

One Laptop Per Child

By

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INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - DAY

The tiny home is furnished with two small beds, a cinder-block and board desk, and a couple of chairs.

SAN, a boy no older than 12, sits in front of the ONE LAPTOP PER CHILD (OLPC) XO.

AMIGA, San's older brother, late-teens, walks in. He looks quizzically at the device.

Subtitling discretionary throughout as Amiga and San are bilingual Malawians; Chichewa and English.

AMIGA

What is that?

SAN

(smiling devilishly)

My XO, with sugar.

AMIGA

Who gave you candy? I'll have to nail you to the floor.

Amiga looks around the back of the XO, looking for wires.

SAN

No, It's the XO running sugar.

AMIGA

Where did you get that?

SAN

At school. You might get one if you go. They have one for you.

AMIGA

Move.

Amiga walks to San, smacks him on the head. San cowers, Amiga shoos him. San shoos and pulls another XO from under one of the beds and sneaks to a corner.

Amiga sits down with the XO at the desk, he examines it and pokes tentatively at the keyboard.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - DAY

Amiga sits at the desk with an XO laptop, reading technical material intently. San runs in.

AMIGA
Did you get it?

San sits on the bed, pulls out the XO and inserts a USB DRIVE.

SAN
Mr. Danda has some new Tam Tam sounds.

San plays air-bongos. Amiga impatiently waits for San to finish copying a file. San finishes copying, hands the drive to Amiga.

SAN
(laughing gittily)
Ahhh. Ahhh look... Hahaha...

San turns the screen towards his brother, there is a semi-nude woman on the screen. San points at the interesting parts.

Amiga turns and looks shocked for a moment, then disapproving, then finally chuckles and turns away.

AMIGA
Mr. Danda didn't give you that.

SAN
Nope.

Amiga gets back to reading. He seems to think about something just as we notice San's hand slide casually toward his crotch. Amiga frowns before he even looks. He stands and swipes Sans XO away.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

Amiga is inside a tiny schoolhouse alone, he is bent over an open PC case, the XO Server. Some of the desks have XO's on them. San calls from outside.

SAN
'Miga! 'Miga get out here and play football with us!

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA
(frustrated)
Play with yourself!

Amiga keeps working. San runs in from outside, winded, with a tattered SOCCER BALL in hand.

SAN
Hey don't say-

San poses as if to throw the ball at Amiga. The children call from outside. Amiga ignores him and he loses steam. He throws the ball back out to them.

SAN
You worked it out yet?

AMIGA
Maybe.

SAN
You should wait for Mr. Danda

AMIGA
He doesn't know any more than me.

SAN
You don't know more than me.

AMIGA
(cracking a smile)
Prove it.

Amiga moves so San can look in the computer. San points to a component.

SAN
You forgot to feed it.

AMIGA
Ha.

San looks more closely.

MR. DANDA walks in from outside, 50's, a stately Malawian man.

DANDA
What have you done now 'Miga?

SAN
He fought with it over Tessa.

(CONTINUED)

Amiga swats as San. San ducks it, then swats back and accidentally knocks a nearby XO off the desk onto the floor. He freezes, then darts out of the room. Danda picks up the XO checks it, it's fine. He sets it down.

AMIGA

The network card is broken.

DANDA

How do you know that?

AMIGA

It doesn't work anymore.

Danda smirks. He peers into the computer, wrinkles his nose at the contents.

DANDA

No replacements for the server.
Just the XO's, and they don't
break.

Amiga is dismayed.

DANDA

We'll see.

Amiga removes the network card deftly. He examines it.

DANDA

Going to fix that too?

AMIGA

I can do it.

Amiga places the card on a desk and turns to an XO.

AMIGA

I can make an XO work as the
interface.

DANDA

With magic?

AMIGA

With a USB cable.

DANDA

A magic USB cable?

AMIGA

(exasperated)
Yes. Magic, whatever.

DANDA

I'm sorry Amiga. I'm sure you can do it. You take what you need to make it work, okay. Just- come play football for a while, huh?

Amiga nods, somewhat consoled.

AMIGA

I'll- I'll be out in a minute.

Danda smiles, squeezes a shoulder, then walks out. From outside we hear him calling the kids for class, they resist and we hear a soccer ball - SPROING.

DANDA (O.S.)

Uhmph...

Who kicked that? -good leg.

Amiga watches Danda leave, then starts to stand. He looks down at the open PC case and instead sits at one of the XO's and begins typing.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - NOON

Danda and San are working on a pipe system which has a set of crudely bent coils connecting to a small propane tank submerged in a tub of water. This is connected to another system of several tanks, painted black to absorb heat from the sun.

Danda is referring to an XO displaying diagrams and prominently reads: PRACTICAL ABSORPTIVE REFRIGERATION

SAN

Will it work?

DANDA

If we built it right it will.

Amiga pokes his head out of the schoolhouse door.

AMIGA

Got a signal!

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - NOON

Amiga sits at a desk with an XO. An icon flashes indicating a low signal strength. He opens a command-line display on his XO and types a few commands.

Danda pokes his head in the door.

DANDA
'Miga! Could use some help.

AMIGA
Got a signal for a moment.

DANDA
How strong?

AMIGA
Got 16... no 24k out... 76 in.

DANDA
No. Really?

AMIGA
(excited)
The batch que worked. I think I got an answer on the OLPC board about the compiler, 32k is a man file.

DANDA
Man file?

AMIGA
Manual, like instructions.

DANDA
Oh, well. 'Miga my boy, you really have something. But you're still going to help me outside now. Git.

Amiga gets up, mocking soreness, Danda stomps at him and he jumps up laughing. He runs out.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - NOON

San is splashing his hands in the tub.

DANDA
San, get your hands out of there.

San jumps away. Amiga jogs down to the units single valve control.

(CONTINUED)

DANDA

Not yet! Won't work now anyway, it has to heat up.

SAN

How can something have to heat up to get cold?

AMIGA

I think it will work.

SAN

If it works I'll take a bath in ice.

DANDA

You wont- then we'd have smelly ice.

AMIGA

It'll work.

Danda and Amiga watches the apparatus as the noon sun is beats down.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Danda is still looking at the apparatus, the sun is fading. Danda walks casually from the schoolhouse. He whistles with his fingers. San and Amiga, as well as several other school age children emerge from grounds, most carrying XO's.

DANDA

Did you finish your writing assignments class? Where is Andrew?

The class acknowledges his question about the assignment in groans.

A very small boy pops out from behind a very large one, the large one sidesteps to hide him again, smiling. They sidestep several times, laughing until the little boy jumps on the large one's back and waves a hand.

DANDA

Oh hello- Well you'd better have them by morning! Or I'll take your XO!

Most of the children gasp! A few of the older ones laugh.

(CONTINUED)

DANDA

Alright then, you can go home now-
go home- go on-

Danda shoos them, but the children stare at him expectantly.

DANDA

What is this? You are staying for
another math lesson, something with
decimals, and fractions?

The younger kids boo and say no while the older kids laugh.

DANDA

Well then what do you want?

Amiga breaks ranks with the children and walks to the
apparatus. As he grips the valve the children gather round.

DANDA

Not too close children! 2 meters!
remember, meters? 2 meters or
you'll have to write an essay on
the metric system!

The children back up, still leaning in on one another.

Danda nods to Amiga, who turns the control. A loud WHOOSH is
heard as pressurized fluids and gas in the apparatus
transfer. The water in the tub at first appears to steam as
if ready to boil, but then the submerged piece of machinery
grows white with ice, the sides of the tub begin to frost
over.

The children cheer wildly.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON (LATER)

Each child has a large chunk of ice which they carry in
their hands or in a strap or in a large leaf. They depart in
various directions for their home.

Amiga waits by the schoolhouse. San stands ahead waiting for
him.

DANDA

You'd better get home 'Miga. Take
care of your brother, make sure he
eats something besides ice.

(CONTINUED)

SAN

Yeah 'Miga, let's go.

AMIGA

I was hoping to get another signal.

DANDA

You got the que set up.

AMIGA

Still like to log on to the boards
for once.

DANDA

You'll get on there 'Miga. I bet
you'll be the smartest person on
the internet. Bet you know ten
times as much as any kid your age.

Danda looks out at San, who is hopping from foot to foot in impatience. As he has their attention he melodramatically turns on a heel, and with his back turned, actively ignores them.

DANDA

Except maybe San, if he worked as
hard. Go home now. Mrs. Solique
will come all the way to my school
if she doesn't see you come home
with your brother. She has enough
to do with her own children...

Amiga is stung before Danda realizes he's been too harsh. He hesitates.

DANDA

I'm lucky to be alive here too...
You and you're brother don't have
to listen to me but... You're lucky
to be alive. Be grateful.

Amiga looks back at his brother, who is swatting at grass with a stick.

AMIGA

Thanks Mr. Danda. See you tomorrow.

DANDA

'Miga... I'm sorry... you do a good
job taking care of your brother.
You know I see that.

(CONTINUED)

Amiga smiles weakly, nods his head, and turns. As he walks past San, he takes the stick from him, breaking it and tossing it away.

SAN

'Miga!

Amiga walks forward a step. Then his head dips, he waits. His brother catches up and he stands a moment. He looks down at San's feet.

AMIGA

Your shoe's untied.

San looks down. Camera pans down to Sans shoeless feet. Amiga laughs and bolts as the camera pans up to San, smiling broadly and starting after him.

Danda looks after them as they walk, smiling and shaking his head, then turns to go into the schoolhouse.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT IN AMERICA - DAY

A digital bachelors den is sprawling with electronic components, testing hardware, multiple consoles, laptops, and pc's in various states of construction.

Will is an early thirties computer geek, young looking and awkwardly handsome, but intense in a way which is sometimes expressed as endearing wit and sometimes as discomfoting social ineptitude. For this reason he is generally a solitary person.

Will works on a GAMING CONSOLE, soldering a mod-chip and installing a new hard-drive.

A computer BEEPS. He stands and addresses one of the laptops.

We see him open an eBay sellers page and verify the sale of another console.

WILL

One up baby, thank you
MrGlasses243.

Will returns to the console, packing it together and placing it on a bench next to a box.

(CONTINUED)

He sits down at a desk with two monitors, one is open to the ONE LAPTOP PER CHILD WIKI page, a chunk of C++ code visible on the screen, one monitor displays a VIM text editor in LINUX. He begins typing quickly, in short bursts as his eyes move back, scanning the OLPC page.

The phone RINGS. Will answers.

WILL

Hello? Yes mam, this is- William.
Oh yeah, right I was just working on the compiler man. That's funny I just- Oh, well thanks, that's- I really appreciate that, you know, I just, it's a great idea really. I wanted to do the give one get one but money was a little tight. I just run emulators. When are they doing that again? Okay, right on. Okay- Hey- Look- So, do they have any, you know OLPC ... socials or get together for- Oh, Baton Rouge ... Louisiana. -it's close to New Orleans. No. Oh, that's, wow.

(laughing tensely)

No I don't think my car would make it across the Atlantic, I think. That explains the caller ID. **Long** distance huh? No No it's fine, no problem. Seriously, no problem, anytime. I'm seriously, I have all kinds of money- I mean- Oh, okay. No I was just wanting to meet some other people involved in the project. I'm probably- I'm too busy for that anyway, with work and- Oh no I don't mind. Okay. Oh wait!

(desperate)

So do you have a chat id or, well you have my phone number if ya'll need any... the boards? oh yeah- I'm on the boards all the time- Oh. SkyRibbon513 yeah I- okay, we'll I'll see- uh- write- you there. Oh no- thank you- er- you're welcome. Of course. Okay then. Bye bye.

Will holds the phone a moment as the line goes dead. He grabs a pen and begins scribbling the name on a SCRAP OF PAPER, but stops halfway through. He looks a little embarrassed before he finally hangs it up.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Right. Smooth.

Will regards himself a moment, then seems to resign. He tosses the paper away contemptuously. He reaches for a remote and clicks a play button.

A monitor comes to life, in the middle of a scene in a movie featuring a lovely young actress. The scene plays for a moment, then he clicks buttons, cycling through several clips of the same actress in different movies. He settles on one with her in a simple, country dress standing against a dramatic open plain. He clicks a last button and the screen flashes "REPEAT MODE".

He returns to the computer and resumes working on the OLPC manuals, occasionally glancing longingly towards the actress on-screen.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Amiga sits with two XO's. One for reference, the other screen displays the code he is working on. As he scrolls up and down, he reveals a very large and complex program.

He finds a line he is looking for and makes a change to it. He scrolls up and makes one more change before hitting a button which begins compiling the code, a slow progress bar creeps up towards 1%.

He stands and stretches, he walks outside.

Amiga yawns and looks up at the sky. Ruselling is heard from behind him.

AMIGA
San! If you're trying to scare me
I'll hang you upside down from the
roof again.

TESSA
You didn't really do that to San
did you?

TESSA, a late-teenage girl emerges from around the other side of the house. Amiga becomes flustered.

AMIGA
Tessa- I- I'm sorry I thought you
were San.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA

You said 'again'. You hung San from the roof?

AMIGA

No. I- just once- he was being a pest. I didn't-

TESSA

(smiling)

If I am a pest will you hang me from the roof?

AMIGA

I think you might sooner hang me from the roof.

TESSA

And don't you forget it.

AMIGA

What are you doing out here?

TESSA

I was elected to ask you if you had fixed the email.

AMIGA

(disappointed)

Oh. No- I'm working on something else. It will fix the email too though. Fix it so it wont break any more. Tell them I'm working as fast as I can.

TESSA

Maybe you are working too hard then.

AMIGA

Don't you want me to to fix the email too?

