

THE HIVE

"PILOT"

Written by

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INT. KEISHA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A typical, but generous office space meant for two at Howard University holds two women on the brink of discovery.

KEISHA HENSON, 25, African American woman, leans over her large, note-littered, table.

KEISHA

This could be the discovery of the century! We could be making history tonight. All the benefits... Maya?

MAYA MARTIN, 25, African American woman and Keisha's best friend, sits on a stool on the opposite side of the table. She makes funny faces at her cell phone.

KEISHA (CONT'D)

Maya!

MAYA

Huh?

KEISHA

Did you hear anything I just said?

MAYA

Well. I heard you call my name.

Keisha raises her eyebrows and stares at Maya. Maya looks up at Keisha and smiles.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I sent some cute snaps though.

KEISHA

Wow.

Keisha looks away.

MAYA

Kee, I'm sorry. I know this is important.

Keisha folds her arms, swivels her head toward Maya and nods her head.

MAYA (CONT'D)

Look! I'm putting my phone down.

Maya sets her phone on the table between her and the laptop.

KEISHA

I'm sorry. You know how important this is to me. We could find things we never knew existed.

MAYA

Or people we miss.

Keisha turns away, closes her eyes, and bites her lip.

KEISHA

Maybe.

MAYA

I know you miss your brother. You were twins, after all.

KEISHA

Let's just review our notes.

MAYA

I'm sorry.

KEISHA

It's fine.

Keisha slides papers over and grabs a blank sheet of paper. She writes and draws lines on the paper and talks.

KEISHA (CONT'D)

How do we look at time?

MAYA

Well, just like on Facebook, we look at the timeline.

KEISHA

Whether we look back or forward it's linear. And we know of three dimensions: height, width, and depth.

MAYA

You're right again.

KEISHA

But, what if time isn't linear and it's the 4th dimension? What if it's a spatial sphere and we apply the three dimensions?

Keisha curves and connects the lines into a circle.

KEISHA (CONT'D)
We could travel in ways we never
have before.

MAYA
Like time travel?

KEISHA
Possibly. Or even to different
realities like our own.

Maya looks up at Keisha.

MAYA
Keisha, I think you could be on to
something. Maybe we could learn
from other realities.

KEISHA
Exactly --

The door bursts open and small balls fly onto the floor and roll towards Keisha and Maya. They look at the door and then each other.

MAYA
What the hell?

KEISHA (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Smoke evacuates the balls and fills the room. The girls stand up. The sound of boots shuffles in. The butt of a rifle swipes through the smoke and hits Keisha on the head. The smoke shakes until it's overpowered by blackness.

INT. RANSACKED OFFICE - NIGHT

Keisha's office is in shambles. Chairs are knocked over. The notes and laptop are missing from the table. The computer is absent, but power cords remain. Keisha and Maya lay sprawled out on the floor. Keisha stirs and fumbles to stand up.

KEISHA
Ugh, what happened?

Keisha glances around the ransacked room. Her gaze snaps to Maya. She rushes over to her friend and tries to shake her awake.

KEISHA (CONT'D)
Maya? Maya! Come on. Wake up!

Maya moves her head from side to side and peels her eyes open. She props up on her elbows, but Keisha scoops her in for a hug. They rock back and forth.

MAYA
Did you Cosby me?

KEISHA
What?

MAYA
Did you drug me? What happened?

KEISHA
I'm not sure. The door slammed open
--

MAYA
And then those little balls flew
in.

KEISHA
Some type of gas or smoke came out
came out of them.

MAYA
Did you hear something after that?

KEISHA
It sounded like boots stomping...
and then something hit me hard.

Keisha rubs her forehead and finds a small bump. She grits her teeth and sucks in air. Maya looks over.

KEISHA (CONT'D)
Ow!

MAYA
That looks like it stings. What
happened after that?

KEISHA
I don't know.

Keisha looks around and examines the room again.

MAYA
Where's my phone?

KEISHA
It's all gone! They took
everything! All our notes... our
research. It's gone.

Keisha sinks onto the stool. Maya walks to the desk and unplugs the computer's power cord.

MAYA

Well, not everything's gone. They left this.

Maya swings the power cord around like a bathrobe belt. Keisha ignores Maya.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You're right. Too soon.

KEISHA

I'll never see him now. What do we do now?

MAYA

I'll tell you what we do. We find the assholes that did this. We must have gotten too close to the truth and the man had to stop us.

KEISHA

The man? You sound ridiculous.

MAYA

Okay, maybe not "the man." But, someone thought your discovery was important enough to steal all of your work.

KEISHA

You're right. I just wish I knew who it was.

INT. IAN'S OFFICE - DAY

IAN ILLUMINATIO, 35, well-dressed, sits in a leather chair behind an ornate desk. A wooden wall with built-in shelves and bookcases lays behind him. He presses a pen against paperwork sitting on a folder. A KNOCK raps against his door.

IAN

Come in.

Ian closes the folder.

INSERT - FOLDER

A top secret stamp sits on the folder and the label reads "Dimensional Directorate."

BACK TO SCENE

An OFFICER, unrecognizable military uniform, enters. He approaches the desk and stands still with his hands clasped behind his back.

IAN (CONT'D)
Mission report.

OFFICER
Mission twelve sixteen ninety-one was a success, sir. All electronics and paperwork was recovered.

IAN
And what of the girls?

OFFICER
Targets were successfully neutralized. Stealth was maintained.

IAN
Very good. Dismissed, soldier.

The officer turns around and exits the office. Ian stands up and walks to a shelf and grabs a glass. He drops a couple ice cubes in and pours whiskey. He walks towards the window and looks out.

END