EXT. WOODS - DAWN

SIR PERCIVAL (30), a knight in armor except for his bare right hand, sprints through the trees of a darkened forest. With each step, he barely darts out of the way of the imposing trunks. From behind him, not too far away, he can hear the clacking of horses hooves.

CUT TO:

A group of six knights, all cloaked in black, ride together on their sleek, powerful beasts. Each of the six riders sport either a bow and arrow or sword in their hand. The rider in the back has something jangling along side him, tied to the back of his horse. The light eventually reveals the sound is coming from a metal gauntlet, the one missing from Sir Percival’s right hand.

The rider in the front turns to the group, all of whom ride at a fast clip, also darting trunks of wood by mere inches.

FRONT RIDER
He can’t be far!

He turns back for a moment to address the entire group.

FRONT RIDER
50 pieces of gold to whoever brings me Percival’s head.

The riders all march forward, dirt erupting from the bottom of their horses’ hooves.

CUT TO:

As his eye line rapidly changes to take in all surroundings, Sir Percival looks for the best place to remain hidden. Eventually, he sees a crease in the land, which makes a natural trench in the dirt.

Sir Percival darts into the bottom of the trench and backs himself against it as close as he can, to try and remain invisible from any one who may pass by.

As Sir Percival tries to decrease his rapid breathing, a flaming arrow swoops down and lands straight into the dirt, only a handful of inches from his legs. His eyes widen in shock for only a moment before he snaps to and throws dirt on the remaining flames of the arrow, extinguishing them. He grabs the still-hot arrow and tucks it in his armor. He gets back into his crouched positioned, against the trench.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

Three more flaming arrows crash into the earth near the trench. The riders suddenly pull up on their horses, causing them to stop dead in their tracks, near the flames. The group has halted about five to ten yards from the trench, and the still hidden Sir Percival.

CUT TO:

Sir Percival, trying to subdue the sound of his breathing with his hand, listens as the horses take steps, staying in place just above him.

CUT TO:

Gazing up and down the woods, which are featured in the black-ish blue light of morning, the riders search for any sign of Sir Percival.

CUT TO:

Slightly repositioned, Sir Percival moves his head so his eyes can just peek over the trench, and looks at the riders. As he does, his gaze catches that of the back rider, who has the gauntlet tied to his horse. Then, just as quickly as he darted up, Sir Percival moves his head down, to fully hide once again.

CUT TO:

After nothing but silence and the emptiness of the woods sets in, the riders turn their gaze back to the front rider, who simply nods his head forward. He then gives his horse a small kick. The horse darts forward with immense speed. The other riders, in order, follow suit.

When it’s finally his time, the back rider swings his leg up in preparation for it’s contact with the horse. Before the leg comes down though, an arrow (coming from the direction of the trench) rips through the rider’s neck.

With fluid and fast movement, Sir Percival jumps up from the trench as the rider’s dead body falls off from the atop the horse. Quickly, Sir Percival jumps on the horse and pulls his gauntlet loose from the rope it’s tied to.

SLOW MOTION: Sir Percival glides the gauntlet over his bare hand.

Pulling the horse into the opposite direction of the other riders, Sir Percival gives the horse a small kick and races off.

(CONTINUED)
The rider now in the back of the group turns around and notices both the missing rider, and the last kick Sir Percival gives his horse before turning around a bend.

NEW BACK RIDER
It’s Percival!

The riders pull up on their horses and turn around, to see the man in back pointing towards the bend Sir Percival circles.

NEW BACK RIDER
He’s that way.

The five remaining riders turn their horses and dart off in Sir Percival’s direction.

While Sir Percival has gained some ground on the riders, he can hear them now racing toward him. He detaches his bow from the strap holding it against his back. The horse’s previous owner’s canister of arrows still hangs from the side. Sir Percival grabs one, places it on the bow, and pulls back.

The rider that was in the back now leads the group around the bend. What he is greeted by though, as soon as he turns, is an arrow to the chest. The rider falls. Four remain, pressing on in Sir Percival’s direction, extending their own bows.

Sir Percival grabs another arrow and prepares his bow. He looks up a moment and sees the coastline to his right, with fog rolling in from it. He cuts right on the horse, into the fog.

Only a few moments pass before the riders make a turn at the same point, passing through into the thick haze.

EXT. FOGGY WOODS — DAWN

The riders push forward, but not at the same speed as before, having the ability to only see a few inches in front of them. The swooshing sound of an arrow fills the silence for just a split second before one of the rider falls. Another
swooshing sound comes a mere moment after, and another rider falls. Two riders are left. Sir Percival’s position is still unknown to them.

The riders move their horses a few feet, toward a nearby tree. They each position themselves at a different point, but both with their backs to the tree. They hold up their bows and arrows, looking for Sir Percival.

A tense silence, broken only by the naturally creaking and gusts of the woods, which fill the atmosphere. The firing of an arrow then breaks the silence. One of the riders is hit in the cheek. Only one rider is still alive— the one who called for Sir Percival’s head.

Able to see the direction the last arrow came from, the rider pulls back on his bow and fires in that direction. The sound of a horse whimpering in pain bursts out a moment after.

CUT TO:

Sir Percival’s horse lets out another whimper and flails upward, giving away Sir Percival’s location in addition to flinging him to the ground. The horse darts off, leaving Percival on his own. Sir Percival turns and sees the coast and it’s beach land, which is about a hundred yards away. He runs toward the sea.

CUT TO:

The last rider gives his horse a stern kick, and also heads off in the direction of the ocean.

CUT TO:

Sir Percival turns around and his eyes widen as the rider closes in on him. He is only a few feet from reaching the sand.

EXT. COAST LAND - MORNING

The fog breaks just as the terrain changes from woods to beach land. Sir Percival runs toward where the water is, and its breaking waves. He turns around and sees the rider just ten feet behind, sitting atop the stopped horse, bow and arrow drawn, pointed right at Sir Percival’s chest.

FRONT RIDER
This is it, Percival. This is your end.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

SIR PERCIVAL
No, rider. It’s you drawing your last breaths.

Sir Percival unsheathes his sword from his side and holds it up, seemingly little match against the rider’s arrow.

FRONT RIDER
How is it you suppose that Percival. It’s over when I let go.

Percival throws his Sword down, almost as if surrendering.

SIR PERCIVAL
But you shall not. It’s ordained.

Sir Percival lifts his right hand, with the gauntlet on it, up as high as he can, toward the sky.

CUT TO:

The rider is stuck in pause as a ray of lightning, without warning, erupts from the suddenly gray sky. It strikes Sir Percival’s gauntlet, which acts as a conductor. But Sir Percival does not fall. In fact, he appears enhanced, staring dead into the rider’s eyes. A lightning bolt shoots from Percival’s gauntlet and strikes the rider in the chest, killing him. Percival wades into the sea.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE CARD: RÆLLIC

OPENING CREDITS ROLL

EXT. COAST LAND - DAY/NIGHT

A time-lapse starts off the coast, as decades worth of days pass by in only a few moments.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

Sir Percival’s gauntlet rests on the ocean floor covered in silt, undisturbed for centuries.

EXT. OCEAN HARBOR - DAY

A large boat, halfway between yacht and expedition vessel, takes off toward the sea. Dinghies hang off its side.
EXT. BOAT - DAY

At the head of the boat is LAWRENCE ORWEN (40), taking notes in his captain’s log. At the head of the log is the date: June 18th, 1986.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The boat is now well into its journey, surrounded by nothing but water.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The boat is anchored. A DIVER encased in scuba gear walks up to Lawrence, who is poised looking over the boat’s edge.

DIVER
We think we’ve found something, sir.

A spark comes to Lawrence’s eyes.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Two divers break the surface of the ocean from jumping off the boat, and descend into the waters below.

INT. SCUBA MASK - DAY

The sounds of one of the divers breathing into his oxygen tank take over the audio track. The diver continues to head toward the ocean floor.

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS - DAY

Lawrence looks down at screens with radar signals beeping in a constant pattern, following the divers’ descent.

EXT. OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

The divers go down their last few feet before making contact with the sea floor. Each takes out a flashlight and turns it on.

CUT TO:

The divers walk along the sea floor, their lights illuminating the area in front of them.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

A glare comes from the right of frame when the light hits a metal object. Both divers turn and shine their lights again in the glare’s direction.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The heads of the divers break through the ocean’s surface, back into sight of the workers on the deck.

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS - DAY

A WORKER bursts in to the captain’s quarters. Lawrence turns toward him.

WORKER
Sir. They found it.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

The small group of divers and workers are in a circle, looking down at something that can’t be seen from Lawrence’s perspective. Lawrence makes his way toward the group.

CUT TO:

Lawrence steps in and joins the group in looking down.

CUT TO:

On the deck, on top of a blue tarp, is Sir Percival’s gauntlet.

LAWRENCE
My God.

Lawrence holds back tears.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE CARD: PRESENT DAY

EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

An American and California state flag wave in the wind outside a courthouse.
INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

CARL (23) a young, slender man in a suit is on the stand.

The JUDGE (60) turns from a sitting Carl, who has just been sworn in, to the prosecuting lawyer.

JUDGE
You may proceed.

PROSECUTION
Thank you, your honor.

Slowly, the prosecuting lawyer stands from his chair and addresses Carl.

PROSECUTION
Mr. Sander... As you’ve just sworn to, you realize you must tell the truth today.

CARL
I do.

PROSECUTION
And you know the difference between the truth and I lie I assume, correct?

CARL
Yes, sir.

PROSECUTION
And if you tell a lie, in a court of law, this is a crime called perjury.

CARL
Yes.

PROSECUTION
Where were you on August 24th of last year?

CARL
I was coming back to campus, it was the first day of the semester.

PROSECUTION
And on that day, did you happen to come into contact with the defendant, Ms. Jessica Rell?

(CONTINUED)
CARL
I did. We had a class together. We were friends.

PROSECUTION
Please, why don’t you tell us the details of the encounter?

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS — MORNING
A campus full of energy bustles with the busy bodies of students making their way across the grounds on the first day of the semester.

INT. LECTURE HALL — MORNING
A twenty-two year old Carl sits in between Jessica Rell (22) and Tiffany Orwen (22). A professor stands in front of the class, his shoes squeaking across the wooden panels of the floor.

PROFESSOR
What is the central tenet of Goethe’s "Theory of Colours?"

Tiffany turns toward Carl and whispers.

TIFFANY
I guess this guy doesn’t believe in first days...

Carl gives her a polite grin as a response.

PROFESSOR
Ms. Orwen?

Tiffany turns toward the professor with a deer-in-the-headlights look.

TIFFANY
Oh, um...

A beat.

TIFFANY
I’m not sure, professor.

A couple students snicker in the back. The professor slightly turns his head.

(CONTINUED)
How about you, Ms. Rell?

Jessica looks at the professor with an innocent confidence.

That Newton’s optics are false.

The professor gives an approving look.

Yes, and what is it that Goethe was trying to say with that theory?

Goethe was viewing the spectrum from a philosophical and literary standpoint; whereas Newton did so from a physical standpoint. Physicists reject Goethe’s theory, but it does remain overwhelmingly adequate for describing the human perception of color and its effects.

Very good, Ms. Rell. 10 out of 10.

Jessica lets out a smile. Tiffany turns and gives her an unnoticed look of scorn.

Jessica, Carl, and Tiffany all sit together, all having lunch.

I think you surprised our professor today.

It was just lucky. I happened to be reading about it yesterday.

You were studying the day before the first day of school?

She’s a nerd.
JESSICA
Well I won't deny that.

Carl turns his head and faces Rodin's "Burghers of Calais," a set of bronze figures at the entrance to the Stanford Quad.

CARL
What do you guys think they were running from?

A beat.

TIFFANY
Destiny, right?

JESSICA
Sounds good to me.

Jessica smirks. Carl turns toward her.

CARL
You doing anything after class today?

JESSICA
I have my internship tonight.

Carl turns to Tiffany.

CARL
You working with your uncle too tonight?

TIFFANY
No. Did you wanna hang out?

CARL
Mmm, I should prob study. We all aren't as skilled as this one.

Carl nods his head toward Jessica.

CARL
I feel like I'm already behind.

TIFFANY
Yeah, I know what you mean.

CUT TO:

All three have finished their lunch and are exiting the quad, but they all stop in preparation for parting ways.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
Okay, I will see you guys tomorrow.

Jessica turns to Tiffany.

JESSICA
Let me know if you change your mind about coming to your uncle’s tonight. I’m gonna be there late.

TIFFANY
Okay.

Carl shrugs.

CARL

Carl says the second name a little more lovingly than the first. Both girls notice it.

EXT. STREET – DAY
Jessica parks her car outside the large building of Orwen Industries.

EXT. COURT HOUSE – DAY
It seems like a couple hours have passed since the court house was last seen.

INT. COURT HOUSE – DAY
Now on the stand is a seventy year-old Lawrence. The jury members look at him before the defending lawyer gets up from his seat. After the lawyer stands, we see the accused for the first time. It’s Jessica.

DEFENSE
Good afternoon, Mr. Orwen.

LAWRENCE
Good afternoon.

DEFENSE
Mister Orwen, when was it you started Orwen Industries?

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
April of 1975. I was thirty five years old.

DEFENSE
And do you know what year the company began its intern program?

LAWRENCE
Not exactly when, but sometime in the late eighties.

DEFENSE
And what was the purpose of the intern program.

LAWRENCE
To act as a gateway for young people to get into the industry. And I won’t lie that their rate for labor is quite appealing.

Lawrence flashes a quick smile. Some members of the jury attempt to suppress their chuckles. A few moments pass before silence takes over again.

DEFENSE
And was that the only purpose of the program, Mr. Orwen?

Lawrence look at the lawyer, almost half-pained at the question being asked.

LAWRENCE
Yes.

DEFENSE
And is this program how you first met Ms. Rell?

LAWRENCE
No, actually.

DEFENSE
When was it?

LAWRENCE
I first met Ms. Rell several years ago. She and Tiffany were childhood friends.
CONTINUED: 14.

DEFENSE
And was the relationship between Tiffany and Jessica always smooth?

LAWRENCE
As far as I could tell, yes.

DEFENSE
Do you know of any reason why they might have had a falling out?

LAWRENCE
I do not.

DEFENSE
Was it Jessica’s relationship to Tiffany that landed her the internship at your company?

LAWRENCE
Oh no. Mr. Rell was far and away the most qualified intern in the history of the program.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Jessica parks her car outside the large building of Orwen Industries. She grabs a book bag, closes the door, and walks up to the security kiosk at the front gate. She has the proper credentials in her hand. A few moments pass before the security guard opens the gate and Jessica walks in.

EXT. ORWEN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Jessica looks up at the impressively large building before taking her ID badge and swiping it in front of a security box at the front door. The front door clicks open.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

The hallways to the building are white and crisp, with several office doors on each side. A few minimal yet extravagant art pieces line the walls. Jessica makes her way toward the room positioned all the way across the hall. She steps up to the door and turns the knob.
INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jessica walks into a room filled with a mix of office workers in suits, lab workers in white coats, a handful of archaeologists in informal clothing, and several baby-faced interns. The room is filled with chatter and excitement.

BOBBY (27), in lab coat, rolls up to Jessica in a conference chair, looking familiar with her.

BOBBY
Hey.

JESSICA
Hey Bobby, how’s it going?

BOBBY
Good. Welcome back to the chaos.

Jessica lets out a smile.

JESSICA
Glad to be back.

BOBBY
It’s an exciting day to be doing so.

JESSICA
Why’s that?

Both turn to see a sixty-nine year-old Lawrence enter the room, quite spryly.

BOBBY
I’m sure you’ll hear.

Jessica smiles as Bobby scoots his chair back to where it belongs.

Lawrence captures the attention of the room as he enters. Everyone turns toward him once they realize he’s among them. After a silence has been taken over naturally, Lawrence addresses the crowd.

LAWRENCE
Good afternoon everyone.

A beat.

LAWRENCE
Well, I’m sure there’s been some chatter. As some of you know, I’ve

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE (cont’d)
just gotten back from Peru, where three of our excavators have discovered a crypt with remains of something that seems to be human, but with several odd and exciting deviations from what we consider a human cranium. After the proper procedures, the remains will be brought here for further testing and study. What we’ve found ladies and gentlemen, simply...we are not sure yet. It’s an exciting time to be here, for both new faces...

Lawrence extends his eyes to the new pack of interns are grouped together in the corner.

LAWRENCE
And those that have been with us for some time...

Lawrence looks over at Jessica for just a moment after saying this. She takes note.

LAWRENCE
A lot of exciting and scientifically significant news should be rolling out of this facility soon, and I can't think of a finer group equipped to handle it. Thank you all. Let's make history.

A sprinkling of applause breaks out as Lawrence ends his speech. He walks over and makes his way next to Jessica.

LAWRENCE
Welcome back, Jessica.

JESSICA
Thank you Mr. Orwen, glad to be so.

LAWRENCE
Please. How long have we known each other? You can call me Lawrence.

JESSICA
Fine, well thank you Lawrence.
LAWRENCE
How’s the class load for the semester?

JESSICA
Not the worst, you know, second to last one and all, but I’ve got to cut back a bit.

LAWRENCE
That’s good.

JESSICA
Yeah.

LAWRENCE
Well Jessica, after you get yourself settled, would you mind finding me in my office, there’s something I’d like to discuss with you.

JESSICA
Oh, what is it?

LAWRENCE
We’ll talk soon. Come anytime today.

JESSICA
Okay, thank you.

Lawrence starts to walk toward the exit of the conference room.

INT. JESSICA’S CUBICLE – DAY

Jessica walks to the desk she has worked at previously. She opens her book bag, putting some personal belongings around the office. She appears nervous about her meeting with Lawrence. She sits and thinks about what it could be about for a moment, looking over at the door with his name placard outside of it.

INT. OFFICE – DAY

Jessica, walking slowly and looking around at the people in the office, makes her way up to Lawrence’s secretary’s desk.
SECRETARY
Hey Jessica, welcome back.

JESSICA
Thanks.

SECRETARY
He’s expecting you, go ahead.

Jessica walks up to the door and turns the knob.

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE – DAY
Jessica timidly sticks her head in.

JESSICA
Hi...

Lawrence sits up and gives a boisterous greeting.

LAWRENCE
Jessica, come in, have a seat.

JESSICA
Thank you.

Jessica walks over to the chair across the desk from Lawrence and takes a seat in it.

JESSICA
Sorry if I look nervous.

LAWRENCE
Ha, no harm, but I assure you there’s nothing to be nervous about. I have good news.

JESSICA
Oh?

LAWRENCE
How many semesters have you been with us, Jessica?

JESSICA
This is my third.

LAWRENCE
Wow. In just those three semesters you’ve really made yourself an asset here. You elevate those around you.
JESSICA
Thank you, sir.

LAWRENCE
Please...Lawrence. So, I know this is your last year, and I’m sure someone with your grades can move on to wherever it is they would like to after they finish college. Have you been giving that lots of thought?

JESSICA
To be honest, sir...

LAWRENCE
Lawrence...

JESSICA
To be honest, Lawrence, I haven’t given it much thought at all. I’m just trying to get through school.

LAWRENCE
Well it’s time that you should start giving such things consideration, given your credentials. That’s actually what I wanted to meet with you about today.

JESSICA
What is it?

LAWRENCE
I want to invite you to start a career here, at Orwen.

JESSICA
Really?

LAWRENCE
I know you still officially have another year of your internship to do, but I want you to start employment with us immediately, if that were something you would be interested in.

JESSICA
Yes, of course I would be interested, but...

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
I’ve already talked to the school administration—everything has been okay’ed in terms of credit, and your employment with us would not interfere with your graduation schedule whatsoever.

JESSICA
Wow, this is a lot to take in.

LAWRENCE
Sorry if I caught you by surprise. You must have known we would want you though.

JESSICA
I had hoped... but you’re right, it’s a good surprise. I don’t know what to say.

LAWRENCE
How about you say "yes?"

The two look at each other and grin.

LAWRENCE
If you do choose the job, you’ll have more responsibility here, and more insight, another round of NDAs will need to be signed to get those insights...

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE
But you’ll have them... and the resources to conduct the kind of research someone like you is capable of.

JESSICA
Thank you, sir.

LAWRENCE
So then what do you say?

Jessica looks at him and grins with excitement.
INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jessica walks out of Lawrence’s office, trying to contain herself.

INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - DAY

Jessica hurries into a stall and starts to tear up, smiling at the news.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

Walking out of the bathroom and back toward her cubicle, she runs into Bobby who turns a corner toward her. He takes note of her wet eyes.

BOBBY
Hey, everything okay?

JESSICA
Yeah, yeah.

BOBBY
What’s up?

JESSICA
Nothing actually, I just got offered a job.

BOBBY
Here?

Jessica nods her head.

BOBBY
Congrats.

Bobby gives her a hug, she returns it.

BOBBY
Can’t think of someone that deserves it more.

JESSICA
Thanks.

BOBBY
Get to work, newbie!

They both grin and part ways.
EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

The court house is basked in the same kind of sunlight as when Lawrence was being sworn in.

INT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

The defense lawyer is now seated, and the prosecuting one is up, cross-examining Lawrence.

PROSECUTION
Now Mr. Orwen... you’ve told us the details on Ms. Rell’s hiring. Can you share with us the details of her employment, like what she did working for you?

Lawrence sits up straight.

LAWRENCE
Yes.

A beat. Lawrence is thinking of what to say.

LAWRENCE
The work wasn’t too unlike her time as an intern, despite my blowhard speech, it was fairly innocuous.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Jessica, in a lab coat, has a small piece of terracotta pot on a slide under a microscope, as close to the lens as possible. Using a small brush she grabs from next to her, Jessica wipes away some dirt from the terracotta piece.

Jessica puts her eye to the microscope and looks at the intricate patterns on the surface of the clay.

Taking her eye away, her gloved hands grab the piece of pottery and place it in the glass box it’s stored in. She then reaches into a tub and grabs another glass box with an ancient piece in it. The tub is about half full. Jessica lets out a yawn.

CUT TO:
INT. OFFICE BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jessica, washing her hands, splashes some water on her face and dries it with a disposable rag.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jessica and Bobby find themselves in the hallway again, walking in opposite directions. Bobby is no longer in his lab coat.

    JESSICA
    You out of here?

    BOBBY
    Are you not?

    JESSICA
    Just a few things I wanna finish first.

    BOBBY
    You know we get salary here, right? You’re not paid by the hour.

Bobby lets out a joking grin.

    BOBBY
    Go get some sleep.

    JESSICA
    I'm right behind you, I promise.

    BOBBY
    Okay. Don't burn out, Rell, it's nice having you here. Let's have it stay that way

    JESSICA
    Bye.

Jessica gives a small half wave along with a grin before turning to walk back to her office. Bobby walks toward the exit of the building.

CUT TO:

Using her badge to swipe herself in, Jessica opens the door to the lab.
INT. LAB - NIGHT

Jessica steps inside and begins to make her way back toward the microscope.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Burning the midnight oil, huh?

Jessica tightens up and shrieks, completely shocked by the presence of someone else in the room.

LAWRENCE
I didn’t mean to scare you.

Turning toward Lawrence, Jessica regains her composure.

JESSICA
Sorry, I just didn’t think there was anybody else in the office this late.

LAWRENCE
Neither did I until I saw this room light on. Thank you for your dedication.

JESSICA
Just playing some catch-up on a few things. It was a long summer.

LAWRENCE
Is it anything actually pressing that you’re doing now, though?

JESSICA
No, actually. Not really.

A beat.

JESSICA
I mean, no more pressing than all the things we do here. It’s all so...

Jessica takes a look around the room.

JESSICA
... exciting.

LAWRENCE
Well I’m glad you think so. I’ve dedicated my life to thinking so too.

(CONTINUED)
A beat.

LAWRENCE
Jessica, could you assist me with something? It’s downstairs.

JESSICA
Yeah, but I should tell you...my badge doesn’t allow me down there, actually.

LAWRENCE
Well lucky for you, you know the boss. So let's fix that.

Lawrence takes out his smart phone, opens an app, and types in some adjustments.

LAWRENCE
Now you have access.

JESSICA
Thanks.

Jessica smiles at him.

LAWRENCE
I don’t want to limit your work here. You can have access to whatever you need or anywhere you have to go. So let's get going, shall we?

Lawrence walks toward the lab exit, Jessica follows.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jessica uses her newly adjusted badge to gain access to the elevator doors. They open shortly after. Both she and Lawrence step inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Lawrence leans against the back wall of the elevator. Jessica remains standing straight, near the middle.

LAWRENCE
So you’ve never been down here?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JESSICA
No.

LAWRENCE
It’s where we keep our most significant pieces.

JESSICA
That’s what I’ve been told.

LAWRENCE
Told? Was it Bobby who told?

A beat.

JESSICA
No...Tiffany, actually.

LAWRENCE
Ah.

Lawrence smiles as the elevator comes to a stop. The doors open. Lawrence steps out and Jessica follows.

INT. BOTTOM LEVEL - NIGHT

Jessica looks around the room and sees dozens of ancient artifacts, some behind plate glass, others not.

JESSICA
This is amazing, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
Thank you. Most of what we have down here are pieces recovered when I was still excavating myself.

JESSICA
You must have been great in the field.

LAWRENCE
Well I don’t know if I was great, but I was persistent, and sometimes that’s all you need.

JESSICA
I’m sure you’re being overly humble.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE

Maybe.

Lawrence grins. Jessica walks up to a particular piece that catches her eye, pausing to look at it.

JESSICA
When did you stop?

LAWRENCE
Eighty-six.

JESSICA
Was there a particular reason?

LAWRENCE
It just felt like the right time.

JESSICA
You never know, maybe you’ll find yourself out there again one day.

LAWRENCE
Something tells me those days are behind me, but you’re right, you never know.

JESSICA
Was there one excavation you place above all the others?

LAWRENCE
Yes. My last.

JESSICA
What was that?

LAWRENCE
Actually, I can show you. It’s the reason I asked you down here.

Jessica makes a confused face as Lawrence turns and walks. She follows suit.

CUT TO:

Under one streak of dim white light, Sir Percival’s gauntlet lays, propped up by display stands, on top of a solid wooden podium. Lawrence walks up to and stops in front of it. Jessica does the same, taking in the piece, not exactly sure of its significance. Lawrence turns to Jessica.

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
This is the piece I tried longest and hardest to ever find.

JESSICA
What is it? I mean, armor obviously, but what’s the significance.

LAWRENCE
This gauntlet comes from deep along my family—my own family tree, actually.

JESSICA
Really?

LAWRENCE
Yes, from medieval Europe.

JESSICA
Is that where you found it?

LAWRENCE
Yes.

A beat.

LAWRENCE
Well, in the Atlantic, but near there.

JESSICA
How long were you at sea?

LAWRENCE
We would retreat to land, but we spent the better part of five months locating the piece.

JESSICA
Wow.

LAWRENCE
And that was the time after several other dead-end trips and the research gone in to them. Then we had to find the exact whereabouts of it.

JESSICA
That was quite dedicated of you.
LAWRENCE
And a worthy one if I may say. This particular gauntlet belonged to Sir Percival.

JESSICA
Wait...

A beat.

JESSICA
The Sir Percival?

LAWRENCE
Yes.

JESSICA
You’re related?

LAWRENCE
Far down the line, yes, eventually.

JESSICA
Tiffany too then?

Lawrence nods his head.

LAWRENCE
That is how genes usually work.

JESSICA
(under her breath)
Wow...

A beat.

LAWRENCE
It’s not just that though. The significance of the gauntlet is more in the folklore around it than even who it belonged to, whether I am related or not.

JESSICA
What’s the folklore?

LAWRENCE
According to legend, the gauntlet did not originate with him but was rather passed down, by pure chance to him, from a long line of previous owners. If normal people wear the gauntlet, it’s nothing but

(MORE)
LAURENCE (cont'd)

some fine armor. However, there are ways, like how Excalibur reacted to King Arthur, that the gauntlet affects particular owners.

JESSICA

Affects them how?

LAURENCE

Visions...of things to come, and the power to stop them, or not to, depending on the judgment of the current owner.

JESSICA

Well that would be nice.

Jessica cracks a grin, taking in Lawrence’s words quite lightly.

LAURENCE

Ever since Sir Percival, the gauntlet now lays dormant, until its next owner comes along, that is. According to the legend.

JESSICA

It’s quite a story.

LAURENCE

Yes. It is.

A beat.

LAURENCE

When we found it-- as I’m sure you can imagine, curiosity got the best of myself and some other colleagues who had been on this long journey with me. We all tried on the gauntlet, but alas...nothing.

Lawrence takes one step even closer to the gauntlet display.

LAURENCE

And here it’s stayed for the last three decades, tucked away.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
Can I ask why you don’t put it in a museum?

LAWRENCE
It’s a fair question. As you know, I donate most of what we find here at Orwen, but some pieces I’ve grown quite fond of and I want around, at least until it’s my time to go.

A beat.

LAWRENCE
I must admit, a part of me has always wanted to believe the legend. I mean, wouldn’t you? If such a thing were possible.

Jessica looks at him, not quite able to make out his tone, or how she should react.

JESSICA
Sure, who wouldn’t, but...

A beat.

JESSICA
It can’t be true, right? It’s just a story...

LAWRENCE
Please, Jessica, would you oblige me.

A beat.

JESSICA
In what?

LAWRENCE
I have a feeling about something...

JESSICA
What is it?

LAWRENCE
Would you try it on?

Jessica points at the gauntlet.
JESSICA
This?

LAWRENCE
Yes.

JESSICA
No, sir, it’s priceless. I shouldn’t even touch it to be honest.

LAWRENCE
Please.

Lawrence nods his head toward to gauntlet.

LAWRENCE
Placate me.

Jessica takes a deep, hard look at the gauntlet.

JESSICA
Fine. Just one second.

LAWRENCE
That’s all I ask.

Jessica takes a step up to the gauntlet display, next to Lawrence.

CUT TO:

Jessica’s hands lightly tremble as she reaches out, gingerly, toward the gauntlet. She turns to Lawrence one more time.

JESSICA
Are you sure?

Lawrence gives a single nod of his head.

LAWRENCE
Yes.

A beat.

Using both her hands, Jessica picks up the gauntlet. After making her right hand free, she balances the gauntlet with her left.

Slowly, she slips her right hand into the gauntlet. A sharp noise takes over the audio track.
CONTINUED: 33.

CUT TO:

All of Jessica’s right hand is inserted into the gauntlet.

CUT TO:

Jessica’s eyes roll to the back of her head. She closes both eyes.

CUT TO WHITE.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

- Jessica (10) is standing with a group of similarly aged children.

- One boy, about ten yards away, cries alone. The rest of the children in the group taunt him.

- Jessica walks over to the boy and grabs his shoulder. He perks up.

- Jessica (15) works behind a register at a hardware store, she takes care of a customer in line.

- Jessica closes up her register at the store, the owner passes her a pay check on her way out. She smiles and accepts it.

- Jessica, now only half in uniform, is walking on the street, toward a movie theater.

- A group of teenagers, Jessica’s age, see her and call out.

- The group is standing in the cracked open, side alley door of one of the theater’s screens. They wave her over, telling her to jump in with them.

- Jessica shakes her head no, and mouths, "no thanks."

- Walking to the ticket counter, Jessica pays for a ticket before joining the group inside.

- Jessica (18) is at her desk in a lecture hall style classroom, she’s taking a final.

- She ponders on a question, the last one.

- Looking onward, Jessica’s eyes peer up and see the test of the student sitting under her.

- The student is also on the last question. Jessica see this other student answer "C" on the test.

(CONTINUED)
- Jessica leaves the question blank on her scan-tron and starts to put her stuff away.
- Jessica turns her test into the professor.
- Leaving the classroom, Jessica does so with her head held high.
- When she gets out of the class, she receives a phone call. It’s from Tiffany, so she answers.
- At Tiffany’s house, Jessica walks to her friend, who is sobbing. When hearing the footsteps, Tiffany looks up, sporting fresh tears rolling down her face.
- Jessica gives Tiffany a hug, asking what’s wrong.
- Raining, Jessica stands next to Tiffany, outside at a graveyard.
- Dressed in black, several mourners (including Lawrence) show their respect for Tiffany’s father, who has just passed.
- Jessica gives Tiffany and her mother a hug at the end of the service.

CUT TO WHITE.

END MONTAGE.

INT. BOTTOM LEVEL - NIGHT

Jessica whips her head back, Lawrence is concerned about her reaction. Then, finally, she remains still, opening her eyes and letting out a sigh of relief.

    LAWRENCE
    Are you okay?

A beat. Jessica is a bit dazed, pulling herself together still.

    LAWRENCE
    Jessica?

Jessica snaps to, turning toward Lawrence.

    JESSICA
    Yes?

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
Are you okay?

JESSICA
Yeah... I feel...

A beat.

JESSICA
Great...

LAWRENCE
What happened?

JESSICA
I just saw...

Jessica tries to think of how to describe what’s she’s just gone through.

JESSICA
Things. It was me... and there was Tiffany... and you were there.

Lawrence is half excited and half concerned to hear his name.

LAWRENCE
Was it... the future?

JESSICA
No, these were... memories, but they felt almost like... dreams kind of. I don’t know what to call it.

LAWRENCE
How’s your hand?

Looking down at her right hand, Jessica almost gets lost gazing at the gauntlet.

JESSICA
It’s fine, Lawrence, everything is fine.

LAWRENCE
Jessica...

A beat. Lawrence looks into Jessica’s eyes.
CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE
I think you may be the next in line...

Changing his concentration, Lawrence looks back down at the gauntlet.

LAWRENCE
...to own the gauntlet.

JESSICA
And what does that mean exactly?

LAWRENCE
I don’t know yet...

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE – DAWN

Heavy bags under each of their eyes, Jessica and Lawrence have obviously stayed up through the night. The gauntlet rests on Lawrence’s desk, between them.

Jessica scans the open laptop screen in front of her. A website of medieval times is open in front of her. She reads it.

JESSICA
I don’t know, everything says something different.

LAWRENCE
Well that’s not quite true.

JESSICA
It can't be real, Lawrence. It's too...come on, this can't be real, right?

LAWRENCE
Why not? Study and science is just to grasp what we do not yet understand. Just because we don’t understand how this can be possible doesn’t necessarily mean it cannot be. Right?

JESSICA
Magic powers, Lawrence? Really?

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
If that’s what you want to describe it as...

JESSICA
And how would you describe what you’re proposing? What’s in these pages...

Jessica waves her hand toward the computer screen.

LAWRENCE
I wouldn’t.

A beat.

JESSICA
I have plenty of real work to do in the lab. Now it’s the next morning and I haven’t slept and I haven’t gotten to any of it. Plus I have class in...

Jessica takes a quick glance at her phone screen.

JESSICA
...two hours. I don’t have the patience to talk about any more stories.

LAWRENCE
Would you not describe what happened to you as real?

JESSICA
Of course something happened to me, but it wasn’t because of some supernatural piece of metal. I just had a panic attack or something.

LAWRENCE
Do you have a history of those?

JESSICA
No.

LAWRENCE
Hallucinations? Fits? Seizures? Anything at all like that? Have you ever had one before?
JESSICA
No.

LAWRENCE
So you’re supposing you had one tonight, out of the blue, for the first time?

JESSICA
Just like anyone else that’s had something happen to them for the first time, yes... that is what I’m supposing.

LAWRENCE
Then why not try it on again, see if anything happens.

JESSICA
Please Lawrence, not tonight.

LAWRENCE
Even you said, you felt great when you put it on the first time. So why not see if you feel like that again.

JESSICA
Will you drop it if nothing happens?

LAWRENCE
Will you embrace it if something does?

A beat.

JESSICA
Fine.

LAWRENCE
You have yourself a deal then.

Cautiously, Jessica reaches for the gauntlet, again with both hands. Then freeing her right hand, she slips it on. Half dreading everything inch of movement, eventually the gauntlet is fully on, and nothing has happened.

JESSICA
That’s it. It’s on.

(Continued)
LAWRENCE
Anything?

Almost disappointed, Jessica slightly lowers her head and eyes.

JESSICA
No.

LAWRENCE
Well perhaps you were right, it might just be an old wives tale after all.

JESSICA
Yeah... I guess so. Sorry Lawrence, if you’re disappointed.

LAWRENCE
No, please, that’s not necessary. It’s been a long night...

A beat.

LAWRENCE
Perhaps it’s best if we each went home and got some rest.

JESSICA
Yeah, I think it might be the time for it.

LAWRENCE
What class do you have this morning?

JESSICA
Sociology.

LAWRENCE
Skip it.

JESSICA
Oh, no...

LAWRENCE
Something tells me you’ll get by taking the day off.

JESSICA
No, it’s the first meeting of the class, I gotta go.
LAWRENCE
Well then I’m demanding you don’t come to work.

JESSICA
No, it’s not a problem.

LAWRENCE
It is with me. Sleep after school, we need you on your game around here, you’re no good dazed and sleep-less. You copy?

JESSICA
Fine, I copy.

LAWRENCE
Sorry Jessica, my excitement got the best of me. Lets get out of here.

Lawrence extends his arm out and reaches for Jessica’s shoulder to pat her. When they make contact, both of their eyes roll into the back of their heads and they close their eyelids.

CUT TO WHITE.

MONTAGE BEGINS:
- Lawrence (6) is with his cousins, who are visiting and playing in the backyard of his parent’s house.
- Lawrence climbs an incline at the back of the yard. His cousins try to run up it, but Lawrence starts rolling rocks down the hill at them to slow them down. They keep coming up.
- Lawrence stands up and throws a rock in the air toward his cousins, not really trying to hit them. The rock strikes his younger cousin square in the head, who starts crying and bleeding. Lawrence looks sad.
- Lawrence’s mother burst out of the the back porch door.
  MOTHER
  Lawrence! Come here!
- Lawrence runs away in terror and hides from his mother. His father then comes through the back door.
- His father runs and goes after him, dragging him by the shirt back into their house.

(CONTINUED)
- Lawrence’s mother watches as Lawrence’s father leads him through the house to a back room.

- Hanging from a door knob along the hallway, Lawrence’s father grabs a belt before opening the back door, pushing Lawrence inside.

- Lawrence’s father enter the back room and closes the door behind him, so his mother can no longer see from the backyard.

- While being whipped, Lawrence sees his cousins through a window into the backyard. They’re watching him.

- Lawrence (11) is at a general store. He is with his parents while they are out shopping. A shelf full of small pieces of candy beckons.

- Lawrence looks around, then puts a few pieces in his pockets.

- A moment later, while walking away, he stops. Red-faced with guilt, he turns back and puts the candy back on the shelf.

- At a fraternity house, Lawrence (20), in a sweater, with a group of other fraternity guys. One pledge is duct taped across his mouth and around his wrists.

  LAWRENCE
  No, It’s gone too far.

  FRAT GUY
  Get out of the way.

- Lawrence steps in front of the pledge.

  LAWRENCE
  Make me.

- The frat guy throws a punch, which starts an entire brawl between everyone in the house.

- Lawrence makes it out of the house with the pledge.

- Lawrence (31) is in a three piece suit, with an interviewer across from him.

  INTERVIEWER
  I don’t understand what it is about our offer that you don’t find agreeable.

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
I don’t care about the money, Mr. Francis. What I need is to have my own team, and for it to be independent.

INTERVIEWER
I can’t give you that assurance. We all have people to answer to.

LAWRENCE
Well that’s the person I wanna be, and if you can’t promise me that, I’m sorry that I can’t agree to sell.

- Lawrence is with Tiffany’s father (32) in the small room of a warehouse.

TIFFANY’S FATHER
You said what?

LAWRENCE
I couldn’t do it.

TIFFANY’S FATHER
You’re unbelievable, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE
We’re gonna build something great here.

TIFFANY’S FATHER
No. We’re not.

- Tiffany’s father begins to leave the warehouse.

TIFFANY’S FATHER
I want out. You can buy back my shares.

- Lawrence (45) sits at the desk of a tall sky scraper labeled ‘Orwen Industries’.

- It’s the night after the gauntlet has been re-discovered. If front of his team, Lawrence (40), tries it on. Nothing spectacular happens. He shrugs it off and passes it to someone else, a bit crestfallen.

- Lawrence (60) leads group after group of junior high school students on tours of some of the ancient pieces at Orwen Industries. Amongst the group is Jessica (13). Next to her, stands Tiffany (13).

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
And does anyone know where this piece might be from?

= After looking around and seeing no one else has an answer, Jessica raises her hand.

JESSICA
Is it Aztec?

- A smile crosses Lawrence’s face.

LAWRENCE
Yes. That’s correct.

CUT TO WHITE.

END MONTAGE.

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE - DAWN

Jessica and Lawrence come back to and each open their eyes, Lawrence more dazed than Jessica is. She comes to quicker than he does.

JESSICA
Lawrence.

Jessica reaches for him.

LAWRENCE
Wait.

Jessica stops her arm mid-air.

LAWRENCE
I’m fine. That was just...

A beat.

LAWRENCE
A bit overwhelming.

JESSICA
I’m sorry.

LAWRENCE
Please...I asked for it.

JESSICA
What do you make of all this, Lawrence?
LAWRENCE
Jessica, I think you are someone quite special...

Suddenly, the gauntlet begins to glow. Jessica’s eyes begin to widen.

JESSICA
Look.

Lawrence notices the gauntlet’s illumination. Jessica tucks her right arm closer toward her body. As she does, the gauntlet starts pulsing with energy.

JESSICA
What should I do?

LAWRENCE
What does it feel like you should do? Anything, you’ll have my full support. And all the resources here at Orwen.

Lawrence gets teary-eyed.

LAWRENCE
It’s not me it calls to, but you. What is it saying?

JESSICA
Protect.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COURT HOUSE - EVENING

The blue sky of earlier has shifted to the colorful light before sunset. The American and California state flag are still, with no wind to cause them to wave.

INT. COURT HOUSE - EVENING

The jury looks dreary, having heard an entire day of testimony. The judge wears a somber look as the defense lawyer stands up.

DEFENSE
The defense calls to the stand
Ms. Jessica Rell.

The jury and judge perk up. A couple of gasps come from the group of spectators.

(CONTINUED)
Jessica looks around, taking in everything almost as if in slow-motion. She gets up and walks toward the stand.

CUT TO:

Jessica is in on the stand, her right hand raised.

JUDGE
You do solemnly state that the testimony you may give in the case now pending before this court shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

JESSICA
Yes. I do.

JUDGE
You may proceed.

Jessica exhales while the defense lawyer takes a step forward.

DEFENSE
Ms. Rell, when did you start your internship with Orwen Industries?

JESSICA
The first semester of my sophomore year.

DEFENSE
And what was it that first attracted you to the company.

JESSICA
Well I had known Mr. Orwen...Lawrence...for almost a decade at that point.

DEFENSE
And you were interested in the work they did?

JESSICA
Yes...well, at least the division I was in. I was going to school for archaeology.
DEFENSE
A natural fit.

JESSICA
It was.

DEFENSE
And did you enjoy your time there?

JESSICA
Yes. Very much so.

DEFENSE
No turbulence?

JESSICA
No. I don’t think so anyway.

DEFENSE
How would you describe the working relationship between yourself and Lawrence Orwen.

JESSICA
It was...fine. Good. We worked well together.

DEFENSE
Did you think you ascended...quickly, within the company.

JESSICA
Perhaps, but...

A beat.

JESSICA
I believe I put the work in.

DEFENSE
Seems Mr. Orwen agreed, promoting you within the first two months of hiring you.

JESSICA
I suppose so.

Jessica lets out a small grin, her first while on the stand.

DEFENSE
Any complaints at all? As your time both as and intern and then as an employee at Orwen?
CONTINUED:

JESSICA
No.

A beat.

JESSICA
Well... sometime the hours could get long. But that was entirely self-caused.

The jury sits on pins and needles, hanging on Jessica’s every word.

EXT. CITY STREETS – MORNING

Jessica, wearing a fake cast on her right arm, over the gauntlet, walks out of a cafe with Tiffany. They both hold cups of coffee. The city streets reveal it’s now later in the year, with fall weather filling the air.

Tiffany
So are you off again then?

JESSICA
Yeah, sorry.

Tiffany
I never see you anymore.

JESSICA
I’m sorry, I know, I’ve been bad. We’ll hang soon, I swear. You, me, and Carl can go do something.

Tiffany
Or you know...

A beat.

Tiffany
... just us.

JESSICA
Yeah, or that.

Tiffany
There’s a whole world of people out here you know...

Tiffany lets out a grin.

(Continued)
TIFFANY
...who aren’t my uncle.

JESSICA
Please, I barely see him. He’s always off somewhere.

TIFFANY
A different woman on every continent.

Tiffany smirks.

JESSICA
I’ll see you in class, okay? We’ll do something next week, promise.

TIFFANY
Okay, yeah.

JESSICA
Bye.

They both hug and part ways.

Tiffany, now alone, sips her coffee and walks towards her car.

Standing at the crosswalk of an intersection, Jessica eagerly waits as the "Don’t Walk" sign blinks. Eventually, it changes to "Walk" and Jessica rushes across the street.

Walking quite quickly, Jessica goes past a corner on the sidewalk. Walking perpendicular to her, passing the corner at the same time, is another MAN ON STREET (40). The two run into each other. Jessica’s cup of coffee goes flying and spills into the street.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

- The same Man On The Street walks into the building of a large company.
- The Man On The Street is on a laptop on his desk. Something is active in his "downloads" window.

(CONTINUED)
- It’s evening, and the office The Man On The Street work in is mostly empty, outside of a couple straggling employees here and there.

- A woman passes him.

  OFFICE WOMAN

  Night.

- The Man On The Street is startled for a moment before catching his barrings.

  THE MAN ON THE STREET

  Night.

- The Man On The Street disconnects his hard drive from his work laptop and tosses it in his briefcase.

- That night, The Man On The Street has a glass of liquor next to him while he operates his personal laptop.

- The screen shows a Bitcoin account, its number rising exponentially.

MONTAGE ENDS.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MORNING

The coffee from the spilled cup flows into the gutter below Jessica. She looks up to The Man On The Street, offering a neutral face.

  MAN ON THE STREET

  Watch out.

The Man On The Street makes an annoyed face. Jessica just shrugs and turns around. She keeps walking until reaching her car and jumping inside.

INT. LAB - DAY

Jessica is focusing the lens of a microscope when Bobby rolls his office chair through the door frame of the lab.

  BOBBY

  Hey now!

Not fazed by his greeting, Jessica continues to pull focus on the lens, until finding it.
JESSICA
I don’t have time for jokes, Bobby. I have work to do.

BOBBY
Some pressing pottery to stare at?

JESSICA
Maybe.

BOBBY
Come on, let’s go get lunch.

JESSICA
Thanks. I brought something though.

BOBBY
Did college boy make that for you?

JESSICA
You realize I’m in college still too, right?

A beat.

JESSICA
His name is Carl, and he’s just a friend.

BOBBY
(suspiciously)
Right.

JESSICA
Just like you.

BOBBY
(defeated)
Right.

A beat. Bobby gains back his confidence.

BOBBY
What’re you doing tonight?

JESSICA
Seeing friends.

BOBBY
Who? Carl?

(continues)
JESSICA
No.

BOBBY
Well we should hang again sometime.

JESSICA
Maybe I’ll throw a party, you can all meet each other.

BOBBY
Yeah, that’d be...great.

Jessica unlocks a storage bin and removes some glass cases from within, placing them on the side table next to the microscope.

JESSICA
I really should get to this.

BOBBY
Yeah, yeah. See ya.

Jessica smiles as Bobby propels himself of the room, sitting in the office chair, with one big push.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY
Lawrence comes in through the entrance, he shakes the hand of an employee he passes and makes his way to his office. He passes by the door of the lab, and the small window looking into it.

INT. LAB - DAY
Jessica turns and sees Lawrence passing by the window. They make eye contact.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY
Jessica is standing in front of Lawrence’s sitting secretary. The secretary gives a nod and Jessica walks up to Lawrence’s office door.
INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE - DAY

Lawrence, sitting at his desk, looks up at the entering Jessica.

LAWRENCE
Afternoon, Jessica.

JESSICA
Hi Lawrence.

Jessica looks calm until after she closes the door. After doing so, she quickly shuffles towards his desk.

LAWRENCE
What is it?

JESSICA
It might be time for one of our little...missions again.

LAWRENCE
Already?

JESSICA
Yes.

LAWRENCE
Who is it?

JESSICA
Someone I met on the street.

LAWRENCE
What happened?

JESSICA
Nothing, but...it’s what I saw.

LAWRENCE
You’ve got his name, this man on the street of yours?

JESSICA
No.

A beat.

JESSICA
But I know where he works.

Jessica lets out a smirk, almost excited. Her attitude feeds into Lawrence’s, who peps up.
INT. BOTTOM LEVEL – NIGHT

Lawrence is on a laptop, looking at the work website of the company The Man On The Street works for. It’s on the faculty page, with a picture of the man, which is captioned "John Henfield."

Jessica stands across from Lawrence, looking at the screen, putting on the gauntlet.

    LAWRENCE
    Are you sure I can’t convince you to wait another night? We make sure all of our research is accurate and make our plan a little bit more concrete.

    JESSICA
    It is.

    LAWRENCE
    Well then we can just take a mental health day.

    JESSICA
    I feel fine, Lawrence. Do I not look it?

A beat.

    LAWRENCE
    You do.

    JESSICA
    And so do you, so...is the drive ready?

Lawrence moves the web page to reveal a file transfer, which is 98% complete. The other two percent finishes after a couple moments.

    LAWRENCE
    Now...yes.

Lawrence disconnects the drive.

    LAWRENCE
    Don’t get caught going in.

    JESSICA
    I won’t.
CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE
How do you know that for sure, Jessica?

JESSICA
I can cut the cameras outside the building.

LAWRENCE
How do you know that?

JESSICA
It’s something I saw.

Lawrence looks down at the gauntlet.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE SKY SCRAPER - NIGHT

Jessica is in an alley, outside of the building she saw when making contact with The Man On The Street. She looks up and sees a ledge a few stories above. She takes out a box-shaped contraption and holds it up. She double clicks on the box and a hook shoots out, connected to a nylon rope.

CUT TO:

The hook wraps onto the ledge and holds in place. Jessica pulls down on the box and hooks it onto a subtle harness she wears under her jacket. She double clicks on the box once more and propels up.

INT. OFFICE CUBICLE - NIGHT

From the outside, Jessica uses a glass cutter and suction cup to remove a section of the window she hangs in front of. She takes the cut-out piece and throws it inside the building, shattering it. After, she climbs through the opening, into the cubicle.

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessica, walking in a precise pattern, walks across the floor and up to a control panel. She opens up the panel to reveal a series of switches. She precisely disconnects the wiring from a handful of the switches.

SECURITY CAMERA POV: A static shot of the office building cuts to black.
Now free from any camera, Jessica walks more freely, to John Henfield’s office. She opens the door.

INT. JOHN’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessica walks to John’s laptop, opens it, enters a password, and connects a hard drive she pulls from her bag.

Finding a stash of secret files deep inside John’s laptop, from the corporation’s network, Jessica drags them and makes copies onto her drive. She then creates a zip file of all the content and attaches it to an outgoing email from John’s work account. Attaching the email address of everyone in John’s contacts, as well as one the local police, Jessica sends the files out.

CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE OFFICE - NIGHT

In front of a door labeled "security," Jessica is on a laptop, with her drive connected to it. Open on the screen in front of her is the software that records the security footage, with the time line of the night’s footage displayed. Taking a file from her drive, she edits it into the part of the security footage that cut to black, as well as the next five minutes of current footage the camera is capturing.

CUT TO:

While the laptop with the security footage shows an undisturbed office, Jessica climbs through the opening she cut earlier, and eventually descends out of view.

EXT. OUTSIDE SKY SCRAPPERS - NIGHT

With the nylon rope retracted back into the box connected to her harness, Jessica puts it away and turns back toward the sidewalk.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Turning a corner, Jessica walks up to a public payphone. She takes the phone off the hook, holds it to her ear, and dials the non-emergency police phone number. After a couple moments of ringing, an operator answers.

(CONTINUED)
OPERATION
Non-emergency, if this is a life-threatening crisis, hang up and dial 911.

JESSICA
No, it’s not quite.

OPERATION
How can we assist you then tonight?

JESSICA
Your station should have just received an email, from the account of one John Hanfield.

OPERATION
Okay. I don’t have access to that account right at the moment, ma’am.

JESSICA
It doesn’t matter.

OPERATION
Oh.

JESSICA
It just matters that you, and whoever needs to know, knows that it’s one hundred percent authentic. If for any reason you do not prosecute to the fullest extent of the law, I have copies of everything and more from John Hanfield’s computer, and will go to any number of publications with them, with not only the story of what he did but what you all didn’t do.

OPERATION
Ma’am, if a law has been broken, those responsible will be prosecuted.

JESSICA
I have all the faith in the world.

A beat.

JESSICA
Have a good night.
Abruptly, Jessica hangs up the phone and walks away from it. Parked just a handful of feet away, Jessica walks up to the driver’s side of her car.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA’S CAR - NIGHT

Jessica gets into her car, turns the key in the ignition, and takes off. After a few moments, her cell phone begins to ring. She screens the call and sees Lawrence’s name. She answers the call.

JESSICA
What are you still doing up?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Did you think I could sleep tonight?

JESSICA
I don’t see why not.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Is everything fine?

JESSICA
Everything’s peachy.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Where are you?

JESSICA
Heading home.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Okay...I’ll do the same.

JESSICA
Are you still at the office?

A beat.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Maybe.

CUT TO:
INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sitting at his desk, Lawrence is on his cell phone.

    JESSICA (O.S.)
    Well then yeah, seriously, go get some sleep.

    LAWRENCE
    And I’m saying the same to you.

    JESSICA (O.S.)
    As much as I can I will, I have an exam in the morning.

    LAWRENCE
    Did everything go okay Jessica... tonight?

    JESSICA (O.S.)
    I’m sure you’ll be reading about it while I’m sharpening my pencil in the morning. Good night Lawrence, thanks for the concern...really. Everything went fine.

    LAWRENCE
    Good night, Jessica.

Lawrence takes the phone away from his ear and looks at it for just a moment before ending the call. After a deep sigh, he gets up from his office chair and begins to leave the room.

INT. JESSICA’S CAR - NIGHT

Jessica hangs up her phone and grins. Turning up the music slightly, Jessica drives through the city streets, towards her home.

    CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

After a thorough sharpening of her pencil, Jessica opens a blue book and begins to write an essay for her exam. A few seats away, Carl scribbles away in his blue book.
INT. LAWRENCE’S ROOM — MORNING

Having just awoken from his late night, Lawrence turns over and sits on the side of the bed. After a moment, he puts on two slippers resting by the side of the bed and stands up.

INT. CLASSROOM — MORNING

Done with her essay, Jessica moves on to a scan-tron.

INT. LAWRENCE’S BATHROOM — MORNING

The water runs from Lawrence’s shower, with him underneath it.

INT. CLASSROOM — MORNING

Precisely, Jessica marks answer after answer on her scan-tron, not missing a beat with any question.

EXT. LAWRENCE’S FRONT PORCH — MORNING

Still a little drowsy, Lawrence grabs the rubber-banded newspaper from the floor of his porch. Dressed in some leisurely clothes, Lawrence steps back inside of the house and closes the door behind him. The paper is tucked under his arm while doing so.

INT. CLASSROOM — MORNING

On question 100, Jessica completes the last answer on her scan-tron. She takes just a moment to looks over all her test materials before starting to organize and pack away all her belongings.

INT. LAWRENCE’S DINING ROOM — MORNING

With a cup of coffee, a glass of orange juice, and a bowl of cereal fixed in front of him, Lawrence picks up the folded newspaper and cracks it open.
INT. CLASSROOM - MORNING

All packed up, Jessica walks up to the professor and drops off her test materials.

    PROFESSOR
    Thank you.

Jessica nods her head.

    JESSICA
    Have a nice day.

INT. LAWRENCE’S DINING ROOM - MORNING

As he begins to read the articles on the front page, Lawrence’s eyes widen.

    CUTOFF:

INT. CAMPUS HALLWAY - MORNING

Carl walks out of the class and sees Jessica waiting for him in the hall.

    JESSICA
    Hey there.

    CARL
    Hi there speed demon.

    JESSICA
    What?

    CARL
    It’s a test. Not a race.

They both smile at the light teasing.

    CARL
    So what are you doing now?

    JESSICA
    I don’t know.

    CARL
    What? Jessica Rell not rushing to her next thing to do? This day must be marked...

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
I have a few hours to kill before I go into Orwen.

CARL
Well can I maybe help you kill them then?

A beat.

CARL
If you don’t mind that is.

JESSICA
No, of course, that sounds fun. Are you hungry at all?

CARL
Yeah, you know, I heard about this good--

Interrupting Carl, Jessica’s cell phone starts to ring.

JESSICA
Oh.

Jessica pulls out her phone from her pocket.

JESSICA
Sorry.

CARL
No, It’s fine.

Jessica screens the call and sees it’s from Lawrence, as does Carl. Jessica looks back up.

JESSICA
Would you mind if I took this actually?

CARL
No, go ahead.

JESSICA
Stay here. I’ll be right back, two minutes.

Jessica turns and walks toward the nearby hallway exit.
EXT. CAMPUS - MORNING

After answering the call, Jessica puts the phone to her ear.

JESSICA
Morning Lawrence.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Jessica, have you seen all the articles this morning?

JESSICA
I just got out of class. But I can take a guess what you’re referring to...

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Look up John Hanfield online.

Jessica opens up the web on her phone and enters John’s full name into the search engine.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Are you seeing it?

JESSICA
One sec.

A bunch of articles pop up about the arrest of John, and what details are being told to the public about the content of the drive.

JESSICA
Oh my God.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
You did it Jessica. Who knows if this guy would have ever been caught, if you... if you weren’t who you are.

JESSICA
Well it’s nothing I did that made it happen, Lawrence.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
No. The gauntlet works because of the person you were before you got it. You’re...good, simply.

JESSICA
Well, whatever the case, I’m glad that creep might face a little

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA (cont’d)
justice. I couldn’t have done it without you either Lawrence, that’s a fact.

Another phone call coming in takes over the screen, it’s from Tiffany. Jessica ignores the call.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
I think we’re at the beginning of something extraordinary, Jessica.

JESSICA
I’ll see you in a few hours.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Take as long as you need.

JESSICA
Okay, bye.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Bye.

Jessica ends the call and looks at the articles for a few moments. Another call comes in from Tiffany.

Turning around, Jessica looks through the glass panel door to see Carl in the hall, waiting on her.

Jessica puts her phone away without answering the call, and opens the door back into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY – DAY

Carl perks up as Jessica walks in his direction.

CARL
Who was that? Everything okay?

JESSICA
Yeah, totally, it was just work.

A beat.

JESSICA
So, which place were you saying was good?

CUT TO:
INT. CAFE - DAY

Jessica and Carl are towards the end of their meal. They are mid-conversation, smiling in between their last bites.

CARL
So how was yours?

JESSICA
I hated it, can’t you tell?

Jessica smiles, showing her empty plate.

CARL
Yeah, I love it here.

A beat.

CARL
So how much time you have left?

JESSICA
I should be in in a couple hours.

CARL
Well, there is the theater near by here. We could probably make the next one. You might be a bit late going in, but... any way I can convince you?

Jessica thinks for a moment, biting her lip.

JESSICA
Hell, why not?

CARL
Wait, really?

JESSICA
Yeah.

CARL
Okay, let's go, we’ll pay up front. This is on me.

JESSICA
Really?

CARL
Yeah.

Jessica smiles.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
Sounds good.

He smiles as well as they get up from the table.

EXT. OUTSIDE MOVIE THEATER - DAY

Jessica and Carl are behind a few people in a relatively short line.

JESSICA
I can’t even remember the last time I went to a movie.

CARL
I can’t remember you doing anything but work for the last two semesters.

JESSICA
No, no. I have my fun too.

CARL
Yeah, you strike me as the real wild one.

Carl smiles, teasing her.

JESSICA
I’m sure I might surprise you one night.

CARL
Well I surely wouldn’t mind.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Tiffany exits a small shop, walking by herself, and looks in the direction of the town movie theater. She double takes as she spots Jessica and Carl in line together.

Tiffany positions herself behind a bus stop, so as not to be seen by either of her friends if they turned. After, she takes out her cell phone and once again gives Jessica a call.

Peeking just around the large ad plastered on the bus stop, Tiffany gazes at her friends.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)
She eventually sees Jessica take her phone out of her pocket just as Carl walks up to the box office window. Tiffany watches as Jessica screens the call and doesn’t answer.

After having purchased the tickets, Carl smiles at Jessica, opening the door into the theater for her. Jessica returns the smile before they both walk in. Tiffany looks on with a face of contempt.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - DAY

A jump-scare from the movie plays on the large screen in front of Jessica and Carl, who are in an almost-empty theater. The scare causes Jessica to pop up, quickly grabbing onto Carl out of instinct.

They both smile when the moment is over, and find themselves holding hands as they sit back straight. Each to themselves, they smile.

EXT. COURT HOUSE - EVENING

With the sky blood-orange and the flags still, the atmosphere outside the courthouse is silent. It’s as if even the environment was anticipating the continuing proceedings inside.

INT. COURT HOUSE - EVENING

Jessica is still on the stand, but the defense lawyer is now sitting. Just having gotten up, the prosecuting lawyer makes his way toward her.

The clicks of the lawyer’s shoes echo across the silent room until the lawyer makes an abrupt stop.

PROSECUTION
Ms. Rell. How long have you known Tiffany Orwen?

JESSICA
Well, almost all my life.

PROSECUTION
Precisely...

JESSICA
We entered first grade together. So since then.
PROSECUTION
And in that time, did the two of you have any arguments?

JESSICA
Doesn’t every pair of friends?

PROSECUTION
Any that particularly stand out?

JESSICA
In fifth grade we both had a crush on Bobby Mckintact. He kissed us both on the same day and we didn’t talk for a week.

PROSECUTION
That’s as bad as it got between the two of you?

JESSICA
That’s what comes to the top of my head, yeah.

PROSECUTION
You two went to different high schools I understand.

JESSICA
We did. She moved on to a private school.

PROSECUTION
How do you suppose her family afforded that? He father passed away while she was attending so I understand.

JESSICA
Well I don’t know, but I’m guessing...

Jessica nudges her open hand toward Lawrence’s direction.

JESSICA
...Lawrence was generous enough to pay for Tiffany’s education.

PROSECUTION
Well, in fact, that is what happened...
JESSICA
I’m not surprised. Mr. Orwen is a very generous man.

PROSECUTION
Describe Tiffany as a student.

JESSICA
She was... fine? She kept up with assignments, did her reading... I don’t really know what else to say about it.

PROSECUTION
But she wasn’t extraordinary, was she?

JESSICA
I guess that would depend on one’s definition.

PROSECUTION
Did she fall into your definition of the word?

JESSICA
As a friend, yes, she was extraordinary.

PROSECUTION
But not as much as you?

JESSICA
What?

The defense lawyer stands.

DEFENSE
Objection, leading.

The judge changes his view from the defense to prosecuting lawyer.

JUDGE
Sustained.

A beat.

PROSECUTION
Ms. Rell, did you ever feel you were a better student than Tiffany?

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
Sure. Just in academics, yes, perhaps I was a bit more proficient.

PROSECUTION
And yet, Tiffany technically got the better education. Were you jealous of that?

JESSICA
Jealous of her, no.

PROSECUTION
But maybe jealous of the opportunities she got?

JESSICA
At the beginning, sure, maybe a little. But we both ended up in the same place at the end, right? So, everything worked out better than I could have ever wished in the end. Except for, well, obviously...

Jessica waves her arm, pointing out the court house and the current proceedings.

A beat.

PROSECUTION
Did you and Tiffany ever discuss you interning, and then working for, her uncle?

JESSICA
Yeah, it would come up all the time.

PROSECUTION
I don’t mean in passing, did the two of you ever have a sit-down discussion about it or anything relatively more serious? Anything like that?

JESSICA
No, I don’t think so.

PROSECUTION
Did you feel any growing resentment because of it?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JESSICA
On who’s end?

PROSECUTION
Either...

JESSICA
No. Not that I picked up on anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY
After watching Carl and Jessica walk into the movie theater, Tiffany turns and begins to walk down the block.

CUT TO:

Tiffany is at another section of the block, looking around, jerking her head in many directions, as if she were looking for something.

CUT TO:

Continuing to walk frantically, Tiffany looks in all directions until something catches her eye.

CUT TO:

Tiffany walks up to Jessica’s car.

CUT TO:

On the ground, Tiffany lays under the car, with her hands examining the space on the other side of the bumper.

CUT TO:

Tiffany’s hand pulls away a hide-a-key velcroed onto the back of Jessica’s car’s bumper.

INT. JESSICA’S CAR - DAY
After popping open the driver’s side door, Tiffany reaches over to the passenger side, and grabs Jessica’s school bag from the floor of the vehicle.

Searching inside of the bag, Tiffany eventually pulls out Jessica’s laptop.

CUT TO:
EXT. CAFE - DAY

Sitting at an outside table, Tiffany has Jessica’s open laptop in front of her, having already cracked the personal password. She clicks on the icon for Jessica’s hard drive.

MONTAGE BEGINS:
- Tiffany scrubs through a bunch of files on Jessica’s hard drive.
- Eventually, Tiffany comes across a file titled, "LOAN_INSURANCE" and clicks on it.
- Tiffany scrolls through several documents about the gauntlet hidden inside of the "LOAN_INSURANCE" file.
- Some files are about the history and mythology of the gauntlet. Other files are on the current location of the gauntlet, on the bottom floor of Orwen Industries headquarters.
- Tiffany finds files about John Hanfield and everything Jessica did to get him arrested.
- Tiffany finds a bibliography page that cites all the websites Jessica pulled her information from about the gauntlet.
- Tiffany is online, reading about the mythology of the gauntlet.
- Other files Tiffany sifts through reveal she is a blood relative of Sir Percieval. Her eyes widen as she reads more into her personal family history.
- Tiffany finds files all about her uncle’s discovery of the gauntlet, and its history since it’s been in his possession.
- Files are opened about the original chair members of the company, including her father.
- Files are opened about Lawrence’s financial support of Jessica’s operation since coming across the gauntlet.
- Finally, Tiffany clicks on the final file on the list in front of her.
- A website opens about other possible powers the gauntlet possesses.
- Scrolling down, Tiffany finds a few paragraphs about the gauntlet’s potential to bring the dead back to life.

(CONTINUED)
- Opening the locket around her neck, Tiffany reveals an old, cut-out photo of her father.

- Other files reveal security codes and procedures for Orwen industries, and how to gain access through out the building.

- Tiffany emails all of the files on in the "LOAN_INSURANCE" file to herself.

- Tiffany closes the locket and erases the web history on the laptop.

- Tiffany closes the laptop and leaves the cafe.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Tiffany, with Jessica’s laptop tucked under her arm, walks back in the direction of Jessica’s car.

Having reached it, and using the hide-a-key again, Tiffany opens the driver’s side door of Jessica’s car.

INT. JESSICA’S CAR - DAY

Leaning inside, Jessica places the laptop back inside of Jessica’s bag. She then places the bag in as close of a position as the one she found it in.

Taking a last gander around the car, Tiffany makes some small and probably unnecessary adjustments to the inside of Jessica’s car.

After, Tiffany takes a last look and locks all the doors from within the inside of the car before getting out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Tiffany walks to the back of the car and lays down on the asphalt under it.

CUT TO:

Tiffany sticks the hide-a-key back under the bumper, and no one is the wiser.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)
A couple hours have passed and the movie has ended. With other patrons, Jessica and Carl walk out of the movie theater and towards Jessica’s car.

CARL
Then that head explosion, awesome.

JESSICA
Yeah, well, who doesn’t enjoy a good head explosion every now and again. That actress probably could have used another lesson though.

CARL
Oh, yeah, I didn’t notice.

They both grin until reaching Jessica’s driver’s side door. She unlocks the door electronically with her keys.

JESSICA
Well this is me, I’m already a little late so I should be rushing. We have an excavation this week, and I’m supposed to help them prep.

CARL
Something tells me you already have ten-fold, and they’re grateful.

JESSICA
Well they shouldn’t be. It’s my job.

CARL
Are you going? On the trip.

Jessica nods her head.

CARL
Where to?

JESSICA
Peru...

CARL
That’s so cool.

After his reply reply, Carl finds himself leaning in for a kiss. Jessica then finds herself doing the same until they are in the act. A couple brief moments pass before they break the kiss, still grinning.
CARL
I’ll see you around soon?

JESSICA
Yeah, definitely.

CARL
Have a good one at work.

JESSICA
Thanks, Carl. Bye.

CARL
Bye Jess.

Carl turns around, with a big dumb grin on his face. Jessica turns and gets into her car, sporting the same look.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

With Lawrence already in front of all the employees in the building, Jessica walks into the room late.

LAWRENCE
Good afternoon.

JESSICA
Hi. Sorry for being late.

LAWRENCE
No issue, we’re just discussing the trip later this week, I’ve decided to come along.

Whispering breaks out among the employees.

LAWRENCE
Don’t worry, the old man isn’t going to be micro-managing you all.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE
I just want to direct the thing--I’m missing that sea air. That will bring our total crew for excavation to fifteen on the boat. Jessica, our rising star, will also be on her first trip out, in charge of storage and protection of any artifacts discovered.

Some people in the crew start to lightly clap.

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
So, that’s in a few days. Until then, everyone has their duties to complete and prepare for. Thank you all for the hard work and contributions to the excavation. We’re gonna have a lot of fun out there.

A beat. Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE
Let’s go to work.

The group breaks. Lawrence works the room, eventually making his way over to Jessica.

LAWRENCE
Could I see you in my office in a few. Whenever you’re settled in.

JESSICA
Yes, of course.

Jessica looks and Lawrence walks out of the conference room. She then turns back to see Bobby right behind her.

BOBBY
You get second thoughts playing hooky and decide to come in?

JESSICA
No.

BOBBY
Should have figured that was too rebellious.

A beat.

BOBBY
You get stuck in traffic?

JESSICA
No. A movie actually.

BOBBY
Ms. Rell, I’m liking the irresponsibility.

JESSICA
I can wear irresponsibility... every once in awhile.
BOBBY
Well why don’t you ever invite me along?

Jessica shrugs as if to say "I don’t know," smiles, and starts to walk toward the exit of the room.

BOBBY
Maybe next time?

JESSICA
Maybe.

Jessica continues to sport the smile until exiting the door.

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE – DAY
Lawrence sits at his desk, looking toward his closed door.

LAWRENCE
Come in, Jessica!

INT. OFFICE – DAY
Smiling at Lawrence’s intuition, Jessica nods at Lawrence’s secretary before opening his office door and stepping inside.

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE – DAY
Nodding at the entering Jessica, Lawrence wears a pretty humorless look.

LAWRENCE
Can you close the door please, Jessica?

Jessica’s face turns more serious after seeing him.

JESSICA
Yes, of course.

Jessica closes the door and turns back.

JESSICA
Is something wrong? I’m sorry about coming in late.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE
No, that’s not...

A beat.

LAWRENCE
I believe something of great concern for us arrived in my inbox about half an hour before our company meeting this morning.

JESSICA
What is it?

Lawrence waves her over toward his work computer. She walks toward it.

CUT TO:

Jessica stands over Lawrence’s screen, which shows his personal email inbox. One of the last read messages is from an account simply called "XXXXX" with the subject title "NAFISGJKSDGN."

A beat.

Lawrence clicks on the message, which then pops up on the computer screen. Jessica leans a bit more and begins to read the email out loud.

JESSICA
Orwen, all your secrets are out, from the beginning until now. It can all come out in public, from the shares to the gauntlet. Have Ms. Rell meet at 3rd and St. James, 3AM, for next steps... have a paranoid night... -PW.

Jessica turns away from the screen, the message being finished, and toward Lawrence.

JESSICA
Who’s PW?

LAWRENCE
Well, of course it could be... anyone, but one of the lines leads me to believe it’s a reference to Peter Welton.
JESSICA
Tiffany’s father.

A beat.

JESSICA
Which line makes you think that?

LAWRENCE
The one referring to the company’s shares. Peter used to be a large owner but sold his shares back to me after some early difficulties. After the company hit it big I tried to offer him fair compensation for his time with us, but he was always too proud to accept it. He never let his family take a dime from me until his eventual passing. Then I started helping Tiffany and her mother when I could.

JESSICA
Were there any other partners from back during that time, who may feel... disgruntled?

LAWRENCE
They’re all still working at other division at Orwen or have passed. I can’t think of anyone who would be, no.

JESSICA
Do you think it’s just a red herring then?

LAWRENCE
I wouldn’t pretend to know, Jessica. I’m not sure what it means.

JESSICA
Guess we just have to wait and find out.

Jessica looks back at a downtrodden Lawrence.

JESSICA
We’re gonna get to the bottom of this Lawrence, don’t worry. We’ve conducted a dozen operations now (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA (cont’d)
and we’ve been one hundred percent successful, even back when we didn’t know what we were doing. That’s just me and you, and we’re gonna complete this one too. Okay? I know it.

LAWRENCE
Okay, Jessica.

Lawrence gives her a nod.

DISSOLVE TO:

The clock in Lawrence’s office reads "2:30", the windows around the office reveal the blackness of the sky outside.

Jessica and Lawrence both stand by his desk.

JESSICA
Okay. Are you gonna stay here?

LAWRENCE
Yes.

JESSICA
I’ll come back after then.

LAWRENCE
You sure you feel safe, Jessica?

JESSICA
Yes. Everything is gonna be fine.

LAWRENCE
Okay, give me updates through out.

JESSICA
Will do.

Jessica puts her hand on Lawrence’s shoulder.

JESSICA
We got this.

She then removes her hand and perkily walks out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Jessica is in her car, speeding through the mostly empty highway, street lamps illuminating the white lines that lead her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Walking away from her car, Jessica looks around cautiously, now wearing the gauntlet.

CUT TO:

Jessica stops directly on the corner written about in the email. She looks in every direction, but nothing in particular catches her eyes. She simply stands and waits.

DISSOLVE TO:

Some time later, still nothing has come to Jessica. A rattling from behind her catches her attention. She turns and sees a homeless man pushing a cart. Uncaring of Jessica’s presence, the man simply continues to walk by. After, the atmosphere falls back into the same silence as before he walked through.

DISSOLVE TO:

Jessica looks down at her cell phone screen. It’s 5:30. She receives one of many texts she has gotten from Lawrence throughout the night. The message simply reads, "come back." Jessica puts away her phone and walks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jessica walks in, a restless Lawrence awaiting her.

JESSICA

I don’t understand.

Lawrence shrugs.

LAWRENCE

I guess they just felt like playing with us.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
What’s to gain from that?

LAWRENCE
Power?

JESSICA
Well don’t worry. They don’t have any of that.

A beat.

LAWRENCE
I suppose we... just go back home.

Along the wall of Lawrence’s office, near the ceiling, is an air duct that runs through it. In the middle of that air duct is a vent.

INT. AIR DUCT - NIGHT

Two eyes look down, through the vent, into Lawrence’s office, listening to his and Jessica’s conversation. The eyes belong to Tiffany.

SUPERIMPOSED TITLE CARD: THAT AFTERNOON...

MONTAGE BEGINS:

- Tiffany places the hide-a-key back under Jessica’s bumper and walks away.

- Getting in her car, Tiffany drives to a near by bar.

- The bar is full of tech people. A small placard at the front reads "fastest internet in the city."

- Sorting through several websites and encryptions, Tiffany pulls up an anonymous message box, putting Lawrence’s email as the receiver.

- Tiffany writes, "Orwen, all your secrets are out, from the beginning until now. It can all come out in public, from the shares to the gauntlet. Have Ms. Rell meet at 3rd and St. James, 3AM, for next steps... have a paranoid night... -PW."

- After, Tiffany gets in her car and gets onto the highway.

- Tiffany parks a handful of blocks away from Orwen Industries but eventually walks over.

(CONTINUED)
- Using her cell phone to look at her email, Tiffany uses a code from the stolen files to get into the back entrance of the building.

- Using another code, Tiffany enters a maintenance closet.

- Looking up, she sees an entrance to the air duct.

- Tiffany flips a paint bucket to step up and disconnects a vent screen from the air duct.

- After doing so, Tiffany climbs up into the air duct and reconnects the vent screen, so it looks undisturbed.

- Using blueprints pulled up on her inbox, Tiffany navigates the air duct until eventually overlooking Lawrence’s office.

- It’s now the next morning, Jessica has just returned from the non-meeting on 3rd and St. James.

- Tiffany remains unmoved, looking down upon them.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Jessica looks up at Lawrence.

JESSICA
What’s our next move?

LAWRENCE
I don’t know if we have one. We just... move on until we hear otherwise, I suppose.

JESSICA
Get ready for Peru.

Lawrence nods his head.

A beat.

Slowly, Jessica takes off the gauntlet and sets it on Lawrence’s desk.

Lawrence grabs the gauntlet and walks it to his safe, which is in a cabinet. Lawrence types in a code, opens the safe, and places the gauntlet inside of it.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE
I’ll see you tomorrow. Get some sleep.

Jessica nods her head.

JESSICA
You too.

Jessica then goes in for a hug, somewhat taking Lawrence by surprise, but he returns it.

JESSICA
We’ll get ’em next time.

Lawrence nods his head and pats Jessica on the back before she finally leaves.

INT. AIR DUCT – NIGHT

Having witnessed everything, Tiffany has typed down the code for Lawrence’s safe in the notes section of her phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURT HOUSE – EVENING

Jessica has just finished her last bit of testimony. The room is silent.

PROSECUTION
Ladies and gentlemen, let’s fast forward shall we... to the day of Ms. Tiffany Welton’s death.

A beat.

PROSECUTION
How was that morning, Ms. Rell? Before the excavation.

JESSICA
Exciting, but a bit nerve-racking.

PROSECUTION
Why’s that?

JESSICA
It was my first time ever out to sea.

(CONTINUED)
PROSECUTION
How did you react to that?

JESSICA
Maybe not the greatest...

CUT TO:

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY
Jessica comes out of the boat’s restroom, pale to the point of almost looking green.

BOBBY
You doing okay?

JESSICA
Yeah, I’m...

Jessica swallows.

...fine.

BOBBY
We haven’t even left the dock yet.

EXT. OCEAN HARBOR - DAY
The boat has not yet launched, simply resting in the harbor.

INT. BOAT CABIN - DAY
Bobby and Jessica turn from looking out the cabin window back toward each other.

BOBBY
Why don’t you go out and wait for Lawrence on land until you need to. Go get some breakfast.

Jessica hiccups.

BOBBY
Or maybe not.
INT. LAWRENCE’S OFFICE - DAY

After shutting down his work computer, Lawrence grabs his keys and walks toward the cabinet holding the safe. Lawrence takes the safe out of the cabinet and exits the office, a stern look on his face.

EXT. HARBOR - DAY

Lawrence, safe in hand, walks down the docks. Sitting at the harbor cafe outside, Jessica notices him. They nod at each other.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Jessica steps aboard, the last of the crew to report to the deck.

LAWRENCE
Well everybody, we have a long journey, so let’s get going.

Lawrence lets out an exuberant smile and the crew starts to cheer.

CUT TO:

The boat leaves the harbor, on its way out to open sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The boat is now surrounded by nothing but ocean.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT - DAY

Jessica looks overboard, her hair waving in the sun-glistened air. She looks concerned, waiting for something to go wrong.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Why the long face?

Jessica turns to see Bobby stepping up to her.

(CONTINUED)
BOBBY
Still feeling queasy?

JESSICA
No, no.

Jessica forces out a smile.

JESSICA
Just a little tired.

BOBBY
Well go sleep, we got awhile until anything exciting happens.

