

THE GIRL FROM IPANEMA

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FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO SIDE STREET - NIGHT

It is a typical cold and dark winter evening with a soft rain falling on the dimly lighted streets. We see the shadowy figure of a lone businessman walking towards us. He is bundled up in an overcoat with a newspaper under one arm and a laptop slung over the other, complete with a yellow DATALOX logo, while he is talking on his cell phone.

CLOSE ON MAN

From across the buildings, DENNIS RANDALL stops and looks up at the rain as it starts to come down a little heavier.

SFX: POURING RAIN INCREASING INTENSITY

His wet matted hair provides dark streaks across a tired face. He mutters an expletive as he tries to huddle under the overhang of a small, local clothing store. He pulls something out of his pocket.

DENNIS RANDALL

(angrily)

This is Bullshit!

RANDALL is looking at his Personal Digital Assistant.

DENNIS RANDALL (CONT'D)

You've got to do better than that

V.O.

(middle Eastern Accent)

But, Mr. Randall, as I said earlier, we agreed to the sum of...

DENNIS RANDALL

No! I said Fair Market Value. These chips are the best damn things I've ever done or seen in my life. And I've been in the business a long time.

(beat)

Shit, there's nothing out there that even comes close.

(beat)

Now here's what you're going to do.  
You're gonna ante up some more  
cash.

V.O.

(stammering and very unsure)  
I don't know Mr. Randall, I . . . I  
will have to ask them again . . .  
but they do not like to  
renegotiate.

A few shadows move in the street and in the alley.

DENNIS RANDALL

(very agitated and angry)  
Look. I don't care if THEY don't  
like to renegotiate. I'm not going  
to be the one to get screwed here.

He looks around nervously.

DENNIS RANDALL (CONT'D)

(in a softer tone)  
I've got the microchips and they're  
ready-- if you want to see them, I  
suggest you make the deposit.

Randall quickly folds his mobile phone up, puts his PDA  
into his jacket and puts his newspaper over his head as  
he runs up the street.

Passing between an alley, a man jumps out and confronts  
Dennis.

HOODED MAN

Spare change brother. You got some  
spare change

He keeps moving closer to Dennis. Dennis reacts by  
walking faster. Too late! The man catches up and grabs  
his coat sleeve.

DENNIS RANDALL

Get away from me.

HOODED MAN

(gruff voice)  
Give me your wallet man!

DENNIS RANDALL

What the . . .

HOODED MAN

(louder)

The money!

The two men scuffle. The hooded man has Dennis by his coat and Dennis briefly breaks free by slipping out of his coat. The coat drops to the ground and the man pulls a knife. It shines briefly in the lights of the street.

Dennis sees it and tries to get away. The assailant makes a wide swipe and Dennis jumps to avoid the knife. He loses his balance on the wet slippery pavement, stumbles between the cars and out into the street.

A BART bus is making it's way up to full steam. Dennis is silhouetted against the bright lights of the BART bus. We hear his scream blended with the blaring of the BART bus' horn.

DISSOLVE

MAIN TITLES

INT. BLACK MERCEDES BENZ LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Inside a comfortably equipped, tinted Benz limousine sits HASSAN BIN LADEN. He is a slightly tanned man of Middle Eastern origin dressed elegantly, yet casually. He sits in a rather comfortable position with his legs sprawled. In his hands, he holds and taps a manila folder.

HASSAN

Call Assistant Minister Ian  
Hawthorne..

The phone in the car dials over a stereo sound system. The phone rings once, then again.

V.O.

Good Evening, Ian Hawthorne's  
office.

HASSAN

Ian Hawthorne please. Hassan Bin Laden holding.

V.O.

One moment.

IAN HAWTHORNE

Hello, this is Ian.

HASSAN

Ian. Hassan (beat)  
We seem to have an unresolved issue.

HAWTHORNE

It will never happen, Hassan. I will not compromise my constituents.

HASSAN

Naturally, my friend, decisions of this magnitude can change depending upon circumstances.

HASSAN opens the manila folder and pulls out a series of glossy 8x11 black and whites. He starts leafing through the PHOTOS of an older man kissing and holding a young woman in various compromising situations.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Perhaps your wife should speak with the young woman that lives at 1550 Covington Road.

HAWTHORNE

(indignantly)

How dare you threaten me?

HASSAN

Merely business my friend. Make the right decision.

He pushes the END button on the phone and exits the car at a swank restaurant. A bodyguard in a suit walks with him into the restaurant.

INT. SAVOY RESTAURANT, LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

HASSAN enters the lobby and approaches a slender, beautiful looking WOMAN from the rear. She has long black hair and is wearing a tight black dress with spaghetti straps and a long slit in the side. She is tapping her long nails against a long fluted glass impatiently. He puts his arms around her waist and kisses her on the cheek.

The woman turns and we see a stunningly beautiful Latin woman, GISELLE CARRERA. Around her neck is a gold chain with a mini Faberge egg replica as a pendant. She has a habit of idly stroking it when talking. She tends to gesture when talking and is a very tactile person, touching things within her hands reach.

GISELLE CARRERA

Hassan. You're late.

Her EYES are large and dark and flash with anger that dissipates quickly. She has a mellifluous voice with a hint of hidden steel and a wonderful Latin accent that exudes sexiness.

HASSAN

I apologize my dear. Simply taking care of some last minute business.

GISELLE

(tersely)

Shall we.

The Maitre d' escorts them immediately to a table and two well-dressed Uruguayan men, ANTONIO and FERNANDO, rise to their feet in welcome.

HASSAN

Gentlemen. Allow me to introduce Ms. Giselle Carrera. Giselle, Fernando and Antonio are with the Uruguayan government.

ANTONIO

Encantada, senorita.

GISELLE

Con mucho gusto, señor.

ANTONIO maneuvers around the table and reaches out and kisses her on the cheek. FERNANDO does the same.

They wait for her to sit before they do.

HASSAN

Gentlemen, I assume that you have made the necessary arrangements and the vote will go through.

FERNANDO

Yes. In fact, the vote has passed and the Sovereignty Policy will become law.

ANTONIO

(interjecting)

This will allow you to register all your businesses in Uruguay at considerable tax savings.

GISELLE

Will there be any international maritime law issues with our shipping industry?

FERNANDO

Senorita, the Sovereignty Policy is very powerful. It prohibits any foreign government from obtaining or transferring without your consent any corporate information. The government cannot even pry into your records.

GISELLE

What about extradition issues and seizure of property in international ports or jurisdictions?

ANTONIO

All previous extradition treaties  
are null and void. You will not  
have any more issues with any  
governments. We promise to protect  
you in exchange for certain favors  
. . .

HASSAN

(laughing)

Very good. But please enough  
business. (beat) Let us enjoy the  
evening.

He signals to the waiter. The waiter immediately comes forward with a bottle of wine and begins pouring.

EXT. HASSAN'S CASTLE - NIGHT

The LIMO pulls into the frame.  
CLOSE of the tires slowly braking.

DOLLY back to show the Mercedes logo and then the castle in the background.

The CASTLE is a beautiful stone mansion with a tower on the end. Though it is dark, the castle is surrounded by stunning gardens complete with architecture and statues. Everything is lit from ground lights.

Giselle and Hassan exit the limo and walk into the castle hand in hand.

INT. HALLWAY OF HASSAN'S CASTLE - NIGHT

It is a long HALLWAY filled with portraits of the past Lords and Ladies who lived in the castle. The carpeting is snow white and luxurious furniture and chandeliers adorn the ceiling and floors.

There are several doorways leading off the Hallway. Hassan and Giselle are outside one of the doors. Giselle enters and turns as Hassan follows her in. He gently pulls her towards him and they embrace and kiss. She slowly puts her hand on his chest and pushes him away from her.

GISELLE

Not tonight. I'm very tired and need to leave in (looking at her watch) less than 3 hours.

HASSAN slips the thin STRAPS of her dress off and we see her body exposed in the dim light, as he continues to try and kiss her. Her SILHOUETTE is perfectly shaped.

GISELLE

Hassan, please. I can't. No.

He continues to try, but she gingerly pushes him away. He pays no attention until she finally, with some slight force, pushes him away.

GISELLE

Good night.

HASSAN storms out of the room and slams the door behind him. She puts a robe on quickly and shudders. She is disgusted with his touch and not interested in him in the least. She walks into the bathroom and opens her Faberge egg LOCKET.

Inside we see the pictures of an older MAN and WOMAN, which we assume, are her parents as the family resemblance is strong. She looks up into the mirror and we see her eyes have teared over a little but she is filled with hate.

INT. HASSAN'S CASTLE - EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

We see HASSAN who is still visibly furious from Giselle's snub, attacking a HEAVY BAG. He is muscularly lean and athletic. We see overtones of his darker side as he punches and kicks the bag vehemently. We see him execute a very fast combination of blows.

He is interrupted by a male servant who simply opens the door and lets two beautiful girls into the room.

HASSAN smiles, grabs a towel and heads out another door. The two girls follow behind him and the door closes.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR FUNERAL - OVERCAST - AFTERNOON

There are a small group of MOURNERS dressed in black that are huddled around a casket. It is a very quiet and desolate scene.

The CAMERA starts from a far shot and moves closer to the group.

We see a taller than average, well built man. This is NICK ARMSTRONG. His features and carefully groomed hair are accented by an Armani suit. He walks over to a middle aged, slight woman in black, PEG RANDALL. Armstrong is very casual in his demeanor and his walk. He looks very comfortable in his clothes and wears them well.

ARMSTRONG

I'm sorry Peg. If there is anything at all I can do to help, please let me know.

PEG RANDALL

(emotionally)

Thank you Nick. Denny held you in the highest regard.

She smiles wistfully.

PEG RANDALL (CONT'D)

He often said that you reminded him of himself when he was younger.

ARMSTRONG slowly and deliberately bids his farewell with a hug and shakes another man's hand. He then walks back to his black BMW sedan and gets in.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - AFTERNOON

ARIAL low altitude WIDE-ANGLE shot - BAY AREA

A montage of shots following the black BMW over the GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE and follow it into the downtown area. We see several notable buildings, the Transamerica building and other landmarks of DOWNTOWN San Francisco all lit up by the afternoon sun. Eventually, the car enters an underground parking lot near the Fisherman's Wharf area, in an office building on the outskirts of the city.

INT. DATALOX OFFICE BUILDING FOYER

A security GUARD is watching TV as NICK ARMSTRONG walks by carrying a laptop case and a company bag with the yellow DATALOX logo.

GUARD

Evening, Mr. Armstrong, lookin' sharp!

Armstrong waves to the guard in acknowledgement as he holds his mobile phone to his ear.

ARMSTRONG continues his walk down a highly polished and grandiose foyer to the elevator court.

He catches an open elevator and enters.

CLOSE ON NICK

ARMSTRONG

Janice--you've got my tickets ready to go at the counter. Tomorrow morning at 7am. I'm into Rio at 8 pm local and set to meet with Echelon the next morning.

(beat)

Nope. I don't know much about them or the project. But you know me I love the challenge.

(beat)

Yeah, the funeral was beautiful-- I really wish Dennis was still with us.

INT. TENTH FLOOR OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The elevator door opens.

He moves through the building. He is a rather athletic and graceful man as he manages to balance his CELL PHONE and BAGS while opening the DOOR of the office with a swift kick.

There is a bucket of cleaning supplies sitting by the door. As he enters, he sees the BUCKET at the last second and gracefully leaps over it.

He enters a side lab where a lone technician, KEN CARNES, in a white coat is working on a high end Server.

NICK ARMSTRONG

(cheerfully)

Hi Ken. Working late again?

KEN

(Sounding very tired, yet upbeat)  
Yeah. Catchin' up on some past due stuff. Can't wait for the weekend though. Big game -- the 49'ers can't lose this time . . .

ARMSTRONG

They're rebuilding, give 'em some time. Point spread looks good though.

(beat)

Hey- Janice tells me I'm supposed to pick up some chips for a company called Echelon down in Rio. Know anything about them?

KEN

Nope. All I know is that Denny was spearheading the project personally ... kept it pretty tight. The chips are right there and ready to go though.

KEN points to the lab table, where two microchips are sitting in a small box. Armstrong picks up the chips.

ARMSTRONG

So these are using our proprietary software.

KEN

Noooo.

KEN moves closer to where Armstrong is at the table.

KEN (CONT'D)

These are using a unique genetic algorithm that Denny had developed. It is a multiple key approach to encryption and decryption.

ARMSTRONG

Dual Transmit and Receive capabilities?

KEN

You got it. But there is a lot more to it. Even I don't know all of the facets.

ARMSTRONG

Is it close to the AES standard?

KEN

It surpasses any government standards... it's got 448 bit encryption. From what Denny said, it's even better than the newly adopted Rijndael algorithm.

ARMSTRONG lets out a low whistle.

ARMSTRONG

So what kinda hardware do they sit in?

KEN

Don't know. They must have it down there I guess?

ARMSTRONG

Whole lotta "samolians" to do something like this, eh?

ARMSTRONG raises his eyebrows in jest. He then puts the chips in the BOX. He walks across the hall, through a cubicle maze and down a hall.

He continues and walks into an office draped with flower and card bouquets and a couple of BOXES, we know that someone has been packing things up. The blinds are drawn on the front glass of the office. In the back, the blinds are drawn also, and the last glimpse of the sun is coming through into an office without any lights on.

He goes to a few open boxes of files looking for the ECHELON project. He finds a file, but the file is completely empty.

ARMSTRONG

(softly)

Denny, you ol' bastard, you never  
were much of an organizer.

He sits down at the desk and checks the computer. On the side of the computer desk, there is a series of Porsche model cars. The computer asks for a password.

ARMSTRONG

Let's see. What model is it today?

He types in Porsche911 and it is rejected. He types in Boxster and the computer rejects it again. Armstrong smiles, stops and thinks for a few seconds.

He looks back at the COMPUTER, then looks around cautiously.

ARMSTRONG

(softly)

Time to launch the ol' secret  
weapon.

A program comes up on the screen after he taps at the keyboard for a few seconds. He then hits 4 keys together and launches his software program. The screen says "Decrypt password."

Armstrong hits "Enter"

There are rolling numbers and characters on the screen.

The company janitor GUS ANDREWS walks into the office pushing a cart and flicks on the fluorescent lights.

GUS

Sorry-- Oh, Hey Nick. I'm really  
sorry to hear about Denny.

ARMSTRONG

Yeah. He was a good guy. The best.

GUS

So where does that leave you?

GUS is loading a couple of boxes onto the cart while talking with Armstrong.

ARMSTRONG

I always expected I would end up at the top, but not this way.

GUS

Sometimes life's funny like that.

ARMSTRONG

(pondering)

I wonder if he would have done things differently, you know ... if he would have known about this. (beat) Is all of this king of the hill, corporate America bullshit worth it?

GUS is listening while cleaning a filing cabinet in the background and discovers a BOTTLE of Vodka. He pulls it out and smiles wryly at Armstrong.

GUS

(karate kid imitation)

Ah DanielSan, you are searching for the meaning of life.

He shows Armstrong the BOTTLE.

GUS (CONT'D)

It's simple "Learn from yesterday, live for today, hope for tomorrow."

GUS takes a big swig out of the bottle. Armstrong takes the bottle and smiles back at Gus.

ARMSTRONG

I'll drink to that. Cheers Denny.

He looks up to heaven and takes a quick pull on the Vodka bottle, and then hands it to Gus. Gus takes a drink and then places the bottle into a box on the cart as he exits.

SFX: COMPUTER BEEPING

ARMSTRONG looks down at the computer as Gus walks out of the room. The screen says "Password accepted." The screen changes to a normal desktop and MS Office opens, displaying all Denny's email.