

SILICON VALLEY SPIES

Opening sequence from a screenplay by
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FADE IN:

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

A spoon tips off the counter.

CAL MERCER, 36, catches it without looking. MAYA REYES, 34, keeps reading a stapled report.

Bare feet. A washed-out shirt from an Oakland music venue. Last night's black tailoring hangs over a chair; a miniature screwdriver sticks out of its breast pocket.

CAL

Again?

MAYA

That one actually fell.

He puts it in her hand. She uses it to eat his breakfast.

Their kitchen is too small for two people who know this many ways around each other. Cal turns sideways before Maya opens the cupboard. Maya slides his coffee away from the laptop before he unfolds it.

SUPER: THURSDAY, MAY 13, 2027.

On Cal's screen: MAYA REYES / PRODUCTION. A tour calendar, invoices, a venue floor plan.

On Maya's: SENTINEL LOOM / INDEPENDENT REVIEW. A separate computer. Cal reaches for its charger, not its keyboard.

CAL

You took the long one.

Maya lifts her foot. His charging cable is under it.

He plugs in. Finds a packing list with several empty boxes.

CAL

Will we need the mirror Sunday?

MAYA

Yes.

CAL

It's a policy dinner.

MAYA

They asked for something about transparency.

Cal looks at her. She looks back.

They laugh, despite her report.

He turns a bowl upside down. A small blue flower falls out.

Maya picks it up.

MAYA
Where did you find that?

CAL
The market. She said it might be a
weed.

MAYA
It's not.

CAL
I didn't argue. She gave it to me.

Maya tucks it behind his ear. He wears it while he washes
her bowl.

On her laptop, a diagram joins ordinary freight events to a
red outline of a container.

She closes it when Cal turns around.

Not secretive. Habit.

He sees.

CAL
Still the bridge?

MAYA
Still the bridge.

CAL
You told them?

MAYA
Three weeks ago.

He puts a clean towel over her shoulders, draws her toward
him by its ends.

CAL
Tonight we eat something that
hasn't been next to a keyboard.

MAYA
After the show.

CAL
After the show.

She rests her forehead against his. For several seconds neither tries to improve the moment.

INT. MAYA'S APARTMENT - WORKROOM - LATER

A framed photograph: Maya and TALIA NG beside a rack of homemade computers. PARALLAX is hand-painted on the wall behind them.

Nearby: a Sentinel acquisition announcement, eight years old. Maya has used its frame to prop up a crooked bookshelf.

Above it, a screen-printed flyer for a late show in an Oakland listening room. Maya shares the bill with an electronic musician. Ticket stubs crowd the edge of the mirror.

On her phone: MENTALISM.AI / REHEARSAL. Four words become two, then one. ACCESS. She opens the method view: a branching script, not a personality profile.

Cal watches from the doorway.

CAL
It got me again.

MAYA
You knew the ending.

CAL
I thought I could change it.

She resets the little performance for him. He hands the phone back without playing.

A black notebook lies open. Pencil diagrams. Three tiny stars beside three calibration errors. The blue flower now lies between its pages.

Maya slides the notebook into her bag.

Her phone plays a message from MARA VOSS, 50s.

MARA (V.O.)
Your final review starts at nine
tonight. Report by Sunday, nine
P.M. The lenders won't release the
money without it.

Maya records a reply.

MAYA
I won't sign your proposed
conclusion. I'll sign my own
report. Call me when the trial logs
are in the packet.

She sends it. Takes off her glasses.

Cal waits by the door with a coat held open. She steps into it.

INT. MENLO PARK EVENT SPACE - STAGE - AFTERNOON

A room of empty white chairs. Outside, crews build a sponsor wall taller than the stage.

ELI, 27, the house stage manager, tests a soaring orchestral walk-on. Maya raises a finger. Enough.

She sends him a different cue: a spare, bass-heavy track commissioned from a local producer. A little crooked. Alive.

Eli listens through the drop.

ELI
There's no big finish.

MAYA
That's my job.

He grins. Saves the cue under her name.

Two black touring trunks, numbered 34 and 35. Same rental company. Same scuffs from other people's shows.

Eli stands on a small gray tape mark.

Cal wheels a portable frame across his view. Black cloth masks its upper half; an angled mirror fills the lower half.

Through the frame, Eli appears to see trunk 34 exactly where it was.

On the far side, Maya crouches behind the cloth, opens the REAL trunk 34 and removes a yellow rehearsal wallet.

The mirror is reflecting trunk 35.

Maya steps out, holding the wallet.

Eli checks the trunk he thought he watched.

ELI
I looked right at it.

MAYA

You looked at the other one.

She walks him sideways.

The mirror edge appears. The false room breaks into two.

Behind it: a narrow transfer shelf at waist height, just deep enough to slide a prop between partners.

CAL

Keep him on the mark.

MAYA

I can get him on the mark.

CAL

Keeping him there is the job.

Eli turns on the overhead work light.

A bright reflection exposes the mirror and Maya's arm.

MAYA

And that kills it.

ELI

Good to know which switch ruins
your career.

She gives him a look. He turns it off.

Cal takes Eli's position. Maya returns to the blind side.

She reaches early. Cal hasn't settled.

CAL

Wait.

She reaches anyway. He catches sight of her hand.

CAL

There.

MAYA

An audience doesn't know to look.

CAL

I do.

He resets the frame. She waits this time. Cal taps the edge twice. The transfer is invisible.

Talia Ng, 35, enters with a garment bag over one shoulder and a sandwich in her mouth. She applauds with her free hand against her thigh.

TALIA
Someone eat the other half before I
do.

She puts it beside Maya. Maya takes it without looking.

TALIA
That means thank you in founder.

Cal checks an equipment allocation.

CAL
Baxter wants to borrow thirty-four
for the Sunday demo. Just
transport, not your props.

MAYA
Who's borrowing?

CAL
Northstar's event people. I said
the reader has to come out before
your set.

Maya stops eating.

MAYA
Tell them no access to the show
computer.

CAL
It's a box, Maya. They get the box.

He places the yellow rehearsal wallet in trunk 35.

Across the room, a WOMAN with a visitor badge watches Cal. When he looks up, she lifts her phone a fraction.

He looks away first.

Talia notices his attention move. Maya is looking at the cases.

INT. EVENT SPACE - DRESSING ROOM - EVENING

Cal sits on the floor, sewing a loose button on Maya's cuff. She holds still. Not easy for her.

CAL
Left wrist.

MAYA
What?

CAL
You wear this twice a month. I
still have to tell you which hand.

He finishes. Bites the thread.

Maya turns her wrist. The button is slightly crooked.

MAYA
You pulled it too tight.

Cal goes to cut it.

She takes the scissors away.

MAYA
It's fine.

He kisses the inside of her wrist.

For a moment her attention is entirely his.

His phone vibrates on the table. S.W.

He turns it over.

CAL
Ready?

She nods.

INT. EVENT SPACE - STAGE - NIGHT

BAXTER HALE, 48, investor, host, permanently available for a
photograph, beams from the front row.

Maya places a folded card on his palm.

MAYA
Close your hand.

He does.

MAYA
Before we came in, you wrote the
name of a place on a card. You
sealed it yourself. Keep that in
your pocket.

BAXTER
You haven't touched it.

MAYA
No.

At the console, Cal studies the carbon duplicate made by the registration pad. LISBON.

Maya's earpiece gives a tiny click. Not a word. A prearranged cue.

She walks downstage. Four cities illuminate behind her, then go dark before Baxter can finish reading.

MAYA
Say it to yourself.

Baxter makes a show of concentrating.

Maya lets him perform. Then:

MAYA
Open your hand.

LISBON.

Applause. Baxter looks delighted enough to forget the camera.

Maya lets him keep the card.

At the back, Cal starts the next cue late. The projection flashes rehearsal text for half a second.

Maya covers the screen with her own shadow, stepping into the light.

MAYA
Hold it up. People in the back paid too.

Laughter. The screen clears.

From the wing, Talia watches Cal look at his phone instead of the stage.

INT. EVENT SPACE - BACKSTAGE - LATER

Maya comes off to applause. Cal isn't there.

Talia hands her water.

MAYA
Where is he?

TALIA
Service hall.

Maya starts to hand Talia the glass, thinks better of it, takes a drink.

TALIA
I can carry water. It's within the
friendship.

Maya gives it to her.

INT. EVENT SPACE - SERVICE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Fluorescent light. Catering trays.

Cal stands with SLOANE WEST, 32, the woman with the visitor badge.

His hand is at her waist.

She says something too low for Maya to hear. He smiles. Not a smile Maya has seen tonight.

He kisses her.

Sloane opens her eyes during the kiss.

Sees Maya.

Does not immediately move.

Cal follows her gaze. His hand drops.

CAL
Maya.

Maya looks at him. At the crooked button on her cuff.

CAL
Can we go somewhere?

MAYA
Your keys.

CAL
Please.

MAYA
The apartment.

He fumbles with the ring. The production token catches between two keys. It takes him three tries.

Sloane waits.

Maya takes the keys and token.

SLOANE
I'm sorry you had to find out here.

Maya looks at her for the first time.

SLOANE
You've got enough to manage before Sunday at nine. The South Quay deviation isn't worth losing everything over.

Maya stops breathing for a beat.

On a catering trolley beside her, her phone lights up: 9:03 P.M.

MAYA
What did you say?

Sloane glances at Cal.

SLOANE
He worries about you.

Maya takes out her phone. Opens her audit memo.

Under CONFIDENTIAL / REVIEWER ONLY:

SOUTH QUAY DEVIATION.

A bridge across a channel where there is no bridge.

Maya looks from that phrase to Sloane. The woman is not looking at Cal anymore.

END OF OPENING EXCERPT