

SWORDFISH

by

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Final Production Draft

**FOR EDUCATIONAL
PURPOSES ONLY**

We hear OVER...

GABRIEL (V.O.)

You know the problem with Hollywood? They make shit. Unbelievable, unremarkable shit. I'm not some grungy filmmaker-wannabee searching for existentialism through a haze of bong-smoke. It's easy to pick apart bad acting, short-sighted directing, or the purely moronic stringing together of words many of the studios term as prose. No, I'm talking the lack of realism. Realism. Not a pervasive element in the modern American cinematic vision.

FADE IN:

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Three men sit at a window booth drinking coffee and talking. Two of the men sit on one side of the table; STANLEY is in his early thirties, AGENT ROBERTS, early forties. Both wear suits, the younger's is fairly expensive and well cut, the other's is polyester, enough said. The MAN across, however, is quite different. He is what they used to call a "cool-cat."

GABRIEL (MAN)

Take Dog Day Afternoon for example. Arguably Pacino's greatest performance, excepting The Godfather, Part I, and Scarface, of course. A masterpiece of directing, easily Lumet's best. The acting, the script, cinematography, all top notch. But, they didn't push the envelope. What if in Dog Day, Sonny really wanted to get away with it? What if, and here's where it gets tricky. What if they'd started killing hostages? No mercy, no quarter, meet our demands or the cute blonde in the bell bottoms gets one in the back of the head, bam, splatter. What? Still no bus?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

How many innocent victims would they let get sprayed across the windows before the city reversed its policy on hostage situations? And this was 1976. No C.N.N., no C.N.B.C., no M.T.V. No Internet. Fast forward to the present, same situation. Can you imagine the feeding frenzy of the modern media? In hours it would be the top story from Boston to Budapest. All caught in 150 millimeter zoom, computer enhanced, and color corrected. You would practically taste the brain matter. Six hostages die. Ten. Twelve. Twenty. Thirty. Relentless. One after another. All over a bus, a plane, and a couple of million dollars that were federally insured.

He sits, letting the pictures sink in, then:

GABRIEL

Just a thought. I mean it's not really within the realm of conventional cinema, but what if...?

ROBERTS

You know, this movie of yours, I don't think it would have worked.

GABRIEL

Really? How come?

ROBERTS

(shrugs)

Audiences love happy endings.

GABRIEL

Pacino escapes. With the money. Boyfriend gets the sex change operation. They live happily ever after.

Stanley shakes his head.

GABRIEL

No?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

STANLEY

No.

GABRIEL

Homophobia?

Stanley shakes his head.

STANLEY

Bad guy can't win. It's a
morality tale. One way or the
other, he's gotta go down.

GABRIEL

Oh, well. Life does tend to be
stranger than fiction.

(looking at watch)

Well, guys, gotta jet. This place
is kinda dead.

CAMERA PANS AROUND the coffee shop. Not a soul in the
place. We CONTINUE TO PAN AROUND 270 DEGREES TO the
front door, which is open. Outside the open doorway are
crouched a squad of heavily body-armored SWAT members,
packed together, and aiming automatic weapons inside.

ANGLE ON GABRIEL

GABRIEL

Thanks for the coffee.

He gets up. In his left hand, which has been hidden by
the table until now, he is holding a strange-looking
spring-loaded grip. Gabriel is looking back at them.
Smiles.

GABRIEL

Rene Descartes is sitting in some
bar in Paris. Bartender says,
'Hey, you want another drink?'
Descartes says, 'I think not.'
And disappears.

He smiles at his own joke, then turns and walks over to
the front door.

GABRIEL

Move.

No one even twitches.

GABRIEL

I won't ask again.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

He lifts up the device in his left hand.

ANGLE ON ROBERTS

who nods his head. The SWAT team moves back, letting Gabriel out of the coffee shop.

GABRIEL

Thank you.

Gabriel looks back at Stan sitting in the booth.

GABRIEL

Stanley... you coming?

Stan slides from the booth as Gabriel exits the coffee shop --

2 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

2

SILENCE -- no sounds on the SOUNDTRACK.

Gabriel and Stanley stop just outside the doorway. Gabriel dons a pair of hip little shades, then continues across the sidewalk and into the street.

He nonchalantly looks up. Suddenly the THUMP of HELICOPTERS and the WAIL of SIRENS dominates the soundtrack.

Pandemonium. HELICOPTERS RIP the sky, L.A. County PD and a bunch of news vultures. Squad cars block off both ends of the street while SWAT trucks, news vans, and looky-loos are packed together into the distance.

Sharpshooters lean out of windows and snipers are positioned on every open rooftop. Hundreds of weapons are pointed at this man who saunters across the street as if he's on his way to Sunday service, without a care in the world.

Slowly, Stanley follows Gabriel into the street.

Gabriel steps up on the far sidewalk, a huge armored bus blocks most of the windows. He walks beside the bus, under a huge "WORLD BANC" sign, and through the glass front door, which shuts IN OUR FACE.

3 INT. BANK - CLOSEUP - GABRIEL - DAY

3

He turns away from the window and we FOLLOW him.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

The interior of the bank looks like New Orleans on Fat Tuesday. Three Hummers sit in the middle of the floor, surrounded by broken glass. Between them rests a bright red Ferrari F50 (Gabriel's).

All but one of the front windows of the bank, the one with the door in it, has been welded over with 3/4 inch plate steel.

Over two dozen hostages lie face down on the floor, arms cable-tied behind their backs. Something has been duct-taped around their chests and each is wearing what appears to be a dog collar.

The other occupants of the room are nine men. All of whom would look as if they were attending the fashion event of the year were it not for the automatic weapons each one carries.

GABRIEL

How we doin'?

One of the ARMED MEN finishes putting a collar on a young, normally good-looking-but-now-covered-in-mascara, whimpering blonde girl.

MARCO (ARMED MAN)

Done.

GABRIEL

Good. Take her out.

SUPERIMPOSE: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18 8:41:22...

The front door opens and one of the suited men drags out the pretty blonde from earlier. She is sobbing and is in such grief she can't even walk.

4 EXT. BANK - DAY

4

On the sidewalk, the suited man, his automatic weapon slung, holds her up for everyone to see.

5 INT. BANK - DAY

5

Gabriel grabs his cell and dials.

6 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

6

Roberts sits in the Starbucks which has been transformed into a high-tech command center reading a newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

We cannot see the headlines. Federal and state officers scramble around handling problems. The PHONE RINGS. Assistant Director Bill Joy (A.D. JOY), an older-looking guy who looks more like an accountant than an assistant director of the FBI, is handed the phone.

A.D. JOY
Is everyone in position?

SWAT LEADER
Almost, sir.

ROBERTS
(looks up from
paper)
What are you doing?

We PAN AROUND.

A.D. JOY
(to SWAT LEADER)
Get her at your first opportunity.

SWAT LEADER
(into mike)
High ground one and two. You
have a green light.

ROBERTS
I've seen what this man is capable
of --

A.D. JOY
The F.B.I. does not negotiate with
terrorists. I assumed you'd be
aware of that.
(answering phone)
Joy.

Roberts picks up an extension.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Don't talk, listen... When I made
my Dog Day Afternoon analogy, I
was not speaking metaphorically.
We have 22 hostages. Each has
been wrapped with 20 pounds of
C-four explosives.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. BANK 7

SWAT guys making their way to the roof of the bank.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
On top of that we have taped 15
pounds of stainless steel ball
bearings --

8 INT. BANK - ANGLE ON GABRIEL 8

GABRIEL
-- making them the world's largest
walking Claymore mines.

CUT TO:

9 EXT. BANK - SHARPSHOOTERS 9

aiming down at Gabriel's merc.

The merc is holding up the weeping girl so everyone can
see what Gabriel is talking about. Unbeknownst to him,
red laser aiming dots appear on Gab's merc's chest.

10 INT. BANK - DAY 10

Stanley is being held by two of the well-dressed men.

CLOSEUP ON GABRIEL

GABRIEL
Around her neck is a radio-
frequency electronic dog collar --

11 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 11

Roberts stops short as he hears this. He and Joy both
look at each other.

12 INT. BANK - DAY 12

GABRIEL
Dog walks out of his yard, he gets
the shit shocked out of him.

13 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 13

Hearing this, Roberts stands back up.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 13

ROBERTS
Stop them --

In SLOW MOTION, A.D. Joy jumps for his radio.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Same thing --

14 INT. BANK - CLOSEUP - GABRIEL - DAY 14

GABRIEL
-- their yard is this bank. So,
don't fuck with me.

15 EXT. BANK - SAME TIME 15

SWAT members move into position along the peripheral.
The merc turns toward them. The momentum swings his
shouldered weapon upward in SLOW MOTION.

16 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 16

A.D. JOY
(into mike)
Hold your --

17 EXT. BANK - SAME TIME 17

The SWAT snipers take this weapon movement as an
aggressive act and FIRE into the merc, the BULLETS
RIPPING into him. He drops. A SWAT-armored vehicle
rushes in -- one of the team jumps out, in an attempt to
rescue the woman.

18 INT. BANK - DAY 18

STANLEY
No! Nooooo!!

19 EXT. BANK - DAY 19

Hysterical, the hostage runs back toward the bank,
confusing the SWAT guy trying to rescue her. He reaches
for her but she fights him. Finally, he grabs her around
the waist and carries her on his shoulder into the street
as she screams toward the bank for help.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 19

CLOSEUP - HIS FOOT (SLOW MOTION)

as he steps off the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON GIRL (SLOW MOTION)

She is screaming nooooo!

CLOSEUP - HIS FOOT (SLOW MOTION)

as it continues its stride.

CLOSEUP - RADIO DOG COLLAR (SLOW MOTION)

Around her neck. The green light blinks to red. BEEP.

NORMAL SPEED.

KABOOM!

BALL BEARINGS RICOCHET against the plate steel of the bank.

20 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 20

The ball bearings bounce across the street and tap against the coffee shop.

21 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY (SLOW MOTION) 21

Everyone in the coffee shop looks at each other like, "What just happened?"

22 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 22

As ball bearings roll back into the street.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE:

23 INT. CUSTOMS (LAX) - CLOSEUP ON AXL TORVALDS - DAY 23

SUPERIMPOSE: 3 DAYS EARLIER

(CONTINUED)

AXL TORVALDS enters customs. A thirty-something European who could easily pass for a season regular on "Sprockets."

We PULL BACK. Torvalds is watching anxiously as his bags are torn into like Christmas day at the Griswalds. The two CUSTOMS AGENTS eye his three laptops suspiciously.

TORVALDS
(heavy Finnish
accent)
Please be careful --

-- one of the Agents cuts off his plea with a glance.

TORVALDS
(to himself, almost
inaudibly)
-- that equipment is quite
expensive.

Torvalds is wary of time. After several moments his bags are being repacked when another passport is found.

The customs official holds up two passports. ANOTHER CUSTOMS OFFICIAL takes them and walks over to Torvalds.

ANOTHER CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
Mr. Torvalds. Could you step
over here, please.

Torvalds glances at his watch. 1:45 PM.

TORVALDS
How long am I going to be delayed?

ANOTHER CUSTOMS OFFICIAL
It'll be just a moment.

Torvalds stands to the side, while two customs officials compare his passports. They step over to a computer terminal and punch in some data. It's 1:50 PM.

Torvalds notices a customs department employee wheeling a cart of confiscated items out of a nearby service elevator. He pushes the cart out of the oversized elevator.

Torvalds shoots a glance back to the two officials discussing his situation.

Torvalds casually picks up his computer case and coolly walks over to the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (2) 23

Torvalds walks in just as the doors close.

The customs officials conferring look around. Torvalds is gone. One of them looks up and sees the numbers changing above the elevator.

The customs officials race up to the escalator to the --

24 INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL 24

Torvalds exits the elevator -- and coolly makes his way to the pedestrian walkway. He's halfway across it, when -- multiple security teams appear and converge on him from both ends.

He's finally wrestled to the ground.

DARK SUIT #2
(flipping a badge
in Torvalds' face)
Axl Torvalds. You are under
arrest.

CUT TO:

25 INT. BOARDROOM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY 25

SENATOR JAMES REISMAN -- R. (Georgia) strides confidently into a small, windowless boardroom.

SENATOR REISMAN
This better be important, you
pulled me out of session.

DARWIN KAPLAN, the President's aide and one of the four men in the room, definitely the most intense, smiles thinly.

KAPLAN
Senator, I wouldn't have asked you
to come here if it wasn't.

The Senator starts to sit down. Kaplan turns toward the Senator.

KAPLAN
Senator, we just received a
communication that Axl Torvalds
was intercepted entering the
continental U.S.

(CONTINUED)

SENATOR REISMAN

When?

KAPLAN

Within the last two hours.
According to our source inside the
F.B.I., he was nabbed coming
through customs at L.A.X.
Alone...

SENATOR REISMAN

Do they know who they are dealing
with?

KAPLAN

It is unlikely, sir. It was a
routine check and Torvalds freaked
out. They just got lucky.

SENATOR REISMAN

This ain't good, boys. The Vortex
has used Torvalds before. What do
the feds know?

KAPLAN

Nothing as of yet. He's refusing
to speak English and the Finnish
consulate has already contacted
the State Department...

SENATOR REISMAN

So we haven't been compromised?

KAPLAN

We're not sure. We're working on
that right now.

SENATOR REISMAN

You better get sure real quick,
son, 'cause someone's cock's
liable to end up on the block on
this one. And I promise you it
won't be mine.

KAPLAN

Senator, I think we'll be okay
here --

SENATOR REISMAN

I don't fucking pay you to think,
Kaplan. I pay you to keep me
informed. I know the Vortex.
That's why I voted against using
him on American soil.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (2)

25

SENATOR REISMAN (CONT'D)

It's like using the Ebola virus to cure a cancer patient. Son, what do you think's going to happen if he starts tying up loose ends.

They look at each other.

KAPLAN

Yessir. I understand.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY

26

We are indeed in the middle of nowhere, no nothing as far as you can see. We CONTINUE TO CRANE UP, a \$140,000 Ferrari Modena flies down the road in a cloud of suspended gravel toward Stanley's dilapidated, piece-o'-crap trailer.

27 EXT. TRAILER - ROOF - DAY

27

Stan stands on the roof of his trailer, which was a dilapidated shack in the 1950s and now is a lot worse. A chained but scruffy-looking Rottweiler runs around in front of the trailer.

Stan looks completely different than he did in the opening sequence. He hasn't taken very good care of himself. His hair is long, and right now standing on end. He is wearing nothing but a dirty towel, and is slicing golf balls off the roof. Whack.

As the Ferrari drives up he begins hitting golf balls at it, but he just isn't very good. Nevertheless, after a dozen bad hits, a lucky shot ricochets off the aluminum hood.

CLOSEUP - FERRARI HOOD

CLANG!

BACK TO SCENE

Stan smiles as the car slides to a halt in the gravel driveway, and turns back to his "work."

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON STANLEY

As we hear the DOOR SHUT and SOMEONE COMES UP the aluminum extension ladder.

A few moments later, in SLOW MOTION, GINGER appears at the top of the ladder and steps onto the trailer's roof. Stan turns around.

She is what the hack writers of the Thirties would call a vision. Thesauruses could be exhausted searching for adjectives that do her justice.

In the low-rent light of Stanley's white trash haven, she is, by definition, a goddess.

STANLEY

Who are you supposed to be?

WHACK (slice).

She lights a cigarette, inhales deeply, then exhales.

GINGER

Hello, Stanley.

She knows his name.

GINGER

I'm Ginger.

STANLEY

Is that right?

WHACK (slice).

GINGER

For someone the N.S.A. has listed as the most dangerous hacker in America, you sure don't look like much.

WHACK (slice).

GINGER

Don't look so surprised. I know everything there is to know about you, Stan. From your mom's maiden name to how big your...

She glances downward then back up.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

Bank account is.

STANLEY

How'd you get past my dog?

GINGER

(cute)

Boys like me.

STANLEY

Great. What are you selling again?

WHACK (slice).

GINGER

Did I say I was selling something?
I'm here to help you, Stan. Look
at you, you're a mess.

WHACK (slice).

GINGER

My employer wants to meet you.

WHACK (slice).

GINGER

You're not very good at this, are
you?

STANLEY

You're fucking up my chi.

GINGER

Can I see that?

Begrudgingly he hands her the club. She tees up a ball,
pulls up her skirt far enough to reveal thong, and whack,
hits a ball that Tiger Woods would envy. CLANG.

She smiles, hands him the club back and pulls down her
skirt.

GINGER

You need to straighten your left
arm. You're bending it.

He looks at her.

GINGER

Trust me.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (3)

27

He does and the ball goes flying 200 yards, perfect, whacking a fridge with "200 YARDS" painted on it. CLANG!

Stan looks at the club, then tosses it to the ground, climbing back down an aluminum extension ladder that leads up through a makeshift hatch on the roof.

28 INT. KITCHEN

28

She follows but Stan ignores her and walks into his bedroom.

She walks over, opens, and reaches into the fridge --

GINGER

This is not a nice place you have here, Stanley.

-- and pulls out a beer --

GINGER

I've only been here a few minutes and I'm already starting to feel sorry for myself.

She walks into:

29 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

29

Stan walks back in, looking for semi-clean clothes.

STANLEY

You're wasting your time. I even touch a computer, I go straight to Leavenworth, do not pass go, do not collect 200 dollars. Whatever I was...

Stanley, pulling on his pants, lets the sentence hang, unfinished.

He's putting on his shoes. She squats down in front of him, resting her hand on his leg.

GINGER

Stanley, think about it, they still teach your techniques at M.I.T.

She smiles up at him, then takes a long drink of her beer. Stan stares at her a moment, then...

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

GINGER

I'm not here to suck your dick,
Stanley, you can sit around doing
the martyr thing as long as you
like. He'll pay you just to meet
you.

STANLEY

(smiles)

I gotta go to work.

GINGER

Oh that's right, and fine work it
is, too.

(beat)

Stanley...

(beat)

Have you spoken to Holly lately?

She just dropped a 20 megaton thermonuclear warhead into
Stanley's universe.

30 EXT. STANLEY'S TRAILER - DAY

30

Stanley practically pitches her down the steps of his
trailer and slams the door.

GINGER

Shit...

31 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY

31

A TELEPHONE RINGS in a multi-zillion dollar Malibu beach
house. A WOMAN, late twenties, grabs the receiver. Her
voice is of perfect timbre and accentless.

MELISSA (WOMAN)

Hello.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

STANLEY (V.O.)

Melissa...
(beat)
Holly home?

MELISSA

(New York starts to
invade her accentless
accent)
Stanley. Why are you calling
here?

32 INT. STANLEY'S TRAILER - ANGLE - STANLEY

32

on phone. He stands in front of his now closed fridge.
It is covered with pictures of his daughter, Holly.

STANLEY

I want to talk with Holly.

INTERCUT BETWEEN the two.

Melissa's accent continues to travel eastward from
Midwest flat to full tilt Long Island.

MELISSA

It's...
(looks at her watch)
It's twelve-thirty, Stanley.
She's in school. You know it's
illegal for you to talk to her.

STANLEY

Don't do this, Mel. It's not good
for Holly --

MELISSA

How the hell would you know what
is or isn't good for my daughter?
You've spent the last two years in
prison.

STANLEY

Mel --

MELISSA

Stop calling me that, Stanley.

STANLEY

I just want to see my baby.

(CONTINUED)

MELISSA

Well, she doesn't want to see you, Stanley, and I swear to fucking God, if you contact her, I'll have Larry's attorney throw you into a hole so deep and dark it'll make Leavenworth seem like two weeks in Vegas; during which I'll personally pay two ball-busting skin-heads to --

STANLEY

Wow, Mel, you can take the girl out of the trailer park, but you can't take the trailer park out of the girl.

She regains control. Her voice is accentless once again.

MELISSA

(exhaling)

I will not let myself be manipulated by you, Stanley. Larry's her father now.

STANLEY

Larry's the porn king --

MELISSA

Larry's a film financier, a good husband, and an astute businessman. What films he's involved in are a function of profitability and none of your business.

She is now downright icy.

MELISSA

Get help, Stanley, get into a program, get a therapist, get a dog, but whatever you do, stay away from my child.

STANLEY

Your child? She's our child.

MELISSA

She will never be your child. You'll never have the kind of money to match Larry's lawyers in court. Forget Holly.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

CLICK.

The PHONE GOES DEAD.

Stanley freaks, beats the receiver against the fridge, again, and again. Then, he calmly hangs up the phone.

33 EXT. STANLEY'S TRAILER - DAY

33

Stanley walks down the steps of his trailer. Ginger sits on the hood of her car in all her estrogenic glory, smoking and petting Stan's dog.

STANLEY

What are you doing here?

Stanley's dog leans against her, happy.

STANLEY

(to dog, like
"traitor")

Judas.

GINGER

Hello, Stanley.

She smiles at him. He smiles back, about ready to stick her in the trunk of her car.

STANLEY

Look, I'm beginning to lose my
sense of humor about --

GINGER

Let's cut through the bullshit,
Stan. If you ever want to have a
chance in hell of getting your
daughter back you'll shut up and
listen. Unless of course you want
to stay here in your pathetic,
loser life while she learns what
it's like to be a fluffer in one
of her new daddy's videos.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Do me the courtesy of not
confusing your own childhood with
my daughter's.

GINGER

Look at your situation, Stanley.
For twenty months you've been in
court six times, each time your
custody case has been thrown out.
Your situation doesn't look good,
sweetheart.

She blows smoke at him, thinking, then whips out her
trump card.

GINGER

How much would it cost to retain
the best family lawyer in the
country and regain custody of your
daughter?

STANLEY

All the way through the jury
trial?

GINGER

Yeah.

STANLEY

A lot.

She pulls out a large manila envelope. Opens it and
dumps the rubber-banded stacks of hundreds onto the
ground.

GINGER

This should get you started.

Stanley just stares at the money. He looks up at Ginger.

GINGER

Whattaya have to lose? Just meet
him. One time. That's it. You
don't like the setup, walk away.

STANLEY

That's it?

GINGER

That's it. And you keep the
money.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

She smokes, letting it all sink in. She puts out her cigarette. They just stare at each other. She smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

34 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

34

Torvalds sits at a table in a room with a two-way mirror. To his left, a three-piece suited Euroweasel (obviously his LAWYER) nurses a steaming cup of coffee while providing air cover from the two interrogating FBI Agents.

The table is covered with empty coffee cups and cigarette carcasses. Roberts eases quietly into the room in mid-interrogation.

Torvalds says something in Finnish to his Lawyer.

AGENT #1

What did he say?

Torvalds again speaks to his Lawyer in Finnish.

AGENT #2

Your client is wanted on 24 counts
of electronic crimes in seven
different countries --

LAWYER

Finland does not recognize these
allegations as crimes. Your
laws--

AGENT #1

Do you see a Finnish flag hanging
on the wall, Ikea boy?

Torvalds speaks to his Lawyer.

AGENT #1

What did he say?

LAWYER

He said Ikea is Swedish.

AGENT #1

He understands English?

The FBI Agent's head is now close to imploding.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS

Okay... Guys, why don't you give me a few minutes here?

They turn to see Roberts smiling.

AGENT #2

Uh, sir...

ROBERTS

It's okay. Just a couple of minutes.

AGENT #1

Yessir.

AGENT #2

You've fucked up now, Hamlet.

ROBERTS

(never taking his
eyes off Torvalds)

And Michaels.

AGENT #2

Yessir.

ROBERTS

Hamlet was a Dane.

AGENT #2

Adane?

ROBERTS

Forget it.

Roberts sits down in a chair facing Torvalds. He stares at him a moment, just smiling, then...

ROBERTS

Why would the number one cracker in the world risk life imprisonment to enter the continental U.S.?

LAWYER

My client has repeatedly reserved his right not answer any questions at this time.

Torvalds looks at Roberts' badge and says something in Finnish, the only recognizable word being "Roberts." The attorney and Torvalds both laugh. Roberts looks at the attorney.

(CONTINUED)

LAWYER

He told me to tell Mister Roberts
that he is quite fond of 'The
X-Files.'

Again they smile. Roberts looks at the lawyer's cup of
steaming coffee and with one finger pushes it over into
the lawyer's lap.

ROBERTS

You need another cup of coffee --

LAWYER

(jumping up in
great pain)

Goddammit!

Roberts grabs him by the collar and slams him into the
wall, then pushes him out the door with a kick in the
ass. He grabs the briefcase and tosses it out after him
and locks the door.

He turns on Torvalds, smacking him across the face. He
pushes him into the wall and holds his badge in front of
him.

ROBERTS

Until a year ago I was head of the
largest task force on cyber-
criminals in the entire world.
But, I burned out. It happens. I
snapped. I shot a suspect in the
fucking hand. Accident. Do you
know how hard it is to work a
keyboard with one hand?

TORVALDS

Whatever you can do to me, he can
do worse. I'm already dead. The
only place I stand a chance is
back in my country. I have
friends there.

ROBERTS

I tell you what, you tell me what
I want to know and I guarantee
you'll be on the next flight to
Finland. First class. Courtesy
of the U.S. Government.

Torvalds thinks quietly.

35 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

35

Two FBI agents (BAD AGENTS #1 & 2) watch the interrogation through a two-way mirror. One of the agents looks surprisingly like Gabriel's merc that carried the young blonde girl killed outside the bank earlier.

TORVALDS (V.O.)
(over speaker)
I'll tell you what I know.

The Agents look at each other. Bad Agent #1 dials his cell phone.

BAD AGENT #1
(into his cell)
Yes, this is Assistant Director Joy, would you find Agent Roberts. It's important that I speak with him as soon as possible. Thank you.

INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

ROBERTS
Who is he?

36 EXT. PRAGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

36

A yellow Lamborghini Diablo drives up. In SLOW MOTION Gabriel steps out of the car, wind whipping his full-length, black Gucci overcoat.

TORVALDS (V.O.)
He exists in a world beyond your world. What we only fantasize, he does. He lives a life where nothing is beyond him.

37 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

37

TORVALDS
But it is all an act.

38 EXT. PRAGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

38

Gabriel walks through the crowd as if a celebrity --

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

TORVALDS (V.O.)
For all his charisma and charm.
For all his wealth and expensive
toys.

-- exchanging kisses and the lingering of hands, as he
slides through parting seas of beautiful people.

TORVALDS (V.O.)
Beneath it all he is a driven,
unflinching, calculating machine,
who takes what he wants, when he
wants, then disappears --

CUT TO:

39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - ANGLE ON TORVALDS - NIGHT

39

TORVALDS
-- It works like this.

40 EXT. EMPTY SKY - NIGHT

40

TORVALDS (V.O.)
I fly to where I am to meet him.
He sends one of his people to meet
me.

A BOEING 777 SCREAMS overhead. We TILT DOWN. Stanley
and Ginger walk out of LAX. A white LIMO IDLES directly
in front of them.

Stanley is wearing a black T-shirt which proclaims in
large white letters across his chest, in true Scarlet
Letter fashion, "LOSER!"

TORVALDS (V.O.)
He tells me what he needs. I do
my job, I'm paid.

41 INT. PRAGUE - NIGHT

41

Upstairs on a lavish balcony Gabriel looks at the crowd.
PUSH INTO --

CLOSEUP - GABRIEL

smiling.

TORVALDS (V.O.)
And I leave.

42 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

42

ROBERTS
That's a real nice story. But you
haven't given me shit.

Torvalds knows this and smiles at Roberts arrogantly.

The door opens, an FBI AGENT sticks his head in.

AGENT #1
Excuse me, sir... you have a call.

ROBERTS
So, take a message.

AGENT #1
It's Assistant Director Joy, he
said it's important.

ROBERTS
At least it's not my wife.
(to Torvalds)
You need to think about what else
you know.
(then, to Agent #1)
Watch him.

Roberts walks out of the room. The FBI Agent positions
himself outside the door.

43 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

43

Roberts walks out of the room. Torvalds' attorney is
there.

LAWYER
You will be hearing from my
gover --

ROBERTS
Shut up.

Roberts walks down the hall. The attorney, pissed, walks
back into the interrogation room.

44 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

44

One of the two Agents watches the door, the other, Bad
Agent #2 steps over to the two-way mirror.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

Torvalds talks to his attorney in Finnish. Apparently his attorney is trying to convince him of something. Torvalds, unfazed, walks over to the one-way mirror.

PULL BACK FROM Torvalds to reveal Bad Agent #2 calmly screwing a silencer on to his .45. Torvalds leans closer to the glass.

Bad Agent #2 sticks the silenced barrel of the gun up against the glass -- right between the eyes of Torvalds. Bad Agent #2 moves the barrel up and down between Torvalds face and neck.

45 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME 45

Torvalds looks smugly into the glass. He lifts his hand, holding up his middle finger.

46 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 46

Bad Agent #2 moves his aim to Torvalds' tonsils. He depresses the trigger slightly.

47 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME 47

Torvalds, middle finger in the air, smiles. Unbeknownst to him however, a tiny red aiming laser has zipped through the glass and is now positioned as a dot on Torvalds' throat.

48 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 48

Satisfied with the placement he PULLS the TRIGGER... THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

49 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 49

Roberts walks down the hall and turns right into --

50 INT. COFFEE ROOM - NIGHT 50

Roberts picks up the phone.

ROBERTS
This is Roberts, I have a call
from A.D. Joy.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50

FBI OPERATOR (V.O.)

Hold, sir.

Finally --

A.D. JOY (V.O.)

Joy.

ROBERTS

Roberts. You needed me.

A.D. JOY (V.O.)

What do you mean?

ROBERTS

You didn't call me?

A.D. JOY (V.O.)

You just called me...

Realization slowly hits him, he drops the phone and runs from the room.

51 INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

51

Roberts runs down the hall and into:

52 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

52

Roberts finds Torvalds and his attorney dead. Roberts looks into the mirror.

Six clean bullet holes perforate his reflection.

ROBERTS

Shit!

53 INT. PRAGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

53

A huge, lavish, converted theater in downtown Los Angeles. A 21st Century version of 54 on equal overdoses of steroids and acid.

54 INT. VIP SECTION - NIGHT

54

Stanley and Ginger walk into a large area with individual private booths in small rooms around the perimeter. The rooms have the ability to be closed off by drawing huge, thick velvet drapes.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

I wish you'd let me buy you a suit.

STANLEY

I'm happy with what I'm wearing.

GINGER

You have no self-esteem, Stanley.

STANLEY

(dryly)

I know.

They walk into one of the booths in the back. Sitting around a large, oval table is our antihero, Gabriel Shear, surrounded by a handful of his crew and a gaggle of beautiful model-types.

Ginger kisses Gabriel and with a healthy exchange of fluids, then...

GINGER

Miss me?

Gabriel smiles, then looks back at Stanley.

GINGER

Gabriel, Stanley. Stanley, Gabriel.

Gabriel just stares.

GABRIEL

(very familiar)

Big Stan. Nice suit.

STANLEY

Thanks.

GABRIEL

You know, they say it's the clothes that make the man...

STANLEY

You buy it?

GABRIEL

Hope not.

(then)

Buy you a drink?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

I flew fifteen hundred miles for this meeting, how 'bout we get to the point.

GABRIEL

Actually you flew 1500 miles for 100 grand. But that's not the point.

Stanley sits down. Gabriel pours Stan a glass of Crown.

GABRIEL

I heard this story about this young hacker who made a virus that broke the F.B.I.'s Carnivore program that was actively reading every subscriber's E-mail and scrambled the systems. He did what the federal judges wouldn't do and kept the government out of our Privacy.

STANLEY

I think I heard that. Story is he went to jail and the federal Carnivore program is back in full swing. It was a real tragedy. What can I do for you?

Changing the subject.

GABRIEL

Stanley, meet Helga.

Gabriel smiles.

The beautiful WOMAN to Stanley's right slides closer.

HELGA (WOMAN)

(heavily accented)

Hi, Stanley.

Stanley looks at her, she's a knockout; artificially perfect. He looks back at Gabriel.

STANLEY

Look, I don't have a lot of patience for this --

GABRIEL

Stanley, we have a problem, maybe you can help us out.

(CONTINUED)

Stan looks around; everyone is smiling. Helga moves closer to him.

GABRIEL

Take a look at this.

He is handed an open laptop, it glows. He sets it on the table and spins it around in front of Stanley.

STANLEY

(like an alcoholic
faced with a fifth
of tequila)

You know I can't touch that.

Helga pours a shot of tequila.

HELGA

You like tequila, Stanley?

Helga shoots the tequila, then turns to Stanley, places her lips against his. The gold liquid drips from their lips as she spits it into Stanley's mouth.

He pushes her away, breaking the liplock, and swallowing the tequila. She licks it from his face.

GABRIEL

No need for modesty, we're all friends here, Stanley.

STANLEY

This is bullshit. I came --

GABRIEL

You want something from me, amigo,
I want something from you. D.O.D.
dBase, 128 bit R.S.A. encryption.
Whattaya think? Impossible?

Stanley's having a little trouble concentrating on Gabriel.

STANLEY

Nothing's impossible.

Helga begins sucking on Stanley's fingers. He pulls them away.

GABRIEL

So it can be done? Maybe slide in
a Trojan horse hiding a worm?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Something like that. Is this an interview?

GABRIEL

Sort of. Marco, let's give him some incentive.

The drapes close. Two of Gabriel's crew step out. Marco yanks out a .40 caliber Glock and quickly screws a well-used silencer onto the end. Marco walks around behind Stanley.

STANLEY

(now totally confused)

What are you doing?

Helga smiles, then drops her head into Stanley's lap. We hear his PANTS UNZIP.

GABRIEL

Relax, Stanley.

He has to go with it.

GABRIEL

I've been told the best crackers in the world could do this in sixty minutes. Unfortunately, I need someone who can do it in sixty seconds.

STANLEY

You're kidding...

GABRIEL

'Fraid not.

Stan realizes now no one is smiling. He grabs the blonde by the hair but can't pull her up.

GABRIEL

Forty-five seconds. Time is a wasting, big guy.

The silencer is pressed into the back of his head. Stanley tries to focus on the screen. Stanley sucks air through his teeth, trying to focus.

GABRIEL

You have thirty seconds, Stanley.

(CONTINUED)

Stanley gives up on trying to get her up and his hands start flying over the keyboard. We INTERCUT the ACTION WITH a CLOSEUP of Stanley's hands working the keyboard, and a CLOSEUP of Gabriel, and a CLOSEUP of the LCD screen which reads in flashing red letters --

"ACCESS DENIED."

GABRIEL

She's very good, isn't she,
Stanley?

Tension builds as Stanley continues to work the keyboard.

"ACCESS DENIED."

GABRIEL

C'mon, Stanley. 20 seconds.

"ACCESS DENIED."

GABRIEL

Fifteen.

"ACCESS DENIED."

GABRIEL

Ten... Nine...

Faster and faster. "ACCESS DENIED."

GABRIEL

Three... Two...

"ACCESS DENIED."

He grabs her head. She doesn't come up. The screen flashes:

"ACCESS DENIED."

GABRIEL

Too bad, Stanley. Ya gotta die.

Marco puts the silencer to his eye.

STANLEY

Wait... !

CLICK. The GUN is empty. Stanley tries to catch his breath. Helga lifts up her head. Everyone laughs. Gabriel walks around the table.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED: (6)

54

GABRIEL

I was just fucking with you,
Stan.

Stanley is pissed. Helga, smiling, kisses him on the cheek. Stanley tries to calm down. He gets up, shoots someone's half-drunk drink, zips his pants, then --

STANLEY

So was I.

Stanley hits the enter key and spins the computer around.

CLOSEUP - COMPUTER SCREEN

"ACCESS GRANTED" appears, and the Department of Defense logo scrolls across the screen.

WIDER

Stanley gives them all a "fuck you" smile, then stomps out through the curtain.

CLOSEUP ON GABRIEL

who smiles.

55 INT. CLUB - REST ROOM - NIGHT

55

Stanley pushes into the bathroom. He kicks the wastebasket across the room.

STANLEY

Shit!

He pushes a club kid out of the way of the sink. He turns on the water and washes his face. Slowly he leans his forehead against the mirror. Ginger appears behind him.

STANLEY

What are you looking at?

GINGER

Relax, Stanley. You can do this.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Get away from me.

GINGER

I want to help you.

STANLEY

Help? Help what, squeegee my
brain off the ceiling?

GINGER

It was just a test, Stan, you
passed.

Ginger pulls out a cigarette and a lighter from her
plastic overcoat.

STANLEY

A test... I don't know why I let
you talk me into this. I can't
believe how desperate I am.

She exhales toward Stanley.

GINGER

I thought you were here saving
your daughter, Stanley.

He turns around.

STANLEY

(pissed)

Look... I'd do anything to get
Holly back. But, if I end up in a
box or back in jail, then I really
can't help her, can I? What I
should do, is take my money and go
back to court.

GINGER

Back to court? Back to Melissa's
gladiators? You throw a hundred
grand at her, she'll throw five
back at you. It's not about
Holly, it's about beating you.
You know that. Think, Stanley.

STANLEY

What I'm thinking about is that
you're willing to put a gun to my
head to see if I can hack --

Suddenly three club kids come busting into the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

55

CONTINUED: (2)

55

Ginger interrupts him by slamming Stan between the urinals and ramming her tongue into his mouth with the kind of wet, aggressive action that takes a movie from PG-13 to an R.

When the kids realize that the urinals are occupied, they leave. Slowly Ginger takes her tongue out of Stan's mouth. They look at each other. She smiles at him.

GINGER

(coyly)

Sorry...

A beat, for a moment there exists something between them, then bam, she's all business again.

GINGER

So, let me sum it up for you,
Stanley. You live in a trailer.

(beat)

You're a felon, working a dead-end job. You want to get Holly back, Gabriel's your only shot.

ANGLE ON STANLEY

As he realizes she's right, he's got nothing to lose. Slam! He smacks the mirror with his fist, then walks out of the rest room. Ginger slowly lifts the cigarette. She exhales, then slowly smiles. She's got him.

56

EXT. PRAGUE VALET - NIGHT

56

Next to the valet stand, Gabriel leans over the hood of an evil-looking, bright-yellow Lamborghini Diablo Roadster, a GAMEBOY CHIRPING in his hands.

Stanley walks INTO the FRAME. Without missing a beat, Gabriel looks up --

GABRIEL

Big Stan. I was afraid we lost you.

Gabriel stands up and walks toward Stan.

STANLEY

Tell me what the deal is.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

GABRIEL

Let's go up to the house. I'm
having a little get-together. I'll
explain it to you there.

Gabriel smiles.

FADE TO:

57 INT. FBI LAB - NIGHT

57

Three GEEKY COMPUTER-TYPES sit in front of a huge array
of CRTs. They look up when Roberts stalks into the room.
He yanks off his jacket, crumbles it and throws it across
the room. They just look at each other.

ROBERTS

Tell me you have some good news
for me.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

Actually we have a small ray of
hope in the vast darkness that is
your life, sir. Check this out.

On one of the 25-inch screens we see a terminal at LAX
with hundreds of people streaming by at 20x speed.
Torvalds is being apprehended. He freezes it.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

See these two guys?

He points at two men watching this action from the
sideline. He pulls another monitor forward.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

Now watch this...

He fast-forwards through the crowd until the two guys
show up again. He freezes it.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

Recognize those two, same guys,
next day. Question is --

He slowly moves the action forward --

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

-- who's that?

The footage stops and zooms in on one of two travelers
who the two men are meeting.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (A1)

57

It is Stanley.

ROBERTS

Stanley Jobson...

The computer guys look at each other. One hands Roberts
an open copy of Wired magazine.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

Wired's man of the year, 1996.

Pretty much a burnout but he was
the hacker zeitgeist of his day --

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS

I know who Jobson is. I busted him.

(to Stan's image)

Why are you in L.A.?

Roberts looks at it. Then at the screen. A pop-up screen shows Stanley's history.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

His ex-wife lives in Malibu.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2

The new husband owns Backdoor Films, a shady porn production house in Chatsworth. Decent production value but they only shoot on video. His wife actually starred in a couple of his videos. Apparently she's an 'actress.'

Roberts moves the mouse to see Ginger.

ROBERTS

Who's the chick?

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

We don't know yet, sir.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2

Serious piece of talent.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #3

Way outta his league. Something's up.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2

You know he also has a ten-year-old daughter, who he's not supposed to see. Maybe that's why he's here.

Roberts looks at him like he's an idiot.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2

Or maybe not.

ROBERTS

I want to know who that girl is. Pronto.

Roberts stands.

ROBERTS

And stake out his daughter.

The house is at the very top of the hills and the pool hangs off the side of the cliff, way below the house.

The outer edge appears nonexistent, like the water hangs frozen in air.

A very hip but very nasty soiree is in progress. More Ibiza than Hollywood Hills.

Stanley sits in a chair beside a pool containing a half-dozen beautiful un-clad model-types.

Gabriel is mingling through the crowd.

CLOSEUP - STANLEY

Stanley stares off into the glittering lights of L.A.
WIDEN.

GABRIEL

(smiles)

So Stan, tell me. How'd you do it?

STANLEY

Do what?

GABRIEL

Break the code. At the club. You broke the entire encryption, a silencer against your eye and your cock in someone's mouth, all in less than sixty seconds. How?

STANLEY

I used a logic bomb, dropped it through the trap door --

GINGER

No, you didn't. You didn't have time.

GABRIEL

C'mon, you can do better than that. How'd you do it?

STANLEY

I used a password sniffer.

Gabriel glances at Ginger who shakes her head.

GINGER

Uh uh.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

Yes, I did --

GABRIEL

C'mon, Stanley. How'd-you-do-it?

STANLEY

I don't know exactly. I see the numbers. In my head. All my life. I don't answer equations, I just see the answers. Same with code. I can't explain ---

Ginger eases over to where Stan is sitting. She runs her hands across his shoulders as she moves around him, dancing to the MUSIC.

GINGER

Mozart always said he didn't write music; he just wrote down what he heard in his head. So did Faulkner, just with words.

GABRIEL

(drinking wine)

You definitely have a gift, Stan. The most powerful people on the planet are like you. With a laptop and a phone line you can make God look like a thirteen-year-old with a stack of Playboys and a lack of imagination.

(beat)

C'mere, Stan, let me show you something.

Stanley and Gabriel stand in Gabriel's primo designed pad, staring at an array of supercomputers.

Stanley stands in front of the six huge flat panels, linked together, in complete awe.

GABRIEL

Pretty impressive, huh.

(beat)

So...

STANLEY

So?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Here's the deal. I need a worm, Stanley. A hydra, actually. A multi-headed worm to break an encryption and then sniff out latent digital footprints throughout an encrypted network.

STANLEY

What kind of cypher?

GABRIEL

Vernam encryption.

STANLEY

A Vernam's impossible. Its key code is destroyed upon implementation. Not to mention being a true 128 bit encryption.

GABRIEL

Actually, we're talking 512 bit.

STANLEY

It's impossible.

GABRIEL

Tell ya what, I'll pay you ten million dollars. That should be enough to get your daughter back...
(beat)
... unless of course it's impossible.

Stan thinks about it.

STANLEY

Nothing's impossible.

They shake hands and Gabriel heads toward the back of the house.

LONG SHOT - GABRIEL

walking up the stairs toward his room.

Stan looks over to see Ginger staring at him.

STANLEY

What?

Ginger pulls herself up on the desk, spreading her legs on either side of the keyboard.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

C'mon, Stan. Let's get to work.

She turns on the computers. He backs away.

GINGER

It won't bite you, I promise.

STANLEY

I don't know. It's gonna be pretty hard without a gun to my head.

She reaches out and pulls him to her.

GINGER

Well, let's put a gun to your head.

She kisses him and slowly he responds. She smiles.

GINGER

Tell me about your worm, Stanley.

They kiss.

GINGER

You surprised that a girl with real breasts and an I.Q. over 70 can give you a hard-on?

Stan shakes his head.

STANLEY

I thought you were Gabriel's.

She looks at him a moment. She smiles at him and slowly bends forward to whisper in his ear.

CLOSEUP - GINGER'S MOUTH

at Stanley's ear.

GINGER

(very slowly)

I am not what you think I am.

ANGLE ON GINGER AND STANLEY

As she leans back. She stares at him a moment then slides off the desk.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED: (3)

59

GINGER

You're a smart guy, Stanley. You
figure me out.

She hands him the bottle of expensive wine she's been
drinking, and then grabbing Stan by the belt-buckle,
pulls him casually behind her toward the pool house.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

60 EXT. POOL - DAY

60

Lounging by the pool is none other than our heroine,
Ginger, topless, wearing nothing more than tiny, oblong,
green-tinted shades, a skimpy T-back, and a little silver
ring through her left nipple. She's reading Steven
Hawkins' A Brief History of Time. A shadow falls over
her.

The shadow moves. Ginger glances nonchalantly up, then:

GINGER

(sitting up,
grinning)

Don't you have that just-fucked-
the-neighbor's-cat look this
morning.

She reaches over, lights a cigarette, and inhales deeply.
He smiles, looking her up and down.

GINGER

Problem?

STANLEY

Pretty impressive.

GINGER

I thought we went over all that
last night.

STANLEY

(beat, then like
"stupid")

The book, Ginger.

GINGER

Ohhh.

(holding it out)

Look, no pictures. Get out of my
light.

(CONTINUED)

60

CONTINUED:

60

They stare at each sharing a moment of God-only-knows-what, then both break into smiles like two giddy seventh-graders at the local skating rink.

Stanley nervously clears his throat. She's got him.

STANLEY

Can I borrow your car? There's something I need to do.

She reaches down beside the chair, grabs her keys and tosses them to him. Then:

GINGER

If you're going to see your daughter, you might want to reevaluate the way you look.

(goes back to
her book)

Just a thought.

He looks at her with open mouth amazement. In just 24 hours, she already knows what makes him tick.

She looks up from her book and winks at him, then returns to her reading.

61

EXT. NEWTON MONTESSORI SCHOOL - DAY

61

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS and three hundred screaming kids of all ages come running from the doors.

ANGLE ON HOLLY

Not your average ten-year-old. Even decked out in bell-bottoms and sandals there is something about the way she carries herself that is older; wiser; sadder.

She walks into a CLOSEUP and scans the driveway. Reflected in her tiny, round lavender shades we see the circular driveway of the school jam-packed with buses and parental types in their M-series Mercedes and their Lexus SUVs. She sighs. We CRANE UP, PANNING LEFT.

Holly walks to the edge of the street oblivious to the mayhem. She looks up and down the street then slowly drops her backpack and sits down on the curb. She pulls a well-worn copy of William Gibson's Neuromancer from her backpack, and turns up the raging ELECTRONICA from her WALKMAN.

DISSOLVE TO:

62 SAME SCENE - LATER

62

Now there is much less pandemonium. No more buses. We CRANE DOWN TO a MEDIUM of Holly still in the exact same spot. Holly sighs, pulls back her headphones and grabs her StarTac from her backpack. She opens the phone and dials.

63 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY

63

The PHONE RINGS and we PAN AROUND the seemingly empty house, finally COMING TO REST ON the back of the couch. We JIB UP and TILT DOWN. Melissa is passed out in a pool of her own drool. The PHONE continues to RING.

Holly hits the phone and then presses speed dial. We see "Yellow Cab" scroll across the phone. She hits "SEND."

MAN (O.S.)

Can I give you a lift?

HOLLY

Look, creep, I don't think so --

She stands up, ready for a fight. And there, next to her is her father; transformed. Under his arm is a three-foot-tall stuffed giraffe wrapped with a big red bow.

HOLLY

Daddy?

(recognition)

Daddy!

She runs to him and wraps her arms around him.

STANLEY

Hey, sweetheart.

HOLLY

Daddy... What are you doing here?
I missed you so much.

STANLEY

Me too, baby. I brought you
something.

He holds the stuffed giraffe to her.

HOLLY

Oh, Daddy. If Mom finds out
you're here she's gonna have you
thrown back in jail.

STANLEY

It's okay, baby. Let me give you
a ride home.

He grabs her stuff.

STANLEY

C'mon.

He walks toward Ginger's silver Mercedes CLK which he's borrowing. Holly runs and jumps on his back. They laugh as he carries her to the car.

They sit in the CLK, parked down the street from Holly's house.

STANLEY

You believe in me, right?

HOLLY

Of course, but --

STANLEY

I've found a way to get you back, sweetheart. It's my one shot and I'm taking it. Just give me a couple of days.

HOLLY

(crying)

I don't want anything else to happen to you, Dad.

STANLEY

Holly, everything's going to be okay. You just have to trust me.

HOLLY

(crying)

I love you, Daddy.

Holly quickly kisses him, jumps out and runs, crying, from the car at full speed, with the giraffe.

Stanley, tears rolling down his face, slaps the steering wheel, trying to figure out how he screwed up his life so badly.

Suddenly, the passenger door opens and a man in a DARK BLUE SUIT and fed-issued shades gets in.

STANLEY

Who the fuck are you?

DARK SUIT #1

(flipping out
his badge)

Friend of a friend. Let's take a ride.

He motions toward a black Taurus, now parked across the street. In the back, he sees a face he recognizes.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

CLOSEUP ON ROBERTS

BACK TO STAN

STANLEY

Shit...

The man kinda smiles at Stan.

DARK SUIT #1

(being a dick)

Gotta suck to be you.

STANLEY

Yep.

Stanley whacks the fed with his elbow across the bridge of his nose and jumps out of the car.

INT. TAURUS

Stan runs across the hood of the Taurus and just jumps over the railing.

66

EXT. SHEER CLIFF - DAY

66

We realize what Stan did probably wasn't the smartest move in the world. The cliff is just barely on this side of 90 degrees and drops off about five hundred yards straight down to the PCH.

Stan falls in SLOW MOTION about thirty feet before the cliff face angles out enough to break his fall. He begins a combination of sliding and tumbling down the bluff.

67

EXT. MALIBU HOUSE (STREET) - DAY

67

Roberts runs to the railing and sees Stanley sliding/falling down the hill.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

ROBERTS
(to his men)
Cut him off at the bottom.

Roberts then hops the railing, as his men scramble for the car.

68 EXT. SHEER CLIFF - DAY

68

Roberts hangs in mid-air a moment, then he too begins the rolling fall down the hill.

ANGLE ON STANLEY

as he tries to keep his balance, is being beaten and battered by the sharp, rocky ground.

Finally, he shoots off an outcropping and free-falls for fifteen feet. Then it really gets bad.

Clear plastic sheeting has been stretched across the hill to help control the erosion. To Stanley however, it is the world's largest Slip and Slide.

He is no longer able to control, even badly, his descent. Now, he is flying down the cliff face, only the rocks and bushes that slam into his body, slows the descent.

Roberts, above him, is doing little better.

LONG SHOT ON CLIFF FACE

As Stan and Roberts slide toward the eight lanes of blazing afternoon traffic on the PCH.

Finally, Stan bounces onto the black-top road. He runs headlong into the traffic.

CARS SCREECH, HORNS BLARING, as they slide into each other. Stanley does not lose the single-minded focus of escaping.

Roberts, now at the bottom himself, watches as a CAR SLIDES sideways into Stan, flipping him over it. Stan, not stopping to feel the pain, runs across the hood of a freshly-stopped car.

On the other side, Stan runs down to the beach and runs down the sand at full-tilt, looking for any escape route. Roberts has made up some time due to the auto-pedestrian accident which slowed him down a little. Stan however is faster.

Stan does his best Jerry Rice, as he runs down the beach at full speed.

Suddenly, the Taurus comes tearing-ass across the beach at Stanley. Stan veers, now running through the surf. The Taurus veers as well, and Stan is forced to slide across the hood to keep from getting whacked. The Taurus breaks left, and slides further into the surf.

The FBI driver hits the accelerator and bogs the Taurus down, tires spinning, throwing sand. Stan continues to run as Roberts makes it to the Taurus.

ROBERTS

Fuck this.

He pulls his .40 CAL. from his shoulder holster and FIRES it into the air. Roberts bends over trying to catch his breath.

Stanley stops, putting his hands up.

DARK SUIT #2

Why didn't you do that earlier,
sir?

Roberts looks at the agent.

DARK SUIT #2

Sorry, sir.

ROBERTS

Go get him.

Three of the agents bring Stanley over.

Stan slides down by the back wheel.

ROBERTS

What are you doing in L.A., Stan?

STANLEY

(catching his
breath)

Vacationing...

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS

Why were you running? We just wanted to talk.

STANLEY

Are you arresting me?

ROBERTS

For violating your parole by leaving Texas without permission or for evading a federal agent and almost getting me killed in the process?

Stan just looks at him.

ROBERTS

No, I'm not.

STANLEY

Then why are we talking?

ROBERTS

Didn't know the court lifted the sanction preventing you from seeing your daughter.

STANLEY

Fuck you.

ROBERTS

You just want to cut through the pleasantries and get down to business? Fine. I can help you with your daughter, Stan. Help me, I'll help you.

STANLEY

You'll have to forgive me, the fact that you put me in jail for 18 months doesn't inspire a lot of trust.

ROBERTS

Whether I agreed with what you did or not, you broke the law, Stanley.

STANLEY

I guess we were both doing what we had to. This was a nice trip down memory lane, but if you're not arresting me...

(CONTINUED)

ROBERTS

So, why was it you are in L.A.
again?

STANLEY

I told you --

ROBERTS

-- vacationing. That's right. Ya
know it's funny. Axl Torvalds was
just here for a vacation, too.
Isn't it odd that the two best
hackers in the world are here at
the same time.

STANLEY

I'm a sucker for Disneyland.
(getting up)
Tell Torvalds I said hello.

ROBERTS

If you're not careful you can tell
him yourself. He's dead.

Stanley looks at Roberts.

ROBERTS

(to his men)
Give him a card.

They do. Stan looks at it.

ROBERTS

In case you think of anything else
you want to tell me.

Stan turns to walk off.

STANLEY

(to the agent
he elbowed)
Sorry about your nose.

ROBERTS

Hey, Stan.

Stan turns.

ROBERTS

You know, you're in way over your
head here.

(CONTINUED)

69 CONTINUED: (3)

69

STANLEY
(walking off)
I know.

ROBERTS
It's a long walk back up the hill,
Stanley. You want us to give you
a lift?

Stan lifts his middle finger behind him and begins the long journey back up the hill. Roberts collapses into the passenger seat.

ROBERTS
Follow him.

RANDOM AGENT
Yessir.

CLOSEUP ON ROBERTS

watching Stan walk away.

CUT TO:

70 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - DAY

70

Ginger walks in and closes the door. She walks over to the dresser and takes off her earrings. Then she reaches under her dress and unVelcros the modified 10mm. Glock and its thigh holster, dropping it on the dresser. She then pulls off the hip, little designer dress she is wearing, revealing the fact that she is wearing a tiny transmitting receiver taped between her breasts.

She stares at herself in the mirror for a moment, then slowly starts to untape the bug.

STANLEY (O.S.)
I have to hand it to you, Ginger.
You look good wearing anything.
Even a wire.

Ginger grabs her Glock and spins around, the holster dropping away with the touch of a button.

She levels it on the dark corner of the room where Stanley sits waiting, drinking a bottle of Gabriel's expensive wine.

STANLEY
You gonna kill me?

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

I'm thinking.

(beat)

What are you doing here, Stanley?

STANLEY

I should probably ask you the same question.

He leans forward into the light.

GINGER

What happened to you?

STANLEY

Little accident.

(tossing her

her keys)

Sorry about your car. I've had a pretty shitty day so far. Looks like it just got worse.

(beat)

Who are you, Ginger?

GINGER

I can't tell you.

STANLEY

(incredulous)

You can't tell me? Well, that's just fuckin' peachy.

GINGER

Think, Stanley.

STANLEY

(loudly)

Who are you?

GINGER

He'll kill me.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Gabriel walking down hallway.

(CONTINUED)

INT. GABRIEL HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - DAY

STANLEY

That's not my problem, is it?
You're asking for a lot of faith
here, Ging, without givin' me any.
You --

GINGER

-- Stanley --

STANLEY

-- brought me into this mess --

GINGER

(pleadingly)

-- Stanley --

STANLEY

-- I deserve to know who's playing
me, Ginger.
(hitting each word)
Who the fuck are you?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON GABRIEL

nearing Ginger's room.

INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - DAY

GINGER

(quietly)

I'm D.E.A., Stanley.

Stan and Ginger hold a moment, as:

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Ginger...?

Stanley, in one quick thinking movement, rips the wire
from Ginger's chest and flings it behind the bed just as
the door swings open. Gabriel stands staring at them.
Ginger topless, weapon in hand and Stanley who looks like
he had the shit kicked out of him.

Ginger and Stanley both stare at him.

GABRIEL

Well, Ging, doesn't this look
friendly.

(CONTINUED)

GINGER

I'm a friendly girl.

Stanley looks at Ginger for a beat.

STANLEY

Actually...

Ginger stares at Stanley, who turns to look at Gabriel.
Gabriel looks at Stan, waiting.

STANLEY

Thought maybe you'd like to see me
get you your hydra.

GABRIEL

Get?

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED: (3)

70

Stan walks toward Gabriel.

STANLEY

C'mon.

Gabriel walks into the hall. Stanley looks back at Ginger who mouths the words "Thank you." Stanley ignores her. Ginger reaches down and grabs a shirt off the bed.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

You look like shit. Ginger kick your ass?

STANLEY (O.S.)

(deadpan)

Funny.

Ginger sighs and tosses her gun onto the bed, then follows them.

71 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

71

Stanley, looking a little rough, sits in front of the huge array of flat-panels. He works quickly. The nitrogen system, an array of hoses winding across the living room floor, intermittently SHOOTS JETS of GAS upwards, dropping the temperature to a livable 85 degrees. Gabriel sits next to Stan.

Ginger walks in. She stands behind Stan as he works.

GINGER

Miss me?

STANLEY

Terribly.

COMPUTER

The screen shows the MIT University logo. Then "ACCESS DENIED." His fingers work the keyboard.

CUT TO:

72 INT. MIT BASEMENT - NIGHT

72

As he talks, we TRACK DOWN an old, concrete stairwell and down a long, dank hallway.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

STANLEY (V.O.)
My senior year at M.I.T., I
created the source code for the
worm that I've been using for
years.

We TRACK AROUND a corner.

STANLEY (V.O.)
In the basement and through a file
room is the only P.D.P.-10 still
active and on the internet,
although only a few people know
this. It's an I.T.S. machine and
kept online just for historical
sake. I hid my worm inside it
where no one would ever think to
look.

We DOLLY INTO a CLOSEUP ON a large, ominous, dark
mainframe.

73 CLOSEUP ON STANLEY'S FINGER

73

hitting a key.

74 ANGLE ON PDP-10

74

as it HUMS TO LIFE.

75 CLOSEUP ON COMPUTER SCREEN

75

as it fills with lines of code.

ANGLE ON STAN

who turns around, a cocky grin on his face, like a proud
parent, she smiles at him.

Gabriel walks in.

STANLEY
Now I just have to modify the
code.

GINGER
He's fucking amazing.

GABRIEL
Yes he is.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

She runs her hand affectionately across the side of his head and walks out.

GABRIEL

I see you have a groupie.

STANLEY

(ignoring that)

You know, it'd be a lot simpler if you would tell me exactly what the hydra is going to be used for?

PUSH IN ON Gabriel as he thinks about it.

76 INT. LAMBORGHINI - MOVING - DAY

76

GABRIEL

Have you heard of Operation Swordfish?

STANLEY

Nope.

77 EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY

77

The Lamborghini pulls up in front of a Starbucks.

GABRIEL

You'll appreciate the irony here --

Gabriel gets out of the car, still talking. Stanley follows.

GABRIEL

-- In the early Eighties the D.E.A. set up a network of dummy corporations as a government front to launder drug money and gather evidence. Problem is, the front companies started making money. Lots of money. By 1986, when Operation Swordfish was terminated, there was close to 400 million dollars in the D.E.A.'s accounts.

78 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

78

Gabriel and Stanley walk through the door and sit down at a window table.

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

STANLEY

Money that just sorta disappeared.

GABRIEL

It didn't disappear. It just sat in those accounts earning interest, it's been 15 years. You have any concept how much money we'd be actually talking about today? Billions, brother. That's nine zeros.

(beat)

Look, this is a sweet deal. We go in over phone lines. Pop the firewall, drop in the hydra, and just sit back and wait for the money.

STANLEY

Before we can tap into the secure cluster, you have to find one of the banks on the backbone of this network. Do you know how many banks there are in the U.S.? It could take years.

GABRIEL

No problem.

(beat)

Look behind you, Stan.

Stanley turns and looks out the window. They are sitting directly across from the World Banc.

79

EXT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LONG SHOT

79

Gabriel and Stanley walk toward the house. The CAMERA PANS LEFT and we can now see Gabriel's house, poolside. We PULL BACK, THROUGH a window INTO:

80

INT. TRAILER - DAY

80

A small trailer across the canyon from Gabriel's house.

ROBERTS

Who is he?

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

We don't know that yet, sir.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2

There's definitely something going on. There are two T-5 trunks going into the house. That's serious bandwidth. Thermal scopes indicate a huge heat-load in the main living area. Could be from mainframes, although they must have a genny 'cause power consumption is right on par.

FBI AGENT #1

Some of these fellows might be dressed in Armani, but they definitely have the swagger of ex-military. Maybe bodyguards but they seem more like mercs to me.

FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1

From here we're having trouble pinning any of them down. Sure would be nice to task a satellite, sir.

ROBERTS

I'm working on it. Send what you have up-lines, maybe we'll have one by the end of the week.

Roberts walks out of the trailer.

80A INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

80A

Stanley works at the computer.

80B INT. TRAILER - DAY

80B

Roberts looks out the window through a camera with a huge lens.

80C LONG LENS POV

80C

Gabriel stands by the pool, his BACK TOWARD US. Slowly, Gabriel turns around. He is staring directly AT US.

80D INT. TRAILER - DAY

80D

Roberts instinctively jerks his head up. Slowly he looks back into the eyepiece.

(CONTINUED)

80D CONTINUED:

80D

ROBERTS
Who the hell is that?

He presses the switch and the CAMERA'S SHUTTER WHIRLS.

81 INT. SENATOR REISMAN'S HOUSE (WASHINGTON D.C.) - DAY

81

KAPLAN
Senator.

SENATOR REISMAN
Close the door.

He does.

KAPLAN
We have a problem.
(walking toward desk)
Look at these.

Kaplan spreads out the surveillance photos on the desk.
The Senator looks up at Kaplan.

82 OMITTED

82

83 INT. REISMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

83

Reisman, who now stands in a windowless room. The only furniture is a desk on which rests a small laptop and what appears to be a speaker. An OPERATOR sits at the desk, while Kaplan hovers in the b.g.

REISMAN
We have him yet?

COMMUNICATION (OPERATOR)
He's coming online now, sir.
Ready.

As Reisman speaks the Communication guy types.

REISMAN
We have a problem --

84 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

84

Gabriel and Marco sit at the same type of apparatus, a merc at the laptop. Reisman's dialogue comes out of the SPEAKER, but it is no longer Reisman, it is a COMPUTERIZED VOICE.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED:

84

REISMAN (V.O.)
-- Seems you have gotten yourself
in a predicament.

GABRIEL
I'm not exactly following you.

85 INT. REISMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

85

REISMAN
Transfer the pictures.

86 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

86

Gabriel looks at the surveillance photos as they come up.
We INTERCUT as they speak.

GABRIEL
(irritated but
respectful)
Senator, I sincerely hope you did
not contact me and jeopardize the
safety of me and my men for this.

REISMAN
Goddamn right I did. You know
where I got that? From the deputy
director of the F.B.I. He thought
I might be interested.

GABRIEL
Sir, with all due respect. Do you
think there is any aspect of this
operation I am not fully aware of?

REISMAN
We are aborting the operation and
securing alternative means of
finance elsewhere.

GABRIEL
What?

REISMAN
We are aborting this operation.
Take a vacation.

GABRIEL
A vacation? Have I ever failed
you, sir?

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED:

86

REISMAN
That's not the point.

GABRIEL
It's my point. Senator, this
operation is going forward.

REISMAN
You understand what you are
saying?

GABRIEL
Everything is under control.

He disconnects.

87 INT. REISMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

87

Reisman turns to Kaplan.

REISMAN
(regretful)
Do it. Terminate the Vortex.

KAPLAN
Yessir.
(beat)
Sir, he does work for us.

REISMAN
Excuse us.
(as the Communication
guy leaves)
Son, let's say you have a 200-
pound Rottweiler. He loves you,
and it's his job to protect you.
But if he ever bites you, even
once, you gotta put him down. You
can't have an uncontrollable
weapon running unchecked in your
back yard. He becomes a
liability. You never know who he
might bite next.

KAPLAN
Yessir, I understand.

88 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

88

Stanley works at the keyboard. He reaches for his glass
of wine and it is empty. He grabs the bottle. It, too,
has been drained. He sighs and walks into the kitchen.

89 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 89

Stan walks to the fridge. Opens the door. No wine. He sighs. He closes the door and walks off toward the wine cellar.

90 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - WINE CELLAR - NIGHT 90

In the wine cellar, Stan looks around. He opens one door, closes it. He opens another, same thing. The third, he pulls out a bottle. Keeps it. He pulls on another door and it is locked. He pulls again. Nothing. The glass doors of the temperature-controlled reach-in wine cooler is opaque with condensation. He bends close. Stanley swipes off the condensation inches from his nose.

EXTREME CLOSEUP - ON FACE

leaning against the glass from the other side. It's Gabriel's.

ANGLE ON STANLEY

STANLEY

Fuck!!

He drops the BOTTLE of wine. CRASH, it SHATTERS.

REVERSE ANGLE

Gabriel's body is wedged into the 32-degree white wine cooler.

STANLEY

Jesus Christ!

Stanley looks at the body for a moment, realizes something really bad is going on and hauls ass upstairs.

91 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 91

Stanley runs around the corner.

Gabriel is standing in the doorway, directly in front of Stanley. Stan damn near falls down.

GABRIEL

Stan?

Stan can't say a word.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

GABRIEL
What's wrong, Stanley, you look
like you've seen a ghost?

Gabriel looks in and sees the empty wine bottle at the
computer station.

GABRIEL
C'mon, Stanley. Let's talk.

STANLEY
(uneasy)
Okay...

GABRIEL
Let's go.

STANLEY
Why can't we talk here?

GABRIEL
'Cause I don't want to talk to you
in the house, Stanley.

Gabriel walks out. Stanley slowly follows.

GABRIEL
Let's go.
Stan slowly follows.

92 INT. LAMBORGHINI - MOVING - NIGHT

92

GABRIEL
How you doing, Stanley?

STANLEY
(obviously not fine)
Fine.

GABRIEL
Something you need to say to me?

STANLEY
(freaked)
What the hell is going on here?

GABRIEL
(totally cool)
You know anything about Harry
Houdini?

Stan definitely doesn't get the point.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

He used to make an elephant
disappear in a theater full of
people. You know how he did it?

Gabriel unwraps a piece of gum --

STANLEY

How?

-- and sticks the piece in his mouth.

GABRIEL

Misdirection.

Gabriel whips right down a side street and drops the
hammer. He blows through a stop sign, then another.
CARS CRASH. He is calm, cool, but continues to glance in
his rearview mirror.

STANLEY

What are you doing?

GABRIEL

We have a tail.

(beat)

Hope you had a light lunch, Stan.

Gabriel slides left into an alley, gets it under control
and SCREAMS toward the other side. A black Suburban
pulls up, closing off the alley. He slides to a stop and
slams it into reverse. Backwards at 60-plus miles per
hour.

GABRIEL

Hold the wheel.

Gabriel reaches in the passenger floorboard and pulls up
a duffel bag. He unzips it, and withdraws what the
Marines call a SAW -- a Belgian-designed machine gun,
compact but with 1500 rounds of Swiss cheese action per
minute, powerful enough for the U.S. to replace the M-60.

STANLEY

Shit, it's blocked.

Gabriel looks behind them, another black Suburban has
blocked them in. The one from the other side and a third
comes toward them down the alley.

GABRIEL

Keep it straight.

(CONTINUED)

The speedometer needle is pegged at 0 as they SCREAM backwards.

Gabriel unfolds the stock and then withdraws a 100-round box wrapped in white tape and printed with AP. He clips it and pulls back the bolt. He grabs the wheel from Stan.

GABRIEL

It's just rough when you grow up
lovin' James Bond movies. Don't
worry, Stanley, it'll be over soon.

ANGLE ON LAMBO

As the Diablo slams backwards into the Suburban at sixty mph. Bam.

Gabriel unbuckles himself and stands up through the open roof and UNLOADS FULL-AUTO into the Suburban. The armor-piercing SHELLS PENETRATE the Armalite GLASS, RIPPING the occupants to shreds.

Gabriel turns, FIRING at the other Suburban.

GABRIEL

Drive, drive!

Stanley slides under Gabriel as Gabriel steps into the passenger side. The wheels spin, the Lambo is wedged under the Suburban.

GABRIEL

Go, go!

Gabriel continues to BLAST FULL-AUTO, tearing the Suburban to shrapnel.

STANLEY

I am!

Finally the mortally wounded but still kicking Lamborghini tears free of the Suburban and rockets head-on toward the other. Stanley drives like a maniac.

Gabriel RIPS it on FULL-AUTO, meatloafing the driver. The Suburban veers into the wall. Smack.

Stanley whips beside it and Gabriel STRAFES down the side, opening it up. Stan whips right onto a main street.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (3)

92

More Suburbans head at them. Stan SCREAMS left into another alley. Through the cross streets whipping by at 100 mph, we see Suburbans parallel to them.

Stan cranks his wheel right.

STANLEY

Shit!

GABRIEL

(changing out a clip)

Keep your cool, Stanley.

The Lambo rolls to a stop and Gabriel hops out, running at the Suburbans.

After a moment of all-out GI Joe-style blitzkrieg, it's over.

Gabriel walks to a body lying in the street. He turns over the body and looks at the face.

GABRIEL

Goddamit. I knew it.

Gabriel walks back to one of the burning Suburbans where Stanley stands.

GABRIEL

Get in the fucking car, Stanley.

STANLEY

I'm not going anywhere until you tell me what's going on.

Gabriel pulls out his H&K, points it at Stanley.

GABRIEL

You're on my good side and you want to stay there. Stanley, I like you, but don't confuse kindness with weakness. So, get in the fuckin' car. I need my hydra.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

93 OMITTED

93

Stanley is working at his terminal.

GINGER

Stanley? You alright?

STANLEY

What do you think? I just watched that maniac murder ten men in the street. I'm just fucking great. It doesn't matter if I get my daughter back if I'm dead. Even if I do survive this, who's gonna keep me out of jail? You?

She walks over to him and kneels down, places her hand on his leg, looks up at him.

GINGER

I won't let anything happen to you, Stanley. You have to trust me.

STANLEY

Trust you? Two hours ago I found out you're D.E.A. The feds are crawling up my ass and there's a dead body in the basement that looks just like Gabriel.

She doesn't move.

GINGER

Stanley, if we don't find out who he's working for then we're just going to have to do this all over again.

STANLEY

Your little slush fund is not my problem. I'm pulling the plug on this rodeo. Roberts may be an asshole, but he is definitely the lesser of the two evils.

GINGER

I've been working on this thing for eight months, and I will not let some jarhead fed fuck up my operation. Please, I know what I'm doing.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED:

94

GINGER

C'mon, Stanley. You have twelve hours. Do what he wants. Finish the worm.

STANLEY

You're starting to sound just like him.

They look at each other. Stanley turns toward the computer screens.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

95	OMITTED	95
&		&
96		96

97	CLOSEUP - FLY-FISHING REEL	97
	as it quickly unwinds.	

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Reisman, dressed in your average, fly-fishing garb, stands in the shallow water of a wide river, thinking he has contained the situation, is doing what he enjoys most. He rewinds the reel and flicks it out again; the hook sails into the distance.

A huge Cohiba cigar hangs from his satisfied grin.

Faintly, we hear the WHINE OF MACHINERY. Jim hears it, too, odd since we are so far in the boonies. He looks around, then up and we PUSH IN TO a CLOSEUP.

REISMAN'S POV

An evil-looking, camouflaged gunship suddenly crests the hill directly above him, ROTORS THUMPING.

BACK TO SCENE

Reisman ducking, his cigar falling from his mouth, has to fight to hold on to his ridiculous fishing hat.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE FROM ABOVE HELICOPTER

Water sprays everywhere as it hovers.

Slowly it drifts over to the bank and lowers where it touches down briefly, the side door slides open.

ANGLE (SLOW MOTION)

as Gabriel steps out and walks TOWARD us. The copter lifts off behind him.

BACK TO SCENE

Reisman drops his rod and digs into the fishing box at his right. Gabriel saunters toward him as the helicopter disappears over the rise. Reisman is not happy.

GABRIEL

(sniffing in air)

Ahh, the great American outdoors.
I'll never understand the appeal
of fly-fishing, Jim. A little too
much like masturbation for me,
without the payoff.

Gabriel looks around, suddenly realizing something.

GABRIEL

This's a catch-and-release stream,
isn't it?

REISMAN

That's right.

Gabriel starts to laugh. Reisman doesn't catch the joke.

GABRIEL

Oh c'mon, Jim. You gotta see the
irony in the chairman of the
Joint Sub-Committee on Crime,
fishing in a catch-and-release
stream.

CLOSEUP - REISMAN

Grimaces, not thinking it is funny.

(CONTINUED)

WIDER

GABRIEL

How could you do it, Jim? After all we have sacrificed. All the blood, all the death... I've changed my identity so many times, I don't even know what I look like anymore. How could you turn on me when we are so close?

REISMAN

You did this to yourself.

GABRIEL

You brought me in to get the job done and you didn't want to know about the consequences.

REISMAN

The F.B.I. was watching you --

GABRIEL

I told you there was nothing that I was unaware of --

REISMAN

That's why we're here. You are too arrogant, too aggressive --

GABRIEL

You have misplaced your loyalties, Senator. You have sold America out. I am a patriot, and patriotism does not have a four-year shelf life. Unfortunately, politicians do.

Gabriel pulls out his H&K, dangling it by his side.

REISMAN

(arrogantly)

And what are you going to do with that?

GABRIEL

Thomas Jefferson once shot a man on the White House lawn for treason, Senator. You tried to execute me in the name of politics, now I execute you in the name of the people.

Gabriel shoots Reisman in the chest. He falls into the water.

98 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 98

Stanley continues to work. Marco walks in.

MARCO
You're up, mate.

STANLEY
Great.

MARCO
Get your shit, we're headin' out.

His hands fly across the computer keys, he slides in a zip disk, transfers the file, and runs for the door.

99 EXT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - MORNING 99

Outside, Marco waits in his black Porsche Turbo ready to roll. Stanley walks out of the house.

100 OMITTED 100
thru thru
103A 103A

103B INT. PARKING GARAGE (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT 103B

A snazzy, sweat-suited Kaplan walks out to his shiny new silver Porsche, racquet ball racquet flipping in hand. He's so downright happy in his confidence that he is on the fast track to political Valhalla, due to his handling of this Gabriel Shear debacle, he is whistling.

He CLICKS the Porsche key, unlocking the driver's door, tosses in his racquet and climbs in.

103C INT. KAPLAN'S PORSCHE - NIGHT 103C

He shuts the door and slides the key into the ignition. Before he cranks it, he catches himself in the rearview and winks at himself.

Smiling, he turns the key.

BOOM.

The Claymore Mine hidden under his seat RIPS the CAR apart, shrapnel tearing upward through his body and out the roof.

103D INT. PARKING GARAGE (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT 103D

The thousand pieces of SHRAPNEL divet the concrete ceiling and then bounce across the parking garage floor.

104 EXT. DOWNTOWN THEATER - MORNING 104

Stanley is getting out of Marco's car. Gabriel walks out of the theater back door.

GABRIEL
(over shoulder)
Make sure that bus doesn't top out
over fifteen-seven.

MERC (O.S.)
Yessir.

Gabriel turns and sees Stanley.

GABRIEL
Stan, how are you?

STANLEY
Fine.

GABRIEL
Have you finished?

Stan pulls out the zip disk and hands it to Gabriel who dials his cell phone.

GABRIEL
Here.

STANLEY
What?
(into phone)
Hello.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Hello, Mr. Jobson. This is
Kristine Jorgenson of Credit
Suisse in Grand Cayman.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

104 CONTINUED:

104

OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I need to verify your new account
information and have you choose a
personal password.

STANLEY
Why?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Mr. Jobson, there has just been a
transfer of ten million U.S.
dollars into your account.

Stan looks at Gabriel who smiles.

GABRIEL
Just like I promised, Stanley.

STANLEY
Then let me go. I want to see my
daughter.

GABRIEL
Soon, Stanley. Walk with me.

105 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

105

GABRIEL
I'm about to do something against
my better judgement. I'm going
to tell you something I never tell
anyone. I'm going to tell you
who I am.

STANLEY
Don't bother. I know who you are.

GABRIEL
Do you? You think I'm a bank
robber. Really, I'm just like you.

STANLEY
Like me? You're a murderer.

GABRIEL
That I am. And worse. Much worse.
I am forced to operate on a
different plane than you. But, I
have ethics. Rules to which I
must adhere.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

200 years ago Thomas Jefferson wrote a letter to Madison because he was concerned that the freedoms of the constitution would be ignored.

STANLEY

I don't understand why the fuck you're telling me this.

GABRIEL

Listen to me and you will. In the 1950s, armed with this letter, J. Edgar Hoover created an organization to protect the freedoms of this country at all costs.

STANLEY

I don't care about any of this. All I care about is my daughter.

GABRIEL

I'm talking about your daughter.

STANLEY

My daughter...

GABRIEL

Yes. You, your daughter and 200 million other Americans who take their freedoms for granted. You don't understand what it takes to protect those freedoms. That's my job, Stanley, to protect your way of life at all costs.

STANLEY

So you and your band of lunatics are really stealing all this money to protect me.

GABRIEL

That's right, Stanley --

He opens the theatre door.

GABRIEL

-- 'cause wars cost money.

(CONTINUED)

INT. THEATRE - MORNING

Stan inside. It's as if he's just teleported into Beirut. Weapons, Hummers, a huge armored bus is jacked up at one end of the theatre. Gabriel's men go about readying themselves. One of the mercs walks over to Gabriel to show a modified electronic dog collar.

STANLEY

(realization hitting
him)

You're going into the fucking bank.

GABRIEL

That's what I'm telling you,
Stanley. We are at war.

STANLEY

War? Who are we at war with?

GABRIEL

Anyone who infringes on America's freedom. Terrorists' states, Stanley. Someone must take their war to them. They bomb a church, we bomb ten. They hijack a plane, we take out an airport. They execute American tourists, we tactically nuke an entire city. We must make terrorism so horrific that it becomes unthinkable to attack Americans.

STANLEY

I'm out. I'm not doing this.
You're insane.

GABRIEL

Maybe. I wanted you to do this because you wanted to, because we need men like you, but our time table's been moved up. Just relax and it will all be over in twenty-four hours. You're rich, Stanley. Pretty soon Holly and you will be basking in the sun on the deck of some eighty-foot scarab, eating bon bons and living the good life.

He turns to walk off. Stanley looks around. He spots a generator and moves toward it. Stanley reaches down to the power board on the generator and gives a large dial a twist.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED: (3)

105

Suddenly, the hundreds of lights in the rack begin to arc. In a shower of GLASS they start EXPLODING from the huge amperage shooting through them from the generator. Gabriel turns to see Stan standing next to the generator. He moves toward him just as the room goes black.

In a moment the secondary lights come up. No Stanley.

GABRIEL

(to himself)

Pretty slick.

MARCO

(walking over)

You want to send a team after him?

GABRIEL

No. He'll be back. We gotta move. Load up.

INTERCUT WITH:

106 EXT. STREET (SOMEWHERE IN SANTA MONICA) - MORNING

106

Early morning in Los Angeles. People go peacefully about their early morning business.

Suddenly, three red, white and blue Hummers crest a hill and tear TOWARD us down the street.

Halfway down the street, they veer right, jump the curb, and SMASH through the front PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS of the World Banc.

107 INT. CAB - MORNING

107

Stanley rides in the back of a cab as the cab hauls ass to his ex-wife's house.

108 INT. BANK - MORNING

108

As the Hummers roll through the furniture and flying glass, the side doors fling open and well-dressed men in Italian suits and sunglasses jump out. Customers scream and try to flee but are quickly corralled with MACHINE GUN BURSTS.

109 EXT. STREET (SOMEWHERE IN SANTA MONICA) - MORNING

109

A red FERRARI F50 whips around the corner at light speed, SCREAMS down the street TOWARD us and SCREECHES to a halt outside the bank. It shifts into reverse and slowly backs over the curb and into the bank.

A huge armored bus rolls down the street, through two parked cars, and up onto the sidewalk, effectively sealing off the front of the glass bank. Mercs begin welding metal plates around the armored bus. We hear the approaching SIRENS of a fleet of cop cars.

110 EXT. MALIBU HOUSE - MORNING 110

The cab pulls up in front of Melissa's house. Stanley jumps out and runs up to the front door.

111 INT. BANK - MORNING 111

Several of the mercs finish putting some sort of collars on several hostages, including a young, normally good-looking-but-now-covered-in-mascara, whimpering blonde girl.

112 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - MORNING 112

Stanley busts into her house. In the living room, Melissa and the infamous Larry the Porn King are both face-down in a pool of blood. Stan freaks. He runs from room to room yelling Holly's name. The house is deserted. Stanley bursts through the door into Holly's room. The room is empty and in disarray.

CLOSEUP - STANLEY

As he looks out the window toward LA and pulls out Roberts' card.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

SUPERIMPOSE: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18 8:45:33... 34... 35

FADE IN:

113 INT. BANK 113

THROUGH glass doors, we see the woman slam into the locked doors. The SWAT guy pulls her into the street.

114 EXT. STREET 114

KABOOM!!!

The EXPLOSION rips the SWAT guy and the girl from the beginning apart. This time we see it from ANOTHER ANGLE. BALL BEARINGS RICOCHET against the plate steel of the bank.

115 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - LOW SHOT - DAY 115

as the ball bearings bounce across the street and tap against the coffee shop.

116 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP (SLOW MOTION) - DAY 116

Everyone in the coffee shop looks at each other like, "What the fuck just happened?"

117 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 117

As ball bearings roll back into the street.

118 INT. BANK - DAY 118

Stanley is standing in the bank. Three mercs in Donna Karen suits point modified M-16s at his head. He stares at the ground, shaking his head. Gabriel tosses his frappacino against the wall.

GABRIEL

Get that son-of-a-bitch on the phone.

Gabriel walks towards the window, slinging his FN-FAL, and pulling on his headset. A.D. Joy answers.

GABRIEL

If you need to test my resolve then God help you. You have 25 minutes. That plane better be on the runway.

He clicks off. He turns to Stan.

GABRIEL

Get my money, Stanley.

STANLEY

Not until I see my daughter.

Gabriel snaps his fingers and a ballistic cloth duffel bag is thrown to Gabriel. Gabriel is very unhappy. He looks at Stanley who is terrified of its contents.

CLOSEUP - DUFFEL BAG

As he unzips it.

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

BACK TO STANLEY

Stanley almost can't bear to look.

CLOSEUP - DUFFEL BAG

As Gabriel slowly reaches in and... Pulls out our buddy the giraffe.

WIDER

Stanley's heart almost stops. He sighs as Gabriel tosses him the giraffe.

GABRIEL

Do you really think I wanted it to come to this. Do you? I am not a psychopath, Stanley, but I told you, I will sacrifice as many lives as it takes to protect our country, including my own.

(beat)

Now get me my money.

STANLEY

Will you let Holly go once you have the money?

GABRIEL

Both of you. You have my word, Stanley. C'mon.

They walk past a merc sitting at a desk, a laptop open in front of him.

Marco is paying very close attention to Stan.

119 INT. BANK - DAY

119

A merc sits at a desk with three laptops and four tiny extra monitors, all wired into a large bundle of cables that run across the floor.

GABRIEL

We okay?

The merc looks up. On the monitors and laptop screens are present-time shots of all angles of the building and the surrounding area. The images constantly change as the merc toggles through the images.

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: (A1)

119

MARCO

Look at the cover pattern they've
set up. The right hand doesn't
know what the left's doing.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED:

119

MARCO (CONT'D)
Look at this bozo. If the shit
drops, he's gonna cap his buddy in
the back of the head. Idiots.

Stanley sits down at the computer console and brings up
the bank's mainframe.

STANLEY
I need the disk.

A merc hands it to him and Stanley slides it in the
computer. His hands work quickly.

120 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

120

It is 9:15.

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. BANK - DAY

121

Now it is 9:35.

STANLEY
Almost done.

Suddenly the lights flicker, Stan's screen blanks out
momentarily, then blazes back to life, his code
scrambled. Stan instinctively jerks his hands away from
the keyboard.

STANLEY
Whoa! What the hell just
happened?

Gabriel looks at the lights as they flicker back on, the
huge portable GENERATOR springing to life.

GABRIEL
They just cut the power. Forget
it. How long to transfer the
money?

STANLEY
Couple of minutes. Which
accounts?

GABRIEL
National Bank of Zurich. Spread
it evenly over these accounts. It
won't be there that long.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

STANLEY

(dryly)

Great.

GABRIEL

Good job, Stanley, I got someone
who wants to see you.

They bring Holly out.

STANLEY

Holly!

Stanley grabs her and pulls her close to him.

STANLEY

Are you okay?

Holly nods yes. Stanley and Holly are escorted toward
the door. Gabriel stands in front, holding his FN-FAL.
He is speaking in French to several of the mercs.

GABRIEL

Hold up.

Stanley stops. Gabriel walks down the steps and unhooks
Holly's collar. Stan is about to freak.

GABRIEL

(to Stanley)

Told you I was a man of my word,
Stanley.

He walks back. Marco unlocks the door. Stanley and
Holly look at each other. Holly starts to cry.

STANLEY

It's okay. I love you, baby.

Marco stares at Stanley as they walk out.

MARCO

See ya around.

STANLEY

I doubt it.

He starts to walk out...

CYPHER MERC #3

Sir, the money just disappeared.

GABRIEL

What?

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED: (2)

121

CYPHER MERC #3

The money, it's gone.

Gabriel turns around to look at Stanley. We ZOOM INTO a CLOSEUP. He's pissed.

GABRIEL

What do you mean, gone?

WIDER

We see Stanley. He looks like he just got caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

STANLEY

Shit! Run, Holly!

GABRIEL

Get her!

Marco pulls his assault rifle but Stanley waylays him. They both hit the ground.

122 EXT. BANK - DAY

122

Holly hauls ass into the street. Once the FBI SWAT guys see she is off the sidewalk, they scoop her up.

123 INT. BANK

123

Gabriel jerks out his weapon and jams it against Stan's head as he and Marco roll around on the ground.

STANLEY

Won't do you any good. The money jumps every 60 seconds from one numbered account to another and will for the next ten years. 'Course it wasn't supposed to happen for another six hours. The power surge must have scrambled the internal clock. But, you kill me and you never get a single dollar.

Gabriel eases up, wheels spinning at millions of RPMs.

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

You let the hostages go and then I'll tell you where and when you can extract the money. We all walk away, nobody gets hurt. The accounts are encrypted with a 1024 bit cipher. Even I can't break through the fire wall. It's my act of God policy.

(beat)

Deal?

GABRIEL

I'm thinking.

A very tense moment passes. Gabriel looks around. He has an idea.

GABRIEL

Tell ya what. No deal.

Marco pulls a length of towing cable from one of the Hummer's winches and throws the line over one of the 30-foot-high ceiling buttresses.

Gabriel grabs the cable as it comes down as two mercs rush in and grab Stanley, one placing a knife to his throat.

GABRIEL

Marco! Grab Agent Sculley!

Marco grabs Ginger and drags her kicking, fighting, over to where Gabriel stands, brandishing the cable.

STANLEY

No, don't do this.

Stanley struggles like there is no tomorrow. Gabriel hooks the end into a noose with the tow hook, and puts it over Ginger's head, pulling it taut around her neck. He cuts the cable-tie loose. She digs at them with her fingers.

Two mercs rush in and grab Stanley, one placing a knife to his throat.

Stanley struggles like there is no tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

In all reality, Stan, she has you to thank for this. That first night in Prague you broke the D.O.D. database that contained her true identity. She's D.E.A., Stan, but without you, I never would have known.

STANLEY

(freaking)

What are you doing? Stop!

GABRIEL

String up the D.E.A. bitch.

Marco hits the power switch. Ginger is yanked up into the air, hanging twenty feet above the floor.

STANLEY

Just let her down. I'll do whatever you want.

GABRIEL

Then get me my money, Stan.

Stanley looks up at Ginger, valiantly struggling for her life.

STANLEY

I'm not doing shit until you bring her down. I'm serious. Let her down. Now!

GABRIEL

Okay.

Gabriel yanks out his .40 cal. H&K, turns and SHOTS the hanging Ginger.

STANLEY

Nooo...

Stanley looks at her lifeless body as they lower her.

He looks up at Gabriel and runs at him.

Gabriel slaps him in the throat, spinning him, and grabs Stan around the neck in the crook of his arm.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (3)

123

GABRIEL

(close and very serious)
Take a moment, big guy. Don't
make me put you in a wheelchair.

In the b.g. two mercs zip Ginger's body into a black body
bag and carry her out.

STANLEY

You didn't have to kill her.

GABRIEL

I didn't Stan, you did. But we're
not done yet.

(to Marco)

Marco...

Marco yanks a seventeen-year-old girl up from the floor
and puts a gun to her head.

GABRIEL

There are a lot of hostages here.
I cared about Ginger, can you
imagine what I could do to someone
I don't care about. How long
before the money jumps?

STANLEY

Sixty seconds.

GABRIEL

They better hope you installed a
back door or it could be a long
day. Somebody get me a laptop.

A laptop appears. Gabriel hands it to Stanley and nods
to the mercs who drop him. Stanley drops to his knees,
placing the computer on the ground.

Stanley has logged onto the net via modem and we hear
that familiar PULSE as he does. He connects onto an
encrypted site on the net. His fingers hum over the
keys.

COMPUTER MERC

(looking at a screen)

Money just jumped.

GABRIEL

(looking at his watch)

Okay, Stan. Sixty seconds.

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (4)

123

Sweat rolls down Stanley's face as he works on the machine. Numbers scroll across the screen. Five columns of numbers scroll.

GABRIEL

Forty-five seconds, Stanley.

STANLEY

I need another laptop, logged on!

He tries to keep from looking up at the crying hostage. The columns decrease. Another laptop appears.

GABRIEL

Twenty seconds, Stan.

His fingers still fly. Three columns now. He works on the other laptop with his right hand.

GABRIEL

Fifteen. She's gonna die, Stanley.

STANLEY

Shut up!

Two. Then one.

STANLEY

C'mon, c'mon.

It scrolls down to one number.

GABRIEL

Ten.

The home page for Grand Cayman Banc appears on the other laptop. "Account Number" appears.

GABRIEL

Nine... Eight... Seven.

Stanley has typed in the account number and accesses the account. He flies through the transfer information. Account balance. 6.9 billion dollars.

STANLEY

I need your account number.

Someone hands him a legal pad. He types it in.

GABRIEL

Four, three, two...

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED: (5)

123

"Transfer?" -- "Yes" -- TRANSFERRING.

GABRIEL

One.

STANLEY

Let her go.

Stanley jumps up and runs over to Marco. Gabriel puts his gun to the back of Stanley's head.

STANLEY

Now, goddammit, it's done. Let her go!

Gabriel looks at one of his boys who is checking it with a different laptop. He nods. Marco drops the girl.

GABRIEL

Well, that was fun.

A MERC holding a cell phone.

MERC

Joy says the plane is ready.

GABRIEL

Well, 'bout time for us to leave.

STANLEY

They'll never let you escape.
You've gone too far.

GABRIEL

Au contraire. Do you hear that?
(beat)
That's the sound of America
watching.

123A EXT. BUS

123A

We MOVE UP THROUGH the roof of the bank, the sky is filled with the THUMPING of NEWS HELICOPTERS.

124 INT. BUS - DAY

124

They lead the hostages, including Stanley, onto the bus. He is pushed down into the back.

GABRIEL

(to the driver)
Let's roll.

(CONTINUED)

124 CONTINUED: 124

The driver pulls the door lever and it closes.

The bus pulls into gear and slowly moves forward. The
cops and FBI agents just stare vacantly at the bus.

124A OMITTED 124A

125 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 125

ROBERTS
You just gonna let them drive the
fuck on outta here?

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

A.D. JOY

There isn't a free cop in a
hundred miles that isn't on his
ass. He wants a plane. He'll
get a plane.

125A EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY

125A

A G5 sits waiting on the tarmac. SWAT teams move in to
cover positions around it.

125B INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

125B

A.D. JOY

He won't get away. We'll take
them at the airport. Let's go.

They exit. Roberts tosses the paper he was reading down
on the table and walks out, shaking his head.

CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPER

The headline reads, "U.S. SENATOR JAMES REISMAN (GEORGIA)
FOUND DEAD, VICTIM OF FREAK FISHING ACCIDENT."

125C EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY

125C

Joy and Agent Thomas jump in a waiting car, ready to head
toward the airport. Roberts watches them, then com-
mandeers another vehicle, tearing ass after the bus.

126 EXT. BUS - DAY

126

The bus rolls down the street. Slowly one by one, car
with flashing lights after car with flashing lights pulls
up behind it until a convoy rivaling that of the
Sugarland Express has built up. Choppers drop out of the
air, shadowing the bright yellow school bus.

126A EXT. BUS - DAY

126A

Gabriel's voice booms from speakers on the exterior of
the bus.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

I don't think any of us want a
repeat of this morning. Keep at
least a hundred yards from this
bus at all times and I want the
airspace for five miles clear.

127 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY

127

GABRIEL
(dropping the mic
and turning to the
hostages)
Ladies and gentlemen, we will be
in your lives for approximately 55
more minutes. This bus has just
become your new yard. So sit
back, think happy thoughts, and
this will be over before you can
say 'cat in the hat.'

Gabriel, smiling, turns to Stanley.

GABRIEL
Whaddaya think, Stanley?

STANLEY
You'll never get away. Even if
they have to kill everyone on
the bus.

GABRIEL
Really? Five hundred bucks says I
do. Tell ya what, Stanley, I'll
even spot you the five bills.

Gabriel walks to the front of the bus, puts on a headset,
and keys a mic.

128 OMITTED
thru
132

128
thru
132

133 INT. BUS - DAY

133

We are moving through the city. Behind the bus, a huge caravan of police cars and SWAT trucks follow.

GABRIEL

Stan, c'mere.

Stan slides out of the seat and walks to the front with Gabriel. All the hostages' eyes are on him. At the front he looks at Gabriel.

GABRIEL

Take a look.

Cops block off side streets as the convoy, ala The Gauntlet, rolls through L.A.

Gabriel seems to be in complete control, despite being surrounded by every law enforcement officer within a hundred miles.

133A INT. BUS - DAY

133A

Stan turns to Gabriel, angry. He grabs him, pushing him.

STANLEY

How the fuck can you justify all this?

GABRIEL

You're not looking at the big picture.

Gabriel pushes him backward against the hand rail.

GABRIEL

Stanley, here's a scenario. You have the power to cure all of the world's diseases. But the price for this is that you must kill a single, innocent child. Could you kill that child to save the world?

STANLEY

No.

GABRIEL

You disappoint me, Stanley. It's the greatest good.

Silence for several beats.

STANLEY

How about ten innocents?

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED:

133A

GABRIEL

Now you're getting it. How about
a hundred?

Gabriel becomes intense.

GABRIEL

How about a thousand? Not to save
the world, but just to preserve
our way of life.

STANLEY

No man has the right to make that
decision. You're no different
than any other terrorist.

GABRIEL

You're wrong, Stanley. Some men
are put here to shape destiny, to
protect freedom, despite the
atrocities they must commit. I am
one of those men. Thousands die
every day for no reason at all,
where is your bleeding heart for
them? You give your twenty
dollars to Greenpeace every year
and think you are changing the
world. What countries will
harbor terrorists, when they
realize the consequences of what
I will do? Did you know I can
buy nuclear warheads in Minsk
for forty million each? I buy
half a dozen, I even get a
discount.

The driver, looking at his watch, says something to
Gabriel in French.

Gabriel replies to the driver, also in French.

CLOSEUP - DRIVER

as the driver shifts down.

CLOSEUP - DRIVER'S FOOT

Pressing down the accelerator.

(CONTINUED)

133A CONTINUED: (2)

133A

CLOSEUP ON SPEEDOMETER

Nudging toward eighty.

STANLEY

What the fu --

GABRIEL

I saw Sugarland Express, Stan.
Didn't like the way it ended.

We see a sign that says "LAX." The bus turns off before they get to the sign.

134 OMITTED

134

135 INT. BUS - DAY

135

STANLEY

I thought we were going to the airport.

GABRIEL

Misdirection, Stanley.

The bus hurtles down a road toward a bridge over the LA river.

CLOSEUP ON ONE OF HOSTAGE'S EYES

WIDER

One of the mercs in the front speaks French again.
Gabriel looks around. He smiles.

GABRIEL

Listen...

Faintly, we can hear powerful ROTORS APPROACHING.

GABRIEL

Gentlemen...

Stanley looks out the window as two of the mercs scramble through hatches in the roof.

136 OMITTED

136

137 EXT. SKY - DAY 137

A huge black Sikorsky sky crane drops out of the sky. It has matched speed with the bus dragging four crane cables under it.

137A EXT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY 137A

Within moments, as the bus speeds onto the bridge, the mercs on the roof have hooked the cables to the four hard-points welded into the bus' substructure for just this purpose. The mercs drop back into...

138 INT. BUS - DAY 138

GABRIEL
Hold on.

139 EXT. STREET - DAY 139

The bus is lifted from the bridge into the air.

139A INT. CAR - DAY 139A

Roberts, hauling ass after the bus, sees the Sikorsky.

ROBERTS
Well why the fuck not.

140 OMITTED 140

140A EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY 140A

The SWAT teams sit and just continue to wait for Gabriel, who will never show up.

140B OMITTED

140B

140C EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY

140C

Joy and Agent Thomas come SCREECHING up at the airport.
Agent Thomas's PHONE RINGS and he answers it. Joy walks
over to the SWAT leader.

A.D. JOY
Everything in place?

AGENT TORRES
We're ready, sir.

A.D. JOY
Good --

AGENT THOMAS
(running up)
-- sir...

A.D. JOY
Yeah?

AGENT THOMAS
I don't think they're coming.

A.D. JOY
What do you mean you don't think
they're coming?

AGENT THOMAS
(listening to the
phone)
The bus was just lifted off the
street by a giant helicopter.

A.D. JOY
(freaking)
What?!?

141 INT. BUS - DAY

141

GABRIEL
(laughing)
The only way to fly, huh, Stanley.

Gabriel says something in French into the radio.

142 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY

142

The sky crane/bus head toward downtown.

143 INT. BUS - DAY

143

The bus flies through the canyons of the downtown
buildings as it continues to lift.

144 EXT. BUS - DAY 144
Suddenly the bus crests a smaller building, and a large sign looms directly in its flight path.

145 INT. BUS - DAY 145
GABRIEL
Bank right!

146 EXT. BUS - DAY 146
The Sikorsky swings right but not fast enough. It SMASHES through the sign and heads directly at a huge glass building.

147 INT. HUGE GLASS BUILDING - DAY 147
BROKERS in a bullpen go about their trading business. One looks up as the bus flies toward the huge plate glass windows.
BROKER
Holy sh...
His cohorts look up just as the BUS SLAMS INTO the BUILDING, SHATTERING the WINDOWS.

148 INT. BUS - DAY 148
Everyone holds on for dear life.

149 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 149
The bus falls on one side. The resulting tension snaps the sliced cable and the entire rear section of the bus dangles.

150 INT. BUS - DAY 150
Chaos. Hostages slam into each other as the bus falls. One of the hostages flies down the center of the bus, collides with Marco, and both go out through the back window.

151 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 151
Forty feet from the bus they EXPLODE.

152 INT. BUS - DAY 152

The concussion BLOWS OUT every WINDOW of the bus. The hostages scramble to hold on.

153 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 153

The bus now hangs suspended perpendicular to the ground. The Sikorsky starts to climb again.

154 OMITTED 154
& &
155 155

156 INT. BUS - DAY 156

Gabriel turns to the merc driving the bus, who is wearing a headset.

GABRIEL

We okay?

DRIVER
(listening to his
headset, then)

We'll make it, sir.

157 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 157

The Sikorsky flies upward to the top of the highest skyscraper.

158 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREETS - DAY 158

Roberts chases after the bus. He looks up, realizing where they are going and veers off, short-cutting toward the skyscraper.

159 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY 159

The Sikorsky attempts to set the bus on the rooftop. The back wheels miss the rooftop and the entire bus starts sliding toward the edge. The Sikorsky lifts the entire bus back up into the air and then gingerly sets it on the rooftop on all four wheels. The CABLES are cut loose from the helicopter, and drop down onto the ROOF with a loud CLANG.

160 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREETS - DAY 160

Roberts rushes to the building.

161 EXT. SKY - DAY 161
The helicopter then disappears upward into the sky.

ON ROOF
Mercenaries begin to pile off the bus.

162 INT. BUS - DAY 162
Stan watches.

163 EXT. BUILDING - DAY 163
SWAT trucks pull up and SWAT guys roll out.

164 INT. BUILDING - DAY 164
Roberts rushes into the skyscraper.

165 OMITTED 165

166 INT. BUILDING - DAY 166
SWAT commandos hit the stairs and elevators.

167 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY 167
Sitting there on a helipad is an evil-looking, matte-black, Explorer helicopter.

Gabriel and his men walk off the bus toward the waiting helicopter. Gabriel turns back to Stanley who is standing on the stairs of the bus.

We hear the sound of hundreds of SIRENS APPROACHING.

GABRIEL
Well, Stanley, gotta fly. Take
care of that little girl. Maybe
I'll see you again one day.

STANLEY
It can't end like this. You can't
get away.

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

GABRIEL
C'mon, Stan. Everything doesn't
always end the way you think it
will.

(beat, then)
'Sides, audiences love happy
endings.

Gabriel strides away. We hear the WHINE of the EXPLORER
as it does its final POWER UP for lift off.

Stanley looks around the bus futilely for some way to
stop Gabriel. Stan can hear the cavalry about to arrive.
The Explorer slowly lifts upward.

168 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY

168

The Explorer shoots upward into the sky.

169 OMITTED

169

169A INT. BUS

169A

Stan looks around, all the hostages look back at him.
Stanley sees one of the Stinger missile launchers, broken
free of its box.

169B EXT. BUS

169B

Roberts runs onto the roof and sees Stanley who has the
STINGER to his shoulder. He hits the "on" switch and
it WHINES TO LIFE.

He sights through the scope as the EXPLORER SCREAMS away
and pulls the trigger. The MISSILE RIPS OUT of the tube
and flies toward the EXPLORER.

BOOM.

The MISSILE EXPLOSION combined with the fuel creates a
tremendous fireball.

Roberts runs and tackles Stanley to the ground. Suddenly,
SWAT GUYS dressed in full combat gear including masks that
cover their faces surround them.

They cuff them. One of them almost steps on Stanley's
face.

(CONTINUED)

169B CONTINUED:

169B

ROBERTS

I'm F.B.I....

SWAT GUY

(ignoring him)

Check the rest of the hostages,
we'll come back for them.

(CONTINUED)

169B CONTINUED:

169B

Stretchers and EMT medics run into the bus. We CRANE UP.
And see the absolute pandemonium of ambulances leaving
and police cars arriving.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

170 INT. FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT

170

We see DOCTOR MICHEALS leaning over what is left of
Gabriel's barely recognizable burned upper torso and
head. Stan and Roberts walk into the room through the
metal doors and stop at the end of the table. Dr.
Micheals nervously looks up at Stanley and steps back.
Stanley looks down at the body.

STANLEY

Are we sure this is Gabriel?

Micheals walks over to a light-board on the wall and
flicks it on. A full dental X-ray glows. Micheals hangs
another over-top of it.

DOCTOR MICHEALS

The body's dentals exactly match
the dentals the Israeli government
sent us for an ex-Mossad agent
named Gabriel Shears.

CLOSEUP ON FACE

It is indeed Gabriel a.k.a. Gabriel Shear.

WIDER

ROBERTS

It sure looks like Gabriel Shear.
What the hell was he doing in
that bank?

STANLEY

What about Ginger?

TORRES

We searched all the hospitals and
morgues but we haven't been able
to find her body yet.

STANLEY

You can't find her body?

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED:

170

TORRES

No, sir.

ROBERTS

Keep looking. Bodies just don't
fucking disappear.

Roberts' voice slowly FADES as we PUSH IN ON Stanley,
internal wheels spinning.

STANLEY

(to himself)

Disappear...

FADE TO:

1910 STOCK FOOTAGE

Houdini's favorite elephant trick going on inside Stan's
head.

INT. BIG TOP - DAY

A large crowd of people surrounds Houdini and pale-suited
assistants in front of a large elephant in the center
ring.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Houdini made an elephant disappear
in a room full of people.

His assistants pull a curtain all the way around the
elephant.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

You know how he did it?

CUT TO:

INT. CURTAIN - DAY

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Elephant suit. Filled with his
assistants.

We see his assistants jump out of the elephant and hang
the suit inside the curtains.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Assistants jump out. Blend in
with the others.

(CONTINUED)

170 CONTINUED: (2) 170

INT. BIG TOP - DAY

Houdini's assistants pull back the curtain, melding with the assistants inside, unbeknownst to the audience of course.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
Voila.

The elephant is gone. Houdini throws up his hands.

GABRIEL (V.O.)
No more elephant.

171 FLASHBACK - SWAT GUYS 171

in black urban assault gear, pushing Stan to the ground.

CUT TO:

172 OMITTED 172

173 CLOSEUP - STANLEY (PRESENT) 173

Realization sinking in.

173A INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM 173A

Ginger looks at him, holding her Glock, a wire taped between her breasts.

GINGER
I'm D.E.A., Stanley.

CLOSEUP - GINGER

GINGER
Trust me.

173B CLOSEUP - STANLEY - PRESENT

173B

GABRIEL (V.O.)
-- so advanced nowadays you could
probably pilot it from your
trailer.

CUT TO:

174 FLASHBACK - GABRIEL

174

GABRIEL
(smiling)
Misdirection...

175 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - WINE CELLAR - DAY

175

Gabriel's "face" smooshed against the glass door.

176 BACK TO ROBERTS (PRESENT)

176

Roberts looks at him inquisitively.

ANGLE ON STANLEY

As a wry Indiana Jones smirk slowly crosses his face. He slowly shakes his head.

ROBERTS

Cheer up, Stan, we got him.
You're a hero.

STANLEY

Yeah that's me. Hero.

They walk to the door and out.

ROBERTS

I was wrong about you, Stanley. I
wanted you to know that. You
know, you should take your
daughter on vacation. Relax a
little, you're lucky to be alive.

Stanley slaps Roberts on the arm and walks out.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

177 INT. CREDIT SUISSE (MONTE CARLO) - DAY

177

A WOMAN who looks surprisingly like Ginger with blonde hair and dark shades saunters into the Credit Suisse main bank in Monte Carlo.

She walks up to a desk and sits down in front of a young female BANK EXECUTIVE. Both women speak in French with SUBTITLES.

WOMAN

I would like to transfer money
between my employer's accounts.

BANK EXECUTIVE

Certainly. May I have your
employer's account number and
password, please?

The Woman slides a piece of paper across the desk as she casually lights a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

BANK EXECUTIVE
(looking at the
account number,
realizing who she is
dealing with)

Oh, of course. You realize, how
should I say, there is a
substantial amount of money in
that account.

The sexy Woman smiles.

WOMAN
That's why I'm here. My employer
doesn't like drawing attention to
himself. He likes to keep a low
profile.

The Bank Executive keys in the account numbers.

BANK EXECUTIVE
Of course. Would you feel more
comfortable dealing with the bank
president?

WOMAN
(exhaling)
Would you?

BANK EXECUTIVE
Yes...

WOMAN
Get him.

BANK EXECUTIVE
Right away. A glass of Cristal
while you... Wait a moment...

WOMAN
What?

BANK EXECUTIVE
There seems to have been a
series of large withdrawals out of
this account.

WOMAN
That's impossible.

The Woman spins around the terminal.

The Executive and the Woman look at each other in
astonishment, then both look back at the screen.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED: (2)

177

The balance now reads \$500.00.

We PUSH INTO A CLOSEUP OF the terminal. Then THROUGH it.

178 TERMINAL

178

We PUSH INTO a CLOSEUP of the terminal. Then THROUGH it. We SHOOT THROUGH the system of wires and microchips, DOWN and THROUGH T1 lines, ACROSS the world at light speed, and EXIT the computer world FROM...

179 INT. DINER - SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA - DAY

179

The screen of Stanley's laptop.

HOLLY (O.S.)
Everything okay, Dad?

Stanley, sitting at a booth, looks up from his laptop at Holly who was studying a road map of Arizona.

STANLEY
Everything's fine. Just making the
last of some charitable donations..

Stanley finishes, shuts down laptop.

STANLEY
How about you, almost done?

HOLLY
(folding up road
map)
Yep. Got it all figured out.

STANLEY
Well, let's do it.

They leave table.

EXT. DINER - SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA - DAY

They exit diner. Make their way to a new SUV with a thirty foot tricked out Airstream trailer stretched out behind it.

STANLEY
By the way, where exactly are we
going?

HOLLY
The Petrified Forest.

STANLEY
The Petrified Forest.

Stanley opens the driver side door of the SUV.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

HOLLY
Right. And I'm driving.

Holly climbs into the vehicle, as if to take the wheel.
Stanley slides in next to her.

STANLEY
Scoot over, you.

WIDE SHOT

WE CRANE UP and AWAY as the vehicle pulls out of the
desert truck stop...

HOLLY (V.O.)
Know why they call it the Petrified
Forest?

STANLEY (V.O.)
No. Why?

... and drives off down the road.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

180 EXT. CREDIT SUISSE (MONTE CARLO) - DAY

180

A MAN, whom we have not seen before but does maintain a certain "Gabriel" air about him, hiding behind shades, leans against a three-hundred-year-old column reading a newspaper.

She walks toward him and he signals for the valet.

WOMAN FROM BANK

You're not fucking gonna believe this. Stanley --

MAN

-- How much he leave?

WOMAN FROM BANK

500 bucks.

He takes the \$500 in cash from her hand and hands her the paper. They walk down to the dock, where a 50-foot off-shore cigarette boat waits, a valet standing next to it.

He hands the valet the \$500. Stepping down into the cigarette boat, he grins up at Ginger.

GINGER (WOMAN)

(steppng in next
to him)

You don't seem that upset.

MAN

Did you ever see the Maltese Falcon?

She looks at him as he CRANKS UP the CIGARETTE and backs away from the pier.

MAN

1941. Nominated for three Academy Awards, lost, but what the fuck does the Academy know anyway. John Houston's first film and probably Bogey's best.

He turns the BOAT around and POWERS out of the bay.

MAN

At the end, when they realize the bird's a fake, and all they had gone through and sacrificed was for nothing, Gutman, the bad guy in the movie, says, 'well, sir, what do you think, shall we stand here, shed tears, and call each other names, or shall we go to Istanbul?'

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

180

GINGER
Istanbul? What's in Istanbul?

MAN
The, ah, stuff dreams are made of.

GINGER
Huh?

They both smile as the CIGARETTE disappears toward the horizon.

FADE OUT.

THE END