

THE BROWSER HEIST

Written by

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INT. PROGRAMMING OFFICE - FLOOR - DAY

A collection of cluttered desks. ERIC, 20s, a sloppily dressed coder, works with his headphones on. He's in what coders call: "the zone."

An ERROR MESSAGE grabs his attention. He searches the code. Hunting for the bug.

A puzzle master at work. A quick problem solver. Only this bug is tricky. It's hiding somewhere deep in the code.

Eric glares forward at the screen. Focused. Suddenly, the numbers begin to spin. They spiral out of control.

Eric looks away. Flutters his eyes. It doesn't stop. The light spins above him. The walls warp around him.

Eric slides back in his chair. Collapses.

The other coders are too focused on their own tasks to notice Eric seizing on the floor.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

DR. JENSEN shines a light in Eric's eyes. Extends his hand.

DR. JENSEN
Focus over here for me.

Dr. Jensen lowers the light. Sighs. Bad news incoming.

DR. JENSEN
We're going to have to run some tests but I believe it's epilepsy.

ERIC
Epilepsy? But I...

DR. JENSEN
Any family history? Recent head trauma?

Eric shakes his head, "no." Struggling to find the words. The gravity of the situation weighing down on him.

He starts hyperventilating. The Doctor rubs his back.

DR. JENSEN
Hey buddy. Whoa. Deep breaths, all right? Deep breaths.

Eric slows his breathing. The panic subsides for a moment.

INT. PROGRAMMING OFFICE - FLOOR - DAY

Eric approaches his desk. Still reeling from his conversation with the doctor. He finds another coder has taken his spot.

ERIC
Excuse me?

The new coder doesn't respond. In "the zone."

ERIC
You're uh - you're at my...

A WHISTLING SOUND grabs Eric's attention. MR. NAGASAKI, the head honcho, motions Eric over to his office.

INT. PROGRAMMING OFFICE - MR. NAGASAKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Awkward silence as Eric takes a seat across from Mr. Nagasaki. Who wears a nervous look. This is always hard.

MR. NAGASAKI
Did you check your mail today?

ERIC
No I - I had an early appointment
and I figured with missing some
work on Friday I better head
straight here after and...

Mr. Nagasaki tenses. Sighs. Bad news incoming once again.

MR. NAGASAKI
Hate to be the bearer of bad news
but we are no longer in need of
your services.

ERIC
What? You're firing me?

Eric can't believe it. As if this day could get any worse.

MR. NAGASAKI
You know how these things go. Lose
a coder, load one up from the wait
list.

ERIC
But I - I...

MR. NAGASAKI
Tell you the truth, we all thought
you died.

ERIC
I just had a seizure.

MR. NAGASAKI
People die from seizures...

ERIC
You couldn't even wait the weekend?
At least give me a call?

MR. NAGASAKI
We hired a replacement as soon as
the ambulance left actually.
(beat)
I'm trying to get this program off
the ground. You understand...

ERIC
I - I guess...

Eric is dumbfounded. Overwhelmed by everything.

MR. NAGASAKI
We already cleared off your desk.
Threw everything away. So you don't
have to worry about that at least.

ERIC
(sarcastic)
Thanks.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Eric sits in front of his best friend, JONES, the stress
getting the better of him. Jones examines a document closely.

ERIC
The severance will help at least,
until I find another gig.

JONES
That's what they're selling you
now, but the second they finish the
review it's gonna be...

Jones whistles. Whisks his hand away, simulating it
disappearing into thin air.

ERIC
Review? What review?

JONES

Did you even read this thing? Right there.

Jones slides the document back over to Eric. He reads.

ERIC

"This is all contingent on a pending review."

JONES

They're gonna rifle through your shit man. Make sure all of your time in the office is accounted for. Will it be?

ERIC

I - I mean I goofed off occasionally, but we all do. I - I always finished my work on time.

JONES

What about your browser history?

ERIC

What about it?

JONES

You cleared it right?

Eric thinks about this. Shakes his head, "no."

JONES

My God man.

ERIC

What?

JONES

You didn't clear your history?

ERIC

I was having a seizure!

JONES

Anything they find on there they can write off as time wasted.

(beat)

But at least you didn't look at anything NSFW. That would get you in some real trouble.

Eric tenses. It dawns on him. A look of pure guilt.

JONES

Don't tell me... Eric?

ERIC

Nothing like that. I uh - I looked at some pictures a couple times.

JONES

What kind of pictures?

ERIC

Drawings. Anime style drawings.

Jones facepalms. This changes everything.

JONES

You gotta do something about it.

ERIC

What can I do? I can't get back into the building.

JONES

Can't you just hack in? Wipe their system remotely.

Eric reacts, frustrated. Goes on his soap box. His pet peeve.

ERIC

Look man hacking - it's not how it looks in the movies. You don't just type super fast and you're in the fucking system. It's complex, and complicated and... fuck.

Jones thinks about this.

JONES

We'll have to do it the old fashioned way then.

ERIC

We - what are you talking about?

JONES

My cousin. He'll help us get in.

ERIC

I - I don't know man...

JONES

You want this money don't you?

Eric debates for a moment. Solemnly nods.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Jones hops a fence. Eric clumsily follows. They approach a shed. MUFFLED GUNSHOTS come from inside.

TIMMY (O.S.)
Take that you little bitch!

INT. TIMMY'S SHED - DAY

Jones swings the door open, shining light onto the pale and pantless TIMMY, his twenty-seven year old cousin.

TIMMY
Close the door dude! There's a glare. Hurry.

Jones swings it shut behind them. Eric takes a look around the shed. Timmy's little video game hideaway. Timmy finishes his match. Speaks with a light lisp.

TIMMY
Shew. Was down to the wire boys.

Timmy hugs Jones. Motions to Eric.

TIMMY
This the hentai guy?

Eric gives Jones a "you told him?" look.

JONES
Yeah. Eric meet my cousin, Timmy.

Timmy sizes him up. Studies him closely. Eric tenses.

Timmy slams a blueprint down on the table. It's the office. Everything mapped out.

ERIC
How'd you get this?

TIMMY
I have my sources.

Timmy points to a route he's drawn on the blueprint.

TIMMY
We're gonna subdue the guard...

ERIC
Whoa wait, knock out the guard?

TIMMY

You want those pictures off your work computer or what?

ERIC

There has to be another way.

Timmy sighs. Begins again.

TIMMY

Fine. We'll SNEAK PAST the guard then enter through this grate outside. Die Hard crawl through the air ducts until we get to this hallway. Take the stairs up to your floor. Wipe the computer. Head out the way we came. Piece of cake.

Eric nods along. He turns to Jones. Who smiles. It's on.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

A SECURITY GUARD whistles to himself as he walks past. The trio watch from a distance, now wearing ski masks.

TIMMY

When he turns the corner we make our move.

The Guard disappears from sight. Timmy takes off. Motions with his hand. Treating this like a stealth video game.

Eric gives Jones a "is he serious?" look. Jones gets into it. The thrill of a lifetime.

They reach the grate. Timmy grabs a power drill from his drawstring backpack. Lines it up.

TIMMY

Keep a lookout.

Jones and Eric crawl to opposite sides. Keeping watch.

Timmy removes the grate, screw by screw. Motions to Jones who climbs in first. Then Eric.

Timmy tries to climb in after but he can't fit. He's too big.

TIMMY

Go on without me. I'll meet you inside.

ERIC
What? This isn't the - Timmy?

But he's already gone. Eric reacts to this.

ERIC
Where's he going?

JONES
Don't worry about him. Come on
let's go.

ERIC
He had the map of the vents.

JONES
We'll figure it out.

INT. OFFICE AIR CONDITIONING VENTS - NIGHT

They crawl through the air ducts, Die Hard style.

ERIC
You sure we weren't supposed to -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

One of the chords holding the vent to the ceiling snaps.

INT. OFFICE AIR CONDITIONING VENTS - NIGHT

The vent tugs. Both Jones and Eric tense.

ERIC
What was that?

JONE
I think it was the -

Suddenly, the air vent collapses.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Jones and Eric come crashing down onto a conference table.
They struggle to breathe. The wind knocked out of them.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The Security Guard rounds the corner. Finds the open grate. Shines his light inside.

Timmy sneaks up behind him, unbeknownst to the Guard.

The Guard reaches for his radio, just about to click the button when Timmy grabs him. Puts him in a chokehold.

INT. OFFICE STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Jones and Eric ascend the staircase. Crash through the door.

INT. PROGRAMMING OFFICE - FLOOR - NIGHT

Eric rushes up to his computer. Tries to login but his password isn't working.

ERIC
Shit. They changed it.

A NOISE behind them. A flashlight shines in the hallway.

JONES
I'll take care of it.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jones sneaks up behind the silhouetted figure. Attempts to subdue them but they throw Jones back against the wall.

Their silhouettes struggle for control.

INT. PROGRAMMING OFFICE - FLOOR - NIGHT

Eric searches the desk. Finds a note with the new password.

ERIC
Dumbass.

Eric logs in. Suddenly, the screen begins to brighten.

ERIC
Oh shit.

Eric stumbles back. The walls warp around him. No. Not now. Not when he's this close.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jones and the figure fight. Until they realize...

JONES

Timmy? Shit man. I thought you were
the Guard.

Jones helps him up. Suddenly, a noise down the hall. A light
shines on them.

GUARD (O.S.)

Stop right there.

Timmy and Jones put their hands up. They've been caught.

INT. PROGRAMMING OFFICE - FLOOR - NIGHT

Eric pushes through. Finally gets the browser page open. The
history. It's... it's... already cleared?

Eric collapses on the floor. Seizes like before. A BRIGHT
LIGHT SHINES ABOVE.

FADE TO WHITE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eric looks around, dazed. An ATTORNEY in a fresh suit stands
before him. On the phone. Flashes him the one second finger.

ATTORNEY

Yeah just get it to me by eight. I
don't care. Uh huh. Bye.

The Attorney hangs up. Flashes his expensive smile.

ATTORNEY

Morning sunshine.

ERIC

Who are you?

ATTORNEY

One of the attorneys for the Ion
Corporation. Here to revoke your
severance package.

ERIC

Oh no, please, I - I need that.

ATTORNEY

Then you shouldn't have tried to steal valuable info.

ERIC

I wasn't stealing info. I was... I was clearing my browser history.

The Attorney busts up laughing, then realizes he's serious.

ATTORNEY

Seriously?

ERIC

Yes.

ATTORNEY

Oh come on. We've all looked at stuff at work. No big deal.

Eric can't believe it. The Attorney hands over the paperwork.

ATTORNEY

Sign on the dotted line.

Eric reluctantly does.

ATTORNEY

Such a shame. Could've had a good case for wrongful termination because of your... condition.

ERIC

But you work for them?

The Attorney shakes his head, "no."

ATTORNEY

My loyalties lie with the money.

His phone rings. He answers. Talking as he grabs the paperwork and leaves Eric in his hospital bed.

Eric sighs, defeated. A wrap on the door. Jones enters with popsicles. Offers it to Eric. Eric shakes his head, "no."

He starts eating his. Smacking on it. Obnoxious sounds.

JONES

Tough break man.

Eric glares forward at Jones.

CUT TO BLACK.