

# A ROGUE BEAVER

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. JENKINS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone vibrates on a dresser next to a man and woman in bed.

JIM JENKINS (50s), bald on top and wearing silk pajamas, reaches over and grabs it.

He looks at the number and sits up.

Jim sighs, rubs his face, and answers.

JIM  
This better be fuckin' important,  
Nervon.

The man on the other end, Nervon, stammers.

NERVON (V.O.)  
Um, sir. We have a beaver.

Jim closes his eyes.

Long sigh.

JIM  
I'll be there within the hour.

NERVON (V.O.)  
Okay, bu--

Jim hangs up.

Jim's wife, NANCY (50s), peeks out from behind her sleep mask.

NANCY  
Who was that, honey?

JIM  
Nervous Nervon. I gotta go in  
early. Could be a long day. Go back  
to sleep.

Jim kisses his wife and heads toward the bathroom.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

A shackled prisoner dressed in white walks backwards.

Two armed guards, one in front and one behind him, accompany the young man.

NICK FRAZEE (20s) shows a face of annoyance as he gets stopped and started without warning from the two guards.

The group walks through two security doors into what appears to be an entryway into an office lunchroom.

A glass wall with glass doors divide the entryway from the lunchroom.

The group crosses the entryway and stops at yet another security door.

GUARD

Fraze, Nickolas to interrogation.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Hold for buzz.

Nick peers into the lunchroom and sees a lone man in a bland suit near one of the coffee machines.

He also notices four large flat screens playing a mixture of CNN and Fox News.

The security door BUZZES and then opens.

Nick and the lone lunchroom man catch each other's eyes before the guards push him through the door.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - LUNCHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jim, in a bland suit and sweater vest, pours a cup of coffee. His briefcase lies on the counter next to the coffee maker.

NERVON BELASTIGEN (20s), tall and skinny, in a white shirt and tie, fingers his glasses back onto his face as he walks toward Jim.

Jim, mixing in his cream and sugar, notices Nervon.

JIM

Oh, no you don't. Not until I've had my coffee.

NERVON

Sir, we may--

JIM

God fuckin' dammit, Nervon. Not until I've had my goddamn cup of coffee.

Jim walks briskly past Nervon, spilling slightly.

He flicks the coffee off of his thumb and mutters under his breath.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Jim stands behind the one-way mirror, drinking his cup of coffee, and stares at a report in his hand

Nick sits on the other side of the mirror in handcuffs.

Nervon walks in.

NERVON

Sir, as I was saying--

Jim holds up the report.

JIM

Too late, Nervon. Got the report right here.

NERVON

But, sir--

JIM

Nervon, what's this in my hand?

NERVON

A cup of coffee, sir.

JIM

That's right. And is it finished?

NERVON

Nn- no, sir.

JIM

That's right.

Jim goes back to reading the report.

A long beat, with Nick in the background.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hm.

Jim finishes his coffee with a big gulp.

JIM (CONT'D)

It doesn't say who he's affiliated with.

NERVON

As I was saying--

JIM

Get the big three on the line.  
Doubt it's from Bewkes or Murdoch.

Jim hands the report over to Nervon and grabs his briefcase.

JIM (CONT'D)

My money is on Immelt. The leaky sons of bitches. God, you can lead a horse to water...

NERVON

Sir, I just talked with them.

Beat.

JIM

And? Jesus, Nervon, here's the perfect time for the fuckin' punchline.

NERVON

They have no idea who he is.

Jim sticks his tongue between his upper lip and gums.

He smacks his lips.

JIM

A rogue fuckin' beaver. Jeez, this day just keeps getting better and better.

Jim straightens his tie and heads toward the door that leads to Nick.

JIM (CONT'D)

Bring me more coffee when you come in.

Jim enters the interrogation room that is holding Nick.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Nick watches the lone lunchroom man in a bland suit place his briefcase on top of the table.

He gives Nick a quick smile.

JIM  
Good morning.

Jim notices the guard standing in the corner and laughs.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Stevenson! How the hell are you? I didn't know they put you on this detail.

STEVENSON  
I'm good, sir.

JIM  
Your wife get those cookies?

STEVENSON  
Yes, sir.

JIM  
Verdict?

STEVENSON  
Scrumptious, sir.

JIM  
That's what I like to hear. I'll inform the missus.

Jim meticulously takes out a folder, two pens, a notepad, and a pencil and he places them neatly in front of him.

He slides a pack of smokes and lighter to the middle of the desk without looking up from his report.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(to Nick)  
Is there anything I can get you before we start?

Nick doesn't respond. He stares at the pack of cigarettes before him.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Wonderful.

