

T H E B L U E N O W H E R E

screenplay by
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based on the novel by
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Property of:
Silver Pictures
Warner Bros

Revised draft
May 18, 2001

EXT - SILICON VALLEY, CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

A thousand lights glitter in the darkness...

...a swarm of human life, nestled between mountain ranges in the cool spring night air. Over this, GILLETTE speaks:

GILLETTE (V.O.)

Here is the land of progress. Here is the land of change. Here is Silicon Valley...the land that changed the world.

Somewhere out there, a modem switches on...

...the familiar sound of its electronic handshake rising and falling as it greets the vast, erudite Internet.

Suddenly, TIME SLOWS DOWN. But we LURCH FORWARD...

...SWOOPING DOWN into the valley. RACING at the speed of light. HURTLING onto streets. WHIPPING around corners...

...HALTING ABRUPTLY when we come upon...

INT - LARA GIBSON'S TOYOTA, CUPERTINO - MOVING - NIGHT

...LARA GIBSON (32) cruising through the valley in her Toyota. An exotic, intense face. Calm. Self-assured.

RESUME NORMAL TIME as she glances in her rearview...

...where she sees a mysterious WHITE VAN, battered and rusted. It follows her turns and matches her speed.

Intermittent pools of STREETLIGHTS strobe the van driver, a young WHITE KID with natty DREADLOCKS and SUNGLASSES.

He's staring at Lara with eerie persistence.

Lara absently rests her hand on a CAN OF PEPPER SPRAY tucked inside her purse. She's not afraid, just wary.

But then the van breaks away, making its own turn. And Lara breathes easy, amused by her over-active paranoia.

EXT - RESTAURANT PARKING LOT, CUPERTINO - NIGHT

Lara eventually pulls into a PARKING LOT outside a busy restaurant. She steps out of her car and goes still...

...because the van has reappeared! Driving SLOWLY past.

Lara's heart skips a beat, catching the driver's gaze as the van SCREECHES away, disappearing down the street...

INT - BAR, RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Inside the restaurant, it's crowded with Silicon Valley types all clad in the same standard CHIP-JOCK wear: smart casuals with corporate ID BADGES around their necks.

Lara sips her second martini at the bar. Waiting. She senses a CHIP-JOCK coming up behind her and she turns.

CHIP-JOCK #1

I've seen your picture somewhere, haven't I? You got a website?

LARA GIBSON

(polite, but firm)

I don't care for company right now.

A flash of recognition on the chip-jock's face...

CHIP-JOCK #1

Sure, you're that woman. In the paper. "The Queen of Urban Protection". You teach other women about how to protect themselves, right? Like how to get rid of annoying guys with that "I don't care for company" line. Yeah, I read about you. So anyway...

...he cuts himself off, realizing she just gave him that very line. He smiles awkwardly and obligingly retreats.

She mouths an appreciative "thank you" to him.

Lara looks around the bar. Draws a CELL PHONE from her purse to make a call but the display reads, "NO SERVICE".

She sighs, frustrated. Puts the phone away and finishes her martini. As she goes to pay, she hears a warm voice:

WILL RANDOLPH (O.S.)

Lara...

WILL RANDOLPH (31) smiles, weaving through the crowd. An Amstel Light in one hand, a CELL PHONE in the other.

Lara doesn't seem to remember him at first...

...the flowing, blonde hair. Goatee. Wedding ring. Smart casuals. ID badge. Obviously another chip-jock.

He sees her trying to place him as they shake hands.

WILL RANDOLPH

Will Randolph. Sandy's cousin? We met in Nantucket. Fred and Mary's wedding.

LARA GIBSON

Oh...right. How you doing?

WILL RANDOLPH

Good. Staying afloat. Which is better than most. How's Hank? Sandy said he's trying to get a job at Wells Fargo.

LARA GIBSON

Oh, yeah, that came through. He starts orientation down in L.A. next week.

WILL RANDOLPH

Great, so you guys are moving to L.A.?

LARA GIBSON

Just Hank.

WILL RANDOLPH

Oh. Gee, I'm sorry. I didn't get to speak to Sandy that long. She just called me. Said she tried calling you but your phone wasn't answering.

LARA GIBSON

Yes, it's not picking up service.

WILL RANDOLPH

She's running late. She asked if you could meet her at Ciro's? Near her place? You went there last month, I guess? She got a reservation at eight.

LARA GIBSON

How'd she know you were here?

WILL RANDOLPH

I do a lot of business here. Lucky, she just caught me. I was just about to leave.

LARA GIBSON

Well, I appreciate it. It's just like her to reschedule at the last minute.

Will waves affably to someone across the bar.

WILL RANDOLPH

Yeah, that's Sandy...

(Lara goes to pay for her drinks)

Wait, allow me.

LARA GIBSON

No, I've got it.

WILL RANDOLPH

Please, it's the least I can do. That mutual fund you told everyone about at the wedding? The one you'd just bought with the 60% mark-up?

LARA GIBSON

The biotech fund?

WILL RANDOLPH

I got home from Nantucket and bought a shitload of it. So I owe you.

He finishes his beer and pays. Lara waits and walks out with him, hesitating in the doorway all of a sudden.

LARA GIBSON

Do me a favor? Would you mind walking me to my car?

WILL RANDOLPH

Sure, something wrong?

LARA GIBSON

I don't know, I think I was followed here. Some white kid with dreadlocks.

WILL RANDOLPH

(looking around)

Where? You see him?

LARA GIBSON

Not now. You know I have that website about self-protection? I have this paranoia thing... Anyway, one of my rules is never be too embarrassed to ask for help.

WILL RANDOLPH

No problem.

And he escorts her out, keeping his eyes alert.

EXT - RESTAURANT PARKING LOT, CUPERTINO - NIGHT

But the white van is nowhere to be seen as...

...Lara takes Will through the parking lot towards her Toyota. The place is otherwise devoid of people.

WILL RANDOLPH

You going down to Sandy's place this weekend?

LARA GIBSON

Friday. You?

WILL RANDOLPH

No, Cheryl had the baby last month and we're still kind of housebound.

LARA GIBSON

Cheryl is your wife?

WILL RANDOLPH

Sure, you remember her.

He pulls out his WALLET as they reach her car...

...flips it open to reveal a PHOTO taken in the hospital recovery room of him cuddling a BABY BOY with his WIFE.

LARA GIBSON

Oh, he's adorable.

WILL RANDOLPH

He's a prince... And I just can't wait to get home to him every night.

She reads the love in his eyes and smiles.

LARA GIBSON

Well, this is me so...thanks, Will.

WILL RANDOLPH

My name's not Will. It's Phate.

LARA GIBSON

What...?

His eyes grow dark and flinty...

...and before she can think, before she can scream, he SLAMS a fist across her face. Sudden. Brutal. Terrifying.

Lara Gibson drops without a sound...

INT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, SAN JOSE POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

CLOSE ON - FRANK BISHOP (late 30s to early 40s)

staring at a San Jose Sabercats AFL helmet on an office mantle, his mind drifting elsewhere. Distracted.

He looks uncomfortable and somewhat out of place in his cheap gray work suit and wing-tipped boots.

Mostly, though, he's just anxious for something to do.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN (47) enters the office carrying a pair PRIVATE FILES. He notices Bishop admiring the AFL helmet.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

You an AFL fan?

BISHOP

No, sir.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Arena football. Eight guys per side, charging up and down the turf. Great stuff. Beats the crap out of NFL.

BISHOP

D'you ever play?

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Not exactly. "Active spectating's" my game. Won that in a half-time contest. (meaning the helmet)

You should come with me sometime. Gets you some alone time away from work and the family. Sabercats are a Hell of a team. You got a son, don't you?

BISHOP

Brandon. He's eight... Maybe when I'm a little more settled in. For now, I think I'd just like to get to work.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

I been there. New town, new home, new life. Comforting to have the same old job, huh?

BISHOP

Something like that.

Captain Bernstein unclips a DETECTIVE SHIELD from one of the files he brought in with him, and hands it over...

...Bishop immediately attaches it to his belt.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
Marla show you your desk?

BISHOP
Yes, sir. Just assign me a case and I'll
get outta your hair.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
(pause)
How much you know about computers?

BISHOP
I have an email address.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
Hear about the woman got killed in
Cupertino last Thursday night? Found her
by the freeway over the weekend.

BISHOP
I saw the report.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
Computer Crimes is handling it. They
think some fancy hacking was involved.

BISHOP
Hacking? In a homicide?

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
What can I say? It's Silicon Valley.

BISHOP
You want me to take over the case?

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
Not exactly... I need a real cop in
there, somebody I can liaise with and
tell me what the Hell's going on.

BISHOP
Liaise?

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
CCU speaks a whole different language to
us. We call them the Geek Squad.

BISHOP
(pause)
What's happening with the Sausalito case?

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

I got people on Sausalito. Don't want to weigh you down in your first week.

BISHOP

I prefer to be weighed down, sir.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Noted. For now, CCU needs you to run an errand for them.

BISHOP

You mean, follow up on a lead?

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Not exactly...

He gives Bishop the other file, a FEDERAL PRISON FILE.

INT - GILLETTE'S CELL, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Cloudy skies mar the view outside a BARRED cell window.

CLOSE ON - GILLETTE (mid-20s to early 30s)

concentrating hard as he dissects a SAMSUNG POCKET RADIO using a PAPER CLIP...then mounts the transistor onto a homemade CIRCUIT BOARD, twining the wires together.

Notably, the very tips of Gillette's fingers are missing, corroded and calloused by years of keyboard abuse.

Everywhere else, his skin is very pale. And he hasn't showered or shaved in days. A title appears over this:

DUBLIN FEDERAL CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION

A STEEL DOOR slams outside his cell. FOOTSTEPS approach in the corridor. Gillette hides the circuit board...

...then leaps onto his cot and picks up a copy of "2600", a popular hacking journal, which he now pretends to read.

His CELL DOOR unlocks and a PRISON GUARD steps in.

PRISON GUARD

Christ, Gillette. You smell like my kid's diapers.

GILLETTE

Number One or Number Two?

INT - INTERROGATION ROOM, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Bishop sits in an interrogation room, reading Gillette's PRISON FILE. He's unimpressed. Can't believe he's here.

The WARDEN paces nervously behind him as the DOOR opens and the guard CUFFS Gillette to a chair opposite Bishop.

The two men size each other up, Gillette's eyes quickly locking onto a COMPUTER sitting beside Bishop in a box.

BISHOP

You Gillette?

GILLETTE

Depends on what you think I did.

BISHOP

I'm Detective Frank Bishop. San Jose Homicide...

...he stops, catching a whiff of Gillette's body odor.

PRISON WARDEN

He gets one shower a week. Punishment for going on-line. We caught him using the prison library computer.

GILLETTE

The ironic thing is I went on-line to buy shampoo.

Nobody smiles. Bishop glances at Gillette's file:

BISHOP

Why'd you hack into the Department of Defense?

GILLETTE

(shrugs)

Saw the head of security on CNN or something, boasting about how their new encryption was unbeatable.

BISHOP

And you wanted to prove him wrong?

GILLETTE

I was curious. Wanted to know how my tax dollars were being spent.

BISHOP

How'd they catch you?

GILLETTE

They didn't catch me, I sent them an email. Told them where their holes were and how to fix them.

BISHOP

You didn't cover your tracks?

GILLETTE

Figured I was doing them a favor. You know when the Israelis catch a hacker, they give him a job. The Feds gave me three-to-five. God Bless America.

BISHOP

What was your juvenile time for?

GILLETTE

Nothing much. Hacked a few mainframes, phreaked a few calls.

BISHOP

How old were you?

GILLETTE

Nine, ten. I can't remember. Whatever the file says. Hey, you gonna tell me what the fuck is going on here? C'mon, what'd I do now?

BISHOP

The State Police Computer Crimes Unit is investigating a homicide.

GILLETTE

Somebody kill a computer?

BISHOP

A woman. Lara Suzanne Gibson.

GILLETTE

What's with the machine?

BISHOP

It's her home computer. I picked it up from CCU this morning. They think the perp used information off her hard drive to disguise himself as someone she knew. That way she'd feel safe leaving a bar with him.

GILLETTE

Social engineering.

BISHOP

How's that?

GILLETTE

Conning somebody. Pretending to be somebody you're not. The more facts about somebody you can feed back to them, the more they'll believe you and do what you want them to... You social engineer systems workers to get access to databases and passcodes.

BISHOP

Anyway, CCU can't figure out how he got into her computer and they'd like you to help out, take a look at it.

GILLETTE

Bullshit. If the genius code crunchers at CCU "liked" having to ask a hacker for help, why'd they send you up here?

(Bishop ignores him, lifting the computer onto the table)

Do I get to keep the machine when I'm done? I mean if it's just going to sit on some shelf somewhere.

BISHOP

What the Hell do you think this is? A woman was *murdered*.

GILLETTE

Okay, okay. I was just asking. Geez.

BISHOP

(glares at him)

You've got one hour.

GILLETTE

Whoa, wait a minute. I can't do it from in here. I gotta be *outside*.

PRISON WARDEN

Don't listen to him, detective. He's just fishing for a way to get on-line.

GILLETTE

Look, it won't do me any good to run the same programs CCU used. I'll need to write my own script. That means access to a mainframe. Maybe even a supercomputer. I won't go on-line, warden. Promise...

INT - OBSERVATION ROOM, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Bishop fills out a PRISONER RELEASE FORM in the adjacent observation room. Through a giant TWO-WAY MIRROR...

...we see Gillette still CUFFED to his chair.

He gazes at Lara's computer, his fingers subconsciously typing at an invisible keyboard. A Pavlovian response.

Bishop's CELL PHONE brays. He answers it:

BISHOP
(into phone)
Bishop.

JENNIE BISHOP'S VOICE
Hey, Bishop...

INT - KITCHEN, BISHOP'S HOUSE - DAY

...his wife, JENNIE (36) is PAINTING the walls in the kitchen of their modest home. The place is a mess...

...boxes fill the hallways. There's junk everywhere. And a BROKEN VACUUM which lies on the kitchen table.

JENNIE BISHOP
How's the first day going?

BISHOP'S VOICE
Crappy. Captain's got me babysitting a computer hacker.

JENNIE BISHOP
I thought you were going to ask about the Sausalito case.

INT - OBSERVATION ROOM, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Bishop completes the prisoner release form as he talks:

BISHOP
He wants me to take it light this week, find my feet.

JENNIE BISHOP'S VOICE
Good, I like that. Maybe you could find the time to fix the vacuum.

BISHOP

We'll see. I still got a lot of work.

Just now the door opens...

...and the warden hauls a WOODEN BOX into the room. It's full of BELL WIRE and dozens of ELECTRONIC COMPONENTS.

BISHOP

I gotta go, honey. Love you.

JENNIE BISHOP'S VOICE

Love you back.

They hang up as the warden dumps the crude box on a desk.

BISHOP

What's this?

PRISON WARDEN

His computer.

BISHOP

He built a computer? From prison?

PRISON WARDEN

Gillette's an addict. The worst I've ever seen. He'll say anything to get on-line. He'll even hurt people.

BISHOP

He's a computer geek. How dangerous can he be?

PRISON WARDEN

That's what I thought. You know about his wife?

BISHOP

He's married?

PRISON WARDEN

Was. They lost everything when he got arrested. I was here when he got the divorce papers. Didn't even care. All that matters to him is his machines.

Bishop thinks about this, looking through the mirror at Gillette. After a few moments, he signs the release form.

BISHOP

I'm just a delivery boy, warden. You got a problem, take it up with CCU.

EXT - PHATE'S JAGUAR, INTERSTATE 280 - MOVING - DAY

A Jaguar XKR convertible cruises along interstate.

PHATE sits behind the wheel. Top down. His long blonde hair flowing in the blustery morning wind.

Noticeably, he's no longer wearing the GOATEE from his Will Randolph disguise at the bar. It was a fake.

"Death of a Salesman" blasts on his CD player. He knows all the words and acts all the parts. It's a favorite.

INT - GARAGE, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

He pulls in to a DETACHED THREE CAR GARAGE outside his grand, recently-built house in the suburbs of Los Altos.

INT - PHATE'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - DAY

As he walks inside carrying some GROCERIES, we see that Phate's whole house is a carefully-planned facade...

...that nothing's furnished beyond the front hall. MANTLE PHOTOS show Phate with a loving woman and two happy kids.

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Phate heads directly into his dining room which he's set up to be his office complete with COMPUTER and PRINTER.

The walls are plastered with Lara Gibson PRINT-OUTS: Her emails. IM dialogues. Press cuttings. Private letters.

The intimate details of this woman's whole life.

There's a FAMILY & FRIENDS TREE sketch of Lara's inner circle. Downloaded DIGITAL J-PEG PHOTOS for everyone...

...her friend, Sandy. Her boyfriend, Hank. Her parents, cousins, business associates, even her personal trainer.

Notably, they're identified by their USERNAMES: Lara242, Sandy1777, HanksterW. As if they're not real people.

Phate POWERS up his computer and immediately goes onto the Internet. Hard-line connection. The modem whines...

...and his face relaxes. He reaches into his grocery bag and pulls out some POP TARTS and MOUNTAIN DEW.

On his monitor, the words appear:

C:> ENTER PASSWORD

Phate keys in a SEVENTEEN-CHARACTER PASSWORD which takes him barely a second. Now, a menu appears on the monitor:

WELCOME, PHATE. ACCESSING MAIN TRAPDOOR MENU:

1. DO YOU WANT TO CONTINUE A PRIOR SESSION?
2. DO YOU WANT TO CREATE/OPEN/EDIT A BACKGROUND FILE?
3. DO YOU WANT TO TARGET A NEW VICTIM?
4. DO YOU WANT TO DECRYPT A PASSWORD OR TEXT?
5. DO YOU WANT TO EXIT TRAPDOOR?

Phate PEELS OPEN the Mountain Dew, BITES into a Pop Tart, scrolls down to NUMBER THREE, and hits ENTER...

INT - ENTRANCE HALL, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

An electric JAILHOUSE DOOR opens, releasing Gillette into the prison entrance hall. Bishop's waiting for him there.

Gillette is still in SHACKLES, carrying a DAYPACK. He offers Bishop a smile as a prison guard UNCUFFS him.

GILLETTE

Just want you to know, detective, I appreciate you trusting me like this.

But the guard now attaches a titanium ELECTRONIC TRACKING ANKLET to Gillette's foot. Bishop returns the same smile.

And Gillette recalls his words with a look.

Bishop inspects Gillette's daypack...nothing but HACKING JOURNALS and NOTEBOOKS. Satisfied, he beckons the guard.

BISHOP

Scan him.

GILLETTE

I'm going out, not coming in. Who's gonna smuggle something out of prison?

The guard scans Gillette with a METAL-DETECTING WAND...

...which soon emits a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL. The guard digs into Gillette's pocket and pulls out a RED BOX.

BISHOP

What's this?

GILLETTE

It's nothing. I forgot I had it on me.

BISHOP

What is it?

GILLETTE

A red box. Mimics the sound of coins in a payphone. Phreakers use 'em to get free calls, tap somebody's line.

BISHOP

You looking to dial some 900 numbers while you're out?

GILLETTE

Yeah, I hear your momma's quite the conversationalist.

Bishop looks at him, then CRUSHES the red box under his foot. Tosses it in a trash can. He LUNGES at Gillette!

Pins him in a CHOKE HOLD! Gillette SPUTTERS...

BISHOP

You try to escape, you try to jump me, I'll break your neck. Are we clear?

GILLETTE

I'm not... I can't...

But Gillette can't speak, the hold is too tight on his neck. His face turns red and he's about to pass out...

...when Bishop lets go and Gillette COLLAPSES to the floor. Sucks in air. Rubs his bruised neck.

GILLETTE

I broke into a computer. That's all I did. I never physically harmed anyone.

BISHOP

Just don't fucking screw with me.

And he hauls Gillette to his feet, muscling him out...

INT - BISHOP'S PATROL CAR, 680 SOUTH - MOVING - DAY

Lara Gibson's computer sits on the backseat as Bishop drives Gillette in his unmarked patrol car down the 680, glancing occasionally at a THOMAS ROAD GUIDE.

GILLETTE

How'd you do that thing with my neck?

BISHOP

Shut up or I'll do it again.

Gillette scoffs discreetly at Bishop, watching him fiddle with the DIAL on his static-beleaguered POLICE RADIO...

GILLETTE

You know, I can fix that if you want.

...but Bishop gives the radio a HARD THUMP and the static disappears. They listen to the urgent POLICE CHATTER.

GILLETTE

What's going on?

BISHOP

What do you care?

GILLETTE

Sounds like we're being invaded.

BISHOP

Three armed assailants. Shot a cop and two bystanders at a bank in Sausalito this morning. Sergeant Andy Anderson. Left behind a newborn son, six weeks old. The two civilians were tourists. Robert and Emma Shelton. They were on the last day of their honeymoon.

GILLETTE

Where are the bad guys now?

BISHOP

Robbed a gun store in Walnut Creek. We think they're gearing up for some kind of showdown. They were last seen in a red station wagon headed for San Jose.

GILLETTE

We're headed for San Jose.

Bishop just looks at him. And Gillette subtly begins to search the freeway for red station wagons...

EXT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Bishop's patrol car deposits them outside a one-story warehouse in a low-rent commercial district.

Train tracks, graffiti-art, and powerlines. Over this:

**SAN JOSE STATE POLICE
COMPUTER CRIMES UNIT HEADQUARTERS**

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

STEPHEN MILLER (48), unlocks the main doors to CCU.

He's a tentative and cautious man with sloping shoulders and BALDING, SANDY HAIR. A has-been who never really was.

Bishop displays his badge through the glass. Behind him stands Gillette, carrying Lara Gibson's machine.

STEPHEN MILLER

I help you gentlemen?

BISHOP

I'm the one Linda sent up to Dublin.

STEPHEN MILLER

(recognizing Gillette now)

You weren't meant to bring him here, he's a convicted felon. This guy could crash our whole system in fifteen seconds.

GILLETTE

Stephen Miller, isn't it? I heard you lecture at the ComSec conference a few years ago. I take it the Rogaine's not working for you.

STEPHEN MILLER

That's... ComSec's uncrackable. No way you could've gotten in.

GILLETTE

(pause, smiles)

I found a badge somebody dropped.

Miller wants to grill him further, but Bishop cuts in:

BISHOP

Perhaps I should talk with Linda.

Miller hesitates, then steps aside, leading them along a thin corridor through a warren of EMPTY OFFICES.

He glances at Gillette, miffed. Jogs on ahead.

The corridor opens up into a cavernous room with a RAISED FLOOR beneath which run huge cables called "boas"...

...with dozens of huge AIR CONDITIONER DUCTS blasting ice cold air on the hard-working computers...

...there are eight Sun Microsystems MAINFRAMES, several IBMs and Macs, and at least a half dozen LAPTOPS...

...the POWER CABLES hang overhead like jungle vines. To the uninformed eye it's a pretty impressive set-up.

One whole section of the wall is covered with information on the Lara Gibson murder: Crime scene photos, witness reports, and a very basic SKETCH of "Will Randolph".

LINDA SANCHEZ (52), a petite Latino woman and the senior officer at CCU, hangs up her DESK PHONE. Sees Miller:

LINDA SANCHEZ

False labor once again. I think my grandson likes it too much inside.

STEPHEN MILLER

We got company, Linda.

LINDA SANCHEZ

What?

GILLETTE (O.S.)

I don't believe it, you guys work in a dinosaur pen? How old is this place?

She turns to see Gillette setting Lara's computer down on a nearby desk, gazing about like a kid in a candy store.

Bishop trails behind, catching her eyes. She's pissed.

LINDA SANCHEZ

IBM built several pens in this area to house their mainframes in the sixties.

(shaking hands perfunctorily,
wincing at his smell)

I'm Linda Sanchez. I run CCU.

GILLETTE

Oh, so you were the one who finally realized you needed my expertise?

LINDA SANCHEZ

It was Captain Bernstein's idea... Of course, we weren't exactly expecting you to show up here.

BISHOP

He can't do it from inside his cell.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Wrong. He just said that to get out for a day. He used you, detective.

And now Bishop's pissed at him, too.

They all turn to face Gillette who's tinkering with a RED ALARM BUTTON on the wall marked "Emergency Use Only".

GILLETTE

Look at this, a scram switch. I never actually seen one of these before...

LINDA SANCHEZ

Don't touch that!

Both CCU cops dive for Gillette. Bishop, who's nearest, sees their fear and leaps onto Gillette with them...

...and the four of them end up in a pile on the floor.

GILLETTE

Jesus Christ! I wasn't gonna hit it!

BISHOP

What the Hell's a scram switch?

LINDA SANCHEZ

In case of a fire. Shuts down the systems instantly. Toxic gas from a burning computer is extremely deadly.

STEPHEN MILLER

Kill you before the flames would...

Just now, TONY MOTT (30) enters. A bookish wannabe real-life cop complete with a big SILVER COLT .45 on his belt.

He stops in his tracks when he sees everyone on Gillette.

TONY MOTT

Hi. Tony Mott. Heard a lot about you, Gillette. Welcome to CCU...

(to the others)

So should we get to work now?

EXT - ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY, SAN JOSE - DAY

An old, Spanish-style private boy's BOARDING SCHOOL soaks in a misty drizzle, surrounded by high stone walls.

This is the prestigious St. Francis Academy.

On a manicured soccer field, a SOPHOMORE phys-ed class runs about. Laughing, shouting, and shooting goals...

INT - COMPUTER ROOM, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - DAY

...while deep down in the school basement computer room, another sophomore, JAMIE TURNER (15) works on a machine.

Jamie's pudgy, unathletic, and wears thick glasses.

The room holds ten clone, low-end computers. And a ground-level window shows his classmates playing soccer outside.

But Jamie's more interested in the words on his monitor:

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TECH/ENGINEERING COLLEGE

WELCOME, USER. PLEASE SELECT A COMPUTER.

We PUSH IN on Jamie's screen as he begins to type...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

...then PULL BACK to reveal that Phate is looking at the SAME SCREEN, watching young Jamie access a supercomputer.

A box in the top left hand corner of his screen reads:

TRAPDOOR -- HUNT MODE

TARGET ACQUIRED: JAMIETT@HOL.COM

ONLINE: CONFIRMED

OPERATING SYSTEM: MS-DOS/WINDOWS

ANTIVIRUS SOFTWARE: DISABLED

He turns, and finishes taking down the last of the "Lara Gibson" information off his walls. Feeding a SHREDDER.

Now he opens a FILING CABINET and pulls out a new file...

The file is labeled, "JAMIETT". And inside is a wealth of information about the kid. Photos, family trees, emails.

He starts covering his walls with the pages.

We see references to St. Francis with its fortress-like security including the gated, high stone wall perimeter.

Also, a copy of Mr. and Mrs. Turner's ADDRESS somewhere in France...along with a PHOTO of them skiing the Alps.

Phate's computer BEEPS, a small DIALOGUE BOX appearing:

TARGET SUBJECT HAS RECEIVED AN INSTANT MESSAGE.

SENDER: MARKTHEMAN. DO YOU WISH TO MONITOR? (Y/N)

Phate hits the "Y" key and watches the conversation:

MARKTHEMAN: WE STILL ON FOR TOMORROW NIGHT, LITTLE BRO?

JAMIETT: WORKING ON IT. I HACKED BOOTY'S COMPUTER...

INT - COMPUTER ROOM, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - DAY

Meanwhile, back in the St. Francis computer room, Jamie keys in dialogue with his older brother:

JAMIETT: ...GOT A UNIVERSITY SUPERCOMPUTER DECRYPTING THE NORTH GATE PASSWORD. IT'S SLOW. MAYBE TOO SLOW.

MARKTHEMAN: YOU'LL FIGURE SOMETHING OUT. SEE YOU OUTSIDE THE GATE AT 6:30. READY TO ROCK AND ROLL?

Before he can answer, Jamie hears FOOTSTEPS descending the stairs behind him. He quickly keys ALT-F6...

...and his screen is replaced by an ACADEMIC ESSAY.

And now PRINCIPAL BOOTHE (53) reaches the bottom of the stairs. A tall, thin disciplinarian. Spit and polish.

PRINCIPAL BOOTHE

Mr. Turner. Why aren't you out playing soccer with the rest of your class?

JAMIE TURNER

Isn't it raining, Dr. Boothe?

PRINCIPAL BOOTHE

Outside. Now...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Phate closes the academic essay on Jamie's screen, and checks on the progress made by the UNIVERSITY COMPUTER.

It's only 1% done, going slowly. Phate considers this...

INT - ANALYSIS ROOM, CCU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Linda Sanchez sets Gillette up in an analysis room just off the main room, plugging in Lara Gibson's machine.

GILLETTE

What'd you use to scan her hard drive?

LINDA SANCHEZ

Norton Commander, Vi_Scan 5.0, FBI's forensic detection package, Restore8, and the DoD's Allocation Analyzer 6.2.

Gillette grins smugly to himself which only annoys Linda more. She's about to say something when Miller calls:

STEPHEN MILLER'S VOICE

Linda. You should take a look at this.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Gillette hovers in the doorway to the analysis room as Linda Sanchez crosses the pen to Miller and Tony Mott.

The CCU fax is spitting out a new COMPOSITE SKETCH...

...it's the driver of the white van from the opening, the white guy with dreadlocks and dark sunglasses.

Bishop sits at a desk on the sidelines, watching the CCU cops gather around the sketch and pass it between them.

LINDA SANCHEZ

What is this?

STEPHEN MILLER

Security camera in a building across the street from the restaurant. Shows a white van slow down as Lara Gibson gets out of her car. Speeds up when she looks at it. This is a composite sketch of the driver.

BISHOP
You gonna put out an EVL?

LINDA SANCHEZ
A what?

BISHOP
Emergency Vehicle Locator.

LINDA SANCHEZ
(unsure)
...sure. Yes. I'll...

BISHOP
Want me to take care of it?

LINDA SANCHEZ
If you want. Thank you.

Bishop can tell she wants him to. He makes a call. As Miller pins up the new sketch next to the one of Phate:

GILLETTE
Excuse me? Before I get into my work,
would anyone mind if I took a shower?

Everybody thoroughly welcomes that idea...

INT - MEN'S LOCKER ROOM, CCU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Tony Mott leads Gillette down to the CCU locker room and hands him a TOWEL along with some CCU WORKOUT CLOTHES.

He takes a seat, planning to guard Gillette as he washes.

GILLETTE
Uh, I'm kinda shy. You mind? C'mon...
(re: the tracking anklet)
Where am I gonna go with this on me?

TONY MOTT
(pause, reluctant)
Hot water comes on pretty slow.

As he leaves, Gillette takes off his pants. And TAPED to his INNER THIGH is the CIRCUIT BOARD he was working on!

It's right in line with his PANTS POCKET where he kept the phone phreaking red box that the scanning wand found.

He gazes at the board, handling it like a rare treasure.

INT - ANALYSIS ROOM, CCU HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Gillette sits at Lara Gibson's computer in the analysis room. Showered now, wearing CCU SWEATS and a T-SHIRT.

He gently inserts a BOOT DISK labeled "Detective"...

...hearing it snap into place. He boots up the drive...

...his dulled fingers sliding onto the keyboard, locating the familiar ORIENTATION BUMPS on the "F" and "J" keys.

As Gillette presses the "D" key...

...TIME SLOWS DOWN. But WE LURCH FORWARD, following the key as it's pressed, plunging INTO THE KEYBOARD itself...

...watching the KEYBOARD PROCESSOR transmit an interrupt signal to the COMPUTER. Following the signal now...

...through the CABLE which connects the two, hurtling at the SPEED OF LIGHT onto the GRAPHICS ADAPTOR...

...which catapults the signal to the ELECTRON GUNS at the back of the MONITOR. The guns fire a BURST OF ENERGY...

...into the CHEMICAL COATING on the monitor screen. And the letter "D" burns into existence in front of Gillette.

RESUME NORMAL TIME as Gillette taps in the rest of the letters of his command, "E-T-E-C-T-I-V-E.E-X-E".

And he dives inside the computer in search of a killer...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

...who sits at his own machine across the valley.

His fingers POUND the keys in a ferocious blur. On his screen is a serious-looking supercomputer directory:

US DEFENSE RESEARCH CENTER, COLORADO SPRINGS

PLEASE UPLOAD THE FILE YOU WISH TO DECRYPT.

Phate keys in some commands, loading Principal Boothe's PASSWORD FILE into the DRC supercomputer parallel array:

DR. WILLEM BOOTHE, NORTH GATE PASSWORD

Phate hits "enter" and sits back to watch...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Gillette paces about animatedly as he reports back to the CCU group. Bishop keeps to himself, staying out of it.

GILLETTE

So the killer was definitely inside her computer. He seized root. He had complete control over her machine.

LINDA SANCHEZ

When did this happen?

GILLETTE

Whenever she went on-line. He could've been watching her for months, studying her. Finding out all her secrets. Who her boyfriend is. How her portfolio's doing. What she thinks of her mother.

STEPHEN MILLER

Wouldn't you be able to tell if somebody was inside your computer?

GILLETTE

No, the signs are very subtle. Your keyboard's a little slow, maybe the hard drive engages when it shouldn't.

TONY MOTT

My hard drive does that all the time.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Can you tell us *how* he did it?

GILLETTE

Simple. Backdoor virus.

STEPHEN MILLER

A Trojan Horse program?

GILLETTE

Right. It created dozens of smaller files that basically just took over her operating system. Thing is, I can't find a single one of those files left behind on her machine. Not one.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Then how do you know he seized root?

GILLETTE

I hacked together this kluge...

...he tosses Sanchez the "Detective" BOOT DISK he used in Lara Gibson's computer. Sanchez clarifies for the group:

LINDA SANCHEZ

He's written a program. What's it do?

GILLETTE

It looks for things that aren't inside your computer. See, when your computer runs, the operating system -- Windows or whatever -- it stores parts of the programs it needs all over your hard drive. There are patterns to when and where it stores those files. The kluge showed me that a lot of those files had been moved to places on her hard drive that only make sense if somebody else was going through her computer from a remote location.

Not even the computer cops can follow that until...

BISHOP

...like you know a burglar was inside your house because he moved things around and didn't put them back.

GILLETTE

Exactly. Which means this program is so smart that if somebody goes looking for it, it self-destructs.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Anything else?

GILLETTE

You know he trained on Unix, right?

TONY MOTT

Unix? We didn't know that.

GILLETTE

That mistake he made.

LINDA SANCHEZ

What mistake?

GILLETTE

When the killer was inside her system he typed some Unix commands to get into her files. Then he remembered her machine was running on Windows. Which one of you analyzed her machine?

STEPHEN MILLER

That would be me.

GILLETTE

What? You didn't see 'em?

STEPHEN MILLER

I noticed a couple of lines of Unix, sure. But I figured she typed them.

GILLETTE

She's a civilian. She probably knows as much about Unix as Bishop does.

STEPHEN MILLER

You're right. I didn't think.

Bishop ignores the slight, noticing the frustration in Sanchez and Mott...they've heard Miller say this before.

BISHOP

What's that mean? That he knows this Unix stuff?

LINDA SANCHEZ

It means he's one serious sonuvabitch hacker. Unix is the operating system of the Internet. You can't hack the big servers and routers without it.

GILLETTE

Hey, if he's killing people he's not a hacker. Hackers are the good guys. Bad guys are called "crackers".

BISHOP

What the Hell difference does it make what you call him? He's Ted Bundy with a modem.

TONY MOTT

Makes a lot of difference to hackers.

GILLETTE

He's much smarter than Ted Bundy. The software he's written has never been seen before. It *defines* elegance. What you have is a guy who's reached the highest levels of the Machine World. He can find out every secret you've got and do whatever he wants with you.

(to Bishop)

He's what we call a wizard...

INT - COMPUTER ROOM, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - DAY

Jamie Turner sits in the cold, dim computer room at St. Francis Academy, shivering in his damp SOCCER OUTFIT.

He wipes the outdoor mist off his heavy glasses, staring hopelessly at his screen which sadly informs him:

DECRYPTION: 2% COMPLETED

As if to underscore this, the TASK COMPLETION BAR beside it seems to have barely even started to fill in...

...but then something wonderful happens.

The task completion bar begins to move! Slowly at first, then it takes off! WHOOSH! 40%...60%...75%...90%...

...and now the magic words spring up:

DECRYPTION: 100% COMPLETED

NORTH GATE PASSWORD: "JUNIPERO SERRA"

Jamie stares at his machine in marvelous shock.

JAMIE TURNER
What the Hell...?

He quickly calls up an INSTANT MESSAGE box:

JAMIETT: MARK, YOU THERE?

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Phate again monitors the conversation from his machine:

MARKTHEMAN: JUST PROGRAMMING THE LIGHT SHOW.

JAMIETT: I GOT IT! SOMETHING HAPPENED AND IT SPED UP THE
COMPUTER! WE'RE ON! SANTANA RULES!!!

MARKTHEMAN: GENIUS! 6:30 TOMORROW NIGHT. DON'T BE LATE.
GOT BACKSTAGE PASSES AFTER THE SHOW!

JAMIETT: CAN'T WAIT! SEE YOU THEN!

MARKTHEMAN: LATER, LITTLE BROTHER...

And the IM box disappears. Phate writes the time and the north gate password on a NOTEPAD beside his machine...

INT - BISHOP'S PATROL CAR, SAN JOSE - MOVING - DAY

Bishop drives Gillette back to prison now, struggling to follow the STREET SIGNS that direct him to the freeway.

GILLETTE

Not from around here, are you?

BISHOP

Detroit.

GILLETTE

(noticing his boots)

They let you get away with dressing like that in Detroit?

BISHOP

Nope. Why d'you think I had to move out here?

Gillette's surprised to find that Bishop has a sense of humor. The tone shifts in his voice. Kinder now:

GILLETTE

Don't take me back yet, Frank.

BISHOP

Not up to me. And don't call me Frank like we're buddies all of a sudden.

GILLETTE

Look, whatever this killer's done is bound to have caused a stir in the hacker underground. If you could just get CCU to let me go on-line...

BISHOP

You're not allowed to go on-line, Gillette. Judge's orders.

GILLETTE

But who's gonna tell him?

BISHOP

I'll ask the warden to let you have a laptop or something. You've earned it.

GILLETTE

No, I need to find out how he got into her machine.

BISHOP

You said you couldn't find anything.

GILLETTE

That's why I need to keep at it. I need to dig deeper...

BISHOP

If they find the killer's machine, or another victim's, I'll ask them to spring you back out. Until then...

GILLETTE

But the chat rooms, the newsgroups, the hacker sites, there could be a hundred leads there. People have to be talking about this kind of software. You don't understand, *I have to get on-line!*

Bishop stares at him. The addict's desperation is written all over his face, just as the warden predicted...

...before Bishop can reply, his CELL PHONE rings:

BISHOP

This is Bishop.

(listens)

Wait there, I'm on my way.

(hangs up, to Gillette)

Patrol unit just found an abandoned white van by some park off the 280 near Stanford.

GILLETTE

That's Milliken Park. It's a hang out for computer science majors and chip-jocks. They call it "Hacker's Knoll".

BISHOP

Just tell me how to get there...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Phate is PRINTING OUT schematic CONSTRUCTION DIAGRAMS of St. Francis Academy and its high-walled grounds...

...courtesy of the San Jose City Planning and Zoning Board computer files which Phate is now roaming through.

His machine BEEPS, alerting him to an email:

AN EMAIL FROM SHAWN: CCU FOUND OUR VAN.

Phate smiles to himself...

EXT - MILLIKEN PARK, PALO ALTO - DAY

The white van from the opening sits beside the rolling hills of Milliken Park. A POLICE CAR waits behind it.

Bishop and Gillette pull up...

...joining the two PATROL OFFICERS. Bishop flashes his ID BADGE for the officers, already scoping out the van.

PATROL OFFICER #1
Nobody's touched it since we got here.

BISHOP
Thanks.
(to Gillette)
Stay here.

Gillette stays with the two patrol officers, watching...

...as Bishop carefully approaches the van, hand on his pistol. This is the kind of work he knows and prefers.

Eyes on the van's SIDE MIRROR now. Can't see anyone behind the wheel. He peers around the driver's window.

WITH GILLETTE

watching Bishop. Something occurs to him and he takes off. RUNNING full-bore at Bishop who doesn't see him.

WITH BISHOP

as he finds that the van is empty. He OPENS the door...

...and Gillette CRASH-TACKLES him into the park.

KA-BOOM! A trigger attached to the door ignites a FIRE BOMB that shatters the van windows and shakes the earth.

Giant TONGUES OF FLAME spit out in all directions...

...leaping over Bishop and Gillette who lay prone on the grass beneath the searing heat.

The FIRE settles down now, BURNING up the van from the inside out. The two patrol officers race up...

...finding Gillette and Bishop still on the ground, their clothes singed and smoking. They can barely move.

Bishop lifts his head and locks eyes with Gillette, this fucking no-good hacker who just saved his life...

EXT - MILLIKEN PARK, PALO ALTO - DUSK

The park is now a crime scene, flush with POLICE, MEDIA, FIRETRUCKS, and AMBULANCES. One of which houses...

...Bishop and Gillette. PARAMEDICS treat cuts and bruises as Captain Bernstein arrives and hurries over to them.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Jesus, Frank. You were supposed to be taking it easy this week.

BISHOP

I'm okay...

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

You want the Sausalito case? You got it. I'll make the call right now.

Bishop says nothing, he just turns to Gillette:

BISHOP

How'd you know?

GILLETTE

There was this game. A few years back now. An incredibly detailed on-line game called "Access". It was popular for a while. Then a couple of gamers got together and shut it down.

BISHOP

What kind of game?

GILLETTE

It was this enormous virtual city full of virtual people who interacted and carried on their lives. Going to work, dating, raising a family, whatever.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Role playing?

GILLETTE

Exactly. You'd log on from anywhere in the world and play the role of someone you created. You'd give them a name, a house, wife, dog, cat. All up to you.

(pause)

But the goal was to kill somebody.

BISHOP

Somebody in real life?

GILLETTE

No. Some other player's character. A random-number generator would pick a new killer each month. And you had to get as many people as you could in one week without being caught. You could target anyone but the more challenging the murder, the more points you got by the end of the week.

BISHOP

Challenging, how?

GILLETTE

Characters with hi-security in their homes were worth ten points. Someone with a bodyguard was worth fifteen. An armed cop was twenty. You could do it however you wanted. Gas leak. Hit and run. Drown somebody in their pool. But you were awarded a bonus fifty points if you were able to work your way into somebody's life and gain the ultimate form of access.

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

You mean, getting in close to them.

GILLETTE

Real close. Close enough to stab them in the heart with a knife. The belief was that accessing somebody's life to the point where it's yours for the taking, is what hacking's all about.

BISHOP

But how'd you link that with this?

GILLETTE

The guy who set it up was a wizard in his own right. His character was a cop and nobody could ever touch him. Until one day his cop was called to check out an abandoned truck. He opened the door and BOOM! Boobytrap. People were talking about it for months.

Bishop shoots a bitter gaze at Captain Bernstein who, in turn, informs Gillette in solemn, even tones:

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

Lara Gibson was stabbed in the heart with a hunting knife...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop strides back into CCU with Gillette. The computer cops are watching the news about the van on an office TV.

BISHOP

This is *not* a random murder. There's going to be more inside the week. Lara Gibson was killed last Thursday which means we have two days to stop him...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

The SEQUENCE CONTINUES now in QUICK CUTS:

Gillette keys away at a small workstation which is now awash in BLUE LIGHT from his LAPTOP COMPUTER SCREEN.

Around him, CCU buzzes with activity.

Bishop is clearly in charge and the Geek Squad now seems grateful to have someone of his expertise in their midst.

He examines the wall of information on the murder.

BISHOP

...okay, so she goes to a bar to see a girlfriend. But the girlfriend gets an email from Ms. Gibson canceling the meet about a half hour before.

TONY MOTT

Which is strange because why did she go if she called it off?

BISHOP

He sent the email. From her machine.

STEPHEN MILLER

That's certainly possible.

BISHOP

The girlfriend try calling her?

LINDA SANCHEZ

The killer hacked into her phone company, shut the switch down.

BISHOP

He isolated her...in a room full of people. She was totally alone...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Later now. Gillette at his machine, keying rapidly as Bishop walks the CCU cops into the mind of a killer.

BISHOP

What's the killer's motive? Access. He wants to prove he can access people's lives by killing them.

Linda Sanchez HANGS UP her phone, reading from her notes:

LINDA SANCHEZ

Lab found isopropyl on one of the beer bottles.

TONY MOTT

(explaining to Bishop)

The bartender said the guy Lara Gibson left with drank an Amstel Light. Crime Scene found forty-three in the trash.

BISHOP

What's isopropyl?

STEPHEN MILLER

Cleaning solution used on computers.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Dead end, folks. Prints were smudged. They also found some kind of adhesive on another one. Couldn't get a match.

BISHOP

There's a guy I know in New York. Used to run IRD, now he's a quadriplegic -- he's got a database for everything.

LINDA SANCHEZ

I'll get a sample you can send him.

Gillette speaks without looking up from his machine:

GILLETTE

It's theatrical make-up glue...

...he looks up to see everybody staring at him blankly.

GILLETTE

A good social engineer always dresses for the con. Maybe the goatee's fake.

All eyes turn to the sketch of Phate with the goatee...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

CHINESE TAKE-OUT FOOD litters the CCU desks. Dinnertime.

TONY MOTT

So where does the van fit in?

BISHOP

Put yourself in the mind of the killer for a moment and ask yourselves, how do I pull this off? How do I get the "Queen of Urban Protection" to leave a bar with me? Assuming I know all her rules: married men are safer; never be too proud to ask for help. So what do I do? I have her followed to the bar in an unmarked van. That makes her uneasy. And that makes her feel safe with me. That makes her *trust* me...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Midnight. And the CCU team packs up for the night, tired and grumpy. Rasta-burned eyes and cricked necks.

Bishop's staying behind to watch Gillette. He's on the phone right now, apologizing to his wife:

BISHOP

I don't know how much longer. Maybe a few more hours. Then I'll have to take him back to prison.

JENNIE BISHOP'S VOICE

I thought things were going to change out here, Frank. I thought it was going to be different.

BISHOP

We'll talk when I get home.

JENNIE BISHOP'S VOICE

You just said you don't know when that'll be.

BISHOP

Christ, Jennie! I almost got killed today!

JENNIE BISHOP'S VOICE

That's exactly my point, Frank!

INT - LIVING ROOM, BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Late-night TV drones on as Jennie speaks into the phone, on the living room couch. BRANDON (8) sleeps on her lap.

JENNIE BISHOP

I don't want to keep living like this,
it's not fair to Brandon.

Silence on the other end of the line...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...because Bishop feels like shit. He doesn't know what else to say. Had this conversation a thousand times.

And so he reluctantly, gently hangs up.

Gillette's PRISON FILE sits before him, flipped open to a magazine article written by Gillette entitled:

"LIFE IN THE BLUE NOWHERE"

Bishop glances over at Gillette...

...he can tell the hacker's in another world, his eyes sparkling with energy.

TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP.

The plastic keyboard dances to the DRUBBING of Gillette's fingers. 110 words a minute and not a single mistake.

He uses all ten digits because eight aren't fast enough.

Bishop decides to leave him alone, turning back to the article Gillette wrote. As he begins to read...

...we hear Gillette reading the article in VOICE OVER:

GILLETTE (V.O.)

Think about your life. Is it a good life?
Is it rewarding? Are you happy? What if I
told you there was a place you could be
anybody? Do anything? I can show you that
world, show you how to live there. You
ready? We're going on a ride inside the
Blue Nowhere...

As he speaks, we PUSH IN on Gillette's glowing laptop screen. Then we LURCH FORWARD into BRILLIANT BLUE...

INT - THE BLUE NOWHERE - TIMELESS

...diving now at the speed of light through a wormhole of ELECTRIC ENERGY. Hurling. Whipping around corners...

...finally opening out onto...

...a world made wholly of ELECTRONS and BITS. A VIRTUAL CITYSCAPE with no boundaries and no pretense of time...

...where everything is DIGITIZED and gives off a faint BLUE GLOW: walls, footpaths, people, buildings...

...and the "roads" sprout forth at every intersection in six directions: north, south, east, west, up, and down...

We're literally in cyberspace. We're in the Blue Nowhere.

GILLETTE (V.O.)

"Blue" for electricity. And "Nowhere" because it's a real world of infinite complexity, but you can't find it on any map... A world not unlike the one God created for man... Only bigger. Faster. A world without borders, where curiosity roams free forever. Nobody dies in the Blue Nowhere. There's no pain. No heartache. No expectations. There's only eternity...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP. A furious battering of keys.

Phate is planted firmly in front of his machine now, his dining room littered with information on Jamie Turner.

But none of that matters at the moment because Phate is SURFING the Net. Another addict getting his nightly fix.

INT - USENET NEWS GROUPS, BLUE NOWHERE - TIMELESS

Back in the Blue Nowhere, we see Gillette...

...scanning USENET NEWS GROUPS. Flying through HACKING SITES and CHAT ROOMS. DOWNLOADING important files...

...moving faster and more surely than anyone else. When all of a sudden, EVERYTHING FREEZES...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...because the "M" key on Gillette's keyboard has SNAPPED under his incessant pummeling. The screen reads:

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM

Without missing a beat, Gillette UNPLUGS the keyboard and TOSSES it on the floor. Jacks in a SPARE BOARD nearby.

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Similarly, Phate HAMMERS his keys unrelentingly until:

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

He UNPLUGS the board he's broken, connects another, and continues KEYING all in the space of six fluid seconds.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

It's now 4:22am and Bishop's long since fallen asleep at his desk. He wakes with a start. Checks on Gillette...

...who hasn't even noticed. TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP-TAP.

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TAP-TAP-TAP...

Phate's fingers abruptly pause for a moment. He stares at his screen, sensing something that's cause for concern...

INT - HACKER CHAT ROOMS, BLUE NOWHERE - TIMELESS

...because in the Blue Nowhere, Gillette is beginning to track Phate's movements like a jackal on the hunt.

He finds a HACKER CHAT ROOM where Phate has just been and the HACKERS are still talking about him...

...and they're scared. Like they've just seen a ghost.

And soon, everywhere Phate goes, Gillette is only a step behind. Hounding the DIGITAL TRAIL in Phate's wake.

INT - BULLETIN BOARDS, BLUE NOWHERE - TIMELESS

They move on to the BULLETIN BOARDS.

These are the darkest parts of the modern day Internet, completely unregulated and unmonitored...

...where recipes for BOMBS, POISONOUS GASSES, and VIRUSES blanket the endless walls. A digital doomsdayworld.

Gillette follows Phate, watching him.

Closer and closer. Almost anticipating his next move as both men surf the boundless Net at a dizzying pace.

Coming up fast behind him now...

Phate suddenly whirls around to face Gillette...

But in the next instant, PHATE VANISHES INTO THIN AIR!

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

...because in the Real World, Phate has yanked the PHONE CHORD out of the wall, instantly severing his connection.

He glowers at his machine suspiciously.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Similarly, Gillette stares into his machine as if trying to actually view cyberspace through his monitor...

...but Phate has gone. Gillette gradually becomes aware of Bishop standing beside him, holding a CUP OF COFFEE.

Gillette squints at the daylight outside.

GILLETTE

What time is it?

BISHOP

Don't you ever look out the window?

Gillette grabs the coffee and takes a large gulp.

GILLETTE

So your killer's name is Phate. And Lara Gibson wasn't his first murder...

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - DAY

Phate UNLOCKS a door into a large warehouse...

...as dozens of harsh fluorescents shudder on, revealing a DIGITAL TREASURE TROVE throughout the cavernous room.

COMPUTERS of all sorts lie about, dating from the 1950s to the present. The walls are covered with tech manuals.

And the tables blanketed with DISKS, COMPUTERS and about two million dollars worth of SUPERCOMPUTER COMPONENTS.

The warehouse is, in fact, another DINOSAUR PEN like CCU, complete with a raised floor and a scram switch.

Phate turns on an ID 4000 SECURITY CARD MAKER and creates a fake ID BADGE for the St. Francis Academy school.

Next he BOOTS UP one of his many computers, hacking into the school's security system in a matter of minutes...

...then uploads a DIGITAL PHOTO of himself and registers his FINGERPRINTS using a specialized PRINT SCANNER.

Now he carefully mixes some CHEMICALS in a plastic SQUIRT BOTTLE. Adds a dash of Tabasco. It forms a milky liquid.

Finally, Phate opens a LOCKER containing his different disguises. He pulls out a JANITOR'S UNIFORM...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Gillette speaks soberly to Bishop and the CCU cops:

GILLETTE

I found rumors on the Net. Used your computers to log onto VICAP. Hope you don't mind.

BISHOP

Just tell us what you found.

GILLETTE

I started by checking in other hi-tech areas first... Silicon Forest, that's Portland and Seattle. Silicon Prairie outside Chicago. The Dulles Road Toll Corridor near D.C.

He's quiet for a long moment...

GILLETTE

There were *eight* cases where somebody got stabbed in the chest. Six men, two women. All unsolved. All "challenging" targets. Hi-security types like Lara Gibson.

LINDA SANCHEZ

You download the case files?

GILLETTE

They're gone.

BISHOP

Gone?

GILLETTE

The note from the sysadmin says they were damaged in a data-storage error.

TONY MOTT

You're saying he cracked VICAP?

GILLETTE

It's really not that hard.

STEPHEN MILLER

What about the state databases?

GILLETTE

Nope. He got to them, too.

BISHOP

Not everything's stored on a goddamn computer. There are *paper* files!

GILLETTE

He erased them. Issued an electronic memo to have them shredded.

TONY MOTT

You said his name is "Fate"?

GILLETTE

That's his username. Only he spells it with a "PH", the way hackers do.

BISHOP

What's his real name?

GILLETTE

I don't know, but hackers everywhere are real scared of him.

LINDA SANCHEZ

A wizard?

GILLETTE

Definitely a wizard. Calls his program "Trapdoor". Wrote it with a buddy of his called "Shawn".

TONY MOTT

Shawn? Who's that?

GILLETTE

Probably a cracker he met in a chat room somewhere. Gotta be one Hell of a codeslinger, though.

TONY MOTT

Could he be the guy in the van?

BISHOP

It's a good bet. Put it up there.

