MOVIE SCRIPT

SWORDFISH

by

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Final Production Draft

**FOR EDUCATIONAL**

**PURPOSES ONLY**

**1 BLACKNESS 1**

We hear OVER...

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

You know the problem with

Hollywood? They make shit.

Unbelievable, unremarkable shit.

I'm not some grungy filmmaker-

wannabee searching for

existentialism through a haze of

bong-smoke. It's easy to pick

apart bad acting, short-sighted

directing, or the purely moronic

stringing together of words many

of the studios term as prose. No,

I'm talking the lack of realism.

Realism. Not a pervasive element

in the modern American cinematic

vision.

**FADE IN:**

**INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - MORNING**

Three men sit at a window booth drinking coffee and

talking. Two of the men sit on one side of the table;

STANLEY is in his early thirties, AGENT ROBERTS, early

forties. Both wear suits, the younger's is fairly

expensive and well cut, the other's is polyester, enough

said. The MAN across, however, is quite different. He

is what they used to call a "cool-cat."

**GABRIEL (MAN)**

Take Dog Day Afternoon for

example. Arguably Pacino's

greatest performance, excepting

The Godfather, Part I, and

Scarface, of course. A

masterpiece of directing, easily

Lumet's best. The acting, the

script, cinematography, all top

notch. But, they didn't push the

envelope. What if in Dog Day,

Sonny really wanted to get away

with it? What if, and here's

where it gets tricky. What if

they'd started killing hostages?

No mercy, no quarter, meet our

demands or the cute blonde in the

bell bottoms gets one in the back

of the head, bam, splatter. What?

Still no bus?

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**2.**

**1 CONTINUED: 1**

**GABRIEL (CONT'D)**

How many innocent victims would

they let get sprayed across the

windows before the city reversed

its policy on hostage situations?

And this was 1976. No C.N.N., no

C.N.B.C., no M.T.V. No Internet.

Fast forward to the present, same

situation. Can you imagine the

feeding frenzy of the modern

media? In hours it would be the

top story from Boston to Budapest.

All caught in 150 millimeter zoom,

computer enhanced, and color

corrected. You would practically

taste the brain matter. Six

hostages die. Ten. Twelve.

Twenty. Thirty. Relentless. One

after another. All over a bus, a

plane, and a couple of million

dollars that were federally

insured.

He sits, letting the pictures sink in, then:

**GABRIEL**

Just a thought. I mean it's not

really within the realm of

conventional cinema, but what

if...?

**ROBERTS**

You know, this movie of yours, I

don't think it would have worked.

**GABRIEL**

Really? How come?

**ROBERTS**

(shrugs)

Audiences love happy endings.

**GABRIEL**

Pacino escapes. With the money.

Boyfriend gets the sex change

operation. They live happily ever

after.

Stanley shakes his head.

**GABRIEL**

No?

**(CONTINUED)**

**3.**

**1 CONTINUED: (2) 1**

**STANLEY**

No.

**GABRIEL**

Homophobia?

Stanley shakes his head.

**STANLEY**

Bad guy can't win. It's a

morality tale. One way or the

other, he's gotta go down.

**GABRIEL**

Oh, well. Life does tend to be

stranger than fiction.

(looking at watch)

Well, guys, gotta jet. This place

is kinda dead.

CAMERA PANS AROUND the coffee shop. Not a soul in the

place. We CONTINUE TO PAN AROUND 270 DEGREES TO the

front door, which is open. Outside the open doorway are

crouched a squad of heavily body-armored SWAT members,

packed together, and aiming automatic weapons inside.

**ANGLE ON GABRIEL**

**GABRIEL**

Thanks for the coffee.

He gets up. In his left hand, which has been hidden by

the table until now, he is holding a strange-looking

spring-loaded grip. Gabriel is looking back at them.

Smiles.

**GABRIEL**

Rene Descartes is sitting in some

bar in Paris. Bartender says,

'Hey, you want another drink?'

Descartes says, 'I think not.'

And disappears.

He smiles at his own joke, then turns and walks over to

the front door.

**GABRIEL**

Move.

No one even twitches.

**GABRIEL**

I won't ask again.

**(CONTINUED)**

**4.**

**1 CONTINUED: (3) 1**

He lifts up the device in his left hand.

**ANGLE ON ROBERTS**

who nods his head. The SWAT team moves back, letting

Gabriel out of the coffee shop.

**GABRIEL**

Thank you.

Gabriel looks back at Stan sitting in the booth.

**GABRIEL**

Stanley... you coming?

Stan slides from the booth as Gabriel exits the coffee

shop --

**2 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 2**

SILENCE -- no sounds on the SOUNDTRACK.

Gabriel and Stanley stop just outside the doorway.

Gabriel dons a pair of hip little shades, then continues

across the sidewalk and into the street.

He nonchalantly looks up. Suddenly the THUMP of

HELICOPTERS and the WAIL of SIRENS dominates the

soundtrack.

Pandemonium. HELICOPTERS RIP the sky, L.A. County PD and

a bunch of news vultures. Squad cars block off both ends

of the street while SWAT trucks, news vans, and looky-

loos are packed together into the distance.

Sharpshooters lean out of windows and snipers are

positioned on every open rooftop. Hundreds of weapons

are pointed at this man who saunters across the street as

if he's on his way to Sunday service, without a care in

the world.

Slowly, Stanley follows Gabriel into the street.

Gabriel steps up on the far sidewalk, a huge armored bus

blocks most of the windows. He walks beside the bus,

under a huge "WORLD BANC" sign, and through the glass

front door, which shuts IN OUR FACE.

**3 INT. BANK - CLOSEUP - GABRIEL - DAY 3**

He turns away from the window and we FOLLOW him.

**(CONTINUED)**

**5.**

**3 CONTINUED: 3**

The interior of the bank looks like New Orleans on Fat

Tuesday. Three Hummers sit in the middle of the floor,

surrounded by broken glass. Between them rests a bright

red Ferrari F50 (Gabriel's).

All but one of the front windows of the bank, the one

with the door in it, has been welded over with 3/4 inch

plate steel.

Over two dozen hostages lie face down on the floor, arms

cable-tied behind their backs. Something has been duct-

taped around their chests and each is wearing what

appears to be a dog collar.

The other occupants of the room are nine men. All of

whom would look as if they were attending the fashion

event of the year were it not for the automatic weapons

each one carries.

**GABRIEL**

How we doin'?

One of the ARMED MEN finishes putting a collar on a

young, normally good-looking-but-now-covered-in-mascara,

whimpering blonde girl.

**MARCO (ARMED MAN)**

Done.

**GABRIEL**

Good. Take her out.

**SUPERIMPOSE: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18 8:41:22...**

The front door opens and one of the suited men drags out

the pretty blonde from earlier. She is sobbing and is in

such grief she can't even walk.

**4 EXT. BANK - DAY 4**

On the sidewalk, the suited man, his automatic weapon

slung, holds her up for everyone to see.

**5 INT. BANK - DAY 5**

Gabriel grabs his cell and dials.

**6 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 6**

Roberts sits in the Starbucks which has been transformed

into a high-tech command center reading a newspaper.

**(CONTINUED)**

**6.**

**6 CONTINUED: 6**

We cannot see the headlines. Federal and state officers

scramble around handling problems. The PHONE RINGS.

Assistant Director Bill Joy (A.D. JOY), an older-looking

guy who looks more like an accountant than an assistant

director of the FBI, is handed the phone.

**A.D. JOY**

Is everyone in position?

**SWAT LEADER**

Almost, sir.

**ROBERTS**

(looks up from

paper)

What are you doing?

We PAN AROUND.

**A.D. JOY**

(to SWAT LEADER)

Get her at your first opportunity.

**SWAT LEADER**

(into mike)

High ground one and two. You

have a green light.

**ROBERTS**

I've seen what this man is capable

of --

**A.D. JOY**

The F.B.I. does not negotiate with

terrorists. I assumed you'd be

aware of that.

(answering phone)

Joy.

Roberts picks up an extension.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

Don't talk, listen... When I made

my Dog Day Afternoon analogy, I

was not speaking metaphorically.

We have 22 hostages. Each has

been wrapped with 20 pounds of

C-four explosives.

**CUT TO:**

**7.**

**7 EXT. BANK 7**

SWAT guys making their way to the roof of the bank.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

On top of that we have taped 15

pounds of stainless steel ball

bearings --

**8 INT. BANK - ANGLE ON GABRIEL 8**

**GABRIEL**

-- making them the world's largest

walking Claymore mines.

**CUT TO:**

**9 EXT. BANK - SHARPSHOOTERS 9**

aiming down at Gabriel's merc.

The merc is holding up the weeping girl so everyone can

see what Gabriel is talking about. Unbeknownst to him,

red laser aiming dots appear on Gab's merc's chest.

**10 INT. BANK - DAY 10**

Stanley is being held by two of the well-dressed men.

**CLOSEUP ON GABRIEL**

**GABRIEL**

Around her neck is a radio-

frequency electronic dog collar --

**11 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 11**

Roberts stops short as he hears this. He and Joy both

look at each other.

**12 INT. BANK - DAY 12**

**GABRIEL**

Dog walks out of his yard, he gets

the shit shocked out of him.

**13 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 13**

Hearing this, Roberts stands back up.

**(CONTINUED)**

**8.**

**13 CONTINUED: 13**

**ROBERTS**

Stop them --

In SLOW MOTION, A.D. Joy jumps for his radio.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

Same thing --

**14 INT. BANK - CLOSEUP - GABRIEL - DAY 14**

**GABRIEL**

-- their yard is this bank. So,

don't fuck with me.

**15 EXT. BANK - SAME TIME 15**

SWAT members move into position along the peripheral.

The merc turns toward them. The momentum swings his

shouldered weapon upward in SLOW MOTION.

**16 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 16**

**A.D. JOY**

(into mike)

Hold your --

**17 EXT. BANK - SAME TIME 17**

The SWAT snipers take this weapon movement as an

aggressive act and FIRE into the merc, the BULLETS

RIPPING into him. He drops. A SWAT-armored vehicle

rushes in -- one of the team jumps out, in an attempt to

rescue the woman.

**18 INT. BANK - DAY 18**

**STANLEY**

No! Noooo!!

**19 EXT. BANK - DAY 19**

Hysterical, the hostage runs back toward the bank,

confusing the SWAT guy trying to rescue her. He reaches

for her but she fights him. Finally, he grabs her around

the waist and carries her on his shoulder into the street

as she screams toward the bank for help.

**(CONTINUED)**

**9.**

**19 CONTINUED: 19**

**CLOSEUP - HIS FOOT (SLOW MOTION)**

as he steps off the sidewalk.

**ANGLE ON GIRL (SLOW MOTION)**

She is screaming nooooo!

**CLOSEUP - HIS FOOT (SLOW MOTION)**

as it continues its stride.

**CLOSEUP - RADIO DOG COLLAR (SLOW MOTION)**

Around her neck. The green light blinks to red. BEEP.

**NORMAL SPEED.**

**KABOOM!**

BALL BEARINGS RICOCHET against the plate steel of the

bank.

**20 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 20**

The ball bearings bounce across the street and tap

against the coffee shop.

**21 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY (SLOW MOTION) 21**

Everyone in the coffee shop looks at each other like,

"What just happened?"

**22 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 22**

As ball bearings roll back into the street.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**TITLE SEQUENCE:**

**23 INT. CUSTOMS (LAX) - CLOSEUP ON AXL TORVALDS - DAY 23**

**SUPERIMPOSE: 3 DAYS EARLIER**

**(CONTINUED)**

**10.**

**23 CONTINUED: 23**

AXL TORVALDS enters customs. A thirty-something European

who could easily pass for a season regular on

"Sprockets."

We PULL BACK. Torvalds is watching anxiously as his bags

are torn into like Christmas day at the Griswalds. The

two CUSTOMS AGENTS eye his three laptops suspiciously.

**TORVALDS**

(heavy Finnish

accent)

Please be careful --

-- one of the Agents cuts off his plea with a glance.

**TORVALDS**

(to himself, almost

inaudibly)

-- that equipment is quite

expensive.

Torvalds is wary of time. After several moments his bags

are being repacked when another passport is found.

The customs official holds up two passports. ANOTHER

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL takes them and walks over to Torvalds.

**ANOTHER CUSTOMS OFFICIAL**

Mr. Torvalds. Could you step

over here, please.

Torvalds glances at his watch. 1:45 PM.

**TORVALDS**

How long am I going to be delayed?

**ANOTHER CUSTOMS OFFICIAL**

It'll be just a moment.

Torvalds stands to the side, while two customs officials

compare his passports. They step over to a computer

terminal and punch in some data. It's 1:50 PM.

Torvalds notices a customs department employee wheeling a

cart of confiscated items out of a nearby service

elevator. He pushes the cart out of the oversized

elevator.

Torvalds shoots a glance back to the two officials

discussing his situation.

Torvalds casually picks up his computer case and coolly

walks over to the elevator.

**(CONTINUED)**

**11.**

**23 CONTINUED: (2) 23**

Torvalds walks in just as the doors close.

The customs officials conferring look around. Torvalds

is gone. One of them looks up and sees the numbers

changing above the elevator.

The customs officials race up to the escalator to the --

**24 INT. MEZZANINE LEVEL 24**

Torvalds exits the elevator -- and coolly makes his way

to the pedestrian walkway. He's halfway across it, when

-- multiple security teams appear and converge on him

from both ends.

He's finally wrestled to the ground.

**DARK SUIT #2**

(flipping a badge

in Torvalds' face)

Axl Torvalds. You are under

arrest.

**CUT TO:**

**25 INT. BOARDROOM (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY 25**

SENATOR JAMES REISMAN -- R. (Georgia) strides confidently

into a small, windowless boardroom.

**SENATOR REISMAN**

This better be important, you

pulled me out of session.

DARWIN KAPLAN, the President's aide and one of the four

men in the room, definitely the most intense, smiles

thinly.

**KAPLAN**

Senator, I wouldn't have asked you

to come here if it wasn't.

The Senator starts to sit down. Kaplan turns toward the

Senator.

**KAPLAN**

Senator, we just received a

communication that Axl Torvalds

was intercepted entering the

continental U.S.

**(CONTINUED)**

**12.**

**25 CONTINUED: 25**

**SENATOR REISMAN**

When?

**KAPLAN**

Within the last two hours.

According to our source inside the

F.B.I., he was nabbed coming

through customs at L.A.X.

Alone...

**SENATOR REISMAN**

Do they know who they are dealing

with?

**KAPLAN**

It is unlikely, sir. It was a

routine check and Torvalds freaked

out. They just got lucky.

**SENATOR REISMAN**

This ain't good, boys. The Vortex

has used Torvalds before. What do

the feds know?

**KAPLAN**

Nothing as of yet. He's refusing

to speak English and the Finnish

consulate has already contacted

the State Department...

**SENATOR REISMAN**

So we haven't been compromised?

**KAPLAN**

We're not sure. We're working on

that right now.

**SENATOR REISMAN**

You better get sure real quick,

son, 'cause someone's cock's

liable to end up on the block on

this one. And I promise you it

won't be mine.

**KAPLAN**

Senator, I think we'll be okay

here --

**SENATOR REISMAN**

I don't fucking pay you to think,

Kaplan. I pay you to keep me

informed. I know the Vortex.

That's why I voted against using

him on American soil.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**13.**

**25 CONTINUED: (2) 25**

**SENATOR REISMAN (CONT'D)**

It's like using the Ebola virus to

cure a cancer patient. Son, what

do you think's going to happen if

he starts tying up loose ends.

They look at each other.

**KAPLAN**

Yessir. I understand.

**CUT TO:**

**26 EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - DAY 26**

We are indeed in the middle of nowhere, no nothing as far

as you can see. We CONTINUE TO CRANE UP, a $140,000

Ferrari Modena flies down the road in a cloud of

suspended gravel toward Stanley's dilapidated, piece-o'-

crap trailer.

