

Crosswired
Episode 4

Written by
Steven Cardinal

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Final

steve@straighttalkwithsteve.net

Crosswired - Episode 4

INTRO:

Simon speaks to the listener

SIMON

As a kid, whenever I was in trouble my dad would tell me I was "up to my eyeballs in it." I think he'd agree I was in over my head now.

I don't know who's following me, but they're better at this game than I am. I need to get better if I'm going to survive.

I know what you're thinking. What if I have some kind of homing beacon inside me? It bears investigation, but right now? There are just too many blanks that need to be filled in.

SCENE 1:

A news report plays on a television.

ANCHOR

Coming up next, look who's joining the Red Sox. But first, a report out of Washington this afternoon establishes a link between a recent murder and the Bay State.

Dr Clement Garvin, whose body was discovered recently in an abandoned apartment just outside of DC, was identified as having been a Somerville resident for a number of years, as he worked at MIT as recently as 2 years ago. University officials aren't saying in what capacity he worked with the organization and efforts to identify anyone known to have worked with him have so far been unsuccessful. Capital officials have not released any information about the owner of the apartment where Dr Garvin's body was found. We'll have more on this story as it develops.

SCENE 2:

Outside the home of Dr Natalia Warkovsky.

GRETCHEN (whispering)
 You don't think she'll freak out
 having people at her back door?

HADOOP Natalia is the last person to freak
 out over anything.

SIMON She's probably the least emotional
 person I've ever met.

GRETCHEN Maybe she's an android.

SIMON Ha-ha.

HADOOP That would explain a lot. (pause) I'm
 joking. She's as human as you and me.
 Stay out of the porch light while I
 check on things.

Dr Hadoop walks up the stairs to Dr Warkovsky's back porch.

WALKING UP STAIRS**KNOCKING****DOOR OPENS**

WARKOVSKY Alex? What brings you by?

HADOOP Evening, Natalia. Anyone else home
 tonight?

WARKOVSKY Just me and C-SPAN.

HADOOP I have company with me. Can we come
 in? We won't be long.

WARKOVSKY Is that who's in my privet? Better
 bring them in before they break
 something.

HADOOP (loud whisper)
 Gretchen. Simon.

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WARKOVSKY (pause)
Simon Dougherty?

SIMON Good evening, Dr Warkovsky.

WARKOVSKY Don't just stand there. Get inside.
I'll turn out the porch light.

FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRS

DOOR CLOSE

LIGHT SWITCH OFF

WALKING IN HOUSE

They walk into the parlor and take seats.

WARKOVSKY (cont'd) I suppose I should offer you tea or something?

SIMON We're fine. Really.

GRETCHEN This is a nice place. You afford this on a professor's salary?

WARKOVSKY Why don't you tell me what this is about.

HADOOP (clears throat)
Simon, here, has a bit of a problem.
You see--

WARKOVSKY Then let's have Simon do the talking.

SIMON Yes, ma'am. It's probably easier if I just show you.

Simon rolls up his sleeve to show her the wires. She begins inspecting his arm.

WARKOVSKY Those are silver, aren't they?

SIMON Uh, I don't know.

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WARKOVSKY A distributed system. Is it a parallel tree? How does it handle latency issues?

SIMON Ma'am, I don't know that either.

WARKOVSKY The brain, it is organic?

SIMON Yes, it's my brain--

WARKOVSKY So you've seen it?

SIMON Wha... No. I haven't seen it. I mean, I was told I was a cyborg, so that means--

WARKOVSKY And the people who told you this, you trust them?

SIMON I... I dunno. I guess not, now you mention it. I mean, why would they--

WARKOVSKY Very well, then. It makes sense.

GRETCHEN Wait a minute. What makes sense? Nothing about this makes sense. Have you seen someone like him before?

SIMON Gretch...

WARKOVSKY A cyborg? Of course not. No one has.

GRETCHEN But--

WARKOVSKY I should say, no one I know has.

GRETCHEN So, where did he come from?

WARKOVSKY You'll have to tell me that.

SIMON Dr Warkovsky, someone, or multiple someones, are trying to kill me. I need to know why. I haven't always been what you see right now. I have memories of being a human.

GRETCHEN We think someone made him a cyborg a couple years ago.

SIMON And I need to know why.

WARKOVSKY Why? That's more of a philosophical question. I deal with facts.

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SIMON But that's ridiculous. It sounds like a conspiracy theory.

WARKOVSKY How would I know? Right now, as much as I hate to admit it, it's the only explanation I have. We don't have this technology. We're light years away from having it.

HADOOP And if the technology is light years away, that suggests extra-terrestrial.

WARKOVSKY Unless you believe in time travel.

GRETCHEN You're joking.

WARKOVSKY Listen, young lady. I believe in neither aliens nor time travel. I also don't joke.

GRETCHEN No kidding.

WARKOVSKY You've presented a problem whose only solution requires we accept the possibility that I'm wrong.

GRETCHEN What are the chances...

WARKOVSKY Normally I'd say pretty low. In this case, though? I'm going to need to seriously reconsider my belief system.

GRETCHEN So you're saying my boy Simon, here, is alien technology, built by a government agency, and set loose for... What?

SIMON Whatever it is, there are now people seeking to destroy me.

WARKOVSKY Perhaps they worry about you falling into the wrong hands?

HADOOP Or the right ones.

SIMON What do you mean?

HADOOP Your nature was sensitive enough they didn't even trust you to know about it. Seems to me that would limit your capabilities. Given your placement in

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HADOOP (cont'd)

the Agency, if this were our own country's doing, one would think they'd want you working at your highest functional level.

SIMON So you think I'm a plant by some external organization?

HADOOP It deserves consideration.

GRETCHEN Then why do you think they're the bad guys? I mean, the NSA doesn't actually have the greatest reputation right now.

HADOOP Simon? What do you think?

SIMON (thinks)

I get where you're coming from, Gretch, but I can honestly say the team I was working with... well, my conscience is clear. Our entire focus has been on external threats. We had oversight. We had accountability.

GRETCHEN I believe you. I do. So, now what?

WARKOVSKY You said you thought you became a cyborg about 2 years ago?

SIMON Yes. I'm told I was in a car accident.

WARKOVSKY But you don't remember being in one.

SIMON No.

GRETCHEN He called me from the hospital. Then I didn't see him for a few days. After that, he avoided any talk about it. And that was it.

WARKOVSKY You aren't the inquisitive type, are you?

GRETCHEN Lady, you're starting to--

SIMON So if they took my brain and put it into this body...

WARKOVSKY Perhaps there's still someone from that team who knows something. You

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WARKOVSKY (cont'd)

must have had someone working to reintegrate your false memories with the true ones. Dig. Analyze. Somewhere in you is a face, a voice, maybe even a name.

KNOCK ON FRONT DOOR

HADOOP

Shit. What's that?

WARKOVSKY

Probably my neighbor. She complains when I turn off my back porch light. Says it encourages burglars.

GRETCHEN

Simon?

SIMON

Nothing. I'm getting nothing.

WARKOVSKY

Stay here. Remain quiet.

Dr Warkovsky rises, leaves the room and goes to the front of the house and answers the door.

WARKOVSKY (cont'd)

(distant)

Yes, can I--

SOUND OF A BODY FALLING

SIMON

We gotta go.

HADOOP

Out the back!

RUNNING

DOOR OPENS

KAZIN

Going somewhere, Simon?

SCENE 3:

Simon speaks to the listener.

SIMON

Just like that we were captured. No shots fired. No fights. No arguments. Hauled off separately to a chain of black vans idling on a dark road beneath a starless sky. I can't

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SIMON (cont'd)

explain why my warning system failed. The man who met us at the door, my boss, Mr Kazin, was as vacant as a jail cell.

As we were taken out to the cars, though, I could get vague impressions from some of the others - all men under orders with distinct tasks to do. No chaos. No emotion. Just the cool calm of professionals who have done this kind of thing before.

We drove for hours. They were taking me back to DC.