

CHANGING INTENTIONS

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FADE IN

MUSIC IN: STEVE WINWOOD - ROLL WITH IT

MONTAGE. Telecommunications, computer software and computer hardware companies and how their organizations have become huge successes.

Stock prices soar and employees are in fat city. There are pictures of Wall Street as the market soars and IPOs and venture capital funding are abundant. Engineers and sales people are shown discussing magnificent projects.

TITLE OVER. CREDIT ROLL.

MUSIC FADE OUT

INT. 1970 - OLD STYLE RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Ten year-old GEORGE HUDSON is sitting on the floor of the living room of an average size, spec-house, reading a POPULAR SCIENCE magazine. There is a small stack of magazines next to him.

CU on his intense study of each page as he carefully turns.

Twelve year-old MIKE HUDSON busts through the front door with his baseball glove and bat. TWO FRIENDS are right behind him.

MIKE

George! (beat) Joe and Tim are trying to get a game going down in the cul-de-sac. We need you!

GEORGE

(looking up from the magazine)  
I don't really want to play right now.

MIKE

George!! (beat) You're always reading that stupid magazine or those encyclopedias Grandpa gave you. (beat) Come on!!

GEORGE

(pushing his heavy black frame  
glasses up)

Yeah. Well computers are going to  
be big someday. (beat) Hey- when  
are you going to pay me back the  
money I let you borrow for that  
bat?

MIKE

(looking around)

Is Mom here?

GEORGE

No.

MIKE

(making sure his mother can't hear)  
Damn it George. (beat) I'll pay you  
back next week.

GEORGE

(quietly)

That's what you said last week.

EXT. MODERN DAY - DOWNTOWN SEATTLE, WASHINGTON - NIGHT

MUSIC IN: (UPBEAT Version) GOD REST YE MERRY GENTLEMEN

A brand new, top of the line black Mercedes Benz  
convertible, top up, is moving quickly down the wet  
streets near Madisen Park.

SIDE VIEW OF CAR

As the car turns down a side street, there are a number  
of expensive looking automobiles parked and it looks  
like a nicer part of the city.

[V.O. RADIO]

It was another gangbuster day on  
Wall Street for the  
Telecommunications and Software  
markets. (beat) Among the leaders  
were AT&T and Microsoft. (beat)  
We'll be back in a moment with the  
CNN market watch wrap up. [This is  
CNN.]

EXT. SIDE OF MERCEDES - NIGHT

A suave, handsome looking man of about thirty exits the Mercedes with a trench coat.

GEORGE HUDSON seems as if he is late for a social engagement.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The black haired man walks quickly down the sidewalk and drapes his trench coat over his arm as he runs his hand by his hair making sure every follicle is in place. Very light flakes of snow fall to the ground as HUDSON glances to the gloomy city SKY.

We hear TRAFFIC in the background and PEOPLE talking across the street as they enter and leave shops and restaurants.

MUSIC FADE OUT

EXT. OFF THE SIDEWALK - NIGHT

A desperate, frail looking OLD MAN is sitting next to a small bag of possession, probably his only worldly possessions.

The OLD MAN has tattered clothing, ragged shoes and a beat up baseball cap on. He is sitting next to a heat grate and the steam slowly billows out.

OLD MAN  
(quietly)

Excuse me sir, can you spare some change?

HUDSON  
(not even looking at the man)  
Sorry.

OLD MAN  
Thanks anyway.

HUDSON keeps walking without missing a beat.

EXT. CU HUDSON

A few snowflakes drift by him. Not a sound can be heard except for the quiet, hushed wind, as the snow gently falls.

HUDSON turns around and goes back to the man. The man is huddled in his coat. HUDSON walks up to him and reaches out with a \$20 bill. The OLD MAN slowly accepts it.

OLD MAN  
(looking at him)  
Thank you.

