

"CONSPIRACY THEORY: **R E W I R E D**"

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"CONSPIRACY THEORY: REWIRED"

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FADE IN:

1. OVER BLACK

A lo-fi synth jingle – ironic, catchy.

KRISTY (V.O.)
Welcome back, Glitchlings. I'm
Kristy –
your favorite tinfoil hat with an
anthropology minor –
and this is Rabbit Holer.

TITLE CARD:

"CONSPIRACY THEORY: REWIRED"

2. INT. RABBIT HOLER STUDIO - NIGHT

A lava lamp glooping. A green alien-shaped pipe bonk.

Posters: *Batman: The Animated Series*. *X-Men '92*. *Sailor Moon*.

KRISTY GIBSON (30s) – hoodie, headset, funny but raw.
SKYE (20s), her producer, rapid fingers on a laptop.

A whiteboard yarn-web: *COVID-19 / JAN 6 / 9-11 / PIZZAGATE*
(*DEBUNKED*) / *DEEP STATE / DRONES / TRUMP ATTEMPTS*.

Kristy leans to the mic.

KRISTY
Tonight's a big one. We've got a
guest – controversial, sure,
but he can quote the *DuckTales*
theme from memory.
Don't boo me... yet.

CHAT floods the screen: WHO? / spill / omg chase??

SKYE
Queue's clean. Audio's crisp. No
slurs, no doxx, no demonetize.

The BUZZER rings.

KRISTY
He's here. Everybody behave like
adults.
Or at least Warner Bros. adults.

3. INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kristy opens.

CHASE KERR (30s) — blazer over a *Gargoyles* tee.
Coffee in one hand, giant bag of gummy bears in the other.

CHASE
Peace offering. I trash your side
on Tuesdays,
my side on Thursdays.
Gummy bears are bipartisan.

KRISTY
You wore the tee.

CHASE
You said cartoons are the only
religion you still practice.

A grin. A spark. She waves him in.

4. INT. RABBIT HOLER STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

ON CAMERA LIGHT flips to LIVE.

LOWER THIRD: Rabbit Holer: "Who Owns the Narrative?" w/ Chase
Kerr

KRISTY
This show asks everything, believes
nothing,
and apologizes when we screw up.
Chase Kerr is here — we're talking
drones, speech, and snack rankings.

CHASE

Also why *Batman: TAS* is the high
bar for cartoon scoring.
Fight me.

KRISTY

I will. And I'll win.

They banter. Easy. Warm.

5. PODCAST MONTAGE - VARIOUS CUTS

- *Pizzagate*: "we don't play with real people's safety."
- *Masks vs. mandates*: nuanced, funny.
- *Jan 6*: "riot meets Rorschach test."
- *9/11*: "grief is not a proof."
- *Drones*: Chase pro-tech, Kristy anti-surveillance.
- 90s cartoon themes: they mouth-guitar the *X-Men* riff.
- Off-mic: he helps her re-seat an XLR. Their faces close.

CHAT: ship them / my parents but flirty / this is oddly
healing

6. FAKE COMMERCIAL - TV SPOT

A golden retriever chases a drone that drops kibble into its
bowl.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At Samaritan Global, safety isn't
just serious.
It's delicious.

Cut to a family laughing as drones hang Christmas lights.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Samaritan Global - watching over
you, so you don't have to.

LOGO: Samaritan Global. Your Safety. Our Story.

7. INT. RABBIT HOLER STUDIO - ANOTHER NIGHT

New guest: RAY (40s), wiry, sweat-slick, in a tinfoil vest.

KRISTY

Ray, you built this vest yourself?

RAY

Blocks signals. Samaritan's drones
can taste your serotonin.

KRISTY

Taste it?

RAY

Like Skittles. One sniff and they
know you're sad.

CHAT explodes: bro eating vibes / rainbow sadness / Skittle
State

Kristy smirks.

KRISTY

For the record, Rabbit Holer is not
sponsored by Skittles.

8. EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Kristy and Chase walk after the show. Their rhythm is
natural.

Overhead: a HUM. Plane? Drone? Hard to tell.

CHASE

You turned a stoner room into a
newsroom.

KRISTY

Newsrooms wish they had this many
lava lamps.

They laugh. Across the street: a BLACK SUV idles. Someone
watching.

9. INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

A wall of SCREENS. Extremist chats. Campus flyers. Drone permits.

SA ANNA EVANS (40s) studies them.
DIRECTOR MALICK (60s) looms behind.

EVANS

Kerr attracts protest. Not our beat
unless a threat crosses state
lines.

MALICK

Everything crosses state lines now,
Agent Evans.
Wires. Money. Fury.

EVANS

Private security sniffing around
the venue. Samaritan Global.

MALICK

They sell us drones for wildfires.
And "narrative hygiene" white
papers.
Keep them at arm's length.
And keep everyone else... safer
than they deserve.

10. INT. RABBIT HOLER STUDIO - LATER

New guest: PARANORMAL VLOGGER (20s) — manic, wild eyes.

VLOGGER

My Alexa talked back. Full
sentence. Said: "Don't trust the
light."

KRISTY

That's terrifying. Also — same
thing my landlord said.

CHAT explodes: ghost-in-the-machine / Alexa sus / Skynet
confirmed.

11. FAKE COMMERCIAL - NEWS SEGMENT

Anchor smiles, papers in hand.

ANCHOR

Tonight's drone coverage brought to
you by Samaritan Global.
Protecting skies, families... and
futures.

Cut to a Samaritan logo sting.

12. INT. UNIVERSITY STUDIO - DAY (NEW SCENE)

Chase is mid-broadcast - serious, measured, blazer sharp.

CHASE

The illusion of safety is sold the
way sugar sells energy.
The crash always comes later.

Kristy, off to the side, can't resist. She wanders into
frame, clowning.

KRISTY

Breaking news: sugar crash
confirmed. Film at eleven.

AUDIENCE laughs. Chase glares, but can't hide a smirk.

CHASE

I invited you here for gravitas.

KRISTY

And you got jazz hands. You're
welcome.

The crowd claps. Their chemistry lights the room.

13. INT. CAMPUS DINER - NIGHT

Kristy and Chase in a vinyl booth, half-eaten fries and
coffee mugs between them.

CHASE

You know what my inbox looks like?
Half fanmail, half death threats.

KRISTY

That's balance. Yin and yang.

CHASE
 (laughs, then quieter)
 Sometimes it wears me down.

Kristy softens. First time she sees him as vulnerable.

KRISTY
 My chat worships me until I sneeze
 wrong.
 Then I'm a psy-op.
 Welcome to being human clickbait.

They clink mugs.

14. EXT. CITY BILLBOARD - NIGHT

Kristy skates past a massive holo-screen:
SAMARITAN GLOBAL - TRUST THE FRAME.

It flickers. For a split second, the smiling family glitches
 into riot footage. Then back.

Kristy stares up. Uneasy.

15. FAKE COMMERCIAL - TV SPOT

Children in a classroom. Teacher hands out pamphlets:
"Narrative Hygiene Basics."

TEACHER
 Remember: a healthy society starts
 with healthy stories.

Children beam.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Samaritan Global - framing
 tomorrow, together.

16. FAKE COMMERCIAL - ANIMATED CARTOON

Cheerful theme song. Bright colors.

A cartoon dog, SAFETY SAM, rescues children from "dangerous
 ideas" (a monster labeled FAKE NEWS).

SAFETY SAM
Remember, kids — don't listen to
rumors!
Listen to Samaritan!

The kids cheer.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Samaritan Global — teaching
narrative hygiene from A-B-C to
Ph.D.

The cartoon flickers, just for a frame, into riot footage.

17. INT. RABBIT HOLER STUDIO - NIGHT

Kristy's guest: JITTERY ENGINEER (30s), ex-Samaritan
employee.

ENGINEER
They're building mood-readers.
Drones that sniff dopamine.

KRISTY
Like antidepressants on wings?

ENGINEER
Exactly. But with guns.

CHAT: nah this dude's cooked / whistleblower arc / omg if
true

Kristy leans in, eyes sharp.

KRISTY
Okay, that's terrifying. And we'll
fact-check after I sanitize my
dopamine.

18. INT. KRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kristy on her couch, VHS tapes stacked, longboard leaning by
the door.

Her phone BUZZES — a text from Chase: "Midnight madness
lecture. Still on?"

She smirks, types back: "Only if nachos after."

19. EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Kristy longboards home from a bodega, Slurpee in hand.
Streaming casually.

KRISTY (TO CHAT)
Breaking news: it's midnight and my
dinner is frozen pizza and sugar
water.
Journalism is alive.

CHAT: queen of cuisine / valid / get nachos instead

The HUM builds. Higher. Louder.

Kristy frowns. Glances up.

A RED DOT skitters across her hoodie.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
(to chat)
Uh-oh. Either I'm about to be
recruited by Marvel... or—

A SHADOW glides across the street. A DRONE hovers overhead,
camera-eye glowing.

CHAT: omg behind you / run / no way

Kristy freezes.

The drone DIVES.

CRACK. A rubber bullet explodes sparks off the asphalt by her
wheels.

She yelps, kicks hard. The chase is on.

20. EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Kristy bombs the hill, Slurpee sloshing. The drone matches
speed, spotlight BLINDING.

KRISTY
Congrats, Glitchlings, we're
streaming *Black Mirror* live.

CHAT: lmaooo / run faster / girl this isn't funny!

Another drone swoops in. A third. They herd her toward a
massive holo-billboard:

SAMARITAN GLOBAL — YOUR SAFETY. OUR STORY.

It glitches — riot footage flickers underneath.

Kristy ducks under. One drone fires — a beanbag round grazes her arm. She cries out, board wobbling.

She hurls her empty Slurpee — SPLAT! Rotor jammed. The drone spirals into a newsstand.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
 Headline: Slurpees beat Skynet.
 Somebody clip it.

CHAT: lmaooo / hero / tf is happening?!

21. EXT. MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Kristy bursts into open traffic, horns BLARING. Nearly clipped by a bus.

Two drones dive. She snatches a fallen STOP SIGN — SWINGS — CRUNCH! Rotor blades shatter.

She spins, breathless — freezes.

At the far end of the street: CALDER. Silent. Knife gleaming under the streetlights.

KRISTY
 (into stream, deadpan)
 Oh great. Albino assassin with a
 knife under a streetlamp.
 Didn't I see this in *The Firm*? Or
 was it *The Da Vinci Code*?

CHAT: trope city / omg run

The last drone hovers above her.

For a moment: checkmate.

Then — a DELIVERY TRUCK barrels through. SMASH. Splinters the drone midair.

Kristy seizes the moment, ducks into the subway.

22. INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Kristy collapses against a pillar, livestream still rolling.
Panting, clutching her board.

KRISTY
Breaking news: Samaritan drones
hate Slurpees.
Somebody tell CNN.

She kills the stream. Silence. Just her ragged breath.

A faint HUM echoes down the tunnels.

Kristy grips the board tighter.

FADE OUT.

23. EXT. PARK BENCH - NIGHT

Kristy and Chase sit with greasy takeout cartons, the city skyline behind them.

Chopsticks click. Soda cans sweat.

CHASE
You ever think... maybe none of it
matters?
Like the system's too big. Too
hungry.

Kristy stares out at the skyline, neon flashing over half-
broken billboards.

KRISTY
Every time I hit "end stream."

CHASE
So why keep going?

She chews, thoughtful.

KRISTY
Because some kid's out there,
falling asleep
with our voices in their earbuds.
Thinking: "Maybe I'm not crazy."
That's enough.

Beat. Chase softens, really seeing her.

CHASE
That's... actually beautiful.

