

WARDRIVING ON ST. KILDA RD

AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY

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CAST

<u>CHARACTER</u>	<i>Description</i>
Ariel Goodman	Aged about 18, Slender, slightly built. Mousy brown, wavy hair, bunched in a knot near the tips. Wears light blue skivvy and slightly oversized purple windcheater with a name-logo on the chest-front, cargo pants and a white baseball cap, worn back-to-front. Wears oversized and bright-red-coloured glasses.
Archimedes “Archie” Webb	Aged around 17. Average height and build. Black hair, olive complexion. Wearing thin dark-grey turtleneck pullover, and black corduroy pants. Wears wireframe glasses
T.C. “Jason” Chen	Aged 19. Stocky, smooth-faced. Chinese-ethnicity. Blonded hair. Wearing loudly-coloured shirt, denim jacket, faded jeans and red-bandanna.
Juliette “Jules” Moore	Aged around 18. Good looking, curly-black, shoulder-length hair, pale complexion, wide green eyes. Wearing bright-red traditional Chinese embroidered silk chemise, felt jacket,

FADE IN.

INT: INSIDE A LATE-MODEL AUSTRALIAN CAR. INCLEMENT WEATHER. DUSK.

Move in on ARIEL'S face. She is staring blankly out of the window.

ARIEL

Archie, are we close? Where are we picking her up from? I hate doing this on colder nights. I reckon it's going to rain, too, frag it.

ARIEL looks over her right shoulder to ARCHIE

ANGLE FROM THE WINDSHIELD, LOOKING TOWARDS THE REAR-RIGHT-HAND PASSENGER SEAT AT ARCHIE.

ARCHIE is pensively staring at his laptop screen. The faded blue luminescence from the laptop screen reflecting off his glasses. Without looking up, he replies.

ARCHIE

In front of the Esplanade Hotel. Her band's finishing a practice gig. Where are we?

LOOKING BACK AT ARIEL, FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL

Near the Marina. Why do we have to have *her* along tonight anyway?

JASON

Now now. You've never even met the girl beforehand. Don't judge so quickly.

ARIEL turns abruptly to her left to look at JASON.

LOOKING AT JASON FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE.

JASON is driving, and has eyes fixed on the road ahead. Various traffic lights and street lights are dancing on his face.

ARIEL

I just think she's a lamer. Uses her looks and private-school charms to gain leverage points with guys on campus. Has daddy big-bucks pay her way through life. And she sings with that oh-so-precious faux-punk band that daddy helps finance, too. Talk about your egosurfing dame.

JASON

What's wrong with Jules? She 's a sweet babe, voice of an angel, bod of a minx and from what I hear on the grapevine, does things with her lips that make grown men cry. (Smiles)

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM JASON'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL

Sheesh you males. You have your gonads pipelining instructions-sets to your corpus-callosum!

(pause)

It's just that I didn't know that we were heaving extra baggage around on this surveillance-run until Mr. Wonderful here (flicks her head towards ARCHIE in the backseat) texted me. I think it's only courteous to all concerned that if we have a change in operational procedure, we agree to it well beforehand. We have no idea what the security implications of this could be.

(turning to ARCHIE)

Have you done a full scan on this chick?

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE.

ARCHIE seemingly oblivious to her question. He continues to tap away at his laptop.

ARCHIE

(nonchalant)

I googled her.

ARCHIE still hasn't looked up from his screen.

LOOKING AT JASON FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE

JASON

(chuckles)

I bet you did! Was it good for her too?

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL

(indignant)

Is that all? That breaks our standard security process Archie! Which, I hasten to remind you, was devised, drafted, revised and signed-off by YOU! For all we know, this chick's working with a private systems security firm or for one of the state or federal white-collar crime units. Not that I'm saying she's sharp enough to program a VCR, come to that, but I think you could have at least cracked into the Uni's main administrative records computer to confirm her status as a student. You did at least that to Charlie!

SIDE-ON CLOSE UP OF ARCHIE

ARCHIE

That's 'cause Charlie was a creep with a history, who couldn't string two polysyllabic words together. Besides, he called me a geek!.

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

But you *are* a geek, Arch! A cutie, but a geek.

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

That's besides the point. He hadn't earned the right to call me that. He deserved a remote Vulcan nerve pinch, so I gave him one.

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

You were just jealous! He looked pretty damn over-clocked in his fake-leather vest, Doc Martens and genital piercing! What tipped you off about him, anyway?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

He made the mistake of telling me he was a commerce student. No one with that many tattoos could possibly have been a commerce student. Besides, he wanted to get into your pants, Ariel.