TESSA

I don't care. I just wanted to ask.

AMIGA

(a smile taking over)

Okay. Well. Can they- wait to hear the answer?

(CONTINUED)

TESSA
They will wait.

A puppy love pause.

TESSA
Want to walk?

AMIGA
Where?

TESSA
(looking around)
Around the house?

AMIGA
Okay.

They begin to walk around the tiny house, very slowly.

TESSA
So what will you do when you
graduate from school? Coming up
pretty soon.

AMIGA
Go to the city, maybe. Try to find
work.

TESSA
(nodding)
You know more than anyone about
computers.

AMIGA
No, No, I'm going to find work as a
circus performer. I can juggle and
do backflips.

TESSA
(giggling)
I would like to see that.

AMIGA
I- I can only do it... on weekends.

TESSA
Oh- Well I guess I'll come back by
on Saturday.

AMIGA
Will you?

(CONTINUED)

TESSA
If you will juggle and do backflips
for me.

AMIGA
I'll practice.

TESSA
(giggles)
Alright.

AMIGA
Want to sit?

TESSA
Alright.

They sit together on the porch of the house.

AMIGA
Do you ever think about going-
trying to-

TESSA
You want to go to America.

AMIGA
Or Europe, or Canada.

TESSA
Somewhere someone like you can make
something of themselves?

AMIGA
I guess.

TESSA
You'd be all alone.

AMIGA
Not if someone went with me. San
would.

TESSA
San would.

A difficult silence.

AMIGA
You want to stay.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA

I want to make something of myself.
I want to make something of this
place.

AMIGA

You are- You are something-

TESSA

I would like to see you make
something of this place. You can do
so much.

Another silence.

AMIGA

I don't know what I could do here.

TESSA

I can imagine.

AMIGA

I can't.

TESSA

Maybe you should try.

After a silence which is at first uncomfortable, Tessa takes Amiga's hand. Amiga is shocked, but plays cool.

A moment passes and Amiga reluctantly goes for a kiss, which to his surprise is affectionately reciprocated.

We hear snickering in the woods. Amiga pulls away and sneers.

AMIGA

San!

SAN

Kissy! Kissy! Kissy!

Amiga starts after him but Tessa holds onto his hand. She smiles at him and at San. Then she walks calmly to San and plants a big smacker of a kiss on his cheek. He wipes it away in disgust.

TESSA

Kissy, Kissy.

San runs into the house. Tessa smiles back at Amiga, who allows him to run past. Tessa takes Amiga's hand.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

Rat.

Tessa plants a smacker on Amiga. Amiga wipes it away in mock-disgust then grabs Tessa around the waist, sweeping her from her feet, she giggles.

SAN (O.S.)

Something finished! Can I use the XO now?

AMIGA

No! Wait!

Amiga turns to the house, but pulls himself back to Tessa. Tessa gives him a pass and he pulls her into the house.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME

Amiga moves San away from the computers, sitting down. He mechanically checks a few things on one XO. Then starts a program which generates a long text-output.

Amiga moves to the other XO and clicks a button, immediately the same text output is displayed on the screen. He picks the XO up, seeming to check it for connections. He walks away from the desk holding the XO, looking at the output the whole time.

AMIGA

It works.

SAN

(more exited)

It works?

AMIGA

It was the robust switch, you were right.

SAN

I know I was right! It works!

San goes skipping out of the house towards their neighbors, screaming gospel all the while.

SAN

I fixed it! I fixed the email! The email works! Amiga helped me fix it!

(CONTINUED)

TESSA
(laughing)
You fixed the email.

AMIGA
More than that. The whole networks
strong now.

TESSA
I'm proud of you.

Amiga smiles intensely.

TESSA
Does this mean you can apply for
jobs in the city now?

Amiga is taken down several notches.

AMIGA
That's not why I- I just wanted to
make it work. It's fun.

TESSA
I know, that's why you're so good
at it.

AMIGA
I'm not going anywhere today.

TESSA
No, except to my house. For dinner,
to celebrate San fixing the email.

AMIGA
Mrs. Solique isn't still mad at me?

TESSA
She's always mad at you.

Tessa laughs and takes Amiga by the hand, leading him out.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT

Will is packing up several boxes for shipping. He gathers his keys and wallet, getting ready to leave.

The phone rings. Will looks at it, annoyed. He answers it, sitting back down.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Hello. Geez, hey Harris. Been awhile. What's up man? Uh. Man. I kinda told you I wouldn't work for those guys anymore. I have to get to the post office. Yes I am, and selling more than enough to get by. You wanna hang out or something you let me know. Otherwise- Well I can't help. Can't. Don't know anything about the mesh layer. Yeah I'll do that I guess. Umm, well I only know the guys email and sometimes he's out for a long time. Knows his stuff though. Okay- No I don't want a finders fee.

(startled)

How much? Yeah I'll take that. Shut up Harris. AmigaXOSan@OLPC.org. Yeah- yeah- that's it. No idea, emails are weird sometimes, think he's Asian or something. Think his name is Amiga San. Yeah- haha- Karate Kid - I get it- Who knows. Geez, okay man. Bye.

The phone is dead again and he looks at it contemptuously.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

DANIEL RAY sits at his desk at the executive headquarters of UNISOURCE CORPORATION. Accolades and achievements hang tastefully on the walls. Daniel is a long time overachieving executive and is on point to handle a problem. He sits with a cool attentiveness.

Across from him HARRIS FOWLER hangs up the phone, leaning back in his chair he looks at an email address.

HARRIS

Best I can do.

Hands the paper to Daniel.

DANIEL

The best you can do, with a six-million dollar payroll.

HARRIS

Nobody knows this stuff. No one even knew we needed it. It's like trying to recruit someone invent

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS (cont'd)
the wheel. Someone just has to
invent it.

DANIEL
With necessity being the mother of
invention, why don't you just
invent it, out of the necessity of
keeping your bloated staff intact.

HARRIS
What am I supposed to say to that?

Harris begins to stand. Daniel hands the paper back to
Harris.

DANIEL
Contact him. Just get it done.

Daniel leaves, shaking his head at the paper.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME

San is reading an email.

San finishes reading, then turns to the door.

SAN
(shouting)
'Miga! Amiga! Get in here!

Amiga runs in, aggravated at the noise.

AMIGA
What are you shouting about?

SAN
Look at it. Is it really for us?

AMIGA
Move.

Amiga shoves San and reads

INSERT: Full frame of email text.

Dear Mr. San,

I am a representative of **Unisource Internationals1**. We are
currently **in need of outside contractors** to assist us in the
creation of a high resilience component networking
infrastructure capable of achieving high bandwidth transfer

(CONTINUED)

with ultra-low signal strength. We've been **referred to you by William Caulfield**, who indicated you have had some experience in this area. We are prepared to offer substantial compensation for any efforts which lead to the achievement of this goal. Please reply to this email as soon as possible and please include any other contact information you can provide.

Sincere Thanks, Harris Fowler, Exec. Software Engineer,
Unisource Corp. Intl.

Amiga finishes reading and turns to San.

SAN

They want the mesh code?

AMIGA

I guess.

SAN

What is substantial compensation?

AMIGA

I have no idea. More XO's probably.

SAN

That's good. Tell them you'll do it, but ask about the substantial compensations first.

AMIGA

I'll write what I want.

SAN

They said Mr. San. That's me.

AMIGA

They think we're one person.

SAN

Weird!

San sits right next to Amiga, pretending to be stuck to him, craning his neck as if it were Amiga's second head. Amiga pushes him onto the floor, laughing.

AMIGA

Not like that.

Amiga begins typing a reply email. San stands and brushes himself off.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Amiga is typing at the XO server. The screen displays C++ code.

Danda walks in.

DANDA
Amiga, go home.

AMIGA
Just a little while longer, I have to finish this function and then I can test it at home.

Danda peers at the screen, shaking his head.

DANDA
I wish I had a better memory, by the looks of this work I am an outstanding computer teacher.

I am so glad that I taught you the right way to-

Danda reads from the screen.

DANDA
include. void. try. and- catch.
Try, catch, hey. I know those two.

Amiga is amused and annoyed. Trying to concentrate on his work.

DANDA
You just like working on a bigger computer? Better for all this typing?

AMIGA
I need the servers compiler. Remote access takes too long.

DANDA
And now I wish I hadn't asked.

AMIGA
I'll go home in a minute.

DANDA
Anything I can help with?

Amiga looks up at him, mildly perplexed.

Danda turns and walks off, laughing to himself.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - NIGHT

Amiga is again home at the XO. San runs in, sweating.

SAN
Got it?

AMIGA
Not yet, go back.

SAN
Awwwww! That's six times.

AMIGA
Seven then! And goto the other side
this time. You wanted to do this
too. We have to get it like the
Unisource people want it.

Amiga never turns, San sulks back out of the house.

Amiga types furiously.

EXT. HOUSE

San is holds the XO, as he makes his way along a path behind the house, thick with vegetation.

He is at first simply tired, then becomes alert. He walks more cautiously.

AMIGA (O.S.)
(shouting)
Ready?

SAN
No.

San cowers at his own voice. He buttresses his resolve and stalks forward several steps, then dashes a few more, then freezes. He hears something crackle in the foliage.

AMIGA
(more distant)
Set?

San is clearly frightened. He looks around, hearing more noises, a groaning and snorting. He backs up, then turns, he can barely see the house in the darkness.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

San! Hurry up!

San hears a loud russeling in the bushes and turns. He hears a loud growl and freezes in terror. The bushes shake more violently as something approaches.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME

Amiga is visibly angry.

AMIGA

San!

We hear a child's most terrified shriek. Amiga instantly rushes, grabbing a MACHETE and barreling out the door.

We follow Amiga only a few steps out the door. San is sprinting back to the house, he grabs at Amiga, pulling him in the door. He pants, eyes wide with fear.

AMIGA

What? What is it? Where is your XO?

SAN

Mmm. Mo... Monster. A monster.

Amiga grunts and turns to the door with the machete cocked, San rips at his arm.

SAN

No! Stay here! Stay in here!

Amiga turns, angry. He looks into his brothers face and slowly softens at his brothers horror.

AMIGA

Okay. Where did you drop the XO?

SAN

I'll tell you tomorrow.

AMIGA

I'll go get it.

SAN

No. No. I won't tell you.

AMIGA

What is it a warthog?

(CONTINUED)

SAN
A leopard!

AMIGA
There aren't any around here.

SAN
A big one. It's a monster.

AMIGA
I was probably a hog, you're
imagining. I'll stay here though.
So you don't cry.

San is indignant.

SAN
I'm not helping you anymore.

AMIGA
Don't want your substantial
compensation?

SAN
You keep it. I don't care.

San is hurt and lays down on his bed, ignoring his brother. Amiga self-examines for a moment, realizing how harsh he has been. He begins to turn to the XO, then looks back at his brother.

AMIGA
Want to play Tam Tam?

San fights his interest.

SAN
No.

AMIGA
Don't pout.

SAN
It was a monster.

AMIGA
I believe you.

SAN
No you don't.

Amiga turns back to the XO, then changing his mind, closes it.

AMIGA

I believe you. I'm not going back
outside am I.

San turns.

SAN

We can finish tomorrow?

AMIGA

Maybe. Maybe this was a mistake.

San rolls his eyes and lays down facing the wall.

AMIGA

Goodnight San.

San mocks snoring.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - MORNING

Amiga wakes and stretches. He looks over and sees his
brother, still asleep. He looks at the XO.

Amiga picks up the machete quietly and walks out the door.

EXT. HOUSE

Amiga steps around the back of the house, trying to follow
Sans tracks from the night before. He walks down the same
trail.

Amiga sees the XO up the path, he jog to it and picks it up.
He surveys the area.

He swats the machete at the edges of the trail, then prys a
branch back. He sees blood.

He looks around following a barely discernable trail,
leading to a nearby tree. He scans up in the tree and finds
a warthog carcass hanging in the branches.

He is shaken by the image. He jogs back to the house. He
enters and San is still asleep.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME

Amiga sits on the bed, looking at his brother, still asleep, he absently opens an XO. An icon blinks, indicating email. He opens it.

INSERT: Full email message.

Mr. San,

Please inform us of your progress immediately. **Our contract specifically requires formal daily updates and what you've sent in the past week is far from sufficient. I expect you're immediate response.**

Daniel Ray, Exec. Sr. V.P. Network Development, Unisource

Amiga is disgusted by the email, he begins typing a furious response. San stirs, sitting up in bed and looking at him.

SAN

Did you even sleep?

Amiga stops, turning.

AMIGA

I just woke up, checking email.

San realizes something is wrong, he looks around, sees the second XO.

SAN

You found it.

Amiga nods.

SAN

Are you still mad at me?

AMIGA

(unfamiliar with apologies)

No. I was mean last night. I'm sorry.

SAN

(confused)

You want me to help with the mesh?

AMIGA

No. Done with it.

(CONTINUED)

SAN
You finished.

AMIGA
No, but I'm done anyway. It works
for us here.

SAN
You don't want the substantial
compensations?

AMIGA
We already have two XO's.

San smiles.

Amiga returns to the email.

SAN
Are you sending it?

AMIGA
I'll send it to William Caulfield.

SAN
The guy who wrote the manuals?

AMIGA
He can give it to them if he wants
to.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT

Will is nodding off at his terminal. A email alert beeps and
he opens it. He reads it and laughs.

He picks up his phone and dials.

