

HACK NEED

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN BEACH - DAY

Squeezed into a Speedo and slathered in sun-block, crypto-currency exchange owner GREG MATHER impatiently waits for his GIRLFRIEND to gather their beach umbrella and towels.

GREG

C'mon!

After she loads up, Greg volunteers to carry a towel. The girlfriend ignores him. They trudge through the sand toward a modern beach house.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and his girlfriend stroll through the sliding glass doors and freeze.

GREG

(to girlfriend)

Why don't you wait for me upstairs?

GIRLFRIEND

Fuck you, Greg.

She wanders off. Greg grins.

NEW ANGLE

Splayed on the couches and armchairs in front of Greg are seven large men. The eldest of them, GENNADY, pours vodka into a glass.

GENNADY

Gregory! Join us for a drink.

Gennady extends the glass to Greg, who approaches cautiously and takes it.

GREG

Spasiba, Gennady. Nah zda-ROVH-yeh!

Greg downs the shot and looks at the men sitting in his living room.

GREG (CONT'D)

I suppose "make yourself at home"  
goes without saying.

Gennady pours another shot.

GENNADY  
Is friendly visit.

Gennady gestures toward an empty seat. Greg takes it, then notices that his slathered arms and legs are ruining the fabric. He sighs.

GREG  
Dammit! I just had this redone.  
Seems like I'm always choosing  
between ruining the furniture or  
getting melanoma.

Gennady hands him another glass of vodka.

GENNADY  
Drink. You will feel better.

Greg takes a small sip.

GENNADY (CONT'D)  
You are what they call... Mormon?  
Baptist? A...

Gennady frowns.

GENNADY (CONT'D)  
... teetotal?

GREG  
Teetotaler. No, I'm not any of  
those things. Christ, Gennady. I  
just did a shot.

GENNADY  
If not teetotal, then drink vodka  
like man. Or, at least like Russian  
woman.

Greg knocks back half the glass and pounds his fist on the chair.

GREG  
There. Happy?

GENNADY  
Better. But you still drink like  
pussy. I don't trust pussy drinking  
man.

GREG

I don't think that means what you think it means, Gennady. But let's move on, shall we?

Gennady tilts his head toward a trio of his colleagues. They are younger, in their twenties. One of them, YURI, deliberately ignores Gennady.

GENNADY

You know my nephew, Yuri?

Greg nods.

GREG

Of course. We wouldn't be here if not for him.

(beat)

And you, of course.

Gennady frowns.

GENNADY

Da. Is my money, after all. But Yuri had good idea.

Gennady nods and looks for affirmation from his crew. They all nod along dutifully.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

Yuri tell me account is worth over million dollars.

Yuri rolls his eyes.

YURI

Billion!

Gennady reddens and leans toward Yuri. They whisper in Russian. He turns back to Greg.

GENNADY

Russian word is milliard. Is confusing. Billion. Is this true?

GREG

Yes, well over a billion.

GENNADY

Yuri eighteen when he tell me --  
"put this 5 mill in bitcoin account. Cannot be traced, good for business."

GREG

You were smart to do it. No regrets, right?

GENNADY

Not so far. But regret usually comes when I'm not watching. I don't understand this bitcoin shit, but if you say is worth billion, then good.

Greg nods and downs the rest of his shot.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

But then... I read about different exchange being hacked. All customers lose their bitcoin.

Gennady looks for affirmation from his crew. The older three nod along dutifully. Yuri and his cohorts grimace.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

And I think -- billion dollar, all in one place, how I know it not hacked? Yuri say it is safe. But how do I know?

Greg raises his hands gently.

GREG

The success of my CryptCoin exchange is due to our strict security protocols. No customer has ever lost a dime to hackers. Your money is safe.

YURI

You see, uncle? It is like I say.

Gennady moves to strike Yuri for his insolence, but stops short.

GENNADY

Yuri, I did not come to Gregory's house to hear your opinion. I want your opinion, I tell you to come to my fucking house.

Gennady stares at Yuri until Yuri looks at the floor.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

(points to Greg)

I'm not worried about losing dime, Gregory.

(MORE)

GENNADY (CONT'D)

I'm worried about losing billion dollars. You say is safe. Explain to me why is safe.

Greg raises his finger in a "wait" sign. He gets up and walks over to the kitchen area. He returns with a case of vodka, which he sets on the coffee table between him and Gennady.

GREG

This case of vodka is like the bitcoin in my exchange.

GENNADY

You mean it's sitting on fucking coffee table where anyone can steal it?

GREG

No. Let me explain.

He extracts one bottle and sets it before Gennady.

GREG (CONT'D)

This bottle is the only one connected to the internet. We call it the "hot wallet."

Greg makes quotes with his fingers as he says the term.

GENNADY

Forgive me, Gregory. Last person who made quote marks with fingers as he explained something to me was thief. I shot him in both ankles.

GREG

Both ankles? Jesus. Why?

GENNADY

To make more interesting when I released starving pigs on him.

GREG

Pigs?

GENNADY

Pigs.

Greg suddenly feels like more vodka and pours himself a shot, shaking slightly as he does so.

GREG

Okay. Apologies for the quote marks.

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

But the hot wallet is important.  
It's set up to give customers the  
ability to make daily transactions.

GENNADY

Is on internet. Can be hacked, yes?

GREG

Yes, in theory. But two things.  
First, the bitcoin in the hot  
wallet represents less than one  
percent of total deposits.

GENNADY

And zero percent of my deposits.  
Da?

GREG

Of course. That is one hundred  
percent squarely in the "da"  
column, Gennady.

Greg takes a moment to settle himself before continuing.

GREG (CONT'D)

Second, we have many security  
measures in place. Multiple layers  
of passwords, bot monitoring, other  
safeguards that will shut the hot  
wallet down if anything remotely  
suspicious is detected.

Gennady nods, but is not convinced. Greg taps the case with  
his hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

All of the rest of the bitcoin,  
including 100 percent of your  
deposits is here.

Greg waits for some sign from Gennady. Gennady nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

We call this "cold storage." It is  
not connected to the internet. It  
is not connected electronically or  
physically to any of our servers.  
To access it, my special 26  
character password must be used in  
conjunction with my chief security  
tech's 26 character password.

Greg again waits for some sign from Gennady. Gennady nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

It cannot be hacked. Not even by  
the greatest hacker in the world.

Gennady waits for more. Greg puts both hands on the case,  
shakes it and then throws his hands in the air.

GREG (CONT'D)

Because it is not connected to  
anything.

Gennady absorbs the information. He picks up the loose bottle  
and examines it before putting it back in the case.

GENNADY

Is good vodka. You have expensive  
tastes, Gregory.

Greg shrugs. Yuri smugly leans back and winks at his two  
cohorts. Gennady notices and sneers. He pulls the case in.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

If not connected, how I use this  
bitcoin?

Greg smiles.

GREG

We require customers to give us 24  
hours notice of any transaction  
involving large amounts. This  
allows time for us to load the  
bitcoin onto encrypted thumb drives  
and walk them over to our servers.

Gennady seems to get it. Greg smiles.

GREG (CONT'D)

We good?

Gennady stands, lifting the case of vodka, which he hands to  
a surprised Yuri. Greg stands, about to interject, but thinks  
better of it.

GENNADY

We are good. But I leave you with  
this lesson: Anything can be  
stolen. You must always be on  
lookout.

Gennady turns to leave. His crew follow his lead. At the  
door, Gennady turns back to face a dumbfounded Greg. Gennady  
grins.



GENNADY (CONT'D)

Man pigs ate stole two-hundred thousand from me. Imagine what I will do if I lose one billion.

Greg stares at Gennady. Gennady slaps his cheek affectionately.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

I will call you when I need the bitcoin. And thank you for the vodka.

He exits, followed by his crew. The last of them, ANTON, one of Yuri's younger colleagues, glances back and gives Greg a slight nod. Greg returns the gesture.

Alone, Greg looks back at his chair, now bearing a Shroud of Turin-like white imprint of his beefy frame. He retrieves his phone from a nearby table and makes a call.

GREG

Handler? Yeah, it's Greg Mather. Gennady and your boy were just here.

Greg listens to the voice on the other end.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yeah, real interesting meeting. Are you tracking a split in Gennady's crew?

He listens some more.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yeah, so fucking predictable.

He listens some more.

GREG (CONT'D)

Totally, yeah, real soon. I'll send you a text... later.

He cuts the call, smiles, and ambles with purpose into the kitchen. He fills a glass tumbler with ice. He looks to where the case of vodka had been. Realizes it's gone.

GREG (CONT'D)

Fuck...

EXT. LACROSSE PITCH - DAY

CANDY OHMURA runs down the field, lacrosse ball in the basket of her stick. She spies DIDI WILLIAMS ducking past a defender and making a break toward the goal.

Candy delivers a head fake on her defender, cuts inside and flicks a pass to Didi, leading her perfectly. Didi fields the pass and whips the ball the corner of the goal.

Several players from the opposing team GROAN.

EXT. SIDELINES - LATER

Candy and Didi high-five each other and approach a four-year old girl, ANNIE, who is smiling at them.

ANNIE

Mommy, Mommy!

Candy and Didi remove their helmets, kneel and high-five and hug Annie.

DIDI

That was a blast from the past.  
Just like getting passes from God.

CANDY

You were unstoppable out there.  
Kinda unfair to the other guys you  
even had help.

DIDI

Teaming up for the winner calls for  
a celebration. Pizza?

CANDY

Sure, but can we order in? Greg  
needs me to come in early tomorrow.

DIDI

(to Annie)

How about you, Annie? You want  
pizza at home, too?

ANNIE

Pizza! Can we watch the Wiggles and  
play MarioKart?

CANDY

You bet. Sounds like a perfect day.

They take Annie by the hand and walk off toward a parking lot.

INT. CRYPTOCOIN OFFICES - NEXT DAY

Seated in a large cubicle, Candy opens a plastic mailing envelope.

She withdraws a smartly-packaged USB drive bearing the brand name "Decoy Drive." The packaging sports a picture of a winking Duck-like character saying "Fools 'em Every Time."

Candy extracts the drive from its packaging and examines it. It looks like one drive. Candy pulls off the back end leaving what looks like an intact drive.

She lifts a small flap on the larger piece's back end and plugs the short piece into it. Candy plugs it into the computer.

On the monitor: Candy clicks on an icon that says "Boss Encryption."

Candy types on her keyboard and looks up to see Greg standing there, holding a lacrosse stick and ball. He drops the ball on the floor.

GREG

Yo, Candy-O, check it out...

With both hands holding the stick, basket facing down, Greg swipes the basket over the ball, flicks his wrist and momentarily cradles the ball before it flies off.

Candy frowns, shakes her head.

CANDY

Give me that.

Greg hands her the lacrosse stick. Candy walks over to where the ball lays. With one hand wielding the stick, she flashes it over the ball, neatly scooping it into the basket.

Cradling the stick and rocking it back and forth with little wrist motions, Candy pirouettes around Greg, ducking and sidestepping.

Candy whips the stick around, firing the hard rubber ball into a beanbag chair occupying a corner of the office.

She hands the stick to Greg.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Keep practicing, big guy. You'll  
get it one day.

Candy pulls the USB drive from her computer and shuts it down. She gathers her stuff as Greg tries another attempt at scooping the ball.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Later...

Greg stops and comes over toward her.

GREG  
Will you be around this weekend?

CANDY  
Sure, what's up?

GREG  
Probably nothing, but one of the  
depositors is making noises about a  
large transaction. Could be next  
weekend, though...

Candy sighs.

CANDY  
Just give me an hour or so heads-  
up.

GREG  
Thanks. See you on Monday,  
otherwise.

Candy picks up the loose ball and tosses it over to Greg. He bobbles it before securing it in the basket.

CANDY  
Oooh! Crispy with the rock!

Greg does not understand. Candy smiles and gives him the thumbs-up.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Not bad... for a dude.

She saunters out the door. Greg looks at the lacrosse basket and tries to mimic Candy's back and forth cradling of the ball. The ball flies out, bouncing into Candy's trash can.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Didi fluffs up a small bean bag chair for Annie. Didi turns on the TV and selects an episode of the Wiggles.

