

NETSPIONAGE

WGA-929557

FADE IN:

INT. A COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

A blinking red light fills the screen. We slowly pull back. a large mainframe and 3 upright computer racks full of computers, routers, and switches comes into view.

The room is dark with only the blinking of the computer lights and the steady hum of the machines. The silhouette of a man hunched over his keyboard.

His fingers flying across the keyboard. He types with four fingers. The monitor screen is filled with code. He hits the enter key.

We push into a CLOSE-UP of the monitor. We push through the screen into the cyberworld. We race through the wires and microchips. Into the T1 onto the backbone wires. We race across the world at the speed of light. We exit the cyberworld.

INT. NSA CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER. NIGHT

A blank computer screen fills the screen. Lines of code scroll across the screen. We pull back and we are in a huge computer command center.

There are several geeks lounging about. One of the Geeks is BRIAN KOKOPELI. He has buzz-cut black hair and the rose colored granny glasses. He is playing EverQuest online. He's really into it when he notices an alert flashing on a monitor nearby.

Kokopeli kicks away from his game and rolls over to the workstation in his chair. He clicks on the flashing alert. The word INTRUDER flashes on the screen.

KOKOPELI
WE HAVE AN INTRUDER!

Kokopeli grabs the phone and hits autodial and intercom. He frantically types. The other Geeks are now all frantically working.

KOKOPELI

I've got you! I'll rip your heart out!

He yells out.

PUT HIM ON THE BIG BOARD!

A huge screen with a map of the world highlighting the path of the intruder as it skips around the world.

Washington to London, to Amsterdam, to Beijing, to Moscow, to Beirut, to Warsaw, to Denver, to Houston, to New York, back to Washington. The IP address of the intruder appears.

KOKOPELI

What the hell?

Kokopeli types in ipconfig and the screen pops up. The IP address of the intruder is the very machine Kokopeli is working on.

The head of the Computer Crimes Division of the NSA, VINCENT PARDOW answers the phone.

PARDOW (V.O.)

Yes.

KOKOPELI

Sir, this Kokopeli. We've had an intruder.

PARDOW (V.O.)

Did you get him?

KOKOPELI

Sorta.

PARDOW (V.O.)

What does that mean?

KOKOPELI

Sir, we tracked him through the networks and it appears as if Sir, I think you need to see this for yourself.

PARDOW (V.O.)

Cut the crap! Appears as if what?

KOKOPELI

Sir, it appears as if he used one of our terminals.

PARDOW (V.O.)

What? Shut it down! Now! I'm on my way!

KOKOPELI

Yes Sir!

EXT. A DARK, NARROW, SIDE STREET IN EASTERN EUROPE. NIGHT

ILLIA, a slim, blond-haired young man walks down the street with a bag of groceries in his arm. He reaches inside and pulls out a bottle of Jerk soda. He stops and adjusts the bag so he can open the soda.

Car lights appear behind him at the far end of the street. The car moves slowly down the street toward Illia until it is beside him.

Illia is preoccupied with opening his soda. He opens his soda and takes a swallow. He notices the car. A rear tinted window quietly slides down. A taser appears.

Illia drops his groceries and runs as the taser is fired. He stumbles forward as the electric shock incapacitates him. He lays on the ground jerking spasmodically.

The rear door of the car opens and a large, heavy-set man emerges. He quickly and effortlessly picks the young man up and carries him to the rear of the car.

The trunk of the car opens and the large man tosses the young man into the trunk and closes the lid.

He looks around for any witnesses and then climbs back into the car. The car speeds off into the night.

EXT. A SMALL EAST EUROPEAN AIRPORT. DAY

A private corporate jet taxis to a stop as a older black Mercedes limo pulls up next to the plane. MR. SMITH departs from the plane and enters the limo. He is GQ slick and polished looking.

EXT. A LARGE DRAB GOVERNMENT BUILDING. DAY

The limo glides to a stop in front of the building. Mr Smith steps out. He enters the building briefcase in hand.

INT. A LARGE ELABORATELY DECORATED OFFICE. DAY

A large gray headed man sits behind a massive desk. He is busy scanning and signing documents. The man is DORJAN ARAMOV, Minister of Technology.

There is a brief knock at the door, Dorjan looks up as the door opens and Mr. Smith enters.

DORJAN

Welcome back Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith walks over and accepts Dorjan's extended hand.

MR. SMITH

Thank you Dorjan.

Dorjan motions for Mr. Smith to take a seat.

DORJAN

You have something for me?

MR. SMITH

Yes.

Mr. Smith retrieves an envelope from his briefcase. He hands it to Dorjan. Dorjan opens the envelope and scans the document inside. He turns toward his computer.

(CU) THE COMPUTER SCREEN AS IT LOGS INTO A SWISS BANK.

Dorjan glances at the note and proceeds to enter the values.

The computer screen as it displays the account which shows a balance of \$100,000 dollars.

Dorjan looks up and smiles.

Mr. Smith sits watching Dorjan with a arrogant smile.

Dorjan proceeds to issue transfers to various banks around the world.

The computer screen displays the tranfer of assets and within moments the account is empty.

DORJAN

It is always a pleasure doing business
with you Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH

I have another.

DORJAN

Excellent!

Mr. Smith reaches into his briefcase and extracts a file folder. He hands it to Dorjan. Dorjan opens the folder and scans the files. He comes to a photograph.

The file shows a surveillance shot of a lovely black-haired girl. Beneath the photo is a list of known associates and suspected computer crimes.

DORJAN

Ah, a local.

MR. SMITH

This one is different.

DORJAN

How so?

MR. SMITH

We believe she is working with another.

DORJAN

So what is new? All these hackers believe they are working together. Where is the file?

MR. SMITH

There is no file. We know nothing of this individual except that he or she exists.

DORJAN

Why are you telling me this? I cannot help you.

MR. SMITH

We believe this girl is somehow connected.

DORJAN

What is your point, my friend?

MR. SMITH

We would like to have her monitored more closely than the others.

DORJAN

I do not understand? How do you expect me to monitor her more closely than the others? It is a prison after all.

Mr. Smith leans forward and looks into Dorjan eyes.

MR. SMITH

Dorjan, we both know what happens to these people when they enter your prison. Suffice it to say that although those we have agreed upon have been removed from society. They still have access to systems albeit under your control.

DORJAN

I assure you these criminals are held under the most stringent security possible! Their access to computers is strictly supervised and intended simply to provide recreation.

MR. SMITH

As you say, but in this case I would like your permission to monitor all her activities.

DORJAN

Ah. That would present a problem. You see they are being housed in a special facility. There is limited remote access. You would have to actually enter the facility to monitor any of the activity. I am sure you would find the accommodations completely unacceptable.

MR. SMITH

(Laughs)

I was not speaking of myself. I have an individual that would be more than happy to assume that responsibility.

DORJAN

Is this individual aware of our arrangement?

MR. SMITH

Absolutely not. No, this person is only aware of the problem and he is completely trustworthy. You might say he is myopic in his focus and what he doesn't know he doesn't care to know.

DORJAN

Good. It does not pay for too many to know too much.

Mr. Smith smiles and stands.

MR. SMITH

I must be leaving. I will make the arrangements.

DORJAN

What is this person's name?

MR. SMITH

Mr. Jones.

DORJAN

I love American names. They are so unique.

EXT. LARGE ULTR-MODERN OFFICE BUILDING WITH A LARGE SIGN OVER THE DOOR DISPLAYING, NEW DAY COMPUTER SYSTEMS-DAY

A beat up VW Jetta pulls into a parking spot labeled instructor.

The driver is BILL BABCOCK. A dark haired young man who is obviously a geek.

Bill parks the car. He picks up several large instruction manuals. They are cumbersome and heavy. He fumbles with them as he gets out of the car and walks toward the building.

EXT. THE DOUBLE GLASS DOORS OF THE OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

A mousy looking young geek named JIMMY is desperately trying to manage the stack of instructor manuals and open the door at the same time. He drops the books as Bill opens the door.

JIMMY

Shit!

BILL

Need a hand?

JIMMY

(He looks up as he gathers his books.)

I just quit! Fuck this place! I can't take it anymore! My hard drive's fried!

BILL

You quit? What happened?

JIMMY

The machines weren't set up again! I mean how are we supposed to teach a computer class with no operating system! I tried several images! They were corrupt! Nothing works! It makes me look like an ass and I'm sick of it!

BILL

You've got to be kidding! Which class were you supposed to teach?

JIMMY

Windows 2003 Advanced server configuration.

BILL

That's a four-hour setup.

JIMMY

Look, I gotta' go.

Jimmy, balancing his books pushes past Bill.

JIMMY

You take it easy. Don't let them fry your mind! It isn't worth it!

BILL

No way. (beat) Keep in touch.

Jimmy stumbles and spills his books again. He starts jumping up and down and screaming.

Bill watches for a moment then turns and enters the lobby, which is filled with students. The students are an odd assortment of geeks, freaks, and career changers. They are watching Jimmy go crazy out front.

Bill makes his way to the instructor sign-in sheet. As he is signing a pretty young blond receptionist named Kerri is paging a salesperson while several of the students pepper her with questions and complaints.

Kerri manages a smile as their eyes meet. Bill embarrassed by the direct eye contact lowers his eyes and walks away.

Bill walks down the hall. He pauses and looks into a classroom.

An instructor is frantically trying to fix an operating system. He is coaxing it along by talking to it as the systems loads.

INSTRUCTOR

Come on baby just a few hundred more meg.
Don't slow down. No!

COMPUTER SCREEN AS THE BLUE SCREEN OF DEATH APPEARS.

The instructor is frantically pounding the escape key. After a moment he begins to pound his head on the monitor.

INSTRUCTOR

No! Please God no! Not on a Monday!

Bill continues down the hall toward his classroom.

Down the hall comes JOSE, the book boy. A marine reserve. He is wearing his Marine fatigues, pushing a cart loaded with technical manuals. He sees Bill and smiles.

JOSE

Whatsup Billy-boy!

BILL

Nada. How was sniper school?

JOSE

I graduated top in my class. Last exercise I took out both targets in rapid fire at 900 meters.

BILL

Wow that's great! You have my books!

JOSE

Naw! Yours didn't come in. They're supposed to be here tomorrow in the AM.

BILL

You've got to be kidding! How am I supposed to teach a class without books for the students?

JOSE

Dude, you don't need no stupid books. You know your shit.

BILL

No, I don't need no stupid books but my students might since they don't know shit.

Jose shrugs and continues down the hall.

A harried-looking middle-aged man rushes out of the next classroom. It's DON PORTER the Training Manager.

DON

Oh Thank God! I fired Jimmy this morning. You have to take his class. The setup is screwed!

BILL

Jimmy said he quit.

DON

Well, technically he quit but I fired him right after he refused to teach the class.

BILL

Right. (beat) Jesus Don! I haven't seen that material in months!

DON

Hey, you got a choice. Take over Jimmy's class for which we have books or teach your TCP/IP class for which we have no books.

BILL

How many students?

DON

Twenty with three on standby.

BILL

I thought the class limit was sixteen?

DON

As long as they pay we play.

BILL

You have enough books?

DON

No. The students can share until the rest of the books arrive tomorrow. (beat) I've got to run. Make it happen!

Don hurries off down the hall as Bill enters the classroom. All the monitors are showing the blue screen of death. He walks over to the instructor machine and sits down to work on the operating system.

INT. DON PORTER'S OFFICE-DAY

Don rushes into his office and closes the door. He locks the door, props up against it, and takes a deep sigh. He sees a older man sitting in a chair looking at him. Don immediately straightens up and walks toward his desk.

DON

Who are you? What are you doing in my office?

MARCUS

I'm Marcus Kelly.

DON

Mr. Kelly? (beat) And what can I do for you this morning?

MARCUS

I'm here about the technical instructor position. (beat) You're supposed to interview me.

DON

Ah. It's been a busy morning.

Don sorts through the papers on his desk. He finds a folder and opens it.

