

CRYPTO CLUB

A one-hour suspense-comedy TV Series

Episode 101: Banks and Bankers

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CRYPTO CLUB Episode 101: "Banks and Bankers"

TEASER

BEGIN MONTAGE

We SEE dramatizations of BitCoin robberies from around the world and HEAR a hysterical female TV ANNOUNCER (30s).

DARK SCREEN

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

That's right, people! No one talks about the danger you're in if thugs find out that you own cryptocurrency. You are the bank!

-- Video of Madrid, Spain.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Madrid, Spain, October 9, 2021. A long-time Bitcoin investor was attacked and tortured for several hours to reveal his cryptocurrency account information worth millions of dollars.

-- Video of Canterbury Christ Church University in England.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It doesn't take millions! A man in England was robbed at knifepoint for \$8,000 of cryptocurrency.

-- Video of the Netherlands.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In 2019, a trio of robbers burst into a home in the Netherlands, a man was tortured with an electronic drill in front of his four-year-old daughter causing injuries that put him in the hospital for five days.

-- Video of Johannesburg, South Africa.

TV ANNOUNCER

It's happening everywhere. A man in South Africa was drugged, kidnapped, and tortured for his Cryptocurrency holdings! My God, people, wake up! The first rule of the BitCoin Club, is...

(screams)

Never tell anyone you own BitCoins!

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Sign on the door, "Computer Club."

Three students sit well-spaced in a large high school computer classroom. Each student has a high-end LAPTOP COMPUTER.

LAURA SANTOS (18) is a beautiful Hispanic in eclectic but fashionable clothes. Her computer screen shows a running tabulation of "Contest Shares," "Contest Votes," "Cryptocurrency Payment Received," "Cryptocurrency Winnings Paid," and "Profit." All the indicators are increasing fast.

LAURA (V.O.)

It all started six months earlier as a prank. I admit, the pay-to-enter sweepstakes idea was mine, but the only person in the world who could pull it off was our brilliant and mysterious leader, and my best friend, Carrie Wilson.

(dark tone)

That all changed last night when Carrie went missing. Carrie's disappeared before for two or three days at a time. It hasn't even been 24 hours yet. So, why worry?

(worried)

My name is Laura Santos, and I'm worried about her.

(beat)

We're worried about her.

We see Laura typing messages into her laptop, "U OK? Txt me!"

BEGIN FLASHBACK

SUPER: "Six months earlier"

We see Laura typing on the same laptop, "Official Rules," Embarrass Your Dictator Photo Contest," and "Absolutely no doctored photographs!"

She pauses to think before typing, "Must be 18 years of age to enter."

She turns to think, then types, "No purchase necessary, but a contribution of \$5.00 may make the world a better place."

She pauses, then types, "Winner selected randomly."

END FLASHBACK

LAURA

We weren't in it for the money.

(laughs)

At first, we just wanted to make the world a better place by exposing and punishing dictators, oligarchs, and terrorists with our silly hijinks on social media.

(serious)

It was Carrie who figured out how to get people to pay to enter our contest, online... and get this... with cryptocurrency! Carrie wasn't only our banker, the way single cryptocurrency accounts work, she was our bank! But I'm jumping ahead of the story...

SERIES OF SHOTS (around the globe)

-- A TEEN (16-18) who looks vaguely Korean enters the contest on his computer by selecting an embarrassing photo of a dictator, and paying the equivalent of \$5 USD in cryptocurrency by entering his LONG account number and LONG access code.

-- A beautiful Secretary (30s) who looks vaguely Russian, enters the contest.

-- An African Businessman (50s) submits a photo.

-- A Sailor (20s) who looks vaguely Cuban enters the contest.

-- We see people striking the "enter" key on computers all around the world."

END SERIES OF SHOTS

TYSON LANE (18) is a tall, lanky, handsome African American in a nice athletic training suit, BRAND tennis shoes, and baseball cap. His computer screen shows the numbers of times photos have been "Accessed," "Used by news organizations," and "Popularity Polls." The first two numbers are skyrocketing, the last number is rapidly declining.

TYSON (V.O.)

I'm Tyson Lane. In our wildest dreams, we never realized there was so much money to be made in online sweepstakes and contests.

(beat)

So many people shared our vision.

(laughs)

(MORE)

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

With our private, triple-encrypted server and website entry forms, we went globally viral in minutes.

Tyson points to his computer screen and gives a thumbs up to Laura who smiles and gazes back at him lovingly, but Tyson is focused on his screen.

JIMMY JACOBS (18) is a short, heavy, wild, sloppily dressed beach bum. His screen shows hilarious photos of country leaders. The faces have been "blurred" but the photos vaguely remind us of Kim Jong-un, Vladimir Putin, Xi Jinping, and many others.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I'm Jimmy Jacobs, the token non-geek in Crypto Club. The "Embarrass Your Dictator Photo Contest Followup"...

(laughs)

That was all me. I track the popularity polls in the countries to see if we're having an effect... We are! All power corrupts, so it's fun to see big shots taken down a notch.

(serious)

I didn't think we'd get in trouble or anything.

(laughs)

Then again, thinking has never been my long suit.

Jimmy gazes at Laura, who is busy typing into her computer.

JIMMY (V.O.)

I was in this for love!

Laura looks at the clock on the wall and panics.

LAURA

Anyone heard from Carrie, yet?

Tyson and Jimmy shrug their shoulders.

JIMMY

Nada.

TYSON

Texted me yesterday at lunch from a burner phone that she had "things to do" downtown which is code for banking.

LAURA

We didn't discuss any banking needs recently! She tells me everything! Banking? In-person? That's batshit crazy!

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

SUPER "Last night"

CARRIE WILSON (18) is beautiful, but makes herself look "average" to blend into the background, and hide out. She has brown hair. She pedals an older, off-brand bicycle toward a bridge with a fast-moving, rocky river below.

A Black Sedan with heavily tinted windows follows behind at a great distance. Creeping. Eerie.

Carrie turns to glance at the sedan, but keeps pedaling, now a quarter of the way over the bridge.

The sedan slowly accelerates.

Carrie glances back again, but pedals on.

Just before the halfway point, the longest drop to the rocks and river, the sedan races up to Carrie, skids to cut her off, crashes into the front tire of her bike, and slams her into the guard rail.

Two Russian GOONS (30s) in black suits hop out of the sedan as Carrie groans and struggles to stand. Her right hand and head are bleeding.

The Goons leap to Carrie, who holds up a Crypto Key (a small hardware device a little bigger than a USB memory drive) with her left hand over the water.

CARRIE

Is this what you're after?

We see the small number keypad on the device that lights up.

The goons pull their pistols quickly, like professionals. Goon #1 aims at Carrie's head, the other at her arm (tranquilizer pistol).

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, boys. You got nothin'!

Carrie leans into the side of the bridge with her bloody right hand, and drops the device into the river with her left hand.

The goon with the tranquilizer pistol shoots Carrie's arm with a drug. She collapses slowly to the ground.

The goons pin Carrie to the side of the bridge and looks down at the falling device.

