

"Untitled Adam F. Goldberg/ Seth Gordon Project"

Written by

Adam F. Goldberg

Seth Gordon/
Happy Madison
SPT

FBC Draft 1/5/09

ACT ONE

We SMASH IN ON AN AWESOME COMMERCIAL. A fast paced and high octane sales tool. Think the opening of "The A Team".

VOICE OVER

Each year, the average corporation loses 1.7 million dollars to breaches of company security. Computer hacking. Fraud. Burglary.

CUT TO -- A tricked-out ECONOLINE VAN skids to a stop.

VOICE OVER

Your only line of defense -- us.

The door slides open. Out leaps our team, ready for action. They're led by OZ, a gruff, rough and tough misanthrope. A total bad ass. Think a 35 year-old Gerard Butler.

OZ

We're Titan Team. Our business is protecting yours.

CUT TO -- Well-staged footage of the team breaking into various places using air ducts, skylights, repelling down walls. COOL.

OZ (V.O.)

We'll test any security system, find your vulnerabilities and patch 'em up. In short, we break, take, then cover your ass.

CUT TO -- A mug shot of a terrified 14 year-old SUPER NERD with acne.

OZ (V.O.)

We're the ones who found the bastard who stole the rough cut of Wolverine and put it online. You're welcome, America.

CUT TO -- A TESTIMONIAL from a stuffy MUSEUM CURATOR.

CURATOR

We hired Titan Team to see if they could break into our museum and steal our prized Picasso. They... ended up going above and beyond.

PHOTO POPS -- Every painting in the museum has been replaced with BEER POSTERS of bikini sluts washing sports cars.

CUT TO -- Oz walks down the hallway of his bustling office.

Titan Team resides in a bright, spacious loft of a failed dotcom. Picture a Mac Store meets a high-tech frat house.

OZ

My name's Oz. And this is my team.

CUT TO JOSH ARMSTRONG, 28, slick and cocky as The Situation... only 100 pounds FATTER. He pretends to be browsing a jewelry store, but actually scopes it out with a HAT CAMERA.

As Josh looks up -- FREEZE FRAME ALA "SNATCH". He's cut out from the background and his NAME smashes in.

OZ (V.O.)

Josh Armstrong. Recon and intel.

CUT TO MELANIE GREEN, 24, a bad girl who oozes sexy. She breaks into a steel safe by hard-wiring it into her bedazzled iPhone.

OZ (V.O.)

Melanie Green. Lock picking, safe cracking, demolition.

CALVIN "CASH" SPARKS, 30, Think "Rampage" Jackson, an African-American hulk with a body tatted with Lord of the Rings characters. He's manning the surveillance van like a pro.

OZ (V.O.)

Calvin Sparks. Strategy and logistics specialist.

A PHOTO POPS up of a 21 year-old DUDE sitting awkwardly in a cubicle. This is CAMERON BRIGHT, our endearing geekily dressed hero who's way too smart for his own good.

OZ (V.O.)

And our newest team member, Cameron Bright. Resident computer expert.

(quick disclaimer voice)

Hired after the production of this promotional video.

We CUT TO The team posed by their van like golden gods.

OZ (V.O.)

Titan Team! YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO SAY NO!

INT. TITAN TEAM CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

We PULL BACK from the commercial on a flatscreen. The entire team now sits across the table from MR. LOPEZ, an impeccably dressed business-man in his 40s. A beat of silence, then:

MR. LOPEZ

No.

OZ

Let me ask you a question, Armando. Do you want your car dealership to be robbed by meth heads?

MR. LOPEZ

Preferably not.

OZ

Well, if you don't hire us, you're telling all those snaggle-toothed crystal junkies to come steal a Porsche.

MR. LOPEZ

Look, I've just spent a fortune installing the newest security system on the market. My alarm self-generates a new password every hour which is emailed only to me. My dealership is a fortress.

Oz falters. Roadblock. Then -- from the back of the room --

CAMERON

(mumbles involuntarily)

Coccyx.

MR. LOPEZ

Excuse me?

CAMERON

(VERY hesitant)

Um... Coccyx? That's currently the password for your alarm.

MR. LOPEZ

How did you know that?

Cameron is a deer in the headlights. Wishing he didn't speak. Melanie grabs Cameron's laptop and reads:

MELANIE

Looks like he hacked into your email and stole the password. He also got your social Security number, ATM pin, credit card info, even your username to an adult website called Plumpers dot org?

OZ
We're not here to judge.

CASH
I too enjoy a plus-sized lady from
time to time.

Mr. Lopez just gawks at them. Finally:

MR. LOPEZ
I'll give you three days to try and
steal a Porsche out of my showroom.

OZ
We'll do it in two. I'll put my
best man on the job.

JOSH
(sniffs, cocky)
Damn right. Don't worry, I'll be
gentle.

OZ
Sit down. I meant -- Cameron.

Cameron just sits there, speechless. EYES WIDE IN FEAR.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

A panicked Cameron pulls a bottle of Tylenol out of a drawer. As he goes to grab a cup of water, a BUTTER KNIFE is suddenly handed to him. He peers up to find JOSH, eyes narrowed.

JOSH
I assume this is what you're
looking for. Y'know, to stick in
the small of my back.

CAMERON
(re: his girth)
There is no small of your back.