DON

Oh yes! Mr. Kelly I have reviewed your credentials and I think you are just what we need. When can you start? How about today?

MARCUS

You mean I have the job?

DON

Yes, of course. You realize that in the beginning we can only offer a base trainer's salary, that is until we are satisfied that you are of the caliber instructor we demand.

MARCUS

No problem Mr. Porter.

DON

Call me Don. We are just one big happy family here. (beat) Now how would you feel about teaching an IP class today?

MARCUS

Fine. Where's the class? I'll have to borrow an instructor's manual.

DON

Well, there's the catch. You see our instructors never use a manual for that class. Most feel the students get to wrapped up in the graphics and become confused. We find it more fulfilling for the students to issue the books on the second day of class.

MARCUS

Really!

DON

Oh yes! Our instructors never use the book in that class. Only the white board and pencils and paper. Do you have a problem with that?

MARCUS

Well, if that's the program.

DON

Excellent! I think we are going to get along fine. Remember our motto. Make it happen!

INT. NSA CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER. DAY

The command center is buzzing with activity as dozens of the Federal Government's finest pour over the systems.

INT. LARGE GLASS ENCLOSED CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

There are a dozen technocrats from every Federal Agency with an initial. Leading the meeting is VINCENT PARDOW, a perfect example of a hacker wannabe gone government employee. Pardow is Director of the Computer Crimes Division of the NSA.

PARDOW

Gentlemen, at 2:20 AM we detected an intruder. Following standard tracking procedures we were able to track the individual to a specific machine.

FBI Director Taylor looks at Pardow.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

If that's the case then why are we here?

Pardow glances at Director Taylor.

PARDOW

The machine was inside our internal network.

CIA Technology Director, PHILLIP ARDMORE quickly looks up.

ARDMORE

What?

PARDOW

He hacked our internal network then used one of our terminals to exit and re-enter the network which triggered the alert.

ARDMORE

That's stupid! He must want to get caught!

PARDOW

I think it was an in your face thing.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

An' in your face thing?

PARDOW

Yes. I think he's showing us he can come and go at will and there's nothing we can do to stop him.

ARDMORE

You mean to tell me that the billions we spend each year on network security can't stop a kid with a PC?

PARDOW

This is no kid! True enough most hacker are young. That's the common perception. You need to remember that computers have been around for a while. There are a great many people who have been working with systems for decades. With the recent trend for overseas outsourcing there are approximately 800,000 technology professionals in America alone who are selling washing machines at Sears or flipping hamburgers at McDonalds.

Most, I'd venture to say, are pissed and fully capable of doing a great deal of destruction if they were so inclined.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

How much damage did this one do?

PARDOW

That remains to be seen. We found a virus.

ARDMORE

What kind of virus?

PARDOW

We don't know. My people have been working nonstop to break the code but it seems as if the damn thing has a mind of it's own. It's like someone is applying preemptive hot fixes. As soon as we figure out one thing the whole thing morphs into something else. There is one thing we discovered. The virus is written in a symbolic language we've never seen before.

ARDMORE

How did this thing get past our security?

PARDOW

We think the original virus entered the systems through alternate data streams.

ARDMORE

Clarify.

PARDOW

Data is transferred via cable in streams of electrical pulses called packets. Some file systems allow you to split that stream of data into separated data streams to allow for greater functionality.

AGENT GANDY

Your point?

PARDOW

The symbolic language seems to act directly upon the firmware. Allowing him to bypass all existing virus detection software. None of the existing programs have the capability to monitor alternate data streams. It also voids the usual A.V. string detectors and Heuristics.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

English please.

PARDOW

He can hack any system in the world at any time he wants and there is no software program, I know of, that can even detect him.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

What do you know?

PARDOW

His handle. He's known in the underground as The Magician.

A knock on the door. All eyes turn toward Kokopeli standing at the door. Pardow nods for him to enter. Kokopeli walks over to Pardow and hands him a memo. Pardow scans the memo then looks up.

PARDOW

It looks like we may have found the Magician.

EXT. LARGE ULTR-MODERN OFFICE BUILDING WITH AL LARGE SIGN OVER THE DOOR DISPLAYING, NEW DAY COMPUTER SYSTEMS-EVENING

The lobby and front steps are crowded with students and instructors leaving for the day.

BILL AND MARCUS WALKING OUT TO THEIR CARS.

BILL

So how was the first day?

MARCUS

A pain in the ass! I can't believe you guys teach IP without student manuals.

BILL

(Laughs)

We don't. Don screwed you.

MARCUS

I figured as much but what the hell I'm the new guy.

BILL

Don't let him get in the habit. You have to stand up to him. You coming back tomorrow?

MARCUS

Oh yeah, I need the work.

BILL

Good. I'll see you later then.

(Jokingly)

Remember our motto, Make it Happen!

Marcus shakes his head as they walk toward their cars.

INT. AN APARTMENT IN EASTERN EUROPE. NIGHT

SONYA PETROV, an appealing dark-haired young woman is engrossed in her computer. She is accessing a root kit stored on a server in the US.

The sound of a car crash.

She opens an e-mail.

(CU) OF THE E-MAIL

Hunta, God is watching. For real. The Magician

The door of her apartment is knocked off its hinges as several soldiers' rush in, weapons trained on the girl.

Sonya is frantically hitting the escape key as one soldier grabs her, jerks her out of her chair and slams her face first into a wall.

She tries to speak but the soldier forces her face into the wall.

COLONEL GREGOR enters. He is a large man with slate gray hair and an evil smile. He walks over to the computer and glances at the screen.

COLONEL GREGOR

It seems as if you have been up to no good?

Sonya tries to speak but the soldier presses her face into the wall even harder.

The Colonel motions the soldier to release the girl.

The soldier releases her neck grabs her shoulder and spins her around to face the Colonel. He slams her back against the wall.

Sonya is terrified but defiant.

SONYA

What is the meaning of this?

The soldiers disassemble Sonya's computers.

COLONEL GREGOR

Are you Sonya Petrov?

SONYA

Yes.

COLONEL GREGOR

This is your apartment?

SONYA

Yes. What do you want? There must be some kind of mistake!

COLONEL GREGOR

Ah! That's always the case isn't it.

Colonel Gregor motions for the soldier to take her away.

The soldier roughly pulls her from the wall and shoves her forward. Sonya falls to her knees.

She looks defiantly at Colonel Gregor.

SONYA

If I am being arrested show me the charges! Where is your paperwork?

COLONEL GREGOR

You are not being arrested. You are simply being detained.

Colonel Gregor motions for the soldier to take her away.

The soldier jerks Sonya off the floor and shoves her toward the door.

SONYA

For what reason?

COLONEL GREGOR

For reasons of national security. Now take her away!

The soldier roughly shoves Sonya out of the door.

Colonel Gregor turns toward the soldiers working on the computer.

COLONEL GREGOR
Pack up everything. Take it to the
institute.

The soldiers continue taking the system apart as Colonel Gregor walks out of the apartment.

INT. A COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM. NIGHT

The door opens light streams into the room as a dark figure enters and closes the door. His face is obscured by shadows.

He then walks over to the console and sits down.

The screen of the large monitor with computer generated animation of a blue Bull Terrier dog lounging in a recliner. The dog is wearing paisley shorts, flip-flops, and a t-shirt with the blue screen of death. He is also wearing sunglasses. The dog is named SNAGDASHER. The dog looks toward the man.

SNAGDASHER
This is a secure room. Please identify
yourself or get your ass out'a here!

THE MAN
Chiram Abiff. 'Quinta essentia'.

SNAGDASHER
Voice recognition confirmed.

THE MAN
Systems status?

SNAGDASHER
All systems are optimal. Total systems
resources free stands at 85%. Am I good
or what?

THE MAN

The best I've ever created!

The man begins to type. He types with four fingers. The screens change as the programs begin to function.

(CU) The large computer monitor.

The monitor changes from the various applications running to the face of Snagdasher. He is serious.

SNAGDASHER

Boss, we got a problem. There's been a perimeter breach.

The screen changes to a split-screen video camera-shot of the exterior of the house. There are several men moving in the shadows.

The computer screen splits to reveal another camera shot of the rear of the house with several men moving in the shadows.

The flash of FBI in florescent letters shines off the back of one of the men.

The screen changes back to Snagdasher.

THE MAN

Initiate defense programs and start the count down. Transfer all data and function to Camelot. Third level breach initiate the crucible.

SNAGDASHER

(Determined look)
Count down has begun.

THE MAN

Goodnight Snag?

SNAGDASHER

Voice recognition confirmed. (beat) You'd better hit the road while I kick some ass!

(CU) THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

Although his face is shadowed we see his smile reflected in the monitor screen.

The man walks over to one of the main frame cabinets and opens the door. He stoops and steps into the computer cabinet and closes the door. The computer room is empty.

EXT. THE SUBJECTS HOUSE. NIGHT

The FBI agents are surrounding the house.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE. NIGHT

The FBI agents are poised to enter the house as one large Agent steps forward and begins to pound on the door.

FBI AGENT

Open up! This is the FBI!

The large agent quickly moves aside and another agent with a battering ram moves in front of the door and with a quick strike knocks the door in.

The agents rush into the house.

EXT. BACK DOOR OF THE SUBJECT HOUSE. NIGHT

Six FBI agents knock down the door and pile inside yelling FBI.

INT. OF THE SUBJECT HOUSE. NIGHT

The agents move quickly through the darkened house securing it one room at a time. Several times the word, clear, is shouted.

INT. THE FOYER OF THE SUBJECTS HOME. NIGHT

AGENT GANDY, a large black man dressed in the swat uniform, with FBI printed on the front, enters the house. He moves with authority. AGENT PITTS approaches.

AGENT PITTS

Sir, all is secure. No sign of the suspect or any computers.

AGENT GANDY

Thermal imaging indicated a great deal of heat near the guest bathroom. Check for hidden doors.

AGENT PITTS

Yes Sir!

Agent Pitts moves away as he barks out orders. The other agents search the house.

AGENT GANDY

Somebody turn on the lights!

One of the Agents standing near the doorway flips on the lights. The house is empty.

FBI AGENT (O.C.)

Agent Gandy, you need to see this!

Agent Gandy walks toward the voice. He walks down the hall into an empty bedroom.

(CU) AGENT 1'S FACE

He is smiling as he pulls out the light switch. The wall opens to reveals a steel door with an electronic keypad.

AGENT 1

This guy is state of the art.

Agent Gandy walks toward the door as Agent 1 proceeds to attach an electronic password cracker to the keypad.

The door slides open to reveal the darkened interior of a computer room.

On a large computer monitor appears Snagdasher. He is dressed in combat fatigues. He is glaring at the Agents.

SNAGDASHER

This is a secure room! Please identify yourself or I will kick your ass!

INT. OF THE COMPUTER ROOM-NIGHT

AGENT 1

He's using biometrics. We'll never get in.

Agent Gandy scans the room. He sees a corkboard above the center monitor. Centered on the corkboard is picture of Sonya.

AGENT GANDY

Anybody got any ideas?

AGENT PITTS

Pull the plugs! We'll pull the hard drives and the ram!

The agent reaches over to find the power strip. He flips the power switch. Nothing happens. He frantically jerks out the plugs.

SNAGDASHER

Voice recognition failed! You shouldn't ought'a done that! You have 3 minutes to evacuate the premises before I fry your ass!

Snagdasher smiles and the screen goes black.

AGENT GANDY

What the hell is going on? Somebody do something!

Another agent burst into the room.

FBI AGENT

Sir, we've got to get out of here! The whole house is rigged with thermite charges! It's going to blow!

The agents run over each other as they scramble to get out of the house.

INT. THE COMPUTER ROOM. NIGHT

Sparks fly and tendrils of fire reach out from inside the computers. There is a brilliant flash of light as the first thermite bomb goes off.

EXT. THE FRONT DOORWAY OF THE SUBJECT HOUSE. NIGHT

The agents are piling out falling over each other. Flames are highlighting the windows of the house. The second thermite charge goes off. Within moments the house is consumed in fire.