GOON #1
How long does that stuff last.

GOON #2
Ten minutes... if we're lucky.

GOON #1
Then get moving.

With extreme efficiency, Goon #1 takes a DNA swab from Carrie's mouth, while Goon #2 pulls out an ink pad and a police-like fingerprinting card. They work quickly but a car approaches the bridge, and they have to hide Carrie with their bodies and pretend they are going to change a flat tire.

The car drives slowly by them checking them out. Goon #1 waves the driver along.

When the car is far down the road, they return to Carrie.

BACK TO:

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM - LATER

Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy HEAR two cars with SIRENS approaching and leap to the window.

Two black sedans RACE into the parking lot and skid to a stop.

A young, determined FBI Agent, MARCY PHILLIPS (30s) in a black pantsuit, steps out of her sedan, and DETECTIVE MOHAMMED KALKHAN (40s) in a gray suit, steps out of the other sedan. Both look around suspiciously. They don't get along.

Marcy sees that she's being watched from the computer classroom.

Inside the classroom, Laura puts a finger to her lips requesting silence. She whispers.

LAURA
We take our seats, change our screens from the server and act calm.

Jimmy and Tyson quickly take their seats.

Laura takes her seat and presses two keys simultaneously to change her screen to a harmless-looking VIDEO GAME.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Where the hell is Carrie?

(worried)

I'm sure that a police officer or security guard is here for another reason. Active shooter drill maybe. But let's go dark to be safe.

Tyson changes his screen and we see the same video game up.

TYSON

Game up.

Jimmy has trouble pressing the right keys.

LAURA

What's the first rule about Crypto Club?

They all laugh.

ALL

Never talk about Fight Club.

JIMMY

Because they'll rob us!

Jimmy still can't switch screens to the video game.

Laura turns to see Jimmy struggling. She stands and leaps to help him.

LAURA

Damnit, Jimmy!

Laura switches his screen to the video game just as Marcy and the Detective storm through the door. Behind them is PRINCIPAL WOODLEY (50s), a stuffy female administrator with an angry look.

Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy instinctively raise their hands in surrender.

The Detective flips his badge to the teens.

DETECTIVE

I'm Detective Muhammed Patil, missing persons. This is my case.

The teens look worried.

LAURA
Missing persons?

DETECTIVE
Routine. It's just 24 hours, but a
Mrs. Wilson is worried about her
daughter, Carrie, and we have
reason to suspect...

Marcy flips her FBI badge in one hand, and holds up photos of
the two Russian Goons in her other hand.

MARCY
I'm Special Agent Marcy Phillips.
F.B.I. We'd just like to ask you a
few questions.

PRINCIPAL WOODLEY
You'd better answer them too!

Marcy glares at the Principal and the Detective.

MARCY
Have any of you seen these men
before?

The Teens stare at the photo and shake their heads 'no.'

MARCY (CONT'D)
It's probably nothing but, we were
tracking the rental car of two
foreign visitors suspected of
certain crimes.

JIMMY
Can you be a little more vague?

Marcy glares at Jimmy.

PRINCIPAL WOODLEY
Jimmy!

MARCY
The car was recorded outside this
school late last night and found at
a self-service carwash this
morning.

LAURA
Cleanliness is next to...

MARCY

Completely soapy on the inside,
dashboard, upholstery, and
electronics, while unwashed on the
outside. We think they dumped their
rental car and covered their
fingerprints and DNA.

TYSON

Why bother us about it?

MARCY

Our foreign visitors are known to
be good with computers, and they
stopped by this particular school
last night. Your Principal says
that your Computer Club may know
something. I'm checking every lead.
That's my case!

PRINCIPAL WOODLEY

The four of them are in here every
afternoon!

Marcy looks around at the three students perplexed.

MARCY

Four of them?

LAURA

(sadly)
Carrie Wilson.

Silence as Marcy stares at the photos of the two goons.

DETECTIVE

Maybe you should come down to the
station and talk with me.

MARCY

With us! For your own safety!

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

In an Interrogation Room, Marcy paces behind the desk, glaring occasionally at Laura and HUI LI (40s), a kindly Asian woman in a barista's apron. A large green FILE filled with reports and photographs is on the desk.

MARCY

We're getting nowhere!

LAURA

I told you. Carrie disappears for days at a time. Wait 'til after graduation next week. I doubt we'll see her at all!

Marcy stops and glares at Hui (pronounced 'We').

MARCY

Who are you, again.

Hui smiles and makes a joke of the question.

HUI

Not, who? It's Hui.

Laura chuckles and Marcy glares at her.

LAURA

My attorney and my boss at the 'Spill the Beans' coffee shop.

Hui points to the embroidered name on her apron reading, "Spill the Beans."

Marcy gets angrier by the moment as they speak.

HUI

I'm a fully licensed attorney who chooses to own and run a coffee shop. Laura is a barista, Tyson runs the register, and, well, Jimmy is a bus boy in training.

LAURA

You should try the 'Whole Latte Love.'

HUI

Or the 'Drive-By Espresso' with an extra shot.

Marcy turns and pounds on the ONE-WAY GLASS WINDOW behind her and yells.

MARCY
Bring in the other two!

A Police Officer (30s, female) opens the door, escorts Tyson and Jimmy into the interrogation room, and exits.

Tyson and Jimmy sit, looking dumbfounded.

HUI
What exactly are my employees and clients charged with?

MARCY
I presented you with a warrant, Ms. Li. We're analyzing their laptops, phones, phone records, and social media engagements now.

Jimmy stands in anger.

JIMMY
I'm not engaged. I've never really dated.
(sadly)
Someone else, that is.

Marcy shakes her head in disgust.

MARCY
Shocker. Sit down, Mr. Jacobs.

Jimmy sits.

MARCY (CONT'D)
Your friend, Carrie Wilson, has been on our watch list for some time, taking up the valuable time and resources of the FBI.

LAURA
What did she do?

HUI
Allegedly do!

MARCY
(paces, angry)
It's been all over the national news... international news, for that matter.
(glares at the suspects)
(MORE)

MARCY (CONT'D)

Do you mean to tell me you know nothing about this 'Embarrass Your Dictator Contest'? The BitCoin scam! We've seen the entry forms on every social media platform!

Marcy opens the file on the desk and shows embarrassing photographs of world leaders with the leaders' face blurred in each photo. Some photos show half-naked people, booze, cigars, and wild women and men at 'adult' parties.

The suspects' eyes open widely. Hui is stunned. Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY

Who are these people, and why don't they have faces?

MARCY

Don't play dumb with me. We've narrowed it to your town. Someone, or some people, arranged an illegal online BitCoin sweepstakes, like gambling, where entrants pay to play for a chance at prize money, by sending in photos of famous world leaders in compromising situations.

HUI

You said, 'like gambling'?

MARCY

These criminals were shrewd. They left the five-dollar BitCoin entry fee an option, so no purchase was necessary.

LAURA

So it's not gambling?

TYSON

So why would people pay to enter?

MARCY

To increase their odds of winning, which does make it gambling.

JIMMY

I'm not following.

MARCY

Another shocker. These criminals avoid the gambling laws by picking random winners.

HUI

So no crime has been committed.

MARCY

But only half the prize money is awarded, so the IRS wants to know where the other BitCoin funds are going, and the CIA wants to know who is leaking all these photos to social media all over the globe! It's a political embarrassment!

HUI

Is there any link to my clients?

The Police Officer enters, looks at Marci, and shakes her head 'no.'

Marcy is angrier than ever.

MARCY

Apparently not yet, but someone will be going to prison!

HUI

Are my clients free to go? I need their help at the coffee shop in the morning before school.

Marcy waves to the Police Officer to let them go.

MARCY

But we'll be watching you!

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Laura stands behind a male CUSTOMER #1 (20s) at the counter as Hui takes his loyalty gift card. She hands him his coffee drink. A half-dozen Customers (various ages and types) drink coffee at separate tables and stare at their SMARTPHONES, TABLETS, and LAPTOPS. A sign by the register reads, "BitCoin Accepted Here."

HUI

Here's your favorite college student picker-upper, the Frataccino.

CUSTOMER #1

Thanks, Hui. How much is left on my card?

Hui checks the card.

HUI
Eleven dollars and seventy-four
cents.

CUSTOMER #1
(smiles)
That's great news.

Customer #1 takes his coffee and exits.

Laura steps closer and whispers.

LAURA
Thanks again for last night.
(looks around)
Have you seen Carrie?

HUI
No, but she goes missing for days
at a time.

LAURA
Not without telling me!

Laura looks worried.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'll have the regular.

HUI
Large, drive-by espresso with high-
fat whipped cream, and sweet dark
chocolate shavings on top.

Laura smiles.

LAURA
You got it.

Hui glances at the door to see Tyson entering. She whispers
to Laura.

HUI
Speaking of sweet dark chocolate...

Hui turns to make the drink. Laura turns to smile at Tyson.

Tyson glances back at Laura without a smile as he takes a
seat in the corner easy chair.

LAURA
(whispers)
He still belongs to Carrie.

Hui returns with Laura's coffee. Laura hands her a loyalty card.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Thanks, Hui. How much is left on my card?

Hui runs the card. Whispers.

HUI

Twenty-four thousand, six hundred dollars, and twenty cents.

Laura whispers and hands back the loyalty card.

LAURA

Carrie did this! Buy everyone's drinks and snacks for today, with a fifty-percent tip for you.

(laughs into Hui's ear)

Carrie has to find new ways to launder money from the contests.

Laura takes a seat in the opposite corner of Tyson.

Jimmy bounds through the door and heads straight to Hui.

JIMMY

Thanks for your help last night, Hui. I'm hungry as a horse.

HUI

On the house, Jimmy.

JIMMY

Great. I'll have the Triple Bypass Bacon and Egg croissant, Spill the Beans coffee cake, two blueberry muffins, and chamomile tea for an upset stomach.

HUI

Maybe you shouldn't...

Jimmy reaches to cover Hui's hand, and interrupts with a smile.

JIMMY

Stomach's not upset now, but it will be.

Hui laughs.

HUI

I'll bring it over to your table.

Jimmy turns and glances at Tyson.

Jimmy turns back to Hui.

JIMMY

Bring my friend Tyson the same,
will ya, Hui? Here's a tip!

Jimmy reaches in his pocket and pulls out a wad of \$100-bills. Tosses one on the counter.

Tyson and Laura shake their heads angrily as Jimmy takes a seat as far away from Laura and Tyson as possible.

Minutes later, Jimmy is eating a huge bacon and egg sandwich, as Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy hold a meeting in a "chat room" without the other customers knowing.

As Laura types, we HEAR her voice.

LAURA (V.O.)

Jimmy, WTF?

Tyson types and we HEAR his voice.

TYSON (V.O.)

Carrie is still MIA. Worried.

Laurie gazes at Tyson with a worried look.

Jimmy types as he eats.

JIMMY (V.O.)

Bro, the bacon is savage.
(pauses, serious)
Carrie's still missing?

TYSON (V.O.)

I'm gonna find Carrie!

Tyson and Laura exit the chat room and their screens are immediately replaced with harmless social media sites. They begin to stand, when Marcy strolls in with her FBI-looking pantsuit on. Marcy is accompanied by the Detective.

Laura and Tyson sit back down.

Jimmy exits the chat room and his screen goes to a soft-porn site.

Marcy and the Detective glare at Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy before heading to Hui.

Hui palms Laura's loyalty card and places it under the counter.

MARCY

We met. Marcy Phillips, FBI.
 (points to the Detective)
 You remember Detective Patil.

The Detective flashes his badge.

MARCY (CONT'D)

The kids? I thought they worked here?

HUI

Slow morning. They're on a break.

Marcy and the Detective look around suspiciously.

MARCY

They don't sit together?

HUI

Like conjoined twins?

DETECTIVE

(angry)
 You know what she means!

Hui and Marcy glare at the Detective.

HUI

They're just kids.

Marcy gets in Hui's face. The teens see this.

MARCY

Successful business attorney retires to run an off-brand, failing coffee shop? Three computer geeks not sitting together? Doesn't make sense!

(points to the menu and orders a drink)

Medium dark roast coffee, no room for cream.

HUI

Darkey no whitey, coming right up!
 (to the Detective)
 What can I get started for you?

The Detective pulls out a photo of Carrie Wilson. Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy see the photo and jump to the counter.

TYSON

That's Carrie?

LAURA

Did something happen to her?

DETECTIVE

She's still missing. Still my case!
Her mom said she frequents this
coffee shop!

MARCY

With you three! Imagine that?

JIMMY

She goes missing for days at a
time.

MARCY

The statistics aren't good for
people who go missing for more than
two days.

JIMMY

Do missing people really read those
statistics?

Everyone ignores Jimmy's comment.

LAURA

Cassie's different. She's smart.

DETECTIVE

Can you tell us where she might be?

MARCY

We're interested too, but I'm not
at liberty to discuss the
particulars.

Hui turns to pour the coffee for Marcy.

Customer #1 (20s) laughs loudly, stands, and shows his tablet screen to everyone. It shows an "ex-president Trump-like" golfer with a huge "plumber's crack" bending over to tee up a ball.

CUSTOMER #1

I love this "Embarrass Your
Dictator Contest!"

Everyone laughs at the image. Hui turns to Marcy and the Detective.

HUI

You have to find her.

Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy look away as Customer #1 sits down.

Marcy glares at Hui.

MARCY

I can tell you that Ms. Wilson is a person of interest in my money laundering case that may have attracted the unwanted attention from some very bad people. We're looking into your finances too!

The Detective hands his business card to the four of them.

DETECTIVE

Her bicycle is missing too, her mom said. If you can think of anywhere she might have gone, give me a call.

Marcy glares at the Detective and at each of the teens and Hui as she exits with the Detective.

TYSON

Ditching school. I'll take my car and do the north of town.

LAURA

Concentric circles from Carrie's house. I take the south side.

JIMMY

My van's in the shop.

HUI

(reluctantly)

Take my car. Again!

JIMMY

The Beamer? Sweet!

Laura and Tyson hold up burner phones.

LAURA & TYSON

Burners.

JIMMY

Right!

Hui plugs her ears like she didn't hear that.

Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy RACE out.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Laura drives her vehicle slowly, looking everywhere.

-- Tyson wipes tears from his eyes as he drives a lonely stretch of road.

-- Jimmy listens to booming RAP music as he drives fast in Hui's BMW. He taps his fingers on the steering wheel as he drives, but he looks everywhere with keen eyes.

-- Laura's search comes up empty. She stops and gets out of the car on the far edge of town and looks around sadly. She yells.

LAURA
Carrie! Carrie?

-- Tyson drives to another edge of town, stops, and pounds angrily on the steering wheel.

-- Jimmy slows down as he spots FLASHING Police car lights up ahead toward a bridge. He stays back, but he's close enough to see Marcy and the Detective examining the scene.

-- From above the crime scene (drone), we see the bridge over a raging river, we see skid marks and a mangled bicycle (Carrie's), small amounts of blood on the railing, but no body.

-- A Police Officer directs traffic around orange cones and police tape.

-- Marcy and the Detective are taking careful notes and looking over the railing and into the water, while a CSI Team (1 Male and 1 Female (30s)) with latex gloves, evidence bags, and cameras gather evidence.

-- We SEE the Detective's car-cam (POV) capture Hui's license plate and car with Jimmy behind the wheel.

-- Jimmy slowly backs up, turns around, then speeds off while making a phone call.

-- Marcy glances back to see the BMW speeding away.

END MONTAGE

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Marcy and the Detective storm into the near-empty coffee shop with notebooks and pens in hand. Hui is behind the counter with a worried look.

DETECTIVE

I ran your plates.

MARCY

I assume you loaned out your car.

HUI

I sent Jimmy to the store to buy cinnamon.

Marcy checks her notebook.

MARCY

Jimmy Jacobs?

HUI

Is something wrong?

DETECTIVE

Your vehicle was spotted across town at the Spenser Bridge. Mr. Jacobs could have picked up cinnamon at a dozens stores between...

HUI

It's Jimmy. Joyriding before school.

DETECTIVE

Or "returning to the scene of the crime," as they say.

Hui reaches below the counter to grab a shaker filled with cinnamon and shakes some on the counter.

HUI

That's preposterous!

Marcy and the Detective aren't buying it.

MARCY

Uh-huh. Thanks for your time.

Hui smiles as they exit.

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Laura and Tyson are filled with gloom and doom. Jimmy is not worried. The teens are scattered widely in the classroom, and conversing via the chat room.

Principal Woodley knocks once and enters the classroom.

The teens don't bother to change their screens to "game mode."

PRINCIPAL WOODLEY

I know you kids are up to something, always here working on those contraptions. I think it best that you go home, and stay home until graduation on Friday.

LAURA

Any news from Carrie's mom?

PRINCIPAL WOODLEY

Not yet.

(looks away)

She'll turn up. Always does. Goes missing for days at a time, her mom said. She's missed a lot of school these past few months. If I don't hear from her, I'll have to find someone else to give the Valedictorian speech...

TYSON

We're worried too.

PRINCIPAL WOODLEY

Oh, yes. The reason I'm here. A Detective will be dropping by to ask Jimmy a few questions.

JIMMY

Thanks, P-W. I could always give the Valedictator speech.

Principal Woodley glares at Jimmy and snarls as she exits. The moment she shuts the door, a video appears on the teens' computer screens.

The teens see Carrie's face and blonde hair. They hear her ominous voice.

CARRIE

We don't have much time. I recorded this video previously.

(MORE)

CARRIE (CONT'D)

This video is titled "D-I-Y-D-squared. You'll understand why later. You are all to deny ever seeing this video. It was sent to you in the event that I was unable or unwilling to prevent it being sent by texting our server.

The teens gasp.

JIMMY

She hasn't had blonde hair for fifty-seven days.

Tyson glares at Jimmy.

TYSON

How the hell do you know that...

JIMMY

Highly superior autobiographical memory. H-S-A-M, doc said it's caused by stronger white matter connections in my brain, but it's only good for memories of my life. I remember she dyed her hair the next day. I wore jeans and my Burton snowboarding T-shirt and had fried eggs for dinner...

LAURA

Shut up and listen.

CARRIE

You have to assume I'm missing or went dark.

JIMMY

Went dark?

TYSON

No way of communicating!

Laura shushes them.

CARRIE

Listen closely or you'll be in danger too.

The teens glance at each other with worried looks. Carrie is stern.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

Jimmy, leave now and go to my locker, only you know the combo, and retrieve my combination bike lock, then return to your location.

Jimmy leaves without questioning.

TYSON

How does Jimmy know Cassie's locker combo?

Carrie puts a finger to her lips to hush Tyson.

CARRIE

Tyson, sweetie. Race out to the back of the school and call my mom on a burner. Tell her to visit her sister for two or three days. I've sent my aunt a video too, so they know, or at least think, I'm okay. Then, trash the burner. Got it?

Tyson is stunned and paralyzed.

LAURA & CARRIE

Tyson, go!

Tyson races out the door. When the door shuts, Carrie continues.

CARRIE

Laura, I'm so sorry for pinning this on your shoulders. You're the leader now. This video will be corrupted and fully erased from our server when it finishes playing, so listen closely to all my instructions no matter how bizarre they seem, and you'll all get out of this alive...

Laura's face is filled with anguish.

Carrie's voice tails off as Laura listens closely.

CARRIE (CONT'D)

You three can only meet in the chat room until it's safe. Our little Crypto Club has made some very powerful enemies we need to sanction them, so they leave you all alone...

LAURA

Sanction?

CARRIE

I know, right! Yes, I said sanction. We don't get mad, we get even. Now, listen up before the boys return. Keep everything I say between us. Got it?

Laura wipes a tear from her eyes.

LAURA

Got it...

CARRIE

The world of cryptocurrency is dark, but exciting...

A cartoon video plays for Laura about "How Cryptocurrency Works, while Carrie speaks.

CARRIE (V.O.)

I set up an individual crypto account to shield you and the others from repercussions. I not only became our banker, I became our physical bank. Hackers and thugs around the world see every crypto account as a bank ready to be robbed if they can figure out the account number and passcode...

EXT. SCHOOL - SAME

In the back of the school, Tyson speaks into a burner phone trying to console Carrie's mom.

TYSON

We all love her very much so let's wait to hear from her.

Tyson pauses to listen and wipe tears from his eyes.

TYSON (CONT'D)

I agree. Smartest kid in the world. She'll turn up.

(beat, shocked)

Robbed? What makes you say that?

Tyson looks around, uneasy as he listens to Mom.

TYSON (CONT'D)

She just bought four tablet computers hooked to satellites?

(listens)

She didn't tell me.

(beat)

Maybe it's best you do visit your sister for a few days. I can keep an eye on your place and feed the cat, if you want.

