE

written by

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EXT. MUSEUM ROOFTOP - NIGHT

EMILY GREENE (28, work hard, play not so hard) stands framed against the glittering Seattle skyline. She stares lovingly at the MAN in front of her (whose face we can't see).

EMILY

They say nobody's perfect, but what
if you found the person that was
perfect for you?

Emily is speaking from the heart, but as she goes on, it becomes apparent that this is clearly rehearsed.

EMILY (CONT'D)

When we first met four years ago, I
could tell there was something
special about you. And I know, as
colleagues, obviously an office
romance isn't exactly by the book.
But with us working in different
divisions... me, a VP of Curated
Development and you a product
manager, it feels not only doable
but preferable.

Emily takes a deep breath, bracing herself for the next part.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And it's not just your ocean blue
eyes, you're also an incredible
leader. Traits you must have
learned as president of your
fraternity. And on top of that, you
have this unbelievable confidence
and you light up every room that
you walk into, especially with your
joke about the platypus and the
marketing exec.

Emily smiles as the man gives a knowing chuckle. This is going well. She takes the plunge.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You are perfect. We're perfect
together. Both career focused,
family-orientated and there's no
one else I'd rather have as my
climbing partner, holding my rope
on this crazy ascent we call life.
(then, beautifully)
So I guess my question is... belay
on?

Like the Bachelorette handing a rose, Emily hands the man a monogrammed CARABINER.

MAN

On belay.

FIREWORKS explode in the sky. Emily and the man lean into each other. Right when they're about to kiss --

MEG (O.S.)

Woooooow.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Emily acting out the fireworks exploding from her hands. She stops, self-conscious.

EMILY

What?

REVEAL: Emily's roommate, MEG (28, laid back, thrifts everything in her closet) and Meg's clingy boyfriend, KIRK (30, big heart, little social awareness) watching Emily with wide eyes from the couch.

MEG

You really have this all planned out.

EMILY

Yeah! If I start my speech at 11:59 and 12 seconds, we'll kiss on the roof right when the fireworks go off at midnight.

Emily holds up her Apple Watch and displays an alarm that says: "BEGIN SPEECH."

KIRK

Uh, Emily... why are you giving him a carabiner? Do you and Thomas rock climb a lot together?

EMILY

Yeah... We go to his rock climbing gym all the time. Well, once. But I wore the shoes and everything.

KIRK

Wait... is this a date? I thought this was a work event. Does this guy know that you like him?

MEG

No, not at all.

EMILY

But he will after tonight! Because as the supervisor of the entire museum project, I've meticulously tailored this evening to be Thomas's perfect date. This is going to be a big night for me.

(then)

Okay, I want to run you through some changes to the schedule.

KIRK

(under his breath to Meg)

She's not serious is she?

Emily's very serious. So serious that she taps her watch and CASTS a spreadsheet on the TV screen. It's a full schedule of how she expects the evening to go: "Group socializing," "Modern Art Exhibit," "Playful teasing."

EMILY

I'll have alerts going on all night to keep me on track. Arrival is still at 6:00 on the dot. But as you can see, I've added an arm graze at 8:10 PM to establish physical contact with Thomas before I give my presentation at 8:15. Oh, and the waiters will hand us a shrimp cocktail, his favorite, at 8PM now instead of 8:45 so --

KIRK (O.S.)

(crackling over radio)

--very smart, Emily. You don't want seafood breath for the kiss.

Kirk has disappeared, but a RADIO sits on the COFFEE TABLE in front of Meg.

EMILY

Where did he go?

KIRK

(over radio)

I'm in the bathroom.

MEG

Kirk got us radios for our anniversary so we're actually talking and not be on our phones, ya know?

EMILY

Can't you go ten minutes without talking to each other?

KIRK

(over radio)

Nope. Now I get to say "over" at the end of my sentences. Over.

Emily makes a pouty face.

EMILY

I am simultaneously disgusted and jealous of this level of cheesiness.

MEG

Yeah, I get that. Now, you go get your man. You'll look hot. You have a plan. It's gonna be great.

Off Emily smiling from Meg's words...

EXT. MUSEUM

PETE (28, athletic frame, softened by a lack of ambition) slouches in his beat-up PONTIAC VIBE dressed in BLACK PANTS and a RED POLYESTER VEST over a WHITE BUTTON DOWN SHIRT. He lets out a deep sigh.

Pete opens his glove box to pull out his VAPE and several COMMUNITY COLLEGE PAMPHLETS fall out with sticky notes on them. He picks one up: "It's never too late to start or finish." He picks up another: "Stop vaping. Love, Mom."

Pete tosses the pamphlets to the back seat.

He leans his seat back and vapes. He opens the Oediv (YouTube) App on his phone and clicks on a video titled "Greatest Oediv Videos That Give Me Life."

A compilation: a person getting punched in the balls, person #2 getting hit in the balls, a boy scout's pants catching on fire, person #3 getting hit in the stomach... and then the balls. Pete chuckles. He's seen this a thousand times.

EXT. MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Emily pulls her CAR up to the stand for "MZM valet". She waits for someone to open her door, but the VALETS just chat by their stand.

Annoyed, Emily turns the car off and gets out.

EMILY
It's fine. I'll get it.

She walks over to the passenger side and grabs her dress, a tasteful yellow. Her hair and makeup already done, but she's in an OVERSIZED BUTTON-DOWN SHIRT and LULULEMON LEGGINGS.

She turns to look at the museum and takes a deep breath in.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to self)
Still smells like success.

Emily plasters on a smile as she walks past the valets.

EMILY (CONT'D)
No joy rides, okay?

Emily tosses her KEYS at a VALET ATTENDANT. He ever so slightly dodges the flying keys.

VALET #1
What the fuck?

EMILY
Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I just...
I thought it would be cool.

She turns and continues to the front door where she sees the young host, JENNA (22, nervous, but trying to step up to the plate) staring at an iPad inside.

Emily waits, hoping that Jenna will see her but she's not making eye contact. Emily knocks on the glass door.

Jenna perks up and opens the door for Emily.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Thank you.

INT. MUSEUM - FRONT LOBBY

Jenna wears a black dress and name-tag.

EMILY

So...

(looking at name-tag)

Jenna. I'm Emily Greene.

Jenna scans the iPad.

JENNA

I'm sorry. I don't see you. Is that Greene with a "G"?

EMILY

Can you double check? I work for Oediv.

(then)

I designed this whole museum.

(then)

I actually hired you.

Jenna nods nervously, scanning the iPad again.

JENNA

Are you sure you're not Emily Miller?

Emily looks at Jenna: *Are you serious?*

Pete walks by, clipping on his bow tie. Jenna waves him in.

EMILY

Who even is that guy?

JENNA

He's clearly a caterer.

EMILY

Jenna, if you don't let me in, I will lose my job and potentially the love of my life. Do you want to take that from me?

Jenna shakes her head. Emily walks by her, then turns around.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jenna. You're doing a great job.

JENNA

Just don't tell the woman in charge I let you in. She seems so strict.

EMILY

Jenna, I am... You know what? Keep up the good work.

INT. MUSEUM - BALLROOM/KITCHEN

Pete walks in to find his boss, FRANK (40s, sweaty, loves the life he's built for himself) in the kitchen off of the ballroom. OTHER WAITERS prep the food and put it on trays.

FRANK

Pete! Appreciate you comin' in to help last minute.

PETE

Yeah, well, when you tell me that I can work a few hours and get paid for a full day, I'm in.

FRANK

Love the enthusiasm. Gonna need you to step up today. This crew's pretty new so they'll need some direction.

A WAITER hacks at a pile of carrots on a cutting board like he's trying to murder them.

ANOTHER WAITER (20s, crunchy, wearing hiking sandals) inspects the flowing chocolate fountain. He dips his bare hand into it. He sees Pete and Frank looking. He licks his fingers and gives a thumbs up.

PETE

(not paid enough for this)
I think they'll be fine.

INT. MUSEUM - UTILITY CLOSET

CLOSE ON: A LOCKED SERVER CABINET. A PAIR OF PLIERS clips a padlock open. A GLOVED HAND opens a cabinet and connects a cable to a laptop. The gloved hands start typing.

INT. MUSEUM - GIFT SHOP

Emily looks over the array of Oediv branded gift bags, lining them up to perfection. As she does so, the power goes out.

EMILY

No. No, no, no, no, no. No.

She turns on her phone flashlight and hustles down the hall.

INT. MUSEUM - UTILITY ROOM

TWO ENGINEERS, BILL and TONY, are fiddling with the system when Emily bursts into the room.

EMILY

Bill, Tony... why is the power out?
The power can't be out.

BILL

The museum's just not ready.

TONY

We've been working nonstop for
three weeks. The dinosaur wing's
still in beta, we're trying to turn
everything on at once. The system's
maxed out.

EMILY

C'mon, you've got this! You're the
best engineers Oediv has.

(then)

And not to add on any pressure, but
this is kind of a huge night. For
all of us. People will be here any
minute. And it would be nice if the
lights are on.

BILL

We'll try our best. Now, with the
dual convertor switching on, the
flood tunnels are open for thirty
minutes after the power shuts off --

EMILY

Bill. I love you so much, but all I
need from you right now is --

(points above her)

Lights.

Emily backs through the door, pointing at Bill and Tony.

INT. MUSEUM - BALLROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The lights flick back on.

FRANK

Ah, good. We did not need any more
complications today. One of these
guys almost went up in flames.

(low)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I got a great deal on vests, but they are rayon. So avoid fires.

(looks at his watch)

Alright, I gotta get to this bar mitzvah in Bellevue.

PETE

Wait, you can't leave me with these idiots. Who's gonna be in charge?

FRANK

Pete. I know this isn't your dream job. But if you put in the work, I think you have real potential to grow here.

PETE

I assure you that I do not.

FRANK

Look at this as an opportunity. A provisional tryout tonight for assistant manager.

PETE

I don't think I'm the guy you want to give more responsibility to.

Frank gives Pete a hard WHACK on the back. A LOUD CRASH -- they turn to see a WAITER standing over a tray of smashed CHAMPAGNE FLUTES.

FRANK

Sure you are.

Frank heads out. As he does, Emily enters, super positive, moving swiftly through the room.

EMILY

Alright, it's almost game time people!

Everyone stops what they're doing to stare at Emily who enthusiastically pumps her two fists in the air.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Woo! Gonna be a great night!

Emily leaves.

The waiters look at each other. One resumes hacking carrots.

INT. MUSEUM - GEM EXHIBIT - AN HOUR LATER

Emily, now dressed, enters putting her last earring in. She looks amazing. Her WATCH dings -- "THOMAS ARRIVES." Emily looks up expectantly at the door, but doesn't see him.

OTHER GUESTS start to file in. Emily zeroes in on OLIVER ESKELSON (important looking executive) who's just walked in.

EMILY

Oliver! How are the kids? Megan perfect that piano solo yet?

Oliver starts to respond. Emily looks up and sees THOMAS (30, dreamy, but douchey) enter the museum in a leading man moment, wearing a bespoke tux like he was born in it.

OLIVER

No.

EMILY

That's so great. Would you excuse me?

Emily leaves Oliver and heads over to Thomas with A BIG SMILE. He notices her and smiles back. Is this a date??

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hi! You came!

Emily is awkward, starting to go in for a hug with Thomas, but second guesses herself and pulls back as he's coming in. She laughs, sticking out her hand. Thomas takes it but then pulls her in for the hug, making everything less awkward.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You came.

THOMAS

Of course I came, I'm your plus one. Thanks for inviting me.

Emily and Thomas pull away from each other and he gives her a once over. She looks good.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

You look absolutely perfect.

EMILY

(blushing)

Oh, no. No. No. You think? I don't know. I mean you look... Yeah. You really --

THOMAS
(laughing)
Emily. Just take the compliment.

EMILY
Thank you. Love your tie.

THOMAS
Handmade in Italy.

Thomas turns his attention to the room. Scanning it.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You did a hell of a good job. It
looks entirely too fancy in here.
(off Emily's giggle)
So, I'm here for you. You tell me
who to schmooze and I'll up the
charm to make you look extra good
tonight.

EMILY
That would be much appreciated.

Thomas steps aside dramatically, opening her up to the
bustling party, noticing a DAPPER MAN.

THOMAS
Is that Gerhard Kogel?

Thomas offers up a chicken wing arm for Emily to take. She
does and they head in Gerhard's direction.

QUICK POPS of Thomas working the room with Emily by his side:

- Thomas shakes Gerhard Kogel's hand.

EMILY
Thomas, this is Mr. Kogel. He's in
charge of --

THOMAS
B2B Marketing. Since '98 if I
remember correctly. Boy, do I have
a joke for you...

Emily smiles, thrilled.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
So a platypus walks into a
marketing meeting and says...

- Thomas is now telling the joke to a new group.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

"Guys, no one knows if I'm a duck or a beaver. Am I a bird or a mammal?"

- And yet another group.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

"We need a new strategy to present me to the world." Then a marketing exec goes...

- Thomas and Emily talk with a COUPLE. Pete shuffles by with a tray of champagne. Thomas grabs a flute without making eye contact.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

"What's your budget?" And the platypus says...

(beat)

"Ah! Just send me the bill!"

Emily laughs and the couple smiles politely.

MAN IN COUPLE

Nice. That's pretty funny.

The couple walks away.

THOMAS

I feel like this is going great. We are crushing it.

EMILY

We are, aren't we?

Thomas holds up his drink and Emily gives it a cheers, smiling. This is going perfectly for her.

THOMAS

Oh, there's Cheryl. Cheryl!

(to Emily)

I promised I'd circle back.

Emily pats Thomas's arm.

EMILY

You go ahead.

Thomas walks off. Emily looks at the checklist on her watch. She checks off "establish physical touch."

EMILY (CONT'D)
 (a little cocky)
 Way ahead of schedule.

ON PETE:

He offers a tray of tea sandwiches to TWO TECHIES who are standing in front of a gem encased in a glass case. An OEDIV AD projects on the glass case:

OEDIV AD
 Oediv. Why watch anything else?

A MONTAGE of CLASSIC OEDIV VIDEOS: a cat playing piano, the boy scout with his pants on fire, and a woman doing yoga with a goat on her back.

The two techies grab a sandwich off of Pete's tray.

TECH WOMAN
 Each exhibit has facial recognition technology that clocks when you're looking at it and you have to watch the ad before you can see the art.

TECH MAN
 Helen's a genius. She's monetized the artistic experience.

TECH WOMAN
 How does she do it all?

Pete rolls his eyes and moves on.

BACK ON: Emily. As she glances up to see her boss, HELEN (50s, think Sheryl Sandberg) rolling in, dressed like the girlboss she is in a fashionable pantsuit.

Emily spins around and takes a big gulp of her drink before turning back around to face Helen.

EMILY
 Helen!

HELEN
 Ohmygod. I'm late, I know. The nine-year-old wanted to go over her Mandarin flashcards before her big quiz tomorrow. And the seven-year-old reminded me that there's a bake sale in the morning to raise money for blind penguins in Antarctica or something so I had to whip up some of my famous pecan sandies.

EMILY
Oh yeah. Those are delicious.

