

the @ap

imagine living in the age of communication  
- and no-one lies

A SCI-FI DRAMEDY

the @ap

by  
Roman Beilharz

Revision III/08, 28/6/2008

CONTACT:

UVASONAR Media Pool  
Zum Griechel 14  
34281 Gudensberg  
GERMANY

Tel: +49 (0)5603/910706  
Fax: +49 (0)321/26248466  
E-Mail: roman@uvasonar.com

Home: <http://access.thegapthemovie.com>  
<http://www.uvasonar.com>

NCR Registration #: R692-11290

SHORT SUMMARY:

Struck by the computer-virus GAP, which is distributing a media-sequence turning viewers into 'better people', anti-virus magnate TRYGG NELL and internet-addicted farmer's daughter CARESS McIVAN team up in search of the virus' creator. As the media-sequence's effect begins to diminish, the seekers fall back into patterns of aggressive behavior and get enmeshed in mutual accusations. They lose sight of the goal - and a member of the team. After years of separation, Trygg and Caress decode the key to locking the virus' effect for good. Now they must choose between human imperfection and an antiseptically peaceful future.

PRINCIPLE CHARACTERS:

TRYGG NELL - Software developer, 32, president of NELL NET-SECURITY (NNS).

His brother ERLEND

His partner TIMO

His mother SOPHIA

His father CARLO

PROFESSOR SANGIO - Italian neurologist. Sort of.

CARESS McIVAN - 26 year-old farmer's daughter and computer geek.

Her alter-ego LOKI - Animated PC Assistant

Her father WALTER

Her mother CLAIR

Her brother DANNY

THE SHEIK - Arabic oil tycoon financing the US-government think-tank 'Project for a New American Honesty' (PNAH).

BRANNIGAN - US-Senator and Director of the PNAH.

TURNER - Project Manager at PNAH and Vice-President of software-giant MOCKASOFT.

FADE IN:

EXT. STREET MARKET - MORNING

A lively downtown marketplace under a cloudless sky.

TITLE OVER: July 3, 2019 Washington, DC

SENATOR BRANNIGAN - wiry, late 50s, dressed airy - cuts his way through the crowd. A few uneven steps after him, TURNER, a red-faced baldie, stumbles behind in his best suit.

TURNER  
(looking at his multi-  
functional watch)  
Senator Brannigan, I...

A SHOPPER bumps into him.

TURNER (CONT'D)  
- What's this supposed to be?

BRANNIGAN  
Calm down. We're already here.

Brannigan approaches a SALESMAN wearing a corny hat.

SALESMAN  
Welcome to Doc Bristol's 'Magic  
Hair Growth' stand!  
(to Turner)  
Buy two and get one free.

The salesman shoos away an ELDERLY WOMAN sniffing skeptically at a small BOTTLE containing urine colored liquid.

BRANNIGAN  
Do you sell in bulk?

SALESMAN  
Wholesale?

BRANNIGAN  
I have a shop on Roosevelt.

The Salesman nods Brannigan over and slips him a BUSINESS CARD.

SALESMAN  
Try here.

EXT. SIDE STREET - A SHORT TIME LATER

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD: 'BRISTOL LIQUIDS'.

With full determination, Brannigan heads for a RUN-DOWN HOUSE.

Turner squirts a splash of BREATH-SPRAY into his mouth and then follows with hesitation.

Brannigan pushes the BUZZER. After a few tense seconds, the door clicks open.

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Turner climbs the stairs, carefully choosing the most stable looking steps. Brannigan is half a floor ahead.

TURNER

If the Sheik and his clan own 90 percent of the US-capital, why is he meeting with us in such a dump?

BRANNIGAN

He's bored by grandeur. And it's safer like this.

A MAN CAMOUFLAGED AS A TOURIST hastily walks down the stairs. Brannigan greets him casually, in passing.

TURNER

Hold on. Was that the President?

Brannigan stops as if to clarify something.

BRANNIGAN

Turner...  
(with restraint)  
- Yes!!

Brannigan continues to the next floor.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Turner and Brannigan sit on hard WOODEN CHAIRS holding small CRYSTAL TEA GLASSES.

THE SHEIK (O.S.)

You 'took care of' the only person who knew the hacker of the PNAH-sequence!?

BRANNIGAN

We couldn't take the risk of another unauthorized transfer.

THE SHEIK (O.S.)  
 Conflicts always contain  
 knowledgeable potential. When they  
 get 'taken care of', we lose our  
 chance to learn from them.

An uneasy silence falls.

THE SHEIK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Find the hacker AR6 had hired and  
 bring him to me. *Alive.*

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The sun illuminates countless rows of SUN-RIPENED WHEAT, as a  
 FUTURISTIC COMBINE with an alarming reach harvests the grain.

INT. CONTROL CABIN - CONTINUOUS

CARESS McIVAN, 26, navigates the high-tech vehicle routinely.  
 Her reddish-blond hair strings down into her face, as the  
 MONOTONE REAPING tempts her fatigue.

CARESS' POV: LOKI, an overly-styled, computerized copy of  
 Caress, beckons laughingly at the edge of the field.

INT. CONTROL CABIN - LATER

Caress' head has been sinking into her chest. As the reaping  
 suddenly CRUNCHES LOUDER, she jerks the combine to a STOP.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Caress kneels before the idle running combine, crying. The  
 FUR OF A FAWN hangs from its blood soaked blades.

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - DAY

A GALLERY OF METALWORK frames a protruding COMPUTER DESK  
 opposite a ceiling-high PANORAMIC WINDOW.

TRYGG NELL, 32, sits sunken in a DESIGNER CHAIR, a glass of  
 Whiskey held lazily in his hand. His EXPENSIVE SUIT looks  
 slept in - and doesn't quite match his worn-out SNEAKERS.

TRYGG  
 Why do we have to pretend juicing  
 up a highly vulnerable operating  
 system with VIRON is the quick-fix  
 we've been dreaming of?

His partner TIMO - 40ish, wearing stylish titanium glasses - stands, arms-folded, before him.

TIMO

Trygg, MOCKASOFT is our ticket to the world wide game. Give me one reason why we shouldn't spoil ourselves just a little.

TRYGG

...and put on a super-show? Live from Columbus, Ohio, the hottest metropolis in the Midwest!?

TIMO

Yeah, why not? We've had CompuServe, we have... Wendy's Restaurant, we...

(beat)

- OK, do you know what a blowfish does when a shark swims by?

Trygg shrugs inattentively.

TIMO (CONT'D)

He blows himself up five times larger. It saves his life!

After closing his eyes for a prolonged blink, Trygg stares out of the window.

EXT. MCIVAN'S FARM - AFTERNOON

The combine harvester turns onto an asphalt driveway. Along its path are TIN SILOS, a BARN and a run-down FARMHOUSE.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The combine halts in the barn, which resembles an airplane hangar. The place is missing its country charm.

INT. CONTROL CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Caress powers down the COMPUTERIZED NAVIGATION SYSTEM. She closes her eyes, taking in a deep breath.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ERLEND'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

ON THE MONITOR: A computer-animated AMAZON WARRIOR sits inside the control cabin of her SPACE GLIDER. She opens the door and climbs down the retractable stairs.

ERLEND NELL - 28, blue-eyed, unshaven and slightly spent - controls the video game on his office PC sovereignly.

A warty ALIEN gets sliced in half with one elegant move of the Amazon beauty's SWORD.

SWOOSH!

Green slime oozes out of its twitching lower half.

ERLEND

Yup!!

Trygg jerks the door open.

TRYGG

Have you finished the VIRON presentation?

Erlend turns around quickly, simultaneously calling up an EXCEL WINDOW with his right hand.

ERLEND

Umm... yes, of course. I just got the data for the spreadsheet and - phh - half an hour, OK?

TRYGG

You had two days for this one assignment. That's...

ERLEND

- What did you expect? I'm a programmer, not a copywriter.

TRYGG

Programmer? In your dreams! You've cracked more than you've ever coded in your life. - Erlend, face reality. You have a job and it's in the PR division.

Trygg falls into a chair opposite Erlend.

ERLEND

In my reality, you need something other than your white-collared number one candidates from Development. I mean  
(MORE)

ERLEND (CONT'D)  
 (pulling an imaginary gun  
 from behind him)  
 BANG! Really stick it to 'em, you  
 know? Virus programmers aren't just  
 handicap parkers here! Lemme...

TRYGG  
 - Please, that's enough. Whether  
 you like it or not, I placed you  
 here because I thought you could  
 handle it. You didn't have any  
 references what-so-ever.

Erlend raises to object, pointing his finger at Trygg.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 Oh, come on! Even if I thought it  
 would have been better to plant you  
 directly into Development, I could  
 just hear everyone: Ah, the boss'  
 brother - how cozy!

ERLEND  
 Everyone? You mean Timo. Phh - that  
 guy's nothing but a gold digger.

Trygg's eyes wander across random RUBBISH spread carelessly  
 throughout the office before landing on Erlend's PC MONITOR.

ERLEND (CONT'D)  
 Trygg, you wanted something  
 completely different. I mean, hey,  
 super results and yada-yada. But -  
 phh - look at yourself, completely  
 inside the box!

Trygg slowly walks up behind Erlend, eyes still fixed on his  
 monitor.

ERLEND (CONT'D)  
 I always thought: Wow, my brother's  
 got it all together. But since I've  
 been here...

- TSACK!

Trygg's finger strikes the KEYBOARD like a hawk. The GAME  
 WINDOW pops up again.

One of the Aliens has been ripping the heroine's intestines  
 out of her; GAME OVER flashes at the bottom of the screen.

TRYGG  
 Half an hour. Not a second more or  
 else you're *fired!* I don't care  
 what Dad says...

Trygg's secretary CLAUDIA - blonde, stocky, late 40s - pokes her head through the door. She is obviously heated.

CLAUDIA  
- We're late.

He stares at her blankly.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
The press conference!

TRYGG  
Oh Sh...

Trygg turns quickly, disappearing with Claudia. An empty POTATO CHIP BAG whirls into the air as the door slams shut.

Erlend takes in a deep breath, watching a CLEANING RIG ascend to a higher floor.

He pulls the completed VIRON PRESENTATION from his desk drawer, and lays it onto the table complacently.

Back at his computer game, Erlend opens an OPTIONS WINDOW, types in a short command and - SLURP! - the insides are sucked back into the Amazon while GAME OVER disappears.

EXT. NNS BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Hovering in the air, the CLEANING RIG sways slightly. A WINDOW CLEANER cleans the animated NNS-LOGO meticulously.

Through a GLASS-WALLED CORRIDOR on the top floor, Trygg and Claudia animate a visibly agitated conversation.

Trygg's fidgety movements frustrate a TECHNICIAN'S efforts at attaching a LAVALIERE to his lapel. The three then disappear into the ELEVATOR.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Claudia pulls Trygg's clothing together, then places him behind a superfluously long table. His partner Timo waits for him impatiently.

The regional press is present. A local TV-REPORTER who resembles an ex-hippie in a suit, combs his beard.

Timo's Vaseline smile quiets the room.

TIMO  
On behalf of everyone at NNS - Nell  
Net-Security - I would like to  
thank you all for coming.  
(MORE)

TIMO (CONT'D)

As you already know, we are at the  
brink of a hysterical - excuse me! -  
historical deal.

Giggles. He fishes like a prime-time comedian.

TIMO (CONT'D)

For the first time in PC-history  
there have been thoughts of making  
an anti-virus engine an integral  
component of upcoming Mockasoft  
Operating Systems.

(proudly)

Well, think no more. The Software-  
giant has thrown an eye on our  
'Virus-Recognition and Omission  
Network': VIRON.

A VIRON-LOGO appears behind him. Acknowledging murmur.

TIMO (CONT'D)

The creator of this ingenious  
application, my partner and the  
company's founder

(winking)

- you all know who I'm referring to  
- will shed a little light on this  
project. Ladies and gentlemen:  
Trygg "The Trigger" Nell.

TRYGG

Thank-you.

Trygg attempts in vain to remain casual, forcefully reading  
from his prepared NOTES.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

A marriage between our VIRON-  
technology and the Trusted  
Computing platform established by  
Mockasoft would bring computer-  
users all over the world two long-  
awaited children:

CLOSE UP: Trygg.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Uncompromising security and...

(clearing his throat)

transparent evaluation-policies for  
all private data.

INT. MCIVAN'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Trygg's image fills the TV SCREEN.

TRYGG

Our anti-virus-engine VIRON is the only one of its kind that is capable of reliably detecting unknown viruses.

A cramped, uninviting FARMHOUSE KITCHEN with some relics of out-dated fashions strewn about. The McIVAN FAMILY is gathered at the dinner table.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

All forms of disturbances, most notably economic damages through viruses and worms, are now a thing of the past.

WALTER McIVAN, late 50s, unshaven and leathery from years in the sun, reaches for the REMOTE. He tries to change channels, but to no avail. Walter tosses the remote aside and takes a bite of a gi-normous PORK-CHOP SANDWICH.

TRYGG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

VIRON's neuronal algorithms discretely and intelligently network in the background.

Walter stops chewing as his wife, CLAIR McIVAN - a faded beauty with a nervous blink - begins to say grace.

CLAIR

Bless us oh Lord - and these thy gifts - which we are about to receive - from thy bounty - through Christ our Lord. Amen.

Their son DANNY, 21, emits an inarticulate grunt. He starts to poke around in a huge jar of 'LEO CHOC' chocolate spread.

On the TV screen we see the bearded TV-reporter.

REPORTER

Mr. Nell, if a virus were to gain access to the Protected Memory, would VIRON still be able to disinfect the computers?

TRYGG

Um, no. The virus would essentially... have a field day!

The reporter smiles smugly.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

However, current Mockasoft-systems are so secure, I think your hypothetical supposition... I mean, something like that seems rather...

Caress enters, weary from a nap in the barn.

CARESS  
Evenin'.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
Rumor has it that Mockasoft is considering VIRON's competitor Virus-Defeater as well. What do you think your chances are of cementing the deal tomorrow?

Seized by these words, Caress takes a seat with her eyes glued to the screen.

WALTER  
About time.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
Virus-Defeater uses an outdated signature-method, which can't begin to compete with our technology...

Mother Clair opens her mouth as if to say something. Instead, she eats a dainty piece of SANDWICH with ill concealed greed.

DANNY  
D-d-did ya hear that S-Senator Brannigan's been sponsoring a p-p-po-po-porn-site?

WALTER  
'You cow-tonguing to those pansy-ass liberals, now? The whole affair's nothing but smoke and mirrors!!

DANNY  
He u-used h-his p-p-personal f-f-ffunds!

WALTER  
You should consider whose side you're on. If those granola drama-mamas get their way, we can kiss our harvest good-bye.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
...which makes VIRON clearly the ideal candidate to be integrated into future Operating Systems.

Danny piles a mountain of chocolate spread onto his toast.

WALTER

Jesus Christ, Dadadanny! Stop eating like a frickin' girl - what the hell is that gunk!

(taking a bite)

If you ate a solid ham sandwich every night, maybe you'd actually learn how to speak one day.

CLAIR

Leave him be, Walt. Leo Choc's all he likes.

Walter downs his beer in a single gulp, then belches loudly.

WALTER

With your parenting, it's no wonder we got a pair of lunatics on our hands.

Clair blinks away.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Speakin' of lunatics, the hydraulic steering on the moldboard plow is jammed. Anybody got anything to say?

Chewing. Silence.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I'm listening. Dadadanny?

DANNY

I-I-I h-h-ha-ha...

Walter smacks him on the back of the head.

DANNY (CONT'D)

...had been stacking the h-hay this week.

WALTER

Right. - Caress?

CARESS

What?

WALTER

Hello?! Did you - per chance - have one of your legendary black-outs with the moldboard this week?

CARESS  
 (somewhat quickly)  
 No. Well, in the curves it's always  
 a little sticky.

WALTER  
 Sticky? - How stupid do you think I  
 am?! That thing's swerving like a  
 stumbling drunk and one of you  
 morons fucked it up! Do you have  
 any idea what it's gonna cost to  
 get the hydraulics re-aligned? If  
 we keep on like this, soon we'll  
 all be eating this crap!

Picking up the Leo-Choc. Silence.

DANNY  
 (to Caress)  
 D-did you swipe the c-c-club hammer  
 from the b-ba-barn yesterday?

CARESS  
 (blushing)  
 No. Why?

DANNY  
 I-I was just l-looking for it and  
 you'd already b-b-been b-back for a  
 while, is all.

CARESS  
 What did you need it for?

DANNY  
 I-I had to repair the l-l-liftin'  
 jack l-last night but: no hammer! I  
 ha-ha-had to run over to P-P-Pi-  
 Pickwick's and b-borrow one.

All eyes on Caress. She's beet-red, with no way out of it.

WALTER  
 Damn it, Caress! You know very well  
 that screwin' around with it makes  
 it worse. And to lie on top of it!!

Walter bangs his fist on the table sending the Leo-Choc jar  
 crashing to the floor.

CLAIR  
 Walter, please...

WALTER  
 Did you fall asleep again? - You  
 did!

(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 Instead of sleeping, you're glued  
 to that damn computer screen all  
 night. This is insane!!

Walter jumps up, towering over Caress.

WALTER (CONT'D)  
 If this stammering chimp wasn't too  
 stupid to operate the combine, I'd  
 have kicked your ass out on the  
 street a long time ago. - Speakin'  
 of which...

(almost whispering)  
 one scratch on the combine and  
 you'll see how effective your god-  
 damned computer is after I've  
 introduced it to my ten pound  
 hammer.

CARESS' POV: Behind Walter's back, Loki appears to her.

LOKI  
 (miming)  
 C'mon! Let him have it!!

Caress breathes hard, fighting back tears.

CARESS  
 At night, at least I'm *alive*.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE, WASHINGTON D.C. - EARLY EVENING

Turner sits, agitated, at the edge of a deafening FOUNTAIN. A  
 cocky PIGEON gets too close for comfort.

BRANNIGAN  
 (shooing the bird away)  
 I need some good news, Turner. Tell  
 me you found this hacker.

TURNER  
 He used an array of anonymizing  
 proxy-servers to invade the PNAH  
 system. It's almost impossible to  
 track him down.

BRANNIGAN  
 Then what the hell was so urgent?

TURNER  
 Senator, we've just confirmed that  
 someone erased the De-Termination  
 Routine.

BRANNIGAN

Excuse me? What about the back-up servers?

TURNER

They were off-line, but the thermal management was manipulated. Our back-up disks were basically fried.

BRANNIGAN

You said that it was no longer possible to facilitate unauthorized transfers!

TURNER

Not a single bit left our servers. This time it was a mere act of destruction!

BRANNIGAN

Turner, I assure you, its your ass if a single word of this gets to the Sheik. Find out who's fucking with us! Yesterday!!

Brannigan rises sharply and goes.

Turner shoots a shot of MOUTH-SPRAY down his throat.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

TIMO

First you read my speech like a dyslexic spelling bee contestant then you let that TV-Castro walk all over you!

The elevator goes up.

TRYGG

Timo, VIRON is a self-learning network. It doesn't need a giant corporation in the background.

TIMO

Maybe we should create some viruses ourselves, so that the sales don't sleep on us!?

The doors slide open.

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

CU: TUMBLER FILLING UP WITH WHISKEY.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
 This TV reporter cut right to our  
 biggest problem.

He takes a big sip, sitting in one of his designer chairs.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 If a virus were to enter the  
 protected memory using a spare key,  
 VIRON would be powerless.

TIMO  
 My name is Ree. Theo Ree.

TRYGG  
 That's like giving your credit card  
 thief an armed escort for safe  
 passage to the Bahamas!

TIMO  
 Aside from the government, no-one  
 has a functional spare. To generate  
 one is virtually...

TRYGG  
 - The government? Who says they  
 wouldn't create a virus if it  
 helped to... get rid of the Sheik  
 or something?

TIMO  
 Trygg, you haven't slept in weeks;  
 you're drinking way too much. I  
 think your mind's just playing  
 tricks on you.

TIMO (CONT'D)  
 (cracking a smile)  
 Let's call it a night, come back  
 tomorrow and serve them up a  
 presentation that'll really knock  
 their socks off - whaddayasay?!

TRYGG  
 Maybe you're right.

TIMO  
 Attaboy.  
 (heading for the door)  
 Good night, Tryggie-baby.

Trygg forces a smile, which disappears as the door closes.

Looking into his GLASS, he's confronted with a huge FLY  
 paddling desperately towards the edge.

He carefully empties the drink into the nearest FLOWER POT.

After frantically drying its sticky wings, the fly zigzags towards the ceiling, getting sucked-up into the VENT.

INT. CREMATORY - DAY

BLACK. A hatch slides open, giving way for a CASKET to be forwarded onto a sparsely adorned desk.

ROWS OF MOURNERS; among them we see Trygg and Erlend. Their father CARLO's handsome face is raddled by grief.

A SCREEN above the desk shows various video clips of his deceased wife SOPHIA: in the garden, at work in her lab etc.

Senator Brannigan solemnly crowns the casket with a huge WREATH and ties a shiny MEDAL to it.

In front of the casket, Trygg can't hold back his tears. He collapses, embracing the dark wooden box.

[DAMPENED KNOCKING]

The casket starts to sink into the combustion chamber below.

FEMALE VOICE  
(muffled)  
Trygg?

Frantically, Trygg tugs at the casket lid.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)  
Trygg?! - Trygg!!

A ROARING FIRE starts.

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trygg fitfully wakes up in his chair, facing his secretary Claudia.

CLAUDIA  
Go home and get some sleep, uh?

TRYGG  
(dazedly)  
You bet. Thanks.

He takes out his SMARTPHONE.

CU SMARTPHONE: The display screen scrolls through snapshots of various people, settling on one of his wife VERA NELL, a beautiful African-American woman.

Trygg dials: the line is busy. He hangs up.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A fat, leather-clad BOUNCER stands in front of an UNDERGROUND CLUB, lights pulsating through the open door.

The bouncer inspects the fabric of Trygg's suit, then nods, following Trygg in and pulling the door behind him.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door CRASHES shut. Caress closes her eyes as she slides down the door's length onto the floor.

A tunnel-shaped room with a window on the opposite wall. A narrow pathway snakes through mountains of COMPUTER PARTS, CABLES and STUFFED ANIMALS to a crammed PC-workstation.

CARESS  
Activate Loki.

A WEB-CAM rotates, fixing on Caress.

The camera focuses, zooming onto Caress' face. A computerized GRID re-configures the picture.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)  
ID Confirmed.

A musical START SIGNAL sounds. Then we hear LOKI's voice.

LOKI (O.S.)  
Hello Caress.

CARESS  
Loki, I gotta talk to you.

LOKI (O.S.)  
You can tell me anything.

CARESS  
I feel like shit.

LOKI (O.S.)  
"Likeshit" not computed. Learning Mode?

CARESS  
Oh, come on... - Positive. Assign input "like-shit" to "awful, bad, down, depressed". End of input.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

CARESS (CONT'D)

I know, I have work and I can do my own stuff in this prison, but how long can I keep up with this?

LOKI (O.S.)

This is a farmhouse. You can keep up with this as long as you don't quit.

CARESS

I would love to go to Columbus and study biology, but Dad wouldn't give me a dime for it.

COMPUTER VOICE (O.S.)

You have a new message from PhalanX.

Arousedly, Caress wades through her chaos to the computer.

Now we see Loki visualized as a 3D-assistant on her computer-screen - the embodiment of Caress' previous apparitions.

LOKI

Columbus, Ohio is 27.68 miles away.  
To apply for Ohio State University  
you need to...

Caress exits the Loki program.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Caress clicks on the E-MAIL ICON.

INSERT - E-MAIL:

*Subject: DVC-PROJECT ON ICE - VIRUS ALERT!*

*Loki,*

*a new polymorphic worm is spreading. Gets transmitted via e-mail, HTTP and unknown exploits.*

*Proof: it exchanges @ for @.*

*PhalanX*

Caress quickly opens her system's CHARACTER BOX. In place of the @ symbol, we clearly see @.

CARESS

OK?!

ZOOM IN ON THE @-SYMBOL UNTIL IT FILLS THE SCREEN.

ZOOM OUT AND PAN  
TO:

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

- Timo examines the @-symbol on his screen.

- He dials a number, waits, then hangs up. He nervously rolls back and forth in his DESK-CHAIR.

- He takes off his GLASSES. He puts them back on. He reaches for the phone again.

INT. THE NELL LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

A large, modern home. The dining- and living room areas flow seamlessly into each other.

VERA NELL, late-thirties, wearing a flowing KIMONO, is in the midst of a lively phone conversation.

VERA

He wouldn't even notice if I shaved my head! The other day I put a fake piercing on my lip - just for the hell of it. He kissed me - that mechanical and absent-minded way he does - and he didn't even notice. And trust me, he hates piercings!

She erupts in laughter - which dies abruptly.

VERA (CONT'D)

Oh, of course. Then, say "Hi" to your... Lenny? for me and don't forget the tickets, OK? - Ciao.

She hangs up. As the phone RINGS, Vera answers instantly.

VERA (CONT'D)

I knew you'd forget.

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TIMO

Vera, it's Timo. I'm sorry to call so late, but I've got a serious problem. Is Trygg there?

INT. THE NELL LIVINGROOM - CONTINUOUS

VERA

That's a good one. I've seen him a whole two and a half minutes this week. About twice as...

The front door clicks open.

VERA (CONT'D)

- Wait a sec. I think he just walked in.

She sets the phone down. Trygg drags himself towards her, obviously drunk.

VERA (CONT'D)

(pointing at the phone)  
Little Timo misses his papa.

Trygg takes the phone, turning his back to Vera.

TRYGG

Hel-lo?

TIMO (O.S.)

Where the hell have you been? We just had a new outbreak. It looks like the first truly operational super-worm.

TRYGG

Super-worm? Not possible.

TIMO (O.S.)

VIRON can't even detect it. Trygg, this is our worst-case scenario and it's happening *now*.

The phone begins to shake.

TRYGG

Dammit, I... Have Claudia round up the team. I'll be right there.

He hangs up.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Vee, I- I have to get to the office right away.

VERA

If I'm still sitting here tomorrow, dust me off, OK?

Trygg nods fleeringly and heads for the door. Catching his fauxpas, he turns once more.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caress chats with her buddies using the nickname "Loki".

INSERT - IRC-CLIENT:

*Soberman: a new installation gets infected within seconds!*

*Loki: I coded a patch to block the IP-stack exploit here.*

*PhalanX: good work, my DVC-sister! I'm offline until 2 am.*

Caress bites her bottom lip, smiling gladly.

INT. NNS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Trygg, Timo and OTHER PROGRAMMERS sit at various PC terminals in a gym-sized room. Everyone is in over-drive.

Trygg's hand fishes for the WIRELESS-ANTENNA at his PC's rear panel and breaks it.

TRYGG

Let's see how this smart virus does  
with an offline install.

Erlend enters unacknowledged, amidst the commotion.

ERLEND

I heard the shit hit the fan.

TRYGG

Erlend, what the hell...?

(he turns to Erlend)

Truce! Grab a seat and see what you  
can do.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caress' fingers are flying over the KEYBOARD.

Loki sits besides her on the desk, legs dangling.

INSERT - IRC-CLIENT.

*Soberman: fasten your belts, this virus invades the BIOS!*

*Loki: re-flash and continue offline.*

*Mickthemegadick: no go. virus blocks BIOS-updates. :(*

INT. NNS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

ERLEND

Any other manipulations? I mean besides the @-symbol hack?

TIMO

We have to isolate all variants first and try to recompile the VIRON-kernel using...

(beat)

- Look, I can't brief you right now.

ERLEND

You? Phh - as if...

Erlend compares files on his PC at lightning speed.

ERLEND (CONT'D)

I think those variants are actually - clicka-dee-click - building blocks.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

CU COMPUTER SCREEN:

*Mickthemegadick: the virus is creating an exe-file.*

*Loki: can you delete it?*

*Mickthemegadick: no way. uses a valid TC-key.*

INT. NNS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

TRYGG

26 variants and still counting. Seems like a stealth technique.

ERLEND

Nah, the variants are compiling a new dot exe. Check it out, here.

Erlend's KEYBOARD is on fire with his typing.

ERLEND (CONT'D)

Done! It's named...

TRYGG

- Gap!

Trygg's SCREEN goes BLACK. The guys look at each other, stumped. Suddenly Erlend's SCREEN goes OUT, followed by all of the OTHER MONITORS in succession.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

All of the electronics POWER DOWN.

INT. MCIVAN'S FARM, BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Walter stands in front of the FUSE BOX. He sets aside a fuse with a slight smirk.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Someone's KNOCKING on the door. It's pitch black inside.

WALTER (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
OK, sweetheart. Welcome to the real world.

Caress' seat is empty. Her window is wide open.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

TRYGG  
The Gap virus is the world's first super-worm: Polymorphic. Modular. Multiphasic.

Trygg stands in front of a FLIP-CHART. Erlend, Timo and other programmers sit around the conference table.

PROGRAMMER #1  
Who in their right mind would go through so much trouble, just to spread a video-clip like this?

PROGRAMMER #2  
I could think of a few: Spammers, Cyber-Evangelists...

ERLEND  
- A mad scientist trying to take over the world.

Muffled laughter scattered throughout the room.

TIMO

One thing's for sure: If VIRON's  
unable to reliably remove the virus  
by tomorrow afternoon, we can say  
'goodbye Mockasoft'!

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Caress climbs through the window from outside, one end of an  
EXTENSION CORD between her teeth. She plugs it into her  
computer's SURGE PROTECTOR.

The computer starts up. As she clicks around, the monitor  
goes BLACK again. Annoyed, she inspects the MONITOR CABLE,  
following it down to the floor.

Strange MUSIC begins slowly building, prompting Caress to  
look up. Abstract SHAPES, COLORS, WAVES and PATTERNS emerge  
from the black and begin moving across the screen.

Caress sits back down in front of her screen. The symbols and  
patterns develop increasing density. She watches, entranced.

ZOOM IN: CARESS'  
IRIS.

The video-sequence is reflected in her GREENISH EYES.

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Trygg watches the sequence on his PC-MONITOR, hypnotized.

INT. BRANNIGAN'S LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Brannigan sinks into the couch of his over-sized COUNTRY-  
STYLE FURNITURE, eagerly typing on his LAPTOP.

INSERT LAPTOP: A web-site of topless women with insanely  
large BREASTS. Suddenly the screen goes BLACK.

Brannigan hacks around impatiently. The sound of the media-  
sequence starts to buzz through his loudspeakers.

BRANNIGAN  
What the...? - Turner!!

I/E. AROUND THE WORLD - SERIES OF 30-40 SHOTS

PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES watch the Gap-Sequence on  
their monitors. They respond by: laughing, staring, beating  
on the monitor, hacking helplessly on the keyboard, etc. .

The pace of cuts speeds up with the steadily increasing volume of MUSIC - to the point where we can no longer identify a single image.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRYGG AND VERA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Trygg lies alone on an large PLATFORM BED. The sun shines onto his face, from beneath the half-lowered blinds.

Trygg's eyes spring open. He jumps out of bed and dashes into the adjacent bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

[TOILET FLUSH]

Trygg turns around.

His mother Sophia sits on the commode wearing a WHITE APRON. She looks young. Everything's splattered with BLOOD.

TRYGG

Mother?

SOPHIA

I got my period. Finally! No more bloated belly catapulting me back into the stone-ages!

TRYGG'S POV: Everything begins to spin.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't get tenure in my second trimester.

Trygg stumbles and falls.

FADE TO BLACK.

[RING-TONE: STAR WARS THEME]

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - MORNING

Trygg peels open his eyes. He is lying on the ground behind his desk. He fumbles in his pocket for his SMARTPHONE.

TRYGG

Morning, Pop. - No, you've got your own ring-tone.

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Trygg's father Carlo sits at an old-fashioned drafting table with various SUIT DESIGNS laid out in front of him.

CARLO  
What's all this about a 'super-worm'?

He picks up a NEWSPAPER lying next to him.

INSERT HEADLINE: "SUPER-WORM SPREADS VIDEO CLIP - A NEW DIMENSION OF TERRORISM?"

TRYGG (O.S.)  
I dreamt about Mom. She said, she won't get tenure in her second trimester.

CARLO  
Have you been drinking?

INTERCUT TRYGG AND CARLO'S OFFICES

TRYGG  
I can't accept that she's dead.

CARLO  
You have to focus on what's happening *now*.

TRYGG  
That's what I'm trying to do.

Carlo swallows hard.

CARLO  
This worm-thing doesn't sound good, but then again, I don't understand enough about it.

TRYGG  
Suggestion: I tell you what you want to know and you tell me what I want to know. OK?

CARLO  
This is starting to worry me.

TRYGG  
- Deal?

CARLO  
Well...

TRYGG

This virus is playing an abstract video-sequence in irregular intervals. We've set all of our manpower on it, but there might not be a quick fix. I have no idea if Mockasoft will go through with the deal under these conditions.

Carlo breathes deeply.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

I know, I would have been set for the rest of my life, but...

CARLO

- Erlend as well.

TRYGG

Right. But this virus is living proof that VIRON can't get around major lapses in Mockasoft's TC technology.

(beat)

Your turn. What happened with mom's promotion?

CARLO

That's so long ago...

TRYGG

- A deal's a deal.

CARLO

What do you want to know?

TRYGG

"At university everything would have been different." She always said that. Was I the reason it didn't work out?

END INTERCUT

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Carlo sinks back into his chair.

CARLO

Sophia was... - you know how she was when things didn't go her way. Your silly Scandinavian names just weren't enough.

INT. CARLO'S LIVINGROOM - DAY

An apartment decorated with SWEDISH INTERIOR-DESIGN.

CARLO (V.O.)  
 She wanted me to stay home so she  
 could continue her career.

Sophia and Carlo are arguing heavily as she brushes an abstract creation of COLORED GLASS from the table. Carlo catches it, placing it gently onto the floor.

CARLO (CONT'D)  
 I didn't want to argue any more, so  
 I... agreed.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Carlo peeks around the corner, wearing a ridiculous PAPER HAT. His clownish grin fades.

CARLO (V.O.)  
 And agreed. - And agreed.

A one-year old BOY sits, bottom-bare, on the floor. He has painted himself artfully with his own EXCREMENTS.

EXT. OLMEVIK FJORD, SWEDEN - DAY

It's summer. A RED WOODEN HUT towers above the water.

CARLO (V.O.)  
 We bought the Olmevik hut, even  
 though flying back and forth to  
 Sweden was way too expensive.

In front of the hut, Carlo embraces Sophia tenderly.

INT. CARLO'S OFFICE

CARLO  
 (a tear drips down)  
 Well, to answer your question...  
 Before that time, I really lost it  
 once.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
 Why?

CARLO  
 When she got pregnant with you, she  
 wanted to have an abortion.  
 (MORE)

CARLO (CONT'D)

All she wanted was that top-notch position at the university. I must have screamed my head off through the whole night.

Silence.

TRYGG (O.S.)

I really appreciate you, Pop.

CARLO

(fiddling with the newspaper)

Trygg, whatever objections you might have to this deal. Please try not to be holier than the pope, OK?

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Trygg's eyes are wide open, the natural brown of his IRISES has turned into a beaming BLUE.

TRYGG

I'll try not to. - Love you, Pop.

Trygg hangs up, then curls himself into a fetal position.

EXT. MCIVAN'S FARM - MORNING

An eerily beautiful morning. Danny steers a BIG TRACTOR towards the jammed MOLDBOARD PLOW. In the driveway, Clair obsessively sweeps away tiny leaves from the asphalt.

Caress bursts out of the door, stopping in front of Walter.

WALTER

(with a sarcastic grin)  
Sleep good, last night?

Caress's gaze sweeps across her parent's farm.

CARESS

Yes.

Her view rests on Walter - a friendly and direct gaze.

CARESS (CONT'D)

What would you say if I covered the repairs on the plow? I am the one who screwed it up and all.

WALTER

I'd say you were up to somethin'.

CARESS

Dad, I understand you're worried  
'cause I'm tired all the time from  
stayin' up at the computer.

Clair stops sweeping.

CARESS (CONT'D)

But my computer stuff means more to  
me than anything else. The work on  
the farm...

(looking around, smiling)

- I hate it. But it's the job I  
got, so I wanna do it right.

Danny stops the tractor and jumps out of the cabin.

Getting closer, Caress' greenish eyes have also turned BLUE.

CARESS (CONT'D)

I know I'm not the daughter you  
hoped for and you... scare me. But  
I know, that you're only givin' us  
a hard time 'cause you're scared  
too. Scared for the family, for the  
farm... - Even scared for me.

Walter stares at her: moved, impressed - and skeptical.

CARESS (CONT'D)

That's why I wanna respect you and  
your needs from now on. And I would  
like the same in return.

(beat)

What do you say?

Walter gestures vaguely, while the others hold their breath.

Caress walks over to the tractor, climbs up to the seat and  
starts the engine.

She lifts up the PLOW, turns the tractor towards the driveway  
and leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

An unshaven and wrinkled Trygg hurries towards the ELEVATOR  
with pep in his step.

An ambiguous parade of EMPLOYEES cast disdainful glances.

The ELEVATOR DOORS open in sync with Timo's precalculated  
spring through them. With lightning speed, Trygg and Timo  
manage to avoid crashing into each other.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Timo zips back into the elevator with Trygg.

TIMO

Mornin'...

(attending to Trygg's  
attire)

Mr. Wrinkly Wrink! We've been able to trace the virus' earliest activity to a couple of dynamic Verizon-IPs.

TRYGG

Did you contact the district attorney's office for a customer data request?

TIMO

No. Erlend created some sort of... tool. It revealed most of these IPs have been assigned to - drum roll please! - a PC just 30 miles away from here.

Timo hands Trygg some STATISTICS.

TRYGG

Hang on. Just yesterday Erlend was nothing but a whacked-out freak and now you're hacking into the Verizon-database together?

The elevator doors open. No one moves.

TIMO

Look. I want this deal to go through. So does Erlend.

TRYGG

(laughing)

Erlend wants one thing, and that's to move into Development. You...

TIMO

- I know. I love money. Shoot me. But before you do, tell me: What's your alternative?

The doors slide shut again.

TIMO (CONT'D)

If we keep blocking this mega-merger today, they'll just buy us out tomorrow.

(MORE)

TIMO (CONT'D)  
I'd rather take my chances with the  
devil, if you know what I...

Trygg suddenly collapses.

Patterns of the GAP-SEQUENCE overlay Tryggs view.

TIMO (CONT'D)  
(catching him)  
- Trygg!

Trygg comes-to, leaning against the elevator wall.

TRYGG  
I think I really gotta get out here  
for a while. I'm about to lose Vera  
with all this.

TIMO  
Exactly. Let's get this straight  
and... - You know how long I've  
been promising Eric to take him out  
camping?

Trygg shakes his head - and then nods.

TRYGG  
Alright.  
(looking at the  
statistics)  
Delaware, Ohio. I'll try to make  
this video-podcaster sell his code.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Caress' TRACTOR roars down a winding road, now without the  
plow attached.

EXT. TRYGG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

A MILE AHEAD. Trygg cruises in his SAAB CABRIOLET top down.

INT. CARESS' TRACTOR - CONTINUOUS

A streamlined SPORTS CAR zooms past the tractor with  
impertinent speed.

Loki sits next to Caress waving a fist of rage at the driver.

Caress throws a soothing glance at the air beside her.

## INT. TRYGG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The sports car appears in Trygg's REARVIEW MIRROR as he enters a long curve.

A battered COMBINE approaches from the opposite direction.

The sports car signals to pass. The DRIVER has one hand on the steering, the other holds up his SMARTPHONE.

The combine is at the mid-point of the curve.

Trygg turns towards the passing car, they are almost side by side. FRAGMENTS OF THE GAP-SEQUENCE flash before his eyes.

Trygg pulls out in front of the sports car driver, forcing him to hit the brakes.

With only a few feet between Trygg and the wildly swerving combine harvester, the driver drops his smartphone, pulling simultaneously with Trygg back into the right-hand lane.

Trygg pulls to the shoulder, covered in sweat.

The sports car driver creeps past in SLOW MOTION.

## INT. CARESS' TRACTOR - CONTINUOUS

Caress greets the GRAY FARMER driving the combine as he passes by. The man is shivering and breathing hard.

Making eye-contact with Loki, Caress shrugs her shoulders.

WHAM! Caress thrusts forward.

## EXT. TRYGG'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Trygg is slumped over his seat-belt, unconscious.

CARESS

Are you OK?

She runs to the empty road for help. Then back to the car.

Trygg hasn't moved an inch. Caress spots his SMARTPHONE on the passenger side and reaches for it. It prompts for a PIN-CODE. She throws it down.

CARESS (CONT'D)

Jeez, what...?! Oh my god.

The front of the tractor has compressed the rear-end of Trygg's SAAB like an accordion.

She feels for Trygg's pulse. He is moaning softly. Tears start to well up in her eyes.

CARESS (CONT'D)  
You'll be alright. All-right.

Caress carefully pulls Trygg's WALLET out of his shirt pocket. The cards all read "Tryggve Ardent Nell".

INSERT: WEDDING PHOTO with golden ciphers "6/6/09".

She stares at the photo, placing the name with the man.

An OVERWEIGHT WOMAN slowly drives by, watching Caress sift through the wallet. As Caress waves to her for help, she hits the gas - high-tailing it out of there.

Caress reaches for the SMARTPHONE again. A STACK OF COMPUTER PRINT-OUTS peek out of Trygg's briefcase. She takes them, carefully examining their contents.

INSERT: PAGES OF INTERNET TRAFFIC DETAILS. One line is highlighted: "Walter McIvan/1322 W. William St/Delaware, OH".

Caress agitatedly stuffs the papers back into the briefcase and bolts away from the car.

The SLAMMING DOOR startles Trygg awake. Seeing his wallet and briefcase open, he inconspicuously surveys the surroundings.

Caress tries a few PIN-codes with her back turned towards Trygg. The WEDDING DATE unlocks the phone.

CARESS (CONT'D)  
Oh that was tough, Mr. Net-Security.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
You want money?

Caress spins around hiding the phone.

CARESS  
It's not... I just...

She starts laughing. In her consternation she is utterly beautiful.

TRYGG  
- What happened?

CARESS  
I rammed you with my tractor.

Trygg sits up and tries to turn around.

TRYGG  
My neck. Did you call 911?

CARESS  
(pulling out his phone)  
It's locked.

Bits of the GAP-SEQUENCE burst into Caress view, as Trygg leans over to close his briefcase.

CARESS (CONT'D)  
I mean, it was locked and... well,  
I had a look at those logs.

Trygg's looks up.

TRYGG  
You know any of these people?

CARESS  
The McIvans.

TRYGG  
Really?

CARESS  
My parents. What's this about?

TRYGG  
I don't know how much of it you  
would understand.

CARESS  
Try me.

TRYGG  
OK. We are backtracing a new  
computer virus.

CARESS  
And?

TRYGG  
It seems to have originated from IP  
addresses that have been assigned  
to a computer located at your  
parent's address.

CARESS  
Big deal.

TRYGG  
Don't worry. Maybe your brother -  
or your father? - has just...

CARESS

- Your nifty logs show my output data, but I use stealth transfers for what comes in. I'm not the source. The Gap-virus, um?

TRYGG

It's been you...?

CARESS

Yeah. But since you're out here, I'd be most thankful if Dr. Net-Security would personally remove this junk from my system.

EXT. TRACTOR - MOMENTS LATER

Caress drives with Trygg cramped into the space behind her. He's holding his BRIEFCASE like a shield. The mangled front-axle ROARS, as the two try to yell above it.

CARESS

Your what!?

TRYGG

My PIN-code! As fast as you cracked it, I'd say you've done this before, right?

CARESS

As careless as you chose it, I'm sure you have lots of visitors on your servers, right?

TRYGG

I have to remember over 30 complex passwords at all times...

CARESS

- That's how even security fanatics get into trouble.

TRYGG

Are you "trouble"?

CARESS

Are you a "security fanatic"?

Trygg shrugs, aggravating his injury. He tries to relax it, pondering Caress' delicate neckline.

EXT. MCIVAN'S FARM - LATER

The tractor sputters onto the driveway and into the barn.

Caress turns off the engine as Trygg struggles to get out. He then follows Caress into the house.

Trygg looks around as if he'd just landed on Mars. The place looks lifeless.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Caress rushes into the room, kicking a pair of PANTIES under her bed.

CARESS  
Activate Loki.

The WEB-CAM turns mechanically, locating Caress. She nervously brings herself into position.

COMPUTER VOICE  
ID confirmed.

The musical START SIGNAL sounds.

LOKI (O.S.)  
Hello Caress.

Trygg curiously walks towards her PC and puts his BRIEFCASE down. On the screen Loki smiles her perfect smile.

TRYGG  
Hello?!?

LOKI  
My name is Loki. What is your name?

TRYGG  
Trygg Nell.

LOKI  
Pleased to meet you.

TRYGG  
(to Caress)  
Did you create her?

CARESS  
(she nods, then)  
You're the first person I've shown her to.

Trygg glances at Caress, realizing the extent of her statement.

TRYGG  
Her animation is just perfect.

LOKI

What is your occupation, Eric Dell?

Caress strikes the KEYBOARD freezing the Loki program.

CARESS

Her communication protocol isn't very flexible yet. We should probably get a move on it.

She opens a large LOG-FILE and starts scrolling down.

INT. NNS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Timo and Erlend continue her actions on their computers.

ERLEND

Say - phh, do we have any idea where the our fearless leader is?

TIMO

Well, for fuck's sake, phh - I was kind of wondering myself.

Erlend bursts out laughing, acknowledging the impromptu impersonation.

Timo starts dialing on his CELL PHONE.

EXT. MCIVAN'S FARM - SIMULTANEOUSLY - SERIES OF SHOTS

- THROUGH CARESS' WINDOW. Trygg, seated behind Caress on her bed, dives into his LAPTOP COMPUTER.

- DRIVEWAY. Walter steers a tractor, armed with a giant CONCRETE CYLINDER at its rear end.

- THROUGH CARESS' WINDOW, CLOSER. Trygg answers his smartphone as Caress continues to work.

- Walter disappears into the barn. The motor shuts off.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRYGG

I got hit by a tractor on my way to Delaware.

(massaging his neck)

No, no. I'm fine.

WALTER (O.S.)

(muffled)

Caress!? Get your ass down here!

TRYGG  
 No, but we've still managed to  
 gather some intriguing facts.

Caress excuses herself and slips out.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 Our suspect and I. She's quite a  
 capable programmer and willing to  
 cooperate. - Yes, *she*.

Walter's is screaming his head off outside. We can clearly  
 identify the words: "tractor" and "front axle".

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 We'll be back on schedule at 3.

Moving to the CLOSED WINDOW, Trygg stares down at a red-faced  
 Walter screaming and flailing.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 I already called a cab.

Suddenly Walter smacks Caress across the face, hard.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 Hey!  
 (into the phone)  
 Sorry, Timo. Let's talk later.

Trygg bolts out of the room, down the stairs, past the  
 kitchen and into the backyard.

EXT. MCIVAN'S FARM - CONTINUOUS

Walter is shaking Caress like a rag doll. She lets his rage  
 run its course, bleeding.

TRYGG  
 What are you doing?

Walter releases Caress, stunned.

WALTER  
 Who the hell are you?

TRYGG  
 (extending his hand)  
 Trygg Nell, Programmer. I...

WALTER  
 - What are you doing on my  
 property?

TRYGG  
Your daughter was kind enough to  
give me a lift. My car was totaled  
in the accident.

WALTER  
(to Caress, relapsing)  
So the tractor wasn't enough this  
time?! You little...

TRYGG  
- Wait! It was my fault!

WALTER  
Your fault?

TRYGG'S POV: A bit of the GAP-SEQUENCE rushes by.

TRYGG  
Well... no. But please, let me  
cover the damages.

He pulls a wad of CASH out of his pocket, stuffing them into  
Walter's hands.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
I need your daughter in one piece.

Walter looks from one to the other.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
She's given me some very valuable  
information.

Confused and suspicious, Walter starts to count the bills.

WALTER  
We'll just see if this covers the  
repairs.

Walter walks towards the barn. Trygg hands Caress a TISSUE.

CARESS  
Thanks.

TRYGG  
Is he always like that?

CARESS  
Only when I screwed it up again.

A CAB pulls into the driveway.

TRYGG  
 I gotta go.  
 (rummaging through his  
 pockets)  
 Here.

He hands her a BUSINESS CARD.

CARESS  
 Your deal's in trouble, isn't it?

TRYGG  
 I'd really appreciate it if you  
 could help us.

CARESS  
 Your specialists are the best in  
 the business. How could I help?

TRYGG  
 Sometimes their methods are too old-  
 school for deranged virus freaks.

CARESS  
 If I crack it, you owe me a first  
 class dinner. In a... devastatingly  
 blue evening dress.

TRYGG  
 You or me?

Caress smiles.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 OK, deal.

She takes the business card.

INSERT - BUSINESS CARD: Made of ELECTRONIC PAPER, it shows a  
 fancy animation of the NNS-logo.

CARESS  
 "Trygg", where does that come from?

TRYGG  
 It's Viking, Tryggve actually. My  
 mom was Swedish and had a bit of a  
 Scandinavian fetish.

CARESS  
 Does it mean anything?

TRYGG  
 It means something like "truthful".

CARESS

Wow. Truthfully speaking, you're the nicest yuppie I ever ran off the road.

[CAB HONKS]

TRYGG

I got to get my briefcase.

CARESS

I'll get it for you.

She takes off into the house. Trygg watches her disappear, smitten.

INT. NNS HEADQUARTERS - EARLY AFTERNOON

Trygg slides his briefcase onto the table, takes out his LAPTOP and activates its built-in MINI-BEAMER.

TRYGG

Gap-Bots are distributed via A-Class variants. They invade IP-Stack and BIOS, waiting for B-Class variant-requests to call. Then they merge to become C-Class variants.

Erlend and Timo wrestle through never-ending COMPUTER PRINT-OUTS. Several OTHER PROGRAMMERS are in the same position.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Encrypted C-Class data-packets are attached to authorized transfers. D-Class variants carry the key to decrypt them at the target host. This repeats until all 4 times 12 chunks of code generate the Gap-Sequence - which we can't delete since it uses a valid key for the protected memory area.

Long faces. Timo shows an awkward smirk.

ERLEND

Sure, I mean... phh - it would be great to check out the D-Class-keys, isolate all variants and yada, yada... but wouldn't a *cheat* do it for today?

Everyone looks to Erlend with a mixture of pity and confusion.

ERLEND (CONT'D)  
 Well, people are mostly just super-  
 annoyed that their computers  
 constantly  
     (simulating the Gap  
     sequence)  
 "Oooanngggg" - are going into hypno-  
 drive! Other than that, everything  
 is honky-dory: No data-loss, no  
 password fishing, no penis-  
 enlargement pills. So let's just  
 block this...

The GAP-SEQUENCE begins playing on the PROJECTION SCREEN.

ERLEND (CONT'D)  
     (cracking a huge grin)  
 ...media-sequence.

TRYGG  
 He's right. Let's use the remaining  
     (looking at his watch)  
 four hours and twenty-five  
 minutes...

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Caress sits at her computer wearing a WIRELESS HEADSET.  
 Trygg's voice squawks through the earphones.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
 ...to focus on extending the  
 disturbance intervals. If we...

Caress pulls the headset off, entranced in the computer.

[BANGING ON THE DOOR]

WALTER (O.S.)  
     (muffled)  
 - What about the wheat!?

CARESS  
 I'll bring the rest in tomorrow.

She holds her breath.

WALTER (O.S.)  
 You gotta get an early start on it.

Caress exhales.

WALTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 The forecast said it's supposed to  
 storm in the afternoon.

CARESS

Alright.

Loki sits on the floor, looking up to Caress, relieved.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - LATER - SERIES OF SHOTS

- Caress types endless LINES OF CODE.
- She chats with her group.
- Caress speaks into the air next to her.
- The sun sets with Caress working like a mad woman.

EXT. NNS BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

Trygg, Timo and Claudia hurry through the GLASS-ENCASED HALLWAY of the EXECUTIVE FLOOR towards the elevator.

The technician tries to pin a LAVALIERE to Trygg's shirt. This time Trygg stops and fastens it on himself.

INT. NNS LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The trio sweeps through the densely populated lobby which is decorated for a RECEPTION. MOCKASOFT, NNS and VIRON-logos are spread throughout the room.

TIMO

Erlend's still working on the blocking patch. We'll signal you as soon as it's ready.

Trygg stops dead in his tracks.

TRYGG

Hold on. You mean that I've got nothing to show them?

Silence.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Trygg stands at the podium, which integrates a hidden split-screen PROMPTER.

TRYGG

We live in the age of communication.  
(MORE)

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Billions of paperless messages are being exchanged daily across the globe - a milestone of globalization.

Turner nods benevolently from his seat in the midst of a DELEGATION OF SUITS.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Nationality, religion, origin are meaningless. The only thing of consequence is establishing cooperative connections.

On a large SCREEN behind him, a MEDIA PRESENTATION accompanies his speech.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Even businesses completely unrelated to one another are linked through synergy-effects, which compound our qualitative and quantitative...

With these words, the GAP-SEQUENCE begins to play across the SCREEN. Agonized groans spread throughout the room.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

(louder)

- Synergy-effects, which compound our qualitative and quantitative efficiency... and, please...

Trygg signals to shut off the BEAMER, in vain.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Yes, and we will continually raise the level... and this efficiency...

(prolonged blink)

will be carried out at the expense of third-world countries - as always. The verifiability of information is an illusion! Only an obscure minority will be unmasking a few of the most outrageous lies, years later. And once the gentlemen in question are toothless, senile and incontinent, they will realize that all those lies achieved absolutely nothing.

Silence. Trygg throws a look at the prompter again.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

The internet could indeed mean transparency and openness.

(MORE)

TRYGG (CONT'D)

However, to achieve this, we need standards and systems which do not guarantee protection of privacy at the expense of anonymity.

Turner's face turns into a delicate shade of pink.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

The current attack of the Gap virus is an impressive demonstration of how devastating it can be when a super worm enters the protected memory area. I therefore believe, it is imperative to carefully amend the current TC-conception.

INSERT PROMPTER: PATCH READY!

TRYGG (CONT'D)

In the meantime we are able to offer a download patch for VIRON, which elongates the downtime of the Gap-Sequence to such an extent, that we can start talking about "undisturbed work" again.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

A medium-sized APARTMENT BUILDING with a geometric front-lawn of multi-colored ROSES.

Trygg's father CARLO makes his way through the gate, a NEWSPAPER and portfolio in hand.

He crosses paths with MARITA ROSENBERG, a good-looking older lady. She looks up from her POCKET-PC with BLUE EYES.

MARITA

Good evening, Mr. Nell.

CARLO

Ms. Rosenberg.

She stops, turning back towards him.

MARITA

Oh, I've been meaning to tell you something...

CARLO

(turning to her)  
Yes?

MARITA

Carlo. - May I call you Carlo?

He nods vaguely.

MARITA (CONT'D)

If you need someone to talk to, I  
want you to know that I am here for  
you.

Carlo strainingly produces a smile.

MARITA (CONT'D)

Carlo, I love you. With all my  
heart.

CARLO

Ahm, thank you.  
(nodding a good-bye)  
Well then...

He walks away, quickening as he heads for the DOOR.

INT. CARLO'S LIVINGROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Falling onto the couch, Carlo kicks off one of his LEATHER  
LOAFERS.

His eye falls on a corner of the room, overflowing with DRIED  
WREATHS, BOUQUETS and CONDOLENCE CARDS. In the center a  
FRAMED PHOTO of his wife, Sophia Nell. Across the photo, 'We  
will never forget you' is written in gold.

A wave of emotion sends the second loafer clear across the  
room, knocking over the creation of COLORED GLASS he once  
rescued. He sets his paper down next to a pile of news-  
clippings.

INSERT HEADLINES: 'VIRON HEALS PC-WORLD', 'MOCKASOFT IN TALKS  
WITH NELL' with Trygg's photo - and others.

Carlo jabs at his touch-screen remote until the News appears  
on his enormous PLASMA SCREEN.

NEWS ANCHOR

...with increasing pressure.  
Investigators have confirmed  
suspicions that Senator Brannigan  
is responsible for authoring the  
porn-site 'megamelons.com'.

Carlo carefully starts to cut out the article 'SUPER-WORM  
SPREADS VIDEO CLIP - A NEW DIMENSION OF TERRORISM?'

## NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

As a complete surprise the Senator announced this morning that he will personally comment on these findings before the House Committee. Let's go live to our correspondent Melinda Jones in Washington for the latest. Melinda?

## CORRESPONDENT

Nora, I know *Watermelongate* should have been your report. I behaved like a real bitch just to get this gig over here. But I have to tell you: No matter what Brannigan - that lecherous old geezer - may have done...

Carlo looks up from his clippings.

## CORRESPONDENT (CONT'D)

...this two-faced, voyeuristic persecution being conducted now is at least as disgust...

COLORFUL BARS appear on the screen followed by a LONG TONE.

## SPEAKER (O.S.)

This is a test of the Emergency Broadcast System. The broadcasters of your area in voluntary cooperation with the Federal, State and local authorities have developed this system to keep you informed in the event of an emergency. If this had been an actual emergency...

The news image returns, cutting in on Brannigan standing before the COMMITTEE.

## BRANNIGAN

- deeply sorry that I lacked the courage and strength to be able to explain my motivations and to come forth about all facts openly. - You see, we all have our preferences. In regards to food, recreation and in regards to sex.

Carlo cuts himself. His eyes are glued to the screen.

## BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

Some of us like to refurbish classic cars, others breed roses.  
(MORE)

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

I collect *tits*. I am aware of the psychological implications that this predilection represents: An infantile longing for the mother's breast. Soft and deliciously fragrant breast, that once meant warmth, security and nourishment. What is so detestable about a longing born out of the lack of such qualities?

INT. AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

A medium-sized AUDITORIUM covered with wooden benches.

CLOSER. Brannigan's eyes are a beaming shade of blue.

BRANNIGAN

To divert public attention from my first experimental dotcom initiative, MegaMelons had been registered under my cousin's name. I have come to realize that this cannot be reconciled with my position as a role model, which the title Senator of the United States has bestowed upon me... which is why I have decided to publish the site in my own name from now on.

Outraged heckling and hissing ensues to the tune of "Disgusting pervert!" and "How shameless!".

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

I have also decided to donate all proceeds gained by this site to Feed The Children, retroactively.

A few look at Brannigan as if he's lost his marbles. Others look at him with eyes of newly-won respect.

INT. TRENDY BAR - CONTINUOUS

On a PROJECTION SCREEN.

BRANNIGAN

Given my dishonesty of yesterday, I can absolutely understand anyone who deems me unfit for my position as US-Senator. Let me tell you, I am prepared to face your decision and all its consequences like a man.

Erlend - three sheets to the wind - turns to RUBBER, the club's effeminate bar-keeper.

ERLEND

Phh - what happened to *him*!?

RUBBER

They probably cloned Brannie. Then brain-washed the clone.

Erlend smiles dutifully, while sipping loudly on his DRINK.

ERLEND

For fuck's sake! Phh - I have to come clean with Trygg about what's going on in the kitchen.

RUBBER

(drying a glass)

Brilliant. Maybe he'll give you a cushion when he kicks your ass out onto the street again.

ERLEND

I know he'd be pissed. But maybe it would force him to do what he really wants for a change?!

RUBBER

Wake up, Erlie! You'll be spreading Fatso's spam-mail night and day to pay off your tab.

Erlend rocks back and forth on his chair.

ERLEND

The Mockasoft deal should be over and done with by now. Maybe...

Erlend finishes his drink, then hurries out the door.

RUBBER

(watching him through the stainless glass)

Will you ever pay for real?

INT. CORRIDOR - LATER

Erlend steps out of the ELEVATOR. The hallway is empty. Strange sounds emanate from Trygg's office.

Erlend hastens, throwing open the door.

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Timo towers over the entire division, playing Prince's song "WHEN DOVES CRY" on the guitar. Around him, BONGS, BEER and CIGARETTES pass hands. Some are dancing.

TIMO  
(singing)  
How can you just leave me standing?  
Alone in a world so cold?

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR  
(tone-deaf, but bold)  
World so cold!!

Trygg stands apart with a drink, tapping his foot - off beat.

TIMO  
Maybe I'm just too demanding  
Maybe I'm just like my father  
too bold  
Maybe you're just like my mother  
She's never satisfied

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR  
She's never satisfied!!

TIMO  
Why do we scream at each other?  
This is what it sounds like  
when doves cry

Finally Trygg sees Erlend standing in the doorway.

TRYGG  
Hey! Erlend's back!

Delayed, Timo stops - triggering moans of disappointment.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
Where have you been?

ERLEND  
I - phh... I went for a drink at  
Rubber's.

Trygg raises his glass for a toast to Erlend, the other's follow suite.

TRYGG  
To Erlend, our untiring all-nighter-  
pulling co-worker.

THE OTHERS  
Hear, hear! - Yeah! - To Erlend!

ERLEND

OK?! Could someone explain to me what the bleep is going on here?

TIMO

Boy, we got the deal! And not only that...

TRYGG

- We've been named the official task force in the fight against the Gap-virus.

TIMO

To top it off, Mockasoft's offering ten million dollars for finding the virus' author.

ERLEND

Unbelievable! And what does any of this have to do with...

TRYGG

- Your patch!

ERLEND

What? Phh - I gave up finishing the patch right before showtime!

Silence. Trygg turns to his CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR.

TRYGG

Then... *who* up-loaded the patch?

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR

It's gotta be in the log.

(beat)

Aw, shit!

He runs to Trygg's LAPTOP, knocking over a GLASS of RED WINE.

ERLEND

But you- you tested it, right?

TRYGG

I don't believe this.

Trygg's secretary Claudia bursts in.

CLAUDIA

Trygg, there's a call for you.

TRYGG

I'll call them back.

CLAUDIA  
This woman's been calling non-stop  
for over an hour.

TRYGG  
Block her number.

Claudia backs out, shutting the door.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR  
The patch originated from this very  
computer. You uploaded it yourself.

TRYGG  
Not Possible.

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR  
(turning the monitor to  
Trygg)  
Your username, password, no failed  
attempts, no tricks.

Trygg throws a suspicious glance in Erlend's direction.

TRYGG  
How often has the patch been down-  
loaded so far?

CHIEF ADMINISTRATOR  
Nine-hundred-fifty-one-thousand,  
seven-hundred-twenty-three times.

Claudia pops her head back in.

CLAUDIA  
I'm sorry, but this woman's back on  
- she's changed her caller ID.

TRYGG  
What did you say her name was?

CLAUDIA  
I didn't. McGuyver?!?

TRYGG  
McIvan? Caress McIvan?

INT. CLAUDIA'S RECEPTION DESK - SECONDS LATER

Trygg selects the blinking line.

TRYGG  
Caress?

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Caress lounges on her bed wearing her HEADSET.

CARESS

I'd have an easier time getting  
through to the Sheik.

INTERCUT CLAUDIA'S DESK AND CARESS' ROOM.

TRYGG

I think you owe me an explanation.

CARESS

Where's my dress?

TRYGG

Whoa! Your patch - does it work?

CARESS

(laughing)

You mean you didn't even test it?  
No worries, it'll bring the mummy-  
syndrome down to once a day.

TRYGG

You're awesome. I'll have a tailor  
sent out to your place tomorrow.

CARESS

Tomorrow I have to harvest 15  
acres. I want it now.

TRYGG

It's after nine!?

CARESS

I found a boutique in Columbus  
that's open 'til eleven: Zed-Zed.

TRYGG

Zed-Zed?! That's way out of your  
price range!

CARESS

Who saved your ass today?

(beat)

After that, I'd like to have dinner  
with you - as promised.

TRYGG

I obviously didn't read the fine  
print.

CARESS  
Obviously.

TRYGG  
Fine. I'll send a car. It'll take  
you to Zed-Zed, then to Chez Amand.  
We'll meet there at 11.

CARESS  
Cool.

TRYGG  
See you. Bye.

CARESS  
- Wait, Trygg?

TRYGG  
Yes?

CARESS  
I'm looking forward to it.

TRYGG  
Me too. And... thank you.

END INTERCUT.

INT. CLAUDIA'S RECEPTION DESK - CONTINUOUS

Trygg hangs up, nearly colliding into Timo.

TIMO  
What the hell was that about?

TRYGG  
I was just talking to the young  
woman, who hacked my laptop and up-  
loaded the patch.

TIMO  
What?

TRYGG  
Relax, it works.

TIMO  
How can you be so sure? Who is she?

TRYGG  
Caress McIvan. The car crash. It  
was a sort of a bet. And she won.

TIMO  
Won what?

TRYGG  
An evening dress and a dinner-date.

Timo looks at him: You old dog.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
You and Erlend could handle things  
without me for a while, right?

The DOOR moves suspiciously.

Trygg pulls it open, revealing a mortified Erlend.

ERLEND  
Sorry - phh. The others sent me  
over to find out what's going on  
and...

TRYGG  
- Hey, Erl!

Trygg throws his arm around Erlend and hugs him.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
I was gonna tell you everything  
anyway. Can you do me a favor?

Erlend shrugs.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
Go over to my place and tell Vera  
that our flight leaves tomorrow.

ERLEND  
What? Phh - where to?

TRYGG  
Whereever she wants to go.

Erlend starts to panic.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
(slapping him on the butt)  
You haven't been alone with a woman  
in a while, uh? I'll be there soon,  
but first, I gotta take this hacker  
out to dinner.

TIMO  
(laughing)  
Why don't I take the hottie out to  
dinner and you tell Vera yourself?

ERLEND  
- Wait a sec', Trygg - phh - could  
I talk to you for a minute, alone?

TRYGG

Definitely. We need to discuss how you're going to take over for me and head the task-force with Timo while I'm on vacation.

Timo's laughter dies. Erlend is speechless.

INT. CHEZ AMAND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

ECU: CARESS' EYES, a strand of hair lies across her forehead.

CARESS

To be honest, I feel pretty horrible about it.

TRYGG (O.S.)

When did you install this tool?

Caress wears a blue SATIN DRESS, which is clearly half a size too small.

CARESS

After I ran upstairs to get your stuff. A matter of seconds.

TRYGG

That's outrageous.

Caress stares into the reproachful black eyes of KING PRAWNS on her plate.

CARESS

I apologize, Mr. Nell, for slipping spyware onto your computer.

TRYGG

(using a prawn as a puppet)

Ms. McIvan, be absolved and stand before me with a clean slate.

They giggle. APPETIZERS are cleared and more WINE is poured.

CARESS

So you guys have been hired onto the Mockasoft-Titanic?

TRYGG

It's true. I still can't believe all this. You know Turner?

CARESS

The VP?!

TRYGG

Yup. After my presentation he fessed up that his orders had been to offer us the contract in exchange for the remaining NNS shares that we hold.

Caress takes a gulp of wine.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

You should have seen his suits staring at him as if he'd lost his mind. He said our presentation convinced him, that we can do a more effective and impartial job if we stay independent.

CARESS

Since when does Mockasoft give a shit about those things?

TRYGG

Apparently it dawned on Turner that Gap throws doubt onto the whole TC-conception and they can't get around testing its risks more thoroughly. He thinks I'm the man for the job.

(correcting himself)

The NNS, that is... - God, Vera hates it when I do that.

CARESS

Vera?

TRYGG

My wife.

CARESS

Ah. She looked really beautiful on your wedding photo.

TRYGG

She still does.

CARESS

Wow. I can't help feeling unbelievably frumpy now.

TRYGG

Frumpy. I know that feeling. Whenever I brought a pretty girl home as a teenager, my brother Erlend would just happen to be there.

(MORE)

TRYGG (CONT'D)

In less than one hour they would be giggling on his bed, while I felt like some stupid... catfish, gawking at them desperately.

CARESS

(cracking up)

You look like that catfish now!

Trygg stares straight on sucking his cheeks in.

Caress, in a fit of laughter, knocks over her GLASS OF WINE. Trygg catches it safely before it hits the ground.

CARESS (CONT'D)

You do that often?

TRYGG

I couldn't even catch a ball as a kid.

The restaurant's owner, AMAND, glides in, balancing two extra large PLATES, impressively decorated with their orders.

AMAND

Soooo, my little love birds. 'You enjoying everything so far?

CARESS

I couldn't eat the sad little lobsters. Your cheese thingies were killer, though!

EXT. CHEZ AMAND RESTAURANT - LATER THAT NIGHT

A battered steel door opens onto an empty rear PARKING LOT.

Amand bids the two a lively farewell, planting a kiss on Caress' cheek while copping a feel. Trygg politely yet firmly redirects him into the building.

Caress and Trygg slowly walk towards two TOWN CARS.

CARESS

Do you come here a lot? I mean... with other women?

TRYGG

Sounds like you're afraid our dinner was just one of many for me.

CARESS

I just got a vision of you guys having threesomes in there.

TRYGG

With Amand? Not on your life! I'll admit I'm no saint, but I've only come here with Vera up to now.

CARESS

What do you mean by "no saint"?

TRYGG

Well, occasionally I have sex with professionals.

CARESS

Oh. I can imagine that being pretty unsatisfying.

TRYGG

Sometimes.

Caress stops.

CARESS

Would you like to kiss me?

TRYGG

Yes.

Their faces are only inches apart.

CARESS

What's wrong?

TRYGG

I think you're amazing, but this isn't the right time. I'm planning to go away with Vera tomorrow. Break through the years of silence between us.

Caress bursts into tears.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Hey, Caress...

He pulls out a TISSUE and tenderly wipes her tears away.

CARESS

- I fell head over heels in love with you tonight. I guess that stupid gawking catfish now is me.

TRYGG

Nah. With those mascara rings you look more like a raccoon... fish. A very cute raccoon-fish.

Caress starts to laugh. Trygg holds her in his arms.

- WIDER. Caress buries herself in his chest.

- EVEN WIDER. They are completely still.

EXT. TRYGG'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ritzy neighborhood. A TOWN CAR pulls into a driveway.

Trygg climbs out, humming to himself as he makes his way down towards an extravagantly-detailed, modern HOUSE.

A SILK SCARF lies on the ground; one end wedged in the front door. Puzzled, Trygg walks around the house.

Through large GLASS-DOORS, Vera is talking to someone we can't see. She's crying.

Trygg ducks behind a large, flowered SHRUB.

TRYGG'S POV: A pair of HANDS touch her BELLY from behind. She turns her head to kiss their owner. It's Erlend.

Trygg stumbles out of his hiding place. Erlend looks up, their eyes meet. Trygg runs off, tearing out of the yard.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Trygg's axis spins around him. He cries.

He takes off jogging, speeding up to a full sprint.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - LATER THAT NIGHT

Trygg is wheezing, he struggles on slowly.

The FULL MOON shines as he collapses amidst the wheat.

BIRDS-EYE-VIEW: Trygg curled into a fetal position.

EXT. SIX FLAGS THEME PARK - DAY

Sophia Nell stands on the tower hovering above the DOLPHIN POOL. The Dolphins spring out of the water, snatching the FUNERAL WREATHS that she holds out for them.

SOPHIA

They simply understand everything.

Trygg's wife Vera swims alongside the dolphins, trying to imitate their jumps, but only manages a pathetic little flop.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
All, except for her. Get out!

TRYGG (O.S.)  
I can explain it to her.

Trygg stands naked at the bottom of the pool, screaming.

Vera, right in front of him, looks on. His mouth is wide open, but not a single sound reaches her.

A DOLPHIN swims up to Trygg. The two wrap themselves around each other, transforming Trygg into a dolphin himself.

SPLASH!

With one majestic stroke of his tail, Trygg propels himself out of the pool into the gleaming sun.

EXT. WHEAT FIELD - EARLY MORNING

Water drips from Trygg's face and hair. He shakes himself and opens his eyes, blinded by the morning sun.

A scrawny FARMER towers above him, a dripping BUCKET in hand.

FARMER  
Do you have any idea how dangerous  
it is, lying in the middle of a  
field during harvest?

TRYGG  
No.

FARMER  
You're lucky I always have an eye  
out for deer before...

TRYGG  
(dazed)  
- Deer? I'm a dolphin.

EXT. STREET - A SHORT TIME LATER

Trygg walks along a dusty road. Despite the early hour, heat wearily raises up from the asphalt.

EXT. SHOPPING ZONE - MORNING

Trygg passes a paved recreation area with a FOUNTAIN. The CLEANING PERSONNEL jumps around, playing with the water.

Behind an industrial sized building, a COP and a TATTOOED-BIKER giggle away, smoking a JOINT together.

A few yards further, a mammoth of a SALESPERSON dumps boxes upon boxes of WEAPONS into the dumpster. A LITTLE MAN wearing a cheap suit tries desperately to dissuade him.

INT. CLAUDIA'S RECEPTION DESK - LATER

Trygg creeps along like a battered dog.

CLAUDIA  
Sweet Jesus, Trygg!

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Claudia steers him into his office and locks the door.

CLAUDIA  
Where have you been? Vera's been calling non-stop.

TRYGG  
I think she's pregnant.

CLAUDIA  
Congratulations!

TRYGG  
It's Erlend's.

CLAUDIA  
You can't be serious?

Trygg looks up at her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
I'm so sorry.

TRYGG  
My brother is having an affair with my wife.  
(breaking into tears)  
I never even noticed a thing.

Claudia hands him a cup of COFFEE.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
She's always wanted kids. The doctor said I was the only one stopping her.  
(he takes a sip)  
I wanted to take her away for a while. And now...

CLAUDIA  
- What do you mean "take her away"?

TRYGG  
I was going to have Erlend to take  
my place for two weeks.

CLAUDIA  
Erlend?

It takes Claudia a moment to digest this.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
- Oh my god, I completely forgot  
PROFESSOR SANGIO has been waiting  
for you since 8 am.

TRYGG  
Sangio? Never heard of him.

CLAUDIA  
He flew in from Italy last night.

Trygg looks down at his soiled SHIRT.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
I'll get you a new one.

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - LATER

Trygg puts the finishing touches on his wet hair, trying to  
fit a large PINK BLOUSE under his suit jacket.

SANGIO - late 40s, brown eyes, curly toupee - enters with a  
New York Times in hand.

TRYGG  
Morning.  
(pointing at the  
newspaper)  
Anything good in there?

SANGIO  
Yes. Oh no, but...  
(shaking Trygg's hand)  
Professore Ricardo Sangio.

TRYGG  
Trygg Nell. Nice to meet you.

SANGIO  
(in a thick Italian  
accent)  
You don't read newspapers?

TRYGG

My father puts together some clippings for me. He's been recently widowed.

SANGIO

Oh, I'm sorry. You know, events are happening at lightning speed!

TRYGG

What events?

Sangio throws the NEWSPAPER towards Trygg, who gathers the scattered pages in mid-air with a single movement.

SANGIO

(smiling satisfied)

If you think back over the last 48 hours - your job, private life, social environment. Would you say "business as usual"?

Trygg's view pans over the light colored CARPET stained with RED WINE and CIGARETTE ASHES.

TRYGG

Hardly.

Claudia brings in a small TRAY OF COFFEE.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

I just closed the deal of my lifetime and found out that my wife's carrying my brother's child.

SANGIO

Really? Well... Many people would say monumental things have just emerged out of time and space.

TRYGG

Professor Sangio, forgive me, but why are you here?

Sangio pours himself a cup, taking an awkward sip.

SANGIO

My father was an internationally renowned neurologist. In the late 80s he discovered that audio-visual patterns oscillating at high frequency exorbitantly increase activity in the thalamus and neocerebellum.

Trygg sits up straight.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

He was given the money to conduct great research in this new field, which he called NPM - Neuro-Perceptive-Modulation.

Sangio unrolls a poster-sized ILLUMINATED-INK DISPLAY and attaches it to the FLIP-CHART.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

He fine-tuned the audio-visual stimuli in such a way, that he could produce a progressive myelinization of various cerebral and cortical areas. - Can you follow me?!

TRYGG

Sounds like a kind of audio-visual brain-tuning.

SANGIO

Molto bene, Mr. Nell!

TRYGG

My mother was neuro-psychologist. What concrete effects does this myelinization evoke?

SANGIO

IQ raises, reactions speed up. It's like a new processor for the brain.

Trygg walks up to the chart, captivated.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

However, the most interesting aspect of my father's experiments is, that the testing subjects have lost all their aggression.

TRYGG

Why haven't I heard any of this before?

SANGIO

Grave side-effects: Abnormal iris pigmentation, partial amnesia, visual disturbances - just to name a few. My father was forced to stop his research completely.

TRYGG

You mean the Gap-Sequence...?

SANGIO

- I fear yes.

TRYGG

Wow. Lost their aggression, uh? I guess I never had much, anyway.

SANGIO

Are you sure?

Sangio slowly pours his coffee out onto the carpet and then drops the PLASTIC CUP.

TRYGG

If you are trying to provoke me, the carpet's getting changed over the weekend. I could even afford...

Sangio takes Trygg's LAPTOP, folds it, holds it in an upright position and lets it fall to the floor.

[CRUNCH!]

TRYGG (CONT'D)

You owe me 2500 dollars and an explanation.

SANGIO

Would you have reacted similar a few days ago?

Sangio lifts his foot revealing the crushed PLASTIC CUP.

The LAPTOP rises over the edge of Trygg's desk, safely caught by Sangio's free hand.

TRYGG

No. I... probably not.

(beat)

OK. The side-effects of this Gap-Sequence. Will they get worse?

SANGIO

(shrugs)

The *sequenza* transported by the Gap virus is no original NPM-sequence. It must be a further developed version from who ever created it.

Sangio takes his DISPLAY down and rolls it back up.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

All I can say is, they added something really malicious.

TRYGG

What is it?

SANGIO

You are my best example. You didn't know me at all and yet within one minute you told me that your mother died recently and your brother has an affair with your wife.

TRYGG

What's so remarkable about that?

SANGIO

What..? - OK: Do you follow this Brannigan-story?

TRYGG

Watermelongate? Yes, kind of.

SANGIO

Senator Brannigan behaved like crazy.

TRYGG

He's a politician.

SANGIO

He dug his own grave!

TRYGG

I don't...

SANGIO

- All people under the Gap-effect appear unable to present themselves in an appropriate way. They start to talk about their last sex with... the postman!

Erlend bursts through the door.

ERLEND

Trygg, phh - it wasn't supposed to happen like this. Vera and I wanted to talk to you when you got home.

Sangio watches Erlend with analytic voyeurism.

ERLEND (CONT'D)

We've racked our brains all night and decided the best thing to do would be to move to Philadelphia.

Trygg closes his eyes.

ERLEND (CONT'D)

Vera's willing to for-go all her rights so you don't have to pay alimony on top of it all and...

TRYGG

(to Sangio)

- Do you have any idea who could have developed the Gap-Sequence?

SANGIO

No. That's why I'm here.

EXT. DUPONT CIRCLE - DAY

A pair of HAIRY-TOED FEET enter the FOUNTAIN WATER. Brannigan sits on its edge, rolling up his pants.

BRANNIGAN

What the hell was I afraid of? Go to work and say what you think! Never passed a bill so quickly in my life.

Turner sits next to him taking off his jacket.

TURNER

Without the De-Termination Routine this will all be over soon.

BRANNIGAN

Isn't there a single copy left?

TURNER

AR6 had leaked a DVD before the Routine was destroyed on the PNAH-servers. But we have no trace of it.

BRANNIGAN

We have to find this DVD, my friend. Any news from Nell?

TURNER

NNS has been launched into rooting out the virus author.

BRANNIGAN

No, no: *Trygg Nell*. Shouldn't we tell him? AR6 was his mother, after all.

TURNER

Are you serious?  
(struggling with himself)  
(MORE)

TURNER (CONT'D)

The PNAH-sequence modulated us,  
too. Are our brains playing crazy  
now? Or- or have we always...

BRANNIGAN

- Trust your intuition. You do  
trust me, don't you?

A pigeon walks, keeping clear of Brannigan.

TURNER

Not really.

BRANNIGAN

There you go. You know Turner, I  
ordered the destruction of the De-  
Termination Routine myself.

TURNER

Oh. I...

Turner reflexively reaches for his MOUTH-SPRAY.

BRANNIGAN

And blamed it on you!

[MOUTH-SPRAY GETTING PUMPED]

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)

I wanted the Sheik's vision to blow  
over like a fata-morgana. But I  
made up my mind. As soon as we get  
hold of this DVD, we'll distribute  
the De-Termination Routine all  
around the world. Let's ring in a  
golden age: honest, peaceful and  
effective.

EXT. FIELD - EARLY AFTERNOON

Waves of heat raise above a partially harvested wheat-field.  
A lone SHACK stands at its edge, in the background a SIGN  
that reads "MONSEEDO - 'MON' PERFECT SEED".

The McIvan's monstrous COMBINE forges on slowly, while  
massive, deep gray thunderheads move in from the horizon.

INT. CONTROL CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Caress is hypnotized again by the combines's monotone humming  
as it eats its way across the field.

The rhythmic droning morphs into a BEAT, then into a SONG.

Loki starts singing and dancing, floating around Caress.

Caress leaves the driver's seat to join her.

EXT. FIELD - CONTINUOUS

Caress dances with Loki on top of the moving machine, which continues its pace, un-phased.

[CCRRRRRRUNCH!]

Splintered planks shoot against the combine, which stops deeply wedged into the field's front ditch.

CUT TO: BLACK.

RAJESH (O.S.)  
This way. Careful.

[FOOTSTEPS]

RAJESH (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We're almost there.

[STEEL DOOR CREAKS OPEN]

EXT. OLD FACTORY - DAY

Blinding sunlight reveals a huge space fenced in by tall brick walls topped with barbed wiring. Hundreds of expensive NEW and USED CARS fill the lot.

Trygg stands with RAJESH, a compact, Indian man. Sangio, a few paces behind, nervously checks over his shoulder.

TRYGG  
Rajesh, my friend. I'd say business was good.

RAJESH  
Can't complain.

Rajesh pulls out a BAG OF TOBACCO from his oil-stained pants and rolls himself a cigarette.

Trygg makes his way to a DARK GREEN VAN with tinted windows. Sangio follows, glued to his heels.

SANGIO  
Mr. Nell...

TRYGG  
- Trygg.

SANGIO  
OK, Trygg. Why this?

TRYGG  
Mr. Sangio...

SANGIO  
- Professore Sangio.

TRYGG  
Professore, I need a new car.  
Besides, we can't conduct the  
backtracing via our company system.  
We leave traces, too.

SANGIO  
But don't we need broadband  
connections?!

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - LATER

TRYGG  
The van allows us to alternate  
between hot-spots. If we use the  
same connection for too long, we  
risk drawing to much attention.

Trygg stands in front of his coffee table, piled with boxes  
of HIGH-TECH PARAPHERNALIA. Erlend and Timo are unpacking the  
contents, while Sangio tries to fix his toupet.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
I got each of us a high-speed  
Tablet-PC, so we can do our  
research on the move. The latest  
smartphones for field work - they  
have laser-projection keyboards.

A quick tap of his finger makes the smartphone project a red-  
beamed KEYBOARD onto the table.

Timo starts typing "GAP-BUSTERS".

TIMO  
Why do you think someone would try  
to nuke us if we worked from here?

TRYGG  
Ten Million-dollar bounty. Besides,  
it's not only the world's first  
super-worm, Gap is a neuro-  
psychological wonder weapon.

Sangio supports Trygg's speech with confirming gestures.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Good solid citizens are breaking out the monotony of their suburban existences. White collar cowboys are fessing up to years of shenanigans and Senior-Junior Mr. Axis-of-Evil is calling a foundation for international civic-communications into being!

TIMO

Really?

TRYGG

Who's in? - Erlend?

ERLEND

Trygg, I feel like - phh - the biggest dick of all time.

TRYGG'S POV: A bit of the GAP-SEQUENCE rushes by.

TRYGG

Sounds to me like you're feeling guilty because you're assuming sole responsibility for our private complications.

Erlend slowly nods.

TRYGG(CONT'D)

Erl, I was the one who put everything else first. Vera wasn't able to express her feelings either. No-one is better at this than you. Come with us. Please.

ERLEND

I can't. Vera is sick as a dog.

TRYGG

(tears welling up in his eyes)  
You're right.

Trygg's gaze drifts out at the brewing storm.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

We're not ready yet.

TIMO

- Hey, you heard this one? A man walks into a hardware store and says: I need some two-by-fours...

ERLEND  
 (sing-songing)  
 - Timo-Timo-Timo!

Sangio takes a deep breath.

TIMO  
 Someone's got to be here. You need  
 a solid base camp. In addition to  
 which I promised Eric...

TRYGG  
 - I know.

TIMO  
 What about your hacker-dame?

TRYGG  
 Caress? Well...

Rain starts beating against the window pane.

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

LIGHTING flashes and THUNDER roars. Part of the unharvested  
 wheat thrashes through the air-mixed rain.

BEGINNING OF MONTAGE

INT. CONTROL CABIN - CONTINUOUS

- Caress lifts her head, blood running down her forehead. As  
 she looks out, a SURREAL SOUND escapes her mouth.

- Caress pushes on the door. It's jammed. She closes her  
 eyes, then kicks the door open with both legs.

EXT. FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

- Rain mixed blood streams down her face as she wades through  
 the mud.

- A JEEP drives slowly towards her.

- Walter and Danny stare through the jeep's WINDSHIELD, which  
 reflects the mangled carcass of the combine.

INT. MCIVAN'S KITCHEN - LATER

- Each with a TEN POUND HAMMER in hand, Walter and Danny walk  
 past Caress being embraced in mother Clair's protective arms.

- Clair wedges her small body between Caress and the stairwell, managing to slow Caress by a few seconds.

[SMASHING OF GLASS AND PLASTIC]

- Caress shoves past her mother then runs up the stairs.

INT. CARESS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SLOW MOTION. The sun has broken through the storm clouds, bathing the room in surreal, almost romantic light.

- Walter and Danny pound at the computer's components. SWEAT and SPLINTERED PIECES explode in all directions.

- A MINI-DVD shoots out of the PC-tower, spinning. It cuts deep into Danny's leg, ricocheting into the wall.

- Caress dashes towards the wall and saves the Mini-DVD.

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING

Caress walks through the rising precipitation towards the horizon with nothing but her glistening MINI-DVD in hand.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

A CAR drives up behind Caress.

DRIVER'S POV: Caress starts to stagger, then collapses.

[SCREECHING HALT]

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A crowded state hospital.

An hysterical WOMAN is wheeled in, strapped to a gurney.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN

Can't you see that these computers  
are destroying all good men?

EMT

Yeah, yeah, I know. Careful around  
the corners.

A gurney strap pops loose around her feet. An ORDERLY joins in to transport her through the double doors.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN  
 (vanishing from sight)  
 We have to demolish them before  
 it's too late!! Satan! He sent them  
 here. Destroy them!

Trygg and Caress move on towards the EXIT.

INT. CLAUDIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A modest apartment filled with FLOWER MOTIF OBJECTS.

CLAUDIA  
 Billy's out on a business trip.

Her smiling lips start to tremble.

TRYGG  
 Are you alright?

CLAUDIA  
 I don't know if he's ever coming  
 back.  
 (she starts to cry)  
 We were having lunch at Parrot's  
 when he told me he sleeps with this  
 skinny redhead he works with.

Trygg carefully hugs her.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)  
 I'm such a fat, stupid cow.

TRYGG  
 Sounds like you feel quite  
 unattractive right now, mhm?

CLAUDIA  
 (sobbing)  
 Yes! Aging men become more  
 attractive and aging women fade.  
 That's not fair.

TRYGG  
 Sometimes it's the other way round.

CLAUDIA  
 Come on. Don't tell me you are not  
 in love with Caress.

TRYGG  
 I won't. And I know Erlend  
 currently prefers older women.

Claudia calms down, sniffing.

CLAUDIA

Anyway, you can stay here as long  
as you want, both of you.

TRYGG

That's sweet of you, Claudia, but  
I'm taking off with Sangio tomorrow  
to track down the Gap author.

CARESS (O.S.)

Me too.

Caress stands in the bathroom door wearing a TENT-SIZED DRESS  
and a towel wrapped around her head.

CLAUDIA

Are you sure you don't want us to  
pick up your stuff?

Caress pulls out her MINI-DVD.

CARESS

That was Loki. Ten years of blood,  
tears and sweat. I don't think  
there's much on it that can be  
salvaged.

INSERT MINI-DVD: A huge scratch on the data-layer.

CARESS (CONT'D)

It's the only relic of what used to  
be my life that I'm interested in  
keeping.

Loki appears behind Trygg and Claudia. Caress shoos her away.

Trygg and Claudia look at her, somewhat confused.

CARESS (CONT'D)

Are you guys my new parents or  
what?!

CLAUDIA

Lord, no, but...

Claudia walks over to Caress and puts her arms around her.

CARESS

(freeing herself from  
Claudia's bear-hug)

I'm up to speed with everything:  
Professor Sangio's Neuro-whatever,  
Hot-spot-hopping, Timo's holding  
the base camp and Trygg needs Yours-  
truly to bail him out again.

TRYGG  
You little brat! Have you been  
spying on me again?!

CARESS  
It's not my fault if you can't keep  
your laptop clear!

Trygg starts after her. Caress runs for cover, shrieking.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - MORNING

A half empty shop with tons of floor-space. CHOPPED BEATS are  
throbbing in the background.

Trygg, buried under several layers of CLOTHING, follows  
Caress as she cruises down the isles excitedly.

CARESS  
Did you want kids, too?

Caress throws a SEXY HALTER TOP onto the pile.

TRYGG  
I wanted to name one Shrap.

Lost in thought, he follows her into a DRESSING ROOM.

CARESS  
Um?

She undresses all the way down to her panties.

TRYGG  
It was a joke Vera and I had:  
Shrap. Shrap Nell.

CARESS  
Hilarious.

Trygg stares at her naked breasts, thoughtfully.

TRYGG  
I was always afraid that I wouldn't  
be a good father.

[RINGTONE]

Trygg takes out his smartphone: Sangio is on the DISPLAY.

SANGIO  
Good news. Some of the patterns  
from my father's pool are so  
condensed that the virus effect  
can't possibly last very long.

EXT. SHOPPING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Trygg and Caress exit the MALL loaded with over-stuffed shopping bags. She's dressed Loki-style.

CARESS  
How'd your mom die?

TRYGG  
Car crash, on her way home from PNAH.

CARESS  
What's that?

TRYGG  
A government think-tank. She was a scientist.

CARESS  
Wow.  
(beat)  
I'm not sure I'd miss my mom.

TRYGG  
I didn't think so either. Until she was actually gone.

[WHAMMM!]

Trygg and Caress fall to the ground, holding their shopping bags over their heads reflexively. A hail of GLASS and WOOD descends upon them and screaming PEDESTRIANS.

They scramble to their feet and run a distance before stopping to look around. The remains of an INTERNET CAFE are scattered on the ground.

"DON'T LET THEM COOK YOUR BRAINS - K.C.C.K" - is sprayed on one of the remaining walls.

INT. VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The sliding door slams shut.

SANGIO  
Mama Mia!

TRYGG  
They bombed an Internet Cafe.

Trygg signals to Rajesh at the wheel.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The van swerves into dense traffic.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

SANGIO

It has just been in the news feed.  
KCKK stands for "Kill Computers  
before Computers Kill".

TRYGG

We need to set up a warning system.  
These guys are nuts.

SANGIO

To them, you're the crazy ones.

CARESS

And what about you?

SANGIO

In order to scientifically evaluate  
the effect of the virus, I have and  
will not expose myself to the Gap  
sequence for prolonged periods.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

The van dashes towards the ascending sun.

INT. VAN - DAY

Caress and Sangio pound away on their keyboards, while Trygg  
talks on the phone.

TRYGG

We'll do our best. - Thanks for the  
call.

He hangs up.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

That was Turner. Someone's doing  
everything to erase Gap's traces.  
The Mockasoft engineers are giving  
us around 24 hours.

CARESS

That's impossible.

Sangio looks up from his work, concerned.

TRYGG  
 (to Caress)  
 Who do you know?

Caress bites on her bottom lip.

INT. PHILADELPHIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Trygg and Caress stand outside passenger pickup.

TRYGG  
 PhalanX. How sweet. Does he have a  
 real name?

CARESS  
 I think so.

TRYGG  
 So what does he look like?

[MESSAGE ALERT]

Caress glances at her smartphone.

CARESS  
 He's right behind us.

Trygg and Caress turn around simultaneously to face:

ERLEND  
 Phh - You guy's OK?!

Time stands still.

ERLEND (CONT'D)  
 Loki! Phh - finally live!

Erlend throws down his BURLAP DUFFEL BAG and carefully hugs  
 Caress. She cuddles-up to him like to a long lost lover.

INT. VAN - EARLY EVENING

TRYGG  
 Stop!!

Rajesh comes to an abrupt halt in front of a large INDUSTRIAL  
 BUILDING.

Sangio's TABLET-PC slides to the ground, eliciting a string  
 of Italian curses. Caress grabs it just in the nick of time.

ERLEND  
 Yeah, phh - there's gotta be a hot-  
 spot with low traffic around.

Through his side window, a GRAFFITI-SYMBOL resembling a reversed umbrella covers the wall.

CARESS  
Open port on 5001.

ERLEND  
Nice catch, Loki.

Rajesh fires up the sound system. PULSING MUSIC.

CARESS  
Tons of class-A variants in the  
cache with super-early time stamps.  
Do you want their IPs?

ERLEND  
Slip'em to me.

Dismayed by the music, Sangio puts on his HEADPHONES, then scrolls through single frames of the Gap-Sequence.

TRYGG  
We're being scanned.

CARESS  
I don't have it yet.

TRYGG  
Five seconds.

ERLEND  
I'll choke them with requests.

Fingers breeze across the keyboards at lightning speed.

CARESS' POV: Loki sits on Erlend's lap, mesmerized.

CARESS  
Done!

INT. CARLO'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

Carlo sleeps in his recliner with the Emergency Broadcast System blaring a KCKK warning on the TV.

Two MASKED FIGURES in jumpsuits slip into the room. One secures the door as the other quickly anesthetizes Carlo.

CARLO'S POV: The COLORED BARS on the TV start to swirl.

SPEAKER (O.S.)  
...are advised to leave the area  
immediately. - This is the  
Emergency Broadcast System...

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

The van passes a SPEED TRAP with maximum velocity.

EXT. NJ INDUSTRIAL ZONE - LATER

Headlights off, the van moves along a high FENCE.

ERLEND (O.S.)

I hope the tag's still current.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

On the fence, the REVERSED-UMBRELLA-GRAFFITI appears again.

TRYGG

It's the largest backbone node on the east-coast. An OC-96 connection goes from here to London and from there to Asia.

ERLEND

OC-96? That will take months.

CARESS

We need to... Professor?

SANGIO

(taking off his  
headphones)

Yes?

CARESS

If we watch the Gap-Sequence on purpose, would our brains possibly improve even more?

SANGIO

Yes. But we can't be sure about the side-effects if we overdo it.

TRYGG

The traces are vanishing.

Sangio starts up the GAP-SEQUENCE on all monitors.

Erlend tries to close his eyes unobtrusively, while Sangio stares out of the window with all his might.

EXT. NJ INDUSTRIAL ZONE - LATE NIGHT

TWO FIGURES sneak along the side of the buildings, carrying two large suitcases.

One goes to work on the door, while the other is on the lookout. They disappear inside.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

CARESS

Almost all Class-C transfers ran  
via London - Vienna - Singapore and  
back via LA - St. Louis - NY.

TRYGG

(shaking his head)  
Something tells me our Gap-creator  
is closer than we think.

EXT. NJ INDUSTRIAL ZONE - A LITTLE LATER

The two burglars beat a hasty retreat.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

CARESS

Check out this script. It should be  
able to weed out gappish looking  
transfers faster.

ERLEND

Beautiful, Loki.

They exchange flirtatious glances.

[WARNING SIGNAL]

TRYGG

This header matches Class-A  
variants from Atlanta.

CARESS

Got it. What was that?

Trygg looks to his SMARTPHONE.

INSERT - SMARTPHONE: TIMO - KCKK bomb warning for NJ, 367  
Industry Lane, Bldg. C...

TRYGG  
 (shouting)  
 Rajesh, get us out of here. Now!

Rajesh startles from his sleep, puts the car in gear and nails the pedal to the floor.

EXT. NJ INDUSTRIAL ZONE - CONTINUOUS

The van takes off screeching.

[EXPLOSION]

A ball of fire fills the night as BUILDING PARTS and FENCE-PIECES spiral through the air.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

TRYGG  
 Thank God Timo managed to set up  
 the KCKK-warning service in time.

Sangio crosses himself.

INT. VAN - DAWN

Caress cuddles up to Erlend in her sleep. Sangio snores with his mouth wide open.

Trygg restlessly examines the TRANSFER LOGS.

The van pulls into a REST STOP.

INT. REST STOP - A LITTLE LATER

Trygg and Sangio sit at a table with integrated touch sensitive MENU SCREENS.

TRYGG  
 Maybe we should start thinking from scratch. If the Gap-Sequence is based on NPM, the data from your father's institute must have been leaked out somehow.

SANGIO  
 Pietro Alba, a former assistant to my father, copied and sold the files to a company called Grail International.

TRYGG  
 Why didn't you mention this  
 earlier?

Followed by Erlend, Caress places two SUPER SLURPIES on the  
 table.

SANGIO  
 As soon as I realized there was a  
 connection between the Gap-virus  
 and NPM, I started to inquire  
 within the institute. Everyone  
 claimed ignorance. But two hours  
 ago Pietro mailed me and...

TRYGG  
 ...admitted everything.

SANGIO  
 ...admitted everything, si.

EXT. REST STOP - EARLY MORNING

Trygg and Caress walk towards the van, leaving the restaurant  
 behind them.

TRYGG  
 Are you in love with Erlend?

CARESS  
 I think so.

TRYGG  
 It seems strange to me, but I'm  
 just happy you're happy. I'm even  
 glad that Erlend's here.

CARESS  
 (taking his hand)  
 I love you too. In a different way.

TRYGG  
 I understand.  
 (beat)  
 What about Vera?

WIDER. We now see that Erlend is walking alongside of them.

ERLEND  
 Dunno. Phh - you know, I can't live  
 like you did and...

TRYGG  
 - I think you should call her.

INT. CARLO'S APARTMENT - MORNING

INSPECTOR

We'll find these men. We use the latest technology.

He nods reassuringly, then exits the rampaged apartment.

Everything's been turned upside down. TWO POLICE OFFICERS place evidence in clear PLASTIC BAGS.

Carlo's eyes wander over the disaster-zone. His neighbor Marita compassionately hands him a CUP OF TEA.

POLICE OFFICER #1 exits.

POLICE OFFICER #2

(to Carlo, silently)

I don't think there's anything that we'll be able to do for you. They were professionals and they weren't interested in valuables.

Carlo ponders Sophia's ravaged, make-shift shrine.

EXT. NYC, BRYANT PARK - MORNING

The sun ascends over the NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY. Rajesh is doing his yoga on the lawn in front of the building.

Trygg, Caress and Erlend sit nearby with their TABLET-PCs and to-go COFFEE-CUPS. Sangio sits in a folding chair.

ERLEND

(his fingers racing across the keyboard)

Most of this seems to support the Atlanta syndicate. Some of the earliest variants seem to originate from there.

TRYGG

What are you talking about?

ERLEND

(stops typing)

Come on, they pulled off the nastiest D-DoS attack of all times in February. Ebay. They wanted twenty million!

SANGIO

Twenty... Did they get that money?

CARESS  
No. Ebay thought they could block  
them. And...

ERLEND  
- Booom!

CARESS  
Offline. For five days.

TRYGG  
That was an international spam  
ring.

ERLEND  
Yeah, but the head of that outfit  
sits in Atlanta: Fatso. He rules  
epic bot-nets.

TRYGG  
Didn't you work for him once?

ERLEND'S POV: Flashes of the GAP-SEQUENCE.

ERLEND  
Well... yes.

TRYGG  
If Atlanta turns out to be the  
wrong lead, we may not have another  
chance.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Trygg kicks open a DOUBLE DOOR. Inside, acne-sprouting  
TEENAGERS sweat over rows of computer workstations.

Trygg walks towards the centre of the warehouse. A fat, SLIMY  
MAN appears behind a DESK.

TRYGG  
Game over. Grab him!

Trygg turns to find Erlend and Caress making out like high-  
schoolers. He turns back to the desk - to face his mother.

SOPHIA  
I hate being interrupted at work.

TRYGG  
Pa told me everything. I want you  
to finally take responsibility.

SOPHIA  
 (laughing)  
 What for?

TRYGG  
 (screaming)  
 For my life!

[DEAFENINGLY LOUD: AN AIRPLANE LANDING ON A RUNWAY.]

INT. PLANE - AFTERNOON

Trygg starts to wake.

SANGIO  
 Welcome to Atlanta.

INT. HARTFIELD INTL. AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

A SERIES OF FLAT SCREENS chime together.

CNN REPORTER  
 ...and has expressed his trust in  
 Senator Brannigan with overwhelming  
 majority.

Trygg stands paralyzed. Caress and Sangio stop, noticing that  
 Trygg isn't with them.

CNN REPORTER (CONT'D)  
 The President is calling  
 Brannigan's honesty "an example for  
 a new generation of politicians."  
 His sex-site MegaMelons...

The GAP-SEQUENCE interrupts the feed.

TRYGG  
 (to Sangio)  
 Didn't you say Brannigan dug his  
 own grave? Gap is *effective!*

Sangio continues on towards the exit.

SANGIO  
 The Oxybelis Fulgidus is a snake, a  
 finger wide, six feet long and  
 green. To camouflage itself, it  
 sways in the wind like a blade of  
 grass. *That's effective.*

Erlend enters, typing into his SMARTPHONE. He turns away from  
 the screens bumping into a WOMAN, late 40s, unkempt. She is  
 entranced by the pulsating patterns of the GAP-SEQUENCE.

ERLEND

Phh - I'm sorry.

WOMAN

I walked out of the classroom today and suddenly I realized, that I'd never return again. Italy. *Un biglietto a Roma.*

ERLEND

Maybe I should start over, too.

She takes Erlend's face into her hands.

WOMAN

Cute. But you don't look happy.

She turns his head towards the MULTI SCREEN.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Look. It's a sign from God.

Erlend struggles for a moment before giving in, being transfixed by the oscillating colors of the GAP-SEQUENCE.

EXT. HARTFIELD INTL. AIRPORT - DAY

A line of TAXI waiting at the terminal. One takes off.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Erlend sits curled up between Caress and Trygg in the backseat of the cab.

ERLEND

Peachtree something. 488.

The CAB DRIVER bursts into laughter.

TAXI DRIVER

Mister, this is Atlanta. Every other street is 'Peachtree something': Peachtree Avenue, Peachtree Road, Peachtree Boulevard, Peachtree Drive...

Sangio clings tightly to the passenger side door.

CARESS

(to Erlend)

You gonna be sick again.

The driver screeches to a halt.

EXT. AIRPORT TOLLWAY MERIDIAN - SECONDS LATER

Erlend vomits onto the GRASS. Caress steadies him, while Trygg and Sangio stand by the open door of the idling taxi.

ERLEND'S POV: Gap sequence fragments dash before him.

ERLEND

I developed the Gap-virus...  
 (cleaning his mouth)  
 - with your help.

Caress looks to Trygg.

SANGIO

I beg your pardon?

ERLEND

(sinking to the grown)  
 Fatso wanted to build a new bot-net. VIRON kinda messed it all up; no-one paid for spam mail anymore. He asked me if I wanted to make ten grand, so - phh...

TAXI DRIVER (O.S.)

I'm not allowed to park here!?!!

ERLEND

The virus had to be airtight so VIRON wouldn't stand a chance. I dished Pa some sob-story to make you give me a job at NNS.

Erlend looks at his brother.

ERLEND (CONT'D)

To get hold of the necessary data from my PR-terminal was pretty easy. NNS: No Net-Security, haha.

TAXI DRIVER

What's up, people? Can we go??

Trygg mechanically takes three SILVER CASES out of the trunk and throws a 100 DOLLAR BILL in the open door.

The driver takes off, slamming the door on the move.

ERLEND

The idea for the super-worm came, when I checked out Timo's meticulously researched worst-case scenarios.

WIDE SHOT. The sun burns relentlessly onto the asphalt. Trygg and Caress stand there like powered-out robots.

SANGIO

I didn't like him from the start!!  
 (taking off his jacket)  
 How did you access the data from  
 Grail International? And why...

ERLEND

- Mom showed up one day. She said  
 that she'd put me at risk if she  
 told me any more n'yada yada...  
 Anyway, she wanted me to hack the  
 media sequence from a PNAH-server.  
 And if anything were to happen to  
 her, I had to promise to - phh -  
 publish this clip anonymously. The  
 next day she...

TRYGG

- They killed her?!

Trygg turns away and watches a departing AIRCRAFT.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

ERLEND

It would've ruined the whole plan.  
 I thought rather than going to the  
 networks, I'd just let the virus  
 spread this sequence. And then go  
 down in history as the legendary  
 'Gap-killer' - Whoooo!

CARESS

Then why didn't you just deliver a  
 completed VIRON update?

ERLEND

I couldn't stop the virus myself.  
 Besides, I was curious to see what  
 the PNAH sequence would do.

SANGIO

PNAH. The Sheik's "Project for a  
 New American History".

ERLEND

"Honesty". "History" was just the  
 public version, I guess.

CARESS  
 "Distributed Virtual Conference",  
 was that just a "public version",  
 too? What did DVC really mean? -  
 Distributed - Virus...

ERLEND  
 - Construction, yup.

Caress sits slowly on the rail, stupefied.

ERLEND(CONT'D)  
 I wouldn't have been able to pull  
 it off without you, Soberman and  
 Mickthemegadick.

TRYGG  
 (to Caress)  
 You co-created the Gap-virus?!

CARESS  
 PhalanX... Erlend gave each of us a  
 separate DVC-module to develop. We  
 wanted to create a secret network  
 within the internet. At least  
 that's what I thought.

ERLEND  
 And we did, Loki. It's just that  
 Fatso controls it. Phh - he  
 arranged the stolen key for the TC-  
 protection. If we want to stop the  
 Gap virus, we have to get to him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

INSERT STREET SIGN: PEACHTREE HILL AVENUE

A CAB speeds through a ritzy neighborhood.

EXT. FATSO'S VILLA - A LITTLE LATER

Erlend climbs out the cab, takes a careful look around, then  
 approaches a tall metal GATE.

INSERT SIGN: NO 488 - DR. F. ATSO, Esq. - PATENT LAW

As Erlend reaches for the bell, TWO FBI-AGENTS descend upon  
 him, shoving him out of view of the SECURITY CAMERA.

FBI-AGENT #1  
 FBI. You are interfering with a  
 government security operation.

FBI-AGENT #2  
We're in the process of arresting  
the author of the Gap-virus.

FBI-AGENT #1  
For fuck's sake, Dickinson! Can't  
you keep your mouth shut for...

[AUTOMATIC GATE HUMMING]

FATSO, a gangly man in his mid-fifties with a bad dye job,  
walks through the opening gate. He is in his PYJAMAS.

FATSO  
If you show up here with a heavily  
armed commando, I will  
retroactively seek compensation  
towards humane processing of my  
case. I turned myself in. There is  
no danger of absconding, gentlemen.

Suddenly DOZENS OF ARMED MEN shuffle out of from the bushes,  
clueless at how to proceed.

EXT. SKY - SUNSET

A shimmering PLANE cuts through the evening sky.

INT. AIRPLANE - CONTINUOUS

TRYGG  
It doesn't say anywhere on the  
Mockasoft pages that the ten  
million-dollar reward would be  
revoked in case of self  
denouncement.

Trygg closes his TABLET-PC and looks at Sangio, stunned.  
Caress and Erlend are talking quietly behind them.

CARESS  
(taking Erlend's hand)  
Fatso will name you for sure, if he  
hasn't already.

ERLEND  
Phh - he's only got a few of my  
anonymous e-mail addresses. But  
yeah, it's a matter of time. I  
gotta get the hell outta here.

TRYGG  
 (turning around to Erlend)  
 There has to be another solution.  
 You're about to be a father.

ERLEND  
 No, you are. I can't.

EXT. STREET MARKET - MORNING

Brannigan charges across a crowded Washington D.C. marketplace. Turner struggles to keep up.

TURNER  
 It seems this hacker PhalanX is the  
 key to everything.

BRANNIGAN  
 Find him! And tell the FBI to put  
 more pressure on Fatso, I am sure  
 he knows where this DVD went.

TURNER  
 Senator, Fatso is still under the  
 Gap-effect. He *can't* lie!

BRANNIGAN  
 (turning around)  
 And I can't lie to the Sheik about  
 your failures, Turner!

Brannigan cuts to 'HARRY'S FLIGHT SCHOOL' booth. The man behind the desk is the salesman of 'Doc Bristol's Magic Hair Growth' stand in other garment.

BRANNIGAN (CONT'D)  
 (to the man)  
 Have any spots open for today?

CLOSER. The beaming blue of his irises has vanished.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. TRYGG'S OFFICE - DAY

TRYGG'S EYES show their natural brown again as well.

TIMO (O.S.)  
 Ungrateful? Turner was pissed!

Timo stands across from Trygg, arms folded.

TRYGG  
 What's his problem? They've got  
 Fatso, they've got the TC-key...

TIMO  
 He turned himself in, Tryggie-baby!

TRYGG  
 If you call me "Tryggie-baby" one  
 more time, I'm gonna punch you in  
 the fucking throat.

Silence.

TIMO  
 Trygg, uhm... Mockasoft has some  
 new visions. They want to re-launch  
 VIRON as a stand-alone application  
 with a new look...

TRYGG  
 - What? ...and a new name.

TIMO (CONT'D)  
 Turner also proposed some internal  
 changes in the staff.

Trygg jumps up, determined.

TRYGG  
 I'm not putting up with that shit.  
 It's over. You'll get contacted  
 regarding the details, *Timo-baby*.

He rips open his suit-jacket, popping off several BUTTONS and  
 drops it into the TRASH before slamming the door behind him.

EXT. STREET CAFE - DAY

Armed with drinks, Erlend, Sangio, Rajesh and Claudia sit  
 around Caress, who is reading a letter. Wrapping paper and  
 small GIFTS cover the table.

INSERT - HAND-WRITTEN LETTER WITH MONEY: "...so the insurance  
 even had to compensate for the shack. Thank God. Be well, my  
 big girl. Your mother Clair. - P.S.: Your father loves you,  
 too."

CARESS  
 This is so...

She bursts into tears.

ERLEND  
 I gotta get outta here, Loki.

He clicks about on his SMARTPHONE.

CARESS  
Sure. Save your ass.

CLAUDIA  
Sweetie, he...

CARESS  
- Oh, would you mind your own business? He could've at least asked me to come with him.

ERLEND  
Why the fuck can't I log in?  
(throwing his smartphone  
to the table)  
Sure, you can come with me.

CARESS  
Whatever!

Trygg marches deftly towards the table - barefoot.

TRYGG  
Ladies and gentlemen, *I quit NNS.*

Silence.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
Happy birthday, Caress.

He leans down and kisses Caress on the lips.

ERLEND  
(to Caress)  
Alright! What the hell do you need  
*me* for?!

Trygg moves towards Erlend, his anger building.

TRYGG  
Don't think I forgot you fucked my wife, got her pregnant, pulled off this virus-stunt, lied to our faces and snatched another one of my lovers from under my nose!!

Trygg shoves Erlend.

TRYGG (CONT'D)	CARESS
You fucking bastard! I'll...	- Your <i>lover</i> ? Did I miss something?

Sangio starts scribbling something onto his NAPKIN.

TRYGG (CONT'D)  
 Alright, I was taking it slow.

CARESS  
 Slow? You didn't even fight for me!

TRYGG  
 I wanted you to be happy and...

ERLEND  
 - And spare you from his own stick-up-the-ass-ness-ness. Phh - I'm gonna go check on my ticket!

Erlend stands up and shoves Trygg out of his way.

CARESS  
 If you leave now, then don't bother coming back.

Erlend hesitates, then he crosses the street heading for a glass walled INTERNET CAFE.

TRYGG  
 (taking Erlend's seat)  
 See? He's such a selfish asshole!

Claudia lights up a CIGARETTE.

CLAUDIA  
 At least he's an asshole with balls.

TRYGG  
 Since when do you smoke?

CLAUDIA  
 You, on the other hand, let Timo walk all over you, then sit pouting in a corner.

TRYGG  
 I saw Mockasoft swallowing us from day one. Let Timo be Turner's bitch on his own time!

RAJESH  
 Breath, guys. Breath.

Sangio gets out his TABLET-PC and starts speeding through his data.

CARESS  
 I-this, I-that. You're just as selfish as Erlend.

Erlend's smartphone lights up, emitting a WARNING TONE.

RAJESH  
What was that?

TRYGG  
Pickin' you up at the hospital was  
all about me, too, uh?

Caress swipes a CIGARETTE. Claudia lights it for her.

CARESS  
You wanted to *score*.

TRYGG  
I was trying to save you from your  
stone-age-existence before you lost  
it completely.

CARESS  
At least in my stone-age-existence  
men knew what they wanted.

Trygg's smartphone chimes in with the WARNING TONE. Furious,  
he shuts it off.

TRYGG  
You try falling for someone who's  
got an imaginary friend. You need  
help, you know that?

Several PEDESTRIANS are dashing along in a panic.

SANGIO  
(to himself)  
Alora. - It's gone.

CARESS  
What's going on over there?!  
Erlend?! - Erlend!!!

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

INSERT PC-TERMINAL: Erlend clicks away a POP-UP WARNING.

The room is empty. Erlend makes eye-contact with Caress.

WHAMM!!!

A violent EXPLOSION instantly consumes him in and the rest of  
the cafe in a ball of fire.

BEGINNING OF MONTAGE

- SLOW-MOTION. Everyone jumps to their feet. Caress starts to run across the street, Claudia restrains her.
- Sangio checks out Erlend's smartphone, then stares at the destroyed building.
- Trygg, still barefoot, runs into the burning building.
- He drags a charred body out of the debris and places it onto the floor.
- Out of his mind, Trygg takes a piece of the rubble and hurls it at a KCKK-graffiti. He collapses, crying.
- The police tapes off the crime scene, while MEDICS carry away shapeless, black body-bags. Trygg is taken to an ambulance, his bare feet burnt and bleeding.
- Caress aimlessly runs through the streets of Columbus, which are decorated for WENDY'S 50TH ANNIVERSARY. A MAN distributing advertising-flyers hands her a PAPER FLOWER.
- Caress throws the paper flower off a BRIDGE letting it fall into the river below. She follows it with her eyes until it is out of sight.

END OF MONTAGE

FADE TO: BLACK

EXT. OLMEVIK FJORD, SWEDEN - MORNING

Atop a blooming landscape, a futuristic FOUR-STORY BUILDING has replaced Carlo and Sophia's small wooden hut.

TITLE OVER: July 7, 2024 - Olmevik, Sweden

INSERT PLATE: GIC - Gap Institute of Communication

INT. GIC LECTURE HALL - DAY

A mixed CROWD OF STUDENTS AND VISITORS observe as six participants configure themselves inside a circle.

Trygg stands apart, watching them adjust their positions. Standing opposite a HEAVY-SET MAN, a FEMALE PARTICIPANT - clad in apricot-colored garb - begins to sway.

PARTICIPANT

I'm so angry I could scream.

Trygg makes eye-contact with the heavy-set man.

TRYGG

Then do it. Scream.

PARTICIPANT

You just want the freedom to hit on other women, but you can't even admit to it! Instead you pretend to be concerned about me, when I know you don't give a shit!!

She breathes heavily.

TRYGG

Now keep the focus on yourself and let your anger out with the same intensity.

PARTICIPANT

(shaking her head)

A series of you-statements...

TRYGG

Remember the four steps: Tell him what you've specifically observed, how you feel about it, what you need. Then, ask for what you want him to do.

Silent anticipation fills the room.

PARTICIPANT

When I remember you telling me I'd only be bored if I went to that party with you, I get so angry, because I need you to love and respect me.

Trygg nods encouragingly.

PARTICIPANT (CONT'D)

That's why I would like to ask you to tell me next time, if you prefer to go somewhere alone.

The crowd and other participants smile proudly.

INT. CARLO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carlo enters throwing his newspaper onto a console overflowing with little PORCELAIN KNICK-KNACKS. The paper hits Sophia's FRAMED PHOTO, which crashes onto the floor.

MARITA (O.S.)

Carlo, is that you?

Picking up the pieces, Carlo tries to put the frame back together.

A DVD rolls out from behind the picture, stopping at Marita's feet. She stands in the kitchen door drying her hands.

INSERT - DVD: "For my beloved husband Carlo".

EXT. GIC PLAYGROUND - NOON

An OLDER GENTLEMAN with sparkling eyes watches over a horde of rambunctious KIDS.

Trygg and several participants of his lecture approach them.

Some of the kids run towards their moms and dads.

TRYGG

Elijah!

A 4-year old boy hides himself in a large TUBE.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Let's go. We want to have lunch.

ELIAH

We? You want *me* to have lunch.

TRYGG

You're right. And what do you want?

ELIAH

Keep playing!

[RINGTONE]

TRYGG

(touching a tiny headset)  
GIC Tryggve Nell, hej?

Elijah comes howling out of the tube.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Who is this? - Dad!?  
(he checks his watch)  
You are supposed to sleep.

Trygg listens smiling before his expression freezes.

INT. COLUMBUS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Trygg and Elijah emerge from BAGGAGE CLAIM. Elijah flies into his mother Vera's arms, carrying a BLOBBY ITEM.

ELIAH  
 Mommy, Mommy! Uncle Trygg bought me  
 a whoopee-cushion!

VERA  
 How nice. And how was Sweden?

ELIAH  
 No video games, but it smells  
 honeyly.

Trygg kisses Vera on the cheek.

TRYGG  
 Hi Vera. Next time Eliah can stay  
 for two whole weeks. I promise.

INT. CARLO'S LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The curtains are drawn. Carlo and Marita are seated on the  
 sofa. Trygg slides the DVD into a slot at Carlo's TV-SET.

INSERT ON-SCREEN TITLES: PNAH LOGO - recorded by AR6 -  
 6/8/2019 4:15pm - Status: self-deleting

VIDEO RECORDING. Seated behind her desk in the PNAH-  
 laboratory, Sophia Nell nervously adjusts the camera.

SOPHIA  
 Dear Carlo, my dear sons Erlend and  
 Trygg. I've arranged for this to be  
 sent out to you, if anything...  
 (smiling awkwardly)  
 - I hope you didn't break the nice  
 frame?

She pulls herself together.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)  
 Since 2012 I work for one of the  
 Sheik's main projects. As you might  
 know by now, we have found ways to  
 optimize the human brain with  
 audiovisual sequences. By mistake I  
 received an e-mail proving that  
 Senator Brannigan has been misusing  
 our sequences to conduct illegal  
 interrogations. He is gathering  
 sensitive information about the  
 Sheik in order to turn his own  
 people against him. My attempts to  
 inform the Sheik have been  
 discovered.

JUMP CUT. Sophia now has her hair tied back.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I have asked Erlend to publish one of our sequences if I don't pull through. Its effects will fade after about 60 hours. Once this period is over, they can not be trained again. Only a specific De-Termination Routine is able to recover the effects, but it will also render them irreversible. A copy of this routine is saved on this DVD, protected by a 896 bit key-phrase.

(beat)

Tryggve, *min store pojke*. This key-phrase is what I could never really tell you.

Trygg moves toward the screen, tears welling up in his eyes.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

A LINE OF PEOPLE curl around a few book shelves.

INSERT BOOK-COVER: "The Vision of Gap". A hand opens the stocky book and signs it with "R. Sangio".

TRYGG (O.S.)

Thank you. A fascinating story, albeit of poor literary quality.

Sangio looks up and cracks a big smile. He hugs Trygg.

EXT. CHEZ AMAND - LATER

Sangio delivers his best Renato Carosone impression - through his WINE and ANTI-PASTA.

SANGIO

(singing)

Tu vuo fa l'americano, 'mericano,  
'mericano

(cracking himself up)

I had enough of those stuffed shirts at the university anyway.

TRYGG

I am so glad you made it.

SANGIO

My agent is extraordinary. He pushed Toronto to August and booked 3 readings 'round here in no time!

Trygg takes a sip of his HERBAL TEA.

TRYGG

It's funny, you know, I'd finally put the whole thing behind me.

SANGIO

(hushed)

We must be very, very careful. This DVD proves an American intrigue was behind the Sheik's assassination.

TRYGG

Yeah, but it was the Sheik's clan that did Brannigan's dirty work!

SANGIO

Send the peace-makers to heaven, we prefer to stay in hell.

(taking a gulp of wine)

The key-phrase, can it be cracked?

TRYGG

Erlend could have done it.

SANGIO

Mhm. - And Caress!?

Trygg focuses on the air ahead of him.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

You haven't seen her since...?

TRYGG

(shaking his head)

Claudia's in touch with her. She said Caress just left Columbus for her parents' farm. Some sort of emergency.

EXT. FIELD - AFTERNOON

Caress and Walter McIvan stand in front of a field overgrown with fatally ill, GREY-BROWN WHEAT STALKS. Off to the side, a weather-beaten sign reads "MONSEEDO - 'MON' PERFECT SEED".

CARESS

We call this type of genetically modified seed "Junkie T-GURT". Long-term simulations showed quite similar results.

WALTER

Why didn't you tell me?

CARESS  
 Would you have listened?

Walter turns away to survey his devastated field.

WALTER  
 What am I supposed to do now?

CARESS  
 At this degree of contamination?  
 Best you can do is scrape off the  
 topsoil and dump it in Lake Erie.

WALTER  
 120 acres worth?

CARESS  
 Dad, this was a joke. - There's a  
 huge class-action law-suit against  
 Monseedo. Call a lawyer.

WALTER  
 Pickwick suggested going for wind-  
 generators.

CARESS  
 It's all the rage in Europe.

WALTER  
 I don't know anything about 'em.

CARESS  
 You'll pick it up. It's never too  
 late to start something new.

TRYGG (O.S.)  
 - Or to finish up something old.

Caress spins around to Trygg and Sangio. Their SPACE-AGE  
 VEHICLE is parked behind Walter's old JEEP.

INT. MOCKASOFT CAFETERIA - SUNSET

Turner looks down at his shiny MOCKASOFT-TRAY, at an  
 assortment of FRUIT, YOGHURT and AVOCADO SALAD.

He takes a seat and begins to pick at his food.

[SOUND SIGNAL]

From inside the table a thin SCREEN starts to float up,  
 tipping away a tray of leftovers.

A BORED EMPLOYEE fills the screen.

EMPLOYEE

Boss, we just found a blacklisted routine - 896 bit encryption, created 2019 - in a DVD-directory on a system in Columbus, Ohio.

TURNER

(electrified)

Get me a closed line to the President. Code: Stove Pipe.

Turner pushes his tray aside diving into someone's left-over CHOCOLATE MOUSSE.

EXT. NNS BUILDING - MORNING

The window cleaner is on his way up, singing.

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We are in Trygg's former office, an ELECTRIC GUITAR and a comfortable SOFA are now in front of the panoramic window.

Sangio sits in front of an opaque SCREEN displaying the GAP-SEQUENCE. He nervously looks around. Trygg, Caress, Claudia and Timo are behind him.

SANGIO

I have a bad feeling about this.

CARESS

You're the only who can still be infected.

TRYGG

She means effected.

Caress giggles in the background.

SANGIO

If we succeed... You know, I don't want the Gap-effect to stay for the rest of my life.

TRYGG

You'll be part of that decision.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

President Brannigan sits behind the ANTIQUE DESK of his predecessors in a slightly modernized office.

BRANNIGAN

This DVD was undoubtedly meant to surface much sooner than it did.

TURNER

AR6 must have hidden it too well.

BRANNIGAN

Perhaps she wasn't entirely sure herself, whether the permanence of the "Sheik-effect" was such a great idea after all.

Turner stretches out on the sofa.

TURNER

Maybe that's something she covered inside this video-memo.

BRANNIGAN

Excuse me?

TURNER

There's a PNAH video-memo. On this DVD.

BRANNIGAN

You moron! Whatever she recorded there could mean serious trouble for us. I want this DVD destroyed! Yesterday!!

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - DAY

Sangio sits leisurely draped over the edge of the SOFA, his brown eyes now show a beaming blue.

SANGIO

After my father was denied further funding for the NPM research, he started drinking and propositioning his female students until they sent him into early retirement.

He pulls off his curly toupee.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

My father's bad reputation stuck to me like dog-shit. I was finally hired as head of the science-library of Bologna.

Trygg, Caress, Timo and Claudia stare at him, baffled.

CLAUDIA  
So what does this all mean?

CARESS  
That he was never actually a  
professor.

TRYGG  
I never forgot that snake swaying  
in the wind like a blade of grass.  
Do you still believe in the  
efficiency of camouflage?

SANGIO  
(shrugging)  
Maybe we should leave that up to  
the animals.

EXT. NNS BUILDING - LATER THAT DAY

ARMED FORCES silently surround the building.

SNIPERS take position on the roof of neighboring buildings.

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sangio analyses Sophia's video-memo on the COMPUTER SCREEN.

SOPHIA  
Tryggve, *min store pojke*. This key-  
phrase is what I could never really  
tell you.

Timo lugs himself around awkwardly, then points at his desk.

TIMO  
I really need to... uhm...

Claudia throws him an evil look.

TIMO (CONT'D)  
- Never mind. I'll just use a  
different...

Timo exits.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN: Sangio backs up the video a bit.

SOPHIA  
...I could never really tell you.

SANGIO

Alora. Can you imagine a message that your mother was never able to tell you?

TRYGG

Hmm. Something like... - no, forget it.

SANGIO

Does it seem ridiculous for you to verbalize what you always wanted to hear her say?

EXT. NNS ENTRANCE - LATER

Timo, the window cleaner and other employees are escorted out of the building in HAND-CUFFS and freighted onto BUSSES. Their mouths have been taped shut.

INT. COMMANDO LEADER'S BUS - CONTINUOUS

Turner sits nervously in the HIGH-TECH COCKPIT of a luxuriously padded vehicle. The COMMANDO LEADER orchestrates his team's movements via computer.

COMMANDO LEADER

Building cleared. - Players on the 10th floor isolated. - We're ready to go.

TURNER

Excellent. Then...

The commando leader turns around, ready to push the button.

TURNER (CONT'D)

- No, wait... We'd better extract the disc and the key-phrase in one piece.

COMMANDO LEADER

Excuse me, but the President's order was "destroy the DVD".

TURNER

President Brannigan has further detailed his plans with myself.

The commando leader looks at him skeptically.

TURNER (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with code Stove-Pipe?

COMMANDO LEADER

Yes, but...

TURNER

- I'm at the other end.

Reluctantly, the commando leader gives his unit new orders.

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Trygg is lying on the sofa with his eyes closed.

SANGIO

Just let yourself fall into it.  
Which version makes your heart  
beat?

CLAUDIA

(reading)

I am glad to be your mother.

Sangio stares at Trygg. Trygg shrugs.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

I am happy and proud that you are  
my son.

Trygg lies motionless.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

I have always loved you, even if I  
could never express it.

The corners of Trygg's mouth begin to quiver.

SANGIO

Yes? - Perfetto! Caress, could you  
please calculate all permutations  
of this sentence?

CARESS

I'll try using Loki's speech-  
engine. I think it survived.

Caress pulls out the LOKI-DVD she is wearing around her neck.

EXT. ROOFTOP - OPPOSITE BUILDING - LATER

A SECOND UNIT moves in, while members of the first unit  
loosen their stiff joints.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Turner is sweating bullets.

TURNER  
We're waiting.

He reaches for his mouth-spray. It's empty.

COMMANDO LEADER  
How much longer, Mr. Turner? It's  
sheer luck we haven't been  
discovered yet.

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Caress compares various key-phrases on the computer.

CARESS  
Given the required length of the  
key-phrase, only two of these  
variations apply: "Even though I  
couldn't show it to you, I always  
loved you." and "I always loved  
you, even though I couldn't show it  
to you."

Claudia stands in front of the PANORAMIC WINDOW, smoking a  
cigarette. As the ashes drop to the floor, she looks down.

CLAUDIA'S POV: MASKED FIGURES below hug the walls of the  
building. Claudia screams.

CLAUDIA  
There!!

SANGIO  
(to Caress)  
- Try the second one. Now!

INT. COMMANDO LEADER'S BUS - SECONDS LATER

COMMANDO LEADER  
Data unlocked. De-Termination  
Routine started.

TURNER  
Go!

INT. TIMO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Glass from the PANORAMIC WINDOW rains down like a waterfall of tiny pieces.

ARMED MEN swing in from above.

MEN

Freeze! - Hands up! - Get down on the ground.

UNIT LEADER

No-one moves!! - You!

He points at Sangio.

UNIT LEADER (CONT'D)

I want you to move towards the computer - very slowly - and take out the DVD.

Sangio carefully starts in the direction of the computer, but Caress blocks his way.

SANGIO

Caress, that's very brave of you, but these men are nervous and that makes them dangerous.

He looks at Caress steadily until she gives way. Sangio stops the OSCILLATING PATTERNS of the De-Termination Routine on the screen and takes the DISC out of the computer.

UNIT LEADER

Very Good. Now give it to me.

Sangio slowly moves toward the unit leader who extends his hand to accept the DVD. At that moment, Sangio hurls the disc out of the decimated window.

In a knee-jerk reaction TWO OF THE MEN open fire on the DVD, pulverizing it in the process.

Awkward Silence.

EXT. GIC GARDEN - NIGHT

A cocktail party is in full swing. There is a BUFFET and small tables are scattered about.

Trygg and Caress are standing in front of a large BON-FIRE along with Claudia, a few professors and some students.

CARESS

Brain wash? The Gap-Sequence was the Sheik's greatest project aside from the Temple of Three Religions!

TRYGG

I have no doubt about the Sheik's honorable intentions, but would he have asked people before applying this... tranquilizer?

CLAUDIA

If you ask you'll get answers.

TRYGG

So do you guys think it's OK to manipulate millions and make them into what you think is better?

CARESS

It's been a chance for us to quit fighting each other, hidden behind a mask of fear.

TRYGG

That's the other side of the coin.

He throws a piece of wood into the fire.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Caress, the GIC could really use a qualified biologist like yourself. What about...

CARESS

- I promised Walter to help him re-structure our farm.

CLAUDIA

Ya need a good secretary? Timo's really getting on my nerves.

TRYGG

Yes, sure. Maybe. Um, I'd just have to... - Excuse me.

Carlo and Marita walk up the hill.

Trygg meets them half-way, hugging both of them.

TRYGG (CONT'D)

Welcome to GIC!

Carlo looks around, impressed.

CARLO

You really turned this piece of gravel around. Olmevik Fjord. How long has it been...?

At that moment, Sangio fights his way to the top of the hill - without his ridiculous wiglet on.

SANGIO

Hey, buona sera!

He walks towards them and hands Caress a PRESENT.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

Happy birthday, Ms. McIvan.

CARESS

Thank you so much.

TRYGG

Perfect timing, Sangio. We're about to have a moment of silence. In  
(he looks at his watch)  
12 minutes it will be 5 years.

SANGIO

Erlend. Yes.

The conversation stops for a moment.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

I've got something for you, too.

Sangio hands Trygg a small flat package. Trygg opens it to find a DVD. THE DVD.

TRYGG

How... ?

SANGIO

The Orca whales from the vicinity of the Hermite Islands have developed a specific strategy: They throw a seal carcass high into the air and rip it. The other seals think the hunt is over and relax. A fatal mistake.

Sangio cracks a triumphant grin.

SANGIO (CONT'D)

The proxy in Columbus was a "War of the Worlds" DVD I bought in Chinatown for a dollar.

TRYGG

You devil.

Sangio "magically" produces a DVD from his sleeve while making another one vanish.

SANGIO

I just wanted to let some time pass.

Trygg takes the DVD out of its case and watches as the reflected flames dance across its SHINY SURFACE.

TRYGG

(to Caress)

Of course I think it's good to open up and allow our battered egos to relax. But sometimes we need our aggressive potential, regardless.

CARESS

What for?

TRYGG

Passion. Intensity. Love.

Lowering the DVD, he looks deep into Caress's greenish eyes.

She understands. Slowly, she slips off her Loki-DVD.

SANGIO

Wait, wait! Please!! You- you said I was part of this decision?!

Trygg and Caress simultaneously throw both DVDs into the fire. They erupt in BLUE-GREEN FLAMES.

TRYGG

I lied.

Caress takes his hand, firmly.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END