

The IT Girl

by
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FADE IN:

1 INT. PITCH BLACK ROOM -- DAY

Everything is dark and quiet.

There's a POP, a spark, a match flame bursts to life. An old fashion gas lamp begins to glow. A young man, TED JOHNSON [27], a scraggly beard, natty hair, yawns, stretches, and scratches his ass through red long-johns.

The time and place is impossible to tell. One guess might be; Big Fork, Montana 1875.

2 INT. SMALL ROOM -- DAY

A lovely young woman, NATALIE CANNON [25], formerly EISENBERG, sits in candlelight before a large mirror. She's wearing a simple frontier style summer dress, circa early 1900's.

NATALIE

(singing lightly)

..I'll snap my fingers to show I
don't care; I'll buy me a brand new
dress to wear; I'll... Um. Um.
I'll Scrub my neck and I'll brush my
hair, And start all over again..

3 INT. TED'S PLACE -- EVENING

Ted's in the same room as before. Dressed and pulling two large cases, Ted opens the door and steps out into--

4 EXT. URBAN SETTING -- EVENING

--a bustling city street. Ted steps from a basement apartment, like a hermit into town for supplies.

5 EXT. MANHATTAN SKYLINE -- EVENING

Establish the sun setting over New York Harbor, the Statue of Liberty and the Manhattan Skyline, present day.

6 EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- EVENING

Ted weaves his way through the CROWDED streets of Times Square, careful to avoid contact with others. He passes the large theaters of Broadway: Lion King, Spamalot, Mamma Mia!, end on Oklahoma!

7 INT. GREENROOM -- EVENING

Natalie has been joined by her younger, and if possible, even lovelier, sister BARRIE EISENBERG [15]. Barrie removes makeup from Natalie's cheeks.

NATALIE

Who am I?

BARRIE

The bell of the ball, Laurey Williams.

NATALIE

No, I mean who AM I?

Barrie puts a hand on Natalie's shoulder. She looks at her big sister meaningfully, then leans forward.

BARRIE

I think I'm gonna barf!

Barrie makes exaggerated BARFING noises over Natalie's lap.

NATALIE

(southern accent)

I do declare, stop that this instant.
My goodness... why I never.

8 EXT. TIMES SQUARE HIGH RISE, ONE 42ND STREET WEST -- NIGHT

Outside One 42nd Street West, Ted waits for a break in the stream of PEOPLE passing through the revolving door. He dashes forward. Someone enters the door from inside.

9 INT. ONE 42ND STREET WEST, LOBBY -- EVENING

Ted enters the large marble clad lobby and crosses to the security desk where-- TYRONE BRIGGS [50's], sits in his uniform shaking his head.

TYRONE

You never do it. You never get
through that door alone.

Ted brushes his shirt, wiping off the residue of other people.

TYRONE (CONT'D)

Son, you can not live in New York
City and avoid people. What are you
thinking?

Tyrone steps to the side as Ted hides his cases behind the security desk. They don't discuss it. Obviously, this is something Ted does often.

TED

If I was "thinking" I wouldn't be
neck deep in the Big Shitty at all.

10 INT. ELEVATOR -- EVENING

Ted steps onto an empty elevator and hits "73".

11 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, OPEN OFFICE -- EVENING

Ted passes through an open office: -The cubicles neat and tidy, the day's work tucked away in drawers and cabinets. He heads for a small interior room. On it's door a sign: "Information Technology, **IT** just keeps getting better". Below it, another sign, handwritten, says: "Go back to your seat and re-boot!"

12 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, SERVER ROOM -- EVENING

At first glance this small interior room looks like a phantom land where old computer parts go to die. On one wall however, is a large and pristine rack of gleaming Servers.

A simple and unadorned wooden desk graces one corner.

Ted enters to find his crew, THE NOTORIOUS G-BOYZ: [Three young men; ACID, small, wiry, and strangely, wearing cleats; OAF, Acid's opposite, a mountain; and THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS, dressed all in black and sporting an eye patch], in the midst of a heated "sword" fight. Swords as in card board tubes.

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS
..but you haven't got an arm!

Oaf, one arm behind his back, raises the other.

OAF
Yes I have.

Acid points his sword at Ted's chest.

ACID
(high pitched voice)
So, chosen to fight you have, young Jack-Off.

TED
The name's Johnson; Ted Johnson.
The high council hereby decrees: Death to all Yoda impersonators. The Dread Pirate Roberts, be a good employee and decapitate your co-worker.

The Dread Pirate Roberts attacks Acid ferociously.

ACID
(continuing as Yoda)
Reveal your ignorance, your actions do.

TED
(w/ Yoda voice)
Get to work, we must.

Ted laughs and crosses toward the small wooden desk. The room gets silent. There's a phone on Ted's desk.

ACID
We didn't do it. They said you had--

Ted takes a seat and swats the phone hard. It CRASHES across the floor.

