

5/9/17

WINDOWS

Written by

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Third Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - EVENING

The lobby of a vintage-style movie theater is bustling with the Friday night crowd. People of all ages and backgrounds mill about, buying their snacks and tickets. Popcorn spills from the popper, coca-cola rushes into cups, and theatergoers LAUGH with each other and pick out candy.

Behind the long counter, MARGARET (20) is busy at work filling the customers' orders. Her hair is up in a tight bun on the top of her head, and pinned to her black and maroon uniform is a tiny nametag.

As the lobby empties out, the last customer, DENISE (30) in a blue button-down, approaches the counter.

DENISE  
Milk Duds please.

Margaret bends down to check candy levels in the glass case and sees the Milk Duds are out.

MARGARET  
I'm sorry, we're all out! Could I offer you a Snickers instead?

The woman nods. The cash register DINGS.

After the woman goes in to her theater, Margaret skips out from behind the counter and scurries up a set of narrow and dimly lit back stairs.

INT. THEATER STAIRS - SAME TIME

At the top of the stairs-two floors up-is a single gray locked door. Margaret punches in the code and enters the projection room.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - SAME TIME

The projection room is massive and winding, since it connects every theater in the building. The walls are covered in old movie posters and hand-made signs from theater promotional campaigns. Leaning against the far wall of the room is a massive wooden sign that reads in faded maroon and gold lettering, "Marigold Royale."

Every 20 feet along the walls is a square paneless window that opens directly into a theater.

A digital film projector is paired with each window, and from the blinking lights and SLIGHT HUM of the machines, it's clear every movie has started.

Margaret weaves her way between stacks of boxes. TYLER (29), sits silent and alone at a small desk hidden behind a bookshelf of old film canisters, his back turned to her as he stares in silence at his computer.

Tyler has an average build and is relatively unremarkable in terms of attractiveness. He is paler than most, his brown, floppy hair constantly looks like he just rolled out of bed, and an expensive burgundy watch on his left arm seems out of place with his graphic tee and scuffed sneakers.

MARGARET

Hi Tyler.

Margaret disappears for a few moments into a closet, reappears with a large basket filled with boxes of Milk Duds, and leaves. Tyler, realizing he is alone again, relaxes back into his chair.

Tyler works as time passes, monitoring the projectors and looking out into the dark theaters, watching the movies from afar. When the movies end, Tyler gets to work shutting down the projectors. He pauses at one, however; staring through a window into a theater, he watches Denise get up to leave with her friend MABEL (32), a short and curly-haired free spirit.

EXT. THEATER DOORS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Late at night, Tyler shuts down the theaters and locks up the front doors. Light from the streetlamps reflects onto the pavement—it clearly just rained.

Tyler pulls a dark green beanie onto his head, shoves his hands into the pockets of his hoodie, and walks away. He pays no notice to the CROWD OF PEOPLE across the street drunkenly heading out to the clubs.

INT. TYLER'S FRONT DOOR - LATER

Tyler arrives, unlocks five separate locks to get into his small dark apartment.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Tyler immediately drops his things on an old couch and kicks his shoes off so that they fly several feet from the door.

He shuffles over to the kitchen, where his fridge is covered in sticky notes, including one that reads, "Rent Overdue. Again."

A tiny little dachshund with a forest green bowtie waddles over and nuzzles his leg. Tyler scratches him behind the ears.

He makes himself a Lean Cuisine microwaveable pasta dish, and then shuffles back over to a corner. Sitting on an old desk in the corner is an impressive array of computers, two laptops, keyboards, monitors and several web cams. Evidently, the money that didn't go into supporting his minimalist lifestyle went into this setup.

He logs into a computer and activates TOR, bringing him to the Dark web. He begins pulling up different source codes on different monitors and starts CLACKING away at his keyboard, still eating his Lean Cuisine.

As he types, we see Tyler through the point-of-view of the computer; the edges act almost as a window, the code scrolling down his face as he types.

After a while of typing, he switches to a laptop and checks on his SIGAINT, an encrypted email service. Many of the subject lines in his inbox say things like "Hacker for Hire," "Need help from hacker," and "Got this email from a friend..."

His mouse hovers over one new email in particular, with the subject line "Need help taking someone down." He clicks on it.

TYLER  
(under his breath)  
Dear Mothership Complex.

Tyler scrolls through the email as he reads.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I stumbled across your services a week ago and now finally have the nerve to contact you for help. I need to hire you.

Outside Tyler's window on the street below, NOISY drunken club-goers stumble down the street.

TYLER (OS) (CONT'D)  
I need to hire you. I don't know anything about hacking, but I will pay you handsomely to do it for me.

Tyler sits back in his chair and YAWNS loudly. He gets up, goes over to his fridge, pours himself a glass of milk, and sits back down in front of the computer. He sips his milk and types:

TYLER (VO) (CONT'D)  
 My base fee is 300 hundred. I never agree to anything until I know who I'm dealing with. Meet me tomorrow at 3pm in Abby's Kwoffee on 16th.

