

3rd Wave  
by  
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FADE IN

TITLE CARD

In August of 1998, underground computer group 'Cult of the dead Cow' released a free program on the internet. The program called Back Orifice bypassed the 'security' of the worlds most popular operating system and made it possible that even computer novices could monitor and control someone else's computer over the Internet, without detection.

INT. TV-STUDIO - NIGHT

In front of the cameras and the CREW is a small, simple set. Two armchairs with a small table in between standing in front of a plain background.

The chair on the left is taken by SARAH MITCHELL, thirty-ish, dressed conservatively. In her hands is a book with the title '3rd Wave' in thick black letters.

The author, a bearded professor by the name of STEVEN METZGLER, occupies the seat next to her.

As the THEME MUSIC of the show fades away, Sarah turns to the camera.

SARAH

Good evening, I'm Sarah Mitchell.  
Welcome to Booktalk.  
With us tonight is Dr. Steven  
Metzger, author of the book  
'Third Wave'.  
Mr. Metzger,

STEVEN

(Interrupts)  
Steven, please

SARAH

Steven, you told me you wrote  
this book, 'Third Wave' to raise  
awareness for the threat the  
world is facing today.

Steven nods.

SARAH (cont'd)

Before we delve into those  
threats, could you first tell us  
why you choose this title?

STEVEN

Certainly. The title represents the wave of changes society is going through at this time. See, during the evolution of the human race there have been two previous waves that had a tremendous effect on our cultures and way of life.

Sarah nods.

STEVEN (cont'd)

The first wave of change was the agricultural revolution, which took thousands of years to play itself out. The second wave was the industrial revolution, which took about three hundred years. And today, we are in the midst of the Third Wave, the Information Revolution.

SARAH

So what changes can we expect during the Information revolution?

STEVEN

Well, since this wave started years ago, most of them have already taken place. It's become clear that today, our economies are based more on information than on physical goods. For instance, when you pay a bill, no actual money is used in the transaction anymore, in stead bits of information is wired from one computer to another. Therefore, the most important economic resource today is not capital or labor; it's knowledge. Where in industrial societies people were concerned with protecting their physical capital, and providing safe routes for the transport of their resources. In information societies we must be concerned with protecting information and the transport of that information.

SARAH

And that's where the threat arises?

STEVEN

Exactly. With the uprising of the information society, so came the birth of cyber criminals, cyber warfare, cyber terrorism...

SARAH

But why do these cyber criminals pose a greater threat than the conventional criminals?

INT. COFFEESHOP - NIGHT

ANDREW, early thirties, stands at the counter. Dressed in black jeans and a tight black T-shirt he looks kinda cool, but his demeanor betrays that it is not a fashion statement, just a reflection of his mood.

Business is slow this time of night, and so is the TEENAGE BOY that's getting his order.

As Andrew waits he watches the TV set that hangs on the wall behind the counter. On screen we see Sarah, still interviewing Steven.

STEVEN

(on TV)

For several reasons, anonymity is one factor obviously, but what is so appealing is the relative ease of an attack. And as I described in my book, the payoffs can be tremendous. Or the damage, if you look at it from the victim's point of view.

SARAH

(on TV)

Yes. You described a scenario where a whole city could be disrupted, just by shutting down a part of its infrastructure.

The boy returns with two Styrofoam cups of coffee. He notices Andrew's interest in the TV show and watches with him for a second.

STEVEN

(on TV)

Yes. What you have to understand is that if a city's electronic blood stops flowing, everything stops.

STEVEN(cont'd)

There's no transfer of electronic funds, no stock exchange, no communication, no traffic control... During an attack like that, physical integrity has been maintained, there's no loss of life, but it's hard and maybe even impossible, to overcome such an attack. Trillions of digital dollars can be destroyed and there is no one to blame.

Andrew shakes his head in disgust.

ANDREW

That's practically word for word what I wrote in a report ten years ago.

TEENAGE BOY

(unimpressed)

You don't say.

ANDREW

No one cared though.

TEENAGE BOY

Maybe for a reason, if you said that same shit 10 years ago... Has anything actually happened?

The boy smiles, thinking he outsmarted Andrew.

ANDREW

More than you care to know, smart-ass.

(grabs the cups)

And it's only the beginning.

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A bright, expensively decorated office with a nice view of the New York skyline.

BRUCE, early thirties, sits behind a large antique desk in a spacious room. He leafs through a stack of papers, putting some into his briefcase, some in the shredder.

He gets up and starts emptying his drawers into a plastic crate that's on the ground next to the desk.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The back of the van is converted into a state of the art surveillance centre.

MARK, an eager agent in his late twenties, sits at the bank of monitors and watches a live image from inside Bruce's office.

Another monitor shows the street outside, Andrew steps into view. On screen we see him wait outside, both hands filled with the cups of coffee.

ANDREW (O.S.)  
Hey, Mark. Open up will you?

Mark rolls his eyes and pushes a button. The side door slides open automatically and Andrew enters.

MARK  
I know this is not your thing  
Andrew, but try to remember we  
are supposed to be covert here.

Andrew sits next to Mark as the door slides shut.

ANDREW  
Sorry.

He hands Mark his coffee and watches the screen.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
So, anything happen while I was  
gone?

MARK  
No, he's still clearing out his  
desk. Looks like he's trying to  
erase evidence, if he keeps this  
up we might be left with nothing.

Andrew watches Bruce's action for a second.

ANDREW  
Makes no sense though, I mean, he  
bends some disks, so what, we can  
recover what's on it.

MARK  
Really?

ANDREW  
What's odd is that if anyone  
knows that it's possible to  
retrieve the data, it's this guy.  
(beat)  
So why do it Bruce. What are you  
up to?

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Bruce startles as the door opens. A large, severe looking CUBAN MAN enters.

BRUCE  
What are you doing here?

CUBAN  
We want the password.

BRUCE  
Look, you know when you're going to get it. That was the deal. I have to take care of some things before I can give it to you.

CUBAN  
We don't trust you anymore. Looks like you're running away. We think you full of shit.

BRUCE  
I have to make sure everything's secure okay... I don't want any trail leading back to me. Understand that? What's your hurry anyway?

CUBAN  
We want to test it. Try it on something small first.

BRUCE  
What? No. That would be just plain stupid.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Andrew and MARK listen to the conversation in Bruce's office.

CUBAN  
(on monitor)  
We need the password now!

Suddenly the monitor goes blank, but the SOUND remains.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
Look, how many times do I have to tell you. YOU WILL GET IT IN A FEW DAYS.

Bruce and Mark look at each other. Mark starts pushing buttons to try and get the image back.

BRUCE (cont'd)  
You're not s... hey what's that...

CUBAN (O.S.)  
No, we won't wait any longer, we  
need it now.

BRUCE (O.S.)  
I can't, not before...

A short silence, then three consecutive GUNSHOTS.

ANDREW  
Shit!

Mark immediately LAUNCHES out of his chair. Andrew looks around frantically. He grabs his gun from the desk and clumsily inserts it in his holster. With jacket in hand he follows Mark who's already out the door.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Andrew jumps out of the van and tries to keep up with Mark. While crossing the street to the entrance of the building, Andrew slides into his jacket.

Once across, Mark slams into the locked door of the high-rise. It takes him a few seconds to shake off the impact. Andrew does his best to suppress his amusement.

Inside, an old security guard rises his head and glances over at the door.

With large movements Mark motions him to come over.

MARK  
Open this door!

Ever so slowly the old man gets up and approaches, ignoring Mark's gestures.

Once at the door the man punches an intercom button.

OLD MAN  
What the hell do you want?

MARK  
Open this door.

OLD MAN  
I can't.

Mark sighs, swears. He gets his wallet, folds it open and slams it up against the glass separating him from the old man.

ANDREW  
Open this fucking door, right  
fucking now!

From the old man's point of view we see Mark holding up his FBI badge.

Casually the old man points to a sign on the door: PULL.

Andrew finally laughs. Mark shoots him a look of pure hatred, then grabs the door handle and enters the building.

MARK  
Shut up, pencil neck.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

After an electronic BELL the elevator-doors slide open. Andrew and Mark step out and head for the door to Bruce's office.

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE, ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Slowly the door opens and Mark's head appears through the crack. He glances left and right, then enters, closely followed by Andrew.

With their guns thrust forward they approach the door to Bruce's office, constantly looking left and right over the barrel of a gun.

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stealthily Andrew and Mark enter, then dumbstruck they lower their guns.

The office is completely emptied out, only the carpet and desk remain. That, and the motion detectors for the alarm system.

MARK  
What the fuck?

The detector in the corner has been tampered with. A wire runs from it, connecting it to a small device. Mark checks it out.

ANDREW  
What is it?

MARK  
Looks to be some sort of hard  
drive.

Mark looks up at the motion detector.

MARK (cont'd)  
Guess he found the camera.

ANDREW  
So what were we watching?

MARK  
The video was probably recorded  
onto this thing.

ANDREW  
Pretty clever.

MARK  
So he was onto us? But why this  
elaborate scheme?

ANDREW  
To buy some time?

The elevator bell RINGS and Mark immediately snaps to attention. He signals Andrew to be quiet.

Mark moves to the side of the door, ready for whoever comes through it. Andrew is unsure what to do, then moves to the desk and ducks below.

Two ARABIC guys toting machine guns enter, surprised to see the vacated office.

MARK  
Drop your weapons!

The guys turn and choose not to obey. In stead they raise their weapons and start SPITTING out bullets at Mark who returns fire, but is no match for the two.

From behind the desk Andrew watches his colleague being jerked back by the impacting bullets and how one of the attackers drops to the floor, hit in the head by a lucky shot from Mark.

Silence returns as the last man standing starts to reload his weapon.

Andrew realizes this is his window. He swallows, points his gun at the man's back and squeezes the trigger; Nothing happens.

Alerted by the METALLIC CLICK of the gun, the guy spins and comes face to face with Andrew. Hastily Andrew checks his gun, notices the safety. He switches it off and just as his opponent finishes reloading Andrew fires the now working gun repeatedly, only stopping after the chamber is completely empty.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY

Bruce and MARSHA sit in the first class lounge. Marsha is young and beautiful, clearly a gold digger.

Bruce is watching his laptop screen intently, oblivious to his nervous girlfriend.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Final call for flight 613 to  
Frankfurt Germany.

MARSHA  
Bruce, come on...

BRUCE  
(not looking at her)  
Just a minute.

On the screen is an image from inside his office: Andrew empties his stomach, then exits.

MARSHA  
I want to get out of here. I'll  
feel a lot safer once we're up in  
the air.

BRUCE  
(smiles)  
Well that's a line you won't hear  
often.

Marsha's too nervous to realize what she just said.

MARSHA  
Huh?

Bruce brings up another screen:

"Press QPZM to detonate, 10 seconds to cancel"

BRUCE  
Just one more minute.  
(to Andrew on screen)  
Come on, get out.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE BRUCE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Andrew pushes the elevator button, then walks to the watercooler. He rinses and, though lack of a sink, spits in the trash can.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY

Bruce watches Andrew walk into the street, the image coming from a camera mounted high above, outside his office.

He presses the letters QPZM simultaneously and a counter appears with a cancel button. 10, 9, 8....

BRUCE

Now we can go.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Andrew crosses the street, his cell phone pressed to his ear.

ANDREW

No, I'm outside.

(defensive)

'cause I got sick that's why.

(listens)

I'll just wait here for...

AN ENORMOUS EXPLOSION, high above him. PEDESTRIANS SCREAM, some freeze, some run as a huge fireball BLASTS the windows out of part of the high-rise, then they duck away as debris starts to rain down.

Andrew just stands there in the middle of the road, his phone at his side. Oblivious to the TINY VOICE emanating from it, asking if he is alright.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT, BAGAGE CLAIM - DAY

Andrew stands at the carrousel, waiting for his suitcase. A look of surprise as he spots HOWARD, a balding, distinguished looking man of about sixty.

Howard waves and turns in his direction.

Andrew turns his attention to his suitcase that is approaching slowly. He grabs it of the carrousel and meets Howard halfway.

ANDREW

So, to what do I owe this honor?

They start walking.

HOWARD

What honor is that?

ANDREW  
Why are you picking me up  
personally?

HOWARD  
Just wanted to make sure you were  
alright. I still feel a bit  
guilty about having to send you  
out on this mission I guess.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW  
Good.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

HOWARD'S CAR merges into heavy traffic, driving away from  
the airport.

INT. HOWARD'S CAR - DAY

HOWARD  
(driving)  
So, I guess you're glad to be  
back?

ANDREW  
Uhuh.

HOWARD  
I still don't believe what  
happened.

Andrew looks at him.

HOWARD (cont'd)  
Oh, I mean, I believe you but, I  
just don't understand.

ANDREW  
(shrugs)  
I'm just glad it's out of my  
hands and I can get back to work.

HOWARD  
This is work Andrew.

ANDREW  
You know what I mean.

HOWARD

Yes I do. But there was reasonable belief that he was involved with a lot more, a lot worse than what we found out.

ANDREW

Are you saying you know something I don't?

HOWARD

Someone always knows more Andrew.

EXT. KEY WEST - DAY

A beat-up van goes up the driveway of a large Caribbean style house and parks next to a black Mercedes. JUAN, a twenty year old Hispanic, climbs out and enters the house.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

In the middle of the moderately furnished room is a table with four computers. The screens all show the same thing: a prompt for a password. THREE ARABS are at the keyboards trying to get in.

Near the window is a desk. Behind it is MARCUS. He looks important, a leader, but most of all he looks unhappy.

In the back, watching MTV, are two American thugs; DICK (white) and MALCOLM (black).

As the door opens Marcus looks up, then disappointment as Juan enters.

Juan looks around the room.

JUAN

Any news?

MARCUS

They're dead. It was a setup.

JUAN

What now?

MARCUS

Now... We wait.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS, WASHINGTON - DAY

Above the entrance of one of the buildings is a plaque with the logo of the National Infrastructure Protection Center.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

A large work space, divided into cubicles. All are empty, except for one where Andrew sits at his workstation. He sips his coffee as he watches information scroll over a flat screen in front of him. It's a log file, taken from a firewall.

Soft GLOOMY ROCK MUSIC plays from the computer speakers.

MIKE

Jesus, you slept here?

Andrew looks up from his screen at the JOYFUL GUY, dressed casually, probably late twenties, a small briefcase in one hand, cup of coffee in the other.

ANDREW

If only... Do you know where the list of Russian rogue servers is?

MIKE

Well, good morning Mike, how was your weekend? Fine thanks, how was yours?

Mike sits at his workstation, across from Andrew.

ANDREW

Sorry, but I just lost four days on that stupid assignment and I'm way behind on this credit card case.

MIKE

Man, I still don't understand what you're complaining about. I'd kill to have an adventure like you just had. Heard you saw some action as well.

ANDREW

I'd rather not talk about it. I'm just glad it's over and done with.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Andrew and Mike sit at a window in the crowded cafeteria, eating their lunch.

ANDREW

So, what did I miss when I was gone?

MIKE

Nothing...  
See that's what I mean. Nothing  
ever happens here. What we do is  
like, like a computer game. Those  
hackers might as well not even be  
real.

ANDREW

(corrects him)  
Crackers.

MIKE

Yeah, yeah. What's the  
difference.

ANDREW

You know the difference.

MIKE

(smiles)  
Yeah, I know, we're hackers, they  
are crackers... But In the  
mindset of the general public,  
hacker, cracker, it's all the  
same. I'd prefer not to be seen  
as a hacker.

ANDREW

(smiles)  
Don't worry, you aren't.

MIKE

Ha Ha.

Andrew's cell phone RINGS. He looks at the display, sighs  
as he recognizes the number.

ANDREW

Hi Howard.  
(listens)  
Yeah, right away.

He terminates the call and gets up from the table.

MIKE

Time to hit the trenches again?

Andrew stops.

ANDREW

God, I hope not.

Mike laughs and finishes his lunch.

INT. HOWARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Andrew sits opposite Howard.

ANDREW

Miami?

HOWARD

We think he may contact her,  
well, hope actually.

Andrew sighs.

HOWARD (cont'd)

We want you to stake out the  
house. There's an empty house  
across the street that we can  
use.

(pause)

Your flight leaves in two hours.

ANDREW

Can't one of the locals do it?  
I'm not qualified to do this.

HOWARD

You know Bruce, that makes you  
qualified.

ANDREW

Look, like I told you before,  
just because he was my roommate  
at M.I.T. Doesn't mean I know how  
he operates. I couldn't even  
figure him out then. I haven't  
spoken to the guy in 16 years.

HOWARD

(getting annoyed)

Maybe your right Andrew, but fact  
is, it just doesn't matter. You  
are assigned to work this case.  
If you don't like it then hand in  
your badge and leave.

Andrew throws up his hands in despair.

ANDREW

Alright, alright. I'll go. I'll  
find him... Dead or alive.

HOWARD

Good.

ANDREW  
(shakes his head)  
Jesus. And on top of it all, I  
hate flying.  
(gets up)  
I want you to know that if this  
plane crashes I'm holding you  
personally responsible.

Howard smiles.

EXT. MIAMI AIRPORT - NIGHT

Andrew steps through the sliding doors and the humidity hits him like a wall. Quickly he takes off his jacket and loosens his shirt.

He lugs his suitcase to the nearest taxi.

EXT. STREET, MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

A taxi rounds the corner and stops in the driveway of an old house. Andrew gets out of the cab. He stares at the house across the street while the DRIVER gets his luggage from the trunk.

As the taxi takes off, Andrew walks up to the mailbox. Inside he finds an envelope containing some notes and a set of keys.

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE - NIGHT

Andrew enters the living room. He throws his keys on a worn coffee table, switches on the light and looks round. Judging by the state everything's in nobody's lived here for quite a while. Andrew drops his suitcase flat on a table on the other side of the room. It collapses on impact.

ANDREW  
(jumps back)  
Jesus.

He starts to laugh, then heads up the stairs.

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrew enters and is glad to see a somewhat better furnished room. There's a desk and chair over by the window, against the other wall is a bed, neatly made.

ANDREW  
Perfect.

Andrew walks up to the window and looks outside.

EXT. STREET, MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

It's dark. There's a light burning in the bedroom of the old house.

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrew sits at the desk, there's a half eaten pizza lying in a box on the bed. He's on the phone while he runs through another set of log files on his laptop screen.

ANDREW

Yeah, I know, but as long as I'm sitting here I might as well do some real work. So could you mail me those files?

EXT. STREET, MIAMI BEACH - NIGHT

A red sports-car rounds the corner and turns into the driveway of the house across the street.

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Andrew is too busy to notice what's happening outside.

ANDREW

Yeah, no don't worry, looks like I'll be up all night anyway.

A CAR DOOR slams shut outside.

Andrew glances out the window.

ANDREW (cont'd)

O, shit. Gotta go. Thanks.

He disconnects the call and grabs his binoculars.

Through them he sees a pretty WOMAN, mid thirties, as she walks up to her front door.

Andrew lowers his binoculars, a hint of recognition in his eyes.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Jennifer?

He watches her as she enters the house.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
What's she doing here?

Andrew's utterly confused. He checks his watch, then calls up a notepad program on his laptop and types:

10:18 PM JENNIFER arrives. Looks like she lives here.

He stares at the screen for a second, highlights Jennifer.

INT. STAKE-OUT HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Andrew's still in the chair behind the desk, his face resting next to the laptop, asleep.

Slowly his eyes open, a pause, then he erects. He moans and groans as he yawns and stretches his muscles. It would have been better if he used the bed.

As he rises he sees Jennifer as she leaves her house, dressed in a T-shirt, shorts and running shoes.

Andrew types:

8:04 AM Jennifer goes jogging.

He watches her go round the corner then turns his attention back to his computer.

A new e-mail has arrived, it contains a voice mail left for him at his office number. He opens it.

BRUCE (V.O.)  
Hi Andrew, it's me... Having fun yet? I hope I didn't scare you too much in New York.

Andrew looks puzzled, he can't really believe what he's hearing.

BRUCE (cont'd)  
So, having fun, stalking my girlfriend?

Andrew is clearly thunderstruck by this.

BRUCE (cont'd)  
I don't believe introductions are in order.

There's a short sarcastic laugh.

BRUCE (cont'd)  
But, moving on... I got something for you.

BRUCE(cont'd)

I've thought a while about how and where to give it to you, but then I thought it would be safest for me if you went and got it yourself. See I can't afford to show my face in these parts anymore, but you know all...

Andrew hits the pause button, sits back for a second trying to make some sense of this.

EXT. STREET, MIAMI BEACH - DAY

Andrew gets out of the car and hurries over to the other side of the street. After making sure he's unseen he disappears around the back of Jennifer's house.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

A rock CRASHES THROUGH THE WINDOW of the back door. Andrew appears and reaches through to open it from the inside. As he enters he freezes for a second, listening, making sure he's alone in the house.

He proceeds to the living room and spots a computer. He powers it up, but nothing happens whatsoever. A glance at the back of the computer tells him it's wired up correctly, so he hits the switch again, but again: nothing.

He gets his Swiss-army-knife from his pocket, lifts the monitor of the computer and unscrews the top of the computer case.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

What are you doing here?

Andrew startles and spins, coming face to face with the barrel of a gun in Jennifer's hand.

ANDREW

Shit, you scared me.

JENNIFER

I scared you?

Jennifer holds the gun firmly, still in her shorts and shirt, sweating from running in high humidity.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

I asked you, what the hell are you doing here Andrew?

ANDREW

Put the gun down.

JENNIFER

No.

ANDREW

Jennifer, please. It's me. Put that gun down. Please let me explain.

She hesitates, then lowers it slowly.

Both aren't sure what to say, then suddenly Andrew turns and runs out the door.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Wait here.

JENNIFER

Andrew!

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jennifer sits on the couch.

A bit uncomfortable, Andrew watches her as she listens to Bruce's voice coming from the laptop that sits on the coffee table.

BRUCE (V.O.)

But, moving on... I got something for you. I've thought a while about how and where to give it to you but then I thought it would be safest for me if you went and got it yourself. See I can't afford to show my face in these parts anymore, but you know all about that don't you? Well, actually you don't know the half of it, don't worry. I'll enlighten you over the next few days.

Jennifer frowns, Andrew on the other hand has heard all of this before.

BRUCE (cont'd)

So, I guess you'll have to go look for it now. A helpful hint: It's not far from here. You'll find more information in Jennifer's computer.

The voice mail ends. Silence as Jennifer digests the information.

ANDREW

That's why I'm here. That's why I was trying to get into your computer.

JENNIFER

Well, good luck, it's busted.

ANDREW

Busted?

JENNIFER

Doesn't do anything, not since Friday.

ANDREW

Really?

Andrew walks to the computer and continues what he was doing earlier, removing the case's top.

JENNIFER

So how on earth did you end up with the FBI anyway? I just can't picture you, chasing criminals. You were always such a computer freak.

He shoots her a look.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Well, you were.

ANDREW

I still am. That's actually why I took this job. I got access to all the latest technology and I get to use it to spy on people.

JENNIFER

But why spy on Bruce?

ANDREW

We have evidence that he was involved in a couple of Phishing schemes. When my superiors found out I was in college with him they assigned me to the case.

Jennifer is listening to all of this with disbelief.

JENNIFER

Fishing schemes?

Andrew peers inside the computer case.

ANDREW

Phishing, you know, when they send you emails impersonating your bank or something, asking you to visit their website and correct your personal details.

JENNIFER

You mean like credit card info?

ANDREW

Among other things, yes.

The motherboard's power cable has been disconnected. Andrew takes it in his hand.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Did you do this?

JENNIFER

You're kidding me right?

Andrew plugs the cable into its socket, then closes the case and boots the computer.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

But, I don't understand. Why would he be involved in something like that? I thought he made a fortune writing computer games.

ANDREW

No, he wrote them, someone else made the money. That's probably why he got into all of this. It's actually a pretty common scenario: An employee comes up with an idea that makes millions for the company, he gets a small bonus, feels cheated, then turns against his employer and robs him blind.

JENNIFER

So, wait, he robbed his employer?

ANDREW

Well, that's my guess. We don't have proof and there has never been any report filed, but then again that hardly ever happens, most companies don't report computer break ins.

The computer has finished booting and Andrew starts a mail program, lots of mails come in, most of them spam. One has the following subject:

"Andrew and Jennifer's big adventure"

Jennifer frowns.

In the body of the mail, the following:

"Dear Jennifer and Andrew,

I have a little gift for you reunion. Look under the sofa"

JENNIFER

What's that supposed to mean?

Andrew walks to the sofa, kneels down and grabs a briefcase from under it.

Jennifer is dumbstruck.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

How did that get there?

Andrew places the briefcase on a table.

ANDREW

I don't know, this keeps getting weirder by the minute.

JENNIFER

He broke into my house?

Andrew tries to open it, but it's locked.

ANDREW

He's probably also the one that disabled your computer.

JENNIFER

Why?

ANDREW

So you wouldn't see the message before I got here.

They stare at the briefcase. Andrew tries a couple of random numbers on the combination lock.

ANDREW (cont'd)

I guess we have to force it open.

JENNIFER

How many combinations are there?

ANDREW

Three digits, a thousand combinations.

ANDREW(cont'd)

Unless the locks have different combinations of course, then it's, a million.

A short pause.

JENNIFER

Wait, you're an agent right?

ANDREW

Yeah. So?

JENNIFER

So try 007.

Andrew looks at her.

ANDREW

Yeah right.

JENNIFER

Come on, try it.

Andrew sets the combination on both locks to 007 and sure enough, they flip open.

Andrew's impressed.

Slowly he opens the briefcase. Inside are various electronic devices, a keyboard and on the inside of the lid is an LCD video screen. It SWITCHES ON automatically and starts playing a video.

Andrew and Jennifer watch in amazement as Bruce appears on screen.

BRUCE

Andrew and Jennifer, my, my. You must be dying to know what this is all about. Well, let me explain...

I have devised a game for you, kinda like the computer adventure games we used to play back in college Andrew. Only this time, we are going to play for real. So, there's no coming back from the dead in this one. Don't worry though, if you apply yourself, chances are you will live through this.

Amazement has turned to concern on both Andrew and Jennifer's faces.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Okay, so, what's the game about... here's the backstory:

BRUCE(cont'd)

There's this super-intelligent hacker who's devised a Trojan that can be used to remote control computers over the internet, and it hides itself in encrypted parts of its host computer, in other words, as long as it lies dormant, it's undetectable. Right now this Trojan is waiting patiently on thousands of computers, ranging from machines that control the power grid to air traffic control systems to common household machines. Waiting until someone activates it. Who might that be you ask? You will find out soon enough, they will be the ones trying to kill you over the next few days.

Both are a little more than just concerned now.

BRUCE (cont'd)

And here's why. Your object will be to track down the signature for the Trojan which you can then distribute to anti-virus vendors so they in turn can update their scanners. I have however already sold the program that controls the Trojan to a group of terrorists, but, here's the catch, they can't use it yet. It's protected by a password for the next six days. The beauty is that they don't know that the password will be removed, and I have told them that you know what the password is. So, they will be coming.

JENNIFER

My god...

BRUCE

Now, for some rules and guidelines:  
*ONE*... You will get hints and assignments in a variety of methods, helping you to proceed. A lot of directions will be given directly from this computer, so carry it with you at all times. You can wear the VRD-glasses you see in front of you.

BRUCE(cont'd)

They have a bluetooth connection to this briefcase and project the computer screen directly onto you retina, in stead of using a display, It's a great gadget, I'm sure you'll like it. What's more, thanks to the little camera inside I will also be able to see what you see.

*TWO* - You are not allowed to contact anyone for help, so leave your cell phones here. Starting now, you no longer work for the FBI. If you break this rule, expect serious repercussions, remember, I *do* have access to the trojan, and I am not afraid to use it.

*THREE* - You will have to pay for every expense, but I helped you a bit. Somehow a large sum of money, 1 million dollars to be exact, has found it's way into your bank account, see, that's what a nice guy I am.

As for the rest, you'll learn as you go.

This is Bruce Dillon, signing off, wishing you good luck. Well, not really.

The image of a grinning Bruce fades to black leaving Andrew and Jennifer dumbfounded.

JENNIFER

Why is he so hostile toward you?

ANDREW

He never told you what happened then?

JENNIFER

All I know is that after he quit college he moved to Silicon Valley and...

ANDREW

(interrupts)

Wait, he quit college?

Jennifer looks at him.

ANDREW (cont'd)

He told you he quit college?

JENNIFER

Yeah, why?

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW  
Never mind.

Andrew grabs the VRD from the suitcase and examines it. There's a small electronic device in both glasses, the projectors, and a small lens in the bridge. He slips them on and clips the headset to his ear.

Overlaid on Andrew's POV we see a sentence appear:

"You are in a room having just watched a video message from the world's best hacker. With you is Jennifer."

Jennifer sees the same text appear on the screen.

JENNIFER  
What does this mean?

ANDREW  
It's a description like they used in those old computer adventure games, before they added graphics.

JENNIFER  
So what now?

ANDREW  
Well, in the old days you would type in a command for the character to perform, like walk, or if you wanted more info: *look*.

On screen a new line appears, triggered by his voice-command.

"There's a small shot glass on a shelf, it reminds you of the best job you ever had"

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Best job?

JENNIFER  
I think he's talking about me.

She points at the shot glass with the Hooters logo on it.

ANDREW  
Really? Wow. I didn't know.

JENNIFER  
Yeah well. There's a lot you don't know... So what do we do now?

ANDREW

We take it with us I guess.  
That's the way it used to work,  
maybe we need it later on.

Andrew grabs the glass.

Bruce appears on screen again.

BRUCE

Good, well done. Voice control is  
one way to get information, but  
mostly this adventure will just  
lead you to your next  
destination. See, your object is  
not so much to solve something,  
rather just to try and stay alive  
so you can get to the endpoint  
where you will receive the source  
code.

(beat)

Now, get in your car and follow  
me.

Bruce disappears and a navigation program appears.

Andrew sighs. He shuts the briefcase, puts his cell phone  
on the table and heads out the door.

EXT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

A DHL van stands in front of Marcus' house. The DELIVERY  
GUY is at the door with a large parcel.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

Marcus is sitting behind his desk, watching Juan and the  
three Arabs trying to bypass the password. One guy behind  
each screen. So far no luck.

Dick and Malcolm sit on an old couch, smoking cigarettes.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Marcus nods to the two Americans.

They get up and leave the room. A moment later they return  
with the parcel.

MARCUS

What is it?

Dick puts the parcel on the ground and starts to open it.

MALCOLM

It's from *him*.

All eyes focus on Dick as he pulls a briefcase out of the box. Dick places it on top of Marcus' desk and turns the locks toward Marcus who flips them open and lifts the lid.

A lot of electronics inside, but no screen, no controls, no key-board. Just a pair of VRD-glasses and a little yellow post-it note:

"Wear me."

A bit hesitant Marcus puts on the VRD and slips the speakers into his ears.