The agents are moving toward their cars as they watch the fire burn. The sounds of sirens echo in the night.

AGENT PITTS

Nobody could survive that.

Agent Gandy looks at Agent Pitts. Agent Gandy is not a happy man.

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF FBI BUILDING. DAY

EXT. THE DOOR OF THE REGIONAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. DAY

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE FBI'S REGIONAL DIRECTOR. DAY

(CU) DIRECTOR TAYLOR

DIRECTOR TAYLOR, a large red-faced man with perfectly manicured gray hair, is sitting behind a large desk. The wall behind him is covered with plaques and awards. He is studying a report. He looks up. His expression is grim.

Agent Gandy is equally grim.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Agent Gandy I've read your report. I have a few questions. First thing I'd like to know is, what the hell happened last night!?

AGENT GANDY

He knew we were coming.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Obviously! (beat) In your report you stated there were no human remains found at the scene so I take it he escaped.

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir. We found a small tunnel leading from inside the computer room to the trees on the edge of the property.

Director Taylor stares hard at Agent Gandy.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

According to your report he was seen entering the residence five minutes before your fiasco.

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir. Surveillance confirmed someone entering the residence. We assumed it was him.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

What did the tapes show?

AGENT GANDY

Just a shadowy image.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

(Exacerbated)

Why don't you tell me what we do know.
That will probably take less time!

Agent Gandy opens his notebook.

AGENT GANDY

The suspect, a Mr. Simon Magus is wanted in conjunction with a series of corporate computer hacker incidents. We know the house the suspect was using was purchased by an offshore holding company and then rented to a Mr. Magus. Mr. Magus has a Texas driver's license and a social security number. I've put out an APB but I don't think it will do any good.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Why?

AGENT GANDY

The social security number matches a Dr. Albert Magus from Dallas.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Great! So pick him up.

AGENT GANDY

Mr. Magus has been deceased for nearly three years.

Director Taylor's normally red face now burns crimson with controlled rage. He speaks slowly and with great effort.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Agent Gandy listen very carefully to what I am about to say. This man is top priority.

I am about to tell you something that must never leave this room. Do you understand?

Gandy moves uneasily in his chair.

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir.

Director Taylor stares intently at Agent Gandy.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

This man you were supposed to apprehend last night is responsible for a lot more than hacking a computer. He has endangered the world capital markets. Hell! He has endangered the world as we know it! Unless we catch him, the tomorrow as we both envision it may not exist!

AGENT GANDY

Sir. I...

Director Taylor waves him off to be quiet. He turns toward the window and looks out at the city.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Agent who do you think really runs the world?

AGENT GANDY

Sir?

The Director continues to stare out at the city.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

The giant high-tech corporations, pharmaceutical giants, and the credit card companies. They own everything. Do you realize that our world revolves around credit?

They are behind all the banks, they own huge portfolios of real estate, stocks and bonds. They are among the largest contributors to political campaigns.

Director Taylor turns around and faces Agent Gandy. What do you think would happen if suddenly these backbone corporations started to lose millions, no billions of dollars a day? (beat) Economies of the world would go bankrupt. The world economic system would collapse in a matter of weeks. There would be widespread devastation as the wheels of global commerce slowed. (beat) Can you envision what I am saying?

AGENT GANDY

Sir. I still don't understand the connection. What has our man got to do with all that?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Agent, the man hacked all the major secure backbone networks in the world and installed a virus. The virus polymorphed and propagated to all the systems worldwide. We just discovered its existence. So far we have been unable to disable it or remove it.

AGENT GANDY

Why don't they just backup the data, rebuild the system, and reinstall the data from a clean backup?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

The virus was installed and propagating for a long time. It contaminated all the archive data. There is no clean copy. That's why you must find this man and bring him in. He's the only one that can stop it from executing.

AGENT GANDY

Sir. All we know about this man is that he is a very sophisticated system cracker. He's known in the Internet underground as The Magician. The only reason we found him this time was he wanted us to find him.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Agent, I don't care how you do it! Just do it! All government agencies are cooperating on this. You have a memo in your box with a complete list of all inter-governmental contacts. You'll have everything you ask for. Do I make myself clear?

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir!

Agent Gandy stands.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Find this man and find out how to stop this thing.

Agent Gandy nods, turns, and walks to the door. He turns toward Director Taylor.

AGENT GANDY

Sir, what exactly does this virus do?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

One week from today the virus will trigger the deletion of all debit accounts in all the financial systems in the world. He intends to eliminate all debt records for every person in the world.

AGENT GANDY

Jeez? Does it have a name?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Jubilee. We assume he named it after the Roman Jubilee.

AGENT GANDY

Roman Jubilee?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

It was an ancient holiday which occurred every seven years. It eliminated all debt and gave everyone a clean slate. Do you understand what it will mean if all debt is erased? The world financial markets will collapse and God knows what will happen after that. Wars, famine, (beat) who knows?

AGENT GANDY

I see what you mean.

Director Taylor stares hard at Agent Gandy.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Do you really?

EXT. HOTEL IN EASTERN EUROPE-NIGHT

An older Mercedes Limo pulls to a stop in front and the doorman opens the door. Mr. Smith gets out and strides into the hotel.

INT. ELABORATELY FURNISHED SUITE-NIGHT

Mr. Smith enters the suite. He walks over to the bar and places his briefcase on the bar. He pours himself a drink. He then opens his briefcase, removes a laptop and walks over to the sofa.

He sits down, and opens the computer. He puts his thumb into the biometric thumbprint pad. He sips his drink.

The computer acknowledges his identity. He opens his e-mail. The phone rings. He reaches for the phone.

MR. SMITH

Hello?

DORJAN (V.O.)

Mr. Smith the problem has been handled.

MR. SMITH

Excellent!

Mr. Smith hangs up the phone and returns to the e-mail. Mr. Smith types.

(CU) COMPUTER SCREEN-NIGHT

Dear Mr. Jones,

All arrangements have been made. Contact me through the usual channels as soon as you arrive.

Mr. Smith

Mr. Smith hits the send icon. The message sent window opens. Mr. Smith leans back and takes a sip of his drink. He smiles.

(CU) OF A COMPUTER SCREEN

SNAGDASHER'S VOICE

INCOMING!

The Message appears. It is the message sent by Mr. Smith. The message is erased and a new message appears.

Dear Mr. Jones,

Plans have been delayed. I will contact you as soon as the appropriate arrangements have been finalized.

Mr. Smith

The cursor moves to the send icon and the message disappears.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM- NIGHT

The room is empty except for a small table and two chairs. Sonya sits in one and glares at the two-way mirror that covers half of one wall.

The door opens and Colonel Gregor enters. He walks over to the table and sits down. He has a large file folder. He lays the folder on the table unopened.

COLONEL GREGOR

Ms. Petrov you are being detained as a matter of national security.

SONYA

On what grounds?

COLONEL GREGOR

This folder contains a complete record of your activities. It seems you have violated nearly every domestic and international computer law in existence.

SONYA

This is ridiculous! I am entitled counsel?

COLONEL GREGOR

Silence woman! (beat) You are not being charged but merely detained. As such you are entitled, as you put it, to nothing. You will be held in this facility until such time as I have concluded my investigation.

SONYA

How long will that take?

Colonel Gregor stands.

COLONEL GREGOR

Provided you cooperate, a matter of months.

SONYA

A matter of months!

COLONEL GREGOR

Provided you cooperate. Should you decide to retain this attitude, (Beat) it could last far beyond your child bearing years. Do I make myself clear?

Colonel Gregor walks to the door and taps it roughly.

The door opens. Gregor turns toward Sonya.

COLONEL GREGOR

You are a very attractive woman. It would be a shame to waste such beauty in a place like this.

Colonel Gregor walks out of the room. The heavy door slams shut.

(CU) SONYA'S FACE.

Sonya lowers her head into her hands.

The door opens and a soldier strides in and grabs her by the shoulder. He jerks her up and shoves her out of the room.

INT. CELL BLOCK. NIGHT

Two soldiers appear with Sonya. One soldier opens a cell door as the other roughly pushes her into the cell and on to the floor. The cell door slams shut.

One of the soldiers stares at Sonya through the bars.

THE SOLDIER

(Smiles as he lustfully
stares.)

You're the first decent female flesh
we've had in a while.

SONYA

Screw you!

THE SOLDIER

My thoughts exactly.

The soldier laughs and walks away.

Sonya picks herself up off the floor and looks around. The cell is 4x6 with nothing more than an old cot and a dirty blanket. The toilet facilities are merely a hole in the floor.

She sits down on the cot and holds her head in her hands.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Are you alright?

Sonya raises her head and looks around.

MALE VOICE

Can you hear me?

Sonya stands and walks over to the cell door.

SONYA

Yes. Where are you?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

The cell next to you. Come to the corner.

Sonya sees a pale, skinny, arm extending through the bars from the cell next door.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

My name is Alex. What's yours?

SONYA

Sonya.

ALEX (O.C.)

Welcome to hell Sonya. Why are you here?
No, let me guess. You are being detained
for reasons of national security.
Probably computer related. Am I right?

SONYA

How did you know?

Alex, a young man, is sitting on his cot with his back to the wall.

ALEX

That's why we're all here?

Sonya presses against the bars trying to see Alex.

SONYA

What do you mean we?

ALEX

Let me introduce the rest of the
unfortunates. One cell over, two cells
down to your right is Illia.

Sonya hears an adolescent voice as a long skinny arm extends through the bars.

ILLIA (O.C.)

Hey Sonya, glad you're here! This place
could definitely use a woman's touch.

ALEX

The rest have been moved.

SONYA

How many are there?

ALEX

Eight I know about.

SONYA

Where did they take them?

ALEX

I don't know. All I know is they were taken. They never came back.

SONYA

Why me?

ALEX

Have you ever hacked a system that was protected by the Cyber Intel security software?

SONYA

I don't know what you mean?

ALEX

Cut the crap! You know exactly what I mean otherwise you wouldn't be here.

SONYA

Just to look around. I wanted to see if I could break the encryption code.

ALEX

It seems that Cyber Intel has hired one of our own to track us down. Due to the fact that there are no international laws governing the use of cyber space they could not prosecute us legally so they track us down and pay the local government officials to keep us locked up, as a matter of national security.

SONYA

Oh my God!

ALEX

Why do you think you are being detained?
If they charged you with anything that
would create paperwork and a trail. By
detaining you they can keep you as long
as they like with no paperwork.

SONYA

What do they want?

ALEX

They want you to use your skills to hack
into governmental and corporate networks
to gather information. They in turn sell
it in the underground to information
brokers who sell it to the highest
bidder. The corporation pays them to lock
us up. They force us to crack systems for
information, which they sell. These
assholes get paid coming and going.

SONYA

Why are we put in such an awful place?

ALEX

To break you so you'll do what they want.
If you do what they want they will allow
you to move to a dormitory. The
conditions are reasonable from what I
hear especially compared to this place.
You get access to computers.

SONYA

For how long?

ALEX

What?

SONYA

How long do they want us to do this?

ALEX

I don't know. The rest of our lives, I
guess.

Sonya backs away from the bars and sits down hard on the cot.

INT. PRISON SECURITY CONTROL ROOM-DAY

Console with a series of monitors. Three of the monitors show
the cells where Sonya, Alex, and Illia are detained.

A hand reaches over to turn the volume up. Then flips a
switch. The camera zooms tight on Sonya.

(CU) SONYA'S FACE. SHE IS CONFUSED AND AFRAID.

INT. PRISON SECURITY CONTROL ROOM-DAY

Colonel Gregor leans back in chair smiling as he listens to
the conversation.

INT. NSA CENTRAL COMMAND CENTER- DAY

Agent Gandy is sitting in a glass walled office Vincent
Pardow.

AGENT GANDY

What's the status of the Jubilee virus?

PARDOW

The clock's still ticking.

AGENT GANDY

So where are we on the Magician?

PARDOW

We have been monitoring all the known IRC
sites as well as the profiling on the
honeypots. So far zilch.

