

Sellout

by  
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FADE IN:

SUPER: 2009

EXT. TIDE POOL - BIG SUR COAST - MORNING

A cocky SEA OTTER floats on his back enjoying the crispness of his Northern California oasis. The otter seems to smile to a flying seagull CAWING as he scans the rugged cove. A powerful wave CRASHES against cement stairs which lead sharply up a cliff away from their paradise. At the top of the stairs beyond the golf-green quality grass lies one of the most incredible MANSIONS of the California coast.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COASTAL MANSION

Rugged and still handsome at (58), OTTO PREMINGER, dressed in gym shorts and a T-shirt, basks in a leather easy chair in his incredibly appointed living room. As he ponders the blue Pacific ocean, a French-American beauty, JEANINE(34), naked save for a short silk bathrobe, slinks her arms around Otto from behind.

JEANINE  
(mild French accent)  
Good morning master.

Jeanine giggles and kisses his cheek. Otto smiles and looks ahead, completely satisfied, stroking her arm.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
What was that last night?

Jeanine slides into his lap, and kisses him again.

OTTO  
The ol' dog still has a few tricks.

Jeanine hikes her eyebrow.

JEANINE  
And I didn't even have to get out  
the peanut butter.

Otto smiles, shakes his head and kisses her.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
What would his good-in-bedness like  
for breakfast? My crepe suzettes  
are getting really good.

OTTO

Nice to know those private lessons  
with Martha Stewart are finally  
paying off.

Otto pats her butt as she gets up and admires her beautiful  
muscular and tanned legs as she exits.

JEANINE

Two \$20,000 crepes coming right up.

Jeanine calls out from the kitchen.

JEANINE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Baby, we're out of eggs. Be back  
in a flash.

OTTO

OK.

Keys JINGLE as they are SCRAPED off the counter. The door  
SLAMS.

Otto shakes his head and clicks a black BUTTON on his easy  
chair. A behemoth PLASMA TV rises from the floor.

Otto clicks on the TV. On the TV, a REPORTER stands in front  
of a shocking IMAGE of the smoldering WHITE HOUSE.

The panicked reporter touches his earpiece as he nervously  
glances behind himself and details the tragedy.

Otto is speechless and closes his eyes in guilt.

NEWSCASTER (ON TELEVISION)

A radical Arabic off-shoot has  
claimed responsibility for this  
latest heinous attack on American  
soil.

Otto picks up his high tech cordless phone and quickly dials.

INT. DORM ROOM - BERKELEY

Outdoorsy and super-handsome, DUSTIN (18) fumbles for the  
phone. Two SURFBOARDS lean against the wall of his pigsty.

DUSTIN

(raggedy morning voice)  
Hello?

OTTO  
Dustin, I've got something very  
important to tell you.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Dustin grabs for the clock radio. It reads 7:32.

DUSTIN  
It's like the middle of the night.

OTTO  
This tragedy is all my fault.

DUSTIN  
Dude, relax, I'm almost off  
probation.

OTTO  
Turn on the TV.

DUSTIN  
This is a first.

Dustin fumbles for his remote, but is interrupted by curly red haired REBECCA (19) who rolls over and lays on Dustin's chest and caresses him. Dustin is immediately distracted and looks down at his crotch.

REBECCA  
(whispering)  
Who is it?

OTTO (O.S.)  
Son, I'll never forgive myself for  
what I've done. I was only  
thinking of the money.

Off camera, Rebecca is obviously fellating Dustin. He talks to both of them.

DUSTIN  
Which I appreciate very much.

OTTO  
Your grandfather would turn over in  
his grave.

Dustin looks down at Rebecca.

DUSTIN  
I think he'd be pretty proud.

A CALL WAITING BEEP interrupts.

OTTO  
Hold on Dustin.

DUSTIN  
I'll try.

Dustin sighs in joy, puts the phone near his ear and puts both hands on her head.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Otto clicks over.

OTTO  
Hello?

JACK  
Otty, they're at it again.

INT. LIVING ROOM - TAHOE REGION

JACK (58), burly and weathered, paces in his massive lodge that boasts a wall of glass VIEW of the expansive Sierra forest.

JACK  
Told ya we should have developed  
gramp's idea.

OTTO  
It's gone too far. We've got to go  
public.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Another call waiting BEEP interrupts their conversation.

JACK  
I've been telling you.

OTTO  
Dustin's on the other line.

Jack realizes he's been hung up on, shrugs, hangs up and grabs his fishing pole and charges outside.

OTTO (cont'd)  
Dustin, are you there?

INT. DORM ROOM

DUSTIN  
(moaning)  
Yeah.

OTTO (O.S.)  
What the?

BANG

Rebecca hangs up the phone.

INT. LIVING ROOM - COASTAL MANSION

The wind fluffs the expensive drapes. The continual TV COVERAGE of the White House disaster ruins the eerie silence.

NEWSCASTER (ON TELEVISION)  
An understaffed police force has given way to rampant looting in the immediate area of the disaster...

INT. KITCHEN

Jeanine enters weighed down by two bags of fresh groceries.

JEANINE  
(yelling)  
The raspberries looked beautiful,  
so we are having those instead.

Jeanine continues to unload the groceries, including a fresh BAG of Peet's COFFEE.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
Vous tu encore cafe?

Jeanine walks in the living room, sniffing the open bag of coffee. She senses something is wrong. She crosses the room to close the open window near the fluffing drapes. Her attention is sucked to the news coverage on TV.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
Oh my God! Otty, did you see--

She turns around to discover Otto's lifeless figure on the ground near his chair. The coffee drops and spills everywhere. She slumps in sobbing tears over his body, and rocks him back and forth.

She sits upright in a tearful rage, looking at the ceiling.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
 (crying and screaming)  
 WHY...WHY...WHY.

Her rage turns to hurt.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
 I'm here to protect you baby.

She caresses his face and slumps over him.

EXT. OCEAN VIEW CEMETERY - CARMEL - DAY

Dustin, dressed in his best black suit wearing Ray-Bans, struggles to keep himself from crying as he hugs and greets the throngs of mourners.

FRED (20), an athletic black guy with the latest haircut, gives him a heartfelt hug.

FRED  
 It'll be cool Dust.

Dustin nods, but can't speak.

FRED (cont'd)  
 We'll party and talk it out when  
 you're ready.

DUSTIN  
 Thanks man.

Dustin chokes back his tears.

ERIN (19) an athletic, natural beautiful brunette, hugs Dustin to temper her own sobs.

ERIN  
 I'm so sorry.

She continues to hug him. Dustin rests his head on her shoulder wishing he were alone with her. He can only nod.

Rebecca rudely interrupts the two. Her blood red finger nails wrap around the back of his neck.

REBECCA  
 Oh Dustin.

She pulls Dustin towards her and inappropriately sexily kisses him. Erin looks on in controlled disgust at Rebecca. Rebecca sneers at Erin and turns Dustin away from her.

Jack approaches Dustin and stands protectively by his other side. He hands Dustin his handkerchief. Dustin BLOWS his nose and tries to hand it back. Jack motions "keep it".

Jeanine, ringed by her own group of mourners, looks over to Dustin wishing she could hug him. Dustin returns her empathy with a mean glare. Jack steps in front of Dustin.

JACK

You're coming up to the mountains  
for a month to get your head  
together.

Dustin looks up to Jack, thankful he has someone he can lean on. Jack slaps his arm around Dustin's shoulder.

DUSTIN

You mean it?

JACK

Fishing, clean air, good food...

DUSTIN

Thanks Jack.

Rebecca stays near his side, arms crossed, almost bored. She readjusts her gold chained designer purse. Jeanine walks over to Dustin. Dustin puts Jack in between them.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

Would you get her the fuck away  
from me.

JEANINE

Dust...I'm hurting too.

DUSTIN

Now you can get all the money you  
wanted right up front.

JACK

Dustin, don't talk to her like  
that.

DUSTIN

He'd still be alive if it weren't  
for you.

Jack jerks Dustin back behind him.

JACK

Jeanine, we'll talk next week.

MATCH CUT: Jack winks at Jeanine.

INT. JACK'S LODGE - LIVING ROOM - TAHOE REGION - AFTERNOON

CLOSE UP: An old photograph of Jack winking.

Dustin and Jack flip through old PICTURES in the massive timber-beamed room. A near empty WINE BOTTLE sits on the coffee table in front of the flickering Tahoe-esque river rock fireplace.

DUSTIN

Man, you guys were so skinny.

JACK

Don't worry, you'll be a fat ass  
just like me one day.

Jack smiles and pats his belly, knowing full well that's he's no fat ass. He jumps up to the granite counter that separates the open floor plan from the kitchen. He effortlessly lifts two cases of wine.

DUSTIN

Mom, was hot! How did dad ever  
work that.

JACK

He was a pretty smooth talker.

DUSTIN

So that's where I got it from.

Dustin smirks at Jack and continues to absorb the photos.

JACK

So, did pops ever tell you who your  
grandfather was?

DUSTIN

No, not much, some inventor dude--

JACK

Or even better, your great grand-  
father?

DUSTIN

They sounded like hard-asses.

Dustin yearns to hear more.

JACK

Died when I was ten, a heart attack  
or something. Or so they say.

DUSTIN

I think you've got the right idea.

Dustin admires his incredible view.

JACK

You really don't know, do you?

DUSTIN

Know what?

Dustin puts the pictures down and stands up.

JACK

Who your grandfa--great grandfather was?

DUSTIN

From our stump of a family tree.

Jack throws the now empty wine box at Dustin pointing towards the waning fire.

JACK

You're all I've got too.

Dustin plops the box on the small fire. It catches immediately and ROARS. Jack walks up behind him and tosses the second box. He tussles Dustin's hair.

JACK (cont'd)

How bout what your "inventor dude" great gramps did?

DUSTIN

What's the big secret?

JACK

How about that he was so paranoid about someone stealing his grandson, that no one ever knew he was married?

DUSTIN

Full on freak!

JACK

Did you ever learn about Nikola Tesla?

DUSTIN

Who's that?

JACK  
Your grandfather.

DUSTIN  
So.

JACK  
So, smarty-pants, we wouldn't have  
electricity or radio without him!  
That's a pretty big SO!

DUSTIN  
No way! You are shitting me. Like  
he invented it?!

JACK  
All of it.

DUSTIN  
I thought it was Edison, and  
Macaroni..Marconi, whatever.

JACK  
Nope.

DUSTIN  
So that's where Dad got his bacon.

JACK  
Sort of, and me, just by being your  
uncle.

DUSTIN  
I thought you owned that sporting  
good chain?

JACK  
So I wouldn't have to explain every  
5 seconds where my money came from.  
That thing loses money every year.

DUSTIN  
Got any more this?

Dustin holds up the empty bottle of wine and purposely BURPS.

JACK  
It ain't water ya know. That's  
\$275 a bottle. Wholesale.

DUSTIN  
You can afford it.

JACK

Follow me.

Jack and Dustin scurry downstairs, arriving at a vault like door.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack punches a series of numbers in to the KEYPAD. The door opens with a VACUUM sound. Jack and Dustin enter.

INT. WINE VAULT

DUSTIN

Radical! No teenager is gonna steal your wine.

JACK

About 5 million bucks worth.

Jack splays his hand to show the 20,000 bottle wine cellar.

JACK (cont'd)

Temperature controlled of course, and lead lined to keep out any stray radiation from those pesky nuclear bombs.

DUSTIN

They'd mess your whole day up.

Jack grabs a bottle of wine, expertly opens it with a Screwpull, and provides two clean fresh glasses.

JACK

I know you have the attention span of an ant sometimes, so I'll be brief.

Dustin swirls and sniffs his wine as Jack goes to his grand bookshelf and retrieves a massive antique book, "GREAT INVENTORS".

DUSTIN

Is he in there?

JACK

Nope, he's not the first to get screwed out of his credit due.

Jack opens the page to THOMAS EDISON.

DUSTIN  
(a la Spicoli)  
I know that dude. So he's not the  
one who invented elect--

JACK  
Direct Current, not alternating.

DUSTIN  
What's the difference?

JACK  
DC...direct current, is like  
batteries. The power can't travel  
far, and in a power plant, it's too  
dangerous, that's Edison.  
Alternating Current, that's your  
gramps. He changed the world.

DUSTIN  
I've never even heard of him.

Dustin shakes his head in disbelief.

Jack reaches in to a drawer to retrieve extremely old  
PHOTOGRAPHS.

JACK  
He was waiting til you were 21 when  
your real trust would kick in.

Dustin examines a photo of handsome NIKOLA TESLA.

DUSTIN  
Bet he got laid a lot.

JACK  
He barely had time for that. But  
she understood that.

Jack presents a PHOTOGRAPH of a fair woman in typical  
Victorian era dress, standing behind Nikola.

JACK (cont'd)  
Meet your great grandmother.

DUSTIN  
Gramma had a big bootie.

Jack socks Dustin in the arm.

JACK  
Watch it!

Jack presents another well-known PHOTOGRAPH of Nikola, this time in front of two resistors arcing electricity.

JACK (cont'd)

He worked for Edison when he first came here from Serbia.

Dustin grabs the massive inventors BOOK and begins to read.

JACK (cont'd)

It's a well known fact Edison put his name on a lot of things he didn't invent.

DUSTIN

So Edison stole gramps invention?

JACK

The opposite. Fought to suppress it, because it made his obsolete.

DUSTIN

But everyone thinks Edison invented it anyway.

JACK

Not everyone. The truth comes out eventually, even if it takes 100 years.

DUSTIN

How'd gramps get his deal out there?

JACK

You've heard of Westinghouse?

DUSTIN

Kind of.

JACK

He saw the vision, and knew it was the wave of the future. He paid gramps a million dollars for it.

DUSTIN

That's it?

JACK

That was a hell of a lot of money back then. They harnessed Niagara Falls together.

DUSTIN

Damn.

JACK

That's what everyone else said,  
including General Electric backed  
by J.P. Morgan using Direct  
Current.

