

CYBERSPIRACY

by

Wolf O'Rourc

Wolf O'Rourc
213-784-8595
WolfORourc@Gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. ALLERTON HOME, COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM (RICHMOND) - DAY

Dim light, closed heavy curtains. Tidy room shows culture clash of girl power and surfer dude. Posters of pop divas, including Katy Perry, contrast with male icons.

Dolls on shelves: Barbies, Kens, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Draculaura, Sailor Chibi Moon, Princess Leia, Han Solo, and others. MIT comp sci textbooks, printouts.

Petite woman, COWABUNGA DUDE (ANNABELLE ALLERTON; 20, long neon-pink hair in ponytail, dress that fell out of a Hello-Kitty catalog), sits at computer desk. She sings along to Katy Perry.

COWABUNGA DUDE

(placeholder)

I kissed a girl just to try it / I
hope my boyfriend don't mind it /
It felt so wrong / it felt so --

Cowabunga types furiously on ergonomic keyboard at laptop with triple foldout monitors (e.g. Razer Valerie) connected to router by Ethernet cable.

On screens code windows, scrolling social media, "I Kissed a Girl" video, voice changer app, muted streaming news, including a North Korean military parade intercut with an angry speech by Vice President SARAH DRUMMEL (60s).

KNOCK.

EDITH ALLERTON (O.S.)

Annie?

COWABUNGA DUDE

Yes, Mom.

EDITH ALLERTON (40s Southern belle in business suit) opens door partway.

EDITH ALLERTON

Dinner's ready.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Can I eat in my room? I'm in the middle of homework.

EDITH ALLERTON
As much as you love it, that
computer is not your family.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Five minutes. Pretty please.

EDITH ALLERTON
Okay, baby.

Edith closes door. Cowabunga's fingers fly across keyboard.
Group chat pops up with cartoon avatars for Leg0, DefCon0.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Chat from Leg0.

Cowabunga dons headset.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Answer chat.

INT. LEG0'S ROOM (ARLINGTON COUNTY) - DAY

Room full of things built from Lego electronics kits. Desk
with multiple computers, monitors, other gadgets. From
small box, CATV coax cable runs haphazardly across desk
through wall to outside.

LEG0 (teenager, headset) watches surveillance video with
running timestamp, two Russian TU-95 bombers from point of
view of trailing F-22 fighter.

LEG0 (INTO HEADSET)
I've done it. Check my private
channel, guys. Decrypted live
video of Russian bombers in our
airspace courtesy of the Pentagon.

INT. DEFCON0'S ROOM (SEATTLE) - DAY

DEFCON0's (20s, headset) hacker den has "Call of Duty:
Black Ops" feel.

DEFCON0 (INTO HEADSET)
Rad, man. How did you get into the
Pentagon?

LEG0 (V.O.)
Didn't have to. Took it right off
the satellite feed. Untraceable.

INT. LEGO'S ROOM

Cowabunga's avatar flashes on screen. Her voice sounds like growling male bass.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)

Mega.

LEGO (INTO HEADSET)

I know a v-blog that will pay heavy bitcoin for an exclusive. Can you say new accelerator board?

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

So Mega, I'm jealous.

Voice changer app shows two different waveforms anytime Cowabunga speaks.

CHIEF OF STAFF, US AIR FORCE (CSUSAF) voice over video.

CSUSAF (V.O.)

Foxtrot Seven, stand by for orders.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.)

Roger that.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, SITUATION ROOM - DAY

Big screen shows same feed of the TU-95 bombers. JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF (JCS), political members of NATIONAL SECURITY COUNCIL sit at table. President's chair empty.

Drummel enters unacknowledged, takes power stance.

SARAH DRUMMEL

What happened to saluting the Commander in Chief?

All attendees stand. Drummel sits down in President's chair. Attendees sit.

CSUSAF

Madam Vice President, this is a routine --

SARAH DRUMMEL
President! Until ex President
McCable comes out of surgery, I'm
in charge.

CSUSAF
Yes, Madam President.

SARAH DRUMMEL
Continue.

CSUSAF
Another routine incursion by
Russian bombers. The fighters will
push them out of our air space.

SARAH DRUMMEL
How many this year?

CSUSAF
Dozens. It's routine. They merely
want to provoke a --

SARAH DRUMMEL
How many engines does that thing
need to fly?

CSUSAF
I beg your pardon?

SARAH DRUMMEL
You heard me.

CSUSAF
A Bear bomber can stay airborne
with two engines, but --

SARAH DRUMMEL
Shoot one out.

CSUSAF
Madam President, there's a high
risk --

SARAH DRUMMEL
We need to show these Russkies
that I will not tolerate this
kindergarten behavior once I'm
President.

CSUSAF
If you win in two weeks.

SARAH DRUMMEL
Or McCable dies today.

CSUSAF presses button on center phone console.

CSUSAF (INTO CONSOLE)
Foxtrot Seven, disable one engine
on one of the intruders.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.)
Please confirm, sir. You want me
to target an engine on the bogies?

Drummel slams phone console.

SARAH DRUMMEL (INTO CONSOLE)
Foxtrot Seven, this is your
Commander in Chief. Fry one of
those engines. This is an order.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.)
Roger, ma'am.

Cross hair appears on the feed. Image zooms in.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Moving in. Foxtrot Five, stay
back.

Image zooms in on a turboprop engine. Tracer rounds stream
toward target. SMOKE. Dark object drops.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Target hit. Falling back.

Image zooms out. BRIGHT FLASH engulfs the two bombers. They
explode. Feed goes dark.

CSUSAF jumps up.

CSUSAF
This is madness. What maniac sends
live nukes on an incursion into
our airspace?

SARAH DRUMMEL
Good. The Russkies will keep their
mouths shut. This ... incursion is
Code Word classified.

CSUSAF
P-N-S-N, Berkeley, the Prep
Commission, they'll all know.

SARAH DRUMMEL
This is a national security
matter. Deal with it.

Drummel struts off.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

Cowabunga hugs knees to chest in sitting fetal position,
stares at blank feed, hyperventilates.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
This is off the charts.

INT. LEGO'S ROOM

LEGO
Man, price for my vid just went to
Pluto.

Cowabunga's voice sounds like a growling male bass.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
Guys, the evil queen just started
World War Three. I want ...

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
... to turn twenty-one.

LEGO (V.O.)
Cowabunga, you whine like a little
girl.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Take that back. I'm not a girl.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
Hey, you two babies, we have to
make this public before the
election.

LEGO
No problemo. The media will stand
in line to get the footage.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

We must --

DEFCON0 (V.O.)

Drummel will just claim it's fake news from the lying media. No, we give it to a trusted source --

LEGO

No way. This has virality coded all over it. My virality.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

We can trust --

DEFCON0 (V.O.)

And giving it to WikiLeaks will force them --

Cowabunga shakes her head.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

STOP. Heidi's campaign will know what to do.

Beat of silence.

Leg0, DefCon0 talk over each other.

LEGO (V.O.)

DEFCON0 (V.O.)

I hacked the vid. I get the brag and coin. WikiLeaks will get the whole world involved.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

(screams)

Do you wanna die?

Silence.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)

Our country's at stake. But let's not do anything rash. Think about it until tomorrow, agreed?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

Okay.

LEGO

Tee.

Cowabunga ends chat and stares at screen.

EXT. RANCH - DAY

Clay pigeon sails through air. Shotgun misses target.

Drummel reloads skeet gun. Mercenary JACOB FARMER (40s, camouflage jacket, combat boots) aims his. Secret Service at a distance.

JACOB
You're tensing your shoulders.

SARAH DRUMMEL
I'm told you are the best ... and
a patriot.

JACOB
I want what's best for America.
PULL.

Jacob's shot shatters flying target. He reloads.

SARAH DRUMMEL
Some hacker for the Carlton
campaign is threatening to leak
national security information.

JACOB
What does he want?

SARAH DRUMMEL
For me to lose.

JACOB
You're already losing.

Drummel frowns.

SARAH DRUMMEL
PULL.

Clay pigeon flies. Drummel misses again.

SARAH DRUMMEL (CONT'D)
He wants money, but this
information can't get out. Period.

JACOB
Before the election. PULL.

Jacob kills airborne target.

SARAH DRUMMEL
If I lose, the Russkies win.
DOUBLE. PULL.

A clay pigeon sails from low house followed by one from high house. Drummel hits one but misses the other. Jacob destroys her remaining target.

SARAH DRUMMEL (CONT'D)
Don't you wish the hacker was a
clay pigeon? ... and Carlton.

Jacob presents hand-size quadcopter model from his jacket pocket.

JACOB
There are modern ways. Clean.
Undetectable. Guaranteed.

SARAH DRUMMEL
If somebody can guarantee the
presidency, he'd be on my team
already.

JACOB
PULL.

Jacob tosses drone model into air as first of two clay pigeons appears. He shoots twice and both shatter to dust.

JACOB
I can.

Jacob catches falling model in his open palm without looking.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

Cowabunga in group chat with Leg0, DefCon0.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Do the right thing. The Senate
will force the Pentagon to come
clean.

INT. LEG0'S ROOM

THUNDER STORM, LIGHTNING.

LEG0 (INTO HEADSET)
Forget it. I've got a buyer, and
she'll pay for an exclusive.

EXT. LEGO'S HOUSE (ARLINGTON COUNTY) - DAY

Fighting thunderstorm, octocopter rises and drops bundle of metal streamers onto satellite dish, then flies away. Tiny drone lifts end of a metal streamer into the sky.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
(usual bass voice)
What do you mean?

INT. LEGO'S ROOM

LEGO (INTO HEADSET)
Mucho bitcoin. As you say Mega --

Lightning strikes satellite dish, travels inside along coax, jumps to metal in room, electrocutes Leg0. Room catches fire.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Lego, do the right thing. Lego!

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
He went offline. His game server
too. Maybe power outage. We'll try
later.

Cowabunga ends chat, gets up, approaches her dolls.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Marvel, I need you.

On shelf, Barbie (blue wig, sequin gown) and Ken (formalwear) propped up in ballroom-dance position. Cowabunga takes the two dolls and role-plays with them.

COWABUNGA DUDE
I have a bad feeling.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
(lower voice)
I will protect you.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
What about Lego? Someone must
protect him.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
(lower voice)
I can't leave you.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
Oh, Marvel, you're my hero.

The two dolls embrace in a kiss.

INT. THEATER, BACKSTAGE (MOSCOW) - NIGHT [DREAM SEQUENCE]

Two ASSASSINS trap KEN LOOKALIKE (same clothing as doll, immaculate jacket) between them on walkway in rafters. He rappels down while shooting both. Ken Lookalike lands next to Cowabunga (sequin gown, blue wig, microphone in hand). She appears taller than usual.

KEN LOOKALIKE
You must go out there and sing or
the world will end.

COWABUNGA DUDE
I'm scared.

KEN LOOKALIKE
You can do it. I know you can.

Ken Lookalike embraces her and smiles.

KEN LOOKALIKE (CONT'D)
Remember, I love you.

Cowabunga leans in for a kiss, but he spins her onto stage.

INT. THEATER - NIGHT

Formally dressed crowd. Balcony full of RUSSIAN GENERALS (full regalia), DIGNITARIES (formal wear). In center, Sarah Drummel, HUSBAND, PUTIN LOOKALIKE.

Noise in theater ceases. Cowabunga stands mid-stage, tongue-tied. She raise mic, opens mouth.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Chat from DefCon Zero.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Room dark except for laptop screens with a chat request from DefCon0. Clock reads "02:33." Ringtone plays. Cowabunga digs out of pillows.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Chat from DefCon Zero.

COWABUNGA DUDE
(yells)
Answer chat.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
You need to disappear.

Cowabunga drags herself to laptop, dons headset.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Huh?

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
You need to hide.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Now you're scaring me.

INT. COMPUTER LAB (UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON) - NIGHT

Sparsely populated room full of workstations. DEFCON0 (headset) hides behind one, but uses his own laptop.

DEFCON0
Lego's gone.

Cowabunga's voice sounds like growling male bass.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
What do you mean, gone?

Students eye DefCon0. He ducks deeper.

DEFCON0
Check this link.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

Cowabunga clicks link in chat window. News article "Teen Dead in Freak Lightning Strike." Pictures of Leg0, burned out house.

COWABUNGA DUDE
I don't understand.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
Are you dense? Arlington. Molten
Legos. Cause of the video.

Cowabunga assumes sitting fetal position, rocks back and forth.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Oh my Gaga, how'd they find him?

INT. COMPUTER LAB

DEFCON0
Carelessness. No anonymizers.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
You know that?

DEFCON0
I capture all packets. Always.

Student bumps noisily into chair.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
What was that?

DEFCON0
Nothing to worry about. I'm on
campus.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
You left your room at this time of
night? Are you cray-cray?
Statistically, you have a much
higher chance of dying --

DEFCON0
Listen! We're next.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
I took precautions.

DEFCON0
Our chat exposed our addresses.
They'll find --

Campus security approaches.

DEFCON0 (CONT'D)

Have to go. Sending you the video.

DefCon0 clicks "OK" button on file transfer window while tossing headset into backpack.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

Cowabunga in sitting fetal position.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

I don't want it.

PING. File link shows up in chat window. Connection drops. Cowabunga stares at link, hovers cursor over it, stares some more. She clicks link. Nuclear video plays.

Cowabunga closes video, turns off router wired to laptop, buries face in her hands.

INT. ALLERTON HOME, STAIRCASE (RICHMOND) - NIGHT

Cowabunga dashes down stairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Cowabunga stops at counter, stares at knife block.

FOOT STEPS.

Cowabunga grabs largest knife, points at door.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Who's there?

EDITH ALLERTON (O.S.)

I should be asking that question.

Cowabunga hides knife behind back. Edith (in nightgown) enters.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Couldn't sleep. Thought I'd make milk and honey.

Edith caresses Cowabunga's cheek.

EDITH ALLERTON

A monster under my baby's bed?

COWABUNGA DUDE
No, Mom. Just stress at school.

EDITH ALLERTON
You know I'm always here for you.

COWABUNGA DUDE
It's too geeky, and you have
enough to worry about.

