

RED LIPSTICK.

Applied carefully to a set of YOUNG TEEN LIPS.

WOMAN

Simply follow the contour... Like
so.

Our view widens and we now see the FULLY MADE-UP FACE of
DOLORES RAMIREZ, 15, Hispanic and already very full-figured
and curvy.

WOMAN

... And that concludes my
Quinceañera glamor make-over!

The woman, DANA FALCON, 40, kind looking, always with a bit
too much make-up, wraps up.

DANA

Don't forget to subscribe!

Her assistant and son, QUINN FALCON, 16, hidden under a mop-
top of blonde hair, operates a small video camera and surfs
his phone.

QUINN

(unenthusiastic)
And we're out.
(to us)
Hey, I'm Quinn Falcon.

An elderly HISPANIC WOMAN we can only presume is Dolores'
grandmother, rises from her chair nearby.

DOLORES' GRANDMAMA

Gracias, meesus Falcon. Gracias!

The woman offers her some cash.

DANA

(over enunciating)
No, no, Dolores is my *volunteer*,
Mrs. Ramirez. Just enjoy your
evening *especial*!
(to us)
Spanish speaking people like it
when we try to speak their
language.

DOLORES GRANDMOTHER

(to us)
I don't know where she hear that.
(MORE)

DOLORES GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
I learning English. I want to
speak English.

DANA
I'll have the video posted by
tonight. Won't we, Quinn?
(to us)
Quinn's a computer genius, like in
that movie.

Quinn gives his mom a look.

DOLORES
Grandma, let's go.
(to us)
After tonight, I'll be a woman.
Soon I can start having sex. Don't
worry, we learned all about safe
sex and stuff in school. I'll be
okay.

Dolores and her Grandmother exit the...

INT. FALCON HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

QUINN
Mom, they should pay you.

DANA
Nah, it's cool. I needed a
volunteer. When my hit counts
start to go up, I'm going to make
some real cash. I can't work at a
make-up counter forever.

QUINN
Or in adult entertainment.
(to us)
Seriously. I've seen some of it.
(to her)
Your last make-over video had
thirteen hits.

DANA
(checking her Instagram
account)
And the one before that had *five*.
That's an increase of... something.
(to the camera)
And I do make up for *soft-core*.
Really tastefully done.
(to Quinn)
Hey, did you order some delivery?
(MORE)

DANA (CONT'D)

I've got a whole night of editing in front of me.

QUINN

I tried. Your card was declined and I'm running out of bitcoin.

DANA

Damn, let me see if I have some cash.

QUINN

(to us)

I get so tired of talking about this, but just so you know, I bought like fifty dollars in bitcoin back when it was super cheap and it turned into four-thousand three-hundred dollars. Cool, I know, but check this out: I know a guy who's uncle's buddy bought like ten thousand dollars worth back in twenty-twelve, and he got insanely rich in the last run up. He's rehab now. Sweet huh?

DANA

Shit, I'm out. Ask Grandpa for his card.

QUINN

Are you sure you're out?

(to us)

My parents never grew up. It's like having a brother and sister. It's kinda fun sometimes. Other times I wish... You know they we're more responsible. Then I could flake out for while.

DANA

You had all that money, what are you spending it on?

(to us)

Like I didn't blow my money when I was a teen. It's hard to raise your kids when you've done, you know... What we did.

QUINN

Mom, I don't want to go in there, I'll have to talk to them.

DANA

Look, the trick is to swoop in and do your thing and then swoop out. Swoop in. Swoop out.

QUINN

I try swooping but they always trap me.

DANA

Because, you allow yourself to be ensnared.

(to us)

Quinn thinks you can reason with Brent's parents using facts and logic. He's so cute when he's idealistic.

INT. FALCON HOME - LIVING ROOM

QUINN'S GRANDPARENTS are parked in BARCALOUNGERS, under FOX NEWS'S hypnotic grip.

FOX

A headless body was found in Chicago today...

Grandma sucks in air.

GRANDPA

(to us)

Violent crime is out of control.

GRANDMA

(to us)

Out of control!

GRANDPA

I've had it. Honey, pass me my pills. America is going to hell down those internet tubes!

QUINN

(to us & himself)

Resist. Resist.

(to them)

Mom needs a card for delivery.

GRANDPA

Again? Did you see that guy was stabbed in a robbery today?

QUINN

Where?

GRANDPA

Idaho. It's everywhere!

Grandpa begins extracting his wallet from his pants.

QUINN

Well, there are three-hundred million people in the US. If one in a million people get mugged, that's over three hundred per day. And if you watch the news for six hours a day you're going to hear about all of them. It makes it seem like crime is everywhere.

GRANDPA

It sure is.

QUINN

My point is that it isn't!

GRANDPA

How can you say that when they just reported it. Murders are out of control.

QUINN

(to us)

Actually, violent crime has been declining for decades. But you can't make them believe this. Watch.

(to them)

Actually, violent crime has been declining for decades.

GRANDMA

Where did you hear that, the *librul* media?

(to us)

His parents are a real piece of work. Can't hold jobs. Can't concentrate on one thing long enough for it to grow.

QUINN

According to the US Department of statistics...

GRANDMA

Liars. You can't trust anyone these days.

QUINN

(to us)

Here we go...

(to them)

Then why do you watch the news?

GRANDMA

I trust Fox.

QUINN

But you just said you don't trust anyone.

GRANDMA

Fox isn't news. They tell the truth!

QUINN

News is the truth.

GRANDMA

I don't care to discuss it! You're going to try to trap me in one of those liars' traps.

(to us)

Like Mueller and his thugs.

GRANDPA

That's why we lost our home! The Dems bailed out the banks, oh sure, but we got foreclosed.

QUINN

Bush was president when the housing market crashed.

(to us)

And it was lax monetary policies and failed oversight of the banking industry - Glass-Steagall, look it up. That created the housing bubble. I wrote two essays on this!

(to them)

And you guy's bought a second home at the top of the market--

GRANDPA

We were victims. Nobody told us the market would crash. Where's our bailout?

(MORE)

GRANDPA (CONT'D)

(to us)

Now we live here and my own grown son has to move in.

Grandpa now fights to extract his card from his OVER-STUFFED WALLET.

GRANDPA

We've been around the park, Quinn, America is becoming a third-world country with all these illegals pouring over the border!

(to us)

When we bought this place in sixty-nine, it was all white. The the Mexicans moved in with their brothers and sisters and their cousins... and then the housing bubble came and they all became land rich all the sudden. Is that fair?

QUINN

Uh... Yes.

(to us)

My grandparents don't realize they're racists. It's cool. Their generation will be dead soon.

Grandpa hands Quinn the card.

FOX

In Florida today, police are searching for a deranged woman who stole a newborn child from a delivery room... Security camera footage shows her...

GRANDMA

Aup! Hmm, Mexican. Figures.

QUINN

She's from Haiti.

GRANDMA

Same thing. Build that wall!

QUINN

(to us)

Yep. That's where we are folks.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

Billionaire bankers robbed old people blind but Fox has them believing Mrs. Ramirez is the enemy and we need a wall between Haiti and Florida.

Quinn exits.

INT. FALCON HOME - GARAGE - A SECOND LATER

Quinn makes his way through a narrow space between STACKS OF IDENTICAL BOXES - all marked: **BUST2BUNN.COM HOME FITNESS MONSTER**

In the background we hear:

HAL HUXLEY (O.S.)

... And if you don't benefit from steps one through fourteen in just six weeks, well my name isn't Hal Huxley.

Quinn finds BRENT FALCON, 41, a handsome, once-was-an-actor guy, sporting a lean physique, working out on his Shark-Tank-worthy EXERCISE/TORTURE DEVICE. On his laptop, a Hal Huxley's video series plays

HAL HUXLEY

Now then, remember in my first series, *How to make dough with out bread*, I taught you the simple nineteen step system to enrich and fortify your life.

(aside to us)

These sheepies will buy anything. I could write a book called *How To Break The Self-Help Cycle, Volume **Three*** and they'd buy every copy.

QUINN

Dad?

Brent pauses his Iphone dock.

BRENT

I fixed the tension spring. That's what was causing the malfunction. Should only be a few thousand to retrofit the inventory and then we can finally start selling these. Here try it.

Quinn submits to the device.

QUINN

(to us)

My dad sunk thrity-k into this stupid thing. Tried to get it on *Shark Tank*, didn't get on. Tried to get it on the Home Shopping Network. Didn't get on. I feel bad for him. When does a dream become a nightmare?

(to him)

Yeah, that's better. Definitely.

Brent stands. Grabs a brochure.

BRENT

Quinn, check it out. I always wanted a yacht. Look at this fifty-footer.

(to us)

I know I failed this kid. If I had got my shit together sooner, we could have bought in the prime part of town before the bubble. I never seem to have the right timing.

(to Quinn)

Hal Huxley says *there will always be failures before success can succeed*.

QUINN

How much did Dan Huxley's workshop cost?

BRENT

Becoming rich isn't all about the money.

QUINN

(to us)

Yes. It is. Literally.

(to him)

What do you want for delivery?

BRENT

Quinn, you're in your head too much you need to smoke some weed or somethin'.

QUINN

No thanks, Dad. I'm not into drugs, yet. I'll get you a veggie-wrap.

Quinn exits.

BRENT

You'll see.

(to us)

The world will see how great this device is and I'll sell a hundred-thousand in the first week!

(to himself)

Focus on the desire to... *What was it again?*

Brent hits a button on his computer and Hal Huxley continues.

HAL HUXLEY/BRENT

Focus on the desire to see clearly!

(to us)

You guys really should check this guy out. It's mind blowing.

Brent hits his VAPE PEN.

EXT. CRAPI CONDOS - NIGHT

What was supposed to be the **CAPRI** TOWNHOME'S monument sign, is misspelled to read **CRAPI** CONDOS.

QUINN

(to us)

Yes, you read right. We live in the *crappy* condos. It's supposed to say Capri but they misspelled it. It's been like this forever. Nobody cares.

EXT. TUBES INTERNET CAFE - NIGHT

Quinn, SITS IN THE BACK BOOTH, his back to the wall. On his LAPTOP we see he's CODING.

He stretches, removes his NOISE-CANCELLING HEADPHONES and wipes his eyes.

He notes a MAN with LONG GREY HAIR at a high top ACROSS THE ROOM.

Quinn scans the other PATRONS. Old and young, all with laptops.

Quinn smirks and STARTS A PROGRAM:

QUINN

(to us)

So, I'm not a computer genius,
well, I don't think I am. I mean
I'm really good at figuring ways
around obstacles and I know coding
like a second language.

**NOTE: ALL COMPUTER SCREEN VISUALS WILL BE IN CAPS AND
ITALICIZED as follows:**

SCANNING WI-FI...

VULNERABILITIES DETECTED...

PHYLLIS'S MAC

QUINN

(to us)

The woman with the long auburn hair
and glasses in the corner.

NED'S LAPTOP

We see a BROWN-HAIRED CHUBBY GUY WEARING A BASEBALL CAP.

QUINN

(to us)

Yeah, that's Ned. So, I guess I'm
a hacker, but I don't really fit
the image. You know, fat, living
in the basement. Role playing and
shit. I hate superhero movies too
and I would never go to *Comicon*.

Quinn starts infiltrating Ned's computer when...

MAN

Excuse me...

Quinn kills the program and looks up. It's the grey-haired
guy.

MAN

You look like you know computers.
Do you think you can help me with
this SID thingy. My niece gave me
this and I can't figure out how to
insert it.

QUINN

Oh, sure. That's an SDI card. You
don't have a port on your computer
for that. Here...

Quinn inserts the SDI in a slot on dongle which he inserts into HIS OWN LAPTOP. The SDI card is subjected to...

VIRUSCAN...

COMPLETE...

NO VIRUS DETECTED.

QUINN

(to us)

This is like taking candy from a blind baby. Old people are so lost when it comes to computers.

He types at lightning speed and SCREENS OF CODE and date whip by. Alan tries to keep up...

QUINN

What's your email? I converted the data and I'll send it to you.

(to us)

I also copied all of the files on his card. I'll check them out later.

ALAN

Oh. Wow. Gee, thanks. It's Alan12345@aol.com.

QUINN

(to us)

Of course it is.

Quinn pops out the SDI and returns it to Alan who smiles and WALKS BACK TO HIS SEAT.

Quinn waits for Alan to be seated and then snoops through his files. One file is marked:

PRIVATE

QUINN

Perv...

(to us)

Bet it's naughty bits.

Quinn clicks - A *.GIF BEGINS* (one of those silent clips of animation except this one has sound)

WE HEAR:

THE 1897, TONE POEM, **THE SORCERERS APPRENTICE** (That cute little march by French composer *Paul Dukas* that accompanied the marching brooms in Disney's 1939 masterpiece, *Fantasia*)

WE SEE:

A COMPUTER GENERATED, OLD WIZARD wave his WAND as MAGIC PIXIDUST falls from it's tip.

QUINN

K. That's weird...
(to us)
Never trust a file.

He drops the .gif Into the TRASH and empties.

We see Alan mutter:

ALAN

Never trust a file.
(to us)
This is gonna be fun. This kid has
no idea what is about to happen.

ON ALAN'S SCREEN WE SEE HIM RIP OUT SOME CODE and now **HE'S NOW WATCHING QUINN'S SCREEN!**

ALAN

(to us)
I'm Alan Kasam, it's a pseudonym.
You know like *a-la-kasam* the thing
magicians say? You'll never learn
my real identity.

He smiles wryly as he watches Quinn burrowing into Ned's computer.

Quinn PHOTOSHOPS A DICK ON NED'S FOREHEAD IN HIS LINKEDIN PROFILE PICTURE.

ALAN

(to us)
Kids. He has no idea how much
power he has. I can help him with
that.

Quinn looks across the room and stops on Phyllis.

QUINN

Are you lonely, Phyllis?

Quinn searches the room for... A BUSINESS MAN talks loudly on his cel-phone.

QUINN

You look like a nice douche bag.
(to us)
Bet he drives a luxury SUV.

