

# **SUPERUSER**

Created By  
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Pilot  
"Trojan... Quarantined"

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*"The difference between stupidity and genius is that genius... has its limits."*

**---Albert Einstein**

**These words fade and are replaced by:**

*"A monkey stumbled upon the wheel. Man had a nightmare of a bicycle. The Wright Brothers tripped down a hill and called it flight. I took care of everything else."*

**---Neil Sullivan**

FADE IN:

EXT. SULLIVAN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Towering above black and grey business parks is a state of the art all glass cathedral of an office building that easily supports twelve thousand employees.

SWAT covers the perimeter as we PUSH IN on a window located on the top floor.

INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

POLICE SIRENS BLARE in the b.g. The office a mess. The entrance barricaded. The walls spattered with blood and bullet holes.

Lying in the center badly beaten is NEIL SULLIVAN, forty, fit, any other day has a lion-like demeanor.

He slowly picks himself up. It takes him a moment to realize where he is.

He studies his hands -- covered in blood.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Oh God.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

He runs to the window and watches a POLICE SQUAD rush inside the building.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Help! I'm in here!

He picks up a file on the floor labeled, "Orbit." He nearly gags when he reads the name.

He backs away and bumps into a DEAD MALE BODY at the foot of his desk -- it's been stabbed in the back. We can't see the face but Neil's reaction suggests he knows him.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

No. Reinhart must have...

Neil cleans his bloody hands on his shirt.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Neil follows the THUMPS to his bathroom. He slowly opens the door to find ---

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Trish!

Swaying side to side, hanging by the neck from a belt -- all we see are her legs kicking.

COPS O.S.

Neil open up!

The COPS pound on the door, but it's not budging.

NEIL SULLIVAN

We're in here! Please we're in here! Help!

Neil holds her up as best as he can to keep her from strangling to death.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

No! Please God no!

Tears rolls down his face as her kicks weaken.

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END TEASER-**

-ACT I-

TITLE UP:                   *"3 MONTHS EARLIER"*

WOOSH...

Every few seconds there's a brisk rhythmic release of oxygen. It's the only sound. It doesn't make sense for what we see.

WOOSH...

We punch through a fat cloud and soar over a sign that reads, "Welcome to Silicon Valley!"

WOOSH...

We push deeper into the city walls, toward a residential district, zeroing in on an average blue collar house.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

GRANDPA TERRY -- seventy-two, hard features, worked since he was a boy, now attached to an oxygen tank -- eyes his adoring wife DEE, same age. She hides a soft tremor in her hands.

Terry, holding an air mask to his face, gasps.

WOOSH...

Dee turns away from him, pretends to adjust a very tall stack of waffles beside her while she pops a pill, then hands her husband a soggy bowl of oatmeal.

MUFFLED in the b.g. are CHEERS and overpowering PARTY MUSIC.

Terry rolls his eyes and watches Dee prepare bacon as if everything in the world were perfectly fine.

SMASH!

Terry eyes the floor and grits his teeth. Whatever crashed in the basement sounded delicate.

                          GRANDPA TERRY  
                          It's Sunday.

Dee smiles at him gently as the MUSIC BANGS THROUGH THE WOODEN FLOORS.

                          GRANDPA TERRY (CONT'D)  
                          I'm kicking his ass out.

GRANDMA DEE

On a Sunday? Where will he go?

Terry looks through the window at a line of parked vans.

GRANDPA TERRY

It's for his own good. When I was  
his age I was---

Dee places bacon on the table -- dishes vibrate in the  
cupboards behind her.

GRANDMA DEE

*Killing Japs, working through  
school, an American hero...*

GRANDPA TERRY

Oh, poke fun.

Terry pushes the oatmeal away and reaches for a strip of  
bacon. Dee playfully slaps his hand with a spatula.

GRANDPA TERRY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna die soon.

Terry went too far. She places her hands on her waist.

GRANDPA TERRY (CONT'D)

The boy needs to grow up. There  
comes a time when you play the  
cards you're dealt or you don't  
play at all. He needs to get a  
real job and stop messing around  
with his Nintendo.

GRANDMA DEE

(Mimicking "the boy")  
*Remapping the finite number of  
frequencies Terry.*

Terry shifts in his chair. Dee can sense he's confused.

GRANDMA DEE (CONT'D)

Computer software honey.

FLUSH.

ARTHUR HINES exits the bathroom. Sometimes you just know  
greatness when you see it and Arthur has *it*. He's a wiry,  
tall, twenty-five year old dreamer.

Terry blocks his path with his leg. Arthur lowers his head,  
tucks his hands in his pockets and tries to squeeze around.

GRANDPA TERRY  
I'm kicking your ass out.

Arthur pauses and shows off his infectious smile.

ARTHUR  
On a Sunday? Where will I go?

Dee chuckles but it's drowned out by the MUSIC. Terry drums his fingers on the table.

GRANDPA TERRY  
I tell ya. The two of you are something else---

Terry wheezes violently. Arthur hands him an inhaler. Terry coughs chunks of blood into his handkerchief.

Dee consoles her husband and motions for Arthur to stop staring at the blood, take the waffles and go.

TRACK ARTHUR TO THE PARTY OF THE YEAR

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The basement is huge, decked out with Christmas lights, DJ, open bar, SMALL COLLEGE CROWD and a floor covered in a web of extension cords and surge protectors.

A twenty-two year old Samoan tattooed bouncer named DAREN MICHAELS protects this room. He's all muscle and exudes a street cred criminal vibe only thugs can pull off.

Yellow, blue and red teams divide the crowd. Arthur spots EDWIN REEVES, seventeen, stocky, a bit of a klutz fiddling with his keyboard cable. Edwin locks eyes with Arthur.

ARTHUR  
*What?*

EDWIN  
This code we're testing for you.  
Damn dude. I don't even know how you created it. You're going to be bigger than Neil Sullivan.

The room goes dead quiet. The group AD LIBBS/WHISPERS iconic words about the "GREAT Neil Sullivan." Arthur brushes off the comment with a pat on Edwin's shoulder.

ARTHUR  
Come on guys, three minutes left.

TRISH  
 Arty, the yellow team's motherboard  
 just fried.

That is TRISH WOODS. At thirty-seven she is the oldest person here. She's all class. The only thing simple about her is the baby blue dolphin necklace around her neck.

Every few seconds someone yells "Check!"

Arthur inspects the fried motherboard as he hands off the waffles and takes a seat in front of a computer.

ARTHUR  
 Yellow team is out.

YELLOW TEAM GROANS.

The clock is ticking.

We focus on Edwin as he begins to code. A bomb outside couldn't affect his state of mind. He's in the zone. His fingers burn across the keyboard. A cryptic smile creeps across his face.

TRISH  
 Two minutes!

Edwin cracks his neck. He's about to reach into his pocket when he feels someone watching. He scans the room. It's just his nerves.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
 Eighty seconds!

Edwin looks over his shoulder and spots Daren checking out Trish's ass. Edwin's in the clear. He slowly reaches into his pocket and fishes for something.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
 Sixty seconds!

Techies shout "Check!" faster and louder. Edwin whips out a USB FLASH DRIVE and while no one is looking slides it into the port. Sweat drips from his face as he copies the data.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
 Thirty seconds!

The Red and Blue team are neck and neck. Suddenly, the leader of Edwin's team stands up and hollers.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
 Ten... nine... eight...

Edwin's eyes blow up as he reads UPLOAD COMPLETE.

TRISH (CONT'D)  
Seven... six... five...

He unplugs the flash drive and stashes it in his pocket.

EDWIN  
Check mate!

THE RED TEAM ERUPTS. A second passes -- the Blue team finishes then a BUZZER GOES OFF.

Arthur reviews the data on Edwin's computer screen. He nods his head, but gives no clue to whether or not he's pleased. He snakes toward the Blue team and studies their code then turns to the crowd with his million dollar trademark smile.

ARTHUR  
Red team wins!

They go freaking nuts. Edwin is surprised with hugs.

PLOP.

He has no idea the flash drive fell out of his pocket. Daren spots this and makes his way toward him.

DAREN  
Yo...

Just then Edwin sees the flash drive on the floor. He bites his lower lip and holds Daren's stare.

EDWIN  
Yeah?

Daren picks up the flash drive -- Edwin turns bone white. Everything goes quiet, you can hear his heartbeat race, lungs swell, blood coursing through his veins.

DAREN  
Congrats bro.

Daren hands him back the drive, pats Edwin on the shoulder and goes back to his post. Edwin lets out a controlled sigh.

The crowd passes around bottles of cheap champagne as the MUSIC RIPS THROUGH THE BASEMENT.

Trish pulls Arthur to the side and just stares at him with puppy eyes. He can sense her excitement rising.

ARTHUR

Let's just enjoy today before we go  
crazy.

She rolls her eyes at Arthur like a big sister.

TRISH

Arty, now is the time to go crazy.  
You just invented---

ARTHUR

We just invented.

Trish grabs a bottle and two glasses and pours them a drink.

TRISH

Okay. We just revolutionized  
wireless communications.  
(A moment, then)  
This is fucking Time Magazine huge.  
We need to test this on a larger  
scale. We just changed the world.

Arthur smiles as the party engulfs them.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A long table is walled with BOARD MEMBERS on a witch hunt.  
Leading the charge is fifty-five year old MR. REINHART.  
He's a cross between a father figure and a wolf.

On the other side is SETH DOYLE, thirties, carries himself  
like he knows the secret to life. Beside him, MOLLY BRIGGS,  
thirty-four, a powerful lawyer who struggles to hold on to  
her femininity in a predominately male industry.

Seth is sweating bullets and his classic charm isn't helping  
to dodge the oncoming slaughter.

MR. REINHART

You can't be this blind. Can you?

Molly's eyes flick over Reinhart like a whip.

MOLLY

Mr. Sullivan has been on the  
cutting edge for ten years.

MR. REINHART

And where is he now?

Seth receives a text that reads, "Time's up -- Juneberry."  
He masks his concern.

MR. REINHART (CONT'D)  
Sullivan cannot just push us  
around. Our voices matter.

SETH  
I understand and I assure you so  
does Mr. Sullivan. We both care---

MR. REINHART  
The hell he does!

SETH  
I'll talk with him. He's been  
working on something big for  
months.

MR. REINHART  
Like what?

Seth turns to Molly for help. Reinhart catches this.

MR. REINHART (CONT'D)  
Save the legal B.S. Molly.

Molly tugs at a pleat on her signature polka dot dress.  
Reinhart stands, the committee follows his lead to the door.

MR. REINHART (CONT'D)  
He's drowning this company and I'll  
be damned if he drags us with him.  
I'm already taking steps to ensure  
our survival.  
(A moment, then)  
You're a good guy Seth. We respect  
you. But we're not kids in our  
parents' basements anymore. This  
is business. It's time to grow up  
son.

Seth studies his face and nods as the Board exits.

MOLLY  
If they get enough votes they can  
fire him.

SETH  
And? You're his lawyer. Figure  
something out. What are we paying  
you for if not to keep this shit at  
bay.

Molly holds his stare. Seth sighs and motions for her to follow him.

INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Neil smiles as he digs his nail into his forehead. He pulls back, studies his hand then peels a cuticle to the point of it bleeding. He stops when Seth enters.

SETH

Buddy, you got a minute?

NEIL SULLIVAN

Seth, did you see what I did with my headband? The purple one?

Neil tracks Seth's eyes to a bloody tissue on his desk. Neil quickly tucks it into his desk drawer and searches his office. Molly crosses her arms over her chest.

MOLLY

You could buy a new headband sir.

Neil recoils, stops searching and shoots Molly a look.

SETH

We're nowhere close to hitting our earnings estimates for this quarter, let alone the year.

Neil lets out a soft sigh.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Is that why *they* were here? All they care about is money.

MOLLY

Mr. Sullivan, they have a point.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Did you tell them I'm working?

SETH

In a way... we don't have much to show.

Neil heads under his desk thinking he saw something.

NEIL SULLIVAN

I have my schematics up on the network. They could look at that.

MOLLY

I'm not sure they could figure your notes out.

NEIL SULLIVAN

You're right. Competence isn't one of their best qualities.

Neil lifts his head off the ground and studies his desk.

MOLLY

Mr. Sullivan, they will replace you with one of Reinhart's puppets.

Neil looks at her unflinchingly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Don't you understand what that means?

Neil holds out his hand silencing her like a child.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Email me the security sign in sheet for the past month.

MOLLY

Why?

Seth clenches his eyes wishing she didn't ask him that. Neil's ears turn red. His fingers stiffen like spears. His body hardens. His eyes fill with pure rage, but he holds back his fury and glares at Molly.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Why do I need to explain what I want to do with *my* company?

His voice is so steady, so monotone, so calm. Molly is about to answer, but Neil shakes his head at her. The way Neil controls his psychotic anger is terrifying.

Neil's eyes drift to specs of dust on his desk. In a slow, meticulous motion, Neil rubs the dirt with his shirt. No one notices a drop of blood from his cuticle stain his shirt.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

It's my name out there not anyone else's. It's me.

The dirt disappears. Neil looks at Molly as if he were rotting from the inside. Molly turns to Seth for help but he avoids locking eyes with her at all cost.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
So, if I want Pepsi instead of Coke  
then just get it for me... *please*.

Molly nods and quickly exits.

SETH  
Don't worry about it.

A light bulb goes off in Neil's head -- the anger vanishes in an instant. Seth receives another text.

SETH (CONT'D)  
You'll figure something out. You  
always do.

Seth quickly exits as Neil discovers the blood.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
What if this time I can't? What if  
this time Reinhart finally wins.

CUT TO:

EXT. SULLIVAN INDUSTRIES - DAY

Edwin is on edge as he flashes an ID to a GUARD and drives past a sign on the lawn that reads, "Sullivan Industries."

CUT TO:

INT. ARTY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Arthur's room is stuck in its teen phase: 80's movie posters, Batman bed comforter, bean bag chair. It's childlike, except for the pictures on his desk of him side by side with Neil as if they were colleagues.

Arthur reviews data on his PC while his phone is on speaker.

TRISH O.S.  
I'm thinking we should set up an  
interview with Wired before moving  
forward.

ARTHUR  
Trish, come on.

TRISH O.S.  
 I'm just trying to protect this.  
 If the world knew we did this first  
 then bringing Sullivan on board  
 wouldn't be that bad for us.

ARTHUR  
 Us or you?

TRISH O.S.  
 Nice Arty.

ARTHUR  
 Sorry. I just---

KA-BOOM!

Arthur's room vibrates.

TRISH O.S.  
 What the hell!?

ARTHUR  
 Let me call you back.

Arthur hangs up and guns it downstairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The family car has taken out half the living room. Dee is in the driver seat pressing the gas -- it's stuck. The car stalls.

ARTHUR  
 Fuck.

She turns off the engine. She's oblivious. Terry is on the floor by the couch reaching for his oxygen. Arthur rushes to his side and places the air mask on his face.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
 Just take it easy grandpa.

Dee hops out of the car and smiles at the two.

GRANDMA DEE  
 Sorry sweetie. I think I left the  
 stove on. I just wanted to check.

She walks to the kitchen as if nothing is wrong. Terry turns to Arthur with a look of concern.

GRANDPA TERRY  
You forgot to hide the keys again.

Terry shakes his head as curious NEIGHBORS take in the scene.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S OFFICE - DAY

A silver placard outside of Seth's office reads, "Seth Doyle, Chief Information Officer". Across from his room is an empty office with a faint outline of a label that reads, "Trish Woods, Chief Technology Officer".

Seth's work area is modern like a six star lounge. Edwin lurks near Seth's chair admiring the view. His upper lip rolls slightly when he spots Seth enter the office.

EDWIN  
Morning sir.

SETH  
Edwin, you're early. Yay.

We can sense Seth isn't a fan of this kid. Seth jumps online as if Edwin weren't there. Edwin picks up on this, leans in closer and speaks. Edwin has yet to blink.

EDWIN  
So I finally finished my portfolio.

SETH  
Uh-huh.

EDWIN  
I thought I could ask you for advice before I met up with Neil.

Seth stops surfing the net when he hears Neil's name. He leans back in his chair and studies Edwin's face.

EDWIN (CONT'D)  
I already set up a meeting later this week.

SETH  
Let me stop you right there. We're letting you go Edwin.

EDWIN  
What? No you can't. Neil wouldn't...

SETH

*Neil* doesn't give a shit about you.  
I'm surprised he even asked me to  
fire you instead of some grunt.

Seth hides a smile then nods toward the door.

EDWIN

I didn't even do anything wrong.

SETH

But why are you assuming you did  
something right?

Edwin's eyes mist as Seth turns on his flat screen TV and takes note of a swim suit girl dancing in an MTV music video.

In the corner of Seth's eye he spots Edwin clench his fist. He turns to Edwin with a smirk. Without missing a beat, Edwin returns the gesture and waits a long moment before he grabs his portfolio and storms out.

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END ACT ONE-**

-ACT II-

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

BOOM - CHICKA - CHICKA - BOOM - BOOM

We are surrounded by half-naked gorgeous CHICKS dancing as bubbles rain from the ceiling over a bouncing disco light. Bright colored shots are passed to everyone with a pulse.

Wearing a robe, sitting in a booth by himself is Neil. He's admiring girls in wet T-shirts shaking their ass on the bar.

Seth comes into frame with a babe the keen eye will recognize from the TV music video -- a lovely twenty-one year old swim suit model named AUDREY.

BOOM - CHICKA - CHICKA - BOOM - BOOM

SETH

Shit. Are you gonna be a downer  
the whole night?

They sit near Neil -- Seth hands him a drink. Raising his voice above the music Neil says---

NEIL SULLIVAN

Maybe. Night's young.

Neil spots a MAN near the entrance try to bribe his way inside the club but the BOUNCERS aren't having it -- he isn't dressed for this party. He doesn't belong here -- there's something shifty about him. His eyes lock on Neil.

Neil gives Seth a look then turns to Audrey. Seth picks up on this and whispers something in her ear. Audrey smiles, gives Seth a long deep kiss then walks away.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Where'd you find her?

SETH

Nice right.

Neil nods.

SETH (CONT'D)

She has a friend.

Neil looks down and brushes bubbles off his knee.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. I told her your  
rules. She has no idea who you  
really are. She thinks you're my  
intern.

Neil's demeanor is quiet but intense.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
Serious?

SETH  
What? She bought it.

Just then Audrey comes back with a brunette beauty named  
VIVIAN. They look like they could be sisters.

AUDREY  
This is my friend. You should ask  
her to dance.

VIVIAN  
Bitch. Don't tell him that.

Vivian adjusts her hair and gives Neil a quick once over.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Hi, I'm Vivian. Only ask me to  
dance if you want to.

Seth chuckles and grabs Audrey's hand.

SETH  
Come on baby.

Neil shoots Seth a look.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Talk about that school speech  
you're working on for me.

VIVIAN  
What?

Neil's eyes widen as he shrugs his shoulders. Seth leads  
Audrey to the dance floor while Vivian sits across from Neil.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Seth is awesome isn't he?

NEIL SULLIVAN  
He has his moments.

BOOM - CHICKA - CHICKA - BOOM - BOOM

Neil tries to bounce his head to the music but he's slightly off and looks awkward.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
So I'm working on a commencement speech. I was thinking of opening up with a joke to distract them from how fucked they are.

Neil's face lights up at his comments but Vivian looks beyond bored. Her eyes wander to the dance floor. She takes out her phone and snaps a selfie.

VIVIAN  
Huh?

NEIL SULLIVAN  
I said, you like to dance?

VIVIAN  
Yeah sure. Sometimes.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
Really? That's cool.

There's an awkward silence. Vivian adjusts her hair and gives Neil a come hither look.

VIVIAN  
Hey, if I tell you something you promise not to get mad?

NEIL SULLIVAN  
Uh-huh.

VIVIAN  
You seem like a nice guy but I'm really into Seth. I know he's with Audrey but do you think you could talk to him for me?

Neil takes a sip of his drink and nods. Vivian shouts with joy and hugs him.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!

In the b.g. Seth sees this and gives him a thumbs up. Neil returns the gesture.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
What is it about him you like?

VIVIAN

He just throws money around like he doesn't care. Can you imagine that type of freedom?

Neil sinks in his chair.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Oh sorry. I didn't mean to be rude. Not everyone can do that.

(A moment, then)

So what is it you do? Write speeches?

NEIL SULLIVAN

I own Sullivan Industries. I'm Neil Sullivan.

VIVIAN

What? No you're not.

Neil removes a wad of cash from his bathrobe pocket.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Yeah...

He tosses the money in the air over her head and smirks.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I am.

Vivian's face turns red. Seth and Audrey stop dancing and rush over to the table. The MUSIC takes over the scene muting Vivian's words as Neil walks away.

Neil exits patting Seth's shoulder, passing WAITERS holding a birthday cake with his name on it and walking by the Man trying to bribe his way through the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Neil pulls up to his home -- a modest sized mansion. He spots a shadow move inside. He turns off the engine and thinks. His eyes drift toward the door -- it's ajar. A red jacket hangs on the knob. Neil smirks and exits the car.

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

ROY SULLIVAN, forty-seven, is the complete opposite of Neil: Doughy body, not smart, dependent on others -- a normal guy.

The house looks like a bomb went off inside. Even the couch is flipped over. Roy walks around picking up the mess.

Neil slams the door. Roy jumps, stops cleaning and turns to him with a weak expression.

ROY  
Liz kicked me out.

Neil nods and looks at his living room masking his concerns.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I thought you were selling this place?

NEIL SULLIVAN  
I'm still packing.

Roy scans the mess.

ROY  
Is that what you call this?

NEIL SULLIVAN  
I was looking for something.

Roy walks up to Neil and hugs him.

ROY  
Is it okay if I crash here for a few days?

Neil pats Roy's back then spots his cell lit up on the counter. He nudges Roy out of the way and walks over to it.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Oh yeah. Three of those messages are from me. Sorry.

Neil studies the phone and tries to hide a smile. Roy picks up on this.

ROY (CONT'D)  
I'll finish up in here.

Neil nods and looks at his brother as if waiting for something more.

ROY (CONT'D)  
It's not that late. Don't be like your big brother. Call her back.

Neil hits redial. It rings four times. He is about to give up when---

TRISH O.S.

Hello?

NEIL SULLIVAN

Hey...

There is an awkward pause. Neil stiffens. We can sense their shaky history.

TRISH O.S.

What's wrong?

NEIL SULLIVAN

Nothing.

TRISH O.S.

I can hear it in your voice. Are you upset I called?

NEIL SULLIVAN

No. Why would I be upset?

TRISH O.S.

*Okay?*

NEIL SULLIVAN

(A moment, then)

I lost my headband.

TRISH O.S.

Did you look under the sofa? You know how many times you fell asleep there and things rolled under it.

Neil turns to the flipped over sofa, Roy is setting it back in place. Neil's eyes water as he says---

NEIL SULLIVAN

Oh yeah. I didn't think of that. I'll have to give it a look.

(A moment, then)

I miss talking with you.

CUT TO:

INT. TRISH'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Trish is in lingerie nursing a glass of wine as she looks out her window over a rolling hill landscape. She smiles when she hears Neil say he misses her, but she doesn't say it back -- she keeps her voice steady.

TRISH

So guess what? Arty figured *it* out.

(A moment, then)

It's more efficient.

NEIL SULLIVAN O.S.

*Zero* interference?

TRISH

Without reworking a *single piece* of hardware.

NEIL SULLIVAN O.S.

You're kidding.

TRISH

Don't be mean.

NEIL SULLIVAN O.S.

I didn't mean it that way. It's just... how?

TRISH

Well, that's half the reason I was calling. We wanted to go to you first.

NEIL SULLIVAN O.S.

*Right.*

TRISH

Look if you don't want to meet---

NEIL SULLIVAN O.S.

I want to meet. Really. I do.

Trish rolls her eyes.

A naked man strolls out of her bedroom. It's Daren. He walks behind Trish and kisses her neck.

DAREN

Come on...

She shoos Daren away but this stud isn't budging. He teases her knee. She gives in with a kiss as Neil speaks.

NEIL SULLIVAN O.S.

I'll be out of town with Eleanor for a few days, but when I come back let's make it happen. Cool?

Daren slaps her ass and walks back to the bedroom. She puts on a fake smile, watches him go then she focuses on Neil.

TRISH

Sounds good.

(A moment, then)

Hey Neil...

CUT TO:

INT. NEIL'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Neil looks at a photo of himself and Trish on a yacht. Both are dressed as if they were working out. Trish is playfully messing with Neil's PURPLE HEADBAND. Neil smiles at her dolphin necklace and engagement ring.

Not far from the photo is a present with a note on it that reads, "From Molly." Neil pays no attention to it.

TRISH O.S.

Happy birthday.

Neil opens his mouth about to say something but doesn't.

NEIL SULLIVAN

I'll give you a ring when I get back.

TRISH O.S.

I'll be waiting.

The two hang up. Roy stares at his brother with a huge smile and waits to hear the news.

Neil flings the picture across the kitchen then heads upstairs. The frame shatters.

Roy looks hurt for his brother. He grabs a broom and sweeps away the broken pieces of glass.

TIC-TIC.

He pivots his head toward the sound. Was that the door knob?

ROY

Hello?

He waits a tense beat and listens for any noise. It's dead silent. He continues to clean.

TIC-TIC.

Roy puts the broom down and creeps toward the entrance. He looks through the peephole but sees nothing. He unlocks the door and pokes his head outside.

He looks in both directions then spots his red jacket a few feet away from the door on the grass.

POV FROM BUSHES: WATCHING ROY -- Roy shakes his head, picks up his jacket and returns inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Seth leads Vivian and Audrey onto a roof -- they're hammered. Vivian is holding a huge slice of birthday cake.

Seth playfully shushes them as they check to make sure the roof is all clear. It is. Seth barricades the door with a piece of wood as the girls explore.

Vivian and Audrey begin to make out while Seth takes out his cell and snaps pictures of the two lovely ladies.

In the b.g. is a billboard showcasing a woman smiling ear to ear. Floating in bubbles around her are a cellphone, computer, and internet icon. The signs reads, "Connecting you to what matters - Sullivan Industries"

Seth eyes the birthday cake. The girls watch him take a scoop but before he can swallow they make their way to him and kiss his lips.

KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK

Seth turns to the rooftop entrance -- the barricade holds.

SETH

Go away!

The girls keep going at it. Audrey digs into Seth's pocket and removes a bottle filled with small blue pills. She places it on Vivian's tongue as they three way kiss.

MAN O.S.

It's the police. Open up.

SETH

Oh shit.

Seth hides his pills in an air vent.

KNOCK - KNOCK - KNOCK

The entrance gives way. The Man who couldn't get inside the club enters holding an envelope. He stares at the three who struggle to keep a straight face.

MAN  
Seth Doyle?

SETH  
Yes.

MAN  
You've been served.

The man hands Seth an envelope then exits.

SETH  
By who?

The girls break out giggling. Seth rips open the letter.

VIVIAN  
(Mimicking Man)  
*Seth Doyle, you've been served.*

Audrey laughs as Vivian reads the name on the forms.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)  
Juneberry?

Seth turns the letter away from her. He looks like he just got punched in the gut.

SETH  
It's an mp3 company I tried to start. It didn't work out.

Seth crumples the letter, tosses it over the roof then closes the door. He masks his pain with a grin.

SETH (CONT'D)  
So tell me again how bad you want to know where Neil lives?

Vivian smiles seductively. The girls giggle. They slowly begin to remove their clothes and approach Seth as we---

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END ACT TWO-**

-ACT III-

EXT. YACHT - OPEN WATERS - EARLY MORNING

A yacht powers toward the sunrise. The name Eleanor is inscribed on the side. She's exquisite. Sexy. Posh.

It's the most flashy thing Neil owns. Over four hundred feet long, a force in the sea, his floating command center.

Neil steers her through the glassy waves as dolphins struggle to keep pace.

Roy is on deck having the time of his life whacking golf balls at the sun, drinking beer. He has awful form.

POP!

A ball ricochets off a wall knocking a mounted harpoon gun to the ground. Roy laughs like a drunk and picks up the gun and plays with it as if he were a kid.

ROY  
Freeze bitch!

He pivots to the side and aims it at a golf ball swaying on the ground. Roy breaks out laughing. A wave hits Eleanor.

BANG!

Roy jumps. The gun falls out of his hands as the arrow hits a wall. He waits to see if Neil heard -- he's in the clear. He grabs the arrow nicking his finger. He sucks the blood then sets the arrow back in place and remounts the gun.

INT. YACHT - CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Neil smiles at his radar then comes to a stop. His radar charts a location of a boat not far from them.

Roy turns to the cockpit and yells---

ROY  
You know, I collect pez dispensers  
for fun. And when I feel crazy I  
skip around in the movies.

Neil grins and makes his way on top. He puts on scuba gear and dives into the deep blue ocean. Roy is amazed.

INT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

Neil locates a worn wooden CHEST, carefully hidden in a plume of foliage. He unlocks it. Inside rests a pistol with a gold handle and a scrapbook, protected by plastic.

ROY O.S.  
(Filter: Radio)  
How you looking buddy?

Neil tucks the picture of him and Trish into the scrapbook, locks it and swims back to the surface.

EXT. YACHT - BOW - CONTINUOUS

Neil climbs on board where Roy waits. Not far, the COAST GUARD approaches on the left. Roy exchanges waves with them.

ROY  
If Dad could see you now.

Neil tosses his gear on the floor, he notices a dent in one of his walls. His eyes move toward the harpoon gun.

ROY (CONT'D)  
He loved it out here.

Roy spots a dolphin swimming on the right side of the boat hidden from the Coast Guard's view.

ROY (CONT'D)  
Aren't they great?

Neil's upper lip rolls. He walks over to the harpoon gun and inspects it. He doesn't miss the drop of blood stained on the tip of the arrow.

Neil removes the gun and locks on Roy's back. His breathing steadies. An eerie gaze forms in his eyes.

BANG!

Roy flinches as the spear flies over his shoulder and into the ocean toward the dolphin.

ROY (CONT'D)  
What the hell!?

Roy runs to the edge and scans the water. He can't tell if the dolphin got hit or not. The Coast Guard has no idea what happened. Neil sets the gun down, turns and smiles.

COAST GUARD  
 Ahoy there! Some boat. We don't  
 see these types out here much.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
 She's my soul mate. She loves it  
 out here.

Roy studies the water and waits for it to turn red. Nothing  
 yet. The Coast Guard remains clueless.

COAST GUARD  
 I can imagine.

The Coast Guard holds out a camera.

COAST GUARD (CONT'D)  
 Mind if I take a picture?

NEIL SULLIVAN  
 By all means.  
 (A moment, then)  
 Hang on---

Neil throws an arm over Roy's shoulder, brings him to the  
 left side of the boat and poses for the photo. The Coast  
 Guard snaps a picture.

COAST GUARD  
 Thank you.

Neil nods to him as they speed off then he turns to Roy with  
 a dead look in his eyes as he reloads the harpoon gun.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
 Dad was a nasty prick Roy. The  
 type of guy who called you "buddy"  
 as he stabbed you in the back.

Neil heads below deck.

A chill rolls down Roy's back as he watches the waves. A  
 rush of emotions flood his face -- the dolphin has to be  
 dead. Roy spots the arrow floating in the water. His head  
 hangs. He's about to walk away when suddenly the dolphin  
 resurfaces unharmed.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DOCTOR WEAVER wraps up checking on Dee. Terry and Arthur are  
 by her side. Dee is all smiles chatting away.

GRANDMA DEE

I keep telling him I can teach him to drive on the weekend but he has to get up early to avoid traffic. And sure enough, he always oversleeps.

Dee turns to Arthur and pinches his cheeks.

GRANDMA DEE (CONT'D)

I wanted to be a professional race car driver when I was a teenager. My daddy used to restore cars. Did I ever tell you that? Terry never remembers anything. It's so annoying.

Terry cringes.

GRANDMA DEE (CONT'D)

What?

Terry is about to say something when Arthur puts his hand on his shoulder and turns to Weaver.

ARTHUR

Doc?

Weaver smiles at Dee.

DOCTOR WEAVER

Dee, you look great.

GRANDMA DEE

I feel great.

Weaver nods, opens the door and motions for a NURSE to escort Dee outside.

DOCTOR WEAVER

Mind going with Nikki for a second.

Dee exits. The guys are beside themselves as Weaver writes notes in Dee's file.

GRANDPA TERRY

Well?!

ARTHUR

(Off Terry's look)

Isn't there some test drug we could try?

DOCTOR WEAVER  
Your insurance doesn't cover that.

ARTHUR  
But there are options.

DOCTOR WEAVER  
I don't want to mislead you.  
Procedures like that are very  
expensive and offer only a small  
chance of recovery.

Weaver watches hope drain from their faces. Then:

DOCTOR WEAVER (CONT'D)  
There is this new drug, but just to  
get on the list you have to place a  
down payment of fifty grand.

GRANDPA TERRY  
Jesus Christ, we already put a  
second mortgage on the house doc.

DOCTOR WEAVER  
I'm sorry guys. I really am. I  
like Dee. But at this stage, we  
need to be realistic.

Weaver hands them Self Help pamphlets.

DOCTOR WEAVER (CONT'D)  
Dementia isn't easy. She isn't  
going to get better.

Terry flings the pamphlets to the ground.

GRANDPA TERRY  
That woman is my wife. She was  
fine the other day. She was  
perfect.

DOCTOR WEAVER  
She's going to have good days and  
bad days Mr. Hines.

GRANDPA TERRY  
There has to be something I can do.

ARTHUR  
Grandpa---

Terry's face turns red. Arthur places his oxygen mask over  
his mouth.

DOCTOR WEAVER

I understand how you feel. Now is the time to think about comfort. I know of some good nursing homes---

GRANDPA TERRY

No. What's wrong with her being at home?

Weaver shoots Terry's oxygen tank a look.

DOCTOR WEAVER

She needs care twenty-four seven. She can stay with you but I would request a nurse come by and check on her just to make sure everything is moving smoothly.

Terry's eyes sink.

GRANDPA TERRY

That's fine. We have nothing to hide.

DOCTOR WEAVER

Let me get the paperwork.

Weaver exits the room.

ARTHUR

Don't worry. We'll get a second opinion.

GRANDPA TERRY

I hate him but he's right boy. We don't have the money to keep doing this.

Dee enters -- Arthur looks lost in his thoughts.

GRANDMA DEE

We should stop by the bowling alley and say hi to mom on the way back.

Terry stares at her gentle face for a moment.

GRANDPA TERRY

Sure, sweetie. Sounds like fun.

Dee shivers then rubs her shoulders. Her expression is childlike. Arthur picks up on her energy. He reaches for her sweater and places it around her shoulders.

GRANDMA DEE

Thank you---

Dee searches Arthur's eyes. It's like his name is on her tongue but she can't get it out.

GRANDMA DEE (CONT'D)

... You're a good boy.

Dee lights up as Arthur hugs her.

CUT TO:

INT. YACHT - OFFICE - DAY

Neil is on his laptop while talking on the phone.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Orbit will wait *Chief*. Plus, I already sold the house. It's time Eleanor and I said bye as well so send me some offers.

Neil hangs up, types on his laptop then sends an email to Molly.

He rhythmically bangs his hand on the desk focusing the impact on his nails. It builds into harder, sicker, thuds. His eyes water as a grin slowly creeps over his face.

INT. YACHT - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roy pulls out his wallet and removes a photo of him, Neil, their MOTHER and FATHER. Roy and Neil were just kids. Roy gently smiles and makes his way out of the room.

INT. YACHT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Hunched over flashcards, Neil mumbles what seems to be a speech as he enjoys a drink. Roy enters and plops their family photo on Neil's desk.

ROY

You're a multi-billionaire Neil.  
What he took from you---

Neil shoots him a look.

NEIL SULLIVAN

He stole from me. You guys never got that. I was a kid and he profited off me.

(MORE)

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
 I'll be damned if I let him or  
 anyone steal from me again.

ROY  
 Neil, look at you. You won.  
 (A moment, then)  
 After you left he changed. I'm the  
 man I am today because of dad.

Neil slaps the top of his desk, hitting the photo.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
 I knew it. You being here has  
 nothing to do with Liz does it?  
 The family is so lucky I even speak  
 to you.

Neil puts the flashcards away in a drawer, pulls out a second  
 glass and grabs a bottle of scotch from his desk.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
 I envy you Roy.

Neil hands him a drink. Roy waits for an explanation.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
 I don't have the luxury to go back  
 anymore. You do.

Neil downs his drink in one gulp, placing the empty glass on  
 the photo.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
 In order for me to get back on top  
 I need to start from square one.

ROY  
 What are you talking about?  
 Everyone loves Sullivan Industries.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
 Reinhart. He's counting on that  
 love to screw me over.

ROY  
 So take some time off. Get your  
 head together. Come with me. I  
 have two plane tickets.

Roy lets this hang in the air for a moment.

ROY (CONT'D)  
 I made dad a promise. I'm not  
 leaving without you.

Neil grins.

NEIL SULLIVAN

I thought his funeral was last month.

ROY

We're having a get together in a few days.

Neil has a poker face as he thinks.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Jeez, it's like we're celebrating his life. I need some air.

Neil begins to exit but Roy doesn't budge. Neil breaks his poker face with a smile. It takes a moment for Roy to pick up on this and muster a smile of his own. Roy finishes the scotch and follows his brother outside.

CUT TO:

INT. SETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Seth enters his office and finds an envelope with the word "Juneberry" written on the seal. He turns pale.

He pokes his head out of his office as if searching for someone. He doesn't notice anything unusual. He shuts the blinds and locks the door.

He removes a USB DRIVE with a note that reads, "PLAY TIME" and photos of him kissing a man from the envelope.

His heart sinks. Seth paces behind his desk. He pulls out a lighter and sets the pictures on fire.

He takes a moment, then jumps on the computer and logs into the Sullivan Industries Financial Accounts. His eyes narrow on the drive, he hesitates then plugs it into the computer.

The SCREEN FLASHES. Seth's eyes grow wide as he watches half a million dollars transfer out of the account.

His jaw clenches as he stares at the withdrawal. Suddenly, something he didn't see coming happens. The screen freezes for half a second as a worm travels through the system.

WARNING! WARNING!

UPLOADING...

Seth looks puzzled. He reads the screen, "Uploading... 10%..." He tracks the bug. His eyes are ready to explode from his skull.

UPLOADING 33%...

Seth tries to override the virus but it's no use. He runs his hands through his hair and watches the worm spread.

UPLOADING 45%...

RING! RING!

Seth picks up his phone.

SETH

Yeah? You're kidding. We're under attack now? Let me see.

Seth tries to eject the USB but the computer denies him access.

UPLOADING 54%...

He rips out the USB from the port and smiles. It quickly fades, the worm is still attacking.

SETH (CONT'D)

Yeah, I see it. It's all over the place.

Seth mouths, "Shit."

SETH (CONT'D)

Okay, shut it down.

The screen grinds to a halt. The virus is 68% uploaded.

POP.

The screen goes black. Seth puts a hand over his mouth and shakes his head. He resets then restarts his computer.

SETH (CONT'D)

Let's have a damage report asap and fix this before Neil shows up guys.

Seth hangs up, leans back in his chair and punches his table.

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END ACT THREE-**

-ACT IV-

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

TECHIES lift heavy routers out of the way while others work through files trying to recover the data. Molly enters.

MOLLY

What do you guys have so far?

REX, retired officer, munches on sunflower seeds in front of a computer. He shifts in his chair when he sees Molly.

REX

Not much boss. Whatever this thing was, it fucked us hard, crippling our security measures.

MOLLY

How did it get past the fire walls?

The Techies give Molly a telling look. Rex motions for her to follow him outside.

INT. HALLYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rex offers her some seeds but she shakes her head "no". The more he talks the more he eats.

REX

(Whispering)

Look, I don't want to be the one to shit on any feathers, but this was clearly an inside job.

MOLLY

What do you mean?

REX

It came from behind the wall... it originated on our side.

Rex reaches into his pocket and hands her a printed paper with about seventy names on it.

REX (CONT'D)

These were all the level five users signed onto the network before we were hit.

Molly gives the list a once over.

REX (CONT'D)

Whoever hit us is on that list.  
They have to be. Plain and simple.

Molly takes a moment to think then she scoffs.

MOLLY

No. There's no way. Look Neil is  
on here and so is Seth. Neil just  
came back into town today. This is  
absurd.

Molly picks up on his jumpy energy. She can tell he's not  
saying something. It isn't long before he spills the beans.

REX

We found something... a backdoor.  
(A moment, then)  
It shouldn't exist and it was here  
way before the attack.

Molly raises a confused eyebrow.

REX (CONT'D)

It gives full system access at the  
root level to all user information.  
It's been used regularly. We're  
talking private personal data shit  
boss.

Molly masks her concern with a stern stare. Rex backs off.  
He stops eating. Molly can sense he's intimidated by her.

MOLLY

Keep digging Rex.

He nods as he heads back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Arthur sits alone in the long room, fidgeting. He smiles  
nervously goes for his phone and dials Trish -- no answer.

Arthur is restless, he resets and takes out his data. He  
lifts his eyes from his documents as Neil enters in a million  
dollar suit. He cleans up nicely.

NEIL SULLIVAN

My protege returns.

Arthur gets up and gives Neil a hug. Arthur has no idea how  
repulsed Neil is by him.

ARTHUR  
Got you something.

Arthur hands him an envelope.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
It's a gift card.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
(A moment, then)  
Trish?

ARTHUR  
I don't think she's gonna make it.

Neil takes a seat and waits. Arthur slides over the documents. Neil flips through them. Arthur studies his expression, he can sense Neil's excitement.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
That's just a basic business plan,  
but we'd like to go bigger.

Neil studies the form.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
You know I'd like to break this  
down on my own. Probably get rid  
of a few team members. See if I  
can simplify things.

ARTHUR  
It flows Neil.

Neil locks eyes with Arthur and smiles.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
I'm sure you think it does.

ARTHUR  
You can come by and see it in  
action.

Neil's eyebrows raise.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)  
I mean it. Test drive it yourself.  
We're still up and running for a  
few more days.

Neil isn't budging -- a thought hits him.

NEIL SULLIVAN

What would you wager to get me down there and see this for myself?

Arthur lets out a nervous laugh.

ARTHUR

What?

Neil has a stone face. He leans back and waits.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Trish.

Neil turns his head like a hawk looking at its prey.

NEIL SULLIVAN

I get Trish *back*...

ARTHUR

If you come down and it doesn't work you get Trish for a day.

NEIL SULLIVAN

A week.

Neil smiles. Arthur hesitantly nods.

ARTHUR

But if it does work then we get to keep our team in place once the deal is made.

Neil recoils. He takes a moment to think, then holds out his hand. They shake on it as Neil says---

NEIL SULLIVAN

Alright. I'll take you up on that.

Arthur lets out a sigh. Neil opens the envelope. On the cover is an old mutt blowing out candles. Arthur doesn't pick up how much this gets to him.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

I didn't see this coming. Some of the best things in life we don't see coming.

ARTHUR

You're welcome.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Thanks *buddy*.

CUT TO:

INT. DAREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daren lives in a cramped low end apartment complex. He's in boxers stuffing Trish's belonging in a trash bag as Trish slowly gets dressed.

TRISH

Baby... what's the big deal?  
Seriously?

BUZZ - BUZZ - BUZZ

Trish's cellphone goes off. She reads the call -- it's from Arthur. She ignores it. Daren sighs.

DAREN

Trish, you don't need me. It's fine. Really. I'm not Neil. I knew what our arrangement was and never gonna be.

His words are a swift punch to her gut.

TRISH

I just feel like you're overreacting. I was tired with everything going on and I slipped.

DAREN

You called me Neil.

TRISH

Stop it.

Trish leans in and kisses him. He pulls back.

DAREN

You should go back to him. You'll never get your fifteen minutes of fame slumming around with me and Arthur.

Trish's jaw drops.

TRISH

What the fuck does that mean? Who do you think you are to speak to me like that? You're right, you're not Neil. Where do you think you're going in life?

Daren manages a humble nod.

DAREN

Right.

(A moment, then)

Thanks for reminding me.

He waits for her to say something but she doesn't.

DAREN (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I won't tell Arty  
about us. I'd appreciate it if you  
didn't either.

BUZZ - BUZZ - BUZZ

He steps to the door and tosses the garbage bag on the porch.

DAREN (CONT'D)

You should get that. Might be  
important.

She looks at the call from Arthur, grabs the bag and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - EVENING

A CROWD CHEERS in the b.g. Neil didn't dress up for this.

He chews on his nail until his face turns pale. He rushes  
for the nearest trash can and pukes his heart out.

He leans back, wipes his chin and smiles. He fishes in his  
pocket and pulls out flashcards. His hand shakes ever so  
slightly.

He puts on a hard face and digs his nail into his forehead.

STUDENT

You're on in five Mr. Sullivan.

Neil nods and tries to act normal until the ADORING STUDENT  
leaves. A breath of air escapes him then he goes back to  
gouging his head until he looks satisfied.

He exits with a smile and no idea he cut himself.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The auditorium is packed. PEOPLE stand in the aisles and  
share seats just to get a look at Neil. The YOUNG CROWD  
tosses around beach balls anxiously waiting.

Immediately entering stage, Neil finds himself with a standing ovation. Neil walks to the microphone with a nervous goofy grin.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Thank you.

His voice is soft. He clears his throat and puts on a strong expression. He picks up a control for a projector and turns on the screen behind him -- an image of a Dolphin appears.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

To think that would one day beat out the top players in Tech, ten times over.

The CROWD CHEERS.

STUDENT O.S.

Yeah! Blue Orca!

Neil looks at the image then leans into the microphone.

NEIL SULLIVAN

It's Sullivan Industries now.

The CROWD EXPLODES IN APPLAUSE. Edwin is here. Neil grins and waits a moment for everyone to take a seat.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

When I was asked to come here and give a speech I thought, what could I possibly say?

(A moment, then)

I thought of some good jokes, but then it hit me.

Neil spots Edwin's adoring eyes in the crowd but pays no attention to him as he sets his cards down.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)

People often ask me what the hardest part of my job is. And looking at all of you it's obvious. I do these speeches every now and then and my message is always the same.

INTERCUT IMAGES OF: Arthur's basement being destroyed by a MASKED ASSAILANT.

STUDENT O.S.

We love you Neil!

The CROWD CHANTS---

CROWD O.S.  
NEIL! NEIL! NEIL!

Neil's voice raises above theirs with conviction.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
The hardest part of my job is  
convincing you there's room for all  
of us to follow our dreams.

The CROWD CHEERS. Neil smiles as his eyes track a beach ball's movement.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
But things are changing. *You* have  
to be willing to work as a team.  
*You* have to grow a thick skin and  
help each other out. *You're* all in  
this together.

A sea of nodding heads and misty eyes swoon as Neil speaks.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
It won't be easy and often times  
*you'll* feel alone. But I believe  
in *you*. I believe in all of *you*.  
(A moment, then)  
*You* guys will one day put me out of  
business. That is *your* destiny.

Neil drops his cards, shakes his head and with a renewed vigor glares at the crowd. He looks so powerful, so electric, so impressive on stage.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
My destiny is to make *you* earn it.

The crowd's excitement slowly quiets as Neil's body tenses.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
*You* will all at some stage *want to go bigger*. I expect most of *you*  
will fail. The others will sell  
out. And the few who dare to hang  
on will freeze in my shadow.

One by one his words alienate the audience members.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks to me the next global change  
is right around the corner. *You*  
won't even recognize this world.

The CROWD STIRS. They begin to turn on him.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
I thought you loved me?

His voice echoes throughout the auditorium silencing the crowd. Blood trickles from the cut on his forehead dripping down the side of his cheek. He wipes it with his hand.

STUDENT O.S.  
You're not God Neil!

NEIL SULLIVAN  
No, but when God is out of answers  
guess who he comes crawling to!  
Me. I believe in me. And me  
alone. And look at where I am.  
Look at where I've been.  
(A moment, then)  
Right now billions of people are  
using my services. You're probably  
using them right now. Billions  
can't get through a day without me.

Neil's lips tighten.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
Billions.  
(A moment, then)  
So you people hem and haw all you  
want but you know just as I do  
you're a guest. You're operating  
in my universe. You think you have  
a chance at beating me in my world?

Neil pauses -- for a second he thinks he sees Trish. He holds his hands to the light to get a better look. He squints and realizes it's just a random girl.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
I will always be Neil Sullivan  
leading you into the future.  
(A moment, then)  
I will never give this up.

A beach ball lands beside him. Neil lowers his head, punts it back into the audience and walks off stage leaving the crowd in utter shock.

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END ACT FOUR-**

-ACT V-

INT. BASEMENT - EVENING

Standing among shattered motherboards and flipped over tables is Arthur. The lab is destroyed. Whoever broke in left nothing to be salvaged. He kicks a broken motherboard, sits on the floor, takes out his cell and dials.

ARTHUR

Trish, the cops are here. Where are you? We have a problem.

Arthur hangs up and flicks the broken pieces of hardware.

GRANDMA DEE O.S.

No! No, I don't want to go to sleep. I want to go for a fucking drive!

GRANDPA TERRY O.S.

The doctor said you need rest.

Arthur covers his ears with his hands and pretends not to hear but the yelling grows louder.

GRANDMA DEE O.S.

How many times do I have to tell you I am not tired before you believe me? God this is what I hate about you. You know that!

GRANDPA TERRY O.S.

Dee, please---

GRANDMA DEE O.S.

You think I'm crazy but I'm not. You're the crazy one! Officer help me please!

SMASH!

Sounds like a TV screen broke.

GRANDPA TERRY O.S.

Arty, come on!

Arthur clenches his eyes.

GRANDPA TERRY O.S. (CONT'D)

ARTY!

Arthur darts out of the basement.

CUT TO:

INT. NEIL'S OFFICE - EVENING

Neil enters still gleaming with confidence. Reinhart is behind his desk rummaging through his files.

MR. REINHART  
Molly told me I could come by and  
check out what you were doing.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
Lucky me.

Reinhart stares daggers at him.

MR. REINHART  
I wanted to believe in you like  
everyone else here.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
Don't start.

MR. REINHART  
No. Someone needs to bring you  
back to reality Neil. You're  
slipping buddy.

Neil stands beside Reinhart.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
You're in my seat.

Reinhart moves out of the way and heads to the door.

MR. REINHART  
After that stunt you pulled Orbit,  
a BS Saudi Arabia company, bought a  
huge chunk of our stock today.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
You're not scared of a little  
competition are you?

MR. REINHART  
You're unbelievable.

Neil looks down at his desk where a Security Report rests.  
Reinhart catches Neil's confused look.

MR. REINHART (CONT'D)  
We're at war. All your precious  
data is lost. Does that scare you?

Neil shoots him a look.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
You don't know what you're talking  
about.

MR. REINHART  
I wish you could see your face now.  
(A moment, then)  
How are you going to fix this? How  
are you going to save this company  
from yourself?

Reinhart takes a moment to stare down Neil. Neil stands up  
and gets face to face with him.

MR. REINHART (CONT'D)  
What are you doing? Back away from  
me.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
You're a coward.

Reinhart reaches back and decks Neil. Neil lands on the  
floor with a black eye. He remains there soaking in the pain  
looking up at Reinhart with a smile. Reinhart is flustered.

MR. REINHART  
Not a word. You hear me?

Reinhart adjusts his suit and quickly exits.

Neil shimmies to his feet and plops down into his chair. His  
phone glows -- ten missed calls. With a heavy hand, Neil  
punches a few keys on his keyboard... NOTHING. He pivots,  
staring out the window.

We're in Neil's head. The outside world goes numb. A rush  
of emotions flash through his face. Neil doesn't even notice  
when Molly enters. He doesn't hear her speak. All we hear  
is him breathe in and out...

MOLLY  
(Muffled)  
Mr. Sullivan---

Neil doesn't turn to look at her. He's dead silent. Molly  
bites her lower lip.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Our team found a backdoor in our  
system...

Neil snaps out of it and slowly turns the side of his head  
toward her.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
And you think some super hacker did  
this to me?

Molly nervously shrugs.

NEIL SULLIVAN (CONT'D)  
So you think it was me?

Neil turns away from her. Molly's jaw hangs ever so slightly  
as her heart sinks.

MOLLY  
No... of course not.

Molly watches Neil make a fist so hard his hand shakes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Maybe... maybe Reinhart is setting  
you up.

Neil relaxes. Molly smiles at him with pure love.

NEIL SULLIVAN  
(A moment, then)  
Someone broke into my house Molly.

MOLLY  
Do you want me to call the cops?

Neil shakes his head "no".

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
I know you Mr. Sullivan. The real  
you. If Reinhart did something to  
hurt this company or you ---

Molly catches Neil pinch a smile.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
I'll find out. I'll put an end to  
it. You can trust me to protect  
you. You don't even have to ask.

Neil makes her wait for it. Then:

NEIL SULLIVAN  
What if I'm the monster?

Molly takes a step closer to his desk.

MOLLY  
You're not.  
(A moment, then)  
You're not Neil.

A tense beat passes then Mr. Sullivan nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAREN'S APARTMENT DOOR - EVENING

Daren opens the door holding a bong.

DAREN  
Bro, what's up?

ARTHUR  
Trish here?

DAREN  
Why would Trish be here?

Arthur shoots him a look. Daren places the bong by the side of the door.

DAREN (CONT'D)  
She hasn't answered my texts.

Arthur slumps as Daren motions him inside.

INT. DAREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

DAREN  
You want a hit?

Arthur shakes his head "no." An awkward beat passes. Daren catches Arthur staring at a poorly aged prison tattoo of a cross on his inner forearm.

DAREN (CONT'D)  
Knock it off, I don't even notice  
it anymore.

ARTHUR  
Being young made it alright?

Daren playfully nudges Arthur's arm.

DAREN

We were kids. And now you're making it up to me. You're the reason I have a place to live.

ARTHUR

I need your help.  
(A moment, then)  
Things are different now. We can be smart---

DAREN

Woah, woah, woah. What the fuck are you talking about?

ARTHUR

Skimming.

Daren looks like he is going to say something but doesn't.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

It's identity theft.

DAREN

Yeah, I know -- why?

ARTHUR

Dee needs it man.

Daren shakes his head.

DAREN

How can you ask me this? I spent three years in juvie. Where do you get off?

Arthur grabs Daren by the arm -- Daren flips out and manhandles Arthur, slamming him against the wall.

DAREN (CONT'D)

(Off Arthur's look)

You're the smartest guy I know but sometimes you say stupid shit dude. You don't need to be taking all these risks anymore.

ARTHUR

I don't need a lecture. I need results.

Arthur breaks free of his grasp and heads to the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRISH'S CAR - DRIVING - EVENING

Trish swerves past cars and pulls up to Neil's house. A soft smile overcomes her face. She looks in the rear view mirror and adjusts her hair.

TRISH

Okay.

She takes a deep breath and walks toward the door, but as she approaches, she finds Vivian dressed in a short black dress knocking on the door with the tip of her boot.

VIVIAN

Boo, are you home?

Trish clears her throat. Vivian turns and gives her a once over. The two take a moment to size each other up.

TRISH

You a friend of Neil's?

Vivian can sense their history.

VIVIAN

We're dating.

Trish's eyes lower.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Was there something I could help  
you with?

Trish reaches into her purse, pulls out a set of keys and unlocks the front door.

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Vivian lets down her guard as Trish walks back to her car. She stops Trish with---

VIVIAN (CONT'D)

Hey, who should I say let me in?

TRISH

(A moment, then)

No one. Looks like he's better off  
not knowing.

INT. TRISH'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Trish drives away and watches Vivian gleefully rush inside the house. Her body tenses, she reaches for her cellphone and quickly dials---

911 OPERATOR O.S.  
911 what's your emergency?

TRISH  
Someone's broken into my house.

A devious smile rolls onto Trish's face.

CUT TO:

INT. SULLIVAN INDUSTRIES - GAME ROOM - EVENING

Seth is on his cellphone looking at his bank account. It's in the red. He sighs, then picks up a pool stick and begins playing by himself. Molly enters with a concerned stare.

MOLLY  
What the hell happened today?

SETH  
Don't worry about it. I have our people working on a solution.

The cue ball flies off the table as Seth strikes out again.

MOLLY  
Seth, I told Reinhart to come by.  
He was here today.

Seth rests the pool stick on the table.

SETH  
Why would you do that?

MOLLY  
Neil said it would be fine and I thought it would buy us some time.

Seth clenches his jaw.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
We said we had nothing to hide.

Seth stares at the pool table -- we can hear the gears in his mind turning. Molly picks up on this.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Right?

Seth brushes off her comments.

SETH

I guess that's that then.

Seth heads toward the exit, Molly grabs his arm.

MOLLY

What does that mean?

SETH

I can't fix this. I'm not even sure if Neil can.

MOLLY

So you're walking out?!

SETH

Don't be so naive Molly, you know Neil.

MOLLY

Seth---

SETH

Stop trying so hard to find bad news. Life is already hard enough.

MOLLY

Do you realize if this keeps up we'll be broke. We're already behind on how many releases because he needs to get his projects "*just right*" before moving forward?

SETH

Neil always has his reasons. After the dust settles---

MOLLY

After the dust settles we won't have the resources to save this place.

BUZZ - BUZZ - BUZZ

Seth reaches for his cell. It reads, "Juneberry". He grits his teeth and holds the phone up to his ear.

SETH

I got to take this Molly.

MOLLY  
You need to be here---

Seth quickly hurries out. Molly's demeanor does a one-eighty. Confidence overcomes her. She takes out her cell and dials.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
Any updates?

REX O.S.  
Still working on the attack but we traced the backdoor...

Molly's eyes narrow as Rex speaks.

REX O.S. (CONT'D)  
To a building at the NSA. They didn't even hide their tracks.

Her eyes widen.

MOLLY  
Why would they if we were letting them in.

REX O.S.  
Jesus, who though?

Molly's face lights up as a thousand yard stare forms in her eyes. Her chest swells and her body straightens, lifting her chin toward the sky.

CRASH!

REX O.S. (CONT'D)  
Hang on---  
(Rex checks on what fell)  
Guys, careful with the routers!

Molly's eyes are fixated on her reflection in the glass wall. She smiles like we've never seen her smile before as she hangs up and exits the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. LICK OBSERVATORY - NIGHT

Lovebirds cuddle under the stars as Edwin admires the observatory snapping pictures of the scenery. Suddenly he spots Neil in the distance looking through a telescope.

He watches Neil with utter amazement. He doesn't blink. Edwin raises his camera and snaps a picture of Neil then looks at the image and smiles.

He stiffens and makes his way toward Neil. Edwin stands there for a few moments before Neil senses him.

Neil lifts his head and turns to Edwin. The two hold each other's gaze. Edwin tries not to stare at Neil's black eye.

NEIL SULLIVAN

You made it.

Edwin smiles like a buffoon as if he were talking to Santa Claus. He reaches into his pocket and hands Neil the USB FLASH DRIVE.

EDWIN

Everything is on there.

NEIL SULLIVAN

Great.

Neil pockets the flash drive and starts to walk away.

EDWIN

So we're good right? I'll hear from you in a week?

Neil stops in his tracks and turns back to Edwin.

NEIL SULLIVAN

You did good *Chief*. Thank you. I mean that.

EDWIN

Right. Cool.

Edwin smiles as Neil leaves, then turns to the telescope and looks through the view finder as if trying to see what Neil saw.

He leans back and stares at the sky. He fishes into his pocket and pulls out NEIL'S PURPLE HEADBAND.

Edwin wraps it around his forehead and stands the way Neil did while looking through the view finder.

He puts on a serious face and looks at the sky. He mimics Neil's voice---

EDWIN (CONT'D)

*You did good.*

Edwin smiles. He adjusts the headband and discovers a HIDDEN SLIT on the side. He reaches inside and pulls out a piece of paper. A SERIES OF SYMBOLS ARE SCRIBBLED ON IT NEXT TO THE WORD "ORBIT".

EDWIN (CONT'D)  
*You did good... thank you Chief.*

Edwin laughs like a nervous school boy.

EDWIN (CONT'D)  
*I'll give you a ring when I get back.*

Edwin alters his voice to sound like Roy---

EDWIN (CONT'D)  
*Don't be like your big brother... call her.*  
 (Edwin's voice)  
 Call her.

VISITORS keep their distance as Edwin babbles on.

EDWIN'S POV: Turns and watches Neil in the distance.

PUSH IN: ON NEIL

TRACKING BACK - REVERSE LOW ANGLE ON NEIL

Neil clenches the USB DRIVE with such force his knuckles turn white. Slowly the sounds of the world fade away until the only noise we can latch onto is Neil breathing.

WHOOSH... WHOOSH... WHOOSH....

CLOSE UP

Neil's pupils constrict. Every muscle in his face fills with rage. He's in control. He's in his element.

WHOOSH... WHOOSH...

TIGHT ON: NEIL'S FACE

This is Neil Sullivan -- icon, genius, innovator.

FADE TO BLACK.

**-THE END-**