

HACKATHON

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TITLES:

HACK·A·THON -*noun*; 1. a gathering where computer programmers collaborate to create extreme amounts of code over a short period of time.

As the titles appear on screen we hear the sound of airplane jets rumbling. We watch a time lapse of LAX during RUSH HOUR.

EXT. LAX - SUNSET

ALLEN, 20's, an easy to spot college kid - stands with a duffle bag and an old PC tower falling out of his arms. *

A BLACK BMW pulls up next to him - he smiles warmly. The window rolls down - MK, 30's; handsome, chiselled, reeking of money and the kind of confidence money brings - pops the trunk. *

MK

Nice shirt.

Allen looks at his t-shirt - An image of a ROSE behind bars with the words "**Free Julian Rose**" printed on it. His jeans are ripped and he's wearing flip flops. *

MK (CONT'D)

We'll need to get you some new clothes. *

He pops the trunk. Allen eagerly throws his gear in the trunk - it barely fits.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - MINUTES

Allen stares out the window like a curious newborn baby - soaking in Los Angeles as he and MK listen to talk news on the radio.

NEWS ANCHOR

In wake of the apparent suicide of accused Cyber-Terrorist Julian Rose, Republican Senator Paul Kraven of California has been relentlessly drumming up support for his controversial new bill, the Cyber-Terrorism Intelligence Sharing and Prevention Act, also known as CISPA.

Allen looks down to his shirt, then glances over at MK.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Cyber attacks, information hacking,
and massive web site blackouts have
surged exponentially since Rose's
passing, as the 26 year old
internet activist was awaiting
trial for leaking thousands of
confidential files related to the
U.S. Government's use of drones,
among other federal court
documents. Critics of the bill have
said that it is too far reaching
and would turn the internet into a
police state that would stifle
innovation....

*

MK turns down the volume.

MK

Waste of talent.

*

ALLEN

Did you know him?

MK

I tried to recruit him a few years
back, but he wasn't interested.
Some people can't be bought.

*

*

*

Allen's impressed. MK's car phone rings.

MK (CONT'D)

(to Allen)

One second.

*

Allen looks out the window towards the LA skyline. MK answers the call.

CALLER

(on speaker)

We're waiting on the percentage
ratio estimates to come in,
hopefully the client will--

MK

(cuts him off)

Tell him it's taken care of. Money
is not the issue here - I'll broker
the deal as soon as he delivers.

A long pause. Allen doesn't move a muscle. MK listens - then clearly gets the answer he wants.

CALLER

Make sure the assets come into
place by tomorrow.

*

MK

That's what I like to hear.

He hangs up before the CALLER has a chance to respond. MK
doesn't waste any time.

ALLEN

I'm so glad to get out of Palo Alto
for the summer. I'd die if I had to
spend another day stuck on that
campus.

MK

I hope you're ready to get to work.

ALLEN

Hell yeah, I'm ready to go.

MK

That's what I like to hear.

MK's phone rings - an obnoxious ringtone. He looks at the
caller ID from his GPS screen, he knows the number - a tiny
look of concern - then ignores the call.

MK (CONT'D)

I'm getting a group together for a
Hackathon.

ALLEN

Tonight?

MK

Tonight.

Allen is ecstatic, nervous.

MK (CONT'D)

One of the guys I'm working with,
Nick Neveña-

Allen's eyes turn to saucers.

ALLEN

Nick Neveña?!

MK

I'm funding his newest start up and
he's...

(MORE)

MK (CONT'D)
(searches for the right
words)
...in need of some fresh ideas.

ALLEN
Wow. That's amazing - his work on
Technopedia, LionShare, Tuneology -
he's part of the reason I wanted to
be a programmer.

MK
Well, his new idea - this is the
one that finally makes him, makes
us, billionaires.

Allen is beside himself. Shit just got *real*.

MK (CONT'D)
I'm counting on you to deliver. I'm
gonna throw you in a room with some
of my best people.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S APARTMENT - DAY

NICK, early 30s, heavy beard, intense eyes - paces around
with an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

MK
(V.O)
Nick runs the show. I brought him
onboard after his public fallout
with Dempsey.

Nick's eyes scroll through lines of code, disappointed.

ALLEN
Yeah I heard about that. He really
got screwed... I probably would've
handled that situation differently.

MK
I'm glad you're eager - but go easy
around him. He's a handful.

Nick paces around BEN, distraught and neurotic, who types
lines of code at a furious pace. Ben wears all his stress in
his eyes and he's clearly overwhelmed.

Nick smacks him in the back of the head.

BEN
Fucking let me finish!

*

Ben writes a final line of code. Nick nods, about the most approval he's going to get.

NICK
Better.

Ben looks like he's about to explode.

MK
(V.O)
Ben is Nick's guy - he's a little high strung, but he's harmless. If you want to get on his good side - buy him food - he stress eats.

Ben stuffs an In N Out Burger in his mouth and dives back into writing code.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Smoke fills an apartment cluttered with your typical frat guy decor - Bob Marley posters, drug paraphernalia, Star Wars posters, etc.

HARRISON, a lovable, hippie slacker type, sits smoking weed and writing code.

MK
Then there's Harrison - he's a character. Brilliant guy. He could've made millions if it wasn't for his, uh, substance abuse issues.

Harrison takes a huge hit off a bong and nearly falls out of his chair.

MK (CONT'D)
(V.O)
Great problem solver though.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

LISA, cute, slightly edgy - basically every computer nerds wet dream. She bangs away on a laptop playing a first person shooter game.

MK

(V.O)

And then there's Lisa. She was a hardcore hacktivist, worked with Julian Rose for a while. You may have heard her name whispered around the internet, Poison Dart?

*

ALLEN

(stunned)

She's a legend.

*

MK

After what happened to Rose, I talked her into getting out of that world and joining my team.

*

*

*

Her face grows intense.

She sets off a grenade and wins the game. Coffee shop Patrons awkwardly observe.

LISA

Yeah, get used to being my bitch.

She smiles, satisfied.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - MOMENTS LATER

Allen is squirming in his seat with excitement, this is what he came here for. MK pulls the BMW in front of a cozy BEACH HOUSE off PCH in Malibu. He notices Allen's nerves.

*

*

MK

Allen, relax. I'm investing in you. You're part of my team now. All I care about are ideas - and ideas are currency.

ALLEN

I wont let you down. I promise.

MK pulls out a wad of cash and hands it to Allen in the form of a handshake.

MK

This should get you on your feet.

*

Allen takes the wad. Speechless.

MK (CONT'D)

You wanna see your new place?

CUT TO:

INT. MALIBU BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The lights go on as Allen enters - his eyes as wide as grapefruits. He's in awe. It's an upscale beach house complete with fine art, a wine cellar, big screen TV - the perfect bachelor pad.

*

ALLEN

This is your place?

MK

One of them.

Allen struggles for words.

ALLEN

This is perfect.

MK

It's your place now.

MK tosses Allen the keys.

*

MK (CONT'D)

Make yourself at home.

*

*

MK's cell phone rings, that eerie ringtone echoes throughout the house. The look of concern on his face says it all. It's an important call.

*

*

MK (CONT'D)

Get yourself settled - the crew should be here any minute. Enjoy your new computer. I'll be back.

*

MK bolts from the house to answer his phone.

*

Alone, Allen takes a moment and soaks it all in. He's arrived.

*

He walks to the dining room table where his brand new lap top sits, humming. He passes his fingers over the intricate sets of wires that run across the table.

He notices the kitchen island full of high end liquor bottles, shot glasses and condiments.

THE FRONT DOOR SWINGS OPEN.

Ben wobbles through the front door with his hands full of computer gear. Nick follows closely behind, leisurely carrying just an iPad.

NICK

We've gotta get that Java script running right away. That's your first priority.

*

BEN

Got it.

They both notice Allen. Ben sets his gear down and approaches him.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hey, you must be Allen?

ALLEN

Yeah!

They shake hands.

BEN

I'm Ben. Heard a lot about you from MK. Looking forward to working with you.

ALLEN

Me too. Nick, it's great to meet you. It's an honor to be working with you-

Allen approaches Nick with a handshake, but Nick pulls out his cell phone and brushes him off. A real class act.

NICK

(barks at Ben)

Get that shit set up -

Nick answers his phone and walks out on the balcony.

ALLEN

So I hear you guys are working on something new?

BEN

Oh yeah, it's big. It's going to change everything.

ALLEN

What is it?

Ben looks outside nervously to see if Nick can hear him.

BEN

For now - we're calling it "Helen of Troy." I'm not supposed to talk about it.

ALLEN

Really?

BEN

Yeah, Nick is really protective over this one.

ALLEN

Well, anything you need - I'd love to help.

BEN

Well that's why you're here isn't it? We're all eager to see what you're made of. Welcome to your test, man.

Nick re-enters from outside - Ben clams up and gets back to setting up his gear.

NICK

You wired in?

BEN

Getting there.

Nick looks Allen up and down - subtle intimidation. Allen isn't sure what to say.

NICK

(to Allen)

Make me a drink - whiskey on rocks.

ALLEN

Yeah, cool.

Allen eagerly rushes to the kitchen where there is booze already set up. So many bottles to choose from.

The door flings open - Harrison stands holding an old computer covered in stickers and bags of In N Out.

HARRISON

Make that two BITCHES!

He enters the room like a tornado.

NICK
You stink of weed.

Nick and Harrison share a handshake and chest bump.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm glad you're here man, we need
you - BAD.

Harrison pulls out a joint and lights up.

HARRISON
They don't call me the fixer for
nothing.

He tosses Ben a bag of In N Out. Ben is already wired in and looking stressed.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
You must be the whiz kid.

Allen extends his hand - they shake.

ALLEN
Allen, good to meet you.

HARRISON
Look at this guy -

NICK
(rolls his eyes)
He's adorable.

HARRISON
You sure you want to do this - end
up like that?

He points to Ben - who is stuffing his face while typing furiously.

ALLEN
Yeah, I'm sure.

HARRISON
School is out, kid!

He takes a hit off the joint and hands it to Allen - who takes a baby rip, then coughs. Harrison loves him already. Nick just shakes his head and sips his drink.

MK and Lisa enter - hand in hand.

LISA

I see you guys are hard at work
already.

*
*

NICK

You know it.

He and Lisa share a warm hug. He's gentle with her - it's
clear he's got feelings there.

MK

Lisa, this is Allen - my new
Zuckerberg.

Lisa's ears perk up. She ditches Nick and heads right over to
Allen... She notices his shirt.

*

LISA

It's great to meet you. MK won't
stop talking about you.

*

ALLEN

Likewise. I'm a really big fan of
your work.

*

LISA

Thanks, can't wait to see *your*
work.

ALLEN

I'm excited to get started.

*

HARRISON

(slightly mocking him)
He's very excited.

Lisa and Nick laugh.