DUSTIN

Why didn't he just keep it all for  
himself.

JACK

He knew it was bigger than him.  
And he knew if the big boys weren't  
cut in on it, they'd kill it, or  
you. Ever wonder why we still use  
gas and oil?

DUSTIN

It's 7 bucks a gallon!

Jack turns the page to show the invention of the MODEL T.

JACK

Did you know the original Model T  
could run on alcohol?

DUSTIN

So it's the car companies!

JACK

It's bigger than them, or our  
government. It's the powers that  
be. They have to have some way to  
keep us in control.

DUSTIN

Get the fuck out.

JACK

You could have a still in your  
backyard and never buy gas.

Dustin air banjoes and sings the plucking noise a la  
"Deliverance".

DUSTIN

(singing)

Der, der, der, der, der, dur, der, duhr, da

JACK

Just about the time cars were becoming all the rage, alcohol was being blamed for all America's problems.

DUSTIN

Prohibition.

Jack flips a page showing a PICTURE of the Women's Christian Temperance Union picketing.

JACK

So, some ball-busting Christian chicks on parade, whose husbands would rather hang around the bar than come home, struck a cord with the government.

DUSTIN

How'd they convince them?

JACK

They didn't have to. If folks were making booze in their back yards, there was no way to tax either the alcohol to drink, or the alcohol used as fuel. Plus it made you unproductive.

Dustin takes a big swig of wine.

JACK (cont'd)

Gasoline is difficult to refine. It takes big money to pull it out of the ground, and bring it to your car.

DUSTIN

So that way, only a few people can do it.

JACK

You're not so dumb after all. Have a look at these.

Jack walks over to a closet and pulls old BLUE PRINTS out of a large tube. He splays the elaborately drawn prints on the table. Dustin is puzzled by its round shape, like a bundt cake, with a Gyroscope-like mechanism in the center.

DUSTIN

What up with this?

JACK  
Sustainable non-polluting energy.  
Nuclear fusion.

DUSTIN  
Nuclear's not new.

JACK  
It's fusion not fission.

DUSTIN  
Like I would know the difference.

Dustin is awed by the design.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
How could this NOT be developed!

JACK  
Well for one reason, your father  
sold the technology.

DUSTIN  
Mine?! To who?

JACK  
The Men in black, the government,  
the illuminati, I don't think he  
even he knew.

DUSTIN  
How did they know he had it?

JACK  
Because he was your grandfather's  
son. And even that was a secret  
for a long time. He was young. He  
didn't know what he had, or how it  
worked. He wanted to make a quick  
buck, or bookoo bucks as the case  
was.

DUSTIN  
That was lame.

JACK  
You sure are benefitting from it.

DUSTIN  
Yeah, I guess.

JACK  
It's easy to point fingers when  
you're not in that situation.

(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)  
You have something...Everyone wants  
it. He just thought they would  
develop it.

Dustin shakes his head, speechless.

JACK (cont'd)  
With this, the only use we'd have  
for petroleum is for the Vaseline  
to finally fuck them.

DUSTIN  
So it's gotta be the oil companies.

JACK  
Not the oil companies. The people  
behind the oil companies. The  
richest families in the world. They  
would lose control.

DUSTIN  
Like the Rockefellers?

JACK  
Much more secret than that.

DUSTIN  
Whoa, all the terrorism stuff...  
you think?

Jack motions Dustin out of the wine vault. They exit.

He pushes the door shut and re-locks the door via the KEYPAD.

INT. HALLWAY

Jack and Dustin head slowly up the stairs.

DUSTIN  
Arab fucks.

Dustin gets agitated. The sound of a DOOR OPENING perks both  
their eyes.

JACK  
Hold on Hitler. That's what they  
want you to think. They are just  
pawns and victims in their game  
too.

LING SUN (35), a super sexy, tall and confident Asian beauty,  
strides with 4 bags of groceries.

LING SUN

I heard pawn and victim. You ready  
to lose at chess again so soon?

Jack smirks and raises his eyebrows. He lovingly pulls her to him and passionately kisses her, relieving her of the plastic grocery bags. The electricity of their relationship is evident.

Jack puts the grocery on the floor and irresistibly kisses her again.

JACK

Dust, meet Ling-Sun.

Dustin looks nervous.

DUSTIN

Dad said your name was Lucy?

Ling pushes Jack away.

LING SUN

Are you cheating on me again?

LING SUN (cont'd)

That's my cheesy American name.  
Dad didn't know what was hip when  
he got off the boat.

Dustin is impressed by her candor.

LING SUN (cont'd)

Hey Dustin, I'm really sorry to  
hear about your dad. He was a  
great guy.

DUSTIN

Thanks.

LING SUN

I hope you stay as long as you  
want.

JACK

Hold on now.

Jack holds on to Ling like a toddler snatching his toy.

LING SUN

(affected Chinese hooker)  
You no worry Mr. Jack, plenty Ling  
Sun for eberyone.

Dustin eats up her irreverence and knows they've made an instant bond.

LING SUN (cont'd)  
I make you and #1 son berry good  
dinner now master.

DUSTIN  
I love Chinese food.

LING SUN  
So do I, but tonight you'll eat the  
best red pepper pasta, ever.

JACK  
She was a model in Milan when I met  
her.

LING SUN  
Until he rescued me.

She bats her eyes like a starlet and kisses Jack.

JACK  
She had one of those old guy  
fetishes.

Ling Sun saunters towards the kitchen.

DUSTIN  
(to Jack)  
Dude, she rocks.

Ling overhears and beams. Jack holds up two fingers.

JACK  
Two Phd's.

LING SUN  
(yelling from kitchen)  
Don't forget the minor in cock  
sucking.

Dustin falls off the couch laughing as Ling sashays in wiping the corner of her mouth holding a beautiful ANTIPASTO TRAY.

LING SUN (cont'd)  
Just in case your brains don't get  
you a job.

Dustin dives in to the antipasto. Ling sets out crystal wine glasses. Jack grabs her waist and sits her down on his lap as she pours the red wine.

Dustin takes a gulp. Ling swirls then sips.

DUSTIN

Tasty.

Jack examines the bottle.

JACK

You opened up the Rothschild for  
the little squirt.

LING SUN

I'd say it's a pretty special  
occasion. It's not everyday that I  
get to meet the...

Jack nods that she can continue.

LING SUN (cont'd)

Great grandson of Nikola Tesla.

DUSTIN

You know about him too?

LING SUN

Pretty amazing guy. I finished up  
my thesis on alternative energy  
sources. He was a man out of time.

DUSTIN

Dad sucked at secrets?

Dustin looks at Jack for what else he's missing.

LING SUN

That's how I met Jack, during my  
research.

JACK

You know how kids talk.

LING SUN

I'm sure you've got a harem of  
girls swarming you at Berkeley.

DUSTIN

Nobody like you.

Dustin flirts.

JACK

OK, that's it. Touch my girl and  
you're dead.

Ling and Dustin laugh. Jack jumps into the kitchen to grab a bottle of Pellegrino.

LING SUN  
Isn't he romantic? So there's no  
lucky "one".

DUSTIN  
I've got a couple in rotation. Got  
one coming up tomorrow if that's  
cool.

Ling looks at Jack for his approval.

JACK  
Barely can stand one night alone  
with me, huh?

Dustin makes an endearing face and turns up both hands.

JACK (cont'd)  
(Southern redneck)  
If it'll keep you away from my  
woman, bring'em on.

Jack hugs Ling around the waist.

Ling winks at Dustin and laughs at Jack's false jealousy.

EXT. JACK'S LODGE - DAY

Dustin stands with Rebecca at the rear of his '72 topless Burnt Orange Bronco. She sizes up the lodge exterior. She sports a black tight sweater, leggings and too many silver bracelets. Dustin struggles with all her bags.

INT. JACK'S LODGE

Jack and Ling stand together as Rebecca enters first. Dustin barely gets through the door. Rebecca scans the interior.

DUSTIN  
(breathless)  
Jack, Ling, meet Rebecca.

REBECCA  
Dustin's told me so much about you.

Rebecca offers her hand.

DUSTIN  
I have?

LING SUN  
Your room is all ready upstairs.

REBECCA  
With Dustin?

Jack looks at Ling, smirking at her pushiness.

JACK  
Sure, why not?

DUSTIN  
Rebecca's parents are Christian  
fundamentalists.

Rebecca looks at Dustin to stop.

Dustin grabs her things and heads upstairs.

JACK  
Why not take Erin down to the boat  
and show her the lake.

DUSTIN  
Um, Jack. You know this is  
Rebecca.

Rebecca stares at Dustin in a controlled rage. Dustin grabs her bags and shrugs his shoulders at Rebecca who turns up the stairs. Dustin turns and struggles to free his middle finger to flip off Jack, and playfully mouths "FUCK YOU", nodding for payback. Jack is proud of his cleverness. Ling shakes her head and playfully hits Jack on the shoulder.

INT. BEDROOM

Rebecca unpacks her things. Dustin attempts to help.

REBECCA  
You told me you two had broken up.

DUSTIN  
Well, sort of.

REBECCA  
You lied.

DUSTIN  
I just don't ditch people. We were  
good friends.

REBECCA

Bet she doesn't know how to do  
this.

Rebecca kisses Dustin. She masterfully slides her hand over his crotch, leaving him breathless.

Rebecca spansks his tight perfect butt and bites his lower lip.

INT. KITCHEN

Ling and Jack prepare another gourmet meal.

LING SUN

She seems nice.

JACK

Good in bed maybe, nice? neuh,uh--

LING SUN

What am I?

JACK

Both.

LING SUN

Good answer.

They kiss. The phone RINGS. They remain lip-locked.

LING SUN (cont'd)

Let it go.

JACK

Might be Dustin's lawyer.

Jack grabs the phone.

JACK (cont'd)

Hello? Well, hello Erin. Yes he  
is, one minute.

A devilish grin overtakes Jack.

LING SUN

You're bad.

JACK

(yelling)  
Hey Dust.

INT. BEDROOM

Dustin is down to his tighty-whities grinding on top of Rebecca.

DUSTIN  
(annoyed)  
What!?

JACK (O.S.)  
Telephone!

DUSTIN  
I'm busy! Take a message.

JACK (O.S.)  
It's Erin. She says it's  
important.

Dustin is busted looking in to Rebecca's eyes. He picks up the phone.

DUSTIN  
Hey Erin, what's up?

Dustin looks suspiciously at Rebecca and shrugs.

ERIN (ON TELEPHONE)  
Was I interrupting something?

DUSTIN  
No nothing.

Rebecca is pissed. She sits upright and buttons her shirt. Dustin tries to calm her down while still being suave on the phone.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
What was so important?

INT. ERIN'S DORM ROOM

ERIN  
Nothing, I can call later.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

DUSTIN  
Why'd you say it was important?

ERIN  
I didn't.

DUSTIN  
(under his breath)  
Jack.

ERIN  
Look, if you don't want me to come.

DUSTIN  
No, it's not that.

Rebecca fumes out of the room.

REBECCA  
Liar.

ERIN  
Who was that?

DUSTIN  
Nobody, I gotta go.

ERIN  
Do you still want me to come up  
this weekend?

DUSTIN  
Yeah, sounds good.

A call waiting BEEP sounds in Dustin's ear.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
Hey hold on.

ERIN  
Just call me later.

Dustin clicks over.

DUSTIN  
Hello.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - SAN FRANCISCO

WARD SCOTT (44) impeccably dressed and handsome, talks on the phone in his opulent office that boasts a commanding view of the Golden Gate. Judging by the unusual shape and style of his office, it's obvious he's at the top of the Transamerica building.

WARD  
--we've got a lot to talk about.

DUSTIN  
Can't we just do it over the phone?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

WARD  
Too busy to hang out with your  
Uncle Ward? No Dustin, I need your  
actual hands to open some of this  
stuff.

DUSTIN  
Oh, all right.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION

The incredibly appointed high tech room is loaded with computers, screens and inventions we are not yet aware of. GREELEY (22), clean cut but with a surfer attitude, listens intently with RAQUEL(23), an intelligent looking attractive girl. Greeley perks his eyebrows.

DUSTIN (O.S.)  
What time?

WARD (O.S.)  
How about 11. I'll even validate  
your parking.

Greeley shakes his head to Raquel.

GREELEY  
Spoiled rotten snot.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JACK'S LODGE - MORNING

Dustin puts his coffee cup in the sink. Rebecca sits drinking hers, agitated.

REBECCA  
(whining)  
I just got here.

Rebecca folds her arms like a 5 year old.

DUSTIN  
I didn't plan it. He said I've GOT  
to go.

Dustin goes in for a kiss, she turns and gives him her cheek, then coquettishly looks at him.

INT. '75 FORD TRUCK - MORNING

Jack drives Dustin down the mountain road both dressed in nice casual clothes.

DUSTIN

You know you didn't have to drive me.

A '62 beat up CHEVY TRUCK putters in the distance.

JACK

You kidding. I've been wanting to see inside this secret box since you were born.

Jack looks in his REAR VIEW MIRROR. He notices a black MERCEDES following them. Dustin wonders what has piqued Jack's attention and turns around to view the sedan.

JACK (cont'd)

Watch this.

Jack rounds a steep corner and jerks the steering wheel to the right accelerating behind a 6 ft. Juniper bush that leads to an almost invisible narrow gravel road. They continue at a slower speed up the hill to a landing where they can observe the sedan speeding up to search for Jack's vanished truck.

A huge smile takes over Jack's face.

JACK (cont'd)

(country accent)

Mrs. Johnson isn't going to take kindly to the city slickers.

Jack points and chuckles.

The sedan speeds up and rides the bumper of her weathered '62 Chevy truck.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK

CLARA JOHNSON (70) and grizzled, flips the bird to the sedan.

CLARA  
 (singing)  
 Oh, Iiiii'm just a coal, miner's  
 dawter....

The sedan tries to pass her. She slows down to annoy them. As they accelerate and attempt to pass, she swerves in their path and grins. The two overly clean-cut MEN (30's) both dressed in dark sunglasses and suits, are confounded.

CLARA (cont'd)  
 Kiss my ass, city punks.

INT. SEDAN

The passenger side man takes out a silencer from its case.

DARK SUIT MAN #1  
 Should I take the old bitch out?

DARK SUIT MAN #2  
 No, not now.

The driver makes a daring move along the shoulder of the road, finally pulling past Clara.

INT. '75 FORD TRUCK

Jack and Dustin continue up the steep dirt road.

DUSTIN  
 Who are they?

JACK  
 My little friends who've been following me for years. You'd think they'd at least try to drive a less noticeable car.

Jack shakes his head and smiles.

DUSTIN  
 Why?

JACK  
 Usually I just let them follow, but today, I'm not in the mood.

They arrive at a shiny black BELL HELICOPTER.

INT. SEDAN

The two men see the shiny helicopter buzz right over their heads.

DARK SUIT MAN #1  
That's him. Damnit.

He bangs the steering wheel. The other man immediately picks up his space-age phone.

DARK SUIT MAN #2  
All radio contact lost...in  
helicopter headed for San  
Francisco.

An AERIAL VIEW shows 3 separate helicopter pads on different hills, 2 with parked helicopters.

INT. WARD'S OFFICE

A big-bosomed secretary, TRIXIE (45), wearing dangling hoop earrings and a 60's polyester pants suit, opens the door to greet Jack and Dustin.

WARD  
Dustin, my boy.

Ward hugs Dustin and smiles.

JACK  
Where'd you find that?

Dustin moves his eyes to Trixie. Trixie prepares drinks for the men. Dustin walks to the window and looks down.

Dustin's POV: The city street is marred by signs in store fronts that read "GOING OUT OF BUSINESS" and "WE GIVE UP". Dustin sighs and turns around

Trixie delivers the drinks.

TRIXIE  
Here you go boys.

Trixie closes the door behind her. Ward motions them to sit down. He hands Dustin a 5"X 7" FRAMED PICTURE of a beautiful girl in a bikini posing on a dock at Lake Tahoe.

WARD  
Look at this.

Dustin moves the picture to back and forth and looks behind the high tech FRAME.

DUSTIN  
Does she take her clothes off or something?

WARD  
Push that button on the right.

Dustin complies, there's a CLICK and a WHIR.

Ward takes the frame away.

WARD (cont'd)  
It knows your bone structure and retina.

DUSTIN  
For what?

WARD  
To match up with this.

Ward holds a glowing PAD and moves the frame within the pad.

WARD (cont'd)  
All when you were a baby. Place your palm here.

Dustin is stunned and places his palm over the pad.

DUSTIN  
Then what?

JACK  
Boy you ask a lot of questions. Your dad didn't tell you shit did he?

DUSTIN  
I guess not.

Ward takes the entire glowing pad and slides it in a slot in the wall.

A DOOR opens in the wall with a SWOOSH.

WARD  
Wooo-heee! I've been waiting too long to see what's in here! Your dad and you were the only ones with access.

Ward opens the large 3'X 3' box to find a curious stainless steel OBJECT, most similar to a gyroscope seen from the blueprints at Jack's. Also in the box are VCR TAPES, countless DOCUMENTS and an old PHOTO of Otto and his beautiful mother standing behind 7-year old Dustin who struggles to hold up a string of fish.

DUSTIN

I remember that.

Dustin admires the photo. Jack and Ward gaze over at the picture.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

He said he was too afraid to put the worms on a hook.

JACK

Yeah right--

DUSTIN

Well he let me think so. I caught all the fish by myself.

JACK

He was very proud of you Dustin.

DUSTIN

That day I remember feeling like I could do anything.

Dustin eyes well up with TEARS.

Jack gives Dustin a loving punch in the arm and tussles his hair.

JACK

Sometimes he would start talking about you on the phone. I'd go get something in the fridge and come back and he'd still be talking.

Dustin starts to smile and grabs a VCR TAPE.

DUSTIN

Is this a home movie?

WARD

I was there the day he made it. He made me leave the room.

Ward anxiously shoves the tape in the VCR and flips on the modern TV.

ON TV: A jittery picture shows a chair in a seemingly empty room. OTTO sticks his face close up to the lens, appearing much younger.

OTTO (ON TELEVISION)  
Dustin, is that you? Romper,  
stomper, domper doo, tell me, tell  
me, tell me do.

Otto pretends to look through the camera to Dustin with a curious smile.

Dustin beams.

OTTO (cont'd)  
So if you're watching this, that  
means I'm either dead as a door  
knob or you and Ward got really  
curious and both worked it out so  
you could see this.

Dustin, Jack and Ward smile and shake their heads at each other.

OTTO (cont'd)  
Before you get all pissy that I  
only left you 5 million and gave  
the rest to charity. Here's why.

The group moves closer to the screen.

OTTO (cont'd)  
Dustin, I was weak. I took the path  
of least resistance. Your  
grandfather figured out the needed  
physics to provide sustainable non-  
polluting energy.

Dustin grabs the shape from the box.

OTTO (cont'd)  
It involves magnetically controlled  
plasma twisted in a toroidal shape,  
that once heated, can stay that way  
for long periods of time.

Dustin looks at Jack confused. Jack looks at his shoes.

OTTO (cont'd)  
Word traveled fast to the families,  
and this little baby was going to  
ruin their empire.

Jack gives Dustin a "see I told you so" look.

OTTO (cont'd)  
 Bottom line, your dear old dad sold  
 out, instead of finding the right  
 people to develop it.

Dustin looks at the ground.

OTTO (cont'd)  
 So, here's how it works.

WARD  
 Let's play this one first.

Ward removes the tape and pushes in TAPE #3.

Otto appears older, more recent, fidgeting in the chair,  
 almost exasperated.

OTTO (ON TELEVISION)  
 It's me again. Lately I've been  
 talking to the families, to try to  
 give them their money back. But  
 it's too big...too vast.

WARD  
 He just did this 3 months ago.

OTTO  
 So I think something is going to  
 happen.

They all look at each other.

OTTO (cont'd)  
 One of the spoiled kids from one of  
 the families wants to toss the  
 checker board off the table, like  
 another 9/11. They say it's going  
 to happen in the US.

Dustin looks at an 80's photograph on the wall of New York  
 City at sunset complete with the intact World Trade Center.

OTTO (cont'd)  
 I wanted to go public to stop him,  
 and they told me they'd stop me if  
 I did. Dustin, I love you more  
 than anything and if I'm dead, now  
 you know why. DO NOT FIGHT THEM.  
 Be good to Jeanine. She really  
 loves you Dustin.

Otto blows Dustin a macho kiss and winks.

OTTO (cont'd)

Jack, I know you're there too, and thanks.

Otto stands up and turns off the camera, leaving a blue screen.

Ward turns the TV off. Dustin's face is streaked with tears, his eyes beet red. He wipes his nose with his bare hand.

DUSTIN

Those fuckers! Who are they!?

WARD

Honestly Dustin, I don't know what he's talking about.

JACK

Dustin, I do. Let it go.

Jack hugs Dustin. Dustin breaks away.

DUSTIN

No way.

JACK

Dustin, I won't lose you too.

Jack bear hugs Dustin again. Dustin struggles to get away, but Jack won't let him. Dustin finally breaks down in uncontrollable tears.

DUSTIN

Then I'm going to make his invention happen!

JACK

That, I would like to see.

Ward smiles at Jack.

DUSTIN

Erin is smart as hell about this stuff.

JACK

She and Ling will be a good start.

INT. OFFICE - TRANSAMERICA BUILDING

In the adjacent office, a YOUNG MAN who has obviously been eavesdropping and taping their conversation takes off his headphones, and scurries out of the office.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

The young man inconspicuously enters the elevator with Jack and Dustin.

INT. OFFICE

12 MEN (50's) ring a large expensive oval conference table. Roman stands nervously at the head of the table facing the ominous group. Only the BACKS OF THEIR HEADS are visible.

MAN #1

What do you have to report?

ROMAN

The boy is in possession of advanced blueprints and equat--

MAN #1

WILL he develop them?

ROMAN

At this point, we have no reason to believe so, sir.

The man looks around the group, assuming they will agree with his stance.

MAN #1

Pay him off or get rid of him.

ROMAN

Yes sir.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD

Jack and Dustin exit the copter and get back in Jack's truck.

INT. TRUCK

Jack and Dustin drive down the gravel road.

RADIO

...unemployment Levels are reaching 20%, consumer confidence levels at all time lows--

JACK

Don't be so greedy, 5 mill is enough.

DUSTIN  
I know, I know, but jeez. How much  
did he give away again?

INT. JACK'S LODGE

Jack and Dustin put their bags down. Ling hugs Jack.

LING SUN  
Dustin, I made your favorite beef  
bourgoinine.

DUSTIN  
No thanks. Good night.

Dustin gives a listless wave. Jack nods to Ling that he'll explain everything.

INT. BEDROOM - JACK'S LODGE

Dustin talks on the phone.

REBECCA (ON TELEPHONE)  
That money was yours. That's a  
disgusting amount to give to  
charity.

DUSTIN  
Yeah, I know.

A GRUNT echoes from the background over the phone.

REBECCA  
Well, I've got to get back to my  
work.

DUSTIN  
I'll be back next week.

The phone CLICKS. Dustin holds out the phone, annoyed at her rudeness.

INT. REBECCA'S HIDEAWAY

Rebecca stands in a leather teddy, WHIP in hand, in a cement floored room. Various RESTRAINT EQUIPMENT sits in the room. A computer SCREEN shows MISTRESS R. Rebecca types in a few strokes and pushes ENTER with her free hand. She CRACKS the whip on a chubby GIMP (20) wearing a leather mask with a red ball GAG in his mouth, a la "Pulp Fiction". His wispy dirty blond hair struggles to get out of the leather mask.

GIMP  
 (muffled)  
 OWWWWWWWWW!

He fidgets.

REBECCA  
 Never make a sound while I'm on the  
 phone.

She whips him again.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
 5 measly million, uggh.

He GRUNTS more. She undoes his red ball GAG.

GIMP  
 Mistress Rebecca, will you please  
 get me out of this.

REBECCA  
 I'm not done with you yet.

She cracks the whip on him again.

GIMP  
 I...I've got to take a shit.

REBECCA  
 Oh, you are so disgusting. That is  
 SO going to cost you extra.

GIMP  
 OK, but just hurry.

Rebecca undoes his restraints. He scurries in to the  
 bathroom.

GIMP (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Ohhhhh.

The familiar PLOP of a turd hitting the water makes Rebecca's  
 face wince.

Rebecca fans the air in front of her face.

REBECCA  
 Ohhh my God. TRIPLE!

GIMP (O.S.)  
 (whining)  
 I'm sorry.

He comes out of the bathroom. We see him as the chubby dork next door, but in leather bikini underwear looking remarkably like Jack Osborne, of Osborne TV family fame.

REBECCA

I've got another client coming over here in 20 minutes. He's going to think I did that!

Rebecca continues to wave her hand in front of her face.

GIMP

Can I bust a nut before I leave?

The gimp plunges his hand into his bikini.

REBECCA

Absolutely not. You gave up that chance.

GIMP

It was the damn chili.

REBECCA

Save it.

The Gimp puts his clothes on.

GIMP

Can we do that rape scene thing I wanna try next ti--

REBECCA

You are so NOT going to touch me with your little corkscrew.

GIMP

(earnestly)

I've been using the penis pump you sold me. It's not that little anymore. I wouldn't really hit you or anything.

Rebecca gets an idea.

REBECCA

But...I do know someone.

Rebecca shows the Gimp a picture of Dustin and Erin together.

GIMP

Wow! She's hot.

REBECCA  
She's not that hot.

GIMP  
Is she in to it?

An evil grin overtakes her face.

GIMP (cont'd)  
Does she work with you?

Rebecca straightens the Gimp's hair to show him affection.

INT. DINING ROOM - JACK'S LODGE - EVENING

Dustin and Erin enter from a hike. Erin carries a roll of BLUEPRINTS.

LING SUN  
Dinner is served.

Everyone sits and admires the exquisitely set candle lit dining table. Each place has 12 pieces of silver and 3 various sized expensive Baccarat glasses. Erin puts the blueprint roll behind her.

ERIN  
I've got to show professor Hartwell. He's a major brain and totally in to this stuff.

DUSTIN  
No. You can't show anyone.

ERIN  
Dustin, sure I'm smart, but there's no way. You can trust him. He teaches a whole class on alternative energy.

Dustin looks at Jack for approval. Jack nods, it's necessary.

LING SUN  
Smart guy. I've footnoted him many times.

JACK  
But just him.

LING SUN  
A toast.

Ling raises her crystal wine glass.

LING SUN (cont'd)  
To a better world.

The group clinks and beams.

INT. OFFICE - BERKELEY - DAY

Dustin, Jack, Ling and Erin ring around PROFESSOR HARTWELL (50), dressed like a modern hippie in round glasses and Birkenstocks.

ERIN  
Why haven't we figured this out before?

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
There's scientists all over the world bouncing around the answers proven here. Like the Stellarator project.

Hartwell points to various proof equations on the plan, Ling observes and nods.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL (cont'd)  
But they said Alternating Current wouldn't work either and gave the same excuses. Who knows, maybe even Tesla wasn't the first.

ERIN  
Can we do it?

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
Anything you can imagine will become a reality, sooner or later.

Erin hugs Dustin.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL (cont'd)  
It's going to take time...and money. Lots of money.

DUSTIN  
We've got both.

They look with excitement into each others eyes. The electricity of verging on something great is unstoppable.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Erin stands with a loaded bookbag at Dustin's door, talking excitedly.

Rebecca slithers up, annoyed at Erin.

ERIN  
Oh, Hi Rebecca.

Rebecca scans her from head to toe in disgust.

REBECCA  
Hi.

ERIN  
Talk to you tomorrow Dust.

DUSTIN  
You got it.

Rebecca slams the door behind her.

INT. DORM ROOM

REBECCA  
You said--

Dustin exhales.

DUSTIN  
Relax. I told you. We're good friends.

REBECCA  
Because momma's not gonna put out if she's not number one, and the only one.

Rebecca slaps Dustin on the butt. Dustin smiles.

She pulls her sweater off revealing a sexy bra. She slips her pants off and then fumbles with his pants button.

DUSTIN  
Nice bra.

REBECCA  
They were having a sale at Macy's, but I couldn't afford the bottoms. You should have seen them.

DUSTIN  
Definitely have to go get those.

Rebecca starts to kiss his chest. He takes a wad of BILLS off his desk and tosses them on her clothes. Her mood changes to high gear as she tugs his underwear off to reveal his nice butt. His head cocks back.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JACK'S LODGE - EVENING

Jack rests his legs over Ling's lap on the couch.

LING SUN  
Erin is SO much better than Rebecca for Dustin.

JACK  
Oh, Rebecca's all right.

LING SUN  
(singing)  
"Gold digging girls, got me crazy I can't take it no more.

JACK  
Guess it takes one to know one.

Jack smirks and kisses her.

LING SUN  
(Asian hooker)  
But who make-a yo egg ro' squirt?

Jack nods like a little boy and gives her a more passionate kiss.

LING SUN (cont'd)  
(normal voice)  
We haven't heard much from the "creepers" lately.

JACK  
They followed Dust and I yesterday.

LING SUN  
Really?

JACK  
You're right though, they've been pretty quiet.

LING SUN

Except for the Satellite dish guy  
for that upgrade it's been a ghost  
town.

JACK

What upgrade?

Jack jerks up from the couch.

JACK (cont'd)

Goddamnit Ling! You know you have  
to tell me everything.

LING SUN

I..I was right there watching.

Jack jumps to a kitchen drawer revealing a strange electrical  
wand, similar to a metal detector at airport security. He  
turns it on. It BEEPS frantically.

Jack moves the wand over the living room. He walks towards  
the window and the curtains. The lights move wildly and  
there are intermittent loud BEEPS.

JACK

Apparently not the whole...time.

Jack pulls a chair over to the CURTAIN ROD and stands on it.

He holds the wand toward the end of the rod. The light fully  
illuminates.

Jack pulls out a CAMERA smaller than the tip of his pinkie  
and examines it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Greeley and Raquel rip their headsets off to avoid the  
squealing FEEDBACK.

GREELEY

We still have the other one in the  
bedroom.

On the SCREEN, a CLOSE UP of Jack's face appears, and then  
his feet. The picture goes black, and then appears baby  
blue, staring at a hazy light in the distance.

EXT. DECK

Jack looks down over his lit pool. He returns inside.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Greeley admires the screen.

GREELEY  
Cool, I didn't know they were  
waterproof.

The screen shows a beautiful BLUE, but then goes to SNOW.

RAQUEL  
They're not.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jack re-enters the room. Ling knows she screwed up.

JACK  
No one can EVER!...ever come here  
without my knowledge.

LING SUN  
I know. I'm sorry. I wanted to  
save you time. You've been with  
Dustin working so much, I didn't  
wan--

JACK  
Promise me.

LING SUN  
I promise.

Jack softens.

JACK  
OK.

LING SUN  
Jeanine called and was feeling  
pretty low so I invited her up  
tomorrow.

JACK  
That was nice.

Jack hugs Ling.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

ROMAN (50) dressed in a custom dark suit, hurries in to the  
room.

ROMAN  
Snow on the mountains.

GREELEY  
I know sir.

ROMAN  
Get 49 in there again. Damn it!

Roman walks to the other side of the room where other young people scan hundreds of surveillance screens.

Roman continues down the row of desks.

He stops at BARRY's desk, (24)ultra clean cut, and pale.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
What's going on in the Oval Office?

BARRY  
The president vetoed all detractory legislation for our interests sir.

Another YOUNG MAN scurries in to the room, hands Roman a REPORT and exits.

YOUNG MAN #2  
Cameras are off on Energy 8 sir.

ROMAN  
I know...I know.

Roman rubs his face and continues to Greeley.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
Greeley, this is your project, keep an eye on him and those tramps he's been running with. Is she one of ours?

Barry vies to be Roman's pet and is jealous of Greeley.

GREELEY  
No sir.

ROMAN  
Find out more of who she is. Maybe we can use her.

GREELEY  
Already have sir. Rebecca Watson. She has a sex business on the side to pay for her schooling.

(MORE)

GREELEY (cont'd)  
Religious parents in Modesto,  
oldest of 2 children.

ROMAN  
Good, something we can use against  
her.

GREELEY  
49 has been contacted. She has  
promised new devices by tomorrow.

ROMAN  
Sooner! Use XV97's, they're  
undetactable. He's getting too  
good.

GREELEY  
Already delivered to her, sir.

ROMAN  
Let's get a money proposal to  
Dustin.

Roman pats Greeley's shoulder and continues out of the room.  
Greeley's face shows obvious disdain for Roman.

INT. DORM HALLWAY

A man in a suit presents a PACKAGE to Dustin. Dustin looks  
at it and hands it back quickly. The man pushes it back to  
Dustin.

DUSTIN  
How much?

The man quiets flabbergasted Dustin, hands him his CARD and  
walks away.

INT. DORM ROOM

Dustin enters leafing through the package. Rebecca waits for  
him on the bed.

REBECCA  
Who was that guy?

DUSTIN  
Some guy who wants to pay me a lot  
of money.

REBECCA  
How much?

DUSTIN  
100 million.

Rebecca jumps up in glee.

REBECCA  
Baby, that awesome!

She hugs Dustin.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
I'm so happy for us/you.

DUSTIN  
Yeah, we'll see. I've got to talk  
to Jack about it.

Rebecca seems annoyed the deal isn't sealed, and rubs his  
shoulders.

INT. DINING ROOM - JACK'S LODGE

Jeanine, Line, Jack and Dustin dine on a gourmet meal of  
trout.

Dustin barely eats.

JEANINE  
How's school?

Dustin just stares at her and doesn't answer.

JACK  
You...in the conference room.

Dustin looks defiant.

JACK (cont'd)  
Now!

Dustin mopes toward the office, a bunch of ROLLED PAPERS  
stick out of his rear jean's pocket.

Dustin sprawls insolently in Jack's office chair while Jack  
sits on the desk facing him.

JACK (cont'd)  
She's hurting too. Aren't you  
human?

Dustin gets up to leave.

DUSTIN

Get her a dog or a vibrator. She can afford one.

Jack slams him back in his seat.

JACK

For your information buster, she gave most of her portion to charity.

DUSTIN

Well good. Then I won't feel so bad about doing this.

Dustin grabs the DOCUMENTS from his back pocket and slaps them on the desk. Jack delves in to the information.

JACK

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

DUSTIN

No, I'm not. You've got an easy life. Why can't I have one?

JACK

Because you have a chance to better the world. Do you think I'm proud of hiding from life?

DUSTIN

They said they'd develop it.

JACK

And you believe them?

DUSTIN

Look man. It's not my job to change the world. I can be a good person surfing on my private island.

JACK

I won't let you do it.

Dustin gets up, Jack restrains him.

DUSTIN

Great, you gonna smack me around like your first wife?

Jack looks like he might take a swing. Jack relents.

JACK  
You're as stubborn as your father.

Dustin starts to cry.

DUSTIN  
And you're not him.

Dustin jerks away from him and runs out of the room. He runs out the front door. Jack slowly walks out of his office. Ling starts after Dustin.

JACK  
Let him go.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Dustin walks in with Rebecca. She comforts him.

They lie down the bed. Dustin looks at the ceiling.

REBECCA  
How come you never take me  
anywhere?

DUSTIN  
Whadya mean? We just went to that  
fancy place at the top of--

REBECCA  
I mean around your friends.

DUSTIN  
I dunno.

Rebecca plays with his chest and stares in his eyes.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
What?

REBECCA  
Take me to the Cal/Stanford game.

DUSTIN  
It's kind of a buddy thing.

REBECCA  
We can all go together.

Dustin goes for a kiss. She holds him to stop.

DUSTIN  
Alright.

She allows him to kiss her.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dustin creeps out of his dorm room in his boxers looking freshly sexed. Fred, his friend from the funeral, approaches him from behind.

FRED  
Who you got in there this time?

DUSTIN  
Nobody man. I gotta pee.

Dustin is on his tip toes ready to pee his boxers.

FRED  
Nobody huh, how bout I just go in there and give nobody a go.

Fred rubs his hands together and jokingly starts to unbuckle his jeans.

DUSTIN  
Rebecca.

Fred recoils.

FRED  
Dude, she is nasty. I heard she bones for cash.

DUSTIN  
Nah dude, she's cool.

FRED  
I'm not dipping my golden wick in your stank anyhoo.

DUSTIN  
Hah.

FRED  
We've got a huge spodey for the game tomorrow.

DUSTIN  
It's cool if I bring Rebecca, right.

FRED  
Man, you always pull this. Bros before hos, literally in this case.

DUSTIN  
It's all good dude.

Dustin gives him the SECRET HANDSHAKE.

Fred makes a "L" sign on his forehead.

FRED  
Man, you used to be fun.

DUSTIN  
Dude, I can still out smoke, drink  
and surf you.

FRED  
Please nigguh.

DUSTIN  
How come you can say "Nigger" and I  
can't.

FRED  
Because you put an E-R on the end.

DUSTIN  
That's so fucked up. Tomorrow.

The SPECIAL HANDSHAKE ensues once more.

Dustin darts down the hall.

Rebecca pokes her head out of his door to see what's the  
commotion. Fred walks towards his room past her.

FRED  
Hey Rebecca.

Rebecca looks at him and completely snubs him.

Fred keys in to his room.

FRED (cont'd)  
(to himself)  
That bitch must have some crazy  
kind of pussy.

INT. REBECCA'S HIDEAWAY - DAY

The gimp slurps from a BIG GULP cup. She points to a MAP of  
UC BERKELEY. Several pictures of Erin sit on the edge of her  
desk.

REBECCA

It's got to be a little dark.

Rebecca presents him a plaster arm CAST and sling.

REBECCA (cont'd)

So you put this on and then you ask her to help you with your books to your car.

GIMP

That's genius!

Rebecca gives him a rarely seen smile.

REBECCA

Isn't it. I got that from a Discovery channel show on Ted Bundy.

GIMP

But I'm not gonna really hurt her, right?

REBECCA

I told you we had girl talk, and she's always had this fantasy.

GIMP

Why can't we just invite her ov--

REBECCA

Look, do you want to live your fantasy or not?

The Gimp looks at pictures of Erin and then down at his tented pants.

GIMP

Yeah, I like it. She looks kind of innocent though, not like you.

Rebecca jumps up and puts him in a half nelson.

GIMP (cont'd)

Ow! Rebecca, my glasses are hurti--

REBECCA

It's Mistress to you, now try to get out of this.

The gimp struggles a bit.

GIMP  
Wow, that's really good. Ow!

REBECCA  
Are you a man or a pussy?

GIMP  
I'm no pussy.

Rebecca pulls his head over to the MAP of campus.

REBECCA  
She gets out of Physics at 6. You  
wait here.

Rebecca points to the map. The gimp nods, still in the half  
nelson. She cranks it harder.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
Like this.

EXT. UC BERKELEY CAMPUS

The campus CLOCKTOWER reads 6:04. Erin waves goodbye to her  
friends, including Fred. She carries her backpack and a  
stack of papers in the other.

FRED  
See you at the game.

The gimp lurks near a tree with his arm in the cast and  
sling. His free arm is overloaded with a large stack of  
books.

The gimp starts in front of her and drops all of his books.  
He looks around flustered. Erin rushes to his rescue.

ERIN  
Here let me help you with that.

The gimp is awed by her beauty. He wants to just kiss her,  
not rape her.

GIMP  
My car is right over here.

Erin walks to the passenger door.

GIMP (cont'd)  
That side is broken. Would you  
mind putting them inside?

ERIN  
Sure.

The gimp follows her to the driver side and keys open the door.

GIMP  
Just put them in there.

Erin struggles to get the large stack of books on the passenger seat. She climbs in more. The gimp awkwardly pushes her in all the way. She's startled.

He quickly hops in and puts the keys in the ignition and revs the engine.

ERIN  
What are you doing?

GIMP  
Uh, thought I would give you a ride to where you are going--

The gimp pushes the auto lock. Erin is alarmed.

ERIN  
No, let me out!

The gimp needs to act fast.

ERIN (cont'd)  
Now!

He panics and puts her in a crude half nelson just as Rebecca taught him.

ERIN (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

Erin punches him wildly. She grabs his crotch with full force and twists.

GIMP  
Owww! Ummm...That's really good.

He lets her out of the headlock to attend to his painful crotch. She takes her huge Physics book and jabs the corner of it full force into his eye.

GIMP (cont'd)  
Urggghh! That's hot.

Erin hits the door lock, it pops open.

She goes to get out of the gimp's side. He is terrified, but loving it. She is baffled.

ERIN  
My side's broken.

GIMP  
No it's not.

Erin smacks him over the head with another book, grabs her things from the floor accidentally including his "DUNGEONS AND DRAGONS SECRETS" book and jumps out.

ERIN  
Creep!

The gimp SQUEALS the tires and races away.

INT. PROFESSOR HARTWELL'S OFFICE

Dustin hugs Erin who is more mad than scared now. Dustin examines the book from the car.

DUSTIN  
He's probably a harmless geek that got a little excited.

Dustin discovers a CARD. It reads: Mistress R, Domination and House Cleaning. He doesn't let Erin see it, and shoves it back in the book.

ERIN  
Was this the guys you were talking about?

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
If THEY would have wanted you, THEY would have gotten you.

Dustin looks concerned.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL (cont'd)  
I'm going to need you both full time next week. Are you with me?

Dustin goes to grab his PAPERS from his rear pocket and almost blurts out their offer, but stops.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL (cont'd)  
Were you going to say something Dustin?

Dustin says nothing.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Greeley rests his hand on his chin daydreaming to the monitor at a CLOSE UP of Erin inside the professor's office. Roman approaches with a serious face.

ROMAN

Whitaker says the Tesla plan may be in motion. You said--

Roman notices the close up of Erin on the monitor.

ROMAN (cont'd)

I knew you weren't ready for this responsibility!

Roman angrily pushes several buttons and clicks through several monitors of familiar places. The monitors show: the NATIONAL MONUMENT, the OVAL OFFICE, the interior of the UNITED NATIONS BUILDING, specifically at the IRAQ and SAUDI ARABIA seats and finally back to Erin and Hartwell.

ROMAN (cont'd)

What's their next move?

GREELEY

I think they may abandon the project sir.

Roman observes the screen.

GREELEY (cont'd)

Sir, I believe they've hit a snag in the plans.

ROMAN

Maybe we won't have to take the lot of them out.

Greeley is relieved Roman believed his lie. Greeley analyzes the TV MONITOR watching the heated conversation of Dustin and Professor Hartwell. Dustin holds the DOCUMENTS.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Turn it up. I want to hear this.

Greeley must act fast. Instead of pulling the plug on his earphones, he pulls the plug on everything sending the screens to BLACK.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Greeley. Have you been smoking marijuana again?

Roman angrily grabs his face and looks in his eyes.

GREELEY

No sir.

He brusquely releases his face.

ROMAN

Apples don't fall too far from the  
tree. But my charitable heart--

Greeley quickly goes to repair his purposeful outage. The monitors kick back on. Roman grabs Greeley's headphones. Greeley makes them squeal with FEEDBACK. Roman drops the headphones in disgust.

GREELEY

Sorry sir.

Greeley notices the three beginning to disperse. He finally connects the sound.

ON MONITOR:

DUSTIN

You're right.

Dustin hugs the professor and leaves with Erin.

The professor stays in the room, looking very concerned, staring at the plans.

GREELEY

He looks baffled sir.

ROMAN

Stay on them.

GREELEY

You know it's my project sir.

Greeley sneers at Roman walking away. Roman looks back at Greeley who then switches to a pleasant face.

EXT. QUADRANGLE

Dustin walks with Fred. Fred holds the "MISTRESS R CARD".

FRED

Detective Fred is gonna figure this  
shit out.

DUSTIN  
All right man.

They do the secret handshake.

FRED  
Tomorrow.

EXT. UC BERKELEY STADIUM - BLEACHERS - DAY

The packed stadium brims with people dressed in blue and gold.

Dustin's rowdy friends, including Fred and Erin, revel in the time of their lives, drinking their special BOOTLEG and laughing at next to nothing.

10 rows up, Dustin sits hunched over next to Rebecca, bored out of his mind, looking at the rowdy bunch having fun. Fred turns toward Dustin while Rebecca looks away and taunts him, mouthing the word "bitch". Dustin flips him the bird. Rebecca notices.

REBECCA  
Don't be immature like them. We  
all have to grow up sometime.

DUSTIN  
I like being immature.

Dustin crosses his arms like a pouting boy. He looks longingly down at Fred and the gang. Erin walks up to the group with a pile of junk food and disappears into their mob.

Rebecca is really annoyed now.

REBECCA  
Let's take a walk.

DUSTIN  
Where?

REBECCA  
Anywhere.

Dustin trudges behind Rebecca up the stairs to the landing above the seats.

EXT. LANDING ABOVE BLEACHERS

Food and drink CONCESSIONS line the wide walkway. Expressionless, Dustin and Rebecca walk arm in arm past the stands. A young man in sunglasses, dressed in blue and gold like a Cal Bear's fan, walks toward Dustin and jockeys in his way, friendly nodding "excuse me". It's Greeley.

REBECCA  
There's Shawn.

Rebecca and Dustin walk over to SHAWN(19) and two friends, all dressed in solid black. Each of their manes are dyed a wine color. Their fingernails even match as they desperately hold on to the Goth era of the early 90's.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
(affected sophistication)  
Hello Ladies.

SHAWN  
Hello Rebecca.

Shawn ignores Dustin and even turns her back to him.

DUSTIN  
I'll be right over here.

Dustin points and walks toward a concession stand.

Rebecca nods.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
You girls wanna dog?

REBECCA  
Ewww, they are so--

Dustin shrugs and turns away.

Rebecca delves in to evil gossip conversation with Shawn and company.

Dustin walks over to the concession stand. A ROAR from the crowd beckons Dustin to the edge of the stadium. He peers down the bleachers to look down at Fred and the gang. Fred and Erin high five and hug each other. A chubby smiling GIRL refills both their eager glasses with spodey.

Dustin spins around to Rebecca, but he can't resist his pals. He scampers down the stairs to Fred, wolfing down his hot dog in two bites. He bear hugs Fred from behind who still chews his food.

Greeley looks down from the top of the stairs, longing to be part of their camaraderie.

EXT. UC BERKELEY - BLEACHERS

FRED  
Who else has the strength of ten men.

Fred turns around to hug Dustin.

FRED (cont'd)  
Where's Cruella?

DUSTIN  
Up there with the chicks in the black lipstick.

ERIN  
Such not the good look.

Erin gives Dustin a hug, and a quick but soft kiss on the lips. Now that she has a buzz, she can't hide her true feelings.

ERIN (cont'd)  
Hey bud.

They kiss one more time. Their mutual attraction scares them both. They release.

ERIN (cont'd)  
(whispering to Dustin)  
Prof is making big progress.

DUSTIN  
Cool.

Rebecca looks down from the top of the stands at Dustin rapt in conversation with Erin. She storms down to Dustin.

REBECCA  
Dustin, honey, where's my hot dog?

Fred starts laughing.

FRED  
I thought he gave you that this morning?

Dustin laughs. Erin smirks at the ground. Rebecca forces Dustin's smile away.

DUSTIN  
You said you didn't want one.

REBECCA  
I changed my mind.

Dustin rolls his eyes to Fred and Erin.

ERIN  
You guys come back, OK?

REBECCA  
I don't think so.

Rebecca scoops Dustin and turns him around pushing him up the stairs.

Greeley observes the whole interaction.

Dustin looks around one more time at his pals. He is pissed.

DUSTIN  
Now you know why I don't bring you  
out with them.

REBECCA  
What?

DUSTIN  
You made me feel like shit.

REBECCA  
You're not like them.

DUSTIN  
Nobody is like anybody if you don't  
talk to them.

REBECCA  
Don't get so mad.

Rebecca comforts Dustin.

EXT. LANDING ABOVE BLEACHERS

Rebecca pulls him close to her and kisses him sweetly. One hand descends to his crotch.

REBECCA  
Let's go back to your place.

She bites his ear.

DUSTIN

It's almost the last game of the season.

Dustin looks toward the ROAR.

She pulls him closer. Dustin begins to forget her bitchiness. The Goth girls approach, cancelling Rebecca allure and Dustin's chubby-in-progress.

SHAWN

Rebecca?

DUSTIN

Actually, why don't you hang with them, and we'll hook up later.

Dustin stares at her with a blank face. Rebecca wants to appear in complete control in front of the Goth girls and chooses not to fight.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

Ladies.

Dustin waves at them all, spins around and heads into the bleachers.

REBECCA

Dustin. Meet me in your room later.

Rebecca stares at him to try her manipulative power.

DUSTIN

Deal. See you rockers later.

Dustin mocks them in an endearing way, shaking his head a la Heavy Metal band headbanger and shooting them a "hang loose" sign.

Dustin runs down the stairs to the gang.

EXT. UC BERKELEY - BLEACHERS

FRED

I knew you'd be back.

Fred gives him another hug. Erin's eyes light up, she squeezes his arm.

ERIN

Hey!

Dustin and Erin look in to each others eyes knowing they are the ones for each other.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - EVENING

Dustin is buzzed. He approaches his door and notices it's cracked open. He hears Rebecca on her cell phone and peers through the door with a horny grin. She lies in her bra and panties gazing at DOCUMENTS on the bed.

REBECCA

Don't you worry sir. I've got him wrapped around my finger.

Rebecca notices someone peering through the door.

REBECCA (cont'd)

(whispering in phone)

He's here.

She closes her phone and spins around seductively.

REBECCA (cont'd)

What took you so long sweetums.

DUSTIN

So what's your cut.

REBECCA

I,uh..just--

Dustin becomes enraged.

DUSTIN

How much!

REBECCA

Like 5%, like a broker. Relax baby.

DUSTIN

It's gonna be 5% of nothing.

Dustin grabs his backpack off the desk and spins around.

REBECCA

(sweetly)

Dustin?

She realizes he's finished with her.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
 (screaming)  
 Dustin!

He grabs some loose change off his desk, holds it up to her like she might steal it and starts to exit.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
 (sweet again)  
 Dustin.

He heads out the door.

REBECCA (cont'd)  
 He said you're not supposed to  
 leave.

SLAM. Dustin wants to turn around and give her a piece of his mind, but hesitates. Just then Fred comes out of his room waving a PRINTOUT.

FRED  
 Dude! I was right.

He runs up to Dustin to show him the PICTURE of Rebecca dressed in a leather teddy holding a whip.

KABOOOM! A powerful explosion blasts the door off Dustin's room thrusting Fred on top of Dustin. Dustin is covered in debris and shakes his head to breathe. 2 SHARP METAL SHARDS stick out of Fred's back. Dustin notices the shards.

DUSTIN  
 Dude, it's gonna be all right.  
 Don't move.

Fred can barely speak, and GASPS for air.

FRED  
 Man, I was right. GASP. I was  
 right.

Fred starts to drift and gurgle blood. Dustin weeps.

DUSTIN  
 Don't die, you fucker.

Dustin hugs him.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
 I need you man.

FRED  
 You're my nigguh.

Fred softly pats Dustin to keep him from crying. He attempts to give him their secret handshake, but he's losing consciousness.

DUSTIN

Come on man.

Dustin hugs him tighter and cries. Fred expires, eyes open.

2 men in suits spot Dustin and point. Dustin struggles from under Fred and darts down the hall. SHOTS are fired. He runs up the fire escape stairs.

EXT. TREE

Dustin climbs out the window and hides in the dense foliage.

Dustin watches the man run up the stairs and then down. Two men stand underneath the tree, look around and scatter. The fire engines begin to arrive. Dustin tries to get back in the window. It won't open. He hangs from a branch and jumps, running in to the dark.

INT. ERIN'S DORM ROOM

Erin studies lying on her bed. Dustin sneaks in, flips off the light and covers Erin's mouth. Erin is pleased.

ERIN

Hey.

DUSTIN

Shhh.

Dustin goes to the window.

ERIN

Oh my God, you're bleeding. What--

DUSTIN

We've got to get out of here.

ERIN

Wha, why? Are you still drunk?

Dustin looks out the window from the darkened room. He sees the 2 MEN from the dorm approaching Greeley. He strains to hear what they're saying.

EXT. GIRL'S DORM

Greeley speaks with the two men. The SIRENS consume the background noise.

GREELEY  
Her room is clear. Why wasn't I  
involved?

MAN #1  
We had our orders.

The men hurry away. Greeley looks back at Erin's darkened room window.

INT. ERIN'S DORM ROOM

ERIN  
Who are they?

Dustin hugs Erin and starts to cry.

DUSTIN  
I'm so scared. I'm so sorry I got  
you in this.

Erin comforts him.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
Fred.

ERIN  
Let's get Fred.

DUSTIN  
He's, he's dead.

Dustin weeps stronger. Dustin's cell phone RINGS. JACK appears on the caller id.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
Jack, I'm sorry. You were right.

JACK (O.S.)  
Meet me at the place where you  
thought you could do anything.

DUSTIN  
What? Where?

JACK  
Destroy your phone.

DUSTIN

What?

JACK

And make sure you're alone.

DUSTIN

Stop. I don't underst--

JACK

I'll bring the worms

Dustin phone clicks silent. He looks baffled at Erin.

DUSTIN

Fuck.

Dustin is frustrated but then gets a clue and nods.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - AFTERNOON

Dustin parks his beat a beat-up Dodge Colt in a dirt parking lot. A boat dock seen from the picture as a youth floats on the lake. Dustin and Erin exit the car.

DUSTIN

Nobody should have drive a car like that.

Dustin slams the door. It pops back open. He slams it again, and pushes it shut with his hip.

ERIN

I'll be sure and let my brother know how appreciative you are.

Dustin walks out on the rickety dock and slaps his thigh in exasperation.

DUSTIN

Where else would he have fucking meant.

CRACKLE, CRACK, twigs break. Erin jumps to Dustin. They look toward the noise.

ERIN

Oh my God! You scared me.

Jack appears walking out of the woods. Dustin and he immediately hug.

DUSTIN  
Sorry Jack.

JACK  
I'm sorry too. I heard about  
Rebecca and Fred.

Dustin nods and hugs him tighter.

DUSTIN  
Where's the professor?

JACK  
He was with me?

Dustin is puzzled. He looks at Erin, she just smiles that she knows something else.

Jack motions them to walk along a path through the trees.

INT. FOREST

The group stops at a mighty REDWOOD TREE. Jack moves a branch and a section of the tree trunk opens as a DOOR. Jack motions the amazed group inside. They walk down wooden stairs.

INT. TREE TRUNK LABORATORY

Professor Hartwell and Ling wear dark safety goggles and work diligently, welding their project. Ling catches their eye and nods to the professor who stops and removes his goggles, looking apologetic to Dustin.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
I feel a little dishonest.

LING SUN  
We've been working together for 10  
years.

JACK  
Dustin, I needed to know you were  
truly on board before I told you.

Dustin looks down at the ground.

DUSTIN  
I don't blame you. Did you know?

Dustin looks at Erin. Erin nods her head sheepishly.

ERIN

But I thought you were cute before they told me who you were.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL

We've got one more month until the show.

Professor shows Dustin a FLYER, it reads: WORLD ENERGY SYMPOSIUM, MOSCONE CENTER, SAN FRANCISCO.

LING SUN

We need your help.

DUSTIN

Don't you know what just happened?

Dustin slaps down his hands in exasperation and shakes his head.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

They'll kill all of us.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Roman again stands in front of the ominous group seated at the large conference table. By the look on his face, he has just gotten his ass chewed.

ROMAN

But sir, it wasn't my fault.

MAN #1

How can a 19 year old boy just disappear?

ROMAN

I, uh..uh--

MAN #1

And what about his uncle?

ROMAN

We have them fully surveilled, and another camera going in tonight.

MAN #1

Once they release the proof of the physics on this technology. No one can stop it.

INT. TREE TRUNK LABORATORY

The group works diligently on the prototype. Dustin sits nearby and studies manuals.

DUSTIN

Trip out. It's the same chemical reaction as the sun.

JACK

Turn that light bulb off above your head and help us lift this.

Dustin puts down the manual and hops over to assist.

JACK (cont'd)

And up!

The group lifts the 4 X 4 PROTOTYPE over to a sturdy table.

NOTE TO READER: THE "STELLARATOR" AND THE "TOKAMAK" ARE ACTUAL DEVICES IN DEVELOPMENT FOR OVER 50 YEARS THAT BOTH UTILIZE MAGNETIC FUSION ENERGY. THEY BOTH BEND PLASMA INTO TOROIDAL SHAPES SUSPENDED IN A MAGNETIC FIELD WHICH ALLOWS HEAT/POWER TO BE SUSTAINED WITH LITTLE OR NO ADDITIONAL POWER. PLEASE GO TO GOOGLE AND ENTER "STELLARATOR" OR VISIT THE US DEPARTMENT OF ENERGY'S SITE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY AT WWW.PPPL.GOV/NCSX FOR FASCINATING INFORMATION ON THIS TECHNOLOGY THAT WILL BE OUR FUTURE.

LING SUN

System ready?

Ling nods to Hartwell.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL

One last connection.

Professor clicks one last plug.

LING SUN

Watch the screen Dustin.

The machine turns on. On the MONITOR, a glowing blue plasma rotates on the screen.

DUSTIN

How's this going to power San Fran?

Ling reads the monitor.

LING SUN

4000 degrees Fahrenheit and stable.

JACK  
That'll boil a few cups of water.

Jack tussles Dustin's hair. Dustin is amazed.

LING SUN  
Bout time for me to crawl out of  
bed and start cooking dinner.

Dustin looks at Erin puzzled.

Jack walks over to the corner and hands them two WET-SUITS.

JACK  
These will fit.

ERIN  
Don't look at me.

Ling, Erin and Dustin put on their wet-suits. Ling motions for the group to follow her.

INT. ROOM UNDERNEATH DOCK

4 PERSONAL UNDERWATER PROPULSION DEVICES float underneath the dock.

DUSTIN  
No way.

LING SUN  
Stay close, it's murky under there.

INT. UNDERWATER

Dustin and Erin clad in goggles and respirators follow behind Ling on their LIGHTED propulsion devices.

They arrive at two posts. Ling motions upward. They arrive at their boat house. Ling removes her respirator and mask.

LING SUN  
You guys wait here.

Ling hurries down a tunnel.

INT. BEDROOM - JACK'S LODGE

Ling enters through a side door. Covered by a sheet, a MOTORIZED MOVING DUMMY occasionally moves its legs. The TV BLARES a talk show.

She carefully pulls the dummy back and puts her own legs in its place. She turns off the TV with a remote. She yawns.

LING SUN

Ohhh.. Time to start the day.

Ling lunges out of bed toward the bathroom. She pauses at the doorway, slightly pulling down her underwear, spanking her ass for the camera.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Greeley, bored out of his mind, sees Ling spank her butt and smiles. Roman approaches and erases his smile.

ROMAN

Anything new?

GREELEY

No sir. Routine day.

ROMAN

They must know something.

GREELEY

If they did, sir, I'd report it.

ROMAN

I protected you in the meeting.

GREELEY

I appreciate that sir.

Roman walks away.

Greeley rolls his eyes. Rachel sitting nearby at her monitor smiles at Greeley.

INT. TUNNEL

Ling walks with Dustin and Erin.

LING SUN

Whatever you do, stay out of our room.

DUSTIN

Do they see you guys, you know..

Dustin puts his index finger in his cylindricated palm.

LING SUN  
If we're feeling naughty.

Dustin and Erin chuckle and shake their heads.

DUSTIN  
When is Jeanine coming?

LING SUN  
Dust, she really loves you. She's  
lost without your dad.

EXT. BOAT DOCK PARKING LOT

A local POLICEMAN monitors a tow truck operator hooking up  
the beat up DODGE COLT. The truck drives away.

INT. DINING ROOM - JACK'S LODGE

Erin, Dustin, Jack, Ling and Jeanine finish up eating their  
beautiful dinner.

JEANINE  
Amazing. I'm doing the dishes.

Jeanine hops up to clear the mess.

JACK  
Dustin will help. No free lunch  
around here.

Dustin shrugs and helps to clear.

Jeanine attempts to take the dishes from Dustin.

JEANINE  
I can take those.

DUSTIN  
I'm completely capable.

Dustin continues to the kitchen.

JEANINE  
Your dad used to tell me that about  
you.

DUSTIN  
Just leave him out of this.

Jeanine starts to cry. Dustin sighs.

JEANINE

Dustin, I know you think I'm some stupid gold-digging bimbo.

DUSTIN

I don't think you're stupid.

Jeanine doesn't know what to say.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

Kidding.

Dustin can't be an ass anymore. He gives her a small hug.

JEANINE

I miss him so much. The way he smelled. You smell just like him.

DUSTIN

You think so?

Dustin gives her one more hug. He likes the comparison. Jeanine take a big sniff. A big smile grows on Jack's face as he notices their embrace.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

A FIRE roars. Jack and Ling get up and stumble to bed leaving Jeanine sitting on the couch with her wine glass.

JEANINE

I'm just going to watch the fire for a little while.

LING SUN

OK hun, see you in the morning.

Jeanine smiles and watches them leave. She hears their door close; reaches in to her pocket and pulls out a small DEVICE. She walks toward the corner of the room near the windows and scans.

Dustin ambles toward the fridge wearing just his boxers. He catches Jeanine in his peripheral vision reflecting from the window. His interest is piqued. He spies on Jeanine fiddling near the curtains, out of her view. He ducks.

Jeanine sees a reflection in the window and spins around walking toward the kitchen. Dustin crouches under the counters and creeps out of the kitchen. He disappears down the hall.

INT. HALLWAY

He slips in the shadows near the GRANDFATHER CLOCK. Jeanine slinks down the hallway.

Dustin holds his breath as Jeanine walks right past him. She analyzes the silence before turning around to go back to the living room. Dustin lets his breath go and slips down the hall to his room.

INT. BEDROOM

Dustin carefully closes the door. His finger slips forcing the door to make a loud CLICK much to the chagrin of Dustin.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeanine spins around toward the CLICK, suspecting Dustin's room. She walks back down the hall.

INT. BEDROOM - JACK'S LODGE

Dustin puts his finger over Erin's mouth.

DUSTIN

Shhh..

Dustin humps the bed to make it SQUEAK.

EXT. HALLWAY

Jeanine listen at the door. She walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - JACK'S LODGE

Dustin lays near Erin and stares at the ceiling.

ERIN

What's the matter?

DUSTIN

I can't fucking believe it.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Dustin sits with Jack. The remnants of breakfast litter the table. Ling and Jeanine hang out on the deck that overlooks the tree-filled valley.

DUSTIN  
I'm telling you what I saw.

JACK  
Gold digger, silver fox fetish,  
loved his big wanker..maybe. Spy,  
no.

DUSTIN  
Dude, go ahead and live in your  
dream world.

JACK  
Your dad had her investigated front  
and back. He even knows who busted  
her cherry.

DUSTIN  
Then explain the dealie she put in  
the corner.

Dustin motions to the corner. Jack is alarmed and looks to  
the corner where he discovered the earlier device.

JACK  
What dealie?

DUSTIN  
Hell if I know.

Dustin storms over to the corner of the room where Jeanine  
inserted the device last night.

Ling and Jeanine come in from the deck. Jeanine is alarmed,  
but keeps her cool.

LING SUN  
Doing a little house keeping.

DUSTIN  
(to Jeanine)  
What did you do with it?

JEANINE  
With what?

DUSTIN  
The little black thing. The  
microphone. Hell, you tell me.

JEANINE  
Was it this?

Jeanine produces a small black object.

DUSTIN  
What's that?

JEANINE  
(demure)  
A black pearl.

Dustin looks at it.

DUSTIN  
That's not it.

JEANINE  
Your dad gave it to me on our first  
anniversary.

JACK  
You owe Jeanine an apology.

DUSTIN  
For what?

Ling finally steps in.

LING SUN  
For being so rude.

JEANINE  
Was I doing this?

Jeanine walks over to the corner and feigns a yoga move,  
ending in a singular stance, similar to what Dustin saw.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
My yoga helps me relax.

DUSTIN  
That wasn't it and you know it.

LING SUN  
(angrily)  
Dustin.

Dustin storms out of the room.

JEANINE  
I'm sorry.

JACK  
Kid is going through a lot.

JEANINE  
You can't blame him for being  
protective.

JACK  
Otto hated being in a fishbowl.

JEANINE  
He never explained it all to me.

Jeanine looks at Jack with wide innocent eyes. For the first time Jack suspects her of lying, but he's baffled.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Roman approaches Greeley who lists at the blank monitor from Jack's bedroom.

ROMAN  
Why hasn't she installed it!

Greeley shrugs.

GREELEY  
I dunno man.

Greeley sits up.

GREELEY (cont'd)  
Uh, sir.

Roman storms away. Greeley clicks over to a soccer game on the same monitor. He makes a "score" motion with his hands and silently jumps around his area.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ling comforts Jeanine.

JEANINE  
I don't know what I would do  
without you guys.

Jack isn't moved. Ling motions him away. He gladly complies.

LING SUN  
You know we're here for you.

JEANINE  
I've got to get going.

LING SUN  
Will you call me tomorrow?

Jeanine nods.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Greeley devours the soccer game, with his feet on the desk and headphones on. Roman approaches and slaps his feet off the desk.

ROMAN

They're in the mountains!

GREELEY

Wha?

ROMAN

That girl, Erin, her brother's car was towed 2 miles from Jack's house.

GREELEY

Well he's not at his house.

Greeley clicks over to the bedroom monitor.

ROMAN

I'm sending my own people up there.

Greeley looks concerned.

INT. TREE TRUNK LABORATORY

Dustin, Jack and Hartwell carefully carry the PROTOTYPE up the stairs.

LING SUN

Careful.

EXT. FOREST

The group carefully trods through the forest to a tricked out FORD EXPEDITION.

EXT. BOAT DOCK PARKING LOT

They load the prototype and jump in.

INT. FORD EXPEDITION

ERIN

My brother's gonna be pissed.

DUSTIN  
We'll buy him 3 just like it.

On a curve, their SUV passes TWO SEDANS, one carrying Roman and his henchmen.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Roman arrives at the boat dock parking lot. He steps out and scans the area.

ROMAN  
Separate.

Roman motions his 4 henchmen in opposite directions, himself walking in to the woods.

EXT. MOSCONE CONVENTION CENTER

THE group pulls up to the check in GUARD. Hartwell hands him his IDENTIFICATION.

A banner above reads: INTERNATIONAL ALTERNATIVE ENERGY SYMPOSIUM.

GUARD  
Your name's Ben Franklin, that's cool.

Hartwell nods and smiles. The guard motions down the alley.

GUARD (cont'd)  
Alternative fuel cars are located on 8 west.

The guard hands him his documents and site MAP.

HARTWELL  
Thank you.

Ling grabs the site map from the documents.

LING SUN  
Pull in here.

A sign reads 4 EAST.

Another security guard checks their documents.

GUARD #2  
Cars are over there.

Ling bats her eyes and flirts.

LING SUN  
Honey, they're just dropping me  
off.

He waves them in.

INT. ENERGY SYMPOSIUM

Erin distributes FLYERS at break neck pace. Her clean cut beauty and sweet disposition make her a hit at nerd central.

A couple nerds re-approach her, pointing and commenting on her flyer, quite fascinated and pleased.

Dustin approaches Erin without disrespecting the nerds.

DUSTIN  
You about ready for the big show?

ERIN  
(to nerds)  
Excuse me.

NERD #1  
I worked on the Stellarator at  
Princeton. You figured it out!

Erin nods and smiles and walks away with Dustin.

DUSTIN  
Prof's all ready.

Dustin and Erin jump on stage to join the professor who stands in front of their SUV.

A small sign reads:

2:30 DISCUSSION

The professor nervously looks at his watch which reads 2:28. 10 attendees mill about their booth. Erin does her part innocently flirting and keeping the interest of the scientists.

A skeptical SCIENTIST (42) sneers at Erin.

SKEPTIC  
What is this, some new engine that  
runs on farts?

Some of the scientists LAUGH thinking it's the funniest thing they've ever heard. Erin is speechless and grossed out.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
Not a bad idea for conservation,  
but...

Professor nods to Erin and Dustin.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL (cont'd)  
Let's begin.

Dustin opens the SUV trunk and nods to Erin for assistance. Together they pull out the prototype and place it on the large table in front. They turn it on. A blue glowing SHAPE appears on the monitor.

Most of the attendees interest is piqued.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL (cont'd)  
This is the most efficient toroidal  
shape that the plasma can be  
twisted into and suspended in this  
magnetic field.

The group grows.

Erin hands out more FLYERS to the newcomers.

A YOUNG SCIENTIST quickly scans the information.

YOUNG SCIENTIST  
These formulas have never been  
proven.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
If you'll analyze them yourself,  
you'll see that they are now.

The group grows larger. The buzz is unstoppable. The group beams with victory.

EXT. BOAT DOCK PARKING LOT

Roman tromps out of the woods in frustration. He grabs his high tech BINOCULARS in his sedan.

ROMAN'S POV: Through infrared, the binoculars pan from the woods to the water.

Roman is frustrated he clicks over a button.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: A finger switching the INFRARED button to DAYTIME.

ROMAN'S POV: Roman scans the same area gain.

Roman realizes he saw something on infrared. He switches the binoculars back.

ROMAN'S POV: The infrared reveals a slightly GLOWING trail that leads in to the woods.

Roman motions his henchmen to follow.

INT. FOREST

Roman lopes forward following the illuminated pathway of footsteps. The footsteps end at the REDWOOD TREE. Roman feels around the tree. He motions his men around the tree, accidently knocking the BRANCH. The tree opens. Roman and the men rush in, guns pulled.

INT. TREE TRUNK LABORATORY

Roman kicks equipment around the deserted laboratory.

ROMAN

Damn them!

Roman runs to the area where one UNDERWATER PROPULSION DEVICES remains.

Roman stops. His mind flashes to the SUV that passed them on the road. He realizes it's Jack, Hartwell and company, clad in sunglasses.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Moscone!

Roman immediately calls on his space age phone, as he is patched through he yells to his men with him.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Burn it all!

INT. MOSCONE CONVENTION CENTER

The area around their SUV is ringed with onlookers, many on their cell phones.

4 SUNGLASSED MEN synchronously stare towards Professor Hartwell.

HARTWELL  
Time to go bye-bye.

Hartwell and company immediately leave their exhibit and struggle through the thick crowd.

The henchmen unsuccessfully attempt to run towards them. Dustin is the last to exit through the EMERGENCY EXIT. He pulls the FIRE ALARM, in addition to the SPRINKLER. The BUZZ is deafening. Conventioneers head to the exit en masse. The SPRINKLERS kick on and add to the mayhem.

INT. MOSCONE CONVENTION CENTER CORRIDOR

The group runs down the corridor.

LING SUN  
This way.

EXT. MOSCONE CONVENTION CENTER

JACK  
They are all over here.

Ling scans the area noting men in suits talking to themselves, scanning the area.

HOMELESS MAN  
Spare change?

Ling spins around and notices a GROUP of 5 HOMELESS people with appropriate signs, and beggar dishes, drunk out of their minds.

INT. SEDAN

Roman speeds down the road.

ROMAN  
How could you lose them?

EXT. MOSCONE CONVENTION CENTER

HENCHMAN  
Sir, they just vanished.

The henchman turns around in disgust to a HOMELESS PERSON touching his leg who sits with a group of four similar persons.

HENCHMAN (cont'd)

Back off!

The crowd continues to stream out of the convention center. Many soaked to the bone.

HENCHMAN (cont'd)

Not you sir.

The henchman hurries away toward another man in his organization.

DUSTIN

Oh my God, You stink Erin!

Dustin is the homeless person who grabbed the man's leg.

ERIN

So do you!

Jack, Ling and Professor Hartwell round out the group of disguised homeless people.

DUSTIN

I'm going to have to start calling you "urine".

Jack notices a man exiting a cab at the corner. He motions the group to run for it. Jack tosses the cabbie a \$100 BILL. The group peels off their CLOTHES, tossing them out the cab window as it speeds away.

EXT. MOSCONE CONVENTION CENTER

A henchman notices a band of dirty tanned drunk people dressed in CLEAN STREET CLOTHES. He spins around and runs to the same area where the man grabbed his leg. He looks in the street and notices strewn CLOTHES. He runs out in the middle of the street and kicks them in the air. A car skids to a stop in front of him and HONKS.

INT. CAB

The cab winds its way down a mountain road filled with Jack and company. A ROADBLOCK stops the cab.

POLICEMAN

Fire on Suntow ridge...locals only.

The group observes the SMOKE in the distance.

Jack sits in his underwear looking ridiculous.

POLICEMAN (cont'd)  
 Sorry sir, No entry.

Another officer approaches, smiling.

2ND POLICEMAN  
 Burning Man is about 3 hours north  
 of here.

Jack shakes his head, not wanting to argue.

JACK  
 Take me to the "stuffed owl".

INT. STUFFED OWL BAR

The group shares a pitcher of beer, now dressed in Army surplus and hunting clothes in the run-down local bar

ON TV: a hometown newscaster reports.

NEWSCASTER  
 The Suntow fire has been contained  
 to 30 acres, helped by calm breezes  
 and--

HONK

BARTENDER  
 Hey Jack, Clara's here.

JACK  
 Put it on my account.

The bartender nods. The group rushes out to the truck.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

Clara pulls a tarp over the group huddled in the bed of her truck.

CLARA  
 There now Jackie, all tucked in.

Clara chuckles and hops in her truck.

EXT. ROADBLOCK

The officers wave Clara through. A henchman waits nearby in his sedan waiting for the group to arrive at the roadblock.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - JACK'S LODGE

The group waves goodbye to Clara as she backs up the driveway. They turn and walk in to the home.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Roman approaches Barry, who now sits at Greeley's computer, working diligently.

ROMAN  
Do a back up and retrieve them.

Barry pounds away. Roman pushes him out of the way and clicks at the keys himself.

The MONITOR reads: Greeley #679

TESLA FILE: FULL SECURITIZED DELETION: NO RECOVERY

ROMAN (cont'd)  
Put a tracer on his implant.

A woman approaches.

YOUNG WOMAN  
Sir, they would like to speak with you.

She hands Roman a high tech phone.

ROMAN  
(subservient)  
Yes...I---

Noticeable YELLING comes out of the earpiece.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
Sir, this was out of my control.

The YELLING continues.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
I was just notified of Greeley.

BARRY  
Sir, he's on the Golden Gate Bridge.

Barry pushes buttons which then show and AERIAL SATELLITE VIEW of San Francisco. A white BEEP flashes on the center of the Golden Gate Bridge.

ROMAN

Tell our men on the bridge.

Barry runs down the hall.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Greeley folds a SWISS ARMY KNIFE. He holds his bleeding wound near his tricep. He is dressed like a Haight-Ashbury street rasta. He throws the micro IMPLANT off the Bridge.

GREELEY'S P.O.V.

Two men from his organization run towards Greeley on the crowded bridge. One holds a black GLOBAL POSITIONING LOCATOR.

The men race past Greeley as he saunters away with a groove in his step. Greeley remains cool as a cucumber observing the men looking over the bridge railing.

One of the men speaks in to his collar.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Barry touches his earpiece.

BARRY

Sir, he's killed himself. It's beeping in the bay.

Roman spins to Barry.

ROMAN

Tell 49 to be ready in two hours.  
I can't complete this without her.  
They will be running to Jack for  
comfort.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE

Two stereotypical tourists, complete with Bermuda shorts and dangling CAMERA, saunter by the men.

HENCHMAN

(to tourists)

Did you see anyone jump?

TOURIST

Are you shitting me? Sheila, did you hear that?

The tourist motions for his plump girlfriend to look over the side with him.

TOURIST (cont'd)

Can you believe it? Right here in front of us baby! First two men kissing in the park, and now this! Get that man to get a picture of us standing here.

The MEN are stunned and take the camera from him and comply.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Raquel looks over her shoulder and begins typing furiously.

RAQUEL

(to herself)  
Greeley...

The computer shows the transfer of \$4,999,999. to an account at BANK OF SWITZERLAND in the name of Jim Morrison, Jr.

Raquel shakes her head, obviously sad.

Her cordless headset beeps. She is startled.

RAQUEL (cont'd)

Yes Roman, how can I be of service?

INT. ROMAN'S SEDAN

Roman and Barry speed in the Mountains.

ROMAN

Where have you been!

RAQUEL

I...I was in the bathr--

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

ROMAN

Where's 49?

Raquel clicks her keyboard.

RAQUEL  
 Sir, I show her just about to  
 arrive.

ON MONITOR: An AERIAL VIEW from 400 ft. of a car winding up a  
 mountain road.

ROMAN  
 Connect me with her, now!

RAQUEL  
 Yes sir.

Raquel pushes a special handset.

RAQUEL (cont'd)  
 Umm, Jeanine, it's Raquel.

INT. JEANINE'S PORSCHE

JEANINE  
 (happily excited)  
 Raquel! Greeley told--!

Raquel interrupts.

RAQUEL  
 Yes Jeanine, he's gone. I have  
 Roman on the line.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

JEANINE  
 Hello Roman.

ROMAN  
 Jeanine, is that what we're calling  
 you now? We're taking them out  
 tonight.

JEANINE  
 It's not necessary.

ROMAN  
 Not necessary! My ass is on the  
 line. If I hadn't listened to you.

INT. JACK'S LODGE - EVENING

The DOORBELL rings. Jack looks up to the door TV MONITOR and  
 notices Jeanine. He jerks open the large door, looks around  
 and nervously pulls her inside.

JACK

Well, look what the cat dragged in.  
I thought you weren't coming until  
tomorrow?

JEANINE

Sorry, I just couldn't wait after  
all that happened.

Ling hops over to give Jeanine a heartfelt hug and welcomes her.

Jeanine goes right for Dustin who is now finally glad to see her.

JEANINE (cont'd)

I was so scared.

Dustin just nods.

JACK

It's good to see you two finally  
getting along.

Jeanine gives Erin a quick hug.

JEANINE

So good to see you too.

Jeanine is obviously pensive, and observes the candlelit room. She looks like she might blurt out whatever is on her mind, and looks around the room to CAMERAS she knows she has hidden in the past.

Ling approaches with a glass of wine.

LING SUN

We're trying to be a little  
incognito.

Jeanine can't stand it any longer.

JEANINE

Dustin, could I speak with you for  
a moment.

DUSTIN

Sure. But we're cool now.

Dustin gets up to follow Jeanine out to the deck. Dustin closes the door behind her.

Jeanine looks out to the dark forest. Dustin stands near her and looks out. He realizes she's been crying.

JEANINE

You know. When I was young, I was pretty jaded.

DUSTIN

Worse than me?

JEANINE

I never thought I would find love. Until they sent me to your father.

DUSTIN

What?

JEANINE

You were right about me?

DUSTIN

Which part? I don't care if you were bonking him for his money?

JEANINE

My meeting your father was no accident.

DUSTIN

Whadya mean?

JEANINE

I'm going to take care of them, at least for now. We need to change your identities. You need to go in to hiding.

DUSTIN

I'm not hiding from anyone. Them... What a bunch of pussies. Who's them?!

Jeanine pulls him closer to quiet him. He pushes her away.

Just then Erin thoughtlessly flips on the kitchen LIGHT. The room illuminates silhouetting Dustin and Jeanine against the glass. Jack jumps over and flicks off the light.

A red LASER flickers off the glass window. Jeanine panics and pushes Dustin down with brute strength.

DUSTIN (cont'd)

What the fuck are you doing?

Dustin is freaked by her strength. Just at that moment the glass door SHATTERS sending glass everywhere.

Ling and Jack are alerted. Erin already hides on the kitchen floor shaking.

JACK  
Everybody downstairs. We're taking  
the tunnel.

They crouch low and head to downstairs.

JEANINE  
That's the first place they'll  
look.

JACK  
It's a secret.

JEANINE  
Built in 1978, 114 feet long, 3  
foot walls, who do you think was  
the winning contractor?

Jack is furious.

JACK  
How could you stay in my house  
and...and drink my WINE. If--

JEANINE  
Four are waiting.

LING SUN  
Jack, she's on our side now.

Jack stands up and looks outside. The red LASER appears on his forehead. Jeanine pulls him down. A bullet WHIZZES by and embeds in a wall.

Jack realizes her importance.

JACK  
I'm not going down without a fight.

Jack scrambles to his gun cabinet and pushes in the code. The door pops open. He slides pistols and ammunition down to the crouching group.

ERIN  
I've never shot a gun.

JACK  
You just point and shoot. Just  
like a camera.

Erin is panicked. Dustin gazes at her and gives her a kiss.

DUSTIN  
I got you in this, and I'm going to  
get you out.

Erin kisses him back.

JEANINE  
They've got infrared, and more.

JACK  
And so do I.

Jack scrambles back to his gun rack and retrieves 2 pairs of  
INFRARED GOGGLES.

DUSTIN  
Why'd you have these?

JACK  
Ling and I used to play hide and go  
seek outside before we'd...oh,  
never mind.

Dustin smiles and takes a pair.

JEANINE  
I'll take the front.

Jeanine takes Dustin's baseball cap off his head and starts  
ramming her long hair underneath the cap.

Dustin appreciates her authority.

JACK  
There's four trails that lead out  
of here.

Jack sidles up to the TV monitors near the hallway. He  
pushes EXTERIOR TREES button. He pushes the button  
NIGHTTIME.

JACK (cont'd)  
You were right about the tunnel.

ON MONITOR: A henchman appears through the greenish hue.

Jack pushes another button.

JACK (cont'd)  
That's the easiest trail.

ON MONITOR: Another of Roman's men appears.

JEANINE  
Roman's on his way.

JACK  
Who's he?

JEANINE  
The man who has been hounding you  
for 20 years.

Jack pushes another button.

ON MONITOR: Barry appears.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
He's here.

Jeanine reaches to a small device and speaks in to it.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
Roman, what's your location?

ROMAN (O.S.)  
Jeanine, where are you!?

JEANINE  
I have them hidden in the wine  
cellar. Tell me where you are?

ROMAN (O.S.)  
Why did you save Dustin?

JEANINE  
You want them all don't you?

ROMAN (O.S.)  
I'm on the upper driveway.

JEANINE  
Come to the back door downstairs,  
and they are all yours. Tell the  
others to follow. We need to do  
this quickly.

Dustin holds his hands out wondering her plan.

Jeanine puts her finger over her mouth. She makes sure  
Dustin, Ling and Erin each have a GUN. She motions them in  
to Dustin's room upstairs.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
If I'm not back in 5 minutes,  
scatter in the woods.

The group enters Dustin's room.

INT. DUSTIN'S ROOM

The group sits huddled on the bed. Dustin comforts terrified Erin.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jeanine, with gun in hand, opens the framed glass door motioning Roman and Barry inside.

JEANINE  
Where are the other two?

ROMAN  
Securing upstairs.

Jeanine is panic stricken but keeps her cool.

JEANINE  
They are in there.

Jeanine motions to the wine cellar door.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
Make it clean.

ROMAN  
Good work forty,..Jeanine.

Jeanine hears the DOOR OPENING upstairs. She opens the wine door.

JEANINE  
Behind the cases in the back.

Jeanine motions. Roman and Barry enter. She slams the heavy door and spins the lock on the cellar door, setting the lock for 12 days.

INT. CELLAR

Roman realizes he's been had. He starts SHOOTING at the metal door, to no avail.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Jeanine sees the third man standing near the glass door. She opens the door.

MAN #3

Is it over?

She makes a "Shhhhh" motions and whispers in his ear, holding the gun to his head.

JEANINE

Didn't we have martial arts together?

Jeanine fires her SILENCER. She grabs his lifeless body and places it on the ground.

JEANINE (cont'd)

Sorry.

INT. CELLAR

Roman frantically moves about the room, trying to find an escape. Barry attempts to make radio contact.

MAN #1

Lead walls sir, no signal.

Roman kicks a case of expensive wine to the ground.

He notices an AIR DUCT.

ROMAN

Has to lead to the outside.

Roman rips off the vent and peers down the duct.

ROMAN (cont'd)

Hand me that.

Roman motions to a CROWBAR resting on an open wooden case filled with straw.

With both hands, Roman rams the crowbar to the upper part of the duct, nothing is moving. Roman is getting exhausted.

Barry takes the crowbar from exhausted Roman.

INT. DUSTIN'S ROOM

The group is frazzled. Erin examines her gun like a foreign object. The door opens.

ERIN

Jeanine?

The door opens to reveal MAN #3 shocked to find them there. Erin SCREAMS, startling the man, and in turn dropping her own gun. The gun FIRES.

The man drops dead.

Erin runs to his aid.

ERIN (cont'd)  
Oh my God, I'm so sorry.

Erin holds her hand to her mouth. MAN #3 has a bullet in his head, his eyes wide open.

Jeanine runs to the room.

JEANINE  
Nice work.

Jeanine comforts freaked out Erin. The group hears wild BANGING.

JEANINE (cont'd)  
They are locked in tight for 12 days. That should give us plenty of time to figure out--

The BANGING becomes more pronounced. The sound of wood CRACKING. The group runs to the office where they notice a CROWBAR poking through the floor, then being pulled back. Bullets WHIZ straight up to the ceiling.

JACK  
The vent!

JEANINE  
Everybody in the car.

INT. CELLAR

Roman holds his space-age phone up to the hole and cranes his head to its microphone.

ROMAN  
Freeze radio waves on my position!

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN

Jack backs the Suburban out of the 6 car garage. The automatic car door locks click UP and DOWN several times. The radio flashes ENTER SECURITY CODE.

JEANINE  
He's out! GO!

INT. CELLAR

Roman and Barry thrust the door open. Roman nods. They both take out strange-looking GUNS with thin long muzzles. They point to opposite walls. FLAMES shoot out, igniting the walls. They run up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Roman and Barry TORCH the living room and hallway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Roman looks up the long driveway noticing their black suburban SQUEALING out of sight.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN

Jack rolls down his window. He FIRES, blowing two tires out of Roman's Mercedes, HISS, HISS. He fires at the passenger window. The bullet bounces off.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Roman runs up the driveway towards his car. He finds the flattened tires. He pushes the security lock to open the door. Both jump in the car.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

Roman opens a panel behind the radio revealing several buttons. He pushes a series of BUTTONS.

EXT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

The tires reinflate.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

Roman spies the Suburban's tail lights in the distance down the winding road. Roman picks up his phone.

ROMAN  
Need back up.

Barry works a GPS MONITOR on the middle dash.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
Both dead. How long for  
assistance?

Roman overtakes and scans the GPS MONITOR. Roman slams the phone down and speeds toward the taillights.

ROMAN (cont'd)  
We're taking care of this alone.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK

Clara Johnson grabs a CAN OF COPENHAGEN and readies her lip for a dip. After she places a large wad in her front lip she takes a sip from a PINT Whiskey bottle. Her AM RADIO plays twangy COUNTRY MUSIC.

She looks up to notice Jack's Suburban race by.

CLARA  
(singing)  
"You gotta stop, and smell the  
roses, you gotta count your many  
blessings everyday..a,uh,yeah..

Clara pulls out in the direction of the Suburban and spits out the window.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN

IN REAR VIEW MIRROR: Jack's attention is caught by the glare of Clara's headlights.

Dustin jerks around to the lights.

DUSTIN  
Is that them?

Jack takes a long look.

JACK  
Nope, that's our Clara out for her  
evening drive.

Jack is a bit relieved until he sees the Mercedes headlights barreling down on Clara.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK

Clara notices the Mercedes riding her tail.

CLARA  
Aw, it's you again!

Roman's attempts to pass her. Clara swerves in his path.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

Roman is confounded.

ROMAN  
Take her out.

Barry leans out the car window, takes aim and FIRES through her back window.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK

The bullet SHATTERS her rear window, startling the hell out of Clara.

CLARA  
Now you're gonna git it.

Clara reaches under her seat for a sawed off SHOTGUN. She deftly cocks it with one hand and places the muzzle through the missing window. She fires two shots without looking.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

The bullets RICOCHET off his bullet-proof windshield, right in front of his head. Roman is startled, yet determined.

INT. BLACK SUBURBAN

Jack pulls a sharp right up the small hidden road towards the helicopter.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK

Clara stomps on her brakes.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

Roman SLAMS his car in to the rear of the Chevy truck, forcing Barry to drop his gun out the window. Roman glances over to his blunder.

ROMAN

Damnit!

Barry grabs another gun. He aims at Clara's rear tires and FIRES. The tires EXPLODE.

INT. CHEVY TRUCK

Clara starts to lose control of her truck. She runs in to a ditch, bumping her head.

CLARA

Those were fresh re-treads!

She bangs the steering wheel.

Roman races by in his sedan. Clara hurls her half empty whiskey PINT at the car like a trained knife thrower.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

The whiskey PINT clunks Barry in the head. Barry holds his now bleeding temple and MOANS.

Roman can't believe Clara's skill.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR HELICOPTER PAD

Jack speeds up the hill. He pushes his remote, opening the electric gate.

INT. ROMAN'S MERCEDES

Roman examines the dashboard GPS. A LIGHT flashes off the main road grid. Baffled, he races by the entrance of the road. He stomps on the brakes. He jams the car in REVERSE and peels rubber backwards, finding the almost invisible entrance. Roman CRASHES through the gate.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD

Jack runs to the helicopter first and hops in.

INT. HELICOPTER

Jack flips all the necessary switches and flips the ignition. The blades slowly WHIR and start. Jack hops out to assist the others.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR HELICOPTER PAD

Dustin assists Erin and Jeanine out of the Suburban.

JACK  
Go! Go! GO!

Jack grabs Ling and runs her to the side door of the helicopter and hurries her inside.

Erin approaches first, Jack shoves her inside.

Jack notices the flash of headlights reflecting off the tree.

JACK (cont'd)  
Get in the BIRD!

Dustin turns around and notices the headlights.

Jack takes his GUN and starts firing. The bullets bounce off like raindrops on a well-waxed car.

The Mercedes slides to a stop on the gravel.

INT. MERCEDES

Barry jerks open his door and fires at Dustin. He misses. Dustin crouches.

EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR HELICOPTER PAD

Jack bravely takes aim at Barry, hitting him in the face, killing him.

JACK  
Get in Dustin, I've got him!

Jack fires at Roman hiding in the Mercedes.

Roman cowardly sticks his GUN only outside his window and fires just above Dustin's head who attempts to enter the helicopter.

Dustin ducks down, Erin and Ling SCREAM.

LING SUN  
Jack, GET IN!

Jack jumps in the copter.

Jeanine grasps the helicopter door handle and opens it. She creates a human shield as she SHOVES Dustin inside the copter.

Two bullets RIP through her torso. She lets out a GASP.

Jack jumps halfway out and rapid fires at Roman keeping him inside the Mercedes.

Jeanine's eyes are fixed on Dustin.

Dustin grabs Jeanine to try to pull her in, there is limited room. She is obviously dying. Dustin has tears and fear in his eyes.

Jack jumps back in.

DUSTIN  
Oh, Jeanine.

JEANINE  
Make your father proud.

Another BULLET hits Jeanine. She slumps out of his arms. Dustin lets her go.

INT. HELICOPTER

Dustin puts his face in his hands. Jack jerks the YOKE to ready for lift off.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD

Roman rushes towards the helicopter as it lifts off.

He grabs the helicopter's landing gear SKID on Dustin's side.

Jack lifts off.

INT. HELICOPTER

Dustin notices Roman hanging on. Jack realizes the weight imbalance and struggles to right the helicopter.

EXT. HELICOPTER

Roman holds on for dear life and tries to point his gun toward the passenger cabin. The wild ROCKING makes this impossible for him to get a shot.

INT. HELICOPTER

Jack barely clears the trees.

JACK  
(yelling)  
Ever see a dog with poo stuck to  
it's butt?

Jack purposely scrapes the tops of the trees.

Roman pulls his legs up and secures himself on the skid.

Jack can't believe his eyes when he notices his home is ABLAZE. He is devastated, hurt and sad. Ling looks at him, trying to comfort him. She puts her hand on his shoulder.

He flies right over the burning home and HOVERS.

JACK (cont'd)  
Hold on to your hats.

Jack begins wild acrobatics over the BURNING HOUSE.

EXT. HELICOPTER

Roman's legs slip off the skid. He holds on with only his arms, attempting to gain a better grip. He manages to get a leg up, and pulls out his gun and attempts to fire.

Jack wildly jerks the helicopter. Roman loses his grip. With both hands, he FIRES his gun three times as he falls in to the FIERY BUILDING.

A CLOSE UP reveals the bullet puncturing the transmission oil storage near the blade.

INT. HELICOPTER

Ling and Erin hug each other. Dustin turns around and aggressively pulls Erin to him, kissing her passionately. He then pats Jack on the back.

DUSTIN  
Nice work captain.

Ling reaches around and gives a quick kiss to Jack.

LING SUN  
You wanted to remodel anyway,  
remember?

JACK  
Aw, now.

Jack taps the oil pressure gauge steadily dropping. A warning BUZZER SOUNDS.

Oil drips on the windshield.

JACK (cont'd)  
We're going down kids.

Ling and Erin are terrified.

Jack maneuvers the helicopter towards a pitch black area in the distance. The helicopter starts to yaw.

JACK (cont'd)  
Got your swimsuits on?

Amid the warning BUZZERS, Jack expertly guides the helicopter over the water, and hovers.

JACK (cont'd)  
End of the line.

LING SUN  
I can't leave you!

JACK  
Git going woman.

Jack opens his door.

JACK (cont'd)  
You better take her with you.

Ling takes Erin's hand. The helicopter loses power and yaws more. The two step down to the skid, nod and jump in to the black.

DUSTIN  
I'm staying with you.

JACK  
You're doing no such thing.

Jack points and demands he exit.

JACK (cont'd)  
Better go now or Erin's going to  
end up with a few dents in her  
head.

DUSTIN  
I love you Jack.

Dustin looks straight in his eyes, turns and jumps.

Jack struggles to ensure the helicopter flies straight away  
from the group. The BLADES freeze. The helicopter drops  
straight towards the water. KERSPLASH!

EXT. LAKE

Ling and Erin struggle to tread water. Erin gasps for breath  
from the shock. Dustin swims toward her and attempts to calm  
her. Ling closes her eyes watching the helicopter crash.

LING SUN  
Come on Jack.

The group swims rapidly towards the wreckage.

DUSTIN  
JACK! JACK!

Ling races at Olympic pace ahead of the two.

DUSTIN (cont'd)  
JACK!

Ling stays on her course. A HAND grabs Ling, stopping her  
stride.

JACK  
You got a nice stroke there kid.

Jack and Ling kiss and squeeze each other.

JACK (cont'd)  
Watch the shoulder.

Dustin is not far behind. He reaches the two. Dustin hugs  
Jack.

JACK (cont'd)  
You're gonna drown me boy.

Erin finally reaches the group.

JACK (cont'd)  
 Why you guys swimming this way?  
 The shore is thatta way.

Jack points towards the FIRE in the distance. Emergency LIGHTS rotate near the blaze.

Ling splashes water toward him. He begins a one-arm backstroke toward the shore.

JACK (cont'd)  
 (singing)  
 "Moon River....wider than a mile.  
 Two drifters off to see the world"

INT. PROFESSOR HARTWELL'S OFFICE

Professor Hartwell stands hugging Erin and Dustin. A newspaper headline reads: 24 FUSION GENERATORS SLATED FOR IMMEDIATE CONSTRUCTION. The professor beams.

PROFESSOR HARTWELL  
 It's bigger than us now.

Professor Hartwell winks and tussles Dustin's hair.

EXT. ITALIAN RIVIERA

Elegant beach chairs line up in a row. Dustin and Erin sun themselves clad in Luxoticca glasses on two chaises lounges.

A smartly dressed WAITER delivers Campari and Soda.

A young handsome man in a baseball cap trots up next to Dustin and drops his satchel on a chaise.

GREELEY  
 Hey, did you go to Berkeley?

Dustin nods and gets up to shake his hand wondering why he looks so familiar.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Raquel works at her computer screen. From satellite distance, she ZOOMS in on Dustin and Greeley chatting it up at the beach. She puts her hand on her chin, shakes her head and smiles. She notices someone approaching her from behind. She switches the screen to BLACK.

FADE OUT: