

ZERO SUM

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I/E. PAUL'S APARTMENT BEDROOM/APARTMENT BUILDING PARKING

LOT - NIGHT

PAUL "FLATLINE" MCCOY sits in his bedroom in front of two large LCD monitors. The light almost overpowers the dim paper lamp hanging from the ceiling. Industrial style electronica blares from underneath large headphones hanging on Paul's head. Images flash by on the smaller of the two screens at a speed that makes the images hard to identify. Paul takes a drink from a soda can. He wipes his hand on a second-hand band shirt that complements his worn in jeans perfectly. On the larger screen, a program window with a black background takes up a majority of the screen. In it, white text that looks like computer programming code quickly pops up in time with the tapping on the keyboard in front of Paul.

A cellphone, one of three on the desk in front of the monitors, rings. The lights catch Paul's attention and he slides the headphones around his neck to answer the phone.

PAUL

Yeah?

VOICE

Delivery from wild wings.

PAUL

Wrong apartment.

VOICE

Are you in 2505?

PAUL

2502.

VOICE

Oh, sorry. Can you buzz me in?
I've got, like, five cars behind
me.

PAUL

Yeah, yeah.

Paul presses 9 on the phone, which beeps a few times in acknowledgement. The phone makes a dull thud when it drops back onto the desk, in line with the other two. Paul pulls the headphones back onto his ears and returns to work. Before he can get back into the groove, a large red window pops up on both screens saying "PERIMETER BREACH". He quickly pulls his headphones off and hears the sound of the door breaking and loud footsteps in his living room.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He turns and types a few furious commands into the keyboard, bringing up a window saying "ERASING FILES" with a status bar that quickly heads toward full. Both screens shake and pop as the software is deleted from the computer. Paul turns to check the window but as he turns around to run, two men in dark jackets and ski masks run up to him and knock him onto the bed. Paul throws up his hands.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I know my rights man! You can't...

Before Paul can finish his sentence, one of the men applies duct tape to his mouth. They handcuff his hands in front of him and slide a black hood over his head.

VOICE

Walk, or I shoot out your knees and carry you.

Paul walks in the direction the men push him. They take him out of his apartment and into a waiting black SUV outside. The two men climb back into the car and a third that had been standing on the steps outside, takes a small grey device out of his pocket. The device lights up with a blue glow and the man throws the device into Paul's apartment. All of the lights inside the apartment suddenly turn off and small blue and white flashes can be seen inside as the third man walks confidently to the SUV and climbs into the passenger seat. The SUV then drives off.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL TITLE

EXT. COFFEE SHOP PATIO - MORNING

FADE IN

MENDENA, wearing a gray suit, sits at the table of a chain coffee shop on its outdoor patio. Two other people in darker suits, MRS REYNOLDS and MR YAMATA, sit across from him, a briefcase on the table between them. A young WAITRESS comes to the table and sets a coffee cup down in front of Mendena.

MENDENA

Thanks darlin'. You two sure you don't want anything?

Mrs.

Reynolds and Mr. Yamata both shake their heads and the waitress walks off.

MENDENA (CONT'D)

As I was saying, depending on the what you need done, the price could be reasonable, or real reasonable.

MRS REYNOLDS

We are willing to offer 1 million if you can retrieve the product undamaged.

Mendena takes a swallow of coffee and lets out a surprised sigh.

MENDENA

So what's the timetable?

MR YAMATA

As soon as possible. That product is essential to the future of this company.

MRS REYNOLDS

With the utmost discretion. However, should an obstacle present itself...

MENDENA

I know the perfect gentleman to handle your little problem. Consider your worries over.

MR YAMATA

All due respect Mr. Medena, but we'll stop worrying when the product is back in our hands.

Mrs. Reynolds shifts in her chair while Mr. Yamata opens the briefcase and takes out a small black hard drive. He hands it over to Mendena who takes it and slides it into his jacket pocket.

MRS REYNOLDS

That hard drive has our files on a computer hacker by the name of Paul McCoy. He is an expert on advanced programming and studied encryption at MIT. We believe he is most likely to be recruited by the person or persons responsible for the theft of our product.

MENDENA

We'll start with him then. Lady.
Gentleman.

Mendena gets up, drops a few bills on the table and walks toward a parking deck nearby. Another man, QUINN, gets up from a table nearby a few moments after Mendena and follows him toward the parking deck.

CUT TO

INT. PARKING DECK - CONTINUOUS

Mendena steps into view thru an entrance seemingly carved out of the concrete walls of the parking deck. He stops for a minute, back to the entrance, as Quinn comes up behind him. When Quinn reaches Mendena, they start walking abreast towards the back of the parking deck.

QUINN

Well?

MENDENA

Oh, you are going to love this job.

QUINN

Good. Give me the details.

MENDENA

Standard retrieval. Someone stole something, they don't know who, they want us to find them, then get back the something.

QUINN

Anything to start on?

Both men turn down an alley.

MENDENA

This.

Mendena takes the hard drive out of his jacket and hands it to Quinn as both men stop next to a mid size sedan.

MENDENA (CONT'D)

Corporate files on a hacker they think is the only civilian available and capable of analyzing their product. Beat them to this guy, or better yet, be there when they get him, and then do your thing..

QUINN
Right. I'll call you.

Quinn walks away down the parking deck.

MENDENA
(shouting)
You are damned right you will!

Quinn passes out of Mendena's view and stops next to another mid size sedan. He opens the driver's door, slides in, and closes the door. Simulataneously pulling a laptop out of the bag sitting in the passenger seat and turning on the car, Quinn puts the hard drive down next to him on the center console. The hard drive hums to life as Quinn connects it to his laptop.

QUINN
So what's your name?

He presses enter on the keyboard and a file comes up on the screen displaying a picture and a name.

QUINN (CONT'D)
Paul McCoy...

CUT TO

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - LATER

POV: PAUL INSIDE HOOD, PITCH BLACK

Paul breathes heavily and fearfully as he is moved around and finally dropped into a chair as he grunts in surprise. The hood is pulled off revealing a table and two very bright lights blocking Paul from seeing anything beyond the table.

SHORT POV: PAUL LOOKING AT TABLE AND LIGHTS

PAUL
What is this?

VOICE
Paul McCoy. Better known as Flatline. The FBI Cyber Criminal Task Force lists you as public enemy number one. You've broken at least 20 national and international laws, including unauthorized access to US military computer systems. Back in the 90's, that would have been one offense among many. But
(MORE)

VOICE (Cont'd)
 this is post 9/11 America. Did you know that little breach constitutes an act of terrorism now? No charges. No bail. No lawyer. No phone call. And no trial. You're an enemy combatant.

PAUL
 Where the hell am I?

The voice doesn't respond.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Look, whatever it is, we can work this out. If you know anything about me, you know I work blind and get paid electronically. You obviously aren't interrogating me so you need me to do something...What is it?

VOICE
 Hah. You're quick. I'll give you that. But a little slower than I would expect from someone who went to MIT.

PAUL
 Yeah well, I never graduated.

VOICE
 Not for lack of trying though.

PAUL
 You didn't bring me here to debate politics at MIT.

A gunshot rings out and a bullet hits the wall behind Paul, who flinches to his left.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Shit!

Another shot to the opposite side.

VOICE
 Your attitude, while entertaining, is really starting to be unproductive. Not to mention it's pissing me off.

Another shot.

PAUL
God, what do you want? I'll do it,
just STOP FUCKING SHOOTING AT ME!

VOICE
That's what I like to hear.

One of the men who captured him walks into the light and places a laptop in front of Paul. He flips up the screen and the laptop buzzes to life. The man disappears into the dark again.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Take a look at that.

Paul scoots up to the table, brings his still cuffed hands up over the laptop, and begins to study the contents.

TRACKING SHOT: SEMI CIRCLE AROUND FRONT OF TABLE, FACING AWAY FROM LAPTOP SCREEN

Paul studies the code for a few moments.

PAUL
It looks like an advanced cipher but it's in a really weird pattern. It's extremely random, even for an advanced encryption protocol. It almost reminds me of...

VOICE
Of what?

PAUL
This is a genetic algorithm isn't it?

VOICE
No. It's definitely synthetic.

PAUL
Come on, that's impossible. I mean, there isn't a computer around that could encode, let alone decode, anything like this.

VOICE
You're getting there.

PAUL
Getting there...

Paul sits back in his chair with a stunned look on his face.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Jesus. This is quantum encryption
isn't it?

VOICE

We think so.

PAUL

Where did you get this? This shit
shouldn't even exist. Not yet
anyway. And why bring me in? I
don't know anything about quantum
computing.

VOICE

Out of all the hackers working
today, black hat and white hat,
you're an expert in encryption and
advanced processing. And since the
developer of that code is either
dead, or in hiding, you're the best
option we have.

PAUL

So you want me to crack it?

VOICE

In basic terms, yes.

Suddenly, the lights come on in the warehouse and Paul sees everyone for the first time. The five people around him pull off their masks revealing three men and two women. The last person to take off their mask, REEVES, reveals a woman in her mid 30's who steps forward and speaks in a familiar voice.

REEVES

\$500,000 for a few days work. Are
you in or out?

Paul visibly thinks it over, his head waving around to different angles, mentally debating.

PAUL

In.

REEVES

Good. Kara, uncuff him.

Paul stands up and KARA uncuffs him. Rubbing his wrists, Paul walks up to Reeves.

PAUL
Who shot at me?

DUSAN steps forward from Reeves' right hand side.

DUSAN
I did. Sorry about that. It had
to be convincing.

PAUL
Yeah...

Paul punches Dusan in the face, sending him stumbling backwards into BRIGHTON, who catches him. Kara laughs. Paul grimaces and clutch his hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(to Reeves)
Fuck. I think I broke my hand.

REEVES
You smoke?

PAUL
No.

REEVES
I need my hourly constitutional.
Come with me.

PAUL
Yeah.

Paul and Reeves walk toward the door as Dusan collects himself. Kara, Brighton, and FINN start cleaning up the mock interrogation room.

CUT TO

I/E. PAUL'S APARTMENT/APARTMENT BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

Quinn walks up to the front door of Paul's apartment and finds it busted open, the door frame blocked off with crime scene tape. Quinn tears the tape down and walks inside. He walks into the bedroom and looks at Paul's computer. After trying the button repeatedly, the computer won't turn on. Quinn walks back into the living room and looks around, finally noticing the gray device on the floor next to a lounge chair. He takes a pen out from his jacket pocket and pushes the device around with no results.

Then, he picks the device up, places it in his pocket, and walks back outside.

Quinn slides into his car, parked adjacent to Paul's apartment. He takes a cellphone out of the opposite side of the dark blazer style jacket he wears and dials a long number.

QUINN

It's Quinn.

SURI (V.O.)

Hold on a sec, I'll get him.

A few moments pass.

MEDENA (V.O.)

Hey, did you get McCoy?

QUINN

No. Someone already got to him. Took him last night by the look of it. SUV of some kind. They set off an EMP to burn out McCoy's failsafes and surveillance.

MEDENA (V.O.)

Any ideas who it was?

QUINN

No. I wouldn't say black ops. Not far off though. Find out if there were any cameras on this place late last night.

MEDENA (V.O.)

Got it.

Quinn hangs up the phone and cranks his car, speeding away from the apartment complex.

CUT TO

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS/DAY

Paul and Reeves stand outside on a stairwell while Reeves smokes. Paul rubs his hand. The sun is low in the morning sky and there are no cars nearby save the black SUV from the night before and a white van.

Reeves smokes an indistinguishable european style cigarette that matches her military utilitarian revolutionary clothing style. She is a woman in her mid 30's, dark hair and dark eyes. She holds herself with a confidence that belies her relaxed demeanor.

PAUL

What are you? Terrorists?

REEVES

More like revolutionaries.

PAUL

That depends on if you win.

REEVES

Maybe.

Reeves take a drag off her cigarette then exhales the smoke slowly into the air.

REEVES (CONT'D)

Let's just say I'm a woman who knows an opportunity when she sees one. And I happen to have some friends who like theatrics.

PAUL

In case you hadn't noticed, I work for money. You could have just hired me.

REEVES

I couldn't chance it. You needed to see first hand how serious this is.

Reeves turns to face Paul, who keeps rubbing his hand, occasionally grimacing.

REEVES (CONT'D)

I need information. That program, file, whatever it is. I need to know what it is, where it came from, who made it, and what they made it for. There are a lot of parties interested in this Paul. Some of them have no idea what they are getting into, others are so high up, they are making the game up as we go along.

PAUL

And where do you fit in?

REEVES
In the middle somewhere. But I'm
hoping to improve my position.

PAUL
And that's why I'm here.

Reeves turns back to the parking lot. She takes another
quick drag and holds the smoke.

REEVES
That's why you're here.

Reeves exhales.

REEVES (CONT'D)
You are probably the only person
outside of the code's creators who
are capable of figuring this out.
We got lucky getting to you when we
did.

Paul leans his back against the railing, facing opposite of
Reeves.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Speaking of, we had to detonate an
E.M.P. in your apartment to make
sure no one could track us.

PAUL
Jesus. My stuff.

Reeves smile through the smoke as Paul keeps rubbing his
hand.

PAUL (CONT'D)
How does this work? Do I have to
sign something?

Reeves laughs as Kara comes thru the door behind them.

KARA
We're up and running.

Kara pulls back into the warehouse and Reeves takes a final
drag off her cigarette and tosses it into the parking lot.

REEVES
(to Paul)
Come on. I've got something else
to show you.

Reeves walks into the warehouse with Paul silently trailing behind her, still rubbing his hand, grimacing a little less.

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reeves and Paul walk into the warehouse and up to a small office that has been placed on the floor. On a desk inside the office is a computer almost identical to the one in Paul's apartment.

PAUL
You saved my computer?

KARA
Not exactly. We torched the one in your apartment but we got the specs from the guy who built your other system.

PAUL
How did you get Lyndon to give you that?

REEVES
Money makes the world go 'round.

KARA
We built a nearly identical system.

Paul sits down at the desk and starts messing with the computer.

PAUL
Nearly?

REEVES
We made some improvements.

KARA
A custom built layer cell processor with about 30 gigs of ram. And an OC-768 connection.

PAUL
In this place?

KARA
We picked it because the trunk line runs under the warehouse.

REEVES

They've been closed all week but they come back to work in 2 days. We have to be completely cleared out by then. So, no pressure.

PAUL

You should know that the likelihood of my cracking this is extremely low. The theory is, anything with quantum encryption is corrupted if it is accessed without the key. The encryption logs the decode attempt.

REEVES

But you can get around that.

PAUL

Yeah, I can. But that isn't going to help.

KARA

Why not?

PAUL

If you don't use the key, the data is corrupted instantly. It co-exists with the encryption I'd be corrupting to break in. Hence, I corrupt the data.

REEVES

Do what you can.

PAUL

Yeah...

Paul gets absorbed in the computer, running the program he saw earlier on the laptop. Reeves and Kara stand there for a moment before realizing that Paul is not paying attention anymore. They both step outside and walk over to the three men.

TIME LAPSE: HOURS PASS. PAUL WORKS WHILE THE OTHERS PLAY SOCCER, EAT, CLEAN GUNS, ETC...

CUT TO

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Reeves and her crew sit outside the office playing cards on the table where Paul had been threatened earlier.

Meanwhile, Paul taps away diligently on the keyboard until he reels back with a surprised look on his face.

PAUL
I got something!

Reeves and Kara get up from the table and quick step to the office.

REEVES
You got what?

PAUL
It was embedded behind the code like a watermark. I didn't catch it until now because I had been trying to analyze small bits of code to see if there was a ground-state I could use to give me a stable window to crack.

KARA
What is it?

PAUL
A name and an address. A high-tech biosoft lab. I've read about them. Crazy shit. The kind of stuff you read about in William Gibson novels. Really cutting edge.

REEVES
Where?

PAUL
Florida. 15 miles northeast of Daytona Beach according to Google Earth.

REEVES
(to Paul)
Map it out.

REEVES (CONT'D)
(to Kara)
Start packing up this gear.

KARA
Consider it done.

REEVES
(to the others)
We're moving. Pack it all up. I
(MORE)

REEVES (Cont'd)
 want everything in the van and
 ready to go in 30 minutes. And for
 god's sake Dusan, clean up that
 trash pile.

Reeves walks outside to help the others pack up the gear
 while Kara and Paul start breaking down the computer.

PAUL
 Consider it done?

KARA
 What?

PAUL
 (smiling)
 Nothing.

KARA
 (smiling)
 That's what I thought.

CUT TO

INT. MENDENA'S OFFICE - LATER

Quinn walks into the office from a glass door with smoky
 black writing emblazoned on it. The office is remarkably
 bare, even missing chairs to form a sort of waiting room.
 At a small desk near the door sits SURI, Mendena and
 Quinn's assistant.

SURI
 Hey Quinn.

QUINN
 Hey. Did we get anything?

Just then, Mendena comes in from the back of the office.

MENDENA
 Yeah, we got something. Traffic
 cams picked up a black SUV leaving
 the apartment complex a few seconds
 after the whole block went dark.
 Pull it up Suri.

Suri presses a few buttons on a laptop, the only thing on
 her desk other than a coffee mug.

Quinn and Mendena come around behind her desk and look at a black and white image on the laptop of a Black SUV pulling out of an apartment complex entrance.

QUINN

Did you get a heading?

MENDENA

Next image Suri.

Suri moves the mouse attached to the keyboard around a bit and another image of the same SUV comes up. This time, it is on a large highway.

MENDENA (CONT'D)

Cameras on I-85 picked up the SUV heading northeast but it went past the last camera. They could be in Washington by now.

QUINN

No, they're still here. They wouldn't risk taking a hostage on a trip that long. They'd want him onboard so they could travel easier. If they're going anywhere outside of the state, they would be leaving about now.

MENDENA

What do you need?

QUINN

(to Suri)

Can you zoom in on the plate?

SURI

Sure. Give me a sec.

Suri plays around on the keyboard and the mouse for a few more moments until the image zooms in and reveals the license plate that reads "225 ZSS".

QUINN

Bingo.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(to Mendena)

Can you find out where the product was stolen from?

MENDENA

Why?

QUINN
Might be something there.

MENDENA
Alright.

Quinn pull his phone out of his pocket and scrolls thru the phone book until he comes to the number for JERRY ATWOOD and presses send. It rings. Suri watches the phone call while Mendena pulls out his cellphone and walks into the other room.

JERRY (V.O.)
Quinn! What's up man?

QUINN
Not much. On the job.

JERRY (V.O.)
Cool, cool. Look man, I owe you for that thing last...

QUINN
No problem. I've got a plate I need you to run.

JERRY (V.O.)
Hit me.

QUINN
Black Ford Explorer, early 2000's model, license 2-2-5 Zulu, Sierra, Sierra.

A few moments pass as Suri watches on.

JERRY (V.O.)
Got it. 2002 Black Ford Explorer registered to a Ms. Cathleen Oman. She reported it stolen 2 hours ago.

QUINN
Shit.

JERRY (V.O.)
Sorry man. We cool?

QUINN
Yeah Jerry, we're cool. Talk to you later.

JERRY (V.O.)
Peace out Quinn.

Mendena comes back from the other room, his cellphone in hand.

MENDENA

According to our illustrious employers, the product came from a lab in central Florida, about 15 miles northeast of Daytona Beach. They suggest we look into it as soon as possible.

QUINN

Why would they insist that?

MENDENA

Hell if I know. This whole thing seems a bit off.

QUINN

As long as we get paid, it could be way off for all I care.

QUINN (CONT'D)

(to Suri)

I need a route and a satellite map.

SURI

I'll send them to your phone.

MENDENA

What did Jerry say?

QUINN

Owner reported it stolen 2 hours ago.

MENDENA

They've dumped it by now for sure.

QUINN

If they're smart they did. Keep watching the traffic cams, maybe we'll get lucky. I'm heading to Florida. I'll call you when I get there.

MENDENA

Good luck.

Quinn walks back out of the front door as Suri returns to working on the computer, Mendena looking over her shoulder.

CUT TO

INT. SERVICE VAN/DARK HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Reeves sits in the passenger seat of the van as Dusan drives. Finn and Brighton are half asleep near the rear doors of the van. Paul sits with his back to the driver's seat as he mulls over a laptop, the single source of light inside the van. Kara lies on her back on the floor in front of the side door, staring at the ceiling.

KARA

You can get some sleep, you know.
We've still got another hour or two
I think.

PAUL

I know. It's just...

KARA

Just what?

PAUL

This thing is so advanced, I mean,
beyond what we should be capable of
right now. Even the black on black
research isn't this far along.
What I really want to know is, what
could be so sensitive you'd create
quantum encryption just to protect
it? I mean, I never thought I'd
see ICE before I was 40.

KARA

Ice?

PAUL

I. C. E. Intrusion Countermeasures
Engine. It's a theorhetical type
of encrytion and security software
using quantum encryption as it's
mechanism. Just like a William
Gibson novel.

KARA

That's twice you've mentioned him.

QUINN

It's kind of hard not to. The guy
was a genius. He invented the word
cyberspace. This stuff reminds me
of how I imagined black ICE would
look in code.

KARA
Black ICE?

PAUL
Yeah. Killer security software.
In his books, people jacked into
the internet like The Matrix.
Black ICE would send a power surge
into a hacker's brain, fry his
nervous system, stop his heart.
Kill him.

KARA
Is that real?

PAUL
Not now. It's just another
software unless you are physically
connected to the network. We're a
long time from that kind of tech.
A long time.

Kara resets her body and looks over at Paul.

KARA
You should put that down before you
go crazy.

PAUL
Who says I'm not already crazy? I
mean, I am riding shotgun to a
restricted lab in another state
with a group of terrorists.

KARA
We're not terrorists.

PAUL
(leaning in close and
whispering)
You might not be, but I'm not so
sure about your friends.

KARA
Why?

PAUL
I know why the three guys do this.
I'm pretty sure I've got Reeves
figured out. But I can't figure
out why you're in on this.

KARA
I was looking for
(MORE)

KARA (Cont'd)
 something...fulfilling. Reeves
 gave me a purpose. Don't you think
 something is wrong with how
 corporations run this country?

PAUL
 You're talking to a hacker here.
 I'm immensely dis-satisfied with
 this country most of the time. But
 I'm not about to grab a gun. There
 are better alternatives.

Paul taps the screen of his laptop while looking at Kara.

KARA
 Not everyone is as talented as you.

Paul chuckles to himself and turns back to the laptop.

KARA (CONT'D)
 (softly)
 Or as cute.

PAUL
 What was that?

KARA
 Nothing.

Paul turns back to the laptop and begins typing away.
 Minutes pass as Kara stares at the ceiling, slowly falling
 asleep. Before she can drift off entirely, Paul almost
 jumps up from the floor of the van.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Of course!

KARA
 What?

PAUL
 At the top level, the encryption is
 extremely random. I thought it was
 just to protect from easy entry.
 But it's because the key wasn't
 implemented. It's incomplete.

KARA
 Maybe they'll have the full version
 at the lab.

PAUL

Maybe. They're a good company so they should have exactly what we're looking for.

KARA

A good company? They're treat their workers like shit and build software for weapons in that lab. What's good about that?

PAUL

How do you know what they build in that lab? I thought you'd never heard of it?

Kara shifts her position to face Paul.

KARA

(hesistantly)

Well, no. But they all do...You can't interrogate me right now. I'm going back to sleep.

Kara rolls back over and faces away from Paul, who looks at her suspiciously for a moment, then goes back to working on the laptop.

CU TRACK: PAUL FROM DASHBOARD, CAMERA PULLS OUT AND TO LEFT, REVEAL REEVES EYES OPEN AND ATTENTIVE WITH CONCERN

CUT TO

I/E. SERVICE VAN/HIGH TECH LAB PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The service van carrying Paul and Reeve's crew pulls up in front of a very modern looking, multi story building in the middle of nowhere. Inside the van, Brighton and Finn open a large gray case and pull out different guns, Finn hands a small SMG to Kara and a Steyr AUG rifle to Dusan. Brighton takes a tactical shotgun, and then hands one M4 to Reeves and another to Finn. Paul looks on with apprehension but as everyone checks their magazines and cocks their rifles, Kara throws a messenger bag at him.

PAUL

What's this?

KARA

Goodie bag. We're gonna need your help getting in. I figured some of
(MORE)

KARA (Cont'd)
that stuff might help you get us in
the door.

Paul rifles thru the bag, finding a few PDA like objects and a series of cables as everyone else puts on body armor and tactical vests. Reeves steps out of the van and pulls the side door open. Kara jumps out as Brighton, Finn, and Dusan meet near the back of the van.

PAUL
I don't know about this.

BRIGHTON
You'll do fine man. Just stay with
Kara.

KARA
It's late, there's no one around.

Paul climbs out of the van and hangs the messenger bag around his shoulders.

PAUL (CONT'D)
You guys are pretty confident
considering we have no idea what's
inside.

REEVES
Trust us. We're good at this.

Reeves motions for everyone to move to the front door. The three men go first and stand with their guns pointing at the ground, but still facing in the direction of the door. When Paul and Kara reach the door, Paul immediately goes to work on the keypad entry. After a few moments of playing around with one of the PDA devices, he pushes it up against the keypad and the door clicks, and opens.

PAUL
That was too easy.

REEVES
Standard cover formation.
Brighton, you're on point. Dusan,
you're left. Finn cover the rear.
Paul, stick next to Kara and move
when she does.

PAUL
Ok.

Paul looks over at Kara who turns her serious face to Paul and lets out a comforting smile.

The group move into the door.

CUT TO

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The group surrouding Paul turns down a dim corridor, weapons still pointing down but ready nonetheless.

PAUL
Where are we?

REEVES
A few halls down from the lab we're looking for. I checked the map when we got here.

PAUL
(whispering to himself)
What map?

KARA
(to Paul)
What?

PAUL
Nothing. Forget about it.

The group stops in front of a set of double doors where another keypad blocks their entry. Reeves motions to Kara to bring Paul, who is looking the opposite direction, up to the door. Kara grabs Paul by the arm and leads him gently to the door. Paul takes out the other black device and opens the door.

PAUL (CONT'D)
That's it. If there is another keypad door in here, It's gonna take me a lot longer to hack it with the laptop.

REEVES
There aren't anymore keypads.

PAUL
How do you know that?

REEVES
Just trust me.

Reeves tries to grab Paul and pull him into the room but he resists and drops his bag on the floor.

PAUL

Alright. I want to know what the hell is going on. You know this place like the back of your hand. You know way more than you should about the program you gave me. Not to mention I have a sneaking suspicion that you stole the program from here, but got caught in the process and couldn't finish the download. Now, I'm not going anywhere until someone tells me what the hell is going on!

Finn and Brighton position themselves behind Paul, and Reeves pulls her gun up, pointing it at Paul's head.

REEVES

Get in there and do your fucking job.

Kara steps in between Paul and Reeves.

KARA

We don't need to do this.

Dusan pulls Kara out of the way and maintains his grip on her arm.

REEVES

(motioning with the rifle)

Move.

PAUL

Alright. Just calm down.

Paul walks into the room. With Reeves directly behind him, the barrel of her rifle drifting 2 inches from his spine. Brighton and Finn follow behind Reeves, as Kara, led by Dusan, enters last.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGH TECH LAB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn pulls into the parking lot of the high tech lab Reeves and Paul just recently arrived at. He pulls into a parking spot two down from the white service van and steps out of his car. Pulling a pistol from a holster hidden until now under his jacket, he checks out the van without touching it, seeing nothing inside but some empty gray cases.

He opens the driver's side, pops the hood and walks over toward it. After a minute or so, he closes the hood and walks back to his car. He opens the rear door of his car, takes off his jacket and throws it inside.

After closing the door, Quinn pops the trunk, revealing a small black case. Inside the case, there are two clips and a silencer for his pistol, a bluetooth headset for his phone, and two small gray devices similar to the one Reeves used in Paul's apartment. Quinn takes off the shoulder holster and throws it into the truck. He pulls open a black duffle bag and takes out a thigh holster, which he attaches to his leg. He puts the spare clips into spaces on the holster, attaches the silencer to his pistol and puts it into the holster. Reaching back into the duffle bag, he pulls out a bullet-proof vest and puts it on as fast as possible. Then he puts both of the E.M.P. devices into his pants' pockets and attaches the bluetooth headset to his ear. He closes the trunk.

Quinn pulls out his phone and dials Mendena, who picks up quickly.

MENDENA (V.O.)

You there?

QUINN

Yeah. So are the mystery guests.

MENDENA (V.O.)

What about McCoy?

QUINN

Not sure yet. I'm kitted out and going in. I'm leaving you on com. Get ready to send in the closest law enforcement when I give the call.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Way ahead of you. Suri is trying to get access to the lab's internal cameras. Be careful.

QUINN

If I wanted to be careful, I'd be a park ranger.

Quinn runs toward the doors of the building and goes right in.

CUT TO

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Paul sits in front of a computer typing away, the screen not visible. Dusan and Reeves stand over his shoulder, watching him. Kara stands in a corner with Brighton next to her.

BRIGHTON
What was that about?

KARA
She didn't need to go there. He's come this far on faith. If we had just told him about the robbery, he would have been right here with us.

BRIGHTON
Maybe. But that wasn't your call to make. You should be careful.

KARA
What is that supposed to mean?

BRIGHTON
I've been with her for 5 years. She doesn't take well to disagreements.

KARA
Oh, come on. What's she gonna do? Kill me?

BRIGHTON
If you get in her way, probably.

Kara turns away from Brighton, a look of shock and disgust on her face.

BRIGHTON (CONT'D)
Look, she's after something big. She'll take us with her but it's gotta be her way. If you want in, just play along. If not, I'll help you get out.

KARA
What?

CUT TO

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Quinn slowly comes down the hallway Reeves and company passed through minutes earlier, his gun drawn and pointed at the wall directly ahead of him. He hears voices around the corner to his left.

BRIGHTON

We can go out for a smoke, you knock me out and leave.

Quinn looks into the window set into the lab door and sees Reeves and Dusan standing over Paul, Finn across from the door, and Kara and Brighton next to the door.

KARA

(motioning toward Paul)
What about him?

BRIGHTON

He's not gonna be useful for much longer.

KARA

I can't believing I'm hearing this.

Quinn turns back to the hallway and looks down both sides.

QUINN

(whispering)
I've got 5 heavily armed hostiles between me and McCoy.

MENDENA (V.O.)

How heavy?

QUINN

(whispering)
Assault rifles and riot shotguns. I knew I should have brought the benelli.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Any moves you can make?

Quinn looks back into the window again and sees Kara and Brighton walking toward the door.

QUINN

(whispering)
Maybe.

Quinn moves around the corner and waits.

Back inside the lab room, Kara and Brighton's movement is noticed by Reeves.

REEVES
Where are you going?

BRIGHTON
Taking Kara to the bathroom.

REEVES
Keep your gun on her.

KARA
What am I? A hostage now?

BRIGHTON
Just go Kara.

KARA
Fine.

Finn walks over to the door and stands next to it, opening it to his side. Both Brighton and Kara walk out. Around the corner, Quinn stands up, holsters his weapon quietly, and flattens himself against the wall, hidden by the lack of light in the hallway. He lets them pass and picks up walking quietly behind them.

BRIGHTON
Ready?

Before Kara can turn to face Brighton, Quinn makes his move, stepping between them. He hits Kara lightly in the throat with the edge of his right hand, punches Brighton in the small of his back with his left, and throws his right arm around, grabbing Brighton around the neck. Kara stumbles, gasping for breath before falling back onto a wall, clutching her throat.

Meanwhile, Quinn struggles with Brighton before getting his other arm locked in behind Brighton's head. Quinn pulls hard to the right and a muffled snap comes out from Brighton's neck as his entire body goes limp.

Quinn draws his weapon and points it at Kara while slowly letting Brighton's body down onto the floor.

QUINN
(whispering)
Listen up girl. I didn't kill you because I need you. I'm here to take Paul and the product you gave him. Now, you can help me and get
(MORE)

QUINN (Cont'd)
 out of here alive, or I can kill
 you right here, right now. What's
 it gonna be?

Kara just sits there for a moment, still trying to breathe.

QUINN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Nod if you're gonna help me.

Kara reluctantly nods. Quinn walks over to her and picks her up by one arm. He lifts up her head by the chin.

QUINN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 That's gonna bruise.

Quinn takes his hand away.

QUINN (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 I need you to get Paul and bring
 him to the door, with the program
 he's downloading. I don't care
 how, but get him past the two
 watching him. When I tell you,
 crouch down and run for the door
 with him.

Kara nods and they both walk back down the hallway. Quinn pushes Kara back toward the door while he waits out of sight near the doorframe. Kara stumbles back into the lab, exaggerating her throat injury. The coughing gets everyone's attention and Paul starts to get up but gets pushed back down into his seat by Dusan. Pauls goes back to working on the computer, but with a greater sense of urgency.

REEVES
 What the hell is going on?

Paul stands up quickly and tries to walk over to Kara again, this time stopped by Reeves. Paul shoves a small black harddrive into her hand and then slides over to Kara, picking her up from the floor.

PAUL
 What happened?

KARA
 (coughing)
 Brighton tried to kill me.

REEVES
 (pointing accusingly at
 Kara with the disk)
 Where is he?

Just then, Quinn flings open the door next to Finn, knocking him into the wall, and throws one of the gray devices into the room. It goes off quickly and everything electronic sparks violently and the lights go out.

QUINN
 (yelling)
 Now!

Kara swipes the drive from Reeves' hand and torpedoes out of the open door with Paul in tow. As Reeves and Dusan open fire on the door, Quinn slides a large shelf in front of it and runs down the adjoining hall behind Kara and Paul.

PAUL
 What's going on?

KARA
 Just run!

QUINN
 Out the front!

The three run thru the lobby of the building and burst out of the front doors, Quinn turning to check behind them before running out of the building.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGH TECH LAB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Quinn points to his car as Kara and Paul run toward it. Quinn unlocks it quickly with the key fob. Kara and Paul climb into the back seat and Quinn gets into the front. He cranks the car.

PAUL
 Who the hell is this guy!?

QUINN
 Shut him up!

KARA
 Just drive!

Quinn drops the gearshift into drive and the sedan speeds off into the night.

CUT TO

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Dusan and Finn manage to push the doors open, sliding the bookshelf away. Reeves comes out first, gun up and pointing down the hallway. She takes the adjoining hallway and starts heading toward the lobby, hopping over Brighton's body, Dusan and Finn in tow.

REEVES
Kill on sight.

FINN
What about Kara?

DUSAN
She dies first.

The three make it to the lobby and see a sedan pull out of the parking lot outside. The three break into a run and burst through the lobby doors and into the parking lot.

CUT TO

EXT. HIGH TECH LAB PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Reeves, Dusan, and Finn run to their van and all three get in as fast as possible. Dusan tries to crank the van but nothing happens. He pops the hood and jumps out from the driver's seat. He looks around the engine and then slams his fist into the front quarter panel. Reeves looks at Dusan who just shakes his head. Rifle in hand, Reeves turns to look in the direction the sedan went.

MS: DUSAN AT HOOD, REEVES LOOKING PAST CAMERA

CUT TO

I/E. QUINN'S CAR ON HIGHWAY - DAWN

As Quinn's car speeds down the highway toward an unknown destination, Kara and Paul argue in the back of the car. Quinn pulls a wad of cables from inside his jacket and admires them.

PAUL
She was gonna kill me Kara! As soon as she got what she wanted. Fuck, as soon as you got what you wanted!

Quinn tosses the cables into the passenger seat.

KARA

No, I didn't want to hurt you! I didn't know Reeves was planning that!

PAUL

How do I know that?

PAUL (CONT'D)

(motioning to Quinn)

And who the hell is he?

KARA

I don't know! He said he was after you and the program and that he would kill me if I didn't help him! He killed Brighton for fuck's sake!

PAUL

And that just makes him automatically trustworthy?

Quinn turns back to the road from watching the two argue.

MENDENA (V.O.)

How'd it go?

QUINN

Package in hand.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Good work. What about our end?

QUINN

I'm working on it but do me a favor, run a background on a woman named Reeves.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Any guidelines?

QUINN

Yeah. Find the files on the smash and grab at our benefactor's lab. Track the MO.

MENDENA (V.O.)

You think this Reeves set up the first job?

QUINN
Maybe. Get back to me.

MENDENA (V.O.)
Got it.

Quinn hangs up the phone and tosses his headset into the passenger seat. Kara pulls a small pistol out of her jacket and puts it up to Quinn's head.

KARA
Who are you?!

QUINN
Name's Quinn.

PAUL
I don't believe this!

KARA
(to Paul)
Shut up!

KARA (CONT'D)
(to Quinn)
Who do you work for?

QUINN
I'm an independent contractor.

KARA
Corporate mercenary.

QUINN
I was hired to get McCoy and the program. Now, you can shoot me, but then you'll be running for the rest of your lives. Not to mention the car will probably barrel into the median at 80 miles per hour.

KARA
You got something else in mind?

PAUL
(to Kara)
What the hell do you...

KARA
(to Paul)
Paul, shut the fuck up!

Quinn looks into the rear view mirror and sees Paul slink back into the seat.

KARA (CONT'D)

Ok. What are you selling?

QUINN

My priority is the drive. McCoy was just a passing interest. You aren't even part of the program. I get paid for the program only. So, let's make a deal.

KARA

I'm listening.

QUINN

McCoy, can you make a copy of whatever is on that drive?

Kara looks over at Paul and nods for him to answer.

PAUL

Maybe, if I had the right equipment. It'll take a while though.

KARA

(to Quinn)

What are you getting at?

QUINN

If McCoy can get me a copy of that drive, you two go free.

KARA

Free?

QUINN

Free. I'll even get you both new papers. New IDs. The whole deal.

PAUL

You can have the original.

QUINN

I don't want the original.

PAUL

Why?

QUINN

Someone somewhere wants the original and they need to believe
(MORE)

QUINN (Cont'd)
it's the only one. But I need a
copy for...well, let's just call it
an insurance policy.

KARA
You're gonna use it for blackmail?

QUINN
Does it matter?

KARA
Maybe.

QUINN
You've gotta understand something:
when you work with people like my
employers, the only bargaining chip
is information. I'm building up a
library so when I need something
from them, I get it.

KARA
Alright then, deal.

PAUL
What? No fucking way! It's bad
enough I got caught up with your
asshole crew, now I've got to work
with another asshole with a gun?

KARA
Damn it Paul, this is the only
option we have!

PAUL
What's this we shit?

KARA
Look, you'd be dead if it weren't
for me. We're in this together now
so just deal with it.

Kara takes the gun away from Quinn's head, flips the
safety, tosses it into the front passenger seat, and sits
back, looking away from Paul, who is looking out the
window.

QUINN
(to Paul)
You said you needed equipment?

PAUL

Yeah. The guy who builds my systems lives in Atlanta. In Vinings.

KARA

You can't trust that guy. He sold you out to Reeves, remember?

PAUL

I know. We're gonna have a little discussion about that.

Quinn turns back to the long stretch of road in front of him, the sun rising in the distance.

FADE OUT

INT. TERMINAL'S HOUSE - DAY

LYNDON "TERMINAL" CORELLI sits in front of a TV playing video games. Around the living room are computer parts and shells spread out like garbage in the ocean. Lyndon, dressed in clothes way too big for his frame, hears a knock at the door, pauses his game and walks over to the front door. Without thinking, he unlocks and opens the door. Standing in front of him is Kara and Quinn. Lyndon stands there with a puzzled look on his face.

LYNDON

Can I help you?

Paul steps out from behind Kara.

LYNDON (CONT'D)

Shit!

Lyndon tries to run from the door but is immediately tripped up by Quinn. Quinn leans down and picks up Lyndon, then throws him against the wall next to the door. Kara closes the door as Paul walks up next to Quinn, who pulls out his pistol and puts it under Lyndon's chin.

LYNDON (CONT'D)

Hey Paul! What's up man?!

PAUL

Don't "what's up" me you fucking snake in the grass! You led some bad people right to me and from what I heard, you did it for cheap. So I'm looking for a really good reason to not ask my friend here to

(MORE)

PAUL (Cont'd)
shoot you in the head and just take
what I need from your shop.

LYNDON
God! Come on man! I'll do
anything! I swear, I thought they
just wanted to build a system like
yours!

QUINN
What do you know about the people
who came here asking about his
system?

LYNDON
(casually)
You know, I didn't catch your name.

Quinn cocks the hammer on his gun.

LYNDON (CONT'D)
Jesus! Ok, ok. It was this chick
and her man-servant.

KARA
Man-servant?

LYNDON
Yeah. Big guy with blonde hair.
He didn't say much.

PAUL
(to Kara)
Finn was her hacker?

KARA
I didn't know he could work a
computer.

QUINN
(to Lyndon)
The woman.

LYNDON
Tall, dark hair.

KARA
Reeves.

PAUL
 (to Lyndon)
 You sold my system specs to
 terrorists, you ass.

KARA
 We weren't terrorists.

PAUL
 (to Kara)
 Whatever.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 (to Lyndon)
 You owe me.

LYNDON
 Yeah! Whatever you want man, just
 put the gun away!

Quinn drops Lyndon back to the ground and holsters his
 weapon. Lyndon rubs his neck as Paul points to the back of
 the house.

PAUL
 Get your laptop.

LYNDON
 Come on man, I don't let anyone use
 it!

PAUL
 Quinn?

QUINN
 (hand on his gun)
 Don't make him say it again.

LYNDON
 Shit! Ok. I'll be back in a
 second.

QUINN
 You're not leaving my sight.

LYNDON
 Fine. It's this way.

Lyndon leads Quinn down a hallway and into another room.
 Meanwhile, Kara starts looking around, avoiding looking at
 Paul. Paul walks over to her.

PAUL

Look, I didn't mean to go off back there. It's just...It's not everyday I get kidnapped, nearly killed, and then kidnapped again. I'm sorry ok?

KARA

It's ok. You had a right to be pissed. But I swear I had no idea they would threaten you.

PAUL

I know. She was using you too.

Kara sits down on the couch in front of the tv, and leans her head back. Paul sits down across from her, looking at her.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I think she was using you to make me more receptive.

KARA

I can't believe I was the bait.

PAUL

I could think of worse people to spend a day with.

Kara picks her head up and turns facing Paul. Their faces no more than a foot apart.

KARA

Oh yeah?

PAUL

Yeah.

They both look deep into each others eyes and begin moving slightly closer. Lyndon comes back down the hall with the laptop.

LYNDON

Got it.

Kara and Paul clear their throats and look away from each, shrugging off the moment.

QUINN

Get to work. The quicker the better.

PAUL
You might want to have a beer or
something. Like I said, this might
take a while.

KARA
I'll take that beer.

Kara gets up and walks into the kitchen, takes a beer out,
and sits back down on the couch, on the opposite side from
Paul and Lyndon.

PAUL
(to Lyndon)
Make yourself useful and get me
that Sinologic 16.

Lyndon walks over to a desk and grabs a grey box. He takes
it back to Paul.

LYNDON
What is it?

PAUL
A file I think.

LYNDON
You think?

Quinn walks over to the window and sits down, looking out
thru the blinds.

PAUL
It's got quantum encryption running
all over it.

LYNDON
No shit?

PAUL
No shit. Nasty stuff too.

LYNDON
We could try running an electron
bypass.

PAUL
It's worth a shot.

CUT TO

INT. MENDENA'S OFFICE - DAY

Mendena sits in a large leather chair behind an antique desk. The kind of desk you would find in the office of a stock broker in the 1980's. He types at a computer, perusing through picture files of older women. Suri comes around the desk and places a stack of disks down next to a large stack of manilla folders.

SURI

Here's those tax records you wanted.

MENDENA

Thanks. Do me a favor and run the scenario for that parking deck on broad street again.

SURI

Sure.

Mendena goes back to typing, still cycling through photos. He finally stops on a picture of Reeves. The document says her real name is Pamela Reeves.

MENDENA

Gotcha. Let's see here: service record, discharge papers. Whoa. Would you look at that.

MENDENA (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Suri! Send the file on Reeves to Yamata and Reynolds. Use the secure line!

SURI

(from other room)

OK!

A cell phone sitting on the desk next to the keyboard rings loudly. Mendena looks over at it.

MENDENA

Quinn.

CUT TO.

INT. TERMINAL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lyndon and Paul work on the laptop in the middle of the living room.

Different boxes and cables are strung up around the black hard drive. Kara sleeps on the couch, her beer half empty and resting on the floor. Quinn stands in the kitchen, dialing his cellphone.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Where the hell have you been?

QUINN

We're back in Atlanta. At some hacker's house, some tech guy McCoy knows. They're working on our policy now.

MENDENA (V.O.)

I've got the file on this Reeves woman.

QUINN

Hit me.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Pamela Reeves, born June 8, 1978 in Seattle. Joined the Marines in '96. She was part of the detachment sent to Somalia plus 2 years stationed at the embassy in Saudia Arabia. Honorably discharged in 2003, one month before Iraq. She's been freelance ever since. But get this, there's a record of her working at a supposed weapons lab in New Mexico for 2 years. Guess who owned the lab?

QUINN

She's the inside man.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Woman. But yeah. She's a bad ass with a capital bad. If she's been planning this deal for as long as it looks like she has, you could have some serious trouble.

QUINN

I'll manage.

MENDENA (V.O.)

I thought you'd say that. What about McCoy and the girl?

QUINN

Run some new papers for them. New passports. Pull some money too. Enough to get them started anyway.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Why the hell are we doing that?

QUINN

The trouble I'm having to go through to get this stuff, whatever is on that drive might be the only insurance policy we're ever gonna need. But considering all the trouble around this thing, I'd rather not kill the only people we know who know anything about it.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Ok, but I don't like this.

QUINN

Put a tracer on the passports. Even if we never need him for our policy, a guy like McCoy is still handy.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Now I'm liking this.

QUINN

I thought so.

In the other room, Paul yells out.

PAUL

Quinn! I got it!

QUINN

(to phone)

We've got our policy. Set up the meet.

MENDENA (V.O.)

Where?

QUINN

Somewhere public.

MENDENA (V.O.)

I'll call you with a place and a time.

Quinn hangs up the phone and walks into the living room.

Kara is awake and looking at the laptop. Paul gets up and hands a gray harddrive to Quinn.

QUINN
You cracked it?

PAUL
Nope. Just figured out how to make an identical encrypted file.

QUINN
That's not gonna work for me.

PAUL
Look, I can't access the data. We just don't have the tech here. Best I could do was to copy the encryption. Since it's melded with the data, you have an exact duplicate of what you are going to deliver.

KARA
Do we still have a deal?

QUINN
Yeah. My man is setting up the meet. We'll get your papers after I hand off the drive.

LYNDON
Can I go?

PAUL
No chance in hell. And if I ever, and I mean ever, see a word of this online or you burn me again for anything less than God's personal fortune, I'll post your real name and social security number on Google's homepage.

Lyndon drops back onto the couch mumbling. Paul and Kara walk towards the door but Quinn stops them, holding the door shut.

QUINN
We're not leaving yet.

KARA
Why not?

QUINN
 My man's gotta call back with the
 time and the place for the meet.
 Then we go. Until then, we stay
 put.

PAUL
 Are we safe here?

KARA
 Reeves knows about this place.

QUINN
 Don't have much choice. Besides,
 they've only got one angle of
 attack if they come here. If it
 comes to it, this place will be
 easy to defend.

PAUL
 You're call.

KARA
 For now.

LYNDON
 (from couch)
 Great...

Paul and Kara go into the kitchen and Quinn walks over to
 the window, sitting in front of the blinds so as to see
 between them and into the parking lot.

CUT TO

INT. EMPTY WAREHOUSE - DAY

Reeves, Dusan, and Finn walk back into the warehouse they
 vacated days before to find two men driving forklifts. One
 of the men, WORKER 1, stops next to them.

WORKER 1
 Hey, how can I help you?

REEVES
 (pointing to other
 worker)
 We need to speak to him.

WORKER 1
 Ok. Let me go get him.

Worker 1 drives off and gets Worker 2.

They both hop off of their forklifts and walk over to Reeves.

WORKER 2
You looking for me?

REEVES
No.

Finn and Dusan draw pistols from holster on their hips and fire two round each into the chests of both men. They fall back onto the concrete, leaving pools of blood that grow in dark red contrast to the light gray concrete of the floor.

Reeves motions toward the office and Finn holsters his weapon, walks into the office, and sits down in front of the computer. Dusan and Reeves stay outside the office.

DUSAN
What are we doing?

REEVES
We need to find out where Paul and Kara are going.

DUSAN
Why don't we just go back to the guy who made his computer?

REEVES
That other man was a professional. If Paul and Kara are with him, and they did go back to Lyndon, we'd have to take out the entire complex to get to them.

DUSAN
So?

REEVES
We are operating under the radar. Declaring war on an apartment complex does nothing to keep us there. Finn will find out where they're going. Then, we get there first.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Help me with the bodies.

Reeves and Dusan pick up the bodies of the two men by the ankles and drag them across the floor and out of sight.

CUT TO

INT. CORPORATE CONFERENCE ROOM - EVENING

Reynolds and Yamata walk into the conference room where another woman, SECRETARY, sits in a brown business suit. Yamata nods to the girl who pushes a button on a LCD monitor.

MR YAMATA

Mr. Mendena. I hope you have good news for us.

MENDENA (V.O.)

As a matter of fact I do. We have the product in our hands.

MRS REYNOLDS

When will you be bringing it to us.

MENDENA

Well, never.

MR YAMATA

What?

MENDENA

That's not how this is gonna work. There is a manufacturing plant in Hoshton, about an hour northeast of Atlanta. I'm sending you the address now. Meet my man there at midnight tonight. Come alone, just the two of you and you'll get your program.

MRS REYNOLDS

We will need one of our technicians there to verify the authenticity of the program.

MENDENA

Alright. My man will verify the transaction, then hand you the product. Then we part ways. Sound good?

MR YAMATA

We'll be there at midnight.

Yamata nods to the secretary, who pushes the button again, turning off the screen.

MR YAMATA (CONT'D)
They're suspicious.

MRS REYNOLDS
(to The secretary)
Call in the teams.

MRS REYNOLDS (CONT'D)
(to Yamata)
We can't afford to let the product
get away from us again.

Yamata nods and walks out of the conference room as the secretary picks up a nearby phone.

CUT TO

EXT. MANUFACTURING PLANT - NIGHT

At a quiet manufacturing plant, covered in pipes and open air catwalks, Quinn's car pulls under a large pipe assembly and stops. The lights from the different areas of the plant cast long shadows and gradiated colors across the concrete ground. Quinn gets out of the car as Kara and Paul open the back doors of the car. Quinn looks at his watch, it reads "11:57". He looks around the complex and up at the catwalks. Paul and Kara watch Quinn, occasionally glancing at each other.

PAUL
(to Quinn)
What are you doing?

QUINN
I'm looking around.

Quinn walks away from the two and up a catwalk and onto an overhang. He pulls the second E.M.P. device out of his pocket, turns it on, and places it on the metal floor of the edge of the catwalk. Paul and Kara meander around the car as Quinn comes down from the catwalk.

Quinn walks up to Paul and sticks out his hand containing a small device similar to a gate opener.

PAUL
What's that?

QUINN

It's the remote detonator for an
E.M.P.

PAUL

Why are you giving it to me?

QUINN

If something happens, burn the
E.M.P. It'll fry the drives and
fuck their product.

KARA

It'll fry both drives.

QUINN

Well, if something happens, I'll
probably be dead and won't need it
anyway.