Through Marcus' eyes we see the room, everyone stares at us. Suddenly BRUCE POPS UP IN THE MIDDLE, overlaid on the image of the room. It's almost like he's here with us, until Marcus turns his head and Bruce sweeps across the room, staying in the middle of Marcus' vision.

BRUCE

(on screen)

Don't worry, I'm not really here, you're not seeing ghosts... Sorry about your colleagues, but you are getting impatient, and I hate that. Especially since I'm still hanging on to my part of the bargain. I just needed to get out of the country first. So, since you decided to fuck with me, I'm now going to fuck with you. You will still get the password, but you won't get it from me. The guy you are looking for is Andrew McCormick, and these little gadgets will lead you right to him.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COCOWALK, COCONUT GROVE - DAY

Jennifer's car rounds the corner and parks across the street from CocoWalk.

INT. COROLLA - DAY

Andrew, still wearing the VRD, unbuckles. Jennifer looks at him.

ANDREW

It says: Get out here.

JENNIFER

I better find a parking space. I think it's illegal to park here.

Andrew looks at her.

ANDREW  
You know what, I really don't  
give a fuck.

He opens his door.

JENNIFER  
Your vocabulary certainly has  
become a lot more vulgar since we  
last saw each other.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COCOWALK, COCONUT GROVE - DAY

Andrew gets the briefcase from the back. Together with  
Jennifer he crosses the street.

INT. HOOTERS - DAY

As Andrew enters, a message flashes in front of him. He  
stops in his tracks.

JENNIFER  
What is it?

Andrew holds up his hand, signaling her to leave him alone  
a second.

He reads:

"You are in a bar, the greatest place on earth. The  
waitresses are pretty and look amazing in their tight  
shirts and hot pants. They look at you however like you are  
the scum of the earth."

ANDREW  
Nothing, just a description.

They proceed inside. As Andrew passes the bar the BARTENDER  
nods.

BARTENDER  
Cool glasses.

Andrew gives him a wry smile and continues, then stops and  
turns to him.

ANDREW  
Hi.

BARTENDER  
Hi yourself.  
Can I get you anything?

ANDREW  
What have you got?

BARTENDER  
Depends, do you have something  
for me maybe?

Jennifer is watching this in amazement.

Andrew thinks, then gets the shot glass from his pocket and hands it to the bartender.

ANDREW  
Can I get anything for this?

The bartender laughs, then shakes his head.

BARTENDER  
I was wondering if you'd actually  
show.

He turns and grabs an envelop from under the register. He hands it to Andrew but then retracts.

BARTENDER (cont'd)  
What's this all about anyway?

ANDREW  
I could tell you, but then I'd  
have to kill you.

The bartender laughs, hands over the envelope.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Thanks.

Andrew opens the envelope as he walks back to the exit, Jennifer in his wake. The Envelope contains two plane tickets.

BARTENDER  
Well, have fun in London.

Andrew ignores him.

Jennifer looks at the tickets, sees the destination.

JENNIFER  
I'm beginning to like this game.

Andrew shoots her a look, then walks.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COCOWALK, COCONUT GROVE - DAY

Jennifer and Andrew exit the bar. As they walk along the elevated walkway, Jennifer looks at the street below and suddenly stops.

JENNIFER  
Where's my car?

Andrew stops, notices the empty spot below.

ANDREW  
(angry)  
Ah fuck.

JENNIFER  
I told you we shouldn't have  
parked there, and by the way, I'm  
getting tired of your language.

ANDREW  
Well maybe do you think it has  
anything to do with...

Jennifer looks at him.

JENNIFER  
With what?

He shakes his head.

ANDREW  
Forget it.

He continues toward the stairs that lead to the street,  
Jennifer follows a step behind.

JENNIFER  
(smiles)  
Well, I guess you can buy me a  
new one now that you're a  
millionaire.

ANDREW  
I'm glad you have a sense of  
humor about all of this.

JENNIFER  
Hey, I lost my car here. You're  
the one that got the money, what  
are you so grumpy about?

ANDREW  
The only reason he sent me that  
money is so I would be under  
investigation.

ANDREW(cont'd)

Combine that with the fact I'm incommunicado, they will pretty soon conclude I crossed over.

JENNIFER

Crossed over?

ANDREW

Turned to crime. It happens... If we wait too long we can't even get out of the country anymore.

JENNIFER

Wow, that's actually pretty clever. I mean...

(off Andrew's look)

We'd better hurry then.

They arrive at the street below and stop on the sidewalk.

ANDREW

Look, I think maybe I should do this alone.

JENNIFER

Why? You know, I'd rather not go anywhere with you either, but still, it *is* London. Besides, Bruce said I had to, and there's two tickets... So it's obvious I'm supposed to go with you.

ANDREW

That's just why I don't want you to.

JENNIFER

What do you mean? What's the worst that can happen? You don't think he's serious about you getting killed, do you?

ANDREW

To tell you the truth, I honestly don't know.

A pause.

JENNIFER

Well, I think he's just trying to scare us... Come on, let's get a cab.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer enter the crowded terminal. Just a few steps in, a message appears in Andrew's VRD.

"Go to the information desk and ask if there are any messages for you."

ANDREW

Follow me.

Jennifer follows him to the information desk. A pretty BLOND GIRL welcomes them with a warm smile.

BLOND GIRL

Good afternoon, can I help you?

ANDREW

Maybe. I was wondering if you had any messages for McCormick.

BLOND GIRL

Messages? Not that I know of. But let me check okay. Just a minute.

The girl goes into a little office, speaks with her SUPERIOR.

JENNIFER

This another assignment?

ANDREW

Uhuh.

JENNIFER

Could you maybe tell me what you're seeing in those glasses? Maybe I can be of some help.

ANDREW

Hmm.

The blond girl walks out of view for a second, then returns with an envelope.

BLOND GIRL

Turns out I do have something for you. Someone left it a couple of days ago.

Andrew accepts the envelope and tears it open.

ANDREW

Did you see him?

Jennifer nudges Andrew.

JENNIFER

Andrew, don't. You're not supposed to ask, remember.

Andrew ignores Jennifer.

BLOND GIRL

No, it wasn't during my shift,  
otherwise I would have known it  
was here.

Andrew looks inside the envelope, it contains a little key.  
Jennifer peeks over his shoulder.

ANDREW

Okay. Thank you.

The girl smiles at him.

BLOND GIRL

You're welcome.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT, COFFEE SHOP - DAY

In the corner of the terminal is a small coffee shop.  
Jennifer sits at a table, talking on her cell phone.

JENNIFER

I know I promised, It's just for  
a couple of days honey.

(listens)

And try to be a bit considerate,  
I know you think your  
grandparents are old-fashioned  
but, well, they just love you  
okay?

Andrew returns from the bathroom.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Look, I have to go now. I'll make  
it up to you when I get back.  
Love you.

ANDREW

Boyfriend?

JENNIFER

Huh, no um, mother.

She sips her tea.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

(changing subject)

I might as well get used to tea  
now, don't you think?

ANDREW

I don't think we'll be in England  
for long.

JENNIFER

Well, whatever... If someone had told me two days ago I would be flying to London with Andrew McCormick, I think I would have had him committed.

Andrew looks at the people passing. He spots a guy, Dick, wearing a pair of glasses similar to the ones he's wearing himself. Malcolm walks next to him.

ANDREW

Shit!

Dick looks over at the coffee shop, he sees Andrew, sees the VRD on his head, but doesn't make the connection.

JENNIFER

Well, maybe it's not that bad.

As Dick's eyes face front again Andrew pulls off the VRD, grabs the briefcase and drags Jennifer out of her chair. Sensing something's wrong she runs after him into the ladies' room.

Dick suddenly stops in his tracks and turns. He looks at the now empty table. Malcolm, who continued walking, returns to him.

MALCOLM

What's up?

DICK

I don't know, I thought I saw something.

MALCOLM

Saw what?

Malcolm looks in the same direction as Dick but doesn't really know what to focus at.

DICK

I thought I saw someone wearing these same goggles.

MALCOLM

Well I don't see 'em.

DICK

No, no I don't either, now, but...

MALCOLM

It's that damn thing on your head man. It's fucking with you. Frying up your brain or something.

Malcolm starts walking again.

MALCOLM (cont'd)

Come on.

Dick takes one last look, then follows Malcolm, walking sideways at first, keeping his eye on the coffee shop. Then he turns and they walk through the gate.

INT. MIAMI AIRPORT, LADIES' ROOM - DAY

With VRD in his hand and the briefcase by his feet, Andrew stands at the inside of the door. A WOMAN is standing at the mirror, applying make-up. She smiles at Andrew, then nods to the door of one of the stalls.

WOMAN

Afraid she's gonna run off?

ANDREW

Just trying to avoid someone.

A toilet FLUSHES and Jennifer comes out. As she washes her hands she looks at Andrew.

JENNIFER

Are they gone?

Andrew opens the door a crack and peers through.

ANDREW

I think so.

(shuts the door)

Let's just, wait a minute longer.

The woman closes her purse and walks to the door, winks at Andrew as she passes.

WOMAN

Bye.

Andrew opens and closes the door for her, he's immune to her charms though. It's just good manners to him.

Jennifer is impressed.

JENNIFER

Well, I guess it's really James Bond time isn't it? I didn't realize you were so popular with 'the chicks'. I guess my view has become a bit jaded.

Andrew just shrugs it off. He leans back against a vending machine. It turns out to be filled with tampons and stuff.

Feeling a bit awkward he shifts his weight and leans to another wall.

Jennifer sits on the counter.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
So, is there a Mrs. McCormick?

ANDREW  
No.

JENNIFER  
(surprised)  
No? No girlfriend, fiancé, lover...  
gay friend maybe?

Andrew shakes his head.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
What then, you just broke up with  
someone?

ANDREW  
Could we talk about something  
else please? Or better yet, could  
we just shut up for a while.

JENNIFER  
I was just wondering that's all.  
Sorry for being interested.

ANDREW  
Alright, alright... There's only  
been one... A long time ago.

They share a look and nothing more is said.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer are in the coach section. Jennifer sits at the window, Andrew at the aisle. The briefcase and VRD lie on the seat in between them.

ANDREW  
So, when's the last time you  
actually spoke to Bruce?

JENNIFER  
I haven't seen him since we broke  
up.

ANDREW  
When was that?

JENNIFER  
What do you mean when was that?  
Didn't he tell you?

ANDREW

I haven't spoken to him in 16 years.

JENNIFER

Well, neither have I. We broke up when I visited him in Europe, during his internship.

ANDREW

Son of a bitch...

JENNIFER

What?

ANDREW

He told me you transferred to the university of Miami 'cause you couldn't face me. I just figured he went after you after he was expelled.

JENNIFER

Why was he expelled?

ANDREW

He broke into the school system to change his grades. I actually walked into the room when he was doing it.

JENNIFER

So you turned him in?

ANDREW

No, I didn't do anything. He was my friend, and, well, it was not like he was going to flunk, he just wanted to change one grade to maintain his grade point average.

JENNIFER

But still...

ANDREW

Well, anyway, I might as well have. A few days later he burst into my room, screaming and yelling. He smashed my computer, threw the TV out the window... Apparently the dean had found out and he was expelled. Bruce of course was convinced I was the one who turned him in. Before he left he vowed to get revenge for fucking him over twice.

JENNIFER  
Looks like he kept his vow...

ANDREW  
Yeah... So, what about his  
daughter?

JENNIFER  
Huh?

ANDREW  
Doesn't he ever visit her?

Jennifer has totally lost him.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
He hasn't seen her in all these  
years?

JENNIFER  
How do you?... O, right. You were  
watching me...

ANDREW  
Well, that and...

JENNIFER  
(interrupts)  
She's not his... She's the result  
of a stupid one night stand.

ANDREW  
She's not his? But... She's...  
how old?

JENNIFER  
Fifteen.

Andrew frowns.

ANDREW  
Well, anyway, better than *him*  
being the father probably.

EXT. RUDESHEIM HARBOR - DAY

BRUCE helps MARSHA onto a large white yacht. She walks to  
the front and stands in the fresh breeze, looking up at the  
blue sky.

INT. YACHT - DAY

BRUCE enters the cabin which is packed with luxuries; TV,  
stereo, bar, computers...

The first thing he does it switch on the computer, then he pours himself a drink. As he waits for the computer to boot, he peers through the window at MARSHA on the front deck.

He returns to his computer, types in a password and is welcomed by a title screen:

"Andrew and Jennifer's race to death."

He hits the space bar and the screen changes, text appears:

"Andrew: Present location unknown.  
GPS not transmitting.  
Last known location: Miami International Airport.

Bad guys: Present location unknown.  
GPS not transmitting.  
Last known location: Miami International Airport."

Bruce nods satisfied.

BRUCE  
Still up in the air.

The screen updates:

Bad guys: Present location: Amsterdam Airport

BRUCE (cont'd)  
Touchdown, perfect timing.

INT. AMSTERDAM AIRPORT - DAY

Dick and Malcolm are in a corner of the large terminal. Dick's squatting down, looking at the open briefcase on the ground before him.

DICK  
Okay, I think it's on now.

Malcolm looks down at the briefcase, a couple of lights flash on and off.

Dick slips on the VRD and nods.

DICK (cont'd)  
Yeah, I got something.

'Check into the Hilton and wait'.

MALCOLM  
(shaking his head)  
Fuck-head.

DICK

What?

MALCOLM

Not you.

Dick closes the briefcase and they step outside through the large revolving doors.

INT. HEATROW AIRPORT - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer face a wall of lockers. Andrew's wearing the VRD, he's waiting, reading something. Jennifer looks at him patiently.

ANDREW

Okay, this should be the one,  
d118.

He gets the little key out of the envelope and inserts it into the lock of locker d118. It fits. Inside is another envelope.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE EUSTON PLAZA HOTEL, LONDON - DAY

A taxi stops in front of the hotel. Andrew and Jennifer step out.

INT. EUSTON PLAZA - DAY

Andrew enters from the street, followed by Jennifer. They walk to the reception desk.

The CONCIERGE behind the counter greets them.

CONCIERGE

Good afternoon.

ANDREW

Hi. Do you have a reservation for  
McCormick?

CONCIERGE

Let me see.

He types the name into the computer.

CONCIERGE (cont'd)

Yes. McCormick. One night.

He gets a key card for the room and hands it to Andrew.

CONCIERGE (cont'd)  
Room 1-20. It's on the first  
floor.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, EUSTON PLAZA - DAY

A spacious room, two separate beds. Andrew sits at the window, looking out, wearing the VRD.

He turns as Jennifer comes out of the bathroom, a towel wrapped around her body, showing a lot of leg. Her hair is wet and she's not wearing make-up, nevertheless, she looks stunning. Andrew finally shows interest, having trouble not looking at her.

JENNIFER

If we get the chance maybe we should pick up some clothes and stuff. Or are you planning on wearing the same clothes for six days?

ANDREW

You're thinking this is all a game aren't you?

JENNIFER

But it is a game.

ANDREW

I don't know. I mean those guys at the airport.

JENNIFER

You don't know for sure if they were following us.

ANDREW

(holds up VRD)  
Who else has a pair if these.

INT. YACHT - DAY

Bruce watches a live image of Jennifer on his laptop screen. It's not full motion, and blurry sometimes, webcam style.

Bruce puts on his headset.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, EUSTON PLAZA - NIGHT

Jennifer walks back to the bathroom. Andrew keeps watching her, then startles as a BURST OF STATIC NOISE comes from the briefcase, followed by a familiar voice.

BRUCE (V.O.)  
She still looks good huh?  
(beat)  
I have something for Jennifer,  
it's in the hallway.

Andrew hesitates for a second.

ANDREW  
Bruce?

No reply.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
You watching me?

Nothing.

Andrew gets up and opens the door. There's a package on the threshold.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Jennifer, come here.

Andrew picks up the package and closes the door.

Jennifer, still in a towel, enters the room.

JENNIFER  
What is it?

Andrew hands her the package.

ANDREW  
It's for you.

She frowns, then opens it. Inside is a dress. As she picks it up she uncovers a little jewelry box. She opens it and her jaw drops. Not because the ring inside is an expensive one, but rather since it is a familiar one.

JENNIFER  
Jesus.

ANDREW  
What?

JENNIFER  
That's our engagement ring. Well,  
what would have been, had I  
accepted.

She looks at the dress.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
And this looks just like the  
dress I wore that night.

ANDREW  
What night?

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A bit more than half of the tables are occupied with DINERS. WAITERS and WAITRESSES come in and out of the kitchen.

The MAITRE 'D shows Andrew and Jennifer to a table in the back of the restaurant. Andrew puts the briefcase under the table and takes off the VRD.

ANDREW  
Who'd have thought.

JENNIFER  
Well, he had his moments. I know you think you know him, but he was different when he was with me.

ANDREW  
I remember he said he was thinking about proposing... Never thought he'd actually do it though. And in a place like this.

JENNIFER  
I wonder why he sent us here.

ANDREW  
You and me both.  
(beat)  
So, um, what did you say? I mean, when he asked you.

JENNIFER  
What do you think? What could I say. I couldn't very well accept, but I didn't want to turn him down either, I mean not just like that.

ANDREW  
So you gave him the old: I have to think about it.

JENNIFER  
Something like that.

ANDREW  
How'd he take it?

JENNIFER  
He gave me six days.

ANDREW  
 Sounds familiar. Bit pushy  
 though.

JENNIFER  
 No kidding, if I hadn't already  
 known the answer, that would have  
 done it.

The briefcase BEEPS shortly. Andrew puts on the VRD.

"Enough about me already.  
 You still like anagrams? Here's one for you: none yodle  
 Be there at eight"

ANDREW  
 None yodle?

JENNIFER  
 Huh?

ANDREW  
 It's an anagram. None yodle.

Andrew motions for a waiter to come over.

WAITER  
 Are you ready to order sir?

ANDREW  
 Can I borrow your pad and pen?

WAITER  
 Um, yes, of course.

The waiter hands Andrew his little notepad and pen. Andrew  
 writes down: none yodle.

The waiter frowns.

WAITER (cont'd)  
 I don't think we have that sir.

Jennifer and Andrew stare at the letters.

Andrew writes: doyle, nodle, eye. The waiter now  
 understands what they are trying to do.

WAITER (cont'd)  
 I think it's London Eye.

ANDREW  
 London eye? What the hell does  
 that mean?

EXT. LONDON EYE - NIGHT

A taxi stops at the entrance of the ticket hall. Behind it stands the 450 feet tall observation wheel.

Jennifer and Andrew rush out of the car and into the hall.

INT. TICKET HALL - NIGHT

After a quick glance left and right Andrew proceeds through the crowded hall to a row of computer terminals. Jennifer follows him closely.

At the ticket collection machine, Andrew swipes his credit card through the slot. The machine responds with his name and a confirmation of the booking, then prints out two tickets for eight PM. It's now 7:55.

ANDREW

You believe that? He actually used my credit card to book this.

JENNIFER

By now I believe anything.

EXT. LONDON EYE, BOARDING - NIGHT

Andrew and Jennifer step into a slowly moving pod-shaped capsule.

INT. POD - NIGHT

The large glass capsule slowly climbs up, providing a spectacular view of the City of London.

Jennifer stands at the glass, along with the other OCCUPANTS.

Andrew sits on the bench in the middle, clearly uncomfortable.

JENNIFER

Come on, you have to look at this.

ANDREW

I'm fine here, thanks.

A message appears in the VRD:

"Enjoying yourself Andrew?"

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 (under his breath)  
 Fuck you.

"Look out the window, or you might miss something"

Andrew sighs, stands and slowly moves to a free space at the edge of the pod.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Okay, what do I see?

Some of the people in the pod look at Andrew, then back outside.

"You see the city of London, the river Thames and it's many bridges"

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Look at the Thames.

"Looks wet"

Andrew sighs. The others on board are wondering who he's talking to. Jennifer stands next to Andrew.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Look at the bridges.

"You're intrigued by the second bridge on your right, it's name will help you determine where you want to go next. And fortunately there is a fast means of transportation nearby"

JENNIFER  
 What does it say?

Andrew takes off the VRD and hands it to Jennifer. She puts it on, then looks down at the bridge.

ANDREW  
 Anything happen there between you and Bruce?

JENNIFER  
 No, not that I can think of.

ANDREW  
 What bridge is that?

A TOURIST has been watching them and steps in.

TOURIST  
 Which one?

ANDREW  
 Um, the second on the right there.

TOURIST  
That's Waterloo bridge.

ANDREW  
Waterloo?

JENNIFER  
Where's Waterloo?

ANDREW  
Belgium.

JENNIFER  
Okay, so we wanna go to Belgium.  
Fast transportation? That means  
we fly, right?

Andrew thinks and then looks at the train station behind them.

ANDREW  
No.

INT. EUROSTAR TERMINAL, WATERLOO STATION - NIGHT

The long Eurostar train stands waiting at the platform. PASSENGERS are boarding. Andrew and Jennifer glide upwards on the escalator, Andrew carrying the briefcase and wearing the VRD.

They board the train.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

Juan and the Arabs are still working on the protected computer program, trying to get passed the password prompt.

Marcus talks on the phone.

MARCUS  
Are you still in Amsterdam?  
(listens)  
And you've been wearing that  
thing the whole time?

INT. HOTEL ROOM, HILTON - NIGHT

A luxurious room. The window overlooks Amsterdam Airport. Dick stands at the window, phone in hand, wearing the VRD.

DICK  
Yeah, we took turns, but we  
haven't seen shit.

He looks at Malcolm, sleeping on the couch, then turns back to the window and watches a plane take off.

DICK (cont'd)  
Yeah, I'll call you when I get anything.

He disconnects the call, drops the cell phone on the table and lights a cigarette.

DICK (cont'd)  
Fuck this shit.

He takes off the VRD, then reconsiders, puts it back on.

DICK (cont'd)  
Fuck.

EXT. RHINE AT RUDESHEIM - NIGHT

The yacht lays anchored close to a small island in the Rhine.

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

BRUCE reads a book, lying on the couch. MARSHA enters the CABIN from the bedroom, looking bored

Bruce occasionally checks the monitors which show the locations of Andrew and the bad guys, and a jerky image of a camera moving through the aisle of a train.

INT. EUROSTAR - NIGHT

Andrew walks through the aisle of the car carrying the briefcase.

On the P.A. the VOICE of the TRAIN MANAGER announces the train is now cruising at the speed of 300 kmph. The train is amazingly quiet.

Andrew sits next to Jennifer who's asleep.

In his view:

"You suddenly feel the need to pee."

Andrew sighs, grabs the briefcase and makes his way back down the aisle.

INT. EUROSTAR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and Andrew enters. He places the briefcase on the floor, then shuts and locks the door behind him.

Text appears in his view.

"You're in a toilet"

ANDREW

Look.

"You're in a toilet"

ANDREW (cont'd)

Look down.

"You suddenly feel the urge to inspect the bowl thoroughly. Have fun. O, and don't forget to wash your hands when you're done."

Andrew looks at the toilet below him.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Ah fuck.

He flushes it a couple of times, then starts examining it. He rolls up his sleeve and sticks his hand through the pipe. When his arm has almost totally disappeared from view his hand touches something. With some force he unsticks it from the inside of the pipe and brings it up.

It's a small cylinder, inside is a car key and a little note.

"Just try me"

Andrew pockets it and starts washing his arm, thoroughly.

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

A BEEP from the computer wakes up BRUCE. He rises and squints at the computer screen.

"Andrew: Present location: Brussels  
Bad guys: Present location: Amsterdam Airport"

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARKING LOT, BRUSSELS - NIGHT

A filled lot outside the train station. Andrew and Jennifer walk through it, searching. Andrew is carrying their briefcase, continuously pressing a button on the car key.

Suddenly ahead of them the lights of a BMW flicker on and off.

ANDREW

Not bad.

Andrew looks inside the car, then opens the trunk. Inside is a rectangular iron box. Andrew opens it. It contains a huge gun-like artifice and a normal size hand gun.

JENNIFER

What the hell is that?

Andrew holds the large device in his hands, weighing it, admiring it.

ANDREW

I don't know. But I like it.

He pockets the hand gun, then closes the trunk.

JENNIFER

(shaking her head)

Men.

They get in the car.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

As Andrew turns the ignition the NAVIGATION display switches on.

"Destination: Rudesheim - Germany."

ANDREW

Rudesheim? Mean anything to you?

JENNIFER

O yeah.

INT. YACHT - NIGHT

Bruce is sitting behind the computer.

BRUCE

Time to increase the stakes.

Marsha, who's watching German TV, overhears him.

MARSHA

What are you doing?

BRUCE

Just getting to the fun part.

He hits a button and a small window appears.

"Send location:"

Bruce types:

"Rudesheim, Germany"

Marsha gets up and looks at the computer screen.

Bruce moves the mouse pointer to the send button and clicks once. The window disappears.

MARSHA

(worried)

You're telling them where we are?

BRUCE

No, I told them where Andrew is,  
or where he will be soon anyway.  
They won't think to look for us  
here.

MARSHA

I just wish it was over. I'm  
scared.

BRUCE

You're safe with me.

MARSHA

I was safer without you.

BRUCE

Well than, leave. I don't care.

Marsha sits back down, defeated.

EXT. HILTON - NIGHT

A black sedan shoots out of the parking garage and  
screeches around the corner.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT

Malcolm is behind the wheel. Dick wears the VRD and  
wrestles with a large map of Europe.

MALCOLM

(impatient)

Found it yet?

DICK

(angry)

Hold your fucking horses.

DICK(cont'd)

You just get us on the fucking freeway.

EXT. RHINESTREET, RUDESHEIM - MORNING

The BMW enters the street that runs parallel to the rhine river. Jennifer bends towards Andrew to look out his window. She points up.

JENNIFER

There it is.

Andrew looks left and up and sees the large statue on the hill behind the village.

EXT. STREET RUDESHEIM - DAY

The BMW goes up a steep hill.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

From the front deck Bruce watches the BMW go up the hill through his binoculars.

Marsha lies next to him in her bathing suit.

MARSHA

What are you looking at?

BRUCE

(lowering the  
binoculars)

Nothing Marsha.

She sits up, gazing in the same direction as Bruce. She knows he's lying.

EXT. DENKMAL, RUDESHEIM - DAY

At the top of the hill behind the village of Rudesheim is a large statue, the 'Niederwald denkmal'.

Andrew and Jennifer stand at the foot of the structure among a large number of TOURISTS.

They're looking around for anything out of the ordinary. Jennifer walks over to the railing and admires the view of the Rhine and the hills beyond. Andrew stands next to her.

In his view:

"You are at the Niederwald Monument. The view here is spectacular. You enjoy it for a moment."

JENNIFER

So what is it we're supposed to do here?

ANDREW

I don't know, let's just wait and see what happens.

She looks back at the river below.

JENNIFER

Nature sure can be pretty.

Andrew looks at her.

ANDREW

It sure can.

Jennifer acknowledges the remark with a warm smile.

A reflection of the sun attracts Andrew's attention. He searches for the origin somewhere on the river below. He sees it again, coming from a white yacht.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Bruce has a pocket mirror in his hand, he angles it so the sunlight reflects back up in the direction of the statue. Slowly he keeps changing the angle of the mirror.

EXT. DENKMAL, RUDESHEIM - DAY

Andrew grabs the railing, takes off the VRD and squints as he tries to make out the figure on the boat.

ANDREW

I'll be damned.

JENNIFER

What?

Andrew looks around. He runs over to one of the coin operated binoculars mounted on the railing.

As he searches his pockets for change there's a GUNSHOT. The binoculars TWISTS around, hit by a bullet.

Andrew spins in the direction the sound came from and sees two men, Dick and Malcolm, running down a path towards him. Dick is wearing a VRD.

As more and more of the tourist realize what's going on, panic arises.

Without thinking Andrew sprints to Jennifer, grabs her arm and drags her with him to the parking lot.

Malcolm fires another shot, hitting a JAPANES TOURIST in the leg.

JAPANES TOURIST  
(in Japanese)  
I'm hit, I'm hit.

Andrew and Jennifer disappear from view.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT DENKMAL, RUDESHEIM - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer come running onto the lot, followed by screaming TOURISTS. Andrew fishes the key out of his pocket and presses the remote.

As they get into the car, Dick and Malcolm appear. They don't see their objectives until the BMW roars to life and burns rubber.

Both of them empty their guns at the BMW as it swerves around the other cars in the lot and then fishtails onto the road. They only manage to put a few air-holes in the trunk.

INT. BMW - DAY

Andrew floors it on the long straight stretch of asphalt. Jennifer looks back, no one following, yet.

ANDREW  
Get that thing, under the chair.  
I think I know what it is.

Jennifer feels under her chair, then comes up with the large gun-like artifice.

She looks back again to see a large Black sedan exit the parking lot, picking up speed.

JENNIFER  
They're behind us.

Andrew sees the sedan in the rearview mirror.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
So, what is this?

Andrew looks at the 'thing' in her lap.

ANDREW

I think it's an EMP device.  
That's kinda like a stun gun for  
cars.

JENNIFER

Huh?

ANDREW

It immobilizes the electronic  
circuits of the car.

Andrew hits the brakes as they approach a sharp corner.

EXT. ROAD TO RUDESHEIM - DAY

The BMW broadly slides onto the road that leads down the  
hill, back to the village. It's a steep descent.

Shortly after the sedan follows. It gradually closes in on  
the BMW.

INT. BMW - DAY

Jennifer looks back.

JENNIFER

They're closing.

ANDREW

I know, Jesus. I'm not used to  
this.

They approach another sharp corner. Andrew gets his foot  
off the throttle but the steep hill causes the car to still  
pick up speed.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Shit.

He hits the breaks hard.

Jennifer screams.

EXT. ROAD TO RUDESHEIM - DAY

The BMW slows down but not enough to safely make it through  
the curve. It broadsides into the rocks that line the  
outside of the road, scratching the metal severely, sparks  
fly.

As the road straightens the BMW frees itself from the wall  
and picks up speed again.

The degree of decline takes on a normal level now and Andrew gets a better grip on the car. Still, the sedan closes in.

INT. BMW - DAY

ANDREW  
Get ready to shoot that thing.

She looks at him, wondering if he's really serious. He is.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Wait until they're close.

EXT. ROAD TO RUDESHEIM - DAY

The two cars enter the village and head straight for the Rhine river. The BMW crosses the main street, slamming into the back of a passing car, spinning it around. The BMW, now a foot shorter, keeps going, jumping over the rail track that runs alongside the Rhine. As it touches ground again it turns left onto the promenade.

Again, the sedan follows.

INT. BMW - DAY

ANDREW  
Get in the back and fire at them.

JENNIFER  
Are you nuts?

ANDREW  
Come on, I'm running out of road here.

Jennifer notices and decides to climb into the backseat. She steadies herself and presses the barrel of the gun to the backseat headrest for support. Then aims and fires. The gun makes a strange electrical noise but doesn't 'shoot' anything. Or so it appears.

