

LEADING EDGE

Pilot: Infinite Energy

By

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TEASER

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

A BARTENDER talks quietly to a PATRON on one end of the bar. A HUNKY GUY, 30s, drinks alone at the other end.

RACHEL SU, 28, Chinese, intense, enters like she owns the place. She wears a low-cut dress, heels, and black leather motorcycle jacket.

Rachel takes a stool next to Hunky Guy. She stands on the rail and reaches over the bar to grab two maraschino cherries. Hunky Guy eyes her with appreciation.

Rachel sits back on her stool, pops a cherry in her mouth.

HUNKY GUY

Tough day?

RACHEL

That obvious? Or are you just that good?

HUNKY GUY

Oh, I've been told by lots of women that I'm better than just "good."

RACHEL

Really....

Rachel stares at him as she slowly sucks the other cherry into her mouth.

INT. DIVE BAR, BATHROOM - NIGHT

The door bangs open. Rachel and Hunky Guy clutch and kiss in a dance of lust. She grabs his ass. He mauls her breasts.

Rachel pushes Hunky Guy into a stall, slams the door behind her. She unbuckles his belt and pushes him onto the toilet.

She reaches into her jacket, pulls out a condom and tosses it to him. He tears the condom package open with a grin, and struggles to put it on (out of frame).

Rachel reaches under her dress, pulls off her panties and straddles him. She sinks down with a sharp intake of breath.

HUNKY GUY

Jeezus.

Hunky Guy gently touches her cheek. Rachel grabs both his hands and pins them against the wall behind him.

RACHEL

I didn't come here to make love.

She slams himself onto him. He gives back just as hard.

SOUND OF: PHONE RINGS: the gentle Apple "RADIATE" ringtone.

Rachel reaches into her jacket as she rides. The ringing stops. She continues with intensity.

Rachel is in mid-orgasm as the phone RINGS again. Irritated, she pulls her phone out and answers. She puts her free hand across Hunky Guy's mouth, and slowly sinks up and down.

RACHEL

(into phone)

Yes?

She rotates her hips as she listens.

RACHEL

(into phone)

Shit. We have to decide tonight which low-K dielectric material we're going to use for the test wafer substrate. I'm on my way.

Rachel hangs up and dismounts.

RACHEL

Sorry. Gotta go.

HUNKY GUY

Again?

RACHEL

Yeah. Welcome to Silicon Valley. Always on.

Hunky Guy nods in acceptance as he pulls up his pants.

HUNKY GUY

I'm working on an invite to a hot dungeon party Friday. Interested?

RACHEL

Depends on work. Let me know.

HUNKY GUY

Hey, you think we might actually exchange names one of these days?

RACHEL
Why screw up a good thing?

And she's gone.

EXT. DIVE BAR, PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A mix of beaters and dream cars. Rachel runs into the lot and towards a Tesla plugged into a electric charging station.

She runs around the Tesla to a red Energica Ego racing-style motorcycle plugged into the charging station.

MONTAGE: RACHEL TRANSFORMS (QUICK CUTS)

-- Rachel takes off her jacket and heels, pulls out leather pants from a backpack on the bike, and puts them on.

-- She tears off her dress, stuffs it into the backpack along with her heels, and throws on a T-shirt.

-- She puts her leather motorcycle jacket on over her T-shirt. On its front: the Massachusetts Institute of Technology logo.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel disconnects the motorcycle from the charging station and straddles it. She zips her jacket and puts on her helmet. She touches a button on the helmet for her Bluetooth headset.

RACHEL
(into headset)
Call Kurt.

Rachel pulls on reinforced gloves and flips down her visor.

SOUND OF PHONE RINGING as she turns on her motorcycle and rides onto...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS, SOUTH OF MARKET - NIGHT

Rachel weaves through traffic like a MotoGP racer, the hum and whine of her electric motor and tires are the only sound from the motorcycle.

A few cars behind, a black Range Rover tries to do the same.

KURT (V.O.)
(over helmet headset)
Rachel? Where are you?

RACHEL
(into headset)
Taking a ride to blow off steam.

She takes a freeway on-ramp, knee inches from the pavement.

KURT (V.O.)
How far away are you?

RACHEL'S POV (through motorcycle helmet visor):

In the bottom of her frame of vision, her digital speedometer. In the middle, the on-ramp to Highway 280 South.

Rachel glances up at a highway sign: Palo Alto 31 Miles

RACHEL
(into headset)
Be there in twenty minutes. Get the
Beijing team on video.

Rachel twists the throttle hard. The engine whines like a jet turbine, and in seconds the speedometer races past 100 MPH as she flies past cars.

BACK TO SCENE

Rachel's motorcycle's taillights disappear around a curve.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Typical Silicon Valley offices. Open floor plan, battered cubicles. On the cubes' desktops, the detritus from many meals. Newish Aeron chairs. Brand new workstations.

The lights are on, but no one is at their desks.

RACHEL (PRE-LAP)
OK, so what's the issue with
graphene on gallium arsenide?

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

In a glass-walled room, a tired, scruffy-looking TEAM of seven Ph.D-types surround Rachel at a large conference table.

On the table in front of Rachel: two shiny 12 inch diameter silicon wafers connected to hard-wired circuit boards. JOHN MORRIS, mid-40s, bearded VP of Engineering, answers Rachel.

JOHN
The EPA has decided to declare
gallium arsenide a carcinogen. We
won't be able to get approval to
manufacture in California now.

A team of five CHINESE ENGINEERS scoff in disbelief from the other side of the videoconference conducted through a flat screen hung on the wall. A sign on their table: "Beijing."

RACHEL
Lisa? What about graphene on
structured silicon, using thin film
as the substrate?

LISA HOPKINS, British, 30s, way out of style VP of Materials Science, passes over a report to Rachel as she finishes a bite of a stale-looking donut.

LISA
(English accent)
This is what we came up with at
Cambridge. As you know, I did my
post-doc work under...

The CHINESE ENGINEERS and TECH NERDS finish her sentence.

TECH NERDS & CHINESE ENGINEERS
Professor Whitehead.

Lisa gives the team a snippy look. Rachel reviews the paper.

LISA

It's a trickier material, but if we make it work, we'll get big cost and performance improvements.

On video screen, YONG LIU, Chinese male, 30, athletic.

YONG

Yeah, if. Gallium arsenide is proven and stable, and we can manufacture in China.

RACHEL

Do we have time to run new simulations for both alternatives?

LISA

Unfortunately, no. I asked Whitehead, but he said Cambridge's supercomputer is booked. And to think I almost gave that old fart a handy once.

Lisa moves to take another bite of her donut. All eyes turn to her in surprise. She shrugs.

LISA

Your Honors, in my defense -- it was Christmas.

JOHN

Hey Lisa, Christmas is coming...

Lisa raises her right hand.

LISA

For Nobel Laureates only.

The TEAM cracks up LAUGHING.

KURT JAMES, African American male, 35, straight-arrow, ex-military VP of Finance, is appalled. He glares at the team.

KURT

Come on, people. Let's keep it out of the gutter.

All eyes turn to Rachel, worried for her reaction. But she's engrossed in the report. She closes the report decisively.

RACHEL
Go with graphene on structured
silicon.

Rachel looks at the clock on the wall: 10:49 p.m.

RACHEL
I need the new sim report by eight
tomorrow morning so John and Lisa
can finalize programming on the
prototype. Can you do it, John?

JOHN
It won't be easy, but I think so.

RACHEL
It's never easy to change the
world. Let's do it.

The Silicon Valley team jumps up and rushes out. ON THE
MONITOR, the same happens in Beijing. Kurt hangs back.

KURT
We only have two weeks of cash
left. If you don't nail it
tomorrow, we're out of business,
and all of us will have wasted the
last two years of our lives.

RACHEL
Stop worrying. We'll be fine.

Rachel smiles. Kurt looks doubtful, starts to say more, but
thinks better of it and leaves.

Rachel's smile fades with concern as she watches Kurt leave.
She closes her eyes in a silent prayer.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS, SOUTH OF MARKET - NIGHT

Rachel speeds her motorcycle through empty streets and into
the underground garage of an apartment building. As she goes
into the garage, a black Range Rover slowly drives past.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is empty. A WHOOSH as an elevator door opens.
Rachel steps out, carrying her backpack. She makes her way to
a door and carefully opens it, trying not to make noise.

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lights are off. Decent furnishings grace the living room. An unfinished painting is on an easel in the middle of the room. Rachel enters and slinks down a hallway.

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel comes in and closes her door. A mattress on the floor and a desk with a computer monitor are the only furniture.

As she strips she looks at a framed photo on her desk: Young Rachel, 12, being hugged by a Chinese woman, 36.

Rachel slides open a closet with dual mirror doors.

