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Open Windows

By Nacho Vigalondo

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You OK?

My head. I don't know

what's wrong. I can't sleep.

A pain back here? Like...

like something bit you?

Yeah. How do you know? You too?

Mark? Listen,

this may sound weird but...

is anyone else awake?

Is anyone having trouble

sleeping or something?

Mark, are you there?

Wait for me here. I'll go.

Gloria!

We all need to get out of here.

It's a psychic attack.

They're here! I tried

to make it back in time.

It's too late.

Yeah?

- No!

- Come on!

Remember your family.

Remember the first time.

Remember the terrorism.

My head hurts.

I'm turning into one of them.

Stop thinking.

If you stop thinking they won't

be able to get into your mind.

How am I supposed to do that?

I know how.

"Dark Sky:

I know!

All right, all right!

After this exclusive preview...

by the way, thank you for that...

which I should mention is being seen

not only by everyone here but

also everybody on the Internet

who's streaming the ceremony from

the official website. Hi, everybody!

OK, but after this, let's bring an end to this schlongfest, get down to business. Everybody give it up for Jill Goddard! I love you! Thank you! We meant her. We? What do you mean, we? You're the only one talking. I'm here with my friends. If they were your friends, they wouldn't let you make such an ass out of yourself. OK, so, as I was saying, after seeing this exclusive preview, I feel like I have to know if a certain "character" gets killed this time around. The white t-shirt, Jill. You're asking me if the white t-shirt I'm wearing in that scene survives. OK, I'm already a little embarrassed. Oh, come on, don't. The "Coming Soon" sign appears right when my shirt is about to come off. It's supposed to make you think about it. OK, I guess we're not gonna have an answer for that question, folks. Jill, seriously, it is a huge pleasure to have you here. Damn! I mean, in this one, she's using her psychic powers... Well... Sorry. It started recording before I had a chance to place the camera. Maybe I should stop and start over again. Or you can just cut this part out. This is recording, right? Personal introduction. Hi, there. I'm Nick Chambers and I'm the webmaster at jillgoddardcaught.com.

You know, pictures of Jill,
scans, videos, articles.
Some of my stuff is some
of the first posted of her.
But that was just lucky. I'm not
a reporter. I don't work for an agency.
Presentation of...
I already talked about
my website. Sorry.
What do I expect from...
I'm really happy I won. I know a lot
of bloggers entered the contest.
I've never been to Austin before.
It's really nice.
Actually, I just checked in
the hotel a couple hours ago.
I still can't believe I'm
going to meet Jill Goddard.
I hope my interview with her works out.
I don't want to spoil her dinner.
I promise I won't be as
nervous as I am right now.
Thanks for everything.
I'm surprised, honestly.
Have you shown us too much?
OK, tell him that.
Once you see this scene
in the final film,
you'll see there's a lot more
to it than meets the eye.
Oh, shit. It's a wet dream.
I knew it. I knew it...
That's the exact moment when I wake
up from a dream... it is, isn't it?
No, no, no, it's not a dream.
I assure you, it's not a dream.
- I hate dreams in movies.
- Hate dreams in movies?
What is that? Some thing
with European directors?
- Hello? Nick Chambers?
- Yeah?
Are you Nick Chambers?
Are you the contest winner who gets

to have dinner with Jill Goddard?

- That's me.

- I'm sorry to bother you.

My name is Simon Chord.

I work for the official Dark Sky

- website and...

- Yeah.

I'm sorry, but did you just

try to send us a video?

Yeah. Just now.

I'm sorry. I clicked record before I
had a chance to position the camera.

- Oh, that's OK.

- And I mixed two questions into one.

That's OK. By the way,

where are you right now?

I'm here, at the hotel.

But the convention is
happening right now.

- I know. I'm watching it.

- Aren't you at your hotel?

I'm watching it on my laptop.

They're streaming it from the website.

You mean they didn't
invite you to the event?

- Yeah?

- Nobody has contacted you?

The producers of the gala didn't call
you to say the contest was cancelled?

What? No, I thought I was
supposed to wait here.

- Cancelled?

- One second.

I think we have another question.

Yeah! Back there?

OK, so, hi, Jill. Just wanted to say this
latest part of the saga looks great.

Can't wait to see it. So, this is your
third movie with Dave and the first one
you've made together now that
you're officially a couple in real life.

Did it make a big difference
working together this time?

Well, there was a lot

less sneaking around.

- I've got a question for Richie.

- Nick, can you hear me?

Yeah.

I'm sorry, Nick.

There's nothing I can do.

What happened? You mean I came all the way out here for nothing?

I don't know, Nick. Let's just sit tight. I left them a message.

- Man, this breaks my heart.

- But this doesn't make any sense.

They just sent me an e-mail asking me to record a greeting for you.

What the hell is she staring at?

What? Who?

She's looking at her bag the whole time.

What, is she afraid her coke will fly out?

What? What are you talking about?

- Sorry, hold on a second.

- Last question of the night.

First of all, congratulations for the performance. I'm a big fan of the saga.

Jill, I wanted to ask you about these recent rumors, about a leaked video.

I was not in any homemade porn video that got stolen.

That's right. I've got it here.

You have to pay.

Come on, Richie. The movie's good.

It's funny. You don't

need to make up a story

about me appearing in a porn movie to get people talking about it.

Wait, wait, Jill. Are you saying the producers started the rumor?

