

Project: Spy  
by  
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**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

TOM

So let's try to ease into this one.

TOM, late 20s, the tech nerd, serves as mission control. He sits across SPY, mid 40s, in a dark room. A single table light illuminates the area.

Spy is tinkering with a gun. Tom a little annoyed.

TOM

Are you even listening?

SPY

Mhmm.

TOM

Then what did I tell you about that-

SPY

The estate has an L.F.E.M.P.D., Low frequency electromagnetic pulse disrupter which is capable of detecting foreign metals this side of the periodic table. Such metals can be found in a thing like this.

Spy shows gun then places it on table. Tom impressed.

TOM

Very good... for someone who doesn't know how it works.

SPY

Interesting from someone who doesn't know how to pull this trigger.

Tom shrugs then holds up a metal pen.

TOM

This is omah or as we like to call, one man army. Just introduced this year. GPS tracking, cyanide dart, high density laser- The other agents love this thing.

Tom hands Spy the pen.

SPY

It's good to know I'm high priority.

TOM

It even has 70 cubic millimetres of C4.

Spy gives a concerning look and places the pen on the table.

TOM

It's in the casing so I would be careful. Sadly you can't use it for reasons previously stated.

SPY

Bummer. Alright enough with the teasing, just get on with what I can use.

TOM

Right.

Tom pulls out a wooden pencil and hands it Spy.

SPY

Let me guess, another world ending device.

TOM

Nope. Just a wooden pencil.

Spy inspects the pencil.

SPY

Great- bore these guys to death with my pros.

TOM

As you know the estate's fancy disrupter grants useless all my little gadgets. All except that. The lead lining conceals the tracker inside.

SPY

Tracker?

TOM

Yes, once inside I need you to hold out for twenty minutes. I'm hoping your game isn't in the cellar because if it is, you'll have to hold out for one hour.

Tom opens a laptop and a grabs a headset.

SPY

And why is that?

TOM

The tracker slowly uploads a low frequency transmission to me. And I need to bypass the estates detector.

Tom sets the computer up with the headset.

TOM

Once up, I need you to find a way to excuse yourself from the game and locate the physical documents.

(more to himself)

I swear you old world people. If his documents were in his network I could have done this myself.

SPY

Looks like there's still some use for me after all.

Spy smirks.

TOM

Alright so break the pencil then place the chip in your ear. It's one way so you'll be able to hear me but I will not be able hear you. I'll guide you to the room's location. Grab the package, and get out. Simple. Clean.

SPY

Got it.

TOM

Oh, and please for goodness sakes, whether you win or lose doesn't matter. Well losing one-hundred million isn't exactly preferable but nevertheless, finish the game and don't do anything stupid. As in don't do anything I wouldn't do.

SPY

Of course.

Tom gives Spy a look of distrust.

SPY

So how am I getting there. Please tell me there's still room left in the budget for that.

TOM

Oh yes, of course.

Tom pulls out a Toyota key.

SPY

Wow, hundred-million dollars in gambling money and this is what I show up in. Who in the hell plans these missions anyway? Are you trying to get me killed--

TOM

I'm kidding!

Tom has the biggest smile. He pulls out a different key. A **Aston Martin key**.

TOM

I was *kidding*.

They trade smiles.

#### **EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT**

A silver *Aston Martin* pulls up into a large driveway. The estate is Mediterranean style.

Spy steps out and takes a moment to gaze at the estate. He then heads to the main doors and knocks.

The door opens to reveal a BUTLER, 40s.

BUTLER

Good evening mister Roth. Please.

Spy nods and heads in.

#### **INT. ESTATE**

Spy follows the butler past the extravagant foyer which holds a grand staircase.

BUTLER

This evening's game will be in the cellar. Mister Bravi awaits you down

there.

They head into...

# **KITCHEN**

... and walk past ultra-fine appliances.

BUTLER

Care for a drink mister Roth? Mister Bravi has personally provided you an allowance of one bottle. His wine collection is tenth largest in the world.

SPY

Only tenth? I'm shocked. I'm fine for now thank you.

BUTLER

Are you sure?

SPY

I'll be sure to let you know if I change my mind.

They arrive at the cellar door. The Bulter gestures a hand down the cellar. Spy heads down.

# **INT. ESTATE - CELLAR**

Spy adjusts his suit and enters to see:

A single overhead lit poker table holding the DEALER and LUCA BRAVI, 68, suave. A big GUARD stands in the corner arms crossed.

LUCA BRAVI

Ahh, mister Roth. Pleasure.

SPY

Likewise.

LUCA BRAVI

Please, have a seat.

Bravi Gestures to a seat across the poker table. Spy sits.

LUCA BRAVI

I apologize for my abrupt leave during our last game. I had a serious matter

come up. But I must say, I am pleased to see you here as a token of my apology.

Spy nods.

Bravi nods to the dealer. The dealer distributes two trays of chips to Bravi and Spy. Spy's a little lighter.

SPY

And I must say, this is a nice place.

Spy looks at the Guard.

LUCA BRAVI

Oh this? This place is more for my wife. I'm rarely here- too busy.

SPY

That's unfortunate. You hate to not be able to enjoy the fruits of your labor.

Bravi grabs a chip and inspects it. Dealer shuffles cards.

LUCA BRAVI

No drink?

SPY

We'll see where the night takes me.

Bravi shrugs.

LUCA BRAVI

Say, how much was I up on you?

SPY

Thirty-million give or take.

LUCA BRAVI

Thirty-million huh? Heh.

SPY

Yes and I can't wait to finish this. I felt things were turning around last time.

LUCA BRAVI

Thirty seven point two-five million. You forfeited six and a half million on your last draw if I'm not mistaken.

A fold was it?

Spy and Bravi stare each other.

DEALER

His routing has been confirmed. No limit, ten-k, five-k. Mister Roth is big blind.

LUCA BRAVI

So, let's begin.

SPY

Good luck.

LUCA BRAVI

Oh, I should be saying that to you.

DEALER

Big blind is ten-thousand.

Spy slides 2 chips in then Bravi. Dealer distributes cards. Bravi sees his cards then places \$700,000.

DEALER

Bravi raise seven-hundred thousand.

Dealer looks to Spy. Spy caught a little off-guard with the large bet.

SPY

I see you don't waste anytime.

LUCA BRAVI

What is it they say here?- Time is money?

Spy sees his cards:

*2d 10s*

Spy calls and slides in \$700,000 in chips, matching Bravi's bet.

Dealer posts the Flop:

*Jd Tomd 10d*

Spy slides in \$500,000.



DEALER

Bet is five-hundred thousand.

Bravi grabs a stack then a plate and slides it in.

LUCA BRAVI

I cannot let you buy this one mister Roth.

DEALER

Bravi raises two-million.

Dealer looks to Spy for action. Spy and Bravi stare.

Spy then throws his cards-folding.

DEALER

Roth folds. Bravi plus one-million two hundred thousand.

Bravi shows *suited aces*. Dealer collects cards and shuffles.

LUCA BRAVI

I've been playing cards for over thirty years mister Roth. And you're a young man. Five-hundred thousand after my seven hundred-k raise wasn't going to get you to where you would want to be with any good hand. So my question to you is, why throw away your money like that?

SPY

Good call. As expected.

(checks watch)

Alright then. Let's play some cards.

#### **INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tom grabs coffee and sits down in front of his laptop. A muffin half eaten next to it.

Screen reads: NO CONNECTION

TOM

Cellar. Of course.

Tom checks his watch.

**INT. ESTATE - CELLAR**

Dealer slides the river card then looks to Spy for action.

Spy bets \$500,000.

DEALER

Bet is five-hundred thousand.

Bravi thinks a little then slides in two plates and a stack.

DEALER

Bravi raises thirty-million.

(to Spy)

All in to call.

Spy lets out a sigh- more frustrated this time. He looks to a clock.

SPY

Mind if I excuse myself for a bit?

Need to use the men's room.

LUCA BRAVI

Sure. Take all the time you need.

Bravi nods to the big guard. Spy gets up and exits with the guard following.

**INT. ESTATE - CORRIDOR**

Spy heads to a door with the big guard following. Spy opens the door then pauses and gives the guard a look: *Do you mind?*

The guard holds position and looks away.

**INT. ESTATE - BATHROOM**

Spy stands in front of the mirror and takes out the pencil and snaps it.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tom sits lazy in his chair on his phone. The computer in front of him illuminates. Tom snaps to it and sees the screen:

CONNECTED

Tom places his headset on.

TOM  
And look at that. We are on.

**INT. ESTATE - BATHROOM**

Spy places a tiny device in his ear.

TOM  
Wow, twenty-nine million left. You almost didn't make it. Out of all the agents they picked you for this one. Completely baffles me.

Spy smiles in the mirror.

TOM  
Whatever- remember you can hear me, I can't hear you. The way it should have been from the start.

Spy smirks and shrugs. Fixes his suit.

TOM  
It seems you're on the first floor. The package is located on... second floor study. Oh yeah, the lead tip has a sleeping agent to take care of the babysitter you most likely have with you.

Spy picks up the pencil tip. Genuinely surprised.

TOM  
Alright, so let's get moving. I'll guide you. I see you're on first floor.

Spy conceals the pencil up his sleeve and exits.

**INT. ESTATE - CORRIDOR**

The guard signals for spy to walk past him. Spy nods and ever so slightly readies his hand.

He passes the guard and continues into...

**KITCHEN**

...where the butler awaits.

Just before Spy heads back downstairs.

SPY  
(to Butler)

Château Mouton, 1945 please.

BUTLER  
Excellent choice sir- right away.

**INT. ESTATE - CELLAR**

Bravi sits at the table on his phone.

LUCA BRAVI  
(on phone)  
Tell them that this is an offer they  
will soon find hard to refuse.

He hangs up. Spy sits.

SPY  
Business seems good.

LUCA BRAVI  
It is. You'll soon hit the age when  
life makes sense. Please let's  
continue.

SPY  
Of course.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tom stares at computer which now reads: CONNECTION LOST

Tom taps his computer confused, then realizes.

TOM  
Oh you motherf-

**INT. ESTATE - CELLAR**

DEALER  
All in to call.

Spy doesn't even look at Bravi and folds his cards to reveal:

*As, Kd*

Bravi reveals his cards:

*Toms, Tomc*

LUCA BRAVI  
(more to himself)  
Interesting. Why would you fold that  
mister Roth?

SPY  
Just wasn't feeling that one. Maybe  
next time.

LUCA BRAVI  
(even more to himself)  
Why would you fold that?

Dealer distributes cards. Bravi lost in thought then gives  
Spy a different look.

LUCA BRAVI  
Let's play some cards mister Roth.

Flop is: *Ac,As,Kd*

Spy looks at his cards: *8s,6c*

Spy checks. Bravi checks.

Turn is: *Ac,As,Kd,9s*

Spy checks. Bravi checks.

River is: *Ac,As,Kd,9s,9d*

Spy checks. Bravi raises \$10,000,000

Spy goes all in. Bravi caught a little off guard.

DEALER  
Mister Roth all in. Twenty-eight point  
five million to call.

LUCA BRAVI  
And somehow I'm trapped.

Bravi looks to Spy.

LUCA BRAVI  
For this hand I risk more than just  
ten million- I risk the respect of my  
play. That I cannot lose.

Bravi folds and reveals his: Ks,9s

Spy reveals his: 8s,6c

DEALER

Mister Roth plus ten-million.

Bravi shocked. Spy's demeanor more relaxed- ready for the next round. Butler enters with a glass of wine. Spy takes it and sips.

LUCA BRAVI

Château Mouton, 1945. Exquisite taste.

Spy nods. Dealer posts cards.

Spy raises \$4,000,000.

DEALER

Raise, four-million

Bravi Calls and slides \$4,000,000.

DEALER

Call, four-million

Dealer posts the flop: 4h,10d,jd

Bravi checks. Spy checks

Dealer posts Turn: 4h,10d,jd,5c

Bravi raises \$7,000,000.

DEALER

Raise, seven-million.

Spy calls immediately and slides \$7,000,000.

DEALER

Call, seven-million.

Dealer posts the river: 4h,10d,jd,5c,9c

Spy raises \$10,000,000.

DEALER

Raise, ten-million.

Bravi re-raise to \$15,000,000.

DEALER  
Bravi re-raise fifteen-million. Pot is  
sixty-two million.

Spy immediately calls and slides all his chips in.

DEALER  
Roth, all-in.

Bravi and Spy reveal cards. Spy has Aces. Bravi reels back in  
disbelief. He laughs.

DEALER  
Mister Roth- higher pair. Plus thirty-  
two million.

LUCA BRAVI  
Don't worry mister Roth. In due time.  
In due time.

They both stare.

Dealer distributes cards. Spy's chip stack larger than  
Bravi's.

LUCA BRAVI  
It seems now I am the one who's is  
down.

Spy looks at his cards: 7s,2h

Bravi looks at his cards and calls:

Dealer posts the flop: 9s,8s,7h

Bravi raises then places **keys** on the table. Spy puzzled.

LUCA BRAVI  
Let's make things more interesting. I  
am down right?

SPY  
What would that be?

LUCA BRAVI  
My Ferrari. Can't remember which one  
though.

SPY  
Can't remember? Doubt that. I call  
then.

Spy places his **Aston Martin keys** on the table.

Bravi smirks then nods to the dealer. Dealer posts the turn:  
*9s, 8s, 7h, 6s*

The atmosphere more quite. Bravi plays with his chips then pulls out an **envelope**. Spy holds back a feeling of shock.

SPY

You wouldn't mind telling me what that is?

LUCA BRAVI

Oh you know what this is.

Spy keeps his cool.

LUCA BRAVI

Please. Place your bet.

SPY

Not quite sure what that's worth.

LUCA BRAVI

However much do you think it's worth mister Roth.

A beat.

Spy slides in \$1,000,000. Bravi smirks and nods to dealer.

LUCA BRAVI

Fair enough. But I'm afraid we might have to up the ante.

Brazi pulls out a silver pistol and places it on the table. Spy looks over to the guard who readies a handgun.

LUCA BRAVI

A spy from a world class organization after my accounts. You didn't think I would find out?

Spy sits speechless.

LUCA BRAVI

I would hate to ruin a good game so let's do this. You get this hand, you live, you don't, well...



Bravi shakes his head. Spy sighs. His eyes fading.

SPY  
Guess I'm all in then.

Spy losing consciousness. Dealer posts the river then suddenly the lights go out.

**BANG, BANG, BANG**

Illumination from the gunshots show flashes of a PERSON in a skull mask and top hat.

**INT. ESTATE - LATER**

Spy slowly wakes up. Sweating and dazed. He gathers himself checks his body.

Bravi lays dead over the poker table. The guard dead on the floor in a pool of blood. Spy grabs the silver gun on the table, checks the filled magazine, and slowly heads upstairs.

**INT. ESTATE - KITCHEN**

He makes his way through the quietness of the estate with gun leading. Looks around.

Nothing.

He then heads to the backyard entrance. The sliding door is open. A dead guard laying adjacent. Spy heads through...

**BACKYARD**

... the backyard. Only noise from the water fountain. Another dead guard in the grass.

**EXT. ESTATE**

He walks cautiously through the backyard to the front driveway. His Aston Martin gone.

He makes his way to the street and starts walking.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

Tom sits with his head down and hands together. Distressed. Crying almost.

SPY V.O.  
(through headset)  
I know you can hear me. I'm not dead.

Tom in a state of shock. Can't utter words.

SPY V.O.  
(through headset)  
And I know this wasn't you. I'm gonna  
find out who did this.

TOM  
You're- You're fucking alive!

**EXT. ESTATE - NIGHT**

SPY  
(more to himself)  
Another agent? Possibly. Messy though.

Spy continues to walk down quite the street. Thinking.

SPY  
I'm very upset you know. They got my  
package, interrupted my game, ruined  
my mission.  
(a beat)  
And they took my car.

**END.**