

SPIES
by
Will Save

Registered WGC.

8303 Waverly Rd.
Montreal, QC H2P 2P9
514-900-0440
willsave@hotmail.ca

FADE IN:

EXT. SNOW DESERT - NIGHT

A snow-covered landscape stretches as far as the eye can see.

SUPER: "Somewhere in Siberia."

Far below, a large military base, surrounded by a high fence, slowly becomes visible through the darkness.

EXT. SECRET MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

Seven men silently glide towards the base, hanging from parachutes. Black-clothed, faces hidden beneath balaclavas.

They touch down on the main building's roof. One of them, the CLUMSY MAN, trips and gets entangled in his parachute.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Two gruff-looking soldiers, armed with automatic weapons, stand guard by a door.

A thin, metallic noose is wrapped around each guard's neck and they are pulled up and out of sight.

Six men silently drop down from the roof. A moment later, the Clumsy Man crash-lands, toppling two of his teammates.

They jump up and head off into the darkness. The Clumsy Man soon follows, but in the opposite direction.

Four remain. The LEADER uses one of the downed soldiers' key-card to open the door. The intruders set foot into the empty

HALLWAY

The Leader glances at his watch, then nods. They strip down to their concealed Russian military uniforms and march down the corridor.

EXT. SECONDARY BUILDING - NIGHT

The Clumsy Man reaches a small building near the fence.

He glances around. No one in sight. He peers at his watch before removing his backpack.

He pulls out a block of C4 and a bag filled with small blasting caps. He fumbles to grab a cap with his thick winter gloves. He manages to grab one, but drops it in the snow.

He pulls off a glove using his teeth and preps the charge, which he places by the building's base. He then sets another.

INT. HALLWAYS - NIGHT

The Leader guides the team through the maze of corridors using his hand-held GPS. He frequently glances at his watch.

Suddenly, a door opens a little farther down the hall.

The men stop dead in their tracks, tensing up, as a man in a white lab coat steps out into the corridor. He strolls past them without giving them a second look.

The Leader sighs and they march on.

A few turns later, they reach a thick, armored door with four heavily armed soldiers standing guard. One of them takes a step forward and signals for the group to stop.

SOLDIER

(in Russian; subtitled)

This is a restricted area. Leave.

The Leader smiles and nods. The four intruders pull out silenced pistols and take out the guards.

The Leader stands guard as his men hide the corpses in a nearby room, but not before taking their weapons.

The four men take the soldiers' place guarding the door.

The Leader's watch counts down the seconds: "32, 31, 30..."

He nods to his men.

The BACKPACK MAN grabs explosive charges from his backpack (unlike the Clumsy Man's, these charges are all prepped). Helped by his teammate, he places the charges on the door's hinges while the other two stand guard.

The Backpack Man hands the detonator to the Leader as they head down the hall and take cover around the corner.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

The Clumsy Man hides against the wall of the main building. He peers around the corner at the rigged building.

His eyes widen in shock as he realizes the charges are inactive. Panicked, he hurries over and activates them.

MONTAGE - COUNTDOWN & EXPLOSIONS

-- Hallway -- The Leader's watch counts down. "7, 6..."

-- Inside safe room -- Four heavily armed soldiers stand guard. In the center of the room lies a large, black crate.

-- Outside -- The Clumsy Man activates the final charge and heads back behind cover. His watch counts down. "5, 4..."

-- Secondary building/Safe room door -- The charges' lights blink red, waiting to be activated.

-- Hallway -- The Leader's watch counts down. "3, 2..." His finger hovers over the detonator's trigger.

-- Outside -- The Clumsy Man's watch counts down. "...1, 0." He presses the trigger. Nothing. He presses it repeatedly. Still nothing. He steps out of cover and presses it again.

-- Secondary building -- The building explodes in a huge ball of fire.

-- Hallway -- The Leader presses the trigger. The safe room door flies off its hinges. Debris and dust fly down the hall.

-- Outside -- The huge ball of fire rises high into the sky. Guards come running from all directions.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Backpack Man pulls the pin from a grenade and chucks it around the corner, into the safe room.

They cover their eyes with their hands as a blinding white light explodes from the safe room and floods the entire hall.

It quickly subsides. The team heads out of cover and into the

SAFE ROOM

Dust fills the air. The guards wander around the room, blinded by the flash grenade. The black crate sits in the center of the room. They grab it and silently head back out.

EXT. FENCE - NIGHT

The two first men to leave the group stand guard by a large hole in the perimeter fence, two dead guards at their feet.

Out of the darkness emerge their four teammates, crate in hand. They quickly approach and put down their load.

LEADER
(glancing around)
We're one man short. Where is he?

The two men by the fence shrug.

LEADER (CONT'D)
Fuck him. Let's go.

He steps through the hole in the fence as four men grab the crate and follow him.

EXT. SNOW DESERT - NIGHT

They briskly walk through the darkness until the Leader stops, grabs a white camouflage tarp and tugs on it, uncovering four snowmobiles. One has a sleigh tied to it.

LEADER
Strap it down.

The four men carrying the crate strap it to the sleigh as the Leader crouches down and starts digging in the snow.

BACKPACK MAN
What are you doing, boss?

LEADER
(continuing what he started)
Tying up loose ends.

He stands up and the six men mount the snowmobiles. Engines roar to life and they speed off into the darkness.

An out of breath Clumsy Man arrives, clothes half-burned.

CLUMSY MAN
Wait!

A click is heard. He just stepped on a land mine.

CLUMSY MAN (CONT'D)
Oh crap.

The sound of a small explosion resonates as...

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

...an old car backfires as it drives off. Behind it is a luxurious retirement home. A sign reads: "Tall Palms Retirement Home".

JOHN'S BEDROOM

An old man is asleep in his bed. It's JOHN OLDMAN, 83, life-long chick magnet and too handsome for his own good.

The room screams perfectionist; everything has its place.

Suddenly, John's hand slowly extends and hovers over the alarm clock. The alarm beeps. He turns it off.

He struggles for a second, then manages to sit up.

One sweep of the hand and his messy hair is perfectly combed. A satisfied smile ensues; a wide, toothless smile.

HALLWAY

John steps out of his apartment. He embodies the exact Hawaiian-shirt-wearing-retired-man stereotype.

He smiles, this time with teeth, as an old man steps out from the adjacent apartment.

It's MICHAEL CARVER, John's best friend. Fun to chill with, but his too-cool-for-school attitude keeps most at bay.

JOHN
(in a voice tired by age)
Hey Mikey.

MICHAEL
Hey. What's up?

JOHN
Joint pains. Trouble sleeping. You know, the usual.

Michael smiles as they shuffle down the hall, quickly reaching the nearby elevator.

Seated in a nearby chair is MR. GARRETT, a relic of a man.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hello, Mr. Garrett.

Mr. Garrett doesn't respond, or even move for that matter.

MICHAEL

Why do you do that? Isn't he
catatonic or something?

JOHN

I don't see the harm in being nice.

The doors ding open. The two friends step into the

ELEVATOR

that starts down towards ground level.

MICHAEL

Any news?

John nods.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And...

John sighs, shaking his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, man.

John pulls out a bag of M&Ms and pops them in his mouth.

JOHN

(through a mouthful)
Millions of people have
Alzheimer's. I just have to learn
to live with it.

MICHAEL

(smiling encouragingly)
That's the spirit.

John smiles back, teeth filled with candy bits. The doors
slide open and the two friends step out into the

FRONT ENTRANCE

MICHAEL

Whacky alert.

John spots a little old lady seated in a chair by the nearby
hallway. It's Mrs. O'Donnell, more commonly known as WHACKY.
She got the name from her favorite, and only,
pastime—whacking people with her cane.

They head towards the hall, but stop just out of reach from
Whacky. Micheal spots a young man approaching.

MICHEAL

Here comes one.

An UNSUSPECTING MAN approaches and walks by the old lady. A smile appears on her face as she whacks the man in the shin.

UNSUSPECTING MAN

Ow!

He bends down and starts massaging his leg.

WHACKY

Pansy.

Another whack, this time on the foot. The man hops around.

John and Micheal slip past Whacky, unharmed.

The man takes another few hits before getting away.

JOHN

You must be new. Don't worry,
you'll get used to it pretty soon.

UNSUSPECTING MAN

Is everyone here so crazy?

MICHAEL

You'll see.

The man limps away, as the two friends head off.

WHACKY

That's right. Run away, you
pansies.

DINING AREA

Scattered at the many tables around the room are a few residents enjoying their early morning meal.

Trays in hand, John and Michael are at the breakfast bar.

MICHAEL

So, what's the plan? This is your
first day since...

His voice trails off as he realizes John isn't listening; he's too busy staring at DESIREE COOPER. This 72-year-old woman is Tall Palms's most eligible bachelorette. Popular and beautiful, yet approachable.

Michael follows John's gaze and spots Desiree. He sighs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Just ask her out already.

JOHN
(snaps back to reality)
How many times do I have to tell
you? I can't.

MICHAEL
(saying it for the
hundredth time)
I know. After you wife died, you
promised that she would be your
last love.

JOHN
I can't break that promise. I just
can't.

MICHAEL
I know you loved her, man, but come
on. It's been ten years. Clara
would want you to be happy.

He glances at Desiree as she heads towards them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(with a mischievous smile)
Plus, she fucking hot.

JOHN
Shut up! A woman like that deserves
to be referred to appropriately.
She not just some hot piece of ass.
She's a delicate flower that must
be handled with the utmost care.

Michael smiles, satisfied.

Desiree reaches the buffet and grabs a tray.

MICHAEL
Come on. Let's have a seat.

Michael sits at a nearby table.

John follows, his eyes still on Desiree. He slams into a
table. Plates go flying in a cacophony of broken china.

All eyes are on him. Including Desiree's. She smiles at him.

John, in an attempt to look casual, leans against the table,
but slips and falls.

Micheal hurries over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (to everyone)
 I'm sorry. He's just a little...
 loopy. New meds and all.

Michael helps him up and leads him to their table.

John finally regains his wits. He pulls out a small pill organizer and dumps a few pills into his palm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 So, what --

JOHN
 -- Wait.

John cocks his head, listening to an unheard sound. He grabs a red pill form his palm and brings it up to his ear.

MICHAEL
 What are you --

JOHN
 -- Shhhhh.

MICHAEL
 But --

John raises his index finger, once more silencing Michael, and listens for a few seconds before acknowledging him.

JOHN
 They want me to come in.

MICHAEL
 Why?

JOHN
 Dunno. Didn't say.

John washes the pills down with a gulp of orange juice.

MICHAEL
 You gonna go?

JOHN
 What else can I do?

MICHAEL
 You think they know?

JOHN
How could they? I just found out
yesterday.

MICHAEL
I don't like this.

JOHN
Me neither.

HALLWAY

The two friends shuffle out of the elevator. Mr. Garrett
still sits in his chair.

JOHN
Hello, Mr. Garrett.

No response.

They head down the hall, soon reaching Michael's apartment.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Have a nice day.

MICHAEL
You too.

Michael vanishes into his apartment, while John heads into

JOHN'S APARTMENT

and hobbles over to his bedroom, closing the door behind him.

A second later, John steps back out. He stands tall, back
straight as a board in his flattering, three-piece suit. He
adjusts his tie and energetically strolls over to the

BATHROOM

He locks the door and heads for the toilet. Nearby, a yellow
rubber duck sits on the tub's edge.

He quickly flushes three times. The lid of the toilet tank
opens up, revealing a keyboard and a hand scanner.

He presses his hand against the scanner and a red light scans
it. He then types a password and the tank lid closes.

FEMALE VOICE
 (from the toilet bowl)
 Identity confirmed. Welcome agent
 thirty-one.

John takes a seat on the toilet.

The tiles disappear into the floor as a hole appears around the toilet. The porcelain throne jerks and descends into the

TOILET ELEVATOR

John and his toilet slowly descends down the narrow tunnel. A cheesy elevator jingle starts to play.

INT. OLD HEADQUARTERS - ELEVATOR HALLWAY - DAY

A long corridor with a row of circular holes in the ceiling.

John descend from one of the holes, quickly reaching the floor. He stands and flushes, sending the toilet back up.

A moment later, Michael rides down on his own toilet. Just like John, he wears a sleek suit and the only symptoms of old age that remain are his wrinkled skin and white hair.

JOHN
 (in a powerful, almost
 youthful voice)
 So, did you have a nice day?

The two friends share a good-hearted laugh as they stroll down the hall, soon reaching the

CENTRAL AREA

The huge room buzzes with activity. Hundreds of researchers, analysts, programmers and other intelligence professionals sit at their individual work stations.

In the center of the room is a large monument with the words "Organization of Last Defense" engraved in large letters.

SUPER: "OLD Headquarters."

MICHAEL
 Nerd alert.

He gestures to an old man with glasses weaving his way through the work stations, heading towards them. It's STUART COLLIER, 65, born to be a nerd and a total John wannabe.

JOHN

Be nice.

They head down the stairs just as Stuart arrives. He readjusts his thick glasses with his index.

STUART

(speaking super fast)

Hi, John. Here is your coffee.

(hands John a cup)

The Chief wants to see you in the briefing room. Could you ask him about me becoming an agent? I've been studying.

(he holds up an "Espionage For Dummies" book)

I'm ready for the field. Could you put in a good word, huh?

John smiles and puts an arm around Stuart's shoulders.

JOHN

Now's not the time, but you keep studying.

Stuart nods and joyfully strides off.

MICHAEL

What happened to your I never lie rule?

JOHN

What? I didn't lie.

MICHAEL

Not directly, but we both know he'll never be an agent.

JOHN

I know. I just feel bad for him.

He watches Stuart happily go about his business.

BRIEFING ROOM

A man stands before a large, glass table, looking down at the map featured on the table's glass, touchscreen surface.

It's the CHIEF of OLD, mid-sixties. Considered young by most, yet ancient in his ways.

There's a knock at the door. The Chief looks up to see John stride in. He gets rid of the virtual map with a quick wipe.

CHIEF
John, you're being reactivated.

JOHN
But Chief, I just retired
yesterday.

CHIEF
I know, but something's come up. We
need you.

JOHN
Come on Chief, the bingo tournament
is tonight and I'm feeling lucky.
Can't you send someone else?

CHIEF
Everyone else is busy. You're the
only experienced agent we've got.

JOHN
But Chief, I can't.

CHIEF
Why not?

John opens his mouth to speak, but can't say it. He sighs.

JOHN
All right. I'm in.

CHIEF
Great, let's have a seat.

They pull up a chair. The Chief just sits there, silent.

JOHN
Aren't you going to tell me why I'm
here?

CHIEF
We're waiting for your partner.

JOHN
Partner? Come on Chief, you know I
work alone.

CHIEF
Not this time, John. This is a
major operation that requires two
agents. We're bringing in someone
from another agency.

Something behind John catches the Chief's eye.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Ah, here she comes.

JOHN

She?

John turns around to see DOMINIQUE JOLIE, a 23-year-old, French supermodel. She's got the brains, but all people see are her looks.

The provocatively dressed young woman enters the room in SLOW MOTION. Her hair blows in a non-existent breeze. Her tongue travels across her lips. Her hips slowly sway from side to side as she walks towards them, heels clicking on the floor.

The Chief is frozen in place, entranced by her beauty. Eyes unblinking. Jaw wide open.

Unlike his boss, John is unaffected.

Dominique suddenly spots John. Stunned by his rugged good looks, she trips and goes flying, coming out of SLOW MOTION.

Quick as lightning, John leaps out of his chair and catches Dominique in his arms.

She glances up at John. Their faces are so close their lips are almost touching. Dominique glances into John's eyes, totally entranced.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

DOMINIQUE

(faintly)

Yes...

Dominique brings her head up, half-expecting a kiss. Instead, John pulls away and helps her to her feet. She immediately snaps back to reality.

John gallantly pulls out a chair for her, before taking a seat himself.

JOHN

I'm John, John Oldman.

DOMINIQUE

(in a sexy French accent)

Dominique Jolie.

John gently grabs her outstretched hand and lays a gentle kiss on it. Dominique blushes.

JOHN
 (gesturing to the Chief)
 Will he stay that way for long?

DOMINIQUE
 (giggling)
 Check this out.

She snaps her fingers. The Chief glances around, confused. He soon recovers as he spots the two spies sitting opposite him.

CHIEF
 Ah, there you are. John, this is --

JOHN
 We've already been introduced.

CHIEF
 Ah. Okay. Well, she was sent to us
 from the Homeland Observation
 Taskforce, also known as... H...

He shifts nervously in his seat, obviously uncomfortable.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
 Also known as HO... HOT.
 (a sigh of relief)
 This is her first mission, so keep
 her close.

DOMINIQUE
 (glancing sensually at
 John)
 I'll stay as close as you want.

CHIEF
 (clearing his throat)
 Let's move on.

He reaches out and twists his wrist. A keyboard appears on the table's touchscreen surface. He presses a key.

Nothing happens.

He tries again. Still nothing. He presses it repeatedly.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

A garage door opens and closes repeatedly.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The Chief tries pressing different keys.

Meanwhile, Dominique leans towards John.

DOMINIQUE
What's his name?

JOHN
We just calls him Chief. No one
knows his real name, but we have a
office pool. I bet on Horace.

Dominique giggles. The chief still fumbles with the keyboard.

Suddenly, a loud alarm starts blaring as red revolving lights
come out of the ceiling and start spinning.

John grabs the virtual keyboard and presses a few keys. The
alarm subsides.

JOHN (CONT'D)
May I?

The Chief nods. John presses another key.

A 3-D holographic projection appears in the center of the
room. It's a two-foot wide, silver sphere, floating a few
inches above the surface of the table. Circumnavigating it is
a small rice-shaped silver object.

CHIEF
This is the Project Hypnos Device,
or PHD for short. It's the only
working mind-control device in
history. It was developed under the
guise of a Russian military weapons
development project codenamed
Project Hypnos, after the Greek god
of Sleep --

STUART (O.S.)
-- Coffee anyone?

Stuart peers in from behind the half-open door.

CHIEF
What are you doing here? This is a
top secret meeting.

STUART
I'm sorry, I just thought... You...
You might want coffee...

CHIEF
Well, we don't. Leave. Now.

Stuart glances at the hologram and heads off.

The Chief makes the keyboard appear.

JOHN
Chief, maybe I should.

CHIEF
Right.

The Chief slides the virtual keyboard over to John. A few clicks later, the door locks and the glass walls turn black.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
All right. Where were we?

JOHN
Mind control.

CHIEF
Ah, yes. The Russians spent the better part of five years developing a working prototype for the PHD. Mere hours after completion, it was stolen from their maximum security vault.

JOHN
And we were the lucky ones chosen to get it back.

The Chief nods.

John's cell phone starts ringing, playing the Mission Impossible theme song.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Sorry.

He pulls out his phone and glances at the screen.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I have to take this.

He answers as the Chief and Dominique share a confused look.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hey buddy. How you doin'?
(a short pause, followed
by a sigh)
I know. I'm sorry. Something's come
up... Yeah, soon... Okay, bye.

John hangs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sorry. It was my grandson, Milo. I promised we would spend some time together today.

(glancing at the Chief)

I thought I would be free.

Dominique looks at John longingly.

DOMINIQUE

Aw, that's so sweet of you.

CHIEF

(rolling hie eyes)

Anyway. We've managed to gather some intel. The man responsible for the theft is Mahmud Jahad Bindu. He's a known weapons dealer, so we can assume he didn't steal it for himself. Your mission is to infiltrate his organization and find out to whom he did, or will, sell it.

JOHN

How do we get in?

CHIEF

He's having a party tonight. That's your way in.

There's a knock on the door. One press of a button from John and the door opens.

Desiree, the woman from the dining area, enters the room. John's face illuminate. They share a smile.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Ah, Desiree.

(to John and Dominique)

You two, go with her. She'll give you everything you need for your mission.

John, unable to tear his eyes away from Desiree stands up and follows her out of the room, but not before slamming into a chair. Dominique hurries after them.

GADGET ROOM

Desiree leads the two spies through a labyrinth of work stations, where gadgets are being worked on and tested, mostly with comical results, by scientists in white coats.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

John!

The group stops

NEAR A TALL MAN

and turns to see Micheal jog up to them.

JOHN

I'll catch up.

The two women continue as Micheal arrives.

MICHAEL

Hey, John. How did it go? Why were you called in?

JOHN

I've been reactivated.

MICHAEL

Really? Did you tell him you'd retired because of the...

(whispering)

...Alzheimer's?

JOHN

I forgot.

Michael frowns.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(laughing)

Just kidding.

(seriously)

I almost did, but I couldn't.

MICHAEL

Hey man. I understand.

WORK STATION

The two women stand side-by-side behind a large work station, enviously watching John and Michael speak from a far.

DOMINIQUE

He's just so... perfect.

DESIREE

I know.

DOMINIQUE
Is he seeing anyone?

DESIREE
(tensing up)
Why?

DOMINIQUE
Just wondering.

An awkward pause ensues.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)
So, is he?

DESIREE
(faking auditory problems)
What? Can you speak louder?

DOMINIQUE
Never mind.
(to herself)
I'll just have to find out myself.

NEAR TALL MAN

MICHAEL
(glancing at Desiree)
Did you ask her out yet?

JOHN
You know I can't.

MICHAEL
I just wish you'd follow your heart
for once.

JOHN
Fine. When I catch The Shadow, I'll
ask her out.

MICHAEL
You're hopeless.

JOHN
I know. Bye.

WORK STATION

The two women watch John approach.

A large fan is being used to test a gadget. John walks past it in SLOW MOTION, hair blowing in the wind, clothes sticking to his body. He bats his eyelids. The SLOW MOTION ends as he steps out of the wind.

He joins the two women, only to find them frozen in place. He chuckles. A finger snap brings them back to reality.

DESIREE
(awkwardly)
Ah yes, the gadgets.

Two large suitcases sit on the desk before her. She pops the slightly bigger one open, revealing dozens of gadgets incased in form-fitting foam.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
(to John)
These are mostly oldies: Pill organizer, with all the usual saliva activated pills. Anything from truth serum to exploding pills. Knock-out pen. Grappling hook watch... You know, the usual.

She pulls out a black briefcase.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
Now this is new. This seemingly banal briefcase uses our new space compression technology and is by far the most important in your arsenal. The walker.

Suddenly, the briefcase unfolds, quickly turning into a walker with wheels and a seat. The spies are very impressed.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
As usual, all gadgets are voice activated. Just speak the mode you wish to use and it will do the rest. For example: Briefcase.

The walker turns back into a briefcase. She then pulls out a brick of a book and hands it to John.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
There are more modes than I can remember, so you might want to read the guide before using any of these.

JOHN
Thank you.

DESIREE
You're welcome.

DOMINIQUE
What about my gadgets?

Eyes glued to John, Desiree blindly grabs the smaller suitcase and shoves it in Dominique's arms. She struggles against the weight, but loses her balance and falls.

John gallantly helps Dominique to her feet.

DESIREE
Now for the best part; the car.

JOHN
(excitedly)
You finished it?

DESIREE
Yesterday. I wanted it to be ready in time for your mission.

JOHN
That's so kind of you.

Dominique rolls her eyes.

DESIREE
Follow me.

She leads them to a bright yellow Lamborghini.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
This is CAR. It stands for Cognitive Artificial Response. Equipped with the newest technologies, such as chameleon skin, morphing frame, autopilot and of course, CAR technology, thus the name. She's the most advanced piece of machinery in the world.

DOMINIQUE
She?

DESIREE
She.
(to car)
CAR, show us what you can do.

The motor hums to life.

CAR
(in a soft female voice)
Yes, Ms. Cooper.

Dominique jumps back in surprise.

DOMINIQUE
Did it just...

John and Desiree smile.

DESIREE
How about a little demo?

JOHN
I'm sorry, but we don't have time.

He nods to the instruction manual in his hand.

DESIREE
Oh, right.

She hands John another thick book from a nearby work station.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
You'll need this. Anything you need
to know about CAR is in here.

She chucks another to Dominique, who almost topples over.

JOHN
I'll make it up to you, I swear.

As he approaches, the driver door swings open. He smiles and enters, quickly followed by Dominique.

OLD CAR

John presses his thumb against the scanner to the right of the steering wheel. The engine roars to life.

CAR
Welcome, Agent thirty-one.

JOHN
Thank you. What is your default
destination?

CAR
Two thousand eight hundred and
forty, Palmgrove Lane. Primary
residence of Mahmud Jahad Bindu.
(MORE)

CAR (CONT'D)

Approximate time of departure for desired arrival time is in seven hours, nineteen minutes and three seconds.

John smiles like a child in a candy store.

JOHN

Manuel mode engaged?

CAR

Yes, Agent thirty-one.

JOHN

Please, call me John.

CAR

Very well. You may proceed.

JOHN

Thank you.

CAR

You're welcome, John.

John puts the pedal to the metal.

GADGET ROOM

The car burns rubber for a few seconds before speeding off, leaving behind a cloud of grey smoke.

EXT. MAHMUD'S MANSION - EVENING

Thick, grey clouds all around. They part to reveal a highly fortified mansion sitting atop a high cliff, giving a perfect view of the sunset.

A lush forest isolates the mansion from the neighboring houses. The only access: the road leading to the front gate.

A yellow Lamborghini speeds towards the residence, but slows to a stop before reaching the gate.

INT./EXT. OLD CAR - EVENING

JOHN

(to car)

Black Hummer please.

CAR

Yes, John.

The car starts to transform. It quickly goes from the sleek, yellow Lamborghini to the imposing, black Hummer.

DOMINIQUE

Wow.

JOHN

Impressive, right?

Dominique nods, still stunned.

EXT. MANSION ROAD - EVENING

The Hummer veers off the road and tears through the forest, vanishing out of sight.

EXT. OLD CAR - EVENING

John steps out, wearing a black tuxedo, while Dominique has a very revealing red dress. She's more gorgeous than ever.

JOHN

CAR, please change color to match surroundings.

CAR

Yes, John.

The car turns a light shade of green.

JOHN

Open trunk, please.

The trunk pops opens, revealing two large suitcases.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Gear up. Take only what you can carry discreetly.

EXT. OUTSIDE WALL - EVENING

The spies emerge from the forest, reaching a high stone wall.

John, briefcase in hand, reaches into his pocket and takes a little blue pill from his pill organizer.

DOMINIQUE

What's that?

John gulps down the pill.

JOHN

It's a special pill that is issued to all OLD agents. It helps us perform our duties by making us faster, stronger, more flexible. Unfortunately, we have to take one every few hours because the effects wear off pretty quickly.

DOMINIQUE

Oh, okay.
(glancing at the wall)
How do we get in?

JOHN

(peering around)
Wait here, I'll come and get you.

With that, he pulls on the briefcase's locks. They give way, revealing two long straps. John ties them to the bottom of the briefcase and wears it like a back-pack.

JOHN (CONT'D)

See you soon.

With surprising agility, he climbs a nearby tree. Halfway up, he stops, takes aim with his watch and fires.

A grappling hook linked to a thin steel wire comes flying out and wraps itself around a nearby branch. John pulls it tight and swing from the wire like a monkey from a vine.

Halfway through the swing, the hook detaches itself from the branch and John is sent flying through the air.

Dominique gasps.

John soars forward, gracefully landing on top of the wall.

The French spy sighs.

John spots a guard patrolling just below him and jumps down.

EXT. INSIDE WALL - EVENING

John lands on the guard, knocking him out cold. He springs to his feet and carefully creeps towards the gate.

He reaches it with no incident, only to find Dominique casually leaning against the wall, waiting for him.

JOHN

What are you doing here?

DOMINIQUE
(shrugging casually)
I was tired of waiting.

JOHN
How did you get in?

DOMINIQUE
(smiling seductively)
I have my ways.

John sees two large, unconscious guards behind Dominique.

JOHN
Oh, come on. Do you have any idea
how that makes me look? What kind
of man lets the girl fight for him?

DOMINIQUE
The gentlemanly kind.

She walks away, swaying her hips from side to side.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)
(glancing back over her
shoulder)
Coming?

John hurries after her and they sneak towards the mansion,
weaving their way around the guards and dogs scattered
throughout the property.

EXT. SIDE DOOR - EVENING

Two security guards stand by a side door, near a tall hedge.
The two spies' faces pop out from the hedge.

DOMINIQUE
We can take them.

JOHN
Maybe, but we can't risk them
sounding the alarm. You go left,
I'll go right.

The faces disappear back into the hedge.

They creep towards the guard from opposite directions.

John hides around the corner and pulls out his cell phone. He
presses a button before putting it away. Next, he pulls out
his pill organizer.

Dominique creeps forward. Suddenly, her cell rings loudly.
She freezes.

The two guards whip around and spot her.

John steps out of cover, pill organizer in hand. He hesitates between the green and the orange pills for a second.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh no. Which one is it?

He shrugs and grabs an orange pill. He licks it and chucks it towards the guards, hitting one in the back. He starts to convulse as an electrical current travels through his body.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oops. Wrong one.

John grabs a green pill, licks it and chucks it between the two guards. A thick, green cloud of gas quickly engulfs them.

A second later, the cloud dissipates. The guards are unconscious, with one of them still slightly convulsing as arcs or electricity run along his body.

Dominique fumbles to grab her cell phone from her hand bag.

DOMINIQUE
(softly)
Hello?

JOHN (O.S.)
Hi.

She peers up to see a smiling John wave at her, cell in hand.
She hangs up and walks up to him angrily.

DOMINIQUE
Why did you do that?

JOHN
(shrugging)
I needed a distraction. And now,
you know how it feels to have a
partner that doesn't communicate.

DOMINIQUE
You're so childish.

John shrugs once more. He tries the door, but it's locked.

JOHN
Damn.

DOMINIQUE

I got this.

She opens her hand bag and pulls out a tube of lipstick.

JOHN

Now's not the time to --

DOMINIQUE

-- Shhhh.

She uncaps the tube and draws a semi-circle around the handle. The red substance eats through the metal and, a moment later, the handle falls off and the door swings open.

JOHN

Impressive.

DOMINIQUE

Thanks. Let's go.

They hurry into the deserted, richly decorated

HALLWAY

John grabs the briefcase from his back as they creep forward.

DOMINIQUE

Do you know where you're going?

JOHN

Well, we need to know if he sold the PHD. Our best bet is to find his office.

They reach an intersection.

DOMINIQUE

Which way?

John shrugs.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

This way.

She takes the lead, heading down a random corridor.

They soon reach yet another intersection. Dominique halts.

Suddenly, she hears a crunching sound behind her. She spins around to find John struggling to tear open a bag of M&Ms.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)
 (hushed)
 What the hell are you doing?

JOHN
 What? I'm diabetic.

He finally tears it open.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 M&M?

She rolls her eyes. John shrugs and wolfs down a handful of candy before putting the bag away.

Dominique peers around the corner, but quickly pulls back. It's obvious she saw something.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 Let me see.

They switch places and John peers around the corner.

At the far end of the intersecting corridor stand two guards, their backs to him. Past them is a balcony overlooking the dance floor, where hundreds of people talk and dance.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (still peering around the
 corner)
 I have an idea. You hide and I'll
 distract the guards. While I keep
 them busy, you can slip past and...

John suddenly realizes Dominique is no longer behind him. He glances around, but she seems to have vanished.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (hushed)
 Dominique? Where are you?

He peers around the corner to find his partner stepping out of a door. She creeps up to the guards and taps them on the shoulder. They turn around.

She pulls out a small, circular powder box from her hand bag.

DOMINIQUE
 Could you be a dear and hold this?

She hands her hand bag to one of the guards.

She opens the powder box and blows the powder into the guards' faces. Their eyes widen. Dominique grabs her hand bag from the guard as he and his buddy slowly topple over.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The two men fall to the floor, unconscious.

JOHN

Wow. That's what I call drop dead gorgeous.

He steps out of cover and quickly joins Dominique on the

BALCONY

JOHN

Good job. But you should have told me.

DOMINIQUE

I got the job done, didn't I?

JOHN

Yes, but that's not the point. We're supposed to be partners.

DOMINIQUE

All right, partner, what do you suggest we do now?

JOHN

I'll look around for Mahmud's office while you keep him busy.

DOMINIQUE

Why do I get the crappy job?

JOHN

Who do you think he would prefer to speak with? An old coot like me or a hot, young woman like yourself?

DOMINIQUE

(blushing)

You think I'm hot?

JOHN

Yeah, sure. You're the image of perfection. Any man would be lucky to be with you. Can we just get on with it?

Dominique is ecstatic. She nods and turns to leave.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Wait.

Dominique turns around hopefully.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Come here.

She obeys and gets close to him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Open your mouth.

She does as told. John leans forward. She closes her eyes and, mouth still ajar, waits for John to make his move.

Suddenly, John shoves his fingers in Dominique's mouth and glues something to one of her molars. She pushes him away and feels around her mouth with her tongue.

DOMINIQUE
What the hell did --

JOHN
-- It's a microphone. I have one too. Here's your earpiece.
(hands her a tiny earpiece)
That way, we can hear what the other says and hears. Just keep him busy, I'll do the rest.

DOMINIQUE
But --

JOHN
-- Go. I'll take care of the bodies.

Dominique strides off as John puts down his briefcase and tries to lift a guard. It's no use; he's too heavy. The spy spots a bench and drags the unconscious man towards it.

BALLROOM

A huge, richly decorated room. Hundreds of swanky-looking people are scattered throughout. A few couples waltz around the dance floor.

Dominique glides down the last steps leading to the ground-floor. She spots MAHMUD JAHAD BINDU, a short and slim Indian man, across the dance floor.

DOMINIQUE
I knew he was short, but damn.

Mahmud is deep in conversation with a young couple, when something behind them catches his eye. It's Dominique, gracefully gliding across the room towards him.

MAHMUD
(pronounced Indian accent)
Excuse me.

He walks away from the couple, heading for Dominique. The spy and the weapons dealer meet in the center of the dance floor.

MAHMUD (CONT'D)
Do you have a map? Because I just
got lost in your eyes.

Dominique, towering over the short man, barely manages to keep a straight face.

DOMINIQUE
That's... nice.

MAHMUD
Let's dance.

Mahmud grabs her hand and pull her close.

DOMINIQUE
But...

With his hand on her butt and eyes level with her bosom, he twirls her around the dance floor.

BALCONY

The two unconscious guards sit side by side on a bench. John notices their grim expressions. He reaches out and shapes a smile on their faces, giving them an over-joyous expression. Satisfied, he heads off.

One of the two men slips and topples over. His head lands in his friend's lap, making it look like they're doing something dirty, the effect amplified by the man's wide smile.

HALLWAYS

John tiptoes down countless corridors, in search of Mahmud's office. He passes doors, paintings hanging from the walls and even a few suits of armor, but no office.

As he passes by a door that's slightly ajar, John hears a moan. He heads for the door and peers in the

ROOM

where he finds a beautiful, lightly dressed woman lying on a bed in a very inviting way.

WOMAN

You're hot.

JOHN

Thank you.

WOMAN

(sensually)

Make love to me.

JOHN

No.

WOMAN

Wh... Why not?

JOHN

(shrugging)

Don't feel like it.

He turns to leave, but then stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You wouldn't happen to know where I can find Mahmud's office, would you?

Still stunned by John's rejection, she points right.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

BALLROOM

Mahmud and Dominique stop dancing just as the song ends.

MAHMUD

(out of breath)

You're a great dancer.

DOMINIQUE

Thanks. You're not bad yourself.

Mahmud grabs her hand.

MAHMUD

Follow me. I have a little surprise for you.

He leads her through the crowd. An anxious look appears on Dominique's face. She stops.

DOMINIQUE

Let's dance. You're just so good.

MAHMUD

What about the surprise?

She smiles invitingly.

DOMINIQUE

Later.

Mahmud smiles and follows her back onto the dance floor.

HALLWAY

John reaches a door at the end of the hall. He tries the handle. Unlocked. He opens the door and slips into a large

SECURITY ROOM

Oddly, it's completely empty but for a door at the far end.

He pulls out his bag of M&Ms.

JOHN

This should be easy.

He flicks the candy into the air and tilts his head back, mouth open. The M&M flies high into the air before coming back down. Suddenly, it splits in two and falls to the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

He puts the bag away and grabs a yellow pill from his organiser. He licks it and cautiously sends it sliding across the floor, towards the center of the room.

The pill releases a thick smoke that completely fills the room. It soon subsides, revealing dozens of lasers crisscrossing the entire room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Clichéd, yet effective.

His eyes close. His breathing slows. So does his heartbeat.

His eyes open. He springs forward. Dives. Rolls. Splits. Anything is fair game as the elder gracefully makes his way through the maze of lasers. After a perfectly choreographed dance of agility and suppleness, John reaches the far end.

He puts a single displaced strand of hair back in place and opens the door. He strides into

MAHMUD'S OFFICE

and closes the door. He turn to find someone with his back to him, riffling through Mahmud's file cabinet.

It's JIMMY KIDMAN, a 10-year-old, African-American kid dressed in a tailored tuxedo.

The kid hears the door close. He turns around and drops a stack of papers onto the desk, sending a pen rolling.

Total silence. They stare at each other, unsure how to react.

The pen rolls off the desk and hits the floor with a thud.

They each pull out a gun and point it at the other's chest.

JOHN & JIMMY
(together)
Who are you?
(short pause)
What are you doing here?

John slowly raises a finger, indicating a pause. Jimmy nods.

JOHN
Five little ducks went out one day.

JIMMY
Over the hill and far away.

JOHN
(in a sing-song voice)
Mother duck said: Quack, Quack...

He stops, embarrassed. The two spies lower their guns and John outstretches his hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm John Oldman, OLD.

Jimmy looks at John's hand, but doesn't shake it.

JIMMY
Jimmy Kidman, YOUNG.

JOHN
Youth Organization of the
Undercover National Guard, right?

The kid nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
How did you get in?

Jimmy points to the ceiling.

JIMMY
Roof.

JOHN
(to himself)
Should have thought of that.
(aloud)
What are you doing here? This is my
mission.

JIMMY
Like hell. It's my mission, bitch.

John is surprised to hear the kid swear.

JOHN
Look, I know that our two agencies
are rivals, but the best thing to
do now is collaborate.

JIMMY
I don't need help, grandpa. I mean
damn, I've raisins with less
wrinkles.

JOHN
(ignoring the insult)
It's not like I need help. I mean
you're just a kid. I just thought --

JIMMY
-- That's the problem with you old
folk. All thought, no action.

The kid sets down his gun and takes a seat. He powers up the
computer and starts hammering away at the keyboard.

John shrugs and searches the room for any clues. He starts
humming the Five Little Ducks song.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(stopping what he's doing)
Do you mind?

JOHN
(stops humming)
Sorry. It's catchy.

Jimmy's fingers fly over the keyboard. The words "Access Denied" repeatedly appear in red on the screen. Suddenly, the words "Access Granted" appear in green.

JIMMY
I'm in.

JOHN
I thought you didn't want to collaborate.

JIMMY
I don't. I was just gloating.

John rolls his eyes as he joins Jimmy and watches him riffle through the virtual files.

Jimmy stops.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

JOHN
Watching you work. What's wrong?
Nervous?

JIMMY
Hell, no!

Jimmy's virtual search soon comes to fruition.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

JOHN
What?

JIMMY
He already sold it. A large deposit was made to his bank account this morning.

JOHN
Where did the funds come from?

Jimmy riffles through the virtual world.

JIMMY
The account is registered to a company named... Oh shit!

JOHN
What is it now?

JIMMY
The company is called Shadow
Enterprises.

JOHN
That can't be. Let me see.

Sure enough, Jimmy is right.

JOHN (CONT'D)
This isn't good. Really not good.

BALLROOM

Dominique and Mahmud are seated at a small table. Mahmud is feeding the spy strawberries and whipped cream. Dominique tries to stay in character, but it's pure torture.

A guard walks up to the table.

GUARD
Mr. Bindu.

MAHMUD
Not now.

GUARD
It's important, sir.

MAHMUD
(to Dominique)
Please forgive me.

Dominique sighs in relief and nods.

GUARD
(whispers in Mahmud's ear)
Surveillance cameras have picked up
three intruders. Two are in your
office right now. The third is...

He glances at Dominique. Mahmud nods. The guard takes a few steps back and waits. The Indian man glances at Dominique.

MAHMUD
You've been a bad girl.

MAHMUD'S OFFICE

Jimmy pulls out a portable video game device. He aims it at the screen and there's a quick flash as he takes a picture.

JOHN

What are you doing?

JIMMY

I'm gonna need proof if I want to get assigned to the Shadow mission.

JOHN

Now's not the time for that.

JIMMY

You're right. I have to --

JOHN

-- Shhhhh.

JIMMY

Don't shush me.

JOHN

Shut up!

From John's expression, it's obvious he hears what's happening with Dominique. Jimmy manages to stay silent... For a second.

JIMMY

What is it?

JOHN

My partner's in trouble. We should go.

JIMMY

Why?

JOHN

If she's been made, that means we have too. It's just a matter of time before they come crashing through that door.

JIMMY

Good point. I'm outa here.

He jumps up, and opens the window, before pressing a button on his video game gadget. A metal bar shoots out from both ends. He then pulls out a metal wire and hooks it to his belt. Placing the device against the window frame, he climbs out of the window.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(ominously)
I'll see you later.
(as an afterthought)
Old man.

He rappels down and out of view.

John pulls out his cell phone, but spots Jimmy's gun on the desk. He grabs it and heads for the window.

JOHN
You forgot this.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Just drop it.

JOHN
Are you sure?

JIMMY (O.S.)
Just do it.

JOHN
Okay.

He drops the gun.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Ouch!

JOHN
I told you.

JIMMY (O.S.)
Shut up.

John smiles and turns around. He puts his phone on the floor.

JOHN
Call the Chief.

A holographic projection of the words "Calling..." appears in large letters above the phone. It rings a few times.

A 3-D, life-size hologram appears before John. It's a desk, with the Chief sitting behind it. Completely unaware of John's presence, he glances at something under the desk.

CHIEF
That's it. A little more to the right.

JOHN
Er, Chief?

The Chief jumps up in surprise, as a thud and a groan resonated from below. A second later, a woman's disheveled head appears from under the desk and glances around.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Desiree?

The gadget expert peers at John and her eyes widen in shock.

DESIREE
John? What... What are you doing?

She tries to fix her messed-up hair, but to no avail.

JOHN
I could ask you the same.

She glances around, realizing how the situation must look.

DESIREE
Oh my god, no. I was just fixing
his desk. See, look.

She slams her hand down and the desk crumbles beneath it.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
Sorry, Chief.

John can't hide a relieved smile, but it quickly vanishes.

JOHN
Dominique's cover's been blown.

DESIREE
Oh my god.

CHIEF
What? How?

JOHN
Don't know. I was in Mahmud's
office with Jimmy.

CHIEF
Jimmy?

JOHN
YOUNG spy. Not important. We found
out that Mahmud already sold the
PHD to The Shadow.

The Chief and Desiree are shocked.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Next thing I know, I hear
Dominique's cover being blown. It's
just a matter of time before they
come for me too.

DESIREE
Oh no. How will you get away?

JOHN
That's not important. Chief, you
have to send backup. Now.

The Chief hesitates.

CHIEF
We can't risk blowing the mission
for one agent. It's too risky.

DESIREE
But Chief --

CHIEF
-- It's final. John, just get out
of there.

He reaches for this phone.

DESIREE
Be careful.

The transmission ends. John pulls out his gun.

JOHN
(cocking his gun)
Too risky my ass.

PRISON HALLWAY

IVAN, a seven-foot-tall Russian muscle-man, drags Dominique
down the hall, kicking and screaming.

He throws her into a prison cell. She jumps up and tries to
slip past the large man. Ivan slaps her, sending her flying
back into the cell. She lands in a dark corner, unconscious.

HALLWAY

John jogs down the hall, briefcase in hand. He glances back
for a second. As he back turns around, a large arm flies out
from the intersecting corridor, knocking him to the ground.

He sees a large fist fly towards his face and all goes dark.

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

John opens his eyes to a dark ceiling and a splitting headache. A groan slips out as he sits up and glances around.

He's in a dark prison cell. Only a few of the sun's rays shine through the bars of a small window.

He manages to stand and tries to force the door open. Locked.

OMNIOUS VOICE (O.S.)

It's no use.

John whips around and sees a dark figure sitting in the corner of the cell, face hidden in shadows.

John gets in a defensive position.

JOHN

Who are you?

OMNIOUS VOICE

Put those down, old man. You'll hurt yourself.

The speaker leans forward, revealing his identity. It's Jimmy.

JOHN

Oh, it's you. What are you doing here?

JIMMY

Chillin'

John frowns.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What the fuck do you think? I got caught.

JOHN

Right.

John leans back against the wall and slide down to the floor.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How long have I been out?

JIMMY

All night. When I got here, you were both unconscious.

JOHN

We?

Jimmy nods to a body in a corner of the cell. It's Dominique. John hurries over to her and gently shakes her awake.

DOMINIQUE

What happened.

JIMMY

You got busted. Duh.

JOHN

Shut up.

JIMMY

What? It's true.

John helps Dominique sit up.

DOMINIQUE

What happened?

JOHN

I was in Mahmud's office when I heard your cover being blown.

DOMINIQUE

(groaning)

I... I remember.

She takes a few deep breaths.

DOMINIQUE (CONT'D)

What did you learn?

JOHN

Mahmud sold the PHD. To The Shadow.

DOMINIQUE

Who?

John sighs. He opens his mouth, but no words come out.

JIMMY

The Shadow. He's the Bill Gates of bad guys. Every time something new pops up, you can be sure he's involved. He's killed thousands of people and no one even knows what he looks like.

JOHN

The only way to know for sure he was involved is when his business card is found at the crime scene.

He reaches into his pocket and hands Dominique an old, tattered business card. It simply reads "The Shadow".

JIMMY

Wow. How did you get that?

John hesitates.

JOHN

He killed my wife and twin brother.