She hangs her leathers next to wetsuits, ski and boarding clothes, and other sports clothes. She puts her motorcycle boots next to rollerblades, ski and snowboard boots. Skis, snowboard, and kiteboard are in the back.

Rachel slides open the other side. A few MIT and Photonic Power logo t-shirts and hoodies, sweats and jeans hang, along with a single dark suit and two blouses.

She pulls her dress from her backpack and hangs it next to the suit. She puts her only pair of dressy shoes at the end of a line of running shoes, flip-flops and hiking boots.

Rachel closes the closet, picks up the framed photo from her desk, crawls onto her mattress. She sets an alarm on her phone, kisses the photo, sets it next to her mattress near her head, and closes her eyes to sleep.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, HYDE STREET CABLE CAR LINE - DAY

A CABLE CAR slowly climbs uphill in the early morning light.

Suddenly, an INLINE SKATER in tights, helmet and pads flies over the crest downhill, airborne in a tuck, shocking the CABLE CAR DRIVER and PASSENGERS. It's Rachel.

CABLE CAR DRIVER

Holy shit!

Rachel lands and speeds downhill as the sun rises over a vista of the San Francisco Bay. She kneels and leans to turn onto a side street.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, SIDE STREET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

A deserted street, lined with tall, glass-windowed buildings.

Rachel, sweating heavily through her MIT LOGO T-SHIRT, speed skates into view.

She jumps from the street to the sidewalk, then onto the top tube of a bike rack, riding it like a rail with her skates. She jumps off the rack and speeds down the sidewalk.

A loud THUNK from above distracts Rachel.

RACHEL'S POV:

Something large and greyish drops from above. Rachel rolls on the sidewalk to avoid hitting it. She looks to see...

RACHEL'S VISION:

An Asian woman, 36, sprawled on the sidewalk, face down, blood seeping to form a puddle around her.

BACK TO SCENE (REALITY):

Rachel looks like she's seen a ghost. She stands to look at what is actually a SEAGULL sprawled on the sidewalk. She touches it gently. It's dead.

Rachel looks up and sees a cracked window on the building where the seagull hit, shining with the sun's glare.

Rachel checks herself for injuries, takes a breath to calm down, then continues blading at a slower pace.

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, RACHEL'S BATHROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Rachel's face, eyes closed, underwater. Her hair flows around her head. Suddenly, her eyes pop wide open.

She sits up in a bathtub filled with ice. Rachel grabs a towel and gets out with a slight shiver.

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY

GINGER COLLINS, 28, leggy and sexy, wears a paint-splattered shirt, shorts and nerdy glasses as she paints a canvas.

Rachel enters, wearing a suit, carrying her backpack. She goes to the kitchen and mixes a bag of SOYLENT powder and water in a blender, turns it on with a WHIR, pours it in a glass, and drinks as she reviews bills on the counter.

GINGER

I can't believe you actually drink that nasty stuff.

RACHEL

Three glasses provide one hundred percent of your daily nutritional needs. Ten bucks, and no time wasted cooking.

GINGER

Definitely no time wasted enjoying what you eat, either.

Ginger sees Rachel grimace as she looks at an envelope for a credit card bill stamped in red: FINAL NOTICE.

GINGER

I can cover all of next month's rent if you need me to. My gallery owner thinks he has a couple of my pieces sold. The buyer's taking me to lunch on Saturday.

RACHEL

Thanks, I think I'll be OK.

But Rachel isn't really sure. She finishes her meal-replacement drink, and makes an espresso.

Ginger quickly and intensely applies paint to her canvas. Rachel looks at her phone and downs her espresso.

RACHEL

Time to go swim with the sharks.

Ginger sees Rachel sling her backpack over her shoulder.

GINGER

Hey, want to borrow a purse? I have one that'd work great with your suit.

RACHEL

(off her backpack)
Why? This holds all my gear.

GINGER

Yeah, what was I thinking?

Rachel waves and leaves.

Ginger examines her painting:

A woman's shape with streaks of light emanating from it. A sliver of thread holds a huge black cube above the woman's head. A heart-shaped hole is in the middle of her torso.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM/HALLWAY - DAY

John and Lisa fiddle with a silicon wafer prototype hooked up to a computer.

ON SCREEN: a digital countdown of rapidly descending numbers.

Rachel enters.

RACHEL
Have you finished final Q.A.?

JOHN
The last test is still running. We need two minutes.

KURT sticks his head in the conference room.

KURT
Rachel, a man is here to see you. He says he's your father?

Rachel storms into the hall to see MR. ZHANG, 50s, exotically handsome, confident. Mr. Zhang gives her a magnetic smile.

Her face cold as ice, Rachel locks eyes with Mr. Zhang.

RACHEL
Kurt, if he's not gone in ten seconds, call the police.

Rachel goes back into the conference room. Mr. Zhang tries to follow her.

MR. ZHANG
(calling after her loudly)
Rachel... Please...

Kurt stiffens and intercepts Mr. Zhang.

KURT
I'm sorry, but you need to leave.

TEAM MEMBERS look on in surprise from their cubicles. Mr. Zhang shakes his head in disappointment and leaves.

Kurt goes back into the conference room, concerned. Rachel focuses on the Q.A. timer count-down on the computer.

KURT
Was that really your father?

RACHEL
He's dead to me.

John and Lisa give each other a questioning look.

RACHEL
Get back to work -- we need to go.

INT. CLINGER PEARSON, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The large room is dominated by a huge table with stainless steel legs and a thick, flawless bamboo top. Ubiquitous stainless and black Aeron chairs surround the table.

A gigantic 110-inch curved screen display with videoconference equipment is embedded in one wall.

Other walls are covered with hundreds of 5"x 6" Lucite "tombstones" memorializing the IPOs of companies invested in by the world's most successful Venture Capital firm.

Rachel, Kurt, John and Lisa are ushered in by a RECEPTIONIST, 20s, who looks and dresses like a runway model.

John and Lisa set up the prototype wafer, a second wafer, and two high intensity lamps on the conference table.

Rachel and her team watch anxiously as two ASSOCIATES and seven PARTNERS from Clinger Pearson take seats at the conference table. They wear Silicon Valley business casual.

THOMAS PEARSON, 60, confident and distinguished in spite of his khakis and polo shirt, enters and sits in a middle seat.

THOMAS
What do you have for us, Ms. Su?

Rachel surveys the CP team. Emotionless poker faces. Some fiddle with their smartphones or iPads.

Rachel nods to Kurt to start a presentation that projects on a SCREEN behind her.

ON SCREEN: Images flicker of oil fields, polluting smoke stacks, the smog and traffic jams of Beijing, headlines screaming "Oil Prices Reach New Highs" and "Russia Invades Ukraine."

RACHEL

We all know that Big Oil and the oil-rich countries manipulate oil prices to keep us hooked on oil, even though it's killing the planet. But Photonic Power is about to break the world's oil habit.

ON SCREEN: Images of solar cells in giant arrays under a blue sky, solar cells on rooftops.

RACHEL

Photonic Power's solar cells can generate and store electricity at a fraction of the cost of oil, even at oil glut prices.

THOMAS

How?

RACHEL

Regular solar cells only convert visible light into electricity. Ours convert infrared and U.V. too, making them four times more efficient. By itself, that's huge. But we've also figured out how to turn the entire array into a giant battery. Lisa Middleton, our VP of Advanced Materials, will explain.

ON SCREEN: Video of Rachel, Lisa and John in a semiconductor clean room wearing "bunny suits", watching an advanced robotic tool spray a chemical on a shiny round wafer.

LISA

We deposit a layer of graphene below the solar cells to create a energy storage layer. It charges faster and holds that charge longer than lithium-ion batteries, in a fraction of the space.

RACHEL

The Holy Grail for energy storage.

Now the CP team is getting interested. Slightly.

RACHEL

John Morris, our VP of Engineering, will demonstrate.

John points out two special high intensity lights set up over two wafer boards on the conference table. Each board is connected to electronic meters that read "0".

JOHN

This Sun Solar wafer is current
state-of-art.

Rachel nods to John and Lisa. Lisa turns on the light over the Sun Solar board with a CLICK. An electronic display next to the board quickly runs up to show: 20.0

RACHEL

Twenty watts output from one
hundred watts input. Now, watch how
our solar cells perform.

Rachel turns her head and nods to Lisa, then looks back to the CP team. Behind her, Lisa turns on the lamp over the Infinite Power board with a loud CLICK.

Rachel watches the faces of the CP Associates and Partners with anticipation. They are unimpressed. And irritated.

Confused, Rachel turns to look at the meter attached to the Infinite Power wafer. She can't hide her shock.

