

# SHANE TESTA CASTING

Revised

TESS  
#1

10-5-11

TESS AUDITION SCENE  
R. Wright 10/05/11

INT. COMPUTER CLUSTER - DAY

Lounging at the help desk absently reading a Wired magazine is a young female techie, TESS. Devon arrives, bows theatrically.

DEVON

Lady Delphi. Master of the Code.  
Guru of Ajax. *The Python Tamer*.

TESS

The Python Tamer, I like that.  
(continues reading)  
How's the prog?

DEVON

Flawless.

TESS

Cool.

DEVON

Except when it crashes every thirty minutes.

TESS

Uh oh, what's going on?

DEVON

(shrugs)  
I'm overclocking the processor, would that do it?

TESS

By how much?

DEVON

I'm not sure, but when the fan comes on it kinda sounds like a Lamborghini.

TESS

(laughs)  
You might wanna look at that.

Devon settles closer, confidential:

DEVON

So I have a question.

INTERCEPT

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Tess puts down her magazine. This may require her full attention.

TESS

Do you now?

DEVON

A very important question: how many CPUs can you daisy-chain together?

TESS

Theoretically, there's no limit.

DEVON

I mean you personally.

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DEVON

(angry)

No, it's cool. Why do you care, right? I'm the one going to jail if we get caught. 'Hey everybody, Devon built a listening post in the basement, woohoo!'

GARRET

Dev, I didn't tell her you just did.

Hold on Devon. Oh shit. He and Kat look to Tess who smiles quietly back at them, brow arched with intrigue.

TESS

You should probably shut that.

The door. Devon closes it. Tess drums her fingers on the table, enjoying her moment of power.

TESS

~~I heard 'listen' and I heard 'post'~~  
and I do believe I heard 'basement.'

~~INT. LISTENING POST - DAY~~

Tess walks among the stacks, scrutinizing Devon's creation from a technical standpoint.

TESS

Radiowave receivers. Digital amps. Microprocessor array: crunch, crunch, crunch. And all the data you collect, you're storing...

(a bank of hard drives)

Hundred terabytes?

DEVON

Petabyte.

TESS

(laughs)

That's just wrong. What are you tethering to?

DEVON

(deliberately vague)

Off site.

TESS

Yeah, no kidding, the room's concrete...

(suddenly realizes)

The dish?!

~~END~~  
TESS #2

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Devon shrugs as if it's self-evident. Tess winces with a kind of admiration, sits at the console. A million disembodied VOICES crackle over the speakers. Tess's face darkens a little as she listens.

DEVON

I know, I know, I'm 'spying on people', oh, the moral conundrum...

TESS

I don't care about that, it's just -- there aren't this many people on campus.

KAT

She's right.

Kat was thinking the very same thing. Devon steps closer. There's a breadth to the signal that wasn't there before. The voices of students mixed with those of the outside world.

DEVON

We upgraded the antenna today, it must be picking up stuff off-campus.

Devon sweeps the channels. The VOICES seem infinite. CB radios. Air traffic controllers. Raw CHATTER on a POLICE FREQUENCY, a high-speed pursuit:

~~POLICE FREQUENCY  
SUSPECT TURNING LEFT ON BELMONT --  
DISPATCH, THIS IS 324, REQUESTING  
BACK-UP...~~

~~DISPATCH  
ROGER 324, BACKUP ON ITS WAY.~~

~~GARRET  
The hell did you tap into?~~

Devon keeps turning. Hits the cell phone frequencies. The area codes of INTERCEPTED CALLS scrolling in frenetic columns on a monitor.

TESS

619 is San Diego. 415 is Frisco.  
206 -- where's 206?

GARRET

Seattle...

(stunned, realizing)

Dev, you've got the whole West Coast here.

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