

ATLAS REBORN - EPISODE 1 - PART 1

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INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

SUPER: 2053

Water drips from a grimy ceiling into a plastic bucket.

Drip.

Drip.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

ISAAC (50's) tinkers with an Atlas keycard lock. He uses a pair of futuristic lock picking tools, made up of scavenged tech parts.

Isaac glances over his shoulder. A security camera slowly pans the hallway. The security camera pans closer to Isaac. It h's about to land on him.

Ding! The door unlocks and Isaac slips into the apartment.

INT. NEIGHBOUR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Isaac stomps his way towards the sound of a running tap. He kicks a child's toy out of the way.

The carpet squelches underneath his feet.

He reaches a filthy bathroom. Water overflows from the sink, running onto the tiles.

Isaac trudges through the water. He reaches the tap. Shuts it off.

He pants with anger.

Isaac stares at his reflection in the bathroom mirror. Pure loathing. He opens the cabinet.

Isaac pockets prescription medications, stuffing them into a large coat. He leaves the bathroom.

He moves to a connecting bedroom. Isaac rummages through a jewelry box, he pockets a handful.

He quickly moves around the room, tossing through drawers looking for anything of value.

He reaches the bed. Bends down and, with some effort, flips over the mattress.

Bundles of cash are stashed underneath. Isaac grabs them.

He freezes. Muffled voices emerge from the hallway. A baby cries.

Isaac looks for an exit. A keycard dings.

He opens a window. Clammers out onto the fire escape.

The front door opens. A woman coos at the baby.

Isaac slams the window closed.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Isaac pries a floorboard from the ground.

The bucket from earlier is in a corner of the room. Still collecting water.

Under the floorboards is a small safe. Isaac takes it out.

He unlocks the safe. Bundles of cash and pilfered jewelry fill the cavity.

Isaac takes out the money from his pockets. He counts out the bills, mouthing the numbers.

He reaches the last bill. Slumps. Rakes a hand through his hair.

It's not enough.

ISAAC
Goddamn it.

Isaac adds the recently stolen cash to the safe and slams it shut.

INT. ISAAC'S BEDROOM - DAY

Isaac sits on the edge of a single bed in a tiny room.

He scrolls aimlessly through an Atlas phone. In his other hand he holds an old photo of a young girl.

He hums to himself. Smiles at the photo. The expression looks foreign on his face.

Isaac's eyes flicker. His expression goes back to one of stoic sadness.

He turns the phone back on, types out a message.

"NEW MERCHANDISE FOR YOU. WHEN CAN WE MEET?"

He sends the message. An alert pops up on his screen.

"LAST CHANCE TO GET AN ORPH3US! SELLING OUT FAST!"

Isaac clicks on the alert. It takes him to the Atlas website.

Isaac scrolls past photos of smiling families talking to a life sized hologram.

A banner rolls along the screen:

"REMEMBER YOUR LOVED ONES HOW THEY WOULD WANT TO BE REMEMBERED! ORPH3US IS A LIFELIKE HOLOGRAM SYSTEM THAT ALLOWS FAMILIES TO REUNITE WITH THEIR LOST LOVED ONE".

Isaac scrolls quickly past. He reaches the bottom of the page.

One word is written in bright red letters:

"DISCONTINUED."

Isaac squeezes the phone in his hand so hard it looks like it will break. He squeezes his eyes shut, jaw clenched.

Around his wrist is a bracelet of braided thread. Colorful beads are strung along it. It was clearly made by a child.

Isaac fiddles with the bracelet. He relaxes. Looks at the photo.

ISAAC

Guess I'm just gonna have to think
of a way to get more money. It
won't be long now 'Liv.

He kisses the photo then rises.

He places the photo on a bedside table. Framed photos of the same girl, from infancy to early childhood, are displayed alongside it.

In the largest photo Isaac cradles a baby in his arms. Grinning euphorically at the camera.

Several lit candles complete the display. The photos glow in the candlelight.

Isaac leans down and blows them out.

INT. MARGARET'S APARTMENT - DAY

Isaac stands on one side of a doorway, holding a bag of cleaning supplies.

An elderly woman stands on the other side. MARGARET (80's) greets Isaac with a smile.

MARGARET

Thank you for helping out again.

ISAAC

Anything for you Marg.

Isaac sidles into the apartment. He does a quick scan of the room.

A TV is playing quietly in the corner. It shuffles through videos of devastating wildfires and floods.

His eyes land on a display cabinet containing an ornate china tea set. He shrugs. It'll have to do.

Isaac begins to dust nearby furniture. Making a path towards the cabinet.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

How have your hands been?

Margaret holds up a pair of swollen, arthritic hands.

MARGARET

The cold's making it worse.

Isaac peers into the cabinet. Pulls at the handle. It's locked.

ISAAC

Don't happen to have a key do you?
Looks like it could use a good
dust.

MARGARET

I'll be right back!

Margaret waddles out of the room.

Isaac pulls lock-picking tools out of his pocket. He fiddles with the lock and it unlatches with a soft click.

A news anchor speaks softly from the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR
Hillsford is just the latest town
to fall victim to freak weather
phenomena.

Isaac takes a few pieces from the cabinet. Carefully
rearranging the china so the stolen items are unnoticeable.

He slips the stolen china into his bag.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Already making this year the worst
year yet for climate disasters.

Isaac closes the cabinet door just as Margaret reenters, key
in hand.

MARGARET
Here you go.

She hands him the key. He opens the door and begins to dust.

MARGARET (CONT'D)
Sorry about that love. My son wants
me to start locking everything down
with the burglar and all --

Isaac freezes.

ISAAC
Burglar?

He goes back to dusting.

MARGARET
Haven't you heard? There's a thief
picking this block clean. We're
meant to all be on the lookout. Why
anybody would want to steal from
the likes of us...

Isaac straightens up. Brushes himself off.

He gives Margaret his most charming smile.

ISAAC
I'm so sorry. I've just remembered
something I need to take care of.

Isaac calmly walks out of the apartment, bag clutched tightly
in hand. Leaving a puzzled Margaret behind.

INT. ISAAC'S APARTMENT- DAY

ISAAC
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Isaac throws his bag to the floor, slamming the door behind him.

The bag lands with a **CRASH**.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Idiot!

Isaac stumbles to the bag. Zips it open.

The china has smashed in the bottom of the bag. Isaac takes the pieces out and lays them on the floor.

He hopelessly tries to arrange the crockery so that it will fit together.

He fumbles for more pieces. Then draws back in shock.

The broken china has cut him. Blood drips down his arm.

An alert buzzes from his phone. He pulls it out with his good hand.

A message from Atlas blinks onto the screen.

"PLEASE REPORT TO WORK STATION IMMEDIATELY."

Isaac catches the time on his phone. He's late.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Fuck.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Isaac bursts out the door, shrugging on a jacket. His poorly bandaged arm is still bleeding.

The apartment building sits at the edge of the city. The area surrounding the city is a desolate wasteland.

All streets lead to a gleaming monolith of a building. Gleaming towers of glass surrounded by massive warehouses.

At the top of the tallest tower the Atlas logo flashes.

On the ground, the crowded streets are filled with smog.

People hold fabric to their eyes and mouths. They splutter and cough as they jostle past one another.

Isaac pats his pockets. Nothing. He covers his mouth with an elbow.

He eyes the overcrowded streets one more time. Frowns. Then turns to the left, walking away from the packed streets.

EXT. CONDEMNED ZONE - DAY

Isaac stands outside a fenced off part of the city.

Signs warn of flooding and declare the area a "CONDEMNED ZONE."

Isaac lifts a section of the chainlink fence and slips under.

EXT. BLACK MARKET - DAY

Isaac is deep in the deserted area now.

Houses are rotting with mildew. Rats scurry through the streets.

A small market has been set up in the middle of the road. Vendors peddle rusting firearms. Patrons lie on the street in a drug induced haze.

Small groups haggle over pieces of jewelry and scavenged tech parts.

Isaac keeps his head down, weaving his way through the customers.

OWEN

Hey! I got your message!

OWEN (15), a scrappy looking teenager, waves at Isaac.

Isaac picks up his pace. Owen jogs to keep pace.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Are you ready to sell?

ISAAC

Can't. Running late.

Owen continues to follow, unperturbed.

OWEN

You work for Atlas right? Word on the street is some new buyers are willing to pay a lot for Atlas parts.

Isaac gives the market a suspicious once over.

This time he notices a few out of place figures.

Clothed in all black, they stand at the outskirts of the market. They keep a watchful eye on all the market goers.

Several of them hover a hand over the holsters of cutting edge weaponry.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Business could really pick up for you with all the tech being discontinued --

Sounds of a scuffle erupt from behind the pair. A man shoves past Isaac, running into the abandoned streets.

ISAAC

What the --

VENDOR

RAID!

Chaos erupts. Tables are flipped. Some vendors lunge for their stock, others abandon the market altogether.

Atlas security officers emerge from the shadows. They make quick work of those nearby. Already a large portion of the market has been arrested.

The mysterious buyers have vanished.

Isaac and Owen break into a sprint. They run through the streets. The sounds of mayhem following them.

Isaac begins to lag behind, panting.

OWEN

Over there!

Owen points to a large dumpster.

Isaac and Owen crouch behind it. Their ragged breaths calm and then give way to the sound of boots on concrete.

An Atlas officer makes his way down the street. He checks doorways and peers through windows as he moves along.

He walks towards the dumpster. Broken glass crunches under his boots.

The officer leans forward to look behind the dumpster.

Isaac looks at Owen. Owen meets his gaze with wide eyed terror. Isaac narrows his eyes.

Isaac pounces on Owen. Shoving him towards the officer.

The officer and Owen go down, sprawled before Isaac.

Isaac turns. And runs.

INT. ATLAS WORKER LOCKERS - DAY

Isaac clocks in. He shoves a jacket in his locker and swaps it for an Atlas uniform.

Isaac slams the locker door shut.

MATTHEW (20's), a factory foreman, stands where the door once was.

MATTHEW

Worker #20534 you have arrived late
for work.

Isaac jumps back. Revealing his disheveled appearance.

His bandage is stained with blood, his pants are torn, and his hair is a birds nest.

Matthew wrinkles his nose.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Late and an inappropriate
appearance. That's two strikes.

Matthew makes a note of this on a tablet. He looks back at Isaac.

Isaac meets his stare. Matthew's face goes red.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Nothing to say?

Isaac shrugs. He moves to put on his new jacket.

Matthew snaps, a vein bulging in his neck.

He grabs Isaac's bandaged arm and yank it hard. Isaac falls to the ground.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

What are you mute or something?

A group of workers begin to file into the room. They pause when they see the foreman.

ISAAC

I'm not mute.

Matthew clocks the workers. He smooths down his tie.

He turns to the workers with a charming grin. He's a showman.

MATTHEW

So sorry you all had to see that.
It seems this worker and I have
experienced a temporary
misunderstanding.

Isaac continues to glare at him. Matthew sees this, his grin falters slightly.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I will be sure to have this issue
resolved immediately.

Matthew makes an attempt at a sympathetic smile.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

However, Atlas policy does state
that any worker with three strikes
against him must experience a dock
in pay.

At this Isaac's glare falters. He drops his gaze to the floor.

Matthew gleefully taps at his tablet.

A female worker steps up.

ERIN

What were his strikes?

Matthew doesn't look up.

MATTHEW

Pardon?

ERIN

His strikes?

MATTHEW

Oh yes. Tardiness, breach of dress
code and... Insubordination!

He clearly just came up with the last one.

Isaac fumes silently on the floor. Matthew bends over him,
hiding them from the workers with his frame.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Filth.

Matthew spits at the ground then rights himself with a
patronizing pat on Isaac's head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Well I'd better be off! Much to do!
Oh and do make sure you all mark
this down as part of your break
time. I wouldn't want to have to
give out any more strikes today.

Matthew walks off. Isaac watches him, his eyes narrow.

Isaac pushes himself up with his good arm. He makes to follow
Matthew.

Erin steps in front of him. She hold her hand out.

ERIN

I've seen you around. You're the
cleaner right?

Isaac ignores the handshake. He looks behind her. Matthew is
gone.

ISAAC

Worker #20534.

Isaac moves to a storage closet. He pulls out a cleaning
trolley.

ERIN

Well. I'm Erin. These are my
friends. We think it's pretty lousy
how the supervisor treated you.

Isaac grunts in response. He fills up a bucket of water at a
sink.

ERIN (CONT'D)

We were actually thinking of
getting some workers together..

At this Isaac snorts.

ERIN (CONT'D)
It's not a union! Just a...
meeting.

WORKER 1
Erin you're rambling.

ERIN
Sorry! Would you be willing to
help? Maybe share your story?

ISAAC
I'm not getting involved with
anything. I don't need the
attention --

Erin interrupts.

ERIN
-- We could really cause some
change around here if we just
worked together. Get Atlas' full
attention.

Isaac itches at the bandaid on his arm. He brings his hand
back. His fingers are bloody.

Underneath his bloodied fingers, the bracelet glitters in the
fluorescent light.

Isaac clutches his wrist. Nods to himself. A plan is forming.

ISAAC
Okay. I'm in.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

The next day. Isaac is cleaned up now, his arm free of the
bandage.

He wheels his trolley past dead-eyed factory workers. A group
of workers check Atlas tech for faults as they travel down a
conveyor belt.

Every so often a worker picks up a piece of tech and discards
it. Throwing it into a large metal bin.

The workers looks sickly and gaunt. Dead on their feet.

They work directly on tech and machine parts. Limbs are dangerously close to getting crushed and wires spark. This is an OSHA nightmare.

Isaac crouches next to his cart. A duffel bag sits at the bottom of the cart. He unzips it.

Inside is Isaac's thieves tools. Lock picks, gloves, and exposed circuit boards fill the bag.

Isaac takes out an oversized Atlas jacket and puts it on. The jacket swallows his frame, erasing any definition. He completes the look with a beanie pulled over his brow.

Isaac takes a step ladder from the trolley. He brings it against a wall, climbs it, and begins to clean.

Above him a security camera blinks.

Staying below the camera, Isaac begins to clean around it. In passing he nudges the camera so it is turned slightly off center.

Isaac climbs down from the ladder. He looks around the room.

More cameras litter the wall. All of them have been moved so that they create a blind spot.

All of the cameras point away from the metal bin of discarded tech parts.

Isaac smiles.

ERIN

Hey!

Isaac frowns.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Sorry to bother you. Just wanted to say thank you for organizing everything.

Isaac makes a quick scan, making sure no one has noticed them.

ISAAC

No problem.

ERIN

I guess I'm just nervous. Your plan is a lot bigger than what we originally had in mind...

Isaac puts a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

ISAAC

Atlas has an HR department for a reason, they have to listen to us. The bigger the stand we make the bigger impact we'll have.

ERIN

You're right. I just can't help but worry...

Erin turns to watch the factory floor. More workers file in to the room.

Isaac grabs his bag and slips into the growing group.

The crowd begins to quieten. The click of high heels rise above the din.

A WOMAN walks through the doorway wearing an immaculate white pantsuit. She holds a clipboard embossed with an Atlas logo.

The folder is labelled; "Property of Human Resources."

She laughs. Matthew follows her, laughing along.

She places a manicured hand on his bicep.

Erin stands at the front of the crowd, frowning. She scans the group for Isaac but he has disappeared.

The woman regards the crowd over her glasses. She primly clears her throat.

WOMAN

You wished to make a complaint?

Silence.

ERIN

Um yes. We have had several uh incidents --

WOMAN

-- It is disturbing to hear that you have found your time at Atlas to be lacking.

The woman is ramping up to a speech.

Amongst the faceless crowd, Isaac grins.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Becoming Earth's BestEmployer and
Safest Place to Work is important
to us.

Isaac has positioned himself right next to the disposal bin.
Keeping an eye on Matthew, Isaac reaches into the bin.

Isaac moves steadily grabbing a handful of discarded parts.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
This is a 'pet project' of mine so
it is just as important to me to
listen to our employee's feedback
as it is to listen to our
customers.

Isaac brings the tech out and drops it into his bag.

His bag rattles as they land.

Isaac freezes. He looks up at Matthew and the Woman.

They haven't noticed. Isaac exhales.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Which is why we have selected this
assembly line as a trial group for
a brand new prototype!

Isaac takes more from the bin. This time he places it in his
bag carefully.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
A new geospatial operating console!

Matthew hands the woman a small drone. He taps on his tablet.
The fans of the drone whir to life.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
This will allow us to monitor your
working conditions at all times.

Isaac's bag is full of tech parts now.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
No moment will be missed. The drone
--

ERIN

-- I'm sorry but we actually wanted to share our concerns about the new supervisor. The drone isn't very helpful if he's operating it...

The woman looks like she's about to interrupt. Erin quits her nervous rambling.

ERIN (CONT'D)

We actually have some testimonies prepared. Isaac?

Isaac's bag is unzipped, leaving the stolen tech exposed.

He drops the bag, quickly kicking it under some machinery. Just in time.

Dozens of heads turn to face him.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Can you come to the front please?

Isaac is a deer in headlights. He slowly blinks. His fists clench.

He shambles up to the front. Awkwardly pushing past workers. He tries to keep his head down.

Isaac longingly looks over his shoulder to where the bag is hidden. There's no way he can get that back.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Isaac?

Isaac glares at Erin. He shakes his head, no.

Matthew squints at Isaac. A flash of recognition.

MATTHEW

Worker #20534? Nothing to say? How surprising.

Isaac pales. He has everyone's attention. His anonymous existence is over.

For the first time Isaac falters.

ISAAC

I uh -- I don't want to --

BANG! The drone bursts into flame.

The woman drops it with a squeal. She clutches her burnt hands to her chest.

A worker takes a fire extinguisher from the wall.

Matthew and the woman back into the doorway.

The worker sprays foam onto the fire, extinguishing it.

MATTHEW

This woman needs a medic!

The woman leans on Matthew for support. A knight in shining armor. He smirks. Then ushers her out of the room.

The workers are left with the drone, still smoking.

They stay there for a moment, motionless. Then one by one they go back to work. Shoulders slumped, eyes down.

Only Erin and Isaac remain.

ERIN

What the fuck was that? We were supposed to present a "unified front" something people can "rally behind." That's what you said!

ISAAC

What I said was bullshit. They were never going to listen to you. Not in a million years. You're just one desperate person they can easily replace with a desperate person who will keep their fucking mouth shut.

Tears flood Erin's eyes. She turns on her heel and flees.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Idealistic idiot.

Isaac takes a deep breath. His brow furrows. He needs a new plan.

His gaze falls on the drone. It's still mostly intact.

Isaac glances at the security cameras. Their lights blink.

He purses his lips in contemplation. Looks to where he abandoned his bag.

His eyes linger on the bracelet around his wrist.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Isaac crouches and picks up the drone.

Making sure no one notices him, he stuffs the drone under his jacket, straightens, and walks away.

INT. ATLAS BATHROOMS - DAY

Isaac sits on a closed toilet lid. He holds the drone in one hand, his phone in the other.

Isaac types "ATLAS DRONE" into his phone. He presses search.

Leg anxiously bouncing, he scrolls. He finds a picture that looks similar to the drone in front of him.

Isaac mutters to himself, scheming.

ISAAC

If I just sell the parts
separately... It wouldn't attract
too much attention if I sell
slowly...

Isaac zooms into a picture that shows the inner workings of a drone.

He flips the drone over and pops the back open.

He frowns. The drone he holds is definitely more high tech than the one pictured.

He pokes around at the wiring, searching for something identifiable.

A light blinks green on the drone. It's labelled "CONNECTION."

Isaac freezes. He frantically types into his phone; "ATLAS DRONE TRACKER."

A page from the Atlas website pops up.

"ALL ATLAS DRONES ARE FITTED WITH A STATE OF THE ART TRACKER. SIMPLY INSTALL THE APP ON YOUR SMART DEVICE."

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Shit. Shit. Shit. Matthew's fucking
tablet.

Isaac groans. He looks down at the drone.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
I need to get rid of you. Now.

EXT. CONDEMNED ZONE - NIGHT

Isaac stands in the black market. He holds the drone tightly at his side.

ISAAC
Hello?

The market is deserted. Eerily quiet.

Wrecked stalls litter the streets. The officer's sweep was thorough. Every sign of life has been destroyed.

ISAAC (CONT'D)
Owen? I have something to sell.

ZEKE
They're not going to want what you
have to sell.

ZEKE, dressed in all black and armed, emerges from the shadows.

Zeke smirks but his eyes betray his intensity. He exudes danger.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
New policy. Selling Atlas tech is
too dark even for the black market.

Zeke chuckles at his joke. Isaac watches him warily, ready to run.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Relax. I'm here to help. This place
isn't coming back for a while. But
people's need for money won't
disappear with it.

ISAAC
I'm not interested. I'm not getting
involved with anything major.

Zeke laughs. He nods at the drone.

ZEKE
A bit late for that don't you
think?

ISAAC
It's just junk parts...

ZEKE
Maybe. Maybe not. What I do know is
that it's something I've never seen
before and that makes it very, very
interesting.

Zeke starts to walk back into the shadowy streets.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Follow me and we can talk prices.

He pauses. Looks back at Isaac.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
You do need the money don't you.

He continues to walk away. Isaac hesitates. Then scurries
after zeke.

INT. RESISTANCE BASE - NIGHT

Zeke leads Isaac through an abandoned bar. It has the same
tell tale signs of flood damage as the condemned zone.

The bar has a 1920's design. Decorated with large, framed
photos of flappers.

Zeke moves to a particularly large portrait. He run his hand
under the edge of the frame. He presses a button.

A soft whirring begins and the door swings slowly open.

Zeke steps through the doorway. Isaac hurries to follow.

Isaac freezes in the middle of the doorway.

In front of him is a large room, painted white, and filled to
the brim with computers.

Screens flicker through different programs, the cool, sterile
light making the room appear other worldly.

People in black uniforms sit at desks in long rows. Each
person operates a separate computer.

In a corner of the room several small groups work on
dismantling Atlas technology.

ISAAC
Who the hell are you?

ZEKE
You can call me Zeke.

Zeke opens a door into a small office and gestures Isaac inside.

He leaves the door open and sits down at the desk. Zeke takes his gun out of the holster and sets it down on the table. Pointing towards Isaac.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Can I see the drone?

Isaac silently places the drone onto the desk.

Zeke opens a drawer and pulls out a small toolkit. They look like a fancier version of Isaac's futuristic lock picking tools.

Zeke's hands are scarred and calloused. His knuckles are bruised. A life of hard labour and fighting.

Zeke begins to dismantle the drone. Carefully removing the plastic side panels until he's left with the core.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
Well, well, well. This *is* different.

ISAAC
They said it was some sort of prototype for surveillance tech.

ZEKE
Why divert resources to make this?

ISAAC
What's so special about it?

Zeke ignores him.

ZEKE
How did you come across this?

Isaac fidgets uncomfortably in his chair.

ISAAC
I work for Atlas.

Zeke has now fixed his laser focused attention onto Isaac.

ZEKE

And what position do you hold there
that allows you to access
prototypes.

Isaac goes red.

ISAAC

I'm a cleaner.

Zeke's ears perk up at that.

ZEKE

A cleaner and a thief. A rather
stereotypical combination.

Zeke drums his fingers on the table.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Not without reason though. Every
room needs to be cleaned no matter
how high security it is. No one
would look twice at a cleaner. No
one wants to look once.

Zeke pauses. Speaking more to himself than to Isaac.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

It could work.

Isaac is growing increasingly more uncomfortable. He keeps
glancing at the exit.

ISAAC

I'm just here for my money.

Zeke brushes him off with a hand.

ZEKE

In just one moment.

Zeke continues to work on the drone. He pulls some wires to
the side, exposing the flashing light.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Ah I see you've led them right to
us. No need to worry you can make
it up to me.

ISAAC

Make it up to --

Zeke presses a finger to his ear. Speaking into some sort of
wireless device.

ZEKE

Janet, please relocate all members
of the current base. And get
someone in here that knows drones.

He pauses for a moment, listening to something on the other
side. He focuses back on Isaac.

ISAAC

I don't understand what's --

ZEKE

I have a proposition for you Isaac,
one that can get you a whole lot
more money than one measly drone.

ISAAC

How do you know my name?

ZEKE

I'd like you to continue to steal
from Atlas Isaac. And I'd like you
to sell me anything of interest
that you find. It's an exclusive
deal.

ISAAC

Whatever you've got going on here I
don't want any part of it.

ZEKE

You're already a part of it I'm
afraid. I really hoped the money
would be incentive enough to get
you to cooperate. You're making
this very difficult for me.

Zeke pushes a button on the desk. A hologram pops up from a
concealed projector.

The hologram plays footage of Isaac a couple of minutes ago.
Sitting in the same chair, answering Zeke's questions.

Isaac stares back at himself. He watches as Zeke rewinds and
freezes the video on an image of Isaac holding the drone.

Caught red handed.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

You see while we've been chatting a
handy camera has been recording
your every move.

Zeke points at a button on his jacket.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Say Cheese!

Again, Zeke laughs at his own joke.

ZEKE (CONT'D)

Naturally I had my friends here run a few basic background checks on you. What do you think your employer would think about your sticky fingered tendencies?

Isaac grits his teeth.

ISAAC

What do you want from me?

All of the light is sucked out of Zeke. He's deadly serious.

ZEKE

I want you to be my inside man. Anything you see like this drone. Prototypes, blueprints, anything that looks new and secretive you bring to me. I'll pay you for your efforts of course. And, as a display of our friendship, I won't send an anonymous message to Atlas containing evidence of your thievery.

Isaac stares, jaw dropped. His expression morphs into anger.

He jumps from his chair.

ISAAC

You son of a bitch! I'm going to --

Zeke places a cautionary finger on his gun. Isaac stands frozen.

ZEKE

Do we have a deal?

ISAAC

END OF PART ONE