

## WE COULD BE HEROES - BOSSMAN

OZZY

Complain to the cops. They'll definitely come.

MILES

You know, my uncle is a former officer and he actually will come. Maybe, I think.

OZZY

Canceled.

SLAM. The door is shut in his face. Sigh.

9

INT. DRAB OFFICE - MILES' CUBICLE - NEXT DAY

9

Miles, in an ill-fitting suit, sits at a cramped desk with no windows and a flickering light overhead. In front of him is a STACK OF SPREADSHEETS; grasping a highlighter, Miles scans the page. Stops. Scans it again.

MILES

Wait a second...

He highlights several numbers off the sheet, a pattern emerges. He reviews the numbers again, they glow.

He looks up, staring at a FILM NOIR calendar on his wall...

MILES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*Random numbers, or something more?  
Purchasing numbers of blockchain  
cryptocurrency transactions, the  
Russians, Area 51, the  
Illuminati... Who dares stand up to  
the dark, unending void of evil?  
Not many, if any, risk their lives  
to save others in these darkest  
times-*

**SCENE 1** SLAM. Miles jumps to see BOSSMAN (generally angry, former frat boy) storm through the room and stops at his office door  
**START** before turning back.



BOSSMAN

Michael!

MILES

Miles.

BOSSMAN

You still trying to write those books? No one reads anymore.

MILES

I read.

BOSSMAN

Get in here.

Miles, frozen.

10 INT. DRAB OFFICE - BOSSMAN'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 10

Miles grabs the stack and heads to BOSSMAN'S desk, clears his throat, waiting, watching as BOSSMAN SPINS THE SAFE SHUT then finally: \*

MILES

Um-

Bossman holds up a stack of papers.

BOSSMAN

What is this?

MILES

Due diligence.

BOSSMAN

Explain to me (why) this report was rejected.

MILES

A pattern emerged that -- for all these expenditures -- don't check out with the expected costs.

Bossman, uninterested, pours sugar into his coffee.

BOSSMAN

You're supposed to check the costs against the receipts. Right? That's your job. Right? Is there a little nameplate in your cubicle that says "Detective" on it?

MILES

I don't have a nameplate at all. I found a series of nearly imperceptible numbers flowing to an off shore bank account that has been accumulating over a period of time.

Bossman chokes on his coffee.

**BOSSMAN**

Miles, Don't worry about it. You're not an analyst. Just crunch the numbers, pal.

MILES

Okay... I'll just... Okay.

**END SCENE**

Miles exits. Bossman lingers on Miles a little too long.