

# CROWN

Written by

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In November 2008, the FBI detected a new computer virus called "Conficker."  
Within three months, it grew into the largest virus ever recorded.

No one knows who designed it.  
No one knows what it does.

And only one man is capable of stopping it.

**START MOTION PICTURES**

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SMASH OPEN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The back of a teenager's head, bobbing to some unheard beat. He has a given name, but for now call him NIGHTWATCH.

He sits at a community table, laptop open in front of him. All around him, we see a DOZEN CUSTOMERS reading and working. Idle chatter and beeping cash registers. We could be at any coffee shop in any suburb in the country.

After a moment, he reaches for his laptop and PULLS a THUMB DRIVE from the side. He drops it in a CARDBOARD BOX on his left, and then grabs ANOTHER THUMB DRIVE from a box on his right. There are HUNDREDS of identical drives in each one.

He begins to type, and VOICEOVER BEGINS -- rapid-fire and impatient, like someone begrudgingly giving a tutorial.

PETER (V.O.)  
This is how you black out a city.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT

A CARDBOARD BOX full of THUMB DRIVES rocks in the passenger seat as street lights wash over them.

PETER (V.O.)  
The first step is learning how the system works. How everything connects. Why everything matters. That's the first step no matter what you're trying to do.

The car pulls to a stop. Nightwatch grabs the box.

EXT. POWER PLANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

We follow the box under Nightwatch's arm as he reaches inside and drops THUMB DRIVES on the ground. He wanders the lot, scattering them like bird seed.

PETER (V.O.)  
Then you need to find an exploit, a hole. If you think there isn't one that just means you gave up too easily or you're an idiot. In this case the hole is a privilege escalation vulnerability in a keyboard layout file.

One particular DRIVE lands on the ground. We hold as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POWER PLANT - PARKING LOT - DAY

The same shot during the day. A COROLLA pulls up next to the thumb drive and parks. A LOAFER swings out of the car and lands next to the drive.

A HAND reaches into frame to pick it up, and we follow the hand until we see the face of the WORKER who found it.

PETER (V.O.)  
Simple is better. Spend enough  
hours looking and you might find a  
back door into the internal network  
of the System Operations Center,  
but it's easier to save your  
malware on USB drives and scatter  
them around the parking lot.

The Worker contemplates the drive. Looks brand new.

INT. POWER PLANT - OFFICE - DAY

The Worker pops the THUMB DRIVE into the DELL TOWER under his cluttered desk and waits. After a moment, a WINDOW pops up on his screen. Empty -- no files.

The Worker clicks the empty window, confused.

PETER (V.O.)  
Eventually some poor sap who works  
in the building will be curious  
enough and dumb enough to plug one  
of your drives into a machine  
connected to their network. Just  
to check it out, just for a second.  
But that's all it takes.

CLOSE ON the computer's ACTIVITY LIGHT -- it blinks frantically, stopping just before the Worker PULLS the drive from the computer.

PETER (V.O.)  
Internal networks usually have piss-  
poor security, because lazy admins  
think being cut off from the  
outside world makes them safe.

We stay on the computer, moving around to the back of the tower and following the ETHERNET CABLE into the wall --

INT. POWER PLANT - VARIOUS - DAY

We FLY through the cabling in the walls, twisting through the building. We snake through rooms, watching PEOPLE WORK IN CUBICLES and GENERATORS SPINNING IN A MACHINE ROOM --

PETER (V.O.)  
So your bug just spreads and  
spreads --

INT. POWER PLANT - SYSTEM OPERATIONS CENTER - DAY

We fly through the power plant's mission control. A 70' by 16' screen on one wall that displays the entire electrical network. A dozen TECHNICIANS monitor the activity.

PETER (V.O.)  
-- and spreads and spreads --

We squeeze through another ETHERNET PORT into a --

INT. POWER PLANT - SERVER ROOM - DAY

-- room with a half-dozen GRAY SERVER RACKS, activity lights blinking. Managing the equipment and offices we just saw.

PETER (V.O.)  
-- until you're in the main server.  
That's the gold mine, the holy  
grail, the other clichés. You root  
the admin account and you have an  
all-access pass to do whatever you  
want. Direct connection.

We suddenly SHOOT DOWN through the floor --

INT. UNDERGROUND - DAY

-- and ZOOM along an UNDERGROUND CABLE, rapidly turning as  
the thick wires split and change direction --

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

-- and emerge in the same coffee shop as before. Nightwatch  
sits in the same seat, but the nighttime crowd is thinner.

ON THE SCREEN: **Connection established**

PETER (V.O.)  
So the question is, what do you  
want to do first?

Nightwatch's FINGERS hover over the keyboard for a moment.  
In a window behind his main console, we see a CHAT ROOM of  
sorts. And if we're quick, we can make out several names:

**Crown, Marchee, Profs, Teknine, and finally Nightwatch.**

The hacker takes a deep breath, then types a rapid-fire  
command and hits ENTER --



A PUFF OF SMOKE escapes from the latch. Barely noticeable. But the HUM of the generators changes pitch...

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Bird's-eye view of the power plant. Suddenly, all the lights around it FLICKER OFF. Then the lights of the WHOLE BLOCK. Then the NEIGHBORHOOD.

As we widen out, more sections of the power grid go down, one-by-one like dominoes, until...

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

All the lights go out. The patrons GASP and MURMUR for a moment, then begin to pack up their things.

A slight grin breaks out on Nightwatch's face, still illuminated from the screen of his battery-powered laptop.

PETER (V.O.)  
Okay. You did it. You think  
you're in control. Anonymous.  
Untraceable. Invincible.

Nightwatch shuts his LAPTOP --

PETER (V.O.)  
But there's a mistake you're  
making. The same one I made.

He pulls the POWER CORD from the socket and stuffs everything in his bag --

PETER (V.O.)  
The problem is you're not really  
connected to a network of  
computers. You're connected to a  
network of people.

EXT. SATELLITE VIEW - NIGHT

Far enough away to see that the blackout is centered on a suburban portion of the Eastern seaboard. It's not a particularly well-known area, but those familiar will see it's Fort Meade, Maryland.

PETER (V.O.)  
And they're never exactly who you  
think they are.

Emergency generators kick in and an ENORMOUS COMPLEX in the center LIGHTS UP. A beacon in the surrounding dark.

SMASH TO TITLE:

CROWN\_

The title STUTTER-FLASHES OUT, giving way to a BLINKING CURSOR.

BLINK. BLINK. Then, a number appears:

**2001:db8:0:1339:0:667:4:1\_**

The cursor blinks at the end of the line. BLINK. BLINK. A command is typed:

**/whois 2001:db8:0:1339:0:667:4:1\_**

A bunch of data spits out, ending with:

**1576 Ringe Drive  
Odenton, Maryland 21113\_**

Blink. Blink. Blink.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. Unremarkable house on Ringe Drive. An UNMARKED BLACK CAR pulls up in front of the house, followed by a few ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY POLICE DEPARTMENT cruisers.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED BLACK CAR - NIGHT

In the driver's seat is RICK CHAN. Mid-twenties, tailored suit. Tightly wound, intelligent, with a smug air of superiority.

In the passenger seat is MARY DUBLONSKI (50s), eating a POWDERED SUGAR DONUT. She comes off as laughably casual, but there's a reason she's running the FBI Cybercrime division.

Rick puts the car in park. POLICE OFFICERS get out of their cruisers and quietly set up a perimeter. Dublonski looks at the darkened house.

DUBLONSKI  
Never ceases to amaze me how  
unimpressive their lives are up  
close.

RICK  
I find the whole of Maryland fairly  
unimpressive.

Dublonski dusts off powdered sugar, gets out of the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dublonski walks across the yard to the house as she puts an EARPIECE RADIO in her ear. Rick catches up as they tromp over the grass.

DUBLONSKI  
How is there an entire floor of  
tech guys back in New York who  
can't decrypt one teenager's hard  
drive?

RICK  
Technology's advanced a bit since  
WarGames was in theaters.

DUBLONSKI  
That was when you were what, five?

RICK  
Wasn't even born yet.

DUBLONSKI  
Jesus.

Dublonski and Rick reach the door. They're joined by a  
UNIFORMED OFFICER. More officers sneak around back. Rick  
opens his jacket and puts his hand on his PISTOL.

Dublonski clocks it --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
He's a nineteen year-old geek who  
lives with his mom.

Rick shrugs and leaves his hand in place. Dublonski KNOCKS  
on the door.

After a moment, it opens a crack. Chain's still bolted. MS.  
GARRETT (40s) is on the other side. Stringy hair, paranoid.

MS. GARRETT  
Who are you?

Dublonski holds up her FBI ID CARD --

DUBLONSKI  
Sorry to bother you so late, ma'am.  
I'm Special Agent Mary Dublonski  
and this is Agent Rick Chan with  
the FBI. And this is officer...

Dublonski waits for the Uniformed Officer, who catches on a  
half-second too late.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Phillips.

DUBLONSKI  
Maryland's finest. Is Keith home?

She looks back and forth between Dublonski, Rick, and the  
police officer.



MS. GARRETT  
Is my baby in trouble?

DUBLONSKI  
A little bit, ma'am. We have a  
warrant, if you could please open  
the door.

Rick holds out a WARRANT. She looks at it through the crack --

MS. GARRETT  
He's not here right now.

DUBLONSKI  
Warrant still stands. Ma'am.

Ms. Garrett's eyes dart back and forth, thinking --

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

A TALL OFFICER crouches to look inside a BASEMENT WINDOW --

INSIDE THE HOUSE

KEITH GARRETT ("NIGHTWATCH" from the opening sequence) stands  
in the doorway, trying to hear what's happening upstairs.

BACK OUTSIDE

The Officer reaches for his radio --

TALL OFFICER  
Got eyes on him in the basement.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Dublonski and Rick both hear the warning in their earpieces.

DUBLONSKI  
Ma'am, open the door.

MS. GARRETT  
I told you he's not home --

RICK  
(to Dublonski)  
Tick tock.

DUBLONSKI  
Ma'am.

MS. GARRETT  
You all get away from my house --

DUBLONSKI  
(to Rick)  
Okay. Draw the gun.

Dublonski steps aside as Rick pulls his PISTOL --

RICK MS. GARRETT  
Step away from the door now.      Shit --

She SLAMS the door shut. Rick winds up and KICKS the door,  
SPLINTERING IT OPEN --

Ms. Garrett SCREAMS --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick pushes past her into the dark house, searching for a way  
downstairs. He tries one DOOR -- a closet. Then ANOTHER --  
stairs. Rick runs down --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

-- and emerges in a basement hallway. Closed door on the  
other end. Rick approaches, PISTOL out in front of him --

RICK  
Keith. I'm coming in, so put your  
hands where I can see them.

No response. Rick reaches for the handle, cautiously --

BANG! A bullet tears through the door. Rick pulls back  
against the wall.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Keith!

Rick waves Dublonski back as she comes down the stairs.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Bastard's shooting at us.

They both fall silent. Listening. Then --

BANG! Another shot rips down the hallway.

DUBLONSKI  
(yelling)  
Keith. You're shooting at federal  
agents.

RICK  
We should call tactical.

DUBLONSKI  
That'll take too long.  
(into radio)  
Do you have eyes on him out there?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

The Tall Officer looks through the window -- he can't see anyone inside. He gets up close, cautiously...

THERE. The Officer can see just the top of his head. He's sitting on the floor, directly under the window, across the room from the door.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dublonski and Rick wait for a response.

TALL OFFICER (RADIO)  
He's right under the window.

DUBLONSKI  
(into radio)  
Okay. Break it in.

TALL OFFICER (RADIO)  
Break in the window?

DUBLONSKI  
One, two, now.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT

The Officer SHATTERS the window with the butt of his gun --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dublonski and Rick hear the GLASS BREAK and STORM INSIDE --

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Both enter with guns drawn --

KEITH GARRETT  
Don't shoot! Don't shoot me!

Keith's covering his head on the floor as GLASS RAINS DOWN on him. LAPTOP in front of him. Rick KICKS it away and POUNCES on him, knocking the GUN out of his hands --

Rick shoves him to the ground and HANDCUFFS him as he whimpers --

GARRETT  
I'm sorry! God I'm sorry!

Dublonski picks up the laptop. She and Rick make eye contact across the room as Keith squirms under Rick's knee.

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DIGITAL FORENSICS - NIGHT

A "clean room". White, sterile. Dublonski and Rick are hunched over the shoulder of a chubby analyst named SIMMS (30s), who works on a three-monitor rig.

Keith Garrett's laptop is laying to one side like a transplant patient, opened up with all the guts torn out. The hard drive's open, with the SPINNING DISKS placed inside a SPECIAL READER.

SIMMS

The media's in okay shape,  
actually. Some of the data's  
hosed, but I salvaged most of it.  
Found these chat logs.

Simms clicks, bringing up a massive amount of text.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Thought you might find this one  
interesting. From last week.

Simms points to one of the screens. Highlighted:

**CONFICKER**

Dublonski and Rick share a look.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - EARLY MORNING

The sun's barely up. Assistant Director in Charge DAN ZALPOWICZ (60s) huffs and puffs down a Central Park jogging trail as Dublonski easily keeps pace.

Zalpowicz runs the New York Field Office, and he's comfortable with his role as a middle management bureaucrat. He'll put up with outside-the-box thinking to a point, but isn't afraid to clamp down when he can't predict an outcome.

ZALPOWICZ

Absolutely -- not.

DUBLONSKI

Dan, it's our best chance.

ZALPOWICZ

He's not -- not an undercover  
agent.

DUBLONSKI

He's not an agent at all. That's  
why this can work.

Zalpowicz has to stop, putting his hands on his head and gulping in breath. Dublonski stops with him.

ZALPOWICZ

Goddamn wife thinks I'm getting fatter, can you believe that? Kicks me out of the house at 5 am and won't let me back in unless I've worked up a sweat.

DUBLONSKI

Probably not too late to pick up a late-shift prostitute. That'll get you sweating.

Zalpowicz sneers at her, still wheezing. Dublonski steers back to the topic at hand --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

Look, they don't know what Nightwatch looks like, what he sounds like, where he's from. Peter's arrest wasn't in the news anywhere and he's been monitoring Nightwatch online for a month. He's how we found him. It's just one day --

ZALPOWICZ

Stop talking. Now. I can't let your pet monkey with a court-mandated ankle bracelet go to a hacker convention in Atlantic City. Are you an idiot?

DUBLONSKI

Creative thinker.

ZALPOWICZ

Send Rick instead.

DUBLONSKI

I love Rick. I do. But he smells like Fed from fifty yards. Shay is one of them.

ZALPOWICZ

That's what I'm afraid of.

DUBLONSKI

Dan.

ZALPOWICZ

When you took this desk you said you'd play it safe, do a year in cybercrime, and take your pension like a good god-damn lifer should. This is the kind of thing one does when they're planning to file an extension.

Dublonski holds his gaze, not refuting him. Zalpowicz looks around the park in the early-morning mist, disappointed.

ZALPOWICZ (CONT'D)  
Jesus. How much do you really  
trust Peter Shay?

Off Dublonski, as the question hangs...

CUT TO:

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Eggs FRY in a pan. We're in a cramped kitchen as ANNA (early 30s) flies around preparing breakfast. She's dressed in HOSPITAL SCRUBS and looks exhausted -- like a popular cheerleader whose life didn't go quite as planned.

ANNA  
Michael! Five minutes!

ON A SCREEN

COMPUTER-GENERATED SOLDIERS storm a POST-APOCALYPTIC NEW YORK street, FIRING and THROWING GRENADES as digital HELICOPTERS scream overhead --

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - MORNING

Low ceilings. Dark wood. Mattress on the floor. Everything about the room is claustrophobic.

PETER SHAY (mid-20s) sits on the floor next to MICHAEL (10), his nephew, both wearing XBOX HEADSETS and playing CALL OF DUTY on Peter's small TV.

Peter is tall and slender, with brown-yellow eyes that never stop searching. He's the kind of person you wouldn't even notice on the street, which is part of why the FBI thinks he's so dangerous.

PETER  
Alright, stay low. Wait for cover  
fire... Now! Go go go go --

MICHAEL'S AVATAR jumps out into the fray as PETER'S AVATAR (who is FEMALE) provides cover fire. Michael's avatar makes it to the next layer of cover and LOBS A GRENADE --

MICHAEL  
Why do you always play as the girl?

Peter's avatar FIRES and runs to join Michael's --

PETER  
You're not some six-two Marine last  
time I checked.

MICHAEL  
It's weird though.

ANNA (O.S.)  
Michael! I'm not kidding!

PETER  
That's why the game's fun. You can  
be anyone you want.

Michael's avatar peeps out from behind the cover and gets  
NAILED IN THE HEAD --

MICHAEL  
Shit!

PETER  
Hey, language. Go eat.

MICHAEL  
One more game --

Michael tries to restart but Peter grabs the REMOTE and  
clicks off the TV --

PETER  
Upstairs. My sister's scary.

MICHAEL  
Are you coming?

PETER  
Yeah I'll be right there.

Michael seems skeptical, but scrambles up the stairs anyway.  
Peter wakes his LAPTOP, sitting on a table behind him.

He opens his email, scrolls, stops cold. Subject line:

**Confirmation for appointment with S. Farrow**

He checks the clock -- **7:23**. Shit. He's late.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Anna finishes dumping eggs on a plate as Peter rushes in --  
coat on over a cheap suit, bag slung over his shoulder.  
Michael brightens.

ANNA  
You want to take off your coat?

Peter looks at Michael and hesitates.

PETER  
I'm late for that interview with  
Farrow.

ANNA  
Steve Farrow?

PETER  
He works network security at the  
stock exchange now. Pays well.

ANNA  
Good for him.

PETER  
He can get me this job, Anna.

Anna blocks the exit with her body, looking at Peter's shoes.  
His pants are bunched up around a GPS ANKLE MONITOR. Peter  
looks down and sees the problem, smooths out his pants.

ANNA  
Heard that a lot from you lately.

PETER  
I really have to go.  
(looks at Michael)  
I'm sorry.

Anna looks disappointed, but makes no move to stop him as he  
squeezes by her and out of the kitchen. A moment later we  
hear the front door shut.

Michael looks down at his plate, clearly disappointed.  
Resigned, Anna takes a bite of bacon.

EXT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY

Peter walks down the driveway, bag slung over his shoulder.  
On the street, Dublonski is waiting for him, leaning against  
a BLACK TOWNCAR, drinking coffee.

