



Written by

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Shooting Script

Based on, "Losing the Signal"  
by Jacquie McNish & Sean Silcoff

**TEXT ON SCREEN:**

*The following fictionalization is inspired by real people  
and real events that took place in Waterloo, Ontario.*

**CORPORATE CREDITS BEGIN AS MUSIC FADES IN.**

An authoritative male voice.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm thinking of the incredible  
breakthrough which has been made  
possible by developments of  
communications. Particularly, the  
transistor and above all the  
communications satellite. These  
things will make possible --

In Black and White archival footage we now see the man behind  
the voice, who some will recognize as famed science fiction  
author ARTHUR C. CLARKE.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

-- a world in which we can be in  
instant contact with each other  
wherever we may be.

**OPENING CREDITS BEGIN**

INT. DOUG'S 1984 HONDA CIVIC, WATERLOO STREETS - MORNING

DOUG (35) drives a Brown 1984 HONDA CIVIC HATCHBACK with MIKE  
(35, grey hair) in the passenger seat.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

It will be possible in that age,  
perhaps only fifty years from now,  
for a man to conduct his business  
from Tahiti or Bali just as well as  
he could from London.

Mike nervously shuffles CUE CARDS, rehearsing as the duo  
drive through Waterloo, Ontario.

INT. JIM'S BMW, WATERLOO STREETS - MORNING

We see ECU of JIM BALSILLE (35) driving through rural  
Waterloo. His Rolex watch, his Harvard MBA ring.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE (O.S.)

In fact if it proves worthwhile almost any executive skill, any administrative skill, even any physical skill, could be made independent of distance.

INT. DOUG'S 1984 HONDA CIVIC, WATERLOO STREETS - MORNING

Mike and Doug drive past a horse and buggy. It's farm country.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE (O.S.)

When that time comes, the whole world will have shrunk to a point --

INT. JIM'S BMW, WATERLOO STREETS - MORNING

Jim approaches his office.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

-- and the traditional role of the city as a meeting place for man would have ceased to make any sense.

BACK TO ARTHUR C. CLARKE FOR HIS CONCLUSION

ARTHUR C. CLARKE

In fact, men will no longer commute. They will communicate.

EXT. PARKING LOT, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - DAY

Doug pulls into the busy lot and finds a VISITOR spot at the far end.

DOUG

We're not late!

MIKE

I know but, I am going to throw up.

DOUG

Okay!

Doug and Mike jump out of the car -- They open the trunk -- fumbling to grab a stack of PRESENTATION CARDS and EASEL.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
I got it. I got it.

Doug drops the EASEL and PRESENTATION CARDS on the ground.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Bends down, gathers.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
It's good.

Mike organizes his CUE CARDS as they run towards the main entrance of SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ.

We stay outside as Jim pulls into the frame with his BMW...

SPORTS RADIO HOST (O.S.)  
...forward Matts Sundin is the  
sleepiest of all out there. He's a  
proven NHL talent but, not scoring  
like the Leafs need him --

Jim pulls into a parking space: "JIM BALSILLIE" and cuts the engine, killing the radio.

Jim checks himself in the rearview mirror -- notices something -- turns around...

...sees a limousine unloading well-dressed European business executives into the parking lot...

INT. RECEPTION, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim walks enters and turns to the FACTORY FLOOR towards the front desk.

SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ RECEPTIONIST  
Your 9 o'clock is here.

JIM  
Where's Brock?

SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ RECEPTIONIST  
His office.

YOUNG BUSINESSMAN  
Uh, Mr. Balsillie, you wanted to  
see this report I --

JIM  
Talk to Shelley.

Jim keeps moving, passing Mike and Doug in his office.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike and Doug (wearing Sutherland-Schultz visitor name tags) sit opposite Jim's desk. It's a large office with horrific masks of all descriptions hanging on the wall behind a raw mahogany desk and a large picture window looking out over the office..

The easel is now set up with their presentation cards.

Doug observes Sutherland-Schultz through the window. It's a bustling mid-90s workplace. Staff buzz around cream cubicles as fax machines chug out mile after mile of thermal paper. Every computer runs Windows '95.

Mike practices his speech to himself off his CUE CARDS.

DOUG

I finally understand that quote.  
*When you grow up, your heart dies.*

Mike looks up as though he hears something...

DOUG (CONT'D)

That's from Breakfast Club. John Hughes.

MIKE

Do you hear that?

We hear it now too. A STATIC DRONE, like the noise of an open channel on a walkie-talkie.

DOUG

Uhh, yeah. Are you talking about that buzzing?

Mike nods.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Uh huh, it's an office. I'm sure they've got a million little buzzes.

They listen a beat longer.

DOUG (CONT'D)

It's a subtle buzzing.

Mike has found it.

MIKE

There.

It's coming from an INTERCOM on the desk.

DOUG

You've identified it.

Mike picks up the intercom -- sees something --

MIKE

Mmmm.

DOUG

What?

-- shows Doug.

DOUG (CONT'D)

"Made in China". The mark of the  
beast.

Mike clicks open the back of the INTERCOM.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Uh... Ummm... Mike?

MIKE

I can't concentrate.

DOUG

And so what? You're going to fix  
this?

Mike starts unscrewing the intercom --

MIKE

I'm going to fix it.

Mike has got the screws off and the intercom open -- the  
STATIC is louder without the case to muffle it.

DOUG

Uh. Now's not the time. The meeting  
starts in like two minutes. Now's  
not the time. Now's not the time!

MIKE

Okay. I need like a, uh, paperclip.

Mike continues to mess with the INTERCOM.

DOUG

That's a guy's thing. That's a  
guy's fucking thing.

Doug stands up and checks over his shoulder to see if anyone is watching. Mike has got the screws off and the intercom open -- the STATIC is louder without the case to muffle it.

MIKE

It has no off switch. I mean, it's  
just always on. It's just always  
buzzing.

DOUG

Uh huh. Yeah. Um. Oh well -

Doug moves to the easel -- pulls off the paperclip holding their cards together -- hands it to Mike --

DOUG (CONT'D)

(whispers)  
Yeah, go fast.

INT. BROCK'S OFFICE, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim walks in and puts his briefcase on the ground.

RICK BROCK (50s, suit and tie) sits behind his desk on the phone.

RICK BROCK

You can tell him he's - He's not  
going to get steel. Alloys, Harry.

Rick sees Jim at his door.

RICK BROCK (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

Hangs up.

JIM

They're outside.

Rick checks his watch.

RICK BROCK

These guys really are Dutch, huh?

Jim smiles.

JIM

Uh. Listen, Rick, I've thought about this a lot and if these guys take the deal.. I wanna run the new division.

Beat. This took Rick by surprise.

RICK BROCK

Think you can run this place?

JIM

Yes. Yes.

RICK BROCK (O.S.)

Me too.

RICK BROCK (CONT'D)

Just so we're clear.. If this thing doesn't go. We never had this conversation.

JIM

Great... Um... Thank you.

Jim begins to collect his briefcase. Rick interrupts him.

RICK BROCK

There's one adjustment. Apparently the Americans offered them some fancy tax-splitting plan. So, we need to show them the Canadian version.

JIM

I don't have that.

RICK BROCK

I know. Callaghan worked out something last minute. We're going to bring him in to explain it.

Jim looks back into the main office -- sees CALLAGHAN (20s, very nerdy, BIG glasses, low status)

JIM

Callaghan. Uh... You know what, I think that's a bad idea.

RICK BROCK

Why's that?



JIM

I'll tell ya what, Rick. Why don't you have Callaghan explain the tax thing to me and I'll just work it into my pitch? I think that's better.

RICK BROCK

Cal was up all night putting this together as a favor to me. He gets to present.

JIM

Rick. I mean.

Callaghan continues going over PRESENTATION NOTES with his ASSISTANT (20s)...

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You're going to have this guy present to Stork? I mean, he looks like a... a fucking... a total goof.

RICK BROCK

Jim, I'm not asking.

Jim looks at Callaghan then back to Rick.

JIM

Okay. Great.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mike breaks the clip in half and bends it *just so* -- rips a wire off the intercom -- carefully replaces it with the paperclip, leveraging it against the inside of the ON button.

The STATIC stops. Doug sees a man marching towards them...

DOUG

Umm... okay, bald, scary-looking guy walking towards us right now.

INT. HALLWAY, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

The man is JIM BALSILLIE (35), hurrying down the hallway and bumping into an S-S employee.

JIM

Goddamn it!

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Mike screws the intercom back together -- puts it down on the desk -- shifts it to a perfect right angle...

INT. HALLWAY, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Jim almost spills his COFFEE.

JIM  
Watch the fuck out!

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Doug scrambles to sit back in his seat.

DOUG  
Oh shit! Sit down. Sit down.

Mike focuses on the now silent INTERCOM, looks to Doug.

MIKE  
Much better.

Jim enters the office, slamming the door behind him. He takes a seat at his desk, collecting himself, looks across at them.

JIM  
Yeah. What can I do for ya?

MIKE  
Yes. Hi. Uh, I'm Mike Lazaridis,  
CEO of Research in Motion.

Mike awkwardly hands Jim his business card -- Jim takes it.

Mike returns to his cue cards.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
We create various computer hardware systems using both custom-designed integrated circuits, as well as off-the-shelf components provided by major hardware vendors such as Intel, American Micro Devices, and Cyrix. Our clients have included: U.S. Robotics. Rogers Cantel. RAM Mobile Data--

Jim interrupts and picks up his phone.

JIM  
Just a second.

Mike and Doug share a look. Doug motions a thumbs up to Mike.

JIM (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Hey you're on Callaghan's desk,  
right? Okay, great. This is Jim  
Balsille. Brock wanted me to do a  
quick proof of that tax stuff  
before the meeting... could you  
bring me... Exactly... Okay great,  
thanks.

Hangs up -- pulse elevates --

JIM (CONT'D)  
Okay. Uh, what is this?

MIKE  
So.. We, we had a shop teacher --

Doug attempts to move the PRESENTATION CARDS dropping them on  
the ground.

DOUG  
(under his breath)  
Fuck.

Doug continues to put the PRESENTATION CARDS back together on  
the easel. Jim watches the pair, unamused.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Who told us - Oh. We had a shop  
teacher in high school named Mr.  
Micsinszki who told us "*the person  
who puts a computer inside a phone  
will change the world.*" Well, we  
have a plan to piggyback on the  
unused bandwidth of the UHF  
spectrum to create an all-in-one  
mobile device.

Mike pauses -- Jim's intercom DINGS. Intercom light turns on.

SHELLEY (INTERCOM)  
Callaghan's Assistant is here to  
see you?

Jim hits the button.

JIM  
Send him in.

CLICK. NO STATIC.

Doug nods to Mike. At least *that* worked.

The door opens -- Callaghan's Assistant nervously walks in and hands Jim some documents.

JIM (CONT'D)

Great.

Callaghan's assistant doesn't leave.

CALLAGHAN'S ASSISTANT

Sorry, Mr, Balsille. No one, uh. I didn't realize you needed a copy of this tax report --

Jim shoots him a look.

JIM

I'm in a meeting right now.

The Assistant gets it now -- leaves immediately -- Jim flips through the documents with interest...

Doug steps in --

DOUG

So, basically, there is a *free* wireless internet signal all across North America and nobody has figured out how to use it. There's free internet in this room right now. It's like the Force. Sorry, have you seen Star Wars?

JIM

No.

DOUG

So, okay, picture a pager, a cell phone and an email machine all in one thing.

Doug rifles through the PRESENTATION CARDS until he finds the last one -- revealing concept schematics for a clunky smartphone, complete with a full clip-art QWERTY keyboard...

MIKE

Uh, we call it, *PocketLink*.

Jim hardly pays attention.

JIM

(to the guys)

Okay. Uh listen, we don't do anything like that here. We are a commercial manufacturing company. You want to talk to a VC guy.

...something catches Jim's eye -- Rick Brock passing by with Callaghan and two executives -- Jim picks up the tax notes -- stands --

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And you need a better name.

-- walks out the door --

Beat.

Mike puts his face in his hands despondent.

DOUG

You're going to cry?! Mike. Oh, it's just disappointment? You did great!

INT. BOARDROOM, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - MOMENTS LATER

A huge Sutherland-Schultz logo shines on the wall.

Eight members of the Stork board (the Europeans from the limo) sit around a boardroom table. Jim stands in front of them.

JIM

Well, I saw that Rick sent the limo to pick you guys up. We must need this merger worse than I thought.

Rick laughs.

JIM (CONT'D)

So...I know we got a lot to cover, but um, I thought we should start with our tax strategy. Now, I'm sure you heard it from the Americans, but, let me assure you, we also know how to cheat on our taxes here in Canada. Okay?

Laughs from everyone but Rick and Callaghan.

Jim starts writing numbers on the whiteboard -- Callaghan looks over at Brock like "what the fuck is he doing?" Brock narrows his eyes.

JIM (CONT'D)

Here's what we can do: We run payroll out of Ontario, but we pay all our vendors from The Netherlands. Split that fucker right in half. The left won't know what the right is doing. Plus we get a nice little provincial kickback on manufacturing labor.

Rick sits in a look of disappointment.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We get a massive federal tax credit because they don't know whether we are private or public.

INT. ELEVATOR, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - SAME TIME

Mike and Doug wait at the elevator. Doug awkwardly holds their presentation cards. Mike is transfixed with the image of Jim across the office leading the pitch...

*Ding!* The elevator opens. Both get inside.

**OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE CONTINUES**

A cacophony of sounds and images from the mid-1990s

WILLIAM SHATNER AS CAPTAIN KIRK

Beam me aboard.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER

Taken prisoner and held captive within the digital world of the computer itself.

FROM BLADE RUNNER

Hello?

FROM 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

Hello?

FROM MIGHTY MORPHIN' POWER RANGERS

So what you're saying is you just touch and talk.

MARIO LOPEZ AS A.C. SLATER  
 You can use you cellular phone to  
 order me a pizza.

PRIME-CO WOMAN  
 And that includes fifty minutes of  
 air time.

LITTLE GIRL  
 We'll page you.

BILL GATES  
 It's very hip to be on the internet  
 right now.

JONNY LEE MILLER IN HACKERS  
 HACK THE PLANET!

MATTHEW LILLARD IN HACKERS  
 HACK THE PLANE--

STEVE JOBS  
 I still think Apple has a future.  
 The way out is not to slash and  
 burn, it's to innovate.

**TITLE CARD: 1996**

EXT. STRIP PLAZA, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

Doug's Honda Civic peels into a 2-storey plaza and parks. The lower level is retail, a Supermarket, Shopper's Drug Mart, flower shop and restaurants. Upstairs are professional offices. Dentists, lawyers and one lone tech startup, denoted by a small RIM placard in the window.

Mike and Doug get out -- Mike starts walking towards the entrance.

DOUG  
 Okay, here's what I think. Mike,  
 super simple, hit them with the  
 "good news, bad news" routine. Good  
 news - Bad news routine. They're  
 going to say -

Mike walks ahead of Doug as he gathers the presentation cards from the backseat.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
 Mike! Wait.

Doug catches up to Mike.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be fine, we still have the U.S. Robotics deal. We're like... what did the cave say about Aladdin? Diamond in the rough?

Doug stops abruptly.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oh fuck!

MIKE

What?

DOUG

I forgot the easel.

MIKE

Oh, we have to change the name. Product needs a new name.

DOUG

You're giving that guy too much credit man. He hasn't seen *Star Wars*. He's bald. How much you want to bet they don't even mention the phone?

Mike opens the door...

INT. MAIN OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

The office is a disaster. Food wrappers, styrofoam coffee cups, random tools, circuit boards and mechanical drawings strewn all over the place.

PRANAY

Are you Office-Dad?  
Dude! Make a, make a.. Make a thing. Make a Scott sucks --

The desks are unfinished plywood balanced on cinder blocks.

SCOTT

I can't. I can't. I can't. That's why I'm using your computer.

Some tabletops are just doors taken off their hinges.

Five RIM employees ALLAN, ETHAN, SCOTT, PRANAY & STEVE (20s, nerdy) are goofing off instead of soldering circuit boards.



PRANAY  
Twenty-One Boy Canada.

ETHAN  
That's me. Uh, this guy is telling  
me about sniffing his, sniffing his  
--

They all turn in unison as Mike and Doug walk in.

ALLAN  
Did they buy the phone?

Beat.

DOUG  
So... we got good news and bad  
news.

Beat.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Uh, okay.. The bad news is that --  
Yeah, the presentation -- We were  
not heard and they did not  
understand the product and so they  
did not buy the phone.

Beat.

MICHAEL	ALLAN
What was the good news?	What's the good news?

DOUG  
Emergency movie night. Right now.  
Stephen Spielberg's *Raiders of the  
Lost Ark*. Letterboxed --

Engineers jump up with excitement simultaneously.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - LATER

The office is dark. Windows covered. A TV/VCR cart like in elementary school sits at the front of the room playing *Indiana Jones: Raiders of the Lost Ark* (Widescreen). Above the TV hangs a dot matrix banner: "Movie Night".

INDIANA JONES (O.S.)  
You said their headpiece had  
markings only on one side, are you  
absolutely sure? *Belloq's staff is  
too long.*

The entire RIM staff watch in anticipation as Harrison Ford and John Rhys-Davis realize that Belloq's staff is too short. The whole room shouts in unison with the movie...

EVERYONE

*They're digging in the wrong place!*

DOUG & ALLAN

Bad dates!

INDIANA JONES (O.S.)

*Bad dates.*

The only person not having the time of his life is Mike, who sits at his desk at the back of the room trying to work...

PRANAY (O.S.)

Couple of bad dates.

DOUG

Couple bad dates. Couple bad dates.

STEVE

That was there, why'd they go the other one? That was right there.

Mike eats fruit from a Tupperware and brainstorms new names on a legal pad. *Byline, Blade, Outrigger...*

DOUG (O.S.)

Mike, you're missing your favorite movie, man!

We see a CU of a framed newspaper article from the Waterloo Region Record on the wall beside him. It's a black and white photo of a young Mike and Doug standing next to twin televisions with "ADVERTISE ON ME" scrolling across them. The headline reads "The Drop-Out Boy Genius".

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ, WATERLOO - EVENING

The lights are off. A JANITOR pushes his cart.

One by one Jim takes his masks down from the wall -- sets them carefully in a cardboard box.

Jim collapses in his chair. He looks over at the presentation easel -- sees one forgotten slide from Mike and Doug's presentation -- the image of the phone with the keyboard on it...

EXT. STRIP PLAZA, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim pulls into the plaza.

SPORTS RADIO HOST (O.S.)  
 Toronto wins it by a count of five-  
 to-four. Doug Gilmour had 3  
 assists. Felix Potvin finished the  
 game with thirty saves including  
 three in the extra period, but  
 obviously the story was...

INT. MAIN OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike sits at his desk trying to plug in his NEIKO HILTEX  
 MAGNIFYING LIGHT -- he can't find the right power adapter,  
 but there is chaos in the office. A game of COMMAND & CONQUER  
 is being played.

STEVE

Are they top or bottom left? Send,  
 Send everything, let's take a  
 gamble, let's go for Scott --

MIKE

Anyone have a Type-C Coax?!

SCOTT

They don't even know. I'm not even  
 top left.

DOUG

Scott, you're attacking me!

SCOTT

What?!

DOUG

You're attacking me.

SCOTT

Oh, I'm sorry.

STEVE

Send the dogs in. Send the dogs in.  
 They're rushing --

DOUG

Bottom Right.

SCOTT

I'm sending another, another.

DOUG  
Dude, they got rockets! I got run  
down.

Mike is ignored by the gang, who are too distracted.

MIKE  
Anyone have any Type-C Coax cables?

Doug detonates Steve's Command Centre. It's over.

DOUG  
Oh, the plungers moving! The  
plungers moving, dude!

Doug runs to Steve's desk, yanks a CEREMONIAL TOILET PLUNGER  
off the top of his monitor, the monitor comes with it,  
smashing on the ground.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
Come on! Come on! Oh shit! I'm  
sorry boys but it's back!

Doug slams the plunger down on top of his monitor. It sticks.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
It's back!

SCOTT (O.S.)  
You had them--

DOUG  
Back!

The office erupts into cheers and laughter as Jim enters the  
office. After a moment he clears his throat.

Beat.

INT. MIDWAY DINER, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike and Doug sit across from Jim in their usual booth.  
Waitress #1 places their food on the table.

DOUG  
Thank you.

MIKE  
Thank you so much.

JIM  
Nothing for me, thanks.

Doug holds Jim's BUSINESS CARD -- the phone number for SUTHERLAND-SCHULTZ is scratched out and another is written in pen...

JIM (CONT'D)

So, I know how to sell your phone.  
I know how to market it, and I know  
who we can sell it to.

MIKE

Who?

Doug looks up from the business card.

DOUG

What do you mean "We"?

JIM

Here's the deal. I will leave my  
job at Sutherland-Schultz if you  
make me CEO of Research in Motion.

DOUG

Are you serious?

JIM

That was the worst product pitch  
I've ever seen in my life. You guys  
don't stand a chance out there. You  
need me.

DOUG

Sorry... I don't know who you think  
you are, but WE, are just fine. We  
have a *sixteen million* dollar deal  
with U.S. Robotics.

JIM

Sixteen million?

DOUG

That's right.

JIM

Wow. Okay and what did they buy?

DOUG

Modems. Ever heard of 'em?

JIM

Are they like The Force in *Star Wars*?

DOUG  
Very funny. You know, your logo  
literally is *SS*?

JIM  
And how much have they paid you on  
that 16 million?

MIKE  
Yeah, nothing.

JIM  
Zero?

DOUG  
Nothing yet. We haven't delivered  
the modems.

Doug looks to Mike.

MIKE  
Well, we shipped them product  
samples months ago. Their  
accounting department won't even  
return our phone-calls.

DOUG  
(to Mike)  
Yeah, but... They're... What's  
going on? They are going to pay us.  
We have a sixteen million dollar  
deal with U.S. Robotics.

JIM  
Yeah, so, uh, you guys are getting  
fucked.

MIKE  
Why would you? Why do think? Why do  
you say that?

JIM  
Well because I would do the same  
thing. Little operation like  
yours... They know they can  
withhold payment until the last  
possible second and then crush you.  
These guys, they're.. they're  
pirates.

The Waitress arrives and puts the bill down -- Doug quickly  
grabs it.

DOUG

Uh huh. We got it. Thank you. Um.

Doug pulls out his wallet -- snaps open the change pouch.

DOUG (CONT'D)

How do you know anything? What the fuck do I care.

(to Mike)

How much money do you got?

Mike pulls a random assortment of coins from his pocket and lays them on the table.

Jim watches these two titans of business negotiate \$2.43.

MIKE (O.S.)

Yeah. Um.

DOUG (O.S.)

How about I get that tip? Two, two fifty?

JIM

Okay. Guys. Here's what I'm going to do. I will give you \$20,000, cash, today. I'll sell the phone, I'll work out this problem with USR but I want 50% of the company. And I've gotta be CEO.

Mike looks at Doug like "what do you think?"

DOUG

Are you joking? No.  
Obviously. No. No.

MIKE

Well, let's think about it

DOUG

Mike?

MIKE

Okay.. Okay.

JIM

Who is in charge here?

MIKE

Oh, I mean, technically--

DOUG

Mike's in charge, and he says no.

MIKE

I am in charge and I say... sorry.

DOUG  
 You don't need to do what this guy  
 says! We just met him! He's not  
 your dad.

JIM  
 Okay.

Beat.

Jim gets up -- puts down a twenty -- walks out.

MIKE  
 Thanks. Thank you.

DOUG  
 Very sassy man, would you say? He  
 had... he had a sass --

MIKE  
 Modems, ever heard of those or  
 whatever?

DOUG  
 No, I sassed him too but he sassed  
 me back. And what's he trying to  
 say we don't have our modem deal?

INT. STORAGE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

The makeshift storage room in a corner office, is PACKED with  
 boxes labelled MODEMS FOR USR. Floor to ceiling.

Mike paces with a phone to his ear...

*It's RINGING...*

Mike looks out the door into the office. A few of the guys  
 solder modems while other play DOOM.

USR RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
 U.S. Robotics, how may I direct  
 your call?

MIKE  
 Uh, yeah. It's Mike Lazaridis...  
 From Research in Motion... We're  
 actually building circuit boards  
 for you guys--

USR RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
 One moment please.



**Click. Hold.**

Mike is distracted from the BLINKING RED LIGHT of their USR V-SERIES MODEM.

CASEY COWELL

Mike, is that you?

MIKE

Yes. Hi. So uh. I was just wondering if it would, if it would be at all possible for us to uh, invoice you for the first half, or, uh third of our um, of your order from us. If... If... Can we, can we invoice you for some, some of our order?

Beat.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)

(laughing)

What? What?

MIKE

... If that's okay?

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)

Did you not get my fax?

MIKE

Uh. We don't have a fax machine.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)

Mike... Those modems you sent us back in March. They were defective.

MIKE

I'm sorry, what?

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)

Yeah. They didn't work. We had to cancel the whole order but this was months ago, buddy.

Mike looks to the stack of modems behind him.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I really thought you guys had a fax machine. Hey, I'll tell you what. Why don't you let me make it up to you? I'll have USR send you one, free of charge. On me. Okay?

MIKE

Um. Yeah. Okay. Thanks.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)

Great, okay, well good luck Mike.

MIKE

Yeah.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)

Bye bye.

MIKE

Bye.

*Click.*

Mike lowers the phone -- his eyes shift to Doug... They share a look.

DOUG

What?

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - MOMENTS LATER

Doug has clearly received the bad news.

DOUG

Here's what you gotta do. You got to call him back. You gotta *Glengarry Glen Ross* this guy. You gotta grind him!

MIKE

Yeah. I don't think I can grind him.

DOUG

This is exactly what that Rolex-Guy said was gonna happen, right? He predicted it. What did he say? He said U.S. Robotics are pirates. He was fucking dead on.

Mike looks around the mess on the boardroom desk. Amidst the circuit boards, disassembled electronics and unpaid bills, he finds what he's looking for -- Jim's folded business card. Mike reaches for the phone -- picks it up -- hears the GARBLED TECH BLARE of a dial up modem --

Mike looks into the office and sees Steve with Netscape Navigator open to the *Hotwired* home page.

MIKE

(to Steve)

Hey. Steve - Steve, I need the phone line.

STEVE

(typing fast in a forum)

Some guy is trying to say Noonian Soong is a Q...

MIKE

Yep thanks..

STEVE (O.S.)

Alright.

DOUG

What are you doing?

MIKE

I think we should take this deal.

DOUG

No. So, you don't get into business with people like this. That guy is sketchy.

MIKE

I think... He's - I don't think he's sketchy.

Doug picks up Jim's business card -- holds it up.

DOUG

His business card is *literally* SKETCHED OUT!

Mike looks at the card...

DOUG (CONT'D)

The guy's a shark.

MIKE

Okay. Do you know.. Do you know who's afraid of sharks? Pirates.

DOUG

Oh fuck.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - NIGHT

Mike sits across from Doug, phone at his ear.

MIKE

(into receiver)

Um. So uh, we've been talking here  
and we, uh - We would like to make  
a counter offer.

Doug mimes a phone.

DOUG

You came crawling back. Like bugs.  
Like grubs.

It's just a rehearsal...

MIKE

Yeah um, so, we would like to offer  
you --

Doug covers his mimed phone receiver and whispers to Mike.

DOUG

(Whispering)

Low.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ten percent for five-hundred-  
thousand dollars.

DOUG

(as Jim)

*Are you out of your fucking mind?!  
I look at a hundred thousand deals  
a day. I pick one!*

(as Doug)

Is that the quote? No.

(as Jim)

*I look at a hundred deals a day. I  
pick one!*

(as Doug)

Wall Street.

MIKE

Uh, okay. Uhhh. 25% for \$250,000.

DOUG

(as Jim)

*50% for fifty bucks!*

MIKE

33% for \$125,000 and you can run  
the company with me.

DOUG  
 (as Doug)  
 Mike! No! No!!  
 (as Jim)  
 Yes, deal.  
 (back to Doug)  
 Easy. Dude. It's going to be  
 totally fine. You are going to  
 negotiate this guy to death.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JIM'S TOWNHOUSE, WATERLOO - NIGHT

Jim sits in front of the TV. Leafs vs Canadiens.

HOCKEY ANNOUNCER  
 Shoots! Right on. Potvin covered.  
 Malakhov? No shot. Turgeon, in too  
 far. Scores!

Leafs down 1-0.

HOCKEY ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
 He fooled everybody and banked it  
 in off Potvin.

He eats Ruffles right from the bag.

The PHONE RINGS -- Jim picks it up beside him, eyes fixed on  
 the TV...

JIM  
 Yeah?

Jim keeps staring at the TV.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

MIKE (O.S.)  
 Hi Jim! It's Mike Lazaridis from  
 Research in Motion, we met at the  
 office the other day.

Mike waits anxiously for the right moment to "negotiate Jim  
 to deal" -- Doug is keyed up, standing on the desk...

DOUG  
 (whispering)  
 Low. Low.

Mike looks up at Doug in a panic. Doug waves him on like "Go!  
 Go!" Mike looks down at his handwritten notes...

MIKE

So. We'd like to offer you 33% of our company for \$125,000 and you and I would be Co-CEOs.

Doug shakes his hands like "wtf are you doing you idiot that was our final price, holy shit you just fucked us!!!" Mike covers his face in shame. He fucked up. He really fucked up.

INT. LIVING ROOM, JIM'S TOWNHOUSE, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Beat. Jim is clearly distracted.

JIM

Sure.

Jim hangs up.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Mike is completely stunned.

Doug waves him out of it. Mike looks up in pure disbelief.

MIKE

Deal.

DOUG

Awesome! Awesome! Dude! Mike!

Doug looks out into the office, sees Scott still working.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Scott! Scott! He did it!

SCOTT

What do you mean?

DOUG

Have you not heard anything that's been going on in this room?

EXT. STRIP PLAZA, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim arrives at RIM in his BMW.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Mike watches Jim put the roof of his convertible up and get out of his car.

MIKE

Maybe you should tell him about the modems?

DOUG

Oh! Where do you want to put him?

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

The storage room has been rearranged to make room for Jim. A DESK IN A BOX sits in the middle of the room with a phone on top of it.

Mike and Doug stand at the door as Jim takes it in.

JIM

What the fuck is this?

DOUG

That's uh, yeah, everyone builds their own desk. That's a tradition.

JIM

Yeah. I'm not doing that.

Beat.

MIKE

Um, U.S. Robotics pulled out of the deal.

JIM

Told ya. What's our exposure?

MIKE

...Exposure?

JIM

How much money did you spend on the modems?

MIKE

Oh. One-point-six million.

Jim drops the smile. Doug looks at Mike.

JIM

What?

DOUG

One point what?

MIKE

We spent one-point-six million in materials and labour.

JIM  
Where'd you get one-point-six  
million dollars?

MIKE  
I got a loan from the Bank of  
Montreal.

DOUG (O.S.)  
Mike, come on..

-- Jim shouts outside the room --

JIM  
Get me U.S. Robotics!

Beat.

DOUG  
Uh, sorry, who are you talking to?

MIKE  
Yeah?

Jim realizes he doesn't have an assistant here -- picks up  
the phone himself -- GARBLED TECH SOUND of the modem blares  
through the speaker -- Jim pulls the phone away.

JIM  
What the fuck is that?

MIKE  
Oh. It's called a carrier wave.  
(beat)  
The calling modem is uh --

Jim hangs up the phone -- turns -- scans the main room...

...sees STEVE on his computer, browser open --

JIM  
Hey!

Everyone in the office turns around, including Steve...

Jim points right at him...

JIM (CONT'D)  
Get off the fucking internet!

Steve pulls the plug out of the wall and throws his hands in  
the air as though he's being arrested.

Mike hands Jim a USR business card.



MIKE  
I think it's Casey.

JIM  
Uh huh.

DOUG  
(to Steve)  
It's going to be fine. It's going  
to be fine.

Jim dials...

DOUG (CONT'D)  
(to Jim)  
You don't get to talk to our team  
like that.  
(to Mike)  
He doesn't get to talk to our team  
like that.

*CLICK.*

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)  
Mike!

JIM  
Hi, actually no, this is Jim  
Balsillie. I'm CEO here now.

DOUG  
Co-CEO.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)  
Okay. Jim, what can I do for ya?

JIM  
I wanna talk about these modems.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)  
There's nothing to talk about  
sadly. We can't accept a defective  
product.

DOUG  
(to Mike)  
This is not working --

Mike cuts him off, he wants to listen to the negotiator.

JIM  
Let's cut the bullshit here. Two-  
point-five Million all in for the  
entire order.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)  
Yeah, no. Can't do it, Jim.

JIM  
I'll decimate it for you. One-point-six Million. And if you don't take *that* I'll turn around and sell them to Rockwell for even less.

Mike and Doug can't believe what they're watching.

MIKE  
(whispers to Doug)  
Nice negotiation.

Beat.

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)  
Okay, how about this. We'll take the modems, *if* you throw in the patent on Mike's phone.

Jim shoots Mike a look --

JIM  
What phone?

CASEY COWELL (O.S.)  
I thought we weren't bullshitting each other, Jim? We've been building our own for a year... We want Mikes --

Jim hangs up.

JIM  
How long to build a prototype of the phone?

MIKE  
PocketLink? Yeah um, a year.

JIM  
No, no, no. A *prototype* Mike. A shell I can wave around in a meeting. It can be a complete piece of shit.

MIKE  
No it can't - We're not doing that.

DOUG  
Mike's not doing that.

JIM

Listen to me. U.S. Robotics is building their own phone. We're now in a race to get this thing to market and we're a year behind. So I don't care what you need to do, get these fucking nerds to drop everything and build this fucking phone!

The guys turn to see ALLAN at the door...

JIM (CONT'D)

WHAT?

ALLAN

Sorry guys. Um, my girlfriend tried to cash my cheque this morning and it bounced. Um and she said I'm not supposed to come in - allowed - I shouldn't come in here anymore. And she agreed... I won't be coming in here any longer until I'm getting paid.

Jim picks up the phone -- THROWS IT AGAINST THE GROUND -- makes for the exit -- *SLAMS* the door shut.

Mike picks up Jim's destroyed phone -- walks out --

MIKE

I can fix this.

INT. BANK, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim sits across from a BANK MANAGER at her computer.

BANK MANAGER

OK. Research in Motion... Looks like your account has exceeded its overdraft balance.

JIM

Didn't they just deposit a cheque for \$125,000 from me?

Typing...

BANK MANAGER

Yes.

Beat.

JIM

Okay... Alright. Um. I have a mortgage with you guys. Can we pull that up please?

BANK MANAGER

Spell your last name please?

JIM

B-a-l-s-i-l-l-i-e

BANK MANAGER

Ball-sillie?

JIM

Balsillie.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

Doug, having assembled Jim's desk looks for a chair to pair with it.

DOUG

Anybody going to miss this red chair?

ENGINEERS

No.

ETHAN

You're good.

Jim enters the office with SHELLEY (30), his assistant from Sutherland-Schultz. She follows him with a small box of her belongings. The staff at RIM instantly orient towards her, as if a woman has never been anywhere near this office.

Jim holds NEW CHEQUES over his head.

JIM

Alright, everybody! Listen up! From now on cheques will be coming every two weeks. You will come get them from Shelley. This is Shelley.

SHELLEY

Hi.

Jim pushes one of the engineers's desk so it sits outside his corner office.

JIM

Alright. That's you, Shel.

Shelley puts her things down and starts organizing. The staff remain silent and still, unsure of how to behave around her.

JIM (CONT'D)

Mike!

Mike picks up Jim's fixed phone and proceeds towards his office, passes Doug.

DOUG

Me too?

MIKE

Yeah sure.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Jim is unpacking his things and plugs in his new INTERCOM (same model as the one in his Sutherland-Schultz office) -- the HISS begins to emanate from the machine as Mike and Doug creep in -- Mike holding Jim's REPAIRED PHONE.

DOUG

Um, sorry, who... so, who is Shelley?

Jim hits a button on his intercom --

JIM

Shelley?

Mike and Doug look at the intercom. Same STATIC HISS...

DOUG

Oh, dude. That thing's haunting you.

JIM

No, I'm motivating you, and don't call me "that thing", I'm your boss.

DOUG

No, you're not.

In walks Shelley.

SHELLEY

Yeah?

JIM

Get me John Woodman at Bell Atlantic.

SHELLEY

You got it.

Shelley leaves.

MIKE

Wait. What are you doing?

JIM

We're selling the phone. Mike. I need a prototype.

MIKE

I told you, I don't, I --

SHELLEY (O.S.)

Connecting you.

*RING... STATIC GETTING LOUDER...*

JIM

Guys. We are over a million dollars in debt with no assets, no contracts, and no products.

Someone picks up the line.

BELL ASSISTANT (O.S.)

John Woodman's office.

JIM

(changes tone)

Hiiiiii. This is Jim Balsillie, CEO of Research in Motion.

DOUG

Co-CEO.

Jim motions to Doug to shut up.

BELL ASSISTANT (O.S.)

One moment please.

JIM

(to Mike)

Okay?

DOUG

No! He said there's no phone!

JIM

I'm not asking you!

JIM (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

Mike...?

MIKE

Okay.

DOUG

Okay? Well, what do you mean "okay"? No. No. No. Wait, wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

JOHN WOODMAN (O.S.)

John Woodman...

JIM

Mr. Woodman, I am about to make you insanely rich.

Doug can't take it anymore -- reaches out and **hangs up the phone** -- Jim looks up like "are you ready to die?"

DOUG

Mike does not agree with this.

JIM

He just fucking did!

DOUG

That was duress. Okay? You're manipulating him! It's obvious.

(to Mike)

What do you want me to do? What?

MIKE

So, there's a *reason* why your intercom is emitting white noise. It's because it was manufactured in China by engineers who didn't care, and now every office in the world has to suffer an annoying hiss, a blinking red light, fifteen different power cords that are utterly incompatible with one another. So, uh. We are not doing that. We are not just adding to the hiss. I will build a prototype, but I'll do it perfectly or I don't do it.

JIM

Mike, are you familiar with the saying "Perfect is the enemy of good?"

MIKE

Well, "Good Enough" is the enemy of  
humanity.

Beat.

Mike leaves, having made his point. Doug follows.

Jim waits a beat...

...hits the intercom --

JIM

Shelley, get John Woodman back on  
please.

INT. MAIN OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Doug sit with the boys. Doug is hyped.

DOUG

...So I reach out, hang up the  
phone. He looks up at me like "are  
you ready to die?"

Laughter from the group.

DOUG (CONT'D)

No, no, no, and I'm prepared to die  
on it, right? Mike steps in between  
us, brings the glasses down and  
goes "bitch, I tell you when you  
when we set the god damn meeting".  
And he backs off.

The guys are impressed.

Jim enters. He's putting on his blazer to leave for the day.

JIM

Alright. Woodman wants to see it.  
We're going to Bell Atlantic  
tomorrow.

MIKE

What? What?

JIM

New York City. Tomorrow.

DOUG

But. He said--



JIM  
You've got until 8am.

MIKE  
...to do what?

Jim turns and walks out. The room is stunned silent.

PRANAY  
So you didn't call him a bitch, did you?

DOUG  
Okay, new plan, everybody we are all going to chip in and build this thing tonight. Okay.

Mike stands up -- goes to his desk.

#### **BUILDING MONTAGE BEGINS**

INT. NUTECH ELECTRONICS, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike and Doug look around at all kinds of hardware and electronic gak.

MIKE  
Alright. Give me a fillmore toggle switch, give me a 33 PF--

DOUG  
Yeah.

Mike compares a few **SPEAK AND SPELLS, VTECH WHIZ-KIDS**, and anything else he can find with keyboards, letters or numbers.

MIKE  
I think it's like, something kind of like a hybrid of one. So, I like the look of--

Doug is distracted looking at two different TMNT figurines.

EXT. TOYS'R'US, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike and Doug rush to the car with bags full of gear.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM, RIM 1, WATERLOO - DAY

Ethan and Scott waste time.

ETHAN

I thought you were playing Civ.

Mike and Doug enter the office with the goods.

DOUG

We're back!

- They rip open boxes and take toys apart.

- They separate everything into piles; circuit boards, keypads, wires, plastic and metal frames, displays...

MIKE

What feels better?

DOUG

That's why to me, like, remote controls, things that people are used to touching, and the buttons need to be small enough that --

- Doug and Scott look over Ethan's shoulder at his computer monitor.

SCOTT

Nero connection lost it's --

- Scott heads out for the night.

DOUG

Taking off?

SCOTT

Yeah. I'll see you guys tomorrow?

DOUG

Uh, yeah.

- Doug and Mike look at the print out together, mull it over.

MIKE

So, add in the lithium ion--

- Mike works on the hardware/casing.

- Mike looks over Doug's shoulder as he solders.

DOUG

Still hot. Still hot. You're good.

**Montage Ends**

INT. MAIN OFFICE, RIM 1, WATERLOO - EARLY MORNING

Doug is asleep on the conference table.

A CAR HORN HONKS from outside. Doug shoots up.

DOUG  
(groggy)  
I had a dream we were rich.

Mike, still awake, opens the blinds revealing the early morning sun and Jim waiting outside his BMW. Jim honks again.

Doug rolls over to see what Mike did while he was asleep -- his eyes light up -- he picks up THE PROTOTYPE -- stares at it. We can only see the back of it in his hands.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
"And sometimes my dreams occur exactly as I dreamt them."

JIM  
(from the car)  
MIKE! LETS GO!

MIKE  
What's that from?

DOUG  
*Dune.*

EXT. STRIP PLAZA, RIM 1, WATERLOO - MOMENTS LATER

Mike emerges from the building clutching a heavy-duty carrying case. Jim's in the driver's seat with the engine running. Mike leans in the passenger window, sees a TAILORED SUIT draped across the seat in a garment bag.

JIM  
You'll get dressed at the airport.

MIKE  
Thank you. Um, should Doug come with us or...?

JIM  
No.

MIKE  
Cause... He has a lot to do with this.

JIM  
He's a goof. Get in the car.

MIKE  
I think he really wants to come.

JIM  
Lemme tell you the best advice I  
ever got at Harvard. If you want to  
be great, you need to sacrifice.  
And the more painful the sacrifice,  
the greater you'll be.

MIKE  
He's my best friend.

JIM  
Okay great, I saw him put a toilet  
plunger on a computer.

Doug watches from the window as Mike gets into the car and  
closes the door.

INT. GATE 36, PEARSON AIRPORT, TORONTO - DAY

Mike and Jim sit at the gate with the other travelers waiting  
to board. Mike, wearing his new suit, sleeps.

INTERCOMM (O.S.)  
*Attention passengers on flight AC42  
to New York. Your flight is now  
boarding.*

Jim elbows Mike awake.

JIM  
Mike.

Mike jolts up dropping the prototype case.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Oh, Mike.

EXT. JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NYC - DAY

Mike and Jim emerge from the terminal. Mike moves awkwardly  
in his new shoes, clutching the prototype close to his body.

Jim hails a taxi.

They climb in.

INT. CAB, NYC - LATER

Mike excitedly raps on the prototype case, looking out the window at the big city-- he takes out a Tupperware of fruit -- starts eating -- drops a piece of fruit on his shirt, leaving a dark stain -- he tries to rub it out -- Jim watches in dismay...

JIM

So, if you hear me crinkling a piece of paper, that means stop talking.

MIKE

Like, in general or...?

JIM

No. In the pitch.

MIKE

Oh. Yeah. Gotcha.

Jim notices the car is moving too slow for him.

JIM

(to driver)

Hey, we gotta move here, man! My wife's in labour. Let's go.

The driver floors it!

Mike looks at Jim, evaluating his feelings about that lie...

MIKE

May I ask why your business card had the phone number crossed out?

JIM

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Beat.

MIKE

Hey, let's make a deal, okay? You and I never lie to each other.

The cab stops.

JIM

Sure. I didn't quit my job. I was fired. I just mortgaged my house to pay our staff. So, if this doesn't work out, I'm fucked.

Beat.

MIKE  
Why'd they fire you?

JIM  
'Cause they're idiots.

Jim gets out... Mike follows.. Forgetting the prototype case  
in the taxi.

INT. RECEPTION, BELL ATLANTIC HQ, NYC - DAY

Elevator doors open onto the 80th floor -- Jim and Mike exit.

The BELL ASSISTANT greets them.

BELL ASSISTANT  
Hi. Research in Motion?

JIM  
How are ya?

BELL ASSISTANT  
Fantastic. Can I get you anything?  
Coffee? Water?

JIM  
We're good. We're good.

BELL ASSISTANT  
Okay. They'll be with you shortly.

MIKE	BELL ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Okay. Thank you.	Alright.

The Assistant directs them towards a small waiting area. Mike  
nervously raps on his legs -- stops -- looks down.

Suddenly Mike becomes panicked -- he looks around --

MIKE  
Jim...

JIM  
No. No. No. No. Never take the  
drinks. Thirst is a display of  
weakness.

MIKE  
No. I may have forgotten the  
phone...

JIM  
Please tell me you're joking.

MIKE  
No I'm completely serious.

JIM  
Fuck!

Jim realizes he's making a scene -- drags Mike back to the elevator bank...

JIM (CONT'D)  
Alright, here's what we're going to do. I need you to draw out a little sketch. Something that shows the keyboard just like you did in my office --

-- Jim walks over to the Assistant --

JIM (CONT'D)  
Excuse me miss, could I trouble you for a pen and paper please?

*DING.* The elevator opens and Mike goes inside. Jim turns around just in time to see the doors close behind Mike.

BELL ASSISTANT  
They're ready for you.

JIM  
Great.

INT. BOARDROOM, BELL ATLANTIC HQ, NYC - CONTINUOUS

The room is PACKED with Executives. CEO JOHN WOODMAN (late 50s, no tie) sits dead centre.

JOHN WOODMAN  
Oh wait, wait. Here he is. Hey.

JIM  
Hi.

JOHN WOODMAN  
Hi.

JIM  
How are you?

JOHN WOODMAN

Good. Good. We uh, are we waiting  
for anyone?

Jim looks back to John --

JIM

I'm alone.

JOHN WOODMAN

Okay.

JIM

Good.

(beat)

Alright, guys. Here's how I see it.  
I know your marketing team tells  
you that you sell togetherness -  
family, "staying connected"  
whatever. But, let's be honest, you  
sell minutes. Period. I mean, your  
market is minutes. So, your biggest  
competitor isn't other cell phone  
companies, it's *home phones* and  
*office phones*. Those are free  
minutes. Those are wasted minutes.  
So, how do we get those minutes  
back?

Jim lets the question hang in the air.

JIM (CONT'D)

We reinvent the cell phone. We put  
a computer in it. We put the  
internet in it. We make your  
cellphone so fucking useful that  
you never have to come to the  
office again. Does email, text  
messaging, however you want to  
communicate. Total individualism  
all in one device, that fits in  
your fist.

Jim thinks he has them, is moving in for the kill.

JIM (CONT'D)

So, you can tell your marketing  
team you're not selling  
*togetherness* anymore. You're  
selling self reliance.

But John seems a bit bored, he and the execs share a look.



JOHN WOODMAN

Uh, you are not a tech guy, are ya?

JIM

I'm not a -- ?

JOHN WOODMAN

The whole world, the whole fucking world is trying to do emails on a cell phone. We had an entire division working on it for, I don't know, eight months or so? You know how many phones they got to at the same time?

Jim is frozen.

JOHN WOODMAN (CONT'D)

Eleven. It's a network that's built for *paggers*. That's all it can do. You're in La La land on this one, kid. I think, you know, some nerds took you for a ride.

The walls close in around Jim. Outta options. Backed into a corner...

JIM

Okay.

*Knock knock knock.*

Jim turns to see Mike outside the glass of the boardroom, out of breath -- Mike points at the prototype with a big smile -- Jim marches at him with embarrassment -- Jim opens the door a crack for a private exchange with Mike...

JIM (CONT'D)

Mike...

MIKE

What happened?

JIM

It won't work.

MIKE

What do you mean it won't work?

JIM

Mike. They tried it already.

MIKE

(to the room)

How did you try this already?

JOHN WOODMAN

Hey guys, I think the meeting is over.

MIKE

Did you just put your devices directly on the network as though they were clients?

JOHN WOODMAN

...That's right.

MIKE

Yeah. Right and so what'd you get, like *ten* phones working at the same time?

Beat. That earned him their attention.

JOHN WOODMAN

Uh.. yeah..

Mike hands Jim the prototype box --

MIKE

(to Jim)

Here, just hold this a second.

-- walks over to the whiteboard --

MIKE (CONT'D)

Okay so, here's your issue: When you use a phone as a *client*, *what's it doing?* It's just sitting on your network, constantly asking the same question "Did I get an email? Did I get an email? Did I get an email?" So it is forever pulling on your servers whether you got an email or not. We have a fix, okay?

All at once Mike has gathered his breath and command of the room. He turns to face the whiteboard him and starts drawing.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So we are going to build, a giant computer, that will act as a sort of *massive client*, that is hard wired directly to the internet with our phone as server. Okay?

Mike draws a few more details.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
So, when a user gets an email,  
Waterloo pulls it in, packages it,  
and then *sends* it.

He draws multiple arrows between Waterloo and his phone diagram.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
We engage with your network, maybe  
a split second, like...

Mike snaps.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Less time than that.

John is under Mike's spell.

JOHN WOODMAN  
So how much - sorry - how many --

MIKE  
So a month's worth of traffic would  
be less bandwidth than a local  
phone call. So you could have half  
a million devices working  
simultaneously.

The room is stunned, waits for John's next move.

JOHN WOODMAN  
Can we see it?

Jim opens the prototype case -- hands it to John --

MIKE  
So it's a prototype. It's a long  
way off from, uh, oh it's just a  
long way off. It's a prototype.

JOHN WOODMAN  
Well it's definitely the world's  
largest pager.

Laughs from his team.

MIKE  
No, it's actually the world's  
smallest email terminal.

John looks to Mike.

JOHN WOODMAN

Oh.

Mike hiccups.

MIKE

Sorry.

John shuts up -- looks down at the device like a precious jewel. We finally get to see the ramshackle beta of the first smartphone... It's awesome. Frankenstein's monster but put together with true precision. John clicks the makeshift keyboard with one hand, causing text to appear faintly on the screen...

JOHN WOODMAN

I see, this is uh... Oh this, this...? Yeah.

Mike motions to him, to hold it in both hands.

MIKE

Uh. So. Try it with your thumbs, try typing with your thumbs.

John gets it now.

JOHN WOODMAN

Oh yeah.

He types some more.

JOHN WOODMAN (CONT'D)

What do you call it?

Oh shit... the name... Jim looks at Mike -- sees the stain on his shirt...

### **NEWS MONTAGE #1 (1996-2003) BEGINS**

OPRAH

It's called a BlackBerry! It sends and receives email messages. It is also a cell-phone.

Shots of the BlackBerry device as depicted on Oprah. This footage is intercut with home movie footage of Mike, Doug and the Engineering team in the newer, larger and much nicer RIM offices.

It is a joyous time, filled with excitement, optimism and hope.

**TITLE CARD: 2003**

EXT. RIM 2, PARKING LOT - DAY

Jim approaches the new RIM offices in his Porsche convertible.

PARKING ATTENDANT 1  
Morning Mr. Balsillie.

The gate arm raises allowing Jim to drive through to his parking spot.

Jim pulls into a spot marked "JIM BALSILLIE Co-CEO."

**MONTAGE ENDS**

EXT. PARKING LOT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - MOMENTS LATER

Jim gets out of his car -- walks towards the front doors...

INT. ATRIUM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Jim enters the bustling lobby with authority. Staff scurry back and forth through the atrium.

RIM EMPLOYEE 1  
Morning Mr. Balsillie.

Big placards on the wall have a huge image of the BLACKBERRY 957 with "Meet Your New Partner" written under it.

A receptionist, PEGGY (20s) smiles at Jim from behind the reception desk.

PEGGY  
Good morning Mr. Balsillie.

Shelley looks up from behind the desk -- stands up and walks towards Jim with fresh copies of *The Wall Street Journal*, *Report on Business* and *The New York Times*.

JIM  
Mike's here before me?

SHELLEY  
He didn't leave last night.

Shelley hands Jim the Wall Street Journal.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
You are mentioned on page nine.

Jim flips to it.

SHELLEY (CONT'D)  
Carl Yankowski from Palm Pilot  
keeps calling.

JIM  
Yeah. Well. Tell him if he wants to  
talk to me he can come to Waterloo.

Shelley jots it all down on her BlackBerry 957 as she follows  
Jim.

SHELLEY  
That's what I said. Ted Rogers  
wants to have lunch in the city. He  
booked *Canoe*.

People subtly clear the way as he enters the hallway. He's  
indestructible.

JIM  
No. I'm not going to fucking  
Toronto unless there's a game. Oh,  
and call Gary Bettman's office  
about those Leaf tickets. Fucker  
tried to stick me in the third row.

SHELLEY  
Fucker, third row, got it.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike turns to the back corner of the room.

MIKE  
(shouting)  
Alright. Try one-fourteen and one-  
fourteen!

Allan, exhausted, types into a screen of code...

ALLAN  
Go for 1-1-4.

MIKE  
Okay. Sending.

Mike clicks SEND.

The icon spins...

Mike and Doug stand together in the middle of the room, flanked by 15 other young engineers, all tired and bleary eyed. They collectively stare between the BlackBerry 957 in Mike's hands and the one on the desk beneath them where we see a Beta version of BlackBerry Messenger with a spinning icon. It's thinking...

*Message sending..*

This new engineering department is WAY cleaner and WAY bigger than RIM 1. The same posters from their first office are now in glass frames and dozens more have been added. Gone are the makeshift plywood desks, replaced with sleek, modern office furniture. But the vibe remains the same.

It seems to be taking forever, but there's still hope and then --

-- a BBM *PING* -- Doug looks to Mike...

The room erupts. Engineers are jumping on desks and hugging and crying with the mania of a successful all-nighter.

DOUG

Oh my God. Oh my God. Oh my God.  
Mike. Oh my God. Boys! Oh my god.  
Done. Done. Yes! Come on.

Doug hugs Mike.

Mike is ecstatic. True joy. He can't contain it. Everyone in the room starts jumping together -- until they notice someone in the doorway...

...and self-consciously stop celebrating in the face of Jim.

MIKE

Hey Jim, we uh... we built a messenger.

Jim walks over to Mike's outstretched hand holding his BlackBerry -- sees what the fuss is about...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fully encrypted two-way messaging that is absolutely inaccessible by anyone including us. It is Untrackable. Untraceable. Unhackable.

JIM  
 (dismissive)  
 It's texting.

DOUG  
 No. Do you know how much it *costs*  
 to send a text message?

JIM  
 Yeah. Ten cents and the network  
 gets every penny. We're never going  
 to see that money.

MIKE  
 Right, but these texts are sent via  
 data. So, behind the network's  
 back. Which means...

JIM  
 Unlimited free texting.. Only on  
 BlackBerry.

Jim looks around the room.

JIM (CONT'D)  
*Fuck yes!*

Jim starts high-fiving the room. They love it.

DOUG  
 Hey! Hey hey hey!

JIM  
 Fuck yes!

MUSIC CUE: **Return of the Mack** by Mark Morrison blares off of  
 Doug's Winamp. It's a fucking party.

MIKE  
 I sent the message that Alexander  
 Bell sent to his assistant, Watson  
 come here that's what --

Jim can't nerd out with Mike and tries to settle him.

JIM  
 Let's just.. let's just--

Jim dances awkwardly, trying to celebrate with these guys.  
 Doug notices. They nod to one another in a moment of "you're  
 okay".



We focus on CARL YANKOWSKI (60, nice suit) standing in the doorway of the Engineering Department. Shelley, flustered, stands behind him.

YANKOWSKI

What the hell are you guys doing?

Everyone turns to Yankowski. Doug turns off the music.

JIM

Sorry - who are you?

YANKOWSKI

You said if I wanted to talk I had to come to Waterloo. So, here I am.

The engineers look confused.

JIM

Gentlemen. Meet Carl Yankowski of Palm Pilot.

MIKE

Oh. Really?

DOUG

Booooooo!

JIM

Doug.

DOUG

How ya doing?

INT. MIDWAY DINER, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike and Jim sit across from Yankowski.

YANKOWSKI

...so I just said three words.  
 "Two. Litre. Bottle." You know what they said? They said "Carl, NOBODY drinks two litres of Mountain Dew." I mean, they didn't see what I saw: Large pizza, BIG soda, complete dinner. We sold a billion litres in a month.

Yankowski notices Mike, looking down, both hands under the table, where he texts with Doug.

**Mike (BBM) to Doug:** This guy is insane.

YANKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 You playing with yourself under  
 there, Mikey?

Mike looks up, confused.

YANKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 Alright. Let's clear the air here.  
 I had nothing to do with U.S.  
 Robotics trying to bankrupt you  
 back in '96 - defective modems,  
 working modems... Were they  
 defective? It was a hundred years  
 ago. Who's to say?

MIKE  
 Me.

Yankowski points to Mike in agreement.

YANKOWSKI  
 Exactly. Here's what we do. Combine  
 BlackBerry and Palm Pilot. One  
 product. It's the two-litre-bottle  
 of smartphones.

MIKE  
 Would I still have complete control  
 over every aspect of engineering  
 and design?

YANKOWSKI  
 No.

MIKE  
 Okay well, it's going to be uh - we  
 won't be able to move ahead with  
 this. I'm, I'm... sorry. Sorry.

Yankowski takes out his **PALM PILOT 7** -- extends the built-in  
 antenna -- starts TAPPING on the screen with a stylus...

YANKOWSKI  
 You guys love saying "sorry", don't  
 you? Okay. Let's see what you  
 closed at? Four-dollars-and-fifty  
 cents. Oh god is that Canadian?

Mike sees "Made in China" on the back of the PalmPilot.

YANKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 U.S. Robotics? Eighty-three  
 dollars. Now, that gives us a  
 market cap of about...  
 (MORE)

YANKOWSKI (CONT'D)  
 forty-five billion. So what would  
 happen if I just... I don't know,  
 bought up all your shares? Oh,  
 what's the word for that again,  
 sport? Hostile Takeover.

Jim doesn't flinch. Mike starts to panic.

MIKE  
 (to Jim)  
 Hostile takeover? What the fuck?  
 What is happening? We would just  
 say - We could just say no. We, we  
 own the company --

*CRINKLE CRINKLE CRINKLE.* Mike stops mid sentence, distracted  
 by a sound -- he looks down at Jim balling up the PAPER MENU.

JIM  
 You know, Carl. You got a deal.

Mike bites his tongue.

CARL YANKOWSKI  
 Yeah?

JIM  
 Yeah. Give us a couple months to  
 get our people taken care of and  
 then we'll uh, agree to a private  
 sale.

MIKE  
 Wait, just uh --

Mike raises a finger to interject. Jim puts his hand up  
 beside him.

JIM  
 Mike. It's okay. It's okay. It's  
 better to get rich now than fight  
 this guy in court for the next five  
 years.

YANKOWSKI  
 That's right. You know, I like you.

Mike can't speak. It's his nightmare.

Jim gestures to the TV.

JIM  
 You like hockey?

YANKOWSKI

God no. It's moronic. You?

JIM

Hate it.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Doug sits with the engineers. They're watching John Carpenter's *They Live*. The "Movie Night" banner hangs over the projector screen. They eat pizza from *Supreme 2 for 1 Pizza and Wings*. Allan sleeps on a desk.

Using a slice of pizza, Doug points at the screen.

RODDY PIPER (ON TV)

I have come here to chew bubblegum  
and kick ass.. and I'm all out of  
bubblegum.

DOUG

They based Duke Nukem on this guy.  
Like, that is Duke Nukem for real.

The LIGHTS COME ON -- Jim and Mike walk through the door.

JIM

Okay. Party's over.

DOUG

What?

JIM

Listen up. Turn that thing off  
please.

Ethan and Allan attempt to shut the projector off.

JIM (CONT'D)

Turn it off. You guys having fun?  
Because we are about to lose our  
fucking company.

DOUG

What the hell happened at this  
lunch?

The light from the projector shines in Jim's eyes.

JIM

Turn that fucking thing off!

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - LATER

Jim stands in front of the engineers, clearly having just delivered big news. Mike stands beside him, crestfallen.

JIM

Okay?

You could hear a pin drop. Doug raises his hand.

JIM (CONT'D)

Yeah. Doug.

DOUG

So. My question's actually for Mike. How are we supposed to sell another five hundred thousand phones when we're already maxed on every network we're on?

Mike doesn't look up -- he just shakes his miserable head.

JIM

You guys will figure it out.

Doug raises his hand again.

DOUG

How - how? If we put more phones on these networks they are going to crash. Period. We are not *allowed* to sell more phones. Mike?

JIM

No. You don't worry about what's allowed. I say what's allowed.

DOUG

I don't even understand what the problem is here. Who cares if this guy wants to buy our company, isn't that good?

JIM

I fucking care. That's who cares. I care. I'm trying to keep this company together, you fuck.

DOUG

I'm sorry. Do you even know what a network limit load is?

Mike motions Doug to stop.

MIKE

Doug.

JIM

(to Mike)

Talk to me outside for a second?

Jim leads the way to the door. Mike gives Doug one more look of "please shut up".

DOUG

What?!

Mike follows Jim to the hallway --

INT. HALLWAY, ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

JIM

What's a Network Limit Load?

MIKE

This is impossible.

JIM

Well what are we supposed to fucking do Mike? Either we jack our stock to the moon or Yankowski fucks us.

MIKE

Doug is right. Unless the carriers rebuild their entire networks there's nothing we can do. The phones use too much data.

JIM

Well then fucking shrink it?

MIKE

Yeah. Okay. We, we looked into that...

JIM

...Uh huh?

MIKE

(whispering)

These guys can't do it.

Mike looks past Jim to the room of engineers. They've formed a little circle around a game of *Magic: The Gathering*.

JIM

What do you mean, they can't do it?  
You said they were the best  
engineers in the world.

MIKE

I said they were the best engineers  
in *Canada*.

Beat.

JIM

Okay. Alright. Who could do it.

MIKE

Maybe top guys from Motorola or  
Microsoft or Google...

Jim pulls out his BlackBerry and opens the notes app --  
starts typing.

JIM

Okay.

MIKE

What, what, what are you doing?

JIM

Who else? Where else?

DOUG (O.S)

(muffled through glass)

John Carmack!

Jim and Mike turn to Doug, who's standing on the other side  
of the glass door, trying to listen in.

DOUG (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Get John Carmack! From I.D. Can you  
guys hear me? The guy who made  
Doom?

Jim looks at Mike.

JIM

What's *Doom*?

MIKE

Have you played *Wolfenstein*?

Jim is not impressed.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Just please don't sell anymore  
 phones.

Jim walks away.

DOUG  
 Can you hear me?

MIKE  
 Yes! YES!

DOUG  
 Oh. Shit.

INT. SALES ROOM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

A room of ten young salesmen with the exact opposite vibe of the engineers. If those were budding Mikes, these are wannabe Jims. Muscular, sharply dressed, and with great hair cuts.

They're relaxing as though they're in a locker room. Stereo blasting. One bounces a ball against a wall; another lifts weights with a spotter. A whiteboard on the wall has everyone's names with their sales numbers listed.

MARK GUIBERT (O.S.)  
 What the fuck!

JUSTIN FABIAN  
 Look at this. I'm on fire.

MARK GUIBERT  
 Lefty. Lefty. Lefty.

Suddenly Jim marches in. Instant quiet. Presence of the Master. Mark stands up and turns off the stereo.

JIM  
 Alright! Listen up, you dead-eyed  
 dumb fucks.

Jim tosses a box at DON MCMURTRY throwing him off balance on his chair. The room sits up -- shares looks with one another.

JIM (CONT'D)  
 Sorry to cut your little vacation  
 short here, but we got some product  
 to move.

Murmurs.



DON MCMURTRY (O.S.)  
What product can we move?

JIM  
I'm sorry. What's that?

DON MCMURTRY  
Well.. I thought the engineers  
said.. We maxxed out uh, our  
networks?

JIM  
Yeah. They did, yeah and that's  
*their* fucking problem, okay? *Your*  
problem is you need to sell a  
million BlackBerries before Q3.

Bombshell news. Jim gestures to the wall of boxes. The  
salesman laugh until they realize Jim's not joking.

JUSTIN FABIAN  
Uhhh..

JIM  
(Mocking Justin)  
Uhh. Uhh. Uh.

Beat.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I'm not fucking joking.

Jim silences them with a look.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I want 'em gone.

Jim leaves the room. The guys scramble to get their suits and  
get out the door.

EXT. RUNWAY, PEARSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, TORONTO - DAY

Jim runs up the steps of RIM's (rented) Westwind Jet.

INT. WESTWIND JET, TORONTO - DAY

Jim waits for take off. Email Ping!

**Email from Yankowski:** How about the name PalmBerry?

EXT. GOOGLE HQ, CA - DAY

Jim walks through the Google Campus with his head held high.

INT. PAUL STANNOS' OFFICE, GOOGLE HQ, MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA - DAY

Jim sits across the desk from PAUL STANNOS (46, BIG glasses), the name plate on his desk reads "Head of Physical Engineering".

Paul holds a brand new BlackBerry -- still in the box --

PAUL  
Actually, we're talking about  
banning these.

JIM  
Banning?

PAUL  
Nobody pays attention to meetings  
anymore. They're crouched over..

JIM  
Tell them to stop.

PAUL  
Okay. We call them CrackBerries.

JIM  
Come work for me.

PAUL  
I can't.

JIM  
Why?

PAUL  
Because I am under contract here.

JIM  
How much to break it?

PAUL  
Excuse me?

JIM  
How much money do you want to break  
your contract with Google?

Paul gets up nervously -- walks to the door -- closes it.

JIM (CONT'D)  
I'll give you a million dollars if  
you sign right now.

Paul rushes over to his computer -- unplugs it.

PAUL  
(whispering)  
I am not moving to Canada. We are  
not having this conversation.

Jim is surprised his number didn't move the dial.

JIM  
Two million.

PAUL  
Stop.

JIM  
Three million.

PAUL  
I need you to leave.

Jim isn't going to lose -- goes for it...

JIM  
Ten million.

Beat.

PAUL  
Well, you don't have ten million  
dollars.

Jim takes a contract out of his suitcase -- starts amending  
it by hand...

JIM  
This... is a million dollar option  
deal. I will backdate that to when  
RIM was trading at a dollar.  
Merrill just gave us a target of  
13.

Jim hands it over. Paul looks down at the contract.

PAUL  
Is this legal?

**SELLING/RECRUITING MONTAGE BEGINS**

INT/EXT. AIRPORT HANGER - DAY

Jim marches towards his private plane through an operating machine shop, looking like he owns the place. It's loud. His BB rings -- looks at it -- picks up...

JIM

Carl!

CARL YANKOWSKI (O.S.)

PalmBerry!

JIM

Eh, listen, I can barely hear you buddy!

CARL YANKOWSKI (O.S.)

I said PalmBerry. Isn't that great?

JIM

Listen uh, I'm getting some static on the line. Can I call you back?

CARL YANKOWSKI (O.S.)

Jim, I can barely hear you. Jim.

Jim holds the phone up towards the loud engine --

CARL YANKOWSKI (O.S.)

(CONT'D)

Jim, speak up.

JIM

What? Carl? Okay, I'll call you later.

He cuts himself off by hanging up -- puts his phone away and waltzes up the steps of his plane...

INT. RIM'S RENTED WESTWIND JET, 35,000 FEET - DAY

**Jim reads an email from Accounting:** Just confirming Jim... 10m in stock to Paul Stannos?

**Jim replies:** Do it.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - DAY

Close on a computer screen showing the BlackBerry network usage tick upwards...

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike and Doug deep in conversation in the engineering department.

PAUL  
Mike Lazaridis?

Paul Stannos stands at the door to engineering with a box of personal belongings.

MIKE  
If Jim fired you, I can't undo it!  
I'm sorry. I've tried.

PAUL  
No, No. I, just got hired. It's  
Paul.

DOUG  
How ya doing? Welcome! Where are ya  
coming from?

PAUL  
Uh, Google.

DOUG  
Nice! What'd, what'd you do?

PAUL  
I was the uh, Head of Physical  
Engineering.

The guys look around impressed.

EXT. AIRPORT HANGER - DAY

Jim struts into the airport hanger.

JIM (O.S.)  
You are not salesman anymore.  
You're male models.

INT. RACQUET CLUB - DAY

Fabian plays tennis.

JIM (O.S.)  
I want you at every Country Club,  
Yacht Club, Tennis Club. Wherever  
the elite go, you go.

Fabian checks his BlackBerry.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I want them to see you using it. Be  
big--

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - DAY

Mark smokes a cigar while checking his Blackberry.

JIM (O.S.)

Be LOUD. Have them thinking, who is  
this annoying prick? And how can I  
be more like him?

INT. TAILORS - DAY

McMurtry gets his suit fitted. He types on his BlackBerry.

TAILOR

What is that?

JIM (O.S.)

And when they ask you--

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't say it's a phone that does  
email... It's not a cell phone...  
It's a status symbol.

EXT. TARMAC, WASHINGTON AIRPORT DAY

Jim hustles down the steps of his plane.

EXT. MICROSOFT, WASHINGTON - DAY

Jim arrives at Microsoft. Makes a deal.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jim making deals and shaking hands.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - NIGHT

Mark being showered with business cards.

MARK GUIBERT

Anybody else? Anybody else?  
Alright.

INT. SALES ROOM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mark hands Austin more business cards.

AUSTIN

Hi. I'm calling on behalf of BlackBerry. I heard that you're interested in buying some of the quarks for your corporation.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Network ticking up yellow.

INT. RACQUET CLUB - DAY

Fabian schmoozes with the other players.

INT. SALES ROOM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Fabian shows off his collection of business cards and gives them to Austin.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - DAY

Allan monitors the network ticking up yellow.

INT. TAILORS - DAY

The BlackBerry on the tailor's desk catches a customer's eye.

INT. SALES ROOM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Business cards pile up on Austin's desk.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - DAY

The network monitor has ticked up into the RED ZONE.

**MONTAGE ENDS**

FOX 5 NEWS FOOTAGE:

FOX REPORTER

It's 7:55. We are back with Fox 5 Consumer news. A global BlackBerry crisis this morning. The company says it's experiencing massive service interruptions.

(MORE)

FOX REPORTER (CONT'D)  
The company's help line says, users  
can expect delays in sending and  
receiving messages.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Everyone is going crazy trying to figure out what happened to  
their traffic. Doug handles the phones.

DOUG  
(on the phone)  
Yes. Yes. We are aware of the  
problem and uh, we are.. We are  
sorting it out right now. I'll call  
you back.

Doug hangs up. Engineers are scrambling. It's pure chaos.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
What's happening man?

SCOTT  
It's all down there!

PRANAY  
Are we totally fucked?

Mike leans out from the NOC door --

MIKE  
HEY. QUIET!

They shut up. Mike slams the NOC door shut.

DOUG  
Let, let, let, let's just keep it  
down out here guys... for a second.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Mike closes the door and joins Network Engineer Allan Lewis --  
he's sitting in front of A SINGLE LAPTOP in the middle of the  
room.

MIKE  
How many are down?

ALLAN  
Maybe... ten thousand?

MIKE  
Jesus. Okay. Okay. Okay.



*RIINNG!*

Mike picks up his BlackBerry.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, hello?

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (O.S.)  
You have a collect call from...

JIM (O.S.)  
*WHAT THE FUCK IS HAPPENING?*

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Will you accept the charges?

Mike is paralyzed with fear...

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Are you still there?

MIKE  
Yes, I accept.

AUTOMATED OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Thank you.

Beat.

JIM (O.S.)  
Mike.

MIKE  
...Hi...

EXT. PAYPHONE BOOTH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

Jim is in the (Verizon) phone booth.

JIM  
There are three reasons why people  
buy our phones. Do you know what  
they are?

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

MIKE  
Umm... Email?

EXT. PAYPHONE BOOTH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

JIM  
They! Fucking! Work!

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

MIKE (O.S.)  
Yeah. Okay. It's not us, Jim. It's  
the carrier. Verizon is doing  
something weird.

EXT. PAYPHONE BOOTH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

JIM  
Well, I'm about to do "something  
weird" if you don't fix this. NOW.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

JIM (O.S.)  
The deal was, I get the engineers..  
You shrink the data!

Mike suddenly makes the connection --

MIKE  
Are, are you, are you selling more  
phones?

EXT. PAYPHONE BOOTH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

JIM  
What the hell do you think I've  
been doing over here, Mike!? We're  
in the middle of a hostile fucking  
takeover!

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

JIM (OS)  
Do I need to have someone babysit  
you dorks?

MIKE  
Okay...okay... so THAT'S.. okay.  
Yeah, the entire system is  
crashing..

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 (to Allan)  
 He's selling more phones..

Allan looks over at Mike with concern.

EXT. PAYPHONE BOOTH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

JIM  
 HEY. GOD DAMN IT.

INT. NOC (NETWORK OPERATIONS CENTRE), RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

MIKE  
 Yeah. Yeah. So.. Okay uh. I didn't  
 realize.. uh, hold off selling more  
 until we --

EXT. PAYPHONE BOOTH, CALIFORNIA - CONTINUOUS

JIM  
 I'M NOT FUCK --

Jim bashes the receiver against the phone, leaving nothing  
 but bits behind as he storms off.

INT. OFFICE, MOTOROLA, CHICAGO - DAY

Jim sits opposite RITCHIE CHO (Head of Devices). Ritchie  
 reads over a contract. Looks up at Jim.

RITCHIE  
 Okay, sorry, is this technically  
 legal?

CHARLES PURDY (O.S.)  
 Ritchie!

Jim spins around to see CHARLES PURDY (70, heavysset, scary)  
 standing in Ritchie's doorway...

RITCHIE  
 I'm actually in a personal meeting,  
 Charles.

CHARLES PURDY  
 And I personally don't give a  
 flying fuck! Engineering can't do a  
 god damn thing until you send that  
 fax! Now take a "meeting" when the  
 union isn't ripping my guts out.  
 (MORE)

CHARLES PURDY (CONT'D)

Do you hear me? Get it done.  
(under his breath)  
Son of a bitch.

Charles SLAMS the door shut -- Ritchie turns to Jim.

RITCHIE

You said you were located in  
Waterloo?

Jim is still looking at the door where Charles stood.

JIM

What is that guy's name?

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

It's madness. All the new superstar recruits have arrived on the same day. Doug stands on his chair with his arms in the air, holding court. Mike watches from the corner of the room.

DOUG

Okay. Okay. Hey everybody. Welcome to Research in Motion! I know this is a bit disorganized. I promise we will get everybody settled. So um, in the meantime, we are having a bit of a network issue. So, put up you hand if you understand *Mobitex architecture*?

Ritchie Cho and Paul Stannos raise their hands.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Two people. Okay. Uh, that's fine. You two, you're with Mike. The rest of you, I don't know what you do but follow me. We are taking a tour! Let's go.

Doug starts a tour --

DOUG (CONT'D)

It's going to be a little bit like Sam Rockwell in *Teenage Ninja Turtles* in the foot clan. Hands up, who's seen it?

Paul and Ritchie walk over to Mike --

RITCHIE

Can I talk to you for a second?  
What is Charles Purdy doing here?

MIKE

What, what are you talking about?

RITCHIE

The man standing in the hallway  
directly over my left shoulder.

Mike turns around to see Charles Purdy (from Motorola)  
standing outside the glass, looking in on the room -- he  
turns back --

MIKE

Oh, Jesus.

RITCHIE

Listen to me. That guy will fuck  
you up. Do not let that man  
anywhere near your engineering  
department. Trust me.

MIKE

Yeah. Okay. Alright.

RITCHIE

(to Paul)

I'm serious. He will fuck your shit  
up.

INT. HALLWAY, ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Mike opens the door to the hall, hiding his body inside the  
room.

MIKE

Can I help you?

CHARLES PURDY

You're Mike? Aren't you?

MIKE

Yes. I'm Mike. What are you doing  
here?

CHARLES PURDY

Charles Purdy. I'm your new COO.

MIKE

Oh. Jim hired you to be the Chief --

CHARLES PURDY

I'm here to get this ship under  
control.

MIKE

We are under control.

CHARLES PURDY

Oh, really? Whose?

Charles gestures through the glass. It's a party. Doug piggy-backs Scott around the office.

CHARLES PURDY (CONT'D)

Hmmm?

Mike walks away.

INT. MIDWAY DINER, WATERLOO - DAY

Coffee being poured... Notes being scribbled... Food sits untouched...

Mike works with Paul and Ritchie on pages and pages of math.

PAUL

Okay. So, then let's try something different. Instead of shrinking the data.. Maybe, we spread it out?

The waitress tops up their coffee.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

RITCHIE

Well, why not take multiple towers in the same zone and split the packet between them? We can put it back together at the server here.

Mike speaks without looking up from his calculations.

MIKE

We tried that. Here's the problem, the towers don't recognize one another. Each of them has no idea which piece of the signal they're receiving and the whole process just keeps--

PAUL

Maybe we reprogram the towers?

MIKE

They're not *our* towers. We don't control them.

RITCHIE

That's okay. At Naughty Dog we had to hack the Playstation to get Crash Bandicoot running.

Mike lights up, realizing these guys are fucking SMART.

MIKE

Okay. So, if each exchange is triangulated, we could divide the signal three ways?

Mike takes the salt, pepper, and ketchup -- makes a triangle.

PAUL

No. No. We actually could do way, WAY more. Every BlackBerry is a server?

RITCHIE

We could divide the signal between every user in the same grid?.

PAUL

Divide by Thousands. So, it will be like Napster. Distributed network of your own users.

RITCHIE (O.S.)

That's gotta be in the terms of service.. Hackers would be on it so fast.

PAUL (O.S.)

They encrypt everything server side, right? Mike? Mike? I mean, everything, everything is already encrypted. So.

Mike is writing this idea down as fast as he can.

RITCHIE (O.S.)

...Mike?

PAUL

Mike?

Mike grabs his papers...

MIKE

Excuse me.

Mike rushes for the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You can have my bacon.

Paul and Ritchie watch him leave.

PAUL

What are they paying you?

RITCHIE

I shouldn't say.

PAUL

They're paying me ten million dollars.

RITCHIE

Yeah. Me too.

INT. MIKE'S BMW, PARKING LOT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike screeches into his "LAZARIDIS" parking space. No Jim. No Doug.

INT. HALLWAY, ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2 - DAY

Mike races down the hallway, clutching his stack of equations as if someone might steal them.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Mike stops at the doorway to engineering --

We see what Mike is looking at -- his entire staff, old and new, are setting up for "Movie Night" -- chairs are arranged -- popcorn is handed out in coffee-filter "bowls" -- a giant projector screen is pulled down. Scott and a new recruit balance on swivel chairs to hang the "Movie Night" banner.

SCOTT

Higher on that side. Let's get a chair over there.

ALLAN

Oh, yeah. Here you go buddy.



Mike looks down at the "work" in his hands -- then back at Movie Night...

INT. CHARLES PURDY'S OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike knocks timidly...

CHARLES PURDY

Yes. Come in.

Mike opens the door -- takes one step in -- Charles is wearing glasses at his desk, reading over a delivery schedule.

MIKE

Mr. Purdy?

Mike holds up his papers sheepishly.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Uh so, first of all, sorry about before.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - MOMENTS LATER

Staff sit theatre style in anticipation. Smiles. Laughs. The Disciples of Doug.

CHARLES PURDY (O.S.)

Allan Lewis?!

The room turns around at Charles' booming voice.

CHARLES PURDY (CONT'D)

Which one of you is Allan Lewis?!

Everyone looks at Allan, sitting with his popcorn.

ALLAN

Hello.

CHARLES PURDY

Ah. Michael's had a breakthrough. Now, I want these tested. I want the report on my desk, Friday.

Charles hands him the papers -- Allan looks at them...

Allan looks up sharply.

ALLAN

When? Sorry?

CHARLES PURDY

Friday.

The room chuckles in a "this must be a joke" kind of way -- Allan breathes a sigh of relief, thinking Charles was serious.

ALLAN

This looks like a whole new relay system--

CHARLES PURDY

Uh huh.

Allan sobers up.

ALLAN

Testing this will probably take me a month.

CHARLES PURDY

Well, then you best get started, hadn't you?

ALLAN

*...It's bad luck to work on Movie Night.*

ETHAN

Can't work on movie night.

The crowd goes quiet.

CHARLES PURDY

You're all children. Is that it?

SCOTT

(laughing)  
Sorry, who are you?

CHARLES PURDY

You think this is funny, is it?

SCOTT

Just wondering who -- who are you?

CHARLES PURDY

I'm Charles Purdy. From this moment on you will all work for me. And if that work is not done at a pace that I expect, you'll be fired.

(MORE)

CHARLES PURDY (CONT'D)  
 And I'll keep firing until this  
 room is full of men and not little  
 boys playing with their little  
 penises. Now, are there any  
 questions?

ETHAN  
 Um. Where's Doug?

INT. DOUG'S CAR, PARKING LOT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

**MUSIC CUE:** *This is What We Do* by MC Hammer blares on the car stereo.

His '84 Honda Civic (still runs!) pulls into the RIM parking lot. He wears his orange bandana and sings along...

DOUG  
 (singing)  
 ...My body, It's my body, Take it  
 where I want to, Pump it up  
 party... My Time is my Time. I make  
 my own decisions. Do what I want to  
 do.

PARKING ATTENDANT 2  
 Doug! Let's go bro.

DOUG  
 Movie night tonight. Movie night.

Doug pulls into his "DOUG" spot next to "LAZARIDIS" and "BALSILLIE". He takes the cassette out of the tape deck and transfers it to his yellow Sony walkman. Presses play and continues to bop to it.

INT. HALLWAY, ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2 - MOMENTS LATER

Doug walks down empty, quiet halls, music still blasting, oblivious...

... Doug takes off his headphones.

**END MUSIC CUE**

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

The "Movie Night" banner is gone. The projector is gone. The chairs are back at their desks. Everyone is working. Six guys sit behind Allan's computer, helping with Mike's new code.

Doug looks at his desk -- the toilet plunger sits in the garbage can...

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike reads *Fundamentals of Microwave Transmission Lines*.

Doug storms in --

DOUG  
Have you seen this?

MIKE  
No.

DOUG  
Have you been out there?

MIKE  
No.

Mike doesn't look up from his research.

DOUG  
Dude. Jim killed Movie Night.  
Actually, what am I saying, he  
didn't have the guts to do it  
himself. Apparently, he got this  
three hundred pound dude to go in  
there and start screaming at  
everybody! Said he was going to  
fire Allan?

No response from Mike.

DOUG (CONT'D)  
...Mike?

MIKE  
We do need... We do need to get  
back to work.

Doug gets it -- thinks about leaving...

DOUG  
Yeah... Do you not ever wonder why  
these guys are willing to work  
eighty hours a week? Never see  
their families? Never get any  
credit?

MIKE

Yeah. It's because they get to work  
on the best phone in the world,  
Doug.

DOUG

Yeah... That must be it.

Doug walks out.

INT. BOARDROOM, VERIZON HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Jim walks toward the Verizon boardroom.

RING!

JIM

Hello?

YANKOWSKI (O.S.)

You're making a big mistake, sport.

JIM

Yeah, sorry, Carl. I am going  
to have to call you back. I  
am stepping into a meeting.

CARL YANKOWSKI (O.S.)

Don't you dare fucking hang  
up on me. Don't hang--

Clicks. Hangs up.

Jim stands in front of the Verizon board, his hands on John's  
shoulder. John brushes him off. A dozen board members (some  
of who we recognize from Bell Atlantic) sit around the  
boardroom table.

JIM

How's everybody doing?

JOHN WOODMAN

Jim, I know this isn't exactly what  
you want to hear, but this board  
feels that in order to avoid  
further disruptions, it's best we  
end our relationship with  
BlackBerry.

JIM

John, we're just getting started.

JOHN WOODMAN

Jim, I'm serious. We're willing to  
take the hit on users and let them  
go crash somebody else's fucking  
network. It's over.

JIM  
 No. What's "over" is your bullshit  
 limit of 500,000 users. We  
 quadrupled it.

JOHN WOODMAN  
 Okay, Jim...

JIM  
 Our engineers reprogrammed your  
 towers. As of right now, Verizon is  
 capable of carrying 2 million  
 BlackBerrys at the same time. And  
 we've already sold half of those.

JOHN WOODMAN  
 Bullshit.

Jim holds the look. John realizes this is not a joke.

JIM  
 Try me.

The board share looks with John, *is he serious?*

**HOW'D YA DO IT? MONTAGE BEGINS**

INT. MIDWAY DINER, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim reads the headline "RIM STOCK ROCKETS 400%" in the Globe and Mail. Looks up to see Carl Yankowski walk in, looking uneasy. Jim waves him over to take a seat.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Charles Purdy rules the roost as the staff all busy themselves silently with the work of the day.

Everyone wears name tags.

Including Doug, who sits at his desk silently typing code.

INT. BOARDROOM, VERIZON HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

JOHN WOODMAN  
 How'd you do it, Mike?

Mike sits at the boardroom table. He just stares dead ahead, lost in the question.

**TITLE CARD: 2007**

INT. EXECUTIVE BOARDROOM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike (hair slicked back, an air of confidence, power-suit) sits at the head of a large table in the centre of an elegant boardroom. Around him are the SENIOR BOARD OF DIRECTORS of RIM. The only other person we recognize is Charles Purdy.

JACK MANISHEN (41, Head of Marketing) presents next quarter's sales projections on a PowerPoint slide.

JACK MANISHEN

We're number one in handset sales, subscriptions, customer retention, attracting new smartphone users, and brand recognition. We control 30% of the North American market and with the upcoming release of the BlackBerry Bold we're on track to control 50% of the *global* market...

Mike gets a BBM:

**Doug:** *you gotta get down here!*

Ignores it --

JACK MANISHEN (CONT'D)

Now our numbers are a *bit* below estimates right now, but we're expecting a nice bump when the 8310 comes out in March.

CHARLES PURDY

Now's probably a good time to talk about moving some of the assembly and construction to China.

MIKE

No. No. Take people off of Onyx. If you need more bodies, hire more people. We're not moving to fucking China...

CHARLES PURDY

Alright.

MIKE

Alright.

Something catches Mike's eye -- Doug, points to his phone at him from behind the window to the boardroom.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh my god.  
(To Doug)  
What!

Mike turns back to the boardroom.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ah, that's a good spot to leave it  
for today guys. Thank you.

Mike stands up -- the room follows. Mike makes his way to the door -- Jack Manishen cuts him off...

JACK MANISHEN

(privately)  
Hey. Where's Jim?

MIKE

Why?

JACK MANISHEN

He's not answering my e-mails.

MIKE

We're pitching the trackpad to  
Verizon on Friday. He's probably  
working on that.

Mike exits.

MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(to Doug)  
I am in a meeting!

INT. RIM PRIVATE JET, 35,000 FEET - DAY

On a portable DVD player, Jim watches DON CHERRY and RON MACLEAN of COACH'S CORNER on the plane.

DON CHERRY (ON TV)

And I really believe that uh,  
Balsillie, is that how you say it?  
Something like that. You know, he  
was in there and says "I've heard  
guys screw up my name but worse  
than you". Anyhow, he's a patriot.

(MORE)



DON CHERRY (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
 He really does-- He's a hockey guy  
 that really wants-- there's no  
 making money that doesn't -- He's a  
 hockey guy. Plays hockey, the whole  
 deal. He really wants hockey here.

The plane phone RINGS. Austin picks it up before Jim can stop him.

JIM  
 No. Don't --

AUSTIN  
 Hello..

JACK MANISHEN (O.S.)  
 Hand the phone to Jim.

AUSTIN  
 Uh. Who's this?

JACK MANISHEN (O.S.)  
 It's Jack Manishen from Marketing.  
 It's important.

Austin turns to Jim. Jim's eyes glued to the screen.

AUSTIN  
 Jack. Manishen. Marketing?

JIM  
 Mike can handle it.

Austin returns to the phone.

AUSTIN  
 Maybe, you can speak to Mr.  
 Lazaridis.

JACK MANISHEN  
 He does not want me going to Mike  
 with this... at least tell me where  
 you're going.

Beat. Austin looks to Jim.

AUSTIN  
 He wants to know where we are  
 going..

JIM  
 Hang up.

Austin hangs up the phone.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

It's dark. The lights are off and the projector screen is down, like movie night. But we're not watching a movie. Instead, the entire engineering department watches STEVE JOBS on stage at MacWorld 2007.

We notice the engineering department has gone through another makeover. All of the movie posters and comic books and science fiction novels have been replaced with BlackBerry advertisements.

Doug leads Mike into the room from the doorway -- they join the crowd of engineers, all staring in wide eyed wonder/terror.

JOBS (ON SCREEN)

So. Three things. A widescreen iPod with touch controls. A revolutionary mobile phone and a breakthrough internet communications device.

Mike steals a look at Doug watching Jobs.

JOBS (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

An iPod... a phone... and an internet communicator. An iPod. A phone. Are you getting it?! These are not three separate devices. This is *one* device. And we are calling it: **iPhone**.

Murmurs from the crowd.

JOBS (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

Here's four smartphones, right? Motorola Q, BlackBerry, Palm Treo, Nokia E62... Usual suspects. They all have these keyboards that are there whether you need them or not to be there.

Mike looks at the same phone in his own hands.

JOBS (ON SCREEN) (CONT'D)

And they all have these control buttons that are fixed in plastic.

Mike looks at the same phone in his own hands.

MIKE

Why would anybody want a phone without a keyboard?

JOBS (ON SCREEN)

What we're going to do is get rid of all these buttons and just make a giant screen. A giant screen.

Awe from the crowd on screen and in the RIM office.

JOBS (CONT'D)

When we start shipping in June and we'll be selling iPhones through our own stores and through Cingular stores. And it's my pleasure to introduce the CEO of Singular... Stan Sigman.

On screen Stan Sigman (55, CEO of AT&T) joins Steve Jobs on stage, they shake hands.

MIKE

Are you fucking kidding me?

DOUG

What?

MIKE

That's Stan Sigman. That's the CEO of AT&T.

STAN SIGMAN (ON SCREEN)

You know, Steve and I first met about two years ago in New York City when he shared with me this vision that he had for this product.

MIKE

This fucking guy.  
(to the room)  
Alright everybody. That's it. Fun times over. Back to work. I need a prototype of the Bold in my hand by Friday with a working trackpad. Thank you.

The lights come on. TV off. Everyone gets back to work.

DOUG

(Pointing at the screen)  
That's crazy.

Doug's BlackBerry RINGS. Unknown Caller.

DOUG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Okay guys, let's get back to work.

Doug picks up his BlackBerry.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Yello!

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

Hi, is this Douglas?

DOUG

Ah, yeah.

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

I'm from the Securities and Exchange Commission and I was wondering if you could answer some questions for me?

DOUG

(on the phone)

Sure. Okay.

SCOTT (O.S.)

Has anyone seen Allan?

DOUG

(to the room)

Check the NOC!

DARA FRANKEL

Were you involved in the hiring of a Mr. Paul Stannos?

DOUG

Sorry - from where?

DARA FRANKEL

I'm from the SEC.

DOUG

Is this a serious call?

DARA FRANKEL

Yes.

DOUG

Yeah. You called the wrong person. I can't help you with anything like that.

DARA FRANKEL

Is this Douglas Fregin?

DOUG

Yes ma'am.

DARA FRANKEL  
 Sorry. I have you listed here as  
 one of the founders of the company.

Doug chuckles.

DOUG  
 Yeah. I guess I am.

ENGINEER (O.S.)  
 Doug.

DOUG  
 I gotta go.

Doug hangs up and gets back to work.

INT. RECEPTION, NHL HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Jim paces in the reception area, nervous. Austin sits -- his  
 phone *RINGS*, he reaches for it --

AUSTIN  
 Sorry.  
 (checks the phone)  
 Unknown number.

JIM  
 No.

Austin puts it away.

DAWN (30s, power-suit.) Walks down the hall towards them.

DAWN  
 Mr. Balsillie?

JIM  
 Yes?

DAWN  
 Welcome to the NHL.

Jim lights up. Extends a hand.

JIM  
 Thanks for having me.

DAWN  
 Nice to meet you, just this way.

JIM  
 Okay, great.

DAWN  
Right in here...

INT. BOARDROOM, NHL HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Dawn leads Jim into the boardroom. Gary Bettman (55) greets him with a handshake.

GARY  
Jim.

JIM  
Gary.

GARY  
Good to see you, thanks for taking the time.

JIM  
I've always got time for you, Gary.

INT. LIMOUSINE, NYC - DAY

Jim slams the door -- turns to Austin --

JIM  
Get me on the phone with Copps Coliseum.

AUSTIN  
Is that the Arena in Hamilton?

Jim's phone vibrates:

JIM  
Yeah. Tell them I want to buy it.

**Mike (BBM):** *Just getting Bold prototype. Meet me out front.*

Jim puts his phone away.

AUSTIN  
Okay. Um.  
(beat)  
I thought you were buying the Pittsburgh Penguins.

JIM  
Yes, I am.  
(to the driver)  
Let's go.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike shouts into the engineering room.

MIKE

Okay. We gotta go!

DOUG

One sec.

Doug and the guys huddle around his desk with a PROTOTYPE BLACKBERRY BOLD plugged into his computer and a TERMINAL open on the screen.

Scott is at the keyboard typing code as fast as he can.

DOUG (CONT'D)

One sec!

(to Scott)

This good enough. Good enough.

SCOTT

This is *good enough*?

Allans joins the guys with news.

ALLAN

Apple is launching a marketplace for applications. It's going to be third party developers. Anyone. anyone --

DOUG

Bad time. Bad time.

ALLAN

(whispers to Pranay)

Third party developers.

Scott passes the BOLD to doug who tests the trackpad. The latency is brutal but it works.

SCOTT

Here man. It's laggy as hell.

DOUG

Good enough. Good enough. Good enough.

MIKE (O.S.)

Now!

DOUG

Yeah. We got it.

Doug runs up to him, prototype in hand.

MIKE

Doug. Come on.

ALLAN

(to Pranay)

They are launching an application market place.

DOUG

So, the touchpad is working, I don't know if I would say that it's *WORKING* working.

Doug looks to Mike who is displeased.

**BBM from Jim:** Can't make it, go without me, you'll be fine alone.

Mike looks around in distress.

DOUG (CONT'D)

What?

MIKE

Do you have a suit?

INT. LOBBY, VERIZON HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Mike and Doug enter through revolving doors. Mike takes the lead.

INT. BOARDROOM, VERIZON HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Mike stands in front of ten VERIZON Executives. Doug sits beside by the window, looking out at the skyline.

The room is silent as a prototype **BlackBerry BOLD** is passed from one person to the next. No one seems that interested.

Behind Mike is a Powerpoint presentation on a large screen that goes over the main features of the new BOLD...

MIKE

*... 2.4 inches, 480 by 360 HVGA screen and to top it all off, the world's first trackpad which we believe will be the dominant navigational device for all mobile devices within the next two years.*



Beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
The BlackBerry Bold.

John Woodman (now in his 60s) breaks the silence.

JOHN WOODMAN  
That's it?

MIKE  
Uh huh.

JOHN WOODMAN  
That's what you've got for us? A  
trackpad?

Mike looks to Doug.

JOHN WOODMAN (CONT'D)  
You guys see Apple's thing?

The mere mention of Apple brings energy to the room.

Doug looks to Mike.

JOHN WOODMAN (CONT'D)  
Any reaction to that?

MIKE  
Plenty. Yeah. It's an over-  
designed, trying-to-do-too-much toy  
that will crash any network  
gullible enough to take it on. It  
is by every metric the exact  
opposite of everything we do at  
Research in Motion. *Less* data, no  
frills, reliable network. That's  
BlackBerry.

JOHN WOODMAN  
Sexy slogan, Mike.

The room chuckles --

MIKE  
So. I guess, you want to kill your  
whole network cause that's what it  
will do.

JOHN WOODMAN  
Yeah. The iPhone... they put a  
keyboard right on the screen?

MIKE

And it's the stupidest thing I've seen in my entire life. Ask anyone what they love most about their BlackBerry, and you will get the same answer every single time. The *keyboard*, the *click*. Okay?

DOUG

...Well...? Yeah. Yeah.

MIKE

-- This entire market was born of our innovation and our idea to put "a keyboard on a phone", and we did that, we build that from a pile of garbage in 1996.

JOHN WOODMAN

Yeah. There's another slogan.

More chuckles. Mike's not happy.

JOHN WOODMAN (CONT'D)

I dunno Mike. AT&T's got Apple. We were kind of hoping you'd come in here with an iPhone killer.

MIKE

I don't need to kill it because it's going to commit suicide and it's gonna take down the whole fucking Cingular network with it. I'm giving you gold and I think you are all misunderstanding it.

(beat)

I created this entire product class. I created this entire fucking market. I created this entire product class. So listen to me. The trackpad is a mousepad on -- built into the phone.

Doug waits for the sentence to finish, then looks at the ground when he realizes Mike is out of gas.

JOHN WOODMAN

Yeah.. and.. right. Okay. Yeah. Okay. Good enough. Uh thanks guys for coming down. Tell you what, let us - we'll talk about this internally and get back to you, okay? Tell Jim we missed him.

Close on Mike. He's panicking.

DOUG  
 (whispering to Mike)  
 Let's go.

MIKE  
 He's back, back in Waterloo working because. So, he promised me not to mention -- the other thing. We're not quite there yet but we're working on something pretty top secret.

Doug looks at Mike like "what the fuck are you doing?"

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 Uh, he made me promise not to mention it. Prototype we're still a few weeks out. Uh, you know, I can demo it with our Bold prototype.

The Executives slowly perk back up -- Mike walks over to Woodman -- picks up the prototype Bold -- holds it over his head --

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 So. It's still a BlackBerry. Our BlackBerry. Except for where we have keys here... screen. The whole thing's a screen.

Doug's eyes are screaming.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 ... Uhh except.. Ours when you press it will get that...  
 (Mike clicks the keys)  
 That satisfying click.

Mike doubles down, just like he saw Steve Jobs do...

MIKE (CONT'D)  
 That BlackBerry click. Our trademark. Click. So. Screen. Keyboard. Phone. Screen. Keyboard. Phone. Screen. Keyboard. Phone.  
 (to John)  
 Are you getting it?

INT. LOBBY, VERIZON HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Mike and Doug exit through revolving doors.

DOUG  
(whispers)  
What was that?

MIKE  
(whispers)  
Stop.

DOUG  
(whispers)  
What was that?

MIKE  
(whispers)  
Shut up.

Mike and Doug exit the building.

DOUG  
Mike. Mike. What the fuck was that  
dude?

MIKE  
Where is this fucking limo?

INT. COPPS COLOSSEUM, HAMILTON - DAY

Jim comes out of the tunnel and is at one end of a professional arena, currently set up to host a basketball game. The BUILDING MANAGER guide Jim on a tour.

BUILDING MANAGER  
...capacity maxes at seventeen  
thousand, but we could enhance it  
to nineteen without too much  
trouble.

JIM  
Alright. I want all this basketball  
shit gone. From now on, this place  
is a permanent rink.

BUILDING MANAGER  
We can't do that.

JIM  
Why?

BUILDING MANAGER  
We have active contracts with a  
dozen clients --

JIM  
Cancel them.

BUILDING MANAGER  
Yeah but, there's going to be  
fines.

JIM  
I'll pay the fines.

Jim points to a booth in the arena.

JIM (CONT'D)  
And I want that to be my personal  
box.

BUILDING MANAGER  
(chuckles)  
That's not a box.

**BBM from Mike:** Sold Verizon 1 Million Units

BUILDING MANAGER (CONT'D)  
That's not a box.

INT. ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike is at a whiteboard drawing a schematic of his newly  
invented BLACKBERRY STORM for a group of 40 engineers.

Everyone looks confused, Doug and Charles Purdy included.

MIKE  
No, no. Okay. So, it's a *screen*,  
but it needs a raised hinge or  
actuator as I wrote, between it and  
the body so the entire device  
clicks when you press on it.

A random STUDENT ENGINEER whispers something up.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Wait, what?

STUDENT ENGINEER  
I'm just wondering why we *want* to  
do that?

MIKE  
That. That. That is not the  
question you ask me here. *WHY* does  
not matter to you. Okay?  
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Because I said so. Because that's  
what I sold, okay?

Beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Who. Who are you? By the way?

DOUG  
Easy Mike.

A BLACKBERRY RINGS in the crowd.

MIKE  
Oh come on guys. Please. Silent  
mode! When we're at the office --

Mike motions to Purdy.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Charles?!

CHARLES PURDY  
Phones off!

The phone keeps ringing -- the crowd pinpoints the noise --  
it's coming from Scott.

SCOTT  
Sorry. Sorry Mike. Sorry buddy.

Scott reaches into his pocket and silences his phone...

Mike stares at Scott, about to ream him out...

DOUG  
Okay. So, you know what? I think,  
all this is, is we are trying to do  
the old BlackBerry click while  
embracing the new iPhone screen.  
That's all --

MIKE  
(interrupts)  
No! No! No. We're not "embracing"  
anything to do with Apple. Guys.  
It's really not hard. Okay? We pay  
you a lot of money. This is really  
not hard. It's a keyboard, on a  
screen, on a keyboard. And I don't  
care what you think of it.

Charles Purdy silently ushers Mike out of the room.

CHARLES PURDY

Mike..

The crowd is silent. Doug looks down, biting his tongue.

INT. HALLWAY, ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

The team is off to work. Charles has finally got Mike to himself in the doorway.

MIKE

What the fuck is Doug talking about, *embracing* what Apple is doing? I don't understand.

CHARLES PURDY

You come back from New York talking about a brand new phone. Prototype in a week? What are we doing here?

Doug appears at the door.

DOUG

Can I talk to you?

MIKE

It's a prototype Charles! I could build the fucking thing myself in one night if I had to.

CHARLES PURDY

But we still gotta ship the god damn thing.

MIKE

I said use the Onyx team.

CHARLES PURDY

I did! On Curve.

Beat.

CHARLES PURDY (CONT'D)

Alright, China. It's the only way this gets done. I'm sorry, China.

MIKE

Yeah. Fuck it. Do it. China. China. Let's do it.

Doug pipes in.

DOUG

Wait. Wait. No. He doesn't mean that.

MIKE

Hey. Hey. Don't speak for me.

DOUG

Mike, what are you doing?

MIKE

What am I doing? I'm trying to keep our biggest fucking customer. What the fuck are you doing?

DOUG

Mike, I'm trying to help you.

MIKE

You're not though. You're not. You're not helping me. This doesn't help me. If you could help me, we wouldn't be here. I don't need your fucking help anymore. Okay? You're fucking useless.

Doug's face falls.

DOUG

Okay.

Doug turns and walks away from the guys.

Mike turns to Purdy --

MIKE

Figure out China.

Mike and Charles watch as Doug leaves.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Figure out China. And I'll build the fucking thing myself.

Mike leaves. We hold on Charles as he watches him go, wondering where the hell this monster came from...

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike pulls out a bunch of old BlackBerries from his desk drawers. Dozens of them. He starts taking them apart, working solo on the prototype for BlackBerry Storm...



RING.

Mike picks up his office line.

MIKE

What?

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

Is this Mike Lazaridis?

MIKE

Who is this?

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

My name is Dara Frankel, I'm from the SEC. Do you have a second?

MIKE

Not really. Not right now. What is this about?

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

I'm trying to track down some information on some stock options your company issued.

MIKE

Well, that's not -- I wouldn't know anything about that. I think you want to talk to Jim.

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

Okay. Would there be a good time to come in and talk about this?

MIKE

No. I don't. No.

Mike hangs up.

INT. ATRIUM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim waltzes into the building with a "what's next?" attitude.

Shelley stands up and gets his attention from behind the reception desk.

JIM

Okay! I'm here. I'm here. I'm here.  
I'm here.

She hands him a copy of FORBES with his photo on the cover.

SHELLEY

Jack Manishen says he needs to see you.

Jim thumbs through -- best day of his life.

JIM

Okay. Yeah. Where is he?

SHELLEY

Camped outside your office.

JIM

Great.

Jim gets to his article -- sees that Carl Yankowski is featured in a photo on the opposite page...

JIM (CONT'D)

Shel, do me a favor: reach out to Carl Yankowski's office and let him know Jim Balsillie's got opening night tickets to the Hamilton Penguins for him. I know how much he loves hockey.

INT. HALLWAY, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Jim walks up to his office. Sure enough, Jack Manishen is waiting outside, nervous. He stands immediately upon seeing Jim.

JIM

Alright. Alright. Relax. You got me.

AUSTIN

That same woman from the SEC keeps calling. Can I give you her number?

JIM

No.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO -- DAY

Jim looks down at IPHONE SALES PROJECTIONS in his hands while Jack presents slides. There's an image of an iPhone next to BlackBerry and the rest of the competition...

JACK MANISHEN

Okay.. So... first Quarter...

Changes the slide. iPhone grows.

JACK MANISHEN (CONT'D)  
...second quarter...

Changes the slide. iPhone grows.

JACK MANISHEN (CONT'D)  
...third quarter...fourth quarter.

Changes slide.

JACK MANISHEN (CONT'D)  
And this is us.

JIM  
Whose numbers are these?

JACK MANISHEN  
Apple's internal projections. They released the numbers on Friday.

JIM  
Five hundred dollars? Fully subsidized? This is the most expensive phone in the world.

JACK MANISHEN  
It has the highest consumer interest of any product in *history*. We are going to go from "number one phone in the world" to "that phone that people had before they bought an iPhone".

Beat. Jim looks at the slide -- shakes his head --

JIM  
It's gonna be fine. Mike will figure it out.

*BANG BANG BANG* -- Someone at the door.

JIM (CONT'D)  
What?

Jim gets up -- opens the door.

MIKE  
Um. Why. Why is the SEC looking at us?

Jim closes the door to only a crack.

JIM  
They called you?

MIKE  
Yes. Something about stock options.

JIM  
I'm sure it's nothing.

MIKE  
It's nothing?

JIM  
Yeah. What's with this Apple thing?

MIKE  
What. What about it?

JIM  
Are we worried?

MIKE  
No.

JIM  
Okay, why?

MIKE  
Because, one of them uses as much data as five thousand BlackBerries. Because it has no keyboard. Because the thing is a joke.

JIM  
So why are people telling me that they're about to kill us?

MIKE  
'Cause they're idiots.

Mike leaves...

...Jim watches him go for a beat -- shuts the door...

...returns to his desk -- sees the FORBES spread open. Under Yankowski's picture he sees the familiar face of Steve Jobs' pal, STAN SIGMAN.

Jim hits his intercom button --

JIM  
Get me a meeting with Stan Sigman at AT&T.

Beat.

JACK MANISHEN  
What are you doing?

Jim's mind is racing. He's forming a plan.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
So the soonest I can get is next  
month, his office says he's leaving  
for vacation today.

Jim hits the button.

JIM  
Tell them I'm coming to Atlanta.  
Right now.

Jim gets up and starts running.

EXT. RIM PRIVATE JET, WATERLOO AIRPORT - DAY

Jim runs up the stairs into the jet -- yells to the cockpit.

JIM  
Let's go! Let's go!

Jim turns behind him to Austin, who is taking up the rear.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Tell them we'll be there in an  
hour.

Austin hands the BlackBerry to Jim.

AUSTIN  
It's the NHL.

Jim puts on his smiling face.

JIM  
(on phone)  
Gary! How are ya?

GARY BETTMAN (O.S.)  
Good. We're ready to go over here.  
How soon can you get to New York?

JIM  
Great! Anytime tomorrow.

GARY BETTMAN (O.S.)  
How about today?

JIM

Um. That might be a little tight  
for me.

GARY BETTMAN (O.S.)

I've got the board here now and I  
don't know when they're all going  
to be together again. If you want  
to wait, up to you. It's your deal.

JIM

Yeah. No. That works Gary. Yep.  
I'll be there.

GARY BETTMAN (O.S.)

Looking forward to it.

JIM

Okay. Alright. Bye.

Hangs up -- takes a breath --

JIM (CONT'D)

(yelling behind him)

Change of plans. We're going to  
JFK.

PILOT

We are dialed in --

Jim runs back to the cockpit --

JIM

Listen to me you mouthy fuck, if I  
say we are going to JFK, we are  
going to JFK. You understand?

AUSTIN

So we're, we're *not* meeting with  
Sigman then?

JIM

...I'm doing it all.

Jim stays standing with one arm on the wall for balance as  
the plane taxis down the runway, fire in his eyes.

EXT. PARKING LOT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

A maintenance worker takes down Doug's parking sign.

Just then multiple black SUVs pull up to RIM.

DARA FRANKEL (40s, air of power) and her team of SEC AGENTS enter the building.

INT. MIKE'S OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Sparks fly.

Mike is hunched over his desk with a soldering iron, molding parts of old BlackBerries together.

MIKE

Fuck!

He singes his finger.

CHARLES PURDY

Where's Jim?

Mike looks up to see Charles standing over his desk.

MIKE

I have no idea.

CHARLES PURDY

C'mon, we gotta get you outta here.

MIKE

Why?

CHARLES PURDY

SEC is raiding us.

Mike stands up.

MIKE

Wait, what?

CHARLES PURDY

Gimme your phone.

Mike looks down at his desk -- he has eight BlackBerrys.

CHARLES PURDY (CONT'D)

Where's you god damn phone?

*KNOCK*

DARA FRANKEL (O.S.)

Michael Lazaridis?

Mike looks to Purdy

MIKE  
Can you handle this?

Purdy shakes his head.

The door opens -- Dara walks in with a BIG SEC INVESTIGATOR --

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

DARA FRANKEL  
We spoke on the phone. Wanna come  
and answer some questions?

MIKE  
Sure. Sure.

Mike tries to follow Dara out, but she insists on following him out.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
After me is it? Okay.

INT. HALLWAY, ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Dara leads Mike outside to see half a dozen SEC OFFICERS waiting in the hallway.

DARA FRANKEL  
Okay.

On Dara's command, they all pile into his office.

MIKE  
Okay what? What are they doing?  
They can't touch any of that stuff?

Mike looks across the hall to the Engineering Department -- his team stares at him through the glass, pain and pity in their eyes, like seeing Dad get arrested.

Dara opens the door to a tiny office across the hall...

INT. TINY OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Mike sits at one end of a small table. Dara closes the door.

A moment later the door opens -- an SEC INVESTIGATOR walks in holding one of Mike's BlackBerrys.

SEC INVESTIGATOR  
Passwords on everything.



DARA FRANKEL  
What's the password Mike?

MIKE  
Am I required to give that to you?

DARA FRANKEL  
No. Are you hiding something?

Beat.

MIKE  
Should I not have a lawyer or  
something with me for this?

DARA FRANKEL  
Do you think you need a lawyer?

Mike swallows.

INT. RECEPTION, NHL HQ, NEW YORK - DAY

Jim paces nervously in the empty reception area. Something is off.

Dawn emerges and calls on him.

DAWN  
Jim.

Finally.

Jim follows Dawn into the boardroom.

INT. BOARDROOM, NHL HQ, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

It's packed. Gary Bettman, Dawn, and the entire NHL front office fill seats around the boardroom table. They turn as he walks in.

JIM  
Gary. What's going on? You got me.  
You got me waiting out here.

Awkward silence.

DAWN  
Jim, look, we're not going to waste  
your time, okay? It's not going to  
happen with you and the Penguins.

JIM

What?

DAWN

We held a vote with the other owners and unfortunately it went against you 26-0.

JIM

Hold on a sec. Hold on. Hold on. I thought we had a deal. When did the other owners even -- I'm sorry, what changed here, man?

DAWN

The owners did not find you to be of "good character and integrity".

JIM

I don't know what the hell that means. Gary, what the fuck is this?

GARY BETTMAN

You know, it's funny. It's one thing to have a secret plan to fuck over the NHL and move a team to Canada. It's another thing to brag to your rich friends before you actually do it.

It takes a moment, but Jim understands what is happening.

JIM

... You guys are so fucking stupid. You know what? Maybe I'll buy this whole fucking league, huh? How about that?

GARY BETTMAN

Dawn. Can we see that Mr. Bald-Silly gets safely back to Canada?

JIM

Oh, fuck all you people! Fuck you! Get ready for a hostile takeover of this entire fucking league, okay? YOU FUCK. You think I won't fucking do it? I'm from Waterloo, where the vampires hang out!!!

Jim walks out and SLAMS the door.

INT. RIM PRIVATE JET, JFK INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT, NY - DAY

Jim rushes on...

JIM  
Go! Go! Go! Go!

PILOT  
We'll never make it.

JIM  
I said LET'S GO.  
(to Austin)  
Delay Sigman.

AUSTIN  
I called. They said he's already  
left for vacation.

JIM  
Where?

AUSTIN  
They just said he's going to the  
airport.

The plane starts to move.

JIM  
Great. So are we.

INT. TINY OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - EVENING

Mike is starting to get nervous as contract after contract is  
put in front of him...

DARA FRANKEL  
And is this your signature?

Mike eyes it.

MIKE  
Yeah.

DARA FRANKEL  
And this?

MIKE  
I don't know what you're looking  
for. These are standard employment  
contracts.

DARA FRANKEL

I'm just wondering *how* you convinced all these engineers from around the world to come all the way to Canada. Doesn't make sense.

MIKE

It's because they get to work on the best phone in the world.

DARA FRANKEL

Mike, each of these contracts offers back-dated stock options. You were illegally pricing your own shares so you could hire engineers with money you didn't have.

Mike looks at the contract in his hand --

DARA FRANKEL (CONT'D)

Do you know what the sentence is for multi-million dollar stock fraud?

MIKE

Okay. I swear I had no idea about any of what you just said.

DARA FRANKEL

Do you expect me to believe that? You're CEO.

Beat. Mike looks down at one of the employment contracts. Sees Jim's name.

MIKE

Co-CEO.

EXT. RUNWAY, HARTSFIELD-JACKSON INTERNATIONAL, ATLANTA - DAY

Jim runs down the stairs of his just-landed plane, holding his BlackBerry to his ear as he runs towards the terminal...

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)

Tell me why this can't wait another few weeks?

JIM

I'm telling you Stan. I'm headed for the terminal right now.

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)

What?

JIM  
I'm at Gate 7. Uh, where are ya?

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)  
Are you runnin'?

JIM  
No. Stan. No. I'm good. I'm telling ya. Just give me the gate.

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)  
I'm getting on a plane here, Jim.

INT. TERMINAL, HARTSFIELD-JACKSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT,  
ATLANTA - CONTINUOUS

Hundreds of people surround him. It's loud and hectic. Jim searches the terminal for Stan Sigman.

JIM  
No. Okay. Listen. Stan. Alright. Here's the headline: half a million BlackBerries for AT&T, for zero dollars.

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)  
What's the catch?

Jim tears past people. Some are distracted by their phones and collide with him.

JIM  
No! No catch. They're yours. IF you're willing to release them at a discount one month before the iPhone.

Stan groans.

Jim stops running -- pleads his case --

JIM (CONT'D)  
Stan, come on, you owe me. You've sold a lot of minutes because of us.

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)  
Yeah. But you know what the problem with selling minutes is?

JIM  
...What?

STAN SIGMAN (O.S.)  
 There's only one minute in a  
 minute.

Stan hangs up.

Jim lowers the phone like "what the fuck does that mean?"

Jim takes a beat, trying to decode that sentence. He's surrounded by travelers rushing back and forth. He's the only one standing still.

He looks back down at his phone -- finds MIKE in his quick-dial -- calls...

MIKE (O.S.)  
 Hey.

JIM  
 Okay. Mike. Listen to me, I think we got a big problem here. I know what Apple's doing.

MIKE (O.S.)  
 (whispering)  
 Yeah. We shouldn't talk on the phone.

JIM  
 Why?

INT. RIM 2, STORAGE CLOSET - WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

MIKE  
 (whispering)  
 Um.

JIM (O.S.)  
 WHY?

MIKE  
 We're in trouble with the SEC but, get back as soon as you can.

INT. TERMINAL, HARTSFIELD-JACKSON INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT,  
 ATLANTA - CONTINUOUS

MIKE (O.S.)  
 I have a way to get us out of this.

EXT. RUNWAY, HARTSFIELD-JACKSON INTERNATIONAL, ATLANTA - DAY

Jim runs up the stairs of the plane.

EXT. PARKING LOT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - NIGHT

Jim FOBS himself into RIM.

INT. ATRIUM, RIM 2, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Jim opens the front door -- the place is empty, quiet and eerie.

Jim crosses the atrium and heads to the stairs.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE, RIM 2 - CONTINUOUS

Mike sits at Jim's desk, looking over Jack Manishen's iPhone projections -- the wall of masks behind him.

Jim storms in.

JIM

Okay, so listen. AT&T *knows* exactly what they're doing. They WANTED Apple to build a data-guzzling monster because that's where they're going to move the market. They're not selling minutes anymore, Mike. They're selling DATA.

Mike picks up his BlackBerry -- dials...

MIKE

(on the phone)  
He's here.

Jim feels a chill. Mike hangs up.

JIM

Who's that?

MIKE

They're waiting for you next door.

Beat.

JIM

Who? What did you do?

MIKE

I made a deal. The SEC gets you,  
your board seat, and our full  
cooperation in the criminal  
investigation, and for that they'll  
leave us alone.

Beat.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And they want 83 million dollars.

Jim feels the walls close in, just like when Woodman told him  
"some nerds took you for a ride" back in 1996. His back is  
against the wall. It's done. It's over. No more rope.

And then he can't help but smile to himself, as if someone  
just whispered a great secret in his ear.

He looks at Mike.

JIM

You said next door?

Jim turns -- walks out of his office -- opens the door in the  
hallway -- steps inside.

Mike watches him leave...

...then goes back to work on his prototype.

**TITLE CARD: 2008**

INT. MIKE'S BMW, PARKING LOT, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

Mike pulls into his "LAZARIDIS" parking space. Jim's spot:  
Gone. Doug's spot: Gone.

INT. ENGINEERING OFFICE, RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

New engineers populate the place. Gone are the familiar faces  
of Doug, Pranay, Scott, Ethan and Allan.

INT. LOADING DOCK, RIM 2, WATERLOO - CONTINUOUS

Mike walks along the pathway of the loading dock.

Workers unload crate after crate from trucks into the loading  
bay. Wooden boxes with Chinese shipping labels.



Mike lands in the middle of the room, filled with BLACKBERRY STORMS WRAPPED IN THEIR COMMERCIAL PACKAGING... He rips open the plastic wrap.

...Mike picks one up...

...unwraps the box...

...pulls out the BlackBerry Storm...

...turns it on...

...the screen glitches for a moment, then reveals the BlackBerry home-screen, a cramped stack of icons against a "Verizon V" background...

...Mike opens the text app and we see the keyboard on the screen on a keyboard. He touches the screen -- scrolls -- the delay between touch and action is about 1/2 a second --

Suddenly we hear something...

...A quiet hissing...

...*static*...

...Mike recognizes the sound...

...looks around the room, searching for the source...

...looks back at the BlackBerry in his hand...

...*that's it* -- his phone is making the hiss.

Mike stares at it...

...puts it down on the crate in front of him...

...Reaches into the breast pocket of his jacket...

...Takes out his precision screwdriver set...

...Opens the BlackBerry...

The circuit board is a mess. Mike pokes around with his screwdriver until he finds what he's looking for: A single prong of metal rubbing against the speaker wire.

Mike lifts the wire off the prong. The static instantly stops. He tucks the wire against the body of the phone -- closes the case, and screws it back together.

Mike puts the phone back into it's box -- closes it -- puts it back into the crate...

Beat.

Mike reaches for the next box -- opens it -- takes out the phone -- unscrews the body -- fixes the speaker wire -- closes it -- puts it back in the box --

Mike reaches for another box -- opens it...

The camera tracks out to reveal the crates and crates of unopened BlackBerry Storms being unloaded all around him as he calmly tries to fix them one by one.

Text appears on screen:

*Nearly every BlackBerry Storm was returned or replaced due to manufacturing errors.*

*Verizon sued RIM for \$500M to cover their losses.*

*Mike Lazaridis resigned from RIM on January 22, 2012.*

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Rick Brock and Jim fish together.

Text appears on screen:

*Jim Balsillie avoided any jail time for his role in the stock manipulation.*

*His texts and e-mails remain encrypted on the BlackBerry servers in Waterloo.*

EXT. BACKYARD, DOUG'S HOUSE, WATERLOO - SUNSET

A backyard Movie Night. A projector shines on an outdoor screen.

Doug, Allan, Scott, Pranay, Ethan, Steve and a few other former RIM Engineers are gathered, the movie is starting.

Text appears on screen:

*Doug sold his stock at the 2007 high. He is secretly one of the richest men in the world.*

INT. RIM 2, WATERLOO - DAY

An old photo of the original RIM group hangs on Doug's desk.

Text appears on screen:

*At its height, BlackBerry controlled 45% of the cellphone market.*

*Today, it's 0%.*

END.