The meter reads: 0.0

END OF ACT 1

ACT TWO

INT. CLINGER PEARSON, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rachel and John fiddle with the prototype. Kurt watches, helpless. Lisa nervously eats a candy-bar and looks at her phone. Bored CP Partners and Associates watch or text.

RACHEL
Substrate interconnect?

JOHN
Maybe.

John puts on glasses. Rachel turns the board over.

WILLIAM, a skinny partner with a perma-tan turns to Thomas.

WILLIAM
I have a meeting at six in the City.

THOMAS
Ms. Su, perhaps we should...

Several CP PARTNERS and ASSOCIATES gather their things.

RACHEL
Found it!

Rachel points to a place on the board.

RACHEL
One of the interconnects must have
jarred loose on the way over.
Please give us a minute?

John pulls a portable soldering iron out of his bag.

RACHEL
(whispering to John)
How did that happen?

JOHN
(whispering)
Hell if I know. Looks like it was
pulled loose.

Rachel eyes her team, annoyed and a bit suspicious.

The CP team wait in bored irritation as John solders on the board. He flips the board over and connects it to the meter.

Rachel holds her breath and turns on the light with a CLICK. The meter immediately starts to rapidly rise. Past 20.0; past 30.0; past 50.0, finally stopping at 75.4

John lets out a quiet SIGH of relief.

RACHEL

That's almost four times more power than the best solar cells currently on the market. And we'll do even better in full-scale production.

The Partners' and Associates' poker faces have disappeared.

EXT. NICOLAI'S NAPA VALLEY WINERY AND RANCH - DAY

An imposing high wooden entry gate. A sign between the posts reads SCHEVARDNAZE RANCH WINERY. Under that: Napa Valley

Just past the entry sign, a horse riding ring.

NICOLAI SHEVARDNAZE, 48, pasty, hasn't missed many meals, watches his son PETER, 9, ride a horse under the eyes of a weathered male RIDING INSTRUCTOR, 60s. Nicolai and Peter wear new cowboy outfits and matching lime green crocodile boots.

NICOLAI

(Russian accent)

Peter, you are now real cowboy.

Peter smiles and dismounts with the help of the Riding Instructor. All three walk to the stables. Peter holds the horse's reins, the Riding Instructor follows close behind.

Nicolai's phone BUZZES. He pulls it out and looks at it.

INSERT DISPLAY

Unknown: Working again

Pissed off and not noticing where he is going, Nicolai steps on a big pile of fresh horse manure.

NICOLAI

(in Russian, not subtitled)

Motherfucker.

Peter LAUGHS, to Nicolai's embarrassment.

NICOLAI

(to Riding Instructor)

Why is horse crap here?

RIDING INSTRUCTOR

This is a ranch, and horses crap
when and where they feel like.

(off Nicolai's glare)

I'll get it cleaned up right away.

Nicolai picks Peter up and hugs him.

NICOLAI

Peter, I am afraid I must go to San
Francisco today.

PETER

But Papa, you promised we'd go on
the big kids' roller coasters for
my birthday.

NICOLAI

Not to worry, little partner. I
always keep promises. I will be
back for birthday, and we will ride
roller coasters all day.

Peter looks at Nicolai hopefully, but doubtful.

INT. CLINGER PEARSON, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ON SCREEN: Images of houses with small solar arrays on their
roofs; electric cars; solar arrays in sub-Saharan Africa.

RACHEL

Our technology changes everything.
Houses powered for days from stored
solar energy; electric cars re-
charged from thin film solar panels
in car roofs as they drive. Cheap,
clean power for the entire world.
The petro-states that use their oil
to push their weight around and
bully the rest of the world? Cut
off at the knees. Big oil? We'll
put them out of business.

ON SCREEN: A graph shows current worldwide demand for oil and
gas: \$5 trillion, 5% of the total world economy.

Thomas gives Rachel a wry smile.

THOMAS

The petro-states and big oil won't
like facing extinction.

RACHEL
Neither did the dinosaurs.

LAUGHS around the room. Rachel is confident as CP Associates and Partners flip through the Photonic Power presentation.

ON SCREEN: Photonic Power Organization Chart, with names and brief bios in each box. A blank box for Sales and Marketing.

WILLIAM
B.S. from MIT in advanced materials science at eighteen, Ph.D. in semiconductor physics at twenty-two? Quite impressive, Ms. Su.

RACHEL
Thank you.

WILLIAM
And your technology team is equally impressive. But you have a giant hole in sales and marketing. Have you considered bringing on a CEO with that experience?

RACHEL
No outside CEO would know as much about our technology and this sector as I do.

Kurt, John and Lisa nod in agreement. William considers.

THOMAS
Solar Storage Technologies is working on power storage too. Did you build off their IP?

Rachel's face tightens.

RACHEL
Our technology is one hundred percent mine.

THOMAS
Do you know their CEO, Ravi Singh?

RACHEL
(nonchalant)
I did some consulting work for him a few years ago. Why?

An awkward silence as Thomas studies her. Rachel takes a sip of water, her hand slightly shaking.

EXT. SAND HILL ROAD VENTURE CAPITAL OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Rachel, Kurt, John and Lisa exit the office. They walk dejectedly through the parking lot. John opens the trunk of his car. John and Lisa put the demo boards in the trunk.

JOHN

You sure you didn't infringe on
Solar Storage's technology?

RACHEL

It's the other way around.

JOHN

Sure. Can you prove it?

John gets in the driver's seat. Lisa gets in the back behind John. Rachel and Tim walk to the passenger side.

KURT

The additional due diligence CP
wants to do now could take months.
You have to make the call.

Kurt gets in the back seat. Rachel considers.

EXT. PALO ALTO, JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A small house on a street filled with 1940s bungalows, along with a few McMansions. A black car pulls to the curb.

Mr. Zhang gets out and goes to the house's front door. He hesitates, then KNOCKS. Rachel's "Auntie" JACKIE, Chinese, late 40s, opens the door.

MR. ZHANG

(in Chinese, subtitled)
Hello, Jackie. Been a long time.

JACKIE

Why are you here?

MR. ZHANG

I need to talk to Rachel.

JACKIE

Why would she want to talk to you?

MR. ZHANG

It's time for us to...

JACKIE

That time has passed.

She slams the door on Mr. Zhang. He is distraught.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Tears fill Jackie's eyes.

MR. ZHANG (O.S.)
 You don't know the whole story.
 (beat)
 If she ever wants to talk, or needs
 anything, please, give her my card!

A card slips under the door. Jackie picks it up and sighs.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER, MAIN OFFICES - DAY

John, Lisa, Kurt enter and go to their cubicles. Rachel goes into the conference room and shuts the door. Lisa watches with interest through the glass as Rachel makes a call.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

HARRY FLEISCHMAN, 50, silver fox, sits in the back. He wears snowboard clothing and holds a snowboard. Across from him is an ASSISTANT, 35, shivering in his parka.

ASSISTANT
 Mr. Fleischman, Goldman thinks we
 should raise the bid to
 preemptively close ahead of AMD.

HARRY
 Screw Goldman. They don't know
 jack. AMD doesn't have the balls to
 put that much cash on the line.

A sat-phone CHIRPS. Harry pulls it out of his parka and looks at the display. He smiles and answers.

HARRY
 (into sat-phone)
 Hey, how's my favorite start-up
 CEO?

INT. PHOTONIC POWER, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

RACHEL
 (into phone)
 Great.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

How's my favorite lecherous
billionaire? Where the hell are you,
anyway?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

HARRY

Heli-boarding in Antarctica. Just
about to take my last run.

RACHEL

What, you can't go heli-boarding in
the Himalayas like normal asshole
billionaires?

HARRY

Normal? I'm insulted.

(beat)

Everything good?

RACHEL

Just checking in to keep tabs on
you. When can we get together?

HARRY

I'll be back tomorrow. Lunch?

RACHEL

You're on. Oh, Harry? Watch out for
the leopard seals. They're
carnivores. They might even try to
stomach a tough, old bird like you.

Harry gives a wicked grin.

HARRY

You can't kill evil, darlin'.

Rachel hangs up.

INT. RAVI'S CAR - DAY (MOVING)

RAVI SINGH, 30, extremely good-looking, exuding charm, drives
a fancy sports car in Silicon Valley. The car phone RINGS.
Ravi answers.

RAVI

(into speakerphone)

Ravi Singh.

INT. INDIA, SINGH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A living room filled with old furniture. On a threadbare red couch, BINA SINGH, Indian, 55, holds a phone to her ear. She wears an elaborate sari that doesn't hide her faded beauty.

BINA SINGH

(into phone)

Finally, I catch you. Mr. Big Shot, too busy to return the calls of his own mother.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

Ravi sighs quietly.

RAVI

Sorry, a lot's been going on.

BINA SINGH

You must not forget, you are to meet Jiya on Saturday afternoon.

RAVI

Do I really have to?

BINA SINGH

You know her father owns many coal mines, and three steel plants. And her uncle is an important politician.

RAVI

Who was dumb enough to get arrested for corruption, and not powerful enough to stay out of jail.

BINA SINGH

If he had not gone to jail, their family would not be needing our family's very good name.

RAVI

And if my father hadn't been such an idiot, we'd still have plenty of money. And you wouldn't have to pimp me to some girl whose family needs our family's very good name.

BINA SINGH

Ravi, it took quite some effort to arrange this. Do not mess it up like you did last time. Remember your duty to your family.

Ravi takes a deep breath in frustration.

RAVI
Of course, mother. I'll be there.

INT. SOLAR STORAGE TECHNOLOGIES, CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Ravi enters with a smile.

Mr. Zhang stands near the window. JOAN MULHOLLAND, early 40s female, slender, tough as nails CEO of two different billion dollar Silicon Valley companies, sits on a couch with ANIL NAIR, Indian, mid-30s male, short, poorly-dressed, nerdy.

All three are impatient and irritated.

JOAN
It's never a good idea to keep your board waiting, Ravi.

RAVI
Sorry, I was just meeting with our tech team to make sure I'm giving you the latest and greatest.

JOAN
So, do you have a new technology roadmap, or not?

RAVI
We're evaluating some interesting alternatives and...

MR. ZHANG
Don't try to bullshit us, Ravi. The China Alternative Energy Fund has lost patience. Why do you think I had to relocate from Beijing to Silicon Valley? You think I like living in a hotel?

ANIL
Redwood Capital is looking at a huge write-off, and my ass is on the line because I vouched for you.

RAVI
We're making progress, but we need more time. Once we...

MR. ZHANG

More time? You've had three years to build out this technology, and you've made zero progress.

ANIL

(to Ravi)

I don't know what's worse -- your self-delusion or your incompetence.

RAVI

Thank you for sharing your valuable insights.

JOAN

Grow up, boys.

Ravi and Anil cower, embarrassed.

JOAN

I'm calling an emergency Board Meeting. We need to evaluate our alternatives. Now.

Mr. Zhang and Anil nod in agreement.

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel enters her sparsely decorated room. She puts her backpack on the desk next to her computer monitor and the single framed photo. She continues to her closet.

CLOSE ON: The framed photo: Young Rachel, 12, being hugged by a Chinese woman, 36.

EXT. BEIJING, PARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

SUPER: BEIJING - 18 YEARS AGO

YOUNG RACHEL, 12 and her mother REN SU, 36, maternal but attractive, pose in a flower garden. Kneeling in front of them is a younger Mr. Zhang, 36, holding a camera.

MR. ZHANG

(in Chinese, subtitled)

OK -- one, two, three!

SNAP! We freeze on the photo of Rachel and her mother (the same as on her desk).

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN/DEN - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

CLOSE ON:

The same photograph of Rachel and her mother.

BACK TO SCENE:

Rachel, wearing motorcycle leather pants and Photonic Power t-shirt, stares at the photo on the wall as she sits at the table. An unfinished plate is in front of her.

Sitting next to Rachel is Jackie. Around the table sit Jackie's family: husband HONG CHEN, early 50s, engineer-type; sons CLARK, 17, TOMMY, 15; and daughter ASHLEY, 12.

JACKIE

She'd be so proud of everything
you've done.

Rachel's eyes well up. Jackie gently grasps her hand.

HONG CHEN

How'd it go today?

RACHEL

Hard to say. They want to do more
due diligence.

HONG CHEN

You know you can always join my
team. It's a good job, without the
crazy hours you're putting in. Who
knows, you might even have time to
meet a guy one day.

RACHEL

Thanks, Uncle Hong. Let me see what
happens with CP first.

HONG CHEN

Hey, whatever happened to that guy
you were going out with a while
back? He seemed pretty nice.

Jackie gives Hong Chen a "don't go there" look. He gives a confused look back.

RACHEL

I need to get going -- I have a
really busy day tomorrow. Can I
help clean up?

JACKIE

Don't worry. I'll take care of it.
Unless a miracle happens, and my
lazy children decide to help out.

The kids GROAN and start clearing the table. Rachel moves towards the door, pulls her leather jacket and helmet off a rack near the door. Jackie follows her.

RACHEL

Bye, guys. Have fun in Beijing over
Christmas.

A chorus of GOODBYES from Jackie's family.

EXT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rachel and Jackie exit and walk to her motorcycle parked in the driveway. Jackie hesitates, conflicted.

JACKIE

Zhang Ai Dong stopped by today.

RACHEL

He came by my office, too.

JACKIE

Why didn't you tell me?

RACHEL

Not worth mentioning.

Jackie hands Rachel Mr. Zhang's business card.

JACKIE

He slipped this under the door.
Begged me to give it to you -- in
case you ever need anything.

Rachel considers the card, and stuffs it in her jacket. She gives Jackie a hug and a kiss. Rachel puts on her helmet, straddles her bike, turns it on and accelerates away.

As Jackie turns to go back into the house, a BLACK RANGE ROVER's lights come on. The Range Rover follows Rachel.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. SILICON VALLEY HIGH TECH OFFICE COMPLEX - DAY

Modern office buildings surround a lake rimmed with willows.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

A giant office, decorated in modern Asian style. A Japanese CHEF serves Harry and Rachel at a Japanese-style table.

HARRY

(to Rachel, off the meal)

Uni, natto and green tea. Best jet-lag cure known to man.

(to the Chef)

Arigato gozaimasu, Hiro-san.

Harry gives a small head bow. The Chef bows and leaves.

HARRY

So, what did Clinger Pearson say?

RACHEL

They want to do more due diligence.

HARRY

Gutless wonders.

Rachel is hesitant.

RACHEL

We may need a bridge loan.

HARRY

What's your burn?

RACHEL

Two hundred eighty thou' a month. That's just to maintain current staff levels.

HARRY

How much to get to a pilot run of production arrays?

RACHEL

We're budgeting one hundred million. All we need to tide us over is three months of burn, six months max. One to two mill.

HARRY

Then it's time for you to put on your big girl panties and do whatever it takes to make it happen.

RACHEL

Are you kidding me? You won't bridge us?

HARRY

If I did, everyone will think you can't attract real institutional investors.

RACHEL

But you've already invested in us. And this is peanuts for you.

HARRY

I invested in you. As a friend, and mentor...

RACHEL

But...

HARRY

... to help you get off the ground. I expected you to fly on your own. I already have too many expensive hobbies.

RACHEL

For God's sake, Harry. Is that all this is to you? A hobby?!

HARRY

Fire in your belly. That's good. Use it. Go prove you're not just another brilliant technologist who had an "insanely great" idea that never went anywhere.

RACHEL

But this could change the world.

HARRY

Right now, you've got an idea and a prototype. Ideas are dime a dozen. Executing and building a company is what matters.

RACHEL

Harry...

HARRY

If you're not up to the job, you either need to get out of the way, or pack it up and go home.

RACHEL

Thanks for the support, and fuck you, Harry. You're right, I don't need you.

Rachel flips him "the bird" and storms out. Harry watches, self-satisfied.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Kurt, Lisa and the TEAM work at their cubicles.

Rachel enters, goes to her cubicle, logs in to her computer, pulls up some documents and hits print.

She catches Kurt's eye, nods towards the conference room and goes in. Kurt follows. Lisa watches with interest.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A laser printer in the corner spits pages. Rachel pulls them off as they eject. Kurt enters and closes the door.

RACHEL

Harry said no.

KURT

What? Why? He's richer than God.

Outside the conference room, MR. RODRIGUEZ, 60, well-dressed, talks to Lisa. Rachel notices. A bad day just got worse.

RACHEL

Oh, great. Perfect.

Mr. Rodriguez walks purposefully into the conference room. He hands Rachel an envelope.

MR. RODRIGUEZ

Eviction notice. The past due rent by the end of the week, or vacate the office. I've got companies lined up for this space.

Mr. Rodriguez leaves. Kurt sits, dejected.

KURT
This is FUBAR. We're toast.

RACHEL
Not yet.

Rachel walks out, papers in hand, determined.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY, BEACH - DAY

Rachel, wearing sweats and a Photonic Power hoodie, joins a small CROWD watching KITESURFERS on big, choppy waves.

She sees Ravi kitesurfing. He makes a jump 30 feet into the air, and does a 360 degree loop in his harness. He lands on the water, surfs in to the beach, and collapses his kite.

Rachel's impressed. She hesitates, then approaches Ravi.

RACHEL
Nice ride.

Ravi gives Rachel a big smile.

RAVI
Thanks. You going out?

RACHEL
It's pretty rough out there.

