

OCCUPY THIS

(ORANGUTANS RULE THE WORLD)

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. SILICON VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL, CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Flashlights erratically illuminate the cafeteria vending machine. GEOFF, 17, fit but needs a haircut and TINA, 17, diminutive, have broken into the vending machine and carefully open a chips bag with a razor.

HALLWAY OUTSIDE CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff and Tina are adrenalized, jostle their bags.

GEOFF

Do your thing at Bethany's locker.
Meet at the doors in ten minutes.

Geoff's smile is wolf-like in the flashlight.

TINA

Geoff. I'm scared. Come with me.

GEOFF

I knew you were gonna pull this.
Just keep it together. I've got to
do the kitchen. Ten minutes.

HALLWAY TO SCHOOL ENTRANCE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Flashlights bounce as Tina & Geoff converge. A third figure runs from the office: Geoff's best friend, SPRINT, 17, geek-chic.

SPRINT

Alarm's set. We gotta go now.

EXT. SILICON VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

The three teens run out the main doors. Geoff's WHOOP of victory echoes.

INT. SILICON VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL, FRONT DOORS - DAY

A fly on garbage takes flight, zooms amongst the students entering the school.

The fly lands on a well-muscled bicep (Geoff's) and gets SLAPPED.

JOCK
He killed it! Greenpeace killed it!

Geoff smiles carnivorously at the group of passing jocks.

GEOFF'S LOCKER - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff leans on his locker in front of Sprint and Tina.

GEOFF
You two ready?

The three exchange nervous, excited nods.

HALLWAY - LATER

The hallways are empty. LUNCH BELL RINGS and students pour into the hallways.

A DIFFERENT HALLWAY

As her entourage waits, BETHANY, quintessential popular blond, takes her make-up bag out of her locker.

GEOFF'S LOCKER

Geoff opens his locker when BASKETBALL FRIEND walks by.

BASKETBALL FRIEND
You comin' to shoot hoops?

GEOFF
Nah, I gotta work in the caf.

GIRL'S BATHROOM

With her entourage nearby, Bethany opens her mascara & starts to apply. She notices it's red, SCREAMS.

The mascara bottle drops to the sink and red 'blood' pours out of it. In the background, Tina surreptitiously films with her cell phone.

CAFETERIA

At a crowded table, a BOY opens a chips bag. He SCREAMS as he pulls a dismembered orangutan hand out of the bag.

He throws it across the room. Pandemonium breaks out. At the end of the table, Sprint films with his cell phone.

CAFETERIA KITCHEN

The kitchen is separated from the main caf by a wall.

The incident in the main caf has not occurred yet.

A skinny man, CAF WORKER, lifts a five gallon plastic bucket to pour more oil in the deep fryer. He frowns, the spout is blocked. He sets it down and hears a BUMP. He opens the lid and SCREAMS - an orangutan head floats in the oil. In the background, Geoff films with his cell phone.

The students in line are shocked at the SCREAMS of kitchen workers, then the ruckus in the main caf erupts.

RANDOM CAF STUDENT

It's a food fight!

As the kitchen workers gather around the pail with the orangutan head in it, the ROAR of pandemonium from the cafeteria filters in. Geoff gloats, keeps filming.

INT. SPRINT'S HOUSE, COMPUTER DEN - NIGHT

Multiple computers display various screens (financial stock market, social media, chat groups).

Sprint, at a main computer, builds his web channel.

Geoff lounges & reads "*Steal This Book*" by Abbie Hoffman.

Tina paces, texts on her cell.

SPRINT

Okay, people. We have lift-off.
Pass me your phones, we'll upload
the videos first.

TINA

Oh, it's okay. I already put mine
on my gram. It's called Monkey
Blood.

Sprint & Geoff both react with shock & tension.

SPRINT

Fucking hell! What do you think I'm
doing here you stupid brainless -

Sprint grabs her cell phone out of her hand.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
Maybe it's not too late.

TINA
Hey!

Geoff stops her from grabbing it back.

GEOFF
I can't believe you're screwing
this up!

SPRINT
(works cell)
Just, tell her to write down all of
her names & passwords. YouTube,
twitter, Instagram, everything.
(to Tina)
I'm erasing your online identity.
(to self)
Stupid twit.

Geoff stands over Tina as she writes on paper. As Tina starts to cry, his look evolves to embarrassed shock.

CU: Tina's password is "HOTGEOFF#1"

Geoff takes the paper to Sprint who SNORTS. Geoff looks anxiously over Sprint's shoulder. Sprint's computers show chatgroups, Instagram, all Tina's home pages.

TINA
You know, if my dad's studio finds
out that fake monkey is missing he
could lose his job. You guys
totally just used me.
(to self)
I'm pathetic.
(to Geoff)
You don't even like me, do you?!

Tina sees Sprint roll his eyes. Geoff turns to her, angry and exasperated.

GEOFF
Tina...

Tina bursts into tears, grabs her bag and runs out.

Sprint waves his hand 'let her go'. Geoff ponders a second, then jogs out after her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GEOFF

Tina, wait.

TINA

God, I spent four months planning this with you, and you just, you never even liked me. You are never gonna kiss me.

GEOFF

Ah, whoa, Tina, it's not like that...for me.

TINA

Yeah, I know.

He comes closer, comforting 'older brother' vibe as she continues to cry.

GEOFF

Tina, you're smart, you're amazing. We couldn't have pulled this off without you.

He hugs her, she holds on a little too long.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You wanna...come back in?

TINA

Yeah, and watch Sprint erase me? Can he really do that? I mean, I'm sorry I 'fucked up', can he fix it?

GEOFF

Sprint's a wizard. I mean it. He can hack the dark web like no one else.

Tina deflates.

INT. SPRINT'S BASEMENT -MOMENTS LATER

Geoff looks at the biggest screen, suspended from the ceiling over a comfortable couch. Alaska99 engages Sprint regularly.

Alaska99 is an ice-encrusted post-apocalyptic MMPORG game world Sprint made himself. The graphics are not top-notch, but there's a lot of space for chatting.

GEOFF

Oh my god, dude. Can we not just focus on this for one night?

SPRINT

There's this one girl, Allison, she's the blue dragon.

BLUE DRAGON AVATAR is in flight over the frozen digital landscape.

GEOFF

She's probably some obese heroin addict in Taiwan messing with you.

SPRINT

No, dude, we've talked live. She's so pretty. And really smart. Just, tell her you're my best friend and get to know her, okay? Keep her occupied for me while I fix Tina's fuck-up.

INT. INTERNATIONAL PRIVATE SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

ALLISON, a petite 17, on Alaska99 on her tablet.

She's in a small auditorium, 30+ students in uniform.

In the center, TWO STUDENTS are seen through digital touch-sensitive wall-screens of live stock exchanges & bank activity. The Two Students are competing to make money.

A big screen shows timer countdown, and projects tallies of how much money they've made.

AUDIENCE STUDENTS

10...9...8...7

Allison takes no notice, keeps texting.

AUDIENCE STUDENTS (CONT'D)

3...2...1....

The tallies show the winner has \$128 000. As the Two Competitors shake hands a PROFESSOR reads his hand-held.

PROFESSOR

Allison Cohen and Ming Laukseu.

Allison's neighbor, ALLISON'S FRIEND, grabs her arm.

ALLISON'S FRIEND

Kick his ass.

MING glowers at Allison as they get up on the stage. Allison is impassive.

PROFESSOR

You are each given ten thousand in junk bonds. Dispose of them. The highest non-liquid total worth wins. Begin.

Minutes into the competition, Allison taps on the projected computer screens, makes financial transactions.

The overhead tally shows Ming is way ahead. He gloats.

Allison focuses on a segment of her lower left screen, labeled 'Ming Laukseau activity', but doesn't touch it.

Minutes later, Ming is smug, taps lazily. His tally is in the 10's of millions, Allison's in millions.

STUDENTS TOGETHER

Ten...Nine....eight....

Allison taps with lightening speed in lower left section.

Ming frowns, his tally plummets, Allison's sky-rockets.

STUDENTS TOGETHER (CONT'D)

Three....two.....one

Ming is furious. Allison disdains him, glances up at...

...a shaded area of the auditorium, a GROUP OF PROFESSORS observe. They look interested, gesture and talk about it.

INT. SILICON VALLEY HIGH SCHOOL, ECONOMICS CLASS - DAY

LATE STUDENT enters Economics class, hands the ECONOMICS TEACHER a late slip. Economics Teacher finds his lesson (in laptop attached to SmartScreen) as students settle.

JOCK #2 looks at his cell: the video of yesterday's cafeteria madness: 'Boycott Palm' scrolls across the screen. He looks skeptical, like he doesn't get it.

Geoff sits two rows in front of him.

JOCK #2
 What's palm?
 (pronounces the 'l')

GIRL CLOSE BY
 It's palm, you idiot.

Jock #2's screen reroutes to generic YouTube start page.

Jock #2 frowns, types 'monkey prank' in search bar, finds the video again.

JOCK #2
 How come it won't stay?

GIRL CLOSE BY
 (rolls eyes)
 They keep taking it off, and 'they'
 (indicates Geoff)
 keep putting it up.
 (sarcastic, to Jock)
 Twenty twenty one. Try to keep up.

ECONOMICS TEACHER
 So, twenty eighteen. Global
 economic collapse, The Big One.
 Every nation in the world declared
 bankruptcy. What was the general
 mood?

Graphics on the smartboard behind assist the lesson.

REDHEAD GIRL
 Anarchy?

ECONOMICS TEACHER
 Well, it wasn't the zombie
 apocalypse.

Only a handful of students snicker. Most are zoned out.
 Economics Teacher forges on.

ECONOMICS TEACHER (CONT'D)
 This was just a few years ago. Do
 you guys remember what it was like?

BIG LAD
 Yeah, my dad stockpiled guns 'n
 ammo in the basement.

ECONOMICS TEACHER

If it wasn't for the U.N.-brokered
bail-out loans, you may have needed
those guns. It may have become an
anarchy situation.

GEOFF

But the bail-outs didn't fix
anything, they were just an excuse
for the Controllers to take over.

Economics Teacher rolls his eyes. As he talks, he indicates
his smartboard, uses graphics to show the class the
organizational structure at the U.N.

ECONOMICS TEACHER

(indicates smartboard)

Now, Geoff. We've gone over this.
The I.F.C. is a branch of the World
Bank. These are legitimate business
owners.

The teacher taps to another screen which shows the
organizational structure of global companies, which control
subsidiary labels.

ECONOMICS TEACHER (CONT'D)

Yes, they represent huge
multinational corporations, but our
democracies are still in tact. We
still have laws.

Geoff scowls, shakes his head.

ECONOMICS TEACHER (CONT'D)

And the bail-out loans they
provided saved our collective ass.

A KNOCK at the open door: it's a POLICE OFFICER. The
classroom goes alert.

POLICE OFFICER

Geoff Mowatt, please.

Geoff pales, picks up his bag, walks straight-backed.

JOCK #2

Nice work, Greenpeace.

HALLWAY TO PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tina, in tears, and a furious TINA'S DAD pass Geoff and his
Police Officer escort.

PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The PRINCIPAL is a middle-aged woman. GEOFF'S DAD sits red-faced angry in a corner chair. Geoff's dad is shaggy (once fit, now let-out). An ugly, older female PSYCHIATRIST and a police DETECTIVE congregate.

PRINCIPAL

Geoff. These people are here to take you into custody.

Geoff looks to Dad, who remains silent, fuming.

PRINCIPAL (CONT'D)

Now would be a really good time to tell us if anyone else was involved, Geoff. Tina tells us it was just you two, but if someone put you up to this...

GEOFF

So you believe Tina? Do you have any evidence?

PRINCIPAL

That girl is traumatized Geoff, as are many of our students, not to mention the kitchen staff. This is not a good time be acting self-righteous.

(beat)

You are hereby expelled, Geoff. You will not get your credits this semester.

PSYCHIATRIST

If I might say something?

Principal breathes stiffly, and motions 'continue'.

PSYCHIATRIST (CONT'D)

Geoff, your father agrees that you probably should have had counseling years ago, after your mother died. I think a psych report would go a long way to mitigating your sentence.

Geoff, open mouthed, looks to Dad, who finally makes eye contact with him. Dad is blazing angry.

DETECTIVE

(standing)

All right. Let's go.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
(to Police Officer)
You can read him his rights on the way out.
(to Dad)
Bail should be five hundred. Be at precinct twelve in about two hours.

GEOFF'S DAD
If I decide to post bail.

Everyone looks shocked, except the detective.

INT. DAD'S CAR - NIGHT

An older car. Dad drives, still furious, silent. Geoff is pensive, stares out the window.

EXT. GEOFF'S HOUSE - LATER

They enter their house in this lower-income neighborhood.

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Geoff's Dad slaps a letter on the table.

GEOFF'S DAD
You got this in the mail today.

Geoff picks up the letter for an approved credit card, is momentarily elated, then reality kicks back in.

Geoff's Dad was about to exit to the hall, but, shaking with emotion, turns.

GEOFF'S DAD (CONT'D)
Don't you...we will not use her as an excuse for this. Your mother was a peace activist. She would never have condoned what you did. Traumatizing those girls.

GEOFF
People need a little trauma to wake up! Marching and singing and sitting never did shit.

GEOFF'S DAD
(icy cold)
Your mother would be ashamed of you.

Geoff scowls in on himself.

GEOFF'S DAD (CONT'D)

If you use that credit card, you
only get to use it once.

(beat)

And I don't want to know where you
go.

GEOFF'S BEDROOM - LATER

The walls are covered with posters of endangered species, and
the odd poster of local music gigs.

Geoff sets the credit card beside his laptop. He pauses to
look at a picture of him, aged twelve, with his mom (she is
sickly - cancer), at an anti-nuclear protest.

LATER Geoff lies in bed, animals in posters stare at him. One
poster shows an orangutan looking at us, the forest behind it
ablaze, post-clearcut.

Geoff shoots out of bed, sits at his laptop.

LATER tired, crumbs on a plate beside him, Geoff is on a
travel website (Indonesia) when the screen goes black.

SPRINT (V.O.)

Geoff? Geoff are you there?

Sprint appears on a live chat site of an 'underground' theme:
black background, code scrawls along the bottom.

GEOFF

Sprint?

SPRINT

(typing)

This is so cool. That chick from
Alaska99 gave me these codes. It's
like a back door to Prism, dude! I
am literally mining the NSA's logs
for you. Check this out.

The screen goes back to Geoff's original site, then to an
airline ticket booking site.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

Fields...location...hacking your
browsing history...Hey, is your
dad going to Jakarta?

(types)

(MORE)

SPRINT (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, dude, this ticket is
for you! This is for today!

GEOFF
You know, Sprint, there is still
something called a power cord,
which I don't think you can hack,
not yet.

Geoff pulls the power cord, screen goes black.

INT. CALIFORNIA AIRPORT - DAY

In well-worn camp-style travel gear, Geoff stands in line to
check luggage.

From beyond the line-up, Sprint spies Geoff, jogs up.

SPRINT
Dude, I can't believe you're doing
this!

GEOFF
Believe it. What's up with the
channel?

SPRINT
Totally going viral. But I keep
getting hacks, you know, like, NSA
hacks.

The line moves up.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
I have to change up my TOR doors
like non-stop. Bounce it off like
10 different I.P.'s.

Geoff raises an eyebrow. Sprint knows he doesn't get this
stuff.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
Here, take this.

Sprint hands him a cell-phone. Geoff doesn't take it, eyes it
and shifts his back pack. The line moves forward.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
Don't worry, it's a -----.
Totally free of 'blood-minerals'.
But the camera is way better than
that crap cell you have now. Video
everything and send it to me, OK?

Geoff reluctantly takes the phone. Sprint yanks another device from his shoulder pack.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
And look! You'll like this. A solar
charger - made in Germany!

Geoff takes it, smiles. The line moves up more.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
Wow, you haven't looked this happy
since, like, your thirteenth
birthday.

GEOFF
The Norco.

SPRINT
That bike was sweet.

Geoff and Sprint smile in goofy communal reverie. It's Geoff's turn at the counter.

GEOFF
This is me.

Sprint's eyes shine as he backs up. He grabs his hair.

SPRINT
I can't believe you're doing this.
I can not believe you're doing
this!

Sprint hushes as a GUARD frowns their way. Sprint points at Geoff as he walks backwards away.

Geoff smiles at the stiff AIRLINE LADY.

INT. AIRPLANE - LATER

Geoff sits between ethnic Indonesians. He peers around the woman to look at the cloudscape through the little window.

EXT. CLOUDSCAPE - CONTINUOUS

INT. TAXI THROUGH JAKARTA - DAY

Geoff peers through the window at the busy streets.

INT. BUS THROUGH INDONESIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

Geoff is asleep in an overcrowded bus.