Frozen in place, Cowabunga smiles.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS (RICHMOND) - DAY

High-rise's upper floors hold Governor HEIDI CARLTON's (65)
headquarters. Motorcade with FLASHING LIGHTS blocks street.
REPORTERS push against SECRET SERVICE around Carlton.

REPORTER #1
Governor, are you losing the
Midwest?

REPORTER #2
What about the new poll numbers?

A shiny object falls out of sky.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT
Incoming!

Agents hustle Carlton inside. Crowd scatters amid screams.

Ten-inch mini quadcopter shatters on pavement next to
motorcade. Plastic body explodes. Reporters surround
remnants and shoot footage.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga studies screen capture of shattered drone. Other
screens show live news stream with ticker bar, "BREAKING
NEWS" label.

REPORTER #2 (V.O.)
Rachel, we may have just witnessed
an assassination attempt on Heidi
Carlton on live TV right after
plunging poll numbers sure to kill
her presidential ... I'm told
somebody's coming out.

Video zooms in on face of DEREK DOMINO (30s, suit, Ken-like haircut) in sea of reporters. Caption: "Derek Domino - Digital Media Director, Carlton Campaign." He reads prepared statement.

DEREK
Governor Carlton is in good
spirits and back working for a
fairer America.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Marvel!

Cowabunga traces outline of Derek's chin.

DEREK
Our preliminary investigation
suggests a video drone
accidentally crashed. We are
reaching out to media
organizations to identify the
owner.

Reporters pepper Derek with questions.

DEREK (CONT'D)
We will release updates as new
information becomes available.
Thank you.

Derek leaves. Reporters shout more questions.

Cowabunga rewinds video, freeze frames Derek's face,
strokes his lips.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

E-mail arrives. Preview pane opens.

ON SCREEN

"From: Video@DrummelAmericaFirst.com
Subject: You need this to win the campaign
This video will finish Drummel and save the world."
(attachment icon labeled "Nuclear.mp4")

Context menu pops up. Derek selects "Scan selected
attachment with Anti-Virus." Dialog box: "No malware
found." Video plays.

MONTAGE

Clips from various Drummel speeches. Cartoon crown follows her head movement like Snapchat filter.

A) SPEAKING LOCATION #1

SARAH DRUMMEL
And to all the state sponsors of
terrorism -- if you hit us, you
will not know what hit you.
Nothing is off the table.

SUPERIMPOSE: DRUMMEL

B) BOMBERS CLIP

SARAH DRUMMEL (V.O.)
Foxtrot Seven, this is your
Commander in Chief. Fry one of
those engines. This is an order.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.)
Roger, ma'am.

FOXTROT SEVEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Moving in. Foxtrot Five, stay
back.

Flash. Bombers explode.

C) SPEAKING LOCATION #2

SARAH DRUMMEL
When the security of America is at
stake, nuclear is an option.

Drummel's head explodes into mushroom cloud coming out of her collar.

SUPERIMPOSE: NUCLEAR FIRST

BACK TO SCENE

Derek stares at mushroom cloud, picks up office phone.

INT. DEREK'S CAR - NIGHT

Derek at the wheel of a sporty LUXURY CROSSOVER.

DEREK (INTO EARSET)
Look, Ricky, I agree. The video's
silly, but if it's legit --

INT. RICKY'S LIVING ROOM (CHICAGO) - NIGHT

Memorabilia of Master Sergeant RICHARD "RICKY" MARTINEZ's
(50s) Army career and Desert Storm, including Silver Star.
Dish with baby-cut carrots. Laptop shows Nuclear video.

RICKY (INTO PHONE)
Nobody at the Pentagon has
confirmed it.

DEREK (V.O.)
But somebody there sent it.

RICKY (INTO PHONE)
An anonymous source.

EXT. DOMINO HOUSE (RICHMOND) - NIGHT

Derek drives up to curb. TOUGH GUY in jacket walks from
house door to sedan in driveway.

INT. DEREK'S CAR - NIGHT

DEREK (INTO EARSET)
(shouts)
A guy just came out of my house.

RICKY (V.O.)
Calm down, Derek. We've been here
before.

DEREK (INTO EARSET)
Later.

EXT. DOMINO HOUSE - NIGHT

Derek jumps out, approaches Tough Guy unlocking car.

DEREK
Hey! That's my wife's car.

Tough Guy reaches inside his jacket. Derek stops cold.

DEREK
Let's not overreact --

Tough Guy tosses folded-up papers into Derek's face.

TOUGH GUY
Make your payments, deadbeat.

Tough Guy gets into car, drives off.

INT. DOMINO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek enters. MELANIE DOMINO (30s) at dining table in front of half eaten dinner next to unfolded car loan agreement. Untouched dinner and empty wine glass across from her.

MELANIE
Another night at the office
without pay?

DEREK
Heidi promised money after our
win.

MELANIE
Don't you watch the news? She's
losing.

DEREK
We still have five days.

MELANIE
You really think five days will
fix our lives?

Melanie hurls half-empty plate at Derek. He ducks with mixed success.

MELANIE
(screaming)
This is for making me move here.

Melanie hurls full plate at Derek.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
This for making me give up my job.

Melanie flings glass at Derek.

MELANIE (CONT'D)
For my empty bed.

Melanie breaks into tears, runs into ...

INT. DOMINO HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Derek follows. Melanie stands with back to him, dries her tears.

MELANIE
I've got to get out of here.

DEREK
I need you.

MELANIE
No, you don't.

DEREK
Please. One week. Everything will
be all right. I promise.

Derek moves in to hug Melanie, but she avoids his touch.

MELANIE
I don't wear brown lipstick. Was
she worth it?

Derek freezes.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

Office phone rings. "Unknown Number." Derek dons headset.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
(usual bass voice)
Why haven't you released the
video?

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
Who is this?

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
I sent you the video.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
How did you get this number?

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
I'm with H-squared, Heidi's
Hackers.

Derek does a web search for "Heidi's Hackers." No results.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
Which means precisely nothing to
me.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga (headset) at desk. On screen, Derek's professional headshot, with border of pink and red hearts, "In voice call" and red phone button beneath it. She hesitates.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Cowabunga Dude at M-I-T. Look me
up on social media.

Two different waveforms in voice changer app.

INTERCUT DEREK'S OFFICE / COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

Derek looks up Cowabunga Dude's profile with picture of blonde surfer dude, six foot four and full of muscle.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
Very professional.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Heidi needs the video to win.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
It's no good. No confirmation.
Even my sources at the Pentagon
can't find --

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Wake up! Of course, they'll deny
something bad like that. Ever
heard of the Comprehensive
Nuclear-Test --

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
I have. They have nothing. The
seismology labs did not detect a
nuclear explosion.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Impossible. I saw it live.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
If we blasted two Russian bombers
out of the sky, we'd heard from
them, wouldn't you think?

Cowabunga confused.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Then I'll post it myself.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
It's already out there. And loads
of posts claiming it's fake.

Cowabunga does a search. Tons of links scream "fake."

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Lies. Social bots have taken over
search results.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
Pardon?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Are you a newbie?

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
I know what I'm doing. I'm the big
picture guy.

Cowabunga flinches and hugs her legs.

DEREK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

Cowabunga rocks back and forth.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Look, if something's going on, I
need to know. We have five days to
get the polls up.

Cowabunga thinks for a beat.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Search results are being
manipulated.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
No kidding. Can you send me proof?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Difficult. Complicated setup.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
I need something.

Cowabunga studies Derek's headshot for a beat.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
I can show you what I did.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
But you're at M-I-T.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
V-P-N. Don't have to leave my
room.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
You can remote into our network?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
How I got your number. Your
firewall is Mega lame.

DEREK (INTO HEADSET)
I want the governor in on this.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - DAY

ELEVATOR DOORS open. Sobbing PENNY PAXTON (30s) exits.

Hidden micro camera takes picture of her through hole in
crown molding.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Sign: "Heidi for President." RECEPTIONIST sits behind
counter guarding entrance. Seating area takes up rest of
space. Décor means to impress. Penny approaches counter.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

PENNY
I ... My ... The drone.

Receptionist puts finger on red 911 button.

INT. JACOB'S LAIR (SKOKIE) - DAY

Sparse interior and high-tech gear everywhere suggest a rental used as secret spy headquarters. BEEPING.

Jacob sits down at monitoring station with four monitors in 2x2 configuration, mouse, keyboard, two joysticks.

Upper left screen shows window titled "Facial Recognition Results." Rows of pictures taken while exiting elevator.

Top row titled "New" shows flashing picture labeled "Penny Paxton."

Second row titled "Campaign" shows Carlton, her staff, Secret Service detail, all with names.

Third row titled "Visitors" shows people with names.

Jacob clicks Penny's picture. It enlarges, driver's license and credit report appear. Beeping stops.

Jacob picks up one of several smartphones.

JACOB

Leo's girlfriend is too smart for
her own good.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

"Heidi for President" banner adorns wall. Derek waits next to phone conference console, laptop attached to projector.

Campaign Manager BARBARA JEFFERSON (40s, brown lipstick), phone in hand, and Governor Carlton enter and stop at end of table, leaving no room for her security detail.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

This better be important. I --

DEREK

I've got Cowabunga Dude from
Heidi's Hackers --

GOVERNOR CARLTON

You want me to listen to someone
stuck in Howdy Doody Land with
Buffalo Bob and Clarabell the
Clown?

DEREK

Howdy who? You mean Teenage Mutant
Ninja Turtles Land.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

Trust me on this one, Derek. I
won't hold your youth and
inexperience against you. Barbara,
your office.

DEREK

Please, Heidi. He's a top hacker.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

Derek, I hired you to deal with
technology.

DEREK

Cowabunga Dude, show time.

Drummel's "America First" website appears on projection
screen. Code flashes. The Nuclear video replaces Drummel's
photograph. Drummel's photograph reappears.

DEREK

Heidi's Hackers has backdoored
Drummel's website.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

Derek, this is not how I run my
campaign.

DEREK

Drummel's about to start World War
Three and someone's suppressing
the information. Five minutes.
Please.

Carlton holds up five fingers.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

Five! Starting now.

Carlton and Barbara sit down at other end of table. Derek
remains standing. Barbara answers her phone.

BARBARA

Jefferson.
(beat)
Thank you.

Barbara lowers phone.

BARBARA (CONT'D)
Opposition Research saw the video.

Two Secret Service agents squeeze in behind Carlton.

GOVERNOR CARLTON (CONT'D)
The Secret Service instituted new
pointless procedures.

DEREK
Cowabunga, go ahead.

Projection screen shows Linux desktop with four browser
windows open to a search engine. Cowabunga's voice sounds
like a growling male bass.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
Each browser runs the same query
for "Governor Carlton," but
connected through Tor with diff
datacenters --

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga (headset) at desk. Laptop shows same desktop as
on projection screen.

Results display in the four windows.

GOVERNOR CARLTON (V.O.)
Can someone translate this?

Cowabunga slumps in chair, hugs her legs.

DEREK (V.O.)
He's simulating voters across the
country searching the Internet for
information about you.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM

DEREK
The results are similar, except
...

Derek points at one window on screen.

DEREK (CONT'D)

In the Mid-West, the top results show sites peddling fake news, not legitimate news organizations.

BARBARA

So? More people click on scandalous stories.

DEREK

Now amplify the lies with the credibility given them by the search engine.

Cowabunga clicks the top search result. The bomber video plays with different voice.

GOVERNOR CARLTON (V.O.)

Foxtrot seven, this is your Commander in Chief. Fry one of those engines. This is an order.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

I never said that!

DEREK

The point precisely. I think the company's manipulating the search results to favor --

TONE announces intercom.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Derek, a woman is here about the crashed drone. Don't forget Santa.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

Santa? Christmas is still two months away.

BARBARA

The man in red is our code blue. The receptionist is signaling an emergency.

Derek looks at Carlton. She nods.

DEREK

I'll be back.

Derek leaves the room.

GOVERNOR CARLTON
So, Cowabunga Dude, what does the
master hacker think of our
director of digital media.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
(usual bass voice)
He's kinda cute but I wouldn't bet
my life on his ...

Carlton and Barbara give each other surprised looks.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
No, I meant to say --

GOVERNOR CARLTON
Cowabunga Dude, our party has a
big tent and you are always
welcome in it.

BARBARA
This stays between us, um, girls.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, RECEPTION AREA

Receptionist hands Penny ornate tissue box. She takes
tissue, blows nose.

RECEPTIONIST
And now he's gone with his fifty
thousand.

PENNY
Nooooo. You have it all wrong. He
has fifty grand in the bank ...

Penny goes from irritation to sobbing.

PENNY (CONT'D)
... and we eat sloppy joe out of a
can.

RECEPTIONIST
Because he cares more about
Drummel than about you.

PENNY
Leo cares about our country.
Hesitating Heidi is weak. Drummel
will whack all the bad guys.

RECEPTIONIST
And you don't think Drummel
already whacked Leo for screwing
up the assassination?

Penny shakes her head and cries harder. Tissue box in hand,
she runs away.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
(shouting after Penny)
I'm sorry!

Derek turns the corner.

DEREK
What was that about?

RECEPTIONIST
Her boyfriend flew the drone that
nearly killed Heidi. The bastard
got what he deserved.

DEREK
You mean dead?

RECEPTIONIST
Drummel paid him fifty thousand.
What do you expect? Handholding?

DEREK
Did you get her name?

RECEPTIONIST
I tried.

Derek slams a speed-dial button on Receptionist's console
and activates speakerphone.

DEREK
Stop the crying woman coming out
of the elevator.

LOBBY SECURITY (V.O.)
She already left the building.

DEREK
I need all video footage on her.
Pronto!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Derek enters while projection screen shows picture of young Straniza in tailored suit.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
... so Straniza becomes a filthy
rich oligarch ...

Screen changes to shaky footage of a third-floor window.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
... but then the government
changed.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING (MOSCOW) - DAY

Chair flies through the window followed by YOUNG STRANIZA jumping out. Camera follows him down to pile of mattresses serving as homeless camp.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
Straniza barely escaped arrest.
His life's mission is now to bring
down the Russian government.

Crowd surrounds Straniza. Camera pans up. Russian police, guns drawn, threaten him from broken window.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

BARBARA
So Straniza wants Drummel to win?

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
And we'll all die!

GOVERNOR CARLTON
Let's forget the hyperbole for a
moment. Is his search company
sabotaging my campaign?

DEREK
We need to hack into the Chicago
datacenter and get proof.

BARBARA
Is that legal?

DEREK

It depends on what the meaning of
the word "legal" is.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

And whom do you propose for this
illicit and dangerous enterprise?

DEREK

Cowabunga Dude.

Silence.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Cowabunga?

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

DefCon0 (unshaven, hoodie, headset) hunkers behind a large
monitor, types on his laptop.

DEFCON0 (INTO HEADSET)

I'm sure it's a DARwin core.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)

(usual bass voice)

Can you crack it?

DEFCON0 (INTO HEADSET)

Depends.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga Dude (headset) at desk. On screens scrolling
output window, avatar for DEFCON0, two waveforms, picture
of huge office chair.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)

Rooted!

Cowabunga jumps up and throws her arms in the air.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

Mega-win!

She dances and sings girl power tune with air microphone.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
(placeholder)
"There's nothing / There's no one
/ To stand in our way / Get
dressed up / And messed up / Blow
our cares away"

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Cowabunga sounds like growling male bass.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(placeholder)
"Our mind's set on seeing / This
night through 'til day / We rule
the streets tonite / Until the
morning light"

DEFCON0 (INTO HEADSET)
Hey Dude, you listen to that
unbearable girl pop?

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
Sorry.

INT. SEARCH ENGINE HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE (PALO ALTO) - DAY

Group in CEO STRANIZA's (40s Russian) office decked out
with toys of high-tech billionaire. He's on the phone.

STRANIZA
(Russian accent)
Listen, Special Agent, all our web
servers are vulnerable. If you
can't catch these criminals right
now, we have to take everything
offline. Everything!

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS (WASHINGTON) - DAY

Special Agent in Charge (SAC) LORETTA MARSHALL on phone.

MARSHALL
I understand your situation, Mr.
Straniza. If you can give me until
tomorrow to pull together --

INT. SEARCH ENGINE HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - DAY

STRANIZA

Do you understand? Search for name
of your boss's boss while you can.
Tomorrow, you'll get blank screen.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - LATER

CROAKING of lonely frog sounds in background.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)

Time to quit. We shouldn't be
online at all.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

Please, another ten minutes. I
have to crack the database today.

EXT. TWO-STORY HOUSE (DC SUBURB) - DAY

Heavily armed local SWAT hide behind non-descript van
parked across the street. Through binoculars, leader
surveys house partially hidden by barren trees.

COMMAND (V.O.)

(on radio)

We have a "Go." Send the balloons.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET (DC SUBURB) - DAY

Jacob drives up to police checkpoint. LOCAL POLICE OFFICER
waves him away.

Jacob parks next to a two-story home, jumps fence into ...

EXT. BACKYARD (DC SUBURB) - DAY

Jacob sneaks behind woman sitting in backyard, knocks her
out with chloroform.

EXT. ROOF (DC SUBURB) - DAY

Jacob climbs to top, watches SWAT through binoculars.

JACOB (INTO EARSET)

New situation. Send Grapevine.

EXT. TWO-STORY HOUSE - DAY

Delivery van drives up. PLAIN-CLOTHES AGENT ("POLICE" on back of jacket) with balloons exits. SWAT officers approach house from both sides. Plain-Clothes Agent RINGS DOORBELL.

MOTHER answers door. SWAT train submachine guns on her. Plain-Clothes Agent releases balloons, flashes badge, shushes her.

PLAIN-CLOTHES AGENT
Where are your computers?

Mother points to the side. Four SWAT officers enter.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
I'm totally clueless.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
Sorry CD, it's mysteriosity ...
Hang on, something's happening.

INT. TWO-STORY HOUSE, FOYER

Plain-Clothes Agent stands guard at door with Mother. SWAT Officer #1 points submachine gun up the stairs.

SWAT OFFICER #1
(whispering)
I've got "High."

SWAT Leader follows CROAKING sounds to partially open door. He signals to take room. SWAT Officer #2, weapon at the ready, pushes open door, approaches huge office chair.

INT. TWO-STORY HOUSE, HOME OFFICE

IKEA-furnished home office lit only by glow of monitor.

SWAT Officer #2 holds his weapon over huge office chair.

KID (5) plays Froggy, an animated game involving jumping frog that croaks intermittently.

KID
Mommy, Mommy, the army are here.

SWAT OFFICER #2 (INTO RADIO)
Hey, Special Agent, you've been
played.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

On her monitor, Cowabunga stares at video from home office
computer's webcam.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Code Black. Code Black. SWAT just
raided my slave. Zero your
history.

Her fingers fly across keyboard. Windows pop up on screens.

DEFCON0 (V.O.)
Ditto. Flushing.

INT. TWO-STORY HOUSE, HOME OFFICE

Kid bounces on chair while watching action. SWAT Leader
signals the others to leave.

SWAT LEADER
Sorry, Ma'am, you've been SWATted.

On monitor, dialog box shows percent completion for
"Deleting 502 files."

EXT. ROOF

Jacob watches SWAT leave house. Thirty-inch drone carrying
M67 hand grenade hovers above them.

JACOB (INTO EARSET)
Abort. Abort. No target.

Drone rises into sky.

EXT. PAUL G. ALLEN CENTER - DAY

DefCon0 at glass entrance surveys empty plaza. Scanning
surroundings, he rushes to Civil Engineering building.

EXT. CIVIL AND ENVIRONMENTAL ENGINEERING BUILDING - DAY

WHIRRING NOISES. DefCon0 stops at entrance, turns around.

Lightbulb containing pale-blue liquid shatters at his feet. He looks up at drone with camera hovering over him. Pale-blue fumes rise from ground.

DEFCON0

Shit.

DefCon0 bolts, coughs, collapses.

INT. TWO-STORY HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Various instruments connected to computer on desk still showing Froggy game. FBI COMPUTER EVIDENCE EXAMINER shows SAC Marshall laptop wired to router.

COMPUTER EVIDENCE EXAMINER

These hackers are top notch. They left nothing on the P-C. But, they forgot the router logs.

MARSHALL

So we have them.

COMPUTER EVIDENCE EXAMINER

Maybe.

Marshall stern face turns into a slight smile.

INT. DOMINO HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Derek enters. Melanie (nightgown) gets up from watching TV, hands him folder labeled with "D-Crunch" and Post-It marked "NOW!" in red.

MELANIE

D-Crunch sent these over for signatures. I'm going to bed.

DEREK

Good night.

MELANIE

Two more people quit. Your company's finished, isn't it?

DEREK

Five days. I can fix this.

Melanie leaves. Derek stares after her. Business checks drop from folder. He sets it aside, makes phone call.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cowabunga Dude cowers against wall in corner of bed in sitting fetal position. RINGTONE makes her wince.

Dialog box with "Unknown Caller" and three buttons: green and red phone, mailbox.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Call from unknown.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Leia, wipe disk NATO.

Dialog box with OK and Cancel buttons pops up.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Erasing entire disk content to
NATO Standard. Are you sure?

Ringtone continues.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Cancel.

Cowabunga drags herself to desk, dons headset.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET) (CONT'D)

Leia, answer call.

INTERCUT LIVING ROOM / COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

Derek hears the growling male bass voice.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)

Tell me you got proof.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)

They'll send SWAT for you too.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)

Where are you? I'll come with a
lawyer.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Don't call anymore. It's not safe.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Cowabunga, you have powerful
friends.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Are you my friend?

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Of course I am.

Police siren approaches. Cowabunga assumes fetal position.

DEREK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Where are you?

Police siren fades away.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Home. They raided the wrong house.
A computer I hijacked.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
You're okay!

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
No, I'm pessimal. What if the low-
level format failed? I had no
time. They took us too fast.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Tell me where you are.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
All my friends went offline.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
We'll protect you. Promise.
Scout's honor.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
(usual bass voice)
With cookies?

Derek takes a beat to answer.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
With cookies.

Cowabunga sighs and snivels.

DEREK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Special Agent Marshall from the
F-B-I comes tomorrow at eight. You
can make another friend.

Cowabunga shakes head.

DEREK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Are you there?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
F-B-I? No go.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
I'll fix this tomorrow. Everything
will be okay. Good night.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Nighty-night.

Cowabunga blows kiss to screen.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

SAC Marshall meets with Carlton, Barbara. Secret Service
absent.

MARSHALL
Governor, I can't help. Nothing
you described violates any laws.

BARBARA
But they're stealing the election.

MARSHALL
A private company has no
obligations. People pick the
search engine they want.

Derek stumbles in, photographs in hand.

DEREK
Sorry I'm late.

Barbara stares at him. Behind Marshall's back, Derek shakes
his head, sits down.

BARBARA
What about the F-C-C? The F-E-C?

GOVERNOR CARLTON
Neither will help in four days.

Marshall scrutinizes faces at table.

MARSHALL
I'm speaking strictly
hypothetically.

BARBARA
Yes?

MARSHALL
If the company had suffered a
recent embarrassing cyberattack,
Mr. Straniza may make a deal to
keep things quiet.

Barbara glowers at Derek. His cell phone rings. He stands,
silences it.

DEREK
How about a deal for murder one?
The crashed-drone pilot is dead.

MARSHALL
That's a serious accusation.

Derek drops security camera pictures of Penny on table.

DEREK
Find her. She's his girlfriend.

MARSHALL
I can't promise anything before
the election.

INT. HALLWAY

Derek makes call on cell phone.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
You reconsidered about Agent
Marshall?

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
(usual bass voice)
Does he know?

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
She knows something about a
cyberattack.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga chews lip, wipes tears from eyes, sends e-mail.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
My goodbye present.

INTERCUT HALLWAY / COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM

BING. Derek checks e-mail on his phone.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
What do you mean?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
It's an inside job. Gotta be. If
we couldn't crack it, nobody can.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
And this is proof?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
The datacenter's hiring. Maybe you
can get a mole inside.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
What about you?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Goodbye.

She fights tears, giving up on ever meeting Derek.

EXT. RUNDOWN HOUSE (BLACKWELL NEIGHBORHOOD, RICHMOND) - DAY

At curb of overgrown yard, clunker car packed with
suitcases, bags, household items.

Penny stands in open door, bends down to pick up more bags
from shaggy carpet. Laser dot appears on her neck. Tiny
glass ball impacts. She slaps neck, stumbles, collapses.

Drone hovers over her, spills liquid on carpet, ejects
BURNING CIGARETTE. FIRE spreads.

INT. DATACENTER, UPPER LEVEL, FRED'S OFFICE (CHICAGO) - DAY

Upstairs corner office full of light and modern furniture.

Chief computer architect FRED HULL (glasses, open collar shirt, beer belly) sits in impressive chair behind desk.

Across from him in simpler chair, Ricky (suit and tie, visitor badge), bulky briefcase at his side.

FRED
Did you, hm, fight in any
cyberwars?

RICKY
Strictly defense, Mr. Hull.

Fred holds up the job application.

FRED
I can see why corporate rushed
this interview, but ... you should
be in Palo Alto, not setting up
computers here in the backwoods of
Lincoln Land.

Ricky opens wallet, shows picture with wife and two kids.

RICKY
It's best for the kids.

FRED
Yeah, kids.

Fred stands, offers his hand.

FRED
Thanks for your service to our
country, Master Sergeant Martinez.
I'll be in touch.

The moment door closes behind Ricky, Fred picks up cell phone from desk and makes call.

FRED
It's bad. Real bad. I have to see
you.

INT. DATACENTER, LOWER LEVEL, BACK LOBBY - DAY

Fred's FEMALE ASSISTANT (20s) leads Ricky out of elevator into huge back lobby. Industrial meets high-tech: polished concrete floors, maze of colored pipes overhead, lockers.

Ricky records surroundings with tiny camera hidden between two fingers. They pass T-shirted people playing foosball or billiards, or lounging in armchairs.

RICKY

I'm surprised at the number of women here.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Fred, Mr. Hull, really tries.

INT. FRED'S OFFICE

Fred follows Ricky via security camera video streamed to his smartphone.

INT. BACK LOBBY

FEMALE ASSISTANT

You know any female engineers?

RICKY

Not since my Army days.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

We pay bounties for new hires.

At back wall, guarded by SECURITY IN BLACK UNIFORM, semi-circular glass cage allows entry into server room.

SICK WOMAN, coughing and sneezing, descends stairs from upper level. At cage, she holds badge to proximity scanner and enters. Glass door closes behind her.

She faces camera on side. Light FLASHES in her face. RED LIGHT comes on above steel door on other side. BEEP.

Ricky points at cage.

RICKY

What's happening there?

Fred's assistant points to her eyes.

FEMALE ASSISTANT

Some cold meds mess with iris recognition.

RICKY

The high-tech winter blues.

FEMALE ASSISTANT
Absolutely.

Sick Woman in the cage moves her head back. Another FLASH. GREEN LIGHT atop the steel door. DING. Door slides back to reveal rows of gleaming metal racks.

FEMALE ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
You wouldn't have to worry. New hires don't get server room duty.

Under a security camera globe on wall, Ricky and his escort turn the corner.

EXT. DATACENTER, PARKING LOT - DAY

In bright sunlight, mirrored outer glass wall and door reflect surroundings. Tall anti-climb metal fence, cameras.

Ricky strolls past reserved parking spaces, films cars with his hidden camera.

INT. RICKY'S SUV - DAY

Ricky eats a baby-cut carrot from bag on passenger seat. He opens briefcase, pushes buttons on electronic device inside. A dozen phone numbers with area codes 708, 773, 312, 872 on display.

RICKY
Got your numbers!

EXT. DATACENTER, PARKING LOT

Ricky's job application in hand, Fred jumps into expensive ELECTRIC SPORTS CAR in closest reserved spot and zooms away. Tires SCREECH, but no engine noises.

Ricky pulls up map of area on device in suitcase. Cluster of dots flash in center of map. One dot separates. His SUV, with Army-star veteran bumper sticker, tails Fred's car.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga Dude cowers in corner of bed, stares at Derek's headshot on screen with green phone button beneath it. Another screen shows windows with Tcl, Python, PERL code.

Cowabunga picks up smartphone. Daisy app shows stylized flower with three petals. Her thumb quickly swipes off remaining petals.