RAVI
Never stopped you before.

RACHEL
I've changed.

Ravi looks at Rachel with clear interest as he pulls off his wet suit, exposing his killer abs. He's great looking and knows it. He dries off, changes into a t-shirt.

RAVI
You look great.

Rachel gazes out at the gathering clouds and dark waves.

RAVI
Hey, I'm really sorry that whole thing got out of hand. I...

RACHEL
Forget it. That's in the past.
Let's take a walk.

Rachel and Ravi eye each other warily as they stroll away from the crowd. The waves have become ominous.

RAVI
So, what's up?

RACHEL
I want you to cross-license SST's patents to Photonic Power. We're talking to Clinger Pearson, and I want to take any concerns they may have about possible IP infringement off the table.

RAVI
What are you offering?

RACHEL
Nothing. Well, technically one dollar -- to show consideration.

RAVI
I don't know whether to be amused, or insulted.

RACHEL
You know the IP isn't really yours.

RAVI
Hey -- we were a team. And we were great together. But you left.

RACHEL
Because you lied to me.

RAVI
God, aren't there any shades of grey in your life?

RACHEL
This is black and white.

Rachel pulls folded papers from her hoodie and hands them to Ravi. He stops and scans them. He gives Rachel a wry smile.

RAVI
All this doesn't matter. According to the law, we own the IP. And even if I wanted to give you the IP for free -- which I don't -- my Board would never let me.

RACHEL
So, give me a number.

Ravi thinks for a moment.

RAVI
Ten million.

RACHEL
You're dreaming.

RAVI
I have investors to answer to.
You'll understand -- if you ever
get funded.

RACHEL
You really want to force me to play
it this way? Take you to court,
tell everybody the truth?

RAVI
If you had a leg to stand on, you'd
have tried that already. So, why
are you really here?

Rachel's false bravado disappears.

RACHEL
I had no choice. I'm out of moves.
I... I...

Ravi touches her arm gently.

RAVI
Relax. It'll all work out.

She looks at him, wanting to believe him. Ravi takes her in his arms and holds her. He strokes her hair.

RAVI
We can still be a great team. You
just need to trust me.

Reluctantly, Rachel pushes away.

RACHEL
This was a bad idea.

She grabs the papers from Ravi and swiftly walks away. Ravi watches her go.

Behind Ravi in the distance, a SLAVIC MAN, 40s, aims a camera with a telephoto lens at Ravi and Rachel.

INT. CLINGER PEARSON, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Rachel sits alone. Thomas Pearson enters and sits.

THOMAS

What can I do for you, Rachel?

Rachel hesitates, unsure if she can say the next words.

RACHEL

If it will make a difference, I'll step down as CEO, so long as I can be Chief Technology Officer.

THOMAS

You didn't seem very keen on that idea yesterday.

RACHEL

Lots of tech companies have been tanked by outside CEOs who didn't really understand the technology. But they didn't have me as their CTO. Or you on their Board.

THOMAS

I'll take this under consideration. Thank you for stopping by.

He stands. Rachel tries to hide her disappointment.

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel goes to her desk, finds a crumpled business card in Chinese. Rachel studies the card, then looks at the photo on her desk of her as a young girl with her mother.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS SILICON VALLEY, RESTAURANT PATIO - NIGHT

Rachel waits alone, a fancy teapot on her table. She sees Mr. Zhang come onto the patio, led by a Hostess, who points to Rachel. He approaches tentatively and sits.

Rachel picks up the teapot.

RACHEL

(in Chinese, subtitled)
Would you like some tea?

She pours tea into Mr. Zhang's teacup.

FLASHBACK:

YOUNG RACHEL, 12, pours tea into a 36 year-old Mr. Zhang's teacup. Rachel's mother SU REN, 36, beautiful, looks on. As Rachel pours, Mr. Zhang smiles at her, and taps two fingers on the table twice in sync as he says "thank you."

MR. ZHANG

Xie-xie.
("Thank you")

Happy to have pleased him, Young Rachel beams back at him.

BACK TO SCENE:

Rachel finishes pouring and sets the teapot down.

RACHEL

Sorry I reacted the way I did the other day. It was quite a shock.

MR. ZHANG

I only showed up because you wouldn't respond to my e-mails or calls. I'm just glad we're here now.

Mr. Zhang pours tea for her.

MR. ZHANG

How can I help you?

RACHEL

I know you must have had something to do with connecting Ravi and the China Alternative Energy fund.

MR. ZHANG

China needs clean energy alternatives. Ravi's technology looked very promising.

RACHEL

Yeah. It had huge potential. And I should know. I developed it.

MR. ZHANG

SST's patents only have Ravi's name on them. He never mentioned you.

RACHEL

Of course he didn't. He wants everyone to think it's all his.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But he doesn't understand the core technology enough to develop it one step further. And he never will.

MR. ZHANG

I'm sorry. If I had known...

RACHEL

Forget it. What we've developed is light years ahead. But to avoid any future claims, we need to license SST's patents. It's the only way we're going to get funded.

MR. ZHANG

SST's investors won't like that. You know, sometimes things work out best when you bide your time.

RACHEL

I don't have any more time.

Mr. Zhang considers. Rachel is overcome with mixed emotions.

RACHEL

(in Chinese, subtitled)

Please?

(beat)

Daddy.

Hearing Rachel say "Daddy," Mr. Zhang softens visibly.

MR. ZHANG

I'll see what I can do. But remember:

(in Chinese, subtitled)

"Patience may be a bitter plant, but it can bear sweet fruit."

At a far table, the Slavic Man is seated, earbud in one ear. He points a small shotgun microphone under the table at Rachel and Mr. Zhang.

A WAITER comes to Rachel and Mr. Zhang's table with menus.

MR. ZHANG

Join me for dinner?

RACHEL

Sorry, I have to go.

MR. ZHANG

We have so much to discuss.

RACHEL

Not yet.

Rachel stands and leaves.

INT. MR. ZHANG'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Zhang sits at a desk, Joan Mulholland and Anil Nair across from him. Behind them, a view of San Francisco.

MR. ZHANG

The China Alternative Energy Fund is willing to take a thirty percent cut to make this happen.

JOAN MULHOLLAND

Think Redwood will go for it, Anil?

ANIL

I think it's the only way our firm has a chance to get anything back.

MR. ZHANG

I have one condition. And Joan, I need you to convince Ravi about it.

INT. SOLAR STORAGE TECHNOLOGIES, CEO'S OFFICE - DAY

Ravi sits on a couch in shock. Joan sits close to him.

JOAN

It wasn't easy, but I convinced the Chinese to take a thirty percent haircut to make this work.

Joan gently touches Ravi's hand in an overly familiar way.

JOAN

I went out on a limb for you. Don't screw up.

INT. MR. ZHANG'S OFFICE - DAY

Alone at his desk, Mr. Zhang hits a speed dial on his desk phone. The other side answers, without saying anything.

MR. ZHANG

(over speaker phone)

My plan is in motion. Give it six months. Please.

A CLICK of the other side hanging up. DIAL TONE.

Mr. Zhang looks out his window, lost in thought. A DING. Mr. Zhang looks at his cell phone and scrolls.

Unknown: Don't disappoint me, or I'll take care of this like I did in Beijing.

INT. CLINGER PEARSON, CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits with Thomas Pearson, his partner William and their associate Eileen. Deal documents are on the table in front of the four of them, and in front of two empty chairs.

RACHEL

So, when do we start a CEO search?

THOMAS

We've already got the right person.

Rachel is excited. Could it be they've changed their minds?

WILLIAM

And we're getting a great new independent Board member along with him -- Joan Mulholland.

THOMAS

We cut a deal to merge SST into Photonic Power. All we have to do is sign the papers.

Thomas hits the intercom on a phone on the table.

THOMAS

Send them in.

Ravi and Joan enter and sit. Thomas turns to Rachel.

THOMAS

You and Ravi make a killer team.

Ravi gives Rachel a smile.

RAVI

Yeah, we'll be great together.

Rachel gives a controlled smile, and stares at Ravi.

RACHEL

Yeah. I can't wait.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICE, MAIN ROOM - DAY

Rachel enters the dark offices, wearing her only suit. She turns on the lights, looks around the empty offices with a bit of sadness, then goes to her cubicle.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO LUXURY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Nicolai, on the phone, looks out at San Francisco.

NICOLAI

(into phone)

Tell the French we'll give them 10 million more barrels per month at 5 percent below market if they help stop the German wind power project in the Baltic.

Nicolai hangs up. He turns to watch IRINA, 30s, a hot, athletic brunette, wearing a robe, as she works on a laptop at the desk. She clicks the "send" button with satisfaction.

NICOLAI

Have you sent the link?

IRINA

Done. The files can be tracked to China, but not after that.

