

ANALOG

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INT. AIRPORT - DAY

A pale finger presses play on a vintage 1960's style Sony Walkman. The audio-cassette lurches to life, spinning tape. The cord snakes upward/ over a rumpled brown suit, to a pair of extra-large headphones. The owner of this old-school apparatus is BOB SCURE (29) - computer geek, child prodigy, low-tech resident of the digital world.

Bob walks through the bustling airport with a distant look in his eyes. His boyish good looks are hidden beneath mediocre hair, low-fidelity, and a general malaise.

All around Bob are BUSINESS TRAVELERS in the frenzied act of modern communication. Talking on cell-phones. Punching messages into hand-held devices. Typing on laptops. Hurrying to their ultra-important jobs/meetings.

Bob reaches the seating area at his gate. He finds a seat next to a pretty businesswoman, CATHERINE, (32) who is talking on her cell phone. Bob sends an unseen smile her way, then glances at her a few times. Bob slowly scooches closer to Catherine. She doesn't seem to notice that he's sitting ODDLY close to her.

As he eavesdrops on Catherine's conversation the camera creeps very slowly into Bob's expressionless face.

CATHERINE

(excruciatingly happy)

Hi! It's me. Yeah, I made the early flight 1 Isn't that exciting? Uh huh. So I should be home for dinner after all. Yon wanna go out, or stay in? We could rent a movie... Mol I get to pick this time.

(laughs)

I can't wait to see you. Remember we have Paul and Rachel coming in this weekend... I know... don't worry, it'll be fun. I guess that's what: we get for having so many friends!

An AIRLINE WORKER announces flight information.

AIRLINE WORKER

Thanks for waiting, we're now ready to board flight 243.

Bob gets up from his seat. He half-smiles at Catherine who never even knew he was there.

INT. ANOTHER AIRPORT- - DAY

Bob wears his headphones and rides the people-mover in his destination airport. Other TRAVELERS are fast-walking by him.

Bob has all the makings of a business traveler (suit/rolling bag/computer bag), but there's something different... He's a step slower. A shade paler. A little less interested, Bob's Blackberry goes off in his pocket. He pulls it out, looks at it blankly and then puts it away.

INT. RENTAL CAR SHUTTLE - DAY

From outside the shuttle we see Bob jammed into a corner of an extremely crowded shuttle bus. He gazes out the window, watching the activity.

INT. RENTAL CAR OFFICE - DAY

Bob waits in a huge line to pick up his rental car. He's been here before. Thousands of times. Bob's blackberry vibrates again. He picks it up and sees: "URGENT MESSAGE. CALL OFFICE" He calmly puts the Blackberry back in his pocket.

EXT. RENTAL CAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob pulls his rolling bag noisily down a long line of rental cars'. The cars get smaller and cheaper the farther he goes. He clicks his key at each car, but none of them respond until the very last car: Ford Probe. Economy-size. White. Lamé.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - SAME

As Bob drives out off the rental car lot he passes a BUSINESS TRAVELER who looks a lot like him (same age, same uniform). Bob watches jealously as this guy climbs into a TO? OP THE LINE rental car, right up front.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bob drives on a multi-lane highway. Outside the car, strip malls, office buildings and pavement blur together in what could be the outskirts of any city in the U.S. This one is Austin, Texas.

EXT. SENDEC CORPORATION - AUSTIN OFFICE - DAY

Sendec is a monument to blandness. Bob veers into a large parking lot. OFFICE DRONES mill toward the entrance to the massive building. Bob turns the car off, rolls up the window (manually), and sits there for a long time.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DAY

NELSON (40's), the slim, uptight CEO of Sendec bursts around a corner and continues quickly down a long hallway. He's stressed, annoyed, annoying. He stops abruptly at the office of RAY (50's), a fatherly middle-manager with a surprising amount of life left in him. Ray SIGHS audibly when he sees Nelson standing there.

NELSON

Where the hell is Bob Scure? We've got major problems here Ray. I've been paging him all morning.

RAY

His plane landed an hour ago. He'll be here.

NELSON

My office the second he gets here!

Nelson leaves. Ray rolls his eyes.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DAY

Bob walks into the office. The receptionist, GLADYS (40's) looks extremely pleased to see him., Almost too pleased.

GLADYS

The computer guy! Boy are people going to be glad to see you!

Bob starts to say something, but is interrupted by BILL (30's) a brisk-walking office worker.

BILL

Hey! The computer guy! E-mail's down again my man!

Bill slaps Bob on the shoulder with a file and strides away in double-time.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bob walks down the hall. He passes Nelson's office. Nelson sees Bob and yells out:

NELSON

Bob Scure! Is that you?

IN THE HALLWAY

Bob frowns, then backs up and looks into Nelson's office.

NELSON

Come in Bob. And close the door please. I've been paging you!

INT. NELSON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bob ignores Nelson's pager comment. Nelson shoots him a very fake smile, and looks extremely nervous.

NELSON

I seem to have gotten myself into a little pickle.

BOB

Is this about the E-mail server?

NELSON

No, we can get to that uh, in a bit. This is of a personal nature.

Bob walks over to the computer.

NELSON

In your expert opinion is it possible to un-send an E-mail?

BOB

That depends on what type of system you sent it to. Was it internal?

NELSON

Um. No. It was to a hotmail account'. My wife's to be exact. And it's very, how shall I say this... well it's extremely important that she does NOT open this e-mail.

BOB

When did you send it?

NELSON

About two hours ago.

Bob winces,

BOB

So it's in their mainframe already.
(a beat)
You're sure it's unopened?

NELSON

She won't be home for another 20 minutes.

BOB

The only way would be to hack into the hotmail mainframe, which is close to impossible, and illegal. Then I could retrieve her password open the account and delete the message.

NELSON

(looking at his watch)

How long would something like that take?

Bob thinks for a moment.

BOB

About ten minutes.

Nelson smiles broadly.

NELSON

Thank you Bob. I knew there was only one man for this job. This won't go unnoticed.

Bob smiles, sits down behind the computer and goes to work. As Nelson leaves, he turns back to Bob.

NELSON

Oh... and if you don't mind, there seems to be a heavy lint buildup inside my mouse. Can you clean" it out for roe? You're a genius Bob!

Bob glares up at the empty doorway.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob sits facing RAY who plays with a handmade scale model of an 18-wheeler on his desk.

RAY

Where you been this month Bob?

BOB

Tucson, Milwaukee, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Richmond, El-Paso Paso...

RAY

Goddamnit!

Ray's outburst startles Bob. Ray squints at something on his model 18-wheeler.

RAY
 Sorry Bob. The decals never stay on
 right. They wrinkle up. Tear. Ah
 fuck it.

Ray looks up at Bob and smiles. "Fuck it" is Ray's answer
 to most things in life.

RAY
 Ever find time for a lady friend?

Bob tenses up at the mention of a female.

BOB
 No.

The word hangs in the air for a while. Ray goes back to
 studying his model.

RAY
 Must get lonely out there,
 (a beat)
 Got any hobbies? Man needs a hobby.

BOB
 Yeah.

Ray perks up.

RAY
 Yeah? What's your pleasure? Ham
 Radio? Beer can collecting? Stamps?
 (a beat)
 Take a look at this baby. -Not my
 best work, but look at the detailing.

Ray rolls his model toward Bob. Too fast.

Before Bob can catch it, the tiny truck hauls some ass right
 over the edge of the desk and CRASHES to the floor.

BOB
 Shit Ray... I'm sorry.

Ray bolts up out of his chair and rushes over to survey the
 damage. He picks up :the wounded model.

RAY
 Damn Bob. You broke my fuckin'
 chassis.

Ray breaks into a smile.

RAY
 Ah fuck it. Let's go fix some
 computers. E-mail's down again.

They get up and leave the office. Ray gives Bob an inquisitive look.

RAY
Taxidermy? That your thing?

EXT. MOTEL 50 - NIGHT

A red neon vacancy sign BUZZES above the courtyard of the slightly run-down Motel 50. It's a 60's era bungalow-style "motel. Two levels of rooms face a dirty, unused pool. Bob drags his rolling bag across the courtyard,

INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Standard issue hotel room. Free HBO,- Questionable bedspread. Zero charm.

Bob's bag lays open on the bed. Inside the bag are TRAVEL CLOTHES, a LAPTOP, a SMALL ELECTRONIC PIANO, a NINTENDO GAMEBOY, and a plethora of WIRES and ELECTRONIC DEVICES. On the bureau is a MINI-TAPE RECORDER and a neat line of 10 mini-cassettes. Bob walks to the bureau and presses play. He undresses as the tape plays:

CATHERINE (V.O.)
Hi! It's me. Yeah, I made the early flight! Isn't that exciting?
Uh huh. So I should be home for dinner after all. You wanna go out, or stay in? We could rent a movie...
No! I get to pick this time.
(Laughs)
I can't wait to see you. Remember we have Paul and Rachel coming in this weekend... I know, don't worry, it'll be fun. I guess that's what we get for having so many, friends!

Bob removes his shirt in front of a body-length mirror. Taped to his chest is an intricate network of WIRES and another MINI-CASSETTE RECORDER. Bob stares at himself for a moment, then RIPS the tape off his chest» He winces with pain.

Bob walks to the bureau and carefully writes: "Airport, Dallas TX, 8/5/04" on the empty tape case. He places the case next to the other tapes, all of which are similarly titled ("Red Lobster, Burbank CA, 3/23/02"). Bob straightens the line of tapes meticulously and arranges them by date.

Bob pulls the electronic keyboard out of his bag and sets it up in a corner of the room. He sits down at the keyboard and turns it on.

After a while he starts to press keys. The tune is a simple, beautiful, catchy melody. It bears an odd similarity to the music from the video game Pacman.

INT. VIDEO DATING SERVICE - NIGHT

Bob sits under the harsh lights of a video dating service. 'The cheap camera zooms' in and out, focusing unprofessionally. Bob straightens his jacket and runs a hand through his hair.

BOB
(trying out greetings)
Hi. Hi there. Hello. Hey. Hey
there. How's it going?

VERA (40's) a leathery-faced woman in a tight skirt operates the video camera. She presses record.

VERA
Okay Bill, remember to just be
yourself. That's the most important
thing.

BOB
It's Bob.

VESA
Oopsy! Sorry Bob!
(a beat)
Why don't you tell us something about
yourself.

Bob sits there for a long time staring into the camera. He stiffens up and sounds boring and lifeless.

BOB
Hi. My name's Bob. I'm a graduate
of Cornell "University. I work in
the computer industry. I travel a
lot... for work.

Bob sits there, thinking.

BOB
I don't know what else to say.

VERA
What kind of girls do you like to
date?

BOB
I don't know. That's why I'm here.

VERA
Well, you have to have dated before?

BOB

Not really.

Vera looks up from the camera.

VERA

How old are you?

BOB

29.

VERA

Tell you what. Sometimes guys get nervous with me in here. So I'm just going to let you go. Say whatever you want. Just free-flow. Be yourself and let it all come out. We'll cut it down later. Trust me.

Vera smiles at him and leaves. Bob stares into the camera and says nothing at all. Finally, he takes a deep breath, smiles and says:

BOB

I'm really just a normal, everyday type of guy.

From inside the room, we can see Vera sadly watching Bob through a window.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Old-school diner. The crowd is a gentle mix of yuppies, bums, and serious late night coffee drinkers. Bob eats alone in a booth.

ON BOB'S TABLE, partially hidden by a napkin, the mini-cassette recorder spins endlessly. A couple, LESTER (40's) and CINDY (20's), occupy the booth directly behind Bob. The mini-recorder has been placed as close to Lester and Cindy as Bob could get it.

The door of the diner JINGLES and in walks SADIE (20's). She's gorgeous but not entirely comfortable with her beauty. Her clothes are retro-funky and she's got the distinct look of a late-bloomer.

Sadie walks past Bob and sits down in a booth facing him. A WAITRESS comes over and they exchange warm, familiar smiles, Sadie's animated conversation with the waitress captivates Bob. As he watches her, we HEAR Lester and Cindy's conversation.

After a while. Bob closes his eyes.

LESTER

What do you think he'll do if he
finds out?

CINDY

What the fuck do you think he'll do?

LESTER

Divorce your ass.

CINDY

Genius.

LESTER

That's good though, isn't it?

CINDY

I guess,
(a beat)
Why do we always come here?

LESTER

We go other places.

CINDY

No we don't.

LESTER

What's wrong with it?

CINDY

I hate it.

LESTER

They've got good donuts.

CINDY

You never order donuts.

Lester gets uncomfortable.

LESTER

You wouldn't know a good donut if it
hit you in the twat.

CINDY

That's sweet Lester.

Bob still has his eyes closed. Cindy and Lester's conversation stops for a moment. Behind Bob, Cindy points to him and they start WHISPERING. Bob opens his eyes just as he realizes he's about to be busted. Lester stands above him menacingly.

LESTER
What the fuck are you doing with
that?

Lester points at the tape recorder. Bob grabs it and presses
stop.

BOB
Nothing. I was just...

LESTER
You were recording us. You weasly
motherfucker-

BOB
No. No... I was...

LESTER
What are you, some kind of Geek-ass
detective? Give me that tape before
I beat the fuck out of you.

CINDY
Lester!

LESTER
(to Cindy)
Shut up. I knew he would pull some
weak shit like this.

Bob's hands shake as he scurries to retrieve the tape.

Across the room, Sadie watches the scene with
intrigue/amusement.

CINDY
You think Fred hired this guy?

BOB
Ho... No, I work with computers. I
was just...

LESTER
You were what... recording the
ambiance in this shithole? Give me
the tape.

Bob hands him the tape. Lester gets in his face.

LESTER
Tell whoever hired you- to come talk
to me face to face. Fuckhead.

BOB
It's a... hobby.

CINDY
(to Lester)
I told you I hated this place.

Lester grabs Cindy and they leave. The waitress stands with her arms folded staring at Bob. Sadie smiles to herself as she watches Bob pay and hurry out.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Bob quickly crosses the street. After a moment, Sadie comes out of the diner. She follows Bob at a safe distance.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - NIGHT

Bob walks across the hotel courtyard with his hands in his pockets. We hear the CLICKING of Sadie's heels behind him.

SADIE (O.S.)
Excuse me? Mr. Tape Recorder Man?

Bob stops dead in his tracks and turns around, mortified. Sadie stands there with a mischievous smirk on her face. Bob remembers her instantly.

SADIE
That' s pretty messed up. I mean...
in a cool way,

BOB
Are you talking to me?

SADIE
No... the other surveillance expert
behind you!

BOB
Did you follow me?

SADIE
Yeah. But I live here. I mean
it's a hotel... so technically I
guess I reside here. I'm Sadie.

Sadie crosses, offers her hand and a smile. Bob reluctantly shakes it.

BOB
I'm Bob. But I don't... I mean... I
wasn't... you know...

SADIE
Relax Bob. I saw the whole thing.
Do you do that a lot? Tape people?

Bob looks at her, not knowing what to say.

SADIE
So... I haven't seen you around here?

BOB
I checked in today. Just for a few
days. I'm a computer programmer.

Sadie looks Bob over. He looks like a computer programmer.

A long, awkward, moment ensues.

SADIE
I thought all you corporate guys
stayed at the Marriot.

Bob looks around at the slightly crappy Motel 50.

BOB
They all look the same. I like the
older places.

SADIE
Me too.
(a beat)
Key can I see your tape-recorder?

At that moment, Bob's cell phone RINGS, He looks down at
it, thankful for the interruption. He silences the phone.

BOB
(indicating his phone)
I've got to... go now. Work.

Bob walks to his room. Sadie watches him go. When he's at
his door she yells:

SADIE
Kind of a bummer that jerk got your
tape, huh?

Bob turns back to her. A smile slowly creeps onto his face
and he pulls a mini-cassette out of his pocket. He holds it
up so Sadie can see it.

BOB
He didn't.

Sadie looks at Bob with complete wonder as he turns away and
heads into his room. Sadie stands there for a moment, an
intrigued smile creeps onto her face.

INT. BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob shuts the door and locks it. He leans back against the wall, closes his eyes, and. SIGHS. After a few seconds he pulls the shade open a little and peers out into the courtyard. But Sadie's gone.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sadie, dressed in a sexy outfit, sits at a table with a businessman conspicuously named JOHN (40's). John is slightly overweight and fidgets with his wedding ring.

SADIE
So, you married John?

JOHN
What do you think?

SADIE
Tell me about her.

John smiles wryly at her.

JOHN
That' s not why I' m here.

SADIE
It is... indirectly. If you think about it.

John puts his hand on top of hers and looks up into her eyes. Sadie withdraws her hand.

JOHN
Yeah. Well I don't want to think about it. That's why I paid you \$200.

SADIE
(pushing it)
Any kids?

JOHN
Now look here. Where are we going next?

Sadie smiles at John and looks him over.

SADIE
Next?

JOHN
Yeah. Next. You know.

SADIE

Look... it's nothing about you so
don't get all hurt -- but I never...

JOHN

Now wait just a goddamned minute.

SADIE

I'm an escort John. I escorted you.
(little louder now)
Perhaps you were hoping for a-
prostitute?
(a beat)
I thought I made this very clear on
the phone.

John grabs her hand and holds onto it.

JOHN

This is bullshit. You're a hooker.

Sadie jerks her hand free and thinks for a moment. After a
while her face softens and she smiles at John seductively.

SADIE

Jeez... I'm just kidding John. Don't
get yourself all worked up. I was
just trying to be discreet.

Sadie puts her hand on top of John's, His tension eases.

SADIE

So stressed. You really need some
release, don't you baby?

John leans in toward Sadie.

JOHN

Well... yes. I do.

Sadie leans in toward John. Their faces are inches apart.
She speaks in a quiet, sexy voice.

SADIE

Tell you what John. Why don't you
go into the bathroom. Find a stall.
Close the door and get yourself all
ready. Wait for me in there.

John's face lights up with excitement and a little fear.

JOHN

You sure this is... Okay I mean...
here?

SADIE

It's going to be better than okay,
John.

Sadie winks sexily at John. He smiles nervously and walks to the bathroom with a spring in his step. Sadie watches him go with a mischievous smile. When he's safely in the bathroom, Sadie picks up his bag and rifles through it.

She looks at various items: his wallet, some papers, a calculator. Then, at the bottom of the bag she finds her prize. She pulls the item out and we see that it's a BUFFALO-HEAD NICKEL. Sadie drops the nickel in her purse, tucks in her chair, and leaves the restaurant.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

John sits in the middle stall, pants down, waiting patiently. He glances at his watch and wipes some sweat from his brow. A MAN in another stall lets out porcelain-crushing FART.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - SADIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sadie walks into her hotel room and closes the door. She takes a small Leica camera out of her purse and puts the stolen nickel in the middle of her hand. Sadie snaps a few pictures of the nickel sitting in the palm of her hand.

She walks over to the bureau and opens the top drawer.

INSIDE THE DRAWER: a large pile of junk: coins, photos, combs, keys, matchbooks, pens, odds and ends of all kinds. Sadie drops the buffalo head nickel into the drawer and closes it.

INT. SADIE'S ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

WEIRD ELECTRONIC MUSIC emanating from Bob's keyboard floats into Sadie's bathroom.

A RED LIGHT illuminates the tiny bathroom which has been modified into a fully functional darkroom. In the shower behind Sadie are a bunch of photos clothes pinned to a line. Each photo is of a different stolen object/keepsake.

Sadie washes a print through the developing solution.. As it comes into view, we see that it's a picture of Bob. His eyes are closed and he's sitting in the diner. The photo must've been secretly snapped moments before Lester busted Bob.

INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

BOB'S MUSIC continues. Bob sits in front of his electronic keyboard. He wears a large set of headphones.

Attached to the keyboard is Bob's Laptop, displaying various audio wave files and volume meters. Also attached to the keyboard is a mini-cassette recorder and the Nintendo Gameboy.

Bob is in a groove. The camera slowly pushes toward him and his equipment. We finally settle on a well-worn, yellow POST-IT note stuck in the left corner of Bob's Laptop, The note reads: CALL DAD.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sadie walks down the hallway carrying the photograph of Bob. She stops at Bob's door and KNOCKS. The ELECTRONIC MUSIC stops and Bob opens the door. He looks surprised to see Sadie standing there. Sadie hands him the picture.

SADIE
I came to apologize.

Bob looks up at her nervously.

BOB
For what?

SADIE
Some people believe that you lose a part of your soul when your picture is taken.

BOB
Oh.

SADIE
So, I guess I'm apologizing for that.
Stealing your soul.

BOB
My soul feels... Okay.

They both stand there, scared/excited, but not knowing what to say. It's very middle-schoolish.

SADIE
I heard your music. You're pretty good.

BOB
(embarrassed)
Oh. Is it too' loud?

SADIE
No. I like it.

Bob doesn't know how to take the compliment. He stands there awkwardly.

SADIE
Well, I hope you like the picture.

BOB
I do.

Sadie starts to move away. She looks back just as Bob closes the door. She turns back and looks completely mortified.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DAY

The lamest of lame office birthday parties is in progress. BORED OFFICE WORKERS circle around MARY (30's) the lucky birthday girl. Gladys, the receptionist, slices the supermarket-bought cake with a tiny plastic knife.

Bob lurks in the background, quietly fixing a computer.

GLADYS
Someone go see if the computer guy
wants any cake!

Mary approaches Bob with the BORED OFFICE WORKERS looking on. She carries a small piece of cake. Bob looks up from the computer. Mary smiles meekly.

MARY
It's my birthday today, do you want
some cake?

BOB
No. No thank you.

MARY
Are you sure? It's really good.

BOB
No thanks. I just finished lunch.
I've got to fix this...

MARY
(interrupting)
But it's really really good.

Mary holds the cake out to Bob.

BOB
No thanks. I really don't...

MARY
But... it's my birthday. Just one
piece? It's from Safeway. It's
fantastic.

Bob stares at Mary.

BOB
I'm sure it is, but.. no thanks.
Really.

Mary turns back to the OFFICE WORKERS, but she doesn't leave.

MARY
He says he doesn't want any cake!

The OFFICE WORKERS look at him in horror.

OFFICE WORKERS
Come on! Have some cake! It's Mary's
birthday!

Mary turns back to Bob and offers the cake again.

BOB
No thanks.

MARY
(seriously disappointed)
I just don't understand why anyone
wouldn't want cake.

Mary finally withdraws the cake. The OFFICE WORKERS go quiet and everyone stares at Bob. He continues fixing the computer, looking up nervously as the WHISPERS begin.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - DAY

Bob sits facing RAY. Ray plays with a new model of an 18-wheeler on his desk. Bob examines a NAME-TAG with his name on it: BOB SCURE, I.T. DEPARTMENT, SENDEC CORPORATION.

RAY
It's not about cake Bob! It's about
your communication skills.

BOB
(angry)
Nobody else has to wear a name-tag.

RAY
You're a floater. Nobody knows your
name, Fuck it, it's kind'a cool.

BOB
No it's not.

RAY
You're right. It's not.

Bob fidgets with the name-tag then looks up at Ray.

BOB

Nobody cares what my name is, Ray.

Ray SIGHS heavily and thinks for a moment.

RAY

People think you're weird. Bob. (A beat) There've. Been some Complaints. Not just here. Cincinnati, Tucson, Pittsburgh, Charlotte...

Bob looks sadly confused as he takes in this new information.

BOB

What kind of complaints?

Ray looks uncomfortable.

RAY

Nothing serious. But still.

BOB

I'm weird? I'm weird? I spend half my days un-subscribing senior management from bestiality sites. And I shouldn't have to do that anyway! I'm a senior programmer.

Ray SIGHS again.

RAY

Take it easy Bob, you know I'm just doing my job here, right? You read me good buddy?

Ray offers a weak smile.

BOB

(quietly)

10-4.

Ray Changes the subject. His face lights up.

RAY

You ever see "B.J. and the Bear"?

BOB

I think so.

RAY

Goddamn it you either did or. You didn't, Bob, Monkey riding shotgun in a big rig? Ring a bell?

BOB
Yeah, long time ago.

RAY
B.J. was a trucker, the bear was his
pet monkey, chimpanzee actually,
They traveled the highways of America,
getting into various adventures. Hi-
jinx.

BOB
I remember.

RAY
Classic TV. It was classic.

BOB
I don't remember it being that good.

RAY
(utter disbelief,
almost pissed)
What?

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DAY

Bob and Ray walk out into the main, office. As they walk,
Bob scans the WORKERS in the office. He notices that only
the TECHIES are wearing name-tags. Bob and Ray stop at a
bank of computers. Bob takes the cover off a computer and
starts fiddling. Ray waxes poetic:

RAY
(with passion)
Truckers, Bob... they see the land.
They touch it... experience it.
It's honest work... not like this...
information technology bullshit.
Look at yourself Bob. Goddamnit, do
you even know what state we're in?

Bob thinks for a moment. He looks around at the bland office.
Everyone around him is e-mailing, on cell phones, or typing
text into Blackberries.

RAY
(controlled Rage)
We're in Texas Bob. Texas.

Bob looks up from the computer and smiles.

BOB
El-Paso Paso?

RAY
Austin! Fuck- it!

Ray storms off as Bob goes to work on the computers.

INT. VIDEO DATING SERVICE - NIGHT

Bob stares into the video camera.

BOB
I'm here because I want to find a woman I can spend time with. Not just for sex or whatever. Someone who likes the same kinds of things I like. Video games. Picnics. Other things. I don't want to be alone all the time.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Bob walks down a long hallway fidgeting with his new name-tag. Ray comes around the corner with RANVIR (22) an Indian-American techie.

RAY
(re: the name-tag)
Damn... that thing actually looks pretty slick.

BOB
(hopeful)
Really?

RAY:
Hell no!
(laughs)
Bob, this is Ranvir. Just graduated from M.I.T. Top of his class. Ranvir, meet Bob Scure, the man behind the curtain. He keeps the entire company on line and wired up...

Bob roils his eyes at the elaborate intro. Ranvir and Bob shake hands and there's an immediate air of competitiveness between them,

RANVIR
(slight Indian accent)
It is quite a pleasure to meet you.
(a beat)
I've only been here a short while, but it seems some of the technology is a bit dated.

BOB
Dated?

RANVIR

Do not take offense, but systems
have to be updated constantly or
they run many unnecessary risks.

Bob looks at Ray, annoyed.

BOB

Why doesn't he have to wear a name-
tag?

Ranvir looks perplexed. Bob walks away. Ray follows,
indicating to Ranvir that it would be safer to stay put.

RAY

Christ take it easy on him Bob.
He's just a kid.

BOB

Dated? Did you hire that punk?

RAY

(avoiding the question)
Forget it, he's a pussy. Total
lightweight. This is YOUR HOUSE
bob.

Bob Smiles. He and Ray walk into the main office, leaving
Ranvir standing there, confused.

They pass a large bank of televisions. Something on the TV
grabs Bob's attention. He uses a remote control to turn up
the volume. We hear the familiar PACMAN "WACA-WACA" sound
effects/music.

ON THE TV

A NEWS STORY. Bad 60's footage of suburban teenagers playing
Pacman.

BLAKE (V.O.)

Atari executives might be sighing a
breath of relief today...

BALKS (30's), the chisel-chinned newscaster, continues the
report with an air of humor.

BLAKE

Melvin Scure, the eccentric man who
waged a 20 year court battle claiming
that he invented Pacman, has died at
his home in Baltimore today.

IN THE OFFICE

Bob stands there in shock. Ray and a few OFFICE WORKERS are now watching the TV, which Bob has turned up VERY LOUD. The office workers CHUCKLE behind Bob.

OFFICE WORKER

I remember that guy!

ON THE TV

BLAKE

Made famous by his defiant 3-year protest of the Atari Corporation, Melvin Scure reportedly turned down a six-figure settlement offer from Atari in 1991.

The TV cuts to file footage of Melvin, a nerdy/hippyish man in his 50's, standing in front of the hulking Atari Headquarters. He holds a huge sign that reads: HONK IF YOU THINK I INVENTED PACMAN. A lone horn HONKS.

The TV cuts to an 80's interview with Melvin (sign in hand). A MALE REPORTER asks Melvin questions:

REPORTER

Atari reportedly offered you a sizable sum of money to settle this matter out of court. Why aren't you taking it?

MELVIN

(wild-eyed)

It's not about money! It's about pride! I am the father of Pacman Goddamnit! (Half beeped-out)

The TV cuts back to footage of Melvin protesting, then to the main news room.

BLAKE

(laughing)

Who can forget that image?

(a beat)

The cause of death is not yet known, but Melvin Scure, reportedly died alone at his computer desk. His 20 year litigation with Atari is still pending. Scure was 74.

Blake turns to JERI the busty blonde newscaster to his left.

JERS

(laughing)

Just a side note. Since it's creation
Pacman has grossed over a billion
dollars, worldwide.

(barely a beat)

Next up: Teaching your dog to e-mail!

IN THE OFFICE

Bob, enraged, actually YELLS at the TV.

BOB

He did invent Pacman, you assholes!

Ray and the office workers stare in disbelief at Bob. Bob
takes a long, serious look at Ray and walks out of the office
amid WHISPERING cube-dwellers,

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sadie walks down a crowded city street carrying a large
portfolio. She looks slightly out of place among all the
BUSINESS PEOPLE. She walks into an office building.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Sadie stands in a large, modern office with a view. Several
of her photographs are spread across a conference table.
Melinda (42), a stylish publishing executive sorts through
them as Sadie watches hopefully.

MELINDA

Nobody's going to accuse you of not
being original.

SADIE

Thank you. I try.

MELINDA

Some of these are quite good,
(a beat)
But it's not really a coffee table
subject is it?

SADIE

Depends on whose coffee table it is.

Melinda stares at the Buffalo-Head Nickel photo. Under the
photo Sadie has included a few words --a weird caption. It
reads: "Do you know where your husband is? I do." Melinda
takes it in and looks up at Sadie, her smile fades.

MELINDA

I have to tell you, the idea fascinates me, but' it's just not commercial.

SADIE

Because fascinating books don't sell?

Melinda puts the picture down.

MELINDA

My job is to know what people out there want. And frankly, they don't want to know. I mean, what if some Idaho wife recognizes a key chain?

SADIE

God forbid.

Sadie hastily gathers up her proofs. Melinda is studying another photo.

MELINDA

What's with the captions anyway?

SADIE

It's poetry.

MELINDA

(matter of fact)

I see. I'd lose it if I were you.

Sadie takes the photo from Melinda and packs it away.

SADIE

Thanks for the free advice.

MELINDA

I am curious about one thing..

Sadie looks up at Melinda, annoyed.

MELINDA

Why... prostitution?

SADIE

I'm an artist.

MELINDA

Of course you are... but you're putting yourself in a very strange position.

SADIE

It's the only way to do it right.
You have to put yourself into that
world. What's the point otherwise?
(A long beat) I don't screw any of
them, if that's' what you're
wondering.

MELINDA

What exactly do you do?

Sadie takes a step closer to Melinda.

SADIE

Do me a favor, window-shop on your
own time.

Sadie walks out of the office. Melinda stands there, a little
taken aback, then follows.

MELINDA

You have a card?

Sadie never looks Back.

INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bob, sits on the bed, talking on the phone. He's almost
catatonic, barely holding the conversation.

BOB

Yes.

(a beat)

No.

(beat)

No. Yes. What kind of casket do
you recommend?

(a long beat)

Pine. Yes, the mahogany Buckingham
model with the eterna-rest feature...

Bob stares at himself in a large mirror on the wall.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - DAY

Bob, wearing sunglasses - and listening to his walkman sits
in a lounge chair by the crappy pool. He's still dressed in
his suit despite the hot sun/

Sadie walks up carrying her portfolio. She sees Bob and
smiles. She walks over and stands above him, blocking out
the sun. Finally, he turns his head to face her. He takes
off his headphones.

SADIE

(playful)

Hey Bob. Whatcha' listening to?

BOB
My Dad died today.

Sadie, surprised, sits down.

SADIE
Oh my God. That's awful. I'm so
sorry. Were you close?

She puts her hand on his shoulder.

BOB
Yeah, I guess. He was pretty strange.

Sadie and Bob turn their heads away from each other and stare
at the pool in silence.

SADIE
Can I do anything for you? I mean..
do you need anything?

Bob turns and looks up at Sadie.

BOB
I don't think so.

Bob looks back at the pool. Sadie sits there for a while.

SADIE
Do you want to be alone?

Bob doesn't answer. Sadie decides to leave. She stands up
and pats him on the back' kindly.

SADIE
I'm in room 33 if you need anything.
Okay

Bob just sits there. Sadie waits, then walks away slowly.

After a while, Bob stands up, walks to the side of the pool
and numbly walks off the edge, dragging a small chair with
him. He makes a wimpy SPLASH and sinks to the bottom --Cannon-
ball formation. Eyes open. Holding an aluminum chair.

ON THE BALCONY

Sadie hears the SPLASH and turns around quickly. She can
see Bob sinking and RUNS down the stairs.

From BOB'S POV we see Sadie reach the edge of the pool. Bob
watches her through the wavy, refracted light and they share
a very strange moment of eye-contact.

Bob stays under way too long (continuing to hold a perfect cannon-ball, and the chair). Sadie takes her shoes off and jumps in the pool. She grabs Bob and pulls him up. They break the water together and Sadie swims Bob to the side. They hold onto the side of the pool and catch their breath together, not saying a word.

INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM

Laying on the bureau is a wet, ruined mini-cassette recorder, Bob packs his bags. In the background, a tape of some RANDOM RECORDED CONVERSATION plays. Bob walks over to his laptop, open on the desk. He removes the "Call Dad" post-it note and throws it into the trash can.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Bob answers and sees Sadie standing there. She looks at him, soaking wet, then blurts out:

SADIE
I want to come with you.