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

(indignant)

Was that it!? He was interested in me, and you had him busted?

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE

ARCHIE

(nonchalant)

I didn't have him busted. I merely ensured that his existing arrest warrant from Queensland for the marketing of, ahem, designer stimulants, became known to the appropriate authorities here in Melbourne. Every single police station in the metropolitan area was auto-magically sent an APB fax with his digitally enhanced picture. You can thank The GIMP photo-re-touching plugin for that; did wonders in highlighting his features to make for an easier ID. It also helped that all the police were given an exact itinerary of his day's events, his home address and his mobile number for painless tracking via GSM triangulation. Remember, we protect our own, Ariel.

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

(looks up at ARIEL, raising an eyebrow)

Genital piercing?

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL

Grrr! You're going Annaken Skywalker on me, Archie! I hate it when you do that 'older brother' thing. I am older than you by six months, and I'm not even your sister. Sheesh!

(abruptly looks away from ARCHIE in a huff, towards the windshield up front)

LOOKING FACE-ON AT ARIEL, FROM OUTSIDE THE CAR.

ARIEL'S face breaks into a smile.

I have to admit, it was kinda cool to see him get nabbed like that. How exactly did you get all those fully-kitted Tactical Response Force guys out there for the bust, anyway?

SIDE-ON CLOSE UP:ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Simply informed the police computer that our friend Charlie possessed concealed weapons, and that he had a black belt.

LOOKING BACK AT ARIEL'S FACE FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL swings around once more to face ARCHIE

ARIEL

Concealed weapons? You mean that pocket knife that he cleaned his toenails with? Disgusting habit, by the way. Ewww! And I didn't know he was into martial arts.

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

He wasn't. Didn't you notice that he kept his lurid spandex pants up with a black belt?

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

(bursts out in laughter. JASON joins in)
Ah his famous spandex pants. Did I tell you that he, ahem, soiled them that day? When the dozen Tactical Response Force guys burst out of the black van with their fully-automatic popguns, Charlie blew an orifice gasket. Made him look that much less macho and desirable.

CLOSE UP, FACE ON: ARCHIE

ARCHIE

(wide eyed, grinning at ARIEL)
Forgive me?

CLOSE UP: FACE ON ARIEL

ARIEL

You know I can't stay mad at you when you flash those gorgeous Chewbacca puppy-dog eyes at me, you nut! Besides, I bet I would have ended up with a laundry-list of unmentionable infections from that creep had we gone the frimp. (laughs)

Did I tell you I found an open pathology lab report in his backpack one day? He had somehow manage to contract every major communicable disease known to

carnal man!

ARCHIE

I know. I gave them to him

ARIEL

You what??

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

I arranged it so that his most recent blood test also included a panoply of test screenings for most STDs. With a little help, the pathology lab equipment seemed to think he had contracted every nasty non-lethal genital disease going. Just to be safe, the lab report was sent to his last two home addresses, where I believe his previous girlfriends still live.

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

Remind me never to get on the Dark Side of your Force, Archimedes Webb. Still, chicks like me find it hard to hook up with a guy. Law of Inverse Attraction at work, I guess.

LOOKING AT JASON SIDE ON, FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE

JASON

(concerned. still driving and facing out the windscreen)
You were way too good for that guy, Ariel.

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM JASON'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL turns to face JASON

ARIEL

(smiling)
Thank you Jason. That's sweet of you!

(impatiently, jokingly in mock Bart Simpson voice to JASON)
Are we there yet Homer? Are we there yet?

CLOSE UP ON JASON

JASON

We're here. I'll park out the front. Arch, wanna send Ms. Babelicious an SMS?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Already done. Ariel, can you select some appropriate music tracks from the Ogg Box for our guest?

CLOSE UP LOOKING OVER ARIEL'S RIGHT SHOULDER

ARIEL flips open the oversized glove box and a full computer terminal becomes apparent. She navigates to the music selection menu, and starts selecting from a list of thousands of music tracks.

Punches a few keys on keyboard, and music starts to play.

ARIEL

You're just lucky that I'm ambimouseterous, oh. net.god!
(pouts)

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM SIDE ON

ARCHIE

Jason, can you check the calibration of the GPS gear? Now that we know where we are, we wanna get a meter-level degree of accuracy from here on.

JASON switches on the Geo Positional System-enabled map computer which is near the car's central console. A map of the area is shown, naming streets and known landmarks. A bright-coloured flashing dot denotes their car. JASON fiddles with some of the settings, to ensure correct position relative to their now know fixed location.

