

Botched!
by
(Derrick Jackson)

1st Draft

Current Revisions by
(Derrick Jackson, 07/27/05)

DERRICK JACKSON
121 WEST 21ST ST
530-680-7906

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE'S

Children are running around frantically. Constant, loud children's voices can be heard. Occasionally there will be an ear-piercing shriek from a nearby child.

Sitting at some tables, eating a cheese pizza, two men sit across from each other. Both are dressed very professionally; wearing three piece suits. They are JASON and HARRY.

JASON

Ok.

(removes a picture from
his dress jacket.)

Here is the mark.

The picture is that of CHRIS HIGHON. He is Caucasian, young, and very wholesome looking. He is smiling in the picture, almost stupidly.

HARRY

(in a very gravely voice.)

Right.

(lowers his hand to the
picture and slides it off
the table on his side.)

He's pretty handsome.

There is a moment of silence.

HARRY (CONT'D)

(looks up with an
expression of contempt)

You know what I mean! Anyways...he
looks like he will be an easy kill.
HAHAHAHA! (suddenly reaching out
for the service of a Chuck E.
Cheese employee, she stops and
listens) Excuse me maam...could I
get another drink?

FEMALE EMPLOYEE

I think you've had too much to
drink.

HARRY

What!

JASON

(weakly trying to
intervene)

C'mon Harry...you've had enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

It's Brisk Peach Iced Tea! You
expletive! It's Brisk Peach Iced
Tea!

A child runs by and Harry trips her. The little girl wails as the two men get up and walk out. Harry is stumbling around cursing as they exit.

EXT. CHUCK E. CHEESES PARKING LOT

Jason and Harry walk toward a beat up BMW, which is ironically brand new.

JASON

You really should get that temper under control. Look now, we need to get some weapons and get a game plan. Seriously.

HARRY

Ok ok. That is alright. Your absolutely right. Guns and a game plan. I'm on it. I actually already have talked to someone.

JASON

(impressed and semi-
shocked)
Really!?

HARRY

Sure...

Moment of silence.

JASON

You didn't talk to anybody.

HARRY

(looks down shamefully)
No.

INT. MALL LINGERIE STORE

Here we have CHRIS HIGHON. Chris is standing behind the cash register with a blank face. A very attractive woman is looking through the scanty lingerie while Chris is checking her finer aspects out. She then makes a decision and starts toward Chris at the CHECKOUT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOTTIE

(smiles and gives him a
sweet look)

Hi!

CHRIS

(smiling embarrassed)

Hoy...I mean Hi. Why did I say Hoy?

HOTTIE

(giggles)

Your pretty funny. So, how did you
land a job like this?

CHRIS

(As he is ringing up the
items)

Are you implying that this job may
not be suitable for a...

(deepens his voice)

a MAN?

(He gives her a sly smile)

HOTTIE

No. I was just curious. I always
thought men should be able to bare
their feminine sides.

CHRIS

Men have MULTIPLE feminine sides?
I didn't think they had any!

HOTTIE

(humorously)

If you didn't we wouldn't really be
interested in you at all. I mean,
think about the whole concept of
MAN. You guys are often lazy, flip
through channels too fast, drop
clothes wherever you want, and you
pass gas no matter what situation
you are in; even dates I'm sure.

CHRIS

(smiling wolfishly)

Speaking of dates, maybe we can set
something up?

HOTTIE

I don't know. You look like the
dangerous type.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS

(laughing)

I promise. I won't let my secret agent double life interfere with your safety. If I can help it. I also promise to fart AFTER our date.

The girl bends over, while laughing, and writes something down on a card.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

(receives the card)

So what is this?

HOTTIE

It's a secret silly.

(sarcastically, amusingly,
whispering)

You never know who might be listening in Mr. Secret Agent.

She places her lingerie in the bag and leaves CHRIS standing smiling.

CHRIS

What is your name!?

HOTTIE

(walking out into the MALL
COURT)

Amy!

AMY is now gone. Chris is nodding to himself and is obviously impressed with his work. An old woman looks at him scornfully. Chris just shrugs at her. The old woman then drops a pair of scanty apparel on the counter and a look of horror falls upon Chris' face.

EXT. MALL COURT

Across the MALL COURT, Jason is holding a small, sound-catching dish with a cord going into an earpiece in his ear. The dish is aimed in the lingerie store. Harry is standing next to him; obviously very agitated and interested in what Jason is hearing.

HARRY

(wiping his hands)

Where did he say he was going to be with her JASON!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON
 (getting frustrated)
 I don't know!
 (angrily, clenching his
 teeth)
 She wrote it down on a card.

HARRY
 (throws his hands up in
 defeat)
 Great!

Jason gasps in astonishment.

HARRY (CONT'D)
 (excitedly)
 What!

JASON
 Do you think that pretzels and
 cheese place is still open?

HARRY
 (rolls his eyes)
 Idiot.
 (Pause.)
 Of course it is.

EXT. MALL PARKINGLOT

Chris walks toward his 94 Honda CRX. Jason and Harry are watching from their beatup BMW a couple rows down.

Jason and Harry are both in their vehicle watching Jason exit the mall.

JASON
 Why don't we just off him in the
 parkinglot.

HARRY
 Remember when we did that before?

DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKINGLOT

A man is walking into one of the parkinglot rows when all of the sudden HARRY and JASON walk up next to him on either side. They stop him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY
(sneers)
Looks like your luck ran out buddy.

The man stops and looks at them with an expression of confused anger. HARRY is laughing until he realizes the man stopped where his car was at. The car is a Police cruiser.

A look of horror falls over the face of both Harry and Jason. Harry's expression is quickly replaced with nervous apology.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Heh. Sorry about that. Your, um,
the wrong guy. Sorry about that.

The two assassins hastily walk off leaving the police officer squinting in anger.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE.

EXT. MALL PARKINGLOT

HARRY
Oh yea. That sucked.

JASON
There he is! He's leaving dammit!
Follow him.

We now see that Harry is in the driver's seat and JASON is halfway out of the sun roof.

JASON (CONT'D)
(pointing toward the Honda
CRX furiously)
Follow him!

The car takes off out of the parkinglot, following CHRIS.

TIME PASSES.

EXT. CHRIS' HOUSE

Chris' Honda CRX pulls up into the driveway. It is a medium, sized bachelor's pad in a suburban area. The front yard is somewhat neat, but not meticulously kept. There are various garden gnomes; each with their own weapons posing as if attacking each other.

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CONTINUED:

Chris exits his vehicle and walks up into his house. As the door shuts Jason and Harry walk right up onto the lawn. Both are eating pretzels.

JASON
(taking a bite of his
pretzel)
Seriously. This is a real messed
up place.

Jason kicks the gnome wearing the red hat. Harry squats down and inspects the gnome with the green hat.

HARRY
(taps the plastic halberd)
Naa...this guy looks tough enough
to have this.

JASON
Why do you always got to do that?

HARRY
What?

JASON
That. Where you will disagree with
me no matter what it is. That's
not even necessary.

HARRY
Yes it is.

Jason sighs.

Suddenly, the door to CHRIS' HOUSE starts to make noises as if being opened.

JASON
Quick! I think he's coming out!

HARRY
(While fleeing)
Naa...he's probably hanging his
jacket or...

Harry notices Jason's glare and shuts his mouth.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE

CHRIS
Here we are Jacket. You can just
hang around here for a while.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris hands his jacket on a hook attached to his door.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(Walking to the phone)
I really should stop talking to
that jacket.
(Picking up the phone)
And maybe stop talking to myself
while I'm at it.

Chris dials a number. Three full rings.

ERIC
(In a terrible South
American accent)
This is Antonio Rivera...is this
Sarah.

He says the name with a tongue-roll.

CHRIS
This is Uncle Sam, and I want YOU!

ERIC
(A disgusted sound on the
other end)
Chris! I was waiting for Sarah to
call.

CHRIS
You've been waiting for eleven days
now Eric! You need to give up on
that. In other news I scored a
date today! Hahaha.

ERIC
(Failing to cover his
jealousy)
So. What is his name "Sam"?

CHRIS
Yea...very funny. HER name is Amy
and she is a freaking hottie!

ERIC
A hottie eh? What's her boyfriend
think?

CHRIS
When she walked into the ling...I
mean Lawn Ornament Store.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris sighs in relief. That was a close call.

DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. MALL PARKINGLOT

Chris and Eric are walking back to Chris' Honda CRX.

ERIC
So you got the job!

CHRIS
(Nervously)
Yea! Heh. They said they would
train me and everything.

ERIC
Train you?
(Gets a perplexed
expression on his face)
But what would they need to train
you for. I mean, how hard is it to
sell lawn ornaments?

END DREAM
SEQUENCE.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE

CHRIS
(Nervously)
Well, she sure liked
those...ornamental...sprinklers...

Chris gets a confused expression, as if not knowing why he
just said what he did.

ERIC
Ornamental sprinklers!?

CHRIS
Yea! To...uh...you know...keep
kids off the lawn.

ERIC
I thought kids like to run around
in sprinkling water and -

CHRIS
Just shut up! She liked them
alright!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

OK! But seriously...how hard is it
to sell lawn ornaments?

CHRIS

Later "Antonio."

ERIC

Fine. Lat...oh...
(sarcastically)
Nice.

EXT. CHRIS' HOUSE

Directly in front of Chris' house both Harry and Jason are
inside a very conspicuous, black van. On the van is a label.
The label reads "Black Van Services."

JASON

I really don't understand.
(dumbfounded)
He is a terrible liar and this guy
ERIC is just totally clueless!

HARRY

Yea, I think that ERIC guy is
totally stupid. I mean, he doesn't
even know how hard it is to sell
lawn ornaments. It probably takes
him all day to sell those.

Jason gives Harry a look of ridicule.

JASON

He works for a lingerie store
Harry.

HARRY

(Shocked, quickly
regaining composure)
I know.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - BEDROOM

It is the worst part of the house. Chris' wardrobe chest
sits on the wall opposite the door. On top of it is a
television with a fish tank on top of it. Nearby there is a
computer and desk.

Chris is struggling to get his clothes on. He completely is
panicking. He is already running late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
 (To himself)
 Stupid Eric and his 10 minute
 minimum calls. I think he's
 catching on to my trick though.

DREAM SEQUENCE.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Chris is on the phone with Eric, sitting on the couch watching a TV show obviously not interested at all in the conversation.

ERIC
 So I was saying to her, "Hey...if
 you don't like it you can take it
 out and take it back!" And you
 know what she said? She said -

CHRIS
 Sorry your breaking up on me...
 (makes some really
 terrible fake static
 noises)
 Oh no! I'll have to call you
 later.

ERIC
 But your on a hardline -

The phone goes dead and emits a tone.

Chris hangs up the phone and resumes watching TV.

END DREAM
 SEQUENCE.

INT. CHRIS' HOUSE - BEDROOM

Chris pulls on his blue jeans and stands. He looks around for his sunglasses. It is now very obvious that his room is a complete, disorganized mess.

CHRIS
 (Referring to the mess all
 around his feet)
 Whatever.

Chris walks out the door and leaves.

TIME PASSES.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Amy is sitting pleasantly at a table right in front of Food Place, a popular fast food restaurant. Chris is managing his way through the many people who live and work there. As he wiggles through several very obese people he sees her. She is glancing at her watch and looking around.

CHRIS

(mental voice)

Crap. I've got to tell her something so she doesn't think I'm late for no reason.

Chris walks up to Amy. Amy stands up and smiles, extending her hand.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, my hand really hurts from beating up three criminals trying to rob an old woman.

Chris thinks "Slick!"

AMY

(Thrown off, awkwardly)

Uh, ok, well then. Shall we have a seat?

CHRIS

Oh of course!

Both of them sit.

AMY

So. You are Chris Highon?

CHRIS

Yea.

AMY

(laughs)

You must have had a hard time in school

CHRIS

(spacing out)

Yea...

DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND

Several bully kids are holding a young Chris down on the ground.

BULLY1
 (shoves a hand full of
 gravel into Chris' mouth)
 Eat rocks!

CHRIS
 (spitting them back out)
 Why! Is it my name!?

BULLY2
 No! It's this stupid backpack.

BULLY2 holds up an all-black backpack.

CHRIS
 What's so bad about it!?

Everybody stops for a moment.

BULLY1
 I don't know...it just sucks.

Everybody resumes beating him up.

END DREAM
 SEQUENCE.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT

CHRIS
 (still reliving memory)
 It's just a backpack...it's just a
 backpack. It's not Barney.

AMY
 Did you just say "It's not Barney?"

CHRIS
 (back to reality)
 Oh, heh, No! I mean, no. I said-
 how about- some carnie -CARNIES!
 The fair! I just had a memory of
 the fair.

AMY is confused and smiling back at him.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - 4 ROWS DOWN FROM CHRIS

Jason and Harry are right in public. Both are watching the two intently. Harry is eating a burger from Food Place and Jason is eating a cup of ice cream.

HARRY

Ok. I'm ready. We've been watching this fool for a month and I think we got his schedules down real good.

JASON

Alright.
(Withdrawals a map from his backpack)
Here's the plan.

Jason points out a few places on the map and does some lengthy explaining to Harry. He makes exaggerated gestures as well including neck grabbing, pulling, arm flapping, and, at one point, begins spinning on the floor while on his back. People start to look at them.

JASON (CONT'D)

Do you got that?

HARRY

Yea. Sounds pretty well thought out.

JASON

Yea...I just watched a couple Chuck Norris films and mixed together various antagonist death scenes. I mean...those guys were definitely DEAD.

HARRY

Good thinking.

JASON

(continuing)
Except for Sidekick. I mean, I really didn't want to challenge Chris to a martial arts tournament only to have him beaten by a younger protégé.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

You could have watched the Kickboxer series with Jean Claude Van Damme. Then maybe you could break his neck as the Coup De Grace.

JASON

Well, I guess that means we should go somewhere and "lie in wait."

HARRY

(cautiously)

Hey. That's first-degree murder talk right there.

JASON

(a smile curls upon his lips)

I know. HAHAAHA!

HARRY

(joins the laughter, louder)

HAHAHAHA!

The laughter continues until a security guard walks up and asks them politely to stop.

EXT. MALL PARKINGLOT

CHRIS is walking to his CRX. Amy is walking with him and talking. All of the sudden, we get a clean view of a man walking out from between two cars. He is Jason and he is wearing a karate outfit. He suddenly assumes an offensive stance and squints his eyes.

CHRIS

What the hell? Amy, get in the car and lock it!

Jason starts running toward Chris throwing his hands about in a half-assed attempt to look dangerous. Chris panics and starts to run around the parking lot.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Leave me alone! Who are you!?
What the hell are you doing man!?

Both of them stop running and catch their breathes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON
I'm trying - I'm trying to kill you
- CHR - CHRIS - jeez.

CHRIS
Why!?

JASON
We're assassins.

CHRIS
Really? How is that?

JASON
It's alright - kind of doesn't pay
very - HEY! There is no talking
yourself out of this situation!
You are going to die - RIGHT - NOW!

Chris runs off into the nearby grocery store.

JASON (CONT'D)
You think that is going to save
you? HAAAAHA That is funny. I even
laughed it was so funny.

Jason enters the grocery store for a few moments. He then
exits and shakes his head.

JASON (CONT'D)
Ok. On a Saturday it will save
you. But be warned you bastard! I
will kill you!

EXT. PARKING LOT

Jason and Harry walk up to Chris' CRX. Amy is inside looking
at them with fear and anger.

JASON
We sorted things out with CHRIS, he
said you can come out and...he said
you can come out into the parking
lot and wait for...him and...he's
buying some groceries.

AMY
You suck at lying.

JASON
Shut up!
(Defensively)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (CONT'D)

I thought it wasn't that bad. You don't find that kind of clever ad-libbing every day.

AMY

(rolling her eyes,
sarcastically)

Right. You had better not have killed my boyfriend.

HARRY

He isn't dead. He's shopping like my friend said.

JASON

(frustrated and somewhat
embarrassed)

We already established that I was lying when I said that.

HARRY

Oh.

AMY

Get away. I locked it and I called the cops.

JASON

WHAT! Oh great. Open the damn door lady!

Jason begins pulling and twisting at the handle. While he is concentrating on trying to open the door, Amy rolls the window down, sprays Jason and Harry with a chemical irritant, and rolls the window back up. Jason and Harry run around the parking lot screaming and running into various things. After slamming into cars, tripping over shopping carts, and being thrown around by shoppers, they collapse where they're at.

AMY

Serves you right!

On the far side of the parking lot, Chris walks out cautiously.

CHRIS

(voice breaking)

Are...Are they gone.

(Realizes how fearful he
sounded, swallows hard
and deepens his voice)

I mean...where are they!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris then sees the two unconscious assassins. He looks over at Amy who is sitting in the CRX, gesturing him to get in quickly. Without any more delay, Chris hops into the car and drives off hastily.

The assassins wake up and are confused for a few moments. They then freak out and run off in opposite directions.

JASON
(while running)
MEET AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT!

HARRY
OK!

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE'S

JASON
I can't believe we went through all that trouble just to get defeated by a girl.

HARRY
She had pepper spray! Isn't that just cheap?

JASON
Yea.

There was some silence for a moment.

JASON (CONT'D)
We got our asses handed to us.

HARRY
Yep.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT

CHRIS is standing at the front desk and talking with a police officer.

CHRIS
(frustrated)
Highon. Chris Highon. How many times have I got to tell you people.

OFFICER1
(fighting back a laugh)
High-on what!? HAHAHA!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Other officers sitting on desk's around him erupt in laughter.

CHRIS

(annoyed)

Ok. My name is funny. Moving on.
Now could we please talk about
these two guys trying to kill me?

OFFICER1

Ok. What did you say he looked
like?

CHRIS

He was wearing a karate gi. Brown
hair, brown eyes, and clean shaven.

OFFICER1

Let me get this straight. He was
wearing a karate gi in a parking
lot and he chased you around?

CHRIS

Correct.

OFFICER1

Listen here. What are you "high-
on?" HAAAAHA!

The officers, again, erupt into laughter.

AMY

(extremely angry)

Fine! We'll just go to the FBI or
something!

Amy yanks Chris right out of his chair and storms out of the
police department.

CHRIS

Where are we going!?

AMY

I don't know.

They get in the car and drive off.

INT. WAREHOUSE IN SACRAMENTO

There are a group of men standing around a car within a
warehouse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They are all dressed like they were unaware that the 80's was over two decades ago. They look somewhat sharp anyway. They appear to be negotiating.

DRUGDLR1

Look, man, that dope doesn't look authentic. I won't pay any more than \$400 for it.

CHRIS H

This is high quality dope. What doesn't look authentic about it? Hm?

DRUGDLR1

(struggling for a reason)
It...uh...

CHRIS H

It is \$600 you idiot. Take it or leave it.

DRUGDLR1

Fine!
(hands CHRIS H the money)
Why won't you tell us your real name man?

CHRIS H

Obviously for security reasons, moron.

DRUGDLR2

Duh.

DRUGDLR1

Shut up! You guys all shut up!

DRUGDLR1 runs out of the warehouse like a sissy.

Silence.

DRUGDLR2

Why did we even let him into our group.

DRUGDLR3

(in a heavy german accent)
Yes. He should have neveh been inzoduced.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS H

Silence! I don't descriminate based on brain cell count. I'm give everybody a chance to buy this incredible, brazilian dope. Money is money whether it is coming from an idiot or a genius.

They all line up to buy their dope.

EXT. WAREHOUSE IN SACRAMENTO

Chris H walks out of the WAREHOUSE and is speaking on a cell phone.

CHRIS H

What!? Someone put a hit on me!? Find out who they are so I can make the appropriate plans.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

We see a conference table with eight old men sitting at it. They are dressed the same; black suits and very bland ties. They all have dark, reflective sunglasses attached to their pockets. They are the CIA Covert Operations Sector. This is actually plainly emblazoned on the wall to the side of the conference table.

HAHN

We have a serious problem. Highon is now on the move, presumably because of these assassins and he is very likely to resume his business once he feels safe. This cannot be allowed to happen.

Everybody nods and grunts their approval.

HAHN (CONT'D)

That is why I have referred the issue to X.

Everybody gasps in a corny manner. There is hushed talking but we hear someone say "Not Agent X!"

OLDMAN2

Yes. Agent X is our only hope of catching Highon before he distributes that junk again.

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CONTINUED:

OLDMAN3

Well...if he can't fix this I don't know who can. I mean. If we can't fix this who can? We are the CIA after all. We have to keep our hands clean...we can't be caught dealing with domestic issues like these.

HAHN

Yes. I hope X can keep himself under control out there. That temper of his...I mean...woo...wow. Where is he anyways? I recall telling him that the meeting was today.

Suddenly, from a shadowy part of the room, a very low voice erupts.

AGENT X

Yes...Hahn.

Everybody jumps at once and realizes AGENT X's presence. They are instantly intimidated. AGENT X is a very large and muscular agent. Quite simply, he is ripped.

AGENT X (CONT'D)

(low tone)

So...Highon...you want him captured or exterminated?

HAHN

Damn it! Shut up with that. These meetings are recorded.

AGENT X

So...whoever is listening can be taken care of too.

Silence. The men then nod as if suddenly realizing that was correct.

OLDMAN2

We need you to go get him before he gets back to his "old business."

AGENT X

(gesturing a weak salute,
gravelly)

Roger that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLDMAN2
Very well then.

AGENT X
(looking grave behind his
reflective black
sunglasses)
No. Roger. That. There in front
of you.

A man named ROGER sitting across the table snaps to
attention.

ROGER
(grabs a paper off the
desk, ready to give it to
him)
Oh. You mean this paper?

AGENT X
(slightly frustrated)
No. Nevermind. Copy that.

OLDMAN2
Very well then.

AGENT X
(becoming quite angrier)
No! Copy! That!

An intern in the office named COPY becomes attentive and
realizes AGENT X is speaking to him.

COPY
Yes sir! This paper?

AGENT X
Yes.

There is silence in the room.

HAHN
Intern. How did you end up with
the name "Copy?"

COPY
My parents did a lot of drugs.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE TOP FLOOR

An open roof allows people to breathe in fresh air and get
some sun even if only for a moment.

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CONTINUED:

An elevator is situated near where Chris' Honda CRX is parked. Chris is sitting against his car, very disturbed. The elevator dings and opens. Amy walks out with a big bag in her hand and she is wearing new clothing.

CHRIS

Oh...great..good job AMY. I'm marked for death and you are marked for debt.

AMY

(pauses)
How long were you waiting to make THAT joke?

CHRIS

(self-impressed)
It came right off the top of my head.

Chris grins.

AMY

Well...I got these so that we will be less conspicuous.

Amy hands Chris the bag. Chris begins to withdrawal the items inside and discovers they are women's clothing and make-up. Chris looks up at Amy and they make eye contact. His brows are in a straight line across his scrunched forehead, wrinkled with concern.