NICK

Alright, I'm not here to make
friends. We're here to work.

ALLEN

Absolutely. I'd love to help you
with "Helen of Troy".

*

Nick pauses, stares at Allen, then flashes a death glare at
Ben.

*
*

NICK

You're going to need your toy for
that. Go fetch it.

*

Allen goes to fetch his new lap top as Nick snarls at Ben.

*

NICK (CONT'D)
You told him about Helen of Troy?

BEN
That's why he's here, isn't it?
Besides, if he can write Compiler
Design, we need his help.

Allen sits, smiles at Nick.

ALLEN
I can. I've written hundreds of
programs.

NICK
That's cute.

LISA
(sweetly; to Nick)
Be nice.

MK steps in and pulls Nick away from everyone. He walks him
quietly out of earshot in the hallway. *
*

MK
(authoritative) *
You're way behind Nick. That's why
we're doing this. I need this
project ready to be delivered - *
ASAP. These people can help you,
alright? Be nice to the new kid.
Open up, stop being so stubborn.

What a pep talk. Nick relents. MK pulls out his check book.

MK (CONT'D)
Take it. I know you need it.

Nick begrudgingly takes the check and goes to make himself
another stiff drink.

MK (CONT'D)
Alright, is everyone up?

Lisa, Harrison, Allen all give the thumbs up. Everyone takes
their seat around the fully wired table with Nick at the
helm.

NICK
Alright guys, first things first - *

MK
A toast... *

Nick concedes.

NICK

...a toast.

MK pours shots for everyone but himself. He passes them around - everyone raises their glasses.

MK

To ideas.

ALLEN

To Julian Rose.

*

Lisa smiles at Allen - a nice gesture. Bittersweet.

*

Everyone takes the shot.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF THE HACKATHON IN FULL SWING:

- Everyone is wired in - furiously banging away at their keyboards. It's on.

- Nick's barking orders, raising eyebrows. He enjoys being the ringleader.

- Allen furiously types away at the computer, time lapses around him while he's *in the zone*. Suddenly:

- Nick hands Allen a beer - he overlooks his progress, they work together. Allen laughs while chugging a beer with one hand and writing code with the other. Nick realizes Allen is legit. A nod of approval.

*

*

- MK does arm curls while controlling the music. His phone rings - that obnoxious tone - he chats away on his bluetooth headset. He's sober and facilitates everyone else's fun.

- Harrison the fixer stands over Ben's shoulder talking him through a problem. Relief sweeps over Ben's face.

- Lisa flirts via Instant Messenger with Allen, they chat, laugh. Nick notices but hides his jealousy. He's starting to loosen up a bit.

- Hard drives are heating up, monitors are dimming, pages and pages of code scroll endlessly; algorithms, formulas, ER Modeling and analysis, fatigue starts to set in - the crew begins cracking their fingers and rubbing their eyes.

*

- Drinks are poured; smiles all around. This is half party/half work. Allen is starting to wince at the computer screen. What time is it?
- IT'S BEER PONG TIME. Everyone plays and gets rowdy. MK proposes a bet for the next round & hands Ben a beer to chug, he does his best until-
- Ben runs to puke in the sink. He's a lightweight and starts to fade out.
- MK brings in a hooker for Harrison: he's ecstatic. She dances for him - Lisa doesn't approve, pulls MK away from the action. They argue, playfully.
- Nick smiles as he puts the finishing touches on a line of code. They've done it... he falls asleep on the keyboard. Ben is face down on the floor.
- MK falls asleep on the couch, headphones still playing music.
- Harrison disappears into the bedroom with the hooker.
- Allen and Lisa are the last two up. She sits on his lap - very touchy - all over him. He's wasted - they almost share a kiss but she cordially declines.
- Lisa stumbles over to the couch & snuggles under MK's arm. Music from his headphones are all we hear in the distance.
- Everyone is passed out. Allen is alone, drunk and losing focus. His eyes slowly close. MK's headphone music goes silent.

FADE TO BLACK.

Silence. A CELL PHONE BUZZES.

*

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Evidence of the Hackathon party everywhere. We cut to shots with every cell phone buzz: empty cups, ashtray, bottles, clothes, people sleeping.

The phone buzzes next to Allen's head. He's still passed out, along with everyone else, and doesn't answer.

*

It buzzes again. The voicemail icon pops up. This finally wakes him up.

He struggles to get his eyes open and checks his phone. He's missed 11 calls. His banking app has various notifications. *

Half drunk, he checks his voicemail.

VOICEMAIL

(V.O)

Hi Allen, this is Greg calling from Bank Of America. There's been some unusual activity on your checking account that we need to confirm with you immediately. If you'll please give us a call as soon as possible--

Allen hangs up quickly. He opens his Bank of America mobile app - his checking account now has \$250,000 in it.

ALLEN

Holy shit.

Ben gets up to vomit in the sink. This wakes up Lisa from the couch.

LISA

Ugh.

Allen is frozen. Panic. Should he say something?

ALLEN

Hey guys - I think I have a serious problem.

LISA

Yeah I'm hung over too.

ALLEN

No - I have a *huge* problem.

Ben pukes louder. Harrison stumbles out of the bedroom.

HARRISON

Did the hooker leave?

ALLEN

There's \$250,000 in my checking account.

Nick's head pops up from keyboard. Everyone freezes.

NICK

What did you say? *

ALLEN

I don't understand, I had like 400
bucks in there yesterday.

*

Everyone is silent. Ben stops puking.

NICK

What did you do?

ALLEN

I didn't do anything.

Harrison looks at the phone.

HARRISON

Are you sure?

ALLEN

Yes, I'm sure.

Nick jumps over to Allen's computer and opens the browser and
finder. A serious look of concern sweeps over his face.

NICK

It's wiped.

He bangs away on the keyboard.

NICK (CONT'D)

This computer has been wiped.
There's nothing.

In a panic, Ben runs to his computer - he struggles to keep
his composure. After all the work he's done...

*

BEN

(freaks out)

Holy fuck - mine has been wiped
too. Everything is gone.

*

LISA

Mine too.

NICK

What the hell is going on?

(at Allen)

What did you do?

*

Allen starts to puff out his chest - he's not backing down
from Nick.

*

*

ALLEN

I didn't do anything.

LISA
The hard drives are missing.

*
*

Nick starts to lose it.

NICK
We don't know you, man. How do we know that? What the fuck did you do last night!

HARRISON
Calm down, man.

*

NICK
Obviously, he did this last night and is covering his tracks. The money is in your account - how fucking convenient!

*
*

Lisa covers her mouth. Ben is at a loss for words. Allen is put on the spot - all eyes on him. He freezes.

NICK (CONT'D)
SPEAK UP!

ALLEN
Let me think let me think--

NICK
(to Lisa)
Maybe it was Poison Dart?

*

LISA
Fuck you Nick.

NICK
Like you can change your stripes overnight. No one else in this room has been arrested for this kind of shit.

HARRISON
Nick, stop it.

NICK
I'm not the one that brought a fucking hooker!

*

HARRISON
The hooker is innocent!

BEN

It could have been any of us. We all have the chops to pull something like this off. We just need to relax--

*
*

NICK

Shut up, Ben.
(to Allen)
There's only one outsider here.

*
*

ALLEN

(gets in Nick's face)
How do we know it's not you?!

Nick gets right back into his face. He shoves Allen. Harrison and Ben break them up. Lisa yells:

LISA

STOP! ...where's MK?

Nick and Allen look around. Headphones sit on the couch where MK slept. Lisa pulls out her phone and dials. Everyone waits with anticipation.

LISA (CONT'D)

He's not answering.

NICK

Call him again.

She dials again. We hear the faint sound of MK's distinct ringtone. Everyone hears it: their heads turn towards the balcony.

ALLEN

It's coming from outside.

Everyone rushes to the balcony.

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

MK's phone is lying on the grass - that awful ringtone becoming more and more ominous.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone rushes to the phone. Nick picks it up. It's covered in blood, the blood gets all over Nick's hands...

NICK

What the ---

*

He opens the text messages. The only recent text is from a BLOCKED number that reads **"YOU HAVE MY MONEY."**

Lisa is starring at MK's car... she's a second away from complete panic. She turns her head towards Nick, he suddenly knows why:

MK's BMW is parked on the street. A bloody hand print runs down the drivers side window.

The phone buzzes again. Startled, Nick drops it on the lawn.

The text below it reads **"SEE YOU VERY SOON."**

LISA

Is that MK's blood?

NICK

I don't fucking know.

Nick picks up the phone - he wipes the blood off onto his shirt. Panic quickly sets in.

NICK (CONT'D)

We need to get back inside.

Lisa cries. She's falling apart a bit and Allen tries to comfort her.

*

*

NICK (CONT'D)

It'll be okay.

*

Nick, Harrison and Ben bolt back into the house.

ALLEN

We'll figure this out.

*

LISA

I don't remember him leaving, do you? What happened last night?!

*

ALLEN

Lets just go inside.

They both go into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Allen and Lisa enter. Nick runs around the living room where they worked all night. He locks the doors and windows - draws the shades, etc.

ALLEN

(to Lisa)

It'll be okay. Lets back track what happened last night.

Suddenly, Nick throws Allen into the door. He wraps his hands around his neck - squeezing.

NICK

What did you do!?

LISA

Nick, stop!

ALLEN

Get off me!

Allen fights back. He pushes Nick and gets his hands free. Harrison rushes to restrain Nick - Nick knocks him to the ground.

NICK

Awfully convenient the day you show up this happens.

He charges Allen and tackles him to the floor. They exchange poorly thrown punches - Allen bleeds from his nose. *

HARRISON

Cool it, man.

Allen rushes to the kitchen and Nick gives chase. Allen reaches for the expensive set of knives next to the stove.

He pulls a huge knife just as Nick gets his hands on him. Allen holds it to his throat-

ALLEN

Get the fuck away from me.

Nick doesn't move.

NICK
 Didn't think you had it in you. *

Allen shakes.

NICK (CONT'D)
 Go ahead, pussy.

Nick steps closer to Allen, provoking him.

LISA
 Goddammit, Nick. Leave him alone!
 This isn't the time for your macho
 bull shit. *

Allen drops the knife. Nick backs away. Tense moment.

ALLEN
 That's what I thought - you're the
 pussy. *

Allen pushes his way past Nick. He buries his hands in his head and tries to catch his breath.

HARRISON
 I'm so out of here right now. This
 is way too heavy.

Harrison makes his way towards the door. Nick jumps in front of him. *

NICK
 No one is leaving.

HARRISON
 I'm leaving, bro. I don't want
 anything to do with this.

Nick forcefully puts his hand on his shoulder. Harrison sees he's serious.

NICK
 No one leaves.

MK'S PHONE RINGS. It buzzes and shakes on the kitchen counter like a dead fish. The caller ID reads: **Blocked Number**.