HUDSON  
(genuinely)  
You're welcome. (beat) There's a shelter just down off of 38<sup>th</sup>.  
(Hudson points in the direction)  
Make sure you don't stay in the cold tonight.

HUDSON walks away into a very nice looking BAR at the end of the street.

INT. THE OAK LOFT - NIGHT

HUDSON enters the OAK LOFT BAR and looks around. The bar is not very crowded and a low volume Christmas classical TUNE is playing in the background. The patrons are dressed in business and business casual for the most part.

INT. BACK OF BAR - NIGHT

A gorgeous BRUNETTE LADY in a tight red dress waves towards GEORGE HUDSON. She is in her mid twenties and appears to want to show the world who she is. There are two other men with her sipping drinks.

HUDSON makes his way across the bar.

INT. BACK OF BAR - NIGHT

GEORGE HUDSON approaches the table and kisses the woman lightly on her lips.

HUDSON  
(to the woman)  
Sorry I'm late.

HUDSON takes the fourth chair and lays his trench coat over the top of the finely crafted barstool.

HUDSON

(shaking hands with the other two  
men)

Gentlemen (beat) How are you guys  
tonight?

The older of the two men, JAMES, a graying forty something man with a silk shirt takes his highball and kills it. It hasn't been his first drink.

JAMES

(in a pretentious manner)  
Well shit George, not as good as  
our little Stanford (slurs his  
word) edumucated pal. (beat)  
Trina was just telling us about the  
deal you're closing with Grant  
Software. Man are you in the  
money.

TRINA GRAHAM smiles wistfully and then mixes her drink carefully.

HUDSON

(half smiling at his girl)  
Oh you were...

TRINA reaches over and lovingly caresses the back of her boyfriend's hair.

TRINA

(almost defensively, as if she  
knows she was wrong)  
You didn't say I couldn't tell  
anyone did you?

HUDSON

No. (beat) It's okay.

INT. BACK OF THE BAR - NIGHT

HUDSON turns to one of the nicely dressed WAITRESSES, who is promptly at the table waiting for his order, and asks for a double scotch on the rocks.

HUDSON

(trying to take some focus from  
himself)  
So Todd. What's the haps with you  
lately?

TODD is about the same age as HUDSON. He has a suit on still with the tie loosened as far as it will go.

TODD

I can't lose these days (he knocks on the solid bar table). Everything the firm is selling is gold in telecom and software. It makes me really scared. (beat) You just keep up the good work and keep making my clients a lot of money.

HUDSON

(smiling)

A couple more deals like the one I'm on, and you should see us do a 2 for 1.

JAMES is drunk and stands stumbling just slightly.

HUDSON

(standing to help James)

Whoa hoss. Easy does it.

JAMES

(pointing toward the bathrooms) Just gotta make a quick stop. With the money I'm making people these days, I should be able to go wherever I want.

TODD also stands quickly to make sure their friend gets pointed off in the right direction.

TODD

(sitting again and sipping his martini)

So after this next deal-- you think you're going to start your own company?

The WAITRESS has returned with his drink.

HUDSON

That's the plan. I'm hopin' that this will put us over the top. (he ceremoniously lifts his glass)

Right now, I have the business plan completed and the banks approval to go forward. I think management at Concentric is scared I'm gonna go head to head with them, even though I won't. (beat) That scares me a bit.

INT. ACROSS THE BAR - NIGHT

Two men who look like they just exited the cover of GQ magazine are sitting at the bar stealing looks at TRINA. She smiles, returning the flirt.

TODD senses this rather uncomfortable moment and knows that his friend GEORGE is also aware of what is going on.

TODD  
(getting Trina actively into the conversation)  
Trina. (beat) Have you guys set a date and location?

TRINA acts as if she has been in the conversation the whole time.

SFX: TRAY CRASHING WITH DISHES IN THE BACKGROUND

TRINA  
(fingering a large diamond ring)  
The date is undecided still. But we have decided on Laguna Niguel for the wedding. (beat) The reception is at Pierre's on the Sea. 150 people will be a logistical nightmare, but we have the best in the wedding business working on it right now.