Tyler logs off and climbs in bed. He lies there for a moment before his dog hops up onto the bed and curls up in his arms. The two fall asleep cuddling.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - NEXT DAY

Tyler works the early shift. He sets up the projectors to start the matinee showings, and then waits for the lobby to empty out on the security cameras before heading down the back stairs.

KENNY (18), another employee, sighs with relief upon seeing Tyler.

KENNY  
 Bathroom!

He runs to the bathroom while Tyler fills up a cup with popcorn for himself. Suddenly, Denise walks in and approaches the counter. Tyler looks to call for Kenny, but he has already disappeared through the bathroom door.

DENISE  
 Hi, my name is Denise, I come here a lot.

She looks for any sign of recognition on Tyler's face, but he gives her nothing.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, are you new?

TYLER  
 No, I've been here for years.

DENISE  
 Oh! Um.

TYLER  
 I work in the projection room, so...

DENISE

Oh! Ok, I've never seen you, so-

TYLER

Yeah, no, yeah I stay up there-

DENISE

That's probably why I didn't recognize you-

TYLER

-Almost exclusively.

DENISE

Yeah.

A beat.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Anyway, um, I lost my scarf last night? I was here last night in, uh, theater 3 I think, and I left it here. I was wondering if maybe anyone found it? Put it in the lost and found?

Tyler hurries over to a cardboard box sitting behind the counter. He digs through the various hats and water bottles.

TYLER

Sorry, I don't see it. You, you sure you lost it here?

DENISE

Shoot. Yeah I'm pretty sure.

TYLER

I mean, did you ask your friend if she's seen it?

DENISE

I- what? How do you know I was with anyone?

Tyler freezes and nervously licks the back of his front teeth.

TYLER

Oh no, I, I just, I just sit up in the projection room.

Denise stares at him.

TYLER (CONT'D)

And there are windows that look down into the theaters, and I've seen you here before, so, yeah I, I know what you look like.

DENISE

I guess...sure.

Tyler fumbles to put away the Lost and Found box.

TYLER

It's like, have you seen "The Hunchback of Notre Dame?" The Disney movie? It's like that, I work high above everyone and get to know their faces. Um.

Denise's face relaxes into a half smile.

DENISE

Yeah, I love that movie. I watched it a lot growing up.

TYLER

Yeah! It's like that.

DENISE

So you're Quasimodo?

TYLER

Yes.

DENISE

Does that make me Esmerelda?

TYLER

I- yeah, if you want to be?

DENISE

Yeah. She's badass, I think.

Denise grins, and Tyler grins back.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Um, anyway, thanks for the scarf help. I'll have to keep looking.

TYLER

No problem! I think there's a show in the theater right now but once it gets out, I can look through it, see if the scarf is still in there.

DENISE

That'd be great, thanks! I'll check back tomorrow.

Tyler watches her leave. Behind him, Kenny comes back and begin sweeping up popcorn.

INT. ABBY'S KWOFFEE - 3PM

Tyler sits alone beside a window in the coffee shop, sipping a foamy latte. His black hoodie, pale skin and undereye circles are out of place in the brightly lit, yellow-daffodil interior. He nods politely to a WAITRESS but she misses the gesture, and he rubs his face in embarrassment.

MICHAEL (48), a portly, middle-aged caucasian man, walks into the shop, spots Tyler and walks over nervously.

MICHAEL

Are you Mothership Complex?

Tyler nods. Michael sits down. He pulls a napkin from the dispenser on the table and blots his face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm Michael. Um, I'm sorry, I'm nervous.

Tyler subtly nudges his latte away from Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok! Sorry. So should I just start talking? Or...

Tyler stares at him in silence.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok! Um, I was fired, somewhat recently. I worked as an accountant for Marlowe Construction Bros, you know the one? For...well let's see, 25 years? I started right after college.

TYLER

Ok.

MICHAEL

They fired me. Or that is, my boss decided he needs to retire soon, so he brought in his daughter, little Miss Royalty, to start taking over.

(MORE)



MICHAEL (CONT'D)

She fired me. I couldn't believe it.

TYLER

Sounds rough. What do you want me to do?

MICHAEL

I don't trust her. She doesn't know what she's doing! When I left, the company wasn't doing so great. And now a few weeks later, it's suddenly booming? I don't believe it, I don't. I think she's lying somehow. Tricking the books.

TYLER

I don't know anything about finance.

MICHAEL

All of the accounting information is kept on a server online. I don't work there anymore, so I can't touch it. I need you to get me in, pull some financial documents, let me look at them.

TYLER

Is that all?

MICHAEL

I'll pay you.

TYLER

No shit.

Michael reaches into his inner coat pocket and pulls out an envelope. He slides it across the table to Tyler.

MICHAEL

There's \$350 in there. Your fee, plus a little extra for incentive.

Tyler raises his eyebrow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Please.

A beat. Tyler grabs the envelope.

EXT. PARK BENCH - THAT EVENING

Tyler sits alone on a park bench, watching the sun set over a small lake. His dachshund runs around the bench cheerfully.

A balding MAN (43) wearing conspicuous sunglasses walks over and attempts to sit casually next to him. He slides an envelope across the bench.

MAN

That should be everything.

TYLER

Then we're done.

MAN

Thank you for helping me. Really. I was unsure when this first began, I don't know, it was illegal, but when you were so professio-

TYLER

A pro tip?

The man pauses.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Lose the sunglasses. It's night, you look like an idiot.

The man takes them off.

MAN

No need to be rude about it.

TYLER

I'm in my element. Don't push me.

The Man looks like he's about to say something, stops himself, and leaves.

Tyler looks at the sunset. The dog scampers over and Tyler scratches behind the dog's ears. His phone RINGS.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Hey, mom.

A beat.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Yeah, everything's fine...yeah...it's great. My boss is great. I have my own office now...yeah...with windows.

(MORE)

TYLER (CONT'D)

And there's a gym too...it's a start up, I told you that...yeah I have tons of friends...No you can't come visit, I'm too busy, I'm sorry...ok...

INT. TYLER'S FRONT DOOR - LATER THAT EVENING

Tyler arrives at his front door when his LANDLORD (50) bursts out a door down the hall. His beer belly overhangs his loose jeans and the hair he has left forms a ring around his head.

LANDLORD

Tyler!

Tyler attempts to unlock his door faster. Meanwhile, his dog starts growling.

LANDLORD (CONT'D)

It has been three weeks! You need to pay your rent now. I swear to God I am going to kick you out-

TYLER

I know, I'm sorry! Things have been tight-

LANDLORD

-Everyone else pays their rent! I don't have time for this!

TYLER

I'm sorry, the last few weeks have been rough, but I'm finally making money again-

LANDLORD

You're out! I've had enough!

TYLER

Wait!

Tyler slowly reaches into his pocket and pulls out Michael's envelope. The Landlord fumes and watches him carefully.

TYLER (CONT'D)

This...should be enough.

The Landlord takes it carefully and looks inside. He gives Tyler one last look, and turns and leaves.

LANDLORD

About goddamn time.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler enters his apartment and makes another Lean Cuisine for dinner. He sits down at the computers and goes to work. The Marlowe Construction Bros' website pops up, so Tyler opens up the page source.

Through the computer's point-of-view, the screens are a mess of codes and numbers until-

BING! The boxes on his screen disappear and the home page of the company's server appears. Tyler's in.

He skims to see what he can access. Pages flash across his screen: internal accounting information, private messages, forms, PDFs of contracts; it's all there for the taking.

Tyler clicks over to a company directory page, where everyone's contacts are matched with their photo. Curious and somewhat distracted by his Lean Cuisine, Tyler mindlessly scrolls through the photos until he is stopped in his tracks by one in particular:

Denise, and next to her photo is "CEO." The computer's point-of-view ends stops, and Tyler, shaken, immediately yanks his spyware out of the servers and sits back into his chair.

INT. MOVIE THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Tyler fills another cup with popcorn behind the counter. To his far left, Margaret is changing trash bags from the bins.

Denise walks in and approaches Tyler, who is surprised to see her and immediately begins fidgeting.

DENISE

Hi again! Tyler, right?

TYLER

(high pitched)

Yeah!

He clears his throat.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Yeah! You're the scarf girl, right?  
I'm sorry, we couldn't find it in  
the theater.

DENISE

Oh that's ok! I actually found it  
on the floor of my car. I wanted to  
come by and tell you.

TYLER

Oh. Ok.

A beat.

DENISE

Yeah, I just didn't want you to spend all your time looking for it. But thank you anyway!

TYLER

Yeah it's no problem, I'm glad you found it. You can dance like Esmerelda now!

DENISE

What?

TYLER

Like in the movie, she has a scarf. And she...dances. You know, at the festival.

In the background Margaret makes a sharp snorting laugh.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Denise glances at Margaret and smiles.

DENISE

It's ok, I know what you mean! Great movie.

TYLER

As good as the one you saw the other day?

DENISE

No, nothing comes close to "Happy Feet 2".

TYLER

Not even "Happy Feet 1"?

DENISE

(a beat)

That...is an excellent question.

They smile awkwardly at each other for a moment.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I should get to work.

TYLER  
Oh, right.

DENISE  
See you around?

TYLER  
I'll be watching!

A beat.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I mean, like, from the projection  
room. You know, I told you about  
the windows-

DENISE  
(laughing)  
Don't worry, I know what you mean.  
Quasimodo.

She leaves in a puzzled but cheerful mood. Meanwhile, Tyler  
is left to cringe at the exchange.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - LATER

Back in the projection room with his popcorn, Tyler stands at  
a projector and gazes at the movie playing. His phone RINGS.

TYLER  
Hello?

MICHAEL (OS)  
This is Michael. You know, from the  
internet? I gave you the-

TYLER  
Yes I know who this is. What did I  
tell you about calling me during  
the day?

MICHAEL  
I-I don't recall-

TYLER  
Don't call me during the day.

Tyler rubs his temples and sinks into his desk chair.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
What is it?

MICHAEL

I was hoping for an update?

Tyler glances towards the door. It remains shut. Tyler swivels in his chair and faces his computer.

TYLER

Nothing to say yet. Their security is better than I anticipated, I haven't gotten in yet.

Michael lets out a puff of frustration.

MICHAEL

Why did I pay you so much if you can't come through!

TYLER

You knew my fee when you hired me.

MICHAEL

And now I expect results!

TYLER

And I expect you to be patient!

Tyler glances at the door again.

TYLER (CONT'D)

It's only been a night. I will get you what you paid for, just be patient.

EXT. MARLOWE CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - SAME TIME

MICHAEL

Don't make me wait too long.

Michael hangs up and rubs his eyes. He's sitting in a beat up car parked on the edge of a small cracked parking lot, old fast food wrappers littering the floor.

He looks up out the window silently. The parking lot is next to a small brick building sitting in the middle of a grassy lot. The sign on the building reads "Marlowe Construction Bros."

Another car pulls into the lot and parks next to the front doors. Michael immediately climbs out and walks quickly over. Denise emerges.

DENISE

Michael!

MICHAEL

Denise.

DENISE

What are you—I didn't expect to see you here.

MICHAEL

Yeah, that tends to happen when you're fired. You stop going to work.

Denise shifts her weight to her other foot and raises an eyebrow, her momentarily shaken confidence coming back.

DENISE

What can I do for you Michael?

MICHAEL

Just coming back for my stuff.

DENISE

You took your stuff when you left. The first time. And the second time. Remember that?

MICHAEL

I have a lot of stuff. It took several trips.

DENISE

Did it?

Michael looks up at the building, at the aging sign.

MICHAEL

How's the company doing?

DENISE

Great!

Michael looks her up and down. Denise, sensing she answered too quickly, shifts her weight again.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Yeah, great. Things are back on track.

MICHAEL

Really? When I left, the books were struggling. Low funds, wasn't it?



DENISE

Well, it's better now. I know what I'm doing. You needed to get your stuff?

MICHAEL

That was a pretty quick turnaround time.

DENISE

Your stuff, Michael?

A beat. Michael purses his lips and nods.

MICHAEL

You know what? I think I did get all of it the second time. It was nice seeing you, Denise. Tell your Daddy I said hi.

He puts his hands in his pockets and walks back to his car. Denise watches him go, biting her lip.

INT. DENISE'S OFFICE - LATER

Denise goes inside the building to her office, passing by a secretary and various employees making photocopies, talking, and doing other various office tasks.

Her office sits on the ground floor of the building, with a massive window taking up most of the far wall. Her desk is littered with stacks of paperwork, and a framed photo of her father, smiling at the ribbon-cutting of the building thirty years ago, hangs above a small purple couch.

She collapses at her desk and inhales deeply. In walks DAD (62), a man with gentle eyes, strong arms and a cheerful disposition. His white short-sleeve button down is tucked loosely into khakis, and he has a light sunglasses tan around his eyes.

DAD

Hey sweetie, you busy?

DENISE

Always. But not for you.

Dad sits down in a chair across from her desk.

DAD

I just saw the latest financial reports.

Denise freezes.

DAD (CONT'D)  
And I am so proud of you.

DENISE  
You are?

DAD  
When I asked you to move back home,  
I was terrified. We were sinking.  
Things were tight. I needed my  
daughter.

Denise looks out the window, trying not to tear up.

DAD (CONT'D)  
And instead, I got more than that.  
I got a strong, smart business-  
woman. Looks like that money I  
spent on your degree paid off.

He gives a booming laugh, and Denise gives him a small smile.

DENISE  
I'm doing my best.

DAD  
And it shows. The numbers look  
good. Great, even, considering  
where we were before. The  
shareholders will be really  
pleased. I needed you, and you came  
through. I am so proud.

DENISE  
Thank you.

DAD  
I love you.

DENISE  
I love you too.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tyler takes a deep breath and re-enters the construction company's servers. His mouse pauses over the directory tab, but he shakes it off and proceeds to print out the financial reports.

About halfway through, his printer stops and begins to BEEP.

TYLER

Shit.

He rolls his swivel chair over to the printer. It's out of ink. He shakes it in frustration but gives up and sinks into his chair. He starts skimming through the server again and comes across Denise's private messaging.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What do you think, Yoshi? Should we look through?

His dog looks up at him with big ol' eyes.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I'mma do it.

He begins scrolling through her messages and discovers, to his delight, that she has an affinity for sending humorous, obscure memes to her colleagues.

TYLER (CONT'D)

She's funny too.

His dog whimpers. Tyler glances down at him out of the corner of his eye.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Don't judge me.

The dog curls at the foot of the bed. Tyler watches him and sighs.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What am I doing?

He closes the tab with Denise's messaging.

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

Tyler sits on the park bench, and this time Michael sits next to him. Tyler slides him a large envelope.

TYLER

Most of it should be there.

MICHAEL

Most of it?

TYLER

Printer ran out of ink.

Michael scoffs.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What are you going to do with those?

MICHAEL

Is it any of your business?

TYLER

Color me curious.

MICHAEL

I'm going to look through them. Consider it a secret audit. And then we'll see what I find.

TYLER

Good luck with that.

Tyler rises to leave.

MICHAEL

Your job's not done yet.

Tyler pauses and looks back over his shoulder.

TYLER

It's not?

MICHAEL

I paid for access to all the financial information, and I expect to get it.

Tyler nods and leaves. Michael rips open the envelope and begins shuffling through.

INT. ABBY'S KWOFFEE - LATER

Tyler sits at the counter, waiting for his coffee. The place is bustling with customers. In walks Denise with Mabel. Denise spots Tyler and, recognizing him, steps away from her friend in line and walks over.

DENISE

Well if it isn't Quaismodo in the flesh.

TYLER

Outside my tower, I know.

DENISE

You come here often?

Tyler snorts.

TYLER

Did you actually just use that line? Uh, yeah, I do.

DENISE

It's my first time, actually. It's very...yellow.

Tyler glances around at the blindingly yellow decor.

TYLER

It's cheerful.

DENISE

It hurts my eyes.

TYLER

But in a good way?

DENISE

I think so. I've never really been a yellow person. I prefer green. I read somewhere that green is actually the easiest color for your eyes to see, and that's why it's so soothing.

Tyler pulls out his forest green beanie from his book bag.

TYLER

You'd love my hat then.

DENISE

AHH I do! That's my favorite shade.

Tyler smiles as the BARISTA hands him his latte.

DENISE (CONT'D)

A latte?

TYLER

(sipping)  
Problem?

DENISE

No, I just-I had you pegged as more of a black coffee kind of person.

Tyler snorts again.

TYLER

I guess that doesn't surprise me.  
But coffee is a little disgusting,  
I can only drink it when it's  
mostly milk.

DENISE

So if you don't like coffee, why  
even come here then?

TYLER

I like the decor.

Denise laughs, and Tyler laughs at her laugh. From across the room, Mabel CALLS her name; she's made it to the front of the line.

DENISE

Oh, that's my cue.

She moves to leave.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Um, are you doing anything tonight?

Tyler looks up in surprise.

DENISE (CONT'D)

It's just, I'm new in town, and  
there are these food trucks that  
come at night and I've never been.

TYLER

Down on Pine?

DENISE

Yes! So, um, would you want to come  
with me? I could use a friend.

Tyler is flustered but pleased.

TYLER

Sure! It's my night off, I'd love  
to come.

DENISE

Cool! I will see you there.

Tyler watches her leave. As soon as she is out of earshot, he turns his back on her, whips out his phone, and dials.

TYLER

Margaret? I need you to cover my  
shift tonight...please?

EXT. FOOD TRUCKS - NIGHT

At the food trucks, Tyler arrives with his dachshund at his side. The food trucks form a massive circle that is milling with people. Off to the side, a live band plays. Smoke from the trucks hovers high above the crowd. Everyone seems to be in good spirits, except for Tyler; he's nervous, and appears slightly uncomfortable in the polo shirt he's changed into. Even his hair appears to be combed back.

Denise arrives and immediately fawns over the dog.

TYLER

So...tacos?

DENISE

Yes, tacos. My god, I am so excited to eat this. It smells good!

The two weave between the crowd to get to the taco truck line.

TYLER

So, have a nice day?

DENISE

Yeah, work was a little hectic, but it's all good. I work at a construction company.

TYLER

Oh. Like, building things?

DENISE

Yes, that is the definition of construction.

Tyler laughs.

DENISE (CONT'D)

But no, I'm on the management side.

TYLER

Ah, I see. Not tough enough to pour the concrete, are you?

DENISE

Maybe not, but I am tough enough for something else.

TYLER

And what's that?

Denise reaches over to a bottle of hot sauce sitting on the truck counter. She pours some into two small paper cups and hands one to Tyler.

DENISE

Bottoms up.

Tyler grins, and the two kick back the hot sauce. They stare at each other for a moment, eyes watering, pretending to be fine, when finally:

DENISE (CONT'D)

Aww fuck.

She bends over and starts coughing and spits it out. Tyler does the same. Nearby, a few in the CROWD are watching them.

PERSON #1

Idiots.

Denise and Tyler lock eyes and start laughing.

TYLER

He's not wrong.

SEQUENCE OF SCENES:

A few days later, Denise and Tyler sit in Abby's Kwoffee, LAUGHING over coffee.

--

Tyler takes breaks from working on his home computer to text silly GIFs to Denise.

--

Denise throws a tennis ball for Tyler's dog to fetch while Tyler watches on from the bench.

--

Tyler cheerfully walks into the theater for work and waves happily to Margaret, who is pleasantly taken aback.

--

Tyler comes home from work and cheerfully prepares a dinner from scratch. The computers in the corner sit untouched.

--



Michael sits at a desk, studying the documents with a calculator in hand.

--

Tyler sits with Denise in her office, talking and snacking on trail mix with his feet kicked up on her desk.

DENISE  
(laughing)  
Get your feet off my desk!

TYLER  
Make me.

DENISE  
You're the worst friend ever!

TYLER  
Friend?

He grins widely.

--

Michael punches something into his calculator and stares at the resulting number with a glimmer in his eye.

INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT, A WEEK LATER

Tyler is sitting at his computer playing a video game when he gets a call.

TYLER  
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - SAME TIME

MICHAEL  
When can you get me the rest of those documents?

TYLER  
I'm- I'm working on it, what's going on?

MICHAEL  
It's fraud!

TYLER

I- what?

Tyler freezes and listens intently.

MICHAEL

The documents you gave me were shared with the company's investors. They show the income statement and parts of the balance sheet. They've been cooked!

Tyler logs off the game and begins entering the construction company's servers.

TYLER

How do you mean?

MICHAEL

Sometimes, when a company is struggling, managers will reclassify expenses as assets. This moves money from the bottom line to the balance sheet.

TYLER

Uh huh.

MICHAEL

It makes the final number investors see look better! But she overdid it. There's a line and she crossed it, that bitch!

Tyler is now staring at the documents on his screen, but doesn't understand what he's seeing.

TYLER

So what does this mean?

MICHAEL

(gleefully)  
Fraud!

TYLER

It will take me a few days to re-enter the servers.

MICHAEL

Why on Earth would it take so long? Damn it kid, what am I paying you for?

Tyler hangs up.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - DAY

Tyler sits in the projection room, staring down into one of the theaters. He gets a text from Denise: "You there?" Tyler looks up at the security camera feed of the theater lobby and sees Denise. She's waving and dancing goofily at the camera.

INT. THEATER LOBBY - SAME TIME

Tyler runs down into the lobby and over to Denise.

TYLER

Hey! What are you doing here?

DENISE

Oh, you know, I thought I'd come say hi, since you're always up in that projection room.

TYLER

Yeah I am.

Denise stares pointedly at him.

DENISE

You know, the projection room upstairs.

TYLER

...Yeah?

DENISE

...The one I've never seen...in all my life.

Tyler catches on.

TYLER

Oh! Ok! Do you want to come see what a real life projection room looks like?

DENISE

Aw Tyler, I thought you'd never ask!

Denise runs up the stairs, and Tyler slowly follows.

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Denise enthusiastically explores the nooks and crannies of the projection room, oohing and ahing at the large machines and vintage posters. Meanwhile Tyler leans against his desk, unsure of what to say. After a few moments, Denise notices his quietness.

DENISE  
What is it?

TYLER  
What? Nothing.

DENISE  
I'm not an idiot. You're just standing there quieter than usual! Something's up.

TYLER  
Nothing is up.

DENISE  
Something is.

TYLER  
No.

DENISE  
Yes.

Tyler sighs and licks his lips.

TYLER  
Denise, have...have you seen the movie *The Wolf of Wall Street*?

DENISE  
Yes?

TYLER  
Have you seen *Catch Me If You Can*, or *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels*?

DENISE  
Yes and no.

TYLER  
*21? Wall Street? The Big Short? The-*

Denise moves away from the movie posters she was inspecting and walks over to Tyler.

DENISE

What are you talking about? Why are you asking me this?

TYLER

Just answer me.

DENISE

Yes, I've seen a few of those. Why?

TYLER

They all have one thing in common. Can you tell me what that is?

DENISE

They're all in your Netflix queue?

TYLER

No, they're all about fraud.

DENISE

Okay. Your point is?

TYLER

Denise, you are my friend. I've care about you-

DENISE

You're freaking me out Tyler.

TYLER

It's just, look, I've seen the financial documents of your company, don't ask me how, and-

DENISE

Wait, what? How is that possible? How could you have seen them, we're a private company! What is going on Tyler?

TYLER

I can't tell you that.

DENISE

I don't know what's going on here, but you're acting weird and I don't like it. When you want to be honest with me, let me know.

She moves to leave.

TYLER

I'm sorry! It's just that Michael-

DENISE

What?

She freezes. Tyler says nothing.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What Michael?

TYLER

Michael Townsend.

DENISE

How do you know him?

A beat.

TYLER

It's a small town.

DENISE

And he's seen the most recent financial documents?

TYLER

Yes.

DENISE

How?

Tyler says nothing.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What did he say?

TYLER

Fraud.

Denise sits down in a chair and rubs her temples. She inhales deeply while Tyler watches her. A moment passes, and then she looks up at Tyler with tears.

DENISE

(quietly)

He's not wrong.

TYLER

Wait...what?

DENISE

When my dad asked me to move back home, the company wasn't doing so great. It was dying.

Tyler sits opposite her.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I couldn't—I couldn't just watch his dream die. He acted all brave, but I could tell he was terrified. He started training me to take over, giving me more access to different parts of the company, until I completely took over. And since I already had training in accounting from business school...

Another pause. Nearby, lights from a theater flicker into the room.

DENISE (CONT'D)

I just wanted to make him proud, to help him. So I moved some things around in the books. I don't think the investors will notice. All they care about is the bottom line. I didn't know how else to save us.

Tyler rubs his temples, stressed.

DENISE (CONT'D)

And now Michael has seen the documents?

TYLER

Yes.

DENISE

I'm fucked.

TYLER

How has no one else figured this out yet?

DENISE

I've only been here a short while.

TYLER

And what? No investors figured it out? No audits?

DENISE

We're a private company. So no.

She sighs.

DENISE (CONT'D)

What am I going to do?

Tyler and Denise sit in silence for a while, Denise quietly crying. Finally Tyler jumps to his feet.

TYLER  
I'm going to fix this.

DENISE  
How?

TYLER  
I'm going to talk to Michael.

He kneels down in front of Denise.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
I promise. I will fix this.

EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Tyler is sitting on the park bench, anxiously waiting. His leg jitters up and down with restless leg syndrome. After a moment, Michael emerges from the dark and sits next to him.

MICHAEL  
So you have the rest of the documents? Can I have them?

He looks excitedly at Tyler.

TYLER  
No, I don't.

MICHAEL  
What? Why not?

TYLER  
Their servers blocked me out. I think their spy protection software found my bugs, and they kicked me out. I can't get you the rest of the documents.

MICHAEL  
But I need those documents.

TYLER  
I'm sorry, they are inaccessible.

Silence falls. The two man stare at each other, the tension between them thickening.



MICHAEL

Well, I suppose, if you were locked out.

Tyler holds his breath.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And you get back in, I suppose there is nothing more I can ask of you.

TYLER

I apologize for this.

MICHAEL

I understand.

Tyler rises and leaves. After he's walked 50ft away, he pulls out his phone and dials.

TYLER

Hey Denise, I talked with him. I think we're in the clear, call me back.

He hangs up.

EXT. TYLER'S FRONT DOOR - LATER

Tyler arrives outside his door. He begins unlocking his many locks when:

MICHAEL (OS)

So this is where you live.

Tyler spins around in shock, dropping his keys in the process.

TYLER

Michael?!

MICHAEL

I don't believe a word out of your goddamn mouth.

TYLER

What do you want?

MICHAEL

I want those damn papers I paid you for.

Michael slowly walks up to Tyler, a crazed look in his eye. Tyler presses his back up against the door.

TYLER  
I can't do that.

MICHAEL  
I paid you to do this. Do you break your promise?

TYLER  
Shhh! No, I-

MICHAEL  
Can you even pay me back?

TYLER  
I- no, I had to pay rent. But I still can't let you do this to her.

MICHAEL  
To who, Denise?

He pauses.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
You know her.

TYLER  
Yes, I do.

MICHAEL  
And how long have you known her?

TYLER  
I..does it matter? I won't hurt a friend.

MICHAEL  
You already have. Why are you defending her? She committed a crime.

TYLER  
So have I.

MICHAEL  
(quietly)  
She ruined me, kid. She'll ruin you. We both know that. We both know she deserves to go to jail.

TYLER  
She can't.

MICHAEL  
And why not?

TYLER  
She just-she can't.

MICHAEL  
I think she can.

TYLER  
I won't let you!

MICHAEL  
And why not?!

TYLER  
Because I'll be alone again!

Michael pauses, and pulls out his phone.

MICHAEL  
Don't let this girl ruin you too.

He holds up his phone so that Tyler can see and punches in 9-1.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I will call the police on you.

TYLER  
What?

MICHAEL  
I will call the police on you. I know where you live. I'll testify you're a hacker. You will go down, and this girl will too.

TYLER  
So will you.

MICHAEL  
Look at me. What do I have to lose?

Tyler stares at the phone in his hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Do the right thing, Tyler.

Tyler says nothing. Michael types in the last 1 and hits send.

TYLER  
No!

POLICE (V.O.)  
County police department, what is  
your emergency?

Tyler stares at the phone. Michael looks at him pointedly and raises an eyebrow. Tyler stares at him, and then looks down in defeat.

MICHAEL  
Oh I'm sorry, officer, I have 911  
on speed dial. I am so sorry, I  
didn't mean to call you.

POLICE (V.O.)  
It's our policy to investigate  
every call we receive, sir.

MICHAEL  
No, I swear, it's all good here!  
I'm so sorry.

POLICE (V.O.)  
Alright, sir, you have a good  
night.

MICHAEL  
You too, ma'am.

Michael hangs up, and then bends down to pick up Tyler's keys. He finishes unlocking the door and lets himself inside.

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Are you ready? I don't have all  
night.

Tyler, fighting back tears, goes in after him.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - NIGHT

Tyler arrives at the construction company building. It is nighttime, and the only light coming from the building is from the window in Denise's office. Tyler enters.

INT. DENISE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tyler enters and stands in the doorway. Denise looks up at him through her fingers. She's been crying.

DENISE  
Tyler!

She jumps to her feet.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
 What happened? Did you talk to  
 Michael? What did he say?

Tyler says nothing, unable to look her in the eye.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
 Tyler.

TYLER  
 I talked to him.

A beat.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
 He has all the forms. He-he's  
 turning you in.

DENISE  
 (breathy)  
 What?

She stares at him, a full range of emotions running through  
 her face.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
 Look at me.

Tyler's crying. He slowly looks up to match Denise's gaze.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
 How do you know this?

TYLER  
 I talked to him.

DENISE  
 No, how-how do you know any of  
 this? I never asked you. Before.

TYLER  
 I-I just-

DENISE  
 How could you possibly-unless, you  
 had something to do with it?

Tyler swallows, the silent tears increasing.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
 Tell me, Tyler.

TYLER  
 Denise, please-

DENISE  
How did YOU know?!

TYLER  
I- he- Michael hired me-

He swallows. Denise is staring at him, heartbroken.

TYLER (CONT'D)  
He hired me to hack your servers.  
It's what I do, on the side.

DENISE  
What?

TYLER  
It was before I knew you, I swear,  
I would never hurt-

DENISE  
Stop.

TYLER  
Please, I swear-

DENISE  
Stop.

Denise, is looking away now, trying to regain some composure.

DENISE (CONT'D)  
You...attacked my servers? You gave  
my private information to a madman?  
You ruined me.

TYLER  
No, I swear-

DENISE  
(under her breath)  
I hate you.

TYLER  
What?

DENISE  
I hate you. Get out.

TYLER  
Denise, please, I am so sorry-

DENISE  
I said get out!

She jumps to her feet. Tyler, terrified and shameful, runs out the door.

Denise sits back down behind her cluttered desk, puts her head down on the table and covers it with her arms.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - SAME TIME

Tyler walks away across the parking lot, wiping away his tears. He kicks a car's tire on his way out and stares up at the sky in a moment of desperation. His face becomes more stone-faced the further he gets from the building.

INT. DENISE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Denise stares forward, tears silently streaming down her face. Her father walks in.

DAD  
Sweetie? Did I just see a man  
running from the-

Denise looks up at her father. He stops when he sees his daughter's face.

DAD (CONT'D)  
What happened?

He rushes over to her side.

DENISE  
Dad?

DAD  
Yes sweetie?

DENISE  
There's something I have to tell  
you.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION COMPANY - DAYS LATER

Tyler stands at the edge of the construction company parking lot, just another face in a large crowd that has gathered there. Police cars and a news van are parked outside the front entrance. Nearby, a REPORTER is talking to a camera, live on air.

## REPORTER

The Marlowe Bros. Construction Company will likely not survive the ordeal, as this has been the largest case of fraud to investors the county has seen in nearly 20 years. Auditors will start investigating Denise Marlowe more thoroughly today.

Denise, handcuffed, is led out from the building by police. The BYSTANDERS in the crowd point her out and begin whispering.

As she's being put into the squad car, Denise and Tyler share a brief look. Their eyes lock just a second before Denise is shoved into the cruiser.

Tyler turns his head. Amongst the crowd he sees Michael stoically watching the scene unfold. Michael notices Tyler staring and gives him a single curt nod.

Tyler leaves.

## INT. THEATER LOBBY - DAY

Tyler walks up to the counter and places his uniform on top.

## MARGARET

Everything ok?

## TYLER

I quit.

He walks out.

## INT. TYLER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tyler turns the key into his apartment and enters. It's dimly lit and quiet. He drops his bag and coat onto the middle of the floor and walks over to his computers.

He sits down, takes out his dark green beanie from his pocket, and pulls it low over his eyes. In this lighting, the glare from the computer screens reflect off his eyes and the circles under them become more prominent.

Through the computer's point-of-view Tyler stares at his screen. Code and light from the monitor reflects off his face. His phone RINGS.



TYLER  
Hi Mom...uh huh...yeah...no,  
everything's fine.

FADE OUT.

THE END