

06 - A - INTERSTITIAL SCENE 1.

PHONE RINGS.

AN ANSWER.

MURRAY: Hello?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Murray?

MURRAY: Yeah, who's this?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: You used to work for CimmTech, is that correct?

MURRAY: ...Shit.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: *And* you used to work for NASC?

MURRAY: Who is this?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Christian Yancy. US Headline.

MURRAY: You recording this?

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I am. Wanna talk?

A BEAT.

MURRAY: You know...I always thought *they'd* find me first. I never considered it'd be one of you.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Who is they?

MURRAY: Cimmerian Technologies.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: CimmTech?

MURRAY: Or NASC. One or the other.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: But you didn't consider it'd be one of me?

MURRAY: No.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: So who am I?

MURRAY: Frankly...*Anyone else.*

CHRISTIAN YANCY: My friend says you might wanna talk?

MURRAY: (LAUGHS) Friend? I'd think twice about calling anyone who knows me your friend.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Sure. But do you wanna talk?

A BEAT.

MURRAY: Yeah, I wanna talk. But not on the phone.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: I can stop recording.

MURRAY: But *they* might not.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: CimmTech or NASC?

MURRAY: (OBVIOUS) Literally *anyone* who would want to drop in on this call. How secure do you think phone lines are? Especially now! No wonder the press is going to shit.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: When would work for you to meet up?

MURRAY: No, no. I contact you. We meet somewhere we can't be followed.

CHRISTIAN YANCY: Do you need my address?

MURRAY: No...Christian Yancy of US Headline. *I'll find you just fine.*

HANG UP AND DIALTONE.

END SCENE.