(beat)

Cosmos, yes, ma'am. We're very close.

Tyson nods, 'yes.'

TYSON (CONT'D)

Litter box too, of course. You got it, Mrs. Wilson. I'll call you if I have any questions.

(beat)

Take care.

Tyson ends the call, wipes the fingerprints off the phone with a handkerchief, crushes the phone with his foot, and dumps it in a trash can.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME

Jimmy stands a little off to the side of Carrie's combination locker and pauses to think...

BEGIN FLASHBACK

SUPER: "Two years earlier"

Jimmy stands in exactly the same spot gawking at Carrie who is hitting on Tyson with small talk and a smile. Her back is to the locker.

CARRIE

You may as well take me out. We're destined to be together.

Tyson is shy and unassuming.

TYSON

How can you be so sure of yourself?

Carrie turns and quickly works the combination locker to open it, as Jimmy looks on but is distracted by Carrie's beauty and confidence.

However, out of the corner of Jimmy's eyes, he sees Carrie's hands work in slow-motion on the lock, revealing each number in the combination.

END FLASHBACK

Jimmy confidently steps in front of the locker.

JIMMY

32-2-17.

Jimmy opens the locker and grabs the U-shaped bicycle lock.

He pauses to examine the contents of the locker. He pushes aside three notebooks and two textbooks ("Critical Thinking" and "Master's Chess").

He focuses on a small blue fanny pack, a Travel Guide to Belize, a water bottle, and a ripe apple. He takes them along with the five-digit bike lock that reads, "32217."

He puts on the fanny pack on, puts the bicycle lock in the pack, takes a bite out of the apple, and shuts the locker door.

He scans the travel book and eats the apple as he strolls back to the computer classroom.

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - SAME

Carrie's MOM (40s), with a small suitcase and backpack, casually steps out the front door of an upper-middle-income house in a nice neighborhood. She gets into a new BRAND car, and slowly drives off.

INT. COMPUTER CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

Laura looks like she's seen a ghost as Jimmy and Tyson return.

LAURA

How'd it go, Ty?

Laura sees that Tyson's eyes are red and watery.

TYSON

I didn't know what to say.

Jimmy strolls in eating an apple, with the fanny pack on and reading the Belize Tour Guide book.

Laura races to Jimmy and grabs his shoulders and gets in his face.

LAURA

Jimmy, you got to get out of here!
The Detective's coming for you.

JIMMY

Where do I go? The coffee shop?

Laura opens the blue fanny pack that Jimmy wears around his belly.

Jimmy enjoys the fondling in the pack by Laura and Tyson rolls his eyes.

Laura pulls out a Belizean Passport with Jimmy's photo on it, but Jimmy looks 50 years old with a graying mustache. The name reads, "Jose Cantera Smith."

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm leaving the country?

LAURA

If Carrie has been abducted, we have to save her. She said her... our... banker in Belize may be able to track her digitally, and tell us who's been pinging our account number! We need to know who is coming after her, because they'll be coming after us next! There's cash and instructions in the pack. Message us in the chat room when you arrive.

JIMMY

Is using a fake passport a crime?

Tyson checks his phone.

TYSON

Fraud. Up to a \$250,000 fine and ten years in prison.

Jimmy pauses, then smiles.

JIMMY

Belize! How long will I be gone?
What do I tell my folks?

Laura pushes him out the door.

LAURA

Tell them you won the trip in a contest. Go! Go!

Jimmy exits quickly.

Laura and Tyson sneak down the hall.

They stop when they are about to turn the corner toward Carrie's locker.

They peek and SEE Marcy and the Detective dusting for prints and removing the contents of Carris's locker. Laura whispers.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Jimmy's prints! We're all in this now.

TYSON

D-I-Y-D squared. I get what Carrie meant to tell us.

(beat)

Damned if you do. Damned if you don't.

LAURA

We gotta find her.

They fist-bump then bolt the other direction to a side exit.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jimmy exits an Uber car like a much older man. He wears a plaid long-sleeve shirt, khaki slacks, brown leather shoes, and thick black-rimmed eyeglasses. He wears a gray mustache. He grabs a small black, wheeled suitcase, and holds a paper plane ticket.

He glances around briefly and grabs a broad-rimmed sun hat from the backseat and waves the driver off.

He wears the hat and bends his face down as he walks to avoid cameras. He mumbles.

JIMMY

My crew would be so proud.

(beat)

I feel like an idiot!

Jimmy proceeds without being noticed by passersby.

INT. CAR REPAIR SHOP GARAGE - NIGHT

The two members of a CSI team investigate the rental car, both with latex gloves on and evidence bags in their hands.

The Detective and Marcy race into the garage.

DETECTIVE

What do you have for me?

The Female CSI officer checks her notes.

FEMALE CSI

Damage to the front-right fender is consistent with your mangled bike registered to Ms. Carrie Wilson.

MALE CSI

No DNA yet from the traces of blood on the guard rail.

FEMALE CSI

Inside of the car was wiped clean for prints before the idiots spayed it with hot soapy water.

MARCY

What did you bag?

MALE CSI

We think it's ink residue from a fingerprint pad.

FEMALE CSI

We'll get the lab to confirm.

MARCY

So they took someone's fingerprints! Not your typical hit-and-run or missing person's case.

DETECTIVE

Okay! We did find a fragment of a DNA-kit wrapper...

MARCY

Ah-ha! Somebody wants to know who they're dealing with.

DETECTIVE

Puts the kid in more danger, if she's still alive!

MARCY

Anything from the sweep of the river?

DETECTIVE

Not yet. High water. Could be miles downstream. These things take time.

MARCY

Can you put more officers on it?

DETECTIVE

(angry)

Can you? I've had it with you!

Marcy paces and is angry too.

MARCY

Find the mother yet?

The Detective begins to race out.

DETECTIVE

Heading there now.

MARCY

I'll head over to Ms. Laura Santos's house to see if there's something more she's not telling us.

Marcy exits.

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyson exits his upper-middle-class house across the street from Carrie's. He wears a dark lightweight jacket, blue T-shirt, black jeans, and carries a blue backpack. He has a small flashlight.

He looks up and down the street, sees nothing, then crosses the street.

He knocks on Carrie's door, looking hopeful. He knocks again.

TYSON

It's Tyson, coming in to feed
Cosmos.

Silence.

He enters the unlocked door.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyson creeps around in the dark holding an open can of cat food. He whispers.

TYSON

Here, Cosmos. Here, girl.

No response.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Come on! Show yourself so I can go!

Tyson peeks out the front window. Sees nothing. Moves on.

Tyson wanders down the hall to Carrie's room.

He uses the flashlight to look around the modest room.

We see a movie poster of "Contact," a stack of college-level textbooks, and several candy bar wrappers.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Here, Cosmos. Here, girl.

His flashlight beam moves to her desk. He pauses at an old tablet computer (or iPad).

TYSON (V.O.)
 There's the plant. Nothing of value
 on that baby. I laughed like crazy
 when she told me about it.

He sits on her bed and removes his backpack.