INT. COUNTRY TAXI - DAY

Geoff is stuffed in the back seat with four other men who look poor & wiry. He tries to peer at the greenery and makeshift homes through the muddy window. The car stops. Everyone gets out.

EXT. SUMATRA VILLAGE AT JUNGLE'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

The scene is stark: a small village of wooden huts; a heavy machinery compound; beyond it all an expanse of verdant jungle to the left, contrasted to an expanse of young palm plantation to the right. Geoff looks astounded, then jubilant.

The group of men stare as Geoff walks toward the forest.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST - DAY

Geoff walks a path through the lush forest. A large nut falls onto the path with a THUD. Geoff freezes.

Geoff slowly looks up. An orangutan hangs in the trees, watches him. Geoff slowly twirls to see several more orangutans.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST - NIGHT

Geoff huddles, surrounded by NIGHT CALLS. He turns on his CELL PHONE, films himself in its weak light.

GEOFF

(whisper)

That's them, listen, that's the orangutans.

Strange HOWL of Orangutan male.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I've been occupying the forest here on Sumatra for a week, but they've never come this close before.

A CACOPHONY of calls.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Holy Shit.

A RUSTLE of leaves.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Holy Shit.

Geoff turns the phone around as a huge male orangutan rushes out of the shadows, teeth bared.

Geoff falls back, shines the light of the cell phone in its face. The orangutan HOWLS at it, then crashes off into the forest.

Geoff, hyperventilating, looks into the cell.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Crazy. Monkey. Dude.

EXT. SPRINT'S BACKYARD - DAY

A wealthy back deck with pool. Sprint's at the table, half-asleep on an arm, a laptop open in front of him, Alaska99 in progress.

A RING-TONE SONG alerts him to his cell. He smiles (it's a text from Geoff). He starts the video (Geoff's voice from the video sounds tinny).

Sprint jumps up, his eyes widen as Geoff's video proceeds until the climax 'HOWL'. Sprint grabs his hair, amazed.

INT. ALLISON'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On her bed, Allison watches the video of Geoff & Orang.

The dark web you-tube knock-off channel is titled "*Occupy The Forest*".

Allison's room is pricey and private (no mates).

A PING from the tablet, Allison changes screens. Her father, COHEN (50's, an evil menace behind formal, cold exterior, slight Dutch accent).

COHEN

Happy Birthday, darling.

Another PING, Allison opens a dual screen to show her mother, SHIRIN, also 50's, a Persian beauty.

SHIRIN
Happy Birthday, Allison.

COHEN
Shirin, did you hear about the
finals?

SHIRIN
Of course. Two hundred million, and
you humiliated Thitch Laukseu's
boy.

There is a silent pause. Allison remains blank.

COHEN
Well, darling. Have you decided
what you want for your birthday?
The moon?

Cohen smiles, but Allison remains impassive, he darkens.

COHEN (CONT'D)
This is the first time in human
history a father could actually
give his daughter the moon.

ALLISON
Six months.

Both parents frown. She's asked for this before.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Mom, you always told me no-one
could make me do something I don't
want.
(bolder)
And I don't want you tracking me. I
want out, free, totally on my own.
Six months.
(deflates)
Then I'm yours. For the rest of my
life, I'll be part of it.

Lips tight, Cohen barely nods. Shirin shows cold anger, this
is against her will.

EXT. MONTAGE: GEOFF SLOWLY STARVING IN SUMATRA FOREST

-- Geoff picks his way through dripping trees. Animals call
to each other. He is in awe.

-- Raining. A make-shift tarp shelter behind him, Geoff cooks
at his little gas canister-powered stove.

-- A different day, a thinner Geoff cooks at his stove, the oatmeal bubbles, but the flame goes out.

-- A dirty, thinner Geoff picks a strange fruit, tentatively eats it.

-- Geoff, disheveled, wanders around (no pack). He barely notices the orangutan in the tree above him.

-- Geoff sits in the forest. He looks dirty and thin.

-- Geoff watches a family of orangutans peel leaves and eat them laconically. Geoff mimics their action.

-- in his decomposing tent, Geoff rolls in fetal position, his stomach gripped by cramps.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST - DAY

Dirty, thin, packless, Geoff wanders the forest. His clothes are shredded, rags.

He's on a trail, but seems too weak to notice.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST NGO COMPOUND - LATER

Geoff crouches in the bushes to watch. There are two wooden buildings, and a large tarp mess tent. A dirt road leads away into the jungle.

EXT. COMPOUND MESS TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff squats outside. From inside we hear MUFFLED CHATTER in Malay and English, and CLANGING OF DISHES. Geoff inhales deeply, smelling the food.

LATER - NIGHT

Geoff darts into the deserted tent.

INT. COMPOUND MESS TENT - CONTINUOUS

Crouching, Geoff lifts the lid off a plastic pail.

It's full of soup. Geoff goes to dip his hand into it, but realizes his hand is filthy.

Jerkily, he leans forward, lips puckered, and SUCKS.

Geoff yanks the lid off a smaller tupperware: bread. He messily soaks the bread in the soup, eats ravenously.

PARVIL (O.S.)

Hey!

The small but lethal park ranger, PARVIL, is a blur from behind.

Geoff and Parvil scuffle. The soup spills everywhere.

Parvil delivers two swift chops to Geoff's neck and head. Geoff's eyes roll upward as he falls.

INT. NGO COMPOUND OFFICE - LATER

Geoff awakens with a start, water SPLASHED over his face & torso. He's on a wood 'bed'.

The room is bare: tied-wood walls, packed-earth floor, a desk, kerosene lamp, open 'window' to the jungle.

By the door watching him is DINEDEDINE, 40's, a female Indonesian scientist, and GERWIN, 60's, a stocky female Australian scientist. Parvil holds the bucket.

Satisfied, Parvil shoots Geoff an angry look & exits.

DINEDEDINE

Are you all right?

Geoff is like a cornered animal. Gerwin comes forward.

GERWIN

My name's Gerwin. Dinededine and I are field scientist here.

GERWIN (CONT'D)

And you've met Parvil, chief Ranger for this forest. Who are you?

GEOFF

(hoarse)

My, my name's Geoff.

DINEDEDINE

(whisper)

He's the one, Gerwin. I swear, he's the boy in that video.

Geoff is confused and frightened, almost feral.

GERWIN

We'll untie you, but you have to promise not to run away.

Geoff nods.

DINEDEDINE

No...he's like a wild animal,
Gerwin. He might even attack us.
Look at him.

The door opens. Parvil stomps in, followed by PETRA: strikingly beautiful, mid 20's, a Hindu Indian, fit, exudes calm, wears a clean army green jumpsuit like Parvil.

PETRA

Dinededine, could you get him some food, please?

Everyone defers to Petra's leadership. Dinededine nods and exits.

PETRA (CONT'D)

(in Malay, to Parvil)
I think we'll be all right now.
Thank-you Parvil. We're safe now.

Parvil scowls and exits. Petra and Gerwin share a loaded look. Gerwin nods and exits.

Petra gets the chair from behind the desk, sits facing Geoff. Geoff can't hold her level gaze. She unties his hands.

PETRA (CONT'D)

How long have you been in the jungle?

GEOFF

I...I don't know. What day is it?

PETRA

Jyaistha. May. May sixteenth.

GEOFF

I...I got here in February.

PETRA

It's amazing how long the body can go without food, isn't it?

Geoff looks hollowly at her. Dinededine enters with stew and bread.

Geoff digs in hungrily. Dinededine shoots a concerned look at Petra and exits.

GEOFF

You...you're all scientists?

He waves his spoon, indicating the compound.

PETRA

Dinededine and Gerwin are scientists. They gather evidence the orangutans, and other animals here, the Sumatran Tiger, the rhinoceros, are on the brink of extinction. It's helping our work at the U.N.

Geoff squints at her, thinks. Does he recognize her?

PETRA (CONT'D)

Your friend Parvil is a park Ranger.

Petra stands and indicates a map on the wall to show how little of the island is still 'green'.

PETRA (CONT'D)

They try to protect this part of the jungle, but the palm growers bribe politicians. Laws do exist, but are impossible to enforce if the politicians won't back it up.

GEOFF

Who are you?

PETRA

I'm an activist, like you.

Geoff looks into his almost-empty bowl.

GEOFF

I'm not an activist.

PETRA

What about your movement? Your video?

Geoff looks at her warily. She looks surprised.

PETRA (CONT'D)

You don't know about the video?

Petra suddenly exits. Muffled TALKING IN MALAY from behind the door. Petra and Parvil enter.

Parvil scowls at Geoff and shows him his cell phone.

Petra watches in the background, arms crossed.

PARVIL'S CELL: YOUTUBE OF GEOFF AND ORANGUTAN

Geoff watches, shakes his head.

GEOFF

Sprint.

Geoff continues to watch, ORANG HOWL. When it's done, he looks up, questioning.

PARVIL

(thick Malay accent)

Look! Look at how many hits!

Geoff peers closer, but Parvil takes it away, exits.

Geoff looks to Petra, questioning.

PETRA

Over ten million views, Geoff.

Geoff makes a 'whoa'.

PETRA (CONT'D)

You've done more for the orangutan cause in one moment than we've been able to in years. Donations are coming in - more every day.

Geoff hops up, exhilarated realization.

GEOFF

You're TOP?! The Orangutan Project!
Sprint's sending you the money!?!

Petra is elated too, but less hyper, more mature.

PETRA

Yes! Those two new jeeps outside?
Thank-you.

Petra puts her hands together and bows to Geoff each time she says 'thank-you'.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Wages for park Rangers? Thank-you.
The generator so we can keep
medical supplies refrigerated?
Thank-you.

She takes his hands in hers. He stiffens at this proximity,
his attraction to her, but she doesn't notice.

PETRA (CONT'D)

With this heightened profile, we've
even arranged talks with government
officials:

Petra steps away a bit, bows again.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Thank-you.

Geoff slumps down on the cot, looks at his empty hands.

GEOFF

But, I didn't...I haven't really
done anything.

Calculating, Petra rubs her mouth, appraising him.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST COMPOUND - DAY

A group of FOREST RANGERS and LOCALS sit cross-legged in the
red dirt, instructed in non-violence by Petra.

From a distance, Geoff stands with Gerwin.

Time has passed. Geoff is less skinny> He wears clean khakis
that are too small.

PETRA

Only by non-violent methods can our
movement be successful.

Parvil, in the back row, stands angrily.

PARVIL

They have guns! These palm
plantation bosses, they will shoot
at us when we stand in their way!

PETRA

You choose, now, here. If you use
guns, they will shoot back, maybe
even bring in the army. You are
risking your lives for this forest.

(MORE)

PETRA (CONT'D)

You always knew that, nothing has changed, except now the world is watching.

Petra motions to Geoff, everyone turns to look at him.

Geoff is uncomfortable. Geoff smiles weakly at angry Parvil.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Occupy The Forest is catching on, all around the world, but we are the leaders. What happens here will influence everyone. I'm begging you, keep this movement peaceful, and we will prevail!

INT. SUMATRA COMPOUND, OFFICE - LATER

Geoff has a laptop, on a live chat website with Sprint.

The screen shows the boy's faces, as well as the page for "*Occupy the Forest*".

GEOFF

You got expelled?

SPRINT

Nah, dude, I just stopped going. It was easier for everyone. MIT's already accepted me, it's all good.

Geoff chooses an embedded VIDEO: Twin CHINESE GIRLS with kerchiefs over their faces hide out in a bamboo forest, hold machetes.

GEOFF

These girls, they're in China?

SPRINT (V.O.)

Last wild bamboo forest.

Geoff's next VIDEO: Peruvian eco-activists and natives blockade heavy machinery on a dirt road in the jungle.

GEOFF

But like here, Peru, these guys have been at it for years. We shouldn't pretend I started it with 'Occupy the Forest'.

SPRINT (V.O.)
 Whatever, man! Youtube and Facebook
 are bought out, slaves to the
 Controllers now. Geoff, you can't
 find these videos anywhere anymore.

GEOFF
 Really? Except our site?

INT. SPRINT'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Sprint is surrounded by litter, he looks tired out.

SPRINT
 Dude, and it ain't easy. I'm
 building new firewalls, like,
 daily.

GEOFF (O.S.)
 A little help from your Blue Dragon
 girlfriend? Hey, are you connected
 to Anonymous?

SPRINT
 (exasperated)
 Dude, if you spill one more tag
 word I'm hanging up on you. The
 eavesdroppers have totally spiked
 this call now.

Sprint moves rapidly between computers on his wheeled office
 chair.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
 You shouldn't even call me anymore.
 Just post your videos, and I'll
 capture them before they get shut
 down. Use, I dunno,
 (taunts)
 Hashtag hot geoff number one.

INT. SUMATRA COMPOUND, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Geoff smiles sarcastically at the joke.

GEOFF
 Sprint, you are way too paranoid.

Geoff's next VIDEO: a mass protest of radicals in India.

SPRINT (V.O.)
 You have no idea.

GEOFF

Do you know who Petra Kavas is?

SPRINT (V.O.)

Jesus Christ, Geoff. Her name is totally a tag! I'm hanging up on you. Figure her out for yourself.

The call terminates with a 'blip' sound.

Geoff types "Petra Kavas" in the search bar. He clicks onto an old news story. It's a picture of Petra with other activists:

"Peace accord between Pakistan and India".

The United Nations logo is further down with more text.

Geoff raises eyebrows, leans in, reads with intensity.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST SWAMP - DAY

Hip-deep in the swamp, Petra uses her walking staff to check footing with each step. Geoff follows.

Parvil, Gerwin and Dinededine are way ahead.

Geoff struggles to keep up to Petra. He gets ahead of her. Hot, he takes off his t-shirt. Petra watches.

Suddenly, Petra's face goes paralyzed with fear.

PETRA

Geoff...

Petra jumps beside him, thrashes her staff around: a huge snake winds about the staff. Geoff and Petra struggle to climb the roots of a tree, out of the swamp.

Petra throws the staff with snake away.

They are very close, holding each other, panting, frantic.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Are you bit? Are you bit?

GEOFF

I...I don't think so. Are you bit?

PETRA

A krait, I think. I have the antidote in my pack, if you're bit.

GEOFF
I...I don't know!

PETRA
(bossy)
Tadasana. I've taught you how to meditate.

Petra closes her eyes. Her hands are on Geoff's hips.
She places herself easily into meditative repose.

PETRA (CONT'D)
Focus. Put your mind in your feet
and slowly work your way up.

Geoff tries to close his eyes, but they pop back open.

He does not know what to do with his hands. He places them on her arms.

Petra's eyes open to see Geoff's look go from unsure...to giving in to desire. Geoff leans in to kiss. Petra is frozen in innocent shock - she did not see this coming.

Parvil CRASHES through the swamp to them. Petra steps away from Geoff.

PARVIL
What happened? You fell behind.

PETRA
A snake...I think it was a krait.
Neither of us were bit though.

Petra hikes off the way Parvil had come. Geoff stands still, stares after her, swallows. Parvil scowls.

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - LATER

Dinededine, Gerwin, Petra stand on a ledge.

Walking up to them, Geoff suddenly confronts the view.

The entire landscape is a smoking clear-cut. Large machines work the land: pull up roots, pile logs onto trucks, scoop dirt to flatten out the landscape, dig wide ditches in straight lines for young palm trees.

Geoff spins and vomits into the bushes. The others turn, surprised, but Petra still looks stoically at the landscape.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST COMPOUND - DAY

Petra puts luggage in the jeep. Parvil checks under the hood. Dinedine and Gerwin hug Petra good-bye.

In the background, Geoff scuffs his feet in the dirt.

He wears a new, smaller backpack. Petra throws her daypack into the back seat and goes up to Geoff.

PETRA

Where will you go now?

GEOFF

I'm going to stop them.

PETRA

Geoff. Have you heard anything I've been talking about? To be legitimate, to be sustained, we have to keep our methods peaceful.

GEOFF

Well, I'm not gonna kill anyone.

PETRA

Violence begets violence, Geoff. There is no end to that spiral.

GEOFF

(sardonic)

And talking begets talking.

PETRA

Yes. And thinking, opening of hearts and minds.

GEOFF

(quietly)

You're never gonna change them, Petra.

PETRA

Maybe you could.

GEOFF

I'll try my way first.

Petra places her open palm on his chest. His eyes widen, but she remains placid.

PETRA

Think peace. Be peace.

Parvil SLAMS the hood down, scowls at Geoff. Petra's hand is still on Geoff's chest, but her expression is unreadable.

Petra turns, gets into the jeep and Parvil drives away.

Geoff rubs his chest. As Dinedine and Gerwin walk away, Geoff is left standing alone.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST - DAY

Geoff finds his tattered old tarp-tent.

Geoff's old pack is inside. Sprint's phone is still in the top. Geoff smiles to himself, holds it.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST, HIPPIE CAMP - DAY

Geoff trecks through the jungle on a well-worn path. He frowns at toilet paper (bathroom use) and empty water bottles.

