

MILD MANNERED MEN

Written by

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Novel by Walter Horsting

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FADE IN

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

Approaching our planet, we pass a weather satellite and descend into a major storm hitting Santa Cruz, California.

Superimposed title:

1999

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - DAY - STORM

The monsoon gale lashes a deserted sweeping curve of the Henry Cowell Redwoods State Park; the storm makes a guttural multi-tonal sound of redwoods bending, branches snapping, and trillions of needles assaulted by the storm.

EXT. MOUNT HERMAN ROAD AERIAL VIEW - DAY - STORM

A speeding faded blue taurus wagon departs highway seventeen on mount herman road. the wagon enters scotts valley as it wedges between competing strip malls.

DJ (V.O.)

This is Santa Cruz classic rock.
It's a great day to stay indoors
with another classic from Yes,
Owner of a Lonely Heart.

The radio plays the instrumental opening.

Blue Wagon speeds past cars on the four-lane highway.

DJ (V.O.)

We have a breaking story. There is
a national weather alert for the
Santa Cruz Mountains, torrential
rain for the next six hours, and a
landslide warning. Back to Yes.

RADIO (V.O.)

Move yourself.

Mount Herman Road leaves the strip malls of Scotts Valley behind. The blue wagon jumps ahead of five cars at a stop light as it turns green. The road narrows to two lanes going uphill.

RADIO (V.O.)
You always live your life.

A dark sedan pulling away from a fuel tanker truck slowly climbing uphill is disappearing into the rain.

RADIO (V.O.)
Never thinking of the future. Prove yourself.

The wagon's damaged front loses a turn signal passing a gas hauler on the two-lane mountain road.

RADIO (V.O.)
You are the move you make. Take your chances win or lose. See yourself. You are the steps you take. You and you, and that's the only way.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - DAY - STORM

Wind and rain increase to hurricane strength, mud begins to cover the inside lane line as the howling increases.

EXT. MOUNT HERMAN ROAD - DAY - STORM

RADIO (V.O.)
Shake,

The wagon swerves back into the lane, barely avoiding a collision with a logging truck, its air horn blaring.

INT. JOHN'S BLUE TAURUS WAGON - DAY - STORM

The good-looking young blond thirties man frantically checks his mirrors and picks up his phone. The phone is dead; its charger on the far side of the dash slides off onto the passenger floor, as does the soft makeup case ejecting a file board and cuticle clippers. There is a purse on the floor with a UCSF Medical Center security badge clipped to the top of the bag. The truck horn fades in the distance, the determined driver drops his phone and speeds up.

RADIO
Shake yourself.

Rain pelts the windshield, the driver turns up the wipers' speed.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - CONTINUOUS - DAY - STORM

Rain blows sideways into the hillside, and the redwoods moan and crack. Nature violently assaults the hillside with muddy rivulets flowing down into the roadway.

RADIO (V.O.)

You're every move you make. So the story goes, owner of a lonely heart.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON - DAY - STORM

RADIO

Owner of a lonely heart. Much better than a,

The driver battles the steep incline, his knuckles white with the strain.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Owner of a broken heart. Owner of a lonely heart.

A curve is ahead, the driver slides the rear into the turn, and the tail walks out.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Say - you don't want to chance it.

EXT. MOUNT HERMAN ROAD - DAY - STORM

The car barely stays on the curve as the road enters the town of Felton.

RADIO (V.O.)

You've been hurt so before; watch it now. The eagle in the sky. How he dancin' one and only, you, lose yourself. No, not for pity's sake; there's no real reason to be lonely. Be yourself.

EXT. MOUNT HERMAN ROAD & GRAMHILL ROAD - DAY - STORM

The car slides to a rolling stop at Gramhill Road, turns right, and rockets away.

RADIO

Give your free will a chance.
 You've got to want to succeed—owner
 of a lonely heart.

EXT. HIGHWAY NINE AND FELTON EMPIRE - DAY - STORM

The car crosses Highway 9 onto Felton Empire Grade at suicidal speed; several vehicles spin out of control.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON - DAY - STORM

A distraught average man pushes his below-average car beyond its limits as he fights to steer left as the road curves uphill and steepens.

RADIO

Owner of a lonely heart. Much
 better than an owner of a broken
 heart. Owner of a lonely heart.
 Owner of a lonely heart.

The forest canopies the road, a curve approaches.

RADIO (CONT'D)

After my own indecision, They
 confused me so. Owner of a lonely
 heart. My love said never question
 your will at all. In the end you've
 got to go.

The road becomes nearly impassible as the raging elements tear large branches onto the road and car.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Look before you leap—owner of a
 lonely heart. And don't you
 hesitate at all - no, no.

A long sweeping curve bends right and then left.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD LOWER BIG CURVES - DAY - STORM

Guitars solo; the road swerves to the left into a hairpin turn.

The road thrusts up to the right, dodging through a series of turns. The eroded shoulder opens to the ravine below.

The road makes an extreme right hairpin turn as the pavement ascends into the Redwoods.

The wagon disappears around the turn with sweeping wakes of water.

RADIO

Owner of a lonely heart. Owner of a lonely heart. Much better than a, owner of a broken hear. Owner of a lonely heat.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON

The road slightly straightens out into rhythmic curves. The strain on the engine matches the drivers' intensity, and he floors it.

RADIO

Owner of a lonely heart. Owner of a lonely heart. Much better than a, Owner of a broken heart. Owner of a lonely heart. Owner of a lonely heart. Sooner or later each conclusion, Will decide the lonely heart. Owner of a lonely heart. It will excite it will delight.

The song ends as he approaches a fifteen-mile-per-hour yellow sign that leans to the left. The road has large cracks across the surface.

RADIO (CONT'D)

It will give a better start. Owner of a lonely heart.

The music fades out; he panics and breaks hard for the hairpin turn. The car impacts the large crack in the road, and the sun visor pops down.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Don't deceive your free will at all. Don't deceive your free will at all—owner of a lonely heart. Don't deceive your free will at all, Just receive it.

The driver turns the radio off.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - DAY -STORM

JOHN (V.O.)

And I thought I had it made.

The car drifts through the hairpin curve and races around the sweeping blind curve as the hillside slides downhill.

INT. HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER - DAY

Superimposed title:

FOUR DAYS EARLIER

EXT. BUSH STREET AND MONTGOMERY STREETS - MORNING

Bush Street empty awaits rush hour; a faded blue Taurus wagon is timing the lights down the empty street before rush hour. The garbage bins line the road for today's pickup. Against the traffic light, an early thirties jogger in a red and white tracksuit with headphones on runs across Bush Street without looking. The wagon breaks hard and spins 360 degrees through the wet street intersection in a formation with a silver Q-45. The jogger, unaware, continues up Montgomery against the one-way street.

INT. PARKING GARAGE EMBARCADERO CENTER

The faded blue wagon's tailpipe emits a light blue smoke as it pulls into the parking garage with an early bird parking sign. The wagon nearly impacts a compact car exiting the garage.

John Nord hurries parking, gets out of the car, and realizes he has locked his keys in the car. The he is pissed; he strides to the elevator with a noticeable limp; his laptop case shows signs of wear, as does his leather bomber jacket. His mop of blond hair bounces with his pronounced limp.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

The reporter is parking his Q45 in an underground garage and answers the phone.

PETER HOLLAND

Jean, I didn't call you back last night because you said we were done. 'It was over to use your exact words. What is changing your mind? Your new friend, under closer inspection, doesn't meet up with your expectations? I've got to cover a story; I'll call you back at lunch."

INT. HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER

He enters the reception lobby and waves to the cute early twenties blond Asian lady behind the counter.

JO

John, I'm glad you made it in early. The George Camper Press Briefing shifted to the Grand Ballroom. They're expecting a lot of reporters, and they will need the big press feed.

John sets his laptop case down on the counter.

JOHN

Sure, Jo. Can you put this behind your desk?

JO

One more thing, a last-minute booking for Sergei Marcov, he's in the Golden Gate Room. He needs a four-way call by eleven.

John rolls his eyes, ambles out the lobby and down the hallway to meet the client, and enters the room.

The well-dressed muscular early sixties Russian with a long scar on his left cheek stands up and limps over to meet John. John looks at his limp, and the Russian looks at his limp. Sergei pointed to his leg.

SERGEI MARCOV

Afghanistan.

Int. Helicopter Afghanistan fourteen years ago - Day

Sergei's face has a large deep cut, and his broken leg's compound fracture protrudes through his trousers. He is underneath four dead men in his special forces team as the Mujahideen fighters rake the inside with AK-47 fire.

INT. HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER

John points to his leg.

JOHN

Panama.

EXT. SEAL TEAM AT PUNTA PAITILLA AIRPORT TEN YEARS AGO -
NIGHT

The PDF fighters retreat into an airport hanger. John is on his radio when he is hit in his leg by several rounds.

INT. HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER

They both nodded their heads and found respect in their eyes.

JOHN

Do you need a four-way call by eleven? That's not a lot of time.

SERGEI MARCOV

They must be encrypted secure! My locations, be a big tip for you.

Sergei hands him a St. Francis Hotel stationery list and walks out of the room. John follows him out of the room and then trots to the Grand Ballroom.

INT. HYATT GRAND BALLROOM

John enters the ballroom; crews set tables and chairs, turning last night's banquet into today's press briefing. John taps headphones wearing Hispanic crew chief on the shoulder.

JOHN

Pedro, we need to set up a Camera Stand midway in the room. Set up a three-foot stage eight feet by 24 wide, and I will need two circuits for lights and one course for audio.

John walks out of the ballroom, pulls out his cellphone, and dials as he walks.

INT. HYATT HALLWAY

JOHN

Hey Sweetie, when you come down for lunch, can you bring my spare keys? I lock my set in the car? Great, see you at noon.

EXT - RAIL BRIDGE OVER MISSISSIPPI RIVER - DAY

A river barge mangled the pilings of a train bridge. A pipeline and communication conduits shattered.

INT. HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER

John readies the suite, a bank of six thirty-seven-inch monitors face the conference table. John listens to the speakerphone on the conference table.

LEVEL THREE OPERATOR (ON PHONE)

We have a T-3 trunk severed on the Mississippi River. We are rerouting all of the traffic in the West. A workaround is underway; I will have you up soon.

John is frustrated by the news.

JO (ON PHONE)

John, line two, it's Laura, don't forget her birthday's coming up!

JOHN

Thanks, Jo, I know! Can you get AT&T on the line? Their network just crashed on me?

JO

John, you need to get a new car.

JOHN

You do know my luck with cars? Do you think Laura would want me in a new car or to have a ring? I can't afford both.

JO

Are you going to propose to her?

JOHN

That's my secret, Jo.

INT. BALLROOM LOBBY HALLWAY

Peter Holland is frustrated by the scrum of reporters keeping him from his interview with George Camper.

PETER HOLLAND

Mr. Camper... Mr. Camper...

INT HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER - LATER

The video conference call is underway with Beijing, Moscow, and Guadalajara endpoints. The impeccably dressed Russian leaned forward from his chair.

SERGEI MARCOV

Da, da, I need to add three additional sites to the call. All are to be encrypted!

JOHN

I can set it up, but it will cost you a premium.

SERGEI MARCOV

Money is not the problem; it is a problem not having this NOW!

Sergei's eyes start to bulge.

John makes a call, opens his laptop, and changes settings for the call.

The Russian is upset because his laptop video isn't working.

The three monitors display a beautiful dark-haired woman, a Chinese man in his seventies and a Latin man bald mid-sixties.

SERGEI MARCOV (CONT'D)

The picture is all wrong!

JOHN

It must be your video card compatibility; we see this all the time. Let's put the CD into our player, and I will have it up in one minute.

SERGEI MARCOV

Just do it quickly. Lady and gentlemen, the technician will get my presentation up soon. Go on, Chen.

John removes his presentation from the DVD player, inserts Sergio's disc, and hands the controls to the Russian, who dismisses him with a wave of his hand.

JORGE

Chen has excellent news, as do I.

CHEN

I have secured the export controls exemptions on the equipment, and they insist it will be suitable for sub .018 Micron devices.

LADY(O.S.)

How did you get the exemptions so fast?

GENERAL CHEN

The White House was very friendly. It pays to sleep in the Lincoln Bedroom before each election.

LADY (O.S.)

The best news for last, BCCI will be underwriting our venture. I have to apologize. I have to end the call; I have another meeting.

JORGE

Our shipments are on time.

The video screens go dark.

John enters the room, hands Sergei, his bill and removes his disc from the player. John starts to put his disc into a sleeve.

JO (ON PHONE)

John, line 4 Laura is on the phone.

John sets down his disc on the counter and picks up the handset.

LAURA (ON PHONE)

I'll be there soon, can you come out, it's raining cats-n-dogs?

JOHN

Happy to, sweetie, meet me at the side door. Did you bring my spare keys?

LAURA

I sure did.

JOHN

Thanks, Sweetie, give me ten minutes; the video conference just ended. I also want to pitch Mr. Camper my business plan.

He shuts down the bridge call and puts the room in order.

The Russian approaches John handing him an envelope with his right hand sporting a Russian Red Army Victory ring.

SERGEI MARCOV

Thank you for your fast service and discretion. I have my disc.

JOHN

Thank you for using the Hyatt Regency Conference Center.

John's eyes widen as he looks into the envelope. He picks up his disc and slips it into its sleeve and then into an envelope. John walks out of the room and returns to the reception desk.

INT. HYATT CONFERENCE CENTER RECEPTION

JOHN

Jo, I will be in the Grand Ballroom wrapping it up.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM

John walks into the Grand Ballroom, a crush of reporters crowd the stage. News crews disassemble tripods, cameras, and lighting on the camera platform. He walks to the extreme side of the room to access the stage. The center of attention is a middle-aged man in a dark pin-striped suit with a red tie and matching pocket scarf who waves him over.

GEORGE CAMPER

Do you work here? I need to ditch the press.

George grabs his raincoat, umbrella, and briefcase.

JOHN

Yes, I do, Mr. Camper, follow me.

John leads George through the service area to the loading dock and turns.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mr. Camper. I trained in encryption. I wanted to hear your talk today, but another meeting came up.

GEORGE CAMPER
George, please.

JOHN
Would you look over my business
plan for a secure collaboration
network?

GEORGE CAMPER
Well, I do owe you one. What do
you have?

John pulls out the envelope and hands it to George. George
puts the white envelope in his briefcase.

GEORGE CAMPER (CONT'D)
I will be out of town tomorrow; I
can look it over the next day and
get back to you.

He buttons his trench coat, snaps open his umbrella, and
walks out into the downpour. John pulls out his phone.

JOHN
Hey Sweetie, I'll be there in two.
I was able to give him the business
plan.

INT. HYATT EMBARCADERO LOBBY

Peter Holland, a handsome, forties, tall, runners' trim man,
talks on his cell phone in front of the massive lobby art
installation, trench coat over his arm. The atrium is ten
stories high, leaning into a point.

PETER HOLLAND
I was about to shake hands with
Harry, and some staffer led him out
through the kitchen. I just lost
him.

EDITOR (ON PHONE)
The story of the year. Get that
interview, or I'll fire your ass!

PETER HOLLAND
And I will burn your house down!
Then where would we be, Harry?
I'll catch up with him.

Peter's phone goes dead, and he clips it to his belt. With a
look of aggravation, Peter bundles up for the rainstorm and
takes the escalator down to the street.

INT. THE ROYAL EXCHANGE PUB

The rain pounds on Peter's umbrella as he squeezes through the door. The Pub is overflowing with a very drenched lunch crowd.

PETER HOLLAND

Hi Jean, I've thought it over; yes, we are finished. I feel like a Yo-yo with you. Yes, I know you have tried to make it work; no, I am just tired of trying to make it work!

Peter canvasses the room, moves across it to the horseshoe bar's far side and makes his way to the only remaining seat near the service area. A man in a dark pin-striped suit with his back to him is talking on his cell phone has his finger in his ear. Peter orders, reaches across the bar, and grabs a wet Chronicle; he settles into the paper.

A waiter knocks the paper out of Peter's hand. Just then, a tall, attractive brunette lady enters the bar. She is in black leather pants, a red scarf, and a black trench coat. With a large Gucci black leather shoulder bag, newspaper, and a Nordstrom shopping bag, the looker collapses the pocket umbrella with her free hand. She's conversing on her cell phone, looks around the bar for her date. The man next to Peter waves to her. She struts briskly over to the man, standing up as she pecks him on the cheek.

HAPPY CAMPER

Hi George! Sorry, I'm late; we had to add a few essential venture partners to the teleconference. Did you get my voice mail?

GEORGE CAMPER

Yes, I did, but I had to give up our table. The press conference went well; the questions just kept coming. There is a forty-minute wait for a table, and I'm famished. Do you mind if we eat at the bar?

Peter watches this exchange, looks the lady over from her black leather boots to her hair. She unbuttons her trench coat, revealing her firm breasts under a red silk blouse. The Bar Back is busy cleaning glasses and stacking plates.

HAPPY CAMPER

Here's Aunt Em's gift. I hope she likes it?

Happy, pats the Nordstrom bag.

GEORGE CAMPER

Happy, thanks for getting it for me. I'm taking Em to Twenty-eight after my testimony at the Capitol tomorrow. Want to come with me?

HAPPY CAMPER

I'd like to get away, but...

Peter can't hear over the chatter of two St. John knit suits wearing elderly blue-hair old ladies in the seats next to him.

REGINA

Helen, don't you dare pick up the check.

HAPPY CAMPER

I'll let you know in the morning. I'm staying close to this deal, and you know me with closing. It's complicated, commingled funds, transfer of equity, IP, global investors, and a technology transfer for a chip plant in China. So what's the big news?

GEORGE CAMPER

At the press...

REGINA

Oh, Helen, it's my turn to pick up the check.

The two ladies interrupt Peter's snooping.

HELEN

Regina, then I will get the movie.

The ladies collect their things and leave the bar.

HAPPY CAMPER

On second thought, I have to meet some of the players for the deal in Sacramento; maybe I can tie it into cocktail hour. Let me work it out.

Peter stands up to remove his trench coat, and it catches his cell phone, which flies off his belt and breaks into pieces under Happy's and George's stools. Happy and George turned around, surprised.

PETER HOLLAND

Excuse me. My phone has the worst belt clip. Would you mind getting up? My parts are under your stools.

HAPPY CAMPER

That's a bad pickup line; your missing your parts?

Happy winked at him while standing up, all five foot nine inches and 130 pounds.

PETER HOLLAND

You found me out; I always make a fool of myself trying to meet a gorgeous woman. Honestly, I'm trying to catch up with your Husband.

Peter pulls himself together. Peter turns to George Camper.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

To introduce myself, I'm Peter Holland, with Upside Magazine.

I called your office. Jill set up a meeting at the Hyatt after the Press Conference. I need fifteen minutes for a security article in Electronic Commerce I am developing.

Happy, eyes this young man from the shoes up.

HAPPY CAMPER

George, Mr. Holland can't be much of a reporter.

She gives Peter a pout and a strange half-smile.

GEORGE CAMPER

Don't mind my younger sister. She is used to getting more attention from young men than she usually gets.

George adds quickly.

GEORGE CAMPER (CONT'D)

Being in San Francisco, it's better to be precise.

Peter answers his phone.

PETER HOLLAND

Hi Jean, yes, I'll think it over.

HAPPY CAMPER

A man of mystery.

A waiter approached.

WAITER

Mr. Camper, I had a cancellation.
Are you still interested in a
table?

GEORGE CAMPER

We'll take it. Peter, do you want
to have those 15 minutes?

George gives Peter a head nod towards the table.

INT. LAURA'S BMW

Laura is a blond, in her late twenties, a spunky woman in a nurse uniform. She accelerates up Pine Street, passes a slow car, and settles behind a flatbed truck hauling steel I-Beams. Her purse is on John's side of the center console. Her make-up case slides onto John's lap off of the dash.

LAURA

Sorry about that. I caught my nail
and made a quick fix while waiting
for you. I was helping Mary turn an
extremely heavy patient over, and
the bed frame bit me. It was easier
when I worked at Shriners with
small kids, but heartbreaking.

JOHN

Just keep getting help with the
large patients, no need for both of
us to be lame.

INT. LAURA'S BMW

Laura pulls the car in tight behind the flatbed truck with a load of structural steel.

JOHN

Laura, slow down! Don't get too
close to that truck!

LAURA

You have been the nervous one...
with my driving, what gives?

EXT - HIGHWAY FIVE - NIGHT YEARS EARLIER

The flatbed truck slowly bounces up the steep hill in the slow lane. The tie-down chains are loose, and an I-beam starts inching off the bed as the semi reaches the top of the pass. The driver shifts into a higher gear, the beam slides off the truck blocking the fast and slow lanes.

INT. HONDA HIGHWAY FIVE-NIGHT

Empty road races beneath the car as it tops a long hill. The passenger is asleep. John focused on the highway narrowing through a shear cut of the hillside.

Looming I-beam in the roadway.

John wrenches the wheel, the auto's passenger side body rolls up over the edge of the I-beam, slams down in the middle of the steel. The sound of sliding metal to metal with sparks flying out down its length, like a giant metal sander.

ENGINEER PASSENGER

Watch out!

The car exits into the slow lane going eighty-five.

INT LAURA'S CAR

JOHN

A couple of years ago, I was on Highway Five in my Honda doing eighty-five in the fast lane, returning from an installation in Los Angeles. I was going up a long steep hill south of Patterson. I topped the pass; there it was, a forty-foot construction I-beam on its side diagonally blocking the road from the fast lane to the slow lane.

LAURA

What did you do?

INT - LAURA'S BMW

JOHN

I knew I was dead if I hit it. I just tried to get it between the wheels.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

My car turned into a slot car racer, and I exited the beam in the slow lane going eighty-five. That's when I saw the two wrecks on the road. Since that time, I've been driving a lot tamer and a lot more nervous.

INT. MINISTRY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION CHINA - NIGHT

The pepper grains floated into the flame of the candle on Chen's desk, a photo with him with Chairman Mao is on his desk, pictures of him with the Viet Cong are on the walls of the darkroom. Rain is pounding on the windows. His hand reaches out, presses the intercom.

CHEN

Get Sergei on the phone. Find out when the National Laboratory in Mongolia Rare Earth Elements' plan update will be on my desk?"

INT. VIET CONG TUNNEL VIETNAM WAR - NIGHT

Chen is rubbing between his fingers, gun powder over a candle on a small wooden table in a tunnel command center, AK-47 leaning at ready, the earth shakes with explosions. The sparks hypnotize him. A massive bomb detonates above the tunnel, buries Chen under dirt, and his hand is only visible on his gun.

INT. MINISTRY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION CHINA

In the expansive deep red room, General Chen awakens from his trance.

GENERAL'S AIDE (ON PHONE)

Sergei Marcov is on line four.

Chen focuses his eyes; his body has a slight shudder.

SERGIE MARCOV (ON PHONE)

Chen, how are the factory plans going?

GENERAL CHEN

I will be happier when the final plans are in your hands, Sergei.

INT. SERGIE'S ST. FRANCIS HOTEL ROOM

The luxury hotel room is surprisingly small; the artwork are signed limited editions of Salvador Dali's work. The desk covered by his daytimer, Rolex, 9mm pistol, a bottle of vodka is in an ice bucket and a full ashtray.

SERGEI MARCOV

Is my delivery ready?

GENERAL CHEN (ON PHONE)

Yes, and is mine? I have a seaplane ready at the Yacht Club at seven. I will be in San Francisco early tomorrow.

Sergei sits on his bed looking at the disc, then stores it in the laptop case.

SERGEI MARCOV

I have it all scheduled, Chen, and it is all coming together as we foresaw.

GENERAL CHEN (ON PHONE)

I understand your hackers cost the US military two hundred million dollars every year. After concluding this project, the politburo wants my report on duplicating your cyberwarfare approach.

JORGE ESPARANTE'S VILLA GUADALAJARA

Jorge Esparante, a tall, thin Hispanic man in his sixties bald head's red bandana, keeps the sweat out of his eyes as he walks across the enclosed garden of his villa. He is in his tennis clothes returning from his daily lesson. He swings his racquet as he talks on his cell phone.

JORGE

Miguel, I need you to take care of some loose ends today.

INT. RESTAURANT-- LATER

Settled in at a lovely table, she tosses a long blond ponytail over her shoulder and her scrubs reveal her trim waist. Clearly, she is concerned about John's mood.

LAURA

John, you're distracted; what's on your mind, work?

Laura reaches across the table for his hand.

LAURA (CONT'D)

It will get better.

JOHN

George Camper said he was going to look over my business plan. I could use a break.

LAURA

You're one of the most intelligent men I know.

JOHN

It went OK today, I had to add some sites, and one of the lines went out...

Laura's eyes started to glaze over, and she directly asked John.

LAURA

Where is our relationship going?

John reached into his pocket and palms a ring case below the table.

JOHN

I think I forget something, but I want to ask you a question.

EXT. ISOLATED RANCH EL INDIO, TX - AFTERNOON

Men are loading a drug shipment onto a large truck. Bodies of a Rancher, his family, and his dog laid out in the barn. A man pours gasoline over the bodies and then sets the barn afire.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA'S BEDROOM NIGHT

John and Laura are in bed listening to the radio to an acoustic guitar duet. Her RN outfit lies on the chair, and her UCSF Medical Center security badge hangs off the back. On her left hand is a brilliant-cut one-carat diamond ring on her finger.

RADIO

Only now you can sleep. Only now
you can dream away; tonight, you
are safe in my arms. Now I know
deep inside. There is no more to
hide. It's out of us both. Now we
can sleep. Honeysweet.

A very gentle soft guitar solo floats above the words.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Now there is more than me. So much
now we can sleep in each other's
hearts. Now, we can sleep.

Laura's eyes moisten.

LAURA

I always have worked and never
thought I needed someone. I have
never been happier, John.

They make love.

EXT. MAVERICK COUNTRY TEXAS - NIGHT

A heavy truck bellows out a series of deep-throttled tones
downshifting and turns onto Highway 131 towards Spofford. The
road has no traffic in the middle of the night and desert.

INT. TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

The heavysset Mexican's large potbelly jiggles with each
shift. His worn rawhide glove reaches to flip the spilt-axle
into low as it maneuvers around a road-closed sign.

MIGUEL

It is a good time to drive in the
desert, with no heat and no cops!

HENCHMAN

Watch out!

The truck rounds a corner and brakes hard for a Texas Highway
Patrol car blocking the highway. The Patrolman shines a
flashlight into the cab, down the side of the truck, and
underneath the rear. Henchman begins to reach for his Mac 10;
Miguel waves a finger for no and then rolls down his window.

MIGUEL

Que Pasa?

HIGHWAY PATROLMAN

Miguel, you're on time for once.
Let's make it snappy.

Miguel drives to the three planes parked on the road. He turns the truck around and backs in for unloading. One of the pilots wearing a cowboy hat comes over to Miguel as he climbs down from the cab.

PILOT

Miguel, do you have a light?

Miguel lights a match on the side of the truck; the pilot takes a long drag off his cigarette and exhales.

PILOT (CONT'D)

You're on time, any problems?

Miguel lights up a joint and inhales deeply. He blows the smoke out of his nose and says.

MIGUEL

No, no problems, and no one left to tell any tales.

PILOT

How much time to load?

MIGUEL

We'll have you done in ten minutes.
Where are you headed?

PILOT

Where I can ski and gamble if the storm lets me land.

The men finish loading, secure the hatches, and drive away in an SUV. Miguel turns the truck around and pulls to a stop by the Highway Patrolman.

MIGUEL

Same time next week here's your cut.

Miguel tosses him a paper-wrapped package. The truck and Highway Patrol car drive away as the three planes take off into the night.

EXT. MAVERICK COUNTRY TEXAS - DAWN

Two DEA agents are surveilling the planes' loading. On the dash of their truck are taco wrappers, two pairs of aviator sunglasses, San Antonio Express with the dead ranch family's photos on the front page.

As they watched the planes take off and the SUV, Truck, and Highway Patrol car drive away, they pulled their unmarked SUV onto the road. The sun was coming up.

EXT. ECHO SUMMIT - MORNING

Strings overlay a techno-pop theme.

MUSIC (V.O.)
Superimposed title:

DAY TWO

EXT. ECHO SUMMIT - DAY

Deep Snow covers the Tahoe Basin and the rugged mountain pass; cabins perched on the edge of the cliff. The highway below is snowbound. In the distance, a cannon's report echoes through the valley; the shell explodes in snowdrifts above the road, the white river tumbles down across the roadway. Another artillery shell fired, and the manufactured avalanche roars down the cliffside. The echo fades in the long valley.

RADIO (O.S.)
All Clear.

A fleet of snowplows fire up their engines and go to work clearing Highway Fifty of the twenty-foot wall of snow.

EXT. ECHO SUMMIT CABIN - DAY

The brown-haired man, a tall in shape mid-fifties, stops shoveling the deep snow off the deck of one of the cabins on the cliff, taking in the spectacle below. His right cheek has a long shallow scar running across it into his hairline above the ear. He tucks into his sweatshirt a dainty silver locket. He takes delight in the barrage below the cliff.

MIKE MURPHY
What a show!

He finishes clearing the snow, takes the shovel inside the cabin, and comes back outside with a large tripod and field binoculars. He sets his watch post up.

EXT. BERKELEY AQUATIC PARK - DAY

In a black with red trim tracksuit, Peter runs the Par trail of the mile-long aquatic park alongside Highway Eighty. He stops at the pushup station and gives fifty. The ground is wet from yesterday's deluge.

INT. HP CONFERENCE ROOM - Day

Jane White was an attractive 40s lady, petite, blond with no roots, and a stylish cut.

JOHN

Away from the interruptions all too common in the high industry, we help you manage the productivity of your key employees. With the conference center so close to HP's workforce, wouldn't you like the assurance that your employees remained focused on your events and productive?

JANE WHITE

You've got my attention John; may I call you John?

JOHN

Please do.

JANE WHITE

It's not often I ask for more information. I see your laptop. Do you have a presentation on your company for me? Let's see it.

The laptop opens in PowerPoint. John pulled down his last file '99 Presentation', and his computer prompting him with 'no file found. John opened the CD drive icon, and the drive read 'IIIFabplan.' Jane looked at John with a bemused, but let's get on with it look.

JOHN

I do indeed. I have our presentation on DVD, and I will leave it with you. If you feel anyone else needs to see our presentation. It seems I have the wrong disc with me.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I will have to drop one off this afternoon for you.

INT. HP CONFERENCE ROOM -Day

JOHN (CONT'D)

I am sorry Ms. White

JANE WHITE

Jane, please. That's all right, but, now I am wondering how technically solid your conference center is, John?

JOHN

What happened, it must have been mixed up with a customer's disc yesterday morning. I was supporting a last-minute teleconference and had to get to lunch. It was my girlfriend's birthday, now fiancée. He must have taken my disc by mistake, they were identical discs.

JANE WHITE

Congratulations, John! I have heard excellent things about your conference center. I want a copy dropped off by tomorrow morning, I have a weekly lunch meeting with our Operations VP, and he should see it.

JOHN

I will drop it off before lunch. Thank you so much. I look forward to serving you.

JANE WHITE

Thank you for coming in. I am looking forward to our development meeting next month at your facility. Bye-bye.

EXT. BERKELEY AQUATIC PARK - DAY

He stops at the pushup station and gives fifty. The ground is wet from yesterday's deluge. Peter Holland is cooling down and stretching from his par course circuit on a post, and his phone rang. Pete's phone rang. Peter grabbed his towel and keys and walked to his car.

PETER HOLLAND

Peter, here.

GEORGE CAMPER

This is George Camper, I am heading up to Sacramento to testify at the Capital today. Do you want to ride up with me for a long interview?

PETER HOLLAND

Sure, sounds great.

GEORGE CAMPER

It will be a long day and a dinner with my Aunt. Happy will be there. I recall you mentioned living in the East Bay. How about I pick you up at the Ashby Bart Station?

PETER HOLLAND

That would be perfect!

GEORGE CAMPER

See you at 9:30

PETER HOLLAND

Peter here. Hi Jean, no I can't come over and talk today. I am heading up to Sacramento for an interview. I can call you tonight. OK?

FOSTER CROWN PLAZA - LATER

John walks through the lobby to the conference center. John located the Site manager at the hotel. Stephen, an Australian ex-pat, was a wizard at running live events, an ex-roadie for many San Francisco bands, like Eddie Money, Montrose, and Greg Kihn.

JOHN

Yo, Stephen!

STEPHEN

Yo, John-John!

JOHN

What truck drove over you last night? I have seen you look better After a ten-week tour.

STEPHEN

Some mates of mine are in from Australia. After the Oracle event, we got a little twisted; I might have to admit, I am getting too old for all nighters, John.

JOHN

I will get one of those walkers on order for you.

STEPHEN

How's Laura? She is one great gal.

JOHN

Glad you think so, now I can invite you to the wedding.

STEPHEN

About time you made her legal. A girl like that could get arrested in the company of an old fart like yourself.

JOHN

That's like the kettle calling the pot black, bro.

STEPHEN

Did you hear about Jim's uncle Larry's passing?

JOHN

No! Is Jim still here?

STEPHEN

He is in the ballroom finishing the load out.

INT.CROWN PLAZA BALLROOM

John walked to the ballroom and found Jim disassembling a fast-fold rear projection screen in the room's far corner. John walked over and put his hand on Jim's shoulder.

JOHN

Sorry to hear about Larry!

JIM

Thanks. The service is on Saturday at Mountain View Cemetary.

JOHN

I wish I could make it; I promised Laura a weekend in Santa Cruz to celebrate our engagement.

JIM

Way to go, John! Jim clapped him on his back.

JOHN

Please let Sue know she is in my prayers.

INT. AGENT'S SUV

Agent Pierce dials his phone from the passenger seat.

AGENT PIERCE

Mike, Pierce, do you remember Jorge Espartante?

MIKE MURPHY

How can I forget him? He killed my sister, her family, and my dog Hoss! Why do you ask?

INT. BANK IN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY FOUR YEARS EARLIER

The busy, slightly overweight, balding, middle-aged banker with horned rim glasses sits at his desk. A cute family picture is on his desk, with a silver locket drapes on the picture frame. He answers his phone.

PHILIP MASTERS

Masters, here.

MIKE MURPHY (ON PHONE)

How's my sister doing, Phillip?

PHILIP MASTERS

Hey Mike. The kids keep her busy, and you shouldn't be a stranger and come over for dinner.

MIKE MURPHY (ON PHONE)

I am looking into something and need your help; got time for lunch?

INT. ROY'S RESTAURANT - LATER

The Asian fusion restaurant's white lines drape tables, contrasting the red-backed chairs. Beige paneled walls surround the restaurant, a massive glass dark wood framed wine vault anchors the restaurant's corner. Asian theme red, gold, and blue colored art pieces hang on the wall. Mike and Phillip set down their menus and order lunch from the waiter.

WAITER

It will be right out.

The waiter takes their menus and the order to the kitchen. Phillip waits for the waiter to leave.

PHILIP MASTERS

How can I help my brother-in-law
and the FBI?

MIKE MURPHY

Is your Bank tied up with the BCCI?

Phillip straightens up, the smile leaves his face, and he removes his horn-rimmed glasses.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

Level with me, Philip, it is
important.

Phillip begins to sweat and loosen his collar, and the color leaves his face.

PHILIP MASTERS

I don't know where to start.

MIKE MURPHY

How about the beginning.

PHILIP MASTERS

A Bahamian bank calls. They need a
local bank for a flower import
company. Their client was setting
up international operations at
Mather Field in Sacramento. Jorge
Espartante is the Columbian
importer for the flower
distributor.

Visible relief takes over Philip as he tells his story.

PHILIP MASTERS (CONT'D)

My bank is dealing with the construction sector's hyper depression, and the extra flow from the operations helps the bottom line. It's a laundering operation, and they keep upping the amounts I have to transact. They're threatening Sally and the kids.

MIKE MURPHY

Phillip, I'm going to take a look at their operations. They're importing more than flowers.

Mike puts his hand onto Phillip's arm, pats it, and says solemnly.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

Phil, it'll work out, promise!

INT. MATHER FIELD HANGER - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT

Large racks of flower containers cover the cavernous hanger floor. Half a dozen men lift bundles of cocaine from the shipping containers. The shipping containers then move to a UPS plane on the tarmac.

An FBI team forces its way into the Hanger. One of the guards draws his weapon and fires, hits an agent, and fires a round at Mike Murphy. The bullet crazes Mike's cheek as he pulls his service weapon and shoots the guard center mass. The other two guards drop their guns and raise their hands.

Ten thousand wrapped kilos of cocaine were recovered in the drug raid. A DEA photographer takes a picture of the agents, the drug haul, and the seized weapons laid out on the floor.

INT. MIKE MURPHY'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Mike's cellphone rings, he turns on his reading lamp and answers the call.

MIKE MURPHY

Murphy.

JORGE (O.S)

I've got bad news for you, Mike,
your sister is no longer with us.

Mike's face draws tight as he swings his legs off the bed.

JORGE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You better forget about me or you
will see your wife and two kids
raped and killed, before I cut your
balls off and feed them to you!

INT. MASTERS LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sally Masters and her family lay burnt on an elegant living room floor, the Persian rug charred from the bodies burned on top of it. Mike's dog Hoss is dead.

EXT. DONNER SUMMIT PRESENT TIME - DAY

The agent's voice breaks Mike's forbidding look.

AGENT PIERCE (ON PHONE)
This shipment we're tracking...

Mike's voice betrays his burning hatred.

MIKE MURPHY
Is Jorge part of this shipment?

FBI AGENT (ON PHONE)
Yes, his crew just wiped out a
rancher and his family down in El
Indio.

Sound of a small turboprop plane passing through the canyon heading to South Lake Tahoe Airport.

INT. SENATE HEARING ROOM 4203 CA STATE CAPITOL

The light wood-wrapped chamber focuses on the podium dais. Above the casework, three large murals depicting the origin of the State of California salute the audience. Peter finds an open spot at the press counter in a gray suit and plugs in his audio recorder to the press feed.

EXT. DONNER SUMMIT - DAY

The white and blue jet's numbers on its tail were evident as it tracks Highway 89 down the Upper Truckee Valley to the South Lake Tahoe Airport.

The plane continues its descent.

The pilot executes a skillful flare out the Turboprop rolls down the runway.

Mike keys his radio.

MIKE MURPHY

Heads up, they're on the ground;
give them plenty of room.

Mike tosses his gear into his SUV. He pulls out of the driveway and makes a sharp left at the Echo Summit lodge onto the Lincoln Highway. He drives down the switchback to the now clear Highway 50 and punches the gas.

EXT. EMERALD BAY - SAME TIME - DAY

A white-nosed and yellow body Pilatus PC-6 seaplane lands and taxis past Fannette Island, a stone shell of a dilapidated tea house jut out of the snow on top of the island. Emerald Bay is shrouded in deep snowdrifts, and the water is mirror-smooth. The pilot ties up the plane to a dock on the Western End of the Bay, Sergei Marcov, and a female and male Asian get off the seaplane. The pilot pulls a large briefcase out of the cargo bay and secures the door.

They walk to the secluded Vikingsholm through large drifts of snow. Sergei has the arm of the small thin plain-looking Asian woman and looks at her.

SERGEI MARCOV

I trust the flight was not too
bumpy?

She asks Sergei in a troubled voice.

CHINESE WOMAN

When do we see our brother?

Sergei pats her arm reassuringly.

SERGEI MARCOV

Tonight my dear, tonight. After
tonight you'll never be separated
again.

INT. HANGER SOUTH LAKE TAHOE AIRPORT

Four men met the cowboy-hatted pilot and two Harrah's Hotel vans. They divide the unloaded duffel bags between the two vehicles.

The two trucks exit the Airport, turn right onto Highway 50 and right again, following the highway as it turns East towards the Casinos.

INT. CHASE CAR ONE - DAY

In a powder blue ski parka, the forty-year-old Agent Taylor lowers his binoculars, places the half-eaten Big Mac onto the dash, and keys his radio.

AGENT TAYLOR

Mike, we have two Harrah's black vans on 50 heading towards Stateline.

The agent stuffs the remainder of the Big Mac into his mouth, puts on his sunglasses, and wheels the SUV onto the highway swerving across the road, and cuts off a car.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Mike keys his radio

MIKE MURPHY

I am behind you a half click; don't crowd them.

Mike passes a Subaru with a ski rack.

AGENT TAYLOR (ON RADIO)

Lost one of the trucks, must have turned off on Tahoe Keys Blvd.

MIKE MURPHY

I've got Tahoe Keys; you keep going.

Mike turns to Lake Tahoe Boulevard and signals a left turn onto Tahoe Keys Road. He accelerates down the empty plowed road with four-foot snow shoulders and navigates along with a sweeping right turn.

Mike looks to his left, notices fresh tire tracks entering Capri Drive. The car oversteers into the turn; he fights the skid and races down the road, following the new trail.

The tracks turn left onto the last street. Mike slows his truck down. He spots a man leaving the Harrah's Van at the end of the road who rushes around the side of the home on the cul-de-sac. Mike spots the driver still in the vehicle.

Mike stares down the street, backs up his truck, and reaches for his radio handset.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

I need to re-task Tango Charlie
Five to the Tahoe Keys.

(MORE)

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

I need eyes on the end of Beach
Drive, and I can't get any closer.

EXT. TAHOE KEYS BEACH DRIVE - DAY

The heavy-set bald neck challenged man in a black ski jacket walks at a rapid clip around the side of a home, laboring with two heavy duffle bags over his shoulders through the deep snowfall. He rounds the back of the house and briskly strides onto the private dock. Heaving the bags into the boat, he drops to his knee, unties the white 51 foot Sea Ray 510 Cabin Cruiser, and climbs aboard. The motor rumbles, and he pilots the boat out of the dock, around the jetty, and motors onto a glass flat Lake Tahoe. He pulls out of his pocket a black knit cap he tugs over his massive head sporting a large burn scar.

INT. CA SENATE ROOM 4203

A serious George Camper in a navy blue double-breasted suit enters the hearing room and is shown his chair by the Sargent-at-Arms. His red and blue tie and white collared blue shirt set off with an American flag pin in the lapel. The elder distinguished Senator pounds the gavel and sports an American flag pin.

SENATOR

I call this Hearing to order. I have a few comments to make before I give the floor to Mr. Camper for his opening remarks. Today is a Regional fact-finding hearing conducted by the US Senate on the electronic security of our communications systems. Russia and the emerging Chinese threat to our secrets...

EXT. TANGO CHARLIE FIVE ABOVE LAKE TAHOE - DAY

The twin-engine plane is flying at five thousand feet above the lake. The entire Tahoe Basin is white with the recent deep snowfall. The lack of trees suggests the ski runs of Heavenly Valley. Below is the wake of the cabin cruiser. The pilot looks through binoculars.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - DAY

Mike looks at a map.

TANGO CHARLIE FIVE (ON RADIO)

Mike, I've got a cabin cruiser leaving the marina heading North East. It looks like they're in a hurry.

MIKE MURPHY

I'll find a side street and settle in.

INT. CA SENATE ROOM 4203

George Camper leans forward, presses the talk button on the gooseneck microphone base, and gravely says.

GEORGE CAMPER

Senators, my team has discovered severe flaws in the Windows operating system that gives broad access to many of our government's secrets. Last year's approval by the administration of crucial satellite launch guidance details to China has only increased a rising threat of China penetrating our industrial and military secrets.

EXT. EMERALD BAY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Emerald Bay is buried under four feet of newly fallen snow. The cabin cruiser motors into Emerald Bay it passes Fannette Island. The boat throttles back as it approaches the dock and the bow settles into the water. Docking alongside the seaplane, the captain tosses a line to the pilot. The pilot and captain greet each other on the berth. Sergei is in an expansive mood joins them on the dock.

SERGEI MARCOV

Good timing. I trust the cargo is intact.

BOAT CAPTAIN

I have a thousand kilos in the van and two hundred as requested on the boat.

The seaplane pilot knees down and opens his flight case.

PILOT

Sergei, here's my part of the deal.

The pilot hands Sergei a felt sack. After Sergei exams the contents, he pulls the drawstring and tosses the felt sack to the boat captain. The boat captain turns to the pilot.

BOAT CAPTAIN

Give me a hand.

The pilot follows him to the cabin cruiser, and the captain jumps into the boat. He returns with two worn duffel bags and tosses them onto the dock. The pilot counts the kilos in the bags and gives a thumbs up to Sergei. Sergei returns to the pier, and the Asian male and female board the boat. The boat backs away from the dock and cruises towards the opening of the bay.

The seaplane lifts off the water and soon flies overhead rocking its wings.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - DAY

Mike is leaning back into his seat, chewing on a toothpick.

TANGO CHARLIE FIVE (ON RADIO)

Heads up, Mike, they made a delivery and pick-up. They're coming back at you with at least four on board. A seaplane just lifted off; I've got to follow. Sorry, we are short of air support; everything is snowbound.

Mike keys his radio.

MIKE MURPHY

Chase Three, I'm going to need some help.

INT. CA SENATE ROOM 4203

George Camper leans into his microphone.

GEORGE CAMPER

Senator, I'm afraid I can't discuss that topic in a public forum due to its classified nature.

A young petite attractive brunette aide in dark blue squeezes behind the senators places a note in front of the Chairman. The aide and Chairman discuss the message off the microphone.

SENATOR

Mr. Camper, thank you for your insightful words regarding our national security. I hope you have time for an informal meeting with the Governor and me after we close the hearing?

GEORGE CAMPER

I would be delighted to make myself available.

EXT. TAHOE KEYS BEACH DRIVE - DAY

The cabin cruiser decreases speed as it enters the jetty and docks. The Captain ties down the boat as Sergei and the two Asians stand at the stern. The Asian female tentatively grabs the Captain's hand as she steps down to the dock. The four have difficulty moving through the deep snow to enter the rear of the house. In Russian, Limo driver boat captain Dimitri is apprehensive about Sergei's reaction to crossing the deep snow.

LIMO DRIVER

Sorry Boss, I didn't have time to clear the snow off and meet the plane on time.

SERGEI MARCOV

The snow won't kill them.

Dimitri laughs deeply and continues in Russian.

LIMO DRIVER

That is funny!

They reach the covered back porch and stomp off the snow from their waist down.

EXT. TAHOE KEYS BEACH DRIVE FRONT OF HOUSE - DAY

Moments later, the garage door opens, and the Mercedes S600 pulls out onto a heated snow-free driveway. The van backs in alongside. The driver gets out, moves to the rear of the van opens its doors and transfers several duffel bags to the trunk of the Mercedes. The driver steps into the truck and drives away with the Mercedes following as they turn onto Capri Drive.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - DAY

Mike watches the Harvey's Van drive by, followed by the Mercedes.

MIKE MURPHY

Chase Three, they're two vehicles
on the move. Take the Van, and I'll
follow the Black Mercedes.

Mike waits a minute to tap his fingers on the steering wheel, slowly pulls his car out from the side street, and follows the Limo.

EXT. TAHOE KEYS AND LAKE TAHOE BOULEVARD - DAY

The van turns East towards the Casinos, and the Mercedes goes right.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - DAY

Mike is driving slowly.

CHASE THREE (ON RADIO)

Mike, the van is heading East, and
the Limo is heading West on Fifty.

Mike accelerates down the road to Highway Fifty. He brakes hard, makes a right turn, punches the gas, and is on the Highway in pursuit. He can't see the Mercedes at the junction of Highways and follows the traffic West on Fifty. Mike passes a snow plow, clearing the shoulder.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

Senator Graham and George Camper are seated on a plush couch in the governor's outer office.

SENATOR

The May Five Committee Report found
technical information transferred
during the last campaign enables
the PRC to improve its present and
future space launch vehicles and
ICBMs. It was that Johnny Chung,
Lorel, and Clinton 1996 fundraising
mess.

GEORGE CAMPER

Cisco, Intel, and IBM have contacted me about trading drugs for microprocessors and trade secrets. We worry about backdoors written into operating systems by compromised programmers. Did you know that the Pentagon is spending more than two hundred million dollars in counter cyber warfare this year alone?

The trim forties blond, red power-suit wearing Governor's Aide opens the inner office door.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

The Governor will be with you in a few minutes; he's just finishing up with the Prison Guard Union.

She closes the door.

EXT. HIGHWAY FIFTY - DAY

The Mercedes clears the Agricultural Inspection Station and passes a fuel truck climbing to Echo Summit.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - DAY

Mike approaches the Inspection Check point, pulls out his wallet, and flashes his badge passing the officer. He spots the limousine further up the hill behind a tourist bus. Mike is behind the fuel truck, which is going very slowly.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - DAY

The massive driver turns his head to the rear and continues in Russian.

LIMO DRIVER

Boss, I'm not sure, but we may be being followed.

Sergei looks over his shoulder down the road. He turns back and leans forward.

SERGEI MARCOV

Pass this bus and make some mischief, Dimitri.

LIMO DRIVER
No worries, Boss.

EXT. HIGHWAY FIFTY - DAY

The Mercedes is behind the bus, and as the road curves around the hillside, the Limo passes the bus, returning to its lane before it and CalTrans truck collide. The climbing lane ends when Dimitri fishtails the limo into the rear of an SUV, going the other way, setting off a chain reaction of crashes, closing the roadway.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - DAY

Mike is making a dangerous pass of the fuel truck where the slow truck lane ends; before he returns to his lane, his eyes widen, spots the traffic pileup. The fuel truck starts jackknifing its trailer into Mike's car; Mike grits his teeth as he stomps on the gas turns the wheel hard, aiming for the same road he came down this morning. His car spins three hundred and sixty degrees as the tanker and CalTrans trucks collide, and the gas load explodes into a massive fireball beside him. Mike's face is filled with anger and fear as he steers into the slide and adds power to the wheels.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - DAY

Sergei is enjoying himself with the mayhem left behind. The Asian female screams in shock. Sergei says in English.

SERGEI MARCOV
Well done, Dimitri, well done. Ms.
Khang, we mustn't be followed; you
want to be with your long missed
brother, yes?

EXT. ECHO SUMMIT LINCOLN HIGHWAY - DAY

Mike's SUV slides around the two hairpin turns to switchback up the cliff with snow rooster-tails from the wheels. At the top of the ridge, the truck loses traction, and the rear end spins out to the left as it passes the Echo Summit Lodge and barely misses a small snowplow working the parking lot.

He passed a sign for Echo Lakes and Camp Harvey West and the truck races downhill.

The SUV reaches Highway Fifty and turns right. It picks up speed and continues downhill.

INT. MIKE'S SUV

Mike's face eases; he relaxes the grip on the wheel and keys his microphone.

MIKE MURPHY

The limo caused a wreck on Echo Summit. Highway Fifty is closed to all traffic for several hours. Call ahead to Sacramento and get me some help. I am ahead of the Limo, and I'll let them pass me in ten miles or so.

INT. CA STATE CAPITOL ROTUNDA

Peter Holland admires a massive statue made of Carrara white marble of Columbus' Last Appeal to Queen Isabella in the center of the Rotunda. The white statue sits on the Belgium black and Vermont white marble tiles arranged in a checkerboard pattern floor. The second-floor balcony circles the large dome opening. George Camper walks up to Peter and taps him on the shoulder.

GEORGE CAMPER

Peter, sorry that it took so long. The Governor had a few questions for me.

Peter turns around and delightfully says.

PETER HOLLAND

I took the tour and saw the building restoration cut-outs in the basement. I could use a drink.

George looks at his watch with a smile coming to his face.

GEORGE CAMPER

You're a mind reader, and we have time before dinner. Happy can make the dinner. Do you mind keeping an eye out for her when I get Auntie Em?

They walk down the corridor and past the Governor's office. The Governor's Aide notices them walking past and stops typing on her Blackberry.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

Mr. Camper, I was just e-mailing you.

(MORE)

GOVERNOR'S AIDE (CONT'D)

The Governor would like you to meet with the Office of Emergency Services and our Public Utilities Commission about the Y2K issue. Is ten AM good for you?

George turns to Peter with a questioning look.

GEORGE CAMPER

Peter, do you mind getting a lift with Happy back to the Bay Area?

PETER HOLLAND

It sounds like a bribe to get my off my interview with you. Sure, she's better looking than you.

George suppressing a smile, turns back to the Aide.

GEORGE CAMPER

I've cleared my schedule, e-mail me the details.

She is back on her phone and waves them off.

GOVERNOR'S AIDE

Tell the Teachers' Union to cool their jets, it was the Prison Guards turn this year.

George and Peter grin at the sausage-making of government. They turn to the North Entrance of the Capitol and exit the building.

EXT. STATE CAPITOL - CLEAR COLD AFTERNOON

George grabs Peter's arm.

GEORGE CAMPER

I've got a great place to wash down a jaded political discussion, Frank Fats. Time to make good on the rest of the interview.

They walk down the Palm tree-lined 'L' Street to the West.

INT. FRANK FAT'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Frank Fat's is a long narrow bar and restaurant. The red ceiling over the bar vaults up to a golden Buddha, the bar back's pagoda theme brick and mirror dominate the bar.

George and Peter are sitting in a booth across from the end of the long bar. The bar is dark and is bathed with light when a patron opens the entry.

Filling the bar are overweight politicians and power-suited lobbyists, many of them attractive females. Next, the table is a beautiful and trim blond who listens to one of those portly politicians in a tense discussion.

POLITICIAN

Your Teachers did really well with the last budget. The Governor has to square up with the Prison Guards this year.

George turns his back to the following table and takes a long sip before setting down his drink.

GEORGE CAMPER

Ever heard of Level Three or Google?

PETER HOLLAND

I did a story a couple of years ago about Level Three's network operation center in Denver and their overbuilding of dark fiber by five times the possible demand.

George sips his drink.

GEORGE CAMPER

We saw that bubble pop in September, didn't we. What I'm getting at is the network will be everything, and Google will be a big player. Security of the Net is the issue.

George sees the waiter with the air pen stroke asks for the check.

GEORGE CAMPER (CONT'D)

Drink up, and it's time I pick up Aunt Em. She doesn't move very fast at eighty-four and her hip surgery. I'm going to drop you at Twenty Eight on the way over, and I need you to keep an eye out for Happy.

EXT.Q STREET AT 21ST - NIGHT

A Sacramento Bee employee jaywalks in front of George's car. He skids and misses hitting the jaywalker.

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

GEORGE

That was close, I am sure she will change her underwear when she gets home. It reminds me of the Darwin awards.

PETER

Darwin awards?

GEORGE

The Darwin awards are given posthumously to the winners. The last winner's trophy went to two brothers. There was a storm, the power went out, and there was a gas leak. To the basement brothers went, it was pitch black, and they lit their cigarette lighters for light. They were winners. I should get her name and send it to the nominee for still living life achievement awards.

PETER

Yesterday, I was driving to an early meeting in the financial district, an IPO offering from London, timing the lights just like now. 6:00 AM, the streets were just empty. Out of nowhere, a jogger runs out in front of my car. He had his headphones on and didn't even look for traffic. I locked up my brakes and slid through the intersection at Montgomery alongside a blue station wagon. The car's skid allowed my front bumper to miss him. I am not even sure if he knew what happened. Can I add my nomination to yours?

INT. GEORGE'S CAR - NIGHT

The car is approaching the corner of 'N' street and 28th street. George pulls over to the right curb to let out peter.

GEORGE CAMPER

I should be back in thirty or so.
Do you mind checking in under my
reservation?

EXT. 28 RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Peter gets out of the car, waves off George's turns, and saunters. Moments later, Peter emerges and notices Happy Camper in a tight red leather skirt and jacket, sashaying into Paragary's across the street, clutching her large bag. Peter, captivated, stares after her.

An acoustic guitar plays an up-tempo pop accompaniment.

MUSIC (V.O.)

It's about you, babe, about you,
you, you, you. It's about you,
babe, about you, you, you. What I'm
I to do? What am I to do, do about
you babe about you, you, you, do
babe about you, you, you.

Peter starts crossing the street with the light and leaps out of the way of a large black limo; as it pulls through the intersection, he glares at the limo. In a camel hair overcoat, Sergei, oblivious to Peter's jeopardy, gets out of the car and limps into the Bar. Peter waits for the light, crosses the street, and enters the bar.

EXT. 28TH STREET RT BUS FACILITY - NIGHT

Mike's SUV is on the West Side of the street. Regional Transit Bus Facility is a long, low-block building with fourteen roll-up doors. The machinery is washing buses. A bus pulls out for storage under the freeway. A Jimboy's burrito and a large coke are his meal tonight.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT

Mike wipes the long day out of his eyes as he lowers his binoculars, sets down his Jimboy's burrito, and keys his radio microphone.

MIKE MURPHY

Chase four, follow an Asian male,
walking South on 28th towards 'O'
street.

CHASE FOUR

Roger and out.

INT. PARAGARY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The long bar on the left is standing room only, and the tables on the right are full. The cute young hostess in black looks up from her station.

MUSIC (V.O.)

It's about you, babe, about you,
you, you, you. It's about you,
babe, about you, you, you. What I'm
I to do? What am I to do, do about
you babe about you, you, you, do
babe about you, you, you. What am I
going to do?

HOSTESS

Do you have a reservation?

PETER HOLLAND

I am looking for the tall Brunette
in red that just walked in.

HOSTESS

Lucky you! She went to the patio
bar, and it's through those doors.

She motions to the right of the long bar.

PETER HOLLAND

Thank you.

Peter walks past the three-deep crowd at the bar and enters the patio.

EXT. PARAGARY'S PATIO - NIGHT

The patio is a large enclosed, lushly landscaped with Olive Trees, a fireplace, water feature, and planters. Several tables are open, as is the bar on the right. The bar thrusts out from the building under a corrugated metal skin echoes a tropical setting. Patio heaters keep the evening's chill away. Peter spots Happy at the end of the bar with a Slavic man and an Asian male in a discussion.

Happy notices Peter and waves him over. Happy is animated; her open jacket reveals a sheer black silk top matching her tights descending into her four-inch red pumps, pointing to the two men as Peter joins the trio.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, come over. I'd like you to
meet someone.

Peter gingerly extends his hand.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
Sergei, this is Peter Holland, who
writes for Upside.

Sergei shakes Peter's hand, and Peter notices his large
military ring.

SERGEI MARCOV
Glad to meet you. If you'll excuse
us, we have a few details to
discuss in private.

Sergei and the Asian in powder blue canvas jacket and khaki
slacks leave the bar through Patio gate.

HAPPY CAMPER
How's your interview going with my
busy brother?

Peter fights the attraction as if being drawn into the black
holes of Happy's dark eyes.

EXT. PARAGARY'S BAR

Sergei limps to his limo, the rear window lowers. Rupert
Khang looks worrisomely into the car.

SERGEI MARCOV
As promised, I will keep your
family safe until you deliver the
balance of your design. Let's meet
in Berkeley in five hours, at our
previous location. I have your new
identities and transportation
arranged.

RUPERT KHANG
I didn't trust you at first, but
you have been honorable, thank you.

Rupert's relief shows on his face as he looks at the limo one
last time before he strides off into the night. Sergei's
scowl at the departing Khang lengthens the scare on his face.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL - NIGHT

John and Laura are sitting on the teal leather couch. John is
in a black Henley shirt and jeans; Laura fills out her cable
knit tan sweater. The phone rings.

John launches off the couch, surprising Laura with his speed, and trots across the room to answer.

GEORGE CAMPER (ON PHONE)

John, George Camper, we met yesterday.

John comes to full attention and is eager with anticipation.

JOHN

Yes, Mr. Camper, I mean George.

GEORGE CAMPER (ON PHONE)

I've looked over your business plan, and I like it. The only problem is you gave me someone else's disc. I will be in the City tomorrow night for dinner at the Boulevard Restaurant, Mission, and Embarcadero. Can you meet me there around 8 PM?

John's searching face shows an answer.

JOHN

I'm so sorry George, just before we met, I was running a Video Conference, the client must have taken the disc. I will meet you at eight with my fiancé in tow; it's our first date anniversary.

GEORGE CAMPER (ON PHONE)

The more, the merrier John, dinner is on me. See you then.

John brims with excitement to Laura.

JOHN

Change of dinner plans Hun. That was a great call.

EXT. PARAGARY'S PATIO - NIGHT

The rusted corrugated fireplace hood hovers over a blazing fire in the corner of the patio.

PETER HOLLAND

We talked on the way up here in the car, and he gave me time at Frank Fats before coming here.

(MORE)

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

The Governor wants him to speak to a few agencies in the morning and suggested I get a ride back to the Bay with you.

Happy's approval, she cants her head with a mischievous smile.

HAPPY CAMPER

Your life is in my hands now.
Where's George?

PETER HOLLAND

He is picking up your Aunt Em and should be getting to the restaurant any minute.

Happy glimpses of Sergie's return alone to the Patio.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, Sergei, and I have to finish some paperwork on the venture round I'm trying to close. Why don't you help George with Aunt Em, and I'll be along in two shakes of a lamb's tail?

Sergie hobbles to the couple. His smile forced.

SERGEI MARCOV

Rupert begged forgiveness and has a chocking deadline to attend.

PETER HOLLAND

It was a pleasure meeting you, Sergei. I noticed your limp, and I hope your leg is OK.

Sergie's eyes narrow as he measures Peter, he says with a foreboding tone.

SERGEI MARCOV

My leg always warns me of approaching storms. I am pleased to meet you as well, Peter.

PETER HOLLAND

See you in a few minutes, Happy.

Peter leaves the Patio through the same side exit.

EXT. PARAGARY'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter walks past the Limo on the curb and notices George pulling up across the street. Peter sprints over and opens Aunt Em's door. The valet takes the keys and the tip from George. George escorts Aunt Em as Peter holds the door as they enter Twenty-eight.

INT. TWENTY-EIGHT RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Twenty-Eight is a restaurant filled with elegant fabric chairs and local and state leaders' photos and artwork on the walls. Aunt Em, Peter, and George are seated at dinner, looking over their menus. The waiter fills their water glasses.

Happy enters the restaurant, all the men looking her over. She nearly runs over to Aunt Em and plants a kiss on her cheek.

HAPPY CAMPER

Happy BD Em, you look great.

AUNT EM

You're Sweet, I'm eighty-four, and it's the bondo and spackle that keeps my looks up.

Happy snorts, laughing at her Aunt.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL

John massages Laura's neck in his lap and says tenderly.

JOHN

You do know you forced my hand yesterday?

LAURA

What do you mean?

JOHN

When you asked where our relationship was going, I saved my proposal for tonight, our first anniversary.

Laura turns over on John's lap with tearing eyes.

LAURA

I'm sorry, I just wanted to know what you were thinking about us. I am so happy now.

INT. TWENTY-EIGHT RESTAURANT - LATER

The waiter fills the water glasses and clears the dinner dishes. George hands him his credit card.

GEORGE CAMPER

The Blackened Salmon with the caramelized apricots was a nice touch.

HAPPY CAMPER

The Merlot was heavenly. I think Em's getting tired.

The waiter delivers the check, George looks it over.

AUNT EM

I hope you don't mind taking me home now.

GEORGE CAMPER

Early AM for me.

AUNT EM

Sweetie, don't take advantage of your new young man. It was so good to see you Happy.

HAPPY CAMPER

You're so wicked, Em! It is lovely seeing you up and about. Peter, are you sure you want that ride back to the Bay?

They get up from the table with Happy and George helping Em with her chair.

EXT. TWENTY-EIGHT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They wave off George and Aunt Em; the valet pulls up in a red BMW convertible with its top up; he gets out and hands the keys to Happy and holds her door open. Peter and Happy get in the car, and before Peter has a chance to buckle his seat belt, she dashes through the light; at the next block, she accelerates onto the freeway ramp onto the Capitol Expressway.

INT. HAPPY CAMPER'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Peter gives a mock terror look to Happy, who replies with a raised brow.

HAPPY CAMPER
Do you mind if I call you Pete?

PETER HOLLAND
All my friends do. Are you sure you can call a reporter a friend?

HAPPY CAMPER
Peter, only if they help positive press. Who is, Jean?

PETER HOLLAND
An ex-girlfriend.

HAPPY CAMPER
Sounds not so ex?

PETER HOLLAND
She left me for greener pastures and found weeds growing. I am very over her.

HAPPY CAMPER
Good to know!

Happy said with a smile and turns the radio on.

INT. HAPPY CAMPER'S CAR YOLO BYPASS - NIGHT

The BMW is crossing the Yolo Bypass. The floodwaters reflect the moon over the immense floodplain. Happy turns on the radio. A jazzy love song plays.

RADIO (ON RADIO)
I see your eyes in the candlelight.
Your face keeps beaming through to me.
Your heart is on your sleeve.
Your respiration, please. Tell me what I want to hear.... We talk of our childhoods and children too.
Which school, what house, how similar we are. Dreams and hope, we sit in the car.... I ask for a kiss; you're instantly on my lips.
Tell me what I need to hear....
Darling, if you were broke, I'll give you some rope. Honey, when you're sick, I'll try to be funny.
(MORE)

RADIO (ON RADIO) (CONT'D)

When your blue, I'll always be
true. My heart's been on the mend;
I don't want to offend.... Tell me
what I need to hear.

Infatuated, Peter gazes over at Happy driving and singing
along.

PETER HOLLAND

I didn't get a chance to say how
great you look tonight.

Happy playfully replies.

HAPPY CAMPER

Do you say that to all the girls?

EXT. CARQUINEZ STRAIGHTS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Sergei Marcov's Limo takes the Crockett exit off the bridge.

INT. HAPPY CAMPER'S CAR - NIGHT

PETER HOLLAND

You're the first one tonight. Why
Happy, I mean your name.

Happy lets out a laugh.

HAPPY CAMPER

My parents have a twisted sense of
humor, and it runs in the family if
you hadn't noticed. They were
camping at Caples Lake, planning a
day hike on Carson Pass. After
setting camp, they followed a
bubbling stream, and they made me.

PETER HOLLAND

Happy Camper.

Peter is bemused.

EXT. UNDER THE CARQUINEZ STRAIGHTS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Sergei's Limo pulls up alongside an SUV near railroad tracks.
The Bridge looms overhead, disappearing into the dense mist,
foghorns moan. Highway Eighty traffic reverberates from
above, and the railcars look small under the bridge.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT

Mike watched through his windshield as the driver placed a call on the pay phone. After a short conversation, he got back into the car and pulled a U-turn, passing Mike, who was leaning over the gearshift, trying to keep low and unseen.

INT. HAPPY CAMPER'S CAR - NIGHT

HAPPY CAMPER

My dad's sperm met my mother's egg the next day on the hike during a major lightning storm.

PETER HOLLAND

So you're naturally electric, then?

Happy giggles.

HAPPY CAMPER

I am glad you noticed. What about you, Mr. Holland?

PETER HOLLAND

Pete, please. I grew up in Chicago; movies in the Loop, Science, and Industry Museum got me into technology in first grade.

Peter's phone rings, and he answers.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Holland here.

GEORGE CAMPER (ON PHONE)

Peter, I am meeting someone tomorrow you and Happy should meet. Boulevard at eight if you can make it. Ask Happy if she would like to come as well.

Peter turns to Happy.

PETER HOLLAND

George wants us over for dinner tomorrow. Are you free? Want to say hello?

HAPPY CAMPER

Hi George, it was great seeing Em. Yes, I'm free.

Happy set the phone down.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
Free but not easy, Peter.

Peter grins.

EXT. UNDER THE CARQUINEZ STRAIGHTS BRIDGE - NIGHT

The men in the SUV get out and walk over to the open truck of the Limo. They unload four large duffels bags into the SUV. An Asian male and female get out of the Limo and get into the SUV.

EXT. ASHBY BART STATION PARKING LOT - LATER - NIGHT

Smitten Peter drinks deeply a gaze of Happy as he opens his door next to his older model silver Infinity Q45. Peter saunters around her car as Happy lowers the window, stroking his hand with her fingers on her window frame.

PETER HOLLAND
I had a great time; thanks for the
lift. I'll see you tomorrow.

HAPPY CAMPER
It seems like we have known each
other for a long time, Peter, sleep
tight.

Happy races out of the parking lot as Peter gets into his car.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT

Peter starts the car and reaches for his phone, and looks up in the air with a look of dismay and panic.

PETER HOLLAND
Shit!

A string bass, snare with brushes, flute, and tenor sax play an up-tempo jazzy piece.

EXT. ASHBY INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Peter races out of the parking lot, turns left onto urban four-lane Ashby Avenue amid a mix of low-rise apartment buildings, shabby homes, and races after Happy. He almost catches up with her by San Pablo Avenue at the old Heinz Cannery when the light changes.

Her car turns into the Berkeley Marina, and he follows her to the Skates Restaurant. As Peter pulls up, Happy walks across the gangway to the waterfront restaurant on San Francisco Bay. He parks his car and dashes to follow her.

INT. SKATES RESTAURANT - NIGHT

By the time Peter parked his car, Happy had entered the restaurant. Peter walked into the stilted establishment by a boardwalk built on pilings driven into the twenty-foot thick mudflats and water. Looking around the glass-walled eatery, he did not see Happy. Peter walked through the bar and realized that she was likely in the ladies' room. Feeling the need himself, he returned to the foyer and entered the men's room past a bank of telephones. As Peter washed his hands, appraising himself in the mirror.

PETER HOLLAND

You're not 19, but you're all I got!

Opening the door, he noticed Happy finishing up a call on the pay phone.

HAPPY CAMPER

Yes, I will wait another five minutes, see you then. Peter, what are you doing here?

Happy spins around, and Peter looks relieved, slightly embarrassed, and affectionate.

PETER HOLLAND

Hi Happy, I couldn't stay away. I left my phone in your car.

HAPPY CAMPER

You sure have that phone pick-up line down, don't you, Pete?

Happy gives Peter her Cheshire cat grin.

PETER HOLLAND

It seems like you needed a drink after meeting me.

HAPPY CAMPER

No Pete, I had one last meeting tonight; a couple of signatures were missing on an offer. Let's get your phone.

As they walk out of the restaurant, Sergei walking in is taken aback by Peter's presence.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)

Hi Sergei, I need to rescue a phone for Pete. I'll be right back.

SERGEI MARCOV

Good evening Mr. Holland.

Sergei holds the door open for Happy and Peter. Sergei frowns as his malevolent stare follows Peter.

EXT. SKATES RESTAURANT - FOG - NIGHT

They walk out across the covered gangway to the street. Sergei's imposing Limo is on the road; an SUV pulls up next to it. They reach Happy's car, and she retrieves Peter's phone caressing his hand.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, you don't need the phone as an excuse anymore, here's my card.

PETER HOLLAND

Thanks, I needed to call my editor about the interview with your brother tonight. I don't want to keep you.

Happy smiles lean into Peter for a hug and a lingering kiss as her hands pull his lips to her.

HAPPY CAMPER

You can keep me, Pete.

Peter's surprise is brief, and he returns a deeper kiss.

PETER HOLLAND

I said you are electric. I may need a transformer to lower your voltage.

HAPPY CAMPER

I don't want to burn you, Peter.

Happy tenderly kisses him again and struts back across the street into Skates. As Peter wistfully watches her swing her hips into the approaching fog, mysteriously, the Asian male he met in Sacramento approaches the limo and gets in.

Moments later, the chauffeur's door opens, and a massive bald driver emerges furtively glances around before he opens the rear door; a small male and petite female appear and get in the SUV.

INT. PETER'S CAR - FOG - NIGHT

Peter unsettled dials his phone.

PETER HOLLAND

Harry, it's Peter. I spent the day with George Camper at the Capitol and had a long interview.

HARRY (ON PHONE)

Great to hear, Pete. When am I going to see the story?

PETER HOLLAND

I think I am onto something; I got a ride back to the Bay Area with George Camper's sister. She's venture capital up and comer. She introduced me to an imposing Russian and a Chinese engineer I've seen somewhere before. Let's meet in Emeryville and drive up to Intel in the morning.

Pensive, Peter slowly turns on his radio, a pretty love ballad plays. Peter sighs.

RADIO

Woman, your kisses are so sweet;
girl your body is such a treat.

Happy and Sergei emerge in conversation from the restaurant. Sergei overtly flirts with her. After a hug, Happy crosses the road, enters her car, and drives off. Peter's face betrays his distrust of Sergie. The Chinese man, from the restaurant, pulled up in his silver Lexus sedan, rolled down his window and spoke with Sergie.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Please don't go, go into the night.
Stay awhile for each other tonight.
Woman, you know what you're doing
to me. Girl, your body is so flat
and so lean. You've been sent to
me from Heaven above. It is time to
share our love. Tonight.

Peter turns off the radio shutting off his feelings for Happy. Peter says to himself as determination takes over.

Sergei looks around before turning to his right; the driver opens the door. Sergei shouts out Russian to the SUV, gets in the Limo, and drives off the following SUV, with the Lexus right behind them. Peter follows them out of the Marina, onto Highway Eighty West, and towards San Francisco. The fog is rolling in wraps the bridge.

PETER HOLLAND

What are you're up to, Sergei?

String bass and flute intertwine at a slow jazzy pace.

MUSIC (V.O.)

The SUV, Lexus, and Limo exit on 9th Street, cross over on Hayes Street and turn right onto Franklin Street.

EXT. FRANKLIN AND BROADWAY - FOG - NIGHT

The Limo and Lexus turn left, and the SUV goes straight.

String bass and flute duet slow the tempo.

MUSIC (V.O.)

INT. PETER'S CAR

INT. PETER'S CAR - FOG - NIGHT

The fog is thick, and the steep hilly road becomes hard to see, as are the expensive, well-maintained mansions.

EXT. BROADWAY AND BAKER - FOG - NIGHT

The stately Italian Renaissance mansion rises out of the fog. Foghorns sound in the distance. The air is still as the Limo stops on the downhill side curb. Khang parks, gets out of his car and into the Limo.

String bass and flute eerily trace an evil path.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - FOG - NIGHT

Sergei slowly taps his ring on his cocktail glass; after taking a sip, his severe face changes to an empty reassuring smile as he turns to Khang. Khang's anxious leg divulges his desire to reunite with his family and be finished with this maniacal taskmaster.

SERGEI MARCOV

Khang, your family, is down the steps on the street below. The driver will take you to your new life I arranged for you. I need your final design and encryption code.

Khang's sweaty concern fades away as he hands Sergei a disc.

KHANG

Here is the final design. I'm glad to be done with it.

Khang holds the disc as Sergei grasps it and warns Sergei.

KHANG (CONT'D)

You have the encryption codes; they are all on the first disc. Be careful not to lose it; the two-hundred-fifty-six bit encryption was randomly generated. I have no means to recover it.

Sergei's sinister smile makes his scar deepen as he nearly hisses his dismissal of Khang.

SERGEI MARCOV

Thank you, Khang. May your family never be separated again.

Khang opens his door, stands on the curb as the Limo drives away. He steps back, turns his head to noise up the street, and nervously descends the staircase.

String bass and flute hover with the fog, the flute is breathy, the bass drags through the low string.

EXT. BROADWAY AND BAKER - FOG - NIGHT

Peter's car is halfway down the block on Broadway, hidden by the pea soup fog. The street is wet, with tree branches dripping onto leaves covering the sidewalk. A man emerges from the Limo and stands while the limo motors away into the mist as the fog horn echoes through the borough. Peter exits his car; as he closes his door, it loudly clunks on the seat belt, blocking the latch. The sound echoes off the brick retaining wall and to the man up the street who turns his head. Peter savagely whispers to himself.

PETER HOLLAND

Fuck!

The man quickly turns to his right, disappearing down a set of steps. Peter slinks quietly up the street, reaches the staircase, and stops to listen in the dead calm. The foghorn moan sounds again. Hearing nothing but drops of water onto the sidewalk, Peter starts down the stairs.

EXT. BAKER STREET STEPS - FOG - NIGHT

The steps descend into the dense mist; pine trees, ferns, and mature landscape crowd the passage.

String bass notes descend, the flute inhales.

Khang, free of Sergei, eagerly bounds down the steps passing a white entry door. A large flattop man in dark clothes gripes him from behind and garrotes him at a second doorway. Khang's shock is similar to a seal in the mouth of a shark.

Warily Peter descends the flight of stairs; he hesitates as he hears a terrifying sound from the steps below that makes his skin crawl.

KHANG (O.S.)
Aiyeee, Uuuuh.

Materializing from his anxieties, a large, heavy-set man with a flat top menacingly approaches Peter's remaining steps.

A car squeals as it pulls up on the street above; a car door opens and closes on the road above. A voice from the roadway above commands.

MIKE MURPHY (O.S.)
Stay right where you are!

The threatening man runs down the steps vanishing into the haze. The car races away on the street above. A car door on the street below slams closed. A shaken Peter feels his heart, meekly turns, and ascends the steps to an empty, foggy road as a foghorn sounds.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - FOG - NIGHT

A contemplative Sergei is sipping his drink and looking at Khang's disc held in his other hand when his phone rings. Placing the glass in the holder, he answers the call.

SERGIE MARCOV
Da.

BORIS (ON PHONE)
Boss, I had to leave Khang on the steps.

Sergei's face flashes red with intensity as he leans forward into the call, furiously yells into his phone.

SERGEI MARCOV
What did you say, Boris?

BORIS (ON PHONE)
Someone was coming down the stairs as I was finishing him. With the FBI surveillance around the Consulate, I thought it better to care for my cargo.

With a furl of his deep brow, eyes search above finds his answer, and his mood changes instantly as he lightly says.

SERGEI MARCOV
That was wise, Boris. When do you go fishing?

BORIS
As soon as the fog thins.

Sergei ends the call as his phone rings again.

INT. MINISTRY OF INDUSTRIALIZATION CHINA

The computer screen casts a blue glow upon General Chen's weathered face and piercing eyes. Chen shows profound unease as he stubs out his cigarette and presses the auto-dial on his speakerphone.

GENERAL CHEN
Comrade, is Khang still with us?

SERGIE MARCOV (ON PHONE)
No, why do you ask?

GENERAL CHEN
The disc you delivered is not the chip design. Are you changing our arrangement?

SERGIE MARCOV (ON PHONE)
I don't know what you are talking about; I gave Boris the disc to deliver directly after our video call.

GENERAL CHEN

I have a business plan for a video conference network.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - FOG - NIGHT

Sergei's face turns from dismay to quiet rage as his scar deepens on his face. He controls his temper and responds.

SERGEI MARCOV

Chen, I know what happened, and I will take care of it at once.

Sergei angrily terminates the call and places another.

SERGEI MARCOV (CONT'D)

When you are back from fishing, Boris, be ready for another trip soon.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ CONAM 65 YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

Boris is on the fantail of the sizeable white gel-coated sports fishing boat. Twin radar domes top the flybridge, and the craft has an angular thrust to the bow. At his feet are the bloodied bodies of Khang's brother and sister. The crew is fitting them into large duffel bags, a foghorn sounds.

BORIS

Da, Da, Da, I've got it, Boss, as soon as I finish fishing. First thing I get back, promise.

INT. JORGE ESPARANTE'S VILLA GUADALAJARA - NIGHT

In the expansive French revival living room, Jorge Esparante stares out the open windows. He is a tall, thin, bald man in his sixties smoking a large cigar. He is wearing a white linen jacket over a Tommy Bahamas silk shirt, beige silk slacks, and hand-tooled loafers. A younger, trim, handsome, dark-haired man in creased white slacks and a black silk shirt crosses the room to Jorge, carrying a tray with a bottle of scotch, glass, and ice. He says to Jorge in formal Venezuelan Spanish.

ENRICO

Our first shipment to our Russian friend was uneventful; the diamond quality paid is exceptional.

Jorge's brow raises as he nods his head with satisfaction and replies in heavy accented English.

JORGE

Thank you, Enrico. I will have no further need for you tonight. Take your senorita out. You have earned it.

Enrico pours scotch into Jorge's crystal glass and takes his leave. Jorge considers the news as he drops an ice cube into his drink. He looks at the time on his Rolex Submariner, picks up his cellphone from the ornate console table, dials, and waits serenely for the connection.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Sergei, I'm pleased with our first business. My friends tell me you can help us with an information problem we are having.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - FOG - NIGHT

Sergei thoughtfully listens as he taps his ring on his glass.

SERGEI MARCOV

I'm also pleased with our transaction. How can I help?

INT. JORGE ESPARANTE'S VILLA GUADALAJARA

Jorge's eyes narrow and his voice darkly says.

JORGE

I have some unfinished business I need to eliminate.

INT. FORT HUACHUCA INTERCEPT PROJECT

Racks of communications equipment fill the control rooms. A frame-mounted computer screen shows a call between Guadalajara and San Francisco.

Superimposed title:

DAY THREE

EXT. RODRIGUEZ CONAM 65 GOLDEN GATE - NIGHT

With the tide's current of 6 knots coming in, the fishing boat motors with the eddy current hugging the shoreline under the Golden Gate bridge. The fog wraps and hides the top of the massive South Tower approach that shelters Fort Point Civil War Fortress. A foghorn sounds as ten Mississippi rivers of ingressive water flows to the right.

INT. PETER'S LOFT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Peter wakes up, swings his legs to the floor. As he strides across the darkroom, he jams his foot into the floor heater key sticking up out of the floor grill. He utters in pain to himself.

PETER HOLLAND
Fuck, that hurt.

Peter reaches the stairs, turns on the lights, and favors his foot as he limps downstairs to the bathroom. Pissed off, he shakes his head at his self-inflicted wound.

INT. PETER'S LOFT - NIGHT

The loft's white walls reach up to the skylights; modern art is everywhere on the two-story walls. IKEA bookcases fill the space with low-slung coffee tables and couches in caramel-colored wood.

INT. PETER'S LOFT BATHROOM

Peter hobbles into the bathroom and relieves himself. The pain has subsided. However, he feels wet underfoot. He lifts his foot, and blood is dripping onto the bathroom floor. He pulls off his sock, finds the wound with his finger. He stuffs toilet paper into the wound and wraps his foot with an ace bandage he pulls out of his medicine cabinet. He says with black humor to himself.

PETER HOLLAND
I am going to need more than
Hydrogen Peroxide and a bandage.

INT. KAISER ER - LATER

Peter lies on a gurney in a dimly lit green corridor outside the X-ray room. Police crime scene tape blocks the passage to a hallway nearby.

A plump older nurse with grey hair in green scrubs retrieves Peter and wheels him toward the Examination Room. A bored Peter asks.

PETER HOLLAND

What is the police tape for?

The nurse's face shows painful concern for a fallen team member of the staff. This part of the world where shit happens, and you have to deal with life as it comes sort of attitude takes over her.

NURSE

This morning, Dr. Morse was hammered to death by a person with a mental health condition. He was a brilliant trauma surgeon, a real shame he is gone.

Peter is relieved to be wheeled away from isolation and struck by the wasteful loss.

PETER HOLLAND

I don't know if I feel better knowing after laying there for a couple of hours by myself.

The nurse steers him into the exam room as her nurse pluckiness takes over.

NURSE

Don't make it a habit coming in here, OK? You don't know what you can catch.

INT. ER EXAM ROOM

Peter sits on an examination table as a sizeable Philipian maintenance worker clears an exam table of bloodied sponges from a gang shooting trauma case. A harried young ER Resident glasses ajar has a two-day beard; his scrubs are bloody. He looks tired as his twelve-hour shift ends. He pulls on a clean white coat, adjusts his glasses, and starts irrigating Peter's wound.

ER DOCTOR

You were lucky; the heater key punctured an inch-deep hole in your toe webbing but missed the bone. If the bone was broken, you'd be in surgery. I'm thoroughly irrigating the wound to prevent infection.

The doctor moves a light into position, snaps on a clean pair of surgical gloves. He dries his foot off and starts to suture the wound.

ER DOCTOR (CONT'D)

This shouldn't hurt. Sorry it took so long to get to you, we had several gunshot cases, and the ER has been unsettled since Dr. Morse's killing today.

PETER HOLLAND

It was a little unnerving to be in that hallway by myself. It sounds like they caught the guy.

He ponders how to dress Peter's foot and then starts. He finishes up wrapping the foot when another trauma case bursts into the ER.

ER DOCTOR

I want you to elevate your foot for the next several days as much as you can. Come back in ten days to have the stitches taken out. Gotta go!

PETER HOLLAND

Thanks, Doc.

The sound of a siren approaches outside.

DAY FOUR

EXT. BROADWAY AND BAKER - DAWN

The fog lingers, several police cars, reporters and the coroner's van are at the top of the Baker steps. Mike's SUV pulls up to the intersection. He gets out of the car and walks up to the officer in charge. Lt. Joe Brick pockets a handkerchief. Brick is a fifties medium height dark-haired man, linebacker built in a grey raincoat and dark cocked hat. Four men come up the last steps to the street, drop the gurney's wheels, and roll it towards the Coroner's van. Mike waves his ID as he walks over to the gurney, motions his hand to the coroner to zipping open the body bag revealing the face of Khang.

MIKE MURPHY

Do you have an ID on him?

Joe Brick's congesting masks his Midwestern accent due to a raging head cold. His sour mood and demeanor drip into his description of the corpse.

LT. JOE BRICK

He was Rupert Khang; he had an Intel security badge and Folsom address. It looks like he's a technical guy. Garroted, not a pleasant way to go but quick. I have seen this once before in China Town, but not here is Pacific Heights.

Mike passes Lt. Brick his card and leans into Joe to impress his concern. Mike's eyes widen as he intensely says.

MIKE MURPHY

Lieutenant, my card, call me when you have anything. I'm very interested in this case.

Lt. Brick looks at his card, puts it into his shirt pocket as he searches for a way to frame his question.

LT. JOE BRICK

I did mean to ask you why the FBI is here, but knowing the Russian Consulate is a block away.

Mike raises an eyebrow firmly, but friendly says.

MIKE MURPHY

Don't ask, just call me with anything. OK?

Mike lumbers to his car.

EXT. HORTON AND SHERWIN STREETS EMERYVILLE - MORNING

The morning sun cuts the thin fog, and sunshine paints the red brick industrial warehouse with a large arched Green door. Topping then the entry is an old-fashioned light, and a worker's door is open on the left side.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Skylights capture the morning sun along the long brick-walled atrium. A short loading dock has a ramp on the left side and a short set of steps on the right. Filling the one-hundred-foot-long corridor are large potted plants and trees.

Halfway up the hallway is a green double-door with frosted glass windows a padlock locks on open industrial hasp.

INT. PETER'S LOFT BEDROOM

The sun floods the loft and bedroom. Pete's workout clothes are folded on a chair next to the bed. Bloody footprints lead to the stairs. Peter is prone on his bed, and his foot lies on a pillow, his cellphone rings. Peter stirs and reaches over to the side table to answer.

PETER HOLLAND
Holland, here.

Peter coughs and is groggy with a slight rasp.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)
Harry, can you pick me up at the Holiday Inn in Emeryville? We need to get up to Intel early for the Press Briefing. You drive. I hurt my foot last night. Great, see you in forty.

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

Peter rubs his eyes and looks at his black-banded Movado watch.

INT. PETER'S CO-OP COMMON SHOWERS

The Common Showers walls are rough finished concrete with several shower stalls and a poorly coordinated shower curtain. Peter's bathrobe hangs on a wooden peg with his towel. Peter showers with a plastic bag over his bandaged foot.

EXT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE BAKER AND GREEN - DAY

The Russian Consulate is in stately Cow Hallow, two blocks below Broadway. Marcov lurches past the red brick house on the tree-lined Green Street to the front entrance of the six-story red brick Russian Consulate behind a white iron fence. Manicured hedges separate the street from the sidewalk. The red entry door is open. Sergei opens the gate, limps up three steps into the building.

INT. MIKE MURPHY'S FBI OFFICE - DAY

The light grey walls are covered with photos of Mike with President Reagan, President Bush, Governor Wilson, Director Freeh, his Vietnam unit, combat medals, Law Diploma from Berkeley, his sister's family with a black ribbon, and a photo of a vast drug haul amid large racks of flowers.

Mike's phone rings.

MIKE MURPHY

Murphy, here.

INT. FBI SURRELIANCE ROOM OVERLOOKING RUSSIAN CONSULATE - DAY

Agent Jim Joseph is peering through the side window of a large bay window with field glasses mounted on a tripod. He is not in stellar shape, a slight paunch over his belt, sweaty in shirtsleeves with a slice of cold pizza in one hand and his phone in his other. The seer curtain drapes over the binoculars.

FBI AGENT JOSEPH

Mike, you won't believe who just walked into the Consulate, Marcov.

INT. MIKE MURPHY'S FBI OFFICE

MIKE MURPHY

Jim, thanks for the heads up. Is the intercept shack still on the roof? In the Eighties, the Cow Hollow Association complained about the battleship gray painted structure on the crown, blocking the views of the Golden Gate Bridge.

INT. FBI SURRELIANCE ROOM OVERLOOKING RUSSIAN CONSULATE

FBI AGENT JOSEPH

Good memory Mike, they had to use a non-lead-based paint to allow signals to the antennas.

EXT. VIEW OF THE ROOF OF THE RUSSIAN CONSULATE

FBI AGENT JOSEPH

When the US 6th Army had its headquarters in the Presidio, the Russians located their consulate in direct line of AT&T's microwave signals from downtown to the base.

INT. RUSSIAN CONSULATE FOYER

Sergei enters the brightly lit white marbled Foyer with ornate wall sconces. The red carpet has golden trim, and Russian flags bookend the reception desk where a clean-shaven young man in a dark suit with a red tie notices Sergei enter the foyer and stands to attention.

RECEPTIONIST
Comrade Marcov.

SERGEI MARCOV
Vlahovich is expecting me.

RECEPTIONIST
At once, Comrade.

INT. VLAHOVICH'S OFFICE

A picture of Vladimir Putin is on the wall; the room has many filing cabinets, several with combination locks. His desk is plain, drab, and overflowing with reports. The stocky man wears a poorly fitted grey suit. He pours Sergei a tea, adds sugar, and lights a cigarette.

VLAHOVICH
How can I help a friend of
Vladimir, Comrade Marcov?

Vlahovich nods towards Putin's framed photo. Sergei taps the tea with his ring, sets down his tea, and lights a cigar.

SERGEI MARCOV
I have a shortlist for you. Our
Chinese friends want to learn how
we are hacking the US Military.
They are interested in Oak Ridge &
Molten Salt Reactor and promise to
share their work. I also need to
find someone today named John Nord,
who works for the Hyatt conference
center.

Vlahovich's phone rings, he answers.

VLAHOVICH

Comrade, I am sitting with him right at this moment. Da, I will pass the phone to him.

Sergei stands up, takes the phone, nods several times, and hands the phone back; Vlahovich hangs up.

SERGEI MARCOV

We need to find an FBI agent named Mike Murphy for a new partner. The DEA was tipped off about our recent business and an old enemy of theirs just surfaced.

There is a knock on the door. Igor, an aide with coal-black hair and a rugby player build, brings in the morning paper opened to a story he points out to Vlahovich.

VLAHOVICH

The police have recovered a body two blocks away from here. Your work, Sergei?

SERGEI MARCOV

It was necessary but interrupted.

VLAHOVICH

I'll have to report this at once.

Sergei winces and rubs his injured leg with his ring massaging the pain.

SERGEI MARCOV

Of course. You'll inform Moscow the FBI compromised a spy, and a loose end is tied off.

Sergei stands up, pulling his overcoat on.

SERGEI MARCOV (CONT'D)

My leg is telling me a storm is coming.

Sergei Marcov limps out of the room and turns to say.

SERGEI MARCOV (CONT'D)

Please ask Igor if he is interested in some freelance work?

EXT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON ON BUSH STREET - MORNING

The wagon flows with traffic down Bush Street past the towering Sutter-Stockton Parking Garage. Three, four, and seven-story buildings flank the street. A delivery truck double-parked blocks the right lane near the Grant intersection, where the fire escape lands from a four-story building.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON

John's phone rings as the car nears Grant Avenue. A jogger with headphones runs through the traffic light without looking in front of John's car. John reacts with terror as he screams.

JOHN

No....

EXT. BUSH STREET AND GRANT - MOMENTS LATER

John is weeping, sitting on the steps under the Pagoda Styled Gateway leading into Chinatown. A policeman with a big nose of his Irish heritage stands over him, writing into his leather notebook.

The Cop turns and motions to a Sikh taxi driver in a blue turban with a yellow sleeveless sweater, animatedly talking to another Sikh taxi driver with a white turban. The Sikh hurries over to the cop.

COP

Let's see your license. Did you know what happened?

Sikh Taxi Driver reaches inside his jacket pocket.

SIKH TAXI DRIVER

No problem, that crazy jogger just ran into traffic without a care in the world. He ran in front of the station wagon, bounced off, and the bus made him into a chapati.

The cop stops writing and thoughtfully places his notebook into his back pocket.

COP

Thanks, I am glad you saw everything. We call it pancake here. Have a better day.

SIKH TAXI DRIVER

Namaste.

The cop turns to John and bends down over him.

COP

You're not at fault; several witnesses have the jogger running in front of your car.

JOHN

I just missed him yesterday; the same fucking guy ran in front of me yesterday. I stood on my brakes, spinning through an intersection, avoiding the guy down a block at Montgomery.

COP

Sorry, you've got to deal with it.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON - MOMENTS EARLIER

The jogger's excruciated face passes by John's windshield.

JOHN

I can see his face as I hit him. I, I, I can't see.

John, tears flowing down his face, waves his hand in front of his eyes.

COP

Hey, are you OK?

The Cop motions the Paramedic pushing the dead jogger's gurney into the ambulance.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ CONAM 65 FARALLON ISLANDS

Boris is tossing buckets of chum into the sea.

A Great White shark breaches the sea with a seal in its jaws off the rocks of the Farallon Islands.

The crew slashes the corpses of Khang's brother and sister and toss them into the sea. Great White sharks feast.

Boris waves a finger in a circle to the captain, and the vessel is underway back to port.

INT. CHINESE HOSPITAL - ER

John is lying on his back on a gurney, twitching a cold compress over his eyes. A young Asian nurse in a white outfit takes his blood pressure and glances at his chart. The forty-five-year-old Caucasian Doctor escorts Laura to John's station turns to ask her.

DOCTOR

Has John ever been in combat?

Laura worried thinks about his injured leg.

LAURA

Yes, he was injured in Panama.

DOCTOR

That may explain his symptoms. Have you heard of PTSD?

LAURA

Doctor, I'm an RN. What is he presenting?

DOCTOR

Hysterical Blindness, I've seen it with a few Vets before. The brain disconnects from what it has seen. I need you to break his connection to the accident.

EXT. RODRIGUEZ CONAM 65 YACHT CLUB - AFTERNOON

The crew ties up the boat to the dock. Boris steps onto the pier and answers his phone.

BORIS

Yes, Boss, just docked. Sunset District Ninth and Lawton, John Nord, got it.

Boris signals the captain over.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Stay close to your phone and the boat. I'll need you soon.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL - AFTERNOON

John is sitting on the couch downstairs of the wainscoted mission-style home. His head is in his hands, and Laura attends to him in her stretchy workout clothes.

Her blond hair nearly brushes his face as her concern for him finds no depth.

LAURA

John, you're not at fault. He jogged right in front of you. It's not your fault. I know how you drive; you weren't responsible.

John leans back into the couch with a wet towel over his eyes, his arms fighting off demons as he tossed the towel across the room.

JOHN

Except I killed him, I'm cursed; it always comes in threes.

Laura is confused.

LAURA

It comes in threes, what do you mean?

John's face drains with emotion as he details the scene.

JOHN

I was sixteen and my first week of driving. I drove into the City for a Fillmore show. On the way over to Winters to pick up a friend, I noticed beer cans hurling in the air behind a hedge on a curve. An El Camino comes sliding out of turn straight at me with ten kids in the back bed throwing beer cans. We clicked door handles as I drove my Falcon into the shoulder, just missing a telephone pole.

Laura hopefully adds.

LAURA

It sounds like good driving to me, not a curse.

John recalls the terror of the subsequent encounter.

JOHN

Then after picking up my friend in Winters, I checked my mirrors and the road ahead to pass a car. It was clear for miles.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I check my mirrors another time,
pull out to pass, and a motorcycle
is doing a hundred plus is coming
at me. I barely got back into my
lane.

Laura senses the trajectory of the story.

LAURA

That was a close call for the
motorcycle.

John's emotions well up with the horror of the accident.

JOHN

After the show, we're driving back,
passing Ashby on Eighty. I see a
pair of headlights coming like a
bat out of hell in the slow lane as
I overtake a truck on my right. I
braked to give him room, but the
Corvette hit the end of steel
rebar, overhanging the load, and it
was a mess.

Laura gives in to the dread.

LAURA

The first week of driving?

Laura pulls his head into her lap, stroking his hair.

EXT. HONDA HIGHWAY 5 NIGHT - YEARS AGO

The sparks fall, cooling to the pavement as the Honda settles
into the slow lane. It runs over a five-year-old girl lying
next to her family's wrecked station wagon.

JOHN

Yep. My I-beam miraculous maneuver
was after two close calls. What I
didn't tell you, after I cleared
the I-beam, there were several cars
wrecks beyond. I ran over a little
girl lying in the road.

Laura's eyes widen and tear, sympathy for John erupts.

LAURA

I didn't know how traumatized you'd
been.

John shudders.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I know why you're cautious around steel hauling trucks.

JOHN

This week two more close calls, including the jogger, and now he's dead.

John collapses onto the couch, and Laura pulls him close and kisses him several times on his eyes. John starts coming back to his life.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have a consulting job in Scotts Valley tomorrow. Can you drive me down? I don't want to get behind the wheel ever again.

Laura welcomes the positive direction.

LAURA

My car is in the shop tomorrow. We'll have to take your wagon.

Laura hopefully asks.

Are you feeling better?

JOHN

I am, as long as I don't have to drive.

John's mood changes to positive, considering almost chipper.

JOHN (CONT'D)

George Camper, who I was telling you about, wants to discuss my business plan over dinner tonight. We're meeting him at eight, let's plan on leaving around seven-thirty.

Laura encourages.

LAURA

You're going to impress him, Tiger.

INT. FOLSOM INTEL PLANT CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Peter is seated with a dozen technology reporters around a large conference table. His elevated injured foot on a chair.

Whiteboards and a projection are covering the room's walls, screen at the front. At the podium, Intel's VP of Product Development is a white man, mid-forties, wearing frame-less glasses and is in a grey suit with a green striped tie, and he talks about a features slide on the projection screen.

VP PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT

I want to summarize the advanced features of our new Pentium Three chip. It has universal identifier, 3-D acceleration, high definition television, and e-commerce features.

The Vice-President somberly takes off his glasses and turns to the conference room.

VP PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT (CONT'D)

I regret to inform you Rupert Khang, a valuable member of the design team was found slain in San Francisco last night. He would have gone over his work with you on the universal identifier coding on the new chip.

The VP strides over to the table and hands a stack of reports to both sides of the table.

VP PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT

Please find the information on the chip in your white papers. Rupert's wife has set up a fund for donations for his favorite charity, the Sri Ram Ashram, where he donated many computers and spent time training orphans in India. Thank you.

The briefing ends, the reporters file out of the room. The VP walks over to Peter, limping to the door with his ornate, seventeenth-century cane. Peter snuffles and states.

PETER HOLLAND

The universal identifier has some privacy rights groups alarmed. They are calling it a backdoor nightmare for government intrusion.

Peter's unlatched cane handle exposes its sword as he lifts it to make a point.

VP PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT
I heard the pen is mightier than
the sword, but I guess you like to
have a backup

Peter's face blushes.

PETER HOLLAND
Sorry about that, my grandfather
gave it to me, I forgot to lock the
handle. Now about the backdoor?

VP PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT
Rupert's work just patched the very
holes concerning them. It's very
robust now. As you know, a unique
machine identifies allows the best
internet interaction and the
security needed for e-commerce.

INT. HARRY'S CAR - AFTERNOON

He covered XK8's immaculate dash with discarded tissues, an
Actifed package, and orange peels. Harry is driving, and
Peter is in the passenger seat.

PETER HOLLAND
Harry, thanks for driving. My
foot's not feeling great.

HARRY
You look like shit warmed over.

PETER HOLLAND
That good?

HARRY
You need to follow up with Intel's
Internet Network Operation center
business.

PETER HOLLAND
Enough Harry. I'm tired, but it is
not like I get any sleep.

Peter is determined to get some sleep.

HARRY
Did you see anything about Rupert's
death in the Chronicle?

PETER HOLLAND

No, I didn't. Do you need me to read to you?

Peter gives Harry a hard stare.

HARRY

I didn't have a chance to read the paper. How about the press release? What does it say?

Peter riffles through his bag, pulls out the briefing papers, and quickly looks to the back page. His face widens with astonishment.

PETER HOLLAND

Holy shit Harry, I met him last night in Sacramento. I was there in San Francisco, where he died. I followed the Limo I told you about and followed it to Pacific Heights.

Harry's concern flashes across his face.

HARRY

The Chronicle is in the back seat, Peter.

Peter leans over and grabs the paper. He quickly scans the pages for the murder, almost in shock.

PETER HOLLAND

The police call-in number is listed.

HARRY

Better call them Peter.

Peter dials the number on his phone.

PETER HOLLAND

Lt. Joe Brick, please.

Peter coughs and blows his nose.

INT - LT. JOE BRICK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Brick was tired; he wanted to stretch but was too stiff, his face showed a fever. His coffee cup is brimming hot, with cough drops, Sudafed, tissues on his desk. Joe looks at his daughter's photo is on his desk, spelunking in a cave while sipping some hot chicken soup.

He reaches over to playback voice mails. He perks up, smiling as he listens to his daughter's voice message.

VOICE MAIL

Hi Dad, I'm going to Costa Rica to study bat caves next month. Steve's band has a record release party Tuesday at the Utah, and his hair isn't blue anymore. Steve's band has a record release party Tuesday at the Utah, and his hair isn't purple anymore. Come over for the release party at Eight!

Joe's smile fades, his eyes roll as an embarrassing, painful memory flashes across his face.

VOICE MAIL (CONT'D)

Hey Brick, its Meg. Can you get your stuff out of the garage? I need room for Jim's car; please rent a storage unit, will you? It's been two years already, for Christ's sake!

INTERCOM (ON PHONE)

Brick pick-up line one.

Lt. Brick coughs, picks up his phone, and answers with a gravelly voice.

Brick ends the call, pulls out the agent's card, and dials his number.

INT. MIKE MURPHY FBI OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Mike leans back at his desk, and his Regional Director Tim Thompson is leaning in the office doorway. Tim is in his early sixties; trim has an efficient manner. He is in a white shirt; his black and blue striped tie and collar are loose. Mike compliments Tim as he says.

MIKE MURPHY

Tim, we were lucky to track him yesterday. Good move getting our vehicles fitted with large fuel tanks.

Tim Thompson cuts to the chase with an eye-brow lift asks.

TIM THOMPSON

What do we know about Khang?

Mike looks over his notes, scratches his head, and looks a little lost in response.

MIKE MURPHY

We know he was Intel's lead designer on its firmware chipset identifier.

TIM THOMPSON

You're not a tech guy. Do you know what you just said means at all?

Thompson's sad face reacts.

MIKE MURPHY

No, but I'd better find out.

Mike's cellphone rings.

TIM THOMPSON

I'll let you get back to work. You only have another week before you retire; we're still on for dinner? I'll buy you drive, and I'll get my coat.

Tim walks away.

MIKE MURPHY

Hi Lieutenant, give me a second.

Mike pulls out a file from his desk drawer, flips open the file, and picks up a pen.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

What's the number. I owe you. I'll check back in with you. Thanks.

Mike ends the call, hustles to the doorway, looks at Tim walking away. Mike yells after him.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

We got a break. Do you want to get my car while I call the lead?

Tim turns around and catches Mike's car keys. Mike returns to his desk to place a call to the witness.

INT. HARRY'S CAR

Harry takes the Gilman exit at the Golden Gate Fields racetrack. Traffic backing up with rush hour.

They take the two-lane frontage road wedged between the San Francisco Bay and the stalled bumper-to-bumper traffic on Highway Eighty separated by a thin wall and fence. There is a striking contrast of the freeway congestion on one side and an isolated jogging path on the other. Peter blows and wipes his nose again. Harry expresses concern.

HARRY

It sounds like it's getting worse?

Peter wearily responds.

PETER HOLLAND

Don't expect me in tomorrow. I'd better call off my date with George and Happy.

Peter gets out his phone and dials, and there is no sound.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

My phone died.

HARRY

We are about there.

EXT. HOLIDAY INN EMERYVILLE - NIGHT - RAIN

Harry's XK8 pulls into the parking lot. Peter hobbles out with his cane, uncomfortable walks the few steps to his car, and gets in and starts his car.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter plugs in his charger, the phone comes alive, showing a message, and he returns the call.

PETER HOLLAND

This is Peter Holland.

INT. BASEMENT FBI BUILDING ELEVATOR FOYER

Mike is exiting the elevator with a file. The phone rings, and Mike stops to answer.

MIKE MURPHY

Agent Murphy here. I'm glad you called. Can we talk tonight? I am in the City?

INT. PETER'S CAR

PETER HOLLAND

I have a date at the Boulevard at eight. Can you meet me on the curb at Mission?

INT. BASEMENT FBI BUILDING

Mike waves at Tim Thompson as he gets in his car to pull it out of the stall. Mike taps his phone with his hand, and Tim nods his understanding and closes the car door.

MIKE MURPHY

How will I find you?

Mike sees Thompson start his SUV. A massive explosion rips the car apart, flinging Mike to the ground. Mike's anguish and horror for his friend flash across his face as he leans on one elbow, looking at the fiery remains of his friend.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

The sound of the explosion confuses Peter.

PETER HOLLAND

What the hell was that. Are you OK?

MIKE MURPHY (ON THE PHONE)

Someone bombed my car; keep your eyes open, Peter. You don't know what you just walked into. I still want to see you at half past seven.

The mayhem stuns Peter.

PETER HOLLAND

I'll, I'll be in an older model silver Q45. OK, see you in about thirty with traffic.

EXT. POWELL & FRONTAGE ROAD - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter chugs the remainder of the bottle of DayQuil before he starts his car. He pulls out of the parking lot among the modern high-rise office and condo towers juxtaposed to the mudflats of San Francisco Bay. He makes a U-turn going East on Powell Street's landfill extension into the estuary. The Q45 accelerates on the ramp to the Bay Bridge.

INT. JORGE ESPARANTE'S VILLA GUADALAJARA - EVENING

Jorge sits on his yellow silk Louie the Sixteen couch enjoying a scotch as Salsa music plays in the background. His cellphone rings, and he answers the call.

IGOR (ON PHONE)
It is done. No way could he have survived the blast.

Jorge listens impassively and then quickly challenges Igor.

JORGE
Are you sure it was the right car?

IGOR (ON PHONE)
I tailed his car to the FBI building and placed the bomb myself.

Jorge is content with the news and matter of factual says as he ends the call.

JORGE
Sergei will take care of you.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BRIDGE - NIGHT - RAIN

The city's high-rises windows show many are working late in their offices. The Embarcadero Center lights outlined the large complex. The City simmers in the light rain.

EXT. I-80 FREMONT EXIT - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter's Q45 takes the wet exit off the ponderous bridge.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT STUART ENTRANCE - NIGHT - RAIN

A cab pulls into the Valet Station at the white double entry doors entrance. Happy's cobalt blue pumps touch down on the wet pavement, black lace tights disappear under a blue leather skirt. Happy's clasps her matching Blue Ferga purse as she pulled her trench coat closed over her dark green silk blouse and slinked out of the cab and into the restaurant.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The vaulted brick ceiling greets her; French street light-styled posts hold up large dark beams with blown glass lampshaded lights branching off, painting the ceiling with indirect lighting. The deep redwood bar has a low counter at the end for dining. The mosaic tile floor's blue peacock welcomes the customer. The timeless La Belle Époque inspired design flows through the long room fenced with railings mimicking a Paris street cafe.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT MISSION STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter pulls up to the curb on Mission Street outside the Parisian Style three-story building with its highly fashionable mansard roof. The first-floor restaurant has Blue canopies and columns which frame white window casements.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Happy approaches the vacant hostess station sees the older smiling Chinese man in a dark suit and red tie waving to her. She struts over to the window booth near the bronze country maiden statue as he stands and greets her.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter is a few minutes early and spots a hot-looking Happy walking through the restaurant to a table with an elder Chinese man through the windows. He turns on his radio and searches for a new station. After he finds it, he slowly settles back into his seat as a blues song plays. Peter is feeling his long night and day.

RADIO (V.O.)

I'm so tired, so crazed and blue.
 I'm getting sick of following you.
 I'm so depressed and distressed.
 I'm so tired, so sad and blue. Can
 I trust you, Oh how I lust for you.
 I must know the truth.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Happy and the General are standing at the restaurant's interior transition from wood floors and barrel-vaulted brick ceilings to elaborate tile pattern floor, simple drywall vaults in the top, and decorative tiles wrap posts. General Chen's smile beams at Happy.

GENERAL CHEN

Thank you for taking one last meeting. My investors are anxious to conclude our business.

Happy perkily responds.

HAPPY CAMPER

I might want to take some time off after this merger closes.

General Chen's face brightens as he says.

GENERAL CHEN

With your commission, it will be easy to do so.

General Chen smiles.

HAPPY CAMPER

Do you mind if I freshen up?

GENERAL CHEN

No, no, not at all. Sergei is running late.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter ponders Happy in the restaurant. Happy greets the man and then walks off to the ladies' room.

RADIO (V.O.)

I'm so tired, so crazed and blue.
I'm getting sick of following you.
I'm so depressed and distressed.
I'm so sad and blue. I've got the flu,
it's half past two. Can I trust you,
Oh how I lust for you? I must know the truth.
Is this our last dance, the end of romance?

Peter hacks a tremendous cough, his phone rings.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike is driving down Mission Street in Tim's SUV; he is worse for wear with a few shrapnel gashes on this face from the explosion. The pavement reflects the tall office towers crowding the street through the bomb cracked windshield as the wipers cycle.

MIKE MURPHY

Peter, I am pulling up beside you.
Jump in my car, and we'll talk.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT MISSION STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike's SUV pulls up alongside Peter's car. Peter hobbles out and into the truck.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT STUART ENTRANCE - NIGHT - RAIN

Sergei's Limo pulls up to the Valet station. Sergei exits the rear door in a dark raincoat and hat. He pauses in the rain, his eyes tightening as he notices Peter getting into a dark SUV. He turns to his driver and darkly commands.

SERGEI MARCOV

Follow that SUV.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike wheels right onto the Embarcadero and is soon under the Bay Bridge that looms overhead in the mist.

MIKE MURPHY

Hello Mr. Holland, I'm Special
Agent Mike Murphy.

Mike's eyes on the road reach out his hand to shake. Peter warily eyes the cracked windshield, and the gashes on Murphy's face says.

PETER HOLLAND

You don't want to catch what I
have. For that matter, I am not
happy caught in this mess.

MIKE MURPHY

Let's drive over to PacBell Park
and see how construction is going.

EXT. CHINA BASIN AT THIRD STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

PacBell Park's partially completed grandstands open to China Basin. Mike's SUV pulls up close to the red bridge operation shack for the Lefty O'Doul Bridge. The canal is between them and the ballpark under construction. A passing limo's tires make that unique sound over the grated bridge surface.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

PacBell Park and the bridge over the canal are seen through the rain-streaked damaged windshield as rain dribbles down the cracks in the glass. A Limo passes. Peter coughs as Mike turns to him, forcing a lighthearted opening.

MIKE MURPHY

You are right about me not wanting to catch what you have, Mr. Holland.

Peter nervously clears his throat as he is clearly out of his element and dreads the coming conversation.

PETER HOLLAND

Peter, please. What happened?

MIKE MURPHY

I am getting too close to a drug deal, and the Cartel has a contract on me, Peter. My Regional Director started my car while we were talking. Better him than me. Are you a reporter?

PETER HOLLAND

I work for Upside, a technology rag.

MIKE MURPHY

What can you tell me about Khang?

PETER HOLLAND

I met him briefly in Sacramento last night. He was with an imposing Russian gent with a limp, Sergei Marcov. He makes the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

MIKE MURPHY

What were you doing in Sacramento?

PETER HOLLAND

I spent the day interviewing George Camper. His breakthrough in security encryption is making the news, and he testified at a security hearing at the Capitol. Do you know the Russians are cyber hacking the DoD?

Peter coughs and wipes his nose.

MIKE MURPHY

How did you wind up at the Baker Steps last night?

PETER HOLLAND

George had to stay for more meetings today, and his sister gave me a lift back to my car at a BART Station. I left my phone in her car and caught up with her at Skates in the Berkeley Marina. Just a minute.

Peter wipes his nose.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Marcov walks into the restaurant as Happy and I walk to her car.

Mike, for the first time, is bemused.

MIKE MURPHY

Did you say Happy?

Peter glowingly thinks of her as he explains.

PETER HOLLAND

Yes, her name is Happy Camper. Her folks have a little twisted sense of humor.

Mike reaches for his radio handset.

MIKE MURPHY

Meyers here, Joyce, find out all you can about George Camper and Happy Camper. Yes, I said Happy, H, A, P, P, Y. Thanks. Go on, Peter.

Mike drops his handset.

PETER HOLLAND

Happy has a significant merger going down, and being a reporter; I smelled a big story. I watched three people get out of Sergie's Limo and get into an SUV. Sergei came out of the restaurant with Happy, she drove off, and I followed the Limo to the Baker Steps.

Mike stops writing in his notebook. Peter relives last night and shudders.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

I followed Khang down the steps into the fog and heard a blood-curdling sound, this hulking guy with a flattop started up the stair towards me.

Mike sternly chastises Peter.

MIKE MURPHY

I was the guy at the top of the stairs; you nearly got yourself killed last night. I followed Marcov from Lake Tahoe yesterday as part of a drug deal. I saw you nearly get run over by his Limo in Sacramento. You were trying to catch up to Ms. Camper. What do you know about the merger?

Peter hopefully offers.

PETER HOLLAND

Nothing, I can ask her in thirty minutes.

Mike speaks slowly and dead-seriously.

MIKE MURPHY

Just be careful, Peter. Stop thinking about having kids with Happy and worry about what Sergei is doing.

Peter's concern floods his face.

PETER HOLLAND

Do you think Happy's involved?

Mike is talking like he would to a teenager.

MIKE MURPHY

Don't be so naive. Don't you think Happy may be up to her neck in Khang's death?

RADIO (ON RADIO)

Mike, Happy Camper is a registered agent of the Chinese Government. She arranged for an export license for Chip Fabrication Technology.

MIKE MURPHY

Thanks, Joyce, I owe you dinner!

Mike turns to Peter.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)
What was Khang working on at Intel?

PETER HOLLAND
He just completed the chipset
identifier firmware coding for
their latest microprocessor.

MIKE MURPHY
Try that in English.

PETER HOLLAND
Intel's briefing discussed the
security concerns with unique
machine identification.

MIKE MURPHY
So let me get this straight. Our
dead man is Intel's expert on-chip
security? What is the scariest
scenario?

PETER HOLLAND
Programmers always leave a backdoor
to their coding. Scariest, how
about a new chip plant producing
counterfeit Intel Chips used in
network servers with security holes
built to order running in our
national labs?

Mike looks at his TAG watch.

MIKE MURPHY
Peter, I'd better get you back to
the restaurant.

Mike's information scares Peter.

PETER HOLLAND
You have me fucking scared.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT MISSION STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike's SUV pulls to the curb. As Peter gets out, Mike leans
over and earnestly exhorts.

MIKE MURPHY
Try to keep her for at least an
hour.

PETER HOLLAND

I was looking forward to a long
dinner with her. Not so much now.

Mike hands him his card.

MIKE MURPHY

Easy Peter, you don't know which
side she's on. Watch your back, and
I'll be watching it too.

Peter pockets the card, looks back for reassurance, closes
the door, limps to his car through the rain, and gets in.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Peter looks into the restaurant watching Happy, General Chen,
and Sergei concludes a meeting at a window table. Happy is
laughing, Sergei is flirting with her, and General Chen puts
a file into his briefcase. Peter isn't feeling well. He is
disturbed and scared as he steels himself.

PETER HOLLAND

Steady Peter, she is working on a
merger that closed last night. But
then there's the dead body and the
drug deal and the FBI hit.

Peter turns on his radio and selects a station. A blues song
plays a duet of a string bass and tenor flute dance a steady
beat with a whisky-voiced male singing.

RADIO

I don't know what I'm going to do;
When I'm just thinking of you, I
just can't stand here being all
alone, like you too much I've got
to know.

Flute and String Bass pirouette through a bridge.

Happy, checks her jewel-encrusted banded watch, signals for
the check. The waiter appears in moments at the table; she
hands him a credit card.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Can't stand it, can't make it, what
am I to do.

The bass leads the flute into a solo.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Can't stand it, can't make it, what
am I to do.

Happy got up from the table with the men; Sergei kissed her hand and headed to the ladies' room.

The men put their raincoats on.

Peter coughs violently.

RADIO (CONT'D)

I just don't trust out with all of
those guys, you tell me you love
me, but I have eyes; you thought I
was dumb, not too bright, you'd
better watch out for those lies.

Sergei checks his watch as he and General Chen walk to the front door.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Can't stand it, can't make it. What
am I going to do.

The song ends with Bass and the flute slowing to a crawl to the end. Peter is lost in his thoughts as Happy knocks on Peter's window in her black trench coat. Peter, with concern, let her into the car in contrast to her worrying about Peter. Peter hurriedly tosses the empty DayQuil bottle into the back seat, Happy notes.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, what are you doing out here?

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT ENTERANCE - NIGHT - RAIN

Sergei gets into his Limo and glares at Happy as she gets into Peter's car up the street. The rain increases as he shoulders his way into the limo.

INT. SERGIE'S LIMO - NIGHT - RAIN

As Sergei slides into the seat, an anxious Boris turns around.

BORIS

Comrade, I must alert you to a
security threat. Last night at the
Berkeley Marina, I saw that car
when you met with Ms. Camper.

SERGEI MARCOV

Drive to the Hyatt, Boris, get a cab and follow Ms. Camper wherever she goes. I'll drive back to the Consulate and report. I can't have Moscow thinking I am not doing my job. We have too many years into this to start relaxing.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Happy looks over Peter closely; her affection is on her sleeve, and she is worried about his condition.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, you don't look so good. Are you feeling OK?

She reaches over and feels his forehead.

PETER HOLLAND

No, I'm coming down with something I picked up last night at the ER.

HAPPY CAMPER

ER?

PETER HOLLAND

I hurt my foot last night.

HAPPY CAMPER

You're burning up; I'll drive you home. I'll cancel with my brother.

A concerned Happy starts to get out of her seat.

EXT. NINTH & LAWTON - NIGHT - RAIN

A cigarette lighter illuminates two men sitting in a parked dark sedan across the street and up the hill from John and Laura's cozy row house rental. Trimmed hedges step up the knoll to trees hiding the setback townhouses on their right. The Muni's electric lines run above. John and Laura walk out of their townhouse and get into John's wagon; Laura backs out of the driveway and drives off. Another dark sedan car down the block follows.

Igor, and Mukalla, a small thin man, get out of the car, walk to the home, and up the front door. Mukalla starts picking the lock; his slender form magnifies Igor's buff and fit stature. Mukalla is the antithesis of the handsome thug, meek and nerdy but skilled.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike is parked a few spots up Mission Street from the Boulevard Restaurant. He picks up Peter's discarded tissues and uses sanitizer before reaching for his handset.

MIKE MURPHY

I need that second car.

AGENT PARKER (ON RADIO)

Mike, I can only spare one car. We have a major Op going down in Chinatown. We're just about to go in.

MIKE MURPHY

Thanks, Paul, one car is better than none. I hope it's a slow night, and my informant is about to leave. I'll check in later.

AGENT PARKER (ON RADIO)

It's going down now. Go! Go! Go!

The breaking sound of a door comes over the radio.

EXT. MISSION STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

A cab pulls up to the restaurant in a steady rain as Happy, and Peter is hobbling, exchanging car seats. The Ferry Terminal blocks the end of the street across the Embarcadero. Happy drives away, turns right onto Embarcadero, the cab follows. Mike pulls out and turns right onto Stuart Street.

EXT. HOWARD AND STUART STREETS - NIGHT - RAIN

Happy and Peter drive past Stuart up Howard.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike is at the corner of Stuart and Howard. The Bay Bridge dominates the horizon. He almost follows Peter's car when the same cab drives by, and he spots Boris in the back seat.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

The car leaves behind the waterfront and motors up the hill between mid-rise office buildings to the bridge approach, as Peter stuffily says as Happy drives.

PETER HOLLAND
Hey, you know your way around.

HAPPY CAMPER
Around what, Peter?

Happy suggestively returns serve with a double entendre.

PETER HOLLAND
I meant Downtown Happy.

Peter is bemused. Happy continues, honestly.

HAPPY CAMPER
I know my way around, Peter. I put myself through UC part-time as a bike messenger my freshman year. That's when the finance bug bit me.

She stroked her hair out of her eyes as she thought of that moment.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
I ended my shift; a Goldman Sachs manager needed to add one page to a report. I stood around listening to him on the phone, getting the last part of a deal down.

Happy turned to Peter with that whimsical smile.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
I said to myself; I can do this. The next day I changed my major from Eastern Symbolism to economics and a minor in Chinese.

She turns onto First Street.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
I was recruited out of college by a Sacramento lobbying firm. I lived with Aunt Em, spent two years on how the law was made, and started putting deals together. Then Sand Hill Road called, and now I am here.

PETER HOLLAND
Impressive. So can you tell me about your big deal?

Peter feels a little like a mouse with a cat playing with him.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter! I'm under an NDA. Do you
want me to kiss and tell?

EXT. FIRST STREET & BAY BRIDGE RAMP - NIGHT - RAIN

Happy drove up First Street past a 76 gas station on the right as traffic slowed to a crawl merging onto the Bay Bridge ramp that curves to the left in the steady rain.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT ENTRANCE - NIGHT - RAIN

John's dented wagon with its cracked windshield pulls into the valet station. As John in a sport coat and dark slacks and Laura in her green wrap dress and raincoat get out of the car and enter the restaurant, Laura hands the keys to the valet and John says jokingly.

JOHN

I treasure this car; take extra
good care of it.

The Valet shakes his head in mock disgust.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT

George Camper sits at the bar reading the Chronicle and notices John and Laura approach and greet him

GEORGE CAMPER

John and Laura, I'm glad you could
make it. I invited my sister and
friend to dinner, but they just
canceled. I hope you're hungry.

LAURA

It is a pleasure to meet you, Mr.
Camper.

GEORGE CAMPER

George, please.

An attractive young Hostess approaches with Menus in her hand.

HOSTESS

Mr. Camper, your table is ready.
Please follow me.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL

The living room is in shambles, papers and sofa cushions cut open, and books are on the floor. The Mukalla uses John's laptop as his rain-soaked hair drips onto his face and glasses. His face is shallow; his reed-thin hands insert each CD into the computer as he checks their contents. He dials his phone.

MUKALLA

I have his computer and disc drive binder.

INT. VLAHOVICH'S OFFICE

Sergei is seated in Vlahovich's chair, Vodka bottle and glass in front of him, smoking a cigarette. One of the locked file cabinet drawers is open, with a file lying open atop the files. Sergei says with a particular thin iciness.

SERGEI MARCOV

What are you telling me, Mukalla?
Do you have the disc or you don't have the disc?

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL

The thin man removes the last disc from the computer he tests. He nearly trembles as he reports.

MUKALLA

The Computer disc is not here. I've looked at every computer file. Nothing, and we thoroughly searched the house. OK, OK, OK.

The two men finish their work, leaving the house with John's laptop and a stereo receiver.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOTEL - NIGHT - RAIN

The stately columns frame the entrance to the St. Francis Hotel across from Union Square, cable car tracks run down Powell Street. Christmas Shoppers crowd the street under a sea of umbrellas. Macy's and the other high-end retailers surround the aging urban park long overdue to upgrade and remove the homeless.

INT. GENERAL CHEN'S ROOM

Steady rain is hitting the window. General Chen intently studies the expansion map of Shanghai's twin city with a glass of Baijiu in his hand. The map is the architectural plan for the microprocessor plant and a plan for a vast mid-rise office building—his phone rings.

GENERAL CHEN

Good, the PC plant is on schedule,
and the microprocessor plant?

He listens, a thin smile of satisfaction emerges. Chen then commands with a burning focus.

GENERAL CHEN (CONT'D)

Even better. I want you to next
focus on Oak Ridge National Lab.
There is an abandoned reactor
design called a Molten Salt
Reactor. Our environmental movement
funding has helped with our efforts
on Rare Earth Element sourcing; the
west is giving us a perfect
monopoly. Please don't fail me and
China.

The general takes Sergie's call.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Happy merges the car with the bus on-ramp looks over her shoulder for traffic, and accelerates across two lanes of traffic between a bus and a tracker-trailer into a clear path.

INT. BORIS'S TAXI CAB - NIGHT - RAIN

The Taxi's pursuit is cut-off by Happy's sudden maneuver; the cab almost crashes into a bus merging onto the bridge. Boris leans forward to the cab driver.

BORIS

If you would please you to not get
us killed!

CAB DRIVER

You did want me to follow that car,
didn't you?

Boris's phone rings.

BORIS
Da, Da, Yeah, Yeah.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

Happy playfully looks over to Peter.

HAPPY CAMPER
So, where to gimpy?

PETER HOLLAND
Take Eighty to the Emeryville
Powell exit, up to Hollis, and make
a right. You have to.

HAPPY CAMPER
Cutover fast?

Happy smiles with an in-control satisfaction. Peter gives in to a superior force.

PETER HOLLAND
I give up; you've got it handled.

HAPPY CAMPER
About time you started to see how
capable I am.

Happy titters at herself briefly, then almost motherly says.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
I'm going to nurse you back to
health, so leave it to me. What did
you do to your foot?

Happy cuts over four lanes to make the Powell Street exit, and Peter grimaces with the intense maneuver.

EXT. HIGHWAY EIGHTY POWELL EXIT - NIGHT - RAIN

The cab follows the radical maneuver onto the off-ramp; a Honda Accord spins out of control on the wet pavement avoiding the taxi and crashes. Mike's SUV barely clears the spinning car in the light rain.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

The windshield washer cycle as the rain cleans off the road wash.

PETER HOLLAND

I was in the ER last night and I don't want to be there tonight.

Peter coughs, shows concern with Happy's driving.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)

Like an idiot, I left my floor heater key in and jammed my toe into it last night. It took ten stitches in the web of my foot and my booby prize was this cough.

Happy scrunches her face as she turns right onto Powell.

HAPPY CAMPER

Ouch.

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike shakes his head with grim intent; he is behind the taxi by four cars and watches it turn onto Powell Street.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

PETER HOLLAND

Take Hollis and another right on 45th, then down to the end, turn left, and park.

HAPPY CAMPER

Okie Dokie artichokie.

PETER HOLLAND

Why are you so nice to me?

HAPPY CAMPER

Well, Peter, one of the problems is the Nightingale Factor. Am I taking pity on you, or do I like you? Now, doesn't that make you think?

PETER HOLLAND

How am I going to tell which way it is?

She perkily says.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, I'll just keep you guessing.

EXT. HOLLIS AND POWELL STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

The Happy makes a left turn onto Hollis Street in the industrial section of Emeryville. Several of the buildings are under conversion to mixed-use. The rain darkens the street.

INT. PETER'S CAR - NIGHT - RAIN

PETER HOLLAND
Park behind that yellow Fiat.

HAPPY CAMPER
I see a Fiat, but there's too much dirt on it.

PETER HOLLAND
The artist who owns it isn't concerned with washing her car when a suitable art installation costs more than her car.

HAPPY CAMPER
You did say there are a lot of artists around here.

PETER HOLLAND
I live across the street. Do you mind handing me my cane behind my seat?

Happy reaches behind the passenger seat and looks at a seventeenth-century cane with an ivory-carved handle.

HAPPY CAMPER
What an exquisite piece; how did you come upon it?

PETER HOLLAND
I broke my leg in sixth grade, and my grandfather, who collected canes throughout the world, thought I needed some help getting around.

EXT. HOLLIS AND FORTY-FIFTH STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

The cab pulls up alongside a converted warehouse just out of sight of Peter's car. Boris gets out of the cab, crosses the street, walking to Horton street. The taxi drives away. String bass and flute eerily trace an evil path.

MUSIC (V.O.)

INT. MIKE'S SUV - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike edges his truck just past the corner of Forty-Fifth street. The cab lets Flattop out halfway down the block, who walks across and to the end of the road. He backs up his truck and parks. The rain is coming down steady.

MIKE MURPHY

Joyce, Mike. I need an address for Peter Holland. H, O, L, L, A, N, D yes as in Tulips. I'll hold, yes, in Emeryville. Horton, OK. Thanks.

FBI TAIL ONE

Mike, should I move up.

MIKE MURPHY

Flattop left his cab on forty-fifth street and is on foot. Circle around over to Park and Horton.

EXT. FORTY-FIFTH AND HOLLIS STREETS - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike gets out of his car and walks around the corner of Forty-fifth. The wet street reflects the street lights. The flute flutters and Bassline is hurky-jerky.

EXT. HORTON STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

The rain steadily pours down onto Happy and Peter. Large raindrops dance through the entrance lamp above as he unlocks the man door in the large green arched portal to the Artist Co-op. Peter holds the door open for Happy.

INT. HORTON LOFT ENTRY - NIGHT - RAIN

The rains' musical pattern upon the high skylights above echoes through the long wide corridor, dimly lit by warehouse lights casting shadows of the potted plants and trees, with pools of light repeating down the space. Raindrops fall two stories into rain buckets throughout the atrium to add a counterpoint.

PETER HOLLAND

Happy, my loft is on the left.
Let's use the ramp.

Peter motions to the ramp on the left side of the loading dock. Peter's limp is getting worse.

INT. HORTON LOFT PETER'S FRONT DOOR

They reach the double green doors of Peter's Loft. Peter hands Happy his cane as he unlocks the door and opens it.

PETER HOLLAND
My abode, fair maiden. Let me get
the lights.

Happy hands Peter his cane.

HAPPY CAMPER
Your sword, my Liege.

PETER HOLLAND
It was given to me by a great grand
wizard to slay dragons and demons.
I am prepared to do battle for your
honor.

Peter pulls the sword out of the cane. Happy tilts her head with an amused smile.

HAPPY CAMPER
Should I close my eyes while thoust
slay your foes, my lord?

Peter enters the loft, and lights come on.

PETER HOLLAND
Come hither, fair maiden.

Peter scabbards the sword into the cane, mocks a deep bow, and waves into his loft.

INT. PETER'S LOFT

Happy processionally enters the loft and casts her to graze over the walls covered with Peter's artwork. She breaks out of the mock role.

HAPPY CAMPER
I love your art, Peter.

Peter is in the kitchen, pulling out a bottle of wine.

PETER HOLLAND
I'd pick up an odd piece here and
there, and soon you are out of wall
space. It doesn't hurt to have a
sister in the business. Would you
like a glass of wine?

HAPPY CAMPER

Yes, I would; I can open it. But
first, let's get you off your feet.

Happy walks over to the couch to plump up the pillows for Peter.

EXT. HORTON LOFT ENTRY - NIGHT - POURING RAIN

MUSIC (V.O.)

Boris picks the entry lock, it releases.

String bass and flute eerily trace and evil path.

EXT. FORTY-FIFTH STREET - NIGHT - POURING RAIN

Mike walks fast up Forth-Fifth Street. The rain thickens.

MUSIC (V.O.)

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT MISSION STREET - NIGHT - POURING RAIN

The man in the sedan is on his phone, intensely describing the actions of John and George while looking through his binoculars.

MUSIC (V.O.)

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - POURING RAIN

The waiter places their main course in front of Laura and John.

GEORGE CAMPER

You have a very well-thought-out
business plan, John. I would like
to have seen your presentation.

George pulls out the disc from the folder and hands it back to John.

GEORGE CAMPER (CONT'D)

Here is the disc you gave me, where
did you get it?

John and George exchange discs.

JOHN

The day I met you, I ran a Video Conference for Sergei Marcov, a Russian. His video card wasn't working, so he used my laptop's DVD player, and the discs somehow got mixed up.

John looks over to Laura as she stifles a yawn, George also notices.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have an early day tomorrow, a consult in Scotts Valley with Borland. I can start my company by picking up their lease on their now cast-off VTC systems.

GEORGE CAMPER

That will make your numbers even better, John. We should be able to close on Tuesday.

JOHN

After Borland, we'll be off to Carmel before the weekend traffic chokes One.

GEORGE CAMPER

It sounds like a great weekend indoors. The jet stream is kicking this storm down to Santa Cruz tonight. I'll look over your plans this weekend and give you a call Tuesday.

John gets up and helps Laura with her chair.

JOHN

Tuesday is great, and thanks for a great dinner.

LAURA

It was a pleasure meeting you, Mr. Camper.

John and Laura walk to the entry, and George motions for the bill.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT MISSION STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

The man in the sedan is on his phone, intensely describing the actions of John and George still looking through his binoculars.

MUSIC (V.O.)

INT. PETER'S LOFT

Happy is in the kitchen taking the tea kettle off the stove, brewing tea. Her eyes gaze over the loft admiring the artwork while sipping wine and talking to Peter. She points to one large pastel framed piece.

HAPPY CAMPER

What's the pig in the grass or what looks like one.

PETER HOLLAND

My sister did that piece years ago and gave it to me for Christmas.

HAPPY CAMPER

Oh, I didn't intend it in a mean way.

PETER HOLLAND

I think it looks like a beached whale's skull myself. My joke is I come from an artistic family, but I'm Autistic.

Happy snickers as she walks over to the couch with a large mug of hot tea.

HAPPY CAMPER

Let's elevate that leg, Peter. Have some tea, and I put honey and lemon in it. It should help with the cough.

PETER HOLLAND

Which one?

HAPPY CAMPER

Cute, Peter. Your injured leg or your neglected leg?

Happy's head skews with a mock quizzical gesture.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)
 You're blushing. I didn't think
 you'd ever blush no matter how hard
 I tried.

PETER HOLLAND
 You've succeeded at Hard.

Happy's face blushed, and her eyes softened.

PETER HOLLAND (CONT'D)
 How come no man in your life,
 Happy?

HAPPY CAMPER
 I'm in the middle of so many deals.
 I have rules and don't mix business
 with pleasure. And, do you know
 what?

PETER HOLLAND
 What?

HAPPY CAMPER
 It gets plenty lonely, not that I'm
 complaining. It's hard to meet a
 man that likes a similar variety of
 topics and art; that I'm not
 already in a business deal with.

PETER HOLLAND
 Do you mind telling me about your
 current deal? Or will that make it
 business between us?

HAPPY CAMPER
 It all depends if I kiss you before
 or after I tell you, Peter.

Peter gently pulls her down to him.

INT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT

George dials his phone as he walks to front of the
 restaurant.

EXT. BOULEVARD RESTAURANT MISSION STREET - NIGHT - RAIN

The man in the dark sedan starts his car.

MUSIC (V.O.)

EXT. HORTON LOFT ENTRY - NIGHT - RAIN

Mike is at the entry door left ajar and enters the Co-op.

MUSIC (V.O.)

INT. HORTON LOFT ENTRY

The door creaks as Mike eases it closed. The rain is pounding louder on the skylight. Mike looks up the long wide corridor and listens.

MUSIC (V.O.)

EXT. PETER'S LOFT

Boris is at Peter's door screwing a silencer onto his gun. Menacingly he turns his head to the sound of the entry door.

MUSIC (V.O.)

EXT. HORTON CO-OP CORRIDOR

Mike tiptoes up the worn handcart ramp on the left of the loading dock, peering around the potted trees as he moves into the building. He shivers from the cold rain.

MUSIC (V.O.)

EXT. PETER'S LOFT

Boris raises his gun by his head as he backs away from Peter's door. He stealthily moves around the pools of light away from the entry.

MUSIC (V.O.)

Mike reaches Peter's door.

Boris holsters his gun and pulls out his garrote.

EXT. NINTH AND LAWTON - NIGHT - RAIN

John and Laura pull into their garage as the rain pounds down on the street. John and Laura walk out of the garage arm-in-arm up the front steps to the front door.

MUSIC (V.O.)

A dark sedan turns onto Ninth Street at the corner uphill, parks, and the headlights turn off.

EXT. PETER'S LOFT

Boris observing Mike, tosses some loose change across the hallway.

MUSIC (V.O.)

Mike snaps his head around at the sound. Roof leaks are dropping into buckets around the entire space as the rain's intensity increases. Mike pulls out his gun, turns on his flashlight, and moves towards the sound.

Boris ducks into a hallway to avoid detection. His foot kicks a rain bucket over, makes a loud sound as the water floods the floor. He starts running down the narrow hallway as Mike's flashlight traces his movements.

Mike wearily follows up the hallway to communal showers on the right and an exit door on the left. The hallway was empty and in a raw state of overspray and splatters of plaster mud. Mike checks the shower stalls with the flashlight and then exits the building through the fire exit.

EXT. REAR OF PETER'S CO-OP LOFT BUILDING

The outer wall of the rear patio leads to the left. A cat leaping over a discarded sculpture on the ground spooked Mike. A sound on the left of him made him pause. He turned on his heel and re-entered the building.

Boris garrote ready observed.

MUSIC (V.O.)

BORIS

He couldn't have known I was here.
You are lucky, Mr. Agent Man.

Boris reluctantly stores his means of death and walks away towards Holden Street.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL

John and Laura are startled by the wreckage to their home.

JOHN

Stay here!

John picks up a baseball bat leaning next to the front door. He chokes up on the bat, takes a couple of swings, looks around downstairs, and heads up the staircase.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Call the police.

Laura picks up the phone and dials 911.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA 9TH AND LAWTON RENTAL - LATER

In their foyer, John and Laura are standing dismayed talking with a young police officer in a raincoat as a CSI technician with a coffee stain white shirt tries to lift fingerprints off the front doorknob.

CSI TECHNICIAN JERRY
Henry, no prints; they were wearing gloves, there were pick marks on the lock.

POLICEMAN
Thanks, Jerry, you can take off.

The policeman turns back to John and Laura, his raincoat dripping on their wood floor.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
So just a stereo and a laptop are missing? You're lucky, typically. It's a smash and grabs, with your front door kicked in. Here's my card if you find anything else missing.

The Policeman shrugs his shoulder, tips his dripping plastic-covered cap, and walks out the front door.

EXT. NINTH & LAWTON - NIGHT - RAIN

A reflected light comes on in the sedan up the wet street as the policeman drives away.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Laura is lying naked on her stomach on their king bed, large green flannel-covered pillows propping her up, calls out to John.

LAURA

John, come back to bed. Honey, I want you.

JOHN (O.S.)

I just wanted to finish cleaning up the mess down here. I want to spend a little extra time in the morning with you.

LAURA

I like the sound of that.

Her right leg bends up; her foot does a little dance. John enters the bedroom and stands there admiring her. Laura is looking at her left hand and engagement ring.

LAURA (CONT'D)

When are you coming back to bed?

John runs a couple of steps and dives into bed.

JOHN

When you stop looking at your ring.

They embrace and make love.

Superimposed title:

DAY FOUR

INT. PETER'S LOFT BEDROOM - MORNING

Peter and Happy are in the middle of a lingering kiss in bed. Both looked like they were ridden hard and put away wet, her phone rings. Happy's eyes roll as she looks at the number and decides to answer.

HAPPY CAMPER

It's George. George, I'm sorry Peter and I had to cancel. Did you get my voice mail?

INT. GEORGE CAMPER'S STUDY - MORNING

The low bookcases frame a fireplace with a burning fire. On the walls above are framed awards from the NSA, DARPA, a photo of CIA Director George Bush presenting George with a medal. Rain is beating on the windows.

GEORGE CAMPER

Yes, I did, Happy. I want to ask you about your deal with Sergei Marcov?

INT. PETER'S LOFT - DAY

Happy is lying in Peter's arms as the light rain falls on the skylights.

HAPPY CAMPER

You're the second man I care about asking the same thing. I'll put you on speakerphone.

GEORGE CAMPER (ON PHONE)

I had dinner with John Nord about his video network deal. I was going to introduce him to you tonight. His collateral included a presentation disc that got mixed up with Sergei Marcov's from a video conference he managed two days ago at the Hyatt.

HAPPY CAMPER

How strange.

GEORGE CAMPER (ON PHONE)

There's more. There's an Intel chip design on it that shouldn't be in the hands of a Russian.

The loft is dark except for the reading light by the bed. There is a knock on the front door.

HAPPY CAMPER

George that wasn't part of my deal. It was for a microprocessor plant for China's domestic consumption. Talk to Peter while I answer the door.

Happy puts on Peter's shirt, fluffs her hair, and walks down the stairs to the door after she turns on the lights. Before she opens the door, she checks her look in the mirror. Mike introduces himself.

MIKE MURPHY

I am agent Mike Murphy with the FBI.

Mike shows Happy his identification.

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

I want to speak with you and Peter about Sergei Marcov.

HAPPY CAMPER

Please come in, my brother is on the phone with Peter, and they are just talking about Sergei. Peter, you'd better come down here.

Happy shows Mike to the couch. Peter, hobbles down the stairs in his bathrobe using his cane, joins Mike on the sofa, and elevates his leg on the ottoman. Happy's phone is still on speakerphone.

PETER HOLLAND

George, I am with Mike Murphy, an FBI agent. I was at a briefing this morning at Intel. Did you know their chip ID designer Khang was killed last night in San Francisco?

Happy is shocked and looks at Peter with wide eyes.

HAPPY CAMPER

I introduced you to him at Paragary's last night, Peter.

PETER HOLLAND

I recognized him from his session at COMDEX last year. I never knew his name.

MIKE MURPHY

Mr. Camper, anything I should know?

GEORGE CAMPER'S STUDY

George leans back into his leather chair as the firelight flickers on his face.

GEORGE CAMPER

I want to know why a Russian has Intel's chip design. John Nord gave me a business plan with a presentation on a CD. It somehow got mixed up with Marcov's disc. I gave John the disc back, but I made a bitmap copy.

INT. PETER'S LOFT - NIGHT

Mike stands up and opens his coat to retrieve his notebook.

INT. GEORGE CAMPERS STUDY

MIKE MURPHY (ON PHONE)

Mr. Camper, I need to meet with you as soon as possible. How early can you see me today?

GEORGE CAMPER

Why don't you come around to my place, say at nine? I've got to get my gym time in. Great, see you then. I better call John Nord and warn him.

George ends the call and starts to dial John Nord. A door creaks.

INT. JOHN AND LAURA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

John walks into the bedroom with coffee, eggs, toast, and the Chronicle. Dawn breaks the darkness outside the window.

JOHN

Rise and Shine beauty.

EXT. BORLAND SOFTWARE SCOTTS VALLEY - LATER - RAINING

John and Laura pull into the parking lot of Borland Software. The suburban campus of modern low-slung buildings. The large parking lots are mostly empty due to the company's decline. John kisses Laura, gets out of the car, and walks into the building.

The dark sedan driven by the thin man and two other men pulls into the parking lot.

INT. BORLAND CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

John is at the conference table with two Borland executives discussing an equipment leaseback.

JOHN

Thank you for this opportunity to pick up the lease on your video conference systems. It will launch my new conference company.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I will bring the offer to my investor on Tuesday and close with you by the end of the week.

John shakes hands with the two men and walks out of the room.

INT. PETER'S LOFT - MORNING

Peter was on the couch drinking coffee and reading the Chronicle, morning sun streaming through the skylights bathing the loft in amber light.

Happy let herself in the door dressed in Peter's bathrobe. Her hair is up in a towel.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, if we are going to keep seeing each other, we have to do something about the showers.

Happy let the towel out of her hair and started to comb it out.

HAPPY CAMPER (CONT'D)

I was in the shower, and someone was having just the worst Bowel movement. It was incredible. I almost called 911.

PETER HOLLAND

Oh, that is Maurice and a legend in the bowels of this building.

HAPPY CAMPER

Eeeyou!

Happy holds her nose as she studies Peter in the mirror. Peter's cellphone rings.

PETER HOLLAND

Hello, hi Mike.

INT. GEORGE CAMPERS STUDY - MORNING

Mike is standing over George as EMTs are working on him. All of his books are scatted on the floor in the overturned study. Peter's proposal is on his desk with the disc removed.

MIKE MURPHY

Peter, I've got bad news. Is Happy there? Tell her to sit down.

(MORE)

MIKE MURPHY (CONT'D)

They tried to kill George. Lucky I got here when I did. EMTs are working on him. He might not make it. You better be careful!

EXT. BORLAND SOFTWARE SCOTTS VALLEY - DAY - RAIN

John smiling about the meeting, walks out of the building. Stunned, he sees men pulling Laura out of their car, forcing her into the back of a dark sedan.

The sedan speeds out of the parking lot and turns left onto Santa's Village Road. John wrenches with fury as he runs to his car and races off, following the vehicle. John's cellphone rings.

SERGEI

I want the disc or your lovely won't be much longer!

INT. PETER'S LOFT - DAY

Boris enters Peter's front door, following Happy into the loft. As he pulls out his gun, Peter standing to the side, sees Boris in the hallway mirror, pulls out his cane sword, and thrusts him in the chest. The gun goes off and misses Happy as a bullet hits the pastel art piece on the wall. Peter slashes Boris' hand with the sword and he drops the gun. Peter tackles him as the gun slides across the floor. Happy picks up the gun and finishes Boris trying to stab Peter with a knife.

PETER HOLLAND

Thanks!

HAPPY CAMPER

You killed him first!

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - DAY - STORM

Monsoon gale is lashing a deserted sweeping curve. The air makes a guttural multi-tonal sound of Redwoods' bending, branches snapping as trillions of needles assaulted by the storm.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON - DAY - STORM

John grimly drives fast as he departs Highway Seventeen on Mount Herman road.

RADIO

It's Santa Cruz classic rock. It's a great day to stay indoors with another classic from Yes, Owner of a Lonely Heart.

The instrumental opening plays on the radio.

John speeds past cars.

RADIO (CONT'D)

We have a breaking story. There is a national weather alert for the Santa Cruz Mountains, torrential rain for the next six hours. Now, back to Yes. Move yourself.

John approaches the last stoplight leaving town. The light turns green, passing five cars ahead at the intersection as the road narrows to two lanes uphill.

RADIO (CONT'D)

You always live your life.

The dark sedan pulling away from a fuel tanker slowly moving uphill is disappearing into the rain.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Never thinking of the future. Prove yourself.

Peter passes the gas hauler with a logging truck approaching.

RADIO (CONT'D)

You are the move you make. Take your chances win or loser. See yourself, You are the steps you take, You and you, and that's the only way.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - STORM

Wind and rain increase to hurricane strength, the inside lane line is covered with mud as the hollowing increases.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON - STORM

John swerves back into the lane, barely avoiding a collision with a logging truck, its air horn blaring.

RADIO

Shake,

John frantically checks his mirrors and picks up his phone. The phone is dead, the charger is on the far side of the dash, sliding off into the Passenger floor. The truck horn fades in the distance; John speeds up.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Shake yourself.

Rain pelts the windshield, John turns up the speed of the wipers.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - STORM

Rain is blowing sideways into the hillside; the redwoods moan and crack. Nature violently assaults the hillside with rivulets forming.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON

RADIO
Owner of a lonely heart. Much
better than a,

The John battles the steep incline.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Owner of a broken heart. Owner of a
lonely heart.

A curve is ahead, and the car slides into the turn.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Say - you don't want to chance it.

John barely keeps the car on the curve as the road enters Felton.

RADIO (CONT'D)
You've been hurt so before. Watch
it now, The eagle in the sky, How
he dancin' one and only, You, lose
yourself, No not for pity's sake,
There's no real reason to be
lonely, Be yourself.

The car slides to a rolling stop at Gramhill Road John turns right and pursues.

RADIO (CONT'D)
Give your free will a chance,

You've got to want to succeed. Owner of a lonely heart.

John crosses Highway 9 onto Felton Empire Grade at suicidal speed; several cars spin out of control.

He fights the left uphill climb of the road.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Owner of a lonely heart. Much
better than a, owner of a broken
heart. Owner of a lonely heart.
Owner of a lonely heart.

The forest canopies the road, a curve approaches.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD CURVE - STORM

The fifteen mile an hour sign is leaning to the left with the weight of the hillside giving away.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON

The road becomes nearly impassible as the raging elements tear large branches onto the road and car.

RADIO

Look before you leap, Owner of a
lonely heart, And don't you
hesitate at all - no no.

A long sweeping curve bends right and then left.

EXT. FELTON EMPIRE ROAD LOWER BIG CURVES

Guitars are soloing, the road servers to the left into a hairpin turn.

The road thrusts up to the right zigzagging a series of turns, the eroded shoulder opens to the ravine below.

The road makes an extreme right hairpin turn as the pavement ascends into the Redwoods.

The wagon disappears around the turn with sweeping wakes of water.

INT. JOHN'S FADED BLUE TAURUS WAGON

RADIO

Owner of a lonely heart, Owner of a
lonely heart, Much better than a,
Owner of a broken heart, Owner of a
lonely heart.

The road slightly straightens out into rhythmic curves. He goes faster.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Owner of a lonely heart. Owner of a
lonely heart. Much better than a,
owner of a broken heart. Owner of a
lonely heart. Owner of a lonely
heart. Sooner or later each
conclusion, Will decide the lonely
heart. Owner of a lonely heart, It
will excite it will delight.

The song ends as he approaches a fifteen-mile-per-hour yellow sign that leans left.

RADIO (CONT'D)

It will give a better start, Owner
of a lonely heart.

The music fades out.

RADIO (CONT'D)

Don't deceive your free will at
all, Don't deceive your free will
at all, Owner of a lonely heart,
Don't deceive your free will at
all. Just receive it.

John turns off the radio.

JOHN

And I thought I had it made.

The car drifts through the hairpin curve and races around the sweeping blind bend as the hillside slides away.

EXT. FELTON-EMPIRE GRADE SLIDE - DAY

Fire and Rescue extract John from his car, as he retrieves his dead cellphone

JOHN

I need that cellphone, charger, and
briefcase.

Superimposed title:

DAY FIVE

EXT. BOONY DOON AIRPORT - DAY

SERGEI MARCOV (ON PHONE)
I hear Mr. Nord slid down in his
pursuit?

The Sea Plane takes off with Laura as a hostage

INT. JOHN AND LAURA'S RENTAL DAY

John is pacing the floor, his phone rings, and he answers it.

LAURA (ON PHONE)
Who are these people, John?

JOHN
Laura, where are you?

SEGEI (ON PHONE)
Now, let's play this smart. We have
her, and we want the disc.

JOHN
I...I...have it.

SERGI (ON PHONE)
That is the first smart thing you
have done. Now we will meet in San
Francisco, at the Marina.

INT. VLAHOVICH'S OFFICE

JOHN (ON PHONE)
No, we are not. I have what YOU
want! We will meet in one hour in
Oakland; call me on my cellular
phone when you pass the toll booth
on Oakland Bay Bridge.

SERGEI
Don't you start giving me orders?
We have your Laura.

JOHN

Yeah, and I want to get her back as much as you need whatever is on this disc. So, if you want it, you will have to come and get it on my turf!

EXT. MOUNTAIN VIEW CEMETERY - DAY

JOHN

Take Five-eighty east and tell me when you are on Five-eighty.

SERGEI (ON PHONE)

We are now on Five-eighty.

JOHN

Get in the right lane and take Highway Twenty-four East towards Berkeley...you want to take the Claremont exit.

SERGEI (ON PHONE)

OK, we are taking Claremont.

JOHN

Stay on Claremont until Fifty-first Street and turn right.

INT. CHAPEL OF THE PINES LOBBY - DAY

The Mountain View Cemetery has the spectacular Julia Morgan Buildings housing its Mausoleum and the Chapel of the Chimes in Piedmont. In 1928, they dedicated the building, the white exterior of the building, a blend of Gothic details and Romanesque forms.

John walks into the lobby, spotted Jim in the lobby and waved him over.

John, pointing out the farthest room beyond him.

JIM

John, what are you doing here? I thought you would be in Santa Cruz with Laura?

JOHN

Do I need a big favor, Jim?

JIM

What is it?

JOHN

Laura's in trouble, and I need your help.

JIM

Anything, man!

JOHN

Laura was kidnapped yesterday at a meeting in Scotts Valley. This Russian has her and wants this disc back, it was mixed up with my video conference presentation I ran on Monday. I need you to hold it until I get Laura back and then have you give it to the guy.

JIM

Why didn't you call the cops?

JOHN

They are threatening to kill her.

JIM

OK, I'll do it.

JOHN

Great, I have them coming here, and I want to get them to meet me in the back garden over there. I'll call your cellphone when to show up.

JIM

Keep your eyes open and cover your ass!

JOHN

Jim, You're part of my CYA!

Sergie calls John's phone.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Tell me when you are passing Broadway?

SERGEI (ON PHONE)

We just passed Broadway.

JOHN

Slow down, and you will be making a left turn on Piedmont.

SERGEI (ON PHONE)
Da, we see it.

JOHN
Now Park.

SERGEI (ON PHONE)
A bit dramatic, young man

EXT. ENTRANCE CHAPEL OF THE PINES LOBBY - DAY
Off the lobby is a series of connected gardens.
Sergei and Boris enter with Laura.

SERGEI (ON PHONE)
Good choice, young man. I see you
like company.

JOHN
I am only interested in getting out
of this with Laura. Go left in the
lobby take the stairs through the
four Gardens.

SERGEI (ON PHONE)
I am interested in your play of the
cards.

JOHN
You leave Laura, and my friend will
hand you the disc when you let her
go.

INT.FOYER - DAY

SERGEI (ON PHONE)
How can I trust the disc is real?

JOHN
You know where I work and live!

SERGEI(ON PHONE)
How can you trust me?

JOHN
I don't! Take a slight left and go
down the stairs

INT.FIRST GARDEN - DAY

Sergei and Laura walk down the stairs

JOHN

Bring Laura to the last of the four gardens. Leave her sitting alone on the bench, and my friend will give you the disc

INT.FOURTH GARDEN - DAY

Laura sits on the bench. Sergei is on his phone.

JOHN (O.S.)

Thank you! Return to the room you came down the stairs into, and Jim will meet you.

SERGEI

You better deliver, or she is dead.

JOHN (O.S.)

I forgot to mention, my friend's police uncle's funeral is today; 200 cops are coming in the doors right now, so don't get cute.

INT. PETER AND HAPPY'S BEDROOM

Superimposed title:

Six Months Later

HAPPY

Peter, why don't you come to bed.

PETER

I was thinking how bad this Y2K is going to be.

HAPPY

It is not like you can do anymore. Your articles clearly showed the danger was to the third world and emerging markets. George's code is going great guns on the Y2K backdoor on financial transactions, thanks to your expose.

PETER

It looked like a one-hundred-billion-dollar sinkhole for the world's banks, best case.

HAPPY

It is a shame we couldn't get the Justice Department to follow up the investigation. Mike had it so well laid out.

PETER

Well, if they opened that can of worms, they had to worry about fundraising in the DNC and the National Labs. With Secretary O'Leary working for Kaiser, after the Rocky Flats security breakdowns, it wasn't going to happen under Janet Reno.

HAPPY

I'll call George; he invited us out on his boat today.

EXT.GEORGE'S SAILBOAT - DAY

George's yacht is called the Secure Lady, a play on his transaction code. The Catalina 42 MKII is a sleek craft. George had ordered it with the self-reefing mainsail and jib. The cockpit had all the controls, so two could comfortably take the ship out. Happy called ahead to George on his cell phone, and he greeted them at the security gate of the docks.

GEORGE

You are looking good as usual, happy.

HAPPY

You are looking tired, getting enough sleep?

GEORGE

No, in a word, a lot is going on. Happy step-on in, Peter. Let's get everything squared away into the cabin before we cast off.

Peter and Happy went below; Peter's third visit aboard George's 42. He liked the cabin's layout; he iced down the beer and wine and rejoined George on deck.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Peter, do you mind freeing the lines?

PETER

Glad to, a great idea getting out today.

GEORGE

I need it as much as anyone.

EXT. SAILBOAT ANCHORED - DAY

George dropped anchor on the lee side of Angel Island, and Happy got the meal up top.

HAPPY CAMPER

George, what have you going all hours

GEORGE CAMPER

We have this roll out with twenty key markets, and our core code is running the network operation centers and their vertical markets. Peter, can I have one of your beers? It is so big, and with such market penetration, I am stunned. After your article on the Russian Mafia's Y2K plans, my application is going great guns. Just who was your source, Peter?

PETER HOLLAND

I can't tell you.

GEORGE CAMPER

I understand you have to protect your sources.

PETER HOLLAND

No, I don't know, I had an anonymous envelope left at my flat. I never knew who was behind the information.

GEORGE CAMPER

The next thing I know is I am doing a deal for twenty million units.

HAPPY CAMPER

Twenty million units?

GEORGE CAMPER

Yes, your friends have selected ten markets for e-commerce. The desktops they are giving out are outrageous machines, high-powered, lots of drive space, fast communications just for signing up with a nonproprietary hosting service. It boggles the mind.

PETER HOLLAND

There isn't any part of the plan that makes sense, other than to get their machines into very key industries.

GEORGE CAMPER

It would be a great way to build a back door into the world of commerce, except my code is in the way! The wind is picking up, avast ye mates, it's time to unfurl the jib."

INT. PETER AND HAPPY'S FRONT DOOR - LATER

Peter struggles with the packages.

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter, wait up, I'll get the front door.

PETER HOLLAND

Front door, front door, Thanks for getting the door, sweetie.

HAPPY CAMPER

Before we make dinner, I want a shower and then a little e-commerce with you.

PETER HOLLAND

That's it! What's George's number? Can you dial it for me?

HAPPY CAMPER

Peter's what is going on? Here, it is ringing?

PETER HOLLAND

George, Peter. You mentioned the back door. What about a front door?

INT. UUNET OPERATIONS CENTER

The UUNet's Technical Operation Manager just finished the installation of the twenty OC 194 networks servers. Three months from the signed lease with Staubach Company, they were lighting the pipe. The high brightness Panasonic LCD projectors were helping the budget as well. He was about to turn the center over to operations.

INT. PETER'S LOFT - DAY

PETER HOLLAND

Yes, front door, you were mentioning a back-door wasn't possible with your code. If you were the administrator? The code, all of the machines in the loop had your code, your master key?" Only...

The End

CRAWL

Ten Years Later

Jiang Mianheng, son of former Chinese president Jiang Zemin, visited Oak Ridge in 2010 and brokered a cooperation agreement with the lab. The deal gave the Chinese Academy of Sciences, which has a staff of 50,000, the plans for a thorium reactor. In January 2011, Jiang signed a protocol with the Department of Energy outlining the terms of joint energy research with the academy.

China cuts off Japan's rare earth supply, enforcing its signal to technology companies that they must move to China if they want secure supply. Xi Jinping's family holds \$400 million in rare earth value chain assets.