

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A door opens. In walks BLAISE DIX. STANTON CHILDS sits behind a desk with two chairs in front of it. One holding GEORGE HERSH. The other is empty. FRANK PETERSON sits in a couch against the back wall.

STANTON

Blaise! Good to see you. Come in.

BLAISE

Stan, likewise, thanks for having me.

STANTON

Of course. You know George Hersh and Frank Peterson?

BLAISE

George yes, we met at the conference. Hi. And Peterson... though a friend of a friend?

Peterson nods -- *degradingly so*. Blaise notices the slight.

STANTON

Thanks for making the trip down. Sit. Sit, please.

Blaise sits.

STANTON (CONT'D)

I'm gunna cut right to it. Do you know what we do here? Here at MUFON?

BLAISE

I've been a subscriber since the nineties.

STANTON

Yes, but do you know what we do *here* at MUFON?

A beat.

BLAISE

You uh, investigate UFO sightings, collect data, promote research, and educate the public.

PETERSON

The kid can read a website.

BLAISE
Is that not what you do?

STANTON
Well in a broad context yes, that's what we do, but here at "headquarters" if you will, our duties are uh, more clerical in nature.

PETERSON
We have a reputation to uphold.

BLAISE
Mhmm.

STANTON
One hundred fifty six thousand, three hundred and uh, fifty uh...

He leans down to look at his notes --

STANTON (CONT'D)
-- eight subscribers is no uh, well its no laughing matter.

BLAISE
Look, I know what you're gunna ask.

STANTON
You do(?)

BLAISE
Well yeah. It's not everyday you're invited to MUFON.

An awkward beat.

STANTON
Yeah, uh, I think we may be--

BLAISE
-- the answer is yes, I'd love to be a part of the team.

PETERSON
The team?

BLAISE
Well yeah I mean clearly. Stan and Hersh were at the Mountain High Mystery Conference.

(MORE)

BLAISE (CONT'D)

They saw my work, were impressed(duh), and with Burt Childress' recent passing, well let's just say it didn't take a rocket surgeon to figure this one out.

Peterson throws Stanton a look -- *you liked his work?*

Stanton straightens.

STANTON

Well uh, yeah, we did see your work, and although "*impressed*" normally carries a certain um, constructive connotation, I would say --we would say, our feelings fall more in line with "*provoked*"(?).

BLAISE

Ah. I see.

STANTON

Blaise, as you know our life's work has been dedicated to uh well validating certain uh --

GEORGE

You know Bigfoot is fake.

The words blindsides Blaise.

An awkward beat as George reinforces his posture.

BLAISE

I know Bigfoot is fake?

STANTON

Look Blaise, I would've liked to put it more delicately but mixing UFO sightings with a mythical bipedal creatures that live in the forest, well its uh, well its -- look Blaise, we're not here to point fingers.

BLAISE

This is abuse of power.

(to George)

I know Bigfoot is fake? Have you done any fucking research?

(MORE)

BLAISE (CONT'D)
Sightings on every continent,
evidence from all corners of the
world, not to mention--

PETERSON
Circumstantial.

Blaise spins to face Peterson.

BLAISE
What?

PETERSON
Circumstantial evidence.

BLAISE
Oh I'm sorry, I almost forgot
parallel parking outside next to
the flying disk.

STANTON
Blaise, we're not here to get into
the minutia or pass judgement.
We're here to --

Blaise turns back to face Blaise.

BLAISE
You bought my book but clearly
didn't read it.

STANTON
Look, I'm speaking to you now in an
administrative capacity. How I
feel about the other stuff you're
doing --

BLAISE
The research.

STANTON
What's that?

BLAISE
How you feel about the *research* I'm
doing.

STANTON
And that's the thing it's uh --

PETERSON
-- It's not research because its
not science.

Blaise looks to Stanton. Then to George, then back to Peterson. He stands.

BLAISE
This is a shakedown.

STANTON
Blaise, no. Please just sit down.

BLAISE
I wasn't going to say this but your website layout, it's garbage.

STANTON
Okay.

BLAISE
THIS. IS. A. FUCKING. SHAKEDOWN.
And don't tell me it's not.

Blaise moves to the exit opens the door.

BLAISE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
A hundred thousand subscribers.
Psh.

The door slams shut.