FEMALE APP VOICE (V.O.)
He loves me. He loves me not. HE
LOVES ME.

Shower of hearts bursts across display. Cowabunga smiles and powers down phone.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY [DREAM SEQUENCE]

ROMANTIC RUMBA (e.g. La Isla Bonita) plays. MARVEL (Derek in formalwear) reaches for Cowabunga (blue wig, sequin dress) on bed. She takes his hand. He pulls her close, twirls her.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Cowabunga (normal dress) hums rumba, completes pirouette alone, sits down at desk, dons headset.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Leia, place call.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Calling Derek Domino.

Phone rings.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

Derek answers office phone.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
I'm so glad you called. Are you --

INTERCUT COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM / DEREK'S OFFICE

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
There's another way.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Pardon?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
There's another way to stop the
fake news.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Then do it.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
The program has to run day and
night. I can't expose my Internet
connection.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
I can't expose the campaign.

Silence.

DEREK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
The next president will be in your
debt.

She shakes her head.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
I'm not doing this for --

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
If you send me the info, maybe --

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
You can't do this yourself.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
I'm a programmer.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
For core routers?

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Okay. We'll fly you to Richmond.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
I'm in Richmond.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
But you have a Cambridge number.
(beat)
Never mind.

Derek opens Notes app.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
I need your real name for your
badge. Bring your ID.

Silence.

DEREK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Know what, I'll sign you in as my
nephew.

Silence.

DEREK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello?

Cowabunga takes a deep breath.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Niece. I'm a girl.

Stunned Derek processes the information.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)
Okay, you're Theresa Domino. Half
an hour?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Yep.

She smiles at headshot with "Call ended" below, blows kiss.

INT. ALLERTON HOME, KITCHEN - DAY

Edith (business suit) places dishes into sink.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Mom, can you drive me to the
president's campaign office?

EDITH ALLERTON
She's not president yet.

COWABUNGA DUDE
She better be, or we'll all live
under a mushroom cloud.

EDITH ALLERTON
Drummel isn't crazy.

COWABUNGA DUDE
She Mega is. I'll die before I
finish college.

EDITH ALLERTON
You won't die. But I bet you'll
owe me afternoon tea next week.

COWABUNGA DUDE
If we're still alive ... Can you
drive me?

EDITH ALLERTON
You made such a fuss about leaving
your room for M-I-T, but your
precious Heidi calls --

COWABUNGA DUDE
She needs me.

EDITH ALLERTON
I'm proud of your civic-
mindedness, even if we don't agree
on the candidate.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE (WILMETTE) - DAY

Fred's car SCREECHES around the right angle, races up
driveway into open two-car garage. Door comes down.

Ricky's SUV stops in front of neighbor's house.

RICKY
Got your house!

With his phone's camera, he shoots video of Fred's two-
story home, zooms in on windows blocked by heavy curtains.

Black SUV driven by Detective JEFFREY LUSHMORE of Cook
County Sheriff's Office stops behind Ricky. Detective
Sergeant PERCY OWENS exits on passenger side, flashes badge
through Ricky's window.

PERCY OWENS
We've had burglaries in this
neighborhood.

RICKY
I'm prospecting.

Ricky hands Owens a business card with photograph.

PERCY OWENS
John Reyes, Realtor. You look
young on the photograph.

RICKY
That's marketing. It's tough out there. I want every edge I can get.

PERCY OWENS
Have a good day.

Owens keeps card and retreats to his car.

RICKY
(yells after Owens)
Know anyone who needs a house?

Owens ignores Ricky, makes phone call.

PERCY OWENS (INTO PHONE)
Some realtor type checking out the house.

INT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, SERVER ROOM - DAY

Derek leads Cowabunga (hoodie over dress) into nothing more than large closet. Blade servers and other equipment with blinking lights populate three racks. Unused gear piles up against wall. She tries a clumsy flirt.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Cold!

DEREK
Computers like it that way.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Who'll keep me warm?

Derek takes XXL arctic parka with fur-trimmed hood from hook on wall and helps her into it. Parka reaches down to her calves, its sleeves dangling past her hands.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
Lovely.

DEREK
Hot coffee?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Any cocoa?

DEREK
I'll see what I can do.

He points at blade server in rack.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I hooked up one of our spares.

Cowabunga unpacks her laptop.

COWABUNGA DUDE
We can't change the search
results, so we kill the lies.

DEREK
How?

COWABUNGA DUDE
I'll program the core routers to
drop any packets sent to fake news
sites.

DEREK
Won't they find out?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Not-nice people don't worry about
error handling. Users will think
the sites are down.

DEREK
Brilliant. So why this server?

COWABUNGA DUDE
To collect new IP addresses from
the directories tracking fake
news.

DEREK
Sounds like a lot of work.

COWABUNGA DUDE
I didn't sleep much last night,
but ... in ten minutes, your
problem will go bye-bye.

INT. JACOB'S LAIR - DAY

Multiple BEEPING sounds. Jacob drops Ricky's job application on table laden with equipment, sits down at monitoring station. Lower screens show video feeds from drones hovering outside campaign headquarters.

Jacob clicks on only picture in top row of facial recognition results, Cowabunga with "?" as label. Picture enlarges with rectangle marked "No Match." He stares at face, closes picture.

BEEPING continues. Jacob opens small safe full of CASH, PASSPORTS, GUNS, more CELL PHONES, retrieves one with FLASHING DISPLAY, listens to message.

TEXT TO SPEECH (V.O.)

Text message from customer one:
How's an explosion modern, clean,
undetactable? This is not what I
agreed to.

Jacob dictates response.

JACOB (INTO PHONE)

Sorry if war's too messy for you.
Period. Self-destruct did its job
when my operator had momentary
lapse. Period. It will not happen
again. Period!

Jacob locks away phone. He opens browser, searches for "Governor Carlton," clicks on first result. Nothing. He clicks again. Nothing.

JACOB

What the ...

He clicks next result. Nothing. Next one brings up CNN page. Click on fifth link does nothing.

JACOB

Damn coward!

Jacob picks up one of the cell phones on table, reconsiders, opens Cowabunga's picture.

JACOB

A girl?

Jacob laughs, unleashes flurry of commands, discovers new Carlton campaign server, replays packet with empty list.

Click on top link brings up fake news site. Jacob smiles.

JACOB

A girl. Hah!

INT. SERVER ROOM

Cowabunga stands on desktop computer as footstool, clutches steaming cup of cocoa, stares at social media timeline with one "404 not found error" after another. She smiles.

Pictures and summaries from working links appear in timeline. Surprised, Cowabunga types commands to push out an updated list. Errors appear in timeline.

INT. JACOB'S LAIR

Jacob has reached bottom of search results page when links stop working again.

JACOB
War it is.

He cracks fingers, replays packet to zero out list.

INT. SERVER ROOM

Timeline shows pictures and summaries again. Irritated, Cowabunga reaches for keyboard. Her screen goes dark.

Boot messages appear followed by "Operating System Not Found." Shocked, she drops her cocoa.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE

Derek checks a message on his cell phone.

ON SCREEN

"Post the Drummel Nuclear First video on her website in 24 hours or you could lose more than just your marriage."

(Two pictures: one shot from outside through huge window shows Barbara and Derek having sex in this office, other shows Melanie outside their Richmond home.)

BACK TO SCENE

Derek leaps to window, checks for cameras.

Cowabunga, still in parka, barges in and paces around room, arms flailing, sleeves flapping.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Help!

DEREK

What happened?

COWABUNGA DUDE

Your server got nuked, in real-time.

DEREK

Pardon?

COWABUNGA DUDE

They low-level formatted your server. Gone. Destroyed. History.

DEREK

What? How?

COWABUNGA DUDE

These spooks are all over your network. I'm scared.

Derek scans for drones outside window.

DEREK

Maybe you'd be safer at home.

Cowabunga slips out of parka, approaches Derek with open arms.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)

Can you give me a ride home?
Please?

Derek sits down without looking at Cowabunga. He types into transportation app.

DEREK

A limo will pick you up in five.

Cowabunga frowns disappointed.

INT. JACOB'S LAIR

On his monitor, Jacob watches Cowabunga enter elevator. He picks up a cell phone.

JACOB (INTO PHONE)

Launch Black Widow Two.

EXT. CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS, PLAZA - DAY

Cowabunga hastens across plaza to limousine at curb.

MAN IN TRENCH COAT and hat reminiscent of Inspector Clouseau from Pink Panther movies sits on concrete planter. Light motorcycle next to him.

Tablet computer in his hand displays live view of plaza. Red circle surrounds Cowabunga. Red square surrounds barely visible drone following her four floors above.

Cowabunga scampers into limo.

EXT. MAIN STREET (RICHMOND) - DAY

Limousine turns from 9th Street into Main Street in moderate afternoon traffic, drone and Man in Trench Coat on motorcycle in pursuit.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

DRIVER

Miss, a motorcycle followed us
through all the turns.

Cowabunga looks back at Man in Trench Coat two cars behind. Drone barely visible overhead.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Lose him.

DRIVER

Miss, I have to obey --

COWABUNGA DUDE

Do you want to die?

EXT. MAIN STREET

Limousine speeds up, weaves around traffic, races across intersection on red. Car speeding on Cherry Street broadsides limo, crushes wheel well.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Driver calls 911.

COWABUNGA DUDE
What are you doing?

DRIVER
Miss, I have to call the police.

Cowabunga holds her aching head.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Are you cray-cray? You have to get
me out of here.

DRIVER
With a crushed wheel?

COWABUNGA DUDE
I can't talk to the police.

Cowabunga grabs laptop bag, jumps out.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Cowabunga, laptop bag slung across chest, races past barren
trees to Virginia Commonwealth University's Commons (VCUC).

INT. JACOB'S LAIR

Video feed of Cowabunga shows outline of flashing battery
one fifth full and "20%." Upper screens shows Cowabunga's
picture from elevator, map of Richmond's Fan District with
grid lines and flashing dot on VCUC.

JACOB (INTO PHONE)
Launch all Grapevines and cover
the exits for three-two-six eight-
three-three. Do not let target
escape.

INT. SHED (WINDSOR FARMS NEIGHBORHOOD, RICHMOND) - DAY

Dimly lit, windowless room. Shelves full of unmanned aerial
vehicles of various sizes and other high-tech gear. Similar
monitoring station shows same content as Jacob's. OPERATOR
opens safe and retrieves M67 hand grenade. Square metal
clamp locks down safety lever instead of safety pin. He
attaches clamp to rig under thirty-inch drone.

EXT. CHERRY STREET (RICHMOND) - DAY

Cowabunga, hood over most of her hair, peers through glass doors of VCUC north entrance. No man with hat, no drones.

She exits and blends in with students. A thirty-inch drone carrying M67 hand grenade swoops down from behind.

INT. SHED

In first Grapevine drone feed, green square tracks Cowabunga's movement. Operator moves joystick and presses on keyboard. Gray crosshair moves toward green square.

EXT. CHERRY STREET

Drone almost on top of Cowabunga. Man in Trench Coat bursts through door, shoots at drone.

Cowabunga and screaming students scatter.

INT. SHED

Shots sound from speakers. Operator swings camera around, sees Man in Trench Coat, accidentally hits button on joystick.

EXT. CHERRY STREET

Grenade drops. FIREBALL. SMOKE. Cowabunga behind tree.

INT. DEREK'S OFFICE - DAY

Blinds closed. Colored tape covers camera lens of computer. Derek takes apart office phone. KNOCK startles him.

DEREK

Um, Yes?

Barbara slouches into room. She holds out phone with picture of bombing at VCUC.

BARBARA

A drone dropped a bomb on a Polish diplomat at V-C-U. Several students injured. They think it's about our election

DEREK

Why would the Poles care?

BARBARA

They don't want to be caught in the middle if Drummel starts a war with Russia.

DEREK

The world's gone mad.

BARBARA

Maybe we should leave this to the F-B-I.

DEREK

You mean give up.

Barbara thinks for a beat.

BARBARA

I don't want you in the next body bag.

DEREK

I have too much to lose.

BARBARA

I'll make sure your company is paid.

DEREK

Forget D-Crunch. But Melanie ... or Cowabunga. When was this bombing?

BARBARA

Twenty minutes ago.

DEREK

That's when she left!

BARBARA

Who?

DEREK

I can't quit. These terrorists handed out bull's eyes today.

Derek reaches for office phone in pieces, picks up cell phone instead.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Close the door.

Barbara leaves. Derek calls Cowabunga. No answer. He tries again. No answer. He calls limousine service.

DEREK (INTO PHONE)

You made a pickup at Carlton
campaign headquarters half an hour
ago.

EXT. ALLERTON HOME - DAY

Derek, carrying laptop bag with campaign sticker, exits his luxury crossover. Large drone hides behind another house.

Derek checks address on phone, plods through manicured front yard to door of two-story Victorian, complete mismatch to his idea of Cowabunga Dude's home.

Edith Allerton (business suit) answers door.

DEREK

I'm sorry. I think I'm at the
wrong house. I --

EDITH ALLERTON

Are you with the Carlton campaign?

DEREK

Yes, ma'am.

EDITH ALLERTON

Annie's upstairs, to the right.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Blinds closed, dim light. Laptop missing from desk. Cowabunga cowers on corner of bed in fetal position, shakes.

DEREK

So, it's Annie?

She looks at Derek as if a ghost entered.

COWABUNGA DUDE

(screaming)

They dropped a bomb on me.

DEREK
I'm so sorry.

COWABUNGA DUDE
You should be.

Derek sits on bed.

DEREK
Anything I can do?

COWABUNGA DUDE
I need a hug.

Derek hugs Cowabunga.

DEREK
Don't worry. I'll take it from here.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Good. I'm never leaving my room again. Ever!

DEREK
Why do you pretend to be a dude?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Have you ever seen someone message a dude to send nudes?

DEREK
I've been out of high school too long, but I get your point.

COWABUNGA DUDE
And many hackers don't like girls.

DEREK
I like you the way you are.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Really?

DEREK
Really.

Cowabunga smiles, clings to him. Derek studies dolls on shelves.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Is there a story behind these Barbies?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Four stories.

DEREK
Four?

COWABUNGA DUDE
I write romance.

DEREK
That's great. So what's the story
on the blue one?

Derek points at the blue-haired Barbie in sequin dress.

COWABUNGA DUDE
They call her the "Katy Perry"
Barbie. She goes on tour and falls
in love with a dashing spy.

Cowabunga smiles at Derek. He stares at dolls.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
Together they stop the world from
ending.

DEREK
Wow. You should publish that.

Cowabunga shakes her head.

DEREK (CONT'D)
I know people.

COWABUNGA DUDE
How can I write true romance ...

She gazes at him longingly.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
... when I've never been kissed?

He teases her hair with his finger. They drown in each
other's eyes for a beat. She leans in for a kiss. KNOCK.

EDITH ALLERTON (O.S.)
Annie?

COWABUNGA DUDE
(irritated)
Yes, Mom.

Edith opens door partway.

EDITH ALLERTON
Is your cell phone off again?
Someone from M-I-T left an urgent
message on the answering machine.

Edith closes door. Derek stands. Cowabunga doesn't hide her disappointment.

DEREK
You have enough to deal with.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Derek ... our talk really helped.

Derek leaves. Cowabunga powers up cell phone, plays message.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
Miss Allerton, this is Professor
Salander. You've now missed two
assignments. Young lady, I made
myself clear when I agreed to let
you take my course online. If I
don't receive all missing
assignments by next class, you can
pick up your "F" online.

Alert pops up on phone.

ON SCREEN

"Spy Alert
Suspicious cell phone activity detected"

Cowabunga buries head in her hand.

INT. D-CRUNCH, STORAGE ROOM (DULLES TECH CORRIDOR) - DAY

Windowless room full of supplies. Derek checks walls for bugs. He sits on floor with laptop, starts video chat over secure connection.

RICKY
Where are you?

DEREK
D-Crunch. Campaign H-Q is bugged.

RICKY
Is this line secure?

DEREK

If not, I'm in big trouble. Huge.

RICKY

I have a friend who can sweep for bugs.

DEREK

For spy drones too?

RICKY

I have a friend who sells countermeasures.

DEREK

You have a friend for everything, but, listen, they're dropping bombs on innocent people. We have to figure this out like yesterday.

RICKY

You need a miracle.

DEREK

You don't have a friend for that?

RICKY

Heaven is far away.

DEREK

What do you have?

Picture of Fred's car, title document appear on screen.

RICKY

The manager's car. Souped-up limited edition. Not available until Christmas.

DEREK

I know. I drove one in Ann Arbor.

RICKY

How?

DEREK

They presented the first one to a bigwig Carlton supporter.

RICKY

So how does a mid-level manager get one?

DEREK
Who's Clay Pigeon LLC?

RICKY
The hundred-thousand-dollar question. No known activity other than selling an electric car to one Fred Hull last week.

DEREK
Obviously a bribe.

RICKY
After ten years, his employee options must be worth millions.

DEREK
Fred not our man?

RICKY
Minutes after the interview, he drove to a vacant warehouse.

DEREK
You spooked him. We need to get to his computer. Fast.

Video of Fred's house appears on screen.

RICKY
A million-dollar fortress. Bullet-resistant glass. Sheriff on patrol. The datacenter is just as bad.

DEREK
I need to know what he knows.

RICKY
As I said, a miracle.

DEREK
You were the best in your unit.

Silence depresses room for a beat.

RICKY
It's illegal.

DEREK
And all the laws they broke?

RICKY
I have a friend at the phone
company.

DEREK
That's more like it.

RICKY
But you'll need the NSA to decode
the raw traffic that quickly.

DEREK
I have something better than the
NSA.

RICKY
You're bringing outsiders in on an
illegal hack?

DEREK
Relax. Nobody knows about you.

Derek ends video call, sends a text.

ON SCREEN

"Cowabunga, I need you. I really do. You can do this from
your room."

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - DAY

Ricky stands next to a man lift alongside utility pole in
alley behind house. Fence of orange cones. MAN IN HARDHAT
and reflective vest wraps small boxes around wires.

TIRES SCREECH. Fred's sports car barrels down street. OLDER
WOMAN turns head toward noise.

OLDER WOMAN
(screaming)
Outrageous! You're gonna kill a
kid.

Man in Hardhat gives Ricky thumbs-up.

MAN IN HARDHAT
At least I'm not the only one
working on Saturday.

RICKY
Look busy.

MAN IN HARDHAT
I look busy for a living.

Ricky crosses lawn to the two-story house, checks windows.

At break in curtains, he fixes to attach tiny camera, but drops it when Man in Hardhat whistles.

ENGINE RUMBLES. Ricky dashes to side of house.

Black SUV driven by Lushmore stops at curb. Owens steps out, walks to house. His dress shoes clack on concrete. Ricky sneaks to back.

Owens checks house door, visually inspects windows, comes around to side.

Man in Hardhat signals Ricky to move. He slips around corner, searches for a way out.

Owens inspects back door and windows, turns around and checks out man lift. Man in Hardhat pretends to coil up wire. Owens makes call.

OWENS
He locked everything, Seal.
(beat)
You and him, brothers in paranoia.

Owens hustles back the way he came. SUV leaves.

Ricky attaches cameras to various windows.

INT. COWABUNGA DUDE'S ROOM - DAY

Usual dim light. Cowabunga at desk, big kitchen knife by her side. Cables lead from closed blinds and cell phone to laptop. Screen shows video feeds: hovering drone outside, her house with closed blinds and running timestamp.

Call comes in from blocked caller ID.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)
Call from ... private number.

Cowabunga hesitates.

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Call from ... private number.

Cowabunga dons headset.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Answer call.

DEREK (V.O.)
It's Derek. Did you find anything
in the --

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
What number is this?

DEREK (V.O.)
I'm using the Governor's secure
phone. I think campaign H-Q --

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Are you insane? You brought a
drone here. My room's a
battlefield now.

Beat of silence.

DEREK (V.O.)
A drone? How do you know it's for
you?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Because it sends video with weak
encryption over the cell net.

DEREK (V.O.)
They won't attack the house. Not
after the mess at V-C-U.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Says you, the idiot who killed me.

DEREK (V.O.)
I'll get you somewhere safe.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
And my mom and father?

DEREK (V.O.)
We catch these criminals, this
nonsense will end. Did you find
anything?

Beat of silence.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Fred downloads pictures of ...
girls.

DEREK (V.O.)
Every man does that.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Not from the Dark Web. Little
girls.

DEREK (V.O.)
Child pornography?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
I never want to see this stuff
again.

DEREK (V.O.)
I'm sorry.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Why do men do that?

DEREK
Some have ... problems.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Sterile, windowless room that screams paranoia. Carlton
slouches at head of table, stares at wall.

BARBARA
Stop being a chauvinist for once.
That sicko should rot in jail.

DEREK
C'mon, Barbie, I mean, Barbara ...
he's being blackmailed.

BARBARA
So?

Carlton stares into space throughout her monologue.

GOVERNOR CARLTON
My son passed away in a car
accident, at least that's what the
sheriff called it, as a courtesy
to a family friend and two-term
congresswoman.

(beat)
He could not cope with his
addiction.

(beat)
We didn't see. I didn't see.
(beat)
Fred needs treatment, not prison.

Carlton snaps out of it.

GOVERNOR CARLTON (CONT'D)
Barbara, I want you to handle this personally. Today. Appeal to his better angels.

Barbara hesitates.

BARBARA
What are my negotiating points?

GOVERNOR CARLTON
Immunity. In exchange, he ceases his manipulation immediately, cooperates with the investigation, and commits to treatment.

BARBARA
I'll do my best.

GOVERNOR CARLTON
Thank you. I have a speech in four hours.

Carlton leaves.

BARBARA
He'll never go for it.

DEREK
The dark side is strong.

BARBARA
You talk sense into him. Tech people understand each other.

DEREK
I have someone better. Cowabunga Dude.

BARBARA
How's he going to help?

DEREK
She's his type.

Barbara surprised.

INT. DOMINO HOUSE, STUDY - DAY

Derek enters with a garment bag. Melanie, at computer, checks job postings, ignores him.

DEREK

I have to go to Chicago to salvage the campaign.

MELANIE

Is she going with you?

DEREK

It's a group thing.

Melanie stares at computer.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Four more days. I'll sort things out. Scout's honor.

INT. FBI CAR - DAY

SAC Marshall and FBI AGENT #1 drive toward Allerton Home. Cowabunga's picture and information on dashboard-mounted laptop.

EXT. ALLERTON HOME - DAY

LIGHTS AND SIREN on, ambulance leaves, passes FBI car. It take spot at curb. Marshall and FBI AGENT #1 get out, approach door. High above, drone follows ambulance.

MARSHALL (INTO RADIO)

Ready?

FBI AGENT #2 (V.O.)

We have the back.

Marshall rings doorbell. No answer. She opens door.

MARSHALL

Hello?

Marshall makes phone call.

MARSHALL (INTO PHONE)

Dispatch, I need a status on an ambulance pickup on Grove Avenue.

EXT. INTERSECTION BROAD/9TH - DAY

Cowabunga, with laptop bag, hops out of back of different ambulance, waves to EMTs inside.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Thanks.

Out in the open, Cowabunga bewildered by activity around her. Luxury crossover stops. Barbara lowers passenger window. Black Widow quadcopter hovers kitty-corner.

COWABUNGA DUDE

(yells at Derek)

You have another drone on your tail.

BARBARA

What's going on?

DEREK

I can shake it. Get in.

COWABUNGA DUDE

I'm safer at home.

DEREK

You think you can outrun that thing? Get in.

Cowabunga hesitates, gets in the back.

DEREK

(to Barbara)

You have friends on the force, right?

Derek guns it, swerves into moderate traffic on Broad St. Cowabunga slams into door.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Hey!

Derek dials Ricky on console, barely avoids car in front.

DEREK

Ricky, drone emergency. Seventh Street in two minutes.

COWABUNGA DUDE

What are you doing?

RICKY (V.O.)
Will be close.

BARBARA
Who's Ricky?

Cowabunga tries the handle, but car's child lock prevents door opening.

COWABUNGA DUDE
I want out.

Barbara reaches out from her seat.

BARBARA
He's a Fast and Furious fan.
Fasten your seatbelt.

Cowabunga fastens her seatbelt.

EXT. INTERSECTION BROAD/7TH - DAY

Crossover turns into one-way 7th St, quadcopter in pursuit.
Derek accelerates, veering around cars. Drone catches up.

INT. LUXURY CROSSOVER - DAY

Worried Cowabunga watches drone through rear window.
Barbara clings to console and armrest.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Still behind us.

DEREK
Won't stay there for long.

BARBARA
Neither will my breakfast.

EXT. 7TH ST - DAY

Crossover heads toward large, white hexacopter.

INT. LUXURY CROSSOVER

Barbara points ahead.

BARBARA
Another one!

EXT. 7TH ST

Crossover squeezed between two drones. White hexacopter shoots out a net, captures Black Widow, flies off with it.

Black Widow explodes.

INT. LUXURY CROSSOVER

Cowabunga watches explosion.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Oh my Gaga.

DEREK

I told you I can shake it.

BARBARA

So who's Ricky?

EXT. 7TH ST

Crossover enters freeway. Large octocopter follows high above buildings.

INT. JACOB'S LAIR - DAY

With one hand on joystick, Jacob monitors drone video of crossover taking "Airport Dr" exit ramp. He taps a phone.

JACOB (INTO PHONE)

Check a Derek Domino, like the pizza, for any flights out of R-I-C now.

He listens to response.

JACOB (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Four hours! Get your lazy ass moving! I butter your bread with Beaufort d'Été.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Cowabunga and Derek sit together. She surfs on laptop with small antenna sticking out. Barbara behind them concentrates on her phone.

DEREK
What are you slaving over?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Homework.

DEREK
Glad I'm out of school ... How's
the connection?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Pretty lame for nine ninety-five.
I'll chillax when my four-G works
again.

DEREK
Can you put your video on
Drummel's site?

COWABUNGA DUDE
But Heidi --

DEREK
Just in case. If today doesn't
work out.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Won't the campaign get blamed for
hacking?

DEREK
The back door's probably gone.

COWABUNGA DUDE
We've buried so many scripts on
that site, we own it.

Cowabunga types on laptop, turns screen to Derek.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
Anything happens to me, redirect
the vid to this tiny U-R-L.

Derek contemplates screen, laces his fingers with hers.

DEREK
Nothing will happen to you.
Scout's honor. Fred will see the
light even if I have to shine my
phone in his face.

Cowabunga smiles.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - DAY

Derek in Chevy parked at cross street. Barbara (overcoat, huge handbag) and Cowabunga (overcoat, laptop bag) trudge to Fred's house. HARD ROCK plays inside. Garage open.

Barbara RINGS DOORBELL. No response.

Barbara RINGS again. No response.

Barbara tries door. No luck.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Let's try the garage.

Barbara and Cowabunga pussyfoot through garage.

BARBARA
Think positive thoughts.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE, GREAT ROOM - DAY

Typical moneyed bachelor pad: modern furnishings, scattered clothing, partially eaten packages of snacks. Hard rock plays. Fancy computer desk hosts laptop, high-tech gadgets.

BARBARA
Mr. Hull?

Cowabunga fiddles with Fred's laptop. Barbara makes calls.

BARBARA (INTO PHONE)
He must have driven off right
before we arrived.

COWABUNGA DUDE
We have his computer.

Cowabunga unplugs laptop.

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE

Black SUV stops at curb. Lushmore and Owens jump out.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE, GREAT ROOM

DEREK (V.O.)
Two guys coming to the house.

Barbara, one arm around laptop poking out of handbag, and Cowabunga hurry to foyer. Front door handle turns down repeatedly.

OWENS (O.S.)
The garage!

From behind curtain, Barbara watches detectives disappear into garage. She unlocks bolt, flees with Cowabunga, leaving front door open.

TIRES SCREECH. Chevy goes wrong way, comes to the rescue behind black SUV. Derek reaches behind him, opens rear door.

Owens comes out.

OWENS
Freeze! Police.

Owens pulls out gun, runs after Chevy pulling away.

OWENS
(shouting)
Red Chevy Impala, license plate --

Chevy disappears around next corner. Owens curses and stomps his foot, then gets into SUV on passenger side.