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Malcolm has the paddle to the metal as the car suddenly slows, a LOUD SHRIEK comes over the speakers.

MALCOLM  
What the fuck?

Dick reaches for the radio, switches it off, but the speakers already blew out.

DICK

What the fuck are you doing?

MALCOLM

Chill asshole. I'm not doing anything.

Malcolm pumps the gas paddle, turns the keys. But it's a futile effort: The engine's dead, as are all electric devices in the car.

As they look up again they see the end of the promenade in the form of a large rock.

Quickly Malcolm jerks the wheel.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

The BMW has stopped at the end of the promenade. The sedan, still moving at great speed, suddenly banks right and shoots off the promenade, crashing into the Rhine.

The BMW backs up quickly, does a 180 turn, and speeds off.

EXT. RUDESHEIM HARBOR - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer step into a small motorboat. An OLD MAN on the shore throws them the rope the boat was attached with.

EXT. RHINE - DAY

The motorboat cruises toward Bruce's white yacht.

JENNIFER

How do you know it was Bruce on that boat?

He looks at her.

ANDREW

I don't. But we have to go and make sure don't you think?

She nods.

JENNIFER

Let's just.. be careful.

ANDREW

Don't worry. I'm no hero.

The little boat stops behind the yacht. No one in sight.

Andrew ties the boat to the ladder at the back of the yacht and he helps Jennifer up.

INT. YACHT - DAY

The cabin is deserted.

Andrew enters and sways his gun left and right.

ANDREW  
(looking back)  
There's no one here.

Jennifer enters. There's a laptop on a table, Andrew opens the lid. The screen blinks on and a message appears:

"you shouldn't leave the briefcase in the car"

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Well, at least we know it was  
him.

The message disappears and is replaced by a countdown, starting at ten.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Fuck. Get out!

They hurry out of the cabin, then Andrew turns back and grabs the laptop.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

Jennifer climbs on the railing and jumps as far as she can.

Andrew exits the cabin with the laptop and runs to the stern. As he gets ready to jump the boat EXPLODES, propelling him through the air before crashing into the water.

JENNIFER  
Andrew!

Jennifer quickly swims toward the unconscious Andrew who's facedown in the water. She grabs him, turns him on his back and backstrokes to shore.

EXT. CAR-FERRY - DAY

All PASSENGERS and CREW stand at the railing, looking at the exploded yacht about a mile away. Among the passengers are Bruce and Marsha.

Bruce has his binoculars and spots Jennifer, carrying Andrew towards the shore. He looks at Marsha.

MARSHA

Do you think he's dead?

BRUCE

I don't know. I don't understand... I gave him 10 seconds, what took him so long.

He raises his binoculars again as the ferry nears the other shore. He turns his head left and now looks at the boulevard where Dick and Malcolm sit in the back of a police car. The two OFFICERS are at the water's edge, looking at the floating wreckage.

Next to them a tow truck pulls a car from the water.

MARSHA

So much for your game huh?

Bruce looks at her as if she's crazy.

BRUCE

It's not a game, I have everything under control. You think I haven't anticipated things like this? Those guys will probably just spend a night in jail, at most. We'll continue in the morning.

MARSHA

But I thought we were going-

BRUCE

(interrupts)

You shouldn't think honey, you're too pretty for that. We'll get a room here and follow them in the morning.

MARSHA

Whatever you say.

BRUCE

That's right.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

With some effort Jennifer hauls Andrew's limp body out of the water and immediately starts administering mouth to mouth.

Andrew coughs up water, Jennifer sits back on her knees, relieved.

JENNIFER  
Why did you go back?

Andrew slowly sits upright, looks at the debris in the water.

ANDREW  
Shit, the laptop.

POLICE SIRENS in the distance.

JENNIFER  
We gotta go.

Andrew stands, looks at the river, defeated.

EXT. RUDESHEIM HARBOR, PARKING - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer walk to the damaged BMW.

As they enter Andrew spots a sign for a diving club.

ANDREW  
Wait here. I got an idea.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

Marcus enters from the kitchen with a mug of coffee.

The phone rings. Marcus sits at his desk and answers it.

MARCUS  
Hello?

EXT. POLICE STATION, RUDESHEIM - DAY

DICK (V.O.)  
We've gotten into a little  
trouble Marcus.

INT. SMALL OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY

Dick and Malcolm are alone in the office, Dick is on the phone.

DICK  
We were um, well... We got arrested  
for reckless driving.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

MARCUS

Reckless driving? Were you  
chasing..  
Wait, you're on a cop line right  
now?

(listens)

Where are you?

(listens)

Well I hope for your sake he's  
still there in the morning.

He hangs up and sips his coffee.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Fuckers.

EXT. DROSSELGASSE, RUDESHEIM - NIGHT

Andrew and Jennifer stand at the entrance of the  
Drosselgasse, Andrew with briefcase and VRD. The gasse is  
just over 10 feet wide and filled with Hotels, restaurants,  
bars, a few souvenir shops and of course a horde of  
TOURISTS.

Andrew and Jennifer make their way up the gasse.

ANDREW

I can see why Bruce liked coming  
here.

JENNIFER

(points)

There it is.

They stop at the entrance of hotel Lindenwirt.

EXT. HOTEL LINDENWIRT, RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A LARGE MAN, wearing a leather apron with an enormous  
golden key (the key to the wine cellar) attached to it,  
stands by the water fountain in the middle of the atrium.  
With a humongous glass of wine in one hand and a microphone  
in the other he entertains the PATRONS.

Andrew and Jennifer watch the man as they sip their wines.  
Andrew's dressed in a casual jacket. Jennifer looks  
stunning in a new dress.

ANDREW

You really look beautiful  
tonight.

JENNIFER

Thanks. You gotta hand it to  
Bruce, he has great taste.

The old man from the boat rental enters the atrium.

Andrew looks at Jennifer and puts his finger to his lips,  
hands her the VRD. Jennifer puts it on, then turns her head  
away from him.

Andrew gets up and walks up to the old man. He hands Andrew  
a plastic souvenir bag. Andrew looks inside, hands the man  
a stack of bills and returns to the table.

Jennifer hands the VRD back and checks the bag; inside is a  
battered laptop.

ANDREW

So... This is where you told  
Bruce about us?

She nods.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What happened then? I mean, after  
you broke up.

JENNIFER

I went back to the states, he  
returned to London to finish his  
internship

ANDREW

That was it?

JENNIFER

Why?

ANDREW

(beat)  
Didn't you tell him you were  
pregnant?

JENNIFER

What?

ANDREW

Your daughter is sixteen, not  
fifteen, I know... I work for the  
FBI remember.

Jennifer is lost for words.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Is that why you didn't come back  
to me? Because you were carrying  
his child?

JENNIFER

I... I needed some time on my own. Then when I found out you were seeing someone else, I figured it would be best if we just went our separate ways.

ANDREW

(confused)  
Seeing someone else?

JENNIFER

Hey, don't worry, I mean, we only spent a couple of weeks together, and I was practically engaged to someone else while we were. I understand you wanted to move on.

ANDREW

But I didn't.

Now Jennifer is confused.

JENNIFER

Then why did you tell me you did?

ANDREW

(utterly confused)  
What?

JENNIFER

You wrote me, remember.

ANDREW

Wrote you? I didn't even know where you were.

JENNIFER

I don't understand.

ANDREW

I think I do...

JENNIFER

Bruce?

INT. HOTEL ROOM, BINGEN - NIGHT

Marsha flips through the channels on TV, apart from CNN, everything is German, or dubbed in German.

MARSHA

Why don't they use subtitles? I don't understand anything.

Bruce looks up from his laptop screen, shakes his head and returns his attention to a moving Image taken from the VRD as it follows Jennifer walking to her hotel room.

MARSHA (cont'd)

I wanna go to Milan.

Bruce sighs.

MARSHA (cont'd)

Can't you just give me the key to your house?

BRUCE

Why don't you just quit your fucking whining. We got just one more stop, and it's practically on the way. So just shut up. Okay.

MARSHA

At least you've got your soap to watch... I don't get why you enjoy this so much. All they do is badmouth you.

BRUCE

You don't get it do you? I don't care about that. Of course they hate me. I'm just enjoying the fact that they're slowly realizing they spent their whole life apart, when they could have been together. And now that they are finally reunited, I'm gonna make them hurt again.

Marsha starts changing the channels again.

MARSHA

You're right, I don't get it.

INT. HOTEL LINDENWIRT, ROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer is in bed. She watches Andrew as he steps out of the bathroom, dressed in his shorts and shirt. He grabs a pillow from the bed and tries to get comfortable on the small couch.

JENNIFER

You wanna sleep in the bed?

ANDREW

No, that's okay. You sleep on the bed.

JENNIFER

I mean, do you want to, share the bed.

There's some hesitation, both of them are a bit uncomfortable. Then Andrew gets up.

ANDREW

Okay.

She raises the covers and he gets under them. They look at each other for a second.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Well, better get some sleep while we still can.

JENNIFER

Good night Andrew.

ANDREW

Good night.

They roll on their sides, their backs to each other, and close their eyes. Andrew switches off the night light, then stares at the plain blue laptop screen. Jennifer opens her eyes and stares at the moon outside the window.

INT. HOTEL LINDENWIRT, ROOM - MORNING

Andrew lies snuggled up to Jennifer, his arms around her. Jennifer is awake, she feels comfortable and secure.

As Andrew wakes and realizes where he is, and with whom, he moves away from her. Jennifer turns on her back, to face him.

ANDREW

I'm sorry. I wasn't, I was...

Jennifer smiles.

JENNIFER

I know, it's okay. It actually felt nice, waking up in your arms.

He returns the smile, and for a moment they just stare at each other. When Jennifer starts to turn back he kisses her, then retracts quickly, not sure if this is what she wanted.

ANDREW

Sorry.

She sits up.

JENNIFER  
Would you stop apologizing?

Andrew starts to say sorry again, then smiles.

Jennifer grabs him, pulls him close, and they kiss. Soft, slow, then more passionate. When they break apart again they exchange a lust-filled look. Jennifer pulls Andrew's shirt up and over his head, then takes off her own. As they resume the kiss they lie back down.

A HORRENDOUS NOISE startles them and breaks them apart. Andrew notices it originated from the laptop. He sighs, looks at Jennifer. Both are unsure what to do now. As they wait for the other to make the first move, the laptop emanates the same HORRENDOUS NOISE again.

ANDREW  
(rises)  
Fuck.

He walks to the laptop and checks the screen. Jennifer puts her shirt back on.

JENNIFER  
What is it?

ANDREW  
Time to go.

EXT. ROAD ALONGSIDE THE RHINE - DAY

The BMW speeds along the road that follows the course of the Rhine. Castles and ruins stand on top of the hills that rise up on both sides of the river.

INT. BMW - DAY

It's quiet inside the car. Both Andrew and Jennifer are lost in thought.

Andrew takes off the VRD, rubs his eyes.

JENNIFER  
You want me to wear that thing  
for a while?

ANDREW  
Yeah, sure.

He hands her the VRD.

JENNIFER

I was wondering. What do you think will happen, if we loose this game?

ANDREW

I don't know. It all depends on who he sold the program to. Could be anything from terrorist action to simple extortion. Though I doubt Bruce is involved with any real terrorists.

JENNIFER

I saw this program on TV where they said that it was possible to destroy the whole country by computer. Is that true?

ANDREW

Theoretically, yes. It's not like they can shut down the whole country though. But if you choose your targets right, and you can get to most of them before you are detected, it's possible you can cause enough damage to disrupt the whole country.

JENNIFER

But *how* do they do that?

ANDREW

Imagine what would happen if they would cut of power to a major city like Los Angeles, that would be my choice. There would be chaos, and riots. Remember the riots in 1992. Cities like LA are very prone to disruption.

EXT. POLICE STATION, RUDESHEIM - DAY

DICK and MALCOLM exit the police station, big smiles on their faces. Dick slips on the VRD as they walk away from the station.

They stop next to a parked Porsche, Malcolm looks at Dick.

MALCOLM

You think?

Dick looks around, grabs a rock from the ground and smashes the side window. They get in and hot-wire the car.

EXT. FREEWAY, NEAR LUXEMBOURG BORDER - DAY

The BMW shoots past.

INT. BMW - DAY

Jennifer wears the VRD.

JENNIFER

So, how about defense?

Andrew shrugs.

ANDREW

It's a slow process. So far, what it boils down to is that you have to find a leak before you can fix it. And like this Trojan, you have to know what it looks like before you can detect it.

JENNIFER

So, say we win this game, and we do get that software in time. What are the chances of someone else doing the same thing Bruce did?

ANDREW

My honest opinion? It's happening on a small scale all the time. I'm just amazed no one has used this approach for a full scale attack.

She thinks about it.

JENNIFER

Still, we have to find it.

Her expression changes, she's concentrating on something.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Wait.

They drive over a high bridge.

JENNIFER (cont'd)

Stop at the second pillar and look for a spare.

ANDREW

What? What do you mean? I can't stop here.

He does slow down.

JENNIFER

It says here: Stop at the second pillar.

Andrew parks the car at the side of the two lane road. Cars behind him sound their HORNS as they have to maneuver around the obstacle.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Extremely agitated Andrew gets out of the car and slams the door.

Jennifer steps out.

JENNIFER

Says we have to look for a spare.

ANDREW

What? A spare?

He thinks, then opens the trunk, lifts a lid in the bottom revealing a long rope and mountain climbing gear where the spare tire is supposed to be.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Jesus, he can't be serious.

He grabs the stuff and walks to the side of the bridge. He startles when he looks over the rail and sees a river over 100 feet below him.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Fuck me.

JENNIFER

You've never done this have you?

Andrew shakes his head.

ANDREW

Well, once, In college. But, to be honest I only did a dry run. When we were actually about to go down the cliff I uh, I chickened out. Bruce thought it was pretty funny.

(beat)

He must have remembered.

They both look at the great depth. Andrew lets out a deep sigh.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 (smiles)  
 Any chance of you going down?

Jennifer seriously thinks about it, but is clearly hesitant.

JENNIFER  
 I um...

ANDREW  
 I was just kidding Jennifer.

Andrew sighs. He start tying the rope to the railing. Jennifer hands him the VRD.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Well, here we go.

EXT. BOTTOM OF BRIDGE - DAY

Andrew 'walks' down the pillar until he is just ten feet from the bottom. There, in front of him, in tiny letters, someone has scribbled some text.

"Having fun Andrew?  
 Next stop: Fiesch, Switzerland.  
 You can go back up now :-)"

ANDREW  
 Bruce you fucking asshole.

Slowly he starts climbing upward but then reconsiders.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 Wait, what am I doing?

He lowers himself down to the foot of the pillar that rests in the riverbed, takes of his gear and signals to Jennifer.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
 (shouting)  
 Drive down here!

Jennifer can't understand the shouting but does understand his hand signals.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Jennifer gets into the car, adjusts the seat and drives off, taking the first exit.

Half a mile behind her a Porsche comes into view.

EXT. BOTTOM OF BRIDGE - DAY

Andrew stands at the side of the road. He sees the BMW coming around a bend. It stops to pick him up.

As Andrew gets in we hear the sound of TIRES SCREECHING.

INT. BMW - DAY

Andrew fastens his seat belt and looks back at the bend.

JENNIFER  
Don't you wanna drive?

ANDREW  
(still looking back)  
Nah, I'm still a bit shaky from climbing down that stupid bridge.

Andrew sees the Porsche drift onto the road behind them.

JENNIFER  
So, what happened?

ANDRE  
Nothing. It was just a joke.  
We're supposed to go to Fiesch in Switzerland. I guess you've been there?

JENNIFER  
Switzerland? No.

The Porsche shoots past the BMW.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
Jesus. People like that don't belong on the road.

Suddenly the Porsche brakes, makes a 180 turn and heads back.

ANDREW  
Fuck! Go, go, go!

Jennifer slams her foot on the accelerator and turns the wheel.

EXT. ROAD UNDER BRIDGE - DAY

The BMW drives away from the Porsche but the latter had already picked up a lot of speed and now closes in quickly.

The road is pretty straight and the speed of the two cars eventually evens out.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Malcolm is driving, Dick loads his .45 and sticks it out the window.

He starts FIRING ROUNDS at the BMW. Hitting the trunk.

INT. BMW - DAY

Andrew jerks his head back as he hears the BULLETS IMPACT the car. He grabs the EMP gun from the back seat and switches it on, but nothing happens.

ANDREW

Shit, I think the battery is dead.

He flings it back onto the back seat and grabs his hand gun.

ANDREW (cont'd)

If you see a side street, take it!

Jennifer nods. She's sweating, her hands red from the tight grip on the steering wheel. Clearly she's not in her element.

Andrew turns back and fires a shot at the Porsche.

EXT. ROAD ALONGSIDE RIVER - DAY

In the background is the high bridge. The two cars come up to a crossing.

The BMW brakes at the last moment and slides into the side street, broadsiding into a bus which actually helps the car stay on the road.

The Porsche follows the BMW up a hill and into the woods.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST - DAY

With great speed the BMW and the Porsche come round a corner and enter the forest. Huge rock formations line the road.

Andrew and Dick fire their guns at each other, but so far the only thing they hit is metal and plastic.

As they approach another sharp turn Andrew shoots Malcolm in the forehead.

INT. PORSCHE - DAY

Malcolm slumps over the steering wheel, his foot still on the accelerator.

DICK  
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

Dick reaches for the wheel but it's a futile effort.

EXT. ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST - DAY

The BMW barely makes it through a sharp corner. The Porsche is not that fortunate, going straight into a rock wall, crumpling it like a piece of tin foil.

Around the corner the BMW screeches to a stop.

INT. BMW - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer look back at the Porsche.

It's gas tank blows.

JENNIFER  
Oh my God!

Andrew faces front, stares, then looks at Jennifer.

ANDREW  
You okay?

Jennifer takes a second to regain herself after the intense adventure.

JENNIFER  
Yeah, I guess.

They stare at the burning car.

ANDREW  
Guess we're safe now, for a while anyway.

He starts entering the destination into the navigation system.

Jennifer puts the car in gear and leaves the scene.

EXT. FREEWAY, SWITZERLAND - DAY

The BMW exits the freeway, stopping at a gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The BMW parks next to a pump. Andrew and Jennifer both step out.

Jennifer to stretch her legs, Andrew to gas up the car.

A large Mercedes with tinted windows stops at a pump at the far side of the service station. Marsha steps out the passenger side and starts to fill up the car.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The BMW is climbing a swerving mountain road at a steady pace. A few cars behind it is the Mercedes.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

Marcus is standing behind Juan, looking over his shoulder at the computer screen. They still have no luck cracking the program.

The phone RINGS.

Marcus sits on the desk and answers it.

MARCUS

Hello.

He listens, then without a word hangs it up again.

MARCUS (cont'd)

They're dead.

They look at each other for a brief moment.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Fuck this computer shit.

Then for a second he loses his normal composure. He grabs the monitor in front of him and smashes it into the wall letting out a cry of frustration.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

A long queue of cars wait to board the car train. The BMW is somewhere in the middle, the Mercedes is near the back of the line.

Andrew is out of the car, he leans against it and looks up at the mountains that rise high above him.

A long train carrying a lot of cars, comes out of the tunnel, squeaks to a stop.

Andrew gets back into the car as the train starts to unload.

INT. BMW ON TRAIN - DAY

The train goes into the tunnel which is pretty poorly illuminated.

Jennifer looks at Andrew, notices he's deeply in thought.

JENNIFER

What are you thinking about?

He looks at her.

ANDREW

Just, what might have happened if  
Bruce hadn't lied to both of us.

Andrew notices a little red dot going to and fro on the dashboard. It finally comes to rest on the back of Jennifer's head.

Suddenly Andrew grabs her and pulls her down.

INT. CAR BEHIND BMW ON TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

A FAMILY on vacation. Father behind the wheel, mother riding shotgun. Son and daughter in the back seat. The daughter plays with her Disney flashlight, projecting images on the roof of the car. The son has a little laser light.

As they pass a light in the tunnel Father sees Andrew pull Jennifer down.

FATHER

(in German)

No why don't you ever do that  
anymore?

INT. BMW ON TRAIN - DAY

Andrew and Jennifer still crouched over.

JENNIFER

What are you doing?

It's dark inside the car again. Andrew Grabs his gun.

ANDREW

Wait here.

He turns off the dome light, then opens his door a crack and slips to the floor of the train.

JENNIFER

Andrew? Where are you going?

EXT. TRAIN IN TUNNEL - DAY

Andrew creeps across the floor to the car behind them.

As they pass another light he rises, opens the car door and sticks his gun in the father's face.

Father is dumbstruck with fear, mother screams and so do the kids.

Andrew immediately realizes his mistake. He lowers his gun, doesn't know what to say.

ANDREW

Sorry. I'm sorry. My mistake.

Andrew closes the door, leaving behind a very confused family.

INT. MERCEDES ON TRAIN - DAY

Bruce and Marsha are laughing, having witnessed the whole thing.

BRUCE

I told you he'd flip sooner or later.

EXT. TRAIN STATION ON OTHER SIDE - DAY

The car train pulls into the station. One by one the cars disembark the train.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD 2 - DAY

The BMW drives through a valley enclosed by high mountains.

INT. BMW - DAY

Jennifer's driving, Andrew wears the VRD.

ANDREW

I'm getting tired of this. I don't even know what's real anymore. What if Bruce's real intention is to kill me, or us, no matter what. Even if we do get to the end. Maybe there is no defense against the program, or maybe the program doesn't even exist.

JENNIFER

But as long as we don't know, we have to continue right? Besides, we don't have to worry about those guys anymore.

ANDREW

I just don't understand any of this. What's he trying to prove. Is this about us or the trojan.

JENNIFER

Maybe it's a little bit of both.

As they enter the village of Fiesch a message appears in Andrew's view.

"Take a right here and park the car".

ANDREW

Take a right here.

Jennifer steers the car onto a parking lot.

ANDREW (cont'd)

O my god.

EXT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, PARKING LOT - DAY.

Andrew and Jennifer step out of the BMW.

As Jennifer grabs the briefcase, Andrew stares up at the cables of the tramway, following their path up, way up the mountain.

JENNIFER

Don't worry, these things are safe.

ANDREW

How would you know?

JENNIFER

I'm just trying to help.  
(smiles)  
Come on.

They climb the steps towards the concrete tramway base station. Behind them the Mercedes drives onto the parking lot.

INT. BASE STATION - DAY

Andrew receives two tickets from a YOUNG MAN behind bullet-proof glass. He thanks him and walks around the corner to the large red cabin that's already waiting for the PASSENGERS going up.

Jennifer follows Andrew inside. The OPERATOR slides the door shut behind her and a moment later the cabin comes into motion.

INT. AERIAL TRAMWAY - DAY

Slowly the large metal housing glides out of the concrete building and then hangs in open space, a nice drop below it.

Inside are operator and about THIRTY TOURISTS with suitcases.

Andrew and Jennifer stand in a corner, briefcase at their feet.

As Andrew gazes down and then up, way up where they have to go, he tightens his grip on the iron bar that runs from floor to ceiling.

EXT. FIESCHER ALP - DAY

The sun is setting over the mountain tops. Andrew and Jennifer walk side by side across a narrow road in between wooden cottages. Andrew has the VRD and briefcase.

Andrew suddenly stops. Apparently he's receiving something in the VRD. He looks to his left and points out the cottage next to them to Jennifer.

They walk towards it.

At the door Andrew feels under the mat. Sure enough there's a key.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

It's dark. As the door opens light shines in, illuminating the small hallway littered with skis, sleds, snow boots and mittens.

Andrew enters. He switches on the light as Jennifer closes the door behind her.

They enters the living room where they find a note on the table, Andrew grabs it.

ANDREW

(reading)

You have a reservation for Dinner  
under the name of Wilson, at  
hotel Eggishorn at seven P.M.

JENNIFER

Why all of a sudden under my  
name?

ANDREW

Hey, you tell me...

Jennifer unlocks the door to the balcony and goes outside.

ANDREW (cont'd)

I'm gonna check out the rest of  
this place.

EXT. COTTAGE, BALCONY - DAY

The balcony overlooks the valley below and has a magnificent view of the sun setting over the snowy white mountain tops.

Jennifer is admiring the view when Andrew joins her.

ANDREW

There's two other rooms. One with  
a bed, one that looks like a home-  
office.

JENNIFER

You think this cabin is his?

ANDREW

Could be. Maybe he used the  
computer here as a proxy for his  
attacks.

JENNIFER

What do you mean?

ANDREW

If you try to access a system you don't want anything leading back to you, one way to do that is to jump from system to system.

JENNIFER

If you say so.

Jennifer looks at the sunset.

ANDREW

(shrugs)

Well, it's just a theory.

Jennifer checks her watch, 6:45PM.

JENNIFER

Shall we go?

INT. HOTEL EGGISHORN - NIGHT

Andrew and Jennifer enter the busy restaurant and are welcomed by the OWNER.

OWNER

Gutentag.

ANDREW

We have a reservation for Wilson at seven.

As he hears the name the expression on the owner's face changes, he looks at Jennifer.

OWNER

(without accent)

Right, follow me.

The owner leads Jennifer and Andrew to a semi-private dining room. As he passes his WIFE they exchange a look of apprehension.

The wife watches Andrew and especially Jennifer as they sit at their table.

OWNER (cont'd)

(handing out menu's)

Would you like anything to drink?

ANDREW

You're an American aren't you?

OWNER

That's right.

JENNIFER

I'll have a dry white wine  
please.

ANDREW

Um, same for me.

The owner nods and walks to the bar and discusses something with his wife, occasionally looking at Jennifer.

Andrew and Jennifer study the menu.

A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL comes over with two glasses of wine on her tray.

As she serves the wine Jennifer notices a birthmark in the girls neck, she stares at it as the girl goes through the motions and then returns to the bar.

The owner and wife notice, so does Andrew.

ANDREW (cont'd)

What is it?

JENNIFER

Huh?

ANDREW

You have that strange look in  
your eye.

JENNIFER

No, it's, it's nothing.

The owner and his wife walk up to the table.

ANDREW

I'll have the raclette please.

The owner looks at Jennifer.

OWNER

(curt)

What are you doing here?

Both Andrew and Jennifer are taken aback by this question.

WIFE

You should have called first. You  
could have at least warned us you  
were coming.

ANDREW

Wait, what are you taking about?

The owner and his wife are now also hit by some confusion.

WIFE  
How did you find us?  
(to Andrew)  
Are you a private investigator?

JENNIFER  
Bruce sent us here.

OWNER  
Bruce? Who's Bruce. Does he work  
for the adoption agency?

A light dawns on Jennifer.

OWNER (cont'd)  
We were told they wouldn't  
disclose that information.

Jennifer now looks at the sixteen-year-old girl again,  
standing by the bar.

JENNIFER  
Is she?...

WIFE  
Yes.

JENNIFER  
O my god.

A tear rolls down her cheek.

Andrew looks at the girl at the bar, notices some  
resemblance to Jennifer's other daughter. He turns to the  
two Americans and then back at Jennifer.

WIFE  
Please, let us tell her first.

JENNIFER  
Of course, I...

ANDREW  
Look, don't worry. This is not  
what you think.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Andrew and Jennifer sit on the couch, a bottle of wine and  
two glasses on the table.

ANDREW  
I don't understand, why did you  
put her up for adoption?

JENNIFER

What do you mean you don't understand? I was young, I had to quit college, I had to get by on a waitress salary.

ANDREW

No, but, I mean: I'd think you would either keep both, or, you know, put *both* up for adoption.

JENNIFER

That's what my parents wanted me to do, they wanted me to go back to school. But I just couldn't.

ANDREW

I guess I understand... So what are you gonna do now?

JENNIFER

I don't know. I just don't know.

ANDREW

I think she's old enough to know the truth, it's not like you will be taking her away from her parents or anything.

JENNIFER

I guess.

ANDREW

She deserves to know at least she has a twin sister don't you think?

JENNIFER

I suppose, but. I just can't face this right now. Maybe after this is all over and done with I will return here. But not like this.

ANDREW

I guess you're right.

He sips his wine.

JENNIFER

I'm going to bed.

INT. HOTEL EGGISHORN, ROOM - NIGHT

Bruce is watching a screen on his laptop that shows Jennifer as she walks out the room inside the cottage.

BRUCE

Now why doesn't she tell him?  
Damn it!

MARSHA

I feel sorry for her.

BRUCE

What? Jesus Christ. You're taking  
sides here?

Out of the blue he SLAPS her face.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Get the fuck out of here, I've  
had it with you.

MARSHA

Don't you hit me Bruce.

BRUCE

Why the hell not, it's *my* face, I  
paid for most of it.

He grabs a gun, cocks it and points it straight at her  
head.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Now get out.

Marsha staggers back, opens the door and runs out.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Andrew is still on the couch.

A message appears on the laptop:

"You know what really pissed me off most?"

Andrew looks at the message, not sure what to do.

ANDREW

No?

"While she pretended to be the perfect Catholic girl when  
she was with me, you were the one that got to fuck her"

Andrew thinks of this as a cheap remark at first, then  
suddenly realizes what this means.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Jesus.

Andrew's not sure what to do, he gets up, stops, walks to the bedroom door but then hesitates as he grabs the door handle.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Fuck this game shit.

He goes into the office.

INT. COTTAGE, HOME OFFICE - DAY

Andrew sits at a desk with several computers. Next to him is the battered laptop, lying on it's back, a hole where the hard disk used to be.

The hard disk now lies next to a keyboard, connected by a flat cable that runs to the back of one of the computers.

On a screen we see a data salvage program as it completes it's cycle.

ANDREW  
Let's see what was on this disk.

A BEEPING sound can be heard from outside the room.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The briefcase emits SEVERAL BEEPS.

INT. COTTAGE, COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Andrew scrolls though the contents of the hard disk. He pushes the door closed to drown out the sound of the BEEPS.

INT. HOTEL EGGISHORN, ROOM - NIGHT

Bruce is extremely agitated. His laptop screen just shows an empty video image from inside the cottage.

BRUCE  
O you are so going to regret this  
Andrew.

INT. COTTAGE, COMPUTER ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew reads a document on his screen, then closes it and opens another.

EXT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, TOP STATION - NIGHT

Bruce carefully climbs down a steep slope, carrying a backpack. He moves down, around the concrete wall of the top station and then moves up again, arriving underneath the gondola of the tramway.

INT. COTTAGE, COMPUTER ROOM - MORNING

A hint of sunlight enters the room. Andrew rubs his eyes.

From the other room the faint BEEPS from the suitcase can be heard. Suddenly they get LOUDER.

Andrew has another distorted document on the screen. It seems to contain information about the game, listing locations in London, Germany, Switzerland, but also an address in Key West. He saves it under another name: "possible location of source code".

Jennifer enters the room.

JENNIFER

Why aren't you answering the call?

ANDREW

(curt)  
I'm busy.

JENNIFER

But what about the rules?

ANDREW

Fuck the rules.

JENNIFER

What's wrong with you?

Andrew looks at her, then decides he doesn't want to go in to it now.

Jennifer sighs and leaves. Just a few seconds later the BEEPING STOPS.

JENNIFER (O.S.) (cont'd)

Andrew!

Andrew sighs.

He gets up, disconnects the hard disk and exits the room.

EXT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, TOP STATION - MORNING

Andrew and Jennifer walk up to the closed door, Jennifer has both briefcase and VRD.

ANDREW  
Told you it was closed.

He checks his watch, it's seven AM.

INT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, TOP STATION - MORNING

The OPERATOR exits his office and walks to the door. He unlocks it to let Andrew and Jennifer in.

OPERATOR  
(accent)  
You must be Andrew and Jennifer.

ANDREW  
That's right.

He closes the door behind them.

OPERATOR  
Follow me.

Andrew and Jennifer follow the operator to the waiting gondola.

OPERATOR (cont'd)  
I must say this is a first, but,  
I can understand.

He slides open the gondola door.

OPERATOR (cont'd)  
As you know this is normally not  
allowed, but since it's your  
anniversary, I agreed to do  
this...

Andrew and Jennifer exchange a quick look, but decide to play along.

OPERATOR (cont'd)  
(smiles)  
Then again your friend was also  
very generous.

ANDREW  
I'm sure he was.

The operator gets a small combination lock briefcase that was standing by the door and hands it to Andrew.

OPERATOR

I'm supposed to give you this.

Andrew accepts the briefcase and steps into the gondola.  
The operator and Jennifer follow.

OPERATOR (cont'd)

Okay the ride is fifteen minutes  
(smiles)  
so make sure to be done by then.

He pushes a button on the control box, a BELL RINGS.

OPERATOR (cont'd)

O, and keep to this side of the  
car if you don't want to be  
spotted by the other operator at  
the halfway point.

Jennifer and Andrew nod, not sure how else to react.

The operator steps out. Smiles as he slides the door shut.

INT. HOTEL EGGISHORN, ROOM - MORNING

Bruce stands at the window, then walks to his laptop.

The screen show a live image from inside the gondola as it  
starts its descent.

INT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, GONDOLA - MORNING

Andrew tries to open the new briefcase, tries the  
combination 007, but it's not the right one.

He drops it on the floor and stares out the window.

JENNIFER

At least your anger has replaced  
your fear of heights.

ANDREW

Yeah, well... I wouldn't even  
mind if we crashed right now.

JENNIFER

Don't say that. We're almost at  
the end. Aren't we?

Andrew takes off Jennifer's VRD, looks her in he eyes.

ANDREW

Were you ever gonna tell me?

JENNIFER  
Tell you what?

Andrew doesn't respond, just waits for an answer.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
Who told you?

ANDREW  
Who the hell do you think?

Jennifer sighs and stares out the window.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Don't you think I had a right to know?

JENNIFER  
You abandoned *me*, remember?

ANDREW  
I did not...

JENNIFER  
(interrupts)  
Yeah, well, I thought you did.  
Anyway, Bruce told me how you felt about children.

ANDREW  
O, yeah Bruce. You believe everything he tells you.

JENNIFER  
Hey, it seemed plausible at the time, and if you...

They pass the gondola that's going up. Right at that time the briefcase starts BEEPING again.

ANDREW  
Fuck! Now what.

Andrew opens it, and in large font appears:

"Having Fun?"

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Bruce, I'm so gonna get you for this.

"There's C4 under your feet. The good news: You are halfway down. The bad news: The timer has just been set for five minutes. You do the math."

ANDREW (cont'd)  
Halfway?

JENNIFER  
That's seven and a half minutes.

ANDREW  
Maybe it's a lie.

JENNIFER  
What if it's not?

Andrew looks at the briefcase the operator gave him. He grabs it.

ANDREW  
The answer's probably in here.

He starts twisting the numbers, trying the locks.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
When did you tell Bruce about me?

JENNIFER  
Huh?

ANDREW  
The date, when did you tell him?

JENNIFER  
I don't know, July, sometime in July.

ANDREW  
Early or late.

JENNIFER  
Late, I think.

Andrew tries 731, 730, 729, then reconsiders.

ANDREW  
When were the twins born?

JENNIFER  
January 10th.

Andrew tries 110, the locks flip open. The briefcase contains a stick of C4, a wireless detonator and a note.

"Only one way to make it go faster"

Andrew looks at the note, then up.

ANDREW  
You gotta be kidding me.

JENNIFER  
What?

Andrew swears, opens a lid in the roof and climbs through.

JENNIFER (cont'd)  
Andrew!? What are you doing?

EXT. ON TOP OF MOVING GONDOLA - DAY

Andrew climbs onto the roof of the gondola, holding on tight. As he stands the situation gets the better of him for a second. He closes his eyes, then continues his operation. He inspects the Truck as it rolls over the cable, then attaches the C4 to the grip that connects the haul rope to the truck.

INT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, GONDOLA - MORNING

Jennifer looks up at Andrew.

JENNIFER  
Are you serious? We're gonna crash.

Andrew climbs back down.

ANDREW  
No, we're just gonna go real fast.

JENNIFER  
But we'll crash into the wall at the base station.

ANDREW  
Not if we pull the emergency brake in time.

Jennifer stares at him.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
It's our only option.

JENNIFER  
Okay.

They stand in the middle of the gondola.

ANDREW  
Ready?

JENNIFER  
No.

Andrew smiles. He raises the detonator and pushes the button.

The EXPLOSION not only breaks the haul rope, it also rips away part of the roof and violently shakes the gondola, throwing it's two passengers to the ground. It immediately starts to pick up speed.

Andrew scrambles to his feet and moves to the control box. He grabs the emergency brake and stares out the window.

Jennifer moves to the front as the gondola keeps picking up speed. They are nearing the bottom of the mountain.

The laptop screen starts a countdown: 60 seconds.

ANDREW

I think we're gonna make it.

JENNIFER

We're going too fast, you have to brake.

ANDREW

No, not yet, we can't get out here, we have to go all the way to the base.

The gondola is moving at an incredible speed as it reached the bottom where it continues horizontally across the parking lot. 40 seconds, 200 feet to the base station.

JENNIFER

Brake brake.

ANDREW

Almost

100 feet.

JENNIFER

Andrew!!

50, 40, 30 feet. Andrew pulls the brake and is cannonballed to the front of the car as the truck above clamps to the ropes, actually tearing away the steel as it slows.

30 seconds.

INT. AERIAL TRAMWAY, BASE STATION - DAY

The gondola rushes into the base station and hits the wall.

Inside, Andrew and Jennifer shake off the impact and rush to the door, it's jammed by the impact.

With all his strength Andrew manages to slide it open just enough for a person to slip through.

As they do, the gondola explodes, propelling them through the air. They hit the ground hard.

Burning debris falls around and on top of them.

Andrew quickly scrambles to his feet, putting out a burning sleeve. He drags the unconscious Jennifer away from under the debris, then rolls her around on the ground to put out her burning shirt.

As he sits next to her she opens her eyes, wincing in pain.

She tries to get up but can't, her back hurts.

ANDREW

Stay down. Just, take it easy.

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew is standing at the window, looking at the sun setting.

A nurse walks up behind him.

NURSE

(Swiss accent)

You can go see her now.

Andrew spins, a bit startled.

ANDREW

O, thank you.

INT. HOSPITAL, JENNIFER'S ROOM - DAY

There's just one bed in the room. Jennifer is on her side, facing the window.

She turns her head and looks at the door as Andrew enters. He approaches her a bit hesitant. Walks around the bed to face her.

ANDREW

Hi. I hear you're doing okay.

JENNIFER

It's just my back. Doctor says the burns will leave no scars.

ANDREW

Do they hurt?

JENNIFER

Not that much anymore.

Andrew nods.

ANDREW

I'm thinking maybe we better quit, or at least you should. I mean face it, whatever we do, it doesn't matter... And even if we do win this, which I doubt is even possible, mankind is doomed anyway. It's just a matter of time before we destroy ourselves.

JENNIFER

No. I can't believe you really think that.

ANDREW

It's unavoidable Jennifer. There's nothing in nature that doesn't become extinct sooner or later. Everything has a certain life-span, animals, plants, even continents... Maybe our time has come. If you look at what damage one man or one small group can accomplish. Bruce is just one of the many

JENNIFER

I refuse to believe that. Besides, we owe it to the next generation, to, to our children.

ANDREW

Our children...

Marsha enters the room. She looks at Jennifer, feeling guilt and sorrow, then she turns to Andrew.

MARSHA

Can I talk to you for a minute?

INT. HOSPITAL, WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Marsha and Andrew stand at the coffee machine.

ANDREW

I'm not even sure I still have that money. Chances are they froze my account when they found out.

MARSHA

Who?

ANDREW

The FBI. Ever since that money was deposited I'm a suspected terrorist.

MARSHA

But, you're FBI aren't you? Why don't you just call them and explain?

ANDREW

You know why, I'm not allowed to. I can't risk it.

MARSHA

I can.

ANDREW

But only if I pay you.

MARSHA

Look, I'm broke, I'm stranded in a strange country. I need to get out of here. We can help each other. I'll take whatever you can offer me.

ANDREW

So how do I even know this is not part of the game?

No response.

INT. HOSPITAL, JENNIFER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Andrew enters and notices Jennifer's asleep.

He stands by her bed for a while, then walks to the closet and opens it. Inside is the briefcase and VRD.

Andrew places the briefcase on a table and opens it. Nothing happens. He sits, dangling the VRD in his hands.

INT. HOSPITAL, JENNIFER'S ROOM - MORNING

Jennifer wakes. As she opens her eyes she sees Andrew, asleep in the chair opposite the bed.

She sits up slowly, her back hurts, then turns on the TV and mutes the sound.

Andrew opens his eyes.

JENNIFER

Good morning.

ANDREW  
How are you feeling?

JENNIFER  
Okay. Considering.  
(beat)  
Who was that woman that came in  
yesterday?

ANDREW  
What?

JENNIFER  
The woman you left with last  
night.

ANDREW  
Hospital administration, I just  
needed to fill out some forms.

The briefcase BEEPS, then a message:

"Turn on CNN"

Andrew walks over to the bed and grabs the remote. He  
switches the channel and turns up the sound.

On screen we see Wall Street in total chaos. Men in suits  
wandering around aimlessly, talking on cellular phones. The  
camera pans to a reporter.

REPORTER  
Well as you can see there's total  
chaos here. We can now confirm  
that there has indeed been a  
massive power surge, although the  
cause has still *not* been  
disclosed.

The scene changes to a news studio. The image of the  
reporter on wall street is superimposed behind the anchor  
in the studio.

ANCHOR  
I heard most of the phone and  
computer systems in the buildings  
have been destroyed, can you  
confirm that?

REPORTER  
Well, fortunately most of the  
datacenters and phone systems are  
protected against power surges.

REPORTER(cont'd)

The phones and workstations however are not, so, in effect, work has come to a stop, which is why so many of the employees have taken to the streets to go out and see if they can borrow cellular phones from colleagues working outside the range of this catastrophe.

ANCHOR

I can imagine loss of phone and computers would actually spell death on Wall Street. Have you heard if this can in any way be related to any kind of terrorist action?

REPORTER

Well, it's obvious that every company that has been affected by this stands to lose millions of dollars every hour they are without means of communication. I'm told the estimated value of phone transactions on Wall Street are estimated at over one trillion dollars a day. As far as the question of terrorist action is concerned, the authorities assure us that this is just a case of very, very bad luck.

Andrew switches off the TV.

Text appears on the computer screen: "This is just warning, next time you break the rules it will be worse"

JENNIFER

He did this?

BRUCE appears on the screen.

BRUCE

Well, congratulations Andrew, you made it through the toughest part. To tell you the truth I never really thought you would. I guess this means I'm gonna lose after all. But I've had my fun. And no matter what kind of person you think I am, I am a man of my word.

Andrew is not really impressed by that.

BRUCE(cont'd)

At least I can take comfort in the fact that there's still other people trying to stop you. So, on to the finale. Fly back to Miami tonight and I will contact you there.

He waves and fades out.

Andrew looks at Jennifer who's getting out of bed.

ANDREW

What are you doing?

JENNIFER

You heard him, we have to go to the airport.

ANDREW

Are you sure about this?

JENNIFER

You saw what happens if we don't... Wait, can you even get back into the States?

ANDREW

I think so.

INT. DULLES AIRPORT - DAY

TWO FBI AGENTS pick up Marsha at customs and escort her out.

INT. HOUSE KEY WEST - DAY

MARCUS is sitting behind his desk, his head resting in his hands. JUAN enters with the mail and drops it on the desk.

Marcus grabs the envelopes and looks at them one by one. A large white one attracts his attention. On the outside is printed:

"You may have already won a hundred million dollars. Look inside for your personal password."

He opens it quickly, inside is a note.

JUAN

What is it?

Marcus reads the note out loud.

MARCUS  
Just wanted to let you know the  
password is on its way to you.

Marcus crumples up the note.

JUAN  
What's that supposed to mean?

Marcus shrugs. A short silence.

JUAN (cont'd)  
Are you ready to tape the speech?

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Mike has the hard disk on his desk and is browsing through  
the contents.

Through a glass wall we see Marsha being interrogated by  
the two FBI agents.

Howard walks up to Mike.

HOWARD  
Found anything else?

MIKE  
No, not really.

HOWARD  
Okay, we got a local team getting  
ready to go in.

MIKE  
What about Andrew?

HOWARD  
We have to find a way to contact  
him.

MIKE  
No need.  
(nods to Marsha)  
She told me how we could.

EXT. SURF SIDE HOTEL, MIAMI - NIGHT

The sun is setting, the beach in front of the hotel is  
nearly deserted.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, SURF SIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

Andrew walks past the bathroom door. We hear WATER RUNNING from inside. He pulls the door shut, sits on the bed makes a call.

ANDREW'S VOICE  
(on answering machine)  
Hi, you've reached...

Andrew punches in a code, interrupting his outgoing message.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
You have one new message.

Andrew presses a key. Off screen the WATER stops running.

MIKE (V.O.)  
Hi Andrew. We just picked up a  
friend of yours at the airport.  
Just want you to know she's okay.

As he hangs up Jennifer enters in a bathrobe.

JENNIFER  
Who are you calling?

ANDREW  
Just left a, wake up call.

He turns up the volume of the television.

On screen is Marcus, in close-up against a white wall.

MARCUS  
(on screen)  
...If our demands aren't met by  
Wednesday noon, we'll turn off  
power, water and all means of  
communication in several cities  
in the U.S.A., Starting with the  
city of Los Angeles, California.

JENNIFER  
Jesus.

MARCUS  
(on screen)  
Details as to our demands will be  
sent to the LAPD shortly after  
this message is broadcast.

The image on TV changes to a TV studio. A WOMAN sits behind a small desk and talks into the camera.

Andrew changes the channel, on screen is a FEMALE REPORTER on a street in LA.

JENNIFER

You think this is connected?

ANDREW

Would be a huge coincidence if it wasn't.

JENNIFER

So what do we do now?

ANDREW

Nothing we can do, we just have to wait for instructions.

EXT. LA STREET - DAY

The FEMALE REPORTER is questioning pedestrians. She's now talking to a COUPLE, white man and woman.

REPORTER

What do you think government should do?

MAN

Well, that's difficult. I think we should prepare in some way, but I don't think we should get too serious about it. We shouldn't let it get to us that much. Just protect the systems they said were going to be under attack and most important: Don't give in to their demands, whatever they might be.

REPORTER

But you mustn't forget that some of those systems, however much protected, are still vulnerable when attacked by computer.

WOMAN

I think it's all a crock. How are they gonna do that? It's all science fiction to me.

EXT. LA STREET, FURTHER DOWN - DAY

The female REPORTER is talking to a Hispanic guy.

HISPANIC GUY

You want to know what I think?

He now turns toward the camera.

HISPANIC GUY (cont'd)

I think it's a setup. It's politics man. They just need extra funding or whatever and they're scaring us into paying more taxes. That's what this is about. They're making us believe computers are unsafe and we need to pay to protect them. Well, \*\*\* computers, we don't need them.

INT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - NIGHT

Marcus and Juan watch the reports from L.A. on the television.

EXT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - NIGHT

A MAN IN BLACK walks past the house, continues to a van that is parked down the road.

He knocks, the side door opens.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

FOUR AGENTS in body armor sit in the back of the van. A TECHNICIAN is watching video screens that show the house in night-vision and infrared.

MAN IN BLACK

What's the word?

AGENT-1

We go in as planned in 10 minutes.

Agent-2 wears a small video camera on his forehead. The technician turns to him, switches it on. The picture appears on one of the screens.

TECHNICIAN

Okay, when you enter, get a good visual of Marcus, then turn your head, but make sure you don't look at any of the other agents. Then...

AGENT-2

I got it. I got it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, SURF SIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

The room is dark. Andrew sits on the windowsill, staring at the moonlit palm trees on the beach. The briefcase sits on a desk with the screen opened, VRD lies next to it. Jennifer is in bed, asleep.

A message appears on the screen:

"A rental will be dropped off in the hotel parking lot at 9 AM. Drive it to Key West."

Andrew reads it, then walks over to the bed and sits. He checks his watch, then grabs the telephone and dials a number.

ANDREW'S VOICE  
(on answering machine)  
Hi, you've-

Andrew punches in a code, interrupting his outgoing message.

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)  
(over the phone)  
You have two new messages.

Andrew presses a key.

HOWARD  
(over phone)  
Andrew, we located the package,  
we will go ahead as you  
instructed.

A BEEP before the second message plays.

HOWARD (cont'd)  
(over phone)  
Package in possession and  
redistributed.

Andrew smiles. As he's about to hang up he hesitates, then looks at Jennifer.

Andrew punches a few more numbers.

COMPUTER-VOICE  
To change your welcome message  
please begin speaking after the  
beep.  
Press the pound sign when done.

Andrew waits for the beep, then speaks.

ANDREW  
Hi Jennifer, ...

EXT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Day breaks in Los Angeles, the streets outside the police station are crowded.

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT, BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

High ranking OFFICERS of police and army are gathered in the room. All of them looking at the COMMISSIONER in front of a white board.

Two FEDERAL AGENTS are sitting in a corner.

COMMISSIONER  
I don't need to explain to you the threat we are facing. What I do have to tell you is that it's very real, and we don't have much time to prepare for it. With us are federal officers Jackson and Laguarde,

The commissioner motions to the two federal agents. Jackson gets up and stands next to the commissioner.

COMMISSIONER (cont'd)  
They're experts in the field of computer terrorism and will brief you shortly on what exactly we can expect to happen tomorrow afternoon.

Jackson steps forward.

EXT. SURF SIDE HOTEL - MORNING

Andrew and Jennifer exit and cross to the parking lot.

JENNIFER  
So, that was it? We have to drive to Key West.

ANDREW  
Uhuh.

JENNIFER  
You think the code is there? It must be, it's day 6.

ANDREW  
I don't know.

JENNIFER

Are you hiding something from me  
Andrew?

They arrive at the Mid-size rental car.

ANDREW

No, of course not.

Jennifer's not quite sure about Andrew's sincerity.

EXT. CITY HALL, LA - DAY

The street outside is filled with mini-vans from several TV  
and radio stations.

INT. CITY HALL, LA - DAY

A group of journalists, reporters and camera people has  
gathered and they're all trying to get a question across to  
the MAYOR who's facing them. The police COMMISSIONER and a  
few other UNIFORMED MEN are at his side.

The mayor points at one of the journalists who's screaming  
his head off to get the man's attention.

JOURNALIST

What I think everyone wants to  
know is: What is it that they  
want, and are you going to give  
it to them?

MAYOR

I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that's  
a question I cannot answer right  
now.

JOURNALIST

Okay, then let's say you decide  
not to, what chances are there of  
riots in the streets of LA, and  
what precautions are you taking  
to prevent that from happening?

MAYOR

Well, I don't have to tell you  
how much we do want to prevent  
that, we are bringing in military  
troops to aid the LAPD in the  
surveillance of our city streets,  
should an emergency present  
itself.

EXT. FLORIDA KEYS, SEVEN MILE BRIDGE - DAY

The rental car drives along the bridge.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

JENNIFER

So, what are we going to do after tomorrow? I mean, I could understand it either way.

ANDREW

What do you mean?

JENNIFER

If you decide you'd want to be a part of you daughter's life, or mine even. Or if you decide not too. I'd understand.

ANDREW

I don't think it's wise if we stay together.

JENNIFER

(disappointed)

Like I said, I understand.

ANDREW

I just don't think it's safe.

JENNIFER

But if this game is over, it doesn't matter anymore does it?

ANDREW

I don't know, I guess it's just better if I disappear.

EXT. LA STREETS - DAY

Army troops are deploying in the streets of LA.

EXT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

The rental car enters the street and parks across from the house. Near it is a parked van.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN - NIGHT

Bruce is at a desk facing a bank of monitors. One shows an image from inside the car.

He types: "The source code is installed on the computers inside."

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Andrew cuts the engine, they both look at the house.

ANDREW  
This is it.

He grabs the briefcase from the backseat.

JENNIFER  
I'm supposed to go with you.

ANDREW  
No. You wait here in case something goes wrong.

She sighs but decides to let it go.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
If something does, CALL ME.

Andrew leans over and kisses her on her cheek..

Jennifer frowns.

JENNIFER  
Call you, what do you mean, how?

Andrew doesn't respond, he exits the car.

EXT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

Andrew crosses the street to the house.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN - NIGHT

Bruce smiles as he watches the screen that shows a MOVING IMAGE with SOUND of someone crossing a street.

The video closes in on a door, a hand comes into view and reaches for the door handle. We go through the door into a hallway, turn to a mirror and see Andrew wearing the VRD. He turns away from the mirror, looks at another door. Voices can be heard from behind it.

The image goes to STATIC, Bruce sits upright.

BRUCE  
Shit, what's wrong.

The image reappears, Bruce sits back, relieved.

We move toward the door, then slowly push it open.

Marcus and Juan are behind the Arabs, their backs toward us. The gun is raised and pointed at Marcus. BLAM! As Marcus drops to the floor the barrel shifts to Juan. Another SHOT is fired as Juan turns, the impact causing him to turn back away from us.

The three Arabs jump from their seats. One hurries toward the kitchen where he dives behind the counter. The other two run for the door.

ANDREW  
(muffled voice)  
Freeze, FBI!

The two stop, but don't turn.

ARAB  
Let us go, and maybe you will  
live.

ANDREW  
(muffled voice)  
Call your friend.

The Arab yells something in his mother tongue. It seems Andrew understands some of it.

ANDREW (cont'd)  
(softly)  
Fuck.

His kneels down and we see a shitload of explosives taped under the table.

As Andrew rises back up we see the third guy coming up from behind the counter, a detonator in his hand.

INT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

Jennifer watches the front door intently. She grabs the door handle, then hesitates, let's go.

A beat, then she does get out.

EXT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - CONTINUOUS

Jennifer starts to cross the street.

Behind her a man dressed in black, exits the van.

MAN IN BLACK  
Excuse me miss.

Jennifer looks at him, then increases her pace.

MAN IN BLACK (cont'd)  
Jennifer, stop!

She stops and turns.

JENNIFER  
Who a-

Then with THREE CONSECUTIVE BLASTS the house across the street gets blown apart, throwing Jennifer off her feet.

The roof is literally LIFTED UP in the air and then SMASHES back down.

Dazed, Jennifer crawls up, then SCREAMS as she sees the house collapse, turning into a burning ruin.

The man in black gets back into the van and it exits the scene.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN - NIGHT

The image and sound disappear.

BRUCE  
They didn't...

For a second he just sits there, then he switches off his computer.

EXT. HOUSE, KEY WEST - DAY

Fire trucks, ambulances and TV mini-vans have joined the police at the scene.

The remains of the house are smoldering. Cameras are focusing on the body bags that are removed from the scene.

Jennifer sits in the back of a police car, crying.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN - NIGHT

Bruce zaps through the news channels until he finds one that shows a reporter standing in front of a exploded house in Key West.

He turns up the volume.

REPORTER

Though details of the operation have not been disclosed yet, it has been confirmed that the suspects chose to take their own lives during their arrest, thereby also killing one of the agents on the scene. Our sources inform us that this terrorist cell was responsible for the threat to Los Angeles, and possibly also the Wall Street bombing. Although the FBI hasn't confirmed this, the retreat of the army from the streets of Los Angeles seems to prove this assumption.

Bruce switches off the TV.

BRUCE

He's dead...

With a sad look on his face he sits back in his chair.

BRUCE (cont'd)

(sighs)

Game over.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer is on her bed, her eyes red from crying. She remembers something and ~~(MOB)~~ sits up.

She looks at the phone on the night stand.

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

A PHONE RINGS. After three rings the answering machine kicks in.

ANDREW (V.O.)

(on answering machine)

Hi Jennifer,

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A tear rolls down Jennifer's cheek as she hears Andrew's voice on the other side of the line. She listens intently.

ANDREW (V.O.)

I guess something must have gone wrong if you're listening to this recording.

ANDREW(cont'd)

Well actually, nothing went wrong. I planned it this way, but I guess you probably figured that out by now.

Jennifer wipes a tear from her eye.

ANDREW (V.O.) (cont'd)

What you must know is, is that I did this because I found it to be the best solution to the problem we faced.

Now at least I don't have to worry about getting shot, and our country is safe again. For the time being at least.

A little smile breaks through Jennifer's tears.

ANDREW (V.O.) (cont'd)

Remember Jennifer, that with every new baby born there's a new chance, a chance that it will grow up to make this world a better place.

I forgot that a long time ago, but you made me remember.

...We're not doomed, not yet.

There's a short silence.

ANDREW (V.O.) (cont'd)

I love you Jennifer.

The answering machine BEEPS.

JENNIFER

(crying)

I love you too.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

A small gathering watches as the casket with Andrew's body is lowered into the ground.

Jennifer sits in front. HOWARD is next to her.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Jennifer is standing next to a black Lincoln. As Howard gives her a comforting hand shake, a GUY approaches her from behind and drops something in her purse.

Howard opens the door for Jennifer.

INT. LINCOLN - DAY

Jennifer stares out the window as they drive by the ocean.

A BEEPING SOUND.

Jennifer grabs her cell phone, but the sound is coming from her purse. She searches it and is surprised to find a PDA inside.

The screen shows a message:

"Hi, It's me"

She leans forward to the DRIVER.

JENNIFER  
Could you stop the car please?

The driver nods.

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE, MIAMI - DAY

The Lincoln stops at the curb.

Jennifer gets out and walks away, she sits on a bench, overlooking the ocean.

The display on the PDA still reads the same message.

Jennifer Types on the little keyboard: "Bruce?"

"You should have been with Andrew, you broke the rules"

Jennifer doesn't know how to respond. A tear wells in her eye.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN, STUDY - SAME TIME

Bruce is at his computer, looking at the chat screen with the text he sent to Jennifer.

He types: "Now let's see what I can make you do"

As he presses enter, a gun is pressed to his temple.

Bruce turns slowly until the barrel points right between his eyes, and he faces Andrew.

ANDREW  
Hi Bruce.

BRUCE  
Andrew? How?

ANDREW

You think you're the only one  
that can interrupt a video  
broadcast?

BRUCE

It was a recording?

ANDREW

They went in the day before. I  
had to get you off my back.

BRUCE

I don't understand. When did you  
tell them?

ANDREW

You're so smart, but you made one  
tiny mistake.

Bruce racks his brain, but comes up dry.

ANDREW (cont'd)

Never cross a woman Bruce.

BRUCE

Marsha...

A moment of silence.

BRUCE (cont'd)

So, you gonna kill me now?

ANDREW

Haven't really decided yet.

BRUCE

You're not gonna kill me. Though  
I have to say, you've gotten  
quite handy with a gun.

(beat)

Of course, you shouldn't leave  
the safety on.

Andrew hesitates, did he forget? He checks the gun and as  
he does Bruce SLUGS him in the stomach, then he reaches  
around, grabs the lamp and smashes it against Andrew's  
head.

As Andrew drops to the floor, he checks the gun, safety was  
off.

ANDREW

You asshole.

He points at Bruce as he exits the room, then SHOOTs but  
hits the wall behind him.

Andrew crawls up and runs after Bruce, across the hallway and into the living room.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BRUCE

Drop the gun.

Andrew spins round.

Bruce is at a cupboard, it's drawer open, a gun pointed at Andrew.

BRUCE (cont'd)

This time games really over  
Andrew.

ANDREW

I just gotta know. This whole  
thing... Was it just about me and  
Jennifer?

BRUCE

Not just about you. I wanted to  
get back at my broker as well.  
But I decided to take out the  
whole block in stead. For effect  
you know.

ANDREW

So, the so called terrorists,  
they never had the actual program  
to control the trojan?

BRUCE

No. I just wanted to prove that  
it could be done, that's all. And  
I needed the leverage to have you  
play along.

(beat)

I just hated the fact that I  
didn't actually get to see you  
die when you did, well, when I  
thought you did. Guess I was  
wrong, you can die twice in this  
game.

Bruce squeezes the trigger, BAM, the shot hits Andrew in the chest. He drops to the floor.

Bruce lowers his gun and stands over Andrew's body.

BRUCE (cont'd)

Disappointing.

Andrew raises his gun and empties it into Bruce, who jerks back with every impact, his breath literally blown out of him.

ANDREW  
I usually get three lives,  
asshole.

As Andrew watches the life fade from Bruce's body he removes his body armor and rubs the sore spot on his chest.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN, STUDY - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew sits at the computer, the chat screen still there.

Below the last line that Bruce types is new text:

"Why can't you just leave me alone?"

Andrew types: "Because I love you Jennifer"

EXT. OCEAN DRIVE, MIAMI - SAME TIME

Jennifer is still on the bench. A look of disbelief on her face as she reads the screen of her PDA.

She replies: "Well I hate you Bruce"

A second later: "I'm not Bruce"

Jennifer is lost.

"I'm sorry I had to put you through this. But it had to look real so I could get to Bruce."

JENNIFER  
Andrew?

She stares at the message on the screen.

"Jennifer?"

She types: "But you died"

"No one died, not until a minute ago anyway"

Jennifer replies: "I don't understand"

"I'll explain it to you soon. But first, I have an assignment for you"

Jennifer can't help but smile.

"Your"

The word your is erased, then replaced:

"Our daughter is on her way to the airport, meet her there"

The screen goes blank.

INT. BRUCE'S HOUSE, MILAN, STUDY - SAME TIME

Andrew rises from behind the computer as Mike enters.

MIKE

Ever thought what would have  
happened if he shot you in the  
face?

ANDREW

Guess you would have just had to  
shoot him then, huh.

MIKE

I told you fieldwork is fun.

ANDREW

Well, then you wrap it up.

MIKE

I will. You just go meet your  
daughters.

Andrew smiles, then leaves.

MIKE (cont'd)

Good luck man.

FADE OUT

THE END