- Hey, Nick.

- I made a joke with myself...

But don't worry. Don't worry.

Drag this link into the

Dark Sky website.

What's this?

It's a surveillance

camera in the theater.

I can control it from here.
I can zoom it.
I can move it.
Her cell phone.
- The model is perfect.
- What for?
Can't you take a photo?
We have the best view in the house.
- What are you talking about?
- You know exactly what I'm talking about.
I've seen better cleavage,
but it'll look great on your website.
She's never shown her tits before.
For us, that's the final frontier.
Where are you calling from?
Where are you doing all this?
Hold on. Hold on.
There, all set. Click on there.
Of course you were
trained up in Europe
but you've been mainly making
movies for Americans lately.
What is the difference between American
audiences and European audiences?
What is this?
Chord, are you there?
Shut up! Turn off the volume of
the window or she'll hear us!
Sorry. I forgot this program
boots with the mike open.
- So, this is... this is...
- It's her phone.
You can look at anything you want.
Her messages, her pics,
her schedule, her contacts.
Don't worry, there's no way
we can get caught doing this.
She thinks her camera
is off right now.
Why did you give this to me?
Can you keep a secret?
Yeah.
She's the one who canceled
the dinner for no reason.

All right, OK, OK,
we could go on for hours.
Tomorrow somebody from the distributor
will make up some pretty excuse,
like they always do when
she acts like a fucking bitch.
- You mean she cancelled the dinner?
- Yeah. A little while ago.
I can't believe it! I came all
this way and nobody told me.
You can see who she's calling.
Tony Hillman.
I think that's her...
Yeah, that's her agent.
- Hi.
- Hi.
I'm sorry I couldn't pick up.
It just finished. I'm coming straight over.
I didn't know what time the
cocktail party was over.
- It's just starting.
- You're not staying?
I thought it was on your schedule!
I rushed out of there so
I could come and see you
without having to
justify myself to anyone.
Now I have to justify myself to you? I only
have a couple hours I can spend with you.
- I'm sorry, damn it.
- You know that.
I've been waiting all day to see you.
Holy shit! That son of a bitch
booked a hotel room a month ago
and flew all the way over here.
What a bastard.
She's going to see him?
You mean, they're going to...?
I can't believe it! Looks like
you'll be going back to L.A.
with a much better souvenir
than dinner with that bimbo.
Outside the theater,
on my way to the limo.

You know where the Grand Wells Hotel is, right?

- I'll ask the driver. I think it's nearby.
- OK. I'll be waiting in the room.
- See you in a flash.
- See you.

Did she just say the Grand Wells?

What's wrong?

That's where I'm staying.

- Are you serious?
- Yeah.

Hold on, wait a second.

What room are you in?

Room 700.

Why?

- 700.
- Why?

You taped the greeting with a video camera, right?

Yeah, I have one.

They gave this to me in reception.

- Good.
- Why?

Wait, Nick. It's a video call.

Jill, where are you?

Hi. I'm going straight back to the rental.

- I talked to Richie. He's pissed.
- Yeah, well, so am I.
- Not the same thing, Jill.
- They should have consulted me first.
- Why didn't they? Were they too ashamed?
- Jill, please.

"Jill, do you mind if we say"

you got caught masturbating

- for your boyfriend on a webcam?"
- Give me a fucking break.
- Rumors get thrown out there all the time.
- They're talking about it everywhere!

It's the best rumor I've ever heard and it's probably got its own

- team of publicists spreading it.
- Jill, I don't give a fuck about that!
- Should I click on this, Chord?

- Sure.
...convention, and screw
up your schedule?
You know what all those people you
stood up will think? You do, right?
I bet people are saying they
saw you in the bathroom,
- I bet people...
- Is that what you're worried about?
Nobody saw me doing any drugs
because I didn't do any drugs.
Yeah, right, bitch. Get the
camera closer to the window.
Yeah.
- I don't want to.
- I know you don't.
No, I... I mean I don't
want to renegotiate.
- What are you talking about?
- I can't do this anymore.
Aim at the other
wing of the building.
What?
Perfect.
You can do that?
Wait a second.
How is that possible?
Room 686.
OK? You'll feel better tomorrow.
I didn't just decide this.
It's been bugging me for a while now.
It's been bugging you for a while now
and you didn't even say anything?
I've got another call, Dave.
We'll talk tomorrow.
No, Jill, Jill, Jill?
- It's me, Jill.
- Hello?
It's nothing. Reception just called.
There's a problem with the room.
- What are we gonna do?
- A leak or something.
They gave me another room.
Room 686. I'm on my way over now.

- OK, I'm almost there.

- See you soon.

Don't worry. Turn the lights off.

They won't see you with your lights off,

especially if they're fucking,

which is what it sounds

like they'll be doing.

What? Chord, wait.

I'm not going to...

What is this?

What's what?

What is this?

- What are you talking about?

- Another window just opened up.

- No, it didn't.

- What do you mean?

Wait a second.

It's him. It's Tony. Turn off

the lights or we're fucked.

Shit, Chord. I'm done with this.

Don't worry, Nick.

Just give me a second.

OK, Nick. I have a

ton of work tonight.

- I'm signing out.

- You're leaving?

I'll still be here connected.

Call me anytime.

- But...

- You can turn off the camera,

you can turn off the computer,

do whatever you want.

But remember, it's her fault

you're stranded at that hotel.

I think it's only fair

she should offer you

a little entertainment

in the meantime.

- Hold on a second. I...

- You're a nice guy, Nick.

She's the one who goes around

screwing over guys like you.

I'm just getting even.

See you soon, Nick.

Hello.

Hello?

First of all, we want to assure you that nobody can detect or trace this line.

It's personalized software we recently created ourselves. So...

if you want to talk to us, you are completely safe.

Well?

Well, what? What do you want?

We want to work for you, Nevada.

What? What did you just call me?

Nevada.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- How are you?

- Good. Listen.

You look great.

What's wrong?

Dave called me right after you hung up.

Imagine how scared I was.

- Are you serious?

- Yeah, yeah. But don't worry.

You know, he thinks I'm in L.A.

- I didn't think he'd call you.

- Well, I'm your agent.

Who else would he call?

- Want some?

- No, I don't.

You don't have to worry about Dave.

I managed to calm him down.

I've become an expert

at calming down actors.

What did you tell him?

That you're OK,

a little stressed,

that it'll go away.

That you weren't serious about not wanting to renegotiate, that you're upset...

You know I've been thinking about it for months.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know,

I know, I know, but...

but you weren't serious

about it. OK? All right.

OK. You have to wait
until the timing is better.

And you know Dave, he likes to
think that he's all up to date,
and if you suddenly tell
him something like that,
- he'll just go...

- I want to break up with him.

What?

Hey.

We've been over this
a thousand times, Jill.

It's too soon. OK?

Why can't you trust me on this?

Maybe because you're such an
expert at calming down actors.

OK, I'm going to order
something for dinner.

Just think about it, OK?

Jill? Jill, where are you going?

Shit!

- Nick?

- Chord, he's looking up here.

The lights suddenly turned on
and then he saw the camera.

Who?

Jill's agent. Jill left but he's still
in there and he's looking up here.

I dropped the camera. I can't see him.

I don't know what he's doing.

He's left the room and he's
calling reception. We can hear it.

- Let me check...

- Shit!

Shut up.

- Reception. Can I help you?

- Hi. I'm in room 686.

I want to know what room
is right across from mine.

One floor up. At the end of the hall.

Oh, that's room 700.

It's not occupied.

- Is there a reason you're asking?

- What? It's not occupied?
If you'd like to take a look,
I can order a card key
- from the main office.
- Shit!
OK, thanks. I'm on my way.
Great. Thanks for calling.
What the...
The main office.
The first floor.
It must be... there it is.
He's coming this way.
I have to get out of here.
You can't leave your laptop and
your video camera in there.
- I'll bring them with me.
- There isn't time, Nick.
He'll be there before you reach
the door. Do as I say, OK?
Do as I say and
everything will be fine.
Put your stuff under the bed
where the arrow's pointing.
The video camera and that suitcase.
- Everything but your laptop.
- Under the bed?
Do it.
In there.
- What's in there?
- There's a bag. Open it. Hurry!
See the two metal teeth?
The taser has a switch on the base.
It's very simple.
When the guy walks into the room,
you zap him with it from behind.
He won't even see you. When he wakes up,
he'll be in an empty room, that's all.
- I don't...
- Either that or you'll have to face him.
No offense, but he looks like more
than you can handle. It's your call.
Hello?
Hello!
What the...?

Shit, shit. Shit!

Quick, move that nightstand.

What is this?

The gag is for his mouth and the cuffs on the wall are for his hands.

- What?

- He didn't see your face and I erased you from the hotel registry. You're clean.

But you still need to get the hell out of there before he sounds the alarm. This way we can make sure he stays quiet but doesn't go anywhere when he wakes up.

- No, no, no, no, no, no.

- We don't know how long he'll be out.

What will you do if he comes to and you're still there? Zap him again?

You know how dangerous that would be? Do it for him, Nick.

- What if I just leave?

- I can only get you out of this if you do everything I say. If you're not going to, I'll sign out right now.

- OK, see ya!

- No, no, no!

Tie him up. Now.

All this stuff...

you put it here. Why?

Hurry up. Grab your laptop and get out of there.

What about my stuff?

Come on, Nick, grab your laptop and get out of there.

Don't shut it, you idiot! I need to guide you so nobody will see you.

Keep it on. You have enough battery.

The hallway is empty.

Go outside and turn right.

There's a service elevator at the end of the hall. I'll send it to your floor.

You have a rental car in the garage, right?

- Yeah.

- No, wait!

If you stay there they'll both see you.

You can't let anyone see you.

- What do I do?

- They're headed right for you.

The door on your left. Room 704.

I just opened it. Don't make any noise.

Stay still. You're not alone.

Hello?

Good evening, sir.

Can I ask you for something?

We're doing an equipment check.

Would you mind turning up

the volume on your television?

Oh, sure.

Thank you very much.

Leave the room. Now.

Great. The elevator's right there.

Take it to the garage.

That was you! The guy from reception?

- It sounded just like the other voice.

- I'm pretty good at impersonations.

Hurry up. There's no time to lose.

There's nobody on that floor right now.

- We can do this, Nick. Hurry.

- Are you sure no one has seen me?

So...

all that stuff in my room,

the cameras...

Don't worry. They're totally secure,

completely untraceable.

Nobody will know you were there.

That means...

you've already been in my room.

If I'd told you I prepped the room

just in case, you'd have freaked out.

Where are you right now?

- Where are you talking to me?

- OK, you made it.

We got lucky. The garage is empty.

- Who are you?

- Quick. Quickly, get in the car.

Our luck won't last.

You're forgetting

the computer, damn it!

Sorry, I must have left that on.
You were in this car?
That's right.
Open the glove compartment.
Stick it on your dashboard
facing the road.
No, I'm not hiding in the back seat.
Hurry up, damn it!
Where are you?
Where are you watching me from?
Do it.
Why? What for?
Put the camera on the dashboard.
What for? Why are
you doing this to me?
I want to see you. Show yourself!
It's just as easy for me to
show this to the police, Nick.
All I have to do is press a button.
I'll explain it to them.
I'll tell them...
They won't even ask you,
shit for brains.
- They already know who you are.
- Hi, there. I'm Nick Chambers
and I'm the webmaster...
They'll have seen you explaining
how you won a blog contest,
which nobody ever authorized.
A blog contest which
all of a sudden...
Poof! Just disappears.
How long have you
been doing this to me?
It's up to you, Nick.
Where to?
I gave you an arrow.
Follow the arrow.
- Where are we going?
- Drive!
Nick... turn off that
awful music, will you?
- You're the one who left it on.
- I'm sorry, the CD has me curious.

It's not exactly your style of music.
Actually, I know your tastes.
You hate crap like
that as much as I do.
Are you sure the CD is yours?
If you'll excuse me,
I need to go for a second.
Keep driving. I'll be right back.
Excuse me, Nevada.
What is this? Why are
you calling me Nevada?
We've seen each other before.
We met on April.
What? I don't know what
you're talking about.
We know the rule. If a hacker
wants to work for you,
he has to prove himself
by hacking you first.
This is what we did, on April.
We uploaded a greeting onto your system.
Then, later that day,
you called us back.
Here's the video file.
What makes you think you
can contact me like this?
Hi...
- Nevada? Are you Nevada?
- Yes, I am.
At first we thought it was strange
of you to cut us off like that.
If you wanted to meet us,
why cut us off?
Then we figured you thought
the connection might be unsafe.
So, we've been reinforcing it.
Wait, wait, wait. I'm not Nevada!
That's right. If you show your face,
we show ours.
My name is Pierre Da Rocha, Triop 1.
This is our base in Paris.
Nick? Who's talking?
Did you hear a voice?
It was...

- the radio.
- I don't see any radio on your computer.
The car radio.
You're almost there.
Wait for me when you get there.
Excuse me, Nevada, sorry.
You are in the middle
of an operation.
That's not your real face,
it's make-up, right?
What?
We understand,
this is not the best time.
We are going to leave an open window
for you to talk to us, whenever you want.
Remember... you are the best...
but we are close second.
Remember the trick I
played on Jill's cell phone?
Well, it's even easier to
do it with her computer.
She's in the apartment
they rent for her.
She has no idea her webcam is on.
- What's that?
- Her computer. From inside.
I uploaded a file to your desktop.
The red rectangle...
I want you to drag it to her windows.
Upper right corner.
It will open automatically on
her computer. Do it right now.
What is it?
When it opens on hers,
it'll open on yours as well.
You'll be able to see everything.
- What is it?
- Do it.
Chord? What is this?
Is that you? What are you doing?
What is this?
You're the one who wanted
to see me so badly.
Listen to me, Nick.

Right now you've two options.
Either drag that message
for Jill to her computer
or...
I'll give it to her personally.
Hello?
Chord, wait! No!
What are you doing?
It's up to you, Nick. Send her the
file or I'll go upstairs after her.
Wait, wait! I'll do it!
Shit! What the fuck is this?
- Jill!
- Hi.
- You OK?
- Yeah, I'm fine.
- You don't look so good.
- Why? Did you watch the presentation?
No. I mean now. You look pissed.
No, sorry. I just heard something
fall downstairs and I got scared.
OK, Nick, wait until
they're done talking.
Send the message as soon
as her friend hangs up.
- OK. But tell me...
- I'll be back in a while.
Hello? Chord?
- It's impossible for me to reach you.
- You're talking to me right now.
Tony called earlier.
Carol, I...
I'm going to sign off.
I want to go to bed.
He said you and Dave
had another fight.
Tony is worried about
your relationship.
He thinks you should spend
more time together.
So, Tony's worried.
Yes. He said your...
Nevada?!
Can you get inside my computer

and see everything I see?

Do it now.

He's trying to help you, Jill.

There's a man hiding in her house.

He's watching everything I do.

He's hiding in her house.

She doesn't know. She's in danger.

Have you got a ping-pong camera?

- We can use it to geolocate you.

- What?

OK, it is you.

It's on your dashboard.

- Those cameras are awesome, Nevada.

- Forget about me.

She's the one that matters.

She's the one in danger, damn it!

It's a critical moment in your career.

You can't blow this.

The media is just waiting

for you to fuck up again.

You might think that

they've pardoned you

because they've been off your

back for a while. But they haven't.

If you announce that you're retiring now,

you'll be crucified. You know that.

And if you change your mind and try to make

a comeback, you'll be a laughing stock.

Seriously, is there anything I can

do to help? Anything you need?

- Yeah.

- What?

Well, Nick.

What are you waiting for?

Send it to her.

Tell me what it is. As soon as

you tell me, I'll send it to her.

Shit, Nick.

We've already had this conversation.

Even an idiot like you can figure

out that if I wanted to hurt her,

I already would have.

I don't want to,

but I will if you force me to.

OK! I'll send it, I'll send it!
Good.
That wasn't so hard now, was it?
Jesus Christ. No.
Chord! Jesus, Chord!
If she puts down the phone,
I'll turn off the juice.
Tell her. Write it
in the text window.
If she picks it up, Tony's mouth
will never be the same again.
Tell her to stay put.
- Can you see me?
- Tell her, damn it!
OK, Nick.
You can take it from here.
Go ahead.
Where... where's Tony?
What do you want from me?
- Tell her, Nick.
- Tell her what?
What you want from her.
- I don't want anything.
- She'll do anything you ask, Nick.
- I don't want anything.
- Like at the hotel, right?
You're a fraud.
Stop! Please, stop!
Chord, wait! OK, OK, OK!
Good. See how easy this is?
It's all in your head.
It's already there.
- OK, now let Tony go.
- Sorry.
- Stop!
- I don't know what else to say.
- No!
- OK, OK!
Stop!
- Good! Jesus Christ!
- Like this?
Are you kidding me?
OK, wait, wait!
Yes, wider, of course.

Before now you had to
settle for those lame photos
you had on your filthy website.
You're finally going beyond
the final frontier?

Like this?

- What do you want?

- OK.

- What do you want?

- Chord, let me think, god damn it!

What's there to think about?

Oh, this is good stuff.

Better than those pics of Jill where
you can barely see her panties.

You like that stuff but it's
kind of a tease, isn't it?

- Listen, I have an idea, OK?

- Come on.

Tell me where you are and I can come
over there. I'll do anything you say, OK?

Hold on. We're failing at something
pretty basic here, Nick.

That bitter look on
her face has to go.

I understand.

Can I wipe my face?

Yes, she can. Of course she can.

I can... I can come
over there like this.

Cut the crap, Nick.

We're off course here.

Her robe's closed again.

Tell her to open it, damn it.

You don't want to see me in person?

How's this?

Fuck you, Nick.

Tell me... tell me how you want it,
you fucking son of a bitch!

Hey, hey! Look, look!

Now we're talking!

Keep going, damn it!

Don't let her close the robe again.

That's a good idea.

Let's see how it goes.

I understand. Just...
just give me a second.
You're heading in
the right direction.
- Keep going.
- OK.
- Chord?
- Keep going.
Oh, yeah. Very nice.
That's what I'm talking about.
- What's... Oh, shit. I can't believe it.
- What was that?
She must have picked up
her cell with her left hand.
- She's calling the cops!
- The cops?
Don't worry, I blocked her signal earlier.
We're the only ones who can hear her.
Smart girl, smart girl.
OK, Nick, where were we?
She's already doing great.
Maybe a little more... more...
Well, sometimes the simplest
things work the best.
OK.
OK, Nick. This is all I need.
He cut the connection.
He cut it? Are you sure?
You're on your own.
Jill, it's over! It's over!
- Help! Please help! It's an emergency!
- It's OK! Everything's fine.
Help is coming. Stay where you are.
Don't go anywhere.
Jill! Jill, no!
No!
No!
Nevada! Nevada!
It's OK, listen. We're extracting the
information from the police server.
The police? Damn!
- Are they far away?
- They've already sent units to the house.
Fuck. Fuck.

What is he doing? What is that?

I don't know.

- What do the police know?

- They've got the situation under control.

They know he's in there
and they know he's armed.

OK.

Don't worry. They're almost there.

They will arrive in half a minute or so.

Oh, putain! Guys! Guys!

Look at this.

What is that?

It's the police. They have access
to these security cameras.

What? There were cameras all
over the house the whole time?

Find Jill! She has to
be there somewhere.

There he is! Wearing a mask!

That's him.

He's by a woodpile
on the first floor.

- I don't see her anywhere.

- Keep looking.

I only see him.

They're here! They're here!

Pierre, what exactly
did you tell them?

- Do they know about the guy at the hotel?

- What? We didn't talk to them.

What? You didn't call them?

No! They were already on their
way when we spiked them.

I thought you did!

No.

Who the fuck did?

One second.

Assault team,
we've got all the exits covered.

Green light. Green light.

It doesn't seem like the
subjects can hear us.

What is he doing?

Hold on. Wait!

What looks like a hunting knife.
He's holding it up at eye level.
Wait a minute.
- He's picking something up.
- It's the same log.
The subject is coming out. I repeat.
He's coming out. I repeat.
He's in there. Now he's trapped.
He's pointing the rod
right at you, guys.
What the fuck?
It's a trap! He set them up! He's been
toying with them this whole time.
Chord isn't in there.
It's a recording.
So, it's a video with time delay.
- Then where is he?
- Shit.
Where's her house? What's the address?
How do I get there?
Fuck. I'm right down
the street! Fuck!
Wait, wait, wait, listen, stop!
Fuck.
Nevada, there's a problem.
The police are putting out an APB.
They've traced the signals from
the cameras in your apartment.
- What did they find?
- The cameras pointed to your computer!
They think it's you!
They know where you are!
Oh, my God!
All the cameras in the house are
ping-pong cameras like yours, Nevada.
Who is this guy?
Hello, Nick.
Sorry, Nick.
Chord, listen. Where are you?
Where's Jill?
I need you for one more thing.
I need you to keep everybody
distracted for a few minutes.
Do that for me and

I'm afraid that's all.

- It's time to say good-bye.

- Chord, wait.

I want you to know one thing.

I hope you feel guilty when you find out what happened to Jill tonight.

- Why? What's going to happen to her?

- Because it's your fault, too.

Fuck!

Chord? Chord?

There he is! I've found him!

He caused an accident.

It seems he ran away.

He can't be far.

- There!

- Where is he?

Corner of West 24. Half a mile away from the crashed van.

- Where is that?

- Forget it, you're headed right for him!

No, no, no, no!

- Where are you going?

- How far away is he?

Nevada!

Shit! Sh... Shit!

The road! They're blocking it!

Fuck!

Can you tell me where he is right now?

Nevada, here.

Turn right on the next intersection.

Where is he now?

He's turning down West 12!

You'll see the accident any second now.

You need to turn around.

Why around it?

I can't stay behind him?

No! The accident blocked it!

You can't get through.

You have to turn right.

If he turns right, he'll lose him.

- What did he say?

- Turn right.

What are you doing? Turn right!

Goddamn it.
I can't get out! Fuck! Shit!
Let me back on the road!
Get out of the way! Move it!
OK, they're falling behind.
But don't stop. Don't stop.
Where is Chord?
I lost him!
There's an alley 100 yards... ahead.
Turn in.
Stop!
We lost him? We lost Chord?
Son of a bitch. We don't have a chance
unless he keeps flipping trucks over.
We can't trace him and we don't know
what kind of hardware he's carrying.
What's that?
My website. Chord is controlling it.
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
Son of a bitch.
I'll do anything you say, OK?
What is that?
It's not just your website. It's...
oh, my God. It's a massive virus.
Most of the addresses are
showing the same thing.
That's almost 1/3 of
the global network.
- How can he do that?
- I have absolutely no idea.
He's doing it from the same terminal
he used to get inside my computer.
- You might be able to trace the source.
- Yeah. Right.
You were able to tap the ping-pong cameras.
The ones he had all over the house.
You want us to tap them again?
It could be dangerous.
- The house is full of agents.
- No, not those. He has more.
His bag is filled with them.
Didn't you see? They were spilling out.
- Shit, you're right!

- Can you locate them?
It's harder if they're moving, but...
I did it!
I traced the website.
I found it. His server.
Seriously? Can we get in?
He detected me and put in a firewall.
His equipment is very good.
But I was able to copy a video file.
What is this?
Are those...?
That's how he had the
Internet in his pocket.
Where did he get
these kind of servers?
What made you pick that file?
Look at the name.
Triops Team Call.
That's us! Wait a second.
April 16th, that's the date of our...
What is it?
That's our greeting.
Don't you remember?
We sent you this, then later,
you called us back.
That's your equipment, Nevada.
And if that's your equipment,
then, then that's you.
Shit, shit.
That's Nevada!
The guy with the mask is Nevada.
Nevada's in the middle of an
operation and we're screwing it up!
If Chord is Nevada,
then who's that guy?
He's a nobody! He's a decoy!
Nevada has been using him and his
connection to throw off the police!
That's why we confused his shitty
laptop with Nevada's terminal.
He's been tricking us the whole time!
I never tricked you! I never said
I was Nevada. My name is Nick.
There they are.

The 23 ping-pong cameras, all together.
It's his car. He's heading
west on Endfield.
- Turn that off!
- What? Jill is that car.
Deconnecte ce trou du cul.
Pas question de me deconnecter!
Fait es a et vous verrez!
Tu parles franais aussi,
putain de mytho!
J'ai jamais dit que je
parlais pas franais!
Who cares if you do speak French!
Why are we still connected
to this enfoir?
If you disconnect me,
I'll tell the police about you!
Oh, yes? And what will you say?
We won't leave anything traceable
on that cheap laptop of yours.
I got you!
Erase his hard drive!
It's right here.
What did you say?
It's right here.
I made a copy. Fuck you!
Why did you do that?
Because I'm sick of this shit!
Should I turn left or right?
If you turn right on East 2nd,
you've got a clear path.
Chord is nearby. I'm going to cross
the signal from the ping-pong cameras.
What are you doing?
Wait a second. Nick. Nick!
Keep going. Keep going
until you get to the bridge.
There is something very,
very few people know.
Do you remember this?
That was Nevada!
He organized the heist,
took the ransom money,
and returned the painting damaged.

This is the police detective
who disappeared overnight
after arranging the ransom payment.
And this is the restorer
who charged a fortune
to remove the stain
from the painting.
Look closely. They're both Nevada!
Remember when little Danny was
rescued and it was all a hoax?
The Guinean flu epidemic?
When Marker Financials disappeared?
And the Wall Street extortions?
They were all Nevada operations.
This was Nevada. This was Nevada.
And this guy. Even this guy.
He can be anyone!
Do you understand?
The man with the mask is Nevada.
We'd better stay out of it.
- The map!
- What?
Look at the map!
He's here. Nick?
I'm looking right at him.
You should see him any second now.
He's going to pass right
in front of you in 3,
2, 1...
He didn't recognize you.
Wait, wait, wait a minute.
- Let me try something.
- What are you doing?
The feed from all the cameras,
they can be generated as one
signal if we cross the frequency.
OK, you can see it, right?
When the ping-pongs
are closed together,
they can build a real-time
3D model like this.
It's a bag.
All the cameras are inside of the bag.
From the shape of the bag,

it could be lying inside a trunk.

- Hold on!

- What?

Put it back like it was before,
when you could see the bottom.

OK.

Look how the shape of the
bag changes right there.

- Look, right there.

- A foot! It's a foot!

It's hers. She's in the trunk.

Nick, listen. In the last 5 years,
Nevada has organized more than 30
carefully designed revolutionary operations
and has never produced
a single victim.

A single victim! Don't you get it?

He isn't going to hurt her.

- The girl is safe.

- He's already hurt her enough!

He's right, Pierre.

Is there any doubt it's him?

Nobody in the world has
this kind of technology.

He's the only one capable of this.

That's true, but Nevada would
never have done something...

You always have
to wait until the end!

It will make sense in the end!

It always does!

What's that up there? Could it be...

Is that a cell phone?

Yes! It's her cell phone!

What are you doing now?

Jill? Jill? Can you hear me?

Behind you. In the bag.

Jill! Can you hear me?

It's me, the guy from before.

- You?

- Jill!

- We're gonna get you out of there.

- How?

- Just keep your voice down.

- I'm in the trunk. My hands are tied.

- We're following your car.

- Where is he taking me?

Jill, listen to me.

There's a knife in the bag.

What?

There's a knife in the bag. You can reach your hand in there and take it out.

You might be able to

use it to cut the rope.

That's it.

A little to the left, Jill.

That's it. Can you feel the blade?

Yeah, I got it.

Shit, red light. Stay away from him.

- No, no, no, he should keep moving.

- No, he's going to see him.

- He's going to see him.

- No, don't worry.

- Listen to me. He won't see you.

- No, he must turn back.

Just listen to me.

He should act normal.

- He should keep moving.

- Nick! Turn back now!

I see police cars just east of there.

They keep coming.

What's he doing?

Why's he waiting there?

Shit! He saw me!

They saw you, Nick.

I can't divert them this time!

Oh, no, no, no!

We're losing him, we're losing him!

Fuck.

Fuck.

Those sirens... is that you?

Yeah, that's me.

Just give me a minute.

What are you doing, Jill?

There might be... a lever.

- Lever? What lever?

- The seats might be retractable.

- What did you say?

- Nothing.
Jill... what are you doing?
- I might be able to get to him.
- And do what?
- I have a knife.
- No, no, no. Don't do anything.
Stay where you are. Don't let
go of the knife, just stay there.
The sirens.
We're behind you.
We're almost caught up.
I don't hear the sirens anymore.
He's 3 blocks ahead. Keep going.
He's in front of you. You'll see
him any moment. Keep going straight.
That car straight ahead?
He's coming in the opposite direction.
Yes. Didn't I tell you?
- Fuck! No!
- It's on the map!
I know! Shit! Shit! Shit!
- Jill, wait... listen.
- What?
We're right behind you. Can you hear
the sirens again? Can you hear them now?
- Yes.
- Then sit tight and wait!
Not in this trunk.
Nevada! It's me, Pierre!
With the Triops, in Paris!
- Nevada!
- I blocked him!
- What?
- I blocked him!
Unblock Nevada!
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!
Pierre! Where are you going?
Pierre! Pierre!
- Pierre!
- Hey, what's going on?
Pierre, where are you going?
Pierre, stop!
I have to help him! I have to help him!
I have to help Nevada!

What's going on?
What the fuck is... yeah, listen!
Listen...
Nevada, behind you!
No!
No, no, no, no!
No!
That is the call he... he made
back... back to us... that day.
But I don't understand.
Why is he hiding?
What the fuck? Who is this?
What makes you think you
can contact me like this?
Nevada! Are you Nevada?
Yes, I am.
I just killed Nevada.
It may've looked simple enough,
but it was actually the hardest part.
All the servers are mine now.
Now I can make jillgoddardcaught.com
the most popular website of all time.
This is what I took.
And there's the rest of it.
There will be bigger fires, Jill.
Wait and see.
I'm sorry.
Jill...
Jill...
Jill... can you hear me?
Chord! Where's Jill?
Where she's always been.
- On the Internet.
- I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
- I'll do anything you say, OK?
- Please! Stop that music!
I'll do anything you say, OK?
- Take out the CD.
- I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?

- Throw it away.
- I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
- I'll do anything you say, OK?
- Shitty music.
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
I'll do anything you say, OK?
Hello. Sorry, what you're
seeing isn't a stolen video.
This is not a recording.
The explosives you see
behind Jill Goddard
are programmed to
detonate in one minute.
Jill will not survive the blast.
The detonator is synchronized
with the counter on this website,
which you can see right here.
If more than half of you
who came to this website
looking for a stolen video
leave right now, she lives.
If you stay, she dies.
You have 10 seconds.
Yeah.
It's amazing.
You can watch it later.
I'm recording it. I've been
recording everything I've done.
This will be the final shot.
Years from now,
everybody will see it.
They'll know what I did for you.
Everything I've said was true.
The counter was real.
Do you want to know how
many people left the website?

How many feared for your life?
I'm sorry.
Not even 10% of the bastards.
There you have it.
That's the world
you're leaving behind.
By the way... sorry I
had to knock you out.
- I just...
- Leave behind?
What do you mean "leave behind"?
What are you doing?
No! Wait!
- It's OK. Calm down.
- Wait a minute.
Just wait!
Are you still recording?
Yeah.
Do you mind?
No, but...
Only 10%?
Only 10%.
I think I understand now.
There were plenty of other
ways to do this, but...
You wanted to open
my eyes, is that it?
None of this is new to you.
But I wanted you to see it.
Who are you?
How do you know so much about me?
I've been watching
you for a long time.
I know you better than anyone.
And I know what everybody
was doing to you.
When people see this,
I don't want them to
see me tied up like this.
I want them to see me walk out
of here on my own two feet.
No! No!
Listen to me, please!
Point the gun at me! Point it...

point it at me as I go in!
If you're careful...
people won't see the
gun in the video.
They'll think I chose to go in.
I've been tied up for too long.
I arranged for the fire to crush
the building in a few minutes.
Nobody will find us down there.
We'll be safe for a long time.
A very long time.
Is the gun down so no one can see it?
Yes.
OK, I can start again...
from over there.
And...
you stay there.
OK?
OK.
Actually...
come closer so you can see me better.
If you start at my feet...
and slowly move back up to my face...
when they see,
when they see how happy I am,
it'll be a surprise.
What a bunch of crap, Chord.
What? Who are you?
You know who I am.
Nevada?
Yes, I am.
It's pathetic enough that you went to
all this trouble to meet a movie star.
Now I can't let you screw
things up like this.
And don't even think about hanging up.
I'm trying to help you out.
- What?
- I don't care if they catch you,
but I can't let them confiscate
my servers, you idiot.
- It makes me sick.
- But...
But right now, I have to save

your ass. The kid saw your face.
You mean Nick? Nick's dead.
Nick's alive, you fool.
Nick...
but... but...
Move, you dumbshit! Go after
him and shoot him for good.
- Hurry!
- Shit!
I have a lock on the police position.
I'll let you know when they're close.
- Then... you're alive.
- Of course I'm alive.
You botched the job. You can't
even shoot someone in the back.
I was coming from an operation.
I was wearing a bulletproof vest, genius.
The saddest part is if you'd
looked closely at your recordings,
you would've realized.
Go ahead. Take a look.
Don't worry. He isn't going anywhere.
Look for the moment
right after you shot me.
Look at me. Look closely.
- You heard me.
- I didn't know who the fuck you were.
But yes, I heard you
say something out loud.
"Now, I can make jillgoddardcaught.com
the most popular website of all time."
And that was my only clue.
As soon as I recovered, I checked
out that website and its owner.
Nick Chambers.
But he was just some poor kid
jerking off with a normal laptop.
So, in order to find you,
I did what I've done
many times before.
Play a role. Change my face.
I became Nick Chambers.
- Son of a bitch.
- What? Don't shoot him!

What's wrong?

Don't you get the real reason I
have you leave the warehouse?

- You really don't see it.

- See what?

That kid you're looking
at doesn't know a thing.

- He's been asleep all day.

- What?

Since I nabbed him at a gas
station on his way from L.A.

- Wait a second!

- He's been in the trunk the whole time.

What the fuck is this?

He's not the one you've been
playing with all night. I am.

- What?

- Look at your screen.

- But...

- Hi, Chord.

Well. It seems you're not the only one
driving around with someone in the trunk.

How can it be?

This is the real Nick Chambers.

Don't worry, he's OK.

I stole his identity and his computer
so I could find out who you were.

And find a way to hunt you down.

And now what you're watching
here is time-delayed.

I got the idea to use video
with time delay from you.

By the time you see this,
I might already be saving her.

This recording was the only
way I could thank you.

Thank you, Chord.

By the way...

this CD is mine. The band is called
"Suicide" and they are awesome.

Fuck!

- Over here!

- Yes!

Fuck! Fuck, Fuck!

Jesus Christ!
Please, open the door.
Jill. Please, you've got
to believe me. Jill.
You... you... you need me!
It's over.
My God.
All of my favorite movies,
music, books...
My equipment.
Don't worry.
I can get us out of here.
Not right now, of course, but...
we can wait for them to...
You want one?
At this point, the producers of

"Dark Sky:

the actress' latest premiere,
have announced they will make an
official statement in the next few hours.
I owe you an apology.
I've been tracking that
madman all this time and...
I had no idea of what
he was really up to.
I didn't know you were in danger,
that he was going to hurt you.
By the time I realized, I...
I didn't have enough time to react.
I think I could have prevented it.
I could have prevented
everything that he...
everything he...
Sorry.
Who the fuck are you?
What?
I'm...
nobody.
What are you going
to do after all of this?
Disappear. Actually, I'd very much
appreciate it if you didn't mention me.
- What's in it for me?

- What?

What do I get out of it if I don't tell anyone about you?

While the Internet is recovering from the attack, tickets for "Dark Sky: The Third Wave," the film, are being sold at a record-setting pace.

It is a tragedy, a real tragedy. But now, I think the best way to honor her is to enjoy her work. She was in the prime of her life, of her career. She loved this movie. She was so enthusiastic about her work. I can't believe it.

I'd like to as well.

You'd like to what?

Disappear.

Sure. For how long?

Long enough.