Tony Mott dutifully writes "SHAWN" beneath the sketch of the guy with dreadlocks and dark sunglasses...

...then writes "PHATE" under the sketch they had drawn of Phate as seen at the bar. The goatee has now been erased.

Bishop's CELL PHONE chirps up:

BISHOP

This is Bishop.

He listens for a moment, then hangs up.

BISHOP

(to Gillette)

Looks like you were right. It was make-up glue. Also, the tips of the prints on that bottle are missing, like he's been in some kind of accident. A burn maybe.

GILLETTE

Calluses. You pound keys eighteen hours a day, this is what happens.

(shows his fingers)

It's called a hacker's manicure...

Bishop gets an idea, turns to Linda Sanchez.

BISHOP

There an FBI resident agency in town?

INT - ENTRANCE FOYER, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Bishop leads Gillette inside an office building on South Bascom Avenue and hits the elevator call button.

GILLETTE

You gonna tell me what this is about?

BISHOP

The prints on that bottle were automatically sent to AFIS.

GILLETTE

You think it's possible we could just speak in English from now on?

BISHOP

Automated Fingerprint Identification System. Belongs to the FBI. Problem is, the way it works, you join the back of a long line, then you get a search of the federal system then a state-by-state search.

GILLETTE

How long does that take?

BISHOP

Couple of days if we're lucky. But if Phate's as dangerous as you say he is, we can't wait that long...

...and the ELEVATOR arrives.

INT - ELEVATOR, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Bishop keys the THIRD FLOOR button and the doors close on them. As they ascend, Gillette scoffs at a thought.

GILLETTE

Lemme guess...you want me to speed things up a little?

(Bishop just looks at him)

You're not serious... Do you know how illegal that is? I'm already a felon! And you're a cop for Chrissakes!

BISHOP

You got a better idea? Think fast, Gillette, because Phate's out there right now looking for his next victim.

INT - AGENT YANG'S OFFICE, FBI RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY

AGENT YANG (36) rises from his computer as a SECRETARY ushers Bishop and Gillette into his crammed office.

BISHOP
Frank Bishop, Homicide.

AGENT YANG
Charlie Yang.

BISHOP
This is Gillette. He's with CCU.

But Gillette says nothing, letting his CCU SWEATPANTS and WINDBREAKER do the lying for him as they shake hands.

BISHOP
We're working the Lara Gibson case.

AGENT YANG
Oh, right. Heard you got some prints.

BISHOP
Yeah, well we're waiting on AFIS.

AGENT YANG
You know how it works. Some things just take time.

BISHOP
Think you could log on and find out where it's at? It'd be a big help...

AGENT YANG
Sure, what's the case number?

BISHOP
A30-665.

Agent Yang KEYS the information into his computer...

AGENT YANG
Looks like you're in the middle of the federal search. That's progress.

BISHOP
Could you print it out? For my boss?

AGENT YANG
Sure. Wait here. I'll go get it.

Agent Yang hits the PRINT KEY and leaves the office...

...and Bishop watches him go. When Yang's out of sight, he gives the nod to Gillette...

...who leaps in behind Yang's computer. TAP-TAP-TAP...

GILLETTE

I'm gonna skip the federal search and go straight to state.

BISHOP

Start in California.

GILLETTE

No. Those Unix commands Phate typed? They were the East Coast version.

BISHOP

Just make it quick.

GILLETTE

The FBI's computers aren't exactly quick. I can only do so much without hacking into somebody else's system and redirecting it to work on this.

Bishop looks at him and he looks at Bishop...

INT - COPY ROOM, FBI RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY

...meanwhile, Agent Yang retrieves several PRINTED PAGES from the communal OFFICE LASERJET around the corridor.

INT - AGENT YANG'S OFFICE, FBI RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY

Gillette's now ACCESSED a new menu on Yang's computer:

WELCOME TO LOS ALAMOS NUCLEAR WEAPONS RESEARCH FACILITY

BISHOP

You're kidding...

GILLETTE

Relax. Breaking into Los Alamos these days is a hacker's rite of passage.

TAP-TAP-TAP. Gillette's fingers flicker over the KEYBOARD like butterflies. Bishop glances out the door...

...and sees Agent Yang returning, reading the pages...

INT - CORRIDOR, FBI RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY

Bishop darts over to a COFFEE URN. Pours himself a cup as Agent Yang walks up. Bishop pretends not to see him...

...and turns into him, spilling it all over Yang's shirt.

BISHOP

Sorry, sorry...

AGENT YANG

What the Hell are you doing?

BISHOP

Does it hurt?

AGENT YANG

No, it's cold. It's...

BISHOP

I ruined your shirt, haven't I? I'm sorry, I didn't see you. Can I pay for this to get cleaned?

AGENT YANG

No, just forget about it...

...now Gillette appears beside them. Trades a look with Bishop who takes the pages from Agent Yang...

BISHOP

Okay, then. Thanks. Bye.

GILLETTE

(to Agent Yang)

Go to www.no-more-stains.com...

...and Bishop drags Gillette away, leaving Agent Yang covered in coffee and heading for the bathroom.

INT - COPY ROOM, FBI RESIDENT AGENCY - DAY

And as Bishop and Gillette leave, they stop by the OFFICE LASERJET PRINTER and pick up a new AFIS PRINT-OUT.

Bishop pours over the information.

BISHOP

Jon Patrick Holloway...

Finally, a smile on his face.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

He continues reading the AFIS PRINT-OUT to the CCU cops as Gillette quietly keys away on his laptop.

BISHOP

...otherwise known as "Phate". Born in New Jersey. Studied at Princeton. 4.0 GPA. Got a job out here working at Sun Microsystems researching artificial intelligence. Left there and worked for a string of companies: NEC, Apple, Western Software. Finally ended up at the Harvard Computer Science Lab.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Sounds like your typical upper-middle-class Silicon Valley chip-jockey.

BISHOP

One problem though: every night he was hacking and running a cybergang called "Knights of Access".

TONY MOTT

I remember them. They were bad news. Shut down 911 in Oakland for two days.

BISHOP

Also, Holloway didn't go by "Phate" then. His username was "Certaindeath".

STEPHEN MILLER

Know him, Gillette?

GILLETTE

Not personally. But I've heard of him. Everybody in the community has. Used to be one of the very top wizards.

TONY MOTT

Who collared him?

BISHOP

Massachusetts State Police. Somebody snitched on him while he was working at Harvard. Turns out Phate had been stealing parts to supercomputers and selling them overseas.

TONY MOTT

That stuff's worth a lot of money. We should add to the profile he's rich.

Tony writes this on the wall of information. He's already got "JON HOLLOWAY" and "CERTAINDEATH" under Phate's name.

LINDA SANCHEZ
How'd he get away from the police?

BISHOP
Jumped bail and disappeared.

STEPHEN MILLER
They have a mugshot of him?

BISHOP
It's gone. Like the others. We got a lucky break finding this... One more thing: this Knights of Access had another leader: "Valleyman".

LINDA SANCHEZ
I'll bet that's his friend, Shawn.

BISHOP
The one in the van...

...and Tony Mott now adds "VALLEYMAN" under "SHAWN".

TONY MOTT
Perhaps Gillette could hack together a searchbot for all of these names.

Bishop looks to Gillette for a translation. Gillette's fingers keep keying as he turns to speak to Bishop:

GILLETTE
There's a whole category of software programs called "bots" -- robots that work on their own. A searchbot looks for things on the Net. A chatterbot talks to other computers and users. A maidbot cleans your hard drive...

STEPHEN MILLER
What's he doing now?

BISHOP
Searching every government, corporate, and private system in California with fingerprint records.

STEPHEN MILLER
He's *hacking*? Detective...

Bishop silences him with a look.

EXT - ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY, SAN JOSE - DUSK

Phate's sleek jaguar prowls past the brooding Spanish colonial St. Francis Academy and parks on...

...a dusty commercial street outside the NORTH GATE.

INT - PHATE'S JAGUAR, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - DUSK

Phate is wearing his janitor's uniform now, complete with the ID BADGE he made which is now clipped onto his chest.

He kills the engine and studies the school walls.

The time on his dashboard reads 5:15pm. An hour and a quarter early. He turns up the VOLUME on his CD...

...it's a Laurence Olivier recording of "Hamlet". As before, he knows all the words, reciting them by heart:

PHATE

"...so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery..."

...as he speaks, he checks on the SQUIRT BOTTLE holding the pungent liquid, safely tucked away in his pocket...

PHATE

"...the earth seems to me a sterile promontory..."

...now he pulls out his HUNTING KNIFE, and runs his thumb gently along the razor-edge blade...

...not noticing the changes he makes to Hamlet's speech:

PHATE

"...what a piece of work is a *machine*.
How noble in reason. How infinite in
faculties. In form, in moving, how
express and admirable. In action how like
an angel. In access how like a god..."

INT - THIRD FLOOR CORRIDOR, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

Jamie Turner peeks out a RESTROOM DOOR, finding the main corridor empty. He pushes his glasses up, throws a BAG OF CLOTHES over his shoulder and scuttles down the stairs...

EXT - NORTH GATE, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

It's night now as Phate steps up to the north gate...

...running his ID BADGE through a slot, inserting his RIGHT HAND into a PRINT READER. The gates BUZZES open.

Phate strolls inside the school grounds, walking up the all but deserted path towards the main building.

He passes a SMALL GROUP OF SCHOOLBOYS bumming cigarettes from each other behind a large oak tree near the gate.

None of them pay him any attention, he's just a janitor.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

And now, back at CCU, Gillette finds something odd on his machine. He calls the others over.

GILLETTE

Think I got a match on Phate's prints:
St. Francis Academy school for boys.

TONY MOTT

Real prestigious place, that.

LINDA SANCHEZ

It was all over the papers a couple of years ago, remember?

BISHOP

What for?

LINDA SANCHEZ

Some psycho got onto the school grounds, killed a student or a teacher. The principal put in all kinds of security, real hi-tech stuff.

As she says this, Gillette calls up the company screen with Phate's FILE PHOTO on it. Bishop reads the name:

BISHOP

"Warren Gregg"? Is that him? Is that Phate?

GILLETTE

Doesn't look like the sketch. Maybe he's just a guy who drank an Amstel Light at some bar a few nights ago...

INT - GROUND FLOOR CORRIDORS, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

Jamie reaches a FIRE DOOR on the ground floor.

He looks around, no sign of Dr. Boothe or anybody. Jamie drops to his knees, he studies the ALARM BAR on the door:

"WARNING: ALARM SOUNDS IF DOOR OPENS"

He now unfolds a small SHEET OF PAPER which contains the WIRING SCHEMATIC of the alarm. Clicks on a FLASHLIGHT...

...and begins to UNSCREW the alarm bar casing.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Bishop grabs a PRINT-OUT of the FILE PHOTO Phate uploaded into St. Francis' security system. Looks at it.

BISHOP

I'll go check it out. Somebody give me directions.

LINDA SANCHEZ

You sure? Seems like a long shot.

TONY MOTT

What, is he going after kids now?

Bishop doesn't reply as he grabs his coat.

BISHOP

Don't take your eyes off him...

...meaning Gillette who's already printed out a series of DIRECTIONS from Mapquest. Bishop grabs it on his way out.

INT - GROUND FLOOR CORRIDORS, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

The casing is off the alarm bar now and Jamie Turner is deep inside the mechanism, fiddling with the wires.

He can hear some FAINT MUSIC playing upstairs, mixed with some boys SHOUTING, and an argument on a TALK RADIO show.

Then suddenly, FOOTSTEPS! And a FLASHLIGHT approaching!

Jamie quickly replaces the casing and looks about for a place to hide, jamming himself between some LOCKERS...

...listening as Dr. Boothe traipses down the corridor, flashlight in hand, tracking it over the fire door.

Jamie holds his breath, praying silently...

...and Dr. Boothe finally turns, marching back down the hall the way he came, his FOOTSTEPS gradually fading.

Jamie hurries back to the fire door. Removes the casing and makes a final SNIP with his thin WIRE CUTTERS.

The light on the alarmed door goes out...

...and a Cheshire grin illuminates Jamie's face. He packs up his tools and carefully replaces the alarm bar casing.

Then he TAPES DOWN the door latch so it can be reopened from the outside. Pausing now, listening for footsteps...

...but there are none. He gently OPENS the door and walks out into the cool fresh night air. Freedom...

EXT - FIRE DOOR, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

...a STRONG ARM wraps around his chest! A HAND covers his mouth! Phate shoves him back inside the fire door!

Jamie's muted yelps disappear with him...

EXT - ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

The MAIN GATE at St. Francis opens for Bishop's car.

He drives up to the FRONT ARCHWAY of the massive boarding school where the ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL (42) waits for him.

Bishop flashes his ID which the A.P. reads carefully.

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL

Detective Bishop?

(he nods)

You didn't say what this is about. Is one of our boys in trouble?

BISHOP

No, sir. I just need to take a look at your employment records.

The A.P. considers this a moment, then shows him inside.

INT - GROUND FLOOR CORRIDORS, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

He leads Bishop through the dim ground floor corridors...

...passing a janitor walking the other way, his hands in his pockets, his head bowed. And all of a sudden...

...Bishop stops, noticing something unusual. A sleek, shiny PAGER clipped to the janitor's work overalls.

He studies the janitor walking away from him...

...and the janitor must feel his gaze because he turns to look back at Bishop. It is, of course, Phate.

Bishop recognizes him from the school file photo at once, and makes the smallest move towards him...

...and Phate turns and runs!

Bishop explodes after him, drawing his Sig Sauer. Chasing him through the school corridors! BARGING through doors!

RUNNING WITH PHATE

as he whips around corners and charges up and down stairs in his janitor's uniform. SPECKS OF BLOOD on his face.

RUNNING WITH BISHOP

fifty feet behind. Sprinting hard. Sliding across shiny wax floors, scrambling to keep up with Phate.

EXT - SCHOOL GROUNDS, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

Phate bursts out a set of DOUBLE DOORS...

...stealing onto the lush school grounds. And Bishop's right behind, bolting after him like a bat outta Hell.

Over small, rolling hills. Through trees. Darting over shrubs. Quickly heading for the NORTH GATE...

...and Phate's jaguar parked just outside.

But Phate's not going to make it. He's tiring, not cut out of this sort of thing. Whereas Bishop trains for it.

The gap between them narrows fast...

And that's when Phate finds his salvation...

...the small group of schoolboys SMOKING and bumming cigarettes under cover of an oak tree near the gate.

Phate LUNGES at the nearest boy!

Spins him around, drawing his BLOOD-STAINED KNIFE under the terrified boy's throat. Preparing to slice him.

The other schoolboys flee, running for their lives.

Bishop deadhalts, panic and fear etched on his face.

BISHOP

Stop! Don't do it!

(Phate doesn't move)

Okay, you win! You win...

...the cop places his pistol on the ground. Stepping back. Hands in the air. His heart in his throat.

Phate stares at Bishop...

...and for several horrifying moments we don't know what he's going to do. Bishop pleads with his eyes.

BISHOP

Please...

Now Phate starts to back away. Eyes on Bishop...

...who has no choice but to remain where he is. On the school grounds. Watching helplessly as...

...Phate drags the kid out the north gate.

EXT - ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY, SAN JOSE - DAY

Beyond the school grounds, onto the dusty street outside.

Bishop follows at a distance. Just so he can keep them in his sight. Still unsure if the boy will live or die.

Phate takes the boy to his Jaguar. BEEPS the alarm off...

...keeping the knife under the boy's chin, Phate opens the car door. Then leaps inside.

The schoolboy falls to the ground...

...and Bishop barrels toward them, but Phate's Jaguar ROARS to life and gallops away. Gone in a wall of dust...

EXT - ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY, SAN JOSE - DAY

The CCU van pulls up outside the school's front archway amidst a MEDIA CIRCUS. Captain Bernstein address them:

CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN
 ...the other boys are being kept in their
 rooms until their parents come.

Gillette hops out with Tony Mott and Linda Sanchez.

INT - GROUND FLOOR CORRIDORS, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

The ground floor corridors have been TAPED OFF by police.

They turn a corner and see an open OFFICE DOOR where POLICE OFFICERS and CRIME SCENE TECHS hover about...

...all with the same grim look on their faces. Bishop steps out of the office, an added burden on his face.

BISHOP
 (to Linda Sanchez)
 It's pretty unpleasant in there. Looks
 like it took him a while to die.

LINDA SANCHEZ
 How old?

BISHOP
 The kid? Fifteen.

With that, Bishop takes them inside the office.

INT - OFFICE, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

There's blood everywhere. An astonishing amount. On the floor, walls, chairs, picture frames, teacher's desk.

And then there's the BODY, lying under a green rubberized blanket on the floor in the middle of the room.

Gillette stops in shock, never seen anything like it.

Linda Sanchez inhales deeply, then steps back outside into the corridor. Tony Mott is equally sickened.

TONY MOTT
 All this from one chest wound?

BISHOP

He tried to run. Phate cut him lots of other places. Back. Hands. Neck. Legs.

TONY MOTT

The boy's name?

BISHOP

Jamie Turner.

He beckons them into an adjoining classroom...

INT - ADJOINING CLASSROOM, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

...where Jamie Turner sits clutching himself, rocking back and forth in a chair as a MED-TECH examines him.

His glasses are gone. His eyes are inflamed, bright red.

Standing next to him are his older brother, MARK (34) and the Assistant Principal. Both look frightened and angry.

The med-tech finishes up, gives Bishop the nod.

BISHOP

He all right?

MED-TECH

He'll be fine. Looks like the perp squirted him in the eyes with water that had a little ammonia and maybe some Tabasco mixed in. Just enough to sting, not enough to do any damage.

MARK TURNER

What kind of sick fuck would do something like this?

BISHOP

Who are you?

MARK TURNER

I'm his brother, Mark. I came to pick him up and take him to see Santana.

BISHOP

(to Jamie)

You like Santana, Jamie? I got a son, he loves Santana.

Jamie doesn't reply. He just sits there, rocking. Then:

JAMIE TURNER
Booty's dead...

BISHOP
Booty?

ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL
It's a nickname the boys call the
principal... Dr. Boothe...

JAMIE TURNER
He killed him. He had this knife. He
stabbed him and Booty kept screaming and
running and trying to get away...

Bishop pulls up a chair and sits in front of him.

BISHOP
I'm sorry this happened, Jamie. I know
you're upset. But it's real important you
tell us what you know.

JAMIE TURNER
He said it was acid. Said I'd go blind
unless I took him to Booty. Then he'd
give me the antidote. It hurt so much, I
could hardly see...

(pause)

I heard a noise. A beep. Like a pager or
something. And then he got really angry
and put his knife under my eye.

BISHOP
Did you email anybody about what you were
going to do with your brother tonight?

JAMIE TURNER
Yes... And then...

BISHOP
It's okay, you're not going to get in
trouble. We just need to know.

JAMIE TURNER
I used the school computers to go on-line
and find the gate passcode.

Jamie nods again, crying silently. An emotional wreck.

GILLETTE
(all business)
Where's the computer you used?

INT - COMPUTER ROOM, ST. FRANCIS ACADEMY - NIGHT

Gillette takes a seat at the computer Jamie used. Bishop stands over him along with Linda Sanchez and Tony Mott.

GILLETTE

Okay. We know the Trapdoor program's in this system and we know that if we run any analysis software, it self-destructs. So I'm just going to use the system the way anybody would. Sense the pace of the keys. See if I can find where it's hiding out.

And he begins typing...

...pulls up a main menu. Loads various functions. A word program, a spread sheet, a game. Feeling the keys.

Bishop watches him, aware he's in the presence of genius.

Gillette stares at the screen, watching how soon the keys he hits appear before him. Deftly timing each stroke...

...listening acutely to the HARD DRIVE hum and snap.

GILLETTE

It's here... Moving around... Jumping from program to program.

(pause, realizing)

Jesus, it's *evading* me.

LINDA SANCHEZ

But where's its starting point? Where does it get in?

GILLETTE

Has to be the most sluggish directory.

He keeps typing...TAP-TAP-TAP...

GILLETTE

Okay, okay... This is it. Found it.

(pause, impressed)

Wanna know where Trapdoor calls home?

BISHOP

You could just tell us.

GILLETTE

The Solitaire program. The card game.

A moment of stunned silence...

TONY MOTT

But that comes with just about every computer sold in America.

GILLETTE

Probably why Phate wrote the code that way. Man, talk about elegance.

LINDA SANCHEZ

So Trapdoor can invade pretty much any computer you buy?

GILLETTE

And even if you erase the program, it just jumps to another, alive and well.

BISHOP

Sounds like you wish you invented it.

GILLETTE

I'm curious about it. It's awesome. I want to know how it works.

BISHOP

Curious? He's *killing* people with it!

LINDA SANCHEZ

But why would he target a school?

GILLETTE

This place is like a fortress. It's one step up from killing a security expert. It's all about the challenge, remember.

TONY MOTT

But why'd he use this kid?

GILLETTE

Because he could.

BISHOP

You mean because Jamie was on-line.

GILLETTE

(nods, pause)

I'd like to take the hard drive back to CCU and...

A RAGING CRY fills the computer room!

Jamie Turner pulls away from his brother as he stampedes up to the machine, knocking Gillette out of the way!

He bats the MONITOR off the desk with a chair. The screen IMPLODES with a loud pop, scattering shards of glass!

Jamie THRASHES the monitor on the floor, eyes ablaze!

Bishop dives for him. Takes the chair from his hands. He WAILS and MOANS, folding back into his brother's arms.

Gillette can't take his eyes off him...

INT - ANALYSIS ROOM, CCU HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

It's late now at CCU...

...and Gillette sits alone in the analysis room just off the main work area, staring blankly at a monitor...

...which is hooked up to Jamie Turner's machine.

Gillette doesn't touch the keyboard. He just sits there, looking very guilty. He glances out the door...

...where Bishop and the computer cops work the few leads they have left. All eyes on their work.

Gillette gently CLOSES the door. Seems he wants a little privacy right now. He reaches into his pocket...

...and pulls out the CIRCUIT BOARD which he had taped to his leg earlier. He examines it thoughtfully...

...inserting a "AA" BATTERY into it. The board, whatever it is, seems to work just fine. He pockets it again.

Now he SWITCHES ON Jamie's computer...

...and plugs a PHONE LINE into its Internet socket. He waits for the machine to boot up, thinking...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Bishop writes on the wall with all the information about Phate on it. The CCU cops watch him.

BISHOP

So he cracked the school's system, shut down the security cameras, and used a fifteen year old boy to get access to the principal.

STEPHEN MILLER

Why not kill the boy?

BISHOP

The boy was never his target. It was the principal who installed all that hi-tech security.

LINDA SANCHEZ

He just saw you and ran, huh?

BISHOP

(pause, realizes)

He *knew* I was coming.

LINDA SANCHEZ

How could he know?

STEPHEN MILLER

Maybe he saw you drive up.

BISHOP

Remember what Jamie Turner said? Phate got angry after he got the page.

LINDA SANCHEZ

He was tipped off...

STEPHEN MILLER

That's ridiculous. Who could have known you were going to the school?

BISHOP

Phate's friend, Shawn. He's monitoring our phone lines...

TONY MOTT

What if it's not that? What if Shawn's someone on the force? A dispatcher...

BISHOP

Then I want to know the names of every cop who's made an inquiry into this case since it began. Check emails, phone records, everything.

The CCU team returns to their machines. There's fire in their eyes now. Bishop glances over Miller's shoulder...

...reading the words on his screen:

SEARCHBOT: PHATE OR TRAPDOOR OR SHAWN OR JON PATRICK HOLLOWAY OR VALLYMAN

BISHOP
What's that?

STEPHEN MILLER
Gillette's searchbot. Thought I'd add his name to it, see if anyone's been inquiring about him specifically.

BISHOP
Fix "Valleyman". He made a typo.

TONY MOTT
What'd you say?

BISHOP
He spelt it wrong.

LINDA SANCHEZ
Hackers like Gillette don't make typos.

She hustles over with Tony Mott as Miller RETYPES the name and at once, a huge list of REFERENCES springs up!

BISHOP
This is all because he missed the "e"?

LINDA SANCHEZ
He didn't miss the "e", he *dropped* it.

TONY MOTT
A search will only return results for the exact word. He didn't want us to find this.

STEPHEN MILLER
(reading a file, hushed)
Look at this! Gillette *is* Valleyman! He and Phate ran that gang, "Knights of Access". They founded it together!

LINDA SANCHEZ
Gillette and Phate must've known each other for years. "Shawn" is probably one of Gillette's usernames.

TONY MOTT
But if he's Shawn, who was in the van that night?

Bishop processes it quickly, walking over to the wall...

...and drawing in MATCHING DREADLOCKS and GLASSES on the sketch of Phate. Now both sketches look quite similar.

BISHOP

It was Phate wearing a wig.

LINDA SANCHEZ

What if this whole thing was a plan to
get Gillette out of prison?

As the horrible realization sinks in, Bishop turns to face
the CLOSED DOOR of the office Gillette is using...

INT - ANALYSIS ROOM, CCU HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Bishop and Mott BREAK DOWN the door...

...BUT GILLETTE HAS GONE! Mott leans out the open window as
Bishop frantically dials his PHONE. Panic-stations.

VOICE ON PHONE

Department of Corrections, Santa Clara.

BISHOP

This is Detective Bishop, San Jose
Homicide. I got a fugitive wearing an
anklet. I need an emergency trace...

VOICE ON PHONE

Sorry. Can't help you. Our system just
went down. Crashed. Our techies can't
figure out what the Hell happened.

A chill runs down Bishop's spine...

INT - LOCAL BUS, SANTA CLARA - MOVING - NIGHT

Gillette sits in the back of a LOCAL BUS, staring out the
window. Keeping to himself. Daypack at his feet...

...he doesn't look proud of what he's doing.

INT - SPORTS STORE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - PHATE

fuming through the aisles of a suburban sports store, buying
a particular TEAM JERSEY and other paraphernalia.

A volatile rage surges through his body like a virus...

EXT - BUS STOP, SUBURBS - NIGHT

The bus deposits Gillette at a lonely stop. And he heads up into the suburbs, the daypack slung over his shoulder.

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Phate dumps his SPORTS STORE CLOTHES BAG on the dining room table, noticing an EMAIL blinking on his screen:

SHAWN: GOT THE PACKAGE YOU REQUESTED. BE THERE SHORTLY.

EXT - STREET, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Gillette gazes up at a house outside.

A torrent of emotions race across his face and for a few seconds, it looks like he might just walk away...

...but then he stops, and heads up the front path. Right up to the FRONT DOOR where he rings the DOORBELL.

INT - PHATE'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

The DOORBELL echoes through Phate's house. He rises from his machine, marching up to the door. OPENS it...

EXT - DOORWAY, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

...and Gillette just stands there in the doorway.

He doesn't know what to say, his eyes RELAXING as if seeing his best friend for the first time in years...

INT - DOORWAY, PHATE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Back at Phate's house, a MESSENGER stands in the doorway with a thick MANILA ENVELOPE for Phate to sign.

Phate scribbles an illegible signature then SHUTS the door in the messenger's face and RIPS OPEN the package...

...inside are the POLICE CASE FILES on Phate's murders.

EXT - DOORWAY, FRONT STEPS - NIGHT

Meanwhile, at another house far away...

...Gillette takes in the sight of ELANA, a beautiful, raven-haired woman in her mid-20s standing in her door.

Elana is Gillette's ex-wife and for as young as she is, she looks like she's been through it and then some.

They stare at one another for several moments until Elana notices his CCU POLICE SWEATS and WINDBREAKER.

ELANA

Are you...? You're not out?

GILLETTE

Just for a few days. Sort of temporary
parol. Working for the police.

ELANA

The police?

GILLETTE

Who'd have thought, right?

An awkward pause. Gillette spots THREE CHILDREN (2, 4, and 6) playing happily in the living room behind Elana.

GILLETTE

Geez, Camilla keeps popping out those
kids, huh? She's been a good sister to
you, letting you stay here this whole
time. Does she still hate me? I mean, not
that I'd blame her or anything.

Elana quickly CLOSES THE DOOR behind her...

ELANA

You look pale. You hacking again?

GILLETTE

No. No! It's... The warden doesn't let us
outside much and...

...empty silence. He remembers the CIRCUIT BOARD. Digs it out of his daypack, handing it to her.

GILLETTE

Here... I finished it.

ELANA

Is this...? This is the GPS modem...

GILLETTE

It doesn't have the attachment you'd need to hook it onto your laptop yet but the technology works...

(smiles at her)

No more cell phone connections.

ELANA

No more cell phone connections.

(studying the board)

You made this while you were in jail?

GILLETTE

Well, I had nothing else to do so...

...and she starts to cry.

GILLETTE

What...? Why are you crying? I made this for you. For us. You know how much money this is worth?

ELANA

It's not about the money.

GILLETTE

Oh, it's not? How about getting out of your sister's house? How starting our own tech company? Huh? How about that?

ELANA

God, you make me so angry! I haven't heard from you in two years and one night you show up on my doorstep with this? You're a genius, Wyatt. You could've done so much with your life.

He looks into her eyes, pleading...

GILLETTE

I've still got time, don't I?

ELANA

No... Not with me... I can't...

GILLETTE

Please, Elana. I want to try again.

ELANA

Well, it's nice to want things.

And she starts to go back inside. His face clouds over with pain and regret and he blurts out:

GILLETTE

Don't move to New York!

ELANA

New York?

GILLETTE

You're moving to New York. With your friend, Ed. Do you love him?

ELANA

How do you know about Ed?

GILLETTE

You gonna marry him? Are you?

ELANA

How do you know, Gillette? How do you know? I want to hear you say it!

GILLETTE

(pause)

I read your emails.

She gets right in his face...and SLAPS him hard!

ELANA

Ed is none of your business. You had every chance to start a family with me and you chose not to. I have to get on with my life. My needs. You understand what that means? Or do you need it written in a tech manual?

GILLETTE

Don't go...

ELANA

I am going. Day after tomorrow. And there's not a single goddamn thing in the world you can do to stop me.

GILLETTE

But I'm still in love with you...

ELANA

You don't love anyone, Gillette. You social engineer them.

And the door SLAMS shut. Gillette hears the DEADBOLT turn with finality. He goes to ring again but stops, defeated.

He sets the GPS MODEM on her doorstep and leaves...

EXT - STREET, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Gillette sits on a BUS STOP BENCH, feeling very alone.

A sudden SCREECH OF TIRES! Bishop. Linda Sanchez. Tony Mott.
They pile out of the CCU van. Weapons raised!

BISHOP

Down on the ground!

GILLETTE

It's okay, it's okay. You got me.

Tony Mott SPRINGS on him while Linda Sanchez CUFFS him.

GILLETTE

Easy, Kojak! I said you got me.

TONY MOTT

You have the right to remain silent...

GILLETTE

Will somebody get this animal off me?

BISHOP

You're Shawn, aren't you?

GILLETTE

No, I'm not.

BISHOP

Of course you are. All you assholes have
a dozen different IDs.

GILLETTE

I'm telling you I don't know who Shawn
is. I swear.

LINDA SANCHEZ

But you were Valleyman, right?

GILLETTE

Yes.

LINDA SANCHEZ

That was your username in "Knights of
Access", wasn't it?

GILLETTE

Yes.

BISHOP

And you know Phate?

Gillette hesitates, looks Bishop in the eyes.

GILLETTE

Yes...

INT - ENTRANCE HALL, FEDERAL PRISON - NIGHT

And now we're back at the federal prison...

...with Bishop storming inside. Dragging Gillette up to the SECURITY GUARD WINDOW. One very unhappy cop here.

BISHOP

(to the guard)

Got a prisoner return.

The guard hands Bishop the appropriate forms. As he fills them out, Gillette pleads his case:

GILLETTE

Don't do this.

BISHOP

You lied to me.

GILLETTE

If there was anything I knew about Phate that would've helped you catch him I would've told you.

BISHOP

You should've told me anyway.

GILLETTE

You would've sent me back to prison.

GILLETTE

You're damn right...

GILLETTE

Look, I didn't even know it was him until you guys found out his old username.

BISHOP

Bullshit. You two were friends. How long've you known each other?

GILLETTE

I ran a cybergang with him. I never actually met the guy face to face.

BISHOP

But you took down 911 in Oakland.

GILLETTE

No. I had nothing to do with that.
"Knights of Access" was harmless when I was involved. It was only when I hacked into Phate's site. That's when I found the viruses he'd been writing. Like the 911 bug and one that mixes up air traffic signals. So I copied them, wrote inoculations, posted them...and then I turned him in.

BISHOP

(stops)

You? You turned him in?

GILLETTE

He sent one of his viruses to Harvard so I sent the Massachusetts police his email address. And I stopped using Valleyman so that he couldn't find me.

BISHOP

Doesn't make you any less responsible.

GILLETTE

I'm not like him.

BISHOP

You're just like him! You think those fucking plastic boxes are the whole world! Well, that's bullshit! That's not where life is. Life is here! Flesh and blood. Human beings. Your family. Your friends. *That's what's real!*

(Gillette says nothing)

Goddammit, Gillette! We wasted the whole night looking for you!

GILLETTE

And how'd you find me?

BISHOP

(pause, thrown)

The tracking system came back on-line.

GILLETTE

Because I set it on a two hour delay.

(pause, explaining)

I didn't plan to be gone that long. I just wanted enough time to see Elana.

BISHOP
Who's Elana?

GILLETTE
My wife.

BISHOP
Warden said you were divorced.

GILLETTE
I am divorced. I still think of her as my wife.

Bishop completes the forms and the guard opens the JAIL DOOR.
Two more GUARDS approach Bishop and Gillette...

...but now Bishop hesitates.

BISHOP
Did you see her?

GILLETTE
Yes.

BISHOP
Did she want to see you?

GILLETTE
No.

BISHOP
Then why'd you risk doing all this?

GILLETTE
You married, detective?

BISHOP
Yes.

GILLETTE
You love her?

Bishop stares at Gillette, judging his sincerity. Unlike the last time, Gillette clearly isn't fucking around now.

EXT - BISHOP'S HOUSE, MOUNTAIN VIEW - NIGHT

Bishop's car pulls up outside a modest family home.

The walls are HALF-PAINTED, there are BOXES stacked in the garage, and a JUNK PILE growing near the driveway.

INT - BRANDON'S ROOM, BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bishop quietly enters his son's bedroom...

...sees his son, Brandon, fast asleep at his desk in front of his iMac. Bathed in the monitor's blue light.

There's a stack of software TECH MANUALS next to it. And a bunch of gaming CDs. First-person shooters, simulators.

Bishop picks his son up and lifts him into bed...

INT - KITCHEN, BISHOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gillette munches on a Pop-Tart as he studies the broken VACUUM CLEANER which is still lying the kitchen table.

Bishop enters, grabbing a FROZEN DINNER from the fridge.

BISHOP

Sorry about the mess. We only moved in on Saturday.

GILLETTE

What'd you move for? The cheese?

BISHOP

(looks at him blankly)
My wife grew up around here. All her friends and family live within a few square miles.

GILLETTE

Oh, I get it...

BISHOP

What?

GILLETTE

It's okay, I get it.

BISHOP

What do you get?

GILLETTE

Well, you've been with me for the last thirty-six hours. And it's not because of my winning personality.

BISHOP

Jennie's always known who I am.

GILLETTE

Right. And now she's got her family and friends to hang out with while you're gone.

Bishop stares at him, surprised by his intuition.

BISHOP

(quietly)

I can tell you the name, age, and life story of every victim in every case I ever worked. But ask me the name of my son's best friend...

...and now he sees Jennie in the doorway. She heard him, but she's not going to deal with it in front of Gillette.

BISHOP

Jennie...

JENNIE BISHOP

I'm going to bed. Nice to meet you, Gillette.

GILLETTE

You, too, ma'am.

JENNIE BISHOP

(to Bishop)

You going to take the vacuum into the shop tomorrow or am I?

BISHOP

I'm gonna fix it. It's not that hard.

She stares at him, frustrated. Then she leaves the two of them alone. Bishop waits until she's gone.

BISHOP

Know anything about vacuum cleaners?

GILLETTE

Nope, not a thing. Sorry.

BISHOP

Just computers, huh?

GILLETTE

I take things apart. That's what I do, that's all I've ever done. I love to know how things work. I pull apart the pieces until I understand what they do then I put them back together.

BISHOP

Only sometimes you find a better way to put things back and you just gotta tell the world.

GILLETTE

You talking about the DoD hack?

BISHOP

Why'd you do it?

GILLETTE

I told you, I was curious.

BISHOP

No, why'd you tell them? You're smart, you must've known they'd come for you.

GILLETTE

They were quicker than I thought...

BISHOP

Bullshit. You were making a statement, weren't you? So people would know.

GILLETTE

(long pause)

You know how long it took me to get in? Five days. Know how long it'd take them to plug the hole I found? Five minutes. I used the prison library computer to see if they'd done what I told them. They hadn't. The hole is still there. I saw shit like that every day when I was hacking. People are made to think the Internet's safe and it's not. Imagine what it's going to be like in ten, twenty years? When *everything* is hooked up to the Net -- your car, TV, refrigerator. That's why hackers do what we do... Because if we don't get this stuff right today, tomorrow is going to be a disaster.

BISHOP

Think that's what Phate's trying to say? Look how vulnerable people have become thanks to the Internet. Even people with all this hi-tech security.

GILLETTE

Maybe. He used to say nobody's safe. Nobody who goes on-line is safe...

EXT - SILICON VALLEY, CALIFORNIA - DAY

A new dawn rolls over Silicon Valley, the morning mist lifting into a hazy sky. Another day in dot-com world.

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

The POLICE CASE FILES are plastered all over the walls.

Phate's at his computer, wearing the TEAM JERSEY and CAP he bought last night. He INSTANT MESSAGES with Shawn:

PHATE: THANKS FOR THE PACKAGE.

SHAWN: YOU'RE WELCOME. ALSO, CCU BROUGHT IN A CONSULTANT.

PHATE: WHO?

SHAWN: VALLEYMAN.

A name that rocks Phate's world. He doesn't even blink for several seconds as he processes this stunning news:

PHATE: NOBODY'S SAFE, SHAWN...

INT - LIVING ROOM, BISHOP'S HOUSE - DAY

Gillette wakes on Bishop's LIVING ROOM COUCH, hearing MUFFLED TALK in the kitchen. He rises, heading for it.

INT - KITCHEN, BISHOP'S HOUSE - DAY

Bishop is having BREAKFAST at the kitchen table which is now missing the vacuum. Brandon is dressed for school.

BISHOP

I don't want you going on-line so much.

BRANDON

I was doing homework for computer lab.

BISHOP

It's just that...you don't seem to get outside and play anymore.

BRANDON

Look, can I go? I'm gonna miss my bus.

Bishop nods, letting his son leave. Turns to see Gillette puttering in quietly to pour himself some COFFEE.

GILLETTE

Cute kid.

BISHOP

D'you know you type in your sleep?

GILLETTE

That's what Elana used to say. Some nights I even dream in code.

BISHOP

I been thinking about that. You should call her.

GILLETTE

She doesn't want to hear from me... She's getting on a plane tomorrow.

BISHOP

Don't be a fool, Gillette. Take the relationship apart, see how it works, then put it back together.

GILLETTE

It's not that easy. Once you've lived in the Machine World, how can you ever completely go back to the Real World?

BISHOP

Question is, do you want to?

GILLETTE

Desperately.

A look in his eyes. He means it. Beat.

BISHOP

Hey, did you see what happened to the vacuum?

Before Gillette can respond, they hear the VACUUM fire up in the hallway. Bishop steps into the hall, stupefied...

...because his wife is VACUUMING the carpet.

JENNIE BISHOP

Works great!

And she gives him a big kiss on the cheek. Bishop glances back at Gillette who just shrugs innocently...

EXT - BISHOP'S HOUSE, MOUNTAIN VIEW - DAY

As Bishop and Gillette walk out to his car:

BISHOP

Thought you said you didn't know anything
about vacuum cleaners.

GILLETTE

I didn't. But I do now.

And they drive off...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

It's still early when they reach CCU and the only other
person in here is Miller, perched at his workstation.

STEPHEN MILLER

(re: Gillette)

Thought you were taking him back to
prison.

BISHOP

We need him. He's the only reason we got
as close to Phate as we did.

MILLER

I disagree. He's escaped once and...

BISHOP

You know what today is, Miller? It's
Wednesday. We're in the final twenty-four
of Phate's week. By tonight, he's gone.
So do you think we can work together
until then?

GILLETTE

(to Miller)

Charming in the mornings, isn't he?

And Gillette casually turns on his LAPTOP, reaching for a CUP
OF COFFEE. On the LED screen, the words spring up:

SEARCHBOT RESULTS: "PHATE"

LOCATION: NEWSGROUP: ALT.VIDEO.TRUE.CRIME

STATUS: POSTED MESSAGE FROM PHATE@ICSNET.COM

And Gillette almost drops the coffee...

GILLETTE

Bishop! My searchbot found a reference to Phate! He posted something on-line!

(to Miller)

You didn't see this?

STEPHEN MILLER

I've been on my machine all morning.

BISHOP

Well, what is it? Open it up.

Gillette DOWNLOADS the message...

...on the COMPUTER SCREEN is a LIVE STREAM VIDEO of a MAN lying in a BASEMENT BATHTUB, hands bound to the faucet.

He's shivering because the faucet is on and pouring COLD WATER all over him, ever-so-slowly filling the bath.

In a short time, he will drown...

BISHOP

It's Captain Bernstein...

...and sure enough, we see now that the GAGGED and BOUND police captain is wearing an AFL Sabercats team jersey.

Bishop immediately dials the nearest phone:

BISHOP

This is Detective Bishop. I need to speak to the watch commander right now. You hear me? Right now!

STEPHEN MILLER

How could he...? That's not possible.

BISHOP

Was there a Sabercats game last night?

STEPHEN MILLER

I think so, I don't know.

BISHOP

That's where he got him. Alone. Away from his family.

STEPHEN MILLER

How'd he know?

BISHOP

He knows everything!

Bishop gives the phone to Miller:

BISHOP
Here, you deal with this.
(to Gillette)
Why's the transmission so slow?

GILLETTE
He's using a hard-line connection, more
difficult to trace.

BISHOP
That address, "phate@icsnet.com"? Any
chance it's real?

GILLETTE
Nope, it's fake.

BISHOP
So there's no way to trace the computer
he sent this from?

GILLETTE
Well, there might be. See these email
headers? They identify the networks that
Phate's message went through to get to
the server he used. They're just like
street directions. One of them has to be
legitimate.

And he starts KEYING RAPIDLY on his LAPTOP. Again, TIME SLOWS
DOWN and we PLUNGE wildly into the SCREEN...

INT - THE BLUE NOWHERE - TIMELESS

...coursing through cyberspace, following DIGITAL STREET
SIGNS that lead Gillette along vast INFORMATION HIGHWAYS.

He stops abruptly before a building marked "INTERPOST".

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

And the words speed across Gillette's LAPTOP SCREEN:

DOMAIN NAME: INTERPOST.NET

REGISTERED TO: INTERPOST EUROPE S.A.

23443 GRAND PALAIS -- BRUGES, BELGIUM

Just now, Miller HANGS UP the phone:

STEPHEN MILLER

His wife reported him missing last night.
His cell phone was out of service, like
Lara Gibson.

BISHOP

(turning to the computer)
What's this?

GILLETTE

That's the network Phate's computer is
connected to at the moment.

STEPHEN MILLER

Belgium. Hacker capital of the world.

BISHOP

Can they tell us where he is?

GILLETTE

No. It's a chainer network. It'll hide
his identity like a Swiss bank.

BISHOP

So what now?

GILLETTE

I could do some digging on Interpost,
maybe find some dirt that we can use to
make them give up Phate's address.

BISHOP

Blackmail? Excellent. Do it.

Gillette calls up a SEARCH ENGINE, but hesitates...

BISHOP

What's wrong?

GILLETTE

Phate... He's too smart to be leaving
this much of a clue out there.

STEPHEN MILLER

He's a sick fuck. All serial killers like
to get off on their work. This is his ego
talking.

GILLETTE

No. *He knows I'm here.* And he's trying to
use me to access CCU.

BISHOP

How?

GILLETTE

The live video feed is bait. He knew I'd find Interpost. And he wants me to run a search on them. That way, when the information packets come back to this machine, he can slip the Trapdoor virus inside our system. He's probably hacked into the local router right now and he's just waiting to see my search request go out.

BISHOP

So what do we do? Shut the system down? Pull the plug?

GILLETTE

No. We let *him* get inside.

STEPHEN MILLER

That's crazy! Do you know what Phate could do if he got into our system?

BISHOP

Miller...

STEPHEN MILLER

These computers have a direct link to ISLEnet! He could get into anybody's system from there! FBI! ATF!

GILLETTE

We have to let him get inside so we can trace him.

STEPHEN MILLER

And all the while you're tracing him, he'll be running around our system!

GILLETTE

Listen to me very carefully, Miller.

(slow and clear)

I want you to copy all the CCU files. And I want you to transfer them onto backup tapes. And then I want you to delete everything from the CCU system. Meanwhile, I'll load up a bunch of encrypted files and fill them with gibberish. He'll waste a good half hour trying to decrypt them and while he's doing that, we'll track him down.

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Phate's eyes come alive. Staring at his machine, he reads the words he's been waiting for:

ACCESS: SAN JOSE INTERNET ROUTER

SEARCH ENGINE REQUEST: INTERPOST.NET

RETURN RESULTS TO: 236.876.34@CSPCCU.GOV

Phate pounces on the EMAIL ADDRESS, lighting it up with his mouse. Now he LOADS Trapdoor in the data packets.

TRAPDOOR: LINK COMPLETE

DO YOU WISH TO ENTER SUBJECT'S COMPUTER? (Y/N)

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

Back at CCU, Gillette senses the feel of the keys as he clicks on INTERNET SITES called up by his search request.

GILLETTE

We got him! Phate's inside our system, I can feel it!

BISHOP

Start the trace.

STEPHEN MILLER

It's going.

A MAP OF THE WORLD appears on Miller's computer, spouting a digital YELLOW LINE out of the CCU icon...

...which bounds through SERVERS all over the planet in the course of several seconds, finally stopping in...

BISHOP

South Africa? Phate's in South Africa?

GILLETTE

No, he's using an anonymizer -- a cloaking device.

STEPHEN MILLER

Makes it impossible to trace.

GILLETTE

Not impossible...

He loads a new program, explaining:

GILLETTE

The trace program we're using sends out tiny electronic pings to find its target. I'm now loading a program to measure the length of time it takes for the pings to make their round-trip to Phate's service provider and back. We can use that to figure out exactly how far away it is from CCU. Then all we need is a map and a ruler.

Bishop assimilates this, eyes on the LIVE VIDEO FEED of Captain Bernstein as he DIALS his phone:

BISHOP

This is Detective Frank Bishop. I need a SWAT team ready to roll in five minutes...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

And Phate is seemingly unaware...

...roaming freely through the CCU system, COPYING all the DELETED FILES onto a DISKS until he comes across:

STATE POLICE DATABASE ACCESS CODES

LEVEL "A" SECURITY CLEARANCE REQUIRED:

PLEASE ENTER ENCRYPTION KEY:

Phate pulls down a window off Trapdoor and CLICKS ON a program marked DECRYPT. Passcodes start flashing up...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - DAY

...and now Gillette's program BEEPS its results.

GILLETTE

(off his screen)

Okay, the service provider Phate's dialing into seems to be 11.2 miles away from here. Over to you, Frank.

Bishop has a LARGE MAP of Silicon Valley, using a COMPASS to draw a CIRCLE with an 11.2 mile radius around CCU...

...then compares it with a list of SERVICE PROVIDERS and their addresses. There's only one exactly that far away.

BISHOP
ContraCosta On-line. Has to be.

GILLETTE
Quick, get Pacbell to trace it.

STEPHEN MILLER
They're on it.

BISHOP
Is he still decrypting?

GILLETTE
He's still in there. We still got him.

Just now, Tony Mott races in wearing MOTORBIKE GLOVES and a BANDANA. Linda Sanchez follows, hurrying to Gillette.

LINDA SANCHEZ
How is he?

GILLETTE
Still alive.

She stares at the screen, horrified.

LINDA SANCHEZ
I know his wife, Joyce. She works in the maternity ward at my daughter's hospital. Oh God, he's got two kids...

Tony Mott gets a look at the screen now.

TONY MOTT
I'm gonna kill this sonuvabitch...

BISHOP
What's taking Pacbell so long?

STEPHEN MILLER
Just a few more seconds...

BISHOP
We don't have a few more seconds!

STEPHEN MILLER
Got it! 34004 Alta Vista, Los Altos!

Everyone else heads for the door. Gillette UNPLUGS his laptop and takes it with him. Grabbing a CELL PHONE.

Meanwhile, Tony Mott darts over to his station and pulls out a short, black TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUN. Loads it up.

BISHOP
What're you doing with that?

TONY MOTT
He's got the captain! Don't you think we ought to have some *real* firepower?

BISHOP
You ever fired a shotgun before?

TONY MOTT
(hesitates)
Sure...

BISHOP
Since the Academy?

TONY MOTT
Well, no but... Look all we ever deal all day with is computer shit. We never get the chance to be real cops.

BISHOP
Put the scattergun away. And lose the fucking sunglasses. Let's move!

EXT - PHATE'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - DAY

Meanwhile, Phate's house basks in the calm Californian sun. Just another day in the suburbs as...

...two UNMARKED VANS roll up silently.

INT - CCU VAN, PHATE'S STREET - MOVING - DAY

Tony Mott drives the CCU van, behind the SWAT van...

...while the others cram around Gillette's LAPTOP which is internet-connected now via the CELL PHONE he grabbed.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - CAPTAIN BERNSTEIN

is struggling to stay above the waterline. Terrified.

GILLETTE
He's not gonna make it...

Bishop glances ahead at the SWAT van they're following:

BISHOP
 (into radio mike)
 Remember, you have to separate him from
 his computer as fast as possible.

INT - SWAT VAN, PHATE'S STREET - MOVING - DAY

In the van ahead, we find a phalanx of SWAT TACTICAL OFFICERS, commanded by AL JOHNSON (35). Tough, wiry.

He looks over HOUSE SCHEMATICS as he listens to Bishop:

BISHOP'S VOICE
 He can delete his entire hard drive in
 seconds.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
 Roger, that. What's the status on your
 captain?

INT - CCU VAN, PHATE'S STREET - MOVING - DAY

Bishop glances at the laptop screen:

BISHOP
 (into radio mike)
 We've run out of time.

EXT - PHATE'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - DAY

And the SWAT van rushes over a hill...

...SKIDDING to a halt outside Phate's house. Rear DOUBLE DOORS throw open before the van's even stopped moving...

...and the SWAT team pours out.

The CCU cops pull up behind them. Everybody piles out, following the SWAT troops as they charge up to the house.

BANG! Shotgun SLUGS blow the hinges off the FRONT DOOR and the SWAT guys dart inside, weapons raised.

Gillette struggles to hold onto his laptop, jostling up to the house behind Bishop. Tony Mott draws his .45...

INT - PHATE'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - DAY

Inside, Johnson barks out orders to his team. Muzzle-mounted FLASHLIGHTS leading them through the dark rooms.

Gillette trails, studying the picture of the captain in the bathtub. He's submerged now, holding his breath...

...now Bishop looks on with Gillette.

GILLETTE

The walls are unfinished. Maybe a storage room or...

BISHOP

Basement.

TONY MOTT

Found it!

It's partially hidden behind a GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

Tony Mott KICKS the basement door, pistol ready. But it doesn't give way. Instead, he REBOUNDS against the wall.

Bishop runs over, tries the handle. IT'S UNLOCKED.

He gives Mott a look, OPENING THE DOOR. Leading Gillette and the two CCU cops down a set of stairs into...

INT - BASEMENT, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

...a large unfinished basement.

On the floor is a LARGE PATCH OF DRIED BLOOD. On a pillar above it are two sets of HANDCUFFS. A killing ground...

They see a WEB CAM mounted on a wall. Directly across from it, they find Captain Bernstein in the tub.

Rushing over. Plunging into the bath.

Bernstein looks up at Bishop and Gillette with frightened eyes. Gaping for air he can't reach. SWALLOWING WATER.

Bishop can't untie him.

BISHOP

Tip it!

All four of them SLAM into the tub, upending it...

...and water CASCADES out all over the floor.

Captain Bernstein chokes and splutters. Bishop thumps his chest, clearing the lunges. Gillette watches closely...

...until finally the captain sucks in air.

Gillette pats his back, helping him to his knees. Bishop sits back, exhausted and relieved.

Commander Johnson hustles down the stairs now with a pair of SWAT troopers. Sees the captain alive.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Detective? Something you oughta see...

INT - DINING ROOM, PHATE'S HOUSE - DAY

Commander Johnson leads Bishop and Gillette into Phate's dining room. It's stripped clean but for the computer.

COMMANDER JOHNSON
Your man's gone. This is all we found.

Bishop and Gillette gaze at the SCREEN SAVER on Phate's computer. Three words SCROLLING across the monitor:

ACCESS IS GOD

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - DAY

Phate dumps a BAG OF DISKS by one of his computers in his vast warehouse. He boots up the machine, settling in.

Now he loads the disks onto the hard drive and calls up a program called RESTORE8. He leans back to watch as...

...the CCU files Miller erased start emerging on Phate's screen. Piece by piece. Phate smiles eagerly to himself.

He starts roaming around the files. Finds CCU's COMPUTER ID NUMBER and Stephen Miller's personal ISLEnet PASSWORD:

"BLUEFORD"

Phate changes his own machine's ID NUMBER to that of CCU and then DIALS ISLEnet, listening to the MODEM whistle.

TIME SLOWS DOWN and we LURCH FORWARD one last time...

INT - THE BLUE NOWHERE - TIMELESS

...into cyberspace. Watching Phate swathed in a BLUE GLOW as he steps up to a DIGITALLY-GATED BUILDING ENTRANCE.

A sign reads "ISLEnet". And a soothing voice speaks:

ISLENET
Welcome to the California Integrated
State Law Enforcement network. State your
username.

PHATE
Stephen Miller.

ISLENET
Thank you, Sergeant Miller. Password?

PHATE
Blue Ford.

The DIGITAL GATES open, allowing Phate inside. His eyes sparkle gleefully as DOZENS OF MENUS pop up:

DEPARTMENT OF MOTOR VEHICLES

STATE POLICE

FORENSIC SERVICES

LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT AGENCIES

OFFICE OF THE STATE ATTORNEY GENERAL

FEDERAL AGENCIES -- FBI, ATF, TREASURY, IRS, US MARSHALS

MEXICAN FEDERAL POLICE, TIJUANA

SYSTEMS ADMINISTRATION

Phate studies the endless menus...

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - DAY

...taking a deep breath in the Real World, the thrill of the access only now sinking in and electrifying his body:

WHICH MENU WOULD YOU LIKE TO ACCESS?

PHATE
Thank you, Valleyman. Thank you...

EXT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Night has fallen on Silicon Valley. And so has a heavy bout of RAIN, dousing the old CCU headquarters building.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Inside, it's quiet and grim.

The CCU cops work their phones and machines as Gillette analyzes PHATE'S COMPUTER. Bishop hangs up a call.

GILLETTE

He's gone, hasn't he? The week's over.
He's packed up and he's moved on.

BISHOP

Captain's got almost every cop in the valley watching every airport, train station, bus depot, and highway out of here.

LINDA SANCHEZ

All that social engineering, he could dress himself up as anyone.

TONY MOTT

She's right. We'll never find him.

GILLETTE

You should alert all the other hi-tech corridors he hasn't hit yet. Route 128 outside Boston. Austin, Texas...

LINDA SANCHEZ

We get *anything* off his computer?

GILLETTE

(shakes his head)
Digital garbage. Bits of receipts for some computer parts he sold. Nothing too exciting.

BISHOP

Receipts?

GILLETTE

I think so. I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel here, it's hard to tell.

Bishop looks over Gillette's shoulder at the machine:

MA%%CH 27***200!!!+ NVOICE**870)

55EERRX3^^SHIPPED FROM: SAN JOSE COM434312 PRODU234AAWE%%

2335 WINCH4STER 00U46LKE^ SAN JO^^44^^^9^^^\$\$###

BISHOP

2335 Winchester. That's an address. He received supercomputer parts from this company.

LINDA SANCHEZ

Winchester is right down the street.

The main CCU PHONE interrupts:

STEPHEN MILLER

(into phone)

CCU... Linda? It's the hospital. Your daughter's going into labor.

LINDA SANCHEZ

(picking up)

This is Linda Sanchez... I'll be right there. I'm on my way.

(to the others)

I'm going to have a grandbaby tonight!

Everyone smiles for her, wishing her well as she packs her purse and starts out of the dinosaur pen...

...a brief respite of joy from the ever-present gloom.

BISHOP

Guess I may as well go check out that computer parts company since it's so close.

GILLETTE

I'll come with you.

BISHOP

No. State troopers are on their way to pick you up, take you back to prison.
(pause)

I'll come by, visit you some time.

GILLETTE

Don't waste your time on me, Frank. Go hang out with your kid instead.

Bishop says nothing, then turns for the door. As Gillette watches him go, his eyes fall on a nearby PHONE...

INT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

...it's dinnertime at Camilla's house.

Elana helps her sister, CAMILLA (32), feed the three kids who are clearly having way too much fun to be fed.

In the middle of this madness, the PHONE RINGS...

ELANA

I'll get it.

(into phone)

Hello?

And we INTERCUT with:

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...Gillette at CCU. His voice is soft but guarded.

GILLETTE

What time you fly out tomorrow?

ELANA

(pause)

6am. I'm starting a new job next week.

GILLETTE

Computer programming?

ELANA

For now. While I build up a clientele. I'm going to go back to teaching music, like I used to in school.

GILLETTE

You shouldn't give up machines just because of me.

ELANA

I don't have a choice. Nobody in Silicon Valley'll hire me anymore.

GILLETTE

Why not?

ELANA

Because I was married to you.

As they speak Camilla realizes who Elana's on the phone with and urges her silently to hang up but Elana refuses.

Meanwhile, Gillette's feeling like crap...

GILLETTE

Look, I know I made your life Hell but it won't be that way again. You wanted children. So do I.

ELANA

Don't say things you don't mean.

GILLETTE

But I *do* mean it. I've changed, Ellie.

ELANA

You've been in prison for the last two years. You can't just say it, you have to prove it. Show it.

GILLETTE

I will. If you just give me a chance.

ELANA

No. My life's together now. I'm happy.

GILLETTE

Because of Ed?

ELANA

He's part of it.

GILLETTE

C'mon, Ellie... I saw the emails. When you talk about Ed, it doesn't exactly sound like he's "husband material".

ELANA

Really? And what do *you* know about being a husband?

GILLETTE

Look, I'll be out in a year. I'll find a job and we'll start a family like we always talked about. I mean...

(pause)

Fuck, why does it have to be New York?

ELANA

(her heart breaking)

Because it's as far away as I can get from you...

...and she HANGS UP, folding up into her sister's warm embrace. Gillette HANGS UP a few moments later...

EXT - WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop parks outside a warehouse similar to CCU.

He checks the address against the PRINT-OUT from Phate's machine. Right place. Wrong time. Nobody's around.

He KNOCKS on the door. No answer. Peers in through the windows. Can't see anything. Finds one window UNLOCKED.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Tony Mott rises from his workstation, speaking to Miller:

TONY MOTT

Got an email from a snitch of mine, says he may have some info on Phate.

(to Miller)

You wait here with Gillette for the State Troopers?

STEPHEN MILLER

No problem. Go.

Mott grabs his gear...

EXT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...and straps on his helmet outside as he UNCHAINS his geeky-cool Suzuki Bandit 1200S. Ignites the engine.

He pockets his CELL PHONE and kicks into gear. Tearing away from CCU at 80mph. Out into the night traffic...

INT - WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop peeks through the OPEN WINDOW into the warehouse.

What he sees makes him CLIMB through and hit the INTERIOR LIGHTS. The place is full of computers, wall to wall.

This is Phate's warehouse!

Unaware, Bishop wanders about. He's definitely sensing something strange but he can't put his finger on it yet.

He draws his CELL PHONE. The display says, "NO SERVICE".

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Back at CCU, Gillette waits for the troopers. Bored. He notices Miller who's getting frustrated with his machine.

GILLETTE

Problem?

STEPHEN MILLER

I'm trying to log onto ISLEnet but it says I'm already logged on. It does this occasionally.

GILLETTE

(wandering over)

Mind if I take a look?

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Bishop's deep in thought...

...and all of a sudden he notices the ID 4000 SECURITY CARD MAKER. He walks over, studying the hi-tech machine.

An imprint of the last name it processed is still there on the machine's LED screen: "WARREN GREGG, ST. FRANCIS".

And now it dawns on him. This is Phate's warehouse! He quickly draws his Sig Sauer, looking around...

...there's an office at the far end of the warehouse. He darts towards it. Carefully reaching for the DOORKNOB...

INT - OFFICE, PHATE'S WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

He ducks into the office, weapon raised...

...but nobody's here. Only machinery. Equipment. Packing crates and pallets. Tools. And one thing in particular...

...a LARGE BLACK METAL CUBE in the middle of the room.

Several lights FLASH on it on all sides. Vents suck in the surrounding cold air. It HUMS and SNAPS methodically.

And it's FREEZING COLD in here. Bishop's breath puffs out in white wisps of steam. AIR CONDITIONERS are blasting.

He picks up a PHONE in here and dials.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

The CCU phone chirps up as Gillette keys frantically on Miller's computer. Miller lets it RING for the moment:

STEPHEN MILLER

What is it? What's wrong?

GILLETTE

Phate seized root of your computer and used it to access ISLEnet.

STEPHEN MILLER

But... But he couldn't have. I erased all the files like you told me to.

GILLETTE

Did you wipe all the free space on the drives? Did you overwrite the temp and slack files? Did you encrypt the logs and overwrite them?

Miller's horrified. Can't believe he's fucked up again. He avoids the moment by turning to answer the phone...

...immediately Bishop's voice blurts out of the SPEAKER.

BISHOP'S VOICE

It's Bishop. I'm at that warehouse down the street. It's not where he received supercomputer parts from, it's where he sent them from. Phate owns this place! I just found an ID maker with the name "Warren Gregg" on it. He was just down the street from us the whole time!

GILLETTE

That's not all. Phate used Miller's computer to access ISLEnet.

BISHOP'S VOICE

How?

GILLETTE

Miller never took computer 101 in high school. Phate simply ran Restore 8 or some other undelete program. Then got everything he needed to make ISLEnet think he was Miller: his private password, his computer's ID number.

(turning on Miller)

You fucking gave it all to him!

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop listens to all this, realizing with dread:

BISHOP
(into phone)
Phate's still in town...

GILLETTE'S VOICE
Yep. And he's got access to every
government database in the state.

INT - RECEPTION, STANFORD MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Linda Sanchez calls CCU from the MAIN DESK PHONE at the hospital she went to. She looks frightened and wary.

LINDA SANCHEZ
(into phone)
Stephen, it's Linda. My daughter's not in
delivery, it was a computer error.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Back at CCU, Miller's got Linda on SPEAKER PHONE, too:

GILLETTE
It's Phate, he's fucking with us.

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE
Not just us. Have you seen the news?

Miller turns on the TV nearby...

ON THE TV SCREEN - MASSIVE TRAFFIC JAMS

pile up the roads in Silicon Valley. Everywhere, traffic lights are out. HORNS are blaring, people SHOUTING.

STEPHEN MILLER
What the Hell's going on?

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE
It's all over the valley. A city-wide
burnout. DPW's still trying to figure out
what went wrong.

GILLETTE
Phate crashed the grid...

EXT - MAIN STREETS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Out in the middle of the madness is Tony Mott...

...slowly weaving his MOTORBIKE through deadhalt traffic until he pulls out into an empty valley mall parking lot.

He looks around for his snitch, then goes to make a call on his CELL PHONE. But the display reads, "NO SERVICE".

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette connects to ISLEnet and immediately finds a screen that shakes him to the core. He reads the words:

ISLENET: FBI TACTICAL COMMAND, SAN JOSE

ARREST WARRANT: SAUSALITO ROBBERY/HOMICIDE SUSPECTS

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT: LEVEL FOUR

SUSPECT ADDRESS: 3245 ABREGO AVENUE, SUNNYVALE

OPERATIONAL LAUNCH: 11 MINUTES, 36 SECONDS

GILLETTE

Oh, Jesus no...

BISHOP'S VOICE

What now?

GILLETTE

Phate's got root of FBI's tactical command computers in San Francisco!

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE

The FBI? You sure?

GILLETTE

I'm looking at ISLEnet right now! He's issued arrest warrants and rules of engagement for the Sausalito suspects!

BISHOP'S VOICE

How do you know it's him?

GILLETTE

(breathless)

The warrant says the suspects are at 3245 Abrego in Sunnyvale. That's where Elana is. That's her sister's place...

INT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Unaware, Elana PACKS her suitcase. It's late. The kids are asleep. Camilla watches quietly.

CAMILLA

You're doing the right thing, Ellie.

ELANA

Doesn't feel like it.

CAMILLA

(pause)

It will...

EXT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

...but just down the street around the corner, an awesome FBI ASSAULT TEAM have set up their staging area.

A PANEL VAN serves as a command post. FEDERAL AGENTS suit up. LOCK AND LOAD. Serious faces. Trained marksmen.

SPECIAL AGENT MARK LITTLE rallies his troops.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE

Listen up, boys. We're operating on a Level Four ROE. These doers have taken out cops and we've heard they're packing an arsenal in there. So let's take no chances. I don't want to bury any dead heroes when this is over.

(checks his watch)

Ten minutes. Let's roll!

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette is freaking out. He hears Bishop's calm, even voice over the phone lines:

BISHOP'S VOICE

When's the takedown?

GILLETTE

Nine minutes! Christ, they've got kids in there!

BISHOP'S VOICE

Miller, are you inside the FBI system?

Miller's on another machine:

STEPHEN MILLER

Phate's imping that he's the Tactical Operations Center in Washington. He's issuing assault codes. The lead agent in the field's responding like it's business as usual.

BISHOP'S VOICE

Have Pacbell trace the call back to the computer he's using.

STEPHEN MILLER

We don't have a warrant but I'll pull some strings over there.

GILLETTE

Tell the FBI. Tell them what's going on. Somebody call Washington!

STEPHEN MILLER

Won't do any good. It's Level Four Rules of Engagement.

GILLETTE

What does that mean?

BISHOP'S VOICE

It warns the teams to expect the perps to impersonate a state cop and try to countermand the attack order. Or at least delay it. They won't listen.

GILLETTE

This can't be happening...

BISHOP'S VOICE

Ever since Waco, authorization comes only in computer codes. So there's no confusion and everything's documented. Nothing verbal, Gillette. *Nothing.*

GILLETTE

I'll call Elana.

BISHOP'S VOICE

Gillette? Level Four also means the assault teams don't make surrender demands. They go in assuming they'll be met with suicidal resistance. It's the rules they use when they're up against terrorists willing to die.

Gillette PUNCHES OVER to another line. Dials Elana:

VOICE ON PHONE
Hello?

GILLETTE
Elana? It's Gillette...

INT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

...but it's Camilla who's answered this time. She HANGS UP, then discreetly leaves the phone off the hook.

Elana looks up from her suitcase, hopeful.

ELANA
Who was that?

CAMILLA
Telemarketers.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette hangs up, shouting into the SPEAKER PHONE:

GILLETTE
I can't get through to her!

BISHOP'S VOICE
Forget about it. FBI's going to cut their lines in five minutes anyway.

GILLETTE
Call the FBI. Tell them the truth.

BISHOP'S VOICE
There's no time. Listen, I want you to do something...lock the doors to CCU.

STEPHEN MILLER
What? Why?

BISHOP'S VOICE
(pause)
I think Phate's coming for you.

GILLETTE
No, he's at a computer somewhere doing all this!

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop speaks in clear, even tones:

BISHOP

Where's Tony? Is he with you?

STEPHEN MILLER'S VOICE

He got an email from a snitch. Said something about some new information on our perp.

BISHOP

You see what Phate's doing? He makes Linda her think her daughter's having a baby. Then he sends Tony on a false lead. He's systematically thinning the ranks at CCU, evening up the odds for a fight. And he's already shut down the grid. He's isolated you, the way he isolated Lara Gibson. Remember his motive...he wants to make a statement, he wants to show how vulnerable the Net is. What better targets are there than the police trained to protect it?

EXT - PARKING LOT, VALLEY FAIR SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

Tony waits next to his motorbike in the barren mall lot, not seeing the FIGURE approaching fast behind him...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette attacks his keyboard as all this sinks in for Miller. He turns and runs for the main doors:

STEPHEN MILLER

I'm locking the doors right now.

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE

So who *is* doing all this?

GILLETTE

It's Shawn. Fuck, who is this asshole?

BISHOP'S VOICE

It doesn't matter now. Just stay with Miller. Any luck, those state troopers will come by and help you out.

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE
How's the trace going?

GILLETTE
Pacbell just came up blank. Shawn's put
an anonymizer on the server he's using.

BISHOP'S VOICE
Can you time the pings like before?

GILLETTE
I'm working on it!

Gillette runs his program, keying desperately...

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...as Bishop speaks into the warehouse phone:

BISHOP
We need to find that machine. The Feds
won't go ahead with the assault if
there's no final confirmation from
Washington. That's part of the rules of
engagement. If we can shut down Shawn's
computer, we can stop them.

GILLETTE'S VOICE
I can't find him! Shit! He's built a
delay into the anonymizer. My program
says he's 10,000 miles away!

BISHOP
What's the countdown at now?

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette stares at the FBI communication going back and forth
across the Net. Words flash up every few seconds:

AGENT LITTLE: SUSPECT'S PHONE LINES ARE TOAST.

TOC WASHINGTON: STICK TO REGULATION WORDS AND PHRASES.

AGENT LITTLE: ROGER THAT, COMMAND.

OPERATIONAL LAUNCH: 4 MINUTES, 53 SECONDS.

GILLETTE

Less than five minutes...

BISHOP'S VOICE

We're overlooking something. What is it?
Any ideas? Linda?

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE

I don't know. Maybe there's something in
Phate's warehouse.

GILLETTE

Frank, describe the place for me.

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop looks around the office he's in.

BISHOP

It looks like another dinosaur pen, like
at CCU. It's full of computers and disks
and equipment. And there's an office with
a big fat metal box in the middle. It's
cold in here. Air conditioners on full.

GILLETTE'S VOICE

The box. What is it? An Internet router?

BISHOP

What's an Internet router?

GILLETTE'S VOICE

Just tell me what it looks like!

BISHOP

There're no switches on it. And the
wiring's under the floor so I can't
unplug it.

STEPHEN MILLER'S VOICE

It's a router. What else is there?

BISHOP

Crates. Boxes. Papers. Books. Disks.
(rifling through a desk)
Technical stuff. Manuals from Sun,
Western Software, NEC, Apple, Harvard.
All the places Phate worked and stole
software from. There's nothing here.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

OPERATIONAL LAUNCH: 3 MINUTES, 58 SECONDS.

Gillette gazes at the countdown, thinking outloud:

GILLETTE

Shawn... We figure out who Shawn is, we can find Phate and stop this.

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE

But who is he? We don't know.

EXT - PARKING LOT, VALLEY FAIR SHOPPING CENTER - NIGHT

The mysterious figure is almost upon Tony Mott now, OUT OF FOCUS. It could be a man or a woman. Hard to tell.

And just as he gets within striking distance...

...Tony Mott whirls around, his big shiny Colt in his would-be attacker's face!

It's a SUBURBAN DAD carrying shopping mall bags.

SUBURBAN DAD

Don't kill me! Don't kill me!

TONY MOTT

Who are you!

SUBURBAN DAD

My name's Donald Wingate! I run a venture capital firm! I have five children! Please don't kill me!

TONY MOTT

What're you doing out here?

SUBURBAN DAD

That's my car...

...pointing to his minivan behind Tony Mott.

TONY MOTT

You got a cell phone? Give it to me!

Tony Mott checks the guy's phone. It's working. Mott fires up his MOTORBIKE and takes the phone with him...

...and the dad collapses with relief.

EXT - MAIN STREETS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Tony Mott sifts through JAMMED TRAFFIC, making a call on the guy's phone, helmet off, shouting over the HORNS.

TONY MOTT

Yeah, the meeting was bogus! Phate got me out here and shut off my phone!

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette and Miller listen to Tony Mott over the speaker:

TONY MOTT'S VOICE

I'm on my way back to CCU right now!

STEPHEN MILLER

We'll be waiting for you...

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Bishop finds something in the desk...

...a PAIR OF DARK SUNGLASSES and a DREADLOCKS WIG. In the wig are several strands of BLONDE HAIR. Into his phone:

BISHOP

I just found Phate's disguise from the van. It's still got a couple of blonde strands of hair in it.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette instantly looks at Miller's balding sandy hair and Miller reads the implication. He's at once defensive.

STEPHEN MILLER

Phate has blonde hair.

BISHOP'S VOICE

Gillette? What's going on there?

GILLETTE

You gave Phate access to ISLEnet.

STEPHEN MILLER

That was a mistake...

GILLETTE

And you missed the lines of Unix on Lara Gibson's computer.

STEPHEN MILLER

Again, now...

GILLETTE

Who's always the one who stays behind when the rest of us leave?

STEPHEN MILLER

What're you talking about?

GILLETTE

The school. Phate's house. You stayed behind at CCU so you could send Phate a warning, tell him we were coming.

STEPHEN MILLER

That's ridiculous!

LINDA SANCHEZ'S VOICE

He's my second-in-command, Gillette. It's his job to stay and watch over CCU when I'm not there.

GILLETTE

Is it? Or has he just been pretending to fuck up all along so we wouldn't suspect him? Don't forget every time he fucks up, he helps Phate.

STEPHEN MILLER

For Chrissakes, I'm not Shawn!

BISHOP'S VOICE

It was Phate in the van. He followed Lara Gibson then switched clothes.

GILLETTE

Or maybe...maybe like Phate, Shawn's just an expert at social engineering.

And before anyone can disagree, Gillette LAUNCHES himself at Miller. Grapples him to the floor. Wrestling...

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...and now Bishop's started to realize something on his own...the CORPORATE TECH MANUALS he found in the desk...

Sun. NEC. Western Software. Apple. Harvard. He lays them all out on the desk. Re-arranges the order they're in:

Sun. Harvard. Apple. Western Software. And NEC.

BISHOP

Holy shit...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Miller finally throws Gillette off, grabbing a .38 from his desk drawer. He points it shakily at the hacker.

STEPHEN MILLER

Back off, Gillette! *I'm not Shawn!*

But Gillette isn't looking at him. He's noticed something on the FBI dialogue still continuing on the computer:

AGENT LITTLE: SUSPECTS PHONE LINES ARE SEVERED.

TOC WASHINGTON: CONFIRM, PHONE LINES ARE SEVERED.

A thought occurs to him as Bishop yells over the speaker:

BISHOP'S VOICE

Gillette, the five places Phate worked at spell "S-H-A-W-N"!

GILLETTE

The cube! It's not an Internet router, it's a supercomputer! *That's Shawn!*

BISHOP'S VOICE

It can't be. There's no way a computer could've done all this.

GILLETTE

It's the *only* way. Damn, why wasn't I thinking better? A supercomputer is the only thing that could crack our scrambled signals and monitor all of the phone calls and emails in and out of CCU. A human being couldn't do it -- there's way too much to listen to. That's how Phate knew you were coming to the school. And that's how he knew we were about to raid his house. Shawn heard the assault code and sent him a warning. He's been one step ahead of us this whole time!

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop stares at the cube, frightened by it now.

BISHOP

But it's talking to the FBI right now --
they're having a conversation!

GILLETTE'S VOICE

It's a chatterbot program, it picks up on
your words and responds. I just saw it
tell the agent in the field to key in
official commands because he used a
metaphor and Shawn couldn't follow it!

BISHOP

What can we do?

GILLETTE'S VOICE

There's only one thing. You gotta...

...BUT THE LINE DIES.

BISHOP

Gotta what? Gillette? Gillette!

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette and Miller are stranded in darkness. The LIGHTS and
PHONES have gone out, only the computers remain on.

STEPHEN MILLER

What happened?

GILLETTE

I don't know. The computers are still on,
though.

There's a LOUD KNOCKING on the CCU doors.

Miller's startled. Pistol raised, he runs up to the hall to
the doors, leaving Gillette behind in the main area.

Miller can see the SILHOUETTE of a STATE TROOPER in the
glass. He UNLOCKS the door with a breath of relief.

STEPHEN MILLER

Boy, are we glad to see you.

The State Trooper STRIKES like a snake. Plunges a HUNTING
KNIFE into Miller's heart. Miller collapses silently...

EXT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Meanwhile, outside Camilla's house, Special Agent Little drops by his COMMS TECH in the FBI communications van.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE
Request yellow confirmation.

FBI COMMS TECH
Yes, sir.

The comms tech KEYS into his machine:

DoJ NORTHERN DISTRICT CALIFORNIA OPERATION 130-01:

YELLOW CODE CONFIRM?

A moment later, a message FLASHES up on screen:

YELLOW CODE: <<OAKTREE>>

Little turns to his troops.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE
Okay, we got permission to deploy. We
kick down the doors on my signal.

The FBI agents covertly take up their FIRING POSITIONS outside the house. Little sets his watch. Calm. Poised.

INT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Inside, Elana BOILS some tea. A thousand thoughts racing through her head. Gillette's GPS modem sits on the table.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

The trooper strolls down the corridor to Gillette. It's hard to tell but under all his make-up disguise is Phate.

PHATE
You Gillette?

GILLETTE
Where's Miller?

PHATE
He's checking all the windows, said he'd
be back in a minute.

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bishop's pistol CHEWS into Shawn but has little affect beyond some exterior damage to the metal housing.

He looks around. Grabs an IRON CROWBAR and POUNDS the supercomputer. But the lights adamantly keep FLASHING.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, the two wizard hackers stare at one another in the ambient BLUE LIGHT of the computers surrounding them.

Phate keeps up his social engineering.

PHATE
(stepping closer)
What happened to the lights?

GILLETTE
(stepping back)
Somebody shut down the grid.

Now Phate's within striking distance. Gillette glances down the corridor towards the entrance...

...still no sign of Miller.

PHATE
I'm gonna need to cuff you.

His hand reaches behind as if going for his HANDCUFFS...

...but we see he's actually reaching for his HUNTING KNIFE which is tucked into the back of his pants.

Gillette holds his hands out obligingly, but then he sees that the tips of State Trooper's FINGERS are corroded...

...a hacker's manicure!

He POUNCES on Phate, pinning him in the same CHOKE HOLD that Bishop used earlier. But Gillette screws it up!

He doesn't get a tight hold and Phate threads an arm up through the gap between his neck and Gillette's arm...

...breaking free now. He HAMMERS Gillette back, the KNIFE drawn sharply at Gillette's throat...

INT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Elana is sipping tea with her sister, Camilla, when she spots something out the kitchen window. It scares her.

ELANA

I think I saw something outside.

CAMILLA

Relax, the neighbors have a new cat.

EXT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

The FBI SNIPER Elana caught a glimpse of lines her up in his rifle sights. A silhouette shot. Easy pickings.

FBI SNIPER

(into radio)

Shooter One to Command. I have a shot.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE

No firing until we get the final red confirmation...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

...as Gillette struggles fiercely, but Phate's got him.

PHATE

I don't want to have to kill you, Valleyman. But I will.

GILLETTE

Call off the FBI, Phate.

PHATE

That's a Shawn thing. You'll have to talk to him.

GILLETTE

Shawn isn't real! Shawn is a computer!

PHATE

Shawn understands me. I programmed him that way. We understand each other.

GILLETTE

There are kids in that house! Elana's in that house!

PHATE

She tried to take you away from your machines. She deserves to die.

GILLETTE

No. I did that... I want that...

PHATE

Please, a true hacker has no business being married. It'll only hold you back. Just think, you'll be free of her any moment now.

Phate has found the FBI SCREEN showing the communication going back and forth between Shawn and Agent Little.

Gillette writhes with fury, BUCKLING himself in Phate's grasp with all he's got. But Phate's too strong.

He BEATS Gillette down. Prone. On his stomach. Digs a knee into his back. Yanks his head up by the hair.

Places the knife underneath Gillette's neck...

...then he stops, lifting Gillette's chin with the blade to make him watch the FBI screen.

Phate gives a little smile.

PHATE

Such a thrill to finally meet you at last. Shame about the circumstances.

GILLETTE

I'll do anything you want, just call them off.

PHATE

Somehow I think I knew it was you all along. What're you doing working for them? You're not a cop. You're a hacker. You live in your Blue Nowhere.

GILLETTE

I'm working for them because I *am* a hacker. You're just some fucking loser who uses machines to kill people.

PHATE

Death is the ultimate hack, my friend.

GILLETTE

Call off them off... Please...

PHATE

What're you offering?

GILLETTE

What?

PHATE

If I help you, what do I get?

GILLETTE

What do you want?

PHATE

I want you to make up for turning me in at Harvard.

GILLETTE

How?

PHATE

You took away my life from me. Made it so I couldn't live in the Real World anymore. I think the least you could do is share the Machine World with me.

(pause)

It'll be like the old days in "Knights of Access". I've got the keys to the world now. *Think of the shit we could pull together!* C'mon...you're dying to know how Trapdoor works, aren't you?

GILLETTE

A packet-sniffer to divert messages, then you use stenography to embed Trapdoor in the packet. It self-activates as soon as it's inside the machine and resets the communication protocols. It hides in the Solitaire program and self-destructs whenever somebody comes looking for it.

PHATE

But that's like saying, "Oh, he flaps his arms and flies." *How did I do it?* That's what you want to know. That's what *nobody* knows. Don't you wonder what the source code looks like? I can see it in your eyes. Wouldn't you love to get a look at that code? I can set it up. Give you a peek. It'd be like getting to look at God, wouldn't it?

And Gillette can't help it, he is dying to know...

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Meanwhile, Bishop stares at Shawn, defeated. Checks his watch. Time's run out. He doesn't know what else to do.

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

And Phate still has Gillette pinned. Their eyes riveted to the FBI computer screen.

PHATE

You need to make a choice. Sacrifice
yourself and I'll call off the raid.
 Sacrifice *her* and we rock this world to
 the core. Death in the Real World or life
 in the Machine World. Husband or hacker?
 (in his ear)
 Who do you want to be, Gillette?

Gillette reels with the decision...

EXT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

...and with every passing moment, things get worse. Agent Little quietly RADIOS in to the FBI comms tech:

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE

Request red confirmation.

The comms tech KEYS in the command on his terminal:

DoJ NORTHERN DISTRICT CALIFORNIA OPERATION 130-01:

RED CODE CONFIRM?

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Gillette speaks calmly as he watches the FBI screen:

GILLETTE

The husband.

PHATE

No!

The final RED CONFIRM flashes before them now...

EXT - DOORWAY, CAMILLA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Elana OPENS the front door to the house, the cup of tea in her hands. FROM A DISTANCE, IT LOOKS LIKE A WEAPON!

She looks around for the whatever it was she saw...

...unaware of the several AUTOMATIC RIFLES in the bushes and in the distance that immediately line up on her!

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE
(into radio)
Is that a weapon? Somebody verify!

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Back in Phate's warehouse, a familiar-looking RED ALARM BUTTON has caught Bishop's eye on the wall behind him...

...and all at once he remembers:

PHATE'S WAREHOUSE IS A DINOSAUR PEN! And the red alarm button on the wall is a SCRAM SWITCH!

He lunges for the switch. SLAMS the button hard. STREAMS OF HALON GAS instantly shoot out from pipes...

...and POWER IMMEDIATELY DIES throughout the pen!

EXT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

And the FBI comms tech is left waiting for a response on his machine while the troops hold Elana in their sights!

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE
(into radio)
Still waiting for that confirm!

FBI COMMS TECH
Uh...me, too, Sir.

INT - PHATE'S WAREHOUSE, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Bishop scuttles back over to Shawn. Checks the indicator lights. Gets there just in time to see them FADE OUT.

Now, he quickly doubles back out of the warehouse...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

Phate and Gillette watch the computer monitor, stunned:

DoJ NORTHERN DISTRICT CALIFORNIA OPERATION 130-01:

<<SYSTEMS BREACH: ABORT MISSION>>

GILLETTE

He did it... Bishop. He killed Shawn.

PHATE

No. That's... Impossible...

Gillette feels the knife ease off his neck for just a moment. And that's all the distraction he needs...

...he SLAMS an elbow up into Phate's ribs.

Phate falls off him, yelping with the sudden pain.

Gillette rolls. Traps the knife under his foot. THROWS the rest his body into Phate to make him let go.

Now the two men RUMBLE HARD. Pummeling each other with their bare hands. Gillette fights like he's possessed.

EXT - CAMILLA'S HOUSE, SUBURBS - NIGHT

Frantic communication fires across the FBI radios now with Elana still in the troops' CROSSHAIRS.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE

What the Hell are you talking about?

FBI COMMS TECH

It says there's some kind of systems breach. It's telling us to abort.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE

But we've got one in our sights!

FBI COMMS TECH

I checked it twice, sir. It's legit.

SPECIAL AGENT LITTLE

Shit! Abort mission! Pull back! I'm gonna kick somebody's ass for this!

Elana watches as a DOZEN FBI AGENTS benignly emerge out of the bushes around the house. Her mouth drops...

INT - CCU HEADQUARTERS, SAN JOSE - NIGHT

And now Gillette lets Phate have it, a RELENTLESS BARRAGE OF PENT-UP RAGE! Phate draws his State Trooper's pistol.

But Gillette kicks it away, POUNDING Phate viciously.

Finally, Gillette collapses against a desk. Gazes over at Phate's broken form. Both of them are too weak to move.

Phate squirms about on the floor. His eyes look up and find the FBI screen still FLASHING its ABORT signal.

PHATE

(scoffs)

Damn computers...

GILLETTE

They're wonderful toys, Phate. They've changed the world forever...

(pause)

...but that's not where life is.

Phate suddenly spins around, enraged...

...and we realize he's been squirming around on the floor because he's actually been reaching for his knife!

It's out in the open where they left it!

His hands curl around the hilt. Lift it high above his head. He SPRINGS FORWARD at Gillette, eyes ablaze...

...and Gillette is frozen. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The shots bite into Phate's back!

He falls down, shocked. Looks up at Gillette.

Gillette stares back at him.

A moment. And Phate dies.

There, in the doorway behind him, is Tony Mott...

...with his big, smoking .45 in his hands, the MOTORBIKE between his legs, and a victorious grin on his face.

Now Bishop races in behind him, pistol drawn. He sees Phate lying dead on the floor at Gillette's feet...

...and he walks up, checking the body. Then he crouches down beside Gillette. And the two men share a smile...

INT - GILLETTE'S CELL, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

A SLOT OPENS on Gillette's prison cell door and a MEDIUM-SIZED BOX slides through. Already opened and inspected.

Gillette slides off his bunk and looks inside. He pulls out a battered, second-hand TOSHIBA LAPTOP COMPUTER...

...and places it on his desk. Opens it. Inside, there's a note from Bishop: "You earned it". Gillette BOOTS it up.

The WALLPAPER is a DIGITAL PHOTO taken of Bishop and Tony Mott flanking Linda Sanchez on either side.

It's taken at the hospital where Linda Sanchez is proudly cradling a CHUBBY, CRYING GRANDBABY only a few days old.

Gillette smiles, not noticing his cell door slide open.

PRISON GUARD

Gillette... Got yourself a visitor.

INT - VISITOR'S ROOM, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

Gillette walks into the prison visitor's room where a WALL OF PLEXIGLAS divides the civilians from the cons.

He's stunned to find Elana waiting on the other side of the glass. She's wearing a terrific BLUE DRESS.

They sit down across from each other, pick up the PHONES.

GILLETTE

I thought you'd left. I... I'm sorry about the FBI.

ELANA

They explained it all to us. They were actually very nice considering they had been planning to kill us all.

Gillette admires her fondly, his fingers nervously keying an imaginary board in front of him.

GILLETTE

You talk to somebody about the modem?

ELANA

I found a lawyer. He's going to handle it. But if it sells, I only want back what I lost. The rest is yours.

GILLETTE

No, I want you to have it all...

ELANA

I postponed going to New York.

GILLETTE

For how long?

ELANA

A year.

GILLETTE

What about Ed?

ELANA

He's with me. Waiting for me outside.

GILLETTE

(pause, defensive)

So what'd you come here for?

ELANA

I've been thinking about you. About what you said to me.

GILLETTE

We could have a life together.

ELANA

Would you give up machines for me?

GILLETTE

I won't lie to you, it'd be hard. I can promise you they'd never come between us the way they did. Never. I just gotta learn to live without them is all. Thing is, I don't know how long that's gonna take...

She nods, digesting this. Gillette studies her. She turns in her seat. Calls towards the VISITOR'S DOOR:

ELANA

Ed?

GILLETTE

No, Elana wait...

...but the DOOR opens and, strangely, Camilla appears leading in one of the children Gillette saw at her home.

This is ED...a two year old boy!

He climbs up on Elana's lap and stares at Gillette. Elana cuddles him warmly, hesitating before she speaks:

ELANA

Ed, I'd like you to say "hey" to Gillette. Can you do that for mommy?

ED

Hey, Gillette.

ELANA

(to Gillette)

I never told you because I was so *angry* with you... He's your son.

Gillette is struck speechless, absolutely overwhelmed with a barrage of emotions in this moment.

He gazes at Ed for the longest time. Finally:

GILLETTE

Do me a favor, Ed? "Gillette" is just a computer username. My real name's Wyatt. Could you call me Wyatt?

The boy nods, SMILING through the glass. Gillette loves him already. The three of them sit there, a family.

INT - GILLETTE'S CELL, FEDERAL PRISON - DAY

And when Gillette returns to his cell, he's glowing. He glances at the TOSHIBA LAPTOP waiting on his desk.

Gillette CLOSES the machine.

And looks out his CELL WINDOW.

The sky outside is a magnificent blue...

EXT - CITY PARK, SAN JOSE - DAY

And out in a tree-filled park somewhere, we find Bishop kicking a SOCCER BALL around with his son and his wife.

They laugh and play together in the morning light...

CREDITS ROLL:

FADE TO BLACK.