

# SEARCH ENGINE

by

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SEARCH ENGINE

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM COMPUTER LAB, 2013 -- DAY

JOSE, TOMMY, DAMIEN, CORTNEY, MICHELLE, all college students around 21 to 22 years old sit in the computer lab, which is empty, other than their presence.

TOMMY

(frustrated)

Okay, so we only have two more weeks before we have to submit.

MICHELLE

(combative)

Got it. You've pointed that out ten times, tonight alone.

TOMMY

Well. We do.

MICHELLE

(annoyed)

Once again. Got it, but I still think we should include the redundant sub-routine. It won't only provide another layer of validation for any results discovered, but it'll provide added security, increasing its market viability.

The others simply watch Tommy and Michelle debate the pros and cons of Michelle's proposal.

TOMMY

I understand that, but we don't have the time to devote to the coding your proposal would require.

MICHELLE

It won't take as much time as you're implying. I have the algorithm figured out and the logic. I just need to coordinate with you guys on including it in the program.

Tommy's expression tells Michelle that he is not convinced.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Look. I'm not asking for anyone here to stop debugging their code. I'm not going to stop, but I can continue to do that and finish this routine. All I'm asking for is that you guys coordinate with me, when necessary.

Jose simply shakes his head in frustration before burying it in his hands.

Michelle stands and suppresses the scream she feels welling up inside.

Jose stands and puts his hand on her shoulder.

JOSE

Okay. Let's all tone it down a notch. Both of you have valid points, but neither wants to concede theirs. Why don't we take some time, get some air, something to drink and maybe some food.

DAMIEN

That might work, but how about we get a snapshot of where everyone stands first.

(beat)

Just to give us an idea which way the group is leaning.

Jose looks at Michelle, who reluctantly agrees.

JOSE

Okay, so who's opposed to implementing Michelle's subroutine?

Tommy immediately raises his hand.

Damien raises his hand as well.

Cortney raises her hand with an apologetic expression, as she finds it difficult to look at Michelle.

Michelle face expresses her belief that she has been betrayed by Cortney. Michelle looks at Jose.

Jose's expression is one of doubt.

Michelle gets angry, as she gathers up her backpack and starts heading out of the computer lab.

Most of the others shrug, but Jose follows her to the door.

Before Michelle reaches the door, Jose stops her.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Listen. I might not be in agreement, but that's only because I don't think we can do it and make the program fully functional. That's what everyone's afraid of.

MICHELLE

But, that's not true and I can prove it.

JOSE

Well then. You should.

MICHELLE

I can't, right now.

Jose's face expresses his reservations.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

But, I could, with your help.

JOSE

There's the problem. You just said it wouldn't require any of us taking any time from debugging.

MICHELLE

I know, and it won't. I just need a couple hours.

Jose reluctantly makes his next statement.

JOSE

I'll tell you what. I'm getting hungry. How about I hear what they have to say and then meet you at Shuckers for lunch to see what you have so far?

MICHELLE

That's fine, but I have some errands to run all day. Can we meet there for dinner?

Jose turns around and addresses the rest of the group.

JOSE

Okay. Michelle's gotta go, so why don't we pick this up tomorrow?

CORTNEY

That works for me. I'm starving.

TOMMY

Me too.

DAMIEN

Yeah. That's fine. Besides, I have a class in an hour.

Jose looks at Michelle.

JOSE  
Settled. You'll have my undivided  
attention tonight.

Everyone gathers their things as they all leave.

Michelle leaves.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Where are you guys going?

DAMIEN  
How about Hoolies?

INT. EMPTY COLLEGE CLASSROOM COMPUTER LAB, 2013 -- DUSK

Jose, Damien, Tommy and Courtney are the only people in the computer lab. Each one of them is working furiously on computer code.

Jose looks at each one of them, as if he wants to say something.

None of the others notice Jose's periodic glances.

JOSE  
Guys, can I talk to you for a minutes?

CORTNEY  
Sure. Give me a second.

DAMIEN  
Yeah, hold on.

Damien starts typing faster.

Tommy does not respond, as he types furiously.

Jose waits for the others to finish what they are working on.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)  
Give me another few minutes.

CORTNEY  
Me too.

Tommy still says nothing.

Jose looks at his computer before digging his cell phone out of his pocket to check his messages.

ANGLE ON CELL PHONE

Michelle's contact information is displayed. Michelle's phone number is displayed with several unanswered outgoing attempts.

As Jose is about to hit the dial button, he is interrupted.

BACK TO SCENE

Cortney is standing over Jose, looking at his monitor, reading the code displayed.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)  
Are you having a problem with this  
loop?

Cortney squints and points at Jose's screen.

Jose is caught off guard by Cortney's proximity. His eyes snap up from his phone and focus on the portion of the code at which Cortney is pointing.

JOSE  
Uh, yeah, but that's not what I wanted  
to talk about.

Cortney ignores Jose and starts to show concern over what she is looking at on the screen.

CORTNEY  
(almost to herself)  
That's not good.  
(beat)  
Damien. Tommy. Look at this.

DAMIEN  
Okay. Give me just one more minute.

Damien types even faster and after a few seconds joins Jose Cortney in scrutinizing Jose's code.

CORTNEY  
Look at this recursive loop,  
especially right here.

DAMIEN  
Oh. Yeah that's infinite.

Eventually Jose closes his laptop.

JOSE  
Look. I got that.

Cortney and Damien look doubtful.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
I got it.  
(beat)  
That's not what I wanted to talk to  
you guys about.

Jose gets up and walks over to Tommy, who is now wearing earphones. Jose waves to get Tommy's attention.

Eventually Tommy looks away from his monitor and pulls the earphones from his ears.

TOMMY

What's up?

Cortney and Damien are trying to open Jose's laptop.

JOSE

Guys, can you all come here?

Cortney and Damien join Jose at Tommy's computer.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Okay. I know you guys don't think much of Michelle's coding skills. .

DAMIEN

Oh, no. She's a great coder.

CORTNEY

Yeah. Great.

Tommy doesn't even try to protest Jose's claim.

JOSE

Okay. Whatever. But, let me remind you that this program was her idea for our senior project. So, while she may not be as proficient as you guys, she's kind of like the Steve Jobs of our group.

Everyone frowns at Jose's suggestion.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Apple needed Jobs, but I'm certain there were plenty of people who could code better than him.

None of the others try to deny this claim.

JOSE (CONT'D)

What was your idea Damien? A better version of the "YO" app?

Damien looks embarrassed.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Cortney? How's the crowd funding going for virtual nails?

Cortney thinks to protest Jose's question, but bites her tongue and her nails instead.

Before Jose can say anything about Tommy's idea, Tommy speaks up.

TOMMY

Okay. What's your point?

Damien and Cortney look at one another, upset that Jose didn't get to point out Tommy's failed idea.

JOSE

My point is that my girlfriend saved all of our asses with this idea and you guys thank her by knocking her others ideas.

TOMMY

We didn't knock them. We had a debate about them and voted against them.

JOSE

If that is all you had done, I wouldn't have a problem. That would have been fine, but you guys attacked her like she was an idiot for suggesting them, especially this last one.

Tommy tries to interrupt, but Jose keeps talking.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Which actually has the potential to transform this from a good program to a great one.

The others think for a second.

TOMMY

Maybe, but there's just no time.

CORTNEY

Especially now.

The three men look at Cortney inquisitively.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

The infinite loop.

Damien nods.

Tommy looks confused.

TOMMY

What?

Jose looks at Cortney as if she has betrayed him.



CORTNEY

(to Jose)

What? If we don't figure out a way to get it out of your code, we won't even be presenting a proof of concept.

TOMMY

What?

Tommy gets up and walks to Jose's computer. Tommy opens it and stares at the screen for several moments. As he does, Jose, Cortney and Damien stand behind him.

Jose looks at his phone again, then taps Cortney on the shoulder.

Cortney ignores the first tap, but turns on the second.

CORTNEY

What?

JOSE

Have you heard from Michelle?

CORTNEY

No.

Cortney turns back to the screen.

TOMMY

No. I don't see how this line could be taken out without rendering this whole routine useless.

JOSE

What?

Jose leans over Tommy's shoulder.

JOSE (CONT'D)

What are you talking about. All I need to do is . . .

Jose goes speechless when he realizes that Tommy is correct.

All four of them are speechless, as they continue to stare at the monitor.

TOMMY

FUCK!

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM COMPUTER LAB, 2013 -- DAY

Tommy is wrapping up a presentation for the group's instructor, PROFESSOR REISCH.

Michelle, Courtney, Jose and Damien all look anxious, as their spokesperson Tommy holds their fate in his hands.

TOMMY

So, we were able to prove it theoretically, but in practice, the loop presented a paradox that we could not overcome.

Professor Reisch is about to speak, when Tommy blurts out his next claim.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

But, we believe that, with more time, the offending sub-routine could've been replaced or worked around, providing predictive capabilities yet to be seen thus far.

REISCH

So, is all of this code written?

TOMMY

Yes sir. We can show it to you now, if you'd like.

REISCH

Later.

There is an awkward silence.

REISCH (CONT'D)

Is there anything else?

TOMMY

Oh, no.

Professor Reisch writes down some notes and then looks back at Tommy.

REISCH

Thank you. Can you send in the next group please?

Tommy and the others gather up their things and start heading out.

REISCH (CONT'D)

Eh, Tommy?

Tommy turns.

REISCH (CONT'D)

Can you tell the next group to wait five minutes then come in?

TOMMY  
Sure professor.

REISCH  
Damien? Can I speak to you for a  
minute?

Damien walks back to the professor.

DAMIEN  
Yes, professor Reisch?

The others keep their eyes on Damien and the Professor until they exit.

After the door closes behind the others, Professor Reisch speaks.

REISCH  
I'm a little disappointed by what I  
just witness.

DAMIEN  
I know. We just couldn't figure out  
a way to work around it or replace  
it.

REISCH  
Oh. I'm certain you would have. That's  
why I asked you to stay.

INT. BAR ONE, 2013 -- NIGHT

Tommy, Courtney, Michelle and Jose sit at a table, looking depressed as they drink their drinks.

Damien enters the bar, sits down and fills the empty mug from the pitcher at the table. He has a big smile on his face.

Tommy notices Damien's grin first.

TOMMY  
(annoyed)  
What did Reisch want with you?

DAMIEN  
He wanted to offer a teaching  
assistant position.

JOSE  
What? Even with a failed project?

Damien's smile broadens.

DAMIEN

Even with. . .

(beat)

He said he had confidence that we could have figured out the loop.

TOMMY

(hopeless)

That's great. What did he say about our grades.

DAMIEN

Oh, we all got A's.

Everyone looks up, as they all smile broadly.

DAMIEN (CONT'D)

That's why I got here so late. I showed him the program. I compiled it for him.

MICHELLE

But the loop?

DAMIEN

I compiled everything up to the loop, showed him the results of that, altered it to reflect what the loop is supposed to change and then ran that result through the other portion of the program.

CORTNEY

And, he accepted that?

DAMIEN

Yes. Well, with the caveat that I figure out the loop, as his T.A..

TOMMY

That's awesome! Here's to graduating!

Tommy holds his glass up and the rest follow his lead, as they clank their mugs together and drink deeply.

JOSE

This news couldn't have come at a better time.

Cortney, Tommy and Damien look confused.

Michelle shakes her head at Jose.

Jose ignores Michelle's gesture.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Cause our Michelle has already been offered a job.

Cortney and Damien are happily surprised.

Tommy is dumbfounded.

TOMMY  
Oh yeah. What? A tech startup or something?

JOSE  
No. It's a government agency.

Tommy nods knowingly, which Michelle understands to be a criticism. Tommy starts drinking from his mug.

Michelle ignores Tommy, as Jose continues.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
My girl will be working with DARPA.

Michelle smiles as Tommy freezes from Jose's news, before putting his mug down.

TOMMY  
The DARPA?

JOSE  
Yes. The Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency sent an offer to my girl.

Cortney hugs Michelle

CORTNEY  
Congratulations! That's so exciting, but scary as well. The security clearances and all.

MICHELLE  
I know, but that was my goal in all of this.

CORTNEY  
Isn't that where you wanted to go after school Tommy?

TOMMY  
No.

The others look confused.

CORTNEY  
Yes it is. You. . .

TOMMY

Not anymore. I think I'd rather go  
into the private sector.

Everyone shrugs

CORTNEY

Okay. Who's up for pool.

The others leave Tommy to his jealousy.

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, JOSE'S OFFICE, 2018 -- DAY

Jose, now 27 years old, sits in his office, writing out the agenda for a meeting when the alarm on his cell phone starts to ring. Jose silences the cell phone and finishes the last comments he was writing. When he's finished, he gets up, grabs the note pad he was writing on and exits his office.

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

TIM, a young professional and other employees sit around a conference table.

SHEILA, a very pretty 25 year old woman, who downplays her beauty with little makeup and basic clothing is the newest employee of Epicenter software. She sits alone at one end of the table.

The other people at the table try to glance at Sheila without being conspicuous about their curiosity.

Jose enters and notices that Sheila is sitting by herself. Though there is a seat at the head of the table, Jose sets his things on the table, next to Sheila. Jose smiles at Sheila.

Sheila smiles back.

JOSE

Good morning everyone. Have you all  
met Sheila Barns?

The others murmur, making it obvious that none of them have even tried to talk to her.

Jose is disappointed in their lack of initiative.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Well. Sheila is the newest hire of the Epi-Center. She's a recent graduate of the Master's program at FIU. Not only is she one hell of a coder, but she is also a futurist and a fellow Jacques Fresco fan.

TIM

Who?

Jose looks disappointed by Tim's ignorance.

JOSE

Anyway. As I said, Sheila will be joining us as our newest coding wizard, but more importantly, as head of our new  
 (emphasizing towards Tim)  
 Futurist division.

Tim looks mentally diminished.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Simply put, the Futurist division will be in charge of thinking ahead. I don't want us to compete with our current competitor's or their short term ideas.

(beat)

Well, I do, but I want to them compete, or more accurately fail to compete with our future ideas.

Jose's voice gets louder and stronger as he tries to get this inner circle excited about his undivulged plans.

JOSE (CONT'D)

I want them constantly playing catch up in the future. And more importantly, I want the constantly trying to catch up to our innovations. Innovations I hope will serve to advance humanity

(beat)

And the World.

Everyone claps as Tim moves to stand up, only to slump back into his seat when he realizes no one else is standing.

Jose feels sorry for Tim.

JOSE (CONT'D)

That's the spirit Tim.

Tim smiles.

JOSE (CONT'D)

So, without any further delay. I give you Sheila.

Sheila stands up.

Jose sits down.

SHEILA

What a rousing introduction, One that I have every intention of living up to. To do this, I may call on each you for assistance from time to time. I'm not talking about confiscating you or any of your team members for any significant amounts of time, especially if you can't spare the time or manpower. And to help you determine the feasibility of any request I make, I will accompany each with a scope and budget. . .

Though Jose smiles and looks at Sheila attentively, his mind is wandering to the past.

FLASHBACK

Replay scene of Jose talking to Tommy, Damien, Cortney in SCENE 2, middle of page six.

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM COMPUTER LAB, 2013 -- DUSK

Tommy doesn't even try to protest Jose's claim.

JOSE

Okay. Whatever. But, let me remind you that this program was her idea for our senior project. So, while she may not be as proficient as you guys, she's kind of like the Steve Jobs of our group.

Everyone frowns at Jose's suggestion.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Apple needed Jobs, but I'm certain there were plenty of people who could code better than him.

None of the others try to deny this claim.

BACK TO SCENE

SHEILA

So, with that, I'd like to thank you all in advance for your assistance in making the Epi-Center a leader in software solutions now and in the future.

The other employees clap.

Jose joins in on the applause and smiles at Sheila who is smile back at him.



Everyone, gets up and gathers their stuff.

While all of the others leave, Sheila and Jose remain.

JOSE

Are you hungry? Let's go get something to eat.

Sheila nods.

INT. RESTAURANT ONE -- AFTERNOON

Jose and Sheila are eating the last of their food.

JOSE

So, I just wanted to reiterate how excited I am to have you join our team.

SHEILA

No. Please. I'm obviously the one who should be grateful, and not just because you're paying me handsomely, but because of the opportunity the Epi-Center presents.

Jose finishes eating, not to gloat, but to hear where Sheila is going with the conversation.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I mean, you could'a rested on your laurels with the contracts you acquired to put 'Follow Me' in almost all makes and models of the major car companies.

Jose smiles at this accomplishment.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

But, you've decided to get behind humane tech. I've been trying to push this idea for years and most ignored me.

(beat)

Some even laughed in my face.

JOSE

Well, most corporations have given up on the idea that they are part of the community. That's why I stayed away from corporate funding.

Sheila smiles.

SHEILA

And that.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 That decision alone indicates a  
 forethought that most companies or  
 CEO's don't possess today.

Jose shrugs humbly, as the waiter picks up their empty plates.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 So. Wanna hear more about Heads Up?

Jose gestures for the check, as the waiter walks away. Jose  
 then looks at Sheila, and gestures for her to proceed.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 Well. . .

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, JOSE'S OFFICE -- LATER

Jose is typing on his computer when his land line phone rings.  
 For no specific reason, he feels uneasy about the call. Jose  
 takes a long, deep breath before engaging the speaker phone.

JOSE  
 Hello?

There is silence.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

Upon Jose's second query, a voice he hasn't heard in five  
 years comes through the receiver.

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
 Jose?

JOSE  
 Yes. Courtney?

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
 Have you heard?

JOSE  
 Heard what?

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
 Tommy's dead.

JOSE  
 Tommy? What happened?

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
 No one really knows.

JOSE  
 What? What does that mean?

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Well, the coroner said it was suicide, which might have sounded reasonable until today.

JOSE

Why? What happened today?

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Damien's body was found and his death sounds eerily similar to Tommy's.

JOSE

Was an autopsy done?

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Not yet, but there's supposed to be one.

JOSE

How do you know that or about Tommy's.

CORTNEY (V.O.)

I've kept in touch with all three of you guys.

Jose slumps in his chair.

JOSE

Oh.

CORTNEY (V.O.)

And Tommy's mother called me to tell me about his passing and how she didn't believe he would've taken his life.

JOSE

Why? Wasn't he going through some really bad stuff?

CORTNEY (V.O.)

No. I mean he was, but he had gotten through all of that and was really happy. I saw that myself and his mother told me how excited he was the day he died. She said he'd just landed a job with a small firm, debugging beta tests.

JOSE

Yeah, he loved that.

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Right. So, his mother couldn't understand why they said he had killed himself.

JOSE

And Damien?

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Same thing. Damien was happy. He was almost always happy, so when I called to tell him about Tommy, only to hear that he'd killed himself as well, I knew something was wrong. Damien was on the verge of resolving our infinite loop issue.

Jose's eyes narrow, as he stares at the phone.

JOSE

You mean, for our senior . . .

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Yes. He was just about to make the biggest breakthrough of his career. Why would he take his life now?

JOSE

Are you sure? Maybe he'd hit another wall.

CORTNEY (V.O.)

No. Even if he had, it never consumed him like that.

JOSE

So? Is there an investigation or anything?

CORTNEY (V.O.)

I don't know. I haven't heard anything, but it all sounds fishy. That's why I called to check on you. Has anything strange happened recently. Any unusual changes or anything?

Jose looks out of his office at Sheila who is walking by at that moment. Jose smiles and returns her wave.

JOSE

No. Not anything I've noticed.

CORTNEY (V.O.)

Look. I don't know your schedule these days, but Tommy's funeral is set for this weekend.

Jose says nothing.

CORTNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I, I'm going and it would be nice to  
see a familiar face.

Jose is half listening, but snaps out of his memories.

JOSE  
Yes. Of course. I'll see you there.  
Can you send me the information?

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
I already did. Check your email.  
I'll see you there. Bye.

JOSE  
Bye.

No sooner has Jose hung up the phone than he goes on the Internet to book an airplane ticket. Jose then looks up Damien and discovers that Cortney was correct. So engulfed by what he is reading Jose is caught off guard bay knock on his door.

Finishing the last sentence he's reading, Jose looks at the door.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Come in.

Sheila opens the door.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Hey Sheila. How can I help you?

SHEILA  
Sorry to disturb you, but . . .

Jose interrupts.

JOSE  
Sheila. Sorry, but can I ask you  
something?

SHEILA  
Yeah, sure.

JOSE  
Well. I just got some bad news.

SHEILA  
I'm sorry.

JOSE  
Yeah, a couple friends of mine  
committed suicide.

Sheila's eyes widen.

SHEILA

Oh God. I'm so sorry.

JOSE

Thank you, but what I wanted. . .

Jose pauses to consider his next words.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Let me read something to you.

Jose looks back at the computer screen, as he starts to read.

JOSE (CONT'D)

In an interview for Coders Weekly Doctor Reed intimated that he was on the verge eliminating an issue that has plagued a software he claims will revolutionize Internet searches. The Doctor could barely contain his excitement as, on several occasions, he had to stop himself, presumably from revealing too much too soon.

Jose looks at Sheila, who is not quite sure what to make of what she has just been read.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Would you think that the person described in this article would take his own life?

Sheila understands and offers her opinion.

SHEILA

From that excerpt, no, but who knows what else your friend was dealing with in his life.

Jose acknowledges that Sheila has a valid point.

JOSE

Well, none of his family and friends seem to think there were any extenuating circumstance, no financial burdens, bad relationships . . .

Jose's voice trails off and Sheila speaks to feel the void left by his silence.

SHEILA

Given all of that, I would say he or she had the world in the palm of their hands.

JOSE  
(absentmindedly)  
Right?

There is another awkward silence.

SHEILA  
You know. This can wait.

Sheila says holding up the papers in her hand.

Jose is looking at his desk, then looks back at Sheila and holds up his hand.

JOSE  
Yes. Please. Give me a minute or two. I'll come to your office.

SHEILA  
Take your time.

Sheila leaves, without hearing Jose's last words.

JOSE  
Thank you.

Jose turns back to the monitor.

EXT. CEMETERY -- DAY

There are mourners, though not that many, attending Tommy's burial. There is a slight drizzle.

Jose and Cortney who is now 26 years old, stands amongst the other mourners.

The priest is saying his final words, as the coffin is lowered into the ground.

Everyone glances one last time at the coffin.

Most disperse, but Tommy's mother remains, weeping quietly.

Jose walks away, while Cortney stays behind to comfort Tommy's mother.

Once Cortney has ushered Tommy's mother to the limousine waiting for her, she rushes over to Jose's vehicle, jogging to get out of the rain, which starts to pour harder.

INT. JOSE'S RENTAL CAR -- LATER

Jose watches as Cortney approaches and unlocks the door for her.

Cortney enters the car.

JOSE

So. Tommy's mother isn't handling all of this too well.

CORTNEY

No. She's more convinced than ever that Tommy's death was murder.

JOSE

Does she know about Damien?

CORTNEY

Yes. I told her.

JOSE

You think that was necessary?

CORTNEY

Yes. I didn't want her believing her son killed himself, if he didn't.

Jose chooses not to argue the point.

JOSE

So, tell me. Why do you have your doubts? Is there anything other than the similar circumstances surrounding their death?

Cortney turns her body more towards Jose.

CORTNEY

(low voice)

Yes. There are. A few weeks before Tommy's death, Damien told me that Tommy believed he was being followed. He said Tommy didn't know who or why, but he kept seeing the same car around his place.

Jose tries to speak, but Cortney keeps going.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

And, before you say he could have simply been paranoid, Tommy got the licence plate number off that car, had his friend, a cop, check into it.

Cortney pauses and builds suspense.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

It didn't seem to be registered to anyone. Damien said Tommy told him that the car had D.C. plates and after Tommy's cop ran them, the car stopped showing up.



JOSE

Maybe it was someone on vacation.

CORTNEY

According to Tommy, it showed up for months. Vacationers is out.

JOSE

Not really.

CORTNEY

(offended)

Well, I think both of them were murdered.

JOSE

So, what are you doing with this information?

CORTNEY

I'm keeping it a secret for now, but I don't think I can drop it. The more I find out, the less it feels like suicide.

Jose's interest in Cortney's theory starts to wane. He starts the car and starts to drive for the cemetery exit.

JOSE

Back to your hotel?

Cortney is a little put off by Jose's deflection.

CORTNEY

Yes.

There is an awkward silence, as Jose exits the cemetery.

INT. JOSE'S RENTAL CAR -- LATER

Jose is driving. The music on the radio is so low, as to be inaudible. It is apparent that there has been silence for the majority of the ride, since they left the cemetery.

JOSE

So. Have you heard from Michelle?

CORTNEY

I would've thought you had.

JOSE

No. After we broke up, neither of us really tried to stay in touch. Did you?

CORTNEY

For a while, but not lately. I have her number, if you wanna call her.

Before Jose can answer, Cortney has already texted Michelle's number to him. Jose's phone chimes, indicating Cortney's text has arrived.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

You should call her.

Jose says nothing, as he pulls up to Cortney's hotel.

Cortney hugs Jose tightly

INT. RENTAL CAR AGENCY -- LATER

Jose stands in front of a RENTAL CAR AGENT.

The agent is typing on the computer.

Jose's phone, which lay on the counter between the two of them, rings. Jose looks at his phone.

INSERT

Phone screen displays the name Cortney Dubois.

BACK TO SCENE

Jose looks back at the Rental Car Agent.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

Very well Mister Gautier. Your vehicle confirmation has been sent to your phone. You should get a notification shortly.

The notification chimes on Jose's phone.

Jose looks at the screen again and smiles at the agent.

RENTAL CAR AGENT (CONT'D)

There you go.

Will there be anything else?

JOSE

No. Thank you.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

No problem Mr. Gautier. Have a safe flight.

JOSE

Thank you.

Jose leaves the rental agency.

INT. AIRPLANE -- LATER

Jose has settled into his seat, and waits for the rest of the passengers to sit down. He pulls his phone out to turn it off, but pauses. Instead of shutting it off, Jose hits the re-dial button and waits for Cortney to answer. The phone rings on Cortney's end of the line then goes to voice mail.

CORTNEY (V.O.)

You've reached Cortney's phone. Please leave a message at the beep.

A beep is heard.

Jose hangs up and re-dials Cortney's number again. He gets Cortney's answering service again.

Cortney's message plays again and the beep is heard again.

JOSE

Uh, Cortney. I'm returning your call. My flight is supposed to land at nine O'clock tonight. You can call me then if you want.

INT. JOSE'S HOME -- NIGHT

Jose enters his bedroom and sets his overnight travel kit on the dresser and his garment bag on the back of a chair. He changes his clothes in preparation for bed. Sitting on the bed, Jose checks his phone again. This time Cortney's voice message plays immediately (as if her phone is turned off) followed by the beep.

JOSE

Just me again. Call me back when you can.

Jose then notices that he has notifications of missed messages. Jose checks those notifications and plays his messages, as he holds the phone to his ear. The message can be heard, but is inaudible until Jose enables the speaker phone.

SHEILA (V.O.)

. . . so call me at your first opportunity.

Jose hits a button and sets the phone on the table.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE VOICE (V.O.)

Message saved.

Jose gets up and heads to his bathroom.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Next message. Today. Six P.M..

Jose starts brushing his teeth, as a message from Cortney starts.

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
(worried)  
Jose. Call me when you get this message. I think I'm getting close to something.  
(beat)  
I think I'm being followed.

Jose pops his head back into the bedroom. His lips are covered with the foam of toothpaste.

CORTNEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Call me, as soon as you get this message. I'm flying out to see you. My flight is American Airlines 2159.

Jose goes back into the bathroom

AUTOMATED MESSAGE VOICE (V.O.)  
Press one to replay this message,  
two to save it, nine to delete it.

Jose spits out the toothpaste and rinses his mouth.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Press one to replay this message,  
two to save it, nine to delete it.

Jose re-enters the bedroom and sits on the bed, before hitting a button on his phone.

Cortney's message plays again.

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
Jose. Call me when you get this message. I think I'm getting close to something.  
(beat)  
I think I'm being followed.  
(couple beats)  
Call me, as soon as you get this message. I'm flying out to see you. My flight is American Airlines 2159.

Jose ponders Cortney's message, before hitting a button on his phone.

AUTOMATED MESSAGE VOICE (V.O.)  
Message saved.

Jose calls Cortney's phone back and immediately gets her voice mail.

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
You've reached Cortney's phone. . .

Jose pushes a button on his phone, silencing it.

Jose contemplates why Cortney's phone would go straight to email. He then picks up his phone and types a note to call James Blackwell the following night, if he hasn't heard from Cortney by then.

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, JOSE'S OFFICE -- DUSK

The Sun is setting outside Jose's window.

Jose is working on the computer. He stops what he's doing and checks his watch. He pulls out his cell phone and checks it before setting it on his desk. He dials a number, puts it on speaker phone and continues typing.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
Welcome to flight aware. If you know your flight number, please enter it now.

Jose pauses and types the flight number into his phone.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Flight 2159. If that flight number is for . . .  
(beat)  
American Airlines, please press one.  
If that . . .

Jose presses the number one on his phone.

AUTOMATED VOICE (CONT'D)  
American Airlines flight 2159 landed on time at Miami International Airport at 3:35 p.m. If there are any other  
. . .

Jose hits a button on the phone and it goes silent. He then dials another number and gets Cortney's answering machine again.

CORTNEY (V.O.)  
You've reached . . .

Jose hangs up again and dials another number.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Hello?

JOSE

Hello Mister Blackwell. It's Jose  
Gautier.

JAMES (V.O.)

Hello Mister Gautier. How are you?

JOSE

I'm fine.

JAMES (V.O.)

How's Sheila working out?

JOSE

(impatient)

She's working out fine. That's not  
what I'm calling you about.

JAMES (V.O.)

Glad to hear it, because I vetted  
her about as thoroughly as . . .

JOSE

No. No. She's working out just fine.  
I'm actually calling about a personal  
matter.

JAMES (V.O.)

Ok.

Jose is silent for a few seconds, then.

JOSE

And, I'd rather discuss it in person.  
Can we meet somewhere tonight?

JAMES (V.O.)

I'm sorry, but I can't tonight. I'm  
following up on a lead right now.  
How about tomorrow morning?

JOSE

Ok. That's fine.

JAMES (V.O.)

Great. I'll come to your office.

JOSE

(abrupt)

No. I don't want to meet here. Do  
you know where Michael's diner is?  
On Biscayne and 73rd.

JAMES (V.O.)

No, but I can look it up.

JOSE  
Ok. How's 8 o'clock tomorrow morning?

JAMES (V.O.)  
That's fine.

JOSE  
Okay, I'll see you then. Bye.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Bye.

Jose hangs up the phone and notices a shadow moving outside his office in the fading light of the Sun. It is late and since he believes that everyone has gone home, Jose quietly moves to the door. Slowly, he opens it and peers out to see who it is. Jose grabs an umbrella behind the door.

JOSE  
Hey!

The shadowy figure jumps and a woman screams at being startled. Turning, the woman walks towards Jose. When the woman is close enough, Jose realizes that it is his newest hire, Sheila.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hey.

SHEILA  
Hi. You scared the crap out of me.

JOSE  
Sorry. I thought everyone had gone home.

SHEILA  
No problem. I thought everyone had left too.  
(beat)  
What are you doing here?

JOSE  
I was waiting for a friend.  
(beat)  
What are you doing here?

SHEILA  
Trying to impress my boss.

Jose smiles and Sheila returns his smile.

There is an awkward silence then Sheila speaks.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Okay then. I'm gonna head on out.

Jose nods.

JOSE

Good idea. I'm gonna hang out for a little while.

SHEILA

Okay. Good night.

JOSE

Night.

Jose starts heading back towards his office.

Sheila watches him for a moment until Jose turns to see her staring at him. She abruptly turns and heads for the elevator.

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, ELEVATOR BANK -- MOMENTS LATER

Sheila awaits the elevator.

When the elevator doors open, two MEN IN BLACK stand inside.

Sheila is startled by the men and takes a moment to catch her breath.

SHEILA

Whew. You scared me.

The Men in Black exit the elevator and wait for Sheila to compose herself. They face Sheila and one of the men questions her, while the other keeps the elevator doors from closing.

MAN IN BLACK ONE

Excuse me Miss. Can you tell us where we can find Jose Gautier's office?

Sheila catches her breath then answers the question.

SHEILA

Uh, yeah. Oh, you must be the friends he's waiting for.

The man standing before Sheila is slow in nodding yes and Sheila notices this, but says nothing and does not react to it. Sheila then lies about the location of Jose's office.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

His office is around the corner, past the cubicles and into the next hallway.

Sheila steps into the elevator, attempting to get a better look at the man holding the doors open for her. This man tilts his head, so she can't get a good look.



The Men in Black head in the direction Sheila indicated, as the elevators doors close.

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, CUBICLE SPACE THAT LEADS TO JOSE'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

The Men in Black round the corner, both of them have drawn their guns, as they creep through the office.

MAN IN BLACK ONE  
Mister Gautier?

There is no answer.

MAN IN BLACK ONE (CONT'D)  
(louder)  
Mister Gautier?

Still no answer, but the sound of a hand dryer can be heard coming from the men's bathroom.

The Men in Black head towards the men's bathroom and wait.

Jose exits the bathroom and freezes when he sees the Men in Black aiming their weapons at him.

MAN IN BLACK ONE (CONT'D)  
Jose Gautier? You'll have to come  
with us.

JOSE  
Who are you?

Neither of the men offer an answer, but both start to move towards him.

Jose starts to back away, when he hears the sounds of two silencer gunshots.

Both Men in Black crumple to the floor immediately.

Though the gunshots were muffled, Jose understands what has just happened, so he ducks down, fearing the worse.

As a third figure moves through the shadows, Jose finds himself face to face with Sheila for the second time of the night.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Sheila? What the hell did you do?!

Sheila ignores Jose's question as she checks the vital signs of the men and confirms that they are both dead. She then looks at Jose.

SHEILA  
I just saved your life.

JOSE

What? Wh, wh. What are you talking about?

SHEILA

They were here to kill you.

JOSE

How do you know that? If they wanted to kill me, why didn't they just shoot me?

SHEILA

Because, it has to look like a suicide or an accident.

(beat)

Like your friends. Suicides raise fewer questions.

JOSE

Wait. How do you know . . .

Sheila puts her finger to her lips gesturing Jose to be silent.

Jose stops talking.

SHEILA

(whispering)

This is not over yet. They're friends are looking for you. Come with me.

Sheila grabs Jose's arm and pulls him towards the stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Another Man in Black stands just behind the door. He is checking his watch, when the door swings open and hits him.

As this third Man in Black struggles to recover and draws his gun, Sheila kicks him in his chest, sending him tumbling down the stairs. This third Man in Black's gun flies out of his hand and falls down through the hole surrounding the stairwell. The third Man in Black stops his descent and lunges for Sheila who shoots and kills him.

Sheila looks down the hole that the staircase surrounds, as the third Man in Black's gun clangs as it hits walls, railings, as it falls. Below their position, Sheila sees two heads pop into the open space and determines what floors the nearest of these two Men in Black is on.

SHEILA

Damn!

JOSE

What?

Jose looks over the railing, but the heads are no longer there.

SHEILA  
(to herself)  
It's never easy.  
(to Jose)  
Let's go.

JOSE  
Go?  
(beat)  
Where?

SHEILA  
Down.

JOSE  
What's never easy?

Sheila grabs Jose's hand again, as they start to run down the stairs.

After running down a few flights of stairs, Sheila pulls Jose through a door, out of the stairwell.

A moment later another the fourth Man in Black runs up to the landing where Sheila and Jose wait just on the other side of the door. As this fourth Man in Black hits the landing, Sheila opens the door, causing this fourth Man in Black's face to smash right into edge of the door.

As this fourth Man in Black stumbles back towards the stairs, Sheila grabs him by the collar of his jacket, keeping him just off balance.

A moment later, a fifth Man in Black rounds the stairs just below the landing on which Sheila, Jose and the fourth Man in Black stand.

Sheila lets th fourth Man in Black go and watches as he falls towards his approaching companion.

This fifth Man in Black has his gun drawn and starts shooting as his colleagues fall towards him.

Using the fourth Man in Black as a shield, Sheila leaps towards the two men, causing both to slam into the wall and the fifth Man in Black to drop his gun.

Though stunned from the impact, the fifth Man in Black recovers enough to get his colleague's dead body out of the way, as the fifth Man in Black launches an attack against Sheila.

While Sheila and the fifth Man in Black fight, Jose grabs the gun dropped by the fifth Man in Black.

Unfamiliar with guns Jose holds it awkwardly.

Sheila prevails in the fight with the fifth Man in Black, but doesn't realize a sixth Man in Black is raising his gun to target her back.

Jose fires the gun in his hand, hitting this sixth Man in Black.

Sheila turns and finishes what Jose's bullet has started, killing the sixth Man in Black of this night by twisting his head and breaking his neck..

The sound of a stairwell door opening a few floors above urges the pair to keep moving.

Jose drops the gun and Sheila scoops it up without missing a step.

Sheila doesn't have to grab Jose's arm this time, as he is already running down the stairs ahead of her.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
What the hell is going on?

SHEILA  
Not now. If you survive this, I'll explain it later.

JOSE  
Survive this?

Jose pauses for brief moment, allowing Sheila to pass by him.

When Sheila and Jose get to another landing, Sheila pops her head out to peer up the stairwell.

A seventh Man in Black peers down at her.

Both Sheila and seventh Man in Black fire their weapons, as Sheila pulls her head back to safety.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
You think you got h. . .

Jose's sentence trails off, as the seventh Man in Black falls past them.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
Nevermind.

SHEILA  
Let's go.

The pair finish their descent, stepping over the over the crumpled body of the seventh Man in Black.

INT. JOSE'S BUSINESS, PARKING GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila and Jose burst through the door as Sheila directs Jose towards her car, which is an average economy car that looks very slow.

Jose stops running, when he sees the car that Sheila wants to use to make their escape.

JOSE  
What's this?

SHEILA  
What?

Sheila sees that Jose is pointing at her slow looking car.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
That's all they had at the rental agency.

JOSE  
Why didn't you tell them you were a super assassin? I'm sure they would've upgraded you.

SHEILA  
No one believes me when I tell them that. Now. Let's go.

JOSE  
We should take my car. Can you drive a stick?

Sheila opens her car and pulls out a big duffle bag, before closing it again and following Jose.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ENTRANCE -- MOMENTS LATER

The sound of gunshots and squealing tires can be heard emanating from the garage. Suddenly, the headlights of an approaching car dance off the ticket booth and the vehicle barrier arm gate. There is not that much traffic on the street as Jose's AC Cobra (fast car) bursts through the gate, with Sheila behind the wheel.

A moment later, an unmarked official-looking sedan flies past the ticket booth.

INT. JOSE'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila has a crazy grin on her face, as they whip in and out of traffic.

Jose looks completely terrified.

Sheila looks at Jose and looks to see if he's wounded.

SHEILA

You okay?

JOSE

Yeah, it's just that this car cost me one point five million.

SHEILA

Well, I think you're gonna get your money's worth tonight.

Sheila looks in the rear view mirror and sees the headlights of their pursuer's car. Sheila smashes the accelerator to the floor and Jose's car lurches forward.

The traffic gets heavier, allowing the slower sedan to slowly gain ground on Jose and Sheila, as the two cars weave in and out of traffic.

Parked cars line both sides of the street end to end.

Eventually Sheila sees her opening, as the two cars are separated by a delivery truck.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Hold on.

Though still terrified, Jose nods.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I hope this works.

JOSE

What?

SHEILA

Nothing.

Sheila punches it and the Cobra pulls in front of the delivery truck by three car lengths.

The slower sedan also pulls ahead of the delivery truck, but only by one car length.

In a series of fluid moves, Sheila turns the wheel, so the Cobra moves in front of the delivery truck, adjacent to the lane of the sedan. A second later Sheila spins the wheel so the Cobra starts turning into the same lane as the sedan. This time the back end of the Cobra starts to slide out from behind it and when Sheila yanks the emergency brake up, this sliding motion is further exaggerated, as the Cobra turns into a position that puts it more perpendicular to the sedan's lane than parallel.

With the car in a perfect position to be T-boned by the Sedan, Jose looks at the sedan and is surprised to see that the

occupants of the sedan (two more Men in Black) are just as surprised and terrified as he is. Jose closes his eyes and braces for the imminent impact with the parked cars lining the street and the sedan which is bearing down on Jose's door.

Jose hears the sound of crunching metal, as one car smashes into several cars.

When he feels no impact, Jose opens his eye and looks forward to see that Sheila has drifted onto a street perpendicular to the one they just turned off of. He then whips his head back to see the sedan tumbling over the parked cars that lined the street.

Jose yells out victorious.

JOSE

Woooooooooooo!

The Cobra speeds down this new side street and disappears around another corner.

INT. RESTAURANT TWO -- LATER

Jose and Sheila sit in a restaurant with a lot of diners, but they sit far away from anyone else, as they speak in low tones. There is food in front of them that both ignore for the moment.

JOSE

So, who hired you?

SHEILA

That I can't say. Let's just leave it at, they have your best interest at heart.

JOSE

And the guys you killed?

SHEILA

Let's leave that at, it's a terrorist group that goes by the name Legion and they don't have your best interest at heart.

JOSE

And you? You're some kind of ninja, super spy, race car driver who knows how to code?

SHEILA

Yeah, so?

JOSE

Well. The word mythical comes to mind.

SHEILA

Flattering, but not helpful. Tone it down fanboy.

Jose is initially offended.

JOSE

Fanboy? I think I've cultivated a look that is . . .

Jose stops and thinks for a second.

JOSE (CONT'D)

And domineering.

Sheila furrows her brow.

JOSE (CONT'D)

You're the total package.

Sheila squints on eye at Jose's characterization.

JOSE (CONT'D)

I mean, for some.

Sheila cocks her head, suggesting the doubt she feels.

Embarrassed, Jose changes the subject.

JOSE (CONT'D)

So, can you tell me why you can't tell me who's chasing us, who you work for or why they want me?

SHEILA

I didn't say I couldn't tell you what they want with you. As far as, who I work for, it's best you don't know, but trust me, we're the good guys. Now, this group, let's say a threat to national security seeks to exploit the software you created for your senior project in college.

JOSE

The search engine?

SHEILA

Yes.



JOSE

But, we never got it working and even if we did, I don't see how it could be a threat to national security.

SHEILA

Well, Damien had figured out how to make it operational. That's why they killed him. Your friend Tommy was killed, because Damien shared his work with him. Damien was planning on shopping it around for investors and, from what I gather, he intended to share the glory with Tommy. As a way to help out his old college buddy who was down on his luck.

JOSE

But Courtney never mentioned anything about them working together.

SHEILA

Oh. About Courtney, she's missing.

JOSE

What? I just saw her the other day.

SHEILA

I know. At Tommy's funeral. We had a tail on her, but she somehow got away from us.

JOSE

So, it was you guys she thought were following her.

SHEILA

Possibly. Hopefully, she'll call you, so we can find her again, because, if they believe she knows about Damien's work, she's in danger.

JOSE

Well, what about Michelle?

SHEILA

Michelle Deevers.

JOSE

Yes.

SHEILA

We have someone watching, but we believe she's safe for now, because of her security clearance at DARPA. She's got a bodyguard.

JOSE

What?

Sheila nods.

SHEILA

She must be working on some top level shit, because we couldn't find out anything about anything she's been involved with going back more than two years.

Jose appears confused.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Is there anything you can tell us about her or her work?

Jose shakes his head.

JOSE

We haven't really kept in touch.

SHEILA

Well, maybe now's a good time to reconnect.

JOSE

I don't think that's . . .

SHEILA

Look Jose. It could help us figure out why your college buddies were killed.

Jose expresses doubt, so Sheila tries to further persuade him.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

It could help figure out why Legion wants you dead as well, because a simple search engine doesn't fall within the scope of their normal activities.

Something occurs to Jose.

JOSE

Can I ask you something?

Sheila nods, as she starts to eat.

JOSE (CONT'D)

If, whatever they're looking for is of such importance, national security and all, why was only one agent sent to save me?

Sheila winces slightly, then.

SHEILA

First off. You've seen what this one agent can do. And secondly, to be quite honest with you, my superiors didn't believe this to be a national security threat.

Sheila can see by Jose's expression that her explanation is lacking.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. They thought this search engine might have some operational use. That's why they sent someone, me, at all. And, with four friends deaths, the perceived threat level has been escalated, so they'll be sending more agents.

JOSE

To protect me?

SHEILA

In a manner of speaking.

JOSE

What does that mean?

SHEILA

Well. They will be protecting you, but more so they can debrief you than save you.

JOSE

Debrief? You mean interrogation?

Sheila's lack of a response speaks volumes.

Jose pushes his plate of food away.

SHEILA

You should eat. It might be a while before we get another good solid meal.

Jose looks at Sheila confused.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

We've got to get you to a safe place, where we can control the situation.

Jose slumps in disappointment.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You sure you don't want to call Michelle? Every little bit of information gets us closer to a resolution.

JOSE

(disheartened)

Resolution. One way or another, right?

Neither of them look at each, and both are happy for that.

SHEILA

Eat up. I want to put some more miles between us and Miami before we stop for the night.

(beat)

And think about calling Michelle.

(beat)

But write her number down and throw leave your phone here. They can track that.

Sheila continues eating, while Jose struggles to choke down what he believes could be his last meal.

INT. HOTEL ROOM ONE -- LATER

Sheila appears to be sleeping soundly.

Jose lays in the twin bed next to Sheila's, staring at the ceiling. After a few moments, Jose sits up and grabs the scrap of paper on his nightstand. He opens it and looks at the number written under Michelle's name. He then looks at the burner phone Sheila gave him. After doing some internal calculations, he grabs the phone and tip toes out of the hotel room.

EXT. HOTEL ROOM ONE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jose stands outside the door to their room in the humid night. He has the burner phone to his ear, and waits for an answer on the other end.

Michelle answers that other end.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Hello.

JOSE

(relieved)

Michelle?

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Yes. This is Michelle Deevers.

JOSE  
 (trying to sound upbeat)  
 Oh Good. Hey, it's Jose.

There is no response.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
 Jose Gautier.

MICHELLE (V.O.)  
 (excited)  
 Jose! How are you doing?

JOSE  
 I'm okay. I was just checking on  
 you.

MICHELLE (V.O.)  
 What? Everything's good.

JOSE  
 Good. I'm glad you're safe.

MICHELLE (V.O.)  
 What?

JOSE  
 Nothing. I hate to do this, but I  
 have some bad news.

MICHELLE (V.O.)  
 No. What's wrong? Are you okay?

JOSE  
 Oh no. It's not about me. Everything  
 is fine with me.

Jose pauses and says his next statement under his breath.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
 For now.

MICHELLE  
 What?

JOSE  
 Nothing. It's, it's about Tommy and  
 Da . . .

MICHELLE (V.O.)  
 (agitated)  
 Don't tell me Tommy's fallen off the  
 wagon.

JOSE  
 No.

Jose pauses.

JOSE (CONT'D)

He's dead.

There are a few moments of silence.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

What?

(beat)

I heard he was doing so well. He was getting. . .

JOSE

It's not just Tommy. Damien is dead as well. Both from apparent suicides.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Suicide? I just read an article. . .

JOSE

I know. I mean, if you're talking about Damien's work on the search engine, I read the same article.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Yes. It all sounded so promising. As a matter of fact, I was actually planning on calling him.

Jose doesn't respond, but his face expresses confusion.

MICHELLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

To see if there were some way to incorporate the search engine or one of its components into any of my current projects. The probability algorithm always had great promise. It was. . .

JOSE

Michelle wait. There's more.

(beat)

I met up with Cortney . . .

MICHELLE (V.O.)

How's she handling all of this? She was still close to both of them wasn't she?

JOSE

Yes, I think so. The last time I saw her was at Tommy's funeral. After that I got a message where she claimed she was being followed.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

What?

JOSE

Yeah. Scary stuff. And now, she doesn't answer her phone.

Sheila steps out of the hotel room.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Oh my God. Are you okay?

JOSE

Not really. It seems . . .

Sheila slowly shakes her head.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Michelle. Hold on a second.

Jose covers the microphone.

Sheila leans over the phone and presses the mute button.

SHEILA

Don't tell her about me or being chased. I don't know how she factors into your situation or whether she fits in at all yet. Just find out what she knows.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Hello?

JOSE

Okay, but it doesn't sound like she knows anything.

SHEILA

Just find out what she does know.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Hello? Jose?

Sheila hits the same button in the phone then gestures for Jose to toss the phone when he's done.

Jose nods.

JOSE

Yes. I'm here. The phone slipped out of my hand.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Oh. So. Do you think Cortney's in trouble?

JOSE

Maybe. That's why I was checking in with you. To see if you'd heard from her.

MICHELLE

Well. No. I haven't. Not in years, but we were never that close anyway.

JOSE

Right.

(beat)

Well, if, by any chance, you do hear from her could you ask her to call me?

MICHELLE (V.O.)

Yeah sure. At this number?

Jose thinks for a second.

JOSE

No. Have her call me on my on cell phone. She has the number.

MICHELLE

Okay, but Jose, I'm a little worried.

. .

Jose cuts Michelle short.

JOSE

Okay. I've got to go. I'll call you back, when I can.

MICHELLE (V.O.)

What? Jose. Wait.

Jose hangs up the phone and looks at Sheila.

JOSE

Well, she didn't know about Damien or Tommy's deaths and was surprised, at least by Damien's.

SHEILA

Why Damien?

JOSE

Because she said she planned on calling him about the search engine.

Sheila's eyes narrow as she stares at Jose.

JOSE (CONT'D)

What? That's what she said.



SHEILA

I believe you. I don't believe her.  
Come inside and try to get some sleep.  
We've got a rough few days ahead of  
us.

(beat)

And, don't forget to throw that in  
the bushes.

JOSE

Okay, but where are we going?

SHEILA

I'll tell you when we get there.

Sheila backs into the room.

Jose sees and pick up truck approaching, so he walks out  
towards it and tosses the phone into the bed as the truck  
drives past before heading back to the room.

P.O.V. - UNKNOWN PERSON WATCHING JOSE RE-ENTER THE HOTEL

INT. JOSE'S CAR -- MORNING

Sheila and Jose ride along a long and empty stretch of road.  
The wind whips through the car, which has no top.

Jose is driving.

SHEILA

We're gonna have to stop at some  
point and get a couple of coats.

JOSE

Why? Is it cold where we're going?

SHEILA

Yes.

(beat)

You had to have a car with no top.

JOSE

Don't you mean a car that outran  
crazy assassins?

Sheila shrugs.

JOSE (CONT'D)

So. Now that we have some time, why  
don't you tell me more about this  
group that's after me? Like, why  
haven't I ever heard of this group  
Legion?

Sheila says nothing.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Maybe I could figure out why they're after me, if I knew a little about them.

Sheila thinks for a moment, then.

SHEILA

Well. You might have heard of them and not realized it. Legion is translated from the Slovak word Légie. We believe it is state sponsored by the Serbian government, but not much else is known about its origin. Like many smaller countries that can't stand against the military might of the superpowers, we suspect the Serbs have committed themselves to cyber technologies as a means of circumventing ours.

JOSE

I know that hackers had grown more sophisticated and that governments had started backing them, but would have never dreamt it could get to this level. I mean, they're killing citizens of another sovereign nation. The US! That's something we usually do to others.

Jose looks at Sheila out of the corner of his eyes.

Sheila smirks.

JOSE (CONT'D)

It is.

SHEILA

Anyway. Initially, hacks from other countries were directed at soft targets on government systems. They realized these were easier to hack. Soon, the hacks went after more secure systems. They nibble at the edges of secure systems then dig deeper. IN the past few years, some have breached seemingly impervious systems, as these attacks moved onto the private sector. Sony, Target.

JOSE

Yeah, I've read about those hacks.

SHEILA

Right.

(MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Well, what you haven't heard of are the hacks that have been perpetrated in the past few months. The Target and Sony hacks were only practice runs for companies like yours. Companies that maintain the highest security in the industry.

JOSE

So, you think they're after something my company was developing.

SHEILA

No. I think they were after your search engine from college. Otherwise your friends Tommy and Damien's deaths meant nothing.

JOSE

A diversion?

SHEILA

I don't think so, because they've drawn too much attention to be useful as diversions.

Sheila thinks for a moment.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Tell me. What was wrong with the search engine? I mean, what stopped you guys from getting it to work?

Jose doesn't have to think about his answer at all.

JOSE

There was an issue with a portion of the code that narrowed down the searches based on a probability algorithm we created. If it had worked, we believed it would have provided more accurate results than anything on the market then. Actually, it would've produced more accurate results than anything today . . .

Jose's voice trails off as he realizes something.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Michelle mentioned something about reaching out to Damien to discuss using that probability algorithm.

SHEILA

Did you have anything to do with creating that algorithm?

JOSE

I wrote it.

Sheila is hesitant to admit the following.

SHEILA

I know.

JOSE

What?

SHEILA

Damien told me weeks ago.

Jose sits straight up in his seat. He is shocked and speechless.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

He also told me that the search engine had much more potential than he felt you guys realized. That's why he stayed . . .

JOSE

In academia. He'd be allowed to work on it there.

(excited)

No corporation would allow him to work on something deemed a failure!

Sheila nods.

JOSE (CONT'D)

But, wait. When you talked to him, did he say he thought he was being followed?

SHEILA

No. If he had, I would've flown out to see him. To protect him.

Jose takes a deep breath and leans back in his seat, as this new information sinks in. He then suddenly comes to a realization.

JOSE

Wait! What did he tell you? Did he tell you how he debugged the algorithm?

SHEILA

No. But, is that something that could be easily explained over the phone?

JOSE

You're right.

Sheila nods, knowingly.

SHEILA

But he did tell me that, with your algorithm, the software would be much more than a search engine.

JOSE

What does that mean?

SHEILA

He didn't go into detail, but he did say it could predict the future. Whatever that means.

JOSE

Predict the future. Was he being literal?

SHEILA

No.

Sheila looks uncertain as she thinks for a moment.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I don't think so.

Sheila thinks again then.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

I hope not.

(beat)

That would be crazy.

Jose looks at Sheila like she's crazy.

When Sheila realizes the look that Jose is giving her, she abruptly clarifies her last statement.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

No. I don't think he meant seeing the future like a prophet. I think he intended to use probability to predict the mostly outcomes, based on historical events.

Sheila looks to gauge Jose's reaction.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Does that make sense?

Something comes to Jose's mind.

JOSE

Yes.

(MORE)

JOSE (CONT'D)

I remember an article or story where some agency did something similar with social media to figure out when things like the Arab Spring or Occupy Wall Street might happen again.

SHEILA

Really?

JOSE

Yes, but those programs were only tracking trending topics on Twitter and Facebook. What you said Damien claimed as possible is much more ambitious than tracking twitter.

SHEILA

You see. That's why it was so hard to convince my superiors of the impact this thing could have on America.

JOSE

America? Try the World. If Damien's claim is true, this could topple governments.

Jose goes silent, as he thinks to himself.

Sheila leaves Jose to his thoughts.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

But, why would they kill him? He's the only to have figured it out.

SHEILA

One of our forensics teams autopsied Damien and they concluded that he'd been tortured, but thought his death was ultimately accidental. Whoever was torturing him, didn't mean to kill him.

JOSE

What? Didn't mean to kill him?

SHEILA

At least not when he died.

The couple contemplates what they've just discussed.

INT. JOSE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Sheila is now driving.

JOSE

Does, wherever you're taking me, have Internet access? And how secure is it?

SHEILA

It does and it's very secure, but it will take a couple days to get there.

JOSE

Why? Didn't the morticians convention that tried to kill us back at my office convince them that you're onto something big?

SHEILA

Actually, with what we've talked about, I think they might've only been there to pick you up and bring you in.

JOSE

What!? Wait! So, you killed a bunch of guys who only wanted to parley?

Sheila grins at Jose.

SHEILA

Parley? Okay Captain Jack calm down. If you'd a let me finish, I could'a explained that the pick up would've been the easy part

(beat)

For you, at least. After taking you wherever they were going to take you, you'd have been picked apart. And, since you're less useful than Damien. . .

Sheila notices Jose's offended look.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Relatively speaking, you would most likely be dead by now, instead of enjoying this beautiful road trip.

Jose doesn't know how to respond to Sheila's claim demeanor.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll keep you safe.

This doesn't really ease Jose's mind, but he realizes that he's got no other choice.

JOSE

So, why can't your secret organization send a plane or something? After all, the nation's security is at risk.

SHEILA

I made that call. I think it best not to bring too many people in on this, just yet. Tommy and Damien's deaths may both be linked to Legion, but something is bothering me about this whole situation. My gut tells me, there's more to this than my superiors know or are willing to admit. More than I know. I need some time to figure things out.

JOSE

Okay fine. But, can we stop somewhere with Internet access? I need to look something up.

Sheila looks skeptical of Jose's request.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Trust me, it'll be worth it and could provide us with more information to process while we drive.

(beat)

In the cold.

SHEILA

Okay, but we can't stay long. I've got more smart phones in the trunk. We can use one to look for an Internet Cafe. Hold on.

Sheila looks in the rear view mirror and sees the tiny headlights of a car that is at least half a mile behind them.

ANGLE ON

The EIGHTH MAN IN BLACK follows Jose and Sheila from half a mile back, transfixed on the tiny red taillights.

The taillights disappear.

BACK TO SCENE

Sheila has killed the lights on their car and pulled far off the road.

The dust kicked up when they turned off the road has settled.

The two of them watch, as the eighth Man in Black drives past.



JOSE

You think they were following us?

SHEILA

I don't know, but I do know they're not anymore. Let's get a phone.

Sheila heads to the trunk of the car and pulls out her duffle bag.

INT. INTERNET CAFE -- LATER

Jose sits in front of a computer and Sheila sits in front of the computer next to Jose's. Both of them type furiously as they search the web.

There are a few other people in the room with Jose and Sheila. They all seem as consumed by whatever is displayed on their monitors as are Jose and Sheila.

Jose is searching on older style forum pages.

Sheila searches sites with information about DARPA.

Both of them continually look around the darkened room, expecting some Man in Black to jump from the shadows at any moment.

Sheila finds something of interest, so she starts reading what is on the screen.

Jose is involved in so many conversations that he is constantly type questions or answers.

Sheila keeps searching, pausing whenever she finds something of interest.

Eventually, Sheila has gathered enough information, which she sends to print.

Sheila gets up and disappears into another part of the Cafe.

Jose hasn't taken his eyes from the screen and barely notices Sheila leaving or returning.

Sheila sits back down and keeps searching, but finds nothing more of interest. After a while, her impatience becomes apparent.

Out of the corner of his eye, Jose can see Sheila fidgeting. He ignores her fidgeting as long as he can.

JOSE

What's wrong?

SHEILA

We've gotta go.

JOSE

I didn't know we were on a schedule.

SHEILA

We aren't, really, but sitting in here for too long can't be safe.

(beat)

Besides, I'm sure they're tracking searches or keywords related to whatever you're doing there.

JOSE

These are old forums. Not too many people use them these days. . .

SHEILA

You're using them.

Jose stops what he's doing and faces Sheila.

JOSE

Yes I am, but the ones I use are very exclusive. I've known these people for years. This group no longer accepts new members and we all have ways to determine whether the person on the other end is who they say they are.

SHEILA

(mocking)

Oh, a secret organization?

JOSE

You have yours. I have mine.

Sheila smiles and relaxes.

JOSE (CONT'D)

That's better. I think I almost have everything we need.

Jose turns back to the monitor and starts typing furiously again. After a few more moments, Jose finishes all of the conversations in which he was involved, as he faces Sheila again.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Okay. Let's go.

Jose then notices the papers in Sheila's hand.

JOSE (CONT'D)

What's that?

SHEILA

You can read them in the car.

Jose starts to sign out of the computer, when something catches his eye. He starts typing furiously again.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
I thought you said. . .

Jose makes a gesture that urges for Sheila's silence.

Sheila doesn't look happy being shushed in this manner, but she does go silent.

Jose is flying through various stories on the Internet before he abruptly stops and turns back towards Sheila.

JOSE  
(urgent)  
Okay. We've gotta go.

SHEILA  
Oh. Now you're in a hurry.

JOSE  
(urgent)  
We both are.

As Jose grabs Sheila's arm, some of the other people in the room turn towards them and look as if they recognize them.

Jose smiles and waves at some of the people now staring at him.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
(more urgent)  
We really have to get out of here.

Sheila is confused.

Jose's nervousness intensifies as the people staring at him start to pull out their cell phones.

Jose's uneasy feeling turns to surprise as the people aim their phone at him and Sheila and take their picture.

The flashes temporarily blind the pair.

SHEILA  
What the hell!

Jose pulls her out of the cafe and into the cool night air.

EXT. INTERNET CAFE -- MOMENTS LATER

Sheila holds her hand over her eyes as they exit the internet cafe.

SHEILA  
What the hell was that?

Jose pulls out the smart phone they had used to find the internet cafe.

Jose types a few keywords in the browser of the phone and shows the results to Sheila.

INSERT

Smart phone screen displaying the following article.

"ALERT! Couple makes the FBI's most wanted list.

Jose Gautier and Sheila Baxter are wanted in connection with the murders of two software programmers . . .

BACK TO SCENE

Sheila snatches the phone from Jose and continues reading it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

The FBI is offering a reward for any information leading to the capture of the pair who are suspected of murdering at least two software designers. Here!

Sheila shoves the phone back at Jose, as she pulls her own cell phone from her pocket and dials a number.

Jose reads the rest of the article to himself.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

What the hell Bill? Murder?

(couple beats)

Yes. We'll be there in a day and a half.

(beat)

(sarcastic)

Other than the FBI looking for us, I don't foresee any issues.

Sheila walks to their car, and gets in the driver's seat.

Jose jumps in the passenger's seat.

The pair drive off, while the eighth Man in Black watches. When he believes Sheila has driven far enough away he starts his car and follows them.

INT. JOSE'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Though far away, Sheila notices the eighth Man in Black's car following them.

SHEILA  
 (into the phone)  
 Yes. I have somewhere we can go.

Sheila looks in the rear view mirror.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 I'll call you later. Right now, I  
 have to deal with something.

Sheila floors the accelerator, the Cobra lurches ahead, increasing the distance between them and the car following them.

Jose is caught off guard by Sheila's actions.

JOSE  
 What's going on?

SHEILA  
 I wasn't sure before, but now I know.  
 We're being followed.

Sheila tries the same maneuver of pulling off the road, but this time the car following them slows at the approximate location where she turned off their lights.

A spotlight shines along the side of the road until it lands on the Cobra, which is parked next to a tree.

The Man in Black pulls his car to within thirty feet of the Cobra.

In the darkness, he can see someone running away.

The Eighth Man in Black approaches the car cautiously, but at a hurried pace, his flashlight and gun drawn. When he reaches the car, he shines the flashlight on the car then on the passenger seat upon which the sheets from the internet cafe rest. He reaches down to grab the papers.

Sheila leaps out of the tree, knocking the gun from his hand.

The gun disappears into the dark, as Sheila and the Man in Black face off.

Though the Man in Black towers over Sheila, she does not appear to be intimidated, as she lowers her stance.

SHEILA (CONT'D)  
 (in Slovak)  
 Myslíte is, hovorit englishh?

The Man in Black is confused.

EIGHTH MAN IN BLACK  
 Are you talking to me?

Sheila is now confused.

SHEILA

I know why you're after Jose.

EIGHTH MAN IN BLACK

Maybe, but that doesn't matter now.  
What matters is that, if you turn  
him over, we'll go easy on you.  
There's more to this than you know.

SHEILA

I know there's more than I know.

Sheila and the Man in Black process Sheila's last statement for a second.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

But I'm not walking away. You know I  
can't.

EIGHTH MAN IN BLACK

I know. I just thought I could reason  
with you.

SHEILA

Well. I've never been reasonable and  
don't see any reason to start being  
reasonable now.

EIGHTH MAN IN BLACK

Okay. You should work on you banter.  
It's very tedious.

SHEILA

SO. No more talking then?

Sheila lunges at the eighth Man in Black.

The eighth Man in Black uses his extra long reach to lash  
out at Sheila.

Sheila ducks below this first blow and counters with a leg  
sweep that the Man in Black easily avoids.

ANGLE ON

Jose turning to see Sheila facing off against the tall Man  
in Black. He heads back towards Sheila.

BACK TO SCENE

Sheila moves in too close and gets caught by a hard kick to  
the chest that throws her into the shadows.

The Man in Black advances and is caught off guard when Sheila  
emerges from the darkness and attacks him from his side.

Landing a knee to his ribs and her fist to the side of his head, Sheila is shocked at how little affect this has. She is even more surprised when he catches her in the ribs with his elbow. Even, as she folds from the blow, Sheila is able to deliver a second blow to the man's temple with her other fist. This blow has as much of an affect as the blow he delivered to her ribs.

Sheila and the Man in Black stumble away from each other.

The Man in Black recovers first, but is caught off guard by Jose, who punches him in the face. The Man in Black recovers quickly and hooks his right arm around Jose's neck, while pinning his right hand in the fold of his left elbow.

It isn't long before Jose's body starts to go limp.

As the Man in Black lowers himself to further cut off Jose's oxygen, Sheila flies out of the darkness with a kick that lands squarely in the Man in Black's nose.

As bloods explodes from the Man in Black's nose, Jose and the Man in Black fall to the ground. One is dead, the other merely unconscious.

Untangling himself from the grasp of the Man in Black, Jose starts to regain consciousness. The feel of a warm liquid on the back of his neck causes Jose to reach back and rub it. When he puts his hand in front of his face, he is terrified to see the blood covering it.

Sheila checks the vital signs of the Man in Black then notices Jose's fearful expression.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

That's not yours. That's not your blood. It's his.

Sheila helps Jose up.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You almost went out there.

JOSE

I'm good.

As Jose regains his composure, Sheila walks over to the Cobra, grabs up the paper that she printed at the internet cafe, opens the trunk, stuffs the papers into her duffle bag, before pulling her duffle bag from the trunk. She then drags the duffle bag over to where Jose is still waking up.

JOSE (CONT'D)

How did they find us so fast? That notice from the FBI was just sent out.

SHEILA

I think this guy's been following us  
for a while.

JOSE

How would he know where to find us?

Sheila answers Jose's question by looking at the Cobra.

When Jose realizes what she is implying he responds.

JOSE (CONT'D)

No. No.

Sheila nods.

SHEILA

Luckily, we have another means of  
transportation.

Sheila nods towards the Man in Black's car, an unmarked sedan.

JOSE

No. Tommy Lee Jones' car?

Sheila shrugs.

SHEILA

Well. That one's probably not being  
tracked.

JOSE

We don't know that.

SHEILA

But, we do know your's is.

JOSE

We do?

SHEILA

Yes. You can call and get it shipped  
home. They're not after your car.

Jose slumps down, as he accepts his car's fate.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Okay. Get up. There's a change in  
plans.

JOSE

What is it?

SHEILA

You'll see.

Jose and Sheila drive off in the Man in Black's car.



EXT. DANCING RABBIT COMPOUND -- MORNING

Sheila and Jose drive the Man in Black's car through a gate that is marked "Dancing Rabbit", like the entrance of a ranch.

Some of the people on this farm are working on small crops, while others are building an adobe style home.

As the car that Sheila and Jose commandeered pulls up to the largest building on the compound, and stops, MARSHA and GREG, both mid-forties hippie types stand at the entrance, awaiting their arrival.

The two hippies greet them both with smiles, before hugging Sheila tightly and shaking Jose's hand.

INT. DANCING RABBIT COMMON BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

SHEILA

I didn't know who else I could trust  
and who could handle themselves.

MARSHA

Well, even if the latter weren't  
true, we would still take you guys  
in.

JOSE

Thank you.

GREG

No. Please. If what's in . . . Jose  
is it?

JOSE

Yes.

GREG

If, Jose holds the World's security  
in his hands, it's our duty to help  
you both in any way we can.

SHEILA

But, still. I appreciate. We  
appreciate it.

Jose nods his agreement.

MARSHA

So, you guys must be starving. Greg  
will show you where you can freshen  
up. Breakfast will be ready in twenty  
minutes.

Greg leads Jose and Sheila to a bathroom.

GREG

There are clean towels in there for you both. After breakfast, I'll take you to your rooms. There you guys can get a shower, if you want. We've laid out some clothes, in case you want to wash what you're wearing.

Sheila and Jose step into the bathroom together.

SHEILA

Thank you again.

GREG

No problem. It's great seeing you Sis.

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Once the door is closed behind them, Jose turns to Sheila.

JOSE

Sis? Is Greg your brother? I don't want to put your . . .

SHEILA

No, but he's like a brother to me. They're all like family, but not the kind of family you worry about. I served with Greg who served with Marsha at some point, who served with someone else and so on.

JOSE

Really? So this is a hippie commune of bad asses?

Sheila just shrugs.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Well, why isn't this your safe house?

SHEILA

They aren't part of my organization. They're friends.

Jose accepts this.

The two wash their hands.

INT. DANCING RABBIT COMMON BUILDING, DINING ROOM -- LATER

There is an assortment of breakfast foods on the large table.

Jose and Sheila sit amongst Greg, Marsha and other members of the commune. Everyone holds the hand of their neighbor with their eyes closed.

GREG

And, bless this community with a good harvest this year.

Everyone opens their eyes as they dig into the feast before them.

Some of the members of the community serve Jose, who isn't comfortable helping himself.

Sheila digs in like the rest of those around the table.

GREG (CONT'D)

So, We all talked about your predicament before you got here and think we might be able to help you get a message out to anyone you need to.

Sheila looks at Jose then at Greg.

SHEILA

Un. I have a secure means to reach my superior officer, but we might need something like that for Jose here.

Jose, who is preoccupied by the service he is receiving, looks up at the mention of his name.

JOSE

(to Greg)

Yes. That would be great.

(to Sheila)

Maybe I can get word out to Michelle and Cortney and tell them where to meet us.

Jose sees the doubt in Sheila's eyes.

JOSE (CONT'D)

I know you have reservations about this, but I need to talk to one or both of them.

SHEILA

Didn't you read what I printed out?

JOSE

No, I was too busy trying not to get killed on the roadside by the giant legionnaire.

Sheila gets up and heads for her duffle bag where she grabs the printouts. When she returns, she hands them to Jose.

SHEILA

There's something fishy about your supposed friend Michelle and the guy we got the car from wasn't Legion.

Jose looks at Sheila confused.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

He didn't speak Slovak.

JOSE

And you do?

Jose is once again impressed.

The others smile at Jose's apparent infatuation.

Jose starts reading the printouts. When he is finished, he looks at Sheila, expressing doubt.

JOSE (CONT'D)

You think Michelle knew that DARPA had contacted Damien?

SHEILA

She does work there and she is pretty high up in the organization.

JOSE

I don't know. I think she would've told me about this.

SHEILA

Okay, but remember, you haven't talked to her for years.

Jose does not try to argue this point. Instead, he simply starts eating his food.

Everyone eats in silence, trading glances occasionally until ANTHONY, another one of the Dancing Rabbit members enters and heads to Greg where he whispers in Greg's ear.

GREG

You can tell them.

ANTHONY

Okay. We've set things in motion. With the information that Jose will provide, we'll get word to your friends without tipping off the FBI or any other agencies that might be trying to find you guys.

Anthony then sits down at an empty spot at the table before fixing himself a plate of food.

GREG

We probably won't be able to reach them for a couple of days, so after dinner, you two can get some sleep or join us. Anthony there is a really good musician and Marsha loves to sing.

MARSHA

I love to try to sing.

MONTAGE

INT. DANCING RABBIT COMMON BUILDING, LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Anthony is playing the guitar, another dancing rabbit plays the bongos, accompanying Marsha who is singing "White Rabbit", by Jefferson Airplane.

Jose and Sheila sit next to one another.

Everyone, except Sheila, notices Jose sneaking glances at Sheila.

EXT. DANCING RABBIT COMPOUND -- DAY

Jose and Sheila are helping some of the Dancing Rabbit members build an adobe structure.

INT. DANCING RABBIT COMPOUND, HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jose is saying good night to Sheila, as she closes the door. He lingers a short while after the door is closed.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. DANCING RABBIT COMPOUND, CROPS -- MORNING

Jose and Sheila are helping tend to the crops. Sheila is now sneaking glances at Jose as well. They occasionally trade smiles.

A car pulls onto the compound. Some of the Dancing Rabbit members exit the car as one of them opens a rear door.

From the car emerges a blindfolded Michelle.

Jose starts to walk towards Michelle and the other Dancing Rabbits.

Sheila intercepts Jose and shakes her head, as she explains that he cannot talk to her yet.

Jose watches, as Michelle is led into a building of which he has yet to see the inside.

Shortly after Michelle disappears into this building, Greg enters the same building. After a few minutes Greg exits the building and walks up to Jose and Sheila.

GREG

Alright, Michelle is settled in. You can go and talk to her.

Greg starts walking towards the building housing Michelle with Jose and Sheila in tow.

GREG (CONT'D)

We still haven't heard anything from your friend Cortney. When we do, we'll let you know.

JOSE

Thank you.

INT. DANCING RABBIT COMPOUND, LARGE EMPTY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Jose, Sheila and Greg enter to see Michelle sitting in the center of the room. The blindfold has been removed.

There are a couple of Dancing Rabbits standing behind Michelle. Anthony is one of them.

Michelle's face expresses concern and fear, but transforms to relief when she sees Jose for the first time in years. She stands to approach Jose.

The Dancing Rabbits behind her both move to stop her, but Greg gestures to allow her to approach Jose.

Jose and Michelle hug one another tightly.

MICHELLE

What the hell is all of this?

Jose is not certain how to explain all of the cloak and dagger activity to which Michelle was subjected, but he tries.

JOSE

They're just being cautious.

MICHELLE

Cautious. We don't even have security like this at DARPA.

JOSE

Well. Have you had people trying to kidnap you there?

Michelle laughs, as if Jose is joking, but stops when she notices that neither he nor any of the other strangers in the room are smiling.

MICHELLE  
Who are these people?

JOSE  
That's not really important right .  
.

GREG  
Hello, my name is Greg. I guess I'm  
your host. I apologize for the cloak  
and dagger behavior, but we know  
Jose's life is in danger and given  
what happened to Damien and Tommy,  
and what we believe might have  
happened to Cortney, we believe you  
might be in danger as well.

Sheila looks skeptical at Greg's assumption.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Anyway. We're gonna leave you three  
to talk.

Greg gestures for the other Dancing Rabbits to exit the room.

Jose and Sheila grab a couple chairs as all three sit facing  
each other.

MICHELLE  
(to Sheila)  
And, you are?

SHEILA  
My name is Sheila. I work for Jose.

Jose half nods when Michelle looks to him for confirmation.

MICHELLE  
Okay, so what's going on here?

JOSE  
Well. . .

Jose is hesitant and uncertain as to what he should divulge.

SHEILA  
We. We think that both Damien's and  
Tommy's deaths were made to look  
like suicides.

Michelle looks to Jose, who offers nothing more. She then  
turns back to Sheila.

MICHELLE  
What do you mean, made to look like  
suicides?

SHEILA

My organization has been following their cases and we've determined that both of them were murdered for something you, Jose and Cortney were involved with in college.

Michelle mentally puts the pieces together in her head, then looks at Jose.

MICHELLE

The search engine?

JOSE

Actually, just the probability algorithm.

MICHELLE

The one Damien implied he was on the verge of making operational.

JOSE

Yes.

MICHELLE

But, it's for a search engine. It has some practical operational uses I guess, but. . .

JOSE

Apparently, its capabilities extend well beyond simple operational uses.

SHEILA

(impatient)

And, apparently DARPA understood this.

MICHELLE

(to Jose)

What is she talking about?

JOSE

We found instances when DARPA sought out Damien for his work.

SHEILA

(accusatory)

Did you know about that?

MICHELLE

No, but that's not unusual. Another department could have seen other uses for it.



JOSE

And, you wouldn't know anything about it? That seems so inefficient.

Michelle is confused by Jose's implied accusation.

MICHELLE

Even though DARPA's military, it's still bureaucratic.

This explanation appeases Jose, but Sheila remains skeptical.

Michelle picks up on Sheila skepticism and something else Sheila said.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You said 'your organization' earlier, so I'm sure you're familiar with bureaucracy.

Sheila doesn't have a come back for Michelle's claim.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

But, Jose said you work for him. How does that work?

(to Jose)

Did you know this when you hired her?

Jose says nothing, so both Michelle and Jose look to Sheila for an explanation.

SHEILA

It was an assignment. That's all I can divulge.

Michelle looks at Jose, skeptical of Sheila's answer.

MICHELLE

(to Jose)

I know we haven't talked for sometime, but I believe you know me a little better than Sheila here.

Sheila is offended by the accusation, but does not respond.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Look. If everything you guys have told me is true, I can help you get to the bottom of it, but not from here.

Jose's face expresses doubt, but not as much as Sheila's.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Look.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I've seen the FBI BOLO for you two. You're not going to find answers here, wherever here is. I've got contacts at the FBI. I can help you guys figure out why you were put on their most wanted list.

Michelle can sense Jose rationalizing her argument in his own head, so she further entices him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

If it hasn't been deleted or stolen, I can even get you access to Damien's work, when we recover it.

This gets Jose's attention.

Sheila realizes that she is losing the argument.

SHEILA

Jose, I'm not sure she can live up to her offer of protection.

Both Michelle's and Sheila's eye narrow at one another.

Jose diffuses the tension.

JOSE

Okay. Listen  
(to Sheila)  
She's made a few valid points. I don't think we can figure this out from here,  
(to Michelle)  
And I don't like having your career and life compromised because of me.

Michelle's nods and grins slightly.

JOSE (CONT'D)

(to Michelle)  
But Sheila has kept me safe and alive for the past few days. I don't think I could trust anyone else, more than I trust her right now.

Michelle's grin fades, as Sheila grins for the first time in the conversation.

MICHELLE

Look. She's involved in this, as much as you are, so, by all means, she should accompany us, but we need to move quickly.

SHEILA

She's right about that. These things  
only get worse with time.

At that moment, sirens can be heard in the distance.

Greg runs back inside with the two Dancing Rabbit members.

GREG

You guys have to go! Anthony will  
get you guys somewhere safe.

(to Michelle)

I guess there's no need for the  
blindfold anymore.

Everyone runs out.

INT. OFF ROAD VEHICLE -- MOMENTS LATER

Anthony is driving Michelle, Jose and Sheila away from the  
compound through a vast field of corn. Jose sits in the front  
with Anthony.

When they think they have eluded detection, the sound of a  
helicopter is heard.

Jose looks out of the hole where the sunroof should have  
been at the helicopter keeping pace with them above.

JOSE

It's right above us and it's flying  
in the same direction that we are.

Anthony smiles at Jose.

ANTHONY

We're not flying silly.

Jose looks at Anthony like he's crazy.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Okay. Maybe not the best time for a  
joke, but don't worry.

(ominously)

I have a plan.

Anthony laughs, but does so alone.

Michelle looks at Sheila, her face asking the unspoken  
question "Is he crazy?", referring to Anthony. She is not  
reassured by Sheila's shrug, even with the knowing smile  
that accompanies it.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Is everyone buckled in?

JOSE

What?

ANTHONY

Buckle up.

Jose is too preoccupied buckling up to notice the forest that is fast approaching. It isn't until Jose sees the canopy of the large trees that surround their vehicle fly by that he realizes they have entered the dense forest.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Wahooo!

JOSE

Wah What?

Jose looks forward and holds his arms in front of his face, as if that will protect him from the giant trees they narrowly dodge, as they drive deeper into the forest. He looks at Anthony, who, to Jose's surprise, is looking back at him, as trees whip by, in a blur, outside the windows.

Anthony is laughing loudly.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Eyes forward!

Without looking, Anthony turns the wheel, missing more trees.

ANTHONY

Don't worry, I could do this with my eyes closed.

JOSE

I don't believe you, but, please, don't try to prove it.

Anthony laughs again and faces forward.

ANTHONY

Either of you want me to prove it?

MICHELLE AND SHEILA

NO!

Jose looks through the sunroof and sees the helicopter through the thickening canopy. Eventually, he can no longer see the helicopter, as even the Sun is blocked by the dense trees.

ANTHONY

Okay, watch this.

Jose looks through the front window shield, terrified.

Anthony slows the truck and turns the wheel, until the truck is driving perpendicular to its previous course.

The sound of the helicopter starts to fade in the distance.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
They'll catch on after a while. When  
the forest ends, but we'll be in the  
wind by then, my friend.

Jose is too concerned about the trees flying by the truck to  
make any kind of response.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
You see what I did there?

Jose looks at him, confused.

JOSE  
What? You mean turning the truck?

ANTHONY  
(annoyed)  
No. The Rhyme. The Rhyme.

JOSE  
What?

ANTHONY  
Ends, wind, friend. They rhyme. Not  
a perfect rhyme but still.

JOSE  
Great. You're a regular Charles  
Bukowski.

ANTHONY  
I wish.

Jose looks at Anthony, surprised by his recognition of  
Bukowski.

JOSE  
You know Bukowski?

ANTHONY  
Really bro? I'm offended. Bar Fly.

Jose is unimpressed by the mention of Bar Fly.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Ham on Rye. Post Office.

Jose is now impressed.

EXT. DANCING RABBIT COMPOUND -- CONTINUOUS

There are several unmarked cars surrounding the compound.  
Armed agents exit the various buildings, shaking their heads  
at the lead FBI field agent, ROBERT.

Robert is on his phone.

ROBERT

No. Nothing yet. I don't think we're going to find anyone here. The place looks abandoned.

Something he hears over the phone surprises Robert.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

You don't want them captured? Yet? May I ask . . .

Robert stops talking, as if interrupted.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Okay. We'll keep the pressure up without apprehending them for now. May I ask . . .

Robert stops again, is if interrupted again.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Very well.

Robert gestures for his team to wrap up their search.

EXT. FOREST -- LATER

Michelle, Jose, Sheila and Anthony are transferring from the off road vehicle they used to drive away from the Dancing Rabbit compound.

Anthony is carrying a radio.

ANTHONY

Bukowski was an asshole, but a genius.

Before the conversation goes any further, the crackle of a radio is heard, followed by Marsha's voice.

Anthony holds the radio to his ear.

MARSHA (V.O.)

Anthony, how are you guys getting along? Over.

Michelle, Jose and Sheila run up to Anthony to hear.

ANTHONY

We're almost there. How did you guys make out? Over.

MARSHA (V.O.)

Just fine. They're now in a standoff with an empty compound. Over.

Anthony and Sheila both let out short laughs.

MARSHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But, there's something you guys should know.

There is a pause, then.

MARSHA (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They weren't just looking for Sheila and Jose. They asked about Michelle as well. Over.

Jose and Sheila look at Michelle, who looks dumbfounded.

ANTHONY  
Received. I'll touch bases at seventeen hundred hours. Over.

MARSHA (V.O.)  
Sounds good. We're buying the first round. Over and Out.

Anthony smiles, as everyone approaches their new vehicle.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP -- CONTINUOUS

Michelle, Jose and Sheila walk with Anthony towards an old RV, the type where the driver has direct access to the living quarters.

ANTHONY  
Okay. So, now you know. According to the FBI, you're all fugitives  
(to Michelle)  
Or at least a person of interest. I don't know what to say about that, other than it's better to know than not know. Now, as you can see we've arranged transportation for you guys.

JOSE  
Great. Where is it?

Jose points at the old RV.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
That?

ANTHONY  
Don't knock it. It runs good and will get you where you need to go. And it has the added benefit of providing shelter, so no hotels.

SHEILA  
Good, we can stay off the grid.

Anthony grabs Sheila's arm, as the two slow their pace, while Michelle and Jose continue onto the RV.

Anthony hands Sheila a set of keys and a map.

ANTHONY

This map shows stock piled supplies  
in every direction from this point.

SHEILA

Thanks.

Anthony and Sheila then catch up to the others.

When they reach the RV, Jose tries the door, which is locked.

When Anthony and Sheila catch up, Sheila unlocks the door.

Jose and Michelle enter the living quarters of the RV, while Sheila and Anthony go to inspect the engine bay.

As Sheila stands in front, inspecting the engine, Anthony pulls his portable radio from his waist.

ANTHONY

Here.

Sheila turns to see the radio Anthony offers.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You remember the channel schedule  
right?

Sheila taps a finger to her temple.

SHEILA

It's all up here, but don't you need  
it?

ANTHONY

No. I know where to meet everyone.

SHEILA

You sure?

Anthony hands the radio to Sheila.

ANTHONY

You sure you don't want me to come  
with?

SHEILA

No. I couldn't. Besides, you've got  
your hands full.



ANTHONY

The compound will be just fine.

(beat)

We'll be just fine.

Anthony pulls Sheila closer.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Between you and me, keep an eye on that one.

Anthony looks at Michelle.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Her showing up seems a little too convenient.

SHEILA

I agree.

Sheila and Anthony join the other two inside the living quarters of the RV.

ANTHONY

Alright, I'd say you guys have at least a half hour lead, so take advantage of it.

EXT. HIGHWAY REST STOP -- MOMENTS LATER

Anthony waves as the RV drives off. He then goes over to his truck and watches to see if anyone follows the RV.

EXT. FOREST -- NIGHT

Michelle and Jose sit around a camp fire. They are so far off the road that not even headlights are visible. They are very isolated.

Sheila steps out of the RV and faces the other two.

SHEILA

Alright. I just have a few more supplies to stow away. Why don't you two go and look for more firewood. Make sure it's dry. Here are a couple of flashlights.

Sheila tosses one to Jose and one to Michelle.

As Sheila starts to go back inside the RV, Jose asks.

JOSE

Do you think we're far enough from the road.

SHEILA

Marsha and Greg put the cash of supplies here for that very reason. Just as we can't see any cars from here, we won't be seen by any either.

Jose looks around to try to find the road, but has no clue where it is.

Sheila realizes what Jose is doing and points.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

The road's that way.

Jose nods, as if he knew.

Michelle starts walking into the dark, her flashlight becoming the only indication of her whereabouts.

Jose heads in the same direction.

Sheila turns back.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Don't lose sight of our fire.

Jose catches up to Michelle, who has already picked up a few branches.

Jose starts grabbing up sticks and branches as well, but the quiet bothers him.

JOSE

So. Why do you think you're on the FBI's most wanted list.

MICHELLE

We don't know that, but I have no idea why they would be looking for. I would've thought DARPA would have red flagged me before the FBI.

JOSE

Why? What did you do?

MICHELLE

Nothing. It just seems that, with my security clearance, if I did anything to merit FBI scrutiny, DARPA would've discovered first. My boss would've mentioned something to me.

JOSE

That would make sense.

MICHELLE

I guess, but I'm no security expert.

JOSE

Right?

There is silence.

MICHELLE

Although. . .

JOSE

Yes?

MICHELLE

I mean, it would have to be someone  
setting me up, but. . .

Michelle stops herself short, as she stops looking for  
firewood.

JOSE

What? What is it?

MICHELLE

I lied about talking to Damien a  
couple weeks ago.

Jose does not respond.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I actually spoke with him a few days  
before his death, before all of this  
craziness started.

JOSE

And, what did he say?

MICHELLE

Well, for one, he talked about the  
algorithm and its potential for  
terrorism or throwing the entire  
world into chaos.

JOSE

That's a little vague. Was there  
anything more specific?

MICHELLE

Not really  
(beat)

Oh, wait. There was. He said that it  
could be used to help bring a nuclear  
weapon into the United States, but  
more importantly than that, he said  
the agency that was funding him was  
planning on selling it to the highest  
bidder.

JOSE

Wait. I thought he was a professor.

MICHELLE

He was, but he also received grants from private investors, whose sole motivation is profit.

JOSE

Wait a minute. This sounds like treason.

MICHELLE

It is, but nowadays, international corporations are well above the law now. Just look at the banks.

JOSE

So, he wanted to stop that..

MICHELLE

Yes. He kept going on about being betrayed and taking steps to stop his benefactor's plans.

JOSE

Did he destroy the program?

MICHELLE

No. He used an earlier buggy version of it to sneak the final version out of the lab he was working in.

There is a moment of silence, then.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He actually figured out a way to get it to me. He said you'd know how to run it.

Michelle shines her flashlight up in the air, highlighting her features and the flash drive she now holds in the beam of light.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He sent the final code to me.

Jose is speechless.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It's called Surge, kind of a play on Search, as in search engine and to indicate a leap forward for search capabilities.

JOSE

SO, you haven't run it?

MICHELLE

No. It supposedly still has the encryption you used to secure it. I haven't even had a chance to try to break it and I don't think Damien had a chance to compile it.

Jose thinks for a second then asks.

JOSE

Why didn't you tell me this sooner?

MICHELLE

Because, this is the first time we've been alone and I don't know your new friends.

Jose looks skeptical.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I'm telling you now. What do you think we should do?

Jose sighs heavily.

JOSE

I think we should tell Sheila.

MICHELLE

I think you're right, but first, I have something else I need to tell you.

EXT. FOREST -- MOMENTS LATER

Jose and Michelle return to find Sheila sitting in front of the fire. Both carry a bundle of sticks and branches.

When Michelle and Jose get close enough to the fire, Sheila can read their features.

SHEILA

What is it?

Neither Jose nor Michelle offer up an explanation.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

What?

Jose takes a deep breath.

JOSE

Michelle just told me that she has what everyone seems to be after.

Sheila frowns.

SHEILA

What?

JOSE

She has Damien's final notes and work. She has the finished algorithm and software that Damien claimed could change the World.

Sheila straightens her posture.

SHEILA

And, why hasn't she said anything until now?

Michelle gets defensive at Sheila's accusation.

MICHELLE

Because, I don't know you or your Rabbit friends and I don't trust you.

SHEILA

(defensive)

Well. You ain't alone there.

Jose interjects.

JOSE

Look. That's not what's important here. Everybody's up to speed on the whereabouts of Damien's work.

SHEILA

Not yet. Where is this work?

Michelle shows Sheila the flash drive.

JOSE

Now, you know, but there's more. Michelle doesn't think it's been compiled or run yet and she thinks I'm the only one who can unlock it.

SHEILA

So, let's find a cafe and compile it.

JOSE

That's not so easy. The flash drive may look small but it holds a lot of compressed files that need a lot of room to grow, to compile and even more room to run.

Sheila looks confused.

MICHELLE

According to Damien, the program grows exponentially, as it gathers the information it needs to work.

Sheila continues to look confused.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Let's just leave it at, the program needs more computing power than a Internet cafe can offer and it can't use the Cloud. It needs physical space.

SHEILA

So, where do we find the space it needs?

JOSE

Well. Michelle has an idea.

SHEILA

Oh, the FBI's most wanted has an idea?

JOSE

Hey. We don't know what they want with the her, and besides, we're on that list.

SHEILA

Yeah, but we both know we're not supposed to be on it.

Sheila says this pointing at herself and Jose.

MICHELLE

Hey! I'm not on the list!

SHEILA

I don't know that.

(to Jose)

Do you?

Jose hesitantly offers his answer.

JOSE

No.

Michelle looks offended.

Sheila doesn't not looked convinced.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Anyway. As I was saying Michelle has a plan. Let her explain, then we can all vote on it.

Sheila offers no objects.

MICHELLE

I have a friend. He's a vendor slash contractor we've partnered with a lot at DARPA. I know I can trust him. I know, if he believes the FBI, he'll tell me.

SHEILA

Well, what good is that?

MICHELLE

If he doesn't believe the FBI, he'll help us and he can. He's got one of the biggest computer centers in the country.

(beat)

He'll have the computing power we need to compile and run Damien's program. If his facility can't handle it no one's can. At least none that I know of.

Jose looks at Sheila, who is shaking her head.

JOSE

We're kind of out of options. I don't trust your organization to keep us safe. I don't think you do either and we need something we can use as leverage.

Sheila comes to the realization that Jose and Michelle's plan is the best thing they have going.

SHEILA

Okay. In the morning, I have to make a stop to pick a couple more things. Michelle should make whatever arrangements she needs to make to get access to her friends facility. If however, after you've talked to your friend, and you have any suspicions, you let us know.

MICHELLE

That's fine.

Michelle and Jose drop their piles and sit down in front of the fire.

EXT. TRUCK STOP -- DAY

Michelle is on the phone, while Jose hovers, trying to hear both sides of the conversation.



Sheila is gassing up the RV.

Eventually, Michelle hangs up the phone and she and Jose join Michelle.

SHEILA

Well?

MICHELLE

And, he's given us the 'ok' to use his facilities tomorrow. He said it would be better on Saturday, because there would be fewer people to deal with. Just a few security guards.

SHEILA

And you trust him?

MICHELLE

(doubtful)

Yes.

SHEILA

That's not too reassuring.

MICHELLE

No, it wasn't anything he said. It's just, how much can we trust anyone these days.

Sheila and Jose nod, acknowledging Michelle's point as fair.

JOSE

So, we have a day to get there.

(to Sheila)

Do we need anything else for the trip.

SHEILA

No. I'm good.

(to Michelle)

You?

MICHELLE

Nope. I'm as ready, as I can be.

Sheila grabs the phone Michelle was using and tosses into the trash.

MONTAGE

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

RV drives by.

\*

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

RV drives by.

END MONTAGE

INT. RV -- DAY

The RV is parked on the side of the road. Michelle, Jose and Sheila sit at the dining table inside the living quarters of the RV.

Sheila is opening the boxes containing the new radios she bought.

SHEILA

So, I will spot you guys from the RV and keep an eye out for anything suspicious. Keep your radios on channel eleven unless you can't reach me. You have the sequence, if you have to change?

Sheila holds out a gun to Jose, who rejects it, then offers it to Michelle.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

You know how to handle one of these?

Michelle nods but hesitates to take the gun.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

Just in case.

Michelle takes the gun and holster that clips to her belt and is easily hidden under her blouse.

Sheila watches as Jose and Michelle exit the RV. She then moves to the driver's seat, where a rifle rest. The RV is parked so the driver's side window faces the computer center. Sheila looks through the scope at the guards inside the glass enclosed lobby.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER, LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

Jose opens the door as Michelle enters. He then follows her inside.

The guards keep their eyes on the couple, but look at them ambivalently.

Michelle approaches the desk, with Jose to her side and a step back.

MICHELLE

Hello.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I spoke to Mister Franks yesterday and he said I, we could use this facility today.

The GUARD, to whom Michelle is speaking responds to her claim.

GUARD

Yes. Mister Franks himself informed us of your visit. He's granted you and your colleague, a Mister Gautier full access to our server room. I just need to see your ID's and get your signatures and we'll get you guys upstairs.

Michelle and Jose pull out their ID's and hand them to the other guard.

Once verified, the guard speaking to Michelle hands them both a visitor's badge.

Neither Michelle nor Jose think that this is all they have to do, so they do not move.

GUARD (CONT'D)

That's it. Can I help you with anything else?

MICHELLE

Uh. Where is the server room?

GUARD

Oh, right. Sorry. It's room 1020, but it takes up the entire floor, so just hit ten. Mister Franks said you have until eleven p.m.. When our shift changes.

MICHELLE

Okay. Thank you.

Michelle and Jose walk towards the metal detector next to the guard desk.

GUARD

Uh. You don't have to go through that.

The guard who talked to Michelle directs them around the metal detector and escorts them to the elevator bank. At the elevator, he presses the 'UP' button and points out which elevator to use.

GUARD (CONT'D)

The only elevator working on the weekend is this one. There is another elevator bank around the corner, but none of those will be running today.

The elevator doors open. Michelle and Jose step inside.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Michelle is silent.

JOSE

What the hell was that?

MICHELLE

I know. That was weird.

JOSE

Are you sure you can trust the Franks?

MICHELLE

I trust him more than I trust you right now.

Jose does not respond, as the two ride the rest of the way in silence.

INT. RV -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila notices a couple cars pull up and sees some Men in Black get out and approach the computer center.

SHEILA

You lying bitch.

As, Sheila watches, the guards get up from their desk and approach the entrance that the Men in Black are approaching.

Seeing the Men in Black, one of the guards picks up the phone to call 911. As the Men in Black open fire on the guards, the phone is dropped.

The guards do get off a few shots, but none hit their target.

Sheila fires her weapon, killing one of the Men in Black.

The other Men in Black assume one of the guards got lucky with one of their dying shots and hit their fallen comrade.

Sheila abandons the rifle, exits the RV, and runs up to the computer center.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER, TENTH -- MOMENTS LATER

Michelle and Jose exit the elevator and react to the gunshots that can be heard from below.

MICHELLE

Hold the doors.

JOSE

What?

MICHELLE

Don't let the elevator doors close.

Michelle looks around the lobby of this floor and finds what she is looking for. She runs for the object.

Jose puts his arm between the closing doors, which causes them to open wide again.

Michelle returns with a chair that she puts in the elevator doorway.

Jose removes his arm, as the two watch the elevator doors try repeatedly to close.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

That will give us some time.

Certain that the chair will not allow the doors to close, Michelle and Jose proceed to a pair of secure doors. The doors allow access to the server room which is encased by glass walls.

Jose looks, in wonderment, through the glass walls at all of the server racks.

Michelle swipes the card given to her by the security guards and the doors open.

A cold blast of air rushes out of the room, hitting both Jose and Michelle.

The two enter and immediately move through the server racks to a workstation that has a monitor and a keyboard.

Michelle plugs in the flash drive and tries to access the code on it.

Jose looks towards the elevator to make certain the chair is still keeping the doors open.

JOSE

Is it still in Java?

MICHELLE

I don't know. I told you, it's encrypted.

Jose and Michelle switch places.

Jose starts searching the desktop displayed on the monitor. He looks at the various files on the flash drive, then clicks on one with the extension 'EXE'.

The next thing to be displayed on the screen is a pop up that asks for the password.

Jose starts typing in a very long password.

JOSE

Okay, so let's see. If it's the same password I used in school, this should unlock it.

MICHELLE

How do you remember that?

JOSE

It's the same one I use today. Okay. Here we go. Still in JAVA, so aha!

MICHELLE

What?

JOSE

It is still in Java.

Jose searches through the applications on this server.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Android Studio.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER, LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila enters the lobby, quickly grabs one of the dead security guards weapons and tucks it into her pants. She then grabs the assault rifle of the Man in Black she shot with her rifle and moves to the elevator. After watching the elevator floor indicator remain on ten for a few moments, she heads for the stairwell.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER, SERVER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jose is working on getting the program uncompressed and compiled.

Michelle watches the door and pulls out a cell phone.

Jose is too preoccupied with the computer to notice Michelle's actions.

The sound of sirens can barely be heard drawing nearer.

Michelle dials a number and then speaks.

MICHELLE  
 (into the phone)  
 Yes. We are in the server room. Did  
 you call the FBI on us?  
 (beat)  
 Because, someone is shooting  
 downstairs.

Jose forces himself to look at Michelle.

JOSE  
 Who is that?

MICHELLE  
 (to Jose)  
 It's Mister Franks. He says he didn't  
 call anyone.

Jose looks back at the monitor which indicates that the  
 program is 80 percent uncompressed.

JOSE  
 Well, you'd better hope my newest  
 employee is better at her job than  
 Mister Franks is at keeping secrets.

As Michelle watches, four Men in Black burst through the  
 door of the stairwell.

They run to the secured doors and one of them tries a card  
 he got off one of the security guards.

When that doesn't work, one of the other Men in Black grabs  
 the chair blocking the elevator doors and throws it at the  
 server room wall. When the glass doesn't break, he shoots at  
 it to no effect.

The elevator doors close.

Michelle watches and smiles, uncertainly with each failed  
 attempt.

MICHELLE  
 (into the phone)  
 The glass is holding.

JOSE  
 What's going on?

MICHELLE  
 (to Jose)  
 You don't wanna know.

Jose watches, as the program is completely uncompressed. He  
 moves the mouse and clicks a few times, opening up Android  
 Studio, which surprises him by opening immediately.

JOSE

Wow! That was fast.

Michelle watches, as Sheila burst through the stairwell door and immediately kills one of the Men in Black and wounds a second.

Jose moves and clicks the mouse to import the uncompressed code.

JOSE (CONT'D)

Wow!

The code is imported, so Jose moves and clicks the mouse to run the program.

Jose watches the screen as lines of code scroll at the bottom of Android Studio, indicating each step taken by the code.

MICHELLE

(into the phone)

It's compiled. We're running it.

Michelle watches as Sheila and the Men in Black shoot it out, but Sheila proves to be the better shot, as she hits yet another Man in Black.

Jose stares at the screen, as a message pops up asking what type of emulator should be used to run the program. He picks an emulator that is described as having a ten inch screen.

A virtual tablet is eventually displayed on the monitor.

Even with the muffled gunshots filtering into the server room, Jose can't take his eyes off the monitor.

Even Michelle has lowered her phone as she stares at the monitor.

Behind Michelle and Jose, Sheila fights for all of their lives, as she shoots the Man in Black she had only wounded previously, in the head. Her own gun empty, Sheila pulls the assault rifle in front of herself and continues to fire upon the Men in Black, killing a third one. Sheila however, is hit by a bullet from the last Man in Black's gun. She falls back.

The last Man in Black moves towards her, assuming he can finish her off.

Sheila is now laying flat on her back. She raises her head to see the Man in Black approaching

The last Man in Black starts to raise his gun to kill her, when the elevator doors open.



Just as the last Man in Black is about to shoot Sheila, he is himself shot and killed by whoever is on the elevator.

Sheila slumps to the ground.

Jose and Michelle stare at the computer monitor at what appears to be a long survey form. They are both confused by what they are looking at.

Eventually, Jose speaks.

JOSE  
What the hell is this?

Michelle says nothing.

From the elevator steps Robert, the lead FBI agent who is followed by other FBI agents.

While the other agents fan out to secure the area, Robert approaches the server door, as he pulls his badge out.

Jose and Michelle ignore everything going on outside the server room.

JOSE (CONT'D)  
This is just a historical survey.  
It. . .

Just then, a video player starts, displaying Damien in a pop up window on the monitor.

DAMIEN  
Hello and welcome to Surge. The first  
of its kind. Before we get to the  
true functionality of Surge, I'd  
like to thank everyone who made it  
possible . . .

Damien's voice fades, as Jose realizes that they have reached the end of this adventure.

Jose turns and faces Robert, who presses his badge against the window. Jose then moves over to the door, slides his security card and allows the FBI agents to flood into the server room.

Jose and Michelle are taken down, handcuffed and taken into custody.

The gun clipped to Michelle's belt, as well as the radio are confiscated, as she and Jose are ushered out of the server room.

FBI agents stop the video and the emulator before deleting all of the files that were uncompressed onto the server. They then confiscates the flash drive.

For the first time Jose sees Sheila's motionless body. He struggles against his cuffs.

JOSE

Help her!

Both Jose and Michelle notice that none of the FBI agents respond to his request and none of them seemed concerned about any of the bodies laying on the floor, as they secure the rest of the floor.

P.O.V. SHEILA -- CONTINUOUS

Sheila watches as the FBI agents usher Jose and Michelle into the elevator.

While most get on the elevator, a couple of the FBI agents take the stairs, leaving Sheila alone with the still bodies of the dead Men in Black.

Sheila closes her eyes.

EXT. COMPUTER CENTER -- MOMENTS LATER

Jose and Michelle are surprised, as they are led to an awaiting limousine.

INT. COMPUTER CENTER, STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

The two FBI agents who took the stairs tumble down them.

INT. LIMOUSINE -- MOMENTS LATER

Jose and Michelle are placed in the limousine and are even more surprised to find Courtney sitting alone inside.

The agent escorting Jose and Michelle hands Courtney the gun, radio and flash drive.

Courtney hands the gun and the radio to the driver, but hangs onto the flash drive.

CORTNEY

Hold onto these and give us some privacy.

The driver takes the radio and gun and closes the glass barrier separating himself from Courtney and her guests.

Once Jose and Michelle are secured in the limousine, the car starts to drive away from the computer center.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

So, I imagine you guys are surprised to see me.

Neither Jose nor Michelle respond, as they glare at Courtney.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

Okay, I get it. You're pissed. You feel betrayed. Well, I can't help that, because, basically, you were. I wish I could apologize for that, but that would be ingenuous, because if I felt sorry, I could try to put an end to all of this, but . . .

JOSE

Why did you do this? Why'd you kill Damien and Tommy?

CORTNEY

Oh. I didn't kill either of them. That wasn't me. I did know about Damien's progress with the software, but he never actually let me see it.

She holds up the flash drive.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

I guess he didn't trust me. But even with his obvious lack of trust, I only intended to steal his work. Shit! He might still be alive, if we had gotten there first.

JOSE

Who's we? You're fake FBI agents?

Cortney wags her finger at Jose.

CORTNEY

Not fake.  
(beat)  
Corrupt. That's what millions of dollars can do.

Jose's eyes narrow.

JOSE

So, This was all for money?

CORTNEY

Yes. Of course. Do you know how many years of coding we'd have to do to get what this is worth?

Neither Jose Nor Michelle respond.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

I'm holding private island money in my hands bitches!

Michelle looks out of the window.

MICHELLE

So, where are you taking us.

Cortney shakes her head.

CORTNEY

Don't think about. Let's talk about happier times. Or, better yet, let's talk about this.

Cortney indicates the flash drive.

CORTNEY (CONT'D)

This represents a common bond we all once shared. This is our past. Why don't we reminisce a while.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF THE LIMOUSINE -- CONTINUOUS

As the limousine pulls away and disappears in the distance, the RV comes into view.

Through the windshield of the RV, Sheila can be seen driving. She is wounded, but has wrapped a piece of her shirt around her arm to stop the bleeding.

The camera pulls away from the RV and catches back up with the limousine, which is pulling into an abandoned, old marina.

EXT. ABANDONED MARINA -- LATER

The limousine pulls up to a dock next to a boat.

The one sedan escorting the limousine, pulls into a nearby parking space.

Three of the corrupt FBI agents exit the sedan and walk over to the limousine.

Jose and Michelle are taken out of the limousine and escorted by two of the corrupt FBI agents onto the boat.

Jose's and Michelle's hands are still handcuffed behind their backs.

The corrupt FBI agent Robert, who's remained at the limousine awaits instructions from Cortney.

Cortney watches from the limousine, as Jose and Michelle are loaded onto the boat.

CORTNEY

Okay. Call me when it's done.

Robert straightens his posture, just in time to see an RV barreling towards the limousine. His eyes grow wide.

Cortney sees Robert's surprised expression and turns just as the RV T-bones the limousine.

Robert is killed instantly as the limousine skids until it slams into the boat that Jose and Michelle were loaded onto moments earlier.

The boat lists as Jose and Michelle are tossed into the water, sinking immediately.

Sheila can be seen unbuckling her seat belt, as she exits the RV. Her first task is to kill the limousine driver who is using the gun confiscated from Michelle.

Constrained by the airbags that pin him to the seat, the driver struggles to regain his senses as he shoots wildly through the back of the limousine, in an attempt to hit Sheila who approaches from the rear passenger side of the limousine.

Jose and Michelle bob to the surface, but without the use of their handcuffed hands, struggle to stay afloat.

Sheila kills the limousine driver then makes sure that Robert is dead.

Robert is dead, pinned between the boat and the limousine, so Sheila looks inside the limousine to check for survivors.

Inside the limousine, sits Cortney, shot in the head by either the driver or Sheila. Sheila is not sure which, but has no time to think about it, as she is fired upon by the LAST CORRUPT FBI AGENT who cannot get clear shot, as he struggles to cling to the listing boat.

Michelle starts to sink, so Jose dives down to try to help, if he can.

Sheila runs towards the end of the boat furthest from this last corrupt FBI agent, returning his fire.

The boat starts to capsize, as the last corrupt FBI agent tries to scramble around the hull, in an attempt to stay on the surface of the boat that is not underwater.

The remaining last corrupt FBI agent pulls his trigger only to realize that he is out of bullets.

Sheila looks and sees the body of the one more corrupt FBI agent floating face down in the water. She then walks towards the last living corrupt FBI agent, as he tosses his gun at her. Sheila watches as the gun falls between the boat and the dock then looks back at this last corrupt FBI agent.

SHEILA

Really?

The agent pulls himself onto the side of the boat, which sticks out of the water and raises his hands in surrender. It is then that he realizes, his leg is tangled in the mooring lines of the now sinking boat.

Sheila leaves him to fend for himself as she scours the surface of the water for signs of Jose and Michelle.

Eventually, their faces break the surface, but sink once more.

Sheila dives in to rescue them.

INT. MARINA -- MOMENTS LATER

Sheila, Jose and Michelle all sit on the dock, dripping wet.

Sheila looks around and is shocked to find that no one is approaching to investigate the sounds of the vehicle collisions or the gun fire. She then realizes that the marina has long since been abandoned. She releases the remaining tension in her body, as she succumbs to the pain of her injury. She lays back and closes here eyes.

JOSE

(to Sheila)

Are you okay?

\*

SHEILA

Yeah, but this really hurts.

JOSE

We'll get you some help.

Sheila lays her gun down, which Michelle eyes.

When Michelle feels confident enough, she grabs Sheila's gun.

Sheila is too tired to stop Michelle and Jose is caught completely off guard.

Michelle aims the gun at Sheila.

JOSE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

MICHELLE

I'm sorry, but I promised that flash drive to Franks.

Jose now understands why it was so easy to get access to the computer center.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

It was all almost worth it just to see the program work once, but as Cortney said, there's a lot of . . .

Michelle never gets to finish her last sentence, as she is shot in the head.

Jose winces and tries to cover his head, expecting Michelle's fate to be his own, soon enough.

A second shot is not heard, but the rumbling of Anthony's truck is, as it is driven up to the burning limousine and boat.

Anthony gets out, walks over to Jose and Sheila and stands over Sheila, as looks down at her.

Jose smiles.

Sheila slowly opens her eyes, looks up and smiles.

SHEILA

I thought you were meeting up with Greg and Marsha.

ANTHONY

I am. Just not so soon.

Just then the last corrupt FBI agent calls out, as he is pulled closer to the surface of the water.

LAST CORRUPT FBI AGENT

Help!

Anthony points at the sinking boat.

ANTHONY

Does he deserve to be saved?

Anthony looks at Jose and Sheila who are both shaking their heads. He then looks back at the boat.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Sorry buddy. The votes are in.

The boats slip under the water and the limousine tilts and falls into the water as well.

Jose starts to get up, upset when he realizes that the flash drive is still in the limousine.

Sheila grabs Jose's arm.

SHEILA

Is the flash drive in the car?

JOSE

Yep.

SHEILA

Does the world really need something  
like that?

Realizing that Sheila is right, Jose relaxes and watches the  
limousine disappear beneath the water.

Peace returns to the secluded abandoned marina, as a last  
few ripples subside.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

TINA, a high school junior is showing her brand new cell  
phone off to her friends MARY and ILEANA.

MARY

But, it's not due out for another  
two weeks!

TINA

I know. My Dad knows someone at Rally  
mobile.

ILEANA

So, what's on it?

TINY

It has a bunch of new things, but  
there's this one really cool game  
called Surge.

FADE OUT:

THE END