AGENT GANDY

Have the Echelon or Carnivore programs turned up anything?

PARDOW

No.

AGENT GANDY

How about the underground?

PARDOW

Nothing. (beat) As a matter of fact it's quiet. The lamers are out in force as always. The elite seem to all be on vacation.

AGENT GANDY

What do you mean on vacation?

Pardow turns toward his console types in a command.

Pardow spins the computer monitor around to show Gandy.

(CU) COMPUTER SCREEN AS IT DISPLAYS A LIST OF HACKER HANDLES.

PARDOW

We track them by their handles and develop a profile as well as monitor and background them as thoroughly as possible. We know who most of them are and where they live. Then there are some like the Magician whom we know nothing about.

Computer screen as it displays a list of hacker handles. Pardow selects Hunta from the list. The computer screen changes to show a shot of Sonya.

PARDOW

Notice the handle, Hunta. It's Indonesian for Ghost. Subdued and foreign.

This lady is not out to score brownie points with the underground. She is serious and very good.

Agent Gandy stares at the photo and realizes he has seen the face before. It is the same one he had seen in the magicians' computer room.

AGENT GANDY
Jesus! That's the same girl!

PARDOW
Huh?

AGENT GANDY
When we raided his house I saw a picture of that girl on the wall. As a matter of fact it looks like the same picture.

PARDOW
You're kidding!

AGENT GANDY
How did you find her?

PARDOW
We really didn't? Cyber Intel's people managed to track her down after she compromised their internal security.

AGENT GANDY
Doesn't sound like she's that good if they caught her?

Pardow leans back in his chair and looks at Agent Gandy.

PARDOW
Cyber Intel's security system is based on an algorithm that creates encryption keys from variations in the alternating current coming into the server. Hunta tapped into the power grid and monitored the variations in the current.

She used that information to anticipate the variations and break the encryption. They discovered her by accident when the administrator noticed a new member in the Domain Administrators Group. By that time she had compromised their entire enterprise.

AGENT GANDY

Where is she now?

PARDOW

That's the interesting part. According to our records she was operating out of Eastern Europe. Now she has, well sort of disappeared. Along with about twelve others we consider high-level system crackers.

AGENT GANDY

Disappeared?

PARDOW

Not active. It's as if she just stopped, turned her computer off, and went shopping.

AGENT GANDY

What about the others?

PARDOW

Same story. As I said, it's like they all went on vacation.

Agent Gandy stands up.

AGENT GANDY

Bottom line is we got nothing. Your no closer to breaking the Jubilee and you don't know shit about the Magician. Is that about it?

PARDOW

In a nutshell.(beat) Agent Gandy one of the most important aspects of network security is the ability to define what is normal from what is abbynormal. The fact these known hackers have suddenly gone inactive is abbynormal. I believe there is a connection especially if that photo you saw in his house was the same as this file photo.

AGENT GANDY

What is abbynormal?

PARDOW

You know Young Frankenstein?(beat) The abnormal brain Marty Feldman gave Gene Wilder when he created Frankenstein.

Agent Gandy stares at Pardow for a moment, turns, and walks to the door. As he opens the door he turns.

AGENT GANDY

I don't give a damn about Young Frankenstein! Find that girl and you'll find the Magician. We are running out of time.

PARDOW

I understand.

AGENT GANDY

One last thing. How much computing power would he need? The forensic guys said he had one hell've a set up in his house.

PARDOW

Oh, at least a large 64-bit mainframe system, maybe even a supercomputer.

AGENT GANDY

I want to know about every system that would give him that kind of processing power.

PARDOW

Do you realize how many systems there are in the world that meet those specs?

AGENT GANDY

Yes, but for him to be able to use them they must be idle for long periods of time. How many supercomputers do you know of that are idle even for a few hours?

PARDOW

I see what you mean. I'll get on it.

AGENT GANDY

Good. Find that girl. I don't know what the connection is but there is one.

Agent Gandy walks out.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

The room is cluttered with open computer books and printouts. In one corner is a rack with several computers and a router. The walls are lined with bookcases, which are filled with computer training manuals.

Bill is sitting at his computer working.

The sound of Boris Karloff's voice blurts of the computer speakers.

THE COMPUTER

Master, You have mail.

Bill clicks on the mail icon and the e-mail message opens.

COMPUTER SCREEN AS IT DISPLAYS THE MESSAGE.

Billy Boy,

Your books are here. You need to take a look at the instructors' manual because they've revved the version. Lots of new stuff. I got to go but I'll leave yours in the instructors' lounge.

Love,

The Sniper

BILL

Shit! Fuckin' Microsoft. I wish the hell they'd get it right the first time!

Bill looks at the clock and then back at the message. He hits the reply icon and types.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Hey Sniper,

I'll be down in a little while.

Thanks,

Bill

Bill hits the send key and glances again at the time on his computer. He stands up and gathers his wallet and keys.

BILL

(muttering to himself)
Fuckin' Microsoft.

Bill leaves his apartment.

INT. NEW DAY COMPUTER CENTER LOBBY-NIGHT

Bill enters the lobby and walks down the hall.

INT. INSTRUCTOR'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

The door opens and Bill enters and walks over to a desk and picks up the revved instructor manual. He flips the pages.

BILL
(mutters to himself)
Aw man! They've changed the entire course structure.

Bill looks toward the ceiling and shakes his fist.
Fuck you Bill Gates!

Bill slams the manual closed and jerks it off the desk. He tucks it under his arm and walks out.

INT. THE NEW DAY COMPUTER CENTER HALLWAY-NIGHT

Bill is walking down the hall. He stops at his classroom to check the setup.

The systems are running as the VB scripts execute. He turns to leave when he stops and takes a closer look.

BILL
What the ...

Bill slowly walks over to the instructor machine, lays the manual down, and sits down.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

There are a series of programs running. Bill checks the system. He watches the system run. He stands up and walks over to one of the other systems.

The running programs are the same. He walks around the room checking all the systems.

INT. NEW DAY COMPUTER LEARNING-NIGHT

Bill leaves his classroom and walks into the next classroom.

All the systems are running identical programs. Bill moves swiftly from classroom to classroom. All the systems are running the same programs.

INT. BILL'S CLASSROOM-NIGHT

Bill walks back in and sits down in front of the instructor machine. He watches the programs run for a moment.

He hits the print screen button. The applications suddenly stop. The desktop returns to normal. Bill looks around at the other systems and all appear normal. He stands and walks over to the printer and picks up the screen-print.

(CU) PRINTOUT

Bill looks at the printout and then glances around the room.

BILL
Parallel processing?

He glances back at the printout. He sticks the printout in his manual and walks out of the room. As he turns the corner he runs into Marcus.

INT. HALLWAY IN THE NEW DAY COMPUTER CENTER-NIGHT

BILL
Shit man! What are you doing here?

MARCUS
Got an e-mail from Sniper. Said my books were here and I could come down and pick it up the instructor's manual. You?

BILL
Same deal.

MARCUS
Is something wrong? You look a little green around the gills.

BILL

No. I was just checking my setup.

MARCUS

You sure?

BILL

Well, when I walked in all the systems seemed to running the same program.

MARCUS

Probably part of the configuration files for the setup.

BILL

No. Microsoft's VB scripts handle all of that. This was a defined application. Look.

Bill opens his book and takes out the printout and hands it to Marcus. Marcus takes the paper and studies it for a moment and then hands it back to Bill.

MARCUS

You got me.

BILL

You know anything about parallel processing?

MARCUS

Like the SETI project?

BILL

Exactly!

MARCUS

You take a large block of data and you break it into hundreds of smaller blocks.

Then you take these smaller blocks and run the analysis on hundreds of smaller computers. Thereby increasing your computing power exponentially.

BILL

You got it. Think about it, we have 275 high-end servers on this floor alone. If all of them are working simultaneously on the same problem..

MARCUS

You got yourself a home made supercomputer.

BILL

Bingo! Where else could you find 275 high-end servers with a blank administrator password.

MARCUS

So you think that somebody is using parallel processing on this network?

BILL

Who knows? It's probably like you said some configuration file from the setup. Look, I got to jamm.

MARCUS

Me too.

Marcus glances at his watch.

Shit! It's past midnight. I got 3 modules to read. See you later.

BILL

Myself.

Marcus heads down the hall and Bill walks toward the elevator.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Bill enters the apartment. He locks the door and walks over to the refrigerator.

INT. OF THE REFRIGERATOR

The shelves are bare except for a pizza box, a six pack of beer, and a bottle of Gatoraid.

BILL STANDING IN FRONT OF THE REFRIGERATOR.

Bill reaches in and grabs the Gatoraid. He slams the door shut and walks into his bedroom.

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM-NIGHT

Bill sits down in front of his computer and props his feet up. He glances at his computer screen to check the time.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN. THE TIME IS 1:45 A.M.

BILL

Okay brain, kick the old hard drive in gear. Time to swap out some ram.

Bill opens the instructor manual. He flips the pages. He takes a long swig of Gatoraid. He notices the screen print from the school. He takes it out and studies the code. He absentmindedly sets the manual aside.

INT. AGENT GANDY'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Agent Gandy is sitting at his desk working his way through several hundred progress reports. His computer makes a ding dong sound. Agent Gandy reaches for his keyboard.

COMPUTER SCREEN AS IT DISPLAYS THE IM MESSAGE.

COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE

Good evening Agent Gandy.

AGENT GANDY

(Talking to himself as he
types)

Who are you?

COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE

Agent Gandy there is no need to type.
I've installed voice recognition software
on your machine. Had to update your
driver database but otherwise your
machine is in fair condition. Your
network on the other hand could use some
serious attention.

AGENT GANDY

Identify yourself? You are in violation
of United States Federal law! This is a
secure network! IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE

Really Agent Gandy. Just rub those two
brain cells of yours together and see if
we can generate some spark of
intelligence. Think about it Brainchild.
If your network is secure then who am I?

AGENT GANDY

The Magician?

COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE

No Braindead! Look at your screen. Who
does it say you are talking to... on the
top left-hand side of the screen.

AGENT GANDY

Snagdasher?

COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE

Eureka! Congratulations! Before we
continue I would suggest you rub those
two brain cells together a little harder.

I don't want to lose you when we start using words with more than three syllables.

AGENT GANDY

What's a Snagdasher?

COMPUTER SYNTHESIZED VOICE

I thought you'd never ask?

The computer screen changes into a full screen animation. Snagdasher appears. He is a blue bull terrier dog character. He is dressed in a white T-shirt with the blue-screen of death, shorts, and flip-flops. He is lounging in a recliner. He slides his sunglasses down his long nose.

SNAGDASHER

I hear the computer world has gone and caught a nasty virus. You're people can't fix it so you're looking for the Magician? Word is this bug could put some serious kinks in the land of high finance.

Snagdasher leans forward as if telling a secret.

SNAGDASHER

I know where the Magician lives. I can help you catch him. Of course there are expenses one incurs while saving the world. Expenses that will need to be reimbursed.

Snagdasher reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a list. The paper unrolls and completely fills the screen. Snagdasher's head pops out of the mass of paper. His arm pops out and is holding the end of the list.

SNAGDASHER

Ah! The total is a remarkably conservative 100 million dollars. That's with your 10% discount. We will discuss the payment options at a later date.

I know you are thinking why only a hundred million instead of the normal billion. I am only recouping my expenses. Don't blame me, blame Blockbuster.

The screen goes blank.

Agent Gandy sits for a moment. He reaches for the phone.

AGENT GANDY

Get me IT security! Call Pardow at the NSA!

Agent Gandy hangs up the phone and stares at his computer.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Suddenly Snagdasher appears lounging in his recliner.

SNAGDASHER

Yo, Braindead. One question. Does the number 935.414 mean anything to you?

Snagdasher looks over the top of his glasses.

By the way I like the name Braindead. It seems somehow appropriate. From this moment forward you're handle will be Braindead. See Ya!

The computer screen returns to the standard desktop.