Suddenly, Geoff comes upon a camp: colorful tents, an open fire, about ten young people around it. Most look like hippies, one plays a guitar.

HIPPIE #1 looks up and sees Geoff.

HIPPIE #1
Holy Crap. It's him! It's Crazy
Monkey Dude!

En masse, everyone turns, gasp, half-rise in awe.

Geoff pauses for a moment, then strides forward.

GEOFF
Crazy Monkey Dude!?! Is that what
that post is called?
(to himself)
Fuck me.

Geoff eyeballs the camp. There's litter everywhere - toilet paper, garbage bags, lots of water bottles.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
What the hell are you people even
doing here?!

HIPPIE #1
We're here to save the monkeys,
dude, like you! Occupy the Forest!

GEOFF
Oh yeah?! Like this?!

Geoff grabs the chips bag out of his hands.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Palm! The second ingredient!

Geoff dumps the chips over Hippie #1's head.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
That's orangutan blood!

Geoff throws the bag in the fire.

A FILMING GIRL secretly films Geoff with her cell phone.

Allison is quietly observant in the background, her 'camp' clothes too clean.

Geoff grabs a shampoo bottle off a rock by a tent.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
(reads ingredients)
Look! There! There it is! Palmitol!

Geoff throws the bottle on a rock at a HIPPIE GIRL'S feet. It explodes. She starts to cry. DESMOND (17, mature), watches Geoff, rapt.

Geoff rips a tent's posts up out of the ground.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
You wanna save these animals from extinction? You want to stop them from chopping it all down for palm?

Geoff lifts the entire tent and shakes the contents out on the ground. Everyone is standing now, shocked.

Geoff sifts through the camper's items.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Stop buying all this shit!
(a chocolate bar)
Palmitate!

He throws it near the fire.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
(skin lotion, soap)
Stearic Acid! Sodium Kernalate!
Those are code words for palm!

The observers go through their packs, and pile stuff (cosmetics, soaps, processed food) timidly near the fire. Crying HIPPIE GIRL hands Geoff her mascara.

Make-up runs down her cheeks with her tears.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Palm oil!
 (very close to her)
 That's orangutan blood on your
 eyes!

Geoff grabs a gas can by a motorcycle. He dumps the gas over the pile.

Geoff grabs a stick from the campfire and throws it on the pile. After a pregnant pause, it LIGHTS up. A girl SCREAMS.

The firelight shines in Allison's eyes. Everyone is gathered close by. Filming Girl gloats, captures Geoff looking truly crazed, flames & black smoke behind him.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Go Home! Burn that shit right on
 the store shelves. A little kid
 could do it. That's the only way to
 stop them. We don't buy their shit,
 they stop making it.

Geoff walks right up to Hippie #1. Filming Girl comes close to capture it.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You only get to 'Occupy the Forest'
 if you're gonna live like one of
 them, like an animal. Zero
 Footprint. Zero.

Desmond and Geoff look right at each other, recognizing a common camaraderie of seriousness.

Allison snaps out of it and looks to Filming Girl.

INT. SPRINT CAR ON L.A. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Top down, Sprint drives lazily. A PING alerts him to his dash-board docked tablet, but he ignores it. Another PING and he pulls to the curb, stop, opens tablet window.

Allison's Blue Dragon avatar fills the screen.

Sprint swipes the screen to the side to reveal a bunch of code. He clicks on a url, opens it, watches the video of Geoff's rant begin.

INT. LIMOSINE, NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Petra frowns at her tablet showing Geoff's flaming rant video on Sprint's new "*Occupy This*" website.

The new "*Occupy This*" website is clearly on the 'dark web'.

Assistants SAMARA (30's, Indian, wears a sari) and DEETER, (50's, suit) frown and lean in to watch.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE UNITED NATIONS - DAY

The Limo door opens to reveal her ankles, then Petra in the orange and yellow robes of a Buddhist nun.

A media scrum takes pictures. Petra smiles and waves.

From amongst the crowd of reporters a REPORTER shouts.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Petra, Petra Kavas, do you think you have any chance with your accord?

Petra turns and looks quietly at the crowd.

PETRA

Whenever there is peace in our hearts, peace in our intentions, great things will follow.

ANOTHER REPORTER (O.S.)

Yeah, but what about the IFC?

PETRA

True, the International Finance Committee controls our economies, but it is still a branch of the World Bank, which is still a branch of this institution,

Petra motions to the United Nations sign behind her.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Which is still controlled by national governments, which are still, for the most part, elected by people like you and me.

The reporters strain forward. She swings her arms to encompass all the reporters.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 And we have peace in our hearts,
 peace in our intentions. Good
 things will follow.

INT. UNITED NATIONS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A door label reads "*United States of America*".

INT. AMERICAN ENVOY TO UN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The AMERICAN ENVOY TO THE UN sits at a laptop, headphones on. On the screen is PETER, 50's, dark and diminutive, office type.

PETER
 Wait for the signal from France.
 Once they give in, the rest will
 follow.

American Envoy's lips tighten with controlled dislike.

PETER (CONT'D)
 I have another meeting. Stay put,
 I'll be back in five.

INT. COHEN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cohen, grim, faces a giant screen with 3 faces on it: TABITHA (40's, untidy, sharp-eyed), CARL (40's, obese, jovial) and HANZ (60's, perennially tired). Peter's face appears in the fourth quadrant, Cohen barely frowns, Peter gets nervous.

COHEN
 (to Hanz)
 Let's look at Indonesia. It's time
 to exploit their vulnerabilities.

TABITHA
 Currency sir?

COHEN
 No, I've told my partners we'll
 protect those currencies, for now.
 Bubble options?

TABITHA

Real estate, of course. And there's the palm. Fastest growing export for twelve years running. It's due to peak out.

COHEN

Excellent. Continue to inflate. Wait for Peter's signal.

PETER

The German Chancellor's nervous about these eco-protests, sir.

COHEN

Good. We want her nervous. We'll use it to our advantage. Inflammate the media even more.

CARL

(Hispanic accent)

Websites, chat rooms, focus on the underground?

COHEN

Oh no, Carl. Send it mainstream, Television, newsfeeds.

(darkening)

The timing is impeccable.

(beat)

Day Ten approaches, my friends. Target date is sooner than you may suspect.

The four on the screen all visibly stiffen.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Carl, we have entry to the national banks?

CARL

Yes, sir. The Swiss have detected something, but it's not a red alert for them yet.

HANZ

But the renminbi, sir.

COHEN

Don't pretend to know everything, Hanz. My partners, including the Chinese lead, are in agreement with these plans. We act in concert.

(MORE)

COHEN (CONT'D)

When next you see me, everything
will be different.

HANZ

To Day Ten.

TABITHA

Day Ten.

PETER / CARL

Day Ten.

EXT. SUMATRA FOREST, HIPPIE CAMP - LATER

People take down their tents and pack up in this subdued
atmosphere.

From a far-off view, Allison talks with Filming Girl, their
cell-phones out.

From another far-off view, Geoff stands with a YOUNG COUPLE,
they all talk animatedly.

Geoff walks to Desmond who packs up his tent, a bit removed
from the others.

GEOFF

Hey. Desmond, right?

DESMOND

(smiles, nods)

Hey.

GEOFF

So, what really brought you out
here?

Desmond pauses, thinks.

DESMOND

It was your video, you and that
orangutan, in a way.

Geoff looks quizzical.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

It's like, like that animal could
have killed you, but it didn't,
like you're linked now.

Geoff looks out at the group packing up. Allison looks at
Geoff, then away. They have never 'met'.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Our society is so messed up, man. Nobody has any direction, no purpose. Guys like you and me, we're just supposed to eat chips, play video games 'n get drunk, you know?

Geoff looks at Desmond.

GEOFF

I mean it, Desmond. Why do you care?

Desmond looks down, pensive.

DESMOND

(quiet)

The gorilla. It's the gorilla for me.

(to Geoff)

You know the Eastern Lowland Gorilla? There's less than a hundred. They're almost extinct.

GEOFF

Yeah, I know, it's bad.

DESMOND

Bad?! It's hell on earth, man. Coltan mines. And there's no government, no law.

Desmond angrily packs up his tent.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

Eastern Congo. It's the rape capital of the world. Eighty percent of the women have been raped.

Geoff looks down, grim sick. He knows these facts.

GEOFF

The whole world needs a cell phone, and there's only one place to get the number one ingredient....

(holds up a cell phone)

Coltan.

DESMOND

I want to fix it, somehow.

Geoff and Desmond work together to take down & wrap up Desmond's tent.

DESMOND (CONT'D)

I don't know. I thought maybe I could learn something here, like monkey wrench boot camp or something, and then take it to the Congo.

Geoff smiles, stops their work so Desmond looks at him.

GEOFF

'Monkey wrench boot camp'.

(beat)

I don't have a fucking clue what I'm doing here, Des, but we'll figure something out.

Desmond's face breaks into a grin as he realizes what Geoff means - he can stay. They shake hands.

EXT. SUMATRA VILLAGE AT JUNGLE'S EDGE - DAY

With a full day-pack, a more sinewy, tanned & rugged Geoff nods to a LOCAL, who leans against a small shop.

The Local does not nod back.

Geoff approaches a small hut, make-shift-built like the others, but removed a bit, closer to the jungle.

INT. GEOFF'S TOWN HUT - CONTINUOUS

A thinner, dirtier Desmond wears a bandanna mask. With a tall stick Desmond stirs thermite mud in a plastic bucket.

The one-room hut is too small, crowded with piles of scrap metal (iron and aluminum), buckets, car batteries, blenders, two jerry cans, giant wire cutters, funnels.

Geoff takes food (plantain, cassava, rice) out of his pack, places it on the makeshift wooden counter that's littered with homemade caltrops.

GEOFF

Careful, Des. It doesn't need to be stirred too much.

Desmond nods and puts the lid on the bucket. He gingerly takes the stick to the door.

EXT. GEOFF'S TOWN HUT - CONTINUOUS

Desmond sets the stick down in the dirt a ways off.

Geoff comes outside. He tosses a fruit to Desmond. Geoff eats one too.

EXT. BRUSH CLOSE TO LOGGER'S COMPOUND - DAY

Geoff and Desmond crouch in the bushes. They have mud on their faces for camouflage.

Desmond surveys the compound with binoculars. A WORKER comes out of a trailer.

Desmond grabs Geoff's arm.

DESMOND

Geoff, after this, the Congo, right?

GEOFF

Yeah man. Straight to the airport, then Africa, the DRC. Together. I promise.

Geoff starts the recorder on his cell phone, films the Worker in the compound.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

That guy there, he chops down trees in the last wild forests in Sumatra.

Geoff pans the cell phone over the deforested area, then back to the compound.

The Worker gets into his truck - a tree cutter - and STARTS it up. Other WORKERS come out of trailers and approach their vehicles.

The giant cutter backs out of its spot. Desmond looks at Geoff. Geoff motions with his hand, 'just wait'.

As the Cutter is about to leave the compound, the engine makes multiple LOUD BANG sounds and the vehicle stops. The engine smokes. The Worker gets out, YELLS.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

That was sand in the crank case. We did it last night. Now watch this.

Geoff pans to Desmond's hands, which hold a remote firework ignition panel. Desmond presses all seven ignitions at once.

SPARKS flash under seven big vehicles, then FIRES.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Thermite...we slathered it all over
the axles last night.

Workers YELL and gesticulate at the fires.

Another truck CLANGS and stops, the engine smoking.

Desmond pushes another row of ignitions. Seven more thermite fires spark under vehicles. Chaos ensues.

A WORKER throws water on one of the fires. Boiling water spurts everywhere - he SCREAMS as he is burnt.

DESMOND

How long do you think, before they
start logging again?

GEOFF

At least a couple of weeks, maybe a
month. They'll have to replace
engines, axles. Some of those
trucks will never run again.

Geoff turns the cell phone to film himself, gives his wolfish grin.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Call me crazy.

EXT. SUMATRA VILLAGE TAXI STAND - LATER, SAME DAY

Geoff and Desmond carry full back-packs - they're leaving the country. They walk toward the dirt clearing outside town, the taxi area. There are only 3 or 4 taxi's and a small crowd of about 10 drivers and local men chatting.

Geoff and Desmond approach. The men stop talking. Geoff points to one of the cars.

GEOFF

Jakarta. Fifty American? Jakarta?

The men look warily at the boys.

A SHOUT from behind: a small mob of angry WORKERS is coming up the road.

Desmond and Geoff share a scared glance. The taxi men back away.

One of the approaching Workers points at Geoff, SHOUTS.

The FOREMAN (wears a helmet) brings up a long gun.

Desmond & Geoff are frightened. One of the taxi men, FRIENDLY, tugs on Geoff's arm.

FRIENDLY
(strong accent)
Boat, boat. You have friends there.
Escape, sea. Everyone know what you
did. Come!

Geoff and Desmond jump in the car offered by Friendly.

They take off in a cloud of dust.

The Foreman and his Workers SHOUT as they run up to the other taxi drivers. They jump into taxis and take off after Geoff.

CHASE SCENE THROUGH DIRT ROADS

-- The Foreman SHOOTs wildly at Friendly's taxi.

-- Geoff throws caltrops out.

-- The caltrops cause a flat tire & spin-out for one of the pursuing taxis.

-- The Foreman's taxi SLAMS into it.

-- As Friendly's taxi continues on to relative safety, Geoff sends his video to Sprint from his cell phone.

EXT. CROWDED SUMATRA PORT - CONTINUOUS

As the taxi pulls to a dirt-clouded stop, Friendly shouts to Geoff and Desmond as they exit.

FRIENDLY
Far boat, farthest boat. Ask for
Medina. Medina help you.

The boys race into the fray of the busy little port.

The docks are preceded by a market and shanty area.

Locals bring in catches, barter, clean fish, children play, dogs bark. It's a crowded, unorganized chaos.

Geoff and Desmond make it to the docks, also crowded with locals doing trades, mending nets, etc.

In the background, the pursuers pull up in clouds of dust, get out, SHOUT, and point.

Geoff and Desmond look down the crowded docks in both directions, unsure which way to go.

GEOFF

You go right, I'll go left. Medina.

Desmond nods.

The boys try to snake inconspicuously through the crowd.

In the background, Friendly SHOUTS with the gang of Workers, gets shoved, gets hit, collapses in pain.

A Worker points and SHOUTS: he's spotted Desmond. They take off, shoving locals out of the way.

The last Worker kicks Friendly in the gut and runs after the others.

Geoff approaches a fisherman near a boat.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Medina? Medina?

The fisherman frowns, shakes his head, 'no'.

Desmond pushes through the crowd of fishermen. He looks over his shoulder to see the Workers after him. He springs gymnastically up a set of crates onto a shanty roof-top. SHOT fired, misses him.

Locals SCREAM. The pursuers try to follow Desmond up the crates but are too clumsy and fall.

Geoff tries another fisherman near a boat.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Medina...do you know Medina?

The SHOT makes Geoff and the fisherman jump.

The fisherman frowns, points to a boat farther along.

Geoff runs. The boat is old, big, rough, but obviously seaworthy. "Medina" is written on the flaking paint.

Geoff bangs on the side of the boat.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
 Hello? Help? Medina?
 (in Malay)
 Hello?

A young Asian boy, 12, HUGH, pokes his head out from around the top deck. He makes a 'shoo' motion to Geoff.

Geoff looks sick: this is his savior?

GEOFF (CONT'D)
 Can you help me?

Another SHOT from the far end of the pier. Geoff turns back to the boy, but he's disappeared. Blurred from behind Geoff, MINA throws the stern rope into the boat.

MINA (O.S.)
 Get in!

MINA is an older, overweight Asian woman with a lot of panache. She wears layers of clothes in various states of cleanliness.

From the top deck Mina ROARS the boat to life.

MINA (CONT'D)
 Get the bow rope!

Hugh yanks away at the bow rope. Geoff looks for Desmond, climbs in the boat.

EXT. ONBOARD MEDINA - CONTINUOUS

Mina carefully but quickly navigates through the docks.

The boat starts to speed away. Geoff runs to Mina.

GEOFF
 No, my friend. He's on the far side
 of the port. My friend!
 (frantic)
 We have to go back for him!

Mina frowns.

The *Medina* creates a too-big wake as it passes just beyond the other little boats. Fishermen SHOUT. One fisherman is thrown off his boat, SPLASHES, YELLS.

From Geoff's far-away angle we catch a glimpse of Desmond. He skids over a roof top. The Workers are close.

Geoff leans over the edge, barely hangs on to the rail.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Desmond! Desmond!

Geoff waves his arms wildly.

EXT. CROWDED SUMATRA PORT - CONTINUOUS

Desmond makes a break for the docks. The Foreman aims his gun, but the crowd is too thick to shoot through.

EXT. ONBOARD MEDINA - CONTINUOUS

Geoff waves frantically. He points, yells at Mina.

GEOFF
There! There! He's right there!

EXT. CROWDED SUMATRA PORT - CONTINUOUS

Desmond is at the end of the pier. The boat is still far away. The pursuers are very close behind. A glimpse through the crowd shows the Foreman level the gun.

Desmond jumps into the water, swims for the boat.

The Foreman skids to a stop at the edge of the dock.

His gang of Workers SHOUT and point. The Foreman levels his gun, cold, determined. He SHOOTS Desmond.

GEOFF
No!

Blood clouds the water around Desmond's floating body.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
No!

The Foreman aims his gun at the boat. He SHOOTS.

EXT. ONBOARD MEDINA - CONTINUOUS

Mina looks to her left, the shot ricochets off the water meters away. She turns the boat sharply and ROARS off into the ocean.

Geoff sobs, collapsing against the side of the boat.

INT. SPRINT'S HOUSE, COMPUTER DEN - DAY

Disheveled, Sprint works various computers, managing the online movement from his basement.

The ORANG HOWL ring-tone alerts Sprint to an incoming message.

Sprint runs his hand through his hair as he watches the forestry equipment sabotage video, awed.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, TECH ROOM - DAY

A warehouse-seized room filled mostly with super-computers.

Massive trunk cables run along the floor, up walls.

Tabitha, Peter, Carl and Hanz work at stations in the four corners. They wear headphones. Their stations are different, but each has many computers and high-tech screens.

Carl's screen changes to the Cohen logo. Carl goes stiff as Cohen's face appears on screen.

COHEN
Hard at it, Carl?

Carl peers at code scrolling along the bottom.

CARL
You're, you're home sir! Shall I
come to the house?

COHEN
No no, keep working.

COHEN (CONT'D)
(beat)
You're not controlling these eco-
terrorists, Carl.

CARL
Sir, I thought...
(swallows)
...fan the flames?

COHEN
It's revolution we want, yes, but
we must be able to control it, put
it out at a moment's notice,
whenever we want.

CARL

Yes sir.

Below Cohen's screen image we see windows open and close as Cohen surfs to various protest websites. He stops on Sprint's *Occupy This* website.

COHEN

This one. Show me you can shut it down, and I'll be more confident.

CARL

Yes sir...your...your contacts at the NSA then?

COHEN

Carl, only now you begin to understand.

(beat)

I am the NSA. You won't be needing your backdoor secret codes anymore. They're expecting you. Have at it, old friend.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Shirin sits at a table, angry, in a luxurious mansion.

Cohen turns away from the screen on a side table.

COHEN

She'll be home soon.

SHIRIN

Are you absolutely sure that is the group she's involved with?

Cohen gives her a very cold look.

EXT. ONBOARD MEDINA AT SEA - NIGHT

Geoff cries, curled on his side on the deck. Hugh sits in a corner of the deck looking at Geoff.

Mina stands at the wheel.

Geoff rolls on his back and looks at the multitude of stars.

GEOFF

Petra.

INT. PETRA'S NEW YORK HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Petra's room is a crowded HQ for their work at the UN.

Five people, mostly ethnic (India), work at makeshift 'office' stations.

Tired, anxious, Petra watches the TV from the made bed.

The TV shows a home video of youth burning the candy-bar shelf in a city quick-mart.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Youth terrorists continue to anger
small merchants in American cities.

The TV shows a street protest tear-gassed by riot police.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)
Meanwhile, mass protests in several
European countries continue to
clash with security forces during
the emergency G-ten summit.

Deeter, exhausted, his suit disheveled, enters with a many-paged paper dossier under his arm.

DEETER
It's here. They've announced it.
(beat)
Ten days of non-stop negotiating.

Everyone stops to look at him. Petra presses MUTE on the TV remote - it PVR pauses on the riot scene.

Deeter SMACKS his paper dossier.

DEETER (CONT'D)
They dissolved the World Bank, and
the IMF.
(grandstanding)
It's now officially renamed the
'Control Planet Earth Brigade'.

A SNORT from a worker in the background.

DEETER (CONT'D)
(quiet)
No, it's now the Global Financial
Assurance Corporation.
(to Petra)
Innocuous, Hm? Forgettable even?

Petra breaks his stare first. She looks down, frowning.

DEETER (CONT'D)

They've threatened to spike interest on the national bail-out loans. Governments everywhere are on their knees. It started with France.

Petra's shoulders sag minutely. The workers in the background look shocked, distraught.

DEETER (CONT'D)

The Arab block, China, everyone is pulling out. Our motion is dead in the water.

Deeter slams the dossier onto the bed. Petra presses her lips together. Deeter points angrily at the T.V.

DEETER (CONT'D)

It's this damn youth movement! Why now? These children...don't they know how close we are to taking back our countries, to standing up to the Controllers? Nothing can be achieved through violence!

He rounds on Petra, wags his finger at her.

DEETER (CONT'D)

These are your people, Petra. These activists are your contacts, your children. Get them under control or we'll lose everything we've worked for!

Petra picks up the dossier. The title reads *DAY TEN: GLOBAL FINANCIAL ASSURANCE CORPORATION*.

Petra is visibly shaken, weakened.

EXT. NSA HEADQUARTERS, FORT MEAD - DAY

Aerial view of the black glass building.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

A busy office hive of computer techs, most of the screens focus on city street protests, some on forest protests.

An NSA TECH talks to Carl as he leans over her shoulder.

NSA TECH
They're good, sir, Mr....

CARL
Show me the pathway.

Her screen is a complicated diagram of linked computers.

NSA TECH
It's a newer version of the old TOR network. They're bouncing I.P's around the world. It's difficult to trace.

CARL
(super-stressed)
Wait, show me that code.

She looks confused. He shoves her out of the way, opens up a new window, types, looks closer (it's pure code).

CARL (CONT'D)
This is a back door into PRISM!

Carl looks to NSA tech, she shakes her head.

CARL (CONT'D)
Who gave you these codes!? This is my code, my back door!

She looks terrified, no idea what he's talking about.

Carl squints at the screen.

CARL (CONT'D)
I never told no-one those codes.
(eyes widen)
That...little....bitch.

Carl smashes the keyboard. Carl waddles away quickly.

NSA Tech presses her lips in disgust. Her screen re-routs to an 'enter password' screen.

INT. SPRINT'S HOUSE, COMPUTER DEN - DAY

Sprint types feverishly at his main computer.

SPRINT
No...no, no, no. Who are you? Damn it, damn it, damn it. NO, you so do not know where I live. You do not know where I live. Shit!
(MORE)

SPRINT (CONT'D)
 No, not that! Oh no, not MY codes
 you don't, no no no! Oh fuck! Stop!

Sprint's side computer with the stock-market flickers.

Sprint races to it, types a quick code.

SPRINT'S COMPUTER SCREEN: "*Destroy Hard Drive? YES NO* "

Sprint hits "YES". He does the same for his other computers.

The screens flicker, files 'deleting' flash in brilliant speed. Sprint runs his hand through his hair, swallows.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
 This is government. Fuck me, that
 was government code.

Sprint starts to wildly throw clothes into a suitcase.

INT. SPRINT'S HOUSE, FOYER - MOMENTS LATER

Sprint rolls his suitcase behind him toward the front door.

There is a sharp KNOCK at the door. Sprint jumps.

Shadows move behind the frosted glass door.

The KNOCK sounds again, the DOORBELL.

SPRINT'S MOTHER (O.S.)
 Dennis? Are you getting the door?

Sprint mouths silently, his mouth dry with fear.

SPRINT
 Yeah..
 (louder)
 Yeah, mom. I've got it!

Sprint opens the door. Two men wear black masks. One sprays an aerosol can into Sprint's face. The other man catches Sprint as he goes unconscious.

EXT. ONBOARD MEDINA AT SEA - MORNING

The *Medina* approaches a much larger ship, the *Bob Barker*, the 'Sea Shepherd' trademark skull & crossbones on the hull.

CREW in black sweaters or yellow rain slickers pull Mina, Hugh, then Geoff on board. Geoff looks weak.

Two young men swing onto the *Medina*. They wave enthusiastically to the crew, who wave back.

The *Medina* roars away. Geoff looks lost. The seasoned crew all appraise him. NICO, a tall, handsome Italian, late 30's, offers his hand.

NICO
Welcome aboard the *Bob Barker*. I'm
first mate, Nico.

Geoff and Nico shake hands.

NICO (CONT'D)
Come on, I'll show you your
quarters.

INT. SPRINT'S WAREHOUSE HQ - NIGHT

A large abandoned warehouse with a corner make-shift apartment: a mini-kitchen, a 'bedroom' (cot). The opposing wall is a long table lined with old-school computers.

On the cot, Sprint wakes groggily, MOANS.

Sprint stumbles to the bank of computers, glides his hand over the keyboards, shakes his clearing head.

Sprint hurries to the windows on the far wall. This building is in a complex of abandoned factories.

A BEEP from the computers behind him, he spins around.

On a central screen, an Anonymous 'Guy Fawks' mask appears. Sprint blanches. The LEAD ANONYMOUS voice is digital, disguised.

LEAD ANONYMOUS
Dennis. Don't be scared. We're very
proud of the work you and your
buddy Geoff are doing. We want to
support you.

Sprint sits down heavily on the cot, shocked.

LEAD ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)
This place is safe. You can go out.
There's a shopping centre about
four blocks to the south. The key's
on the top of the fridge.

Sprint eyes the fridge. He looks ready to bolt.

LEAD ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)

We suggest you do not try to call your mother. Your home phone is bugged. The Controllers are after you, Dennis - or do you prefer Sprint?

Sprint swallows, dryly.

SPRINT

Sp...Sprint...

LEAD ANONYMOUS

Your website was shut down. NSA was on their way, but we got you first. Sorry for the rush job.

Sprint rubs his hands through his hair.

LEAD ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)

We've created a new platform for you.

A second screen shows a new variation *Occupy This*, hosting all the old videos.

LEAD ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)

The trouble will be sifting the web...re-routing people to the new site before their videos get taken down.

SPRINT

Who...

LEAD ANONYMOUS

Come off it, Sprint. We don't even know who each other are.

On four of the other screens new Anonymous masked people appear, various backgrounds for each.

LEAD ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)

The five of us have agreed to help you. Six Six One is in charge of making sure the NSA can't find your new location.

BLOND ANONYMOUS, a thin woman with long hair, nods.

BLOND ANONYMOUS

Just keep up what you're doing, Sprint, I've got your back.

Sprint blinks, runs his hand through his hair.

SPRINT

Has...has anything come in from
Geoff?

One of the lower screens, a smaller figure with blond hair
(Allison in Guy Fawks mask), speaks.

ALLISON

(voice is modified)
They were near a fishing village in
Sumatra. Geoff's friend, the
American Desmond Letrange...

A picture of Desmond fills her screen,

ALLISON (V.O.)

...was killed there shortly after
you posted the logging compound
monkey wrench video. That was ten
days ago.

A screen above her, AUSTRALIAN ANONYMOUS, speaks.

AUSTRALIAN ANONYMOUS

Your new site already has tons of
posts coming in. Lots of them are
kids...candy bar stunt's catching
on like wildfire, mate. But all of
us are busy with other jobs. We've
got to know, mate, you up for
runnin' this site or not?

The *Occupy This* screen shows post after post of videos and
written queries.

Sprint runs his hand through his hair and approaches.

EXT. BOB BARKER SHIP - DAY

The boat battles high Antarctic seas. A helicopter approaches
and lands.

A female figure (we can't see for sure, but it's Petra)
climbs out. Nico ushers her to a doorway.

INT. BOB BARKER MESS HALL - LATER

Geoff sits at a table eating porridge with other crew.

Petra enters, Nico behind her.

The people at the table facing the doorway all look up.

DOROTHY, 20's, rough but sexy, squints.

DOROTHY

Oh, it's her.

Everyone in the caf turns to see. Geoff stands abruptly, knocks his dish to the ground where it CLATTERS noisily.

Geoff and Petra freeze, locked in eye contact. Geoff is shocked, but Petra looks hollow, deadened.

Nico beckons, and Petra follows his motion toward a far doorway. They exit.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

What's she doing here? She's that pacifist, right?

Geoff stands, frozen.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Do you know her?

Geoff hastily wipes the spilled porridge into the bowl.

Quickly, Geoff drops his dishes off at the counter to the kitchen. The cook (Mina) squints at his shakiness.

INT. HALL OUTSIDE PAUL WATSON'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff pauses, unsure. He knocks on the door.

WATSON (O.S.)

Come in.

INT. PAUL WATSON'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Geoff enters. Petra sits on a chair by the wall. She looks depressed, weak, and pale.

PAUL WATSON is chagrined, angry.

GEOFF

Petra...what are you doing here?

PETRA

I don't know...I don't know anymore....

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BEIJING - DAY

SUPER: *"Beijing, China"*

INT. LAUKSEAU'S HOME, HALLWAY OUTSIDE OFFICE - DAY

A very opulent home in Beijing. Ming Laukseau, the boy from Allison's school, passes the open door to the office.

Ming pauses, listening to the voice of his father, THITCH LAUKSEAU, a wealthy business man.

LAUKSEAU (O.S.)

It is not so easy here. They are not convinced the system is so fragile, so threatened by these extremists.

Pacing, Thitch Laukseau sees his son and slams the door.

INT. LAUKSEAU'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The screen on the wall shows the blue Cohen insignia.

COHEN (V.O.)

You control the media, Thitch. Where is your revolution? You are not keeping to the timeline.

LAUKSEAU

It's China, Cohen! People do not revolt en masse in China!

COHEN (V.O.)

You must inflame the youth! Use your media to help them agitate, to get angry, to protest.

The screen images show news feeds of street protests.

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

Then, you punish the children, brutally.

The screen images show bloody protesters on the ground.

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

Now the parents get inflamed. Again, you use your media to help the mob go crazy!

The screen shows an aerial of a massive protest.

COHEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Only then do you have the excuse
 for total military takeover!
 (beat)
 Day Ten is not complete until your
 region falls in line.

LAUKSEAU
 You must show us success first, in
 your own arena.

COHEN (V.O.)
 With pleasure.

INT. SPRINT'S WAREHOUSE HQ - DAY

Sprint looks at his computer screen. He is gaunt,
 radicalized. Old take-out boxes litter the background.

SPRINT'S COMPUTER SCREEN: CHILDREN SABOTAGE A STORE

-- A jostling camera of a group of children. Some wear
 orangutan costumes, most just have their hair sprayed orange.

-- The kids enter a drug store and destroy the cosmetics
 shelf, then the chips aisle. They trash the place like wild
 animals.

Sprint clicks on another video.

SPRINT'S COMPUTER SCREEN: MASS PROTEST IN SOUTH AMERICA

This video is shaky, taken by a protester in the crowd.

-- A mob protest congregates outside an office building,
 reminiscent of 'Occupy Wall Street' protests, but the country
 and people are South American....

-- Riot police march in from a side street.

-- Someone in the mob throws a rock which cracks the window
 on the office building. The riot police form a phalanx.

A MOB LEADER holds a megaphone.

MOB LEADER
 (Spanish with subtitles)
 This is a peaceful protest. We have
 a right to be here. Big Oil must
 follow our laws!

-- On some unseen cue, the riot police all raise guns.

-- A man in a business SUIT comes out of the building, pushes through the mob, stands on the empty ground between the mob and the police.

SUIT

(in Spanish)

Stop this! Stop this at once! No-one from our office authorized this. Put down those weapons.

-- A red laser point appears on the Suit. He is SHOT, once.

-- Pandemonium breaks out in the mob, people run, SHOUT and SCREAM. Intermittent SHOTS, but not many. The video goes haywire & then stops.

RETURN TO SCENE

Sprint looks shocked. A masked face, the BLOND ANONYMOUS, appears on a side screen. Sprint jumps.

BLOND ANONYMOUS

Have you captured it?

Sprint types quickly, the youtube page re-routes to generic search page. He types while he talks.

SPRINT

Yeah, I'm re-posting it now. Wow. It's deleted. It was up for less than a minute!

BLOND ANONYMOUS

The situation is changing, rapidly.

SPRINT

I can't believe it.

BLOND ANONYMOUS

Believe it. The Controllers have been preparing for this for a long time.

SPRINT

What can we do?

BLOND ANONYMOUS

We continue our work. But it's getting harder.

(beat)

(MORE)

BLOND ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)
 You might have to move locations
 soon. Be ready.

Blond Anonymous's screen goes blank. Sprint pauses, grabs his hair in distress, refocuses, types.

EXT. BOB BARKER SHIP DECK - EVENING

Petra wanders listlessly, not wearing enough clothes for the antarctic weather.

A mirage on the horizon looks like jungle. Petra smiles weakly.