ACID (CONT'D)
..to be reachable.

They gather around Ted. The three cats who ate the canaries.

TED
What did you do?

ACID
Have you heard?

TED
What did you do?

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS
Nothin'. Jeez. The day staff hired a girl... A GEEK GIRL!

TED
Vital Organs found a geek girl? So?

The Boyz look like orphans at a candy shop window.

OAF
We want one of our own boss.

TED
What makes you think there are two?

13 INT. SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Natalie, Barrie, and their parents, RICHARD AND SALLY EISENBERG are crammed into a tiny small studio apartment. A combination of clutter and efficiency, the place resembles the inside of a ship. Clearly, they all live and work here.

Natalie types furiously on her laptop.

SALLY
Nat, you fixed the laptop?

NATALIE
I had an old image of the hard drive.

SALLY
How much did you lose?

BARRIE
It wasn't my fault!

NATALIE
Everything else was on my flash drive.

Natalie's phone VIBRATES. She quickly responds to a text.

BARRIE
See mom, I told you it would be fine!

RICHARD
We need that laptop Barrie, keep
your hands off it.
(to Natalie)
How'd it go today?

NATALIE
Do you mind, I'm posting... Fine.
It went fine.

Barrie "coughs" a word into her hand.

BARRIE
Flub.

RICHARD
What? What's that?

NATALIE
I flubbed a few lines. Nobody
noticed.

14 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, OPEN OFFICE -- NIGHT

Ted sits on a ledge by the curtain wall. It's late at night.

Ted's POV. The billboards, LED displays, and video screens of Times Square, shine brightly below. Ted trains his gaze on one DISPLAY. It's a huge model of a cell phone with a working video screen.

Ted opens a sketch book. It's filled with drawings of the CELL PHONE DISPLAY. In his book the video screen is divided by an even grid of light lines. Ted turns the pages. Each section of the grid is blown up in detail. Each detail contains inexplicable swirls of bright colors.

15 INT. PRECINCT #115, BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

DETECTIVE RUBIN and FOUR COPS, stand behind a small table. Behind them a large map of Times Square. Several push-pins dot its surface. In audience, a large group of MEN in security guard uniforms. Detective Rubin holds up his hands--

DETECTIVE RUBIN

..We hear you, and we agree...
Ultimately, this is a police matter
and I promise you, neither, myself
as a representative of the NYPD, nor
the Mayor, nor the Governor, is
pointing the finger at anyone. We
would just like to open a dialogue
with those providing the first layer
of defense... As harmless as these
episodes have seemed, they do
represent critical security breaches
and must be treated very seriously.
We're counting on your cooperation...
Many people see Times Square as a
window into the American way of life.
Or, a reflection of everything we
hold dear. It is a target.

One SECURITY GUARD raises his hand.

DETECTIVE RUBIN (CONT'D)

Yes, sir. Thank you for your
participation. You have a question?

One security guard, name tag reading: JACKSON, takes careful
notes in a small notebook. He leans forward to listen.

SECURITY GUARD

My question is, does your shit not
stink? Cause, I can't say I'm looking
forward to wipin' your ass!

The security guards LAUGH. Jackson, shuts his notebook and
pretends to laugh along.

DETECTIVE RUBIN

Fine, fine. Have it your way, but
this CRANKY is making a fool out of
all of us.

16 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, SERVER ROOM -- NIGHT

The Boyz are hard at work. Well, at work anyway. Ted stands
and heads for the door.

TED

Taking a long lunch.

ACID

I'm telling JP.

Everyone freezes. Ted turns on Acid..

ACID (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

Acid tries to avoid Ted's eyes. That's not possible.

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS
Nice work, Einstein.

ACID
Sorry. Jeez. But, you wanna tell
us where you go when you disappear?

Ted heads for the door. Obviously, he doesn't.

TED
Behave or beheaded.

As the door closes behind Ted, wads of paper fly at Acid.

17 EXT. TIME SQUARE -- NIGHT

Ted, in disguise, enters a skyscraper pulling his cases. He's dressed in coveralls that read: BROADWAY PLUMBING. He's wearing glasses and a beard.

High above, the CELL PHONE DISPLAY hangs from the building.

18 INT. CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Ted picks a lock.

19 INT. OPEN OFFICE -- NIGHT

Ted stands by the outside wall of a large open office. Outside the window, a complex lattice work of steel supporting an outdoor display. Ted pops open one of his cases and pulls out an assortment of power tools.

20 EXT. STEEL STRUCTURE OF CELL PHONE DISPLAY -- NIGHT

Ted is suspended, within the steel, supported by safety ropes. He's wearing rubber gloves. He leans back and plants the rubber soles of his sneakers against the metal. He opens a pair of bolt cutters and carefully sets the blades around a thick electrical wire.

Beneath him, nothing but air for three hundred feet.

Sweat rings Ted's brow. He grits his teeth and clamps the bolt cutter SHUT!

21 INT. HUGE UPSCALE LOBBY -- NIGHT

This room has: huge glass walls; a thirty foot ceiling; a floor of Italian stone. Security guard, Jackson, sits behind a desk reading: CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

In Jackson's periphery, the bright lights of Times Square. Within the endless displays, one small display, -goes black.

Jackson turns. He walks slowly toward the glass. He scans the billboards. -What's different?

22 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, OPEN OFFICE -- NIGHT

A sea of cubicles.

Acid stands on a desk. Beside him Oaf brings his arm down hard. It strikes a meter stick. The stick snaps up and sends a wad of wet toilet paper flying across the office.

Acid watches over the partitions as it arcs gracefully through the air, a dry section of t.p. streaming behind it like the tail of an errant sperm. Its target; a pyramid of soda cans with a suggestive hole in the center.

The flying sperm darts into a cubicle and SPLATS across a keyboard on the desk.

ACID

I said EAST! Your other East.

OAF

You mean West?

23 EXT. CELL PHONE DISPLAY -- NIGHT

Ted is suspended by ropes in front of the monstrous cell phone. Bags of supplies dangle at his sides. A miner's light on his forehead.

Up close the video screen is comprised of countless small LED bulbs, now dark. Quickly and expertly, Ted paints them bright colors, -one by one.

24 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, OPEN OFFICE -- NIGHT

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS peaks over the edge of his cubicle to see Acid staring back twenty cubicles away.

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS

Your aim is as as lame as the buzzards
of Spain! Have at thee!

The Dread Pirate Roberts spins a leather strap over his head and launches his own counter assault of a wet toilet paper mess. It travels much faster and more accurately than Acid and Oaf's catapult method.

ACID

INCOMING!

25 EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT

A black Lincoln Town Car, sparkling in the lights, rolls to a stop. The Man, JP MITCHEM, 65, pin striped tailored suit, Rolex watch, steps from the back.

JP strides toward One 42nd Street West. Most of the lights in this technological wonder of a building are off. However, high above, on the seventy third floor, every light is on.

26 INT. JP MITCHEM FINANCIAL, ACID'S CUBICLE -- NIGHT

Acid looks up just in time to see a spit ball the size of a grape fruit flying straight at him.

ACID

ARGH!

At the last second Oaf steps in front of Acid and takes it square in the back with a loud SQUISHPALT! Oaf's eyes widen, his body goes slack.

ACID (CONT'D)

No, Oaf NO! Hang on!

Oaf slides to the ground, his broad back obliterated by the T.P. explosion... Dead. Acid shakes his fists at the heavens.

ACID (CONT'D)

NOOOOOOOOOO!

27 INT. ONE 42ND STREET WEST, LOBBY -- NIGHT

JP walks quickly through the lobby. Tyrone JUMPS!

TYRONE

Mr. Mitchem. It's four thirty sir.

JP

Early bird gets the "over seas market reports first" worm. Big things happening in Asia. Big day, Tyrone.

JP smiles proudly, clearly waiting for Tyrone to ask--

TYRONE

Why's that sir?

JP

Can't say! Just wish me luck, I need everything to go exactly right... and it will... and it won't be luck... so never mind.

JP heads toward the elevator. On Tyrone's monitors: The Boyz' spit ball war on steroids. Tyrone grabs his phone.

28 INT. SERVER ROOM -- NIGHT

An old fashioned rotary dial phone, bright red, hot-line style, RINGS. In the background, a window looks onto the rest of the floor where--

29 INT. OPEN OFFICE -- NIGHT

JP walks quickly down the aisle, staring at the stack of cans. He reaches them and looks into the cubicle. The Dread Pirate Roberts is hard at work.

ACID (O.S.)

Die scum!

JP

Are you guys playing computer games?

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS

No sir.

JP spins quickly, turning his face directly into an oncoming projectile of toilet paper. SQUISHSPLAT! His face is covered from chin to hairline, ear to ear. The tip of his nose protrudes through the white mess.

JP

Where's Ted?

THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS

I can explain.

JP

WHERE'S TED?

30 EXT. CELL PHONE DISPLAY -- NIGHT

Ted, exhausted and sore, paints the final few bulbs.

31 INT. HUGE UPSCALE LOBBY -- NIGHT

Jackson stands by the front windows of the lobby. He rubs his sleepy eyes.

JACKSON

There.

A couple blocks away, he can just make it out. SOMEONE is working on the CELL PHONE DISPLAY.

32 EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- NIGHT

Jackson walks toward the building with the CELL PHONE DISPLAY. The worker is packing up.

JACKSON

That can't be how you work on those things.

A car SCREECHES and HONKS! -Jackson jumps back. A CABBIE gives him the finger.

At the DISPLAY. The worker is gone.