AGENT GANDY'S FACE. HE IS DUMBFOUNDED.

Agent Gandy abruptly reaches out and turns the monitor off.

INT. OF THE SONYA' CELL-NIGHT

Sonya is lying on the cot trying to get comfortable. The springs are squeaking loudly.

ALEX

Are you sure you're alone over there?

SONYA

The springs are sticking through the mattress.

ALEX

Put the mattress on the floor.

Sonya stands up and pulls the mattress off the cot and on to the floor. She slides it next to the wall and sits down with her back against the wall.

ALEX

Better?

SONYA

Not much.

ALEX

So, how'd you get into hacking?

SONYA

Accidentally.

ALEX

Really! Not me. I fell in love with the first 486 I saw. I wanted to know everything. Then POW! The Internet comes out of nowhere. Suddenly the world is at my fingertips.

SONYA

I was just beginning to hit the IRC chats when I met someone. He taught me everything I know about the dark side of the net.

ALEX

What did you say?

SONYA

I said I met someone...

ALEX

No! No! What was that phrase you used to describe the net.

SONYA

Oh. You mean, the dark side of the net?

ALEX

Yes, Where did you hear that phrase?

SONYA

The person I told you taught me everything used to use it a lot. Why?

ALEX

Wow! This is unbelievable!

SONYA

What!

ALEX

Same thing happened to me! The guy that taught me used to use that phrase all the time. What was his handle? No, let me guess. Was it The Magician?

SONYA

Oh my God! You think it's the same person?

ALEX

I don't know. There was one other word he used a lot...

SONYA

Netspionage.

ALEX

He called it, The High Art of Netspionage.

Sonya leans back and mouths the words as Alex speaks.

The clang of the main cell doors opening.

INT. HALLWAY OF THE PRISON CELL BLOCK-NIGHT

Two soldiers stride down the hall. They open the cell doors for all three.

PRISON GUARD
Let's go. Move it!

SONYA
Where are we going?

PRISON GUARD
Silence! Move it!

The guards roughly herd the three down the narrow corridor.

INT. A LARGE DAY ROOM-NIGHT

The day room is comfortably furnished. There is even a stereo and TV.

Colonel Gregor stands in the middle of the room as Sonya, Alex, and Illia are escorted into the room. They stand in line in front of Gregor as the soldiers stand on either side.

COLONEL GREGOR
This is your new home. Behind me are your quarters. Each is furnished with the basics and a computer. Each morning you will receive an e-mail delineating your target. Each evening you will file a report on your activities. All your actions will be recorded. Should a discrepancy between your report and our records occur you will be returned to the cellblock. If you fail to accomplish your task you will be sent back to the cellblock.

If you try to escape or communicate with anyone outside the parameters of your assigned task you will be sent back to the cellblock. Any disruptive behavior..

ALEX

(Interrupts Gregor)

Yeah, we know, back to the cellblock.

Gregor stares hard at Alex.

COLONEL GREGOR

You will be served three meals a day. 7,12,5. Your meals will be served in the cafeteria. You will be allotted 30 minutes for meals. If you are late..

Gregor pauses as he stares at Alex. Alex shuffles nervously.

COLONEL GREGOR

You will have to wait until the next scheduled meal. (pause) Are there any questions.

SONYA

Where are the others?

COLONEL GREGOR

That is not your concern.

SONYA

How long do you plan to hold us here against our will?

COLONEL GREGOR

Until I conclude my investigations.

ILLIA

Dude! This is so wrong! Look Colonel Bumblefuck in case you haven't realized it we live in a democratic society! This cold war bullshit is over!

COLONEL GREGOR

What did you call me?

ILLIA

What? Oh, Colonel Bumblefuck.

COLONEL GREGOR

The name is Gregor. Colonel Gregor. A name I am sure you will remember the rest of your short life. Take him!

The guards grab Illia and start dragging him towards the door.

ILLIA

Hey, wait a minute! Get your hands off me! I am sorry if I got your name confused. Where are you taking me?

ALEX

(mutters under his breath)
Back to the cellblock.

ILLIA

I was just kidding! Can I stay if I promise to use your real name from now on. Asshole! Colonel Asshole!

The guards drag Illia out of the room.

COLONEL GREGOR

Are there any other pertinent questions?

Colonel Gregor stares at Sonya and Alex.

COLONEL GREGOR

That will be all. You may go to your quarters.

Sonya and Alex do not move.

COLONEL GREGOR

Go!

Sonya and Alex hurriedly move toward the rooms. Colonel Gregor smiles.

INT. AGENT GANDY'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Agent Gandy is sitting at his desk staring out of his window at the city lights. The computer screen is reflected in the window. The screen changes as the face of Snagdasher appears. Snagdasher smiles.

SNAGDASHER

BOO!

Agent Gandy jumps and spins around in his chair.

SNAGDASHER

Gotcha!

Snagdasher begins to roll around the screen laughing loudly with a crazy look in his eye. He stops as Agent Gandy reaches for the phone.

SNAGDASHER

Who ya gonna' call? Ghostbusters?

Agent Gandy freezes as he scans the room looking for cameras. Snagdasher doubles over laughing at this own joke.

AGENT GANDY

How'd you know?

SNAGDASHER

God knows all and sees all.

AGENT GANDY

You're not God. Your just another bad-guy.

Snagdasher turns and walks over to his lounge chair, sits down, and slowly reclines. He adjusts his sunglasses and relaxes with a sigh.

SNAGDASHER

I beg to differ my friend. So typical. You people use technology to spy on the world. You consolidate wealth and power among the few. You have corrupted the Internet and it's original purpose. You've even turned credit into a weapon. (Beat) No Braindead, you are the bad guys!

AGENT GANDY

Bullshit! Everything we do is to protect people from terrorist like you!

Snagdasher leans forward and shakes his middle finger as if emphasizing the point.

SNAGDASHER

Naughty. Naughty. Remember I contacted you and offered my help.

AGENT GANDY

Help my ass! I think extortion is a more appropriate term!

Snagdasher leans back in his recliner.

SNAGDASHER

I prefer to think of it as merely a fee for services. Besides what's a hundred million bucks between friends. (beat)

Snagdasher leans forward until his eyes fill the screen. We are friends aren't we?

AGENT GANDY

No!

In a huff Snagdasher withdraws his face and adjust his glasses.

SNAGDASHER

Well! That settles it! You just blew your 10% discount. The fee is now 110 million. See Ya!

AGENT GANDY

Wait!

The screen switches to Agent Gandy's standard desktop.

INT. SONYA'S ROOM IN THE PRISON- DAY

The room is sparsely furnished. Sonya is sitting in front of her computer when an IM appears.

(CU) MESSAGE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN.

Your target is the Belladine Corporation. You will find a topology in a file called Tops in your user/bin folder. The security software is called Network ID. You are to breach their security, plant a back door, and copy a file called Schema. Your access begins now.

Sonya closes the message window and opens a the file called Tops. The network topology appears. Sonya studies the chart and makes notes.

INT. THE OFFICE IF THE FBI'S REGIONAL DIRECTOR. DAY

Director Taylor is sitting behind his desk scanning reports as Agent Gandy enters. Director Taylor looks up.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Sit down Agent Gandy.

Agent Gandy sits down.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

I read your report. (beat) I am a little unclear as to the incident regarding...

Director Taylor glances at the report.
this Snagdasher. You have described him as a blue dog, of the Bull Terrier variety, who wears sunglasses.

Director Taylor looks up at Agent Gandy.

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir, but...

Director Taylor waves him off to be silent.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

You also report that this Snagdasher alleges he can help us find the Magician ...

Director Taylor glances at the report.
for one hundred million dollars.

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir. But now it's a hundred and ten million dollars.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

What? Your report clearly states one hundred million.

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir. He got pissed off last night and took back our 10% discount.

Director Taylor stares at Agent Gandy in disbelief.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

Our 10% discount?

AGENT GANDY

Yes Sir. I believe if you check your e-mail...

Director Taylor slowly shakes his head.

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

I don't want to hear any more! (beat) I called you in this morning to tell you that this has moved beyond the FBI. You are now attached to a global task force.

AGENT GANDY

Sir?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

The CIA, Interpol, you name it. If it has initials it's involved. The operation is now under CIA control.

Director Taylor hands Agent Gandy a letter.

Here are your new contacts including your new operations supervisor. Copy me on all your reports but everything now clears through your supervisor. Understood?

AGENT GANDY

Sir? What about Snagdasher?

DIRECTOR TAYLOR

If and when he contacts you again your are to refer him to your supervisor. (beat) Time is running out Agent Gandy. Find this guy!

INT. AGENT GANDY'S OFFICE. DAY

Agent Gandy enters his office. Mr. Smith is sitting behind his desk with his back to the door talking on the phone. He turns and looks at Agent Gandy.

MR. SMITH
(to the phone)
I'll call you back.

Mr. Smith hangs up the phone as he rises to meet Agent Gandy. As Agent Gandy approaches Mr. Smith extends his hand.
Agent Gandy. I'm Mr. Smith.

An angry Agent Gandy ignores the extended hand.

AGENT GANDY
What are you doing in my office?

MR. SMITH
I'm your new operations supervisor.

Agent Gandy extends his hand. Mr. Smith withdraws his and ignores Agent Gandy's. He turns toward the window and watches Agent Gandy's reflection in the window.

Have a seat and tell me all about our friend Snagdasher.

Mr. Smith turns and motions Agent Gandy to take a seat in one of the office chairs while he sits down in Agent Gandy's chair. Agent Gandy sits down.

INT. NSA SECURITY CENTER PARDOW'S OFFICE. DAY

Pardow is scanning a report on his computer when one of his KOKOPELI burst in holding a piece of paper.

KOKOPELI
He's done it again!

Pardow looks up stunned.

PARDOW
When?

KOKOPELI
Last night! Have you heard from that FBI guy?

PARDOW

No.

KOKOPELI

He's using standard electrical wires like a network cable!

PARDOW

What! That's impossible!

KOKOPELI

Not any more! The CIA and NSA have been working on the concept for years. Think about it! A computer that can plug into any wall socket and transmit and receive data using only the existing electrical wires! Nothing can stop him! Firewalls are useless! Even the network infrastructure is obsolete!

PARDOW

How do you know all this?

Kokopeli walks over and hands Pardow the paper.

KOKOPELI

He substituted this for my desktop!

As Pardow slowly scans the paper his eyes widen in amazement.

PARDOW

We are so screwed!

KOKOPELI

Not necessarily.

Pardow looks at Kokopeli.

KOKOPELI

Now that I know what he's doing, I think I can isolate him on the grid and backtrack him. Maybe narrow it down to at least a twelve-block area.

PARDOW

Get on it!

Kokopeli turns to leave as Pardow reaches for the phone. He stops and faces Pardow. Pardow pauses.

KOKOPELI

You do realize what this means?

PARDOW

It changes everything!

KOKOPELI

Whoever finds this guy first rules the world. This guy must have more people after him than Bin Laden ever thought about.

PARDOW

We have to find him!

KOKOPELI

No doubt! Hey, when we catch this guy can I please meet him and talk to him?

PARDOW

We have to catch him first!

INT. AGENT GANDY'S OFFICE. DAY

Agent Gandy is sitting in one of the office chairs facing Mr. Smith who is sitting in Agent Gandy's chair.

AGENT GANDY

Those are the facts as I know them. Now you tell me something?

MR. SMITH

Alright Agent Gandy. Next time this Snagdasher makes contact agree to his demands. Find out how, when, and where he wants the money transaction handled. Report to me as soon as contact is initiated.

Mr. Smith reaches into his pocket and pulls out a cell phone. I've taken the liberty of attaching this cable to your machine.

Mr. Smith picks up the small cable and plugs it into the cell phone.

MR. SMITH

When Snagdasher makes contact hit the send button. Understood?

AGENT GANDY

That's it?

MR. SMITH

You said tell you something.

AGENT GANDY

You know perfectly well what I meant.

MR. SMITH

Indeed.

Mr. Smith stands and walks toward the door and as he opens the door he glances back at Agent Gandy. His eyes survey the office.

I'll be in touch.(beat) Small office.

Mr. Smith closes the door. Agent Gandy is pissed.

INT. SONYA'S ROOM IN THE PRISON. NIGHT

Sonya is studying a port scan as it runs. An IM message appears.

(CU) message

I know where your are. I'm coming. Be ready.

The Magician

Sonya is shocked. The IM disappears. Sonya furtively looks around the room. She smiles and continues her work.

INT. BILL BABCOCK'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

Bill is sitting at his computer searching the net.

BILL
(talking to himself)
Where is everybody?

Bill leans back in his chair and stretches.
Hunta where are you?

Bill glances at his desk and notices the screen print from the previous night.

He picks it and notices the time. He looks at his watch. He jumps up and grabs his keys and races out of his apartment.

INT. NEW DAY COMPUTER LEARNING-NIGHT

Bill steps out of the elevator into the lobby of the school. He walks down the hall into his classroom. Bill walks over to the instructor machine and hits a key.

THE SCREEN SAVER DISAPPEARS, THE PROGRAMS ARE RUNNING.

Bill drops into the instructor chair and watches. The programs stop. An IM message appears.

MESSAGE

THE FBI IS COMING. INSTRUCTIONS ARE IN THE HOLE. THE
MAGICIAN

Bill stares at the screen for a moment. The message
disappears. Bill types in a url.

THE COMPUTER SCREEN,

A LARGE HOLE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN. FROM DEEP WITHIN THE
DEPTHS OF THE DARKNESS OF THE HOLE AN LOGIN BOX APPEARS. BILL
LOGS IN AND AN E-MAIL MAILBOX OPENS. THE MESSAGE APPEARS.

Bill reads the message.

INT. AGENT GANDY'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Agent Gandy is staring at the computer screen. He turns
around in his chair and stares out of the window. He watches
the monitor's reflection in the window.

SNAGDASHER'S FACE APPEARS IN THE REFLECTION.

SNAGDASHER

Earth to Braindead! Is anybody home?

Agent Gandy turns around.

Snagdasher is in his usual recliner with the usual sunshades.
He leans forward and slides his shades down his nose to
reveal two bloodshot eyes.

SNAGDASHER

Time to crank-up the ole hard drive. You
got my mullah?

AGENT GANDY

Yes. But first where is the Magician?

SNAGDASHER

Braindead! Oh my simple child, you forgot
to hit send. Mr. Smith is going to be
very unhappy with you.

Agent Gandy glances at the cell phone and hits send.

SNAGDASHER

Ahh! Now don't you just feel all tingly inside cause you did the right thing? This may get you promotion...maybe even a bigger office.

Snagdasher leans back in his recliner.

Now what about my greenbacks?

AGENT GANDY

It's done! All I need are the specifics on how you want the transaction handled. What about the Magician?

SNAGDASHER

What about the Magician! Scary isn't it! All that power! Wow!

SNAGDASHER LEANS CLOSE INTO THE SCREEN.

SNAGDASHER

The financial arrangements are in your e-mail as well as your instructions. You, my ex-friend, are going on a little trip but first you need to find a guy.

AGENT GANDY

Why involve anybody else? This is between you and me.

SNAGDASHER

Because he's going with you. Oh yeah, don't forget to call Mother Knuckles.

AGENT GANDY

Mother Knuckles?

SNAGDASHER

Mr. Smith! Dude, we've got to upgrade your ram!

Snagdasher disappears.

Snagdasher reappears. He looks intensely at Agent Gandy.

SNAGDASHER

Oh yeah, one more thing. Don't pester the boy with your questions. He doesn't know a thing so don't waste your time. Are we clear?

Agent Gandy sits there with his mouth open in disbelief as Snagdasher disappears.

INT. LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Around a 30-foot conference table sit the heads of thirty major corporations in the world. The founder and CEO of Nanosoft, the largest software company in the world, PAUL SERIO is standing at the head of the table. The entire wall behind Paul Serio is one giant monitor screen.

PAUL SERIO

Ladies and Gentlemen. I am assuming we all received the same communiqué.

Paul Serio pauses.

Excellent. Then what remains is our response to this threat.

The CEO of IDO Unix Systems, WILLIAM SPARKS, stands up.

WILLIAM SPARKS

We have to make a deal! His technology has made our products obsolete! We will all be bankrupt in a matter of months! I say pay him whatever he wants!

The CFO of Dean Pharmaceutical, CARLTON HODGES, stands up.

CARLTON HODGES

He threaten to publish all our R&D on the web! He must be stopped!

I, for one do not intend to have my
life's work destroyed by a cartoon
character!

The giant monitor lights up with the face of Snagdasher. He is peering over the top of his shades. He moves forward toward the screen until the entire wall is just two giant eyes that appear to be looking around the conference room. Snagdasher pulls back and pulls up his sunglasses.

SNAGDASHER

Whew weee! Got a house full of fat cats!
Well, what's the consensus? Oh, I
understand. It's too early in the game.
You guys haven't had time to form those
secret alliances. Did ya know they're
having a recap of Survivor Friday night?
Maybe you should watch?

PAUL SERIO

We were just beginning our discussions
regarding your proposal. Snagdasher..

SNAGDASHER

Mr. Snagdasher to you.

PAUL SERIO

Of course. Mr. Snagdasher.

SNAGDASHER

Paul? I can call your Paul?

PAUL SERIO

Yes. Yes of course.

SNAGDASHER

As you gentlemen well know, the key to
great wealth is getting in on the ground
floor. This technology will render all of
your pervious products obsolete. Your
secret formulas, your breakthrough
technology, and your R&D exposed to the
entire world.

In the interest of fair play the Magician has instituted a closed bidding process for the technology. An account has been opened in each of your names. You will deposit the full amount of your bid in cash. The technology will be delivered to the winning bidder. There are three rules. Rule one, You are not to discuss this process with anyone outside of this room. Rule 2, You have one shot at the bid. After the monies have been placed in the account you may not add nor subtract from the total. Rule 3, your bid must be made from your own personal assets. No corporate or affiliates monies will be accepted. You may however borrow from friends and family. Should you violate any of the rules you will be excluded from the process. Now that the legalese is out of the way you guys got any questions? Good! Now don't forget Survivor Friday night.

SNAGDASHER SMILES A TOOTHY SMILE AND IS GONE.

Paul Serio turns and faces the men and women at the conference table.

PAUL SERIO

I guess that solves one problem. I suggest we adjourn, as this room is obviously not secure.

The men and women get up to leave.

Carlton Hodges is staring at his laptop screen when Snagdasher appears lying in his recliner.

Carlton looks around the room. Snagdasher is on all the laptops at the same time.

SNAGDASHER

Security is an illusion!

Snagdasher laughs hysterically and disappears.

There is a dead silence in the conference room as the men and women stare blankly at each other.

INT. BILL BABCOCKS APARTMENT. NIGHT

Bill is imaging his hard drive. He watches as the blue line finishes and the transfer complete dialogue box appears.

He pulls out the CD and puts it in a jewel case. He walks into the living room, kneels down at the corner of his sofa, and pulls the liner out. He drops the case between the frame and covering.

There is knock at the door. Bill freezes.

BILL

Who is it?

AGENT GANDY (O.S.)

FBI. Mr. Babcock I'd like to speak with you.

Bill jumps up and runs into his bedroom and pops a floppy into the A drive and reboots the system.

BILL

Just a minuet!

Bill watches as the machine boots up. He types in the format command and hits enter.

Bill watches for a moment then walks to the door. He peeps through the peephole and sees Agent Gandy holding his credentials up to the peephole.

Bill unlocks the door and opens it.

AGENT GANDY

My name is Agent Gandy. I would like to speak with you for a moment. May I come in?

Bill stands aside as Agent Gandy enters.

BILL

Sure. I've been expecting you.

AGENT GANDY

Really.

BILL

Yeah. Are you ready?

AGENT GANDY

Ready for what?

BILL

Look Agent Gandy we don't have time to play games. Our plane leaves in an hour.

Bill grabs his duffel bag and slings it over his shoulder and walks over to the door and opens it.

After you.

Agent Gandy walks out of the apartment. Bill follows.

INT. MR. SMITH'S LIMO. NIGHT

Mr. Smith is working on his laptop when suddenly Snagdasher appears.

SNAGDASHER

Hello Mother Knuckles!

Mr. Smith though startled contains himself and smiles.

MR. SMITH

Ah! The infamous blue dog.

SNAGDASHER

Snooty aren't we! I suspect that will all change soon.

MR. SMITH

Perhaps if you let me help you, we can change the world.

SNAGDASHER

Too late! Been there and doin' that.

Snagdasher leans toward the screen and cocks one eye as if he is eyeballin' Mr. Smith. He sniffs the air.

SNAGDASHER

Do I smell a deal in the air? One of those secret alliances so to speak.

MR. SMITH

That's entirely up to you.

SNAGDASHER

You're right! It is entirely up to me! Okay, so what's the skinny Mother Knuckles?

MR. SMITH

You have got to stop the Jubilee from activating and allow me to broker a deal for you. When I am through you'll be the richest most powerful person in history.

SNAGDASHER

You'd do that for me? Aren't you just the sweetest thing.

MR. SMITH

But first we need to meet. In person.

SNAGDASHER

I thought we were?

MR. SMITH

You know what I mean.

SNAGDASHER

You mean I'm not real?

A mirror appears on the screen next to Snagdasher. He stares into the mirror and begins to mime and make faces. After a moment he turns toward Mr. Smith.

I look real enough don't ya think?

MR. SMITH

Certainly. I was speaking ...

Snagdasher's face hardens and he looks slyly at Mr. Smith.

SNAGDASHER

I am as real as I am going to get.
Besides from my point of view you bring
nothing to the party. (beat) But I do have
a deal for you if you're interested?

MR. SMITH

Really?

SNAGDASHER

There are several, let us say, computer
enthusiast that have been detained. They
are being held in a prison.

MR. SMITH

I don't know what you are talking about?

Snagdasher leans forward toward the screen. He jerks back and dances around while wagging his middle finger at Mr. Smith.

SNAGDASHER

Liar! Liar! Pants on fire.

Snagdasher suddenly stops and smiles wickedly.

Does the name Dorjan strike you as
familiar?

Mr. Smith's face freezes.

MR. SMITH

What do you want me to do?

Snagdasher relaxes back on his lounge chair.

SNAGDASHER

You tell ole Dorjan Aramov to bundle them all up nice and secure. I want them safely delivered to the airport tomorrow night at midnight. I emphasize safely if you get my drift.

MR. SMITH

I understand.

SNAGDASHER

I knew you would. It's so nice having someone to talk to who really understands. I have already taken the liberty of having your jet fueled and waiting at IAH. (beat) One other little thing I need you to do, if it's not too much of an imposition.

MR. SMITH

Obviously, I'm at your service.

SNAGDASHER

You're so kind. I need you to pick up two men and deliver them to your plane. (beat) Are you sure it's not a problem?

MR. SMITH

Of course not. Who are these men and where do we pick them up?

Snagdasher leans forward as if telling a big secret.

SNAGDASHER

Go ten more blocks and stop. They will be standing on the corner. (Beat) I think you might know one of them. Who knows we may all become great friends.(beat) Oh yeah, don't talk to the young man. Are we beating on the same drum?

MR. SMITH

I understand. So when do we meet, for real.

SNAGDASHER

If you do these little favors for me and all goes well it could be sooner than you think.

Snagdasher disappears. Mr. Smith picks up the car phone.

MR. SMITH

William, somewhere in the next ten blocks you will see two men standing on the corner. Stop and pick them up. Understand?

Mr. Smith hangs up the phone and composes and e-mail.

(CU) THE COMPUTER SCREEN AS MR. SMITH TYPES.

Dorjan,

EXT. STREET CORNER. NIGHT

Agent Gandy and Bill Babcock are standing on the corner.

AGENT GANDY

So what's the plan?

Bill looks up and down the street.

Hey, I'm talking to you.

Bill sees the limo coming down the street.

BILL

Look FBI, I don't know what the hell is going on. All I know is we are not supposed to talk. Comprehenday?

The limo pulls up to the curb and the chauffeur climbs out, walks around, and opens the door.

Bill steps into the back.

Agent Gandy leans down to follow. He sees Mr. Smith. He stops for a moment. Mr. Smith smiles. A bewildered Agent Gandy gets in the limo.

INT. LIMO. NIGHT

Agent Gandy settles into his seat and looks at Mr. Smith.

MR. SMITH

Would you mind explaining your presence?

Agent Gandy opens his mouth to speak when Mr. Smith quickly puts his index finger to his lips. Agent Gandy pauses.

MR. SMITH

I don't want to hear your excuses. I will make a suggestion, simply out of professional courtesy you understand. If I were you I would be considering some form of alternative employment as your career with the FBI has just ended. You'll be lucky if you don't end up in prison.

Agent Gandy stares opened mouth at Mr. Smith. He closes his mouth and glances at Bill.

Bill is staring out of the window.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE OF PAUL SERIO. NIGHT

Paul is hunched over a pile of paperwork talking on the phone.

PAUL SERIO

Look, I know what you guys are doing and it's not going to work. A 100 billion is dimes to dollars. Tell you what, screw the partnership! Winner takes it all!

Paul slams down the phone. He immediately hits the intercom.
Jack come in here!

A moment later JACK PATTON, Nanosoft's CFO enters.

JACK PATTON

What's up?

PAUL SERIO

I need another 100 million.

JACK PATTON

Paul, you've mortgaged everything you own and then some. There's nothing left. You need to tell me what's going on. Why are you massing such a huge amount of cash?

Paul slams his fist down on the desk.

PAUL SERIO

None of your business. Just get me the money. (beat) What about my charities?

JACK PATTON

Now hold on a minuet! You can't touch that money!

PAUL SERIO

The hell I can't! It's my money. Get me the paperwork.

Paul reaches for the phone and dials. He looks up and sees Jack standing there in disbelief.

PAUL SERIO

Now!

INT. NSA SECURITY CENTER PARDOW'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Pardow is studying the computer screen as Kokopeli barges in.

KOKOPELI

I got him! I got his ass!

PARDOW

No way!

KOKOPELI

Way! He's in Houston, Texas.

PARDOW

How do you know?

KOKOPELI

Remember Snagdasher's first contact with the FBI guy he gave him a riddle of sorts. You remember the bit about the number 943.414?

PARDOW

Vaguely.

KOKOPELI

Okay, you asked me to find all the supercomputers that weren't busy. Well, there are none. So I started thinking, this guy is so out there he probably made his own.

PARDOW

Just give me the punch line.

KOKOPELI

I backed out the numbers and correlated them to facilities where there would be a large number of high-end servers that would be idle at least 50% of the time. The query turned up computer training centers so I started checking. There is only one computer training school that fits the criteria. It has have 3500 locations with approximately 250 high end servers running all the time. Most if not all are idle 70% of the time. If you multiply 3500 times 250 it equals 875000. The square root of 875000 is 935.414. He's using computer training schools!

PARDOW

What are you talking about?

KOKOPELI

Parallel processing.

PARDOW

Oh shit! Which one?

KOKOPELI

New Day Training Centers! And guess what, they all have blank administrative passwords! This guy somehow linked them all together into a giant supercomputer! (beat) I have to meet this guy!

Pardow grabs the phone. As he dials.

PARDOW

Any luck on the Jubilee?

KOKOPELI

No. She's going to hit at midnight tomorrow, as far as I can tell. Maybe if we get the Magician he can stop it.

PARDOW

You're sure he's in Houston?

Kokopeli smiles broadly.

KOKOPELI

I'd bet my balls on it!

Pardow glances at Kokopeli.

PARDOW

You are.

Kokopeli is not smiling so broadly now.

INT. MR. SMITH'S PRIVATE JET. NIGHT

Mr. Smith, Agent Gandy, and Bill Babcock are sitting quietly as the jet takes off.

AGENT GANDY

Can somebody please at least tell me
where we are going?

Mr. Smith again motions Agent Gandy to be silent. Bill watches both men for a moment then turns to look out of the window.

INT. DORJAN ARAMOV'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Dorjan is sitting at his desk preparing to leave when the AOL voice notifies him he has e-mail. Dorjan clicks the mail icon and the message opens.

(CU) MESSAGE

Dorjan, Bring our all our guest to the airport at midnight tonight. It is imperative they be unharmed so put a leash on Gregor. I will return them as soon as this operation is ended. Do this and I will deposit one million dollars into your account. Mr. Smith.

Dorjan smiles to himself. He picks up the phone and dials Gregor.

INT. COLONEL GREGOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Colonel Gregor is watching the monitors behind his desk. He is focused on Sonya as she works on her computer. The phone rings. Gregor picks it up.

COLONEL GREGOR

Yes. (beat) Minister Aramov so good to hear from you.

Colonel Gregor stiffens and his face freezes.

Yes Sir! As you wish! Yes immediately!

Colonel Gregor hangs up the phone. He hits the intercom. A voice from the intercom.

VOICE (O.C.)

Yes Sir.

COLONEL GREGOR

Ready the prisoners for transport.

VOICE (O.C.)

All of them?

COLONEL GREGOR

Yes. I want them in the transport by eleven o'clock. Understood?

VOICE

Yes Sir!

Colonel Gregor leans back in his chair and lights a cigarette.

INT. SONYA'S ROOM IN THE PRISON. NIGHT

Sonya is working on her computer when a voice comes over the loudspeaker in the day room.

VOICE (O.C.)

All prisoners go to the day room and
prepare to be transported. Now!

Sonya gets up and walks to the door of her room. She opens
the door just as Alex is opening his. He looks grim.

They enter the common room and a guard motions them toward
the outer door. As they enter the hall they hear the shouts
of other guards.

The guard shoves Alex into Sonya as they go through the door.
They stumble. The guard rushes them down the hall to a pair
of metal doors that open into a parking lot.

Sonya sees the others as they are pushed and shoved toward a
waiting bus. Sonya and Alex are pushed into a line. They hear
a commotion as two guards are dragging Illia across the
parking lot.

ILLIA

Hey, take it easy! I am very fragile.
ASSHOLE! Get your hands off me or I'm
gonna tell Colonel Bumblefuck!

INT. THE BUS. NIGHT

All the prisoners are sitting quietly, waiting. Colonel
Gregor steps up into the bus and quietly scans the faces of
the prisoners. He pauses as he looks at Sonya.

ILLIA

Well, if it isn't good ole Colonel
Bumblefuck.. or is it Asshole? I get
confused.

Colonel Gregor flashes a hard look at Illia.

COLONEL GREGOR

Until we meet again.(beat) I assure you
we will meet again.

Colonel Gregor turns toward one of the guards as he points toward Illia.

Shoot him if he opens his mouth again.

Illia slumps down in his seat. Colonel Gregor steps off the bus. The driver closes the door and the bus pulls away.

Gregor stands alone in the parking lot watching the transport pass through the security gates.

INT. DORJAN'S ARAMOV'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Dorjan is checking his accounts and smiling to himself.

COMPUTER SCREEN

The balances are all disappearing.

Dorjan frantically goes from one account to another until they all show a 0 balance. Snagdasher appears.

SNAGDASHER

Easy come! Easy go!

Dorjan is stunned.

DORJAN

What?(beat) Who are you?

SNAGDASHER

I am the dog that just took your money.
You can call me Mr. Snagdasher that's
what Mr. Smith calls me.

DORJAN

Mr. Smith? Where's my money?

SNAGDASHER

My goodness! Do I detect a level of
hostility in your voice? You
do realize such repressed hostility can
cause constipation?

DORJAN

Where is my money?

Snagdasher instantly pulls out a microphone and starts a rendition of the Righteous Brothers.

SNAGDASHER

Gone. (beat) Gone. (beat) Gone. (beat)
You've lost that one million three
hundred thirty four thousand dollars and
twenty-nine cents feelin'.

Snagdasher runs out of breath and stares at Dorjan.
Snagdasher puts his hands on his hips and in his best gay dog
imitation shakes his middle finger at Dorjan.

I took it and I'm not going to give it
back. So there!

DORJAN

What do you want?

Snagdasher smiles widely and moves his face close to the
screen. Dorjan instinctively moves back.

SNAGDASHER

Ahhh! The sweet smell of a deal is in the
air. Do you ever watch Survivor?

Snagdasher's eyes seem to scan Dorjan's office.

No, I think not. You third world guys
probably wouldn't appreciate it anyway.
Too close to the real thing, huh?

DORJAN

I say again, what do you want?

Snagdasher's eyes harden.

SNAGDASHER

A small favor. If you do this thing for
little ole me I'm sure I can find your
money for you.

DORJAN

What?

SNAGDASHER

Mr. Smith is landing at your airport at midnight tonight. You will go to the airport and request a brief meeting with Mr. Smith. He will leave the plane to meet with you. I would greatly appreciate you detaining him. I know how close you two are and you seem to have so much in common. I would take it as a personal favor if you would accommodate Mr. Smith in the same fashion as you provided for those evil hackers.

DORJAN

You want him in prison? That is not a problem. What about my money?

SNAGDASHER

I will return all your monies as soon as you have done this little favor for me. Deal?

DORJAN

How long do you want me to keep Mr. Smith?

SNAGDASHER

I think sometime beyond his child bearing years would do nicely.

DORJAN

How long before I get my money?

SNAGDASHER

As soon as his plane leaves your airspace.

DORJAN

How can I trust you? You are a blue cartoon dog.

SNAGDASHER

Yeah, but I'm the blue cartoon dog that's got your money.

DORJAN

I have no choice. Consider it done.

Snagdasher smiles and disappears. Snagdasher suddenly reappears. Dorjan is startled.

SNAGDASHER

Oh Doorjam. One last thing, I put a folder on your desktop you might want to take a look at. It seems to me that good old Colonel Gregor had some plans of his own. Yessiree! It looks like he was planning to slip the long one up your back passage. But of course that's just my humble opinion. Oh, I almost forgot please tell Mr. Smith, Mr. Snagdasher said hi.

Snagdasher disappears. Dorjan opens the folder. His eyes widen as he reads.

INT. MR. SMITH'S PRIVATE JET. NIGHT

Agent Gandy is flipping through a magazine. Mr. Smith is working on his laptop and Bill is dozing. The fasten seatbelt light comes on.

THE PILOT'S VOICE (O.S.)

Please fasten your seat belts. We are preparing to land. We should be on the ground in fifteen minutes. Thank you.

Agent Gandy pulls his seatbelt tighter. Mr. Smith continues to work on his laptop. Bill is now sitting upright fastening his seatbelt.

INT. PRISON BUS. NIGHT

The bus is pulling on to the airport runway. Alex looks at Sonya. Sonya smiles. Sonya looks out of the window as the private jet lands. The bus stops and the guards get off.

GUARD

Everyone off! Now!

The prisoners begin to file off the bus as the guards force them into single file.

A large black Mercedes limo drives up near the line of prisoners. The limo is followed closely by two jeeps filled with soldiers carrying automatic rifles.

The limo chauffeur gets out and rushes around and opens the passenger door. Dorjan gets out and walks toward the front of the limo as the private jet taxis to a stop fifty yards away.

The guards march the prisoners over to the plane as the pilot opens the door. The lead guard steps inside of the plane.

INT. MR. SMITH'S PRIVATE JET. NIGHT

Mr. Smith looks up as the Guard enters.

GUARD

Mr. Smith. Minister Aramov would like to speak with you.

MR. SMITH

Of course.

Mr. Smith closes the laptop and stands up and walks out of the plane. The guard follows.

EXT. MR. SMITH'S PRIVATE JET. NIGHT

Mr. Smith walks down the steps and toward Dorjan. He smiles as he walks.

The prisoners are loading and in a few moments they are aboard.

Mr. Smith reaches Dorjan and extends his hand as if to shake hands. Two guards standing close by grab Mr. Smith and start dragging him toward one of the jeeps.

MR. SMITH

What the hell...Dorjan what's going on?
Dorjan!

Dorjan watches silently as they handcuff Mr. Smith and force him into the jeep. After the guards have secured Mr. Smith Dorjan walks over and stands about three feet away.

MR. SMITH

Is this some kind of joke?

DORJAN

This is no joke my friend. You are to be my guest for sometime to come.

MR. SMITH

What the hell are you talking about?
Dorjan...

DORJAN

Oh, I almost forgot. Mr. Snagdasher said to tell you Hi.

The door closes on the jet and the plane slowly moves down the runway.

INT. MR. SMITH'S PRIVATE JET. NIGHT

Bill is helping get everyone seated.

Agent Gandy is just sitting there not sure what to do. Bill finally gets everyone a place to sit and gets back to his seat just as the plane is lifting off. He looks at Agent Gandy.

BILL

We made it!

AGENT GANDY

Made what? What just happened here?

Where's Smith? Who are all these people?

Bill laughs.

BILL

Man, you sure let it fly when you can talk.(beat) You just helped save these people and change the world.

Agent Gandy glances at his watch. It is 12:30.

AGENT GANDY

The Jubilee is going to trigger in eleven hours and twenty-nine minutes and where am I! Hell, I don't even know where I am! I'll be probably be transferred to Nome, Alaska.(beat) I hate the cold.

BILL

I wouldn't worry Braindead. You see you don't exist anymore. You're with us now.

Bill smiles and gets up. He picks up Mr. Smith's computer and connects it to the electronic screen at the rear of the cabin.

Snagdasher appears on the screen. He is dressed to party with a drink in hand.

Everyone but Agent Gandy cheers. Snagdasher reaches toward the screen as if to grab everyone.

SNAGDASHER

My people! How does it feel to be free!

The hackers cheer.

I hope you find the accommodations acceptable. They are only temporary. I think you'll find your new digs way kool! Chill out and introduce yourselves as what you are, Hackers. Use your handles. I think you'll be surprised. See ya!

Snagdasher disappears. Alex stands up.

ALEX

I am the Dark Lord.

There's a stunned silence among the hackers. Sonya stands.

SONYA

Hunta.

A YOUNG WHITE HARRIED GEEK

No shit!

Bill is transfixed when he hears Sonya. He stands slowly.

BILL

Godonthewire.

Sonya and Bill lock eyes.

Intercut shots of the various hackers as they reveal their handles. The dawning realization that they all know each other from the underground.

Bill moves toward Sonya until he is facing her.

BILL

I always wondered what you looked like.

SONYA

So, am I what you expected?

BILL

Yes. And more. How about you?

SONYA

And more.

Agent Gandy is sitting wide-eyed with amazement.

EXT. OF THE JET AS IT FLIES INTO THE DAWN. DAWN

INT. OF A LARGE CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY

Around a 30-foot conference table sit the heads of the top thirty corporations in the world.

Paul Serio is standing at the head of the conference table. The entire wall behind Paul Serio is one giant monitor screen. The screen subdivides into several smaller screen. Each screen representing a different offshore account for each bidder.

Snagdasher appears. He's wearing a black and white striped robber costume and a black mask. He scans the conference room.

SNAGDASHER

Whatsup! (Beat) Looks like a full house.
God, you people are ugly when your
tense!(beat) Tonight is the beginning of
a brand new world...

CARLTON HODGES

Cut the crap and get on with the bidding!

Snagdasher stops. He looks hard at Carlton.

SNAGDASHER

Open your mouth again and I'll come down
off this screen and stick my foot up
you're ass! ARE WE CLEAR!

Snagdasher's voice increases in volume with each word until the roar of his voice is so loud several people in the room cover their ears. Carlton falls back into his seat, stunned.

SNAGDASHER
ARE WE CLEAR!

CARLTON HODGES
(Quietly)
Yes.

SNAGDASHER stares at Carlton Hodges intently for a moment, then looks around the room with an evil smile.

SNAGDASHER
Let the bidding begin.

Snagdasher makes himself tiny and stands in the lower right hand corner as the accounts begin to register the deposits. The screens begin to hum as the cash transfers take place. Millions, then hundred millions, then billions. The cash rolls in.

Snagdasher stands in the corner writing on a paper that seems to unroll all around him until he is covered.

Bells and whistles go off as the account for one bidder hits 50 billion dollars.

Snagdasher pops his head out of the mountain of paper.

SNAGDASHER
Are you guys sure this is personal money?

The bells and whistles go off again at 100 billion dollars. The room is silent as the totals on the board freeze.

A pop-up screen appears and displays the total amount bid of 600 billion dollars. A moment later another pop-up screen appears with the account of Bidder 1 with a total of 120 billion dollars.

A flashing screen appears with the word Winner flashing.
Ladies and Gentleman, I use those terms
loosely, it looks, like Bidder number one
is our grand prizewinner.

Paul Serio is smiling as he looks at the screen.

The accounts begin to empty. Paul's smile freezes on his
face.

The rest of the room sits in stunned silence. Within moments
the accounts are all registering a 0 balance.

Snagdasher is watching the screen and as the balances hit
zero. He turns toward the room and pulls two extra-large
pistols. He aims them directly at the room.

SNAGDASHER

This is a stick-up! Hands in the air!

Several in the room raise their hands.

Damn that felt good! This has gotta' be a
record. I mean 600 billion dollars!

Paul Serio jumps to his feet.

PAUL SERIO

What the hell is going on?

SNAGDASHER

Well Paul, I thought it was obvious. What
part of, this is a stick-up escapes you?
Jeez, I thought my outfit would be a dead
giveaway. Do you think it's a bit over
the top?

PAUL SERIO

But we have an agreement!

Snagdasher begins to laugh so hard he rolls around the
screen. He finally composes himself and looks at Paul with a
sly smile.

SNAGDASHER

You have an agreement with a blue dog. An extraordinarily good-looking blue dog but never the less a blue dog.

PAUL SERIO

But why?

Snagdasher slowly turns toward Paul Serio. He looks pissed.

SNAGDASHER

In the past ten years you and the rest of the dildos in this room have moved 20 million American jobs overseas.

PAUL SERIO

So. We had to if we wanted to remain competitive.

SNAGDASHER

Bullshit! You did it so you could make more money for yourself and your stockholders. You betrayed the very people who made you what you are today. You disrupted 60 million American lives so you could have more money. How much is enough you greedy bastard!

Carlton Hodges jumps to his feet.

CARLTON HODGES

You can't do this! We'll all be ruined!

Snagdasher turns his attention towards Carlton. The background of the screen becomes a sunset. A red and white striped horse appears. Snagdasher climbs on. He's now dressed like John Wayne. Snagdasher imitates John Wayne.

SNAGDASHER

Well Pilgrim, it looks like I already have. (beat) You've been hacked. (beat) Oh yeah, the Magician sends his regards.

Snagdasher tips his hat and rides into the sunset. Laughing. The screen goes black.

After a moment of stunned silence they all grab their cell phones in a frantic effort to stop the transfers. Paul Serio sits down hard in his chair. Bewildered he mumbles to himself.

PAUL SERIO

He got it all.

INT. PARDOW'S OFFICE. NIGHT

Kokopeli is sitting across the desk from Pardow. He glances at the clock. It reads 11:59.

KOKOPELI

I guess it's all over. In one minute the Jubilee starts it's run.

PARDOW

There's not a damn thing we can do. The FBI and Interpol raided all the New Day Computer Schools. They impounded all the equipment and detained all the employees except two. Oh by the way, You were right he was using the schools' computers.

KOKOPELI

So what do you think will happen?

PARDOW

God only knows. (beat) Hey, I didn't tell you. You remember the FBI guy, Agent Gandy?

KOKOPELI

The big guy?

PARDOW

Yes, it seems as if the guy doesn't exist anymore.

KOKOPELI

What! He was in charge.

PARDOW

I know, but when I tried to contact him the FBI didn't know who I was talking about. So I ran a check through our database, and nothing came up. You don't suppose...

Pardow glances at the clock and then looks at Kokopeli.
It's happening!

KOKOPELI

You know despite everything, this whole thing has been Way Kool!

EXT. PATIO OF A LARGE VILLA OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN. DAY

Sonya sits at a large round patio table staring out at the sea. In the distance a large yacht floats peacefully. Bill walks over to Sonya and sits down.

BILL

You okay?

Sonya smiles and looks out at the sea.

SONYA

Fine. I still can't believe the last few weeks.

BILL

Myself.

Illia walks out on the patio.

ILLIA

Hey, you guys have got to come see this!

Sonya and Bill get up and walk toward Illia.

ILLIA

Hurry up! This is great!

Sonya and Bill follow Illia into the house.

INT. LARGE LAVISH LIVING ROOM. DAY

The room is filled with the hackers who are all glued to the television.

(CU) TELEVISION SCREEN

A television anchorman and his female counterpart are on screen. The male reporter is the focus.

ANCHORMAN

Earlier today all consumer credit card companies have reported that their databases have been hacked. The culprit although unknown is believed to be a mysterious superhacker, known in the Internet underground as the Magician. It seems as if their entire databases were deleted. The companies are therefore urging those with balances to continue to send in their payments.

The Anchorman pauses, he can't believe what he's reading.

ANCHORMAN

Wait a second! This is bullshit! Don't send them anything. You're free! I'm free!

The Anchorman jumps up and down. He suddenly turns his butt toward the camera and drops his pants and moons the screen.

ANCHORMAN

Visa, you can kiss my rosy red!

The television camera quickly tightens in on the Anchorwoman. She is stunned but quickly focuses on the camera.

In the background you can hear the Anchorman saying screw you to all the major credit card companies.

ANCHORWOMAN

In an unrelated story it appears that the Founders and CEO's of thirty of the world's top companies have filed for personal bankruptcy in court today. The move was immediately reflected in the stock market as the associated stocks dropped precipitously upon hearing the news.

INT. LARGE LAVISH LIVING ROOM. DAY

The hackers are beside themselves laughing and cheering. Sonya looks at Bill.

SONYA

We changed the world.

BILL

No. He changed the world. We just helped.

SONYA

Do you think we will ever find out who he really is?

BILL

Who knows? This is all just beginning. I have a feeling he's close by.

SONYA

I know what you mean.

EXT. PATIO OF A LARGE VILLA OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN. DAY

The camera slow pans across the patio to the ocean. The focus narrows on a yacht. It closes in on the rear deck.

A man with his back to the camera sits watching a small television as the Anchorwoman finishes her story.

He picks up the remote and cuts the television off. He tilts his head toward a laptop.

THE MAN

Hey Snag.

Snagdasher appears on the screen.

SNAGDASHER

Yo boss! I'm here.

THE MAN

Have all the corporations been funded?

SNAGDASHER

Am I a blue dog!

THE MAN

Excellent. Close out our short positions in two days.

SNAGDASHER

Your wish is my command! Preliminary estimates indicate a net profit of 2.6 trillion dollars.

THE MAN

Very good. (beat) We changed the face of corporate America today.

SNAGDASHER

What's next?

The man stands and turns toward the villa and reveals his face. It's Marcus Kelly. He's looking at the patio as the hackers all come out laughing and cheering.

MARCUS

I think it's time we took a long look at our elected officials now that everyone has a chance for a new start.

Snagdasher smiles wickedly.

SNAGDASHER

Not everyone.

INT. CELL BLOCK. NIGHT

Gregor is dressed in a drab gray prison jumpsuit. He is sitting on his cot. He stands up and walks over to the cell door.

He peers through the bars at the man in the cell across the hall. The man has put his mattress on the floor and is sitting with his head bowed.

COLONEL GREGOR

So why are you here?

The man doesn't move. He slowly raises his head. It's Mr. Smith. He looks at Gregor as if not seeing him. He says nothing, he just shakes his head.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END