

**DISRUPTOR**

written by

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FADE IN:

**INT. IZAKAYA BAR - TOKYO - NIGHT**

SHANE (late 20s, white, American), manic ambition overdressed in a classic tuxedo, surveys the busy nightlife spot from his seat at the bar.

The place is packed. There's a COMMUNAL TABLE nearby full of FASHIONABLE TWENTYSOMETHINGS being rowdy and drinking. Behind Shane, the Bartender labors over a HUGE DRINK ORDER.

**TOKYO**

**December 31st | 11:45pm | UTC +9**

Then Shane spots -- CASSIDY (late 20s, Irish), as assertive as she is fashionable, entering from the cold. Cassidy looks for a seat, but they're all occupied.

Making eye contact, Shane gets up and offers his seat.

SHANE

All yours.

Cassidy slides in, but instead of sitting (which would put her practically in his lap) she stands at the bar, elbow to elbow with Shane, ignoring him.

Cassidy tries to get the attention of the Bartender.

CASSIDY

(in Japanese)

*I'd like a martini. Sweet vermouth.  
Very dirty with two olives. And go  
heavy on the vermouth please.*

The bartender huffs, puts up a finger. *Gimme a minute.*

SHANE

It's okay. Put it in ahead of my order.

The Bartender taps the bar and gets to work. Cassidy looks at Shane. *Okay, this guy's pretty good looking...*

CASSIDY

Thanks for letting me cut the line.

SHANE

You must be in tech.

CASSIDY

Oh. And how do you figure that?

SHANE

Because this bar is within striking distance of five different companies and they overcharge so much here no one else comes in.

CASSIDY

You're almost right. Cassidy. I'm at Hitachi. Government relations.

Cassidy offers her hand. Shane likes her, but not wanting to come on too strong, shakes her hand like it's just business.

SHANE

Interesting. How does an Irish, I'm guessing poli-sci major from...

CASSIDY

King's College.

The Bartender sets a martini down and Cassidy takes a sip.

SHANE

How does an Irish poli-sci major from King's College wind up in Tokyo in electronics?

CASSIDY

I got tired of working for failed start-ups run by founders with more ego than brains.

SHANE

It sounds like you have plenty of both.

CASSIDY

Is that a problem? I know a lot of guys are intimidated by an intelligent woman.

SHANE

So you'd rather be alone on New Year's Eve?

CASSIDY

Like your plans for ringing in the year are so much better.

He grins. Nods in the direction of the TV behind the bar. ON SCREEN we see pre-recorded footage of a New Year's Eve fireworks show over SYDNEY HARBOR.

SHANE

Actually, we already rang it in.

CASSIDY

What?

SHANE

Like two hours ago, in Sydney.

She looks around. *Is anyone else hearing this crazy guy?*

SHANE (CONT'D)

Shane. I'm at Anaglyph. Welcome to our party.

CASSIDY

Are you twisting me? You work in teleportation.

The Bartender puts a TRAY OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES in front of Shane: beer, whisky, sake, etc.

SHANE

It sounds so cheap when you use the "T" word. We're actually rotating a seventh-dimensional reference frame.

CASSIDY

Bullshit.  
(beat, then)  
Right?

**INT. IZAKAYA BAR - AT THE COMMUNAL TABLE - A LITTLE LATER**

Cassidy and Shane are now with the Twentysomethings. Everyone has a beer stein with a shot of *sake* suspended above it. Cassidy sits opposite Shane, and next to DIVYA (late 20s, Indian), erudite troublemaker in a plunging ballgown.

Divya shows Cassidy a SERIES OF PHOTOS on her phone.

CASSIDY

I can't believe it. Sydney to Tokyo in an instant. I had no idea you were this far along.

SHANE

We're still in beta. But we have executive privileges.

CASSIDY

I'm impressed. Now shut up, I'm going to vet you with your friend.  
 (to Divya)  
 How much trouble is this one?

Divya laughs, already a little drunk. She launches into a speech she's had to give many times...

DIVYA

Okay. Here it comes. We've known each other since college. Angelo too. People called us the Three Musketeers. Shane and I slept together a couple times --  
 (off Cassidy's reaction)  
 But that's ancient history. We agreed, we're better as friends. We're so cool now. Like, we're roommates. That's how cool we are.

To us -- and to Cassidy -- this probably sounds like denial.

CASSIDY

That is cool. And a lot of information.

ANGELO (O.S.)

Shit, we're about to miss it!

ANGELO (late-20s, Filipino), magnetically confident, points at the NEW YEAR'S COUNTDOWN ON TV. Three seconds to go!

EVERYONE

*Ichi! Ni! San!* Happy New Year, Tokyo!

Everyone slams their fists on the table. Sake drops into beer with a splash. Everyone chugs.

OWU (22, Nigerian, transgender woman) gets everyone's attention. Even among this group, she's a vision in a sleeveless dress and 3D-printed bangles.

OWU

Come on, legends. Open bar at the Leela Palace in twenty minutes!

CASSIDY

You're really doing seven more of these?

ANGELO

We could. But that would mean --  
 (checks smartwatch)  
 Eighteen more hours of partying.

DIVYA

Which is why we're pacing  
 ourselves.

SHANE

So what do you say. Want to come  
 along?

A moment as she looks at Shane, who's putting on his most  
 disarming grin.

CASSIDY

Fuck it, why not.

Divya pulls a BAGGIE OF PILLS from her bag.

DIVYA

You're going to want one of these.

**EXT. STREETS OF TOKYO - NIGHT**

A cacophony of crowd noise and traffic. Western and Japanese  
 advertisements are everywhere. In CASSIDY'S POV, the light  
 and noise are extra intense, as she, Shane, Divya and Angelo  
 approach the glass LOBBY of an office tower.

**INT. GLYPH TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS**

The group passes a security checkpoint using their ANAGLYPH  
 KEYCARDS, and line up in front of a --

GLYPH: A nine-foot-tall, opaque crystalline cylinder, like a  
 cross between a phone booth and a bell jar. It's featureless  
 except for a DOOR, etched with the ANAGLYPH LOGO.

As the group reaches the Glyph, LEDs around the doorframe  
 LIGHT UP RED, and the door opens silently. Shane beckons  
 Cassidy to go ahead. She hesitates, then steps inside --

**INT. THE GLYPH - CONTINUOUS**

The door seals Cassidy inside. The interior is warmly lit and  
 TOTALLY SILENT. There's ANOTHER DOOR opposite, also ringed  
 with red. A screen reads: **Touch When Ready**

She touches the screen. The message changes to: **Look Forward**

*Look forward?* Before Cassidy has a chance to process the message, a PROGRESS BAR fills -- the LEDs around the door SHIFT FROM RED TO CYAN -- and the door whooshes open.

**INT. ANOTHER GLYPH TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS**

The hairs on Cassidy's neck stand up as she steps into a similar terminal, decorated with jungle plants and signage in English, Kannada and Hindi. The city visible through the windows is definitively not Tokyo.

SHANE (O.S.)

What do you think?

Cassidy turns to see Shane stepping out of the Glyph.

CASSIDY

It's... quiet.

(off his surprise)

Sorry. It wasn't what I expected.

SHANE

No, I'm glad you said that. Come on, let's grab a ride.

**INT./EXT. ELECTRIC RICKSHAW - BANGALORE STREETS - NIGHT**

A swarm of self-driving electric RICKSHAWS crawls through BUMPER TO BUMPER TRAFFIC.

**BANGALORE**

**December 31st | 9:07pm | UTC +5:30**

Shane, Cassidy, and Divya ride together sharing a flask.

SHANE

The Glyph isn't miraculous because it collapses distance. It's because it expands time.

CASSIDY

What do you mean?

DIVYA

Yeah, what do you mean?

SHANE

I don't know about you but I don't want to die before doing all the things I want in life. Now, with this, maybe I won't.

DIVYA  
Never thought of it like that.

CASSIDY  
Angelo seems to be making the most  
of his brief time on Earth.

Cassidy points to the next RICKSHAW over. Angelo sits between two attractive women who whisper in his ear. Shane smiles.

SHANE  
I should probably go break that  
up...

But Shane's grin quickly dissolves, as Angelo slips out from between his seat-mates -- out of his rickshaw -- and climbs in next to Divya.

ANGELO  
Can I squeeze in? Those nice young  
ladies don't understand the words  
"I'm engaged."

CASSIDY  
I didn't figure any of you for the  
marrying type.

SHANE  
Neither did I. You're looking a  
little hot under the collar, buddy.

ANGELO  
Just give me that.

They laugh as Angelo takes the flask and drinks. As he does, our sense of time starts to become disjointed --

**INT./EXT. BURJ KHALIFA - SPIRE - NIGHT**

Angelo talks animatedly, slurring, as he, Shane, Cassidy, and Divya climb a maintenance ladder.

ANGELO  
Beth Ann likes her toast from a  
toaster but I like the versatility  
of a toaster-oven. But one day I  
realized I was happy to have a  
toaster for the rest of my life.

CASSIDY  
Aww. That's cute.



The group reaches a NARROW PLATFORM, revealing they're on top of the world's tallest building.

**DUBAI**

**December 31st | 11:19pm | UTC +4**

Divya howls with joy hoisting herself onto the railing. She pulls out her camera to take a group selfie -- nearly topples over the side! -- Shane GRABS HER TO PREVENT HER FALLING.

Everyone laughs (lol that would have been bad)! But Cassidy notices Shane clinging protectively to Divya's waist as the city below comes alive with an outrageous LASER LIGHT SHOW --

**EXT. NIGHTCLUB ROOFTOP - NIGHT**

Shane and Cassidy sit outside a disco. Behind them laser lights strobe inside a fog-filled room. In front of them is a panoramic view of --

**ATHENS**

**December 31st | 11:11pm | UTC +2**

The PARTHENON is overlaid with a holographic reconstruction of its ancient Greek glory. No sign of Divya or Angelo.

SHANE

You had horses. Are you a duchess?

CASSIDY

As a staunch anti-monarchist, I'm deeply offended by that.

