



WILLA PHELPS<sup>40</sup>

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INT. NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMISSION - NIGHT (N1)

Angela sits, restless, looking at the nameplate of JEFF GUNTHER, waiting for him to return. She hears a CART SLOWLY SCREECHING down the hall behind her. An air-conditioner upstairs DRIPS on to the window ledge. Jeff's computer HUMS. There's the sound of CLICKING HIGH HEELS in the hallway. They approach, then stop, just out of view. Angela holds her breath, readying herself for someone to enter. But the CLICKING begins again, walking away.

The lights dim to black for a quick second and then come up again. Beginning to freak out, Angela looks around the office and notices that a CAMERA has been pointed her direction this entire time. She stares into the lens, uneasy.

PHELPS (O.S.)

Start → Second one tonight.

Angela turns to see DEPUTY DIRECTOR WILLA PHELPS (50s).

ANGELA

(stands)

What was that--

PHELPS

Brownouts. We've been bracing ourselves since Comet Electric went on strike. Luckily, we're prepared.

(extends her hand)

I'm sorry to keep you waiting.

Deputy Director Phelps, Office of Investigations. Jeff told me a little about what you've brought us. Can you come with me?

Angela follows Phelps out of Jeff's office into:

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INT. NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMISSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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The white, florescent hallway looks to be endless. Angela and Phelps' heels CLICK on the linoleum floor.

PHELPS

My colleagues and I want to ask you a few questions. We are so indebted to citizens like you.

MR 208

BEING RECASTING

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ANGELA  
(blushing)  
Thank you.

PHELPS  
I never cease to be astonished by  
the heroics of everyday people. Did  
you come all the way down from New  
York just for this?

Angela is surprised by the question.

PHELPS  
Or are you based in New Jersey?

They turn right to continue walking down:

42 **INT. NUCLEAR REGULATORY COMMISSION - HALLWAY #2 - CONTINUOUS** 42

An identical, also endless hallway-- also white, also  
florescent-- at the end of which is an exit.

PHELPS  
In fact, it would probably be a  
good idea for me to get some  
contact information from you.  
(takes out a pen)  
Your name and a phone number.

ANGELA  
Um... Jeff promised anonymity.

PHELPS  
Which is a nice idea, to be sure.

ANGELA  
Is Jeff going to be in the meeting?

PHELPS  
I know it sounds complicated, but  
how it works is, the commission  
will want to discuss this with you  
after they review. Your phone  
number?

ANGELA  
Maybe I'm misunderstanding, but--

PHELPS  
You do work at E Corp, yes?

ANGELA  
What? I never said--

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PHELPS

What's your position there?

Angela freezes up and stops walking.

PHELPS

The more we know about the origins of these documents, the quicker we'll be able to process them.

Angela takes in the sinister emptiness of the hall. Cameras are positioned up above. Phelps holds the pen out for Angela.

ANGELA

Yeah, totally. Actually, could I have my files and the drive back?

Phelps attempts a friendly laugh to disguise her intensity.

PHELPS

You made it all the way down here. Let's not stop now, shall we.

ANGELA

I'm sorry, this whole trip has taken longer than I thought it would and I can't miss the last train back.

Angela starts to turn around, back toward Jeff's office, but Phelps grabs her arm-- not violently, but it startles Angela.

PHELPS

But, Angela, my colleagues in the other room are eager to talk to you.

Angela freaks: how does she know my name? In full panic mode, she pulls her arm free, hurries off.

ANGELA

No, thanks, I'm just gonna go!

— End

Angela leaves an eerily impassive Phelps, and the cameras, to watch her go.

[REDACTED]