OWENS
Move!

Lushmore jumps into SUV, attempts K-turn. TIRES SCREECH. They nearly collide with Ricky's oncoming car.

HONKING concert. Owens opens window, slams red police light on top of SUV, curses at Ricky.

OWENS
Move out of the way, you
obstruction of justice.

Ricky backs away. SUV chases after Chevy. SIREN.

INT. CHEVY - DAY

DEREK
(to Cowabunga Dude)
Get what you can off the laptop.

Barbara hands over laptop. Cowabunga takes SMALL SCREWDRIVER and HARD DRIVE CAGE with USB connector out of her bag, loosens screws on Fred's laptop.

BARBARA
What are you doing?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Cloning the hard drive.

DEREK
(to Barbara)
Standard forensic technique.

Cowabunga copies hard drive to her laptop.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Don't want to lose anything by mistake.

SIREN continues. Derek makes sharp turn.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Hey!

DEREK
Better than jail.

Another sharp turn. VPN client with list of connections appears in "Virtual Machine" window on Cowabunga's laptop screen.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Mega-win. He has V-P-N access.

BARBARA
What?

DEREK
He has remote access to the datacenter. We can bypass their security.

Log-on dialog box with user name "fredhull" prefilled, empty password field, "Send token to phone" button.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Mega-loss. It requires a password sent to his phone.

Derek turns into alley, corners hard, stops in carport. SIREN continues.

DEREK

Down!

He ducks out of sight, calls Ricky from car console.

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)

Find Fred. We get his phone messages, we can V-P-N in.

RICKY (V.O.)

He's connected to my cell site simulator. I see what he sees.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Mega. Sent it!

RICKY (V.O.)

Xray, Niner, Kilo, Kilo, Seven, Two, Bravo, Zero.

SIREN fades.

COWABUNGA DUDE

I'm in!

Cowabunga sings Katy Perry song.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)

(placeholder)

"'Cause, baby, you're a firework /
Come on show 'em what you're worth
/ Make 'em go, 'Aah, aah, aah'"

Cowabunga realizes she has company.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

BARBARA

Whatever makes you happy.

Cowabunga scrolls through time-stamped log.

COWABUNGA DUDE

I don't get it. He hasn't accessed the database in months.

BARBARA

What does that mean?

DEREK

We have no idea what he did and how to undo it.

COWABUNGA DUDE
We need Fred.

Derek dials again.

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
No luck, Ricky. You need to find
Fred.

RICKY (V.O.)
He's heading to his favorite
vacant warehouse. I'll have him in
no time.

EXT. VACANT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Fred's car accelerates toward warehouse.

INT. FRED'S CAR - DAY

Fred stomps on brakes, hammers power button. Car still
accelerates. "Airbag disabled" flashes on dashboard.
Digital speedometer rises to "73."

EXT. VACANT WAREHOUSE

Car crashes into massive warehouse.

Ricky's SUV races in, drives past wreck, stops out of sight
behind building. Checking surroundings, he sneaks back.

Ricky confirms Fred's death, honors him with a moment of
silence, ends with sign of the cross.

RICKY
I'm sorry, Mr. Hull.

Ricky makes a call.

RICKY (INTO PHONE)
You were born under a loser sign.

INT. CHEVY - DAY

Derek driving.

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
Are you trying to cheer me up?

RICKY (V.O.)
Fred collided with the vacant
warehouse.

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
Foul play?

RICKY (V.O.)
These guys aren't playing.

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
Game over for us.

Cowabunga Dude leans between the seats.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO CONSOLE)
Get his badge and phone.

BARBARA
What for?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Social engineering.

RICKY (V.O.)
... into Fred's office.

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
What about the guards?

RICKY (V.O.)
The car in Ann Arbor is a ringer
for Fred's?

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
Only one model, one color.

RICKY (V.O.)
How quickly can you get it?

DEREK (INTO CONSOLE)
I don't know. Three hours maybe?

RICKY (V.O.)
Do it. I'm coming to your hotel.
Where's your room?

DEREK
Ground floor. Room Five

Derek hangs up, touches Cowabunga's hand.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Time for another miracle.

BARBARA
You two are getting cozy.

Derek glowers at Barbara.

EXT. VACANT WAREHOUSE - DAY

Dusk falls. Ricky searches Fred's pockets, takes smartphone, company badge, keys, shattered glasses. With own phone, he takes flash pictures of Fred's open eyes.

ENGINE NOISES. Ricky hides behind warehouse.

Black SUV stops.

OWENS
Call in a suicide by car.

LUSHMORE
We haven't even investigated.

OWENS
What's there to investigate? No skid marks. Call in the suicide.

He gets out and searches Fred's pockets.

OWENS
Damn! Nothing.
(beat)
The E-Ts can handle it from here.
Let's bail.

INT. HOTEL ROOM (WILMETTE) - DAY

Modern furnishings. Cowabunga's and Fred's laptops on desk. Cowabunga, in chair, clings to Derek. He caresses her hair.

DEREK
Fred cracked. We're stronger --

COWABUNGA DUDE
Use your brain app. They gave him a car with a hacked onboard computer.

Derek continues caresses, torn between duty and temptation.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
Let's stay here tonight.

DEREK
We can't give up now.

COWABUNGA DUDE
I don't want to die before my
first kiss.

Derek lifts her head, leans in for a kiss.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY [DREAM SEQUENCE]

ROMANTIC MUSIC. Marvel (Derek in formalwear) leans in to
kiss Cowabunga (sequin gown).

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

KNOCK.

BARBARA (O.S.)
It's me.

Derek reluctantly breaks away from Cowabunga's embrace and
opens door. Barbara, phone in hand, saunters in.

BARBARA
Having fun?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Nothing useful on the computer.

BARBARA
Maybe he used his phone. I use
mine for everything.

DEREK
Ricky will be here any minute.

Cowabunga still looks downtrodden.

INT. BLACK SUV (SKOKIE BOULEVARD) - DAY

Black SUV stands at curb among parked cars. Lushmore reads
reports on rental cars on dashboard-mounted laptop. Owens
argues on phone.

OWENS (INTO PHONE)

That bitch must have the phone in her humongous handbag with all her junk. Of course you're getting no signal.

JACOB (V.O.)

And how'd she find the warehouse?

OWENS (INTO PHONE)

Duh! They found Hull's house. You have the Feds on your --

Ricky's SUV with Army-star bumper sticker drives past them.

OWENS (CONT'D)

Follow that car.

Black SUV pulls out.

INT. RICKY'S SUV - DAY

Ricky notices black SUV in rear view mirror. Instead of turning toward Wilmette, he continues straight on Caldwell Avenue. Black SUV follows. Moderate traffic. Empty residential streets. Forest. No place to hide.

At clearing, Ricky veers off-road down embankment into Miami Woods, heads to paved North Branch Trail.

INT. BLACK SUV

Owens signals Lushmore to follow.

OWENS

Follow him!

LUSHMORE

Into the woods?

OWENS

You prefer "into the prison"?

EXT. MIAMI WOODS (MORTON GROVE) - DAY

Ricky's SUV barrels down trail. Black SUV, LIGHT AND SIREN live, in pursuit. Cyclists and walkers jump to the side.

At next clearing, Ricky's SUV corners hard, fords North Branch of Chicago River.

Chase continues on St. Paul Woods access road.

INT. RICKY'S SUV

TRAIN WHISTLE. Ricky searches for escape route, turns into Lincoln Avenue. Half barriers down at railroad crossing.

EXT. LINCOLN AVENUE (MORTON GROVE) - DAY

Ricky's SUV swerves around half barrier, turns onto left railroad tracks, heads toward train in distance.

INT. BLACK SUV

Black SUV stops on crossing.

OWENS
He's getting away.

LUSHMORE
This is insanity.

OWENS
If he can make it, so can we.

Black SUV turns onto right tracks.

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE (MORTON GROVE) - DAY

Ricky's SUV races across North Branch bridge straight at approaching train. Black SUV accelerates to pass him on the right. Owens has pistol out.

EXT. DEMPSTER STREET (MORTON GROVE) - DAY

Half barriers down. Cars waiting. Frantic TRAIN WHISTLE.

Ricky's SUV cuts across crossing moments before train and turns left into Dempster Street.

INT. BLACK SUV

TIRES SCREECH. Black SUV stops in crossing. Train roars past. Owens slams his fist on dashboard.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ricky unloads multiple bags onto bed, digs phone from metal-mesh signal blocker pouch.

DEREK

A signal blocker bag? A bit paranoid, aren't we?

RICKY

This phone caused enough deaths.

Cowabunga fiddles with phone. Ricky offers Derek and Barbara baby-cut carrot from small bag. Both wave off.

BARBARA

No, thank you.

RICKY

Good for your eyes.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Locked! It'll take all night to crack this.

RICKY

I have a friend.

Ricky pulls his laptop out of a bag. Video of Fred in his great room using phone. Cowabunga emulates movements.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Cowabunga!

BARBARA

What happened to the good old days of invisible ink and opening letters over a steaming kettle?

Cowabunga checks apps on Fred's phone.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Look! He decreased the weightings of major news sites.

She shows off list.

ON SCREEN

"HEIDI+CARLTON 246 132
72697368734367658276847978 F6 84
ABCNEWS 246 13
4142434E455753 F6 84
BBC 246 13
424243 F6 84"

BACK TO SCENE

BARBARA
More non-invisible ink.

Cowabunga Dude loads AI Debugger and diagram on laptop.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Pure genius. Changes to the
database trigger an alert concert.

On diagram, Cowabunga points at artificial intelligence
cluster between web servers and database.

COWABUNGA DUDE (CONT'D)
Instead, mod the artificial
intelligence cluster here.

DEREK
Modify a cluster? Nightmare.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Except one place.

Cowabunga points to "Shared Cache" in debugger window.

BARBARA
Can somebody please explain what's
going on?

DEREK
The good news is we figured out
how Fred hid it from the company.

BARBARA
I don't like the sound of that.

DEREK
To fix it, we need to break into
the super secure server room.

CARMEN

I brought you *todos mis* best
equipments. ¡Nobody *te va*
reconocer!

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Marshall at desk.

FBI AGENT #1

Locations of all Allerton phones.

FBI Agent #1 hands her tablet computer.

FBI AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

Two at a Drummel fundraiser in
Richmond. One offline. One turned
on in Wilmette, Illinois, an hour
ago. Somebody's scared.

MARSHALL

Or determined. The hacked
datacenter is ten minutes away.
(to her team members)
Alert the Chicago field office.
And SWAT. Get us a plane.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Fred's laptop shows his social media profile picture. Derek
on chair with towel around shoulders. Carmen adds pair of
glasses to his Fred look. Ricky's laptop shows video he
shot in datacenter.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Loser idea. The guards will spot
the fake.

RICKY

Wave at them so your hand hides
your face.

Ricky holds up his phone.

RICKY

I took pictures of his eyes. That
should get you past --

COWABUNGA DUDE

No! You can't use that.

Cowabunga snatches phones from Ricky. Derek turns head.
Carmen, comb in hand, glowers.

DEREK

That's how I get in.

COWABUNGA DUDE

That's how you get trapped. The
flash tests pupillary reflex. The
system can tell it's a pic.

DEREK

Can you fix it?

She waffles but hooks up Ricky's phone to her laptop.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Still a loser idea.

Cowabunga opens photographs, applies filters, shows off
animated GIF of pupils closing, copies it to Fred's phone.

RICKY

You better fly her back first
class. She's worth every dime.

Cowabunga shows video on phone, points to her laptop.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Fred's phone has access to all
security cameras. And just in
case, I forwarded them to my baby.

Ricky inserts earpiece into Derek's ear, speaks into his
own button microphone on his collar.

RICKY

And I'll be at the fence sending
you my prayers.

Derek jerks. Carmen smacks comb to back of his head.

CARMEN

How many times *te tengo que decir*
for you to *quedarte quieto!*

Derek rolls eyes.

Ricky throws badge and Fred's phone into signal blocker
pouch, pockets it and his phone, hands Cowabunga and
Barbara earpieces and button mics.

COWABUNGA DUDE

What good are we there?

DEREK

Ricky's a war hero. You're safer
with him than alone here.

EXT. HOTEL PORTICO - NIGHT

Light rain falls. Small crowd ogles wet sports car.
Cowabunga, Barbara, Ricky, in overcoats and with bags slung
over shoulders, stand under portico.

Derek, Fred's laptop under his arm, signs receipt on
electronic clipboard of MAN IN A DELIVERY UNIFORM.

RICKY

What a beaut'. May I ride her to
the datacenter?

DEREK

It's my head.

RICKY

You don't trust your third-best
friend?

Derek tosses Ricky the key, aims fingers like pistol.

DEREK

Any marks on her, you're dead.
Clear, Sarge?

RICKY

Crystal, sir.

DEREK

I'll bring the rental.

Derek heads into rain.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT SIDE OF HOTEL - NIGHT

Derek between cars. Jacob (green military jacket with round
frogman patch bearing motto "The only easy day was
yesterday"), Owens, Lushmore block escape routes.

JACOB

Derek, or should I say Fred?
Putting on a show when all I
wanted was a video on Drummel's
website.

DEREK

Your blackmail days are over.

Jacob takes Fred's laptop, opens it.

JACOB

I don't need to. A high-ranking
Carlton staffer arrested for the
murder of Fred Hull. Can't wait
for that to hit the search engine.

DEREK

You'll never get away with it.

JACOB

I'm sure Cook County's finest here
will do a thorough investigation
... right up to the election.

Lushmore cuffs Derek.

DEREK

He killed Fred.

Jacob holds up search-engine-company badge with his photo.

JACOB

With your impersonation and the
testimony of an employee and
Fred's friend, who's going to
believe your crazy conspiracy
theory? Search him.

Lushmore pats down Derek, hands Jacob phone, wallet, hotel
key card, Chevy keys. Jacob takes key card, checks phone.
Lushmore pockets rest.

DEREK

We've already undone Fred's
debugger changes. You've lost.

EXT. HOTEL CORNER - NIGHT

Ricky peers around corner. Cowabunga, Barbara behind him.

JACOB (V.O.)
We tracked Fred's phone here.
Where is it?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Can you record this?

