

# ***BLACK MIRROR***

Pilot Episode - "Surfing The User"

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Every second, the privacy of billions of cell phone users is invaded by the tech giants that create the products we use and love.

This could-be true story is told completely through the live recorded surveillance of our cell phone cameras -- without consent.

A lifeless HUMAN BODY lies suspended in a black void...

Descending deeper reveals the nude figure of a Middle Eastern-American FEMALE splayed over the peak of a mountainous temple of tech wreckage.

TVs, game consoles, and laptops terraform the temple walls.

Wired guts ripped from these smashed tech devices are laced together and crudely injected into the veins of her body, connecting her to this malevolent matrix.

Each of her hands bent in a death grip clinging to an iPhone and tablet.

Off in the deep distance, large, omniscient silhouettes form, looming above like storm clouds.

We hear typing. Vibrating hums. Metallic whirs. The chaotic symphony of a mainframe booting up, just as--

The temple of devices powers on -- media scrolls endlessly over each screen, channeling through the wires toward her--

ZAAAPPPP!!! -- the content explodes into her veins.

The JOLT contorts her body into an unnatural arch.

Blood pulsing. Euphoric moans in ecstasy. A digital high...

As an electrical bolt cracks through the abysmal sky for a split second, illuminating a thousand other temples crowned with biohacked bodies tethered by technological shackles -- a cyber cemetery of the living.

Her EYES FLASH OPEN.

TITLES:

## ***BLACK MIRROR***

We descend into the depths of her eyeless, ocular orifices...

Soaring through the soulless, virtual darkness...

SUBTITLE:

## ***SURFING THE USER***

OVER VIRTUAL DARKNESS...

*We HEAR fingers TYPE rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

REBEKAH'S CELL PHONE CAMERA - BATHROOM SHELF

Our POV is a live recording through her camera lens as her phone sits on a charging station behind her. We see:

REBEKAH, 20, Middle Eastern-American, confidence sparking in the shadows of insecurity, wiping condensation from a bathroom mirror.

She looks deep into her brown eyes, forcing a smile.

The lingering shower steam slowly fogs the mirror again. Her reflection fades, as does her smile.

REBEKAH  
(practiced American accent)  
Did you save me any hot water?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
(American)  
Use your phone.

REBEKAH  
To heat up the water? They can do that now?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
(chuckles)  
No, use its camera as a mirror.

Rebekah grabs her cell phone -- our view gets up close and personal, as she:

Checks her teeth using the front-facing camera. We are literally all up in her grill.

She replaces her phone back on the charging station and turns on the shower.

The hot steam blurs our view with steamy pixilation, as we HEAR:

*Fingers typing rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

CLAIRE'S CELL PHONE CAMERA POV - SAME BATHROOM

Recording through her camera lens, we look up directly at:

CLAIRE, 19, pale white skin, a genuinely caring individual blending in behind a mainstream mask of make-up, staring directly down at her phone.

She eases into the bathroom. Unzips, sits on the toilet, surfing her phone. Her thumb swipes over our view, scrolling methodically. Both thumbs appear occasionally, typing on the touchscreen.

CLAIRE

Hey, sorry, do you mind if I pee quickly?

REBEKAH

Sure, just don't flush!

CLAIRE

You're supposed to meet Brian today, right?

REBEKAH'S PHONE CAMERA POV – FROM CHARGING STATION SHELF

Steamy again. Rebekah exits the shower. Shyly covers her body in a towel. Faces the foggy mirror.

REBEKAH

Yeah, part of me.

Claire stands, fastens her pants.

CLAIRE

Oh, he doesn't know yet?

REBEKAH

I made a great first impression. I'll ease him into it.

CLAIRE

Don't worry. You're sooo HOT.

Claire plays with Rebekah's kinky-curly hair.

CLAIRE (cont'd)

And *exotic*.

They both laugh.

REBEKAH

Why do guys think it's acceptable to say 'exotic'? They think just because we're pretty we're not smart enough to know they mean *you're pretty for a brown girl*.

(MORE)

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
*A black girl. A... no offense, non-white girl.*

CLAIRE  
 Boys are dicks.

Rebekah wipes the foggy mirror. Redesigns the towel wrapped around her hair into a TURBAN shape.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, commanding:*

THE PHONE'S CAMERA TO ZOOM-IN, TAKING A PICTURE OF REBEKAH'S REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR WEARING THE TOWEL-TURBAN.

REBEKAH  
 (Middle Eastern accent,  
 natural)  
 Unfortunately, I'm a little too exotic.

CLAIRE  
 Why are guys so superficial? My last boyfriend ghosted me because I was too basic. He called me a Brenda, then found some insta-thottie-witha-body with like a million followers. Slut.

REBEKAH  
 I can't imagine being *too normal* as a problem.

Removes her towel-turban. Fights through her untameable curls, combing her hair with argan oil.

CLAIRE  
 I love your skin, it's like the perfect tan year around. If only we could combine our skin palettes.

REBEKAH  
 Trade me for some of your straight hair?

They laugh.

CLAIRE  
 I wish I was as beautiful as you are. Or, like my mom, or my sister. They're so beautiful.

Claire shows Rebekah her phone wallpaper. In the PICTURE, Claire's mom and sister are looking fierce: hair freshly done and styled. Tight, revealing dresses.

Pouting duck lips contour their cheek bones. And Claire:  
Rockin' a Star Wars T-shirt, hair in a loose ponytail, half  
smiling.

REBEKAH

I just see two bitches and a babe.

Claire bursts out laughing.

CLAIRE

You're the best. See ya after  
class.

Claire exits.

REBEKAH

Claire!

Claire peeks her head back in the bathroom.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

It's okay to flush now. I'm out of  
the shower.

Claire flushes. Turning off the lights as she exits--

--VIRTUAL DARKNESS...

Rebekah sighs deeply amid the dark isolation.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

BRIAN'S PHONE CAMERA POV - BRIAN'S BEDROOM

Through his camera phone, rigged on a tripod, we see:

BRIAN, 19, white, affected, "troubled" and anxious, taking a  
SELFIE VIDEO, recording himself belting out an alternative  
rock chorus--

BRIAN

(singing)

Run, run, run away...

--while using the BLADE OF A KNIFE to cut out the RFID CHIP  
from his bank debit card.

An RFID, or radio-frequency identification, is that tiny  
chip on your debit and credit cards that looks like a mini-  
motherboard that companies use to track your purchases --  
and you.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

JACE'S PHONE CAMERA POV — BRIAN & JACE'S LIVING ROOM

Through his camera lens, phone in hand, we see:

JACE, 20, black, caught between natural interests and family expectations, is smartly dressed in a "Connecticut casual" salmon polo and khakis but with style.

He brushes off a basketball practice jersey laying on top of an open Algebra book, sitting it on his lap. Bent inside is a test paper with a red "C+" circled at the top and NOTE:

"Great work, J! You're almost there! A few more after school sessions and you'll be top of the class!"

JASON  
(chuckles)  
Yeah, if my dad doesn't kill me  
first.

He taps his pencil in the pages anxiously. Reaches under the couch cushion, revealing a ziplock with a dank weed bud.

JACE  
It's all just too much, man.

A TEXT notification pops up from DAD, as he wets the side of a blunt cigar with his tongue:

"Y r u so stupid!!! You skipped the last 2 games to study!? Focus at the gym not in those books!! If u get cut from this team 2 im gonna beat ur ass u hear me?? How you gonna make the Nets!? R u gay?! Those books ain't gonna pay ur rent!"

Jace ignores the text--

JACE (cont'd)  
Fuck you Dad!

--slinging his phone hard into the couch.

Brian's voice bleeds into Jace's space.

BRIAN (O.S.)  
(singing)  
Run, run, run away, from yourself!

JACE  
(loud, to Brian)  
Yo. Shut the fuck up!

Jace searches his weed tray.

JACE (cont'd)  
Where's my fuckin' blade?

Jace aggressively charges into Brian's room--

*FINGERS TYPE RAPIDLY ON A KEYBOARD, INTERCUTTING POVS  
BETWEEN THEIR RESPECTIVE PHONE CAMERAS...*

Brian quickly hides the knife and bank card behind his back.

JACE (cont'd)  
Where's my fuckin' blade, yo?

BRIAN  
What's your problem, man? Chill.

Jace steps close, towering over Brian -- THREATENING.

JACE  
You need to watch your fuckin'  
mouth before I break it.

BRIAN  
Alright, man. Take it easy. I  
haven't seen your blade. You know I  
don't smoke.

Jace realizes Brian was filming himself.

JACE  
Who the fuck films themselves  
singing? Are you fuckin' gay? Get  
some real friends, yo.

Jace exits, slams off the light switch--

--VIRTUAL DARKNESS...

BRIAN (V.O.)  
(half to himself, half to  
Jace)  
My two thousand female followers  
don't think it's gay.

Flips lights on. Stares into his phone camera. Fighting  
tears...

BRIAN  
(filming himself, to phone)  
Hey, sorry, guys, I'm sorry you had  
to see that. I gotta go...

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

DRONE SURVEILLANCE POV – LOW SKY – CENTRAL PARK

An aerial recon through the drone's lens captures:

Claire and Rebekah snapping pictures of each other with their phones, walking through the park.

*FINGERS TYPE RAPIDLY ON A KEYBOARD, INTERCUTTING POVS BETWEEN THEIR RESPECTIVE PHONE CAMERAS...*

Claire takes candid pictures of Rebekah. The images express sad-beauty, hope. She records a short video of Rebekah:

REBEKAH

(Middle Eastern accent,  
natural)

There's probably someone I met today that thinks I'm a terrorist. Or someone I met yesterday. Or every boy in our class.

(mimics American accent)

*I'd hit it if she wasn't a terrorist, bro. If she were half Spanish, then her accent would be sexy.*

(Natural accent)

It's not enough to be American--  
(practiced, American  
accent)

--you must sound American and look American.

Rebekah takes candid pictures of Claire. The images express sympathy, playfulness.

REBEKAH (O.S.)

(Middle Eastern accent)

Or at least be so white that boys will break up with you...

They laugh.

REBEKAH (O.S.) (cont'd)

My battery's about to die. Where is Brian? He was supposed to be here by now.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, cutting to:*

BRIAN'S CELL PHONE CAMERA - TIC'S APARTMENT

Brian knocks on an apartment door with no number.

While waiting, the neighbor's door cracks open, revealing a HOOKER IN A HOUSE-ROBE.

A sexy MEXICAN GIRL, 18, raises her eyebrow seductively, putting one finger to her lips in the "our little secret" gesture, as she runs her other fingers down her dirty robe toward her... masculine bulge trapped in her panties--

The door Brian is waiting on opens. He hurriedly steps in.

FIREWALL, 23, steps in front of him, silently infusing muscle into the moment.

BRIAN

Sorry, I--

COAL, 20, flamboyant and stylish black man, slides around Firewall.

COAL

It's okay, big guy, this itsy bitsy spider has an appointment.

Firewall holds out his hand, grunts.

Brian stands confused.

COAL (cont'd)

Give him your debit card and cell phone.

Brian hands his card, but hesitates with his phone.

COAL (cont'd)

Set yourself free, boy. Don't you know these little demons are worse than slave shackles. They'll sell you twice--

Coal snaps his fingers with swagga and wisdom.

COAL (cont'd)

Like that.

Brian hands over his phone.

Firewall steps aside, revealing a rundown apartment with high-tech accessories.

Wu-Tang featuring China Mac blasts loudly from a modern cell phone docking station designed like a boombox from the 80s.

STOP AAPI (Asian American & Pacific Islander) HATE posters and anti-Asian racism graffiti tags splatter the walls, along with Martin Luther King, Jr., Louis Farrakhan and Wu-Tang images.

Weed smoke fills the air. A white guy passes a lit joint wedged in-between the rungs of a fork to a Chinese guy who grabs it with a set of chopsticks, both laughing uncontrollably. College books open on both their laps.

Firewall scans Brian's card with an RFID detector app from his cell phone.

FIREWALL

(to Tic)

It's clean.

Hands the card to the dealer in charge, TIC, 17, a large, round Chinese man with a small, burrowing head. A lit cigarette dangles from his lip. He sits at a desk, college books and tech-parts scattered around.

He opens a hard plastic BRIEFCASE with several disassembled THERMOPLASTIC PARTS.

TIC

(to Brian)

Printing is five hundred. It's an extra hundred for assembly.

Tic swipes Brian's card through a hacked Square-like credit card reader attached to his jail-broken and modified cell phone.

Behind them, Firewall puts Brian's phone on a tech-device stand that looks sort of like an--

COAL

Eclipse. Black and sexy right? This keeps your big brother outta the projects. Although y'all only visit on holidays anyway. Don't worry you won't lose any data. They just can't suck you dry -- but I could...

The eclipse tech-device disrupts our connection through Brian's phone, only getting intermittent and pixelated images of the assembly.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

## BRIAN'S CELL PHONE CAMERA - OUTSIDE TECH APARTMENT

Brian steps out -- CASE in hand. He unlocks his phone as a hand grabs his shoulder, whispering in his ear--

COAL (cont'd)  
 (playfully seductive)  
 Don't do nothing stupid with that,  
 okay bb? Protection only.

The door slams behind him, leaving Brian alone.

He scrolls through HUNDREDS OF INSTAGRAM COMMENTS on the video he posted of Jace threatening him, urging him to take action on his bully roommate:

--ur such a pussy. that wannabe gangster wouldn't scare Drake--

--i would kill him in his sleep--

--call the cops dont get on his level--

--Bullies are insecure. Stand up to him--

--ur such a GAY PUSSY!!!--

--Seek professional help. Please don't retaliate! Violence on violence is not the answer!

Brian furiously types a reply comment: *I'm not a pussy!!!*

But then deletes it.

Several TEXTS pop up from Rebekah on his phone:

--Hey. Missed you at the park today.

--Looking forward to getting to know each other better. xoxo

--You ok??

He ignores them. Toggles his phone to the Do Not Disturb setting.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, intercutting between:*

## CLAIRE AND REBEKAH'S PHONE CAMERAS - THEIR APARTMENT

Through her camera lens, we stare up at Rebekah as she stares down at us, typing and scrolling on her phone.

REBEKAH

(Middle Eastern accent,  
natural)

I don't know, he hasn't responded  
to any of my texts and it goes  
straight to voice mail.

Claire surfs, scrolls on her phone. We surf her.

CLAIRE

Maybe he's on the subway... or his  
battery's dead?

REBEKAH

I'm actually kind of glad he stood  
me up, though.

CLAIRE

Said no girl ever.

REBEKAH

It's exhausting to stay in an  
American accent. I don't know how  
you do it.

CLAIRE

It just kind of comes natural.

Forced laughs.

REBEKAH

On our first date, I almost broke  
down mid sentence ordering from a  
food cart at Union Square.

CLAIRE

I don't know how you eat that  
street meat.

REBEKAH

You just gotta know which vendors  
to go to. It reminds me of home a  
little bit.

CLAIRE

Do you think he's cheating on you?

REBEKAH

You mean, cheat on this?

Rebekah swivels her head with swagga. Claire laughs. They  
surf their phones in silence. We watch them.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
I'll be right back.

Rebekah disappears into the hallway.

A knock comes at the front door. Claire surfs her phone, answering the door.

BRIAN  
Hi... I'm Brian. Is Rebekah around?

Rebekah enters, walking and surfing her phone.

REBEKAH  
(Middle Eastern accent)  
Hey Claire-sie, we're almost out of toilet paper. And I used your last tampon. At least I'm not preg--

She sees Brian -- jaw drops -- stutters her accent.

REBEKAH (cont'd)  
(Middle Eastern accent)  
Brian?  
(American accent)  
Uh, Brian?

BRIAN  
Hi, 'Bekah. Sorry I haven't texted back, I've been, uh -- are you sick? Your voice... it's different?

CLAIRE  
You stood her up twice, bro. She doesn't wanna see you.

Claire slams the door in Brian's face. Rebekah is shocked. Yet impressed.

CLAIRE (cont'd)  
(to Rebekah)  
Sorry not sorry. You deserve better than him.

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

BRIAN'S PHONE CAMERA – BRIAN'S BATHROOM

The shower's on. No steam. Cold water. Brian fully dressed -- in black. He stares at his many DESPERATE TEXTS to Rebekah -- UNANSWERED.

He screams EMO-PUNK music lyrics while recording a selfie video.

BRIAN  
 (singing, screaming)  
 When you take a stand, your  
 shadows, fall, behind you!

Jace knocks on the bathroom door.

JACE (O.S.)  
 (loudly)  
 Yo, Brian. Can you keep that shit  
 down? I'm trying to study--

Brian sings LOUDER. Desperately.

JACE  
 What the fuck, yo. Turn that shit  
 off.

Jace bangs louder and louder on the door, interrupting  
 Brian's selfie video--

Embarrassed, Brian offers an apologetic glance to his  
 virtual audience on his phone...

Then screams at the top of his lungs, emotionally BREAKING  
 DOWN--

BRIAN  
 (singing, screaming)  
 But, when you lie down, your  
 shadow... consumes... you.

--shattering his phone on the floor at the song's climax.

OUR FEED BLACKS OUT -- MOMENTARY VIRTUAL DARKNESS

Pixelated static, then connection. Through his cracked cell  
 phone camera, we see:

Brian removing a 3D PRINTED GUN from the case -- cocks the  
 hammer. He sits on the bathroom floor, dead silent.

Jace softens his banging on the door.

JACE  
 Listen, man. I just wanted to give  
 you somethi-- You alright in there?

Brian's hand trembles... shakes... uncontrollably.

GLANCING DOWN TO HIS PHONE STILL RECORDING--

BRIAN

This is for everyone being bullied  
out there. We aren't pussies, we  
are the light that eliminates the  
shadows.

Jace opens the door--

**BAAAAAAAAANNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGG!!!**

Jace drops to the floor, lifeless. A pool of blood expands  
over the white floor tiles beneath his body, toward a  
handwritten NOTE held loosely in limp fingers:

"Brian, I'm going through a lot with my dad and school, and  
I just wanted to say sorr--"

Blood seeps into the letter...

--VIRTUAL DARKNESS...

*OMNISCIENT FINGERS TYPE RAPIDLY...*

...ON A KEYBOARD...

...IN A MONITORING ROOM...

Two UNIFORMED MEN type rapidly on keyboards against a wall  
of large screens with many video surveillance feeds.

BRIAN'S LIFE is prompted to center screen.

A name tag, MICHAEL SMITH, is loosely pinned on the breast  
pocket of one of the men. He sloppily slurps his coffee,  
tongues his lips clean, then relays a desensitized dispatch.

MICHAEL SMITH

(on dispatch)

Suspect confirmed. Brian Haze.  
White male. 22. Armed and  
dangerous. Notifying local police.  
Ordering coordinates for drone  
response. Monitoring prior social  
media and personal interactions.

A second name tag, smeared with jelly donut guts, JUSTIN  
JONES, sets down a jelly donut. A huge bite gone. His  
greasy, jelly-coated fingers zoom in on another feed,  
connecting to:

## CLAIRE AND REBEKAH'S PHONE CAMERAS — INTERCUT

Rebekah and Claire sit on a park bench, surfing their phones. We surf them.

Rebekah ponders at a stream of CRAZY TEXTS FROM BRIAN.

CLAIRE

Don't. Text. Brian. Who cares this new guy didn't show, you wanted to swipe left anyway. It's a dating app, there's literally thousands of other guys.

REBEKAH

(Middle Eastern accent)  
Story of my life. He heard my accent, and now probably thinks I'm a terrorist, just like everybody else.

CLAIRE

I don't.

REBEKAH

(Middle Eastern accent)  
Thanks, Claire.  
(American accent)  
But, can you tell that to all the boys and bosses of the world?

Claire nods. She gets it.

REBEKAH (cont'd)

(Middle-Eastern accent)  
Hey. I don't think you're too basic, either. You're perfect.

They laugh. Surfing their phones. We watch them.

SIRENS fade in, piercing the pleasant pause.

CLAIRE

'Bekah, is that Brian?

*Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

SURVEILLANCE DRONE POV — FLYING FAST — ON BRIAN

Through the camera lens of the drone, we see:

Brian racing for his life through Central Park--

--getting closer to...

--Rebekah and Claire.

--Rebekah stands, walking curiously toward Brian...

THE DRONE'S HEADS-UP DISPLAY (HUD) TARGETS BRIAN'S FACE

His social media is rapidly scanned, instantly finding an image that matches with facial recognition.

SHOOTER SUSPECT CONFIRMED – BRIAN HAZE

Digital Cross-Hairs LOCK RED on Brian--

INSIDE THE MONITORING ROOM

Fingers covered in jelly donut residue CLICK the enter key without hesitation--

DRONE POV – HIGH IN SKY – TARGETING BRIAN

**BAAAAAANNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGG!!!**

The drone SHOTS Brian.

Fingers type rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:

REBEKAH'S PHONE CAMERA POV - ON REBEKAH

BRIAN'S BLOOD SPLATTERS ACROSS REBEKAH'S FACE as he's shot in front of her, collapsing into her arms.

Rebekah and Claire purge primal, blood curdling SCREAMS.

DRONE'S POV – HIGH IN SKY – ON EXECUTION SCENE

The Drone scans Brian and the surrounding scene.

DRONE HUD: TARGET DISARMED AND DECEASED. VITALS NEGATIVE. TWO BYSTANDERS. ONE POTENTIAL ACCESSORY.

Claire staggers away from the scene. Rebekah holds Brian.

DIGITAL CROSS-HAIRS TARGET REBEKAH

DRONE HUD: SOCIALLY ASSOCIATED WITH SHOOTER ONLINE. MIDDLE EASTERN BACKGROUND.

Rebekah's social media activity and personal online information are SCANNED rapidly:

--Towel-Turban in bathroom mirror.

--Text message transcripts from Brian.

--Video clips of her saying "I'm a terrorist" ripped from her and Claire's phone data, instantly cut and edited from her saying, "Everyone thinks I'm a terrorist."

Digital Cross-Hairs LOCK RED, targeting Rebekah--

MONITORING ROOM

On screen, the target on Rebekah pulses, awaiting orders...

...amid a hundred other screens, capturing as many similar situations...

...audio from all the video surveillance feeds bleed into the atmosphere, creating a chaotic frequency... louder, faster...

...in flux, reaching CRESCENDO, then--

--abruptly cuts to SILENCE.

Computer enter key... CLICKED.

Coffee, slurped.

The digital-trigger hand sets a cup of coffee next to a cell phone.

His WHITE THUMB swipes the screen. Begins scrolling through sexy TikTok videos of girls more than half naked, clicking on TWERKNA\$TY'S video feed.

A NEWS NOTIFICATION banner pops up at the top of his screen:

WATCH VIDEO: POLICE DRONE KILLS SHOOTER - (NSFW) Should Police Have Authority to Take a Life With a Computer Click?

His thumb reaches for the video link pop up, but hesitates, as two new girls join TwerkNa\$ty's clip.

The clip ends, prompting to SEE MORE at their pay site.

A SPONSORED AD pops up:

KIM KARDASHIAN: BUTT, KICKS & LIPS -- Get a Rapper to Notice You.

The picture is her nearly naked, curvy butt in a thong, juicy lips, nips and hips poppin' and dope sneakers.

The thumb CLICKS the article.

SMASH TO WHITE:

FADE FROM WHITE:

INT. UPSCALE OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Rebekah sits, waiting -- a tiny brown spec in a massive, lustrous and luxurious foyer -- like an Apple Store on a spaceship. Her wardrobe more Marshall's than Manhattan.

She fidgets fiercely. Fighting off a panic attack. She grabs her phone, texting Claire:

I CAN'T DO THIS!!!

Just as HAUNTING LAUGHS rip her head up from her phone--

The YOUNG WHITE RECEPTIONIST laughs maliciously, taking pictures of Rebekah with her phone. Blatantly glaring at Rebekah from her desk, gawking with inherent Caucasian confidence -- her LAUGHS become relentless, demonic taunts...

A SHARP WHITE BUSINESSMAN cruises through the lobby. Even though he's walking toward Rebekah, his SINISTER STARE seems to still feel like it's from the corner of his eye. The corners of his smirk curl with devilish thoughts, just as--

BLOOD SPURTS onto Rebekah's blouse.

She looks down in SHOCK--

BRIAN lay dying in her arms. Her hands covered in blood as he chokes out his last breaths...

BRIAN  
...bekah... bekah...

**--EXIT DAYDREAM--**

RECEPTIONIST  
...bekah? Rebekah... are you okay?

The receptionist stands at the front corner of her desk, politely calling her name.

Rebekah looks down at her hands. Brian's gone. No blood. Just her cell phone and a response from Claire:

YOU GOT THIS GIRL!!! YOU'RE GONNA DO GREAT!

Speechless, fumbling for her bearings... *and sanity*, Rebekah quickly composes herself.

That sharp, white businessman actually offers a warm smile and gentle nod hello in passing.

RECEPTIONIST (cont'd)  
They're ready for you.

The receptionist gestures toward an opening office door...

As a MIDDLE EASTERN-AMERICAN BUSINESS WOMAN appears, smiling. She's draped in a high fashion power suit, while confidently accessorized with her hijab wrapped loosely around her head and neck.

The boss' smile beams with the weight of understanding as Rebekah stands, obviously in relieving disbelief.

They shake hands.

REBEKAH  
It's... it's a pleasure to meet  
you.

The boss chuckles.

MIDDLE EASTERN BOSS  
I'm sure it is. Thanks for coming  
in. After you rescheduled the first  
time, I was afraid we wouldn't get  
the chance...

*We HEAR fingers TYPE rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

THE LOBBY SURVEILLANCE VIDEO...

zooming, trying to follow Rebekah as the boss ushers her into the office with a calm hand on her back...shutting the door.

SMASH TO BLACK.

*We HEAR fingers TYPE rapidly on a keyboard, connecting to:*

END REALITY.