

"MARLO"

SOFIA

~~He seemed disappointed, but didn't
back out. So I just want to lock
down the green card, and then we'll
tell him.
(then)
And in the meantime...~~

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*

She pulls Kareema back in for another round. As SOPHIA'S
HAND, then BOTH FEET...and SECOND HAND SLAPS THE WINDOWS a
la Kate Winslet in Titanic...

Sc. 1

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9 INT. UNPROPAGANDA HQ - MARLO ARAKAWA'S OFFICE - DAY (D1) 9

As Timothy admires a FRAMED WRITING AWARD for INVESTIGATIVE
JOURNALISM -- a TATTED-UP HAND SLAPS the wall right next to
it. Timothy looks around to see:

MARLO ARAKAWA (25): Tiny and intense, she rocks a MOHAWK with
buzzed sides, FLANNEL sleeves rolled up to reveal TATTOOS...
They're in her office, decorated JUNK-CHIC: the desk is a
plank of wood between two crates.

Start ->

MARLO

Bro. Bro.

TIMOTHY

Yes? Erm... bro?

MARLO

(extends hand)

Marlo Arakawa.

TIMOTHY

(reaches out to shake)

Timothy Fin--

His introduction is cut off as Marlo grabs his hand and pulls
him into a bro-hug.

MARLO

I know who you are, bro. I know
you.

TIMOTHY

That's... fine.

Marlo guides Timothy to a retro-vinyl diner chair and a tree
trunk in the corner. Marlo sits on the tree trunk. Timothy
takes the chair -- as he sits, the vinyl-to-pants friction
causes a FART-LIKE SQUEAK.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
That was the chair.

MARLO
It's cool. Farting is just the
body's way of returning nitrogen
back to the universe.

TIMOTHY
No, I didn't fart. See?

He rubs his butt along the chair... no squeaks (of course).

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
(time to pivot)
I was really excited to get your
call. I'm a huge fan of
UnPropaganda's work. I mean, I love
tech writing, but your stories are
always filled with so much --

MARLO
Blood? Tell me about it.

Marlo lifts up her shirt, revealing a HALF-HEALED PUCKERED
SCAR along her abdomen. Timothy pales.

MARLO (CONT'D)
Drop point serrated hunting knife
in the Amazon rain forest. Those
timber security forces do not mess
around...

(as she lowers her shirt)
Look, I know you're a busy man so
I'll get right to it. We've had our
eye on you for some time...

TIMOTHY
Really?

MARLO
Hell yeah. And bro, that STEVEN-
Spiel. Five hundred thousand views
in an hour? Respect.

TIMOTHY
Wow. Thank you. I had no idea
anyone was paying attention.

MARLO
Everything you touch, you nail. You
nail hard and long and good.
(MORE)

MARLO (CONT'D)

You're a nailer. And we need nailers around here.

Timothy is overjoyed -- his journalistic dreams are on the verge of coming true! *

TIMOTHY

Well, let me through your doors and I'll nail everything in sight! *

MARLO

I know you're a gizmo-geek, but at UnPropaganda, we focus on the human element, when the stakes are high and the bullets fly. We don't just want blood on the page. We want sweat, bile, and possibly urine. *

TIMOTHY

I have all of those things. *

MARLO

Righteous. All you need is to find another story that grabs another half a million views. You do *that*, you're in. You get me, bro? *

TIMOTHY

I get you.

With a whoop, Marlo pulls Timothy in for another bro-hug. Unseen by Marlo, Timothy's smile melts off his face: where the hell is he going to find a story like that? **END**

10 INT. CYBERMART - EVIE'S CUBE - LATER (D1)

10

~~Evie, once again sleeps at her desk, surrounded by EMPTY ENERGY DRINK CANS: serious energy drink crash. Then --~~

~~Xavier leans VERY CLOSE TO HER EAR and whispers--~~

~~XAVIER~~

~~Hello Evie.~~

~~Evie FLAILS -- hitting Xavier in the face -- as he REELS BACK, Evie starts typing as though she never stopped, talking a mile a minute --~~

~~EVIE~~

~~What-are-you-doing-here-I-told-you-I-was-busy-your-visit-this-morning-cost-me-four-minutes-and-twenty-three seconds--"~~

TIMOTHY
Speak of the flannel-wearing bro-
devil.

Sc. 2

Start →

(answers phone)
Timothy Finger.

MARLO (V.O.)

BRO!

The SCREEN SPLITS: MARLO in her UnPropaganda Office, Timothy
at the Cybermart loading dock.

47 INT. UNPROPOGANDA - DAY

47

Marlo - in a different flannel shirt - stares gleefully at
her computer screen.

MARLO
Your Vlog is blowing up! You seeing
these views, bro?

TIMOTHY
(preening)
It was rough out here for a while,
but the story going viral was all
the reward I needed.

MARLO
This is beyond viral... this is
nuclear. You're radioactive. I need
your radioactivity, bro. I need it
bad.

TIMOTHY
(struggling with the
hipster-ness)
Well...we'll have to be
careful...I, uh, don't want to melt
your reactor core.

MARLO
Come by the office, sign the
contract, we'll soak in the foam
and bust a moby. Late bright!

TIMOTHY
Twenty-three skidoo!

She hangs up -- SPLIT SCREEN ENDS. Timothy turns to **END**

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
What's "bust a moby"?