DUBLONSKI  
Look at you with your tie.

Peter approaches, stops.

PETER  
I have a thing in the city.

Dublonski opens the passenger door --

DUBLONSKI  
That's swell. I need to talk to  
you about something.  
(Peter hesitates)  
It's adorable you think you have a  
choice.



INT. BLACK TOWNCAR / EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN STREETS - DAY

Dublonski drives as Peter fidgets uncomfortably in the passenger seat, looking through her NOTEBOOK.

PETER  
Atlantic City?

DUBLONSKI  
Last week the ringleader -- the one who goes by "Crown" -- he called some sort of meeting during the "Hacktiva" convention this weekend. Whole crew's supposed to get together, Crown, Profs, Marchee, Teknine. Nightwatch.

Peter looks up at her, realizing what she's asking.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
They're planning to steal a set of logins for Conficker.

PETER  
I don't know what that is.

DUBLONSKI  
This is why I ask you to come to meetings -- okay. It's a worm. Some honeypot firm found it about a month ago, and it's currently building the largest botnet on the planet. If it keeps this pace there'll be a 90% saturation rate by the end of the year.

PETER  
That's impossible.

DUBLONSKI  
It's a digital nuclear bomb. Send one byte of data from every infected machine at the same time and you lock up every networked device on the planet. It's cybercrime's top priority.

The gravity of that isn't lost on Peter. He remains silent.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
You go to this meeting as Nightwatch, help steal the logins, and we arrest the blackout guys and this worm's creator in one fell swoop. Then we use the logins to shut down Conficker for good.

PETER

No.

DUBLONSKI

No?

PETER

When we started this you said I wouldn't have to testify. Wouldn't have to look anybody in the eye. We didn't specifically talk about assuming some other hacker's identity but I think that falls outside the bounds of our agreement.

Dublonski pulls over and stops in front of a TALL OFFICE BUILDING. Metal-and-glass in Lower Manhattan. She sighs.

DUBLONSKI

One of my first cases in the Bureau was this bank heist in the Bronx. Couple junior varsity morons. They did okay inside, but they're running out the door and one of them trips and knocks his front teeth out. Concussion, all that. Other guy, his best friend since they were in diapers -- he just leaves him there. Gets away clean.

(sips coffee)

We bring dumbass number one back to the interrogation room and the first and last words out of his mouth are, "I ain't no snitch." Except he's still missing his two front teeth, bleeding like a faucet, so what he really says is, "I ain't no thnitch."

(beat)

Did twenty-two years in Lewisberg. We never got his friend, though.

Peter thinks about the story. Dublonski reaches into the back seat and grabs a laptop, hands it to Peter.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

This is Nightwatch's laptop.

Peter takes the laptop, looking it over, spinning it in his hands. He's not happy about this.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

You're facing espionage charges, Peter. Thirty years. I said I'd only work with the D.A. if you helped me, and help means whatever I say it does.

(MORE)

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
(looks at his GPS monitor)  
Have a great interview.

Peter glares, acknowledging the threat. He gets out of the car and slams the door behind him.

INT. NY-TEC OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Flat screens and mood lighting. Peter taps his foot nervously in the high-tech waiting room, adjusting his pants to make sure the ankle monitor is hidden.

After another moment, a door OPENS --

STEVE FARROW (late 20s, urban chic) stands in the threshold.

STEVE FARROW  
Pete?

Peter looks up. Stands. They stare at each for a moment...

And then go in a for a BIG HUG. Steve pats Peter's back.

STEVE FARROW (CONT'D)  
It's good to see you.

INT. NY-TEC OFFICE - STEVE FARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Peter leans over Steve's computer as they look at pictures of a BABY GIRL. It's a nice office -- modern, sleek, with a tasteful amount of personality and comic book paraphernalia.

STEVE FARROW  
She's almost two now, can you believe it?

PETER  
I cannot believe it.

STEVE FARROW  
I only get to see her weekends, usually, but... God, I had to baby-proof everything. I put all these little gates in the doorways, trying to keep her in some rooms, out of other rooms -- my whole apartment looks like a maximum security prison.

PETER  
For toddlers.

Peter sits in the chair across the desk.

STEVE FARROW  
Exactly, toddler jail. It's -- oh. Oh shit. I'm sorry --

PETER  
It's fine --

STEVE FARROW  
No, shit, I wasn't thinking --

PETER  
Steve. It's fine.

Awkward beat. Peter looks around the office -- pictures of Steve on a mountaintop, pictures of Steve parasailing, pictures of Steve smiling. A good life. A life Peter could have had.

STEVE FARROW  
You look good.

PETER  
Yeah, thanks, you too. This is...

STEVE FARROW  
Pretty good, huh? There's a gym in the building, and there's a kitchen they keep pretty stocked. Good pay, good benefits.

Peter nods, taking it all in.

PETER  
This is owned by the exchange?

STEVE FARROW  
No, no, we're just contractors. They're our biggest client, though.

Peter nods, trying to figure out how to broach what he really wants to talk about.

PETER  
Wow, yeah. So, where do I fit in?

STEVE FARROW  
What do you mean?

PETER  
You said there's an opening. In your email.

Steve is suddenly uncomfortable, and Peter clocks it.

STEVE FARROW  
Oh. Yeah. Yeah, we could talk about that.

PETER  
I thought that's what we were talking about.

STEVE FARROW  
 Yeah. Pete, I -- look, I should  
 have called. I tried, all right?  
 I did the best I could.

Peter doesn't like where this is going.

STEVE FARROW (CONT'D)  
 There're serious charges hanging  
 over you, Pete. I looked. What  
 the hell were you doing poking  
 around Langley's servers?

PETER  
 It wasn't Langley --  
 (stops, composes himself)  
 You told me I had a job here if I  
 wanted it.

STEVE FARROW  
 We do security for the *New York  
 Stock Exchange*. They just can't.

PETER  
 Can't what? Who's "they"?

STEVE FARROW  
 They can't hire you. And they, you  
 know they. There's always a they.

PETER  
 I bet most of "they" have poked  
 around worse places than some off-  
 site CIA computer --

STEVE FARROW  
 That's not the point --

PETER  
 What's the point then, partner?

STEVE FARROW  
The point is you got caught. I  
 warned you --  
 (beat, calmer)  
 I warned you to back off and you  
 didn't listen.

And there it is. Peter nods, stands to leave.

STEVE FARROW (CONT'D)  
 Pete. Shit, I'm sorry, okay? Let  
 me talk to them again, maybe I can  
 get you a referral. Pete --

But Peter's out the door. Steve taps his knuckles on his  
 desk. Worried about his friend.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits on the floor of his room, Nightwatch's laptop open in front of him. An old piece of tape covers the camera above the monitor.

He's scrolling through CHAT LOGS -- hundreds of hours of text conversation between **Nightwatch** and various other people.

After a moment, he opens a program called **XChat**. It's an Internet Relay Chat (IRC) client, a kind of anonymous chat program.

He goes to **Recents** -- the top result is a room called "**cmptn102713.net**".

He types:

**/server irc.cmptn102713.net\_**

He hits ENTER and a CHAT WINDOW pops up. There's only one other name in the room:

**Marchee**

Peter stares at the name. He wasn't expecting that. The cursor blinks as Peter considers whether or not to leave.

**Marchee:**     hey

Text in the main window. Peter looks around his empty room, types:

**Nightwatch:** hey

Another pause.

**Marchee:**     I'm excited to finally meet you

Peter considers that -- *what kind of relationship does "Nightwatch" have with this person?* He types --

**Nightwatch:** I still feel like it's not real

But before he hits enter, something nags at him. He alt-tabs to the chat logs and reads through them --

Sure enough, *Nightwatch* doesn't capitalize his "i"s. Peter makes the appropriate edit and hits enter:

**Nightwatch:** i still feel like it's not real

A beat. Did that work? Another WINDOW POPS UP:

**Marchee would like to send an image file.  
Do you accept?**

Peter hesitates a moment, then hits **YES** --

A MOSTLY-NUDE WEBCAM SCREENSHOT of a girl pops up. Slim, pale, dark hair, making an arm bra, cropped from neck to waist. Sexy, in a voyeuristic sort of way.

She has a half-dozen tattoos, including a SMALL CLUSTER OF STARS near her collarbone, like a CONSTELLATION. Peter stares, transfixed.

**Marchee:** it's real

**Marchee:** ;)

ANNA (O.S.)

Peter?

Peter looks up and sees Anna coming down the stairs. Scrubs. Exhausted expression. Peter alt-tabs away from the picture as she approaches. She spots the laptop --

ANNA (CONT'D)

This new?

PETER

FBI's.

ANNA

Mike's been asking for one. Says he needs it.

PETER

He's ten.

Anna shrugs and plops down next to him on the floor.

ANNA

How'd the interview go?

PETER

Good. He's going to call me next week.

Anna rests her head on his shoulder, closes her eyes. Does she know he's lying?

ANNA

There was this patient today, this investment banker's wife. Her daughter's going to Princeton next year and they were taking out an equity loan to pay for it. And I was thinking, shit. I can't even afford to fix the car's air conditioning.

PETER

I'll find a job, Anna.

ANNA  
It's so much simpler down here. No  
mouths to feed, nobody screaming at  
you, nobody to disappoint. Just  
this little cave where you can  
avoid the rest of the world.

PETER  
(re: the laptop)  
Whole world's right here.

ANNA  
I mean the real world, Pete.

She didn't exactly mean it as a dig, but that's how it lands.  
As Anna drifts off to sleep, Peter stares at the GLOWING  
SCREEN. He reopens the picture, looking at it...

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH LINE PARK - DAY

Dublonski sits on a bench atop the High Line, nursing a  
coffee and looking out across the water. She looks around --  
nannies with kids, dogs, etc. The early-morning crowd.

After a moment, she spots Peter walking towards her. She  
looks back out over the water as he sits next to her. A beat.

PETER  
These aren't townie bank robbers.  
They've never met in person. They  
don't join forces to commit federal  
crimes and then go for a fun  
weekend in Atlantic City. Do you  
know what hacking really is?

DUBLONSKI  
I have a feeling you're about to  
enlighten me.

PETER  
Hacking is figuring out how systems  
work and learning to exploit them.  
It's not just stealing data. You  
can hack phones, you can hack  
locks. You can reprogram batteries  
and make them explode.

(beat)  
The only reason these guys are  
showing up in Atlantic City is  
because they think Conficker is  
worth risking everything for.

Dublonski considers him a moment -- he seems almost afraid.



DUBLONSKI

So do I.  
(beat)  
What do you need?

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

A ceremony of sorts. Peter, Dublonski, Zalpowicz, and a PAIR OF LAWYERS holding court. The PROSECUTOR stands over Peter, watching him sign a consent form.

PETER (V.O.)

They're going to assume everybody's working for the cops, so I need to lose this GPS. I can't wear a wire. I can't have a tail. There can't be any indication anything at all is suspicious.

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DUBLONSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Dublonski stands over Rick's shoulder as he works on the computer. The PRINTER spits out pages, adding to an already-thick stack.

PETER (V.O.)

You have to erase me from your system. My picture. My fingerprints. Any video of me entering or exiting the federal building.

The printer finishes. Dublonski picks up the stack and NODS to Rick. He DELETES Peter's image on the screen --

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Back in the DA's office, the second LAWYER inserts a SPECIAL KEY into Peter's ANKLE MONITOR and TWISTS -- the LIGHT stops blinking. He rips off the velcro.

PETER (V.O.)

After the initial meeting every one of these guys'll go home and trawl through federal informant files to see if they recognize any faces.

DUBLONSKI (V.O.)

How would they get access to confidential files?

Peter rubs his leg, looking up at Dublonski. *Freedom.* But what's it going to cost him?

EXT. HIGH LINE PARK - DAY

Back on the park bench with Peter and Dublonski.

PETER  
If you really thought the world's  
best hackers worked for the  
government, we wouldn't be having  
this conversation.

Dublonski cracks a smirk. Respect.

DUBLONSKI  
We'll drive down in an hour.  
Anything else?

PETER  
Yeah. I want to meet him.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO FEDERAL PRISON - VISITOR ROOM - DAY

Keith Garrett sits at a metal table, alone in the vast echo chamber except for a few GUARDS milling in the periphery.

THUNK-SQUEAK... the door opens and Peter enters, alone. Scopes out the empty room and takes a seat across from Keith. The two stare at each other for a few moments.

FROM BEHIND A ONE-WAY MIRROR

Dublonski and Rick watch with a LAWYER and a PRISON GUARD.

BACK IN THE ROOM

Peter leans in --

PETER  
Do you know who I am?

Keith looks to the one-way glass, doesn't respond.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Guess that's the point, I'm nobody.  
So are you.

Peter adjusts his position in the chair, mimicking Keith's posture. Dublonski notices the change through the window.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Do you know how you got caught?

Another steely stare in response.

PETER (CONT'D)

You got caught because six days ago  
you forgot to route your IP through  
Tor at three in the morning and one  
person in the whole world noticed.  
Doesn't matter what you were doing.  
Doesn't matter why. All that  
matters is you have to live with  
the consequences of that split-  
second mistake for the rest of your  
life.

Keith stares at this stranger, finally speaks up --

KEITH GARRETT

You're the snitch.

Keith adjusts his position in the chair, and Peter matches.  
Dublonski watches Peter transform.

PETER

No.

(glances to mirror, then  
back to Keith)

I'm Nightwatch.

PRELAP: rain from inside a car on a highway...

CUT TO:

INT. TOWNCAR / EXT. EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Raining, cold. Peter leans against the window as the HIGH  
RISE CASINOS of Atlantic City creep up on the horizon.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - MAIN HALL - DAY

Situated somewhere between the Consumer Electronics Show and  
the Exxxotica Porn Expo, the whole convention area is wall-to-  
wall with dyed hair, half-naked women, piercings, khaki  
shorts, and socks with sandals.

Peter weaves through the throngs of people, dodging drunks  
and scanning for something familiar.

Ahead, a CONVENTION-GOER jumps out of a cluster. His VOICE  
pierces above the din, nasal and screechy --

CONVENTION-GOER

Fed! I see one! Fed fed fed!

He's pointing right at Peter, who freezes in place -- he's  
been here just a few minutes and has already been made. A  
few people stop what they're doing and turn to look.

PLAINCLOTHES NSA (O.S.)

Got me!

Peter whips around -- standing right behind him is an NSA AGENT (early 40s, fit, with an ugly haircut). He holds up his NSA ID triumphantly.

The crowd erupts into a CHEER. Everyone clinks glasses and takes shots. Two scantily-clad TROPHY GIRLS place a medal around the convention-goer's neck.

Someone playfully slaps the Plainclothes NSA on the back, leaving a taped "**I'm an NSA Agent!**" sign, with the "NSA" hastily scrawled by hand.

Random screams from the crowd: "Don't show him your shit!" "Watch your back!" "Five-Oh!"

Peter breathes a sigh of relief and continues wandering.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Peter walks down a hall of hotel rooms. A few tourists wander back and forth.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GREAT HALL - DAY

Peter comes up the stairs out of **DUSK NIGHTCLUB**. He looks around the great hall as tourists and gamblers swirl, getting his bearings.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SIDE AREA - DAY

Peter meanders into the less crowded hall, overwhelmed. He finds a spot against the wall and sits on the floor as gamblers and convention-goers stream past. He pulls out the Nightwatch laptop. Opens it.

In XChat he types:

**/server irc.cmptn102713.net\_**

The familiar CHAT WINDOW pops up. This time, nobody's inside. He opens up MARCHEE'S PICTURE and stares at it, focusing on the CONSTELLATION TATTOO near her collarbone.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - BUFFET LINE - DAY

Dublonski holds a plate at a buffet table, considering a SHRIMP COCKTAIL on display.

PLAINCLOTHES NSA (O.S.)  
You know they spray on that pink  
color in the kitchen.

Dublonski looks up -- across the table is the previously-identified NSA agent. His name is NORM LYDEKKER. His plate's piled high with meat and potatoes.

DUBLONSKI  
 (re: his plate)  
 Do they spray the green on the  
 vegetables too?

A playful smile between them. The moment hangs...

SMASH TO:

INT. CAESARS CASINO - LYDEKKER'S SUITE - DAY

The headboard BANGS against the wall as Dublonski and Lydekker have sex.

LYDEKKER  
 Yeah, yeah, yeah yeah yeah yeah...

Lydekker finishes and rolls off to one side, panting.  
 Dublonski's opinion on the experience is inscrutable.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - LYDEKKER'S SHOWER - LATER

Dublonski stands under the stream of water, running her hands through her hair.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - LYDEKKER'S SUITE - SAME

Lydekker sits on the edge of the bed in a bathrobe, watching FOOTBALL on TV. Large food service tray off to the side.

LYDEKKER  
 (yelling)  
 Chelsea's doing great, by the way.  
 She took the kids up to the ranch  
 in Montana, I'm gonna meet them  
 there next weekend.

On the night stand, Dublonski's Blackberry BUZZES. Lydekker notices and scoots toward it, continuing --

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
 She's been doing this riding  
 workout thing, she ordered like six  
 different DVDs.  
 (the WATER TURNS OFF)  
 You ever seen those? Supposed to  
 really help with your stamina on  
 the... saddle.

Lydekker looks concerned as he reads the text message.

DUBLONSKI (O.S.)  
 I don't like horses.

Dublonski emerges from the bathroom in a robe and immediately goes for her clothes on the dresser, ignoring Lydekker. He looks up from the Blackberry.

LYDEKKER  
You lied to me.

DUBLONSKI  
Didn't realize a shared love of equestrian sports was an important part of our relationship.

Dublonski looks at Lydekker as she slides into her pants.

LYDEKKER  
I heard the Bureau was doing their own investigation into Conficker, but I thought we were friends. What's yours is mine and all that.

DUBLONSKI  
(matter-of-fact)  
You can't look at my texts.

LYDEKKER  
Of course I can, I have a higher security clearance.

DUBLONSKI  
Oh that's right, you have the security clearance, I only have the phone number to your ranch in Montana. Do you check Chelsea's messages too?

Lydekker's not amused. Dublonski continues getting dressed.

LYDEKKER  
You need to introduce me to your undercover. We both know the Bureau's got no business chasing hackers all over the place.

DUBLONSKI  
Is there an alternate definition of cybercrime I'm not familiar with?

She finishes buttoning up her blouse, eyeing the food tray. Lydekker realizes something --

LYDEKKER  
Your birthday's coming up, huh. Big five-seven. Forced retirement.