HELEN
I know.
(then noticing someone)
Oliver!

Helen waves Oliver over, who's holding a shrimp cocktail cup.

HELEN (CONT'D)
I hope you're enjoying yourself
this evening, more than at our
board meetings anyways. Emily's
been coordinating this for quite
awhile.

EMILY
I hope everything's living up to
your expectations.

OLIVER
Well, I wasn't expecting to eat
poop tonight. The shrimp are not
deveined.

Oliver holds up one of his shrimp. Emily looks horrified.

EMILY
I'm so sorry. I assure you there's
been a mistake. A small oversight.

OLIVER
Small? If there are roughly 200
people at this event and four
shrimp served per person and said
feces weighs about .02 pounds per
shrimp then that would mean you're
serving up sixteen pounds of fecal
matter tonight. Do you think it's
still a small oversight?

Emily looks mortified, so stunned that she can't speak.

HELEN
(completely unruffled)
Emily's going to get on that
immediately.

EMILY
I'll fix this, I promise.

Emily hustles off.

Helen turns Oliver's attention elsewhere.

HELEN

Oliver, have you met Vera? She's
Jeff Bezos's sound bather and she's
incredible.

(leaning in)

I trust I can count on your vote at
the board meeting next month.

OLIVER

(a little nervous)

As long as our agreement still
stands.

ON EMILY:

Emily's watch DINGS: "Thomas. Shrimp Cocktail." This can't be
happening right now.

Emily looks for Thomas, weaving through the sea of people.

EMILY

Have you seen Thomas?

Emily scans the crowd and sees Thomas across the room,
dipping a shrimp into cocktail sauce at that very moment.

Emily takes off towards him. Thomas already has the shrimp in
his mouth when she arrives. She gently, but swiftly takes the
shrimp out of Thomas's mouth and throws it on the ground.

EMILY (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. You
don't want that shrimp. There's
much better, bigger shrimp.

THOMAS

(stunned)

O-kay.

EMILY

Stay right here. I have to go
handle something for Helen, but
just... stay.

Emily walks over to a STOIC CATER WAITER in a BLACK BASEBALL
CAP, who's standing with a tray of shrimp cocktail.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Hi. Did you know the shrimp weren't
being deveined?

He shakes his head no, looking back at her with a steely intensity.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Well can you go devein them?

STOIC CATER WAITER
(through tight lips)
We'll see.

EMILY
We'll see? What? No. I asked you to
devein the shrimp.
(then)
Also, take your hat off.

The cater waiter takes his hat off, revealing floppy blue hair underneath.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Ugh, no. Put it back on.
(then)
You know what? Where's your
manager? Where's Frank?

He puts the hat back on and shrugs. She looks around --
clocks Pete nearby. Emily storms over.

INT. MUSEUM - BALLROOM - RIGHT OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN

Pete sees Emily coming and tries to avoid her path, but Emily
is laser focused, ready for a fight.

EMILY
Do you know where Frank is?

PETE
Some kid thing. What's the Jewish
Quinceañera called?

EMILY
What? Well, who's in charge? Are
you in charge?

PETE
Not really.

Emily squints, recognizing Pete's face from somewhere.

EMILY
Wait, do I know you?

Pete takes a look at Emily too. Something seems familiar about her but he definitely can't pinpoint it.

PETE

Uh, maybe. You're kinda giving me the look every ex has thrown me when they dump me.

Emily scoffs at the thought.

EMILY

Look, my entire life depends on this night going well.

PETE

Oh, your entire life. That must be scary.

EMILY

Come on, man. I'm trying to have the best date ever and you're --

Emily catches herself.

PETE

Oh, wow, quite the date. Who you trying to impress?

EMILY

No one... well, someone. Haven't you wanted to impress someone before?

PETE

Not really.

Emily lets out an aggravated sigh. This guy is the worst.

EMILY

Okay, well some of us care about how this evening goes. Like for example...

Emily grabs a shrimp from a nearby cocktail glass and holds it in Pete's face, waving it a little.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I care that these shrimp haven't been deveined.

(holding it closer to him)

Do you see that? That's poop. And right now there's sixteen pounds of poop circulating in this room.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

I don't remember ordering shrimp
poop as an appetizer.

PETE

(slightly under his
breath)

I mean, everyone here seems like
they're kind of full of shit
anyways.

Emily's getting nowhere with this guy. She's about to go off
when Thomas comes over.

THOMAS (O.S.)

There you are!

Emily turns to see Thomas coming up behind her.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I thought I'd lost you forever.

PETE

Pfft. We were just talking about
you.

THOMAS

Only good things, I hope.

EMILY

Ignore him. He's nobody.

Emily gives Pete a stern look. Pete throws his hands up like
a joke.

PETE

I promise to make sure the shrimp
are perfect.

Pete grins as she stares daggers at him.

Emily's watch DINGS: "Speech!!"

EMILY

It's 9PM already?

THOMAS

Time for the big speech. This could
be huge for your career. You'll be
great. Just picture everyone in
their underwear.

Emily nods, lost in thought as she looks at Thomas, clearly
picturing him in his underwear. Pete rolls his eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
(bringing her back)
Emily?

EMILY
Yeah... uh, I gotta... I'm gonna...
speech.

Before he can realize what he's doing, Pete leans into Emily.

PETE
Good luck.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - ON STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Emily stands at a podium and leans into the mic, clinking her glass. A giant screen is behind her.

EMILY
Good evening, everyone!

All the guests simmer their conversations and turn towards Emily. She nods at the control booth opposite her on the 4th floor and a spotlight lands on her.

Pete stops wiping down a glass to pay attention. Behind him, one of the cater waiters looks at a sharp knife and slips it into his apron.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I hope you've all been enjoying
yourselves so far.

Emily scans the room to find Thomas. She smiles at him.

EMILY (CONT'D)
It's been a joy to oversee the
"MZM" project for the last two
years. And it's such an honor to
stand before you tonight, because
tonight is bigger than you or me.
It's a huge moment in time for the
company. For Seattle. And quite
frankly, for humanity.

The whole room erupts into applause. Helen's not clapping. Is that a tinge of jealousy on her face? She moves off.

EMILY (CONT'D)
We spared no expense in bringing --

HELEN (O.S.)
Thank you, Emily.

Helen walks to the center of the stage, wearing a Britney Spear's mic. The crowd claps again.

HELEN (CONT'D)

As Emily was saying, I spared no expense in bringing this premiere collection of art, history and technology altogether in one place. Accessible to the public for free.

As the crowd claps in admiration of Helen's generosity, Emily stands shell-shocked to the side of the stage.

Emily finds Thomas in the audience. He goes palms up: *what's going on?*

IMAGES appear on the giant screen behind Helen:

HELEN (CONT'D)

Tonight we invite you to explore. Go on an adventure through time: from mankind's first steps to the Elizabethan Era to the birth of Oediv. From science...

The AIR AND SPACE WING (planes, rockets, astronauts, etc).

HELEN (CONT'D)

...to art. And in beta testing, the world's largest dinosaur exhibit.

The MODERN ART WING (giant silverware, a Koons balloon dog, an upside down toilet).

HELEN (CONT'D)

We have it all here. Even my kid's favorite... The Hall of Historical Farts.

Helen rolls her eyes, but laughs.

HELEN (CONT'D)

We like to have fun here.

The crowd laughs. Emily steps down from the stage and grabs a shrimp cocktail. The shrimp are still not deveined.

Emily stalks away, straight to Pete.

EMILY

Can I talk to you not in here?

PETE

If you must.

Emily leads Pete out to...

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...but decides that's not far enough so she makes a left into...

INT. MODERN ART EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Emily wheels around to face Pete.

EMILY

What did I say about the shrimp?!
You and your staff are completely
useless.

PETE

Is it the staff you're mad at or...
is it just like the way your
"date's" going? 'Cuz from where I'm
looking, it is not a date.

EMILY

Don't worry about my date, which it
definitely is. The bread for the
crostinis is soggy and not crisp at
all. And also some of the little
jelly donut holes have jelly in
them and some don't. The jelly is
what makes it a jelly donut!

Pete just lets her rant, nodding along.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Are you just nodding to nod or do
you plan to actually fix anything?

PETE

Oh, fix? Yeah, no. We still get
paid and I think we're done in like
an hour so...

EMILY

I know where I know you from. High
school.

Pete snaps his fingers.

PETE

Oh yeahhh. You're Ashley, right?

EMILY
No. I'm not Ashley.

PETE
Then I don't remember you at all.

EMILY
We literally went to high school together. You played baseball or something. You were just as arrogant, undeservingly, back then.

A beat. Then Pete points at Emily.

PETE
Caroline. Carolyn? No, Caroline.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Helen is at the finale of her speech...

HELEN
So eat, drink, and enjoy the mu--

The giant screen cuts to static. Helen tries to talk into the mic, but it's been muted.

ON SCREEN: BLAZE AKA the blue-haired cater waiter from earlier appears, looking menacing.

BLAZE
(on screen)
No need for alarm. We'll be done here soon if everyone just pays attention.

Murmurs start to happen in the crowd.

ON OLIVER back near the caterers, not quite aware of what's happening yet.

OLIVER
Could I get another glass of champagne?

BLAZE (ON SCREEN)
This is my party now!

Now, a sizzle reel of over the top terrorist images plays: a skull and cross bones, Uncle Sam in a Guy Fawkes mask, the pyramid with the eye from the dollar bill, etc.

BLAZE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We are an international team of
cyber warriors. Once anonymous, now
stepping into the light.

On screen, a group of masked people literally step out of
darkness and into the sunlight.

As the video plays, the cater waiters grab guns, knives,
nunchucks, etc from the oven, the fridge, the chocolate
fountain. HOLY SHIT, THEY'RE TERRORISTS.

Oliver accepts a half poured glass of champagne from the
female cater waiter.

OLIVER
I'm going to need to you fill it to
the top like a good girl.

The female cater waiter bends down to "get more champagne"
but then CLOCKS Oliver with the bottle.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
How dare you --

BLAZE (O.S.)
The cyber revolution is upon us.

INT. MUSEUM - EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Emily is still talking to Pete, but Pete's moved on to
criticizing the museum.

PETE
And this museum is ridiculous.
"Where technology meets the arts."
Please. This place used to be a
nice natural history museum, now
it's a total mishmash of random
things, assembled with no actual
thought.

EMILY
Excuse me??

He points to a ROTHKO PAINTING.

PETE
Like what the fuck is this painting
doing twenty-feet from the early
human exhibit? It's just a blob of
colors. It's not even art.

EMILY

I can't believe you just called a Rothko not real art. You have to actually try to understand it. And you don't do a lot of "trying" do you?

PETE

I try not to.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

The video cuts out and Blaze, in person, steps on stage with a microphone.

BLAZE

Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair! The time has come to realize your sins.

The crowd scoffs and is very confused - is this a part of the presentation?

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Now I know we were all expecting a different kind of evening but don't worry.

The terrorist group surround the guests, who are now babbling hostages.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

We'll be sure to put on a show for you, but I'm going to need your full attention.

Blaze points his gun up towards the ceiling.

INT. MUSEUM - EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Emily and Pete are at a crescendo.

EMILY

You're impossible!

Pete's about to retort when...they hear the sounds of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE and SCREAMING GUESTS.

Pete and Emily share a look of concern. What's going on?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Emily and Pete move to an opening that's right outside the gem exhibit.

Emily's about to fully rush in when Pete snatches her back.

EMILY

What are you doing? Get off me.
Something's wrong.

PETE

Will you hold up just a minute?
What? You hear people screaming and
you wanna just waltz right in?

Emily takes out her phone and turns on the camera, poking it around the corner to see what's happening.

Pete and Emily see the guests, now hostages, on the ground, armed waiters surrounding them. Blaze holds forth on stage.

EMILY

What in the actual fuck?

BLAZE

In three hours, a new world will be
born from the ashes of the old,
livestreamed across the globe.

On the giant screen, the Oediv homepage goes blank except for a giant timer, reading 3:00:00. 2:59:59. 2:59:58.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

A world for the people. Comply with
us, and you will live to be a part
of it. Do anything that interferes
with achievement of our goals when
that clock strikes zero, and... I
won't be able to guarantee your
spot in the new world.

Emily pulls Pete away.

EMILY

Okay, don't panic.

PETE

Don't panic?! This is absolutely
the time to panic. Ohmygod, we're
gonna die. These shitty caterers
are going to kill us.

EMILY
 (re: his uniform)
 Wait...

PETE
 Me?! No. I've never met any of
 these people before. I wasn't even
 supposed to work tonight.
 (then)
 Come on, we went to high school
 together. You know me!

EMILY
 (thinking)
 Yeah... you don't have the drive to
 be a terrorist.

PETE
 Exactly!

The windows around them change from translucent to tinted,
 the green lights on the key pads switch to red and the
 KACHUNK of automated locks echoes throughout the museum.

PETE (CONT'D)
 What the fuck was that?

EMILY
 Oh no. They've activated a full
 lockdown. That means no in or out.
 C'mon. We can't let them find us.

Emily grabs Pete and they run off in the opposite direction.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Cables and computers cover an impromptu folding table command
 center on stage where Blaze sits and taps on a laptop.

Our champagne-wielding waitress, SVETLANA (30s, no-nonsense
 bun, carries herself like a soldier) appears behind him,
 flanked by several hackers including ANTOINE (20s, like a
 French-Canadian barista with dead eyes).

SVETLANA
 Everyone on the guest list is
 accounted for.

BLAZE
 Sweep the building. No surprises. I
 don't like surprises.

She nods and they move off.

ON THOMAS as he scuttles his way through the huddled hostages, collected on the floor inside a makeshift pen of banquet tables.

THOMAS

Emily? Emily? Has anyone seen
Emily?

He gets to Oliver.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Have you seen- hey, you're Oliver
Eskelson. Thomas McIntyre, product
manager.

OLIVER

(hisses)

I don't think now's the time, kid.

Blaze steps out downstage, gazing down upon his new subjects.
He locks in on Helen.

BLAZE

Helen. Would you step into my
office for a moment?

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Meg dumps a load of laundry on her bed and opens her laptop,
going to the Oediv homepage. She goes to fold a shirt -- but
looks back at the laptop.

The giant timer counts down, 2:47:32, 2:47:31. She refreshes
it. Same thing. Kirk walks in, carrying another basket.

MEG

Babe, I'm trying to watch the
livestream of the keynote on Oediv
and there's just a big clock.

He checks his phone.

KIRK

Everyone online is saying maybe
they're launching some surprise
product?

MEG

Ugh. I bet Helen didn't even tell
her.

INT. EARLY HUMAN EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Emily and Pete hustle past life-size dioramas of Neanderthals hunting and weaving pelts. She dials 911.

PETE

What the fuck dude! I knew I shouldn't have come in tonight, I should be home getting high and watching R-rated anime!

EMILY

Gross!

PHONE

Your call could not be completed as dialed.

PETE

We gotta get the fuck out of here!

He sees a fire exit door -- tries to push it open. It doesn't budge as he rattles the handle over and over.

EMILY

Stop doing that!

She yanks him inside a rocky cave display, pulling the animal skin flap down over the entry.

INT. EARLY HUMAN EXHIBIT - CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Frozen in time around them, an early-human mannequin family grinds seed and starts a fire, cave paintings on the walls.

Emily dials 911 again.

PETE

What are we still doing here? We need to run!

EMILY

There is nowhere to run, okay!

PHONE

Your call could not be completed as dialed.

EMILY

No signal or wifi. They must be jamming everything. Nobody out there knows what's happening. Oh my god.

She leans against the wall, taking shaky, rattling breaths."

Her watch DINGS.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Ugh, I'm supposed to playfully
tease Thomas right now. Oh my god.
They have Thomas!

She collapses onto a fake rock.

PETE

That's what you're thinking about
right now?? Some hot dude?

EMILY

I invited him here! To his death!
I'm responsible for him. Steve and
Patricia are gonna be furious.

PETE

Who are Steve and Patricia!

EMILY

His parents, I really wanted them
to like me!

PETE

All right, all right! The only safe
thing is to hide out here until
help comes.

He plops down on a bear skin, surprised by how comfy it is.

EMILY

Don't you get it? They don't want
anyone to know what's going on, and
by the time anyone does, everyone
in there could be dead. We can't
just do nothing!

PETE

Yes, we can. I'm great at doing
nothing. I'm doing nothing right
now. Look! Easiest thing in the
world.

EMILY

In a building full of thought
leaders, I'm trapped with the
dumbest person I've ever met.
There's no help coming unless we
call it.

PETE

How? You built this high-tech abomination, there must be cameras and motion sensors and like, Terminator robots. You heard that blue-haired guy, they're hackers! We can't go anywhere without getting caught.

She knows he's got a point. But then, realizing --

EMILY

The dinosaur hall.

PETE

You want to look at some fossils right now?

EMILY

In the southeast wing, we can try to signal someone from the windows, it doesn't have full security measures, it's still in beta!

PETE

Buildings can't be in beta, that just means you didn't finish it.

EMILY

Ugh, just like- shut up. Look. We can either die here or use my superior knowledge of this museum to save everyone.

PETE

Everyone? Or the guy who looks like he never shuts up about sailing? Because you seem a lot more concerned with the danger to his life than to mine.

EMILY

Uh, he's not into sailing, he likes rock climbing! But you're right, his life is objectively more valuable to society.

PETE

Good luck. I'm gonna hang here with the squad.

He joins the circle of cave people around the fake fire.

EMILY

URRGHH, fine! Stay here, if those shrimp are any indication you'd just mess things up anyway.

She pokes her head out of the hut, checks for terrorists, and stalks off, leaving Pete glowering into the plastic flames.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - DIAMOND ROOM - NIGHT

Helen, cool and genial, sits in a banquet chair in front of Blaze. Svetlana stands guard, brandishing an assault rifle.

HELEN

Is that really necessary? What is it that you want? Money? Cryptocurrency? A job? Getting into our system like that was impressive, we're always looking for white hats to keep us on our toes.

BLAZE

Is that how you see yourself?

Blaze eyes her like a vulture on roadkill.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

You're an impressive woman, Helen. Starting Oediv in your garage as a simple video sharing site. Now you have an empire: ads, social media, driverless cars, cloud servers that hold so much of the internet. I'd argue that Oediv is the internet.

HELEN

(cautious)

We're dipping our toe into podcasts if you're --

BLAZE

But that's not really what you sell. You sell us. The users. We share our hopes, our fears, our deepest desires in exchange for easy access to email and directions and videos of hamsters in little chef's hats making little meals. But we are the rightful owners of the internet, and the internet is the world.

(MORE)

BLAZE (CONT'D)

And if Bilbo is to steal the dragon Smaug's gold, he must destroy the mountain under which he slumbers.

HELEN

I... don't understand. Is that from Game of Thrones?

BLAZE

(scoffing)

Game of Thrones!

(recomposing)

We're going to build a new internet, owned by the people. To do that, the old internet must be destroyed. So- we're going to wipe out your encrypted servers.

HELEN

Which servers?

BLAZE

All of them.

HELEN

Impossible. Even if you could do that, we'd lose power grids, hospital systems, water, air traffic. It would be mass chaos, you won't be heroes!

SVETLANA

Casualties in the revolution.

Blaze leans down to Helen.

BLAZE

Could there be another reason you don't want us digging around in your encrypted files?

For the first time, Helen's eyes betray real worry.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

You're going to give me the codes I need to access your servers. And we're going to air you giving them to me on your own livestream so everyone knows who to blame. Then we simply slip back into the shadows. I daresay the cops will be... distracted.

HELEN

How... but, I don't have the codes!

BLAZE

Hm. Thought we might have to do
this the hard way.

He unbuttons the cuff of his dress shirt, revealing what looks like a wrist guard, with military-style straps. He turns his wrist over, revealing 10-inch dagger blades in metal sheaths. He shows them off -- he's super into them.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Carbon-fiber. Ultralight, but
deadly. Bought them on the dark
web, three bitcoin. I bend my wrist
just so, and SHINK!

Helen jerks back -- Blaze smiles.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Now. Give me the codes.

HELEN

I don't have them, I promise!

Svetlana raises an eyebrow to Blaze -- something's not right. Blaze's jaw tightens just a bit.

BLAZE

The company bylaws state that you
and only you know those codes.

HELEN

My inbox hasn't been below 5000
since the dot-com bubble burst! I
delegated just one thing, okay?

BLAZE

Then who. Has them.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - NIGHT

Emily hurries along the ground floor past half-unpacked skeletons and recreated dinosaur scenes.

EMILY

Hey, Rick.

A giant *Sauroposeidon Proteles* (stubby legs, long neck) fossil hangs in the center of the cavernous round hall. Three levels of half-finished walkways encircle it, scaffolding filling in the gaps.

Emily tracks the rickety scaffolding up to the gigantic half-moon windows on the top level -- perfect!

She starts to climb, pulling herself up onto the loose planks that serve as painter's walkways.

Her foot slips on a metal strut. She catches herself, looking down at her perfect shoes. *This isn't going to work.*

She takes them off and puts them in a hanging bucket.

EMILY (CONT'D)
I'll come back for you, Jimmy
Choo's.

She keeps climbing.

INT. EARLY HUMAN EXHIBIT - CAVE - NIGHT

Pete sits. Checks his phone -- no luck. He inspects the crude tools and weapons brandished by the mannequins. He picks up a chunk of pyrite (fool's gold), tossing it to himself.

PETE
(reading a placard)
"Early humans used pyrite and slate
to create fire." You guys couldn't
have invented like, a musket?

He kneels down next to the caveman starting a fire.

PETE (CONT'D)
You'd hide. You get it. That's why
they called you cavemen- men in
caves. It's dangerous out there.

He notices a woman, beheading a faux fox.

PETE (CONT'D)
Sorry, cave-people.

A gun COCKS right behind his head, arm reaching through the tent flap.

ANTOINE (O.S.)
Step out of the cave.

Pete, trying to remain calm, backs out of the tent, hands up.

INT. EARLY HUMAN EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Antoine's gun is trained on Pete. He doesn't look happy.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

PETE
I, um --

Antoine lowers his gun.

ANTOINE
Svetlana told *me* to sweep the east wing. You should be back with the others.

PETE
The others?

Pete looks at him, confused -- then looks down at his cater-waiter uniform. Antoine thinks he's a terrorist!!!

PETE (CONT'D)
Oh. The other terr... us. Whose cause I'm totally down for. Hey, I didn't catch your name when we were all in the kitchen together...

ANTOINE
No names! This whole operation is completely anonymous, did you not read Blaze's manifesto?

PETE
I did and I loved it. I was coming here to see if you needed any help. Thought there might be somebody hiding in one of these huts.

ANTOINE
Only an idiot would hide in here, I would find them immediately.

PETE
It's not the worst hiding spot --

ANTOINE
I will finish with the southeast hall.

He moves to go --

PETE
Wait!

Antoine stops, looking at him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Why don't you check the north wing?
I'll take the southeast hall. Big
fan of the southeast.

ANTOINE

I thought this might happen.
Everyone starts jockeying to be
Blaze's little pet. But I have
news: the pet store is closed.

He turns to leave again -- Pete catches up to him.

PETE

No, no man! That's not it at all. I
just- I feel like I could learn a
lot shadowing someone of your
caliber.

Antoine narrows his eyes. Then --

ANTOINE

If I wasn't me, I would also seek
to learn at my own feet. We go.

Antoine turns and walks away. Eyes wide with fear, Pete
hesitates.

Antoine looks back at him -- Pete breaks out in a smile and
hurries after him.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Emily reaches the top of the scaffolding and moves to the big
window -- she scans for the valets below, spots them.

EMILY

Yes!

EXT. MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The valets sit on the hoods of a couple cars, passing an
elephant-shaped bowl back and forth.

VALET #1

I just think it should work both
ways.

VALET #2
(holding in a hit)
But why would you want to turn
cheese back into milk? Milk is
cheaper.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - TOP LEVEL - SAME TIME

Emily waves her arms at them --

EMILY
Hey! Hey dipshits, look up here!

EXT. MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

VALET #2
But what about ice cream?

Valet #1 notices something in the museum window -- Emily,
silhouetted in the light, waving at them!

VALET #1
Hey, it's that bossy girl. Probably
wants her car pulled around.

VALET #2
(waving back at her)
Hi, hi, we're ignoring you.

They resume smoking their bowl.

VALET #1
Here's a question for you. Do we
need more milk?

VALET #2
No.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Emily is jumping up and down now --

EMILY
Come on!

INT. MUSEUM HALLWAY - NIGHT

A green mo-cap stick figure follows a red stick figure
walking along a wall-mounted LED screen, mimicking Pete and
Antoine. Pete eyes the gun in the hacker's hand.

ANTOINE

And what hacks have you taken part in?

PETE

Oh, all the big ones. Black Friday. Cyber Monday. Ruby Tuesday.

ANTOINE

I have not heard of these.

PETE

That's because the government and big... pharma covered them up.

ANTOINE

Typical. Many speak of overthrowing the world order, but those of us who actually mean it came tonight. We will wipe Oediv from the metaverse. I almost hope they do not comply, so we can fill this monument to tyranny with their blood.

Pete follows him along, eyes wide with alarm.

PETE

Yeah... totally.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Emily hears someone coming and ducks behind a stuffed ground sloth. She peeks through the glass case at Pete and Antoine, giving a confused head tilt. *Pete??*

Antoine checks behind a headless animatronic velociraptor, Pete following right behind him -- Antoine turns and bumps into him.

ANTOINE

Why don't you check over there.

PETE

Right.

Pete moves away, whispering as quietly as he can.

PETE (CONT'D)

Emily. Where are you!

EMILY

(low)

Are you kidding me.

Emily clocks a square of light blinking through the fabric of Antoine's pocket. A phone!!

She huddles, thinking -- then careful, quiet, she crawls away, keeping behind the row of towering fossils.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - STAGE - NIGHT

At the makeshift command center, a willowy hacker with an ELVISH arm tattoo (20s) scrolls on a laptop -- she's joined by a guy with a topknot wearing hiking SANDALS (20s).

SANDALS

She's not with the hostages.

ELVISH

And no Emily Greene on the guest list. The CEO said she was here.

SANDALS

She must be out there somewhere in the museum.

ELVISH

Do you want to be the one to tell Blaze we missed the most important hostage? Go find her.

SANDALS

The French Canadian guy's already out sweeping --

ELVISH

And what if he just shoots her??
Message him right now, tell him she must be taken alive. Go!

Sandals hustles off. By the hostage enclosure, Svetlana watches him go, suspicious. Thomas crawls over to her.

THOMAS

Hey, Thomas McIntyre. Product Manager.

Still on all fours, he holds out his hand across a table, charm on full blast. Svetlana just looks at him.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I really have to go to the
bathroom.

SVETLANA
You will hold it.

She turns on her heel and glides backstage. Thomas, not used to being talked to like that, is a little intrigued.

THOMAS
Okay.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - TOP LEVEL - NIGHT

Pete checks over his shoulder for Antoine -- looking inside a giant shark's mouth.

PETE
(whisper yelling)
Emily! Emily!

ON EMILY:

She crawls behind a volkswagen-sized tortoise shell, Antoine just on the other side.

Emily wriggles through the giant shell, her head emerging on the other side.

Antoine's ass is inches from her face, the phone just peeking out of his pocket. Emily, ever so careful, reaches out --

Pete steps in front of her.

Emily angrily waves him out of the way: *Move, idiot!*

Pete mimes a gun: *Get out of here, he's gonna shoot us!*

ANTOINE
Is everything all right?

Pete whips around to face him, mock-casual.

PETE
Yup! All good. How are you?

Antoine ignores him. Now suspicious of the tortoise shell.

Emily huddles behind the shell, silent. Antoine starts stalking around to the back of it.

PETE (CONT'D)

Uh, I think I can finish in here.

Antoine raises his gun, almost to Emily's spot.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey! Or I'll go report to Blaze,
take all the credit?

Antoine chambers a round. Pete looks around for something,
anything --

Emily, curled into a ball, covers her mouth.

Antoine is about to turn the corner --

TRICERATOPS

MWAAAAHH!

Antoine spins and UNLOADS SHOTS into a baying animatronic
triceratops, its head rearing, a wiggling baby triceratops
sliding out of its rear end over and over.

Pete crouches by the power cable he's plugged in as the
triceratops SHUDDERS to a stop.

ANTOINE

All right. We go.

Emily, lets out a slow, slow breath.

DING!

Emily looks down in horror -- her watch reminding her:
"Rainforest Room with Thomas."

Pete freezes, his stomach in his throat. Antoine whips his
gun around, trained on the tortoise shell.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Step out here. Slowly.

Emily stands, raising her hands.

EMILY

Look. Let's talk about this.

ANTOINE

Call Blaze. Tell him I found
another guest.

PETE

I could. But why don't you give me the gun and you can call? You can take all the credit.

ANTOINE

(realizing)

And where is your gun?

Antoine turns his gun towards Pete.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Who are you --

Emily dives behind an open crate of dinosaur bones just as Antoine spins back to her -- POP! POP! Shots pock the crates, straw flying everywhere. Pete scrambles behind another crate.

EMILY

Why did you lead him right here!

PETE

He was going to come here anyway, I was trying to warn you!

POP! POP! Antoine advances on the crates, firing.

EMILY

I don't need your help! I need his phone!

Antoine pulls the trigger again -- CLICK. CLICK. Empty. He looks over at the shining, sickle-shaped toe claw of a half-built *Deinonychus*.

PETE

And how are we supposed to --

EMILY

Look out!

Antoine lunges over the top of Pete's crate, Pete falling out of the way just in time to avoid the slashing claw.

Antoine stands over him, raising the claw again --

ANTOINE

It will be an honor to shed the first blood in this war.

Antoine brings the claw down -- Pete grabs a femur from an open crate of bones and blocks him!

PETE
I'm just a waiter!

EMILY
Aah! Don't break that!

PETE
What about me!

Emily gets to her feet, edging towards them. Antoine presses the femur down against Pete's throat.

EMILY
You're doing great!

Pete knees Antoine in the balls. Antoine collapses on top of him, the phone skittering out of his pocket onto the floor.