HUDSON takes a good pull off his double scotch and just about finishes it.

HUDSON  
(tersely)  
I thought we said we were only flying 100 people in.

TRINA  
(ignoring his comment)  
We'll talk about that tonight  
honey.

INT. CONDOMINIUM - LATE NIGHT

GEORGE HUDSON and TRINA GRAHAM enter a luxuriously decorated condominium overlooking Lake Washington.

The CONDO is lavishly decorated with BLACK, LEATHER FURNITURE, ANTIQUES, A HUGE SCREEN TV and has large WINDOWS that offer an incredible view that includes a huge deck and hot tub. There is a small, fake Christmas tree over in the corner with a few presents surrounding it. It is not a focal point at all.

HUDSON turns on the lights and walks over to the WELL STOCKED MINI BAR. He grabs a glass and pours himself a healthy drink.

HUDSON  
Can I get you something?

TRINA  
(hanging up her fur coat)  
No thanks hun.

EXT. CONDO DECK - LATE NIGHT

HUDSON walks out on the balcony and we get an impressive and beautiful view of Seattle.

TRINA walks through the open glass sliding door and puts her arms around him. HUDSON continues to face forward with his drink.

TRINA  
It's freezing! Let's go back  
inside.

HUDSON  
(trying not to upset her)  
Why'd you tell Todd and James about  
Grant Software?

TRINA

(caressing him from behind)  
I thought if you didn't tell me it was confidential, then I could say something.

HUDSON

(again gingerly and turning around)  
Right. (beat) But baby, they make their money on trades and we have to be careful. (beat) We could get into a lot of trouble telling people about deals that haven't closed yet.

TRINA stops fondling him and changes moods.

TRINA

(upset and walking away)  
Fine. (beat) I won't say a damn thing about anything. (beat) I'm going to sleep. I have class in the morning and then I'm meeting Sue and Peggy at the club.

He wheels quickly around to stop her.

GEORGE

I'm just saying we need to be careful.

TRINA

(turning)  
I understand that George.

EXT. CONDO DECK - LATE NIGHT

DOLLY UP AND AWAY FROM HUDSON.

GEORGE HUDSON leans up against the rail of the deck and takes another drink in loneliness. HIS BREATH is visible in the cold air.

PAN ACROSS THE CITYLINE.

The LIGHTS of the city glisten.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

GEORGE HUDSON exits the ELEVATOR onto a marble floor. A few other people in business attire head their separate directions.

HUDSON is dressed formally and holds a leather briefcase and the Wall St Journal with a bouquet of FLOWERS. He walks down a wide corridor to a desk where a tightly dressed security officer sits.

OFFICER

Mornin' Mr. Hudson.

HUDSON

Morning Mike.

INT. CONCENTRIC CIRCLES SOFTWARE - DAY

HUDSON opens the glass doors and walks into a large office with cubicles everywhere. People are busy moving from the copier and file desks. A few other people are heard on the phone and seen working on their computers.

HUDSON walks to the far side of the OFFICE and opens a door to an office. He turns the light on and throws his case and paper onto a neat desk. He walks around the desk and turns a computer on.

INT. GEORGE HUDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

JUANITA DAVIS is a nice looking forty year-old black woman, slightly on the heavy side. JUANITA walks into his office and sets a coffee cup and saucer on his desk. She also sets a file next to the cup.

HUDSON

(not even turning around)  
Hey Juanita. Is that the file I asked for on Grant?

JUANITA

Yes George. (beat) I'll start on the documents you asked me to print up yesterday. Phil wants to see you as soon as you have a moment.

HUDSON

(under his breath)  
Damn.

JUANITA starts to walk out of the office.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Wait, wait.

HUDSON jumps around his desk with the FLOWERS and presents them to her. JUANITA'S FACE absolutely lights up.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

Happy Birthday.

JUANITA

George. You always remember.

HUDSON

How could I forget a beautiful lady's birthday??!

JUANITA

Thank you. You better get movin'. Phil didn't sound like he was in the best of moods this morning.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

HUDSON walks down the hallway with a few papers in his hand and his coffee cup. He sips the coffee as he looks at one of the papers COMPLETELY FOCUSED. A YOUNGER WOMAN almost jumps to get out of his way as he hardly even notices.

INT. PHIL BARTON'S OFFICE - DAY

HUDSON is standing looking out the window. PHIL BARTON is facing toward him from behind his desk and has just put down his phone.

BARTON is a good looking, late middle age man with graying hair and glasses. BARTON seems to be the kind of man that just commands respect.

BARTON

(rather agitated and without hesitation)

Hudson. (beat) Your boss and I both know you want out of here.

HUDSON

(turning)

How do you really feel sir? (beat)  
Don't hold back.

HUDSON walks over and sits down in one of the fine leather chairs in BARTON'S football arena sized office.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

(before Barton can reply)

I do want my own company. (beat)  
But what you should realize is that my investment portfolio and startup cash are riding on the success of this company. (beat) In the here and now. You don't have to love me. (beat) But you need to work with me for the next few months while I close this deal with Grant. (beat) Aaron Henderson, the COO, personally called me this week to let me know that he is arranging a meeting for us in about a month.

BARTON has been standing up and leaning on his desk while listening. He has slowly calmed down and now sits down.

BARTON

I heard about that from Dave. I apologize. (beat) I believe I was out of line.

HUDSON

No sir. We are so close I can taste it. Grant has several Fortune 500 clients who want this program. (beat) With the rate that Telco's are lighting up fibre these days, it could become a cash cow on B2B royalties alone.

BARTON

(concerned)

That's what worries me. (beat)  
Where's the ceiling? Many of these  
companies are being financed on  
nothing more than inflated equity.  
(beat) They promise the world,  
they tell you the revenues and  
profits are on the way.

BARTON stops suddenly and stands.

BARTON (CONT'D)

What happens if they don't need us?

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. HUDSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

TITLE OVER: SIX MONTHS LATER

GEORGE HUDSON is sitting behind his desk with his hands  
cupped over his mouth and nose.  
He looks worn and tired. There are BLACK CIRCLES under  
his eyes and he it has been a couple of days since he  
last shaved.

HUDSON stands and walks over to the doorway of his  
office and looks out.

INT. OFFICE - WIDE ANGLE SHOT - MORNING

The office is almost desolate. There are few people  
walking through the cubicles. TWO MEN, with their ties  
loosened, gather by the coffee machine. They quietly  
talk with each other.

MAN ONE

Restructuring huh?

MAN TWO

That's the word. (beat) I heard  
management's going to get gutted.

HUDSON looks at the clock on the wall and turns back  
into his office.

INT. HUDSON'S OFFICE - MORNING

HUDSON sits down again as PHIL BARTON knocks lightly on the door.

BARTON  
Do you have a moment?

HUDSON  
(looking up)  
Of course sir.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

BARTON sits down slowly. He take a small Microsoft football tsootchke from Hudson's desk and holds it.

BARTON  
I'm sorry we had to let Juanita go.

HUDSON  
Yeah. (beat) So am I.

BARTON  
Her husband works right??

HUDSON leans back in his chair and glances out the window behind him.

HUDSON  
That's amazing you know that.  
(beat) Manny works in the  
automotive business.  
(sarcastically) Thank God he's not  
in the computer or telecom  
business.

BARTON puts the football back on the desk.

BARTON  
George. (beat) The markets have  
gone to hell. You know that.  
(beat) I've lost 175 people to  
this downturn. (emphasizing) One  
hundred and seventy five.

BARTON sits up in his chair.