RICKY
I'm not set up for it.

BARBARA
We're screwed either way!

RICKY
Not yet. We still have Fred's
phone.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Drummel's Justice Department will
make it disappear faster than a
nuclear first strike.

RICKY
Then we better make sure Carlton
wins.

BARBARA
Do what you have to do.
(into microphone)
Derek, I'm with you.

EXT. PARKING LOT AT SIDE OF HOTEL

Jacob punches Derek restrained by Lushmore.

JACOB
Where's the phone?

DEREK
(wheezing)
Room four-thirty-seven. Fourth
floor.

JACOB
Wait in the car.

Barbara hides among cars parked next to portico, watches
detectives take Derek to black SUV.

INT. SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Ricky and Cowabunga race along.

RICKY

You can fix the debugger, correct?

COWABUNGA DUDE

Yes, but the spy stuff's no go.
I'm not who you think I am.

RICKY

I've seen boys rise to the Medal
of Honor for their comrades.

COWABUNGA DUDE

I'm a girl.

RICKY

You can't let murderers win.
Derek, the Governor, everyone's
counting on you.

Cowabunga fights tears.

COWABUNGA DUDE

I care about him, I do. But I'm
scared. They dropped bombs on me.

RICKY

I can't operate the debugger.

COWABUNGA DUDE

They'll nail us at the gate.

RICKY

That's what this beaut' is for.
Getting into the building, that's
something else. I'm working on it.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Gimme his phone.

Ricky hands Cowabunga the signal blocker pouch. She flips
through camera screens and diagrams.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Only one guy in the lobby. Can he
see Fred's office?

RICKY

No. It's upstairs. No cameras. You want to scale the building?

Cowabunga feeds video on Fred's phone to her laptop's voice synthesizer.

FRED

Zero to sixty in under four seconds. And no emissions --

FEMALE COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Voice analysis complete.

Cowabunga forwards unanswered calls on Fred's phone.

COWABUNGA DUDE

I'll trigger a window sensor in test mode, and Fred will tell the guard to go check it out.

Ricky gives her knowing grin.

RICKY

Welcome to the fight, soldier.

Cowabunga can't hide a smile.

INT. HOTEL ELEVATOR BANK - NIGHT

Jacob waits for elevator, checks map on phone. Arrow moves from red dot. He makes a call.

JACOB (INTO PHONE)

The phone's on its way to the datacenter. Stop them! Do not let them get near the servers.

EXT. HOTEL CORNER - NIGHT

Barbara, on phone, watches Black SUV with Derek in back race out of parking lot.

COMPUTER VOICE (V.O.)

Please leave a message for Agent Marshall.

BARBARA (INTO PHONE)
Jefferson from the Carlton
campaign. Something bad's going
down in Skokie. We need the
cavalry.

Barbara drops phone into handbag, turns around, comes face-to-face with Jacob. He reaches for her.

JACOB
Just the woman I need.

Barbara unloads pepper spray into his face.

BARBARA
You're not man enough.

Jacob pulls out Glock pistol while wiping eyes with sleeve.

JACOB
You bitch! I'll get you ...

Barbara races to ...

INT. CHEVY - NIGHT

Barbara in driver seat. No keys. Jacob lumbers to his SUV. Barbara ducks out of sight.

INT. JACOB'S SUV - NIGHT

Jacob, in driver seat, blinks constantly. He cleans red face with wipe from first aid kit, but can't get key into keyhole.

JACOB
To hell with them.

Jacob attaches joystick to laptop showing infrared video with cross hair and running timestamp.

EXT. PARKING LOT (OUTSIDE CHICAGO METRO) - NIGHT

Lot empty and clean, but heavy overgrowth along edges hides it from prying eyes. Engines fire up on PREDATOR DRONE (two HELLFIRE MISSILES) parked under CAMOUFLAGE TENT.

INT. SPORTS CAR

Car stands out of sight of datacenter gate.

RICKY
Hide in the back.

Cowabunga hides on floor. Ricky punches shattered lenses out of Fred's glasses, puts them on, covers Cowabunga with his coat.

RICKY
Zero Hour.

Ricky hits power button. Car displays lights up.

INT. JACOB'S SUV - NIGHT

Infrared video shows cross hair on sports car. Map on phone confirms location. Jacob presses trigger.

JACOB
Seven Mississippi ... Six
Mississippi

Sports car accelerates.

JACOB
Shit!

Cross hair jumps after target.

EXT. STREET TO DATACENTER - NIGHT

Car shoots down street, corners hard, comes to SCREECHING stop at gate.

GATE GUARD salutes, opens gate. Sports car races inside.

Explosion outside gate fractures safety glass of guard shed, but it holds together. Gate still closes.

INT. SPORTS CAR

COWABUNGA DUDE
Drummel's started World War Three.

Car comes to SCREECHING halt in Fred's reserved spot. Ricky tosses glasses, grabs coat, laptop bag.

RICKY
Get out! Where there's one
Hellfire there's two.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Are you psycho? They're dropping
bombs out there.

RICKY
They're targeting the car's heat
signature.

Cowabunga throws door open.

EXT. DATACENTER, PARKING LOT

Glass wall gives view of brightly illuminated reception
area. Divider wall with open passages on both sides hides
rest of lobby. GUARD in black on phone, arms flailing.

Ricky and Cowabunga run, hide around corner of building.
JET ENGINE NOISES. EXPLOSION high above.

RICKY
Our dot chasers took care of that.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Dot chasers?

RICKY
Air Force interceptors.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Down!

Golf carts with flashing yellow lights stop at entrance.
SECURITY GUARDS in black exit, join crowd inside, including
NIGHT MANAGER BILL.

Fred's phone RINGS. Cowabunga fumbles to silence it.
Display shows "Night Manager (Bill)."

COWABUNGA DUDE
Oh, no, the night manager's
calling.

Cowabunga dons headset, opens laptop.

NIGHT MANAGER (V.O.)
Mr. Hull, there's been a massive
explosion outside the gate.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
I'm watching the security cameras.
Anyone hurt?

NIGHT MANAGER (V.O.)
No, sir, our bombproof glass held.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Good, Bill. Take everyone to the
safe room until the police arrive.

Ricky gives Cowabunga thumbs up.

NIGHT MANAGER (V.O.)
But the servers --

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Everyone. I'll tell headquarters
we're under attack.

Cowabunga brings out badge. Ricky produces bag of baby-cut carrots from coat pocket, offers her one. When she remains frozen, he tosses carrot into his mouth.

RICKY
For perfect vision and good luck.

Cowabunga chews down a carrot.

COWABUNGA DUDE
May the force be with us.

Ricky peeks inside.

RICKY
They're gone. Let's go.

Cowabunga and Ricky sprint to double door. She hyperventilates and drops badge.

RICKY
Take a breath. You can do this,
soldier.

Cowabunga takes deep breath. With a smile, Ricky picks up and hands her badge. She clips it to bracelet, holds it against proximity scanner.

CLICK. GREEN LIGHT. Ricky holds door open.

INT. DATACENTER, LOWER LEVEL, FRONT LOBBY - NIGHT

Gigantic space full of armchairs, beanbags, flat-screen TVs. Usual high-tech-company perks line wall: refrigerators with soft drinks, coffee/tea machines, dispensers for snacks, recycling containers.

Ricky points to restroom entrances in sidewall.

RICKY

My recon post. You probably have
five minutes before police arrive.

Long center island divides room. Ricky places tiny 360° double-camera among clutter of containers.

INT. BACK LOBBY

Cowabunga reaches glass cage, holds out badge, hesitates, paralyzed by self-doubt.

Cowabunga touches badge to proximity scanner. Glass door slides open. She enters. Door closes. Unless she can defeat iris scanner, she's trapped.

Cowabunga stares at animated GIF of Fred's eyes. She assumes position, holds phone over her eyes.

FLASH. RED LIGHT. BEEP.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Please, please.

She moves phone closer to iris recognition camera.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Open Cowabunga!

FLASH. GREEN LIGHT. DING. Steel door retracts.

COWABUNGA DUDE

It worked!

EXT. STREET TO DATACENTER - NIGHT

Asphalt BURNING, black SMOKE. Black SUV, LIGHT AND SIREN live, stops at gate. Guard shed empty.

Owens leaps out of SUV, pushes intercom button.

OWENS

Cook County Sheriff's Department.
Open the gate.

LUSHMORE (INTO RADIO)

Three-one-eight-two investigating
thirteen at Skokie datacenter.
Ten-fifty J one. No further
response needed.

INT. SERVER ROOM - NIGHT

Walls of metal racks stuffed with server blades and topped
with cable-runs in trays up to ceiling. Place HUMS with air
conditioners, whirring hard drives.

Cowabunga stands in front of imposing high-tech wall of
metal bezels with lights. Tag: "AI Cluster." She has laptop
connected to it with red cable. Debugger window fills with
hexadecimal numbers.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)

The cache is two gigs. Will take
forever to search.

INT. RESTROOM

RICKY (INTO MIC)

Then reboot the cluster. That will
clear the cache, won't it?

INTERCUT SERVER ROOM / RESTROOM

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)

Reboot how? No keyboard, no
switches.

RICKY (INTO MIC)

Whatever it takes ... shit, police
are here already.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

Mirrored glass reflects interior except for FLASHING RED
LIGHT on SUV outside. Owens slams badge against glass.

OWENS

Open up.

Guard scrambles for door and lets the two deputies in.

OWENS (CONT'D)
You have a murderer hiding here.

NIGHT MANAGER
You're not investigating the
terrorist attack?

OWENS
Federal jurisdiction. We're after
the murderer of your Mr. Hull.

NIGHT MANAGER
You're crazy. I spoke to Mr. Hull
right after the explosion.

OWENS
Impossible.

NIGHT MANAGER
Let's settle this.

INT. SERVER ROOM

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)
I'm going to write into protected
memory and crash the cluster.

RICKY (V.O.)
Hurry. Our favorite corrupt
deputies are coming for you.

Cowabunga types on laptop. Debugger window goes blank.
Lights go out on servers. Cowabunga sings.

COWABUNGA DUDE
(placeholder)
"I kissed a server and I liked it
/ the taste of her cherry cable"

RICKY (V.O.)
Focus, soldier!

COWABUNGA DUDE
(placeholder)
"I kissed a server just to try it
/ I hope my laptop don't mind it"

Fred's phone VIBRATES and FLASHES. "Night Manager (Bill)."

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)
The night manager again.

Cowabunga dons headset, answers on laptop.

NIGHT MANAGER (V.O.)
The sheriff's in the datacenter.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
What are they doing in a
restricted area? The bomb was
outside.

NIGHT MANAGER (V.O.)
Repeat, please. I can barely hear
you.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO HEADSET)
Hang on.

Window pops up on screen. Cowabunga types "The bomb's
outside." Voice synthesizer sends matching sounds to phone.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Cowabunga Dude sounds like Fred.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)
The bomb's outside.

NIGHT MANAGER (INTO PHONE)
They have this fantasy that you
are dead.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)
Bill, do you moonlight as psychic?

NIGHT MANAGER (INTO PHONE)
No, of course not, sir.

OWENS
(to Lushmore)
He was dead. I checked myself.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)
Can you talk to ghosts?

NIGHT MANAGER (INTO PHONE)
No, no, sir.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)
Why do you believe these crooks?
They don't look like cops to me.

NIGHT MANAGER (INTO PHONE)
You can see us?

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)
Bill, are you brain dead? I have
access to all cameras.

Night Manager glances at camera globe on wall.

NIGHT MANAGER (INTO PHONE)
Of course, sir.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)
Get rid of them. I have a
terrorist attack to deal with.

Night Manager pockets phone.

NIGHT MANAGER
You're trespassing. I'm going to
have to ask you to leave.

OWENS
I'm sure the creep is in the
server room. We need to check it.

GUARD
We can't get into that area. Only
authorized techs have credentials.

OWENS
We don't need no stinking
credentials.

Owens pulls out pistol.

INT. SERVER ROOM

RICKY (V.O.)
Guns out means we have to get out.
Can you drive?

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)
Sort of. What about you?

RICKY (V.O.)
I can outrun them. The key's in
the cup holder.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)
And then?

RICKY (V.O.)
I'll take the sheriffs' car. They
always leave it running.

COWABUNGA DUDE (INTO MIC)
They'll call choppers.

RICKY (V.O.)
I can handle jail. And Derek loves
company.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Owens stomps up center passage to the cage. Night Manager
staggers after him. Further behind, Guard and Lushmore.

NIGHT MANAGER
Officer, do not discharge that
firearm in here.

OWENS
Stop me.

Ricky sprints out of restroom and down other passage.

GUARD
There he is!

Lushmore and Guard rush after Ricky. Night Manager and
Owens reverse and follow.

Before Ricky turns corner at divider wall to reception
area, he looks back at group stumbling around furniture.

RICKY (INTO MIC)
Now!

Owens aims gun at Ricky, even though three men in the way.

OWENS
Freeze! Police!

INT. GLASS CAGE

GREEN LIGHT. DING. Glass door opens. Cowabunga dashes out.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Few steps until Ricky breaches mirrored double door.

Jacob throws it open, Glock pistol (standard 17-round magazine) trained on Ricky.

Ricky, Lushmore, and Guard come to dead stops.

JACOB

Not so fast, Trench Monkey.

Ricky raises his hands. Owens sails around divider wall.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Cowabunga hides behind island counter, checks reception area video feed on Fred's phone, hyperventilates.

RICKY (V.O.)

There's enough crap to go around
for all of us to end in prison.
Let me and Derek go and we'll call
it even.

Cowabunga types furiously on Fred's phone.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

JACOB

I don't trust Trench Monkeys.

The deputies take up positions so they have an eye on everyone, aim guns at Ricky.

JACOB (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Search "Governor Carlton."

RICKY

SEAL, you call yourself a military
man? Where's your honor? You're a
disgrace to our country.

Because of the pepper spray, Jacob blinks constantly.

JACOB

You are sadly mistaken, Master
Sergeant Martinez. I am a Teams
player and a patriot.

RICKY
You call killing Fred patriotic?

Night Manager huffs around divider, stops next to Guard.
Ricky glances at them, points at Jacob.

RICKY
That Navy SEAL killed your boss.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Cowabunga has typed "911," can't bring herself to hit Send.