Jim pulls out one of his pens and puts on his bifocals.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm Jim Jenkins, Chief  
Interrogation Officer with an  
undisclosed intelligence agency  
somewhat affiliated with The United  
States. And you are a Mr. Nickolas  
Frazee. There will be four--

NICK

I'm sorry. Undisclosed intelligence  
agency somewhat affiliated with th--

Jim looks up from his report.

JIM

United States. Yes.

NICK

I-- I don't understand.

JIM

Which part?

NICK

All of it, I guess.

Jim places his pen down.

JIM

Can you be a little more specific?

NICK

The undisclosed intelligence agency  
somewhat affiliated with The United  
States part, I guess.

JIM

We are somewhat affiliated with the  
United States because we are not  
officially recognized by The United  
States, or her allies for that  
matter. But make no mistake,  
everything that you see presently  
within your current reality is, in  
fact, the property of the United  
States. Including myself. And  
Officer Stevenson.

Nick contemplates what he just said.

NICK

I'm still not sure what you are saying.

Jim sets his pen down.

JIM

I am saying that The United States owns and operates everything that you see before you unofficially. Officially, everything you see before you is considered "off the books". We are like that side income that people never disclose on their taxes. Sometimes used for the good of the world, but most often used for nefarious purposes. We are the gray area. The break between people and government. We are-- What's that word you used, Stevenson?

STEVENSON

Caesura, sir.

JIM

Caesura, yes. We are the metrical pause where one phase, the United States, ends and another, the people, begins. We are the break between the two.

Jim chuckles to himself after that last statement.

NICK

So, who do you report to?

JIM

We report to no one, and we report to everyone.

NICK

That doesn't make any sense either.

Jim picks up his pen and starts writing.

JIM

Well, life rarely makes sense.

NICK

I see.

A long beat, as Jim scribbles down notes.



NICK (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I ask you a question  
that's been buggin' me?

Jim puts down his pen one more time.

He gestures for Nick to ask away.

NICK (CONT'D)

Why do you guys watch both CNN and  
Fox? I mean, I realize that they  
are both part of the "controlled  
opposition", but what is it? Is it  
to keep tabs on the reporters or  
something? Make sure they follow  
the narrative?

Jim picks up the pencil this time and writes in his notepad.

JIM

We do not need to keep tabs on our  
reporters because our reporters  
never-- never-- deviate from the  
narrative that we prescribe them.  
Standard protocol is to switch it  
to CNN and Fox News when there's a  
civilian or citizen in the  
building. Usually, the televisions  
are filled with whatever case is of  
importance.

He looks up at Nick's confused look.

JIM (CONT'D)

You are the civilian.

NICK

Where do you usually get your news?

JIM

We don't usually get our news.

NICK

What does that mean?

JIM

It means you, curious sir, are in  
way over your head.

NICK

Is that what these handcuffs are  
for?

Nick lifts his handcuffed hands up in the air.

NICK (CONT'D)

That guy also said I wasn't allowed  
a lawyer.

Jim doesn't look up and continues to write in the notepad.

JIM

That guy is right.

NICK

No lawyer, no phone call, no  
rights.

Jim places his pencil down and takes his glasses off.

JIM

You have no idea the heap of  
trouble you've gotten yourself  
into, have you?

NICK

You have no idea who my--

Nervon walks in and towards the desk with a cup of coffee.

JIM

Who your father is? We do and we  
don't care. See that gentlemen with  
the standard issue 9mm Baretta  
attached to his hip? They call him  
the Beaver Buster.

Nervon drops the coffee off and backs up into the corner with  
his own notepad.

JIM (CONT'D)

Funniest goddamn nickname I've  
heard in years. And you? You're the  
Beaver.

Jim slides the coffee over to Nick, who takes a sip.

NICK

A little dirty, don't you think?

JIM

Well, his job is dirty. Now, you--  
(reads report)  
--a Mister Nickolas Frazee. Nick  
Frazee, ooh, I like that. I don't  
know what it is about a good  
sounding name...

NERVON

It does have a good ring to it--

Nervon starts writing furiously in his own notepad.

JIM

Shush it, Nervon.

(to Nick)

Now, you, Mr. Nick Frazee, are less than a nobody. See this file?

Jim slides a folder two inches towards Nick.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is you. You are what we call a sub-non, which stands for sub-non-important. That means you are literally below a nobody in our system.

NICK

Yet, here I am.

Jim smiles.

JIM

Yet, here you are.

Beat.

Jim goes for a handshake.

JIM (CONT'D)

Well, I guess congratulations are in order. You'll probably be bumped up to non-important by the end of today.

NICK

I'm sorry. Am I in trouble?

Nervon, still writing furiously, smirks behind Jim.

Jim goes back to his own notepad.

JIM

Not many people believe in almost any conspiracy theory. Like at all.

(to Nervon)

What's the numbers, Nervon? Less than 1% of the population?

NERVON

Yes, sir.

JIM

And within that 1%, maybe point zero, zero, zero, zero, zero one percent truly believe.

NICK

And I'm in that sub-fraction?

Jim looks up at Nick.

JIM

Oh no, you are what we call a Beaver. You are in the sub-fraction of that sub-fraction. You not only are a true believer, but you had the will power to literally go out and dig for the truth.

Jim goes back to his writing.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's very impressive actually. And you did it without being affiliated with any news organization or intelligence agency.

NICK

I'm not really sure how that metaphor pertains. Beavers don't usually dig, do they?

JIM

All wild animals dig. The metaphor pertains because this majestically ugly, mythical beast is very adept at creating blockages in a very calculated stream of information. The enamel on a beaver's front teeth contain iron, which makes sense because beavers need to gnaw and chew through the trunks of trees, so their teeth have to be strong. And once they finish their digging and gnawing at this tree of knowledge, they use that information to create blockages in a multi-billion dollar stream of narration. A very detailed and organized stream of narration that is owned and operated by an undisclosed agency somewhat affiliated with The United States. And they do this through bundles of sticks and roots.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

A few sticks here or there are easy to push through. But when those sticks and roots are bundled together, interweaved together to create this almost impenetrable dam to our very detailed stream of information, problems tend to occur.

NICK

So, I'm in trouble.

JIM

Very much so, yes.

NICK

I want a lawyer.

Jim stops writing and massages his temples.

He lets out a chuckle.

JIM

You don't get a lawyer.

NICK

Bullshit. You're holding me unlawfully. There's been no charge. No judge. No lawyer. No face to face with my accuser--

JIM

We are your accuser.

NICK

So, what? I have no idea who you are.

JIM

I am Jim Jenkins, Chief Interrogation Officer with an undisclosed agency--

NICK

Somewhat affiliated with The United States. We are going in circles.

Jim chuckles louder.

JIM

Yes, we are. Now.

(softly)

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

Now, if you're lucky, we'll pump you full of LSD, drop you off at the nearest police station, and have your parents come pick you up on your come down. Literally, no one will believe you.

NICK

And if I'm unlucky?

Jim goes back to writing. Nervon writes behind him.

JIM

If you're unlucky, Officer Beaver Buster will take Mr. Frazee and chain him up to his steering wheel, make him swallow the key to get out of said handcuffs, park him in a garage and let him suffocate from the poisonous gas of carbon monoxide.

Jim gives Nick a quick smile.

NICK

And what, my father won't think my death is a wee bit odd?

JIM

Well, Stevenson writes a pretty good suicide note, but I think you're forgetting, that now only do we control the news, but we also control the police, who if I'm not mistaken, your father would fall under?

NERVON

Yes, sir, that is correct.

JIM

Shush it, Nervon. Rhetorical question.

Jim takes a big gulp of coffee.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now, it all really depends on how well and thorough you answer our questions, though.

Jim, writing again, pauses and looks up.

JIM (CONT'D)  
So, may we begin?

Nick nods.

NICK  
Sure, why not.

Jim goes back to writing. Nick grabs one of the smokes and takes a drag.

JIM  
Wonderful. Now, we only have four questions that you need to answer. Who do you work for? Where did you get your information? What all do you know? And the names of everyone you may have told?

Jim, pen in hand, looks up for Nick's answer.

NICK  
I don't work for anyone. I'm a student.

JIM  
You don't have a side job? Or do any free lance journalism?

Nick shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Was this for a class or something?

NICK  
No.

JIM  
You haven't worked for any news publication in any capacity, ranging from full-story columns to tweeting or blogging?

NICK  
No.

JIM  
No blog?

NICK  
No.

JIM  
Everyone has a blog. You don't have  
a blog?

Nick gives the smallest of head shakes.

JIM (CONT'D)  
What about a vlog? No vlog?

NICK  
No vlog.

Jim writes it down.

JIM  
(to Nervon)  
A true Rogue Beaver. We haven't had  
one of those since 9/11.

NERVON  
Actually, we had one in '07, right  
before the housing collapse.

Jim peers back smiling.

JIM  
Oh, right. I almost forgot about  
her. God, she was smart.

Jim looks up at Nick.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Not saying you aren't-- You know  
what, forget it. This is good.  
You're doing a good job.

Jim goes back to his notepad.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Question two: Where or how did you  
come about your information?

NICK  
I came across an article on Reddit.

Jim writes this down.

JIM  
(to Nervon)  
That Reddit unit is slacking so  
tough these days.

Nervon continues writing.



NERVON

Agreed.

JIM

And what did this article entail?

NICK

It was about how the SMC shooting was staged to help the president combat the issue of gun control.

JIM

It's always the gun control leakings. They really need to give up on it. They've been trying to disarm the populous for three decades.

NERVON

It's so silly.

Nervon smiles to himself as he writes.

JIM

(back to Nick)

And so you followed up on the SMC shootings?

NICK

Somewhat. It was talking about the fake crisis actors on the news. To which, I Googled other crisis actors and found a Justin Finder, I think?

JIM

(to Nervon)

Justin Finder. Well, that's the last time they use an American.

Nervon writes even more furiously.

NERVON

Yes, sir.

JIM

I don't know why they can't keep using the international actors. They literally know how to keep their mouths shut.

NERVON

The public tends to lose believability when we go international--

JIM

The public believes whatever we want them to believe. Don't give me that bullshit. If they question the international, then just sprinkle in a story about America the diversified.

Nervon looks up from his writing.

NERVON

Yes, but--

JIM

The American public won't question when they think they're being racist. Foreigners are easier to control, plain and simple. That Finder kid has been causing headaches from the beginning. You fuckin' know it, too.

NERVON

Yes, sir. And Finder?

JIM

Send a response team to his house.

NERVON

Accident? Or--

JIM

Accident. Make sure all three giants give a nice puff piece about the grieving father who succumbed to drugs.

Jim smiles when he stresses the word "father".

He looks up at Nick.

Nick swallows and stretches his collar a bit.

Jim gives another quick smile.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now. From what we have gathered, that is the full extent of your investigation?

NICK

Yes, sir.

JIM

Are you absolutely sure?

NICK

Yes, sir.

JIM

Good. If we find out you're lying--

Jim gives a maniacal chuckle and shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)

Now, to our final question. We know you tried to send this evidence into the New York Times.

(to Nervon)

Thank God Besos' team fuckin' found it in time.

Jim leans back and looks at Nick.

JIM (CONT'D)

Is there anybody else that you or someone close to you tried to send it to? We have all of the surveillance on you, already. We'll find it eventually, but it's better for you if you tell me now.

NICK

I-- I didn't send it to anyone.

JIM

Any close friend that we need to know about? An acquaintance?

NICK

No.

Jim finishes writing and closes the notepad.

JIM

Wonderful.

NICK

That's it? You just believe me?

Jim stands and starts to gather his things.

JIM

Oh, we already had pretty much all of your answers. Except the Justin Finder character.

With his things packed up, Jim grabs his coffee and takes a sip.

Nick still looks puzzled.

Jim smiles.

JIM (CONT'D)

We're The United States government. This is really just a formality.

Jim gives Nick a nod as he walks out.

JIM (CONT'D)

Have a good day.

Nervon also gives Nick a nod and then follows Jim.

Nick sits back nervously and eyes the guard, Stevenson.

The door closes.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Jim walks quickly through the hallway and stops at a security door. Nervon briskly tries to keep up.

NERVON

Sir. Sir, what do you want me to tell the director?

Jim gestures to the door and Nervon gets his security card to open it for him.

JIM

That the Rogue Beaver is neutralized.

Jim smiles, as he passes through a security door.

Nervon, right behind him, scribbles down in his notepad.

NERVON

An-- and the laptop?

Jim gives him a confused look.

JIM

Laptop?

Jim gestures to the next security door.

NERVON

Nickolas Frazee's laptop.

JIM

Oh, fucking bleach it, I don't care.

Nervon opens the door. Jim walks through.

NERVON

And the boy himself? LSD?

Jim thinks to himself, as he walks.

JIM

What? God, no. We already have way too many nutcases running around in this country. Give him to the Buster.

Nervon stops and writes that down.

NERVON

Yes, sir.

Jim keeps walking.

A WHISTLE starts pouring from his lips, as he heads through the final doors.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Nick, handcuffed in a way to his steering wheel to where he can't reach the shifter, wakes up.

Exhaust fills the closed garage.

Nick realizes this and begins struggling to get out of his handcuffs.

He tries to reach the shifter, but fails.

Exhaust slowly fills the car through the vents.

NICK

Oh, fuck.

Nick starts coughing violently. He tries reaching the vents with his feet.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He fails.

Nick struggles some more, but then stops. He quickly starts gagging himself.

DRY HEAVES

Nick keeps gagging himself.

He finally throws up, the key landing firmly in his fingers.

Hands shaking, he tries to unlock his handcuffs. His nose starts bleeding profusely.

Nick starts coughing violently.

He drops the key.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

COUGHING

Nick starts screaming. Tears roll down his cheeks, mixing in with the blood and vomit.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Screams and cries come out of the violently struggling Nick.

CUT TO BLACK: