

THE GHOST ANALYST
written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - NIGHT

Rain blurs the neon glare of the city.

A sea of umbrellas moves in a rhythmic, mechanical flow.

ON A SMART-POLE: A high-speed CAMERA pivots. Its lens pulses with a faint violet light.

LIDAR SCANNERS sweep the crowd. Red laser-dots, invisible to the eye, dance across faces.

INT. AEGIS DATA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

A wall of monitors. A hundred live feeds from across London.

ARTHUR VANCE (42) sits in the pale blue glow. He has a hollowed-out eyes like he hasn't slept in a long time. He wears a frayed cardigan that doesn't belong in this multibillion dollar room.

On his screen: A crowded sidewalk.

Boxes snap around pedestrians. GREEN for "Neutral." YELLOW for "Elevated Heart Rate/Stress."

A young man in a hoodie walks fast. His box flashes YELLOW.

Arthur's fingers fly over a haptic glass keyboard. Data cascades.

The box around the young man turns ORANGE.

TEXT ON SCREEN:
PROBABILITY OF AGGRESSION: 74%
TARGET: ELDERLY FEMALE
(12 METERS AHEAD)
ESTIMATED TIME TO IMPACT: 18 SECONDS.

Arthur doesn't call it in. He waits. He watches the man's

hand twitching toward a pocket.

Arthur taps a key. A COMMS CHANNEL opens.

ARTHUR
(low, clinical)
Sector 4. Deployment 12. Pre-crime
intercept. Threat level: Amber.
Potential mugging. Target is the
blue hoodie.

INT. POLICE DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

A DISPATCHER sees Arthur's data hit her screen.

DISPATCHER
Copy, Aegis-One. Units in
proximity.

EXT. TRAFALGAR SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Two uniformed OFFICERS step out from behind a kiosk. They are moving casually like a predator.

The Man in the Hoodie sees them. He freezes. He looks at the old woman. He looks at his pocket.

He turns and walks the other way. FAST.

The officers don't chase. They just stand there, watching him run away.

INT. AEGIS DATA CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The box on Arthur's screen turns back to GREEN.

Arthur exhales. A tiny, nearly imperceptible tremor in his hand.

He enters a log entry: Incident 4492. Prevention successful. No arrest required.

SARAH (O.S.)
Clean work, Arthur.

He doesn't jump, but his shoulders tighten.

SARAH CHENG (35) stands behind him. Sharp suit and hair. She holds a tablet like a shield.

ARTHUR

He had a knife in the right pocket.
The weight distribution was off.

SARAH

The algorithm didn't flag a weapon.

ARTHUR

The algorithm doesn't have eyes,
Sarah. It has math. I have eyes.

SARAH

(a beat)
The board is reviewing the
efficiency stats tonight. They like
the "Prevention" numbers. They
don't like the "False Positives"
from last year.

Arthur's hands go still.

ARTHUR

The Miller case was a data
corruption issue. I've told you.
The sensors in the East End were—

SARAH

The sensors were fine. You saw a
pattern that wasn't there. You sent
a SWAT team into a nursery because
a toddler's smart-watch had a
glitch.

ARTHUR

(defensive)
The heart rate was 180.

SARAH

The kid had a fever, Arthur.

She sighs, her tone softening just enough to be insulting.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Stay on the active feeds. Don't go
digging in the archives.

She walks away.

Arthur stares at his screen.

He waits until she's gone. Then, he opens a command prompt.

He enters a sequence of keys.

A hidden directory opens. It's labeled: NULL DATA.

He scrolls. It's a list of time-stamps where the system went dark.

He clicks one.

The screen shows a dark alleyway in Shoreditch. 02:14 AM.

The video is crisp and clear.

Suddenly, the image GLITCHES. For three seconds, the screen is white noise.

When the image returns, a trash can has been knocked over. Nothing else has changed.

Arthur frowns. He zooms in on the trash can.

He runs a "Difference Analysis." The computer compares the frame before the glitch to the frame after.

The trash can is the only change.

Wait.

Arthur leans in. His nose almost touching the glass.

In the puddle near the trash can, there is a reflection.

It's a streetlight. But the light is being blocked by a SHAPE. A tall, thin shadow. He looks at the before image and it is absent there.

Arthur hits "Enhance."

The computer works.

The shadow remains just a shadow. But Arthur looks at the time of the glitch.

02:14:03 to 02:14:06.

He opens another window, and enters a different camera, three blocks away.

02:14:03.

The second camera GLITCHES at the exact same time.

Arthur's eyes widen.

He types: Search all synchronized outages. Last 30 days.

The computer begins to pulse. One result. Ten. Fifty.

A map of London appears. Red dots bloom across the city like a virus.

They form a trail.

INT. ARTHUR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is overflowing with paper.

Stacks of data-printouts. High-res photos pinned to the walls. Only maps.

The only furniture is a high-end workstation and a single ergonomic chair.

Arthur sits in the dark, eating a protein bar like it's medicine.

On his wall-mounted monitors, he has the "Blind Spot Trail" mapped out.

He's tracing the dots with a digital pen.

ARTHUR

(muttering)
Sequence. It's a sequence.

He looks at the timestamps.

Monday: 11:00 PM. Tuesday: 11:00 PM. Wednesday: 11:00 PM.

The locations change, but the time is constant.

He clicks on the most recent dot. Tonight. Two hours ago.

It is a street in Brixton.

He pulls the feed and finds the glitch.

02:14 AM. Again.

He scrolls back five minutes.

A MAN walks into the frame.

He's wearing a grey rain-slicker, and a hat pulled low. He's walking toward the camera.

He doesn't look up.

Arthur holds his breath.

The Man in the Grey Slicker reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a small, metallic device. It looks like a car key fob.

He presses a button.

The screen goes to STATIC.

Arthur stands up. His chair rolls back, hitting a stack of papers.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
He's triggering it.

Arthur's heart hammers against his ribs.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
It's a back door.

He looks at the man's face. Or where the face should be.

The man is wearing a "Dazzler" mask—a pattern of infrared LEDs that are invisible to the eye but appear as a blinding blur of white light to digital cameras.

Arthur looks at the "Blind Spot Trail" again.

They are circling a specific neighborhood.

Bermondsey.

Arthur grabs his coat.

EXT. BERMONDSEY STREET - LATER

The rain has turned into a cold mist.

Arthur looks out of place. He's clutching a handheld thermal scanner, trying to hide it under his coat.

He's walking the path of the ghost.

He finds the camera pole, and looks up. The violet light of the Aegis lens stares back at him.

Arthur checks his watch.

02:10 AM.

He looks around. The street is empty. A row of shuttered warehouses and a lone gastropub with its lights off.

02:12 AM.

Arthur ducks into a doorway. He pulls out his scanner.

The screen shows the street in heat-signatures. The asphalt is cold blue. A stray cat is a blob of orange.

02:13 AM.

Arthur's breath hitches. A figure turns the corner.

On the thermal scanner, the figure is PALE BLUE. Arthur blinks. He looks at the figure with his own eyes.

A man in a grey rain-slicker walking slowly. Arthur looks back at the scanner.

ARTHUR
(whispering)
What's he wearing?

The man stops directly under the camera. Arthur watches him reach into his pocket.

The man pulls out the device.

Suddenly, the Smart-Pole above him makes a faint CLICK. The violet light on the camera goes OUT.

The street feels different and quieter.

The Man in the Grey Slicker looks toward the doorway where Arthur is hiding.

Arthur freezes. He stops breathing.

The Man doesn't move. He stands there in the dark, his face hidden by the brim of his hat.

Then, he turns and walks into an alleyway. Arthur follows him.

INT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The alley is narrow. The smell of wet garbage is choking.

Arthur rounds the corner.

The Man is gone, but it is a dead end. Arthur walks forward, his thermal scanner held out like a crucifix.

The screen is blank.

Then, he hears a sound.

Drip. Drip. Drip.

It's coming from behind a stack of wooden pallets. Arthur moves the pallets.

His scanner flares VIVID RED.

A pool of liquid steams in the cold air.

Arthur looks down and sees a body.

A WOMAN. Mid-twenties. Her throat has been opened with surgical precision.

The blood is fresh. The heat signature is dying, fading from red to orange on Arthur's screen.

Arthur's stomach turns. He stumbles back.

He looks up at the top of the alley. There's an Aegis camera mounted on the brick wall, overlooking the site.

Arthur fumbles for his phone. His hands are shaking so hard that he drops it.

The phone clatters onto the pavement.

As he reaches for it, a voice comes from the shadows above.

MAN (O.S.)
You're not supposed to be here,
Arthur.

Arthur looks up.

High on the fire escape, the MAN IN THE GREY SLICKER is looking down.

In the dim light, Arthur sees the mask—the LEDs aren't on now. He sees a face.

The Man smiles.

MAN (CONT'D)
You're a false positive.

The Man jumps over the railing and onto a lower roof. Then vanishes into the dark.

Arthur stands over the body. The thermal scanner in his hand

chirps.

TEXT ON SCREEN:
SIGNAL RESTORED. AEGIS ONLINE.

The camera on the wall CLICKS. The violet light pulses.

Arthur realizes with a jolt of horror...

ARTHUR
No. No, no, no...

SIRENS wail in the distance. They are close.

The Aegis system has just predicted a murder.

Arthur looks at the camera... and he runs.

EXT. BERMONDSEY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Arthur sprints as his lungs burn. He's not a runner.

He knows the Grid, so he knows where the cameras are.

He ducks into a construction site with scaffolding and plastic sheeting.

He huddles behind a concrete mixer.

Two POLICE CRUISERS scream past, their lights painting the plastic sheeting in rhythmic strobes of red and blue.

Arthur pulls out his phone. He has 14 missed calls.

All from SARAH CHENG.

He ignores them. He opens his proprietary Aegis access app.

He looks at the Incident Report being generated in real-time.

INCIDENT ID: 8821
TYPE: HOMICIDE
SUSPECT IDENTIFIED: ARTHUR VANCE
PROBABILITY OF GUILT: 98%.

He looks at the Evidence tab.

The system has pulled his search history, Blind Spot map, and location data from his phone.

ARTHUR
(a frantic whisper)
He set me up.

A flashlight beam sweeps across the plastic sheeting.

OFFICER (O.S.)
He went in here! Secure the
perimeter!

Arthur looks around. He's trapped.

He looks at the concrete mixer. There is mud on the ground.

He smears the mud across his face, pulls his cardigan off, turning it inside out—the lining is a dull, neutral grey.

He crawls through the mud, staying low, moving between the shadows of the scaffolding.

He reaches the edge of the construction site.

Across the street, there is an old subway entrance boarded up.

The Aegis camera on the corner is rotating. Its violet eye sweeps the street.

Arthur times it.

One-one thousand. Two-one thousand...

The camera hits its Limit Switch—the half-second where it has to pivot back the other way.

Arthur leaps.

He bolts across the open asphalt.

He reaches the subway entrance just as the camera swings back.

He rips a board loose and slides into the dark.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Silence.

The dust in the air is choking.

Arthur collapses against the cold tile wall. He's sobbing for air. He looks at his phone.

A NEW MESSAGE.

The sender ID is: 000-000-000.

Arthur opens it. It's a video file.

He hits play.

The video is from Arthur's own apartment. It's a high-angle shot, taken from the Smart-Smoke Detector in his ceiling.

Arthur sees himself sitting at his desk, obsessing over the maps.

But in the video, someone is STANDING behind him.

The Man in the Grey Slicker. He's standing inches away from Arthur's head holding a long, thin needle. He's watching Arthur work.

The Man looks up at the smoke detector and winks.

Then, he leans down and whispers something into Arthur's ear.

The microphone barely catches.

Arthur turns up the volume on his phone.

MAN (ON VIDEO)
(a dry, rasping whisper)
Show me the parts I missed, Arthur.

The video ends.

Arthur drops the phone. It clatters on the tracks.

He isn't alone in the dark. He can feel it.

INT. AEGIS DATA CENTER - NIGHT

Sarah Cheng stands in front of the main wall.

The red dot labeled ARTHUR VANCE is flashing and stationary.

SARAH

Where is he?

TECH

He's in the Bermondsey Dead Zone,
Sarah. We've lost the signal. The
tunnels are shielded.

SARAH

Send the tactical feed to Detective
Miller. Tell him Vance is armed and
highly unstable.

TECH

You think he did it? The girl in
the alley?

Sarah looks at the screen. She looks at Arthur's empty chair.

SARAH

The data says he did. And the data
doesn't have a reason to lie.

She turns away. On Arthur's abandoned terminal, a small
window is still open. It's the recursive script he was
running.

A new dot has appeared. It's right here inside the Aegis Data
Center.

Server Room B.

The camera in Server Room B GLITCHES. When the image returns,
the door to the server room is standing open.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Arthur finds his phone.

He's about to smash it but a new notification pops up.

It's a System Override alert.

DIRECT ACCESS GRANTED: USER_GHOST.

COMMAND: DELETE ALL LOGS.

TARGET: INCIDENT_8821.

Arthur stares.

ARTHUR
(confused)
why?

A new message appears.

MESSAGE: "Because I need a partner. Look behind the map, Arthur."

Arthur looks at the wall of the subway station. There's a faded transit map from the 1990s.

He peels it back.

Behind it, carved into the brick with a knife, is a list of names.

Names of people Arthur saved using the Aegis system over the last year.

More than a dozen. Next to each name is a DATE, and some are in the future.

Footsteps echo in the tunnel.

Clack. Clack. Clack.

Arthur retreats into the darkness of the tracks.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
(to the dark)
I won't help you.

The voice comes from everywhere. The acoustics of the tunnel

turning it into a chorus.

MAN (O.S.)
You already have, Arthur. For the
last three years.

A flashlight flares in the tunnel.

It's DETECTIVE MILLER (50). He's alone and his gun is drawn.
He looks at Arthur, and then at the blood on Arthur's hands.

MILLER
Arthur Vance. Hands. Now.

Arthur looks at Miller. He looks at the Blind Spot where the
Man is hiding—just out of the reach of Miller's light.

ARTHUR
Miller, listen to me. He's here.
He's right there—

MILLER
Shut up! You killed that girl. Just
like you killed my partner. You and
your goddamn patterns.

ARTHUR
No! The system is being
manipulated!

Arthur sees it.

On the wall behind Miller. A shadow is moving, holding a
length of wire.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
MILLER! BEHIND YOU!

Miller doesn't turn. He thinks it's a trick. He steps
forward, his finger tightening on the trigger.

MILLER
Don't move. I swear to God—

The Ghost drops from the ceiling like a spider.

The wire loops around Miller's throat.

ARTHUR

NO!

Arthur lunges forward.

The gun goes off—

BLAM!

The muzzle flash illuminates the tunnel for a fraction of a second.

In that flash, Arthur sees the Man's face. He knows him.

The Ghost pulls the wire tight. Miller's eyes bulge.

Arthur grabs a heavy iron pipe from the tracks and swings.

The Ghost ducks with fluid, preternatural grace. He lets go of Miller, who falls to the ground, gasping.

The Ghost stands in the center of the tracks, looking disappointed.

GHOST

You're still stuck in the old math,
Arthur.

ARTHUR

You're a monster. I saved you.

GHOST

And I get to choose how I use this
life you gave me.

The Ghost looks toward the end of the tunnel. The sound of MORE POLICE, shouts, and dozens of flashlights are closer.

GHOST (CONT'D)

They're coming. 99% probability of
arrest. 1% probability of escape.

The Ghost gestures to a small, dark maintenance crawlspace.

GHOST (CONT'D)

The 1% is with me.

Arthur looks at Miller, who is unconscious but breathing.

He looks at the police lights reflecting off the tunnel walls.

He looks at the Ghost.

He steps into the dark.