JESSICA
Yeah, I don’t know about that.

A beat.

JESSICA
Maybe I will take that nap though.

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS – DAY

Lawrence sits, hearing a knock coming from the other side of his closed door. Next to his desk is the room safe with the gauntlet inside of it.

LAWRENCE
Come in.

Jessica opens the door, steps inside of the office, and closes the door behind her.

LAWRENCE
Hey Jessica, how are things looking out there.

JESSICA
Nothing out of place.

LAWRENCE
Maybe it was just a prank, a one off...

JESSICA
That’s a funny kind of prank.

LAWRENCE
Isn’t that the point of a prank?

Lawrence grins.

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE
Look, all we can do if go through with the whole point of this trip, is to find something amazing and share it with the world. Some random threat from a bully isn’t gonna let us stop that, right? And if the time comes when we have to do something else, well like you said, we’ll succeed.

Jessica smiles.

JESSICA
Thanks, Lawrence.

A beat.

JESSICA
I think I’m gonna go get some sleep actually.

LAWRENCE
Good idea. Take advantage before the seas get choppy.

JESSICA
Is that gonna happen?

LAWRENCE
You never know.

CUT TO:

INT. JESSICA’S QUARTERS – DAY
Jessica lays in her cot, not quite able to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS – DAY
Lawrence leaves his office. The safe sits unattended.

DISSOLVE TO:
EXT. SKY - EVENING
Storm clouds begin to form in the sky.

EXT. BOAT - EVENING
Finishing a conversation, Lawrence walks away from Jessica, who remains on the deck.

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS - EVENING
Lawrence opens the door to his office and walks in. Behind the door awaits Tiffany, gun in hand.

TIFFANY
Evening, uncle Lawrence.

Startled, Lawrence turns to see Tiffany.

LAWRENCE
Tiffany? What’re you...

He looks down and notices the gun. He suddenly realizes who wrote him the anonymous email earlier in the week.

TIFFANY
Uncle, I’m gonna need you to do everything I say, and exactly how I say it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - EVENING
A static sound plays over the PA system. Jessica and the other crew members scattered throughout the deck hear it before Lawrence’s voice starts to emerge from the system.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Hello Orwen employees, this is your captain talking.

An immense look of concern comes over Jessica’s face.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
A situation has emerged and an emergency evacuation of the ship is required. There is no malfunction with the vessel, and with calm co-operation, there is no reason (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
LAWRENCE (O.S.) (cont’d)
for concern. There are six small ships on our vessel for such an occasion; One motorized and one not so. Thirteen of you will be leaving the ship in the non-motorized dinghies. Enough personnel are trained to operate the dinghies to be spread to each one.

A beat. Bobby, somewhat near Jessica, looks over at her.

BOBBY
Why only thirteen?

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Jessica Rell, you will remain on the vessel. The rest of you should begin evacuation immediately and aim to be off of this ship in less than fifteen minutes. I’m sorry for the vagueness of this message, and I thank you for your swift action. Lawrence Orwen out.

CUT TO:

Personnel lower the dinghies to the sea. Crew members are dispersed in each one. Bobby, still on the deck, is one of the last members still on the boat, along with Jessica. He turns to her.

BOBBY
What’s going on?

JESSICA
I don’t know.

BOBBY
Maybe you should come with us.

JESSICA
I couldn’t do that to him. He obviously needs me for... something

A beat.

BOBBY
Promise me you’ll be safe at least, okay, as much as you can...

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
I promise. Don’t worry about me.
You all be okay, 70 miles east,
you’ll get to land.

BOBBY
We will be fine. We’ll call for
help when we can.

The two hug and Bobby gets on the last remaining dinghy.

CUT TO:

Jessica watches the four dinghies cast off into the sea.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Jessica, come to my quarters
please.

Jessica turns and walks away.

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS – EVENING

There’s a knock at the door.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)
Come in slowly, Jessica.

Jessica does so, revealing Lawrence sitting in a chair, and
Tiffany about four feet behind him, standing, gun drawn.

JESSICA
Tiffany?

A beat.

JESSICA
What are you doing?

TIFFANY
Is that what you mean to ask, or is
it, "how could someone as dumb as
you possibly figure me out?"

JESSICA
What? No...

TIFFANY
Well you must to think I am pretty
dumb, right? I don’t have that
wrong, do I?

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
Tiffany, what are you talking about?

TIFFANY
Well jeez Jessica, you've been taking out Carl without letting me know. Way back when you scored this internship, and then job, with my uncle without me knowing originally. And well now...

Tiffany kneels, reaching into a bag tucked into the corner of the room, on the floor. She takes out the gauntlet.

TIFFANY
...then there’s this.

A beat.

JESSICA
It... didn’t have anything to do with you Tiffany.

TIFFANY
Sure. You just have what... magical powers now? Didn’t think it was worth a mention?

JESSICA
I didn’t know what to do about it Tiffany! It all just happened!

TIFFANY
But it sure didn’t occur for you to help me, did it?

JESSICA
Help you how?

TIFFANY
Or maybe you did and you just didn’t want to.

JESSICA
Help you how, Tiffany?!

TIFFANY
It brings back the dead, Jessica.

Tiffany holds up the gauntlet for a moment before thrashing it back down to her side.

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
What?

TIFFANY
Don’t play, dumb. I found the research on your laptop. How do you think I knew to send that email, or get in here.

Tiffany moves her arm to point out the entirety of the captain’s quarters.

TIFFANY
I know everything that you do, so don’t try and pretend I don’t. I could use this to bring my father back.

JESSICA
That’s not how it works.

TIFFANY
I know. It’s for you, right, the special one, that’s how this thing works.

Tiffany lifts up the gauntlet and points the gun at Jessica.

TIFFANY
So I’m gonna make you do it for me.

JESSICA
Tiffany, those files have everything ever written on the gauntlet. That doesn’t make everything in there true. I don’t know all of what it’s capable of yet, Tiffany. But from all evidence I’ve seen...

A beat.

JESSICA
I don’t think I can bring back your father, Tiffany. I’m sorry.

A beat. Tiffany tries to process the information. A tear strolls down her eye. She turns to Lawrence.

TIFFANY
Is that you talking Jessica, or is it Lawrence? Is that what you’ve been telling her?

(CONTINUED)
JESSICA
No.

TIFFANY
Maybe you could bring him back but you just don’t wanna, you’d have to give him some shares back? I saw some materials about your company history. He pulled out early... or did you force him out?

LAWRENCE
Tiffany I tried to give your dad back his shares for years, he never would take them.

TIFFANY
Bullshit.

LAWRENCE
Tiffany, I swear.

JESSICA
Tiffany, I understand, you’re still in grief, and I’m sorry I didn’t tell you about Carl and it upset you, I just didn’t know how to, I knew you liked him too. But I swear Tiffany, nothing but good is going on here, that’s all we’re trying to do with the gauntlet.

TIFFANY
Good for you two you mean.

JESSICA
Good for whoever we can help, Tiffany, you included.

LAWRENCE
I love you and your mother, Tiffany. I would never do anything to hurt you.

TIFFANY
Well you left me out. I guess that hurt me.

Tiffany flails her gun.

TIFFANY
Both of you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JESSICA
I’m sorry.

Jessica holds up her arms in a calm fashion.

JESSICA
Let us in now...

Jessica takes a few steps towards Tiffany.

JESSICA
Please, let me show you...

Tearing up, Tiffany raises up her gun and lift the gauntlet.

CUT TO:

Jessica jumps at Tiffany, who lets out a gun blast but misses Jessica. Jessica grabs hold of the gauntlet, which been now have in their grasps.

When they make contact, both of their eyes roll into the back of their heads and they close their eyelids.

CUT TO WHITE.

MONTAGE BEGINS:

- Tiffany (9) is the star of the school play. At one point, a co-star starts singing and gets applause.

- Behind the stage, Tiffany cries, sulking with her mom.

  TIFFANY
  Nobody likes me.

- Tiffany (13) is at a birthday party, with a young Jessica and other there.

- Her father brings in arms fulls of gifts.

  TIFFANY’S FATHER
  Even more for my baby.

- He place the gifts of a table already containing far too many.

- Tiffany (16) is elected prom queen.

- Tiffany’s father, drinking, confronts Tiffany (17) as she enters the house.

(CONTINUED)
TIFFANY’S FATHER
Did you take money from my wallet?

- Tiffany (18) is at the funeral of her father.
- Tiffany, earlier in the week, sneaks into Jessica’s car and steals information from her laptop.

CUT TO WHITE.

END OF MONTAGE.

INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS - EVENING

Jessica fully rips out the gauntlet from Tiffany’s hand. Tiffany appears to be looking past her though, giving a look of despair.

Jessica turns around as the missed shot from earlier actually hit Lawrence, who is unconscious. She screams out and races toward him.

Lowering her hand, she checks to see if Lawrence is breathing.

TIFFANY
Is he breathing?

Tiffany’s desire for the gauntlet has seemed give way to only concern for Lawrence.

JESSICA
 Barely.

TIFFANY
What can we do?

JESSICA
I don’t know...

Jessica looks down at her gauntlet and puts it on.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - EVENING

Above the boat, a ray of lighting strikes down from the sky.

CUT TO:
INT. CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS – EVENING

Jessica’s hand with the gauntlet is over Lawrence’s bullet wound. Lawrence comes to, releasing a large breath of air.

EXT. BOAT – EVENING

Now gathered and having a conversation; Tiffany, Jessica, and Lawrence are outside the boat, on the deck. Lawrence is completely healed.

TIFFANY
What are we gonna do, guys?

LAWRENCE
It’s gonna be okay, Tiffany.

TIFFANY
There’s no way we can hide all this. All your employees, you’ll need to get them, they’ll see me. And the emails and the hacks, I was good but I wasn’t the best, someone at cyber-security may still be able to find what I’ve done.

A beat.

Tiffany
I’ve broken so many laws. What am I going to do?

JESSICA
We’ll figure something out.

LAWRENCE
She is right though. If ever caught for any of this, this could land Tiffany years of prison time.

A beat.

LAWRENCE
We’ll have to think of something... fast.

Jessica looks around the deck, eventually at the motorized dingy still hanging overboard.

JESSICA
That’s only if there was a Tiffany Welton to actually ever find and prosecute...

(CONTINUED)
TIFFANY
What do you mean?

A beat.

JESSICA
I don’t think we can bring back the dead. But we can do something close...

All three look at each other.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

It’s the next day, and the jury, dressed differently, has returned from their quarters, back with their verdict.

JUDGE
Has the jury reached it’s verdict?

FOREPERSON
We have your honor...

On the defense side, Jessica eagerly awaits the decision. Sitting behind her, for support, is Lawrence, Carl, Bobby, and many others.

FOREPERSON
In the case of Tiffany Welton’s murder, we the jury find Jessica Rell...

A beat. One could hear a pin drop.

FOREPERSON
Not guilty.

Those in support of Jessica celebrate, the judge tries to gain order...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Celebrating, Jessica and her supporters are at a dinner, smiling and talking. Carl gives Jessica a kiss on the cheek before they both break out into smiles. Lawrence holds up a glass...
LAWRENCE
To Tiffany...

Everyone joins in their toast, rises their classes and repeating Lawrence’s sentiment.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PURUVIAN CITY STREETS – DAY
Bustling cars pass in the busy streets of a developing city.

INT. COFFEE HOUSE – DAY
At a back table, on a laptop, is a mysterious looking woman sitting in the shadows.

CUT TO:

As the brightness of the computer screen gives more definition to the woman’s face, it’s revealed to be Tiffany, with a new identity and different hair color, still alive.

END CREDITS ROLL.