NICOLAI

Excellent.

Nicolai watches hungrily as Irina sashays to the bathroom.

SOUND OF WATER RUNNING OFF SCREEN

Nicolai looks up a number on his cell phone and calls. After a moment, the other side picks up.

NICOLAI

(into phone)

Check your special e-mail. Use the link for the upload.

A pause as he listens to the other side. He turns hard.

NICOLAI

(into phone)

I can always find someone else who will.

NICOLAI (CONT'D)

But then I'll turn your father's gambling debts back over to the gentlemen I bought them from, and you can prepare for his funeral. Your choice.

He hangs up and walks with a smile to the bathroom, untying his robe as he does.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER BEIJING OFFICES - NIGHT

YONG LIU, early 30s, handsome but tired, works in a cubicle. He sees an alert on his screen:

Z Drive Files Accessed and Downloaded: 11 User: Unknown

He looks at the message with interest. He types a bit on his keyboard, but is interrupted by the Junior Engineer, 20s.

JUNIOR ENGINEER

Hey, Yong, I need your help setting up the videoconference.

YONG LIU

Can you even wipe your ass without my help? What's the problem?

JUNIOR ENGINEER

Rachel set it up as a secure conference. You're the only one with access codes.

Irritated, Yong Liu follows the Junior Engineer into the conference room, where OTHER ENGINEERS are already gathered.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The Photonic Power TEAM sits around the conference table, chatting nervously, sipping coffee.

Lisa finishes a donut and picks up another. She thinks about it, then drops it, disgusted with herself.

On videoconference, a similar scene in the Beijing office.

Rachel enters and stands at the front of the room. She takes a deep breath.

RACHEL

Thank you for coming in so early.
(to videoconference)
And for staying so late in Beijing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I want to make sure everyone hears
the news at the same time.

All eyes are glued on her in anticipation.

RACHEL

Yesterday, Clinger Pearson acquired
the assets of Solar Storage
Technology...

GASPS and GROANS from the team.

RACHEL

To eliminate any possible IP
conflicts with us. They're merging
the assets of Solar Storage into
Photonic Power, and have committed
to provide the one hundred million
we need to get to pilot production.

The team erupts with SHOUTS, CLAPPING, CHEERING, handshakes,
fist bumps and high-fives all around.

Rachel watches and gives the team a heartfelt smile. She
looks at them with a bit of sadness. This is hard for her.

RACHEL

I'm going to serve as Chief
Technology Officer, and Ravi Singh
will be our CEO.

VARIOUS TEAM MEMBERS

What?/ No way!/ Why?/ I'm not
working for...

Rachel holds up her hands for quiet.

RACHEL

It was my decision. We need a
market-facing CEO. It's what's best
for the company.

(beat)

I'm asking all of you to give Ravi
and the Board your full support.

No response from her team.

RACHEL

Look -- we just got funded by the
best in the business. We can all be
proud of what we've done to build
Photonic Power to this point. Now
let's go kill big oil, and change
the world!

Tepid APPLAUSE.

RACHEL
C'mon, guys.

They CLAP out of loyalty.

RACHEL
OK! Now let's get back to work.

The GROUP gets up and leaves. Rachel watches them. Kurt hangs back and closes the door.

From outside the conference room in her cubicle, Lisa glances surreptitiously at them with interest.

KURT
Why didn't you tell me you're being pushed aside?

RACHEL
As CTO, I'm in charge of our technology path. That was my only condition. Thomas Pearson personally guaranteed me.

KURT
Until it isn't convenient for them. They don't care about changing the world. They just care about making money.

RACHEL
Money. They have it, and we need it. Like you said, I had to choose. My pride, or the company. I chose our company. It was the only way.

KURT
But Ravi? He's a no-op. Ran Solar Storage into the ground. You're more qualified to be CEO.

RACHEL
He is a great salesman.

KURT
And a guy.

RACHEL
I don't think that made any difference.

He looks at Rachel as if asking "you really believe that?"

RACHEL
Kurt, I need you beside me on this.

KURT
I've got your back, no matter what.
I'd do anything for you.

Lisa, face white, bursts into the room.

LISA
We've got a problem.

EXT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, MAIN ROOM

Rachel and Kurt huddle in Lisa's cubicle, whispering to try to avoid others hearing them.

LISA
Look at this.

INTERCUT BETWEEN LISA'S COMPUTER AND SCENE AS NEEDED

ON SCREEN:

11 Z Drive Files Accessed and Downloaded

User: Unknown

Kurt looks at Rachel with concern as Lisa types furiously. On screen, a list of files appear.

RACHEL
The inverter control schematics and related control code?

Lisa types again:

ON SCREEN: "tracert" route

A few seconds, then:

Destination Server IP: 1.80.0.0

No packet trace information available

BACK TO SCENE:

LISA
They were downloaded this morning from the Z drive to a server in China. It's a generic IP address. Could be anywhere.

LISA (CONT'D)

After that, the files disappeared
into the Tor Network. Untraceable.

KURT

Yong is the only one in China with
access to the Z drive, right? You
think he's trying to go on his own?

RACHEL

We need to question him. In person.

Rachel types on her phone.

RACHEL

(to Kurt)

There's a flight at noon tomorrow
Beijing time that would get him
here Friday morning. Book the
flight. Quietly. I'll e-mail Yong
and tell him the new CEO and Board
want to meet him, maybe for a
bigger role.

As Kurt and Lisa start to leave, RAVI, wearing khakis and a
polo shirt, appears outside the conference room. He gives
Rachel a big smile as he moves to the door.

KURT

(sotto voce)

You have to tell Ravi before the
Board meeting. This is material.

Rachel sighs and nods her head.

INT. DOCTOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

DR. SIMON, 40s, wearing a white coat, sits at his desk
reading a file. Mr. Zhang anxiously waits in a guest chair.
Dr. Simon closes the file and takes off his reading glasses.

DR. SIMON

We can use the Gamma Knife to do
pinpoint radiation therapy, but it
will take multiple applications to
complete treatment. Possibly as
long as three years.

MR. ZHANG

And if I don't?

DR. SIMON

If it ruptures again? Certain
death.

MR. ZHANG
Let's do it.

DR. SIMON
My nurse will schedule you.

Dr. Simon and Mr. Zhang stand and shake hands. Mr. Zhang moves to the door.

DR. SIMON
Mr. Zhang?

He turns back to Dr. Simon.

DR. SIMON
Don't postpone putting your affairs in order.

Mr. Zhang nods in acknowledgment.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravi and Rachel sit at the table, their laptops and coffee cups in front of them. Ravi is boiling mad.

RAVI
How could you let this happen?
This could kill the deal.

RACHEL
I didn't let anything happen. Our security protocols are state of the art. It was either an inside job or some seriously advanced hackers.
(beat)
Did Clinger Pearson share their access code with you during their due diligence?

RAVI
Yes, but not until last night. I haven't used it.

RACHEL
Anyone else on your team have it?

RAVI
No.

Ravi can tell Rachel doesn't know whether to believe him.

RAVI
Why those files? What's so special
about the power inverter technology?

RACHEL
The chips are state of the art, but
off the shelf. We just did custom
machine code programming.

RAVI
And the graphene process files?

RACHEL
They weren't touched.

RAVI
You changed the passwords?

RACHEL
Of course.

RAVI
Good. Don't mention this to the
Board today.

RACHEL
Are you serious?

RAVI
I'll hire a Private Investigator to
polygraph Yong. We'll get to the
bottom of this before Monday.

RACHEL
But Ravi...

RAVI
If you value this company, and all
of our jobs, keep quiet until this
deal is finalized.
(beat)
Got it?

Rachel stares at Ravi. She reluctantly nods.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICE, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravi stands at near the videoconference screen.

ON SCREEN: The New Photonic Power: The Next 12 Months

Rachel, Thomas and William sit on one side of the table. On the other, Anil scrolls distractedly through his smartphone. Joan is next to Anil, closely following the presentation.

Harry enters and takes an empty seat. He and Rachel exchange a tense glance.

HARRY

Sorry I'm late. My America's Cup sailboat's tiller broke while we were out in the Bay.

RAVI

We're talking about our hiring plans. Our first senior hire will be a heavyweight SVP of Sales and Marketing who can be a magnet to build out those teams. We also need to hire a PR firm.

RACHEL

But we won't be ready to test pilot production prototypes for months.

RAVI

We need to build interest in our potential now.

HARRY

Potential doesn't count for jack in the hardware world. This isn't just another silly smartphone app.

JOAN

The start-up world has changed since your days, Harry.

HARRY

Some things never change, Joan.
(looking at Rachel)
Being overly ambitious and impatient can lead to problems.

Rachel recognizes Harry's rebuke, and looks away.

JOAN

If we slowly and carefully build consumer interest now, we'll have partners lined up by the time the prototype tests are completed.

HARRY

I could probably support that.

RACHEL

What if the prototypes don't work?

All eyes turn to Rachel in surprise. Harry looks at Rachel with a wry smile, annoyed and impressed with her gumption.

THOMAS

We're confident you'll make sure they do, Rachel. Ravi, any ideas on what PR firm you want to use?

RAVI

Rice, Goldberg & Wong are top of my list. They did a great job for Solar Storage.

Harry gives Ravi a condescending look.

HARRY

They sure did. One of the best spin jobs I've ever seen. They should be thrilled to work on something with real substance.

Thomas gives Harry a "back off" look.

THOMAS

All in favor?

Thomas, William, Anil, Joan and Ravi all raise their hands. They turn to Harry, who leans back in his chair. He looks at Rachel, then turns to the rest of the Board.

HARRY

Abstain, with objections as noted.

Thomas stands to end the meeting. Ravi shakes the Board Members' hands as they leave.

Rachel watches Harry leave, uncomfortable.

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES - DAY

Rachel sits at her cubicle and takes out her phone.

ON DISPLAY:

BA: Can I take you to lunch?

Rachel types.

RACHEL: Not today. No time.

BA: I don't have much time either. Dinner?

BACK TO SCENE

Kurt approaches her, looks around to see if others are listening in. Rachel puts her phone down.

KURT

Ravi's plan burns cash like a Ferrari burns gas. A hundred thou' a month for T&E alone. If we don't get the prototypes right the first time, we'll need another round before we can get into production.

RACHEL

Look, you need to talk to Ravi about that. You report to him now.

Kurt gives a look of disgust.

KURT

Yeah. I know.

Rachel watches him leave with concern.

INT. JOAN MULHOLLAND'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Joan and her husband STEVEN, 60s, distinguished, eat dinner in a sumptuous room filled with antiques and priceless art.

STEVEN

You sure you can't come with me?

JOAN

Sorry, we're on a really tight schedule. I have to help Ravi evaluate search firms and PR agencies this weekend.

INT. JOAN MULHOLLAND'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

CAROLINA, 30, Hispanic, very pregnant, waddles into the kitchen. She quietly pours herself a glass of juice and overhears Joan and Steven in the dining room.

STEVEN (O.S.)

Can't any of the other Board members help out?

JOAN (O.S.)

Ravi doesn't have a relationship with the other Board members like he does with me. He needs someone he can be completely open with.

(beat)

Plus, you know one of us has to watch Carolina like a hawk. Who knows what our rent-a-womb might do if we weren't around.

Carolina can barely control her anger and disgust.

CAROLINA

(cursing to self)

Besa mi culo, Puta.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Rachel eats at a table for two with Mr. Zhang.

MR. ZHANG

I'm sorry I couldn't convince the investors to keep you as CEO. They deferred to Clinger Pearson.

She looks up as a matronly CHINESE WAITRESS, late 30s, puts a steamer basket of dumplings on the table.

INT. BEIJING APARTMENT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

YOUNG RACHEL studies at the kitchen table. Her mother Ren Su brings a plate of dumplings to Rachel.

Mr. Zhang, drunk and red-faced, comes in the front door.

YOUNG RACHEL

(in Chinese, subtitled)

Daddy!

Mr. Zhang comes to the table and gives Rachel a hug.

MR. ZHANG

(in Chinese, subtitled)

Hello, *Rui-Rui*.

SU REN

(in Chinese, subtitled)

I made dumplings. Your favorites.

Mr. Zhang stiffens. He looks at Ren Su with contempt.

MR. ZHANG
(in Chinese, subtitled)
I just stopped by to change shirts.
I have important meetings tonight.

Mr. Zhang walks into the bedroom. Ren Su follows and shuts the door behind her. Rachel waits, anticipating the worst.

REN SU (O.S.)
(in Chinese, subtitled)
Liar. I know all about your
meetings, with your dirty whores.
Paid for with your dirty business.

A SLAP is heard off-screen. Rachel freezes in fear.

Mr. Zhang bursts out of the bedroom. Ren Su runs behind him, grabbing his arm, his clothes -- anything to hold on to him. She falls to her knees and grabs his leg.

REN SU
(in Chinese, subtitled)
You can have other women. Just...

MR. ZHANG
(in Chinese, subtitled)
You're sick in the head.

Mr. Zhang pulls away and slams the door as he leaves. Ren Su bursts into uncontrollable sobs. Rachel runs to her.

REN SU
(in Chinese, subtitled)
You were the only thing in my life
I've ever fought for. Thank God I
didn't let him have his way on
that, too.

Ren Su holds Rachel at arm's length. Dead serious.

REN SU
(in Chinese, subtitled)
Don't grow up to be like me. Be
strong. Promise me.

Rachel nods in agreement. Ren Su hugs her tight.

MR. ZHANG (O.S., PRE-LAP)
(in English)
At least you got funded.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Rachel looks at Mr. Zhang. She dips a dumpling in a small bowl of red vinegar and eats, preoccupied.

RACHEL

I still can't believe you helped
Ravi get funded in the first place.
With my technology. That he stole.

MR. ZHANG

I didn't know that then.

RACHEL

Really?

Mr. Zhang holds Rachel's stare.

MR. ZHANG

How could I? You didn't tell me,
and Ravi sure didn't.

She plays with her food, pensive.

MR. ZHANG

You need to build allies on the
Board. Get close to Joan Mulholland.
If you have her and Harry on your
side, you'll come out on top.

Rachel tries unsuccessfully to hold back her disappointment.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PHOTONIC POWER OFFICES - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ravi and Rachel sit at the table. Yong comes in, rolling suitcase in tow, clothes rumpled, jet lagged.

YONG LIU

Sorry I'm late. An Air India flight
landed right before us.

Rachel closes the door and indicates for Yong to sit.

RACHEL

Yong, Ravi Singh, our new CEO.

YONG LIU

Hey. Nice to meet you.

Yong sits. Ravi looks at him with a stern poker face.

RAVI

I wish it were under better
circumstances.

RACHEL

Do you know anything about the
files downloaded from the Z drive
yesterday?

YONG LIU

No. Other than I got an alert that
they were downloaded. Why?

RACHEL

They were sent to a server in China.
And you're the only one in Beijing
with access.

YONG LIU

I -- I didn't do it.

RAVI

Then prove it. We've scheduled a
polygraph exam for you tomorrow at
noon, here in our offices.

YONG LIU

A polygraph? Are you freaking
serious? And aren't those things
inaccurate?

RAVI

With an expert operator, they're very accurate. Ours is. Ex-CIA. He's coming in from Washington tonight.

YONG LIU

And if I say I'd rather not?

RAVI

You'll be terminated with cause. No severance, no vesting. And then you can deal directly with the FBI.

YONG LIU

This is bullshit. Rachel, come on. You've known me since primary school. Our mothers were friends. You really think I could have done something like this?

Rachel doesn't give him anything. Yong is disappointed.

YONG LIU

Fine. I'll take the damn polygraph.

RACHEL

You'll need to give us your laptop and cell phone.

YONG LIU

But they have personal stuff on it.

RACHEL

There's no right to privacy when you're using company equipment.

Yong gets up angrily, unzips his rolling bag, and yanks out his laptop. He shoves it across the table to Rachel.

YONG LIU

Is the interrogation over? Or would you like to waterboard me?

RAVI

The polygraph tomorrow will tell us everything we need to know. Don't even think about running.

YONG LIU

If I had a reason to run, I wouldn't have shown up here in the first place.

Rachel and Ravi watch Yong grab his bag and storm out.

RAVI
What do you think?

RACHEL
I don't know. On the one hand, I
hope it is him. Otherwise, we have
a much bigger problem.

INT. PHOTONIC ENERGY OFFICES, MAIN OFFICE

Rachel opens a file on Yong's laptop: a picture of Yong and John on the Great Wall, arms around each other's shoulders.

Kurt comes by her desk. She closes the laptop.

KURT
Anything?

RACHEL
Nothing related to the company that
would be considered confidential.
Lock it up, will you.

She hands Yong's computer to Kurt. He takes it and leaves.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ravi is naked on his back in a bed in a dimly lit room (lower body out of frame). The bed groans with the slow, rhythmic motions of sexual intercourse. Ravi stares lustfully towards an unseen person riding him.

RAVI
Oh my God, you're amazing.

The person riding him pounds away to a mutual crescendo.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
UNNGH!

The two slowly come down from their sexual peak. Ravi breathes heavily. Eyes closed, his face relaxes.

Joan leans into frame, gives Ravi a peck on the cheek, gets out of bed and goes to the en-suite bathroom.

JOAN
Let yourself out. Take the back
stairs.

Joan closes the door behind her to Ravi's dismay.

INT. JOAN MULHOLLAND'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT

A high-ceilinged hallway. A door opens and Ravi sneaks out. He closes the door and tiptoes to a back staircase.

Down the hall, a door cracks open. Carolina watches Ravi go.

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, wearing a sweatshirt, lounges under a blanket on her mattress. She eats ice cream from the container as she watches Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn in the "passing the orange game" scene from the movie "CHARADE" on a tablet.

A BUZZ of an incoming WICKR message -- automatically disappearing, and untraceable.

Rachel stops the movie and opens the WICKR app on her tablet.

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

At the top of the app, Rachel's screen name: THRILLIST

In the message area:

DVNTSF: Masked party at the Red Room tonight. Interested?

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT

Rachel strolls down the sidewalk wearing a trench coat, stockings and heels. A block behind her, a BLACK RANGE ROVER quietly pulls to the side and turns off its lights.

Rachel joins HUNKY GUY, who wears black jeans and a leather jacket. He smiles when he sees her.

RACHEL

I don't have to do anything if I don't want to, right?

HUNKY GUY

You can always just watch.

Rachel is relieved. Hunky Guy pulls two black "Lone Ranger" style masks from his jacket, and hands one to Rachel.

Hunky Guy puts on his mask, Rachel does the same. He goes to a door marked only by a street number, and presses a doorbell. The door lock BUZZES.

INT. RED ROOM ENTRY - NIGHT

Rachel and Hunky Guy come into an entryway bathed in red light. Another closed door is in front of them.

An ANDROGYNOUS PERSON in a leather corset mans the coatcheck.

COATCHECK PERSON

I'll take your coats. No bags or phones inside. Safer sex only, and no thank you means no. The club-wide safeword is "Mercy."

Hunky Guy takes off his jacket to reveal a black mesh "wife-beater" that shows off his upper body. Rachel takes off her trench coat. She wears a bustier, tap pants and thigh-highs.

The Coat Check Person takes their coats and buzzes the door.

INT. RED ROOM CLUB - NIGHT

Rachel and Hunky Guy enter a room with walls of red and black, dim lighting, and pulsing, sensual electronic music.

Buff WAITERS wear sandals and g-strings. WAITRESSES wear the same, plus pasties. Around a hundred PARTIERS in erotic clothing and masks fill the room and grind to the music.

On stage a DOMINATRIX expertly CRACKS a whip as she whips a HOODED MALE SLAVE bound to a St. Andrew's Cross.

HUNKY GUY

Let me get some drinks.

Rachel watches the Dominatrix show off her whip skills as Hunky Guy goes to get drinks.

Hunky Guy returns with two Champagne flutes, hands one to Rachel. They toast. He watches closely as Rachel sips hers.

RACHEL

Let's check this place out.

Rachel leads Hunky Guy down a dark hallway. Rooms on either side, some with doors open, others shut. MOANS, SLAPS, EROTIC TALK and the SWOOSH of floggers are heard.

They stop outside a room where a blindfolded WOMAN is suspended in intricate Japanese *shibari* rope bondage. She shivers as a MALE DOMINANT teases her skin with a feather.

They move to the next room, empty except for a "bondage bed" with padded leather wrist and ankle cuffs at each corner.

Rachel stumbles slightly, and rubs her eyes.

HUNKY GUY

You Okay?

RACHEL

I guess I'm more tired than I thought. Let me take a breather for a minute.

HUNKY GUY

Lie down for a bit if you want. This party will go on all night.

Hunky Guy helps her sit on the bondage bed. Rachel nods, smiles and closes her eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

SOUND OF PHONE ALARM (PRE-LAP)

FADE IN:

INT. RACHEL & GINGER'S APARTMENT, RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Rachel groggily opens her eyes and grabs her phone to turn off the alarm. She checks her surroundings, surprised that she is in her bed, apparently naked under the covers.

She anxiously looks to the other side of her bed, and is relieved to see it hasn't been slept on. Rachel rubs her wrists, which are lightly bruised, and gets up, a bit groggy.

EXT. SILICON VALLEY MOTEL - DAY

A two story motel with exterior walkways. A Hispanic MAID, 30s, pushes a cleaning cart along the walkway. She stops and KNOCKS on a door.

MAID

Housekeeping.

Nothing. She KNOCKS, then uses her key to open the door.

MAID

Hello? Housekeeping.

INT. SILICON VALLEY MOTEL, GUEST ROOM - DAY

The Maid enters the room. The bed has been slept in, the drapes closed. She surveys the room and notices the closet door slightly ajar, a light on inside.

The Maid opens the closet door.

Yong, naked, dead eyes bulging, hangs from a leather belt tied around the clothes rod. The looped belt is tight around his neck. A trickle of dried blood is on his neck where the belt buckle has cut deep into his skin.

The Maid SCREAMS.

PRE-LAP

The Maid's scream is overwhelmed by a ship's HORN.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY, GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY

The morning sun illuminates the Golden Gate Bridge. A giant CHINESE CONTAINER SHIP passes under, going out to sea. Coming inbound is a three-story COMMUTER FERRY.

A colorful WING-SHAPED KITE emerges low at the stern of the ship, moving in the opposite direction. Rachel, riding a kite-board in a wet suit, helmet and sunglasses is revealed.

Rachel hits the ship's huge starboard wake, flies in the air, does an airborne 360, and lands on the port wake. She gets her board on edge, speeds up and cuts in front of the Ferry.

The Ferry's horn BLASTS as Rachel cuts across its bow. On the Ferry, the CAPTAIN and two DECK HANDS wave. San Francisco basks in morning light as Rachel speeds towards the beach.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY BEACH - DAY

PEOPLE jog and fish. Rachel skims onto the beach and drops her kite. At the edge of the beach, the Slavic Man takes pictures of Rachel with a camera with a telephoto lens.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT, SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

Rachel throws her gear into an old JEEP and pulls an old MIT sweatshirt on over her wetsuit.

The Slavic Man takes photos from the edge of the lot.

Rachel gets in her Jeep, unlocks the glove box, pulls out her phone. She checks e-mails, smiles, hits a speed dial.

RACHEL
 (into phone)
 Hey, Lisa? Taiwan Semiconductor
 just confirmed the meeting. We need
 to run new sims.
 (a beat as she listens)
 Cool. I'll be in the office later.

An unmarked sedan screeches to a halt behind Rachel's Jeep, blocking her in.

DETECTIVE JOSH MALONE, early 30s, self-confident and DETECTIVE ANA DIAZ, late 30s, hardened, get out of the unmarked car.

Detective Diaz comes to the driver's side of the Jeep, Detective Malone to the passenger side. Detective Malone's hand discreetly rests on his gun, holstered at his waist. Detective Diaz pulls her badge.

DETECTIVE DIAZ
 Rachel Su?

RACHEL
 Yes?

DETECTIVE DIAZ
 Ms. Su, I'm Detective Diaz, with
 the Palo Alto Police Department.
 (off Detective Malone)
 This is my partner Detective Malone.
 We need you to come with us.

RACHEL
 Why? What's going on?

DETECTIVE MALONE
 We're investigating a homicide.

RACHEL
 What?

Detective Diaz steps back, and brushes back her blazer to put her hand on the gun holstered on her waist.

DETECTIVE DIAZ
 Ms. Su, please slowly step out of
 the car, and keep your hands where
 we can see them at all times.

Rachel slowly gets out of her Jeep.

DETECTIVE DIAZ
Now face the car, and put your
hands on the hood.

Rachel does as told. Detective Diaz pats down Rachel.

DETECTIVE MALONE
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say may be
used against you in a court of law.

RACHEL
Wait. You're arresting me?

Detective Diaz handcuffs Rachel.

DETECTIVE MALONE
You have the right to an attorney.
If you cannot afford an attorney,
one will be provided for you.

RACHEL
Fucking unbelievable.

SPLIT SCREEN LEFT:

Rachel is put in the back of the unmarked car by Detective
Diaz. Detectives Diaz and Malone get in the front.

The Mysterious Man pulls out his phone to write a text.

The Unmarked Detectives' car pulls away. In the back seat,
Rachel's face is frozen in stunned disbelief.

SPLIT SCREEN RIGHT:

EXT. THEME PARK - DAY

Nicolai sits with his son Peter in the front seat of a roller
coaster slowly climbing up a steep track. Peter is nervous.

A phone BUZZES.

Nicolai pulls his phone out of his windbreaker pocket and
looks. He gives a self-satisfied grin and pockets the phone
as the roller coaster reaches the peak.

The roller coaster plunges. Nicolai sticks his hands up and
SCREAMS in joy. Peter does the same.

END OF PILOT EPISODE