BOB
What?

SADIE
To your dad's funeral.

BOB
Why?

Sadie thinks about this.

SADIE
You shouldn't be alone right now.

Bob looks at Sadie, dress soaked, carrying her shoes. She looks beautiful.

BOB
It's a long drive.

Sadie shrugs her shoulders and smiles. The TAPED CONVERSATION continues in the background.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Sadie struggles to carry her poorly-packed suitcase. Bob takes it from her and opens the hatch-back of his rental. He puts her bag in.

SADIE
This car totally sucks Bob.

BOB

I know.

SADIE

They can't sport you a mid-size? I thought you were a corporate guy.

BOB

More years in the company and I get mid-size.

SADIE

That sucks.

BOB

I know.

Sadie pulls her camera out and starts looking for an angle.

SADIE

Stand in front of the car.

BOB

What? Why?

SADIE

I'm a photographer. This is what I do. Just stand there for a second.

Bob does as he's told. He looks like the epitome of a corporate dork, posing in front of his rental. Sadie crouches down and SNAPS'S picture.

SADIE

Great.

(a beat)

Now we can leave.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bob and Sadie pull out of the parking lot and begin their journey.

SADIE

So, where we headed?

BOB

(no emotion)

Baltimore.

SADIE

Jesus Bob. We're in Texas.

BOB

Two days if we really move.

SADIE

Why don't we fly?

BOB
I'm sick of airports.

SADIE
Yeah, but I bet you've got a gazillion
frequent flyer miles.

Bob thinks for a moment, then turns to Sadie.

BOB
You ever see B.J. and the Bear?

SADIE
Gross. I don't watch porn.

Bob lets the mis-communication hang in the air as he points
the car northeast and merges onto a long American highway.

Bob's cell phone RINGS. Sadie rolls her eyes.

EXT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

A long, silent shot of Bob's car driving on the highway.
Sadie looks out the window at bar arm, dancing in the wind.

We hear a familiar CLICKING SOUND (the sound of a tape-
recorder being played) and a RANDOM RECORDED CONVERSATION
begins to play. The conversation continues meaninglessly as
they drive on.

SADIE
It's kind of relaxing.
(a beat)
Like being at a cafe.

BOB (O.S.)
I like listening for the patterns.

INSIDE THE CAR

Sadie draws her arm back into the car. The RECORDED
CONVERSATION continues.

SADIE
What do you mean, patterns?

BOB
Most conversations have a pattern.
Upswings! Downswings, a kind of
rhythm,
(a beat)
Like music.

Sadie listens for a while. She can't really hear what Bob's
talking about.

SADIE

Have you ever heard something really scandalous? Like a huge secret?

BOB

All the time. But the secrets are always hidden somewhere else. In what they're NOT saying.

Sadie takes this in and thinks about it. After a while she shifts her attention to Bob's cell phone, attached to his belt. Bob notices her stare and looks down at his phone.

BOB

What are you staring at?

SADIE

I don't know how to tell you this, but... it's just really dorky to have your cell phone on your belt. I mean, when cell phones first came out, I could see the attraction... but now they're so small they can easily fit in your pocket. I have a thing about it.

Bob looks at Sadie, then down to his phone.

BOB

I never really thought about it.

SADIE

It's not a big deal. I just think you're better than that.

Sadie turns her head away and they drive in silence for a while.

BOB

Do you have a job?

Sadie thinks about this for a moment.

SADIE

I'm an artist. Remember?
(holds up her camera)

BOB

What kind of pictures do you take?

SADIE

Mostly weird, abstract stuff. I'm trying to get a book published.

BOB
Any luck?

SADIE
Yeah actually. It's looking really-good.

Sadie avoids Bob's look after this lie.

BOB
(complete bullshit)
I love art.

SADIE
No you don't.

Bob and Sadie drive on in silence, Sadie snaps a picture out the window of the car. The RECORDED CONVERSATION drones on. Sadie looks back at Bob, then down to the tape recorder.

SADIE
(re: the recording)
I want to try it.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Bob and Sadie pull up to an isolated highway diner. Several 18-wheelers are parked outside. Bob stares at the big rigs and TRUCKERS as he parks the car.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob and Sadie stand behind the car, shielded from the restaurant by the open trunk. Inside the trunk, Bob fiddles with some wires and tape. Sadie peers in.

SADIE
Whoa... complicated.

BOB
(Very serious) It is if you do it right. Some guys have no idea what they're doing.

SADIE
Other people do this?

BOB
You'd be surprised.

Bob stands back and looks Sadie over. She's wearing a loosely fitting button-up shirt. Bob looks a little uncomfortable. He holds up the listening device.

BOB

I've got to tape this to your chest.

Sadie smiles.

SADIE

Don't try anything Mister.

Sadie starts to unbutton her shirt, just a few buttons. She looks sexy and she knows it.

SADIE

Is this enough?

Bob tries not to look at her bra. He wipes some sweat from his forehead.

BOB

Plenty.

Bob gingerly reaches his hand into her shirt and starts doing his thing. Sadie looks at him as his hand is in there. This is possibly the closest he's ever been to a woman. Bob looks flustered, excited, scared.

BOB

I'm going to run this wire up through your collar.

Sadie buttons up her shirt. Bob pulls the earpiece through and hands it to her. She puts it into her ear.

SADIE

Where should I sit?

BOB

That's up to you. It's very important.

SADIE

Well do you have any suggestions? You're the expert.

BOB

A man and a woman is usually the most interesting. Men just talk about sex. Women talk about men. Find a couple if you can.

SADIE

You're not coining with me?

BOB

I'll be watching.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Sadie walks in and surveys the small crowd. An OLD COUPLE sit chatting in a booth. Further down there's a FAT TRUCKER talking on a cell phone. A YOUNG COUPLE is in a booth. At the counter there's a good-looking businessman named DENNIS. Dennis smiles at Sadie as she walks over.

SADIE
This seat taken?

DENNIS
(flirtatiously)
Not yet.

Sadie takes a seat as Dennis looks her over. The WAITRESS (40' s), walks up.

WAITRESS
What can I get you honey?

SADIE
Coffee and a hotdog please.

The waitress smiles and leaves. Sadie turns and looks at Dennis.

SADIE
So, where you from?

Dennis looks at Sadie.

DENNIS
San Francisco.

SADIE
Oh. I love the Windy City. What
are you doing 'round here?

Dennis lets the windy city comment blow right on by.

DENNIS
I'm a salesman,
(a beat)
Computer stuff.

Sadie does a quick scan of Dennis. Cell-phone, check.
Wedding ring, check.

DENNIS
(trying hard)
What about you?

SADIE
(self-conscious)
I'm a photographer, an artist really.
My husband is in computers.

DENNIS
Really!? That's fantastic.

Sadie smiles and turns away. She nervously fiddles with her earpiece and it FALLS OUT of her ear. In a mild panic Sadie manages to get the earpiece back in. Dennis watches her suspiciously. Finally Sadie turns back to Dennis and smiles.

DENNIS
(gathering confidence)
So, you staying around here tonight?

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

From outside, Bob watches Sadie and Dennis talking. He shakes his head in disbelief and storms into the diner.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Bob walks into the diner and sits down next to Sadie and Dennis, mid-conversation.

SADIE
(riffing)
Oh, there you are. This is... my
husband... Trent. This is Dennis.

Bob/Trent nods at Dennis. Dennis stiffens up at the mention of the dreaded Husband.

BOB
You about ready to go... Ber..Linda?
We've really got to get back on the
road.

Bob looks at Sadie with an urgent look on his face.

SADIE
I'm not done with my hot-dog.

Bob gives her a look -- "come on!"

DENNIS
How long you two been married?.

Bob and Sadie look at each other and answer at the same time.

SADIE	BOB
We're newlyweds.	Five years.

Dennis stares at them suspiciously but lets it ride.

DENNIS

Your... wife here tells me we're in the same game. I'm the Midwest regional sales rep. For Safetech. Virus protection.

Bob looks at Dennis, annoyed.

BOB

I'm a programmer, not a salesman.

Dennis deflects this like a true salesman. He pulls out his card and offers it to Bob.

DENNIS

So you use the product I sell. Safetech has been a leader in the virus protection industry ever since the first nationwide virus struck. Are you familiar with the Nivlem virus of 1996?

Sadie listens to this geek-speak, trying to angle her body closer to get a better recording.

BOB

Yes. I'm familiar with it.
(turns to Sadie)
We really should go now.

DENNIS

Yeah, well we eradicated the Nivlem Virus and haven't looked back since. Like I said, we're the industry leader.

Bob looks impatient and annoyed.

BOB

The Nivlem virus was never completely eradicated.

Dennis looks surprised.

DENNIS

Au contraire, friend. Nivlem was child's play compared to what we're dealing with now. On a global scale.

Bob turns to Dennis.

BOB

Nivlem was a highly sophisticated worm, not a virus. Do you know the difference?

Dennis looks a little taken aback.

DENNIS

That's nonsense. The first worm didn't appear until years later. Nivlem was a virus. And it's dead because of Safetech.

Bob can't take it anymore.

BOB

Nivlem was a worm. Created by masking the 5:3 component structure to make it appear as if it was a virus. Basically using blue-tooth technology 10 years before bluetooth was invented.

Dennis looks a little stunned.

DENNIS

How do you know so much about Nivlem?

Even Sadie looks intrigued at this point. Bob turns to Dennis.

BOB

Because I wrote it.

Sadie looks up at Bob, stunned. Dennis looks at Bob for a long time, finally realizing that he's telling the truth.

DENNIS

I'll be goddamned. You're one of those kids from Cornell, aren't you? We learned about you in training.

Dennis stares at Bob for a long time. Bob takes Sadie's arm to leave.

BOB

Let's go.

Sadie looks at Bob with wonder in her eyes. Bob stands there awkwardly, not knowing how to handle the moment.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bob and Sadie drive on the highway. Bob grips the steering wheel hard -- he looks a little shaken. We join them mid-conversation. Sadie carefully removes her eavesdropping gear.

SADIE
What was that all about?

BOB
I wrote this worm that got a little
out of control.

SADIE
That's so subversive Bob!

BOB
Quarterbacks throw touchdowns.
Computer geeks write-viruses. It's
the only way we can flex our muscles,
(a beat)
Anyway... I was 15, it was stupid.

SADIE
(re: age 15)
You were in college?

Sadie looks at Bob for a while, then smiles to herself.

SADIE
That explains some things.
(a beat)
Why was it called Nivlem?

BOB
It's My Dad's name spelled backwards.
Melvin.

Sadie looks sweetly at Bob.

SADIE
That's so nice Bob. A tribute.

BOB
He didn't think so.

SADIE
Really?

BOB
The only reason I did it was to
impress him. But it backfired.

SADIE
What did he say?

BOB
He called me up and said
([using Melvin's voice])
"That was a very stupid thing Bob.
Computers must only be used for good".

Sadie looks out the window and thinks about Melvin's wise words/bad fathering.

BOB
I did it to impress him... to get
his attention, you know? But that's
all he ever said about it.

They drive in silence for a while.

Sadie presses play on her recorder, we hear DENNIS and SADIE.
Dennis' voice immediately angers Bob.

BOB
Why'd you pick that guy?
(a beat)
He was obviously the least interesting
person in there. Virus protection!
What a joke!

SADIE
He was alright.

BOB
He was alone. How can you record
someone who's alone?

SADIE
I just did.

Bob rolls his eyes.

BOB
The point is to get something...
something you can't have yourself.

Sadie thinks about this for a while. Bob looks hurt, like
he said too much. They share a silent moment. Bob's face
softens.

BOB
Is that the kind of guy you like?

SADIE
Gross. No!

A smile creeps onto Sadie's face. She turns to Bob quickly.

SADIE
You're jealous! That's why you hated
him!

BOB
No I'm not. That's ridiculous.

SADIE
He was pretty hot.

BOB
No he wasn't!

SADIE
Ha! I knew it! You're jealous.
That's so sweet.

BOB
There's nothing sweet about it.

Sadie smiles at Bob.

SADIE
It's very sweet.

Bob turns his head back, still irked. Sadie looks out the window for a while, then turns back to Bob.

SADIE
Where'd you come up with Berlinda?

Bob smiles.

BOB
I started to say Bertha, you know,
as a joke. Then I changed my mind
halfway. I panicked!

SADIE
Because you were jealous!

INT. VIDEO DATING SERVICE - NIGHT

Video camera POV of Bob's dating tape.

BOB
(confessional tone)
I haven't been with a lot of women.
I kinda' grew up fast, intellectually.
But not in other ways, you know? I
mean... I've been around women. At
work and stuff. But I've never really
gotten close to one. Nobody ever
really taught me how.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Bob's car drives down the highway toward a small town. They pass a sign that says "Plush, Tennessee, population 134."

INSIDE THE CAR

Sadie sleeps. Bob pulls into a small hotel parking lot. The red VACANCY sign buzzes above. Bob nudges Sadie to wake her up.

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie climb the stairs toward the rooms. At the top of the stairs, Bob goes to the left, Sadie looks at her key and goes to the right. Sadie turns as Bob gets to his room,

SADIE

You hungry?

BOB

Yeah.

As Bob goes into the room his cell phone RINGS. Bob silences the phone and ignores the call.

INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob walks into his room. He takes a case of mini-cassettes out of his rolling bag and organizes them meticulously on the bureau.

IN THE BATHROOM

Bob takes off his shirt, revealing that once again, he's been wearing a wire. He tears the tape off quickly, wincing. Bob examines his chest and sees that almost all his hair has been pulled off by the constant taping. He takes the tape out of the recorder and writes "Sadie" with the date and time on it.

INT. SAM'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sam's is pretty much the only place in town. Small town crowd, friendly faces. A folksy-looking band sets up in the corner. Bob and Sadie sit at a table together, eating hamburgers.

SADIE

I can't believe your dad was the Atari guy. "Honk if you think I invented Pacman!" He's like a nerd legend.

Bob smiles.

BOB

Yeah.

SADIE

What was it like? Growing up with him?

Bob thinks about the question.

INT- ATARI CORPORATION - DAY - 1964 - FLASHBACK

Bob is 12 years old. Standing next to him is his father, MELVIN (40's). Father and son are wearing polyester suits and glasses. Melvin's glasses are literally strapped to his head, causing a large crease in his wild, greasy hair. They stand in the huge boardroom of the legendary computer game maker Atari, Five MALE ATARI EXECUTIVES (3 Japanese, 2 American) sit there stone-faced. Young Bob nervously struggles to set up a small Casio electronic keyboard, the fold-up legs are not cooperating, Melvin breaks the silence, in salesman-mode.

MELVIN

Gentlemen, I present to you my life's work: "Mega Maniac"!

Melvin pulls a white sheet off a TV set with gusto.

ON THE TV SCREEN

Low-tech black and white graphics. A few flashing blobs. Some kind of maze with dots in it. Vague similarities to Pacman. The executives show no emotion.

MELVIN

This is just a prototype, of course...
My son Bob has written music for the game.

Melvin grabs a joystick and the game starts. Bob looks nervously at the executives.

MELVIN

It's a fairly simple game, but completely addictive!

Melvin struggles to make- this look exciting.

MELVIN

The object is to steer yourself through this maze, eating the maze-blobs before you get vaporized by the Mega-Maniacs. With each maze, the difficulty increases...

The executives look at each other. Their faces show nothing, Melvin is losing steam quickly.

MELVIN

Anytime you're ready Bob. Gentlemen you'll see how the music really adds a layer of tension!

The executives seem vaguely intrigued. Bob takes his cue and starts playing. He bangs out the first several notes flawlessly. One executive smiles.

Bob looks up to see the executives starting to get into it. Fueled by their acceptance, he hits a groove. Melvin smiles broadly as he demonstrates the game. The music actually works to make it more exciting.

With new confidence, Bob riffs a few new chords, making the tune work even better. One of the Atari Executives stands up and begins to clap. Gradually all the executives join in the standing ovation. Melvin watches Bob with fatherly pride as the boardroom goes nuts over his son and his game.

END FLASHBACK

INT. SAM'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Bob finishes telling his story with flourish. Sadie is captivated by him.

SADIE

Bob! That's amazing.

(a beat)

You should definitely have a nicer rental car!

BOB

I know!

SADIE

Jesus Bob. You look so normal on the outside. But you're like computer royalty.

BOB

I am?

SADIE

Yes!

They LAUGH together, sharing a near-flirtatious moment. Bob keeps LAUGHING. His VOICE CRACKS ^ and he sounds really dorky, but he's enjoying the moment. Sadie watches him and smiles. For the first time, Bob is truly happy.

Suddenly, Sadie's demeanor changes. She sees JOHN (the "John" she left on the toilet) walking toward them from across the room. Bob's still laughing as John comes to the table.

JOHN

(to sadie, too friendly)

Hey there! What brings you to our little slice of heaven on earth?

SADIE
I'm sorry, do I know you?

Bob looks at John, then back to Sadie.

JOHN
You certainly do.
(quiet, angry)
I paid \$200 for the exquisite pleasure
of your company, you can't have
forgotten that?

Bob looks confused. Sadie is defiant.

SADIE
I think you're making a mistake.

John shifts his attention to Bob.

JOHN
(quietly)
Look friend, I don't know what
bullshit she's trying to run on you,
but my advice is don't waste your
time or money on this one, She won't
fuck you, she'll just take your money
and laugh. Little bitch.

Bob stands up and faces John.

BOB
(to John)
Hey! Excuse me. You apologize to
her.

The much larger John, laughs in Bob's face.

JOHN
What are you gonna do buddy? Huh?
You want to tangle?

Sadie gets up and pulls on Bob's arm.

SADIE
Let's get out of here.

BOB
I'll tangle!

John play-jumps at Bob, causing Bob to flinch. John laughs
at him. Sadie pulls Bob. Away.

SADIE
Come on Bob. It's not worth it.

BOB
I'll tangle with you anytime!

PEOPLE stare as Sadie drags Bob out of the restaurant.

BOB
Do you know him?

SADIE
No!

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie stand on the balcony in front of their rooms.
Sadie is still flustered.

SADIE
I'm an artist! But I'm doing this
project that requires me to be an
escort right now.

BOB
Is that like a Prosti...

SADIE
(interrupting)
No! Do not say the "P" word. I'm
an escort. There's a big difference.
I escort men to dinner. Stuff like
that. Anyway, like I said it's part
of a project. I don't have sex with
them.

BOB
What project?

SADIE
My photography book.

Bob doesn't really get it.

BOB
Like nude stuff?

Sadie hits Bob.

SADIE
No! Jesus. I'll show you sometime.
It's hard to explain.

Bob interrupts Sadie, still focused on the escort thing.

BOB
So, you never...?

Sadie explodes.

SADIE

What is it with everyone? Who cares
if I do or I don't. It's none of
your fucking business!

Bob's cell phone RINGS. Sadie directs her anger at the
ringing phone.

SADIE

Take this stupid thing off your belt!
Why can't they just leave you alone
for once!?

She grabs Bob's cell phone and struggles to tear it off his
belt. She throws the cell phone off the balcony and it
crashes into a million pieces on the pavement. Sadie storms
off.

Bob stands there, stunned, looking down at his destroyed
cell phone. An OLD WOMAN walks out and examines the broken
cell phone. She looks up at Bob.

INT. SADIE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sadie paces the room in a huff, she's fighting back tears.
She reaches into her shirt and pulls at a silver necklace
with a gold wedding band hanging on it. She rubs the wedding
band and we can see that the metal has been worn smooth.
Sadie plops down on the bed and thinks back,

INT. SADIE'S HOUSE - 1984 - FLASHBACK

Sadie is 10 years old. She's an artsy-looking little girl
with black-rimmed, thick glasses. She walks through a sea
of ADULTS there to celebrate her mother's 40th birthday.
Sadie walks into the dining room, past a half-eaten birthday
cake. She quietly opens a door to the basement and slips
down the stairs.

INT. SADIE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - 1984

Sadie walks down the stairs, but stops when she hears
something, she peeks her head through the railing and sees
her father FRANK" (45) groping and kissing VIOLET (30's) a
woman from his office. Sadie sits down and watches them
intently with almost no expression on her face. Violet stops
kissing Frank. She picks up his hand and fondles his wedding
band.

FRANK

Hey!

VIOLET
I can't do it while you're wearing
this ring.

Violet slips the ring off Frank's hand. He lets her do it.
Violet looks at the ring, Frank tries to kiss her again.

VIOLET
When do I get one?

FRANK
Come on baby... Let's talk about
that later.

Violet puts the ring down on the washing machine behind her,
right under where Sadie is sitting. Frank and Violet start
making out like sloppy teenagers again.

After a moment, Sadie reaches her little hand through the
railing and deftly picks up the wedding band. She pockets
the ring and walks up the stairs with a satisfied look on
her face.

EXT. SADIE'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER - 1984

PAMELA. (Sadie's mother) stands on the porch saying goodbye
to a few GUESTS. Sadie sits on the porch swing, gently
rocking. After a few moments, Frank and Violet come out the
door together. There's an awkward moment.

FRANK
I was going to drive Violet home.

Pamela turns to him, annoyed-and not hiding it.

PAMELA
You've been drinking Frank. I'll
take her home.

FRANK
I'm fine!

PAMELA
(defiantly)
No you're not. I'll drive her.

Sadie gets up off the porch swing.

SADIE
Can I come?

Frank and Violet look visibly upset.

INT. STATION" WAGON - 1984

Pamela drives silently, stewing. Frank looks out the window. Sadie sits in the back seat with Violet. Sadie secretly clutches the stolen wedding band in her tiny hand.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Bob and Sadie drive together in complete silence. Things are still not right from the-night before. Sadie looks glumly out the window. After a while she looks at Bob. He's concentrating on the road, trying not to look at Sadie.

SADIE

You defended me last night.

(a beat)

Nobody's' ever done that.

Sadie smiles. Then Bob smiles.

BOB

He's just lucky we didn't tangle...

Bob's Blackberry VIBRATES and interrupts the moment. It reads "911. Ray." Bob looks back at Sadie.

SADIE

I'm serious Bob. Thanks.

Bob smiles to himself. The Blackberry VIBRATES again, Bob and Sadie look down at it.

SADIE

Don't answer it.

Bob looks at Sadie as if this thought has never entered his mind.

BOB

I have to.

SADIE

No you don't.. They don't own you.

Bob thinks about this for a while as the Blackberry VIBRATES again.

BOB

It's Ray. I've got to.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Sadie sits in the car while Bob talks on a public phone in. The parking lot of Denny's.

INT. RAY'S OFFICE - AUSTIN - DAY

Ray stands at his desk, packing personal items into a large box. The phone rings and Ray picks it up.

RAY
Bob! Puck it, I've been calling you all night!

BOB (V.O.)
Sorry Ray. Lost my cell phone.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION.

RAY
Yeah. Well... real sorry about your dad Bob. Nelson's giving you a week.
(a beat)
Look, Bob... the new Video-conferencing system went down today. Nobody can deal with that but you.

BOB
What about M.I.T. Ranvir?

Ray smiles.

RAY
He's a lightweight. We need you for this one. They need it up in a couple hours for a consult with Japan. Where are you?

BOB
Virginia somewhere.

RAY
Any chance you can stop in the Richmond office. Talk us through this video shit?

BOB
I guess.
(a beat)
Anything else?

Ray takes down a "Truckin'" calendar off his wall and puts it in the box.

RAY
I'm moving to Dallas. Got a
promotion. You ever get to the Dallas
office?

BOB
All the time.

RAY
Catch you on the flip-side. Call us
from Richmond.

EXT. SENDEC - RICHMOND OFFICE - DAY

Bob and Sadie pull up to the building. It looks exactly
like the office in Austin. Sadie looks very annoyed.

SADIE
Your father died three days ago,
Bob. Can't they give you some time?

BOB
It's no biggie, it won't take long.
I'm the only one who can do it.

Sadie looks at Bob with no sympathy.

SADIE
Then why don't they give you a better
rental car?

Bob starts to get out of the car, ignoring the question.

SADIE
Can I come with you?

Bob thinks about it, not sure it's a good idea.

BOB
If you want. But please don't say
anything.

INT. SENDEC - RICHMOND OFFICE - DAY

Bob and Sadie walk off the elevator together. They walk
into the office. BERNICE (50's), the receptionist gives Bob
his standard welcome.

BERNICE
The computer guy! People are going
to be glad to see you!

Bob keeps walking and barely even registers Bernice's welcome. Sadie witnesses the scene and walks up to Bernice.

SADIE
(forceful)
His name is Bob.

Bernice doesn't know what to make of Sadie.

BERNICE
I'm sorry. Whose name is Bob?

SADIE
Bob! The guy who just walked in.

BERNICE
Oh! Him. We just call him the
computer guy!
(smiles)
Do you work here?

Sadie smiles curtly, shaking her head.

SADIE
Do I look like I Work here?

Bernice sighs and goes back to her business.

Sadie walks into the office and looks around. She sees Bob standing in a conference room full of EXECUTIVES and TECHIES. He's fiddling with a computer near a huge screen in the front of the room. The TECHIES watch his every move with wonder. Bob explains stuff to them (master and student style), keeping one hand on the computer. Moments later, the screen blips a couple times and the image of a Japanese man becomes visible. The EXECUTIVES and TECHIES begin to CLAP for Bob.

EXT. SENDEC - RICHMOND OFFICE - DAY

Bob and Sadie leave the Sendec office and walk to the car. Bob looks satisfied with himself.

SADIE
Doesn't it get to you?

BOB
What?

SADIE
The people you work with.

BOB
What about them?

Sadie looks at Bob in disbelief. They stand next to the car without getting in.

SADIE
They totally suck, Bob. You fix everything and they don't even know your name.

BOB
(totally serious)
I wasn't wearing my name-tag.

SADIE
Puck the name-tag Bob! They have no idea who you are. How talented you are.

BOB
(still not getting it)
I'm never in one place long enough.
It's not their fault.

Sadie gives up and gets in the car. Bob stands there for a moment, thinking before he gets in the car. Finally, Sadie HONKS the horn.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bob and Sadie drive on an industrial looking road. Sadie looks around.

SADIE
Where are we going?

BOB
I need to pick something up... I've got a storage bin near here.

SADIE
Are you going to leave me in storage?

Bob smiles.

BOB
Maybe.

They pull into a huge STORAGE UNIT FACILITY. Bob slips a card into a slot and the gate goes up. They drive onto the lot.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Bob and Sadie stand outside a long line of orange-doored storage units. The place is sterile, empty and massive. Bob puts a key in the lock and pulls open the door. Bob flips on the light.

INSIDE THE STORAGE UNIT

Boxes, junk, books, computer parts, generations of crap. Sadie takes 3 few steps into the storage bin and sees a WALL OF TAPES, meticulously organized by date and place. Some of the tapes have a CD rubber-banded to them. She scans the tapes/CD's, tracing her finger over them, then looks back at Bob.

Sadie picks up a tape with a CD rubber-banded to it.

SADIE
What's the CD?

BOB
Music.

SADIE
How come only some of them have music?

BOB
The music only works when the
conversation means something.

Bob gets embarrassed. He takes the CD/Tape and puts it back on the shelf.

SADIE
Can I listen?

BOB
You wouldn't like it.

Sadie takes the hint and looks around, at the rest of the storage unit.

SADIE
Jeez Bob. You've got a lot of crap.

Sadie continues to snoop. Bob has located a box and opens it. He takes out a supply of new mini-cassettes and looks like he's ready to go.

BOB
Okay, I'm ready.
(a beat)
You ready?

Bob tries to get Sadie's attention. She keeps walking further into the unit.

BOB
Sadie. We really should get going.

Sadie uncovers something in the back. Bob winces.

SADIE
OH. MY. GOD!

Bob walks to the rear of the unit, knowing full well what she's found. Sadie stands there, looking down at a COT, made up to sleep in -- complete with a bedside table and lamp. Bob doesn't know what to say.

SADIE
You've got to be kidding me Bob.
You sleep here!?

BOB
Not very often.

SADIE
That's barbaric Bob. How can you
live like this?

Bob looks completely ashamed.

BOB
I had an apartment. All the plants
died. Food rotted. It was too much
work, Sendec has me on the road 350
days a year.

SADIE
I can't believe this Bob.

Bob shrugs and offers a weak smile.

BOB
It's close to the airport.

Sadie shakes her head and starts walking back to the car.
She turns back.

SADIE
How can you be happy like this?

Bob thinks about it for a long time. He stands there, half
in the dark, in front of his cot.

BOB
(honest)
I'm not happy.

Sadie looks at Bob. He looks pathetic. She walks to him
and hugs him. Bob just stands there, not knowing if he should
hug back.

INT. VIDEO DATING SERVICE - NIGHT

Once again, we see Bob on video tape.

BOB

I like all kinds of girls. I'm not just trying to get laid. I mainly just want someone who will talk to me, you know? Someone who doesn't think I'm a geek. Who doesn't think I'm weird,

(a long beat)

Because it gets really lonely sometimes.

Bob laughs nervously.

EXT. BALTIMORE SKYLINE - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie drive into the city of his youth. The industrial skyline is beautifully dominated by smokestacks, skyscrapers and stadiums.

BOB

Welcome to Charm City.

Sadie is asleep as Bob drives into Baltimore.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie pull up to Bob's Family home. It's a modest single-family home in working-class Baltimore. Bob looks up at his old house and thinks back...

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE - DAY - 1984 - FLASHBACK

After the successful meeting at Atari, Melvin and Bob drive up to the house. They're talking excitedly inside the car. As Melvin pulls into the driveway, young Bob looks out the window to see the trees/yard completely covered with toilet-paper. Bob's smile fades as they get out of the car. Melvin puts his hand on Bob's shoulder as they silently walk through the vandalism.

INT. BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT - 1984

Bob sits with his head in his hands, looking out the window at his vandalized home. Melvin walks up behind Bob and puts a hand on his shoulder.

MELVIN

We're ahead of our time son. That's all.

Melvin smiles and walks out of the room. He turns off the light, leaving Bob staring out his window in the dark.

END FLASHBACK

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie walk into the house. Bob switches on the light and we see a mess of computer parts, wires, and electronics. This is definitely the house of a genius... or a madman.

SADIE

(re: Bob's storage
unit)

Whoa. Like father like son.

BOB

Sorry for the mess. You hungry?
There might be some rotten milk in
the fridge.

Sadie laughs, then yawns.

SADIE

I'm really tired.

BOB

I guess you can sleep in my old room.

Bob leads her upstairs.

INT. BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob closes the door to his old room, leaving Sadie inside. The room is a shrine to teenage geekdom. Star Wars figures, computer parts and various odd collections line the room. Sadie immediately starts snooping. She takes her camera out and snaps a few photos.

INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob walks into his father's dusty, cluttered room. In the corner of the room is a veil-used computer console with a big comfortable chair in front of it. The chair looks extremely worn,

This computer was Melvin's world. Right next to the computer is an old picture of Bob and Melvin at a baseball game (Baltimore Orioles). They wear huge headphones and carry clipboards Bob keeping stats. Neither one of them is smiling. Bob picks up the picture and sits down on the bed with it.

BOB

Good night Melvin.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Bob walks into the living room carrying an empty cardboard box. He places it on the floor in front of a cluttered shelf and begins to pack items into the box. Each item carries some significance.

Behind Bob, A MAN peers into the window. He wears thick glasses and is about 30.' After watching Bob for a few seconds he TAPS on the window and smiles- Bob turns and looks at the man.

INT. DOORWAY - NIGHT

Bob opens the door to see RUFUS BAILEY his childhood friend and neighbor. Rufus wears a long black trenchcoat and thick black, Army-issue glasses.

BOB

Rufus! What, are you doing here?

The two men embrace.

RUFUS

Hey Bob! I saw the lights on.

(a beat)

Look I'm real sorry about Melvin.

Bob nods a thank you.

BOB

You still live here? With your parents?

RUFUS

Yeah... well... I never really moved out.

BOB

I thought you were in the Army?

An awkward moment.

RUFUS

I was. Long story man.

Bob senses it's a long story he doesn't want to hear.

BOB

Oh. Come on in.

RUFUS

You guys have any food?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rufus, now eating a bowl of cereal, combs over the equipment in the house with Bob looking on. He sits down Indian-style in front of a box brimming with computer crap. He rummages through the box, then looks up at Bob.

RUFUS

Melvin used to talk about you all the time, Bob.

Bob looks a little surprised to hear this.

BOB

Yeah right.

(a beat)

What did he say> Rufus holds up a circuit board and doesn't answer Bob's question.

RUFUS

Dude! Can I have this?

BOB

Sure.

RUFUS

Are you moving back Bob? That would be really cool if you did.

Bob looks at his old friend fondly.

BOB

I don't think so.

(a long beat)

I met this girl.

Rufus looks up, immediately interested.

RUFUS

A chick! Whoa, man!

Bob smiles and gets a funny/proud look on his face.

RUFUS

I had a girlfriend.

BOB

What happened to her?

RUFUS

Long story, man.

(a beat)

She was a model. Canadian too.

Bob looks at Rufus blankly.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bob drives, Sadie rides shotgun and Rufus sits in the back seat. They are all wearing BLACK and heading to Melvin's funeral. The car is a little uncomfortable. It's unclear whether the sadness of the funeral, or the inclusion of Rufus is causing the awkwardness.

After a long silence:

RUFUS

So, how long have you two been dating?

Sadie and Bob look at each other.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A huge cemetery frames the industrial skyline. Bob, Sadie and Rufus walk up to an open grave with a casket perched above it. Bob carries his electronic keyboard. Rufus carries Melvin's "Honk: if you think I invented Pacman" sign.

BOB

This is going to be weird.

SADIE

Going to be?

BOB

You know what I mean.

Sadie puts her hand on Bob's.

SADIE

It's okay.

(a beat)

How many people are coming.

BOB

(earnest)

A lot, I think.

EXT. GRAVESITE - DAY - LATER

Bob stands stoically in front of his keyboard near the grave. Sadie and Rufus stand across the grave from him. LUCAS (70's) the old man in charge of lowering the casket watches the whole scene suspiciously.

Total attendance: 4

Bob looks disappointed. He clears his throat and pulls a note-card with his speech written on it out. He mainly looks at Sadie when he's speaking.

BOB

I guess we should get started,

(a beat)

Thank you all... uh, thanks for coming.

(a beat)

To most people he was just a weird story on the news. Some crazy old man. But Melvin Scure was my father.

Bob pauses, lost for a moment then continues.

BOB

He used his genius to create one of the best video games of all time.

(gets angry, louder)

And no matter what any of those greedy corporate Atari assholes say, Dad, I know it was you who invented Pacman.

(a beat)

In my heart you'll always be the first and only Mega-Maniac. This is for you.

Bob nods to Lucas, who begins lowering the casket into the ground. Bob starts playing the Pacman theme. He gets into it and, like when he was 13, adds some new riffs as he goes.

Rufus pumps the "Honk" sign into the air rhythmically and begins to HUM LOUDLY AND ODDLY along to Bob's music.

Sadie wipes a tear from her eye, witnessing this strangely touching funeral. Bob finishes playing and they watch Lucas shovel dirt onto Melvin's casket. After a few moments. Bob folds up his electric keyboard and joins Sadie.

SADIE

That was beautiful.

Bob-smiles at Sadie, unsure if she's telling the truth.

BOB

You didn't think it was messed up?

SADIE

I didn't' say that.

Rufus walks up to them, He hugs Bob heartily and we can see that he's crying.

RUFUS

Best goddamn funeral I've ever seen buddy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bob has cleaned up the house a little and we see that a WAKE is in progress. Once again, NOBODY is there. Bob has prepared snacks and placed them all around the house. They remain largely uneaten. Sadie stands in the middle of the room sipping wine,. Bob sits on a couch, dejected. Rufus lurks in the background -- literally cutting the cheese.

After a while, Rufus carries a GIGANTIC PARTY PLATTER (meat, crackers, fruit) out and puts it on a table. He looks at it for a moment. Bob and Sadie watch as Rufus moves the party platter to a different table, as if more people can get to it in the new location.

RUFUS

That's gonna be better.

Rufus looks back to Sadie and Bob for approval. They nod.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob glumly cleans some dishes in the kitchen sink. Rufus walks in and stands next to him. Rufus dries plates as Bob washes.

RUFUS

(quietly)

Dude. I think she really likes you.

Bob turns to Rufus, hands him a plate.

BOB

You think?

RUFUS

If there's one thing I know - I mean more than computers - it's definitely chicks. If I were you I'd make a move.

(a beat)

Strong like bull.

Bob stares straight ahead, thinking to himself.

INT. SOUND ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie stand outside a room with the door closed. The door has some kind of padding on it, it looks completely airtight. Sadie runs her fingers along the padding.

SADIE

What's in there?

BOB
Melvin called it the Sound Room.

Sadie looks intrigued. Bob opens the door and turns on a light.

It's a small room, jam-packed with electric keyboards (the musical kind), synthesizers, large speakers, and various odd types of outdated computer equipment. The room also has padded walls, for sound-proofing. Bob walks over to the main keyboard and Clips a switch. The thing HUMS to life.

BOB
This is where I composed the Pac Man theme.

Sadie smiles at Bob. Her eyes are wide as she takes it all in. She presses a couple keys on the keyboard and it WARBLER strangely. Sadie LAUGHS.

SADIE
Was Melvin a musician too?

BOB
More of an audio geek. But yeah.

Sadie looks around. The only window in the room is covered with black construction paper and heavy black tape. Sadie looks at the window then back to Bob.

BOB
Melvin wanted this to be an audio and visual experience room.

Bob walks over to the door and turns out the lights. For a moment it's pitch dark. A SWITCH FLIPS and some red and yellow lights oddly illuminate the room. It's a little psychedelic.

SADIE
Whoa! Will you play something for me?

Bob looks at Sadie through the red and yellow lights. He walks to the large keyboard and sits down. Bob thinks for a moment and then begins to play. The music is much moodier and stranger than we've heard from Bob before. It's almost not even music, but more a collection of long, odd notes.

Sadie closes her eyes and tries to "experience" the sounds. It looks like it's working.

After a while, Bob stops playing. He walks to the door and turns on the light again. Sadie adjusts her eyes. They share a silent moment together.

BOB
Nobody's ever been in here before.
Except me and Melvin.

Sadie smiles at Bob. She walks over to a shelf and sees a stack of reel-to-reel audio tapes. They are meticulously labeled. One reads; "Elizabeth Scure: October, 1974". Sadie looks over at Bob.

BOB
That's my mom.

Sadie's eyes grow very large. She gets excited, but tries to remain respectful.

SADIE
Can we listen?

Bob shrugs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Bob and Sadie sit on the living room couch together. On the table in front of them is an 1970's reel-to-reel tape player. The stack of audio reels (Bob's mom) sits next to the player.

Bob expertly threads the audio tape into the reel-to-reel. He presses play and leans back into the love-seat. We soon hear the 1974 recording of Bob's parents:

MELVIN (V.O.)
OKAYst start talking.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
What should I say?

MELVIN (V.O.)
Anything you want, Just act natural.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
How can I with that big thing in my
face?

MELVIN (V.O.)
It's called a microphone.

BOB AS A BABY starts CRYING in the background.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Sounds like our little genius is
hungry again. I'll go get him.

Bob smiles to himself. FOOTSTEPS are heard as Elizabeth comes back into the room.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
He's got such a big head. You chink
it's normal?

MELVIN (V.O.)
(laughing)
More room for the brain.

Sadie looks at Bob's head, trying to gauge it's size.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
I wonder if we should have a doctor
look at it.

MELVIN (V.O.)
At what?

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
His abnormally large head. It's'
massive. He looks like a...

Bob smiles uncomfortably, leans forward, and fast forwards
the tape a little.

MELVIN (V.O.)
(annoyed)
Honey, just play along. Someday
you'll be glad I did this.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
It's just really weird.

MELVIN (V.O.)
It's a document. I'm making a
document.

ELIZABETH (V.O.)
Why can't we just make love? Like
normal couples?

Sadie begins to GIGGLE. Bob stops the machine, a little
embarrassed. The reel to reel spins to a stop and Bob turns
to Sadie. She can't help but to stare at his head.

BOB
I grew into it.

Sadie puts her hands on Bob's head, mock-measuring it. Bob
smiles from the contact. Sadie puts her hands down.

SADIE
Your parents were cool.

BOB
You think?

SADIE
They really loved each other. You
can hear it.

Bob doesn't know what to say for a while.

BOB
What were yours' like?

SADIE
(matter of fact)
My dad screwed everything that moved,
except my mom, who spent most of her
time convincing herself that
everything was OKAYhe perfect suburban
home.

BOB
I'm sorry.

SADIE
He was actually a pretty good dad, I
mean, besides that. That's what
really kills me.

Bob thinks about this and lets Sadie continue.

SADIE
It's so hypocritical. I ended up
blaming my mother! Targeting her
with these hateful little art objects.
Trying to wake her up a little.
It's so stupid.

BOB
So what happened?

Sadie laughs out loud.

SADIE
Nothing! They're still "happily"
married.

BOB
Do you see them anymore.

Sadie looks a little sad.

SADIE
Not for years.

BOB
You shouldn' t let too much time
pass. You know?

Sadie thinks for a while, then turns to' Bob.

SADIE
I want to show you something.

INT. BOB'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sadie spreads out her photographs on Bob's single bed. There are about 15 photos, each of a random stolen object with a pithy little caption. Coins, matchbooks, keys, rabbit's feet, etc. They are all pasted to black cardboard and laid out as semi-professional mock-ups. Bob looks at them, intrigued, but not really sure what to make of them.

BOB
Cool.

SADIE
What do you think of them?

BOB
They're great.

SADIE
What do you really think?

Bob thinks about it for a while.

BOB
What do they mean?

Sadie flops back onto the bed.

SADIE
I stole each one of these things
from a man who was trying to pay me
for sex. Most of them are married.

BOB
Whoa!

SADIE
When I started I thought I had this
strong point of view. You know,
this., men-are-evil thing. Shocking
right?

BOB
Not really.

SADIE
Don't get me wrong, most of these
guys are jerks.

Bob looks up at Sadie, but doesn't say anything.

SADIE

But there's this one guy, Gordon..
He's like 75. His wife died and he'
s got nobody to talk to now.

Sadie looks away from Bob, a little sad.

BOB

So he pays to talk to you?

SADIE

Yeah. And I think it means a lot to
him.

BOB

What do you talk about?

SADIE

He mainly just talks about his
daughters and their grandkids.

BOB

So why doesn't he just talk to them?

Sadie thinks.

SADIE

They hate him.

BOB

Why?

Sadie starts to laugh.

SADIE

He cheated on their mother!

Bob and Sadie think about the irony of Gordon's life for a
moment. Bob looks back down at all the photos. He picks
one up: A photo of a family photo (all the eyes are blacked
out). The caption reads "One Big Happy Family"

BOB

What' s with the captions?

SADIE

My attempt at irony, I guess. Do
you hate them?

BOB

It's just... the photos are really
good and the captions... well...

SADIE

Suck, right? I know, I know.

Bob avoids the question.

BOB
When is it going to be published?

Sadie sighs.

SADIE
It's not. Nobody has enough balls
to publish it.

BOB
I thought you said...

SADIE
Wishful thinking.

Bob-thinks for a while. He picks up the Buffalo-Head Nickel photo and looks at it.

BOB
Can I have this?

Sadie thinks about it for a while.

SADIE
Sure.

A framed newspaper story on Bob's desk catches Sadie's eye. The headline reads: "child Prodigy graduates from High School." In the picture, a' geeky young Bob holds a diploma.

SADIE
Whoa.
(she picks up the
article)
What was that like?

Bob thinks for a second.

BOB
It sucked.

Sadie gets a mischievous.Look on her face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sadie pushes the couch out of the way and creates space in the living room. Bob watches her curiously. She dims the lights and walks over to the ancient stereo. Sadie pulls an audio cassette out of her purse.

SADIE
These have other purposes, you know.

Sadie puts the cassette into the stereo and presses play. She takes Bob's hand and leads him to the improvised dance floor" with a smile. Bob looks nervous and awkward.

SADIE

I don't go anywhere without this song.

The opening piano chords of Journey's "Don't Stop Believing" begin as Bob and Sadie dance.

JOURNEY

(singing)

Just a small town girl, livin' in a
lonely world, she took the midnight
train goin' anywhere... Just a city
boy, born and raised in South Detroit,
he took the midnight train goin'
anywhere...

As Journey plays, Sadie rests her head on Bob's shoulder and we witness a precious part of life Bob never had. They continue to dance for a while.'

Bob is as awkward as an eight-grader, but gains confidence as they dance. He slowly begins to move his right hand up _ Sadie's side, toward her breast. Sadie seems too lost in the moment to even notice.

As Journey's guitar's begin to scream, Bob's hand reaches the grope-zone." He looks at Sadie and suddenly kisses her, full on the lips., His hand squeezes her breast with Zero finesse.

Startled, Sadie actually kisses him back for a moment. Then she seems to realize that she's also being groped. She bats his hand away and pulls back.

SADIE

Jesus, Bob!

BOB

I'm sorry! I God, I'm sorry.

SADIE

You can't just go grabbing boobies like that! God! What were you thinking?

BOB

I thought... you know... we were dancing and everything. God I'm such an idiot! I'm sorry!

Bob paces around the room, embarrassed, angry, devastated.

SADIE
That's not why I'm here!

Sadie turns and walks upstairs. Bob watches her go. The song continues with Bob standing there utterly alone in the middle of the makeshift dance floor.

After a few moments, Bob's Blackberry starts VIBRATING with a familiar message: "911. Ray."

INT. BOB'S ROOM - DAY

The next morning, Sadie sits on the edge of Bob's old bed, looking around his room. She gets up and walks over to his desk. She opens a drawer and sees a high school yearbook.

Sadie opens the yearbook and smiles when she sees that the inside cover is filled with hand-written notes, presumably from Bob's childhood friends.

Sadie studies the notes a little closer and frowns. The notes are all laced with obvious adolescent cruelty. Words like LOSER, GEEK, DORK, and YOU SUCK are everywhere, as if a gang of mean kids got a hold of Bob's yearbook and went wild.

Sadie closes the yearbook.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sadie walks into the kitchen. Rufus is sitting there, eating cereal and reading the newspaper. Sadie looks only mildly surprised to see him.

SADIE
Good morning.

RUFUS
Morning.

SADIE
Do you know where Bob is?

RUFUS
I think he's in the basement,
(a beat)
Want some Captain Crunch?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Bob sits Indian-style in front of an old black and white TV. He's playing the Mega-Maniac prototype with a hand-made joystick- The game is amazingly lo-tech (think Pong). Sadie walks down the steps and finds him. She watches Bob playing Mega-Maniac.

SADIE
Wow. It really is a lot like Pacman.

BOB
(defiant)
Damn right it is.

SADIE
You guys must've, had a shitty lawyer.
Bob almost laughs.

BOB
Melvin represented himself. They
offered to settle.

Sadie walks up to the screen and looks at the game.

SADIE
Jesus. Why didn't he?

BOB
It wasn't about money for Melvin.
It was about ownership. Credit.

SADIE
Is there anything you can do?
Bob watches the game for a while, thinking.

BOB
I've got a lawyer who says I can. I
just want people to know what my Dad
did. You know?

Sadie laughs.

SADIE
You think there's a soul out there
who doesn't know Melvin invented
Pacman? The man was an icon.

BOB
Really?

SADIE
Duh! Billion dollar companies don't
just offer to settle out of court!
I mean, it may not say his name on
the box, but everybody knows.

Bob smiles and focuses back on the game. His player sails
through the maze with ease. Sadie changes the subject.

SADIE

I don't want you to get the wrong idea, Bob.

BOB

About what?

SADIE

About us.

BOB

Oh.

SADIE

I really like you. Just not like that.

Bob makes a bad move and his player is swallowed by a Mega Maniac. EVIL SOUND EFFECTS fill the room. He turns to Sadie.

BOB

Why not?

SADIE

It wouldn't work Bob. It's stupid.

BOB

No it's not.

SADIE

You travel all the time. Let's see... you live in a storage unit!

BOB

I could move to Austin.! I want to move to Austin.

SADIE

You barely know me!

BOB

So what. I know enough. I think.

Sadie looks at Bob sadly.

SADIE

I can't do a relationship Bob. I won't. They don't work. They never work. Never.

BOB

So you're just going to be alone all of your life?

Sadie thinks about this for a while, then decides not to answer. She changes the subject.

SADIE
Hey cheer up! It's Saturday, you
want to go to a wedding?

Bob looks at her like she's crazy.

BOB
Not really?

They stare at each other for a long time. From the top of
the stairs, we hear Rufus' voice:

RUFUS
Guys, I'm going out for a little
while!

Sadie and Bob look at each other and start LAUGHING.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Sadie wears a vintage dress and rides shotgun as Bob drives
with a strange look on his face. Sadie looks at a folded
newspaper.

SADIE
OKAYo we've got the Miller/Blake
wedding at Christ Church downtown.
Sounds WASBY. Then there's the
Martinez/Fuentes wedding. Don't
speak Spanish. How about the
Jackson/Washington wedding... African
American weddings are amazing.

Bob looks at Sadie, alarmed.

BOB
(facetious)
And we'll blend in to boot.

SADIE
Don't worry, I do this all the time.
When you meet people just be vague.
And definitely steer clear of the
bride and groom.

Bob looks terrified. Sadie shakes her head.

SADIE
Trust Berlinda. Your newlywed wife
of five years.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

The Jackson/Washington wedding is in progress. Bob and Sadie sit in the back and ate the only white people in the entire church.

BOB
(whispering)
I don't think we're blending.

Sadie's into the ceremony.

SADIE
Shhh... this is the best part.

The BRIDE and GROOM kiss and turn to face the crowd. They start walking down the aisle and everybody stands. As the bride and groom pass by Bob and Sadie, they look a bit confused. Sadie waves and blows kisses at them obliviously.

INT. BAR - LATER

The reception is in full swing. It's being held in a small, old fashioned-looking bar. The GUESTS are dancing, drinking and listening to the LIVE BLUES BAND.

Sadie dances with an OLD BLACK MAN on the tiny dance floor. Nobody seems to care that Bob and Sadie weren't invited. At the long oak bar, Bob sits with GUS, an ancient black man with a cap on.

GUS
That your girl out there?

BOB
Which one?

Gus chuckles.

GUS
Which one?

Bob laughs.

BOB
No. I mean we're here together,
but. Not together.

GUS
She gonna be your girl?

BOB
I don't know.

GUS
She's mighty fine. Mighty fine.

BOB

Yeah.

Gus slaps Bob on the leg.

GUS

Boy. You're a damn fool.

BOB

I know. What would you do?

GUS

For starters, I wouldn't be sittin' here talkin' to my old decrepit ass.

Bob smiles and watches Sadie on the dance floor. She waves at them.

GUS

(shaking his head)

Young people don't know shit. They always lookin' for the next best thing to come along. Think they got it all worked out. What you waitin' for, Boy? You get a girl, you get a house, you get some kids, and that's it. That's all that matters. What you do for a livin'?

BOB

Computers. I fix computers.

GUS

No shit?

BOB

No shit.

GUS

I love them chat rooms. Still waitin' for DSL to come to the hood though. Ain't that some shit? Black folk always the last in line. (A long beat) You know how hard it is get pussy on a dial-up? Shit.

Bob grins at Gus, who shakes his head again.

GUS

That's some girl, man. Some girl.

Bob watches Sadie, agreeing with his eyes. She's talking to a member of THE BAND as they are about to take a break. Bob watches her curiously, then he sees Sadie POINTING at him.

The BAND GUY looks over at Bob, then, back to Sadie. Bob gets nervous.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Sadie is dragging Bob across the dance floor, toward where the band is set up. HE has a horrified look on his face.

SADIE
Come on! It' ll be fun.

BOB
(quietly)
I really don't think this is a good idea.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - LATER.

Bob stands nervously in front of an electric keyboard. He plugs his NINTENDO GAMEBOY into the keyboard. FEEDBACK screams out of the speakers and the CROWD holds their ears. Sadie stands there, watching nervously.

Bob finally gets it together and starts playing a very strange tune on his gameboy. The crowd looks curiously up at him. A lot of people have left the dance floor at this point.

The tune kicks into gear and actually starts sounding pretty cool. It's definitely NOT the right kind of music for this venue, but it's interesting. It's almost like a half-time show, where most people aren't even paying attention.

The few PEOPLE who are listening, start to shuffle a little bit, almost dancing. Bob smiles to himself. Sadie looks proudly up at him.

Just as Bob's starting to feel comfortable, the BAND returns and walks onto the stage. People begin to clap for the BAND and the noise drowns Bob's music out. The band picks up their instruments and suddenly Bob feels awkward again. The KEYBOARDIST is waiting for him to leave. Bob's song sputters out. He smiles awkwardly at the Band and unplugs his equipment.

As Bob leaves the stage he gets a very tepid applause. Sadie runs up to him... she's grinning from ear to ear.

SADIE
That... was awesome

Sadie hugs Bob. He smiles to himself. The BAND starts up again and wedding guests flood the dance floor as Bob and Sadie walk off.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie drive away from the wedding reception. Sadie is smiling to herself. Bob looks happy too, They're driving in a seedy part of town. Sadie looks out the window and sees a line of PROSTITUTES on the street. JOHNS in cars slowly drive past them and stop here and there.

Sadie's smile fades as she watches. Bob sees what's going on. Sadie looks ahead and thinks to herself.

SADIE

Pull over at this mini-mart. I've got to get something.

Bob turns the car into a MINI-MART and parks. Sadie gets out and goes into the store.

EXT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Bob waits in the car. Sadie comes out with a paper bag. She gets into the car and smiles at Bob. She leans the bag over so he can see its contents: A DOZEN EGGS.

Sadie looks mischievously at Bob. He starts the car with a nervous look.

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob is driving past the PROSTITUTES and JOHNS again, this time in the other direction, Sadie looks out the window at them. She sees a JOHN pulling over.

SADIE

Slow down! Slow down!

Bob does as he's told, still looking extremely nervous. They pull even with the JOHN, who is trying to talk to a PROSTITUTE.

SADIE

Hey John!

The JOHN turn's to look at Sadie, He's horrified. As soon as he turns around Sadie launches an egg directly into his car. The egg hits him on his shoulder and EXPLODES with yolk everywhere. The John is terrified and pissed.

SADIE

Why don't you go back to your wife!

The prostitute begins to laugh as the John scrambles to start the car and leave. Sadie hurls -more eggs at his car, and at other cars.

SADIE

Go home! Go back to your wives!

Bob floors it and speeds away. Sadie is still throwing eggs wildly -- every now and then she connects with an actual car.

The PROSTITUTES CHEER from the sidewalk - even though they are rapidly losing customers.

Once they are safely away, Sadie straightens herself out and looks over at Bob. The mood is strange and funny. All of a sudden, they BOTH start LAUGHING.

SADIE

Did you see that poor guy's face!?

Sadie and Bob laugh together for a while. Bob finally stops laughing, and wipes a tear from his eye.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT - LATER

Bob stands at the gas pump, filling his tank. Sadie leans up against the car and watches him. Bob thinks back to high school.

BOB

You know, I got egged a few times.

SADIE

Your house?

Bob looks at Sadie.

BOB

Not my house. Me.

Sadie looks horrified, then a smile creeps onto her face.

SADIE

I'm sorry! That's not funny! God!

They both start laughing again.

SADIE

It's okay. I was a dork too.

Bob doesn't quite get it.

SADIE

In high school!

BOB

Oh.

SADIE

They used to call me Saddie (rhymes with "sad").

BOB

Why?

SADIE

I wore a lot of black. Didn't talk much. High school kids don't know how to handle that, you know?

BOB

Were you sad?

SADIE

I mean... I listened to the Smiths. But I wasn't clinical or anything.

Bob thinks for a while. He finishes filling the tank and puts the pump away. Sadie, still leaning against the car, looks off, away from Bob. He turns to face her and looks at her for a moment. Sadie finally looks at Bob.

SADIE

I'm leaving tomorrow Bob. Time to get back to my life. Reality. You know?

Bob's face goes blank. Then he looks almost angry.

BOB

What? Why?

Sadie looks away.

SADIE

This just isn't going to work, Bob.

A COUPLE walks past them on the way to their car.

BOB

(quietly)

Then why'd you come with me? Why did you bring me... to a wedding?

SADIE

I like weddings!

Bob EXPLODES.

BOB
How can you like weddings and hate
relationships? It's so fucking
strange!

Sadie turns away from Bob and stews.

SADIE
I told you. They don't work!

BOB
How do you know unless you try!? I
thought you liked me?

SADIE
I do like you Bob.

Sadie wipes the beginnings of a tear from her eye.

SADIE
Weddings are beautiful. The pageantry
of it all. But they're make-believe,
The reality is so ugly, Bob, That's
what scares me.

BOB
It doesn't have to be scary.

SADIE
This isn't easy for me Bob.

Sadie takes a step toward Bob. They stare at each other for
a long time. Bob starts to say something but Sadie puts her
finger over his mouth.

SADIE
I made a promise to myself a long
time ago Bob. I'm sorry.

As they stare at each other, more PEOPLE come out gas station.
Bob waits until they're gone and then:

BOB
I don't want to be alone anymore.

Sadie wipes a tear from her eye. She stares at Bob for a
long time.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie, walk into the house in complete silence. She
goes up to her room. He stands there looking around at the
boxed-up, but still messy house.

INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - MIGHT

Bob RIPS tape off his bare chest and removes tonight's listening device. He walks over to Melvin's computer.

Next to Melvin's computer console, Bob has set up his electronic keyboard and various equipment. He puts his headphones on and sits down at the keyboard.

INT. MELVIN'S ROOM - LATER

Bob works furiously at the keyboard. All we can hear is the PRESSING OF KEYS. Every now and then he presses play on the mini-cassette recorder, then goes back to work at the keyboard.

Behind him, Sadie appears in the doorway. She stands there for a long time, just watching him. She takes a step forward, then thinks better of it and leaves. Bob never notices her. He continues composing.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Sadie sits in the gate, waiting for her flight. She looks around at all the business travelers... zeroing in. On several men with cell-phones and Blackberries attached to their belts.

She looks sad as she sits there. Several of the businessmen are staring at her and doing a poor job of hiding it. Sadie pulls an audio cassette out of her purse. Then she pulls out a walkman. Handwritten on the cassette are the words; To Berlinda, from Trent. She puts the headphones on, closes her eyes, and presses play.

THE MUSIC is haunting |-- totally inconsistent with everything we know about Bob up to this point. The slow electronic piano, accompanied by a drum-beat is catchy, moody, and laced with real emotion. Cut into the music, perfectly, is the conversation Bob had with Gus (about Sadie) at the wedding.

Sadie opens her eyes and a tear drops as she listens to Bob's amazing creation. Sadie pulls her necklace out of her shirt and rubs it.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The music continues as Bob stands in the living room Melvin's house. He's dressed in his suit and has his rolling bag ready to go. All around him the house is still only half-packed up. Bob SIGHS at the sight of it all. He looks around at the mess and tries to continue packing. Rufus walks in the front door, apparently he's got a key now.

BOB

Hey Rufus.

RUFUS

Hey Bob.

Rufus looks at Bob in his suit, packing stuff.

RUFUS

You going somewhere?

BOB

Yeah, I've got to get back to work.

RUFUS

Where's Sadie?

Bob thinks about this for a long time and doesn't answer. Rufus is snooping in an open box. He picks up some stuff and helps Bob pack. Bob is almost angrily throwing stuff into boxes. Rufus notices that something is wrong.

RUFUS

You want me to take care of this
Bob? I promise I'll take good care
of everything.

Bob stops packing. He looks relieved.

BOB

You'd do that for me?

RUFUS

I'd do anything for you and Melvin,
man. You know that.

Rufus smiles. He walks over to Bob and offers him a strange hug. After a while, Bob hugs back, a hearty hug of old friends.

RUFUS

You've got more important stuff to
do Bob. A job. A girl. All that.
It's like... like a real life man.

Rufus smiles at Bob and stands there awkwardly. Bob surveys the house.

BOB

Do you want all this stuff?

Rufus looks around at all the boxes. His eyes light up.

RUFUS

You mean it!?

BOB
Yeah.. Melvin would've wanted it
that way.

RUFUS
Absolutely, Bob! Thanks!

Bob smiles at his old friend. They stand there in silence
for a while.

BOB
What did he used to say about me
Rufus? Melvin...

Rufus lights up. He knows this is important to Bob.

RUFUS
He used to say you were a genius
Bob. He would always say "my son,
the genius."
(a beat)
"My son, the true genius." He was
proud of you.

Bob smiles at Rufus.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Bob sits, Indian-style in front of Melvin's grave. It's
starting to rain but Bob doesn't make a move. His rolling
bag stands next to him as if he's on his way out of town.

Behind Bob, the gravestone reads: Kelvin Scure 1941 - 2003.
Inventor of Pacman,

INT. BOB'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

Bob drives away from the cemetery. He pushes play on the
cassette deck and we begin to hear another RANDOM
CONVERSATION.

As Bob drives, he fast forwards the tape often. He can't
seem to find a part that he wants to listen, to. He ejects
this tape and tries another one. This continues for a while
and Bob gets annoyed.

EXT. RENTAL CAR PARKING LOT - DAY

Bob pays for his rental car at the airport. As he walks
away from the car the RENTAL CAR ATTENDANT (40'S) comes
running up behind him.

RENTAL CAR ATTENDANT
Hey, man! You left a bunch of tapes
in the car!

Bob turns around and thinks for a moment.

BOB
You can keep them.

RENTAL CAR ATTENDANT
You sure? There's a shitload of
them.

BOB
Yeah.

RENTAL CAR ATTENDANT
You may get fined.
(a beat)
Rental car policy.

Bob doesn't answer. He turns around and makes his way to the shuttle bus, leaving the attendant standing there. A smile creeps onto Bob's face.

INT. DALLAS AIRPORT - DAY

Bob stands on the people-mover in another airport. In this one, the BUSINESSMEN wear ten-gallon hats.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DALLAS - DAY

Bob walks into the Dallas Sendec office, it looks exactly the same, except the receptionist in this office is named NORMA (50's). She greets Bob the same as all of them.

NORMA
The computer guy!

Bob smiles, annoyed.

BOB
Can you tell me where Ray's office
is?

NORMA
Around the corner, first door on the
left.

Bob leaves the reception area.

INT, RAY'S OFFICE - DALLAS - DAY

Ray's new office is still relatively un-lived-in. He's in the process of hanging a "Haulin' Ass'" poster on the wall behind his desk. Bob stands in the doorway silently. When Ray turns around he jumps.

RAY
Fuck it, Bob! Announce your presence
next time!

BOB

Sorry.

Bob takes a step into the-office.

BOB

How's Dallas?

Ray smiles.

RAY

The wife likes it better here. Closer to family. Bigger house. Bigger garage.

(a beat)

It basically sucks.

BOB

Yeah.

Ray sighs.

RAY

Things aren't going so good Bob. E-mail's goin' crazy. It's down in over half our offices. The FTP site needs major work. Netmeeting is completely hosed. We're basically fucked.

BOB

No we're not. Relax.

RAY

Yeah, well without you around we are.

BOB

Give me a little time. I'll work it all out,

RAY

Nelson's on my ass 24-7.

BOB

Is he here, in Dallas?

RAY

He was this morning.

Bob thinks about this.

BOB
Don't worry about it Ray. I'll fix everything

RAY
I know you will, Bob. I know you will. Just do it quick.

Bob smiles.

Ray reaches into his pocket and pulls out a business card. Before handing it to Bob, he writes something on it.

RAY
My home address. In case you ever want to visit. Or send me a postcard.

Bob looks down at the hand-written address.

BOB
Candy Tuft Lane?

RAY
It's a subdivision. Everything's named after sweets. Fuck it! Go to work my man!

Bob walks out of Ray's office.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - SERVER ROOM - DALLAS

With the hands of a surgeon, Bob goes to work on Sendec's massive server. He loosens his collar and tie. He types indecipherable code into a laptop. Every now and then he gets up and types into another, larger computer. The work Bob does is nothing short of amazing.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DALLAS

Ray stands outside the server room and watches Bob work his magic. Ranvir walks up to Ray and looks in at Bob. Ray turns to Ranvir.

RAY
What brings you to Dallas Rasheed?

RANVIR
Uh... it's Ranvir. I'm here for training.
(re: Bob)
What's going on in there?

RAY

(awed)

Nothin' you or me will ever understand.

RANVIR

(annoyed)

Whatever. I went to M.I.T.

RAY

Yeah, well then, how come you're standin' out here with your dick in your hand? Fuck it.

Ray walks away shaking his head. Ranvir takes a step closer and looks in at Bob with wonder, respect and a little jealousy. Bob looks up from his work. He sees Ranvir looking in. Inside the room, Bob points at Ranvir and aggressively yells:

BOB

(barely audible from behind the glass)

MY HOUSE! THIS IS MY HOUSE.

Ranvir walks away, defeated.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DALLAS - SERVER ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Bob sleeps with his head on a keyboard. He's been working all night. He wakes up and taps a few keys on the computer. Activity on the computer screen seems to indicate that things are back in order. Bob walks out of the server room with a satisfied look on his face.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - DALLAS

Bob straightens his tie as he walks through the nearly empty office. He passes by Nelson's Dallas office and stops at the door. There's a light on inside. Bob KNOCKS on the door.

INT. SENDEC - DALLAS - NELSON'S OFFICE

Bob opens the door a little and Nelson scurries to hide something on his desk. An awkward moment passes, then Nelson's all smiles.

NELSON

Bob! I just heard from Pittsburgh and San Diego. They're both up! Video-conferencing is on-line again. The FTP site is working. I don't know what to say. Great work!

BOB
Everything else should be up within
the hour.

NELSON I don' t know how you do it Bob.

Bob doesn't reply, which throws Nelson off a bit. On his computer screen we can see that he's manipulating a semi-nude picture of himself.

NELSON
You're invaluable. Invaluable!

Again, Bob doesn't say anything. Nelson looks uncomfortable, looks he wants the conversation to be over.

NELSON
Is there anything else you need?

Bob takes a step further into the office.

BOB
I want a job in the Austin office.
I want to stop traveling.

Nelson thinks about this for about 1 second.

NELSON
Bob, you're too valuable on the road!
I can't have you riding a desk.
Maybe in a couple years. That sound
okay?

Bob doesn't know what to say.

BOB
But sir...

NELSON
Great! That's settled then.
(a beat)
Say, Bob, before you head to
Charlotte, I was wondering if you
could help me with a little computer
problem again. On the QT, of course -

Nelson gets up and leaves. At the door he turns back to Bob.

NELSON
Oh, and can you do something about
all that pesky SPAM coming in? Thanks
Bob. You're a genius.

Bob stands there, defeated and miserable.

INT. SENDEC - DALLAS - NELSON'S OFFICE - LATER

Bob sits at Nelson's desk working on his computer. He bangs on the keys angrily.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Disgusting SPAM notices keep popping up everywhere as Bob tries to work. Bob deletes a scantily clad picture of Nelson and an older SKANKY WOMAN. A PENIS ENLARGEMENT SPAM pops up and Bob angrily deletes it. Then an ESCORT SPAM pops up: "Meet slutty escorts in your City!" The photo shows a scantily clad ESCORT BABE beckoning.

Bob stares at the image on the screen for a long time.

EXT. SENDEC CORPORATION - PARKING LOT - DALLAS - DAY

Bob walks Gut into the harshly bright day. He looks out onto a sea of crappy, white rental cars, unable to determine which one is his. He SIGHS and pulls out his cell-phone. He dials a number and puts the phone to his ear.

As he's leaving the following message, Bob tries to locate his car.

SADIE (V.O.)

Hi this is Sadie. Please leave a message.

The machine BEEPS.

BOB (V.O.)

Hi Sadie. It's me., Bob. I'm in Dallas. Look, I was just thinking about you.

Bob tries the lock on a small, white car. No luck. He winces and looks around the parking lot. A sea of white cars.

BOB (V.O.)

I really want to see you. Give it another try, you know?

Bob tries his key in another car. The key doesn't fit. He continues looking.

BOB (V.O.)

I want to stay in one place. Stop moving around all the time. Get a real apartment, you know?

Bob tries another car. Nope.

BOB

Damnit!

(a beat)

Sorry. I can't find my car. Look
Sadie, I hope you get this message,
because I really miss you. Sorry.

Bob hangs up the phone. He looks out into the parking lot with absolutely no idea where his car is. He starts to walk toward the far end of the parking lot. Then he just starts running, then sprinting across the parking lot.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Sadie, dressed in a tight-fitting dress, sits across from WALTER (40's) a compact man wearing a suit. He has a cell-phone attached to his belt, Sadie stares at it. They appear to be finishing up dinner.

WALTER

So, where do we go from here?

SADIE

I'm going home. I don't know where
you're going.

WALTER

Don't act like you don't know what
I'm talking about.

SADIE

My contractual obligation...

WALTER

(serious)

Don't, give me that shit.

Sadie gets up and starts, to walk away.

SADIE

Good night, Walter.

Walter's outraged. He watches her leave.

INT. BAR - DALLAS - NIGHT

Bob sits at a bar, drinking quietly. He rests his head on the bar. The BARTENDER approaches.

BARTENDER

Wouldn't a pillow be more comfortable,
buddy?

Bob looks up, a little drunk.

BOB
My dad invented Pacman.

The bartender looks at Bob like he's crazy.

BARTENDER
Yeah.. well "waca-waca".

The bartender rolls his eyes and walks away.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SIGHT

Bob walks into yet another hotel room, drunk. He turns on the light and takes off his jacket.

THE YELLOW PAGES slams down onto the desk and Bob opens it to the "E" section: for escorts. He flips through several pages of ads, all promising the same thing. Bob dials a number and looks nervous as hell.

BOB
Hi. I'm interested in your... um
service, (a beat) Yes, my name's...
um...Trent.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob paces the room. He turns off a few lights, looking for the perfect mood lighting. He looks at himself in the mirror again and fixes his hair. There's a KNOCK at the door. Bob takes a deep breath and walks to the door.

He opens it and we see SUSAN (30's) a marginally attractive escort who looks like she's seen a lot of ceilings. Susan walks into the room and Bob closes the door.

INT. SADIE'S ROOM - SIGHT

Back in her room, Sadie starts to undress. She see's that there's a new message on her answering machine. As she crosses the room to check her message, there's a KNOCK at the door, she stops and goes to the door. She opens it.

Immediately, Walter (the "John" from the restaurant) forces himself into the room and SLAMS the door. Sadie stands there, not knowing what to do. Walter's drunk and panting oddly.

WALTER
You think you can fuck with me?

Sadie backs across the room.

SADIE
What do you want? Jesus, did you
follow me here?

WALTER
You know what I want.

Sadie backs up until she bumps into her bed. Walter stumbles toward her.

INT. BOB'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Bob stands nervously in front of Susan. He stands uncomfortably, hands en hips.

SUSAN
Nervous honey?

BOB
Sort of. But I really just want to talk.

Susan smiles and walks toward him.

SUSAN
Anything you want tiger. Let's just do a little business first, okay.

Bob understands and pulls out his wallet.

BOB
Oh, okay.

SUSAN
It's going to be \$250 cash. Plus tip.

BOB
Just to talk?

SUSAN
You're paying for my time, honey.

Bob removes a bunch of cash from his wallet. The second he hands the money to Susan she looks up at him and smiles. She tilts her head down to her chest and speaks loudly.

SUSAN
We've got him.' Come on in.

Bob looks at Susan's chest and sees a familiar looking BLACK WIRE leading down into her shirt. The camera ' zooms in tight on Susan's wire.

BOB
Audiovox 9500. Shit.

Susan takes a step back. TWO PLAINCLOTHES MALE POLICE OFFICERS burst into the room.

Susan disappears out the door and Bob stands there facing the police men. NICK (30's) a friendly-ish cop talks to Bob. He closes the door.

NICK
You're being arrested for solicitation
of a prostitute.

Bob takes a step backwards, his face has gone completely pale.

INT. SADIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sadie stands at the edge, of the bed. Walter walks up very close to her. Sadie stands there, frozen.

WALTER
I want my money back. Or...

Sadie moves away from Walter. She pulls a wad of cash out of her pocket and hands it to Walter.

SADIE
Fine. Here you go.

Walter looks enraged and confused. He stares at Sadie for a really long time, not knowing what to say. Then finally:

WALTER
(drunkenly)
You're so beautiful.

He looks down at the cash in his hand.

INT./EXT. - POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Bob stares blankly out the window of the police car. On the sidewalk, a group of four YOUNG MEN walk by out for a night on the town. Every one of them is talking on a cell phone.

Bob redirects his gaze to inside the car. He's staring at the earpiece in Nick's ear.

BOB
You like the Audiovox 9500?

Nick laughs to himself and looks at Bob in the rear-view mirror.

NICK
Yeah. You know about these things?

BOB
A little.

Nick looks at Bob again, shakes his head.

NICK
What' s your name?

Bob looks out the window again, not answering.

INT. SADIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CU of Sadie's face. Pull out to reveal Walter, sitting on the bed. His head is in his hands and he's CRYING. Sadie watches him. Walter looks up.

WALTER
(drunkenly)
I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'm not
like this, I swear I'm not like this.
I don't know what I'm doing here.
Oh God. I have a family! Please
don't tell anyone.

Sadie takes a step toward him. Her face is hard to read.

WALTER
I've never done anything like this.
I swear. Please don't call the cops.
Please. I'll lose everything.

Sadie watches Walter closely. She reaches into her shirt and takes out her wedding band necklace. She rubs the ring a little.

SADIE
I want you to do something for me.

INT. POLICE STATION -DALLAS - NIGHT

Nick leads Bob into the police station, handcuffed. They approach a large metal detector and walk through it. A small symphony of ALARMS go off. A COP waves the metal-detecting WAND all over Bob's body - it BEEPS continuously.

COP
Sir, are your pockets empty?

NICK
He's clean.

The cop waves his wand over Bob's body again - more BEEPING.

COP
Do you have a pace-maker or something?

BOB
No.

Nick gives the Cop a look.

NICK
Bob, I'm going to have to check under
your shirt.

Bob gives them both a look as Nick starts to unbutton his shirt. Nick pulls the shirt open and reveals Bob's network of WIRES and DEVICES. Nick and the Cop look at each other, stunned.

COP
(bewildered)
What the fuck? Jesus, he's got a
bomb! Everybody stand back!

Both Nick and the Cop draw their guns and point them at Bob. The SMALL CROWD scatters, getting down on the ground and hiding behind walls.

COP
Hands over your head asshole! NOW!

Bob complies without putting up a fight. Nick approaches him with extreme caution.

NICK
What's going on here Bob? Tell me!

Nick takes a closer look.

BOB
(calmly)
It's a wire. For listening.

Nick inspects the devices and soon holsters his pistol. He indicates for the Cop to do the same.

NICK
What is this about?

The Cop, Nick, and several BYSTANDERS watch Bob, not knowing what to think.

BOB
Man needs a hobby.

INT. SADIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Walter sits on the bed watching Sadie, He's still CRYING softly.

WALTER
You want me to do what?

Sadie takes her necklace off and removes hex father's wedding band.

SADIE
I want you drive me somewhere.

WALTER
Where?

SADIE
Not far.

WALTER
Why?

SADIE
I don't have a car.
(a beat)
You want me to call the cops?

WALTER
No!

SADIE
Come on then. Let's go.

Walter thinks.

WALTER
You promise you won't tell anyone
about this?

INT. POLICE STATION - DALLAS - NIGHT

Nick leads Bob through the police station. They eventually reach Nick's desk and sit down. Nick puts a Bob's mini-recorder on his desk and looks at Bob.

NICK
I could book you for using a concealed
recording device too, you know.

BOB
I didn't know it was illegal.

NICK
I'll let it slide. I'm a bit of an
audiophile myself.

Nick picks up the mini-recorder and presses play. We hear SUSAN and BOB'S VOICES:

SUSAN (V.O.)
It's okay, I'll make it real easy on
you.

Nick looks surprised. He presses pause.

NICK
Fuckin A! The audio quality is
amazing!

Bob smiles proudly. Nick presses play again.

BOB (V.O.)
I really just want to talk. Is that
OKAYsk you some questions?

SUSAN
Anything you want tiger. Let's just
do a little business first, okay.

BOB (V.O.)
Oh, okay.

SUSAN (V.O.)
Uh huh. It's going to be \$250 cash.
Plus tip.

BOB
Just to talk?

SUSAN (V.O.)
You're paying for my time, honey.

Nick presses stop and rolls his eyes.

NICK
(to himself)
Goddamnit Susan.

Nick looks at Bob.

NICK
You really did just want to talk,
didn't you?

BOB
Yeah.

NICK
Jesus Christ. About what?

Bob looks up at Nick and doesn't say anything.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Walter and Sadie pull up to the curb of a small, middle home.

INSIDE THE CAR

Sadie stares at the house for a long time. She turns to Walter.

SADIE
Wait here for me. Okay?

Walter looks freaked out.

WALTER
Okay, whatever.

Sadie gets out of the car and walks up the path, to the house. She reaches the front door and just stands there. After a while she KNOCKS. Some lights go on inside the house and eventually, Sadie's father Frank comes to the door. He's older, a little fatter, and wearing a bathrobe. Frank stares at Sadie for a long time, a little out of it.

FRANK
(in disbelief)
Sadie?

Sadie says nothing. Frank opens the door and hugs her. She almost hugs back.

FRANK
Christ, baby, it's been two years.
I don't know what to say. I'll go
get mom.

Sadie breaks out of the embrace.

SADIE
No. Don't wake her.

Frank looks at her curiously. Sadie wipes a tear away from her eye.

FRANK
What's going on, Sadie? You
OKAYeverything .OK?

Sadie pulls the ring out of her pocket and holds it in her hand. Frank looks down at the ring for a long time. He SIGHS and looks back up at Sadie.

FRANK
Jesus, Sadie. How long you been
carrying that thing around?

Sadie looks at him, crying softly now.

SADIE
It's yours. Take it.

Sadie pushes her hand closer to Prank.

FRANK

(annoyed)

What am I going to tell your mother?

"Look what I found!"

(a beat)

It's been. 15 years, Sadie.

SADIE

Tell her what you always tell her!

Lie to her! I don't know!

Sadie pushes the ring even closer and Frank reluctantly picks it up. He stands there looking at Sadie. She wipes her eyes. Neither of them know what to say. Finally, Frank breaks the silence:

FRANK

Is that why you left?

SADIE

I don't know.

Frank looks down at the ring for a long time.

FRANK

(with feeling)

Nobody's perfect Sadie. You figure that out yet?

Sadie thinks for a long time.

SADIE

Yeah.

PRANK

Let's go inside. We'll catch up.

I'll go get your mom. Come on

sweetie. Things are different now.

SADIE

No. I can't. My ride.

Frank peers out at Walter, waiting in the car.

FRANK

That your boyfriend?

SADIE

Him? No. Just a guy.

Frank stands there in the doorway, still hoping Sadie might come in.

SADIE
I just wanted to give that back to
you. You know?

Sadie takes a step down the stairs. Frank looks at her softly.

FRANK
You still in Austin?

SADIE
Yeah.

Sadie takes another step down.

FRANK
Come back by whenever. Okay?

Sadie looks at Frank for a long time and half nods her head "yes". She wipes her eyes again and then turns back down the path. She walks towards Walter's car.

Just as Sadie reaches Walter's car HE DRIVES AWAY -- TIRES SCREECHING. Sadie blankly watches him go. Behind her, Frank is still standing at the door watching. Sadie never turns back and just keeps walking. A very small smile creeps onto her face as she walks down the middle of the street.

EXT. STREET - DALLAS - 6:00 A.M.

Free from his police ordeal, Bob walks down a suburban street. He looks at Ray's business card and reads the address. The houses border a golf course and they all look exactly the same. Bob is in a daze as he walks down the middle of the street. He hears a WHIRRING noise behind him.

Out of nowhere, an ELDERLY COUPLE dressed in matching outfits buzz by him in a golf cart. The OLD MAN honks the horn at Bob who jumps out of the way.

A few other GOLF CARTS follow suit. All of them looking at Bob like he's an invader of their perfect golf community.

Bob finally finds the house and walks up the path. He KNOCKS on the door. FRANCINE (50's) a nice looking old woman in a robe answers the door, a little startled.

FRANCINE
Can I help you?

BOB
Is Ray here?

Francine looks confused.

FRANCINE
Do you knew It's 6 AM?

BOB
Yes ma'am. I'm sorry.

Ray appears, also wearing a robe.

RAY
Bob, what the fuck?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bob stands at the kitchen window, coffee cup in hand. After a while Ray walks in and stands next to Bob, looking out at the early morning senior citizen golf frenzy.

RAY
(re: the golfers)
I hate golf Bob. Absolutely despise
the game... the people... the
culture... those damn carts.
(a long beat)
How you been?

BOB
Pretty bad Ray.

Bob looks absolutely miserable.

RAY
What's goin' on my man?

BOB
I fuck everything up.
(a little choked up)
I don't want to do that anymore.

Bob sniffles, trying not to cry in front of Ray.

RAY
It' s not supposed to be easy Bob.
Part of the game. Don't worry so
much.

Bob looks up at Ray.

RAY
Now a man doesn' t come over to
another man's house at 6 in the
morning without a reason.

BOB
I don't know what to do.
(a beat)
I really like this girl...

Ray's face changes from concern to joy.

RAY
A girl! Well that's great news Bob!
Damn, and here I thought you killed
someone or something.

Ray puts his arm around Bob's shoulder and gives him a fatherly squeeze. Bob accepts the moment, appreciates it more than Ray will ever know. They stay like this for a while, looking out at the golfers.

RAY
(re: the golfers)
Golf sucks, Bob.

BOB
Totally.

INT. VIDEO DATING SERVICE

Bob stares into the video camera. For a long time he says absolutely nothing.

BOB
When I do find someone I think I'll
be a really good boyfriend. I don't
know for sure, but I think I will
be. I'm not like other guys.

Bob sits there for a while. He looks like he's thinking of something more he can say.

BOB
I don't think this is working. I've
been sitting here for an hour.
There's got to be a better way to
meet a girl.

Bob stands up and walks toward the video camera. He puts his face right into the camera and looks around. The screen turns to fuzz as he switches the camera off.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - NIGHT

Sadie walks through the courtyard of the Motel 50. It's late enough that the sun is coming up behind her as she walks to her room.

INT. SADIE'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Sadie dismantles her darkroom piece by piece. She puts photos in boxes and packs up equipment. She walks out into the main room and we can't see that she's almost packed up her room entirely.

She looks around the room and sees that her answering machine has one message on it. She thinks about it for a long time, then deletes the message.

INT. MOTEL 50 - OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Sadie stands in front of BAXTER (70's) the nice old manager of the Motel 50. She's got bags and boxes on either side of her.

BAXTER
We're sure gonna miss you. Why you
leavin'?

Sadie smiles.

SADIE
I finished my project. Time to move
on, you know?

BAXTER
Yeah.

Sadie doesn't look very happy.

BAXTER
Any forwarding address?

SADIE
I'll call you when I land somewhere.

Baxter looks at Sadie for a long time.

BAXTER
Everything alright?

SADIE
Yeah. Everything's alright.

EXT. RAY'S GARAGE - DAY

Ray and Bob stand in front of a large, closed garage in Ray's backyard. Ray opens the door slowly. Inside we see the Shiny new CAB of an 18-wheeler. It's mainly red, with some serious detailing. Bob and Ray walk alongside it to the driver side door. Custom airbrushing on the door reads: "Running Eagle" in fancy cursive. Bob runs his hands over the words.

RAY
My "handle".

BOB
Cool.

RAY
What do you think?

Bob thinks for a long time.

BOB
It kicks ass, Ray.

Ray smiles.

RAY
It sure does.

BOB
Where'd you get her?

Ray CHUCKLES a little.

RAY
Ebay.

BOB
You ever drive it?

RAY
A little. Haven't really taken her
out on the open road yet.

BOB
Do you want to?

RAY
Hell yes.

BOB
Drive me to Austin.

Ray gives a. little chuckle, as if to say "yeah right".
Bob's serious.

RAY
To find your girl?

Bob nods his head, "yes":.

BOB:
I'll pay for gas.

RAY
Christ Bob. Diesel.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A family station-wagon cruises down a highway. In the back
is a bored LITTLE BOY staring out the window.

He looks up and pumps his arm twice in the air. We see that he's signaling to RAY and BOB, driving the big rig.

Ray gladly obliges and pulls his MR HORN twice - blasting the atmosphere with the familiar trucker double-honk. The LITTLE BOY smiles and giggles as Ray's big rig passes - hauling much ass.

INSIDE THE BIG RIG

Bob stares out the window, thinking. Ray operates the CB like an old pro,

RAY
This is Running Eagle and..

He looks at Bob and lets the button go on the CB receiver.

RAY
What's your handle?

BOB
I don't have one.

RAY
Fuck it Bob! | You've got to have one!

Bob looks at Ray.

BOB
What about Trent?

RAY
Trent? That's kind of... how do I say this? Pussy-ish, Bob. Running Eagle... now that's a handle.

Bob doesn't budge. After a while, Ray picks up the CB receiver and clicks it into action. He looks over at Bob.

RAY
Running Eagle and... T-Dog here.
Anybody out there got their ears on?
Over...

INT. BIG RIG - DAY

Ray's big rig ROARS onto the screen as Bob and Ray continue to haul ass. Bob looks over at Ray who's smiling out at the open road.

BOB
When was the first time you had sex Ray?

Ray looks over at Bob, strangely.

RAY
Who wants to know?

BOB
Me.

A long silence.

RAY
I was a late bloomer. Wasn't 'til I
was about 22, if I recall.

BOB
Late bloomer?

RAY
Yeah. Shit, I was in the service.
Everyone got their cherry popped as
soon as they signed up.

BOB
Why didn't you?

RAY
Wasn't for lack of trying, that's
for sure.

A, long silence. Ray makes a face.

RAY
You know... that's a really fuckin'
strange question to ask a guy my
age, Bob. And I'm not afraid to
tell you that.

BOB
I've never done it.

Ray almost loses control of the rig.

RAY
What?

BOB
I'm a virgin.

RAY
Damn boy. Give me your phone.

BOB
I tried that already. Sort of.

RAY
Tried?

BOB
I got arrested.

Ray starts to laugh, hard. Sob looks out the window, embarrassed.

RAY
Christ Bob. You really need to get
your head out of your ass!

Ray blasts the AIR-HORN for emphasis.

EXT. RODEO INN - DAY

Sadie walks into the adequately dingy Rodeo Inn. At this place, everything's cowboy... and has been since 1963. Sadie puts her bags down and RINGS the bell at the reception desk. She SIGHS as she looks around at her new home.

INT. RODEO INN - SADIE'S ROOM - DAY

Sadie plops her stuff down on the floor and takes in her new, cowboy-motif room. She sits down on the bed and takes out her walkman. She pops the cassette out and we see it's the one Bob made for her.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - DAY

Ray's big rig pulls up to the Motel 50- The parking lot is almost vacant. Bob looks out onto the place where all of this started.

INSIDE THE BIG RIG

Bob looks back at Ray and offers his hand. Ray takes it and gives it a hearty shake.

BOB
Thank' s Ray.. For everything.

RAY
No problem partner.

BOB
I'm sorry if I..

RAY
(interrupting)
You just take care of yourself son.

BOB
I'll try.

Bob opens the door and starts getting out. Ray watches him climb down out of the cab.

RAY
Bob?

BOB
Yeah?

RAY
Don't tell her you love her right
off the bat. And for God's sake
don't scare her. Women scare easy.
Hear me?

Bob smiles up at Ray. Bob takes a rabbit's foot out of his pocket and holds it up.

RAY
What's that?

BOB
I stole it from your house. I guess
it's for good luck. Sorry.

Bob lays the rabbit's foot on the seat. Ray looks at him, not knowing what to say.

RAY
Keep it, Bob.

Bob picks up the rabbit's foot and puts it back in his pocket. Ray smiles and waves at him one last time. Bob starts to close the door...

RAY
Bob, about this girl... you've got
to do something big. Something that
will get her attention. Women love
grandiose displays of affection.

BOB
Big?

RAY
Huge! Larger than life my boy!
Adios!

Ray closes the door and the big rig lurches to life. Bob raises his right arm and yanks an imaginary horn twice.

IN THE BIG RIG

Ray looks at Bob in the rear-view mirror. He sees the signal and immediately complies with ONE MASSIVE AIR-BRAKE BLAST.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Bob turns and walks toward the Motel 50.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - BALCONY - DAY

Bob walks with purpose toward Sadie's room. He's smiling. He stands in front of the door and KNOCKS. There's no answer. Bob KNOCKS again... no answer. He looks around then peers into the room through a crack in the curtain.

From Bobs POV we can see that Sadie's room is empty. The room looks completely lifeless.

Bob pulls his face away from the window. He looks almost scared. He walks quickly away.

INT. MOTEL 50 - OFFICE - DAY

Bob walks into the hotel office and rings the bell. After a few moments, Baxter comes out of the back room.

BAXTER

Can I help you?

BOB

I'm looking for a woman who used to stay here. Her name's Sadie.

BAXTER

She's gone.

BOB

(mild panic)

What do you mean she's gone?

BAXTER

Moved out yesterday.

BOB

You know where she went?

BAXTER

No, sir.

Bob stands there, wondering what to do. Baxter finally breaks the silence.

BAXTER

She was a real nice girl.

BOB

She didn't say anything?

Baxter shakes his head.. Bob walks out of the office. He stands there on the street not knowing which way to go.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - AUSTIN - DAY

Bob walks into the Sendec office. Gladys, the receptionist, gives him her normal lame welcome.

GLADYS
The computer guy! Boy are people
going to be glad to see you!

Bob turns to her, angry.

BOB
You know what? My name is Bob.
Bob! It's pretty goddamn easy to
remember!

Gladys gasps and Bob walks further into the office.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Another lifeless birthday party is in progress. Once again, MARY is handing out cake. Bob walks through the party quickly, trying to keep a low profile.

Mary sees Bob, they lock eyes and he stops dead. She's got a piece of cake in her hand. An odd standoff ensues. Mary finally offers Bob a weak, but hopeful smile.

Bob smiles back and accepts the cake. The WORKERS collectively SIGH with relief. Bob walks away, all eyes on his back.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - AUSTIN - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Bob is hard at work in the server room. Computer code reflects in his eyes as he pounds away at the keys. Total concentration is etched on his face as he works.

After a few moments, he emphatically taps one final key, smiles to himself, and leaves.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - AUSTIN

Bob walks around a corner, he's about to leave the Sendec office when he bumps right into Nelson, pulling a rolling-bag, just back from a trip.

NELSON
Bob! What are you doing here? You're
supposed to be in Charlotte! What
gives buddy?

Bob stops walking and looks at Nelson.

BOB
I'm not going!

NELSON
What?

BOB
I'm not going. I'm not traveling
anymore. That's it. I'm staying
here in Austin.

Nelson takes Bob aside.

NELSON
Bob, we went over this. Your value
to this company is on the road!

They stand there, facing each other. Bob takes a step toward Nelson. Quietly, he says:

BOB
I've got every self-portrait you
ever e-mailed to one of your cyber-
girlfriends saved to a disk. One
touch of a button and your dick is a
screensaver on every computer in
this and every other Sendec office
worldwide,
(a beat)
I've been good to you and I've been
good to this company. All I want is
to stay put for a change. It's not
too much to ask.

Nelson looks pale. He clears his throat and knows he's beer-beat. He claps Bob on the shoulder faking it..

NELSON
You make a good point, Bob. We can
make it happen if that's what you
want. You just stay cool, OKAYtay
cool.

Bob nods his head and collects himself. Bob smiles as Nelson wheels his rolling bag down the hall.

INT. SENDEC OFFICE - AUSTIN - DAY

Bob walks silently out of the Sendec office, smiling.

As he walks out, a STIR begins in cube-ville. OFFICE WORKERS tap at their keyboards, click their mice, and grimace at their computer monitors. The STIR becomes louder.

Bob is long gone when one office worker says:

OFFICE WORKER
(looking at his
computer)
What the hell?

EXT. SENDEC CORPORATION - AUSTIN - DAY

Bob walks out of the massive office building. He loosens his tie and takes off his jacket. Recasts one last glance back at the office and walks away with new confidence.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

A FEMALE TEACHER (30' s) stands in front of a COMPUTER CLASS of about 20 STUDENTS. We see the familiar GOOGLE home page on all the computer screens.

TEACHER
Everybody please type "George
Washington"... into the search window,
please.

The students type one by one, as they hit "return", something very strange happens. Instead of the long, familiar list of blue Google text we see: SADIE'S PHOTO OF THE BUFFALO-HEAD NICKEL and a brief written message.

The STUDENTS begin to point at the screens and look at each other's screens. The room gets loud with CONFUSED CHATTER. Some of them smile. Others hit "return" over and over again. The teacher walks over and looks stunned.

A WIDE-SHOT of the room show 30 computer screens with Sadie's photo on them all.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - LOS ANGELES - DAY

CUSTOMERS intently work at their laptops and happily drink coffee. After a moment, the same computer phenomenon occurs here. About half the CUSTOMERS fiddle with their computers and look at each other for answers. Nobody seems to know what to do.

INT. HOUSE - TENNESSEE - DAY

A HOUSEWIFE (40's) sits in her kitchen typing a search into Google. As soon as she hits return, the screen becomes; SADIE'S BUFFALO-HEAD NICKEL PHOTO and the message. The housewife taps her computer keyboard, but nothing happens. Behind her, JOHN (the John) appears. She squints at the screen.

HOUSEWIFE

Honey. This is really strange.
Doesn't that look like your nickel.

John comes closer and peers at the computer screen in disbelief.

JOHN

Can't be.

INT. OFFICE - HONG KONG - NIGHT

A busy Hong Kong office, with 50 or so ASIAN WORKERS at their computers. The office is humming with productivity at one moment, then in an instant, everything stops. WORKERS click their mice, tap their keyboards and start shouting in CHINESE (the only decipherable word is a heavily accented "Google"), A few smiles break out as they shake their heads in disbelief.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MELINDA, the publishing executive, sits at her computer. Like all the others, as soon as she searches in Google, the Buffalo-Head Nickel photo and message appear. Melinda taps at her keyboard and seems to recognize the image.

MELINDA

Oh my God.

INT. AIRPORT - GERMANY - NIGHT

A long line of GERMAN BUSINESS TRAVELERS wait with their laptops at an airport E-mail station,. About half of them look up from their laptops and signal to the OWNER that a problem has occurred.

Amid the confusion, we begin to hear a montage of NEWS REPORTS:

MIALE NEWSCASTER #1 (V.O.)

Today, for the first time in history,
the massively popular Google search
engine was used by a computer hacker
as a personal message board.

We cut to a CLOSE UP of a television screen in a hotel room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

MALE NEWSCASTER #1

(continuing)

...no matter what you searched for,
during a 5 minute period today, the
same thing came up. And it appeared
to be a love note!

The channel changes. The Buffalo-Head Nickel Photo appears on the screen.

MALE NEWSCASTER #2
Officials are calling today's extraordinary Google shutdown the "Berlinda Virus" because of the puzzling content of the message.

The channel changes.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #1
...what appears to be a love note, effectively froze the popular search engine. The note that flashed onto over a three hundred million computer screens today read, and I quote: "Berlinda, I really like you. You know where to find me. Trent." It was accompanied by a photo of a Buffalo-Head Nickel.

The Newscaster looks into the camera and smiles. The channel changes.

MALE NEWSCASTER #3
Officials at Google are investigating today's highly unusual "Berlinda virus" as a crime, though they have yet to find any actual damage that was done. Amazing.

The channel changes.

GOOGLE EXEC
We want our users to know that everything is back to normal now. The shutdown only occurred for five minutes. There are only a handful of people in the world could have successfully perpetrated this.
(a beat)
And we would, very much like to hire this person.
(he smiles)

The channel changes.

FBI EXPERT

Because of the wording in the note,
the FBI is concentrating its search
on known teenage hackers. It's hard
to imagine that someone who could
write "I really like you" can also
do what he, or she, did today.
Absolutely astounding.

The channels begin to change quickly. Every single station
is covering this story. Fancy "Berlinda Virus/Google"
graphics, baffled NEWSCASTERS and Sadie's Buffalo-Head Nickel
become a blur as the channels change faster and faster.

Pull out from the TV to reveal Sadie, sitting on the edge of
her bed watching all these stories in total amazement. She
smiles and looks almost choked up.

BACK TO THE TV .

FEMALE NEWSCASTER #2

If anyone has any information
concerning the "Berlinda Virus" please
contact your local authorities.

(with a smile)

And Berlinda, if you're out there,
you should probably contact Trent.

The remote control drops onto the bed. We hear a DOOR SLAM
as the KBWS REPORT rambles on.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bob sits in the same diner where Sadie first followed him.
He's sipping coffee and watching a silent television report
about the Berlinda Virus. Bob looks at his watch and glances
around the diner expectantly. Bob's cell phone rings. He
looks at the caller-ID and see's that it's Ray.

BOB

Hello.

RAY (V.O.)

(pissed, he knows)

Fuck it Bob. I was right in the
middle of Googling some bitchin' mud
flaps!

BOB

Sorry Ray. You said huge.

RAY

Yeah... well? Any results?

Sob looks around the restaurant. Sadie is nowhere to be seen.

BOB

Not yet.

A long beat.

RAY

You just hold tight partner. Hold
tight,
(a beat)
Over and out.

BOB

10-4.

Bob hangs up the phone but doesn't look too reassured.

EXT. MOTEL 50 - NIGHT

Sadie walks quickly past the pool at the Hotel 50.(She looks around for a bit, then continues on toward the office.

INT. MOTEL 50 - OFFICE - NIGHT

Baxter stands behind the counter looking at Sadie.

SADIE

Hi Baxter.

BAXTER

Hi Sadie. What brings you back this
way?

SADIE

I'm looking for someone.

Baxter gives her a knowing look.

BAXTER

That weird guy?

SADIE

Yeah.

BAXTER

He's gone.

Sadie frowns.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bob looks around the diner some more, but still no Sadie.
He reluctantly signals to the WAITRESS for his check.

EXT. HOTEL 50 - NIGHT

Sadie stands outside the Motel 50 on the sidewalk. She looks left, then right, not knowing which way to go. She thinks for a moment, then takes a step into the street.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Bob pays his check with a sigh. He hands the WAITRESS a wad of cash and meekly smiles up at her. Just as he's about to leave, a familiar voice rings out:

SADIE

Excuse me? Mr. Tape Recorder Man?

From behind Bob, Sadie walks in. She sits down in the booth.

SADIE

(quietly)

You can go ahead and turn the internet
back on... Trent.

Bob smiles. His eyes light up at the sight of Sadie.

BOB

Don't worry, it's back on.

Sadie looks up at the TV, still reporting on the Berlinda Virus.

SADIE

I guess I'll have to leave that
picture out of my book!

(a beat)

You could be in a lot of trouble.

BOB

They'll never catch me.

SADIE

How do you know?

BOB

They don't understand the technology.

A long moment passes.

SADIE

How come you know so much more than
everyone else?

Bob smiles again.

BOB
Their Dad's didn't invent Pacman.

Sadie laughs and reaches her hand across the table. Bob puts his hand in hers.

SADIE
What if I turn you in?

BOB
Then you'd be missing out.

SADIE
On what?

Bob thinks for a long time.

BOB
The part that scares you.

They sit there and stare at each other for a long time. Sadie eventually looks down at Bob's hand, running her fingers through his... thinking to herself.

INT. RODEO INN - SADIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bob and Sadie stand facing each other inside Sadie's new hotel room. Sadie starts to unbutton Bob's shirt. Not surprisingly, he's completely wired up.

Sadie stands behind Bob.. He's looking' at himself and her in a long mirror. Sadie begins to gently pull the tape off his body. She removes each and every wire until they're all gone, For the first time, Bob is COMPLETELY WITHOUT WIRES.

Sadie takes the wires in her hand, walks over to the trash can and drops them in.

Bob does nothing to stop her. She walks back over to Bob and kisses him. Bob holds Sadie and kisses her back. We watch as Bob and Sadie's naked feet move toward the bed. It CREAKS as they lie down on it together.

As their bodies come together, the camera floats down the side of the bed. We can hear KISSING SOUNDS, LAUGHTER, and the RUSTLE OF BEDSHEETS. The camera drifts slowly along the floor and starts to creep UNDER THE BED.

The SOFT SOUNDS of Bob and Sadie are still audible as the camera comes to a gentle stop directly in front of an endlessly spinning mini-cassette-recorder.

FADE OUT:

THE END