Emily grabs it --

EMILY (CONT'D)
Let's go!

She takes off down the walkway. Pete tries to crawl to his feet, but a writhing Antoine grabs his leg!

PETE
Get off me, you freaky little
suckup!

Emily turns the corner to find a gaping chasm between finished sections of walkway. The only bridge: a loose plank stretching between towers of scaffolding.

Pete kicks himself free of Antoine -- Antoine tumbles back through a ribbon of caution tape, dropping onto a painter's platform one level down.

PETE (CONT'D)
Oh, shit! Sorry! Wait- fuck you!

Emily steps out onto the flimsy board, arms out like an acrobat in a smooth walk-run to the other side.

Pete braces himself, about to step onto the plank.

PETE (CONT'D)
I don't know if it's gonna hold me.

EMILY
Just go!

He takes one step onto the board -- it SNAPS and he falls, grabbing the edge of the walkway, watching the halved wood CRASH onto the floor three stories below.

He looks back -- Antoine pulls himself back up and stalks towards him, claw out, furious. Pete scrambles back up onto the walkway.

ANTOINE

Nowhere to run, server boy.

Pete looks around -- only one option.

PETE

Ah, shit.

He runs to the railing, where the tip of the hanging *Sauroposeidon Proteles* tail floats in mid-air. He swallows --

EMILY

No! Pete, that's one of three specimens in the world!

PETE

Yeah, I'm one of one!

Antoine lunges for him -- and Pete steps out into space onto the dinosaur's tail, the entire skeleton wobbling.

EMILY

Oh my god, oh my god!

Pete starts climbing down the tail like a jungle gym. He reaches the spine, wobbling, and looks down at the floor forty feet below -- but he has to grab for a hold as the skeleton sways under him. Antoine has jumped on to the tail.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Go!

Pete teeters down the spine -- Emily takes off around the circular walkway to the other end of the skeleton.

Antoine clambers after Pete, claw in hand, as Pete reaches the long, arching neck.

One of the cables holding the skeleton up releases with a TWANG, and both of them brace again as it rocks back and forth -- then stabilizes.

Pete reaches the giant head, only feet from Emily at the railing, as Antoine climbs up the neck after him.

Emily sticks her hand out, Pete reaches, another cable TWINGS away -- he clutches the skull, swinging from side to side.

He reaches out again, misses her hand --

EMILY (CONT'D)

Come on!

PETE

You come on!

He swings back towards her -- she reaches out a little further -- they grab each other's hands!

Antoine makes one last leap up the neck, reaching for Pete as Emily YANKS him onto the walkway -- the last two cables RIP out of the ceiling. Emily and Pete watch the look of dismay dawn over Antoine's face as the skeleton carries him down, down -- and explodes on the floor with a CRASH.

They peer down at the wreckage, Antoine's limp form half-buried in the pile of giant bones.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh my god... you killed him.

EMILY

I killed him? You killed him! I was saving us but you decided to blow it then jump onto a priceless fossil, which is now destroyed!

PETE

Yeah, well, weren't you in charge of finishing this place? Here's a tip: include all the walkways!

EMILY

It's in beta!

PETE

Buildings can't be in beta!

EMILY

It's just this section -- whatever, shut up! At least I got his phone.

She taps at the phone.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Can't call the police, it's on some kind of internal network. But --

PETE
What? What is it?

EMILY
They're looking for me.

She holds it up to him: her company ID photo on the screen.

PETE
Shit. Why you?

EMILY
"She has the codes. Must be taken
alive. Also, don't tell Blaze we
missed her. Thx." "Where are you??"
"Only 90 mins until broadcast!!"
Blaze must be the leader, the one
with the blue hair.

PETE
What codes?

EMILY
(scrolling)
The codes for Oediv servers, what
would they...

PETE
Oh. The guy that you killed said
something like "we'll wipe Oediv
from the metaverse." Would they
need the codes for that?

Emily takes a step back, stunned.

PETE (CONT'D)
Is that bad?

EMILY
Very. Bad. Like, everything-in-the-
world-that-runs-on-the-internet-no-
longer-working bad. And if they
know I'm the only one with the
codes, they must have interrogated
Helen.

PETE
What do we do now? The French guy
said they're gonna kill everyone if
they don't get what they want. I'm
pretty sure that's what he said,
his accent was really intense.

Pete look down over the railing again.

PETE (CONT'D)
Wow. He's like, dead-dead.

EMILY
I know! Okay? Just let me think.

She clocks a half-finished gift shop next to them. She walks in.

PETE
Where are you going?

He follows her.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - GIFT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Emily rifles through shelves of dinosaur-themed knickknacks.

EMILY
Look. If we don't give them the codes in the next 90 minutes, they're not just going to kill Thomas- they'll kill everyone. Especially now that you killed one of them. But if we do give them the codes, in addition to the world being set on fire, it is highly likely they'll murder us.

PETE
Urrghhh all right! But what are we supposed to do? They have guns and the entire building, and we're just... us.

She turns to him.

EMILY
The only way to solve a large problem is to break it down into smaller steps. For me to save the hostages, we need to contact the police. So we -- and I say "we" because you're staying with me so you don't ruin everything again -- we need to manually trigger the alarm and you can only do that from the security hub.

She turns back to the shelves.

(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)

And to get there, I need a new pair
of shoes.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM - UTILITY HALLWAY

CLOSE ON: a pair of fuzzy green dinosaur claw slippers speed-walking down the hall. Emily's a woman on a mission, Pete following behind.

INT. DINOSAUR HALL - SAME TIME

Sandals stands at the wreckage of bones. He moves a giant rib aside -- revealing Antoine's face, contorted in death.

SANDALS

(oh my god)
Oh my goddess.

He dials his phone.

SANDALS (CONT'D)

We have to tell him.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Blaze, impatient, watches the countdown timer, ticking down on the giant screen.

ELVISH

Blaze.

Elvish stands below the stage, phone in her hand -- nervous.

He grabs the phone. As he listens, his rage rises to a boil.

BLAZE

Then everyone needs to FIND HER!!

He smacks the phone down on the table, snarling. He closes his eyes, slows his breathing, thinking. Then turns to a laptop and taps at the keys. Windows pop up to fill the screen -- Emily's entire online presence.

INT. ELIZABETHAN EXHIBIT - NIGHT

A bustling 16th century London street, shopkeepers hawking their wares as whinnying horses plod through the muck -- all on an immersive floor-to-ceiling 4-wall LED screen.

We move down the hall past mannequins in frilly Shakespearean dress, display cases of bejeweled crowns, a gilded carriage.

Pete's head pokes out from behind the carriage.

PETE

Door at the end of the hall?

She pulls him back into their hiding spot.

EMILY

Yes! That's the security hub. If they're smart, which they are, they'll have someone stationed in there monitoring the feeds.

PETE

Then how are we going to sneak all the way there without being seen? I'm not trying to get shot.

EMILY

We just have to blend in somehow...

PETE

(looking at her dress and dino slippers)
Good luck with that. I'll keep lookout.

SMASH CUT TO:

From behind, a mannequin in puffy tunic and pantaloons is frozen mid-stroll, a giant parasol over its shoulder.

EMILY (O.S.)

Three, two, one- now!

The mannequin drops its parasol -- it's Pete! He hustles across the aisle to a new position next to Emily, already frozen in a giant ruff collar and an ornate dress.

She steals a look at a security camera above, panning back and forth.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I think we're good.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SECURITY HUB - SAME TIME

A bunker-like command center with a wall-sized flatscreen showing a mosaic of dozens of security feeds, workstations arrayed in front of it like NASA mission control. Medieval tapestries and weaponry line the foot-thick cement walls.

A disinterested hacker with a MIDDLE PART in her hair (17, only along for the fun) slumps in a chair in front of the screen, crocheting a bright pink scarf.

A flit of movement in one corner of the screen. She looks up - but all of the mannequins are frozen in place. Returns to her knitting.

Two mannequins hurry from one screen to another -- she looks up again, a little longer this time. Back to her phone.

Pete and Emily stand frozen in a ballroom dancing pose.

PETE
(hissing)
How do we get inside?

EMILY
Just follow me!

Emily's watch BUZZES -- Pete looks down at the screen.

PETE
"Show Thomas the Rothko." Oh, am I keeping you? Do you want to go do that right now, for your date that wasn't a date?

EMILY
I'm a little tied up trying to save everyone's life.

Middle Part puts her phone down -- peers at the two mannequins. Were those there a second ago? Impossible. Back to her phone.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Go!

They hurry to pose on another plinth, joining a hooded figure in a plague mask and a courtier in a powdered wig.

EMILY (CONT'D)
What do you mean it wasn't a date!
It absolutely was. Is.

PETE

Does that Thomas guy know that?

But Middle Part can't shake the feeling. She gets up close to the screen.

Emily can't help it -- flinches towards Pete just a little.

EMILY

It was a date!

Middle Part's eyes narrow.

The SHUNK of the door sliding open behind Emily and Pete -- they freeze.

Middle Part emerges from the security door, padding between the strolling figures, scanning the hall.

Facing away from her, the parasol and ruffle collar figures -- were those there before?

Middle Part draws her gun -- reaches out, spins the woman around -- a faceless white mannequin stares back at her.

She relaxes, a little mad at herself for being such a baby. She moves off to check the rest of the exhibit, but we stay on a wall grate near the floor, the cover slightly crooked.

INT. CABLE DUCT - NIGHT

Emily and Pete army-crawl through the dim, wire-lined shaft, stripped back down to their regular clothes.

EMILY

(whispering)

We need to be as quiet as possible.

CLANG! The carabiner tumbles out of her pocket onto the metal floor.

They freeze -- but nothing happens. He picks it up.

PETE

Why do you have a carabiner? Is this monogrammed?

She snatches it from him.

EMILY

I brought- it's for- don't worry about it.

PETE

Alright, fine.

(beat)

So rock climbing's your favorite hobby too? You have those weird shoes, don't you?

EMILY

We need to be quiet.

They keep crawling, Emily's gears turning.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Not that I care. But why do you think it wasn't a date?

PETE

That guy is just way too careless around you. If he liked you, he would get tongue-tied around you, he would ask questions when you asked him questions, and you know he'd mean it when he complimented you. If he's doing it to be charming, he's trying to get something from you.

EMILY

How could he not like me? I know everything about him. I made tonight flawless.

PETE

"Oh, I laid out the perfect schedule, I wore my prettiest yellow dress because it's his favorite color, I had the stupid caterers serve his favorite foods!"

Emily just crawls.

PETE (CONT'D)

Oh my god! Did you actually do that?

EMILY

What? No. That's dumb.

(low)

His favorite color's blue.

INT. SECURITY HUB - NIGHT

A desk is pushed forward from the wall -- Emily and Pete emerge from the tunnel of cables behind it, discarding a circular grate to the side.

EMILY
Lock the door -- the touchpad on
the wall.

She moves over to a computer in the command center.

EMILY (CONT'D)
It'll take a second to manually
trigger the alarm.

She logs in, opening a console window, tapping away as code streams across the screen.

Pete taps on the touchpad -- it blinks red, over and over.

PETE
It's not locking!

EMILY
Some kind of override.

Pete looks up at the flatscreen wall, Middle Part in one of the boxes still sweeping the Elizabethan exhibit.

PETE
She can walk back in here any
second??

Emily's fingers chatter away on the keyboard.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Blaze leans over a laptop, eyes scanning back and forth across Emily's social media profiles -- all clean, professional, and picture-perfect.

Svetlana joins him.

SVETLANA
No sign of her. She's disappeared.

BLAZE
You could say the same here.
Meticulously curated, not a hair
out of place. But from that very
motivation, we know that she has a
weakness.

His phone dings with a notification: "ALARM ACTIVATION INITIATED."

BLAZE (CONT'D)

How... get everyone to the security hub, now!

INT. SECURITY HUB - SAME TIME

EMILY

Come on, come on.

PETE

Hey, we've got some angry nerds incoming!

He points to the screens -- hackers running down halls in box after box.

Her coding window disappears.

EMILY

No. He's locking me out.

PETE

They're gonna be here any minute. We need to go, now.

She gets up -- but stops.

EMILY

Even if we get away, they'll find us in a second with the cameras.

PETE

How do we turn them off!

She sits back down, eyes flitting to the security screens as hackers run through the halls.

EMILY

All right. The camera data is separated into four nodes.

PETE

What! What the fuck are nodes!

She opens up a new window and starts typing again.

EMILY

First one down.

A few security screens cut to static.

PETE
You've only done one?

EMILY
Shut up! At least I'm doing
something!

PETE
Fuck this.

Pete walks away. Emily types, laser-focused.

SMASH! Emily jumps, sparks and plastic shards flying as Pete winds up for another swing at the computer next to her with a spiked medieval mace.

EMILY
What are you doing! That mace is
from the Punic Wars, you're gonna
break it!

PETE
I'm smashing nodes! We need to get
these cameras off!

She turns to the screens -- a few more cut to static, but not enough. On the remaining screens, hackers are closing in.

Emily looks from the rows of computers up to the sprinklers on the ceiling.

EMILY
Give me that.

Surprised, he tosses her the mace and she catches it.

INT. ELIZABETHAN EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Middle Part pelts between the displays, gun in hand, skidding around a corner -- the door to the security hub at the end of the hall in front of her.

INT. SECURITY HUB - SAME TIME

Emily rips a tapestry of a man making love to a dragon off the wall and wraps it around the mace -- a makeshift torch.

EMILY
Give me your lighter.

He pulls one out of his pocket and tosses it to her.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

PETE

For what?

She flicks the lighter on.

EMILY

Not you!

She touches the flame to just a corner of the brittle old tapestry and it goes up in a WHOOSH.

She holds the torch up to the sprinkler.

INT. ELIZABETHAN EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Middle Part hammers the keypad, the door slides open, she opens the inner door to see --

Water spewing down from the sprinklers, the rows of computers sparking, the screen a mess of static. The tapestry flops onto the floor with a SMACK.

INT. OEDIV EXHIBIT - NIGHT

A shrine to Oediv's history: pictures of Helen, early office days, even a scale model of the museum.

Emily and Pete, shaking off a few drops of water, trip through an employees-only door.

PETE

So it's only cool to destroy the museum when you do it.

EMILY

It was life or death!

PETE

Finally getting your priorities straight.

EMILY

Okay, I'll admit, smashing the computers actually wasn't the worst idea.

PETE

(he is too)
You sound surprised.

They're unsure what to do in this moment of civility.

BLAZE (O.S.)
Well, well, well. I'm impressed.

They look up -- Blaze, perched on the stage, smirks from a giant screen on the wall. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

BLAZE
But you are meddling in matters
that you cannot comprehend. You
have no idea what you are
protecting.

INT. ELIZABETHAN EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

The LED walls are now broadcasting Blaze's giant face.

BLAZE
If you bring me the authentication
codes for the encrypted server, I
will let you live.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Blaze points the camera up to the giant ticking timer behind him: 1:25:42. 1:25:41.

BLAZE
As you can see, we're on a
deadline. So bring me those codes,
little Ms. Perfect, or I'll be
putting some new art on the walls,
using your colleagues' blood.
Clock's ticking.

The screen blinks off.

Blaze turns to Svetlana.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
Get everyone out there looking for
them.

SVETLANA
And leave the hostages unguarded?

Blaze raises a forearm and points to it.

BLAZE

Uh, I'm here, duh!

Svetlana thinks about it, but holds her tongue. She takes out her phone and dials as she strides off the stage.

INT. OEDIV EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Pete and Emily stand in silence for a moment.

PETE

What do we do?

EMILY

I don't know. I'm sorry... I don't know.

She walks away. A spotlight flicks on, illuminating a table-size scale model of the museum, encased in glass.

EMILY (CONT'D)

People are going to die because of me.

Pete joins her.

PETE

No, people are gonna die because of that blue-haired guy.

EMILY

This wasn't how tonight was supposed to go.

She peers down at the tiny, happy visitor figurines in the gem exhibit.

EMILY (CONT'D)

All my plans...

She lays her face squished against the glass over the miniature aerospace exhibit.

PETE

Plan? How could you possibly plan for weird nerd terrorists who are super bloodthirsty for some reason? Nothing in my life has gone according to plan. And I'm still here. Sometimes you just have to work with what you've got.

Emily's eyes go wide -- looking down through the glass.

EMILY
(muffled)
I know how.

PETE
What?

She jerks her head up, pointing down to the model.

EMILY
I know how!

Dubious, he leans down, following her gaze to a bulbous, oblong airplane hanging in the little air and space wing.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Blaze, at his computer, examines a picture of Emily in an Oediv hardhat, smiling in front of the half-built museum. Thinking.

BLAZE
Little Ms. Perfect. A little bow on everything. Nothing left unfinished.

An idea. He flips to her Omail.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
Nobody has everything figured out.

He clicks on "drafts." Two emails sit in the folder.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
Well, well, well.

He opens the first one.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
"To Whom It May Concern- I have made the difficult decision to cancel my gym membership." No.

He opens the next one.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
"They say nobody's perfect, but what if you found the person that was perfect for you?"

An unpleasant grin spreads across his face.

INT. AIR AND SPACE WING - NIGHT

A giant wooden seaplane hangs mid-flight among a century's worth of airplanes in the hangar-size space, rockets poking through multiple levels of crisscrossing walkways.

Emily and Pete stand on the bottom floor, looking up.

EMILY

There it is. The largest flying
boat ever built, the Hughes H-4
Hercules, aka "The Spruce Goose."

PETE

Wow. It's amazing.

He turns to a display case of midcentury Russian Cosmonaut suits, canvas parachute harnesses over their flight suits.

PETE (CONT'D)

All this stuff. They shot
themselves into space. They didn't
have GPS, internet, cell phones.

EMILY

And their only way to communicate
was radio. It's still up there- I
just need to climb up and hot-wire
it with a power source.

(then)

What? No derisive comment?

PETE

...No. That's pretty smart. My only
concern is where am I going to be?

EMILY

You will be doing the very
important job of lookout.

PETE

Meaning, I'm just going to sit down
here waiting for a terrorist to
find and murder us.

EMILY

Well, yeah.

PETE

Hmmm.

TIME CUT TO:

Pete hangs on on the side rungs of a 60-foot rocket wearing a parachute harness like a climbing rig -- a single strap anchored to a strut up above.

PETE (CONT'D)

I just think this is better. Your dress is really nice and it could've gotten ruined.

An orange extension cord is coiled over his shoulder, the other end spooling out from a wall outlet next to Emily.

EMILY

Yeah, sure. You're just lucky I couldn't reach the ladder.

But Emily blushes a little.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Could you go any faster? Weren't you an All-American states or something?

PETE

All-state athlete, but it's not a lifetime membership.

EMILY

Well, just remember to plug into the amplifier and not the breaker.

PETE

I'm fine, I made a demonic device to remember it. The Pete System!

EMILY

Oh my god, it's mnemonic. Just to be sure, the amplifier looks like --

But she hears something.

PETE

Looks like what?

Someone's coming, talking into their phone!

EMILY

Hide!

PETE

Hide?? I'm twenty feet in the air!

Emily darts away.

PETE (CONT'D)

Emily!

He edges around behind the missile as much as he can, just out of view as Svetlana enters the hall, gun in hand.

Emily pads between the exhibits -- the moon lander, some moon rocks, a four-foot moon sitting on a pedestal. Wait -- she turns back. She touches her finger to the moon -- it goes right inside it. It's a *hologram*.

Svetlana comes around the corner -- only to find an empty exhibit. She checks under displays, inside of nooks.

Inside the holographic moon, Emily curls herself into a ball, trying not to breathe.

Pete watches Svetlana from around the edge of the missile as she moves towards the moon -- but the hacker moves past it.

Pete and Emily let out simultaneous silent sighs of relief.

Svetlana is about to leave -- then stops. She goes back to the Cosmonaut display, lowering her gun. A little kid, seeing herself in the Cosmonaut suits -- but she looks closer...

PETE (CONT'D)

Shit.

-- at the faded outline where a parachute harness should be.

SVETLANA

Disrespectful.

Pete looks around -- he's next to a pontoon plane, a heavy-duty life vest strapped to the door.

Svetlana takes her phone out of her pocket -- but hears something behind her --

She looks up at Pete SWINGING towards her through the air like a pendulum, a life vest in his hand --

SVETLANA (CONT'D)

(Shit)

Der'mo.

-- he pulls it over her head, yanking her down right into the holographic moon as he swings away and Svetlana is face to face with a huddled --

SVETLANA (CONT'D)

You!

Pete reaches the zenith of his swing, starts to swing back.

PETE

Emily! Pull the tab!

Svetlana and Emily both look down at the bright red pull tab on the life vest.

Svetlana reaches for it, but Emily's faster -- FOOMP! It inflates like an airbag, sending her flying backwards.

Her gun clatters into a funnel-like maw of a "Model Black Hole," built into the floor.

Emily scrambles out of the moon, sees Svetlana trying to get up from the ground -- reaches into Svetlana's butt pocket.

SVETLANA

No!

She tries to grab at Emily, but it's too late -- Emily pulls Svetlana's phone out and scrambles to her feet.

EMILY

I'll call you!

Having stopped swinging, Pete just dangles six feet up.

PETE

Wait! Where are you going?

She takes off running down the exhibit. Svetlana pulls herself up, rips the life vest off, and sprints after her.

PETE (CONT'D)

Hey!

The parachute strap unwraps from the strut and he drops to the ground.

He rises, wincing. He looks up at the footholds on the side of the missile -- no safety rope this time.

Pete picks up the fallen extension cord and grabs a rung.

INT. SCULPTURE HALL - SAME TIME

Emily bursts through glass double-doors, dialing as she dashes past a sticky note mountain range, balls of colored pencils and giant Jeff Koons balloon animals. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. AIR AND SPACE WING - SPRUCE GOOSE - SAME TIME

Pete pulls himself into the Spruce Goose as Antoine's phone rings in his pocket. He pulls it out.

PETE

Emily?

Emily swerves to avoid an oak tree sticking out horizontally from the wall, takes out her AirPods, clicks "Pair."

EMILY

I'll walk you through it! Remove the front panel of the radio.

He clambers to the cockpit and takes a seat, looking around the switch and knob-covered panels -- sees a microphone.

PETE

Okay, got it!

Pete puts his phone down, sets it to speaker. He gets to work.

Emily steps behind a sculpture of a Keith Haring-esque dancing figure -- but Svetlana skids around the corner.

EMILY

Shit!

Emily tries to match the wacky pose of the sculpture, but loses her balance -- Svetlana sees her!

Emily runs, Svetlana in hot pursuit, into an alcove with a 12-foot tall dining table and chairs, giant utensils leaning against them.

Pete jimmies the panel open -- there are approximately one million wires of all colors.

PETE

Oh what the fuck.

Emily runs around the table -- dead end!

She turns -- Svetlana stands on the other side of the table.

Emily cuts right, Svetlana goes the same way -- she dodges left, Svetlana cuts her off again.

EMILY

There should be a big fat cable connected to a transistor!

PETE

What does a transistor look like again?

SVETLANA

Enough games.

Svetlana grabs a giant knife, swinging it at Emily -- Emily picks up a giant fork and parries the blow.

EMILY

It's a little gray cube with three metal prongs coming out of it!

Pete sifts through the wires.

PETE

Gray cube, gray cube...

Svetlana swings the knife again -- Emily dodges out of the way and the weight carries Svetlana forward, stumbling. Emily runs out of the alcove through a door into --

INT. GENITALS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Covering every immaculate white wall, rows and rows of anatomically accurate, three-foot long rubber penises and vaginas.

PETE

Got it!

Emily turns, bends a penis back towards her --

EMILY

Great!

Svetlana comes around the corner and Emily lets the penis go, WHIPPING Svetlana in the face and sending her to the ground.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You need to strip the --

Svetlana leaps back to her feet, a nasty black eye forming.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

Svetlana grabs her, shoving her into a vagina and closing the rubber flaps around her.

PETE

Strip the what? You're all muffled!

Emily struggles, Svetlana smothering her -- but she goes limp -- and slides out the bottom, scrambling through Svetlana's legs and taking off again.

EMILY

Strip your headphones and connect
the wires to the transistor!

Svetlana spins, pursuing her into --

INT. MIRROR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A Yayoi Kusama-like mirror room, full of acrylic yellow gourds covered in black polka dots.

She runs to the other side, groping for the door -- but there's only infinite Emily's, growing smaller and smaller.

EMILY

Stupid mirror door!

Pete unwraps the extension cord, plugs the phone charger in, plugs that into the cracked phone, and rips the tops of the headphones off --

PETE

Okay, I stripped the wires!

The other door shuts behind her -- Svetlana and her infinite reflections poised in front of it.

EMILY

You have to --

She grabs a gourd and throws it at Svetlana.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Wrap it --

Svetlana blocks it, throws one back -- it hits Emily's reflection.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Around --

They sling polka-dotted gourds back at each other as Emily fumbles along the mirrored wall --

EMILY (CONT'D)

The breaker --

She finds it! A slim crack in the wall -- She pushes the door open, swings through, and slams it shut behind her.

INT. CHILDREN'S WING - CONTINUOUS

Darkness. The silhouettes of statues in their niches line the walls, table displays in the center of the room.

EMILY

I'm gonna try to hide, I have to go quiet. Just remember, whatever you do, don't plug it into the amplifier. Rendezvous at the Berlin Wall. You got this.

PETE

Wait wait wait, which one's the amplifier? What happens if I plug it into the amplifier?

A sliver of light in the dark exhibit -- Svetlana slinks through the door, closing it behind her.

Emily huddles behind a display case.

PETE (CONT'D)

Emily?

He looks down at the mess of wires and clunky components in front of him.

PETE (CONT'D)

Okay, the Pete System. Amps are for guitars. Guitars are instruments, like a keyboard.

Emily can't see where Svetlana is. A creak to her left. A breath to her right.

Pete pulls two different cables out of the open radio -- looks between them -- one thick, one thin.

PETE (CONT'D)

A cat played a keyboard in that video. Cats have thick butts.

Emily, silent: *what the fuck?*

He grabs the thick cable, connects the exposed wiring, wincing, ready for sparks to fly -- nothing.

Then -- the 75-year old radio flickers to life, needles flicking, radio static squawking.

PETE (CONT'D)

I did it. I did it! Holy shit, the Pete System actually works!

Emily gives the tiniest fist pump.

Pete grabs the receiver.

PETE (CONT'D)
Mayday, mayday, is anybody there?

Just static. He fiddles with the dials --

PETE (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

A VOICE ON THE RADIO warps in through the static.

VOICE ON RADIO
Roger -- repeat -- allsign.

Pete fiddles with the dials again, gentle now --

PETE
Can you hear me?

VOICE ON RADIO
Is that you, snugglebunny?

We know that voice in her AirPods -- Emily jerks forward --

EMILY
Kirk???

A screen LIGHTS UP right behind her as an animated gas cloud flies into view.

GAS CLOUD
Hey kids, I'm Gassy! Welcome to the
Hall of Historical Farts!

Svetlana's head snaps around -- she strides towards the glowing screen, Gassy dancing in circles.

Emily's voice hisses out of Pete's phone next to the radio --

EMILY
Is that you?

KIRK
(from radio)
Emily? I didn't know you were on
the waves!

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - MEG'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Kirk sits at Meg's desk, radio in hand.

KIRK
How's everything going? Did you
just say you were gassy?

INT. AIR AND SPACE WING - SPRUCE GOOSE - SAME TIME

PETE
Dude, I don't know how you know
her, but we need your help!

INT. CHILDREN'S WING - SAME TIME

Emily crawls behind display cases, trying to get away before
Svetlana gets there --

KIRK
Emily? Is that Thomas? You must be
ahead of schedule.

GASSY
Based on Abraham Lincoln's diet,
here's what his farts would've
smelled like!

A light comes on over an animatronic Abraham Lincoln in the
niche right behind Emily, illuminating her plain as day --
Lincoln spins around and lets out a loud FART.

EMILY
Kirk, you need to call the police!

Svetlana lunges towards her and she dodges around a table
display of medieval food, setting off a cascading cacophony of
farts as animatronic figures activate and spin around: Joan
of Arc, Cleopatra, Genghis Khan.

INT. AIR AND SPACE WING - SPRUCE GOOSE - SAME TIME

KIRK
Thomas, what did you think of the
carabiner? She picked out your --

They're losing him! Pete fiddles with the dials.

PETE
Hey! Come back!

Svetlana has Emily trapped in a corner between Elvis and
Ponce De Leon, closing in. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

Blaze pores over the email.

BLAZE

"Kiss on the roof at midnight..."

GARBLED STATIC peters out from among the hostages. Hostages and hackers turn to look for its source --

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Everyone shut up. Shut up!

He hops off the stage, striding through the crowd to a uniformed security guard -- frozen in fear as Pete's voice bleats out of his radio.

PETE

You gotta call the cops, dude! My name is Pete Aldridge, I was working a catering job at the new museum, terrorists have taken over!

SANDALS

The manager...

ELVISH

What manager? We definitely weren't being supervised.

Blaze turns on Sandals and Elvish!

BLAZE

Cut the power!

Elvish taps a few keys on her laptop --

INT. AIR AND SPACE WING - SPRUCE GOOSE - SAME TIME

The Air and Space Wing goes dark around Pete, and harsh floodlights flick on along the walls. The radio goes silent, the needles returning to rest.

PETE

Kirk? Kirk!

INT. CHILDREN'S WING - SAME TIME

The animatronic figures wheeze to a halt as the Hall of Farts goes dark around Svetlana and Emily once again.

Emily takes off for the door -- Svetlana tracks her footsteps, dashes after her. The floodlights come on just as Emily darts through the door and SLAMS it behind her.

Svetlana THROWS her body against it --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Emily braces herself against the door, which cracks open wider with every charge -- she looks around -- she's in an empty hallway, a giant sign proclaiming "Locks, Safes and Chains in the Middle Ages - exhibit opening 2023!"

EMILY

Come on!

But something's poking out her pocket -- the carabiner! Svetlana is almost able to reach through the crack.

Svetlana swings back for a final charge with everything she's got, but WHAM! The door doesn't budge and she falls to the floor.

REVEAL: on the other side of the door, the handles are locked together with the carabiner -- Emily's gone.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - MEG'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Kirk fiddles with the dials on the radio.

KIRK

Hello? Anyone copy?

Meg pops her head in.

MEG

Who were you talking to?

KIRK

Emily! Sounded like the date's going great. She may be dealing with some gas?

MEG

Huh. That's good. Not the gas part, but the rest of it. Should we get into that Blue Apron?

KIRK

Chicken and sweet pepper tacos topped with an elote crema? A mi me gusta!

He clicks the radio off and follows Meg out, leaving it sitting on the desk.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

The hostages buzz among themselves.

HOSTAGES

Did they reach the cops? / They
must have gotten the word out. /
There are other people in the
museum!

BLAZE

Silence! Be quiet!

Oliver rises to his feet.

OLIVER

You're out of your depth, kid. Take
it from a founder with a very
popular Substack, you're losing
control of your organization. Time
to let us go.

The hostages rumble in agreement, their spirits rising. Blaze
simmers, silent.

OLIVER (CONT'D)

Besides, I have a board meeting in
the morning.
(checking for impressed
looks)
Uber.

FROM THE BACK

So overvalued!

Blaze's anger appears to fade.

BLAZE

You know, I'd be happy to discuss.
Please, join us on stage.

INT. BERLIN WALL SECTION - LATER

Pete paces back and forth between broken, towering slabs of
concrete wall, scrawled graffiti and avant-garde murals
visible in the dim light.

A footstep in the darkness -- he slips behind a broken chunk
of wall -- but Emily emerges into the light! He pops out.

PETE
You're alive.

EMILY
You're alive!

Emily pulls him into a hug that Pete was not expecting.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You figured it out, you got the
radio to work!

Emily realizes she's hugging Pete and lets go of him.

PETE
Yeah, you did! I mean, I did. I
mean, I think it worked? I mean
your plan, but me did --

He leans against the wall, letting out a breath.

PETE (CONT'D)
We did great.

Emily leans against the wall next to him, also letting out a
sigh. Pete turns his head to look at her.

PETE (CONT'D)
How'd you lose the hacker lady?

EMILY
(turning to look at him)
I... had to leave something behind.

PETE
Well, I'm glad you made it.

Pete turns his whole body to face her. They're getting
dangerously close to each other.

BLAZE
(on giant screen)
Very impressive, Emily.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

On the stage, Blaze holds a gun to Oliver's head in front of
the silent crowd of hostages.

BLAZE

But I've had some input from the board- and they say enough is enough. Turn yourselves in or he dies.

Emily taps on a wall-mounted touchscreen and speaks into it. Her voice rings throughout the building.

EMILY

Please, don't do this!

BLAZE

On the contrary. You're doing this.

OLIVER

(scoffs)

You're not going to kill one of the top three innovators in the autonomous vacuum space.

Blaze cocks the gun against Oliver's head.

EMILY

Let's talk about this!

OLIVER

And it's going to be pretty hard to shoot me with the safety on.

BLAZE

What do you mean --

Blaze turns the gun outward to check the safety -- SHWING!

SCREAMS ring out. Emily and Pete can only look on, shellshocked.

Blaze stands, frozen, eyes wide -- his wrist gauntlet blade extended, dripping with blood.

He blinks, coming back to life as the hostages clamor in terror. He stares into the camera, wide-eyed.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

The- the era of tech oligarchs is um, over. That was your fault. You killed him!

He turns the camera around, pointing it at the hostages.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

And they all know it!

This hits Emily like a physical blow.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Now. Turn yourself in. Or there are going to be some more board seats opening up.

The giant screen above Emily and Pete blinks off, returning them to darkness.

Blaze turns, head held high, striding off into --

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Where he pukes into a trash can. He stays bent over, gasping for air.

BLAZE

Oh my god. Oh my god. You killed him. You killed him.

Svetlana, a black eye forming, steps behind him.

SVETLANA

That was not the plan. He was right, you are losing control.

Blaze wheels on her.

BLAZE

I! Decide what the plan is. Me! And-- and right now I'm questioning your commitment to the cause!

Svetlana glowers at him, not breaking his gaze.

Sandals comes up behind him.

SANDALS

You okay, Blaze?

BLAZE

Yes. Yes, I am.

Blaze wipes his mouth, turning away from Svetlana.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Take the hostages to the modern art exhibit, they already know too much. The girl's email mentioned a kiss on the roof at midnight with some hunky frat boy.

(MORE)

BLAZE (CONT'D)

That means he's here. And if anyone
sees the waiter... kill him.

He draws himself back up his full stature.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Now. Bring me all the Chads.

INT. BERLIN WALL SECTION - NIGHT

Emily slides down a section of wall, coming to rest on the
floor. Pete kneels next to her.

PETE

Hey, you can't listen to him. It
wasn't your fault.

EMILY

Yes it was.

PETE

Emily --

EMILY

In twenty-five minutes Thomas is
gonna die, everyone's gonna die.
You were right, I shouldn't have
tried to fix this. I'm such a
failure.

She huddles up, her head on her knees.

PETE

You're not stupid. I mean, it's to
a disturbing degree, but you're
pretty close to perfect. You're
smart and successful and clearly
well-liked and you're... you built
this whole museum.

EMILY

Probably gonna be haunted now.

PETE

You want to hear about a failure? A
guy who gets a baseball scholarship
to Duke, but then gets hurt, and
just sits in these classes, shook
at how smart everyone is. Like,
really smart. He has no idea how to
be smart like that, so he stops
trying. His grades get bad, he gets
kicked off the team, he drops out.

(MORE)

PETE (CONT'D)

Now he serves shrimp to rich people
who yell at him about the shrimp.

EMILY

Sorry about that.

(then)

I didn't know all that happened to
you.

PETE

I didn't say that was me. I'm not a
failure, I'm dope.

(a wry smile)

I tried to major in engineering.

EMILY

(the smallest giggle)

No wonder you failed.

They sit in silence for a moment. Then Emily raises her head.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Engineering. That's it.

PETE

No, that wasn't it. It literally
ruined my life.

EMILY

No, the flood tunnels- normally
they're sealed, but when the power
goes out, they take 30 minutes to
reboot! They're unlocked.

PETE

He just gave us an exit...

She jumps to her feet, pulling him up.

EMILY

We've been here for what, six
minutes? Someone has to go to the
utility room and open the sluice
gates. We don't have time to get
the cops and bring them back in. We
have to get everyone out ourselves.

PETE

All right. Let's go rescue some
rich assholes.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Thomas and two other generic dudes around the same age sit in banquet chairs arrayed around Blaze, Svetlana at his side.

BLAZE

I am going to ask you several questions and you will each answer in turn. If you do not answer truthfully... well.

They nod, fearful.

THE DUDES

For sure. / Totally. / You got it.

BLAZE

What is your job title?

DUDE #1

Product manager.

DUDE #2

Product manager.

THOMAS

Product manager.

BLAZE

All right. Who was president of their fraternity?

They all raise their hands, looking at each other. Two of them fist bump.

DUDES

Respect. / Nice.

Blaze sucks in a breath through his nostrils, trying to contain his anger.

BLAZE

What is your favorite hobby?

DUDE #1

Rock climbing?

DUDE #2

No way, me too, where do you climb?

DUDE #1

Momentum.

THOMAS

Ah, you gotta go to Uplift.

DUDE #2

Uplift is the clear #1, they've got a 60-degree tilt.

BLAZE

Enough! I can't listen to any more of this inane drivel! I'll find another way.

He turns to his computer and wrenches it open. Svetlana grabs Thomas by the arm, leading the group off the stage.

Thomas turns on his most charming grin.

THOMAS

What happened to your eye? Walk into a Stegosaurus?

SVETLANA

It is not necessary for you to speak.

THOMAS

Sorry, bad joke. You want to hear a good one? So a platypus walks into a marketing meeting, right?

Blaze's ears perk up.

BLAZE

Wait! I'd like to hear it.

Svetlana stops, turning around with Thomas.

Blaze's lips twist into a horrible grin. A beat of menace.

THOMAS

Okay! So a platypus walks into a marketing meeting and they say --

INT. MODERN ART EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Hostages huddle between the exhibits, the wear of the night starting to show.

A ventilation shaft in the wall above an ivory sheep opens with a CLANG -- the hostages look up -- Pete's head pops out.

PETE

Who's ready to get out of here?

He hops down to the ground.

GUEST #1
He's one of them!

PETE
Nope, not a terrorist, actual waiter.

GUEST #2
Oh right, he's the useless one the real terrorists were talking about.

GUEST #3
He's the one that never brought my gin and tonic.

PETE
All right, everyone relax. Now help me move this.

Pete braces himself against a sculpture of a golden rhino. A few hostages join in -- it starts to move.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - NIGHT

A dank warren of pipes and boilers. Emily slips in through a back door.

She moves over to a technical chart on the wall, running her finger over its crisscrossing lines.

She moves along pneumatic crank wheels on the wall, counting one, two, three -- finds it. She gets ready for a big crank --

COUGH. She freezes -- another cough, from around the corner. Emily edges along the pipes, peering around --

EMILY
Helen?

Helen sits zip tied to a pipe, damp and disheveled.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh my god. Are you all right? We're getting everyone out of here.

She rushes over to Helen, inspecting her zip tied hands.

HELEN
Did you give him the codes! For the encrypted servers.

EMILY

No.

(pausing)

But Oliver, he's dead.

HELEN

Shit. Well, he was trying to get me fired, so.

EMILY

(taken aback)

"So?"

HELEN

Can you just get me out of here?

Emily looks around -- a discarded toolbox sits on the floor. She rifles through it, pulling out a dull file.

EMILY

Right, of course! We have to rendezvous with everyone else --

Emily starts sawing at the zip ties.

HELEN

Forget them! If he accesses those servers, my career is destroyed.

Emily's sawing slows to a stop.

EMILY

What else is on the encrypted server?

HELEN

Believe me, it's better if you don't know.

EMILY

What else is on the encrypted server.

HELEN

All right, all right! For certain notable users- heads of state, celebrities, business leaders, when they go into incognito mode, it's not exactly incognito.

EMILY

You spy on them?

HELEN

I use select information to imply to our society's influencers that they should be very supportive of our company.

Emily takes a step back -- physically stunned.

EMILY

You blackmail them into helping the company.

HELEN

Oh, don't give me that look. I'm a woman in tech, Emily. I had to do everything, be everything, and be perfect at it. It's impossible. So yes, I built in a little insurance to stop a mediocre man from stealing my job, doing nothing, not answering emails, and being praised for "reimagining work!" You want to run a company someday? This is it. Get ready to get your hands dirty.

They both turn at BEEPS coming from outside -- someone typing at the keypad at the door!

EMILY

I have to go.

HELEN

(whisper yelling)

What! You can't leave me! I'll get you a corner office, a speaking slot at the retreat. Stock options, angel investment!

Emily heads for the back door.

EMILY

I'm sorry.

HELEN

Are you kidding me! You're fired! Do you hear me, you're fucking fired!

Emily pauses at the door -- then opens it and disappears.

INT. MODERN ART EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Pete and the hostages give the sculpture one last push --

PETE

Heave!

-- and it screeches across the floor, revealing a manhole grate.

Emily drops out of a vent, dazed -- Pete runs over to her.

PETE (CONT'D)

You made it! We've got
approximately nine minutes to get
these rich dicks out of here.

Emily looks around, blinking --

EMILY

Where's Thomas?

PETE

I don't know, I didn't take
attendance.

The giant screen on the wall pops to life, Blaze onstage.

BLAZE

Attention, we have a lost item.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - SAME TIME

The camera follows Blaze as he steps behind Thomas, tied to a chair next to him.

BLAZE

If you have an attachment to a
Thomas McIntyre, please report to
the gem exhibit within --

(panning up to the
countdown)

About twenty minutes, or he will be
disposed of.

Emily reacts -- how does he know?

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Yes, Emily. I know everything about
you. That Alice & Olivia dress you
ordered honestly doesn't work with
your complexion. And you've been
pushing your dentist appointment
for eight months, it's really
important to take care of yourself.

He clicks off.

EMILY

We have to go back.

PETE

What! You can't give him the codes, what have we been doing all night if you're just going to give him what he wants?

EMILY

We were wrong about Oediv, Helen has been collecting information on powerful people so she can blackmail them!

PETE

Duh, the giant tech company is evil. You think any of these assholes are surprised by that? Let's stick to the plan and save these people. If you go back he's going to kill you too.

EMILY

I can't leave Thomas, he's my date!

PETE

You're going to risk everything for that human powerpoint?

EMILY

I can't just --

PETE

That guy's a total joke!

EMILY

You're a fucking waiter!

Pete blinks, stung. Even Emily's shocked. The hostages try to pretend not to hear their rescuers arguing.

PETE

Whatever. I'm going to get these people out of here.

EMILY

Go on, leave. Run like you wanted to from the start, hide from your life and watch dumb videos on the internet and leave the actual work to the adults.

PETE

Actual work? You do so much for people that don't appreciate you because you want to show everyone this perfect life that doesn't exist. All to impress a guy who - guess what - will NEVER LIKE YOU.

Ouch. Emily fights tears -- but she won't let him see. She turns and stalks out of the exhibit.

Pete watches her go, will he say something?

A guest taps Pete --

GUEST #1

Uh, you're still going to rescue us, right?

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Emily stops in front of the double doors leading to the gem exhibit. Hair a mess, dress torn, still wearing dino slippers. She looks exhausted. But steps through.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Blaze stands onstage, posed like he's about to give a TED talk, taping on a tiny face mic. He turns as the door CREAKS closed behind Emily.

BLAZE

Ah! Emily. How are my thought leader poses? I've got-
(tents his fingers)
"what you may not know is?" And there's-
(finger to his chin)
"So I thought to myself --"

EMILY

I'm here! Okay? Where's Thomas?

The timer on the giant screen ticks down: 17:48. 17:47.

BLAZE

All right, all right!

Blaze prowls down the steps. He circles her like a jaguar.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

I understand why you like him.
Great job, a jaw you could use as a
protractor, I'm sure he's got a lot
of vests. You two are the perfect
match.

EMILY

I'll give you the codes --

BLAZE

Uh-uh-uh, no spoilers! You see,
when the clock reaches zero, you
are going to join me on our
livestream so everyone can watch
you give me those codes. I will be
victorious and you will be abjectly
humiliated. Win-win! I win twice.

Emily's shoulders sag.

EMILY

...Fine.

BLAZE

Excellent. Svetlana?

Svetlana wheels Thomas out on a dolly from the wings. Emily
bounds up the steps.

EMILY

Thomas! Are you okay?

Svetlana shoves her down into a chair next to Thomas.

THOMAS

Yeah, yeah I'm good.

Svetlana and Blaze move off towards the table of computers.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Hey! Hey, don't look so down. This
night wasn't all bad.

EMILY

(a little hope)
Yeah?

THOMAS

I really got to know someone
amazing. She's cool and calm and
she thinks on her feet, she's
just... fearless.

Emily's eyes well -- is this the moment??

EMILY

Thomas --

THOMAS

And her accent is like, super hot.

Emily's confused. But she clocks Thomas staring googoo-eyed at Svetlana.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Do you know if Stockholm Syndrome goes both ways?

Emily sits back in her chair. Defeated.

INT. MODERN ART EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Pete, kneeling by the hatch, watches the last few guests drop down into the tunnel. He lowers his legs in, takes one last look around -- and stops.

Pauses.

He pulls himself out, sitting on a bench facing the wall.

It's the Rothko, hanging between mobiles of cardboard tubes and felt. He stares at it for a few moments, impassive.

He gets up. Walks towards it. Stops.

Enya-esque music swells as he focuses. The rest of the world melts away.

EMILY (V.O.)

(echoing)

You have to actually try.

He's looking deep, looking behind the brushstrokes, looking beyond the painting.

He cries. Emotion rushing through him --

Then the Oediv ad plays over the painting.

OEDIV AD

Oediv! Why watch anything else?

PETE

Stupid ads --

He mashes the screen.

PETE (CONT'D)
Skip. Skip!

Pete freezes. Taps the screen -- the ad pauses.

He scrolls his finger across it, rewinding -- and stops.

He reaches up to the mobile next to him, tearing off a swatch of blue fabric. He holds it up to the screen.

His eyes go wide.

PETE (CONT'D)
No way...

EXT. MUSEUM - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Valets lay on the cars, staring up at the stars.

VALET #1
How can milk spoil when cheese and
yogurt are just spoiled milks?

A SCRAPING sound -- they look over. A manhole cover is being pushed aside. The valets watch unfazed. Guest #2 pops his head out.

VALET #2
Oh hey. You had the Saab, right?

QUICK POPS:

- Police cars race into the parking lot, lights blaring.
- Officers cordon off the area with crime scene tape.
- SWAT teams take position, rifles trained on the museum.
- REPORTERS check for food in their teeth as their crews light them for standups.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Meg sits on the couch, fiddling with her phone as CHANTING and DRUMMING blare from the TV.

MEG
Babe, Survivor's starting!

Kirk swings in from the kitchen with two plates of tacos.

KIRK

Outwit.

MEG

Outplay.

MEG/KIRK

Outlast!

As Kirk situates himself next to Meg, the local news cuts in.

REPORTER

Good evening, Seattle metro area.
We are interrupting your regular
broadcast to report on a developing
situation.

KIRK

Ugh, someone was gonna get scorpion
venom sucked out of their leg
tonight!

REPORTER

Attendees at the grand opening of
Seattle's new Oediv-sponsored
"MZM," have been taken hostage by
an as-yet unidentified group,
leaving only a countdown clock on
the Oediv homepage.

MEG

What the fuck...

KIRK

That's weird. Emily said it was
going really well.

Meg jumps off the couch.

MEG

We have to get down there!

Kirk jumps up too.

KIRK

I'll wrap up the tacos!

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - NIGHT

Blaze makes some final adjustments on the cameras pointed at
Emily and Thomas, arms tied behind their backs. TERRORISTS
come running in, including Sandals and Elvish.

SANDALS

Boss! The hostages! They're gone.
They've all escaped!

BLAZE

What?! How did you lose 146 people
in tuxedos and ball gowns?!
(gathers himself)
It's fine. It's all fine. I've got
the codes.

SANDALS

But the cops are here! Now! They
weren't supposed to know we were
here till the livestream started!

Blaze bites his thumbnail as he thinks.

BLAZE

We carry on. So what if they arrest
us, our mission will be achieved.
The cause is bigger than any one of
our lives.

Svetlana steps forward from the group.

SVETLANA

We must see the mission through.

Blaze claps and points at her.

BLAZE

YES! That's the attitude I'm
looking for.

Blaze presses a button on his remote and a live feed of him,
Emily, and Thomas on stage is played across all the museum
screens. Thomas uses the feed to fix his hair.

Blaze clears his throat before clicking the remote. The
cameras' red lights turn on as the broadcast begins.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Good evening. And welcome to the
revolution. Many of you have come
here to watch the launch of Oediv's
latest skidmark on the underwear of
society.

Emily looks down. Without breaking eye contact with the
camera he turns her head back up.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
 Instead, you will bear witness as
 it is bleached out of existence.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

College students gather around one kid's laptop to watch
 Blaze on the livestream, reciting his manifesto.

BLAZE (ON SCREEN)
 Imminently, I will completely wipe
 all of Oediv's servers...

INT. FRENCH HOME - CONTINUOUS

A French family solemnly watches the livestream. They are
 very French.

BLAZE (ON SCREEN)
 ...will build an internet for the
 people, by the people...

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Surgeons perform a surgery as the livestream plays on a TV
 behind them. A NURSE glances over at it.

BLAZE (ON SCREEN)
 ...greed and lies and corruptions
 of corporations like Oediv.

INT. GEM EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Blaze turns from the camera to Emily.

BLAZE
 Emily. The access codes, please.

Emily hesitates but Blaze pushes his gun into Thomas's back,
 hidden from the cameras.

EMILY
 4, 7, 3, 1...

Blaze nods to Svetlana, who stands at a laptop on the table.
 She enters the numbers into the code window.

EMILY (CONT'D)
 1, 6, 7... 2.

Svetlana enters the code, then looks up and nods to Blaze.

BLAZE
Unleash hell.

Blaze smiles cockily to himself again. Svetlana presses ENTER.

On the laptop screen, different windows quickly open and close as the wipe runs its course. A progress bar at the top creeps forward.

Blaze excitedly uses his remote to change the broadcast to Svetlana's screen (which we see on all the museum screens).

BLAZE (CONT'D)
As you, the world, can now see, the
prison we have been trapped in is --

The broadcast changes to the PANTS ON FIRE video from the Oediv ad.

ON SCREEN: The young boy scout frantically pats at his flaming shorts as he struggles to take them off. The video boomerangs -- plays, rewinds, plays, rewinds, etc.

Sandals chuckles as he leans over to Elvish.

SANDALS
Aaah, I love this one.

Blaze looks from screen to screen like he's seeing a ghost. He pulls his hair and yells at Svetlana.

BLAZE
Uh, gain control. Like, now! GAIN
CONTROL, PLEASE.

ON SCREEN: The video freezes on a particularly embarrassing frame of the boy. Bright blue lines squiggle across boy's hair... the same shade as Blaze's hair. Everyone squints at the screen, heads tilt as they realize...

ELVISH
(pointing at Blaze)
Holy shit. You're the pants-on-fire
kid!

Elvish's shock transitions to bewildered laugh. Emily's jaw is dropped... but there's a hint of a smile.

BLAZE
No. No I'm not.

EMILY
Oh my god. You actually are.

BLAZE
No I actually am NOT!

Emily starts to laugh and other terrorists join in. Blaze rushes over to Svetlana's computer.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
Make it stop. Make it stop!! Who is even doing this?!

Emily smiles and looks up towards the control booth.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH - NIGHT

Pete works the AV board, moving the mouse to color young Blaze's hair blue. A window comes up asking, "Broadcast switch requested, would you like to authorize?"

PETE
Nice try, loser.

Pete emphatically hits the "No" button.

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Shaking, Blaze throttles the air in front of the computer. Blaze grabs it, smashes it on the ground, and stomps on it. All the screens in the museum read "LIVESTREAM INTERRUPTED."

SANDALS
(laughing)
Jesus.

BLAZE
Don't LAUGH AT ME!

Everyone flinches at the child-like outburst.

BLAZE (CONT'D)
It could happen to anyone. AXE body-spray is highly flammable. But I'm laughing now. Ha ha ha, I'M laughing, you got that? Oediv may have ruined my adolescence but I am going to ruin them forever. And I'm going to be on top now. People will respect me.

The henchmen start giving each other doubtful looks. Elvish nudges Sandals and shows him her watch. Sandals nods and they walk off, the other henchmen following suit.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Oh you're leaving?! Good! I don't need you losers anyways! Sweet tattoo, by the way! Pffft.

EMILY

(low)

Okay, Thomas, play it cool. We might just get outta here alive.

THOMAS

What's the plan?

EMILY

No idea.

Svetlana studies the screen of the laptop. The windows keep closing and opening but she focuses on the scrolling code.

SVETLANA

Why is the program not deleting all materials? The encrypted data is being saved... sent to remote server...

EMILY

Helen's files...

BLAZE

It's called an insurance policy, idiot. With that blackmail on the world's most powerful figures, I'll never be the pants-on-fire kid again. I will force them to make me an icon. I could be Time Person of the Year or Secretary of State or People Magazine's Sexiest Man Alive...

Emily and Thomas both give him a look: "Weird."

SVETLANA

You never cared about the cause. You are just a spiteful little boy after his own personal vengeance. You are no better than Oediv.

Svetlana spits at Blaze's feet.

THOMAS

Wow!

(then, to Emily)

She's something else, huh?

BLAZE

(to Svetlana)

You thought we were all in this together? There are no friends on the internet! But now that I've got those precious files they'll carry me out of here on a throne. You on the other hand...

Svetlana looks down at her laptop screen, specifically the 75% full progress bar.

SVETLANA

No, you've almost got those files.

Blaze's smirk disappears. He and Svetlana lock eyes, thinking the same thing.

BLAZE

Svetlana, don't even- NO!

Svetlana lunges at her computer, typing fast as Blaze raises his gun. BANG! Svetlana crumples.

THOMAS

Nooooooooo! You son of a bitch!

EMILY

Is she dead? Did you kill her?

BLAZE

Don't you ever shut up?!

Blaze looks at Svetlana's computer... which now has a large "internet connection lost" bubble over the stalled code.

Thomas shuffles over to Svetlana, hands still tied behind his back. Emily stands up from her chair.

EMILY

It's over, Blaze. You've got no henchmen, no internet, you're done.

Blaze seethes, then looks at Thomas near his feet. He gruffly pulls him up so he's standing and holds him at gunpoint. He grabs his phone off the table.

THOMAS

Okay okay, alright, take it easy.

BLAZE

I am the reckoning. All I need is a
little cell service...

Blaze points up to the roof and smiles.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

And the download is as good as
finished.

Blaze slowly backs himself and Thomas up to the elevator.

Emily moves towards them but Blaze moves the gun up to
Thomas's head.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

Ah-ah-ah, you better watch it or
Ocean-Blue-Eyes here gets it.

Emily halts and Blaze pulls Thomas into the elevator.

THOMAS

(to himself)

Ocean Blue Eyes?

Blaze hits a button on the elevator's touchscreen and gives
Emily a smug smile.

BLAZE

Ta-ta.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Destination: Parking. Basement.

Blaze's cool demeanor vanishes as he frantically pushes the
touchscreen over and over.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)

Destination: Cafeteria. Third
Floor.

BLAZE

Son of a bitch!

AUTOMATED VOICE

Destination: Rooftop.

BLAZE

(under his breath, whiny)

Thank you.

As the doors close, Blaze gathers himself and waves to Emily.

The doors shut and Emily sprints to the elevator, hammering the call button as she looks up to the roof.

Pete runs up to the railing of the fourth floor balcony.

PETE

Emily! Where's Blaze?

EMILY

He's going to the roof to get service! He's got Thomas!

PETE

Shit! We gotta stop him!

He scours the exhibits around him. He lunges at a samurai suit mannequin and pulls the sword off its hip.

EMILY

No, we have to- Oh, yeah, you're right, we do.

Pete charges for the stairway door, kicking it open and bounding up the steps.

PETE

I'll see you on the roof!

EMILY

Wait, we should --

Emily gives up, he's already gone. Emily keeps pressing the button, rapid fire.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - NIGHT

A large, flat roof. A massive abstract sculpture of the Oedipus logo traverses it diagonally.

Walking from the elevator entrance, Blaze prods Thomas along while typing into Helen's phone.

THOMAS

I can't believe you shot her. She was a straight up 10, man, and you just shot her.

As Blaze and Thomas walk by the stairway door, Pete SLAMS it into them. Blaze and Thomas both fall to the ground, the phone lands next to them as the gun slides across the rooftop. Pete stomps on the phone, smashing it.

Pete goes for the gun as Thomas scrambles for it too. They both reach to grab it...

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I've got the gun!

PETE
No, I've got it!

As Pete is picking it up Thomas knocks his arm, sending the gun flying over the building's edge.

PETE (CONT'D)
Ah! Goddammit, Thomas, why would you do that?!

THOMAS
Well I thought I should be the gun guy. You've already got a sword, it's not fair for you to have a gun and a sword.

PETE
Well now none of us have a gun. Isn't that right, Blaze?

Pete turns to Blaze who slowly stands, hands up like a scared animal, between Pete and Thomas.

THOMAS
That's right, we got you, asshole. Together. Me and... wait, what's your name? Did we meet at --

Blaze lunges at Thomas and pushes him as hard as he can.

In SLOW-MO, Thomas stumbles backwards towards the roof's edge. Thomas's heel catches on the roof's small lip and he starts to go over. Pete drops the samurai sword, grabbing a piece of the Oediv logo sculpture with one hand and barely grabbing Thomas's tie with the other one as he leans out over the building's edge.

OUT OF SLOW-MO - Thomas hyperventilates, eyes wide.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Oh shit shit shit! Holy fuck! Thank you! Thank you! Careful with the tie though, it's handmade in Italy! But thank you.

Thomas grabs onto Pete's arm and the two manage to pull him back to safety.

The samurai sword is pressed into Pete's neck, who slowly turns to see Blaze standing over him with a smug smile.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

SMOOTH JAZZ plays from the ceiling speakers as Emily rocks back and forth, anxious.

EMILY

Why did I ever choose this music?!
This music is not calming!

The elevator dings, the doors part, and Emily rushes out.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - CONTINUOUS

She stops short when she sees Blaze holding the sword's blade to both Pete and Thomas' necks, who kneel in front of him.

BLAZE

That's right, Tweedle-dee and
Tweedle-dumbass here shit the bed.
And if everyone wants to stay alive
you're going to listen up.

CLOSE ON - One of the many tiny cameras staged around the roof. Its red light turns on. The others follow suit.

EXT. MUSEUM FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Meg and Kirk join a large crowd that's gathered, Kirk absorbed into his phone.

MEG

Kirk, can you be present, please?
My best friend is currently in a
hostage situation and you're busy
solving the Wordle.

KIRK

I'm actually busy checking on Emily-
the Oediv livestream is back on.
She's up on the roof.

A GUY next to Kirk overhears and takes his phone out.

GUY

The livestream is still being
broadcast! The high-strung girl
just got up on the roof.

Meg shoots Guy a dirty look as everyone in the crowd takes their phone out to watch the livestream. Meg watches over Kirk's shoulder.

MEG

Wait, who turned on the feed again?

INT. MUSEUM MAIN HALL - CONTINUOUS

The museum monitors have resumed their broadcast, now showing a live feed from the rooftop. Blaze holds his non-sword hand out to Emily.

BLAZE (ON SCREEN)

Give me your phone.

REVEAL: Svetlana kneels at the laptop typing as she controls the broadcast. She winces and grabs at her shoulder, which has a bloody makeshift bandage tied around it.

SVETLANA

Show the world who he really is,
Emilia.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - NIGHT

Blaze pushes the sword harder against Pete and Thomas' necks and they both flinch.

BLAZE

Your work phone.

Emily stares down Blaze, not reaching for her phone.

EMILY

Let's talk about this.

One of the cameras whirrs as it moves, catching the attention of Emily and Blaze.

BLAZE

Well well well, looks like we've
got an audience. Just in time for
the main event.

Blaze smiles as he gets an idea and pulls a piece of paper out of his pocket.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to do this- actually
I kinda did because you've been a
MASSIVE pain in my ass- but you're
going to give me that phone or I'm
going to read your email for
everybody to hear.

Emily tenses and Pete takes notice, looking curiously at the paper. Thomas looks at Emily with utter confusion.

THOMAS

Email? What's the email?

Emily gives Thomas a long, nervous look. She looks skyward and takes a big breath.

EMILY

Thomas, they say nobody's perfect,
but what if you found the person
that was perfect for you. When we
first met four years ago, I could
tell there was something special
about you.

Thomas just gives her a very quizzical look.

EXT. MUSEUM FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is watching Emily's speech via livestream on their phones. Meg's hands cover her mouth.

MEG

Oh my god, Kirk, she's doing it.

GUY leans over to look at Kirk's phone.

GUY

I knew uptight girl was into
handsome guy.

MEG

That's my best friend and she has a
name, ding-dong.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Emily fidgets with embarrassment but struggles on.

EMILY

As colleagues, obviously an office romance isn't exactly by the book...

Pete's eyes go wide as he realizes what's happening.

PETE

Oh shit.

He shakes his head at Emily but she steels herself.

EMILY

But with us working in different divisions... me, a VP of Curated Development and you a product manager, it feels not only doable but preferable.

Thomas still looks confused but Blaze quickly reads the email in front of him in a panic.

BLAZE

Hey stop it! Stop doing that!

EMILY

And it's not just...
(embarrassed exhale)
It's not just your ocean blue eyes--

THOMAS

(realizing)
Ocean blue eyes!
(then)
Oh. Wow.

EMILY

You're also an incredible leader.
Traits you must have learned as president of your fraternity.

Pete winces with secondhand embarrassment.

EMILY (CONT'D)

And on top of that, you have this unbelievable confidence and you light up every room that you walk into, especially with your joke about the platypus and the marketing exec. You are perfect.

Thomas is still in shock.

EMILY (CONT'D)

We're perfect together. Both career focused, family-orientated and there's no one else I'd rather have as my climbing partner, holding my rope on this crazy ascent we call life.

(then, "fuck it")

So I guess my question is... belay on?

EXT. MUSEUM FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

Everyone in the crowd simultaneously cringes.

CROWD

Oooh that's bad./Yikes/Oh god/What?

Meg and Kirk look at each other, embarrassed.

KIRK

Yeah we probably should've told her to change that part.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Thomas stares at Emily, dumbfounded. She shrugs at him, smiling through the embarrassed tears in her eyes.

THOMAS

Emily, I --

EMILY

No, I'm not done.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The college students watch, enraptured.

EMILY (ON SCREEN)

I've had that email in my drafts for three years. I've rewritten it and rewritten it and clearly memorized it because I needed the moment I told you to be perfect.

INT. FRENCH HOME - CONTINUOUS

The family watches solemnly. The DAD pulls from a cigarette.

EMILY (ON SCREEN)
This situation is FAR from perfect.
First of all, it's a hostage
situation...

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Emily refers to her dress.

EMILY
I rented this dress and there's no
way I can return it. I'm wearing
dinosaur slippers for god's sake.
You don't even want to know where
I'm sweating right now. But... I'm
done.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The surgeons all stand still, watching the livestream.

EMILY (ON SCREEN)
I'm done trying to control
everything- because really this
obsession has been controlling me.

The unconscious patient flatlines in the background but the
doctors are too enthralled to notice.

EXT. MUSEUM ROOF - CONTINUOUS

EMILY
And I certainly won't let a guy
named Blaze control me with it
either.

Blaze is entranced with Emily, maybe even sympathetic.

BLAZE
It's... Dennis. My name is Dennis.

Emily is taken aback -- is she getting through to him?

EMILY
I know your life hasn't exactly
been what you imagined, Dennis.

BLAZE
It was one video. One stupid video
but it defined everything about me.
(MORE)

BLAZE (CONT'D)

I just didn't want to be the pants-on-fire kid anymore. I wanted people to stop laughing at me.

We see the little boy scout underneath -- is it working??

EMILY

You can't control other people. Especially how they feel.

Blaze nods. Emily gives a furtive glance at Thomas. Pete looks away.

BLAZE

Which is why we've got to make them all pay.

EMILY

Wait, what?

BLAZE

Fuck all those people! I'll kill this jerk for you right now!

EMILY

Oh my god, no!

BLAZE

I will burn the internet to the ground. A dark age of chaos is nigh! So hand over your phone or I'm going to kill one of these idiots.

EMILY

No, Dennis, come on. I --

BLAZE

And I'm going to make you choose!

EMILY

Dennis, no!

THOMAS

Pick that guy! Please!

PETE

STOP! Emily, you don't have to pick. I won't let that happen.

Everyone looks at Pete -- is he about to sacrifice himself??

PETE (CONT'D)

I've learned a lot today, but maybe most importantly... that early humans used pyrite to make fire!

Pete takes the pyrite out of his pocket and strikes it against Blaze's swords. Sparks fly up, landing on Blaze's catering vest, which ignites, spreading by the second!

Pete pulls Thomas aside. Blaze stumbles backwards, shrieking.

THOMAS

Jesus, what is that vest made of?

PETE

Yeah Party Bites is not a good company.

EMILY

Look out!

Blaze flails wildly trying to put out the fire as it spreads to his shirt. The swinging samurai sword cuts through two support cables for the Oediv sculpture -- the O groans, then slowly tips towards Pete and Thomas.

PETE

Whoa whoa whoa!

Pete and Thomas sidestep out of the way as the O crashes down around them.

Blaze tumbles out of sight behind the E of the sculpture and everything goes quiet. Is Blaze dead??

EMILY

Are you guys okay in there?

THOMAS

I think my tie got a little
singed.

PETE

Yeah we're fine.

But Emily hears something -- on top of the E, the embers of his shirt and vest falling off his frail body, stands:

BLAZE. He holds his hands out, revealing gothic script "LIKE" and "SUBSCRIBE" tattoos down his stringy arms, his wrist blades still mounted to his forearms.

BLAZE

You think I can be destroyed by
fire?! Fire killed Dennis.

He jumps down and parkour rolls into a superhero pose, wrist blades crossed. He stands dramatically slow.

BLAZE (CONT'D)

But from the birth canal of the
flame was begat... Blaze.

THOMAS

Ew.

Pete struggles to climb out of the O -- they're trapped!

PETE

Emily! Get out of here!

Emily's watch DINGS but she turns to run. She trips and falls, a dino slipper caught on a pipe. Blaze doesn't break stride and Emily crabwalk-scrambles backwards.

EMILY

Please, no! Don't do this!

She crawls over a grate only to reach the edge of the building, trapped. Blaze steps up on the grate to tower over her and she cowers, a terrified damsel in distress.

BLAZE

You've finally been outsmarted,
Emily.

Emily's watch DINGS. The terror on her face vanishes. She instead looks at him with the utmost confidence.

EMILY

Oh really? Why do you think there
are cameras up here, Dennis?

She holds up her watch it reads: 12:00am Fireworks!!!

PEWWW! PEWWW PEWW PEWW! The grate beneath Blaze erupts with fireworks coming out of the holes -- they hit him, they surround him, he chokes on the smoke as they explode above him and he stumbles off the grate, right at Emily.

She shields her head but Blaze is so disoriented he lumbers right over the side of the building with a scream! Emily, still in the fetal position, hears a simultaneous gasp from the crowd below.

Emily leans over the edge of the building... to see Blaze hanging from a banner pole coming off the side of the museum. He hangs by the waistband of his pants, his butt fully exposed. Guy raises his phone to film the scene and soon the entire crowd below points their cameras up at Blaze.

BLAZE

No! Stop filming me!

Emily smiles to herself as she gets up on her feet. She's immediately swept up in Thomas' arms, much to her surprise.

EMILY

Oh my god! Thomas, you scared the
shit out of me.

THOMAS

And you impressed the shit right
out of me. Em, I had no idea. About
how you felt and how... truly
spectacular you could be.

EMILY

(embarrassed)

Oh geez, I'm not sure... actually I
was pretty god damn spectacular,
wasn't I?

With much effort, Pete lowers himself outside of the O.

THOMAS

Absolutely! The email and that
speech and the fireworks.
(super dramatic)
The fireworks.

EMILY

(adrenaline pumping)

Yeah not to mention the terrorist
cater-waiters and destroying a
priceless dinosaur skeleton and a
dead board member --

THOMAS

You sure know how to make a first
date memorable.

Thomas pulls a surprised Emily in for a kiss. A single
delayed firework goes off and BURSTS in the sky behind them.
It's everything she dreamed of.

QUICK POPS:

- The parking lot crowd, still watching on their phones,
cheers.
- The college kids high-five before they're shushed by the
librarian.
- The French family politely claps in approval.
- The surgeons and now-awake patient all cheer.

BACK TO SCENE: Pete watches off to the side as the cheers
below echo up to him. His face falls and he slinks away,
giving one last wistful but accepting glance back at Emily.

Emily and Thomas pull out of their kiss.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Glad we got that on camera.

Emily smiles, bashfully.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
We can use it if we do a joint TED talk.

EMILY
What?

THOMAS
I'm thinking "Leadership and Romance Under Fire: Startup Lessons from a Hostage Situation."

EMILY
I don't think I want to do a TED talk about this. I almost got stabbed. We almost died!

THOMAS
But we didn't. This could be a major career boost for us.

EMILY
Oh my god.

Emily takes a step back as it hits her.

EMILY (CONT'D)
You're... kinda terrible.

THOMAS
Uhh, you kinda just told the world I was the perfect guy, so...

EMILY
Yeah, you're not. Your platypus joke isn't funny. And you pretty much based your entire personality around liking spicy food.

THOMAS
It's just not hot to me!

EMILY
And you listen to dubstep!

THOMAS

Okay pretty sure dubstep is awesome.

EMILY

It certainly is not and neither are you. You didn't even come here because you're into me, you used me for networking. And I knew that and I let you because you seemed like this dream guy. I think I convinced myself that I liked you but actually, I don't like you at all.

A beat.

THOMAS

Can we turn these cameras off?

EMILY

Come on, Thomas. If you liked me, you'd get tongue-tied around me --

QUICK POP: Emily and Pete at the Berlin Wall.

PETE

Yeah, you did! I mean, I did. I mean, I think it worked? I mean your plan, but me did --

EMILY

(realizing)
and you'd ask questions when I asked you questions...

QUICK POP: Emily and Pete crawling in the duct.

PETE

So rock climbing's your favorite hobby too? You have those weird shoes, don't you?

EMILY

And you'd really mean it when you complimented me...

QUICK POP: Pete dangles from the rocket above Emily.

PETE

Your dress is really nice and it could've gotten ruined.

Emily is wracked with realization.

EMILY

Oh my god. I'm so stupid.

SWAT TEAM members kick open the stairway door and swarm the roof, checking all the nooks and crannies on the roof. Emily, in a daze, slips into the elevator.

Thomas goes to shake the hand of one of the SWAT guys.

THOMAS

Thomas McIntyre. Product Manager.

INT. EARLY HUMAN EXHIBIT - LATER

Pete walks to the exit, dejected. SWAT TEAM members swarm into the hall. SWAT TEAM #1 holds him at gunpoint.

SWAT TEAM #1

Hands where I can see them.
Terrorist disguised as a caterer at
my 12. I repeat, at my 12.

PETE

Just a caterer dressed as a
caterer, dude. Relax.

SWAT TEAM 2 runs up next to Swat Team 1.

SWAT TEAM #2

Okay, stand down. This was the guy
on the broadcast, remember? Not the
one that got the girl. The other
one.

PETE

Can I go, please?

SWAT TEAM #1

Copy that, just a nobody. Resume
search.

The SWAT TEAM rushes past Pete with much intensity. Pete sighs, taking off his catering vest and places it on a nearby caveman.

PETE

If you work hard enough, you could
be assistant manager, buddy.

Pete pats him on the back before walking off.

EXT. MUSEUM FRONT STEPS - LATER

Pete walks out of the museum, just in time to see the fire department lower Blaze from one of those extending ladders into the hands of the police.

CHANTING CROWD

Pants on a pole guy! Pants on a
pole guy! Pants on a pole guy!

They cuff him and put a silent, broken Blaze in the back of a cop car.

Pete smiles to himself. Nobody notices him turn from the crowd and walk towards the parking lot. Behind him...

Medics rush a stretcher out of the museum and down the stairs. Svetlana lies in it. Thomas runs down the stairs, catching up to her and grabbing her hand.

THOMAS

I'll be riding along. In it for the
long haul. Hey do they do TED talks
in Russia?

SVETLANA

Please, no, don't let him in.

THOMAS

She's not speaking straight, we're
losing her!

The EMTs load Svetlana into the ambulance and Thomas climbs in after her.

EXT. MUSEUM PARKING LOT - LATER

Pete spaces out as he walks through the quiet, empty parking lot. He gets embarrassingly close before he realizes...

Emily waits, leaning against his car, leafing through community college pamphlets.

EMILY

You should really get your car
locks fixed. I hear some criminals
have been spotted in the area.

Pete studies her.

PETE

Hey don't lose those, I'm going to
need 'em.

EMILY

Oh yeah?

PETE

Yeah, I recently had a near-death experience that changed my whole outlook on life. You wouldn't understand.

Pete playfully swipes the pamphlets out of Emily's hand. Silence for a beat.

PETE (CONT'D)

You take one of the flood tunnels down?

EMILY

I took one of the flood tunnels down to beat you here.

They both nod.

PETE (CONT'D)

So... what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be doing damage control with Helen?

EMILY

Well I actually got fired and seeing how shady Oediv really is, I think it's time to figure out what I really want to do. A fresh start.

Pete nods. Then takes one of his community college pamphlets and hands it to her. She chuckles as she takes it.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Thank you. Also probably good to get out before the inevitable congressional hearings.

PETE

(testing the waters)
I assume you're bringing Thomas as your plus one?

EMILY

I don't think he's really what I'm looking for in a plus-one anymore.

Pete smiles to himself. Niiice.

PETE

Well, pulling from my experience catering high profile events, I could fill in 'til you found a --

Emily grabs Pete by the shirt and pulls him into a kiss! Pete's taken aback but quickly gets over it and kisses her back. He drops the college pamphlets. Yeah, it's that good.

They pull apart, both smiling.

PETE (CONT'D)

First time making out with someone
in dinosaur slippers.

EMILY

Oh don't worry. I'm bringing these
babies home with me.

She pulls him back in for another make out sesh. We pull out from our lovers, up above the flashing police lights and the museum against the skyline... CUE THE DUB STEP.

THE END