An uncomfortable silence. John takes a deep breath.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It was ten years ago. My wife, Clara, and I had planned a surprise birthday party for my brother Jack. Everyone we knew was there. I was running late.

(another sigh)

When I finally got there, I saw the house blow up.

DOMINIQUE

Did anyone survive?

John shakes his head.

JOHN

The only ones that didn't die that day were my son and his wife. She was giving birth to my grandson, Milo.

(holding back tears)

I found that card nearby. It was The Shadow's first recorded attack.

Another silence. Even Jimmy doesn't know what to say.

JOHN (CONT'D)

That was ten years ago. I've spent all that time trying to catch him. He's still out there and his crimes keep getting worse. If he uses the PHD, he will be unstoppable.

DOMINIQUE

I'm so sorry. I had no idea.

JOHN
You couldn't have known.

John takes a deep breath, regaining control of his emotions.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That's why we have to get out of
here and stop him once and for all.

He jumps up and heads for the door. Before he can reach it, the giant Russian appears and enters. He heads for Dominique.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Leave her alone.

Ivan shoves John aside and grabs Dominique. He throws her over his shoulder and walks out of the room.

John once more tries to force the door open. No use. He glances around the room in search of something useful.

JIMMY
They took everything.

JOHN
Not everything.

John opens his mouth and pulls out his dentures.

Jimmy grimaces at the sight of the saliva-covered teeth.

JIMMY
Yuck. That's nasty.

JOHN
(with a pronounced lisp)
You're so childish.

Jimmy laughs.

JIMMY
You sound stupid.

JOHN
Shut up.

John grabs one of the denture's molars and pulls it off, revealing a small compartment with a red pill in it.

He grabs the pill, licks it and, stepping back, takes aim. He throws the pill against the door's lock. It explodes in a small ball of fire and the door swings open.

John puts his teeth back into his mouth and turns to Jimmy.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Who's stupid now?

John peers out the door. All clear. He steps out into the

PRISON HALLWAY

JOHN
I think it's this way.

He gestures for Jimmy to follow him as he starts down the corridor. He glances back and realizes Jimmy is gone.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(sarcastically)
No, really. No need to thank me.

John heads down the hall and emerges into a

SMALL ROOM

in the center of which stands a table with all his gadgets.

EGYPTIAN ROOM

A large room. Scattered all across it: ancient Egyptian artifacts. Statues. Sarcophagi. Mummies. Anything to do with Ancient Egypt. A few men stand guard around the room.

A second story balcony stretches all around, giving a global view of the room.

At the far end, stairs lead to a platform on top of which a large throne rests. Mahmud, made smaller by the vastness of the room, surveys his surroundings from his throne.

Ivan enters and dumps Dominique at Mahmud's feet.

She stands up, towering over the short man. He climbs onto his throne, bringing him to eye level with Dominique, and forces a kiss onto her lips. She pulls away and slaps him.

Ivan roughly grabs the young spy.

MAHMUD
(massaging his check)
This should be fun. Tie her down.

Ivan chains her up using shackles anchored in the floor.

MAHMUD (CONT'D)
Leave us.

Ivan slumps off.

HALLWAY

John jogs down the hall and takes a right, only to collide with a human wall. It's Ivan.

John drops his briefcase and gets ready for a fight. Ivan doesn't attack. John shrugs and throws a powerful punch.

Not even a flinch.

He performs a series of powerful hits but Ivan doesn't budge.

Out of breath, John stops and glances up at Ivan, who smiles.

RUSSIAN

(Russian accent)

My turn.

He throws a punch. The fist comes flying towards John's face.

JOHN

Hey, I recognize that fist.

John ducks and the fist slams into the wall. Bricks explode.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Uh-oh.

He glances up at Ivan and smiles nervously.

The giant smiles back, as he readies a second attack.

John takes a step back, pulls out his bag of M&Ms and dumps it on the floor. The candies scatter.

The spy grabs his briefcase and dives between the man's legs, sliding forward on the candy.

Ivan turns to follow, but slips and crumbles to the floor.

John gets up and sprints away, heading towards a pair of double doors at the end of the hall. He bursts into the

EGYPTIAN ROOM

and glances around. He quickly spots Mahmud, seated on his throne, with Dominique chained at his feet.

JOHN

(to himself)

Dominique.

John weaves his way through the labyrinth of artifacts.
As he approaches, Mahmud and Dominique notice his presence.

DOMINIQUE

John.

He stops at the bottom of the stairs.

JOHN

Let her go!

Mahmud laughs.

MAHMUD

It might look more convincing if
you weren't standing there alone.

John takes a step forward.

MAHMUD (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Another step.

MAHMUD (CONT'D)

As you wish. Guards!

Six goons emerge from various doors and quickly surround John, who drops his briefcase and kicks it aside. He slowly spins around, studying the situation.

MAHMUD (CONT'D)

This should be fun. Attack!

The six men spring forward, quickly forming a dog pile atop John. They struggle to keep him from getting away.

A moment later, John wiggles his way out and stands. His back cracks and he remains bent forward.

JOHN

Uh-oh.

The men hear this and peer up at the elder, who struggles to stand straight. It's no use; his back is locked in place.

The goons get up one by one and stare at him.

MAHMUD

What are you waiting for? Get him.

A thug throws a hesitant punch. John turns to flee and receives the blow in the back. A series of cracks are heard. John stand straight and sighs.

JOHN
Ahhhhh. That's better.

He cracks his back and sighs again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm getting too old for this shit.
(an awkward pause)
What? Too cliché?

The six goons share confused looks. They turn to look at John, but he's gone.

MAHMUD
Get him, you morons.

The goons scatter and search the artifact labyrinth.

A goon suddenly spots John, standing with his back to him.

He dives forward in the hopes of tackling him. His hopes are shattered when he hits a hard surface. A mirror. It explodes into a thousand pieces as the man crumbles to the floor.

John steps out of cover and glances at the unconscious thug.

JOHN
That's seven years of bad luck.

Another goon wanders past a standing sarcophagus and hears a noise coming from it. He creeps up to it and pulls it open.

Nothing.

John tiptoes up behind the man and shoves him into the sarcophagus, slamming it shut. He places a heavy vase before it to keep it closed.

Mahmud can't see anything from his throne.

MAHMUD
What's happening?

No response.

A third thug walks past a few statues. One of them catches his attention; it seems a lot more realistic than the others.

It's John, dressed as a pharaoh: Nemes, large gold necklace, Heka scepter (question mark-shaped scepter) and flail.

He leans close to study John, who can barely hold his breath.

Finally, the man shrugs and turns to leave. John, no longer able to hold it in, exhales. The goon whips around just in time to see a scepter come crashing down upon his head.

A fourth goon strolls through the artifacts.

Suddenly, the question mark-shaped scepter emerges from behind a statue, hooks the man and pulls him out of sight.

A groan, followed by a thud.

John steps out and creeps around a corner. He comes face to face with another goon. The two men freeze.

The man steps forward. John raises his palm, stopping the man dead in his tracks. The spy grabs a statuette from a nearby table and chucks it into the air. The thug's eyes follow it.

John punches the man in the face. The man is stunned, but remains upright and angry.

JOHN

Uh-oh.

The statuette lands on the man's head, knocking him out cold.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Ah.

The last goon steps out of the labyrinth and glances up at Mahmud, who's still seated on his throne.

MAHMUD

Where is he?

The thug shrugs.

Suddenly, a large vase comes crashing down onto his head. He's out like a light. John strolls out into the open.

JOHN

Miss me?

Mahmud has no time to reply, because six more guards come rushing into the room, and once more surround John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Really? Didn't we just do this?

He discreetly presses a button on his watch as the circle tightens.

Suddenly, his watch beeps. The goons stop.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Time to take my pills.

John pulls out his pill organizer. Mouthing as he does, John uses his finger to count the goons surrounding him.

The thugs exchange confused looks, as John dumps six red pills into his palm.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Does anyone have water?

No reply. John shrugs and mouths the pills.

The goons just stand there.

MAHMUD
Attack.

The men take a step forward, tightening the circle.

John takes a deep breath. His cheeks balloon. His lips pucker. He starts spinning. He exhales. A pill goes flying out of his mouth, quickly followed by the others.

The first pill hits its target; a goon. It explodes on impact, creating a ball of flames. The thug is sent flying backwards through the air. The other five soon follow.

John stops spinning; bodies lie all around him.

There's complete silence as John strolls up the stairs.

Mahmud cowers in his throne as John approaches. The spy outstretches a hand, palm open. Mahmud winces, then frowns.

JOHN
Keys, please.

The short man hands John a key.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

John unchains his partner, who stands up, rubbing her wrists.

DOMINIQUE
I could have done it myself.

JOHN
If you say so. Are you all right?

Dominique walks up to Mahmud and punches him in the jaw, sending him flying off his throne.

DOMINIQUE

I am now.

John stares down at Mahmud.

JOHN

Where's The Shadow?

Mahmud regains a little courage. He pretends to think.

MAHMUD

You know what? I can't remember.

JOHN

(to Dominique)

I don't think he's telling the truth.

(to Mahmud)

There's no point in lying.

Mahmud clams up.

JOHN (CONT'D)

As you wish.

He grabs a long, thick scepter, which he uses as a bat to smash a pair of large vases. Mahmud winces.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Do you remember now?

No reply.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Guess not.

He starts swinging again. Artifacts go flying in all direction. Vases. Statuettes. Jewelry. Nothing is spared.

Mahmud watches the spy whack away, wincing each time John gets near a small, jade statuette. He can't help but squeal when he sees John about to smash it.

John stops, mid-swing, realizing this could be the solution.

Mahmud sighs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You know what? This doesn't seem to be working.

He grabs the jade artifact and walks up to Mahmud.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What could I possibly do to make you talk?

He chucks the small statue into the air, then catches it. Mahmud winces. John starts over. Wince. He pretends to drop it. Mahmud yelps.

MAHMUD

All right, I'll tell you. Just... stop doing that.

JOHN

What, this?

He throws the item high into the air and catches it.

MAHMUD

(wincing)
Yes, that.

JOHN

Okay.

He throws the artifact to Mahmud, who clutches it nervously.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Where's The Shadow?

Suddenly, a shot resonates. Mahmud's eyes widen in shock. He falls to the side, blood gushing out of his chest. The statuette rolls onto the floor.

The two spies glance around and see an Asian woman running away on the balcony overlooking the Egyptian room.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Stay here. Try and stop the bleeding. I'll take care of her.

John hurries down the stairs as Dominique applies pressure to Mahmud's wound. John grabs his briefcase.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Walker.

The transformation initiates. John takes aim.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Grappling hooks.

Two grappling hooks fly out and find anchor in the ceiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Pull.

He effortlessly flies upward and gracefully lands on the

BALCONY

He takes a seat on the walker.

JOHN

Propulsion.

A small motor appears under the seat. John yanks the handles forward and the walker speeds in pursuit of the killer, who dives through a door into a series of

HALLWAYS

She disappears around corner after corner.

John is close on her tail, slowly gaining on her. He's about to catch her when suddenly...

Jimmy comes flying from an intersecting corridor. He slams into John. Hard.

John flies out of his walker as they flip and tumble. They end up sprawled on the floor. John struggles to stand.

JIMMY

I heard a shot. Is your partner all right?

JOHN

She's fine, but Mahmud was hit. I was pursuing the shooter when you slammed into me.

JIMMY

Like hell. You slammed into me.

JOHN

Now's not the time. We have to catch her.

JIMMY

Fine, but you slammed into me.

John sighs, annoyed.

JOHN

Whatever. Let's go.

He jumps on his walker and flies down the hall. Jimmy struggles to keep up.

They find her a few turns later, standing near a window, a parachute strapped to her back. She crashes through the glass and vanishes out of sight.

The two spies hurry to the window, leaving the walker behind.

The woman dangles from a parachute, gliding down the valley.

Footsteps are heard. They turn around to see Dominique running towards them. She stops and tries to catch her breath. Her hands are covered in blood.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What happened?

DOMINIQUE

(panting)

He's... dead.

JOHN

(glancing at the shooter)

Then she's our only lead.

He hurries to his walker, leaving the others behind.

JIMMY

We haven't officially been introduced. I'm Jimmy.

DOMINIQUE

Dominique.

John sits in his walker, a dozen feet from the window.

JOHN

Excuse me.

Dominique and Jimmy look up. John gestures for them to separate. They do, leaving a space between them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

See you later.

He speeds past them and flies out the window.

They watch him plummet towards the ground, stunned.

EXT. SKY - DAY

John free falls, rapidly gaining speed. The rock wall of the cliff is barely a few feet from him. He twists his body and manages to get the walker in an upright position.

JOHN
Hang... Oh no! What's it called?
Hang flier?

Nothing happens.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hang slider.

Still nothing. The ground grows closer and closer.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hang winger. Hang hanger. Hanger...

Nothing. The ground flies up at the speed of light.

Suddenly, he remembers.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hang glider!

A metal frame stretches out on either side of the walker, pulling the fabric tight. The wind hits the wings and walker and rider start to soar, only a dozen feet from the ground.

The glider slowly loses attitude and John performs an improvised landing in a field filled with grazing cows.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The walker rolls to a stop, a few feet from a cow. It moos.

JOHN
Holy cow. That was close.

John peers up. High in the sky, the killer glides away.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Damn.

He stands, pulls out his cell phone and dials.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Hi. Yeah, I'm fine. Just come pick me up.

He hangs up and glances around, spotting a nearby road.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Briefcase.

The gadget returns to its original form. John grabs it and heads off. His foot sinks into a large pile of cow dung.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh crap.

He unsuccessfully tries to clean his shoe on the grass and heads for the road, weaving his way through the cows.

INT. LAB - DAY

A lab filled with a multitude of scientific equipment.

A grey-haired man in a white lab coat is bent over a two-foot-wide metal sphere. The top half has been removed and the scientist is busy dismantling the bottom half.

Suddenly, a shadow appears on the table next to him. The man jumps as he recognizes it. It's THE SHADOW.

The man turns to face The Shadow, who remains out of sight. All that can be seen of him is his shadow, first against the table, then the wall.

THE SHADOW (O.S.)
(deep, distorted voice)
Is it done?

The man cowers as The Shadow leans forward threateningly.

SCIENTIST
N... No, sir. It will take time. I
have to dismantle it and --

THE SHADOW (O.S.)
-- How long?

SCIENTIST
Well, it was designed to control
individuals. To get it to control
entire groups, I have to dismantle
it, learn how it works and find a
way to increase the effects and
thus control more people.

THE SHADOW (O.S.)
How long?

The scientist wrings his fingers nervously.

SCIENTIST
I... It's hard to say. It could --

THE SHADOW (O.S.)
-- You have three hours.

The Shadow storms off, leaving the poor man to his work.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

A dark alley. A black Hummer speeds forward, reaching a dead end, and vanishes through it. The wall flickers. Hologram.

INT. OLD HEADQUARTERS - TUNNEL - DAY

The Hummer speeds down an underground tunnel, soon reaching a

PARKING AREA

The truck screeches to a stop and the three spies tumble out.

JIMMY
(gasping for air)
Thank god. It smells like crap in
there.

John remains silent, embarrassed. They head into a nearby

HALLWAY

and stroll along. Jimmy sniffs.

JIMMY
Oh no. It's still here. Seriously,
doesn't anyone else smell this?

John can no longer stand the guilt.

JOHN
All Right. It was me! I stepped in
a big pile of cow dung. Happy?

Before Jimmy can answer, there's a powerful explosion. The ground shakes. A powerful gust of hot air and debris flies down the hall towards them, sending them flying backwards.

A second later, it's all over.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(struggling to stand)
Is everyone all right?

JIMMY
Yup.

DOMINIQUE
I'll live.

John helps up Dominique and they rush forward to find the

CENTRAL AREA

in ruins. Desks flipped over. Computer screens shattered. Part of the roof is caved in, with sparking wires stick out.

Dozens of people lie in the debris, a few lucky ones unharmed. Most are wounded. A few are dead.

The three spies rush forward, helping whoever they can.

John finds Stuart, wandering around, as if looking for something. His leg is bleeding, but he doesn't seem in pain.

JOHN

Stuart. Are you okay?

STUART

I lost my glasses.

John smiles. He's just a little disoriented.

JOHN

Don't worry, you'll find them.
Where's the Chief?

Stuart nods to the Chief and another man, speaking nearby. John hurries over as the man hands something to the Chief.

CHIEF

All right. Thanks.

The other man walks off, just as John arrives.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

John. Thank god you're all right.

JOHN

Not everyone was so lucky.

The Chief nods sadly as Dominique and Jimmy join them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What happened?

CHIEF

We were attacked.

JIMMY

No, duh.

CHIEF

(glancing at Jimmy)
Who is this?

JOHN
It's... Er... It's...

JIMMY
Jimmy.

JOHN
Right. Of course. Jimmy. He's the
YOUNG agent I told you about.

The Chief nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Do we know who did this?

CHIEF
The Shadow.

There's a moment of silence.

JOHN
You found one?

The Chief hands him a Shadow business card.

JOHN (CONT'D)
How did he get the bomb in?

CHIEF
We don't know, that's the problem.

JIMMY
We could go to my agency. We have
all the same basic equipment. We
could go through the video footage
to find out how you were attacked.

CHIEF
Good idea. Let's go.

They turn to leave.

DOMINIQUE
Wait!

They whip around. Dominique points to an arm, sticking out of
the rubble. It moves. John hurries over and starts digging.

JOHN
Help me.

The three spies dig frantically, only to reveal...

John gasps.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

It's Michael. One of his arms is bent in an unnatural way and a metal rebar sticks out of his chest.

All blood leaves John's face. He falls to his knees, stunned.

Michael looks up at his friend and somehow manages to smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(grabbing Michael's hand)

Hey man. How are you doing?

MICHAEL

Never...

(coughs blood and moans)

...better.

John smiles, but his eyes are filled with tears.

JOHN

(crackled voice)

You'll be fine.

MICHAEL

No... I won't.

John squeezes his hand tightly.

JOHN

Don't say that.

MICHAEL

It's okay... I'm ready.

He tries to lift his head, but it's too painful.

JOHN

Don't move.

MICHAEL

Come... closer.

John leans towards his friend.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I want you... to promise...

JOHN

No. Don't talk like that.

MICHAEL

Just listen... Promise me you'll...

A tear roll down John's cheek. He nods.

JOHN
Anything.

MICHAEL
Ask out... Desiree...

John chuckles. Michael smiles.

JOHN
Even on your death bed, you're
making jokes.

Michael stops smiling.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Okay, I will. I swear.

The two friends glance into each others' tear-filled eyes.

MICHAEL
Bye... John...

Michael takes his final breath.

Tears roll down John's cheeks. He stares at his friend,
unblinking. The seconds tick away, until finally he speaks.

JOHN
Goodbye, my friend.

He gently pulls Michael eyelids shut, then stands.

DOMINIQUE
(touching his shoulder)
Are you okay?

JOHN
I will be.

He pulls out his gun and cocks it.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

A large, brick building with the words "Tall Palms Elementary
School" over the entrance.

INT. YOUNG HEADQUARTERS - CENTRAL AREA - DAY

A huge room, almost identical to the OLD headquarters. The
place overflows with people from both spy agencies.

In the center of the room, a large monument reads: "Youth Organization of the Undercover National Guard".

SUPER: "YOUNG Headquarters."

The Chief and the three spies stand in the center of the commotion. John spots Desiree as she hurries by.

JOHN
Desiree.

She stops, mid-stride.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Thank god you're alive. I was
afraid something happened to you.

DESIREE
I'm fine, just a few scrapes.

JOHN
I don't know what I would have done
if I'd lost you...

He hesitates.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I... I've been meaning to... Er,
ask you something.

Desiree hopefully peers into John's nervously shifting eyes.

DESIREE
Yes...

JOHN
I was wondering if... Hoping
that...

An African-American man in his forties weaves his way through the crowd. It's JAMAL, the Chief of YOUNG.

JAMAL
Jimmy!

Jimmy jumps as he sees Jamal approaching. He stands straight.

JOHN
(hearing Jamal)
I'm sorry. Can we continue this
later?

DESIREE
I can't wait.

Desiree strides off, as John turns back towards the group.

JAMAL
What the hell is going on here?

JIMMY
The OLD HQ was attacked, so I brought them here. I thought --

JAMAL
-- You thought wrong. Whoever attacked their base could have followed you here.

JIMMY
But dad --

JAMAL
-- But nothing.
(to entire group)
Follow me.

Jamal leads them through the crowd. John leans towards Jimmy.

JOHN
That's your dad?

Jimmy nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)
And I thought my dad was strict.

BRIEFING ROOM

The group enters and sits around a glass table. Once again, the resemblance to the OLD briefing room is astonishing.

Jamal sits last and turns to his son.

JAMAL
All right. What happened?

CHIEF
Maybe I should explained.

Jamal turns to him and nods.

JAMAL
(coldly)
Horace.

CHIEF
(coldly)
Jamal.

John and Dominique exchange an amused look.

JOHN
(whispering)
Oh my god. I can't believe I was
right.

They laugh silently.

CHIEF
A bomb went off, destroying our
headquarters and killing many
personnel. We found a Shadow card.

Jamal nods.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Jimmy proposed we come here to
regroup and try to figure out
exactly how we were hit.

Another nod.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
I know our two agencies have always
been rivals, but if we ever want to
catch The Shadow, we have to
collaborate.

JAMAL
Agreed.

There's a knock at the door. Jamal nods and a man strides in.

MAN
We finished processing the security
footage from the attack. I sent it
to the table computer.

Jamal nods and the man hurries off.

Jamal makes a virtual keyboard appear on the table. He
presses a button. Nothing happens. Another. Still nothing.

John and Jimmy share an amused smile.

JIMMY
Let me try.

One click from Jimmy and a 3-D, holographically projected
screen appears at the end of the table. All eyes turn to it.

It's a global view of the OLD headquarters. Everything seems
normal, with analysts and researches busy at work.

Suddenly, flames erupt from the top right corner and come rolling towards the camera. The screen goes black.

CHIEF
That's all?

JOHN
Go back.

Jimmy presses a key. The recording starts over.

John studies the screen as the action plays over again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Stop.

Jimmy freezes the video.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Zoom in to the top right.

The image doubles in size.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Again.

Doubles again.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Once more.

Doubles.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Okay. Go back a second and play it.

The video starts playing. It shows two people sitting at their desks. A nearby door opens and someone steps out. He glances around nervously, peers at his watch and hurries off.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Stop.

The image freezes.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Did you see that?

CHIEF
What?

JOHN
That guy. He's the one. I can tell.

CHIEF

How?

John sighs.

JOHN

(as if explaining it to a child)

He comes out of the room and glances around nervously. He then peers at his watch and walks away. Briskly. A few seconds later, a bomb explodes in the room he just exited. Can you really tell me you don't find that suspicious?

The chief nods thoughtfully.

CHIEF

But if he really did plant the bomb, why didn't he give himself time to leave.

DOMINIQUE

Because he was a patsy.

JOHN

Exactly. The people who supplied the bomb gave him the detonation time. But they lied. That way, when the bomb went off, it would not only destroy the target, but also rid them of their only loose end. That man.

John points to the screen. The Chief nods.

JAMAL

Okay, but who is he?

JOHN

We'll see soon enough.
(turning to Jimmy)
May I?

Jimmy nods. John grabs the keyboard and presses a few keys. The image zooms in until all that can be seen is a face. Stuart's face. John and the Chief gasp.

DOMINIQUE

Isn't that the coffee guy?

John nods.

JOHN
Wh... Why did he do this?

JAMAL
Why does it matter why he did it?
He's dead.

JOHN
No, he's not.

Jamal falters, but quickly recovers.

JAMAL
He's not?

JOHN
No. I saw him after the explosion.
He looked fine.

DOMINIQUE
I remember him. His leg got injured
in the explosion, but he refused to
let me help him. He kept insisting
he had somewhere to be.

JIMMY
Where is he now?

DOMINIQUE
Last I heard, they put him in the
infirmary.

Jimmy jumps up.

JIMMY
Follow me.

INFIRMARY

The medical-ward overflows with wounded OLD personnel. Among them is Stuart. He lies on a bed, his leg all bandaged up.

The group strides in and heads towards the traitor's bed.

Stuart tries to flee, but the pain keeps him bedridden.

They surround his bed and John steps forward. He opens his mouth, but all he can say is...

JOHN
Why?

No reply. Just a defiant glance from the traitor.

Jimmy grabs Stuart's injured leg and squeezes.

JIMMY

He asked you a question.

John shoves Jimmy aside. The spy kid opens his mouth to protest, but the Chief throws his a "don't insist" look.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What? I was just trying to help.

JOHN

How could you do this? I thought we were friends.

STUART

Friends help each other. All I ever wanted was to be like you. I would have done anything for you. And what did you do in return? Nothing.

JOHN

I was just trying to protect you. You're just not spy material.

Stuart shoots him an angry look.

JIMMY

Sorry to interrupt this touching moment, but shouldn't we be questioning him?

John nods.

JOHN

Who do you work for? The Shadow?

Stuart hesitates, then answers.

STUART

Not directly, but for someone who does.

JOHN

So you don't know where The Shadow is?

He shakes his head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

What did you do for this mysterious employer?

STUART

Spied.

He hands his glasses to John, who inspects them for a second.

JOHN

(to rest of group)

Hidden camera.

(to Stuart)

Who did you work for?

STUART

Jamal Kidman.

They all gasp, except Jimmy who just stands there, stunned. They glance at each other, but Jamal is nowhere to be seen.

JOHN

Where is he?

CHIEF

Last time I saw him, we were entering the infirmary.

John, followed by Dominique and the Chief, heads off. Jimmy remains behind, still frozen in place.

HALLWAY

They burst out of the infirmary. John turns to the two men standing guard by the door.

JOHN

Which way did Jamal go?

One of the men points right. They sprint down the hall.

GADGET ROOM

CAR, in her yellow Lambo form, is parked next to a Hummer.

CAR

I've always loved black on a car.
It's just so sleek and sexy.

The Hummer revs its engine loudly.

Jamal runs up to the black Hummer, jumps in and speeds away.

CAR (CONT'D)

Well, that was rude.

John arrives, breathless, and jumps behind the wheel of the

OLD CAR

quickly followed by Dominique. John presses his thumb to the scanner and the motor hums to life.

CAR

Hi, John. It's nice to --

JOHN

-- No time to talk.

CAR

No need to be rude.

He disengages the handbrake and puts the pedal to the metal.

The wheels spin, but the car remains in place.

John realizes the handbrake is engaged.

JOHN

What the...

He disengages it once more, but as soon as his hands leaves the handle, it returns to its original position.

JOHN (CONT'D)

We don't have time for this. We
have to go. NOW!

The radio comes on, blasting music. John turn it off angrily.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I'll tell Desiree.

The handbrake disengages and the car lurches forward.

GADGET ROOM

The vehicle speeds away, disappearing into the nearby tunnel, just as the Chief arrives, out of breath.

CHIEF

What about me?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PARK - DAY

Everywhere, kids play joyfully. The building's wall has a huge clown face drawn on it. Suddenly, the wall starts to open, creating a large void where the mouth used to be.

A black Hummer comes flying out of the hole, a yellow Lambo right on its tail.

The kids watch, wide-eyed, as the two vehicles speed through the park, before disappearing out of sight as they drift onto the nearby road.

The clown's mouth closes and everything returns to normal.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The two vehicles speed down the deserted residential street.

INSIDE/OUTSIDE YOUNG TRUCK

Jamal peers at his rear-view mirror. Using a small knob on the side of the mirror, he zooms in to see the OLD car right on his tail.

JAMAL

Damn!

He presses a dashboard button marked "Caltrops".

The rear bumper opens up, releasing hundreds of caltrops that scatter all across the

RESIDENTIAL STREET

The OLD car speeds forward. Suddenly, the tires explode.

INSIDE/OUTSIDE OLD CAR

JOHN

(calmly)

Reinflate tires.

The tires reinflate.

SIDEWALK

A young girl scout skips down the sidewalk, pulling a little red wagon filled with boxes of cookies.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John spots the girl scout and yanks on the hand brake.

RESIDENTIAL STREET

The Lamborghini performs a flawless one-eighty and screeches to a stop an inch from the sidewalk.

OUTSIDE/INSIDE OLD CAR

The driver's window slides open and John pokes his head out.

JOHN

How much?

The girl scout just stands there, wide-eyed and jaw-dropped.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How much?

GIRL SCOUT

Er... Two bucks.

John pays the girl and grabs a cookie box.

JOHN

Thanks.

John closes the window and fumbles to open the box. Dominique stares at him, bewildered. Feeling observed, he slowly turns to her, a cookie sticking out of his mouth. He takes a bite.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(through a mouthful)

What? I lost my M&M's. I need sugar.

They stare at each other. John sighs.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Fine.

He stuffs the cookie into his mouth and puts the box down.

RESIDENTIAL STREET

The Lambo does a reversed one-eighty and quickly catches up to the Hummer. The two vehicles speed down the calm street.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John's phone rings. He answers.

JOHN

Hello.

A smile appears on his face.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Oh, hi. How are you?
(to Dominique)
It's my grandson.

DOMINIQUE
(sarcastically)
How nice.

JOHN
Don't be silly. Of course I can
talk.

RESIDENTIAL STREET

Barreling around a corner, the YOUNG truck tears through a parked car, splitting it half. The OLD car completes a perfect drift, passing between both halves of the car, with only inches to spare.

The chase continues as they head towards a

COMMERCIAL STREET

A police car drives lazily along.

INSIDE COP CAR

The FAT COP multitasks: Steering wheel in one hand. Doughnut box in the other. With a doughnut sticking out of his mouth.

Just as he reaches an intersection, a black Hummer comes flying past him.

COMMERCIAL STREET

The police cruiser screeches to a stop. Within a few seconds, the road is completely gridlocked.

INSIDE COP CAR

Doughnuts, powdered sugar and jelly are everywhere.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John sees the blocked intersection up ahead.

JOHN
(into phone)
Hold on. I'll be right back.

He mutes his phone, sets it down, and flattens the gas pedal.

JOHN (CONT'D)
You might want to buckle up.

Dominique frantically fumbles with her seat belt.

JOHN (CONT'D)
CAR, please activate right side
driving.

CAR
Yes, John.

Dominique keeps fumbling with her seat belt. She glances up long enough to see the car start to turn left.

RESIDENTIAL STREET

The OLD car's tires start rotating. Before long, the Lambo turns ninety degrees to the left. The vehicle speeds forward in a sideways position, heading right for the cop car.

INSIDE OLD CAR

JOHN
Do you mind not leaning forward? I
can't see.

Dominique sinks into her seat, almost disappearing into it.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Finally, Dominique manages to latch her seat belt in place.