AMY (CONT'D)

(waiting for a moment)
Um...they won't be looking for two women.

CHRIS

Well. My dignity never seems to get a break.

AMY

(moves up close to Chris
realizing how down he is)
It's OK Chris. I like an open-minded man.

Amy moves up close and gives him a light kiss. Chris is now quite motivated.

CHRIS

Ok. You sexed me up just enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris retreats to a nearby pair of cars and dresses up in a polka-dot dress, a blond wig, and applies the make-up liberally to his face. When he emerges from the pair of cars he looks more like a poorly dressed transvestite. Amy does not seem to notice and is actually convinced he will actually pass off as a women.

AMY

Oh wonderful! They will never recognize you and we can get out of this city.

CHRIS

Do I have to wear this into the FBI office?

AMY

It would be for the best.

CHRIS

(sighs)

Well...it couldn't get any worse than this I suppose.

The elevator dings and ERIC steps out. He looks at Amy and nods, then at Chris and pauses. There is silence as they all stare at each other for a long time. Eric suddenly busts up laughing. He laughs for minutes until he is bent and hunched over, hands on knees. He seems to be regaining his composure when he stands erect but once again laughs at the ridiculous outfit Chris is wearing.

Chris is obviously not as amused as is expressed by the fierce frown on his face. Amy reaches over and takes Chris' arm.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Eric, this is Amy. A girl.

Eric sneers.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

She's the one from the Lawn Ornament shop.

Amy is thrown off by Chris telling Eric they met in an ornament shop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Amy, this is a moron. You should take a picture, his kind are going extinct by the minute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC
(regaining his composure)
What are you doing in that dress!?

CHRIS
It's a long story man.

ERIC
(interested now)
Really? Go on.

CHRIS
(looks at Amy, who then
nods hesitantly)
Well ok. A team of assassins is
stalking Amy and I and we are
trying to look inconspicuous-

Eric interrupts Chris and is sent into another laughing fit.
A minute passes as Eric regains his composure.

ERIC
(coming to)
Ok ok. Go ahead.

CHRIS
(really annoyed)
Anyway, we were trying to look
inconspic-

Eric once again goes into a laughing fit for a half a minute
before coming to again. There is a long silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
We are on the run.

ERIC
Like Bonnie and Clyde

This sets him off laughing again. He is laughed to tears by
now and it sort of scares Amy.

CHRIS
(confrontational)
ERIC!

ERIC
I'm sorry! I am. You just look so
ridiculous. You never told me you
were that way.

He continues laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS

Actually I never told you something else.

ERIC

(curious)

Oh yea?

CHRIS

I work in a Lingerie store fool! A chimp would have been able to figure that out you idiot! Everybody knows I suck at lying and you couldn't figure out that I didn't work in that Lingerie store! A Lawn Ornament store!? Come on Eric there is no such thing as a Lawn Ornament store!

ERIC

(suddenly angry at this deception)

Why did you lie to me!

Some people walking nearby look at Eric and the cross-dressed Chris awkwardly. Chris just stares back with contempt whereas Eric laughs nervously and nods to them. Amy tries to hide her face.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(to Chris)

I thought you were my friend.

CHRIS

(apologetically)

I am. It's just I don't like getting laughed at like I am a-

ERIC

Ugly ass transvestite.

Eric is just about to smack his knee and laugh but rethinks it after catching Chris' scowl.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Ok ok. No need to freak out on me. So Amy. Do you like the dangerous ones or what?

AMY

Chris isn't dangerous...he's just victimized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CHRIS

(suddenly defensive)

Wait a minute. Didn't you see how I lured that ninja back at the supermarket?

AMY

You were running away; tripping and screaming until you reached the safety of the crowd.

CHRIS

Hey! If he had taken one more step inside that supermarket...BAM! I would have killed him with, like, dual bananas or something. I can make anything my weapon.

ERIC

What about a striped trout?

CHRIS

(a moment of silence passes as he looks confused at Eric, almost afraid of him)

What?

ERIC

(embarrassed to have opened his mouth)

I mean...they are very slippery. I went fishing this one time and caught this huge-

CHRIS

So what?

ERIC

Could you make a weapon out of that?

CHRIS

I guess.

ERIC

Cool.

AMY

Um...excuse me. CHRIS. We need to go now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CHRIS
Ok. Later dude.

ERIC
Farewell..."Troutmaster"

Chris begins to laugh but stifles it when he realizes Eric was serious and is now bowing before him. Chris shrugs and returns the bow.

EXT. DISTANT ROOF FROM PARKING STRUCTURE

JASON
(lowering audio capturing
binoculars)
Lured eh? Ninja eh? Striped trout
eh?

Harry is laying on a foldout chair.

HARRY
Look, JASON, why don't we pool our
money and get a sniper rifle?

JASON
(annoyed)
Because we need to focus on getting
the BMW paid off.

HARRY
So why don't we do that and then
pool for a sniper rifle?

JASON
Because in order to pay off the BMW
we need to kill our little mark.
This isn't rocket science Harry.

HARRY
God. You're always such a jerk
about stuff.

JASON
I know. Because...
(sarcastically)
...you know how much "stuff" pisses
me off.

EXT. STREET LEVEL

We see the incredibly damaged BMW parked on the curb between really fine looking cars.

EXT. DISTANT ROOF FROM PARKING STRUCTURE

JASON

Besides. A sniper rifle is no fun when you can use a seemingly useless object nearby.

HARRY

What do you mean?

JASON

I mean that I can kill a man with a striped trout or a banana.

HARRY

(Unbelieving)

Yea right.

JASON

No. Seriously. You can use these seemingly useless objects to kill people with. Like, take for example that man down there.

Jason brings Harry the binoculars and they view a very obese man waddling down the sidewalk below.

JASON (CONT'D)

If I were to call him a whale and run away from him, he would give chase. He would then die of a massive coronary heart attack and I would have used the "seemingly useless" gravity against him.

HARRY

(fascinated)

Woooooow!

JASON

Yes. Indeed.

HARRY

Teach me more!

JASON

Ok. Take for another example that car down there.

FOCUS ON: A fairly new hatchback car parked on the curb of the street below.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (CONT'D)

If I jumped into that car, hotwired it, and drove it into somebody at a high rate of speed I would have fully utilized the "seemingly useless automobile."

HARRY

Yea! I mean that is incredible! It's like there is no way to beat you because you know how to kill with any resource at your disposal.

JASON

Even the simple knife can be used as a dangerous, slashing weapon.
(suddenly realizing the targets are on the move)
Their leaving! Quickly, lets go down and follow them.

HARRY

Hehe.

JASON

What?

HARRY

You just said let's go down.

JASON

Oh DO NOT start with the gay jokes again today.

HARRY

Ogay.

JASON

(paused, looking angrily into HARRY's face)
Did you just say O'Gay.

HARRY

(letting out a raspy laugh)
Yea.

INT. HELICOPTER FLYING OVER THE OCEAN

This is a luxury helicopter. The occupants include Agent X, PABLO, and the GUIDE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pablo is carving a piece of wood. Agent X is sitting with both his hands resting on his knees with his back upright. He is staring forward, though you cannot see where his eyes are due to his sunglasses.

The Guide is sitting uncomfortably in front of Agent X.

GUIDE

(angrily)

Would you mind not staring at me?

Pablo jerks his head up with a wild-eyed expression on his face and begins screaming in Spanish, spitting brown spit flecks and revealing his missing teeth. Though the Guide cannot understand the words, they are uttered viciously leaving it only possible that they are expletives.

Suddenly Agent X raises his hand to signal and Pablo shuts up and returns to his wood carving.

AGENT X

You shouldn't set him off like that.

GUIDE

(irritated)

He shouldn't have chewing tobacco on this commercial aircraft.

AGENT X

He's with me.

GUIDE

So? I am with you too.

AGENT X

Yea. You're too lame to engage in anything disagreeable.

GUIDE

(put up to the challenge
now, suddenly interested)

Oh yea? Is that what I am? Lame?

The Guide quickly grabs Pablo's chew stick and takes a huge bite out of it. He chews and chews and chews; tearing up and nodding in forced approval. After a few moments the Guide swallows it with great effort. Pablo, who was watching the whole thing, is stricken with sudden illness by this display and bolts to the bathroom. Agent X's lips express a tight frown. The Guide is now trembling and trying to maintain his purported manhood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT X

That has got to be the single worst thing I have ever seen in the history of my career and childhood.

The Guide makes as if to respond but rethinks it as too early for his stomach to take.

AGENT X (CONT'D)

Well...that is the last time I subtly dare somebody to do something. Oh wait...the last time I did that I said it would be the last time.

DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS LANGLEY VIRGINIA SECRET OFFICE AREA

Agent X and LEE HARVEY OSWALD (LHO) are facing off in a drinking contest. Agent X slams down his shot glass with some effort while LHO is unaffected and smirking.

AGENT X

You...you sonofabitch. You coont take a bet I coot give you, you, you, you coont do it if I dared ya.

LHO

Yea right. You tell me.

AGENT X

Your CIA ain't you. Kill the fucking president you dumbass bitch!

LHO

(looking very serious)
Ok. What if I do the dare?

AGENT X

Then I will set things right with ole Agent Jack Ruby eh? Soundsgoosh?

LHO

You would make Jack my friend again?

AGENT X

Soor! Soor I wood!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LHO
Sweet! It's on!

Agent X passes out at this point.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE.

AGENT X
(shaking his head in
regret)
Sometimes I think I am a moron.

The Guide is puking in the upchuck bag.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
Then I just think of those four
times I killed terrorists that were
going to nuke our major cities.
That usually makes me feel better.
Hey? Are you going to be alright?
That Brazilian tobacco is a little
bit "infused" if you get my drift.

GUIDE
Shutupalreadyyyouidiot!

AGENT X
Come again?

GUIDE
(is really jittery now)
Where is that goddamn bird. That
bird that used to be here?

AGENT X
There are birds over here.

The Guide bolts over to his side of the chopper and starts
running back and fourth to each side, looking through the
window

GUIDE
Check it out! I can think so fast
it's like having two minds at once!

AGENT X
No more Brazilian tobacco for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GUIDE

I can stop this any time. That is the power of my mind with this shit in there.

(Presses his finger really hard against his temple)

Ow!

AGENT X

(to GUIDE)

Moron.

(to PABLO)

Hey! PABLO!?

Pablo comes out of the bathroom and is laughing and wiping his nose.

PABLO

Man...this guy is fucking savage.

With this, the Guide rips off his shirt and beats his chest savagely while screaming in his high pitched voice.

EXT. DRIVING DOWN A BUSY HIGHWAY

Amy is driving and Chris is sitting in the passenger's seat. The car is rolling along the highway quite plainly and it seems there is nothing to worry about. Amy is picking up on Chris' depression.

AMY

Chris...are you alright?

CHRIS

No.

There is some silence.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

I'm just frustrated. To be honest; all I wanted to do was go on a date with you, impress you, and maybe have a relationship I can actually brag about. These other girlfriends I have been with were just terrible!

AMY

(sympathetic)

Ohhh...tell me about them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

Ok. Well...First, I thought that I should try out that whole idea "opposites attract" so I got together with a really conservative woman.

DREAM SEQUENCE

We are at a candidates rally. The candidate is unknown but the crowd is obviously pumped up. As a matter of fact they are jumping, screaming, and pumping their fists with the incredible zeal that one might see in the Middle Eastern protests. Chris is awkwardly jumping with them but he is not pumping his fists; he is just acting like he is part of the crowd. Next to him is a really hot blonde girl.

BLONDIE

4 More Years! 4 More Years! 4 War Years!

CHRIS

(shocked, mouth open)
What did you say!

BLONDIE

Um...4 More Years.

CHRIS

I thought you said...

BLONDIE

I didn't say 4 WAR YEARS! I DIDN'T SAY THAT!

CHRIS

I didn't even accuse you of saying that. Oh man, I need to go. I don't belong he-

Chris stopped talking before he finished that last sentence but everybody already heard him. The conservatives around him suddenly huddle around him and eye him meanly.

Next scene is Chris running. He is jiggle jogging from fatigue and behind him is a whole group of the aforementioned conservatives. A truck is driving behind him pushing him to go faster. On it's back window, side doors, and tailgate are decals of the Confederate Flag.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CROWD

What is that boy!? You don't BELONG here!? Get out ya damn liberal hippy! Go back to ... Texas ... you communist!

END DREAM
SEQUENCE.

CHRIS

That was a nightmare. Then there was that time I tried out dating a PETA member.

DREAM SEQUENCE.

Chris is standing in a crowd of PETA members jumping up and down, pumping their fists and shouting epithets at the fast food industry. Chris is, again, jumping up and down with no other involvement. His Girlfriend is standing next to him wearing ALL hemp products. Her braids are held together with hemp rope, her shirt and pants, and her shoes are also made of hemp. She is holding a picture of a little, cute rabbit.

GIRLFRIEND

Stop the murder! Save the animals!
Stop the murder! Save the animals!

CHRIS

Uh...are we going to Red Lobster any time soon because I will have to sleep at some point.

Everybody stops jumping up and down and turn toward Chris. Chris puts up his arms as if they were going to start beating him but realizes he jumped to the wrong conclusion. They are stricken with horror and begin running away from him. Chris turns around and sees hundreds of angry gophers popping out of the ground. As they swarm from the holes they begin biting the ankles of the demonstrators. Chris runs by people who are unable to move because of their gnawed up ankles. Chris makes it out just as a team of ambulances arrive.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Man...I didn't think I would make it out of there alive. Anyways, I just have been having the worst relationships and I think it is time for a change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMY

(touched and at the same
time shocked by his
story)

Oh Chris. That is something to
admire. You are willing to change
and try out new things. I know how
that is too. I remember some of
the men I met. One time, I even
met a guy online.

DREAM SEQUENCE.

We are at a ritzy restaurant and Amy is sitting there. She
is dressed exquisitely and is waiting for her date.

She glances down at a note she scribbled. On the note a
screen name is written "Scott1337."

She becomes impatient and is about leave when all of the
sudden the restaurant's owner announces something.

OWNER

Behold! Scott Onethreethreeseven !
Our most esteemed customer!

We see, just beyond him, an extra large truck beeps as it
backs up. A HUGE man is laying in the back of it. He must
be at least 500 pounds. A conveyor belt gently carries him
off the back of the truck and onto his feet. He checks
himself and brushes off his custom tailored suit.

Two waiters push, with great effort, an enormous chair to the
table where Amy is seated. Amy looks at the chair and notes
how disproportionate it is to the rest of them. She jumps up
and sprints away.

END DREAM
SEQUENCE.

CHRIS

Jeez. It looks like you and I have
had some problems with
relationships as of late.

They look deep into each other's eyes. The messages really
got through to each other. They close in for a kiss, Chris'
lips are just millimeters away from Amy's. HONK! Amy jerks
the wheel and they barrel off an exit and just about collide
with a car in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

OH GOD!

AMY

I know I know! It was a close call
but we are still alive.

CHRIS

No!

(pointing ahead of them)

THAT!

Before them, is a beat-up BMW with two men sitting in it.
They appear to be playing bloody knuckles.

AMY

Oh no. It's them isn't it.

After she says this the men in the car look behind them.
They are shocked as well.

INT. THE BEAT-UP BMW

A look of disbelief is on both their faces.

JASON

Holy crapola. It's that guy and
that girl.

HARRY

Right. Some people you know from
high school?

JASON

(pause staring at harry in
utter astonishment)

What!?

HARRY

(stuttering)

I...I...I

JASON

You were as shocked as I was! Why
do you ask me a stupid question
like that when you appear to know
who they are!?

HARRY

I was just following your lead!
Relax.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON

We got to get after them.

Jason kicks the BMW into reverse and spins the car around expertly.

HARRY

(grasping fearfully to the handle and pushing against the dashboard)
Um...why are you so interested in greeting these old school buddies?

JASON

(screeching off after CHRIS and AMY down the highway)
God Harry. You're a total idiot. I hate you.

HARRY

I'm not the one wasting time on high school friends while we ...

JASON

It's them! It's them you damn fool! The marks! Both of them in that god damn car ahead of us! The Honda CRX! ARGH!

Jason slams his fist down on the horn causing it to make a pathetically quiet moan.

INT. HONDA CRX

CHRIS

(looking in back of them)
Oh shit! They're onto us!

AMY

(panicking)
Ok! Ok! Just...hold on.

Both cars are speeding in excess of 70 miles per hour and are weaving through traffic. They pass a rest stop where three CHP officers are stationed. They screech off after the CRX and BMW.

CHRIS

Oh shit.

INT. BEAT-UP BMW

JASON
Oh shit.

HARRY
What?

JASON
Cops.

HARRY
Oh shit!

JASON
That's what I said! Can't we just
leave it at that!?

INT. CHP CRUISER

Two large, black CHP officers are in the cruiser. They both are wearing reflective sunglasses and obviously very thrilled about this development.

CHP1
This is Unit 751, we are heading
northbound and some assistance
would be nice. Looks like we got
TWO lucky guests.

CHP1 clenches his teeth into a menacing smile.

INT. HONDA CRX

CHRIS
(on the verge of tears)
The cops. Oh man. I can't believe
this. I'm going to jail.

AMY
Just calm down. I have an idea.

I/E. APPROACHING THE FREEWAY EXIT AND TUNNEL

Amy accelerates toward the exit. 70 Miles Per Hour. 85
Miles Per Hour. 95 Miles Per Hour.

INT. HONDA CRX

CHRIS
(heavy sarcasm)
What!? This is your idea!?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

To kill us as fast as humanly possible?

AMY

Shut up and hold on to your trauma bar.

Chris grips it in absolute fear, closes his eyes, and clenches his teeth.

INT. CHP CRUISER

CHP1

(takes a long drag on his cigarette and tosses it out the window)

Hahaha! She thinks she's gonna lose us within the city. I know these streets like the back of my hand...and the streets know the back of my hand just as well.

Silence.

CHP2

(Impressed)

That was pretty nice.

CHP1

(Proud)

Yea...I thought of that yesterday just sitting there in the Burger King parkinglot.

INT. BEAT-UP BMW

JASON

Stupid bitch. She's heading for that exit. I didn't think it would be this easy.

HARRY

Dumb bitch.

JASON

Stop fucking cursing Harry!

HARRY

(sad)

Sorry.

EXT. APPROACHING FREEWAY EXIT AND TUNNEL

The Honda CRX is now blazing up the offramp which proceeds up to a road that goes left or right. She hits top speed as she redirects the Honda CRX into the left side of the offramp. The CHP cruiser and beat-up BMW access the offramp and look in disbelief as, in slow motion, the Honda CRX flies off the side back onto the freeway and flips sideways. It flips multiple times until it slams to the ground, on it's wheels, barely missing the TUNNEL ENTRANCE CEILING.

In unison CHP1, CHP2, Jason, and Harry shout "Shit!"

INSIDE HONDA CRX

CHRIS

Shit!

(breathing rapidly and
realizing what just
happened)

Whoa! That was awesome!

AMY

(in utter astonishment)

Yea.

CHRIS

Where did you learn THAT!?

AMY

I just saw it in a couple of
movies. It always seemed to work
for them.

CHRIS

(stone faced in disbelief
with mouth open,
disturbed)

Um...you...a movie?

AMY

Yea.

CHRIS

Oh well...we survived.

EXT. TOP OF OFFRAMP

CHP1 and CHP2 are approaching the beat-up BMW with their guns drawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHP1
Get..the..FUCK..out of the car.

As Jason slowly exits the car CHP1 grabs a tuft of his hair and throws him to the ground.

JASON
Argh! What the hell? What about that chick!?

CHP1
(getting up in his face,
reflecting JASON's face
off the glasses)
She EARNED her freedom asshole.
You earned a ride with me!
(Flashes him an ivory
tooth grin that contrasts
with his deep black face)
At least I got someone.

HARRY
It's because we're white isn't it!
You hate us!

CHP1 and CHP2 exchange a puzzled glance.

JASON
Yea...uh...he's stupid.

Both CHP concur and load the prisoners into the back of the cruiser.

EXT. FBI OFFICE SACRAMENTO

Amy and Chris roll up to the large office building. They pull into a parking place and exit the vehicle.

CHRIS
I just can't believe we are going to talk to these guys. I mean, these guys are the near the top you know? These guys are totally equipped to deal with this.

AMY
(Beholding the building
with her hands on her
hips)
Well...maybe we can finally get something done here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They make their way up the long steps and enter the building.

INT. FBI OFFICE SACRAMENTO

Chris looks around and doesn't see anybody but FBI agents and a lone SECRETARY sits in front of him. She is busy typing away at the computer. He approaches her and clears his throat nervously.

CHRIS

Hi...um...ahem...my name is Chris
and; jeez, I don't know how to do
this.

SECRETARY

(keeping her eyes on the
computer monitor)
Well out with it.

CHRIS

Some guys are trying to kill me and
I don't know why.

The SECRETARY stops typing and turns around shocked.

SECRETARY

Oh my god! Have you been fleeing
from them!?

Some nearby agents heard her exclaim and have now grouped up by the desk.

CHRIS

(even more nervous)
Yea. I don't have any enemies or
anything.

AGENT1

What's your name, son?

CHRIS

Chris Highon. I went to the local
police department but they didn't
take me seriously.

MICK

How could they? You're obviously
"Highon" something.

They all start laughing. Chris closes his eyes and shakes his head with frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK (CONT'D)
Just kidding just kidding! Come
with me...I will help you out. My
name is MICK McMick.

Chris gives him a critical eye but soon realizes he is
serious.

MICK (CONT'D)
Come with me.

They end up entering an elevator and going up a few floors to
Mick's office. They enter and sit down while Mick boots up
his computer.

MICK (CONT'D)
Now tell me about this situation.
When did they first meet you.

AMY
They confronted us in a supermarket
parking lot...one was dressed like
a ninja.

MICK
(looks up with an
expression of confusion)
No way.

CHRIS
Yes way. I mean, yes. He even
chased me...er...I lured him into
the supermarket but he ran away
before I could catch him.

MICK
Right.
(types furiously on the
computer)
What's your name again?

CHRIS
Why do I have to keep telling you
my name?

MICK
You got something to hide boy?

CHRIS
What? Just a minute ago you were
calling me son. Why do you not
like me now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICK

Look...forget the whole 'boy' and
'son' thing. Just tell me your
name.

CHRIS

Chris Highon.

Mick chuckles as he types it in. Chris sighs and Amy sits
back holding her frustration.

MICK

(is suddenly shocked by
hides it from Chris and
Amy)

Um...ok...we will take care of it.

CHRIS

What? That's it?

MICK

Yea. You can leave...back to your
house...now. You're still at where
you have always lived?

CHRIS

Yea.

MICK

Goodbye then.

Chris and Amy are impressed.

INT. OUTSIDE THE OFFICE

CHRIS

(walking out with AMY)
Wow...what did I tell you? These
guys are a class act.

AMY

(unsure)
Yea. I guess. He must have pulled
everything up on you. Maybe they
had an investigation going already
from the police department.

INT. INSIDE THE OFFICE

Mick urgently picks up the phone and dials in a number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK

Yes. Surgical Strike Team? I just had Chris Highon come into my office and complain about people trying to kill him. I pulled up all his information and he says he still lives at his old address. I think we can do a good raid on this information. He said he tried to capture the people trying to kill him. Yes. Ok. Let's do the raid then.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, LANGLEY, VIRGINIA

The board is talking with Agent X.

HAHN

Agent X, your guide has died of what again?

EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN VILLAGE - DAY

Agent X is in South America speaking on a cell phone. There is a village bustling behind him. The sun is bearing down on him.

AGENT X

Hahn listen...he died of cocaine overdose. He got addicted on the helicopter. Just forget about him. I need to know where this bastard is.

OLDMAN2

He's in Sacramento.

There is silence over the phone line.

AGENT X

Copy. Are you there?

COPY

Yes sir?

AGENT X

Why did you book that flight to Nicaragua if the MARK IS IN FUCKING SACRAMENTO!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COPY

Oh man. Your going to kill me
aren't you?

AGENT X

Painfully.

Copy begins to bawl as Hahn intervenes before any more damage
is done.

HAHN

Look! We can jet you over to LA in
a matter of minutes. This is just
a minor inconvenience. The FBI
Office in Sacramento California
called and told us they found him
living at his old residence. They
said some people were after him,
trying to kill him.

AGENT X

Great.

(tosses his cigarette)

Now the FBI is looking at us? What
are you going to do about it Hahn?
Can this mission be salvaged?

HAHN

They must know everything. They
said they want to do a raid on the
house to even things out. I told
them it was a go but if they failed
you would be there to pick up the
slack. Is that all right?

AGENT X

(reluctantly)

Yes. I guess I could just kill him
in prison and make it look like a
murder.

OLDMAN3

I think we made a mistake training
you like this Agent. I'm
mean...you are the only agent that
makes me wonder if we go too far
training you guys.

AGENT X

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HAHN
 (covering the speakerphone
 unsuccessfully; speaking
 to OLDMAN3)
 Just shut up; we can always have
 another agent kill him.

AGENT X
 (angrily)
 I can still hear you!

The old men begin to talk nervously.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
 Look. I'll back off and stop
 killing for three days. Maybe that
 will improve your view of me.

HAHN
 Very well. You will not kill for
 three days. We'll get another
 agent to deal with Chris Highon.

AGENT X
 Deal.

HAHN
 Ok. Well, we are going to deal
 with the FBI now and figure this
 whole thing out.

They hang up.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS LANGLEY VIRGINIA SECRET OFFICE AREA

COPY
 After three days can he kill me?

All the old men nod their heads.

COPY (CONT'D)
 (resumes bawling)
 Ohhhh!

Last shot is Hahn walking hastily toward's a silent black
 helicopter and demanding they transport him to SACRAMENTO.

EXT. SACRAMENTO SUBURB

The FBI SWAT TEAM is creeping up to the house along the back
 fence...Hahn is standing with Mick far down the street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAHN

So. How are you guys going to get this sucker. I came a long ways to witness a failure.

MICK

(annoyed)
Standard clear and enter procedure.

HAHN

(intrigued)
What does this consist of?

MICK

Well...first off we shoot any animals in the yard so they don't attack us and hold us up. Then we enter the back usually and storm the house. They usually haven't got even a chance to crap their pants.

HAHN

Shoot the animals!? That's barbaric.

MICK

Shut up Hahn! You pussy CIA make me sick. You oughta spend a day in my shoes.

Mick looks out prentiously into the horizon. Hahn is unimpressed.

HAHN

(furious)
Well! I never!

EXT. BACKYARD

The SWAT TEAM is stacked and is creeping along the back up to the back porch. There are nine, four week old puppies, and a mother residing on it.

SWATLEAD

Executing standard clear and entry protocol.

SWATLEAD removes his sidearm from a leg holster and takes aim.

INT. HOUSE

Druggies including the notorious drug dealer CHRIS H are sitting around the table packing cocaine into big packages. Suddenly shots ring out from the back porch and they all scatter. CHRIS H runs to the bathroom and is about to dump the drugs when he realizes the shots haven't stopped. He decides to save the drugs.

The other druggies help him smuggle the drugs out the front door.

EXT. SACRAMENTO SUBURB

Mick and Hahn are too busy arguing to see CHRIS H and the druggies packing up the drugs into a large transport truck in front of the house. They make several trips into the house while the guns are firing out in the back yard.

EXT. BACK PORCH

The SWAT officers are all shooting and, for the most part, missing the puppies. The SWATLEAD gets frustrated and yanks an officer's MP5 away from him.

SWATLEAD

Give me that!

He flicks it to fully automatic and just sprays the porch. The puppies, and mother, are all dead finally. The SWAT team then storms the house to find it completely stripped.

SWATLEAD (CONT'D)

What the hell!? They're gone!

(activates his radio)

The suspect has fled the scene!

EXT. SACRAMENTO SUBURB

MICK

WHAT!? Impossible! We were out here the whole time!

Hahn is laughing hysterically.

MICK (CONT'D)

(to Hahn)

You son of a bitch.

Hahn stops laughing abruptly and looks gravely at Mick.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAHN

What?

MICK

Ahh...I'm sorry.

(all seems well for a
moment)

You OLD son of a bitch.

HAHN

Oh that is IT! You have **CROSSED**
THE LINE! We'll see who is pussies
in this mission.

Hahn snaps his fingers and a helicopter, in silent mode,
hovers to the street. Mick is startled by this.

HAHN (CONT'D)

This means war.

MICK

(regaining his composure)

Your damn right! You told him we
were raiding you stupid bastards!
I hope you...die...of...something!

Mick turns toward the camera as the helicopter rises out of
the scene.

MICK (CONT'D)

(to himself,
sarcastically)

Die of something...brilliant.

EXT. FREEWAY

Amy and Chris are now on their way back to their hometown in
northern Cali.

AMY

I'm just glad this whole thing is
over with.

CHRIS

Yea...I don't know how I would have
handled being on the run for the
rest of my life.

AMY

Well if you were with me it
wouldn't be so bad would it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
(smiling at her)
Yea...I guess not.

There is a siren wail behind them.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
Oh man! The FBI must not have put
it out that I was running from
those killers.

AMY
It's ok...we'll just explain
everything.

EXT. FREEWAY REST SPOT

Chris and Amy are prone and hog-tied with flex-cuffs. Dogs
are sniffing their car and there are 20 CHP officers standing
by and diverting traffic.

AMY
(sarcastically)
Great.

EXT. NICARAGUAN VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Agent X is eating at a local restaurant. A Brazilian man is
serving him a drink.

BARTENDER
So senor, what brings you to
Nicaragua?

AGENT X
An idiot intern.

BARTENDER
Que?

AGENT X
(looking into his drink)
Nevermind. I just came here to get
away from my job for a while.

BARTENDER
Oh yea. Well I hope it turns out
for you. Are you American?

AGENT X
(realizing he is telling
too much)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT X (CONT'D)

No. I don't know anything about America.

BARTENDER

Good. I'll tell you a couple things about it because I fucking hate Americans.

Agent X squints and looks up toward the BARTENDER. The man is oblivious to Agent X's scornful look.

AGENT X

What?

BARTENDER

They never leave good tips. They make fun of my accent. They always try to pay with a VISA on a debit card. I fucking hate them. They also smell funny and they color their hair unnatural colors; mi dio! They are spawns of Satan if you ask me senior.

AGENT X

(containing his anger)

Another drink please.

BARTENDER

(continuing and getting him a drink)

...and their women are terribly ugly. What drink?

AGENT X

The strongest one.

BARTENDER

Si. Anyway, they always use stupid, American slang and make me sick.

(drops the bottle in front of AGENT X)

They also have terrible sports. Their American football is the stupidest invention EVER!

Agent X loses it, grabs the bottle and Bartender's throat at the same time, drawing him into a headlock. Villagers nearby start screaming as he smashed the thick bottle of booze over the Bartender's head and pulls him out from behind the table. He proceeds to punch him about the face violently.

INT. NICARAGUAN HOSPITAL

The Bartender is on life support while Agent X is talking on a cell phone.

OLDMAN2

You killed him! Stop trying to shove off your accountability here X. You made a deal with us and you broke it. You don't do that in the CIA.

AGENT X

He isn't dead! He's in a coma and the doctor's prognosis was very very good.

OLDMAN2

Those are Nicaraguan doctors X!

There is a steady beep from the life support machine in the background. Agent X rushes out of the room trying to cover the cell phone's receiver.

OLDMAN2 (CONT'D)

See! He's dead! You are fired and you better expect some deadly company. I have dispatched our other operative to kill you.

AGENT X

Oh god no. OH NO!

OLDMAN2

Oh yes! AGENT Y has been sent to Nicaragua to kill you and I think it is time you make your way out of there.

Agent X tosses his phone which hits the dead Bartender. A nurse runs out of the door screaming and punching Agent X in his massive, rock hard abs. Agent X takes off running down the hospital hallways to the exit.

INT. CHP INTERROGATION OFFICE

Chris is alone in an interrogation room. CHP1 is sitting in a backwards facing chair and chomping on some bubble gum. CHP2 is sitting with crossed legs in the chair just opposite him. They are both looking at CHRIS meanly.

After a long moment of silence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

I told you before that I ran for a reason.

CHP1

Assassins MY ASS! You better start talking fool.

CHP1 cracks his black hands trying to intimidate Chris to no avail.

CHRIS

You got them! Ask them 'fool'!

CHP1

(throws the chair into the wall, shattering it)
You making fun of the way I speak!?

CHRIS

Ask them. They were trying to kill me.

Chris folds his arms and looks to the left. He's getting fed up quickly.

CHP2

We did ask them. They told us they were in a hurry to get to their grandmother's house.

CHRIS

(in disbelief)
They are obviously lying! Didn't you at least check out that story!?

CHP1

It's airtight.

CHRIS

It's not airtight. It's gaping!

CHP1

Stop with these semantic games.

CHRIS

These aren't semantic games...they are reasonable questions I want answered!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHP2

(throws his chair into the wall, shattering it)
We are the one's giving answers aro...I mean asking questions around here.

CHRIS

(annoyed)
You can't intimidate me into an admission of guilt by simply throwing chairs into walls.

CHP1

(dons a frustrated smile)
We're going to get some more chairs and be back in a minute.
YOU...better not go anywhere.

CHRIS

(contempt)
Right.

Both CHP leave and a janitor comes in. He begins sweeping the chair debris pile into an even bigger debris pile in the corner of the room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Why do they break chairs to intimidate people? Weren't they ever properly trained?

JANITOR

I don't know, but if they didn't break chairs I wouldn't have a job.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS, COURTYARD

OLDMAN3 and OLDMAN2 are walking together with Copy nearby taking notes.

OLDMAN2

This game we have been playing with that drug dealing piece of squash...this game has gone on for eight years and what have we to show for it?

OLDMAN3

A pension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLDMAN2

(Gives an acknowledging
nod)

Okay.

COPY

Here is a question. Why should I
keep taking notes about how to be a
CIA agent if I am going to be
killed within 30 days?

OLDMAN2

We fired AGENT X. Your off the
hook...and not like "party time,
hell yea!" off the hook but
actually off the hook. You
know...like a fishing hook when
your out-

OLDMAN3 puts his hand against OLDMAN2's chest to stop him
from babbling on.

OLDMAN3

He gets it.

COPY

Fired!? How?

OLDMAN3

He broke the rules.

COPY

Good reason.

Copy stares at the ground depressed.

OLDMAN3

(Looks sympathetically
upon the young, skinny
man)

I know that he was like a role
model to you but, dammit COPY,
you're a 31 year old man. It's
time to make something out of
yourself. You also can't forget
that he WAS going to kill you.
Painfully.

COPY nods and begins to cry silently.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OLDMAN2

Dammit. There is no crying in the CIA! You don't cry! Get out of my sight!

Copy runs away with his arms tucked up to his chest in a very nerdy way.

OLDMAN3

Anyway...the FBI and CIA are now at war. I swear sometimes I think things can't get any worse.

OLDMAN2

Well. I'm going to drink some Metamucil and get on a plane. 'Gotta go check on Agent Y and get these bowel movements goin'.

OLDMAN3

Good luck then.

OLDMAN2 hobbles off out of the courtyard. OLDMAN3 sits on a bench and soaks up the sun for a moment. Before long his cell phone begins to ring. The ring tone is "In The Club" by 50 Cent.

OLDMAN3 (CONT'D)

Hello? What!? The CHP? But we already have the FBI involved we don't need...ok...fine...I'll tell Hahn to take care of this. Tomorrow he'll go to the CHP Office in Sacramento.

(Sarcastically)

This ought to be fun.

OLDMAN3 hangs up the phone.

INT. CHP HOLDING CELL

Chris is playing harmonica he borrowed from RICKY, an inmate. He is just blowing and inhaling and is completely awful at playing it. The nearby guards are holding their hands tightly to their ears. We pan over and see Ricky just grooving to the horrible sounds with his eyes shut. Chris ends the sharp blow into it.

Ricky looks the part of a hardened criminal. He is very disheveled and his clothes are tattered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHPGUARD1

You freaking suck at playing that!

CHRIS

(sneering)

Whatever.

RICKY

(freaking out and lunging
towards the bars)

Shut up you fucking vegetable
terrorists. You haven't got the
mind control machine to make me
like you in a million years!

CHRIS

Relax Ricky. Um...

(looks as if he is trying
to recall how to speak a
certain language)

Uh...get back here to the force
field so the frost gnomes don't
steal your brain.

RICKY

(nods while eyeballing the
guards)

Alright.

(walks back over to Chris
and sits down across from
him)

Play that mind bender again.

Chris starts playing his awful tunes with the harmonica when suddenly Amy walks into the holding area. She cringes immediately upon hearing the harmonica and the bad music stops. Chris jumps up and runs to the bars.

CHRIS

AMY! Boy it's good to see you.
Ricky and I thought you would never
come back!

AMY

Uh..ok

(looks Chris over, a
little uneasy)

Are you alright? I have heard that
a night in the slammer can really
have an affect on people.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS
 (smiling crazily)
 Yea. Ricky and I found out we are
 space brothers. It's so far out.

AMY
 Ok.
 (CHPGUARD1 opens the door)
 Get out. Right now. No more jail
 for you.

CHRIS
 (to Ricky)
 Later Ricky..I mean Brother!

INMATE
 (stands at attention and
 salutes)
 Keep the harmonica.

CHRIS
 (is being shoved out of
 the room by Amy)
 Thanks!

INT. CHP OFFICE

CHP1 walks out from a nearby cubicle and, thumbs in belt,
 walks up to Chris.

CHP1
 They say you're not the guy.
 (he flashes his ivory
 toothed grin)
 You're free...now get the HELL out
 of my sight!

He turns around to leave. Chris looks confused and speaks
 up.

CHRIS
 Not what guy!? Hey!?

CHP1 shuts the door to his office and picks up the phone.
 Just then, a receptionist beckons them to the front desk.

RECEP
 Hi.

Chris and Amy walk over to the desk where the receptionist
 appears to have several piles of papers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEP (CONT'D)

Could I just have you sign your
name here, here, here, here
(pulls more papers out)
Here, here, under here, go ahead
and sign here and loop it around
this text. Sign here, sign here,
sign there.
(takes out a wood-burning
tool and hands it to
CHRIS, who is very
confused)
And please burn your initials on
this wooden tablet.

Reluctantly, Chris does as instructed.

TITLE OVER: 30 Minutes Later...

EXT. CHP PARKINGLOT

Chris and Amy walk out to their car and see CHP1 and CHP2
loading up a bunch of wooden chairs into the back of a
cruiser.

CHRIS

I wonder what they are up to.

AMY

I don't know and I don't want to
know.

CHRIS

We got to follow them.

AMY

What!?

CHP1 and CHP2 look over their shoulders and stare at Amy for
a moment. Both of them slowly raise their hands and give
them a feminine wave goodbye with heavy sarcasm and resume
loading the chairs with contempt.

AMY (CONT'D)

(quieter)
Why!?

CHRIS

It's the only way I can find out
what the hell is going on here.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If the CHP thinks I am someone else then those killers must think I am THAT guy. If we don't figure this out I'll never be safe again and I can't live like that! I mean...seriously...I could get killed because of the danger.

AMY

(gives Chris a concerned look)

Ok. Your absolutely right. We have to finish this once and for all.

Chris and Amy get inside the Honda CRX, start it up, and inconspicuously follow the CHP CRUISER.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT

There is nothing but a flat stretch of land; desolate and dusty. There are some hills in the distance but all we see is a single dirty pickup truck. He rumbles along the dirt road rather roughly until it grinds to a halt. We see that the truck is now parked in front of a small camp and the DRIVER exits the vehicle. There are several gritty looking Mexican fellows standing around water cooler, smoking cigarettes.

Out of the back of the truck we see AGENT X sit up and climb out. He dusts himself off and walks over toward the group of Mexicans who are just stunned; apparently by his stature and nationality.

MEXICAN1

(in Spanish)

What the hell is this?

DRIVER

(in Spanish)

He wants to get back to the United States. He said he ran out of money.

They all eyeball Agent X who just shrugs back at them.

MEXICAN1

(in Spanish)

Ran out of money my ass. Look at the nice clothes he's wearing. This guy is suspicious enough; if he wants a ride he will have to give me those nice clothes of his.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEXICAN1 is apparently a homosexual.

DRIVER
(uneasy, in Spanish)
Ok. I will-

AGENT X
(in Spanish, cutting
Driver off in the middle
of talking)
Not do a damn thing. You want my
clothes why don't you come over
here and take them.

MEXICAN1 smiles at Agent X and begins to approach him.

MEXICAN2
(grabs MEXICAN1 by the
shoulder)
Amigo...he is not coming on to you.
He is threatening to kill you.

MEXICAN1 nods; a little bit thrown off.

MEXICAN1
I know that! Alright...get in the
car American. I will give you a
free ride.

Agent X nods.

MEXICAN1 (CONT'D)
If you sit up front with me.

Agent X becomes intensely angry again.

MEXICAN1 (CONT'D)
I joke! I joke!

EXT. US BORDER PATROL OFFICE ON SR111 - NIGHT

BORDER PATROL officers are blazing up the road just beyond the US side fence. Just after the patrol passes a section of fencing, a large figure, obviously Agent X, falls to the ground lightly and runs off into the night.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER PARKINGLOT ACROSS THE STREET FROM CHP OFFICE

Hahn is walking around the parking lot with a cigarette. He stops and begins to light it when CHP1 steps right in front of him, towering overhead. Hahn looks up with his hand still in position to light the cigarette.

CHP1
Tell us everything.

HAHN
(deciding against lighting
the cigarette he tosses
it to the ground)
No. I will tell you what you need
to know and YOU will tell me
everything.

CHP1
Actually...I will tell you to go to
hell and you will tell ME
everything.

HAHN
Then I will be pissed off at you
and reply in kind.

CHP1
Stop with these semantic games. I
haven't the time, patience or the
chairs to deal with you.

HAHN is puzzled by the inclusion of chairs in CHP1's last statement.

CHP1 (CONT'D)
We let go of Chris Highon but,
since you guys believe he is trying
to be assassinated, we called the
FBI and they are running
surveillance on him.

HAHN
Do you know what the word
"semantic" means?

CHP1
I don't like the FBI or the CIA.
You guys never share anything;
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHP1 (CONT'D)

jurisdiction, respect, tactics, weapons, or food. I hate you but I will help you.

HAHN

We don't need your help. How do you think you need help from the people you want to learn from. You're trying to teach the teacher in lessons you haven't studied at all.

CHP1

Well...in this case the teacher is well versed in ass kicking.

HAHN

Teacher's don't kick ass. I mean; they tend to be well respected but they are not generally violent...except for the ones back when I was a student. They used to beat our asses with wooden spoons and rulers.

CHP1

I'm one of those.

HAHN

You're not old enough to be one of them!

CHP1

God dammit! It's a comparison. What do you have, alzheimers?

HAHN

No thanks...my stomach feels fine.

CHP1 is cocks his head, thrown off by that response.

HAHN (CONT'D)

Chris Highon is in danger of being killed and that is why we have to move.

Slight pause.

HAHN (CONT'D)

So when they kill him we can track the assassins and they will lead us right to the real Chris Highon...the drug dealer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHP1

I knew it was the drug dealer.
What did you think I meant...the
innocent kid?

HAHN

Why do you want to kill the kid?
You bloodthirsty beasts make me
sick.

CHP1

Blood? You think I'm a gang member
because I'm black?

CHP1 steps up to Hahn. Hahn is unaffected by his
overwhelming stature.

HAHN

You moron.

CHP1

Moron? You think I'm stupid
because I'm Christian?

Hahn sighs while turning and walks away from CHP1.

CHP1 (CONT'D)

(grudgingly)

Whatever. Let's get going.
Where's your car at?

Hahn snaps his fingers and a helicopter in silent mode hovers
down and lands right in front of both of them. CHP1 is
stunned.

CHP1 (CONT'D)

Damn! How many years you gotta be
in the CIA for one of those?

HAHN

No thanks. If I drink before I fly
I usually get really sick.

CHP1

Not Beers! YEARS! Years. How
many years!

HAHN

You might have a drinking problem.
Just get on the plane we don't have
time to talk about your alcoholism.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHP1 is trembling with anger but finally goes up the stairs and gets in.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM

Chris plops down on the couch and kicks his feet up, knocking some empty fry cartons and drink cups off the table. He releases an exhausted breath. Amy is checking out his apartment.

AMY

Wow.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM

Amy enters Chris' Room. Everything is completely organized.

AMY

CHRIS!

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM

Chris snaps to attention and runs into his room.

INT. CHRIS' ROOM

His room is completely ordered and organized.

CHRIS

What the hell? How am I going to find all my stuff NOW!? I didn't ask you to do this.

AMY

(annoyed)
I didn't!

Chris just stares at her.

AMY (CONT'D)

(condescending)
This is a clue.

CHRIS

Ok. Just give it to me.

AMY

Someone else organized your room. Someone has been here and searched through your things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS
(not understanding)
Ok.

Amy stares at him. He doesn't understand. There is a long silence before the scene change.

EXT. SAN DEIGO BURGER KING

The streets are somewhat populated. People walked up and down the street looks normal until a few seconds. Agent X is seen walking down the street in tattered clothing; looking as if he had been dragged through the dirt.

They watch him until he enters a nearby Burger King.

INT. BURGER KING

Agent X plops down in a corner table and relaxes. His feet are killing him and he has sustained cuts over his arms and torso. An old WOMAN is sitting to his left smiles at him.

AGENT X
(disgruntled)
What are you looking at lady?

WOMAN
You're a homeless man aren't you?

Agent X stares at her blankly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
I know a place where you can get help...

Agent X continues staring blankly at her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
...and have you heard the good news?

AGENT X
No. There is no good news to be heard. Have you ever even watched the news?

WOMAN
This is not something you would necessarily hear on TV or from a close friend. I have better news than any of those people could offer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT X
Out with it then.

WOMAN
Have you heard of Jesus?

AGENT X
I worked with him. He got shot up
badly and ended up coming out of
the closet on his dead bed...to me.
Unbelievable eh?

The WOMAN has lost her smile and is confused and slightly
afraid.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
Oh! Jesus Christ...the character
in the bible!

WOMAN
(lighting up now)
Yes! So you have heard of him.

AGENT X
I read it for a mission.

WOMAN
You were a missionary!?

AGENT X
No. I was ON a mission. I had to
kill a Christian terrorist.

The WOMAN is trembling in fear now.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
Uh...do they sell alcohol here?

WOMAN
You're asking me if they sell
alcohol at Burger King?

AGENT X
Just answer the question.

WOMAN
No.

With a few curses Agent X heaves himself up and walks over to
a LAWYER sitting in center of the restaurant. He reaches
into the man's business jacket and removes a hip flask of
alcohol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LAWYER
What the hell!?

Agent X walks back over to his seat and starts drinking without wasting any time on the Lawyer. As the Lawyer is asking for the MANAGER, AGENT X continues talking with the old woman.

AGENT X
Would you believe that I am a CIA agent and I was recently fired because I broke a promise?

The Woman is speechless and nods.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
You can be kicked out of the Agency for that ya know? Even if you promise to pay one of them back a dollar you borrowed for the soda machine. It's a very high stress environment.

The Woman nods again.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
And if some guy isn't dying in your arms telling you his life story, you are running from a building that is swarming with AK-47-wielding terrorists chasing and shooting at you as the whole thing is blowing up. My salary doesn't even pay the bills...and, while I don't live modestly exactly, I do live less ritzy than most of the people in my pay class.

WOMAN
(afraid and confused)
Jesus...

AGENT X
Oh yea. Jesus was great. He generally was a sidelinier but sometimes he would follow me in on special operations. Turned out to be his undoing.

Agent X looks at the table depressed.

TIME PASSES

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A nearby clock shows the time is 1 hour and 30 minutes later. Agent X is staring at the front door intently. A stunningly gorgeous woman walks up to the doors and pulls it open. She walks in and seems to completely ignore Agent X.

As she is ordering from the front counter, AGENT X suddenly realizes who she is. He is suddenly frozen, unaware of what to do. The woman finishes ordering and walks directly to his table. Placing her cup and tray down, she sits back and crosses her legs. She has black hair tied back in a ponytail, green eyes, and red lipstick on. She is very toned as is blatantly obvious due to her scanty tanktop. She is AGENT Y.

AGENT Y
(she looks him over, very
impressed with his body)
Hi X.

AGENT X
Cut the shit...let's get this over
with.

AGENT Y
Quick to it aren't you.

Agent Y licks her lips.

AGENT X
I've always been quick.
(realizes how that wasn't
a very good sexual
innuendo)
Uh...Except in bed.

AGENT Y rolls her eyes.

AGENT X (CONT'D)
Moving on...are we going to have to
kill everyone in here or can we
take this outside?

AGENT Y
Let's take it out back.

The Manager walks up and is about to talk with Agent X. Agent X turns toward him and gets right up to his face.

MANAGER
I'm going to have to ask you to
leave.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AGENT X

Ok. I'm going out in the back alley to get killed. Tell that Lawyer he can get his hip flask off my body whenever he feels like it.

Agent X walks out, in front of Agent Y, leading the way outside. The Manager stands there in confused shock.

EXT. BACK ALLEY

Right as Agent Y closes the door, Agent X wheels around and they begin to exchange blows. Agent Y is extremely agile and deftly dodges Agent X's furious yet controlled swings. With each swing he works off the momentum and delivers another, spinning around and attacking her high and low. Soon she dodges to the left and sends a devastating kick to his side. He flies into a garbage can and is immediately soiled in it.

Peeling off wrappers and flicking his hand, Agent X gets back up on his feet.

AGENT X

Goddammit!

AGENT Y

(laughing)

You're very good.

AGENT X

(frustrated)

You haven't seen anything yet?

Agent Y runs up towards him and jumps up attempting to kick him in the face but is unsuccessful. Agent X grabs her by her heel and thigh and slams her into the wall. She falls down stunned, he reaches behind her, and withdraws a gun from her rear waistband. He sticks it against her head but she is too quick. She deflects the gun. Agent X fires 5 shots as it is deflected and Agent Y kicks it hard out of his hand. He then sends a left hook and smacks her down to the cement. She locks his leg and takes him down harshly. Agent Y and Agent X roll away from each other. Agent Y grabs a broomstick and begins spinning it all around her body expertly. Agent X reaches in back of him and pulls out a PASSED OUT HOMELESS MAN. Agent X notices and gives an expression of more frustration.

AGENT Y

Careful. You might hurt him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT X

Shut up.

Agent Y begins spinning the broomstick and moving towards Agent X when suddenly she is startled and tries to dodge. The PASSED OUT HOMELESS MAN flies at her from off screen and traps her underneath him. He is still passed out. Agent X walks up dusting his hands off.

AGENT X (CONT'D)

I thought this was going to be harder.

AGENT Y

(struggling under the weight of the homeless guy)

I don't give it all up on the first date.

AGENT X

And I tend to take it all on...the...first set of...never mind. I'm not very good at innuendos so you will forgive me for passing it all up.

Agent X picks up the broomstick and heaves it up with both hands getting ready to jam it downwards into her stomach. She lays her head to the side and squeezes her eyes preparing for the end. Agent X's eyes fall from her face to her breasts. It is only now that he notices how tightly packed they are in the tanktop. He grits his teeth. Agent Y realizes she isn't dead yet and looks up.

AGENT Y

(pissed off)

What are...are you looking at my breasts!?

AGENT X

(tosses the broomstick and homeless guy off of her)

Maybe I am...maybe your looking at a man who has had a career before everything else.

AGENT Y stands up and dusts herself off.

AGENT Y

Aren't you afraid I will kill you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT X

No. I think we both know who is
the best in this game.

AGENT Y

Your arrogance is...

AGENT X

(steps closer and is face
to face with her)
Angering you?

AGENT Y

Turning me VERY on.

They lock lips.

SHOT OF: HOMELESS MAN SMILING WITH MISSING TEETH

EXT. FBI OFFICE SACRAMENTO

Trees are waving in front of the building. All sorts of
people are coming in and leaving. Amy and Chris walk up and
stand across the street.

INT. FBI OFFICE SACRAMENTO

Amy and Chris walk into the lobby of the FBI building. There
is an agent sitting at the desk. He looks up and notices
him.

AGENT1

Uh...

CHRIS

Look. I'm not a drug dealer and I
know you guys ratted me out to the
CHP. It caused me a great world of
pain and now someone just tossed my
room.

(leans forward to the
AGENT's face)

I want to know who did this.

The Agent is slightly intimidated.

AGENT

Ok. Just relax. I'll get my boss
on the phone.

CHRIS

Mick McMick?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AGENT

Yea.

CHRIS

I still can't believe he made fun
of MY name.

AGENT

What is your name again?

INT. MCMICK'S OFFICE

Mick and Amy are pulling Chris through the door by both of his arms while he is screaming unintelligibly and kicking to get at the Agent. He has a piece of FBI uniform in his hand obviously torn from the jacket of the Agent.

MICK

Chris! CHRIS! It's ok now! We
know what happened.

CHRIS

(calming down and
readjusting his shirt)
You know now?

MICK

Yes. Sorry about ratting you out
and everything but it appears we
have our sights on the real CHRIS
H; a drug dealer who has been
operating all up and down
California.

CHRIS

So you think he tossed my room?

AMY

They didn't toss it CHRIS...they
actually organized it very well.

CHRIS

Organized it? Yea. Now I can't
find anything.

AMY

You didn't even try looking for
anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK
(interrupting)
Ok! Ok. I think I might know who
tossed your room.

Amy rolls her eyes and sits down.

MICK (CONT'D)
The CIA.

Amy's head falls forward into her hands.

AMY
Wow.

CHRIS
Whoa. I didn't see that coming.

MICK
Nothing new. They have been after
CHRIS H for a while but it was our
job first. Our jurisdiction.

CHRIS
Ok. What do I do now?

MICK
Try not to get in their way.

CHRIS
(irritated)
Obviously they still think I am
this CHRIS H drug dealer guy.
Maybe you can talk to them and
straighten this all out.

MICK
Eh...I'm not on good terms with the
leader of the investigation right
now.

CHRIS
(confused)
What?

MICK
I called him an old son of a bitch.
It's complicated.

CHRIS
Well could you tell me in a nut
shell what happened?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICK

I called him a pussy because he thought it was barbaric for us to kill animals during a raid.

CHRIS

That IS barbaric.

MICK

And then I found out that while that old bastard and I were talking, they took all the drugs out of the house and drove off undetected. I was angry and he was laughing at my failure
(frowns)
What else was I supposed to do?

CHRIS

Look. Maybe if I talk to him; we can make amends?

MICK

Whatever...I don't think they would be very happy if I gave them a CIA investigators phone number.

CHRIS

Why not?

MICK

Well...when you put it like that it doesn't seem so bad. Here.

Mick hands Chris a business card. Hahn is on it with a cigar in his mouth and a bandana around his head. He looks like a hippie.

CHRIS

Wow.

MICK

(shakes his head)
He gave me an old card

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Agent X is in bed with a sleeping Agent Y. He is relaxed and watching some TV with a smoke in his mouth.

AGENT X

Hey...hey Y...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Without moving, Agent Y responds.

AGENT Y

Yea?

AGENT X

I don't want to sound like a worry wart but...they probably know about us now.

AGENT Y

A worry wart?

AGENT X

Eh...

AGENT Y

I know. They probably do.

AGENT X

So an agent like you can have an illegal, out of policy relationship with a mark but an agent like me gets the boot for breaking a little promise.

AGENT Y

I guess so.

There is a moment of silence until Agent X lights up.

AGENT X

Oh my god!

AGENT Y

What?

AGENT X

Why didn't I think of it before?!

AGENT Y

What is it?

AGENT X

I mean...it's just crazy enough to work!

AGENT Y

Ok. What is it?

AGENT X

It's unbelievable that I wouldn't...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AGENT Y
(yelling at him)
Get to the point!

Silence.

AGENT X
I'll kill my objective and report
back to my superior.

AGENT Y
Well...I guess that might work.

Agent Y has a look of concern about his plan.

AGENT X
(noticing her concerned
look)
Look honey...
(grasping her arm and
bringing her close in a
cheesy, romantic way)
Nothing will happen to me. I won't
let it.

Agent Y falls into his body, kissing him in a scene
reminiscent of old romance films.

EXT. DIRTY LOOKING PARK SACRAMENTO

Harry and Jason are sitting at the park. They couldn't look
more defeated. Across from the pond is Chris H, the drug
dealer, having a conversation with Pablo who is obscured by
shadows and bushes. They do not pay any attention to either
of them.

HARRY
Jason. I think we're screwed.
Everytime we get to them they
manage some ingenious escape.

JASON
No. I am starting to wonder
whether we botched it. I really
wonder if it's possible that we got
the wrong Chris Highon.

Chris H hears his name and looks over. Jason notices Chris H
look over at him and gives a failed gesture of intimidation.
Chris H smiles and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASON (CONT'D)
(annoyed by Chris H)
Anyway...as I was saying. I bet
when we go back to the client he is
going to tell us we got the wrong
Chris Highon.

Chris H excuses him in the distance from Pablo and walks over
to the bench.

CHRIS H
Hey.

Harry and Jason look up at him.

CHRIS H (CONT'D)
You guys want something from me?

HARRY
Uh...no.

CHRIS H
Are you sure? You know...I have
some good stuff.

JASON
Look, pal...

CHRIS H
You can call me Chris.

HARRY
Chris, whatever...

As Harry interjects and starts telling him off, Jason starts
to realize and it becomes evident on his face.

HARRY (CONT'D)
We don't want anything more to do
with you, or your drugs, or your
Mexican friend over there...

Suddenly Pablo steps forward from the shadows and walks over
to Harry.

PABLO
Are you going to fucking buy some
dope or are you going to waste some
more of my precious time?

Harry has a look of contemptuous disbelief on his face. He
looks to Jason only to find him speechless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS H
(to Pablo)
Look. I'll be with you in 2
minutes?

PABLO
(pissed off)
Fine.

CHRIS H
(to Jason)
Hey bro. Something wrong?

EXT. FBI OFFICE PARKINGLOT

Chris is running around frantically holding a cell phone to his ear. Mick and Amy stand a few yards in the background.

CHRIS
What the hell? What is freaking
wrong with this thing?

MICK
(embarrassed)
I switched to Cingular, like, a
week ago.

CHRIS
What!?

MICK
They're raising the bar! Haven't
you heard?

CHRIS
That is a marketing ploy! They
aren't actually raising the bar
they are trying to reel in
customers!

MICK
(in denial)
No, it isn't! These types of
things don't happen overnight!

CHRIS
(frustrated)
Whatever. You can take your phone.
I'll just use the hardline.

MICK
Fine. Bitch bitch bitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS

MICK! I can't fucking talk to anybody on this thing!

MICK

Ok! Fine!
(angry)
You can use my office line. Jeez.

Amy shakes her head while looking to the ground.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - DUSK

Agent X is attaching a large suppressor to an M4A1 and taping together magazines. He is dressed in full body armor with an assault hood on his head.

EXT. PARK BENCHES

Harry is now in a very loud argument with Chris H and Pablo.

PABLO

Beaner!? You are playing some dangerous games motherfu...

HARRY

Okay!
(angry)
Okay frijole...keep talking frijole.

FOCUS ON: Pablo's infuriated face.

EXT. ACROSS STREET FROM PARK

Mick, Chris and Amy are walking into a building.

MICK

Sorry about that Chris. What are the odds that all the phones in our offices were down? The substation's lines are always good though.

CHRIS

I don't know but...

Suddenly they hear a commotion from the park. Chris looks over and his vision zooms in on Harry. Amy's hand goes to her mouth in shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICK
(waving off his concern)
Just some homeless guys...
(notices Agent X and his
weaponry)
Holy shit!

CHRIS
Oh my god! It's them!

EXT. PARK BENCHES

Chris H rips Pablo off Harry and splits the fight up.

CHRIS H
Stop it! You fucking idiots!
You're going to get us spotted by
the cops or...

AGENT X
(stepping in from the
shadows)
...or worse.

Everybody is confused except for Pablo. Pablo dons a look of nervousness.

CHRIS H
Who the hell are you?

HARRY
Yea?

Jason is still speechless.

AGENT X
Pablo you shithead. I can't say
I'm all that surprised. I've seen
enough jerks in this business to
know a twoface when I see one.

CHRIS H
Wait wait WAIT!
(moment of silence)
Are you a cop?

AGENT X
CIA.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS H
(looking to Pablo with
intense anger)
You brought a CIA AGENT TO ME!

Chris H pounces on Pablo and begins punching and kicking the crap out of him.

AGENT X
(lowers his M4A1)
Hm! This'll be better than
shooting him!

Agent X elbows Harry in the ribs playfully.

HARRY
Ow!
(rubs his ribs, silently)
Jeez.

Mick, Chris and Amy enter the scene. Mick has his sidearm out and Chris gets behind a tree. Amy just stands there pissed off.

MICK
Alright buddy! Put your hands up!

AGENT X
(looks over his shoulder,
gravely)
Or what?

MICK
Or I'll...

MICK is interrupted by a swift kick to the back of his right left which brings him to his knees. Agent Y is now visible following the kick with a devastating punch to his face flooring him.

AMY
(to Agent Y)
Hey!

Agent Y snaps her look towards Amy.

CHRIS
Oh shit. You're on your own Amy.

Amy rolls her eyes at his cowardice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hm.

(reconsiders who to fight,
looks toward AGENT X who
is stretching his ripped
body)

Fuck that.

(sees JASON)

There we go. Time to die
asshole...in like two seconds I
gotta watch my girlfriend fight
this chick.

Jason shakes his head in contempt and continues watching Pablo fight Harry.

Agent Y starts forward somersaults towards Amy. Amy doesn't move and instead puts her arm up in a futile attempt to stop her blows. Just before Agent Y hits her, Amy darts to the side and gives Agent Y a sharp kick to her back, stopping her somersault motion and sending her into the dirt face-first.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

AMY! Get the hell outta here!

AMY

(not hearing any of it)
Nobody touches my boyfriend...

CHRIS

(begging)
Please! Just let it go. I don't
want you to get hurt.

Agent X is now watching Chris and Amy. Amy cracks her knuckles and starts toward Agent Y. Just as Amy is about slam her foot down into Agent Y's neck she rolls out of the way and trips Amy. Amy goes with the trip and rolls to her feet.

AGENT Y

(Smiling, slightly miffed)
Nice.

AMY

(Smiling back)
Thanks.

Both of the women resume fighting. They run up to each other and begin delivering a volley of upper body blows and blocks. Chris watches in utter amazement at Amy's evident karate skills.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Amy finally gets an in and delivers a disabling kick to Agent Y's ribs causing her to fall to her knees and cough. Agent Y struggles to get up but Amy dispenses the final blow to her chin knocking her out. Agent X raises an eyebrow.

AGENT X

Damn. I can't believe the somersaults didn't work.

Chris directs his attention to Jason who is watching Pablo fight Harry. Suddenly Jason notices Chris' pathetic evil eye. Jason lets out a laugh.

JASON

Right. You wanted to fight me.

CHRIS

Right.

Both men attack each other like Amy versus Agent Y but end up resorting to a rapid slap fight. Agent X notices them and stifles laughing.

Suddenly a helicopter in silent mode flies down into the center of the park. Everybody is stunned. Hahn hops out holding a hamburger and milkshake in his hands.

HAHN

(muffled speech, pardons himself)

Put the guns down everybody.
You're all outnumbered.

Agent X sees Hahn and realizes his opportunity. He removes a pistol and shoots Chris H in the chest; who falls backwards to the ground. Hahn is dumbfounded.

HAHN (CONT'D)

What the hell!?

Agent X is confused.

HAHN (CONT'D)

Why did you DO THAT!?

AGENT X

I just...I wanted to get my job back. I thought if I went through with my objective you would...

HAHN

(endearing)

Oh AGENT X. We missed you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HAHN (CONT'D)

We were gonna give you a call if
you were still alive and bring you
back to the agency!

AGENT X

(elated)

GREAT! I...this has been a great
day.

Suddenly there is a cocking sound from off screen. Jason is
seen holding the M4A1 and training it on Agent X.

JASON

You killed our freaking mark!

AGENT X

(scared, putting his hands
up)

Uh...

AGENT Y

(awakening and seeing the
standoff)

No!

(she gets up)

Please!

CHRIS

I wouldn't shoot that guy.
(gestures toward AGENT X)
What if it didn't kill him? I
mean...what if? Seriously...think
about it.

Agent X nods nervously in agreement.

AGENT X

Uh huh..

HAHN

Wait! CHRIS H isn't dead!

Hahn is kneeling at Chris H's moaning body.

AGENT X

(perplexed, in denial)

No he's dead. He's just letting
out the last of the air in his
lungs...common occurrence when
somebody is killed.

HAHN

No! I think he's gonna be ok!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

JASON
(lowering the M4A1)
Oh...so he's free game then?

AGENT X
(extremely irritated,
speaking to JASON)
No. He's not.
(speaking to HAHN)
He can't be alive.
(emphasizes)
I shot him! Hahn...look...there's
a hole in his heart.

HAHN
Nope. You got your left and right
mixed up X.

AGENT X
That's bullshit. I swear I shot
him in the heart.

CHRIS H
(coughing)
Ow. You fucking shot me!

AGENT X
Shut up. You're gonna die in like
5 seconds from blood loss.

JASON
(inspecting the wound)
Nah. It was an in and out and it's
already clotted. Lucky bastard.

HARRY
(leans over to Pablo)
A blood clot is when it doesn't
bleed any more because...
(apparently doesn't know
why)
Nevermind. You people probably
don't even have a word for it yet.

Pablo's eyes grow wide in anger once again.

HAHN
Let us interrogate him first...then
you can do whatever with him.

JASON
Deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

AGENT X

No. Just give him a few hours.
I'm sure he'll die soon.

HAHN

Goddamnit X...Just let this one
go...you failed this time and that
is OK...this time.

Agent Y steps up to him and he takes her around the waist.
Agent X reconsiders.

AGENT X

Yea. Whatever. I don't have to be
a perfect killing machine 24/7.

HAHN

No. You do, but you don't have to
kill this one.

AGENT X

Oh. Ok?

CHRIS

So...what now?

AMY

I think we should go home.

HARRY

Yea...we don't really want to kill
you any more. What is your real
name anyways?

CHRIS

Chris.

HARRY

Your REAL name.

CHRIS

I said my real name is Chris.

HARRY

Look. You don't need to keep
lying. We aren't going to kill you
any more.

CHRIS

My fucking name is CHRIS.
(shifting to JASON)
What the fuck is wrong with him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JASON
A lot of stuff.

Hahn and Agent Y are boarding the helicopter. Agent X boards carrying a moaning Chris H. Hahn is talking on his cell phone.

HAHN
I got good news! Agent X has been reinstated as a CIA special agent!

There is screaming and crying on the other end of the phone from Copy.

HAHN (CONT'D)
Copy! COPY!? Calm down! Calm down lad. Shut up!

Hahn hangs up the phone.

Amy and Chris walk out of the park hugging each other.

CHRIS
It's a beautiful night out.

AMY
(smiling)
It sure is.

CHRIS
Well...what do you think about date number two?

AMY
(leaning into Chris sensually)
I think it will be interesting.

Shot of Chris' eyebrows raising with a nervous smile on his face.

CHRIS
(swallowing, voice breaking)
Okay.
(clears his throat, deeper voice)
Ahem. Okay.

Amy takes Chris' arm and they walk out of the park together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

Pablo asks Jason and Harry if he can get a ride. Soon everyone has left the park and the sun is setting signifying the end. Suddenly there is a cough and a straining sound. Mick regains consciousness to find nobody remaining in the park. He gets up and brushes himself off. He looks around frantically but he cannot find anybody. He starts looking left and right as if he were insane. Suddenly he just runs off out of the park.

THE END