

TECHNORATI

written by

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A TV SHOW - "MORNINGS ON THE BAY"

A San Francisco network TV tech finance show in progress. A FEMALE HOST is seated with HENRY INGRAM (29), English, effortlessly handsome, ripped beneath a tight T-shirt that reads: Humanize.

HOST

I'm joined today by Henry Ingram, founder of Humanize, a hot new startup from here in our own back yard in Silicon Valley, that some say will change the way we think about the connection between our minds and bodies.

(to Henry)

Thanks so much for joining us this morning.

HENRY

(megawatt smile)

The pleasure's all mine.

HOST

In a marketplace already over-saturated with social media platforms and tech startups promising to change the world for the better, tell us: what makes you different?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Nothing.

HENRY

I'm not going to tell you.

(off the host's confusion)

I'm going to show you.

Henry holds up his fit arm, showing us a full sleeve digital tattoo. It's barely visible, but as Henry raises his arm it gets brighter, revealing a network of semi-translucent dot and line designs just beneath the skin.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Oooh, shiny vaporware.

There's a little chime as an outlying grey area on the tattoo starts to fill with gold.

HOST

What just happened?

HENRY

I get a boost when I talk about
what I love most. My body knows it
and now...

(gesturing to his tattoo)
... So do you.

HOST

How?

HENRY

The gut microbiome. Bacteria,
viruses, fungi and parasites...
they're all in there! At Humanize,
we help you keep the world where
all the microbes live inside your
guts (gesturing to his tummy), in
balance. Balance creates health.
When your microbiome is out of
balance, disease strikes.

A SUPER IMPOSED TITLE FLASHES ON SCREEN: "\$1 BILLION IN
VENTURE CAPITAL IN THE MICROBIOME SPACE THIS YEAR"

HOST

Wow. It's a hot market.

HENRY

Sure, it is. But I really believe
that what we're doing is important
and empowering both for ourselves
individually, and collectively, as
a community, ensuring we are our
healthiest selves together for the
future of our society. We make
order out of your internal chaos.
Eat well, play hard -- but play
safe and play kind -- and surround
yourself with people who lift you
up and help you achieve great
heights at equilibrium.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

And does it give you feedback
on being an arrogant prick?

HOST

So, it registers how happy
you are?

HENRY

Sure, happiness is a bi-product of
our Humanize technology --
mind/body connection is everything,
we all know it...

FEMALE VOICE

Sounds exhausting.

HENRY

It comes from a genuine desire to
make our world a better pla...

We hear a scoff that steps on Henry --

FEMALE VOICE / CHLOE (O.S.)

Oh please...

SLAM. A laptop smacks closed, shutting off the clip and --

INT. CHLOE'S CABIN - DAY

We've been watching from a not very big but #cabincore cabin. Tastefully furnished, books in welcoming piles and unexpectedly good art on the cabin walls, morning light streaming in through the redwoods. A TV was just turned off by --

CHLOE DONALDSON (35), a force of nature in exile. She tosses the remote onto a couch, relights an old wake 'n' bake joint, exhales deeply, a swig from her coffee mug, and exits to --

EXT. ELK PROPERTY - AFTERNOON

Elk is a shared property between old friends in Northern California, peppered with a few rustic cabins. Chloe strides across the property, heading down a DIRT ROAD until she approaches --

AN AGED TRAILER

GIL (25), heavily inked, a digital nomad, sits in a woven hanging chair, coding on a laptop. There's trash all over the place.

Chloe ignores the menacing bark of a chained PIT BULL as Gil looks up at Chloe, smirks, goes back to coding.

Chloe takes a sardonic look at Gil and the area around him.

CHLOE

Geez, Gil, you've really aced
flipping this bucolic plot of land
into a one star dump.

SILA (23), rainbow-haired, mousy and looking like she only takes cues from Gil, emerges from the trailer.

SILA

Hey, Chloe.

CHLOE
Hey, Sila. Sorry about this, but...
(looks back at Gil)
You haven't paid rent in six
months, it's time for you guys to
go.

GIL
(without looking up)
Squatters' rights, bitch.

CHLOE
I have a good grasp of California
law. You had rights: till you
started stealing.

Gil suddenly looks up -- she has his attention.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
You've been hacking our power lines
for your crypto play.

Gil's face falls.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
It's eviction day, asshole. You
have till 5 pm, at which point the
Sheriff's office will be swinging
by. I suggest you be gone by then.

Sila gives a little squeak.

SILA
We don't even have boxes.

Chloe looks at Gil as she says --

CHLOE
Get some.

Gil glares at Chloe, then withers.

GIL
(very small voice)
Okay.

BLACK SCREEN

TITLE CARD: TECHNORATI

A DIGITAL VOICE speaks to us.

DIGITAL VOICE
Incoming text from "SISTA."

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Chloe walks back toward her cabin. Her phone continues speaking to her.

DIGITAL VOICE
"We're half an hour out."

CHLOE
(under her breath)
We?

DIGITAL VOICE
"Don't kill me, I'm bringing a man."

Chloe gives an exasperated sigh, then laughs slightly. Keeps walking.

INT. CHLOE'S CABIN - LATE AFTERNOON

Chloe mixes a craft booze cocktail in her kitchen. She turns on the music, pauses to primp in front of a mirror dabbing some lipstick to lips and cheeks, lights a fresh joint and prepares for guests. A gourmet platter of finger food on a table, various pans on the stove.

INT. TESLA - LATE AFTERNOON

IAN HALL (40), rich malnourished, unkempt hipster's beard, sits in his Tesla, Norwegian Death Metal blaring as he cruises in self-drive down NORCAL COASTAL HIGHWAY 1, drinking from a flask and frustratedly mobile-gaming.

We can just make out a digital tattoo on his arm: it's almost invisible at the moment. The car continues through --

Sweeping vistas of cliffs that tumble abruptly into a churning Pacific. After a moment the car turns onto --

The DIRT ROAD that leads onto Elk Property, lined with trees that block the sun.

Suddenly ensconced in darkness, he angrily flicks the game he's losing aside, then speed dials SASKIA on his phone with a swig of his flask. The call goes straight to voicemail.

IAN
Baby, I'm sorry about what I said
at breakfast.
(unconvincingly)
I didn't mean it.

Chime. Ian's tattoo begins to bloom in a riotous chaos of colors. Ian sighs, says under his breath --

IAN (CONT'D)
I'm such an asshole. All this
trying to get myself in balance,
pulled in all directions by
everyone's nagging needs... it's
making me nuts. I just need a
mental health week...

He pulls his sleeve down to cover the tattoo as...

He's interrupted by a message on the Tesla DASH SCREEN:
Incoming FaceTime from Duncan James.

IAN (CONT'D)
(to voicemail)
Shit. Hold on...

Ian pushes a button and DUNCAN JAMES (48) appears ON SCREEN,
chiseled and all too brooding and intense.

DUNCAN
Where the fuck are you? Board
meeting started ten minutes ago,
Jasper's already up my ass, I can't
stonewall solo.

Ian kills the call and Duncan's outraged face disappears. Ian
returns to the his voicemail.

IAN
Sorry, babe.
(sincerely)
I meant what I said: I really am
sorry. I love you.

As he says this Ian looks at his tattoo: nothing happens. He
ends the call and turns onto the driveway that leads to his
weekend cabin.

CHLOE'S CABIN is just visible through the trees as the Tesla
approaches --

EXT. THE AGED TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Gil and Sila move boxes of crypto mining equipment and
hipster detritus into the back of their pickup.

The long-chained pit bull goes crazy, barking and leaping
toward --

INT. TESLA - LATE AFTERNOON

Ian is jolted by the sound of the dog, who snaps back on his leash a few feet from the Tesla.

A bottle EXPLODES against the windshield, startling Ian even more. Ian slams on the brakes, clutching the wheel.

IAN
What the fuck?!?

Ian LOOKS OUT and sees Gil standing in front of the trailer, glaring. Sila looks at the ground as Gil gives Ian the finger.

Ian, now controlling the car, drives off, leaving a cloud of dust behind him. Rattled, he makes a call on his phone.

Moments later it picks up --

CHLOE (V.O.)
What do you want, Ian?

IAN
Crypto Charles Manson just threw a
fucking kombucha bottle at my car.

INT. CHLOE'S CABIN - MEANWHILE

Chloe is on her phone. She looks out and sees the approaching Tesla, trailing a crowd of dust from the dirt road.

CHLOE
It's taken care of, they'll be off
our land by the end of the day.

IAN (V.O.)
(a whine)
Chloe... are you pissed at me too?

CHLOE
(getting annoyed)
Not you. Them. But it's taken care
of.

A 2nd car emerges from the Tesla's DUST TRAIL. A CONVERTIBLE MINI headed towards Chloe's cabin. She cuts Ian off.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Gotta go.

Chloe ends the call.

EXT. CHLOE'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Chloe comes out and waves to the pair of passengers in the car.

CHLOE

Welcome!

LESLIE DONALDSON, (48), veteran Valley tech journalist and Chloe's older sister, extracts from the low-slung car. With her we see --

Henry Ingram. He untangles from the passenger seat, and drops his very clean sneakers into the red dirt.

LESLIE

Man, I LOVE that drive -- starring
in my own car commercial.

CHLOE

Through the fire-scarred landscape.

Leslie hugs and kisses Chloe, then introduces her guest.

LESLIE

This is Henry Ingram, superstar
health tech savant.

CHLOE

(dripping with sarcasm)
Read the fawning article, poignant
as always sis...

Henry smiles, not remotely offended.

HENRY

Sorry for tagging along .. but the
chance to meet the legendary Chloe
Donaldson...

By now Henry and Leslie have retrieved their bags from the trunk. As they walk towards the cabin --

Chloe hangs back with Leslie.

CHLOE

(softly)
I thought this was supposed to be
sister hang time.

LESLIE

It is.
(quick beat)
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I just thought I might have sister
hang time AND still get you laid.
Dust the cobwebs...

CHLOE
(bristling)
I don't like surprises, especially
when they're tech bros.

LESLIE
He's really not an asshole, you'd
be surprised.

CHLOE
I would be.

INT. CHLOE'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie, dropping her bag, quickly assesses the inside of the cabin. Something catches Leslie's eye and she walks over to an open kitchen shelf, immaculately lined with mason jars of weed and shrooms. Leslie holds one up.

LESLIE
I see you've gone native.

CHLOE
Feral, actually.

Chloe shrugs. Henry produces a bottle of boozy kombucha and hands it to Chloe.

HENRY
(pleased with himself)
My mum taught me to never go
anywhere empty handed.

CHLOE
Did your mom coddle you as much as
you want your users to coddle
themselves.

Chloe parks the kombucha on the counter, twists the cap off a bottle of tequila and pours three shots.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I'm a traditionalist.

Chloe pointedly clinks his glass, and he hesitatingly imbibes.

Chime. The outer rim of gold on Henry's tattoo starts to shrink.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Irreversible damage?

HENRY
Nobody's perfect. It just helps you
try to do better.
(a look around)
Can I use the loo?

Chloe points to a door. Henry enters --

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Henry closes the door, looks around and takes in the humble
brag walls: covered with framed press coverage of LOOQ...
PICTURES of Chloe with Ian and Duncan.

A FRAMED NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: Chloe Donaldson: the Tech
Whisperer nobody knows but everyone wants to work with.

INT. KITCHEN - MEANWHILE

Leslie looks around the cabin, clocking the lived-in analog
vibe. Not much technology other than the TV.

LESLIE
When are you coming back to San
Francisco? You can't hide up here
forever, drowning in guilt and
numbing yourself into oblivion.
(The question hangs)
Covid's over. You can't spend the
rest of your life in the sticks
playing nature bingo...

Chloe holds up a printed Times business section, "Silicon
Valley's Downward Spiral of Bro Culture Continues".

CHLOE
Come back to this? Because by the
looks of it, things are only
getting worse.

We hear a FLUSH from inside the bathroom and Chloe looks at
the door as she says --

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Seems folks are coming to me these
days.

LESLIE
(a quieter hiss)
This scarred isolation -- it isn't
you.

HENRY (O.S.)
...And it isn't healthy.

The sisters turn as Henry exits the bathroom with a wry smile.

HENRY (CONT'D)
All because the dinosaurs at Looq
wouldn't let you clean up their
act? And yet here you are, on the
property you share with the
founders you loath. What if I gave
you the opportunity to make the
kind of change you couldn't make
before?

Henry pours himself another tequila.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Shall we get wet?

The sisters exchange a grimace.

EXT. HOT TUB - NIGHT

Chloe, Henry and Leslie are in the hot tub deep into the tequila, laughing at something just said. Chloe seems more relaxed. The laughter subsides and Henry eyes Chloe.

HENRY
At the risk of poking the wound...

Chloe's face changes. No longer relaxed, she's guarded.

CHLOE
What?

HENRY
I've got biohackers misusing my
tech because it gives them realtime
feedback on their microbiome. I'm
worried about the unintended
consequences. Someone's gonna die.

LESLIE
See? Not all tech bros are evil.

CHLOE
That's a bit of a leap.

Chloe polishes off her glass.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
I never want to be responsible for
people's lives again.

HENRY
When you left Looq, exactly how
badly were you screwed by your
fiance?

LESLIE
Ex -- and royally.

CHLOE
Is that really what you came here
to find out?

HENRY
I'm always a student.

Chloe gives Henry a long look, then speaks.

CHLOE
I was young...

FLASH

We see a young Chloe.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Naive...

FLASH

We see a younger version of Ian talking with younger Chloe.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Inexperienced...

FLASH

We see a younger Duncan James dominating as he mansplains to
younger Chloe, who stares at him, rapt.

CHLOE (V.O.)
And most tragically, I was devoted.

Duncan bucks Chloe's chin with his finger.

BACK TO SCENE

Henry looks at Chloe.

HENRY

But what happened? Specifically. So
as not to let history repeat
itself.

FLASH

In a BOARD ROOM, an older Chloe is surrounded by Duncan and
Ian. Duncan fingers a signature line for Chloe to sign a
"Looq NDA" legal document. Their pressuring mounts.

CHLOE (V.O.)

Let's just say it ended badly.

Chloe shoots out of her chair, tossing the legalese in
Duncan's face and storms out, taking us --

BACK TO SCENE

Chloe puts her glass down on the rim of the hot tub.

CHLOE

As for the specifics? Nobody knows
but me, Duncan...

CHLOE'S POV: IAN'S HOUSE

It's dark, but the light of a laptop is visible.

CHLOE (O.S.)

... And Ian.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Chloe looks at Henry.

CHLOE

As for specifics I couldn't tell
you if I wanted to. Founders --
respect for the individual human
life always takes a back to the big
bucks.

LESLIE

Plus the usual bonus of
undercutting a woman's contribution
in Silicon Valley.

HENRY

(sincerely)

We run a different kind of shop
over at Humanize.

CHLOE
Good for you.

Henry realizes he's crossed a line.

HENRY
I'm sorry.

EXT. THE GARDEN - NIGHT

Leslie and Henry are seated at a table that's already covered with finger foods. Chloe puts down a final, abundant charcuterie board in front of them.

CHLOE
Foie gras?

Henry looks shocked. Leslie is already digging in.

HENRY
Wasn't it banned in California, no?

CHLOE
This is lab grown hybrid. Right up
your alley.

Henry checks his tattoo as he takes a cautious first nibble. Chloe rolls her eyes as she sits down with them. As they start to eat we --

CUT TO:

INT. IAN'S CABIN - MEANWHILE

Ian sits here, in the dark, doing shots of tequila, listening to the sound of voices and occasional laughter coming from Chloe's garden. He sighs, looking lonely.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Chloe is putting leftover food away as Henry comes in with a tray filled with the dinner dishes.

CHLOE
We should make Leslie help.

HENRY
She's talking to her wife.

Henry starts washing dishes. Chloe watches a moment.

CHLOE
You don't mind getting your hands
dirty?

HENRY

You have the wrong idea about me.

Henry washes dishes through this next exchange. Chloe comes over and starts to dry, the two working together closely.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Look, I need your help, Chloe.
Along with you keeping our
community safe, Humanize is
poppin', our next flagships are
breaking ground first in Miami --
above the flood zone -- then
Austin, and Puerto Rico, we're
about to close this funding round,
our team is like family, we love
each other hard and our work shows
that. We're exploding and we want
you on the train.

CHLOE

See it's always about the money.

Chloe dries a dish before she speaks. Puts it down.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'm sure you're changing the world.
Or at least you think so.

(picks up another dish)

Loog was supposed to be the "velvet
rope economy" disruptor, a tiered
social media platform where you
could find your tribe no matter
your zip code.

HENRY

(confused)

And it ended up a good coyote
sourcing tool to sneak human
traffic across borders? That's
progress? This is your chance to do
it right. Actually, for real,
change the world dramatically for
the better.

Quiet for a moment, concentrating on dish duties and Chloe
digesting Henry's words.

CHLOE

(pointing)

Your digs for the night are over
there, just behind the bushes next
to Leslie's car.

THROUGH A WINDOW

We see the red lights of a tiny trailer.

CHLOE (O.S.)
I left the lights and heater on.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Chloe turns back to Henry, who's washing a final dish.

HENRY
(hopeful)
I was hoping I might...

Henry's voice trails off. Chloe points again.

CHLOE
Trailer's over there.

Henry laughs, grabs his bag and goes out the front door. As he exits, Leslie comes in from the garden and sees the door closing. She looks at Chloe, annoyed but not really.

LESLIE
Really? Not even just a smooch..?

Off Chloe's eye roll, Leslie grabs her bag and heads up the stairs. Chloe dries the final dish, amused.

EXT. IAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Ian stares dejected on his couch. The Tequila bottle sits in front of him, the TV still playing, the sound turned low but audible.

A text from Chloe pings his phone: "SORRY I WAS CURT EARLIER."

He ignores it.

EXT. CHLOE'S CABIN - DAWN

Chloe exits her cabin, dressed in running gear. There's thick morning FOG, and Ian's cabin isn't visible.

Chloe stretches for a moment, then sets off down the drive, moving at an easy pace. Ian's cabin comes INTO VIEW as she moves through the fog and then... She stops.

Swinging from a NOOSE from a young redwood she sees Ian. An aluminum step ladder lies on the ground, as if kicked over.

Chloe gasps but maintains her composure. Takes out her phone and makes a call. Moments later --

A VOICE (V.O.)
911, what's your emergency?

CUT TO:

INT. TALL-WINDOWED APARTMENT - MORNING

Duncan James stares at himself in a massive leaning mirror in an eerily empty modern apartment on a towering floor of SF's Millennial Tower. His hair is wet, slicked back, and he wears a robe. He preens for the mirror a moment more until --

GIGI (O.S.)
You like what you see?

DUNCAN
As a matter of fact...

ANOTHER ANGLE

Duncan looks at GIGI (early 20s), who lies on a bed. The rest of the space is empty.

DUNCAN
I do.

Gigi laughs.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
What's funny?

GIGI
You are.

DUNCAN
I'll tell you when I'm funny.

Duncan crosses over to Gigi, his BACK TO THE CAMERA. He opens his robe. We can't see Gigi, but Duncan's back arches and --

A SUBJECTIVE POV: WATCHING THEM

Some kind of HIDDEN CAMERA is recording this, and we can see Gigi's hunched over form as she goes down on Duncan. He turns and smiles at the camera, then looks back down at Gigi.

A REVERSE ANGLE: CLOSE ON THE MIRROR

Hidden within the mirror we can just make out a camera lens.

A phone RINGS.

ANOTHER ANGLE

We still can't really see Gigi as Duncan reaches for his phone. Before he answers --

DUNCAN
 (to Gigi)
 Don't stop.
 (into phone)
 I'm busy right now, Chloe.

CHLOE (V.O.)
 You're about to get a lot busier.
 I'm right outside Ian's cabin.
 He's...

DUNCAN
 (cutting her off)
 He's an asshole, yes, I know.

CHLOE (V.O.)
 Shut the fuck up and listen to me,
 Duncan!

Something about Chloe's voice shuts Duncan up. He pulls back and Gigi's head bobs UP INTO FRAME. She looks puzzled.

EXT. IAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Her ear pressed to the phone, Chloe watches POLICE OFFICERS and EMTs as they cut the noose, lowering Ian to a waiting bodybag, VEHICLES crushing the garden bed, RED LIGHTS flickering in the last of the morning mist.

A POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps picture of everything.

CHLOE
 Ian's dead, Duncan.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT - MEANWHILE

Duncan, staggered by the news, untangles from Gigi, who looks worried. Chloe's voice is heard, but we can't make out what she says. A stunned Duncan listens as she talks. He finally croaks out --

DUNCAN
 Okay.

Shocked, Duncan looks at Gigi, who looks back, waiting for him to talk: he has no words.

GIGI
 Baby, are you ok..?

EXT. IAN'S CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Chloe hears slurpy kisses through the phone. Disgusted, she hangs up on Duncan. Takes a deep breath as the body bag is loaded into an AMBULANCE.

DETECTIVE OCHOA (O.S.)
Ms. Donaldson?

ANOTHER ANGLE

DETECTIVE OCHOA, a plain clothes cop with a discerning glint in his eye.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
I'm Detective Ochoa. I'm sorry to bother you at a time like this, but I need to ask you a few questions.

CHLOE
Okay.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
How well did you know the deceased?

CHLOE
Very.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
You were friends?

CHLOE
(off his look)
We used to be a lot closer.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
Had he shown any signs lately of being depressed or anxious?

CHLOE
Ian has been anxious since the day I met him. But this...

Chloe looks at the ambulance, where the body bag is visible until an EMT shuts the door on it. Chloe shakes her head in disbelief.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
You're surprised by this?

CHLOE
Surprised?
(a look)
I'm not sure.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
He has one of those digital
tattoos. Do you think it could tell
us something?

CHLOE
I don't have the least idea.
(she looks away)
But I know somebody who does...

Ochoa follows Chloe's gaze as she looks over at --

Leslie and Henry stand in front of Chloe's cabin.

EXT. CHLOE'S CABIN - LATER

Detective Ochoa and Chloe stand with Henry and Leslie.

They've finished whatever discussion they've had. Ochoa hands
each of them his card.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
Here's my card, in case you think
of anything else.
(to Henry)
And Mr. Ingram...

HENRY
Henry.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
Mr. Ingram: don't forget to send me
the user data on Mr. Hall.

HENRY
I'll have to speak with our
attorneys before we can even think
of showing you any of our records.
They'll want to talk to you. Our
users' privacy is of utmost
concern.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
Is it now? Well, not to worry: I
know how to talk to attorneys.

HENRY
And I'm sure you'll need a warrant.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
Lo and behold: I know how to do
that too.

HENRY
(voice rising)
Listen, Detective...

CHLOE
(a soft warning)
Henry...
(to Ochoa)
Get your warrant, Detective, and
I'm sure Mr. Ingram will be happy
to work with you.

DETECTIVE OCHOA
As tough as they say you are.

Chloe looks puzzled.

DETECTIVE OCHOA (CONT'D)
Gossip travels like wildfires round
here.

Ochoa nods and walks off, gets into his unmarked vehicle. The other police and EMS vehicles are now gone. Ochoa drives off, leaving them alone.

A beat. Chloe suddenly looks lost and worn. Leslie looks at her sister, concerned, and Henry looks awkward.

CHLOE
I have to go to San Francisco.
There'll be a service for Ian. I
have to be there.

Leslie gives her a long look before...

LESLIE
In yesterday's world, I'd feel like
I won.
(a loaded look to Henry)
...but don't drive, come with us.

Chloe eyes Leslie's Mini.

CHLOE
In that?

Leslie looks at the electric Mini, which barely holds two people, then back at Chloe.

LESLIE
(point taken; to Henry)
Go with her.

CHLOE
I'm fine, Leslie.

LESLIE
Chloe, if there's one thing I've gleaned being your big sister it's knowing when you're not fine. And right now: you're pretty fucking far from it.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - LATER - DAY

Chloe drives with a heavy foot, a road sign for San Francisco flying past.

Henry rides shotgun, holding his phone. He glances nervously at the road, says only --

HENRY
You're the only person I know who doesn't have an electric car.

CHLOE
I like to drive.

Henry pushes a button on his phone and a HOLOGRAPHIC TOUCHSCREEN appears: he manipulates screens that are filled with numbers and symbols and data. The only thing we can make out is a name: this data all belongs to Ian Hall.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
(glancing sideways)
What're you doing?

Chloe can't see Henry's holographic screen. To her it looks as if Henry is simply manipulating air.

HENRY
Looking at Ian's Humanize data.
(off her look)
Already flipped to "memorial" mode.
Data's anonymous before death, but now his full microbiome history is accessible.

CHLOE
And?

HENRY
The AI knows who's gonna commit suicide before they do.
(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

We see the swamp of depression all across our bio markers, but Ian wasn't on suicide watch.

Chloe drives for a moment, then glances at Henry's tattoo.

CHLOE

It must be challenging to have an affair with that ink tracking your every move.

HENRY

My friend, you could snort a line of the best Calvin Klein and it wouldn't know. You just sleep the tattoo.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(off Chloe's confusion)

Cocaine and ketamine. You've been in the woods a long time, haven't you?

Chloe speeds up. Henry watches, a little nervous. She goes faster, swerving round the next bend.

HENRY (CONT'D)

(uneasy)

Sure you don't want me to drive?

No answer. They whiz past a road sign on a tight curve, cautioning them to SLOW DOWN but Chloe doesn't, and then --

The sports car 360s... Skids out of control, wildly, and then.. They SCREECH to a halt.

The air's gone out of the car. They're unharmed but rattled.

Chloe stares ahead blinking deliberately, still gripping the wheel white-knuckled.

A deadly still beat. They finally look at one another. Chloe stares at Henry, who stares back, puzzled by the look on her face.

HENRY (CONT'D)

What?

Chloe's nails dig into Henry's thigh. He follows her lead, leaning in close enough to feel each other's rapid breath.

Henry cups his palm to Chloe's cheek, and their eyes penetrate depths, their lips brush.

Chime. Henry's tattoo blossoms.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

CHLOE

For what?

HENRY

You just gave me a gift -- a few million bacteria.

CHLOE

Gross.

HENRY

Or wonderful?

Seizing the opportunity, Henry fumbles with her clothes, but Chloe shakes him off.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Is this about sex or about the work?

CHLOE

(dismissive)

Neither.

HENRY

Because maybe we could set you up remote--

Chloe floors the gas, fishtailing slightly as she cuts back into her lane.

EXT. LEMONS MARKET - LATER - DAY

Henry exits the upscale market holding a couple of bottles of probiotic drinks. Chloe's car sits in the parking lot.

INT. CHLOE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chloe pulls the car out before Henry clips in. Chloe side-eyes what Henry has bought, and sees --

The LABELS on the probiotic drinks: the Humanize name and logo, along with the FACE of a beautiful, fit woman.

CHLOE

You made me stop so you could buy your own product?

HENRY

I like my own product.

He hands her one and she puts it in a cup holder, unopened.

Henry cracks his, drinks, then holds up the bottle, showing the woman to Chloe.

HENRY (CONT'D)

She's real, by the way -- Tal Baylor. I just acquired her gut miracle company last quarter.

CHLOE

(eying the label)

She's pretty. Spent all your cash on acquisitions of hot girls?

HENRY

You know scientists; no business sense, but her tech overhauled our whole stack.

Chloe's phone vibrates as a text comes in.

DIGITAL VOICE

Incoming message from The Inch Worm...

Henry gives Chloe a look: who's The Inch Worm?

CHLOE

Duncan.

DIGITAL VOICE

"Is tomorrow morn the time to release Ian's obit?

Chloe angrily addresses her phone, which types her response.

CHLOE

WE?

(a sigh)

Just make sure it's not devoid of emotion...

(unclicking the mic icon)

...you sociopathic asshole.

The phone sends the text and they drive in silence. Henry goes to open his mouth, then decides to say nothing.

EXT. THE "COMPASS" BY HUMANIZE - DAY

Chloe pulls up outside of the Compass: a broad, glass-clad storefront that stands out from Victorian rows of the Mission district. Above the storefront is Humanize's shared-housing.

Henry grabs his overnight bag, looks back at Chloe, then reaches for the door handle.

HENRY

Thanks for the weekend.

Before he can leave --

CHLOE

You're wrong, by the way.

Henry takes his hand off the handle, turns back to Chloe.

HENRY

About what?

CHLOE

Looq is a cash cow, always has been. No investors. Profitable since day one.

HENRY

Come on Chloe, it's no secret that Jasper Bennet invested at the start. Word on the street is he's chomping at the bit to take them public for his mega-payday.

CHLOE

Okay. One investor. But Jasper only put in a hundred K, years ago.

HENRY

He's the only major investor in the Valley who hasn't cashed out a unicorn.

CHLOE

And you think you can give it to him...

HENRY

I'd like to try. If you'll introduce me.

A beat. Chloe sighs, gives in.

CHLOE

Let me warn you: Jasper's not in the best shape: diabetes and had a close call with Covid. Almost became a statistic.

HENRY

Our ideal target market.

CHLOE

And his wife...

HENRY

Malika. The Whisperer of Riyadh?

CHLOE

Ear of the royal family -- Best to keep your head. You'll have to win her over too: Jasper listens to Malika before he does anything.

HENRY

Enticing...

CHLOE

(quick beat)

The wake's at Jasper's home. If you want, I'll introduce you to him there.

HENRY

Thank you.

A beat. Henry looks at the gleaming Compass building.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want to come in and check out...

Henry's voice trails off when Chloe shoots him a look.

Henry gives her one of his winning smiles, and opens the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Cheers. Call me about the wake!

He exits. Chloe shakes her head, amused and annoyed in equal measure.

INT. "COMPASS" BY HUMANIZE - DAY

An ultramodern blend of office space and retail boutique.

PEOPLE work at standing desks while CUSTOMERS wear clothing adorned with a label that reads "TrueU", set against the Humanize logo of a stylized H.

Customers use their phones to scan and purchase a large array of Humanize lifestyle goods (clothing, tonics, food stuffs). Once purchased, FLOOR STAFF in TrueU/Humanize body suits appear within moments with the purchased item.

Everybody smiles. Everyone seems to have a digital tattoo.

There are CAVERNOUS SIDE ROOMS where we can glimpse gatherings and exercise classes in progress.

Henry enters with his weekend bag, scans in with his tattoo: a readout showing his "ALL ACCESS" status. The smile is gone from his face, and in its place he looks pensive. Passes a GLASS COOLER filled with probiotic drinks, Tal Baylor's face on them.

UMA (O.S.)

Heyo Henry!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Henry turns to see UMA JAI (28), a young tech reporter in bland, unfashionable attire, carrying a gym bag. He still seems pensive.

HENRY

Uma.

(a little guarded)

Here for a story?

UMA

Taking a class...

(raises the gym bag)

Love Cycle.

HENRY

Ah... Have a good ride.

Henry starts off. Uma has noticed his off-kilter mien.

UMA

Henry...

(he looks)

Are you okay?

Henry snaps out of it, smiles his smile.

HENRY

Just a lot on my mind.

UMA

I'm writing a piece on Duncan James, the debauched CEO of your kick-it-old-school competition. Care to lend a quote? You're crushing it over here, right?

Uma raises her phone in hopes of recording Henry's reply. He looks at the phone and she lowers it. His smile is gone.

UMA (CONT'D)

Off the record?

HENRY

Extremely. Duncan's co-founder, Ian Hall, just hung himself at my Redwood cottage getaway weekend.

UMA

Holy shit. Are you serious?

HENRY

Unfortunately.

UMA

Can I quote you?

HENRY

Not even as an unnamed source. Find somebody else to confirm.

UMA

C'mon, Henry, I've got a limited time window to break this and --

HENRY

(cuts her off)

Find somebody else, Uma.

A beat. Uma nods, and Henry moves off.

INT. THE LOVE CYCLE ZONE - A LITTLE LATER

Uma is now dressed in workout gear, bare arms revealing her digital tattoo. She pedals a Love Cycle, an uber-sleek, next-gen machine. It has a holographic screen that shows the FACE of an INSTRUCTOR.

Uma is pedaling hard, talking on an EARBUD phone call.

UMA

My name is Uma Jai, from Tech-Daily.

(MORE)

UMA (CONT'D)

Sally Jones from the San Francisco Coroner's Office told me to give you a jingle. Sally owes me a favor...

(pointedly)

...And she mentioned you owe her one. Do you have an emaciated twentieth century hipster named Ian Hall in one of your slab drawers?

The INSTRUCTOR hears Uma's rising voice over the motivational hip hop.

HOLOGRAPHIC INSTRUCTOR

(barks)

OFF YOUR PHONE. Please.

UMA

(flustered)

Just a sec...

Uma's tattoo chimes, her ink withering. Uma doesn't end the call.

UMA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Don't worry: it's off the record.

(quick beat, smiles)

Thank you.

Hanging up, Uma pedals harder than ever.

INT. THE "COMPASS" CAFE - A LITTLE LATER

HOLOGRAPHIC SHELVES are filled with HEALTHY FOOD ITEMS.

CUSTOMERS wave their tattoos over holographs and we hear the ping of a purchase. Food paid for, customers go to a wall covered with gleaming chrome panels. A wave of the arm in front of the panel causes a digital recognition, and then --

The panel opens and the food, hot and ready, is waiting. A digital automat where your food is behind whatever door you choose. Chrome standing tables dot the room. Now we see --

Uma, showered and back in frumpy professional attire, skims the lunch options, glancing at holographs. She stops in front of one, examines it and then --

TAL (O.S.)

That soup is great for your condition.

UMA
Condition?

ANOTHER ANGLE

TAL BAYLOR, Henry's gut-biome scientist and cover model, gives Uma a glowing smile. Tal is dressed in an outfit replete with a lab coat that somehow shows a lot of cleavage and most of her legs.

UMA
I'm kind of new to this.

TAL
Packed with nurturing turmeric and collagen and...

Tal takes Uma's hand and runs her finger along a strong golden ink line. Uma flinches, retracting her arm.

TAL (CONT'D)
Congratulations.

Uma's puzzled look shifts from Tal to the soup holograph.

UMA
For what?

TAL
You're pregnant.

Uma's dumbfounded.

UMA
Fuck.

Tal highlights some other foods recommendations on the gleaming wall of panels before bounding off.

TAL
Bon appetit.

A shocked zombie, Uma waves her tattoo over the holograph. A beep of recognition.

INT. HENRY AND TAL'S SUITE - SUNSET

Henry lives in a suite atop the Humanize Compass building.

Sunset light flows in through the many windows. He sits in silence, lost in thought.

The front door opens and Tal enters, having changed out of her lab coat bodysuit into casual wear, a crop top exposing her buff figure. She bursts in full of energy.

TAL
What a day!

Tal stops when she sees Henry staring out the window.

TAL (CONT'D)
Hot rocks, you okay?

HENRY
Why do you ask?

TAL
You're staring pensively out a window.

HENRY
So?

TAL
So you don't do pensive, baby.
(a look)
How was the weekend? Get what you want?

HENRY
My weekend was... complicated.

TAL
Complicated? Did you sleep with her?
(no answer)
C'mon, I can just look at your data and find out...

HENRY
I know you can. That's why I'm sharing it with you. There wasn't much sleeping involved.

Tal unzips Henry's fly.

TAL
Next time you better ping me so I can join in.
(going down)
She's hot.

HENRY
I'm not sure there's going to be a next time.

Henry is still disturbed, clearly not himself. Tal gives him a worried look.

TAL

What is wrong with you?

Henry replaces his flawed mechanics and zips his fly.

HENRY

Ian Hall hanged himself from a redwood while we were up there.

TAL

(stunned)

Jesus... are Web 1.0 founders so old now, offing themselves's is their only exit opp?

HENRY

I haven't been near anyone who's died, much less committed suicide. I went to the woods to get free advice, now I'm forced to face my own mortality?

Nearby an extremely sleek LAPTOP dings with a news alert.

Henry turns and looks at the screen --

The TECH-DAILY website pops up and we see a STOCK PHOTO of Ian, along with a headline: Ian Hall, Co-Founder of Looq, Commits Suicide. The byline is Uma's.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That was fast...

Henry starts randomly clicking through various video clips and news stories. In each story we consistently see the name of LOOQ, and we also see (more than once) the name of JASPER BENNET.

Tal slowly eases his fly open again, but Henry's oblivious to anything but his computer. He clicks on a link that shows --

VIDEO FOOTAGE

A tech conference. A MODERATOR sits with Ian, pulling his eyebrows, a nervous tick, looking lost next to Duncan and JASPER BENNET (50s), a robust, Falstaffian figure. Ian and Duncan look younger. A packed AUDIENCE hangs on every word.

MODERATOR

So, I suppose the question everybody really wants to know...

DUNCAN
(withering)
Just get it over with.

MODERATOR
When are you going to IPO?

Duncan and Ian speak at the same time.

DUNCAN	IAN
Never.	Not yet.

The audience laughs. The Moderator is poised to ask another question, but Jasper steps in.

JASPER
Duncan promises he doesn't care
about money, but sooner or later
I'm gonna convince him to go
public. It's inevitable.

Duncan frowns. A MURMUR in the crowd.

IN THEIR SUITE - Tal is pleased to find a murmur inside Henry's boxers. She snaps Henry's laptop screen shut.

TAL
Rather watch old men yammer about
the boring past, or...
(spits in her palm)
...play in the future?

As Henry turns his full attention to Tal, we hear the unctuous VOICE of a --

LOBBYIST (V.O.)
Let me tell you...

INT. AN OPEN CONCEPT RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

A pipette drop of clear liquid falls onto caviar-topped wagyu.

LOBBYIST (V.O.)
Nobody loves privacy more than I
do.

The perfectly marbled beef is placed on a silver tray, which hovers off VIA A MICRO-DRONE. We MOVE WITH the drone as we hear the --

LOBBYIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Save the plebs, our personal data
 is the new crude oil, I'm all for
 it.

The drone MOVES THROUGH the kitchen (which is filled with
 such drones) as --

LOBBYIST (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 But this Section 230 law is twenty-
 five years out of date.

The drone GLIDES through an OPEN ARCH, taking us to --

EXT. EDEN'S GARDEN RESTAURANT - PATIO - NIGHT

We MOVE with the drone through the garden of San Francisco's
 latest 3-star restaurant, headed toward the voice, which
 continues --

LOBBYIST (O.S.)
 I don't need to explain it to you.

We can now make out the LOBBYIST in his expensive suit,
 surrounded by well-heeled CORPORATE TYPES, seated at the FAR
 END of the garden. The caviar drone is making its way towards
 this group as we see --

It's followed by a small flotilla of drones, each with an
 expensively delicate morsel of food on it.

LOBBYIST (CONT'D)
 Your companies are job providers.
 Your wealth doesn't trickle down,
 it pours. Am I right?

The Corporate Types all murmur their assent. The food is
 almost on top of them now.

LOBBYIST (CONT'D)
 I'm all for sensible internet
 regulation, but this is absurd.

They all reach for their respective appetizers. As the
 Lobbyist reaches for his caviar, his sleeve pulls back to
 reveal a Humanize tattoo.

LOBBYIST (CONT'D)
 Truly, you guys are the victims
 here. When I go back to D.C. My
 retainer guarantees you'll never be
 held accountable for the crimes
 transpiring on your sites.
 (waxing philosophical)
 (MORE)

LOBBYIST (CONT'D)

Your platforms are so big they're a reflection of society... what can you do?

He mows a glistening bite of wagyu. An even louder murmur of assent as the Lobbyist's tattoo atrophies.

LOBBYIST (CONT'D)

The good news is... I can make your problem go away.

He chews the fatty beef. Everyone leans in, ready to hear more, and then --

The Lobbyist jerks with a spasm... Starts to convulse... Foams at the mouth. SCREAMS and SHOUTS around the room as the Lobbyist falls from his chair, OUT OF FRAME, taking us to --

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Leslie and Chloe are in the living room of the house. In the background we see Chloe's wife, JANE (40s), feeding TWO KIDS at a table. The Kids make kid noise.

Leslie and Chloe are looking at Uma's story on a laptop.

CHLOE

I can't believe you let Uma scoop you.

LESLIE

She's a friend.

CHLOE

She's a pain in the ass.

LESLIE

That's what makes her good-- and you know it.

(reading the story)

What time do we have to doll up for Jasper and Malika's "Celebration of Life Ceremony"?

CHLOE

You're dark.

LESLIE

Just chomping at the bit for the reunion-- You and a handpicked selection of the Valley's most arrogant douchebags, topped only by Duncan, The Inch Worm.

CHLOE

Watch him not even turn up.

EXT. A MANSION - EVENING

Cars line up at the mansion valet for Ian's "CELEBRATION OF LIFE CEREMONY" as guests arrive -- the tech glitterati-illuminati of SF, the "Technorati."

Chloe pulls up to the valet. She slides out, elegant black dress, heels, jewelry. Henry is with her, wearing a blue shirt and black jeans, and expensive loafers.

INT. THE MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Chloe and Henry enter, look around. The room is filled with wealth and success, here to be seen much more than they are to mourn Ian's death. Now --

Henry follows Chloe's gaze until it settles on --

Jasper Bennett, older and even more "robust" than in the video Henry watched. A cane in one hand and a bandage over one of his feet. Jasper is on the other side of the room, holding court to a SMALL CROWD of the young and ambitious.

CHLOE

There he i...

HENRY

Prime target.

An eager Henry is already on his way toward Jasper, pushing past Chloe. She shakes her head, annoyed, then sets off to follow Henry when --

UMA (O.S.)

Chloe!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Uma Jai stands there. Chloe grimaces for just a second, then smiles as they air kiss.

CHLOE

Uma...

UMA

I'm so sorry. I know you were close...

CHLOE

Thanks.

(quick beat)

I saw your piece. You scooped everybody.

Uma smiles: she knows.

UMA
What'd you think?

CHLOE
What I thought was: how'd she get
this so fast?

UMA
(re Henry)
Your handsome pal over there likes
to talk.

Chloe eyes Henry angling to nudge into Jasper's periphery.

UMA (CONT'D)
(a warning)
Speaking of pals, I've been working
on a much bigger piece-- a
historical retrospective, if you
will... all about Looq and its old
noxious trio. I'm wondering if
that's what drove Ian to the noose.

CHLOE
That's right: ancient history.
(noticing Uma's seltzer)
Where's your usual triple scotch?

Uma shifts her weigh uncomfortably.

UMA
Building up my flora.

CHLOE
You too?

Chloe bristles as she moves off.

UMA
Honey, we're just getting started.
Let's hit the balcony so I can show
you a supercut of Duncan's "candid"
video collection.
(a questioning look)
You do know about Duncan's video
proclivities?

Chloe looks back sharply.

UMA (CONT'D)
So far I haven't found any footage
with you in it.
(MORE)

UMA (CONT'D)

On thing's for sure, Ian's death opens a can of worms. Get ahead of it, Chloe, get on record. I'm saying this as a friend.

Chloe walks away. Uma looks around for another victim.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jasper is still holding court with booming laughter. Henry is on the outskirts of the crowd that's also laughing at Jasper's boisterous anecdote.

Next to Jasper we FIND his wife: MALIKA BENNETT (50). A sleek, shark, Middle Eastern woman with bright red lipstick and kohl-lined eyes that miss nothing.

The laugh dies down and everybody waits for Jasper to keep talking, but he spies Chloe coming towards him.

JASPER

(to the group)

Guys, I need a moment with my favorite godchild.

Jasper envelops Chloe in a tight hug. There's a lot of fake emotion in this room, but this is real. Malika and Henry gather around Jasper and Chloe.

JASPER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you were the one to find Ian dangling. Gruesome. Always was the weakest in the pack.

(a worried look)

How are you holding up?

CHLOE

Wobbly. But ok.

JASPER

Your sister says you're bored senseless up North, too much time alone, smoking weed morning to night. When are you quitting this living off-the-land lark? Guilt feeds on itself. You need to stop acting like a wounded bird.

MALIKA

Stop picking on her.

CHLOE

I can stand up for myself, thank you.

Malika turns and looks at Henry, who stands next to Chloe, looking gorgeous in a suit, and perhaps a little sheepish.

MALIKA

Henry Ingram, the man who's been wading into the murky depths of Big Brother wellbeing surveillance.

HENRY

(off game)

Have we met?

MALIKA

You'd remember if we had.

(a smile)

I make it my business to know what's going on.

CHLOE

That's what we love about you.

MALIKA

(to Henry)

So, tell us about Humanize.

When Henry doesn't speak right away --

MALIKA (CONT'D)

Young man: you're at an event you have no connection to, so I'm assuming Chloe brought you because you asked, and if you asked it's not because you need to be seen. You want something. Everyone does.

Henry's mouth drops open. Chloe smiles at Malika's savvy.

MALIKA (CONT'D)

So: you have your audience. Perform.

It takes a second, but... Henry's smile returns.

HENRY

It's not Big Brother. Yes, our tech tracks you, it knows how you're doing... to lift our community collectively and help us achieve balance.

MALIKA

Must appeal to insurance companies and the government.

CHLOE

Nice side feature -- you can turn it off if you want to cheat on your partner.

HENRY

We don't encourage that, by the way. We don't track, we gather to provide.

MALIKA

Ok. Whatever you tell yourself. Nothing's anonymous once it becomes data. What's so special about yours?

CHLOE

I will say Henry's biome tech does appear to work. Worth something on the patents alone.

JASPER

Maybe Looq should acquire and strip mine to the multinational health and wellness monoliths?

MALIKA

Troll.

HENRY

Actually, Chloe mentioned you've had some health challenges.
(ignoring Chloe's ire)
You're a prime candidate to join our community.

Jasper produces a high-tech metal pill dispenser.

JASPER

I've got a pill for that!

A WAITER passes with a plate of bacon-wrapped shrimp. Jasper grabs at one, but Malika swats his hand away.

MALIKA

(sternly)
Jasper...
(to Chloe)
Your godfather could use a bit more incentive to keep his diabetes on track.

HENRY

Without a doubt. What say the two
of you come down to our flagship?
We can give you a tour of the
Compass -- our lifestyle sandbox.

MALIKA

I don't do tours, but...

Malika nods at Jasper, as if saying "do it." He turns to
Henry, about to say yes, but then adds a codicil.

JASPER

Only if Chloe comes with. A chance
to hijack my goddaughter and not
let her return to the suicidal
hippy commune...

The entire group gives him an appalled look. Malika looks
particularly aghast. Jasper blithely looks back at them.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Too soon?

EXT. MANSION VERANDA - MEANWHILE - NIGHT

Leslie is here with SASKIA HALL (37), Ian's widow, looking
stylish but frail. They share a cigarette on the veranda.

They smoke in silence for a moment.

A THRUM of voices comes through the open veranda doors. Chloe
comes out and joins them. She and Saskia hug.

CHLOE

How are you holding up?

Saskia looks at Chloe, her eyes filling with tears.

SASKIA

I just don't understand. Ian was in
a good place. I mean, he could
still be an asshole, but I felt
like he was trying. That stupid
Humanize tattoo was kind of
working. He seemed more balanced.
But now...

(a beat)

Jasper and Malika have been so
kind. They came yesterday and spent
the afternoon. The board seat is
supposed to go to me now. It's
overwhelming, but Jasper seems
adamant I can manage it...

(MORE)

SASKIA (CONT'D)
(to Chloe)
What would you do in my shoes?

Before Chloe can reply, we hear the sound of a bread knife tinkling against a glass, a VOICE rising over the din --

DUNCAN (O.S.)
I'd like to ask you all to quiet
down for a moment.

The VOICES inside start to die down as the three women look at one another.

CHLOE
Let's get this over with.

INT. THE MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Chloe and the others come back inside as conversation continues to die down. Duncan stands in the center of the room, all eyes now on him. For one moment his eyes find --

Chloe. The two exchange a look that's hard to parse, but for a second Duncan seems lost. Then he finds himself. The room is almost quiet.

DUNCAN
Hi all. Thanks for coming.

The last voices quiet down. Duncan takes a breath, continues. His speech is sincere, from the heart.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
I just want to say a few words
about my lifelong friend. Ian was
an iconoclast, a one-of-a-kind
original. My partner at LOOQ, my
partner in damn near everything
when we were young. Two ambitious
kids with a burning desire to
single-handedly slay the dragon of
failure. I woke up this morning
wanting to tell him how I felt, and
I realized that for the first time
in forever... I couldn't.
(feigning emotion)
I'm going to miss my friend.

Chloe tries not to puke in her mouth; visibly cringing.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
(raises his glass)
To Ian.

Everyone raises a glass and repeats the toast.

GUESTS

To Ian!

CHLOE

(sotto; to Leslie)

Do you have any antacid, feeling
nauseous.

Leslie hands Chloe her pack of cigarettes.

LESLIE

I gotta ditch them before I'm home
to Jane anyhow.

LATER

The affair is winding down, groups divided into pockets of talking people, the crowd starting to thin. Chloe comes over to Jasper and Malika, who stand with Henry and Leslie.

CHLOE

(to Leslie)

Where's Saskia?

LESLIE

She had enough and went home. Poor
thing.

CHLOE

I'm about to do the same.

Chloe turns to Jasper to say goodbye, but he's staring at his phone, a look of astonishment on his face.

JASPER

Good lord.

A MURMUR is starting around the room as Jasper thrusts his phone into Chloe's hands and --

ON SCREEN

We see the archaic LOOQ website and some text: "READY TO HELP
EXTERMINATE THE INFESTATION?"

POLL TEXT appears: "Three choices for murder..."

1) A POLITICIAN. 2) A HOMELESS PERSON. 3) A TECH JOURNALIST."

"WHO DESERVES TO DIE NEXT? YOU CHOOSE.

-- THE TECHNORATI"

A TICKING CLOCK completes the poll, counting down from 2000 minutes. The MURMUR we heard is getting LOUDER, everyone talking at once as --

Chloe looks up from the phone. All around the room people are eyeing their screens, seeing the same thing. Henry looks up from his own phone.

HENRY
Is this a joke?

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAWN

The dusty unmarked vehicle that belongs to Detective Ochoa crosses the Golden Gate Bridge, part of early morning light traffic. We glimpse Ochoa behind the wheel taking in the vast view of the approaching San Francisco sunrise.

INT. DUNCAN'S APARTMENT / SURVEILLANCE ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Lounging in boxer shorts, with a tube of lube nearby... Duncan surveys multi-screens: one showing Gigi's dorm room bed... A second, a gold-tipped cane in foreground, Jasper mawing a bag of Doritos in his kitchen, then licking his pudgy paws...

Duncan's gaze shifts and he leans into the last screen... a feed of Chloe captured through her highjacked phone, sleeping in Leslie's guest room bed, her reflection visible through a full length mirror...

Duncan picks up his phone and writes a text...

INT. LESLIE'S GUEST ROOM - MEANWHILE

Chloe's phone sits on a charger on Leslie's guest-room mantle...

A TEXT FROM DUNCAN: "I like the way you do your hair now."

Chloe stirs in her sleep.

The phone rings. And rings. And rings.

Disoriented, Chloe wakes, shaking off an intangible bad feeling.

The phone rings again as she runs her fingers through sweaty hair. At the last second she grabs it and answers, spotting Duncan's unsolicited text.

CHLOE

You no longer have the right to
call me this early in the morning,
Duncan. Fuck off.

DETECTIVE OCHOA (V.O.)

Excuse me?

Chloe is now awake. She looks at her phone, then speaks
again.

CHLOE

I'm sorry, I thought this was
somebody else.

DETECTIVE OCHOA (V.O.)

This is Detective Ochoa -- from
Mendocino county. We need to talk.

CHLOE

(caught off guard; groggy)
Do I need to come... downtown?

DETECTIVE OCHOA (V.O.)

(amused)
How bout we start with coffee?

EXT. COFFEE SHACK - SUNRISE

Chloe walks toward this outdoor shack. She catches sight of a
hot, young barista, SPENCER, (22), behind the counter.
Spencer beams at a CUSTOMER as he hands over a coffee.

SPENCER

Hope your day is as beautiful as
your smile!

Chloe clocks Spencer's Humanize tattoo. She watches as he
opens an IV bag and pours the liquid into his coffee, taking
a hearty sip.

Spencer looks up, instantly recognizing Chloe.

SPENCER (CONT'D)

Chloe! Long time no see.

Spencer checks his turbulent tattoo as he gulps down more
spiked coffee.

CHLOE

Indeed. New special on the menu?

SPENCER

Secret menu -- just for my sophisticated friends. Strictly for function, not taste. Want one?

CHLOE

(hesitant)

What is it?

SPENCER

My own covert cocktail -- central nervous system stimulants. Clear head, no anxiety, never felt more in control. Fuck that sad old world.

(another sip; re the IV)

I'd be hitting the vein, but -- management. Not long for this gig though. I ten-X followers when I hack new tricks. Make more influencing in a day now than I make frothing milk in a month.

(handing her the cup)

Here try some, it'll make you happy.

CHLOE

And you're letting Humanize track that shit?

SPENCER

More like they're letting me use their tech to track my biohacking and open source my findings -- a whole decentralized gang of us. You should swing by Toxic House over in Oaktown --

Chloe hands back the coffee after a tepid sip.

CHLOE

Not sure I'm ready to speed up my evolution. But I will take two old-school cappuccinos. You still serve cow milk?

Spencer laughs and sets off to work. As he does, Chloe looks up to see Detective Ochoa parking across the street and getting out of his car.

EXT. PARK BENCH - A LITTLE LATER - MORNING

Chloe and Ochoa sip their cappuccinos, sizing one another up.

DETECTIVE OCHOA

Your guest up at the cabin, Mr. Ingram, he has yet to send me the Humanize user data on the deceased.

CHLOE

Did you get a warrant?

DETECTIVE OCHOA

I'm working on it. The judge seems to think this is a case of law enforcement overreach. I was hoping you might use your influence to help me get it sooner.

CHLOE

I'm out of the game.

Ochoa looks at her for a long beat.

DETECTIVE OCHOA

You're very much in the game, it would appear. One thing being a cop does is teach you how to watch people. How was the memorial last night?

CHLOE

A downer.

DETECTIVE OCHOA

More to come. Humanize is blowing up, but Henry Ingram is a liability. You on the other hand...
(quick beat)

Ms. Donaldson, I'm gonna be open with you, and I'd hope for some reciprocity. Ian Hall didn't put himself up on that tree.

CHLOE

How do you know that?

DETECTIVE OCHOA

Because the Medical Examiner's report said Mr. Hall had enough Xanax in his system to knock out a charging elephant.

CHLOE

Jesus...

Chloe opens her phone to the Looq poll and slides it to Ochoa.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
So the poll?

DETECTIVE OCHOA
Hard to argue it it's a joke now.
Possibly a serial. If these are
connected that lobbyist makes two
victims in less than 48 hours.
(beat)
I'm en-route to SF Homicide on this
now.

Ochoa has finished his coffee. He rises from the bench.

DETECTIVE OCHOA (CONT'D)
Thanks for the coffee. I'd really
appreciate it if you could talk to
Ingram. Whoever's behind this?
They're not messing around.

Ochoa starts off, but he turns back with a final thought.

DETECTIVE OCHOA (CONT'D)
And that Looq poll-- a homeless
person, a politician... or a tech
journalist.
(a questioning look)
Your sister Leslie's a journalist,
right?
(quick beat)
Be in touch.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. LESLIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

The FRONT DOOR bursts open and Chloe comes flying in.

Leslie looks up from the living room where she's struggling
to dress OWEN (6). Jane is visible in the kitchen, cleaning
up from breakfast. The room goes still when Chloe enters,
obviously alarmed, catching her breath. Finally --

CHLOE
Ian didn't kill himself.

LESLIE
Police confirmed? Now that's a
story.

CHLOE
Do you still have dad's .45?

INT. LESLIE AND JANE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Leslie holds up a small lock box.

LESLIE

I can't even remember the goddamn combination.

CHLOE

Mom's birthday.

LESLIE

(sarcastic)

How sweet.

Leslie flips the combination, they're both unsettled by the gleaming handgun. Leslie leaves the open case on a dresser, but doesn't pick up the gun.

CHLOE

Pick it up. This is serious.

Leslie gives a small "Huh," not as a question, but more registering the comment. She grabs her laptop off the bedside table, sits down on the bed, rapidly typing.

LESLIE

So three homicides linked... the murder poll's gonna rip the Valley apart...

CHLOE

What are you doing?

LESLIE

Uma's glorified obit's got nothing on what I'm about to break.

CHLOE

Are you serious? The point is to be less of a target, not paint a bullseye on your forehead. You need to come back up with me to the cabin.

LESLIE

There you go again, running away... where's my bad ass, "take on the world" sister? Besides, there's no way a tech journalist is gonna get more votes than a politician.

CHLOE

Maybe elsewhere, but in this city?

LESLIE
You think?

Chloe gives Leslie a baleful look, and for a moment Leslie's typing slows. Then... She starts back up again.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Fuck it, it's a good story.

Chloe sighs, exasperated. Heads for the door.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Are you headed back up to Elk today?

CHLOE
No.

EXT. THE COMPASS - DAY

We LAP Chloe's final words as she and Jasper arrive in a DRIVERLESS ELECTRIC TOWNCAR.

CHLOE (V.O.)
Jasper's twisted my arm to tour the flora and fauna him.

INT. HENRY AND TAL'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Tal looks out the window to the street below, sees Jasper and Chloe getting out of the car, Jasper moving slowly.

TAL
They're here!

Henry appears: he's clammy and white as a sheet, deeply troubled.

TAL (CONT'D)
What's the matter?

HENRY
I just had a call from Miami --

TAL
Sexy money guy?

HENRY
Not anymore. He's pulling out.
Fucking Looq poll. Not enough to
kill our users -- now it's killing
our cash.

TAL
(worried)
What are you going to do?

Henry pulls himself together, finds his smile. Looks out the window at --

HENRY'S POV: JASPER

Is slowly limping his way into the building.

HENRY (O.S.)
I'm going to go downstairs and fix this.

INT. THE COMPASS - MEANWHILE

Chloe and Jasper enter and look around. The space is buzzing as it was the other day, filled with the young and beautiful, working, buying, being, tattoos on all of them.

Henry and Tal appear, lord and lady of the beautiful people.

HENRY
Good morning! This is Tal Baylor,
our resident science genius and...

JASPER
(cutting him off)
And a gorgeous genius at that.

Tal offers a hand, but instead of shaking, Jasper kisses it.

TAL
(to Chloe)
Is he always like this?

CHLOE
Always.

HENRY
Frosted matcha boost anyone?

Before either Chloe or Jasper can answer, a CANINE ROBOT trots over with four TumYum tonics and small glasses filled with dry ice. Jasper watches closely as Tal pours as if preparing a tea ceremony, then serves them. Henry raises his smoking glass.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Cheers...

They drink. Both Tal and Henry's tattoos emit a gratifying chime. Chloe looks suspiciously at the smoking green sludge.

JASPER
C'mon, Chloe, be a sport.

Chloe tastes... It's not bad. Tal catches Chloe's eyes and licks her lips.

TAL
Yum?

CHLOE
I hate to admit it, but...

JASPER
Why is it good for me?

HENRY
Everything here is good for you.

They finish their drinks and Tal puts the empty glasses back on the robot.

JASPER
So, if I give you money do I get eternity?

HENRY
It's not quite as simple as that.

CHLOE
Aren't we here so you can sell us?

TAL
It's a lifestyle guide...

HENRY
A tribe...

TAL
Mind-gut synchronicity...

HENRY
Happiness from within...

Chloe rolls her eyes at Jasper, who beams back at her.

TAL
We just want to help you be your best self.
(takes Jasper's arm)
Let me show you around.

Jasper is completely charmed. As he and Tal start off, Henry offers his arm to Chloe. She doesn't take it. But they follow the other two.

CHLOE

I coffeed with Detective Ochoa this morning.

HENRY

Jackbooted thug.

CHLOE

He's not a fascist, he's a homicide detective.

(gives him a look)

Ian was drugged... then murdered.
Not suicide. D.C. lobbyist last
night makes two victims, both with
Humanize tattoos. Not a good look.

HENRY

I'm aware --

CHLOE

God help you if there's a third
killing and the victim has a
tattoo.

HENRY

(shaken)

Fuck me...

But Henry is shaken for only a second. Again, he smiles.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I believe in what we're doing here,
Chloe, I live and breath the
positive.

Chime -- His tattoo flourishes. Henry winks, gaming his own
tech with forced positivity.

ACROSS THE FLOOR

Jasper and Tal stand at a DOOR, looking into a ROOM where
some kind of workshop is going on.

JASPER'S POV: THE ROOM

A strikingly perfect, agendered INSTRUCTOR gives a workshop
to a SMALL CROWD. A VIDEO starts to play on the GLASS WALLS,
starting with a HUMAN NETWORKS+ logo, followed by a series of
WINDOWS that open up, one at a time, each showing a TATTOO-
WEARING HUMAN having their best possible life. The windows
appear one at a time, CENTER SCREEN, and then they slide to
the margins, until the whole wall is covered with windows
showing what life can offer if only you Humanize. The
Instructor speaks as the video plays.

INSTRUCTOR

We are swimming in the deep end of the seven deadly sins.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

We're arrogant, we lie, we antagonize, we inflate, we don't support our friends when they really need us. It's a world of narcissistic clickbait, revenge porn, selfies. Just think of that word. Selfie. Here's a diametric word for you:

(looking around the room)

Others.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jasper turns away from the room to find that Chloe and Henry have joined them. Jasper looks at Henry.

TAL

A toxic head equals a toxic constitution.

CHLOE

So join the cult?

JASPER

You're making a lot of promises here. People will be pissed when their life isn't perfect.

HENRY

We're not selling perfection. Simply that our mind influences our body and vice versa.

TAL

And we can help control that more efficiently.

EXITING THE WORKSHOP

Jasper and Chloe follow Henry as he sermonizes...

HENRY

It's all data-driven, subscription-based. 360 awareness. Every one of us has a digital identity, our biggest asset. So here at Humanize, we create a "smart contract" with each user.

Henry indicates the many CUSTOMERS milling through the space as they arrive at...

A NEXT TECH TATTOO PARLOR

Rows of ARTISTS inlay USERS with metallic tattoos as they lounge on sleek settees. Jasper notes the bustling waiting room.

JASPER

Not a seat empty.

HENRY

We know what they need and want before they do. One day in our community and we have thousands of data points on a user. We know EVERYTHING.

JASPER

Everything?

CHLOE

Do I smell searing flesh?

HENRY

Well within reason... Fall off the wagon? That's OK. We got you. Discounted rehab workshops, and we send product and partner deals to get you back on track.

TAL

Health insurance companies love us.

Jasper nods, genuinely impressed.

JASPER

Huge clients -- hard for a startup to secure.

Tal's tattoo chimes, giving Jasper a libidinous tingle.

EXT. THE COMPASS - MOMENTS LATER

The tour completed, the four of them debrief on the sidewalk. Henry eyes Jasper closely.

HENRY

So: what do you think?

JASPER

I like it, Henry, I like it a lot. Chairs filled and big partnerships with deep pockets. But--

HENRY

Jasper, we're certainly not Looq, we're the future. Not an antiquated Beanie Babies trading forum, you can't post shoddy pictures of your dinner. Yet, surprisingly: Looq's daily traffic is a mountain next to our molehill. But our molehill gets bigger daily. If I can speak freely: your Looq play plateaued in another century.

Jasper holds up the murder poll on his phone.

JASPER

Looq's got a lot of eyes on it this morning.

CHLOE

Don't remind him.

A beat. Then... Jasper laughs heartily, eyes darting.

JASPER

A lot of potential. But due diligence from our end...

Henry's face shows us... he thinks he's won.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Your raise is in jeopardy and I'm feeling a lot like a plug for that hole...

(a long beat; then a
giggle and cane tap)
... And I don't like secrets.

Both Henry and Tal show their distress, if only for a second.

HENRY

Ok you just owned me pretty hard.

CHLOE

Get used to it.

Jasper orders a car.

JASPER

Let's stay in touch.

Jasper pats Chloe's arm.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Shall we, dear.

Tal is already smiling again as she takes Jasper's arm and escorts him toward the curb. Henry looks at Chloe.

HENRY

How bad was that?

CHLOE

It could have been worse.

(less friendly)

But... sew up your bullshit.

He looks disappointed, but says nothing.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Right now? You need all the friends you can get.

(re-Tal, out of earshot)

Or it's gonna become a lonely world for you and your founder hounder there.

Chloe palms her bag for her phone, finding Leslie's cigarettes instead. She lights one defiantly in Henry's face, his tattoo jitters from second-hand smoke.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

If I was running your company, I'd talk to Ochoa and show him my cards.

Chloe follows after Jasper, leaving Henry behind. He takes a deep breath and composes himself. Looks to his agitated tattoo. He breathes again.

As Chloe and Jasper climb into a car we PULL UP --

LOOKING DOWN... HIGHER... Until the towncar is too small to see and all of San Francisco is visible below us and then --

A TIME-LAPSE MOMENT

San Francisco going from magic hour to dusk to night to dawn until finally we find ourselves outside --

EXT. BAY SWIM CLUB - EARLY MORNING

THROUGH THICK MORNING FOG we can just make out the shape of the Bay Swim Club with beach access to the bay.

INT. BAY SWIM CLUB LOCKER ROOMS - MEANWHILE

Uma and Leslie are boxed in by lockers, changing into swimsuits.

Uma is momentarily deflated as she skims Leslie's article on the murders she's now linked with the Technorati Poll.

UMA

Well done. You got me on this one,
but I'm gonna crush you with
something way bigger.

LESLIE

The Duncan takedown? Just keep my
sister out of it.

As Uma clicks through to the poll itself on Looq... video updates now sit below the initial post:

A GIF... Drone footage showing Ian strung from his tree.

"#1 - Scummy tech founder: check."

ANOTHER GIF: The Lobbyist, foaming at the mouth.

"#2 - Lowlife D.C. lobbyist: check."

The poll results are weighing heavily towards a Tech Reporter.

UMA

This is sick.

Uma's tattoo spazzes red as she eyes her screen.

LESLIE

Enough.

Leslie pats her friend's stomach. Uma flinches.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Worry's not good for you or the--

UMA

Jesus.

Uma shuts off her phone. As Leslie puts her belongings into a locker, her purse is open enough for Uma to spot the gun in the bag.

UMA (CONT'D)

Is that real?

LESLIE

Chloe made me pack heat. At least
she's thinking past the Mendo fog.

Uma shrugs.

UMA

People have found me annoying my
whole life. But never wanted to
kill me for it...

LESLIE

Welcome to the new world.

EXT. BAY SWIM CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Leslie enters the water first. Uma follows into the Bay.

A SUBJECTIVE POV: OUT IN THE WATER

Watching as the FOG starts to break, the SUN just starting to
shine... The POV MOVING from Uma to... Leslie.

ON LESLIE

As she swims, strong strokes, Uma visible maybe ten yards
away. Leslie keeps going, unaware she's being watched and --

THE SUBJECTIVE POV:

Getting CLOSER, MOVING TOWARD Leslie and --

It's as if Leslie senses she's not alone... She stops, treads
water, suddenly scared, and then... She looks around and --

Uma was just there, and now she's not.

LESLIE

Uma?

A SUDDEN BUBBLING of water is visible in the spot where Uma
just was, the bubbles illuminated in a glorious SHAFT of
sunlight. After a moment the bubbles stop and --

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(starting to worry)

Uma?

BLACK SCREEN

END OF PILOT