

Diamond Rain  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT TICKET AREA -- MORNING

Beads of drizzling rain on a skylight break milky sunlight into tiny rainbows.

The light passes through the skylight and glistens off a terrazzo floor four stories below. Clusters of travelers clatter and thump across the gray blue surface, jockeying to push past each other.

A beefy building contractor booms demands into his cell phone as though no one else is around.

BUILDING CONTRACTOR

I'm doing you a solid at three mill.  
If I find out anybody else knows...

A tense, willowy actress impatiently steps away from the contractor and loudly hisses into her phone.

WILLOWY ACTRESS

Get it off the site...it's my career.

As fast as she dare in low heels and a business length skirt, a fragile, fortyish woman approaches, talking on her phone. Both women talk and do the stranger-avoidance dance.

WILLOWY ACTRESS

Just get the damn video off.

The business woman weaves left and breaks free of the actress.

WILLOWY ACTRESS

Gawd, you haven't told anybody?

The business woman charges ahead, scanning the departure screens. In a husky voice that belies her fragile frame, she barks into her phone.

BUSINESS WOMAN

You better have something on that skateboard when I get there.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL VIDEO WALL -- MORNING

The business woman hustles past the chamber of commerce video clips of Seattle fading in and out. The video voiceover mingles with the terminal's background buzz.

VIDEO VOICEOVER (V.O.)

Seattle's engineering culture gave birth to such giants as Boeing, Microsoft, Weyerhaeuser, Amazon...

Below the screen strolls a cast aside denizen of that culture: RYAN DODGE. He clutches a scruffy laptop computer and scans faces in the crowd.

VIDEO VOICEOVER (V.O.)  
 ...it's fertile business environment  
 spawns America's most successful  
 companies. Imagine your company...

Otherwise handsome, the strain on the lower buttons of Ryan's denim shirt make it obvious that the wrinkles in his sport jacket and khaki pants did not get there through exercise.

VIDEO VOICEOVER (V.O.)  
 ...ride the waves of innovation.

Ryan smoothes down his rumpled head of graying hair as he zeroes in on DENNIS CULLEN, a robust businessman dressed in upscale casual clothes.

RYAN  
 Dennis. Dennis, let's talk.

Ryan slips through Dennis's entourage and taps him on the shoulder. Dennis lays into him without breaking stride.

DENNIS  
 Ryan. How's my favorite twit?

RYAN  
 Offended. Dennis, just because --

DENNIS  
 You stick me with phony intel again  
 jagoff and --

RYAN  
 It wasn't so much fraudulent as,  
 mmm, outdated.

Ryan works to get Dennis to look at him. He doesn't.

RYAN  
 Dennis, I can make you a lot of money.

DENNIS  
 You couldn't do that even when you  
 were a patent agent.

RYAN  
 See, that's the beauty part.

DENNIS  
 A putz. I'm talking to a putz.

RYAN  
 You make money. I make money.

DENNIS

We're done.

RYAN

I use the money to clear my name.  
Rhonda gives up on the divorce and --

The entourage spits Ryan out and leaves him bewildered.

RYAN

-- I get my life back.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL DOORWAY -- MORNING

Dennis's entourage flows out the doors past PAM CALICO, midwest wholesome, athletic, mid-thirties. She heads in, phone to her ear, and pats the slim wallet in her jean pocket.

PAM

No. Mom, I don't need a boyfriend  
right now...When you and dad were...

Pam tugs a shoulder strap on her small, high-tech backpack and weaves through the crowd.

PAM

I know what I'm doing...but it is  
safe...Women do it all the time.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET AREA -- MORNING

The business woman settles herself into a seat, pulls out her laptop, and balances it on her lap. With temple veins throbbing, she sputters into her phone.

BUSINESS WOMAN

You'll get your darn money when I  
get that, that, flipping skateboard.

(opens laptop)

Because he's using my invention.

(boots computer game)

I'm not paying license fees for  
something that's mine.

She channels her rage into blasting monsters in the game.

BUSINESS WOMAN

We get this skateboard or die.

INT. NORTHWEST AIRLINES TICKETING AREA -- AFTERNOON

Pam sags against a beige concrete column, desperate to end her cell phone conversation.

PAM

...And what if I was considering artificial insemination. Would that be so bad?

Pam's jaw sags in surrender.

PAM

Mom, mom settle down, I said considering...No. There is no one out there. Believe me, I tried...don't start with the --

INT. UNITED AIRLINES TICKETING AREA -- AFTERNOON

Ryan drifts with the crowd near the seating area. He recognizes the business woman ranting and pacing in front of a broad column. Ryan ducks behind the column and listens.

BUSINESS WOMAN

If I knew where the he was, I wouldn't be paying your ridiculous fee, would I?...No...No, call me at DicoTech.

She checks the time on her phone and snaps it shut.

BUSINESS WOMAN

Idiot.

She marches toward a coffee stand.

Ryan slips around the column and into a seat. A muscular, trimly dressed man sits a few rows away and watches Ryan open his laptop.

Ryan hits a key to boot a program named "Recon." He enters "DicoTech" A progress bar flashes on the screen.

RYAN

Come on, come on. Next rewrite, I'm working on bootup time.

A photo of the business woman appears with the caption:

"Wendy Bainbridge, DicoTech, CEO."

The sidebar reads:

"DicoTech develops energy storage technology. Originally founded by Bainbridge in Kirkland, Washington, it is now..."

RYAN

Where's the damn skateboard?

Ryan taps keys. An on-line article pops up. He scans it:

"...stock award for the patented power storage technology was so substantial, Bainbridge cashed out of Brookes Global Electric to start DicoTech. Industry rumors..."

RYAN

Okay, but the skateboard...Dennis.

He sets his laptop aside, stands and pulls out his cell phone.

The trim muscle man slips into a seat near Ryan's.

Ryan enters a number. An automated voice answers.

AUTOMATED PHONE VOICE (V.O.)

You have reached Cullen Enterprises.  
Dennis Cullen, is not...

RYAN

Dennis, it's Ryan. Let's forget the airport incident. Wendy Bainbridge is looking to snag a skateboard patent. How weird is that? There must be something else --

Out of the corner of his eye, Ryan catches a sudden movement. He turns to see the trim muscle man snatch his computer.

INT. AIRPORT TICKET AREA -- AFTERNOON

Ryan sprints after the Muscle Man.

RYAN

That's my...Stop him! Security!

Muscle Man smoothly dodges a family reorganizing their bags. Ryan, not so smooth.

Ryan reaches for him at the Alaska ticket counter. Muscle Man busts through a Starbucks queue and speeds away.

Neon and plastic signs of news stands, restaurants, and souvenir stores blur together as they race past.

Muscle Man clutches Ryan's computer and charges through the crowd shoving people out of his path. Ryan follows, pushing.

Near the Northwest ticket counter Muscle Man knocks Pam aside. Her phone flies into a concrete wall. She turns, eyes wide, nostrils flaring.

PAM

Ya big jerk! That's my mother --

Ryan pushes to get by Pam.

PAM

What is it with these people?

She pushes back, hard. Ryan goes down.

A bullet rips over Ryan's head and into the wall.

Muscle Man holsters his 9 mm and slips into the crowd.

Ryan and Pam stare at the chunk of concrete torn from the wall. They stare at each other, stunned.

Sliding glass doors close behind the Muscle Man.

Pam's mom's voice drifts up from phone on the floor.

PAM'S MOM

Maybe you should think about going  
back to the convent, honey.

Airport security police converge on the scene.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY ROOM 1 -- AFTERNOON

Ryan sits with his back to a cinderblock wall painted greenish gray. He alternately deadpans and smiles.

AIRPORT DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Mr. Dodge, you're not under suspicion.

Ryan squirms in the metal chair and assesses the detective.

AIRPORT DETECTIVE (O.S.)

But, it would really help if you  
could tell us why somebody would be  
shooting at you.

RYAN

People get shot for a lot less than  
a computer.

AIRPORT DETECTIVE (O.S.)

We're aware of that. We just want  
to make sure that whatever is on  
your computer isn't a threat to --

RYAN

Please don't say homeland security.

AIRPORT DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Let me put it another way. You tell  
us what is on the computer and we  
won't have to ask more questions.

Ryan stands and straightens his collar.

RYAN

Or, I leave because you really can't  
keep me here.

Ryan steps towards the door. It opens. Another detective,  
holding a file folder, enters.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY ROOM 2 -- AFTERNOON

Pam straightens her back against the metal chair.

PAM

I don't know either one of them.

She crosses and uncrosses her arms.

PAM

Even if I did know either of them,  
one of them, any of them, I wouldn't,  
didn't...

She pushes her hands into her the pockets of her tidy, worn  
blue jeans and races to get the words out.

PAM

I don't know why they were running  
and pushing everyone around.

Feeling her throat tighten, she talks faster and louder.

PAM

The shooting, I don't know about  
that either. I've never been shot  
at and...You know you probably think  
I look guilty but you have to  
remember, I'm Catholic. I look guilty  
all the time. The artificial  
insemination probably isn't helping.  
Not that the semen would make me  
look more guilty but the idea of  
artificial --

AIRPORT DETECTIVE (O.S.)

Ms. Calico, let's start over.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY ROOM 1 -- AFTERNOON

Ryan sags into his chair.

AIRPORT DETECTIVE (O.S.)

...cannot afford a lawyer, one will  
be provided for you at government  
expense.

Ryan eyes the open file folder on the metal table.



RYAN

I don't need a lawyer. It's not like it was a real fraud charge. It was only inequitable conduct.

Silence.

RYAN

I was set up. I am, I was, a patent agent. I got disbarred because someone made it look like I withheld information in a patent application.

Silence and blank stares.

RYAN

A patent agent, you know? Registered with the federal government to prosecute patents with the PTO.

(more stares)

The Patent and Trademark Office. Do you guys ever talk to each other? Anyway, if you don't fully disclose what you know about the invention and someone gets screwed because of it, you get disbarred.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICE -- EVENING

Teeth clenched, Pam exits the office. Ryan follows her out. He flattens wild locks of graying hair as he catches up with her. He steps in her path.

RYAN

I'm Ryan Dodge. I wanted to --

PAM

What? Push me again?

Pam clenches her teeth harder, whips out her ticket, waves it in his face.

PAM

You and those stupid security people made me miss my flight. I just want out of this insane city.

RYAN

It's not insane. It's whimsical.

She steps around him and marches away.

EXT. AIRPORT TAXI LINE -- EVENING

Pam races through the cold drizzle and heads for the first taxi in line. Ryan follows yelling.

RYAN  
Thanks for saving my life.

Pam reaches for the cab's door. Ryan cuts in front of her.

RYAN  
I said, thanks for saving my life.

Pam glowers and reaches around him. Ryan blocks her.

RYAN  
I'll buy you another ticket.

Pam reaches past him, yanks open the door, and dives in. Ryan dives in after her and slams the door. The cab screeches away from the curb.

PAM (O.S.)  
This is my cab.

CAB DRIVER (O.S.)  
Address?

INT. AIRPORT CAB -- EVENING

Rain pounds the windows. Ryan composes himself.

PAM  
Stop!

Pam clutches her backpack and slides away from him.

RYAN  
I don't have plastic with me, but  
there's cash at --

PAM  
(to cabby)  
Let me out.

RYAN  
She's confused. Fourth and Bell.

Ryan studies Pam's profile against the pink and orange sunset peeking under the cloud ceiling.

PAM  
You better have cash for my --

The cab swings onto the freeway tossing Ryan into Pam.

PAM

Not funny.

(shoves him away)

I knocked you down once. I will do it again.

RYAN

I'll get you out of town tomorrow.

PAM

Oh really? What am I supposed to --

Another hard turn throws Pam into Ryan.

PAM

(to cabby)

Could you get these seatbelts fixed?

(to Ryan)

What am I supposed to tell the police?

Pam pulls herself away from Ryan.

PAM

They told me to stay in town until --

RYAN

It's really more of an advisory.

(Pam glowers)

I'm sure you got problems but that computer is my meal ticket. You can always take another vacation.

PAM

This is not a vacation. I came here so I could get --

The cab whips onto an exit ramp throwing Ryan into Pam.

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Ryan gets out of the cab, scrunches his shoulders to keep the rain out, and hands cash to the driver. Pam leans over the front seat.

PAM

Are there hotels near here? Cheap. I mean, inexpensive. Not sleazy.

Ryan watches, amused.

CAB DRIVER

Cheap, cheap I know. Not sleazy, maybe, eh.

Ryan splashes through the rain toward the building. The cab revs up. Pam grimaces. She grabs her stuff and hops out.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Ryan opens his apartment door, flips on a light, and walks to a closet. Pam follows, digging through her backpack. She stops at the threshold, stares into the dusty gloom and scrunches up her nose.

PAM  
Just give me the cash.

Ryan opens the closet door.

PAM  
I'll buy the ticket tomorrow myself.  
I think I saw a hotel near here.  
(holds ticket out)  
See, all I need is --

Ryan pushes her ticket out of the way, sees his box of backup disks, and sighs with relief. Pam steps over the threshold.

PAM  
All I need is --

Ryan pulls out his phone and taps digits.

RYAN  
That dick who stole my computer  
probably works for Dennis.

Ryan holds the phone to his ear and gestures for quiet.

RYAN  
Let me get this sorted out and we'll --

PAM  
I need that money now. It's already  
dark out and I --

Ryan waves her off as Dennis's message kicks in.

AUTOMATED PHONE VOICE (V.O.)  
...Cullen Enterprises. Dennis Cullen,  
is not available, please...

RYAN  
(snaps phone shut)  
Damn. He blocked my new number  
already.

PAM  
It's dark out and I need to find...Why  
are you calling the guy who almost  
got us killed?

Ryan opens a drawer in his desk and rummages around.

RYAN

I'm sure he didn't tell the guy to kill me. He must know he can't get anything off my computer without --

PAM

Am I going to get shot at again?

RYAN

It's not like Wendy's going to talk to him. Hell, ever since that Brookes deal they don't even --

Pam grabs Ryan by the shoulders, spins him and shakes him.

PAM

Is this Dennis going to shoot at us? And who is this Wendy person?

RYAN

(twisting away)

It's all a big misunderstanding. I'll clear it up as soon as I get a hold of Dennis.

Ryan goes from drawer to drawer, poking into each one.

PAM

Why am I not comforted by that?

RYAN

Relax.

He swings a hand toward a grimy but stylish couch bracketed by medium pizza boxes, grease spotted, but neatly stacked.

RYAN

Sit down.

Pam taps the top pizza box and raises a dust cloud. She searches the couch's splotchy blue velvet for a clean seat.

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT VERANDA -- EVENING

Muscle Man crouches, steadies the computer case hanging over his shoulder, and peeks through a glass door off the bedroom.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Pam gingerly sits on the cleanest spot on the couch.

PAM

Really, I just need ticket money. I can find a place --

Ryan pulls a small bundle of cash out of the drawer and counts it out onto the desktop. Dismayed, he traipses to a cabinet.

RYAN

Stay. It really is dark now.  
Tomorrow, I'll get you past the cops  
and on a flight. The place could be  
cleaner but --

PAM

It's not that. Okay, it's that, but  
mainly, people are shooting at you.

Ryan roots through the cabinet for more cash.

PAM

You'll pardon me if I don't feel...

He smiles and counts out the rest of Pam's ticket money.

PAM

...comfortable being around you.

RYAN

It was a fluke. I sell information.  
It's not like I'm dealing drugs.

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT VERANDA -- EVENING

The intruder slips through the sliding glass door and steps behind the bedroom door. Through the slit between the door and the jamb, he scans the living room.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Pam grabs her pack, stands, and walks to the desk.

RYAN

People get shot at all the time.

She counts the money, stuffs it in her jean pocket, and turns.

RYAN

Don't leave.

She heads for the door.

RYAN

Tell me you don't know at least one  
other person who's been shot at.

Ryan bolts and stops Pam one step from the door.

PAM

Actually, no. I don't know anybody.

RYAN

This is about how I look isn't it?

PAM

Excuse me?

RYAN

I mean, if I were taller. Maybe better looking, you'd think, "Oooo, what a sexy, mysterious, stranger. I wonder what he's like?"

PAM

Are you truly crazy? People are shooting at you. It's not personal.

RYAN

I used to look good. I really did. Things were good. If I hadn't got disbarred, I'd still be married, live in a nice house, drive a car that actually starts. But you don't know that, all you see is --

She shakes her head, turns, and heads for the door.

RYAN

Fine. Go. Why'd a superficial ditz like you even come to Seattle anyway?

Pam stops, turns to face him, and glowers.

PAM

Why? Because guys, they're all like you. Insane.

She closes in on him.

PAM

I spent all my money to come here to get artificially inseminated because --

RYAN

Whoa. You mean you're --

PAM

-- it got to where I couldn't stand dealing with a guy long enough for the two minutes it takes to catch sperm.

She spins away and paces.

PAM

You try office setups, blind dates, services. Losers. The bars, oh the bars, there's some hotties.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

And Internet dating?

(loud, fast sing-song)

Hi, I'm Pam. I have a great smile,  
ready in twenty minutes, excellent  
credit rating, good job...

WHOOSH! The intruder charges out of the bedroom, grabs Ryan,  
and throws him to the floor.

Pam decks the thug with a mighty wallop and sits on his chest.

PAM

Triathlete!

Pam raises her voice and her fist.

PAM

Likes moonlight walks!

Massive Muscle Man cringes at the fierce look in her eyes.

Ryan holds her fist back and slides the computer bag aside  
with his foot.

The beefy gangster twists his mighty trunk to free himself.

PAM

Hot body!

Ryan lets go to grab the bag. Pam's fist crashes into the  
thug's jaw. Ryan crouches near his head and watches him  
struggle for consciousness.

RYAN

Nice.

Ryan slides a gun and a knife out of the Muscle Man's pockets.  
He snaps awake and twists to escape. Pam pins his arms,  
her nose an inch from the gangster's.

MUSCLE MAN

You're on the wrong team, sister.

His spit makes her snap her head sideways.

PAM

Crap. Even he can tell? It's been  
years since I've been in a convent.  
When am I ever going to --  
(to Ryan)  
Are you going to do something?



INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Ryan sits at his desk facing his beloved laptop with a concerned look. He gently presses the power button. It boots. He allows himself a relieved sigh.

RYAN  
Couldn't hack in, could you?  
Dickhead.

Across the room, Muscle Man, bound to a chair with bedsheets and bras, grunts and chews on the leather belt across his mouth.

Pam, alarmed by the veins bulging in the thug's muscled neck and head, tightens three bras strung together as one cord across his broad chest.

PAM  
What kind of an engineer has bras  
and not duct tape?

Ryan grabs a bundle of CAT-5 cable off the desk.

RYAN  
Rhonda was in a big hurry to move.

He crouches at the thug's feet and slips a small gun and a wallet out of the thug's boot.

RYAN  
I always hated those sheets.

Ryan opens the wallet and reads the thug's driver's license.

RYAN  
But you make them look good, Chuck.

Ryan wraps the CAT-5 cable around CHUCK's ankles.

Pam picks up the phone and punches in 9 - 1 -

RYAN  
(grabs the phone)  
What are you doing?

PAM  
We tied up a stranger. Except for a teacher conference that got a little crazy, I've never done that. He happens to be the guy who tried to kill us. You want to tell me why I shouldn't be calling the cops?

RYAN

They're going to want to see what's  
on my computer. I can't do that.  
Not now. Not yet.

Ryan loosens the belt across Chuck's face.

CHUCK

You're a dead man, Dodge!

Ryan snaps the belt tight.

RYAN

I'm not happy with the service you're  
providing, Chuck. I want to file a  
complaint. Who's your supervisor?

Ryan loosens the belt.

CHUCK

What? It's not on your damn computer?  
(to Pam)  
If I were you, sister, I'd get away  
from this criminal while I could.

RYAN

I'm not a criminal. I'm in the  
information business. I find it,  
assemble it, and sell it.

CHUCK

Steals it more like. You want to  
hang out with a criminal?

Chucks works to loosen the cable binding his ankles.

PAM

For now, I think I'll stick with the  
guy who didn't shoot at me.

Ryan flashes Chuck a satisfied grin.

CHUCK

Maybe I'll just beat you into telling  
me where Hoogerwerf is.

RYAN

So that's who we're looking for.

Ryan beams and rushes to the computer. He starts the "Recon"  
program, and enters "Hoogerwerf." A purple block with "No  
photo available" appears above the title "BEN HOOGERWERF."  
Ryan winces. He scans the bio below the title.

RYAN

Ben Hoogerwerf. Has a one man company.  
They make, electric skateboards?

Chuck shakes his feet free and lunges for the door. Ryan trips him. Pam and Ryan wrestle Chuck back up.

CHUCK

Dead! You're both dead!

Pam rushes to the phone.

PAM

We really gotta call the cops.

RYAN

(blocks Pam)

Look at him. He'll either kill us before the cops get here or he has people who will.

Pam eyes the phone. Ryan looks her in the eye.

RYAN

We have to find this Hoogerwerf guy.

PAM

Because?

RYAN

If I can get him to file patents for his invention, Dennis, or whoever hired sweet thing over there, will call him off.

PAM

Gimme the phone. I'm calling the --

RYAN

The value is in the patents. Once they're filed, the knowledge is on its way to being public. They'll have to fight it with wingtips instead of bullets.

She gazes into Ryan's eyes.

PAM

Fine. Let's go. Before he makes another break.

RYAN

I think we can stall him.

INT. RYAN'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Pam sits on the couch, laptop in lap, and reads instructions from a web page.

PAM

Here's one.

Chuck huffs, twists, and flexes his massive torso.

Ryan pulls a rubber mallet from a drawer.

RYAN

Read it to me.

He steps behind Chuck.

PAM

"After biomechanical injury to the brain, an abrupt release of neurotransmitters --"

RYAN

Screw theory. Get to the hitting part.

PAM

Right. Excitatory transmitters. neuronal depolarization...Damn. Wait! Here. "sudden acceleration of the head is essential--"

Ryan eagerly whacks Chuck on the top of the head. Chuck jerks and grinds his teeth, a seething earthquake of muscle.

PAM

Wait. Wait. There's more.

Ryan whacks him again, and again. Chuck thrashes, a volcano ready to explode.

PAM

"If the head remains stationary, subject may suffer other injuries but probably no knockout --"

RYAN

Great.

Ryan spins and throws the mallet at the side of Chuck's head. Chuck shakes the mouth belt loose.

CHUCK

Idiots! Amateurs!

Chuck may pass out from frustration alone.

PAM

"A KO requires a twisting motion..."

CHUCK

Aaaarrggh! You sons of bitches!

Pam stands, marches toward Chuck, and picks up the mallet.

PAM

"...a compact, head-snapping shot to the side of the jaw..."

She slugs Chuck's jaw sideways. His head twists. He goes limp. Pam steps back, amazed and horrified.

She edges back in and checks Chuck's breathing. She gives Ryan a triumphant grin.

PAM

Good to go.

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

His computer stowed in a shoulder bag, Ryan rushes to his six year old Saturn. Pam follows, checking her backpack.

RYAN

I'm sure it's all there. Let's go.

PAM

Don't push me. It's a strange city.

Pam pats all of her pockets.

PAM

And you are a very strange man. I need all my stuff.

She looks at his empty hands.

PAM

Aren't you bringing surveillance stuff? Secret microphones, tiny cameras, that sort of thing?

He points to his ears.

RYAN

All I need. And these.

Ryan pulls his car keys and a cell phone out of his jacket. Pam latches onto the keys. Ryan grips them tighter and pulls.

PAM

Do one or the other or I'm not riding.

Ryan grits his teeth and releases the keys. Pam slides into the driver's seat. Frowning, he rides shotgun.

RYAN

Get on 405 south.

INT. RYAN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Pam mashes down the accelerator, relieved to finally be in control of something. The car lurches away from the curb.

RYAN

Take it easy. My insurance is bad enough as it is.

PAM

So now you're not in a hurry?

RYAN

I need my car. That's all I'm saying.

She weaves between cars and keeps accelerating. Ryan clutches the dashboard.

PAM

I wouldn't worry about it. You'll have more luck with the ladies without this piece of --

Ryan balances himself while punching cell phone keys.

RYAN

That's not it. Rhonda got the house. I got this. It's not much but --

Pam slams the car into a hard right turn.

RYAN

I'm trying to make a call here.

INT. DENNIS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Dennis harangues his minion TAD on his cell phone and heads to the gleaming stainless steel refrigerator, as enormous and well-appointed as the rest of the room.

DENNIS

Let me get rid of this guy.  
(taps key)  
Dodge, get the hell out of my life.

Dennis hangs up on Ryan and clicks back to his deal.

DENNIS

Tad, there's plenty of time...What do you mean? It's four in the afternoon in Japan...Get those signatures or get another job.

Ryan rings in again. Dennis unknots his tie.

DENNIS

Dodge, when I told you not to call me during business hours, I didn't mean you should call me --

Dennis yanks off his tie and opens the fridge.

RYAN (O.S.)

I could call the cops. They don't care when somebody calls about an attempted murder.

Dennis pulls a stout out of the fridge.

DENNIS

Dodge, I never know what you're talking about and yet...

He checks the label, smiles, and twists off the top.

DENNIS

...I'm compelled to hang up.

INT. RYAN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Ryan gives Pam what he hopes is a confident smile.

RYAN

Don't. You still need a deal, right?

Pam bounces between watching the road and eavesdropping on Ryan's phone conversation.

DENNIS (O.S.)

Only because you almost sunk me with that crap you're dishing.

RYAN

So, shooting me fixes it?

DENNIS (O.S.)

If you were worth a bullet.

Pam overhears and laughs.

RYAN

You're right. I'm not worth it.

Ryan glares at Pam and raises his hand for quiet.

RYAN

So why would somebody steal my computer and try to shoot me? Because the deal I'm working is worth it.

INT. DENNIS'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

In mid-swig, Dennis's wife CATHY yanks the bottle away.

DENNIS

What?

RYAN (O.S.)

It's a skateboard patent.

DENNIS

(into phone)

Not you!

(to Cathy)

Cathy...honey.

Cathy carries the beer bottle to the sink.

DENNIS

A skateboard?

CATHY

You know you can't sleep when you  
drink so late.

Dennis wilts watching his beer disappear down the drain.

RYAN (O.S.)

Some guy named Hoogerwerf has this  
electric skateboard.

CATHY

When you can't sleep, I can't sleep.

Dennis watches Cathy's triumphant exit.

RYAN (O.S.)

Someone must think it's worth a lot.

DENNIS

It's a skateboard patent fer crissake!  
Who's going to pay somebody to shoot --

RYAN (O.S.)

My point exactly. Dennis, if you're  
playing dumb, and I find out you set  
me up, I will --

Dennis gives a snide chuckle.

DENNIS

Please. Don't bluff without a hand.  
I'm tired.

He snaps his phone shut. He stares at the phone, opens it,  
and speed dials.



DENNIS

Tad...So you'll sleep on the plane.  
There's a guy named Hoogerwerf...  
Yeah, him...No, the skateboard's a  
cover. He worked on batteries at  
Brookes...

INT. RYAN'S CAR -- NIGHT

Ryan glares at his phone.

PAM

Nicely played. Where do we get off?

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan and Pam drag themselves into the underlit but tidy brown-tan-beige room. Ryan flops onto a twin bed near the bathroom. Pam swings her backpack onto the other bed. They study each other. Ryan rises. Pam edges closer.

PAM

Dibs on the bathroom.

Pam races into the bathroom. Ryan whacks the closing door.

RYAN

I paid for this.

Ryan trudges to the desk and flips on the light.

RYAN

Just hurry it up, okay?

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

Chuck busts through the glass door, still bound except for his feet, and falls onto the veranda.

Three men in a tricked out Chevy Impala look up. Chuck yells down to them.

CHUCK

Up here! You knobs!

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan taps keys on his laptop to flip through bios of engineers, CEOs, venture capitalists, technology managers...

Wendy's picture flips by. He backs up to her bio. Pam shuffles out of the bathroom.

PAM  
Thanks for waiting.

He rushes into the bathroom.

RYAN (O.S.)  
(through the door)  
Least I could do for a pregnant woman.

PAM  
That's some chat room you found.  
Who's the chick?

RYAN (O.S.)  
Kind of busy here. Just read it.

INT. IMPALA -- NIGHT

In the driver's seat, DERMOT, a skinny Irish killer, braces himself on the steering wheel and laughs.

DERMOT  
The belt's a nice touch, but the  
bras, the bras --

BOBBIE, a squat, leather-jacketed henchman, sits in the back seat next to Chuck. He stifles himself and unbuckles the belt around Chuck's neck.

BOBBIE  
Dermot, Dermot, when he busted out  
of that window and --

Chuck grabs the belt away from Bobbie and yanks it off.

CHUCK  
Shut up Bobbie.

Chuck evil-eyes RONIN, a short, chubby Japanese hit man riding shotgun.

CHUCK  
Ronin, you got anything to say?

Ronin clamps his lips together and faces forward.

CHUCK  
Gimme the goddamn phone.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The desk lamp's pool of light envelops the computer. Ryan inspects Wendy's photo. He reaches for his cell phone. In the darkness, Pam rolls over on her bed to face him.

PAM  
That light's bugging me.

RYAN  
Can you just once let me make a call?

PAM  
So bite my head off why don't you?

RYAN  
Sorry. It's just, with Dennis and everything, this is getting nuts.

Even in silhouette, she is quite striking and Ryan catches himself leaning towards her.

RYAN  
You should go back. I'll get you a connecting flight to...?

PAM  
Worthington. Minnesota.

RYAN  
Worthington doesn't have sperm banks?

PAM  
Ryan, I'm a high school teacher.  
It's a small town.

RYAN  
So Minnesota doesn't have --

PAM  
It's a small state.

Ryan smirks, his eyes wandering for a better view of her.

RYAN  
You look more like you're in high school than teaching there.

PAM  
(sits up)  
Preservation. The one blessing of being an English teaching nun-sicle.

Ryan snaps open his phone.

RYAN  
You punch hard for an English teacher.

PAM  
Triathlons are great penance.

INT. IMPALA -- NIGHT

Chuck holds a cell phone to his ear. Dermot and Ronin play slap-the-hand. Chuck karate chops their hands.

CHUCK

Cut it out.

(into phone)

Not you. So, is the cartel going to back us?

Dermot, Ronin, and Bobbie watch for the answer. Chuck nods.

CHUCK

Good. Good. We need the firepower.

Chuck turns away from Dermot.

CHUCK

One other thing. Dodge, he may have found out about Hoogerwerf. I told Dermot to keep his mouth shut but --

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ryan taps in the phone number under Wendy's photo.

RYAN

Tomorrow, I'll get you a ticket. If the police give us a hard time, I'll take the heat. I'm screwed anyway.

Pam opens her mouth to object. Ryan puts the phone to his ear to hear an answering service message.

AUTOMATED PHONE VOICE (O.S.)

Speak the name of the person you'd like to contact, last name first.

RYAN

Bainbridge, Wendy.

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

With the blinds drawn, the only light comes from a high tech lamp clamped to a huge metal desk. The desktop not occupied by five tower computers and three flat panel displays is cluttered with printouts, manuals, and fast food wrappers.

The desk phone beeps and its call button blinks green.

Wendy checks the number on the phone's display. She rolls her chair back from the desk, stands, and speaks into her cell phone headset.

The desk phone beeps and blinks.

WENDY

Great. Remind me again I'm paying  
you guys big money...I didn't  
really...it was rhetorical...

The lamp's light reflects off a dry cleaning bag protecting  
a purple business ensemble on a dark brown leather couch.

The desk phone beeps and blinks.

WENDY

Rhetorical is when...Cripes, just  
find Hoogerwerf...Okay, then get me  
Dodge's computer. And this time?  
Get it to me.

Wendy turns off her cell phone and grabs the dry cleaning  
hanger with one hand. She clicks her mouse to complete an  
on-line stock trade with the other hand. A video game runs  
in a background window.

She watches the desk phone call button blink and hangs the  
dry cleaning on the door. She sits down and plugs her headset  
into the desk phone.

WENDY

Bainbridge. What?

INTERCUT - MOTEL ROOM/WENDY'S OFFICE

RYAN

I think I can find you a partner on  
that skateboard deal.

Wendy pulls the video game window to the foreground.

WENDY

Who is this?

RYAN

Ryan Dodge, Brookes Electric? If I  
were able to find the inventor --

Her game avatar pulls out a huge multi-barrel gun.

WENDY

Dodge, Ryan Dodge, the patent agent.  
You almost sunk my patent.

Her eyes narrow. The avatar blasts a dozen opponents.

RYAN

Your patent? I seem to remember  
there being a team.

WENDY

There's no dollar signs in team. I  
don't need a team for this deal.

RYAN

Good thing. Chuck's not going to  
find that inventor for you.

Wendy looks away from the game.

Ryan smiles at Pam.

RYAN

You know, Chuck? Beefy? Steals  
computers? Shoots people?

WENDY

Dodge, call somebody else with your  
prison flashbacks.

Ryan turns away from Pam.

Wendy pulls up the stock trading window.

RYAN

I got community service. But, if  
it'll make you feel better about our  
justice system, I lost everything.

Wendy trades a stock and reinvests the proceeds.

WENDY

Quit whining. Give me something.

Ryan smiles at Pam.

RYAN

The inventor. It's Ben Hoogerwerf.

WENDY

That, I know. Nighty night.

RYAN

And you know where to find him?

He pulls the phone away from his ear. Pam sits up and watches  
him suck a breath and tighten his lips.

Wendy stops multitasking. As though staring over a hand of  
poker, her prim brow twitches once.

WENDY

Hoogerwerf's already making a deal.  
Back off.

RYAN

You don't know that. You can't find him, can you?

WENDY

Don't need to.

RYAN

A deal worth billions. You don't need that? Who are you afraid of?

WENDY

Just because someone shot at you doesn't make the deal worth billions. Big corporations can be heavy handed.

RYAN

Like Cullen?

WENDY

Big money. Big guns.

Wendy clicks off the phone and pulls up the video game.

INT. MOTEL -- NIGHT

Ryan snaps his phone shut. Pam, sits with her legs pulled up to her chest.

RYAN

Big money. Big money.

PAM

If you're done, could you --

RYAN

There's something else going on here.

Pam unfolds her legs. She slides to the side of the bed.

PAM

Could you turn off that light?

RYAN

Maybe both of them --

PAM

Did you really lose everything?

RYAN

Were you actually in my apartment?

Hurt and exasperated, Pam turns away.

RYAN

Sorry. I'm sorry. When I'm stuck like this...It's been a while since anybody cared.

Pam lays down with her back to Ryan.

RYAN

It's this skateboard deal. There has to be more.

PAM

Can't you just let it go?

RYAN

Just let go of a billion dollar deal?

Pam rolls over to face Ryan.

RYAN

If I can find this Ben guy, I can get the money I need to get my license back, get my life back.

PAM

If you don't shut up about this electric skate --

RYAN

Electric. Yeah. Motors? Controllers? Batteries.

Ryan, lost in thought, wanders to his bed.

RYAN

Dennis, Ben, Wendy, they all worked on batteries. That's worth some big money. Maybe enough to pay somebody to kill us.

PAM

(sits up)  
Us? What?

Ryan lays down and closes his eyes.

RYAN

We should get some sleep.

INT. RYAN'S CAR -- MORNING

Pink dawn illuminates the dirty windshield of Ryan's car. Ryan blinks to stay awake, checks for cars and changes lanes.



RYAN

Gosh, look how empty the freeway is.  
Why, it must be four --

PAM

I spent every morning of my life  
going to early Mass so pardon me if  
I wake up a little early. I thought  
you'd be happy that --

RYAN

Church. Of course.

PAM

And what's that supposed to mean?

RYAN

It's just so...you.

Pam frowns, turns away and crosses her arms.

RYAN

What? So you're holy. You can't --

PAM

You're a dick. I am not. Not  
anymore. God, why can't I shake  
this...this look?

RYAN

What look?

Pam faces him and shouts.

PAM

This nun look.

WHAM! Thousands of glittering glass chunks fly past them.  
A black Hummer's grill crushes the trunk.

PAM

Oh-mah-gawd! Oh-mah-gawd! What --

Ryan struggles to keep the car on course as the Hummer plows  
it to the side of the freeway.

RYAN

Brace yourself!

Pam grabs the dash and door handle.

The rear view mirror frames Chuck, hunched over the wheel of  
the Hummer, leering.

Ryan clenches the wheel and looks earnestly at Pam.

RYAN

If we make it through this, tell the  
adjuster it wasn't my fault.

EXT. FREEWAY EMBANKMENT -- MORNING

The Saturn flips, rolls off the shoulder and through twenty  
foot high blackberry brambles. A high pitched scream  
accompanies its roll down a steep embankment.

The car almost rolls upright but falls back on its roof.  
The scream becomes a whimper.

Pam, bruised but alert, expertly extricates herself through  
the passenger window. She cocks her head to detect the  
direction of the whimper.

PAM

Ryan?

She slips and slides through the mud to the other side of  
the car. Ryan, held upside down by his seatbelt, clamps his  
eyes shut and clutches his computer and cell phone.

PAM

Ryan. Ryan, it's Pam. You okay?

He stops whimpering, turns his head toward her voice, and  
opens his eyes.

RYAN

Fine. Fine, and you?

EXT. CAR CRASH SITE -- MORNING

Chuck and his three burly cohorts lumber, stumble, and slide  
down the embankment.

Scraped and bruised but otherwise intact, Ryan and Pam scurry  
into a concrete culvert.

Chuck reaches the car first.

CHUCK

Bobbie, check back in those bushes.

He waves his arms at Dermot and Ronin.

CHUCK

Quit following me. Go. Look.

Chuck pokes his head into the passenger window.

EXT. FREEWAY CULVERT -- MORNING

Ryan and Pam swish through muddy water toward daylight.

PAM

So people actually do that sort of thing. Running people off the road.

RYAN

I just had the oil changed.

EXT. CAR CRASH SITE -- MORNING

Chuck backs out of the Saturn's crushed cab and stands. Bobbie stumbles to Chuck's side.

CHUCK

Son-of-a-bitch!

Chuck steps back from the overturned Saturn.

BOBBIE

(out of breath)

They ain't 'round here.

Seething, Chuck yanks a .44 Magnum handgun from his coat.

CHUCK

Gone.

He punctuates his anger with a blast at the car.

CHUCK

It's gone!

Chuck blasts away at the car until, WHOOM! It explodes into a fireball.

EXT. OUTSIDE FREEWAY CULVERT -- MORNING

The blast reverberates in the culvert. Shaken, Ryan and Pam turn to view the smoke rising over the blackberry brambles.

RYAN

Finally, a chance to see if I'm in good hands.

Pam grabs his arm and runs. They charge through long grass.

Brambles tear their clothes. They slip and slide on round pebbles and tan clay. They claw their way up a steep grade topped by an eight foot high chainlink fence.

Pam scales the fence like an Army Ranger. Ryan clambers up like the last chosen guy in gym class.

She lands like a cat. Ryan tumbles onto the cracked sidewalk. He rises and squints, scanning for the best route. He heads right and pulls Pam along with him.

RYAN

Got change?

EXT. BUS SHELTER -- MORNING

Wrung completely out of adrenaline, Ryan and Pam drag themselves to the shelter, brushing dirt off their shredded clothes. Pam gives up piecing her blouse back together.

RYAN

Sorry about not getting you to the airport. You gonna be okay?

PAM

I wasn't the one screaming.

They sit at either end of the metal bench in the bus shelter.

RYAN

I will not apologize for my low fear threshold. It has served me well in a number of --

PAM

You're a wuss, plain and simple.

He stands and walks to face Pam. She glares at him.

RYAN

I didn't mean to get you sucked into this. Hell, I didn't mean for me to get sucked into it. I don't even know what "it" is.

Ryan sits next to her. She relaxes, looks at him, and graces him with a barely perceptible smile.

PAM

"An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered."

(Ryan stares)

G. K. Chesterton. And kids wonder why they have to take English.

(looks past Ryan)

Is that the one?

Ryan and Pam stand to flag down the approaching bus. A black SUV pulls ahead of it. Ryan yanks Pam by the arm and pulls her behind the shelter.

They watch the SUV crammed with partying teenagers blow by the stop followed by the bus.

PAM  
Don't tell me about your fear  
threshold, okay?

A woman with a graying helmet of hair approaches. She scowls at Pam's punk appearance but smiles when Pam faces her. The woman steps past Pam to the bus stop sign.

PAM  
And I need clothes.

A gaggle of teenage skateboarders gather behind the sign.

RYAN  
What is it about getting chased by --

Two of the girl boarders giggle at Ryan and Pam. Ryan steps closer to Pam and whispers.

RYAN  
-- by heavily armed goons that  
triggers your need for a new ensemble?

A bus pulls up. Pam charges for the door. Ryan halts her and points at its destination display.

RYAN  
The next one will get us closer.

The other riders shuffle into a line to the door.

PAM  
So now you're in no hurry?

Pam jerks her head toward the approaching black Hummer. Ryan and Pam hunch with their heads down and board the bus.

The bus roars away. The black Hummer screeches into the curb.

CHUCK  
Gimme the goddamn phone!

INT. CITY BUS -- AFTERNOON

Ryan slouches in his seat and watches the Hummer until the bus turns the corner. He talks like a manic street person.

RYAN  
Chuck's for hire. He hasn't got a  
clue. Who is pushing this?

Pam notices the driver and a few passengers staring at them.

RYAN

Electric skateboards, batteries.  
Who's hooked in that would hire him?

Everyone stares at them. She tugs Ryan's sleeve.

PAM

Let's try not to get kicked off.

INT. BLACK HUMMER -- AFTERNOON

Chuck sits in the passenger seat as they cruise past gentrified row houses and aging but active offices and factories. He talks into his phone through clenched teeth.

CHUCK

But it wasn't in the damn car.

Bobbie struggles to unfold a Seattle bus schedule. In the back seat, Dermot and Ronin double team another schedule.

CHUCK

I'll get it. I'll get them.

Chuck snaps the phone shut.

CHUCK

You got the bus number, right?

The Three Amigos look up blankly.

INT. CITY BUS -- LATER

Ryan scans his computer and talks on his cell phone. Pam brushes leaves, twigs, and dirt off her blouse and off of Ryan's jacket. Ryan covers the phone and moves her hand.

RYAN

Will you stop with the...it's fine!

PAM

You wanna look street? Great.

Ryan forces a grin and goes back to his phone.

RYAN

Seriously Wally, if you hear anything,  
at all, let me know.

He presses the cancel button and scrolls through his phone numbers. He closes the phone and turns to Pam.

RYAN

That's it. That's everybody.

He drums his thigh with his cell phone.

RYAN

If there was somebody who worked at  
Brookes when...

Ryan notices a skinny twenty-something skateboarder leering  
at the cleavage revealed by Pam's torn blouse.

RYAN

Seth.

He taps "S-E-T-H" into this computer. Ryan enters the number  
that appears on the screen into his phone.

SETH (O.S.)

Phillips Consulting.

RYAN

Seth? It's Ryan, Dodge.

SETH (O.S.)

Dodger, haven't talked to you since  
you went to the dark side. Still  
making the big patent bucks?

RYAN

Actually, that's why I --

SETH (O.S.)

I got laid off again. Consulting  
blows. You got any leads?

Ryan looks at Pam and shakes his head to indicate that this  
will take a while.

RYAN

Been out of the business for years.  
If I hear about any gigs, you'll be  
the first --

SETH (O.S.)

You're looking too? I hear ya. What  
is it with this business? Remember  
the seventies?

RYAN

Seth, any other time --

SETH (O.S.)

We were knights of technology. Riding  
to battle foreign threats. Engineering  
gigs everywhere. You could keep  
working until you got bored.

RYAN

Seth, we're all tired of layoffs.  
Forget that okay? Help me find this  
guy. He worked at Brookes. His name's  
Hoogerwerf.

SETH (O.S.)

The Hoog? The wacky skateboard guy?

Ryan smiles and nods.

RYAN

Right, the skateboard guy.

SETH (O.S.)

I heard he snapped. He's like, holed  
up in some flag factory. Seriously,  
I shit you not. Too much benzene in  
the lab, know what I'm saying? I  
remember this one time when he --

RYAN

Seth. Seth, where's the factory?

SETH (O.S.)

Factory? Oh, the flag thing. Uh,  
SoDo, like Horton and, mmm, 24th?

INT. BLACK HUMMER -- AFTERNOON

Bobbie, in the driver's seat, watches Chuck stare at a vast,  
empty parking lot. He turns and glares at Dermot.

CHUCK

I guess it wasn't the 255 was it?

Dermot holds a bus schedule to Chuck's face.

DERMOT

No, it was. See? But at 2:00 p.m.  
it changes to the 265 which goes --

Chuck whacks the bus schedule out of Dermot's hands.

CHUCK

Who came up with this crap?

INT. CITY BUS -- AFTERNOON

Pam reads a bus map. Ryan scans each street sign they pass.

PAM

This patent agent thing, it's a big  
deal for you isn't it?



Ryan smiles and keeps reading the signs.

RYAN

It felt good to say "Ryan Dodge,  
patent agent." I worked too  
hard...the studying, the patent bar.

He looks at Pam. His smile disappears.

RYAN

I want my life back. If I can get  
to Hoogerwerf and patent what he's  
got, he's got cut me in on the action,  
right?

PAM

Sure. I mean, I don't see why not.

RYAN

Right, so I get some cash. Buy me  
some wingtipped justice. Prove I  
didn't commit fraud and I get back  
my patent agent license.

PAM

Or?

RYAN

What or? I get back my job, my  
paycheck, and I get back Rhonda.

PAM

Or?

Ryan's neck tightens.

RYAN

Why do you keep saying that?

PAM

Have you even once thought that maybe  
letting go of this patent agent thing  
might lead somewhere?

RYAN

Like I'm just supposed to let go of  
who I am? You can't tell me letting  
go of being a nun was easy.

PAM

Yeah, it was hard. Quitting was scary.  
But it didn't fit anymore.

Pam scans the signs.

PAM

All I knew how to do was teach English  
and be a nun. But I had to let go  
of it, you know?

RYAN

But how? How do you let go of  
something that's your whole life?

Pam points to a spot on a bus map. Ryan tugs the stop cord.

PAM

I am not getting off here. It's like  
a mile away from --

RYAN

This, from a triathlete? You aren't  
going to tell me are you?

PAM

I may be walking for two now. If you  
paid attention to the humanities you  
wouldn't need to ask.

Ryan stands. Behind him, the bus windows frame row houses  
and old shops. He leans down towards Pam.

RYAN

Do you want Chuck to see us coming?  
Because, if he's there --

He checks his computer bag and jacket pockets.

PAM

I can't walk anymore. I have spaghetti  
legs. I am not --

RYAN

Nonsense. They're quite attractive.

He grabs her hands and tugs.

RYAN

Get up.

EXT. FACTORY NEIGHBORHOOD -- AFTERNOON

The black Hummer bounces over railroad tracks and turns onto  
a street of empty lots, broken pavement, and graffitied  
warehouses with disintegrating brick and cinderblock walls.

INT. CITY BUS -- AFTERNOON

Ryan pulls Pam up.

RYAN

Come on.

She goes limp and resists like a cranky child.

RYAN

Okay, we'll get the damn clothes.

She pops up and hustles to the door.

PAM

See? Was that so hard?

INT. BLACK HUMMER -- AFTERNOON

Chuck checks the map display. A bus pulls up to the corner. Crowds of people cross the street. He points to an alley.

CHUCK

We're close. Turn in there.

Bobbie makes a hard right. Chuck misses seeing Ryan and Pam get off the bus. The Hummer bounces into the alley.

INT. SECOND HAND STORE -- AFTERNOON

Pam paws through the racks of vintage clothing.

PAM

Is there anything that isn't tight, slinky, slit, glittered, and feathered? I could live with three out of five.

Ryan proudly steps around the rack sporting a loud seventies vintage polyester shirt and maroon double knit slacks.

RYAN

We gotta go. Just grab something. You can't go wrong with this stuff.

EXT. SECOND HAND STORE -- AFTERNOON

Ryan slips out the door pulling Pam by the hand. She tugs at her glittered, tight, slinky capri pants and orange low cut poofy blouse. They fall in behind a cluster of college kids in the crowded street.

RYAN

Stay away from the street.

Ryan pulls Pam closer to the shop windows.

RYAN

We can't let Chuck see us.

PAM

Or anybody else. Can't we go back inside? There's got to be something that will help me blend in better.

Ryan herds Pam down the sidewalk.

RYAN

No time. It'll be getting dark.

Ryan glances up the street. He steadies his computer bag.

RYAN

You look good, really.

PAM

Get out.

RYAN

Seriously. If I saw you in a disco --

PAM

Engineers never went to discos.

RYAN

Like a nun would know. What entertainment could be more techie? I mean, and still get you laid.

Ryan's too busy looking for Chuck to see Pam shake her head.

RYAN

This one summer, I had classes in the morning, homework in the afternoon, and danced all night. This one time --

Pam yanks Ryan into a doorway. A black BMW flashes by.

PAM

Sorry. Thought it was --

RYAN

If I had known what the job market would be like, I'd never would have left the disco.

He pulls out the bus map.

RYAN

If we keep going this way...  
(points down street)  
They told me an electrical engineering degree would open a lot of doors.

They head down the street.

RYAN

Mostly trap doors. Are nuns ever out of work?

PAM

Work? No. Pay? Definitely. It's been three years and I still feel like I'm being overpaid to teach.

Ryan and Pam pick up their pace.

RYAN

That'll change. Teachers get laid off too.

(points)

There. The diner. After my first layoff, I bounced from one failing company to another.

INT. DINER -- AFTERNOON

Ryan holds the funky stained glass door for Pam.

PAM

Glad I didn't listen to my guidance counselor. Math and science. A sure thing.

RYAN

Right. So I think "Patents, there's a stable income" and studied my ass off to become a patent agent. Did okay until the Brookes patent.

The seventies vintage decor is real, not a theme. Except for Ryan's laptop, the couple fits right in.

PAM

Finally. I'm starving. Maybe that eating for two thing kicked in.

Pam heads for a booth. Ryan pulls her back and points to a cinder block building across the street.

RYAN

Not until we get in there.

Ryan guides her to the back end of the counter. Pam slides onto a stool.

PAM

How do you even know for sure if --

He sits, pulls out his phone, and calls Seth. Pam studies the menu and salivates.

PAM  
Can't I just get --

Ryan holds up his hand to shush her.

RYAN  
Seth...Ryan. We found it, I think...yeah, three stories, cinder block, two shipping bays...

Ryan stands to see better.

Red, white, and blue fabric presses against the factory's grimy plate glass windows.

RYAN  
...and American flags. Thousands. Stacked up in the windows. Weird.

EXT. ALLEY NEXT TO FLAG FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

The sound of Ryan's fist pounding on a metal door echoes in the shadows. Pam turns to walk away from him. Ryan catches her by the arm.

RYAN  
Come on. We'll eat after we find him. Think of it as a fast.

Pam shakes him loose and gets in his face.

PAM  
I don't fast. I told you, I'm not a nun anymore. This is not going to open. He's probably not even in there. And I'm getting a hunger headache. They never go away, even --

RYAN  
I'll find him. Wait here.

Ryan clutches his computer bag and runs into the shadows.

PAM  
Where're you going? What if he --

Chuck's Hummer rolls by the alley entrance. Pam snugs up against the door. An automatic latch clicks open. Pam falls backward into the darkness.

INT. REAR OF FLAG FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

A few dim ceiling lamps cast a surreal glow on stacks of damp, molding rolls of fabric. A grimy factory window pops open a few inches.

Ryan's hand reaches through the opening and feels for a flat spot. He opens the window wider and lays his computer bag on the ledge. He slips through the opening and drops to the wet concrete floor. Ryan wipes his hands and grabs his bag.

RYAN

Hoogerwerf?

Ryan creeps into a pool of light revealing rust stained and mildewed red, white, and blue fabric -- rolled up American flags, a few sprouting mushrooms.

RYAN

Ben Hoogerwerf? Hello? Anybody?

Despite hum of distant fans, the musty air is still.

EXT. DINER -- AFTERNOON

The passenger door of the Hummer swings open. Chuck steps out and looks over his shoulder.

CHUCK

Don't screw with my tunes.

He swaggers into the diner.

INT. BLACK HUMMER -- AFTERNOON

Bobbie flips through songs on the CD player. Ronin reaches from the back seat to touch Bobbie's shoulder.

RONIN

Better not, man.

BOBBIE

Cut it out Ronin. What the hell kinda' name is that anyway?

Dermot chimes in, an eager schoolboy with the right answer.

DERMOT

Japanese. Means warrior.

BOBBIE

And Dermot is Irish for dickhead.

DERMOT

Bite me. Ronin's right. You know how  
he likes his music.

They watch Chuck speak to the waitress behind the counter.

BOBBIE

He's busy.

Chuck beams. She smiles and tugs at her clinging uniform.

DERMOT

Busy? Look at him in there. All  
flirty and shit.

RONIN

What's he...We got work to do. Oh,  
and look at this shit now.

Chuck leans on the counter and eyes her up and down.

INT. FLAG FACTORY, NORTHWEST CORNER -- AFTERNOON

Ryan takes a step down a row of parade quality moldy,  
mushroomed American flags stacked floor to ceiling. He trips  
over a pole poking out of a stack. Yards of tattered red,  
white, and blue fabric roll off the stack and engulf him.

INT. BLACK HUMMER -- AFTERNOON

Bobbie and Chuck watch the waitress shut down Chuck. They  
chuckle. Chuck glowers, shrugs, and stomps out of the diner.  
He sees them struggling to control their expressions.

CHUCK

Shut up.

Chuck yanks open the passenger door.

CHUCK

You two, take that side of the street.  
Bobbie, come with me.

INT. FLAG FACTORY, NORTHWEST CORNER -- AFTERNOON

Afraid to breathe in and afraid to touch his nose with his  
mildew stained hands, Ryan clammers out of the mess of water  
soaked red, white, and blue cloth.

He brushes off the big chunks of crud and peeks around a  
stack of flags. A sharp poke in his ribs stops him.



EXT. FLAG FACTORY, SOUTHEAST CORNER -- AFTERNOON

Chuck waves Bobbie over to the front of Ben's building. Ronin and Dermot follow Bobbie, none too stealthy in their combat boots. Chuck points them to the open door in the alley next to the factory.

INT. FLAG FACTORY, WEST SIDE -- AFTERNOON

Pam runs down an aisle stacked high with moldy flags. The clomping of combat boots behind her gets louder.

INT. FLAG FACTORY, NORTHWEST CORNER -- AFTERNOON

Ryan's head snaps around. A bearded bear of a man scowls and presses a homemade Taser into his back. Ryan opens his mouth to speak. The BEAR pushes him into a wet mass of flags.

BEAR

Just leave. This Taser is set way  
past stun.

Ryan allows himself to be pushed toward the door.

RYAN

Ben Hoogerwerf. Get him. He'll  
back me up.

BEAR

I doubt that. You're the guy who  
got him fired.

INT. FLAG FACTORY, WEST SIDE -- AFTERNOON

Silhouetted against waning sunlight barely visible through dirt encrusted factory windows, Pam fights to breathe quietly but deeply. She looks over her shoulder and squints.

The sound of the thugs' clomping combat boots spurs her on. She runs through pools of light that illuminate shelves of parade quality wet, moldy, mushroomed American flags.

INT. FLAG FACTORY, NORTHWEST CORNER -- EVENING

The Bear keeps pressure on the Taser as he herds Ryan along.

RYAN

Could you not -- Fired? I don't  
think so. If anything, he got me --

Pam smashes into the Bear. He throws her back.

PAM

Ryan! They're here! Who's the --

The Bear points the Taser at Pam and back to Ryan.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY -- EVENING

Chuck stops dead and listens. He pulls out his cell phone.

CHUCK

Move north.

Ronin snaps his phone shut and motions to Bobbie. They run past the aisles toward their prey.

Alerted by Chuck's clomping combat boots, the Bear pushes Ryan and Pam against a moist cinder block wall.

Chuck sprints toward the cinder block wall. Dermot trots behind only fast enough to keep Chuck in sight.

The Bear pulls a remote control from his gear vest and hits a button. A brick wall slides out to hide the threesome.

Chuck and his crew converge and charge the spot where the threesome stood.

Lights go off. Doors lock. Metal shades snap shut.

The crew look around, at each other, and at Chuck.

The humming machinery stops.

INT. LAB ELEVATOR -- EVENING

With their backs pressed against a stainless steel wall of the phone booth sized elevator, Ryan and Pam face the Bear.

RYAN

All I'm saying is, there's no way I could have gotten anybody at Brookes fired. I'm just a, I was a patent agent. Outside counsel.

The Bear leans into Ryan's face. Ryan flinches. The Bear watches Pam's fists clench.

BEAR

Save it --

PAM

Please don't say sister.

The door slides open and reveals a darkened electronics lab.

BEAR  
Walk. Slow. To the far wall.

RYAN  
He's here?

Ryan steps through the door.

RYAN  
Ben? Got a deal for you.

INT. BEN'S LAB ENTRANCE -- EVENING

A dim pool of light encompasses Ryan and Pam who are handcuffed to large eye bolts rooted in a pale green cinder block wall. Ryan eyes his laptop resting on a workbench.

The Bear enters commands on a keyboard and scans a bank of eight video monitors.

RYAN  
When you see Ben, tell him the patent got challenged and I took the hit for him and the whole team. I'm not saying he held out on me but one of the inventors --

BEAR  
Can it. I'm working here.

The Bear watches the upper left video monitor showing Chuck and his gang. Their images move from monitor to monitor as they search the flag factory. The Bear enters a command.

A block of green text appears at the bottom of each screen: "HEAT: 83 - HUMIDITY 85%."

BEAR  
Your cavalry will be leaving soon.

Pam twists toward the Bear.

PAM  
We're not with them.

The gangsters charge up and down aisles an aisles of soggy flags. The readings increase: "HEAT: 89 - HUMIDITY 91%."

PAM  
They shot at us.

Chuck and his crew, drenched in sweat, stagger and crawl.

RYAN  
Ran us off the road. Crap.  
(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

I still have to call the insurance guy. Could you let me use your phone for --

BEAR

No. No calls. Watch.

The Bear smiles as the readings climb. Chuck, ready to drop from exhaustion, weakly waves his guys toward the metal door.

BEAR

Nobody wanted this factory. All these American flags, nobody wanted to take the rap for destroying them.

"HEAT: 109 - HUMIDITY 97%." They crawl to the door.

BEAR

So the property just sat there losing money. They practically paid me to take it off their hands.

"HEAT: 120 - HUMIDITY 100%." Chuck and his boys drag themselves out of the sweltering inferno.

BEAR

Turns out, all the water the flags sucked up make my passive defense system work all that much better.

With a few more taps on the keyboard, the Bear closes all points of entry. The machinery and air conditioning hum.

RYAN

Smart.

Ryan gives Pam a go-with-me-on-this look.

PAM

Genius. Brilliant.

The Bear leaps from his chair and gets in Pam's face.

BEAR

I'll do the playing here.

He pushes the Taser into Pam's side.

BEAR

You're not getting out of here.

RYAN

So can we call you Ben?

BEN

Might as well. Ryan, right?

BEN glowers an inch from Pam's face.

BEN

And you?

Pam's eyes snap open to saucer size. She blathers a fast sing-song.

PAM

Hi, I'm, I'm Pam. I'm an English teacher. I have a great smile. I can be ready in twenty minutes. I, I have an excellent credit rating. I'm a, a, a triathlete. In great shape. Some guys even say I --  
 (closes eyes)  
 -- have with a, a hot body and --

Ben steps back. His grimace becomes a leer.

BEN

Party girl?

PAM

I like moonlight walks, with a bottle of wine, I mean and with somebody else of course, in the rain.  
 (opens eyes)  
 Wait, no, I hate rain when it's cold. Beaches, I like walks on beaches.

Ben steps back, incredulous and confused.

PAM

Beaches. I love beaches, and moonlight and watersports. Windsurfing, scuba diving, swimming, but mostly windsurfing. I love dancing. Did I say triathlete?

Ben lets out a Santa-like belly laugh.

BEN

Astonishing.  
 (to Ryan)  
 Does she have an off button?

Pam, now miffed at being teased, glowers at both men.

PAM

I hope they find both of you and --

Ben reaches up to unlock Pam's handcuffs.

PAM

Don't touch me. It's bad enough --

BEN

Just getting your hands loose.

Ryan and Pam remain on guard as Ben releases them and guides them through a door.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- EVENING

Ben opens a wall panel and throws switches. Clean white light beams down from the two story high ceiling.

Lights on a dozen racks of computers blink and twinkle. Shelves of neatly stowed tools and materials gleam. Chemicals in rectangular stainless steel vats churn and bubble.

Ryan and Pam blink and gaze at an engineer's wet dream.

Pam dodges the hook of a robotic crane riding in a track across the ceiling.

Ryan watches green sine waves flicker on oscilloscopes and spectrum analyzers. Square waves from signal generators march across the screens of logic analyzers.

Ben strides to Pam and offers his massive hand.

BEN

Ben Hoogerwerf, triathlete Pam, with the hot body.

Not sure how to take the compliment, Pam shakes hands slowly.

BEN

After your little tirade I figured you couldn't be much of a threat.

Ryan offers his hand to Ben. They do a business shake.

RYAN

Glad you feel safer. I'd feel better if I knew how a laid off technician got all this stuff.

BEN

It's not stolen, if that's what you're saying. You know the business.

Ben gestures to a rack of computers.

BEN

A startup goes tits up and they have a fire sale. I picked these up during the dot communism purge.

He points to the overhead crane.

BEN

For that, I traded a lathe I retooled.  
He got a good deal. I squeezed another  
digit of precision out of it. God  
damn I love getting shit to work.

RYAN

And the Batman stuff? Why all that  
just to protect a skateboard?

In one smooth motion, Ben pulls a skateboard off a rack and  
onto the floor.

BEN

Why are you people interested, if  
it's just a skateboard?

Ben hops on the skateboard. He clicks a remote control and  
circles the bewildered couple.

RYAN

It's an electric skateboard, right?  
That makes me think you've got a  
nice, lightweight, power source in  
there.

Ben hops off the skateboard and hangs it up.

RYAN

Something investors would drool over.  
If they're interested, I'm interested.

BEN

And those investors would be...?

RYAN

I'm close, aren't I? Think of me as  
a facilitator.

BEN

What kind? A shark facilitator?  
Piranha? Bloodsucker?

RYAN

An agent. Your agent. You stay hidden  
until I find you the right deal.

Ben does not look convinced. He steps close to Pam.

BEN

Why's she here?

Pam steps back but not enough to offend.

PAM

I was in the airport, flying back to Worthington. It's in Minnesota. They have clinics there too but I needed to get out town because I'm a high school teacher. English. Anyway, we were in the airport...

Ben, trapped by his chivalry, stands. Ryan sighs, finds a chair, and sits down.

EXT. GAS STATION -- NIGHT

A Chevron sign glows in the night.

Bobbie pumps gas into the Hummer. Ronin, arms crossed, leans back on the gleaming black rear door next to Dermot.

Chuck, in the driver's seat, talks into his cell phone.

Incredulous and amazed, Ronin watches Dermot suck down a huge bottle of Mountain Dew.

RONIN

Dermot, fer crissake ease up.

DERMOT

(pauses in mid-swig)  
What? I gotta rehydrate.

Dermot goes back to finish his bottle.

RONIN

Rehydrate? If I had all night I couldn't finish that.

Chuck presses his hand on his free ear.

CHUCK

You sure it's Dixie's?... Let me meet you...The airport was a fluke. I can be discreet and shit.  
(to crew)  
Will you knobs shut up?

He composes himself and speaks into his cell phone.

CHUCK

No, I'm sure he's in there...Dodge? He's running scared...Will you back off? It'll get done. My best crew's on this.

Dermot grins at Ronin. Chuck rolls his eyes.



INT. BEN'S LAB -- NIGHT

Pam, fascinated by her own story, jabbers and gesticulates.

PAM

...and that's when I ran into you.

Ben and Ryan, both staring at an infinite horizon, snap awake.

PAM

And to think, all I wanted was a ticket home.

Ben gets up from his office chair.

BEN

Imagine that. Anybody else hungry?

INT. BEN'S LAB KITCHEN -- NIGHT

In the midst of the small galley's disarray, the threesome sits around a small, square stainless steel table set with an elegant pasta dinner. Ben lifts a nearly empty wine bottle.

BEN

Anyone?

Ryan fiddles with the food on his almost full plate.

RYAN

Can we talk about your invention?

Ryan's impolite remark arouses sleepy Pam.

PAM

Ryan, will you let up? The man fed us. Let him sleep.

Ben and Ryan eye each other with suspicion. Pam pushes back her chair and rises.

PAM

Fine. Work it out.  
(to Ben)  
Where can I sleep?

Ben keeps his eyes on Ryan and points to the door.

BEN

There's a cot in the lab.

Pam shuffles out. Ryan watches Ben watch her lovely exit.

BEN

Are they real?

RYAN  
Who cares? It's not like I need the  
milk. She's pregnant you know.

Ben refocuses on Ryan.

BEN  
Yours?

RYAN  
Could be yours. Ever sell semen?

BEN  
Not my own.  
(strokes beard)  
Think she's comfortable around guys  
like me?

RYAN  
Pushing a Taser into people doesn't  
really build trust.

Ben picks Ryan's laptop off the table and thrusts it at him.

BEN  
So leave.

Ryan sets the laptop on the table.

RYAN  
Until you file patents for the  
skateboard, or whatever it is you've  
got, I'm a target. So's she.

Ben swirls the last finger of wine in his glass.

RYAN  
And you too. They're not calling  
Chuck off until you put your  
inventions in the public domain.

BEN  
Public domain. Buncha lawyering  
crap. Worse than --

RYAN  
Fine. Keep your damn skate-- Shit.  
We both know it's not the skateboard.

Ben savors the last sip of wine.

BEN  
If I tell you, how do I know you  
won't take off with the idea?

RYAN

That's the least of your worries.  
Ben, people won't screw you by  
stealing your invention, they'll  
screw you by cutting a deal.

Ryan sees he's losing Ben.

RYAN

I can help you with the deals.

EXT. CHUCK'S BACKYARD -- MORNING

Crows and jays caw and flit through a old cherry tree behind  
an impeccably restored 1920's two story house. Dermot wipes  
a large white streak off the Hummer.

He yanks out a pistol, screws on a silencer, and aims at a  
screeching Stellar's Jay.

CHUCK (O.S.)

Dermot. Save the silencers.

Dermot stows his pistol. Bobbie and Ronin, sitting on the  
back stoop, almost spill their coffee laughing.

DERMOT

Just get in the fecking car before  
the fecking birds --

Chuck whips open the back door.

CHUCK

Dermot, take the Impala.

DERMOT

But I just cleaned the --

CHUCK

Dermot, you're driving that goddamn  
Impala.

Ronin, still laughing, trundles to the Hummer.

CHUCK

Ronin, you ride with Dermot.

RONIN

Chuck, come on man. That Impala is --

CHUCK

Is your ride. We're not cruising  
chicks here.

DERMOT

Yeah, what about that waitress?

Chuck lifts a tarp in the Hummer's back seat, jammed door to door with weapons and munitions.

CHUCK

The boss wants a full on assault.  
I'm not leaving firepower so you  
clowns can look good riding.

Dermot steps up to challenge Chuck.

DERMOT

The boss has you by the balls.

CHUCK

What?

DERMOT

You know what I'm talking about.  
Can't call a shot without --

Chuck pushes Dermot back to the Impala.

CHUCK

Dermot, get in and drive.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- MORNING

Morning sun pours down from a skylight and onto computer printouts of text and diagrams stacked on a large workbench. Ryan stands over a large sheet, sips coffee and studies it.

RYAN

So it's electrically driven. Other  
people have done that to a skateboard.

Ben gives Ryan a sly smile, pushes aside the stack, and lays down a bound notebook.

BEN

You're missing the big picture.

Ryan, incredulous, flips through the notebook. He pauses midway through it.

RYAN

The capacitors. Okay, they're new,  
but the specs, a little hard to  
believe.

Pam sidles up next to Ryan.

PAM

What's hard to believe?

RYAN

You can't do this with conventional insulators. Are we talking materials?

Ben gestures to Ryan to keep reading. Pam bites her lip and watches Ryan scan more pages. He pauses. His eyes grow wide.

INT. DIXIE'S BARBECUE RESTAURANT, ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Customers eagerly study the menu cards tacked up on the dirty white walls between posters for the local police and fire departments, sports teams and heroes.

TAD GARDNER, a lawyer in his late forties, stands at the door and talks to his family on his cell phone.

TAD

I'll be at the recital...and the fencing match...Got it.

Dennis steers Tad into line and stands behind him.

TAD

And the science fair...Daddy loves you too honey...

Dennis yanks the sleeve of Tad's dark gray, neatly pressed pin-striped suit to urge him to finish his call.

TAD

You'll be great, I know it...Love you too sweetheart.

Dennis nudges Tad closer to the next person in line.

TAD

What if she eats someplace else?

DENNIS

She won't. No place like Dixie's for industry buzz.

The sudden closeness makes Tad tug his stylish tie and pull the collar of his crisp white shirt.

DENNIS

If anybody knows anything about this deal, it's her.

A SWAT team troops in and lines up behind Dennis. Their leader, GLEN POWELL, greets him with a gentle punch.

GLEN

I remember you. Denny-Two-Spoons.

DENNIS  
Glen, how you doing?

To avoid touching strangers, Tad crowds closer to Dennis.

TAD  
What's he talking about?

DENNIS  
(to Glen)  
First time for him. Any virgins in  
your crowd?

The whole team points to a bright-eyed fresh-faced twenty-five year old in spotless black fatigues.

The line moves up placing Tad in front of the stainless steel counter. Brisket, ribs, chicken, beans, and rice steam behind glass. A sullen old woman steams behind them.

SULLEN WOMAN  
Order?

Tad locks up under her glare.

SULLEN WOMAN  
Or-der?

Dennis leans in to rescue Tad.

DENNIS  
He'll have the lunch special.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ryan flips back and forth rereading two pages of Ben's notebook.

RYAN  
sp3 bonded carbon insulating layers?

Pam steps between the two men and waves her hands.

PAM  
Excuse me? I thought we were talking  
about a skateboard.

Ryan grins at Ben.

RYAN  
You wanted an electric skateboard?

BEN  
One that would kick any and every  
ass.

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

But I needed a light energy storage device that could deliver power fast.

RYAN

So you got some ultracapacitors --

BEN

Which were good, but not good enough. Their insulating layers kept breaking down. I started fooling around with --

RYAN

Diamonds.

INT. DIXIE'S BARBECUE RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Wendy toys with her diamond earring as she flirts with GENE, the stocky, sassy, graying owner of Dixie's.

WENDY

C'mon Gene, you know I can take it.

Everyone seated around the large picnic table laughs. Across the worn red oilcloth from Wendy, Dennis sits down.

GENE

The Man, you know The Man is bad.

Tad drops onto the wooden bench next to him. Dennis flips open his styrofoam food container and leans in toward Wendy.

DENNIS

She's pretty tough Gene. Whines until she gets her way.

WENDY

You're never going to let those battery patents go, are you? I did what I had to do for the project.

Gene smirks and stirs a small, dented steel pot full of a rich red brown sauce.

DENNIS

Sure. Nothing in it for you but stock and your name on the patents.

Customers nearby wince at the fumes wafting off the sauce. Tad, nervously pokes his barbecued pork sandwich.

WENDY

If a man did what I had to do --

DENNIS

Like stepping on my deal and firing  
half your staff? You'd be a dick  
instead of a...Give her what she  
wants Gene.

Dennis puts on his poker face. The table audience enjoys  
the show Gene makes of slowly dipping a tablespoon into the  
red brown sauce. Wendy meets Dennis's cool stare.

WENDY

One.

Gene carefully lays the sauce on Wendy's pork sandwich. Wendy  
closes her sandwich. Dennis whispers to Tad.

DENNIS

Watch this.

Gene continues around the table ladling The Man onto chicken,  
ribs, and pulled pork.

DENNIS

This is going to be good.

Wendy eyes Dennis and takes a huge bite of her sandwich.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ryan follows Ben to the rear of the lab.

BEN

The diamond cartel hates it.

Pam catches up.

BEN

They even started a PR campaign.  
"Mined diamonds are eternal. Synthetic  
diamonds are tacky." My ass.

Pam, exasperated, frowns.

PAM

Like zircons, right?

BEN

No. It's bullshit. Synthetic diamonds  
are chemically identical to mined  
diamonds. They're both three-  
dimensional carbon crystals.

RYAN

sp3 bonded carbon. Diamond.



PAM

Diamond studded skateboards? Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, what the --

BEN

Pay attention. I always wanted to say that to a teacher.

Ben rolls aside a chrome wire shelving unit stacked with lab instruments, manuals, and boxes.

What looks like a large stainless steel bass drum rests in a hefty stainless steel cradle.

BEN

With this chamber, I can make diamonds, in any shape, size, or color, and --

RYAN

You can build cheap diamond insulating layers for capacitors and batteries.

Ben guides Ryan and Pam in close to the drum and points to its thick glass window. They stand mesmerized by the pink vapor swirling inside.

BEN

It's a CVD process, chemical vapor deposition.

Ryan nods. Pam's jaw still hasn't closed.

BEN

That pink stuff is plasma. Gases like hydrogen and a source of carbon under low pressure, about 15 Pascals, heated to a few thousand degrees.

Ben nudges a dial that bumps the numbers up on a green LED readout. They watch the plasma glow and swirl faster.

BEN

I'm using microwaves but a hot filament or arc discharge works too.

Ben tweaks the setting. They watch the plasma glow brighter.

BEN

Mainly, you want to break down the gases. Atoms from the plasma rain down on a tiny diamond. The particles take on the crystal structure of whatever they land on.

PAM

It's like...diamond rain.

BEN

Exactly. Yes. I like that. Great name for a company.

RYAN

Or a disco band. Picture the video. We open with swirling pink fog --

PAM

So the people shooting at us --

BEN

Could be anybody. Could be everybody.

INT. DIXIE'S BARBECUE RESTAURANT -- AFTERNOON

Dennis and Tad watch Wendy chew. She purses her lips and sweats a bit but appears to be handling The Man just fine.

WENDY

You guys.  
(swigs her beer)  
Can't even take a chance with pork, let alone bet a company.

DENNIS

Big shot inventor, my ass. You don't know anything about this business.

Dennis waves Gene over holding up two fingers.

GENE

Two? You want two? You're too old.

WENDY

That's all I'm saying.

Dennis stares her down and points to ribs on his plate. Gene lays two spoonfuls down.

Tad, swallows hard and holds the tips of his thumb and index finger very close together. Gene lays a dab on his sandwich.

The two men, focused on their challenge, don't see the tiny beads of sweat on Wendy's forehead or her lips tremble.

WENDY

You going to eat, or what?

Dennis locks his gaze on Wendy, takes a bite and chews. Tad pulls up a shred of pork and sucks on it.

A brassy heroic ringtone breaks their stare-down. Wendy reaches for her cell phone.

Burning pain races up Tad's face.

TAD

Ahhhhh! Ahhaaahaaaha...hmp...ah!

His face goes from white to red in a millisecond. His neck is bursting out of his crisp white collar. He claws for his beer and knocks it over.

TAD

Ah...need...aaaaahhhh...whaaa!

Wendy's face, similarly transformed, contorts as she presses her phone to her ear to fight her shaking hand.

WENDY

Can't...hah...talk now. Hmp, hah...

Dennis smiles, chews, and swallows.

DENNIS

You know, they say that after you've had The Man every other hot sauce is merely excruciating.

EXT. BURGERMASTER DRIVE-IN -- AFTERNOON

Dermot and Ronin sit in the weapon-packed Impala and play their Gameboys. They suck down enormous drinks and punch each other like rowdy kids.

To their right, Chuck glowers at them from the driver's seat of the equally packed black Hummer. He snaps his phone shut. Bobbie offers him fries. Disgusted, Chuck pushes them away.

BOBBIE

What? Girlfriend not talking?

Chuck thrusts a finger into Bobbie's Adam's apple.

CHUCK

The boss is busy.

Bobbie backs off, hands up. Chuck sees Ronin jostle Dermot's Gameboy provoking a slap fight.

CHUCK

Ah Christ.

Chuck wrenches open his door, throwing his drink off the serving tray hooked over the window. He leans into the Impala and punches while berating them.

CHUCK

I...can't...believe...I...have...to do this!

Chuck looks around hoping nobody noticed and gets back in the Hummer.

BOBBIE  
We need to get at it Chuck. Here we are, all gunned up --

RONIN  
-- psyched up --

DERMOT  
-- locked and loaded --

BOBBIE  
-- inbound and hot.

CHUCK  
Shut up.

Chuck raises his left arm to slap Bobbie and knocks the serving tray off the window. The three stooges freeze.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Pam crouches and stares into the pink cloud. Ryan stands near her and flips through pages of a large blue binder. Ben, out of earshot, paces, arms crossed. They whisper.

PAM  
If Chuck is working for some diamond dealers --

RYAN  
Electronics. It has to be some company making batteries, semiconductors, something that needs diamond layers.

Pam reads over Ryan's shoulder.

PAM  
Can they really make that much money with this stuff? I mean, it looks expensive. All this equipment and --

RYAN  
Way cheaper than mining. Anyway --

Ryan taps the blue binder.

RYAN  
Mined diamonds can't do this.

Ben walks to the chamber to join them. Ryan raises his voice to a normal level and pretends he's explaining the invention.

RYAN

Layer diamond onto electronics and you've got a heat sink that lets computers run at speeds that melt regular computers.

Ryan sets the binder down as though it's a valuable relic.

RYAN

High powered lasers, cellphones that fit in watches, iPods that store 10,000 movies, frictionless medical replacement joints, car coatings that never scratch.

BEN

Then you understand my paranoia. I was hoping to get investors before word got out.

Ben steps in front of them and looks them over.

BEN

And you led them right here.

PAM

Hey. I followed him. I'm a follower.

Surprised and disappointed, Ryan stares at Pam.

PAM

What? I've had it with sacrificing for everybody. I did more than enough when I was a nun.

Ben's grave look brightens.

BEN

You're a nun?

PAM

Was.

BEN

You wouldn't happen to still have --

PAM

My habit.

Pam throws her hands up and stomps away from the men.

PAM

Why do men always ask me that?

Pam charges back at them.

PAM

Unbelievable. Am I the only one who wants to get out of here alive? People are shooting at us. Instead of worrying about your...your --

RYAN

Dicks.

PAM

Yes. Thank you. Instead of worrying about them, maybe you should focus on who hired those gun nuts.

BEN

Could be anybody.

RYAN

Not really. For diamonds, nobody pays attention to Seattle. The cartel, they'll go to New York, Paris. I'm pretty sure whoever hired Chuck is a local who contacted the cartel. They help the cartel corner the market and get a cut.

Ryan lays his hands on the binder. Pam stands at his side.

RYAN

Ben, you gotta patent this stuff.

BEN

No way. You let the lawyers in and --

RYAN

These are patent lawyers. They're different. Very different. Scientists and engineers who became lawyers. Double geeks. Some even triple.

Pam whispers out of the side of her mouth.

PAM

He's not buying it.

BEN

They're still lawyers.

RYAN

(whispers to Pam)

He'll buy it. I was an engineer.

BEN

They make money by helping corporations steal it from inventors.

RYAN

I made a living looking authoritative.

Ryan deadpans and looks Ben in the eye.

BEN

They'll steal it.

RYAN

Ben, you still don't get it.  
Corporations don't screw you over by  
stealing. That's what contracts are  
for.

PAM

(whispers)

Wrong turn.

Ryan smiles to get Ben's hackles down.

RYAN

If we, you, get patents, you can go  
public. Once diamond rain is out  
there, whoever hired Chuck won't  
waste money trying to kill us, you.

EXT. BURGERMASTER DRIVE-IN -- EVENING

Bobbie hitches up his pants as he exits the bathroom. Dermot  
revs the engine of the Impala. Ronin fondles the weapons  
hidden under a tarp in the back seat. Chuck grabs his arm.

CHUCK

Are you nuts? Turn around and pretend  
you're not an idiot.

Chuck gives him a searing glance and gets into the driver's  
seat of the Hummer. Bobbie slides in and closes the door.

CHUCK

Okay. let's roll.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- EVENING

Pam fidgets in her chair and watches Ryan and Ben. Ben lays  
a protective hand on the chamber and fixes his eyes on Ryan's.

BEN

The patents? You can write them?

Pam shoots out of her chair.

PAM

Yeah, he can.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)  
 (off Ryan's grimace)  
 You said you did that sort of thing.

RYAN  
 Did, I said did. You're an English teacher. You get past tense, right?  
 (to Ben)  
 It's been a while. I can write them, it's just...I got disbarred. I can prove...all I need is some money...I can prove it wasn't my fault. This asshole, Gardner, he took me down. I'd still be working if he would have just listened to --

Pam stands between the men.

PAM  
 But he can still write them.  
 (to Ryan)  
 You can still write --

Ryan sags into a chair.

RYAN  
 Gardner, or someone, set me up. They said we held back pertinent information.

Ryan's throat tightens with frustration.

RYAN  
 The inventors were too valuable. The company, the firm, they set me up to take the fall. Gardner dealt the blow but he's this totally straight arrow. There had to be somebody else. Like, that's going to matter now.

Pam and Ben watch as the dam on Ryan's years of frustration and anger breaks.

RYAN  
 I lost everything fighting the charge. Disbarred. Couldn't work. It was too much for Rhonda.

They sit on either side of him.

RYAN  
 Once she left, I couldn't eat, hardly slept. Thank god for Ellen.

Pam looks hurts. Surprised by that feeling, she stands.



RYAN

DeGeneres. Waking up, knowing she'd be there dancing. Daytime TV. A lifesaver. It's stupid, I know, but it kept me going.

Embarrassed, Ryan composes himself.

RYAN

One day, after flying home from another blown interview, I hear this really obnoxious, nasal voice. The kind that makes your sinuses hurt. And he won't shut up. He's going on and on about how this big deal and how it's all top secret.

Pam sits down next to him.

RYAN

And then it hits me. This is gold. So I did a little more research and sold the information. With the software I wrote, I can eavesdrop and turn it around pretty fast.

Ryan stands, paces, and gives them a furtive glance.

RYAN

I suppose, if I get killed, it'll be karmic justice or something.

BEN

I'm not saying I trust you but --

Ryan stops and faces Ben.

RYAN

Trust? You stick a Taser in my ribs and talk to me about trust?

BEN

If I really do have to get patents, could you ghost write them?

RYAN

Of course I'd get a cut.

BEN

A small cut.

Pam looks hopeful.

RYAN

I'll sleep on it.

EXT. FREEWAY -- NIGHT

The black Hummer cruises on the almost empty freeway with the Impala close on its rear bumper.

INT. BLACK HUMMER -- NIGHT

Bobbie watches, amused, as Chuck glowers at the image of the Impala in the rear view mirror and hollers into his walkie-talkie.

CHUCK

Will you back the hell off?

The Impala speeds up and around to the Hummer's left side. Dermot leans over the steering wheel to see past Ronin.

DERMOT

Sorry. It's just so hard to keep up in this piece of --

CHUCK

You are not getting the Hummer.

Dermot whips the Impala in front of the Hummer.

CHUCK

Quit screwing around. We gotta pick up the boss. Take exit 89.

Chuck watches in frustration as the Impala heads for the next exit.

CHUCK

Not this one! 89! 89!

The Impala veers back barely missing the Hummer's front bumper. Chuck yanks the steering wheel hard. Tires squeal.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- NIGHT

Uneven snoring melds with the gentle whir of cooling fans. Rows of red, green, and yellow indicator lights blink and twinkle in the blackness.

A cell phone opens and lights up near the floor. Using it as a flashlight, Ryan gets up off the floor and slips past Pam, splayed across her cot. He looks back to be sure she's still sleeping. She snorts and snores. He smiles.

Making sure to face away from Ben's bedroom door, Ryan taps in a number. A sleepy male voice answers.

TAD (O.S.)

Dennis? It's...three thirty, what --

Ryan shields the phone to contain Tad's voice.

RYAN

No. Listen. It's Ryan. I found --

TAD (O.S.)

Dodge? I'll get another restraining order. I was doing my job. It wasn't --

RYAN

Shut up. This is about Hoogerwerf.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- MORNING

Ryan sits at a metal workbench, hunched over his computer, his gaze fixed on the screen. Half a dozen windows on the screen churn with activity. In the zone, his fingers fly across the keyboard.

RYAN

Okay. First one's coming out.

Pam grabs the sheets coming out of a laser printer and sits on her cot. She scans the pages.

PAM

So this is what a patent application looks like. Kind of boring. What am I looking for?

She smiles at seeing Ryan in his element.

RYAN

Grammar. Spelling. Patent language is clumsy, but you can handle it.

Ryan catches her gazing at him.

RYAN

What?

PAM

You kind of look like one of those guys in those porno films.

(catches herself)

A good one though. You know, a little doughy, but studly.

He stops typing to face her.

PAM

I just meant that you're kind of sexy when you're thinking, in a weird, goofy way.

Ryan, now way out of his zone, wrinkles his forehead.

RYAN

How do you know...how do you go from being a nun to --

PAM

It's not like I logged on as soon as I left the convent. I was looking at fitness sites...which led to body building, beaches, bathing suits. Pretty soon --

BEN (O.S.)

It all leads to porn.

Ben stumbles out of the bathroom, tugs on the cords of his sweatpants, and scratches his T-shirted stomach.

BEN

Let's have at it. With enough sleep and fiber, I can do anything.

RYAN

Then read these. We got one to cover the diamond rain process, one for the ultracaps, one for the batteries --

BEN

Again? What's the big deal? You tell them how the thing works and --

RYAN

And get your ass handed to you in litigation.

Ryan stands and pokes Ben in his bulging stomach.

RYAN

Anyone can write a patent that the PTO accepts.

Ben waves him off. He scrutinizes the security video screens and wanders into the kitchen.

RYAN

We have to be able to defend the damn thing.

Pam waves a handful of pages around. Ben comes out of the kitchen holding a cereal bowl, a quart of milk, and a bright orange snack bag.

PAM

Maybe, but a student of mine who wrote this way? I'd flunk him faster than a priest grabs a --

Pam's jaw drops in awe and disgust as Ben pours Cheetos into the bowl and dumps milk on them.

BEN

I'm sorry. You guys want any?

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

The black Hummer cruises at the speed limit followed closely by the Chevy Impala.

A few cars back, a dark gray panel truck gets in their lane.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ben rocks in place near Ryan and his laptop. Ben's gaze moves from one security video screen to the next. He strokes his beard. A Cheeto crumb falls on Ryan's keyboard.

RYAN

Will you please back off? Hovering won't make this go faster.

Ben leans in even further to get in Ryan's face.

BEN

You really are paranoid. If we'd send the damn things over the net, we'd have more time to --

Ryan snaps back from his keyboard and Ben's face.

RYAN

Me paranoid? You can't keep your eyes off those screens. It's making me nuts.

He stands and pokes Ben in his broad chest.

RYAN

And I'm not the one with the Taser and chains. You're the one who thinks everyone is after us.

Like the English teacher she is, Pam gets between the two men to break up the schoolyard scuffle.

RYAN

You think they're not watching for everything we send out of here? Hell, they probably already know too much. Speaking of which, do you ever not blog a thought?

Pam clamps her hands over their mouths.

PAM

Focus. For crissake. I don't exactly know what we're trying to do here, but I'm pretty sure this isn't getting it done.

Ryan glares at Ben and sits down at his keyboard.

RYAN

It'll be done when it's done.

EXT. FACTORY NEIGHBORHOOD -- AFTERNOON

The black Hummer exits the freeway. The Impala follows.

The cars move from sunlight into deep shadows at the bottom of the exit ramp.

They turn onto an ancient, cracked and worn two lane street lined by equally worn streetlights and traffic signs. Tiny vacant shops are wedged between aging factories.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ben leans over Ryan's shoulder. He pushes his middle finger into the screen.

BEN

It's not ten pascals. I told you one to twenty-seven. And it's hydrogen, not --

Ryan slaps Ben's hand away. Ben slaps back. Ryan stands. A full on, rapid fire slap fight ensues.

RYAN

Keep...your...greasy paws...off my screen. You fat, ungrateful --

BEN

Ya little pansy. Back when I was away at school, guys like you --

Pam grabs Ryan's hand and steps in front of Ben.

PAM  
Was it Catholic?

Ryan shakes loose his hand, sits down, and types.

PAM  
Because I might know some nuns who --  
Ben, exasperated, drops his arms, and forces a grin.

BEN  
Not school. School.  
(off Pam's blank stare)  
The joint?

Ryan touches Pam's arm.

RYAN  
Prison. Figures.

Ryan goes back to typing without noticing Ben's cold stare.

BEN  
Fine. I'm a stupid, low-life, trailer  
trash ex-con. Happy?

Ryan smiles and keeps typing. Pam's gentle smile encourages Ben to continue sharing.

BEN  
You know how stupid? I robbed banks  
to support my windsurfing habit.

Pam blinks, amazed.

BEN  
No shit. Windsurfing. And I really  
thought they wouldn't figure out  
that the one guy in this little town  
who can fix computers is the guy  
busting into their accounts. I was  
going to steal enough to get to Mexico  
and do nothing but windsurf for the  
rest of my life. Stupid.

Pam smiles and shakes her head.

PAM  
The computer part, yeah, stupid.  
But windsurfing? I quit the convent  
so I could windsurf. My friends  
thought I couldn't handle chastity.

Ben glows with the excitement of finding a kindred spirit.

BEN

You know what I missed the most?  
That feeling you get when you  
waterstart. You push the sail up  
out of the water.

PAM

Your foot is hanging on the board.  
The wind's tugging on the sail.

BEN

You ease it up and whamo! The wind  
yanks you out of the water like --

PAM

-- like the hand of God!

BEN

And you blast away, chop slapping  
the board, spray in your face.

PAM

Your wake hissing behind you.

RYAN

Trying to write here. Could you two  
beach buddies take it someplace else?

Pam leans her face near Ryan's.

PAM

You ought to try it, Ryan. It's  
amazing. There's nothing like it.

Ryan, taken with the light in Pam's eyes, smiles.

BEN

Maybe you can teach your little one.

Pam straightens, her mouth trembling, her eyes tearing.

PAM

You, you told him?

She rushes out of the room. Ryan looks hurt and confused.  
Ben just looks confused.

EXT. DILAPIDATED INDUSTRIAL BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

The black Hummer rolls up a broken concrete driveway into  
the crumbling building and parks beside a cinder block wall.

The gray panel truck breaks off and turns down a side street.

The Impala slips in behind the Hummer. Chuck exits the Hummer.  
His boss remains seated in shadow.



CHUCK

Let's make this fast.

Dermot yanks open the hatch of the Hummer. Bobbie throws open the back doors of the Impala and unlocks the trunk.

CHUCK

Ronin. Get over there. If anything's changed outside that factory, I want to know.

Bobbie and Dermot pull automatic weapons, grenades, and rocket launchers from the cars and stash them in cargo bags.

Ronin slips around the wall and towards the flag factory. Chuck watches him through a busted out factory window.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ryan hammers away at his keyboard. On the screen, dense text blocks sprout and grow. Pages pop and disappear.

Ryan stops typing, watches the doors, and slips out his phone. Still watching, he speed dials, and waits. One ring...two rings...

INT. DENNIS'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Elegant and powerful, yet small enough to escape notice, describe both the Audi and its driver. He cocks his head to see the road and listen to Dennis, seated behind him.

DENNIS

Not available? My ass! He's drunk.  
Damn. Lazzarini's a good pilot, but...

Tad, seated next to Dennis, reaches into his jacket for his chiming cell phone.

DENNIS

When you're done talking to Amy,  
call Drew.

Tad slips his phone out, fumbles it, and drops it into Dennis's lap. Awkward gazes bounce back and forth.

DENNIS

If he has hours, have him meet us.

Tad plucks the still chiming phone off Dennis's crotch and flips it open.

TAD

Hi Honey.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ryan shields the phone and watches the lab doors.

RYAN

Honey? Tad, it's Ryan. It's time to move. The diamond rain patents are almost ready.

TAD (O.S.)

When?

Pam, still steaming, strides in from the kitchen.

PAM

Any decent guy would say he's --

She sees Ryan talking on his phone and stops short.

RYAN

Two hours, tops.

INT. DENNIS'S CAR -- AFTERNOON

Tad checks the time on his phone.

TAD

Yeah, we can do that. Wait. Is that two hours developer time or --

RYAN (O.S.)

Funny. Like lawyers are always on time. You might have to tweak the claims a little.

DENNIS

Well?

TAD

They're ready.  
(into phone)  
No problem. See you.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Ryan closes his phone. Pam shakes her head and shoulders, breathes out, and approaches at full stride.

PAM

For a guy who worries about secrets...Any decent guy would say he's sorry. How could you let him know my personal business like that?

Ryan puts his hands on the keyboard and stares at the screen.

RYAN

I can be decent, just not now. When we get to...when this is all over --

Ben barrels in, head down. He flips through the top notebook of a large stack.

BEN

You might be right about the pressure in the claim. I'm seeing where my lab work might have gone off the rails back in --

(notes their discomfort)

Sorry. Anyway, the claim --

RYAN

No. More. Changes. Got it? If we're going to get these to the PTO without getting whacked, we gotta wrap this up.

Ben gives the claim a long look. He closes the notebook and sets the stack on the table. Ryan turns back to his computer. Ben turns to leave. Pam tugs Ben back and faces Ryan.

PAM

If you're so worried about Chuck, or whoever, let's leave right now.

Ryan keeps working while answering.

RYAN

You just don't get it do you?

Ben gently tugs on Pam's arm.

BEN

We better let him do this.

PAM

You sure that's what this is about?

RYAN

If I don't get everything we need in the applications, we'll lose them to somebody else.

PAM

You're sure that's it? It's not like you're stalling for somebody?

Ben's snarling bear expression appears.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

Chuck puts the finishing touches on the charge beneath the door's handle and steps away. Ronin, Bobbie, and Dermot step back with him behind a brick wall.

DERMOT

I love this. I'd do this even if I didn't get paid.

Chuck shakes his head and hits the detonator button.

WHAM! The door blows in. Smoke and dust float out.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Pam grabs Ryan's chair.

PAM

That's it. That's enough.

She spins him around. Ben hovers, a snarl on his face.

PAM

You ratted him out.

(to Ben)

He was on the phone telling somebody where we are.

Ben approaches. Ryan shields his computer.

RYAN

There's no time. After we file, I can explain but --

Ben's gaze goes cold. Ryan tenses for flight. Ben stares past Ryan at the security camera screens.

Horrified, Ryan watches the screens. Chuck and his crew rush through the blown out door and down the aisles of flags.

If looks could convict, Pam and Ben would have Ryan in chains.

RYAN

I have nothing to do with them.

Ryan snaps up his computer.

RYAN

We were supposed to --

PAM

Supposed to what Ryan?

A security camera outside the lab shows Chuck and his crew hauling their weapon filled cargo bags. They form up around the lab door.

BEN

Screw it.  
(to Pam)  
Throw me that backpack.

Flustered, Pam looks where Ben points and knocks a chair down to get to the backpack.

BEN

Grab the notebooks.

Pam tosses Ben the backpack. Ryan races to gather stacks of notebooks. Ben stuffs a stack of DVDs into a worn backpack.

BEN

This isn't over.

Ryan hands Ben a stack of notebooks. Ben crams as many of them as he can into the backpack. Ryan yanks a notebook from a stack.

RYAN

This one's from Brookes. Why?

BEN

Are you nuts? Why would I risk that?

Pam points to a security camera screen.

PAM

Not now.

The invaders take cover behind stacks of flags. They open the bags and pull out weapons.

Ben pulls Pam into the kitchen. Ryan follows.

RYAN

Shouldn't we be going the other way?

EXT. FLAG FACTORY ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

The large gray panel truck rolls to the door. Still rolling, it's back doors spring open.

Oblivious to the pouring rain, SWAT officers hustle out.

INT. BEN'S LAB KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Ben opens the door of an industrial sized freezer.

WHOOMP! The lab door blows. Smoke, dust, and sparks from shorting instruments blow into the kitchen. The freezer door slams shut.

Ben leads Ryan and Pam through a door at the back of the freezer and down a ladder.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY ENTRANCE -- AFTERNOON

SWAT officers rush toward the door. Glen directs his team with short, chopping gestures.

GLEN

You. You. You. Stick with me.  
Lane. Your group. South end.

LANE and his group split off at a quick jog. Glen pauses at the doorway.

GLEN

Set up a perimeter.

The rest of the team fans out to surround the building.

Glen's guys splash through puddles on their way into the blown out doorway.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

A dim yellow emergency lamp illuminates the bottom of the steel ladder. Ben hops off the bottom of the metal ladder and into the blackness. Pam steps down.

RYAN (O.S.)

Great move Ben. We are so screwed.

Ryan, clinging to his computer, stumbles into the darkness.

RYAN

What do we do when they --

Pam puts out a hand to steady him. He jerks away.

RYAN

Yaaaah!

Pam and Ryan squint and grope to find each other.

RYAN

What do we do when they blow the  
door on the freezer?

Brilliant industrial lights snap on illuminating half a dozen Mini Coopers in various stages of reassembly surrounded by carelessly placed air wrenches and screw drivers.

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

Ben rolls a welding gas tank away from a shipping bay door.

BEN  
Help me with these.

Ryan and Pam each grab gas tank carts and wheel them away.

INT. FLAG FACTORY -- AFTERNOON

Glen's SWAT officers, weapons ready, move like one organism silently and swiftly through the flag factory.

He points his team to the torn apart lab door.

INT. BEN'S LAB KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Dermot holds his assault rifle across his chest and kicks open the door to the bathroom. Ronin and Bobbie drag in weapons bags.

CHUCK  
And don't just tear the place up like last time. She said we're supposed to look for a notebook.

Bobbie tosses the table over.

CHUCK  
What the hell are you doing?

BOBBIE  
Maybe there's like a...a trap door or something. In the floor.

Chuck kicks the freezer door.

CHUCK  
In here, idiot. Look in here.

Chuck snaps open his phone.

CHUCK  
We're in...No, haven't found it yet. But it's under control. They got no place to go.

GLEN (O.S.)  
Put down your weapons. Step out with your --

Automatic weapon fire blasts through the open lab door.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY - SHIPPING BAY -- AFTERNOON

An electric motor kicks on. Two wet, scruffy dumpster divers look up from an industrial sized waste hauler in the alley.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

The SWAT team take up positions around the kitchen door.

GLEN  
What have we got?

An officer guides a optical fiber camera through a vent.

CAMERA OFFICER  
Four. Assault rifles. No hostages.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY - SHIPPING BAY -- AFTERNOON

The slatted aluminum door creeps up. The dumpster divers peer into the darkness.

INT. BEN'S LAB -- AFTERNOON

Glen talks into his radio.

GLEN  
Patch me through.  
(switch hiss and chirp)  
Dodge isn't with them...No sir. No  
bodies. I suggest we move on them.  
(to team)  
On my signal.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY - SHIPPING BAY -- AFTERNOON

A blur of British racing green shoots out of the darkness.

INT. BEN'S LAB KITCHEN-- AFTERNOON

Glen's team sweeps in from all angles.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY - SHIPPING BAY -- AFTERNOON

A British racing green Mini Cooper races through the pouring rain down the loading ramp. It screeches up the alley throwing rooster tails of muddy water.



INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Rain beats on the windshield. Ben savors each twist and turn. Pam struggles with her seatbelt. Ryan pulls the Brookes notebook out of the backpack.

PAM

Could you not hit every pothole?

Ryan thrusts the notebook into Ben's face. He leans around it to see the road.

RYAN

I want to know --

PAM

Not now!

RYAN

I want to know why you hid this.

Ben knocks the notebook away and swerves to avoid a semi.

BEN

I didn't. That's the first time I've seen it since I got fired.

Ben snakes the Mini along a Jersey barrier.

BEN

I grabbed my box of stuff and left.

RYAN

I lost my license because of this. When we get through this --

Pam sticks her head between the two men and yells at Ryan.

PAM

If! If we get through it. Will you please let him drive?

Ryan drops back into his seat.

RYAN

Cost me my career.

INT. BEN'S LAB KITCHEN-- AFTERNOON

Chuck and his crew stand, hands on their heads, with their backs to the wall. A few of Glen's SWAT officers cover them with automatic rifles. The other officers sweep the area.

Ronin whispers to Dermot and Bobbie.

RONIN  
If we had done this hourly instead  
of fixed fee like I told you --

CHUCK  
Shut up.

RONIN  
I'm just saying we'd still be making  
money if we --

CHUCK  
Shut up. Now.

GLEN  
Get these clowns into the wagon.

The officer leading the sweep approaches Glen.

SWEEP OFFICER  
That's it. It's clean.

EXT. DILAPIDATED INDUSTRIAL BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

The black Hummer roars to life and squeals away with Chuck's  
boss, Wendy, driving.

EXT. FLAG FACTORY ALLEY -- AFTERNOON

Ben floors it and whips the Mini onto a busy four lane street.

The Mini races through the driving rain snapping precisely  
in and out of the slower moving cars.

Wendy bullies the black Hummer through traffic, forcing lesser  
vehicles to the curb.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Pam clenches the handle above the passenger door. Ryan  
bounces around in the back seat.

RYAN  
What gate? There's no gate. We're  
not going to Sea-Tac.

BEN  
If you're setting me up again --

PAM  
Red light.

RYAN  
Just drive.

PAM  
Red light! Red light!

Ben stands on the brakes. The Mini screeches to a halt. A chain reaction of squealing brakes ensues.

EXT. JAMMED INTERSECTION -- AFTERNOON

Wendy screeches the Hummer to a halt just shy of the bumper of the last car in the chain reaction. The engine roars and it maneuvers around the line toward the Mini.

Buses and cars jam the cross street.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Ben rocks in his seat, searching for an opening. Pam points to one. Ben yanks the wheel and heads for it.

BEN  
Why are we going to Renton?

RYAN  
Renton Field. I'm introducing you --

BEN  
To lawyers?

RYAN  
Just one. He's good. And an investor.

Pam points to another opening. Ben steers for it.

RYAN  
But you have to tell me about the notebook.

EXT. JAMMED INTERSECTION -- AFTERNOON

Wendy uses the Hummer's intimidating front end to force polite Seattle drivers out of the way and creeps up on the Mini.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

The porcine driver of a turbo-charged Shelby Cobra eyes Pam through the window.

MUSCLE CAR DRIVER  
C'mon sweet cheeks.  
(guns engine)  
Get in a real car.

PAM  
This really isn't the time for --

BEN  
I'll be your huckleberry.

The Cobra driver frowns tough. The light goes green.

EXT. CLEARED INTERSECTION -- AFTERNOON

The stunned Cobra driver watches the Mini races blocks ahead in the blink of an eye.

The black Hummer pulls out and barrels down the center line past the Cobra.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Ryan and Pam pull their snapped necks back into position. Pam, confused and terrified, clings to the overhead handle and the dashboard. Ryan grins ear to ear.

RYAN  
Sweet. The controller?

BEN  
A Zilla Z2K. It was giving me 2,000 amps at 300 volts. I beefed it up.

RYAN  
Diamond electronics.

BEN  
-- and batteries buffered by a bank of custom ultracaps.

Ben talks fast and drives faster.

BEN  
0 to 60 in 3.9 seconds. 600 miles on a charge.

Ben races up a freeway ramp. Pam clings with both hands on the dashboard.

BEN  
Even with four people and --

PAM  
(looks over her shoulder)  
Excuse me. Excuse me. Remember that HumVee? It's --

Large caliber rounds bounce off the rear window.

BEN

Diamond coated bulletproof glass.

Ben swerves and snaps the Mini back on track. Ryan ducks below the seats. Pam stares, frozen. More rounds bounce off the rear quarter panels.

BEN

Diamond coated wholly aromatic carbocyclic polycarbohomide fiber body panels.

Pam blinks. Ryan yells from behind the seat.

RYAN (O.S.)

Kevlar. Diamond coated Kev--

A rocket blast drowns him out. Ben coolly ducks as the rocket blows out the rear window, whips past his head, and out the front punching a hole in the middle of the windshield.

BEN

And technology advances.

EXT. FREEWAY TO RENTON FIELD -- AFTERNOON

Torrential rain pounds the road surface. The Mini's tires spray water as it races through traffic.

The Hummer follows. Sheets of rain pour over the windshield.

The Mini squeezes past a traffic jam on the shoulder.

The Hummer scrapes the guard rail, bounces away, and knocks a car into two trucks.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Rain rushes through the rocket blast hole soaking the trio. Ryan shakes water from his hair. He squints to see the driver of the black Hummer.

RYAN

Wendy?

Pam yells over the roaring wind.

PAM

It was you! That phone call. You told them where the lab is. All for that stupid notebook.

Ryan whips out his phone. Pam, livid, grabs his sleeve.

RYAN

No! See? It's Wendy. It was Wendy.

Ryan yanks his arm back. Pam pushes her wet hair back.

PAM

You're not calling any more of your friends down on us.

RYAN

No! She's the one who's after us. She's always been the one.

He holds the phone to his ear.

RYAN

We've got a shooter on our ass...We're on 169, near the airport exit.

INT. SWAT TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

Glen gestures to two officers herding Chuck and his crew into the back. A short chirp gets his attention and he flips open his cell phone.

RYAN

Powell...But we've got them right here...I'll get a team over there.

EXT. AIRPORT ENTRY ROAD -- AFTERNOON

Ben vastly exceeds the 40 MPH limit on the road sign.

Police cruisers and airport security vans join the Hummer in the chase. Rooster tails of rainwater whip from their tires.

A dark gray SWAT van races to catch up.

The Hummer splashes through the puddles on the shoulder and knocks a red SUV off the road to get along side the Mini.

The Hummer's darkened window slides down a few inches.

Gunfire bounces off the Mini's door.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Ben swerves. Pam ducks. Ryan slips down below the window, opens his computer, and types furiously.

RYAN

Tad, that's the guy you'll be meeting, he can clean these applications up on the plane.

Ryan snaps the computer shut. Ben aims the Mini at the departure terminal through the sheets of rain sliding down the windows.

Ryan touches Pam on the shoulder.

RYAN

I have to tell you something.

(to Ben)

Pull up at the terminal.

Pam searches Ryan's eyes for some sign of truth.

Ben whips the Mini through a maze of unloading vehicles bouncing Ryan and Pam off the doors and each other.

Pam steadies herself. Ryan struggles to get close to Pam without banging heads and whispers into her ear.

INT. TERMINAL DOORWAY -- AFTERNOON

Holding his cellphone to his ear, Tad calmly strides through the crowd and the first set of doors.

TAD

They're here, and with quite a convoy.

EXT. TERMINAL DEPARTURE AREA -- AFTERNOON

The Mini screeches into the curb. The Hummer makes a strafing run. Ryan, Pam, and Ben duck bullets and race for the door.

Tad opens the door a crack.

TAD

Here. Go! Let's go!

Two police cruisers whip in to bracket the Mini. The Hummer squeals a one-eighty and strafes all three cars.

The officers fire in the direction of the Hummer gunfire.

INT. TERMINAL DEPARTURE AREA -- AFTERNOON

Crouching to avoid the hail of bullets, Ryan hands his computer to Tad and points to Pam.

RYAN

She has the password.

Ryan pushes Pam and Ben through the door.

RYAN

Here's your inventor.

Ben grabs Ryan's arm.

BEN

What are you doing? I thought we were going to Washington.

PAM

(to Ryan)

Now what? Can't you ever just get on a plane?

(to Ben)

And you're bleeding.

Ben touches his right ear and stares at the blood dripping off his hand.

Bullets crack the glass behind them. Ryan winces.

RYAN

You're going.

(grabs Ben's car key)

I'm getting even.

Ben reaches for his keys. Ryan holds them back.

RYAN

Tad's taking you and your patent applications to the PTO.

Tad watches the gunfight outside and forces what he hopes is an encouraging smile. Ben and Pam remain unmoved.

RYAN

He'll file them. He's legit. More than I am.

Tad tucks the computer into a shoulder bag and leans to indicate the direction he hopes they'll take.

TAD

We really should --

PAM

You know, I'm having a crisis of trust here. You want me to get on an airplane with --

Ryan looks Pam straight in the eye.

RYAN

In all the time you've known me, have I ever let anybody, anybody have my computer?

Pam grabs Ben's arm. They follow Tad.



RYAN

Thanks Tad.

TAD

No problem. It's the least I could think of to do.

EXT. TERMINAL DEPARTURE AREA -- AFTERNOON

Ryan runs past the police pinned down by the circling Hummer.

Shots fly all around him. He yanks open the Mini's driver door and jumps in.

He turns to see Wendy, hunched over the Hummer's steering wheel, bearing down on him.

He floors the Mini and races off into the rain.

Wendy squeals the Hummer's tires and follows.

The dark gray SWAT van pulls up.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC -- AFTERNOON

Raw wind pushes rain wavelets across yellow striped concrete.

A food truck splashes through a wind swept puddle.

The Mini follows a convoy of food trucks through a waffled sheet steel gate and across a runway. The gate closes.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Ryan watches the Hummer race past the gate and down the frontage road.

RYAN

Bye Wendy.

He turns his head toward the airport security sedan bearing down on him. He smiles and lets his foot off the accelerator.

EXT. TERMINAL DEPARTURE AREA -- AFTERNOON

An airport security officer talks with two SWAT officers.

The driver's door of the dark gray SWAT van swings open. Glen's unconscious fresh faced twenty-five year old officer slumps halfway out the door. Chuck pulls him back in, hops down, sees the officers, and ducks.

The airport security officer heads for the entrance.

Chuck slips behind the van.

The two SWAT officers walk toward the van.

Chuck waits for the airport security officer to enter the terminal. He sneaks from behind the van to the entrance.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- AFTERNOON

Tad steadies his shoulder bag and ushers Pam and Ben into the security checking line. He pulls out his phone.

TAD

Hi Honey. I'm going out of town for  
a day, two at the most.

Chuck weaves through the crowd keeping the threesome in sight.

TAD

I know, Dennis can be an ass --, not  
very nice, but I've got these people  
here and...I'll make the recital.

Chuck breaks into a jog and closes fast.

INT. MINI COOPER -- AFTERNOON

Ryan pulls the Mini out of the truck convoy and stops. The airport security sedan approaches.

Ryan's cellphone chirps. Unsure, he pulls it out of his vest pocket and holds it to his ear.

WENDY (O.S.)

Before this situation escalates --

Rain blows in through the busted out windshield. Ryan blinks and squints to see through it.

RYAN

Escalates?

Ryan wipes the rain from his face.

RYAN

You blasted out the frigging  
windshield. Lady, we're way past  
escalate.

WENDY (O.S.)

Stop the patents, hand over the  
notebook and it's over.

Watches the sedan rolls to a stop a few car lengths away.

RYAN

You're the one. You set me up. You fired Ben and stuck him with the notebook on his way out.

Two security officers stride to the Mini.

RYAN

You don't really expect me to --

Ryan drops the phone and looks toward the gate.

RYAN

Of course she didn't. Moron. She needed my GPS signal.

The Hummer bashes through the gate and heads for the Mini.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- AFTERNOON

Chuck pulls his automatic pistol and targets Ben.

Glen and his team, weapons ready, close in on Chuck.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY -- AFTERNOON

The Mini spins a waterspout.

The officers race to their sedan.

The Hummer T-bones the sedan rolling it over. Wendy squeals the tires in reverse and dashes after the Mini.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- AFTERNOON

Chuck blasts away at Glen's SWAT team with an automatic pistol. Bystanders duck, run, and scream.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC -- AFTERNOON

The Hummer closes on the Mini.

Ryan whips the Mini through a tight one-eighty. Wendy mimics the maneuver and almost rolls the Hummer.

The Mini races away.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- AFTERNOON

A SWAT sniper herds Chuck with a few skillfully placed shots.

Glen covers Tad, Pam, and Ben and hustles them out of the fire zone.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC -- AFTERNOON

Ryan whips the Mini around and guides it into a narrow space behind a blast wall.

Wendy sees the back of the Mini slip behind the wall and guns her engine.

The wall muffles the engine noise and jet roar.

Ryan, breathing hard and fast, slowly eases the Mini through the dark space.

Wendy pulls the Hummer just out of Ryan's view at the other end of the blast wall. She aims her automatic weapon there.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- AFTERNOON

Glen ushers Tad, Ben, and Pam onto Dennis's private jet.

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC -- AFTERNOON

The Mini peeks its nose out from behind the blast wall. Wendy opens fire. Ryan hammers the accelerator as bullets ricochet off the wall and the Mini. Ryan sees a loading ramp and points the Mini at it.

Dennis's jet zooms low over the Hummer.

Wendy takes shots at the plane.

Ryan floors it.

The Mini rockets off the ramp at the Hummer.

Ryan braces himself.

Wendy yanks the wheel hard.

The Mini slams the Hummer onto two wheels, rolls it into a water filled ditch, and belly flops into the ditch.

The plane disappears into the horizon.

Wendy claws at her window as the Hummer sinks into the muck.

Raindrops pummel the Mini's roof.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

In the blackness Ryan hears steady drumming, like car wash jets on a windshield. He clenches the clean white bed sheet, breathes hard, and forces his eyes open.

Pam gently unclenches his hand and places it in hers.

PAM

Ryan?

Wind driven rain pounds the window behind her.

RYAN

Pam?

Pam's concerned face fades into blackness.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Ryan blinks awake. Glowing white dollops of light become sunlit drops of rain on the window, glittering like diamonds. He reaches for the hand on his shoulder.

RYAN

Pam?

The hand is large and rough. Ben, his ear bandaged, chortles.

BEN

Sorry man.

Ryan drops his hand like a hot potato. He sits up too quickly, winces, and drops back.

RYAN

What happened to --

BEN

Settle down. She's coming, so I have to make this fast.

Ben pulls a small velvet box out of his jacket pocket and thrusts it into Ryan's hand.

BEN

You give this to her when you feel like it. It's special. But only when it's on her finger.

Ryan, still woozy, clasps the box.

RYAN

Don't you want to give it to her?

BEN

Hell no. I need a woman who smells like beer and barbecue.

Ben heads for the door.

BEN

Be back when I find one. We'll talk.

Ryan watches the Sasquatch electrical engineer lumber out. He slides the box under the covers and slips back to sleep.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Pam, her back turned to Ryan's bed, talks to Tad.

PAM

He's so close to coming out of it. If I have to sit on all this juicy gossip for one more day, I'll go into a coma myself.

RYAN

Okay, I'll stop faking it.

Pam turns to see Ryan struggling to sit up. She and Tad rush to his side and hold him up.

TAD

Nice shootin' Tex. They dredged up the Hummer, got Wendy out, and locked her up.

Wincing, Ryan settles his head upright against the pillows.

RYAN

You made it to the PTO? The Patent --

PAM

The Patent and Trademark Office. Yes, I was paying attention.

TAD

All we have to do now is wait.

PAM

And have you sign your contract.

Tad holds out a sheave of legal sized papers with "sign here" tabs sticking out from a dozen pages.

TAD

Ben worked with Dennis and I to come up with the terms. I think you'll find them acceptable.

Ryan flips and scans the pages. Pam leans in and reads over Ryan's shoulder.

RYAN

I'm probably still punchy. This looks too good to be true.

TAD

Take your time. With that contract you'll be a proud owner of patents that will change the world. Want to help me write the responses when the office actions come in?

Ryan smiles at Pam.

RYAN

Probably not.

Pam beams. She gives Tad a sidelong glance.

TAD

I have a Little League game.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL -- DAY

Ben sees a parking cop near his navy blue Mini Cooper in a 15 minute parking spot. She pulls out her ticket book. He runs to stop her.

BEN

Okay, okay, so I'm a few minutes over. You know how it is. I was visiting a friend who was severely injured.

Ben sniffs the parking cop.

BEN

Is that barbecue?

The parking cop flips to a new ticket and writes.

PARKING COP

Cheetos.

BEN

So close.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Pam touches Ryan's arm.

PAM

Think Little League's good for kids?

RYAN

Never played myself. Objects coming at me at high velocity? Makes me nervous. Especially after all this. I'll be surprised if --

Ryan notices a twitch of a grin on her face.

RYAN

It's for real? I mean, you're really --

PAM

Almost two months now. Doctor says it's going fine.

RYAN

What a relief. After all that running, jumping, bouncing --

PAM

You doubt my resilience? I teach English to teenagers.

Ryan eases himself onto his side so he can look Pam directly in her eyes.

RYAN

But raising a kid. It's so much work, and money. If you let me, I'll help you with that.

He taps the contract and smiles. Pam flips to a page and points to her name.

PAM

Thanks, but money's not going to be a problem for me. Unless I get addicted to gambling or collecting RVs or mansions.

Ryan looks disappointed.

PAM

I mean, money's not what I need.

Ryan looks confused.

PAM

It's not what I want.

Ryan still looks confused.

PAM

It's not what I want...from you.

Finally the lights go on.



RYAN

Right. Two adults and one kid are almost fair odds.

Pam smiles as Ryan fantasizes.

RYAN

We could get a place, anywhere you want. Near good schools. Unless you wanted to home school because like, you're a teacher, but you know the school system so if you...except...Damn.

PAM

What?

RYAN

I'm still disbarred.

Now Pam is confused.

PAM

But we don't need any more money.

RYAN

Do you really want the father of your child to be a disbarred patent agent? I mean, how will I tell her...him and what if the kids on the playground find out?

PAM

Ryan, you've been through a lot.

Pam slides in closer to him on the bed.

PAM

And I know this whole patent agent thing means a lot to you, but really, nobody cares. Nobody even knows what you're talking about. Besides --

RYAN

What?

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL -- DAY

Ben leans on the Mini Cooper and beams at the cop.

BEN

I'm sure a smart, and I might add, attractive, woman like yourself knows of Einstein's concept of space-time?

She writes without looking up.

BEN

That space and time are inexorably linked? In fact, one and the same?

The cop continues writing.

BEN

Wouldn't you agree that my Mini takes up less space than say, that car?

Ben points to an enormous silver gray SUV. The cop begrudgingly looks.

BEN

The Mini takes up less space in space-time, so it should get more time.

She hands him the ticket.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Pam sits up and faces Ryan.

PAM

I'm not sure I should tell you this until you get some perspective on this whole patent agent thing.

Ryan looks desperate.

PAM

Okay, okay. Tad said they found evidence to reverse your fraud charge.

Ryan snaps erect with joy and falls back in pain.

RYAN

The notebook.

PAM

Ben's notebook.

RYAN

From Brookes Electric. Ben was one of her technicians. He busted his ass in prison to get an EE degree by mail. Probably thought he was lucky to get the job when he got out.

Ryan winces and points to his pillow.

RYAN

Could you?

Pam pulls the pillow up. Ryan sighs and smiles.

RYAN

Wendy hid the notebook and set things up to make it look like I did it. She didn't want to lose the real data but she couldn't have it hanging around either so she fired Ben and slipped it in with his notes.

PAM

If anyone confronted her, it would be her word against an ex-con.

RYAN

Now it's her word against a very rich ex-con with an excellent lawyer.

PAM

So you're okay with Tad?

RYAN

Are you kidding? With this contract?

Ryan shakes his head.

RYAN

He's a good guy. He really was just doing his job when he made that motion for infringement. After Wendy planted the information leak that lead Tad to me, Tad and I went at it while she walked off with her bonus.

Ryan lays back and fondles the velvet box under the covers.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL -- DAY

Ben opens the driver's door of the Mini, throws the ticket onto the passenger seat, and slides in.

He watches a totally tricked out, beefed up, metal flake lime green Camaro pull out of the parking lot.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

Ryan looks up at Pam.

RYAN

Maybe I can use my share to, I don't know, invent something. Being an engineer has to be better when you don't have to work for somebody. Maybe when Ben gets back --

PAM

Could you stand to have a partner?

RYAN

Long as I don't see him eat Cheetos  
and milk again.

Ryan gazes into Pam's eyes and slides the box out from under  
the covers.

RYAN

Tell me about windsurfing.

PAM

What? You'd think, after all you've  
been through, that watersports --

Pam sees the blue velvet box.

PAM

Why?

RYAN

I might take it up. It's something  
we could do...together, the three of  
us. Just, talk to me about it.

Pam eyes the box.

PAM

You're stalling aren't you?

RYAN

Am not.

PAM

Let me see it.

Ryan opens the box, removes a simple platinum ring, and holds  
it poised to slip onto Pam's finger.

PAM

Slide it on. Go ahead.

His hand doesn't move.

PAM

I can always take it off.

RYAN

And you'll tell me about windsurfing?

PAM

When did you get so interested in --

Ryan looks deeply into her eyes and slides the ring onto her  
finger.

RYAN

I love watching your face when you  
talk about it.

Pam kisses him. He responds with a soulful, lingering kiss.

A small spot on the ring begins to shimmer like the surface  
of a lake.

Pam rolls back, leans her head near his, and whispers.

PAM

The wind pulls me up, water dripping  
off my hair and down my back...

The shimmering spot on the ring becomes transparent revealing  
a perfect diamond inside.

Outside, a mighty muscle car engine revs.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL -- DAY

At a traffic light, the Camaro driver gives Ben's Mini a  
smug, denigrating sneer. Ben grins and raises one furry  
eyebrow.

The light goes green.

Tires squeal.

The Camaro barrels across the intersection.

Its driver stares in awe through his windshield at the Mini  
disappearing into the horizon.

©FADE OUT