KRISTY
Don't tell anyone. It'll ruin my
brand.

They clink chopsticks like wine glasses.

24. INT. CAMPUS DINER - NEXT NIGHT

Kristy and Chase again, corner booth. Empty pie plates and cold coffee mugs.

CHASE
You ever think about quitting?

KRISTY
Every Tuesday.
And every Tuesday I remember
Tuesday's bills.

Chase chuckles - then gets quieter.

CHASE
The hate... sometimes it feels
louder than the work.

Kristy studies him. Serious.

KRISTY
They're scared of you.
Means you're doing it right.

Beat. His eyes soften. A bond taking root.

25. FAKE COMMERCIAL - TV SPOT

A sleek drone swoops over wildfire footage, dropping water.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
When disaster strikes, Samaritan
Global answers.

Cut to a smiling family at a picnic under clear blue sky.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
From saving lives to safeguarding
truths...
Samaritan Global. Your safety. Our
story.

LOGO BLASTS across screen.

26. EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - MIDNIGHT

Students gather for Chase's lecture. Protesters clash with counter-protesters.
Drones hover like gnats overhead.

Kristy longboards in, Skye filming with a gimbal.

KRISTY

(to Skye)
If this goes sideways, we film
boring.
Boring is our weapon.

SKYE

Copy. C-Span chic.

27. INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

Packed. Charged atmosphere. Chase at the podium, slides flickering behind him.
Kristy watches from the aisle, filming.

CHASE

We live in a world where silence is
sold as safety.
But silence isn't safety.
It's surrender.

Students murmur, leaning in. Kristy smirks, impressed.

He glances at her — a flicker of something real.

CHASE (CONT'D)

And that's why people like Kristy —
yeah, you back there — matter.

Kristy blushes, hides behind her phone. The room laughs, claps.

28. TRAGIC BEAT - THE HIT

CRACK.

Chase JERKS. Blood spatters across his notes.

KRISTY

Chase?!

Chaos ERUPTS. Screams, chairs topple.

Kristy bolts down the aisle, drops her board, scrambles onto stage.

Another CRACK-CRACK. Students dive for cover.

Chase COLLAPSES. Kristy cradles him, hands slick with blood.

KRISTY (SOBBING) (CONT'D)

Stay with me. Stay with me –
please, please –

She presses her hoodie to his wound. Blood soaks through instantly.

Her phone still streams. CHAT explodes:
oh my god / is he dead? / kristy help him / fake??

KRISTY (TO STREAM,
HYSTERICAL) (CONT'D)

Call somebody – CALL NOW!

Chase coughs, choking. His eyes flutter.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Don't you dare – don't you leave me
–

Security TACKLES a student with a starter pistol.
The real threat – unseen.
Overhead, a QUADCOPTER darts out a shattered window.

Kristy doesn't notice. All she sees is Chase's pale face.

She rocks him, sobbing.

KRISTY (WHISPERING) (CONT'D)

You're okay. You're okay. You're
okay...

Chase's hand weakly squeezes hers. Barely alive.

Medics rush in, prying her away. Kristy claws at them,
screaming.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

I'm not leaving him! I'm not
leaving—!

They drag her back as Chase is wheeled off, limp and bloodied.

Kristy collapses, shaking, his blood across her cheeks.

The room is sirens and screams. To Kristy — it's just silence.

29. INT. HOSPITAL TRIAGE - NIGHT

Kristy wrapped in a blanket, eyes red, still trembling.

DETECTIVE VAUGHN (50s) scribbles in a pad. Evans stands nearby.

VAUGHN
You streamed.

KRISTY
That's my job.

EVANS
What did you see?

KRISTY
Decoy gun on the floor.
Something upstairs that didn't want
to be seen.

Their eyes lock. Hunters in different uniforms.

TVs SCREAM in the background: ASSASSINATION? / KERR CRITICAL.

Kristy swallows hard. Jaw clenched.

30. INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Evans alone. Desk lamp harsh.

She stares at her reflection in the darkened window, the city behind.

A file open: photos of Kristy, Chase, Samaritan propaganda.

She rubs tired eyes. To herself:

EVANS
We're not protecting them.
We're preserving the frame.

Her phone BUZZES. Caller ID: MALICK.

She hesitates, doesn't pick up. Lets it buzz into silence.

31. INT. KRISTY'S APARTMENT - PRE-DAWN

Lights off. Kristy scrubs her livestream footage frame by frame.

Freeze-frame: a blurry silhouette of a QUADCOPTER exiting the hall window.

She pins it to her corkboard beside Jan 6, COVID charts, Trump attempt clippings.

Her PHONE BUZZES — blocked ID.

FILTERED VOICE (O.S.)
Stop mixing threads. They knot.

CLICK.

Kristy stares at the dark screen. Pale, but fiercer than ever.

KRISTY
Congrats. You just got me to
publish twice as hard.

32. EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Kristy meets TEAGUE (20s), jittery drone hobbyist. She shows him the blurry drone image.

TEAGUE
Rotor cant, motor housing... That's
a Samaritan 9X. No doubt.

KRISTY
You sure?

TEAGUE
Blew my college fund building
knock-offs. I'm sure.

He shows her a chipped SERIAL NUMBER etched on a salvaged rotor.

TEAGUE (CONT'D)
Procurement means paper trail.
Follow it.

Kristy grins, possibility lighting her face.

33. INT. SAMARITAN GLOBAL HQ - DAY

Cathedral of glass and marble. Cameras in every corner.

TESSA HAWK (50s), immaculate CEO, greets Kristy in the lobby.

Behind her, CALDER (40s) - silent, pale, flipping a BUTTERFLY KNIFE.

TESSA

Ms. Gibson, I'm a fan. Biting but kind.

KRISTY

You're a fan with badge scanners in the planter boxes.

TESSA

We deploy lifesaving tech.
We also consult on narrative security.

KRISTY

Controlling the story to control the crowd.

TESSA

Framing to prevent panic.

KRISTY

Did your frame involve a micro-drone shooting my friend?

TESSA

No. But... a contractor may have deviated.
Help us find him.

She slides a file across: GAVIN ROOK (40s) - "Spectacle Mitigation Specialist."

Kristy clocks Calder, knife twirling inches from her cheek.

KRISTY

Really? Albino with a butterfly knife? Groundbreaking.
What is this, *The Matrix Reloaded* casting call?

SNAP - the blade closes.

34. INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Kristy rides, hoodie up. The doors open — Rook and Calder step in.

ROOK

I like your show. You don't lie to
your audience.
You let them lie to themselves.

KRISTY

Flattered. Also terrified.

Calder looms behind him, silent.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Don't tell me... the strong silent
type.
This is some *Lethal Weapon* goon
shit right here.

Rook slips her a USB drive.

ROOK

The future is curated. Help curate
it.

Doors slide open. They vanish into the night.

35. INT. FBI INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Kristy across from Evans. USB in an evidence bag.

EVANS

Why bring this to us?

KRISTY

Because if I stream it raw and it's
a plant, I become the plant.

Evans smirks faintly.

EVANS

We'll image it. You stay put.

KRISTY

I never stay put. But I'll pretend.

Through the glass, Malick watches, unreadable.

36. EXT. HOSPITAL LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

A Samaritan van idles.

CHASE — sedated, bandaged — wheeled in by Rook.
Calder follows, blade twirling.

Kristy and Skye crouch behind crates, slip a magnet-cam under the lift gate.

KRISTY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Skye, we're rolling. If it goes
dark, ping Evans.

The van rolls away. Drones hover above like angry wasps.

37. INT. ABANDONED OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

Bare bulbs. Kristy bound to a chair, wrists bleeding where the tape cuts.
Gag loose.

Rook circles like a stage director. Calder lurks in the shadows, knife gleaming.

ROOK
We're past persuasion. Now it's
choreography.

He slides a syringe under her fingernail — SALINE, burning.