WILL
Harris. You at work? No man- god-
just- Got an email from Amiga.
Amiga, AmigaXOSan, the guy you- no
he said San's his brother. I don't
know. No, I don't think so-
(laughs)
-it's something about letting a
monster loose in your big computer
castle to eat you and all the
stupid programmers who cant even
make a mesh network. Doesn't make
much sense but it- Yeah it's gotta-
Wait, maybe-

(CONTINUED)

Will moves his mouse to the paperclip attachment, he opens it. It is a massive amount of C++ code. He freezes.

WILL

Oh wait- That was something else-
Nah, he didn't send it. It was a
picture, of his house- uh- No, why
would I lie? Ask him then- Yeah
well we don't work together
anymore-

(suddenly enraged)

That is not why she-

The phone goes dead and Will is left furious. He kicks the crap out of a console system on the floor, scattering parts everywhere.

He instantly regrets his temper. His shoulders drop and he moves to gather the pieces. He looks back at the computer, code still up on the screen. He smiles faintly.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Daniel and Harris sit in the office as before.

DANIEL

(coldy frustrated)

-indelicate to say the least. So
you think he may have our code, but
he says he doesn't.

HARRIS

This is not an ideal situation, I
know.

DANIEL

Not ideal? Not at-

(catching himself)

How long have you known William?

HARRIS

For the couple of years he worked
here, then after that on and off,
mostly off.

DANIEL

Why is that?

HARRIS

How is this relevant to getting
the-

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

You don't have to worry about any of that anymore. As soon as you tell me everything you know about William Caulfield then you are free to go.

HARRIS

What? Free to go where?

DANIEL

Home, or Paris. I don't care. You'll have a generous severance. We're reorganizing. This is part of a larger process.

HARRIS

What? You can't just fire me like that!

DANIEL

We'd prefer dismissed, with full gratitude, of course.

HARRIS

I've worked here for-

DANIEL

For long enough to know that you are responsible for your contractors, and that hiring an unknown is a risk.

HARRIS

But you kne- You told me to!

DANIEL

I delegated to you, and you to Mr. San, and unfortunately that choice has led to a situation which is beyond your capacity.

HARRIS

Your capacity for crap is what's unfortunate, Danny Boy. Will would run over a puppy before he'd hand that code over to Unisource- Even- if he does- have it.

DANIEL

Yes. Tell me all about William, I don't remember much about him.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

Look. I may not have- Maybe we had some rough spots but he's a decent guy.

DANIEL

Religious?

HARRIS

Awwh ma- I'm not doing this. He probably doesn't have it anyway, it's a waste of time.

DANIEL

Harris. Consider this a required debriefing. Your severance is dependent on it.

HARRIS

You can't make me do this.

DANIEL

Such a noble friend all of the sudden. Are you sure it's worth it?

Harris' focus turns inward.

HARRIS

He was right about this place.

After a moment of intense indignation, Harris visibly resigns.

DANIEL

(smiles in mock patience)
Single?

HARRIS

(with growing guilt)
Usually.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - MID-MORNING

Will is sitting in his boxers and robe, eating cereal, watching a cartoon and chuckling.

The phone RINGS. He answers

WILL

Hellooo.

Will scowls.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Hey yourself Harris-

Will puts down the cereal and stands, taken back.

WILL
They what? Well hey at least you
got severance. No I know- Look man
I'm sorry and all but what do you-

Will waits a long moment as something is explained to him.

WILL
I don't get it. I told you I don't
have it. So they think I do?
Thanks. Thanks a lot. So what if
you tried- They still think I do?

Will begins to soften visibly to what he is hearing.

WILL
Look I really don't understand but-
I mean, thanks I- I- I'm sorry
about the job and I guess this-
Sorry man this is weird we- we- we
don't talk or-

Will waits another long moment.

WILL
Well I appreciate that. I- really.
I will. Okay man, take care.

Will hangs up the phone, confused. He tosses the unfinished cereal bowl in the sink and walks down the hall, dropping his robe on the floor.

We hear the shower faucet but we remain in the kitchen. A moment after the shower is turned on we hear a firm pounding on the door.

WILL (O.S.)
Crap!

We hear ruckus from the shower area before another round of knocks at the door.

WILL (O.S.)
No! No! No! Not yet, you're early!
Damn UPS man-

Will barrels in wearing a towel, he throws the grungy robe back on and swipes a box off a bench before whipping the door open.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
WAAAAaaaiit-

Will's scream diminishes as he stands in his doorway dumbfounded.

TINA KURTZ stands at the door examining Will. She is early 30's and undeniably attractive but a severe woman. She is professionally dressed and reserved but cannot hide a look of amusement at Will's attire and look of shock.

TINA
William Caulfield?

Will looks around, eyes still adjusting to the light.

WILL
Who are you? I'm, yes, Will. That's me. Who are you?

TINA
My name is Tina Kurtz.

Will is soaking her in finally able to see her, he is obviously smitten.

WILL
And- Oh- I'm Will. William Caulfield. Caulfield, like Holden but without- the angst- Ha.

Will offers a tentative hand. Tina shakes it enthusiastically. Will nearly pulls the hand back.

TINA
Yes, of course. I'm glad to meet you. I wondered if I could offer you lunch?

WILL
Why? I mean- yes, but, why?

TINA
I wanted to discuss the Amiga San contract with you in more detail. I have a proposition that-

WILL
You're with Unisource?

TINA
On a contract basis only. I've also volunteered on IEEE boards and I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TINA (cont'd)
even edit Wikipedia. I'm here to
talk about the Amiga San contract,
that's all.

WILL
I'm sorry. I can't- I don't work
for Unisource and I wont.

TINA
Lunch. That's all I'm asking.

Will is fighting his instinct to submit to a beautiful
woman.

WILL
I shouldn't.

TINA
It's a meal.

WILL
I-triple E- are you a programmer?

TINA
Engineer.

WILL
Are you married?

TINA
I'm saving myself for Linus
Torvalds.

Will smiles brightly.

WILL
Yeah, me too.

Will examines himself tensely,

TINA
I'll come back by in an hour to
pick you up.

WILL
Oh, yeah- okay. Thanks -er.

Tina smiles and turns to leave. Will is washed with
confusion and takes a moment before finally turning back
into his apartment and stumbling in.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - REAR

Amiga and Tessa are sitting on the back porch of the schoolhouse. Tessa swings her legs.

TESSA

San says you gave up the contract.

AMIGA

They were too bossy.

TESSA

I can be bossy too.

AMIGA

That's different.

TESSA

So do you think they will give you another contract for something, make some money here? Maybe you can live here and still get to work on big things.

AMIGA

I don't know. Maybe to work on big things you have to give up too many little things.

TESSA

Like little brothers.

AMIGA

Nah. You can have San.

TESSA

Ha Ha, he'd like that.

AMIGA

Yeah.

TESSA

Seems like you lost something though. I know the contract made you feel good.

AMIGA

I feel good, talking to you.

TESSA

You think you'll hear from them again, the Unisource?

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

Probably not. William Caulfield says he won't give them code unless I say to. I don't think he wants me to give it to them.

TESSA

Does he want the code.

AMIGA

No, he wants to just post it on the boards. To let everyone have it.

TESSA

That seems like a good idea.

AMIGA

San thinks we should keep it, in case Unisource needs it really bad so he can make them buy him a motorboat for it.

TESSA

That seems like a good idea too, except for San having a motor boat.

Amiga laughs.

AMIGA

I'll let William keep it for now, he wrote the man file for the security layer. I bet nobody can get into his files.

INT. SMALL DINER

Will sits in a booth opposite Tina. Tina has laid out her silver-ware neatly. Will struggles to mimic her layout. Will is clearly intimidated.

WILL

So. Got me, here. Right where you want me. Ha ha.

The waitress comes to the table. Saving Will from a more embarrassing recovery.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order?

(CONTINUED)

TINA

I'll have a small salad and a glass
of unsweetened iced tea.

WAITRESS

And you sir.

WILL

Oh, well, I'll get the same then.

TINA

No no, get whatever you like, I'm
picking up the tab.

WILL

Oh, well then- uh, same, except,
sweet tea please.

Will smiles in an attempt to be slick, fails utterly.

TINA

William. I'm really very curious
about-

WILL

Will

TINA

Ehem. Will. I'm curious about Amiga
San. He's a brilliant programmer,
and yet, it's hard to find out
anything about him.

WILL

Have you asked **him**?

Will laughs

TINA

He's- ignoring any emails from-
well he's hard to reach in any
case. Seems to have intermittent
internet access. Anything you could
shed light on.

WILL

I've never talked to him.

TINA

Anything you've gathered in emails,
messages?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I'm pretty sure he's not on the grid the same way-

Why am I doing this?

TINA

Excuse me?

WILL

You're- IEEE and Wiki huh-

TINA

Yes.

WILL

I guess you can't be all bad if you-

Look, whatever he wrote for ya'll, it seems like, if he'd wanted to finish it for you he would have. Maybe it's just taking awhile.

TINA

He's clearly defaulted on the contract.

WILL

How can you have a contract with a guy you've never met.

TINA

It's a complicated legal situation as well, which makes it all the more imperative that you help us locate Mr. San.

WILL

First off it's not-

Will catches himself.

It's Amiga San Ecuare, I think his their last name is Ecuare or something. I thought they, he was Asian or something, but he's from Africa.

TINA

What country.

WILL
Malawi I think? I never looked it up. I met them on the OLPC boards, he needed help with the compilers, I wrote a man file on them.

TINA
You volunteer for the OLPC?

WILL
Yeah.

TINA
(sincere)
That's, that's really cool.

WILL
Yeah right.

TINA
No really, I'd um- I've never seen an XO. I've heard all about the project of course. Do you have one?

WILL
No I run emulators. You want to see one? I mean- After the-

TINA
Sure.

WILL
Oh. uh, okay. Don't you want to find Amiga er, Mr. San?

TINA
Mr. San Ecuare, and yes, but I would like to know more about the XO, and given your connection with him I'm sure he would approve of the delay.

Tina smiles.

Will is entranced by her interest in his passion.

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT

The door opens and Will enters, scrambling to throw trash into corners, futilely covering the mess. Tina follows.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Oh god- I'm sorry, I'm thinking about moving, and- I work from home so-

TINA

No no. It's fine. Fine.

Tina looks around suspiciously at the mess.

WILL

Here, here.

Will scoots a chair over, offering it to Tina.

Will goes to his desk and types and clicks, loading a QEMU virtual machine image of the XO's operating system. Sugar comes up on the desktop in a window.

WILL

It's like this, exact same everything as the real XO. That's all I need to work. I have the code here-

Will pulls up a code file.

WILL

And I can test other compiles-

Will clicks and another QEMU window pops up.

WILL

As many Virtual XO's as I want.

TINA

That's, amazing. This whole thing is just amazing.

WILL

Trying to do- something you know.

TINA

Yeah. Hey, can I just click around? It's a strange interface.

WILL

Yeah, yeah. Go ahead. I can teach you how to load it on just about any machine.

(CONTINUED)

TINA

Really? Well here, can I run it on this?

TINA reaches in a large, very professional armbag and pulls out a thin, stylish laptop. Will is visibly disgusted, but takes it.

TINA

You really are anti-establishment aren't you?

Will examining the device top to bottom.

WILL

Only when the establishment builds popsicles like this piece of crap to sell to junior high morons.

Tina is affronted

WILL

Not you, you were probably issued this or something.

TINA

I bought that, it's mine.

WILL

Oh, well, you know their actually not so bad if you pop a couple of RAM sticks in. I have some extra if you want I can upgrade it for you-

TINA

You don't have to. I know those are really expensive.

WILL

No problem. I buy a ton of them to put in the boxes I sell. I always have extra.

TINA

No really.

WILL

It's fine, look, tons-

Will exposes a bin full of individually wrapped SO-DIMM chips. He moves to a workbench and opens the bottom of the laptop, inserting the extra RAM.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
You know I didn't mean- I just say
things sometimes.

Tina is focused on the screen, which is obscured from Wills
view.

TINA
It's perfectly alright.

Tina looks up and smiles.

Will closes the case and boots the machine. He logs onto his
server and downloads several packages.

WILL
I can just download them from my
network. Got it set up so I can
just, connect right in- See.

Will loads a VNC screen, a window that mirror the screen on
the computer Tina is sitting at. He sees that Tina has
closed Sugar and is forwarding emails from his account.

WILL
What are you doing?

Tina looks up, then stands.

TINA
I'm sorry Will.

WILL
What did you just do?

Will runs to the computer, Tina stands away, he sees what
she's done.

WILL
You forwarded Amiga's code to
yourself.

TINA
They just need to find out if it
works or not. They're not stealing
it. If they use it they'll pay
Amiga and you for helping find him.
You cannot just hold proper-.

WILL
I cannot just- you freaking stole-
What?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (cont'd)

Just go. I'm not helping you do anything. You're just a Unisource goon in a pretty- I'm just a sucker.

Will opens the door and stands, furiously.

TINA

Will, look I was being sincere when I said-

WILL

Are you serious? Just go!

Tina turns, pauses, then leaves.

Will rages without motion for a moment, then turns as if to kick his computer. He freezes in mid-swing, still shaking. He stamps his feet instead.

He stalks to the television and turns on the montage of the familiar actress. He relaxes as he watches her for a moment. Then clicks it off.

He goes to the phone, picks it up and dials a number.

INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT - EVENING

A roomy apartment. Nicely furnished.

The door KNOCKS, we follow someone to the door. It opens, revealing Will. Pan back to reveal Harris.

HARRIS

Will, hey man. Come on it.

The two shake hands tenuously. Will enters.

HARRIS

I'm glad you called.

WILL

I'm sorry you got let go.

HARRIS

Dismissed. Whatever that means.

WILL

I uh, look-

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

No. Will. I have to say man. I've been a dick to you.

Will is stunned

WILL

Really?

HARRIS

Come on.

WILL

No I mean, just- I couldn't ever see you saying-

HARRIS

Apologizing? Not usually my style I know.

WILL

That's cool man, I appreciate that, I do. I know I could have been more-

HARRIS

'nuf said man. Want a beer?

WILL

Sure.

HARRIS

So tell me about this chick they sent over. I gotta hand it to you, you know you're moving up in the world when big business is sending beautiful women to spy on you and steal your emails.

WILL

It wasn't like that.

HARRIS

Why didn't you just call the police?

WILL

She said she was sorry, I don't know. What am I gonna tell them. A girl took me out to lunch and stole my email?

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

Too forgiving. You've always
thought too much of women Will,
that's what got you into trouble
with-

Will halts him with a sharp glance.

HARRIS

Sorry man, that was out of line.

WILL

I know I do.

HARRIS

Familiarity breeds contempt. You
just have to meet more women.

WILL

You're an unholy massagonist.

HARRIS

I am not unholy.

Will begins to laugh and truly loosen up.

HARRIS

Hey man, let me show you something.
Remember those picoITX boards I was
collecting?

WILL

Yeah...

Harris begins leading Will down a hallway.

HARRIS

Worlds first Hi-efficiency
Clustered Desktop my friend.
2.8Tflops, 20 nodes, runs on less
than 500Watts.

WILL

Holy Crap!

INT. ANOTHER APARTMENT - EVENING (LATER)

Will is sprawled on the couch, eyes fixed on a TV screen.
Harris is playing a modded console game, Halo 2 with
Kiltrocity Mappack or something similar.

Will shakes his head clear, begins to stand.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
I better head on man.

Harris pauses game.

HARRIS
Okay man, sorry if I was boring
you.

WILL
No no, no. I'm glad I came by. We,
I shouldn't have ever let.

HARRIS
(mocking)
Awwwww. We're friends.

WILL
(laughing)
Jerk.

HARRIS
Alright man, I'll pick you up on
Wednesday, LAN-party biotch.

INT. WILLS CAR - NIGHT

Will is driving home. At a red light a woman in a car notices him and he smiles and nods. She waves as the car turns. Will is pleased with himself.

EXT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT

Will gets out of his car. He flips his keys and stares at them as he walks to his apartment door. He nearly trips over Tina, who is sitting straight backed in a chair, reading. She rises as he notices her.

WILL
Are you serious? Are you for real?
Get off my-

TINA
Stop! Before you say anything else-
Here. This is all I came here for,
take this, and I'll leave.

Tina hands him an envelope.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

This has been a weird day already.
I'm going to have to hold off on
opening strange envelopes for now.

TINA

It's a cashiers check for \$10,000
from Unisource. It's a consulting
fee for lunch today, no strings
attached. I just wanted to give it
to you in person.

WILL

Ten-thousa- ten-th-

TINA

They can offer you a great deal
more if you're willing to help,
there is a phone number in the
envelope.

I am very sorry for this afternoon.
I'm just trying to make sure you
are compensated.

WILL

So I guess Amiga's code works.

TINA

Just call Will, you should. They'll
work around your schedule and your
terms. Consider taking a trip to
Africa. You deserve it.

WILL

What?

TINA

Just think about it.

Tina leaves, Will stares in detachment as she gets into her
car and drives off.

Will turns the door handle, it is locked. He pats himself
for his keys and finds none. He looks at his car, dashes to
it and trys the handle - locked. He looks in the window and
sees his keys in the ignition.

WILL

Again!

Will stomps for a second, then reaches in his pocket for his
phone, he pulls out the check and the phone. He looks at the
check, shrugs, and dials information.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Can you get me the number for a
locksmith?

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Tina stands before Daniels desk.

DANIEL

Mrs. Kurts I want you to know your
services have been invaluable. I
can only hope our agreement is
satisfactory.

TINA

Thank you sir. It has been.

There is a pause as if neither is sure what they are waiting
for.

TINA

May I count on your referral?

DANIEL

Mrs. Kurts I am still in great need
of your services. I am perfectly
willing to pay your full rates for
as long as long as this project is
in active.

TINA

I'm not sure I can help you sir.

DANIEL

This is a very important endeavor I
assure you. Much in line with your
personal goals in communications
development, and Mr. Caulfield's
though he chooses not to see it.

TINA

That's why I can't help you. Money
wont change his mind.

DANIEL

I would like you to influence his
choice. If I offered to double your
rates would that influence yours?

TINA

He's not going to help.

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL

He will if he believes it is Amiga who needs his help.

TINA

How am I supposed to make him believe that?

DANIEL

By showing him it is the truth. We are a large company, what we are offering is generous. Amiga, San, whoever this person is, they are entitled to a great deal of wealth and it would be inconsistent with an ethic of free-information to deny them knowledge of their rightful fortune.

TINA

I don't think he'll buy any of that.

DANIEL

I have every confidence in your powers of persuasion.

Tina considers the idea, though she is somewhat disgusted at Daniel for presenting it.

TINA

Triple, and signing and closing bonuses, also tripled.

DANIEL

Done. You could have asked for twice that.

TINA

Done.

DANIEL

Ye- Excuse me?

TINA

I'm asking for twice that. Six times everything. We don't have a renewal yet. I can still walk.

DANIEL

You are an elegant woman Mrs. Kurts.

(CONTINUED)

TINA
I'll need a jet and a pilot.

DANIEL
Your's.

TINA
Visas?

DANIEL
Unisource will handle everything.

TINA
Fine. Two weeks, minimum.

DANIEL
Unacceptable, you have three days
to return with Mr. San.

TINA
One week.

DANIEL
Five days.

TINA
Five. Going to tell me what I could
asked for?

DANIEL
Not until we sign a contract.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Will walks up to the door, carrying a shuttle computer case. He knocks on the door. Harris lets him in. Inside the house are ANDY, RANDAL and DAN, all early thirties white-collar males. They are arranged haphazardly around the living-room playing PC games.

HARRIS
What's up Willard. Oh nice case.

WILL
Thanks.

HARRIS
For a girl!

Harris points to his case sitting on a table, heavily modded and painted with a 'Beast Master' logo or the like.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

Will- Dan, Randal, Andy... Dandal,
Wandy, Ranne... Will, etcetera.

The three wave without looking.

HARRIS

Grab some real estate and a jack.

Will goes about setting his computer up in a corner.

WILL

Can I borrow a monitor?

HARRIS

I gotcha.

Harris produces a very small LCD monitor.

HARRIS

It's handi-capable.

The group laughs.

WILL

Alright, alright. At least that
will even things out.

The group hems and haws.

RANDAL

Hey Will, check out my screen-name.

Will squints at the screen, then scowls furiously.

WILL

That's not funny.

DAN

What? Open Source Sucks, that is
funny, it usually does.

WILL

(uncommonly upset)

You're playing an open-source game
you shmuck. What is your problem?
It's free, your a freaki-

HARRIS

Easy man, easy.

RANDAL
I'm just yankin' your chain man.

WILL
I know you are- but this guy.

DAN
What's the big deal? Nobody opens
source code unless it's too crappy
to sell.

Randal and Harris take a deep breath together. Dan looks at them for a moment but they shake their heads. Will steams like a kettle.

WILL
Would you buy a car if the hood was
welded shut? You can't see how it
runs! The best code is open! You
close your code because it's
freaking garbage, you freakin-

HARRIS
That's enough. Dan, he's right,
more or less. And you're a shmuck
anyway.

RANDALL
Plus I'll kill you if you talk
smack about Linux in my house.

DAN
But you're the one that put-

RANDALL
-Ahhp! I know Open Source rules,
that's why I can say it sucks. Plus
it's my house and I'm not a shmuck.

Randall puts a fist out and Will daps it, smiling at his brief moment of coolness.

RANDALL
Now prepare to die repeatedly
biotches.

INT. HOUSE - EVENING (LATER)

The five men look tired and have accumulated several piles of snack and drink leavings. They are heavily engaged in a first-person shooter, the round comes to an end and they all hoot and boo according to their rank.

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

Sweet! Punks! Ya'll are my gimps!
You're a gimp, you are, and you!

RANDAL

Suck it!

ANDY

Most head-shots, again.

DAN

Best accuracy.

ANDY

BS, look. 97%

DAN

Loo- damn.

ANDY

92 dumbass, that's why too, you
need new glasses.

DAN

I need new bourbon.

WILL

I'll get it man.

Will gets up and moves to the kitchen. Andy and Dan begin a head to head game while Randal and Harris move to the kitchen too.

HARRIS

Dude, tell Randal about the
Unisource chick.

WILL

No man. It's complicated.

HARRIS

You talked to her again?

WILL

Yeah, well, she was waiting for me
at my apartment when I got home the
other day.

RANDAL

What?

(CONTINUED)

HARRIS

Dude. No way.

WILL

It's not like that, it's all about Unisource. Your old project, mesh stuff.

HARRIS

No lie. Is she my replacement?

WILL

No. No. I don't know what she is.

RANDAL

Is she hot?

WILL

Yeah.

RANDAL

Then that's what she is. Shoulda said that first.

WILL

She just wants to hire me as a consultant for Unisource, she told me to consider going to Africa to actually meet this guy from OLPC.

HARRIS

(overly sympathetic)

Wow, I'm really sorry I got you wrapped up in all this man.

WILL

It's not your fault. I mean, you got fired.

HARRIS

Yeah, here's the thing- that there, was one of the many subtleties in life you tend to miss. I was joking, I'm not sorry I got you into this, I'm not sorry some hottie wants to give you money to go to Africa so she can get dressed up in a jungle Jane outfit and give you the nookie you so richly deserve. You are out of your mind my man. How much are they offering you?

Harris pours a shot and throws it back.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

She gave me a cashiers check for
10,000 just for lunch the other
day.

Harris spits his drink up nastily.

He blinks at Will for a beat. Then slaps him hard across the
face.

WILL

Damn! Asshole! It's his code. He
shouldn't have to-

HARRIS

Meah meah maw maw maw mae meh mah.
Bullshit!

RANDALL

Dude. I'm all about open-source
too, but it's not your code! Why
don't you just let them pay you for
it?

HARRIS

The woman wants to take you to
Africa! Af-fri-ka! A-Freak-A!

Harris vocalizes the traditional porn whaka-chicka
whacka-chicka groove.

WILL

Come on man.

RANDAL

Afraid she'll break your heart?

Will and Harris eye each other for a second, then break eye
contact, unresolved. Will is clearly being persuaded.

HARRIS

A-Freak-A

RANDAL

10-freaking-grand, for lunch. Dude.
I love you and all, but if you
don't take this consulting job, I
have to murder you.

WILL

(smiles, nods to the game
room)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (cont'd)
Murder, is that different from
frag? Because you've had trouble
with that all night.

They laugh. Will is clearly having new thoughts about the project.

HARRIS
Seriously though. If you don't go -
I'll kill you too. For your own
good.

Randal sizes Will up, head to toe, he rubs his chin.

RANDAL
For your own good, yeah, tough
love. You know what? Get out of my
house- with your crappy little girl
case- 10 G's? Don't come back to
this house until you're ready to
represent. Get your ass to Africa,
bring me back a baby tiger- and get
something pierced. 10 Grand- and a
chick named Tina- Get out! Don't
come back 'till you're a man!

Randal mumbles like a grumpy old man as he lightly shoves Will out towards the door.

RANDAL
My butler will see you out.

Randal ceremoniously sets himself back up to play another round. Will is taken back, but still in good humor.

HARRIS
You heard the man. Go to Africa.
Get some. Anyway how many of those
XO's can you donate for another
10G's?

Harris walks Will to the door. Will stands just outside the door.

RANDALL
Go!

Will shakes his head in pleasant disbelief.

HARRIS
This is tough love brother.

Harris closes the door in Will's face.

(CONTINUED)

Will bangs on the door.

WILL

What about my computer?

HARRIS (O.S.)

You won't need it in Africa.

RANDAL (O.S.)

Get the hell off my lawn you damn kids!

Will turns around and looks out into the street and up into the sky. He can still hear the noises of the gamers inside but we hear other noises encroaching. Wind, crickets, birds, calls of far off animals.

Will steps forward, forgetting the porch step. He nearly misses, but catches himself. His phone pops out of his pocket from the sudden move, but he catches it in midair. He stands, sighs, clearly pleased and surprised by his dexterity. He looks at the phone as he walks, he flips it open.

INT. SMALL AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Will stands alone with one large bag and a booksak. He notices someone, he does his best to look unconcerned and aloof. Tina arrives, carrying only 2 small bags.

TINA

Mr. Caulfield. I'm so glad you came.

WILL

Will. Thought I wouldn't show?

TINA

No. I was only surprised at your-
You seemed so adamant and then,
when you called last night-

WILL

I decided I'd let Unisource pay me
to go on vacation. I deserve it.

TINA

Right, well. Even so, this isn't a
vacation.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
My terms right? We'll call it a
vacation.

TINA
Okay then. As long as we find Amiga
and San.

WILL
I want 1,000,000 dollars when we
find him.

TINA
You'll receive 50,000 when we find
him and 50,000 when he agrees to
sell exclusive copyrights to
Unisource. That's what we agreed
on.

WILL
You mean if.

TINA
That is what we agreed?

WILL
Just thought I'd give it another
try. Either way we're fry- flying
first class right?

TINA
It's a private jet.

Will hides his childlike glee poorly.

WILL
That'll be fine. Probably- if it's
got a- couple of- Where is it?

Tina is clearly not fooled or pleased by Will's
mock-machismo. She sighs, concealing displeasure with
professionalism, and leads Will off.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

Danda and Amiga sit at an XO and the XO server.

DANDA
You are certain they meant to come
here?

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

Yes. It was from William Caulfield. He said Unisource would pay us just to come talk.

DANDA

Pay you how much?

AMIGA

I don't know. I asked if it was enough for a new well and he said he thought so.

DANDA

A new well? Amiga, that's incredible. When will they come?

AMIGA

I don't know, soon. He said they will fly here.

DANDA

Do they have more work for you?

AMIGA

I guess. I would work with William.

DANDA

He is still American.

AMIGA

So? He knows the kernel, and tcp/ip, he helps. He doesn't ask me to work too fast.

DANDA

I only mean, if he comes with Unisource. He may have to work too fast too.

AMIGA

Maybe we can start our own company. William says he has a company that makes computers. San and I can make software for them.

DANDA

You would be very rich then.

AMIGA

I would buy a thousand wells, and roads, and a giant ten story schoolhouse with a radio tower and a T1 connection.

(CONTINUED)

DANDA
(laughing)
Could I still teach?

AMIGA
You would be the head teacher.

DANDA
Thank you, and there would have to
be a great auditorium so you can
give speeches when you come to
visit us.

AMIGA
What? No, I just come and take
classes.

DANDA
Amiga. You think you are my
student?

AMIGA
I am, sometimes.

As they speak, we pan back to reveal Tessa hiding in the doorway behind them. She listens quietly.

DANDA
You have not been my student since
you got your XO. You may buy us a
giant schoolhouse, but I imagine
you will not spend much more time
in any schoolhouse, at least not
one like this.

AMIGA
You think that just because
Unisource is coming to talk to me?
They do this all the time. They can
fly around anywhere and talk to
anyone.

DANDA
Yes they can, but they do not often
come to places like this, and
certainly not without good reason.
You have a gift, you and San
understand these little beeps and
clicks. Better than the people who
make them. You'll go to college, or
to teach college, or to make great
computer systems. Who knows.

Tessa squints at the truth of what she hears.

(CONTINUED)

DANDA

I do know that when these people come here, you will leave in some way. You will see that they have made things you know how to use. And they will see how brilliantly you use what they have made.

I know you will learn from them. I only hope they are smart enough to learn from you.

AMIGA

I will not go anywhere. This is my home- San and- Mrs. Solique is here.

DANDA

Tessa is here.

Tessa reacts subtly, but realizes the meaning was abstract.

AMIGA

Yes. She would not go.

DANDA

No?

AMIGA

She- Tessa is- I don't want to talk about Tessa.

Tessa looks hurt, but understanding. She backs away quietly.

DANDA

She has eyes, she knows that you are meant for great things. Amiga you have a chance to go places most people cannot even dream of. You are a genius, you were meant too-

AMIGA

(bursting)

No I was not! I was meant to be here! You think I am so smart! It's just because you can't do these things, you want someone to go prove something for you! I don't want to.

DANDA

Amiga, I didn't mean to. If you don't want to go. No one will make you.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

I don't want to go!

DANDA

Why are you so angry?

DANDA

It's San- it's- he deserves- and he wouldn't go alone.

DANDA

San? San wants to go?

AMIGA

He has talked about it. Going to other places. I- I don't know what to tell him.

DANDA

You want to stay for Te- You want to stay, but for San, you would go?

AMIGA

He could do great things.

DANDA

Yes. He could, and it must be difficult to think about.

AMIGA

Yes.

DANDA

He would miss home if he left, even if you were with him. Maybe you will have to buy a couple of jet-packs so you can come home whenever you like.

AMIGA

I would rather not give San a jet-pack.

DANDA

Wise. Very wise. But there are other things besides jet-packs. Rocket ships, helicopters, tele-porters. You have options.

Amiga smiles at Danda considerately.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

Thanks Mr. Danda. I shouldn't have yelled.

DANDA

Maybe I shouldn't have pried.

AMIGA

It's better that-

DANDA

Amiga. You know something- I never worry about you. That's a big thing.

Amiga shakes his head.

DANDA

Now. You head on home- you don't have a teleporter yet. I don't worry about you, but whenever San is unsupervised, I worry.

AMIGA

San can take care of himself pretty well.

DANDA

Oh I know that. I worry about everyone else.

EXT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - DAY

Amiga arrives home and sees there is a very rugged civilian class SUV parked near his house. He is cautious. He hears tromping FOOTSTEPS around the house.

San bounds into view looking elated, he spots Amiga and puts a finger to his mouth to indicate silence and motions him to duck down. Amiga is skeptical but someone else emerges from behind the house, causing Amiga to duck in time.

Will and Tina come into view, breathless.

San flails his arms as he pontificates in an intentionally distorted form of his language.

SAN

Three more laps around the house!
If you beat me this time I will show you where the great Amiga's castle is.

(CONTINUED)

Tina hears the name Amiga and cranes her neck in frustration.

TINA

He probably doesn't even know what he's talking about. He just keeps saying Amiga every once in awhile to keep us going.

WILL

I think I've seen this episode. It always turns out that the first indian you meet turns out to be the village idiot.

San turns with sudden ire. Amiga snickers. Will and Tina are startled, but they recognize Sans anger as a response to Wills comment.

WILL

Or they speak English and they're just messing with you. It's always one of those two.

TINA

What the hell is going on, who's there?

Tina calls to the bushes. Amiga emerges, hesitant but still amused. Amiga speaks in English.

AMIGA

San. What are you doing?

SAN

You gave it away!

WILL

Ha!

AMIGA

Who are these people?

WILL

(to Tina)

I knew he spoke English, told you.

TINA

So it seems. Look, we're-

SAN

These are Unisource People.

(CONTINUED)

TINA
(to Amiga)
Are you Amiga San?

Will laughs at Tina's mistake before catching San's implication.

WILL
Wait now, I'm not Unisource people.

TINA
You are today.

WILL
That's not the deal.

TINA
It doesn't matter, look. Are you Amiga San?

Amiga shrugs at San.

SAN
I'm San.

Tina looks back at San in annoyance.

TINA
Pretty sure I heard you say you were 'President San' awhile ago.

SAN
El Presidente San, and Super San.

WILL
Enough. I'm Willian Caulfield, anybody here post on the OLPC boards?

Everyone stops. Amiga and San walk up to Will

AMIGA
Hey Will. I'm Amiga

SAN
I'm San.

They beam at him, an unrestrained smile creeps onto his face.

WILL
What's up fella's?
(to Tina)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (cont'd)
Hey, we found 'em.
(back to boys)
So how's the Tam Tam tournament
plugin coming?

SAN
Aww! I made it so you can keep
scores on the XO Server and I got a
new bass guitar sound.

WILL
Wicked! You got it setup here
anywhere?

SAN
Yeah.

Amiga pulls out a USB DRIVE and hands it to Will.

AMIGA
I put the new kernel on here too,
compiled it on the server last
night. Better RAM access for audio.

Will laughs too loudly.

WILL
Awesome! Dang, 16 Megs, old school.
Here, you can take these. Got about
50 at home.

Will produces two more USB DRIVES and drops them in Amiga's
hand. Amiga hands one to San, both somewhat in awe.

SAN
8 Gigs.

AMIGA
These must be worth a lot.

Will remains oblivious a moment longer before recognizing
the income disparity.

WILL
Nah, they're just- oh. Well. It's
ah- It's like a bonus, from, OLPC.
For you guys-

Tina examines Will with disapproval.

TINA
Right. And Unisource.

Will examines Tina with disapproval.

WILL
No. Those are-

TINA
(stern urgency)
That's why we're here, we're here
about the code.

WILL
Yeah, and, this is Tina Kurts, from
Unisource. She's really interested
in the code for the Tam Tam game.
Let's check it out.

San leaps and rushes into the house. Amiga follows quickly
and Will begins, but Tina grabs him by the sleeve.

TINA
That's not why we're here.

WILL
Right now it is.

TINA
You're supposed to help-

WILL
Shut up. Just come inside and check
out this game they made. They're
freaking kids!

TINA
Yes but we are not.

WILL
Well I am. The adults can wait
outside.

Will slips inside the door. Tina looks indignant and
follows.

INT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - DAY

Tina surveys the room. Amiga and San sit with their XO's
tapping at the pressure pads, tiny drum and bass sounds
create a pleasant jazz groove. Will is delighted.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Check it out. It's networked so they can, how many?

SAN

Four now, sixteen when I finish the routing code.

WILL

He's 13, that's crazy right?

TINA

Amiga, San. Do I have that right?

AMIGA

Is that your girlfriend?

WILL

Uh, no.

TINA

Definitely not. We're here on business.

WILL

Thanks. Yeah. Uh-

AMIGA

What business?

TINA

Well that's very complicated and, well- Where are your parents.

San and Amiga stop playing and put the XO's down.

AMIGA

I'm 17 now. San is my brother. I take care of him.

SAN

I take care of him.

San looks smug.

WILL

You two live by yourselves? For how long?

SAN

Mrs. Solique was our guardian, then when 'Miga got 17, he's mine. He helps at the school now.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

When did you're parents-

AMIGA

Long time ago.

TINA

I see. Then, Amiga, San. Would like to come back to the United States with us and let us show you what we plan to do with your code?

WILL

Wait just a minute now! We haven't even had a chance to-

TINA

Do you want your commission or not?

Will is frozen, unsure if Amiga and San know what she is implying.

WILL

Fine. I'm out then. I won't accept the commission either way. I'll refund Unisource everything. Uh, except expenses and stuff.

TINA

Will, just think for a minute.

AMIGA

You are his girlfriend aren't you.

A record scratches in Tina's eyes.

TINA

Okay then. Have it your way, but we came here to talk about the networking code. Amiga, the code you sent to William. You remember it?

AMIGA

Of course.

SAN

And I remember it, because it's mostly mine.

Amiga shakes his head.

TINA

Unisource would like you to grant exclusive rights to us for that code.

WILL

That means OLPC can't use it.

TINA

No! No. No it doesn't. It doesn't mean that at all.

WILL

It means they have to pay.

TINA

No, they- look Amiga, San. This is a delicate matter and may take some time to explain. We would like you to come with us so we can show you what Unisource can do, I assure you you'll be impressed.

Amiga and San look at Will.

SAN

Can we stay with Will?

WILL

Uh, I. I don't know. Uh.

TINA

Unisource will provide your accommodations.

AMIGA

Can he stay with us?

TINA

I'm, not- Will is not, on-board. I mean.

Will suddenly takes advantage.

WILL

I can stay with you if you say that's what you want. They need your code. They'll do what you say. If you say you want a big hotel suite with 4 rooms and a jacuzzi they'll do it.

Tina rolls her head in defeat.

(CONTINUED)

TINA

This was a such an incredibly bad idea.

WILL

Want to play Xbox on a movie screen?

Tina grabs Will by the ear and pulls him outside. Will protests loudly.

TINA

Excuse me boys.

Amiga and San eye one another, then share a laugh as they go to eaves drop.

EXT. ONE ROOM DIRT FLOOR HOME - DAY

Will has freed himself and is backing away from her, a little fearful.

TINA

I didn't bring you here to sabotage this.

WILL

You started it.

TINA

Quit being a child, this is business.

WILL

This is- You're trying to-

TINA

Trying to what? Pay these kids for their brilliant work? Give them the means to go to college, probably end up running Unisource one day.

WILL

Or start their own and run Unisource out of business.

TINA

Whatever, but they'll need some serious startup capital.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

What?

TINA

Come on Will? You're some kind of computer genius and you think these kids can start a business from-right here? Think!

Will slowly realizes his zeal has blinded him.

WILL

I just-

Will remains frozen as Amiga and San make their way out the door, somewhat casually, having heard the whole conversation. They sit down on the porch. Tina is still, unsure if she has offended.

AMIGA

Will started a business right?

WILL

(hesitating)

More or less.

AMIGA

What if we started a business with you?

WILL

(smiles)

I- well. That would be cool. You write some pretty clean code man.

SAN

You don't know what's his code and what's mine. Mine's cleaner.

AMIGA

That's actually true, because he writes less of it.

SAN

What's a jacuzzi?

Will looks at Tina, with some satisfaction, then back at the boys.

WILL

Ya'll want to see the states?

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

San can't miss school.

San boos and howls.

AMIGA

Just kidding. I'm a teachers assistant now, I can make a student do his homework even in America.

San pouts.

WILL

Well that is a trick.

Tina has found some relief in the agreement.

TINA

So we'll get everything ready enroute to the airfield. Will can help you pack.

AMIGA

No, I have to- Umm. Mr. Danda, and-

Amiga looks at San, San looks back knowingly.

AMIGA

Mrs. Solique. I'll tell them we're leaving for- how long?

TINA

As long as you want really. But, you can come back anytime too. We'll take care of everything. You can fly back tomorrow if you like. I just need you to meet with someone very soon. You'll be well compensated for your time. Please hurry.

Amiga is nonplussed by her urgency.

AMIGA

I'm going. I'll be back soon. Or when I get back. San will pack our things.

Amiga gives San a quick stern look but San simply smiles and nods, Amiga is pleased, he turns and walks off.

TINA
Amiga. Mr. Ecuare-

Amiga ignores her.

WILL
You just got told-off, very
politely. You should be grateful
for that much.

SAN
It's his girlfriend, she's fussy
too sometimes.

Will chokes a laugh. San goes inside to pack. Will goes to
Tina.

WILL
I guess bullying kids around is
part of earning your commission?

Tina's eyes widen, without warning she give him a light
slap, then recoils, realizing she has gone too far.