Dublonski pulls on her jacket, doesn't respond.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
This little cyber case won't be enough for an extension.  
(MORE)

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
We're the armpit of law  
enforcement, you know that. Hard  
drives aren't sexy like cocaine  
bricks and towel-heads.

She grabs a COOKIE off the tray and turns to go.

DUBLONSKI  
Thanks for lunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMPY DINER - EVENING

Establishing. Off the main drag. Not many tourists drive  
this far for food this bad.

Peter gets out of a taxi and heads for the entrance.

INT. DUMPY DINER - EVENING

Peter sits across from Dublonski and Rick. Dublonski's  
tearing into a club sandwich while Rick pokes at a salad.  
Peter stares at the sad hamburger in front of him.

DUBLONSKI  
(mouth full)  
Go over it with me one more time.  
(no response)  
Pete?

He snaps out of his trance, looks up.

PETER  
I show up at the club and ask for  
"Mr. Fujiwara." They bring me  
inside. You watch from the  
surveillance room, take stills, and  
we meet back for the ID.

DUBLONSKI  
We'll have eyes on you the whole  
time. Oh.

Dublonski gestures to Rick and he slides a SMARTPHONE across  
the table.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Eyes and ears.

Peter looks at the phone like it's radioactive. Rick  
predicts his complaint --

RICK  
It's called a roving bug. There's  
no software to find even if they  
search it.

(MORE)

RICK (CONT'D)  
Phone company remotely activates  
the mic and we listen in. Just a  
regular cellphone.

PETER  
You're allowed to do that?

DUBLONSKI  
Pete. We're the FBI.

Peter deadpans, dissatisfied with that answer. But he stuffs  
the new phone in his pocket. Dublonski reaches across the  
table and ruffles his hair --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
You're gonna do great.

CUT TO:

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Strobe lights. Laser beams. Bone-trembling bass. Peter  
wanders through the crowd in the massive, oval-shaped club,  
searching for something familiar.

He looks up at a DOME CAMERA on the ceiling.

POV DOME CAMERA: Peter stares right at it, a still body in a  
sea of movement.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski and Rick are settled in chairs, watching Peter on  
an array of monitors. A SURVEILLANCE TECH sits nearby.

A DULL MURMUR comes from a speaker -- Peter's roving bug  
picking up the ambient noise.

SURVEILLANCE TECH  
Good picture, huh? Upgraded the  
whole system to HD last year. This  
is infrared 1080i.

The thumping bass of the club is just a tinny roar inside the  
surveillance room.

DUBLONSKI  
Fascinating.  
(to Rick, re: sound)  
Can we filter that out?

RICK  
Not in real time.

Not what Dublonski wanted to hear.



INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - BAR - NIGHT

Pete approaches the bar, squeezing between ED HARDY BROS and SARAN-WRAPPED WOMEN. A FEMALE BARTENDER notices and comes over. She has to yell over the bass --

FEMALE BARTENDER  
Help you sweetie?

PETER  
I'm looking for Mr. Fujiwara.

FEMALE BARTENDER  
(cups her hand to her ear)  
What?

PETER  
Fujiwara!

She looks at him for a moment -- clearly still not understanding -- and then moves off to serve someone else.

PETER (CONT'D)  
No, I --

As the bartender walks away, he sees --

Another WOMAN, a couple yards away. Slim, pale, dark hair. CONSTELLATION TATTOO on her neck. Staring directly at him.

MARCHEE.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski concentrates on Peter's image on the screen. The resolution is good enough to see his shocked expression.

DUBLONSKI  
What's he looking at?

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - BAR - SAME

Peter looks around to make sure she's actually looking at him. She doesn't break eye contact. It's intense.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski gets close to the monitor --

DUBLONSKI  
It's either this man or this woman.  
(to Rick, re: speaker)  
Turn that up.  
(to Tech)  
Are you recording this?

Rick turns up the speaker, but they can't hear anything over the TINNY HOUSE MUSIC. It's drowning everything else out.

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - BAR - SAME

While Peter's still processing who he's seeing, Marchee approaches, grabs the scruff of his neck, and leans close to his ear, whispering in the throbbing room --

MARCHEE

Do you know who I am?

PETER

Yes.

She deftly reaches into his pocket and removes his NEW SMARTPHONE. Peter doesn't notice. Marchee smiles, sexy.

MARCHEE

Are you sure?

She pulls back and looks at him. He's a deer in the headlights. She smiles, flirty, and then turns around and DISAPPEARS into the crowd.

Peter's mind whirls. After a beat, he goes after her --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Back in the surveillance room --

RICK

He's following her.

DUBLONSKI

After that I'd follow her too.

ON THE MONITOR: Peter is carving his way through the crowd, a few paces behind Marchee --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

(to Tech)

Is there a better angle?

The Tech cycles another monitor, flipping between cameras, but there are too many people in the club. It's too disorienting.

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - BAR - SAME

Peter follows Marchee through the crowd, a few arm-lengths behind. He struggles to keep her in sight through the mass of bodies as the music throbs around him.

Every once in a while she looks back over her shoulder. Smirks, coy. Enjoying the chase.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Rick's watching the main monitor as Dublonski struggles to find him in another angle --

RICK  
He's almost off the screen --

DUBLONSKI  
(to Tech)  
Where's he going?

SURVEILLANCE TECH  
Looks like the private rooms.

DUBLONSKI  
(scanning monitors)  
Show me those.

The Tech hesitates. Dublonski SNAPS at him, impatient.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Hey. Now.

SURVEILLANCE TECH  
There's no cameras back there.

ON THE SCREEN: Peter disappears off the edge. Dublonski pulls away and looks at the Tech in disbelief.

DUBLONSKI  
You told me every inch of this place was covered.

SURVEILLANCE TECH  
Back rooms are for high roller clients, they don't want any -- look, I don't make policy.

Dublonski glares at him --

DUBLONSKI  
Better hope the sound's good.

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - BACK HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark, moody. Muffled bass thumps through the walls. Deserted save for stray glimpses of HIGH ROLLERS and PRICEY ESCORTS.

Peter jogs to catch up to Marchee, who's scrolling through his SMARTPHONE.

PETER  
How did you --  
(sees smartphone, panics)  
Hey --

Peter reaches for it, adrenaline spiking through the roof --

Marchee SWINGS AROUND and THROWS Peter against the wall, catching him by surprise --

MARCHEE  
Why would you yell that in there.

PETER  
That's what I was supposed to say --

MARCHEE  
It's not amateur hour. You don't know who's watching.

PETER  
Who the hell else would know what Fujiwara means?

MARCHEE  
I don't know. That's the point.

She releases him, holds up the smartphone --

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
Crown said no phones. No names, no birthdays, no hometowns, no identifying information. I'm Marchee, you're Nightwatch. That's all I want to know.

PETER  
How do you know I'm Nightwatch?

She pulls the battery out --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Rick and the Dublonski hear the speaker go DEAD. *Shit.* No video, no audio. Dublonski thinks for a moment.

DUBLONSKI  
Does he still have his old phone?

RICK  
What?

DUBLONSKI  
The other phone, the silver one.  
Can we get a tap on that number?

Rick's already dialing the appropriate people --

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - BACK HALLWAY - SAME

Marchee puts the disassembled phone next to a plant on a built-in shelf.

PETER  
Is Crown here?

MARCHEE  
Not yet.

PETER  
Then why do you care what he said?

Marchee appreciates the balls of this, but isn't swayed.

MARCHEE  
Just pick it up when we're done.

She turns and walks down the hall.

Peter reaches in to his pocket to remove his OLD CELLPHONE, but decides to leave it there. He takes off after her.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Rick types a new code into the laptop connected to the speaker, and the SOUND COMES BACK IN. He turns to Dublonski.

RICK  
They catch him with that phone and  
this is all over.

Dublonski listens to the swishing sounds of Peter walking down a hallway, doesn't respond. She knows.

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Marchee opens the door to the lavishly-appointed room, Peter right behind. Three men sit in lounge chairs, talking --

TEKNINE  
-- because I ain't hanging around  
until the feds show up and charge  
us with conspiracy --

Facing away and speaking is TEKNINE (20s), tall and wiry, with sloppily-cut GRAY HAIR and rapid-fire speech. Looks one sleepless night away from full-blown meth addict.

Opposite him are two older men, ELIX (late 40s) and RAMSEY (30s, black). Elix's designer suit contrasts sharply with his bushy beard, and Ramsey's all muscles, malice, and quiet calm.

Elix and Ramsey look past Teknine to notice Marchee and Peter come through the door.

TEKNINE (CONT'D)  
-- what?  
(turns, sees Peter)  
Fucking finally. You check him?

MARCHEE  
 Yeah I checked him.  
 (to Peter)  
 This is Teknine, past him is Profs.

Peter looks at each man sitting behind Teknine --

PETER  
 Which one?

Elix pipes up and stands --

ELIX  
 Both of us.

He approaches Peter with his hand extended. Peter reaches up to shake, realizing he was touching his OLD CELLPHONE through his pocket.

ELIX (CONT'D)  
 You can call me Elix. This is my  
 associate Ramsey.

Ramsey nods a greeting from the lounge chair. Elix can see Peter's still confused --

ELIX (CONT'D)  
 We work as a team.

Peter looks around the room -- no one else in here.

PETER  
 Guess I'm not late after all.

ELIX  
 The very problem we were  
 discussing. To me it seems  
 impolite to call a meeting and be  
 the last to arrive.

TEKNINE  
 To me it seems like a fucking sting  
 operation --

RING-RING -- a cell phone. Everyone freezes as Peter's adrenaline skyrockets --

TEKNINE (CONT'D)  
Who the fuck has a cell phone?

Teknine glares at Peter, who stares back helplessly. Marchee comes to his defense --

MARCHEE  
 It isn't his.

RING-RING. Ramsey nods with his head --

RAMSEY  
It's over there.

Teknine tears across the room. He reaches under a lounge chair and emerges with a CELLPHONE. **Unknown number.**

Peter tries to control his relief --

RING-RING. Still going. Everyone stares.

PETER  
Are you going to answer it?

Teknine tosses the phone to Peter --

TEKNINE  
Fuck no.

Peter awkwardly catches the RINGING phone and answers --

PETER  
Hello?

MODULATED VOICE (PHONE)  
Put the phone on speaker.

The voice is pitch-shifted enough to make it impossible to tell who's calling. Doesn't matter -- Peter already knows.

Peter hits the speakerphone button, uncomfortable with so many eyes on him.

MODULATED VOICE (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello everyone, this is Crown. As you no doubt have gathered, I won't be joining you this evening.

The four hackers look around the room at each other.

MODULATED VOICE (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Instead I have some information for you. Stored on this phone is a preliminary dox on a man staying in this hotel with access to Conficker's primary command server.

More looks around the room -- *did anyone know this?*

MODULATED VOICE (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
The server is activated by one of sixteen combinations of user names and passkeys, and this man carries on his person the master table for every unique login. He leaves the convention tomorrow evening, so we only have until then to liberate it from his possession.

(MORE)

MODULATED VOICE (PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Once you upload the logins to the  
 IP address provided, I'll contact  
 you for the next phase.

CLICK. Line's dead. They all stare at the phone.

BEEP-BEEP -- the phone lights up with a text message:

**UPLOAD TO 2001:db8:0:2093:1:427:2:1**

BEEP BEEP -- another message, this time a DRIVER'S LICENSE-  
 STYLE PHOTO of a MAN. Blonde. Vaguely handsome. Crooked  
 nose, like he broke it as a child and it never healed.

TEKNINE  
 How's he fucking know all that?

MARCHEE  
 Tek --

TEKNINE  
 No fuck this, I'm not buying this  
 Mission Impossible bullshit. Feels  
 like feds walking us into a trap.

MARCHEE  
 You heard Crown --

TEKNINE  
 I heard some voice on some phone.  
 That's it.

Elix is lost in thought. Ramsey speaks to no one in  
 particular, philosophical --

RAMSEY  
 Until half an hour ago we were all  
 just pixels on a screen.

TEKNINE  
 That's exactly fucking right. I  
 don't know any of you, I don't know  
 what Crown knows or how he knows  
 it, and all the shit I don't know  
 is making me very fucking  
 uncomfortable.

RAMSEY  
 Conficker's worth a lot of money.

MARCHEE  
 The data's worth more. We'd have  
 access to all the infected machines.

ELIX  
 More than access.



Everyone turns to Elix, who snaps out of his reverie.

ELIX (CONT'D)  
We would have control. With the flick of a switch we'd command the most powerful network humanity has ever seen. And if the five of us can wrest the logins from this individual in a single day, I'm guessing others could as well.

Elix looks at Peter, holding the phone with the pertinent information on this mysterious man.

ELIX (CONT'D)  
Why shouldn't we do it first?

Looks around the room. Peter conceals his unease amidst the general agreement from the rest. He looks at the Blonde Man's photo again, then passes the phone to Elix.

DUBLONSKI (PRELAP)  
You're telling me the login information for the biggest botnet in human history is stored on a keychain.

CUT TO:

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dublonski sits on one of the room's two beds, two dozen Sharpie-circled SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS from the nightclub on either side of her. Peter stands at the mini-bar, rifling through the contents. He's been debriefing her.

PETER  
It's a 64-bit word salted hash encryption. You'd have to be some kind of mutant to memorize it.

DUBLONSKI  
Still, a snatch and grab on a thumb drive feels low tech for these guys.

PETER  
Hacking is finding the simplest solution to a problem. Sometimes you just need the right password.

Peter holds up two MINI VODKA BOTTLES. Dublonski shrugs, and he tosses her one.

DUBLONSKI  
Once you have the credentials, then what happens?

Dublonski takes a pull from the small bottle.

PETER

Then we log in to the server and change them. His copy can't be the only copy. As soon as he learns his master key's missing the first thing he does is change the locks. We have to beat him to it.

DUBLONSKI

How'd Crown find out this guy runs Conficker in the first place?

PETER

I don't know. He just gave us the picture, the name, and the room number. Which is more than you and your crack cybercrime team found, by the way. FBI pay for Kit Kats?

Peter emerges with candy from the mini bar. Dublonski doesn't respond, just takes another sip. She looks at the bottle as if it gave her an idea.

DUBLONSKI

Do Marchee and Nightwatch have a relationship?

Peter looks up, surprised at the question --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

Because if she knows more about Keith than we think she does --

PETER

She doesn't.

Peter's defensive tone isn't lost on her. Or himself.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm not like them.

DUBLONSKI

You were arrested for hijacking a Predator drone.

PETER

That's not what happened --

DUBLONSKI

You uploaded a virus to the Ground Control Station. So you're right, you technically hijacked all the Predator drones.

Pointed stare.

PETER

It was keylogging software. A lieutenant on base wanted to spy on his wife because he thought she was cheating on him, and he infected his flight terminal by mistake. But it's easier to string up the guy who wrote the code than admit the biggest security flaw on a military base running highly classified and almost certainly illegal bombing missions is the stupidity of its own employees. I'm guessing that part didn't make it into the file.

Dublonski considers him a long beat -- he's right, that wasn't in the file. She slips off her shoes and lifts her legs on to the bed.

DUBLONSKI

Get some sleep. Big day tomorrow.

PETER

FBI doesn't pay for your own room?

DUBLONSKI

Of course they do.

She clicks off the light, rolls over. Off Peter, shaking his head, incredulous --

CUT TO:

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PETER'S ROOM - LATER

Lights out. Peter and Dublonski both sleep in their respective beds. Dublonski's still wearing her pant-suit, covers balled up around her.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - CHECK IN COUNTER - NIGHT

The casino is still buzzing with night owls, but there's only one CLERK behind the desk. A long row of check-in computers, but most are off. The clerk's busy looking at her phone.

IN THE FOREGROUND: a computer lights up. Clerk doesn't notice. The CURSOR MOVES on it's own, looking up a room record...

The cursor stops on **KEITH GARRETT -- Room 1607.**

INT. CAESARS CASINO - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

DING! The elevator doors open and SOMEONE with a BACKPACK steps out, in one hand a STACK OF PLASTIC CARDS and in the other something that looks like a PORTABLE CARD READER.

The figure walks down the hall and stops in front of a door. Hits a few buttons on the reader and SWIPES a card through -- BEEEEEP. Hands slide the card into the ELECTRIC DOOR LOCK.

BZZT. Red light. No good. The hands hit a few more buttons on the reader and swipe another card --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Muffled BZZT through the door. Peter blinks awake in the dark room, looks over to the other bed -- Dublonski is still sound asleep.

He sits up, listens...

BZZT -- another muffled buzz. He gets out of bed and approaches the door.

PETER

Hello?

Dublonski wakes at the sound of Peter's voice --

BING! Peter realizes what's happening a half-second too late. The door in front of him swings open, revealing --

Marchee. She's surprised to see Peter so close, illuminated from the light in the hallway.

MARCHEE

Oh. Hi.

PETER

What are you doing here?

MARCHEE

Are you busy?

PETER

No -- what? You can't just break in to my room --

He throws a quick look behind him to see if Dublonski is visible -- she isn't. But Marchee catches his glance.

MARCHEE

Is somebody in here? Who's in here?

Marchee pushes past Peter into the bedroom -- and Dublonski is no where to be seen. But both beds are unmade. Peter stands behind her, helpless.

Marchee walks deeper into the room, puzzled. She spots a BARE FOOT on the floor, peeking out from behind the bed.

Marchee walks around the side... revealing Dublonski, stripped to her underwear, face down.

Marchee turns back to Peter, alarmed --

PETER  
It's not -- um --

Dublonski suddenly BOLTS UP, startling both of them.

DUBLONSKI  
Whathefuck --  
(sees Marchee, squints)  
Keithy? Where's Keithy.

Dublonski doubles over, holding her head in faux-pain --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Ohhhh...

MARCHEE  
Ma'am, are you all right?

Dublonski looks around, blinking fake drunk from her eyes.

DUBLONSKI  
Did you see my clothes? They're  
right...  
(spinning, swaying)  
I haddem earlier. They were  
right... on me.

Marchee looks at Peter, horrified --

MARCHEE  
I'm sorry.

She rushes out of the room, door closing behind her.

PETER  
(hisses)  
What the fuck was that?

DUBLONSKI  
At least she didn't see the badge.

Peter turns and runs out the door --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Peter catches up with Marchee at the elevator. She's hitting the call button over and over, willing the elevator to come.

PETER  
Marchee wait --

MARCHEE  
I shouldn't have done that.