CLOSE UP ON JASON

JASON

I'll switch the police and emergency services scanner on too Arch. Hey, you been able to raise Brownian Motion on IRC?

LOOKING BACK AT ARCHIE FROM THE FRONT OF THE CAR

ARCHIE

That's a negative. I'm surprised. He knows we are making a run tonight and would normally have checked in by now. It's rare for that dot-communist to miss an opportunity to spruik our purloined info-nuggets.

LOOKING DOWN FROM THE TOP REAR WINDOW OF THE CAR, TOWARDS THE REAR SEATS

The left-side back passenger door opens. Two up-market fashion-label designer bags are thrown in on the seat beside ARCHIE, then a young lady follows them in, taking up the last remaining seat of the car.

JULES

(frenetic)

Hi Archie! Hope I'm not late! Band wanted to do a few more renditions of one of the newer tracks off the EP, so took longer than I had expected. Wanna introduce me?

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM JULES' PERSPECTIVE.

ARCHIE

Hey Jules. You're lookin' swell. No, not late at all. We just got here. Welcome to the geekosphere. Say 'hi' to the posse; Ariel Goodman and Jason Chen.

SIDE SHOT OF JASON, LOOKING UP INTO THE REAR-VIEW MIRROR

JASON

Hi Jules! I love the last album you guys released. I'm a big fan.

CLOSE UP OF ARIEL, FRONT ON, LOOKING FROM THE FRONT WINDSCREEN

ARIEL

(terse)

Yeah, Hello Juliette.

(turns head to the right to look at the centre of the rear-seat)

Hope there's enough space in the back for you and, um, (looking at the two bags' labels) Donna Karan and Karl Lagerfeld.

CLOSE UP OF JULES

JULES

(confused)

huh?

(smile)

Oh, you mean my shopping? Sorry, I couldn't resist. Haven't bought any of the new-seasons outfits for over a month! You know how it is, you go in for a browse, walk out a bona-fide consumer. Helps fuel the economy I guess.

CLOSE UP OF ARIEL FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF JULES

ARIEL turns head to look at JULES

ARIEL

(slightly mocking)

How is your daddy's biomedical-supplies company nowadays, anyway Juliette?

SIDE SHOT OF JULES FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARCHIE

JULES

Oh, stock price is down again this week, I'm afraid. Still, he gets his yearly bonus based on overall contracts signed with foreign buyers, so shouldn't cramp his style too much. Thanks for asking, Ariel.

(turns to face ARCHIE)

So, what kind of adventures have you lined up for us tonight, Archie Webb?

SIDE SHOT OF ARCHIE FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF JULES

Facing JULES

ARCHIE

We're going for a cruise along the wireless information superhighways of Melbourne, Jules. We're going to see if we can stumble across any nuggets of treasure, in an informational sense that is. If we find some, we place said treasure up for public auction. It's capitalism on wheels.

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Really? How does that all work?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Well, we use a combination of technologies to find and lock-into publicly accessible wireless networks. These are like normal networks linking computers to other computers, but these work off digital radio, kinda like cordless phones. We patch into these, scan for juicy traffic, snare it, then push this information into international information auction and clearing house called Omega Point, kinda like an exclusive version of eBay. We provide enough information for buyers to perform a risk analysis to determine the validity of the data we are passing on, and for them to make bids. It's one of the main sources of what the public sees as investigative reporting scoops in newspapers and on TV. It's called wardriving, and I look upon it as the 21st century version of dumpster diving.

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Why wardriving? Isn't this illegal?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Remember that scene in *War Games* when Matthew Broderick randomly dials phone-numbers with his modem, trying to see if he can hit upon another computer, by chance? They call that war-dialing. This is the automotive variant. As for the legality, well, no. unfortunately, or fortunately, too many corporates don't configure their new and overly complicated wireless gateways and sundry toys too well, ensuring that they push the data out almost like a public broadcast, so in a sense, they are yelling out their confidential information through stupidity, thus no, not illegal. Sometimes we have to coax this data out with a bit of simple data unlocking, which is perhaps legally *grey*.

LOOKING PAST ARIEL, AT JULES.

JULES

That sounds risky and exciting! I knew you were one switched-on character Archimedes Webb!

ARIEL rolls her eyes.

ARIEL

(under breath)
Gag me with a router!

Turning to face ARIEL in front.

JULES

Sorry Ariel? I didn't catch that line of technobabble.

ARIEL

I said, nice hat, Juliette. You grandmother's?

JULES

No, I actually bought it last month. It's from this funky little milliners on Greville Street.

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM JASON'S PERSPECTIVE

Turning to face JASON

ARIEL

Oh, OK. I'm sure I saw something similar at K-mart in Chadstone. Silly me.
Where are we, Jason?

FRONT ON CLOSE UP OF JASON

JASON

We're nearing St. Kilda Rd. Do we go straight down to Swanston Street this time,
Archie?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Stop at the Domain Interchange, Jay. I have a hunch I wanna try out.

LOOKING AT JASON IN REAR-VIEW MIRROR

JASON looks at ARCHIE in rear-view mirror

JASON

No probs boss.

SIDE ON CLOSE UP ON JASON

Turning to face ARIEL

Hey, Ariel, I reckon that you'd look great in a hat like that.

SIDE ON CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

Turns abruptly to face JASON

ARIEL

'sif, nerdrat! I wouldn't be caught...

(pauses, to look askance at JULES)

um...

(turns back to face JASON)

It's not my style. I like something with a low stylistic drag-coefficient and bitchin'
street-cred.

CLOSE UP ON JASON

JASON turns to face the front windscreen

JASON

(laughs)

Too ladylike for you? I think you'd look exceptionally pretty in some of those
designer-ware outfits that Jules has in those bags. Maybe you can wear something
like that for me one day?

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL is still facing JASON, but abruptly turns away, back towards the front windscreen

ARIEL

(embarrassed)

'sup Jay? Have you had your broadband bandwidth capped for pr0n overuse already this month? Need some more visual stimulation for that male pituitary gland of yours?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

OK gang. Brownian Motion's online. Game on!

LOOKING TOWARDS FRONT OF THE, TO WINDSCREEN

ARIEL and JASON turn around to look at ARCHIE.

ARIEL AND JASON

(in unison)

Game On!

SIDE ON CLOSE UP OF JULES

JULES turns to face ARCHIE

JULES

Brown who?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE turns to face ARIEL

ARIEL

Hello, World?? Brownian Motion is our information clearing house broker on Omega Point. He, well, we presume it's a he, packages the information nuggets we upload to the auction house for best effect. Tries to reveal enough information to add veracity to our claims, but no too much to make the information not worth anything anymore. Which reminds me, I'd better log in too, to see what juicy tidbits are up for sale. Tell's us the state of the marketplace and besides, it's often a good laugh!

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Who is he in person, this Brownian guy?

LOOKING AT JASON IN REAR-VIEW MIRROR

JASON looks up in rear-view mirror towards JULES

JASON

No idea. We never meet any of the players in our industry or get to spend any face time with them whatsoever. We don't even know which country most of them are in. Anonymity is the name of this game. We do know that Brownian Motion is a pop-cultural anemic; he's a wiz on esoteric SCI-FI trivia.

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE is still looking at JULES

ARCHIE

On Omega Point, all we ever do is exchange glorified bank account details. We communicate through encrypted links, and patch our comms in via anonymiser devices called 'onion rings', so no one can trace our Internet Protocol addresses. All the world knows is that we work in Melbourne as freelancers, and that we don't belong to any of the numerous cipher-gangs worldwide. Welcome to the friction free economy, Jules.
(smiles)

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Can you trust him?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE is now looking at his laptop

ARCHIE

He needs people on the land, like us, in various countries, to source information and he would be stupid to burn bridges. Besides, he gets a juicy percentage of every sale.

CLOSE UP. LOOKING OVER ARIEL'S SHOULDER

ARIEL is looking at her laptop screen.

ARIEL

(laughing.)

Got one! Necromutt, that philandering dark-side hacker from Baltimore, has posted a hot one. Apparently he's cracked into one of the wired wards of the Johns Hopkins medical center, where the President was just rushed in. Seems the good Prez had a gerbil clogging his alimentary canal, and is need of some delicate day-surgery. Ouch!

ARIEL turns around to look towards ARCHIE

(excitedly)

There's more. The posting claims that they have captured one of the transmitted digital photos as proof, too. Ewwww!

SIDE ON CLOSE UP ON JASON

JASON

(snorts)

Sheet! What's the current top bid?

LOOKING SIDE ON AT ARIEL FROM JASON'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL turns to face JASON

ARIEL

(surprised)

3.2 million US dollars!

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE is still looking at his screen

ARCHIE

I'd lay odds and bet that that's the Republicans, outbidding everyone else to ensure that the material isn't made public. Gotta love e-commerce.

(smirks)

Regardless, I bet the code police wont leave that parcel online for long.