DIDI  
You good, sweetie?

Annie smiles and bops to the music.

DIDI (CONT'D)  
I'll be back in just a minute.

Didi gets up and walks past a shelf bearing numerous lacrosse trophies and a large framed photograph. Didi pauses near the end of the shelf to look back at Annie.

Behind Didi, we see a huge trophy with "NCAA" inscribed on a gold cup. Didi turns and walks past the trophy and up the nearby stairwell.

INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER

Didi slides a large group of clothes off to the left. On the right, several sets of doctor scrubs remain hanging next to closet wall.

She reaches to the first set and feels the fabric between her thumb and forefinger. After a moment lost in thought, she slides the group of scrubs to the other side of the closet, exposing a small shelf and a wooden box. She opens the box and extracts a cannabis joint.

INT. STAIRWELL

Didi descends the stairs a few steps and sneaks a look at Annie. Annie remains entranced with her video. Didi heads back up the stairs.

EXT. BEDROOM BALCONY

Didi fires up the joint and takes a deep breath.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Annie's bean bag chair is empty. She drags a kitchen chair over to the trophy display shelf. She stands on the chair, but her head does not clear the shelf.

Annie puts three large coffee table books on the chair. She climbs it and stands, precariously, on the stacked books. She smiles at what she sees.

On the shelf: A smartly-framed large photo of a women's lacrosse team. Emblazoned at the top: "2012 NCAA Champions."

Annie peers closer at the photo.

In the photo: a younger Candy and Didi stand in the middle, beaming happily while holding crossed lacrosse sticks.

Annie smiles and turns to the large trophy next to the photo. She leans forward to see it more closely. The top book under her feet slides an inch and the chair wobbles slightly.

EXT/INT. MINIVAN - DUSK

A dark purple minivan turns off a rural road and enters a driveway that snakes its way through a pine forest.

Its driver, Candy, leans forward to see the lights from her house filtering through the trees.

EXT. BEDROOM BALCONY

Didi sees the approaching headlights and quickly stubs out the joint before flicking it off the balcony and hurrying inside.

DIDI  
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Annie leans forward as the books begin to slip out from under her.

Candy and Didi arrive at opposite ends of the room and freeze in horror for a brief moment before running toward Annie.

Didi arrives first, grabbing a screaming Annie just as she begins to fall. She pulls her in and cradles her closely.

DIDI  
Oh baby, oh baby, it's okay.

Candy hugs them both, breathing in deeply.

CANDY  
It's okay, it's okay.

Candy reacts to something and pulls away from them, staring daggers at Didi. Didi sees this and knows she is busted.

Candy stands and holds out her arms for Annie. Didi gives Annie another hug, hands her over and slinks away.

Candy turns away from her and gives Annie a little bounce in her arms.

CANDY (CONT'D)

That was scary, Annie-bo-bannie.  
What were you trying to do?

Annie points at the photo.

ANNIE

I wanted to see your trophy.

Candy carries Annie over to the mantle and hoists her up a bit. They look at the trophy together.

CANDY

Just...

Candy glances toward the stairs as Didi trudges up them.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Just tell us next time... and we  
will show you.

Annie nods and hugs Candy around the neck.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

On the bed, Didi embraces a body pillow, her head buried in it. Candy lies down next to her and puts her hand on Didi's shoulder.

CANDY

It's okay. She's in bed now.

Didi, eyes wet and red, lifts her head and looks back at Candy.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I'm not mad at you. It was the  
moment. I was scared and then  
surprised and then mad, all at  
once.

Didi wipes her nose.

DIDI

You should be mad. She could have  
been hurt and it would be my fault.  
I'm... so fucking useless.

Candy pulls her over to bring her face to face.

CANDY

Don't say that that. I know you  
feel like shit. I mean, look at  
you.

Candy tries a grin.

DIDI

That supposed to make me feel  
better?

Didi sits up, facing away from Candy, her feet now on the  
floor. She grips the edge of the bed.

DIDI (CONT'D)

I don't like who I am right now.  
We... have so much here and... I  
love every moment I'm with her.  
(sobs)  
But I can't stop thinking I should  
be doing something more.

Candy tries to comfort her.

DIDI (CONT'D)

I know its selfish and wrong... I  
hate myself for feeling this way.

CANDY

There was a reason you gave it all  
up.

Tears roll down Didi's cheeks. Candy holds her tight.

CANDY (CONT'D)

You are good enough, and you will  
get through this. And you will get  
back in the saddle. Maybe in a  
different way, but you will.

DIDI

I'm not ready.

Candy pulls her back over onto the bed. They hold hands and  
stare at the ceiling.



CANDY

When the time comes, you will be. I know who you are.

Candy closes her eyes.

CANDY (CONT'D)

You are my crazy ass warrior princess, soaring over me, cross-checking that midfielder from Syracuse, slipping into the crease and whipping one past them.

Candy opens her eyes and looks over at Didi. Didi manages a little smile.

CANDY (CONT'D)

That's the Didi I know. That's who you are. That's who I fell in love with and that's who is lying here beside me right now.

Didi hugs her.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, though. It's time to put that trophy in the attic. It's gonna get somebody killed.

Didi laughs.

DIDI

Yeah. Probably one of us running across the living room next time to save Annie.

Candy gives Didi a reproving glance.

CANDY

And lay off the weed until after I get home. Then we'll have Annie double-covered...

Candy grins. Didi, relieved, laughs.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Gennady and some of his older crew mates sit around a table, glancing up at a TV displaying a hockey match. A waitress brings them a round of vodka shots.

Yuri, Anton and three other "young crew" stroll in and take seats. They are all wearing headphones, mumbling rap lyrics, swiping at their phone screens.

Gennady stares at them. He grabs a folded newspaper and wings it into Yuri's temple. Yuri winces.

YURI  
What the fuck!?

Yuri and Gennady begin speaking in Russian with SUBTITLES.

GENNADY  
Little bitch!

YURI  
Crazy old man!

GENNADY  
You call me crazy, bitch?

He points at the paper.

GENNADY (CONT'D)  
Your stupid bitcoin loses \$300,000,  
000 this week!

YURI  
This? Again? How many times I have  
to tell you? Bitcoin is volatile,  
but it is always rising in the long  
run.

GENNADY  
We need real money! We need to sell  
the bitcoin! Up, down, down, up,  
all the time! I am sick of it.

YURI  
Be patient! It will double in two  
years. Then we sell half and still  
have a billion left.

GENNADY  
You are not the boss!

YURI  
I am the one who turns 5 million  
into a billion. What have you  
done... bitch?

Gennady lunges at Yuri, slapping him, hard, knocking him back.

GENNADY

It was my five million you fucking punk...

Yuri's "young crew" hold him back when he tries to retaliate.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

I control the account. It is mine to decide.

Gennady points at Yuri.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

You want to see any of it, you better remember who is the boss.

Yuri shakes off his cohorts and points back at Gennady.

YURI

I know what you are.

He pivots to leave. The young crew follow him.

EXT. SPORT CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Yuri and his part of the crew storm out onto the street.

YURI

A fucking dinosaur!

Yuri punches the air in frustration. Anton tries to calm him, grabbing his bicep. They speak in English.

ANTON

Gennady is boss, Yuri. We cannot go against him.

Yuri yanks his arm away and storms off.

YURI

You pussies leave me alone. Go back to Gennady. Go home. I don't give a fuck.

Anton and the others watch him walk away. They look at each other, unsure of what to do. Long beat. Assorted shrugs.

ANTON

Go home. Yeah, I go home.

He ambles off to call an Uber. The others go separate ways.

INT. UBER - MOMENTS LATER

Anton plugs in his earphones and makes a secure call.

ANTON

It's me... yeah, we need to meet.

INT. CRYPTCOIN OFFICES - DAY

Greg sits in his corner office, looking through its glass walls at the cubicle area. He gets up, closes the door, and returns to his seat. He makes a call.

GREG

Handler? Yeah, it's Mather. I'm ready.

He listens to the voice on the other end.

GREG (CONT'D)

I know... I know... I'm sure. They can't kill me if they want the money. Just make sure your boy makes that part clear to them.

Long beat.

GREG (CONT'D)

Handler? You still there?

He listens to the voice on the other end.

GREG (CONT'D)

You fuck. Don't do that again. It's not funny.

INT. LAW OFFICES OF LINUS MCTANE - DAY

Didi sits in a leather backed chair. On the other side of a wide desk, LINUS MCTANE, a silver-haired paunchy gentleman leans back in his chair, fingers interlaced.

LINUS

You sure about this?

DIDI

I am. I need to move on.

Linus leans forward.

LINUS

But we haven't even filed suit. If we did... I'm sure the hospital would give you a large settlement.

Didi shakes her head "no."

LINUS (CONT'D)

They treated you awful. It's an easy case to win. Don't you want to make them pay?

DIDI

It's not about the money. And I do want to smack them down. But the thing I really want is to have a purpose. To have some professional respect.

Linus leans back. He knows she has more to say.

DIDI (CONT'D)

If I file a lawsuit, I'll be black-balled. And no matter what job I get or praise I earn afterwards, people will think I got it because of the threat of another lawsuit from "the black chick."

Linus nods.

LINUS

Okay, Didi. Okay.

DIDI

Thanks, Linus.

LINUS

We would have crushed them. But I understand.

He stands up to escort her out.

LINUS (CONT'D)

If you change your mind, I'll be here for you.

Didi smiles.

DIDI

That's good to know. Thanks.

INT. CRYPTOCOIN OFFICES

Candy types on her keyboard, pauses to consult a paper manual, then types some more. She peers at the code on her screen and sees Greg's reflection.

She wheels around fast, scaring Greg.

CANDY

My line of work, I don't like  
shoulder surfers.

GREG

I didn't want to interrupt your  
work flow. I was just waiting.

Candy frowns.

CANDY

There's this thing. It's called --  
(makes air quotes)  
-- "Outlook", and you can make  
appointments and send messages and  
shit to your employees so you can  
alert them to your need to share or  
obtain information.

GREG

Don't make air quotes. It's bad  
luck.

Candy looks at him strangely for a moment.

CANDY

Anyway... You here to show me your  
latest skills?  
(beat)  
Where's your gamer?

Greg does not understand.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Your wand? Your spoon? Your twig?

Greg does not understand.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Your fucking stick, Greg. Your  
lacrosse stick.

Greg understands.

GREG

Oh, that. I'm taking a break. I don't think I'll ever get the hang of it.

Candy tilts her head sympathetically.

CANDY

It's hard to learn it in a vacuum. Take a few cross-checks while running and cradling it -- that'll give you the level of focus you need.

Greg raises his eyebrows.

GREG

So I need to get whacked to learn it? To get... focus?

Candy nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's a pass.

Candy shrugs.

CANDY

So...

GREG

Right. It looks like this weekend will be the one for that transfer. Will you be in town?

Candy nods.

GREG (CONT'D)

Good. I'll give you a heads-up when it's for sure.

INT. MAMMA MIA RISTORANTE - NIGHT

In a dining booth, Anton sits across from BENNY HANDLER, early fifties, with thinning hair and a world-weary air. Anton pokes at his food.

ANTON

Handler, why are we meeting here? This place sucks.

HANDLER

What are you talking about? It's the best in the precinct.

ANTON

It's all bread and carbs and cheap olive oil.

HANDLER

Suck it up. You want greens and fiber and shit, go graze in the park later.

Anton chews a mouthful of pasta, forcing it down with some water.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Back to the matter. Or the Mather.

Handler chuckles. Anton rolls his eyes.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

He swears he's down for it.

ANTON

It's wrong. It's not our job to instigate a war.

HANDLER

War? Hah. We're just corralling these idiots into committing one big white collar crime instead of a bunch a little violent ones.

ANTON

It's too risky. So many ways it can go sideways.

Handler points his fork at Anton.

HANDLER

Not if you play it right. Make sure they understand that if Mather is dead, they will never see their money.

Anton sighs.

ANTON

I'd feel better about it if I understood -- really understood -- how bitcoin works.