PETER  
No. Probably not.

Marchee can't look at him, but he's not leaving. The elevator still hasn't arrived.

MARCHEE  
Was that a...

PETER  
No, god, no. She was just drunk at the bar, I didn't -- nothing happened.

MARCHEE  
Okay.

Clearly Marchee doesn't believe him.

PETER  
*Nothing happened.* She just -- she wouldn't tell me where she was staying and I couldn't just... let her...

He trails off. It's a long wait until --

DING! The elevator doors open and Marchee jumps inside. She finally looks at him -- *hurt*. Peter knows he can't just let her leave. At the last possible second, he jumps in the elevator --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

-- and the doors close. Marchee's trapped with him now. She stares straight ahead, doing her best to ignore him.

PETER  
Are you not talking to me now?

MARCHEE  
Sometimes people just don't match the version you had in your head. I shouldn't have come.

PETER  
Why did you?

Marchee doesn't answer. Peter considers her a moment, then hits the EMERGENCY BUTTON. The elevator JERKS to a stop.

MARCHEE  
What are you doing?

Peter crouches and slips his fingers around a PANEL under the elevator buttons.

PETER  
Let me see your laptop.

MARCHEE  
No.

Peter PRIES OFF the panel, exposing the guts of the elevator.  
He turns and looks up to her.

PETER  
You want to be stuck in here until  
someone comes to get us?

MARCHEE  
Just hit the button again. It'll go.

PETER  
Come on. We can have more fun than  
that.

He smiles, charming. Against her better judgement, Marchee  
hands over her messenger bag.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

A SUPERVISOR walks over to the Surveillance Tech, who's  
watching the monitor array with glassy eyes.

SUPERVISOR  
How long's that been blinking?

He points to an ELECTRICAL DIAGRAM in front of him, where a  
RED LIGHT in one of the elevator shafts is flashing.

SURVEILLANCE TECH  
I, uh... must have just started.

SUPERVISOR  
(skeptical)  
Yeah. Show me elevator four.

The Tech types and --

AN EMPTY ELEVATOR pops up. The Supervisor leans in. The  
image looks... frozen. Like a still frame.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)  
What the...

INT. CAESARS CASINO - ELEVATOR - SAME

Peter looks up at the SECURITY CAMERA on the ceiling, then  
returns to his work. He has Marchee's laptop plugged  
directly in to the elevator.

After a few seconds of typing he looks back up at Marchee.

PETER  
You should hold on to something.

MARCHEE  
I think I'll be fine.

PETER  
I would really recommend it.

MARCHEE  
Noted, thank you.

Peter chuckles to himself and holds the laptop tight.

PETER  
All right then.

He hits ENTER and --

The elevator DROPS LIKE A STONE, vaulting them both a few inches off the ground. Marchee SCREAMS --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

The ELEVATOR GRAPHIC on the diagram DROPS RAPIDLY --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - ELEVATOR - SAME

Peter types again and the elevator slows to a stop. Marchee calms down, panting. Exhilarated.

PETER  
Told you we could have more fun.

Marchee looks at him, smirk growing on her face.

MARCHEE  
Want to see something better?

Off Peter, pleased --

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Gargantuan self-parking monstrosity. Peter and Marchee wander the aisles packed with thousands of cars with out-of-state plates, footsteps CLACKING on the concrete.

PETER  
What was I supposed to say?

MARCHEE  
I don't know, maybe 'No, stranger, you can't sleep in my room'. Like a normal person.



PETER  
That would necessitate being a  
normal person.

Marchee side-eyes him.

MARCHEE  
What kind of person are you?

PETER  
Feigning ignorance is unbecoming.

MARCHEE  
Everyone lies on the internet. Who  
they are, what they do. How they  
feel. Ah, there.

Marchee gestures to a car on Peter's side of the aisle -- a  
new BLACK BMW.

She pulls a STRANGE KEY from her backpack, INSERTS it into  
the door, and CLICKS the button *without turning*. The car  
unlocks with a BEEP and she hops in the driver's seat.

PETER  
But you sent me a real picture.

She ignores him. He walks to the passenger side --

INT. BMW / EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Peter falls into the passenger seat next to her. She's  
pulling a NETBOOK and CABLES out of her backpack.

PETER  
The picture you sent was really  
you, so what are you lying about?

MARCHEE  
What are you lying about?

A hesitation --

PETER  
That's not an answer at all.

Marchee reaches under the steering wheel and removes a PANEL.

She plugs a CABLE into the exposed electronics as Peter goes  
on the offensive --

PETER (CONT'D)  
People lie face to face too. The  
medium doesn't change the message.

MARCHEE  
The medium is context, and context  
changes everything.

Marchee opens the netbook and starts typing something. Peter watches her, unsure of what she's doing.

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
Are you ready?

PETER  
I don't know what I'm supposed to  
be ready for.

Marchee types into a COMMAND PROMPT WINDOW and hits ENTER dramatically. The BMW engine ROARS to life. Marchee beams with pride, and Peter finally realizes what's going on as she hands him the netbook.

PETER (CONT'D)  
You're stealing this car.

MARCHEE  
We're stealing this car. "Gear  
slash reverse". Type.

Peter stares at her, suddenly in over his head. She waits for him, excited, oblivious to his discomfort.

He looks down at the netbook. The CURSOR blinks back at him.

Peter still hesitates. Marchee gives him a reassuring nod, and he types "**GEAR/REVERSE**" into the command prompt window and hits ENTER.

ON THE DASHBOARD, the GEAR INDICATOR moves from "P" to "R".  
*Whoa.*

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
Now hit the back arrow.

PETER  
How did you do this?

MARCHEE  
Back arrow.

Peter complies, cautiously, and the car LURCHES BACKWARD. Marchee's overjoyed --

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
There you go. Now the left arrow.

Peter hits the LEFT ARROW and watches the STEERING WHEEL TURN ITSELF, right in front of her.

*Holy shit.*

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The BMW jerks backward from the parking spot again, then stops just as suddenly. Then another stutter, pulling out of the space --

INT. BMW / EXT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

PETER  
I don't understand how this is possible.

MARCHEE  
New cars are just six computers.  
Engine, brakes, power steering...  
everything's drive-by-wire.

Marchee reaches over and buckles Peter's seat belt with the lap belt OVER HIS WRISTS. Pinned to the netbook in his lap. She YANKS the strap so it LOCKS --

PETER  
Hey --

MARCHEE  
Each floor you get down without hitting anything, you get a point. Every time you crash or bump or scrape something, I get a point. Five floors, five possible points.

Peter stares at her for a moment.

PETER  
Why?

MARCHEE  
(broad grin)  
Not an interesting question. Gear slash drive. Go.

Peter understands: "why" isn't the point. He types and the TRANSMISSION SHIFTS AGAIN. He taps the UP and RIGHT arrows and the car lurches forward...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - RAMP - NIGHT

The BMW lurches down a ramp, speeding up and slowing down, rounding the corner...

INT. BMW / EXT. PARKING GARAGE - SAME

Marchee watches Peter concentrate. He's trying not to pick up too much speed, and as a result they're both jerking back and forth in their seats. Marchee's not impressed, but technically Peter makes it to the next floor.

PETER  
First point for me.

MARCHEE  
Minimum speed of ten miles an hour  
or you lose the rest by default.

PETER  
No no no, you didn't say --

Without hesitation, Marchee leans over and TYPES. The car  
LURCHES FASTER --

PETER (CONT'D)  
Whoa, uh -- hey --

The BMW drifts to the left. Peter types but overcorrects,  
the wheel turning too much to the right --

MARCHEE  
No braking --

He's coming up on an EXPENSIVE CAR at the end of the row,  
just before the next ramp --

Peter TYPES FRANTICALLY and the wheels spins back to the  
left. TIRES SQUEAL as the BMW speeds down the ramp, but it  
doesn't have the proper angle and THUNK --

The car hits the wall and STOPS. They weren't going fast  
enough to cause much damage, but it's still an accident.

Shit.

Marchee reaches over and clicks his seatbelt, which slides  
back into place -- releasing his hands.

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
One-one.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW / EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The (slightly damaged) BMW zooms through the garage,  
squealing around corners and accelerating down ramps.  
They're laughing, pointing, having fun.

A PEDESTRIAN jumps out of the way as the car flies around a  
blind corner --

INT. BMW / EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The BMW squeals around another corner and approaches the exit  
at the bottom. Peter hits keys to stop the car at the  
threshold, grinning ear to ear.

PETER  
And... winner.

Marchee's not happy about it. The competitive streak runs deep. Peter sees her pouting, asks --

PETER (CONT'D)  
Why'd you get involved with Crown?

MARCHEE  
Same as you. Money.

PETER  
I'm not here for the money.

MARCHEE  
Neither am I.  
(gets an idea)  
Want to try your luck outside?

PETER  
No no no. I made it to the bottom  
and that's what you said.

Marchee looks at him, gives him a crooked smile, earnest --

MARCHEE  
You're not having fun? We could  
bet on it.

PETER  
Bet what? I already won.

Marchee looks at him for a moment, then reaches down and  
STRIPS OFF HER SHIRT.

MARCHEE  
I believe in second chances.

He looks at her, stunned.

PETER  
This is not a good idea.

He hits the UP and RIGHT ARROWS and the BMW squeals out of  
the garage --

INT. BMW / EXT. CAESARS CASINO DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- and out into the wet night. An incoming car HONKS AND  
SWERVES as Peter struggles to get the BMW into a lane.

MARCHEE  
Easy tiger -- there you go. Cars  
move out here.

PETER

I see the cars, thank you.

Peter makes another right on to --

INT. BMW / EXT. ATLANTIC AVE - CONTINUOUS

The main drag. Peter changes lanes, the BMW flying through traffic on Atlantic. Marchee PUTS HER HAND ON HIS KNEE and he notices, hesitating before weaving around a BUS, still going too fast.

Peter levels out, Marchee's hand still on his leg. Nervous, he says the first thing that pops into his head --

PETER

How do you bypass the controls?

MARCHEE

That's the best part. There's no auth protocol, so you can either just plug in or --

She reaches through the seats and rummages through her backpack. She BUMPS the steering wheel as Peter tries to drive --

PETER

Hey, careful --

MARCHEE

The idiots left an exploit in the radio receiver.

Marchee comes back with a small POLICE-ISSUE RADIO.

PETER

(looking at her CB)

Is that a police scanner? Where did you get --

MARCHEE

*Watch it!*

Peter looks back to see a CAR PULL OUT right in front of him. He swerves around, prompting a BARRAGE OF HONKS from a CAB he cut off. Peter speeds up --

PETER

Shit --

He changes lanes again to avoid a car in front of him --

MARCHEE

The light the light --

The STOPLIGHT up ahead just turned YELLOW. Peter jams on the DOWN ARROW, but the car's going too fast on the wet street --

PETER  
Shit shit shit --

The TIRES LOCK and the BMW starts drifting sideways. Marchee tries to yank on the wheel but it won't budge --

The traffic light turns RED, but the BMW's skidding uncontrollably toward the intersection --

Cross traffic starts moving. Peter's a deer in the headlights. Marchee grabs the laptop --

CARS HONK AND SWERVE as the Beemer skids into the intersection --

Marchee types a command and the BRAKES DISENGAGE, wheels suddenly spinning as the BMW LURCHES FORWARD, effectively having made a left-hand turn.

INT. BMW / EXT. SMALLER STREET - CONTINUOUS

They continue down the street, panting. Marchee tosses the netbook back on Peter's lap and takes the wheel.

PETER  
Fuck.

MARCHEE  
Yeah.

WOOP-WOOP. Lights. Peter turns -- an ATLANTIC CITY POLICE CRUISER.

PETER  
*Fuck.*

They drive in silence for another moment as the red and blue lights wash over them. Marchee's breathing starts to get faster. Panicked.

Peter looks over his shoulder again at the flashing cruiser, then grabs the CB radio from the floor. He flicks it on, scanning frequencies until --

POLICE (RADIO)  
-- six eight one, repeat, I need a  
10-14. It's a black beemer.

Peter thinks for a moment, then looks out the window --

PETER  
What's that say on the sign?

MARCHEE  
What's what say?

Peter reaches into his pocket and comes up with his OLD SILVER CELLPHONE. He dials...

PETER  
The address, what's the address?

The line picks up --

OPERATOR (PHONE)  
Nine-one-one emergency  
response.

MARCHEE  
(squinting)  
One-eighty north  
Pennsylvania.

Peter suddenly screams, startling Marchee --

PETER (CONT'D)  
Fuck he's got a gun! He's got  
Steve he's gonna kill him!

OPERATOR (PHONE)  
Sir? Sir what's your address?

PETER  
One-eighty north Penn, please god  
he's gonna shoot --

Peter hangs up the phone. Marchee looks at him like he's insane. A beat, then:

DISPATCH (RADIO)  
All units please respond to one-  
eighty north Pennsylvania, possible  
ten-fifty-nine in progress. Repeat  
all units please respond.

As Peter concentrates on the radio, Marchee notices the cell phone in his hands -- it's SILVER. Different. Not the black one she saw before. She realizes he has another cellphone.

POLICE (RADIO)  
Copy dispatch, fifty four  
responding.

Behind them, the cruiser peels off and screams into a nearby parking lot.

Marchee looks at the SILVER PHONE in Peter's hand. Peter looks back at the cruiser screeching into the parking lot, oblivious to his error.

CUT TO:



EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAWN

The BMW pulls to a stop on a deserted side road.

INT. BMW / EXT. SIDE ROAD - DAWN

Marchee turns off the car and pulls her shirt back on.

MARCHEE  
Give it to me.

PETER  
What?

MARCHEE  
Give me that fucking phone.

Peter looks down and sees the SILVER PHONE in his lap. *Shit.*  
He hands it over.

She scrolls through the **RECENT CALLS**, sees names like "Anna" and some 212 numbers. One has been called a few times. She dials, puts the phone up to her ear.

It rings. Peter watches, nervous.

FEMALE VOICE (PHONE)  
(Chinese accent)  
Great Wall Chinese can I help you?

Not what Marchee was expecting. She recovers --

MARCHEE  
Yeah, hi, I'd like to make an order  
for delivery.

FEMALE VOICE (PHONE)  
Of course can I get your phone  
number?

Marchee hangs up --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - DUBLONSKI'S ROOM - SAME

Dublonski holds her phone out in the air. Rick sits at the desk, the surveillance equipment set up there. They both look exhausted from the long night of listening in.

DUBLONSKI  
Was that racist?

RICK  
Little bit.

INT. BMW / EXT. SIDE ROAD - SAME

Marchee thinks for a moment, makes a decision. She removes the back from the phone and TAKES OUT THE BATTERY. She looks at the dead phone for another moment, then --

SMASHES it on the steering wheel. SMASHES it again. And again and again until it's a plastic mess and she's panting.

She hands Peter back the destroyed phone. He looks at her, concerned. She's afraid.

MARCHEE  
(as if it's an  
explanation)  
Police can trace the number from  
the 9-1-1 call.

PETER  
I know.

Marchee sits in silence for a moment.

MARCHEE  
Give me your other phone. The  
black one.

Peter digs it out of his pocket and hands it over without protest. Marchee rolls down the window and TOSSES it out.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski and Rick hear the phone CLATTER ON THE PAVEMENT. Not good. They grab their jackets and run out --

INT. BMW / EXT SIDE ROAD - DAWN

Marchee rolls the window back up. Peter's trying to figure out how to explain this situation when --

MARCHEE  
Did he put you up to this?

PETER  
Who? What?

Nervous, Marchee begins grabbing her things from the car.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Marchee what are you talking about?

Marchee whips to Peter, suddenly stern --

MARCHEE  
I need to find Crown. Okay? I  
need to meet him.  
(MORE)

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
So if that other phone ever comes  
up again, I've never heard of it.  
(looks around)  
I never saw you after the meeting.

She gets out of the car and takes off running. Peter watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE ROAD - MORNING

Peter leans against the back of the BMW as a TOWNCAR skids to a stop. Dublonski and Rick hop out, guns ready. Marchee's nowhere in sight.

Dublonski and Rick see Peter's safe and lower their weapons.

DUBLONSKI  
What happened?

INT. DUMPY DINER - MORNING

Dublonski and Rick sit across a booth from Peter. They're the only people inside, save for a DISINTERESTED WAITRESS mainlining coffee behind the cash register.

Rick and Peter are both appealing to Dublonski --

RICK  
We have to call it off.

PETER  
She doesn't think I'm a Fed --

RICK  
What the hell else could she think?

PETER  
I don't know. She was scared. She was scared of Crown.

RICK  
That's not our problem. We can arrest four hackers right now plus the Conficker controller.

Peter scoffs --

PETER  
You won't get the Conficker logins. Or Crown.

RICK  
Who gives a shit about Crown? He's probably some Hungarian teenager, that's why he's not here.

PETER  
Marchee was *scared*. I've never  
seen her like that.

DUBLONSKI  
How much have you seen her?

Peter and Rick are both surprised by Dublonski's entry into  
the conversation.

PETER  
What?

DUBLONSKI  
I had to pull out my big book of  
scary threats to get you down here,  
and now we're giving you an out and  
you don't want it.

PETER  
The situation changed.

Dublonski knows exactly what he means.

DUBLONSKI  
What's your big idea?

PETER  
Crown said he'd be in touch again  
once we have the logins. You keep me  
undercover for a couple weeks and I  
can lead you to him.

Dublonski nods, considering.

DUBLONSKI  
Rick's right. I don't give a shit  
about Crown right now.  
(turns to Rick)  
But I do need to shut down  
Conficker. So we stay the course  
and round everybody up right *after*  
the logins are secure.

PETER  
This is the most myopic bullshit --

Dublonski loses her patience, hisses --

DUBLONSKI  
*Hey.* We had an arrangement. The  
fact this hacker girl swells your  
nether parts doesn't change the  
fact that you do what I say or  
there's 30 years of solitude  
waiting for you in New York.

(MORE)

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
(standing)  
Come on. You're going to be late.

Off Peter, a sinking feeling in his stomach --

CUT TO:

A LAPTOP'S OPENED. FINGERS CLICK OVER KEYS. LIGHTS BLINK.  
FANS WHIR.

PETER (V.O.)  
This is how you hack an ATM.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

Peter and Marchee walk through the crowded gambling floor,  
weaving through COCKTAIL WAITRESSES and DRUNK GAMBLERS.

PETER (V.O.)  
First thing to know is there are 62  
companies that produce ATMs in the  
United States, and each make and  
model uses a slightly different  
interface and operating system. So  
you have to know exactly which  
machine you're trying to crack if  
you expect to have any success.

Peter and Marchee approach a STANDALONE ATM next to a pillar.  
Peter uses one hand to shade his eyes, and covers the BUILT-  
IN CAMERA with the other.

Marchee kneels next to the machine like she's tying her shoe.

PETER (V.O.)  
ATM software has barely any  
security, authentication protocols,  
or remove overrides. If you have a  
decent understanding of OS  
mechanics, a couple hours with J-  
TAG should be enough to code  
something that'll do just fine.

Marchee takes a BOBBY PIN and POPS OPEN a panel on the side  
of the ATM, just slightly, making sure to cover what she's  
doing from the cameras overhead.

She plugs in a USB THUMB DRIVE --

PETER (V.O.)  
Physical security isn't much  
better. While the cash sits inside  
a fire-proof steel safe, the CPU is  
protected by the same kind of lock  
they use on toilet paper dispensers  
in public bathrooms.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski and Rick settle in to their posts in the surveillance room. ON A MONITOR, it looks like Marchee is kneeling as Peter uses the ATM.

PETER (V.O.)  
If you wrote your code right, the  
ATM's hardware should recognize it  
as a system update and accept any  
special commands you insert without  
so much as an error report.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - SAME

Marchee stands and she and Peter walk away, blending in the general hubbub in the casino.

PETER (V.O.)  
And that's it. Abracadabra.  
You're now the proud owner of a  
shiny new money machine. You can  
make withdrawals, transfer funds...

INT. CAESARS CASINO - CAFE - DAY

Peter and Marchee join Teknine and Elix at a table in a hotel cafe.

PETER (V.O.)  
Or you can do something a little  
more fun.

Marchee opens her laptop, types a few commands.

Peter looks at the camera on the ceiling -- he knows Dublonski is watching. He turns his attention to Marchee as she concentrates on typing a last line of code.

Marchee hits ENTER with a flourish, looks up.

MARCHEE  
Okay.

She looks up at Peter. They lock eyes for a moment, a shared secret between them.

ELIX  
Any foreseeable problems?

Elix has caught them staring at each other.

TEKNINE  
(buried in his laptop)  
Let's just get this fuckin' over  
with.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

A door opens and the BLONDE MAN FROM THE PICTURE steps out. He walks past Ramsey, who's leaning against the wall checking his phone, messenger bag slung over his shoulder.

He hits send on a text message: **INCOMING**

As soon as the Blonde Man rounds the corner to the elevators, Ramsey approaches the door. Out of his bag, he pulls what looks like a WHITE BOARD MARKER.

He fishes under the bottom of the lock and pulls a PLASTIC PLUG from a small hole. He uncaps the marker, revealing a METAL CONTACT instead of ink, and sticks it into the hole.

After a moment, the lock makes a SATISFYING BEEP and the LIGHT turns GREEN. Ramsey opens the door --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - BLONDE MAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- and takes quick stock of the room. It's tidy. A few clothes in a suitcase, toiletries in the bathroom.

Ramsey opens the closet door, revealing a HOTEL SAFE. He removes TWO PAPERCLIPS from of his pocket and sticks one in a SMALL HOLE under the electronic lock.

He presses in and twists and...

The LED LIGHTS flash and the lock GROANS. It's unlocked. Ramsey pulls open the safe --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

Downstairs, the elevator doors open and the Blonde Man steps out. Elix spots him from across the room, phone to his ear.

ELIX  
You're sure.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - BLONDE MAN'S ROOM - SAME

Ramsey is on the other end of the line, rifling through the meager contents of the safe.

RAMSEY  
Got a laptop and some bigger drives, but that's it. He's got to have it on him.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - SAME

Elix picks a trajectory to walk toward the Blonde Man.

ELIX  
 (into phone)  
 Alright. Pack it in.

He makes eye contact with Peter and Marchee, sitting at SLOT MACHINES on another part of the floor. He hangs up and DUMPS HIS PHONE IN A TRASH CAN as he approaches the Blonde Man.

ELIX (CONT'D)  
 (to Blonde Man)  
 James. James!

The Blonde Man turns to see Elix rushing towards him. He looks around -- *is he talking to me?* Elix reaches him --

ELIX (CONT'D)  
 Richard Chambers. We met yesterday  
 at lockpick village?

Elix's way of speaking has changed. It's faster, looser, more colloquial.

BLONDE MAN  
 You must be thinking of someone  
 else --

ELIX  
 No, no, James. I'm Richard,  
 remember?

The Blonde Man starts fiddling with his KEY RING -- his nervous habit.

BLONDE MAN  
 I don't think we met --

ELIX  
 'Course we did, of course. Look,  
 hey, maybe you can help me out  
 because I'm in a little bit of a  
 jam here. I've been looking for a  
 friendly face for the past half  
 hour. My phone died and I'm  
 supposed to meet my wife and I  
 can't reach her.

BLONDE MAN  
 I'm sorry --

The Blonde Man tries to walk past, but Elix gracefully steps into his path.

ELIX  
 It'll just take a second.



EXT. CAESARS CASINO - ACROSS THE GAMBLING FLOOR - SAME

Peter and Marchee watch Elix try to work the Blonde Man. He clearly doesn't want to let Elix use his phone.

MARCHEE  
He's not giving it up.

Peter looks up at the DOME CAMERA, makes a decision.

PETER  
Set them off.

MARCHEE  
I'm supposed to wait until Elix has  
the phone --

PETER  
Just do it now. Trust me.

Peter starts to walk off. Marchee types on her laptop.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - NEAR ATM - SAME

AN IMPATIENT GAMBLER stands at an ATM, hitting the buttons along the side of the screen to complete his transaction. After a second, the SCREEN GOES BLANK.

The Gambler reacts, then hits a button. Nothing. He hits another button, then starts frantically pushing them all as fast as he can.

Something RATTLES deep inside the machine. The Gambler stops, curious, as the RATTLING noise increases...

The SLOT OPENS and the machine starts EJECTING MONEY like a fire hose. Twenties pelting him in the stomach.

The Gambler is stunned for a moment, then bends down and begins SCOOPING up as many bills as he can.

ACROSS THE ROOM: another ATM starts SPEWING MONEY.

A CROWD starts to gather, with people looking up from their slots and tables and wandering closer to the money fountains.

INT. CAESAR'S CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - SAME

Elix and the Blonde Man watch the gathering crowd. It's starting to get violent as people jostle for position.

WHAM --

Peter slams into the Blonde Man and sends them both tumbling to the ground. Peter helps him up --

PETER  
I'm sorry, I didn't see you --

BLONDE MAN  
What the hell are you doing?

PETER  
The ATMs, I don't know --

A THIRD ATM starts dispensing MONEY. Peter and Elix make brief eye contact, then Peter takes off across the room.

ELIX  
Aaron, please, my wife's waiting.

Anxious, the Blonde Man turns back to Elix and hands over the phone as chaos erupts around them.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski watches the pandemonium unfold on the screens as a DOZEN SURVEILLANCE TECHS call out commands to security. Rick paces, nervous.

RICK  
This is getting messy.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - CAFE - DAY

Word of the ATMs has spread into the cafe, and Peter struggles against the crowd to find Teknine, still sitting with his laptop.

He plops the BLONDE MAN'S THUMB DRIVE on the table. Keeps the rest of the keys.

PETER  
How long?

Teknine plugs the DRIVE into his laptop. A window opens...

TEKNINE  
Five minutes maybe.

PETER  
(too long)  
Five?

Teknine ignores Peter, types furiously.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

Elix has the Blonde Man's phone up to his ear, standing right next to him. The Blonde Man looks around nervously -- CASINO SECURITY is flooding in as the money-grab gets violent.

The phone RINGS...

INT. CAESARS CASINO - BLONDE MAN'S ROOM - SAME

Ramsey wipes down a DOORKNOB in the hotel room -- everything has been restored to the way it was.

He answers his ringing phone --

RAMSEY

Yeah?

ELIX (PHONE)

Hi honey --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - SAME

ELIX

We're almost ready to go in here.  
It's getting a little crazy.

RAMSEY (PHONE)

I'll bring the car around.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

The Techs are still yelling to commands to security. At least a half-dozen ATMS are now spitting money.

Dublonski watches Peter on the MONITOR --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - CAFE - SAME

Peter waits impatiently for Teknine as the cafe area is abuzz with news of the ATM "malfunction".

There's a CHIME on Teknine's computer. He leans back and looks at the screen, amazed.

PETER

Are you in?

TEKNINE

Fifty years in federal prison for  
having this open on my screen.

Closer than Teknine knows. Peter looks at the LINES OF CODE. Ultimate power disguised as run-of-the-mill software.

PETER

Just change the logins.

Teknine takes a deep breath, drunk with power. He sobers up and leans in to type.

TEKNINE

Yeah.

Peter pockets the Blonde Man's keys. He looks up at a DOME CAMERA, thinking...

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski watches Peter on the screen, seemingly staring back at her. Resolved.

Then, he turns and walks away from Teknine.

RICK  
Where's he going?

Dublonski doesn't respond, doesn't like this...

RICK (CONT'D)  
He's supposed to wait for the new codes.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

Elix hands the Blonde Man back his phone --

ELIX  
Thanks again so much James.

As the Blonde Man puts his phone in his pocket, he absent-mindedly reaches to touch his keyring, *but realizes it's gone.* He realizes what happened, GRABS Elix's shirt --

BLONDE MAN  
Where is it?

ELIX  
Whoa, hey --

BLONDE MAN  
Where are my fucking keys?

ELIX  
You've been watching me the whole time.

The Blonde Man releases Elix, remembering when Peter bumped him. He turns and sprints off without another word.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - ACROSS THE GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

Peter approaches the seated Marchee, who's watching the Blonde Man sprint toward the elevator.

MARCHEE  
What are you doing?

PETER  
We have to go now.

MARCHEE

Is Tek done with the logins?

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Dublonski watches Peter and Marchee have their quiet conversation.

DUBLONSKI

What's he saying? Turn that up.

Rick turns up their speaker -- still can't hear their argument. It's too loud in the chaotic casino.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - CAFE - SAME

Teknine sits over his computer, waiting. A window POPS UP on the screen:

**NEW LOGINS APPROVED**

He taps the trackpad with his thumb, and --

**UPLOADING...**

Teknine looks up to where Peter was waiting and sees that *he's gone*. He panics, looks around. Then he types another command and --

**UPLOAD CANCELLED**

He studies the TABLE OF LOGINS for a moment, mouthing to himself. Memorizing.

Then he hits another button --

**SECURE DEGAUSSING COMPLETE**

He closes his laptop and stands to go, checking to see if anyone's watching him --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Rick sees Teknine get up from the table in the monitor --

RICK

He's walking away.

Dublonski watches Peter and Marchee in another monitor, still talking quietly. Psychically begging Peter to give them a signal.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - ACROSS THE GAMBLING FLOOR - SAME

Marchee's arguing --

MARCHEE  
You're supposed to wait until he's  
done --

PETER  
We don't have time.

MARCHEE  
What are you talking about?

Peter looks back up at the DOME CAMERA, anxious.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Rick watches Teknine snake his way through the casino.

RICK  
We're losing him. Mary.

Rick looks at Dublonski for guidance, but she's stoic.  
Doesn't want this to be true. Doesn't want to admit she's  
losing control.

On the monitor, Teknine walks through the crowd...

RICK (CONT'D)  
Mary.

Rick can't wait any longer. He picks up a radio --

RICK (CONT'D)  
Send in tactical. Now.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - GAMBLING FLOOR - DAY

FBI SWAT floods the gambling floor, forcing their way through  
the crowds still fighting over the LOOSE BILLS and heading  
toward's Peter and Marchee's position.

Peter yanks her up --

PETER  
We have to go now.

Marchee turns and sees the SWAT officers. She looks at  
Peter, confused --

PETER (CONT'D)  
(pulling her away)  
Come on.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Rick barks orders into the radio as he tracks Peter and  
Marchee on the monitor --

RICK  
They're heading for the pit. Lock  
it down, no one in or out.

Rick looks over to another MONITOR and sees Teknine walking briskly, carrying a bag over his shoulder --

RICK (CONT'D)  
Get someone to the skybridge now,  
suspect "Teknine" is almost clear  
of the building --

Dublonski watches everything, paralyzed.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SKYBRIDGE - SAME

Teknine heads toward the end of the elevated walkway. He looks over his shoulder to make sure no one's following --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PIT - DAY

Peter and Marchee push their way through the frenzied crowd.

Peter turns to see SWAT officers rounding the corner, scanning for them. Clearly getting assistance from cameras.

PETER  
We have to split up. Keep your  
head down and meet me at the  
souvenir shop on Atlantic and  
Delaware.

Before Marchee can respond Peter TAKES OFF TO THE RIGHT, drawing SWAT's attention. They run after him, shoving people out of the way.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PIER SHOPS - DAY

Peter and Marchee SPRINT through the high-end shopping mall.

Confused shoppers scatter as they weave through the crowd, SWAT officers a dozen yards behind, knocking people over as they bulldoze through the heavily-populated shopping area.

SUDDENLY --

Peter's YANKED sideways into a DESIGNER STORE --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PIER SHOPS - SOAP STORE - CONTINUOUS

-- by Marchee, who ushers him toward a SERVICE ENTRANCE in the back.

MARCHEE  
You knew this was going bad.

PETER

What?

Peter looks back toward the entrance as the SWAT officers RUN PAST. Marchee pulls him into the employees-only back room --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PIER SHOPS - STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

Marchee holds Peter just inside the door. He looks through the door's cut-out window, anxious.

MARCHEE

What's my dog's name?

PETER

Your dog's name?

MARCHEE

On IRC I said I had a dog and I told you it's name. What did I say?

Peter's heart starts beating fast. Out the window a SWAT officer has returned to the front of the store.

PETER

(taking a chance)

You don't have a dog.

MARCHEE

Doesn't matter. We talked about my fake dog for an hour, you'd remember.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, the SWAT officer talks to a SHOPPER (female). She points toward the employees-only area --

PETER

I... I don't know. Marchee we have to go.

MARCHEE

Who are you?

The SWAT officer approaches the back room...

MARCHEE (CONT'D)

Who are you working for? FBI?

The officer's almost there. Peter takes a chance --

PETER

I was. Until I warned you to run.

Marchee stares at him for a second, not wanting to believe it, then hears the DOOR OPEN --



She turns --

The SWAT officer's startled to see them so close. They look at each other for a half beat...

Peter and Marchee BOLT. The SWAT officer SCRAMBLES after them --

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PIER SHOPS - SERVICE HALLWAYS - DAY

Peter and Marchee sprint through the twisty, narrow halls, the SWAT officer on their tail, yelling into his radio --

SWAT OFFICER  
Got two of them running through the  
back halls of the mall thing --

Peter and Marchee make a SHARP RIGHT through some service doors --

EXT. CAESARS CASINO - LOADING DOCK - DAY

They run out into a loading dock area, the lone SWAT Officer chasing behind --

SCREEEE --

In front of them -- a BLACK TOWNCAR screeches around a corner, heading straight toward them.

Peter and Marchee both stare for a moment, deer in headlights as it races closer.

They look back -- the SWAT officer's closing in fast. They turn and run towards him -- better chance of getting by him than the car.

VRRRM --

The towncar weaves to the left, NARROWLY MISSING Peter, before pulling a HARD RIGHT -- cutting them off from the SWAT officer.

Peter and Marchee both skid to a stop as the passenger window rolls down --

Elix. Ramsey in the driver's seat.

ELIX  
Get in.

Marchee and Peter look at each other for just a moment, then pile in as Ramsey steps on the gas. The SWAT officer aims his gun, but decides not to fire. He gets on his radio --

SWAT OFFICER  
 Suspects hopped in an unmarked  
 black Lincoln heading toward...  
 (looks around, doesn't  
 know where he is)  
 Shit.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - SAME

Rick's frantic, yelling --

RICK  
 Give me a half mile lockdown in all  
 directions now --

INT. TOWNCAR / EXT. ATLANTIC CITY STREETS - DAY

The towncar SQUEALS out on to the street. Elix leans through  
 the gap in the seats --

ELIX  
 Where's Teknine?

PETER  
 I don't know.

Elix and Ramsey look at each other. Peter tries to read  
 Marchee's face -- *what's she thinking?*

An Atlantic City Police cruiser screams past going the other  
 direction, lights flashing and siren blaring.

Peter watches through the back window as it pulls a SHARP  
 LEFT and BLOCKS OFF an intersection.

They made it past the lockdown.

EXT. CAESARS PALACE - BUS LOBBY - DAY

Teknine walks down the stairs to the bus lobby, head on a  
 swivel. He grips his bag tighter.

After a few more steps, it becomes apparent the crowd is  
 thinning. Compared to the chaos of the gambling floor, in  
 here it's almost... eerie.

Teknine slows down. Everyone has disappeared from sight. He  
 gets a very bad feeling about this...

VOICES (O.S.)  
Freeze! Get down on the ground!  
On your knees!

FBI SWAT OFFICERS swarm in from everywhere at once, assault  
 rifles drawn, as Teknine sinks to the ground and puts his  
 hands on the back of his head.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY

Dublonski's watching the scene unfold on the monitors, biting her thumb nail. Rick scans monitors, pissed. They're gone.

RICK  
Should have shut this down when you  
had the chance.

He storms out. Off Dublonski, stoic --

INT. TOWNCAR / EXT. ATLANTIC CITY STREETS - DAY

Ramsey snakes his way through Atlantic City, obeying every traffic law to the letter. They listen to POLICE RADIO CHATTER in silence. Elix works on a CELLULAR-CONNECTED LAPTOP.

POLICE RADIO  
-- repeat, one suspect in custody,  
all available units extend search  
radius by four blocks.

ELIX  
The new login isn't here. He  
didn't upload it.

Ramsey reaches over and clicks off the radio. Silence in the car for a moment.

MARCHEE  
We need to find Crown. Tell him  
what happened.

ELIX  
No. There's no need.

EXT. ANOTHER ATLANTIC CITY STREET - DAY

The towncar makes a right into an underground garage.

INT. TOWNCAR / INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - DAY

Daylight disappears as the car drives deeper. Peter's getting even more nervous.

MARCHEE  
What are we doing down here?

ELIX  
There are six northbound toll  
booths between here and Manhattan.  
They're looking for a black town  
car with no plates, it won't be  
hard to spot us.

MARCHEE  
What's in Manhattan?

Ramsey pulls into an empty space, turns off the engine.

ELIX  
If the FBI has Teknine, that's  
where they'll take him. Wait here.

Elix gets out and Ramsey follows, leaving Peter and Marchee  
alone in the back seat. After a moment:

MARCHEE  
I need to know exactly who you are  
right now.

PETER  
Marchee please --

MARCHEE  
You don't get to lie anymore. Not  
to me.

Peter looks at Elix and Ramsey talking out the window, knows  
what he has to do.

PETER  
My name is Peter Shay. I live in  
Union, New Jersey with my sister and  
her son. Eight months ago the FBI  
broke down the door of her split  
level and arrested me in her  
kitchen, and every day since I've  
been helping FBI cybercrime in  
exchange for time off what's  
expected to be a very long sentence.

MARCHEE  
Where's Keith Garrett?

PETER  
Federal prison.

MARCHEE  
Did you help put him there?

Peter doesn't answer, but Marchee doesn't need him to. She  
wrestles with what to do with this knowledge.

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
Why would you throw out your deal  
for someone you don't even know?

PETER  
Because you shouldn't have to pay for  
my mistake.

Marchee looks out the window, thinking. Elix and Ramsey chat a short distance away.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Elix and Ramsey are huddled, facing away from the car.

ELIX  
We can't take the risk.

RAMSEY  
They're a couple kids. This is  
really how you want to handle it?

ELIX  
It's not that I want to.

Ramsey sighs, looks back at the car. Hard to see inside with the glare from the overhead fluorescents. He hands Elix another set of CAR KEYS.

RAMSEY  
Van's two levels down. I'll meet  
you outside.

Elix leans in and KISSES Ramsey. Passionate.

INT. TOWNCAR / INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Marchee and Peter both react to the kiss -- *whoa*. Elix squeezes Ramsey's shoulder, then heads toward the stairs.

PETER  
We can still get out of this.  
Together.

Marchee turns to look at Peter, unsure.

PETER (CONT'D)  
They want to head right back to the  
FBI an you know we can't do that.

Peter grabs her hand, and she lets him.

PETER (CONT'D)  
The only leverage left is Crown. We  
track him down and we have something  
to trade. We can still get out of  
this.

Marchee considers, wondering how much she can trust him.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Do you hear what I'm saying?  
(no response)  
Marchee.

Peter sees motion out the window --

PETER (CONT'D)

Down!

Peter YANKS Marchee to the floor of the car as --

BANG-CRASH-BANG! TWO BULLETS SHATTER THE WINDOW as GLASS  
RAINS DOWN on Peter's back --

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Ramsey holds the smoking gun. SIX-SHOT REVOLVER. He looks for motion in the car, sees none. He approaches, slowly, gun still aimed...

INT. TOWNCAR - SAME

Peter lays on top of Marchee on the floor of the car, between the seats. They're facing away from the window Ramsey shot through.

PETER

(whispering)

Are you okay?

Marchee nods, terrified.

PETER (CONT'D)

(still whispering)

I'm going to open the door. Stay  
put no matter what I say, alright?

Marchee nods again. Peter reaches for the handle, opens it, and SHOVES the door open with his hand --

BANG-CRASH! More glass rains down --

PETER (CONT'D)

Go! Run run run!

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Ramsey hears the yell and runs around the back, hoping to head them off --

But nobody's there. The *other* door opens and Peter and Marchee spill out, catching Ramsey out of position. Ramsey takes aim through the car again --

BANG! Glass SHATTERS on ANOTHER CAR, setting off a CAR ALARM. It ECHOES through the garage.

Peter and Marchee stay low, weaving between cars. They have to yell over the ALARM --

PETER  
Can you start one of these?

MARCHEE  
What?

Peter grabs her and they both crash down behind a car, several rows between them and Ramsey.

PETER  
We have to start a car.

MARCHEE  
I don't have my laptop --

PETER  
What about an older car?

ACROSS THE GARAGE

Ramsey stalks through the rows as the ALARM BLARES. He scans for movement.

RAMSEY  
(yelling)  
Come on kids. I don't like this  
any more than you do.

BEHIND A CAR

Peter gets on his knees and peeks through a window, spotting Ramsey still a fair distance away.

MARCHEE  
That one.

PETER  
(ducking back down)  
What?

Marchee points to a RED FORD BRONCO across the aisle.

MARCHEE  
My mom used to have a Bronco.

Peter clocks the admission of personal information, but it's not the time to get into it.

PETER  
How much time do you need?

MARCHEE  
Thirty seconds outside, maybe a  
minute in.

PETER  
(that's too long)  
A minute and a half?

MARCHEE  
You want to hotwire the car?

PETER  
Okay, okay.  
(works up his nerve)  
Okay. You ready?

She nods. Peter scrambles up from their hiding place and SPRINTS away from the Bronco --

ACROSS THE GARAGE

Ramsey sees the movement and tracks it with the gun, but can't get a good shot.

Peter stays low between the cars as he runs. Ramsey realizes it's only Peter running and WHIRLS AROUND --

Marchee is standing by the door of the Bronco. Ramsey sees she's stationary and FIRES --

BANG-CRASH! The window EXPLODES by Marchee's head. She reaches in and UNLOCKS the car, throwing the door open --

Ramsey runs toward her, angling for a better shot --

Peter sprints up behind Ramsey and JUMPS on his back, swatting at the gun in his hand. He misses --

Ramsey SPINS around mid-stride and FALLS, smashing Peter into the concrete --

Peter keeps his arm wrapped around Ramsey's neck --

INT. BRONCO / INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Marchee's under the dash, panel pulled out, rifling through thick bundles of wires. She finds one she wants and SCRAPES off the rubber coating with her teeth --

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Ramsey ELBOWS Peter in the side as the two struggle on the ground. Peter SWATS at the revolver again and it skitters across the concrete --

INT. BRONCO / INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Marchee twists two exposed wires together. The DASH LIGHTS turn on. She STRIPS a third wire with her teeth --



INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

The CAR ALARM STOPS. Odd silence in the garage.

Ramsey ELBOWS Peter again and scrambles after the gun.

Peter spins on the concrete and GRABS Ramsey's foot. Ramsey SLAMS into the concrete again.

Ramsey KICKS Peter with his free foot and Peter releases --

INT. BRONCO / INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Marchee touches the third exposed wire to the other two and the engine GROWLS to life.

She jumps into the driver's seat and throws the car into reverse, ROARS out of the parking spot on a turn.

Directly in her headlights is --

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Ramsey, pointing the revolver at Peter. Both sitting on the floor of the garage.

RAMSEY  
(doesn't take his eyes off  
Peter)  
Get out of the car, Marchee.

The only sound is the idling Bronco. Nobody moves an inch.

PETER  
Why are you doing this?

RAMSEY  
FBI SWAT doesn't just hang out at  
Caesars.  
(yelling to Marchee)  
Get out of the car or I'm putting  
air holes in your boyfriend.

Peter tries another tactic --

PETER  
They're chasing us too. We're on  
the same side here --

Ramsey laughs, but it's short lived.

RAMSEY  
(to Marchee, still looking  
at Peter)  
Get out. Of the car.

Marchee TURNS ON THE BRIGHTS. The sudden light change causes Ramsey to turn to the Bronco --

Peter seizes on the opportunity and DIVES at Ramsey --

Ramsey raises the gun --

BANG!

Peter falls on Ramsey, grappling with the gun --

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK -- empty.

INT. BRONCO / INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Marchee pops the transmission in drive and MASHES THE ACCELERATOR, the Bronco heading directly toward Peter and Ramsey as they GRAPPLE --

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE - SAME

Ramsey PUNCHES Peter in the jaw and JUMPS off to one side, Peter rolls the other way. There's BLOOD on both of them --

Marchee VEERS the Bronco toward Ramsey and SLAMS ON THE BREAKS, separating him and Peter --

Peter climbs in the passenger seat and Marchee PEELS OUT before Peter even gets the door closed.

The Bronco SQUEALS up and a ramp and out of sight as Ramsey watches from the ground.

EXT. ANOTHER ATLANTIC CITY STREET - DAY

The Bronco BUMPS out of the garage and rejoins traffic.

INT. BRONCO / EXT. ANOTHER ATLANTIC CITY STREET - SAME

Marchee drives as Peter leans against the window, holding his LEFT SIDE. His shirt's SOAKED WITH BLOOD.

MARCHEE  
Jesus, you're shot.

Peter groans, realizing how much pain he's in now that the adrenaline's wearing off. He lifts his shirt -- a BLOODY GRAZE, like a deep cut.

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
We have to get to a hospital.

Peter presses his side and fights through the pain.

PETER  
No. They'll find us.

MARCHEE  
You're bleeding all over the  
fucking car.

Peter grits his teeth --

PETER  
My sister.

MARCHEE  
What?

PETER  
My sister's a nurse.

MARCHEE  
You think the FBI hasn't already  
thought of that?

Peter takes a few sharp breaths, pressing his already blood-soaked shirt harder into his side.

PETER  
There's a game store. There's a  
game store on 6th Ave.

MARCHEE  
(no idea what he means)  
A game store?

PETER  
Fuck.

Peter doubles over, holding his side.

Marchee catches his eye. A moment between them. *Trust.* He closes his eyes as Marchee steps on the gas...

FADE TO BLACK

SCREEEEEEEE --

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Dublonski scrapes open a METAL DOOR, a FILE BOX in her arms. Teknine sits at a table handcuffed to a metal loop in the center. Three empty chairs.

No windows, so no sense of time, but the expression on Teknine's face indicates he's been there a while.

Dublonski takes a quick look around the room.

DUBLONSKI  
Lawyer's still not here?

Teknine looks up, says nothing. Dublonski sits and puts the file box down in front of her. Opens it. Straightens the contents. Checks her watch, exaggerated. Looks at the door.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
You mind if I just...?

Teknine remains silent. She takes that as consent and pulls a YELLOW PAD out of the file box.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, you successfully wiped  
the new Conficker login from your  
laptop. Techs couldn't dig it out.  
(beat)  
I bet Agent Chan fifty dollars you  
memorized it, though. How'd I do?

She slides the pad and a pen over to Teknine. He just stares.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Attorney General's prepared to let  
you plead down to misdemeanor  
trespassing and all you have to do  
is write it down.

He looks at the pad, then back up to Dublonski.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
How are you feeling, by the way?  
(still no response)  
Everything okay with the...

She vaguely references her own heart. Teknine registers barely-perceptible surprise.

Dublonski sees she's on to something, and pulls a THICK MEDICAL FILE from the box. She opens it --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
There was a boy in my high school,  
had a heart problem like yours.  
Ghostly pale all the time. Sick.  
One day he just disappeared, no one  
knew what happened to him. Not  
sure many people noticed, actually.  
Came back a few months later and  
his hair was turning gray. Guess  
that happens sometimes after  
surgery, it's how the body  
processes the shock.  
(looks over file, musing)  
A few kids called him 'grandpappy' --  
it was rural Virginia. Most kids,  
though, they just kept ignoring him  
like before. Poor kid. Spent his  
childhood all alone.

Teknine starts picking at his thumb nail. Dublonski looks around the empty room, at the empty chair next to him.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Looks like nothing's changed.

Teknine picks up the pen, considering...

... and then puts it back down. Folds his hands and looks at Dublonski. Not going to say a word.

INT. FBI NEW YORK OFFICE - ZALPOWICZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dublonski lightly knocks as she enters the stuffy, old-fashioned office. Zalpowicz is behind his enormous desk, facing Rick and another man with his back turned.

ZALPOWICZ  
(uncomfortable)  
Mary. How about you sit down.

Dublonski cautiously approaches a third empty chair. The unknown man turns -- it's Lydekker.

ZALPOWICZ (CONT'D)  
This is Agent Lydekker. From the  
Puzzle Palace.

Dublonski sits, suddenly on high alert. She doesn't like where this is going.

LYDEKKER  
We're familiar.

Uncomfortable silence. Finally:

ZALPOWICZ  
Right. Well. I just want you to  
know before we start I don't have a  
choice in this --

DUBLONSKI  
Dan.

She already knows what's coming.

ZALPOWICZ  
What do you want me to say? We  
don't know who has access to the  
Conficker thing and your undercover  
helped three suspects vanish into  
thin air. The director called me  
personally to elucidate what a  
clusterfuck this whole thing is.

Dublonski looks at Rick, pointed --

DUBLONSKI  
We're still sorting out the  
situation.

ZALPOWICZ  
That's the problem.

Uncomfortable silence.

DUBLONSKI  
Are you taking this away from me?

He just looks at her. Nothing else to say. Lydekker fills  
the silence --

LYDEKKER  
Should have just let me handle it  
from the start. Less embarrassing  
for everyone.  
(standing)  
The moment I walk out that door  
this becomes a classified  
operation. No media appearances,  
news stories, or mentions of this  
to anyone in any department of any  
organization for any reason. Have  
someone pack up your files on  
Conficker, Crown, and anything else  
pertinent and the courier'll come  
by in a few hours. And Mary?

Dublonski glares daggers as Lydekker puts on his jacket.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
What's yours is mine. Remember  
that.

Dublonski turns her fury on Zalpowicz, who shrugs helplessly.

INT. FBI NEW YORK OFFICE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dublonski and Rick are alone in the hall just outside  
Zalpowicz's office. Dublonski hisses --

DUBLONSKI  
You go over my head again and I'll  
make sure you spend the rest of  
your miserable career in evidence  
control. I've been here a long  
time, I can still pull strings.

RICK  
Pete played you, I get that. But  
we both saw the warning signs and  
you went after your gold star  
anyway. You had a chance to nip  
him in the bud and you choked.

Rick's tone is calm, confident. Dublonski knows he's right, backs off.

RICK (CONT'D)

The NSA was gracious enough to take this mess off our hands. How about we let them worry about it now.

DUBLONSKI

First time I've heard "NSA" and "gracious" in the same sentence.

The dry joke catches Rick off guard. He smiles.

RICK

You should go home. I'll make sure the asshole with the bad haircut gets what he needs.

Dublonski nods, realizing Rick's right again. Their job here is done.

CUT TO:

A DIGITAL SOLDIER gets MOWED DOWN by gunfire.

INT. VIDEO GAME STORE - NIGHT

Peter and Marchee stand behind a 13-YEAR-OLD playing CALL OF DUTY at a display inside the nearly-empty store. Peter's still holding his side, his shirt soaked through with blood.

PETER

Hey kid. Our turn.

The 13-year-old ignores them, restarts the game.

MARCHEE

(louder)

Hey kid.

The kid turns and BLANCHES when he sees Peter. He drops the controller and scuttles off. Peter wipes his hands on his shirt and puts on the HEADSET.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Michael sits in the basement, playing Call of Duty with his own headset. Eyes glazed.

Out of nowhere, his AVATAR'S HEAD EXPLODES. He blinks, stunned.

MICHAEL

(into headset)

Who the fuck did that?

PETER (HEADSET)  
Hey. Language.

MICHAEL  
Shut the fuck up noob, you come out  
in the open and I'll stab you in  
the fucking asshole --

PETER  
Mike. Jesus.

Michael realizes who's on the other end of the line --

MICHAEL  
Uncle Pete?

CUT TO:

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

HANDS press a DAMP RAG on to Peter's bloody gash.

PETER  
Ahhh --

He winces, looking at the filthy mirror. His sister Anna is  
cleaning his wound, a MEDICAL BAG nearby.

LATE NIGHT TV can be heard from the other room. Peter and  
Anna talk quietly.

ANNA  
There was an FBI agent at my house,  
Peter.

PETER  
I know. I'm sorry.

ANNA  
I had to lie to an FBI agent. They  
tried to convince me you're dangerous.

She pulls out a NEEDLE and starts STITCHING Peter's side.

PETER  
Ow. Could you...?

ANNA  
No. This is going to hurt.

She goes in for another stitch and he WINCES. She looks out  
the door to make sure that Marchee is still watching the TV,  
then lowers her voice even further.



ANNA (CONT'D)  
You had a plan. You said you were  
going to do *some real good*. Was  
that bullshit?

Peter doesn't have an answer Anna wants to hear.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
What about me, Pete? What about  
Michael?

Anna does one more stitch, more aggressive than necessary --

PETER  
Ow!

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - ROOM - SAME

Marchee's watching TV on the bed. She turns to the door  
after Peter's outburst, concerned. When she determines it's  
not an emergency, she turns back to the TV. Giving them  
their privacy.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - BATHROOM - SAME

Anna dabs the stitched-up wound, still glaring. Peter stares  
off into space, emotional.

PETER  
I was standing in the casino, and I  
started thinking about a few months  
from now, when I'd have to put on a  
suit and a tie and go to court and  
testify. And I couldn't do it. I  
couldn't do that to her.

Anna softens. It's odd to see him like this. Odd to see him  
caring about someone. She applies a thick bandage.

ANNA  
How bad trouble are you in?

PETER  
Bad.

Anna knows exactly what that means. She pats the bandage  
down, then pulls a few CREDIT CARDS out of her purse. She  
puts them on the counter as Peter pulls on his shirt.

ANNA  
I'm reporting these stolen tomorrow  
night. That's the best I can do.

PETER  
Thank you.

They look at each other for a long beat. Maybe for the last time. Anna can't play tough anymore -- she wraps him up in a big hug. Peter winces from the pain, hugs back.

ANNA  
Bye baby brother.

Peter can't bring himself to say anything. Anna releases, takes a deep breath, puts on a brave face, and walks out of the bathroom.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT

Anna crosses through the room without even casting a glance in Marchee's direction. Marchee watches her close the door behind her.

Peter appears in the door of the bathroom.

PETER  
Sorry about that. She's... she  
didn't understand.

Marchee looks at him.

MARCHEE  
It's okay.

Peter sits next to her on the bed.

PETER  
I know a guy that can get us good  
fakes. We can go to Ecuador.  
Beaches. Sun. Lack of extradition  
treaty.

Peter's attempt at a joke falls flat. Marchee stares into the middle distance.

MARCHEE  
I can't just run away.

PETER  
If we get caught we're looking at  
decades. Espionage, terrorism  
maybe. It's our best option.

A beat of silence.

MARCHEE  
My sister and I lived with my mom  
in this one bedroom shithole by the  
freeway. She had these boyfriends.  
(MORE)

MARCHEE (CONT'D)

One of them, *Tom* -- they would get in these screaming fights and then he'd storm out, and she'd cry through her black eyes and bloody cheeks. Then a few nights later he'd come back and it would be like nothing ever happened.

(beat)

One night, he broke her orbital, right here --

She touches her own orbital bone, right under the eye.

MARCHEE (CONT'D)

She wouldn't go to the hospital because Tommy was on parole and she didn't want him to get in trouble.

(beat)

That was the night I decided to leave. I couldn't understand why a person would work so hard to protect someone who hurt her so badly.

(beat)

My sister was still little. I told her I'd come back for her. I told myself.

The weight of that lands on Peter. It's why Marchee can't flee the country.

PETER

She'd understand if she knew why you had to run.

MARCHEE

But she won't know.

Peter looks around the dump of a room. A far cry from the hotel in Atlantic City. Hell, a far cry from the basement in his sister's house.

PETER

Neither would my nephew, Michael. He's a good kid.

(beat)

What's your name? Your real name.

Marchee looks up at him, surprised by the question.

MARCHEE

Lauren.

PETER

Lauren.

They look at each other for a beat. He leans in to kiss her, and she reciprocates. Soft. Tender.

Then it gets hotter and heavier. Marchee strips off his shirt and then her own. They fall back on to the bed.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - ROOM - LATER

Marchee's asleep facing away. Peter watches her breathe, her back gently rocking up and down.

After a moment, he gets up and picks up his discarded pants. He rifles through the pocket and comes up with the BLONDE MAN'S KEY CHAIN.

He rifles through it, finding a gray KEY FOB. He turns it over in the moonlight. Etched on the back are small letters --

OPS2A  
TAO\_0028

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark bedroom. A cell phone LIGHTS UP on the night stand, BUZZING along on the wood panel.

A MAN on the opposite side of the bed stirs.

MALE VOICE  
Mmm-honey, phone. Mary.

The man nudges his partner, who elbows up and clicks on the light -- Dublonski. The man is presumably her HUSBAND (65).

Dublonski answers the phone.

DUBLONSKI  
Dublonski.  
(sits up)  
Peter?

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT

Peter paces the street, talking on a new BURNER PHONE.

PETER  
I don't want to run.

DUBLONSKI  
Where are you?

PETER  
Teknine's the only one who can  
access Conficker and you have him  
in custody. I want to make a deal.

DUBLONSKI  
It's too late, I can't do it.

PETER  
You're the FBI. Thought you could  
do anything you want.

DUBLONSKI  
Just tell me where you are and we  
can talk about it.

PETER  
We're talking about it now.

DUBLONSKI  
NSA took over the investigation.  
It's their deal to make.

*Shit.* Not what Peter wanted to hear. He debates whether to  
play his next card.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)  
Peter?

He decides to go for it --

PETER  
Ask Rick why the Crown's in Utah.

DUBLONSKI  
Crown's in Utah? How do you know?

PETER  
Just ask him.

Dublonski scribbles "**CROWN IN UTAH?**" on a notepad.

PETER (CONT'D)  
One-forty-two-four B.

CLICK. Dublonski stares at the phone, puzzled. She  
scribbles that down too -- "**1424B**".

DUBLONSKI'S HUSBAND  
Who was that?

DUBLONSKI  
Work.

DUBLONSKI'S HUSBAND  
Oh, Jesus.

He rolls over and tries to go back to sleep. Dublonski RIPS the page off her pad and gets out of bed.

EXT. CITY HALL PARK - NIGHT

Dublonski walks through the park in the cold. She's looking for something...

There. Rick, standing alone in a pool of light. He waves her over with a head nod.

RICK (PRELAP)  
I should have made the connection  
earlier.

EXT. CITY HALL PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Dublonski walk through the park. Dublonski pulls her coat tighter, trying to keep out the cold.

RICK  
When I got assigned to CyberCom in '09, there were a couple weeks I had access to a classified NSA database. It was around the same time they were proposing a new communications monitoring system, like a worldwide data wiretap. I saw some of the specs.

DUBLONSKI  
I remember that. I thought the Justice Department shot it down.

RICK  
What they never released to the public was that it wasn't just a monitoring program. It was designed to give NSA control over the entire internet in an emergency, like a global kill switch. It was supposed to be based out of NSA's new data center, the one they finished last month --

DUBLONSKI  
In Utah.  
(reeling)  
Conficker is the NSA's?

RICK  
You know their code name for the project?

Everything clicks into place.

DUBLONSKI

Crown.

*Holy shit.* Dublonski stops walking.

RICK

Someone knew exactly what they were stealing.

Dublonski thinks about her next move --

DUBLONSKI

Find out where Peter called me from.

RICK

Where are you going?

DUBLONSKI

I need a drink.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The kind of place with gold flecks in the fois gras. It's late, the restaurant empty. Lydekker sits at the bar with two CONGRESSMEN and the Blonde Man, laughing at some joke.

LYDEKKER

-- and that was even before the report came in. Should have seen his face an hour later, looked like some sort of human-lemon hybrid --

Hand on his back. He turns --

DUBLONSKI

I need to steal you for a minute.

LYDEKKER

Mary. Sorry I had to bigfoot you back there, but I'm sure you can see it's for the best. You remember representatives Alvarez and Fabry?

The doughy politicians offer a polite nod, but she ignores them and presses on Lydekker.

DUBLONSKI

I want to talk about Crown.

Lydekker looks to the Blonde Man -- *is she serious?*

LYDEKKER

Race is almost over and you're still betting with your horse three lengths behind.

(MORE)

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
You don't have to concern yourself  
with him anymore, Mary.

DUBLONSKI  
I'm not concerned about the person.  
I'm concerned about the program.

Lydekker's face falls as he realizes how much Dublonski knows. He and the Blonde Man share a quick look.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MEN'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Lydekker checks under the stalls -- nobody. He gets up close to Dublonski and lowers his voice.

LYDEKKER  
Everything about it was approved.  
The Joint Chiefs already know.

DUBLONSKI  
Do the congressmen at your table?

LYDEKKER  
Don't push this, Mary.

DUBLONSKI  
In hindsight you probably should  
have mentioned you were the one  
infecting every network on the  
planet. Why haven't you taken the  
command server offline?

LYDEKKER  
Everything's under control.

DUBLONSKI  
Oh fuck you. There are nuclear  
launch codes in the wind and you're  
the one who armed the fucking bomb.

Lydekker steps closer. She becomes acutely aware of how big he is, how strong. His voice is low, intense --

LYDEKKER  
Your undercover helped a wanted  
terrorist steal the U.S.  
government's most valuable asset.  
That's treason, at best. The death  
penalty.

Dublonski holds her ground.

DUBLONSKI  
You don't go near him. He's not  
your problem --



Lydekker suddenly GRABS DUBLONSKI and SLAMS HER against the bathroom stall. Violent, scary. A side she hasn't seen before. He GRABS HER WRISTS, spins her, growls in her ear --

LYDEKKER  
Everything. Is my problem. This  
is chess, Mary. My job's to take  
the king.

He breathes in her ear for a beat as Dublonski remains very still. Then he releases her and exits through a side door.

Dublonski resumes breathing again in ragged bursts, her adrenaline up.

After another moment, to seemingly no one:

DUBLONSKI  
Did you get that?

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DIGITAL FORENSICS - SAME

Rick sits with the analyst Simms, a RECORDING DEVICE blinking. He speaks into a microphone:

RICK  
Every word.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - MEN'S BATHROOM - SAME

Dublonski pulls her phone out of her jacket pocket.

DUBLONSKI  
Good.

She powers the phone off, lets it clatter to the floor. Digs a tiny LISTENING DEVICE out of her ear. Breathes for a beat...

... then breaks down into SHARP SOBS. Finally letting herself be afraid.

INT. HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

Teknine's still sitting at the table under the ugly fluorescents, but they've removed the handcuffs. The door opens and a LANKY GUARD steps in.

LANKY GUARD  
Lawyer's finally here to see you.

Teknine looks up -- a man with a briefcase walks quickly past and sits opposite Teknine.

It's Elix. Shaved, haircut, looking different but with the same enigmatic sparkle in his eye. He turns and nods to the Lanky Guard, who exits and closes the door behind him.

TEKNINE

Where the fuck have you been?

ELIX

Arrangements had to be made.

TEKNINE

Fuck your arrangements. Get me out of here.

ELIX

The Bureau's treating you as a terrorist suspect.

TEKNINE

So how do we fix that?

ELIX

We don't.

TEKNINE

You ain't leaving me to rot in here. You can't.

Elix opens his briefcase, removes a YELLOW PAD and an IPAD.

ELIX

This is the long game we're playing. Better to be here for what's coming next.

Teknine looks up at the camera in the ceiling.

ELIX (CONT'D)

They aren't recording audio.

Elix slides over the yellow pad. Teknine picks up the pen and clicks it open and closed. CLICK-CLICK.

TEKNINE

I want to talk to Crown.

ELIX

Who do you think you're talking to?

A possibility Teknine hadn't considered. His eyes go wide.

ELIX (CONT'D)

We have the opportunity to permanently destabilize the source of inequality in this country. The root of all political malfeasance, all corporate greed, all social injustice.

CLICK-CLICK. Teknine steals a look to the camera again.

TEKNINE

Things look a little different now,  
from this side of this table.

ELIX

You have a chance to change the  
world. Not many men can say that.  
Not many are brave enough. But time  
is not on our side, you know that.  
You know I won't abandon you.

Teknine looks directly at Elix, considering. CLICK. He  
lowers the pen and writes, fast scribbles on the paper.  
After he's finished, he slides the pad back.

Elix looks -- a long sequence of letters and numbers.  
Teknine keeps his hand on the yellow pad.

TEKNINE

Get me out of here quick.

Elix unlocks his iPad and types.

ELIX

Sooner than you think.

He taps once more and --

Teknine's CHEST SPASMS. Like a silent hiccup. He recoils in  
pain, unsure what happened.

ANOTHER SPASM. Elix starts packing up. Teknine realizes  
what's wrong --

TEKNINE

No.

Elix shuts his briefcase and stands. Teknine yells --

TEKNINE (CONT'D)

Help me.

The Lanky Guard and his PARTNER rush in, unsure what's  
happening. They take stock of the room -- other than Teknine  
writhing in his chair, everything looks in order.

TEKNINE (CONT'D)

(having trouble breathing)  
He's trying -- to kill me.

Teknine SPASMS again, the pain getting worse. The guards  
look at each other, not sure what to do.

LANKY GUARD

I was watching the whole time. He  
didn't go near him.

Elix approaches --

ELIX  
My client needs medical attention.

TEKNINE  
He's -- killing -- me.

Teknine FALLS off his chair. The guards rush to him, leaving Elix alone. They RIP OPEN his shirt, revealing a HEART SURGERY SCAR --

TEKNINE (CONT'D)  
(wheezing)  
Please. Pace -- maker.

LANKY GUARD  
(into radio)  
We need a medic now --

Elix watches from the doorway. Teknine's eyes are rolling back into his head, his tongue sticking out, his breath ragged. Looks like a heart attack. Elix slips out.

LANKY GUARD (CONT'D)  
(into radio again)  
Where's the goddamn medic? He's  
got a heart condition --

INT. METRO FEDERAL PRISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Elix walks down the hall without looking back as PARAMEDICS sprint past him into the holding room.

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DIGITAL FORENSICS - NIGHT

Dublonski has joined Rick and Simms in the forensics lab. Simms is working on tracing the source of Peter's call, pointing at maps on his screen --

SIMMS  
The call was made from a burner phone, but we traced it to this cell tower.

A CIRCLE pops up, centered on a cell site. Pretty big area in Harlem.

DUBLONSKI  
That's the best you can do?

Simms looks at Dublonski -- *please, lady.*

SIMMS

Cell towers have three antennas  
that each cover a third of the  
circle. Closest one receives the  
signal, so I can shrink it to this.

Simms types for a second and 2/3 of the circle disappears,  
leaving a single wedge.

SIMMS (CONT'D)

Based on the signal strength he was  
about a half mile away, which means  
we're looking at somewhere on this  
band. But again, that was hours  
ago.

Dublonski looks at the highlighted area -- still a big zone,  
but not huge.

DUBLONSKI

Show me some flop houses around  
there. Hotels that pay with cash  
and you don't need ID.

A few keystrokes and Simms highlights all the shitty hotels  
in the area. Dublonski looks at them, then checks the  
notepad she scrawled on in her bedroom.

She looks at the "1424B", then back to the map. She draws a  
line:

**142/4B.**

She points at one highlighted hotel --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

This one. Room 4B.

RICK

How do you know?

She hands the pad to Rick, stands.

DUBLONSKI

He wanted us to find him.

RICK

(looks at the number)

Why not just tell us where he was?

DUBLONSKI

Because he wanted us to know who we  
were dealing with.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - ROOM - PRE-DAWN

The sun's not quite up, but the sky is getting brighter through the dirty window. Peter looks outside -- nothing remarkable out there. Pedestrians, cabs.

Someone SHOOS an oblivious PIGEON out of the street before a car flies by.

MARCHEE (O.S.)  
What's out there?

Peter turns and sees that Marchee's awake. She's putting her shirt back on. He's not sure how long she's been watching.

PETER  
There was a bird in the street.

Marchee sits up, realizing something's odd about his tone.

MARCHEE  
What time are you leaving?

PETER  
I'm not.

Marchee pauses at the news. She doesn't like that.

MARCHEE  
No. You have to go. You've done enough, okay? Please.

Peter is silent. She knows something's really wrong.

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
Peter. Please.

PETER  
I'm sorry.

Time slows...

CRACK --

The door SPLINTERS off its HINGES as FBI SWAT bursts in and swarms. Yells of "Down on your knees!" and "Hands on your head!" fill the quiet room. Peter and Marchee both sink to the floor.

Peter looks to the door as Dublonski enters, trailed by Rick.

He turns to see Marchee glaring at him, realizing what he did. *Betrayed.*

She never breaks eye contact as the SWAT officers force her to the ground and cuff her.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - PRE-DAWN

A dark blue SPRINTER VAN is parked on the street. A small ANTENNAE is attached to the top.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - PRE-DAWN

The back has been converted into an ad hoc TECH LAB. Ramsey sits in the driver's seat, clipping his fingernails, while Elix tightens a screw on a server rack he's assembling.

A POLICE RADIO drones in the background, lots of chatter. Elix hears something and perks up. Ramsey heads him off --

RAMSEY

We don't know they're a problem.

ELIX

They've seen our faces.

Ramsey knows Elix is right.

RAMSEY

What if you can't interface with the command server?

ELIX

All we need is a good... connection.

Elix finishes the last screw and KNOCKS on the metal panel. He hits a button and the server begins booting up.

RAMSEY

(sighs, gives up)  
You ready?

Elix scoots to the keyboard and types -- on his screen we see HUNDREDS OF LINES OF CODE. The seeds of destruction.

ELIX

No one's ever ready for the world to change.

Elix takes a breath, then leans in and hits **ENTER** --

-- and nothing happens. Just a blinking cursor. Then, an IP ADDRESS pops up on the screen. Then another, and another, and suddenly there's a flood. Hundreds. Thousands. Millions of them, scrolling faster and faster --

PETER (V.O.)  
 This is how you shut down modern  
 civilization.

INT. SUBURBAN LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Suddenly we're in a living room. A WOMAN's web browser  
 freezes. The COMPUTER FAN kicks in, WHIRRING --

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - MORNING

An OLD MAN bangs on the keyboard of his computer. The  
 WHIRRING FAN NOISE increases --

INT. CUBICLE FARM - DAY

A JAPANESE OFFICE DRONE clicks his mouse, frustrated. The  
 FAN NOISE keeps getting louder...

The range of malfunctioning devices broadens, and we see...

FLAT SCREEN TVS IN A STORE WINDOW CUT OUT

A NETWORK TV CONTROL ROOM SUDDENLY FREEZES UP

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL SCREENS GO BLANK

And so on and so forth, ending with...

INT. NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE - TRADING FLOOR - MORNING

Thousands of SCREENS flash and change as TRADERS watch.  
 Nothing unusual yet, until...

... a MURMUR ripples through the floor. A large section of  
 numbers have turned RED. Then another. Suddenly  
 everything's CRASHING and people are panicking --

The fan noise increases to a DEAFENING ROAR --

INT. TOWNCAR / EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

The towncar glides through light morning traffic. Dublonski  
 drives, Rick in the passenger seat. Times Square's  
 electronic billboards still blaze brightly in the morning  
 half-light.

Peter and Marchee sit in the back, both handcuffed.

Marchee chuckles to herself, sad. Peter looks at her.

MARCHEE  
 Never really know anyone.

SUDDENLY --





SMASH!

ANOTHER CAR T-BONES the FBI cruiser, sending it skidding --

More HONKING and SWERVING as cars get out of the way --

Dublonski runs back to the cruiser, where Rick is already spilling out the passenger side --

Another ENGINE ROAR as a THIRD CAR flies toward Rick. He DIVES out of the way but it NAILS the front of the cruiser, sending it spinning --

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

Get them out!

Rick pulls on the door but it's DENTED INWARDS -- stuck. Peter spills out the other door, groggy from the accidents, bleeding profusely. Dublonski UNLOCKS HIS HANDCUFFS.

Marchee spills out after him in similar condition. She tries to stand, but stumbles --

Another ENGINE ROAR and Dublonski instinctively covers Peter. The BLUE SPRINTER VAN pulls up --

Ramsey aims his REVOLVER from the driver's seat --

Dublonski freezes, releasing her grip on Peter. The van's SIDE DOOR opens and Elix pops out and pulls Peter inside. Marchee tumbles in after him, still handcuffed.

Dublonski watches the van ROAR OFF, in shock. No plates.

She scrambles back to the towncar as Rick piles in the driver's side. He TAKES OFF after the van, driving up on the sidewalk, LIGHTS FLASHING --

INT. TOWNCAR / EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

Dublonski grabs the radio as Rick tries to chase the van --

DUBLONSKI

Ten-thirteen, ten-thirteen Federal  
agents need assistance pursuing  
navy van no plates south on  
Broadway at 39th.

She release the button and waits for acknowledgement. Static. The Times Square billboards and traffic lights are still going haywire.

Rick SQUEALS around a car, the van still a few blocks ahead.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

(into radio again)

Hello?

Nothing. She chucks it.

DUBLONSKI (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - DAY

Peter slams against a bank of INTERCONNECTED CAR BATTERIES as Ramsey weaves the van through traffic. The screens and equipment are mostly holding, bolted to the inside. A few random bits of plastic and metal clatter around.

Elix is holding Marchee around the waist, a SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOL pressed against her temple. He talks to Peter --

ELIX

We know how this is going to end,  
so all that's left is to figure out  
the order. Were you working for  
the Feds? Or was she?

Peter tries to hold on as the van flies around another curve.

ELIX (CONT'D)

I need an answer.

MARCHEE

I was.

Elix clocks Peter's disbelief that she said that.

ELIX

Really Mr. Nightwatch? Is that the  
answer you're going with?

PETER

No. I called the FBI.

Peter glares at Marchee -- *what are you doing?*

RAMSEY

(yelling from the front)  
The lady Fed's still on our tail.

ELIX

Looks like our time's running  
short. Anything else to say?

PETER

We can all still walk away from  
this. Nobody needs to get hurt.

Elix shakes his head in disbelief. In a flash, he levels the gun at Peter --

Marchee SHOVES his arm --

Elix FIRES --

The bang is DEAFENING --

The bullet misses Peter's head by inches, going right through the wall of the van as Peter DIVES the opposite direction --

Ramsey SWERVES, throwing everybody off balance. Peter struggles up, EARS RINGING --

RAMSEY  
(like he's underwater)  
God-dammit --

Marchee and Elix GRAPPLE on the floor of the van over the gun, which is pinned over Elix's head. He overpowers her and raises it --

BANG --

Another deafening shot rings out in the tin can and the van ACCELERATES, throwing them all to the back.

Peter climbs to his knees and looks out the windshield --

It's CRACKED, a SPIDERWEB growing right in front of Ramsey. Peter looks at him. He's slumped over the wheel, BLOOD ALL OVER THE FLOOR.

Shot. Oh fuck...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

The van's racing toward a DEAD END -- 35th Street, where Broadway turns into a PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY next to Macy's, guarded by CONCRETE BARRIERS.

Pedestrians look up from their non-functioning cell phones and SCATTER as the van roars closer --

INSIDE

Peter pulls down on the wheel --

INT. TOWNCAR / EXT. BROADWAY AND 35TH - SAME

Dublonski and Rick watch as the blue van careens toward the dead end. It turns to the right, but it's going too fast --

It SLAMS through the barriers, inertia knocking it over as it SKIDS ON ITS SIDE, taking out GIANT UMBRELLAS and CHAIRS, sparks flying...

... until it comes to a rest.

RICK  
Holy shit.

Traffic's stopped, Rick can't drive any closer. Dublonski opens the door and gets out --

RICK (CONT'D)  
Mary, don't --

INT. SPRINTER VAN - DAY

Equipment everywhere as Peter, Marchee, and Elix all struggle for consciousness.

They're laying on what was formerly the wall of the van, most of the computer equipment still bolted to the "floor" at a funny angle.

Elix reaches up and opens the back door, and the formerly vertical door falls to the ground. Light spills inside.

Elix crawls out --

EXT. BROADWAY BETWEEN 34TH AND 35TH - CONTINUOUS

-- into the winter day. He's bruised, bloody, beaten up. Almost everyone has disappeared from the pedestrian square.

He feels someone behind him, standing over him.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Just so you know, Crown.

Elix turns to look --

Lydekker stands over him, holding a pistol. Bulletproof vest over his shirt, heavy coat, tired expression.

LYDEKKER  
You were never really in control.

BANG --

Brains on the pavement. Whatever bystanders were left SCREAM and SCATTER in every possible direction. The Blonde Man hovers nearby, backup.

Lydekker turns to the van --

INT. SPRINTER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Peter crawls over to Marchee, realizing how much his side hurts. He looks down -- he's bleeding through his bandage.

Marchee's in bad shape, a GASH on her head from the accident. Peter pulls her upright, wipes the blood from her face.

PETER  
Here we go, okay.

Marchee looks at him, struggles to remain conscious.

MARCHEE  
I wasn't lying.

PETER  
(trying to placate her)  
I know, it's okay.

MARCHEE  
No. I was helping the S...

Peter leans in to listen...

MARCHEE (CONT'D)  
The N-S...

The back door swings all the way open, Marchee lolls her head to look. Lydekker steps into the wreckage.

LYDEKKER  
How's my girl doing?

Lydekker shoves Peter away, crouches down. He keeps his gun trained on him while he examines her head wound.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
Couple stitches and a cat scan and  
you'll be good as new.

Marchee makes eye contact with Peter across the van.

MARCHEE  
(whispers)  
I'm sorry.

Lydekker knows she's not talking to him, but --

LYDEKKER  
Nothing to be sorry about, sweetie.  
Did your part admirably.  
(to Peter)  
She's got this incredible soft spot  
for her sister, you wouldn't  
believe. Hell of a lay, too. But  
you know that.

He reaches under her shirt and pulls out a THIN, TRANSLUCENT CIRCUIT BOARD that was taped to the inside. He tosses it to the Blonde Man, who's standing just outside the van.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
Get rid of that. Think everybody's  
heard enough.

The Blonde Man disappears from sight. Lydekker turns his attention back to Peter.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
And now it's time for our little  
test to come to an end.

Lydekker nods to the CONTROL SERVER, bolted to what appears to be the wall. Peter stares at him, dumbfounded.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
We had to know Conficker worked.  
Director didn't think it would, to  
be honest. Wanted plausible  
deniability. So I suggested making  
it a carrot. Figured hacker trash  
would jump at the chance to take it  
from us.

Peter's stunned. Lydekker grabs Marchee's hair, yanking her towards him.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
I don't have all day, Petey.  
Civilization's crumbling out there.

Peter struggles to process this new information.

Lydekker gestures with the gun. Peter approaches the terminal, cautious. Starts typing. Lydekker keeps one eye on Marchee, who's still struggling to remain conscious.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
Don't look so glum, it's just a  
tool. It's protection.

EXT. BROADWAY BETWEEN 34TH AND 35TH - SAME

Dublonski stands just outside the van, gun drawn. Rick hovers over the Blonde Man a short distance away, who's cuffed and gagged, sitting cross-legged on the ground.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - SAME

Back inside the van, Peter's typing --

PETER  
Is that what you tell yourself in  
Tailored Access Operations?

Lydekker smirks. Peter's smarter than he thought.

PETER (CONT'D)  
That's what you call it, right?  
TAO. Very zen name for NSA  
skunkworks.

LYDEKKER  
It's our world, Petey. We have to  
maintain control.

On the screen, Peter opens something called **POWER CONTROL SETTING**.

Lydekker looks out the van door, scanning for any movement. He can't see Dublonski --

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
Tick tock...

EXT. BROADWAY BETWEEN 34TH AND 35TH - SAME

Dublonski listens from outside the van, waiting.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - SAME

Peter is in **BATTERY EMERGENCY SETTINGS**. He adds a 0, changing a "100" to "1000". The number turns RED and a HISSING SOUND starts from somewhere. Quiet.

LYDEKKER  
I know you see me as the bad guy here, but we're doing good work together. Important work. It's just too bad neither of you'll see the results.

Peter finishes typing. Turns.

LYDEKKER (CONT'D)  
Are you finished?

PETER  
Almost.

Dublonski appears in the doorway behind Lydekker, sidearm poised and ready.

DUBLONSKI  
Norm. Put the gun down.

Lydekker turns, sees Dublonski, starts to laugh.

LYDEKKER  
Look at you. Caught up in the final turn.

Peter looks up and sees the van's SLIDING DOOR, now on the ceiling.

DUBLONSKI  
Put the gun down and let these two walk away.

LYDEKKER  
Fletcher!



DUBLONSKI  
He's not coming. It's just you and me.

The HISSING is louder, gradually increasing. Lydekker steals a glance back at Peter before returning to Dublonski.

LYDEKKER  
We're on the same side here. This is all for our protection.

DUBLONSKI  
Protection from who?

Dublonski reaches out and grabs Marchee, keeping her gun trained on Lydekker. She helps her out of the van. Lydekker stutters to intervene, but hesitates.

LYDEKKER  
You're not going to shoot me.

In a flash, Lydekker swings the gun around to Dublonski and takes a SHOT --

She FIRES BACK, hitting him in the leg --

Peter OPENS the sliding door / roof --

The HISSING is at a ROAR --

Peter JUMPS and SCRAMBLES out of the van as Lydekker turns and FIRES at him --

EXT. BROADWAY BETWEEN 34TH AND 35TH - CONTINUOUS

Dublonski pulls Marchee away as Peter hops down from the "roof". Rick moves to intervene, but --

PETER  
Run!

Peter, Dublonski, and Marchee scramble away from the van, the HISSING now loud even outside --

DUBLONSKI  
What is that?

PETER  
Batteries.

BOOM -- glass shatters as the van CONCUSSIVELY EXPLODES from the inside --

Peter, Dublonski, and Marchee are THROWN to the ground a short distance away.

They pant. Slowly, civilization starts to fade back in. Cell phones ring. Traffic lights work. A SIREN is heard in the distance as someone's 911 call finally connects.

Dublonski looks at Peter. Marchee's a bloody mess, still handcuffed, still struggling for consciousness.

DUBLONSKI  
Police will be here in a few minutes.

PETER  
I'm not leaving her.

DUBLONSKI  
I can't promise what happens if they arrest you.

PETER  
I'm not leaving her alone.

DUBLONSKI  
No. You're not.

The SIRENS grow louder. Peter stares at her a moment, then understands. A silent thank you.

He kisses Marchee on the hair, then gets up and heads toward a building. Disappearing around a corner.

Rick watches him go, not making any move to intervene.

Dublonski leans back on her hands, Marchee's head in her lap. She strokes Marchee's hair, maternal. Closes her eyes as the sirens approach...

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

HANDS FLIP PAGES IN A REPORT. POV from across a desk.

INT. FBI NEW YORK OFFICE - ZALPOWICZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Zalpowicz flips through a report, squinting through READING GLASSES. Dublonski sits across, waiting. Zalpowicz finishes the last page and rubs the bridge of his nose.

ZALPOWICZ  
What is this?

DUBLONSKI  
It's the final report on the Crown investigation --

ZALPOWICZ  
Don't be a smartass. You're better  
than that.

Dublonski shrugs -- that's what it is.

ZALPOWICZ (CONT'D)  
Okay. This is the game you want to  
play? You want me to file this?

DUBLONSKI  
I brought it to you first, Dan.

Zalpowicz thinks for a moment, drumming his fingers.

ZALPOWICZ  
This program's still operational?

DUBLONSKI  
As far as I know.

ZALPOWICZ  
The director can't afford to go toe-  
to-toe with the NSA.

DUBLONSKI  
I can. So can you.

Zalpowicz knows she's right, but doesn't like it.

ZALPOWICZ  
Any hope you had of staying in the  
fold will be gone. They'll take  
your pension. Crucify you.  
(beat, thinking)  
Same for me, I suppose.

DUBLONSKI  
So much for being good lifers.

Zalpowicz lets out a slight smile, nods -- *how things have  
changed*. He closes the file.

ZALPOWICZ  
There's one more thing. Rick's  
been following up on the forensics,  
says he can prove neither Elix or  
Ramsey were "Crown." I'd tell you  
how but he started using words like  
"IPs" and "timestamps" and I tuned  
out.

DUBLONSKI  
Elix was lying?

ZALPOWICZ  
Means we still have one suspect  
unaccounted for.

Dublonski thinks about what that means. Zalpowicz looks at her, carefully.

ZALPOWICZ (CONT'D)  
Any thoughts on who it might be?

Dublonski's still putting the pieces together...

ZALPOWICZ (CONT'D)  
Mary?

Dublonski snaps out of her trance, looks up at him. Smirks.

PETER (V.O.)  
This is how you invent a villain.

CUT TO:

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DUBLONSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dublonski clicks on the fluorescents. She takes stock -- the pictures, the knick-knacks. Home away from home.

PETER (V.O.)  
Governments spend millions of  
dollars and man-hours hunting  
individual cyber criminals across  
the globe while their own programs  
are more dangerous than we could  
ever be.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A year-younger Peter and a year-younger Anna argue in her kitchen --

ANNA  
Because it's not your job to take  
on the NSA.

PETER  
It's not a -- I haven't had a job  
since high school.

ANNA  
Peter --

PETER  
They're making a *super weapon* and  
passing it off as a wiretap. We  
can't just -- I got caught, okay?  
They're coming.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
What's the point of helping the FBI  
if I can't do some real good?

Anna sees the passionate plea on his face. She relents.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Later. Peter sits alone in the kitchen, waiting. Looking at the clock, drumming his fingers.

PETER (V.O.)  
The trouble is that no one wants to  
lead a charge against procedure.  
Fight a war against policy.  
(beat)  
But that doesn't mean you can't  
trick them into doing it anyway.

The door BURSTS OPEN and FBI agents swarm in SHOUTING.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits on the floor in Anna's basement, typing away at his laptop. He's wearing the GPS MONITOR.

PETER (V.O.)  
So you invent a miscreant. A  
terrorist. A human target who  
represents the evil you're trying to  
expose.

CLOSE ON THE SCREEN as Peter types his user name: **C-R-O-W-N**.

INT. DUSK NIGHTCLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Teknine, Elix, Ramsey, Marchee, and Peter all listen to "Crown" giving them instructions over the phone.

PETER (V.O.)  
Then you recruit the dangerous, the  
true black hats. The ones who want  
nothing more than to watch the  
world fall to pieces.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - PETER'S ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter points to CIRCLED SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS that Dublonski holds out for him, identifying suspects.

*(In the timeline, this takes place before the scene where Peter explains to Dublonski what he did to get arrested.)*

PETER (V.O.)  
You wrap them up in a tight little  
package and steer the attack dogs  
right to them.

(MORE)

PETER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Without realizing it, the right  
 hand is suddenly investigating the  
 left.

INT. BMW / EXT. SIDE ROAD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Back in the BMW Peter and Marchee stole. He watches her  
 stare at the SHATTERED PHONE in her hands, REAL FEAR in her  
 eyes. He makes a decision.

PETER (V.O.)  
 But you made a mistake. You cast  
 too wide a net. You snared  
 innocents. Victims. And it's too  
 late to call it off.

INT. CAESARS CASINO - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

ON A MONITOR, Peter is standing next to Teknine, staring  
 directly into the SECURITY CAMERA. Determined.

PETER (V.O.)  
 So you decide to take control.

Peter walks away from the camera.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - BATHROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Anna stitches up Peter's side --

ANNA  
 You said you were going to do *some*  
*real good*. Was that bullshit?

INT. SHITTY HOTEL - ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter watches Marchee sleep in the moonlight.

PETER (V.O.)  
 You realize some things are more  
 important than a crusade. You  
 change tactics.

Peter gets out of bed --

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE 7-ELEVEN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Peter paces, new burner phone in his hand, debating whether  
 or not to make the call to Dublonski.

PETER (V.O.)  
 You protect the ones you care  
 about, no matter what it costs. No  
 matter how long it takes.

Peter raises the phone to his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - PATIENT ROOM - DAY

Quiet. Still. Light streams through the window.

Marchee lays asleep, recovering from her injuries, handcuffed to the hospital bed. A NURSE is removing her IV.

Marchee blinks awake and looks up at the nurse --

It's Anna. Neither says anything. Anna gives Marchee a slight smile, and then walks out of the room.

Marchee looks down at her wrist --

*Anna unlocked the handcuff.*

Marchee cautiously gets out of bed, looks out the door. Nurses are walking around, no one's paying her any attention.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Marchee pokes her head out the door to see an empty chair where a guard should be.

She walks down the hall, still in her robe. Ignored.

PETER (V.O.)  
Then, you disappear.

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DUBLONSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Dublonski packs up her desk into boxes. She removes pictures from the walls, paperclips and rubber bands from drawers.

PETER (V.O.)  
You get startup cash from an ATM.  
Get a fake ID. Take a bus to  
Virginia. Charter a flight to  
Maine. Amtrak to Boston. Then head  
to Europe -- Logan to Frankfurt,  
Munich to Milan, Sorrento to London,  
Liverpool to Copenhagen, Stockholm  
to Madrid, Barcelona to Rio, Sao  
Paulo back to Guayaquil, Ecuador.  
Make your trail so long and twisted  
no sane person would ever take the  
time to look for you.

INT. SYSTEC OFFICE - STEVE FARROW'S OFFICE - DAY

A few SUITS crowd the office of Steve Farrow, Peter's friend who works in security for the stock market. They're arguing over a report while Steve tries in vain to defend himself.

PETER (V.O.)  
You create a good day at the  
market. Build a nest egg. Invest  
wisely, securely, anonymously.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Anna opens a PACKAGE on her kitchen table.

PETER (V.O.)  
Wire money to family every month.  
When you can, reach out directly.

Anna pulls a NEW LAPTOP out of the box. A note on top --

**GIVE THIS TO MIKE IF HE KEEPS THE SWEARING DOWN. -P**

PETER (V.O.)  
Expect it to be hard. Expect them  
not to understand, to scream, to  
yell, to cry. Ask their  
forgiveness. Do anything you can  
to help them.

Another envelope. Anna opens it --

A \$200,000 check from some foreign account. In the "memo"  
field: **PRINCETON**. She turns it over -- a sticky note:

**GIVE THIS TO HIM REGARDLESS**

Anna tears up, overcome with emotion.

INT. CYBERCRIME OFFICE - DUBLONSKI'S OFFICE - DAY

Back in her office, Dublonski sits down at her computer. All  
her stuff has been packed in bankers boxes.

PETER (V.O.)  
Villains are useful. Valuable.  
They put the world in focus. Help  
you understand what's most  
important.

An IRC WINDOW pops up on Dublonski's screen --

**CROWN:** happy birthday

Dublonski looks at the message. Watches the cursor blink.

PETER (V.O.)  
You just have to remember: they're  
never exactly who you think they are.

With a sigh, Dublonski turns off her monitor and we --

CUT TO:



EXT. BEACHSIDE BAR - DAY

ON A SCREEN: **FBI\_Dub** has logged off.

Peter looks up from his laptop, which sits on the bar. He's tan, healthy, content. He shuts his laptop and turns to his left, where Marchee is sitting next to him. Slight sunburn on her pale skin, mostly-finished Mai Tai in front of her.

PETER

You good?

MARCHEE

No. Hate this place.

She slurps down the rest of her Mai Tai with a wink and starts walking toward the water. Peter turns to the BARTENDER --

PETER

Disculpe, me podria cuidar esto por momento, por favor?

The bartender nods and puts the laptop under the bar. Peter turns and runs to catch up with Marchee, feet gliding over the wet sand.

FADE OUT.