BEN
 What do we do?

Silence.

LISA
 Someone answer it.

Nick rushes over and presses the answer button.

NICK
Hello?

Muffled noises. Cracks.

NICK (CONT'D)
Who is this? We don't know how that
money got into his account, we'll
give it back!

*

More muffled noises. A long, drawn out beep - it's the sound of an old school modem.

ALLEN
(mouths to Nick)
What the fuck?

The modem sounds dies down.

The phone flashes:

Call Ended: 00:15

HARRISON
The hell was that?

Silence.

BOOM: THE DOORBELL RINGS - BREAKS THE SILENCE AND STARTLES EVERYONE. LISA SCREAMS THE LOUDEST.

No one moves.

BEN
They're here.

*

No one moves a muscle when suddenly:

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

ALLEN
I'm not going out there.

Nick pushes Allen out of the way and grabs the knife from the kitchen table.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
Hold on a second.

NICK
Get out of my way.

*

Knife in hand, Nick goes to the front door. He looks through the peep hole.

LISA
Is someone there?

Nick grips the knife hard.

NICK
I don't see anyone.

He opens the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick creeps through the front porch of the desolate house. He grips that knife so hard his hand is red.

He walks slowly, looking around for someone. Anyone.

NICK
Hello?

Nothing.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hello?

NO ONE IS THERE.

Nick looks around. He's tempted to scream for help until he notices - MK's BEAMER IS GONE. *

*
*

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nick bursts back into the room like a hurricane.

ALLEN
What happened?

Nick deadbolts the door.

NICK
MK's car is gone. They were here. *
(to Allen)
Help me with this.

*

Nick grabs a section of the couch and turns it over. Allen grabs one end and helps him. They barricade the door.

HARRISON

What are you guys doing?

NICK

Whoever was just here might come back.

HARRISON

And that's going to stop them from getting in?

*

Harrison grabs the piece of the couch and moves it aside easily. It's not very effective.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Gee, I feel really safe.

ALLEN

Do you have a better idea?

HARRISON

Yeah, I do. I'm going home to spark up a fat joint and watch Top Gun.

*

*

NICK

Don't be an idiot.

HARRISON

You think this is real?

NICK

Have you not been paying attention? How do you explain what's happened here?

*

*

*

HARRISON

Wake up Nick, it's a prank. MK is FUCKING WITH US. Blood on his car, a creepy cell phone call with a modem - what is it 1996? You guys are suckers. I'm out of here.

Nick gets right into Harrison's face.

NICK

How do we know you're not the one who did it, huh? Why are you so adamant about leaving?

*

Harrison laughs. He's not intimidated.

HARRISON

I live a stress free life Nick. Do you think I'd do anything to change that? *

NICK

I think you're not leaving.

HARRISON

You're paranoid. *

Allen pushes his way in between them.

ALLEN

We should call the police.

BEN

Finally, someone with a plan.

Nick thinks.

NICK

We can't do that. *

Allen grabs MK's phone from the kitchen.

HARRISON

That's it. You lost me. I've got warrants. *

(to Lisa)

You do too.

Lisa freezes. She knows this is bad for her too.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Seriously, what are you going to tell the police? Huh? Think about it, Nick. *

Nick thinks. There's something he's holding back. Allen picks up on it. *

ALLEN

What are you talking about?

LISA

Nothing.

HARRISON

Trust me, you don't want to know.

ALLEN

Actually, I do. If you don't tell me, I'm dialing. *

HARRISON

You're all over-reacting. This is a
joke.

Allen dials 911.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

(to Lisa)

Bad move. Enjoy prison, assholes.
I'm out of here.

*
*

Nick stops him for one last plea.

NICK

Don't go.

Harrison smiles. He doesn't give a fuck. He exits. Nick
scrambles to lock the door behind him.

911 DISPATCH

(on speaker)

911 - what's your emergency?

ALLEN

Hi - I'm calling... my friend is
missing.

911 DISPATCH

(on speaker)

Would you like to file a missing
person's report?

ALLEN

Uh, I'm not sure. I'd like the
police to come to my house.

911 DISPATCH

What is your emergency?

ALLEN

Uh...

He looks to Nick for help -

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I shot my wife in the face and I
wanna turn myself in. My address is

*

He grabs a piece of mail from the table.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

10521 Ellice Street. Hurry.

He hangs up. Everyone is a bit dumbfounded.

NICK
What the hell was that?

ALLEN
What? They're coming.

LISA
So we just wait?

Ben collapses to his knees. He's sweating profusely - really getting sick.

BEN
You guys - I'm really sick, I don't feel good at all.

NICK
You're hung over - drink water.
Stop being a bitch.

Lisa comforts him. Allen joins her - they both help him to his feet and over to the couch.

LISA
We'll take care of you. Everything will be fine.

Ben grimaces - this is more than just being hung over. Something is seriously wrong.

ALLEN
Once the police get here - we'll be safe and we'll get you help.

BEN
All that work we did. It's all gone.

That stings Nick.

LISA
Don't worry about that. Just relax.
Nick, would you please?

Nick walks over to the kitchen to get Ben some water. Lisa wipes Ben's sweaty face with her sleeve as she talks.

LISA (CONT'D)
I was in Mexico City a couple years ago, have you ever had *mezcal*?

Allen chuckles.

ALLEN

That's tequila with a dead worm in it right?

LISA

Not exactly. Tequila is made from Agave, Mezcal is made with a different plant.

BEN

You're going to make me sicker.

LISA

It's pretty terrible stuff.

Water fills the cup Nick is fetching for Ben. Allen rubs his throbbing head.

ALLEN

It can't be worse than Absinthe.

LISA

Well I got so sick off mezcal one night that I woke up in the hospital, it nearly killed me. I swear I was hung over for a week.

BEN

Ugh.

Nick walks back to the group holding two glasses of water.

NICK

Drink this.

Ben sips on the water as Nick paces back and forth, casually glancing out the window, lost in his own thoughts.

Lisa blows onto Ben's pale face. As Nick paces away from the window, we see the shadow of a man wielding an axe. Nick paces back, he just missed him.

Nobody notices.

ALLEN

Jesus, we woke up late. Is it already 5?

It is.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Man, it got rowdy last night.

LISA
Clearly.

BEN
Don't remind me.

A moment of silence passes - it's tense. Allen thinks for a bit before deciding to finally ask Lisa--

*
*

ALLEN
(to Lisa)
You're the hacktivist, has this ever happened to you?

Lisa considers the question for a moment.

LISA
We don't know what "this" is, Allen.

ALLEN
But, I mean, you worked with Julian. Did you see any of that coming?

Nick stops pacing and suddenly becomes interested in the conversation, listens in.

LISA
Nobody saw that coming.

*

Awkward silence. Lisa turns to Allen.

LISA (CONT'D)
You kind of remind me of him.

ALLEN
Listen, I appreciate that - but I came here to help create the next Facebook, not whatever this is.

*

A LOUD KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
That was fast.

LISA
Malibu police must not have a lot to do.

*
*
*

NICK
I don't see any cop cars.

Nick goes for the knife. Allen gets up.

LISA
It's the cops.

*

Nick approaches the door.

NICK
Hello?

Silence.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hello!

Nick looks through the peephole.

NICK (CONT'D)
I don't see anything.

ALLEN
It's gotta be the cops.

NICK
Wouldn't they be fucking standing
there then? Who knocked?
(to door)
HELLO!

Nick holds the knife out in front of himself and quickly opens the door.

NO ONE IS THERE.

A BLUE COLEMAN COOLER sits ominously in front of the door.
Nick looks out - the front porch is empty.

*

ALLEN
What is it?

Nick picks up the cooler and quickly brings it inside. He locks the door.

LISA
What is that?

NICK
They were here.

Allen and Lisa leave Ben and approach Nick. Ben clutches his stomach.

LISA
What is it?

MK'S PHONE BEEPS - A TEXT HAS ARRIVED.

Allen reads the text aloud:

"THE POLICE AREN'T COMING."

*

Lisa gasps just as Nick opens the cooler-

NICK
HOLY SHIT...

*

He drops the cooler, revealing -

HARRISON'S SEVERED HEAD ROLLING ACROSS THE FLOOR. BLOOD
SPILLS EVERYWHERE.

Lisa shrieks.

LISA
OH MY GOD!

Nick grabs the cooler and places it over Harrison's
decapitated head. He's shaken to his core. There is blood all
over the floor. Suddenly:

BEN FALLS TO HIS KNEES AND VOMITS VIOLENTLY.

LISA (CONT'D)
Ben!

ALLEN
Somebody find their phone and call
the police from there.

Lisa rushes to her purse. Fighting back tears. Everybody is
seriously alarmed.

LISA
My phone is dead. No signal. What's
happening?

Allen digs through his backpack.

ALLEN
Mine's dead too. It won't even turn
on.

BEN
(struggles to speak)
Check the internet.

Nick wakes up one of the computers, shaken.

NICK
I can't access any networks. The
wifi is down.

*

*

He checks another computer, Harrison's blood on his forearms.

NICK (CONT'D)
Nothing? FUCK!

*

Lisa pushes Nick aside - a fierce look on her face.

NICK (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
By all means - work your magic.

*

She slams away at the computer - she's Poison Dart now.

LISA
Someone is over-riding everything.
I can't take two steps forward
without getting thrown back.

*

ALLEN
Come on *Poison Dart* - do something!

LISA
I'm trying!

She watches as her cursor starts to move without her control. She lifts her hands off the keyboard, in shock. The cursor floats on it's own.

It makes a couple clicks and opens an unknown file revealing

ON THE SCREEN: A PICTURE OF A BLOODY MK - BEATEN AND TIED TO A CHAIR.

Lisa screams.

*

NICK
I told you this was real. We have
to do something.

*

The computer screen goes black.

ALLEN
They're cutting us off from
everything.

LISA
I don't know how, but they're in
control. I don't know what to do.

Nick seems to know something, but before he speaks-

THE POWER GOES OUT. COMPLETE DARKNESS.

Lisa screams. Allen rushes to her side, he slips on Harrison's blood... dousing his clothes red. He makes his way to her - she grabs onto him - HARD.

Nick runs to the window. A look of absolute fear on his face.

NICK

They're right outside.

The sun is setting - a figure can be seen inside MK's BMW - back to where it was once parked. Ben clutches his stomach in the fetal position.

BEN

We should just talk to them.

NICK

You wanna go out there and talk to them Ben? Why don't you return their cooler while you're at it - see what happens.

BEN

Lets just talk to them, Nick. Please. We haven't finished the project yet. It's not too late. We can make this right...

ALLEN

Make what right?

LISA

I think we're beyond that now.

NICK

Lisa's right. We have to protect ourselves.

*
*

Allen looks to Nick.

ALLEN

MK has to keep a gun here.

Nick nods his head - Allen's showing him some fight.

*

NICK

Find it.

Allen breaks away from Lisa and starts searching the house for a weapon.

Lisa puts her face into her hands, helpless and terrified.

Nick is lost in his own thoughts - trying desperately to assess the situation. Allen breaks his train of thought with-

ALLEN

Not a gun - but this should help.

A pair of flashlights, he turns one on and passes it to Nick. Lisa lifts her head up - she's got an idea:

LISA

We're not going to get through to the police on MK's phone. We should call someone else.

NICK

Who?

LISA

You know who. *

NICK

No way. Not a chance. *

LISA

We need to call Senator Kraven. *

NICK

Public enemy number one.

LISA

It's in his contacts - under "DAD".

Allen pops his head out from digging under the kitchen sink.

ALLEN

His Dad is a Senator?

Allen sorts through various objects, cleaning materials, hard ware tools, a power drill, but no gun.

LISA

His Dad is THE senator. The guy who penned CISPA, the one trying to privatize knowledge, sending hackers to Guantanamo. He wouldn't want us to get his father involved but--

NICK

We don't have a choice.

Allen's jaw is on the floor. He starts to put the pieces of the puzzle together... Julian, MK, The Senator, Lisa, Helen of Troy, etc. It's all starting to make sense.

ALLEN
 (whispers to himself)
 Shit...

Nick starts searching through his contacts - there it is - under "**Dad.**" He dials. It goes straight to voicemail.

SENATOR KRAVEN
 (on speaker phone)
 You've reached the cell phone of Senator Paul Kraven. I'm not available to take your call, so please leave a message. For emergencies...

NICK
 I'd say this is a fucking emergency.

SENATOR KRAVEN
 ...please contact my Chief of Staff Thomas Freeman at 555-1585.

Nick snaps his fingers at Lisa to write that down. She jumps into action.

SENATOR KRAVEN (CONT'D)
 Thank you, and have a wonderful day.

NICK
 (at the phone)
 You too, asshole.

Lisa hands him the number scribbled on piece of paper. Nick shines the flashlight to see.

ALLEN
 If they knew we called the cops, they'll know we're calling this guy.

Nick hesitates, then:

MK'S PHONE RINGS. The screen reads: "**BLOCKED NUMBER**"

NICK
 What if it's them?

LISA
 Answer it.

Nick, on serious edge, answers.

*

NICK
What do you want?!

THOMAS
(on speaker)
Who is this?

NICK
Who is this? You called us.

INTERCUT:

INT. TOWN CAR - SUNSET

THOMAS FREEMAN, mid-thirties, a real clean cut suit, drives a
Lincoln Town Car. *

THOMAS
This is Thomas Freeman. I work for
Senator Paul Kraven. *

He fumbles trying to drive on the freeway and open a pack of
Nicorette gum.

INTERCUT:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nick is dumbfounded by the coincidence.

NICK
How do we know that?

INTERCUT:

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas is calm, very cut and dry.

THOMAS
You called us. We are aware of the
situation and it's being handled. *

NICK
Do you know where MK is? Is he
alive? *

THOMAS
MK? *

NICK
HIS SON, ASSHOLE!

*
*

THOMAS
I'm on my way to the house. I'll be
there in five minutes. Do not
leave.

*
*

NICK
No - no - wait!

He hangs up his blue tooth.

INTERCUT:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

NICK
They're outside!

Silence.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hello?

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas pops a piece of nicorette and calmly turns on the
radio. He's in control.

*

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nick slams the phone on the table.

NICK
Fuck.

LISA
He's coming here?

NICK
Said he'd be here in 5 minutes.

BEN
What is he going to do?

NICK

I don't know Ben. He works for a fucking Senator who can make one phone call and have a drone missile destroy this whole house. *

BEN

That's reassuring. Does he know where MK is?

NICK

Didn't say. He seemed confident that he could help us. *

Allen climbs up above the wine cabinet and sticks his hand into the pantry above it.

ALLEN

BOOM. *

He pulls out a .357 Magnum six shooter from the pantry and climbs down with it. He holds it like it's a baby.

NICK

Now we're talking.

Nick extends his hand for the gun.

ALLEN PULLS THE GUN ON HIM.

ALLEN

I'm in charge now.

Nick takes a step back.

NICK

What?

LISA

Allen, don't!

ALLEN

Sorry Nick, but I'm tired of this shit.

NICK

Be cool, man. We're all friends here, it doesn't have to be like this.

ALLEN

Then tell me what's going on! I need to know!

Pause. Nick chooses his words carefully.

NICK

No Allen, trust me - you don't need to know. You're innocent. That's the only thing that could keep you alive through this.

This hits Allen hard ...he lowers the gun.

ALLEN

I don't trust you.

NICK

Okay, I understand that. You don't need to trust me, but I'm serious - the less you know, the better off you are.

LISA

He's right Allen, please understand. We're all in this together.

Allen bites his tongue, stuffs the gun into his pocket.

ALLEN

I'm keeping the gun.

NICK

That's fine. Try not to shoot yourself.

Lisa goes back over to Ben with a glass of water, she fumbles through her purse for some Advil. She helps him off the ground. He's sweating profusely and has a fever. *

LISA

(to Allen)

Help me clean this up.

She places Ben on the couch. Allen grabs some newspaper from the counter and puts it over the vomit & blood.

Nick looks out the window as HIS EYES DART TO WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE STREET.

PEDESTRIANS walk their dogs along the sidewalk - a JOGGER passes by in the distance.

Anyone could be a threat.

ALLEN

Anything?

NICK
MK's car is gone again.

The BMW with the large figure from earlier is nowhere to be found. Then:

A BLACK TOWN CAR pulls into the spot where MK's car had been parked earlier. Nick watches it intensely.

NICK (CONT'D)
That's got to be him.

The town car comes to a stop. The engine turns off.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas smacks his gum while talking on speaker phone.

SENATOR KRAVEN
(on speaker phone)
Tom, I just landed. What the hell
is going on?

THOMAS
There's nothing to worry about,
Senator. I've got it under control.
I just arrived to your son's house,
where he was last seen.

SENATOR KRAVEN
(on the phone)
Find out what that boy's been up
to. I have a feeling he had
something to do with the money that
was stolen from my campaign. So
bring him to me.

THOMAS
Yes, sir. I realize that is the
first priority.

SENATOR KRAVEN
It's the only priority right now
Tom! I'll handle him. For now you
need to get that money back to my
campaign before anyone else notices
and this becomes a story. Am I
clear?

THOMAS
Yes, sir.

SENATOR KRAVEN
AM I CLEAR?

THOMAS
Crystal clear, sir.

SENATOR KRAVEN
Call me when it's taken care of.

THOMAS
Will do, sir.

Thomas hangs up. He calmly pops another piece of Nicorette and takes a deep breath. He rubs the bridge of his nose as though he's nursing a migraine. *

SUDDENLY: A PAIR OF HANDS WITH METAL WIRE EMERGES FROM THE BACK SEAT. They fiercely wrap the wire around Thomas' neck and begin to strangle him violently.

He fights - tries to pull the wire from his neck but the assailant is too strong: the wire cuts through Thomas' fingers and slices deep into his jugular, nearly to the bone.

His face turns blue as blood seeps out from his throat like a broken faucet, painting his collared shirt a deep red.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nick watches the town car. It begins to rock back and forth - the struggle inside is intensifying. Allen approaches.

ALLEN
What's happening?

NICK
Something's not right.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Thomas' head dangles from his body like a bloody rag doll.

The assailant makes a final pull on the wire - *nearly* snapping his head off.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Allen watch as the town car stops its movement.

DEEP BREATHS.

Allen pulls the gun out from his pocket - grips it hard.

The driver's side door opens - Thomas' lifeless body falls out. From the backseat emerges a MONSTROUS FIGURE - a robust man, stalwart, balding, dressed in a black suit.

He drags Thomas' body as though it were a paper weight. He throws the corpse into the trunk. He does this in plain sight of several potential witnesses. This is a man with no fear.

He slams the trunk shut, calmly walks to the driver's side and focuses his dead eyes directly towards Nick and Allen. He knows they've been watching him the whole time.

Allen fights back tears - Lisa sits nervously by Ben, lighting candles - Nick breathes heavily.

The Monstrous Figure pulls out a cell phone - never taking his eyes off the two of them.

MK'S PHONE RINGS IN NICK'S HAND. The Caller ID reads:
"BLOCKED NUMBER"

ALLEN

Oh, shit.

NICK

(to himself)

Fuck. Okay. We're okay.

He answers. No words escape from his mouth.

INTERCUT PHONE
 CONVERSATION:

MONSTROUS FIGURE

Are you ready to talk?

NICK

I'm listening. What do you want?

MONSTROUS FIGURE

It's not what I want. The man I work for wants what was promised him.

NICK
Whatever it is, we'll do it. Just
please, let us fix this.

MONSTROUS FIGURE
You know exactly what I want.

Nick hesitates. He needs a plan - fast.

NICK
Fine, I'll give it to you. You can
have it, but we do it on my terms.

MONSTROUS FIGURE
I heard you were the smart one.

NICK
We meet in a public place - at the
bridge over the 405. I have a gun.

MONSTROUS FIGURE
So do I. You say anything to
anyone, I will kill you.

NICK
I understand.

MONSTROUS FIGURE
One hour.

He takes the phone and breaks it. He drops it on the street
and climbs into the town car. He drives away slowly.

ALLEN
Give him what?

Nick thinks long and hard before he tells Allen.

NICK
Helen of Troy.

Nick looks over to Ben. They share concerned looks.

NICK (CONT'D)
We have to go.

Ben grimaces.

BEN
I can't - I swear to God I'm dying,
Nick.

NICK

You're going. We don't have a choice.

Ben coughs violently. He looks at his hands - they are covered in blood. He's terrified, whimpering.

LISA

Jesus, Nick. If he's going anywhere its to a hospital.

She towels off his hands and lowers his head onto a pillow. She's very maternal and warm in this moment. Nick is sympathetic, but more concerned about the task at hand.

Allen steps up to Nick.

ALLEN

I'm going with you.

Nick thinks for a long second.

NICK

No. This doesn't involve you.

ALLEN

Doesn't involve me? Are you kidding me? *

Nick hesitates.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

You said it yourself, I'm the "innocent" one. They aren't going to hurt me, right? If my innocence could save me, it could save you too.

Nick relents.

NICK

I think they want me to finish it.

ALLEN

Either way, you shouldn't go alone.

Nick agrees. There's trust there... finally.

LISA

What about us?

ALLEN

You should stay here with Ben. You'll be safe.

LISA

Safe?! What if they come back while you're gone? I can't defend myself against that, neither of us can.

She's clearly rattled by the prospect of being left alone, Ben could hardly move let alone fight. Nick thinks for a moment, Allen interjects--

ALLEN

What if I leave you with this?

He extends the gun to her. She hesitates.

NICK

You don't think we'll need that?

ALLEN

We're meeting them during rush hour above the busiest freeway in the country, right? I doubt there's going to be a gun fight Nick.

Nick is uneasy about this. Lisa is not - she snatches the gun out of Allen's hand. It's heavier than she expected it to be.

NICK

You know how to use that?

LISA

I play first person shooter games, Nick.

She unhinges the chamber like Jesse James, checks the bullets, slams the chamber closed and gives Nick a thumbs up. Girl can handle a gun. She's a bit more at ease.

ALLEN

Awesome.

NICK

Please don't shoot us when we get back.

(to Allen)

Let's go.

Ben attempts a goodbye - but instead starts coughing like a mad man. Nick kneels down close to him. He can't help but notice his slimy pale complexion.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm going to fix this. We'll be fine. You just relax.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Soon as we figure this out we'll
take you to a hospital. Alright?

Ben tries to talk, but can't stop coughing. They shake hands -
a nice moment between them.

Allen approaches Lisa.

LISA

Be careful, Allen.

ALLEN

I will. You be careful too. Keep
everything locked.

She holds up the gun - smiles. He smiles back. A tender
moment despite this awful situation.

NICK

If we're not back in an hour, get
out of here. Take him to a hospital
and go to the police.

Fear washes over her face.

LISA

But-

NICK

Just do it, Lisa. Look at him.

She relents.

LISA

Okay.

NICK

(to Allen)
You ready?

ALLEN

(confident)
Yes.

Allen and Nick exit. Lisa locks the door behind them,
squeezing that gun.

She watches Ben close his eyes and clutch his stomach, the
candlelight flickering. What in god's name is happening to
him?

CUT TO:

EXT. NICK'S CAR - EVENING

Nick and Allen are parked on the side of the road within spitting distance of the freeway overpass. There's lots of cars and foot traffic - the more people around the better.

ALLEN

How do we know what to look for?

NICK

I'm not sure. I'm assuming whoever we're meeting will be with that big motherfucker from earlier. Keep an eye out for him.

*

Allen leans out the window for a better view.

ALLEN

When you said earlier - that they need you to finish Helen of Troy... That's it, isn't it? That's what I shouldn't know about?

*

*

*

Nick isn't in the mood to talk about it - but he owes him an explanation.

NICK

Look, I always thought I was smart enough to be one of the giants. Gates, Parker, Jobs, Zuckerberg. I thought I could be that - but there's no room for second place in the tech world. You'll find that out real soon. I met MK and I thought he was willing to fund my next company - my next great idea.

*

*

ALLEN

Helen of Troy?

*

NICK

Not exactly. Helen of Troy isn't what I set out to create.

*

Nick is struggling.

ALLEN

Then what is it?

NICK

It's a super spyware - the Incredible Hulk of computer viruses.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

Once it gets into your system, it
cleans house: passwords, security
 info, bank account information. It
 has the ability to extract all next
 of kin data: social security,
 pensions, medical records, 401K,
 the works.

Allen's jaw is on the floor.

NICK (CONT'D)

Then it spreads wirelessly while
 scrambling wifi connections and
 obtaining mounds of data. All
 without leaving a trace. It's the
 perfect artificial pandemic. The
 atomic bomb of information warfare.
 That's what they want.

*

Silence.

ALLEN

So all of this is to get your
 fucking spyware?

NICK

This program could do to an economy
 what the Morris Worm did to the
 internet in 1988. Bring it to it's
 knees. It's the digital 9/11, man.

*

*

*

ALLEN

And Lisa? Ben? They support this?

NICK

They see the value in Helen of Troy
 from an activists perspective. A
 means to an end - it's a remarkably
 effective spyware, but in the right
 hands could do a lot of good. It
 would fully realize the open access
 movement and give hackers complete
 access to anything we want, all
 without leaving a trace.

*

Allen doesn't believe it.

NICK (CONT'D)

Look, if Julian Rose had Helen of
 Troy, he wouldn't have gotten
 caught. He wouldn't have hanged
 himself.

*

ALLEN

Wow. I'm just... I don't know. Your work inspired me when I was learning to program. Guys like you and Julian Rose are my heroes. I really mean that.

*
*
*
*
*

This hits Nick hard. He looks at Allen.

NICK

Heroes are for comic books. I was broke.

*
*

Nick turns away - looking at the empty bridge. Allen is at a loss for words.

NICK (CONT'D)

I wish I could tell you something different. But MK is right, ideas are currency. Information is power. That's why all this is happening. If the wrong people knew what we were creating...
(stops himself)
When this is all over, maybe you can do it the right way.

*

Pause.

ALLEN

I hope so too.

*
*

Nick looks at his watch.

NICK

We've been here for almost an hour.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - EVENING

Lisa sits by Ben - he's in and out of consciousness, sweating. A soaked rag is placed on his forehead. Lisa wipes him down - then sits nervously. The gun is by her purse, flickering against the candlelight. She looks at her watch - suddenly:

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR

Startled, Lisa quickly grabs the GUN and swings it to the front door as though she were in a dual. Ben doesn't even move. She stares at the door, unsure what to do. Scared.

ANOTHER KNOCK

Lisa's eyes widen, she's terrified. She blows out the candle. Then we hear a WOMAN's voice yell-

WOMAN
Hellooooooo

Lisa recognizes the voice, but stays silent - gripping the gun. She slowly makes her way to the peephole, looks.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
Is anybody there?!

The WOMAN is the HOOKER from the previous night. She's dressed more conservatively this time. She walks over to a window, she notices that it is barricaded and peaks through the cracks. No movement.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I came to talk to the guys from
last night. They're fucking short
\$400.

She moves back to the door and KNOCKS again, harder.

Lisa points the gun directly at the peephole. If she pulls the trigger, the woman's head would be blown right off. At this point, *she doesn't trust anyone.*

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see the woman in a WIDE SHOT from the side of the house. She keeps peaking, whispering profanities under her breath.

The woman makes her way towards the side of the house, walking to the backyard. Motion sensor lights click on as she walks.

WOMAN
Fucking assholes.

She crosses some bushes and turns left to approach the back door.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa follows the woman's tracks from inside the house - gripping the gun HARD. She's sweating, nervous.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The woman KNOCKS on the back door - she's on a mission to get what shes owed.

In the foreground of the shot we see a monstrous figure cross the frame.

WOMAN

Don't make me call my body guard!
HELLO!

The woman hears a noise, she turns around and is STABBED IN THE CHEST WITH A SHOVEL. She SHRIEKS.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lisa's eyes widen - still wielding the pistol - she jets back to the living room where Ben lies.

Alarmed and unsure what to do - she tries to wake Ben - quickly and quietly. He doesn't move a muscle. Is he dead?

Lisa hears another SQUEAL from the woman out back. She turns and looks towards the balcony door.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The tip of the shovel is violently turned - while still inside the woman - blood spews out of her chest and abdomen - her screams turn to a desperate *gasp*.

The assailant pulls out the shovel, she falls to the floor, clutching her insides, weeping cries of severe pain and fear.

The shovel is lifted high in the air - the woman looks up to the shovel - one last plea for mercy before:

BAM!

The shovel SMASHES her head in like a soda can.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nick smokes a cigarette anxiously.

NICK
Something isn't right here.

Nick looks at his watch.

NICK (CONT'D)
They're 20 minutes late.

ALLEN
Why would they want a meet and not show up? You think Lisa left the house?

NICK
I don't know.

Nick trails off. He's spotted something up the street.

NICK (CONT'D)
Hold on. Is that MK's car?

Allen sticks his head out the window for a better look. There's a black BMW parked up the street - same make and model as MK's.

ALLEN
It's a black BMW - I guess it looks like his.

NICK
It's just waiting there on the side of the road - it's got to be his car, right?

The brake lights of the BMW light up.

ALLEN
It's moving.

Nick tosses his cigarette out the window. He starts his engine.

NICK
 (to himself)
 Not so fast.

*

Nick drives slowly up the street - keeping a safe distance from the BMW.

ALLEN
 What's the plan here - what do we do?

NICK
 No plan. We just follow.

The BMW pulls out into the street.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ben sleeps on the couch. He coughs himself awake - it quickly gets bad - violent dry heaving that leads to just sad, dog like whimpers of pain. His eyes are bulging and his veins have gone blackish purple.

BEN
 (struggles)
 Lisa?

He looks around - squinting hard to see anything. The balcony door is hinged open.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Hello?

Lisa is no where to be found. Ben stumbles to his feet - reaching for a glass of water on the table. He's so weak that he falls flat on his face.

BEN (CONT'D)
 Lisa? Please...

He helplessly crawls towards the barely visible bathroom door.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nick is shamelessly in pursuit of the BMW, his eyes are intense - determined. Allen is nervous.

ALLEN

Are you sure we should be doing this? Maybe we should've stayed at the meeting spot...

Nick ignores him - he's only focused on that BMW.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

What if they show up and we're not there? Nick!

The BMW makes a quick right turn - Nick takes the turn quickly - tires squealing.

He's two cars behind and strains to keep an eye on the BMW.

NICK

Stick your head out the window, see if they're turning.

Allen sticks his head out, squinting. He yells through the wind blowing in his face as the car speeds up.

ALLEN

Signaling a right turn.

Nick anticipates a quick right turn but-

The BMW makes a quick left instead, despite the signal.

NICK

Shit!

Nick violently turns the car left to follow - cutting off several cars and nearly causing an accident or two.

NICK (CONT'D)

Right turn, huh?

ALLEN

That's what they signaled!

They are now in a residential neighborhood - following about 100 yards behind the BMW. The BMW is onto Nick.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

We shouldn't be doing this. What if they try to shoot us? We don't have the gun...

NICK

I'll fucking run them over.

The BMW comes to a sudden stop. Nick slams on his brakes.

ALLEN

Oh, God. They see us. We're fucked.

The BMW doesn't move. It just sits there parked in the middle of the road.

NICK

Come on. Get out.

Nick revs his engine in anticipation.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Candlelight barely fills the tiny bathroom. Ben crawls on his stomach to the toilet. He pulls his head up and over the toilet bowl with every ounce of strength he has.

He coughs - pauses - then vomits *heavy chunks* into the water - his liver might be in that toilet bowl now.

BEN

(struggles to speak)

Lisa? Where are you..? I need -

*
*

More coughs, they get increasingly violent. Some blood spills from his mouth into the toilet bowl. Ben whimpers quietly.

BEN (CONT'D)

Lisa...

Suddenly: A HAND grabs the back of his head and shoves it into the toilet. He gasps and chokes on the combo of bloody water and puke. He struggles to survive but doesn't have much fight in him - he starts to slowly give up and drown.

Just when it looks like he's going to drown - the hand pulls him from the toilet and throws him into the adjacent bathtub.

Ben gasps for air - *he's barely alive.*

The hand grabs a large bottle of LISTERINE from below the sink - removes the cap and pours it all over Ben's body.

BEN GASPS.

BEN (CONT'D)

Please, NO...

The hand grabs the candle from the counter and throws it onto Ben - he bursts into flames. His screams echo throughout the house with sounds of whimpering cries until-

Silence.

Only crackling sounds of a fire can be heard. One of the balcony doors is hinged open. Its drapes breeze out of the house. *

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Nick's car is behind the BMW in the middle of the street.

Allen is freaking out, Nick is intense - waiting... then:

The BMW hits the gas pedal, it kicks the tires into high gear. Nick does the same, follows suit at full speed.

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ALLEN

Stop...please. This is crazy.

Nick speeds up and gets about 10 feet from the BMW. Allen holds on tightly to his seat belt.

NICK

Give it up. I've got you.

The BMW peels out another couple of yards before pulling into the driveway of a house. Nick pulls up about 40 yards from the car - he turns his brights on.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on...

Nobody moves.

ALLEN

What do we do?

NICK

We wait till he gets out.

Beat.

Nobody moves... until:

THE BMW'S DOOR OPENS.

Nick hits the gas - hard. Allen clinches his seat belt, anticipating a crash until-

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A YOUNG GIRL, 18 maybe, cute, peaks out from the open door as Nick's car comes at full speed. She SCREAMS. *

YOUNG GIRL
I called the cops!

She squeals, slamming the door shut. Allen sees the girl.

ALLEN (O.S.)
Stop!

Nick SLAMS HIS BRAKES ...inches away from the BMW.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - CONTINUOUS

The Beverly Hills rich girl cries out loud while on her phone.

YOUNG GIRL
(into her phone)
I'm in a neighborhood, I don't know
who they are - please, please
hurry!

CUT TO:

INT. NICK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nick is bewildered.

NICK
Jesus Christ.

ALLEN
That was insane.

Allen pops his head out of the window.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
We were just kidding! We thought
you were someone else! Sorry!

Allen looks at a very frightened Nick.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
You want to wait for the cops?

Nick snaps out of it.

NICK
We can't. Lisa's alone with Ben.

Nick drives them out of there.

NICK (CONT'D)
I'm losing it, man. I have no idea
what to do.

ALLEN
Lets go back to the meeting spot,
maybe they're there.

NICK
No...

Nick pauses for a moment, then finally says what he's feared
all night:

NICK (CONT'D)
I think they were testing Helen
against us in the house.

Allen is confused.

ALLEN
Why would they want to meet us and
not show up? You think...

Silence. It hits Allen.

NICK
They wanted us out.

He steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

Nick's car comes to a screeching stop in front of the house.
They both jump out, smoke billows out from under the front
door.

*

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The house has been ransacked - tables and couches overturned, papers strewn about - all the computer equipment is gone.

A thick haze of smoke fills the house, but a breeze blows through the open sliding glass door to the balcony.

Harrison's decapitated corpse lays on the table, blood still dripping from where his head use to be.

Nick and Allen burst through the front door.

NICK

Shit!

*

ALLEN

It was a trap.

Nick rushes to the balcony and closes the door.

Allen grabs the last two kitchen knives - he throws one to Nick.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Ben? Lisa?

They both cautiously follow the smoke towards the bathroom.

The bathroom door flies open - a thick haze of smoke escapes.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ben's charred corpse smolders in the bathtub. It is an awful sight. Nick and Allen are instantly confronted with the brutal scene.

Nick SCREAMS - he's angry and full of primal rage. Ben's the person he was closest to in the world. He slams his fist against the wall in the hallway as Allen closes the door shut, coughing.

Nick falls to his knees.

NICK

This is my fault. I left him here
to die.

He slams his fist even harder, he's losing it. Allen's eyes are frozen on the doorway leading to the bedroom.

ALLEN

Nick...

Nick isn't hearing anything. He's overwhelmed with guilt and rage. He yells inaudibly and begins throwing objects around the house. Tears stream down his face.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Nick!

Allen takes a few steps towards the bedroom. Nick comes back to his senses and watches, breathing heavily.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MK's dead body is laid out on the bed - bloody and battered. Laying beside him is the hooker's dead body - her chest and abdomen are open, shredded.

ALLEN

MK.

Nick appears at the door.

NICK

Is he dead?

ALLEN

We're too late.

They both stare at the bodies.

Nick cracks, he screams from the top of his lungs.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

What about Lisa?

NICK

What the fuck do you think?! She's long gone!

ALLEN

We don't know that.

NICK

Open your eyes Allen! She had to be the one behind all this. We leave her here with the gun -

*

ALLEN

We don't know that.

NICK

You don't know her past. You don't know what she's capable of. We should've never trusted her. I should've known better.

*
*

ALLEN

Why would she do this?

NICK

She's gonna take Helen of Troy and that money, and disappear. We'll never see her again.

Nick flies into a blind rage - he grabs a television in the bedroom and smashes it onto the ground. He knocks over a lamp, screaming, etc.

NICK (CONT'D)

What are you waiting for bitch!

Allen backs away - he's going to let him have this moment. He walks back to the living room as Nick lets it all out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allen picks up Lisa's purse - it's in the same spot it was before. He digs through it - cell phone, keys, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nick punches his hand through a wall, crying.

NICK

Fuck!

He grimaces in pain, he definitely cracked something. He walks over to the window and tries to open it with his one good hand, but can't.

He stops and just stares out the window, tears streaming. He gains his composure, the calmest he's been since seeing Ben's corpse.

NICK (CONT'D)

We're the last ones left. Come get what you came here for.

Behind him, MK's body rises up from the bed.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm not going to go down as easy as everyone else.

MK wipes the blood off his face and slowly creeps up behind Nick. MK's reflection is prominent - but Nick is too wound up in his own thoughts. Nick yells at the window, defiant.

In one quick move MK wraps his huge arms around Nick's neck and snaps it like a twig. It's quiet and cold - sending Nick's lifeless body tumbling to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Allen turns on Lisa's phone - he searches through text messages. Suddenly:

AN INCOMING CALL - FROM MK'S PHONE. He answers.

ALLEN

Hello? Nick?!

No answer. Allen stares at the phone. A long moment to figure out what to do. He rushes over to the bedroom where Nick's body lay on the floor.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Nick, I just got a call from -

*

MK's hands wrap around Allen - shoving a RAG over Allen's mouth. Allen drops the phone and struggles for a quick second before passing out into MK's arms.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - HOURS LATER

The power is back on in the house.

Allen is tied to a chair facing the computers. From Allen's point of view, we see blurry images of the living room.

All the computers, hard drives, and wires are set up again in front of him. Harrison's body is wrapped up in a rug next to the Hooker and Nick in the hallway. Ben's remains are in a duffel bag. The cooler sits beside them.

The floor has been moped clean of the blood and vomit, its spotless.

MK stands in front of the living room television, watching campaign coverage while speaking to his foreign business associate on speaker phone.

Allen, in a drug induced daze, observes quietly.

BOSS (O.S.)

After several delays, I'm having trouble trusting you, Michael.

*

MK

I've got it all under control on my end. All my loose ends are taken care of.

*

*

*

BOSS (O.S.)

That is not a concern for me. My concern is your ability to deliver what was promised.

*

*

MK

Don't worry. I have your money and I've got my best guy here to finish the project. He's a real ace - a smart kid.

Pause.

BOSS (O.S.)

Then you have bought yourself some time.

*

MK

How much time are we talking about?

BOSS (O.S.)

Twelve hours.

*

MK looks over at Allen for the first time. He notices that Allen is coming back to consciousness. He takes the call off speaker and puts the phone to his ear.

MK

(into phone)
Twelves hours? We can do that. Rest assured, you'll get what was promised.

BOSS (O.S)

You'll find my associate outside waiting.

*

*

*

(MORE)

BOSS (O.S) (CONT'D)
 If I don't have it in my hands in
 12 hours, he's going to want to
 have a word with you.

*
 *
 *

MK walks over to the window and peers out. He sees the
 Monstrous Figure standing outside by a truck - watching the
 house like a hawk. For a brief second, you see fear cross
 MK's face.

MK
 Understood. I'll be sure to bring
 him some lemonade.

*

BOSS (O.S)
 Think of the 12 hours as a gift,
 Michael. Don't make me regret it.

*

MK
 Got it. Loud and clear.

MK hangs up the call.

Allen coughs. He slowly opens his eyes wider. Did he hear all
 of that right? He strains to see MK approach him.

*

MK (CONT'D)
 Hey, buddy. How are you feeling?

Allen struggles to keep his eyes open.

ALLEN
 What's going on? You did all of
 this?

MK
 Relax. You've had a long day. A lot
 has happened since you got here.

*

There's a weird disconnect from the person Allen met at the
 airport. He's ice cold, but almost eerily calm.

*

MK walks over to the refrigerator and takes out a salad.

MK (CONT'D)
 Hungry?

ALLEN
 I really just want to go home.

MK
 Well, that's not going to happen.
 Not yet at least. We're so close.
 (MORE)

MK (CONT'D)

You should eat - you're going to need some energy. Do you want some of my salad?

ALLEN

No. Please, can I talk to Nick?

MK's face goes serious as he preps his food.

MK

No, you can't talk to Nick.

Allen fights to free himself from the chair.

MK (CONT'D)

I've fantasized about killing Nick every single day since I met him. Sometimes it was just shooting him - quick and easy. I thought about something slow and painful - like slitting his throat or electrocuting him.

MK is smiling again - he's reliving that moment.

MK (CONT'D)

But killing him with my bare hands, that was orgasmic. He made my life hell - always needing more time and more money. I tell you what - working with you computer nerds - I have to say I envy you. So much talent - but I hate waiting.

*
*
*
*

ALLEN

Where's Lisa?

MK

She's long gone, buddy. A ghost. It's what she does.

ALLEN

You didn't kill her?

MK

No need to. I would have - but I'm not worried. She was the one who transferred the stolen money for me - so I really don't see her going to the police. Especially given her history.

*
*

ALLEN

Why did you steal that money?

*
*

MK

To repay a loan my associates were kind enough to give me a while back. It was necessary. I'm going to need that back from you - soon.

*
*
*
*
*

Allen jerks his body from side to side - he throws himself off balance and lands face first on the keyboard in front of him.

MK (CONT'D)

You're not going anywhere. You're the most important piece of this puzzle.

*

MK walks over and pulls Allen back to an upright position.

ALLEN

I know about Helen of Troy. Nick told me everything.

MK

That's great! That saves me the time of having to explain it to you.

ALLEN

(shouts)

What do you want?!

MK pulls up a chair and sits down next to Allen, all business as usual.

MK

You're going to finish it for me. Everyone else wasted my time and took advantage of me. But you're bright...and hungry.