CLOSE UP ON JULES

facing ARCHIE

JULES

Alimentary canal?

SIDE ON CLOSE UP OF ARCHIE

ARCHIE

(looks up from laptop and raises an eyebrow towards JULES)
don't ask.

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES faces the front of the car towards JASON and ARIEL

JULES

Hey, how did you guys get into this business?

FRONT ON CLOSE UP ON JASON, LOOKING FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE FRONT WINDSCREEN

JASON

Well, Archie's been lurking in all the shadowy areas of the Net since he could type. He's also a living incarnation of the Leonardo Da Vinci Syndrome; starting one new project before he manages to finish the previous, so this is one of many pies he has digits wedged in.

I've known Ariel since primary school, and we first met Archie at high school, many years back. Our little posse dates from back then.

FRONT ON CLOSE UP ON ARIEL, LOOKING FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE FRONT WINDSCREEN

ARIEL

(jokingly)

Yeah, we met him at the canteen on the first day of school, where he proceeded to steal a bucket of hot chips from under my nose! Hey,

(pause)

I've got another spiking bid.

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARIEL

ARCHIE looks up from his laptop towards ARIEL

ARCHIE

I did not. Besides, you have a guilt-attack if you eat any high-fat foods. I saved your booty from saturated fats that day, girly.
(smiles)

Anyway, what's the scoop, ace?

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARCHIE

ARIEL turns to look at ARCHIE

ARIEL

(wolfish grin towards ARCHIE)

And my booty thanks you, kind sir. 'Course, I only let you get away with it because you made me laugh so hard with the joke about Fermat's Last Theorem and the ventriloquist and also 'cause you have you such cute buns.

FRONT ON CLOSE UP ON ARIEL, LOOKING FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE FRONT WINDSCREEN

ARIEL turns back towards her terminal

More info is now in. PhiberPunk from Seattle has posted something claiming to be from a plastic surgery theater in one of the local private hospitals. He's confirmed that the images captured are of one Bill Gates. Apparently, he's undergoing an, ahem, organ enlargement procedure! PhiberPunk's broker has posted one of the images where they're splicing in subcutaneous fat plucked from Bill's buttocks. Now *that* is gross! Ewwww!

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARCHIE

ARIEL turns to look at ARCHIE

Now I know why he started a company called micro and soft! Do I get special psychological dispensation for having to watch this stuff, boss? I think I'm going to fail the purity test now!

LOOKING AT JULES FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARCHIE

JULES turns to look at ARCHIE

JULES

Is that true?

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF JULES

ARCHIE continues to look at his laptop

ARCHIE

That BillG has a lilliputian wiener? Probably.

FRONT CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE looks up from his laptop towards ARIEL

And Ariel, no. Standard percentages apply for this McJob, girl. Good try though. Can you save the, ahem, 'fat pic' for inclusion on the Uni's magazine though? We can add it to the famous 'pie-in-the-face' pic of Bill, and the one of Steve Ballmer

doing the monkey dance.

LOOKING AT JULES FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARCHIE
JULES is looking at ARCHIE

JULES

(laughing. Whispers to ARCHIE)
No, I mean do you have cute buns, silly!

LOOKING AT JASON IN REAR-VIEW MIRROR
JASON looks up in rear-view mirror towards JULES

JASON

(laughs)
I heard that!

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF JULES
ARCHIE looks up from his laptop towards JULES

ARCHIE

(smiling)
I dunno. I never look. Is it important?

CLOSE UP LOOKING AT JULES FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARCHIE
JULES leans forward and whispers to ARCHIE

JULES

(seductively)
Lemme see one day, and I'll tell you if it's true and if it's important.

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF JULES
ARIEL quickly spins around to change the topic

ARIEL

(butting in)
So, Juliette, tell us about your course. Do you have many contact hours? Who's your favourite lecturer? What subject is the hardest? When do you...

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF ARIEL
ARCHIE looks towards ARIEL

ARCHIE

(sternly)
Ariel...

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Well, to be honest, I kinda skip so many of my classes, that I'm not really up-to-date with what's going on. I have gigs 3 nights a week, and we practice most every other day. My daddy's going to kill me if he finds out how few lectures I actually

attend.

SIDE ON CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

Well, Juliette if you have male lecturers, they may be amenable to some oral bargaining for higher marks. It's how some students get through Uni, or so I've heard. Might that be something you're able to swallow, Juliette?

STILL ON ARIEL. SIDE ON

ARCHIE

Ariel, spankies girl!

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE.

ARIEL turns towards ARCHIE and flashes her eyes at him flirtatiously

ARIEL

Is that a promise, big boy?
(smile)

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

(mildly)
Be good now.

CLOSE UP ON JASON IN REAR-VIEW MIRROR

JASON

OK boss, Domain Interchange. We're here.

LOOKING PAST ARIEL TO ARCHIE IN THE BACKGROUND

ARCHIE

(leaning forward)
Ariel, any blips on the police scanner?

STILL ON ARIEL

ARIEL

Nothing. 404 file-not-found. It's been dead silent except for administrivia for the past 5 minutes.

CLOSE IN ON JULES FACE

JULES is looking out the window

JULES

(a sudden realisation)
Hey, my daddy's offices are up in that building there (points out window, up a few floors.) Lights are still on, too.

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL is facing her terminal keyboard and doesn't look up

ARIEL

(under breath)

Maybe he's polishing his secretary after hours with Mr. Sheen.

SIDE ON ON JASON

JASON turns towards the back to look at ARCHIE

JASON

We picking anything up yet, Arch?

LOOKING TOWARDS FRONT OF THE CAR FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL

(turning to ARCHIE)

And why *are* we waiting here? What does the great Archie aleph information accumulator know that we don't? Has the Domain Interchange suddenly become the Area 51 of corporate data leaks?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Remember how last week we caught a snippet of a mail exchange between a shipping company which is based in the Philippines but has an office here in Melbourne? Well, they had let slip that there was some kind of hush-hush cargo being shipped *out* of the country that they wanted a customs bypass on, coming from a firm located within a block from the Interchange, and that the final arrangements for exact stevedoring requirements would be made this evening. So, here we are.

LOOKING TOWARDS FRONT OF THE CAR FROM ARCHIE'S PERSPECTIVE

both ARIEL and JASON are looking quizzingly at ARCHIE

ARIEL

Shipping out? That's weird. Since when can you find naughty materials that you ship *out* of this country. Everything else we've ever found is inbound. This isn't going to be some kind of wacky cockatoo smuggling ring, is it?

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Sniffing smuggling information? Does that pay? Who would be interested in that kind of material on your glorified auction market?

LOOKING AT ARCHIE FROM JULES' PERSPECTIVE

ARCHIE turns to JULES

ARCHIE

For something like this, I would lay odds that our biggest single unnamed

customer is either Customs or the Feds. I bet we've helped them nab the odd drug trafficker over the months.

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Would you mind if I asked how much you guys get for doing this kind of work?

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

(spins around to glare at JULES)

Sure we mind! Would you mind if we asked how much *daddy* pays off your AMEX platinum card each month? TANSTAAFL, Juliette. "There Ain't No Such Thing As A Free Lunch" in the info-biz.

JULES

(smiling enigmatically)

Why do I get the impression that you don't like me, Ariel?

ARIEL

Ye Gods! Her perceptory acquisition faculties are actually functioning after all!

(turning to ARCHIE, trying to deflect the forthcoming argument)

Well, what's the buzz, on the ether grapevine, Arch?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

I'm getting lots of encrypted traffic. Found two wide open hotspots thus far. One seems to be someone - a guy most likely - visiting a pink-bits site.

STILL ON ARCHIE

JASON

Hey hey! Anything interesting?

ARCHIE

(grinning)

Ethereal is capturing some cute pics. I'll dump them all to disk for your later analysis Jay. Deal?

CLOSE SHOT ON ARIEL AND JASON

ARIEL

(rolling eyes. Turns to JASON)

Hello, Team Testosterone! Can we get back to the job at hand, rather than the one in hand?

JASON

(turns to face ARIEL)

You got anything better for me to gawk at, sexy?

ARIEL

In your Persian-Kitty fueled dreams, loverboy. Haven't you ever read the Communicating with Women HOWTO, Jason? Remember the section that talks about speaking to a woman's intimacy centre-of-gravity, rather than her cleavage?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Kids. I've found something a little more interesting.

CLOSE SHOT ON ARIEL AND JASON

Both JASON and ARIEL spin around to look at ARCHIE

JASON

Our ears are accepting incoming connections Arch. Shoot.

CLOSE UP OF ARCHIE.

ARCHIE

(looking down at screen. pensive)

Well, Ethereal's still pulling in data. Seems to be parts of an email. I've got shipping dates, shipping firms. Departures. Destinations. Special handling orders.

STILL ON ARCHIE

ARIEL

What kind of special handling orders?

ARCHIE

Dump from Ethereal includes phrases like: "Extremely high toxicity" and "full protective gear must be worn by crewman working with the gas cannisters". I'm curious what kind of material they're talking about.

CLOSE UP ON JASON

JASON

Whoa, toxicity? Holy cache-hit Batman! Blue Screen of Death!

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

There's more. Chemical formulae. Compound names, Volume. Aerosol dispersion rates, information on parts-by-volume for lethal doses and more. Mention of a derivative of *fentanyl*. Lemme do a check on all this stuff.
(pause)

Fentanyl is a powerful synthetic opiate. Seems like the stuff is legitimately resold as an anesthetic and pain killer in hospitals, and it's non-lethal in small doses. That's why they have the information about the lethal dose levels; it's a warning calibration. In high concentrations, this thing's a killer. It gets into the brain's opiate receptors and stops people breathing if not hit fast with an antidote called *naloxone*.

There's more. It's supposedly chemically related to that stuff that the Russian police used to douse that opera which had been hijacked by terrorists some time

back. Damn well killed a hundred people because they didn't judge the dosage right. Wonder who's ordering this stuff in such high concentration, and in such large volumes? By my calculations, each canister can put 500 people down, and they're getting 30 canisters. The secrecy implies nefarious intentions.

SIDE ON ON ARCHIE FROM THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE WINDOW TO HIS RIGHT
SHOT TAKES IN JULES IN THE BACKGROUND

ARCHIE

Another transcript dump is coming through, Seems to be a web form data post. Looks like it's going to an airline website. Let's see what we have here. Flight bookings. Destination. Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. First class. One way ticket. Departure date tomorrow morning. Two seats. Booked by one Harold Moore. For a Harold and for a Yollande.

JULES

(sits upright. Leans forward to see what ARCHIE'S laptop screen says)
Harold Moore? That's my father!!

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

(mocking)
You parental units taking a trip to the *carnivale* this year, Juliette?

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES spins around to face ARIEL

JULES

My mother's not called Yollande! My mother's called Sandra. Yollande is dad's marketing manager. Never did like that woman. Overdressed and excessively coiffured. Why are they going to Rio?

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

Well, it's a one-way ticket. Perhaps he's not planning on returning? He and your mum being doing OK lately, Juliette?

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Do you think he's running off with that tramp from marketing?

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

(sympathetically)
Well, he *is* male, Jules. I have conclusive proof that men's brains are androgen-addled, which colours all their basic motor-neuron functions and decision making processes. So, yeah, he most likely is.

CLOSE SHOT ON ARIEL AND JASON

JASON turns to look at ARIEL

JASON

Not all men are like that, Ariel. Given a chance, you'll find some men are totally loyal.

ARIEL turns to look at JASON

ARIEL

The puppy-dog syndrome, huh? Well, if you find someone nice who's also loyal Jason, send him my way.

JASON

Well I...

CLOSE SHOT ON ARCHIE AND JULES

ARCHIE

We have to figure out what to do about your dad, Jules. And quickly.

JULES

(facing ARCHIE)

He's making a mistake. Can we stop him?

ARCHIE

Give me 2 minutes to think.

(looks down at his laptop)

ARCHIE types furiously away at his laptop keyboard. Some BEEPS are heard now and then,

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Why are you so down on men, Ariel?

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

Are you really up for a frank response to your question, Juliette? Well then, I get annoyed that so many men think little of women except from a physical perspective. I am perpetually flummoxed that they race after chicks like you; you know the type, well dressed, prancing show ponies, when thinking women the world over are left waiting for attention...

CLOSE SHOT ON ARIEL AND JASON

JASON turns to look at ARIEL and interjects

JASON

I like thinking women, Ariel...

ARIEL turns to look at JASON and is slight surprised, but quickly turns to look towards the back of the car once again.

ARIEL

...but mostly, I'm miffed that *certain*

(glares at ARCHIE who's still looking down at his laptop)

men pay more attention to women like you than they...

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

OK Jules. I think we have a plan. Time to power-up and play the game.

(looks up from keyboard and turns to face JULES)

I've checked a few things out, and I'm reasonably sure it will work. Here's what I've got.

(pause. Looks down at his laptop again)

I've been able to emulate your fathers encrypted SSL connection to the airline's web-server to make it think I was him. I've changed the trip to Rio for Yollande, and input your mother's name instead. I've also changed the flights to 2 week return. I've used your father's SMTP server to send email out on his behalf to your mother, which I got from his email address book, telling her to pack her bags and meet him at the airport for the 11:30 am flight tomorrow morning. I've also sent an SMS to you mum's mobile (as listed in his address book) just in case. I've also booked in a chauffeur-driven limousine, bedecked with flowers and champagne, ready to pick her up from your house in Armadale tomorrow morning at 9:00am.

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

Groovy! My mother's never been to Rio!

ARIEL

(mocking)

Flowers? Champagne? Pffft! You're such a romantic, Archie.

ARCHIES throws a playful glare at ARIEL

ARCHIE

By using your father's carelessly brandied PGP encryption keys, I was able to authenticate an email countermanding the order to the shipping firm. I've arranged to have the neuro-toxic gas cannisters to be routed to one of the medical waste incinerators in outback New South Wales instead. Hopefully, that averts any incident your father may have had with ASIO. They don't take kindly to the illicit exporting of nasty materials like that. In short, I think he's in the clear.

CLOSE UP ON JASON

JASON

Hey, job well done Arch.

(mockingly)

Team geek saves the day again!

(pause)

I don't know about you guys, but I'm hungry. I say we go to Topolinos in Fitzroy street for some pizza and pasta. I bags the linguini marinara!

CLOSE UP ON JULES

JULES

I like your thinking, Jason! I second that mantra. I want angel-hair pasta with all the trimmings.

LOOKING AT JASON FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE

JASON starts the car, preparing to drive off

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL turns to face ARCHIE

ARIEL

That's all good guys, but might I remind you that we're walking away from this shindig with nothing to show for it?

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Who says we've not achieved something in this whole process? We've managed to help Jules' dad from making a big mistake, and maybe help save his marriage. Not to mention keep some people safe from some nasty spray and wipeout.

CLOSE UP ON ARIEL

ARIEL

Know that; I meant we lucked out on the totally feelthy lucre, you lug-head.

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE

Ah, Ariel, you little capitalist you.

CLOSE SHOT ON ARIEL AND JASON

ARIEL turns to her terminal

ARIEL

Hey, another bid spike just came through on the chat vine.

SIDE SHOT OF JASON FROM ARIEL'S PERSPECTIVE

JASON turns quickly to face ARIEL and look at her screen

JASON

What is it?

SIDE SHOT OF ARIEL FROM JASON'S PERSPECTIVE

ARIEL turns to JASON

ARIEL

Remember that terrorist cell operating out of Japan in the late 90s?

LOOKING TOWARDS ARIEL FROM JASON'S PERSPECTIVE

JULES leans forward towards the front seat where ARIEL'S sitting to get into camera shot

JULES

You mean the whole Sarin gas deal and the wacky doomsday cultists?

ARIEL spins around to face JULES

ARIEL

(impressed)

Looks like you did swallow your Saturday morning newspapers along with your Fruit Loops after all, Jules.

JULES

I noticing a trend here with all these jokes about swallowing. What gives, geekgirl? This a fetish of yours or something?

(pokes tongue out at ARIEL and laughs)

ARIEL

(joins in the laughter)

OK, OK. Point taken. Well, it looks like someone's placed an auction item on the exact location of their current laboratory!

SIDE-ON SHOT OF JASON

JASON turns to face ARIEL

JASON

That's a good pickup. What's the current top bid?

LOOKING AT ARIEL FROM THE HER LEFT . JASON IN VIEW IN THE BACKGROUND

ARIEL turns to view her terminal

ARIEL

Well, it's only just come on the market, and it's already polling at over \$1.2 million U.S.! Bids are hotting up. I suspect that Japanese intelligence will be hitting the spike curve on that one soon, and the price will *really* fly then.

JASON turns to face ARIEL

JASON

Which one of the lucky cipher-gangs is claiming credit for that find?

ARIEL

(still looking at her screen)

Lemme drill down and find out...

(pause)

It's not one of the major cipher or phreaker gangs. It's...

(pause)

...it's US!

(spinning around to face ARCHIE)

ARCHIE!??

CLOSE UP ON ARCHIE

ARCHIE looks up from his keyboard

ARCHIE

(smiling)

While doing a spot of quick research on nerve-agents such as sarin, BZ, vx and fentanyl, I recognised the purchase patterns and the delivery protocols that the

shipping firm was instructed to follow by the buyer of Jules' dad's material. I put two qubits together and came up with the only possible group who could swing that kind of deal and who could use the material, and that seems to be an Aum Shinrikyo splinter group. Anyway, if the bid spike keeps up, we may make some profit on tonight's run, afterall. All chirpy now, Ariel?

(shuts his laptop lid)

By the way, I want extra spicy salami on my pizza, and the meal's on me.

END