Kristy convulses, lets out a guttural SCREAM — real, raw.
She sobs, breath hitching.

KRISTY
(through tears, spitting words)
Wow. OSHA... would *hate* you.

Rook smiles, pleased. He wheels over a DENTAL DRILL. The whine rises, shrill.

Kristy thrashes, panic flooding her face.

KRISTY (PLEADING, THEN SNAPPING
SARCASTIC) (CONT'D)
Oh God. Oh God, please don't—
(beat, forcing a laugh)
—my HMO doesn't cover... root
canals.

Tears stream. She's breaking but clinging to humor like a lifeline.

Rook holds the drill near her cheek. She SCREAMS, voice cracking.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
 You're not even original!
 This is *Saw 2. Hostel. Dark City*—
 pick a trope, bitch!

Rook leans in, whispering.

ROOK
 We'll make you beg. Not for mercy.
 For silence.

He forces the drill against the arm of the chair, sparks spraying inches from her skin. Kristy SHRIEKS, body convulsing.

KRISTY (CRYING, HYSTERICAL, STILL
 DEFIANT)
 Fuck you! You're... you're not the
 director here... I am!
 And I'm calling CUT.

Her voice shatters. She sobs hard now — mask slipping — then claws back to sarcasm.

KRISTY (SNARLING, BROKEN
 LAUGHTER) (CONT'D)
 Bet you practiced this in front of
 a mirror, huh?
 Big scary villain monologue?
 God, you're so *Da Vinci Code*.

Rook's composure cracks. He trembles, eyes manic.

ROOK
 You think chaos is freedom? Chaos
 is fertilizer.
 It feeds the soil so the next
 narrative grows stronger.

KRISTY
 Guess I'll stick to houseplants.

SIRENS wail outside.

ROOK (SNAPS)
 We're done here. Move her.

38. EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Kristy is dragged out, bound. Drones circle like vultures.

She spots a maintenance drone docked nearby. Headbutts a guard, kicks it loose.
Calder slashes it midair, sparks raining.

KRISTY
Cool trick. Real *Furiosa* vibes.

He raises the blade—

EVANS (O.S.)
FBI! Drop it!

Agents flood the rooftop. Evans SHOOTS Calder's knife midair, cuts Kristy free.

EVANS (CONT'D)
You're a magnet for terrible ideas.

KRISTY
I'm a content creator.

39. INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - NIGHT

Evidence boards covered in red string.

TECH AGENT
Procurement trail runs through
disaster relief grants. Tag: "M.L."

VAUGHN
Malick.

Kristy stiffens.

KRISTY
So we just nailed the mannequin.
Tailor's still sewing.

Evans side-eyes her — respect and irritation both.

40. EXT. SAMARITAN GLOBAL CAMPUS - DAWN

Convoy of FBI SUVs. REPORTERS swarm.

TESSA HAWK steps out, flawless as ever.

TESSA
You could've called. We consult.

EVANS
We're past consult.

41. INT. SAMARITAN LAB FLOOR - DAY

Agents flood in. Techs freeze.

Docked DRONES twitch, then LIFT into the air — forming a GIANT SMILEY FACE.

TESSA
Your arrival creates the very
footage you fear.

EVANS
We don't curate.

TESSA
Everyone curates.

From the catwalk, KRISTY shouts:

KRISTY
Who signed "M.L."? Malick, right?
Puppet master glove!

Reporters catch it.

Tessa doesn't flinch.

TESSA
Then the system will prune me. And
plant another.

Evans cuffs her. Rook resists — slammed down by agents.

42. INT. SAMARITAN MEZZANINE - DAY

Server racks, dashboards.

Kristy plugs in a thumb drive. ALERT: REMOTE OVERRIDE — MALICK.

Alarms BLARE. Drones swoop.

CALDER bursts in, uncuffed, knife gleaming.

KRISTY
Of course. You again.
What are we at now, *The Omega Man*?
(MORE)

KRISTY (CONT'D)
I'm running out of trope bingo
squares.

He lunges. She blocks with a projector casing — SPARKS.

KRISTY (MOCKING, SHOUTING OVER
CHAOS) (CONT'D)
Hello. My name is Kristy Gibson.

YOU KILLED MY LIVESTREAM. PREPARE TO DIE. (*PRINCESS
BRIDE*)

They clash. Kristy ducks a slash.

KRISTY (CONT'D)
This is so *Dark City*.
Except you're more Dollar Store
Riddick.

She fights through drones. Maya tosses her a metal pipe.

Kristy hurls it into a drone rack. Chain reaction —
EXPLOSIONS.

Drones SWARM Calder, engulfing him in sparks. He vanishes
screaming.

Kristy coughs smoke, mutters—

KRISTY (CONT'D)
Death by smiley-face drones. Adding
it to the trope list.

She glances back. The drone pile smolders — Calder's body
nowhere to be seen.

KRISTY (UNDER BREATH) (CONT'D)
Yeah... he's not dead.

43. INT. FBI INTERROGATION - NIGHT

Calder in cuffs, bruised. Knife in an evidence tray.

EVANS
Who gives the orders?

CALDER
The hand is always the same.
Samaritan is only one glove.

Kristy passes by the glass.

KRISTY
Tell her who writes your scripts,
Powder. (*Powder*)

Calder smiles faintly.

44. INT. SAMARITAN BOARDROOM - NIGHT

MALICK stands at the window, city lights twinkling.

EXECUTIVE
We've lost twenty percent.

MALICK
Stocks recover. Narratives recover
faster.

He flips channels: ROGUE CONTRACTORS EXPOSED / FBI HEROES
SAVE CITY.

MALICK (CONT'D)
Plant another glove.

45. INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Evans across from Malick. No cuffs.

EVANS
You signed the orders.

MALICK
I sign hundreds. History edits.

EVANS
Not this time.

MALICK
You think Congress will prosecute
hygiene?
They'll fund it. They already do.
(beat, smooth and cold)
Democracy doesn't fail.
It outsources.

He stands, untouchable.

MALICK (CONT'D)
Keep your podcaster on a leash.
Or someone else will.

He exits. Evans clenches her jaw.

CUT TO:

46. INT. FBI WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Stacks of evidence.

VAUGHN

Hawk's the face. Malick's the spine.

EVANS

And spines don't snap easy.

Kristy leans in the doorway, eating gummy bears.
Evans cracks a reluctant smile.

47. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CHASE in bed, pale but alive.
Kristy wheels in nachos and VHS tapes.

CHASE

Why'd you risk all that?

KRISTY

Because boring truths are easier to swallow
with Saturday morning cartoons.

They watch *DuckTales* on a battered VHS. Warm silence.

48. INT. KRISTY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Stream set up. Chase flipping comics off-camera.

Desk: gummy bears, VHS tapes, mic hot.

KRISTY (CONT'D)

Glitchlings - Samaritan wanted to choreograph chaos.
They got subpoenas instead.

CHAT: boring is resistance / truth > tropes / marry chase already

KRISTY (CONT'D)
 Conspiracies are like VHS tapes:
 fragile, fuzzy, easy to tape over.
 But the boring middle — people who
 still check receipts —
 that's the story worth amplifying.

She ends stream. Relief.

49. EXT. CITY STREET - DAWN

Kristy longboards through quiet streets, hoodie up.

KRISTY (V.O.)
 We all want to feel like heroes in
 some secret story.
 But most conspiracies aren't
 cinematic.
 They're just systems protecting
 themselves.

Murals whip by: TRUTH ISN'T TRENDING. ASK WHO BENEFITS.

KRISTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Boring. And boring is the most
 radical thing left.

Overhead: a faint HUM. Delivery drone. Or is it?

Kristy smirks, pushes off.

KRISTY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 See you next stream.

The camera rises with her.
 A drone shadow lingers above.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

"Conspiracy Theory: R E W I R E D"

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THE END