Petra looks out to sea. The mirage forest is ablaze.

The fire increases. Like a wave, the wall of fire approaches and swarms the ship. Petra CRIES out, falls.

Petra lies in a corner, shaking with the cold.

Patra's eyes are open wide, staring at her mirage nightmare: the gutted, de-pawed carcass of a gorilla lies beside her.

Tears squeeze out her eyes as she reaches to touch it.

Pan-out shows the entire deck covered with carcasses of endangered animals.

INT. SPRINT'S WAREHOUSE HQ - NIGHT

Sprint watches a video of the Chinese twin girls.

SPRINT'S COMPUTER SCREEN: CHINESE GIRLS IN BAMBOO FOREST

-- The Twin Chinese Girls run through the bamboo forest (we only see the first Girl, as the second is filming).

CHINESE TWIN (O.S.)
 (out of breath, running)
 There are men with guns. They don't
 want us to occupy the forest any
 more. They captured the male panda
 bear, Hiro. They took him away. No
 more pandas, no need to save the
 forest, right?
 (stumbles)
 They're close!

GUN SHOT from O.S. and the first Girl falls, hit. GUN SHOT
 and the camera falls on the forest floor.

Sprint is ashen. He uploads the video to his web site.

INT. BOB BARKER SHIP COMMAND CENTRE - NIGHT

A group of about ten crew gather round the charts table.

Paul Watson addresses them.

WATSON

We need a win, people. We need to show them we're not afraid.

He looks them all in the eye in turn.

WATSON (CONT'D)

But I'm telling you now. The barriers have come down. There is no more law of the sea. There's no law at all. It's open season on whales, and it's open season on us.

Watson holds up the file titled "*Day Ten: Global Financial Assurance Corporation*".

WATSON (CONT'D)

They won't hesitate any more, to take us out, just blow us out of the water. Your lives are at risk now more than ever.

Some look frightened, others more fervent & resolved.

WATSON (CONT'D)

...it's show time, and there will be no holds barred.

Geoff frowns.

GEOFF

Where is Petra? Why isn't she here?

NICO

She isn't in her quarters.

Watson frowns.

DOROTHY

I saw her this afternoon. She was outside, just wandering around. She wasn't dressed properly, she must have been freezing.

Geoff and Watson share a look of concern.

WATSON

Shit.

Watson looks at the terrible weather beyond the windows.

Geoff sprints out the door, Nico close behind.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Geoff grabs a jacket off a hook, pushes the door to the deck.

EXT. BOB BARKER SHIP DECK - MOMENTS LATER

The deck is slippery, dark. FLOODLIGHTS go on, but many areas are still dark. From far away, voices call. Geoff, frantic, casts about, the jacket clutched to his chest.

GEOFF

Petra! Petra!

Geoff sees a lump behind a stack of ropes.

Petra is soaked, unconscious, blue. Geoff throws the jacket around her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TARA, older, holds the First Aid room door open. Geoff awkwardly carries Petra's body. Nico follows him in.

TARA

In here.

FIRST AID ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Petra's lips are blue. Geoff lays her down on the bed.

Tara starts to strip off Petra's shirt.

TARA

She has hypothermia. It's bad.

Geoff starts to strip.

NICO

Should I run a hypo bath?

TARA

There isn't time.
(points to Geoff)
(MORE)

TARA (CONT'D)
 Body heat's the best way.
 (points)
 Get her in a sleeping bag.

Nico grabs a sleeping bag off a shelf, throws it on the bed behind Petra's body as Tara yanks off Petra's pants.

Geoff yanks off his pants. He's now only in his underwear.

NICO
 Are you sure you want to do this?

GEOFF
 Sure as hell isn't gonna be you.

Geoff climbs into the sleeping bag with Petra as Tara yanks off Petra's tank top. Geoff wraps Petra in a hug.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
 Zip us up.

Tara zips up the sleeping bag.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
 Get her a hat.

Tara gets a toque off a shelf, pulls it onto Petra's head. Geoff repositions it tenderly. Nico and Tara look at this, then at each other, eyebrows up.

Tara heads for the door.

TARA
 There's nothing we can do. It will
 be about an hour...it'll go one
 way, or the other.
 (to Geoff)
 Geoff. Do you need anything?

Geoff doesn't reply. He rocks Petra slightly. Tara and Nico exit.

INT. SPRINT'S WAREHOUSE HQ - NIGHT

Sprint sleeps on his cot. A screen blips on.

AUSTRALIAN ANONYMOUS
 Sprint! Get up, get up!

Sprint bolts awake.

AUSTRALIAN ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)
 You have to leave right now!

The central screen blips on.

LEAD ANONYMOUS
I'm initiating the destroy code.
You know your passwords?

Sprint nods, pulls on a jacket.

SPRINT
Yeah.

LEAD ANONYMOUS
Head for the two-day fail-safe. Our
contact will meet you there.

AUSTRALIAN ANONYMOUS
Get out! Get out now!

Sprint stumbles over pizza boxes toward the door.

AUSTRALIAN ANONYMOUS (CONT'D)
No! The fire exit!

LEAD ANONYMOUS
They're inside. Initiating destroy
code.

The cords at the back of Sprint's computers spark. Sprint
struggles to raise a window.

MUFFLED STEPS pound up a far-away stairwell.

Sprint gets the window open and...

EXT. SPRINT'S WAREHOUSE HQ - CONTINUOUS

...teeters gingerly on the fire escape ladder. He yanks the
window shut from the outside, steels himself, climbs down the
rusty fire-escape ladder.

Sprint's tiny body descends the outside of the huge abandoned
warehouse. An EXPLOSION blasts the windows out.

Glass showers down over Sprint. He looks at the ground far
below, hyper-ventilates, keeps going down.

INT. BOB BARKER SHIP, FIRST AID ROOM - DAY

Petra opens her eyes. Geoff is asleep, his arms around her.
Petra looks at him for a long time.

Petra brushes his bristled face with the back of her hand. She lets her palm glide over his chest.

Geoff's eyes open. He smiles at her.

GEOFF

Petra, don't ever do that to me again.

Geoff holds her face in one hand.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I need you alive.

(pause)

You have to always be alive.

Geoff looks ready to kiss her, but waits.

Dorothy enters, holds up her hand.

DOROTHY

Ooop, sorry.

Dorothy sets Petra's clothes on the counter. As she exits, Dorothy quips over her shoulder.

DOROTHY (CONT'D)

Glad to see you're feeling better!

Geoff's eyes widen as Petra pulls his body closer to her. The ZIP of the sleeping bag makes him frown. Petra rolls over him and steps out.

Petra starts to dress. She appears automated, emotionless.

GEOFF

I mean it, Petra.

She pauses a moment to regard him, then keeps dressing.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

If you can't live for yourself, or this world...you have to live...for me.

She pauses, looking down. She shakes her head, and when she raises it we see tears, emotion breaking through.

PETRA

(weak)

Can you do it, Geoff? Can you stand to live while they disappear around us, species by species, one by one?

GEOFF

We can still do it, Petra. There's still time. We'll do it your way. Peaceful protest. Strength in numbers.

She shakes her head at him, finishes dressing. Finally, she confronts him, a tear slips over her cheek.

PETRA

The Controllers have everything now. There is no nation state. There is no democracy. There is only owners, and consumers, and garbage, and death.

Petra leaves. Geoff stares at the empty space she's left.

EXT. GRITTY SEATTLE STREETS - DAY

Sprint has been penniless on the streets for two days.

He sits on a step, a paper cup in his hand. He needs sleep. A passerby drops a quarter in the cup, shaking him to awareness. He looks at his watch, is jolted.

SPRINT

Oh shit.

As Sprint walks quickly, a gang of kids sporting orange hair run out of a convenience store.

SHOP KEEPER runs out and SHOUTS at them as they run away.

A little fire on the candy shelf is visible in the store.

EXT. UPSCALE SEATTLE STREETS - LATER

A protest outside a glass building is in full swing: protesters carry anti-fracking signs. They are silent, it is surreal. On the periphery, media film the scene.

Sprint wanders through them. Many glance at their cell phones. Suddenly, they all SCREAM, a primal scream, and lay down in faked collapse.

Sprint is embarrassed to be the only one standing in this staged die-in. He steps gingerly through the 'bodies'. They don't react to him at all, really playing dead. He escapes down a side street.

EXT. STARBUCK'S - LATER

Sprint pauses outside, then enters.

INT. STARBUCK'S - CONTINUOUS

He wanders toward a far table, occupied by hipsters.

SPRINT
I need to sit here.

He sits with them, they look grossed-out, afraid. They take their cups and walk away.

Allison has been in an armchair in the background. She gets up and touches his arm.

ALLISON
Sprint.

Sprint jumps, she does too because of him, then smiles and laughs. Sprint looks at her, realization dawning.

SPRINT
A..Allison?! My Blue Dragon,
Allison?
(beat)
Were you...were you one of the
masks?

She smiles sheepishly at him.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
You were the one tracking Geoff!

ALLISON
We shouldn't talk here.

EXT. OUTSIDE STARBUCK'S - MOMENTS LATER

Allison holds Sprint's arm, guides him. Sprint looks down at her when he should focus on walking.

ALLISON
When was the last time you ate?

SPRINT
Two, three days ago. I...I didn't
grab my wallet before, you know...

She eyeballs him.

ALLISON

Jeez...when was the last time you showered?

Sprint is suddenly embarrassed his scent might offend her. He tugs at his shirt collar. Allison holds his arm tighter to herself, possessively.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Don't worry. You can have a shower at my place.

INT. BOB BARKER SHIP, HALLWAY - DAY

Geoff passes Dorothy. She smiles at him seductively.

Geoff grimaces, she frowns, they pass.

Geoff stops at a door, knocks.

GEOFF

Petra. Petra, let me in.

(knock louder)

Petra, you've been avoiding me two weeks on this ship. I....I really...I think you should at least speak with me.

(pounding)

Petra, let me in!

Geoff leans his forehead on the door. Petra and Nico approach from down the hallway. Nico raises an eyebrow.

PETRA

(to Nico)

Mumbai then. Four more days 'till Mumbai.

Nico nods 'hello' to Geoff and keeps walking.

INT. PETRA'S ROOM ABOARD BOB BARKER SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Petra is neutral. Geoff is awkward.

GEOFF

We...we'll be in Mumbai soon?

Petra packs her laptop and papers in a case.

PETRA

What are you going to do?

GEOFF
I dont know...I just want to go
back to Sumatra

Petra looks up sharply.

PETRA
You know you can't do that, Geoff.

Almost shaking, Geoff is full of nervous energy.

GEOFF
I'm going back to the States.

PETRA
No, that would not be recommended.

Geoff looks smaller suddenly, boyish.

GEOFF
Yeah, they told me. I'm on the
watch list.

PETRA
You could come with me.

Geoff approaches her. She holds up 'the hand'.

PETRA (CONT'D)
You are too impulsive! I have
devoted myself to be a Buddhist
nun, Geoff. I will not behave this
way with you.

GEOFF
Don't do that, Petra.

A static energy builds in this face-off.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Can't you just be honest with
yourself, with me?

PETRA
Geoff, admitting I admire you, I
worry about you
(laughs)
an emotional connection...it would
bring only pain, and loss.

GEOFF
Welcome to life, Petra! It's
messy..and it's passionate and
sometimes it acts on instinct.

Petra moves around his advances, but not away.

PETRA

Your passions - lust, desire, they
just lead to pain...and quite often
to war.

GEOFF

So let them! Despair, heartache,
depression. Those aren't emotions?
(confronts her)
You were out there trying to kill
yourself that night, Petra. That's
where pretending to have no passion
led you.

Petra finally gets angry.

PETRA

And you brought me back from it?

GEOFF

Yeah.

Petra paces: out of character for her to not be composed.

PETRA

But we aren't just animals, Geoff,
ruled by instinct. Civilization
did happen.

GEOFF

Yeah, we're so friggin' civilized
we forgot the jungle even exists.
We're part of it, Petra - water,
animals, bugs, air. The only way
to get back with nature is to be
natural! Fuck being civilized,
Petra!

Petra stops pacing and stares at him. She shakes her head,
exasperated, puts back on her calm 'yogi teacher'.

PETRA

There has to be happy medium
between acting rationally and
listening to our emotions.

GEOFF

So, you want to put a 'happy
medium' between us?

PETRA
(hands together)
Please.

GEOFF
Okay!

They look at each other. Geoff turns and walks out.

Petra suddenly looks forlorn.

Petra's eyes redden. She shakes her head in confusion, overwhelmed, not sure how to deal with these emotions.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, TECH ROOM - NIGHT

Only Carl sits at his station, red-eyed, peering at code as it scrolls over his screen.

CARL
There you are, you little bitch.
Canada, eh? There you are right
there.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

A vast loft room is chock full of laptops. Allison runs between each laptop.

Sprint sits at a table eating Asian take-out. He watches her delightedly.

SPRINT
You look like a mad little cyber
fairy.

ALLISON
It's not as easy as it looks, you
know.

SPRINT
How do you keep from getting
traced?

ALLISON
(points to laptops)
Malaysia, that's Africa, there's
China, Russia. This little baby's
Tajikstan. Each computer's GPS is
ghost-registered: a cell phone in
an empty hotel room, in each
country.

SPRINT
 Ghost registered to a cell phone?
 What company lets you do that?

ALLISON
 I have an angel. A sympathizer.
 He's very...well-connected.

SPRINT
 (mouth full)
 My dad owns a telecommunications
 company.

ALLISON
 Owned.

SPRINT
 What are you gonna do when you have
 them all, when you know who all the
 Controllers are?

Allison turns away, frowns. She forces herself to keep her
 voice light.

ALLISON
 You just keep Occupy going. The
 computers in your room all have the
 same safety features as mine.

SPRINT
 You're little telecom 'angel' is
 keeping us safe?

Allison turns to him.

ALLISON
 We can trust my guy, Sprint. If the
 Controllers knew who he is, how
 much he owns, they'd take him out.
 He's a threat.

SPRINT
 (shrugs)
 You're the boss.

EXT. MUMBAI PORT - DAY

It is ridiculously crowded.

Dorothy and other crew-mates exchange hugs, find taxis.

Geoff and Petra are in a face-off.

PETRA

You have to come with me! My ashram
is the only place that is safe,
where I can protect you.

GEOFF

So what, just sit around and
meditate?!

PETRA

You are a leader for this movement,
Geoff. Anything you do, any video
you post, will unleash a monsoon of
copy-cats.

Geoff looks down, frowns, frustrated.

PETRA (CONT'D)

The Controllers want us to be
violent, so they can retaliate with
the military, the police.

(beat)

Think of your friend Desmond, where
that cycle leads. We must calm
things down, not heat them up.

Petra hails a taxi driver and Geoff, stewing, follows.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS, SPRINT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Screens show various protests, urban and jungle.

Sprint sleeps in a chair, drool slides down his chin.

He starts to fall out of the chair, wakes with a start.

Sprint shakes his head and shuffles to the main room.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Allison is tired, pale. Her shoulders shake with crying.

Most of Allison's computers are off. With a large touchscreen
mounted to the wall, Allison makes her way through a Prezi of
dizzying proportions: companies, people, currencies.

Sprint approaches tentatively, realizes she's crying.

SPRINT

Whoa...Allison...

ALLISON

It's me...I...me...I...

She hyper-ventilates, laugh-cries. Sprint touches her arm, unsure if he should go further.

Allison taps the touch-screen: it zooms through various layers, from myriad micro layers to macro layers, ending in the 'Cohen' logo. Cohen's image is beside it.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

That's. Me....My...Dad.

(tears)

He's a Controller.

(quiet, to self)

Huh. Avatars.

(to Sprint)

It's Hanz's job, Hanz and Tabitha.

Sprint frowns, not understanding, but he still holds her.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

His closest workers. They're like his personal slaves. I've known them my whole life. They live in this like, bunker, near our house, the mansion in Arizona.

Allison focuses back on the screen.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

They control his avatars. Millions of fake identities, fake investors, fake directors sitting on fake boards, real boards...

(beat)

All making money. And all of it goes to him.

Sprint is dumbfounded as he looks at the screen.

Sprint gets over it, wraps his arms around Allison as she buries her face in his chest as she cries again.

SPRINT

It's ok. It's ok.

ALLISON

It makes me sick!

SPRINT

Allison. You're not his daughter. You're you. You're not any part of what he is or what he does.

He pulls back to look at her.

SPRINT (CONT'D)
 You're here. You're with me.
 (beat)
 We're gonna stop them. We're gonna
 expose them to the world.

Allison's tears turn to raw cynical laughter.

ALLISON
 'Expose them to the world'.

Sprint nods down at her. She darkens.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 We can do more than that.

Sprint looks questioning. Allison's face is hateful.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
 We can do more than that.

INT. TRAIN TO DELHI - NIGHT

A sleeper car. Geoff vomits (O.S.) in a bathroom. Petra stands outside the bathroom, leans on the door.

PETRA
 It's ok, Geoff. It's normal. We'll
 stick to bottled water until we get
 home.

GEOFF (O.S.)
 It's not my home.

Petra pauses, touches the door.

PETRA
 I'm glad you're coming with me.

INT. SITTING CAR, TRAIN TO DELHI - DAY

This car is packed. A wild looking man with eyes that constantly dart about, HASHMA, looks for a seat. Ahead, he spies Geoff, asleep.

Hashma's eyes widen as he recognizes who Geoff is. He looks around nervously. Closer, he recognizes Petra (she's on a laptop), his eyes narrow in dislike.

Petra looks up, but he's gone. She frowns, unsure of what made her feel funny, and goes back to typing.

EXT. JAIPUR TRAIN STATION - DAY

Geoff and Petra disembark from the train.

The crowds are thick.

Petra is greeted by her friend, Tibetan monk UH-SHUIE, accompanied by 3 other monks.

They have to yell to hear each other.

UH-SHUIE
(in Hindi)
*Welcome home. You bring a tide of
peace with you.*

Uh-Shuie sees Geoff. He looks puzzled for a moment, then points....

UH-SHUIE (CONT'D)
Crazy Monkey Dude!

Geoff's face reddens. Uh-Shuie turns back to Petra.

UH-SHUIE (CONT'D)
The van is this way, come.

As Petra walks away and talks with Uh-Shuie, Geoff is engaged by Hashma. As Hashma and Geoff talk, Petra is further separated from them by crowds.

HASHMA
(thick Indian accent)
You are Crazy Monkey Dude?

Geoff rolls his eyes, not that stupid name again!

HASHMA (THICK ACCENT) (CONT'D)
Sprint is your friend?

GEOFF
Sprint? Yes! Yes..
(skeptical, wary)
You know Sprint?

Hashma looks furtively about, draws Geoff away.

HASHMA
He keeps our posts active...he
channels money for us.

Petra realizes Geoff's not following. She must fight the crowd to get back to at least a view of him.

GEOFF

What's your cause? What do you do?

HASHMA

We fight to save the last wild tigers. The forest is almost gone.

Geoff is sold. He walks with him more quickly.

A car is parked at the street, through more crowd. Two more Indians similar to Hashma (wild, with orange scarves) wait at the car. Geoff's eyes narrow.

Petra fights harder to get back to them through the crowd. Uh-Shuie and friends fight to keep up with her.

PETRA

Geoff!

He turns. She catches up to him.

PETRA (CONT'D)

Don't go with these people, Geoff.

When Hashma and his two friends recognize Petra they bow in respect, back away, but look like they hate her.

PETRA (CONT'D)

They use violence, Geoff.
(close to Geoff)
They are very violent.

Geoff blinks at her for a moment, then turns and follows Hashma into the car.

Petra stands in the wake of the departed car as her friends catch up to her.

EXT. INDIAN JUNGLE - DAY

Geoff sweats, trying to keep up with the fast pace of Hashma.

Hashma pauses, Geoff catches up.

HASHMA

If you betray us, we will kill you.

Geoff opens his mouth, then closes it. He nods.

Hashma pushes through the thick forest to reveal a small camp: eight huts, all made from forest materials.

Two men appear out of the jungle: WARRIORS with spears. They follow Geoff closely down into the camp.

In the camp, people (about 15 members), come out of their camouflaged jungle abodes to look at Geoff.

Hashma, Geoff and the two tense Warriors pause in the middle of the camp. Nothing happens.

GEOFF

What do we do now?

HASHMA

We wait.

GEOFF

For who?

HASHMA

Vishnusathra.

GEOFF

Who is he?

Hashma smiles cryptically. Everyone looks at Geoff. The jungle is full of its natural sounds.

From out of the jungle emerges VISHNUSATHRA, 30's, goddess-like in her ferocious beauty, paint & piercings.

She does not break her stride as she comes right up to Geoff. His eyes widen, but he does not step back.

She sniffs, smells his odor. Her eyes narrow.

Vishnusathra strides away the way she came. Geoff looks to Hashma, frightened.

HASHMA

She doesn't trust you.

Geoff looks more frightened. Hashma grins.

HASHMA (CONT'D)

Yet.

The Warriors break away, back up to their 'posts'. Hashma also heads away for a shelter. Geoff is alone, unsure.

EXT. JUNGLE IN INDIA - DAY

Geoff perches in a tall tree, camouflaged in face paint.

In a tree close by crouches Hashma.

In another tree further away another man, POACHER KILLER, perches, holds a long spear with a lethal long blade.

A POACHER creeps stealthily along the forest path below.

He crouches to look at a tiger paw print in the mud.

Suddenly, Poacher Killer drops out of the tree. His spear goes through Poacher. Geoff goes terribly pale, clutches the tree as though he might fall.

Hashma looks at Geoff critically.

Geoff turns around so Hashma can't see him. Geoff breaths heavily, trying to regain control.

EXT. EUROPEAN CITY - DAY

A aerial view of a massive protest.

In the crowd, some of the photos on the placards are recognizable as pics from Sprint's website. It's a mixed-bag protest. 'Save the Bees' has a big presence; 'Femen' protesters (naked women with slogans painted on their bodies); 'Black Brigade' protesters wear black bandannas.

Some children run through the crowd sporting the 'orangutan' look - died orange hair.

There is frolic amongst the demonstrators, like a circus parade with an undercurrent of radical, synergistically united groups.

From around a corner, riot police run in, set up a straight line 'phalanx' with guns pointed at the demonstrators.

When someone SCREAMS more attention is focused on the armed police. The entire crowd becomes energized, quiet.

Many protesters hold up cell phones, filming.

Without warning the police start to SHOOT. People fall, killed and wounded.

A dead woman, cyclist type, holds her cell phone, still transmitting.

EXT. ASHRAM IN NORTHERN INDIA - EVENING

A panoramic view of the ashram.

INT. PETRA'S ABODE - CONTINUOUS

Petra watches the massacre video on her laptop (*Occupy This website*). Her room is like an office. Samara, in the background, turns and approaches.

As Samara realizes what horror is happening on the screen she comes closer. She puts her hand on Petra's shoulder.

Both women are shocked, horrified.

As the video stops, Samara and Petra look at each other.

Petra's eyes tear.

SAMARA

It's starting then.

Petra transitions from sad to scared. She nods slowly.

SAMARA (CONT'D)

What will you do, Petra?

PETRA

You can't stop the violence now.
The cities will burn... the
Controllers have the armies, the
police.

(shakes head)

Maybe Geoff was right. Just, occupy
the forest. Try to save what is
there.

EXT. INDIAN JUNGLE - DAY

Geoff is very nervous, hiding in thick bushes, very close to Hashma.

Hashma looks more radical than ever - he holds a long knife at the ready (will kill Geoff if he makes a wrong move).

A wide path is in front of them, on the edge of a cliff overlooking a Talc mine.

A TALC MINE GUARD comes up over the edge, machine gun in hand, turns, and stands to watch over the mine.

Slowly, Hashma signals 'SH' to Geoff. Geoff looks horrified as Hashma sneaks silently out of the jungle.

GEOFF

No! Watch out!

Just as the Guard turns, Hashma plunges his knife in the Guard's belly. The Guard spits blood, and falls.

Geoff is pale, sick.

EXT. INDIAN JUNGLE OVERLOOKING TALC MINE - LATER

Geoff sits miserably, hands tied in front of him, hidden in thick bushes - the compound of the talc mine below.

Hashma holds an expensive video camera, films. Other group RADICALS are in the background, also watching.

HASHMA

Here, in the tiger's last forest in India, is your talc mine. Nice, shiny talc for your eye-shadow, your lipstick, your creams, your powders...

With multiple EXPLOSIONS, the talc mine gets blown up.

The Radicals all CRY out in triumph.

Below, as MINE WORKERS stumble through the smoke and rubble, Vishnusathra appears, like an avenging goddess with two long curved knives, she slays escaping workers on all sides.

Hashma WHOOPS in triumph, turns to film his comrades, they also SHOUT in triumph. He catches Geoff on film too, as he pans across them all.

INT. NSA BLACK OPS VAN - NIGHT

Carl sits on a bench in the back with five COMMANDOS.

CARL

There will be monitors, maybe even booby traps. You won't be able to detect them. Just move fast as soon as we're on the right block. Park, in, get her, shoot any accomplices.

One Commando rolls his eyes at another, unseen by Carl.

COMMANDO

The target, it's just a teenage girl, right?

CARL

I practically raised this kid. That little bitch is smarter than you think.

INT. SPRINT'S ROOM AT ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - NIGHT

Sprint chair-slides between laptops which run video and chat feeds. He is radicalized: red eyes, skinny, crazed hair.

Sprint spies the live video of the talc mine explosion.

SPRINT

Allison! Allison come here!

Allison enters looking disheveled, overworked beyond exhaustion, sleep-deprived, revolutionary.

Allison and Sprint watch the video of the talc mine explosion unfold. Sprint starts to save the video onto a memory stick.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

Fuck, they've tagged it already. They're gonna get it, damn..

Sprint slides between computers, uploads the video to his main laptop showing a newer version of *Occupy This*.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

Pah...got it...transfer....transfer to this one...bastards can't touch this site....I've had it up for two whole days. Everyone's getting into it...

(successful)

There...to the masses...

EXT. CITY STREET OUTSIDE A BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Commandos pour out of the van. Carl waddles quickly behind them. They bust in the door.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Allison's been watching the video of the talc mine explosion, of Vishnusathra's massacre, enthralled.

ALLISON

Sprint! Sprint! I think I just saw
Geoff!

Sprint looks over her shoulder, but the scene re-routes to
Youtube's generic home page.

On his 'dark web' computer, Sprint scrolls to the end of the
video. He freezes on Geoff, enlarges it.

SPRINT

It is him!

He slides to another laptop.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

I'm re-posting Crazy Monkey Dude to
Youtube. I'll insert a cookie
virus, so anyone who clicks it
automatically re-routes to my new
site.

As the hit meter rises exponentially on youtube and Sprint's
site, they focus on the carnage of the video.

ALLISON

Sprint, he's willing to die for
this.

SPRINT

He was always ready to die for
this. Now he's willing to kill for
it.

Still looking at the images, Sprint and Allison lock fingers.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE 'ROOM' - CONTINUOUS

The Commandos approach a door that looks like it should be
Allison's HQ. Carl pants in anticipation, enters the hallway.

The Commandos break in the door, swarm in.

INT. 'ROOM' - CONTINUOUS

The Commandos swarm the simple, empty room, guns up.

As they 'stand down', Carl approaches the bed-side table.

He picks up the cell phone that's plugged in there.

CARL

Fuck!

EXT. DELHI TAXI AREA- DAY

Hashma's car pulls up quickly to a crowded taxi area.

The door opens and Geoff is pushed out roughly.

Stumbling, Geoff looks back, fatigued, dirty.

Hashma leans out of the car, looks at Geoff with complete contempt, and shuts the door. The car peels away.

LATER Geoff wanders the streets crowded with local Indians.

Geoff enters an internet cafe.

INT. INTERNET CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

It's remarkably cool and clean compared to the crowded, dirty street.

Geoff wanders the aisles. A CAFÉ WORKER stands with other workers at a desk. He frowns at Geoff's dirtiness.

A young woman, GLASSES, huge back pack beside her, looks up from her console as Geoff approaches. Shocked, she recognizes who he is. Geoff motions 'SH' and looks about uneasily. She takes off her headphones - MUFFLED GERMAN issues from them.

GEOFF

Can I use your computer?

Glasses nods, dumbstruck. A vacant stool is beside her.

She shifts to the side. Geoff sits down, puts on the headphones (with microphone attachment).

Geoff goes to check his email.

GEOFF'S SCREEN: EMAIL FROM PETRA... "5 DAYS AGO"

We focus on the fact this email is five days old, then focus on the text as we hear Petra's voice reading it.

PETRA (V.O.)

Geoff. I'm in Sumatra. It's terrible. The currency is in free-fall. It's a race to the finish.

(MORE)

PETRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They fight over the last bits of
 forest. The tigers are gone, and
 the rhinos. Extinct.

The Café Worker frowns at his screen, looks up at the crowded
 café (he's received a warning of a threat).

PETRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We trapped as many orangutans as we
 could. We have eighty in a facility
 meant for thirty.

The Café Worker motions to a SECURITY CAFÉ WORKER, points in
 Geoff's direction.

PETRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 If they come to kill the
 orangutans, they'll have to kill us
 first. Don't worry, I'm not alone.
 Dinededine is here, and Gerwin, and
 your old friend, Parvil.

Geoff's eyes are bloodshot, every muscle taut with emotion.

In the background, Café Worker and Security Café Worker
 approach cautiously. We hear SIRENS from far away.

PETRA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Here's the link for our live feed
 camera on the orangutan sanctuary.
 Maybe you can give the link to your
 friends?

Geoff clicks on the link.

In the background, Café Worker nods to Security Café Worker
 ('that's the one, get him').

Glasses notices the security guards approaching, and realizes
 Geoff doesn't see or care about them.

GEOFF'S SCREEN: LIVE FEED OF SUMATRA ORANGUTAN SHELTER

The view of the back of the shelter and the fenced-in animal
 compound shows complete destruction: the building is burned
 out.

Orangutan carcasses litter the ground. A woman's dead body
 lies on the steps of the building.

GEOFF
 (distraught, cries)
 No! Oh my God. No! No! No!

As the Cafe Guard approaches Geoff, Glasses swings her giant backpack. He CRASHES backward. Geoff turns. He is in shock, pale, doesn't register what is happening around him.

GLASSES
(German accent)
They know you! Run! Shnell!

EXT. OUTSIDE INTERNET CAFÉ - MOMENTS LATER

Shaken, Geoff wobbles as the crowd pushes around him.

SIRENS approach from far away. Geoff looks scared and distraught. He starts to walk faster but stumbles.

At the end of the road, Geoff turns to see POLICE talk to the Cafe Worker, who points in Geoff's direction.

With much BEEPING, a motorcycle swerves through the pedestrians. The black leather-clad MOTORCYCLE DRIVER is unseen through her dark helmet.

Geoff gets on the motorcycle, they swerve away.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MANIPURA'S BUILDING - LATER

The motorcycle pulls up to the curb outside a sleek high-rise in an upscale business part of the city.

Geoff gets off.

Geoff looks up at the most modern building on the block, maybe the whole country.

INT. MANIPURA COMMUNICATIONS - CONTINUOUS

The lobby is cool, chic. A far-off receptionist looks at him intently, then continues her work.

The elevator DINGS, opens. Geoff walks in.

INT. MANIPURA COMMUNICATIONS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Just before the doors close, OHMI, the leather-clad motorcyclist, enters. She has ominous tattoos and deeply charcoaled eyes. She is formidable.

The glass walls of the elevator reveal floors full of call centers.

Geoff covers his eyes with his hand. His emotions overwhelm him (the massacre at the Orangutan refuge) . Ohmi watches him, coolly.

The last few floors reveal less humans and whole rooms dedicated to super computers.

INT. MANIPURA'S PENTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The room is opulent, chic: white and diamonds.

Ohmi follows Geoff off the elevator.

MANIPURA, 40's but young, fit, with controlled energy, enters the expansive space from a further room. He nods to Ohmi.

Ohmi suddenly strikes Geoff in the thigh.

As Geoff CRIES OUT and falls, she holds him in a choke hold.

Geoff pants as Ohmi maneuvers him to a chair, obviously set out for this purpose earlier, as thin wiry rope is nearby. She ties him deftly.

Manipura looks at Geoff with cool dislike as Ohmi turns on a camera (pre-set on tripod) to record.

MANIPURA

Crazy Monkey Dude.

Geoff exhales, despite the gravity of his situation, this moniker haunts him again.

GEOFF

Who are you?

MANIPURA

I am Allison Cohen's guardian angel. And your friend Sprint. Stupid name that. My competition, once.

Geoff looks truly frightened. This guy is nuts. But his emotions take over...

GEOFF

Sprint?

Manipura SLAMS his hand on the tall table beside him. The delicate plate of fruit jumps and clinks, but doesn't fall. Geoff jumps in his seat, frightened.

MANIPURA
Insignificant!

Ohmi, lethal, graceful, walks behind Geoff.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
Let me tell you why you are here.
(eats fruit, casual)
I own the largest
telecommunications network in
India, indeed, all of Asia.

As Manipura talks, Ohmi gently pulls her black tie off her own neck, and pulls it around Geoff's neck.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
To the Controllers, I am a friend,
a business partner, an ally. If
they only knew...I also own the
second and third largest Networks
in Asia, and some in Europe. If
they knew, then, then I would be a
threat, an enemy.

Geoff struggles, but Ohmi is a professional at this, the slow death.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
But if I told the Controllers about
the one girl, this Allison Cohen...
of her plan to break into their
empire...

Geoff struggles so fiercely, Ohmi must use her arms as an additional choke hold. Manipura is immersed in his own story.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
...Attack them from the inside so
all her hacker friends can steal
their money, like crows pecking at
a dead cow's belly.

Manipura is close to Geoff now, his energy bursts outside the lines. Geoff CHOKES.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
And you, lead 'eco-terrorist', who
got daddy's little girl messed up
in all this in the first place. If
I showed the video of your
death...do you think that would be
enough to make me a friend? Would I
become an insider?
(MORE)

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
 (close, whisper)
 Could I become a Controller?

Manipura and Ohmi share a long expressionless look while Geoff CHOKES to death.

Manipura smiles, a sorrowful love, for Ohmi. As he turns, Ohmi releases Geoff, who GASPS and COUGHS.

GEOFF
 Why...

Manipura turns, looks questioning.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
 Why...let me live?

Manipura's eyes flick to the camera. Ohmi glides over and turns it off. Manipura stands close to her.

MANIPURA
 Ohmi knows me too well, Monkey Dude. We did not build this empire to control it. Humanity is wild and creative... full of pain and passion. You reminded us of that.

GEOFF
 What...do you want?

MANIPURA
 This...Allison Cohen. Do you know what she is planning to do?

GEOFF
 Allison. Sprint's girlfriend? I thought she was with Anonymous...

MANIPURA
 She is not just a gifted hacker. She is the daughter of a Controller. And she plans to bring her father, and all his friends, to their knees.

Manipura's manner changes to business-like bored.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)
 I believe she could succeed.

Manipura gazes upon Geoff like he's a new car. Ohmi walks behind Geoff and unties him.

Coming round to stand beside Manipura again, Ohmi looks at Geoff as she reties the black tie around her neck.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

And now I will send you to stop her.

Geoff rubs his wrists.

GEOFF

But...don't you want them, the Controllers...brought to their knees?

Manipura stands by his plate of fruit, eats from it.

Then, he pushes with his pinkie on the plate. It tumbles, SHATTERS, fruit splashes out across the floor.

MANIPURA

Imagine a world thrown into complete chaos. Isn't the Controller's world order better than NO world order?

Geoff gets up warily. Manipura approaches Geoff, Ohmi taut in the background.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

They are this close to controlling the militaries of every nation. Your friends are giving them the golden key!

Manipura is close to Geoff. So is Ohmi.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

Economic collapse, revolution, anarchy, it's the excuse they need for complete, ruthless, bloody control.

Manipura's closes a fist under Geoff's chin.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

The bloodshed will be...

Manipura closes his eyes.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

Endless waves of bloodshed.

Ohmi is beside Manipura, Geoff is shocked to see her usually blank look is now one of immense sadness.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

Will you stop Allison Cohen? If I
get you back into America, will you
stop her?

Geoff stares back into Manipura's eyes.

GEOFF

I started this...
(to Ohmi)
I'll stop it.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - NIGHT

Asleep on one arm, Sprint sprawls at a laptop. His screen shows the Cohen logo. The others are all turned off.

A security light above the main door blinks. A DOORBELL rings. Sprint jerks awake. He hurries to the door. A security screen shows Geoff, who looks over his shoulder, then up at the security camera anxiously.

Sprint opens the door (light stops) and yanks Geoff inside.

Geoff, surprised at the yank, turns and the two stare at each other. Geoff seems worldly, buff, almost wise.

Sprint is skinny, radicalized, urban.

Sprint grabs Geoff in a hug which Geoff returns reservedly.

SPRINT

Look at you. Oh my god.

Sprint grabs his hair.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

How...how did you find us? How did
you get here? How did you get into
the country?

GEOFF

Your friend, the guy who helped me,
He helps Allison, and you...

SPRINT

The Guardian Angel?
(to himself)
Fuck me....I didn't think he was
real!

Geoff walks amongst the computers. He turns.

GEOFF

Sprint. It's gone far enough. It has to stop.

SPRINT

What?

GEOFF

You and Allison. She's the daughter of a Controller, and you two are gonna expose it all. I can't let you do that.

SPRINT

What, her 'guardian angel' told you that?

Geoff looks around, frustrated Allison's not there.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

What the Fuck! Who's side are you on?! Those bastards are destroying the planet! They just get rich and the rest of us get left with the shite!

GEOFF

How is what you're doing any different?

Sprint gets more confident now, the righteous radical.

SPRINT

Anarchy! We make War on the Controller's wealth, reduce it to ashes. Currency collapse...economic collapse. It will cause complete anarchy....

Geoff is now beside the laptop.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

...that's what this Earth needs: to get rid of one or two billion people. The planet needs a break from capitalism. Growth growth growth. It has to stop.

(exasperated)

Fuck. You started this!

GEOFF

Economic collapse? Anarchy? That's just the excuse they need to take complete control.

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

To rule everyone, everywhere with a
bloody, iron fist.

Geoff is so filled with rage at his impotence, he slams his fist on the desk, close to the laptop.

Sprint jumps forward, arms out to protect it, but he stays himself, he's afraid Geoff might catch on how important it is. Geoff sees this and eyes the laptop.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

We're calling it off. Where is she,
Sprint?

SPRINT (INCREDULOUS)

You can't stop us!

Geoff eyes the laptop.

GEOFF

Am I too late? Is she doing it
right now?

Geoff reaches for the laptop. Sprint launches himself at Geoff.

The two tussle.

With a CRASH they fall into computers.

Sprint lifts a laptop and swings it, but Geoff ducks out of the way just in time.

Sprint's own momentum carries him half over a table.

Geoff grabs up an electrical cord, winds it around Sprint's body.

Wrestling, Geoff wraps Sprint up in power cords until he's immobilized. Tears of impotent rage stain Sprint's face.

SPRINT

You can't stop her. You can't stop
her.

Geoff squats to face Sprint.

GEOFF

We'll see about that.

Sprint's look is pure hate.

Geoff's mature demeanor is reminiscent of Petra.

Geoff 'wakes up' the laptop. The screen opens to show a girl's opulent bedroom (Allison's bedroom at the Cohen Lair).

GEOFF (CONT'D)

So. She's gone home.

Geoff shakes his head in disbelief.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I can't believe it. You sent that girl to her death, Sprint.

SPRINT

What's the worst that can happen?
He's her father!

GEOFF

Sprint, this guy, this Cohen, owns mining, oil, forestry, arms factories all over the world. He is responsible for hundreds of deaths every day! Haven't you been watching your own posts?! He's a Controller!

SPRINT

So, what, you think she's afraid to die?

GEOFF

Yeah, I think she's too young to die for a stupid bloody cock-up of an idea...he'll kill her, Sprint!

SPRINT

That's revolution, Geoff! That's what people sacrifice for something they truly believe in!

Geoff is frozen. He doesn't have a good come-back.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, SECURITY OUTSIDE TECH ROOM - DAY

Allison is at the second layer of security to the 'Tech Room'. In the background, behind glass walls, two SECURITY GUARDS stand with their backs to us.

Allison is in a small room, metal doors before her.

She leans forward to a console, gets a retina scan.

The doors open. Allison enters, she has a gift bag.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tabitha, Carl, Hanz and Peter are at their stations.

They all turn to see her enter. They smile, all happy.

TABITHA

Allison!

All four must type some security code before their screens go blank, then they get up. Carl is the closest, so he does not get up. Allison leans down to hug him.

ALLISON

(hugs Carl)

Hey!

(hugs Hanz)

Hanz. Hey old man.

(hugs Tabitha)

Tabitha.

TABITHA

We missed you!

Peter was awkward. Allison chucks his shoulder.

PETER

The prodigal son returns.

TABITHA

You brought prezzies?

ALLISON

Yeah! Something for everyone!

Allison sets the bag down, reaches in with both hands, stands up with a Taser gun in each hand.

Quickly, Allison touches one to Carl, he shakes, goes limp, still seated in his chair.

Tabitha's face is frozen in shock, Hanz goes pale.

Allison tasers Hanz and Tabitha at the same time.

Peter runs away, Allison aims, the taser shoots out, wires just at max, get him, he falls, twitches.

Allison leans over Carl. She uses his fingers to type on his screen. Carl MOANS. A screen shows code. She types with his fingers, it's awkward.

Allison pulls another keyboard out of the bag, sets it beside Carl's, connects it to his computer.

Tabitha tries to get up, Allison tasers her again, she collapses.

Allison pulls a laptop out of the bag, sets it up, turns it on, puts on a head set.

Allison keeps typing on Carl's laptop with his finger.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Come on, Carl. You taught me
everything you know since I was
ten. Let me in. Let me in.

Suddenly, the screen shows security access granted, and digital see-through screens appear around the work station, a call-back to when Allison competed at the private school. Allison smiles, triumphant.

Now she can type on her own keyboard. She pushes Carl's hand off the desk.

Allison clicks on a chat link on her laptop.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Hey baby, are you there?

Sprint's face appears, bloody nose not cleaned up, eye swelling. Allison doesn't notice, she's too busy typing.

SPRINT (O.S.)
Allison?

ALLISON
(excited)
I'm in, Sprint. I did it. I have
access to everything. I can see all
of it, everything dad owns, I can
see,
(squints)
I can see his
partners...connections...

GEOFF (O.S.)
Allison.

Allison looks at her laptop, does a double-take, comes closer.

Allison sees Geoff is behind Sprint, and holds him with cords tied around his neck. Allison, ashen, touches the screen, touches the cuts on Sprint's face.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
What the...where have I seen you?

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

On the laptop screen, Allison pales.

Sprint awkwardly pulls at his bonds to try to turn and look at Geoff.

GEOFF
(squinting at Allison)
Sumatra? You were in Sumatra?

Sprint's eyes widen. He turns accusingly to the screen.

ALLISON
(on screen)
Sprint, this is stupid. Yes, at the start, I wanted to check Geoff out, to see if this was legit.

Sprint chokes in jealousy.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
I never even talked to him!

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the screen, Sprint shakes his head, confused.

Behind Allison, Carl's eyelids flutter.

GEOFF
(on screen)
Allison, listen to us, we're just teenagers. What you're doing, it's gonna affect the whole world. It's too much!

Allison scoffs at him, goes back to touching various elements on the digital screens, highlighting stocks, companies.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Your dad and the others....you're just giving them the excuse they need to take over completely!

ALLISON
They already have complete control.

GEOFF (O.S.)
No! Not yet! We still have the UN!

ALLISON
Give me a break, Geoff. This is it.
This is how we take back the world.

GEOFF (O.S.)
Millions of people are gonna die,
Allison!

ALLISON
Geoff, millions of people are dying
right now! That's what my dad does,
okay?

Allison pauses, talks directly to Geoff on the screen.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
And fuck humans. What about the
animals going extinct every minute!
I thought that was all you cared
about.

GEOFF
Allison, Allison stop this now!

Allison starts to make trades on the touch screens around
her. Carl GROANS, but she doesn't notice.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Allison, don't make me hurt him!

Allison looks at the laptop briefly, keeps typing.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
Allison, stop this!

A BREAK sound from the screen, Sprint SCREAMS in pain (Geoff
has broken one of his fingers). Allison pauses, looks in
horror at the screen.

SPRINT
Keep going Allison! Whatever he
does, keep going!

White now, Allison keeps working on the touch screens.

On screen, Geoff holds his knife to Sprint's throat.

GEOFF
Allison, Allison look at me.

Allison pauses, looks at the screen.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Geoff is full of tension as he holds the knife to Sprint's throat. Sprint shakes, defiant but scared.

GEOFF
Sprint is my best friend. Please
don't make me do this.

Tears begin to stream down Geoff's face. Sprint looks revolutionary.

SPRINT
Launch it! Do it! I want to die for
this!

On the laptop screen, they see Allison keeps trading.

GEOFF
Allison, please!

Allison pauses, looks at the screen.

ALLISON
(on screen)
I'm not doing this for you, Geoff,
or Sprint. I'm not doing it for me.
I'm doing it for the Earth. She
needs a break from all our shit.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison works on the touch-screens.

Geoff is distraught on her laptop screen, knife at Sprint's throat.

Carl opens a lazy eye, sees Allison.

GEOFF (O.S.)
(screams)
Allison! Please! Stop!

Carl grimaces, slides off his chair.

Allison turns, her hands still on transactions on the screens.

A little light on the bottom of Carl's chair turns red.

Allison goes rigid, electrocuted by the screens she's touching, sparks flying.

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

On the screen, the boys see Allison go rigid, sparks fly from the digital touch-screens she's touching.

SPRINT

Allison!

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, TECH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison's body falls to the floor. Carl lies close to her, his body still lax, but recovering.

His smile is vindictive, evil.

CARL

You little bitch.

He attempts to spit at her, but spittle just drools down his chin. He rolls on his back.

CARL (CONT'D)

No-one steals my codes.

Shirin runs into the room. She falls beside Allison, grabs her up. Allison is limp, lips blue.

SHIRIN

NO! Noo!

INT. ALLISON'S HEAD QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Geoff lowers his knife, it drops on the ground.

Sprint drops his head, eyes squeezed tight. Geoff looks sick with shock.

Geoff closes the laptop lid.

INT. PRIVATE AIRPORT HANGAR - DAY

Geoff and Sprint get out of a black jet. An Indian CHAUFFEUR directs them toward the waiting sedan.

Sprint seems hesitant.

SPRINT

Manipura... you're sure he wants me?

GEOFF

Yeah, Sprint. He's a fan of your work. He told me to bring you both back here.

An awkward pause. Sprint looks less sure.

Sprint, dejected, walks to the car. Geoff hangs back.

Sprint turns around.

SPRINT

What's going on?

Geoff shakes his head at the ground, thinks, decides something. Sprint walks back so they can talk.

SPRINT (CONT'D)

Whatever Geoff. It won't ever be the same between us. I don't....I dunno... Allison...

Sprint breaths heavy, might cry.

GEOFF

It's not that, Sprint. It's that, there's, there's something else I have to do. I made a promise. It's a promise I have to keep. I want to keep it.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF VIRUNGA MOUNTAIN, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO - DAY

INT. AIRPLANE OVER DRC - CONTINUOUS

The plane is small. Geoff looks nervous but determined.

INT. MANIPURA'S PENTHOUSE ENTRANCE - DAY

Sprint enters, unsure. Manipura welcomes him warmly.

INT. MANIPURA'S WAR-ZONE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sprint, Manipura, and Ohmi stand at multi-screen stations. Trunk lines run from their stations.

Ohmi focuses on a video...it's Geoff.

VIDEO OF GEOFF'S LAST POST

-- Goma, crowded, filthy, as viewed from a hilltop.

EXT. HILLTOP OVERLOOKING GOMA, DRC - DAY

Goma, crowded, filthy, lies below. Geoff sits and films it.

He looks like he's been there for weeks: hot, dirty, revolutionary, organized.

FAIDA, a young black woman with a mutilated face, sits beside him.

GEOFF (O.S.)

This is Goma, in the Democratic Republic of Congo. You'll come here from the airport in Kigali, in Rwanda.

Geoff pans the camera to the green mountains beyond.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

And that's where we're going, the Virunga mountains. But it's not just the Gorillas we're saving.

The camera continues to the right, to Faida.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

This is Faida. She was taken for a bush wife last year, by M-23 militia. A lot of different militias control the coltan mines here.

(pause)

M23, Mai-Mai, Tutsi's from Rwanda, Congolese Army, Hutu's, also from Rwanda. There's a hundred different gangs with fancy names and machetes and guns.

Faida's hands hold raw coltan, above a bag of coltan.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

It's the coltan that buys guns.

Camera back on Faida's disfigured face.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

It's Coltan mines that cause this kind of pain.

Geoff passes the cell phone to Faida so she films him.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

This is Coltan.

Geoff's holds a second cell phone. He opens the cell phone at the back, lifts out several little gizmos.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

This is the capacitor. And this...

Geoff holds some coltan in one hand, the broken phone with exposed capacitor in the other.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

...is what makes this work. From cell phones to smart bombs...everything has coltan.

Faida makes the cell camera look back up at Geoff.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

So...just get here. We have busses waiting down there in Goma, with maps of the Occupy locations, and everything you need for eating - the locals use little propane tanks to cook, we have a network set up to supply the camps as they grow. Bring your own water purification systems, and a simple tent. That's it. We'll feed you, and the locals will sell you a natural bug repellent...

Geoff looks out at the jungle beyond Goma.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

We're gonna occupy this forest. We're gonna stop the illegal Coltan trade, save the Gorillas from extinction, and make sure not one more girl gets raped.

Geoff looks down at his hands.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

(quiet)

I really need you guys.

INT. STARBUCK'S - CONTINUOUS

A group of HIPSTERS lean over a tablet, watch the video.

HIPSTER'S TABLET: GEOFF IN GOMA, DRC - CONTINUED

Geoff looks up, there's tears in his eyes.

GEOFF

We lost the orangutans in Sumatra.

(beat)

Extinction is forever. We won't
lose the gorillas too. We can't.

The video ends. The Hipsters look at each other.

INT. BUS TO GOMA - CONTINUOUS

Two of the Hipsters from the previous scene sit amongst a bus load of OCCUPY PROTESTERS: a variety of ages, some look frightened at the crowds of black people outside the bus. Some look battle-ready, revolutionary.

The bus slows, approaching a crowded bus & taxi arena.

EXT. GOMA BUS & TAXI ARENA - CONTINUOUS

As the Hipsters disembark, we see Petra is behind them. The camera follows her amongst the crowd.

Petra follows the flow of protesters into the market area. We see a smaller crowd of local black militias.

The throng of protesters gravitate to a few shouting ORGANIZERS on the periphery, and shouting STALL KEEPERS hawking rides, food, jewelry, etc.

Some of the westerners look frightened, others engage with the Stall Keepers happily.

Geoff gestures to a black COMMANDER, gun slung not lazily.

MILITIA FIGHTERS behind Commander warily eye the growing crowd of westerners.

GEOFF

(to Commander)

This is a good thing for your
people. They bring money, and hope,
and change.

Commander looks at his Militia Fighters behind him. He obviously doesn't speak any English.

COMMANDER
 (French, with subtitles)
*If he doesn't move them out of here
 by night there will be trouble.*

Geoff turns to a woman, NECESSITY, who looks harried, but focused. She holds a small bundle of maps and gestures to local BUS DRIVERS beside her.

GEOFF
 Give me one of those maps, I'll
 show him.

Petra's voice shouts from the crowds.

PETRA (O.S.)
 Geoff, Geoff!

Geoff turns slowly. He hears, then sees the apparition of her through the crowd.

Geoff drains, an 'I've seen a ghost' pass-out white.

Petra smiles wide as she gets to him, but he's still frozen, pale white. She frowns, touches his face in concern.

Geoff grabs her and kisses her deeply. She responds in kind.

GEOFF
 You're alive. You're alive!

Geoff picks her up and buries his face in her bosom, which would be awkward except that he is bawling, just bawling.

GEOFF (CONT'D)
 You're alive. You're alive.
 You're alive. You're alive.

LATER - GOMA STREETS

Geoff and Petra hold hands as they approach a hotel.

INT. GOMA HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Geoff and Petra enter the room. He closes the door and leans against it. Petra turns to him. They start to make out. She matches him in passion and intensity.

In bed, they lie on their sides facing each other. Petra closes her eyes with the pain and pleasure of it. Geoff's face becomes a tortured mixture of desire, holding back to please her. Tears escape his eyes.

INT. COHEN'S LAIR, SHIRIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shirin sits at a table with mirror. She applies kohl to her eyes. Her hand shakes, a tear traces a black line down her cheek.

EXT. VIRUNGA BACKROADS - DAY

A van bounces through poor trail/road.

INT. VAN THROUGH VIRUNGA BACKROADS - CONTINUOUS

Geoff holds Petra's hand tight. He looks out the window, distracted & tense.

Petra looks at her hand, smiles, bemused but content.

EXT. VIRUNGA BACKROAD - LATER

The van waits in the background behind Geoff.

A nascent Occupy camp is in the background behind Petra.

Petra shoulders a large backpack. Geoff seems drawn back to the van, but doesn't want to go.

GEOFF

The UN's got a post just ten miles to the east. Cells don't work out here. You can use the UN radio if you need to.

Petra smiles at him.

PETRA

We'll be fine.

GEOFF

M-23 hasn't raided around here in a month, and the Mai-Mia's more active in Masisi, and South Kivu.

Unconsciously, he holds her arm while he speaks.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

We really think this is our best shot, just Virunga, the whole mountain range...

He sounds unsure.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

It's not just the Coltan, Petra.
There's oil. Oil exploration sites
are everywhere in the mountains,
everywhere we go.

PETRA

You should go. You know there's
more supporters coming.

Geoff holds her face in one hand, desire plain.

GEOFF

Oh god, Petra.

She puts a hand flat on his chest, her smile still playful,
happy, content.

PETRA

Go.

The van drives away as Petra turns to help the camp.

INT. COHEN'S HOUSE, ALLISON'S BEDROOM - DAY

The camera pans around the too-clean bedroom. Shirin sits on
the bed, her back bent in sadness.

Closer, a weak Allison lies in the bed.

Her eyes still hold the fire of a revolutionary.

Shirin nods to Allison and hands her a laptop.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS, MARYLAND - DAY

The room is full of tech, like a military command station
controlled by the American Army, but the MILITARY WORKERS
wear black uniforms with Cohen logo.

Cohen stands in a commanding, central position.

Cohen's COMMANDER, 60's, hawkish, stands over a work station
where a DRONE PILOT operates via a screen.

The drone plane's screen shows topography: the thick jungle,
a millisecond of road, more jungle.

DRONE PILOT

It's too thick, sir. Even with heat sensors, we can't tell what's human or animal...or just a hot patch of volcanic ground...

Commander turns to Cohen and shakes his head.

Cohen's fist balls at his side, his face taut with anger.

COHEN

That little bastard is responsible for my daughter. I want him dead. Get boots on the ground. Now.

INT. UN RADIO HQ IN VIRUNGA NAT. PARK - DAY

Petra sits at the radio console. FOUR PEACEKEEPERS work on their own computers and paperwork.

PETRA

Geoff...Geoff...are you there?

EXT. GEOFF'S VIRUNGA OUTPOST - CONTINUOUS

Geoff sits outside a makeshift tarp tent. He stands when he hears her voice issue from his big radio on the ground.

PETRA (V.O.)

Geoff...are you there?

He picks up the radio.

GEOFF

Petra?! Petra? Is that you?

PETRA (V.O.)

Yes. Don't worry I'm fine. I need to tell you something.

GEOFF

Thank God. Petra....I love you. I love you so much. I should have told you the other day. I'm such a coward. I love you, Petra.

INT. UN RADIO HQ IN VIRUNGA NAT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

GEOFF (V.O.)

(from radio)
...love you, Petra.

Two of the UN WORKERS share a look of surprise. Petra doesn't miss a beat, she laughs, she's so lighthearted now, like she's in love too, happy about it.

PETRA

I know. Geoff, I have good news...the UN is hearing our petition. Governments are trying to take back control of their own militaries.

EXT. GEOFF'S VIRUNGA OUTPOST - CONTINUOUS

Geoff swallows.

GEOFF

(a bit hollow)
That's so great!
(forceful)
Are you sure you should stay? Have there been any militias around your camp?

INT. UN RADIO HQ IN VIRUNGA NAT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

The UN Workers exchange worried looks, frowns.

PETRA

No...no we're fine. I'm staying.

EXT. GEOFF'S VIRUNGA OUTPOST - CONTINUOUS

Geoff looks around at the few other tarp tents. Young faces poke out of tents, frightened, unsure.

GEOFF

I...I can't leave my camp yet, Petra. They're too fresh, they...need me here.
(reckless)
But I would come...I would come to you, there, if you want me to...

INT. UN RADIO HQ IN VIRUNGA NAT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

Petra laughs again, lightly.

PETRA

We're fine Geoff. We have the rest
of our lives to figure things out
between us...

A UN worker rolls his eyes to another UN Worker, who looks a bit impatient. Petra catches this.

PETRA (CONT'D)

We should stay off their radio,
Geoff.

GEOFF (V.O.)

Petra...I really think...

STATIC...he's been cut off.

Petra holds the radio out to a UN Worker, who frowns.

Another UN Worker hurries outside to investigate.

EXT. GOMA BUS & TAXI ARENA - EVENING

A convoy of big, high-grade military trucks trundle through the city. Locals get out of the way. In the back, black-clad mercenaries carry loaded weapons.

Beside the road, Commander sits outside a shop. He watches the trucks pass. He looks to his followers, they nod to each other, pick up weapons, and motion their comrades to follow.

Commander & co. follow in old trucks, after the pro's.

EXT. GEOFF'S VIRUNGA OUTPOST - DAY

Geoff eats porridge out of a beat-up tin pot.

LOCAL WOMEN approach from the wide path. They carry fresh fruits and vegetables. Westerners from the 'Occupy' camp go to meet them.

STATIC from the big radio at Geoff's feet causes him to almost drop his bowl. Geoff jostles it, stands, twiddles the tuner, finds better reception.

RADIO (V.O.)

(static)

..attaque...camp des blancs....au
sud...

Geoff looks frantic as he tries for better reception.

RADIO

....an attack on an Occupy camp in
southern Virunga state park.

(static)

...foreign mercenaries of unknown
origin

(static)

....35 dead....no survivors.

Geoff is on a motorcycle (two jerry cans tied to the sides).

The women on the trail jump out of the way as Geoff takes off
past them.

INT. MANIPURA'S WAR-ZONE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sprint, Ohmi, and Manipura manage web sites, chat content,
monitor money markets from their stations.

Manipura frowns at a video feed, a small post amongst at
least 30 others on his screen. He touches it, slides it to
central, enlarges it.

MANIPURA'S SCREEN: VIDEO OF VIRUNGA MASSACRE

-- The video-maker is obviously hidden in the jungle.

-- The mercenaries walk right by the camera, their guns out.

-- Beyond, a camp of Occupiers talk, eat, a GUITAR plays.

-- The mercenaries open FIRE. SCREAMS, the camera-person
STIFLES SOBS in the background.

Sprint and Ohmi stop working to watch the video.

MANIPURA (TO OHMI)

Have you traced the weapons?

Ohmi nods.

MANIPURA (CONT'D)

There has to be clear link. We have
to show that this attack is clearly
linked to a Controller.

Sprint stares at Manipura.

SPRINT

Allison had that information. She
was going to expose it all, and you
sent Geoff to stop us.

MANIPURA

I'm sorry, Sprint. But her information did start to get out before she was killed. We can trace it back. We can do this.

EXT. ROADS THROUGH VIRUNGA - DAY

Geoff's motorcycle speeds past an Occupy camp. Young protesters, clearly very afraid, crowd together.

INT. MANIPURA'S WAR-ZONE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Sprint lounges, dejected, in a chair. Manipura and Ohmi work at screens. A PING alerts Manipura to a security camera feed.

SECURITY CAMERA: Ming Laukseau stands at the front desk in the lobby of Manipura's building. Ming speaks to the screen.

MING LAUKSEAU

(on the security video)

My name is Ming Laukseau.

Manipura's eyes widen at the name.

MING LAUKSEAU (CONT'D)

(on the security video)

I can help you.

EXT. ROADS THROUGH VIRUNGA - LATER

Geoff is stopped at another Occupy camp, speaks with a protester who points down the road.

In the background, UN SOLDIERS, blue helmets, herd crying protesters into waiting UN vans.

INT. MANIPURA'S WAR-ZONE HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Ming speaks with Sprint. Ming shows Sprint a micro SD.

It makes Sprint break into sobs - Allison is alive! He hugs Ming.

EXT. ROADS THROUGH VIRUNGA - LATER

BLACK MILITIA, guns out, stand around a tarp Occupy camp. A knot of very scared protesters huddle on the ground.

Geoff on motorcycle approaches. He stops (at gunpoint).

A BRAVE PROTESTER recognizes Geoff, motions to the others surreptitiously, points to him.

Geoff gestures that he must keep going. More guns are raised. Brave Protester starts to yell and throw rocks.

The others do too.

As the Militia fighters are distracted, Geoff speeds away. Bullets ricochet off the dirt around him.

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, DAD'S STUDY - DAY

Geoff's Dad looks older, careworn. He sits at his computer, surfing. He goes to a mainstream news website.

GEOFF'S DAD'S COMPUTER: "ATTACK ON CONGO OCCUPIERS"

Dad clicks on the live news anchor video. The MALE ANCHOR is serious. The image changes to crowded Goma.

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
More than eight thousand Occupy the
Forest protesters have entered the
region, and are now under attack.

INT. EUROPEAN COUPLE WATCH THE NEWS - CONTINUOUS

EUROPEAN COUPLE, 50's, picture of their SON (20's) in the background. They look shocked at the images of Congolese rebels carrying bazookas.

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
(French, subtitles)
Recent evidence shows that various
militias in the Congo...

INT. RUSSIAN MOTHER WATCHES THE NEWS - CONTINUOUS

RUSSIAN MOTHER, 60's, in her little kitchen. Her son's picture is on the wall in the background.

RUSSIAN ANCHOR(V.O.)
 (Russian, subtitled)
 ...received weapons from semi-legal
 conduits traced to known
 subsidiaries of companies within
 the Global Financial Assurance
 Corporation.

INT. WHITE HOUSE OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The PRESIDENT sits at her desk, watches the screen.
 American Envoy to the UN, behind her, looks nervous.

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
 The faces behind the Global
 Financial Assurance Corporation
 have been revealed, recently
 described as 'Controller's' by
 Anonymous posts.

The Cohen logo blips on the screen briefly, followed by
 Cohen's face. The American Envoy SUCKS in his breath. The
 President darkens, her hand SLAMS the desk in anger.

INT. AMERICAN PARENT'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An AMERICAN COUPLE, 50's, cry over a tablet showing a picture
 of their son dead on the ground in the Congo.

In the background, the T.V. continues.

MALE ANCHOR(V.O.)
 As the Anonymous posts are
 corroborated by leaks from within
 U.S., Chinese and European
 intelligence agencies,

INT. GEOFF'S HOUSE, DAD'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Geoff's Dad looks sick at the image on his screen: an excerpt
 from the Virunga camp massacre.

MALE ANCHOR (V.O.)
 ...these same guns that have kept
 the Congo unstable for decades, are
 now turned on teenagers from
 Western countries, who traveled to
 the region to try to make a
 difference.

EXT. PETRA'S VIRUNGA CAMP - DAY

Geoff's motorcycle BEEPS as he passes through the wide path/road. Many black villagers mill about. Bodies are laid out in a row on the edge of the road. UN PEACEKEEPERS stand on guard on the periphery.

Geoff skids to a halt. He chokes, stumbles as he runs to the row of bodies.

GEOFF (CHOKING)

No...

Geoff stumbles, he freezes beside a body in the middle of the row. It's Petra, full of bullets, long dead.

Geoff pauses, frozen in horror, then breaks, grabs her body, cradles Petra's body in his arms, rocks, MOANS.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE UNITED NATIONS - DAY

An Aerial shot shows this is a protest in the tens of thousands. Larger than any protest filmed so far. Truly a mass movement of people.

Closer, protesters stand at the fortified gates.

Closer, we see this 'mob' is angry, with placards, but the age group is older, less 'festive' or young.

Armed guards face the mob, weapons ready.

Within the mob, we see the American Couple, Russian Mother, European Couple, and Geoff's dad.

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY - CONTINUOUS

Geoff stands in front of the packed assembly.

GEOFF

Thank-you for allowing me to speak today. I wish my...

(beat)

...colleague, Petra Kavas could be here. I...I'll try to do her justice.

Some UN representatives in the audience frown.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You all know your jobs are powerless, pointless even.

MURMURS of discontent from the assembly.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

It's ok, it's no secret. We all know you serve corporate bosses now. We've all watched our own police, our own armies, gun down peaceful protesters on the streets and in the forests.

The American Envoy to the U.N. narrows his eyes. The U.K. ENVOY TO THE UN also looks grim.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

In fact, there's really no power left in this building, the United Nations.

Geoff's arms widen to the whole room. Disgruntled UN rep's shift position, look outraged.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Forests are the systems that give us clean air to breath! Fresh water to drink!

More views of UN rep's, some roll their eyes.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

We need a set of laws to protect what's left of these forests...

Geoff holds up a paper dossier titled 'Principles'.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

...not mined, not farmed, not managed, just left wild...

The INDONESIAN REPRESENTATIVE, 'Principles' dossier in front of her, nods.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

And an international policing system for shutting down perpetrators - on the ground and at the banks.

The BRAZILIAN REP also nods, in focused determination.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

But only the Controllers can give the Principles initiative real teeth.

(quiet)

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

And they won't.

(beat)

But this idea, that a handful of rich controllers force us to live this way, that's a mirage. It's called capitalism. And that means this...

Geoff holds up a dollar bill.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

..money, as long as you have even a little money, you are a Controller. You and me. Individuals. You, me, every single one of us. We control how this fight goes. So pick a side, because this is war. And it is life or death.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF A JUNGLE - DAY

A verdant jungle fills the screen.

GEOFF (V.O.)

Forests, and the life systems they give us...beauty, animals, clean water, clean air, stable climate...

A burned-out clear-cut fills half of the screen.

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

...or death.

(beat)

With every dollar you spend, or every dollar you choose not to spend. Every penny is you choosing either life or death.

FADE OUT