*
*

Allen shivers. He's fighting tears.

MK (CONT'D)

There's nothing to be afraid of. It's a pretty good deal. All the money I was going to give Nick and Ben - it's all yours. Once it's finished - we'll deliver Helen of Troy, along with the quarter million in your account, to my associates. Then maybe we'll take a vacation together. Or not. All the same to me.

MK's cell phone rings. That awful ring tone makes Allen sick to his stomach. MK mutes the phone's ring tone, lets the call go to voicemail as he casually walks back to his salad.

MK (CONT'D)

Ugh. I really wished you hadn't called my Dad. That's going to be a headache. Now, back to the business between us. As you can see, I'm under a little bit of a deadline, so I don't have time to negotiate.

MK opens a cabinet below the kitchen sink. He pulls out a POWER DRILL and walks back over to Allen.

MK (CONT'D)

I'm not real crazy about torture, but we do have a lot of work to do.

ALLEN

I'll do it.

MK playfully pulls the trigger on the drill.

MK

That's great news Allen. I had a feeling about you.

ALLEN

But no one else dies. You can't hurt Lisa.

MK

You liked her didn't you?

*

Allen clenches his jaw.

MK (CONT'D)

Hey, I don't blame you. I've hit that a couple times. She's a wild one in the sack.

ALLEN

Promise me you won't go after her.

Mk throws his hands up.

MK

Deal! I don't have time to chase sluts anyway - I'm an entrepreneur.

ALLEN

Then I'll work for you. I'll finish Helen of Troy.

MK

That's what I like to hear.

ALLEN

I'm going to need my hands.

MK

Of course. But keep in mind, I'm going to sit right here next to you and if you try anything funny.

*

He runs the drill right next to Allen's ear.

MK (CONT'D)

We'll have a problem. Got it?

ALLEN

I'm ready. Lets go.

Its just past midnight. They have until noon to deliver.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Thousands of lines of code are scrolled throughout the screen.

Allen hacks away writing code with MK leering over his shoulder. Allen is intense - wired in - but very aware of MK.

MK

Everything okay?

ALLEN

Fine. I've just been doing a lot of backtracking to figure out what Ben was doing. He was close so it shouldn't be much longer. Couple more hours.

MK

Don't cut it too close now. I'm counting on you.

ALLEN

I'll get it done, *Michael*.

MK grins, he hates being referred to by his Christian name.

MK

That'a boy.

He slugs Allen on the shoulder, hard - it hurts him.

MK stands up to stretch. He walks just far enough away to not be able to see the computer screen.

MK (CONT'D)

I know you nerds all wanna create the next Facebook - but there's good money in spyware, viruses, tracking software, invisible data extraction. It's all about the bigger picture, Al. It's easier to destroy than to create. That's why war is so good for business.

Allen listens, but keeps his eyes on the computer. MK stares at the television screen as though in a trance.

MK (CONT'D)

Ideas are currency, information is power - these days more than ever before.

Cable News headlines scroll below the television screen at a furious pace. A Headline reads:

REP. SENATOR KRAVEN PUSHES FOR CISPA BILL, URGES FOR MORE
CYBERSECURITY

*

MK's eyes dart.

MK (CONT'D)

It took me weeks to convince Nick to work on Helen of Troy. I had to build the team from scratch, invest countless hours, dollars.

*

MK smirks, satisfied...

MK (CONT'D)

Poor broke asshole, he'd do anything for a dime.

Allen closes the screen he's looking at and pulls up his chats with Lisa from the night of the hackathon. They're flirty and fun, he reads over them quickly as to not get caught.

MK breaks out of his trance, looks over at Allen-

MK (CONT'D)

But you - you get it. You remind me a lot of myself actually, only... skinnier.

*

Allen looks up from the screen.

ALLEN
I'm nothing like you.

MK laughs. Allen goes back to his screen.

MK
Soon enough my friend.

MK casually looks out the window - the Monstrous Figure is now inside the black truck. *

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Monstrous Figure sits calmly inside the vehicle. He notices MK peeking out from the window.

CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MK gets down on the floor and starts doing military style pushups.

Allen stares at the chat screen - looks at MK - then back to the screen. He types: **"Are you there?"**

MK
We should get you into better shape. Start you on my workout program.

Allen stares at the screen, praying for a response. An agonizing few seconds pass. He keeps a close eye on MK, who is now doing bicep curls.

MK (CONT'D)
Get you eating right. Beef you up.

Allen's eyes light up as a response from Lisa arrives. It reads: **"Where are you?"**

MK puts down his dumbbells and walks back over to Allen. He quickly brings up the screen full of code and plays it cool.

MK (CONT'D)
How we looking?

ALLEN
Getting there.

MK claps his hands like a football coach.

MK
Excellent.

MK sits. The clock rounds 5 AM. Suddenly, HIS PHONE RINGS. MK sees the number - it's his Dad - the Senator. *

MK (CONT'D)
Now I have to deal with this.

ALLEN
Go ahead. I'll keep working.

MK hesitates to answer the call, but knows that he should. He slips on his bluetooth headset as he walks over to the kitchen. Allen eyes his every move. *

MK opens a drawer below the sink and pulls out various handcuffs, the phone call reaches its final ring. He answers.

MK
Hello, sir.

MK cuffs Allen's feet together, then daisy chains the cuffs to the table. He's not going anywhere.

Allen hears the Senator's voice on the other end of the line - yelling obscenities.

MK (CONT'D)
(whispers, to Allen)
How's that? You comfortable?

ALLEN
It's fine.

MK
(to headset)
Yes, sir. I understand you're upset. Let me explain.

Allen watches as MK exits through the balcony, closing the sliding door behind him. MK slowly deflates as his father rips him a new one.

MK peers over to the Monstrous Figure sitting in the truck across from the street. They stare at one another for a moment as the Senator continues his rant.

MK (CONT'D)
I'm going to fix it, just hear me
out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allen stares at the thousands of lines of code as he hammers away at the project.

Campaign coverage blasts on TV as MK paces back and forth on the balcony.

Allen glances towards the television, he notices something...
He sees a reflection, turns his head towards the hallway...
his eyes widen, his demeanor changes... *

CUT TO:

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

MK wraps up the phone call with his father.

MK
Understood. I will call you back as
soon as the transaction is
complete. Right, like nothing
happened. Yes, sir. Bye.

MK hangs up and removes the headset. He looks over to the Monstrous Figure sitting patiently in the truck. MK nods hello, then goes back into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MK immediately notices that ALLEN IS GONE. Nobody sits in front of the computer, the handcuffs are missing.

MK
(under his breath)
What the - fucking Houdini. *
(then)
Allen? Where'd you go, buddy? *

Then: a GUN is cocked, he freezes.

LISA
Don't move.

Lisa holds her finger firmly on the trigger. MK turns his head and smiles as if there isn't a gun in his face. *

 MK
Hey, babe. You came back.

 LISA
Shut up.

Allen stands behind her holding the cuffs. MK thinks he can charm his way out of this one.

 MK
I thought you'd be on a plane to a cave somewhere in Afghanistan. How philanthropic of you to come back.

 LISA
You thought wrong.

Allen's visibly nervous, MK takes advantage...

 MK
 (to Allen)
You're going to trust her? She's been in on this the whole time. She's the one who put that money into your account smart guy.

 LISA
All I wanted was to finish what Julian started. I didn't think I was helping a psychopath.

MK takes serious offense to that term.

 MK
I'm a business man.

 LISA
You're a monster. *

 MK
Says the girl who poisoned Ben?

Allen's eyes widen.

 LISA
That's a lie! Shut up!

 MK
You're not a very good judge of character are you, Allen? *

Lisa is getting shaky, uneasy... MK has power over her and he knows this.

MK takes a couple of steps closer to her, he's angry. She screams at him to--

LISA
Get back!

MK takes another step closer. *

MK
What are you going to do - kill me?
Like you killed Ben? Like you'll
kill Allen?

LISA
Stop it! He's lying. I didn't want
anyone to get hurt.

MK
After everything I've done for you
Lisa? Your're going to shoot me? *

He takes another step - Allen is on edge, gripping the cuffs between his knuckles.

LISA
I'm not going to kill you, Mike. I
don't have to.

BAM!

She shoots him in his right kneecap. The recoil from the gun nearly knocks Lisa to the floor. Allen catches her. *

MK crumples to the ground and screams in pain.

MK
You fucking bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

From the rear view mirror, we see the Monstrous Figure's eyes dart to the house. He undoubtedly heard the gun shot. He grips his axe hard - the leather from his gloves squeeze tightly - he's a loyal dog who only moves when ordered to.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allen grabs an injured MK by his hair and does his best to drag him across the floor to the kitchen table. With little effort, MK pulls Allen down by his arms and the two struggle-

LISA

Let him go! I'll shoot again!

MK

You're a dead man!

LISA

Allen!

Allen brakes free from MK and jumps to the POWER DRILL left on the counter. MK grabs ahold of his leg, Allen swings over with the drill and stabs MK in his bicep.

He yells, screaming in pain as Allen drills deeper.

ALLEN

Fuck you!

Blood gushes onto MK's face.

Before he has a chance to refocus and retaliate - Lisa shoves the rag MK used on Allen earlier into his mouth. His eyes widen. Allen lets go of the drill and gets up... catches his breath.

Lisa holds the rag to MK's face with all of her might. MK struggles for a second, loses focus, then passes out.

Lisa finally let's go, she's a mess. MK's unconscious body lays on her lap. She looks up at Allen - whose now holding the gun - its hammer is cocked back.

A tense moment.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

...was it you?

Lisa, ridden with guilt, fights back tears. She doesn't know what to say, she just shakes her head NO.

Allen lifts the muzzle towards her. She relents:

LISA

I embezzled the money into your account. That's all I did. He told me they were going to kill him, it was only a temporary solution - I didn't think he would-

She fights back tears - she feels responsible, she feels stupid.

LISA (CONT'D)
 -it wasn't supposed to be like this. Nobody was suppose to get hurt. I swear, Allen. Please.

Allen struggles - uncocks the gun, lowers it.

ALLEN
 Okay, I believe you.

She begins to sob.

ALLEN (CONT'D)
 Lisa, we need to get the hell out of here.

He helps Lisa up and we smash cut to:

A TIME LAPSE OF THE SUN RISING OVER MALIBU

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - 7 AM - 1 HOUR LATER

MK wakes up - sunlight is glaring through the windows. He grimaces in pain as he gains his bearings. His shirt is bloodied and he is handcuffed to the table.

MK
 Fuck.

He tries to free himself, the pain in his raw bicep hinders him significantly. He uses his good arm to lift the table to its side, it falls. He then pulls forcefully but to no avail, he's stuck.

One of the computers are pointed towards him - a small red light beams - its been surveilling the living room. He notices. Suddenly:

His awful ringtone goes off. He stretches to reach it - he knows the number - answers.

MK (CONT'D)
 Okay. You've got my attention.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAR - MORNING

Allen and Lisa are inside Nick's car. Allen is driving.

ALLEN
 (into the phone)
 Hey buddy, how ya feeling?

INTERCUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MK begins to swell with rage - he hides it out of necessity - tries to bargain with Allen.

MK
 Allen, we had an agreement. I wasn't going to kill you, on the contrary, I want to make you a very rich man.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ALLEN
 You're broke, MK. Check your account.

He hands the phone to Lisa.

LISA
 And if you look over your shoulder you won't see the hard drives with Helen of Troy. You're not going to deliver anything to your associates.

The hard drives sit in the backseat of the car.

INTERCUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MK takes a defeated breath. He lowers his head - it's over and he knows it.

MK
 After everything we've been through, Lisa. After everything I've done for you, for us?
 (MORE)

MK (CONT'D)
If you ever loved me - you would
have just killed me.

INTERCUT:

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Lisa doesn't skip a beat.

LISA
I'm not the one that's going to
kill you, MK. You deserve what's
coming to you. Goodbye.

She hangs up. She clicks around on the phone, removes the battery, then throws it out of the moving car window.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MK drops his phone. The computer that was surveilling shuts down, its beaming red light fades out.

MK pulls the computer from its cord and launches it against the wall with all of his might. He screams out of both pain and frustration, he's failed.

Pieces of the shattered computer land throughout the living room floor, hitting a large plus-sized BOOT by the couch.

The BOOT belongs to the MONSTROUS FIGURE, sitting calmly on the couch - watching the entire time.

He grips the large axe on his lap. MK sees him and freezes. The Figure stares at him, emotionless. He breathes in heavily and stands up. He takes slow, heavy steps until he's towering over a defeated, bloodied MK.

He raises the axe over his head, MK's eyes widen.

MK
Wait!

*
*

HE SWINGS.

CUT TO BLACK:

*

WE HEAR LOUD SOUNDS OF HIGHWAY TRAFFIC

*

EXT. UNDER A HIGHWAY BRIDGE - LATER

Lisa and Allen sit on the trunk of NICK'S parked car. They are both a bit dazed, coming down from the previous events.

Lisa thinks as she stares out into the sky. *

ALLEN

I understand if you want to run. I won't stop you. You can take the money - I don't want it.

LISA

I'm not going to run this time. I'm going to finish it.

ALLEN

What do you mean?

She looks to Allen. *

LISA

I got into this mess to finish what Julian started. He wanted information to be free for the masses. He always said that information is power, but he didn't want it for himself. He wanted to give that power to everyone. *

ALLEN

Then we have to make the people with power afraid of us.

Lisa smiles. He gets it.

LISA

Guess I was right about you.

CUT TO: *

INT. SENATOR KRAVEN'S OFFICE - LATER THAT EVENING *

SENATOR KRAVEN, 60's, an overbearing and powerful man, sits at his desk looking stressed and on edge. He's on an important phone call. *

SENATOR KRAVEN

We're in the home stretch here Roger. I'm working on getting all the votes. I'm confident we can get them all, with your support.

LOBBYIST

(on speaker)

With all due respect, Senator,
people are scared. The major tech
giants are all coming out against
CISPA - Google, Facebook,
Wikipedia. Not to mention the
pundits and news blogs - I'm not
sure my organization can fully--

*
*
*
*
*

SENATOR KRAVEN

We knew the backlash would be
significant. It's the internet for
fuck's sake. Are you going to let a
bunch of trolls hiding in their
parent's basement tell you how to
run this country?

*
*

The line goes silent.

*

SENATOR KRAVEN (CONT'D)

Hello? Roger?

The senator hits a couple of buttons on the phone. None of
its lights are on. The phone is dead.

SENATOR KRAVEN (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.
(yells)
Margerie!

He opens the browser on his computer, it freezes... then goes
black.

Margerie, his receptionist, peaks her head into his office.

MARGERIE

Senator?

SENATOR KRAVEN

Phones are dead, computer's frozen.
Would you call the IT guy and get
him here?

MARGERIE

Right away.

As soon as Margerie exits, his computer screen turns back on -
revealing a picture of JULIAN ROSE on the monitor. The
Senator winces at the screen.

*
*
*

SENATOR KRAVEN

What the-- Margerie!

*

The Senator leans into the monitor and studies the picture, attempts to delete it... but to no avail. *

Then: his phone rings. *

Startled, the Senator hits the answer button. *

SENATOR KRAVEN (CONT'D)

Roger?

ALLEN

(V.O)

Senator?

SENATOR KRAVEN

Who is this?

ALLEN

This is the man who has your money.

The Senator freezes for a moment. *

Margerie enters the office again. The Senator waves her out, stands up, clears his throat. His demeanor has changed, Allen's definitely gotten his attention. He lifts the phone to his ear. *

SENATOR KRAVEN

I don't know what you're talking about.

ALLEN

You know exactly what I'm talking about. *

SENATOR KRAVEN

Either you've been misinformed or you have the wrong number. Goodbye-- *

ALLEN

--I worked with your son, Michael. *

Pause. *

SENATOR KRAVEN

Good for you, but I don't have time for theatrics. *

ALLEN

How about this for theatrics?

The lights in the Senator's office begin to flicker. The picture of Julian Rose duplicates on the monitor until it fills the entire screen. *

The Senator's face grows serious.

SENATOR KRAVEN
You're clever, I'll give you that.

He moves his mouse around - nothing.

SENATOR KRAVEN (CONT'D)
How can I help you?

ALLEN
I just want to talk, Senator.

Kraven takes off his glasses, sits down.

SENATOR KRAVEN
I don't know what you think you
have - but let me assure you we
have nothing to talk about.

ALLEN
I beg to differ. Look.

He does.

Official Government Documents begin to flood the computer
screen - then - the photo of a bloodied, beaten MK. It is the
same picture that was used against Lisa earlier.

The Senator's eyes widen - a serious look of concern.
Margerie re-enters the office--

MARGERIE
Maintenance is on their--

The Senator pierces her with a GET THE FUCK OUT look, she
notices and exits quickly.

SENATOR KRAVEN
What have you done to my son?!

ALLEN
You'll find out as soon as you do
what you're told.

Kraven stands up.

SENATOR KRAVEN
Listen you delinquent, tell me what
you've done to my son or I swear to
God I will have you in chains! I do
not respond well to threats. Do you
understand?

ALLEN

Interesting... because neither do we.

Suddenly, HIS OFFICE LIGHTS GO OUT.

The Senator looks around in the darkness... His computer screen is the only source of light in his office. He is powerless at the moment... then:

THE CISPA BILL APPEARS ON HIS SCREEN

The Senator's impatience quickly turns to rage...

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Are you ready to talk, Senator Kraven?

A moment. The Senator is getting anxious, impatient.

SENATOR KRAVEN

What do you want.

ALLEN

I want you to stop the CISPA bill from passing and step down from your Senate seat, effective immediately.

The Senator is a deer caught in the headlights.

SENATOR KRAVEN

You think your little light show is going to scare me?

ALLEN

Maybe not - but I'm giving you a choice, Senator.

The Senator *snaps*.

SENATOR KRAVEN

A choice? It's becoming clear to me that you don't have slightest idea who you are dealing with. I will rain hell-fire down on you and everyone you love from every angle imaginable. A choice? You choose your next words wisely because I will personally make sure you never see the light of day again. Do you understand?

Silence.

SENATOR KRUEGER
DO YOU UNDERSTAND!?

*
*

ALLEN
Calm down, Senator. You look
nervous. Have some water.

*
*

The Senator's eyes dart around the pitch black room. Is he
being watched?

*
*

Suddenly, a WINDOW appears on the screen over the CISPA bill.

*

It is a live web-cam feed of Allen. He appears in the window
wearing a GUY FAWKES MASK.

*
*

The Senator knows exactly what that mask represents.

*

As Allen speaks, pictures of MK's victims appear on the
screen along with official government documents and financial
records.

*
*
*

ALLEN (CONT'D)
A substantial amount of money has
gone missing from your campaign.
Good people have been unjustly
prosecuted under your direct
orders. There have been murders
committed by your son. Information
that will effect your campaign.
Your career. Your life.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

The Senator just watches, dumbfounded.

*

SENATOR KRAVEN
Stop this immediately. I do not
negotiate with terrorists!

*
*

ALLEN
If that's how you want to play it,
fine. Just know that if you don't
do as I say - everything on your
screen will be all over the
internet and evening news by the
time you get into your Mercedes.

*
*
*
*
*

The Senator sits down slowly... He knows that Allen has the
upper hand.

*
*

He attempts to delete the files - hits CTRL ALT DELETE.
Nothing.

*
*

ALLEN (CONT'D)
That's not going to help you.

*
*

He loosens up his tie - he IS being watched. *

SENATOR KRAVEN *

And my son? *

ALLEN *

You'll see him again when you've
made the right decision. I leave
that up to you. *

Suddenly, his computer re-boots. The lights in his building
turn back on. Everything is back to normal. *

The Senator is pale. *

CUT TO:

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS *

Allen removes the GUY FAWKES mask. He turns off his web cam &
lap top. He eyes Lisa, who sits across from him. *

She wears headphones as she types furiously on a computer,
across from Allen. Her face is serious, focused. Allen packs
up his belongings, headphones, cords, lap top, cell phone. *

On her screen are pictures and documents of everything we saw
on the Senator's monitor: MK's victims, his financial
history, the Senator's campaign expenses, Federal Court
documents... *

She bundles everything into a zip file titled "THE KRAVEN
FILES." She then scrolls up in the browser and hits UPLOAD. *

The UPLOAD BAR TAB begins to load. *

Lisa smiles at Allen - they win. *

CUT TO: *

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER *

Allen quietly sits behind the driver's seat, the car is
running. Lisa gets inside. Neither of them speak for a while -
Allen just drives aimlessly, until- *

ALLEN *

Where to now? *

LISA *

Now, we disappear. *

Lisa turns on the radio. *

CUT TO: *

EXT. INTERSTATE 10 EAST - CONTINUOUS *

[Crane Shot] *

We see the vehicle speed through the center lane of I-10, heading east. We hear the radio music play a somber tone, the news fades in: *

NEWS ANCHOR 1 (V.O.) *

In a startling development, Republican Senator Paul Kraven has dropped his support of the controversial Cyber-Terrorism bill known as CISPA - after championing the legislation for over a month. Senator Kraven also announced that he would be suspending his campaign for re-election, citing that he wanted to spend more time with his family after the tragic suicide of his oldest son just days ago. *

The car drives farther away from us as it gradually disappears into the night - which leads into a time lapse of the sun rising over the outskirts of Los Angeles California. *

FADE TO BLACK. *