JACOB (V.O.)
He's the one who murdered Fred.

NIGHT MANAGER (V.O.)
Inconceivable. I just talked to
him.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Jacob shoves pistol into Ricky's face.

JACOB
The search results changed. You
messed it up. You fix it.

RICKY
You lose.

JACOB
Jeff! Bring his accomplice. Now!

Jacob tosses Lushmore the employee badge. He hurries to
door. Unnoticed, Night Manager has cell phone out.

NIGHT MANAGER
I'm calling Mr. Hull.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Cowabunga snatches laptop and headset out of bag.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Four men frozen waiting for almost inaudible RINGING.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)

What is it now?

NIGHT MANAGER

Mr. Hull, the sheriff arrested an intruder.

Lushmore returns with cuffed Derek still in overcoat but without wig and glasses. Jacob snatches phone from Night Manager.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)

Bill, don't trust these crooks.

JACOB

Who is this?

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Cowabunga brings up Fred's call history. Entries at top are "Night Manager (Bill)" and "Seal."

INT. RECEPTION AREA

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)

Did you see my car outside, Seal?
I know something about car computers too, pup.

Aim of Jacob's pistol wanders from one man to the next.

NIGHT MANAGER

(whispers to Guard)

Orange Alert to all security.

Guard slowly reaches for his holstered pistol and his radio's microphone. Jacob guns Guard down with TWO SHOTS.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Cowabunga slaps hand on mouth to muffle scream. Other hand clamps down on keyboard, hits [Enter] key.

FRED'S VOICE (V.O.)

No entry in dictionary.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Lushmore points pistol at Jacob.

LUSHMORE
Enough killing! You said
babysitting.

Owens points pistol at Lushmore's head.

OWENS
Don't, Jeffrey.

Jacob hangs up call and pockets phone.

JACOB
It's a trick, a voice emulator.

RICKY
He has to kill you all. He can't
leave witnesses.

NIGHT MANAGER
You don't have a chance! We record
everything.

Jacob scans mirrored wall.

JACOB
And Percy here will make sure to
erase everything.

EXT. O'HARE AIRPORT, ARRIVAL AREA (CHICAGO) - NIGHT

Marshall and three agents at curb. FBI AGENT #3 greets
them. Marshall listens to cell phone.

FBI AGENT #3
Terrorist attack going down at the
datacenter. SWAT is in route with
heavy gear. So is the day-shift
manager.

MARSHALL
The strangest terrorists I've ever
heard of.

Agents get into waiting cars.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

With one hand on reception counter, Jacob vaults over it.

RICKY (INTO MIC)
Dude, he can see you.

Jacob scans the twelve security feeds, spots Cowabunga running, races to passage.

JACOB
I knew it!

With laptop clutched to her chest and phone in hand, Cowabunga reaches glass cage, slams badge dangling from her wrist against proximity scanner. Glass door opens.

Jacob raises his gun. Glass door closes as THREE SHOTS ring out. Glass fractures but holds. Cowabunga drops to knees.

Jacob steadies his hand, focuses, SHOOTS proximity scanner. SPARKS FLY but door stays closed.

He fires two BURSTS OF THREE in controlled manner. Bullets hit glass above Cowabunga in tight cluster. Safety film stretches inward.

RICKY
You're firing at a girl. What kind of monster are you?

Another BURST OF TWO below second cluster punctures hole in weakened door inches above Cowabunga. Glass rains down.

Lushmore DOUBLE-TAPS Jacob in back. He collapses. The two deputies turn their guns on each other.

LUSHMORE
This ends here.

OWENS
We're in too deep.

INT. GLASS CAGE

LUSHMORE (V.O.)
Seal's finished. The captain likes you. He'll give you a deal.

Cowabunga assumes position, holds phone in front of face.

FLASH. RED LIGHT. BEEP.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Please, please, please.

OWENS (V.O.)
Get real. We're going to prison.

Cowabunga adjusts position of phone, tries again.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Open Cowabunga.

FLASH. RED LIGHT. BEEP.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Jacob lifts arm, guns down Lushmore with TWO SHOTS.

JACOB
I hate debates.

Holes in Jacob's jacket show two slugs stuck in bulletproof vest. He drags himself off floor, points gun at Ricky.

JACOB
This is easy, Percy. These terrorists broke in here and murdered the others. You fought heroically and killed them all.

OWENS
And the one in the back?

Jacob, still in passage, glances at Cowabunga in glass cage, aims his gun at the four men.

JACOB
Stuck in the cage.

INT. RIDE-HAIL CAR - NIGHT

Barbara sits in back, talks on earset.

BARBARA (INTO PHONE)
Can't you get bail or something?
Think about it while I get rid of our annoying opposition research.

She taps phone.

BARBARA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
You're still up?

OPPOSITION RESEARCH (V.O.)
Check Drummel's website. Looks
like Derek's in a hostage
situation. Guns and everything.

Barbara pulls up Drummel's website, stares at camera feed
of standoff at datacenter.

INT. FRONT LOBBY

Jacob holds his back and groans. Night Manager makes a run
for divider wall. Jacob fells Night Manager with TWO SHOTS.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I've done half the work. Now
finish it, Percy.

COWABUNGA DUDE (V.O.)
I forwarded the video feed to
Drummel's website. Seal is sunk.

DEREK
You wanted a video on Drummel's
website? You got it. Live feed of
your murders to millions.

Owens types on cell phone, holds it for Jacob to see live
feed.

OWENS
We're screwed.

JACOB
I have safe houses and money. What
will it be, Percy?

INT. GLASS CAGE

JACOB (V.O.)
Three.

Cowabunga spots red emergency button at top of steel door.
On toes, her fingers can reach but not push in big button.

JACOB (V.O.)
Two.

Cowabunga slams laptop into button. ALARM goes off. Strips
of LEDs on doorframe PULSE. Both doors retract.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Ricky dives into Owens, slams his head into counter. He drops to ground. His gun slides across polished concrete.

Jacob glances at glass cage, then at gun almost within Ricky's reach, SHOOTS at him. Ricky ducks. Bullet misses high. Jacob's pistol slide locks open. Empty.

INT. BACK LOBBY

Cowabunga sprints to stairwell next to glass cage, starts up escape route, looks back.

INT. BACK LOBBY - NIGHT [DREAM SEQUENCE]

Marvel (Derek in formalwear) lies on floor. He reaches out to Cowabunga (sequin gown).

MARVEL

Don't leave me here to die alone.

INT. DATACENTER, STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Cowabunga sits down on step where she can keep an eye on passage. She checks camera feed on Fred's phone.

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Jacob FIRES TWICE. Bullet grazes Ricky's leg. He SHOOTS at Jacob. Jacob takes cover behind divider wall.

DEREK

SEAL, you're covering up for a traitor. Don't be one.

Jacob SHOOTS at Ricky, misses him by inches. Ricky SHOOTS. Bullet hits divider wall near Jacob's head. Ricky slides to counter, hides in front of Derek.

RICKY

SEAL, don't disgrace your service further. Surrender!

JACOB

Soldier, you know SEALs always fight against desperate odds.

POLICE SIRENS add to alarm blaring from glass cage. RED-AND-BLUE LIGHTS on armored personnel carrier FLASH outside.

Owens wakes up, jumps past Derek, slaps gun out of Ricky's hand. The three turn into jumble of arms and legs on floor.

OWENS

Jacob, shoot them!

Jacob, pistol aimed at counter, steps from behind wall.

INT. DATACENTER, STAIRWELL

Cowabunga holds phone with public address app to speaker of laptop. She selects NAVY SEAL HYMN in search results.

DEREK (V.O.)

No real soldier shoots prisoners.

OWENS (V.O.)

Shoot them!

INT. RECEPTION AREA

Two SWAT shields with viewports appear in double doors. Jacob takes shooting stance. "Eternal Father, Strong to Save" plays on public address system.

Jacob stands at attention, salutes with gun.

JACOB

The only easy day was yesterday,
sir.

A panel of double door swings open. Jacob SHOOTS at SWAT shields. Multiple officers bunched up behind them RETURN FIRE WITH SUBMACHINE GUNS. Jacob goes down.

SWAT OFFICER #2

Freeze!

SWAT officers swarm in, weapons trained at everybody. Owens and Ricky raise hands. Derek turns back to show handcuffs.

DEREK

Don't shoot. I'm a hostage.

SAC Marshall walks in with cell phone showing Drummel's website with the video feed.

EXT. DATACENTER, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FBI and SWAT fill area. Marshall guides Derek past yellow tape. Him and Barbara share tight hug. Ricky offers him baby-cut carrots. Derek takes one.

RICKY

You see the light now?

DEREK

Maybe perfect vision will keep me out of the next campaign.

RICKY

You loved it. Admit it. The adrenaline rush. The tingling on your skin. Better than sex. Especially when you win.

Ricky shows video on his cell phone.

CSUSAF

I'm ordering the declassification of the footage proving Vice President Drummel ordered a reckless attack that led to the death of two of our airmen. I regret my own actions --

Derek nods toward Cowabunga wrapped in shock blanket, sitting on medical supplies box next to ambulance.

DEREK

And our voice of God?

RICKY

Certainly earned her Army stripes. Can I get a "Hallelujah?"

Derek taps Ricky's shoulder, kneels in front of Cowabunga.

DEREK

Mega-win.

Cowabunga shies away. He lifts her chin.

DEREK (CONT'D)

The Governor won't forget what you did for her.

Cowabunga gives him longing look.

COWABUNGA DUDE

And you?

They drown in each other's eyes.

DEREK

I love my wife ... I really do.

She turns away, crushed.

DEREK (CONT'D)

There's someone for everyone.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Everyone hates the smartest one in class.

DEREK

I was quite popular in high school. Even more so in college.

COWABUNGA DUDE

You're not a girl.

DEREK

Katy Perry is a smart girl ... and popular. You like her, right?

COWABUNGA DUDE

She fights to get Heidi elected.

DEREK

So do you. And you sing like her.

Cowabunga can't hide a smile.

DEREK (CONT'D)

There's someone for you. You have to believe.

He kisses her hair.

INT. DEREK'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Melanie watches news about fire at Chicago datacenter. Derek enters, still in same clothes. She gets up, meets him half way. He drops to his knees, buries head in her belly.

DEREK

Facing death focuses the mind. I know now you're my life.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM (RICHMOND) - NIGHT

Crowd throngs large monitors, including previously introduced characters like Ricky, Straniza, Edith Allerton. Governor Carlton takes the stage.

TALKING HEAD ON TV
Our network is now ready to call
Ohio and the race for Governor
Carlton --

Rest drowns in ERUPTION OF CHEERS.

INT. BACK OF BALLROOM

Cowabunga Dude sits hugging one knee in a section of empty tables far from the madding crowd. Derek and Melanie, holding hands, sidle up to her.

DEREK
Melanie, meet Cowabunga Dude.

MELANIE
I've heard so much about you.

Cowabunga smiles bashfully. Derek hands her box of Girl Scout cookies. Her smile broadens.

DEREK
I have something Mega better.
Murder charges will come down the
moment Drummel loses her immunity.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Fingers crossed.

DEREK
Come closer to the stage. Better
view.

Derek holds out his hand. Cowabunga accepts. Helped by his campaign staff badge, the three maneuver to front of crowd.

DEREK
Excuse me ... Coming through.

The three stop near stairs leading to stage where Carlton introduces supporters under a "Heidi for President" banner.

GOVERNOR CARLTON
My tireless campaign manager and
good friend Barbara Jefferson.

Barbara joins group of elder supporters around Carlton.

GOVERNOR CARLTON
You've seen her many times
rallying the youth vote from Iowa
to California, Katy Perry.

KATY PERRY (blue wig, sequin dress like Barbie doll)
emerges from entourage, gives pink-haired Cowabunga a
smile, takes place at edge of group close to stairs.

Star struck Cowabunga cheers and claps loudly. Misty-eyed
Carlton places hand over heart.

GOVERNOR CARLTON
Finally, I feel privileged to call
this extraordinary young woman a
friend. A woman whose courage
cemented our victory and may make
her Commander-in-Chief one day.

Carlton smiles at Cowabunga, who turns crimson.

GOVERNOR CARLTON (CONT'D)
A woman whose unusual name I would
venture to say has never been
uttered in the context of the
presidency. Cowabunga Dude!

Derek nudges Cowabunga forward. Katy helps her onto stage.

KATY PERRY
I'm so glad I'm not the only one
holding up the banner for our
generation.

COWABUNGA DUDE
You're my inspiration.

Cowabunga and Katy stand tight, hold hands, smile.

KATY PERRY
Well, thanks. Now you can be mine.
May I call you Cowy?

COWABUNGA DUDE
Annie. Annie's chill.

KATY PERRY

Annie. That's a lovely name.

GOVERNOR CARLTON

Please help me thank this
representative group and all the
other people. We did it!

Carlton leads standing ovation. FLASHLIGHT storm. BALLOONS
RAIN DOWN. Band plays CELEBRATORY TUNE.

Ushers lead honorees off stage. Crowd mobs Carlton. Katy
leads Cowabunga to ...

INT. BACK OF BALLROOM

KATY PERRY

Wanna get some air, Annie?

Cowabunga smiles and nods hastily. Katy signals her
entourage to stay back, puts arm around Cowabunga. They
head toward empty end of ballroom.

KATY PERRY (CONT'D)

What incredible feat did you pull
off?

A few attendees take FLASH pictures of the pair.

COWABUNGA DUDE

Nothing, really. I got some people
to play fair.

KATY PERRY

You're kitten me.

COWABUNGA DUDE

(a flood of words)

These guys tried to steal the
presidency and ... and then they
kill someone and arrest Derek and
we, like, had to break in to stop
them and it's all top secret ...

Cowabunga, unsure how to handle her newfound fame, opens
box and offers Katy a cookie.

KATY PERRY (CONT'D)

Every girl's fave. Thanks, Annie.

They munch on cookies as they walk and smile at each other.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Can I ask you something personal?

KATY PERRY
Aha.

COWABUNGA DUDE
Did you really kiss a girl?

KATY PERRY
Well ...

Derek and Melanie watch them.

DEREK
I think this is the beginning of a
beautiful friendship.

FADE OUT: