

MY SPY
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FADE IN

INT. LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

We open on KEVIN BLUSKI. He's 17, rail-thin, gangly and awkward. He's breathing hard. Vibrating with nervous energy.

COACH (O.S.)

I want you to remember this moment.
Remember the way it feels. Because
one day you'll look back and
realize this was the most important
night of your entire life!

A ROAR of approval. Kevin SCREAMS louder than anyone.

And without warning, we CUT AWAY TO:

INT. LEO'S MANSION - SIMULTANEOUS

An upper class soiree. Socialites press flesh and exchange air kisses. The room practically reeks of money.

The crowd parts for LEO KEARNEY. He's intense. Impeccably dressed. Teeth polished to a gleaming white.

But all eyes are on the brunette hanging off his arm...

VANESSA CROSS. 29. Graceful. Poised. The sort of smile that knocks the wind right out of you.

MR. DUMA approaches Leo. The massive bodyguard looks like a shaved grizzly bear stuffed into a midget's tuxedo.

MR. DUMA

Leo, got a second?

LEO

What is it?

Mr. Duma murmurs something. Leo turns to Vanessa.

LEO

I gotta take this, babe. Do me a
favor, go find that Cuban kid in
the kitchen, tell him to refill the
foie gras or I'll put his whole
family back on a boat.

Vanessa forces a smile. Lets Leo kiss her on the cheek.
Watches as he follows Mr. Duma out of the room.

Then her smile vanishes.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Vanessa locks the bathroom door behind her.

She opens the window--

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - ROOF

And smoothly vaults onto the narrow ledge waiting outside.

It's a 20 foot drop to the pavement below.

She sidles down the ledge, stepping carefully in her high heels. Fingertips brushing the wall for balance.

She reaches Leo's study, halting just outside the window.

She fishes a make-up compact from her handbag, flips it open.

Vanessa presses a hidden button and the compact's mirror flickers, becoming an LCD video screen. Whoa.

She angles the edge of the compact around the windowsill.

From Vanessa's perspective, we see Leo talking in pantomime with a short, chubby man. This is DALE HARKISS.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

An unmarked van is parked on the street outside the mansion.

INT. MARSKY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the van, THREE C.I.A. AGENTS are monitoring Vanessa's live feed on a row of video screens.

AGENT MARSKY is clearly running the show. EDDIE is behind the wheel, keeping an eye on the street. LYNN is filtering an image of Harkiss through her facial recognition software.

Harkiss's government ID badge appears on Lynn's screen.

LYNN

We've got a match. Dale Harkiss.

Marsky picks up a headset.

MARSKY
Vanessa, do you copy?

We INTERCUT between the van and--

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa touches one of her earrings. A two-way communicator.

VANESSA
(quietly)
Copy.

MARSKY
We've got ID. Name's Harkiss.
Department of Defense analyst.

VANESSA
Hang on.
(She angles the camera.)
I've got visual on the disc.

Now we CUT BACK to our previous scene, still in progress:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Sweat beads on Kevin's brow. Ready to kick some ass.

COACH (O.S.)
You're greek gods! You're Vikings
riding out for battle! YOU! ARE!
WARRIORS!

INT. LEO'S STUDY - SIMULTANEOUS

Harkiss hands Leo an unmarked CD in a jewel case. Watches as Leo pops the disc into his computer.

HARKISS
The program is access only, so
don't try copying any files.

LEO
(icily)
Mr. Harkiss, do you really think
I'm trying to cheat you?

HARKISS
(a nervous laugh)
Course not.

Leo launches the program. Onscreen, the word **DEUS** appears, followed by a verification prompt appears.

LEO
It's asking for a passcode.

Harkiss hands him an index card. We glimpse a complicated 28-digit string of letters and numbers written in magic marker.

HARKISS
Don't lose that. **Deus** won't work without it.

Leo punches in the code--

The program blazes to life. We see a grid of pop-up boxes, data flowing too fast to read, totally overwhelming.

INT. MARSKY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Inside the van, the agents are freaking out.

LYNN
He's accessing the program!

MARSKY
Shit. We may need to intercept.

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa doesn't like what she's hearing.

VANESSA
Intercept with what? You see any place to hide a gun in this dress?

MARSKY (O.S.)
We don't have a choice!

Vanessa takes a deep breath. This is going to get messy...

INT. LEO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Leo examines the scrolling boxes curiously. Positions his cursor over an icon that reads **LAUNCH**.

Watching him, Harkiss clears his throat.

HARKISS

I wouldn't do that. Not unless you
wanna get real popular in a hurry.

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Vanessa is preparing to wrench open the window--

MARSKY (O.S.)

Wait!

Vanessa glances at the video screen in her hand.

We see that Leo has closed the **Deus** program. He ejects the
disc from the computer.

Vanessa exhales slowly. That was too close.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Leo drops a bulky black duffel bag onto the desk.

Harkiss unzips the bag, revealing an obscene amount of
bundled hundred dollar bills. He gulps.

The door opens to reveal Mr. Duma, lugging a large plastic
tarp behind him. He unrolls the tarp toward Harkiss.

MR. DUMA

'Scuse me.

Harkiss steps aside. Confused.

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Outside the window, Vanessa realizes what's happening.

VANESSA

Are you seeing this?

MARSKY (O.S.)

Yeah.

VANESSA

Do you want me to intercept?

Inside, Mr. Duma has finished unrolling the tarp.

VANESSA

Repeat, should I intercept?

When Marsky speaks again, he sounds flustered. Uncertain.

MARSKY (O.S.)
Um...no. No, hold your position.
Harkiss isn't worth it.

Vanessa looks unhappy, but she obeys the order.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Harkiss glances at the tarp. Chuckles nervously.

HARKISS
What...what's with the plastic?

LEO
Come on, Mr. Harkiss. That's an
\$80,000 carpet you're standing on.

And on that beat, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

The coach's VOICE has risen to a frothing crescendo.

COACH (O.S.)
And what do warriors do?

EVERYONE
KILL! KILL! KILL!

Kevin chants along with the rest. Murder in his eyes.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - SIMULTANEOUS

Mr. Duma steps behind Harkiss. Pulls a silenced pistol from his jacket. Aims at the back of Harkiss's skull.

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

THWIP! Vanessa flinches at the sound of the silenced gunshot.

After a beat, Marsky's voice comes over the communicator.

MARSKY (O.S.)
There was nothing we could have
done.

VANESSA

We both know that's not true.

She snaps her compact shut. Edges away from the window.

INT. MARSKY'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

The video screen goes dark. Marsky nods to Eddie.

MARSKY

Get us out of here.

EDDIE

You got it.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - MINUTES LATER

Leo returns to the party. Glances around for Vanessa...

And she's right there. Not a hair out of place.

VANESSA

What took you so long?

LEO

You know. Business.

He takes her by the waist and leads her into the crowd.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin looks up sharply as the coach calls his name:

COACH (O.S.)

Bluski!

KEVIN

Here!

COACH (O.S.)

Take us out!

Kevin nods grimly...

Then he puts on the pig's head.

We PULL BACK to reveal that Kevin is dressed as OINKY, the costumed mascot of the Smithback High Warthogs.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

Oinky leads the charge onto the football field. The crowd goes wild as the players begin to emerge.

Oinky hops up and down, flapping his arms.

KEVIN
WOOO! LET'S GO, WARTHOGS!

WHOMP! One of the football players--DARREN--barrels past, deliberately clipping Oinky's shoulder. Hard.

KEVIN
Sorry about that! Go get 'em!

Now two more players drum their hands against Oinky's plastic head. Inside the costume, Kevin grimaces.

A few more players elbow past, each one taking care to knock the mascot off-balance or slap his head for good luck.

KEVIN
(weakly)
Let's go, team!

A group of BURNOUTS start jeering him from the bleachers.

BURNOUT #1
Hey, Oinky!

Oinky turns toward them. Strikes a playful pose.

BURNOUT #1
YOU'RE A FAG!

Oinky's shoulders slump. The burnouts high-five each other.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MONTAGE

We glimpse highlights from the rest of the night:

--Oinky urges the crowd to perform *The Wave*. They ignore him.

--A RECEIVER is driven off the field, flattening Oinky in the process. A dozen bystanders help the player back to his feet. Nobody offers Oinky a hand.

--A soda cup comes whizzing from the stands and ricochets off Oinky's head. A bunch of teenagers howl with laughter.

EXT. STARBUCKS - LATE NIGHT

Vanessa approaches the coffee shop. Even at this late hour, the place is still packed with caffeine fiends.

Eddie is standing watch outside. He makes eye contact as she passes and gives her an almost imperceptible nod.

Vanessa purchases a coffee and enters the outdoor patio.

Lynn is sitting at one of the tables. She stands and casually strolls away. Vanessa takes the seat she just vacated.

At the next table, Marsky pretends to read the newspaper.

VANESSA
(without looking at him)
Did you get it?

MARSKY
Under your chair.

Vanessa reaches below the table and picks up the shopping bag that Lynn left behind.

MARSKY
Intel says the buyers are coming in late tomorrow. We have to move.

VANESSA
I'll need to disappear. Fast.

MARSKY
We can make that happen.

VANESSA
Tomorrow. 10 o'clock. The safehouse on Grover. Don't make me wait.

Shouldering the bag, she exits the cafe without another word.

Once she's safely around the corner, Vanessa reaches into the bag and takes out the item inside.

It's a tiny bottle of nail polish.

Satisfied, she slips it into her purse. Keeps walking.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - LATE NIGHT

Kevin exits the locker room, costume slung over his shoulder.

The crowd has dispersed. The bleachers are empty save for...

FLOWER CHO. The coolest chick in school, whether she knows it or not. She's rocking a homemade outfit that's a cross between Haight-Ashbury and an anime samurai princess.

FLOWER

Kevin!

KEVIN

Hey, Flower.

FLOWER

You were good out there tonight.
You know, like, convincingly piggy.

Kevin smiles. His puppydog adoration is painfully obvious.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They cross the empty parking lot together.

KEVIN

So...you going to Homecoming?

FLOWER

(laughing)

Right. Can't you totally see me in
a formal dress? Something Barbie
pink with lots of shitty ribbons.

Kevin forces a grin. Trying to summon the courage to ask her to the dance. He gets as far as opening his mouth...

Then he promptly chickens out. He just can't do it.

FLOWER

We're still on for tomorrow, right?
Help the dumb girl with Algebra?

KEVIN

You're not dumb.

FLOWER

Tell that to Algebra.

Here goes nothing.

KEVIN

What are you doing tonight? We
could, I dunno, do something...

But at that moment, a car full of COOL KIDS pulls up. One of them, DANA, calls out to Flower.

DANA
Hey, you coming?

Flower glances at Kevin. She seems genuinely apologetic.

FLOWER
Oh. I kinda already promised the girls we'd hang out.

Kevin tries to pretend like he doesn't care. But acting-wise, he's no Brando. More like Ice Cube.

KEVIN
No, that's cool.

FLOWER
Some other time?

KEVIN
Totally.

DANA
Flower, come on!

Flower hurries toward Dana's car. Kevin watches her go.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kevin enters, lugging the Oinky costume under one arm.

His mother CAROLINE is on the couch, opening the mail.

CAROLINE
Hey, hon. How was the game?

KEVIN
(glumly)
Same as always.

CAROLINE
Did you ask her to Homecoming?

KEVIN
(instantly evasive)
Ask who?

CAROLINE
Don't play dumb. Flower.

Kevin rolls his eyes, embarrassed beyond words.

KEVIN

I'm so not talking about this.

CAROLINE

I'm just saying, you need to ask her before someone else does.

KEVIN

Look, it's just weird, okay? We've been friends for, like, ten years.

CAROLINE

Friends can go to a dance together. That's how these things start.

KEVIN

Nothing's starting! This is the opposite of starting!

CAROLINE

Stopping?

KEVIN

It's nothing. Okay? Not happening.

Caroline shrugs, but she still looks skeptical.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - MIDNIGHT

Vanessa stands before the bay window, staring out into the night. She looks worried.

No, worse than that. She looks *scared*.

Leo appears in the doorway behind her.

LEO

Coming to bed?

Vanessa takes a beat to compose herself, then turns. Smiles.

VANESSA

Yeah.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Kevin strolls down the hallway. He's laughing and joking with a group of SIMILARLY NERDY FRIENDS. It's like *West Side Story*, only with more acne and less finger-snapping.

The other students ignore the cluster of roving geeks. Kevin and his friends might as well be invisible.

One by one, the other geeks peel away, heading off to separate classrooms. Kevin continues on alone.

A group of TOUGH-LOOKING GANGBANGERS are loitering by the lockers. They scowl at Kevin.

Kevin avoids eye contact as he hurries past.

He approaches Flower, who is hanging out with Dana and the other cool kids. Kevin raises his hand weakly.

Flower sees him, breaks into a smile--

Kevin hesitates. Should he interrupt the Circle of Coolness?

Then he loses his nerve. Keeps walking, head down.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - MORNING

Vanessa slips into the study, leaving the door cracked behind her. She hurriedly searches Leo's desk.

No luck. The disc isn't there.

She opens the closet. Slides a file cabinet aside, revealing--

A HIDDEN SAFE.

She opens her handbag and takes out the bottle of nail polish that Lynn left for her. Uncaps it.

Suddenly FOOTSTEPS echo in the hall behind her.

Vanessa freezes. Holding her breath.

And the footsteps pass right by the study. *Whew.*

Using the applicator, she applies several drops of "nail polish" to the safe's hinges. Instantly the metal begins to HISS, sending up tendrils of smoke. It's some form of acid.

Once the hinges have been eaten away, Vanessa grasps the handle and wrenches the door free.

Inside the safe is the black duffel bag filled with money. And sitting atop the bag is the **Deus** computer disc. Jackpot.

Vanessa opens the disc's case and removes the index card containing the passcode. She slips the card into her sock.

Just in case.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa makes her way down the stairs. Turns the corner.

And comes face-to-face with Leo.

LEO
Hey. Where you been?