TYSON (V.O.)
 God, I miss you! Where are you,
 Carrie?

He grabs a BRAND candy bar from her bedside table.

INT. ESTATE HOUSE - NIGHT

In a large four-car garage of a huge house, Laura loads up
 the back of a late-model Toyota 4Runner with a tent, three
 sleeping bags, a camp stove, propane canisters, pots, a pan,
 and a french press coffeemaker.

LAURA'S MOM (40s), an attractive Latina, opens the door
 leading to the house. She smiles.

LAURA'S MOM
 I think you're crazy camping out on
 the last week of high school!

Laura smiles back.

LAURA
 No classes, Ma! We'll be safe.

LAURA'S MOM
 Who are you going with?

LAURA
 Some kids from AP Physics.

Mom pulls out a medium-sized Amazon Prime Box and hands it to
 Laura.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 What's this?

LAURA'S MOM
 Came just now.

Laura opens the box, but tilts it so her mother can't see.
 Inside we SEE the latest Tablet Computer with Satellite
 communications and GPS.

LAURA

It's a replacement battery for my old tablet. I'll text and tell you where we are.

LAURA'S MOM

And photos. Send photos! Your father will love them when he gets back from Spain.

LAURA

Yes, Mom. Love you!

Mom pulls out a large box of food.

LAURA'S MOM

I made you tamales, sweet bread, fresh tortillas, and packed you some vegetables and fruit from the garden.

Laura runs to hug her mom.

LAURA

You're the best, Mom. Text you soon.

LAURA'S MOM

Be back before graduation or your abuela will kill us both.

LAURA

Grandma loves me more than anything, Ma!

Laura waves goodbye, opens the garage door, and drives out of the driveway and slowly down the street.

INT. TOYOTA 4RUNNER - CONTINUOUS

Laura sees a sedan coming toward her as she drives slowly down the street.

She puts on her right blinker and turns down the nearest street. She proceeds slowly.

She glances in the rear-view mirror and sees Marcy heading to her house.

When Marcy is down the street a bit, Laura guns it and races away.

INT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tyson remains on Carrie's bed calling out for the cat. His backpack is behind him.

TYSON
Here, Cosmos. Here...

Tyson is interrupted by the sound of a car pulling up to the house.

Tyson leaves his backpack on the bed and tiptoes hunched over to a front window and sees the Detective exiting his car.

Tyson tiptoes quickly to the laundry room by the back door. He begins to exit, but looks down to see the opened can of cat food in his hand.

He sets the can down, opens a cupboard, and rips the tops off three additional cans of cat food.

TYSON (CONT'D)
May be on your own for a few days
like the rest of us, girl.

Tyson is about to exit out the backdoor, when he stops, and looks back.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Backpack!

He races to Carrie's room and enters it just as he HEARS the Detective KNOCK on the front door.

Tyson SEES that he can't get to the back door without being seen, so he unlocks Carrie's bedroom window and tries to sneak out. His tall frame and the backpack make it difficult.

The doorbell RINGS.

He takes off the backpack and squeezes through the window.

He HEARS the front door open.

DETECTIVE (O.C.)
Detective Muhammed Patil. Anybody
home?

Tyson is outside but leans in the window and stretches to retrieve his backpack as the lights go on in the house.

We HEAR a loud MEOW from the bedroom as Tyson shuts the window.

EXT. CARRIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tyson takes off running across the backyard when the Detective opens the bedroom window and peeks out to see Tyson hopping a fence. The Detective yells!

DETECTIVE
Stop! Police!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Tyson exits an alley and runs into the street as an SUV RACES down the street toward him and skids to a stop.

It's Laura in her 4Runner.

LAURA
Hop in.

Tyson pulls off his backpack, throws it in the backseat, and dives into the car.

Laura peels away.

The Detective runs down the street after them, but Laura and Tyson are already too far away.

INT. TOYOTA 4RUNNER - NIGHT

Laura and Tyson drive through the town.

LAURA
We've got to lay low for a couple of days. I've got camping supplies in the back.

TYSON
Fine with me.

LAURA
Did Carrie send you a package recently?

Tyson reaches into his backpack and pulls out a new Tablet Computer.

TYSON
Just this.

LAURA
I got one too.

TYSON

She thinks of everything. That's
why I know she's alright.

Laura sounds worried.

LAURA

I... I hope so too.

They pass a seedy bar with an alley nearby. From the 4Runner,
we see the two Goons mugging a man in the alley and taking
his car keys, smartphone, and wallet.

Laura and Tyson don't see them. They drive on.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

In a remote forest, we see Laura and Tyson around a nice campfire, eating tamales, and investigating their new Tablets.

A three-person tent is set up behind them.

TYSON
You brought three sleeping bags
with you.

LAURA
Just in case Carrie joins us.

TYSON
(smiles)
It would be just like her.

LAURA
(laughs)
She probably set the GPS systems on
the tablets to send herself our
locations.

TYSON
We should test these out and join
the chat room.

LAURA
Good idea.

They fiddle with the Tablets.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'm in.

TYSON
Me too.
(sadly)
We're alone.

Laura gazes at Tyson.

LAURA
It's not so bad. I feel safe with
you.

Tyson looks into her eyes.

TYSON

It's not that. I just wish Carrie and Jimmy were here.

LAURA

Jimmy's red-eye flight hasn't even landed in Belize yet.

TYSON

Yeah, and what's that about?

LAURA

There's a Crypto trader Carrie got involved with in Belize to turn our digital currency into dollars and wire it to certain accounts.

Tyson stands and paces, a bit angry.

TYSON

You see. She didn't trust me enough to tell me any of this! She told you, but not me. Did she tell Jimmy?

LAURA

Chill. She didn't tell us to keep us safe. The more we know, the more danger we're in.

TYSON

I don't understand all this Crypt stuff!

Laura reaches in her pocket and pulls out two cryptocurrency keys, like the one Carrie dropped over the bridge and into the river.

Tyson's eyes open widely.

LAURA

You better learn quickly.
(worried)
Tonight we both become banks and bankers.

Tyson grows angrier.

TYSON

I want nothing to do with it.

Laura stands, equally upset.

LAURA

You don't have a choice! We don't have a choice!

Tyson gets in Laura's face. A mix of anxiety and sexual tension.

TYSON

What else did Carrie tell you?

Laura looks away.

LAURA

She didn't have the heart to tell you. She knew you would worry too much, but this was something she had to do.

Tyson moves to be in Laura's face.

TYSON

What's something she had to do?

LAURA

Fight bullies and global corruption. Make the world a better place for future generations...

TYSON

Explain!

LAURA

Carrie knew that cryptocurrency and blockchain computing could benefit humanity, raising people out of poverty, removing the influence of traditional banking and high interest rates, but...

TYSON

But, what?

LAURA

But scammers, thugs, criminals want to rob you blind, and old banks and governments want to maintain the status quo because they all make a killing!

TYSON

But it's dangerous! Carrie's missing! Don't you get it!

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Detective and Marcy stare at a digital City Map with the photos of the crime scene on the bridge, the high school, the car wash, and the homes of Carrie, Laura, Tyson, and Jimmy located on the map.

A Police Officer (same as earlier) comes in holding Carrie's "plant" Tablet.

POLICE OFFICER

Nothing on this one either, but something was strange.

DETECTIVE

What's strange?

POLICE OFFICER

Very short history of webpages visited. We would have expected more frequent use by someone in a computer club.

Marcy stares at the Tablet.

MARCY

You said earlier that it wasn't passcode protected.

POLICE OFFICER

That bothered me too. Out of character for geeks.

DETECTIVE

Go through her room again.

MARCY

You won't find anything. This was a plant. Get us a warrant for the Coffee Shop.

POLICE OFFICER

Sure thing.

DETECTIVE

Any sign of Mr. Jacobs? I'm not buying that he won a trip.

MARCY

Nothing from the airport security tracking on him either.

DETECTIVE

Two reported muggings tonight downtown. This town rarely has one. We interviewed one of the victims who was too drunk to remember anything. The bartender only heard the second incident in the alley when he called in the disturbance.

Marcy glares at the map.

MARCY

Nothing is adding up. We've got no body, no victim, the mom and three closest friends of the victim are never home. And, our two foreign visitors are without their rental car and nowhere to be found.

(angry)

Put an APB out on all the teens and their cars. I want a dive team under that bridge in the morning. I'll be at my hotel. Text me any developments!

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The fire has died down. Laura and Tyson stare at their new Tablets but they are too tired to concentrate.

LAURA

We better get some sleep. We'll search the river for Carrie at dawn.

Tyson snaps out of a trance and looks back at the small tent.

TYSON

Huh? Okay.

They trudge to the tent.

INT. TENT - CONTINUOUS

Two flashlights help them roll out two sleeping bags and get seated on top of them.

Both turn away a bit to get undressed. They remove their shoes and socks in silence.

LAURA

Okay, this is awkward. But it's camping.

(beat)

Nothing more.

Tyson removes his pants, and Laura sneaks a look, as she removes her pants.

TYSON

(laughs)

Except if Carrie does know our location, and surprises the shit out of us.

They both remove their shirts. This time, Tyson sneaks a look at Laura and sees the back of her sexy bra.

LAURA

(laughs)

That would be just like her.

Tyson settles in his sleeping bag and lays back.

Laura remains sitting up with her back to Tyson.

TYSON

I should have picked up on Jimmy's memory gift.

LAURA

Pretty lit. He saw Carrie opening her locker one time. That's all it took. He told me he wore a Bat Man T-shirt and yellow socks on March 21st, 2011.

TYSON

Geez! I can't remember what I wore last week!

(beat)

He lusts after you, ya know.

Laura, surprised, turns slightly giving Tyson a better look at her.

LAURA

No!

TYSON

I see him staring. Not in a bad way. Admiring is a better word.

Laura giggles.

LAURA

There's something else I should
tell you.

Tyson sits up quickly revealing his bare chest.

TYSON

You do know how much money is in
Carrie's crypto account?

Laura turns a bit more and can't look away from his body. Now
Tyson has a much better view of breasts.

LAURA

(angry)

It's our crypto account! We grew it
as a team. But, no, I don't know
how much is the account.

She lays back and covers herself up with her sleeping bag.

TYSON

(apologizing)

I didn't mean anything. I know you
took on an extra burden handling
Jimmy and me. It doesn't matter how
much money is in our account.

Laura is sad, fighting back tears.

LAURA

I hope Carrie comes back.

Tyson turns over on his belly and instinctively reaches an
arm around Laura.

TYSON

Or we at least find her.

Laura turns to her side for spooning and holds on to Tyson's
arm.

Soon, Tyson is asleep, but Laura's eyes are wide open. She
has a slight smile and won't release Tyson's arm when he
tries to pull it back.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

The CSI team and the Detective turn the coffee shop inside
out and upside down for evidence, as a sleepy Hui looks over
the search warrant. The clock on the wall reads, 3:15 AM. She
reads the warrant.

HUI

To find evidence on a potential fugitive from justice, Mr. James Fenimore Jacobs.

(beat)

Fenimore? Huh.

(beat)

And to ascertain his current whereabouts.

Hui laughs.

HUI (CONT'D)

He's tiny. Did you look in the cupboards?

DETECTIVE

Could you keep quiet and let us do our job?

HUI

Could you leave so I'll be awake to do my job?

(grumpy)

I clock in at 5:30 AM.

MALE CSI

Nothing, Detective.

The Female CSI officer returns from the storage room.

FEMALE CSI

Nothing here, Detective.

HUI

Shocker.

The Detective circles a finger in the air to wrap it up and exit.

DETECTIVE

Sorry to bother you, Ma'am.

HUI

Come in the afternoon when business is slow and I'm awake!"

The Detective is not listening as they exit.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT./INT. BELIZE RESORT - MORNING

A TAXI DRIVER wakes Jimmy up at the entrance to a palatial beach resort.

TAXI DRIVER
You're here, Mr. Smith.

The Taxi Driver gets out to open the door. Jimmy's mustache is half off. He stirs awake, and tips the Driver with a \$100 bill.

JIMMY
Thanks, Bro.

The Taxi Driver stares at the tip.

TAXI DRIVER
When can I pick you up for your return flight?

Jimmy looks around in awe.

JIMMY
Never, I hope.

At the Registration Desk is a beautiful mixed-ethnicity clerk, ROSE (18) who greets Jimmy with a smile and a laugh.

ROSE
Welcome to Belize, Mr...?

Jimmy hands her his passport. He's smitten with her.

ROSE (CONT'D)
Jose Cantera... Smith? We've been expecting you. Your young, beautiful wife stayed with us two weeks ago.

Jimmy removes his mustache and signs a registration card.

JIMMY
My wife? Oh, we're not married, Rose.

ROSE
I see. Mrs. Smith's suite is rented for the year.

Jimmy's eyes open widely.

ROSE (CONT'D)
I've got time. I'll show you where
it is.

INT. BEACH RESORT SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy follows Rose into the suite and is blown away.

Rose opens the curtains to view the beach. Two sexy women
walk by in bikinis.

ROSE
I'll have breakfast and coffee sent
over.

Jimmy tips Rose with a \$100-bill without thinking.

JIMMY
I need to find a banker later,
Rose. My real name is Jimmy.

He gazes into her eyes and is lost.

ROSE
(laughs)
You know what William Shakespeare
says, "A Jimmy by any other name
would smell as sweet."

Jimmy laughs and smiles and Rose exits.

He searches the room for the safe and finds it in the closet.

He pauses to think of Carrie's high school locker then opens
the safe to reveal a new satellite Tabled, a thick envelope
of cash, and the photo and address of the banker. The photo
reads, "Charles Wembley, the bank's "address" in Belize City,
and a local phone number.

LATER

Jimmy, with wet hair and in a white fluffy bathrobe, eats a
fabulous breakfast while playing with the Tablet. He jumps to
the chat room and types. In B, where R U? J.

He sips coffee from a fine cup.

INTERCUT a video call with Laura and Tyson around the morning
campfire drinking coffee from tin cups.

JIMMY
Hi guys. Any luck finding Carrie.

Laura and Tyson are stunned at Jimmy's surroundings.

LAURA

What the...

JIMMY

The suite is paid in advance for the year. Carrie was here a few weeks ago.

Tyson shows a mix of anger and sadness.

TYSON

There was so much she didn't tell me. Us.

LAURA

We've got to stay on task. We'll search the river while you get that banker to digitally locate Carrie and the hackers pinging us. Then, you get your ass back here to help! Got it?

Jimmy looks out at the beach and puts on a sad face.

JIMMY

Got it.

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Laura and Tyson, wearing BRAND hiking gear break camp and douse the campfire.

TYSON

What else didn't she tell us?

LAURA

She may have neglected to tell us that the "Embarrass Your Dictator Contest, went viral, and that people extended it to bosses, landlords, coaches, husbands, and wives.

TYSON

Really?

LAURA

A new contest was run for each 200 entries with \$500 paid out each time, but our profit is enormous.

TYSON
How much is enormous?

LAURA
Only Carrie and the banker in Belize knows. Jimmy will find out today. Let's focus on finding Carrie.

They head off down the river.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Marcy and the Detective storm into the conference room to see the two CSI Team members and the female police officer with gloomy faces.

DETECTIVE
What have you got for us? Any sign of the girl?

Silence.

POLICE OFFICER
Her mother calls hourly. Very sad.

MARCY
Is the Dive team under the bridge?

POLICE OFFICER
The river is too dangerous. Cold, swift, and turbulent.

DETECTIVE
(to Marcy)
You were right about the fingerprints on the girl's locker.

MARCY
James Jacobs?

The CSI Team nod's 'yes.'

MARCY (CONT'D)
(to the Police Officer)
Let's pick him up!

The Police Officer nods, 'yes.' The Detective shakes his head in disgust when Marcy gives his team an order.

DETECTIVE
What about the car?

FEMALE CSI

Nothing more in the car, but we traced it to an off-airport rental agency with no security cameras.

MARCY

(sarcastic)

Great!

MALE CSI

It gets worse. The rental agent is Nigerian and barely speaks English. Says all white guys look alike.

DETECTIVE

The interview with the mugging victim?

POLICE OFFICER

He's in the drunk tank throwing up. The mugging was right after closing time. We're dealing with professionals.

DETECTIVE

Muggers?

POLICE OFFICER

No, drinkers. He didn't remember a thing. Wallet, credit cards, cash, and car keys, gone.

MARCY

The victim from the second mugging?

POLICE OFFICER

Ahh! We haven't found him, but there's some progress. We found out he's a highly successful Cryptocurrency trader. His wife reported him missing, but hopes he's dead. Huge life insurance payout if he's murdered.

DETECTIVE

How's that?

POLICE OFFICER

She took out a separate policy on his life when he started trading in crypto... like you would for a bank robbery.

Marcy paces and gets excited.

MARCY

Check with every life insurance company to see if Ms. Carrie Wilson has taken out a policy lately.

POLICE OFFICER

There must be hundreds of companies...

DETECTIVE

Then you better get busy!

INT. BANK - DAY

Jimmy sits in a small office with a shabby desk for the office ASSISTANT (20s; sexy Mayan-looking female). Jimmy wears a Hawaiian shirt, beach shorts, and sandals. The Assistant sneers at Jimmy.

JIMMY

Will Mr. Charles Wembley be long?

ASSISTANT

I told you. He's in a meeting.

Two sinister-looking Businessmen (40s-50s) exit Mr. Wembley's office with satisfied smirks. They leave quickly.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Mr. Wembley will see you now.

INT. BANK, OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy walks into a nicely decorated office with fine leather chairs, local art, and plants. CHARLES WEMBLEY (20s) looks like a child in a white cotton business suit behind two large computer screens.

CHARLES WEMBLEY

Come in, Mr... Smith.

Charles extends a hand to shake, while Jimmy attempts a fist-bump. Charles goes for the fist-bump while Jimmy tries to shake hands. Jimmy sits down.

JIMMY

So how does this all work for us, Chuck?

Charles is miffed.

CHARLES WEMBLEY
It's Charles or Mr. Wembley.

JIMMY
If you're skimming ten-percent,
it's Chuck to me.

Jimmy walks around his desk to peek at the computer screens.

Charles stands to protest, but it's too late. Jimmy SEES two very long alpha-numeric account numbers at the top of each display.

Charles guides Jimmy back to his seat.

CHARLES WEMBLEY
This is highly irregular.

JIMMY
Can you help us locate Mrs. Smith,
associated with our account, based
on recent fund transfers? And what
accounts keep ping-pong our account?

Charles returns to his computer displays, and types away on the keyboard.

CHARLES WEMBLEY
I can check, but I can't promise
anything.

Jimmy glares at him.

JIMMY
Well?

CHARLES WEMBLEY
The account activity is funneling
in her hometown, but blockchains
don't allow me to see who's ping-pong
your account.

JIMMY
When was your last contact with
Mrs. Smith?

Charles stands and begins to forcefully toss Jimmy out of the office.

CHARLES WEMBLEY
I'm not at liberty to say.

Jimmy turns and punches him in the throat. Charles is stunned.

JIMMY

Didn't think so. It was two weeks ago, asshole! You'll take five percent from now on, and you'll find us additional avenues to convert crypto to dollars. And find out who's after us! Got it?

Charles holds his throat and nods, 'yes.'

Jimmy drops a \$100-bill on the Assistant's desk as he exits.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

We know where you are, Chuck!

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Laura and Tyson are in the back of a large-capacity Uber vehicle, slowly rolling by Passenger Pickup.

Jimmy, dressed as Mr. Smith with a mustache and broad-rimmed sun hat waves and they pick him up.

EXT. ROAD NEAR THE AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Uber vehicle pulls over down the street from Laura's 4Runner. They don't speak. They all get out and wait for the Uber to leave before walking down and getting into Laura's car.

INT. TOYOTA 4RUNNER - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy changes clothes in the backseat.

JIMMY

I think Carrie's alive!

They all go nuts.

LAURA

How do you know?

JIMMY

Transaction activity.

(beat)

I met our banker, and I have our account number and his in my brain.

Jimmy shows Laura and Tyson a Crypto-key like the one Carrie dropped in the river.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

This was in the safe in Carrie's suite in Belize. We're all banks and bankers now!

LAURA

Won't do us any good without the access codes.

JIMMY

That's why our first job is to find Carrie. And, I met a girl named Rose.

(beat)

And I brought you other souvenirs from Belize.

He hands them each a Belizean passport.

LAURA

Carrie thought of everything, except the prison term if we use them.

Laura slowly drives by an old trailer park. They see a police car out front.

TYSON

Except a way to keep us out of danger!

LAURA

Guess you're coming with us, Jimmy!

Jimmy smirks.

JIMMY

Hey, I could have stayed in Belize!

Laura drives on.

END OF ACT FIVE

END OF PILOT EPISODE