

GHOST IN THE MACHINE

"WINTER"

Pilot Episode

52 minutes

Based on an original concept by
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Inspired by The Winter's Tale by William Shakespeare

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A NOTE ON MUSIC

Each season of GHOST IN THE MACHINE opens with a piece of music. Not underscore. Not theme. A song – performed by a contemporary artist covering something that has already lived in the world long enough to carry weight.

The pilot opens on:

| *LEON BRIDGES – "JEALOUS GUY" (orig. John Lennon)*

"I was feeling insecure / you might not love me anymore." A man confessing the irrational, self-made nature of his own jealousy. Bridges sings it like a spiritual – slow, searching, the confession of a man who already knows he is the problem. We hear it over the first image. We will not understand until the end of the pilot why this is the exact right song. By then it will be too late for Leon. And for us.

TEASER

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY – DAWN

OVER BLACK: Leon Bridges begins. Gentle. A man confessing something to himself.

The city waking up. Fog over the water. The Bay Bridge emerging from grey into gold. San Francisco at its most beautiful – which is also San Francisco at its most indifferent. The city does not care who built it. It only reflects.

A single rowing shell cuts through the still water. Two men, perfectly synchronized. They have been doing this together for years. You can see it in the way they move – the particular ease of people who no longer have to think about each other.

LEON VOSS, 44. The stillness of a man who learned long ago that the room will come to him. Mahershala Ali's register: grief and

authority held in the same breath, authority you feel before you understand it. Even here, even at dawn on the water, he is somewhere ahead of the moment.

DREW CALDER, 43. Idris Elba's register: a man who chose not to retaliate and made that choice look like power. Where Leon's face is architecture, Drew's is weather – it changes, it warms, it reflects what's in front of it. He is laughing at something. He is usually laughing at something.

The music fades as they find their rhythm.

INT. ROWING SHELL – CONTINUOUS

DREW

You're pulling left again.

LEON

I'm not pulling left.

DREW

You've been pulling left since Stanford. Twenty years. Still pulling left.

LEON

The boat is crooked.

DREW

(laughing)
The boat is not crooked.

LEON

The boat is crooked.

A beat. They row in silence. The city glitters ahead of them. Neither man looks at it.

DREW

Board pushed the Singapore launch to Q3.

LEON

I know.

DREW

You're not going to fight it?

LEON

I already fought it. They pushed it anyway.

That's new. **DREW**

What is. **LEON**

You losing a fight. **DREW**
Leon almost smiles. Almost.

Don't get used to it. **LEON**
They row. The fog lifts. The city comes into focus.
This is the most at peace we will ever see either of these men.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – LOBBY – MORNING

The kind of building that makes people feel small on purpose. Soaring glass and steel. The hum of serious money and serious intention.

EMPLOYEES move through the space – young, diverse, moving with the particular energy of people who believe they are changing the world. They are not entirely wrong.

Leon and Drew walk in together, still in rowing clothes, damp, easy in each other's company. People clear a path. Not out of fear – out of something closer to gravity.

An ASSISTANT falls into step beside Leon.

ASSISTANT
Board deck for Singapore review is on your calendar at nine. Legal wants fifteen minutes on the Seoul IP situation before that. And Mrs. Voss called – she said to tell you you forgot Milo's thing tonight.

What thing. **LEON**

ASSISTANT

She said you'd say that. She said to tell you: the thing you promised you wouldn't forget.

Drew catches Leon's eye. A look that contains twenty years.

DREW

The thing he promised he wouldn't forget.

LEON

(to his assistant)

Clear the Legal meeting. Put it Thursday.

ASSISTANT

Legal won't be happy.

LEON

Legal is never happy. That's what we pay them for.

He's already walking. Drew follows, grinning.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – LEON'S OFFICE – MORNING

Floor to ceiling glass. The city below. On one wall, a long window looking into the robotics lab – the inner sanctum, climate-controlled and humming. Engineers in white move around several humanoid figures in various states of assembly. Some skeletal. Some fully skinned. Some disturbingly complete.

Leon stands at the window looking into the lab. He does this every morning. He may not know it.

Drew drops into a chair, comfortable here in the way that only comes from a thousand hours in the same room.

DREW

Version Seven passed the tactile response tests.

LEON

(still watching the lab)

I know.

DREW

Mara wants to demo it at the Meridian conference.

LEON

It's not ready.