INSIDE/OUTSIDE COP CAR

The Fat Cop opens the door and starts getting out. Suddenly, he spots the OLD car speeding towards him. His eyes fly open.

INTERSECTION

Only a few feet separate the two vehicles.

INSIDE OLD CAR

JOHN
Activate left air pistons.

INTERSECTION

The collision seems inevitable, until... The pistons activate. The driver's side of the car flies up and the OLD car performs a flawless barrel roll over the parked cruiser.

Halfway through the roll, the Lambo is upsidedown over the cop car. The Fat Cop, halfway out of his car, stares up at John through the Lambo's sunroof. He looks ridiculous, with powdered sugar and jelly plastered across his face.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John smiles down at the cop and waves casually.

INTERSECTION

The spy car gracefully lands on the other side of the roadblock. It speeds on, returning to its intended orientation.

INSIDE COP CAR

The cop climbs into his car and grabs the radio.

FAT COP
Officer involved in high-speed
pursuit. Request immediate backup.

INTERSECTION

The cruiser speeds off as the lights and sirens come to life.

BOULEVARD

The chase moves to an eight-lane boulevard. The cop struggles to catch up, as John places himself behind the Hummer.

INSIDE OLD CAR

JOHN
(to car)
Please fire grappling hooks.

BOULEVARD

The car's headlights open up. Two hooks, attached to thick metal cables fly out and find anchor in the Hummer's bumper.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John grabs his phone and unmutes it.

JOHN

Sorry about that. Where were we?

BOULEVARD

John puts the Lambo in reverse. A tug of war ensues, during which John only slightly manages to slow down the Hummer.

INSIDE YOUNG TRUCK

JAMAL

(smiling)

Idiots.

He jerks the steering wheel left, then right.

BOULEVARD

The YOUNG truck zigzags, sending the Lambo drifting out of control. It's complete chaos. Cars swerve. Other collide.

INSIDE COP CAR

The Fat Cop swerves to avoid the cars as they drift, roll and crash along the boulevard.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John struggles to regain control of the car.

JOHN

(into phone)

I'll have...

(car drifts right)

..to call...

(car drifts left)

...you back.

He hangs up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Release hooks.

The cables are severed and John regains control.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Okay, maybe not my best idea.

DOMINIQUE
Why not just use missiles?

JOHN
Nooooo...

But it's too late.

BOULEVARD

Two missiles fly out of the headlights and head for the Hummer, which veers into another lane. The missiles fly past, hit a truck and explode, sending the truck's cargo flying in all directions. A shower of yellow, rubber ducks ensues.

INSIDE OLD CAR

DOMINIQUE
(stunned)
Oh, duck.

JOHN
Please. Just don't talk.

He accelerates and gets in the same lane as Jamal.

DOMINIQUE
What's that?

She reaches for a large, red button marked "Do Not Push".

JOHN
(screaming)
No!

Her hand immediately retracts.

DOMINIQUE
What?

JOHN
Just... Never press that button.

DOMINIQUE
Why?

JOHN
Just don't.

BOULEVARD

They quickly catch up to the Hummer and pull up next to it.

Jamal slams into the spy car, forcing it right, towards a semi-trailer truck.

The cop gains on them and pull up behind them.

The OLD car is boxed in. To the right: a truck. To the left: the Hummer. Behind: the cop car.

Up ahead, the four lanes split into two tunnels of two lanes each, separated by a thick cement wall.

The truck veers right, just as Jamal forces them out of their lane. They're heading right for the cement divider.

INSIDE OLD CAR

John tries to find a way out. It's no use, they're trapped.

JOHN
Damn!

DOMINIQUE
Can't you change the car into a truck?

JOHN
Won't work. We have to be stopped.

BOULEVARD

The cement divider grows closer and closer.

INSIDE OLD CAR

JOHN
Hold the wheel.

John lets go of the wheel and grabs two motorcycle helmets from a hidden compartment. He hands one to Dominique.

DOMINIQUE
What's that for?

JOHN
You'll see. Put it on.

They slip on the helmets, but keep the visors up.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Press the red button.

DOMINIQUE
But you said --

JOHN
-- I know what I said. Press it.

DOMINIQUE
You sure?

John glances forward. The wall is almost upon them.

JOHN
Yes.

Dominique presses the button. The seats start to move, forcing the two spies to lean forward.

BOULEVARD

The divider is upon them. Jamal veers away. The collision seems inevitable.

Suddenly, something odd happens. The car starts to split down the middle. Parts fall off. Doors. Seats. Windshield. Steering wheel. Even a box of cookies.

More and more parts fall away, soon revealing two motorcycles, each with a rider.

The tires slim down, just as they reach the wall. The two riders veer off in opposite directions.

Dominique goes right, barely making it between the semi and the divider.

John goes left, also barely making it past the wall and the Hummer.

INSIDE COP CAR

The Fat Cop sees the discarded parts flying toward him. He swerves just in time to avoid a door.

BOULEVARD

The four vehicles fly out of their respective tunnels.

INSIDE YOUNG TRUCK

Jamal peers into his mirror and sees them still in pursuit.

JAMAL

Goddammit! Why won't they die?

He glances around.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

He jerks the steering wheel right.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

A couple stands before a life-size painting of an SUV.

HUSBAND

It's just so real.

WIFE

I know. I can almost hear it.

They lean forward. A motor revs in the distance.

HUSBAND

Hey. I hear it too.

The sound of the revving engine grows louder, until...

A black Hummer comes crashing through the wall, tearing through the painting.

The couple dives out of the way just in time.

The YOUNG truck slams into a large statue. Smoke rises from the hood as Jamal staggers out and flees on foot.

More engine sounds are heard from the hole in the painting. Two bikes come flying through it and screech to a stop.

The riders look left and right and spot Jamal limping away through the crowd. The speed after him, people diving out of the way as they fly past.

The man helps up his wife and they turn to the painting.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)
Now that's what I call realism.

INT./EXT. COP CAR - DAY

The cop speeds towards the hole in the museum wall. He swerves to avoid a pigeon and ends up in a duck-filled pond. They quack loudly as the cruiser slowly starts sinking.

EXT. MUSEUM - DAY

Jamal bursts through the front doors of the museum. He limps away, heading for an SUV.

Two bikes come crashing through the front display window.

Jamal jacks the SUV at gunpoint and speeds away, the two bikes hot on his tail.

EXT. CITY STREETS - COMMERCIAL STREET - DAY

Jamal swerves through traffic in the stolen SUV.

The two spies easily catch up. John pulls up next to it and jumps onto its side, holding on to the roof rack. The bike loses speed and crashes into a fountain.

He struggles to climb onto the roof as Jamal swerves through traffic. He finally makes it to the

SUV ROOF

John's phone rings. He pulls off his helmet and answers, while still holding on to the roof rack.

JOHN

Hello.

(he smiles)

Oh, hi Milo... Yeah, sorry. I meant to call, but I've been a little busy... What? You want to hang out? Sure. Actually, I just saw a museum you'd love --

(he pauses)

Never mind. I just remembered they're... renovating.

Jamal swerves and John almost slides off.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 This isn't the best time. I'll call
 you later... Okay. Bye.

He hangs up and her spots a low-hanging branch from a tree up ahead. They're heading right for it. He has no way out.

DOMINIQUE (O.S.)
 Need help?

COMMERCIAL STREET

Dominique is right behind the SUV. John glances forward and sees the branch almost upon him.

JOHN
 Move over, I'm coming down.

Dominique shifts back on the bike.

John stands and jumps backwards, off the SUV. He lands on the bike, right in front of Dominique. From his expression, it's clear his landing wasn't as smooth as he had planned.

DOMINIQUE
 What now?

JOHN
 (in a high-pitched)
 I have...

He clears his throat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 (in a normal voice)
 ...an idea.

He speeds past the SUV and quickly manages to get some distance between them and Jamal. He presses a button marked "Super Glue".

A large gel-like blob drops from the exhaust pipe and hits the ground. It quickly spreads across the road in a large puddle; the color blending almost perfectly with the road.

The bike screeches to a stop, blocking the road. Tires squeal as cars stop and traffic begins to form.

John and Dominique dismount and turn to face the SUV, which speeds towards them at full speed.

John doesn't budge. Dominique throws him a nervous look, but stands firm.

The SUV drives over the puddle. The two front wheels stick to the Super Glue and are yanked off, sending the truck flipping into the air. It does a complete front flip and lands right side up, sliding forwards in a trail of sparks. John stands firm and the SUV stops a few inches from him.

INT. LAB - DAY

The same lab filled with a multitude of scientific equipment.

The grey-haired Scientist is busy at work, elbow-deep inside the top half of the sphere, wires sticking out all around.

Behind him, a shadow appears. It grows nearer.

THE SHADOW (O.S.)

Is it done?

The Scientist jumps and turns to face the unseen figure.

SCIENTIST

Just about...

He twists two wires together and puts both halves of the sphere together. The joint vanishes, leaving the sphere smooth, as it floats a few inches above the table.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

Done. It will require some time to charge...

He cowers, fearing The Shadow's reaction.

THE SHADOW (O.S.)

All right.

The Scientist is surprised.

SCIENTIST

In the meantime, I can implant you with the control chip.

THE SHADOW (O.S.)

Fine.

The Scientist grabs a small, metallic chip that resembles a grain of rice and a small remote.

SCIENTIST

(showing the remote)

Once implanted, the control chip can be turned on and off with this remote.

(MORE)

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

When active, the device will let you control everyone within a ten mile radius.

INT. YOUNG HEADQUARTERS - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

A small, brightly lit room. A table. Two chairs. Jamal sits in one of the chairs, chained to the table.

The door opens and John and Dominique stride in. John, a bag of M&Ms in hand, places himself opposite Jamal. He opens his mouth to speak, but Jamal beats him to the punch.

JAMAL

Here's how it's gonna go: You let me speak to my son and I'll tell you anything you want to know.

JOHN

Fine.

He heads for the door and opens it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Send him in.

Jimmy is escorted in by two guards. John leans towards him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(nodding to the guards)

Sorry about this, but we can't take any chances.

Jimmy nods every so slightly and sits opposite his father. Jamal glances up at John and Dominique.

JAMAL

Do you mind?

They leave the room, followed by the guards.

OBSERVATION ROOM

The two spies enter the room to find the Chief staring through a two-way mirror. Father and son are speaking, but their voices are too low to be heard.

DOMINIQUE

So. Do you think he really knows anything useful?

JOHN

I guess we'll find out soon enough.

In the interrogation room, Jimmy stands.

JOHN (CONT'D)
That was fast. Let's go.

The two agents head back into the

INTERROGATION ROOM

just as Jimmy leaves, where he's greeted by the guards.

JAMAL
(calling after Jimmy)
Remember what I said.

JIMMY
I will.

John takes a seat opposite Jamal, who once more cuts him off.

JAMAL
Twenty-eight forty-two, Palmgrove
Lane.

JOHN
What?

JAMAL
Twenty-eight forty-two, Palmgrove
Lane. That's where you'll find the
Shadow.

John and dominique exchange a shocked look.

DOMINIQUE
Isn't that Mahmud's place?

JOHN
No. Mahmud's was twenty-eight
forty.

DOMINIQUE
So that means...

John nods.

JOHN
They were neighbors. Mahmud played
us all along.

He springs to his feet.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

EXT. SHADOW'S MANSION - DAY

The Shadow's mansion sits atop a cliff. It's identical to Mahmud's in every way.

Everything seems calm, until...

A dozen black Hummers crash through the unguarded gate and pull up to the mansion. Men start pouring out of the trucks, as four black helicopters swoop in and men fast rope down.

Before long, the count rises to over a hundred men, black-clothed and equipped with automatic weapons.

They close in towards the mansion, surrounding it.

A bright orange sports car speeds up to the mansion and out step John, Dominique and the Chief.

The sea of soldiers parts, letting them through. They are greeted by loud-talking, no-nonsense GENERAL FORD.

GENERAL FORD

You must be the spies. I'm General Ford.

He outstretches a hand for the Chief, who ignores it. He uncomfortably retracts it.

GENERAL FORD (CONT'D)

We're going to breach all entrances simultaneously and work our way --

CHIEF

Shut up.

GENERAL FORD

I beg your pardon.

CHIEF

Don't beg, it doesn't suite you. I'm in charge here. You don't like it? Call the president. Clear?

The General nods begrudgingly.

GENERAL FORD

Yes, sir.

CHIEF

Good. Now, here's how it'll go: We're going in.

(gesturing to John,
Dominique and himself)

(MORE)

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Wait ten minutes. If you don't hear from us, come in and shoot on sight.

The Chief glances at the front entrance.

JOHN

(whispering)

Chief. Are you sure you want to go in there?

CHIEF

Of course, I'm the boss. Besides, it'll remind me of the old days. Now, follow me.

JOHN

Yes, sir.

John swallows an OLD pill and the three enter the mansion's

FRONT ENTRANCE

They cautiously enter, the Chief in the lead.

CHIEF

Be vigilant. Expect anything. And above all, be quiet.

He trips over a pair of shoes. On his way down, he knocks a vase to the floor. It shatters noisily.

John and Dominique try not to laugh.

The Chief gets up and dust himself off. They move on into the

HALLWAYS

where they wander for while, until they come across a pair of double doors. The chief pulls them open and peers in.

CHIEF

Duck.

The two spies dive to the floor.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

They look up.

DOMINIQUE

You said duck.

CHIEF

Yeah, so?

He shrugs and disappears into the room. John and Dominique get up and follow him into an

INSIDE GARDEN

All sorts of exotic plants and flowers are tastefully arranged throughout the room.

They head to the center of the room, where stands a fountain: a large duck statue, spitting water from its mouth, sits in a large basin, surrounded by a few stone lily pads. Oddly, one stands above the surface of the water near the basin's edge.

The Chief looks from the two spies to the statue. Suddenly, an expression of comprehension appears on his face.

CHIEF

Oh, I get it. Duck.

John roll his eyes.

JOHN

We should keep looking.

CHIEF

We'll never find anything by just wandering around.

He sits on the large, floating lily pad. The stone plant quickly sinks, sending the Chief toppling into the basin.

The floor around the fountain lowers into a spiral staircase.

The two spies share a surprised glance as a soaked Chief emerges from the basin. He steps out and rearranges his tie.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

I knew that would happen.

The two spies chuckle as they all head down the stairs.

LABYRINTH

They reach the bottom and step into a narrow, white corridor.

The Chief leads the group forward and they soon come across an intersection. Without hesitating, the Chief takes a right. They move on until they reach a dead end.

JOHN
There's no point in stating the
obvious, but we're in a labyrinth.

CHIEF
(heading for the dead end)
Maybe there's a way through.

A barely visible line on the floor catches John's attention.

The Chief takes another step. The floor before him vanishes
and he almost topples into the hole.

John grabs him by the collar and pulls him to safety.

Dominique peers over the edge to find a deep trench ending in
a bed of large metal spikes. A fall means certain death.

JOHN
This complicates things.

The Chief leads the small group as they wander the labyrinth.

The Chief's foot passes through a barely visible laser. John
instinctively grabs him by the collar and yanks him backwards
as dozens of darts shoot out from small holes in the wall.

The boss loosens his tie and they keep going.

The Chief activates yet another trap. Flames flow up from the
floor as the boss is once more pulled back by the collar.

CHIEF
(rubbing his throat)
Thanks, but do you mind grabbing
something else next time?

JOHN
Sorry, Chief.

They reach another intersection.

John spots the exit down the intersecting corridor. He turns
to tell the others, but the Chief is gone.

Dominique is about to call after him, but John stops her.

JOHN (CONT'D)
We don't have time. We have to go.

They head for the exit and emerge into the

SHADOW'S LAIR

All around the huge room are famous stolen paintings, statues and other rare items. A few men stand guard around the room.

To the right: a glass wall gives a breathtaking view of the valley that stretches below.

To the left: stairs lead to a platform, atop which sits a large gold throne. Seated on it is The Shadow. The lights are purposefully arranged so that he's bathed in darkness.

The two spies stride towards the throne.

THE SHADOW

(deep, distorted voice)

Nice to see you again, John.

John stops.

JOHN

Who are you?

The lights around the throne gradually increase in intensity, slowly revealing The Shadow's identity.

It's John. Or rather Jack, John's allegedly dead twin brother.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Jack? But... How?

The Shadow (Who will now be referred to as Jack) smiles. He stands up and heads down the stairs towards the two spies.

THE SHADOW/JACK

(normal voice)

It all started eighty-three years ago.

He stops a few feet from John. They face each other.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)

From the second you were born, you were the perfect son. You were the kid mom and dad always wanted. I, on the other hand, was a fluke. A mistake.

Jack stops talking and just stands there. Suddenly, John hears a voice behind him.

THE SHADOW/JACK 2 (O.S.)

From that moment on...

Both John and Dominique spin around to see Jack standing before them.

THE SHADOW/JACK 2 (CONT'D)

...I was constantly in your shadow.

John glances back and sees his brother still standing there. There are two Jacks! He outstretches a hand towards the second. It goes right through him.

THE SHADOW/JACK 2 (CONT'D)

You were better than me at everything and I hated you for it.

The second Jack stops talking and also stands still.

THE SHADOW/JACK 3 (O.S.)

But as the years passed...

John turns to his left and sees yet another Jack.

THE SHADOW/JACK 3 (CONT'D)

...I learned to live with it. I got used to being second. At everything.

Another Jack appears behind John. There's one in every direction.

THE SHADOW/JACK 4

That all changed the day dad died. On his deathbed, he admitted his disappointment in me. He'd always hoped I'd, just once, do something better than you. He told me all I had to do was believe in myself. I swore to make him proud.

A fifth Jack appears.

THE SHADOW/JACK 5

All my life, I'd tried being like you. I realized that in order to succeed I had to do the opposite.

Jack six appears. As more Jacks appear, a circle is slowly formed around the two spies.

THE SHADOW/JACK 6

I would become evil. The most powerful and feared man on earth. To do that, I had to wipe the slate clean. I had to kill off Jack Oldman.

Number seven materializes.

THE SHADOW/JACK 7
So I planned my own death by
bombing my house....

He pauses sadly.

THE SHADOW/JACK 7 (CONT'D)
I had no idea you'd planned a
surprise party. I... I really didn't
mean to kill anyone but myself.

The eighth and final Jack appears. The circle is complete.

THE SHADOW/JACK 8
But it worked nonetheless. Jack
Oldman was dead and The Shadow was
born. I spent the next ten years
building my empire. Now, with the
help of the PHD, I will be
unstoppable.

ALL SHADOWS/JACKS
(speaking simultaneously)
The world will be mine.

They all press a button on their belt, then walk towards the stairs. As they walk through the first Jack, they are sucked back into him. Soon, only the real Jack remains. He reaches the top of the stairs and takes a seat on his throne.

John looks up at his brother, stunned.

JOHN
I... I never knew.

Jack laughs.

THE SHADOW/JACK
Of course you didn't. You were too
busy being perfect to notice.

JOHN
I'm sorry.

THE SHADOW/JACK
Are you kiddin'? If you hadn't been
such a goodie two-shoes, I never
would have gotten where I am today.

John and Dominique share a glance.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
That's right. This is all because
of you.

JOHN
You don't have to do this.

THE SHADOW/JACK
Oh yes, I do.

John sighs sadly.

JOHN
Then I have to stop you.

Jack laughs.

THE SHADOW/JACK
You and what army?

John glances at his watch and smiles.

JOHN
(gesturing to the
labyrinth's entrance)
This army.

Nothing happens. He leans towards Dominique.

JOHN (CONT'D)
He did say ten minutes, did he not?

Dominique nods.

Suddenly, footsteps resonate from within the labyrinth.

John clears his throat.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(gesturing theatrically)
This army.

Out of the labyrinth appears... the Chief. His clothes are
blackened and partly burned. He coughs a small cloud of soot.

A brief silence, then Jack starts laughing.

THE SHADOW/JACK
It looks like, for the first time
in your life, things aren't going
your way.

Just then, a hundred armed men march out of the labyrinth.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
 Oh come on. Why can't things go my
 way? Just once.

The soldiers march forward and stand behind the two spies.

JOHN
 Just give up. Please.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
 (Australian accent)
 Never.

OLIVIA KINKAID, the beautiful Asian woman from Mahmud's mansion, walks up to Jack and sits on his lap. She glances sensually at John as she rubs her gun suggestively.

THE SHADOW/JACK
 (hushed)
 That's my line.

OLIVIA
 Sorry sweetie. I just couldn't
 resist.

John clears his throat.

THE SHADOW/JACK
 Oh, right. John, I would like you
 to meet your sister-in-law, Olivia.

JOHN
 Hold on. You're the one that killed
 Mahmud.

OLIVIA
 You remembered. I'm flattered.

Jack glances at her and rolls his eyes.

THE SHADOW/JACK
 Ah yes, Mahmud. It's a shame
 really. I kind of liked him, but he
 was becoming a nuisance.

JOHN
 That's real nice and all, but how
 about giving up now. It's not like
 there's a way out of this.

THE SHADOW/JACK
 (into Olivia's ear)
 It it charged yet?

OLIVIA
A few more minutes.

Jack nods.

THE SHADOW/JACK
(yelling)
Ivan!

The seven-foot-tall Russian from Mahmud's mansion enters the room. The soldiers cock their guns and aim them at the giant.

JOHN
Let him pass.

The soldiers stand down and Ivan quickly joins John.

JOHN (CONT'D)
(to Dominique)
Step back.

DOMINIQUE
Why? I can help.

JOHN
No. This is my fight.

DOMINIQUE
(joining the chief)
This sucks. He gets all the good fights.

John and Ivan face off. Soldiers gather around them to watch.

JOHN
I see you didn't waste any time finding new employment after Mahmud's... unfortunate accident.

The Russian remains silent.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Not a big talker I see.

The Russian swings his large fist. John easily avoids it. He takes a step back and kicks Ivan right in the junk.

He falls to his knees, hands between his legs.

IVAN
(high-pitched)
Why?

He tips forward and falls flat on his face, unconscious.

JOHN
(to Jack)
Seriously, is that really the best
you have?

Jack is stunned, but smiles when he hears a beeping sound.

THE SHADOW/JACK
No. This is.

He presses a button on his remote. Nothing happens.

JOHN
That's it?

Jack stands and looks at the sea of soldiers.

THE SHADOW/JACK
Put your weapons down.

Everyone in the room puts their guns down, including the
Chief and Dominique. Only John is unaffected.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

The Fat Cop from before holds a ROBBER at gunpoint.

FAT COP
Don't move.

Suddenly, he puts his gun down. The Robber is confused.

INT. SHADOW'S LAIR - DAY

Olivia puts her gun down.

JOHN
No, not you. Pick it up.

She does, but so do all the soldiers in the room.

EXT. LAWN - DAY

The Robber creeps away. Suddenly, the cop picks up his gun.

FAT COP
Freeze.

The Robber freezes.

INT. SHADOW'S LAIR - DAY

Jack glances at the sea of soldiers.

THE SHADOW/JACK
Put down your weapons.

They do, but so does Olivia. Jack sighs.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
This'll take some getting used to.

Suddenly, he realizes John is slowly inching away.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
What are you...

John turns tail and sprints towards the glass wall. He crashes through it and disappears out of view.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
...doing.

He hurries over to see John hanging from a parachute.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
Follow him!

The soldiers start jumping off, falling to their deaths.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
Stop!

They stop. Jack kicks one of them angrily.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
Idiots.

EXT. PARK - DAY

John wanders through the park. He seems lost, troubled.

He sees Jimmy standing on a small bridge overlooking a pond where ducks lazily float around. John joins him.

JIMMY
Go away. I want to be alone.

John leans against the banister and watches the ducks.

JOHN
I don't think you do. Nor do I.

JIMMY

You have no idea how I'm feeling.

John chuckles.

JOHN

In the last half-hour, I learned that my twin brother, who I thought dead for the past ten years, is alive. As if that's not enough, he's The Shadow and he can now control anyone he likes.

JIMMY

Whoa.

John nods. Jimmy's face suddenly illuminates.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

(understandingly)

Ooooooh. That explains why everyone just up and left.

JOHN

That's how you got out?

JIMMY

(nodding)

Everyone was gone. I didn't see the point of staying behind.

(he pauses)

Wait. You said he can control anyone he likes. Right?

JOHN

Yeah.

JIMMY

Then, how did you get away?

JOHN

(shrugging)

I seem immune for some reason.

JIMMY

Weird.

John nods, but then frowns.

JOHN

Hang on. Why aren't you insulting me?

JIMMY

It's just a bad habit I developed
as a rebellion against my father.

There's an awkward silence.

JOHN

I... I'm sorry about your dad. I
was just doing my job.

JIMMY

I know. It's just that...

JOHN

It's okay. You can tell me.

JIMMY

(taking a deep breath)

It's about the conversation I had
with him. He made me swear to never
be like him. He wants me to be
good.

A tear rolls down his cheek. He wipes it away, ashamed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I don't know what to do. He wants
me to be good, but he was bad.
Should I be like him or be what he
wants me to be?

JOHN

That's a big decision for a kid.

Jimmy opens his mouth to retort, but John cuts him off.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's a big decision for anyone.
You're just a kid. You should enjoy
life and not worry about being good
or bad. Just be yourself and the
rest will come by itself.

JIMMY

I guess you're right.

John opens his mouth to speak, but can't seem to get started.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What is it?

JOHN

Don't take this the wrong way, but
why did you father do... well, you
know.

JIMMY
He told me he did it for the money.
He wanted to give me a better life.

JOHN
That's nice.

The two smile.

JIMMY
You should take your own advice.

JOHN
What do you mean?

JIMMY
Deep down, what do you think must
be done?

JOHN
Jack must be stopped, no matter
what.

JIMMY
Then, that's what we should do.

JOHN
We?

JIMMY
We.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

The two spies stride into the deserted retirement home.

JIMMY
What happened here?

JOHN
The PHD.

A baby's cries resonate. They follow the sounds to the

DINING AREA

where they find a dozen elders gathered around a table, one
of whom holds a baby. Mr. Garrett and Whacky are among them.

JOHN
What happened?

WHACKY

Everyone's gone. They stopped what they were doing and just left.

(pointing to the woman holding the baby)

Grace's daughter even left her baby...

JOHN

(to Jimmy)

We must be within the PHD's control range.

JIMMY

Then why aren't they affected?

JOHN

Why aren't you?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I think I might be able to shed some light on the subject.

Everyone turns to see Desiree enter. John's face illuminates.

DESIREE

How many of you have hearing aids?

They all raise their hands, except John and Jimmy.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

Just as I thought.

JOHN

I didn't know you had hearing aids.

She pulls her hair aside revealing a hearing aid.

DESIREE

Work accident.

John nods.

DESIREE (CONT'D)

I went through everything the Russians gave us on the PHD and learned how it works. It emits a special frequency. Unheard by humans, it enters through the auditory canals and is interpreted by the brain, temporarily erasing the individual's personality.

JIMMY

Sort of like a personality wipe?

DESIREE

Exactly. A second frequency is then interpreted by the brain, duplicating the feelings of the person that has the transmitting chip in their head. In this case, The Shadow.

JOHN

(muttering)

Jack.

DESIREE

Jack? Your dead brother?

JOHN

Yeah. How did you know?

DESIREE

Long story. So Jack's The Shadow?

John nods.

JIMMY

Earplugs.

John and Desiree frown.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Earplugs. Would that work to block the signal?

Desiree shakes her head.

DESIREE

It's the electrical circuit in the hearing aids that disrupts the signal. Any electrical circuit, as long as its close enough to the ears, will disrupt the signal.

JIMMY

Not to sound selfish, but what about me? I have no hearing aids, so why aren't I all zombie-like?

DESIREE

I'm not sure, but I think it has something to do with certain hormones that develop when you go through puberty. Anyone who hasn't gone through it yet is immune.

Jimmy's face illuminates.

JIMMY
That means that all the YOUNG
agents are unaffected.

DESIREE
In theory.

JIMMY
We could really use some backup.

John nods.

JOHN
All right. Jimmy, you head over to
the YOUNG HQ and gather everyone
you can. Desiree and I will gather
all the weapons we can find. Meet
us back here as quickly as you can.

Jimmy zips out of the room.

MR. GARRETT
I want to help.

John is stunned.

JOHN
You can speak?

MR. GARRETT
Of course I speak. I just chose not
to.
(he stands)
I want to help.

WHACKY
Me too.

They all offer their services, except Grace and the baby.

WHEELCHAIR MAN
What about me?

DESIREE
(winking)
I've got just the thing.

She takes out a handful of OLD pills and hands them around.

DESIREE (CONT'D)
Take these, they'll help you get
ready.

John pulls Desiree aside.

JOHN
Why wasn't I affected?

DESIREE
I don't know. According to the Russians' calculations, you should be. Unless... That's it. You're twins. Your genetic makeup is the same as your brother's, thus rendering you immune.

JOHN
Makes sense. Thanks.

He turns to leave, then stops.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Back at the YOUNG HQ, I was trying to tell you something. Something I've been meaning to tell you for a long time.

DESIREE
There's something I've been meaning to tell you too.

JOHN
Rally? What if it's the same thing? Wouldn't that be great?

DESIREE
Great...

They gaze into each other's eyes in a trance-like state.

The others grow more and more uncomfortable as the seconds pass, until Mr. Garrett clears his throat.

The two lovebirds snap back to reality and glance around.

JOHN
(clearing his throat
awkwardly)
Right. Let's get ready.

INT. SHADOW'S LAIR - DAY

A man gets punched in the face. His jaw breaks noisily. Two bare-fisted men box as a sea of people cheer them along. There are soldiers, spies, cops, and random civilians.

Atop his throne, Jack sighs, bored.

THE SHADOW/JACK
This sucks when you already know
who's gonna win.

Olivia, sitting on his lap, doesn't know how to cheer him up.

OLIVIA
What now?

THE SHADOW/JACK
We wait.

OLIVIA
For?

THE SHADOW/JACK
I know my brother; it's not in his
nature to give up. He'll be back.

OLIVIA
When?

John comes crashing through the glass wall, hanging from a
fast rope and stands tall and proud as glass showers all.

The human sea parts, creating a corridor for John.

THE SHADOW/JACK
(to Olivia)
Now.
(turning to John)
You know you could have used the
door, right?

JOHN
Well, yeah. But this is way more
dramatic.

THE SHADOW/JACK
True. But that doesn't change the
fact that you're dead.
(to brainwashed crowd)
Kill him.

They quickly surround John.

JOHN
Wait!

THE SHADOW/JACK
Stop.

They freeze. Jack joins his brother through the corridor and
stops a dozen feet from him. A circle forms around them.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
Do you have a last request?

JOHN
Not really. You just didn't leave
me enough time to say...