**27 EXT. TRAILER - ROOF - DAY 27**

Stan stands on the roof of his trailer, which was a

dilapidated shack in the 1950s and now is a lot worse. A

chained but scruffy-looking Rottweiler runs around in

front of the trailer.

Stan looks completely different than he did in the

opening sequence. He hasn't taken very good care of

himself. His hair is long, and right now standing on

end. He is wearing nothing but a dirty towel, and is

slicing golf balls off the roof. Whack.

As the Ferrari drives up he begins hitting golf balls at

it, but he just isn't very good. Nevertheless, after a

dozen bad hits, a lucky shot ricochets off the aluminum

hood.

**CLOSEUP - FERRARI HOOD**

**CLANG!**

**BACK TO SCENE**

Stan smiles as the car slides to a halt in the gravel

driveway, and turns back to his "work."

**(CONTINUED)**

**14.**

**27 CONTINUED: 27**

**ANGLE ON STANLEY**

As we hear the DOOR SHUT and SOMEONE COMES UP the

aluminum extension ladder.

A few moments later, in SLOW MOTION, GINGER appears at

the top of the ladder and steps onto the trailer's roof.

Stan turns around.

She is what the hack writers of the Thirties would call a

vision. Thesauruses could be exhausted searching for

adjectives that do her justice.

In the low-rent light of Stanley's white trash haven, she

is, by definition, a goddess.

**STANLEY**

Who are you supposed to be?

WHACK (slice).

She lights a cigarette, inhales deeply, then exhales.

**GINGER**

Hello, Stanley.

She knows his name.

**GINGER**

I'm Ginger.

**STANLEY**

Is that right?

WHACK (slice).

**GINGER**

For someone the N.S.A. has listed

as the most dangerous hacker in

America, you sure don't look like

much.

WHACK (slice).

**GINGER**

Don't look so surprised. I know

everything there is to know about

you, Stan. From your mom's maiden

name to how big your...

She glances downward then back up.

**(CONTINUED)**

**15.**

**27 CONTINUED: (2) 27**

**GINGER**

Bank account is.

**STANLEY**

How'd you get past my dog?

**GINGER**

(cute)

Boys like me.

**STANLEY**

Great. What are you selling

again?

WHACK (slice).

**GINGER**

Did I say I was selling something?

I'm here to help you, Stan. Look

at you, you're a mess.

WHACK (slice).

**GINGER**

My employer wants to meet you.

WHACK (slice).

**GINGER**

You're not very good at this, are

you?

**STANLEY**

You're fucking up my chi.

**GINGER**

Can I see that?

Begrudgingly he hands her the club. She tees up a ball,

pulls up her skirt far enough to reveal thong, and whack,

hits a ball that Tiger Woods would envy. CLANG.

She smiles, hands him the club back and pulls down her

skirt.

**GINGER**

You need to straighten your left

arm. You're bending it.

He looks at her.

**GINGER**

Trust me.

**(CONTINUED)**

**16.**

**27 CONTINUED: (3) 27**

He does and the ball goes flying 200 yards, perfect,

whacking a fridge with "200 YARDS" painted on it. CLANG!

Stan looks at the club, then tosses it to the ground,

climbing back down an aluminum extension ladder that

leads up through a makeshift hatch on the roof.

**28 INT. KITCHEN 28**

She follows but Stan ignores her and walks into his

bedroom.

She walks over, opens, and reaches into the fridge --

**GINGER**

This is not a nice place you have

here, Stanley.

-- and pulls out a beer --

**GINGER**

I've only been here a few minutes

and I'm already starting to feel

sorry for myself.

She walks into:

**29 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY 29**

Stan walks back in, looking for semi-clean clothes.

**STANLEY**

You're wasting your time. I even

touch a computer, I go straight to

Leavenworth, do not pass go, do

not collect 200 dollars. Whatever

I was...

Stanley, pulling on his pants, lets the sentence hang,

unfinished.

He's putting on his shoes. She squats down in front of

him, resting her hand on his leg.

**GINGER**

Stanley, think about it, they

still teach your techniques at

**M.I.T.**

She smiles up at him, then takes a long drink of her

beer. Stan stares at her a moment, then...

**(CONTINUED)**

**17.**

**29 CONTINUED: 29**

**GINGER**

I'm not here to suck your dick,

Stanley, you can sit around doing

the martyr thing as long as you

like. He'll pay you just to meet

you.

**STANLEY**

(smiles)

I gotta go to work.

**GINGER**

Oh that's right, and fine work it

is, too.

(beat)

Stanley...

(beat)

Have you spoken to Holly lately?

She just dropped a 20 megaton thermonuclear warhead into

Stanley's universe.

**30 EXT. STANLEY'S TRAILER - DAY 30**

Stanley practically pitches her down the steps of his

trailer and slams the door.

**GINGER**

Shit...

**31 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY 31**

A TELEPHONE RINGS in a multi-zillion dollar Malibu beach

house. A WOMAN, late twenties, grabs the receiver. Her

voice is of perfect timbre and accentless.

**MELISSA (WOMAN)**

Hello.

**(CONTINUED)**

**18.**

**31 CONTINUED: 31**

**STANLEY (V.O.)**

Melissa...

(beat)

Holly home?

**MELISSA**

(New York starts to

invade her accentless

accent)

Stanley. Why are you calling

here?

**32 INT. STANLEY'S TRAILER - ANGLE - STANLEY 32**

on phone. He stands in front of his now closed fridge.

It is covered with pictures of his daughter, Holly.

**STANLEY**

I want to talk with Holly.

INTERCUT BETWEEN the two.

Melissa's accent continues to travel eastward from

Midwest flat to full tilt Long Island.

**MELISSA**

It's...

(looks at her watch)

It's twelve-thirty, Stanley.

She's in school. You know it's

illegal for you to talk to her.

**STANLEY**

Don't do this, Mel. It's not good

for Holly --

**MELISSA**

How the hell would you know what

is or isn't good for my daughter?

You've spent the last two years in

prison.

**STANLEY**

Mel --

**MELISSA**

Stop calling me that, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

I just want to see my baby.

**(CONTINUED)**

**19.**

**32 CONTINUED: 32**

**MELISSA**

Well, she doesn't want to see you,

Stanley, and I swear to fucking

God, if you contact her, I'll have

Larry's attorney throw you into a

hole so deep and dark it'll make

Leavenworth seem like two weeks in

Vegas; during which I'll

personally pay two ball-busting

skin-heads to --

**STANLEY**

Wow, Mel, you can take the girl

out of the trailer park, but you

can't take the trailer park out of

the girl.

She regains control. Her voice is accentless once again.

**MELISSA**

(exhaling)

I will not let myself be

manipulated by you, Stanley.

Larry's her father now.

**STANLEY**

Larry's the porn king --

**MELISSA**

Larry's a film financier, a good

husband, and an astute

businessman. What films he's

involved in are a function of

profitability and none of your

business.

She is now downright icy.

**MELISSA**

Get help, Stanley, get into a

program, get a therapist, get a

dog, but whatever you do, stay

away from my child.

**STANLEY**

Your child? She's our child.

**MELISSA**

She will never be your child.

You'll never have the kind of

money to match Larry's lawyers in

court. Forget Holly.

**(CONTINUED)**

**20.**

**32 CONTINUED: (2) 32**

**CLICK.**

The PHONE GOES DEAD.

Stanley freaks, beats the receiver against the fridge,

again, and again. Then, he calmly hangs up the phone.

**33 EXT. STANLEY'S TRAILER - DAY 33**

Stanley walks down the steps of his trailer. Ginger sits

on the hood of her car in all her estrogenic glory,

smoking and petting Stan's dog.

**STANLEY**

What are you doing here?

Stanley's dog leans against her, happy.

**STANLEY**

(to dog, like

"traitor")

Judas.

**GINGER**

Hello, Stanley.

She smiles at him. He smiles back, about ready to stick

her in the trunk of her car.

**STANLEY**

Look, I'm beginning to lose my

sense of humor about --

**GINGER**

Let's cut through the bullshit,

Stan. If you ever want to have a

chance in hell of getting your

daughter back you'll shut up and

listen. Unless of course you want

to stay here in your pathetic,

loser life while she learns what

it's like to be a fluffer in one

of her new daddy's videos.

**(CONTINUED)**

**21.**

**33 CONTINUED: 33**

**STANLEY**

Do me the courtesy of not

confusing your own childhood with

my daughter's.

**GINGER**

Look at your situation, Stanley.

For twenty months you've been in

court six times, each time your

custody case has been thrown out.

Your situation doesn't look good,

sweetheart.

She blows smoke at him, thinking, then whips out her

trump card.

**GINGER**

How much would it cost to retain

the best family lawyer in the

country and regain custody of your

daughter?

**STANLEY**

All the way through the jury

trial?

**GINGER**

Yeah.

**STANLEY**

A lot.

She pulls out a large manila envelope. Opens it and

dumps the rubber-banded stacks of hundreds onto the

ground.

**GINGER**

This should get you started.

Stanley just stares at the money. He looks up at Ginger.

**GINGER**

Whattaya have to lose? Just meet

him. One time. That's it. You

don't like the setup, walk away.

**STANLEY**

That's it?

**GINGER**

That's it. And you keep the

money.

**(CONTINUED)**

**22.**

**33 CONTINUED: (2) 33**

She smokes, letting it all sink in. She puts out her

cigarette. They just stare at each other. She smiles.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**34 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 34**

Torvalds sits at a table in a room with a two-way mirror.

To his left, a three-piece suited Euroweasel (obviously

his LAWYER) nurses a steaming cup of coffee while

providing air cover from the two interrogating FBI

Agents.

The table is covered with empty coffee cups and cigarette

carcasses. Roberts eases quietly into the room in mid-

interrogation.

Torvalds says something in Finnish to his Lawyer.

**AGENT #1**

What did he say?

Torvalds again speaks to his Lawyer in Finnish.

**AGENT #2**

Your client is wanted on 24 counts

of electronic crimes in seven

different countries --

**LAWYER**

Finland does not recognize these

allegations as crimes. Your

laws --

**AGENT #1**

Do you see a Finnish flag hanging

on the wall, Ikea boy?

Torvalds speaks to his Lawyer.

**AGENT #1**

What did he say?

**LAWYER**

He said Ikea is Swedish.

**AGENT #1**

He understands English?

The FBI Agent's head is now close to imploding.

**(CONTINUED)**

**23.**

**34 CONTINUED: 34**

**ROBERTS**

Okay... Guys, why don't you give

me a few minutes here?

They turn to see Roberts smiling.

**AGENT #2**

Uh, sir...

**ROBERTS**

It's okay. Just a couple of

minutes.

**AGENT #1**

Yessir.

**AGENT #2**

You've fucked up now, Hamlet.

**ROBERTS**

(never taking his

eyes off Torvalds)

And Michaels.

**AGENT #2**

Yessir.

**ROBERTS**

Hamlet was a Dane.

**AGENT #2**

Adane?

**ROBERTS**

Forget it.

Roberts sits down in a chair facing Torvalds. He stares

at him a moment, just smiling, then...

**ROBERTS**

Why would the number one cracker

in the world risk life

imprisonment to enter the

continental U.S.?

**LAWYER**

My client has repeatedly reserved

his right not answer any questions

at this time.

Torvalds looks at Roberts' badge and says something in

Finnish, the only recognizable word being "Roberts." The

attorney and Torvalds both laugh. Roberts looks at the

attorney.

**(CONTINUED)**

**24.**

**34 CONTINUED: (2) 34**

**LAWYER**

He told me to tell Mister Roberts

that he is quite fond of 'The

X-Files.'

Again they smile. Roberts looks at the lawyer's cup of

steaming coffee and with one finger pushes it over into

the lawyer's lap.

**ROBERTS**

You need another cup of coffee --

**LAWYER**

(jumping up in

great pain)

Goddammit!

Roberts grabs him by the collar and slams him into the

wall, then pushes him out the door with a kick in the

ass. He grabs the briefcase and tosses it out after him

and locks the door.

He turns on Torvalds, smacking him across the face. He

pushes him into the wall and holds his badge in front of

him.

**ROBERTS**

Until a year ago I was head of the

largest task force on cyber-

criminals in the entire world.

But, I burned out. It happens. I

snapped. I shot a suspect in the

fucking hand. Accident. Do you

know how hard it is to work a

keyboard with one hand?

**TORVALDS**

Whatever you can do to me, he can

do worse. I'm already dead. The

only place I stand a chance is

back in my country. I have

friends there.

**ROBERTS**

I tell you what, you tell me what

I want to know and I guarantee

you'll be on the next flight to

Finland. First class. Courtesy

of the U.S. Government.

Torvalds thinks quietly.

**25.**

**35 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 35**

Two FBI agents (BAD AGENTS #1 & 2) watch the

interrogation through a two-way mirror. One of the

agents looks surprisingly like Gabriel's merc that

carried the young blonde girl killed outside the bank

earlier.

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

(over speaker)

I'll tell you what I know.

The Agents look at each other. Bad Agent #1 dials his

cell phone.

**BAD AGENT #1**

(into his cell)

Yes, this is Assistant Director

Joy, would you find Agent Roberts.

It's important that I speak with

him as soon as possible. Thank

you.

**INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT**

**ROBERTS**

Who is he?

**36 EXT. PRAGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 36**

A yellow Lamborghini Diablo drives up. In SLOW MOTION

Gabriel steps out of the car, wind whipping his full-

length, black Gucci overcoat.

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

He exists in a world beyond your

world. What we only fantasize, he

does. He lives a life where

nothing is beyond him.

**37 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 37**

**TORVALDS**

But it is all an act.

**38 EXT. PRAGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 38**

Gabriel walks through the crowd as if a celebrity --

**(CONTINUED)**

**26.**

**38 CONTINUED: 38**

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

For all his charisma and charm.

For all his wealth and expensive

toys.

-- exchanging kisses and the lingering of hands, as he

slides through parting seas of beautiful people.

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

Beneath it all he is a driven,

unflinching, calculating machine,

who takes what he wants, when he

wants, then disappears --

**CUT TO:**

**39 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - ANGLE ON TORVALDS - NIGHT 39**

**TORVALDS**

-- It works like this.

**40 EXT. EMPTY SKY - NIGHT 40**

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

I fly to where I am to meet him.

He sends one of his people to meet

me.

A BOEING 777 SCREAMS overhead. We TILT DOWN. Stanley

and Ginger walk out of LAX. A white LIMO IDLES directly

in front of them.

Stanley is wearing a black T-shirt which proclaims in

large white letters across his chest, in true Scarlet

Letter fashion, "LOSER!"

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

He tells me what he needs. I do

my job, I'm paid.

**41 INT. PRAGUE - NIGHT 41**

Upstairs on a lavish balcony Gabriel looks at the crowd.

**PUSH INTO --**

**CLOSEUP - GABRIEL**

smiling.

**TORVALDS (V.O.)**

And I leave.

**27.**

**42 INT. FBI INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 42**

**ROBERTS**

That's a real nice story. But you

haven't given me shit.

Torvalds knows this and smiles at Roberts arrogantly.

The door opens, an FBI AGENT sticks his head in.

**AGENT #1**

Excuse me, sir... you have a call.

**ROBERTS**

So, take a message.

**AGENT #1**

It's Assistant Director Joy, he

said it's important.

**ROBERTS**

At least it's not my wife.

(to Torvalds)

You need to think about what else

you know.

(then, to Agent #1)

Watch him.

Roberts walks out of the room. The FBI Agent positions

himself outside the door.

**43 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 43**

Roberts walks out of the room. Torvalds' attorney is

there.

**LAWYER**

You will be hearing from my

gover --

**ROBERTS**

Shut up.

Roberts walks down the hall. The attorney, pissed, walks

back into the interrogation room.

**44 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 44**

One of the two Agents watches the door, the other, Bad

Agent #2 steps over to the two-way mirror.

**(CONTINUED)**

**28.**

**44 CONTINUED: 44**

Torvalds talks to his attorney in Finnish. Apparently

his attorney is trying to convince him of something.

Torvalds, unfazed, walks over to the one-way mirror.

PULL BACK FROM Torvalds to reveal Bad Agent #2 calmly

screwing a silencer on to his .45. Torvalds leans closer

to the glass.

Bad Agent #2 sticks the silenced barrel of the gun up

against the glass -- right between the eyes of Torvalds.

Bad Agent #2 moves the barrel up and down between

Torvalds face and neck.

**45 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME 45**

Torvalds looks smugly into the glass. He lifts his hand,

holding up his middle finger.

**46 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 46**

Bad Agent #2 moves his aim to Torvalds' tonsils. He

depresses the trigger slightly.

**47 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME 47**

Torvalds, middle finger in the air, smiles. Unbeknownst

to him however, a tiny red aiming laser has zipped

through the glass and is now positioned as a dot on

Torvalds' throat.

**48 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT 48**

Satisfied with the placement he PULLS the TRIGGER...

**THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!**

**49 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 49**

Roberts walks down the hall and turns right into --

**50 INT. COFFEE ROOM - NIGHT 50**

Roberts picks up the phone.

**ROBERTS**

This is Roberts, I have a call

from A.D. Joy.

**(CONTINUED)**

**29.**

**50 CONTINUED: 50**

**FBI OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Hold, sir.

Finally --

**A.D. JOY (V.O.)**

Joy.

**ROBERTS**

Roberts. You needed me.

**A.D. JOY (V.O.)**

What do you mean?

**ROBERTS**

You didn't call me?

**A.D. JOY (V.O.)**

You just called me...

Realization slowly hits him, he drops the phone and runs

from the room.

**51 INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME 51**

Roberts runs down the hall and into:

**52 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 52**

Roberts finds Torvalds and his attorney dead. Roberts

looks into the mirror.

Six clean bullet holes perforate his reflection.

**ROBERTS**

Shit!

**53 INT. PRAGUE NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT 53**

A huge, lavish, converted theater in downtown Los

Angeles. A 21st Century version of 54 on equal overdoses

of steroids and acid.

**54 INT. VIP SECTION - NIGHT 54**

Stanley and Ginger walk into a large area with individual

private booths in small rooms around the perimeter. The

rooms have the ability to be closed off by drawing huge,

thick velvet drapes.

**(CONTINUED)**

**30.**

**54 CONTINUED: 54**

**GINGER**

I wish you'd let me buy you a

suit.

**STANLEY**

I'm happy with what I'm wearing.

**GINGER**

You have no self-esteem, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

(dryly)

I know.

They walk into one of the booths in the back. Sitting

around a large, oval table is our antihero, Gabriel

Shear, surrounded by a handful of his crew and a gaggle

of beautiful model-types.

Ginger kisses Gabriel and with a healthy exchange of

fluids, then...

**GINGER**

Miss me?

Gabriel smiles, then looks back at Stanley.

**GINGER**

Gabriel, Stanley. Stanley,

Gabriel.

Gabriel just stares.

**GABRIEL**

(very familiar)

Big Stan. Nice suit.

**STANLEY**

Thanks.

**GABRIEL**

You know, they say it's the

clothes that make the man...

**STANLEY**

You buy it?

**GABRIEL**

Hope not.

(then)

Buy you a drink?

**(CONTINUED)**

**31.**

**54 CONTINUED: (2) 54**

**STANLEY**

I flew fifteen hundred miles for

this meeting, how 'bout we get to

the point.

**GABRIEL**

Actually you flew 1500 miles for

100 grand. But that's not the

point.

Stanley sits down. Gabriel pours Stan a glass of Crown.

**GABRIEL**

I heard this story about this

young hacker who made a virus that

broke the F.B.I.'s Carnivore

program that was actively reading

every subscriber's E-mail and

scrambled the systems. He did

what the federal judges wouldn't

do and kept the government out of

our Privacy.

**STANLEY**

I think I heard that. Story is he

went to jail and the federal

Carnivore program is back in full

swing. It was a real tragedy.

What can I do for you?

Changing the subject.

**GABRIEL**

Stanley, meet Helga.

Gabriel smiles.

The beautiful WOMAN to Stanley's right slides closer.

**HELGA (WOMAN)**

(heavily accented)

Hi, Stanley.

Stanley looks at her, she's a knockout; artificially

perfect. He looks back at Gabriel.

**STANLEY**

Look, I don't have a lot of

patience for this --

**GABRIEL**

Stanley, we have a problem, maybe

you can help us out.

**(CONTINUED)**

**32.**

**54 CONTINUED: (3) 54**

Stan looks around; everyone is smiling. Helga moves

closer to him.

**GABRIEL**

Take a look at this.

He is handed an open laptop, it glows. He sets it on the

table and spins it around in front of Stanley.

**STANLEY**

(like an alcoholic

faced with a fifth

of tequila)

You know I can't touch that.

Helga pours a shot of tequila.

**HELGA**

You like tequila, Stanley?

Helga shoots the tequila, then turns to Stanley, places

her lips against his. The gold liquid drips from their

lips as she spits it into Stanley's mouth.

He pushes her away, breaking the liplock, and swallowing

the tequila. She licks it from his face.

**GABRIEL**

No need for modesty, we're all

friends here, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

This is bullshit. I came --

**GABRIEL**

You want something from me, amigo,

I want something from you. D.O.D.

dBase, 128 bit R.S.A. encryption.

Whattaya think? Impossible?

Stanley's having a little trouble concentrating on

Gabriel.

**STANLEY**

Nothing's impossible.

Helga begins sucking on Stanley's fingers. He pulls them

away.

**GABRIEL**

So it can be done? Maybe slide in

a Trojan horse hiding a worm?

**(CONTINUED)**

**33.**

**54 CONTINUED: (4) 54**

**STANLEY**

Something like that. Is this an

interview?

**GABRIEL**

Sort of. Marco, let's give him

some incentive.

The drapes close. Two of Gabriel's crew step out. Marco

yanks out a .40 caliber Glock and quickly screws a well-

used silencer onto the end. Marco walks around behind

Stanley.

**STANLEY**

(now totally confused)

What are you doing?

Helga smiles, then drops her head into Stanley's lap. We

hear his PANTS UNZIP.

**GABRIEL**

Relax, Stanley.

He has to go with it.

**GABRIEL**

I've been told the best crackers

in the world could do this in

sixty minutes. Unfortunately,

I need someone who can do it in

sixty seconds.

**STANLEY**

You're kidding...

**GABRIEL**

'Fraid not.

Stan realizes now no one is smiling. He grabs the blonde

by the hair but can't pull her up.

**GABRIEL**

Forty-five seconds. Time is a

wasting, big guy.

The silencer is pressed into the back of his head.

Stanley tries to focus on the screen. Stanley sucks air

through his teeth, trying to focus.

**GABRIEL**

You have thirty seconds, Stanley.

**(CONTINUED)**

**34.**

**54 CONTINUED: (5) 54**

Stanley gives up on trying to get her up and his hands

start flying over the keyboard. We INTERCUT the ACTION

WITH a CLOSEUP of Stanley's hands working the keyboard,

and a CLOSEUP of Gabriel, and a CLOSEUP of the LCD screen

which reads in flashing red letters --

**"ACCESS DENIED."**

**GABRIEL**

She's very good, isn't she,

Stanley?

Tension builds as Stanley continues to work the keyboard.

**"ACCESS DENIED."**

**GABRIEL**

C'mon, Stanley. 20 seconds.

**"ACCESS DENIED."**

**GABRIEL**

Fifteen.

**"ACCESS DENIED."**

**GABRIEL**

Ten... Nine...

Faster and faster. "ACCESS DENIED."

**GABRIEL**

Three... Two...

**"ACCESS DENIED."**

He grabs her head. She doesn't come up. The screen

flashes:

**"ACCESS DENIED."**

**GABRIEL**

Too bad, Stanley. Ya gotta die.

Marco puts the silencer to his eye.

**STANLEY**

Wait... !

CLICK. The GUN is empty. Stanley tries to catch his

breath. Helga lifts up her head. Everyone laughs.

Gabriel walks around the table.

**(CONTINUED)**

**35.**

**54 CONTINUED: (6) 54**

**GABRIEL**

I was just fucking with you,

Stan.

Stanley is pissed. Helga, smiling, kisses him on the

cheek. Stanley tries to calm down. He gets up, shoots

someone's half-drank drink, zips his pants, then --

**STANLEY**

So was I.

Stanley hits the enter key and spins the computer around.

**CLOSEUP - COMPUTER SCREEN**

"ACCESS GRANTED" appears, and the Department of Defense

logo scrolls across the screen.

**WIDER**

Stanley gives them all a "fuck you" smile, then stomps

out through the curtain.

**CLOSEUP ON GABRIEL**

who smiles.

**55 INT. CLUB - REST ROOM - NIGHT 55**

Stanley pushes into the bathroom. He kicks the

wastebasket across the room.

**STANLEY**

Shit!

He pushes a club kid out of the way of the sink. He

turns on the water and washes his face. Slowly he leans

his forehead against the mirror. Ginger appears behind

him.

**STANLEY**

What are you looking at?

**GINGER**

Relax, Stanley. You can do this.

**(CONTINUED)**

**36.**

**55 CONTINUED: 55**

**STANLEY**

Get away from me.

**GINGER**

I want to help you.

**STANLEY**

Help? Help what, squeegee my

brain off the ceiling?

**GINGER**

It was just a test, Stan, you

passed.

Ginger pulls out a cigarette and a lighter from her

plastic overcoat.

**STANLEY**

A test... I don't know why I let

you talk me into this. I can't

believe how desperate I am.

She exhales toward Stanley.

**GINGER**

I thought you were here saving

your daughter, Stanley.

He turns around.

**STANLEY**

(pissed)

Look... I'd do anything to get

Holly back. But, if I end up in a

box or back in jail, then I really

can't help her, can I? What I

should do, is take my money and go

back to court.

**GINGER**

Back to court? Back to Melissa's

gladiators? You throw a hundred

grand at her, she'll throw five

back at you. It's not about

Holly, it's about beating you.

You know that. Think, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

What I'm thinking about is that

you're willing to put a gun to my

head to see if I can hack --

Suddenly three club kids come busting into the bathroom.

**(CONTINUED)**

**37.**

**55 CONTINUED: (2) 55**

Ginger interrupts him by slamming Stan between the

urinals and ramming her tongue into his mouth with the

kind of wet, aggressive action that takes a movie from

PG-13 to an R.

When the kids realize that the urinals are occupied, they

leave. Slowly Ginger takes her tongue out of Stan's

mouth. They look at each other. She smiles at him.

**GINGER**

(coyly)

Sorry...

A beat, for a moment there exists something between them,

then bam, she's all business again.

**GINGER**

So, let me sum it up for you,

Stanley. You live in a trailer.

(beat)

You're a felon, working a dead-

end job. You want to get Holly

back, Gabriel's your only shot.

**ANGLE ON STANLEY**

As he realizes she's right, he's got nothing to lose.

Slam! He smacks the mirror with his fist, then walks out

of the rest room. Ginger slowly lifts the cigarette.

She exhales, then slowly smiles. She's got him.

**56 EXT. PRAGUE VALET - NIGHT 56**

Next to the valet stand, Gabriel leans over the hood of

an evil-looking, bright-yellow Lamborghini Diablo

Roadster, a GAMEBOY CHIRPING in his hands.

Stanley walks INTO the FRAME. Without missing a beat,

Gabriel looks up --

**GABRIEL**

Big Stan. I was afraid we lost

you.

Gabriel stands up and walks toward Stan.

**STANLEY**

Tell me what the deal is.

**(CONTINUED)**

**38.**

**56 CONTINUED: 56**

**GABRIEL**

Let's go up to the house. I'm

having a little get-together. I'll

explain it to you there.

Gabriel smiles.

**FADE TO:**

**57 INT. FBI LAB - NIGHT 57**

Three GEEKY COMPUTER-TYPES sit in front of a huge array

of CRTs. They look up when Roberts stalks into the room.

He yanks off his jacket, crumbles it and throws it across

the room. They just look at each other.

**ROBERTS**

Tell me you have some good news

for me.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

Actually we have a small ray of

hope in the vast darkness that is

your life, sir. Check this out.

On one of the 25-inch screens we see a terminal at LAX

with hundreds of people streaming by at 20x speed.

Torvalds is being apprehended. He freezes it.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

See these two guys?

He points at two men watching this action from the

sideline. He pulls another monitor forward.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

Now watch this...

He fast-forwards through the crowd until the two guys

show up again. He freezes it.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

Recognize those two, same guys,

next day. Question is --

He slowly moves the action forward --

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

-- who's that?

The footage stops and zooms in on one of two travelers

who the two men are meeting.

**(CONTINUED)**

**38A.**

**57 CONTINUED: (A1) 57**

It is Stanley.

**ROBERTS**

Stanley Jobson...

The computer guys look at each other. One hands Roberts

an open copy of Wired magazine.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

Wired's man of the year, 1996.

Pretty much a burnout but he was

the hacker zeitgeist of his day --

**(CONTINUED)**

**39.**

**57 CONTINUED: 57**

**ROBERTS**

I know who Jobson is. I busted

him.

(to Stan's image)

Why are you in L.A.?

Roberts looks at it. Then at the screen. A pop-up

screen shows Stanley's history.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

His ex-wife lives in Malibu.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2**

The new husband owns Backdoor

Films, a shady porn production

house in Chatsworth. Decent

production value but they only

shoot on video. His wife actually

starred in a couple of his videos.

Apparently she's an 'actress.'

Roberts moves the mouse to see Ginger.

**ROBERTS**

Who's the chick?

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

We don't know yet, sir.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2**

Serious piece of talent.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #3**

Way outta his league. Something's

up.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2**

You know he also has a ten-year-

old daughter, who he's not

supposed to see. Maybe that's why

he's here.

Roberts looks at him like he's an idiot.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2**

Or maybe not.

**ROBERTS**

I want to know who that girl is.

Pronto.

Roberts stands.

**ROBERTS**

And stake out his daughter.

**40.**

**58 EXT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - POOL - NIGHT 58**

The house is at the very top of the hills and the pool

hangs off the side of the cliff, way below the house.

The outer edge appears nonexistent, like the water hangs

frozen in air.

A very hip but very nasty soiree is in progress. More

Ibiza than Hollywood Hills.

Stanley sits in a chair beside a pool containing a half-

dozen beautiful un-clad model-types.

Gabriel is mingling through the crowd.

**CLOSEUP - STANLEY**

Stanley stares off into the glittering lights of L.A.

**WIDEN.**

**GABRIEL**

(smiles)

So Stan, tell me. How'd you do

it?

**STANLEY**

Do what?

**GABRIEL**

Break the code. At the club.

You broke the entire encryption, a

silencer against your eye and your

cock in someone's mouth, all in

less than sixty seconds. How?

**STANLEY**

I used a logic bomb, dropped it

through the trap door --

**GINGER**

No, you didn't. You didn't have

time.

**GABRIEL**

C'mon, you can do better than

that. How'd you do it?

**STANLEY**

I used a password sniffer.

Gabriel glances at Ginger who shakes her head.

**GINGER**

Uh uh.

**(CONTINUED)**

**41.**

**58 CONTINUED: 58**

**STANLEY**

Yes, I did --

**GABRIEL**

C'mon, Stanley. How'd-you-do-it?

**STANLEY**

I don't know exactly. I see the

numbers. In my head. All my

life. I don't answer equations, I

just see the answers. Same with

code. I can't explain ---

Ginger eases over to where Stan is sitting. She runs her

hands across his shoulders as she moves around him,

dancing to the MUSIC.

**GINGER**

Mozart always said he didn't write

music; he just wrote down what he

heard in his head. So did

Faulkner, just with words.

**GABRIEL**

(drinking wine)

You definitely have a gift, Stan.

The most powerful people on the

planet are like you. With a laptop

and a phone line you can make God

look like a thirteen-year-old

with a stack of Playboys and a

lack of imagination.

(beat)

C'mere, Stan, let me show you

something.

**59 INT. GABRIEL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 59**

Stanley and Gabriel stand in Gabriel's primo designed

pad, staring at an array of supercomputers.

Stanley stands in front of the six huge flat panels,

linked together, in complete awe.

**GABRIEL**

Pretty impressive, huh.

(beat)

So...

**STANLEY**

So?

**(CONTINUED)**

**42.**

**59 CONTINUED: 59**

**GABRIEL**

Here's the deal. I need a worm,

Stanley. A hydra, actually. A

multi-headed worm to break an

encryption and then sniff out

latent digital footprints

throughout an encrypted network.

**STANLEY**

What kind of cypher?

**GABRIEL**

Vernam encryption.

**STANLEY**

A Vernam's impossible. Its key

code is destroyed upon

implementation. Not to mention

being a true 128 bit encryption.

**GABRIEL**

Actually, we're talking 512 bit.

**STANLEY**

It's impossible.

**GABRIEL**

Tell ya what, I'll pay you ten

million dollars. That should be

enough to get your daughter back...

(beat)

... unless of course it's impossible.

Stan thinks about it.

**STANLEY**

Nothing's impossible.

They shake hands and Gabriel heads toward the back of the

house.

**LONG SHOT - GABRIEL**

walking up the stairs toward his room.

Stan looks over to see Ginger staring at him.

**STANLEY**

What?

Ginger pulls herself up on the desk, spreading her legs

on either side of the keyboard.

**(CONTINUED)**

**43.**

**59 CONTINUED: (2) 59**

**GINGER**

C'mon, Stan. Let's get to work.

She turns on the computers. He backs away.

**GINGER**

It won't bite you, I promise.

**STANLEY**

I don't know. It's gonna be

pretty hard without a gun to my

head.

She reaches out and pulls him to her.

**GINGER**

Well, let's put a gun to your

head.

She kisses him and slowly he responds. She smiles.

**GINGER**

Tell me about your worm, Stanley.

They kiss.

**GINGER**

You surprised that a girl with

real breasts and an I.Q. over 70

can give you a hard-on?

Stan shakes his head.

**STANLEY**

I thought you were Gabriel's.

She looks at him a moment. She smiles at him and slowly

bends forward to whisper in his ear.

**CLOSEUP - GINGER'S MOUTH**

at Stanley's ear.

**GINGER**

(very slowly)

I am not what you think I am.

**ANGLE ON GINGER AND STANLEY**

As she leans back. She stares at him a moment then

slides off the desk.

**(CONTINUED)**

**44.**

**59 CONTINUED: (3) 59**

**GINGER**

You're a smart guy, Stanley. You

figure me out.

She hands him the bottle of expensive wine she's been

drinking, and then grabbing Stan by the belt-buckle,

pulls him casually behind her toward the pool house.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**60 EXT. POOL - DAY 60**

Lounging by the pool is none other than our heroine,

Ginger, topless, wearing nothing more than tiny, oblong,

green-tinted shades, a skimpy T-back, and a little silver

ring through her left nipple. She's reading Steven

Hawkings' A Brief History of Time. A shadow falls over

her.

The shadow moves. Ginger glances nonchalantly up, then:

**GINGER**

(sitting up,

grinning)

Don't you have that just-fucked-

the-neighbor's-cat look this

morning.

She reaches over, lights a cigarette, and inhales deeply.

He smiles, looking her up and down.

**GINGER**

Problem?

**STANLEY**

Pretty impressive.

**GINGER**

I thought we went over all that

last night.

**STANLEY**

(beat, then like

"stupid")

The book, Ginger.

**GINGER**

Ohhh.

(holding it out)

Look, no pictures. Get out of my

light.

**(CONTINUED)**

**45.**

**60 CONTINUED: 60**

They stare at each sharing a moment of God-only-knows-

what, then both break into smiles like two giddy seventh-

graders at the local skating rink.

Stanley nervously clears his throat. She's got him.

**STANLEY**

Can I borrow your car? There's

something I need to do.

She reaches down beside the chair, grabs her keys and

tosses them to him. Then:

**GINGER**

If you're going to see your

daughter, you might want to

reevaluate the way you look.

(goes back to

her book)

Just a thought.

He looks at her with open mouth amazement. In just 24

hours, she already knows what makes him tick.

She looks up from her book and winks at him, then returns

to her reading.

**61 EXT. NEWTON MONTESSORI SCHOOL - DAY 61**

A SCHOOL BELL RINGS and three hundred screaming kids of

all ages come running from the doors.

**ANGLE ON HOLLY**

Not your average ten-year-old. Even decked out in bell-

bottoms and sandals there is something about the way she

carries herself that is older; wiser; sadder.

She walks into a CLOSEUP and scans the driveway.

Reflected in her tiny, round lavender shades we see the

circular driveway of the school jam-packed with buses and

parental types in their M-series Mercedes and their Lexus

SUVs. She sighs. We CRANE UP, PANNING LEFT.

Holly walks to the edge of the street oblivious to the

mayhem. She looks up and down the street then slowly

drops her backpack and sits down on the curb. She pulls

a well-worn copy of William Gibson's Neuromancer from her

backpack, and turns up the raging ELECTRONICA from her

**WALKMAN.**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**46.**

**62 SAME SCENE - LATER 62**

Now there is much less pandemonium. No more buses. We

CRANE DOWN TO a MEDIUM of Holly still in the exact same

spot. Holly sighs, pulls back her headphones and grabs

her StarTac from her backpack. She opens the phone and

dials.

**63 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY 63**

The PHONE RINGS and we PAN AROUND the seemingly empty

house, finally COMING TO REST ON the back of the couch.

We JIB UP and TILT DOWN. Melissa is passed out in a pool

of her own drool. The PHONE continues to RING.

**47.**

**64 EXT. NEWTON MONTESSORI SCHOOL - DAY 64**

Holly hits the phone and then presses speed dial. We see

"Yellow Cab" scroll across the phone. She hits "SEND."

**MAN (O.S.)**

Can I give you a lift?

**HOLLY**

Look, creep, I don't think so --

She stands up, ready for a fight. And there, next to her

is her father; transformed. Under his arm is a three-

foot-tall stuffed giraffe wrapped with a big red bow.

**HOLLY**

Daddy?

(recognition)

Daddy!

She runs to him and wraps her arms around him.

**STANLEY**

Hey, sweetheart.

**HOLLY**

Daddy... What are you doing here?

I missed you so much.

**STANLEY**

Me too, baby. I brought you

something.

He holds the stuffed giraffe to her.

**HOLLY**

Oh, Daddy. If Mom finds out

you're here she's gonna have you

thrown back in jail.

**STANLEY**

It's okay, baby. Let me give you

a ride home.

He grabs her stuff.

**STANLEY**

C'mon.

He walks toward Ginger's silver Mercedes CLK which he's

borrowing. Holly runs and jumps on his back. They laugh

as he carries her to the car.

**48.**

**65 EXT. MALIBU HOUSE - DAY 65**

They sit in the CLK, parked down the street from Holly's

house.

**STANLEY**

You believe in me, right?

**HOLLY**

Of course, but --

**STANLEY**

I've found a way to get you back,

sweetheart. It's my one shot and

I'm taking it. Just give me a

couple of days.

**HOLLY**

(crying)

I don't want anything else to

happen to you, Dad.

**STANLEY**

Holly, everything's going to be

okay. You just have to trust me.

**HOLLY**

(crying)

I love you, Daddy.

Holly quickly kisses him, jumps out and runs, crying,

from the car at full speed, with the giraffe.

Stanley, tears rolling down his face, slaps the steering

wheel, trying to figure out how he screwed up his life so

badly.

Suddenly, the passenger door opens and a man in a DARK

BLUE SUIT and fed-issued shades gets in.

**STANLEY**

Who the fuck are you?

**DARK SUIT #1**

(flipping out

his badge)

Friend of a friend. Let's take a

ride.

He motions toward a black Taurus, now parked across the

street. In the back, he sees a face he recognizes.

**(CONTINUED)**

**49.**

**65 CONTINUED: 65**

**CLOSEUP ON ROBERTS**

**BACK TO STAN**

**STANLEY**

Shit...

The man kinda smiles at Stan.

**DARK SUIT #1**

(being a dick)

Gotta suck to be you.

**STANLEY**

Yep.

Stanley whacks the fed with his elbow across the bridge

of his nose and jumps out of the car.

**INT. TAURUS**

Stan runs across the hood of the Taurus and just jumps

over the railing.

**66 EXT. SHEER CLIFF - DAY 66**

We realize what Stan did probably wasn't the smartest

move in the world. The cliff is just barely on this side

of 90 degrees and drops off about five hundred yards

straight down to the PCH.

Stan falls in SLOW MOTION about thirty feet before the

cliff face angles out enough to break his fall. He begins

a combination of sliding and tumbling down the bluff.

**67 EXT. MALIBU HOUSE (STREET) - DAY 67**

Roberts runs to the railing and sees Stanley sliding/

falling down the hill.

**(CONTINUED)**

**50.**

**67 CONTINUED: 67**

**ROBERTS**

(to his men)

Cut him off at the bottom.

Roberts then hops the railing, as his men scramble for

the car.

**68 EXT. SHEER CLIFF - DAY 68**

Roberts hangs in mid-air a moment, then he too begins the

rolling fall down the hill.

**ANGLE ON STANLEY**

as he tries to keep his balance, is being beaten and

battered by the sharp, rocky ground.

Finally, he shoots off an outcropping and free-falls for

fifteen feet. Then it really gets bad.

Clear plastic sheeting has been stretched across the hill

to help control the erosion. To Stanley however, it is

the world's largest Slip and Slide.

He is no longer able to control, even badly, his descent.

Now, he is flying down the cliff face, only the rocks and

bushes that slam into his body, slows the descent.

Roberts, above him, is doing little better.

**LONG SHOT ON CLIFF FACE**

As Stan and Roberts slide toward the eight lanes of

blazing afternoon traffic on the PCH.

Finally, Stan bounces onto the black-top road. He runs

headlong into the traffic.

CARS SCREECH, HORNS BLARING, as they slide into each

other. Stanley does not lose the single-minded focus of

escaping.

Roberts, now at the bottom himself, watches as a CAR

SLIDES sideways into Stan, flipping him over it. Stan,

not stopping to feel the pain, runs across the hood of a

freshly-stopped car.

**51.**

**69 EXT. BEACH - DAY 69**

On the other side, Stan runs down to the beach and runs

down the sand at full-tilt, looking for any escape route.

Roberts has made up some time due to the auto-pedestrian

accident which slowed him down a little. Stan however is

faster.

Stan does his best Jerry Rice, as he runs down the beach

at full speed.

Suddenly, the Taurus comes tearing-ass across the beach

at Stanley. Stan veers, now running through the surf.

The Taurus veers as well, and Stan is forced to slide

across the hood to keep from getting whacked. The Taurus

breaks left, and slides further into the surf.

The FBI driver hits the accelerator and bogs the Taurus

down, tires spinning, throwing sand. Stan continues to

run as Roberts makes it to the Taurus.

**ROBERTS**

Fuck this.

He pulls his .40 CAL. from his shoulder holster and FIRES

it into the air. Roberts bends over trying to catch his

breath.

Stanley stops, putting his hands up.

**DARK SUIT #2**

Why didn't you do that earlier,

sir?

Roberts looks at the agent.

**DARK SUIT #2**

Sorry, sir.

**ROBERTS**

Go get him.

Three of the agents bring Stanley over.

Stan slides down by the back wheel.

**ROBERTS**

What are you doing in L.A., Stan?

**STANLEY**

(catching his

breath)

Vacationing...

**(CONTINUED)**

**52.**

**69 CONTINUED: 69**

**ROBERTS**

Why were you running? We just

wanted to talk.

**STANLEY**

Are you arresting me?

**ROBERTS**

For violating your parole by

leaving Texas without permission

or for evading a federal agent and

almost getting me killed in the

process?

Stan just looks at him.

**ROBERTS**

No, I'm not.

**STANLEY**

Then why are we talking?

**ROBERTS**

Didn't know the court lifted the

sanction preventing you from

seeing your daughter.

**STANLEY**

Fuck you.

**ROBERTS**

You just want to cut through the

pleasantries and get down to

business? Fine. I can help you

with your daughter, Stan. Help

me, I'll help you.

**STANLEY**

You'll have to forgive me, the

fact that you put me in jail for

18 months doesn't inspire a lot of

trust.

**ROBERTS**

Whether I agreed with what you did

or not, you broke the law,

Stanley.

**STANLEY**

I guess we were both doing what we

had to. This was a nice trip down

memory lane, but if you're not

arresting me...

**(CONTINUED)**

**53.**

**69 CONTINUED: (2) 69**

**ROBERTS**

So, why was it you are in L.A.

again?

**STANLEY**

I told you --

**ROBERTS**

-- vacationing. That's right. Ya

know it's funny. Axl Torvalds was

just here for a vacation, too.

Isn't it odd that the two best

hackers in the world are here at

the same time.

**STANLEY**

I'm a sucker for Disneyland.

(getting up)

Tell Torvalds I said hello.

**ROBERTS**

If you're not careful you can tell

him yourself. He's dead.

Stanley looks at Roberts.

**ROBERTS**

(to his men)

Give him a card.

They do. Stan looks at it.

**ROBERTS**

In case you think of anything else

you want to tell me.

Stan turns to walk off.

**STANLEY**

(to the agent

he elbowed)

Sorry about your nose.

**ROBERTS**

Hey, Stan.

Stan turns.

**ROBERTS**

You know, you're in way over your

head here.

**(CONTINUED)**

**54.**

**69 CONTINUED: (3) 69**

**STANLEY**

(walking off)

I know.

**ROBERTS**

It's a long walk back up the hill,

Stanley. You want us to give you

a lift?

Stan lifts his middle finger behind him and begins the

long journey back up the hill. Roberts collapses into

the passenger seat.

**ROBERTS**

Follow him.

**RANDOM AGENT**

Yessir.

**CLOSEUP ON ROBERTS**

watching Stan walk away.

**CUT TO:**

**70 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - DAY 70**

Ginger walks in and closes the door. She walks over to

the dresser and takes off her earrings. Then she reaches

under her dress and unVelcros the modified 10mm. Glock

and its thigh holster, dropping it on the dresser. She

then pulls off the hip, little designer dress she is

wearing, revealing the fact that she is wearing a tiny

transmitting receiver taped between her breasts.

She stares at herself in the mirror for a moment, then

slowly starts to untape the bug.

**STANLEY (O.S.)**

I have to hand it to you, Ginger.

You look good wearing anything.

Even a wire.

Ginger grabs her Glock and spins around, the holster

dropping away with the touch of a button.

She levels it on the dark corner of the room where

Stanley sits waiting, drinking a bottle of Gabriel's

expensive wine.

**STANLEY**

You gonna kill me?

**(CONTINUED)**

**55.**

**70 CONTINUED: 70**

**GINGER**

I'm thinking.

(beat)

What are you doing here, Stanley?

**STANLEY**

I should probably ask you the same

question.

He leans forward into the light.

**GINGER**

What happened to you?

**STANLEY**

Little accident.

(tossing her

her keys)

Sorry about your car. I've had a

pretty shitty day so far. Looks

like it just got worse.

(beat)

Who are you, Ginger?

**GINGER**

I can't tell you.

**STANLEY**

(incredulous)

You can't tell me? Well, that's

just fuckin' peachy.

**GINGER**

Think, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

(loudly)

Who are you?

**GINGER**

He'll kill me.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY**

Gabriel walking down hallway.

**(CONTINUED)**

**56.**

**70 CONTINUED: (2) 70**

**INT. GABRIEL HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - DAY**

**STANLEY**

That's not my problem, is it?

You're asking for a lot of faith

here, Ging, without givin' me any.

You --

**GINGER**

-- Stanley --

**STANLEY**

-- brought me into this mess --

**GINGER**

(pleadingly)

-- Stanley --

**STANLEY**

-- I deserve to know who's playing

me, Ginger.

(hitting each word)

Who the fuck are you?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. HALLWAY - ANGLE ON GABRIEL**

nearing Ginger's room.

**INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM - DAY**

**GINGER**

(quietly)

I'm D.E.A., Stanley.

Stan and Ginger hold a moment, as:

**GABRIEL (O.S.)**

Ginger...?

Stanley, in one quick thinking movement, rips the wire

from Ginger's chest and flings it behind the bed just as

the door swings open. Gabriel stands staring at them.

Ginger topless, weapon in hand and Stanley who looks like

he had the shit kicked out of him.

Ginger and Stanley both stare at him.

**GABRIEL**

Well, Ging, doesn't this look

friendly.

**(CONTINUED)**

**56A.**

**70 CONTINUED: (2A) 70**

**GINGER**

I'm a friendly girl.

Stanley looks at Ginger for a beat.

**STANLEY**

Actually...

Ginger stares at Stanley, who turns to look at Gabriel.

Gabriel looks at Stan, waiting.

**STANLEY**

Thought maybe you'd like to see me

get you your hydra.

**GABRIEL**

Get?

**(CONTINUED)**

**57.**

**70 CONTINUED: (3) 70**

Stan walks toward Gabriel.

**STANLEY**

C'mon.

Gabriel walks into the hall. Stanley looks back at

Ginger who mouths the words "Thank you." Stanley ignores

her. Ginger reaches down and grabs a shirt off the bed.

**GABRIEL (O.S.)**

You look like shit. Ginger kick

your ass?

**STANLEY (O.S.)**

(deadpan)

Funny.

Ginger sighs and tosses her gun onto the bed, then

follows them.

**71 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY 71**

Stanley, looking a little rough, sits in front of the

huge array of flat-panels. He works quickly. The

nitrogen system, an array of hoses winding across the

living room floor, intermittently SHOOTS JETS of GAS

upwards, dropping the temperature to a livable 85

degrees. Gabriel sits next to Stan.

Ginger walks in. She stands behind Stan as he works.

**GINGER**

Miss me?

**STANLEY**

Terribly.

**COMPUTER**

The screen shows the MIT University logo. Then "ACCESS

DENIED." His fingers work the keyboard.

**CUT TO:**

**72 INT. MIT BASEMENT - NIGHT 72**

As he talks, we TRACK DOWN an old, concrete stairwell and

down a long, dank hallway.

**(CONTINUED)**

**58.**

**72 CONTINUED: 72**

**STANLEY (V.O.)**

My senior year at M.I.T., I

created the source code for the

worm that I've been using for

years.

We TRACK AROUND a corner.

**STANLEY (V.O.)**

In the basement and through a file

room is the only P.D.P.-10 still

active and on the internet,

although only a few people know

this. It's an I.T.S. machine and

kept online just for historical

sake. I hid my worm inside it

where no one would ever think to

look.

We DOLLY INTO a CLOSEUP ON a large, ominous, dark

mainframe.

**73 CLOSEUP ON STANLEY'S FINGER 73**

hitting a key.

**74 ANGLE ON PDP-10 74**

as it HUMS TO LIFE.

**75 CLOSEUP ON COMPUTER SCREEN 75**

as it fills with lines of code.

**ANGLE ON STAN**

who turns around, a cocky grin on his face, like a proud

parent, she smiles at him.

Gabriel walks in.

**STANLEY**

Now I just have to modify the

code.

**GINGER**

He's fucking amazing.

**GABRIEL**

Yes he is.

**(CONTINUED)**

**59.**

**75 CONTINUED: 75**

She runs her hand affectionately across the side of his

head and walks out.

**GABRIEL**

I see you have a groupie.

**STANLEY**

(ignoring that)

You know, it'd be a lot simpler if

you would tell me exactly what the

hydra is going to be used for?

PUSH IN ON Gabriel as he thinks about it.

**76 INT. LAMBORGHINI - MOVING - DAY 76**

**GABRIEL**

Have you heard of Operation

Swordfish?

**STANLEY**

Nope.

**77 EXT. STARBUCKS - DAY 77**

The Lamborghini pulls up in front of a Starbucks.

**GABRIEL**

You'll appreciate the irony

here --

Gabriel gets out of the car, still talking. Stanley

follows.

**GABRIEL**

-- In the early Eighties the

D.E.A. set up a network of dummy

corporations as a government front

to launder drug money and gather

evidence. Problem is, the front

companies started making money.

Lots of money. By 1986, when

Operation Swordfish was

terminated, there was close to 400

million dollars in the D.E.A.'s

accounts.

**78 INT. STARBUCKS - DAY 78**

Gabriel and Stanley walk through the door and sit down at

a window table.

**(CONTINUED)**

**60.**

**78 CONTINUED: 78**

**STANLEY**

Money that just sorta disappeared.

**GABRIEL**

It didn't disappear. It just sat

in those accounts earning interest,

it's been 15 years. You have any

concept how much money we'd be

actually talking about today?

Billions, brother. That's nine

zeros.

(beat)

Look, this is a sweet deal. We

go in over phone lines. Pop the

firewall, drop in the hydra, and

just sit back and wait for the

money.

**STANLEY**

Before we can tap into the secure

cluster, you have to find one of

the banks on the backbone of this

network. Do you know how many

banks there are in the U.S.? It

could take years.

**GABRIEL**

No problem.

(beat)

Look behind you, Stan.

Stanley turns and looks out the window. They are sitting

directly across from the World Banc.

**79 EXT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LONG SHOT 79**

Gabriel and Stanley walk toward the house. The CAMERA

PANS LEFT and we can now see Gabriel's house, poolside.

We PULL BACK, THROUGH a window INTO:

**80 INT. TRAILER - DAY 80**

A small trailer across the canyon from Gabriel's house.

**ROBERTS**

Who is he?

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

We don't know that yet, sir.

**(CONTINUED)**

**61.**

**80 CONTINUED: 80**

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #2**

There's definitely something going

on. There are two T-5 trunks

going into the house. That's

serious bandwidth. Thermal scopes

indicate a huge heat-load in the

main living area. Could be from

mainframes, although they must

have a genny 'cause power

consumption is right on par.

**FBI AGENT #1**

Some of these fellows might be

dressed in Armani, but they

definitely have the swagger of ex-

military. Maybe bodyguards but

they seem more like mercs to me.

**FBI COMPUTER GEEK #1**

From here we're having trouble

pinning any of them down. Sure

would be nice to task a satellite,

sir.

**ROBERTS**

I'm working on it. Send what you

have up-lines, maybe we'll have

one by the end of the week.

Roberts walks out of the trailer.

**80A INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 80A**

Stanley works at the computer.

**80B INT. TRAILER - DAY 80B**

Roberts looks out the window through a camera with a huge

lens.

**80C LONG LENS POV 80C**

Gabriel stands by the pool, his BACK TOWARD US. Slowly,

Gabriel turns around. He is staring directly AT US.

**80D INT. TRAILER - DAY 80D**

Roberts instinctively jerks his head up. Slowly he looks

back into the eyepiece.

**(CONTINUED)**

**62.**

**80D CONTINUED: 80D**

**ROBERTS**

Who the hell is that?

He presses the switch and the CAMERA'S SHUTTER WHIRLS.

**81 INT. SENATOR REISMAN'S HOUSE (WASHINGTON D.C.) - DAY 81**

**KAPLAN**

Senator.

**SENATOR REISMAN**

Close the door.

He does.

**KAPLAN**

We have a problem.

(walking toward desk)

Look at these.

Kaplan spreads out the surveillance photos on the desk.

The Senator looks up at Kaplan.

**82 OMITTED 82**

**83 INT. REISMAN'S HOUSE - DAY 83**

Reisman, who now stands in a windowless room. The only

furniture is a desk on which rests a small laptop and

what appears to be a speaker. An OPERATOR sits at the

desk, while Kaplan hovers in the b.g.

**REISMAN**

We have him yet?

**COMMUNICATION (OPERATOR)**

He's coming online now, sir.

Ready.

As Reisman speaks the Communication guy types.

**REISMAN**

We have a problem --

**84 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 84**

Gabriel and Marco sit at the same type of apparatus, a

merc at the laptop. Reisman's dialogue comes out of the

SPEAKER, but it is no longer Reisman, it is a

**COMPUTERIZED VOICE.**

**(CONTINUED)**

**63.**

**84 CONTINUED: 84**

**REISMAN (V.O.)**

-- Seems you have gotten yourself

in a predicament.

**GABRIEL**

I'm not exactly following you.

**85 INT. REISMAN'S HOUSE - DAY 85**

**REISMAN**

Transfer the pictures.

**86 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - DAY 86**

Gabriel looks at the surveillance photos as they come up.

We INTERCUT as they speak.

**GABRIEL**

(irritated but

respectful)

Senator, I sincerely hope you did

not contact me and jeopardize the

safety of me and my men for this.

**REISMAN**

Goddamn right I did. You know

where I got that? From the deputy

director of the F.B.I. He thought

I might be interested.

**GABRIEL**

Sir, with all due respect. Do you

think there is any aspect of this

operation I am not fully aware of?

**REISMAN**

We are aborting the operation and

securing alternative means of

finance elsewhere.

**GABRIEL**

What?

**REISMAN**

We are aborting this operation.

Take a vacation.

**GABRIEL**

A vacation? Have I ever failed

you, sir?

**(CONTINUED)**

**64.**

**86 CONTINUED: 86**

**REISMAN**

That's not the point.

**GABRIEL**

It's my point. Senator, this

operation is going forward.

**REISMAN**

You understand what you are

saying?

**GABRIEL**

Everything is under control.

He disconnects.

**87 INT. REISMAN'S HOUSE - DAY 87**

Reisman turns to Kaplan.

**REISMAN**

(regretful)

Do it. Terminate the Vortex.

**KAPLAN**

Yessir.

(beat)

Sir, he does work for us.

**REISMAN**

Excuse us.

(as the Communication

guy leaves)

Son, let's say you have a 200-

pound Rottweiler. He loves you,

and it's his job to protect you.

But if he ever bites you, even

once, you gotta put him down. You

can't have an uncontrollable

weapon running unchecked in your

back yard. He becomes a

liability. You never know who he

might bite next.

**KAPLAN**

Yessir, I understand.

**88 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 88**

Stanley works at the keyboard. He reaches for his glass

of wine and it is empty. He grabs the bottle. It, too,

has been drained. He sighs and walks into the kitchen.

**65.**

**89 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 89**

Stan walks to the fridge. Opens the door. No wine. He

sighs. He closes the door and walks off toward the wine

cellar.

**90 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - WINE CELLAR - NIGHT 90**

In the wine cellar, Stan looks around. He opens one

door, closes it. He opens another, same thing. The

third, he pulls out a bottle. Keeps it. He pulls on

another door and it is locked. He pulls again. Nothing.

The glass doors of the temperature-controlled reach-in

wine cooler is opaque with condensation. He bends close.

Stanley swipes off the condensation inches from his nose.

**EXTREME CLOSEUP - ON FACE**

leaning against the glass from the other side. It's

Gabriel's.

**ANGLE ON STANLEY**

**STANLEY**

Fuck!!

He drops the BOTTLE of wine. CRASH, it SHATTERS.

**REVERSE ANGLE**

Gabriel's body is wedged into the 32-degree white wine

cooler.

**STANLEY**

Jesus Christ!

Stanley looks at the body for a moment, realizes

something really bad is going on and hauls ass upstairs.

**91 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 91**

Stanley runs around the corner.

Gabriel is standing in the doorway, directly in front of

Stanley. Stan damn near falls down.

**GABRIEL**

Stan?

Stan can't say a word.

**(CONTINUED)**

**66.**

**91 CONTINUED: 91**

**GABRIEL**

What's wrong, Stanley, you look

like you've seen a ghost?

Gabriel looks in and sees the empty wine bottle at the

computer station.

**GABRIEL**

C'mon, Stanley. Let's talk.

**STANLEY**

(uneasy)

Okay...

**GABRIEL**

Let's go.

**STANLEY**

Why can't we talk here?

**GABRIEL**

'Cause I don't want to talk to you

in the house, Stanley.

Gabriel walks out. Stanley slowly follows.

**GABRIEL**

Let's go.

Stan slowly follows.

**92 INT. LAMBORGHINI - MOVING - NIGHT 92**

**GABRIEL**

How you doing, Stanley?

**STANLEY**

(obviously not fine)

Fine.

**GABRIEL**

Something you need to say to me?

**STANLEY**

(freaked)

What the hell is going on here?

**GABRIEL**

(totally cool)

You know anything about Harry

Houdini?

Stan definitely doesn't get the point.

**(CONTINUED)**

**67.**

**92 CONTINUED: 92**

**GABRIEL**

He used to make an elephant

disappear in a theater full of

people. You know how he did it?

Gabriel unwraps a piece of gum --

**STANLEY**

How?

-- and sticks the piece in his mouth.

**GABRIEL**

Misdirection.

Gabriel whips right down a side street and drops the

hammer. He blows through a stop sign, then another.

CARS CRASH. He is calm, cool, but continues to glance in

his rearview mirror.

**STANLEY**

What are you doing?

**GABRIEL**

We have a tail.

(beat)

Hope you had a light lunch, Stan.

Gabriel slides left into an alley, gets it under control

and SCREAMS toward the other side. A black Suburban

pulls up, closing off the alley. He slides to a stop and

slams it into reverse. Backwards at 60-plus miles per

hour.

**GABRIEL**

Hold the wheel.

Gabriel reaches in the passenger floorboard and pulls up

a duffel bag. He unzips it, and withdraws what the

Marines call a SAW -- a Belgian-designed machine gun,

compact but with 1500 rounds of Swiss cheese action per

minute, powerful enough for the U.S. to replace the M-60.

**STANLEY**

Shit, it's blocked.

Gabriel looks behind them, another black Suburban has

blocked them in. The one from the other side and a third

comes toward them down the alley.

**GABRIEL**

Keep it straight.

**(CONTINUED)**

**68.**

**92 CONTINUED: (2) 92**

The speedometer needle is pegged at 0 as they SCREAM

backwards.

Gabriel unfolds the stock and then withdraws a 100-round

box wrapped in white tape and printed with AP. He clips

it and pulls back the bolt. He grabs the wheel from

Stan.

**GABRIEL**

It's just rough when you grow up

lovin' James Bond movies. Don't

worry, Stanley, it'll be over soon.

**ANGLE ON LAMBO**

As the Diablo slams backwards into the Suburban at sixty

mph. Bam.

Gabriel unbuckles himself and stands up through the open

roof and UNLOADS FULL-AUTO into the Suburban. The armor-

piercing SHELLS PENETRATE the Armalite GLASS, RIPPING the

occupants to shreds.

Gabriel turns, FIRING at the other Suburban.

**GABRIEL**

Drive, drive!

Stanley slides under Gabriel as Gabriel steps into the

passenger side. The wheels spin, the Lambo is wedged

under the Suburban.

**GABRIEL**

Go, go!

Gabriel continues to BLAST FULL-AUTO, tearing the

Suburban to shrapnel.

**STANLEY**

I am!

Finally the mortally wounded but still kicking

Lamborghini tears free of the Suburban and rockets head- on

toward the other. Stanley drives like a maniac.

Gabriel RIPS it on FULL-AUTO, meatloafing the driver.

The Suburban veers into the wall. Smack.

Stanley whips beside it and Gabriel STRAFES down the

side, opening it up. Stan whips right onto a main

street.

**(CONTINUED)**

**69.**

**92 CONTINUED: (3) 92**

More Suburbans head at them. Stan SCREAMS left into

another alley. Through the cross streets whipping by at

100 mph, we see Suburbans parallel to them.

Stan cranks his wheel right.

**STANLEY**

Shit!

**GABRIEL**

(changing out a clip)

Keep your cool, Stanley.

The Lambo rolls to a stop and Gabriel hops out, running

at the Suburbans.

After a moment of all-out GI Joe-style blitzkrieg, it's

over.

Gabriel walks to a body lying in the street. He turns

over the body and looks at the face.

**GABRIEL**

Goddamit. I knew it.

Gabriel walks back to one of the burning Suburbans where

Stanley stands.

**GABRIEL**

Get in the fucking car, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

I'm not going anywhere until you

tell me what's going on.

Gabriel pulls out his H&K, points it at Stanley.

**GABRIEL**

You're on my good side and you

want to stay there. Stanley, I

like you, but don't confuse

kindness with weakness. So, get

in the fuckin' car. I need my

hydra.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**93 OMITTED 93**

**70.**

**94 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 94**

Stanley is working at his terminal.

**GINGER**

Stanley? You alright?

**STANLEY**

What do you think? I just watched

that maniac murder ten men in the

street. I'm just fucking great.

It doesn't matter if I get my

daughter back if I'm dead. Even

if I do survive this, who's gonna

keep me out of jail? You?

She walks over to him and kneels down, places her hand on

his leg, looks up at him.

**GINGER**

I won't let anything happen to

you, Stanley. You have to trust

me.

**STANLEY**

Trust you? Two hours ago I

found out you're D.E.A. The

feds are crawling up my ass and

there's a dead body in the

basement that looks just like

Gabriel.

She doesn't move.

**GINGER**

Stanley, if we don't find out who

he's working for then we're just

going to have to do this all over

again.

**STANLEY**

Your little slush fund is not my

problem. I'm pulling the plug on

this rodeo. Roberts may be an

asshole, but he is definitely the

lesser of the two evils.

**GINGER**

I've been working on this thing

for eight months, and I will not

let some jarhead fed fuck up my

operation. Please, I know what

I'm doing.

**(CONTINUED)**

**71.**

**94 CONTINUED: 94**

**GINGER**

C'mon, Stanley. You have twelve

hours. Do what he wants. Finish

the worm.

**STANLEY**

You're starting to sound just like

him.

They look at each other. Stanley turns toward the

computer screens.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**FADE IN:**

**95 OMITTED 95**

**& &**

**96 96**

**97 CLOSEUP - FLY-FISHING REEL 97**

as it quickly unwinds.

**EXT. RIVER - MORNING**

Reisman, dressed in your average, fly-fishing garb,

stands in the shallow water of a wide river, thinking he

has contained the situation, is doing what he enjoys

most. He rewinds the reel and flicks it out again; the

hook sails into the distance.

A huge Cohiba cigar hangs from his satisfied grin.

Faintly, we hear the WHINE OF MACHINERY. Jim hears it,

too, odd since we are so far in the boonies. He looks

around, then up and we PUSH IN TO a CLOSEUP.

**REISMAN'S POV**

An evil-looking, camouflaged gunship suddenly crests the

hill directly above him, ROTORS THUMPING.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Reisman ducking, his cigar falling from his mouth, has to

fight to hold on to his ridiculous fishing hat.

**(CONTINUED)**

**72.**

**97 CONTINUED: 97**

**ANGLE FROM ABOVE HELICOPTER**

Water sprays everywhere as it hovers.

Slowly it drifts over to the bank and lowers where it

touches down briefly, the side door slides open.

**ANGLE (SLOW MOTION)**

as Gabriel steps out and walks TOWARD us. The copter

lifts off behind him.

**BACK TO SCENE**

Reisman drops his rod and digs into the fishing box at

his right. Gabriel saunters toward him as the helicopter

disappears over the rise. Reisman is not happy.

**GABRIEL**

(sniffing in air)

Ahh, the great American outdoors.

I'll never understand the appeal

of fly-fishing, Jim. A little too

much like masturbation for me,

without the payoff.

Gabriel looks around, suddenly realizing something.

**GABRIEL**

This's a catch-and-release stream,

isn't it?

**REISMAN**

That's right.

Gabriel starts to laugh. Reisman doesn't catch the joke.

**GABRIEL**

Oh c'mon, Jim. You gotta see the

irony in the chairman of the

Joint Sub-Committee on Crime,

fishing in a catch-and-release

stream.

**CLOSEUP - REISMAN**

Grimaces, not thinking it is funny.

**(CONTINUED)**

**73.**

**97 CONTINUED: (2) 97**

**WIDER**

**GABRIEL**

How could you do it, Jim? After

all we have sacrificed. All the

blood, all the death... I've

changed my identity so many times,

I don't even know what I look like

anymore. How could you turn on

me when we are so close?

**REISMAN**

You did this to yourself.

**GABRIEL**

You brought me in to get the job

done and you didn't want to know

about the consequences.

**REISMAN**

The F.B.I. was watching you --

**GABRIEL**

I told you there was nothing that

I was unaware of --

**REISMAN**

That's why we're here. You are

too arrogant, too aggressive --

**GABRIEL**

You have misplaced your loyalties,

Senator. You have sold America out.

I am a patriot, and patriotism does

not have a four-year shelf life.

Unfortunately, politicians do.

Gabriel pulls out his H&K, dangling it by his side.

**REISMAN**

(arrogantly)

And what are you going to do

with that?

**GABRIEL**

Thomas Jefferson once shot a man

on the White House lawn for

treason, Senator. You tried to

execute me in the name of politics,

now I execute you in the name of

the people.

Gabriel shoots Reisman in the chest. He falls into the

water.

**74.**

**98 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING 98**

Stanley continues to work. Marco walks in.

**MARCO**

You're up, mate.

**STANLEY**

Great.

**MARCO**

Get your shit, we're headin' out.

His hands fly across the computer keys, he slides in a

zip disk, transfers the file, and runs for the door.

**99 EXT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - MORNING 99**

Outside, Marco waits in his black Porsche Turbo ready to

roll. Stanley walks out of the house.

**100 OMITTED 100**

thru thru

**103A 103A**

**103B INT. PARKING GARAGE (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT 103B**

A snazzy, sweat-suited Kaplan walks out to his shiny new

silver Porsche, racquet ball racquet flipping in hand.

He's so downright happy in his confidence that he is on

the fast track to political Valhalla, due to his handling

of this Gabriel Shear debacle, he is whistling.

He CLICKS the Porsche key, unlocking the driver's door,

tosses in his racquet and climbs in.

**103C INT. KAPLAN'S PORSCHE - NIGHT 103C**

He shuts the door and slides the key into the ignition.

Before he cranks it, he catches himself in the rearview

and winks at himself.

Smiling, he turns the key.

**BOOM.**

The Claymore Mine hidden under his seat RIPS the CAR

apart, shrapnel tearing upward through his body and out

the roof.

**75.**

**103D INT. PARKING GARAGE (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - NIGHT 103D**

The thousand pieces of SHRAPNEL divet the concrete ceiling

and then bounce across the parking garage floor.

**104 EXT. DOWNTOWN THEATER - MORNING 104**

Stanley is getting out of Marco's car. Gabriel walks out

of the theater back door.

**GABRIEL**

(over shoulder)

Make sure that bus doesn't top out

over fifteen-seven.

**MERC (O.S.)**

Yessir.

Gabriel turns and sees Stanley.

**GABRIEL**

Stan, how are you?

**STANLEY**

Fine.

**GABRIEL**

Have you finished?

Stan pulls out the zip disk and hands it to Gabriel who

dials his cell phone.

**GABRIEL**

Here.

**STANLEY**

What?

(into phone)

Hello.

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Hello, Mr. Jobson. This is

Kristine Jorgenson of Credit

Suisse in Grand Cayman.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**76.**

**104 CONTINUED: 104**

**OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I need to verify your new account

information and have you choose a

personal password.

**STANLEY**

Why?

**OPERATOR (V.O.)**

Mr. Jobson, there has just been a

transfer of ten million U.S.

dollars into your account.

Stan looks at Gabriel who smiles.

**GABRIEL**

Just like I promised, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

Then let me go. I want to see my

daughter.

**GABRIEL**

Soon, Stanley. Walk with me.

**105 EXT. ALLEY - MORNING 105**

**GABRIEL**

I'm about to do something against

my better judgement. I'm going

to tell you something I never tell

anyone. I'm going to tell you

who I am.

**STANLEY**

Don't bother. I know who you are.

**GABRIEL**

Do you? You think I'm a bank

robber. Really, I'm just like you.

**STANLEY**

Like me? You're a murderer.

**GABRIEL**

That I am. And worse. Much worse.

I am forced to operate on a

different plane than you. But, I

have ethics. Rules to which I

must adhere.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**77.**

**105 CONTINUED: 105**

**GABRIEL (CONT'D)**

200 years ago Thomas Jefferson

wrote a letter to Madison because

he was concerned that the freedoms

of the constitution would be

ignored.

**STANLEY**

I don't understand why the fuck

you're telling me this.

**GABRIEL**

Listen to me and you will. In the

1950s, armed with this letter,

J. Edgar Hoover created an

organization to protect the

freedoms of this country at all

costs.

**STANLEY**

I don't care about any of this.

All I care about is my daughter.

**GABRIEL**

I'm talking about your daughter.

**STANLEY**

My daughter...

**GABRIEL**

Yes. You, your daughter and 200

million other Americans who take

their freedoms for granted. You

don't understand what it takes

to protect those freedoms. That's

my job, Stanley, to protect your

way of life at all costs.

**STANLEY**

So you and your band of lunatics

are really stealing all this money

to protect me.

**GABRIEL**

That's right, Stanley --

He opens the theatre door.

**GABRIEL**

-- 'cause wars cost money.

**(CONTINUED)**

**78.**

**105 CONTINUED: (2) 105**

**INT. THEATRE - MORNING**

Stan inside. It's as if he's just teleported into

Beirut. Weapons, Hummers, a huge armored bus is

jacked up at one end of the theatre. Gabriel's men go

about readying themselves. One of the mercs walks over

to Gabriel to show a modified electronic dog collar.

**STANLEY**

(realization hitting

him)

You're going into the fucking bank.

**GABRIEL**

That's what I'm telling you,

Stanley. We are at war.

**STANLEY**

War? Who are we at war with?

**GABRIEL**

Anyone who infringes on America's

freedom. Terrorists' states,

Stanley. Someone must take their

war to them. They bomb a church,

we bomb ten. They hijack a plane,

we take out an airport. They

execute American tourists, we

tactically nuke an entire city.

We must make terrorism so horrific

that it becomes unthinkable to

attack Americans.

**STANLEY**

I'm out. I'm not doing this.

You're insane.

**GABRIEL**

Maybe. I wanted you to do this

because you wanted to, because we

need men like you, but our

time table's been moved up. Just

relax and it will all be over in

twenty-four hours. You're rich,

Stanley. Pretty soon Holly and

you will be basking in the sun on

the deck of some eighty-foot

scarab, eating bon bons and living

the good life.

He turns to walk off. Stanley looks around. He spots a

generator and moves toward it. Stanley reaches down to

the power board on the generator and gives a large dial a

twist.

**(CONTINUED)**

**79.**

**105 CONTINUED: (3) 105**

Suddenly, the hundreds of lights in the rack begin to

arc. In a shower of GLASS they start EXPLODING from the

huge amperage shooting through them from the generator.

Gabriel turns to see Stan standing next to the generator.

He moves toward him just as the room goes black.

In a moment the secondary lights come up. No Stanley.

**GABRIEL**

(to himself)

Pretty slick.

**MARCO**

(walking over)

You want to send a team after him?

**GABRIEL**

No. He'll be back. We gotta

move. Load up.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**106 EXT. STREET (SOMEWHERE IN SANTA MONICA) - MORNING 106**

Early morning in Los Angeles. People go peacefully about

their early morning business.

Suddenly, three red, white and blue Hummers crest a hill

and tear TOWARD us down the street.

Halfway down the street, they veer right, jump the curb,

and SMASH through the front PLATE-GLASS WINDOWS of the

World Banc.

**107 INT. CAB - MORNING 107**

Stanley rides in the back of a cab as the cab hauls ass

to his ex-wife's house.

**108 INT. BANK - MORNING 108**

As the Hummers roll through the furniture and flying

glass, the side doors fling open and well-dressed men in

Italian suits and sunglasses jump out. Customers scream

and try to flee but are quickly corralled with MACHINE

**GUN BURSTS.**

**80-85.**

**109 EXT. STREET (SOMEWHERE IN SANTA MONICA) - MORNING 109**

A red FERRARI F50 whips around the corner at light speed,

SCREAMS down the street TOWARD us and SCREECHES to a halt

outside the bank. It shifts into reverse and slowly

backs over the curb and into the bank.

A huge armored bus rolls down the street, through two

parked cars, and up onto the sidewalk, effectively

sealing off the front of the glass bank. Mercs begin

welding metal plates around the armored bus. We hear the

approaching SIRENS of a fleet of cop cars.

**86.**

**110 EXT. MALIBU HOUSE - MORNING 110**

The cab pulls up in front of Melissa's house. Stanley

jumps out and runs up to the front door.

**111 INT. BANK - MORNING 111**

Several of the mercs finish putting some sort of collars

on several hostages, including a young, normally good-

looking-but-now-covered-in-mascara, whimpering blonde

girl.

**112 INT. MALIBU HOUSE - MORNING 112**

Stanley busts into her house. In the living room,

Melissa and the infamous Larry the Porn King are both

face-down in a pool of blood. Stan freaks. He runs from

room to room yelling Holly's name. The house is

deserted. Stanley bursts through the door into Holly's

room. The room is empty and in disarray.

**CLOSEUP - STANLEY**

As he looks out the window toward LA and pulls out

Roberts' card.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**BLACK SCREEN**

**SUPERIMPOSE: FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18 8:45:33... 34... 35**

**FADE IN:**

**113 INT. BANK 113**

THROUGH glass doors, we see the woman slam into the

locked doors. The SWAT guy pulls her into the street.

**114 EXT. STREET 114**

**KABOOM!!!**

The EXPLOSION rips the SWAT guy and the girl from the

beginning apart. This time we see it from ANOTHER ANGLE.

BALL BEARINGS RICOCHET against the plate steel of the

bank.

**87.**

**115 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - LOW SHOT - DAY 115**

as the ball bearings bounce across the street and tap

against the coffee shop.

**116 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP (SLOW MOTION) - DAY 116**

Everyone in the coffee shop looks at each other like,

"What the fuck just happened?"

**117 EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 117**

As ball bearings roll back into the street.

**118 INT. BANK - DAY 118**

Stanley is standing in the bank. Three mercs in Donna

Karen suits point modified M-16s at his head. He stares

at the ground, shaking his head. Gabriel tosses his

frappacino against the wall.

**GABRIEL**

Get that son-of-a-bitch on the

phone.

Gabriel walks towards the window, slinging his FN-FAL,

and pulling on his headset. A.D. Joy answers.

**GABRIEL**

If you need to test my resolve

then God help you. You have 25

minutes. That plane better be on

the runway.

He clicks off. He turns to Stan.

**GABRIEL**

Get my money, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

Not until I see my daughter.

Gabriel snaps his fingers and a ballistic cloth duffel

bag is thrown to Gabriel. Gabriel is very unhappy. He

looks at Stanley who is terrified of its contents.

**CLOSEUP - DUFFEL BAG**

As he unzips it.

**(CONTINUED)**

**88.**

**118 CONTINUED: 118**

**BACK TO STANLEY**

Stanley almost can't bear to look.

**CLOSEUP - DUFFEL BAG**

As Gabriel slowly reaches in and... Pulls out our buddy

the giraffe.

**WIDER**

Stanley's heart almost stops. He sighs as Gabriel tosses

him the giraffe.

**GABRIEL**

Do you really think I wanted it to

come to this. Do you? I am not a

psychopath, Stanley, but I told

you, I will sacrifice as many

lives as it takes to protect our

country, including my own.

(beat)

Now get me my money.

**STANLEY**

Will you let Holly go once you

have the money?

**GABRIEL**

Both of you. You have my word,

Stanley. C'mon.

They walk past a merc sitting at a desk, a laptop open in

front of him.

Marco is paying very close attention to Stan.

**119 INT. BANK - DAY 119**

A merc sits at a desk with three laptops and four tiny

extra monitors, all wired into a large bundle of cables

that run across the floor.

**GABRIEL**

We okay?

The merc looks up. On the monitors and laptop screens

are present-time shots of all angles of the building and

the surrounding area. The images constantly change as

the merc toggles through the images.

**(CONTINUED)**

**88A.**

**119 CONTINUED: (A1) 119**

**MARCO**

Look at the cover pattern they've

set up. The right hand doesn't

know what the left's doing.

**(MORE)**

**(CONTINUED)**

**89.**

**119 CONTINUED: 119**

**MARCO (CONT'D)**

Look at this bozo. If the shit

drops, he's gonna cap his buddy in

the back of the head. Idiots.

Stanley sits down at the computer console and brings up

the bank's mainframe.

**STANLEY**

I need the disk.

A merc hands it to him and Stanley slides it in the

computer. His hands work quickly.

**120 INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY 120**

It is 9:15.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**121 INT. BANK - DAY 121**

Now it is 9:35.

**STANLEY**

Almost done.

Suddenly the lights flicker, Stan's screen blanks out

momentarily, then blazes back to life, his code

scrambled. Stan instinctively jerks his hands away from

the keyboard.

**STANLEY**

Whoa! What the hell just

happened?

Gabriel looks at the lights as they flicker back on, the

huge portable GENERATOR springing to life.

**GABRIEL**

They just cut the power. Forget

it. How long to transfer the

money?

**STANLEY**

Couple of minutes. Which

accounts?

**GABRIEL**

National Bank of Zurich. Spread

it evenly over these accounts. It

won't be there that long.

**(CONTINUED)**

**90.**

**121 CONTINUED: 121**

**STANLEY**

(dryly)

Great.

**GABRIEL**

Good job, Stanley, I got someone

who wants to see you.

They bring Holly out.

**STANLEY**

Holly!

Stanley grabs her and pulls her close to him.

**STANLEY**

Are you okay?

Holly nods yes. Stanley and Holly are escorted toward

the door. Gabriel stands in front, holding his FN-FAL.

He is speaking in French to several of the mercs.

**GABRIEL**

Hold up.

Stanley stops. Gabriel walks down the steps and unhooks

Holly's collar. Stan is about to freak.

**GABRIEL**

(to Stanley)

Told you I was a man of my word,

Stanley.

He walks back. Marco unlocks the door. Stanley and

Holly look at each other. Holly starts to cry.

**STANLEY**

It's okay. I love you, baby.

Marco stares at Stanley as they walk out.

**MARCO**

See ya around.

**STANLEY**

I doubt it.

He starts to walk out...

**CYPHER MERC #3**

Sir, the money just disappeared.

**GABRIEL**

What?

**(CONTINUED)**

**91.**

**121 CONTINUED: (2) 121**

**CYPHER MERC #3**

The money, it's gone.

Gabriel turns around to look at Stanley. We ZOOM INTO a

CLOSEUP. He's pissed.

**GABRIEL**

What do you mean, gone?

**WIDER**

We see Stanley. He looks like he just got caught with

his hand in the cookie jar.

**STANLEY**

Shit! Run, Holly!

**GABRIEL**

Get her!

Marco pulls his assault rifle but Stanley waylays him.

They both hit the ground.

**122 EXT. BANK - DAY 122**

Holly hauls ass into the street. Once the FBI SWAT guys

see she is off the sidewalk, they scoop her up.

**123 INT. BANK 123**

Gabriel jerks out his weapon and jams it against Stan's

head as he and Marco roll around on the ground.

**STANLEY**

Won't do you any good. The money

jumps every 60 seconds from one

numbered account to another and

will for the next ten years.

'Course it wasn't supposed to

happen for another six hours. The

power surge must have scrambled

the internal clock. But, you kill

me and you never get a single

dollar.

Gabriel eases up, wheels spinning at millions of RPMs.

**(CONTINUED)**

**92.**

**123 CONTINUED: 123**

**STANLEY**

You let the hostages go and then

I'll tell you where and when you

can extract the money. We all

walk away, nobody gets hurt. The

accounts are encrypted with a 1024

bit cipher. Even I can't break

through the fire wall. It's my

act of God policy.

(beat)

Deal?

**GABRIEL**

I'm thinking.

A very tense moment passes. Gabriel looks around. He

has an idea.

**GABRIEL**

Tell ya what. No deal.

Marco pulls a length of towing cable from one of the

Hummer's winches and throws the line over one of the 30-

foot-high ceiling buttresses.

Gabriel grabs the cable as it comes down as two mercs

rush in and grab Stanley, one placing a knife to his

throat.

**GABRIEL**

Marco! Grab Agent Sculley!

Marco grabs Ginger and drags her kicking, fighting, over

to where Gabriel stands, brandishing the cable.

**STANLEY**

No, don't do this.

Stanley struggles like there is no tomorrow. Gabriel

hooks the end into a noose with the tow hook, and puts it

over Ginger's head, pulling it taut around her neck. He

cuts the cable-tie loose. She digs at them with her

fingers.

Two mercs rush in and grab Stanley, one placing a knife

to his throat.

Stanley struggles like there is no tomorrow.

**(CONTINUED)**

**93.**

**123 CONTINUED: (2) 123**

**GABRIEL**

In all reality, Stan, she has you

to thank for this. That first

night in Prague you broke the

D.O.D. database that contained her

true identity. She's D.E.A.,

Stan, but without you, I never

would have known.

**STANLEY**

(freaking)

What are you doing? Stop!

**GABRIEL**

String up the D.E.A. bitch.

Marco hits the power switch. Ginger is yanked up into

the air, hanging twenty feet above the floor.

**STANLEY**

Just let her down. I'll do

whatever you want.

**GABRIEL**

Then get me my money, Stan.

Stanley looks up at Ginger, valiantly struggling for her

life.

**STANLEY**

I'm not doing shit until you bring

her down. I'm serious. Let her

down. Now!

**GABRIEL**

Okay.

Gabriel yanks out his .40 cal. H&K, turns and SHOOTS the

hanging Ginger.

**STANLEY**

Nooo...

Stanley looks at her lifeless body as they lower her.

He looks up at Gabriel and runs at him.

Gabriel slaps him in the throat, spinning him, and grabs

Stan around the neck in the crook of his arm.

**(CONTINUED)**

**94.**

**123 CONTINUED: (3) 123**

**GABRIEL**

(close and very serious)

Take a moment, big guy. Don't

make me put you in a wheelchair.

In the b.g. two mercs zip Ginger's body into a black body

bag and carry her out.

**STANLEY**

You didn't have to kill her.

**GABRIEL**

I didn't Stan, you did. But we're

not done yet.

(to Marco)

Marco...

Marco yanks a seventeen-year-old girl up from the floor

and puts a gun to her head.

**GABRIEL**

There are a lot of hostages here.

I cared about Ginger, can you

imagine what I could do to someone

I don't care about. How long

before the money jumps?

**STANLEY**

Sixty seconds.

**GABRIEL**

They better hope you installed a

back door or it could be a long

day. Somebody get me a laptop.

A laptop appears. Gabriel hands it to Stanley and nods

to the mercs who drop him. Stanley drops to his knees,

placing the computer on the ground.

Stanley has logged onto the net via modem and we hear

that familiar PULSE as he does. He connects onto an

encrypted site on the net. His fingers hum over the

keys.

**COMPUTER MERC**

(looking at a screen)

Money just jumped.

**GABRIEL**

(looking at his watch)

Okay, Stan. Sixty seconds.

**(CONTINUED)**

**95.**

**123 CONTINUED: (4) 123**

Sweat rolls down Stanley's face as he works on the

machine. Numbers scroll across the screen. Five columns

of numbers scroll.

**GABRIEL**

Forty-five seconds, Stanley.

**STANLEY**

I need another laptop, logged on!

He tries to keep from looking up at the crying hostage.

The columns decrease. Another laptop appears.

**GABRIEL**

Twenty seconds, Stan.

His fingers still fly. Three columns now. He works on

the other laptop with his right hand.

**GABRIEL**

Fifteen. She's gonna die,

Stanley.

**STANLEY**

Shut up!

Two. Then one.

**STANLEY**

C'mon, c'mon.

It scrolls down to one number.

**GABRIEL**

Ten.

The home page for Grand Cayman Banc appears on the other

laptop. "Account Number" appears.

**GABRIEL**

Nine... Eight... Seven.

Stanley has typed in the account number and accesses the

account. He flies through the transfer information.

Account balance. 6.9 billion dollars.

**STANLEY**

I need your account number.

Someone hands him a legal pad. He types it in.

**GABRIEL**

Four, three, two...

**(CONTINUED)**

**96.**

**123 CONTINUED: (5) 123**

"Transfer?" -- "Yes" -- TRANSFERRING.

**GABRIEL**

One.

**STANLEY**

Let her go.

Stanley jumps up and runs over to Marco. Gabriel puts

his gun to the back of Stanley's head.

**STANLEY**

Now, goddammit, it's done. Let

her go!

Gabriel looks at one of his boys who is checking it with

a different laptop. He nods. Marco drops the girl.

**GABRIEL**

Well, that was fun.

A MERC holding a cell phone.

**MERC**

Joy says the plane is ready.

**GABRIEL**

Well, 'bout time for us to leave.

**STANLEY**

They'll never let you escape.

You've gone too far.

**GABRIEL**

Au contraire. Do you hear that?

(beat)

That's the sound of America

watching.

**123A EXT. BUS 123A**

We MOVE UP THROUGH the roof of the bank, the sky is

filled with the THUMPING of NEWS HELICOPTERS.

**124 INT. BUS - DAY 124**

They lead the hostages, including Stanley, onto the bus.

He is pushed down into the back.

**GABRIEL**

(to the driver)

Let's roll.

**(CONTINUED)**

**96A.**

**124 CONTINUED: 124**

The driver pulls the door lever and it closes.

The bus pulls into gear and slowly moves forward. The

cops and FBI agents just stare vacantly at the bus.

**124A OMITTED 124A**

**125 INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 125**

**ROBERTS**

You just gonna let them drive the

fuck on outta here?

**(CONTINUED)**

**97.**

**125 CONTINUED: 125**

**A.D. JOY**

There isn't a free cop in a

hundred miles that isn't on his

ass. He wants a plane. He'll

get a plane.

**125A EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY 125A**

A G5 sits waiting on the tarmac. SWAT teams move in to

cover positions around it.

**125B INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 125B**

**A.D. JOY**

He won't get away. We'll take

them at the airport. Let's go.

They exit. Roberts tosses the paper he was reading down

on the table and walks out, shaking his head.

**CLOSEUP - NEWSPAPER**

The headline reads, "U.S. SENATOR JAMES REISMAN (GEORGIA)

**FOUND DEAD, VICTIM OF FREAK FISHING ACCIDENT."**

**125C EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - DAY 125C**

Joy and Agent Thomas jump in a waiting car, ready to head

toward the airport. Roberts watches them, then com-

mandeers another vehicle, tearing ass after the bus.

**126 EXT. BUS - DAY 126**

The bus rolls down the street. Slowly one by one, car

with flashing lights after car with flashing lights pulls

up behind it until a convoy rivaling that of the

Sugarland Express has built up. Choppers drop out of the

air, shadowing the bright yellow school bus.

**126A EXT. BUS - DAY 126A**

Gabriel's voice booms from speakers on the exterior of

the bus.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

I don't think any of us want a

repeat of this morning. Keep at

least a hundred yards from this

bus at all times and I want the

airspace for five miles clear.

**98.**

**127 INT. BUS - MOVING - DAY 127**

**GABRIEL**

(dropping the mic

and turning to the

hostages)

Ladies and gentlemen, we will be

in your lives for approximately 55

more minutes. This bus has just

become your new yard. So sit

back, think happy thoughts, and

this will be over before you can

say 'cat in the hat.'

Gabriel, smiling, turns to Stanley.

**GABRIEL**

Whaddaya think, Stanley?

**STANLEY**

You'll never get away. Even if

they have to kill everyone on

the bus.

**GABRIEL**

Really? Five hundred bucks says I

do. Tell ya what, Stanley, I'll

even spot you the five bills.

Gabriel walks to the front of the bus, puts on a headset,

and keys a mic.

**128 OMITTED 128**

thru thru

**132 132**

**99.**

**133 INT. BUS - DAY 133**

We are moving through the city. Behind the bus, a huge

caravan of police cars and SWAT trucks follow.

**GABRIEL**

Stan, c'mere.

Stan slides out of the seat and walks to the front with

Gabriel. All the hostages' eyes are on him. At the

front he looks at Gabriel.

**GABRIEL**

Take a look.

Cops block off side streets as the convoy, ala The

Gauntlet, rolls through L.A.

Gabriel seems to be in complete control, despite being

surrounded by every law enforcement officer within a

hundred miles.

**133A INT. BUS - DAY 133A**

Stan turns to Gabriel, angry. He grabs him, pushing him.

**STANLEY**

How the fuck can you justify all

this?

**GABRIEL**

You're not looking at the big

picture.

Gabriel pushes him backward against the hand rail.

**GABRIEL**

Stanley, here's a scenario. You

have the power to cure all of the

world's diseases. But the price

for this is that you must kill a

single, innocent child. Could you

kill that child to save the world?

**STANLEY**

No.

**GABRIEL**

You disappoint me, Stanley. It's

the greatest good.

Silence for several beats.

**STANLEY**

How about ten innocents?

**(CONTINUED)**

**100.**

**133A CONTINUED: 133A**

**GABRIEL**

Now you're getting it. How about

a hundred?

Gabriel becomes intense.

**GABRIEL**

How about a thousand? Not to save

the world, but just to preserve

our way of life.

**STANLEY**

No man has the right to make that

decision. You're no different

than any other terrorist.

**GABRIEL**

You're wrong, Stanley. Some men

are put here to shape destiny, to

protect freedom, despite the

atrocities they must commit. I am

one of those men. Thousands die

every day for no reason at all,

where is your bleeding heart for

them? You give your twenty

dollars to Greenpeace every year

and think you are changing the

world. What countries will

harbor terrorists, when they

realize the consequences of what

I will do? Did you know I can

buy nuclear warheads in Minsk

for forty million each? I buy

half a dozen, I even get a

discount.

The driver, looking at his watch, says something to

Gabriel in French.

Gabriel replies to the driver, also in French.

**CLOSEUP - DRIVER**

as the driver shifts down.

**CLOSEUP - DRIVER'S FOOT**

Pressing down the accelerator.

**(CONTINUED)**

**100A.**

**133A CONTINUED: (2) 133A**

**CLOSEUP ON SPEEDOMETER**

Nudging toward eighty.

**STANLEY**

What the fu --

**GABRIEL**

I saw Sugarland Express, Stan.

Didn't like the way it ended.

We see a sign that says "LAX." The bus turns off before

they get to the sign.

**134 OMITTED 134**

**135 INT. BUS - DAY 135**

**STANLEY**

I thought we were going to the

airport.

**GABRIEL**

Misdirection, Stanley.

The bus hurtles down a road toward a bridge over the LA

river.

**CLOSEUP ON ONE OF HOSTAGE'S EYES**

**WIDER**

One of the mercs in the front speaks French again.

Gabriel looks around. He smiles.

**GABRIEL**

Listen...

Faintly, we can hear powerful ROTORS APPROACHING.

**GABRIEL**

Gentlemen...

Stanley looks out the window as two of the mercs scramble

through hatches in the roof.

**136 OMITTED 136**

**100B.**

**137 EXT. SKY - DAY 137**

A huge black Sikorsky sky crane drops out of the sky. It

has matched speed with the bus dragging four crane cables

under it.

**137A EXT. BUS (MOVING) - DAY 137A**

Within moments, as the bus speeds onto the bridge, the

mercs on the roof have hooked the cables to the four

hard-points welded into the bus' substructure for just

this purpose. The mercs drop back into...

**138 INT. BUS - DAY 138**

**GABRIEL**

Hold on.

**139 EXT. STREET - DAY 139**

The bus is lifted from the bridge into the air.

**139A INT. CAR - DAY 139A**

Roberts, hauling ass after the bus, sees the Sikorsky.

**ROBERTS**

Well why the fuck not.

**140 OMITTED 140**

**140A EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY 140A**

The SWAT teams sit and just continue to wait for Gabriel,

who will never show up.

**101.**

**140B OMITTED 140B**

**140C EXT. SANTA MONICA AIRPORT - DAY 140C**

Joy and Agent Thomas come SCREECHING up at the airport.

Agent Thomas's PHONE RINGS and he answers it. Joy walks

over to the SWAT leader.

**A.D. JOY**

Everything in place?

**AGENT TORRES**

We're ready, sir.

**A.D. JOY**

Good --

**AGENT THOMAS**

(running up)

-- sir...

**A.D. JOY**

Yeah?

**AGENT THOMAS**

I don't think they're coming.

**A.D. JOY**

What do you mean you don't think

they're coming?

**AGENT THOMAS**

(listening to the

phone)

The bus was just lifted off the

street by a giant helicopter.

**A.D. JOY**

(freaking)

What?!?

**141 INT. BUS - DAY 141**

**GABRIEL**

(laughing)

The only way to fly, huh, Stanley.

Gabriel says something in French into the radio.

**142 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 142**

The sky crane/bus head toward downtown.

**A101A.**

**143 INT. BUS - DAY 143**

The bus flies through the canyons of the downtown

buildings as it continues to lift.

**101A.**

**144 EXT. BUS - DAY 144**

Suddenly the bus crests a smaller building, and a large

sign looms directly in its flight path.

**145 INT. BUS - DAY 145**

**GABRIEL**

Bank right!

**146 EXT. BUS - DAY 146**

The Sikorsky swings right but not fast enough. It

SMASHES through the sign and heads directly at a huge

glass building.

**147 INT. HUGE GLASS BUILDING - DAY 147**

BROKERS in a bullpen go about their trading business.

One looks up as the bus flies toward the huge plate glass

windows.

**BROKER**

Holy sh...

His cohorts look up just as the BUS SLAMS INTO the

BUILDING, SHATTERING the WINDOWS.

**148 INT. BUS - DAY 148**

Everyone holds on for dear life.

**149 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 149**

The bus falls on one side. The resulting tension snaps

the sliced cable and the entire rear section of the bus

dangles.

**150 INT. BUS - DAY 150**

Chaos. Hostages slam into each other as the bus falls.

One of the hostages flies down the center of the bus,

collides with Marco, and both go out through the back

window.

**151 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 151**

Forty feet from the bus they EXPLODE.

**102.**

**152 INT. BUS - DAY 152**

The concussion BLOWS OUT every WINDOW of the bus. The

hostages scramble to hold on.

**153 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 153**

The bus now hangs suspended perpendicular to the ground.

The Sikorsky starts to climb again.

**154 OMITTED 154**

**& &**

**155 155**

**156 INT. BUS - DAY 156**

Gabriel turns to the merc driving the bus, who is wearing

a headset.

**GABRIEL**

We okay?

**DRIVER**

(listening to his

headset, then)

We'll make it, sir.

**157 EXT. L.A. SKY - DAY 157**

The Sikorsky flies upward to the top of the highest

skyscraper.

**158 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREETS - DAY 158**

Roberts chases after the bus. He looks up, realizing

where they are going and veers off, short-cutting toward

the skyscraper.

**159 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY 159**

The Sikorsky attempts to set the bus on the rooftop. The

back wheels miss the rooftop and the entire bus starts

sliding toward the edge. The Sikorsky lifts the entire

bus back up into the air and then gingerly sets it on the

rooftop on all four wheels. The CABLES are cut loose

from the helicopter, and drop down onto the ROOF with a

loud CLANG.

**160 EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. STREETS - DAY 160**

Roberts rushes to the building.

**103.**

**161 EXT. SKY - DAY 161**

The helicopter then disappears upward into the sky.

**ON ROOF**

Mercenaries begin to pile off the bus.

**162 INT. BUS - DAY 162**

Stan watches.

**163 EXT. BUILDING - DAY 163**

SWAT trucks pull up and SWAT guys roll out.

**164 INT. BUILDING - DAY 164**

Roberts rushes into the skyscraper.

**165 OMITTED 165**

**166 INT. BUILDING - DAY 166**

SWAT commandos hit the stairs and elevators.

**167 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY 167**

Sitting there on a helipad is an evil-looking, matte-

black, Explorer helicopter.

Gabriel and his men walk off the bus toward the waiting

helicopter. Gabriel turns back to Stanley who is

standing on the stairs of the bus.

We hear the sound of hundreds of SIRENS APPROACHING.

**GABRIEL**

Well, Stanley, gotta fly. Take

care of that little girl. Maybe

I'll see you again one day.

**STANLEY**

It can't end like this. You can't

get away.

**(CONTINUED)**

**104.**

**167 CONTINUED: 167**

**GABRIEL**

C'mon, Stan. Everything doesn't

always end the way you think it

will.

(beat, then)

'Sides, audiences love happy

endings.

Gabriel strides away. We hear the WHINE of the EXPLORER

as it does its final POWER UP for lift off.

Stanley looks around the bus futilely for some way to

stop Gabriel. Stan can hear the cavalry about to arrive.

The Explorer slowly lifts upward.

**168 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY 168**

The Explorer shoots upward into the sky.

**169 OMITTED 169**

**169A INT. BUS 169A**

Stan looks around, all the hostages look back at him.

Stanley sees one of the Stinger missile launchers, broken

free of its box.

**169B EXT. BUS 169B**

Roberts runs onto the roof and sees Stanley who has the

STINGER to his shoulder. He hits the "on" switch and

it WHINES TO LIFE.

He sights through the scope as the EXPLORER SCREAMS away

and pulls the trigger. The MISSILE RIPS OUT of the tube

and flies toward the EXPLORER.

**BOOM.**

The MISSILE EXPLOSION combined with the fuel creates a

tremendous fireball.

Roberts runs and tackles Stanley to the ground. Suddenly,

SWAT GUYS dressed in full combat gear including masks that

cover their faces surround them.

They cuff them. One of them almost steps on Stanley's

face.

**(CONTINUED)**

**105.**

**169B CONTINUED: 169B**

**ROBERTS**

I'm F.B.I...

**SWAT GUY**

(ignoring him)

Check the rest of the hostages,

we'll come back for them.

**(CONTINUED)**

**106.**

**169B CONTINUED: 169B**

Stretchers and EMT medics run into the bus. We CRANE UP.

And see the absolute pandemonium of ambulances leaving

and police cars arriving.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**170 INT. FORENSIC LAB - NIGHT 170**

We see DOCTOR MICHEALS leaning over what is left of

Gabriel's barely recognizable burned upper torso and

head. Stan and Roberts walk into the room through the

metal doors and stop at the end of the table. Dr.

Micheals nervously looks up at Stanley and steps back.

Stanley looks down at the body.

**STANLEY**

Are we sure this is Gabriel?

Micheals walks over to a light-board on the wall and

flicks it on. A full dental X-ray glows. Micheals hangs

another over-top of it.

**DOCTOR MICHEALS**

The body's dentals exactly match

the dentals the Israeli government

sent us for an ex-Mossad agent

named Gabriel Shears.

**CLOSEUP ON FACE**

It is indeed Gabriel a.k.a. Gabriel Shear.

**WIDER**

**ROBERTS**

It sure looks like Gabriel Shear.

What the hell was he doing in

that bank?

**STANLEY**

What about Ginger?

**TORRES**

We searched all the hospitals and

morgues but we haven't been able

to find her body yet.

**STANLEY**

You can't find her body?

**(CONTINUED)**

**107/108.**

**170 CONTINUED: 170**

**TORRES**

No, sir.

**ROBERTS**

Keep looking. Bodies just don't

fucking disappear.

Roberts' voice slowly FADES as we PUSH IN ON Stanley,

internal wheels spinning.

**STANLEY**

(to himself)

Disappear...

**FADE TO:**

**1910 STOCK FOOTAGE**

Houdini's favorite elephant trick going on inside Stan's

head.

**INT. BIG TOP - DAY**

A large crowd of people surrounds Houdini and pale-suited

assistants in front of a large elephant in the center

ring.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

Houdini made an elephant disappear

in a room full of people.

His assistants pull a curtain all the way around the

elephant.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

You know how he did it?

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CURTAIN - DAY**

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

Elephant suit. Filled with his

assistants.

We see his assistants jump out of the elephant and hang

the suit inside the curtains.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

Assistants jump out. Blend in

with the others.

**(CONTINUED)**

**A108A.**

**170 CONTINUED: (2) 170**

**INT. BIG TOP - DAY**

Houdini's assistants pull back the curtain, melding with

the assistants inside, unbeknownst to the audience of

course.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

Voila.

The elephant is gone. Houdini throws up his hands.

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

No more elephant.

**171 FLASHBACK - SWAT GUYS 171**

in black urban assault gear, pushing Stan to the ground.

**CUT TO:**

**172 OMITTED 172**

**173 CLOSEUP - STANLEY (PRESENT) 173**

Realization sinking in.

**173A INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - GINGER'S ROOM 173A**

Ginger looks at him, holding her Glock, a wire taped

between her breasts.

**GINGER**

I'm D.E.A., Stanley.

**CLOSEUP - GINGER**

**GINGER**

Trust me.

**108A.**

**173B CLOSEUP - STANLEY - PRESENT 173B**

**GABRIEL (V.O.)**

-- so advanced nowadays you could

probably pilot it from your

trailer.

**CUT TO:**

**174 FLASHBACK - GABRIEL 174**

**GABRIEL**

(smiling)

Misdirection...

**175 INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE - WINE CELLAR - DAY 175**

Gabriel's "face" smooshed against the glass door.

**109.**

**176 BACK TO ROBERTS (PRESENT) 176**

Roberts looks at him inquisitively.

**ANGLE ON STANLEY**

As a wry Indiana Jones smirk slowly crosses his face. He

slowly shakes his head.

**ROBERTS**

Cheer up, Stan, we got him.

You're a hero.

**STANLEY**

Yeah that's me. Hero.

They walk to the door and out.

**ROBERTS**

I was wrong about you, Stanley. I

wanted you to know that. You

know, you should take your

daughter on vacation. Relax a

little, you're lucky to be alive.

Stanley slaps Roberts on the arm and walks out.

**FADE OUT.**

**FADE IN:**

**177 INT. CREDIT SUISSE (MONTE CARLO) - DAY 177**

A WOMAN who looks surprisingly like Ginger with blonde

hair and dark shades saunters into the Credit Suisse main

bank in Monte Carlo.

She walks up to a desk and sits down in front of a young

female BANK EXECUTIVE. Both women speak in French with

**SUBTITLES.**

**WOMAN**

I would like to transfer money

between my employer's accounts.

**BANK EXECUTIVE**

Certainly. May I have your

employer's account number and

password, please?

The Woman slides a piece of paper across the desk as she

casually lights a cigarette.

**(CONTINUED)**

**110.**

**177 CONTINUED: 177**

**BANK EXECUTIVE**

(looking at the

account number,

realizing who she is

dealing with)

Oh, of course. You realize, how

should I say, there is a

substantial amount of money in

that account.

The sexy Woman smiles.

**WOMAN**

That's why I'm here. My employer

doesn't like drawing attention to

himself. He likes to keep a low

profile.

The Bank Executive keys in the account numbers.

**BANK EXECUTIVE**

Of course. Would you feel more

comfortable dealing with the bank

president?

**WOMAN**

(exhaling)

Would you?

**BANK EXECUTIVE**

Yes...

**WOMAN**

Get him.

**BANK EXECUTIVE**

Right away. A glass of Cristal

while you... Wait a moment...

**WOMAN**

What?

**BANK EXECUTIVE**

There seems to have been a

series of large withdrawals out of

this account.

**WOMAN**

That's impossible.

The Woman spins around the terminal.

The Executive and the Woman look at each other in

astonishment, then both look back at the screen.

**(CONTINUED)**

**110A.**

**177 CONTINUED: (2) 177**

The balance now reads $500.00.

We PUSH INTO A CLOSEUP OF the terminal. Then THROUGH it.

**111.**

**178 TERMINAL 178**

We PUSH INTO a CLOSEUP of the terminal. Then THROUGH

it. We SHOOT THROUGH the system of wires and microchips,

DOWN and THROUGH T1 lines, ACROSS the world at light speed,

and EXIT the computer world FROM...

**179 INT. DINER - SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA - DAY 179**

The screen of Stanley's laptop.

**HOLLY (O.S.)**

Everything okay, Dad?

Stanley, sitting at a booth, looks up from his laptop

at Holly who was studying a road map of Arizona.

**STANLEY**

Everything's fine. Just making the

last of some charitable donations..

Stanley finishes, shuts down laptop.

**STANLEY**

How about you, almost done?

**HOLLY**

(folding up road

map)

Yep. Got it all figured out.

**STANLEY**

Well, let's do it.

They leave table.

**EXT. DINER - SOMEWHERE IN ARIZONA - DAY**

They exit diner. Make their way to a new SUV with a

thirty foot tricked out Airstream trailer stretched

out behind it.

**STANLEY**

By the way, where exactly are we

going?

**HOLLY**

The Petrified Forest.

**STANLEY**

The Petrified Forest.

Stanley opens the driver side door of the SUV.

**(CONTINUED)**

**111A.**

**179 CONTINUED: 179**

**HOLLY**

Right. And I'm driving.

Holly climbs into the vehicle, as if to take the wheel.

Stanley slides in next to her.

**STANLEY**

Scoot over, you.

**WIDE SHOT**

WE CRANE UP and AWAY as the vehicle pulls out of the

desert truck stop...

**HOLLY (V.O.)**

Know why they call it the Petrified

Forest?

**STANLEY (V.O.)**

No. Why?

... and drives off down the road.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**112.**

**FADE IN:**

**180 EXT. CREDIT SUISSE (MONTE CARLO) - DAY 180**

A MAN, whom we have not seen before but does maintain a

certain "Gabriel" air about him, hiding behind shades,

leans against a three-hundred-year-old column reading a

newspaper.

She walks toward him and he signals for the valet.

**WOMAN FROM BANK**

You're not fucking gonna believe

this. Stanley --

**MAN**

-- How much he leave?

**WOMAN FROM BANK**

500 bucks.

He takes the $500 in cash from her hand and hands her the

paper. They walk down to the dock, where a 50-foot off-

shore cigarette boat waits, a valet standing next to it.

He hands the valet the $500. Stepping down into the

cigarette boat, he grins up at Ginger.

**GINGER (WOMAN)**

(steppng in next

to him)

You don't seem that upset.

**MAN**

Did you ever see the Maltese Falcon?

She looks at him as he CRANKS UP the CIGARETTE and backs

away from the pier.

**MAN**

1941. Nominated for three

Academy Awards, lost, but what

the fuck does the Academy know

anyway. John Houston's first

film and probably Bogey's best.

He turns the BOAT around and POWERS out of the bay.

**MAN**

At the end, when they realize the

bird's a fake, and all they had

gone through and sacrificed was for

nothing, Gutman, the bad guy in the

movie, says, 'well, sir, what do you

think, shall we stand here, shed

tears, and call each other names,

or shall we go to Istanbul?'

**(CONTINUED)**

**113.**

**180 CONTINUED: 180**

**GINGER**

Istanbul? What's in Istanbul?

**MAN**

The, ah, stuff dreams are made of.

**GINGER**

Huh?

They both smile as the CIGARETTE disappears toward the

horizon.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**