

HOW I UNLEASHED MAYHEM AND SAVED THE FREE WORLD

by

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BLACK

A young man's VOICE, breathless--

MAX (V.O.)

I didn't mean to cause trouble. Or
to kill anyone. And I don't think
that I did. At least, not
intentionally.

A BLUR OF MOVEMENT AND LIGHT

Flashes of neon... fast-moving cars... Chinese characters...
and then a glimpse of a

FACE. Boyishly handsome. A bad-boy glint in the eyes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO CHINATOWN STREETS - NIGHT

The face belongs to MAX KLOVIS (24). Max is wiry and
athletic, which is good because right now he is

RUNNING FOR HIS LIFE

Chased by three THUGS. Max cuts through a crowd of
tourists... LEAPS onto a fire escape and SCRAMBLES up the
side of a building like a mad monkey...

The Thugs right behind... they VAULT over the fire escape
rails... closing in as

Max parkours from the roof of the building to the next
roof... rappels down the fire escape and JUMPS to the street--

Hitting the ground as the brawniest Thug, hot on the chase,
jumps down -- THUMP! -- and grabs for Max but just misses--

And Max dives into a

CHINESE SEAFOOD RESTAURANT

Charges past startled diners, waiters, fish tank... through
the steamy kitchen... cooks SCREAMING in alarm over burning
hot stoves... and BURSTS out the back door into the

ALLEY

Where he stops short because BAM! there's a BRICK WALL in
front of him.

Freaked, Max looks right, left, nowhere to run. He spins
around--

The three Thugs advance toward him... his back's against the
brick wall, it's the worst place to be.

Max shakes his head. He doesn't want to do this but...

He faces the Thugs. He lifts his hand. He's holding a PHONE.
And suddenly--

ALL GOES BLACK

MAX (V.O.)

I'm not like this. Really. I'm a
normal guy, pretty much.

(catches his breath)

It all started with an iPhone. In a
bar. Actually. It started with the
job interview from hell...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

All grays and beige. The kind of bland decor that yawns in
your face and then goes to bed early.

SUPER: *EIGHT DAYS EARLIER.*

HOWARD COBB, pale, wire-rims, as generic as the furniture,
frowns at the resume in his hand.

Across the desk sits Max Klovis. Not like we saw him in the
opening. Now he tugs at his necktie, pushes up the too-long
sleeves of his navy blue blazer.

Cobb taps his pencil eraser on the desk. Max clears his
throat. Tries to sound upbeat.

MAX

I'm a problem solver. Creative.

COBB

We hire the top grads from UW and
Stanford. You didn't even finish--

MAX

I left to take care of my father.
He had cancer.

Cobb continues to glare at the resume.

MAX

Steve Jobs dropped out of college.
Bill Gates. Mark Zuckerberg--

COBB

They started their own companies.
You got into a good bit of trouble
for malicious hacking into--

MAX

I served my ninety days. And I
completed all my community service.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Frankly, I think the Feds should be chasing down Chinese military hacks doing cyber sabotage. I mean, as a corporation that should be your big worry.

Cobb sets the resume down, glances up. A sour little smile.

COBB

Are you currently employed?

MAX

Yes, I am. I teach a class. College extension.

COBB

Ah. I see. You teach woo... woo...

MAX

Wu shu. It's Chinese martial arts. Northern shaolin. I--

COBB

You have a black belt?

MAX

They don't have belts in gung fu. Look, Mr. Cobb. Check out my evaluations. I can do anything with computers. I'm amazing. I have skills you wouldn't believe. I dream in code--

COBB

This is a business. We dream in money.

MAX

I'll work for less money.

Cobb looks up and meets Max's gaze of desperation. He sighs.

COBB

Mr. Klovis. We have over a hundred skilled programmers at our facility in Bangalore. Thirty dollars a day. No benefits. Oh, and -- however talented -- none were arrested for hacking into the Fox News website and adding his own obscene commentary.

(stands)

We'll keep your resume on file.