TINA
I'm sorry- I'm sorry that was,
that's was out of line. I'm under a
lot of pressure. You've been less
than cooperative, but that was too
far.

WILL
Well, do I get an- an unslap or
something? Owwww.

TINA
Sissy. What's an unslap supposed to
be?

WILL
I don't know, a kiss?

Tina's fights a smile, her eyes say 'you wish', she walks
towards the vehicle. Will turns awkwardly, San is in the
doorway with a weird smirk.

SAN
I don't ever want an American
girlfriend.

WILL
No you don't.

EXT. MRS. SOLIQUE'S HOUSE - DAY

Amiga steps cautiously towards the house, trying to see if anyone is there. He walks around the side and sees no one. He moves to a window and looks in, the interior is obscured but we see from his reaction that he has seen something he didn't intend to. A strong adult female voice calls out.

VOICE (O.S.)

Amiga! You peeper! I told you if I ever- Amiga!

Amiga breaks into a run away from the house, as he turns he runs smack into Tessa, carrying a few baskets of food. They are both knocked down, baskets and contents everywhere.

AMIGA

Tess- a- I. I'm sorry I was-

VOICE (O.S.)

Amiga!

Amiga turns to the house. Tessa smiles wryly, but she is trying to be stern.

TESSA

(calling)

It's okay Mrs. Solique, I'll scold him.

A door slams and the voice grumbles.

AMIGA

I didn't mean to see- I uh-

Tessa is fighting to remain stern.

TESSA

I imagine you're sorry.

AMIGA

I am.

TESSA

Well then, I guess you should be going.

AMIGA

Tessa. Tessa, I have to tell you.

TESSA

You can tell me when you get back. If you come back.

(CONTINUED)

Amiga is taken by surprise. Tessa looks knowingly.

TESSA

I saw a fancy truck by your house and San prancing around with some white people in tow. Thought it meant you were going to take a trip. Or I had lost my mind. You could have told me sooner.

AMIGA

I didn't know how to tell you.

TESSA

And you know now? You came here to tell me now?

AMIGA

Tessa.

TESSA

Don't Tessa me. You're going to get rich somewhere aren't you. Buy a big company and live in a big house.

AMIGA

I can come back tomorrow, they said I could.

TESSA

What if tomorrow you don't want to.

AMIGA

Then I'll be back the next day.

TESSA

What if that day becomes next year.

AMIGA

I couldn't stay, that long. I wouldn't know-

TESSA

What if San wants to stay?

AMIGA

Then he can stay when he is 17.

Tessa pauses, considering.

(CONTINUED)

TESSA
You would make him wait, here?

AMIGA
Yes.

TESSA
That is very selfish of you.

Amiga is unsure.

AMIGA
But I thought you'd-

TESSA
It's selfish of me to ask you to
stay, when you want to go.

AMIGA
I'll come back! Tomorrow! I
promise.

TESSA
Don't promise me that. Just
promise-

Tessa chokes up suddenly.

TESSA
Just promise that if you don't come
back- you won't send me an email,
you just stay away. Don't come
back, if you don't want to.

Amiga moves to her, she shucks him off.

AMIGA
I will come back.

TESSA
Don't say that.

AMIGA
I will say it because I will. If it
is selfish of you to ask me to
stay, and it is selfish of me to
stay when San wants to go. Then why
isn't it selfish of San to-

TESSA
Because he is a boy, he is selfish,
but you are a man now, his brother.
You have to-

AMIGA

I have to do what I think is right,
selfish or not.

TESSA

How can selfish be right?

AMIGA

When it is right. San might not
like it there anyway, you don't
know.

TESSA

You might. You might meet a girl.

AMIGA

Stop it Tessa. You're my girl.

TESSA

Then go, and, when you come back,
if you come back. I'll be here,
tomorrow.

AMIGA

What about the next day.

TESSA

I'll be your girl until next week,
after that- After that don't email,
just find another girl.

AMIGA

I won't. I'll come back.

TESSA

Then go.

AMIGA

Okay. I'll go, for San, and I'll
come back, for you, to make
something here, for you.

Tessa finally relaxes some, finding some faith in Amiga but
reluctant to show it.

TESSA

Then, when you do, maybe I'll do
something for Amiga.

Amiga smiles.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

What if I just stay here.

TESSA

No, you have to go. There is nothing here for you if you stay, only if you come back.

AMIGA

I love you Tessa.

TESSA

Prove it.

Amiga moves to give her a kiss and she withdraws. Amiga bows slightly, moves away, begins to turn. Tessa stands until he has turned away completely and is walking away. She runs to him and hugs him from behind.

TESSA

Don't turn around.

She kisses him on the cheek.

TESSA

I don't want to see your face again until you are coming home.

Tessa releases him and runs back into the house, not looking back. Amiga looks back as she rushes into the door. Amiga shuts his eyes, then opens them with renewed resolve.

EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A small jet taking off from a small runway surrounded by jungle.

The jet flying over jungle, fading into ocean, then a shoreline, then coming into a large airport in a large city.

INT. SMALL AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Amiga and Will walk down a hallway, chatting Amiga carries 2 XO's and 2 small BOOKSACKS.

WILL

Could it have anything to with the power cycle settings?

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

No, it can't- if it did it would-

Amiga looks back at Tina, who is helping San by the arm. San looks as green as a Martian and groans as he puffs his cheeks with nausea.

AMIGA

Come on now San. It's your own fault.

SAN

It was bad food on the plane. I hate to fly. I'll swim back.

AMIGA

You should have kept out of the candy.

TINA

(to Will)

You told him it was okay to eat what he wanted.

WILL

Well it is isn't it?

AMIGA

He's a little kid.

TINA

Thank you Amiga.

SAN

I am no-

San hurls. He coughs and spits a few times. Tina has a hanky and gives it to him. San wipes his mouth, looks up, turns his head a few times and looks out all the windows.

SAN

America?

TINA

Yes, this is America.

SAN

America! Wow! It's huge! Where is the White House?

TINA

That's in Washington D.C., we're not going there.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

We can, if you want to.

Tina sneers at Will, Will smiles back.

SAN

Your president will want to meet me.

WILL

Of course, El Presidente.

AMIGA

We should go to Unisource first.

Tina and Will are slightly surprised.

WILL

We don't have t-

TINA

That's an excellent idea Amiga. Will can show you around after we've gotten down to business.

WILL

Well give them a minute first! San just threw up, they just got off a plane.

SAN

I'm fine.

WILL

See, he's- wait- Well, Don't you want a hamburger or something.

San hesitates, then smiles carnivorously, Amiga smiles too.

WILL

I know where we can get some great burgers, and with room service they'll bring it you while you're in the jacuzzi.

Tina calmly reaches in her purse and produces several quarters, she hands them to San.

TINA

There is a softdrink machine up ahead San. Go ahead and pick out a drink. Something carbonated should help settle your stomach.

Amiga and San run off with the change, San is bouncing but Amiga is attempting to maintain a his reserve.

Tina turns to Will angrily. Will defends his ears in anticipation of another assault.

TINA
Are you finished?

WILL
I'm just getting started.

TINA
We got them to America, they're here to discuss the contract with Unisource. You are finished.

WILL
I don't think so.

TINA
I'll call you a cab. We'll call you and let you know how it went.

WILL
(calls to Amiga and San without looking)
Amiga, San! You guys want me to come to the hotel with you right? Tina's trying to make me leave!

Amiga and San barrel back up the hallway.

SAN
Yes! Yes! Burgers!

AMIGA
(to Tina, with quiet force)
I know Will. I sent him the code. We don't know anyone else in America.

TINA
We want to introduce you to some of the-

AMIGA
Will can introduce us.

Will revels in the victory. Tina heaves a great sigh, then smiles.

TINA

Okay then. Let's go to the hotel. I have to make a few calls on the way so you'll have to excuse me.

Tina pulls out her cell phone and begins dialing as she walks. She walks fast to put some distance between her and the boys.

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Daniel is on the phone.

DANIEL

Superb. I had complete faith in you.

Yes of course he is obstructing, that was expected. No. No. Yes, book the room for them, give them whatever they want.

No matter, Williams tastes are not that expensive, let him spoil them for awhile, just be sure they remember who's picking up the tab.

Tonight. Yes tonight, this is too important to wait. Yes I did think of that, that is why I hired you.

Yes- Mrs. Kurts, you are a professional. So handle him, professionally. We will approach the boys directly, Amiga is an adult, he can judge the generosity of our offer for himself.

Fine Mrs. Kurts. Get it done.

INT. SMALL AIRPORT TERMINAL - LATE AFTERNOON

Tina looks steely and hangs up the phone. She looks back at Amiga, San and William, who are chatting playfully. She softens for a moment, then opens the door and hold it for them.

Will come through last, and insists on holding the door for Tina. She is reluctantly flattered by the gesture and Williams genuine smile.

The door closes behind them.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Tina and Will walk into an opulent hotel lobby, followed by Amiga and San, carrying their BOOKSACKS and XO's. Amiga and San are in absolute awe of their surroundings. The patrons glance at the odd group but give them little attention.

Tina walks straight to the counter, Will follows her and the boys follow him. A mid-30's CLERK waits on them.

TINA

We'd like a double suite please.

WILL

Triple suite.

CLERK

There are no triple suites sir.

WILL

Well what's better than a double.

CLERK

The presidential suite is the only suite that-

WILL

We'll take it.

CLERK

Sir the presidential suite is booked nearly 1 full year in advance.

WILL

What about for a president? San?

San jumps front and center and offers a salute to the clerk, who frowns.

CLERK

Forgive me Mr. President. I didn't recognize you, without your-

The clerk scans San and notices he is barefoot.

CLERK

-shoes.

WILL

It's a complicated diplomatic situation, just give us the suite.

The clerk hands a key card to Tina.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Your double suite ma'am. Someone to help with your luggage?

A BELLHOP stands at the ready. San, Amiga, and Will look back at him. Amiga hands him his XO keeping his booksack on his back, San reluctantly does the same. The bellhop looks strangely at the devices.

BELLHOP

This way sir.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING

Tina, Will, Amiga, and San are in the suite getting settled. The door closes as the bellhop leaves.

AMIGA

How much money does he get for carrying our XO's?

TINA

It's just a tip, nothing much.

AMIGA

How much?

TINA

I gave him ten dollars.

WILL

I'll carry them next time for that much. So... Tina... want to order some burgers for us?

Tina stares and blinks at Will for a moment, not taking orders or any kind from Will.

SAN

Haha! Look, look at the signal!

San is looking at his XO.

AMIGA

Oh wow! Strong!

WILL

The hotel has Wifi.

TINA

That reminds me-

(CONTINUED)

Tina opens up her briefcase. She withdraws two sleek and very nice looking laptops.

TINA

Their more rugged than they look. A small gift from Unisource.

Will looks dismayed at the laptops as she hands them to Amiga and San, who both methodically lay them open, booting them up next to their XO's and begin comparing them.

SAN

It's a thousand times faster.

AMIGA

The screen is so big.

AMIGA

(pointing at the screen)
Look, 4 Gigs, that's 4 times as much as the XO server.

SAN

I bet we can play-

WILL

The battery wont last 2 hours, and you can't charge it without the adapter. It's not waterproof, there's no mesh network. Those things are useless.

TINA

They seem to be enjoying them.

WILL

That's because they're in a nice hotel. What are they going to do with those back in Aftrica?

Amiga looks up at Will.

AMIGA

I can build an adapter. Or I can sell them here and buy 10 more XO servers.

Will is silenced and humbled.

SAN

I can run Tam Tam on it!

AMIGA

Cool!

WILL

Uh... Can we hook it up to the TV,
so they can play Tam Tam on the big
screen?

Tina digs in the briefcase and produces a small cable,
smiling with her small over Wills protests.

TINA

I also got the remote charging
adapter, and 2 extra batteries for
each of you.

WILL

(stimeyed)
XO's better.

SAN

No it's not, this is faster.

AMIGA

Will's right, XO's better, San will
break this in a week.

SAN

No I won't.

San begins to stand in protest, knocking his new laptop onto
the floor. San sits again, silenced.

AMIGA

See.

TINA

Well if nothing else you can enjoy
them here and use them for parts if
you want to go back home.

Amiga takes note of the 'if'.

AMIGA

When do we talk to Unisource.

TINA

Soon Amiga, it's a little late
here. The offices are closed.

SAN

I thought peopla stayed up very
late in America.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

They do, we just don't like to work late.

AMIGA

Oh. I do. Easier to get a signal at night.

Will smiles a little, San frowns a little.

SAN

We have a signal now.

AMIGA

That's because it's late.

Will laughs, San laughs, shaking his head.

TINA

I think you should order the boys some dinner William.

WILL

Alright.

Will walks over to the rooms phone, picks it up.

WILL

Uh, roomservice?

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING (LATER)

The roomservice cart is in the doorway, the door closes as the hotel employee closes the door behind him. Will begins passing out the food. San and Amiga have large burgers with fries. William and Tina both have salads.

AMIGA

You didn't get a burger?

Amiga eyes his burger suspiciously.

WILL

I'm- watching my figure.

Amiga rolls his eyes at Will and settles in at the table to begin enjoying his burger.

TINA

You didn't order any drinks.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
I didn't think you were interested.

TINA
For the boys. Soft drinks or something.

WILL
Oh, right. Well, Unisource is covering expenses right?

Will walks to the mini bar and opens it. He pull out four cokes and a small bottle of borboun. He passes out the cokes, sits back with his and takes a big sip, then uncaps the alchohol and start to pour it into the coke.

TINA
Ahem-

WILL
What? It's fine.

TINA
Just- wait a-

A loud dumming sound suddenly bangs over their conversation. They turn and San is on the floor playing Tam Tam loudly, on the new laptop plugged into the TV.