HANDLER

No one understands it, that's why it's so valuable. Hell, does anyone really understand how regular money works?

(beat)

But the part we do need to understand is this: are you 100 percent sure Yuri is committed?

ANTON

Yeah. As long as Gennady controls the account, Yuri knows he will be under his thumb.

(beat)

Getting Mather's key makes Yuri the boss -- and protects him from Gennady because killing Yuri means the money is gone.

Handler nods.

HANDLER

And why does Yuri want to move now?

ANTON

Because Gennady wants to cash out as soon as the price goes back up. When that happens, maybe as early as next week, Yuri is a big nobody.

Handler stuffs his mouth with some more pasta.

HANDLER

Mather will be ready on Saturday.

Anton pokes some more at his uneaten food. Handler reaches across and takes the plate.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

You're not gonna eat it, give it to me.

Anton rolls his eyes.

INT. GREG MATHER RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Greg is duct-taped to a kitchen chair. Three MEN wearing ski-masks work rapidly to tape up Greg's NEW GIRLFRIEND. One of the men tugs at the corner of the tape covering Greg's mouth.

MAN #1

I take tape off. If you scream or  
make noise, we hurt the girl.

Greg nods. The man rips off the tape. Greg winces

GREG

(trying to whisper)  
Fuck... that hurts.

MAN #1

26 Character password key to Cold  
Storage. Where is it?

GREG

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

The man slaps Greg across his face.

GREG (CONT'D)

Fuck! If you don't want me to make  
noise, stop hitting me.

MAN #1

You want me to stop hitting you,  
you give me password.

GREG

I can't. You have to believe me.

The man slaps Greg again. Greg shakes his head to clear it.

GREG (CONT'D)

Goddammit!

MAN #1

Maybe you a little tough. But maybe  
you don't understand what we will  
do to get what we want.

He hands a knife to Man #2, who puts the tip of the knife  
near the girlfriend's right eye.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Don't fuck with me. Maybe you don't  
care if we kill the girl. But I  
promise you, you will care how we  
kill her. She will make noises you  
can't imagine.

Greg shakes his head.

GREG  
Even if I tell you, it's only half  
the key.

MAN #1  
We know. Now you tell...

Greg nods in defeat.

GREG  
Capital "D", lower case "i" "c"...

Man #3 takes notes.

TITLE CARD: "21 Characters Later"

GREG (CONT'D)  
(with a flourish)  
... "b", "u", "t", "t", exclamation  
mark.

Man #3 looks at his notes.

MAN #3  
That is most disgusting thing I  
ever see on paper. You need help.

GREG  
Yes. But will you ever forget it?

MAN #3  
Never. Maybe will be last thing I  
remember before I die.

GREG  
There ya' go.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - ANNIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Candy lies next to Annie on her bed. She reads from a Beatrix  
Potter book. Outside, rain pounds against the window.

ANNIE  
Can you read that part again? It  
sounds funny.

CANDY  
Sure, sweetie, but this is the last  
time. "The man in the wilderness  
said to me, 'How many strawberries  
grow in the sea?' I answered him as  
I thought good -- 'As many red  
herrings as grow in the wood.'"

ANNIE  
(laughs)  
I like the way you read it.

CANDY  
Yeah, that one is fun.  
(closes book)  
You ready for beddy-bye?

Annie squirms, trying to settle in.

ANNIE  
Can I hear it one more time?

Candy thinks a moment, smiles, and opens the book.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Candy enters the kitchen and then stops. Small puddles of murky water are scattered across the floor. Tracks. Leading toward the living room.

CANDY  
Didi?

Candy follows the tracks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Candy enters the room, an arm grabs her from the side and her mouth is covered before she can scream.

Didi, duct-taped and muffled, struggles in a chair next to two MEN wearing ski masks. The MAN restraining Candy drags her toward Didi.

MAN #1  
You listen, quietly, no one gets hurt. Understand?

Candy nods. One of the other men approaches and holds Candy's Cryptcoin ID next to her face. He nods to Man #1.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
I let go now.

He slowly releases his hand from her mouth. The second man tapes her hands together behind her back.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)  
Now we have chat.

The second man guides her to the sofa. He hands the ID badge to Man #1. He dangles the badge in front of her.

MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Here is what will happen next...

INT. CRYPTOCOIN SERVER ROOM

Candy and two masked men walk past banks of servers in a dimly lit building. They pause at a door with a combo lock and keypad.

CANDY

As soon as I touch the keypad, a timer begins to run on the cold storage server.

She pulls out her Decoy Drive and displays it to one of the men.

CANDY (CONT'D)

This drive is specially encrypted to be compatible with the server. If I wait more than 5 minutes to insert it and input the two password keys, the server's protocols will force a time reset and we will have to wait an hour.

The man nods.

CANDY (CONT'D)

So... before I begin to open this door I'll need the other password key.

The man hands her a piece of paper. She looks at it and frowns.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, Greg. Are you fucking kidding me?

MAN #1

(nodding agreement)

Is what we thought. Is bad just to see such a thing.

Candy swipes her badge, punches in the key code, and then spins the combo lock back and forth several times. A "CLICK" as the door unlocks.

INT. COLD STORAGE SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Candy sits at a small work station, typing. She pauses and points at the screen. The man leans in to see.

On the screen: "Account: Gennady Tartovsky: 22,601.647 BC" followed by "Transfer to Drive H: USB Encrypt 6 - Y/N?"

CANDY

Okay?

The man nods. Candy hits "Y" and waits as a "loading" bar occupies the screen. As it completes, she holds her finger up in a "wait" sign.

She types a few strokes and grabs the thumb drive, swivels in her chair and points the business end of it at the man.

CANDY (CONT'D)

If this is damaged, the money is gone. Forever. Do you understand?

The man pulls the drive from her grip. Candy surreptitiously palms her half the drive.

The man pockets the drive. He pulls out a gun with a silencer and motions for Candy to leave the room.

Candy flinches in the doorway as the man pumps several bullets into the cold storage server.

CANDY (CONT'D)

That won't do anything, you know.

The man laughs.

MAN #1

I don't know about bitcoin. But I know how to clean up... loose ends.

Loading his gun, he eyes Candy coldly.

CANDY

Okay, smart guy. Then I suppose Mather already gave you the load protocol?

The man stops re-loading his gun.

MAN #1

Load protocol?

Candy rolls her eyes.

CANDY

The drive! It's encrypted. You need the third password layer to load it onto a new server.

The man points his gun at Candy and pulls out his phone.

INT. GREG MATHER RESIDENCE

On Greg's kitchen table, a phone begins to vibrate. It displays: "Volodya"

Benny Handler and two uniformed policemen stand over three men on the floor with their hands clasping the back of their heads. Greg, behind them, peels off duct tape remnants.

HANDLER

Get up, Yuri. Volodya is calling.

Yuri gets up and sees the phone.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Speaker phone. English only.

Yuri taps the phone.

YURI

Is Yuri.

VOLODYA (V.O.)

(in Russian with subtitles)

I have it. But the girl says there is third password.

Handler looks over at Greg. Greg nods "yes." Yuri glares at Greg. Handler leans over to Yuri and whispers in his ear.

HANDLER

Tell him to wait.

YURI

Wait.

Handler presses "mute" on the phone.

HANDLER

I can have Gennady here in five minutes.

Anton, on the floor, perks up, surprised.

HANDLER (CONT'D)  
That would be bad for you.

Yuri nods. Handler begins writing out something on his note pad.

HANDLER (CONT'D)  
You're gonna tell your boy this...

Hands him the paper.

HANDLER (CONT'D)  
And you better do it right.

INT. SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

VOLODYA holds his gun on Candy as he listens to Yuri on the phone.

VOLODYA  
(in Russian with  
subtitles)  
Not kill?

YURI (V.O.)  
(on phone)  
We need her alive. I have men at  
her house. She not tell police.  
Take her home. Wait there. I have  
plan.

VOLODYA  
(in Russian with  
subtitles)  
Yuri... what is going on?

The call disconnects. Volodya looks at the phone and thinks. After a beat, he lowers his gun and motions to the other man to join them.

VOLODYA (CONT'D)  
(to Candy)  
I take you home now.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Candy enters the room, followed by Volodya and the other man. Didi remains taped to the chair. As soon as they are all in, guns appear at the side of Volodya and the other man's head.

MASKED MEN are at the other end of the guns. Two more enter the room pointing guns.



Volodya and the other one put their guns on the floor. They get pistol-whipped and fall unconscious.

One of the masked men rifles through Volodya's pockets. He extracts the USB drive and shows it to Candy.

MASKED MAN #1

Is this it?

Candy nods.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)

We have three men watching house.  
We know everything you do. You understand?

Candy nods.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)

No, I don't think you do. You think you call cops after we leave. But you do, you really calling us. We are everywhere. You call cops, we be in here before they arrive. Little girl dies last, after watching what we do to her mommies. You understand now?

Candy nods.

MASKED MAN #1 (CONT'D)

We are watching.

Candy nods.

The masked man joins the others, dragging out an unconscious man from the kitchen as well as Volodya and his partner.

The masked man turns to Candy as he exits. He holds the silencer barrel to his lips to remind Candy to be quiet.

After he closes the door, Candy runs over to Didi and hugs her. As she moves to remove the tape from Didi's mouth, Didi shakes her head "no."

Candy nods sympathetically.

CANDY

I understand, baby.

Then surprises Didi by ripping off the tape with one hand and covering Didi's mouth with the other.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Annie! Can't wake Annie. I'm sorry.

Tears of pain in her eyes, Didi nods. Candy takes her hand away from Didi's mouth. Didi scrunches her face and moans, burying her head in Candy's chest.

DIDI

(looking up at Candy)

What do we do?

CANDY

For the moment, exactly what he says. We have to keep Annie safe.

DIDI

What do they want?

CANDY

A billion dollars. And that may be why we're still alive and how we'll stay that way.

INT. BEDROOM

Steam and shower sounds coming from an adjoining bathroom. Candy types on a laptop computer while reclining on the bed. She removes a USB drive from it and tiptoes to the closet.

She slides the clothes over and pulls the wooden box out. She dumps the joints in one hand, places the Decoy Drive remnant in the box and covers it with the joints.

After returning everything to its place, she resumes her place on the bed with the laptop. Didi enters in a bathrobe, drying off her hair.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As the door to the room opens, hallway light creeps over Annie's bedcovers. Didi and Candy stand in the doorway for a moment before slowly closing the door shut.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Candy motions toward the stairs.

CANDY

I need a drink.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

At the dining table, Candy pours two glasses of wine. Her hand shakes. Didi peers out of a nearby window.

DIDI

I don't see anyone. Maybe we could...

Candy gulps down the wine.

CANDY

If it was just us, I'd take a chance. But Annie...

Didi takes a seat.

DIDI

These guys... Russians?

Candy nods.

DIDI (CONT'D)

They want a billion dollars?

CANDY

It's in a bitcoin account. A very large bitcoin account.

DIDI

If you give them what they want, then what?

Candy shakes her head slowly from side to side, staring at the table. She looks up at Didi.

CANDY

I don't know... but right now, they need me, and that is our ace in the hole.

Flashes of blue and red light penetrate the kitchen window. Gravel crunching.

DIDI

Get down!

She grabs Candy and pulls her under the table.

DIDI (CONT'D)

Why aren't they shooting? They said don't call the police.

CANDY

We didn't. But who did? Greg? Fuck,  
this is confusing...

A KNOCK at the door.

HANDLER (O.S.)

Ms. Ohmura? This is Detective  
Benjamin Handler. Can you please  
open the door?

Didi and Candy look at each other. Candy gets up. Didi  
follows her. Candy stops and looks at Didi.

CANDY

I don't know who to trust. We can't  
take a chance until we're certain.  
They could be...

DIDI

I know.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Candy peers through the door's peephole. She sees Handler.  
She opens the door. Handler does not enter but displays his  
badge.

HANDLER

Are you Ms. Candy Ohmura?

Candy nods.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Are you employed as chief of  
security at CryptCoin?

Candy nods again.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Ms. Ohmura. You are under arrest.  
Please turn around and hold your  
arms toward me.

Didi appears behind Candy.

DIDI

What do they want?

CANDY

They want to arrest me.

DIDI

For what?

Handler looks at Didi.

HANDLER

Theft. Something to do with bitcoin.

DIDI

Something to do with bitcoin?  
That's a bit vague, don't you think?

HANDLER

Ma'am, please don't interfere. I don't want to have to arrest you too.

Didi glares at Handler, jaw thrust out, hands on hips.

DIDI

And what would you be arresting me for, officer? Having something to do with someone who has something to do with bitcoin?

HANDLER

Ma'am, we know there is a child in the house. We don't want to put her in foster care tonight. How about you? You want that to happen?

Handler looks at Candy.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Ms. Ohmura, I know this is confusing for you. It is for us, too. It will go much easier if you do as I say.

Two other officers appear next to Handler.

CANDY

I don't know what's going on.

HANDLER

Let's figure it out down at the station.

Handler takes her elbow and slowly turns her before putting the cuffs on. Candy looks at Didi.

CANDY

Don't worry. Stay with Annie.  
Nothing is more important than her.  
You know what to do and not to do,  
right?

Didi nods and gives her a kiss. Handler and the two cops lead Candy away.

INT. CANDY AND DIDI'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Didi's cell phone rings. She sees it is from a blocked number and ponders what to do. She decides to answer.

DIDI

Hello.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I see cops at your house.

DIDI

I swear we... I... didn't call  
them. They just showed up. They  
took Candy.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

I know. I just want you to know we  
know. We know everything cops do.  
We know everything you do. If you  
want to live, if you want little  
girl to live, you remember that.  
Understand?

DIDI

Yes.

The man cuts the connection and Didi stares at the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

A UNIFORMED COP escorts one of Yuri's crew from the  
interrogation room. Handler emerges next, yawning, stretching  
in the hallway.

HANDLER

I'm ready for the next one. Bring  
Anton Doblosky.

The uniformed cop nods. He escorts the man past a holding  
cell where Candy sits. Two cells down, the cop deposits his  
man.

UNIFORMED COP  
Doblosky, you're up.

Anton, in cuffs, emerges and waits for the cop to shove him in the right direction.

As Anton walks past Candy's cell, he glances in her direction. She ignores him.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Anton sits across from Handler. He holds up his cuffed hands.

ANTON  
Can't I at least take these off?

HANDLER  
Sorry, Bud. Gotta maintain the role. Never know who might say the wrong thing.

Anton shrugs.

ANTON  
Fine. Is that the tech in number 2?

HANDLER  
Yeah. Candy Ohmura.

Anton scrunches his face in thought.

ANTON  
I'm kind of losing the thread here, boss. Why do you have her locked up?

Handler gives Anton a dead-eyed stare. Then a little grin.

HANDLER  
It's complicated. Best for her the less you know.

ANTON  
What does that even mean?

HANDLER  
We're at a critical stage here. It's important to keep information close-hold.

Anton shakes his head.

ANTON

I'm the one risking his ass with these thugs... so enough with this close-hold shit.

Handler crosses his hands and lays his palms flat on the table. He leans forward slightly.

HANDLER

I get it. I've been undercover. I know what it does to you.

Long beat as Handler slides his hands inward and leans back.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

You're going to be a hero, the one who breaks this organization once and for all. I want that to happen. And if telling you every detail could get us to that point without further endangering you... or Ms. Ohmura, of course I'd do it.

Anton nods, tapping one hand nervously on the table.

ANTON

Okay. But some things don't make sense. What was all this "I can have Gennady here in five minutes" business with Yuri?

Handler stiffens momentarily, then relaxes.

HANDLER

Judgment call. Inject confusion and uncertainty into their decision making.

Handler gives Anton a sidelong, conspiratorial glance.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Got him to cooperate, didn't it?

Anton ponders this a moment.

ANTON

Yeah, but couldn't you have just --

A KNOCK at the door. The uniformed cop sticks his head in.

UNIFORMED COP

Call for you, Detective Handler.



Handler steps out. Anton sees his notepad and pen. He gets up and walks to the one-way glass, cupping his hands around his eyes. He returns to the table.

Anton tears a sheet from the top of the small notepad and quickly scribbles something before returning the pen to its place. He folds the paper into a tight square wad and tucks it in his waistband.

LATER

Anton, leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed, awakens with a startle when Handler returns to the room.

HANDLER

Sorry about that. Where were we?

ANTON

Uh, I don't know. Maybe... just tell me what I should do next.

Handler flicks his pen. It spins on the table. He picks up his notepad and pockets it.

HANDLER

Sit tight. Be ready for anything.

Anton sighs.

ANTON

I kind of had that part figured out already.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

The uniformed cop escorts Anton out of the interrogation room. As they move down the hall, Anton reaches for the paper in his waistband and gives a quick glance backward. No one.

As they walk past Candy's cell, he flicks the square toward her through her cell bars. She sees it hit the floor.

INT. CANDY'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Candy looks up just as Anton passes out of sight. She leans over and picks up the paper. Before opening it, she checks the hallway.

She returns to her bench and lays on her side with her back to the hallway. She unfolds the paper.

On the paper: "Don't trust anyone."

CANDY

No shit. I kind of had that part figured out already.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM BALCONY - DAY

Didi stands next to the rail, peering around a corner of the house.

She sees something -- deep in the pine trees, a man stands with his back to her, partially obscured by a tree trunk. Wisps of cigarette smoke waft from behind the trunk.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Didi walks in and sees Annie putting stickers in several sticker-books splayed on her bed. Annie looks up at her.

ANNIE

I forget where to put these.

She holds up a sheet of stickers. Didi does not respond, staring past her. The she re-engages and takes a seat on the bed. She points to one of the books.

DIDI

That one?

Annie grabs the book and turns its pages. Didi gets up and walks over to the window. She presses against it, straining to see outside.

ON DIDI

ANNIE (O.S.)

Mommy?

DIDI

(still looking outside)  
Yes, baby.

ANNIE (O.S.)

When's Mommy coming home?

Didi continues to look outside.

DIDI

Soon, sweetie... she'll be home as soon as she finishes her work.

ANNIE

She works too much. I don't like it  
when she's not here.

DIDI

Me either, sweetie. Me either.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Candy sits across from Handler, who opens a folder with one hand while sipping coffee with the other. He leans over the folder to read from it.

HANDLER

Northwestern. Masters in Computer  
Science. 150-K salary, wife, kid.  
(looks up)  
And yet...

CANDY

What?

HANDLER

Well, it seems like you have a lot  
going for ya. Makes me wonder why  
you won't tell us anything.

CANDY

Then we have something in common,  
because I wonder why you won't tell  
me anything.

Handler leans back.

HANDLER

I told you earlier, you are  
suspected of having something to do  
with bitcoin theft.

Candy sighs.

CANDY

I'm pretty sure I have the right to  
be charged with a specific crime.  
This, you know, has "something" to  
do with the constitution.

Handler looks at her but says nothing. Candy sighs,  
frustrated at the game they are playing.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I want to see my lawyer.

Handler ignores her.

Candy slams her cuffs on the table.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Now!

Handler raises his hands in acknowledgement.

HANDLER

Who's your lawyer?

CANDY

I don't know. I assume my employer will get one. I need to call them.

Handler raises his eyebrows.

HANDLER

I don't think they can do that. It'd be a conflict of interest.

Candy stares in disbelief as she absorbs this news.

CANDY

You mean...?

HANDLER

Well, yeah. Who else do you expect would file charges against you for bitcoin theft?

CANDY

This... this doesn't make any sense! Why didn't you tell me that before?

HANDLER

We've received a complaint that a substantial amount of bitcoin is missing. This required us to ask a very important question.

Beat.

CANDY

Let me guess... "what the hell is bitcoin?"

HANDLER

Hard to solve a theft if you don't know what was stolen.

(MORE)

HANDLER (CONT'D)

When we learned, sort of, what bitcoin was, our second question was "how the hell can you steal it?"

CANDY

Ah. And then you were back on familiar ground -- who had the means, the motive, and the opportunity?

HANDLER

Right. See how we're dialoguing here? This is great. This is how we get to the bottom of this. Together.

CANDY

Gee. Maybe we can go to jail together, too.

HANDLER

Look. Theft's as old as the Bible. Only thing that changes is what's being stolen.

CANDY

And as you thought about it, and discussed it with my employer, I became a prime suspect. The chief of cyber security. Sort of a "Who watches the Watchman" scenario.

HANDLER

Don't take it personally. It's our default setting to focus on the most likely suspect. The odds favor us doing so.

CANDY

From where I sit, it seems like you settled on me because you don't know enough about bitcoin to look at anyone else.

HANDLER

And from where I sit, maybe you've helped me understand more about what happened. I've been doing this a while. I know how these things unfold nine times out of ten. I can promise you one thing.

CANDY  
I'm listening.

HANDLER  
With time, things will become  
clear.

Candy looks at the handcuffs on her wrist.

CANDY  
Well, I don't have anything better  
to do...

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Anton, Yuri and five other crew crowd the room. Anton and Yuri whisper in Russian with SUBTITLES.

ANTON  
There's something I don't  
understand.

Anton nods toward Volodya and two others.

ANTON (CONT'D)  
How did they get here?

Yuri nods, contemplating.

ANTON (CONT'D)  
Volodya says masked men knocked  
them out. They wake up here.

Yuri nods more, reddening.

YURI  
Gennady. Maybe he does it. Then  
calls police.

ANTON  
But why would Gennady know they  
were there?

Yuri scrunches his face.

YURI  
Maybe he is watching us. Does not  
trust us.

ANTON  
Gennady does not trust anyone. But  
why call the cops?  
(MORE)

ANTON (CONT'D)

Why not keep quiet, keep them and get answers from Volodya?

Yuri thinks some more.

YURI

Why are we still here? He must know we are here. Is bad for him if we talk to police.

They both nod, staring at the floor.

YURI (CONT'D)

(in English)

None of this shit make any sense.

A CLANK sound. The uniformed cop stands next to the cell door.

UNIFORMED COP

Tartovsky. You're up.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

The uniformed cop escorts Yuri past Candy's cell. Yuri sees her and purses his lips suggestively.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Yuri sits across from Handler.

HANDLER

... Multiple assaults and kidnappings, major theft. You're in a lot of trouble, Yuri.

Yuri sneers. Handler sighs.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Look, the Feds are making noises about taking this case over. You don't want them on your ass and I don't want to hand off years of my work to them so they can get the glory.

Yuri stares in reply.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

So, I'm going to put it to you straight. Help me nail Gennady and I can make this easier for you.

YURI  
Gennady is stupid old man.

Handler smiles.

HANDLER  
Then you'll help me?

Yuri spits on the table.

YURI  
No. You cop. Gennady is stupid old  
man, but he is still family.

Handler shakes his head slowly from side to side.

HANDLER  
I've seen plenty of families come  
to blows over a handful of dollars.  
(beat)  
What do you think a billion will do  
to your bonds of affection?

Yuri leans in.

YURI  
You think you know us?

Handler leans back, ignoring the menace.

HANDLER  
You think you know Gennady? You  
don't think he'd slit your throat  
for a billion dollars?

YURI  
You do not know Gennady.

HANDLER  
Jesus, Yuri. No one knows anybody.  
That's the point.

Handler gets up and opens the door.

HANDLER (CONT'D)  
(to uniformed cop)  
Get this idiot out of here.

INT. GREG MATHER RESIDENCE - DAY

Greg, sporting black eyes from last night's beating, reaches toward his latest girlfriend as she walks past. She ignores him. He gets down on one knee and widens his arms toward her.



GREG

Please, baby. Things will go back  
to normal soon. Please...

She stops and looks him over. Her arms are laden with clothes, a toiletry bag, a pillow and other items. She purses her lips and squints.

NEW GIRLFRIEND

Fuck you, Greg.

She turns and leaves.

When the front door SLAMS. Greg, still on his knees and with his arms spread, smiles and hops up.

GREG

Thanks, honey.

He goes into another room and emerges moments later with a large gym bag.

INT. GREG'S GUN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Inside a dark room, there is a BEEP-BEEP electronic sound. The lights come on. The door opens and Greg walks in. Guns of various makes and models line the walls.

Greg selects several hand guns, ammo clips and silencers and begins stuffing them into the bag.

INT. GREG'S GARAGE

Greg throws the gun-filled gym bag into the trunk of his expensive car. He loads a heavy plastic gasoline fuel container into the trunk.

INT/EXT. GREG'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Greg pilots his car down a country lane. He approaches an intersection with a dirt road and slows down. He turns onto the dirt road and disappears into the forest.

EXT. SECLUDED SPOT IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Greg extracts the bag from his trunk and looks around. Silence. Thick trees everywhere. He consults a small piece of paper, pockets it and sets off into the woods.

EXT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg pauses at the edge of a clearing. He looks from side to side. He resumes walking toward a cabin.

INT. CABIN

Greg loads the gym bag into a wooden trunk that doubles as a bench in the sparsely appointed cabin.

He moves to a table in the middle of the room and takes a seat on a wooden chair. He pulls a flip phone and a Post-Its pad out of his pocket.

He sets the phone on the table, writes "For emergency only" on the pad, and sticks the top sheet of the pad on the phone.

He tosses the phone with the note into the trunk and locks it with a small combination lock.

He gets up, looks the one-room cabin over a bit more and then leaves.

INT. GREG'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Greg eases his seat back and reclines it. He leans back and pats one hand on his chest. He pulls out the USB Decoy Drive - the one Candy gave to Volodya.

He examines the plastic end of it and picks with his fingernail at it. The back flap opens, exposing the hidden slot where Candy's half once resided.

GREG  
Clever little bitch...

He closes his eyes and remembers.

**FLASHBACK** - INT. CRYPTOCOIN OFFICES - DAY

Candy picks up the lacrosse ball and tosses it over to Greg. He bobbles it before securing it in the basket.

CANDY  
Oooh, crispy with the rock.

Greg does not understand. Candy smiles and gives him the thumbs-up.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
Not bad... for a dude.

She saunters out the door. Greg looks at the lacrosse basket and tries to mimic Candy's back and forth cradling of the ball. The ball flies out, bouncing into Candy's trash can.

Greg grimaces and walks over to the can to retrieve the ball. He pauses while reaching into it. He pulls out the cardboard backing of the "Decoy Duck" USB drive's packaging.

It sports a picture of a Scrooge McDuck-like character saying "Fools 'em Every Time."

INT. GREG'S CAR (**BACK TO PRESENT**)

His eyes still closed, Greg chuckles.

GREG  
Not every time, Candy...

INT. DINGY BAR - NIGHT

Gennady sits at a booth. He leans toward an unseen figure.

GENNADY  
The garbage trucks are ready. And the van is in place. I have six men there and three more will be with me.

HANDLER (O.S.)  
Stretched a little thin, aren't you?

GENNADY  
Men from house with me now.

HANDLER (O.S.)  
Good. The transport van should be at the trucks around nine P.M.

GENNADY  
And Mather?

HANDLER (O.S.)  
He'll meet us at the house with me and the girl.

Gennady downs a shot of vodka and leans toward the unseen Handler.

GENNADY  
And once we have what we need, I take care of Yuri?

ON HANDLER

HANDLER

He's all yours. In the middle of  
nowhere. Defenseless. Be some time  
before the police find them.

ON BOTH

GENNADY

I burn place afterwards. They won't  
even know it Yuri.

Gennady turns the empty glass in his hand.

GENNADY (CONT'D)

And the girl? And family?

HANDLER

I'll take care of that after we  
have the money sorted out.

GENNADY

They are loose ends. Is not good.

HANDLER

I've got it. Trust me.

GENNADY

In this business you can never  
know. So I say this just once:  
Don't fuck with me.

ON HANDLER

HANDLER

(smiles)  
Have I ever?

ON GENNADY

GENNADY

(not smiling)  
First and last time for everything.  
I ever tell you pig story?

ON HANDLER

HANDLER

So many times I'm beginning to  
think it isn't true.

ON GENNADY

Gennady takes out his phone and plays a video for Handler. We hear a man screaming and pigs squealing. Handler recoils in disgust.

GENNADY  
Don't make that mistake.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Several cops line the hallway. Handler opens the door to Yuri's holding cell.

HANDLER  
Time for transport. Feds say they  
gotta have you.

Handler motions to a uniformed cop who is carrying manacles and chains. The cop enters the room.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Yuri and his men, shackled together, file into the back of an open van. Anton is last. He turns back and looks at Handler. Handler purses his lips briefly and tilts his chin up to motion Anton into the van.

The back of the van is locked up and three GUARDS with shotguns pile into the front cab.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - TRANSPORT VAN - NIGHT

The van proceeds along a dark road with little traffic.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN

Chained to benches, Anton and Yuri speak Russian with SUBTITLES.

YURI  
Where the fuck is Gennady? He can't  
let Feds have us.

ANTON  
Gennady doesn't give a shit about  
you.

Yuri's expression hardens.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Don't you see? He has the bitcoin drive now. He doesn't need you. He will blame you for theft.

YURI

No! He is family. If you had one, you'd understand.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - FRONT CAB - MOMENTS LATER

The GUARD driving the van leans forward and squints. Through the windshield, he sees a garbage truck pull onto the road in front of them. Two men hang on the back of the truck.

GUARD #1

What the fuck?

Guards #2 and #3 perk up and check their shotguns. The garbage truck ambles along slowly.

The guard driving the van pulls into the oncoming lane to pass the truck, but pulls back behind it quickly when approaching headlights draw close.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van rumbles and jostles the prisoners.

ANTON

Something's happening.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - FRONT CAB

The van slows as the garbage truck in front slows down to a crawl. The oncoming headlights also slow in their approach.

GUARD #1

Motherfuck...

Guard #1 looks to the side view mirrors and sees men wearing ski-masks jogging up to each side of the truck from the roadway shoulder. They carry AK-47s.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Shit... stay cool.

The garbage truck and oncoming vehicle stop. The men on the truck, wearing medical masks, hop off, grabbing AK-47s from the back receptacle of the garbage truck.

Two men in ski-masks jump from the oncoming vehicle -- another garbage truck -- and approach with rifles drawn.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Six of 'em.

He looks to the other two guards and stops the van.

GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

I ain't dying for these pricks.

The other two nod. They put their hands on their heads and wait.

INT. TRANSPORT VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Yuri and Anton look at each other, puzzled. A CLUNK sound. Then another CLUNK. The van's rear door CREAKS open. A silhouetted MAN with bolt-cutters stands outside.

INT. POLICE STATION - HANDLER'S DESK

Handler is on his land-line, his back to the rest of the office.

HANDLER

... Yeah, they got a late start...  
paperwork.

(beat)

Yeah, probably be an hour or two  
late... you got it.

He hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Candy looks up and sees Handler and a uniformed cop standing outside her cell. The cop unlocks her door.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Candy, exhausted, sits across from Handler.

CANDY

... They said they had men watching  
the house. That's all I know.

Handler does not respond.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I need to talk to my wife. I need to make sure she and Annie are okay.

HANDLER

And then?

CANDY

I'll tell you what little I know.

INT. POLICE STATION - HANDLER'S DESK

A uniformed cop holds a handcuffed Candy by the bicep while Handler speaks on the landline.

HANDLER

Ms. Williams? Yeah, this is Detective Handler... Yeah, same one... calm down, she's right here, wants to talk to you...

Handler hands the phone to Candy. She clasps it awkwardly and brings it to her ear.

CANDY

Didi?

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Didi rises from the couch where a sleepy Annie is watching TV through heavy-lidded eyes. Didi tiptoes into the kitchen holding her cell phone.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Didi cradles the phone near her ear and listens to Candy, nodding along.

DIDI

... she's fine. I was just about to put her to bed.

Didi listens and frowns.

DIDI (CONT'D)

I know it's late. She's been a handful. She knows something is going on.

Didi listens some more.



DIDI (CONT'D)

Do you want me to call Linus? He  
can get you out.

INT. POLICE STATION - HANDLER'S DESK

Candy scrunches her face.

CANDY

Your lawyer?

Handler raises his eyebrows and walks over to Candy and takes  
the phone.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I wasn't done!

HANDLER

(to Didi)

Ms. Williams? We'll see about  
getting Ms. Ohmura out of here  
soon. We'll call you back.

He hangs up the phone.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

(to the uniformed cop)

Take her back to the box.

(to Candy)

I did what I agreed to do. Now it's  
your turn.

EXT. TRANSPORT VAN - NIGHT

The man holding the bolt-cutters removes his ski mask. It is  
VIKTOR, one of Gennady's crew. Yuri turns to Anton. They  
speak in Russian with SUBTITLES.

YURI

You see, Anton? Gennady is family.

VIKTOR

You little prick! Gennady is boss!  
You are lucky to be alive.

Yuri is taken aback.

YURI

But...

VIKTOR

You shut up. Then you listen.

Viktor hears some struggling noises and moves to investigate. He looks back at Yuri.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

Wait.

He puts his ski mask back on and disappears behind the side of the van.

EXT. TRANSPORT VAN - FRONT CAB AREA - CONTINUOUS

Viktor approaches a group of his men. The men kneel and stand in various positions around the three guards, who are face-down, bound and gagged.

Viktor motions for the men to move the guards into the woods.

He returns to the rear of the van and slams the door shut.

YURI (O.S.)

Viktor! What the fuck?

Viktor returns to the front, gets in the van's cab and drives it away from the scene. His men board the garbage trucks and drive them away.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Candy sits across from Handler. Handler looks at his notes.

HANDLER

... so the guy that takes you to  
Cryptcoin has the USB drive with  
the bitcoin?

Candy, exasperated, opens her palms.

CANDY

Yes! How hard is this to  
understand?

Handler feigns offense.

HANDLER

I'm just being thorough Ms.  
Ohmura...

(beat)

And Mather has the password for  
that drive?

CANDY

Yes.

Handler scrunches his face. Then he leans back and fixes Candy with a stare.

HANDLER

Ms. Ohmura, this is where I have a problem with what you're saying...

Candy looks puzzled, annoyed.

CANDY

What?

HANDLER

Mather says you have the password.

CANDY

He's lying.

Handler ponders the situation. He folds his notebook and gets up.

HANDLER

Wait here.

CANDY

I have a choice?

INT. POLICE STATION - HANDLER'S DESK

Handler is on his landline. He looks at his wristwatch.

HANDLER

... she'll be home soon.

He listens some.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

I'll bring her. But, Ms. Williams, there is a complication... Ms. Ohmura said there were men outside your house...

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Didi listens to her phone.

DIDI

I saw one, in the woods a while ago, yeah.

She listens. A look of worry crosses Didi's face.

DIDI (CONT'D)  
Okay. If you think that's  
necessary, I'll do what you say.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - TRANSPORT VAN - NIGHT

The transport van pulls off the highway and proceeds down a rural road a short distance. The van pulls into a clearing where a black panel van is parked.

EXT. TRANSPORT VAN

Viktor opens the rear door. A second man, NIKI, shines a light on the van's occupants. In his other hand, he holds a gun.

Yuri squints in the light. The men speak in Russian with  
SUBTITLES

YURI  
Viktor, what the fuck? Why does  
Niki have gun on us?

VIKTOR  
Gennady's plan.

YURI  
Gennady will kill us?

VIKTOR  
No. If Gennady wanted you dead,  
you'd be dead already.

YURI  
Then what do we do? What is  
Gennady's plan?

VIKTOR  
Niki and I take you to safe house.

YURI  
Then what?

VIKTOR  
We wait for Gennady.

YURI  
That's it? Wait for Gennady?

VIKTOR

Gennady say wait, we wait. Gennady say don't touch nothing, don't do nothing... Gennady is boss. Now get in van.

Viktor applies the bolt-cutter to the van's metal U-bolt through which the prisoner's chain is secured. Niki waves the men out with his flashlight. Still shackled together, they exit.

INT. POLICE STATION - HANDLER'S DESK - NIGHT

Handler is on the phone with Didi.

HANDLER

... it's just a precaution. It'll just be for an hour or two until we get there and make everything safe.

He listens to Didi.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

That should work fine. Just stay there and keep quiet. I will call you again.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - ANNIE'S BEDROOM

Didi and Annie are on Annie's bed with a book. Didi pockets her phone and gets up.

DIDI

I was thinking we might do something special tonight.

Annie looks up.

DIDI (CONT'D)

A big surprise for mommy. She's coming home tonight.

ANNIE

I miss Mommy.

DIDI

I do, too, sweetie... wait here just a minute...

Didi walks out into the hallway.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Didi stops in the middle of the long hallway. She looks back and sees Annie on her bed. She looks in the opposite direction to the stairs, then looks up.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - ATTIC

The attic floods with light from the hallway as the ceiling access door descends. The springs on the door emit a low-pitched CREAK. Didi's head appears as she ascends the stairs.

NEW ANGLE

Didi slides an old bean bag near a horizontal storage locker in the partially finished attic. A bare lightbulb with a draw cord illuminates the room.

Didi crawls over to the access door area and peers down into the hallway. She sits up on her knees, thinking for a moment.

She looks around and sees a coiled orange utility extension cord next to a pile of lacrosse sticks and other lacrosse equipment.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - ANNIE'S BEDROOM

Annie sits on the bed with her Squirrel Nutkin book. Didi appears and offers her hand.

DIDI  
Are you ready?

Annie shakes her head "yes" and slides off the bed toward Didi. Didi leads her out of the room and begins to close the door. Then she pauses.

DIDI (CONT'D)  
Wait here just a second, sweetie.

Didi walks around the bed to Annie's desk. On it is a baby monitor with a camera. Didi switches it on and points it toward the door.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Didi and Annie stand at the foot of the hinged stairs to the attic. Didi looks back at the bedroom and sees the glimmer of the monitor's camera lens. She looks at her phone.

On the phone: a grayscale, fisheye view of the hallway, Didi and Annie.

She pockets the phone and lifts Annie onto the first step.

DIDI

Okay, sweetie. Climb up.

They ascend the stairs, passing by the utility cord, one end of which is knotted around the step above the middle hinge.

INT. ATTIC

Facing away from the access area, Annie sits wearing headphones, holding a soda. She watches the Wiggles on an iPad, propped up on the trunk. She grabs popcorn from a bowl.

Didi clambers back to the access door area. She sits on a side edge, lacrosse stick in one hand, propped against a lower step. She yanks the utility cord upward and then to the side.

The door rises fast, but Didi slows it down just in time with the lacrosse stick. Didi lays the stick across the folded steps and crawls back to Annie.

INT. BLACK PANEL VAN - NIGHT

The van rocks slightly. Anton and Yuri whisper to each in Russian with SUBTITLES.

ANTON

Yuri, I think Gennady is with Handler... the detective.

YURI

Why would Gennady go to the police?

ANTON

No. I think they are working together.

YURI

You are crazier than Gennady.

ANTON

How did Gennady know where to find us? How does he know route? Time of transport?

Yuri thinks.

ANTON (CONT'D)

How did Volodya come to jail? How did Gennady know Volodya go to the girl's house? Handler. Handler told you to send Volodya there.

Yuri begins to understand. And gets angry.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Handler is the one with all the information, Yuri. He is telling Gennady.

YURI

Why?

ANTON

To get the bitcoin. To make it look like you took it. To get you out of the way.

Yuri, in torment, slams his shackles down.

YURI

My uncle believes cop over me? I am his nephew.

ANTON

Right. You're someone else's son. Not his. And we're talking about a billion dollars.

The van slows, jostling the men.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

Viktor and Niki, holding guns, motion Yuri and his crew into the cabin.

INT. CABIN

Viktor prowls around the cabin. Yuri and his men sit on the bench and at chairs by the table.

Viktor and Niki head out the door. As he exits, Viktor turns to Yuri.

VIKTOR

You stay in house like little bitch. Wait for Gennady.



YURI  
What if we don't?

VIKTOR  
Gennady say shoot you in knees.

YURI  
Both knees?

VIKTOR  
Gennady never do anything halfway.  
You know that. Besides, more fun  
for pigs.

Yuri slumps. Viktor steps out.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)  
Close door, little bitch.

Yuri leaps toward Viktor, but the chain lashing him to the others stops his progress. He falls to the floor.

EXT. CABIN

Viktor ignores Yuri's struggles and pulls out a phone and keys a number.

VIKTOR  
I have them.

He listens for a second then hangs up. Niki offers him a cigarette and they lean against the van, smoking.

NIKI  
What did boss say?

VIKTOR  
Yuri very fucked.

INT. POLICE STATION - HANDLER'S DESK

Handler stands next to his desk with a burner cell phone in one hand.

HANDLER  
Okay, call the phone.

He listens for a second.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

These numb-nuts aren't going to sit around, trust me. Just tell me when it's done.

INT. CABIN

Yuri's crew gives him some slack in the chain and makes room on the bench for him to sit. He seethes.

ANTON

This makes no sense.

YURI

Gennady is fucking with us.

He looks around at the empty room. Most of his crew now sits on the floor.

VOLODYA

I think Gennady bring us here to kill us.

YURI

Is good place for that.

The phone VIBRATES inside the bench. Startled, Yuri and Anton leap up. He and Yuri look at the lock. Yuri then leans over to see through the open doorway.

EXT. CABIN

Viktor and Niki smoke. Neither has a phone out. Behind them, unnoticed, Yuri watches, then disappears.

INT. CABIN

Yuri moves to stand next to a wall of the cabin. He nods to the door.

YURI

Volodya. Close door.

After Volodya closes the door. The phone stops vibrating. Everyone stares at the bench.

ANTON

Could be a trick.

Yuri scowls.

YURI  
Is not Viktor and Niki's trick.

ANTON  
What do we do?

They stand, pondering over the bench.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CABIN

Hidden behind a stand of tress, an unseen person raises a pair of binoculars.

Binocular view: Through the cabin window, we see Yuri and his crew standing, looking toward the unseen bench. The binocular view descends.

A hand pulls a phone out of a pocket and presses a button on it.

INT. CABIN

Yuri and Anton look at each other, then at the lock on the bench. Unseen, the phone begins to VIBRATE again inside the bench.

Yuri motions toward the window.

YURI  
Give slack.

EXT. CABIN

Viktor and Niki lean against the hood of the van, smoking cigarettes. Viktor sees Yuri looking out at them through the cabin window. Yuri moves out of view.

INT. CABIN

Yuri and his crew are huddled around the lock. He takes a few inches of loose chain and wraps it around the lock several times. He gives it a quick yank. The lock and hasp break free from the wood.

EXT. CABIN

Viktor tosses a cigarette butt.

YURI (O.S.)  
Viktor! Niki! Come! We find  
something!

Viktor looks at Niki and shrugs. Guns in hand, they approach the door. They pause at it.

VIKTOR  
Open door!

The door opens. Yuri motions them in.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)  
Step back.

Yuri raises his hands and moves as far back as his chain allows. Viktor and Niki enter and close the door.

We see two flashes through the cabin's window and hear two SUPPRESSED SHOTS. Then two more of each.

The cabin door opens and Yuri and his men emerge. All but Anton carry a pistol with a silencer. They collectively shuffle to the van.

Yuri opens the van's front door and extracts the bolt-cutters. He hands them to Anton.

INT. POLICE STATION

Handler listens to his burner phone.

HANDLER  
Good. After you call the cops,  
destroy the phone.

He sits down and twists the phone into pieces under his desk. He puts the pieces in his coat pockets and heads toward the interrogation room.

EXT. CABIN

Their shackles removed, Yuri points to the cabin.

YURI  
Anton, get the phone.

Anton hesitates, then goes. Yuri and his men pull clips and extra guns from the gym bag and gear up. Yuri opens the black van's rear doors and motions to the others to get in.

He closes the doors and looks at the cabin. No Anton.

INT. CABIN

Anton cradles the phone, looking back nervously though the window. He turns away to muffle his voice as he speaks into the phone.

YURI'S POV

Yuri silently enters the cabin and sees Anton hunched over with the phone.

ANTON

I'm a police officer. Badge number  
068971. This is an emergency. You  
have to warn Candy Ohm --

ON ANTON

A SUPPRESSED SHOT. Anton collapses and the phone skitters across the floor.

ANTON'S POV

The cabin ceiling. Yuri comes into view and bends over. When he unbends, the phone is in his hand. He closes it. He leans over Anton.

YURI

Tell me where is Gennady and I will  
call ambulance.

ON ANTON

Anton is splayed on the floor, his legs curled. Blood emerges from his lower back. He tries to move, but is paralyzed from the waist down.

ANTON

At the girl's house. Gennady and  
Handler... they played us, Yuri.  
All of us. You must stop them.  
Before they kill the girl and her  
family.

Yuri stands, holding his gun loosely at his side. He sticks it in his rear waistband. He shows Anton the phone, then twists it into pieces, letting them fall on Anton.

YURI

Die like pig... pig.

Yuri leaves. After a moment, Anton hears the van start and drive off.

Anton stares at the ceiling. He takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly. Then he opens his eyes wider, remembering. He cranes his neck to look around.

He sees Viktor and Niki's bodies on the floor.

He tests his arms. They still work, but his fingers are barely responsive. He uses his elbows to pull his body along the floor toward Viktor, leaving a smeared trail of blood.

We follow him as he slowly inches along.

Straining, he looks back once more to see how close he is. A man in a trench-coat is there, kneeling next to Viktor. The man takes Viktor's phone from his pocket. He stands.

Anton tries to see who it is. The man wears a ski mask.

ANTON  
Handler, you fuck.

The man ignores Anton and kneels next to Niki's body, rifling through his pockets. He removes Niki's phone and stands over Anton.

ANTON (CONT'D)  
I know it's you...

Anton passes out.

EXT. CABIN

The man walks away from the cabin, removing his ski mask. It is Greg Mather.

Greg grins wistfully.

GREG  
(to himself)  
Handler probably won't like that...

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Greg emerges from the woods at the place where he parked his car hours before. He gets in his car, starts it up and slowly backs out.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg pulls his car over near a bridge that crosses a creek. He tosses Viktor and Niki's phones into the creek. He dials his burner phone.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)  
911. What is your emergency?

GREG  
Oh, thank god! I heard gunshots coming from the cabin at 343 Pine Grove Lane. Lots of shots... I'm scared... Oh, I think someone is coming, please come! Hurry!

He closes the phone and removes its battery, tossing it into the creek. He twists the phone, breaking it into pieces. He tosses the pieces into the creek.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Didi hears noises downstairs. She shuts off the overhead light. Annie, headphones on, bops silently to the Wiggles music. She turns, looks at Didi and opens her mouth.

Didi quickly gives her the "shush" sign with one hand and puts her finger over Annie's mouth. She then lifts off one side of the headphones and whispers in Annie's ear.

DIDI  
We have to be super quiet. We don't want to spoil Mommy's surprise.

Annie nods and gives her the "shush" sign back.

DIDI (CONT'D)  
That's my girl.

She smiles and puts the headphones back on Annie's ears.

While Annie watches the iPad, Didi turns away to sneak a look at her phone.

On the phone: a grayscale view of an empty hallway.

Didi's sighs in relief. Then stops.

On the phone: a BEEFY MAN, loosely carrying a pistol, walks toward the monitor's camera. He enters Annie's bedroom. Parts of him come in and out of view as he searches under the bed, in the closet, and around the room.

Didi stares wide-eyed at the phone.

On the phone: the man leaves Annie's room and walks away from the monitor. He opens a door to his left -- Candy's room -- and disappears into it.

Didi looks at Annie. She is bopping along and looks back at Didi, smiling. Didi gives her the "shush" sign again and nods. Annie goes back to watching the Wiggles.

Didi looks at her phone again.

On the phone: the man emerges from the bedroom and pauses in the hallway. He then walks down the stairs, disappearing from view.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The beefy man descends from the stairs and enters the room. Gennady and eight other men sit on sofas and chairs. They talk in Russian with SUBTITLES.

BEEFY MAN

Is clear.

Gennady nods.

GENNADY

Good. Handler say he will be here soon, with the girl and Mather.

INT. POLICE STATION

The station clears as all the officers grab their guns and hustle out.

Handler is the only one left.

HANDLER

Can't believe that worked..

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Handler walks in and awakens a sleeping Candy. He unlocks her chain from the table.

HANDLER

Time to go.

CANDY

Go where?



HANDLER

Home.

Candy stops and looks at Handler.

CANDY

I don't understand. It's over?

She raises her cuffed hands.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Can these come off?

Handler smiles.

HANDLER

Yeah, but you have to put this on.

He holds up an ankle monitor.

CANDY

What?

He hands it to her.

HANDLER

We have to make sure you don't skip town until all the money is sorted out. Then we'll take it off.

Candy does not move.

CANDY

I'm not leaving here until I get a straight answer: am I under arrest?

Handler sighs. He places the ankle bracelet on the table and comes around to unlock the handcuffs. He takes them and tosses them on the table.

HANDLER

No. You're a what we call a "person of interest."

Candy frowns.

CANDY

"Person of interest"? Is that what the police call someone in order to deny them their rights?

HANDLER

Your boss has dropped charges for the time being. He wants to talk to you. I want to talk to him and you.

CANDY

Asking would've worked.

HANDLER

If you think this is rough treatment, then you don't have much imagination.

CANDY

And if you think that's a threat, you don't either.

HANDLER

Look, I need to get to the bottom of this bitcoin theft before I decide what to do next.

CANDY

I don't think you could understand it even if I explained it with sock puppets and an easel.

Candy looks at him. Then at the cuffs and the ankle bracelet.

HANDLER

It's one or the other. Cuffs and stay here; or bracelet and go home. I might've cut you some slack, but you hurt my feelings with that sock puppet crack.

Candy puts her foot on the table. Handler attaches the ankle bracelet.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Thought so...

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The black van pulls off the road with its headlights shut off. Yuri and his men emerge. They close the vans doors carefully, quietly.

Yuri points his gun toward the woods. He begins walking in that direction, through the thick trees. His men follow.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE

Leaning on a parked black sedan, one of Gennady's men flicks away a spent cigarette. Another one of Gennady's men walks out of the house and joins him.

They light cigarettes and quietly survey their surroundings.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CANDY'S HOUSE

Yuri and his men stop. He looks through the trees. The lights from Candy's house are about a hundred yards away.

Yuri motions for two of the men to go right and then behind the house. They stalk off, silently. Yuri and three other men wait in place.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE

Next to the parked black sedan, one of Gennady's men tosses his cigarette butt and returns inside.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CANDY'S HOUSE

Yuri and the three others move silently, slowly, toward the house. They pause in the shadows, watching Gennady's lone outside man light another cigarette.

EXT. CABIN

Police cars, flashing lights, and uniformed officers surround the cabin. An ambulance pulls up.

INT. CABIN

Paramedics rush in. A UNIFORMED points to an unconscious Anton.

UNIFORMED COP

This one has a weak pulse. The rest  
are dead.

The paramedics rush to Anton's side with their equipment.

The cop turns to one of colleagues.

UNIFORMED COP (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. What a fucking mess.  
This is gonna take all night to  
sort out.

The other cop nods and sighs.

EXT. WOODS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF CANDY'S HOUSE

Volodya and his colleague take positions behind trees.  
Volodya peers around a tree trunk and watches the back of the  
head of the man next to the cars. Volodya picks up a twig.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE

The man next to the car lights another cigarette. A twig  
SNAPS behind him. The man looks back. He turns and stares  
into the dark woods. Nothing. He turns back and continues  
smoking.

EXT. WOODS NEAR CANDY'S HOUSE

Ensnconced in the trees about fifty yards from the house, Yuri  
looks at his watch. He then looks through the trees at the  
smoking man. Yuri turns to his colleagues and whispers.

YURI

Is third cigarette in seven  
minutes. He die of lung cancer  
before we get chance to shoot him.

His colleagues suppress nervous giggles.

EXT/INT. HANDLER'S UNMARKED CRUISER

Handler slows the car down and cuts off his lights. The car  
rolls to a stop near the intersection of Candy's long  
driveway and a rural road.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE

The smoking man hears another twig SNAP. He turns and looks  
into the woods again. With his gun drawn, he slowly walks  
around the car and toward the source of the sound.

EXT/INT. HANDLER'S UNMARKED CRUISER

Handler lowers his window and peers into the dark woods down Candy's driveway. Candy, in the backseat, leans forward.

CANDY

What are you doing?

Handler keeps his eyes on the driveway. The light from Candy's house is barely perceptible, far away.

HANDLER

I'm waiting for my man to report back.

Candy frowns.

CANDY

Your man? Why are we here? I thought we were going to talk to Greg.

HANDLER

We are. We thought it would be best to meet here.

CANDY

We?

HANDLER

Greg and Gennady and I.

Candy furrows her brow and slowly collapses back into her seat.

CANDY

Shit. You were right, I am beginning to understand.

HANDLER

Took you long enough. And you thought I was slow coming to grips with bitcoin.

CANDY

You still don't get bitcoin. By the way, it's Greg and Gennady and me, asshole. Not Greg and Gennady and I.

HANDLER

Are you sure?

CANDY

I dunno. Greg and Gennady and I just sounds wrong.

HANDLER

See, no one likes the grammar police.

CANDY

And no one likes the corrupt police. Jesus, you probably have a pension that pays you twice your salary. That wasn't enough?

HANDLER

No. I want to be really, really rich. Just because I don't understand how Bitcoin works doesn't mean I don't know what it's worth.

CANDY

Those are the exact words of every failed investor ever.

CANDY'S POV

She looks at the doors on either side of her. No handles. She quickly grabs at the window buttons on either side. Nothing.

ON CANDY

She looks up toward Handler.

HANDLER (O.S.)

First time in the back of a police car? Don't bother trying to get out. It's locked.

ON HANDLER

HANDLER (CONT'D)

The thing here... is to stay low and keep quiet.

He turns back to look at Candy.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Your wife and kid -- uh, per my instructions -- and how do you like that for correct grammar? Anyway, they are in the attic, waiting for my call.

(MORE)

HANDLER (CONT'D)

We don't want to do anything to spook Gennady... for their sake, you understand?

ON BOTH

CANDY

I... I think I'm going to be sick.

HANDLER

Go ahead. I'm done with this car anyways.

(beat)

But puke in a quiet, ladylike fashion -- I need to hear what's going on over there.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE

The smoking man crosses the front yard, peering intently into the woods on the other side of the house.

EXT. WOODS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF CANDY'S HOUSE

Deep in the woods, Volodya sees the smoking man approach the tree-line. The man pauses. Volodya, behind a tree, SNAPS another twig.

We see the man pass into the darkness of the woods, slowly approaching Volodya's tree. Volodya, grinning, SNAPS another twig.

When the man nears Volodya's tree, a shadow emerges from a tree behind the smoking man. Muzzle flash and SUPPRESSED SHOT.

The man falls face forward, his bloody head landing next to Volodya's feet.

Volodya and his colleague move quickly back toward the rear of the house.

INT. HANDLER'S CAR

Handler sees a faint muzzle flash deep in the woods.

HANDLER

Dangerous part will be over soon... won't be long.

He pulls out his phone and taps something into it. He then pulls on some leather driving gloves.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT

In the shadow of one of the parked cars, Yuri, on his knees, peers around the parked sedan to view through the living room's bay windows. He sees Gennady and several other men.

Yuri pulls back and crouch-walks to the side of the house where his three colleagues await.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE - BACK

Volodya and his colleague creep along the back of the house. Volodya carefully peeks through the kitchen window. Nothing. They move on to the back door to the kitchen side alcove.

Volodya slowly turns the knob. The door cracks open silently. Volodya pulls it shut again and slowly turns the knob back. They move to the side of the house.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gennady looks at his phone.

GENNADY

Handler be here in a minute.

Gennady stretches and gets up. He looks around, wanders down a short hallway and tries the door on the left. He then tries the door on the right and goes in, turning on the light.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE - SIDE

Yuri and his team huddle. They whisper in Russian, nodding. Volodya creeps off to the front side of the house. The other five go to the kitchen side.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR STOOP

Volodya knocks twice on the door, then jumps off the stoop and into the area between a bush and the exterior wall.



INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM

Gennady finishes peeing. He does a little repeated hop motion to shake off the last drops. He thinks he's done. Then he reconsiders and does the little hop some more.

EXT. KITCHEN ALCOVE

Yuri and his colleagues quietly open the door and wait.

EXT. FRONT DOOR STOOP

One of Gennady's men opens the door. Volodya shoots him in the side of head and jumps up on the stoop before rushing in, firing the entire time.

EXT. KITCHEN ALCOVE

Yuri and his men rush in, firing wildly.

EXT. HANDLER'S CAR

Handler leans on the outside of his car. He attaches a silencer to a pistol and looks up when he hears the distant pitter patter of SUPPRESSED SHOTS.

HANDLER  
(shakes head)  
So predictable...

The noise continues as he sees dozens of faint flashes emanating from the house deep in the woods.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Gennady is startled at the sound of the suppressed shots. Pieces of plaster fly around him as bullets rip through the thin interior walls.

INT. ATTIC

Didi flinches as she hears the flurry of shots. A small shaft of light appears next to her after a bullet rips through the ceiling below.

Another shaft of light appears next to an oblivious Annie. She bops along to the music on her headphones as dust motes swirl in the shaft of light.

Didi whirls and looks at her phone.

On the phone: no people, but shadows and flashes from below the stairs at the other end of the hallway.

INT. BATHROOM

Gennady straightens up as the violence abates. He looks in the mirror. A red stain is spreading rapidly from his lower left side. He struggles to get his gun out of his waistband.

EXT. HANDLER'S CAR

Handler gets in the car, starts it and drives it down Candy's driveway, slowly and without the lights on.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Yuri, his shoulder bleeding, stands in the middle of nearly a dozen prone bodies. Volodya, by the front door, lies face down in a puddle of spreading blood.

Yuri begins turning some of the men over, looking for Gennady. One of them moans. Yuri shoots him. At the last one, he realizes he has made a mistake.

He turns around. Gennady, his fly open and clutching his bleeding stomach with one hand, stands in the short hallway, his other arm outstretched, pointing a gun at Yuri.

EXT. FRONT DOOR STOOP

Handler, his back to the wall, holds his gun at the ready, waiting, listening. He hears a volley of three SUPPRESSED SHOTS.

INT. CANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Gennady, now with a leg wound, limps over to the couch, turns and collapses into it, barely able to hold his gun. He looks up. Handler is there, pointing his gun at him.

GENNADY

You. You gave Yuri guns?

Handler shakes his head "no."

GENNADY (CONT'D)

We still have deal?

HANDLER

Same deal we always had, Gennady.

Gennady struggles to lift his gun. Handler shoots him. Handler walks over to a moaning Yuri and shoots him in the head.

He nudges each of the corpses in the room with his foot. After confirming the Russians are dead, he walks over to the stairwell, looks up at the attic trap door, and smiles.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Sitting ducks.

INT. GREG'S CAR - NIGHT

Greg, wearing ear pods, drives slowly on a rural road. After passing by the parked black van, he rocks his head and tries to sing along to an insipid K-pop song.

GREG

Sah-rah-n-gay...nal tone-nass-y-  
ma...sal-yong...hey-jay-say-ah

INT. HANDLER'S CAR

A gun silencer taps the window nearest Candy, startling her. The door opens. Candy ventures a look.

EXT. HANDLER'S CAR

Handler motions with his gun.

HANDLER

Let's go, princess. Time for a  
little chat...

Candy emerges and looks up at the top of house before following Handler inside.

INT. CANDY'S LIVING ROOM

Handler waves Candy over to the couch. She does not move, staring at the carnage. Handler pushes her toward the couch.

CANDY

What... what happened in here?

HANDLER

More than I could have hoped for. I hardly had to shoot anyone.

EXT. CANDY'S HOUSE

Greg parks his car next to Handler's. He gets out and opens the trunk. He extracts the gasoline container and walks over to the front door stoop.

Before ascending the steps, he sets the container on the ground, at the side of the stoop. He then goes and waits near the open door.

GREG

It's me, Handler. Is it safe to come in?

HANDLER (O.S.)

Yeah. Just watch your step. Blood is slippery as hell.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Handler and Greg stand in front of Candy. Traumatized, she sits on the couch, a dead man beside her.

HANDLER

Yep... Quite a mess you got here, Ms. Ohmura.

He looks around at all the dead bodies.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

All these Russian mafia in your house. People could get the wrong idea.

He looks at Greg. Greg nods.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Ya see. Greg agrees.

Handler puts a foot on the coffee table in front of Candy. He crosses his arms over his knee and leans forward.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Be a shame if they thought your lack of cooperation was somehow tied to your association with all these bad guys.

Candy looks up at him. She can't speak.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Be a shame if someone thought your  
involvement in this... this mess...  
would mark you as an unfit mother.

Handler chuckles. Candy looks horrified. Greg stretches nonchalantly, putting the back of his hands on his lower back.

HANDLER (CONT'D)

Be a shame if...

Greg pulls his gun from his rear waistband and shoots Handler in the temple. Candy backs into the couch, frantic.

GREG

...someone shot you in the head.  
(beat)  
So fuckin' predictable...

Greg extracts the Decoy Drive from his shirt pocket and holds it between his thumb and forefinger.

He cocks his head looking at it, then at Candy. He aims his gun at Candy.

GREG (CONT'D)

Decoy Drive. Fools 'em Every Time.  
Nice little hack there, Candy O.  
Just the thing we needed.

Candy slows her breathing, staring at the drive.

CANDY

Why?

Greg continues to look at the drive, keeping Candy in the corner of his eye.

GREG

Cryptcoin was my own personal  
A.T.M. machine. I could juggle  
accounts as long as people kept  
pouring money into it. But then,  
with the market dip, it wasn't long  
before I was maxing out the hot  
wallet.

Candy nods.

CANDY

So you had to go to the cold storage...

Greg nods wistfully.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Doesn't matter how hi-tech it is, the grift always has a due date.

Greg shrugs.

GREG

I suppose so. I was in a bind. But when Gennady and Yuri here decided to get in a fight, I saw my way out.

Candy surveys the carnage around her.

CANDY

You'll never get away with this.

Greg motions with his gun for her to get up.

GREG

Already have. There won't be much evidence when I'm done. A bunch of burned up bones. My class ring...

He pulls the ring off his finger and tosses it near a pile of bodies. He tosses his wallet over as well.

CANDY

But, D.N.A... dental records... forensic stuff....there'll be something.

GREG

Maybe. But by the time they sort it out, I'll be long gone. New identity, on a beach, the usual stuff.

CANDY

All these people... me... we have to die so you can live out a fucking cliché?

Greg smiles.

GREG

Just 'cause it's a cliché doesn't mean it won't be cool as shit.

(beat)

Well, it's time. Let's go get the other half of the drive.

Candy rises unsteadily. They walk toward the stairs.

CANDY

Greg, please. If I give you the drive, you won't hurt Didi and Annie, will you?

GREG

What they don't know won't hurt them.

Candy begins to ascend the stairs. Greg follows closely.

CANDY

What do you mean?

GREG

Thank the recently deceased Detective Handler. Gotta hand it to him... getting them out of the house before all this went down... I thought he was being kind of a softie...

INT. STAIRWAY

Candy brightens momentarily, but keeps walking up the stairs.

GREG

But then I realized he just didn't want them interfering with our little mafia war downstairs...

INT. ATTIC

Didi looks at her phone, mouth agape.

On the phone: Candy walks toward the camera, followed by Greg, holding a gun. Without titling her head, Candy looks up briefly at the ceiling and mouths "I love you" silently.

Candy turns into the bedroom, followed by Greg.

Didi bites down on her forefinger knuckle, her eyes watering. She turns to look at Annie, who has her back to her. She looks back at the phone. An empty hallway.

Then Didi sees the lacrosse stick laying across the folding stairs.

INT. BEDROOM

Candy dumps the joints on the bed, along with the Decoy Drive remnant.

Greg reaches over and picks it up. He inserts it into the other half of the thumb drive and briefly admires its design.

GREG

And the encryption key?

Candy looks around for the Squirrel Nutkin book.

CANDY

It's in Annie's room.

Greg waves his gun to move her along.

INT. ATTIC

Didi watches her phone.

On the phone: Candy and Greg emerge into the hallway and walk toward the camera. They stop in front of Annie's bed. Candy reaches over to grab the book off the bed.

She opens it to a page and points.

INT. ANNIE'S BEDROOM

Candy points at Annie's favorite rhyme.

CANDY

This one. The first letter of the first 26 words. Upper case, lower case, upper, lower... all the way through.

Greg nods.

GREG

Not bad. Almost as good as mine.



CANDY  
Yours was sick.

GREG  
Yeah, but when I cash out, it is  
going to be one of the first things  
I treat myself to.

Greg rips the page out of the book. Candy flinches.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Okay, let's go back downstairs.

He motions with his gun. Candy heads into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY

Candy pauses underneath the attic door. She looks back at Greg.

CANDY  
Please promise you wont hurt them.

GREG  
Sure, Candy. I promise.

We face Candy as she continues toward the stairs. Over her shoulder, we Greg slow his pace and then raise his gun, pointing at Candy's head.

Behind Greg, the attic door drops suddenly, carrying Didi on its edge. The springs make a low-pitched metallic CREAK. Greg turns.

Didi jumps off and the door returns to the ceiling. Screaming and rushing at Greg, Didi slashes her lacrosse stick down on his arm. The gun drops.

Greg rushes at Didi. She ducks under his grasp and leaps onto his back. She whips the stick around his neck and begins pulling back with both hands, choking him.

Candy sees the gun and begins to move toward it.

Greg struggles to break Didi's grip, twisting and trying to slam her into the walls. Didi holds on.

Candy bends over to pick up the gun. Greg, still bearing Didi on his back, can't breathe and is turning purple. He can't shake Didi off. Greg sees the stairway and runs for it.

He inadvertently knees Candy in the chin as he passes by. She falls backward. The gun flies away, down the stairs.

Desperate for air, Greg dives off the top of the stairs, Didi still on his back.

INT. LIVING ROOM

At the bottom of the stairs, a tumbling Greg and Didi separate. Greg rolls out of it intact, grabbing his throat and noisily sucking in air.

GREG  
(rasping)  
You fucking bitch!

Didi lies face up, her head resting on a dead man's chest. Greg grabs the lacrosse stick and presses it across Didi's throat. She claws at him wildly, but he won't relent.

INT. HALLWAY

Candy shakes her head to clear her grogginess. She looks around for the gun.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Didi's efforts begin to wane as she nears unconsciousness. She tries to push the stick off her neck, but can't budge it.

GREG  
Hey, Candy! Check it out. I am  
really focused now!

Candy comes into view behind Greg, holding both arms down and off to the side.

CANDY  
Me too, asshole!

Greg turns as Candy draws back, revealing what is in her hands. Candy smashes the bottom end of the big lacrosse trophy into Greg's head, knocking him over.

Didi gasps, struggling to get air. Candy slides a hand under her neck, tilting Didi's head back. Didi's airway opens and her chest heaves.

After they catch their breath, they hug. Candy pulls back, laughing and crying.

CANDY (CONT'D)  
My warrior princess! That was some  
nice left-side lumber back there!

Didi laughs/coughs. They hug again. Candy pulls Didi up. They pause to look at Greg. A corner of the marble base of the trophy is buried in his skull.

DIDI

I guess you were right about that trophy.

They both look at the trophy.

DIDI (CONT'D)

I think we can let it go, now.

They suddenly look at each other.

CANDY AND DIDI

Annie!

INT. ATTIC

Light from the hallway floods the attic as the door opens. Annie, still bopping to music, turns around to see Didi's head peeking into the attic space.

Didi crawls up next to Annie. She removes Annie's headphones. Candy comes up beside Didi and beams at the girl.

ANNIE

Mommy! I love the Wiggles!

They hug each other.

INT. FBI REGIONAL OFFICES - DAY

SUPER: "THREE MONTHS LATER"

Candy sits next to silver-haired Linus McTane. Men wearing FBI field jackets walk by. Across the desk from them is an FBI AGENT. He holds up the Decoy Drive.

He pulls it apart. Puts it back together.

FBI AGENT

We used this with the key you provided, Ms. Ohmura. File opened right up like you said it would.

He continues to hold the drive between his thumb and forefinger.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Near as we can tell, the Tartovskys had somewhere around 700 million dollars worth of bitcoin.

Candy and Linus nod.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

The cold storage unit was pretty banged up. Our forensics people say the information there more or less tracks what's in this drive, give or take a few hundred million.

The Agent fixes Candy with a stare.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

But I gotta be honest with you.  
(shakes head)

No one can figure out this bitcoin shit with any kind of certainty. We're not entirely sure if it's all there. Or what was ever there. Confusing as hell.

CANDY

That's the beauty of it. People hate to admit they don't understand the newest hot thing. But they don't want to miss out on it. They pour their money into it because they are afraid to admit ignorance.

FBI AGENT

Not me. I got every cent I have in an index fund.

CANDY

Probably the best way to do it. Somehow the collective idiocy of Wall Street delivers a fairly safe return.

FBI AGENT

Just as well. Someone says "blockchain" to me and my brain goes numb.

CANDY

Admitting that makes you one of the smartest guys in the room.

FBI AGENT

Probably be easier to figure who shot who in that house of yours.

(beat)

And that's fuckin' hopeless. Our crime scene techs tried to match ballistics and guns and create a sketch of what went down. The result looks like a goddamn Escher print.

(beat)

Near as we can tell, one guy shot everybody and everybody shot that guy.

LINUS

If I may interject...

FBI AGENT

No need to, Mr. McTane. The last thing this case needs now is a lawyer chiming in with Latin.

LINUS

I merely want to see where my client stands.

FBI AGENT

She stands like every law-abiding American. Free to do as she pleases.

Candy and Linus look at each other, confused.

FBI AGENT (CONT'D)

Our business is done here. I need to get back to solving crimes that I can understand. Bank robberies with real money. Murders where at least someone is left alive.

(beat)

Thanks again for your cooperation, Ms. Ohmura. You have a nice day.

INT. HIGH-TECH MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

SUPER: "18 MONTHS LATER"

A shirtless man, with his back to us, walks gingerly between two rails. He touches the rails for balance, but not to support weight. Electronic implants and wires traverse his spinal column.

He takes three steps and pauses. Then three more.

NEW ANGLE

Anton takes three more steps toward us. He looks over to his right and smiles.

NEW ANGLE

Didi stands in her scrubs, next to a TECHNICIAN. She holds a clipboard. She gives Anton a nod. He takes a few more steps.

ANTON

I can't believe it. I'm walking.

The technician turns to Didi.

TECHNICIAN

It's a miracle.

DIDI

It's science. Nothing miraculous about it. It's the result of hard work.

TECHNICIAN

No. I meant a nameless donor drops a billion dollar bionics grant on this institute just in time to help this hero cop?

DIDI

That was a fortunate coincidence.

ANTON

Well, from where I am standing, I'm going to go with miracle. And both of you are my guardian angels.

Didi smiles at Anton.

DIDI

That's very kind. But before this rehab is over, you're likely not to view us so favorably.

ANTON

You saved my life.

Didi smiles.

DIDI

Let's just say we both needed each other at the right time.

INT. MODERN RESIDENCE - DAY

Candy and Annie sit on the couch, gripping and twisting game controllers, facing a wide-screen TV. The TV displays a Mario Kart victory.

ANNIE

I won!

CANDY

Not again!

ANNIE

Don't worry. You're supposed to lose. Adults aren't good at computers.

Candy looks at Annie.

CANDY

One more time? Before mommy gets home. Okay?

Annie nods and grins.

FADE TO BLACK.