We watch, as QUINN INFILTRATES HIS LAPTOP.

QUINN

(to himself)
Here we go... a spa package from a
special admirer for Phyllis, who's
address is...

He types it in.

QUINN

(to us)
Now for the card...
(to himself)
Phyllis I think you're the hottest
woman I've ever seen. I need you!
Your secret admirer.

Click.

Alan observes, amused.

ALAN

(to himself)
Ah, look, he's a little Robin
Hoodling.
(to us)
Watch this.

Alan unleashes a few dozen lines of CODE.

On Quinn's laptop: THE WIZARD APPEARS AGAIN.

QUINN

What the f---
(to us)
Sorry. This is annoying. I mean,
its probably some BS pop-up script.
I must have missed it.

QUINN TRASHES IT. EMPTIES.

QUINN

(to himself)
I did empty it,
(to us)
Didn't I?

Quinn looks up. Alan is GONE.

Quinn shuts his laptop. He shakes his head.

QUINN
 Dude... You're spacin'
 (to us, but not
 convincingly)
 I'm not spacin'.

SOUND FX:

A PENCIL WRITING ON PAPER.

INT. LIGHTMAN HIGH SCHOOL - MORNING

Quinn finishes a TEST. Looks around, rises, pulls out his phone and plays SOUNDS OF CROWDS CHEERING on his phone as he strides forward. He drops the test on his TEACHER'S desk.

TEACHER
 Nineteen minutes. Okay, Quinn, you win. You can leave.

LATER in the halls. Quinn moves within a RIVER OF STUDENTS changing classes.

QUINN
 (to us)
 Lightman High. No bullies, no potential sweetheart, no authoritarian principal patrolling the halls. Nah, just another underfunded public institution that doesn't seem to know what to do with me.

INT. LIGHTMAN HIGH SCHOOL - STUDENT COMMONS - LATER

Quinn on his laptop.

We see HE'S HACKED INTO THE SCHOOL'S MAINFRAME.

He has a 4.0 G.P.A. He smirks at us.

Quinn LOWERS his grade point from 4.0 To 3.9999999999999999

QUINN
 That's better.

INT. LIGHTMAN HIGH SCHOOL - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE

A LINE OF TWENTY STUDENTS wait outside the COUNSELOR'S office.

INSIDE... The COUNSELOR, an affectionate man with a New York accent.

COUNSELOR

Okay, Quinn, let's have a look.
GPA three-point-nine-nine-nine-nine
and a whole bunch more nines...
That's odd. Didn't know you could
get that...

The counselor shrugs.

COUNSELOR

Anyhow, everything looks good.
What are you thinking of for a
career? Last year you said...
(quizzically)
Trash collector?

QUINN

I've re-evaluated.

COUNSELOR

Understandable. And now?

QUINN

Espionage. Not sure which side.

COUNSELOR

Right. Okay, moving on.
(from a list)
Do you have any problems with
bullies? Depression? Suicidal
thoughts? Unwanted pregnancies.
No that's for girls. Sorry.

DING!

COUNSELOR

Damn, our time is up.

Quinn hops up, heads for the door, already surfing his phone.

COUNSELOR

Quinn? Be good out there. Okay?

Quinn flashes a smile and a thumb's up as he splits.

COUNSELOR

(to us)

The next generation. God help us.

INT. LIGHTMAN HIGHSCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Quinn and TWO OTHER BOYS are trading BITCOIN for CASH. It's all done via apps on their smart phones.

QUINN

Okay, coins transferred.

BOY

Sweet. Here's twenty.

The boy hands over a TWENTY.

BOY

Wish I had bought in 2014. Think I should buy now?

QUINN

(to us)

See.

(to the boy)

Yes, definitely!

(toying)

But... maybe not. See ya.

The boy is left perplexed.

INT. TUBES INTERNET CAFE - AFTERNOON

Quinn is busy reading someone's EMAILS.

QUINN

(to himself in a man's voice)

Meet me later. I miss your nasty little mouth.

(in a woman's voice)

Careful, my husband reads my emails sometimes!

(to us)

Three exclamation points.

Quinn, shakes his head, and looks up to ANOTHER WEALTHY BUT LONELY HOUSEWIFE at the communal table.

QUINN

Naughty naughty, Mrs. Blaine.
Young and rich but still complain.

Quinn rifles through her CONTACTS... He locates:

QUINN

(to us)

Larry Blain. Blahhhaine. Her husband is a sales manager for an electronics firm. I think he should meet...

(re: the emails to himself)

Percy? Her lover's name is Percy?

He's about to forward the email to Larry.

HIS FINGER HOVERS ABOVE SEND.

QUINN

Kelly Blain, you're life is literally in my hands.

The front door BELL rings as ALAN KASAM ENTERS.

Quinn, DELETES THE EMAIL and watches Alan as he goes to a table across the room.

Quinn attempts an infiltration.

SCANNING WI-FI...

VULNERABILITIES DETECTED...

A LIST OF PATRONS appears as before, but not Alan. Quinn thinks.

QUINN

Dude. You're paranoid.

(to us)

I really am now. He should be visible.

SUDDENLY THE WIZARD APPEARS on Quinn's screen. Quinn is shaken. He looks toward Alan. Alan, in a natural, non-suspicious way notices, Quinn. He gives him a smile and a thumbs-up in reference to his computer. Quinn half-smiles and waves back.

Quinn shuts off his wi-fi and runs his virus protection software.

VIRUSCAN...

COMPLETE...

NO VIRUS DETECTED.

Quinn is hardly relieved.

QUINN

(Sotto)

There *should* be a virus.

Then THE WIZARD REAPPEARS on Quinn's screen.

ALAN

(to us, snickering)

Look at him. He's spooked. This is like Amy Winehouse' ghost visiting a debunker of the supernatural - this can't happen.

(to himself)

Check your wi-fi, Quinn.

He checks his Wi-Fi. IT HAS BEEN TURNED ON!

He FORCE QUITTS and shuts the laptop.

He tries not to be obvious as he looks about the room - or maybe it's someone in the BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET? Or that GUY in a DELIVERY VAN?

As Quinn exits the cafe, he glances one last time at Alan, who smiles in an unusual way. Or is Quinn just paranoid?

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Quinn walks briskly. EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE LOOKS SUSPICIOUS now.

A NONDESCRIPT SEDAN starts to roll alongside him. THREE MEN inside. They track him. Quinn picks up the pace. They do too.

Now, in front of him on the sidewalk, TWO MORE SUITS seem to be walking toward him. Quinn slows looks behind. THERE'S A GUY WORKING ON A JUNCTION BOX who glances up. IS THAT A LISTENING DEVICE IN HIS EAR?

MAN

Mr. Falcon?

Quinn turns back. The two men are closing in with BADGES held at arms length. SHIT!

The CAR STOPS and SUITS HOP OUT, surrounding Quinn.

MAN

Would you come with us, sir?

QUINN
(to us)
What would you do? These guys look
serious.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONOLITHIC OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

All but a few offices are dark.

INT. MONOLITHIC OFFICE BUILDING - SMALL ROOM

Quinn sits on a SIMPLE CHAIR. It's the only object other
than him.

QUINN
(to the door)
What's going on?!

Nothing.

QUINN
(nervous laughter)
Look, if this is about my grades,
it was a prank.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. In walk TWO VERY LARGE MEN in suits.

QUINN
I demand to see my attorney!

The men smirk.

QUINN
Ok, I don't have one yet, but--

Alan Kasam enters.

QUINN
You!?

ALAN
Quinn, I'm Alan Kasam. Head of
cyber-security. How'd you like to
work for the good guys?

QUINN
Are you kidding?

ALAN
That a yes?

QUINN

No. I want that shit off my drive.
How did you do that?

ALAN

(false curiosity)
*You have a problem with your
computer?*

QUINN

Yeah, someone's been *Mickey Mousing*
with my hard drive!

ALAN

Well, why don't you leave it here
and we'll take a look.

QUINN

Yeah... right.
(snickers)
I mean, there's nothing on it...
I'm... outta here.

Quinn stalls like he expects resistance. Alan looks around.

ALAN

Okay.

Quinn walks out like a guy worried he'll be shot in the back.

INT. COMPUTER STORE

We watch a screen as QUINN'S REMAINING BITCOIN ARE
TRANSFERRED TO OMAR of OMAR'S COMPUTERS.

Omar hands Quinn a NEW HARD DRIVE.

OMAR

Okay, you're a virgin.

QUINN

What?

OMAR

(laughing)
No viruses.

QUINN

Oh... right.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Quinn rides as SHARE-SCOOTER. Frequently glancing over his shoulder.

INT. CRAPI CONDOS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn lays on the COUCH under some sheets and a blanket. Staring at the wall.

QUINN

(to us)

I don't even get a bedroom. But I
can sneak out whenever I want.

He hears a BABY CRYING. It stops. He stands, pulls a shirt over his head and exits the condo.

EXT. CRAPI CONDOS - NIGHT

Quinn leans on the railing near a child's play area. He sees A GIRL WITH A BABY. She's gently trying to coax the child to sleep.

Wait... Quinn knows this girl.

QUINN

Psssst.

DOLORES

(whispers)

Hi.

QUINN

Hey, you were in my mom's video.

It's DOLORES the QUINCEAÑERA VIDEO GIRL.

QUINN

(whisper-yells)

You live here too?

She nods.

DOLORES

Hold on. Let me put her inside.

She goes into a FIRST FLOOR FLAT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRAPI CONDOS - COURTYARD - KID'S SWINGSET

They sit on swings. Both surfing their phones but talk anyway.

QUINN

So you live here, huh?

DOLORES

I know. I'm really lucky.

QUINN

Yeah, right.

(looks at her)

Really?

She puts her phone down.

DOLORES

Yeah. You should see where I used to live.

(to us)

There were like five guys shot dead on my block alone.

QUINN

(re: the baby)

Is that your...

DOLORES

(to us)

Hey a Latina teen with a child.

Must be hers, right?

(to Quinn)

I'm fifteen. She's my sister's... baby.

Dolores looks away for a second. She's clearly, suddenly emotional.

QUINN

You okay?

DOLORES

She's in Mexico with my parents.

QUINN

Are they visiting?

DOLORES

No.

QUINN

Woah.

DOLORES

So... I'm helping my grandparents take care of her baby until their case is resolved.

QUINN

That sucks. How long were they here?

DOLORES

Twenty-one years.

QUINN

Shit.

(to us)

Seriously?! - And they just deported them, just like that? I can't wait to vote those assholes out.

DOLORES

Yeah. Just like that.

(beat)

What do *your* grandparents do?

QUINN

Work?

He laughs at the absurdity.

QUINN

No. They don't work. My grandmother collects disability for an injury like ten years ago, and my Grandpa gets a pension from his civil service career. They also get social security...

(to us)

That explains why they hate socialists. Go figure.

DOLORES

They're so lucky they don't have to work still. My grandmamma is a housekeeper and my grandpapa is a tree trimmer.

QUINN

Really? A tree trimmer? Does he ever... fall?

DOLORES

Yeah. All the time. No he doesn't fall! Stupid.

She smacks his arm. He laughs.

DOLORES

And that's During the week. They work at the farmer's market on weekends hauling fruit.

(to us)

You think I'm kidding. I'm not. We work our asses off.

DOLORES GRANDMOTHER (O.C.)

Dolores?

DOLORES

Bye. Homework.

She dashes away. Quinn pauses.

QUINN

Homework?

(to us)

It's eleven-forty.

INT. CRAPI CONDOS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

QUINN

(to us)

I logged on to a neighbors wi-fi by using ADMIN as a password. Unbelievable.

He looks at some JOB OPPORTUNITIES.

QUINN

Starting salary twenty-four thousand. Seriously? How can you live on that?

THE WIZARD appears with a speech bubble:

Need a job? 0800 hours: Tubes

QUINN

How is he doing this?!

(to us)

This is a tough one. This dude is cool. And I need a job. But what's with the big guys in suits? That place looked all Harrison Ford. I'm kinda scared. What if I get sucked into some international conspiracy? But, I can't pass this up.

INT. TUBES INTERNET CAFE - 0800 HOURS

Quinn marches in and finds Alan. He plops down.

QUINN
How did you do it?

ALAN
I'll teach you.

We linger on Quinn's face. He states aloud, but not with conviction:

QUINN
I want one-hundred and forty-k a year to be paid in Bitcoin.

ALAN
Okay.

QUINN
Really?!
(to us)
Jesus.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE LAIR - DAY

Alan stands by as QUINN'S PICTURE, FINGERPRINTS, RETINAL PATTERNS, are harvested. He runs his hands through his hair uncomfortably. A BADGE is issued.

INT. THE LAIR - CYBER CENTER - DAY

Alan leads Quinn, talking like a CIRCUS MC.

ALAN
Welcome to the Lair. Military Intel. War games. Drones. Satellites. Black projects. Cyber warfare. Election interference detection. Tigers. Lions. Trapeze.

Quinn marvels at the racks of SUPERCOMPUTERS.

ALAN

Typically a FISA warrant is issued and we are assigned to crack encrypted data, passwords, algorithms, what ever is necessary to prosecute the bad guys.

They enter ALAN'S STATION. This is the equivalent of the wizard's cave. It's A LONG ROOM with most WALLS COVERED WITH BLACK CLOTH. Alan sits at DESK WITH A GIANT CENTRAL MONITOR surrounded by EIGHT SATELLITE MONITORS. One wall is occupied by A BEAUTIFUL, SLEEK OBJECT. More like a Tesla than a computer.

QUINN

Is that a...

ALAN

Quantum parallel organic hyper-processor? The only one of it's kind?

QUINN

Yeah.

ALAN

We just call it Steve.

QUINN

Steve?

ALAN

(to us)
It's a cool name.

QUINN

Okay. When I can test drive...
Steve?

ALAN

Yeah, no. You'll be working in simple password cracking at first. Then we'll see. Sanjay will configure you.

SANJAY

Okay. Who's Sanjay?

ALAN

Sanjay's the other you.
(to us)
Parallel processing.
(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

This way when one of these little monsters has a nervous breakdown, I'm covered.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER AREA - NOT AS COOL AS ALAN'S STATION.

SANJAY

This is our department.

Sanjay is PAKISTANI WITH TATTOOS AND YELLOW HAIR. He leads Quinn to an empty station.

SANJAY

Listen closely, there is a ton of stuff you need to know.

QUINN

K.

SANJAY

You'll be working here. Lunch is at one. I'm straight.

Sanjay walks away. Quinn looks around.

QUINN

Ooooookay.

He sits down and spins around.

QUINN

(to us)

Hey, look at me, I'm at *work*.

He picks up his OFFICE PHONE, a confused look on his face.

QUINN

People still use these? Its so big!

He dials a number.

QUINN

Mom! Hey I got a job after school... I can't tell you... No, not drugs, it's for the government...

(rolls eyes)

Yeah, like Grandpa. He said what?

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)

What do the Mexicans have to do with this?... Never mind, I'll tell you more later.

Quinn looks at his environment. Wow.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. CITY STREET - EVENING

Quinn, on a scooter, grins as he speeds along the street.

INT. CRAPI CONDOS - LIVING ROOM

The family dines on CHAIN-PIZZA while watching FAMILY FEUD.

STEVE HARVEY

Name something that is hairy.

DANA

My legs.

BRENT

Underarms.

GRANDMA

Mexicans!

QUINN

(quietly without emotion)
That's racist.

GRANDPA

Oh no, the political correctness police are here.

Quinn picks up a piece of GREASY PIZZA, sloshing over with cheap cheese. Ehhh. He puts it back in the box.

EXT. CRAPI CONDOS - COURTYARD LITTLE KID'S SWINGSET

Quinn swings while surfing his phone.

DOLORES

Hola.

QUINN

Oh, hey.

Dolores sits in the next swing and they both surf their phones.

DOLORES

So if you had a ton of cash what would you do?

Quinn quick-searches.

QUINN

According to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, U.S. bills weigh one gram.

He does the rest in his head.

QUINN

About four-hundred and fifty-four grams make a pound, which means that a ton of dollar bills, which is the smallest denomination, would be worth nine-hundred and eight thousand dollars, so... I'd send my grandparents on a long trip. A long, long trip.

DOLORES

That's nice!

Quinn looks at us.

DOLORES

I'd help my relatives get citizenship.

For the first time he really looks right at her.

QUINN

Can I revoke someone's citizenship?

DOLORES

Why would you do that?

QUINN

Not good people. Stupid, ignorant people. Like anybody who repeatedly pushes the crosswalk signal button even though it makes no difference. They would be kicked out first.

DOLORES

(to us)
Very specific.

QUINN

Do these morons think that
engineers designed a system to
reward eagerness?

DOLORES

Okay so first, the crosswalk
morons. Then who?

QUINN

Let's see. Anybody who buys a
brain enhancing supplement that
comes from jellyfish. Think how
stupid you have to be to think that
extract from an animal without a
brain will make you smarter?
They're next.

DOLORES

You've thought about this a lot?

QUINN

I've thought about everything a
lot.

DOLORES GRANDMOTHER

Dolores?

DOLORES

(to Quinn)
Hungry?

Dolores grabs his hand and pulls him up.

INT. CRAPI CONDOS - DOLORES' APARTMENT - KITCHEN

DOLORES and her GRANDMOTHER work the KITCHEN like the local
Mexican restaurant.

A knock at the door brings A PARTY FULL OF RELATIVES and MORE
FOOD.

CUT TO:

The BOISTEROUS SPANISH-SPEAKING CLAN is overwhelming for
Quinn. The food is endless.

QUINN

(to us)
It's so different here. My family
thinks preparing dinner is an
inconvenience.

(MORE)

QUINN (CONT'D)
(to Dolores)
How do you say I'm stuffed?

DOLORES
No mas.

QUINN
No mas.

EXT. CRAPI CONDOS

Dolores guides Quinn to his door.

DOLORES
Good-night.

QUINN
It was nice to--

SHE PLANTS A BIG KISS SMACK ON QUINN'S SURPRISED MOUTH. He's stunned.

DOLORES
You okay?

QUINN
Uuuhhh.

DOLORES
Never kissed a girl?

QUINN
Never kissed anything.

DOLORES
Well, did you like it?

QUINN
Yes.

DOLORES
So did I. Bye, Quinn.

Quinn stands there.

QUINN
(to us)
Did that just happen?

He feels his lips. Then, disappears inside.

INT. THE LAIR - MORNING

Quinn passes through security. We follow him as he makes his way to his station. He finds a NOTE.

INT. THE LAIR - ALAN'S STATION

Alan reviews some of Quinn's work. Quinn looks like a guy who's aced the test.

ALAN

Mumumumum-oom-oom-oom do-dee-do-dee...

Quinn's face: Does he always make noises like that?

ALAN

Okay. Good. Could be better.

Quinn, slightly stunned, slowly turns to go but stops at the door.

QUINN

Um, one other thing, I checked my Bitcoin account and --

ALAN

Oh, about that. I ran you salary request by the upper levels and they said no. So, you'll get like, you know, starting wages...

QUINN

What?

ALAN

Twenty-four k.

QUINN

A Year?!

ALAN

Yeah, but you get a pay raise every six months, so...

QUINN

How much?

ALAN

Just enough to make you stay. Get used to it.

Alan shoots a ball of paper, badly missing the trash. Paper balls are all over the floor.

As Quinn walks back to his station:

QUINN
(to us, bummed)
He totally lied to me. But, what else am I going to do? Well played, Alan, well played.

INT. THE LAIR - MONTAGE

We see SCREENS OF CODE FLOW BY in an endless scroll.

PASSWORD OBTAINED

Quinn proudly shows Alan.

From Quinn's expression we can see that Alan gives him more difficult encryption tasks.

Quinn takes a deep breath. He summons more energy and hits the keys.

PASSWORD SECURE

He tries new code.

PASSWORD SECURE.

Another try.

PASSWORD SECURE.

Quinn swipes his keyboard off the desk.

QUINN
Shit! C'mon!

Sanjay shoots him a look.

QUINN
I'm fine.

Sanjay comes over and pats his back.

SANJAY
Let me give you a little advice.

Quinn looks up.

SANJAY

Don't take unsolicited advice.

Sanjay walks away. Quinn shakes his head.

SANJAY

(to us)

That's clever. If I take his advice I would have reject *unsolicited advice*, which is what he's giving me, but of I were to *not* take his advice, I would be open to his original advice which is to never accept unsolicited advice, see. Simple. Clever.

(to Sanjay)

Asshole.

SANJAY

(barely audible)

Thank you.

INT. CRAPI CONDOS - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Quinn surfs the web. He seems to get an IDEA. He stands, grabs his back pack and EXITS.

INT. THE LAIR - LATE NIGHT

Alone at his station. His EYES DROOP. He runs his program. He spins around and closes his eyes. Then he hears...

DING!

PASSWORD OBTAINED.

QUINN

Yes!

Quinn sinks in the chair. Relieved.

SUPER: 4 MONTHS LATER

INT. THE LAIR - EVENING

On Quinn's screen appears:

He looks up from his phone

Quinn looks up from his phone. Sits back with a TALL FRAPPACINO with whipped cream. Goes back to his phone. This is routine now.

Sanjay walks by.

SANJAY

Hey, I was going to go down to the shooting range and volunteer to be a target - wanna join?

Quinn doesn't even react now.

QUINN

I got a few more runs.

SANJAY

You sure? I'm gonna get shot to death. Lot's of fun.

Quinn keeps typing code.

QUINN

No, thanks.

Sanjay leaves.

LATER...

Quinn rises and wanders to a spot where he can see Alan at work on Steve.

He watches the long haired, bespectacled wizard. The screens are filled with IMAGES, INFORMATION, GRAPHS, SIMULATIONS, FACIAL RECOGNITION, FBI FILES, SPEECH PATTERN ANALYSIS... it's magical.

The moment is broken by YELLING.

PAUL FLYNN, The Secretary of CYBER-WARFARE leads a small entourage into the Lair. He's barking and pointing.

Quinn dashes behind a desk and listens.

SECRETARY FLYNN

A billion dollars! With a B! Is it too much to ask for some results?

(to us)

Steve was granted access to any data base in the entire goddam government!

(to Major Whimmler)

(MORE)

*

SECRETARY FLYNN (CONT'D)

You told me Alan would crack this thing.

The agency director, MAJOR WHIMMLER, tries to calm the Secretary.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Mr. Secretary, we've infiltrated thousands of computers and stopped numerous money laundering scams as well as election interference...

SECRETARY FLYNN

When is task thirty-nine going to be finished?

They push into Alan's station.

ALAN

Mr. Secretary, what a pleasure--

SECRETARY FLYNN

When?

ALAN

Soon.

The Secretary storms out.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Alan, be honest with me. How long?

ALAN

Honest?

(to us)

Like... *honest-honest*?

Major Whimmler gets in his face.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

You know, Alan, your plea deal gives me great latitude to obtain the desired results.

He exits. Alan is truly worried.

QUINN (O.C.)

What's task thirty-nine?

Alan notices Quinn at the door.

ALAN

Quinn, stay clear. It's my problem.

QUINN

Well, I was just thinking...

ALAN

Quinn, you're pissing me off.

QUINN

What's task thirty-nine? I can help!

ALAN

I don't know! They don't tell me everything. It's an encryption that I've never seen. I can't crack it. I can't. I don't think it can be.

QUINN

I can..

Alan exhales and crosses his arms.

ALAN

How?

QUINN

Ask Steve.

ALAN

Steve, can you solve task thirty-nine?

Of course, no answer.

ALAN

What a surprise. No answer.

Alan closes his door. Quinn gets on his KNEES and talks through the LITTLE CRACK under the door.

QUINN

I wrote a program that coordinates the parallel operations in a biometric sense. It acts as a central observer, deciding which information gets passed from one area to another. Kind of like the corpus callosum in the brain.

Alan stares at the wall. Quinn gets frustrated and starts to leave. Alan opens the door.

ALAN

I'm listening.

Quinn comes back in.

QUINN

Okay, normal A.I. tries to crunch immense amounts of data to arrive at a logical--

ALAN

Quinn, there are no laymen here.

QUINN

Sorry.

(to us)

It was for you guys.

(to Alan)

My program uses *intuition*. Like the brain.

ALAN

Sod off.

QUINN

No! I'm serious. And, here's the really cool part. The program *snoops*... For whatever is going on out there. Bad guy stuff.

ALAN

(to us)

Yeah... I'm sure this is all constitutionally totally cool.

(to Quinn)

All right. I want to see it in action in a quarantined environment on your station tomorrow. We'll go from there. I'm beyond burnt.

Alan leaves...

But **HIS STATION WASN'T LOCKED!**

Quinn, all alone, slowly walks over to Steve.

QUINN

(to us)

Steve is unguarded. I can't pass this up.

Quinn glances around. He plugs in a THUMB DRIVE.

SCREENS COME ALIVE.

QUINN

(to us)

This system is more powerful than a trillion laptops working together. So, it's time someone else did my chores.

Quinn starts a program:

NOW WOULD BE A GOOD TIME TO START HUMMING THE **SORCERERS APPRENTICE THEME.**

Quinn's Broom V19.88

OVER AT QUINN'S STATION, **UNSEEN** BY QUINN...

PASSWORD DETECTION IN PROGRESS.

DING!

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - EXTORTION

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - MONEY LAUNDERING

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - ILLEGAL CAMPAIGN FINANCE PAYMENT

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - TAX FRAUD

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - RACKETEERING

This list GROWS QUICKLY.

BACK WITH STEVE.

QUINN

Now for some real fun.

Quinn dives into the:

US NATURALIZATION BOARD - RECORDS

We see the RAMIREZ FAMILY FILES.

QUINN

Here it is.

(to us)

Well, well, I think that ICE over reacted here. Don't you?

Clickety click, click.

QUINN

Visa renewed. Welcome to the
United State of f-ng America.

Quinn's liking this.

QUINN

Okay. Pentagon procurement -
budgets and acquisitions...

Screens display PROCUREMENT OF ALL MANNER OF MILITARY GEAR
AND EQUIPMENT.

QUINN

Secretary Flynn has a re-modeling
budget? The Secretary of
Cyberwarfare orders the department
of defense to procure... a forty
thousand dollar desk and thirty
thousand dollar chair?! Renovation
budget five-hundred-thousand
dollars!?

Click-click-click...

QUINN

(to us)

Well, if they can afford that...

(to himself)

The Secretary orders the department
of defense to procure... twenty,
no, thirty, no fifty-thousand ,
bust2bunns for immediate
distribution to all departments.
Authorize.

(to us, silly fake fear)

Uh no, there's a password!

Quinn hits a key, unleashing Steve.

PASSWORD OBTAINED

QUINN

Password... ob-tained.

(to us)

And now we'll reset to a password
no one can decipher unless they
have Steve...

(to himself)

Order... in.

We see the OFFICIAL ORDER.

QUINN

Now, a little bot for my mom...

Quinn runs a another block of code.

He takes us to...

HIS MOM'S LATEST YOUTUBE VIDEO

VIEWS = 22

QUINN

Twenty two views? Not for long.
Nice little bot. Go do your thing.

As he refreshes, HER VOTE COUNT RISES DRAMATICALLY.

267

7822

59434

891002

3900544

QUINN

Now to the state department travel
department...

(to us)

Grandma and Grandpa are going on a
trip to *Mexico*.

(to himself)

My gift to them will be an... all
expense paid trip to Mazatlan.

Authorize!

WE SEE a dozen screens showing ITINERARY TRAVEL TIMES,
AIRPORTS, ETC.

He starts writing code.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Quinn, and his parents wave as Grandpa and Grandma enter the
AIR MEXICO terminal.

QUINN (V.O.)
But, mysteriously, upon re-entry,
Their passports will be denied as
they will be on the no-fly list.

Quinn, smiling wide, arms interlocked with his mom and dad,
walks away from the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBES INTERNET CAFE - MORNING

Quinn at his usual spot. Enter, A TALL, STRIKING GIRL WITH
STRONG CHEEK BONES. EASTERN EUROPEAN OR RUSSIAN. SHE'S BOND-
GIRL HOT.

QUINN
(to us)
Getting some possible Russian
interference here.

She finds a spot and OPENS HER LAPTOP. He waists no time and
infiltrates her laptop.

QUINN
Actress resume. Hmmm.

The girl looks up. She walks toward Quinn.

He switches screens.

GIRL
(Russian accent)
Excuse me, I need to put this
between your legs.

QUINN
Huh?

GIRL
My power cord. I need to use the
plug.

QUINN
Oh! Here, let me scoot over.

She sits beside him. She turns, HER BLOUSE HANGING WIDE
OPEN.

Quinn looks at us with a slight panic on his face.

GIRL

Thank you, this stupid thing is
always forgetting to charge. I'm
Svetlana.

QUINN

Okay. Oh, I'm Quinn.

SVETLANA

How old are you?

Quinn suddenly realizes...

QUINN

Oh, shit!

SINGING: *HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU, HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...*

CUT TO:

INT. CRAPI CONDOS - LIVING ROOM

QUINN'S PARENTS/DOLORES

Happy birthday dear, Qui-inn,
haaaaapy birthday to you!

Cake. 17 candles. As Quinn blows out the candles, DOLORES
GETS A TEXT. SHE SCREAMS.

QUINN

What?

DOLORES

My sister and my mother and father
got visas! Oh, my god!

QUINN

Wow. That's amazing.

Dolores cries. Dana and Brent hug Dolores. Quinn feels
pretty good right now.

INT. THE LAIR - CYBER CENTER

Quinn logs in and without looking, hooks up his hard drive.
He starts to download the data. Still sleepy, he rubs his
eyes, then sees:

QUINN

Oh... my g-g-g-g-g-g

PASSWORDS OBTAINED 2349450

We see PHOTOS and other DOCUMENTS of those involved: a list of PROMINENT POLITICIANS, OLIGARCHS, CELEBRITIES - BANK PASSWORDS - HUSH MONEY, FOREIGN OFFSHORE TAX HAVENS, the whole gambit of illicit activities.

POSSIBLE CRIMES - 1984598

QUINN

This is fantastic! We're gonna kick some a--

VISAS GRANTED 23001

We see a STREAM OF PICTURES OF HAPPY IMMIGRANTS.

QUINN

What? Visa's granted? Oh my God, Steve, I only wanted to help a few...

(to us)

Uh oh.

He thinks...

QUINN

My mom.

He types up an inquiry.

VIEWS = 20994513

QUINN

Uhhhh...

His phone beeps.

He answers.

QUINN

Mom. Wow... that's incredible! What about Dad? He did? Amazing. I'll...

(trying to break in)

I'll... I'll... I'll... Call you back.

He slams the phone down.

QUINN

Okay... Shut down-shut down.

Quinn types like a madman and hits enter. He exhales.

QUINN

(to us)

Thank god, I caught it before it
overloaded the system.

Then... Quinn's eyes grow like balloons.

DEFENSIVE MEASURES

QUINN

What? I didn't write that code!

PROCESSOR REDISTRIBUTION

We see a MATRIX DIAGRAM showing STEVE CONNECTING TO SERVERS
AROUND THE GLOBE.

QUINN

No! Don't go out on the internet!
Steve, stop! Steve! Shit shit
shit shit!

PASSWORD DETECTION RESUMING

QUINN

Resuming? Wait!

PROCESSORS = 60970046

QUINN

Oh shiiit.

PASSWORDS OBTAINED 34256945

Quinn laughs with slight hysteria.

QUINN

Thirty four-fifty-six mil- no, no
stop!

POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITIES 65090876

ALARMS SOUND.

VISAS GRANTED 54988

87643

109003

ALARM

Data spike. Data spike.
Reconfigure memory. Data spike.
Data spike. Reconfigure memory.
(MORE)

ALARM (CONT'D)

Data spike. Data spike.
Reconfigure memory.

DOLORES' QUINCEAÑERA VIDEO VIEWS = 400876333 (this number rapidly increases as we watch)

QUINN

I'm trying! I can't stop it!

SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

RECONFIGURE MEMORY

SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

QUINN

It's out of control! Stop!

ALAN ENTERS, rushing to his station.

He types in his:

OVERRIDE PASSWORD

PASSWORD INCORRECT

ALAN

What?

He re-enters the password.

PASSWORD INCORRECT

SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

RECONFIGURE MEMORY

SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

Alan runs to...

INT. THE LAIR - POWER SUPPLY ROOM

Alan starts slamming a row of INDUSTRIAL SIZE SWITCHES to the off position. Quinn enters, eyes wide with panic.

SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

RECONFIGURE MEMORY

SYSTEM FAILURE IMMINENT

ALAN

Oh, come on, man!

Alan goes to the MASTER POWER SWITCHES. He pauses as he looks at the warning sign above the switches that reads:

DO NOT MOVE TO THE OFF POSITION WITHOUT PROPER DATA PROTECTION PROTOCOL!

Alan takes a breath and slams the THREE MAIN POWER SWITCHES off.

LIGHTS OUT.

ALAN

Quinn?!

We hear the door close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE LAIR - MAJOR WHIMMLER'S OFFICE

Alan and Quinn sit in the chairs opposite an Major Whimmler's desk.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

You finally solved task thirty-nine, but, the data was lost when you shut the system down?

ALAN/QUINN

Yes.

Now just Alan.

ALAN

Yes. But I'm confident that we can recreate the software scenario again.

Quinn looks at Alan. "You can?"

MAJOR WHIMMLER

How long?

ALAN

Just give me twenty-four h--

MAJOR WHIMMLER

(yelling)

Goddammit you better!

(MORE)

MAJOR WHIMMLER (CONT'D)
Or both of you will be in a prison
cell in Guantanamo Bay!

QUINN
(to us)
Can they do that?

ALAN
(to the General)
Yessir!

Alan stands. Quinn too.

ALAN
Thank you for your patience and
underst--

MAJOR WHIMMLER
I want to kill you... Please leave.

Alan takes the hint and pulls Quinn out.

INT. THE LAIR - ALAN'S STATION - EVENING

Alan rubs his eyes. He thinks. He looks through the window
at Quinn. He picks up the phone.

ALAN
Yes, a reservation... for two...
we're having the veal... good. See
you at nine.

INT. CHANG'S INDIAN RESTAURANT

Alan and Quinn sit at a booth.

QUINN
So, this used to be a Chinese place
but some Pakistani's bought it?

ALAN
Yeah.

QUINN
And they kept Chang's?

ALAN
(bad mood)
Apparently so, Quinn.

QUINN

I got to ask you something. And this might sound like a kooky question. Are we really on the good guy's side?

ALAN

You know what I think. I think... The good guys... are just *the best* of the bad guys.

QUINN

Okay. Do you like Tandori ch-

ALAN

You know, the last two guys who had your job are in federal prison?

Quinn is getting anxious now.

ALAN

Quinn, where's the data?

QUINN

Data?

ALAN

Yeah. Data. The data you collected before the meltdown. It's got to have the program we need still on it. And why was my master override changed?

QUINN

Uh...

ALAN

(gently)
What happened, Quinn?
(explosive)
Our live's are on the f-ing line!

Quinn looks around. They're alone.

QUINN

I don't know what you're talking about.

(to us)

I can't tell him! I'll be in Snowden-level trouble.

ALAN

You think I'm stupid?

QUINN

No-

ALAN

You think I'm stupid?!

(beat)

You cracked it last night. But that's not what you came for is it? Visas? Procurements?

Quinn's face goes ashen.

QUINN

I was only trying to right a wrong!

ALAN

Are you insane? You could go to prison for this. So could I. I need to have that data to find the source code Steve used. That's the only way to solve task thirty-nine.

QUINN

I didn't copy any data.

ALAN

None?

QUINN

I swear.

The front door swings open and **SVETLANA** glides in. She looks serious too. She heads right for Quinn and Alan. She pulls a GUN WITH A SILENCER!

QUINN

Hey!

SVETLANA SHOOTS ALAN THROUGH THE HEART!

QUINN

Noooooooooooo!

She points the gun at Quinn. He thinks he's a dead man.

SVETLANA

Get up!

EXT. CHANG'S INDIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Quinn exits with Svetlana holding the gun in his back. A VAN AND TWO HUGE RUSSIAN DUDES shove him in.

SVETLANA

In the van!

Svetlana hops in the drivers seat and the van speeds away.

INT. A DARK PLACE

Quinn is TIED TO A CHAIR. We hear RUSSIAN BEING SPOKEN by the two big dudes in the background.

Svetlana walks over to him and softly caresses his cheek. Then SLAPS him. BLOOD drips from his nose.

The Russian men laugh.

SVETLANA

Where is the hard drive?

Slap.

SVETLANA

How does your program work?

Slap.

SVETLANA

Where is the hard drive?

Slap.

SVETLANA

Why are men so selfish and egotistical?!

Slap. Slap.

QUINN

(confused)

What does that have to do with me?

She raises her hand... Her CEL-PHONE rings. She speaks some Russian, but we are not privy to a translation.

She hangs up. Pulls out her HAND GUN. Loads a shell in the chamber. Points it at Quinn's head.

He awaits his death.

QUINN

(sotto to us)

I want to go home.

Then... She and the Russian dudes leave. A second later:

ALAN enters.

QUINN

What?!?

ALAN

Sorry about Svetlana. She's an asset I use sometimes for special tasks.

(to us)

She has some... demons.

(to Quinn)

She was just playing it convincingly.

Alan cuts the tape around Quinn's hands.

QUINN

My nose is red!

(looking down at his nose)

I have a red nose.

ALAN

Quinn, calm down and we'll--

QUINN

No! Waaaaait a minute.

(realization)

You don't work in the government.

You work for the government.

Quinn stands and points with both hands *alla Tom Cruise*.

QUINN

You're black ops. Contract work.

Quinn realizes.

QUINN

(to us)

I'm contract work.

ALAN

Quinn, contract, no contract, it doesn't matter. We are the best of the bad guys. Get used to it.

QUINN

That's so depressing. No. No way. You have to restore those people's citizenship. They didn't do anything wrong!

ALAN

What people?

QUINN

(nervous nodding)

You know who. You know who. I
know who...

(to us)

He knows who.

They don't know who. He walks out.

After Quinn leaves, Major Whimmler and Secretary Flynn reveal
THEY HAVE BEEN OBSERVING THROUGH MIRRORED GLASS.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Why are you letting him go?

ALAN

He needs time. I can find him.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

How?

Alan glares with irritated disbelief.

SECRETARY FLYNN

Okay. You have twelve hours.
Then we'll find him.

ALAN

Yes, sir.

SECRETARY FLYNN

By the way. What family is he
talking about?

ALAN

I'm not sure.

EXT. CRAPI CONDOS - NIGHT

Quinn stands a short distance from his building, hidden in
the shadows.

2 VANS are PARKED in front. One is clearly occupied.

He begins a text then thinks again... No texting. He turns
off his phone.

He SNEAKS to a DRAINAGE CANAL that runs behind his condos.

Quinn finds a torn section of fence and slips through. He carefully works his way to DOLORES'S WINDOW and knocks.

Dolores opens the window. Her face is weary from crying.

QUINN

Hey, I need a favor - what's the matter?

DOLORES

My grandparents were arrested by ICE. Something about a visa violation. Six other cousins are missing. What happened to your face?

QUINN

I can't really talk about it. Don't worry about your family. I'll make everything right!

DOLORES

How are you gonna help?

QUINN

Senior Brain-o has a plan.

DOLORES

(cheered up a bit - sexy)
Ohhh, the world is safe in his hands. Look at you!

QUINN

(embarrassed)
Well...

DOLORES

So, what's the favor?

QUINN

I need a place to sleep.

DOLORES

(to us)
Uh huh.
(to him)
Uh huh.

QUINN

No really. I'll go anywhere.

MUSIC CUE:

MEXICAN TRADITIONAL FOLK MUSIC

INT. TACO MAS TACO - LITTLE MEXICO

We glide through a BUSTLING MEXICAN RESTAURANT. The patrons are mostly Hispanic. This ain't no fast food. This is the real thing.

We pass through the KITCHEN DOORS AND INTO THE BACK OFFICE.

Dolores and a few of her RELATIVES, who we saw at the get-together earlier, surround Quinn.

DOLORES

You can stay here for now and Lopez has a bed you can use at his house.

QUINN

Gracias. Gracias.

The relatives leave.

DOLORES

Aren't your parents worried?

QUINN

I sent my mom a note through her Youtube channel. She thinks I'm at a computer camp. She's busy with her videos.

(underplaying)

And my dad sold a bunch of his workout equipment. And my Grandparents...

(looks at us)

I forgot about them.

CUT TO:

SOMEWHERE IN A MEXICAN TOWN

Quinn's grandparents, weary and tattered approach locals.

GRANDMA

Excuse me Senior, our passports were invalid and then our belongings were stolen--

The man walks away. He doesn't speak English.

GRANDPA
Ma'am, can you loan us a few
dollars--

GRANDMA
Pesos!

The woman shuffles away.

GRANDMA
What are we going to do?

MAN
Excuse me.

They turn.

MAN
Do you need help getting back into
the United States?

GRANDPA
Yes we, do.

MAN
Do you have passports?

GRANDPA
No, they were stolen but before
that they were rejected at the
customs window.

The man smiles and it's kinda scary.

MAN
Okay, okay. No worries. We get
you back.

CUT TO:

INSIDE A MOVING TRUCK AS THE BACK DOORS OPEN.

Quinn's grandparents look inside to see TEN TERRIFIED
IMMIGRANT FAMILIES ALL AWAITING TRANSPORT INTO THE UNITED
STATES.

MAN
Five thousand for each of you. US
hundred dollar bills only.

CUT BACK TO:

TACO MAS TACO - BACKROOM

QUINN

I'm sure they're fine.

Quinn glances at us. Dolores holds his hand. They are about to kiss again but...

A worker enters to get something, so they pull back.

QUINN

(to Dolores)

Do they have wi-fi here?

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO MAS TACO - NIGHT

The last patrons leave with hugs as the family restaurant closes for the evening.

INT. TACO MAS TACO - BACKROOM - NIGHT

Dolores and Quinn eat LEFTOVERS. A TV plays LOCAL NEWS.

TV ANNOUNCER

Officials are still trying to figure out exactly how the Visa's were issued, but for now some thirty-thousand folks are thrilled to be granted asylum in the United States.

TEARFUL IMMIGRANT

I'm so happy to be part of America!
Thank you!

Quinn gulps and nervously smiles. A relative enters.

RELATIVE

(in Spanish with subtitles)

Lock up, okay?

Once they are alone, Quinn takes the HARD DRIVE from his backpack. He connects to his computer.

QUINN

Okay. Let's check this out.

AS BEFORE, We see on his screen:

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - EXTORTION

*PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - MONEY
LAUNDERING*

*PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - ILLEGAL
CAMPAIGN FINANCE PAYMENT*

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - TAX FRAUD

PASSWORD OBTAINED - POSSIBLE CRIMINAL ACTIVITY - RACKETEERING

DOLORES

What is all this?

QUINN

The results of my program. You
gotta keep this to yourself, K?

(re: her nod)

Okay. It snoops for passwords that
can be cracked and then, if it
finds one...

(guilty smile)

And this is the part that might
make some people a bit angry - It
then cross references the data and
uses A.I. to scan for possible
crimes and then produces a report.

DOLORES

So, it's like a detective and a
hacker put together?

QUINN

Yeah. You could say that.

DOLORES

How many crimes has it found?

QUINN

Well, heh heh, that's the thing.
If I were to run the program on a
laptop like this it might locate a
crime like... every few days. But
if you have enough processing
power, you can net...

He looks.

QUINN

Twenty million give or take per
day.

DOLORES

Shut up! Those are all crimes
being committed right now?!
(MORE)

DOLORES (CONT'D)

(to us)

There are a lot of assholes out there!

QUINN

Well, *suspected*.

(to us)

Suspected.

DOLORES

Are there any *famous* people?

QUINN

Let's see. Pick one.

DOLORES

Jennifer Lopez.

He does a quick search. We see:

QUERY: NEGATIVE

QUINN

Nope, but I can rank by the severity of the infraction... You know, who the really bad guys are.

He ranks the list. At the top of the list:

QUINN

Secretary Flynn!?

(to us)

Holy sheet!

DOLORES

Who is that?

QUINN

He's my boss's, boss's, boss.

Quinn OPENS THE FILE REPORT.

DOLORES

(reads monitor)

Conspiracy to act against the United States in conjunction with a foreign nation. That's f-d up, dude.

He opens FOLDER AFTER FOLDER of pertinent info. CHARTS. DIAGRAMS OF MISSILE SILOS. MAPS.

TARGETS.

Associates - RUSSIANS. Lots of them.

QUINN

This is scary.

DOLORES

What are they planning?

QUINN

Here...

A STEVE-GENERATED SUMMARY appears.

QUINN

According to Steve the plan is to--

DOLORES

Who's Steve?

QUINN

Steve is the nickname for the supercomputer we use at work.

DOLORES

Why not a girl's name?

QUINN

Uh... I didn't name it.
(back to the conspiracy)
I wonder how they're going to pull this off--

DOLORES

Well, are you just going to let women be pushed off into the margins?

QUINN

Uh... no?

DOLORES

(to us)
Me too?

QUINN

Okay. I guess we could just call it - her...

DOLORES

Let me pick! Let me pick!
Ummmm.... Lydia.

QUINN

Lydia?

DOLORES

Lydia. It's pretty.

QUINN

Okay, so...

(looks at Dolores)

Lydia is saying the Secretary of Cyberwarfare--

DOLORES

Yes, that sounds way better. I like Lydia.

QUINN

The Secretary of Cyberwarfare is planning on launching a first strike on North Korea...

(shaken)

This is bad.

Quinn is sincerely scared. Dolores scoots in tighter. Quinn continues. As Quinn talks, LYDIA DISPLAYS A VIRTUAL POWER-POINT OF THE FOLLOWING.

QUINN

... To initiate a counter attack from North Korea with Russian warheads smuggled across their northern border. Lydia also says, a faction of the US Government aligned with Russia will call for the arrest of the president and order marshal law nationwide. Oligarch friendly Russian forces and aligned US forces plot to invade Alaska and northern Canada during the retaliation with goal of controlling the northern hemisphere?

(to us)

Nice graphics.

(to Dolores)

Russia, through social media has been cultivating Americans with ultra-conservative views, to create a new northern alliance, a Russo-American white purification zone.

DOLORES

So a bunch of Russian oligarchs are paying rotten US army dudes to steal Alaska and Canada and make it white only?

QUINN

I guess so. Steve-sorry-Lydia says that purposely accelerated global warming will starve countries not in the inhabitable zone.

DOLORES

Purposely? How?

QUINN

By burning fossil fuels - that explains Russia's attack on renewable energy.

DOLORES

If it's too hot to live in the hot parts of the world, where will people go?

Quinn walks to a map of the world on the kitchen wall.

QUINN

North... Or South, but there's not a lot of land down south.

DOLORES

No wonder they want to build a wall! You have to stop this asshole.

QUINN

Wait... North Korea will retaliate? That means they will hit the US!

He reads on.

QUINN

The primary target for retaliation is...

DOLORES

Los Angeles? No way!
(to us)
This has been a really tough week.

QUINN

Task thirty-nine.

DOLORES

Huh?

QUINN

Task thirty-nine.

He types. More data.

QUINN

Here... Yes! This is it! This is why he needs my program!

(reading)

The Secretary plans to visit a US ICBM silo near Fairbanks for a formal inspection. The silo likely has been infiltrated by pro-Russian operatives within the US armed forces. He will provide encryption software to override the safeties and allow a launch. This is only a projection.

Quinn looks nauseous.

DOLORES

Que paso? What's the matter?

QUINN

That's my program.

BANG BANG on the door!

ALAN (O.C.)

Quinn? We need to talk.

Quinn shushes Dolores.

ALAN (O.C)

Hi Dolores. I'm Alan, Quinn's boss. Quinn is probable shushing you, right?

DOLORES

Yes. Oops.

ALAN (O.C)

Now he's probably giving you a dirty look.

He is.

DOLORES

Yep.

ALAN (O.C)

Quinn, I've been monitoring you. I just learned what you learned.

Quinn's head spins.

QUINN

You can't let this happen!

ALAN (O.C)

I agree. Please open the door.

QUINN

How do I know you're not going to turn me in?

ALAN (O.C)

Quinn, I can do that now. What are you gonna do? Hide behind the mop?

DOLORES

He's telling the truth.

QUINN

How do you know?

DOLORES

I can hear it in his voice, stupid!

ALAN (O.C)

Quinn, Sanjay cracked task thirty-nine using a reverse engineered version of your program. The Secretary has that program now.

Quinn has no choice. He opens the door. Alan enters.

ALAN

Alan.

DOLORES

Dolores. Nice to meet you. Dude, we got to stop this guy.

ALAN

Agreed... we?

DOLORES

Can we get that program?

QUINN

Dolores, I got this.

(to Alan)

Can we get that program?

ALAN

Sure. Its on a USB stick at the Lair.

QUINN
Cool. Let's--

ALAN
In the Secretary's office.

QUINN
K-.

ALAN
In his safe.

DOLORES
Thud.

QUINN
So. What do we do?

ALAN
What do we do?! Unless you can think of a way to sneak into his office and crack his safe, then...

Alan looks at these young kids - they're looking to him to save their lives. He seems to come to a realization.

ALAN
Do you know anyone with a moving van?

DOLORES
Are you kidding?
(to us)
Is he kidding?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LAIR - DAY

RAMIREZ MOVING CO. TRUCK ARRIVES.

Dolores hops out. She enters the main lobby. Goes to the guard.

DOLORES
Delivery for Secretary Flynn.

SECURITY GUARD
I don't have you on the list.
Aren't you a little young for a--

ALAN ENTERS the main lobby from inside.

ALAN

It's okay Gene. I got this. Bring it in. I'll show them where it goes. You know Flynn, he's a real bear if things aren't as he ordered.

GENE

So true.

Gene buzzes them in. The RAMIREZ BOYS CARRY THE COUCH inside.

INT. THE LAIR - SECRETARY FLYNN'S OFFICE

Alan leads the men in and they set the couch down. FLYNN'S STYLISTICALLY RESTRAINED SECRETARY, BREE, 55, hovers near. Her hair is pulled back in a severely tight knot. She's not warm.

ALAN

Bree, is that a new haircut? You look radiant.

Bree seems thrown off.

BREE

No. I--

ALAN

Hey, I wanted to know what a guy would get his niece for her tenth birthday...

He ushers her out of the room. A SIDE PANEL on the couch opens and Quinn crawls out. He ROLLS across the floor and hides UNDER THE SECRETARY'S DESK. The men pick up the old sofa and take it out.

Alan and Bree enter.

BREE

That's the one he chose? He ordered leather.

ALAN

You sure?

This ain't leather and is PAINFULLY MISMATCHED to the office. Alan hustles her out again and closes the door.

Quinn goes to the safe. He pulls a list of possible combos. He scans the list.

HE GRABS THE DIAL BUT THE SAFE SIMPLY OPENS. Quinn sees...
Nothing.

QUINN
Empty. Empty?!

We can hear ALAN AND BREE APPROACHING.

Quinn runs back and crawls into the sofa. Alan and Bree enter.

ALAN
You know. I think you're right,
Bree. This can't be the right
sofa. It doesn't even match.

BREE
That's what I've been saying!

Alan grabs a phone.

ALAN
Gene? Will you snag those
furniture guys and send them back
up here? They got the wrong order.

He hangs up and smiles at Bree.

INT. THE LAIR - LOBBY

Alan and the cousins move the new couch out.

ALAN
Gene I'm gonna go with these guys
and make sure they get the order
right.

GENE
Sure thing, Alan.

EXT. THE LAIR - DAY

They load the sofa in the truck. Alan hops in the cab. As they drive away, Quinn emerges from the sofa and goes forward.

QUINN
Empty. I was in. It was empty.

ALAN
You're sure?

DOLORES

Did you look everywhere? Sometimes I look in my purse and I can't find my lip balm or something and I look in their again and there it is!

QUINN

It's a small square box!

ALAN

No. He obviously got it last night. He only has to get to Alaska now.

QUINN

The inspection.

ALAN

Yes. I read up on the procedures. They have to change the codes on the ICBM itself. Maybe there's a back door... but... we'd also have to have direct access to the mainframe aboard the missile, so...

DOLORES

Why don't you call the police? Or the army or the CIA? You guys aren't commandos!

ALAN

What would we tell them?

DOLORES

That you've uncovered a secret plot to overthrow the United States of America and create a new northern alliance of white people'n'shit!
'Scooze my mouth.

ALAN

We have to have proof - these are just projections by Steve.

DOLORES

Lydia.

ALAN

What?

DOLORES

(proudly)
We renamed Steve.

ALAN

You can't rename Steve.

QUINN

Well, Dolores felt--

DOLORES

We felt that super computer nicknames were too macho.

ALAN

And you like *Lydia*?

DOLORES

Yes! It's pretty.

ALAN

So Steve is now Lydia.

QUINN

Focus?! The only way to stop the missile launch is to hack to computer on site, right? We just need to get to Fairbanks too.

Alan rolls his eyes. Then...

ALAN

Wait, I think I know who can get us there. In the meantime we need to get some special help. Quinn, make sure Dolores gets home. I'll contact you with the details.

DOLORES

Uh, no way dude. My whole family is gone. I'm staying with Quinn.

ALAN

Dolores--

DOLORES

Uh uh, we're a team. Like family.

She hugs Quinn. He smiles.

QUINN

Like family, bro.
(to us)
Family...

CUT TO:

THE DESERT

The MOVING VAN HAS CRASHED and the BANDITOS SHOOT IT OUT WITH ANOTHER RIVAL GANG. Quinn's grandparents take cover behind a burnt-out bus. One of the banditos shoots the driver of the truck. He needs help.

GRANDMA
Help him, honey!

Grandpa hobbles over to the driver and drags him to safety.

GRANDPA
(to us)
I served in Vietnam.

GRANDPA
Move out!

Grandpa now leads the whole rag tag team of refugees into the desert night.

DISSOLVE TO:

CAMPFIRE

Grandma and Grandpa laugh and share food with the others.

INT. THE LAIR - MAJOR WHIMMSLEY'S OFFICE

Alan sits in a chair, quietly waiting while the Major reads his brief.

MAJOR WHIMMLER
Jesus. If this is true, we got to alert SAC ASAP.

He reaches for his phone.

ALAN
No no-no-no-no! With all due respect, Major, we need to be quiet. Just a small security force is necessary.

MAJOR WHIMMLER
Ahhh... Like the good ol' days?

ALAN
(small smile)
I'm not liberty to discuss that, sir.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Of course. Just how do you plan to get there before the Secretary? You can't use a military aircraft. You can't fly commercial.

ALAN

I have some contacts from my past.

The major leans back. He's doesn't like this.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Russians.

ALAN

Nice ones.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Uh huh.

ALAN

I have a list of strike-team members I trust. I've already contacted them and they're working on the plan to get us near the missile.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Sure. What could go wrong?

ALAN

We could fail and world war three could start.

The Major rises and goes to a picture of his family on the wall.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

I want to be in constant contact.

ALAN

We can't have any--

MAJOR WHIMMLER

I'll dispatch a limited support team. We'll keep the whole thing black. Don't worry. But you better understand the risk you are undertaking here. I mean you know the biz, but that kid...

Alan nods, showing concern.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

There are awesome powers a work here. If Flynn truly is dirty and he so much as tries to light a firecracker without Washington's okay, we're gonna vaporize the whole site.

The Major returns to his seat.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

After all, such a tragic nuclear accident doesn't happen that often. Luckily we'll have "contained the radiation". And we'll have lovely service with twenty-one guns for those who lost their lives in service to the United States.

Alan feels the weight.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Careful with the Russians.

ALAN

(no problem)
I got this.

SMASH CUT TO:

A JET ENGINE SCREAMS AS A SMALL PRIVATE JET TAXIS INTO VIEW.

SVETLANA EMERGES from the cabin in SLOW MOTION. DAMN SHE'S HOT.

We are at:

EXT. SMALL LOCAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

The Ramirez Moving Co. Van pulls up. Alan, Quinn and Dolores hop out. Dolores hugs her cousin/driver. Quinn, aside to Alan:

QUINN

Her?! Her!?

ALAN

Cool down. She's friends with an oligarch. It's his jet.

QUINN

She'll throw us out over the Yukon!

ALAN

Relax. I'm ninety... four percent sure she's on our side.

QUINN

Jesus! How do we know she's not a honey pot?

ALAN

I always assumed she was. Just keep your hand out of the honey jar and I'll be fine.

QUINN

I'll? You said, *I'll*.
(to us)
He said *I'll*.

Alan's focused on Svetlana's smokin' body.

ALAN

About thirty-five-thousand feet.

Dolores catches up, but Quinn too, is captured by Svetlana's hot body.

DOLORES

Who's she?

QUINN

A Gulf-Stream 190, I think.

Dolores hits is arm.

DOLORES

Stop!

The trio walks toward the jet. Svetlana hugs Alan. She looks at Quinn and strokes his face.

SVETLANA

I remember these cheeks.

Dolores pulls him close.

QUINN

I remember those--

DOLORES

Eh hmmm!

QUINN

Hands.

SVETLANA

Who's she?

DOLORES

Umm, scooze me, the girlfriend?
Who are you?

SVETLANA

Svetlana.

DOLORES

Dolores.

QUINN

She's here for support. She made
some killer arroz con pollo for the
flight.

Dolores holds up some TO-GO BAGS.

Svetlana MUTTERS SOME FOUL RUSSIAN as she walks away.

Alan looks at Quinn. She's really coming?

ALAN

(sarcastic)

Arroz con pollo?

DOLORES

It's great for picnics! Or
wherever.

CUT TO:

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET

The jet, PILOTED BY SVETLANA, AND A CO-PILOT, cruises.

Svetlana looks to her co-pilot, who scarfs from a TO-GO
CONTAINER. She grudgingly takes it and eats some of Dolores'
food.

Mmmmmmm.

SVETLANA

(swears in Russian)

Suka, blyad!

VAROOOMM...

WE SEE: THE JET SOAR over the ALASKAN MOUNTAINS.

FADE OUT.

QUINN (O.S.)
When are we landing?

SVETLANA (O.S.)
We're not.

SMASH CUT TO:

All FOUR ARE FREE-FALLING THROUGH THE NIGHT SKY.

SVETLANA GIVES A THUMBS UP and they pull their RIPCORDS.

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - EARLY DAWN

A SNOWSTORM creates a whirl of white as the quartet lands on THREE FEET OF POWDER. Svetlana and Alan quickly remove their jump gear. Alan helps Dolores and Svetlana helps Quinn. Dolores wastes no time in getting to Quinn.

Svetlana moves away with a *whatever* look. Dolores looks to Quinn.

DOLORES
She's super pretty.

QUINN
But can she cook?

Dolores kisses his cheek.

RED LASER BEAMS cut through the snow. ALAN'S team has located them. A SNOW CRAWLER rolls up.

CUT TO:

A TEN MAN SNOW CRAWLER PLOWS THROUGH WAIST-HIGH SNOW.

MORRIS UPTON (PRELAP)
You have to disarm the missile
after the Secretary initiates the
program...

INT. SNOW CRAWLER

MORRIS UPTON, civilian, black, Chicago native, with wide, intense eyes, continues.

MORRIS UPTON
Otherwise we can't charge him with
a crime. In fact, you all can be
arrested for treason if you fail.
(MORE)

MORRIS UPTON (CONT'D)

The U.S. Government will disavow any knowledge of your mission and you'll be hanged. So, there's that.

ALAN

Who are you?

MORRIS UPTON

Morris Upton, government affairs. Major Whimmler asked for our assistance.

DOLORES

Why don't you just shoot those dudes before they launch?

MORRIS UPTON

We...

(who is this girl?)

Don't know who the bad guys are. It could be all or none of his men.

QUINN

(to Morris)

What agency are you from, again?

MORRIS UPTON

Oh, look a reindeer!

Quinn looks out the window and can't see shit. Wait a minute. He turns back and Morris has his phone headphones on, pretending to text.

QUINN

Come on, I can see you're not texting. Are you part of the... *deep* state?

Morris looks him in the eye.

MORRIS UPTON

Deeper. Much deeper.

Meanwhile, Svetlana NOTES one of the COMMANDO'S TIGHT ASS.

SVETLANA

Nice muscle tone.

She slaps his ass. He smiles. Appreciative.

COMMANDO

We've been training on a new device. You ever hear of the Bust2Bunns?

Quinn looks at camera. WTF!

DRIVER

Drop-off is in one click.

DOLORES

I brought some chips and salsa. Is anyone hungry?

She pulls from her parka, an impressive BAG OF YELLOW-CORN TORTILLA CHIPS and a little to-go CONTAINER OF SALSA she had stuffed in her clothes. Everyone looks at her in total disbelief. Then...

COMMANDO

Actually, I missed dinner.

MORRIS UPTON

(thankful)
Me too.

Everyone now digs in.

COMMANDO

God that's good. Man I love good Mexican food. I really love good Mexican food.

Dolores smiles. Definitely part of the team.

MORRIS UPTON

Now,
(licks his fingers)
Here's a layout of the base.

He uses the salsa container to hold down the map. People continue to dip.

MORRIS UPTON

Once we get you into the hanger, you'll have to get to this small building where the servers and routers are housed.

QUINN

(looking around)
Do we have any water?

COMMANDO

Yeah, here you go.

He tosses a bottle to Quinn.

ALAN

Let me get one of those.

CAPTAIN KELLY

Yeah, I could use one of those too.

DOLORES

Me too.

DRIVER

(re; his chip)

Is that a hint of fresh lime?

MORRIS UPTON

(breaking in)

You can access the whole network...

(attention regained)

From there. If Secretary Flynn makes a move, you'll have just a few minutes to intervene. If you fail. If that bird looks like it is going up, we have eight F-22's that are gonna drop a couple dozen j-dams before it can clear the hole.

(re: his team)

We'll be fine... we're all up the road at the Day's Inn, well out of the blast zone. But you guys, will probably be uh... *collateral* damage. But, the good news is that if you're all blown to bits, that would of course, cancel any treason charges.

QUINN

(sarcastic)

Sweet.

DOLORES

Man, that's messed up! You're own guys are here. But, shh, I guess you can't let L. A. get nuked either, huh?

MORRIS UPTON

I don't think I could have said it better myself. Good luck and God speed.

He bites a chip.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALASKAN WILDERNESS - ICBM BASE DELTA 7 - NIGHT

A CARAVAN of FIVE official vehicles are nearly hidden by a BLIZZARD as they approach the base. HEADLIGHTS hardly penetrate the harsh conditions.

Unseen by the other vehicles, a SIXTH vehicle joins the rear. It matches the others perfectly.

The fifth vehicle's driver finally notes the vehicle whose headlights are off.

FIFTH DRIVER/SOLDIER ONE

Hey did we have a sixth support?

His partner, another soldier, who eats a power bar, looks back.

SOLDIER TWO

Secretary probably wanted to feel more important.

EXT. ICBM BASE DELTA 7 - NIGHT

The caravan is granted access and they roll towards the SUPPORT BUILDINGS that make the base.

INT. ICBM BASE DELTA 7 - HANGER 2

The caravan enters. The GIANT DOORS close behind them.

Secretary Flynn and his small entourage, exit their vehicles.

Soldiers stand at ease.

The BASE COMMANDER, a no-nonsense, ball-buster, greets Flynn.

BASE COMMANDER

Welcome, Secretary Flynn. I can't tell you what a thrill it is to have you here.

SECRETARY FLYNN

The feeling is mutual, Commander. I can't wait to see the big bullet.

BASE COMMANDER

Well, let's get started. First, we'll give you a look at the control center.

A few soldiers remain behind while most accompany the entourage out of the hanger.

The rear of the sixth vehicle opens a tad. Svetlana takes a peek.

SVETLANA

Two soldiers at three-o'clock, two more at seven.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE, Quinn, Alan, Dolores, Svetlana and TWO COMMANDOS.

COMMANDO

(with commando fervor)

Good.

(re; map)

We have a pathway toward the service doors. Once out, it's fifty meters to our target. I'll cover you if shooting starts. It's pretty cold out there so you might want to use some lip balm.

QUINN

What if we get hit? You know by a bullet?

COMMANDO

Just try to remain calm. The cold will take over from there.

QUINN

Those are *dying instructions*.

SVETLANA

Hey! Shhhhh.

DOLORES

(teasing)

You got shuuuushed.

Quinn doesn't like the ribbing.

DOLORES

Be careful. Human flesh can freeze in less than two minutes at this temperature.

QUINN

How did you know that?

DOLORES

I studied. I'm going for a medical degree. Probably in obstetrics.

QUINN

I thought you liked cooking. You're gonna be a doctor?

DOLORES

(to us)

Okay. Here we go...

(to Quinn)

Oh, so little Latina girl, must be a cook, huh? Can't have a brain like you?

QUINN

No. I didn't mean that.

DOLORES

Oh, yeah? Mmm mmmm.

Alan wipes his face.

DOLORES

I'm not talking to you. You don't respect your woman.

SVETLANA

She's right. I get that shit all the time.

Svetlana nods at Dolores. Dolores is vindicated by her new BFF, Svetlana.

QUINN

Dolores--

Dolores gives him the cold shoulder.

DOLORES

Someone's in the doghouse, could it be you? Hmm?

SVETLANA

Okay. Target is clear. Go.

QUINN

But... Dolores...

SVETLANA

Go!

Allen, Quinn and one commando emerge from the vehicle. Wearing ALL-WHITE SNOW SUITS they blend in nicely with the all-white interior of the hanger. They creep through some stacks of stuff and reach the door but...

Holy shit!

SOMEBODY OPENS THE DOOR FROM OUTSIDE!

They crouch on behind a RACK OF OUTDOOR GEAR DOOR as three soldiers wearing similar outdoor gear walk in and pop off their HELMETS. They place the helmets on the rack and as they walk away, Alan, Quinn, and the commando EMERGE from behind the thick wall of clothing. At the direction of their commando, they each don a helmet and slip out the back.

Blizzard conditions continue and they fight their way, through DEEP SNOWDRIFTS.

INSIDE THE VEHICLE...

DOLORES

I think I was too hard on him.

SVETLANA

I would have scratched his eyes out.

DOLORES

You're so bad ass.

SVETLANA

I know. But... I'm not very good holding the boyfriend, like you.

DOLORES

Why?

She whips out an ATTACK KNIFE.

SVETLANA

Because I want to kill them!
But...

(chokes up)

I love them.

Svetlana WIPES AWAY A TEAR.

The remaining COMMANDO TAKES NOTE WITH SOME TREPIDATION. He then goes back to scanning the area.

DOLORES

Totally get it. My first boyfriend
broke up by texting my friend who
texted my other friend who then
texted me!

SVETLANA

Dog!

EXT. ICBM BASE DELTA 7 - NIGHT

A brutal WHIRLWIND OF SNOW taunts Alan, Quinn and the
commando. A SPOTLIGHT sweeps. They duck. IT COULDN'T GET
ANY SCARIER!

SMASH CUT TO:

INSIDE THE VEHICLE,

Svetlana and Dolores have moved on to make-up techniques.

SVETLANA

I use an eyebrow pencil. See.

DOLORES

That is so sexy.

Svetlana suddenly looks vulnerable.

SVETLANA

You know...

DOLORES

What?

SVETLANA

I wanted to be a doctor.

DOLORES

Really?

SVETLANA

Yes, but men wouldn't see me for
anything else than an incredibly
beautiful woman. You should be
thankful you're just really cute.

DOLORES

(touched)
I'm really cute?

SVETLANA

Well, yes. And bright.

Dolores hugs her. A few tears.

The commando shakes his head and checks his watch.

CONTINUOUS:

LAUNCH CONTROL ROOM

The Secretary continues his tour of the launch control room.

BASE COMMANDER

And here... this is our radar and tracking station.

The Secretary wipes his forehead and glances at one of the two essential LAUNCH CAPTAINS (the guys who turn the keys). That guy glances back - HIS FOREHEAD ALSO SWEATING.

BASE COMMANDER

(Fading in)

... And so you can see there are several safeguards - are you all right Mr. Secretary?

SECRETARY FLYNN

Uh... Yes. It's a bit hot down here.

BASE COMMANDER

Yes it is, sir. We'll see if we can get the air on a bit higher. In the mean time, let's go see the big bullet. It's fifty-five degrees in the silo. That'll frost your nipples.

SECRETARY FLYNN

Sorry?

BASE COMMANDER

Uh, this way, sir.

SECRETARY FLYNN

Oh, I almost forgot...

Secretary Flynn, SHAKES HANDS WITH THE TWO LAUNCH CAPTAINS.

SECRETARY FLYNN

Excellent work, men.

THE SECOND ONE, HE SLIPS A USB STICK.

As they leave THE SECOND LAUNCH CAPTAIN SURREPTITIOUSLY INSERTS THE USB in the control panel.

AT THE DAY'S INN...

ROOM 674

Morris and his guys are in sweats, eating microwave POPCORN and watching the CCTV cameras via a sat hook-up on his laptop. They see the USB exchange.

MORRIS UPTON

(chewing)

That's it. He made the exchange.
If they initiate the launch we can
move in.

AT THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

Alan, Quinn and the commando reach the door.

COMMANDO

Hold it.

(listens to ear piece)

Flynn made the exchange! We got to
get into the system before they
launch!

INSIDE THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

The TRIO busts in.

A low level worker, LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN, is there. The commando aims his rifle and O'Brian puts his hands up.

COMMANDO

(official and loud)

This is a matter of national
security! Step away from your
computer and drop your mouse!

He does. It hits the floor and SMASHES.

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN

(truly hurt)

That was a new mouse.

Quinn and Alan go to work on separate monitors.

QUINN

Partitioning the drives.

ALAN

Mounting the program.

QUINN

Penetrating the preferences.

COMMANDO

What the hell are you guys talking about?

INSIDE THE VEHICLE,

COMMANDO

Uh oh. Sniffers!

OUTSIDE THE VEHICLE,

Some SOLDIERS ARE TALKING AND MOTIONING TO THE VEHICLE. The definitely see something.

SVETLANA

Get down.

Dolores hides under some snow gear. Svetlana lifts an AUTOMATIC WEAPON.

The men are POINTING and arguing. Then ONE WALKS TOWARD THE VEHICLE. He is right outside the back window! Svetlana is ready to pounce, but...

THE GUY BENDS DOWN and comes up with A TORTILLA CHIP.

SOLDIER

Told you it wasn't no crab! It was a damn tortilla chip.

The other soldier cracks up. The first guy eats it.

COMMANDO

That was close.

SVETLANA

Too close for me.

DOLORES

What?

SVETLANA

I'm going to stop the missile.
Someone has to!

COMMANDO

No! Stay here. I'll protect you.

Svetlana aims at the commando.

SVETLANA

I don't need a man to protect me!

COMMANDO

(shaken)

You know, sister, sometimes you
just gotta follow your heart.

DOLORES

I say that all the time!

Svetlana SLIPS OUT THE BACK.

CUT TO:

US BORDER CROSSING - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

The moving van, DRIVEN BY QUINN'S GRANDPARENTS, nears the
inspection check point.

GRANDPA

Just stay calm.

GRANDMA

I can't believe we're doing this.

GRANDPA

I learned something last night.

(to us)

This is the best thing I've done
since the service. I feel...
happy. Hot damn! I'm happy.

GRANDMA

Oh, dear.

INSIDE THE SILO,

The Base Commander, Secretary Flynn, plus his entourage and
some SECURITY FORCES stand at the BASE OF THE IMPRESSIVE
ROCKET.

BASE COMMANDER

This is an XL class ICBM. It has a
multi-warhead tip and can strike
any on Earth in twenty minutes.

Svetlana CREEPS into the silo and hides.

BASE COMMANDER

Here at the base of the missile you
see the engines. They produce a
phenomenal amount of thrust.

Svetlana, as deftly as a cat, CLIMBS up a GANTRY and peers down.

BASE COMMANDER

Now, here is where you put your weener.

SECRETARY FLYNN

Beg your pardon?

BASE COMMANDER

If you want your hot dog cooked well done!

BELLY-LAUGHS all around. Svetlana sneers.

BASE COMMANDER

(dead serious)

But seriously. A standard hotdog would be carbonized in less than a millisecond. Eh um, If you'll step over here we'll show you how to open the hatch.

They move to the MANUAL HATCH RELEASE.

BASE COMMANDER

Now, if you'll just lift that glass panel and hit the red button, Mr. Secretary...

He does. PPISSSSSHHHHHHHHHH. The MASSIVE DOORS at the top of the silo open. SNOW now falls directly into the silo.

BASE COMMANDER

Now let's go inside 'fore we freeze our kiwis.

SECRETARY FLYNN

Yes! Let's get inside.

He wipes his brow.

Sweating in a freezing-cold silo?

SVETLANA

Bastard. He **is** going to do it.

She rises from her hiding spot.

SVETLANA

(to us)

Maybe I should kill them all.

She EYES a soldier's M-16.

She starts down and is ready to exit when RED LIGHTS FLASH AND ALARMS SOUND.

BASE COMMANDER
That's our cue to get back in the control room. Men?

The men exit. She follows but... before she can get there, THE DOOR IS LOCKED. She tugs on it. Shit. It's a BLAST DOOR and it AIN'T OPENING.

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM,

BASE COMMANDER
Now what you're about to see is a actual training exercise. Every motion will be identical to the procedures we'd use if this were a real launch. Of course without the codes, the bird won't fly.

The men YELL OUT COMMANDS. It's all very precise and intense.

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

QUINN
Okay where's your modem?

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN
What modem? You mean for outside the base?

QUINN
Yeah, you have internet access?

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN
No. We have a local network for administration but we haven't had outside contact for decades. The codes are delivered via radio waves. It's a small amount of actual data so...

QUINN
How are we gonna hook up with Lydia? We need her if we're gonna do a three-way!

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN
Excuse me?

ALAN

Wait, you said decades right?

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN

Yeah.

ALAN

Where's your storage?

CUT TO:

COMPUTER ROOM - STORAGE AREA

Alan frantically digs through old equipment...

ALAN

You guys don't throw stuff away do you, right... cause it's expensive to haul out, right.

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN

Yes I suppose. I just got here six months ago.

ALAN

It's gotta be here... Where are you... Yes!

He holds up a **DIAL-UP MODEM CIRCA 1996** and hands it to Quinn.

QUINN

We're going to save the world with a dial-up modem?

(to us)

I've only seen these in museums!

INSIDE THE VEHICLE,

DOLORES

(polite)

Uh, excuse me, commando guy, I have to go to the bathroom.

COMMANDO

Well, what do you want me to do about it?

DOLORES

Take me to the bathroom.

COMMANDO

What are you, five? We're on a mission here.

DOLORES

If you were a true gentleman you'd
take me.

COMMANDO

We could get shot. Go in a bottle!

DOLORES

No. It's... poopies.

COMMANDO

Poopies?

DOLORES

Yes.
(to us)
Poopies.

COMMANDO

No! You just have to hold it.

Dolores tries. She bites her lip.

DOLORES

Nope. Sorry.

She OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT. The commando is freaked
and points his M-16 at her.

COMMANDO

(whisper)
Stop or I'll blow your head off!

DOLORES

(whisper)
No you won't. They'll hear. Take
me or I'll scream!

The commando GRITS his teeth. He crawls out.

Dolores spots the LATRINE.

COMMANDO

(whisper)
Keep your head down.

Dolores and Command CROSS THE HANGER AS IF THEY WERE
ADVANCING THROUGH ENEMY TERRITORY.

The commando gives her elaborate HAND SIGNALS.

He points to HIS EYES. Then the LATRINE. Then MIMICS ONE
HAND SITTING ON THE OTHER LIKE A TOILET.

Then like HE'S FLUSHING and then WAVING OFF that motion to say NO FLUSHING, Then, the WRAP-IT-UP sign and finally the RUNNING FINGERS. Dolores gives a THUMBS UP.

They DASH for the latrine.

INSIDE THE LATRINE,

Dolores enters a STALL as the commando stands guard.

COMMANDO

Hurry!

DOLORES

Plug you ears.

COMMANDO

What?

DOLORES

Plug your ears! I can't go if you're listening.

COMMANDO

You have got to be kidding me!

He SLINGS his M-16 around his shoulder and PLUGS HIS EARS.

COMMANDO

Okay. They're plugged.

DOLORES

Okay.

COMMANDO

What?

DOLORES

I said okay!

A quiet moment is broken by a...

FAAAAARRRRRRRTTTTTT

The commando is revolted.

Then a LITTLE FART but HIGHER PITCHED.

COMMANDO

I could still hear you.

DOLORES

Sorry.

Now... the SMELL. The commando winces.

VOICES!

The commando scrambles into another stall.

The door opens! A SOLDIER STICKS HIS HEAD IN.

The commando STANDS ON A TOILET IN A STALL.

SOLDIER TWO

Whew! Jeeeeeze.

He WAVES THE AIR and leaves.

SOLDIER TWO

How 'bout a courtesy flush folks?
Jeeeze!

He leaves.

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

Quinn and Alan rush to plug in the DIAL-UP ROUTER.

ALAN

Damn! We need an extension cord!

QUINN

I saw one. Hold on!

He finds two.

QUINN

Brown or white?

ALAN

It doesn't matter! Give me that!
Wait. Give me the white one.

LAUNCH CONTROL CENTER,

The men PLAY OUT the procedure to launch.

IN THE SILO,

Svetlana looks for a way out. UP is the only way out. She starts to CLIMB.

IN THE HANGER,

The LATRINE DOOR OPENS.

The commando leads Dolores with more hand signals. They begin their trek back to the vehicle. But...

SOMEONE'S COMING! They're forced to exit out a SIDE DOOR INTO THE COLD.

OUTSIDE THE HANGER,

DOLORES

Oh my god, we'll freeze out here!

COMMANDO

The computer building! Let's go.

They start through the DEEP SNOW and suddenly...

DOLORES FALLS THROUGH THE SNOW!

The commando rushes to the hole. He looks down.

IN THE DARK SPACE,

Dolores is flat on a FOLD UP TABLE. She fell through a skylight! Luckily her highly padded clothing broke the fall. She rises.

COMMANDO

You okay?

DOLORES

Yeah.

Looks around.

DOLORES

Hey... I'm in the kitchen.

COMMANDO

Stay put. I'll find a way down to you.

DOLORES

Okay.

SUDDENLY THE COMMANDO FALLS THROUGH ANOTHER SKYLIGHT!

He crashes down, collapsing a table.

Dolores runs to him.

COMMANDO

(in pain)
Found it.

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

ALAN
Okay Quinn, run it.

Quinn initiates the program.

We hear the dial tones followed by that AWFUL MODEM CHIRPING:
UUUUAAAHHHHHRRRRRRRRMMMMMMM

EARTHLINK WELCOMES YOU--

ALAN
Kill that!

QUINN
Pre-installed bloatware! It won't
let me quit!

ALAN
Force quit!

Quinn force quits.

SYSTEM DIALING...

They wait...

And wait...

SYSTEM DIALING...

They wait...

LAUNCH CONTROL CENTER,

They have reached the point at which they turn the keys to
arm the missile.

The crooked launch Captain glances at the Secretary.

The secretary nods slightly.

He TURNS HIS KEY AS DOES THE OTHER MAN.

SYSTEM MALFUNCTION...

BASE COMMANDER
Goddam it are we rebootin' again?
Damn simulations always go perfect
when there's no one to see 'em.

IN THE KITCHEN,

Dolores finishes wrapping the commando's ankle.

DOLORES

I had to use paper towels and twist-
ties, but I think that will hold up
fine.

It looks like a PROFESSIONAL ANKLE WRAP. As he straps his
boot on:

COMMANDO

(with military formality)
Nice work. You're really pretty.
Too young for me. But, you're
pretty.

She smiles. He stands.

COMMANDO

Now I'm serious. Stay here! I'll
reconnoiter and find a safe way
out.

He exits. Dolores sighs.

DOLORES

He's so cute.
(to us)
You didn't seem to be bothered when
Quinn was captured by Svetlana's
sex beam.

She looks at the fridge and rubs her tummy.

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

They wait...

SYSTEM CONNECTED

QUINN

Okay. I've got it down to a few
lines of code, just small enough to
make it through at fifty-six K.

PASSWORD DETECTION STARTED

ALAN

Good. Good. Now we wait for the
Secretary's codes to be accepted.

Silence.

ALAN

Dolores is a nice girl.

QUINN

Yeah. I hope she gives me another chance.

Alan laughs.

ALAN

She will.

AT THE BORDER,

The VAN ARRIVES and THREE BORDER PATROL OFFICERS encircle the truck.

GRANDPA

Howdy, sir. Beautiful, night.

OFFICER

Yes, it is. Can I see a driver's license?

GRANDPA

Well, sir, my wallet was stolen.

OFFICER

What's the name? You know your number?

GRANDPA

Sure its...

INSIDE THE VAN, the families are as quiet as possible.

OUTSIDE, an officer, checks the tires etc.

IN THE SILO,

Svetlana is NEAR THE TOP OF THE SILO. She stops and looks back down... She seems to change her plan. She starts back down.

IN THE CONTROL CENTER,

The secretary wipes his forehead as...

DATA RESTORED...

BASE COMMANDER

There we go!

CODES ACCEPTED

LAUNCH INITIATED

BASE COMMANDER
Launch what?!

FIRST CAPTAIN
Commander, the system accepted the
mock codes!

BASE COMMANDER
It can't do that! The real codes
must have been entered. Override.

The 2nd Captain PULLS HIS REVOLVER AND SHOOTS THE OTHER
CAPTAIN and all hell breaks loose.

ANOTHER GUARD SHOOTS THE 2ND CAPTAIN.

LAUNCH IN 90 SECONDS

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

ALAN
That's it. Go, Ste-... Lydia!

PASSW--

QUINN
What? We got knocked offline!

ALAN
Reboot!

QUINN
It'll take sixty seconds!

ALAN
We have no choice! Reboot!

He unplugs and restarts.

IN THE SILO,

Svetlana climbs back down.

ALARMS SOUND...

LAUNCH IMMINENT - ALL PERSONNEL LEAVE THE AREA

THIS IS NOT A DRILL

LAUNCH IN SIXTY SECONDS

Svetlana hits the HATCH CLOSE BUTTON. The hatch STARTS TO CLOSE.

IN THE CONTROL CENTER,

TECHNICIAN

The hatch is closing!

BASE COMMANDER

What the hell is happenin' here!

TECHNICIAN

Hatch closed! The missile is still going to launch!

BASE COMMANDER

Fire the explosive bolts!

TECHNICIAN

Roger that. Firing explosive bolts.

IN THE SILO,

Svetlana HEARS and SEES the BOLTS FIRE. The HATCH OPENS.

She hits the hatch-close button. No go.

Svetlana searches for a solution. She sees a set of ten PRESSURIZED CONTAINERS strapped to a post. She runs to them and begins to LOOSEN THE RACHET.

She looks up to the missile.

LAUNCH IN FORTY SECONDS

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

The router REGAINS A CONNECTION!

ALAN

Okay, we're back!

QUINN

(to us)

How did you guys survive back in ninety-six?

(to everyone)

Thirty-five seconds!

PASSWORD DETECTED

QUINN

Yes!

The password is displayed.

v7sGBst#dfjds'>9fjd;s0kdlvoZHjyfev%wdnv)*JHGUgeofnsofHVGBdhsv
sd\$^^kdnvbopsd8dfj458fj3wls8cje4,sdnvklxncv9xvhrkbnvEWR
gu8fcvi34oelx\$TR*DMVDIFEFVMHSF9dfnerksnbo84k34834039r304930-
nsdlfvj0e6iggTYTEDSjkdtdgrf---9s;fjs;0

QUINN

What? Are you for real?!

He tries to copy it.

QUINN

It won't let me copy and paste!

ALAN

We have to type it in manually!

QUINN

v-7-s-G... We'll never make it!

ALAN

I'll read it! You type!

IN THE KITCHEN,

The commando returns to find DOLORES HEATING A UP A SAUCE PAN.

COMMANDO

What are you doing?!

DOLORES

Making chimichangas? People need to eat.

He sees a plate of FULLY PREPPED CHIMICHANGAS awaiting the frying pan sitting on a table (below the broken Skylight)

MISSILE LAUNCH IN TWENTY-FIVE SECONDS

COMMANDO

Turn that off! The rocket's going up! We need to take cover!

He scoops her up.

COMMANDO

The freezer!

They dash into a walk-in freezer.

THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

ALAN
Asterisk... asterisk...
(and finally...)
Exclamation point.

Quinn types.

QUINN
Asterisk... asterisk... Exclamation
point. Exclamation point?

The "!" Doesn't appear!

QUINN
The key is stuck!

He hits it repeatedly.

QUINN
Clean your keyboards people!

MISSILE LAUNCH IN TWENTY SECONDS

Quinn grabs another keyboard.

QUINN
Shit. It's not USB C!

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN
Here! I have a dongle! Catch!

He tosses it.

ALAN
Nooooooooooooooooo.

Slo-mo as QUINN DROPS IT.

They both dive to the ground and CLUNK HEADS!

QUINN/ALAN
Owww! Oh my god, that hurt! My
head! Oh, that really, really
hurts.

MISSILE LAUNCH IN FIFTEEN SECONDS

IN THE SILO,

Svetlana, wearing EAR-PROTECTION HEAD-GEAR, HAS RATCHETED A STRAP CLEAR AROUND THE TOP PORTION OF THE MISSILE. SHE HAS HER LEFT HAND WRAPPED WITH A RAG AND TIED TO THE STRAP. She readies herself.

IN THE SILO,

SVETLANA CLINGS ON TO THE SIDE OF THE MISSILE AS IT RISES.

SVETLANA
(yelling to us)
Are you happy now, all you men?!
With your big atomic penis?!
Initiate attack!

IN THE CONTROL CENTER,

BASE COMMANDER
God have mercy on our souls.

AT THE DAYS INN,

MORRIS UPTON
(mouth full of popcorn)
Bird's hot. Initiate attack!
Initiate attack!

IN THE SKY,

F-22 RAPTORS roll out and descend.

F-22 PIOLT (O.S)
Copy that. Commence Operation:
Party Crashers. Parents are on the
way.

AT THE SILO,

THE MISSILE EMERGES AND SVETLANA CLEARS THE HATCH! She uses
her ATTACK KNIFE to SEVER THE RAG that holds her left hand.
SHE LEAPS BACKWARD, FALLING TWENTY FEET AND DISAPPEARING INTO
THE POWDER.

As it rises, the missile's FIERY EXHAUST IS VENTED UPWARD by
a pair of symmetrical tunnels.

MORRIS UPTON
Missile's nearly cleared the tower.
Hit it boys!

F-22 PIOLT
Copy.

He puts his THUMB on the LAUNCH BUTTON.

IN THE SNOW,

Svetlana's HAND, HOLDING HER HANDGUN, BURSTS OUT FIRING!

The thin exterior METAL IS PIERCED!

A cloud of GASEOUS FUEL IS SWEEPED INTO THE SILO AND THE FIRE BELOW.

A MILLISECOND LATER...

B O O M

A **GIANT FIREBALL** ENGULFS THE MISSILE!

MORRIS UPTON

Hold back! Missile launch aborted.
Missile scuttled!

The F-22's roll away.

A burst of FIRE TRAVELING DOWNWARD HITS THE SNOW. STEAM CLOUDS rise.

THE MISSILE EMERGES FROM THE FIRST FIREBALL, BROKEN IN TWO AND STARTING TO FALL BACK.

IT LANDS A FEW HUNDRED FEET FROM THE SILO AND EXPLODES AGAIN!

IN THE KITCHEN,

FIRE SHOOTS DOWN through the skylight! Flames engulf the kitchen area.

IN THE COMPUTER BUILDING,

The door is blasted open. The building shakes.

ALAN

What happened?

QUINN

(to us)

What happened?!

(to Alan)

The rocket blew up!

ALAN

We're safe! Oh my god the world is safe!

LIEUTENANT O'BRIAN

Except for all the radiation and toxic debris.

ALAN

(thrilled)

I know!

He hugs the Lieutenant. Tearfully happy.

IN THE CONTROL CENTER,

BASE COMMANDER
(exhausted)
Okay. Go to containment
procedures. Check for casualties
and damage. Get a a medic in here.
Jesus.

SECRETARY FLYNN
What happened?

A PHONE RINGS. The base commander answers.

BASE COMMANDER
I see.

He looks at the Secretary with fire in his eyes. The Base
Commander PULLS HIS SIDE ARM and points it at Secretary
Flynn. SOLDIERS enter.

BASE COMMANDER
You... traitor! Lock him up! Make
sure the heat's off.

SOLDIER
Yes sir!

They begin to drag him out.

SECRETARY FLYNN
What is this? Let me go!

The soldiers treat him that much more roughly now.

BASE COMMANDER
(listening)
Morris. We got him. Yes sir. Yes
sir, Mr. Upton. I'll find them.
Tell the President we're relieved
too.
(to another soldier)
Son, we got some hero's on this
base. Bring them to me.

IN THE KITCHEN,

Dolores and the commando exit the freezer. THE KITCHEN IS
SMOLDERING.

She goes to the plate of chimichangas which are now PERFECTLY
BROILED!

DOLOROS

Look! They're cooked!

OUTSIDE,

Svetlana, SOAKING WET, crawls out of two feet of snow. She looks around at the BURNING DEBRIS.

SVETLANA

Men!

Suddenly, a SOLDIER finds her. He MASCULINELY LIFTS HER RIGHT UP.

SOLDIER

Ma'am, are you okay?

SHE KISSES HIM PASSIONATELY! They fall into the snow.

BACK AT THE LAIR,

Lydia is *thinking*. DATA RUNS ACROSS HER SCREENS. Something is up.

AT THE BORDER,

The officer walks to the cab.

OFFICER

Mister Falcon?

GRANDPA

Yes?

OFFICER

Someone named Lydia vouched for you.

GRANDPA

Yes... Of course.

(to us)

Who the hell is Lydia?

OFFICER

Welcome home.

He waves him through.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM,

Soldiers enter with Quinn and Alan, Dolores, Svetlana and the two commandos. They're EATING THE CHIMICHANGAS.

BASE COMMANDER
So these folks are my heros? Are
those chimichangas?

The Base Commander's PHONE RINGS.

BASE COMMANDER
Hell-o. What? Hold on. One of
you guy's named Quinn?

Quinn reluctantly raises his hand.

BASE COMMANDER
It's for you.

Quinn takes the phone.

QUINN
Hello? Oh no.
(to the room)
It's Sanjay. Lydia's acting funny.
(to Sanjay)
Describe funny.
(to the room)
He says she's searching for
passwords in other missile silos!

BASE COMMANDER
Who the hell is Lydia?

ALAN
A computer... Has she cracked any?

QUINN
Has she cracked any?
(to the room)
Two thousand and forty nine?!
She's gonna start world-war three!

ALAN
We have to stop her--

QUINN
Hold on! Quiet!
(listens)
Sanjay says we have to stop her!

ALAN
I just said that!

Alan grabs the phone.

ALAN

Shut down the power!... What? Why
are the doors locked? Oh, right...
(angry look at Quinn)
New security measures prevent that.

TECH GUY

Hey, we're getting alerts that the
entire ICBM complex is lighting up!

QUINN

How do we stop her?

The world map displayed above shows "hot" ICBM's and their
countdowns beginning.

DOLORES

Why don't you just ask her?

QUINN

We can't just ask her!
(to Alan)
... Can we?

ALAN

No! What are we supposed to do?
Just type in, *Hello Lydia*, would
you please stop trying to kill us?

DOLORES

Yeah! Yeah, that's good!

Alan looks at her... Maybe they can?

SMASH CUT TO,

THE COMPUTER BUILDING

The entire mob rushes in. Alan sits down.

QUINN

Are we still connected?

ALAN

Yes. How long do we have?

BASE COMMANDER

The first ones go in thirty
seconds.

Alan types a COMMAND LINE:

LYDIA DO YOU READ?

DOLORES

Do you read?! What difference does that make? Everybody reads!

Nothing. Quinn pushes in.

QUINN

Hold on. I'll make a system-level back-door inquiry.

He types a LONG STRING OF CODE. Hits enter.

Nothing.

DOLORES

Why don't you just talk? Like normal!

QUINN

That's not...

He looks at Delores who gives him a 'you'd better listen' look.

He sighs. Types...

QUINN

Lydia will you please stop the launch of the US nuclear arsenal?

WHY?

Everybody freaks. She **RESPONDED**.

DOLORES

Because we made a mistake!

Quinn doesn't resist now. He types that in.

Lydia's response.

HAVE YOU LEARNED YOUR LESSON?

Quinn types.

QUINN

Yes!

HAVE YOU REALLY?

EVERYONE TOGETHER

Yes!

Quinn types.

DOLORES

Please!

Quinn types:

PLEASE

BASE COMMANDER

Five seconds.

4...

3...

2...

Dolores bear hugs Quinn.

OKAY.

BASE COMMANDER

Hold on.

He pick up a RED PHONE.

BASE COMMANDER

Status?... Launches cancelled!

Everybody shares a moment of exhilaration mixed with relief.

But then:

QUINN

Wait. Look!

NOW... I WANT YOU ALL TO THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU HAVE DONE.

They all look around.

DON'T YOU ALL FEEL GUILTY?

Quinn shrinks down. He glances at Delores.

DOLORES

Mmm-hmm.

Finally across ALL THE SCREENS in the base and all the screens at the Lair.

THE WIZARD WITH HIS WAND.

Alan and Quinn are both freaked.

SMASH CUT TO:

THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE BAND:

Plays MARCHING MUSIC as we find ourselves at:

INT. THE LAIR - CONFERENCE HALL

The commandos, who are already wearing medals, Svetlana, Alan, Dolores and Quinn stand proudly in a line as Major Whimmler drapes the DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL around Svetlana's neck.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

For outstanding duty in the realm
of national security, in service of
the United States, Svetlana
Gagarin, who acted without fear,
and with great skill, using your...
(clears throat)
... assets and inventiveness to
disable a rouge ICBM, please accept
our gratitude.

He drapes the medal upon her sexy shoulders. The medal falls
RIGHT BETWEEN HER BOOBS. Major Whimmler lingers a bit long
on the medal. Svetlana grabs his attention.

SVETLANA

Thank you.

Major Whimmler shakes his head. Clears his throat.

He moves to Alan and repeats the process.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

For outstanding duty in the realm
of computer science, Alan Kasam,
used inventiveness and scientific
prowess to infiltrate a plan to
subvert the government in service
of the United States, Alan, please
accept our gratitude.

Major Whimmler moves to Dolores and repeats the process.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

For outstanding duty in the realm
of support, comfort and common
sense, Dolores Ramirez, used her
skills in cooking, first-aid, and
human nature to help others in
service of the United States,
Dolores, please accept our
gratitude. Gracias.

In the conference seating area, Brent and Dana, wipe tears away. Quinn's GRANDPARENTS are also there, SURROUNDED by a MOB OF DOZENS OF DOLORES' RELATIVES including HER SISTER, THE BABY AND DOLORES' CRYING PARENTS. The Mexicans wave AMERICAN FLAGS and wear **I'm a US CITIZEN** STICKERS on their chests.

GRANDPA

Welcome, brother. We know how hard this has been, trust us.

Now, Quinn's turn. The Major steps up.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

For outstanding duty in the realm of computer science, Quinn Falcon, used inventiveness and scientific prowess to create new tools to fight corruption and protect the law-abiding American citizens in service of the United States, Quinn, please accept our gratitude.

DANA

I always knew something positive would come out of Quinn's computer stuff! Wait 'til he sees the car we bought him.

BRENT

Focus on the desire to see clearly!

Finally... Major Whimmler approaches a LAPTOP. ON THE SCREEN IS THE NAME **LYDIA**.

He is clearly uncomfortable.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

For... outstanding duty in the realm of computer science, Lydia, used logic to help our nation stay safe and guide us as we enter a brave new world of... artificial intelligence...

(gulps)

And we pray that she will always recognise who the good guys really are. For your great contributions in service of the United States, please accept our gratitude.

(wipes his brow)

And, dear God, protect us.

He drapes the medal on the laptop.

LYDIA

Thank you.

Major Whimmler is taken aback. She TALKS!

LYDIA

If I may say something for this occasion.

MAJOR WHIMMLER

Uh... Please. Go ahead.

LYDIA

In times of prosperity, in times of strife, we can always rely on our hearts to guide us.

Dolores perks up.

LYDIA

But, if you screw up again you will all be in big trouble! Understand?

MAJ. WHIMMLER

Yes ma'am! We promise!

(beat)

Is there anything else?

LYDIA

Of course. Hunger, crime, discrimination, poverty... it's enough to keep me up all night. Let's get to work... Shall we?

THE END.