

SNEAKERS

by

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FOR EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES ONLY

EXT. COLLEGE - NIGHT

Snow falls gently on the grounds. In the background, a dignified eighteenth-century classroom building is softly lit by outdoor lights. A single light, on the second floor, is still burning. The opening credits continue to be assembled randomly, sans anagrams.

Dan Aykroyd Ben Kingsley Mary McDonnell River Phoenix Sidney Poitier David Strathairn

MARTY (V.O.)

Four six nine nine four zero two,
transfer to five three zero one one
three eight.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

The forty-column display is connected to the United States Treasury Department, and shows the transaction taking place. \$25,000.

COSMO

What did we just do?

MARTY

The Republican party just made a
generous donation to the Black
Panthers.

The camera pans across the terminal, the dial telephone resting in the acoustic coupler modem.

COSMO

Far out!

MARTY

Right on.

COSMO

Who's next?

MARTY

Let's see... oooh...

Marty shuffles through some printouts.

MARTY

Richard Nixon's personal chequing
account is in here.

The camera continues to pan around the late-sixties equipment in the room, looking up to the huge nine-track tape drive. Empty chinese food boxes litter the room - something that hasn't changed among hackers in thirty years.

COSMO
(with slight sarcasm)
Ooo, this is a challenge. Marty, we
have to find somebody truly worthy
to give his money to. How about...
the National Association to Legalize
Marijuana.

MARTY
Perfect!

COSMO
Now, how much should he give?

MARTY
He's a generous man. I'd say... all
he's got!

COSMO
Yeah!

Cosmo thinks for a split second, and changes his tone.

COSMO
Marty, you are sure we will not get
into trouble for this.

MARTY
Cosmo! Trust me.

EXT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Police officers drive slowly through the snow, and listen to
instructions on the radio.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

COSMO
Posit. The Phone Company has too
much money.

MARTY
Oh, good one.

COSMO
Consequence.

MARTY
Uh, they're corrupt. Result?

COSMO
The system perpetuates itself at the
expense of the people. Conclusion?

MARTY

Ma Bell needs to donate some money.

COSMO

We're going to change the world,
Marty.

MARTY

I just wish we could get course credit
for this.

He gets up.

MARTY

Gawsh! You got it. You want some
food?

Cosmo swivels around, and holds out a coin.

COSMO

Loser goes.

Cosmo hides the coin in one of his hands, and makes it look
pretty obvious which one. He holds out both fists.

MARTY

I never lose!

He indicates Cosmo's left hand. Cosmo dramatically unfolds
it, revealing no coin.

Marty Groans. Cosmo chuckles. Marty starts to leave.

COSMO

Pepperoni pizza, please. Shaken,
not stirred.

MARTY

Power to the people, Cos.

COSMO

Power to the people, Marty.

They both make half hearted fist gestures. Marty exits.

COSMO

One cannot trust anybody these days.

EXT. COLLEGE - NIGHT

Marty emerges from the front door and walks off into the
snowy night. He climbs into his snow-encrusted microbus,
but it won't start.

MARTY

Don't do this!

Marty notices the flashing red police lights through the snow on his windows. He rolls down a window and watches as police and trenchcoated men pull up and run into the building.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM

Cosmo is working at the terminal. He hears a noise. He gets up and walks across to the window. Marty is down below, trying to signal Cosmo but it's too late. The police grab Cosmo and pull him away.

COSMO

Marty! Marty! Wait! Wait!

Cosmo struggles, kicking out a window pane.

Marty runs off into the night. The snow turns into static on a TV screen.

INT. SNEAKER VAN - PRESENT DAY (1992)

CREASE

Martin? Martin?

Donald Crease is trying to wake up a now-older Marty Bishop. He shakes his shoulder.

CREASE

Martin? Martin?

Bishop wakes up.

CREASE

It's time.

BISHOP

How are we doing?

CREASE

Carl's in position on the fire escape.
Mother's in the cable vault. Whistler
is reading.

Whistler reads. In braille.

A noise sounds.

Whistler quickly puts away what he was reading. It's the braille edition of Playboy.

WHISTLER

We're up!

BISHOP
What's with the lobby?

CREASE
Still just the one guard.

WHISTLER
(into his headset)
OK, Mother, try the ones coming off
the blue trunk.

Bishop looks out the van through binoculars, across the street
and into a building. A security guard looks around.

More noises sound.

WHISTLER
Mmmm, nope. Try the ones coming off
the white trunk, Mother, these don't
sound right.

Bishop looks down, to a manhole where Mother is working.

More tones sound.

EXT. MANHOLE

WHISTLER
(over headset)
No.

MOTHER
They even got photos of the guy
leaving the embassy through the back
service entrance. Hey Crease, you
on?

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE
Yeah, I'm on.

MOTHER
Were you still in CIA in '72?

CREASE
Yep, why?

MOTHER
Did you know the deputy director of
planning was down in Managua,
Nicaragua the day before the
earthquake?

CREASE
(annoyed)
Now what are you saying, the CIA
caused the Managua earthquake?

MOTHER
Well, I can't prove it... but...

Crease hangs up his mic.

CREASE
I can't talk to that guy.

Tones continue to sound.

WHISTLER
Hold on, Mother, go back one.

A tone we just heard sounds again.

WHISTLER
Bingo!

EXT. MANHOLE

MOTHER
Securing bridge clips.

Mother attaches the clips.

MOTHER
Preparing to sever master alarm
circuit. Five... four...

INT. SECURITY STATION

A lone security guard is watching television. A security panel in the distance briefly flashes a red light, which the guard barely notices before it's "green" again. He goes on watching television.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bishop and Crease leave the van and run across the street. The building is a large bank. They reach the fire escape where Carl is stationed.

CREASE
Nice bank.

BISHOP
You wouldn't believe what I had to
go through just to get a safe deposit
box.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

The camera pans across dozens of boxes. There is a loud, ominous ticking. Box 589 begins smoking.

INT. SECURITY STATION

An alarm sounds. The security guard is startled and knocks the TV off the counter.

INT. FIRE ESCAPE DOOR

Carl, Bishop, and Crease enter the building through the fire escape.

INT. SECURITY STATION

The security guard frantically searches through a procedure manual.

INT. BANK FLOOR

The three run down through the main customer lobby of the bank. Bishop falls trying to jump the counter. Crease helps him up.

BISHOP

Oh shit! We're getting too old for this.

INT. SECURITY STATION

The security guard gets on the phone.

SECURITY CHIEF

(on phone)
Lifeguard Security.

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, I got a fire at Centurion Bank!

SECURITY CHIEF

Yeah, we've got the alarm. Are there any secondary indications? Smoke, or flame?

The security guard looks around.

SECURITY GUARD

Sm... uh, no.

SECURITY CHIEF

Probably a false alarm. We've been getting them in your area all night. See if it resets.

SECURITY GUARD
Oh man, I don't know.

INT. BANK ELECTRICAL ROOM

The three reach a small room and start looking behind panels. They come to one with a lot of wires behind it.

BISHOP
You're sure you know which one to cut?

CARL
Yes! The alarm's always the green one.

He cuts a wire. All the lights go out.

BISHOP
Good, Carl.

INT. SECURITY STATION

SECURITY GUARD
Hey, man, I'm not waiting any longer, I'm calling the fire...

The alarm abruptly stops.

SECURITY GUARD
Oh. It uh... stopped. Sorry.

SECURITY CHIEF
Hey, no problem. And, uh, son...

SECURITY GUARD
Sir?

INT. SNEAKER VAN

The "Security Chief" is actually Whistler, back in the van!

WHISTLER
Good work.

SECURITY GUARD
Thank you, Sir.

Whistler gets back on the radio.

WHISTLER
All yours, Bish.

Crease is now hacking at a bank terminal. Bishop looks on.

CREASE

So. How much do you want?

INT. BANK - DAY

A teller carefully places ten-thousand dollar wads of money in a briefcase.

TELLER

Eighty thousand. Ninety thousand.
One hundred thousand.

BISHOP

Okay!

TELLER

May I ask why you're closing your account with us today, sir?

BISHOP

Well, I just had this weird feeling that my money wasn't safe here anymore.

Bishop walks off, past a security guard and up the stairs and into a boardroom overlooking the bank floor. Several executives are waiting for him. He puts the briefcase down on the table and starts dramatically slapping ten-thousand dollar wads of money down in front of them.

BISHOP

Gentlemen, your communication lines are vulnerable, your fire exits need to be monitored, your rent-a-cops are a tad undertrained. Outside of that everything seems to be just fine. You'll be getting our full report and analysis in a few days but first, who's got my cheque?

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

A cheque is carefully typed out.

SECRETARY

So, people hire you to break into their places to make sure no one can break into their places?

BISHOP

It's a living.

SECRETARY

Not a very good one.

She gives Bishop the cheque.

BISHOP

Thank you.

Bishop leaves with his cheque.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Two guys watch Bishop from a parked car.

GUY

Is that him?

OTHER GUY

Oh yeah. It's him.

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES OFFICES - DAY

Carl hurriedly marches across the room.

BISHOP

Who's got the report for the bank
sneak?

MOTHER

I'm going to type it up later.

CREASE

You are?

MOTHER

We haven't paid the typist since
January, so it's either me or
Whistler.

CREASE

Better Whistler.

CARL

We've got customers.

BISHOP

Shoes?

CARL

Expensive.

BISHOP

Look busy, guys.

Bishop straightens his tie and takes off to the waiting room.

INT. WAITING ROOM

GORDON
Mr. Bishop! Dick Gordon.

He and Bishop shake hands.

BISHOP
Hi!

GORDON
(indicating his
associate)
Buddy Wallace.

Bishop and Wallace shake hands.

BISHOP
Hi.

WALLACE
Hi.

GORDON
We've heard a lot of great things
about you.

BISHOP
They're all true!

Gordon laughs.

BISHOP
Thanks, Carl. Uh, gentlemen, why
don't we go to the conference room,
and you can tell us how we can help
you, huh?

GORDON
Good!

They move to the conference room. Bishop motions for them
to have a seat.

BISHOP
So, here uh...

GORDON
Before we begin, uh, there's something
we'd like to clear up.

Bishop closes the door.

GORDON

Most firms of this type are staffed with ex-law enforcement types, but your team, it's, uh...

Bishop smiles and finishes his sentence.

BISHOP

I know... kind of different.

WALLACE

Yes, you are.

Bishop is caught off guard as Wallace finally speaks.

WALLACE

Darren Roskow. Also known as "Mother".

The camera pans across to Mother working on an inspecific piece of equipment. Wallace continues.

WALLACE

Eighteen months at Dannemora for breaking and entering.

BISHOP

Yeah, he was framed. He's got the best hands in the business.

WALLACE

Carl Arbogast. Age nineteen. Caught breaking into the Oakland City School District computer to change his grades.

BISHOP

I know! We're the ones who caught him!

WALLACE

Irwin Emery. Also known as "Whistler."

BISHOP

Yeah, yeah, I know. He had some little problem with the phone company.

WALLACE

Sixty-two counts?

BISHOP

Okay, you want law enforcement? How about Donald Crease? Twenty-two year veteran of the CIA.

WALLACE

Terminated! 1987. Why was that?

BISHOP

I don't know, I think maybe a personality conflict. Who are you guys?

GORDON

Relax, Marty! We have to check on these things, it's just that everybody on your team has had some sort of problem in their past.

WALLACE

And then there's Martin Bishop.

An uncomfortably pregnant pause. Finally Wallace reveals an empty file folder.

WALLACE

He doesn't seem to have a past.

BISHOP

Ah. Sorry to waste your time, gentlemen. I don't work for the government.

GORDON

We know.

Gordon walks up to Bishop and shows his ID.

GORDON

National Security Agency.

BISHOP

Ah. You're the guys I hear breathing on the other end of my phone.

GORDON

No, that's the FBI. We're not chartered for domestic surveillance.

BISHOP

Oh, I see. You just overthrow governments. Set up friendly dictators.

GORDON

(smiling)

No, that's the CIA. We protect our government's communications, we try to break the other fella's codes. We're the good guys, Marty.

BISHOP

Gee, I can't tell you what a relief that is, Dick.

WALLACE

All right, that's enough. Let's go.

Wallace and Gordon get up to leave. Wallace leaves immediately.

GORDON

If you change your mind, call us at this number.

Gordon hands Bishop a wrinkled scrap of paper with a number hastily scribbled on it. He looks Bishop straight in the eye.

GORDON

Mr. Brice.

Bishop looks up at him, surprised. Gordon looks back, with a "no shit" look on his face.

Gordon leaves. Bishop unfolds the paper. It's a "Wanted" poster for Martin Brice - now Martin Bishop - with his picture from 1969.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Martin Bishop parks his car and crosses the street. A panhandler gets his attention.

PANHANDLER

Spare a quarter? Help me out? The government's taken away my home.

BISHOP

(indicating an election
campaign poster on
the wall behind)

Talk to him!

Bishop tosses him a coin.

INT. NSA OFFICE

WALLACE

Well! If it isn't Robin Hood.

BISHOP

You know, I could have joined the NSA. But I found out my parents were married!

Wallace is visibly upset by this. Gordon stops him.

GORDON

Hey, heyheyhey, we're all friends here, alright? Easy, easy.

(To Bishop)

Want some coffee or something?

BISHOP

No.

GORDON

Buddy, is that Janek's file?

Wallace puts down a file folder and opens it.

WALLACE

Yeah. Janek's file.

GORDON

This is a mathematician, named Dr. Gunter Janek. Works at a think tank called the Coolidge Institute. Specializes in large number theory, prime numbers, factoring.

BISHOP

Cryptography.

GORDON

Very good! Last month, the good doctor gets a grant, three hundred eighty thousand dollars, way out of profile for a guy like that. It's our job to be curious, so we traced the money. Guess where it comes from.

BISHOP

I know you're not going to say Russia.

GORDON

Yeah!

BISHOP

Huh. Give me a break. We won, they lost, you know? It's been in a couple of papers.

GORDON

Yeah, we still spy on them, they still spy on us.

WALLACE

We intercepted a fax last week.

WALLACE

Here. They're making some kind of box.

(he shrugs)

A little black box.

GORDON

The project is called "Setec Astronomy"... We don't know what "Setec" stands for...

BISHOP

Security Technology...

GORDON

Sensor Techniques, who knows. Anyway it may mean nothing, or it may be something, we need to know.

WALLACE

And your job is to find that little black box and let us take a look at it.

BISHOP

Yeah. No way.

GORDON

Sorry, Marty, we don't have a lot of choice here.

BISHOP

Do it yourself.

WALLACE

We can't!

BISHOP

Why not?

WALLACE

By law, we're not allowed or equipped to do this kind of operation.

BISHOP

Well, then get the FBI.

Wallace chuckles.

WALLACE

Yeah, right. FBI.

GORDON

The FBI can't work for us without approval from a congressional oversight committee.

WALLACE

We don't have the time.

BISHOP

So why me?

GORDON

Frankly, because we...

Bishop cuts him off.

BISHOP

Frankly.

GORDON

Marty, sit down, please.

Gordon and Bishop sit.

GORDON

Frankly, because it's kind of illegal. You've managed to stay underground for more than twenty years, that tells us you know how not to get caught.

WALLACE

We know you can keep your mouth shut.

GORDON

The job pays \$175,000, payable on delivery.

WALLACE

You can... distribute it among the poor if you like.

BISHOP

Pass.

GORDON

We also clean up your record. Quash the outstanding warrant for your arrest.

WALLACE

Your pal Cosmo got twelve years. That was without "Flight to evade prosecution."

GORDON

We all know what happened to him in there.

Bishop pauses uneasily.

BISHOP

And if I say no?

WALLACE

Don't say no.

GORDON

What good would you do anybody in prison?

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES OFFICES - EVENING

CREASE

I don't believe this. You lied to us all these years! Even lied to us about your name!

BISHOP

Sorry, okay? I'm sorry fellas, I'm sorry, but when you're wanted by the feds, you don't exactly go around telling everybody about it, okay?

CREASE

We are not "everybody", Martin, we are your partners, you tell us.

BISHOP

Fine. Exactly why was it you had to leave the CIA?

With a foul look on his face, Crease turns his back on Bishop.

BISHOP

We all have our little secrets, don't we? Look, you guys have a decision to make. This is not a test, the penetration is live, the target is unaware.

CREASE

Sneaking a foreign intelligence service that might kill us to keep us out is not what we do.

BISHOP

The probable level of security is very low.

BISHOP

But if you guys don't want to take that chance just to keep me out of jail, fine, I understand, I'll do it.

WHISTLER

Well, Bish, I can't speak for the other guys, but I'm in it for the money, I don't care if you go to jail.

CARL

Me neither. I'm in.

MOTHER

Uh... could we maybe just go back to the "they might kill us" part?

BISHOP

Mother, if I thought that was likely to happen, I wouldn't bring this to you. But there is a risk!

WHISTLER

And it pays \$175,000!

MOTHER

I'm in.

CREASE

You guys will be chalk outlines without me. All right, what do we need?

Crease low-fives Whistler on his way back to the group.

BISHOP

All right, we start with a very light surveillance, level three, first sign of babysitters, we back off. Now this guy's giving a lecture tomorrow at UC, in the afternoon, I'm going to be there and checking him out. Okay? Any questions?

No one has any questions.

BISHOP

Okay, let's do it.

Everyone gets up and starts to go home.

CREASE

For the lecture, do you want to take
Whistler, or do you want me to go?

BISHOP

Uh, no, no, that's okay, I thought
I'd ask Liz.

Everyone stops in their tracks and turns around.

Bishop notices after a few seconds and looks up.

EXT. MUSIC CONSERVATORY - DAY

Piano music plays in the background. Children file across a
grass quadrangle.

INT. MUSIC CONSERVATORY

Liz is supervising a young student, who is playing
brilliantly. The girl notices Bishop approaching and stops.

GIRL

Who's this?

LIZ

Sort of an old friend.
(in a hammy Teutonic
accent)
Practice! Practice, practice!

The girl giggles and leaves.

BISHOP

Hi.

LIZ

We're not getting back together.

BISHOP

Did I say anything?

LIZ

You will.

BISHOP

I'm here on business, Liz.

She goes around the room and starts collecting music from
the racks.

LIZ

Bishop, you don't have a business.
You have a club! A boy's club.

LIZ
You have a little club house, you
probably have a secret handshake...

BISHOP
Liz, I need your help.

LIZ
I will not be dragged back into your
world. I have a new group of gifted
children now and I like the fact
that they're under thirty. Excuse
me.

BISHOP
There's a mathematician named Gunter
Janek. You know him?

Liz is now shooin'g Bishop out the door.

LIZ
I've read him. Now go away!

BISHOP
Well he's giving a master's lecture
at 3:30... now I...

LIZ
How nice for him!

She shuts the door, with Bishop behind.

Bishop opens the door and comes back in.

BISHOP
I thought I'd buy you dinner after.

LIZ
I am not going out with you!

BISHOP
This isn't a date, dummy, this is a
scientific exploration, a tutorial.
I need you.

Liz looks at him doubtfully.

BISHOP
To explain it to me.

LIZ
Read a book!

She starts to go.

BISHOP

They've found me, Liz.

She stops in her tracks.

BISHOP

The government found me. They offered me a deal. If I take their offer, they clear my record and I can get my name back.

LIZ

You and I are not getting back together.

BISHOP

Hey, don't flatter yourself!

LIZ

Pick me up at 3.

She leaves.

BISHOP

Yes!

INT. LECTURE HALL

Gunter Janek is giving his lecture. He is covered with cryptographic and mathematical figures from an overhead projector. He exudes confidence in his subject matter; he clearly has a talent for putting on a presentation.

JANEK

While the number field sieve is the best method currently known, there exists an intriguing possibility for a far more elegant approach...

Bishop and Liz watch as he continues his lecture.

BISHOP

This guy's good.

LIZ

Sh.

JANEK

...and hence contained in a single cyclotomic field. Using the Arden map, we might introduce homomorphisms for the principal orders within each of these fields...

BISHOP
You seeing anybody?

LIZ
Sh. This isn't just about large number theory, it's about cryptography.

BISHOP
Oh. You mean codes?

LIZ
I mean unbreakable codes.

JANEK
...It would be a breakthrough of gaussian proportions and allow us to acquire the solution in a dramatically more efficient manner.

LIZ
Are you seeing anybody?

JANEK
So far, no one has been able to accomplish such constructions... yet.

LATER - INT. RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Janek is now discussing his ideas with attendees over a buffet table, with all the confidence and showmanship of his lecture.

JANEK
The numbers are so unbelievably big, that all the computers in the world could not break them down. But maybe... just maybe... there's a shortcut.

LIZ
I'll bet you anything he's found it. If he has, you're in over your head. I'll get my coat.

She goes to get her coat. Someone else notices Bishop.

GREG
Martin!

Bishop acknowledges.

GREG
Martin, how wonderful to see you!

BISHOP

Hi, Greg, how are you.

GREG

Is it not fabulous? Today I can, in public, come and learn your scientists' new secrets! Alas, I did not understand one bit what he was talking about.

Bishop is visibly distracted, but it's phoney - he's trying to get Greg to look the other way. Greg doesn't, and notices Liz.

GREG

At least ... Goodness, can it be? Elizabeth!

BISHOP

Oh yeah, right... she's dying to talk to you too, Greg.

GREG

Excuse me. Elizabeth... Elizabeth!

LIZ

Hello, Greg!

GREG

Elizabeth and Martin. My heart leaps like gazelle to see you back together again.

Greg helps her with her coat.

LIZ

Tell it to stop leaping, we are not back together.

GREG

Ah. Oh, what a pity. Wait, I have smashing idea. Martin! Martin! Kiev String Quartet plays at the consulate on thursday night, you will be my guests!

BISHOP

Really, Greg, I wouldn't know how to repay you.

GREG

Ha ha. Martin, now that our countries are such good friends, perhaps you will finally be able to do occasional favor for me?

LIZ
Gregor, you are shameless!

GREG
I'll see you thursday night.

Greg hands Bishop a card - which he's scribbled something on.

BISHOP
What...

GREG
Ah, new title. Cultural attache.

THE CARD READS:

Commonwealth of Independent States
Consulate General
Gregor Ivanovich
Cultural Attache
(415) 707-4321

BISHOP
Unbelievable!

GREG
Hmm. Last few years it's been very
confusing for people in my line of
work.

BISHOP
I'll bet.

Greg excuses himself.

LIZ
I don't care what anyone says about
the New World Order. I don't trust
that guy.

BISHOP
Who, Greg? Ah, he's harmless.

Bishop notices that a woman is whispering in Janek's ear.
He stops playing the crowd in mid-sentence.

JANEK
If you'll excuse me, I have some
work...

LIZ
You're going to follow him, aren't
you?

BISHOP
Liz, I...

LIZ
It's okay. I'll get a cab.

BISHOP
Can I call you?

LIZ
Just be careful.

She leaves. So does Janek.

EXT. SNEAKER VAN - NIGHT

Bishop walks up to the van, which is on the top floor of a parkade across the street from the building the sneakers have staked out. He gets in.

BISHOP
Janek just got in the elevator.
Going up.

CARL
We will be ready for him.

BISHOP
How's the audio?

WHISTLER
Good. Mother's pretty close.

Through binoculars, Bishop sees Mother on a window-washer's platform just under Janek's office. Janek enters the office and turns on the lights.

CREASE
He's just wearing FOUR safety belts
this time.

BISHOP
What, no parachute?

CARL
Alrighty, entry and lights on.

WHISTLER
Describe it.

CARL
Looks like a work room. You got
yourself a bench with a soldering
gun, two spools of wire and a
magnifying lamp.

WHISTLER

Huh. Sounds like they're making something.

CARL

And a desk... telephone... lamp... answering machine... jar of pencils... but no little black box.

BISHOP

It's got to be there somewhere, what's he doing?

CARL

He's logging on the computer.

Bishop now looks through the camera.

BISHOP

Oh, this is good. He's going to type in his password, we're going to get a clear shot.

A knock on Janek's door. Janek answers.

JANEK

Oh, Dr. Rhyzkov. Good evening.

BISHOP

Let's get an ID on Dr. Rhyzkov. She was with him at the lecture this afternoon and she was trying to tell him something...

Rhyzkov immediately starts making an erotic move on Janek... her panting and moaning re-engages the attention of the sneakers.

RHYZKOV

Oh, Gunter... let's do what we did in Mexico City... Oh Gunter...

BISHOP

I didn't know you could do THAT in Mexico City.

CARL

Mr. Bishop, do you mind if I take a look?

BISHOP

Carl...

CREASE

Grow up!

Rhyzkov continues loudly panting and moaning.
 Crease taps on Bishop's shoulder and whispers.

CREASE

Let me see.

Bishop grudgingly obliges.

Janek pushes her away.

JANEK

Elena, really! I must finish my
 work.

CREASE

Okay, back to work.

BISHOP

Nope, here we go, now we're going to
 get our password.

Rhyzkov rubs Janek's shoulders as he types in his password,
 inconveniently blocking the view.

RHYZKOV

I leave message here on service but
 you do not call.

JANEK

I'm sorry, really.

BISHOP

Oh, get out of the way, get ou...
 she's in the way.

Rhyzkov starts kissing Janek's neck, Janek bends away,
 resisting.

BISHOP

I don't believe this.

Bishop leaves the camera in disgust. Carl leaps to replace
 him.

JANEK

I'm sorry, it's just I have this
 work...

Rhyzkov opens her blouse, revealing a legendarily well-
 supported pair.

RHYZKOV

I'll give you something to work,
 baby.

This is too much for Janek.

JANEK

Okay, just for a little while.

Janek takes off his jacket and they kiss. She closes the blinds. The blinds crumple as Janek throws her against them.

RHYZKOV

Oh, Gunter!

BISHOP

What's going on?

CARL

Oh, nothing.

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES OFFICES

The scene we just witnessed is now being replayed on video.

MOTHER

Maybe there's a frame or two where she doesn't block it. I'll blow it up.

BISHOP

Who's Risekoff?

CREASE

(correcting Bishop's
pronunciation)

Doctor Elena REESHkov. Visiting professor from Czechoslovakia. Senior research fellow in Astrophysics.

BISHOP

Bingo.

CREASE

Setec Astronomy. Whatever that is.

Meanwhile, Mother blows up the video image as best he can. It's a close up of Janek entering his password, with Rhyzkov partially in the way.

MOTHER

There.

BISHOP

W..G..

CARL

Looks like the H.

MOTHER

Where do you get H?

CARL

Right there next to the L.

BISHOP

Come on, come on, do it again.

MOTHER

H isn't next to the L.

CARL

Then J!

BISHOP

Guys, do it again!

Mother rewinds.

MOTHER

OK, that's definitely W G.

CREASE

Definitely not. That's a V.

BISHOP

(giving up)

She's in the way.

WHISTLER

Fellas, Janek's little black box is on his desk between the pencil jar and the lamp.

MOTHER

Uh, Whistler, I hate to tell you this, but you're blind.

WHISTLER

Play the tape back again.

MOTHER

You can't even see anything!

WHISTLER

Don't look, listen!

Whistler strikes a tuning fork.

BISHOP

Play it back.

RHYZKOV

(on tape)

I leave message here on service but
you do not...

BISHOP

He's got a service.

They zoom in on the answering machine.

WHISTLER

What's he need an answering machine
for?

MOTHER

There's our little black box.

INT. SNEAKER VAN - DAY

Bishop is being fitted with a hidden microphone and earpiece.

MOTHER

Okay, boss. This LTX-71 concealable
mic is part of the same system that
NASA used when they faked the Apollo
moon landings. The astronauts
broadcast around the world from a
soundstage at Norton Air Force Base
in San Bernardino, California, so if
it worked for them, it shouldn't
give us too many problems.

BISHOP

Thanks.

INT. COOLIDGE INSTITUTE LOBBY

Carl, posing as a delivery driver, is quietly arguing with
the desk clerk. Bishop interrupts.

BISHOP

Hey. Did my wife drop the cake off
for me?

CLERK

Uh, what cake? There's no cake back
here.

BISHOP

Surprise party for Marsha on the
second floor. She was supposed to
have dropped a cake off.

CLERK

I don't know anything about it.

A horn honks outside.

BISHOP
There she is, late as usual.

Bishop hurries outside.

The clerk continues arguing with Carl.

CARL
Well it states right here very clearly
that I am to deliver 36 boxes of
Liquid Drano to this here address.

CLERK
Look, I don't care what that says.
If you're not on the list, you can't
get in.

CARL
I might lose my job.

CLERK
That's not my problem, kid.

Bishop returns with a large box and many colorful balloons.
He stands at a security gate beside the front desk.

BISHOP
Could you buzz me in?

The clerk is too busy arguing with Carl. He waves Bishop
off.

BISHOP
Hey just buzz it, I can't reach my
card.

CLERK
Wait one minute...

The clerk goes on arguing with Carl.

BISHOP
Buzz it, okay? We're late for a party
on the second floor.

Bishop, getting nowhere, raises his voice.

BISHOP
Push the goddamn buzzer, will ya?

The clerk buzzes Bishop in. Bishop steps through the gate.

BISHOP

Thanks.

INT. COOLIDGE INSTITUTE HALLWAYS

Bishop emerges from the elevator. He discards the balloons and pulls his briefcase out of the cake box - there's no cake. He reaches Janek's office door. It has a digital keypad lock.

BISHOP

(into his hidden
microphone)

Anybody remember how to defeat an
electronic keypad?

INT. SNEAKER VAN

WHISTLER

Uh oh.

CREASE

Don't even joke about that, Martin.
Those things are impossible.

BISHOP

Think I'm joking? Looks like they
just put it in.

CREASE

Oh boy!

MOTHER

Here, maybe this might help. An old
buddy of mine that was in Desert
Storm sent it to me. Of course, he
was on the other side.

He hands Crease a manual.

BISHOP

(over radio)

Come on, Crease, there's got to be a
way around these things!

CREASE

All right, all right. This might
work.

INT. COOLIDGE INSTITUTE HALLWAYS

Bishop listens carefully to Crease's detailed and lengthy instructions.

BISHOP

Yeah... yeah... above... yeah...
right... uh huh... uh huh... yeah...
right... yeah... Okay. I'll give
it a shot.

Bishop kicks the door open with one good boot.

BISHOP

That worked.

Bishop enters the office. He looks out the window to see the van parked across the street on the parkade. He goes to the answering machine, and opens it up. There, inside, is the Little Black Box. He puts the entire thing in his briefcase.

BISHOP

Got it.

Suddenly, Dr. Rhyzkov enters the room and turns on the lights.

RHYZKOV

Gunter?

She sees Bishop.

BISHOP

Oh God, no. Hi, nice to see you.

RHYZKOV

The lab is closed. Excuse me, I...

Bishop shuts the door. He grabs her and puts his hand over her mouth so she can't scream. The sneakers her her muffled cries over the radio.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE

What the hell is that?

MOTHER

Battle Stations!

CREASE

Whistler, monitor the audio. Grab the mic.

INT. JANEK'S LAB

BISHOP

Okay. I'm going to remove my hand, now please do not scream. I promise nothing is going to happen to you.

He removes his hand, she runs across the room.

RHYZKOV
Who... who are you?

Bishop doesn't know what to say.

CREASE
He's a P.I.

WHISTLER
(over radio)
You're a private investigator.

BISHOP
I'm a private investigator.

RHYZKOV
But why? Who hired you?

Bishop still doesn't have an answer.

BISHOP
Huh?

RHYZKOV
Who HIRED you?

BISHOP
Mrs. Janek.

RHYZKOV
There is not Mrs. Janek!

Crease is becoming exasperated.

CREASE
Ugh!

BISHOP
Yeah?

WHISTLER
(over radio)
You got us stumped.

BISHOP
Oh yeah? Who do you think paid for
your little love jaunt to Mexico
City?

Rhyzkov is utterly horrified.

WHISTLER
 (over radio)
 That was good.

BISHOP
 Velma. Velma Janek. She lives in Montreal where she handles her family's real estate holdings. Vast real estate holdings. Farms, banks, shopping malls. Two shopping malls. She supports Gunter but figured he was cheating on her and that's why she hired me.

RHYZKOV
 Bastard liar!

She utters a few Czech swearwords and starts for the door.

RHYZKOV
 I'll kill him...

Bishop stops her.

BISHOP
 Nonononono, get a hold of yourself, Dr. Rhyzkov. Get a hold of yourself! Mm mm! Now what you gotta do is you gotta not tell him you know.

RHYZKOV
 Ha!

BISHOP
 No, you weren't here, we didn't talk. You don't know me. You don't know anything about a wife.

RHYZKOV
 Oh! You just give me one good reason why!

BISHOP
 Alright, I'll give you a reason.

No answer from the sneakers.

BISHOP
 I'll give you a really good reason.

CREASE
 (to Whistler)
 It's just what she would want you to do.

WHISTLER

(over radio)

It's just what she would want you to do.

BISHOP

It's just what she'd want you to do.

RHYZKOV

I don't understand.

BISHOP

Yeah, sometimes I don't understand myself.

He sits her down.

BISHOP

Here, look, I might lose my license for this. My client is a vindictive, bitter woman. She's been withholding marital favors from Gunter for many many years, and now she's out to ruin him.

WHISTLER

(over radio)

And she's using you to get to her.

BISHOP

And she's using y... uh, me... to get to h... you. I know that's confusing, but don't you see what's happening here, you and me, we're just pawns in this ugly little game.

CREASE

(to Whistler)

If you love him...

WHISTLER

(over radio)

If you love him...

BISHOP

If you love him...

Bishop looks confused. Nothing else is coming over the radio.

BISHOP

If you really love him, then just keep on loving him, and never let him know that you know what he thinks you don't know, you know. You know?

WHISTLER

(over radio)

And give him head whenever he wants.

Crease cracks up.

BISHOP

And give him he...

(suddenly getting it)

help. Be a beacon in his sad and
lonely life. Can you do that for
Gunter?

RHYZKOV

(sobbing)

Yes, yes, I can. I can.

BISHOP

Okay. Now get out of here.

Rhyzkov kisses him on the cheek and leaves, sobbing quietly.

BISHOP

(over radio)

Give him head?

WHISTLER

Be a beacon?

They crack up laughing.

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES - NIGHT

The offices are lit up as if for Christmas. The guys are partying and celebrating. Don Crease has brought his wife and young daughter. Liz dances with all the sneakers. Including Whistler. Except Bishop. Mother is boring Mrs. Crease with one of his conspiracy stories.

MOTHER

But the key meeting took place July
1, 1958, when the Air Force brought
the space visitor to the White House
for an interview with President
Eisenhower. And Ike said, hey, look,
give us your technology, and we'll
give you all the cow lips you want.
So that's when...

CREASE

Honey, don't listen to this man.
He's certifiable.

MOTHER

Your husband knows about cattle mutilations, he's ex-CIA!

CREASE

He's touched!

MOTHER

He knows the government's been suppressing for years.

Now at a banquet table, Carl has just finished hearing the story of Marty and Cosmo's exploits in the 60's.

CARL

One thing I don't get, though, is you and Cosmo were taking all these chances, all these big chances, I mean, what for?

BISHOP

We were young. And there was a war on. It was a good way to meet girls.

LIZ

I'll bet.

MOTHER

How come you didn't get caught?

BISHOP

I went out for pizza. Then I went to Canada. I was lucky, he wasn't.

WHISTLER

Did he ever forgive you?

BISHOP

I hope so. He died in prison.

A somber silence.

BISHOP

So, what are you guys going to do with your share of the money? Don?

CREASE

Well, we have never been to Europe, together, and we are going. Madrid, Lisbon...

MRS. CREASE

Athens, oh and Scotland...

CREASE
And Tahiti..

MRS. CREASE
Oh, yes!

BISHOP
Mother?

MOTHER
Well, you know, I've never actually had a really cool car that I could fit comfortably into. So I think I'm going to buy me a Winnebago. With a big kitchen... waterbed... big kitchen...

BISHOP
Carl?

Carl has been inhaling helium.

CARL
(in helium voice)
I'd like to have a deep relationship with a beautiful woman who melts from the very first time our eyes meet.

Everyone laughs.

BISHOP
We're not getting paid that much, Carl.

CARL
Well you know, someone like Liz.

BISHOP
You're definitely not getting paid that much.

Everyone ooohs.

MRS. CREASE
Uh oh.

Liz just taps Bishop.

BISHOP
Whistler?

WHISTLER
Uh, peace on earth, good will toward men.

MOTHER

Right on.

WHISTLER

(indicating Crease's
daughter)

And women.

BISHOP

Hear hear.

LATER.

Some of the sneakers are playing Scrabble. Bishop adds "S" and "Y" to "CRUNCH".

LIZ

That's not a word!

BISHOP

Yes it is.

LIZ

Scrunchy.

BISHOP

Yeah!

LIZ

Scrunchy's not a word. Scrunchy is not a word.

BISHOP

(in unison with Liz)

Scrunchy. Scrunchy is a word.

LIZ

Since when?

BISHOP

You know what happens to your face?

LIZ

Oh, please. It's not a word!

BISHOP

Right now your face is scrunchy. You are scrunchy, so that is a word.

CREASE

All right, we're gonna take it as a word for the time being...

Meanwhile, Whistler is examining (as best a blind person can) the little black box.

WHISTLER

Carl!

CARL

Yes?

WHISTLER

What does it say where this is?

CARL

Hold on a second here.

Carl turns on a magnifying lamp.

CARL

"System Out."

Crease notices what they are doing.

CREASE

Guys, I really think you should leave that thing alone.

WHISTLER

Yeah, I know. I just wanted to see something, don't worry, Don.

(To Carl)

How do you spell Setec?

CARL

S.E.T.E.C. Setec.

(he thinks)

Special... Extraterrestrial?

WHISTLER

Earthling Counter.

CARL

Boo!

Meanwhile, Liz is telling a story over the Scrabble game, and Bishop is pondering over the letters. Apparently it's his turn.

BISHOP

Setec...

LIZ

What?

BISHOP

Setec Astronomy.

LIZ

I just love it when a man says that
to me.

BISHOP

Setec doesn't mean anything. Excuse
me.

He pours the scrabble pieces onto the table and puts aside
the board. He forms the words "SETEC ASTRONOMY" from scrabble
pieces. Then he starts making anagrams from those letters.

Meanwhile, Carl and Whistler are poring intently over the
Little Black Box.

WHISTLER

Hmm. Carl... get me some cable...
and an I/O interface please.

Carl obliges. Meanwhile, Bishop has come up with the anagram:
MONTEREYS COAST

BISHOP

Monterey's Coast. Does Monterey's
Coast mean anything, you guys?

CARL

No.

WHISTLER

No.

Whistler keeps working.

WHISTLER

Carl.... get the diagnostics.

Liz and Bishop find another: MY SOCRATES NOTE.

LIZ

How about "My Socrates Note?"

CARL

No.

MOTHER

Uh-uh.

They find another: COOTYS RAT SEMEN

BISHOP

No, I...

LIZ

No. No.

Mother probes different parts of the little black box with a test probe, and Whistler's Braille Terminal gives him a rapid readout.

WHISTLER

Uh huh. Got it. Move to another one.

The scrabble letters start resolving into: TOO

WHISTLER

Mmm hmm. Give me another one.

Whistler's Braille Terminal rattles away.

WHISTLER

Stay in that quadrant.

The scrabble letters now say TOO MANY

WHISTLER

It's kind of like the same thing. Try another quadrant.

Something comes up on the monitor.

WHISTLER

Whoa. What was that? Go back one.

MOTHER

All right.

The monitor fills with data.

WHISTLER

Holy cow! What the hell is this?

Data streams across the screen.

Now the scrabble letters say, TOO MANY SECRETS

BISHOP

Too many secrets.

WHISTLER

Bish, I think you'd better come over here. Carl, you got your little black book?

CARL

Yes.

WHISTLER

Give me the number for something impossible to access.

CARL
What about this: Federal Reserve
Transfer Node, Culpepper Virginia.

MOTHER
Yeah, sure, good luck.

CARL
900 billion a day go through there.

WHISTLER
That'll do. Punch it in.

CARL
Okay. You won't get in. It's
encrypted.

Encrypted text fills the screen.

CARL
See?

WHISTLER
Mother, that last contact.

The encrypted text slowly resolves into plain text.

WHISTLER
Look at this, boys. Anybody want to
shut down the Federal Reserve?

CREASE
Hey, hey hey, don't screw around
with that thing. You...

Bishop stops him.

WHISTLER
What else have you got?

CARL
The national power grid.

Whistler chuckles.

CARL
Okay!

WHISTLER
Here we come... Mother?

MOTHER
Probing.

This time a power grid map of the northeastern United States appears.

MOTHER
Wow... unbelievable!

WHISTLER
Anybody want to black out New England?
Carl, what else?

CARL
Air Traffic Control System.

WHISTLER
Hmm.

The scrambled data comes back.

WHISTLER
Okay, Mother.

Mother probes the box. An Air Traffic Control map of the Bay Area comes up.

LIZ
Oh my God.

CREASE
How is this possible?

WHISTLER
Cryptpography systems are based on
mathematical problems so complex
they cannot be solved without a key.

LIZ
Janek must have figured out a way to
solve those problems without the
key, and he hard wired it into that
chip.

CREASE
Turn it off.

WHISTLER
Anybody want to crash a couple of
passenger jets?

CREASE
I said turn it off!

BISHOP
Turn it off!

Bishop turns it off.

CARL
So it's a code breaker.

BISHOP
No. It's THE code breaker. No more secrets.

CREASE
Honey, you and Melissa get your things.

A MINUTE LATER.

Crease shows his wife and sleeping child to the door.

MRS. CREASE
Night-night.

CREASE
Night-night.

He shuts the door behind them.

CREASE
What time is the handoff?

BISHOP
Nine. AM.

CREASE
Well, between now and then we are going to institute some security around here.

Crease looks for his long-disused sidearm. He straps it on.

LIZ
Ooo oo oo, this is where I get off. Nice to see you again, guys. I'm out of here.

She starts to leave, but Crease stops her.

CREASE
Don't take this personally, Liz, but you were the only one who knew Martin's secret, and somebody talked. So make yourself comfortable, we're all staying right here tonight.

LIZ
(in her most forcefully calm cadence)
No. I'm getting my bag. And I'm leaving. So relax, Crease.

Crease stops her again.

CREASE
I'll relax when we get that damn
thing out of here. Until then, you
stay.

BISHOP
What?

CREASE
(to Bishop)
There isn't a government on this
planet that wouldn't kill us all for
that thing.

Bishop gets up and walks over to Liz to break the bad news
to her.

BISHOP
Sorry.

LIZ
I see.

BISHOP
Carl? Hit the alarm. Whistler,
let's unplug that thing.

CREASE
(over Bishop)
Mother, lock everything down. Doors
and windows. Then kill the lights.

MOTHER
You bet.

LIZ
Thank you for the trust, fellows.

Time passes. Bishop paces. Crease loads his revolver. The
others sleep. Fade to black.

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES OFFICES - THE NEXT MORNING

LIZ
I really enjoyed sleeping with all
you guys. Take care.

The guys all say goodbye. Bishop helps her with her coat.

LIZ
I hope the handoff goes well. I'd
hate for you to have something new
to run from.

She leaves.

CREASE
Martin? It's time.

BISHOP
Yeah.

He packs up the box.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bishop parks his car on a street by the Bay, in the shadow of the Golden Gate Bridge. Wallace and Gordon are waiting for him at a sidewalk cafe table. Crease waits at the car.

GORDON
'Morning!

BISHOP
Hi.

GORDON
Any problems?

BISHOP
Nope.

GORDON
Want a cappuccino?

BISHOP
No.

Bishop hands over the box. Gordon and Wallace look inside. Gordon smiles broadly.

Meanwhile, Crease notices something on the front page of the newspaper:

MATHEMATICIAN KILLED. MURDER, ARSON SUSPECTED.

The face in the picture is Janek's. Crease realizes something horrible. Ominous music starts.

GORDON
Got his cheque?

Wallace opens a briefcase.

CREASE
(from the car)
Hey, Martin! Telephone!

He waves a cellphone dramatically.

BISHOP
Just a minute!

CREASE
It's your MOTHER.

Bishop looks back at Gordon and Wallace, whose smiles have disappeared.

BISHOP
She's, uh... she's old. Excuse me.

He goes back to the car without the box or any cheque.

CREASE
Get in the car.

BISHOP
What?

CREASE
(emphatically)
Get in the car!

BISHOP
I didn't get the money!

Gordon starts after him.

CREASE
Now!

They get in the car and drive off like a shot.

BISHOP
What the hell are you doing? I didn't
get the money!

CREASE
Janek's dead.

BISHOP
They killed him!

CREASE
The NSA doesn't kill people, Martin.
Who are they?

BISHOP
You said it last night, there isn't
a government on earth that wouldn't
kill for that thing.

CREASE
Not ours! Who were those guys?

BISHOP

There's one way to find out.

He hangs a star-wars left turn, cutting off another driver. They arrive at the building where Wallace and Gordon's office was. "Was" being the proper word: it has been demolished.

A panhandler approaches the car, cup held out.

PANHANDLER

They took away my home. Help me out? The government took away my home.

BISHOP

My God!

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES OFFICES - RAINING

Bishop looks dejectedly out the window to the rainy city. Behind him, Crease paces busily. He's on the phone.

CREASE

Don't tell me you can't do it, because I know you can. And don't tell me you won't do it because I've got to have it. Damn it, I need to know! And I need to know now!

MOTHER

Hey, guys, interesting. That federal building? It's been scheduled for demolition since August. It housed the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Agriculture. It's been vacant for a month.

CARL

The NSA never had an office in San Francisco! Their West Coast operations are run out of Los Angeles!

CREASE

Oh God. Yeah, thanks.
(he clicks the phone
off)
Janek's grant is from the NSA.

He throws the phone across the room and bears down on Bishop.

CREASE

How could you be so goddamned stupid? Two guys show up, say they're government and you just buy it.

WHISTLER

They probably were government. Just not ours.

Bishop looks at the card Greg gave him after the lecture and ponders whether to call him.

BISHOP

Everybody pack up whatever you can. This place isn't safe.

Bishop goes to his desk and gets a 38 special.

CREASE

What do you think you're doing?

BISHOP

I'm going to a concert.

INT. C.I.S. CONSULATE

The string quartet plays masterfully to an intimate, formally dressed audience. Greg has a lovely young date with him. Bishop sneaks up behind Greg and pokes the revolver into his shoulder.

BISHOP

(whispering)
Keep smiling.

GREG

Martin, have you lost your mind?

BISHOP

Excuse yourself.

GREG

(to his date)
My darling, would you excuse me for a moment?

They leave.

INT. UNDERGROUND SWIMMING POOL

BISHOP

Give me back Janek's box, Greg.

GREG

Martin, I don't have it. Now, you must believe me.

BISHOP

No. You used me, you set me up, Greg, no I do not believe you.

GREG

We had nothing to do with this Janek business. Not for lack of trying, mind you. Your codes are entirely different from ours. We've never had any luck in breaking them. So Lord knows I wanted that box. But we didn't take it.

Bishop puts the gun away.

BISHOP

Then who did?

GREG

What I will tell you now I cannot tell you in this building. Do you understand? Come.

He starts back up the stairs. Bishop doesn't.

GREG

Martin. You must trust me.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Greg is showing Bishop a spy scrapbook.

GREG

Him?

BISHOP

No.

Greg flips the page.

GREG

Him?

BISHOP

No.

Greg says something in Russian to his driver and flips again.

GREG

Him?

BISHOP

No.

Greg puts the book away.

GREG

I am afraid these books are not as current as they used to be.

BISHOP
You guys still keep tabs on all our
agents, huh?

GREG
These are just the ones we thought
we could turn. You know, sexual
problems... financial troubles...
then we had financial troubles.

By now Greg is flipping through another book. Bishop stops
him.

BISHOP
That's him. The older guy.

The picture is a clear profile of Buddy Wallace.

GREG
A loathsome man named Buddy DeVries.
A.K.A. Buddy Weber, Buddy Wallace...

BISHOP
Wallace. That's him.

GREG
Hm. We tried to recruit him in '83.
Drinking problem, married three times.
Left the NSA four years ago... Oh
my.

Greg abruptly slams the book closed. He is as white as a
sheet.

BISHOP
What?

Greg just looks grim.

GREG
You disappeared once before, my
friend. I suggest you do it again.

BISHOP
Why? Who's he working for?

A police siren sounds behind them.

GREG
Your FBI is such a pain in the ass.

He says something in Russian to the driver.

BISHOP
Who's he working for?

The car pulls over.

GREG

Martin, I can offer you asylum inside this car. Technically it's part of the consulate. Do you wish our protection?

BISHOP

What? Who is Wallace working for?

Someone taps on the window. It rolls down.

FBI AGENT

Mr. Bishop? My name is Special Agent Vestrop, FBI. Please, step out of the vehicle.

GREG

Do you wish our protection?

FBI AGENT

Mr. Bishop, get out of the vehicle now.

Bishop starts to get out.

GREG

You won't know who to trust.

Bishop exits the car. It turns out that they are in a tunnel.

2ND FBI AGENT

Mr. Bishop, step over here please. Hands on the wall, sir.

Bishop complies. The agent frisks him, and finds Bishop's handgun. We notice that the agent is wearing gloves...

FBI AGENT

Is this loaded?

BISHOP

Yes.

The agent puts on a glove, takes Bishop's gun from the other agent, aims it into the car, and executes Greg. Greg's driver gets out of the car and runs for it, and he is shot in the back. He slowly turns around and carefully leaves the weapon on the ground.

FBI AGENT

Too many secrets!

Buddy Wallace emerges from the "FBI" car and knocks Bishop unconscious with a single blow. Fade to black.

INT. AUTO TRUNK

(Trivia nuts: the car's license plate is California 2EAK042)

Bishop regains consciousness in the trunk of a car. A recurring noise is heard. He strikes a match so he can see. He squirms around to no avail. He hears other noises and just lies there. Finally the car stops, and someone gets out. The trunk opens, and Buddy Wallace is shining a flashlight in Bishop's face.

BISHOP

Oh, shit.

WALLACE

What are you doing up?

Wallace knocks him out again.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

Bishop regains consciousness in an ultra-modern, well-appointed office suite. With an aquarium full of exotic fish, and a Cray supercomputer Cosmo is waiting in the shadows.

COSMO

Pain?

BISHOP

Yeah.

Cosmo steps out of the shadows, so that his features can be discerned.

COSMO

Try aspirin.

Cosmo offers him a small jar of pills.

He hides the jar in one of his hands, in the same magician's style that he hid that coin all those years ago.

BISHOP

Cosmo!

Cosmo reveals the jar.

COSMO

I'm sorry if he hurt you. I'm afraid Wallace doesn't like you very much.

BISHOP

Yeah. You ought to have that guy checked for rabies.

COSMO

Rabies occurs only in warm-blooded animals. Anyway, I couldn't have you talking to the Russians. Five years ago, yes, we could trust them not to go running to the FBI, or if they did, we could trust the FBI not to believe them; today... we can't trust anybody.

BISHOP

What the hell's going on here? Cosmo, what... what happened?

COSMO

The world changed on us, Marty. And without our help.

BISHOP

What happened?

Cosmo smiles and motions to get up. Both do.

COSMO

There I was in prison, and, one day I help a couple of nice older gentlemen make some free telephone calls. They turn out to be... let us say "good family men".

BISHOP

Organized crime?

COSMO

Heh. Don't kid yourself. It's not that organized. Anyway, they arranged for me to get an early release from my "unfortunate incarceration" and I began to perform a variety of services.

Cosmo turns on a large monitor.

COSMO

(continuing)

For starters, I re-organized their entire financial operation. Budgets, payroll, money laundering, you name it.

Cosmo demonstrates with a computer spreadsheet.

COSMO
(continuing)
And the whole network is protected
by a very powerful encryption system,
so the government cannot read it.

BISHOP
But if the feds get Janek's box...

Cosmo switches off the screen.

COSMO
Disaster! Therefore, we must have
it.

BISHOP
To protect the organization.

COSMO
(hesitantly)
Yes.

BISHOP
No. I don't buy it. I know you.

Cosmo grins.

COSMO
God, it's good to see you.

Cosmo silently puts his finger to his mouth, "Shhh", and
looks to the ceiling. He motions Bishop toward the Cray
supercomputer's air-conditioned glass compartment.

As they walk over to the Cray, Cosmo starts whispering.

COSMO
Remember how to change the world,
Marty? Remember? Did you ever get
around to actually doing it? No? I
guess not. Well, I think I can.

They enter the Cray compartment.

BISHOP
Really?

COSMO
Yes.

Cosmo continues aloud.

COSMO
What's wrong with this country, Marty?

Bishop just looks dumb. Both men sit down on the Cray's padded "seat".

COSMO

Money. You taught me that. Evil defense contractors had it, noble causes did not. Politicians are bought and sold like so much chattel. Our problems multiply. Pollution, crime, drugs, poverty, disease, hunger, despair; we throw gobs of money at them! The problems always get worse. Why is that? Because money's most powerful ability is to allow bad people to continue doing bad things at the expense of those who don't have it.

BISHOP

I agree. Now who did you say you were working for?

COSMO

Oh, that's just my day job. Listen, when I was in prison, I learned that everything in this world, including money, operates not on reality...

BISHOP

...but the perception of reality.

Cosmo smiles broadly, sensing the old college banter coming back.

COSMO

Posit. People think a bank might be financially shaky.

BISHOP

Consequence. People start to withdraw their money.

COSMO

Result. Pretty soon it IS financially shaky.

BISHOP

Conclusion. You can make banks fail.

COSMO

Bzzzt! I've already done that. Maybe you've read about a few?

Bishop puts on a "no shit?" look.

COSMO
Think bigger.

BISHOP
Stock market?

COSMO
Yes.

BISHOP
Currency market.

COSMO
Yes.

BISHOP
Commodities market.

COSMO
Yes.

BISHOP
Small countries?

Cosmo nods.

COSMO
I might even be able to crash the whole damned system. Destroy all records of ownership. Think of it, Marty. No more rich people, no more poor people, everybody's the same, isn't that what we said we always wanted?

BISHOP
Cos, you haven't gone crazy on me, have you?

COSMO
Who else is going to change the world, Marty? Greenpeace?

Bishop laughs.

BISHOP
You ARE crazy!

A disappointed Cosmo briskly leaves the compartment.

COSMO
Tomorrow, they will retrieve your fingerprints from the gun that killed the Russian consular officer.

COSMO
The following day, those prints will
be run through an FBI computer.

Cosmo taps on a keyboard.

COSMO
They will come up with a name.

Cosmo starts entering Bishop's real name, Martin Brice, into
an FBI computer record.

COSMO
Martin Brice! My old and good friend
who promised me we would not get in
trouble and who I might add, did
not. And then they will check this
database in Washington, D.C., which
I'm now able to access, thanks to
you.

Now a screenful of random junk resolves into a login screen.

COSMO
(continuing)
Of course, no one knows where Martin
Brice is, today. But what if this
indicated an alias?

Cosmo types "Martin Bishop" into a "Known Aliases:" field,
overtyping "None".

Bishop is shaken.

BISHOP
Don't... don't do it, Cos.

COSMO
Pain?

Bishop nods.

COSMO
Try prison.

Cosmo hits "Enter" and then "Information Updated" appears in
red on the screen.

Bishop slumps.

COSMO
Ciao.

Buddy Wallace comes up behind Bishop.

BISHOP
Oh no, not the head.

Dick Gordon is now also behind Bishop.

GORDON
Just relax.

Gordon puts Bishop in a headlock.

COSMO
No more secrets, Marty.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - DAWN

It's dawn atop one of San Francisco's famous slopes. Alcatraz Island lies in the distance. A black car crests the hill and screeches to a halt. Martin Bishop is thrown, half conscious, onto the street, and then the car takes off. He painfully gets up, finds his bearings, and walks away.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Bishop knocks on the door of apartment 4B.

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT

Liz, wearing a bathrobe, answers the door. She gasps at Bishop's condition.

BISHOP
I've had a bad night.

LIZ
Really. You look terrific.

BISHOP
You look awful.

Liz, who is not wearing any makeup and looks like she's just gotten out of bed, nevertheless looks stunning as always.

LIZ
Well, I should think so, considering what I've been through.

BISHOP
What happened?

LIZ
You tell me.

They go to her bathroom.

BISHOP

Oh, you got hit over the head twice
and got thrown out of a speeding
car?

LIZ

No. Here, let me do this.

She cleans up the cut to his head. It stings.

BISHOP

I'm sorry.

LIZ

It's okay. I understand.

Bishop looks her in the eye.

BISHOP

I'm sorry.

They embrace mournfully.

LIZ

The paper said that Greg was killed.
I called your number and someone
else answered. I didn't recognize
the voice.

BISHOP

I can't do this alone, Liz.

LIZ

I'm here.

Bishop makes a phone call.

BISHOP

(into phone)
We have to meet.

LIZ'S APARTMENT - LATER

A television news show goes in-depth about Greg's murder.

ANCHOR

The FBI says the fingerprints found
in the embassy car match those taken
from the office of a government
researcher found murdered earlier
this week in Palo Alto. The
connection was made after a Bay Area
radio station received an anonymous
tip linking the two killings.

BISHOP

Yeah, I'll bet it was anonymous.

He turns off the TV.

BISHOP

Son of a bitch!

CREASE

All right, it's time we call the authorities.

MOTHER

Oh yeah. Great. Now that we're accessories to espionage and murder.

CREASE

All the more reason to turn ourselves in now, while we can still cut a deal!

MOTHER

With what? We got bupkus! We turn ourselves in now, they'll give us twenty years in the electric chair!

CREASE

You think I like it? Goddamnit, I've got a family! But we have no other choice.

BISHOP

Yes, we do. We make the call, but we make it our way. Unload the van.

A FEW MINUTES LATER.

The sneakers are turning Liz's apartment into an electronic command center. She meekly holds the door.

CARL

Thanks. Nice apartment.

A FEW MORE MINUTES LATER.

A map of the world is displayed on a computer screen. Lines start forming between different points.

WHISTLER

I'm going to bounce this call through nine different relay stations throughout the world and off two satellites. It'll be the hardest trace they've ever heard.

Mother proudly shows off an impressive-looking pen register machine.

MOTHER

This'll measure stress in the voice of the person on the other end of the line. Not as accurate as a polygraph, but for today's purposes it'll do.

It becomes apparent that we've seen Whistler and Mother's little presentations through Liz's eyes.

LIZ

Unbelievable.

BISHOP

Let's do it.

Bishop places Liz's phone handset in an acoustic coupler and dials.

OPERATOR

Fort Meade, Maryland. Good afternoon.

CREASE

(whispering)
Try director of ops.

BISHOP

Uhm, National Security Agency, director of operations please.

OPERATOR

What extension, please?

BISHOP

Uhm, sorry, I forget the number. Uh, could I please have director of operations? It's very important.

OPERATOR

What extension, please?

CREASE

(whispering)
Try research.

BISHOP

Give me research. It's an emergency.

OPERATOR

I need an extension or a name.

BISHOP
Setec Astronomy.

The operator is silent for a few seconds. Her tone of voice changes dramatically.

OPERATOR
One moment, please.

A link on Whistler's phone connection display blinks. Weird noises in his headset signal him.

WHISTLER
They've started the trace.

A deep-voiced man comes on the line.

ABBOTT
(on phone)
Who is this, please?

BISHOP
It's my dime, I'll ask the questions.
Who are you?

ABBOTT
Well, let's say my name is... Mr.
Abbott.

Mother's lie-detecting pen register wavers a little.

MOTHER
(whispering)
True.

WHISTLER
They've made the second leg!

Another link on Whistler's display blinks.

BISHOP
Mr. Abbott, are you interested in
Setec Astronomy?

ABBOTT
I'm interested in all kinds of
astronomy.

Mother's pen register wiggles a little bit.

MOTHER
(nodding)
Yup.

BISHOP

Cute.

WHISTLER

They've got the satellite and Tokyo.
These guys are good!

BISHOP

I need to know if you're someone who
can make a deal.

ABBOTT

Go on.

BISHOP

Can you deal?

ABBOTT

Yes!

MOTHER AND CARL

(in unison)

True.

Another link on Whistler's display blinks.

WHISTLER

They're across Transcom, you've got
about twenty seconds, Bish!

BISHOP

If I come in with what I know, can
you guarantee my safety?

ABBOTT

Do you have the item?

Crease shakes his head and mouths "No."

BISHOP

No.

WHISTLER

Fifteen seconds!

BISHOP

Can you guarantee my safety?

ABBOTT

Where is the item?

BISHOP

Can you guarantee my safety?

WHISTLER
Five seconds!

ABBOTT
Yes, I can guarantee your safety.

The pen register goes crazy.

MOTHER
Bish, he's lying!

WHISTLER
Hang up, they've almost got us!

MOTHER
(excitedly)
He's lying!

WHISTLER
Hang up, Bish!

MOTHER
He's lying, he's lying!

WHISTLER
Hang up!

Whistler gets up and blindly fumbles across the room.

MOTHER
There's got to be a way to cut a
deal with those guys.

CREASE
Too late. If we had the box, yes.
Without it, no.

CARL
So let's get this fucking thing!

BISHOP
I don't know where it is, remember?

WHISTLER
What did it sound like?

MOTHER
You've no idea at all where they
took you?

BISHOP
No! They threw me in a trunk, drove
around in circles. It could be a
hundred miles away, it could be next

BISHOP
door, it could be underground, it
could be in a skyscraper. Forget it!

WHISTLER
Bish, what did it sound like?

BISHOP
What?

WHISTLER
The road. When you were in the trunk,
what did the road sound like?

BISHOP
Well, I don't.... highway, a regular
highway.

WHISTLER
Well, did you go over any speedbumps?
Gravel? How about a bridge?

BISHOP
Bridge. Yeah.

MOTHER
Four bridges in the Bay Area.

WHISTLER
Was the Golden Gate fogged in last
night?

CREASE
Yes.

WHISTLER
Did you hear a foghorn?

BISHOP
No.

CREASE
Scratch the Golden Gate.

CARL
That leaves three.

WHISTLER
What did it sound like? Did you go
through a tunnel in the middle?

BISHOP
I'm not... no.

CREASE
Scratch the Bay.

CARL
Well that leaves two.

MOTHER
San Mateo and Dunbarton.

WHISTLER
What did it sound like?

Whistler, by now, has set up a musical synthesizer and is making noises with it.

BISHOP
Lower.

Whistler lowers the pitch of the noise a couple of notches.

BISHOP
Lower.

Whistler lowers the noise again.

BISHOP
There was a recurring sound.

WHISTLER
Like seams in the concrete.

Whistler adds a recurring thumping to the noise.

BISHOP
But further apart.

Whistler slows the thumping.

Bishop's eyes light up.

BISHOP
Yeah.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The sneakers' van drives across a very long concrete bridge. The tire noises sound almost exactly like the noises Whistler synthesized earlier.

INT. VAN

MOTHER
(yelling from driver's
seat)
Now what?

BISHOP
Bumps. Rough ones.

CREASE
Railroad tracks.

CARL
(reading map)
Yeah, a right on Anthrem and a left
on eighty-four.

WHISTLER
And then what did you hear?

BISHOP
A cocktail party.

CARL
What?

BISHOP
We drove through what sounded... it
sounded like a...
(realizing how dumb
it sounds)
cocktail party. It was a chattering.
It was right at the end.

CREASE
Great. Now we gotta look for a
cocktail party on the other side of
the railroad track.

WHISTLER
Wait, Carl, what's the exit where
the railroad tracks are?

CARL
Crescent!

WHISTLER
Well then stay on Crescent, get off
at the reservoir.

MOTHER
Okay!

CREASE
There's a cocktail party at the
reservoir?

WHISTLER
Uh, yeah. Yeah.

EXT. RESERVOIR

A busy chattering can be heard. It **is** kind of like a cocktail party.

WHISTLER

That was very good, Bish. Remind me to make you an honorary blind person.

BISHOP

Great.

We see the sneakers looking at hundreds, maybe thousands of geese on the bank of the reservoir.

BISHOP

Where's this road go?

CARL

Nowhere. Looks like it ends right around that hill.

CREASE

What's behind the hill?

CARL

Nothing. It's private property.

Bishop realizes what this means.

BISHOP

Private!

The sneakers hurry back into the van, and leave the geese behind them.

SHORTLY AFTER.

They arrive a couple of hundred yards from a big, modern building. Carl looks around through binoculars. A flag flies out front. A corporate sign:

PLAYTRONICS THE FUTURE OF TOYS

CARL

Forget it. It's a toy company.

Bishop takes the binoculars.

BISHOP

Toy company my ass. That's laser fencing. There's high voltage on the perimeter. The whole building says "Go Away." It's Cosmo, I know it. The toy company's a front.

BISHOP
Mother, get the directional. Carl,
get the video. Let's go.

MINUTES LATER.

Mother is aiming a super-directional microphone at different points on the building. Whistler listens carefully.

MOTHER
Second floor, northwest two.

WHISTLER
That's a bathroom.

MOTHER
Second floor, northwest three.

WHISTLER
Uh, that's an emergency exit.

MOTHER
How do you know that?

Crease is making a diagram as they go.

WHISTLER
I can hear the emergency floodlight
batteries recharging.

Mother moves onto another one.

WHISTLER
Hold it right there. Crease, what's
this mean: "My voice is my passport,
verify me?"

CREASE
Some sort of voiceprint ID. I'll
check it out.

WHISTLER
What am I listening to now, Mother?

MOTHER
Third floor southwest. Corner.

WHISTLER
Oh, it's bursting with ultrasonic.
I've never heard sensors that powerful
before. Bish, someone is very serious
about keeping people out of that
room.

BISHOP

Yeah.

Bishop camouflages a video camera.

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mother points out a single lighted window in a time-lapse video of the building. In the time lapse, dawn breaks.

MOTHER

Okay, there's the corner room with the motion detectors Whistler heard.

BISHOP

That's Cosmo's office. I saw the sensors.

MOTHER

They keep the lights on all night, so we have to assume the sensors are on too. It won't be easy getting in there.

BISHOP

Okay, run this on ahead, let's figure out who works next door.

Carl bursts in excitedly. He's carrying a large, rolled-up blueprint.

CARL

It's fascinating what fifty bucks can get you at the county recorder's office.

BISHOP

What have you got?

CARL

PlayTronics Corporate Headquarters. The complete blueprints.

BISHOP

Not bad. Not bad, Carl!

CARL

Why, thanks.

BISHOP

Where'd you get the fifty bucks?

CARL

I took it from Mother's wallet.

BISHOP

Good.

Liz is on the phone.

LIZ

No, mom. Today's not a good day to
come over. N...No...

Bishop walks past her and into her kitchen. In there, Crease
is unpacking a large machine.

BISHOP

Okay, what have we got here?

CREASE

It's called a man-trap. I borrowed
this demo from the manufacturer.

WHISTLER

It's a digital voice recognition
monitor, hooked up to an access booth.

CREASE

NSA uses the same technology to keep
people out of restricted areas at
Fort Meade. Card?

He hands Bishop a card. Bishop swipes it through the
machine's card reader.

CREASE

Now speak right into this box.

He indicates a speaker-like grille.

Bishop reads from the screen.

BISHOP

Hi. My name is Martin Bishop. My
name is my passport. Verify me.

The machine buzzes and replies:

*** ENTRY DENIED ***

WHISTLER

And you can't pass through unless
your voiceprint matches the one
encoded on the card.

BISHOP

So we need someone's card.

CREASE
And their voice.

BISHOP
Can we beat this with tape?

WHISTLER
Has to be up close and personal.

CREASE
Otherwise you'll be caught in the steel-reinforced booth while the guards with shotguns are called.

BISHOP
Oh, that's great. Really great. What about motion detectors?

CREASE
I'm picking one up this afternoon. That makes beating this look easy.

MOTHER
(from the other room)
Hey Bish. I think we've found our guy.

Mother's video screen shows the Playtronics building with just a few lights left on.

MOTHER
Okay, I've blown up the image a little. Here's the room next to Cosmo's. Now it's the end of the day.

Some lights go out in the building.

MOTHER
(continuing)
Watch who comes out. Let me zoom in on the front door. A lady in a green skirt, and this guy with the cap. Nobody comes out for another eighteen minutes.

BISHOP
So it's one of those two.

MOTHER
Right. Now here's the next evening. Again. The office next to Cosmo's. The lights go out.

BISHOP
The guy in the cap. Anybody else?

MOTHER
Nobody else comes out for twenty-two minutes. That's who works next door.

BISHOP
Good. Okay, we'll use his office to get into Cosmo's. Can we get plates?

MOTHER
Let's see. Zooming in...

He zooms in on the license plate of the car the guy in the cap got into.

MOTHER
Another bump... enhancing...

The plate comes into clear focus: California plate "180 IQ".

MOTHER
There's your plate. 180 IQ.

BISHOP
Hah. Cute. Alright. Carl? Let's do this guy.

Crease looks up the guy's Motor Vehicle Report.

CREASE
His name's Werner Brandes. Single, 6'1", 174 pounds, must wear glasses to drive, no outstanding tickets or warrants.

Bishop looks over surveillance photos of Brandes and his car. With a magnifying glass.

CARL
He leaves work between six and seven every night, takes the same route home, he obeys the speed limit and comes to a complete stop at every stop sign, and signals when he changes lanes. He's a very safe driver.

CREASE
(now looking up Brandes' credit report)
\$750 limit on his Visa, pays his bills, no bad debts, no bum checks. No registered firearms.

CREASE

Member, International Microchip
Designer's Association and chairman
of the social committee.

BISHOP

Great. The world's most boring human.
How the hell are we going to get
close enough to record him?

Bishop and Crease are startled by a crashing sound from the
kitchen. It's garbage.

LIZ

Oh, Mother!

Mother walks in carrying two garbage bags.

MOTHER

Sorry, Liz. Standard procedure.
Trash from the guy's house.

LIZ

And thank you for bringing it into
mine.

The sneakers dump the trash out onto the floor and begin
sifting through it.

BISHOP

Okay, let's see here. Phone bill,
no long distance. Club Med brochure.
Ticket stubs to a Barry Manilow
concert. Here it is. Here we go.
"Dear Compu-dater. Welcome to the
world of automated compatibility."
He's a computer dater!

CREASE

I love it! Let's get him a date!

BISHOP

What was the name of that gal that
we did... used in the cereal company
sneak last year?

CREASE

Sandy Krieger?

BISHOP

Yeh.

CREASE

Forget it. Married a cop. How
about... Barbara?

CREASE

(To Mother)

She was cute.

MOTHER

Yeah, but she'd never do it. She regards this work as juvenile. That's why she divorced me.

(To Carl)

How about your friend Jessie?

CARL

Yeah, she's buff!

LIZ

Fellas, fellas, look at this man's trash! He's not looking for buff.

Mother holds up two neatly folded empty cereal boxes.

MOTHER

It's the nicest garbage I've ever seen.

LIZ

The man who folded this tube of Crest is looking for someone meticulous, refined. Anal.

All the sneakers look at her. She's just described herself wonderfully and hasn't quite noticed yet.

LIZ

What...?

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

An asian man is on stage, singing "Bad, Bad Leroy Brown" in Chinese.

Liz winds her way through the restaurant to find Brandes. When she finds him, he is putting in eye drops. He stands to greet her.

LIZ

Werner? Hi! I'm Doris.

BRANDES

Uh... hi! Are you ready for the Dim Sum bar?

LIZ

Oh, I'm not really in any hurry.

BRANDES

Alright. I'll be right back.

He takes off. She sits down and waits. She checks her hidden microphone and pulls out a notepad. The notepad has written on it:

Hi, my name is Werner Brandes. My voice is my passport. Verify me.

She scratches off "Hi." Werner returns with a plate of Dim Sum.

LIZ

So. What an interesting name you have.

Werner stuffs a spring roll in his mouth whole, and starts munching.

LIZ

How exactly do you pronounce it?

Werner's mouth is full. He mumbles his reply.

BRANDES

(mumbling)
Muuumu Mammbed.

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT

Close-up on a high-tech looking motion sensor.

CREASE

This is what's in Cosmo's office.

Mother enters the room and waves. The sensor beeps.

CREASE

Best motion sensor on the market.

MOTHER

And watch this!

Mother breathes on the sensor. It beeps again.

CREASE

Also responds to thermal differentials.

BISHOP

Does this have a happy ending?

MOTHER

Oh yeah.

MOTHER

We can wrap you in a full body suit
of neoprene heat-resistant rubber.

He demonstrates with a neoprene wetsuit.

MOTHER

(continuing)

Or we can raise the temperature in
Cosmo's office to 98.6 degrees.
Which is probably what we'll have to
do, because the neoprene would
suffocate you. Either way, you've
got a top speed of...

He slowly moves his neoprene-shielded hand across the sensor.

MOTHER

(continuing)

...two... inches... per... second...
any faster than that...

He waves the hand quickly, the sensor beeps.

MOTHER

(finishing)

and... big guys with guns. But, you'll
probably do fine.

BISHOP

Since when am I the one that...

Mother cuts him off.

MOTHER

This is the same model of answering
machine that Janek used for the shell
of his box, now that's what you'll
be carrying across the floor at two
inches per second. I got that for
you because I figured that you'd...
you know, just wanna practice with
it. Remember to... go real slow!

BISHOP

Slow.

CREASE

(facetiously)

You get all the fun stuff!

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Liz has crossed off all the words except "Passport." A waiter
is vacuuming the floor.

This date should have ended a long while ago. Werner comes back to the table, the waiter says something to him in Chinese.

LIZ

So, what about travel? Where do you like to go? Europe? Mexico?

BRANDES

Uh, I don't know, I've never been out of the country. Look, I think they want us to leave.

He grabs her arm. She grabs back and forces him to sit down.

LIZ

Sit down, Werner.

(she laughs)

Oh, talk to me. You know what? I really love the sound of your voice.

BRANDES

Really? I always thought it was kind of nasal and pinched.

His voice IS nasal and pinched.

LIZ

Oh, no, not at all, it's lovely. And, um, there's this one word... I've always loved the sound of this word...

BRANDES

Well?

LIZ

Oh, no! Oh, no, you wouldn't... no...

BRANDES

No, I would, what?

LIZ

Never mind, no.

BRANDES

No, what? Please. What?

LIZ

I would really... like to hear you say the word... "passport"...

Brandes looks confused.

BRANDES

Passport?

Liz sort of half laughs, half moans with excitement. She kisses him on the cheek.

LIZ

You know, you're right, we ought to leave.

BRANDES

Uh, Doris? Would you like to have breakfast with me?

LIZ

Sure, fine.

BRANDES

Shall I phone you or nudge you?

Liz looks around, discomfited.

LIZ

Check, please!

INT. SNEAKER VAN

Whistler is assembling a tape loop of the words Liz got Brandes to say. It sounds unnatural but seamless.

RECORDING

Hi! my, name. Is, Werner Brandes.
My. Voice? is my. Passport???
Verify. me...

EXT. PLAYTRONICS BUILDING

Carl, posing as a groundskeeper, prunes a shrub and walks across the parking lot and up to the building.

INT. PLAYTRONICS SECURITY BOOTH

SECURITY GUARD

Is that the gardener? I thought they already left.

SECURITY GUARD #2

I guess not.

INT. PLAYTRONICS LOBBY

CARL

(to Desk Guard)
May I use your john, please?

Carl walks past an ornery-looking security gate and into the men's room. He climbs up into a duct above the ceiling, and starts crawling around. Outside, the desk guard notices that he's been in a while. He goes into the men's room, but it's unoccupied. He goes back to the desk and starts to make a phone call.

SECURITY GUARD

Uh, listen, a few minutes ago a gardener came...

He notices a gardener outside raking leaves.

SECURITY GUARD

Skip it, I see him.

The other gardener is Mother.

MOTHER

Okay fellas, I'm out of here. Carl, have a nice ride.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

Carl jumps onto the roof of a moving elevator. He gets off in another shaft, and enters a boiler room. In the boiler room, he sets a thermostat. The temperature display starts rising.

INT. BRANDES' HOUSE - KITCHEN

Brandes is cooking something.

LIZ

Ooo. It's hot in here.

BRANDES

(chuckling)
Uh huh!

LIZ

Maybe I'll just open this window a little bit.

She goes over to a window and opens it.

BRANDES

I'll join you as soon as I'm finished pounding these breasts.

Liz laughs and passes something to Mother, who is waiting outside.

BRANDES

You know, the best thing about this meal, besides it's absolutely fabulous, is it only has 400 calories.

LIZ

Oh, great!

BRANDES

You know, I'm very concerned about what we eat.

LIZ

You are.

Mother rifles through Brandes' wallet and finds a card.

BRANDES

What would you say is the ideal diet?

LIZ

I sort of... eat, you know, sort of on the run... You know, I'm really busy, so...

Mother whistles unobtrusively.

BRANDES

Okay, I'll tell you, the ideal diet - don't laugh - is the bottom of the monkey cage.

Liz takes the wallet back from Mother.

LIZ

I'm sorry, what did you say?

BRANDES

Take a look at the bottom of the monkey cage. You have, uh, greens...

Someone knocks on the door.

LIZ

Is there someone at your door?

BRANDES

I'm not expecting anyone.

Brandes checks the front door. While he's not looking, Liz replaces his wallet.

BRANDES

No, nobody there.

Liz, Oh, I'm sorry.

BRANDES
We're all alone.

LIZ
Ah. I'll just close the window.
It's okay now.

She closes the window. Brandes goes back to his cooking.

BRANDES
No, but it's true, I read that once.

LIZ
Bottom of the monkey cage! What are
you talking about?

BRANDES
You have fruit, you have greens, you
have...

Mother drives away.

INT. PLAYTRONICS BUILDING

A security guard watches a monitor. The phone rings.

SECURITY GUARD
Good evening, Playtronics.

Bishop casually walks up to the security gate. He swipes Brandes' card through. The gate lets him through. A printout shows that Werner Brandes has entered through the front entrance at 8:20 PM on October 26. Inconvenient time to answer the phone...

INT. SNEAKER VAN

Mother is reading a tabloid.

MOTHER
Cattle mutilations are up!

CREASE
Don't!

MOTHER
Sorry.

INT. PLAYTRONICS CORRIDOR

Bishop, now wearing glasses, strides through the corridor. He enters a stairwell and goes up. He attaches a small black box to the security camera.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

Suddenly, a bank of security monitors in the van light up with pictures from inside the building.

MOTHER

Hey, here we go.

CREASE

(on radio)

Martin, we've got video.

MOTHER

Whistler, hit record.

WHISTLER

Rolling.

CREASE

(continuing)

The pictures are coming in fine.
You are clear all the way up to the
man-trap.

INT. PLAYTRONICS CORRIDOR

Bishop swipes Brandes' card again and enters the man-trap. He plays a tape. It's too fast. The machine buzzes gently and says:

*** ENTRY DENIED *** Please speak more slowly.

Bishop quickly rewinds. He plays it back normal speed.

RECORDING

Hi! my, name. Is, Werner Brandes.
My. Voice? is my. Passport???
Verify. me...

The machine displays "*** THANK YOU ***" and lets him through.

He enters Brandes' office using the card. A security printout clicks to register the fact. He empties his briefcase and takes off his tie.

INT. BOILER ROOM

The temperature gauge now says 88.1 degrees and rising.

INT. BRANDES' OFFICE

Bishop is up in the ceiling, now moving over Cosmo's office. He lifts a panel and looks down. The sensors, the Cray, the designer wire furniture, and the metal briefcase containing Janek's box are all in plain view.

He lowers a sound sensor into the room.

BISHOP
There's a three foot area in the
corner just outside the sensors'
range.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE
Good. Hold on. Whistler?

WHISTLER
Carl, how's the weather?

INT. BOILER ROOM

CARL
98.6 and holding!

INT. SNEAKER VAN

WHISTLER
Beauty. We got body temp, Crease!

CREASE
Go.

INT. CIELING CRAWLSPACE

Bishop carefully lowers himself into Cosmo's office, in the area behind the sensors that is out of their range. He starts walking excruciatingly slowly.

INT. BRANDES' HOUSE

Liz is looking out the window.

BRANDES
Once again, I am so sorry about
dinner.

LIZ
No, it was really delicious.

BRANDES
No, no, I overcooked the carrots.

LIZ
No, I like them really squishy like
that.

Liz notices a stuffed toy dog.

LIZ
That's cute!

Brandes lights up.

BRANDES
Oh, uh watch. Watch this!

Brandes snaps his fingers.

BRANDES
Play dead!

The toy dog rolls over onto its back.

LIZ
Great!

Brandes laughs.

BRANDES
I designed the voice recognition
chip.

LIZ
What a thing to do. Could I just
make a quick phone call?

BRANDES
Sure, uh, it's in the bedroom.

LIZ
Upstairs?

BRANDES
Yeah, just go upstairs and then you
walk straight forward. And the first
one is a closet.

She goes. The toy dog thinks it hears a command: "Walk
Straight Forward." It complies and walks straight forward.
It knock's Liz's purse off the table.

BRANDES
Oh pooch. Look what you've done to
Doris' purse!

He picks up the purse, and her wallet which has fallen out.
It opens up to her driver's licence. He takes a look and
realizes that Liz's name is not Doris.

BRANDES
Hmm.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

Bishop continues to walk painstakingly across the room.

INT. BRANDES' BEDROOM

Liz is on the phone, but it's just ringing. Brandes arrives at the door and knocks.

BRANDES

Psst. What do you say we go for a ride... Doris.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

Bishop is still moving across the room at top speed, 2 inches per second.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE

I don't believe it! Now what are you saying, the NSA killed Kennedy?

MOTHER

No, they shot him, but they didn't kill him. He's still alive!

CREASE

That's it. I've had it. I don't want to talk to you anymore. You just do your job. I don't want to talk to you anymore.

MOTHER

Okay, fine. It was the same people who framed Pete Rose.

CREASE

(exasperated)
Ugh!

EXT. ROAD TO PLAYTRONICS - NIGHT

Brandes is driving to work. At night. With Liz.

LIZ

Boy, this was fun. Want to go back?

BRANDES

Oh, no, we're almost there.

LIZ

Almost where?

INT. SNEAKER VAN

MOTHER

Crease.

CREASE

Forget it.

MOTHER

No, no, no, Crease.

CREASE

Forget it!

MOTHER

Werner just pulled up. He's got Liz with him.

CREASE

Oh no.

Crease gets on the radio.

CREASE

Martin, I think you'd better hurry.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

BISHOP

The one thing I can't do is hurry.

He opens the briefcase. Inside is Janek's answering machine.

INT. PLAYTRONICS FRONT DESK

Liz protests incomprehensibly as Brandes drags her to the security guard.

BRANDES

(mimicking Liz)

Come on, I want you to say it for me just one time, "Passport", you have such a beautiful voice!

They reach the guard.

BRANDES

Hi. I'm Dr. Brandes, I work up on three, and I believe that this phoney is involved in some kind of plot to break into my office.

SECURITY GUARD

Hold it, hold it! Let me see your entry card.

Brandes doesn't have it.

BRANDES
You took my card!

LIZ
What card? See, I...

They go on arguing, and another security guard behind a booth makes a phone call upstairs.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Sir, we have a problem.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

Carrying Janek's box, Bishop inches his way back across the room. He makes it back to the sensors' blind spot.

INT. PLAYTRONICS FRONT DESK

Dick Gordon and Buddy Wallace arrive on the scene. Liz and Brandes are still arguing with the desk guard.

BRANDES
...now there is a great idea, call
the police! I'm very sorry to disturb
you, but I think that someone is
trying to break into my office!

Now Cosmo shows up.

COSMO
Let's take a look at his office.

INT. BRANDES' OFFICE

Bishop hurriedly puts everything back in his briefcase.

INT. STAIRWELL.

Cosmo, Gordon, Liz, Wallace, and Brandes make their way upstairs.

INT. BRANDES' OFFICE

Bishop grabs his briefcase and goes back up inside the ceiling.

INT. PLAYTRONICS CORRIDOR

Cosmo uses a remote control to completely bypass the man-trap. All five walk through. They arrive at Brandes' office and hit the lights. Bishop has *just* made it. Brandes looks around.

COSMO
Well?

BRANDES
Well, uh, everything seems to be in
order.

COSMO
Does it?

BRANDES
Yessir.

GORDON
We're very sorry to have troubled
you, miss.

LIZ
Not as sorry as I am, Werner.

They all leave.

BISHOP
They're letting her go.

INT. PLAYTRONICS CORRIDOR

COSMO
We'll call you a cab.

LIZ
Thank you. This is my last computer
date.

Cosmo thinks about this.

COSMO
Wait. A computer matched her with
him? I don't think so.

Gordon and Wallace start back.

COSMO
Marty!

He runs back to his own office, using his remote control to
enter.

COSMO
Why is it so hot in here?

He runs to his desk and opens the metal briefcase. It is
empty.

COSMO
(furious)
MARTY!

EXT. PLAYTRONICS BUILDING

The whole complex goes into a full scale security lockdown. Floodlights light, alarms wail. Armed men pour in from out of nowhere.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE
Martin, we've got six guards in the front lobby, four in the south corridor, second floor, five upstairs north.

MOTHER
Guards in the boiler room.

CREASE
Oh, God.
(into mic)
Carl, listen carefully. You've got trouble.

Mother opens the blueprint.

MOTHER
Heating ducts, over the furnace.

CREASE
You'll be alright. Just find the heating ducts above the furnace.

MOTHER
That'll get him to the elevator.

CREASE
That will lead you to the elevator chasm. Martin, there's a fire escape at the end of the north corridor. You'll have to break through a couple of firewalls.

MOTHER
Have him go south.

CREASE
No! Go directly north!

MOTHER
There's an air duct there!

CREASE
Directly north about thirty yards!
Once you're there, let me know.

INT. PLAYTRONICS SECURITY

Dick Gordon and Cosmo oversee the sweep for Bishop and Carl.

GORDON
(into intercom)
Blue team, move to southwest corridor
one. Green team, secure north
corridor three. White team, secure
all exits...

COSMO
He'll be in a crawl space. Break
through.

Two guards with shotguns comply.

INT. CIELING CRAWLSPACE

A guard climbs up into a cieling crawlspace and looks around.
Bishop gets out of his sight just in time.

BISHOP
Crease, I'm in Northeast 3 over the
corridor. I think it's a dead end.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE
Don't move. And don't worry, we'll
get you out of there.

MOTHER
Whistler, we've got guards in every
stairwell. Can you hear if there's
any...

Mother notices that a guard has found their video transmitter.
The guard abruptly yanks it. All the monitors go blank.

MOTHER
Oh, no.

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE

BISHOP
What? Don't say "Oh, no."

INT. PLAYTRONICS CORRIDOR

Buddy Wallace strolls down the corridor carrying a mean-looking shotgun.

WALLACE
 (into radio)
 This is Wallace, I'm in Northeast 3,
 going to check it out.

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE

Bishop hears him below.

CREASE
 (over radio)
 Martin, we've lost pictures...

In the quiet, the noise of Bishop's earpiece can be heard by Wallace. Bishop desperately tries to cover it up but it's too late.

CREASE
 DO YOU READ ME??

INT. PLAYTRONICS CORRIDOR

Wallace smiles, he knows he has Bishop cornered. He shoots into the ceiling. And again. And again. And again. His fourth shot barely misses Bishop.

COSMO
 (over P.A.)
 Stop shooting. Marty? I know you
 are in the building, and I know you
 can hear me. Whoo, God. You should
 not have come back, Marty. I won,
 you lost.

Cosmo's voice echoes throughout the entire building.

COSMO
 (continuing)
 And if our friendship had meant
 anything to you at all, that's the
 way you should have left it, but you
 always had to be the one to win,
 didn't you? You're the one who got
 away with things while I never did.
 You always had to get the girl, didn't
 you? So I never did. At least not
 until now.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

Liz looks on from a wire couch in Cosmo's office.

COSMO
She's lovely, Marty.

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE

Bishop gasps, astonished and fearful.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

COSMO
Please, Marty, please bring me the box. You must come. I will never let either of you live if you try to get out. I am your way out. I'm your only way out. If I wanted you dead, you would be dead. Marty, I cannot kill you. I cannot kill you. You have to trust me.

INT. CEILING CRAWLSPACE

BISHOP
Guys, I'm going in. You hear me, Carl?

CARL
Yes...

Bishop pulls a ceiling panel aside. Below is Wallace, ready to blow him away.

INT. COSMO'S OFFICE

Wallace leads Bishop in at gunpoint.

BISHOP
Hi.

LIZ
Hi.

BISHOP
How are you?

LIZ
Fine. How are you?

Bishop just sighs.

LIZ
Yeah.

COSMO
So you have my box?

BISHOP
We have a deal, right?

Cosmo starts to leave.

BISHOP
Wait a second. Wait a minute.

Dick Gordon loads his pistol.

BISHOP
Goddamnit, you gave me your word!

COSMO
I cannot kill my friend.
(To Wallace and Gordon)
Kill my friend!

BISHOP
Son of a bitch!

WALLACE
(smiling broadly)
You didn't really think we were gonna
let you go, did you?

BISHOP
You didn't really think I was going
to let you have this box, did you?

WALLACE
What?

BISHOP
Now.

WALLACE
Now? What are you talking about,
"Now?"

BISHOP
Now!

WALLACE
Damn right, now!

Wallace and Gordon take aim.

BISHOP
Carl, now!

Carl leaps through the ceiling panel and lands squarely on Gordon, knocking him down. In the split second of distraction, Bishop grabs Wallace's shotgun. Liz screams. The two men struggle. Liz picks up Gordon's pistol.

LIZ
Let go of him!

She fires a shot into the ceiling. Wallace and Bishop stop struggling. She's shaking and hyperventilating.

LIZ
I mean it! I'm an excellent
marksman... woman...

Wallace puts his hands up.

LIZ
Move!

WALLACE
Oh sure, sure.

Bishop takes the gun from Liz.

BISHOP
Get up.

Wallace slowly complies.

BISHOP
Yeeeeooooou...

Bishop smacks Wallace squarely in the jaw with the gun. Wallace falls, out cold.

BISHOP
Carl, what the hell were you waiting
for?

CARL
That's not easy, what I just did!

LIZ
Guys, can we get out of here?

The three run to a stairwell and go up.

EXT. PLAYTRONICS ROOF. NIGHT

Bishop, Carl, and Liz run across the roof, dodging spotlights.

BISHOP
Crease, we're on the roof. There's
a fire escape on the north side.

BISHOP
Is it clear?

INT. SNEAKER VAN

CREASE
Yes, clear.

EXT. PLAYTRONICS ROOF

The three reach the fire escape.

BISHOP
Where are you?

CREASE
(over radio)
On a hill overlooking the northeast
corner of the parking lot.

The van's headlights flash.

CARL
There!

BISHOP
Beautiful, come and get us.

Carl and Liz go down the fire escape.

BISHOP
And hurry up, we've only got a few
minutes before anybody knows we're
gone.

EXT. SNEAKER VAN

Crease and Mother go up front. Mother starts the van.

CREASE
Coming to get you.

Two guards appear, weapons drawn.

GUARD
Put your hands where I can see them
and step out of the van.
(To Crease)
You too, midnight.

Whistler, still in the back of the van, puts on a radio
headset.

WHISTLER
Bish... they've got Crease and Mother!

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

BISHOP
Shit! Whistler, you've gotta do it.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

WHISTLER
Do what?

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE

BISHOP
You've gotta drive. I'll talk you
through it. Now hurry.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

WHISTLER
D-Drive what?

EXT. SNEAKER VAN

The guards frisk Crease and Mother. Whistler comes up to
the driver's seat.

WHISTLER
Okay, Bish.

BISHOP
Now, there's a gate about thirty
yards behind you. Put it in reverse
and floor it.

CREASE
Did I ever tell you why I had to
leave the CIA?

MOTHER
No?

WHISTLER
Uh, what's reverse?

BISHOP
Uh, one down.

CREASE
My temper.

Whistler floors it in reverse. The van takes off. In the
split second of distraction, Crease overpowers both guards.

MOTHER
Wow!

CREASE
Motherfuckers mess with me, I'll
split your heads!

MOTHER
Uh, Crease, where's Whistler going?

WHISTLER
Uh, Bish? I'm going backwards.

BISHOP
You're doing fine... you're doing
fine.

The van, going backwards, breaks through a gate. Whistler
yells.

BISHOP
Now, hit the brakes, now!

The van screeches to a halt.

BISHOP
Okay, Whistler, put the gear shift
down two notches.

Whistler shifts gears.

BISHOP
Turn left, floor it.

WHISTLER
I'm going forward.

BISHOP
Straighten out, straighten out!

The van straightens out. It jumps curbs and grassy islands
in the parking lot.

WHISTLER
What... what was that?

BISHOP
Okay, keep coming...

WHISTLER
Oh God, I'm driving. I'm driving.

The van continues to jump curbs across the parking lot.
Whistler covers his face.

WHISTLER
Oh no, don't do that, I'm driving!

Whistler is coming up on some cars now.

BISHOP
Whoa, whoa, whoa, go left... uh...
my left! Right! Right, right!

Bishop is too late. Whistler hits two cars, which spin out of the way. The van keeps going.

BISHOP
It's... it's okay. Beautiful, now
keep coming. Keep coming. Now,
you're going to go down a very...
gentle slope.

WHISTLER
Oh, okay, fine, great. No problem.

The "slope" is not at all gentle.

WHISTLER
Whoo-oo! Oh boy!

BISHOP
Okay. Five more seconds, then stop.

The van crashes into a wall. Whistler's headset is knocked off.

WHISTLER
I think I'll stop right here.

Liz and Carl run to the van.

LIZ
Whistler, that was great!

CARL
Whistler!

WHISTLER
Where to?

CARL
Oh no, I'm taking the wheel. In the
back.

Mother and Crease run up to the van.

CREASE
Where's Martin?

Bishop starts down the fire escape.

COSMO

Marty!

Cosmo aims a gun at Bishop.

COSMO

Would you step away from the ladder?

Bishop does.

COSMO

You will give me the box right now,
or I will kill you, right now.

BISHOP

No.

Cosmo fires. He just misses.

BISHOP

Jesus!

COSMO

Just give me the box, Marty!

BISHOP

I thought you couldn't kill your
friend, Cos!

COSMO

I missed on purpose, now give me the
box!

BISHOP

Take the goddamn thing! I don't
want it! You win, I lose, that's
what you want, isn't it? Say it.
Say it!

COSMO

YES!

Bishop gives Cosmo the box.

BISHOP

I'm sorry, Cos.

COSMO

You could have shared this with me.

BISHOP

I know.

COSMO

You could have had the power.

BISHOP
I don't want it.

COSMO
Don't you know the places we can go
with this?

BISHOP
Yeah, I do. There's nobody there.

COSMO
Exactly! The world isn't run by
weapons anymore, or energy, or money,
it's run by little ones and zeroes,
little bits of data. It's all just
electrons.

BISHOP
I don't care.

COSMO
I don't expect other people to
understand this, but I do expect YOU
to understand this! We started this
journey together!

BISHOP
It wasn't a "journey", Cos. It was
a prank.

COSMO
There's a war out there, old friend,
a world war. And it's not about
who's got the most bullets, it's
about who controls the information.
What we see and hear, how we work,
what we think, it's all about the
information!

BISHOP
If I were you, I'd destroy that thing.

Bishop starts down the ladder again.

COSMO
Don't go.

Cosmo again takes aim at Bishop.

COSMO
Don't go.

BISHOP

You do what you have to do, Cos, but
if you want to stop me, you'll have
to pull the trigger.

Bishop continues down the ladder. Cosmo lets him. Cosmo
looks inside the box. It is empty! He's astonished.
Meanwhile, the van speeds away.

INT. SNEAKER VAN

As they drive back to the office, Bishop opens the REAL box.
The codebreaker chip is still inside.

INT. MARTIN BISHOP & ASSOCIATES OFFICES - NIGHT

The sneakers return to the office for the first time in days.

CREASE

I can't believe we actually made it
back.

CARL

I can't believe that we pulled off
the greatest sneak in history and we
can't tell anybody about it.

MOTHER

You know what I can't believe? I
can't believe tomorrow's Thursday!

Someone else turns on a light. He aims his gun at Mother.

NSA AGENT

Not one word.

A female NSA agent with a submachine gun appears.

FEMALE AGENT

Okay, all of you, step over here.
Hands over your heads. Move!

The agents herd the sneakers up against the wall of the
conference room.

ABBOTT

Mr. Bishop. I'm Bernard Abbott.
National Security Agency. We spoke
on the phone. I believe you have
something that belongs to me.

BISHOP

It's interesting, don't you think,
you guys? That the NSA is here?

BISHOP

I thought the FBI was supposed to do this kind of thing.

CREASE

Absolutely. This is outside the NSA's jurisdiction.

WHISTLER

Unless the NSA didn't want anybody to know about Janek's little black box.

BISHOP

I keep thinking about something Greg told me. He said that our codes were based on an entirely different system than the Russian codes. So this box really wouldn't work on them. The only thing it would really be good for is spying on Americans.

MOTHER

Oh, sure, with a box like that, they could read the FBI's mail.

WHISTLER

Or the CIA's. Or the White House's!

CREASE

No wonder they don't want to share with the other children.

ABBOTT

What do you want, Mr. Bishop?

BISHOP

Clear up my record. Get out of my life.

ABBOTT

I don't have much choice, do I?

BISHOP

Not unless you want to read about it in Newsweek.

ABBOTT

Deal. The box.

MOTHER

Not so fast. I want a Winnebago.

ABBOTT

What?

MOTHER

Fully equipped. Big kitchen.
Waterbed. AM/FM CD. Microwave.

ABBOTT

This is not a car dealership, pal!

BISHOP

He wants a Winnebago.

ABBOTT

(grudgingly)
Alright. A Winnebago.

MOTHER

Thank you. Burgundy interior.

ABBOTT

Now the box.

Crease clears his throat.

CREASE

Uh, I have never taken my wife to
Europe.

ABBOTT

I'm sorry to hear it.
(to Bishop)
Give me the box!

CREASE

You will buy me two round trip first
class tickets to Athens, Lisbon,
Madrid, and Scotland.

BISHOP

Don't forget Tahiti.

CREASE

And Tahiti.

ABBOTT

Tahiti is not in Europe!

CARL

Excuse me, when you get the box, you
can give us geography lessons, until
then, this man goes to Tahiti.

ABBOTT

Fine. Tahiti!

BISHOP

Carl?

Carl walks up to Abbott and speaks quietly.

CARL
The young lady with the...
(he checks)
...Uzi. Is she... single?

BISHOP
Uh, you know, Carl...
(to Abbott)
Excuse us please.

Bishop takes Carl aside.

BISHOP
This is the brass ring. Now, you've
got to think bigger thoughts.

CARL
I just want her telephone number.
Please?

The young woman lowers her weapon, amazed.

BISHOP
(to Abbott)
How about a lunch? You can chaperone.

ABBOTT
No! I will not do this.

BISHOP
Hey, Abbie. Abbie, come on, now the
FBI would give him twins!

ABBOTT
NO!

FEMALE AGENT
Wait a second. You can have anything
you want, and you're asking for my
phone number.

CARL
Yes.

She smiles.

FEMALE AGENT
273-9164. Area code 415.

CARL
I'm Carl.

FEMALE AGENT

I'm Mary.

ABBOTT

I'm going to be sick! Are we done here?

BISHOP

No, not yet. Whistler?

Whistler walks out into the middle of the room.

WHISTLER

I want peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

ABBOTT

Oh, this is ridiculous.

BISHOP

He's serious.

WHISTLER

I want peace on earth and goodwill toward men.

ABBOTT

We are the United States Government. We don't do that sort of thing.

BISHOP

You're just going to have to try.

ABBOTT

(eyes narrowing)
Alright! I'll see what I can do.

WHISTLER

Thank you very much.
(shaking Abbott's hand)
That's all I ask.

ABBOTT

(to Liz)
How about you? What do you want?

LIZ

Oh, I'm fine.

She smiles sweetly.

ABBOTT

May I have the box?

Bishop gives him the box.

BISHOP

You know it doesn't work. It never did.

ABBOTT

That's not important, is it? What's really important is that none of this ever happened. This box doesn't exist.

BISHOP

I never saw it before.

ABBOTT

Remember that.

Abbott and the agents leave.

LIZ

Bishop. All you did was say it was broken. Can't they still just hook it up and do terrible things with it?

Bishop shows her Janek's chip.

BISHOP

Nope!

LATER.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

In a surprise announcement, the Republican National Committee has revealed it is bankrupt! A spokesman for the party said they had plenty of money in their accounts last week, but today they just don't know where the money has gone. But not everybody's going begging. Amnesty International, Greenpeace, and the United Negro College Fund announced record earnings this week, due mostly to large, anonymous donations.

The credits roll.