

Crosswired - Episode 21

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Final Draft

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CAST

AGENT ABRAHMS

SIMON

MARIUS

DR HADOOP

MR CONWAY

GRETCHEN

GUARD

RECEPTIONIST

NIKOLAI TATAROV

NEWSCASTER

Crosswired - Episode 21

**SCENE 1:**

Simon and Hadoop are parked in a mall parking lot when Marius and Abrahms drive up.

ABRAHMS                    You must be Dr Hadoop. And you're Simon, huh? I spent a lot of time tracking you. You're not an easy man to catch.

SIMON                      Lucky for me. Well Marius, looks like it's you and me again. This time no cages.

MARIUS                    No cages. Seems like we're on the same side.

HADOOP                    What are you going to do?

SIMON                      Did you warn Gretch and Bannister?

MARIUS                    ...

SIMON                      Did you warn them?

MARIUS                    We lost contact. It sounded like...

ABRAHMS                   It sounded like gunfire. Then the connection went dead. The entire phone is dead. Won't respond to any signal I send it.

SIMON                      Shit. What the hell happened?

MARIUS                    We don't know. We have to assume the worst. Abby will take the doctor with her and try to find the satellite.

ABRAHMS                   I did a little checking around and there's a private launch company a few hours away called LaunchTek. Mostly do business communications satellites and stuff. Was able to pull some metadata on their phone lines. They've received a few calls from NSA-owned numbers in the past couple days as well as one from the Russian Embassy.

SIMON                      Russia?

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MARIUS                   President Tatarov is in the country for the summit. Think that's a coincidence?

SIMON                   (to Hadoop)

                          See? I'm telling you, Dr Hadoop, the G20 is compromised. If Conway's working with this Tatarov I need to find out now.

HADOOP                  How, Simon?

Dr Hadoop's phone rings.

SIMON                   Who the hell...?

HADOOP                  Conway.

SIMON                   Answer it. Put it on speaker.

HADOOP                  Yes?

Puts it on speaker.

CONWAY                  I assume you can all hear me?

SIMON                   Speak of the devil.

CONWAY                  Hello Simon.

ABRAHMS                You son of a--

CONWAY                  Is that Agent Abrahms I hear? My, my. The gang's all there. Good. Good.

SIMON                   What do you want Conway?

CONWAY                  The same thing I've wanted since the beginning. You.

SIMON                   Well, I'm not that easy.

CONWAY                  So I've learned. Much to Agent Kazin's misfortune. The thing is, I've just come into possession of something that I think will make you much more... shall we say... pliant?

SIMON                   What are you talking about?

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CONTINUED: (2)

CONWAY (to someone else)

Put her on.

GRETCHEN Simon? Simon, don't--

SIMON Gretch? You're ok?

GRETCHEN Simon, you need to stop him--

Gretchen's feed is cut off.

CONWAY Need to stop me. Well, I think it's a little late for that. About the only thing you have time to stop is the killing of one Gretchen Williams.

SIMON How?

CONWAY Come now, Simon. You know how. Turn yourself in.

SIMON Where are you?

CONWAY Oh, not to me. No. I have a delivery to make. No, you've gone and made such a cluster of everything, you really need to meet my boss. I think he'd insist. I warn you though, he's really taking a shine to Ms Williams. Pretty girl. Once she's cleaned up a bit.

SIMON You bastard. If you touch her--

CONWAY Now, now. Threats won't do. Bring yourself to the Russian Embassy. They'll be waiting for you. And, Simon, I strongly suggest you come alone. I can't vouch for the safety of anyone who accompanies you. Is that clear? Proschay. (*pruh'-shay*)

The connection is dropped.

ABRAHMS What are we going to do?

SIMON You and Hadoop are going to stick to your mission. Get down to LaunchTek and stop that satellite. Marius and I are going to the embassy.

ABRAHMS But Conway said you had to go alone.

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CONTINUED: (3)

SIMON (angrily grabs Abrahms by the collar)

I know what the hell he said. I don't take orders from him and I sure as hell don't take them from you.

HADOOP Simon! Let her go!

SIMON I am getting her out of there and Marius is going to help me. She's one of his, right? (pauses, releases Abrahms) Then he can take some responsibility for letting a traitor into his midst.

HADOOP Simon, we don't know...

SIMON Who the hell else do you think it was, huh? Jada betrayed her own men in Pittsburgh and she did it again to give them Gretchen. Marius needs to get her out again safe.

HADOOP But he isn't--

MARIUS No. He's right. Jada and Gretchen are both my responsibility. I'm going. We'll make a plan along the way.

SIMON Now go get that damn satellite.

**SCENE 2:**

Abrahms and Dr Hadoop are driving.

HADOOP He's getting worse. His temper...

ABRAHMS Well, if his neural net is breaking down like you said...

HADOOP He needs some kind of medical attention.

ABRAHMS Well, let's hope he can hold it together long enough.

HADOOP How do we get into this LaunchTek? It's got to be a secure facility.

ABRAHMS I'm working on that right now. They keep all the launch related systems on a separate network but I proxied a

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ABRAHMS (cont'd)

wardialer in Birmingham to see if I can find an open modem or something. I also targeted a spear phishing attack against their HVAC vendor. They usually have remote access to manage the ventilation systems.

HADOOP

Like the breach at that big retailer a few years back?

ABRAHMS

Exactly. Bingo - just got shell on a system. People are so gullible. Now for a little recon. Give me a few minutes.

HADOOP

Yeah, yeah sure.

Hadoop drives in silence for a few moments while Abrahms continues her attack.

ABRAHMS

Got something. How's this sound? There's an HR system just approved badges for a couple contractors. We pretend to be them when we get to the gate.

HADOOP

Good. The names?

ABRAHMS

Changing them right now.

HADOOP

So that will get us in.

ABRAHMS

Which is always the easiest part.

HADOOP

Then what?

ABRAHMS

Tell me about this satellite. Can we connect to it? Destroy it remotely?

HADOOP

Well, it's designed to be connected to the launch platform until final deployment. Gives mission control a chance to feed final commands into the unit prior to being released. Once in orbit, it has no capability to receive any data. It's transmit only.

ABRAHMS

And destruction?

HADOOP

That's trickier. It only has a low power battery and a deployable solar array to drive the transmitter.

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SIMON                   When I first joined the NSA I had a clear mission: to defend my country from threats, both foreign and domestic. Then you stepped in. You subverted everything I believed in. My mission became a front for something else. Something I was never aware of. And now... it turns out it was all bullshit a long time ago. I've been used by the agency and I've been used by KANTO... by you. Well, I'm not going to be used anymore. Tatarov, Conway... whoever else is part of this... Their time is up.

MARIUS                   Let's hope we're in time.

SIMON                   But your time is up, too. Once the people see what's been done to them, they won't need you anymore.

MARIUS                   They'll need new leaders, Simon.

SIMON                   They won't want you. It's too late for that. You're poison to them.

MARIUS                   You, then.

SIMON                   You know very little about the people, Marius. You think they're all fighters. They're not. They want to be led. They want to be outraged from a distance but lead their small lives up close. The people who will rush in to fill the gaps - they're not people like you or me. Hell, they may not be better than what we currently have. But they'll be human. For whatever that's worth.

MARIUS                   To me, it's worth everything. I watched these "men" move through my village, cutting down miles of forest, diverting the rivers we needed for our crops. They claimed it was needed for economic growth, but in their eyes I saw only death. Not a glimmer of humanity or compassion. A coldness like nothing I'd seen before.

Human flaws and frailty I can handle.  
Those who live in fear, those who

(MORE)

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CONTINUED: (2)  
MARIUS (cont'd)

seek power to overcome their fear - I can understand that. But these... beings. They were something completely different.

SIMON

Alien.

MARIUS

Yes. Or under their sway. We suspect they have some kind of mind control. That the men who destroyed my village were little more than slaves, doing their master's bidding.

SIMON

Well, here comes my train.

MARIUS

Right. I'll take the next one. Pickup the badge. Be at the Embassy in an hour.

SIMON

Good luck.

**SCENE 4:**

Hadoop and Abrahms pull up to the guard shack at LaunchTek

GUARD

ID?

HADOOP

Certainly. Nice day, isn't it?

GUARD

(inspecting the badges)

You new?

HADOOP

Yes, sir. First day. For both of us.

GUARD

New contractors usually start at 8.

HADOOP

Yes, sir.

ABRAHMS

That was my fault, sir. I was just about in the car when I realized my piercings probably wouldn't make a good impression.

GUARD

Piercings, huh? No, ma'am. They probably wouldn't around here.

ABRAHMS

Not that anyone would have seen them. Unless there's an xray machine or something.

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GUARD                   Just a metal detector. Of course, I'm authorized to do a full pat down if there's a--

HADOOP                  As you said, we're a bit late... for orientation. May we proceed?

GUARD                   Huh? Yeah. Sure. Orientation is in building 8.

HADOOP                  Thank you, sir.

ABRAHMS                 How about I come back later for that pat down?

GUARD                   Ma'am, that would be fine with...

The guard's voice trails into the distance as Hadoop drives forward onto the compound.

HADOOP                  Please don't do that again.

ABRAHMS                 Oh, don't worry about it. He's not my type anyway. Look, you can't be all stiff and nervous. Looks suspicious. The last thing he's thinking about right now is what we're actually here to do.

HADOOP                  Yes, well, what do we do now?

ABRAHMS                 We need to find the data feed to the launch platform. It should run from building 27 over to the pad, with a data closet in building 19.

HADOOP                  How do you know that?

ABRAHMS                 Remember that HVAC vendor?

HADOOP                  Yes?

ABRAHMS                 I found the documentation from the original install. They partnered with JBT Systems for the build out.

HADOOP                  And?

ABRAHMS                 JBT Systems did all the network wiring. I was able to spoof a request to their billing department with a bit of malware to grab root. From there, I crawled their file server

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CONTINUED: (2)  
ABRAHMS (cont'd)

and found the original design documents for the entire facility. People just hate to throw stuff away.

HADOOP                                 There it is.

ABRAHMS                                A building with a big 19 on it. You got good eyes, Doc.

Hadoop pulls the car up to the building and puts it in park. They exit the car and approach the door.

ABRAHMS (cont'd)                    These badges... should... have access.

BEEP

DOOR UNLOCK AND OPEN

ABRAHMS (cont'd)                    Bingo. Come on, let's get inside.

HADOOP                                It's filthy.

ABRAHMS                               You ain't seen nothing. I had to go to New Mexico once to swap out these keying systems. No AC, 120 degrees in the closet, cooling fan clogged with dust... and scorpions everywhere.

HADOOP                                I hear they're a delicacy.

ABRAHMS                               I'll stick to 4-legged animals, thanks. There. That switch should do. Hand me the tap. The satellite got a listener?

HADOOP                                Yes. UDP 1377 . Very lightweight. Will shut down during the launch, though. Why?

ABRAHMS                               Plan C.

HADOOP                                I thought we were going with plan B?

ABRAHMS                               We are, we are. Hang on. Just scanning for it. There. That look like the right header?

HADOOP                                Yes.

(CONTINUED)

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ABRAHMS                    Looks like the coded message has been loaded. Any chance I can delete it?

HADOOP                    No. It's set immutable.

ABRAHMS                    Hmm.

HADOOP                    Sorry. Needed to be protected from radiation. A data fork, perhaps?

ABRAHMS                    Clever. I like it. And now for the whole "blowing this thing up".

DOOR SLAMS OPEN

CONWAY                    I'm afraid you're too late for that.

HADOOP                    Conway!

**SCENE 5:**

Simon enters the Russian Embassy. There's considerable foot traffic as aides rush around preparing for a day at the G-20. Simon approaches a person at a desk.

SIMON                    Excuse me. I have an appointment. Name's Dougherty. Simon Dougherty.

RECEPTIONIST            Who is your appointment with, young man?

SIMON                    I wasn't told. Just that they'd be waiting for me.

The receptionist checks the computer.

RECEPTIONIST            Hmm. Let me just... Oh. My apologies. Please, come with me.

SIMON                    Where are we going?

RECEPTIONIST            President Tatarov would very much like to see you. Please... hold your arms out and spread your legs.

SIMON                    I just went through the metal detector.

RECEPTIONIST            Even so. (pause) Thank you. Times are tense. Cannot be too careful. Now, come along.

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They walk down a hall as the bustle of people fade into the distance. Some workers can be heard off in a side room.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd) Just painters. Ignore them. Here we are. Just a minute please. Wait here.

The receptionist opens the door and enters the room, closing the door behind her. Simon hears a whisper.

MARIUS Simon?

SIMON Yeah. Hang tight, Marius.

The door reopens and the receptionist returns.

RECEPTIONIST Please go inside.

The receptionist walks away, leaving Simon to enter the room. He closes the door behind him.

TATAROV Mr Dougherty. Please sit down.

SIMON No thanks. I don't expect to be here long.

TATAROV Is that so? Interesting. I suppose that depends on what you mean by "here".

SIMON Where's Gretchen?

TATAROV All in good time. They tell me you're a cyborg.

SIMON They tell me you're an alien.

TATAROV (pause)

Do they now. That's an interesting accusation. Rather far-fetched. I'm not sure anyone would believe such nonsense.

SIMON When I killed Kazin I busted his head wide open. What do you think I found?

TATAROV Given the way he bungled his mission? Not much.

SIMON Cut the bullshit. I know what you are. You, Kazin... Conway.

TATAROV Really. Sit.

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SIMON                                 Fuck you.

TATAROV                               Tsk-tsk-tsk. Impetuous. Let me guess. Your neural network is overloading. Can't control your emotions. Keep them in check.

SIMON                                 You should know. It's your technology.

TATAROV                               But poorly implemented. It's a shame, really. All that work. Almost for nothing.

SIMON                                 What do you mean almost?

TATAROV                               You think we couldn't fix you?

SIMON                                 How?

TATAROV                               Please. Sit. I hate to negotiate standing up.

SIMON                                 Fuck you. I'm not here to negotiate anything.

Tatarov presses a button on his desk

BUZZ

TATAROV                               Let her in.

DOOR OPEN

Gretchen walks in.

SIMON                                 Gretch.

GRETCHEN                               Simon! Are you ok?

SIMON                                 Yeah.

TATAROV                               Both of you. Sit.

SIMON                                 I had Marius try to warn you. Jada...

GRETCHEN                               Jada is dead.

SIMON                                 Thank god. Let her go. Conway said it was me you were looking for. Well, you got me. Let her go.

(CONTINUED)

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GRETCHEN                    Simon, wait. Give him a chance to talk.

SIMON                        What? What are you talking about?

GRETCHEN                    Hear him out.

SIMON                        He's a goddamn alien--

TATAROV                     Listen to your girlfriend, Mr Dougherty. There might be some kind of... arrangement we can reach.

SIMON                        What the actual fuck--

GRETCHEN                    Simon. He can fix you... Us.

SIMON                        Us?

GRETCHEN                    Cyborg bodies. Flawless. Ageless. For both of us. He can fix you. And me... I don't want to die Simon.

SIMON                        He's lying. What do you want Tatarov.

TATAROV                     Want? It's what we need. A new home. Our planet is dying. Running out of resources. Too many wars over the remaining few. The end is very close. Your planet, with a few modifications, is perfect.

SIMON                        Modifications.

TATAROV                     A little more heat, a little more acid, a little less sunlight.

SIMON                        I kinda like it the way it was.

TATAROV                     Your body. Designed to withstand the changes. Those who help us will be given new bodies. The rest...

SIMON                        You'll just let them die.

TATAROV                     Your planet is overcrowded. And we need workers, not extra mouths to feed.

SIMON                        So we'll be your slaves.

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TATAROV                   Very well taken care of. And you'll have a certain amount of control over your own affairs.

SIMON                      But slaves.

TATAROV                   I do not like that word.

GRETCHEN                  Simon? Think of it. We'd have peace. Immortality.

TATAROV                   Or close enough.

SIMON                      Are you really buying this stuff?

TATAROV                   Mr Dougherty. In a few days we will signal my people. The second wave is about an Earth year away. They will be here - not hiding underground, but in full force. Those who do not submit will die.

SIMON                      We'll fight you.

TATAROV                   With what? Guns? All your nukes are belong to us - isn't that how it goes? Besides, your side is already losing. Dwindling. Ms Williams, here...

SIMON                      Gretch?

GRETCHEN                  President Tatarov is right, Simon. This is my future. Our future.

Simon rises to strike Gretchen

SIMON                      It wasn't Jada. It was you. You bitch--

GRETCHEN                  Stop!

Gretchen activates the controller in her pocket.

BUZZ

SIMON                      Uhn!

Simon's body suddenly freezes, as Gretchen disables him with her control unit. Gretchen then enters a new code into the unit.

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ABRAHMS                    I can imagine a lot of things, like a bullet going through that green brain of yours.

GUN SHOT

ABRAHMS (cont'd)        My laptop!

CONWAY                    You got anything else you love that I can kill? How do you feel about the good doctor here?

GUN COCK

HADOOP                    Mr Conway, please...

CONWAY                    Well? I do believe things should be done in threes. Don't you?

ABRAHMS                    Don't.

CONWAY                    Why not?

HADOOP                    Please...

CONWAY                    Why shouldn't I? Huh? Or maybe I can just flip his switch? Have him kill himself? Or you?

Conway fiddles with a small device in his off-hand.

CLICK

BEEP

Hadoop makes whimpering sounds as he tries to resist the mind control that has taken him over.

ABRAHMS                    What are you doing?

CONWAY                    The same thing I did to his little Russian friend. I just can't decide if I should have him kill himself or you? I think he's up to the challenge, don't you?

ABRAHMS                    Let him go! You've got no right!

CONWAY                    Oh, I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)





CONTINUED:

TATAROV                   Rather clever, if I do say so myself. What better way to change the environment than a few *controlled* industrial accidents. Policy takes awhile.

GRETCHEN                   How did you--

TATAROV                   Enough questions. You've done your part. Leave us. And give me that controller. I'm not done with Mr Dougherty.

BEEPS

GRETCHEN                   Yeah. Um. Can I... kiss him? Before I go.

TATAROV                   You humans and your silly affections. You realize that's why his neural network is acting up? This urge for affection and to procreate. The mind is willing but the flesh is weak. Or unable in this case. This human impulse for intimacy must be terminated if the cyborg is to survive. Very well. One kiss.

Gretchen approaches Simon's still body and gives him a long kiss.

GRETCHEN                   It's what I do for the mission. Goodbye Simon.

Can you wait until I'm gone before you enable him? I don't want to see that.

TATAROV                   Be gone, then. We'll talk later.

Gretchen walks out of the room, leaving Simon with Tatarov. The door closes behind her as she starts to walk down the hall. Marius appears from a side room.

MARIUS                    Gretchen!

GRETCHEN                   Marius! Take this. Let's get out of here. Quick!

EXPLOSION

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

ABRAHMS                                   I don't know. After seeing what Conway did to you. That thing... She has some questions to answer. That's for sure. Then... We'll see.

**SCENE 9:**

Gretchen and Marius speed away from the Russian Embassy.

MARIUS                                   What happened?

GRETCHEN                                You asked me once if I could do what needed to be done.

MARIUS                                   Simon?

GRETCHEN                                Destroyed.

MARIUS                                   And this chip you gave me?

GRETCHEN                                His final recording. It should have a complete confession by Tatarov. The proof we needed. Let's get it to the media.

MARIUS                                   How did you get this?

GRETCHEN                                It was Simon's idea. He needed to get close enough to get this. So I let him get away in Kansas. I pretended to be a traitor. Tricked Conway into using me as bait to draw Simon in.

MARIUS                                   And Jada?

GRETCHEN                                Dead. She betrayed her team in Pittsburgh. She had gone over. The others, though. Jackson. Bannister. I'm sorry.

MARIUS                                   This mission will be the death of us all. We'll discuss it later. Sacrificing Simon, though...

GRETCHEN                                He was at his limit, Marius. He couldn't contain it anymore. This was the only option.

MARIUS                                   But if we could have found a fix...

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CONTINUED:

GRETCHEN                   The only fix was for Simon to give up his humanity. Tatarov confirmed it. There was nothing left for him.

MARIUS                     Gretchen... I'm sorry. He loved you.

GRETCHEN                   I know. And he could read my mind, there at the end. I was with him. He knows I loved him, too. Now come on. Let's get this to the press.

**SCENE 10:**

Hadoop and Abrahms are driving back to DC.

ABRAHMS                    Are you sure you don't want me to drive? You're still bleeding a little.

HADOOP                     At least I have a license. I'm fine.

ABRAHMS                    Ok. You mind if I turn on some music?

HADOOP                     Sure. That's fine.

Abrahms tunes to various stations trying to find something she likes.

HADOOP (cont'd)            What if they failed? Where will you go?

ABRAHMS                    Guess I'll join the resistance. I figure these aliens use technology I've never tried to hack before. I kinda like a challenge. You?

HADOOP                     I think I'll go spend some time with my son and his family. Then... I don't know. Let me know where you'll be. Maybe I'll be ready to fight.

ABRAHMS                    It's not a crime to not like fighting.

HADOOP                     When it comes to defending the human race?

ABRAHMS                    There are lots of ways to help.

Abrahms stops on a radio station playing a news report.

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NEWSCASTER

...shocking reports out of Washington and now this recording. While the integrity of the recording has not yet been confirmed, it clearly shows Russian President Nikolai Tatarov admitting to a plot to arrange an alien invasion of Earth. Already signs of unrest and violence are springing up across the globe. Rescue crews are still picking through the wreckage at the Russian Embassy following the blast there that occurred only a short time ago. It may be some time before it can be confirmed that President Tatarov was in the building at the time. I'm told we now have a bit of the recording that has been cleared for rebroadcast.

SIMON

My name is Simon Dougherty. I worked for the NSA. I'm also a cyborg. Created by a dedicated group of freedom fighters called KANTO and unfairly branded terrorists, I infiltrated a secret circle of alien beings whose goal was to adapt the Earth for their own conquest. What you are about to hear is the confession of their leader, Nikolai Tatarov. It comes to you at great expense. Many have died to bring this to you. Many have sacrificed, though none so much as the woman I love. Together, we did what we had to. The rest is in your hands, people of Earth. To root out and destroy those who would enslave us, and to prepare for the arrival of a second--

The reception is lost.

HADOOP

So Simon succeeded.

ABRAHMS

Sounds like it.

HADOOP

Only we failed. The invasion...

ABRAHMS

Maybe. Maybe not. Plan C, my good doctor. Just another fork in the

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(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)  
ABRAHMS (cont'd)

road. Now let's get a move on.  
Washington awaits.

**SCENE 11:**

A satellite, recently deployed into orbit, extends its solar panels, powering up a deep space transmitter. Within a few seconds it begins beaming out a message encoded as Mozart's Eine Kleine Nacht-Musik. Only a few seconds in, however, the feed is interrupted and a new song begins playing.