**INT. LOFT ART PARTY - CHILL OUT ROOM - NIGHT**

Shane and Cassidy, fully drunk, slow-dance to ambient music.

**BERLIN**

**December 31st | 11:52pm | UTC +1**

Cassidy sees an AERIALIST contorting on ribbons overhead, who then pours a shot down a partygoer's mouth.

SHANE

He said if I didn't change he'd leave. So I wished him luck in his future endeavors.

CASSIDY

Damn.

SHANE

He was right. The company didn't last much longer after that.

CASSIDY

It's more mythic to have spectacular early failure before your later success.

SHANE

But I'll never get funding until I prove I can play ball.

CASSIDY

At Anaglyph.

SHANE

It's a pretty cage, but...

Cassidy pulls him closer.

CASSIDY

You like calling the shots.

He slides his hands to her waist and KISSES HER.

**EXT./INT. EUROPEAN STREETS - RAIL STATION - NIGHT**

Shane and Cassidy stumble shoulder-to-shoulder past New Year's revelers.

SHANE

This is what I love about the Glyphs. I can zip around the world, meet someone like you, and there's no expectations.

The words "no expectations" hang there. She thinks, nods, as they descend into THE RAIL STATION.

CASSIDY

This does remind me of being back at college. Any given night, you could meet a stranger, dip into their world and whatever bad decisions you made wouldn't follow you back to yours.

SHANE

Are you saying you're about to make a bad decision?

CASSIDY  
I'm saying my old flat is three  
stops away...

Shane looks up to see the seal of the LONDON UNDERGROUND,  
then down to see Cassidy's thumb hooked in his waistband. As  
the train emerges from the tunnel --

**INT. CASSIDY'S EMPTY LONDON FLAT - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Shane and Cassidy lie asleep, tangled in one another's arms.

**LONDON**  
**January 1st | 3:55am | UTC +0**

PUSH IN on Shane, who doesn't seem to be breathing. Then his  
phone BUZZES and he awakens with a GASP. He sucks in air then  
answers his phone with a groan.

SHANE (INTO PHONE)  
Yeah? ... Fuck, I was looking  
forward to that. What's next? ...  
Okay, meet you there.

He hangs up. His phone call has woken Cassidy. She gets up,  
checks her phone and starts getting dressed.

SHANE (CONT'D)  
We missed Rio, but we can still  
catch New York. Wanna grab a coffee  
on the way?

CASSIDY  
It's already after noon in Tokyo. I  
should go home.

SHANE  
Why? It's New Year's Day.

CASSIDY  
And I have a life to get back to.  
But I'm really glad you let me cut  
the line.

She kisses him and goes to the bathroom. Shane watches her  
washing her face, looks like he's about to say something --  
but his phone buzzes again. He DRY SWALLOWS A PILL.

**INT. THE GLYPH - LATER THAT NIGHT**

Shane stands inside the Glyph, looking satisfied. He taps the **Touch When Ready** button. **Look Forward** appears on screen. A progress bar fills --

THE LIGHTS GO OUT. The calming silence is now deafening. Shane's PANICKED BREATHS echo loudly as he BANGS on the door.

SHANE

Hey! HEY! HELP!

As Shane's eyes adjust to the darkness, we can make out the dead touchscreen and outline of the door, and...

A SILHOUETTE standing next to him: a TWO-DIMENSIONAL CROSS SECTION of a person, organs, skeleton and all. Behind this cross-section is another, and another. These flat silhouettes extend infinitely into the darkness like a hall of mirrors.

As Shane's breath quickens in terror, THE LUNGS AND HEARTS OF THE INFINITE CROSS SECTIONS QUICKEN IN UNISON --

THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON. He's now looking at the warmly lit interior wall. Nothing out of the ordinary.

**INT. GLYPH TERMINAL - NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS**

Shane exits the Glyph to find Divya waiting, engrossed in a heavily-annotated copy of *The Picture of Dorian Gray*.

SHANE

Could you not hear me banging on the door just now?

DIVYA

What? No. Are you okay?

He looks into the open Glyph. Shakes it off.

SHANE

I think my brain is getting fried.

DIVYA

I understand if you want to call it. We're the only ones left.

SHANE

No, I can rally. We came this far. Now how do we get to Times Square?

**EXT. SHANE'S BEACH HOUSE - OCEAN FRONT WALK - SUNRISE**

The sunrise glints off the Pacific as Shane and Divya stumble arm-in-arm towards a modernist beach house. A MAN IN A SUIT is slumped in the sand, his BLAZER next to him.

**VENICE BEACH**

**January 1st | 7:01am | UTC -8**

DIVYA

Time to sleep for the rest of my  
life.

Divya heads inside. Shane places the blazer over the sleeping Man like a blanket, sits down next to him, and stares at the horizon. A huge smile dawns on his face. What a night.

**EXT. STREETS OF VENICE BEACH - VARIOUS - THE NEXT DAY**

Shane, in casual clothes, skateboards through Venice Beach.

**EXT. ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - PACIFIC AVE - MOMENTS LATER**

Shane stops in front of an 8-foot-tall wall. It's a veritable street art canvas, stretching a city block. Shane holds out his Anaglyph keycard -- BEEP-BEEP -- and a CONCEALED DOOR swings open for him.

**INT./EXT. ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - OPEN PLAN OFFICE - MOVING**

Shane walks through an amenity-laden office bustling with 20-and-30-somethings, carrying his skateboard under his arm.

**ANAGLYPH HEADQUARTERS**

**January 2nd**

In classic California style, one glass wall is accordioned open, linking the offices seamlessly to --

**EXT. ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - THE QUAD - CONTINUOUS**

The Anaglyph offices form a ring around a lush courtyard, like a village square sealed off from the rest of the world.

Angelo intercepts Shane on his way across the quad.

ANGELO

Dude. Where were you yesterday?

SHANE

Shit. Beth Ann's brunch thing. I was sleeping off New Year's.  
(off Angelo's frustration)  
I'm sorry man. Was she mad?

ANGELO

No, because as far as she knows you were with your new lady-friend.

SHANE

Cassidy? No, we're not, uh. I mean, she works in Tokyo, so.

ANGELO

And you work at a teleportation company.

SHANE

So if I'd missed your engagement brunch because I was still out with my one night stand, we'd be cool?

ANGELO

It's not about brunch, dude. You and I agreed, once we got the New Year's ball rolling, we would turn in early. Because it would be stupid to stay up for twenty hours before your first presentation to our CEO.

SHANE

That pitch isn't until tomorrow --

ANGELO

From the look of it, you might still be hungover by then.

They stop on **C STREET**, a walking path lined with TOWNHOUSES (in lieu of addresses, each townhouse is marked "CEO," "CFO," "CTO," etc.) Shane turns to face Angelo, earnest.

SHANE

Angelo. You're worried if I fuck up, that hurts your stock because you helped get me here. But I have this presentation down cold. Please trust that I am fitting in, not fitting out.

A beat. Angelo nods. *Maybe he was being a little overbearing.*

ANGELO

Cool. So, P.J. Clarke's for lunch?

They dap each other up, no hard feelings.

**INT. CXO EXECUTIVE VILLA - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS**

Shane approaches KELLEY (20s, quietly ambitious), who rolls calls in a double-height foyer. A cross-section of an airliner hangs above Kelley like art.

SHANE

Is the General in?

KELLEY

He hates it when you call him that.

**INT. CXO EXECUTIVE VILLA - HAYDEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Shane enters a breathtaking office fronting directly onto the beach. The place is all Eames chairs and teakwood credenzas.

Sitting beneath a row of design awards and MILITARY MEDALS is HAYDEN (mid-40s, white) Anaglyph's Chief Experiential Officer, or CXO. Hayden doesn't enjoy his office nearly as much as he enjoys the status it conveys.

SHANE

I got a value add for you.

HAYDEN

And a Happy New Year to you, Shane.  
Do any traveling over the holiday?

He beckons for Shane to sit. Shane is eager to say whatever he has to say, but obliges to sit and make small talk.

SHANE

No. I wanted to be fresh for Q1, so  
I mostly just kicked around town.

HAYDEN

You know you can cut loose every  
once in a while. Now what's this  
"value add"?

SHANE

We need a sound. For a first-timer,  
the Glyph is shockingly quiet. Like  
walking through any other door.

HAYDEN

You mean it's so normal, you could imagine doing it ten times a day? Sounds like we're doing our job.

SHANE

But it should never be normal. We need a signal alerting people something momentous is happening.

HAYDEN

The Glyphs literally fold space-time. Let's not gild the lily.

Shane sees he's losing him, changes tack.

SHANE

The chimes on an airplane before takeoff, unique to each airline. The rumble of a Harley-Davidson. The Apple startup sound --

HAYDEN

So it's a branding a thing?

It's not, but --

SHANE

Yes. Absolutely.

HAYDEN

(joking)

I half expected you to blow up our workflow nine months from launch.

SHANE

Who, me?

HAYDEN

But no, this is good. Low cost and attainable. Why don't you work a teaser into tomorrow's presentation and we'll see if Ramira agrees.

SHANE

Oh. Really?

HAYDEN

I know you've been eager for some face time with her. This "sonic branding" thing could be your chance to shine.

Off Shane, energized that his idea landed.



**INT. UX BULLPEN - ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - DAY**

The User Experience (UX) Department is a creative wonderland. 3D printers churn out prototypes of next-gen Glyphs; the walls are plastered with design inspiration.

We find Owu standing over the shoulder of EZRA (24, Mexican-American) at his noticeably un-decorated workstation. Owu watches him CODING, visibly horrified.

OWU

You're ruining my work. You know that, right?

EZRA

Style, may I introduce you to two hundred million lines of substance.

OWU

And you wonder why no one invites you out to party.

EZRA

No I don't. I'm going to retire at thirty, and you cannot buy shots with company stock.

Shane interrupts.

SHANE

You two busy?

OWU

I gave him a draft of my traffic pattern manager and now he's hacking it to death.

EZRA

I'm pruning. It's a resource hog.

SHANE

Lag is death. Ezra, do your thing.  
(off Owu's displeasure)  
When he gives it back, make it sing. Right now, I need my best brains. Let's take a walk.

**INT. GLYPH TERMINAL - ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - DAY**

The Glyph sits in a windowless room. No amount of high end furniture can disguise the four-foot-thick concrete blast walls.

This Glyph unit isn't as aesthetically pleasing as the ones we saw on New Year's Eve. It's the same basic shape, but the exterior is exposed steel, with visible welds and rivets.

TIME-LAPSE AS WE PUSH IN ON THE GLYPH: the LEDs flash from red to cyan, cyan to red, as extremely fashionable Anaglyph employees dart in and out -- to and from parts unknown.

Blink and you'll miss Shane, Ezra and Owu lining up --

**INT. SELF-DRIVING CAR - MOVING - DAY**

Shane sits in the back seat of a car by himself. Compared to the speed of Glyph travel, he is suddenly painfully stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic. Owu and Ezra talk up front, but their conversation is just background noise.

**SAN FRANCISCO**

Shane watches as another car cuts in front, causing their car to slow down even more. A teenager on a skateboard whizzes past them on the sidewalk. Shane closes his eyes.

**INT. SKYWALKER RANCH - SOUND DESIGN STUDIO - DAY**

Shane, Owu, and Ezra sit facing a large sound mixing panel operated by a male SOUND DESIGNER. An ELECTRONIC SOUND (think THX logo sound) plays over the speaker, and then... silence.

EZRA

It is like you stuck a microphone inside my imagination. I think this might be the one.

OWU

Eh. It's a little obvious.

SHANE

Put it on the list but let's keep spitballing.

OWU

Honest question: does it have to be a sound? Why not give the users a suite of options. Charge \$4.99 a pop, more if it's licensed.

EZRA

What would we license?

OWU

The Star Trek transporter, for one.

SOUND DESIGNER

We actually made a version for the new show --

EZRA

And I'm obvious?

SHANE

Look, it's a signature. It's gotta be our thing. The Glyphs will shatter the concept of what it means to travel. A trip from Paris to Tokyo used to be a once in a lifetime event, but with us it's like going from your living room to the kitchen. We need a sound that signals this is still momentous. But reassuring that you're being taken care of.

Owu and Ezra exchange a look. They know Shane's on a roll.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Owu, I like your impulse. Nostalgia is comforting. But what if we go back even further. What's more reassuring than our mother's heartbeat when we're in the womb? Something in that range of tempo and timbre. That's what we're looking for. Then the door opens, and hello world.

SOUND DESIGNER

Okay. I'll work up some samples.

**EXT. THE QUAD - ANAGLYPH HQ - DAY**

Shane lies in the sun, mouthing words to himself as he flips through PRESENTATION SLIDES on a tablet. He notices Divya power walking toward him, waving her hand.

SHANE

Hey. We missed you at lunch. Got you the lobster roll.

He hands her a take-out bag labeled **P.J. Clarkes's - Third Ave, New York City**. Divya waves him off.

DIVYA

No time. I've been working overdrive and wanted to run something by you, not for approval, per se, but I thought you might have some interest seeing as it was sort of your idea.

SHANE

If this is about the sonic branding thing, Hayden thought it was too early to loop in marketing.

DIVYA

"It is not that we have a short space of time, but that we waste much of it."

SHANE

What?

DIVYA

It's Seneca.

SHANE

Okay.

As Divya speaks she becomes louder, INCREASINGLY MANIC.

DIVYA

For the launch campaign. Did you know the Stoics thought the universe had a life cycle? An endless cycle of occurrence that all started from a state of fire. And get this... One day this all goes back to the fire. It's Ekpyrosis, the Conflagration.

SHANE

What's going on with you --

DIVYA

Eastern religions know existence is just death and rebirth, death and rebirth, Samsara, you know? In the West we used to know. Then between the ancient Greeks and us, poof, we forgot. But the Glyphs can open people's eyes like they opened mine.

SHANE

You're kind of freaking me out.

Shane sees a GLYPH MARKETING EXEC and two SECURITY OFFICERS exit a nearby building. They make their way over to Shane and Divya, as Divya becomes increasingly agitated, even angry.

DIVYA

I thought you would understand.  
Dying is all you can think about.  
But you've already died and been  
reborn countless times, Shane. You  
don't have to be afraid.

MARKETING EXEC (O.S.)

That's her.

The two Security Guards grab Divya who immediately resists.

DIVYA

Stop it! Let go of me!

Shane springs to his feet.

SHANE

What the hell is this?

MARKETING EXEC

Divya had a breakdown in the staff  
meeting.

SHANE

That doesn't mean you can --

MARKETING EXEC

She assaulted Greg Nelson. He's  
going to need stitches.

Security escorts Divya away.

SHANE

Where are you taking her?

**INT. HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK - DAY**

Shane stands across the counter from the seated ADMITTING NURSE.

NURSE

What is your relation to the  
patient?

SHANE

We work together. We're roommates.

NURSE

I'm sorry. Until the doctor makes the call on her commitment, it's only immediate family.

Shane clocks a HEAVILY SEDATED MAN, strapped down to a gurney, being wheeled past the front desk by two ORDERLIES.

SHANE

She doesn't have any family close by. Please.

The Nurse reads Shane's distress, takes pity on him.

NURSE

When someone gets checked in, sometimes their friends are the last people they want to see. They're afraid of being judged for how they got here.

(off his guilty expression)

They can only hold her twenty-four hours for evaluation. Until then, she's in good hands.

**EXT. SHANE'S BEACH HOUSE - OCEAN FRONT WALK - EARLY EVENING**

Shane, still stunned from earlier, walks up to the house which is filled with LOUD MUSIC and LOTS OF PEOPLE. Damn. He did not want to come home to a party in full swing...

**EXT. PORCH - SHANE'S BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Shane walks up to one of his roommates, ANDERS (25, Swedish, who we may recognize as the man slumped in a suit on New Year's morning). Anders is filling a Solo cup from a keg.

SHANE

We're having a party?

ANDERS

Oh yeah. It just happened, man. Want in on the next match? We are the unstoppable team.

He motions towards the commotion of a BEER PONG GAME in progress inside. Shane waves him off, not interested.

SHANE

Hey did you hear anything from Divya's family?

ANDERS

No. Should I have?

SHANE

I'll tell you about it later. She's probably not coming home tonight --

He's caught off guard when he hears a familiar voice.

CASSIDY (O.S.)

Get yer elbow back over ta fecking line!

**INT. SHANE'S BEACH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Shane steps inside to see Cassidy at the beer pong table, swatting her opponent's shot out of the air. Only, she sounds like a completely different person, with thick accent and heavy dose of Irish "street" attitude.

Cassidy notices Shane standing at the door, staring.

CASSIDY

Celebrity shot, wouldya?

She hands her ball to a spectating tech bro and peels away. She greets Shane, DROPPING THE AFFECT.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)

Hey, Shane.

SHANE

I wasn't sure it was you with the... that's not how you talk.

CASSIDY

Oh that's nothing. American lads go wild over a little brogue. How's my caged bird doing?

Shane glances around to see if any of his peers heard her referencing feeling "caged," which he told her in confidence on New Year's Eve.

SHANE

What are you doing here?

CASSIDY

Anders invited me.

SHANE

When did you meet Anders?

CASSIDY  
 (laughs, then)  
 Wait, were you that drunk? You  
 weren't blacked out when we --

SHANE  
 No. You're good.

Cassidy is taken aback by Shane's coldness.

CASSIDY  
 Listen, I remember what we said. No  
 expectations. I'm just excited, I  
 have an interview at Anaglyph.

SHANE  
 Oh. That's huge.

CASSIDY  
 Should we celebrate with a drink?

SHANE  
 Actually I think I'm going to bed.

CASSIDY  
 Oh. Well I don't leave till  
 Saturday. Maybe we could hang out.

Shane's overwhelmed from Divya, from the disconnect of seeing  
 Cassidy out of context. But he's not going to tell her that.

SHANE  
 Yeah, maybe.  
 (starts to leave)  
 They're going to ask whether you're  
 a rowboat, a sailboat or a  
 motorboat. Doesn't matter how you  
 answer. Just answer fast.

Shane walks away leaving Cassidy to wonder what the hell is  
 going on with him.

**INT. SHANE'S ROOM - SHANE'S BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT**

Shane lies in bed, unable to sleep as the party rages  
 downstairs. His mind races...

He bolts upright, as something occurs to him. He grabs his  
 laptop and starts typing, wheels turning a mile a minute.



**INT. RAMIRA'S EXECUTIVE VILLA - MEETING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY**

Shane stares at the vast Pacific Ocean. He sits between Hayden and Ezra, as Owu delivers the UX team's presentation. A SLIDE depicts a Glyph user navigating the **ANYWARE APP**.

OWU

Thus, by combining a symmetrical radial menu with a Jungian symbol system, we've created an interface as intuitive for speakers of Hebrew and Swahili as it is for a newborn.

Anaglyph's CEO, RAMIRA (40s), all grace and quiet intensity, listens from a wrap-around sofa as her ASSISTANT takes notes.

HAYDEN

Thank you, Owu. Now our junior director, Shane, will take us home.

Owu sits seat, relieved. Hayden controls the presentation with a TABLET. A NEW SLIDE appears -- **Holistic UX: A Symphony of the Senses**. Shane stands and faces Ramira.

SHANE

A great user experience engages all the senses. The moment you see a Glyph, you're drawn to it like a moth to flame. You're comforted when you feel its sturdy shell and cushioned interior. And with the UX Department's newest initiative, you will hear a sound that resonates so deeply, it will make you feel at home wherever you've arrived...

(gaze drifting outside)

When you say it out loud, it sounds pretty superficial, doesn't it?

Hayden looks up from his tablet, surprised. Ramira remains unreadable as her Assistant stops typing.

RAMIRA'S ASSISTANT

Did you want me to take that down?

SHANE

I'm supposed to convince you we've left no stone unturned in creating a holistic user experience, but I can't do that. Truth is, we've neglected very real ways that the Glyphs disrupt our users' lives and if we don't address them this product will be dead on arrival.

Hayden looks to Ezra and Owu, *what the hell is this?* But they appear just as confused as he is. Hayden butts in.

HAYDEN

Shane, hold it. I think there's been a miscommunication about your piece of this pitch --

SHANE

Human beings were not built for a world where time and space are pliable. Where you have to worry about running into the one-night-stand you left on the other side of the world. But I know from experience, it's addictive. Once we've had a taste of life at warp speed, we will fill every moment with activity and stretch ourselves so thin that we snap --

**FLASH POP:** Divya's face as she's dragged away by security.

Shane stops, a hitch in his voice. He feels a hand on his shoulder, as Hayden turns Shane to face him. Hayden glances uncomfortably between his CEO and his subordinate, speaks quietly for Shane's benefit.

HAYDEN

I don't know what this is, but you need to sit down right now.

Hayden is giving Shane a chance to back down from whatever he's doing... but Shane doesn't take it. His expression hardens as he turns to Ramira once again.

SHANE

We need to broaden our scope, beyond what happens inside the machine --

HAYDEN

(sotto)

Jesus fucking Christ.

SHANE

Life is the User Experience and Anaglyph is the one-stop-shop for everything our users could want. Instead of a series of doors, we need to think of the Glyphs as a self-contained, frictionless engine of consumption --

HAYDEN

That's enough! Our business model does not include turning the world into a fucking Disney cruise.

Shane doesn't respond. He's directing a hopeful look toward Ramira. *Surely she sees the genius in what he's saying.* BUT HE GETS NOTHING, just Ramira's impassive stare.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Ma'am, I can't begin to express my embarrassment. This does not represent what my team is about.

Off Shane, beginning to realize how badly he just screwed up.

**EXT. C STREET - ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - A LITTLE LATER**

Shane stands outside in a daze. Owu and Ezra walk toward the UX Department without looking at him. Hayden sidles up to Shane and takes a steadying breath.

HAYDEN

When I got to Afghanistan we had one goal: break the Taliban, kill bin Laden. Then one day I looked up and realized my band of warriors was expected to build a democracy. I left that outfit for the private sector because at places like this, mission creep does not fly. And I took a chance on you, despite your professional record, because I thought the son of an Army man must understand clarity of purpose. Apparently I was wrong. Now clear out your desk.

Hayden heads back towards Ramira's villa without waiting for a reply. Shane closes his eyes and curses silently.

**INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT - ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - DAY**

Shane enters the comparatively buttoned-up Engineering Department. He peers into Angelo's office, but finds it empty. An OFFICE COORDINATOR notices him.

OFFICE COORDINATOR

He's having lunch at home with his fiancée. Isn't that sweet?

**INT./EXT. ANGELO AND BETH ANN'S CONDO - VENICE BEACH - DAY**

Shane knocks on the door. It opens to reveal BETH ANN (mid-20s, white), who greets Shane with a hug.

BETH ANN

Oh hi! What a nice surprise.

SHANE

Sorry, I just -- mind if I come in?

BETH ANN

Our casa su casa as the locals say. We got your engagement gift in the mail. I had no idea they even made combination toaster/toaster-ovens.

They step into the condo (a place people actually live) to find Angelo. He's unhappy about the subtext of the gift.

ANGELO

Yes. Very thoughtful, Shane.

SHANE

Hey can we talk?

**INT. ANGELO'S HOME OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Shane and Angelo sit in uncomfortable silence. Shane's just shared the news. We may notice a framed MAGAZINE featuring Angelo and Shane posing by an autonomous car. The headline: **DRIVEN TO SUCCEED: The Visionary Duo Behind ChromaCar.**

ANGELO

I can't believe you.

SHANE

I know.

ANGELO

This is exactly what happened to us at Chroma.

SHANE

I know.

ANGELO

Then how come you didn't learn how to pick a lane and stay in it!

(off Shane's silence)

(MORE)

ANGELO (CONT'D)

I went along at first because I was your friend before I was your partner, but Chroma was doomed as soon as you took the reins. Just like I should've known you'd be doomed here. You want everything but you won't own anything.

SHANE

I was ready to own this.

Angelo sees Shane is on the verge of tears, eases off.

ANGELO

Maybe you really were born to create. And yeah, here you were just a cog. But a cog in something significant. Until you realize that this was a privilege, not a punishment, this is just going to keep happening.

A long moment as Shane thinks...

SHANE

Have you heard from Divya?

ANGELO

(surprised)

Her brother called last night. He was on his way down to see her.

SHANE

I keep thinking, what if she and I had stayed together? You know, what if I hadn't run away from that.

ANGELO

It wouldn't have changed this. Not for you, or for her.

SHANE

Maybe. I was just so afraid if she really knew me she would judge me. But that's stupid. Of all people, she never judged me.

Angelo grimaces. Shane gets up and moves towards the door.

SHANE (CONT'D)

I need to talk to her.

ANGELO

Dude, even if that ship hasn't sailed, this is not the moment --

SHANE

I know, it's not about that. But I don't think I can figure out what comes next without her.

**INT. SHANE'S BEACH HOUSE - ENTRY / HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Shane enters the apartment and heads towards the bedrooms. He reaches a CLOSED DOOR, knocks softly.

SHANE

Divya? It's me. I went by the hospital...

No response. He opens the door, and peers into --

**DIVYA'S EMPTY BEDROOM**

The imprints of furniture on carpet and a derelict MOVING BOX are all that remain inside. Alarmed, he calls out.

SHANE

Uh. Hey Anders?

He hears movement, and heads toward the --

**LIVING ROOM**

SHANE

What happened to Divya's stuff? She hasn't answered my --

But instead of Anders, Shane FINDS RAMIRA SITTING ON HIS COUCH. A beat as he tries to figure out what to say.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Hi.

RAMIRA

That was quite a presentation.

SHANE

Yeah. Sorry. I over-stepped. I mean, understatement, right?

Shane laughs. He's ascended to a new plane of embarrassment.

RAMIRA

Could you please finish?

SHANE

Finish...

RAMIRA

"Life is the user experience." Did you have specifics, or was that just a pretty abstraction?

A moment. Whatever Shane was expecting, it wasn't this. He scrambles to remember what he wanted to say in that meeting.

SHANE

Yes, I do. First we need to accept that, while the Glyphs are an undeniable product, they break us.

RAMIRA

Break us? We've conducted dozens of studies, with no adverse outcomes.

SHANE

Physiologically, yes. But when I can go to London in the blink of an eye, the ten minutes it takes to walk to Erewhon become an eternity.

RAMIRA

So that's what you mean by "pliable space-time."

SHANE

But now -- let's say I'm meeting someone for lunch in India. What if Anaglyph had my roti waiting for me hot off the skillet?

RAMIRA

Okay, I see where you're going.

SHANE

We should be buying development rights in a walkable radius around each Glyph. A zone where the businesses are owned and operated by us --

RAMIRA

And the roti shops are open twenty-four hours.

SHANE

Exactly. We'd build a new infrastructure for our users, to give them what they want before they even know they want it.

RAMIRA

And you know what they're going to want. Because it's what you want.

A beat. *She really has him pegged.*

SHANE

That's right. Anaglyph could own every minute of my life from the time I wake up on one side of the world to when I go to bed on the other. And I'll never notice I'm living in a walled garden. Because who would try to walk out of Eden?

RAMIRA

You've been at Anaglyph for more than a year. Why haven't I heard these ideas until today?

SHANE

I almost didn't say anything.

RAMIRA

Why?

SHANE

It wasn't because I was afraid I'd be fired. I'd do that all again.  
(beat, this part is hard)  
This idea only crystalized after my friend had a... breakdown.

RAMIRA

Right. Poor Divya. So if a bad thing happening gives you a good idea, what does that make you?

He doesn't know how to answer that.

RAMIRA (CONT'D)

Well Shane, I for one am glad you spoke your mind. Your vision could make this company.

Shane has been waiting for someone important to say this for as long as he can remember.



SHANE

Really? So I'm... not fired?

RAMIRA

No. But you do need to move. I can't have my new CXO living in a frat house on the boardwalk... Unless you don't want the job.

SHANE

No. I do.

RAMIRA

Good. I hope your follow through matches your passion. You have nine months to build me a lot of walled gardens.

He smiles, tapping his forehead.

SHANE

Up here, I've already started.

INTERCUT WITH:

**EXT. C STREET - ANAGLYPH CAMPUS - THE NEXT DAY**

Shane stands in front of the CXO executive villa, taking in the glorious sight. Breathes in. Is this for real?

RAMIRA (V.O.)

That's the attitude. But you can't make your vision a reality on your own.

**INT. HAYDEN'S SHANE'S OFFICE - CXO EXECUTIVE VILLA - DAY**

The office has been stripped of Hayden's old decor. Shane takes in *his* ocean view. He notices a GIFT on the desk.

RAMIRA (V.O.)

I'm assigning you a partner to work with hand-in-glove. An operator to cut through all the red tape and make your life easier.

Shane unwraps the gift to reveal A 38-TOOL SWISS ARMY KNIFE. A hand-written card reads: **"For the man who can do it all. - Hayden"**

RAMIRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're going to love her.

The INTERCOM buzzes:

KELLEY (OVER INTERCOM)  
*Your nine o'clock is here.*

SHANE (INTO INTERCOM)  
Great. Show her in.

Shane leans on his new desk, assuming a coolly casual posture as the door opens. Kelley, formerly Hayden's assistant, now Shane's, ushers in --

CASSIDY  
Good morning, Shane.

Cassidy extends a hand as if they've never met.

CASSIDY (CONT'D)  
Cassidy O'Connell, Community  
Advocacy & Government Relations.  
Thrilled to be here.

This is not what Shane wants. But he needs to deal with this to get what he wants, so he plays along.

SHANE  
Anaglyph's an exciting place to be.  
But you already know that. Let's  
get started.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT