

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

INT. TECH CONVENTION AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A cavernous, dark arena. A sea of THREE THOUSAND AUDIENCE MEMBERS sit in hushed anticipation.

Suddenly, a blinding beam of stadium lighting cuts through the dark, illuminating the center of the stage.

TARJA WAYWARD (30s) steps into the light. A beautiful, magnetic, sexy, sharply dressed professional.

She holds a sleek device wrapped in a dark velvet cloth.

TARJA

Twenty years ago, you bought a cellular phone to make calls. You bought a camera to take photos. You bought a computer to surf the web.

Behind her, a massive projection screen wall flickers to life. Images of clunky 2000s electronics fade in and out.

TARJA

Then came the integration era. The giants merged. Corporations swallowed up the competition under the guise of convenience. And what did we get?

She pulls the velvet cloth away, revealing the pristine, unblemished PROTOTYPE SMARTPHONE.

The crowd collective gasps.

TARJA

We got digital cages. Today, you don't just buy a device. You buy into an inescapable monopolized ecosystem. You can't just have basic cable; you are forced to pay for a dozen competing streaming apps just to watch a single ballgame. Consolidation doesn't create choice. It nickel-and-dimes the little man to death.

The crowd erupts into applause.

INT. BACKSTAGE / GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Behind a heavy curtain, away from the stage lights, VICTOR (40s) watches Tarja on a monitor. His jaw is tightly clenched.

GLEN (50s), sitting on a leather sofa in the shadows, swivels a glass of scotch.

He stares at the monitor with a cold, predatory gaze.

GLEN

She's a populist poet, Victor. But poetry doesn't pay dividends.

VICTOR

She's tanking our merger valuations with every word. The board is getting skittish.

GLEN

Then stop letting her talk. If she won't let us buy our way into the market, we find another way in.

On the monitor, Tarja lifts the prototype phone high into the air. The crowd roars.

TARJA

(over monitor)

This phone belongs to you. No hidden ecosystems. No forced corporate monopolies. True user freedom.

Victor turns away from the monitor, staring into the darkness of the backstage corridor. His face hardens.

VICTOR

The launch is in seventy-two hours. I'll make sure she never gives another speech.

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

A long, polished mahogany table sits under harsh fluorescent lights. ELEVEN BOARD MEMBERS sit in tense silence.

At the head of the table, Tarja stands before a projection screen displaying a massive slide: "MERGER PROPOSAL: VANGUARD RIVAL CORP."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Victor sits to her immediate right, leaning back, tapping a montblanc pen against his chin.

TARJA

...which brings us to the final valuation. Vanguard Rival Corp isn't offering a partnership. They are offering an execution. If we merge, we surrender our open-source hardware and lock our users into their proprietary network.

Tarja hits a clicker. The screen goes dark.

TARJA

I am exercising my founder's veto. The merger proposal is officially dead.

A murmur ripples through the members.

Victor slams his pen down flat on the table. The noise cuts through the room.

VICTOR

You're letting sentimentality blind you to reality, Tarja. This isn't a garage startup anymore. In the smartphone era, the 'little man' doesn't want choice -- he wants a monolithic ecosystem that tells him what to think.

TARJA

The 'little man' is tired of being nickel-and-dimed by corporate conglomerates, Victor.

VICTOR

(standing,
aggressive)

We don't just need this merger to scale; we need it to rule the market! If we don't swallow our rival and corner the supply chain, they will starve us out of every factory in Asia. You want to save the consumer? You can't save anyone if our factory floors go dark next quarter!

Tarja doesn't flinch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She leans forward, placing both hands flat on the mahogany table, staring directly into his eyes.

TARJA

You can threaten me all you want, Victor, but as long as my name is on the building, we do not sell out. We built a highly advanced smartphone, not a digital cage.

She turns her gaze to the rest of the board members.

TARJA

The veto stands. This meeting is adjourned.

The board members begin packing their laptops in silence.

Tarja picks up her prototype phone from the table and walks toward the double doors without looking back.

Victor watches her leave. His breathing is heavy, his eyes narrowed into slits.

A BOARD MEMBER walks past Victor, whispering under his breath.

BOARD MEMBER

What do we do now, Victor? She's a wall.

Victor reaches into his pocket, his fingers brushing against his own smartphone.

VICTOR

You don't go around a wall. You tear it down.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Glen stands by the window, swirling a glass of scotch. Victor paces the room, looking anxious but deeply determined.

GLEN

We are running out of time, Victor. The shareholders are getting skittish. Tarja's speech about 'protecting the consumer' is tanking our projection models. How do you plan on handling her?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

Tarja thinks she's running a democracy, not a business. She thinks a smartphone is just a tool. She doesn't understand that it's a digital cage. Once we control the ecosystem, people forget they ever had a choice. I'm handling it tonight.

GLEN

(narrowing his eyes)

I'm not signing a merger contract with a company stuck in a public proxy war. I want her out of the way, permanently. But I don't partner with liabilities.

VICTOR

(smiles coldly)

It's already done. I wrote a firmware override and masked the signature. I'm pushing a silent update to her personal device tonight. The lithium battery will suffer a *thermal runaway* and detonate.

Glen stops swirling his drink. He looks at Victor with newfound respect.

GLEN

An exploding phone? Can it be traced?

VICTOR

It's a zero-day exploit routed through an anonymous server in Belarus. To the FBI, it's going to look like a tragic hardware failure. Clean hands all around, Glen.

GLEN

Brilliant. You use her own tech to phase her out. Just make sure there are no loose ends.

VICTOR

The beauty of my code is that it leaves an open back door for me to monitor the mainframe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Once she's gone, I take the reins,
we open the back door to your
infrastructure, and we merge.

Glen raises his glass to Victor.

GLEN
To corporate restructuring.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

The suite is pitch black except for the glowing blue interface of a laptop on the desk.

VICTOR sits in front of it, his face washed in artificial light.

On the screen, an advanced network scanner tool maps out an active Wi-Fi ecosystem labeled:

"TARJA_SMART_HOME_SECURE".

Victor copies the IP routing address he obtained from the corporate mainframe and opens an exploit terminal.

VICTOR
(to himself)
Let's see your encryption handle a
zero-day patch, Tarja.

He inputs a specific command string:

"BYPASS_SECURITY_AUTH = TRUE".

He hits ENTER. The screen flashes a green confirmation checkmark:

"ACCESS GRANTED. ACCESSING PERIPHERAL DEVICES..."

A graphical blueprint of Tarja's modern house populates the monitor, showing interactive icons for the doors, lights, and HVAC systems.

Victor moves his cursor with chilling precision.

He clicks on the master bedroom icon and selects the motorized door lock.

He types a command line: "LOCK_STATE = FORCED_ON".

On screen, the bedroom door icon turns a solid, bleeding red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Next, he clicks on the HVAC system.

He toggles the ventilation path, typing: "DAMPER_VALVES = CLOSED".

Finally, he scrolls down to the smart fireplace module.

He opens the automation scheduler and sets a manual override command:

"IGNITION = FORCE_ON (MAX FLOW)".

A secondary pop-up alert appears on his dashboard:

"WARNING: FIRE SUPPRESSION AND ALARM SYSTEMS REMAIN ACTIVE. PROCEED WITH SILENT BYPASS?"

Victor taps a series of keystrokes, dragging a file named "ALARM_MUTE.BIN" into the home's safety directory.

The screen updates: "ALL EMERGENCY ALARMS SET TO BYPASS MODE."

Victor leans back in his chair, a cold, satisfied smirk spreading across his face.

He reaches out and picks up his personal smartphone, opening an encrypted text thread to Tarja.

He types out: "Check your email. We need to talk."

He pauses for a beat, staring at the message. Then, he presses SEND.

On his laptop screen, the status log begins to scroll in real time:

"COMMANDS EN ROUTE... VENTILATION CLOSED... GAS ENGAGED... DOORS LOCKED..."

He lifts his glass of amber liquor, giving it a swirl.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
Goodnight, Tarja. Clean hands all
around.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TARJA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The house is dead quiet, cast in deep shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the wall, the master smart-home thermostat screen suddenly glows to life.

Lines of code scroll rapidly down the tiny display.

A digital notification pops up on the wall screen:

"HVAC COMPONENT OVERRIDE: SYSTEM SILENCED."

Behind the drywall, the mechanical drone of the ventilation system abruptly cuts out.

The vent dampers snap shut with a heavy, muffled CLANK.

Across the room, the modern, glass-enclosed gas fireplace clicks. A tiny blue pilot light sparks.

WHOOSH!

A wall of bright yellow and blue flames ignites behind the glass.

The digital flow valve adjusts itself automatically, pumping gas at maximum capacity.

Without the ventilation system drawing air outward, a silent, invisible cloud of carbon monoxide begins to seep out of the unit's seams, creeping across the floorboards.

INT. TARJA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is cast in deep, heavy shadows.

The only light comes from the faint blue moonbeams filtering through the glass balcony doors.

TARJA stirs beneath the silky sheets.

She clears her throat, a dry, rasping sound.

She rolls over, slipping deeper into a chemically induced, carbon monoxide lethargy.

The air in the room is thick. Invisible.

ON THE NIGHTSTAND: Her smartphone sits on its wireless charging pad, its screen dead.

ON HER WRIST: A sleek titanium fitness watch suddenly wakes up. The screen glows an ominous, flashing amber.

The display reads: "CRITICAL ALERT: SPO2 DROPPING (84%)."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The watch's internal motor engages, VIBRATING violently against her wrist bone.

A sharp, rhythmic pulsing tone chimes through the silence.

Tarja's eyelids flutter. She groans, disoriented.

TARJA
(mutters with sleep)
Turn off... alarm...

She tries to lift her arm, but her muscles feel heavy, like lead.

The pulsing vibration on her wrist grows faster, more aggressive.

The watch flashes: "SPO2: 79%. IMMEDIATE CARDIOVASCULAR RISK."

Tarja's eyes snap wide open. She takes a deep breath, but the air burns her lungs.

She hacks violently, a choking rattle.

Tarja throws off the blanket and rolls out of bed, collapsing heavily onto the hardwood floor.

Down here, closer to the ground, the air is slightly clearer.

TARJA
(gasping, raspy)
System... override. Open doors.

No response. The smart-home speakers remain dead.

Tarja stumbles to her feet, swaying dizzily.

She lunges for the bedroom door and slams her hand against the electronic wall panel.

The screen blinks back at her in a solid, bleeding red:

"SYSTEM LOCKOUT. MASTER ADMIN ENCRYPTION REQUIRED."

She twists the metal door handle. It doesn't budge.

She is sealed inside.

Another coughing fit hits her, dropping her to her knees.

Her vision starts to blur, tunneling into darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks across the room at the glass balcony doors.

With a final, desperate surge of adrenaline --

Tarja staggers across the room, grabs a heavy, solid bronze sculpture from her dresser and --

-- hurls herself forward, swinging the metal base--

SHATTER!

The thick tempered glass explodes outward into the night.

Cold, crisp, oxygen-rich winter air rushes into the room.

Tarja collapses over the threshold onto the concrete balcony. She draws huge, frantic, weeping gulps of clean air into her lungs.

Her fingers clutch the railing as she looks back into the dark, lethal trap of her own home.

Her gasps for air slowly turn into a cold, terrifying silence.

INT. TARJA'S SECURE HOME LAB - NIGHT

Tarja sits at her curved triple-monitor setup. Her breathing is steady now, but her throat is raw.

She takes a sip from a glass of ice water, her hand trembling slightly.

On the workbench beside her, her titanium fitness watch is tethered to a diagnostic deck via a data cable.

ON THE MONITORS: A localized server log displays a chronological timeline of her home network's commands from an hour ago.

Tarja scrolls through the timestamped data. Reading off the screen -

TARJA

AM... HVAC Dampers closed. AM...
Gas valve override. AM... Fire
sensors bypassed.

She taps the keyboard, tracing the digital handshake back to its origin.

A terminal window processes the IP routing path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The progress wheel spins, then stops on an internal network address:

"SOURCE IP: 192.168.1.102 (PORT 443) ->
SUITE_301_LUXURY_HOTEL."

Elena's eyes narrow into slits of pure ice.

TARJA (CONT'D)

Victor.

She pulls up a secondary corporate ledger on her screen. It confirms the credit card on file for Suite 301 belongs to Victor Vance.

Tarja untethers her smart-watch and straps it back onto her wrist. The green biometric sensor pulses against her skin.

TARJA (CONT'D)

You wanted a monolithic ecosystem,
Victor.

Let's see how you like being locked inside one.

INT. TARJA'S SECURE HOME LAB - NIGHT

Tarja switches monitors, pulling up a database labeled:

"EXECUTIVE FLEET MANAGEMENT - ACTIVE VEHICLES."

Her fingers fly across the keyboard with precise, aggressive strokes.

She scrolls down the list of executive corporate vehicles, skipping past her own name, and highlights:
"USER: VICTOR VANCE (COO)."

VEHICLE VIN: 47FX992L."

TARJA

Smart home to smart car. Same
operating system. Same back doors.

She copies the exact malicious script Victor used to hijack her house vents, opens a compiler tool, and flips the parameters.

Instead of CLOSING HVAC VENTS, she programs it to LOCK BRAKES. Instead of OPENING GAS VALVES, she programs it to OPEN THROTTLE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hits ENTER. A green confirmation flashes: "PAYLOAD COMPILED:

EXPLOIT_REVERSED.BIN."

Tarja opens a terminal window and types out a command line:

"DEPLOY OVER-THE-AIR FIRMWARE PATCH -> VIN_47FX992L."

Beside her, a secondary tablet chimes.

A real-time GPS map pops up, showing a blinking blue dot moving out of a hotel parking lot.

Label: "VICTOR'S SEDAN - EN ROUTE."

Tarja hovers her mouse over the glowing blue button on her screen:

"EXECUTE OVER-THE-AIR FIRMWARE PATCH."

She clicks it.

Screen flashes: "UPDATE INJECTED. SYSTEM REBOOTING IN 60 SECONDS..."

Tarja picks up a high-end microphone headset, plugs it into the console, and switches on the sedan's internal cabin audio feed.

Through her lab speakers, the faint, muffled sound of jazz music plays from inside Victor's car.

Tarja pulls the microphone close to her mouth.

TARJA (CONT'D)

Let's see how you handle the update.

INT. VICTOR'S LUXURY SEDAN - NIGHT

Victor speeds down a dark, winding canyon road. He taps his fingers on the steering wheel to the jazz music.

Suddenly, the music CUTS OUT completely.

The dashboard infotainment screen flashes with static, then displays a single, massive app icon: THE PROTOTYPE OS.

A digital chime startles him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGITAL VOICE (V.O.)
Bluetooth Override Connected.
User: CEO.

Victor frowns, aggressively hitting the screen's power button. Nothing happens.

He twists the volume knob. It spins uselessly.

From the speakers, Tarja's voice crackles through. It is crisp, sharp, and chillingly calm.

TARJA (V.O.)
You always did rely too much on your smart home, Victor. Did you really think closing my vents and locking my doors would be enough to phase me out?

Victor's blood runs cold. His eyes widen in sheer terror.

VICTOR
Tarja?! No... you're dead.

He slams his foot down on the brakes. The brake pedal is rock hard. LOCKED.

The car's engine ROARS as the digital speedometer starts climbing rapidly. 55... 65... 75...

VICTOR
What the hell? No!

He tries to jerk it to the right to pull over. The wheel violently resists him, locking perfectly straight.

TARJA (V.O.)
You told the Rival CEO that the beauty of a monopoly is that people forget they have a choice. Well, right now, you don't have a choice.

Victor hits the dashboard screen wildly with his fist.

TARJA (V.O.)
Your hotel Wi-Fi left a clean trail straight back to your corporate account. And since your luxury sedan is tied directly to our network fleet management. I just pushed your little zero-day exploit right back into your dashboard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Frantic, Victor claws at the door handle. It clicks, held tightly in place by the car's computer lock.

Ahead, the headlights illuminate a sharp, hairpin turn over a massive cliff drop-off.

The car accelerates toward the guardrail. 85... 95...

VICTOR

(screaming)

Wait! Stop! Please! I'll call off the merger!

TARJA (V.O.)

Your coding skills are lazy, Victor. Next time, check for a fitness watch biometric override. Oh, wait... there won't be a next time. I'm pushing a permanent update.

The sedan smashes clean through the metal guardrail.

The headlights cut through air as the sedan plummets into the black void.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Flashing red and blue lights cut through the dense fog. A dozen emergency vehicles line the sharp hairpin turn.

The metal guardrail is twisted and ripped open, pointing down into the black abyss of the canyon below.

DETECTIVE MILLER (40s), sharp, stands at the edge of the cliff, looking down.

A flashlight beam cuts through the darkness, illuminating the smoking, crushed wreckage of Victor's sedan below.

DEPUTY HINES (20s) walks up, holding a rugged digital tablet.

HINES

Sir. Search and rescue confirmed it. The driver didn't survive the impact. ID confirms it's Victor Vance. COO of the tech firm.

MILLER

Any skid marks on the asphalt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HINES

None. Total stopping distance was zero. According to the black box data we pulled from the cloud mirror, he was doing ninety-five miles an hour when he hit the rail.

MILLER

Suicide? Or just a drunk tech exec?

HINES

Neither. The vehicle diagnostics are screaming. The internal computer registered a massive system error sixty seconds before the crash. Throttle jammed wide open, and the electronic braking module completely locked up.

Miller turns around, his eyes narrowing under the flashing lights.

MILLER

A software glitch killed him?

HINES

Looks like a catastrophic firmware error. The car basically turned into a brick on wheels. It's a PR nightmare for the manufacturer, but as far as criminal intent goes... there's no footprint.

Miller walks over to the guardrail, shining his light on the shattered metal. He looks unsatisfied.

MILLER

In my experience, Hines, when a high-profile executive dies from a convenient 'glitch' right before a multi-billion dollar merger... someone, somewhere, pressed a button.

Miller turns back toward his cruiser.

MILLER

Get the tech forensics team on his personal devices. Let's find out who had the back door keys to his car.

INT. TARJA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tarja sits behind the desk, typing calmly on a laptop.

Miller sits across from her, his trench coat open, a notebook resting on his knee. He watches her intently.

MILLER

I appreciate you taking the time, Ms. Vance. I know the company is still reeling from Mr. Vance's... accident.

TARJA

It's a tragedy, Detective. Victor was a brilliant corporate mind. The entire board is devastated.

Miller flips open his notebook.

MILLER

Right. Devastated. It's just a funny thing about the car he was driving. Our tech forensics team analyzed the crash data. The vehicle's mainframe was hit with a highly sophisticated firmware override. The command came from an external source.

TARJA

(grave, nodding)

Yes, our engineering department reviewed the preliminary reports you sent over. It looks like a horrific vulnerability in the vehicle's over-the-air fleet management software.

MILLER

Our boys traced the exploit signature to an anonymous server network based out of Belarus. Mean anything to you?

TARJA

Unfortunately, it means a great deal. Two nights ago, the automated systems in my private residence suffered a catastrophic security breach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns her laptop screen around to face Miller. It displays a highly detailed medical graph with a plunging timeline.

TARJA

Someone used that exact same Belarusian server network to override my smart-home admin controls. They locked my bedroom doors, shut my ventilation dampers, and forced my gas fireplace into high flow. They tried to suffocate me in my sleep with carbon monoxide.

Miller leans in, staring at the screen. He scribbles a note, trying to regain his footing.

MILLER

Jesus. How are you sitting here talking to me?

Tarja raises her left wrist, tapping the sleek titanium fitness watch strapped over her cuff.

TARJA

My wearable biometric ecosystem. The watch is on an independent cellular network. When my blood oxygen dropped to dangerous levels, its emergency haptic alarm woke me up. I broke a balcony window to survive.

MILLER

So... someone tried to kill you first. And then they went after Victor?

TARJA

Or they were targeting our company's executive leadership to force a hostile merger. Victor must have logged into our secure server from his hotel suite that same night, unknowingly bridging the Belarusian malware from his personal devices straight into his vehicle's automated steering fleet management. It's a devastating loss.

Miller closes his notebook slowly. He looks around the clean office, then traps her eyes with his own.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MILLER

You have an answer for everything,
Ms. Vance. Almost like you mapped
it out yourself.

Tarja offers a faint, entirely professional smile. She
closes her laptop lid with a soft click.

TARJA

In technology, Detective, you
survive by anticipating every
single variable. If we don't
secure our endpoints, someone else
will open a back door.

Miller stands up, adjusting his coat. He knows he's
beaten.

MILLER

We'll keep you updated on the
investigation. Watch your back
doors, ma'am.

TARJA

Always do, Detective. Have a safe
drive.

Tarja watches him exit the double doors.

The moment they close, the grief vanishes from her face,
leaving behind the cold, unshakeable gaze of a victor.

INT. RIVAL CEO'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

A wall of twelve high-definition television monitors
flashes with market data. Glen stands near the glass
window wall, swirling a cup of black coffee. He looks
relaxed, victorious.

On the central monitor, a breaking news banner cuts
across the screen:

"FATAL CANYON CRASH: TECH EXEC VICTOR VANCE DEAD AT 45."

Glen smiles to himself, taking a slow sip. He picks up a
remote to change the channel to a local news broadcast.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

...following updates on a
developing story out of the
Hollywood Hills.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Emergency crews responded late last night to a reported smart-home automation failure and carbon monoxide leak at the residence of independent tech mogul Tarja Vance...

Glen leans in closer to the screen. His smile begins to fade.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...initial reports indicated a fatal outcome, but we have just received live footage from the scene.

The broadcast cuts to a live helicopter feed.

The camera zooms in on a modern estate. The upper bedroom balcony glass is shattered.

Standing on the driveway below, wrapped in a gray emergency blanket, is TARJA. She is talking calmly to a paramedic, completely alive.

Glen's hand begins to tremble.

The ceramic coffee cup slips from his fingers, smashing against the marble floor. Dark liquid splashes across his expensive leather shoes.

He stares at the monitor, his face draining of all color.

GLEN

(whispering,
terrified)

No. No, no, no... Victor, you idiot. What did you do?

The office telephone lines suddenly light up. Four lines flash red simultaneously.

Glen doesn't answer. He just stares at Tarja's live face on the screen, frozen in sheer panic.

INT. RIVAL CEO'S PENTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT (LATER)

The office is dead quiet except for the low hum of the city lights outside.

Glen stands behind his monolithic marble desk, pouring a celebration glass of scotch -- not to celebrate, but to stop his hands from shaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, the heavy glass double doors click open.

Glen doesn't look up, expecting his frantic assistant.

GLEN

I told you, no calls until the
crisis team is assembled.

TARJA (O.S.)

Cancel the crisis team, Glen.

Glen freezes. The bottle hovers inches above his glass.
He slowly turns around.

Eelena stands in the doorway. She looks immaculate in a
sharp black blazer, her expression as unshakeable as
stone.

She glances casually down at her titanium fitness watch,
then locks her eyes onto Glen.

Glen looks like he's seen a ghost. His charismatic
corporate mask is completely gone.

GLEN

Tarja. I... we heard there was an
accident. A devastating technical
malfunction at your residence.

TARJA

A system override. Someone tried
to shut down my ventilation, turn
on my gas fireplace, and trap me
in my own bedroom. They wanted an
odorless, untraceable corporate
execution.

Glen tries to recover, setting the scotch down with a
heavy thud.

TARJA

But they forgot about my wearable
bio-feedback ecosystem. My fitness
watch registered my dropping
oxygen levels and woke me up. I
isolated the threat. And I removed
it from the network.

GLEN

(swallowing hard)
Where is Victor? He was supposed
to meet me hours ago.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tarja walks slowly toward his desk, tracking him like a predator.

TARJA

Victor had a software glitch on the canyon road. Complete system failure. I used the exact same script he used on my house -- except I flipped the parameters. The car locked its brakes, pinned the throttle, and took him over a cliff at ninety-five miles an hour. The police are calling it a tragic automation accident. Clean hands all around.

Glen's face drains of color. He steps backward, hitting the glass window wall behind his desk.

TARJA

You see, Victor thought a smartphone was just a digital cage to squeeze the little man. He thought if you control the ecosystem, people forget they have a choice. But he left a trail straight back to his hotel Wi-Fi logging into my home network.

Tarja stops right across the desk from him.

She reaches into her pocket. Glen flinches, covering his face.

Tarja pulls out a brand new, unblemished prototype smartphone.

She places it flat on his marble desk. It slides forward, resting right next to his glass of scotch.

TARJA

The merger is dead, Glen. If your company ever comes near my board, my supply chain, or my hardware again... I'll push an over-the-air update to your entire life.

Tarja turns on her heel and walks toward the exit.

TARJA

Keep the phone. It's a gift.

She exits through the glass double doors, clicking them shut behind her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Glen stands frozen. He looks down at the pristine smartphone. His breathing slows.

He tries to straighten his suit jacket, forcing his confident corporate bravado back on.

Muttering to himself...

GLEN

Bluffing. She's just trying to scare me.

He picks up the smartphone to inspect it.

The moment his fingers touch the aluminum frame, he flinches. It is burning hot.

The screen instantly wakes up, bypassing the lock screen.

A single, massive text notification from TARJA pops up on the display:

"Check your email. We need to talk."

Glen's eyes widen in sudden, absolute terror.

GLEN

No. No, no, no--

A faint, sharp HISS emits from the speaker grill. A thin wisp of acrid, chemical-smelling white smoke curls out of the charging port.

The phone's frame begins to warp.

The lithium battery inside visibly bloats, expanding and cracking the glass backplate right against his palm.

The low hiss turns into a terrifying, high-pitched SCREECH -- like a boiling tea kettle.

Glen frantically tries to drop the phone, but it's too late.

BOOM!

The phone detonates like a flashbang grenade right in front of his face.

Shrapnel, shattered glass, and a sharp fireball blast across the desk, blowing out the floor-to-ceiling penthouse windows behind him.

INT. PENTHOUSE ELEVATOR LOBBY - NIGHT

The muffled sound of the EXPLOSION echoes through the heavy glass doors behind her, followed by the distant, sharp ringing of office fire alarms.

Tarja walks at a slow, elegant pace. She doesn't flinch. She doesn't even look back.

She stops in front of the elevator doors and presses the down button.

She raises her own smartphone, taps the screen once to close out the remote firmware deployment app, and slides it smoothly into her blazer pocket.

The elevator doors slide open with a soft chime.

Tarja steps inside, turns around, and faces the hallway with a calm, unshakeable expression as the doors close.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW 7 - NIGHT

The soft gold lamplight casts long, dramatic shadows across a secluded, mid-century sanctuary of plush pinks, warm golds, and heavy tropical shadows.

Raya, sharp-suited and hyper-focused, stands by a curated bookshelf, flipping through a vintage biography.

A heavy knock at the front door. Three precise beats.

Raya doesn't flinch. She sets the book down, walks over, and unlatches the deadbolt.

A striking WOMAN, BUNNY BAXTER, 40s-- CEO of Vanquard Rival Corp, steps inside. she looks like a harmless librarian; the bun, tailored blouse and skirt, glasses on a cord, but her eyes are cold.

Raya peeks through the blinds of the window.

RAYA

Are we sure nobody saw us come down the garden path?

BUNNY

Relax. This is Bungalow 7. Marilyn Monroe used to sneak her lovers in and out of here for years. If the paparazzi couldn't crack this place, your guys won't either.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is an unmistakable sexual chemistry between them.

Discarded heels on plush cream carpet...

MOMENTS LATER...

Raya stands by the French doors, looking out into the pitch-black garden patio. Total privacy.

Across the room, Bunny sits on a curved sofa, the laptop on her knees displays multi-billion dollar spreadsheets.

RAYA

The merger can't happen right away, Bunny. A hostile takeover means my board is bleeding. I need to stabilize my side first.

BUNNY

As long as it happens before November. If Fortenberry wins the election, the Democrats take the House and Senate. If that happens—

RAYA

(turns, sharp)
I know the math.

Raya steps away from the glass, walking past an oversized black-and-white portrait of Marilyn Monroe.

RAYA

We won't have the votes on the Hill to block the new tech antitrust bill.

BUNNY

It's worse than that. If they get the majority, they're going to triple the FTC's budget and hand them a mandate to break up Silicon Valley. They will tie us up in federal court until our stock tanks.

Raya stops at a wet bar in the corner, as she fixes herself a stiff drink.

RAYA

I just knifed my CEO in the back to hand you this company. I didn't do it to let a congressional subcommittee dismantle us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUNNY

Then don't give them the chance.
File the pre-merger notification
with the DOJ by Friday.

Raya sets the glass down on the marble counter with a sharp clink.

RAYA

Are you serious? If I move too
fast, it raises red flags.

Bunny takes off her glasses, folding them with deliberate precision. The grandmotherly illusion evaporates. Her eyes are steel.

BUNNY

Raya, you just pulled off a
hostile takeover. People expect
aggressive moves.

RAYA

They expect aggressive moves from
a new CEO, not a murder suspect.

The silence in the bungalow suddenly feels suffocating. Bunny doesn't even blink. Raya paces, her composure fracturing.

RAYA

Everyone in the valley knows
Helena and I were at each other's
throats. Now she goes missing in
the desert, dies of "suicide," and
four days later I'm rushing a
multi-billion dollar tech merger
through Washington? It looks
predatory. It looks like a motive.

BUNNY

They have no proof of anything
else.

RAYA

The DOJ doesn't need proof of a
crime to stall an acquisition,
Mrs. Baxter.

Raya leans down, invading Bunny's personal space, her voice a fierce, hushed whisper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RAYA

They just need 'unusual circumstances.' If the feds start digging into why Helena unraveled, they dig into me. And if they dig into me, they find us.

Bunny gently places her glasses on the coffee table. She stands, closing the gap between them.

She is shorter than Raya, but commands the room.

BUNNY

Then let them dig. Everything we've done is buried under layers of encrypted shell companies.

BUNNY

Helena is gone, Raya. That's a tragedy, but it's also a vacuum. And if we don't fill it before the election, the government will.

A heavy beat hangs in the air. The faint rustle of palm trees outside is the only sound.

Raya stares into Bunny's unyielding gaze, trapped.

BUNNY

We are going to build this empire. Together.

Bunny pats her shoulder, a terrifyingly maternal gesture, before walking toward the entryway to gather her things.

BUNNY

Just give it until Monday. Then we file.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW 7 - BEDROOM - NIGHT

An intimate vault of soft textures and muted gold-leaf ceilings. A massive king bed dominates the space, blanketed in crisp Egyptian cotton.

On the vanity: a pristine glass bottle of Chanel No. 5 gleams under a soft lamp.

Raya steps inside, shutting out the living room.

The silence here is absolute. She looks at her reflection in the gilded mirror, the weight of the takeover finally crashing down.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW 5 PATIO - NIGHT

The black water of a private swimming pool ripples under a soft spotlight. Steam rises from an adjoining stone Jacuzzi.

Towering, gated garden walls block out the rest of the world. It is a compound built for absolute impunity.

INT. BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL - BUNGALOW 5 - NIGHT

An expansive, palatial living room dripping in Old Hollywood regency power. Deep gold foil accents, citrine jewel tones, and heavy royal blue Scassi draperies command the room.

A wood-burning fireplace crackles on a marble hearth.

Bunny stands near a custom-painted console bar, pouring herself a bourbon. She has traded her cardigan for a silk robe.

She looks in the bedroom, sees a stunning BLONDE, young enough to be her daughter, toweling off her wet, naked body.

WOMAN

I'm sorry, normally I do shower
but I was in such a rush to get
here - to see you --

BUNNY

A whore's bath works to.

The blonde nods,

BUNNY

I didn't mean to snap-- just tired
of tasting his cum.

The blonde tosses the towel aside, sprawls out on the bed, wearing nothing but a smile...

WOMAN

I'm ready, Mrs. Baxter.

Bunny stares at the blonde - she is hot.

BUNNY

Call me Bunny, honey.

Bunny finishes off her drink, her robe sliding off her shoulders, saunters naked towards her...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her encrypted satellite phone vibrates on the marble counter. She answers it, her composure unbroken.

BUNNY

Speak.

RAYA (V.O.)

(through phone,
hyperventilating)

The SEC just flagged three of my offshore holding companies. The ones we used to short Helena's stock before she died.

Bunny takes a slow, deliberate sip of her drink. Her eyes track the flickering shadows of the fireplace against the gold-leafed wall panels.

BUNNY

I told you, everything is buried under four layers of shell structures. It's a standard algorithmic inquiry.

RAYA (V.O.)

It's not standard! They're asking for the IP addresses used to execute the trades. Bunny, if they trace those back to the server room in my building—

BUNNY

(soft, dangerous)

Raya. Look around your room. You're in Bungalow 7, panicking over Marilyn.

A beat of confusion over the line.

RAYA (V.O.)

What?

BUNNY

Marilyn Monroe spent her whole life terrified of being caught, hiding in the shadows of those banana leaves. I don't do shadows. I'm in Bungalow 5. Elizabeth Taylor's villa.

Bunny walks over to the large glass doors, looking out at her private pool glowing in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUNNY

Liz spent six of her honeymoons here. She swam in this private pool, drank her bourbon, and let the paparazzi take their photos because she knew she was too big to destroy. That is the difference between us and the feds, Raya. We are too big to destroy.

A long, trembling breath from Raya on the other end.

RAYA (V.O.)

The server logs—

BUNNY

Were wiped three hours ago. A routine IT update. The feds will hit a digital brick wall. Sleep, Raya. We file on Monday.