Fiona revised 11-2529.

Monarch employees mill about. Scientists. Drones. Security guards on break. An eclectic bunch. All of them turning their attention towards the news as they go about their breakfasts.

And we home in one -- FIONA MILLER. From Charlie's video-creepin'. Sleek and smart with a gentle sex appeal somewhere in there. She stands in line, transfixed with the broadcast --

MONARCH EMPLOYEE 1 (0.S.) Looks like the media's in Monarch's pocket, too --

Fiona regards the comment, looks back to the television as --

CHEF (O.S.)

Two bacon and edg sandwiches, runny.

But Fiona stays transfixed on the television, as if connecting the dots -- something's afoot here --

CHEF (O.S.)

Miss --

-- she snaps out of it --

FIONA

Oh -- thank you.

INT. CHARLIE'S OFFICE - MEANWHILE

Charlie. At his orchestra of monitors. Watching the result of his news plant as the way / my carry on with his/her script.

Bags under his eyes, but he's unaffected by the lack of sleep. He's linked in. Walching his work unfold -- proud.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Charlie looks to find his door pushing open -- fucking Brenner -- only to reveal FIONA leaning into the frame.

FIONA

Hey there.

CHARLIE

Fiona -- hey.

FIONA

So. My computer's fritzin'. Would you believe it?



CHARLIE

That right?

FIONA

'Fraid so. Can I come in?

CHARLIE

Uh. Sure.

Fiona enters swiftly, BROWN BAG in hand. She drops down into the additional swivel chair, rips into the bag --

FIONA

Brought breakfast.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

-- and she slides a wrapped sandwich over to him, leaving a GREASE STREAK across his desk -- Charlie taking note, irked -- but he likes this girl -- and he starts to unwrap it --

-- as she rips into her own sandwich, tossing part of the wrapper aside onto, of course, his desk --

-- and SHE PUTS HER FEET UP ON IT, leaning back, chewing her sandwich openly -- this, Charlie takes blatant note of -- now she's crossing a line -- she catches it --

FIONA

(RE: her shoes)

It's cool. They're new.

CHARLIE

(feigning cool)

Mm.

FIONA

So, can you fix it?

CHARLIE

I'm not, uh -- I'm not I.T.

She looks at him sideways. Nonsense.

FIONA

Charlie. You think I'm gonna call one of those pervs in the basement? It literally always smells like someone's just finished.

Charlie scowls at the analysis -- "finished"?

((on't)

FIONA

I mean -- I can though. If you're
busy. I just thought --

CHARLIE

-- no, it's fine. I can see what's going on.

Charlie brings up one of his monitors --

CHARLIE

Which workstation are you again --

FIONA

-- hey, you going to the Monarch
Ball tonight? Over on the island?

Beat. Charlie turns to her, distracted -- as planned.

CHARLIE

I was -- I was thinking about it. I don't know.

FIONA

Oh, come ON. You gotta go. It's your only chance to see your bosses get shit-canned on overpriced champagne and maybe even yell at their wives a little.

CHARLIE

Been to a lot of work galas?

FIONA

Look at you -- GALAS. Dork.

CHARLIE

Whatever.

Beat.

FIONA

Tell you what -- I'd be happy to drive if you wanna roll together.

Beat. A long fucking beat as Charlie processes this. It's a no-brainer, yet here he sits -- is she asking him to go WITH her?

CHARLIE

Uh --

(squeaking)

-- sure.



3/4

FIONA

Sweet, dude!

Beat.

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Beat.

CHARLIE

So. Workstation number...

Beat.

FIONA

Oh, right. That.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

And Brenner interrupts. Standing in the doorway trembling in Charlie's presence.

BRENNER

Sorry, I -- you told me to let you know when he was in the building.

On Charlie -- shit -- he looks to Fiona --

CHARLIE

Excuse me.

INT. MONARCH HQ - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

HATCH. Moving down the hallway at a clip as he passes various Monarch employees, greeting him in passing -- but he responds to none of them.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Mr. Hatch - !

Charlie catches up to him --

You see the news?

HATCH

Sure -- where are we with Joyce?

Beat. Right.