JOSH
You're quite the comedian, Margaret
Cho. But let's get one thing
straight. I'm top dog in this office.
The Bayport Porsche job was mine.

CAMERON
And you can have it. I'm gonna go
tell Oz that I don't want to be
team leader. Ever.

JOSH

Ah, so that's how you're gonna play it? Word to the wise, ese. This is my world. Do not take me on.

CAMERON

I completely agree.

JOSH

We'll see about that, won't we?

CAMERON

No. We won't. You're clearly the best and I'm in no way debating that.

JOSH

Oh, you're good.

CAMERON

Honestly -- I'm not.

JOSH

Then game on.

CAMERON

Game off. There is no game.

JOSH

May the best man win.

Josh smacks the bottle of Tylenol out of Cameron's hand and backs out of the room with a face that says "that just happened". Cameron calls after him:

CAMERON

Which will be you! You're hands down the best man!

Cash now heads into the break room, greeting Cameron with a friendly fist pound.

CASH

Sup, noob sauce!

CAMERON

Okay, you're way too happy. Please tell me you're not planning another office prank.

CASH

No pranks today, man. I'm just here to get my Chunky on.

Cash gets a Chunky from a vending machine. He sensually undresses the candy bar from its wrapper.

CASH
(increasingly breathy)
Oooh, baby. My mouth is gonna have sex with this candy bar. Don't you worry, girl. Daddy's gonna be real tender. Yeaaaaah, lemme taste some of that fine stuff...

Cameron just stands there. Super awkward. Finally:

CAMERON
You kids have fun. Be safe.

INT. TITAN TEAM - BULLPEN - DAY

Cameron is now hunkered down in his CUBICLE, peering across the bullpen into Oz's office (think the new shitty Sony TV offices where glass walls provide no privacy whatsoever).

Cameron sighs. Here goes nothing. The moment he leaves his cubicle, Cameron is cornered by EDDIE PONG. He's the creepy Asbergers-y HR guy who has NO concept of personal space.

PONG
Cookiepuss.

CAMERON
(leaning back)
Cookie... wha?

PONG
(leaning in)
Puss. Ice cream cake. New guy is always in charge of the office birthdays. There's one on Friday --

CAMERON
Yeah. You told me yesterday, Pong. And the day before. I'll get to it.

Pong slowly, deliberately applies a POST-IT note to Cameron's shirt. It reads "COOKIEPUSS". Cameron heads onwards for Oz's office. Heart pounding. Foot over foot. Dead Man Walking.

MELANIE (O.S.)
Where do you think you're going?

Cameron looks over and finds Melanie at the Xerox machine. He instantly turns into a shy, awkward idiot.

CAMERON

Melanie! Hi, hello. Didn't see you there. Making copies I see. Wonderful. The world needs more copies of things. Oh God. I just wanted to talk to Oz.

MELANIE

Trying to bail out of the Porsche job already?

CAMERON

It's not bailing when I didn't ask for it.

MELANIE

You asked for it the second you pulled out your coccyx in that meeting.

CAMERON

It was an accident. I kinda just want to keep a low profile here.

MELANIE

Clearly. This is our first official conversation since you've started. Just for future reference, am I always going to have to be the one to initiate?

CAMERON

Most likely. And now thanks to you commandeering my laptop, I have to go tell Oz he's made a mistake by putting me in charge.

MELANIE

Okay, you've only been here a few weeks so lemme give you the three cardinal rules of this office. One: Oz doesn't make mistakes. Two: If Oz gives you a job, any job, DO IT. Which brings us to our third and most important rule:

Melanie points to a sign: 35 DAYS WITHOUT MELTDOWN.

MELANIE

Don't make Oz angry. You wouldn't like him when he's angry.

CAMERON

So... he's like the Hulk?

MELANIE

No, the Hulk is sometimes nice.

Cameron gives a small nod. He's now officially terrified.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Oz's office is PACKED with anti-stress items. A desktop Zen garden, punching bag, coffee table bubbling fountain, foot massager, lava lamp, tension balls, you name it. A sound machine on a bookshelf plays sounds of the rainforest.

Oz unwraps his sandwich at his desk as Cameron knocks on the glass door. Oz happily waves him in. Even when he's NICE he's intimidating as shit.

OZ

Cam the man! Way to step up in that meeting. You really made my week.

Oz bites into his sandwich. He grimaces and spits it out.

OZ

Sprouts? Who the hell puts this crap on a sandwich? It's like a mouthful of Kermit the frog's pubes.

Oz madly rakes his Zen garden. A beat. He smiles.

OZ

I'm cool. You need something?

CAMERON

Uh... kinda. I was thinking Josh should take point on the Porsche job. He deserves it.

OZ

Now that's why I want you in charge. You're a real team player.

Cameron is at a loss. Wow, that backfired. Oz continues:

OZ

Besides, this is nothing compared to the hacker stuff you've pulled online. You're the first person to screw with those Nigerian scammers.

CAMERON

You... know about that?

Oz peers up from his Zen Garden. He knows EVERYTHING.

OZ

Oh, I know all about Prince Nwosu.
Dude thought you were sending him
twenty grand.

QUICK POP: A NIGERIAN DUDE excitedly opens a Fed Ex package.
POOF! Blue ink sprays out all over him.

NIGERIAN DUDE

I deserve this.

BACK TO SCENE: As Oz throws away his one-bite sandwich.

OZ

That's why I brought you into this
company. I think you can be the
best. You just don't know it yet.

CAMERON

Listen, I'm just a computer monkey.
I speak three languages and they're
BASIC, HTML and JAVA SCRIPT. I'm
really not a people person and I'm
definitely not a leader.

Oz's smile is now GONE. And he snaps the little Zen rake.

OZ

Dammit! My f'n tranquility rake!
(then, eyes burning)
You better figure out how to be a
leader 'cause you don't have a
choice.

Cameron GULPS and nods. Mission accepted.

INT. TITAN TEAM GARAGE - DAY

A weary Cameron heads into the parking garage, his head down.
Without looking up, he grabs his keys and uses them to unlock
his car. BLOOP! BLOOP!

We now REVEAL that his crappy 1997 Ford Focus is UPSIDE DOWN
in his parking spot. Cash pops in next to him.

CASH

BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE!

Cameron just gawks at his upside down car. Cash gives him a
friendly WHAP on the back..

CASH

Sorry, but you gotta haze the new
guy. That's how every office works.

CAMERON

No, that's how this office works.
In the real world, I think this is
a felony.

Cameron angrily tries to open the door. It won't budge --
but the alarm begins to BLARE.

CAMERON

You crazy-glued this shut, didn't
you?

CASH

Welded. Want a ride home?

CAMERON

That would be nice.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. TITAN TEAM - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

An exhausted Cameron enters the office and heads for the break room. He spots Pong stationed in front of it, waiting for him. Cameron sneaks to his cubicle -- where he finds Pong. WTF?

PONG

Office party is tomorrow. Any movement on the Cookiepuss?

CAMERON

Please stop. I have a lot going on.

BAM. Pong places a COOKIEPUSS POST-IT on Cameron's forehead. Cash then heads into the bullpen, now dressed like HAN SOLO.

CASH

Yo, check what I got. BAM! Han Solo costume for Dragon Con. I know you're a fan of The Wars. Any interest in being my Chewbacca?

CAMERON

You can't be serious.

CASH

What? A black man can only be Lando Calrissian? Is that it?

CAMERON

No. I mean you can't expect me to go to a comic book convention with you after you upside-downed my car.

CASH

Aw, don't hate on a guy for pulling a little office prank.

CAMERON

A little office prank is Xeroxing your butt. You're a strategy expert with a 161 IQ. You don't know how to do little.

QUICK POP: Cameron walks through the bullpen to his cubicle... but it's gone. He peers up and finds it's been CEMENTED TO THE CEILING along with his desk, chair, ETC. Cash pops in.

CASH

Boom goes the dynamite.

QUICK POP: THE FAMOUS WRIGLEY FIELD SIGN. It READS:
 "CAMERON F. BRIGHT. VISA CARD: 4192 1037 7743 1026 EXP 6/11.
 BOOM GOES THE DYNAMITE!"

BACK TO SCENE: As Cameron and Cash head into the break room.

CAMERON

Forty thousand drunk fans charged
 beer to my card, thanks for that.

CASH

Look, you're my boy. The Chewie to
 my Solo. So lemme explain how this
 works. Prank a brother back. Earn
 my respect and the hazing stops.

CAMERON

I don't have time for games. I have
 to steal a Porsche and figure out a
 way to make Josh not be an ass bag.

PONG

(passing by)
 And buy a cake.

CASH

Listen, Noobasaur. You can handle
 Josh. Again, it's about respect.
 Be confident. Commanding. Hell,
 Josh works for you now.

As Cameron thinks this over, Cash pops a buck into the vending
 machine. ZZZZT! The Chunky gets stuck as it dispenses. Cash
 shakes the machine. The Chunky hangs there, taunting him.

CASH

Oh, you wanna dance? LET'S DANCE.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Everyone is now crammed into the break room. Blueprints and
 tech specs cover the area. Cameron stands before Melanie,
 Josh and Cash. He stammers, trying his best to act confident.

CAMERON

Hi, thanks for meeting here. I
 didn't know you had to schedule the
 conference room in advance. Anyway,
 here's the game plan for tonight's
 job. I've got everything completely
 figured out except for the part where
 we beat their security, take the car,
 and get out.

JOSH

So lemme get this straight. You gathered us here to tell us you don't know what the F you're doing?

This is it. Cameron's moment to be commanding. Gain respect.

CAMERON

It doesn't matter what I know, Josh. I'm the one in charge here which means you do what I say.

JOSH

Why are you talking like a girl?

CAMERON

I'm not talking like a girl.

JOSH

Your voice is getting high.

CAMERON

I'm exuding confidence and being commanding!

MELANIE

There it is. I hear it now.

JOSH

Listen, Lady Gaga. We don't have time to solve your problems. Oz has me leading my own project. Top secret and awesome.

Cameron points to Josh's laptop. He's blatantly iChatting.

CAMERON

Okay, that's clearly not work. You're on a video conference... with three girls at once.

JOSH

I'm multi-assing. The trick is to overlap them on the screen so you never lose eye contact and use generic terms of endearment like "boo" and "baby-girl".

(to all three girls)

Boo, you're the only lady for me.

GIRL 1 / GIRL 2 / GIRL 3

Aww. / Mwah! / You're my teddy bear!

CAMERON

Okay, look. You all have special skills and in a job like this I need them. First and most important --

Cameron looks at Melanie. His heart leaps into his throat.

CAMERON

Melanie... hey there. Love that thing you're wearing. What do you call that?

MELANIE

A plain white T-Shirt?

CAMERON

Very cottony, super cool. Anyway, I need you to figure out a way into their key vault. Cash, can you find a way around their motion sensor trigger plates. Cool?

We REVEAL Cash on the other side of the table, fashioning an
INGENIOUS candy bar grabber out of everyday office items.

CASH

I'll work on it, my man. But first I'mma get me that Chunky.

JOSH

Bernice in accounting?

CASH

Chocolate bar. But for the record, tapped it. Thrice.

Cash hustles over to the vending machine and gets to work. Cameron looks at Josh. Does his best to sound commanding:

CAMERON

Josh, I'll leave the intel up to you. Think you can smooth talk their receptionist and sneak your way into their computer system?

JOSH

Don't insult me. I can sell shit to an Eskimo.

CAMERON

I think... you're mixing the metaphor there.

JOSH

Eskimos happen to be very savvy consumers! The last thing they'd ever want to buy is human feces!

CAMERON

I... wha...

JOSH

I! Wha! Good luck robbing Bayport Porsche without me!

Josh storms out. Cameron sighs. So much for gaining respect.

MELANIE

Don't worry. I'll get him on board.

CAMERON

How? You heard the guy. He's the master of persuasion around here.

MELANIE

True. But I've got boobs.

CAMERON

I, uh, didn't notice.

CAMERON

Well, I really appreciate them. The help. Your help. I owe you one.

MELANIE

Damn right. Lunch is on you.

EXT. TITAN TEAM BUILDING - DAY

FLICK! Melanie picks the lock of a newspaper machine. She grabs one and sits on a bench with a hot dog, Cameron beside her.

MELANIE

So, tell me. How exactly did Oz rope you into working in our office?

CAMERON

No, I'm totally here by choice.

MELANIE

Wow. You lie worse than you dress.

CAMERON

I like this shirt. I got it at Ross. I dress for less.

MELANIE

Listen, there's something you should know about me. I'm retarded smart. Just tell me -- what does Oz have on you?

CAMERON

Me? Nothing. I'm here by choice. Best choice ever.

MELANIE

Uch, who'd you hack? NORAD? NSA? White House? DMV?

CAMERON

Wow. You are smart. University of Chicago. When I was 16, I broke into their mainframe. Wrote myself an admissions letter. Full scholarship. Faculty parking. I also signed up "Bo Bice" as my roommate so I had my own suite.

MELANIE

Why'd you have to cheat your way into college? You're a genius.

CAMERON

I... was kinda distracted in high school.

QUICK POPS:

-GYM CLASS. Cameron ducks dodge balls. WHAM! He gets pants'd as the girls' PE class jogs by.

CAMERON

Ladies.

-CHRISTMAS CONCERT. Cameron croons in the alto section.

CAMERON

*Rudolph the red nosed reindeer!
Had a very shiny --*

WHAM! He's pants'd by a dude standing behind him.

-HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY. Cameron approaches a geeky band girl.

CAMERON

Hi, I sit next to you in AP calc?
Um... I was wondering if you'd like to go to prom with --

WHAM! This time, the geeky girl is the one to pants him.
BACK TO SCENE: As Cameron covers poorly.

CAMERON

You know how it goes. Back in the day, I could barely keep my pants on.

MELANIE

Gotta admit, I didn't peg you for a law breaker. It's kinda hot.

Cameron's heart skips a beat. He's never been called hot before. All he can say is:

CAMERON

Pffft. That's -- yeah. You know.

MELANIE

So how'd you get caught?

CAMERON

That's the irony. Titan Team. The college hired Oz to patch their web security. He's the one who nailed me -- one week before graduation.

QUICK POPS -- NEWS FOOTAGE of Cameron's arrest. He's in a Drudge report article named "Hack To School". Even Glen Beck mocks him with one of his mis-spelled word charts.

CAMERON

Lucky enough, Oz talked to the school. No jail time if I pay back all four years of tuition. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

MELANIE

That explains the shirt.

CAMERON

Yep. Oz actually saved me from prison... then put me in this one. Figure it'll take a few years to pay him back. Then I can move on with my life.

MELANIE

Well... Oz must really see something in you.

CAMERON

He said... he thinks I can be the best. That's why he hired me.

MELANIE

What? No, he hired you 'cause our last computer hacker jumped off the Sears tower.

(off Cameron's look)

But I'm sure you're the best.

Melanie smiles. So does Cameron. This girl is AWESOME. EEEEEERRRT! The moment is interrupted as yellow Saturn with a racing stripe SKIDS out. Inside sits DUTCH (30), a slick bad boy in skinny jeans, tat sleeves and a trucker hat.

DUTCH

Melly bean! Come give Papa Smurf some suggarr!

Dutch leaps out of the car. He's wearing Uggs. Ugh. He unleashes a sloppy kiss on Melanie. Cameron's heart sinks.

MELANIE

Cam, this is my boyfriend Dutch.

DUTCH

'Sup. You look smart. Can I have some urine?

CAMERON

Ex...cuse me?

MELANIE

Dutch sells clean urine on ebay so people can pass their drug tests.

CAMERON

Sounds... illegal.

DUTCH

It's a moral gray area. But it's totally paid for my sweet junior one bedroom condo. City views, holmes. Cit-tay views.

CAMERON

Well... we do technically live in the city, so really every view is a--

DUTCH

I'll call you about that nerd pee, my man.

(then, to Melanie)

Sorry to pop in, but I was getting a tan n' wax down the street. I'm smooth and bronze as a baby.

Cameron shakes his head in disbelief. What does she see in this guy? Dutch then hands over a wrapped gift.

MELANIE

Dutch. You already gave me breakfast in bed and the book of homemade love coupons --

DUTCH

Open it.

Melanie opens the present. It's a beautiful piece of framed art, a majestic house intricately formed from matchbooks.

DUTCH

I've taken a matchbook from every restaurant we've ever gone to. I know you moved around alot as a kid, so I want you to feel like you always have a permanent home -- in my arms.

(beat)

It's highly flammable.

Melanie hugs him. Dutch hugs her back hard, declaring:

DUTCH

I love the shit out of this woman!

Cameron can't believe it. Dutch is an AWESOME boyfriend.

MELANIE

This is it, okay? No more gifts.

DUTCH

Well, I got one more for you to unwrap when you get home.

(whispers to Cameron)

It's my penis. Fully manscaped.

He gives a click-wink. Dutch hops in his ride and peels off.

CAMERON

He... seems nice.

MELANIE

Usually my boyfriends are such a-holes. He's been so great. It's been the best birthday ever.

CAMERON

Wait -- it's your birthday? I'm on cake duty.

MELANIE

Anything but a Cookiepuss. I'm lactose intolerant.

CAMERON

(in love)

Me too. Me too.

INT. CAMERON'S CUBICLE - DAY

Cameron clatters away on his keyboard in hacking mode. Cash pops into frame. Cameron jumps and fumbles with his mouse.

CASH

What's all this?

CAMERON

Porno. I... love pornography. Weird stuff, too.

CASH

Looks to me like you've hacked Mel's life. Credit cards, Amazon wish list, medical records --

CAMERON

Just trying to surprise Melanie with the perfect cake.

CASH

Slow your roll, my noob-ian prince. There's a reason Mel's our safe cracker. That girl is wild.

CAMERON

How wild we talking?

QUICK POP: Melanie leaps onto the field during a Sox game! She dodges security guards and slides into home. Southpaw the mascot corners her. She tackles him to the dirt!

CASH

Trust me, that is one rabbit's hole you do not want to go down.

CAMERON

Trust me, it is. And this is the perfect chance to show her I can be just as thoughtful as her Douche Lord of a boyfriend.

CASH

Man, that's an utter waste of time.

Cash then holds a robotic spider-like contraption.

CASH

Hey, you got any spare RAM? I'm building a robot. He's gonna crawl in the machine and get me my Chunky.

CAMERON

Dude, I have a Chunky right here. Just eat it and move on.

CASH

I don't want your Chunky. I want my Chunky. If I can get you into a Porsche dealership, I can certainly get me a damn candy bar!

CAMERON

Wait -- did you actually figure out how we can steal that Porsche?

Cash slams down a stack of blueprints and print-outs.

CASH

I'm in MENSA. I can figure out anything. Please, I edited Jar Jar out of Star Wars, I can do anything.

QUICK POP: The Phantom Menace! Jar Jar goofily stumbles about the battle field on Naboo. But JAR JAR has been crudely removed and the fat "Star Wars kid" has comped in his place.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

It's intense in here. A pit-stained Cameron mans a power point presentation, the rest of the team at the table.

CAMERON

Hi. I, uh, don't really do public speaking so I quickly wipped up a presentation that'll walk you through tonight's plan in thirty short minutes.

ZRRRNNN. Oz pulls the plug, cutting off the power point demo.

OZ

You have sixty seconds. GO.

Cameron reads from an index card:

CAMERON

"Webster's defines security as--"

OZ
55 seconds.

CAMERON
Skip the preamble, right. Plan starts with our intel man. Josh will pose as a prospective buyer --

INT. BAYPORT PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - DAY

Josh is decked out in Armani, slicked back hair and a fake goatee. He chats up a slick car salesman.

JOSH
(Euro-trash accent)
Uh, how you say? I must think on this before I made ze purchase. But would you be so kind as to print out my travel itinerary? I have jet to take to Prague.

SALESMAN
By all means, Baron.

Josh hands the salesman a USB flash drive. He plugs it into the receptionist's computer and prints out a fake itinerary.

CAMERON (V.O.)
The USB will automatically install a back door onto their network. I can then remotely access and deactivate their alarm system.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Cash sits in the back of the tricked out Titan Team van, manning a sweet control system ala the movie Sneakers.

CASH (INTO HEADSET)
You have five minutes! Go go go!

INT. BAYPORT PORSCHE DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

Cameron and Melanie CRAWL across the showroom floor.

CAMERON (V.O.)
Once we're in, we'll be dealing with CCTV rigged to motion sensors. Cash will guide us through the dead spots.

CASH (OVER HEADSET)
Straight ahead. And -- freeze.

Melanie stops cold. Cameron slams his face right into her backside. She smiles at him. Cameron wants to die.

CASH (OVER HEADSET)
Left fifteen degrees. NOW!

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Melanie now brushes fingerprint dust onto a high-tech safe.

CAMERON (V.O.)
Car keys are kept in the main
office. Then cue Melanie.

Melanie shines a UV light on the safe. Finger prints appear ONLY on the number 4. Melanie shrugs and hits 4444. CLICK.

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING

Everyone applauds as Cameron strides inside and tosses the keys to Oz.

CAMERON
Your Porsche, sir. In and out in
five minutes flat.
(for Josh's benefit)
I believe that's a first.

OZ
Yeah. It is.

Oz POINTS out the window. Everyone looks --

TELEPHOTO ZOOM to the front license plate on the car. It reads: Bayport Porsche.

OZ
You were supposed to rob Baybridge
Porsche. This car is from Bayport!
Not Baybridge! Bayport! You.
Stole. The. Wrong. Car.

Off Cameron's horrified look --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Cameron, Cash and Josh are gathered by the cubicles, gazing into Oz's office. He sits at his desk, staring out the window. SILENT. Melanie approaches, jacket in hand.

MELANIE

It's six o'clock. Anything?

CAMERON

Nope. He's just... sitting there.

CASH

This is bad. If Oz doesn't vent some steam, man will go Chernobyl.

JOSH

(loving it)

Looks like Oz picked the wrong horse to back. Once again, I'm top stallion around this stable. So suck on that oat bag!

Josh WHINNIES and gallops off, whipping his backside.

CASH

He clearly ran out of horse metaphors.

CAMERON

There has to be a way to fix this. Maybe... I could put the car back?

MELANIE

Sure. Place crawling with cops. Security on heightened alert. It'll be a piece of cake.

Pong then creepily slides into frame next to Cameron.

CAMERON

Which I've ordered, go away.

Pong's creepily slides out of frame. Oz finally walks out of his office, eerily calm. He points to Cameron.

OZ

You. Come with me.

Oz heads out. Cash puts a loving, meaty arm around Cameron.

CASH

You'll be fine. But if he starts throwing punches, stand by the vending machine. Loosen up that Chunky. You're a good man.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

Oz leads Cameron onto the rooftop which surprisingly has a Japanese Zen garden filled with bonsai trees. Oz grabs a pair of CLIPPERS, then offers another pair to Cameron.

OZ

Try it. It's very soothing.

CAMERON

Yeah, I know. Mr. Miyagi and Danielsan go into the bonsai tree business in Karate Kid III.

Oz stares at Cameron. He sheepishly takes the clippers.

CAMERON

But... you may have missed that installment. Go on. I'm sorry.

OZ

Don't be. You know, the old Oz would've crane kicked you right off this rooftop...

Oz looks Cameron in the eyes. For the first time -- human.

OZ

But I've got too much on the line now. So I need you to fix this. On your own. I can't be involved.

CAMERON

Because you think I can be the best, I just don't know it yet?

OZ

No. Because I'm on parole.

Cameron's eyes go wide. He wasn't expecting that.

OZ

In my youth, I was a bit of a thief. Old school kind. B&E. Running numbers. Train robbing. Stock market manipulation. Art forgery. I don't want to bore you.

CAMERON

Please do.

OZ

I served five years in county.
Five years I'll never get back.

CAMERON

So that's why they call you Oz?
After that TV show about prison
rape and whatnot?

OZ

Or. My last name is Osbourne.
Point is, if I'm caught anywhere
near a hot car it's over for me.
For this company.

Cameron takes in the severity of the situation.

CAMERON

I'll fix this, okay? I'll figure
out a way to put the stolen Porsche
back and steal the right one.

OZ

Also, get the goddamn cake.
Maybe a giant novelty card.
They're funny 'cause they're big.

Cameron nods, his head swimming.

CAMERON

I just... don't know how I messed
up so bad. Josh was right. You
bet on the wrong horse.

OZ

And that's another thing. You
can't let that guy get in your head
or it'll be the end of you.

A beat. Cameron's jaw drops -- a stunning realization.

CAMERON

THAT FAT SON OF A BITCH.

EXT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cameron POUNDS on the door. A bananas hot woman in a silk
robe answers. This is BREE (25), not who Cam was expecting.

CAMERON

Hi. I'm... looking for a guy I
work with. I must have the wrong --

Josh steps into the doorway in only tighty whities and a
spaceman helmet. He flips up the visor.

JOSH

Give us a minute, babe. He's from
NASA. Probably another asteroid
heading to earth that I gotta blow up.

Bree heads back into the bedroom. Josh grins proudly.

CAMERON

My God, you really are pure evil.

JOSH

Hey, she's not just here 'cause I
convinced her I'm a space explorer.
I also got a huge dong.

Cameron just gives him a glare that burns Napalm.

CAMERON

I know, Josh. I know it was you.
You got in my head and made me
think it was Bayport Porsche.

JOSH

How. DARE. YOU. I've done
nothing wrong. Nothing!

QUICK POPS of Josh following Cameron around the office.

-Josh and Cameron are at the Xerox machine (from earlier).

JOSH

I'm top dog around this office!
The Bayport Porsche job was mine!

-Josh storms out of the conference room (from earlier).

JOSH

I know what you meant! Good luck
robbing Bayport Porsche without me!

-Cameron is snoozing in his cubicle. Josh's head rises over
the cubicle wall and he says subliminally:

JOSH

Bayport Porsche Bayport Porsche
Bayport Bayport Bayport Porsche.

BACK TO SCENE: As Josh and Cameron are face to face.

JOSH

Well, well, you figured it all out.
Too bad, you don't have any proof.

Now Oz steps into view.

OZ

Yeah, but I just heard you say that.

JOSH

Still. I didn't admit anything.

Oz glares black death at him. Josh instantly crumbles.

JOSH

Please don't be angry. I don't
like you when you're angry.

OZ

Then move your asteroid back to the
office. We've got work to do.
Also, close your robe. I can see
your abnormally huge dong.

INT. TITAN TEAM - BULLPEN - NIGHT

The office is dark and empty, except for Cameron, Josh and Oz. Cameron types like a maniac in hacker mode.

CAMERON

Melanie's right. Since we robbed
Bayport, they've doubled their
security. Sneaking the Porsche back
in isn't an option, so I hacked the
DMV's server and found this --

Cameron brings up a driver's license photo of a 60 year-old white dude -- MR. CUMMINGS.

OZ

Arnold Cummings. Owner of Bayport
Porsche. Divorced, one son. Not
much info to go on.

Cameron brings up Facebook -- the account of a college kid.

CAMERON

It's enough for me. I cracked his
son's Facebook account, kid's a
sophomore at DePaul. Photos
suggest he's a bit of a drinker.

Cameron clicks through pics of our sloppy drunk frat guy. Oz nods, impressed. And Josh angrily chows down a Cheeto.

OZ

The lush is our in. I want you two working together on this.

JOSH

Together as in I'm calling the shots?

OZ

Together as in I'll eat you both for dinner, enjoy some TV, fall asleep on the couch, awake tomorrow morning, have a cup of coffee then crap you both out in a giant steaming mound of togetherness.

JOSH

Alright then. Looks like we're going back to college.

EXT. SIGMA PI FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

DING DONG! The drunken dude from Facebook, EDDIE CUMMINGS (21, slick, shaggy haircut), answers the door.

EDDIE

You're not my weed dealer.

REVEAL JOSH -- now dressed in Fratboy disguise. White Sox cap askew, double popped collar, pooka shell necklace.

JOSH

'Sup, frat daddy! Name's Weezer. I'm a Sigma Pi over at Kansas U. I'm on a little frat-cation and had a total frat-tastrophe. Van broke down. Thought I could crash here in a safe frat-moshpere.

CAMERON (OVER HEADSET)

Stop saying frat!

JOSH

Anyrape, I know brothers gotta look out for each other so I thought I could hang here for the night.

EDDIE

Depends. If you really are a Sigma what's the secret handshake?

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Cameron sits at Cash's control system typing madly.

CAMERON
 Hacking into the secure members-
 only section of their frat's blog.
 (then; relaying)
 It's fist bump, fist bump, low
 five, pinky lock --

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Josh and Eddie in the midst of secret handshake now.

CAMERON (OVER HEADSET)
 Patty cake, ass smack, cabbage
 patch to high five.

Josh and Eddie cabbage patch and high five. A tense moment.

EDDIE
 BROOOOOOOO!

JOSH
 BROOOOOOOO!

EDDIE
 Get your Sigma ass in here and play
 some beer pong!

JOSH
 I was thinking more --
 (grins; holds up:)
 Tequila pong.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Josh and Cameron now PUSH the Porsche down a long driveway.
 We REVEAL Eddie PASSED out in the driver's seat.

CAMERON
 Gotta admit, I didn't think we'd
 ever be able to work together.

JOSH
 Let's get one thing straight -- I'm
 just doing what Oz told me to. None
 of this makes us square. We'll
never be square. In fact, we're so
not square we're a rhombus.

CAMERON
 Technically, a square is a rhombus.

JOSH

Not always! Little piece of advice, Hot Shot. Watch your back 'cause the game's just begun.

CAMERON

What is this game you keep referring to? I'm not playing a game!

JOSH

And that's the game.

CAMERON

Just forget it. I give up.

JOSH

Oh, that's what you'd like me to believe. But before you were around, I was Oz's golden boy. I bought Melanie the hot dogs. Cash destroyed my life with his epic pranks. I was his Chewie!

Josh goes silent. He actually looks... hurt. Cameron doesn't know how to respond. And he doesn't have to. Drunken Eddie cranes his head out the window.

EDDIE

Uh... someone just booted in your car. Really bad.

Josh and Cameron exchange a glance. Time to finish this.

JOSH

Actually, it's your car.

EDDIE

My car?

JOSH

You drove it right off your Dad's showroom floor.

EDDIE

(crazy slurred)
I stole this car?

JOSH

You stole this car.

EDDIE

(excited)
I stole this car!

Cameron gives Josh an impressed look. Josh leans on the car horn. BEEEEEEEEEEEP! They run into the night. ARNOLD CUMMINGS comes to the door in a bathrobe, sleep in his eyes.

ARNOLD CUMMINGS

Edward?

EDDIE

Hey, Dad! I stole this car! All me!

(then)

You wanna get tacos?

EXT. BAYBRIDGE PORSCHE - NIGHT

Cameron and Josh now stand outside of the CORRECT dealership. Just through the glass gleams a Porsche 911.

JOSH

Give it up, man. We don't have the gear, the specs or the time to break in there. You're boned.

Cameron thinks long and hard. He notices something on the ground. A BRICK. He simply picks it up and CHUCKS IT through the window. CRRRRAASSSSSSSSSH! Alarms BLARE!

CAMERON

They should really have a gate here.

They hustle inside to the key box. Cameron obliterates it with the brick.

CAMERON

And they should really have a better lock on their safe.

JOSH

You should really shut up and drive!

Cameron and Josh leap into the Porsche. A beat. PANIC.

CAMERON

Can't drive stick!

JOSH

Gah! MOVE!

INT. CHICAGO STREET - NIGHT

Josh floors it down the street. Cameron now notices he has 37 MISSED CALLS on his phone. He hits VOICE MAIL:

CAMERON
Dammit. Now what?

PONG (ON SPEAKER)
Hi. It's Pong. From the office.
Where you work. Just calling again
to make sure you got that cake.

CLICK Cameron hangs up. THE. GODDAMN. CAKE. He breaks out his iPhone and begins to type madly.

CAMERON
Turn the Porsche around. We're
going to Frankie's Diner. They're
open until 2am.

JOSH
That's in Skokie. We'll never make
it. Just buy one at Pick-N-Save.

Cameron's eyes narrow. Determined. Yes, he just robbed a Porsche. But this is his real mission.

CAMERON
No. It's the only place still open
that has blue velvet cake. It's
gotta be blue velvet. Step on it.

But it's a red light. Cameron madly types on his blackberry, HACKING INTO the city's transportation grid.

EVERY LIGHT down the street turns GREEN. Josh is AMAZED, but he'd never admit it. He FLOORS the car and they speed off.

INT. TITAN TEAM - BULLPEN - DAY

It's a typical super-awkward office birthday party. Everyone in the company is here, crooning off-key to Melanie.

EVERYONE
Happy birthday dear Melllllanie.
Happy birthday to yooooou!

Applause as Melanie blows out the candles. Cameron hands her a giant novelty card with a monkey on the front. She reads:

MELANIE
It's your birthday. Go bananas.

Pong CRACKS UP. It's uncomfortable.

PONG
Monkey's dressed like a Doctor.

Melanie digs in happily and smiles at Cameron. He melts.

MELANIE

Blue velvet. My favorite. How'd you know?

QUICK POP -- Cameron meets Dutch in an alley. He hands over a jug of urine. Dutch inspects it like a glass of fine wine.

DUTCH

Frothy. Good color. Nice doing business with you.

Dutch hands him a slip of paper. It reads: BLUE VELVET CAKE.

BACK TO SCENE: As Cameron smiles sheepishly.

CAMERON

Uh... lucky guess.

MELANIE

So, I heard you fixed your little Porsche problem. Maybe there's hope for you yet.

Melanie crosses to the sign on the wall and flips a page. It now reads: 36 DAYS WITHOUT MELTDOWN.

INT. OZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Cameron pokes his head into Oz's office, holding a plate of cake in each hand.

CAMERON

Brought you a piece of cake.

OZ

I hate cake. Sit down.

Cameron immediately does.

OZ

Just heard back from Baybridge Porsche. Said you got in with a smash n' grab. Crude, but clever.

Cameron now notices Oz's screen saver. Two adorable little eight year-old twins. Cameron can't believe it. Oz is a DAD.

CAMERON

Like you said. A lot was on the line.

OZ

Well, it's not over yet. I just got a call from the owner of Bayport Porsche. Apparently, his idiot son stole a car off his showroom floor and he wants to hire us.

Cameron nearly chokes on his blue velvet. Oz grins.

OZ

You want to take point on this one?

CAMERON

Better give it to Josh. Truth is, I'd rather just keep my head down, pay you back, then move the hell on.

OZ

You're a smart guy, Cameron. So answer me this. Move on to what?

Cameron is silent. Once again, he doesn't have the answer.

OZ

Y'know, I used to feel the same way. But sooner or later... you find a reason to stay put.

Oz looks at his kids on the screen saver. And Cameron looks out the window as his motley crew feasts on the cake and Pong still cracks up at the novelty card...

EXT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Cameron exits Oz's office. He stares at MELANIE and can't help but smile. Maybe there are some reasons to stay put... WHAM! Cameron is suddenly pants'd! Josh looms behind him.

JOSH

Watch your back, Hot Shot.

The whole office GAWKS at Cameron. He just sighs.

CAMERON

And... you got the underpants on that one.

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE.

TAG**INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY**

Cash sits in a chair right in front of the machine, gazing at his floating Chunky. A broken man.

CASH

I give up, Chunky. I tried and you
are the better piece of brown
deliciousness.

Melanie and Cameron step next to the machine. Cameron nods to her. In a flash, she picks the lock on the machine and pops it open.

CAMERON

Boom goes the dynamite.

Cash now realizes the Chunky has been GLUED into the machine.

CASH

It was... you?

CAMERON

Just like you said. Earn your
respect and the hazing stops.

Cash stands. Nods with admiration. And whispers menacingly:

CASH

Oh no, Noobraham Lincoln. It is
ON.

Cash heads out of the break room. Cameron's eyes go wide.
THIS BACKFIRED. BIG TIME. He chases Cash out.

CAMERON

No. No no! Nothing's on! It's
off!

Melanie grabs the Chunky, unwraps it and digs in.

AND WE --

FADE OUT.