DREW

She thinks it is.

LEON

She's not an engineer.

DREW

No. She's smarter than that.

Leon turns from the window. Something loosens in his face – the specific loosening that only Drew produces.

LEON

Don't tell her I said it's not ready.

DREW

She already knows. She called me this morning.

LEON

She called you.

DREW

She calls me when she wants something done. You're aware of this dynamic.

LEON

What did she want.

DREW

She wanted me to tell you it's ready. I told her I'd pass it along.

Leon looks at him.

DREW (CONT'D)

Consider it passed along.

Leon shakes his head. But the loosening is still there. Drew is the only person in this building who makes him do that. Leon knows this. He would never say it.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS RESIDENCE – KITCHEN – EVENING

A house that has been lived in and loved. Books everywhere – on shelves, on counters, face-down on chairs. A child's drawing on the refrigerator held with four magnets. The deliberate warmth of

someone who understood exactly what she was doing when she made a home.

MARA VOSS, 42. Kerry Washington's register – restraint that reads as strategy, a woman who fills a room without demanding it. She stands at the kitchen island, tablet in one hand, overseeing homework and keeping something from burning on the stove. She is doing all three effortlessly. This is not performance. This is simply who she is.

MILO, 8, sits at the kitchen table with the complete focus of a child who has decided that tonight's homework assignment is a personal enemy.

MILO

I don't understand why x has to be a number.

MARA

(without looking up)

Because someone decided letters needed jobs too.

MILO

That's not an explanation.

MARA

No. It's a deflection. I learned it from your father.

The front door opens. Leon. He has changed out of his rowing clothes but still carries the weight of the office – the particular stillness of a man whose mind never fully comes home.

Milo launches himself off the chair with the total physical commitment only an eight-year-old can manage.

MILO

Dad! Tell me why x has to be a number.

Leon catches him, lifts him, holds him for a moment longer than the greeting requires. Just a moment. Just enough.

LEON

It doesn't have to be. That's the point of x.

MILO

Mom said that's a deflection.

LEON

(to Mara)

You're teaching him to identify rhetorical moves?

MARA

Someone has to protect him from you.

Leon sets Milo down. Crosses to Mara. Kisses her – not a greeting kiss, a real one. She receives it, returns it, doesn't look up from the tablet until she's ready. She never rushes toward him. She never pulls away.

MARA (CONT'D)

The school thing is at seven-thirty.

LEON

I know.

MARA

You forgot.

LEON

I remembered.

MARA

Your assistant reminded you.

LEON

My assistant reminded me, and then I remembered.

She finally looks up. Studies him the way she has learned to study him – carefully, without announcing it.

MARA

Singapore got pushed.

LEON

Board pushed it.

MARA

Are you okay.

LEON

I'm fine.

She holds his look for one more beat. She knows exactly what fine means when he says it. She puts down the tablet and takes his face in her hands – a gesture so natural it carries the weight of a thousand repetitions.

MARA

Dinner first. Then the thing. Then you can be not fine.

He puts his hands over hers. Holds them there.

LEON

Okay.

MILO

(deeply unimpressed by all of this)
Can someone help me with x.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS RESIDENCE – LIVING ROOM – LATER

After dinner. Milo asleep upstairs. Mara and Leon on the couch – the comfortable geography of two people who have arranged themselves around each other for so long they no longer notice doing it.

Leon has a glass of whiskey. Mara has her tablet but isn't reading it.

MARA

Drew thinks Version Seven is ready.

LEON

Drew told you that?

MARA

Drew tells me things. You know this.

LEON

What else does Drew tell you.

Something in his tone. She looks at him.

MARA

He told me you lost the Singapore fight and you're not as okay about it as you're pretending.

Leon looks at her. The tone was nothing. He was asking about the robot. Wasn't he.

LEON

He's not wrong about Singapore.

MARA

He's usually not wrong.

LEON

About most things.

MARA

About you, especially.

A beat. Leon finishes his whiskey. Sets down the glass.

LEON

Version Seven isn't ready.

MARA

I know. But it will be.

LEON

You sound very certain.

MARA

I learned it from you.

She puts the tablet down. Leans her head on his shoulder. He rests his chin on top of her head. Outside, San Francisco gleams – indifferent, brilliant, cold.

This is what he has. This is what he built. This is the thing no surveillance system, no board decision, no Singapore delay can touch.

He doesn't know that yet. We do. The song told us.

CUT TO:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – ROBOTICS LAB – DAY

The inner sanctum. Clean and cold and thrumming with quiet purpose. Along one wall, a row of humanoid figures in various states – some skeletal, some fully skinned, some standing with the uncanny stillness of things that are almost alive.

VERSION SEVEN stands apart from the others. Complete. Still. It has Mara's proportions – not intentionally, Leon would say if anyone asked. No one has asked.

Leon walks the row slowly, hands behind his back. His engineers give him space. They have learned his rhythms the way you learn the rhythms of weather.

DR. PRIYA ANAND, 38, Lead Engineer – the only person in this building who is not afraid of him – falls into step beside him.

PRIYA

Tactile response across the full range. Thermal regulation is holding. Facial micro-expression library is up to four thousand and climbing.

LEON

Gait.

PRIYA

Ninety-four percent natural at standard pace. Seventy-eight on stairs.

LEON

Seventy-eight isn't good enough.

PRIYA

Seventy-eight is better than any other system on the planet by eleven points.

LEON

We're not competing with any other system on the planet.

He stops in front of Version Seven. Studies it the way he studies everything – completely, without announcing what he finds.

LEON (CONT'D)

Walk it.

Priya nods to a technician. A signal is sent. Version Seven moves.

It is extraordinary. It is almost – almost – indistinguishable. The gait is ninety-four percent natural and the six percent that isn't is in the eyes. Something in the eyes that isn't quite tracking the way eyes track. Not seeing. Simulating seeing.

Leon sees it immediately.

LEON (CONT'D)

The eyes.

PRIYA

I know.

LEON

Fix the eyes.

PRIYA

That's what I've been trying to tell you for three months. The eyes are a consciousness problem, not an engineering problem. The eyes track the way they track because there's nothing behind them. We can get to ninety-nine percent mechanical accuracy. We cannot make them look like someone is home.

A long silence. Leon looks at Version Seven. Version Seven looks at nothing.

LEON

Then that's what we solve next.

PRIYA

Leon. No one has ever –

LEON

Then we'll be first.

He walks away. Priya watches Version Seven's eyes. Nothing behind them. Nothing at all. The irony of this – a man who cannot see clearly, building something that cannot see at all – will not become visible to her until much later.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Ten people around a table that cost more than most people's homes. Leon at the head. Drew to his right – the geography of

twenty years. Various VPs arranged by seniority and the unspoken calculus of proximity to power.

On screen: Singapore market projections, launch timeline, risk assessment. The language of a company that has convinced itself that its ambitions are also the world's needs.

VP MARKETING

The Q3 window actually gives us more runway for the regulatory approvals. Singapore's AI council has been –

LEON

I've read the regulatory analysis.

VP MARKETING

Right. So you can see why the board feels –

LEON

I understand what the board feels. I'm asking what you think.

Silence. The VP was not prepared to think. He was prepared to relay.

DREW

(stepping in smoothly)

The Q3 window gives us the Meridian conference as a pre-launch moment. Which Mara has been developing a Version Seven presentation for. Which would put the product in front of the right audience before Singapore.

LEON

Version Seven isn't ready for Meridian.

DREW

It will be by June.

LEON

You don't know that.

DREW

Priya thinks –

LEON

Priya is being optimistic because Mara asked her to be.

Drew looks at him. The shorthand of twenty years moving across his face.

DREW

Or Priya is right and you're being cautious because the board pushed you and you don't want to give them a win.

The room goes very still. No one else would say that in this room. No one else would survive saying it. Drew can say it because Drew built this company too. Everyone in the room knows this. Including Leon.

Leon holds Drew's look for a long moment.

LEON

(to the room)

We'll revisit Version Seven's readiness in four weeks. This meeting is over.

People file out. Drew stays.

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – CONFERENCE ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Just the two of them. The city behind the glass.

LEON

You think I'm being cautious because of the board.

DREW

I think you're being Leon.

LEON

Meaning.

DREW

Meaning the board pushed back and now you're digging in on everything adjacent to the thing they pushed back on. I've been watching this pattern for twenty years.

LEON

The eyes aren't right.

DREW

No. They're not. But Mara's presentation won't be about the eyes. It'll be about what it means. What

we're building and why it matters to people who aren't engineers. That's what she does.

A beat.

LEON

She's already written it.

DREW

She showed me a draft last week.

Something flickers across Leon's face. Gone before Drew can read it.

LEON

And?

DREW

It's the best thing anyone has ever said about what we do. It made me want to work here. And I work here.

Leon nods. The flicker is gone. He trusts Drew. He trusts Mara. He trusts this.

He doesn't know yet that trust is a thing you can lose in a single evening in a dark room full of screens.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS RESIDENCE – MILO'S ROOM – NIGHT

Leon reading to Milo. The boy is already half-asleep, fighting it with everything he has, which at eight years old is considerable.

The book is well-worn. This is not the first time this particular book has been read in this particular room in this particular way.

MILO

(barely awake)
Dad.

LEON

Mm.

MILO

Is Drew coming to the thing on Saturday.

LEON

What thing.

MILO

The science fair.

LEON

I don't know. Do you want him to?

MILO

He's better at explaining things than you.

LEON

I can explain things.

MILO

You explain them like they're obvious. Drew explains them like they're interesting.

Leon looks at his son. This eight-year-old who has already figured out what it took Leon twenty years to understand about his best friend.

LEON

I'll ask him.

Milo is asleep. Leon closes the book. Sits for a moment in the quiet of his son's room.

He looks at the drawings on the wall. Crayon rockets. A family portrait where everyone's arms are too long and everyone is smiling. The model rockets on the shelf. The life his son is living, entirely unaware of being loved this much.

Leon sits very still in the dark. He is, in this moment, completely at peace.

This is the last time we will see him like this.

CUT TO:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – MARA'S OFFICE – DAY

Mara's office is different from Leon's in every way. Warmer. Plants that are actually alive. A wall of photographs – not of product launches and board victories but of people. Engineers on their first day, uncertain and bright. A retirement party. A team photo from the Singapore scoping trip, everyone laughing at something off-camera. The photographs of a woman who understands that a company is its people.

Mara is on a call, walking the room the way she walks when she's thinking – not restlessly, but with purpose, like she's pacing out the dimensions of a problem.

MARA

(into phone)

The Meridian keynote slot is twelve minutes.
That's not enough. I need twenty. Tell them twenty
or we send someone else.

She listens.

MARA (CONT'D)

I understand they have constraints. We have a
robot that looks like a person. They have twelve
minutes. Those two things are not equally
inflexible.

She listens. A slow smile – the smile of someone who already knew how this conversation would end.

MARA (CONT'D)

Twenty minutes. Thank you.

She hangs up. CAMILLE WADE, 41, Chief of Staff and keeper of everything. Viola Davis's register: moral authority that announces itself before she speaks. She appears in the doorway. She has been listening.

CAMILLE

Twenty minutes.

MARA

They always have twenty minutes.

CAMILLE

Leon still says the robot isn't ready.

MARA

Leon thinks the robot isn't ready because he's looking at it like an engineer. I'm going to present it like a human being. Those are different presentations.

CAMILLE

Drew agrees with you.

MARA

Drew usually does.

CAMILLE

Does Leon know that Drew usually does?

A beat. Mara looks at Camille.

MARA

What does that mean.

CAMILLE

Nothing. It just occurred to me.

MARA

Drew and I talk about work. Leon knows we talk about work. We have always talked about work. Leon knows that.

CAMILLE

I know.

MARA

Camille.

CAMILLE

I said I know.

A silence that contains something neither woman will name. Camille moves on.

CAMILLE (CONT'D)

The keynote draft is on your desk. The Version Seven reveal is on page eight.

MARA

Leave the door open when you go.

Camille goes. Mara stands for a moment looking at the photograph wall. Finds the one of Leon and Drew at Stanford, twenty years

ago, arms around each other, impossibly young, certain that they were going to build something that mattered.

They were right. That's the thing. They were right.

She has nothing to worry about. She knows this. She picks up the keynote draft.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – CORRIDOR – DAY

Leon moving through the building at his usual speed – the particular pace of a man who always has somewhere more important to be.

He rounds a corner and almost walks into Mara and Drew, standing together in the corridor, heads close over Mara's tablet, looking at something. They are laughing.

They look up. The laughter doesn't stop – there's no reason for it to stop. This is normal. This is always normal. It has been normal for fourteen years.

For just a moment – a fraction of a second – Drew's hand is on Mara's arm. Not a gesture of anything. The natural punctuation of a shared laugh between two people who have worked together for fourteen years. Leon sees it the way a man sees something he has already decided to misunderstand.

MARA

Drew fixed the reveal sequence. Look –

She holds out the tablet. Leon takes it. Looks at the keynote. It is good. It is genuinely, undeniably good.

LEON

When did you work on this.

DREW

Last night. Mara sent me the draft, I had some thoughts –

LEON

Last night.

DREW

Around nine. Ten maybe.

Leon looks at the tablet. Something is happening behind his eyes that was not happening thirty seconds ago. Something very small. A door, closing.

Neither of them can see it. He makes sure of that.

LEON

It's good.

He hands the tablet back. Keeps moving. Mara watches him go.

MARA

(quietly, to Drew)
Singapore.

DREW

Yeah.

They go back to the keynote. It is not about anything except the keynote. It has never been about anything except the work.

Leon, twenty feet away and moving, does not look back.

He is already building something. Brick by brick. In his head. In the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – SURVEILLANCE CENTER – NIGHT

A room most employees don't know exists. Somewhere in the building's deep infrastructure. Clean and cold and humming with the quiet of machinery that never sleeps.

A wall of screens. Building access logs. Communications metadata. Location data. Behavioral analytics. The full architecture of a system built to see everything.

Leon built this room. He has never sat in it like this before – not as the builder, but as the user. Not as the architect, but as a man looking for something.

He sits alone. Jacket off. He has been here a while.

On the screen in front of him: a communications log. Two names. The frequency of messages between them over the past six months, rendered as data.

He is not finding anything. He is finding the absence of anything suspicious – which his mind has begun to read as evidence of careful concealment. The system is sophisticated. So, he has decided, is the deception.

He adjusts the parameters. Widens the search window.

Nothing. And then: a cluster. Three weeks ago. Late messages, late responses, a frequency that his own system flags as statistically anomalous for professional communications.

The system is showing him data. It cannot show him context.

It cannot show him that this cluster was the week of the Singapore board presentation. That Drew and Mara were working late together on the deck. That the messages were about slide transitions and talking points and whether the Version Seven footage should go at the beginning or the end.

Leon doesn't look for context. He is already certain.

He closes the screen. Sits in the dark.

When he finally stands, something has changed in his face. The loosening is gone. The almost-smile is gone. What is there instead is the absolute conviction of a man who has built a system to find truth and believes he has found it.

He has found nothing. He believes he has found everything.

He picks up his jacket. Walks out.

The screens keep humming. The data keeps moving. None of it means what he thinks it means. None of it ever did.

This is the show's original sin: a man who built a machine to see clearly, and used it to go blind.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. VOSS RESIDENCE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Late. Mara in bed, reading. The lamp on her side. The familiar geometry of a life shared.

Leon comes in. Something is different. She doesn't know what yet. She will.

MARA

You were in the building late.

LEON

Working.

MARA

On what.

LEON

The Singapore timeline.

He goes to the bathroom. Doesn't look at her. She watches the door. Puts down her book.

When he comes back he gets into bed. Doesn't touch her. The particular absence of a touch that is usually there – a negative space where something always lived.

MARA

Leon.

LEON

I'm tired.

MARA

I know. I just –

She reaches for him. He doesn't pull away. He doesn't lean in either. He is somewhere else entirely – in that room, in the dark, in front of those screens.

MARA (CONT'D)

Talk to me.

LEON

There's nothing to talk about.

She studies him. This face she has read in every light, in every mood, in every season of a fourteen-year marriage. Something is wrong. She cannot name it.

MARA

Is it the board.

LEON

Yes.

It is not the board. She almost knows this. Not quite. Not yet.

MARA

Come here.

He does. She holds him. He lets her.

Over her shoulder, his eyes are open. Fixed on the ceiling. A man doing math in his head that has no right answer because he has already decided what the answer is.

She falls asleep first. She always falls asleep first. He lies in the dark beside her – his wife of fourteen years, the person he loves most in the world – and he is building the case. Brick by brick. In the dark.

The song told us who he is. He was feeling insecure. He thought she might not love him anymore. He made it true.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – LEON'S OFFICE – DAY

The next morning. Leon behind his desk. Drew comes in, easy, coffee in hand. The normal morning.

But Leon is watching Drew the way he watched the screens last night. Cataloguing. Measuring. Looking for the pattern he has already decided is there. This is what surveillance does: it doesn't find the truth. It confirms what you already believe.

DREW

Priya says two more weeks on the gait refinement.
Puts us ahead of Meridian.

LEON

You talked to Priya this morning.

DREW

I talk to Priya every morning.

LEON

I know.

DREW

Leon. What.

LEON

Nothing.

DREW

You have a thing on your face.

LEON

I don't have a thing.

DREW

You've had a thing since yesterday. The corridor.
The keynote.

Leon looks at him. The man he has known for twenty years. The man he has trusted with everything. The man he has already decided has betrayed him.

LEON

I'm fine.

DREW

You're not fine. You're —

LEON

I said I'm fine, Drew.

A silence. The first silence between them in twenty years that has felt like a wall.

DREW

(carefully)
Okay.

He goes. Leon watches the door close.

The wall is up. Leon built it overnight. Drew doesn't know it yet. He will.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS — MARA'S OFFICE — DAY

Mara and Camille. Door closed. Mara is standing, which means she is unsettled.

MARA

Something happened.

CAMILLE

What kind of something.

MARA

I don't know. Last night he was somewhere I couldn't reach him. And this morning –

CAMILLE

Did he say anything.

MARA

He said he was fine.

CAMILLE

That's not a good sign.

MARA

No.

She sits. Picks up a pen. Puts it down.

MARA (CONT'D)

It'll pass. It always passes. He goes somewhere and then he comes back.

CAMILLE

This felt different?

Mara thinks about this honestly. She is always honest with herself. It is one of the things that makes her extraordinary and one of the things that will not protect her.

MARA

I don't know. Maybe not. Maybe I'm –

She stops. Shakes her head.

MARA (CONT'D)

It'll pass.

Camille watches her friend. Does not say what she is thinking. Which is: she is not sure it will. Which is: something has

shifted and she cannot name it either. Which is: she will remember this moment for twenty-two years.

CUT TO:

EXT. VOSS SYSTEMS – ROOFTOP – EVENING

Leon alone. The city below. The bay. The bridge. San Francisco at dusk – beautiful, surveilled, cold.

He has his phone out. He is looking at a photograph. It is the corridor image pulled from the security feed – Mara and Drew, heads together over the tablet, laughing.

The photograph is evidence of nothing except two colleagues looking at a screen together. Leon looks at it the way a man looks at a confession.

He puts the phone away. Stands there. The photograph still on the screen. He knows what making this call means. He knows what it says about him that he is considering it. He is a man who built a surveillance company and has spent fourteen years telling himself he would never use it this way. He takes the phone back out.

Then he makes a call.

LEON

(into phone)

I need full access. Everything. Both of them.

He listens.

LEON (CONT'D)

I know what it requires. Do it.

He hangs up. Looks out at the city he built. The company he built. The life he built and is about to mistake for something he needs to protect.

He is about to burn all of it down.

He believes he is protecting it.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS RESIDENCE – MILO'S ROOM – NIGHT

Leon in the doorway. Milo asleep. The drawings on the wall. The model rockets on the shelf.

Leon watches his son sleep for a long time.

He looks like a man saying goodbye to something. He doesn't know that yet. He believes he is the one being betrayed. He believes he is the one standing between his family and the truth.

He turns off the light. Closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. VOSS SYSTEMS – SURVEILLANCE CENTER – NIGHT

Leon alone. The screens. The data. Full access now – every message, every calendar entry, every location ping, every metadata trail. The complete architecture of two people's lives, rendered as information.

He finds a dinner. Four weeks ago. Drew's calendar. A reservation. The same night Mara told Leon she was working late.

He finds that Mara's phone pinged a cell tower three blocks from that restaurant at eight forty-seven PM.

He does not find that the dinner was a company event for twelve people. That Mara joined late because she was at Milo's school program. That she left at nine-fifteen and was home before Leon finished the board call he was on until ten.

He doesn't look for that. He has what he came for.

He closes the screens. One by one. The room goes darker with each one.

The last screen goes dark.

He sits in complete darkness.

He is certain. He is completely, catastrophically certain. The most sophisticated surveillance infrastructure in private hands has told him everything he wanted to know and nothing that is true.

And he is entirely wrong.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT

GHOST IN THE MACHINE

"WINTER" – PILOT

Based on an original concept by Kevin Mangini & Donovan Sherman

Inspired by The Winter's Tale by William Shakespeare

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