He stands tall with his fists on his hips.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm here to stop you.

THE SHADOW/JACK
(laughing)
You and what army?

JOHN
Really? I thought you would have
come up with something better since
the last time. Anyway... This army.

Three dozen people come crashing through the glass wall,
sending Jack's brainwashed minions flying back. A dozen are
elders; one's in a wheelchair. The rest are kids.

Equipped with non-lethal weapons, they gather behind John.

THE SHADOW/JACK
I admit, the entrance was
impressive. But haven't you learned
by now?
(addressing the invaders)
Put your weapons down.

No one moves. Jack is stunned.

OLD GUY 1
What did he say?

OLD GUY 2
He said to put your weapon down.

OLD GUY 1
Oh, okay.

He puts his weapon down.

OLD GUY 2
No. You're not actually supposed to
do it.

OLD GUY 1
Oh.

He picks up his weapon. His friend rolls his eyes.

JIMMY

I'm sorry. Do people usually do
what you tell them to?

Jack quickly recovers from the unexpected turn of events.

THE SHADOW/JACK

That's all right. I'll just do it
the old fashioned way.

(to his soldiers)

Kill them all.

The crowd turns towards the intruders, who get ready.

JOHN

Remember, these people are not
evil, so try to not hurt them...
Too much.

The two fronts collide. Blows fly as the spies and elders
repel the oncoming scourge of brainwashed people.

Two long sticks come out of the wheelchair's wheels and the
man starts spinning, knocking over anyone who dares approach.

Desiree and Dominique face off. Dominique attacks. Desiree
dodges and a quick knock on the head sends the spy crashing
to the floor.

DESIREE

Sorry.

A circle forms around the two brothers as they face off.

THE SHADOW/JACK

I've been waiting for this moment
for a long time.

JOHN

It's not too late. You can still
stop.

Jack chuckles.

THE SHADOW/JACK

Oh, I'm gonna enjoy this. You have
no idea how it feels to --

JOHN

-- Are you going to talk me to
death or are we going to fight?

THE SHADOW/JACK

Oh, we're gonna fight all right.

He makes his seven holographic doubles appear. They circle around John. Before long, the real Jack is lost among them.

A Jack steps forward. John throws a punch. Hologram.

John gets hit from behind. He staggers forward.

ALL SHADOWS/JACKS

Not so easy when you're not the one
using the gadgets, is it?

They keep circling. John doesn't know where to look.

Two Jacks attack. John throws a roundhouse kick. No hit.

Another hit from behind forces John to one knee. He stands.

John abandons all logic and goes crazy. Kicks, punches, karate chops fly in all directions, never landing a hit.

He throws a backwards kick... and lands it. He spins around but can't tell which Jack he hit.

He stops to catch his breath. Jacks form a circle around him.

Breathing heavily, he rests his hand on his thighs. He feels something inside his pocket and pulls out his bag of M&Ms.

ALL SHADOWS/JACKS (CONT'D)

Do you really think that'll help?

JOHN

I do.

He eats a few, then chucks the rest into the air. The raining candy falls through all Jacks but one; the real one.

Jack's eyes widen.

John catches an M&M in mid-fall, aims and throws it.

It hits the button on the real Jack's belt. The holograms are sucked back into his body. He glances around, horrified.

John leaps forward, feet first and hits Jack right in the chest, sending him flying backwards. He crashes to the floor and slides along, taking out people like bowling pins. He comes to a stop right on the cliff's edge and stands, winded.

John sees a hairpiece lazily floating down to the floor.

Jack spots the toupée and feels his bald head.

The spy starts laughing.

THE SHADOW/JACK
What? Being a supervillain is a
stressful job.

John grabs the toupée and hands it to Jack. He reaches, but instead, grabs John's wrist and flips him over his shoulder.

John jumps up and shakes it off.

The two brothers face off again.

John throws a feint, followed by a kick to the stomach. Jack staggers backwards, towards the cliff's edge.

JOHN
Watch out.

Too late; Jack falls over the edge.

John hurries over. Jack hangs by his fingers.

THE SHADOW/JACK
Help me.

No hesitation from John; he pulls his brother up.

The second he's safe, Jack sends John tumbling over the edge.

He barely manages to grab on to the edge.

Jack stands and glances down at his brother, who struggles to hold on. He pulls out a remote.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
I want everyone to see this.

He presses a button and everyone suddenly regains their individual personalities. They look around, confused.

The Fat Cop spots the Robber and aims his gun at him.

FAT COP
Freeze.

The Robber puts his hands up.

Jack glances down at John.

THE SHADOW/JACK
This is for you, dad.

He raises a foot to squish his brother's fingers.

Suddenly, he gets hit from behind. It's Whacky, savagely attacking him with her cane.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)

Stop, you old hag.

She keeps attacking ferociously. Jack drops the remote and the PHD is reactivated. People start fighting again.

Unable to fight back, Jack grabs his toupée and flees.

WHACKY

That's right. Run, you pansy.

She chases after him, leaving John hanging from the edge.

His fingers start to slip. As a last resort, he lets go with one hand and grabs the last OLD pill from his pocket.

FLASHBACK - DESIREE

Desiree stares at John.

DESIREE

The OLD pill is just another gadget
in your arsenal. You should not
rely on it to give you strength.
You're better than that.

She smiles.

BACK TO SHADOW'S LAIR

John stares at the pill in his hand. A determined look appears on his face. He chucks the pill, and with a new, powerful burst of energy, hoists himself up.

He grabs the remote from the floor and deactivates the PHD.

People stop fighting.

Once more, the Fat Cop points his gun at the Robber.

ROBBER

Oh, come on. Not again.

Dominique and Jimmy run up to John. Dominique rubs her head.

DOMINIQUE

I've got the worst headache.

JOHN

Take care of the wounded. I'll take
care of Jack.

JIMMY
How will you find him?

JOHN
When I pulled him up, I slipped a
tracker in his pocket.

FLASHBACK - JOHN PLACES TRACKER

John pulls his brother up and over the edge. He quickly slips a small tracker with a flashing red light in Jack's pocket.

RETURN TO THE SHADOW'S LAIR

John pulls out his cell phone. A red dot flashes on the screen. Before he can run off, Dominique pulls him in for a long awaited kiss.

Desiree, standing nearby, sees this. Her eyes widen in shock, before she sadly wanders off.

John pushes Dominique away.

JOHN
What are you doing?

DOMINIQUE
I thought that...

JOHN
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to give
you the wrong idea. You're a lovely
person and great partner, but I'm
in love with someone else.

Dominique's gaze shifts, embarrassed.

JOHN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I have to go.

He sprints off, leaving the two spies behind.

INT. UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION - DOCKING PLATFORM - DAY

Jack, hair-piece in hand, bursts through a door. He runs alongside the stopped train until he plunges into the

LOCOMOTIVE

and heads for the controls. He presses a few buttons and levers, getting the train ready for departure.

He glances out onto the platform. No one in sight.

A few moments later, the train starts moving.

DOCKING PLATFORM

John bursts through the door and onto the platform.

He sees the train speed away. He sprints after it and barely manages to jump onto the end of the last car before it leaves the station. He opens the door and enters.

INT. SHADOW'S LAIR - DAY

Jimmy and Dominique help injured people bandage their wounds.

Nearby, a devastated Desiree does the same.

DOMINIQUE

What's wrong?

DESIREE

You wouldn't understand.

DOMINIQUE

I can try.

DESIREE

It's John... I thought he...

DOMINIQUE

Liked you?

Desiree nods.

DESIREE

I guess I was wrong.

DOMINIQUE

Maybe not.

Desiree frowns.

DESIREE

But, the kiss?

DOMINIQUE

Oh, that. Well, he... He told me he's in love with someone else.

DESIREE

Really?

DOMINIQUE

Really. And if you want my opinion,
I think that someone is you.

Desiree pulls the young spy in for a tight hug.

DESIREE

I'm sorry for being so cold when we
first met.

DOMINIQUE

Don't worry. If it was me, I would
have done way worse.

They chuckle as they resume helping the injured.

INT. TRAIN - LOCOMOTIVE - DAY

Jack puts his hair piece back in place. He sees John, on one
of the security monitors, heading to the front of the train.

THE SHADOW/JACK

Shit!

He throws the speed lever on "Full speed" and shoots it,
before hiding in the rear of the locomotive.

CARS

John heads towards the locomotive. In one of the cars, he
sees a helicopter, but keeps going until he reaches the

LOCOMOTIVE

He glances around. It's empty. He makes his way to the
controls and sees the brakes are disabled.

At the other end of the locomotive, Jack steps out of hiding.

John turns to face him.

Jack smiles, glancing past John.

THE SHADOW/JACK

I hope you can fly.

John glances out the front of the locomotive. They're now
speeding along endless wheat fields. Up ahead, the track ends
on an unfinished bridge, with a plummet to certain death.

The spy turns back around in time to see Jack step out of the
locomotive and close the door. He waves and walks off.

John hurries to the door. Locked. He returns to the controls.

HELICOPTER CAR

Jack presses a button on the nearby wall.

The roof opens and the wind flows in.

Jack holds his toupée to stop it from flying off, as he flips another switch.

The floor of the car starts to rise. Jack heads into the chopper, which is held to the floor by four metal fixtures.

LOCOMOTIVE

John tries to stop the train, but quickly realizes it's useless. He heads for a side door and climbs out onto the

ROOF

The strong wind forces him to constantly hold on from fear of flying off. He cautiously makes his way towards the helicopter, whose blades are starting to spin.

By the time he reaches it, the blades are spinning madly.

Holding on with one hand, he pulls out a red pill from his organizer. He licks it and takes aim.

The pill flies out of his hand and explodes against the chopper's tail, which is swept backwards by the strong wind.

John glances forward. The dead end grows inevitably closer.

Jack steps out, his hairpiece gets sucked up in the wind. A well placed kick sends John sliding backwards.

He barely manages to hang on to the front of the next car. He fights his way forward against the wind.

Jack also struggles to the front of the copter car. He pulls out a remote and presses a button.

The ties retract, releasing the chopper. Blades spinning madly, it catches in the wind and tumbles back towards John.

He stands. The wind knocks him flat on his back and he hangs on with his feet.

The chopper tumbles past, the blades almost decapitating him on the way by. It hits the train a few cars back, derailing them in a powerful explosion.

The rest of the train remains untouched and barrels on.

John finds an anchor for his hands and pulls his feet free. He spins around, now facing forward.

The two brothers fight the wind to reach the locomotive in hope of stopping it. The dead end grows closer and closer.

John takes aim with his watch. The grappling hook and metal cable fly forward, wrapping themselves around Jack's waist.

A quick tug from John makes Jack lose his grip. He flies backwards, past the spy, almost tearing off his arm. John struggles to hold on with his one good arm as Jack dangles at the end of the cable.

His fingers slip. He can barely hold on.

The watch breaks. Jack slides backwards, but manages to grab on.

John tries to make his way back towards his brother.

Too late. They reach the end. They crash through the train stopper. A second later, the wheels hit nothing but air.

John sees a helicopter hovering right ahead. Its side door is wide open, waiting for him.

With one final glance at his brother, John springs forward. He soars through the air and brutally lands in the chopper.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

John struggles to sit up. Someone helps him. It's Jimmy. Dominique is at the controls. She smiles at him.

Jimmy grabs hold of John's hair and tugs.

JOHN

Ouch! What was that for?

JIMMY

Just checkin'

JOHN

(massaging his scalp)
How did you find me?

DOMINIQUE
What? You're not the only one who
can plant a tracker.

FLASHBACK - KISS

Dominique pulls John in for a kiss and slips something in his pocket.

RETURN TO HELICOPTER

John reaches out into his pocket and pulls out a tracker. He smiles.

Suddenly, a faint voice is heard.

THE SHADOW/JACK (O.S.)
Help.

John peers out and sees Jack dangling from one of the skids.

He lies on his stomach and reaches to help his brother up.

Jack's fingers slip. He falls, but John manages to grab him with his good hand.

The two brothers tightly grip each other's forearms.

Their eyes lock. Jack smiles.

THE SHADOW/JACK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Jack lets go and falls.

JOHN
Nooooo!!!

INT. SPIES BUILDING - DAY

The front entrance of a building, still under construction.

SUPER: "A few weeks later."

John, Dominique and Jimmy, walking side by side, enter from the front entrance. John's arm is in a sling.

JIMMY
So this whole time you thought you
had Alzheimer's?

JOHN

Yes. Turns out it was just a long-term side effect of the OLD pill.

Dominique and Jimmy nod as they glance at their surroundings for the first time. Scattered throughout the lobby are construction workers and a few intelligence personnel.

The far end of the lobby are the entrances to three separate wings: "OLD", "YOUNG" & "HOT".

In the center of the lobby: a large monument with the words "Secret Protection, Infiltration and Espionage Service".

SUPER: "SPIES Headquarters."

JOHN (CONT'D)

Who comes up with these names?

DOMINIQUE

I know. Why not just call up the bad guys and tell them where we are?

JIMMY

While they're at it, why not put it in big letters on the roof for the whole world to see.

The three laugh as they walk on. John spots Desiree standing across the room.

JOHN

I have to go.

Desiree glances up and their eyes meet.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I have a promise to keep.

He heads off to meet up with Desiree. Dominique and Jimmy head for their respective agencies.

We move back as they disappear out of view, past the front doors, out of the building, into the air, slowly heading away and higher. More and more of the building can be seen, until the roof appears. On it are a few men in the process of putting up the word "SPIES" in huge letters.

ROLL CREDITS

INT. OLDMAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A party. Dozens of people are gathered around the birthday boy. It's MILO, John's grandson. Dominique, Jimmy, the Chief and Desiree are all present.

John walks in, cake in hand, and everyone starts signing.

EVERYONE

Happy birthday to you. Happy
birthday to you. Happy birthday,
dear Milo. Happy birthday to you.

John sets the cake down before Milo just as the song ends.

JOHN

Happy birthday, buddy.

MILO

Thanks, grandpa.

Milo takes a deep breath and blows out the ten candles.

LATER

A half-eaten cake sits on the table. Open boxes and torn wrapping paper clutter the floor, as people indistinctly talk amongst themselves.

John and Desiree chat and laugh. They share a loving kiss.

Nearby, Milo plays with his presents. Jimmy approaches, glancing around nervously. He leans forward.

JIMMY

Follow me, I've got a surprise.

Jimmy leads Milo into an empty

BEDROOM

and hands him a small, wrapped box. Milo opens it to find a remote. It's identical to the one used to control the PHD.

MILO

What is it?

JIMMY

You'll see.

EXT. OLDMAN RESIDENCE - BACK YARD - DAY

Jimmy and Milo take turns controlling people, making them do stupid things.

John steps out and sees people acting weird. He spots Jimmy and Milo.

JOHN

Jimmy!

Jimmy glances up at John.

JIMMY

Oh shit. We're dead.

The two boys run away, chased by John, as Dominique and Desiree watch from afar.

DOMINIQUE

Whatever happened to Stuart?

DESIREE

Dunno. But whatever he's doing now, it can't be much worse than what he did before.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Stuart is busy pouring coffee for some scary-looking goons.

SUPER: "Meanwhile, in a maximum security prison."

A guard enters.

GUARD

Hey, Coffee Boy. Meet you new cellie.

In steps Ivan, the seven-foot Russian.

Stuart jumps, spilling burning coffee all over a dozen scary-looking convicts. He squeals like a little girl and bolts, the angry cons right on his tail.

FADE OUT.