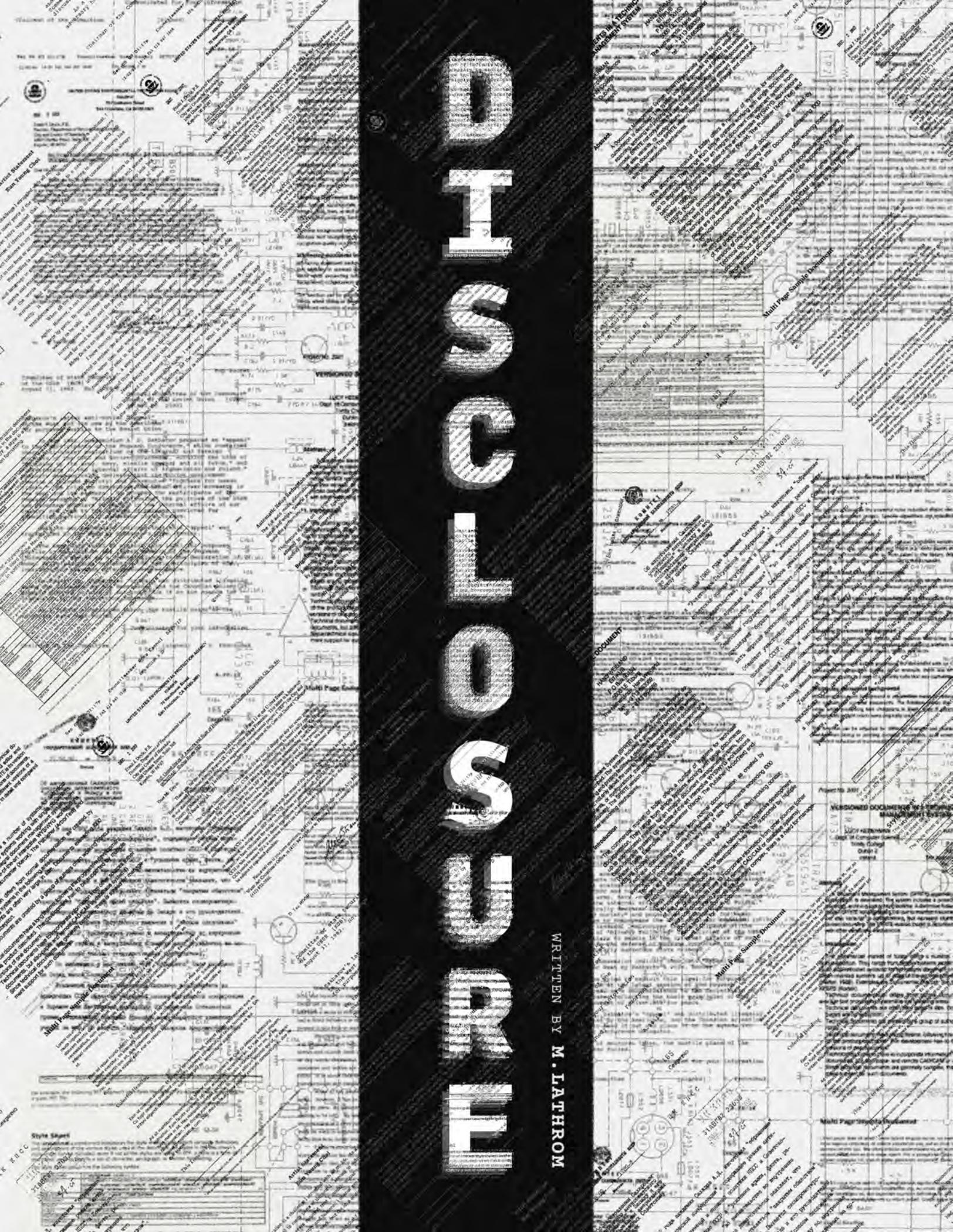


DISCLOSE YOUR

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM



DISCLOSURE

Written by

Matt Lathrom

matt@mlathrom.com
writtenby.mlathrom.com

FADE IN:

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Business suits and military class a uniforms fill the pews. The scales of justice emblem looms large over the room. All eyes on the main attraction, ELIZABETH EDDINGS (38).

She sits tall with the cool confidence of someone with conviction. Nervousness escapes in leg taps. She wears a tan suit a decade out of style, her hair pulled up in a bun.

MR. TERRANCE (O.S.)

Miss Eddings, after Intel Watch received the classified documents, what did it do with them.

Elizabeth stares for a moment, sizes up her opponent. RALPH TERRANCE (44), a company man with perfectly slick silver hair and a "winning" smile.

ELIZABETH

After I received the documents, my organization was not involved with their procurement. And after I brought them in, we ran it through our sorting software, using keywords like alloy, technology, magnetic to pinpoint the specific documents pertaining to the vessel. The software even scans images for text, and we were dealing lots of schematics. It's really very neat how it--

MR. TERRANCE

That's fine, you can spare us the technicals. So then you manually picked out the specific documents to leak that fit the narrative you designed.

Elizabeth's jaw drops at the implication.

INT. ROOM - DAY

A small room with gray walls and two doors on opposite walls. The only person inside is--

STEPHEN BISHOP (39), yawns, sips a styrofoam coffee cup. He pulls his ID badge from the belt clip. Slides it across the black scanner beside the handleless metal door.

In a quick flash, the room lights up red. A nagging buzz sounds.

Stephen startles, spills some coffee on his short-sleeve button up.

INT. TRANSFER HALL - DAY

The hydraulic metal door slides open. Stephen wanders through. Looks to his left. A long hall of identical doors.

Stephen raises his cup with a half-hearted smile to the woman at the door next to him. She chews her nails, returns a wave with a nervous smile. Stephen shrugs it off.

Across from each door is a long hall with a conveyer. Stephen steps in.

The conveyer carries him through to another metal door.

Green laser scanner swipe across him. A green light blinks. The door before him slide open.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Elizabeth leans forward.

ELIZABETH

What? No. We didn't design a narrative. We... I chose the documents that best represented--

MR. TERRANCE

Stop. Your next words are the narrative. The narrative that the agency charged with protecting us from foreign enemies was in fact an enemy of the people. Simultaneously undermining their ability to perform their duty and threatening our national security.

ELIZABETH

That's no the way I see it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A crowd of workers, slacks and button-ups, some lab coats.

G-MEN in black suits carry boxes down the hallway in a fury. Boxes of papers stacked near door. A hustle of activity.

Stephen scans the activity as he wanders down the hall.

The nervous woman walks beside him biting her nails.

Stephen steps to another handleless metal door with a scanner. Lifts his badge to the scanner... hesitates.

Nervousness comes over him as he notices the boxes of papers next to the door.

INT. VESSEL LAB - CONTINUOUS

A flurry of activity. Office men stand aside as G-men raid the drawers, examine computers, pack up paperwork into boxes.

A room about 100x100 feet. Typical cubical office, except for the large window wall at the end of the room. It opens into some kind of carrier housing a large metallic structure in the middle.

The office employees make nervous chatter as they watch.

Stephen steps over to GEORGE RICHTER (47), a balding manager-type with a gut.

STEPHEN

What is this?

GEORGE

What's today?

STEPHEN

Uh. Wednesday?

GEORGE

What's going on in Washington on Wednesday?

Stephen slumps as he realizes.

STEPHEN

Oh shit. They were already here, there's nothing more to find.

GEORGE

The defense's key witness turned on them. Gave up the department that sourced the leak. They're on a witch hunt.

George leans over to Stephen, whispers.

GEORGE

Whoever did it is in this room. Could be any of us.

A grim look comes over Stephen.

GEORGE
Could even be me.

George busts up. Elbows nudges Stephen. Stephen jumps to stabilize his coffee. Rolls his eyes.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A room cluttered with boxes and papers. Law books fill the shelves. Elizabeth sits in the leather seat.

GEOFFREY SPENCE (52) paces around the room. He's an eccentric with sparse gray hair.

GEOFFREY
He's going to ask you about your narrative. And your narrative--

ELIZABETH
I don't have a--

GEOFFREY
Your reason, your narrative, whatever.

ELIZABETH
It was about revealing a story, not writing one.

Geoffrey sits on the edge of the oak desk.

GEOFFREY
The point is that you and Intel Watch leaked the documents because you feared for the public's safety. Whatever made that device has more of them and God knows what they could do with it.

Elizabeth jumps out of her chair in. Stands over Geoffrey.

ELIZABETH
No. No. I don't believe that. They've been holding the most important discovery--

Geoffrey steps up.

GEOFFREY
I don't care, Elizabeth. You feared for public safety.

There is no other defense. Use it,
or you're going to federal prison.

INT. FEDERAL COURTROOM - DAY

Elizabeth shakes her head, looks away in frustration.

MR. TERRANCE

In trying to discredit the Central
Intelligence Agency, you've put the
people at risk. You've put the
nation at risk. And as we speak,
Federal Agents are raiding Wilk's
Airforce Base Offices in search the
source, whom you also put at risk.

Elizabeth pauses for a moment. Her feet taps grows frantic.
She bites her lip.

ELIZABETH

I was trying to...

Elizabeth looks to Geoffrey seated at the defense table. He
nods, encouraging. Her feet stop, she grows calm.

ELIZABETH

That's not the way I see it.

MR. TERRANCE

Isn't perspective wonderful?

ELIZABETH

Yes. And you could use some. We all
could. That's why I did it. They've
kept this secret, the most
incredible discovery in history.
And they were holding it, mining it
for weapons to build their death
rays or whatever. I leaked the
documents because I think it's time
we all had a change of perspective.

INT. VESSEL LAB - DAY

Stephen walks past the desks to the giant window.

He peers into the carrier, looks low, then up at whatever
the carrier houses.

STEPHEN'S POV

A disk shaped craft made of solid metal looms in the middle
of the room.

Men and women in lab coats at various stations of computers.
Wires run from computers and instruments to the craft.

MR. TERRANCE (V.O.)
Who was your source, Miss Eddings?

ANGLE ON STEPHEN

Stephen gazes at the craft as G-Men hustle behind him.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
I decline to answer that question.

FADE OUT.

THE END