AMIGA
Yeah Yeah! Go San Go!

San is tapping crazily on the keys. Will and Tina look around at the table.

TINA
You're finished eating already!

SAN
I wasn't talking the whole time.

Amiga laughs.

AMIGA
That's the only time he doesn't talk.

TINA
Can you turn that down please?

San looks nonplussed, Amiga as well.

WILL

Let them have some fun. While
you're at it.

Will again begins to pour the little bottle.

TINA

Wait- wait- Alright.

Tina looks at the boys for a moment, then at Will, gathering
herself in some way.

TINA

Okay, look. I think we're probably
both getting on Amiga and Sans
nerves a little.

WILL

I'm not, I-

He looks at the boys, who glance up at him, offering less
defense for him than he expected.

WILL

I guess I- sorry dudes-

AMIGA

Just play, it's fun. Relax.

Will looks at Tina, somewhat resigned.

TINA

I propose that we both go out for
drink, and let these two settle in
and play this game at whatever
volume they'd like.

WILL

A drink.

TINA

Yes- I'd like to go get a drink
with you Will. Don't you think that
would be nice.

Tina plays her feminine card, subtly. Will has little
immunity.

WILL

I- I guess we can, for a little
while.

(CONTINUED)

SAN
Are you going on a date?

WILL AND TINA
No!

WILL
We're going to a football game.

San and Amiga stand up eagerly.

WILL
American football, not soccer.

Amiga and San grumble and sit down.

AMIGA
Bahhhh.

SAN
Stupid game, I've seen it. It's dumb.

WILL
Well, we like it.

TINA
I don't. I mean, it's a favorite team, of mine, that's playing.

Tina looks nervously, trying to cover.

WILL
Yeah, it's a team Unisource sponsors- they're called "The Vulchers"

TINA
Very nice. Let's go.

Tina grabs will by the arm and takes him to the door.

TINA
Okay boys if you need anything that isn't in the mini bar just call room service, or call me. I've left my number on the desk there.

Will rushes to the desk.

WILL
Oh, wait, here's mine.

Tina looks nervous, covering.

TINA
Let's go Will.

Tina and Will exit the room. The door closes.

SAN
You think they're going to get married?

AMIGA
Probably.

SAN
Think they're going to be gone for awhile?

AMIGA
Hope so.

Amiga moves to the TV and cranks the volume. San tears into a bass line and Amiga taps away on drums.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Tina and William exit the elevator together and walk through the lobby. Will begins to veer off towards the hotel lounge. Tina keeps walking.

WILL
You just want to meet me in there?

TINA
Um, no, I was going to walk down the street. I- I don't trust hotel bartenders?

WILL
What? Ritzy Hotel bars are the best, everythings tops shelf.

TINA
That's- that's just what they want you to think. Everythings watered down. Let's find a real bar.

WILL
Okay I guess.

Will and Tina exit the hotel together and start walking down the street.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

So. You really wanted to just get me away from the boys didn't you.

TINA

What? No, why would you say that? You wanted a drink.

WILL

There were drinks in the room. You just wanted to get me alone, didn't you.

Tina is at the same time relieved, amused, and displeased.

TINA

In your dreams. You've been nothing but a pain in my neck this whole trip.

WILL

You invited me.

TINA

No I didn't- It was suppose- I- I wouldn't have if I'd known you were a sabateur.

WILL

That's pretty harsh.

They walk by a nondiscript hole in the wall bar.

WILL

What about this one.

TINA

You would want to stop here.

WILL

What is that supposed to mean? It's not like it's a strip club or anything.

Tina stops and eyes him in mock judgement.

WILL

What? You said- fine- god- It's just a bar.

TINA

It's always a good idea to get away from the project for awhile. We

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TINA (cont'd)
just needed some new context to
develop our working relationship.

WILL
Did you take a course on how to
talk like that in college or
something? It's not a project, it's
a couple of kids, genius kids.
Sweet, genius kids.

TINA
I know that William. It's- it's
still a project.

WILL
No it isn't.

TINA
Isn't the One Laptop
Per Child a 'project'

WILL
That's different and you know it.
Unisource is trying to-

They pass another bar, a very few patrons within.

WILL
Here?

TINA
No. Too many people.

Will shakes his head and continues.

WILL
Unisource isn't the OLPC. OLPC
wouldn't have gone and plucked some
kids out of Africa just to try and
steal their code.

TINA
Noone is trying to steal anything.
Besides, maybe the OLPC should try
to get more of these kids out of
Africa, educate them in the west,
then send them home to help bring
their countries out of poverty.

WILL
Would you go back home? After you'd
seen all this, just to help people
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (cont'd)
who'd probably think less of you
because you were educated in a
place they think is full of fat
lazy people?

TINA
America isn't fat and lazy.

WILL
Compared to Amiga and San it is.
Compared to most of the people
they've ever known it is.

TINA
Amiga and San are not normal kids.

They walk by another bar, more people inside this one than
the last.

WILL
Yes they are. Too many people here
too I guess.

Tina looks at the bar, then back down the street, then at
her watch.

TINA
No, this is fine I guess. I'll get
a table, bring me a Gin Martini,
dry and dirty.

WILL
Wow, that's fitting.

TINA
Shut up.

Tina walks off to the table, Will to the bar. Tina pulls out
her cell phone and begins texting something. As she
finishes. Will arrives at the table with two drinks.

WILL
Your boyfriend?

TINA
No, San, I was not texting my
boyfriend.

Will laughs genuinely.

WILL

Okay, okay- sorry.

TINA

You were saying something about the OLPC?

WILL

Oh, right. Didn't think you were interested.

TINA

You make a valid point. On occassion.

WILL

Thanks. Well. Anyway, I guess, my point was just- why bring people to America to learn things that they could learn themselves. Especially since if they learn it themselves, people start to think of themselves as the ones that thought of it in the first place.

TINA

I suppose that's true, I'm not sure that's a good thing though. We built computers first, they should learn about the economies and the governments of the places that made these advancements possible.

WILL

That's complete crap. Who made the first computer?

TINA

I don't know. Some entrepenuer, probably in California or something. Wasn't it Steve Jobs or something?

WILL

He'd like you to think that. It was England, in the 1940's. They built the first computer to break German military codes. Colossus, cool name for a computer too. Much better than Workbook, or thinkpad.

(CONTINUED)

TINA

Or XO. Besides, that's different, if the first computer was built for world war II then- well things were just different then.

WILL

Different for you and me, but not so much for Amiga and San.

TINA

I thought you were making a good point. I guess I was wrong.

WILL

Necessity. It's about necessity. Amiga and San know what necessity is. The British knew what necessity was. It's not just the mother of invention, it's the god of invention, the soul.

TINA

That's very poetic, and blasphemous.

WILL

Whatever. Why do you think Amiga and San could do something no Unisource programmer could pull off?

TINA

They are geniuses Will.

WILL

Unisource doesn't employ geniuses? Oh wait, stupid question, or course not.

TINA

Not since you left right?

WILL

I couldn't have written that code. Only Amiga and San could. You know why?

TINA

Because they are geniuses, prodigy's or something. I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

It's because they had to. No one else was going to do it, no company, no contractor, not even the OLPC programmers. They needed the mesh web to work right so they could communicate. They didn't have spare DSL lines or power to boost the signal. They worked with what they had, because that's all he thought he'd ever have. They made it work because they had to.

TINA

Necessity.

WILL

Necessity.

TINA

Alright, I get it. I guess you do make a good point. But I still don't understand you Unisource phobia.

WILL

I'm not afraid of Unisource.

TINA

You sure act like it-

Tina's phone rings. She looks at the number and closes it.

TINA

Just work. I'll call back. You were saying.

WILL

You ignored a call from Unisource? Well now I am afraid. Don't you think they'll track us with satalites or something.

TINA

You watch too much science fiction.

WILL

That's true. Anyway- Unisource is just evil, they freaking suck.

TINA

Evil? A company that gives 6 million dollars a year to educating inner city kids is evil?

(CONTINUED)

WILL

Out of how many million?

TINA

It's not a charity. You know you're such a hippicrite. How do you think the OLPC could manufacture the XO? You think their R&D came up with every circuit, every chip? Mass production, that's big business right there. Your precious XO has been the beneficiary of over 50 years of technological progress, owed entirely to capitalist enterprise.

WILL

And military black ops research.

TINA

Science fiction.

WILL

Yeah, some of it, some of it's not.

TINA

Whatever, you know you...

Tina's cell rings again. She sighs and ignores it.

WILL

We need to get out of here. There's going to be a missile strike here I know it.

Tina smiles weakly, laughs and looks forlornly at Will.

TINA

You know if you weren't such a- If I wasn't-

Tina looks up at Will.

TINA

Look Will. You're a good guy, you're a good programmer, you're just- I'm sorry- I completely understand why you hate me. You have every right.

WILL

What? What are you talking about? I don't hate you and I'm not a good

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILL (cont'd)
programmer. I don't know where you
came up with any of that nonsense.

Tina smiles again, fighting her connection with Will.

TINA
Will just don't.

WILL
I'm sorry if I said something
wrong. I just like talking about
the OLPC- I didn't mean to- Do you
want to go?

Tina looks back at her cell phone.

TINA
No it's not-

Tina collects herself.

TINA
The night is still young.

Will pulls out his cell phone to look at the time.

WILL
Hmmm, it's almost- Oh, damn, had it
on silent.

Will opens the cell phone. Looks inquisitively.

WILL
555-1567, you know that number?

Tina's eyes widen.

TINA
No.

Will is not deceived.

WILL
Who's been calling you?

Will redials the number and listens.

TINA
Wait- Will, just a minute.

We hear the phone ring and a voice pick up.

PHONE (O.S.)
City Hotel, this is Tammy, how may
I help you?

Will stares suspiciously at Tina as he speaks.

WILL
Did someone call me from this-
-Put me through to suite 852.

Will looks angrily at Tina as the phone clicks and transfers,
ringing.

WILL
Who called you?

Tina is looking down into her drink, shaking her head. The
phone continues ringing. Noone picks up after several rings
the operator cuts back in.

PHONE (O.S.)
I'm sorry sir, your party is not
answering, would you like to leave
a message for-

Will hangs up the phone and stands, staring at Tina hard. He
drops a few dollars on the table and dashes out the door.

EXT. STREET

Will is running full tilt down the street. His face is set
in anger but he is breathing far too heavily. Behind him
Tina calls.

TINA (O.S.)
Will, wait! Please!

Will picks up the pace for an instant, then cuts back the
pace from exhaustion. He heaves himself forward, then stops
at a lamp post, holding it and bending over, panting in
overwhelming exhaustion.

Tina's footsteps are heard closing in, she arrives as Will
is trying to stand up straight. He doubles over again and
gasps.

TINA
Damn you're out of shape.

Will looks up in fury, which instantly changes to defeat.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
(gasping)
What did you do?

TINA
I'm sorry Will, just- breath. Here,
put your arms over your head like
this.

WILL
Don't! Don't!

Will staggers off down the street, jogging as best he can.
Tina keeps up with a brisk walk.

TINA
I'm sorry- just wait a minute.

WILL
So your Unisource goons can trick
Amiga and San into selling you
their code for some glass beads?

TINA
Hey! Whatever you may think about
Unisource, at least give Amiga and
San some credit. They are not
stupid.

WILL
I know that! But they- I should be
there!

TINA
Walk then. You'll pass out and die
if you keep running.

WILL
I'm not that out of shape.

As he takes a few more running steps, he slows back into a
walk, holding his waist.

WILL
It's just a cramp.

TINA
I'm sorry Will.

WILL
Just go away. Leave me alone.

Will continues to walk.

TINA

We're going to the same place.

WILL

Then why aren't you running- You heard the dog whistle didn't you. You're masters calling.

Tina stops, hurt.

TINA

That was just mean.

WILL

I think it's mean to ask a guy out for a drink just to get him away from two kids who don't know anybody else within a thousand miles.

Tina is stopped again, cut deeply.

TINA

Will I-

Will jogs laboriously out of frame with Tina still standing there.

INT. HOTEL

Will exits the elevator and jogs down the hallway towards the room. Still panting. He arrives at the door and tries the handle. It is locked. He pounds on the door.

WILL

Amiga, San. It's Will. What's going on in there.

The door opens and a large man steps in the door, he is clearly a bodyguard.

WILL

What the-

AMIGA

Hey Will! You just made a million dollars!

Will looks around the man and sees Amiga, San, and Daniel sitting at the small hotel desk. There is a briefcase and several papers on the desk. Amiga and San are smiling.

(CONTINUED)

SAN

You should buy Tina a present!

Will frowns, looking around the room.

WILL

Who are- What did you- Amiga, San don't sign anything, did you sign, anything?

DANIEL

We've reached an agreement Will, Amiga was insistant that you be paid generously.

Tina rounds the corner and enters the room.

DANIEL

Ahh, Mrs. Kurts. Outstanding work, outstanding.

WILL

How much did you-

DANIEL

That's none of your business Will.

SAN

Ten million dollars!

Daniel sighs.

AMIGA

And we got you one. Is that good enough?

WILL

Ten, you- You'll make a hundred million off that code in a month. Just a flat fee, that's bullsh-

DANIEL

They will receive 1% on sales. This is an entirely reasonable offer William, not to mention, it is none of your business.

WILL

This is-

DANIEL

Mrs. Kurts, Mr. Caulfields services are no longer required by

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANIEL (cont'd)
Unisource. Would you please escort
him to his home?

Tina looks at will apologetically.

DANIEL
Of course Mr. Young here can offer
the same service.

Daniel motions to the bodyguard.

WILL
I'm not going anywhere.

DANIEL
This hotel suite is reserved under
Unisources-

Amiga stands up quietly and stands beside Will.

AMIGA
Come on San, we're going to get a
new hotel room with Will. I think
we can afford it now, right?

DANIEL
Mr. Caulfield is not- Amiga,
please.

AMIGA
You can call me Mr. Ecuare.

SAN
You can call me El Presidente.

Amiga and Will chuckle, as does Tina, who covers her mouth
quickly.

DANIEL
Yes, very amusing. No matter. Very
well Mr. Ecuare, William. I feel
this has been a substantial move
forward for all of us. I hope you
all feel the same.

WILL
I remember you. You were always an
asshole exec Danny. Glad it's
finally paying off for you.

Amiga, San, and Will walk through the door, as San passes
Tina, he speaks to her.

(CONTINUED)

SAN

Will is a millionaire now, girls
like millionaires right?

Tina looks at San sadly, then glances at Will.

DANIEL

Alright that's enough. Mrs. Kurts.
Let's discuss your next assignment.

Tina looks at Daniel, shakes her head. She walks out of the door behind the boys.

HOTEL HALLWAY

Follow Tina as she walks fast to catch up with the boys, a few paces ahead. Will hears her and turns around. He looks at her hard.

TINA

Will I-

WILL

We all got paid right, what do you care.

TINA

I'm sorry Will. I know what I did was wrong, regardless of how it turned out.

WILL

Fine. Well, better get back in there. Boss is waiting.

Tina's face fixes in anger. She explodes.

TINA

You know, you're not so- I'm sorry okay. I'm not going to-

WILL

Good, whatever, thanks. Bye.

Will turns on a heel and steps off quickly. The boys stay facing Tina, who is near tears. San and Amiga shrug, not knowing what to say.

Will calls out from ahead of them.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I'm call drums on Tam Tam, last one
has to play the synth.

San and Amiga, still unsure, offer Tina another conciliatory shrug before running off down the hall towards Will.

Tina stands in the hallway alone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Amiga, San, and Will enter a small, hotel room with double beds. Will has clearly lost something, he is morose and sullen.

WILL

Well, it's not the suite. I guess I
don't have the same pull that
Unisource does. Sorry guys.

SAN

Does it have a jacuzzi?

WILL

No, sorry, I'll. Tell you what I'll
buy a jacuzzi with the money you
gave me and you can use it all the
time.

SAN

Or I'll buy one so you can use it.

WILL

Sound like a plan.

San hops on the bed and pulls out his new laptop.

SAN

No signal.

Amiga is on his XO

AMIGA

I got one.

WILL

No Wifi here, sorry. You're
probably picking up a signal from
that coffee shop.

San pulls out his XO and closes the other laptop. Amiga closes the XO and sits by Will.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

Tina said she was sorry.

Will looks at Amiga crossly, then recovers and looks apologetic.

WILL

It's complicated. She's not really sorry at all.

AMIGA

How do you know that?

WILL

She works for Unisource, she says whatever she thinks will make them money.

AMIGA

How did saying she was sorry make money.

WILL

It's complicated.

AMIGA

I understand complicated things. When there is a man file.

Will laughs out loud.

WILL

Theres no man file on women. Haha-man- that's cheezy.

SAN

You should have said you were sorry too.

Will looks at Amiga, then San, taken by surprise.

WILL

What did I do?

SAN

I don't know. Amiga always says he's sorry to Tessa. Especially if she says she's sorry for something.

Amiga chortles to himself.

AMIGA

That's because Tessa can beat me up.

SAN

Tina could beat Will up.

They all laugh heartily.

WILL

Alright, alright, I can beat both of you in Tam Tam, so there.

Amiga and San accept the challenge with shouts and growls. The noises solicit a pounding on the wall from another hotel patron. The boys quiet down and laugh silently.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING (LATER)

San is laying on the bed, asleep in a hilariously akward position. William looks at him oddly.

WILL

Does he always fall asleep like that?

AMIGA

Usually. Sometimes he literally falls.

WILL

Man, like he got hit with a tranquilizer dart or something.

AMIGA

He's been awake too long. Exciting day, getting rich and all.

Will looks at Amiga seriously.

WILL

You okay with all this? I, I wanted to be there so I could make sure you got what you deserved. I'm sorry I wasn't there.

AMIGA

Will. I like you. You're cool, and smart.

(CONTINUED)

WILL
Thanks, I mean, I think you are
too. Really.

AMIGA
Well I can be stupid sometimes too.

WILL
I don't believe that.

AMIGA
No? Well, I can. I've been mean to
San before too. Just because I was
mad, I haven't always been a good
brother.

WILL
Now I definately don't believe any
of that. San loves you, anyone can
see that. You love him just as
much.

AMIGA
Of course, doesn't mean I can't be
stupid, and mean, and wrong
sometimes.

WILL
Something tells me you're not
telling me this because you think
you did something stupid, mean, and
wrong.

Amiga says nothing for a moment.

AMIGA
You're not stupid, or mean, but you
did something wrong.

WILL
This is about Tina.

AMIGA
I thought it was about money.

WILL
What?

AMIGA
You thought Tina was trying to help
Unisource trick us.

WILL

She was, she- she did.

AMIGA

Nobody tricked me. San wouldn't have let that happen.

Just then San snorts and shifts position strangely.

WILL

Right, well guess you didn't need me at all.

AMIGA

Of course not. I tricked you into referring me to Unisource. It was all Sans plan from the beginning. We could have used any one of the billions of OLPC volunteers. We picked you because you were easy to trick.

WILL

Pretty impressive.

AMIGA

Yes. Very.

Will pauses, deeply considerate.

WILL

It's about me. It's all about me. I'm a selfish jerk.

AMIGA

For such a smart guy, you don't make much sense.

WILL

I didn't want you to give up the code. I wanted it to be open source. I want everything to be open source.

AMIGA

Me too.

WILL

But you can't just open that code up. You need that money.

AMIGA

No I don't.

WILL

Yes you do, I mean, back home. That money means more to you than it would to a bunch of shareholders.

AMIGA

So what. I was alive, I had my XO., Tessa, we built a solar ice machine from scrap. I don't need ten million dollars.

WILL

No, but- you can build schools and stuff.

AMIGA

And I will, because it's a good thing to do, and it will help, but that doesn't mean we need it. I could have opened that code. I didn't because I wanted the money. I wanted it.

WILL

Don't try and tell me that makes you selfish, that's different and you know it.

AMIGA

Don't tell me what I know. I know how to build a house from mud and straw. Can you do that?

WILL

You're house wasn't built from mud and straw.

AMIGA

Right. Well, okay, got me there, but I can do lot's of things. I can do whatever I want. I can be selfish if I want, I can be selfish how I want. I'm going to be selfish for my friends, and my home. You can be selfish for the world if you want to.

WILL

I think you're way smarter than me Amiga, I don't understand any of this.

(CONTINUED)

AMIGA

Ten million dollars will make my village into a city. San will be mayor. I want to live in a city where San is mayor so I sold the code. You can do whatever you want with it.

WILL

I didn't write that code.

AMIGA

But you can help us write some more, and we can make that open source.

WILL

Or you can sell it and make your city even better.

AMIGA

Maybe, maybe so. I don't care right now. We are going home tomorrow, we're taking the money and we're going to go home and build with it. You should do the same thing.

WILL

What should I build?

AMIGA

Something that makes you happy.

WILL

I'm pretty happy right now.

AMIGA

Because you helped build us, me and San. You helped us learn to write code, from your man files. You helped us get a contract, make money to build more, to learn more.

WILL

So I should just work on more man files.

AMIGA

And getting better at Tam Tam, you're rhythm is terrible.

Will snorts.

(CONTINUED)

WILL

I wish I was as smart as you Amiga.

AMIGA

I wish I was as smart as San.

San shifts again.

WILL

You're really going home tomorrow?

AMIGA

I told Daniel we wanted to fly back on the same plane, but this time no candy dish.

WILL

Smart.

AMIGA

Yes well, then San demanded two candy dishes and we had to compromise on one.

WILL

I wish I was as smart as San too.

San doesn't move, but speaks angrily.

SAN

If you were as smart as me you'd be asleep right now. Now be quiet!

William and Amiga chuckle.

FADE OUT

MONTAGE OF SCENES:

Will, Amiga, and San get out of a taxi cab and walk into the same airport terminal. They hug goodbye and debark. We see Tina Kurtz sitting in a car, looking out the window at the boys as they say goodbye. Amiga and San see her and wave, Will sees her, then turns around. Amiga gives Will a stern look, then a smile, then turns away towards the gate.

Tina Kurtz walks into Daniels office, he hands her an envelope but still grips it as she tries to take it. She pulls it away from him. He cocks his head and raises an eyebrow to ask her to reconsider. She jerks away and walks out the door.

(CONTINUED)

Amiga and San walk down a path holding their XO's, the new laptops, and a wearing large, overstuffed backpacks. A group of children intercept them, including Tessa wearing a bright dress and a brighter smile. Amiga and San drop their backpacks, open them, and begin passing out new XO laptops and peripherals including camera's, USB drives, small solar panel chargers, etc. Amiga steps up to Tessa with an XO as if to give it to her, then passes it off to another child. Instead he pulls a small box out of his pocket and smiles as he hands it to her. San takes notice and watches with a large smile. Tessa opens the box and looks into it. She looks up with pure joy and tears begin to stream down her face. She embraces Amiga heartily. San smiles, but make a disgusted face as Tessa kisses Amiga.

Tina Kurts sits at her laptop. She looks intently at the screen. Pan around to show she is looking at the OLPC login screen and is typing in her screen name. She hits the login button and the screen displays.

"Welcome to the OLPC Community Tina Kurtz. We thank you for you generous support and tireless efforts in writing documenting the XO laptop." Tina turns and opens up an XO laptop on her desk, smiles weakly, clicks a few icons, then begins typing on her other laptop. An email message pops up on her screen and she clicks it and begins reading. The 'from' email address is 'AmigaXOSan@OLPC.org'

INT. SMALL HOUSE

Will drives up in the driveway of his small, but fairly nice house. He exits the car, a hybrid. He walks to the door and heaves a sigh as he chucks a bag on the floor and kicks his shoes off. He looks around, his computer lab is set up in the living room. Though it is a nicer house, he has made no more effort in organization.

Will walks towards a computer, the OLPC webpage is up, he starts to sit down, hesitates, then instead moves to a couch and clicks on the TV. He hits a remote and the image of the actress appears again. Will looks into the screen forlornly. He closes his eyes in increasingly disturbed self loathing. With a bit of fury he jumps up and hits a button, ejecting a burned DVD with a sharpie scrawled "Her". He looks at the DVD in rage and crushes it in his hand. He looks around his apartment in disgust.

Will notices a flashing red light, it is his answering machine. He walks to it, looking as if he might smash it too.

He looks down to the machine angrily and hits play.

(CONTINUED)

ANSWERING MACHINE (HARRIS)
 A-Freak-A!!! How'd it go man? Get
 your freak on or what? Gimme a
 call, Lan Party dude. Can't wait to
 hear about A-Freak-A! That Kurtz
 chick give you the-

Will swats at the button. Starts to walk away.

ANSWERING MACHINE VOICE
 Message Erased.

ANSWERING MACHINE (TINA)
 William, this is Tina, please
 don't- just listen please.

Will is frozen in step. His expression mixing of anger,
 regret, fear, and relief.

ANSWERING MACHINE (TINA)
 Look I'm sorry for- I'm- This isn't
 about that. I'm calling about Amiga
 and San.

Will turns towards the machine.

ANSWERING MACHINE (TINA)
 I'm going to Africa. Amiga emailed
 me and asked me to help, to help
 them with construction contracts
 and whatnot. I, I don't know why
 they didn't ask you. I'm sure they-
 Anyway. Look, I'm going to Africa
 and I thought- I don't know why I'm
 doing this you probably deleted
 this message already and I'm just
 talking to myself- Shit-

Look Will I fucked up. I know that.
 I'm not with Unisource. I even
 signed up to document the OLPC...

Will registers this and fights his approval.
 -I know that's not- I don't know
 why I- I just wanted you to know
 I'm not completely-

Will hovers over the answering machine.
 I know Amiga and San would love to
 see you. I told them I would ask if
 you would like to visit. I know
 it's- Look it would mean a lot to
 me to know you got this. At least

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANSWERING MACHINE (TINA) (cont'd)
heard it. I am sorry Will, truly.
I'd like to talk to you, if nothing
else then- just so you can explain
some of the XO's systems to me.
Just think of me as another
volunteer, whatever.

Anyway this isn't- It's not- You're
a good person Will. You were just
trying to do the right thing. I was
unfair to you, but I'm asking you
to be fair to me. Just, just email
me to let me know you heard this.
That's all I'm asking. Okay. I'm-
Okay. Bye then. Hope to- bye Will.

Will stares at the machine for a moment. His finger descends
towards the delete button and stops.

He turns to his computer. He sits down, hands hover above
the keyboard. He looks back to the answering machine, then
back at the screen. He stands again, walks to the center of
the room and looks around at the detritus of his life. He
shakes his head, takes a step back. He winces as he steps on
a shard of the cracked DVD. He looks at his foot and sees
the shard he stepped on bears the scrawled 'Her'.

He picks up the shard and turns it over in his hand. He
bends down and sweeps up the rest of the shards into his
hand. He walks to the garbage can and throws them away. Then
he walks to the phone, picks it up and begins dialing. He
holds the phone to his ear and closes his eyes in
anticipation as the phone rings.

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