VANESSA
Right here.

LEO
Huh. Couldn't find you.
(noticing her handbag)
You going out?

VANESSA
Yeah, I'm meeting Amy. Coffee and
gossip. You want to come?

Please say no. Please say no.

LEO
Nah. You go ahead.

VANESSA
Okay. See you in a bit.

She starts for the door. Suddenly Leo calls after her.

LEO
Hey.
(beat)
Love you.

Vanessa manages one last smile.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - MINUTES LATER

Leo enters the study and stops short. Sniffs the air.

Frowning now, he follows the acrid smell across the room.

He opens the closet. Drags the file cabinet aside.

Sees the ruined safe.

LEO

No.

He rushes to the window...just in time to see Vanessa's car disappear down the driveway.

LEO

No. No! *Nonononono!*

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

The bell RINGS and students pour out of classrooms, hurrying off to swap textbooks or grab a smoke in the parking lot.

Kevin emerges from the nearest classroom. He's talking to one of his GEEKY FRIENDS, a hefty kid with glasses.

Suddenly Kevin notices...

Flower. Approaching from the opposite direction. She's busy talking to Dana and hasn't noticed Kevin.

Time seems to slow to a crawl as they pass each other. Kevin following her with his eyes...

WHAM! Without warning, Kevin runs right into DARREN, the Warthogs' starting Left Tackle. Darren stumbles, sloshing the soda he's carrying all across his football jersey.

Darren whirls around, nostrils flaring.

DARREN

Bluski!

The Geeky Friend takes off like a ham-shaped bullet, waddling as fast as he can, leaving Kevin to fend for himself.

KEVIN

Oh God. Um, sorry about that, bro--

DARREN

Don't call me bro, dickface. Who's gonna clean this jersey, huh?

KEVIN

I...I wouldn't worry. I bet this stuff comes right out...

DARREN

Oh, is that right?

And with that, Darren dumps the rest of his Big Gulp all over Kevin's crotch. A taunting smile, daring Kevin to fight back.

DARREN

Don't worry, bro. I heard it comes right out.

Kevin says nothing. Looks away miserably.

Grinning, Darren lumbers off, his Alpha Male status asserted.

Kevin lingers for a moment, trying to hide his sopping wet crotch. Then he makes a beeline for the front door.

INT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

MR. MULL intercepts Kevin as he passes the front office.

MR. MULL

Kevin Bluski! Decided to set your own schedule today, huh?

KEVIN

I'm sorry, but I just need to run home real quick and change--

MR. MULL

Got a permission slip?

KEVIN

No, but--

MR. MULL

Then the only place you're going is third period. Move it, buster.

Kevin lowers his bookbag, revealing his crotch.

Mr. Mull's expression softens.

MR. MULL

Little accident, huh?

KEVIN

Kind of. I guess so.

Mr. Mull gives him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

MR. MULL

Don't let it get you down. Me, I was still having accidents in college. Terrible ones, all the damn time. You grow out of it.

KEVIN

...thanks.

MR. MULL

Be back before lunch.

Kevin gratefully vanishes out the front door.

EXT. GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE MORNING

Vanessa parks her car outside a rundown apartment building.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa makes her way up the stairwell to the third floor.

She tries the door at the end of the hall. Unlocked.

Vanessa enters the apartment. It's empty. Eerie.

VANESSA

Marsky?

Marsky emerges from the shadows, flanked by Eddie and Lynn.

Lynn hurries across the room and embraces Vanessa. They're clearly old friends.

LYNN

You rock.

VANESSA

Just a little.

MARSKY

Did you get the disc?

VANESSA

Of course I got it.

EDDIE

Hell yeah she did!

Eddie gives her a fist pound, grinning from ear to ear.

Relaxed now, Vanessa passes the disc to Marsky--

But this is important: she only gives him the disc. She keeps the index card with the passcode hidden in her sock.

MARSKY
Knew you could do it.

VANESSA
What's the extraction plan?

LYNN
You're flying out of Burbank. How does Madrid sound?

This is music to Vanessa's ears. She grins at her friend.

VANESSA
Now who rocks?

LYNN
I figured there are worse places to lay low for a while.

MARSKY
It's a commercial flight, though, so hand over your sidearm.

Vanessa pulls a handgun from her jeans. Passes it to Marsky--

But as he takes it, we notice something weird: Marsky is wearing a plastic glove on his right hand.

VANESSA
What's with the glove?

MARSKY
Funny story.

Marsky turns and shoots Lynn and Eddie. BANG, BANG, baby.

Her friends are dead before they hit the floor. Vanessa is too stunned to react.

Marsky whirls back around, backhanding Vanessa with the butt of her own gun, and the world goes BLACK.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin is stuck in traffic. He glances at the passenger seat.

Oinky's glassy plastic eyes stare back at him.

Kevin sighs. Turns onto a side street.

INT. SAFEHOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Vanessa slowly regains consciousness. She's been tied to a wooden chair, hands bound behind her back.

Across the room, Marsky is hunched over his laptop. The familiar **Deus** logo is visible onscreen.

Marsky notices she's awake. Kneels before her.

MARSKY

Good thing I kept you around. Looks like you were holding out on me.

(She doesn't answer.)

The program won't work without a passcode. I know you've got it.

Her only answer is to spit blood on the floor.

MARSKY

You're really gonna make me torture you? We can't be adults here?

VANESSA

You miserable bastard.

MARSKY

Please. 30 minutes with **Deus** and I'll have half the Federal Reserve sitting in private slush funds. I'm gonna spend the rest of my life drinking coconut rum out of a Jamaican girl's belly button. This is the opposite of miserable.

VANESSA

They'll find you.

MARSKY

It's not me they'll be looking for. That's your gun over there. Your pretty little fingerprints. Hate to tell you, Vanessa, but you just went rogue.

Grinning, he slaps her lightly on the cheek. Approaches the table. Picks up a pair of needle-nosed pliers.

MARSKY

So. About that torture...

He turns back around--

And Vanessa is right there! Even still tied to the chair, she somehow crossed the room without making a sound.

She headbutts Marsky, shattering his nose. Then she spins, catching his chin with one of the chair legs.

Marsky scrambles for his gun--

Vanessa hops across the room--

Flings herself through the window--

And stops short.

The legs of the chair are caught on the window's frame.

Vanessa dangles there, high above the street, half-in and half-out. She wriggles desperately--

Marsky seizes his gun. Rolls sideways. Taking aim--

Vanessa flings herself forward one last time--

And one of the chair's legs CRACKS.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa falls.

Spinning through the air.

Tumbling head over heels.

And she slams into the windshield of a passing car!

The car promptly skids out of control. Screeches to a halt.

Now we notice three things:

1. Vanessa is dazed. Hurt. But still alive.

2. Except her chair is now embedded in the windshield. Vanessa is essentially sitting on the hood of the car with her ass through the windshield.

3. And the kid behind the wheel...is Kevin Bluski.

Inside the car, Kevin raises his head. Coughs.

Sees what just happened.

KEVIN
WHAT THE SHIT!

INT. SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Marsky thunders down the stairwell.

EXT. STREET / INT. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa slowly opens her eyes. She's in pain, disoriented.

Kevin appears above her, staring down with concern.

KEVIN
Oh my God, I am so sorry!

VANESSA
(whispering)
...gun.

KEVIN
What?

VANESSA
Do you...have...a gun?

KEVIN
Jesus, lady, I said I was sorry!

But at that moment, the safehouse door bangs open and Marsky spills out, his weapon drawn.

Vanessa closes her eyes. It's over.

Kevin's gaze swivels from the gunman to the injured woman.

And he makes a decision.

He leaps behind the wheel. Floors the accelerator.

As the car lurches forward, Vanessa's eyes snap open again. What the hell is going on?

KEVIN
Crap crap crap crap crap!

MARSKY
STOP!

Marsky takes aim at the fleeing car, but he's a split-second too late. Kevin's car disappears around the corner.

EXT. CITY STREETS / INT. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car, Kevin can barely see around Vanessa. He squints through what's left of the spiderwebbed windshield.

KEVIN

I don't wanna die, oh my God,
there's a girl in my windshield and
I'm gonna die...

Vanessa cranes her head around, just in time to see...

A BLACK SEDAN come roaring around the corner after them. Marsky is behind the wheel.

VANESSA

Go faster!

Kevin stomps on the accelerator and the Protege lurches forward. But the sedan is gaining quickly--

KEVIN

Oh shit! Do something!

VANESSA

(angrily)
I'm in the windshield!

The sedan roars alongside them. Kevin glances over and finds himself staring down the barrel of Marsky's gun.

Panicking, he slams on the brakes--

The sedan flashes past--

The sudden momentum shift sends Vanessa skidding forward on her ass. Her arms remain wedged through the windshield, but now her lower body is whipsawing across the hood.

VANESSA

What are you doing?

KEVIN

I don't know!

He angles the Protege sideways across the median, darting right into oncoming traffic--

Marsky stomps on the brakes, sending the sedan into a controlled skid, tires screaming against the pavement--

Kevin swerves past a bus at fifty miles an hour. On the hood, Vanessa rocks back and forth like a pendulum.

INT. CLASSROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Back at the high school, a TEACHER is taking attendance.

TEACHER

Nancy Beeman.

(Nancy says "Here.")

Kevin Bluski.

(no response)

Anyone seen Kevin?

The teacher sighs. Makes a mark in his ledger.

Flower frowns at the sight of Kevin's empty desk.

TEACHER

Flower Cho?

FLOWER

Oh. Here.

Flower glances at Kevin's desk again. *Where the hell is he?*

EXT. CITY STREETS / INT. KEVIN'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin's car flies through a GAS STATION PARKING LOT.

Pedestrians dive for safety as they swerve through the pumps.

But the Protege is hopelessly outmatched by the sedan. It pulls alongside them again. Marsky taking careful aim--

Kevin sees what's about to happen and throws himself flat--

BRATATAT! Bullets riddle the side of the Protege, blowing out the driver's side windows.

Pressed flat against the floor, Kevin SHRIEKS.

Oh, and by the way: nobody is driving the car.

They veer toward a row of parked cars. Vanessa's eyes widen.

VANESSA

Look out!

With a horrible GRINDING noise, the Protege shears into the line of cars, kicking up a shower of sparks, crumpling fenders, demolishing side mirrors.

On the hood, Vanessa fights to keep from slipping between the vehicles. Sparks and debris flying in her face.

Vanessa feels around behind her back for the steering wheel. She finally locates it, twists the wheel counterclockwise.

The Protege heaves itself away from the parked cars, careening back into the center of the street.

But they're slowing down...the sedan is catching up again...

VANESSA
Accelerator!

KEVIN
(still hiding)
What?

VANESSA
Pedal on the right!

Kevin punches the accelerator.

The Protege surges forward. Picking up speed.

Vanessa is now literally steering the car with her hands tied behind her back.

They're quickly approaching a busy intersection--

Vanessa blasts right through the intersection. Horns BLARE and tires SQUEAL as the other drivers react.

The sedan is almost upon them. Marsky won't miss again.

VANESSA
BRAKES!

Kevin hits the brakes--

The sedan overshoots their car--

VANESSA
ACCELERATOR!

The Protege rockets forward, aiming right for the sedan's rear bumper. They clip the sedan hard--

Marsky CRIES OUT in alarm--

And his sedan plows into a parked car, hard enough to lift the rear wheels clear off the ground! WHOMP.

Inside the demolished sedan, Marsky raises his head just in time to see the Protege disappear around the corner.

Marsky exhales. Realizing he's deeply, hopelessly boned.

EXT. ALLEY - MINUTES LATER

The battered Protege rolls down the alley, losing speed, finally bumping to a stop against a garbage dumpster.

Kevin tumbles out of the car. He's freaking.

Kevin stares at Vanessa.

Vanessa stares at Kevin.

KEVIN
(can't hold it in anymore)
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

VANESSA
Are you finished?

KEVIN
(nope)
AAAHHH! AAAAHHH!

VANESSA
Hey. HEY!

Kevin pauses for breath. Vanessa tries to calm him down.

VANESSA
What's your name?

KEVIN
Kevin.

VANESSA
Okay. I'm Vanessa.

KEVIN
You're in my windshield.

VANESSA
I know that, Kevin. And now I need you to untie me. Can you do that?

Kevin swallows hard. Nods his head.

He climbs inside the car, unties her from the chair, helps her slide free from the ravaged windshield.

Vanessa stands on shaky legs. She's battered, bleeding from a dozen tiny cuts, on the verge of passing out.

She's also the most beautiful woman this kid has ever seen.

She gives Kevin a cursory glance.

VANESSA
Sorry about your car.

Then she shuffles away. Limping. Dragging one leg behind her.

KEVIN
(blurting it out)
Do you need help?

She turns back, swaying on her feet.

VANESSA
You don't want to get involved.

Then her eyes roll back and she topples to the ground.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Vanessa's eyelids flutter. She's slumped in the passenger seat of Kevin's car, still half-unconscious.

And Kevin is pulling into the emergency entrance of the NORTHRIDGE MEDICAL CENTER. Uh-oh.

She grips Kevin's wrist with surprising strength.

VANESSA
No. No...hospitals...

KEVIN
Listen, lady, you're hurt--

VANESSA
(desperately)
I'm with the C.I.A.

This shuts Kevin up. Fast.

KEVIN
Whoa. Like a spy?

VANESSA

You leave me here...they'll find
me...kill me...you can't...

But the effort is too much for her, and she passes out again.
Her hand falls away from Kevin's wrist.

A pair of orderlies exit the hospital, approach the car--

Kevin looks from the orderlies to the mystery woman sitting
beside him. Trying to decide what to do.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Vanessa slowly opens her eyes...

And finds herself staring at the plastic Oinky mask.

She sits up in bed and takes in Kevin's bedroom.

Action figures are arranged on the dresser. The walls are
covered with comic book posters.

Then she pulls the bedsheet away to reveal that she's wearing
a *Lord of the Rings* t-shirt that's basically one giant image
of Frodo's face.

VANESSA

You gotta be shitting me.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa exits Kevin's bedroom. Drags herself down the hall.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa stumbles into the bathroom. Lifts up her shirt and
examines her injured back in the mirror.

The wounds have been cleaned. Sterilized. Bandaged.

Kevin appears. He immediately looks embarrassed at the sight
of Vanessa's bra. He turns away, COUGHS loudly.

VANESSA

You're that kid. Calvin.

KEVIN

Kevin.

VANESSA
Did you do all of this?

KEVIN
Yeah.

VANESSA
Why?

KEVIN
I dunno. What was I supposed to do,
leave you in that alley?

VANESSA
Why not?

KEVIN
Because you needed help.

Vanessa looks surprisingly touched by his response. Maybe there's more to this scrawny geek than she first thought.

VANESSA
Thank you.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - AFTERNOON

Leo paces frantically, barking orders into the phone.

LEO
What do you mean, "can't find
anything"? This girl had to come
from somewhere, didn't she?

Mr. Duma enters the room. Clears his throat.

MR. DUMA
They're here.

All the blood drains from Leo's face.

LEO
Hell.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Leo hurries downstairs, carrying the duffel bag full of cash.

Three MIDDLE-EASTERN MEN in business suits are waiting in the living room. And they don't look happy.

LEO
Hamir! My friend! How are you?

HAMIR, the spokesman for the group, shakes his hand stiffly.

HAMIR
Mr. Kearney.

LEO
Can I get you some...what do you
guys drink? Wine? Snapple?

HAMIR
Just the computer program.

Shit.

LEO
The program, right. See, here's the
thing. We had a little setback.

HAMIR
A...setback?

LEO
Miscommunication. Nothing serious.
Give me 24 hours and I'll have
everything sorted out.

The visitors exchange unhappy glances.

HAMIR
Perhaps we did not make ourselves
clear. My employer is not a patient
man. He does not wait for others.
And he certainly does not wait for
someone who has already taken forty
million dollars to perform what
seems to be a very simple task.

Leo swallows hard. The crazed look of a cornered animal.

He unzips the duffel bag, revealing stacks of \$100 bills.

LEO
You want your money back? I can do
that. Look, two million bucks,
right here. And I can get you the
rest of it just as soon as--

HAMIR
(interrupting)
Do you know what your lower
intestine looks like when it is
extracted from the body?

LEO
(beat)
No. Can't say that I do.

HAMIR
Because that is just the start of
what will be a very bad, very long
weekend for you, Mr. Kearney.

LEO
Come on. You can't just come into
my home and make threats--

HAMIR
For forty million dollars, you
would be surprised what we can do.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Kevin follows Vanessa into the bedroom.

KEVIN
I don't want to be rude, but if
you're still here when mom gets
home, she's gonna shit a kidney.

VANESSA
How long until she shows up?

KEVIN
Couple hours. She usually just
works graveyard shift, but lately
she's been doing some overtime--

VANESSA
(interrupting)
Yeah, I don't really care.

Vanessa picks up the Oinky mask. She seems disturbed by the
maniacally grinning plastic pig head.

VANESSA
What the hell is this?

KEVIN
I'm Oinky.

VANESSA

(beat)

You're a weird kid.

KEVIN

You fell out a window.

VANESSA

Point.

(She drops the mask.)

Listen, I need to contact the agency, tell them what happened.

KEVIN

Oh. Yeah, totally. You can use our phone if you want.

VANESSA

No. They'll trace the call. We have to find a pay phone somewhere.

A beat. Kevin isn't sure he heard her correctly.

KEVIN

We?

VANESSA

I'm sorry, but you're coming with me. You're not safe here.

KEVIN

What do you mean?

VANESSA

The man chasing us, Marsky, he saw your face. The car you're driving. And if he doesn't already have your license plate, he will soon.

Kevin looks like he just swallowed a live hedgehog.

KEVIN

Why would he want me?

VANESSA

Because you're a witness. And he can't afford any loose ends.

(She softens.)

Don't worry. Once you're in our custody, he won't be able to touch you. I promise.

Kevin swallows hard.

INT. KEVIN'S GARAGE - MINUTES LATER

Kevin and Vanessa stare at the Protege. It's missing its windshield, peppered with bullet holes.

They exchange a glance. *Screw that.*

INT. CITY BUS - LATER

Kevin and Vanessa sit in the back of a cross-town bus. Life sucks when your car is full of bullet holes.

Kevin watches her intently. It's making her uncomfortable.

VANESSA

You're staring.

KEVIN

I never met a spy before.

(She says nothing.)

Can you kill a guy with your thumb?

VANESSA

Why would I want to kill someone with my thumb?

KEVIN

You know, if you didn't have any guns and you're fighting, I don't know, Gary Busey or whoever, you could just go SQUAAAAWK.

He mimes murdering Gary Busey with his thumb.

Vanessa just stares at him.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Flower swaps textbooks at her locker. She glances around.

FLOWER

Have you seen Kevin anywhere?

Beside her, Dana cocks a single disapproving eyebrow.

DANA

I seriously don't know why you hang out with that geek.

FLOWER

Leave him alone. Besides, he's like the only reason I'm passing math.

DANA

Ugh. I think I'd rather flunk.

Flower grabs her books and glumly follows Dana down the hall.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

Kevin and Vanessa climb off the bus and look around.

At this time of day, Griffith Park is filled with families. Joggers. College students chucking frisbees.

They make their way to a pay phone in the center of the park.

INT. C.I.A. FIELD OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DIRECTOR WESLEY DONOVAN answers the phone on the first ring.

DONOVAN

Donovan.

We INTERCUT between his office and--

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa takes a deep breath. Here goes nothing.

VANESSA

This is Vanessa Cross.

This gets Donovan's attention. In a hurry.

DONOVAN

Miss Cross. You got a lot of people feeling pretty nervous right now.

VANESSA

You have to listen to me. Marsky set me up. He killed Lynn and Eddie. And he's got the disc.

Kevin's eyes widen. At last, some proper spy business.

DONOVAN

Where are you right now?

Now Kevin is shuffling back and forth, a pained expression on his face. Vanessa scowls at him. *Quit acting weird.*

VANESSA
(into the phone)
I can get you the passcode, but I
need you to guarantee my safety.

DONOVAN
Of course. That's our top priority.

Vanessa hesitates. Can she trust him...?

VANESSA
Griffith Park. The pay phone near
the observatory.

DONOVAN
I'll have an escort there in five
minutes. Stay right where you are.

She hangs up. Kevin is still doing his weird little dance.

VANESSA
What's with you?

KEVIN
I have to go to the bathroom.

VANESSA
Why didn't you go before we left?

KEVIN
I got nervous, okay?

Vanessa rolls her eyes. She can't deal with this.

VANESSA
God, just hurry up.

Kevin takes off, relieved. Vanessa watches him go.

As soon as he's out of earshot, Vanessa drops another quarter into the phone. We INTERCUT between the park and--

INT. NEBRASKA FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The phone RINGS. We're in a simple Nebraska farmhouse. Rustic, perhaps a little rundown, but still cozy.

WALTER, a grizzled blue collar type, answers the phone.

WALTER
Hello?

VANESSA
Hi, Daddy.

All the strength runs out of Walter's legs. He sinks into the nearest chair. Takes a beat to find his voice.

WALTER
Hey, pumpkin. You okay?

VANESSA
I've been better.

WALTER
Yeah. Ain't we all.

VANESSA
How's Luke?

WALTER
Doing okay. Finally got off his ass
and proposed to that Mindy girl.

Vanessa laughs. Absently rubs her eyes.

VANESSA
Go Luke. When's the wedding?

WALTER
Couple months ago. Woulda sent you
an invitation, but we didn't know
where to send it. It was a real
nice ceremony, though. Everyone was
asking about you.

(Vanessa can't speak.)
You know I'm proud of you. The work
you're doing. But it sure would be
nice to see you again.

VANESSA
Just as soon as I can.

WALTER
You in trouble?

Vanessa's voice is little more than a whisper now.

VANESSA
Yeah.

WALTER

You say the word, your brother and me will be on a plane. Come get you. Do whatever we can.

VANESSA

No. This is something I have to fix. I just...just wanted to hear your voice. Tell you I love you.

WALTER

Love you too, pumpkin.

VANESSA

I have to go now. I'll see you soon. I promise.

The line goes dead. Walter lowers the phone back into its cradle. Buries his face in his hands.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

Kevin emerges from one of the public restrooms. He glances down the hill just in time to see--

SEVEN BLACK SEDANS screeching to a halt. GOVERNMENT AGENTS begin to pile out of the cars.

Kevin whistles the theme from *The X-Files* under his breath.

Suddenly Kevin's phone RINGS and we INTERCUT BETWEEN--

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

THE ALL-NIGHT DINER where Caroline works.

Caroline is behind the counter, ringing up customers' checks while talking on her cell phone in hushed, angry tones.

CAROLINE

Kevin? Where are you?

Kevin watches as the agents hurry past him, heading toward the pay phones on the other side of the park.

KEVIN

I'm...at school.

CAROLINE

Really. Because they just called and said you weren't in class.

KEVIN

I'm kind of running an errand.

And for the first time, Kevin gets a good look at the agent calling the shots.

It's MARSKY.

KEVIN

Hey, mom? Can I call you back?

CAROLINE

Do not hang up on me!

Kevin watches helplessly as the agents converge on Vanessa.

She's a sitting duck.

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

The Volvo is stuck in traffic. GRANNY sits alone in the backseat. She's 80 years old, feisty and cute.

Her nephew GORDON is behind the wheel. He's dressed in a sharp business suit, arguing into his iPhone.

GORDON

No, don't try to pass the buck,
Stacee! I specifically told you
Kung Pow Chicken! Now I gotta go in
front of the board with a bellyful
of this greasy Indian crap!

Granny tries to roll down her window. It won't budge.

GRANNY

Gordon?

GORDON

Grandma, not now, okay?

(into phone)

I swear to God, this happens again
and you're on the street. You think
I can't find another girl who knows
how to answer a friggin' phone?

GRANNY

Gordon, my window...

GORDON

I said not now!

(into phone)

GORDON(cont'd)

No, Stacee, I don't care how pregnant you are! Maybe you should ask that thing in your belly if it knows the difference between Kung Pow Chicken and--

Kevin steps in front of the Volvo! He's still on the phone with his mom, covering the receiver with one hand.

GORDON

Hey!

Kevin hammers on Gordon's window.

KEVIN

Stop! Please! I need help!

Gordon scowls at him. Motions for Kevin to get lost.

Now Kevin is frantic with worry. *Vanessa needs him.*

KEVIN

(into phone)

Can you hold on a second?

Covering the mouthpiece, he stuffs one hand in his jacket, mimicking the shape of a gun. He gestures threateningly.

KEVIN

Get out! I need your car!

GORDON

What?

KEVIN

I'm totally carjacking you!

Stunned, Gordon slowly climbs out of the car.

GRANNY

Gordon...?

Kevin hops behind the wheel. He still hasn't noticed the passenger sitting behind him.

KEVIN

(into phone)

Mom? Are you still there? Please, can I just give you a call later?

The Volvo leaps the curb and plows into the park.

In the backseat, Granny tightens her seatbelt.

INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Kevin's mom shakes her head, exasperated.

CAROLINE

11 straight years of perfect attendance and suddenly you decide you're Ferris Bueller? I mean, what could possibly be so important?

(She frowns.)

And why does it sound so noisy?
Where are you, anyway?

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

Granny's Volvo comes flying over a hill. Plows through a series of garbage cans, scattering trash everywhere.

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin fights to keep the car from skidding out of control.

KEVIN

(screaming)

GET OUT OF THE WAY!

(into phone)

What? No, not you! Look, mom, seriously, I've gotta go. I'll call you later.

He hangs up on her. Punches the accelerator.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - SIMULTANEOUS

The agents are closing in on Vanessa's position. Marsky murmurs into his headset, coordinating the efforts.

MARSKY

Suspect is armed and extremely dangerous. Our first priority is keeping her away from hostages.

(beat)

If she resists, take her down.

They crest the hill and spot Vanessa. Marsky smiles.

MARSKY

We got visual. All units move in.

Vanessa sees the agents coming and stands.

Then she sees Marsky. Realizes this isn't an extraction.

It's an execution.

She whirls in a circle, looking for an escape route, but now she's surrounded. Agents coming out of the woodwork.

MARSKY

She's getting ready to bolt.
Weapons free! Weapons free!

The agents draw their firearms--

But at that moment, the Volvo blows past Marsky!

Startled agents dive for cover--

The Volvo screeches to a stop beside Vanessa. She dives through the open window without hesitation.

VANESSA

Go! Go!

Kevin floors it. The Volvo fishtails wildly, tires digging furrows in the grass, before lurching forward again.

Marsky sprints after them, screaming.

MARSKY

SHOOT THEM! SHOOT THEM!

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin angles the Volvo between two agents, who open fire as the vehicle races past.

In the backseat, Granny flinches as a bullet hole appears in the window. She touches the hole wonderingly.

The Volvo plunges through the park, scattering joggers, tearing through bushes and hopping curbs.

VANESSA

Where are you going?

KEVIN

I don't know!

Vanessa glances behind them...and does a double take.

VANESSA
Who the hell is that?

KEVIN
What?

VANESSA
The old lady in the back!

Kevin risks a glance back. Granny smiles pleasantly.

GRANNY
Hello there.

Kevin goes very, very pale.

KEVIN
Oh crap.

VANESSA
Did you just kidnap Miss Daisy?

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

A picnicking family dives out of the way as the Volvo comes sailing over the ridge.

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin is freaking out. Big time.

KEVIN
Oh God. Ma'am, I'm so, so sorry--

GRANNY
Oh, don't mind me.

VANESSA
Fence. Fence.

The Volvo smashes through a chain-link fence. Keeps going.

In the backseat, Granny LAUGHS merrily as she hangs on for dear life. This is the most fun she's had in years.

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK - CONTINUOUS

Now the Volvo careens down a steep incline. Crashing through the forest. Picking up speed.

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Branches slap against the windshield. They're driving blind.

KEVIN
Aaaaah! I don't wanna die!

In the backseat, Granny seems to find this endlessly amusing.

They blast through another chain-link fence--

Rocket up a sharp incline--

And launch into the air!

In SLOW-MOTION, the Volvo soars out of the forest--

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Inside the car, Kevin and Vanessa are SCREAMING.

GRANNY
(in SLOW MOTION)
Hoooooooooly shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - MONKEY ENCLOSURE - CONTINUOUS

The Volvo slams to a stop. They've landed in a man-made enclosure. Sun-bleached rocks surrounded by a green moat.

And the place is full of monkeys.

Whoops. They just crashed into the Los Angeles Zoo.

The monkeys are HOOTING in alarm. Miraculously, none of the little shit-flingers were crushed beneath the Volvo.

On the walkway above the enclosure, TOURISTS stare at them with naked amazement. One by one, they raise their cameras and start snapping pictures.

INT. GRANNY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Vanessa look around, bewildered.

KEVIN
Oh hey. Monkeys.

A monkey leaps onto the hood and starts SCREECHING at them.

Vanessa turns to the backseat--

And finds Granny LAUGHING so hard she can't even speak. Tears rolling down her cheeks.

VANESSA
We really would like to apologize.

KEVIN
We don't kidnap people on, like, a regular basis or anything.

Still laughing, Granny waves the apology away.

GRANNY
(mimicking Kevin)
"I don't want to die!"

She collapses into gales of laughter again.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - MONKEY ENCLOSURE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin and Vanessa leave Granny in the car and cross the enclosure. They quickly pull themselves onto the walkway.

The tourists are still ogling them. Snapping pictures.

VANESSA
What are you looking at?

She grabs Kevin's arm and drags him down the path.

In the distance, they spot several SECURITY GUARDS racing toward the monkey enclosure. Kevin falters--

But Vanessa grabs his arm. Keeps him moving.

VANESSA
Just be cool.

The guards race past them. Kevin looks surprised.

KEVIN
How'd you know they'd--?

VANESSA
It's all about looking the part. You act confident enough and you can do anything you want.

KEVIN
You learn that in spy school?

VANESSA
(a little embarrassed)
Oprah.

KEVIN
We're so screwed.

VANESSA
Shut up.

She drags him toward the nearest gift shop.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS

A fleet of government vehicles race toward the zoo.

Marsky and the other agents pile out and push through the turnstiles, flashing badges at the surprised attendant.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - PATHWAY - MINUTES LATER

AN ODD-LOOKING PAIR OF FIGURES emerge from the gift shop.

The teenager is wearing a neon green I LOVE THE LA ZOO! shirt and a backward baseball cap.

He's pushing what appears to be an old lady in a rented wheelchair. She's wearing a straw hat, cheap plastic sunglasses, a tiger-print shawl wrapped around her neck.

It's Kevin and Vanessa, of course. This is what passes for incognito in a pinch.

KEVIN
This isn't gonna work.

VANESSA
Remember what I said. Just look the part. You can do this.

A group of agents round the corner. Hurrying toward them.

Kevin closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath.

And when he opens them, he's got the eye of the tiger. The thrill of the fight. Rising up to the challenge of a rival.

He pushes the wheelchair toward the agents. No hesitation.

The agents get closer. Closer.

Kevin doesn't even flinch.

And the agents dash right past them.

VANESSA

Told ya.

Kevin manages a shaky grin. He did it.

KEVIN

(noticing a sign)

Wanna check out the sea lions?

VANESSA

Don't make me get out of this chair.

EXT. LOS ANGELES ZOO - PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Kevin wheels Vanessa across the parking lot.

She reaches out and casually jiggles the handle of each car they pass until she finds one that's unlocked.

VANESSA

Here we go.

She scrambles out of the wheelchair and they pile inside.

INT. UNLOCKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa slides into the driver's seat.

KEVIN

Do you know how to hotwire a car?

VANESSA

No. Do you?

KEVIN

(freaking out)

What? Why would I know something like that?

VANESSA

Kidding. I totally know how.

She pries the covering off the underside of the steering column and ducks out of sight. A few seconds later, the car rumbles to life.

KEVIN

Oprah?

VANESSA

That one actually was spy school.

They pull out of the parking lot. Kevin closes his eyes.

KEVIN

No more car chases. Ever.

VANESSA

You handled yourself pretty well.

KEVIN

Yeah, only because I used to watch *License to Drive*, like, every day.

VANESSA

Please tell me you're joking.

KEVIN

I used to wish my mom would get pregnant, just so I could drive her to the hospital in reverse.

VANESSA

God. You're actually serious.

EXT. BANK - LATER

Kevin parks outside the bank, and he and Vanessa approach the outdoor ATM machine.

KEVIN

And we need money why?

VANESSA

I have to get you out of town.
Somewhere safe.

She inserts her card, punches in her password. Frowns.

KEVIN

What's wrong?

VANESSA

It's rejecting my card.

She hits a few keys, and her balance is displayed onscreen.

\$0.00.

VANESSA
 (understanding)
 Marsky.

KEVIN
 So...what now?

Vanessa shakes her head. Still reeling from the betrayal.

VANESSA
 I don't know. They'll be watching
 all my contacts. If Marsky got to
 the director, he can get to anyone.
 (beat)
 There's no one left I can trust.

KEVIN
 You can trust me.

This sinks in. Vanessa slowly realizing he's right.

VANESSA
 This isn't a game, Kevin. Sooner or
 later Marsky will find us. And if
 he doesn't, Leo will.

Kevin merely shrugs.

KEVIN
 Good thing I've got a spy.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - LATE AFTERNOON

Leo watches grimly as the Arab businessmen climb into a limo
 and back down the driveway.

He turns to find Mr. Duma and several GUNMEN waiting for him.

LEO
 Come on.

Leo punches a code into an electronic keypad on the wall. We
 hear locks DISENGAGING, then a hidden door swings open.

INT. LEO'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Leo leads his henchmen down a narrow flight of stairs. The
 basement is dark. Unfinished. Ominous.

It's also filled with A SHITLOAD OF GUNS.

We see racks of assault rifles. Crates of ammunition. Enough firepower to overthrow a dozen small countries.

LEO
Take what you need.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE AFTERNOON

Vanessa and Kevin leave the stolen car parked outside a random house and set off down the sidewalk.

KEVIN
So let me get this straight: This Marsky guy steals the disc, makes everyone think you're a traitor. And the only way to prove you're not is to get the disc back.

VANESSA
Correct.

KEVIN
So why not just go after him? Kick his douchebag ass?

VANESSA
Because right now he's surrounded by other agents. I have to lay low. Lure him out of hiding. Then kick his douchebag ass.

KEVIN
What's so special about this computer program, anyway?

Vanessa glances around to make sure no one is eavesdropping.

VANESSA
It's a fail-safe program. In case hackers ever seize control of our defense networks, **Deus** is designed to shut down the system. Let us retake control piece by piece.

KEVIN
It shuts down America?

VANESSA
Yeah. But it's worthless without the passcode. And Marsky knows it.

INT. C.I.A. FIELD OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Agent Marsky is alone in the office, studying his computer.

He's watching grainy TRAFFIC CAMERA FOOTAGE.

We see Kevin's car, Vanessa embedded in the windshield, with Marsky in hot pursuit. There are at least 30 of these videos, all grouped together on Marsky's desktop.

He freezes one of the video feeds. Zooms in on Kevin's license plate until the numbers swim into focus.

MARSKY

Gotcha.

He grabs a pen and begins copying down the numbers--

At that moment, another AGENT appears in the doorway.

C.I.A. AGENT

The director wants you to transfer that traffic cam footage to his workspace right away.

Panicking, Marsky hits the DELETE button. One by one, we see the video files on his screen disappearing.

MARSKY

Turns out there was some sort of outage in the area. Couldn't recover anything worth a damn.

C.I.A. AGENT

Huh. I'll let Donovan know.

Once Marsky is alone, he glances at the scrap of paper on his desk. He only copied down the plate's first three letters.

Marsky exhales angrily. Goddamn it.

Then he grabs his coat and hurries out of the office.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - EVENING

Kevin and his reluctant bodyguard approach the house. Kevin spots Caroline's car in the driveway and winces.

KEVIN

Crap. Mom's home.

VANESSA

Maybe we should talk to her.
Explain what's going on.

KEVIN

Are you kidding? She freaked when she found out I was keeping a lizard in my room. One look at you and her head would explode. She'd have the cops here in no time.

Vanessa sighs. This day just keeps getting worse.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kevin cracks the front door. Listens. The coast seems clear.

He motions Vanessa inside. Starts toward the stairs.

Just then, Caroline emerges from the kitchen!

CAROLINE

There you are.

Vanessa presses herself flat against the wall. She's hidden from Caroline's sight...for now.

KEVIN

Oh. Hey, mom.

CAROLINE

Don't 'hey, mom' me. You've got a lot of explaining to do.

She starts forward into the living room. Kevin backpedals quickly, leading her away from Vanessa.

If Caroline so much as turns her head, they're busted.

KEVIN

I, um, had to come home to change clothes. And then there was this whole thing with my car--

CAROLINE

What kind of thing?

Ever so carefully, Vanessa creeps around the corner. Just inches away from Caroline's back.

KEVIN

Just...car stuff. It's kind of technical. You wouldn't understand.

Vanessa slips into the kitchen and out of sight.

CAROLINE

Car trouble doesn't give you an excuse to play hooky. Honestly, I expected more out of you.

To Kevin's horror, Caroline follows Vanessa into the kitchen!

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Caroline enters the kitchen. There's no sign of Vanessa.

We SWIVEL AROUND to reveal Vanessa hiding behind the island in the center of the room.

KEVIN

Okay, jeez. I'm sorry.

Caroline starts around the island. Vanessa scuttles sideways on her hands and knees, keeping out of sight.

CAROLINE

I want you to take this seriously, Kevin. You need to be thinking about your future. Getting into a good pre-med program.

Vanessa is trapped. Caroline is close enough to touch.

KEVIN

Maybe I don't want to go into pre-med. Maybe I'll do something else.

CAROLINE

Like what?

KEVIN

I dunno. Join the C.I.A. Be a spy.

CAROLINE

That's not a real job.

Behind the island, Vanessa looks annoyed.

Kevin circles the island and sees Vanessa for the first time. Realizes she's seconds away from getting discovered.

KEVIN

Oh. Um, do we have any Kool-Aid?

CAROLINE

Look in the fridge.

KEVIN

(a helpless beat)

Can you look for me?

Caroline rolls her eyes but obliges.

Kevin gestures frantically and Vanessa darts out of the room.

Caroline turns back, holding out the Kool-Aid pitcher.

KEVIN

Actually, I'm not that thirsty.

CAROLINE

What is with you today?

KEVIN

Think I'm just gonna head upstairs,
get started on some homework. Gotta
get into a good school, right?

Bewildered, Caroline watches as her strange son hurries away.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin closes the door, drops his backpack onto the bed.

There's no sign of Vanessa. He glances at the closet.

KEVIN

You can come out.

Instead Vanessa drops from the ceiling behind him, landing in a smooth crouch.

Kevin looks at her. Looks at the ceiling. So confused.

KEVIN

How the hell...?

Vanessa ignores him. Checks to make sure his door is locked.

VANESSA

Sorry I got you in trouble.

KEVIN
 She'll get over it.
 (examining the backpack)
 Aww, man...

There's a jagged hole in the backpack, courtesy of Agent Marsky. Kevin unzips the bag, pulls out his Algebra textbook.

There's a massive bullet hole in the center of the book.

KEVIN
 So much for homework.
 (He looks at Vanessa.)
 So. What do you wanna do?

AND WE CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Vanessa is sweating. Flustered. Eyes darting back and forth.

We PAN DOWN to reveal...the Xbox controller in her hands.

Onscreen, her video game character gets reduced to spinning chunks of gore. She flashes Kevin a dirty look.

KEVIN
 (innocently)
 So I guess they don't teach you how
 to shoot stuff in spy school?

VANESSA
 Shut up.

KEVIN
 Your problem is you're not aiming--

VANESSA
 Okay, who here has fired a real
 gun? Raise your hand!

She raises her hand. While she's distracted, Kevin shoots her video game character again.

VANESSA
 Oh, son of a bitch!

KEVIN
 Who here has defeated the Covenant
 Armada on Legendary with three gold
 skulls turned on?

VANESSA

There's not any part of that sentence I understand.

Inspiration strikes Kevin. He pauses the game and digs through his dresser. Tosses something to Vanessa.

It's a prop replica of the badass pistol from *Blade Runner*.

VANESSA

What is this?

KEVIN

Teach me. How to shoot for real.

Vanessa isn't in the mood. She tosses the gun back to him.

VANESSA

Point at the bad guy, pull the trigger, repeat. Lesson over.

Kevin spins around, striking the famous James Bond pose as he pretends to mow down a series of invisible foes.

KEVIN

Pew! Pew!

VANESSA

Lesson two: don't make gun noises.

KEVIN

Sorry. Okay, what if someone's shooting at me? Should I, like, do a combat roll?

VANESSA

Yeah, it's actually impossible to hit someone doing a somersault.

KEVIN

Really?

VANESSA

No. Don't do combat rolls.

Sighing, Kevin returns the prop gun to his dresser. He turns back to find Vanessa holding the Oinky mask.

VANESSA

How come you wear this thing?

KEVIN

I dunno.

VANESSA

Don't people make fun of you?

KEVIN

Course they do. It's just...

(a little embarrassed)

They're gonna make fun of me no matter what, you know? But I put on that dumb suit and...it's like I'm in on the joke. Laughing with them.

(beat)

Besides, what else am I supposed to do? Not everyone's a ninja badass.

VANESSA

I don't know, I saw your driving today. Seemed pretty badass to me.

The compliment is tossed off lightly...but Kevin is a guy who doesn't get many compliments. She just made his day.

At that moment, we hear FOOTSTEPS in the hallway.

Vanessa rolls off the bed as the door opens to reveal--

Flower Cho. She looks around suspiciously.

FLOWER

Who were you talking to?

KEVIN

(thinks for way too long)

God.

Underneath the bed, Vanessa rolls her eyes.

FLOWER

I heard a girl's voice.

KEVIN

Sometimes I do voices. When I pray.

(falsetto)

Hey, God. How are you today?

("God voice")

Oh, pretty good, thanks for asking.

She just stares at him. Kevin quickly changes the subject.

KEVIN

What...what are you doing here?

FLOWER
You promised to help with Algebra,
remember? Quadraphonic equations?

KEVIN
(automatically correcting)
'Quadratic' equations.

FLOWER
And that's why I need help.

Flower flings herself onto the bed. Just below, Vanessa
winces as the springs press against her.

FLOWER
So where were you all afternoon?
Did you skip or something?

KEVIN
Um, not really. Something came up.

FLOWER
Oh man. You got the poops again?

Vanessa smirks. Kevin looks flustered.

KEVIN
No, I did not get the poops!
Something came up, okay?

FLOWER
Okay. Jeez.

Flower spies Kevin's Algebra textbook. Picks it up.

And stops short.

FLOWER
Hey, Kev? There's, um, a big-ass
hole in this book.

Think of a lie. Think of a lie, damn it.

KEVIN
Huh.

FLOWER
This looks like a bullet hole.

KEVIN
Wow. That's so weird.

FLOWER
Why is there a bullet hole in your
Algebra book?

Okay, seriously, it's time to think of a lie.

KEVIN
I...don't...know.

Vanessa reaches from under the bed and punches Kevin's leg.

KEVIN
Ow!
(off Flower's reaction)
I mean...because...because fuck
math. That's why.

FLOWER
You're on the Mathlete Squad.

Kevin glances down and sees Vanessa peering up at him.

VANESSA
(mouthing the words)
Get rid of her!

Meanwhile, Flower notices the paused video game.

FLOWER
You wanna play? I'll kick your ass.

KEVIN
Maybe some other time.

Flower looks surprised. She wasn't expecting *that*.

FLOWER
Okay. Ready to hit the books?

Kevin doesn't want to play the asshole, but he has no choice.

KEVIN
Listen, Flower...I'm not really in
the mood to hang out, you know?

FLOWER
(beat)
You said you'd help me.

Kevin shrugs airily.

KEVIN
I've just got a lot of stuff going
on right now, that's all.

FLOWER
Oh. Anything I can do?

Yes. God, yes.

KEVIN
Nah.

Flower's voice grows very quiet. Very cold.

FLOWER
Sorry I bothered you.

She grabs her Algebra book and sweeps out of the room.
Kevin sinks onto the bed, reeling. That was a nightmare.
Vanessa emerges from beneath the bed. Sits beside Kevin.

VANESSA
(beat)
"Flower"?

KEVIN
Her parents were hippies.

VANESSA
Are you guys...you know?

KEVIN
What? No. I mean, we've known each
other since, like, second grade.

Vanessa senses there's more to the story and wisely says
nothing. After a beat, it all comes tumbling out.

KEVIN
I never used to care about being a
dork, you know? I was okay with it.
And then she started hanging out
with her friends...and it's like,
how can I compete with that?
(beat)
Wanna hear something dumb? I was
actually thinking about asking her
to Homecoming. You believe that?

Kevin looks sick to his stomach. Realizing he might have just
screwed up his friendship with Flower permanently.

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - NIGHT

The condo hangs over the edge of the eroded cliff, supported by wooden stilts, high above the heaving surf of the Pacific.

It's secluded. Beautiful.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Inside the condo is a different story. Overturned furniture, emptied dresser drawers. Like a cyclone touched down.

Framed photographs of Vanessa hang on the walls. In some of them she's posing with Leo. Just another rich California socialite. Nothing here indicates her true occupation.

Agent Marsky dumps another drawer and sifts through the contents. He's panicked. Shittin' kittens.

MARSKY

Damn it, damn it, damn it...

He whips out his cell phone. In his free hand he's holding the paper with the first letters of Kevin's license plate.

MARSKY

It's Marsky. Hey, need a favor.
This is off the record, okay? I
need you to pull a DMV list.
License plate starts with M-2-V.

(listens)

Just send it to my phone. And keep
this quiet. No agency, no cops.

He hangs up. Hears a NOISE behind him. Turns.

Leo and three armed GUNMEN are standing right there.

LEO

Yeah, I hate cops too.

Marsky bolts like a cockroach when the lights come on.

Ducking around the corner, dashing across the kitchen--

He flings open the back door--

And Mr. Duma punches him in the face!

Marsky collapses with a whimper. Leo strolls into the room.

MR. DUMA

Yo, you missed it. I totally punched the shit outta him.

LEO

Where's Vanessa?

MARSKY

I don't know.

LEO

Mr. Duma, look in those drawers, see if you can find a can opener big enough to handle a scrotum.

MARSKY

Wait! Wait! You want the computer disc, right? I've got it!

Trembling, he pulls the disc from his pocket. Hands it over.

LEO

Where's the passcode?

MARSKY

Vanessa. She still has it.

Leo pulls a pistol from his belt. Marsky's eyes widen.

MARSKY

Don't do this! I can find her for you! Swear to God I can!

LEO

Talk fast.

MARSKY

She's got someone helping her. Some kid. I shot the hell out of his car, but they got away.

(He licks his lips.)

My guy is sending me a list of all the potential plates in the area. You wanna find Vanessa, that's how you do it.

Leo considers the offer. Nods.

LEO

You have yourself a deal.

Suddenly Marsky's phone BEEPS loudly. Marsky goes pale.

LEO

Hold on.

Leo fishes the Blackberry out of Marsky's pocket and checks the email that just popped up.

We see a scrolling list of names and addresses. Every license plate in the area that begins with those three digits.

LEO

Huh. Never mind.

He puts the gun against Marsky's head.

MARSKY

Oh, motherf--

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - CONTINUOUS

The GUNSHOT shatters the silence.

A few seconds later, Leo and his henchmen emerge from the condo. Leo pauses beside his luxury sedan, turns to Mr. Duma.

LEO

I want guys on this house 24/7. So much as a Girl Scout comes knocking, I wanna know about it.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT / EARLY MORNING

Caroline emerges, wearing her waitress uniform. She climbs into her car and backs down the driveway.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin watches from the window as his mother pulls away.

KEVIN

Okay, she's gone.

Vanessa is dressed for action in a black tank-top and jeans.

VANESSA

If I'm going after Marsky, there's some stuff I'll need. And you're coming with me.

KEVIN

Really?

VANESSA
I can't risk leaving you here
alone...

KEVIN
(so happy)
Awesome.

VANESSA
...but you're staying in the car.

KEVIN
(so sad)
Awww...

EXT. CITY STREETS / INT. KEVIN'S CAR - LATER

Kevin's damaged Mazda Protege wheezes to a halt at the stoplight. In the passenger seat, Vanessa looks around.

VANESSA
What happened to the binoculars?

KEVIN
On the floor.

VANESSA
No, they're not.

KEVIN
Well, maybe they're under the seat.

Groaning, Vanessa ducks down, rooting under the seat.

At that moment, a low-rider filled with TEENAGE GANGBANGERS pulls alongside them. These are the exact same punks who intimidated Kevin yesterday at high school.

The gangbangers silently eyeball the bullet holes riddling the side of Kevin's car. The busted windshield.

Kevin meets their gaze. Nods slightly. *'Sup, homies.*

At that moment, Vanessa straightens back up.

From the gangbangers' perspective, this gorgeous woman was just face-down in Kevin's lap. Draw your own conclusions.

The light changes. Kevin takes off in a SQUEAL of burning rubber, grinning like a madman.

The gangbangers exchange stunned looks. *Holy shit, dude.*

EXT. OCEAN ROAD - LATER

In the distance we can see Vanessa's condo silhouetted against the night sky. It appears deserted.

Kevin's car is parked a few hundred yards down the road.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa observes her condo through the binoculars. Beside her, Kevin is still pleading his case.

KEVIN

Give me one good reason!

VANESSA

Because Marsky will be watching this place, that's why.

KEVIN

That's like the worst reason ever.

VANESSA

You're staying in the car. And that's final.

KEVIN

(begging pathetically)
Please please please!

EXT. SHORELINE - LATER

Vanessa picks her way down the jagged cliffside.

And yes, Kevin is right behind her.

And yes, he's still pestering her. Like a little yipping dog.

KEVIN

I'm, like, your backup! I'm Danny Glover and you're the other guy!

VANESSA

Kevin, please. If things go bad, I can't protect you in there.

They reach the beach and start toward the condo.

KEVIN

Who says I need protecting? You think I don't know how to fight?

VANESSA

Yes. That's exactly what I think.

Kevin stops walking, offended. Vanessa sighs, turns back.

VANESSA

What?

KEVIN

Go on. Try to hit me.

VANESSA

We so don't have time for this.

KEVIN

Cause I took karate for four years. I know how to roll fools.

VANESSA

What does that even mean?

KEVIN

Means I've got the speed of a panther. The reflexes of a--

Vanessa reaches out and slaps Kevin. He falls on his ass.

KEVIN

I wasn't ready!

VANESSA

You're staying outside, panther.

She starts down the beach again. Kevin hurries after her.

KEVIN

Okay, then teach me.

VANESSA

Teach you what?

KEVIN

Spy stuff. Vulcan death pinches, killing people with your thumb--

VANESSA

You have thumb issues.

KEVIN

Like, do you ever do a cartwheel
and pick up a gun with one hand and
start shooting before you land?

VANESSA

I do that all the time.

KEVIN

You do?

VANESSA

No.

KEVIN

What about wall-flips?

VANESSA

What's a wall-flip?

KEVIN

Like when someone's chasing you and
you run up the side of a wall and
do a backflip and land behind them.

VANESSA

Why would someone be chasing me
toward a wall?

KEVIN

I dunno. Like an attack dog or
something. Or a pet tiger.

VANESSA

Do you even know what spies do?

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

They're now standing at the base of the cliff, directly
beneath Vanessa's condo. She starts climbing.

KEVIN

Come on, please. I won't be in the
way. If you leave me here I'll get
attacked by a hobo or something.
And it'll totally be your fault.

Vanessa considers him for a beat. Reluctantly gives in.

VANESSA

God, fine. Just be quiet and do
exactly what I say.

Elated, Kevin scrambles up the cliff after her.

They reach the base of the condo, supported by large wooden pillars jutting out of the eroded cliffside.

She peers out from beneath the edge of the condo. The world is silent except for the crashing SURF in the distance.

Vanessa motions to Kevin and they emerge from cover.

She unlocks the front door and they slip inside.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa leaves the lights off. She creeps across the living room, picking through the debris strewn across the floor.

Kevin takes in the devastated living room.

KEVIN

Whoa.

Vanessa stops short, staring at something on the floor--

Agent Marsky's corpse is slumped in the corner. We can't see the gory details, but this is clearly one dead dude.

KEVIN

(helpfully)

You got a dead guy.

VANESSA

It's Marsky.

Kevin slowly reaches out and nudges the corpse with his toe.

VANESSA

What did you do that for?

KEVIN

Never touched a dead guy before.

Sighing, Vanessa pats down Marsky's pockets. Nothing.

VANESSA

He doesn't have the disc.

(thinks for a beat)

It's Leo. He's the only other person who knew where I lived.

She slumps against the wall, looking defeated.

KEVIN
What's the matter?

VANESSA
I told you: bringing in Marsky was
the only way to clear my name.
Prove I didn't kill those agents.

KEVIN
But we can still find the disc...

VANESSA
They won't believe me. With Marsky
dead, they'll think I'm just trying
to cut a deal to save myself.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa's bedroom has been similarly ransacked. Paintings
slashed, drawers emptied, the mattress overturned.

The only thing left intact is the large flatscreen TV mounted
against the wall.

Vanessa opens a small jewelry box on her nightstand and takes
out a silver locket. She slips it around her neck.

VANESSA
(off Kevin's reaction)
It was my mom's.

KEVIN
Are you serious? We came all the
way here for a necklace?

Vanessa taps a sequence of keys on the TV remote--

And the television's screen smoothly retracts to reveal a
hidden storage compartment!

VANESSA
Among other things.

The hidden compartment is filled with guns. Twin Desert
Eagles. A bolt-action M40A3 sniper rifle.

And Vanessa's pride and joy...

A MILKOR MGL GRENADE LAUNCHER. If you ever need to murder six
elephants in a row, this is your weapon of choice.

Kevin grabs the grenade launcher and strikes a pose.

KEVIN

Aw, yeah! No diggity, no doubt!

VANESSA

Give me that.

(does a double take)

"No diggity?" Jesus.

KEVIN

Sorry. I got excited.

Suddenly Vanessa notices a SHADOWY FORM pass the window.

VANESSA

Stay here.

She grabs the Desert Eagles and enters the living room--

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The front door bangs open and an ARMED GUNMAN enters, moving low and fast.

Vanessa sprints across the room and dives onto the kitchen island, sliding sideways across the counter--

The Desert Eagles ROAR in her hands--

Her shots drive the gunman back, his body convulsing, spraying an arc of bullets as he dies.

Vanessa rolls off the island as bullets tear through the kitchen around her, kicking up shards of plaster.

Mr. Duma and two more GUNMEN burst into the room.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the bedroom, Kevin is hyperventilating.

KEVIN

What do I do? What do I do?

His gaze falls on the weapon cache. All that gleaming steel.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa ducks out from behind the island and squeezes off a pair of shots. The gunmen scramble for cover.

MR. DUMA
She's pinned down!

The gunmen creep forward, still spitting bullets. The muzzle flashes illuminate the darkened room like strobe lights.

With her foot, Vanessa wrenches open the cabinet under the sink. Grabs a container of industrial bleach.

She flings the bleach in a high arc over the island--

Vanessa pops out of cover. Fires a single shot.

The container EXPLODES, spraying bleach in all directions!

Mr. Duma drops his weapon and clutches his eyes, SCREAMING.

No time to celebrate. Gunman #2 pivots around the side of the island, drawing a bead on her--

Vanessa rolls underneath the stainless steel table--

Jackknifing her body, she flips the table over--

An instant later, Gunman #2's bullets PING wildly against the tabletop, deflecting shots in all directions.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stares at the assortment of guns. Psyching himself up.

KEVIN
(whispering)
You're a greek god. You're a Viking
riding out for battle. You. Are. A.
Warrior.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bracing her back against the wall, Vanessa shoves the table with her legs, sending it skidding across the floor--

The table strikes Gunman #2, staggering him--

An instant later Vanessa vaults over the top of the table, scissor-kicking the thug in the chin!

She lands in a combat roll. Diving out of the way as Gunman #3's bullets chew through the linoleum right behind her.

Suddenly the bedroom door flies open to reveal Kevin.

And he's holding the MGL grenade launcher.

VANESSA

Oh no.

With a SCREAM of pure adrenaline, Kevin fires.

The grenade blasts across the room. Ricochets against the far wall. Bounces off the ceiling--

Everyone has stopped shooting. They're frozen in place, trying to follow the bouncing ball of death.

The grenade spins across the floor, coming to rest...right between the legs of Gunman #3! He looks down.

GUNMAN #3

Hey.

EXT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - CONTINUOUS

We hear a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION. Gunman #3 blasts through the window, his body spinning as he vanishes over the cliff.

Now we see that part of the condo's underside has been blown away. We pass through this gaping hole--

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

And find Kevin sitting on his ass at the edge of the crater. He's singed. Stunned. Damn lucky to be in one piece.

The living room has been totaled. The air thick with smoke, tongues of fire arcing across the walls.

Mr. Duma shoves a piece of debris aside and stands. Sees Vanessa crawling through the wreckage.

He strides across the living room, grabs her by the hair.

Vanessa pivots, sweeping the legs out from under him--

But Mr. Duma is no amateur. He elbows her in the face and rolls atop her, hands curling around her throat.

Kevin stands on shaky legs. Hoists the grenade launcher.

KEVIN

Should I, um, shoot again?

VANESSA AND MR. DUMA
(simultaneous)

NO!

Kevin turns to find himself staring down the barrel of Gunman #2's rifle. The thug smiles coldly.

GUNMAN #2
Drop it, kid.

Kevin raises his hands. Takes a step backward--

And accidentally falls right through the hole in the floor!

Meanwhile, Vanessa drives her knees into Mr. Duma's stomach, knocking the wind out of him. She's on her feet in a flash--

But Mr. Duma grabs a piece of flaming debris and swings it like a baseball bat. Vanessa ducks the blow, sidesteps.

Mr. Duma advances on her, brandishing the burning spear.

EXT. BENEATH THE CONDO - CONTINUOUS

Ten feet below the condo, Kevin is wedged between a pair of support struts. He groans. Looks up.

Gunman #2 stands on the edge of the hole, aiming down at him.

Panicking, Kevin fires the grenade launcher straight up.

Gunman #2 recoils as the grenade shoots past him--

The grenade bounces off the ceiling--

And falls right back down toward Kevin.

Kevin sees the grenade coming. His eyes widen.

He drops the grenade launcher and rolls over the side of the ledge. Half-running, half-falling down the cliff.

BOOM.

The EXPLOSION blows out two of the wooden support struts. The entire condo shudders...then begins to slide.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa and Mr. Duma fight for balance as the floor suddenly tilts dramatically beneath their feet. We can hear timbers GROANING and SNAPPING like toothpicks.

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Then gravity takes over.

With a THUNDEROUS ROAR, the entire condo tears loose from its foundation and topples over the side of the cliff!

Kevin sprints down the hillside, arms pinwheeling.

The condo comes tumbling after him.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pure chaos.

Vanessa and her opponents slip, slide and scabble as the living room violently rotates around them.

Bouncing off the walls--

Skidding across the ceiling--

With a helpless SCREAM, Gunman #2 disappears through the hole in the floor. Crunch.

Mr. Duma comes rolling toward Vanessa. She locks her legs around his neck and punches him in the face.

Incredibly, insanely, they're still fighting!

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

The condo lurches down the hillside, slamming from one rocky ledge to the next, spraying debris in every direction.

It's right behind Kevin now. Almost on top of him.

KEVIN

AAAAAAAAAAUUUUUUGGGHHHHH!

Kevin suddenly loses his footing and falls--

A split-second later, the condo crashes down behind him--

Then it soars right over him, carried by its own momentum, missing the top of his head by inches.

The condo launches off the final ledge and plunges into the water below, kicking up a plume of white spray.

INT. BEACHFRONT CONDO - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The impact flattens Vanessa and Mr. Duma against the floor.

Then water comes crashing in from every damn direction.

Vanessa stands, freezing water coursing all around her, the entire room tilting crazily.

With a ROAR, Mr. Duma explodes out of the water!

He swings at Vanessa again and again. She backpedals, expertly deflecting every strike.

But Mr. Duma is steadily backing her into the corner. The water is already chest-high, surging and frothing.

Vanessa is trapped. Mr. Duma looming over her--

She grabs a piece of driftwood and uses it to block the next punch...but Mr. Duma shatters the board into two pieces!

Vanessa ducks beneath the water...and slams the broken piece of driftwood right through Mr. Duma's foot!

Mr. Duma HOWLS. He struggles madly, but the driftwood has pinned him to the floor. He's stuck fast.

Now the water is lapping at his chin. Mr. Duma's eyes widen as his open mouth disappears below the water line.

Vanessa shoves off, swimming desperately, seeking an exit.

The room is almost totally submerged now. Only a few feet of breathable air left.

Vanessa takes one last gulp of air and dives. Searching for a door, a window, any way out of this watery hell.

The water reaches the ceiling. There's no air left.

Vanessa finds a fracture in the wall and tries to wriggle through. Dragging herself through a maze of splintered wood and jutting pipes. Quickly running out of air.

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa's hand breaks the surface of the water--

But her foot is caught on a snarl of wreckage. She's stuck!

She thrashes desperately. So damn close to the surface...

Suddenly a hand wraps around her wrist, dragging her upwards.

Kevin is balanced atop the sinking condo. With a tremendous heave, he pulls Vanessa out of the wreckage.

She collapses gratefully beside him, gulping down air.

VANESSA

Thanks.

Kevin merely nods. Too shell-shocked to say anything at all.

EXT. OCEAN ROAD - LATER

Vanessa and Kevin trudge back toward the car.

Vanessa is limping badly. Her body has soaked up a lot of abuse over the last 24 hours, and now she's paying for it.

KEVIN

Sorry I blew up your house.

(beat)

And made it fall in the ocean.

(beat)

With all your guns inside.

VANESSA

You should stop talking now.

KEVIN

'kay.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Vanessa is fast asleep in Kevin's bed.

We PAN OVER to reveal Kevin curled on the floor in an ancient GUMMI BEARS sleeping bag. He's SNORING loudly.

And we DISSOLVE to the next morning...

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Kevin enters the room, closing the door behind him.

Startled by the sound, Vanessa bolts out of bed...

And her legs promptly give out. She grabs the dresser, woozy, fighting for balance.

KEVIN

You okay?

VANESSA

I'll be fine. I have to find Leo.
Put an end to this.

KEVIN

Are you kidding me? You can barely stand. I think I could kick your ass right now.

She glares at him. Kevin instantly backpedals.

KEVIN

Okay, not so much, but still. You need to rest.

He's right, and she knows it. She glumly sinks back into bed.

KEVIN

Just stay out of sight when mom gets home. Soon as school's over, we can figure out what to do next.

Vanessa ignores this. She's staring at Kevin's outfit with mounting horror.

Kevin is wearing his usual school attire: a stiff dress shirt and ironed pants. His hair parted with military precision.

VANESSA

Kevin. No.

KEVIN

What?

VANESSA

You can't wear that to school. Are you insane? They'll eat you alive.

KEVIN

I...I always wear stuff like this.

VANESSA
No. Not happening.

She clambers out of bed and limps over to his closet, returning with a pair of jeans and a white t-shirt.

KEVIN
That's an undershirt.

VANESSA
Exactly.

Without preamble, she pulls off Kevin's shirt. With girlish modesty, he tries to cover his nipples.

KEVIN
Hey!

VANESSA
Put this on.

He reluctantly tugs the undershirt over his head.

VANESSA
And the jeans.

KEVIN
Turn around first.

VANESSA
Put on the jeans or I'll break your elbow.

KEVIN
Putting on jeans.

He shimmies out of his slacks. Vanessa frowns at his feet.

VANESSA
Are those penny loafers? What are you, selling life insurance in Coral Gables? Jesus, Kevin, put on some human shoes.

While he obliges, Vanessa grabs his hair with both hands and musses it, spiking it in all directions.

KEVIN
Come on!

Vanessa steps back, admiring her handiwork.

VANESSA

Better.

KEVIN

I look like a mechanic.

VANESSA

High school girls kinda like that.

Kevin examines himself in the mirror. He *does* look cooler.

He glances at Vanessa, still a little worried.

KEVIN

You sure you'll be okay?

VANESSA

Spy, remember?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Vanessa wanders through the house.

Framed photographs are everywhere: Kevin in grade school. Kevin and his mom at Disneyland. Playing on the beach.

Vanessa smiles as she examines the old photos. Perhaps a little jealous of Kevin's happy, boring life.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MORNING

Kevin stows his backpack in his locker and turns to find--

Flower. Clearly still pissed from last night's brush-off.

KEVIN

Hey.

FLOWER

What's with the clothes?

Kevin offers his best James Dean *who-gives-a-shit* shrug.

KEVIN

Trying something new.

FLOWER

Why are you being like this?

KEVIN

Being like what? I'm not allowed to dress cool?

FLOWER

But you're not cool.

(beat)

That's why I like you.

Ouch. Kevin has no idea how to respond to this.

KEVIN

Maybe you just don't know me.

FLOWER

Yeah. Guess not.

She walks away without another word.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Vanessa munches a few Oreos. Takes a sip of grape Kool-Aid. Squirts a fat dollop of Cheez Whiz into her mouth.

Without warning, the front door opens and Caroline strides into the living room!

Vanessa freezes. Motionless. Not even breathing.

Caroline drops her purse onto the couch. She heads upstairs without ever glancing in Vanessa's direction.

Vanessa exhales slowly. That was ridiculously close.

INT. LEO'S SEDAN - LATE MORNING

Leo reviews the list printed from Agent Marsky's Blackberry. Half the entries have already been crossed off.

He peers out the window, checking the address on the house.

LEO

248. This is it. Park around the corner.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LATE MORNING

On the way to class, Kevin passes the same tough-looking gangbangers he encountered at the stoplight last night.

Except this time Kevin makes eye contact with them.

The gangbangers nod to him. A silent sign of respect.

Kevin keeps walking, a wondering expression on his face. Could his reputation finally be turning around?

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Leo and two GOONS approach the garage. Leo stands on his tiptoes to peer through the garage window.

LEO
There's a car in there.

He tries the garage door. It's unlocked.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The vehicle has been hidden beneath a pile of blankets. One of the Goons pulls the blankets aside, revealing--
KEVIN'S BULLET-RIDDLED PROTEGE.

LEO
We got a winner.

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa catches a flicker of motion through the curtains. She peers out the window. Spots Leo and his Goons.

VANESSA
Shit!

She ducks out of sight just as Leo turns--

She scrambles across the living room, staying out of sight--
Behind her, the DOORBELL RINGS. Once, twice.

In the kitchen, Vanessa digs through drawers...emerging with a wicked 10-inch steak knife!

She creeps back toward the door. The BELL rings again.

Suddenly we hear FOOTSTEPS from above. Caroline.

CAROLINE (O.S.)

Coming!

Vanessa hesitates, torn between the need to protect Kevin's mom and her fervent desire to stab Leo in the face.

Then she ducks around the corner, just as Caroline appears at the top of the stairs.

Caroline opens the door to reveal Leo and the Goons.

CAROLINE

Yes?

Leo offers his most winning smile. Flashes a phony badge.

LEO

Caroline Bluski? Detective Sonny Hollister, LAPD.

CAROLINE

Is something wrong?

LEO

Nah, I'm sure it's nothing. Mind if we come in?

CAROLINE

Um, sure, I guess.

She moves aside and Leo glides into the room. His eyes constantly moving. Taking in every last detail.

CAROLINE

Can I get you something to drink?

LEO

Got any V-8?

Caroline stares at him. A little weirded out.

CAROLINE

I could check.

LEO

Anything with real juice would be awesome. Thanks.

In the kitchen, Vanessa can't believe what she's hearing.

Vanessa slips behind the kitchen door just as Caroline enters. Leo and his men are right behind her.

LEO
Nice place.

CAROLINE
I'm sorry, why are you here?

LEO
You own a red Mazda Protege?

Caroline opens the fridge. While her back is turned, Vanessa extends the knife from behind the door--

The tip of the blade quivers inches from the back of Leo's neck. It would be so damn easy...

CAROLINE
That's Kevin's car. My son.

LEO
Think we could speak with him?

CAROLINE
He's at school right now.

Caroline emerges with the pitcher of grape Kool-Aid and Vanessa ducks back out of sight. *Damn it.*

CAROLINE
Kool-Aid okay?

LEO
That have real juice in it?

CAROLINE
I don't think so.

Leo exhales unhappily. Feeling sorry for himself.

LEO
Shit. Okay, gimme some of that.
(He takes the glass.)
What school does your son go to?

CAROLINE
Smithback High. Home of the
Fightin' Warthogs?

From her hiding spot, Vanessa winces. This is bad.

Sipping his Kool-Aid, Leo plucks a picture of Kevin from the fridge and examines it. He smacks his lips loudly.

LEO
Mind if we borrow this?

CAROLINE
Can you please tell me what this is
about? Did Kevin do something?

LEO
Don't worry about it. Just a
routine traffic investigation.

CAROLINE
You guys are...traffic cops?

GOON #2
(out of the blue)
We handle all facets of law
enforcement, ma'am.

Leo glares at the Goon for a beat. Turns to Caroline.

LEO
The Kool-Aid was delicious.

Leo and his men exit the house. Stroll down the driveway.
Confused and a little worried, Caroline watches them go.
BANG! Caroline whirls around at the sound...
Just in time to see the back door swinging on its hinges.

EXT. BEHIND KEVIN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa sprints around the side of the house.
But she's too late. Leo's sedan pulls away from the curb.
Vanessa looks around wildly. Spots Kevin's 10-speed propped
against the garage.
She grabs the bike.

INT. LEO'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Leo examines Kevin's photo grimly.

GOON #2
Think this is our guy?

LEO

No, it's probably some other kid
with a car shot full of holes. You
big stupid asshole.

EXT. ALLEY - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa hops the curb, weaving through parked cars, pedaling
the bike as fast as she can.

INT. HOME EC CLASS - LATE MORNING

High school girls are hunched over sewing machines. The HOME
EC TEACHER drifts through the room, supervising their work.

A television is playing in the corner, set to the local news.

HOME EC TEACHER

Okay, pep rally's in a few minutes.
Let's start wrapping things up!

She stops to observe Flower's handiwork--

Flower has embroidered the face of a SCREAMING CARTOON BABY
on her jet-black quilt. The teacher shudders.

HOME EC TEACHER

God, that's disturbing.

The teacher moves on. Flower smiles, pleased by the reaction.

Then Flower's gaze falls on the TV.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

--are still without leads in the
bizarre attempted carjacking
yesterday that ended in the middle
of the Los Angeles Zoo.

We see AMATEUR VIDEO of firefighters helping Granny out of
the monkey enclosure. She's still beaming from ear to ear.

TV NEWS ANCHOR

Now police have released the first
images of the carjackers. Anyone
with information is being
encouraged to come forward...

We see a snapshot taken by one of the tourists. Vanessa's
face is blurred...but Kevin is staring right at the camera!

The classroom goes dead silent. Everyone staring at the TV.

RANDOM KID
Dude, that's Oinky.

FLOWER
Aw, shit.

She blows out of the room as fast as her feet will carry her.

EXT. CITY STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa's bike streaks across the intersection, barely missing the rush of oncoming traffic.

Horns BLARE and tires SQUEAL, but Vanessa doesn't slow down.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Students pour out of every classroom. Flower pushes through the crowd, searching frantically for Kevin--

She spots him entering the locker room with his Oinky costume. She runs to catch up.

FLOWER
Kevin!

KEVIN
Hey. Listen, about what I said--

FLOWER
(interrupting)
You have to get out of here.

KEVIN
Like, metaphorically?

FLOWER
Like the cops are gonna be looking for you. You were just on the news.

KEVIN
What?

Despite the urgency, Flower is still totally pissed.

FLOWER
Did you maybe, I dunno, crash a stolen car into the monkey cage at the zoo and forget to mention it?

KEVIN
 ...I was on the news?

FLOWER
 God, Kevin, what did you do?

KEVIN
 It's complicated.
 (beat)
 I crashed a stolen car into the
 monkey cage at the zoo.
 (beat)
 For starters.

Flower heroically resists the urge to wring his neck.

FLOWER
 Just...just get out of here.

KEVIN
 But if I'm not at the pep rally--
 She tears the Oinky costume from his hands.

FLOWER
 I'll cover. Go.

KEVIN
 Why are you helping me?

FLOWER
 Why do you think, dumbass?

She disappears into the girl's bathroom with the costume.

Kevin hurries down the hall, trying to act casual.

But now the other students seem to be eyeballing him.
 Whispering as he passes. Maybe it's just paranoia. Maybe not.

Kevin walks faster. Turns the corner. Reaches for the door--

MR. MULL (O.S.)
 There he is. Kevin!

Kevin slowly turns--

Standing beside Mr. Mull are Leo and the two Goons.

Leo flashes a toothy smile.

LEO
 Hey there, chief.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Vanessa blazes across the parking lot.

She abandons the bike in the middle of the lawn, its front wheel still spinning madly, and takes off running.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The hallways are deserted. In the distance, we can hear students SCREAMING like demented gibbons.

Vanessa follows the noise.

INT. GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

One by one, the football players charge down a tunnel made of cheerleaders. In the stands, dangerously caffeinated students WHOOP and pound their feet against the bleachers.

Oinky cavorts halfheartedly at the end of the tunnel.

Inside the costume, we see that Flower isn't having much fun.

FLOWER
(bored monotone)
Go team. Yay team. Woo.

Everyone's favorite asshole Darren comes sprinting down the tunnel, high-fiving only the most attractive cheerleaders.

DARREN
YEAH! MAKE SOME FRIGGIN' NOISE!

Darren reaches the end of the tunnel and purposely runs right into Flower. She loses her balance and falls on her ass.

DARREN
Didn't see you there, Bluski.

Smirking, he extends a hand to help her back up--

And Flower punches him right in the balls!

Darren's eyes roll back. He crumples, clutching his battered sack and mewling pitifully.

Flower calmly gets to her feet and continues clapping.

FLOWER
 (even more bored)
 Woo, Warthogs.

In the stands, the BURNOUTS who were heckling Kevin a few days ago now exchange impressed glances.

BURNOUT #1
 Dude. Oinky's a badass.

BURNOUT #2
 I heard he totally tore up the zoo.

BURNOUT #3
 I heard he killed like 500 monkeys.

BURNOUT #1
 Kid's hardcore.

The gym doors open to reveal Vanessa. Even in her disheveled state, she's still the hottest woman these hormonally-charged little bastards have ever seen. Jaws drop left and right.

Vanessa strides across the floor. Grabs Oinky's arm and pulls the startled mascot out of the gym.

The Burnouts break into rapturous applause.

BURNOUT #1
 Yeah, Oinky! Get you some!

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vanessa drags Oinky down the empty hallway.

FLOWER
 Get your hands off me!

Vanessa stops. Frowning at the very unKevinlike voice. Then she pulls off the plastic mask, revealing Flower.

VANESSA
 Who the hell are you?

FLOWER
 Who the hell are you?

VANESSA
 A friend of Kevin's.

FLOWER
 (suddenly suspicious)
 Oh God. Are you, like, a cougar?

VANESSA
 (a little hurt)
 What? How old do you think I am?

FLOWER
 Too old to be a friend of Kevin's.

VANESSA
 Look, do you know where he went?
 (Flower doesn't answer.)
 He's in danger. Please.

FLOWER
 He left. About 10 minutes ago.

Vanessa exhales angrily. Starts down the hallway.

Flower hesitates...then calls after her.

FLOWER
 Is he really in danger?

INT. LEO'S SEDAN - LATE MORNING

Goon #1 is driving. In the backseat, a very nervous Kevin is wedged snugly between Leo and Goon #2.

LEO
 You got two options here. Option one, you tell me where Vanessa is, I let you out of this car, and you get to live a long life, make lots of ugly babies, die in Florida in your sleep. Wanna hear option two?

KEVIN
 Okay.

Leo reaches into the luxury sedan's built-in cooler and takes out a gleaming silver corkscrew.

LEO
 Option two, I stick this into your left eye, twist it a little bit, then pull as hard as I can.

KEVIN

(beat)

You guys aren't cops, are you?

Suddenly Kevin's cell phone RINGS. Leo pulls the phone from Kevin's pocket, flips it open.

LEO

That better be you, V.

We INTERCUT WITH--

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Flower slowly passes the cell phone to Vanessa.

FLOWER

Um, I think it's for you.

Vanessa takes the phone. Her voice ice cold.

VANESSA

Leo.

LEO

Long time no see.

VANESSA

Let him go. He's got nothing to do with this.

LEO

Yeah, no problem. Hey, guys, pull over and let the kid out of the car. She asked really nicely.

Kevin looks up hopefully.

KEVIN

Really?

Leo gives Kevin a withering look. *You dumb kid.*

LEO

(into the phone)

I want that passcode. I think you know where to find me.

(He leers at Kevin.)

And I so much as think the word 'cop' and Urkel here gets dead in a hurry. So no cute stuff.

VANESSA

I'm on my way.

Vanessa hangs up. Passes the phone back to Flower...

And sees that Flower is scared to death.

VANESSA

He's going to be okay.

FLOWER

I don't understand why this is happening. He didn't do anything!

Vanessa looks sick with guilt.

VANESSA

He helped me.

FLOWER

So this is your fault.

VANESSA

(quietly)

Yeah.

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - LATE MORNING

Leo exits the vehicle. Shoves Kevin toward the mansion.

KEVIN

Whoa. Nice house.

INT. CITY STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Flower's Beetle speeds across town.

INT. FLOWER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Flower listens incredulously as Vanessa explains it all.

FLOWER

A spy? Are you serious?

VANESSA

Yes.

FLOWER
That's...that's just the stupidest
thing I've ever heard. I still
think you're a cougar.

VANESSA
Think whatever you want.

Finally Flower's curiosity gets the best of her.

FLOWER
Can you kill a guy with your thumb?

VANESSA
(annoyed)
What is it with you two and thumbs?

INT. LEO'S STUDY - LATE MORNING

Leo fixes himself a drink. Sits across from Kevin.

LEO
I gotta say, I don't get you. This
girl, she wrecks your car, almost
gets you killed, and you decide,
what, that you're gonna help her?

KEVIN
Wouldn't you?

Leo considers this.

LEO
No.

INT. FLOWER'S CAR - LATE MORNING

Flower takes a deep breath. Asks the \$64,000 question.

FLOWER
Are you and Kevin...like...?

VANESSA
What? No. God, no.
(beat)
He talks about you. How you've been
friends for so long.

Flower smiles, remembering.

FLOWER
Since second grade.
(beat)
The thing about Kevin...I don't know, it's like when I'm around him, I don't have to worry about being cool or funny or anything else. I can just...be myself. Do you know what that's like?

VANESSA
(very quietly)
I used to.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - LATE MORNING

Kevin is watching Leo closely.

KEVIN
Do you like doing this?

LEO
Doing what?

KEVIN
Being an asshole.

Leo laughs. He's starting to really dig this kid.

LEO
Honestly? You wanna know the truth? The reason this whole business went to hell? *Scarface*.

KEVIN
I hate that movie.

LEO
I know, right? It's a cartoon!

KEVIN
Such a cartoon.

LEO
Took all the fun out of being a criminal. All these kids, they grew up tugging their muffin over that chainsaw scene, thinking the only way to get respect is to hack off a few body parts. You think I wanna torture anybody?

KEVIN

No way.

LEO

Hell no, I don't! Back in the car, that thing with the corkscrew, I felt terrible about doing that!

KEVIN

Oh, don't worry about it.

Leo seems genuinely upset now.

LEO

I don't wanna pull your eyes out, man. That'd probably make me puke!

KEVIN

It's okay. Really.

LEO

It's just *Scarface*. You gotta say that kind of stuff these days.

KEVIN

Friggin' *Scarface*.

LEO

Friggin' *Scarface*.

INT. FLOWER'S CAR - LATE MORNING

Flower parks on the street outside Leo's mansion. Vanessa is busy scribbling something on a scrap of paper.

VANESSA

Stay here.

FLOWER

But--

VANESSA

If Kevin doesn't come out in five minutes, get out of here.

FLOWER

What about you?

Vanessa doesn't answer.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - LATE MORNING

Leo is fixing himself another drink. A little buzzed now.

LEO
Hey, you wanna watch some TV or something?

KEVIN
Okay.

LEO
You like The Food Network?

At that moment, the study door opens, revealing...

VANESSA. Flanked on either side by the two armed Goons. She looks exhausted. Helpless. Defeated.

LEO
God, look at you. This is just not your day, is it?

Vanessa ignores him. Locks eyes with Kevin.

VANESSA
Are you okay?

Kevin manages a weak nod.

Vanessa takes two items from her pocket. The first is the index card with the passcode. The second item--something small and orange--gets palmed into her free hand.

She glances at the scrap of paper. Then at Leo.

VANESSA
First let him go.

LEO
Come on, V. You really think I'm gonna negotiate?

VANESSA
Yeah. I do.

And now we see the item in her hand: A SMALL ORANGE LIGHTER.

Vanessa holds the index card over the lighter. The paper ignites at once, blackening, disintegrating.

LEO
(freaking out)
What are you doing?

Vanessa tosses the lighter over her shoulder. It clatters across the floor and disappears over the railing.

VANESSA
You've got about 20 seconds before
I start forgetting numbers.

LEO
You crazy bitch...

VANESSA
Fifteen seconds.

Leo is panicking. He nods to the Goons, who move aside.

VANESSA
Kevin, go.

KEVIN
What about you?

VANESSA
Get out of here!

Kevin crosses the room. Vanessa watches him go. Both of them knowing that she'll never leave this room alive.

As soon as Kevin is gone, Leo seizes a pen and paper.

LEO
Okay, the code! Come on!

Vanessa speaks slowly. Deliberately. Buying time.

VANESSA
V. I. 5. 3. A. 3.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Kevin stumbles down the stairs in a daze. He can't process what just happened. The sacrifice Vanessa is making for him.

From above, we still hear Vanessa calmly RECITING NUMBERS.

Suddenly Kevin steps on something. Stops. Glances down.

It's Vanessa's orange lighter.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

VANESSA
5. D. T. 9. 8. 4. 3.

Leo finishes copying down the string. Looks at her.

LEO
That's it?

VANESSA
That's it.

Leo crosses the room and opens the closet to reveal--

THE BLACK DUFFEL BAG FILLED WITH CASH. He unzips one of the side pockets and takes out the **Deus** disc.

LEO
You know, I don't get you. I don't
get the type of person who can date
someone, pretend to be in love, and
the whole time it's just a job.
What kind of life is that?

Vanessa says nothing, but his words cut deep.

LEO
I've been a lot of things in my
life, but I've never been a whore.

Vanessa looks away miserably.

Leo pops the disc into his laptop. Boots up the **Deus** program.
Carefully enters the passcode.

BOOP. An error message appears. **Incorrect passcode.**

LEO
No.

He frantically retypes the password. Another BOOP.

LEO
No!

Vanessa smiles faintly. Leo sees this and turns apoplectic.

LEO
You think this is funny?

VANESSA
 Sorry, Leo. Guess it's not your day
 either.

Leo stands, starts toward her. Shaking with fury.

They stare each other down for a dangerous beat. Leo is too
 angry to speak. Vanessa simply has nothing to say.

At last Leo turns to Goon #2.

LEO
 Gun.

GOON #2
 Sir?

LEO
 Give. Me. Your. Gun.

He takes Goon #2's pistol. Points it at Vanessa--

Vanessa closes her eyes--

And that's when Goon #1 speaks up.

GOON #1
 Uh, boss?

Kevin is standing in the doorway.

Vanessa looks horrified. Her sacrifice...all of this...*it was
 all for nothing.*

LEO
 You forget something?

KEVIN
 Your house is on fire. Just thought
 you should know.

A flicker of concern crosses Leo's face. Is he bluffing?

LEO
 Bullshit.

Goon #1 steps out of the room and leans over the bannister,
 checking out the living room below.

A long pause. Everybody waiting tensely.

LEO
 Well?

GOON #1
House is on fire.

Leo loses it. Kicks his desk in a fit of rage.

LEO
You little retard! What part of
arms dealer do you not understand?

Kevin looks confused. Leo takes a deep breath.

LEO
The basement. Is full. Of guns.

We PULL BACK OUT OF THE ROOM--

INT. LEO'S MANSION / LEO'S BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

IN THE SAME SHOT, we glide down to the living room, which is now engulfed in flames. Everything is on fire.

Now we drop through the burning floor, entering the BASEMENT.

The fire has nearly reached the ammo crates. Thousands of bullets and explosives just waiting to go off.

We ROCKET BACK UP through the living room, returning to--

INT. LEO'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN'S FRIGHTENED FACE.

KEVIN
Whoops.

And then the whole world blows up.

The floor buckles violently as hundreds of bullets punch through the floorboards, showering splinters everywhere. The sound of GUNFIRE shakes the entire house.

Now things start to happen fast:

Vanessa seizes Goon #1's weapon--

A dozen bullets tear through Goon #2. He jerks and twitches like a white guy trying to dance--

Leo and Kevin dive for cover in opposite directions--

Leo lunges onto his desk, which promptly disintegrates beneath him, spilling him to the floor--

Kevin darts across the room. Hurls himself into the closet--

And the duffel bag full of money falls right in his lap.

Vanessa and Goon #1 dance back and forth, struggling for the gun as bullet holes pepper the floor all around them.

She plants her feet and drives him through the open door--

INT. LEO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

And right over the bannister!

They plunge 15 feet to the ground below. Vanessa angles herself in midair so she'll land atop the Goon--

CRUNCH. They land on a burning couch. Goon #1 disappears inside the fiery velour deathtrap--

Vanessa rolls off the couch. Looks around.

The living room is a flaming hell. Bullets randomly screaming through the air everywhere you look. Huge sections of the floor have already fallen away.

Leo bursts out of the study, his gun held at the ready.

He looks like a supreme badass...until a bullet whizzes past his head and he SHRIEKS like a little old lady.

Vanessa sees Leo coming and dives for cover behind an enormous marble sculpture--

A split-second later, the sculpture plunges through the weakened floorboards, leaving her exposed again. Shit.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - SIMULTANEOUS

Meanwhile, Kevin crawls out of the closet, dragging the duffel bag behind him.

BANG! A bullet hole appears right in front of him!

Freaked, Kevin turns and crawls in the opposite direction--

BANG! Another bullet hole misses him by inches.

Kevin zigzags across the room on his hands and knees, bullet holes appearing all around him.

He reaches the laptop. Ejects the **Deus** disc.

KEVIN
Come on, come on...

He slips the disc into his pocket. Stands.

KEVIN
Here goes nothing.

Then he sprints toward the window. Dives through the air--
And bounces right off the glass!

KEVIN
(muffled)
Ow.

INT. LEO'S MANSION - SIMULTANEOUS

Leo hurries down the stairs, squeezing off shots--

Vanessa spots Goon #1's fallen pistol. She dives for it--

But at that exact moment, a huge section of the floor falls
away beneath her!

Vanessa grabs the edge of an Indian rug and hangs on for dear life. Below her, the basement is a pit of rolling fire.

The rug--which, by the way, is also totally on fire--begins to slide. Vanessa starts climbing desperately.

The rug slips faster and faster...then vanishes into the pit!

Now Vanessa is hanging from the side of the pit. Her legs dangling just above the crackling flames.

INT. LEO'S STUDY - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin hammers frantically on the window with his duffel bag. The goddamned thing refuses to break.

KEVIN
Stupid! Strong! Window!

INT. LEO'S MANSION - SIMULTANEOUS

Vanessa is still dangling above the pit.

Leo takes aim at her. Like shooting fish in a flaming barrel.

Suddenly a SURFACE-TO-AIR ROCKET screams out of the basement!

The rocket narrowly misses Vanessa--

Corkscrews in mid-air--

And zooms toward Leo!

He dives aside, losing his gun in the process, and the rocket EXPLODES somewhere inside what used to be the kitchen.

Leo stands. A little confused.

LEO
When did I get rockets?

Bracing her feet against the crumbling floorboards, Vanessa flips out of the pit, landing in a smooth combat roll.

At the same time, Leo grabs an iron poker out of the blazing fireplace. Its tip glows red-hot.

They circle each other in the center of the room.

Bullets still flying.

Flames crawling across the ceiling.

Neither of them speak. The time for talk is so over.

Leo comes for her. Swinging the iron bar like a broadsword.

Vanessa backpedals, ducking each blow.

He's driving Vanessa into the corner. Trapping her.

With a WAR CRY, Leo rushes forward, the poker extended--

Vanessa turns. Takes two giant steps forward.

Then she runs right up the wall.

Launches herself backward.

Spinning in mid-air.

Landing right behind Leo.

He turns, eyes widening in surprise--

Vanessa strikes him in the throat with her extended thumb.

She just crushed his Adam's apple.

Leo slumps to the ground. The light fading from his eyes.

EXT. LEO'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The front door bangs open and Vanessa stumbles out in a cloud of smoke, reeling on her feet.

A few seconds later, we hear the TINKLE of breaking glass.

KEVIN (O.S.)
AAAAAUAUUUGGGHHH!

And Kevin plunges into the bushes right beside her!

Vanessa drags him out of the bushes, helps him up. Kevin is still clutching the black duffel bag.

KEVIN
Where's Leo?

VANESSA
Dead.

KEVIN
How?

Smiling slightly, Vanessa extends her thumb.

Kevin's whole face lights up.

KEVIN
I knew it!

Kevin glances at the burning mansion.

KEVIN
So, um, what now?

VANESSA
Try to convince them I was set up.
Hope someone believes me.

She shrugs. Not particularly optimistic about her chances.

Kevin thinks for a beat. Drops the duffel bag at her feet.

KEVIN

Yeah, or there's option two.

She opens the bag with her toe, revealing the cash.

KEVIN

I'm not sure how much is there.
Probably enough to buy yourself a
new name, though.

Vanessa doesn't know what to say. She smiles softly.

VANESSA

I always liked "Sarah."

KEVIN

I was thinking more like a sexy spy
name. Like McKenzie Bloodstone.
(She gives him a look.)
Or just Sarah. That works too.

They regard each other for a beat.

KEVIN

This is really it, huh?

VANESSA

Looks that way.
(beat)
I'm glad I fell through your
windshield.

KEVIN

Yeah. Me too.

She embraces him tightly. Whispers in his ear.

VANESSA

Ask her.
(He looks surprised.)
Trust me.

Then she shoulders the duffel bag and hurries across the
yard, quickly disappearing from sight.

FLOWER (O.S.)

Kevin?

He turns to find Flower standing behind him.

Kevin starts to smile--

Then Flower hauls back and punches him in the chest!

KEVIN
What was that for?

FLOWER
I thought you were dead! I was
coming up here to avenge you!

Kevin grins. He can't help himself.

KEVIN
Really? You were gonna avenge me?

FLOWER
Don't laugh. It's so not funny.

Kevin hesitates. He has to get this off his chest.

KEVIN
Hey. I'm sorry. I should've just
told you the truth. I was a dick.

FLOWER
You were kind of a dick.

But she's smiling too. Grinning from ear to ear, actually.

FLOWER
Anyway, crazy cougar lady wanted me
to give you this. Said you'd know
what to do with it.

She passes Kevin a piece of paper--

*INSERT: We FLASHBACK to Vanessa in the study, as she prepares
to burn the index card with the passcode.*

*INSERT: Then we SWIVEL AROUND to reveal that the card she's
holding is blank. She touches the flame to the fake card.*

Now Kevin looks at the index card in his hand, and we see the
familiar string of numbers and letters. The real code.

Kevin starts to smile--

And a HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the mansion behind them!

Kevin and Flower jump. Exchange a shaken glance.

FLOWER
Maybe we should stand somewhere
else.

KEVIN

Uh-huh.

EXT. LEO'S DRIVEWAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

By the time the C.I.A. shows up, firefighters have put out most of the blaze. The mansion is little more than ash.

Director Donovan exits his car...and finds Kevin and Flower sitting calmly on the curb, waiting for him.

KEVIN

'Sup.

DONOVAN

Where's Agent Cross?

Kevin looks confused. Glances at Flower.

KEVIN

Do you know an Agent Cross?

FLOWER

Not ringing a bell.

KEVIN

Yeah, never heard of her.

DONOVAN

Don't get cute. Do you have any idea how much trouble you're in?

KEVIN

Really? Because from where I'm sitting, it kinda looks like we just saved the friggin' day.

He holds up the **Deus** computer disc in one hand, the handwritten passcode in the other.

Donovan's eyes widen. He moves to take the items--

And Kevin jerks them back out of reach.

KEVIN

Did I mention how much this sucked? Getting shot at, getting kidnapped, my car got totalled--

FLOWER

(prompting)

Monkeys.

KEVIN
I had to climb out of a monkey pit!

DONOVAN
Cry me a river.

KEVIN
I will. On Oprah. Where I'll be
pimping my new book about how bad
you guys screwed the pooch here.

Donovan realizes he's being blackmailed.

DONOVAN
What do you want?

KEVIN
Leave Vanessa alone. Forever. You
so much as Google her name and the
whole deal's off.

DONOVAN
I don't get it. Why do you care
what happens to her?

Kevin looks him right in the eye.

KEVIN
Us badasses have to stick together.

Flower snorts. Then starts laughing. She can't help it.

Kevin throws her an exasperated look.

KEVIN
You're totally ruining my moment.

But now Flower has the giggles and can't stop. Gasping for
breath, tears rolling down her cheeks.

Her laughter is infectious. Despite his best efforts, a thin
smile crawls across Donovan's face.

DONOVAN
All right, badass. You got yourself
a deal.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - NIGHT

A cross-country Greyhound bus, half-filled with dozing
passengers. We DRIFT TOWARD the back row, where we find--

VANESSA. She's fast asleep. The black duffel bag on her lap. As she sleeps, a faint smile plays across her face. Whatever she's dreaming about, it must be good.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bus trundles past a sign that reads WELCOME TO NEBRASKA. Vanessa is going home.

And as our ORCHESTRAL SCORE builds to a triumphant, soaring crescendo, we FADE TO BLACK...

The end.

Just kidding. Stay in your seats, people.

Because we suddenly SNAP BACK TO--

EXT. LEO'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Donovan is still standing over the two teenagers.

DONOVAN

All right, badass. You got yourself a deal.

(beat)

Anything else?

Kevin looks at Flower. She arches an eyebrow, amused.

FLOWER

Well?

Kevin turns back to Donovan.

And he grins.

KEVIN

One more thing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Friday night. Students in formal dresses and rented tuxedos stream toward the high school. It's the Homecoming dance.

Suddenly we hear a TREMENDOUS ROAR. Startled students raise their eyes to the sky...

Just in time to see a sleek military helicopter descending toward the front lawn.

The helicopter touches down. Its doors open.

And Kevin and Flower emerge.

Kevin is rocking a slick Armani tux. Total badass.

Flower, on the other hand, looks adorable in a kaleidoscope of fabric that she obviously made herself.

Jaws drop as the pair crosses the lawn, escorted by at least eight grim-faced SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

Now *this* is how you make an entrance.

INT. HOMECOMING DANCE - CONTINUOUS

The other students stare in frank amazement.

Kevin and Flower are busting a move in the middle of the dance floor, surrounded by a ring of Secret Service Agents.

Darren enters the gym. His eyes narrow at the sight of Kevin.

DARREN

Bluski.

He advances on Kevin. Ready to kick some nerd ass...

Suddenly a pair of SECRET SERVICE AGENTS get in his face.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Hi there. We'd like to have a few words with you.

DARREN

But...I didn't do anything!

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1

Right this way, sir.

They lead Darren away, ignoring his frightened protests.

Meanwhile, Dana pushes through the crowd. Sees her former friend dancing with...with...*that* geek.

DANA

Oh my God, what are you doing?

Flower grins and cheerfully shoots Dana the finger. *Bitch.*

Then Flower drags Kevin deeper into the throng of dancers.

Dana stares after them, mouth hanging open, cowlike.

Kevin twirls Flower in a circle. Pulls her close.

FLOWER

Just so you know, there's a chance
people might be talking about us on
Monday.

KEVIN

Huh. Guess we'd better give 'em
something to talk about.

He dips her.

Kisses her.

After a shocked beat, she kisses him back.

And they dance away into the crowd.

FADE OUT

THE END