

# 21 JUMP STREET

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As the PARAMOUNT LOGO proudly blazes across the screen, we hear the sound of MICROPHONE FEEDBACK piercing the air... It's immediately followed by a TEENAGE GIRL'S VOICE. She is confident, intrepid...

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)  
...and if you elect me President of our  
Freshman Class...

The Paramount Logo MORPHS to that of a SCHOOL CREST. It reads: SUSAN B. ANTHONY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. And we POP out of the School Crest and OPEN WIDE to FIND OURSELVES

INT. SUSAN B. ANTHONY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

A captured audience of seventy-five FRESHMAN GIRLS are packed in the seats of this Upscale All-Girl Boarding School... They all wear the same UNIFORM -- white Long Sleeve BLOUSES, navy V-Neck SWEATERS, black TIGHTS and ankle-length SKIRTS.

Under the watchful eyes of several TEACHERS, the students listen with age-appropriate disinterest. As the speaker continues to plead her case, we CHYRON: 1996

TEENAGE GIRL (O.S.)  
...I will work to reduce off-campus  
privileges for any students violating  
school policy...

REVERSE ANGLE ON - the speaker, JUDY HOFFS, age fifteen, African-American. She stands ON STAGE, behind a PODIUM. Hoff's' thin frame and tinny voice belie the CHUTZPAH she's mustering to get through this speech... But she's a woman of CONVICTION...

HOFFS  
...That includes those late to class,  
those skipping class... And particularly  
anyone who breaks Section B47 of our  
School Charter: Allowing members of the  
opposite sex into the dormitories after  
sundown.

(a beat, then with sincerity)  
My fellow students. We must restore  
civility, honor and respect to this  
institution. With a vote for Judy Hoff's,  
that day may soon come.

Hoff's anticipates applause, but is greeted by EXCRUCIATING SILENCE. A looooong beat as Hoff's' peers consider her platform. Then

A CACOPHONY OF "BOOS". Brutal, disdainful rejection from the crowd...

*What fifteen year old is interested in civility, honor and respect?"* As scrunched up PAPER BALLS are hurled towards Hoff's and the TEACHERS try to restore order, we

FREEZE FRAME ON - Hoff's, who's getting a cold, hard lesson in public relations, as we

CHYRON: FUTURE POLICE OFFICER JUDY HOFFS, AGE 15.

PULSING, PURPOSEFUL MUSIC rises, as we TRAVEL TO a very different type of school to meet a very different type of student...

INT. PS 24 - HALLWAY - DAY

The mood shifts. It's INTENSE, HANDHELD as we enter this rundown INNER CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL, and FIND

HARRY IOKI, fourteen, Vietnamese-American, punked-out hair, bristling with nervous energy. Ioki is joined by his school chum, CHAD THATCHER, a portly metal-mouth. They SQUAT against a wall, flanking a LARGE WOODEN DOOR. Ioki delivers orders in hushed, urgent tones...

IOKI

Three hostiles. Two white males, mid forties. One African-American female. Consider them armed and dangerous. It's now or never. You ready?

Chad nods affirmative... Wipes away a BEAD OF SWEAT...

IOKI (CONT'D)

On my go.

Ioki raises his RIGHT HAND three fingers open, signalling the COUNTDOWN... He then tucks in his RING FINGER... THREE. Tension builds, MUSIC INTENSIFIES. Then his MIDDLE FINGER... TWO. The moment of truth is near. And, finally, his INDEX FINGER, forming a TIGHT FIST...

IOKI (CONT'D)

Go... go... GO!

Ioki and Chad leap to their feet... The CAMERA RISES with them, as Ioki kicks open the door, which reads:

"P.S. 24 TEACHER'S LOUNGE". Ioki and Chad raise a pair of FIRE EXTINGUISHERS and aim them at the THREE TEACHERS inside. Before the teachers have a chance to react, Ioki and Chad unleash relentless STREAMS OF FOAM on them...

TEACHERS

Iooookiiii!!!

FREEZE FRAME ON - Ioki. And though he knows he's just bought a ticket to detention, Ioki loves it... As an infectious EAR-TO-EAR GRIN paints his face, we

CHYRON: FUTURE POLICE OFFICER HARRY IOKI, AGE 14. Off the questionable bravado of Ioki's suicide mission, we GO

EXT. GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The sun casts a warm glow on this pleasant SUBURBAN CAMPUS. Making his way through the upbeat STUDENT BODY is DOUG PENHALL, sixteen, oversized for his age, but intrinsically harmless and kind. Penhall minds his own business, without a care in the world, when

CROOMPISH! He is BLIND-SIDED, viscously tackled to the ground by

STEVE AND RONNIE MCQUAID - shithead twin brothers, both wearing RATTY JEANS and cutoff FLANNEL SHIRTS. As they loom over Penhall, bullying him with their gaze...

STEVE MCQUAID  
Mornin', blubbergut.

The McQuaid Brothers descend on Penhall, pinning him...

PENHALL  
-- offa me --

CRACK! Ronnie lays a ferocious RIGHT HOOK across Penhall's JAW...

RONNIE MCQUAID  
That's for killin' our chances of going to State.

THRUMP! Steve stomps down on Penhall's BELLY with his KNEE. As Penhall rattles in pain...

STEVE MCQUAID  
And that's for being a big fat squashface.

Ronnie leans in close, right in Penhall's face...

RONNIE MCQUAID  
Before practice, you're gonna tell Coach Kreso you're quitting the squad...

STEVE MCQUAID  
...and if you don't... You can expect this beatdown every morning.

Steve lays in a final KICK to the gut before the brothers head off, passing self-satisfied HIGH FIVES.

Left on the ground, a mishmash of neurotic, tormented emotions, Penhall calls after them...

PENHALL

(to The McQuaid Brothers)

Steve and Ronnie McQuaid, you may have me now! But one day... One day I'm gonna grow into this body... and I'm gonna be strong! And you'll be sorry. Cos I'm gonna be the man... And you'll be answering to ME! You'll be stepping into my Wu-Tang... MY WU-TANG!!!

FREEZE FRAME ON - Penhall, who one day will be the man...

CHYRON: FUTURE POLICE OFFICER DOUG PENHALL, AGE 15.

And now, to meet the final member of our team, we CUT TO:

EXT. NORMAN SHWARZKOPF MILITARY ACADEMY - NIGHT

MOONLIGHT casts a blanket over this stark, rolling campus. In the distance, a TRUMPETER belts out the last notes of a BEDTIME REVELRY. From inside the ivy coated DORMITORIES, the LIGHTS plink off, one by one by one. But outside, something's moving... A SHADOWY FIGURE hoofing across the grounds with a loosey-goosey animal instinct. This is

TOM HANSON, seventeen, face chiseled yet soft. His SCHOOL UNIFORM, a JACKET and TIE, has been retrofitted and mussed into a rebel fashion statement. Hanson peels behind a LARGE OAK TREE, where he is met by

JULES TURNER, sixteen, lovely, sophisticated but fun. As Hanson keeps an eye out, making sure the coast is clear, he produces a pair of CONCERT TICKETS.

HANSON

Got 'em. Fourth row Pearl Jam.

(then)

Did you grab the party favors?

Jules holds up a BOTTLE OF MCCALLEN'S SCOTCH.

JULES

Courtesy of my father's office drawer.

HANSON

Graduation Week festivities have begun.

Hanson pulls in Jules for a long sweet KISS... After a beat, Jules pulls back...

JULES

I don't want you to graduate. I'll never see you again. And you're so excited--

HANSON

I'm excited cos this is the end of a four year marathon. A long, soul-sucking foot race where, thanks to the self-possessed whim of my old man and his job transfers, I've been the new kid at six different schools in six different cities.

Hanson runs his fingers through Jules' hair.

HANSON (CONT'D)

You know I love you the most. And you gotta always remember that. I'm just tired of being on Chapter One when all the other kids are on Chapter Three...

(a beat)

But that doesn't mean tonight we can't have fun. Right?

Jules hears these words. And they resonate. She leans in for another kiss. But the moment is interrupted by...

LIGHTS! Beaming down on Hanson and Jules, exposing them to a tall, ominous figure -- MAJOR TURNER. He's flanked by two SCHOOL MPs. Hanson and Jules squint in the lights, BUSTED. Because this is Jules'

JULES

Daddy?

MAJOR TURNER

(deeply displeased)

Jules. Mr. Hanson.

(seeing the Bottle of Scotch)

Is that...?

HANSON

If I may, Sir. I know this may seem like a dereliction.

MAJOR TURNER

Possession of alcohol on school grounds could imperil your graduation.

These are the last words Hanson wants to hear...

HANSON

You wouldn't do that.

MAJOR TURNER

Wouldn't I?

And Hanson is off to the races...

HANSON

I don't think so... Not after you realize that Jules and I were simply planning on celebrating my impending commencement.

(re: Pearl Jam Tickets)

In the spirit of this milestone, I bought us a pair of tickets to an Arts and Crafts Festival being held over the summer. But, unfortunately, tonight was not to be a night for celebration...

Accounted for, Hanson shoves the Pearl Jam tickets in his pocket, concealing the evidence.

HANSON (CONT'D)

...Cos earlier, Jules took a punch in the proverbial gut when she stumbled upon a bottle of Single Malt Scotch in her father's desk drawer.

He rattles the Bottle of Scotch. Major Turner winces.

MAJOR TURNER

(to the MPs)

Take a lap.

The MPs exit. Hanson goes for the kill.

HANSON

(faux sincerity)

If you're finding it hard to get through the day without a nip, sir, I'm sure the Commandant could get you the help you need. And if this is a conversation you're too ashamed to have with him, I'd be happy to.

And what can Major Hanson say?

HANSON (CONT'D)

Please sir. Help me help you.

FREEZE FRAME ON - Hanson, knowing that quick thinking and the crafty use of bullshit can get you far in this life.

CHYRON: FUTURE POLICE OFFICER TOM HANSON, AGE 17.

As we FADE TO BLACK, the sound of Hanson's Voice continues. But his cadence has shifted. Perhaps it sounds more mature, more lived in... OVER BLACK:

HANSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Help me... help you. That's what I'm here for. To help a man in a pinch...

CHYRON: TEN YEARS LATER. And we are

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - NIGHT

Inside this steel framed building replete with HIGH CEILINGS, open BI-FOLD CARGO DOORS and MAINTENANCE EQUIPMENT scattered in every direction, sits an idling G5 PRIVATE JET. Standing a short distance from the plane's door we FIND three men:

Hanson, now in his mid-twenties. His boyish looks still visible underneath the designer shirt and crisp slacks, all worn in an effort to instill confidence in

RAY BALDERAMA, a decidedly shifty man in his mid-forties, who's scrutinizing a BRAND NEW \$100 BILL. By his side stands his enforcer

THOR, Ray's oversized enforcer with a BOBCAT 9MM S/A PISTOL tucked in his jacket. By his feet rests a TITANIUM BRIEFCASE. As Ray considers Hanson's pitch...

RAY

I don't know...

HANSON

What don't you know? You're in a financial pickle with some real nasty players and I'm offering you a 500-K bail out for thirty-five cents on the dollar... You've got some of my best counterfeit work in your hands. Feel the crinkle.

Ray shifts his focus from the bill in his hand to the open DUFFEL BAG on the table beside Hanson, which is filled with STACKS of similar \$100 BILLS.

RAY

(unsure)

You just... got such a babyface. Ain't you too young for this shit?

As Hanson contemplates his countermove...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

We find LIEUTENANT GERALD HILL, mid-thirties -- his CHROME PLATED glasses screaming bureaucrat. He's cramped between various MONITORING EQUIPMENT and another Officer, CHRIS HOLLIER, late-twenties, Caucasian, who's watching Hanson's meeting through a pair of BINOCULARS...

Hill speaks into a PAIR OF WIRELESS COMMS. [Note: This is how our officers will communicate with each other throughout the rest of this sequence.]

HILL

You're losing him, kid. Bring 'em back.

And now, with the understanding that Hanson is working an Undercover Operation, we RETURN TO:

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - NIGHT

Hanson keeps at it... His words gaining purchase...

HANSON

Ray. You know what "young" means? Young means hungry. It means the future.

(re: the counterfeit money)

It means computer-assisted-design. I thought that's why you came to me. But, if you prefer working with the old timers, I hear the legendary Johnny Mac's etching some new nickel plates...

RAY

Old timer couldn't keep his hands from shakin' if he cut em off...

(then, re: Briefcase)

Laundered twenties. Just like you asked.

Thor hands Hanson the Briefcase, but before it gets all the way in Hanson's hands, Thor stops, catching something out of the corner of his eye. He turns towards the Cargo Doors. Hanson and Ray follow suit, where they all see...

An airport MAINTENANCE WORKER climbing out of an OPEN-TOPPED SERVICE TRUCK. He starts towards them...

RAY (CONT'D)

(sotto, to Hanson)

Who's this clown?

Problems on the rise -- Hanson starts thinking fast...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

As Hill grabs another pair of BINOCULARS...

HILL

I thought we had this place locked up.

(a beat, then)

Hanson, get him outta there.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - NIGHT

The Maintenance Worker continues to approach... Calling:

MAINTENANCE WORKER

Fellas, this is a closed shop -- you ain't allowed in here.

RAY

(to Thor)

Erase this guy.

Hanson works to defuse the situation...

HANSON

Ease up -- I'll handle it.

But before Hanson has a chance, Thor DRAWS THE BOBCAT and levels it at the Maintenance Worker, who stops dead in his tracks -- frozen with terror...

And just as Thor SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER Hanson snaps into action: With one hand he SLAPS the weapon upwards, sending the bullets off target. Then, with the other hand, he delivers a CRUSHING RIGHT HOOK, exploding Thor's nose into a bloody pulp. And despite his size, Thor crumples to the floor, Hanson having hit the sweet spot.

HANSON (CONT'D)

(barking at the Maintenance Worker)

Get outta here -- Go!

The Maintenance Worker turns tail and flees the scene...

Hanson, in one fluid motion, pulls a BARETTA from the back of his waistband and draws down on Ray...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Ray Balderama, you're under arrest for solicitation of counterfeit--

But that's as far as he gets before TWO MORE OF RAY'S THUGS get the drop on Hanson, emerging from the plane's door, MP5s in hand. And without hesitation, they let loose a deafening burst of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE...

Outgunned, Hanson BOLTS FOR COVER, diving behind a large RED ROLLING TOOL CHEST -- Bullets PINGING all around him.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Hill, I'm under fire!

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

Hill calls back into his Comms as he and Hollier burst out of the Van, weapons drawn...

HILL

Hold tight -- we're on our way.

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - NIGHT

GUNFIRE CONTINUES -- Hanson peeks out from behind his cover just long enough to see Ray take the Bobcat from Thor's unconscious hands and RACK the SLIDE...

RAY

Hey Babyface -- arrest this!

With that, Ray unloads the clip in a single burst... Hanson tucks in tight behind the Chest -- pinned down. Ray racks out. Tosses the gun. Grabs the briefcase with his cash. Snatches the Duffel Bag with Hanson's counterfeit money. And charges for the G-5...

RAY (CONT'D)

(to his guys)

Let's get her in the air.

Hanson emerges from behind the Tool Chest just in time to see the G5 motoring out of the Hangar. Hanson pursues, sprinting for the SERVICE TRUCK. He hops in and fires up the engine just as Hill and Hollier arrive on the scene.

HANSON

They're heading for the runway.

HILL

Park it Hanson -- once they're on that tarmac they're out of our jurisdiction. Treasury and TSA are on it.

HANSON

Are you kidding? This is our bust--

HILL

We've been through this -- you don't freeball on my watch. Stand down!

HANSON

Lighten up, Lieutenant. This is the fun part...

As the CLASH'S "I FOUGHT THE LAW" erupts on the soundtrack, Hanson SLAPS the Truck in gear and PEELS OUT!

EXT. AIRPORT TARMAC - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Hanson EXPLODES out of the Hangar, throttling the rickety Service Truck to its limit... But it's going to be no easy deal catching Ray's G-5 as there's a tangled obstacle course of CESSNAS, AIRPORT OPERATIONS VEHICLES, and JUMBO-JETS blocking his path.

Hanson SWERVES HARD LEFT, narrowly avoiding the SPINNING BLADES of a PROP-PLANE taxiing to a gate... But suddenly he's boxed in by a SIX-CAR-LONG BAGGAGE CART -- and he's BARRELING right for it. Without so much as easing up on the accelerator, Hanson quickly surveys his surroundings and spots a way out... It's gonna be tight, but he goes for it. He CUTS THE WHEEL HARD, and DUCKING HIS HEAD, he SKIMS UNDER THE BELLY OF A SLOW MOVING DC-10.

Out in the open, Hanson locks in on Ray's G5, which is cutting off a waiting line of planes and turning onto the runway... It's too much ground to cover -- he'll have to try and cut off the Plane midway down the runway. So Hanson sets himself on a perpendicular collision course.

Hanson MASHES THE ACCELERATOR, pushing the Truck for all it's worth and SKIDS onto the runway fifty feet in front of the plane. But the wobbly truck doesn't respond the way he demands and he loses control. He SPINS THROUGH A SMOKE CHURNING 450 and COMES TO STOP FACING THE ONCOMING PLANE.

Eager to avoid a head-on-collision, Hanson THROWS THE TRUCK IN REVERSE and STOMPS THE PEDAL. He SPEEDS BACKWARDS, keeping a short distance between the two vehicles and FIRES HIS BARETTA... BULLET HITS POCK-MARK the fuselage around the cockpit windows but it's quickly clear to Hanson that it's not going to be enough to keep Ray's G-5 on the ground. He needs more fire power...

Then, Hanson sees what he needs -- a ONE GALLON GAS CAN in the bed of the Truck. He grabs it and we watch as

SLOW MOTION: Hanson LOB THE GAS CAN at the encroaching Plane. And just as it's about to impact with the nose of the G5, HANSON SIGHTS IT UP AND FIRES...

BOOM! Hanson's shot rips through the Gas Can, EXPLODING IT INTO A FLAMING BALL THAT INSTANTLY ENGULFS THE ENTIRE FRONT OF THE PLANE -- Self-satisfied, Hanson watches the G-5 SKID right past him and off the runway. Hill storms over to Hanson. And he is fuming...

HILL

I guess Balderama was right -- you are too young for this shit.

And as the FLAMING NOSECONE SPEEDS RIGHT INTO THE LENS, Joe Strummer says it all: "I Fought the Law and / The Law Won." We SMASH TO BLACK. OVER WHICH we

CHYRON THE TITLE CARD: 21 JUMP STREET.

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES as we PAN ACROSS this modest ONE BEDROOM designed for raggedy comfort -- Vintage MOVIE POSTERS, HANGING PLANTS and the MEDIA CENTER, amongst it all is a

FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH of Hanson and his High School Sweetheart Jules, smiling for the camera with a youthful glow. The moment is offset as The Clash song begins to SKIP: "*I fought the law and-- I fought the law and-- I fought the law and--*" We PULL BACK to FIND

Hanson, hair scruffed and scraggled, wearing a TANK TOP and SWEATPANTS, sitting on the couch, his feet up on the oversized coffee table. He's scribbling something on a LEGAL PAD, oblivious to the continuously SKIPPING MUSIC.

Jules enters from the HALLWAY. And she has come a long way since High School. Though her soft features are still intact, she is very much a woman. And, at the moment, a woman who's frustrated with her man...

JULES

Hey.

But Hanson doesn't look up.

HANSON

What?

JULES

(re: the skipping music)

If you tell me that isn't bothering you,  
I'm gonna cry.

Hanson lands back on planet earth, notices the skipping music... He grabs the REMOTE and shuts off the STEREO.

HANSON

Sorry. I was working on something.  
(then)  
Check this out.

He hands Jules the pad. She reads...

JULES

"Go hang a salami. I'm a lasagna hog."

HANSON

Now spell it backwards.

JULES

G-O-H-A-N-G-A... I get it.

HANSON

It's the same thing both ways.

JULES

And this is your new vocation?  
Concocting palindromes.

HANSON

Call it a hobby.

JULES

Point of clarification -- hobbies are  
only hobbies when you have a job.

Jules heads back down the Hallway...

JULES (CONT'D)

I can't do this anymore.

HANSON

Jules...

Hanson follows after her...

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Hanson enters to find Jules furiously PACKING a SUITCASE.

HANSON

You gotta tell me what I did. Cos  
whatever I did, I bet I didn't do it.

JULES

That's the thing, Hanson. Since you  
machoed yourself off the force six months  
ago, you haven't done anything. And  
folding the laundry doesn't count.

HANSON

Now you're shitting on that? You love  
folding things...

(re: her packing)

Look at you go.

JULES

That's right. I'm gone.

She zips the suitcase and heads for the door. Hanson  
follows her back into...

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Jules heads for the FRONT DOOR, Hanson tries the soft,  
charming approach...

HANSON

I put ten years into this. I saw you through cooking school, I turned the corner with your old man--

Jules wheels around to face him --

JULES

Stop. It's not enough anymore.  
(beat)

When we were together, when things were good, I was like a kid in a Candy Store. And even though you tuned out the rest of the world and played by your own rules, that was okay. Because at least you let me in. We were a team. But ever since you chose--

HANSON

I didn't "choose"--

JULES

Ever since you chose to let your mouth and your pride bounce you off the force, to take you away from something you were great at, you've locked me out too.  
(then)

And I just can't stand on the street anymore, banging on the glass, hoping one day you'll let me back in.

Before it gets any more painful, Jules leaves. As the door SHUTS behind her, we STAY ON Hanson, letting her words sink in for a long beat before we FADE TO:

EXT. ARIEL SHOT - NIGHT

The CAMERA FLOATS over the city as an INTERVALOMETER SHOT speeds through several day to night transitions, CARRYING us to another part of town...

EXT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - NIGHT

CYRUS GODDARD - a seventeen year old, African-American, walks with a BOOKBAG slung over his shoulder. His well groomed appearance belies his thick, chiseled features.

Cyrus rings the FRONT BELL of this posh residence, distinguished with elaborate landscaping and dramatic GOTH exterior lighting. He waits for a beat, patiently, until the owner of the house...

DASHELL WEST - mid-thirties, opens the door. Dashell's hip RATTY CLOTHING and HORN RIMMED GLASSES suggest a young Ozzy Osbourne as Computer Hacker.

Clearly impatient with the off-hours interruption, he addresses Cyrus from behind a wrought iron SECURITY GATE...

DASHELL

I don't know what you're selling, but--

CYRUS

I'm sorry for the inconvenience, sir. I'm with the a community outreach organization dedicated to rehabilitating our local schools such as the one I attend. We do this by offering you discounted prices on most major magazine subscriptions... It'll only take a--

DASHELL

Listen, I can't keep up with the mags I already got... So how about I give you a donation and we call it even?

CYRUS

That'd be very kind.

Dashell digs in his pocket for some cash. And as he unlocks the Security Gate to hand over the dough, that's when it happens...

Cyrus GRABS Dashell by the WRIST. Dashell looks to Cyrus, confused. Cyrus's demeanor shifts -- the innocence turning to menace. Then, Cyrus SOCKS Dashell in the JAW, sending him back into his Foyer. INTENSE MUSIC RISES as Cyrus calls out...

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

And as Cyrus storms the Mini-Mansion, we REALIZE he's not alone... One by one, his comrades follow him in, WHIPPING THROUGH THE FRAME... They are:

GHOST, sixteen, cornrows and a square jaw accentuating his squat and bulky Irish-American frame.

AHMAN, half-Mexican half-Asian, adorned with the requisite amount of tattoos for a kid repeating his senior year of High School.

CLIFF, the youngest of the group, his bookwormish face indicating he's clearly the runt of the group...

DEAN, a wiry Caucasian skate-rat, looking like he's just come off the half-pipe...

With the last of the home-invaders inside and the tension rising, we THRUST THE CAMERA, HANDHELD...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

Dashell is on all fours, trying to get his footing on the MARBLE FLOOR and get away from his attackers. But Ghost, Ahman and Dean BUM RUSH him, securing his arms and legs, holding him down. Cliff hangs back a step -- he's not really built for this kind of work...

DASHELL

(helpless, terrified)

Whatever you want, take it. Money's in the safe... There's a Plasma--

Cyrus stands over him...

CYRUS

The Skeleton Key -- where is it?

Hearing this request, a new level of panic flashes across Dashell's eyes -- SMASH TO:

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - DEN - NIGHT

An elegant wood paneled library filled not with books, but a mess of COMPUTER GEAR. In the center of the room, is a large DESK covered with SEVERAL MONITORS, a PILE OF WIRES and a KEYBOARD. Cyrus enters, trailed by his crew, They are dragging Dashell, who desperately pleads...

DASHELL

Please... You don't know what you're dealing with...

He is unceremoniously DUMPED to the floor, landing with a pained THUD -- his face bruised and bloodied, clearly he's been "worked over."

CYRUS

(turns to Cliff)

You're up.

Cliff slides into the DESK CHAIR and his fingers start working the KEYBOARD. ON THE MONITORS -- a variety of WINDOWS begin to POP open...

While Cliff executes a database search, Ahman hooks up a PORTABLE HARD DRIVE... Cliff executes a few more keystrokes before looking up at Cyrus...

CLIFF

Hard Drive's set to transfer all run programs with 256 bit algorithms. It should only take a couple of seconds.

ANGLE ON - Dashell, as he spies a RIBBON WIRE laying on the floor nearby.

ANGLE ON - The Computer announcing: "TRANSFER COMPLETE."

CLIFF (CONT'D)

We got it.

Dashell, in a shockingly ballsy move, LUNGES for the RIBBON WIRE, SPRINGS to his feet and WRAPS THE WIRE TIGHT around Cyrus' neck... In the moment of shock, Cyrus' GRASP on the Portable Hard Drive weakens...

DASHELL

(to Cyrus, tough)

You kids are playing in the wrong Sandbox.

Dashell SNAGS the Portable Hard Drive out of his hands and BOLTS from the room... As Cyrus regains his breath, he barks out to his crew...

CYRUS

Get on 'em!

MUSIC INTENSIFIES. The chase is on... Both sides desperate... Both sides determined...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

As Dashell RACES down the long, WIDE CORRIDOR, rapidly approaching the T-intersection at the end of the hall, he does the unexpected -- Instead of turning right or left, HE SLAMS RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL AT THE END OF THE HALL, REVEALING it to be nothing more than a

SHEET OF PAPER painted to look like a continuation of the wall. And with the paper torn away, we see that it was covering an open DOORWAY...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Dashell SKIDS to a stop in this walk-in closet sized PANIC ROOM. He checks the hall... Cyrus and his crew are closing in... Fast. Dashell punches a few buttons on a CONTROL PANEL fixed to the wall. With a LOUD THUNK, a heavy STEEL DOOR slides shut.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cyrus' crew get to the Steel Door and POUND on it -- it won't budge... As they realize they're not getting in, Dashells' voice filters out to them through a speaker.

DASHELL (V.O.)

Game over, boy scouts. The door is four inches thick -- don't waste your time.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Dashell hits a VIDEO DISPLAY and sees that the guys are right outside the door. He hits a few more buttons on the Control Panel, causing the HOUSE ALARM to SQUWAK briefly followed by the sounds of all the WINDOWS and exterior DOORS BOLTING SHUT.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The CAMERA SPINS around Cyrus and his guys as the sounds of lock-down come from every angle... CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK! Paranoia rages amongst the crew.

DEAN

He's locking us in.

They storm back down the hallway into

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They spill out... Hearts racing uncontrollably... Whereas minutes ago, they seemed like a bunch of badasses, now they are just a bunch of scared kids... Ahman picks up a THICK OAK CHAIR and charges towards a nearby WINDOW... he heaves the chair at the glass, but it just BOUNCES off...

AHMAN

(stupefied)

What the--

Cliff checks the FRONT DOOR...

CLIFF

It's sealed shut.

Cyrus thinks... thinks... thinks... He can't go out like this... Pacing and surveying the scene, he spots a DOOR at the far end of the KITCHEN.

CYRUS

This way.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Cyrus and his crew enter to FIND an H2 -- Cyrus grabs the KEY hanging from a wall-peg and heads towards the H2.

CYRUS.

Alright fellas. Our Chariot awaits...

And no one's gonna argue that. They pile in... Cyrus, behind the wheel, Cyrus FIRES THE IGNITION and kicks it into DRIVE, SLAMMING on the ACCELERATOR and LAUNCHING the vehicle through the GARAGE DOOR onto the street, sending chunks and pieces spewing like shrapnel.

INT. H2 - NIGHT

Cyrus' crew YELPS in celebratory catharsis... But then, Cyrus cuts a SHARP U-TURN -- the H2 facing Dashell's Front Door. Dean's concerned by the look in Cyrus' eye.

DEAN

What are you thinking?

CYRUS

Made a deal to get that Skeleton Key.  
(a beat)  
We break that deal, we get broke.

And as we wonder what the fuck he's planning, WE GO:

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

LOW WIDE ANGLE. Everything is still for a beat. Then

BRRRRAAAHHHHKKKKK! The H2 EXPLODES through the Front Door, SAILING THROUGH THE AIR, BARRELING TOWARDS CAMERA. The wheels CRUNCH the Marble Floor... But the H2 doesn't come to a stop. In fact, it's heading right for the...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Where Dashell is focused on the Video Monitor... And then he sees it... The H2 CHARGING down the wide corridor, HEADING RIGHT FOR HIM!

DASHELL

You gotta be kidding me...

BOOOOM! The H2 crashes into the door of the Safe Room. The room RATTLES, knocking Dashell to the ground.

INT. H2 - NIGHT

Cyrus backs the H2 up. The crew is freaking out.

CLIFF

What the hell are you doing?!?!

CYRUS

Getting what we came for...

Cyrus accelerates and the H2 makes secondary impact on the Safe Room, this time DISLODGING IT from its foundation. Cyrus hits it again... and again...

It's the most insane, ballsy thing you've ever seen... With a FINAL IMPACT, the Safe Room is fully released from the foundation. And as Cyrus HOLDS DOWN on the accelerator, the H2 actually starts PUSHING THE SAFE ROOM RIGHT THROUGH THE REST OF THE HOUSE...

EXT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A well groomed lawn with an ADJOINING POOL. We FOCUS on the REAR WALL of the Mini-Mansion where the wood BUCKLES and SHUDDERS, as if something is trying to get out. And, indeed the Safe Room CRASHES out onto the back lawn...

With SCREAMS OF ADRENALINE coming from inside the H2, Cyrus continues to push the Safe Room across the lawn towards the SWIMMING POOL...

SPLASH! The Safe Room tips over, displacing a HUGE AMOUNT OF WATER and quickly submerging into the pool...

INT. SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Dashell is violently thrown across the room, which is quickly filling up with water. He reaches for the Portable Hard Drive as water rushes faster... Dashell struggles to maintain air space... Time is running out... He finds the Keypad by the Door and types in a Code... Just before he is completely underwater, the DOOR OPENS and he desperately pulls himself out. Only to FIND...

EXT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Cyrus standing by the lip of the Pool. His crew stands beside the parked H2. Cyrus extends his hand.

CYRUS

You should know not to mess with the video game generation. Ain't no level we can't clear...

Defeated, Dashell hands over the Portable Hard Drive just as the BLARE of a SIREN fills the air...

CYRUS (CONT'D)

PO-PO!

Suddenly, a DOZEN UNIFORM COPS flood onto the scene... Cyrus and his crew SCATTER, heading for the property's FENCE LINE -- the Uniform's chase. The kids are quicker.

Cyrus, Ghost and Ahman easily make it up and over a WROUGHT IRON WALL. Dean helps push Cliff over... But as he goes to pull himself to safety, Dean's GRABBED and THROWN TO THE GROUND by a Uniform...

DEAN

You gotta let me go... you don't understand--

Dean's cut off, WINDED by the Uniform as he DRIVES A KNEE INTO HIS BACK. And as he SLAPS ON THE CUFFS, Dean can only watch (through the open bars of the fence) as his compatriots DISAPPEAR INTO THE DARKNESS of the canyon...

EXT. 7-11 - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

PICK UP Hanson COMING OUT OF THE DARKNESS between street lamps. The searching, hopeful chords of LYNRYD SKYNYRD's "TUESDAY'S GONE" plays as he walks across the lot, contemplating where his life has taken him. He passes a HOMELESS GUY, long blonde hair and a thick natty beard. He squats against the wall, hand out for change.

HANSON

(to Homeless Guy)

I'll hit ya' on the way out.

The Homeless Guy nods appreciatively, but their attention is turned to a

CONVERTIBLE AUDI S4 SCREECHING into the lot, BLARING HIP-HOP music, DROWNING OUT the Lynyrd Skynyrd. Three HIGH SCHOOLERS of the jock/cheerleader sort jump out: A large, Caucasian LINEBACKER, a wiry, Asian-American WIDE RECEIVER and a luscious, African-American CHEERLEADER. The Linebacker and Wide Receiver approach.

LINEBACKER

Hey, mister. Can you help us out with a twelve pack?

HANSON

How old are you?

The Wide Receiver takes out a STACK OF TWENTIES. He offers ONE TWENTY to Hanson.

WIDE RECEIVER

Old enough to pay for our own beer.

He then peels off another twenty...

WIDE RECEIVER (CONT'D)

And pay you for your troubles.

HANSON

(amused)

Strong move, slick. But you got the wrong guy. Sorry fellas.

And Hanson heads inside...

INT. 7-11 - MOMENTS LATER

Hanson's wandering the aisles when he hears the DING-A-LING from the Front Door. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he spots the

CHEERLEADER - sucking on a lime green LOLLIPOP, peering at him through the shelves with an admiring eye. He smiles politely, tries to ignore her.

CHEERLEADER

You're cute.

HANSON

Lemme guess -- for an older guy.

CHEERLEADER

I like older guys.

HANSON

Bad policy. Trust me.

The Cheerleader swings around the aisle. Sidles up next to Hanson. Then, conspiratorially...

CHEERLEADER

Better than these one minute men I'm stuck with. So why don't we ditch them, you buy us a bottle of Alize --

HANSON

See, that's where we have a problem. I don't drink any alcoholic beverage that didn't exist before the Clinton Administration. And I don't date girls who were in diapers during it.

Hanson moves on, trying to lose her. She saunters behind him. As he grabs a ready-made-sandwich out of a cooler.

CHEERLEADER

My name's Oline.

HANSON

(could give a shit)

Fantastic.

CHEERLEADER

As in tramp-oline. As in, you can bounce  
on me all ni--

HANSON

("gotta put an end to this")  
I got a better idea. Why don't you go  
home, pop in your Retainer, read some  
Judy Blume and dream of going to first  
base with Justin Timberlake. In other  
words -- act your age.

CHEERLEADER

(as if a challenge)  
So. It's like that.

HANSON

Someday you'll thank me.

Hanson brushes past her, towards the REGISTER. The  
Cheerleader STOMPS off as Hanson pays for the sandwich...

EXT. 7-11 - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Hanson, carrying a BROWN PAPER BAG, exits and hands the  
Homeless Guy some change when the Linebacker and Wide  
Receiver come out of nowhere, CHARGING at Hanson.

LINEBACKER

'Sup, perv!

He shoves Hanson hard. "What the fuck is this about?"

HANSON

Easy.

LINEBACKER

My girl said you offered to buy her booze  
if she'd slob your nob...

Hanson can't believe this shit.

HANSON

Slob my--

(to the Cheerleader)

Is that what you told them?

The Cheerleader stands by the car, playing the victim.

CHEERLEADER

Dirty old man!

HANSON

Listen. This is all very cute, the  
little psychodrama you've got going on...  
But I got problems of my own.

LINEBACKER

You wanna move on my girl, you best be ready to move through me.

HANSON

I'm not fighting you, kid.

LINEBACKER

What, you're not a man?

HANSON

Sure I am.

("don't fuck with me")

I just don't cotton to child abuse.

And that's all the Linebacker needs to set him off. He SWINGS -- Hanson DUCKS. The Cheerleader calls out...

CHEERLEADER

Get 'em, baby!

Another ATTACK -- Hanson PARRIES. And now, he's just downright annoyed. Hanson intercepts a RIGHT HOOK, twists the Linebackers ARM behind his back, and LEVERAGES him towards the Driver's Side of the Audi...

HANSON

I said...

As Hanson SHOVES the Linebacker behind the WHEEL...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...I'm not fighting you.

Hanson slams the door shut and then looks up at the Wide Receiver. He just stares at Hanson.

HANSON (CONT'D)

What are you looking at, Short Round?  
Get in the car.

(then, to the Cheerleader)

You too.

(they follow orders)

Now get outta here!

Hanson watches as the Audi PEELS AWAY. Then, from behind

HOMELESS GUY

Goddamn kids.

Hanson, who's fixing his shirt, almost has to laugh...

HANSON

Yeah. Same shit I used to get into...

The SKYNYRD RISES BACK UP as Hanson heads into the night. But we STAY TIGHT ON the Homeless Guy, watching Hanson...

There's mystery in his gaze... For now, we'll have to wait to find out more.

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Still recovering from what has turned out to be a monumentally shitty day, Hanson arrives at his Front Door. As he KEYS the LOCK, he notices something on the ground... A TANGERINE-COLORED ENVELOPE... He picks it up... The mystery grows... He opens it... Inside, a PIECE OF PAPER... Written on it:

21 Jump Street 8:00 A.M.

Huh...? A BEAT, as Hanson stares at it. Doesn't ring a bell. But who left this? And why? With questions mounting, Hanson heads inside...

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Hanson flicks on the LIGHT. He can feel Jules' absence... And as he looks at their framed HIGH SCHOOL PHOTOGRAPH, neither the piece of paper nor his 7-11 purchase hold any interest for him. He sets them down on top of the T.V. and heads into the bedroom.

The CAMERA TRACKS back to the piece of paper with the words -- 21 Jump Street 8:00 A.M. We HOLD ON the paper for a beat before FADING TO:

INT. MUSTANG - TRAVELLING - MORNING

Hanson drives, looking for 21 Jump Street, sensing that it may offer a new beginning. As LYNRYD SKYNYRD DROPS AWAY, he sees

EXT. 21 JUMP STREET - MORNING

Hanson pulls to a stop and gets out. It's an INDUSTRIAL STREET with decidedly grim architecture, save for the towering HOUSE OF WORSHIP in front of him. Hanson takes in the CARVED STONE and FADED STAINED GLASS that once must have been glorious. In the present, it's simply mysterious. Hanson's approaching the ENTRANCE, when

A vintage '62 AUSTIN-HEALY 3000 CONVERTIBLE roars to a stop. Hopping out of the car is

RICHARD JENKO, late thirties, scraggly facial scruff, mussed blonde hair, wearing a Guayabera and Cargo pants. He carries a large open CARTON of TOMATO JUICE.

JENKO

Hope you haven't been waitin'...

HANSON

No... I just--

Jenko takes a loooooong swig. Then offers to Hanson...

~~JENKO~~

Tomato Juice?

HANSON

I'm good.

Jenko takes a moment to look Hanson over. Then smiles.

JENKO

Yes you are.

(extends his hand)

Richard Jenko. Captain Richard Jenko.  
And, to the ladies granted purview of my  
loins, I go by "El Capitan". But that's  
neither here nor there. Come on in.

As Hanson follows Jenko heads inside, something's  
bothering him...

HANSON

Do I know you from somewhere?

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - BULLPEN - MORNING

They enter and Jenko announces, like a proud papa...

JENKO

Welcome to The Chapel.

But the exterior was deceiving. It's as if MTV raided  
the Vatican and plopped and office down: What was once a  
place of worship now houses stylish MODERN FURNITURE,  
high-tech OFFICE EQUIPMENT, GLASS PARTITIONS and a fair  
share of pop culture POSTERS and PARAPHERNALIA. TWO  
DOZEN UNDERCOVER OFFICERS keep busy, attending the  
RINGING PHONES and active COMPUTER BANKS...

HANSON

I heard about this... I thought it was  
just a rumor...

JENKO

Best kept secret in the Department. Jump  
Street's been active since '73.

(re: the building)

This puppy was abandoned by the Catholics  
back in the day and marked for  
demolition. The department bought it  
out, bolted the foundation and set up  
shop.

JENKO (CONT'D)

We're third generation and going strong.  
Which is why we wanted to bring you in...

HANSON

We?

JENKO

Turn around.

And there they are... The Linebacker, Wide Receiver and  
Cheerleader from the night before... But now they look  
different -- make that, older... And wearing BADGES  
around their necks...

JENKO (CONT'D)

Meet Detective's Penhall, Hoffs and Ioki.

Hanson is stunned. Penhall (The Linebacker), offers his  
hand with a warm, apologetic smile...

PENHALL

Sorry if I came on a little strong.

Hoffs (The Cheerleader) approaches. As they shake...

HOFFS

Judy Blume. Good reference.

Hanson remains speechless. He extends his hand to Ioki  
(The Wide Receiver), who refuses the offer, explaining...

IOKI

I just wiped. You don't wanna...

And now it clicks for Hanson...

HANSON

(to Jenko, impressed)  
You were the homeless guy. Gimme my  
fifty cents back.

JENKO

That little soap opera we put on last  
night was a Recruitment Evaluation. We  
needed to make sure your moral structure  
was firm when dealing with high  
schoolers. And you passed. You're fit  
for the job.

HANSON

What job?

JENKO

Your specialty. UC detail. But we put a  
spin on it here. Instead of waiting for  
the bad seeds to grow, this unit goes  
after them before they get a voting card.

HANSON

You're talkin' teenagers?

JENKO

We infiltrate area high schools, primarily at the student level. I got a red ball on the bucket and need the extra manpower. Given your relative anonymity in the local crime world, along with your record prior to resignation, I thought you'd be a swish in the net.

(a beat)

Plus, that scrub-brush face of yours doesn't hurt.

Hanson considers for a beat, then...

HANSON

Listen. Thanks for the offer. But I did my time being the new kid at school. And I went to the Academy to be a cop. Not to strap on a bookbag and narc on ninth graders. I'll see you around.

Hanson exits. Penhall, Hoffs and Ioki watch him leave. But Jenko won't let that be the last word.

EXT. 21 JUMP STREET - MORNING

Jenko calls out to Hanson, who is halfway to his car.

JENKO

Andrea Watson.

Hanson stops. Turns. Jenko approaches.

HANSON

What?

JENKO

Fifteen years old, honor student. Found murdered in a dumpster three days after getting her driver's license. She was killed by a group of classmates who picked her name out of the Yearbook cos she was voted Student "Most Likely to Succeed". They were amused by the irony. We closed that case. And that's not to mention the warehouse full of narcotic seizures or the shipment of thirteen hundred firearms we intercepted before they were moved through the six School Districts in our jurisdiction.

(a beat)

So before you go back to scratchin' your balls and cuttin' off your own nose...

JENKO (CONT'D)

And before you ignore the strings I had to pull just so we could have this little talk, lemme make one thing clear...

And now we see the strength that made Jenko a Captain...

(MORE)

JENKO (CONT'D)

This ain't about narcin' ninth graders.

Jenko's conviction lands hard on Hanson, who softens.

HANSON

It's just... high school was a long time ago. I don't know I still got that inside of me.

JENKO

Don't give me that "I got an old soul" yang. You love finding trouble, you can jaw your way out of it, and you've got a hard-on for authority figures. I'd say you never evolved outta high school.

HANSON

Suppose I said I was in. What's the procedure?

JENKO

Well... First off, if you're gonna blend in with the high school set, you gotta have your bling.

Jenko extends his hand... And there it is -- GLEAMING UP at him -- HANSON'S BADGE. The offer is clear, it's time for Hanson to be a cop again. As Hanson takes his badge back, Jenko grins, happy to have Hanson on the team...

JENKO (CONT'D)

Second, and you'll forgive me, we gotta hip your ass up!

GREEN DAY'S "AMERICAN IDIOT" erupts and the transformation/education of Tom Hanson is set in motion... BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. VIRGIN MEGASTORE - DAY

As Green Day declares: "Don't wanna be an American Idiot!", Penhall leads Hanson through the endless ROWS OF MUSIC, grabbing CDs as he drops the science...

PENHALL

When it comes to tunes, anything you think is cool is not. Nirvana, Pearl Jam, Public Enemy -- buh-bye.

## PENHALL (CONT'D)

The Beatles, Stones and Marley are timeless, but will only be accepted for long drives and hangover remedies. Linkin Park, Maroon 5, Jurassic 5, Disco Biscuits. Zap 'em in your 60 Gig iPod and, if you want to avoid gettin' chumped... learn the lyrics.

MUSIC CONTINUES: **"Welcome to a new kind of tension/All across the alien nation!"** And WE GO:

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Hoffs stands behind Hanson, who is getting his HAIR cut by a tatted-out BARBER.

HOFFS

Only wash your hair once a week. You can rinse it in the shower as much as you want, but shampoo every seven days. And erase the word "conditioner" from your vocabulary...

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Hanson, now sporting a funkier, more aggro HAIRCUT, pushes a SHOPPING CART as Ioki loads it with boxes of the latest TECHNOLOGY...

IOKI

You play Kill Zone on PS3, Madden on PSP, Full Auto on X-Box 360. If you want to reach out to anyone really worth talking to, you hit 'em on the Two-Way. Your cell phone is just for parents' piece of mind. My daughters are five and seven. I'd go crazy if I didn't know they had theirs on them.

HANSON

You're a dad?

IOKI

This is a dangerous line of work. I figure, if I go down, they gotta have something to put on my Tombstone.

As Hanson considers this logic, the MUSIC RISES: **"One nation controlled by the media/Information nation of hysteria!"**

INT. SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

Penhall and Hanson move past the CLUSTERS of TEENAGE BOYS and GIRLS. As the youngsters flirt, gossip and gripe, Penhall breaks it down...

PENHALL

If you get invited to a house party, expect one-to-two hundred and fifty people. If you're invited to a "Kickback", you've made it into the inner circle. Expect only ten or fifteen. ("between me and you")  
It's so cool to get invited to those.

Hanson can't help but be charmed by Penhall's enthusiasm.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE CONTINUES - Hanson is trying on various trendy SHIRTS as Hoffs explains...

HOFFS

Tying your shoe laces is optional. Tucking in your shirt is not. Never tuck in your shirt. And that's not so you can conceal a weapon. Remember. You're dealing with kids. If a situation goes hot, wait for backup.

On "backup", Hoffs tugs hard on Hanson's COLLAR.

HANSON

What was that for?

HOFFS

(coming in close)  
I read your file.

HANSON

Good read?

HOFFS

For the toilet, maybe.

And Hoffs is not fucking around. She doesn't like Hanson's style and she's letting him know it. MUSIC FADES and we GO TO:

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - JENKO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenko, Penhall, Hoffs and Ioki are checking out Hanson - From the mussed hair to the Paul Frank corduroys to the Lebron James sneakers and iPod attached to his waist, Hanson looks like a convincing teenage boy.

JENKO

Looking good, scrub-brush -- how do ya' feel?

HANSON

Like... I got farted out of the future.

JENKO

(down to business)

Alright. We go live at first bell tomorrow. Here's what we got. Six weeks ago, I sent Hoffs and Ioki undercover into Lakeside High to track down a lead on a crate of stolen iPods that were being distributed through the school. And what started out as a small turnips sting, turned into something bigger -- this kid...

Jenko hands Hanson a PHOTO OF CYRUS...

JENKO (CONT'D)

Cyrus Goddard, Lakeside's resident migraine. Raised on the city's mean streets, he runs a crew of fellow students involved in everything from trafficking to B&E's. Because Hoffs and Ioki had already established covers on the fringe of Cyrus' group, I inserted a third UC who infiltrated Cyrus' inner circle -- but he got popped.

HANSON

They killed him?

JENKO

Not quite. But he's as good as dead to this investigation. He got arrested while pulling a job with Cyrus' crew.

Jenko points across the Chapel to a desk in the corner manned by the kid arrested after Cyrus' H2 destruction of West's residence -- this is OFFICER DEAN GARRETT.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Sending Officer Garrett back in would be risky at best. So, for now, he's benched. He'll run tech support from here.

JENKO (CONT'D)

(then)

Garrett did however procure one piece of valuable information -- Cyrus' crew is being commissioned by an outside party. This mystery man financed their last job - the theft of a homemade decryption program called The Skeleton Key.

IOKI

The Skeleton Key is next gen tech designed for opening a back door into any coded data using the Shalini 12 encryption software.

HOFFS

That includes Bank Records, Corporate Dossiers... People who paid a lot of money to keep their files well sealed are all helpless against this Skeleton Key.

JENKO

Our operational assumption is that the Skeleton Key will be used to access valuable information to be sold on the black market. And when that happens, we don't only want to just take down Cyrus, we want the man behind the curtain.

(a beat)

That's where you two come in.

(to Hanson and Penhall)

You're going to get close to Cyrus posing as the McQuaid Brothers, just transferred in from Wisconsin...

PENHALL

(totally stoked)

Yes. Thank you, sir.

JENKO

(explaining to Hanson)

The McQuaid Brother's are Penhall's creation.

PENHALL

(to be clear...)

Not creation. Homage.

JENKO

He'll fill you in.

(then)

Ioki. Hoffs. You'll continue your established covers and help build cred for Hanson and Penhall and make sure we can get Cyrus to notice...

(re: Hanson and Penhall)

...these two trouble makers.

The sound of KALEIDOSCOPIC KEYBOARDS creep up -- it's D.J. DANGER MOUSE'S Jay-Z/Beatles mashup, "CHANGE CLOTHES". The room is energized as Jenko emphasizes...

JENKO (CONT'D)

This operation's only a success if we're able to slap the cuffs on Cyrus' crew and the man behind the curtain.

Jenko hands Hanson and Penhall FOLDERS...

JENKO (CONT'D)

Here's your class schedule and objective report for day one. We'll all need to work together for this to go off.

HOFFS

(to Hanson)

That means no extra-curricular nonsense.

JENKO

Waddayasay, scrub-brush. You ready to turn back the dial?

HANSON

First day jitters are bubblin'... I'm ready as ever...

JENKO

Alright -- School is in session!

It's all moving fast for Hanson... so much to remember... so much to accomplish... but he can't deny the excitement... a shot at redemption... and a chance to go back to a time and place he never thought he'd see again. As "CHANGE CLOTHES" cranks to "eleven", we SMASH TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jay-Z's voice rocks and socks its way onto the soundtrack ("**The bounce is back... The boy is back...!!!**") as we get quick, energetic POPS of this large multi-ethnic suburban school replete with a large brick MAIN BUILDING, a STUDENT QUAD and a sprawling ATHLETIC FIELD.

Amongst the STUDENT BODY, every class and social distinction is in play - from the Lindsay Lohan wannabes to the Avril Lavigne wannabes, the 50 Cent wannabes and the Indie Rocker wannabes... NERDS, JOCKS, POETS, all moshed and blended into a distinctly 2006 bouillabaisse. We LAND ON the

PARKING LOT... Through the panorama of HONDAS and BEEMERS and SCHOOL BUSES, we FIND

Hanson and Penhall, sipping on RED BULLS, fitting in splendidly amongst the teenagers ("Yeah ma, your dude is back... Tell the whole world the truth is back...") As they make their through the Parking Lot...

Hanson's attention is focused on the STARES... the seemingly endless SETS OF EYEBALLS which are sussing him out as he and Penhall weave their way through the crowded masses...

HANSON

There's that feeling. That un-frickin'-mistakable blend of nausea and nerves inherent to swimming in the New Kid Fishbowl.

PENHALL

You're not the new kid. You're one of the two new kids. 'Sides, what do you gotta worry about? We're The McQuaid Brothers. We don't ask for respect, we command it.

Penhall JUTS HIS CHEST OUT, suggesting a more "bullying" posture. Hanson does the same...

HANSON

That's right.

And now, they both shoot MENACING GLARES...

PENHALL

You mess with the McQuaid Brothers, you mess with yourself. Watch this.

Penhall HOCKS A LOOGIE at a passing FRESHMAN BOY. The Freshman dodges the incoming and steers clear of Penhall.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

(to Hanson, proud)

Pretty good, huh?

HANSON

The Brothers McQuaid must've really done a number on you.

PENHALL

It was biblical.

Suddenly they are intercepted by a perky puss, JOCELYN BRANDEIS, 16, oozing with saccharine enthusiasm...

JOCELYN

You must be the new blood! Welcome to Lakeside.

Hanson and Penhall try to ignore Jocelyn, but she starts walking with them...

JOCELYN (CONT'D)

Jocelyn Brandeis, Student Affairs Coordinator. We're havin' a great year at Lakeside. (MORE) Falcons are gonna go number one, Mr. Bosseau is putting up a killer multi-gender production of Glengarry Glenn Ross, and our Homecoming Parade is shaping up to be mega.

(handing them FLIERS)

Here's a list of our After-school Activities, Outreach Programs, Diversity Seminars... If you wanna get invol--

Leaving Jocelyn in the dust, Hanson reads the flier...

HANSON

"Photographing Pomegranates"... "Adopt an Ecstasy Addict"... "Coping with Transsexual Parents"... What happened to a good ole' fashioned "Bake Sale for the Homeless"?

PENHALL

Banned by the School Board. They were deemed "Insensitive to Diabetics".

HANSON

Sounds weird even saying it, but thank god I grew up in the nineties...

And as Hanson tosses the flier and we FIND

A GAGGLE of GIRLS parting the crowds -- Hoffs at their center. As they pass, the girls check out Hanson, coating him with flirtatious smiles. There's a moment of eye contact between Hanson and Hoffs. Hanson plays it cool, Hoffs brushes him off...

STAY WITH HOFFS as the leader of her pack, NATASSIA LEONETTI, 17, leans in...

NATASSIA

Ground Control to Base.

(re: Hanson)

That is a fetching new addition to our student body. Waddayasay -- shall we set our beams to "Fetch"?

HOFFS

I told you I met a guy over the summer--

NATASSIA

Stop the violence! That Olivia Newton John-Summer Lovin' yaz is so played.

NATASSIA (CONT'D)

You need a new game. Methinks a couple rounds of "Fetch the Cutie Newbie" is just what the doctor ordered.

Cyrus joins them, throwing his arm around Natassia...

CYRUS

Sup, ladies.

HOFFS

Cyrus, will you tell your girlfriend to stop playing matchmaker.

CYRUS

You know Natassia can't help herself. She's like Friendster. With a great rack.

Natassia elbows Cyrus. He playfully nuzzles her neck...

NATASSIA

Speaking of friends -- any word on Dean?

The mention of Dean throws Cyrus, but he plays it cool.

CYRUS

Nah. He got shook on that B&E and fell straight off the map.

NATASSIA

I still can't believe he robbed someone. I mean, who does that?

CYRUS

(playing innocent)

Just goes to show -- you never really know anyone. 'Specially the people closest to ya'...

Off Hoffs, "If Cyrus only knew"...

INT. LAKESIDE - MAIN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Hanson and Penhall enter this long corridor lined with LOCKERS and bustling with students. At the far end, they spot Ioki, dressed in full COMPUTER GEEK REGALIA, hanging with Cliff by his locker.

Hanson and Penhall covertly lock eyes with Ioki. A silent understanding passes between them, causing Ioki to shut his locker and start towards them with Cliff in tow.

PENHALL

Here we go. You know the plan.

HANSON

Operation "Establish Reputation" is in effect.

That said, Hanson and Penhall set themselves on a collision course with Ioki and Cliff...

PENHALL

It's good to have a partner, again. Look at us. We're like Crockett and Tubby.

HANSON

I didn't say it.

Ioki and Cliff are getting closer... Closer...

PENHALL

It's okay. I've come to terms with my burl.

And as if to punctuate the point...

WHACK! Cliff and Ioki are SLAMMED UP against a set of Lockers. Hanson and Penhall lean in, gripping their collars tightly.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

(brutish)

Welcome to Lakeside!

Cliff is scared, shocked, confused...

CLIFF

But... I've been... going here for four years...

HANSON

Wrong. The last four years you've been living in a fantasy... an illusion of comfort and freedom. But it's time to wake up from the dream... You know why?

PENHALL

Cos The McQuaid Brothers are here. And today, your life officially begins to suck.

IOKI

(feigning fear)

What do you... want?

HANSON

Simple. We want you both to spend every minute of every day pissin' your Pokemon Underoos, wondering when the McQuaid brothers are gonna come knockin'.

PENHALL

And believe us -- we will come knocking.

Hanson and Penhall release their grips. Ioki and Cliff tear down the Hallway. As they watch them run for cover.

HANSON

That felt dirty. You think it worked?

PENHALL

I think we set the spike. It's up to Ioki to bring it home.

Off this thought WE GO

AROUND THE CORNER - where Ioki and Cliff have found refuge. They are both out of breath, panicked.

CLIFF

Who were those guys?!?!

IOKI

I'm thinking... Hellspawn. Sent to the surface to ruin us...

CLIFF

This is a nightmare! Do you have any idea of what I've sacrificed to pull myself out of Lakeside's Social Siberia! And those... those baboons are just gonna roll in here and flush my hard work down the drain? Nuh-uh. I can't let that happen.

IOKI

You know what they say -- knowledge is power. We should get to know these guys better -- dig up the dirt.

CLIFF

Good call -- let's hit the computer lab.

As Cliff heads off, and Ioki follows...

INT. LAKESIDE - MAIN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Hanson and Penhall load their BOOKBAGS into their locker, Penhall closes it without a LOCK...

HANSON

Aren't you supposed to lock that thing?

PENHALL

You kidding? That's a McQuaid Brother locker. And nobody messes with--

HANSON

Enough. I got it. You don't have to keep doing that--

BRRRRRINNNNNNNNNNG! The sound of the SCHOOL BELL rings out, sending a shiver of nervous anticipation through Hanson...

HANSON (CONT'D)

First Bell. What do we do?

PENHALL

We wait.

Odd answer. But Hanson stands by as Penhall watches the other students scamper into the various CLASSROOMS...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

Waaaait.

And the hall is just near empty... As the last student disappears behind a door and Hanson and Penhall are officially the last students headed to class...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

Now we go.

Hanson starts moving, but his steps are hesitant. He stops and turns back to Penhall.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

(encouraging)

Go on. I'll see you in gym class.

Hanson nods and turns back, heading down the long hall... alone in what may be the scariest undercover assignment he has ever faced. And just when his nerves couldn't be frayed anymore, Penhall calls out...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

And remember -- keep your grades up!

This hits Hanson like a bullet to the chest.

HANSON

(cringing, to himself)

Grades? I didn't even think about that.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Hanson, desperately lost, as MR. OSTROW, an early forties ENGLISH TEACHER, gives his lecture to the class...

MR. OSTROW

...when held up against Emerson's "Hymn Sung at the Completion of the Concord Monument", some regard William Cullen Bryant's "Thanatopsis" to be one of the slighter works of the early eighteen hundreds...

Hanson is having a hell of a time keeping up. He barely understands what Mr. Ostrow is talking about, much less which stuff is important. He spots the girl next to him

AMYBETH SIMPKINS, a bookish student furiously taking down notes. Hanson spots the opportunity, as he slyly leans over, copying down her notes. But before he gets far...

She catches him. And with disgust, she asks...

AMYBETH

Are you copying my notes?

Hanson is busted. He shrugs sheepishly. As AmyBeth shields her notebook from Hanson, she says...

AMYBETH (CONT'D)

That's so rude.

Humiliated, Hanson looks down. But then, something strange happens. He notices MOVEMENT from the front of the class. An OBJECT is being passed from student-to-student, heading back towards Hanson. Then, without turning around, the STUDENT in front of Hanson slyly hands him a folded PIECE OF PAPER. It reads:

"NEW KID". Hanson warily unfolds the paper. Inside it reads: "Check One: 1.Single 2.In a Relationship. 3.Looking To Hook Up."

Hanson leans over, looks ahead to spot the author. As TOM AND JERRY'S "HEY LITTLE GIRL" smashes onto the soundtrack, he spots her...

SUZETTE SIMMONS, blonde, leggy and by all accounts, unbelievably attractive. And, of course, in the case of Hanson -- unbelievably forbidden. As she seduces him with her eyes and coaxes him with her glossy lips, Hanson sorta waves, sorta tries to ignore her, but then...

MR. OSTROW

...and perhaps our new student would like to help us with this...

MUSIC SCREECHES TO A HALT! And all eyes are on Hanson. Indeed, the teacher has called on him.

HANSON  
That's okay, I'm still  
playing catch up --

-- Poetry isn't one of my  
strong suits--

MR. OSTROW  
-- Such are the joys of the  
early American poets.  
Their ability to embrace  
both the learned scholars --  
-- and the commoner on the  
street. Which is a nice  
way of saying...

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)  
(firm)  
...get your ass up here.

LAUGHTER ERUPTS throughout the classroom. And it's at  
Hanson's expense. As he pulls himself out of his seat,  
ready to face the fire we GO:

INT. LAKESIDE - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

As a ROOMFUL OF STUDENTS type away at the two dozen  
DESKTOP COMPUTERS, Ioki and Cliff are tucked in the  
corner, pulling up info on their newfound nemesis...

MUGSHOTS of Hanson and Penhall POP up on his MONITOR...

CLIFF  
(reading Monitor)  
Steve and Ronnie McQuaid. Born in  
Wisconsin. Did eight months in Juvy  
for... "Destruction of School property.  
Assault on a administrator..."

IOKI  
"Grand Theft Auto. Two Counts." These  
guys aren't just in it for milk money.  
They're the real deal.

Ioki studies Cliff, anticipating his reaction... Hoping  
that this is making an impression. Then, suddenly...

CLIFF  
I gotta go.

Cliff jumps out of his seat and heads out...

IOKI  
What's the rush?

But something is on Cliff's mind. He simply calls back.

CLIFF  
I'll see you later.

Off Ioki, watching him go, a thin SMILE crosses his face.

IOKI  
(re: Cliff, sotto)  
Like a puppet on strings...

And we're BACK TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Hanson, standing in front of the class -- READING...

HANSON  
"Whither midst falling dew, While glow  
the heaven with the last steps of day.  
Far, through their rosy depths, dost"--

Hanson stumbles over the last words...

HANSON (CONT'D)  
That a real tongue-twister. "Rosy  
depths, dost pursue, thy solitary way."

MR. OSTROW  
Very good. Now what do you think the  
author was trying to invoke with that  
passage?

HANSON  
Invoke? Uh... okay... He's invoking a...  
vibe...

LIGHT CHUCKLES sprinkle the class. Hanson is tanking in  
a very public way. But he presses on.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
...it's "dewy" and... "glowing" and...  
"rosy"...

MR. OSTROW  
Have a seat, Mr. McQuaid. Perhaps we'll  
start you with something easier next  
time.

TROY (O.S.)  
How about Dr. Suess?

LAUGHTER ERUPTS. And it's at Hanson's expense. As he  
spots the source of this wise-ass comment...

TROY LYNCH, Caucasian, eighteen. Troy is an object  
lesson in how rich kids encouraged to grow up fast  
generally turn out to be assholes.

MR. OSTROW  
Troy. That's enough.

As he heads to his seat, Hanson stares down Troy. And then, in an effort to save face and loud enough for everyone to hear.

HANSON  
(re: Troy's wardrobe)  
Nice corduroys. Where'd you get 'em --  
Abercrombie and Bitch?

Now everyone's laughing at Troy. And he doesn't like it.  
As he shoots daggers at Hanson...

*BRRRRRINNNNNNNNNG!* The moment is interrupted by the BELL. As the class leaps to their feet and files out, Hanson packs his bag. Troy exits, but not before getting one last look at Hanson, the new kid who had the nerve to stand up to him...

INT. LAKESIDE - MAIN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

As Hanson enters the corridor...

MAKELOVE  
Look alive!

Suddenly, a DIGITAL CAMCORDER is stuck in his face. On the other end is LEONARD "MAKELOVE" FLINKMAN, a shockingly ballsy FILM GEEK... And yes, the name is pronounced "Make Love"... Hanson recoils.

HANSON  
(re: Camcorder)  
What the hell--

MAKELOVE  
Any comment on being the first student at Lakeside to punk Troy Lynch in front of his peers?

HANSON  
How do you know about that? It just--

MAKELOVE  
This is Lakeside. News shoots through here faster than spunk through a spaniel. And it's my self-appointed role to capture it all on state of the art digi-film.

DEAN MICHELSON (O.S.)  
Leave him alone, Flinkman.

Hanson and MakeLove turn to DEAN MICHELSON, a mid-forties career administrator wearing an unnecessary moustache.

MAKELOVE

Excuse me, Dean. But we've been through this -- The name is MakeLove.

DEAN MICHELSON

Your name is Leonard Flinkman.

MAKELOVE

But to the people, the zeitgeist, I'm the one and only MakeLove.

DEAN MICHELSON

I'm gonna count to five...

MakeLove gets it. He lowers his camera and backs away.

MAKELOVE

Fair enough...

(to Hanson)

But I'll be watching... Capturing the struggles, the small victories, the tears...

And as this odd specimen disappears into the crowd, Dean Michelson turns to Hanson.

DEAN MICHELSON

Sorry about that.

HANSON

No problem. Is there something I can help you with?

DEAN MICHELSON

Yes there is -- behave yourself. I've got three thousand students to maintain and the last thing I need is you and your brother coming in here, upsetting the delicate balance.

HANSON

Sir, I can assure you. My brother and I don't want to cause any trouble. We are here for one thing and one thing only... to get a good education.

Which, of course, is complete bullshit. SMASH TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Cyrus sits on a bench, putting on his RUNNING SHOES while talking with Ahman and Ghost.

CYRUS

Corks pop at eleven. I got you all on the list.

As Ahman and Ghost enthusiastically SMACK HANDS with Cyrus. Cliff approaches, having overheard...

CLIFF  
(sheepishly)  
Where's the party?

Cyrus turns to Cliffs and explains...

CYRUS  
We've been through this. When it comes to business, we're straight. But we can't be associating on a social level.

Cliff's bummed, but tries not to show it...

CLIFF  
Yeah, I get that. So, let's talk business then.

He sits next to Cyrus and leans in, conspiratorially.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
I know we've got another five-man job coming up. And I know how you may be looking to fill a "gap"... A gap that, let's say, Dean left open... If you need a hard-core soldier...  
(a beat)  
I think I might have some candidates.

Cliff has Cyrus' full attention. As he wonders who Cliff might be proposing, WE POP TO:

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Ioki downloads Hanson, Penhall, Hoff's and Jenko...

IOKI  
Cliff took the bait. As soon as he read the McQuaid Brother's rap sheet, he was off to download Cyrus with the dirty details.

JENKO  
If Cyrus is primed to meet the boys, we just need an in.

HOFFS  
There's a pre-homecoming party at Troy Lynch's house tomorrow night...

HANSON  
That's one invite I'm not getting.

HOFFS

I can help. Cyrus already invited me along...

HANSON

Cyrus and Troy? That's a strange fit.

PENHALL

What are you thinking?

HANSON

I've been to a lot of schools. And whenever the uptown boys and downtown boys are mixing it up, there's usually trouble behind it.

JENKO

Right now, we focus on getting close to Cyrus. Hoff's -- get these two yahoos an invite to the party.

(to Hanson and Penhall)

When you're there, box Cyrus in. Educate him on your value to his operation. Once he bites, then we'll start worrying about who he's working with...

HANSON

I just got one question...

JENKO

What?

HANSON

Is there any way you can get me excused from English Class?

Off Jenko, "Not a chance", WE GO:

INT. LAKESIDE - CAFETERIA - DAY

Amongst the HUSTLE AND BUSTLE of the lunchtime CROWD, Hanson and Penhall make their way down the LUNCH LINE - loaded with BINS of unappealing FOOD-LIKE substances. Penhall spots something...

PENHALL

Oooh. Oooh. Grab me one of those...

Hanson lifts up a TONG holding an EGGROLL. Baffled by Penhall's excitement, he drops it on his plate...

HANSON

Do you realize you just lunged for a cafeteria egg roll? Are you actually excited about this egg roll?

PENHALL

I wouldn't say "excited". More like,  
mixed feelings. Leaning towards excited.

Penhall abruptly changes the topic as he spots someone...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

No way. Look who's over there...

ACROSS THE CAFETERIA - seated amongst a cluster of  
FOOTBALL PLAYERS and CHEERLEADERS is

ELI CASDIN, a chiseled vision of athleticism.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

Eli Casdin -- the Falcon's Quarter Back.  
Man, I do groove on High-School football.

HANSON

At your age, ain't that a little pervy?

PENHALL

Shoulda' gone all the way...

HOFFS

What happened?

As Hanson and Penhall exit the line and weave through the  
cafeteria, Penhall explains...

PENHALL

Big Ten scouts in the stands. State  
Qualifications on the line. Down by four  
with under a minute on the clock. I'm  
playing Weak-side Tight End and Coach  
Kreso calls a Half-Back Pass.

(a beat)

Billy Castle takes the snap... pitches to  
Zack Knight on the sweep... the defense  
bites... and I'm left all alone in the  
Endzone --

HANSON

-- I'm sensing a tragic end here --

PENHALL

-- but just as this perfect toss was  
floating through the air I realized I  
wasn't alone. Their Safety sniffed out  
the fake and was bearing down on me like  
a run-away train.

(shakes his head with regret)

I guess I heard the footsteps comin' cos  
I took my eye off the prize... ball hit  
me square in the numbers, but it squirted  
through my fingers like a greased pig.

HANSON

From hero to goat in a nanosecond.

PENHALL

Worst part of it all -- Their Safety leveled me anyway. Hit me so hard, he knocked me out of the game with a concussion.

(then)

Lesson learned -- if you're gonna take the hit, you might as well make the play.

Hanson and Penhall take a seat at an EMPTY TABLE and the CAMERA FLIES across the room, past gorging students TO:

Hoffs, Cyrus and Natassia - sitting at a table. Hoffs keeps her eyes focused on Hanson. Natassia catches her. She points it out to Cyrus...

NATASSIA

Look at her, scopin' the target.

Hoffs plays it subtle, sweet and insecure...

HOFFS

I'm not scopin'...

(a beat)

I was just thinking... would be weird if I asked him to the party tonight? The whole Third Wheel thing is getting a little old and--

NATASSIA

Stop the violence! You know I love that idea.

HOFFS

I don't want to mooch. I know Cyrus got us the invite.

NATASSIA

(cutting him a look)

Cyrus loves that idea, too. Don't you?

CYRUS

Bringing the new kid?

Cyrus looks over Hanson. Considers the value of getting to know this new troublemaker. Then:

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Yeah. Sure.

(a beat)

Matter of fact, I wouldn't mind getting to know 'em myself.

Natassia LEAPS out of her CHAIR.

NATASSIA

Let's go.

HOFFS

I can do this on my own.

NATASSIA

Not a chance. You've got the best  
WingWoman in the business right here.  
And I've been waiting for this all year.

As Natassia pulls Hoffs to her feet...

ANGLE ON - Hanson and Penhall. Looking up from their  
food as Hoffs and Natassia stand across the table.

HOFFS

Hi.

HANSON

Hi.

Hoffs plays it coy. Natassia NUDGES her.

HOFFS

I was wondering if... if you didn't have  
any plans tonight... there's a party  
we're all going to...

Hanson loves the torture...

HANSON

...and...

Hoffs cuts him a look: "Don't make this harder than it  
has to be."

HOFFS

Do you want to go with me?

HANSON

You're asking me out?

HOFFS

I'm inviting you to a party.

HANSON

Like a date?

Hoffs could kill him. Hanson lets her off the hook...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Why not? I got nothing tonight.

Penhall CLEARS HIS THROAT. Hanson takes the cue.

HANSON (CONT'D)

So long as my brother, my road dog here,  
can come along.

NATASSIA

(jumping in)

That's fine. Be ready at ten.

HANSON

Sounds like a plan.

(to Hoffs)

I look forward to it.

Hoffs feigns as smile as she and Natassia turn and leave.

HANSON (CONT'D)

(to Penhall)

Waddayasay, bro? You ready to party with  
the cool kids?

KANYE WEST' most recent joint, "DIAMONDS FROM SIERRA  
LEONE", energizes the soundtrack, as MUSIC CARRIES US:

EXT. TROY'S ESTATE - NIGHT

Spark a Spliff... Crack a Cold One... and pump up the  
KANYE WEST cos this shit is about to get hectic. As we  
take a tour of the most pimped-out estate in town...

Lots of land... Loads of FLOSSY RIDES... PANORAMIC VIEWS  
of TWINKLING LIGHTS stretched from DOWNTOWN to the PIER.  
And a sprawling INFINITY POOL adorned with splashy-  
splashy, high school-aged BATHING BEAUTIES of both sexes.  
It's like an Abercrombie ad on ecstasy...

PUSH INSIDE where the party continues to rage... PAST a  
PS2 CHILL LOUNGE replete with BIGSCREEN TV and a throng  
of KIDS playing Unreal Tournament, where we FIND

Hanson, Penhall, Hoffs, Cyrus and Natassia weaving  
through the crowd. Hanson and Penhall FLANK Cyrus, as  
they walk a couple steps ahead of the girls...

HANSON

(to Cyrus)

Thanks for hooking us up. We were afraid  
this town was gonna be a snooze.

CYRUS

I was wanting to meet you guys. I heard  
good things.

HANSON

Look at us. Twenty four hours in-country  
and we have a reputation.

CYRUS

You got more than that. You got time served. And I'm always looking to meet some new BWBs.

PENHALL

What's that?

Cyrus stops. The group stops with him as he explains...

CYRUS

Bright White Balla's. America's nightmare.

TROY (O.S.)

Look who slipped passed security.

Everyone turns to find Troy, who locks on Hanson with disdain.

CYRUS

They're with me. Steve and Ronnie McQuaid, meet our host -- Troy Lynch.

TROY

We've met.

HANSON

Sorry about English Class.

Hanson extends a hand. Troy doesn't take it.

CYRUS

(re: Hanson)

It's cool.

Troy looks at Cyrus, who gives a assuring nod. Hanson catches the moment. And with Cyrus' sign of approval, Troy shakes Hanson's hand.

HANSON

You throw a good party.

TROY

It's the best part of having your dad kill your mom and then kill himself...

(a beat)

...all that "dead mommy money" for me to play with.

Jesus Christ, this kid is dark. As he heads off...

TROY (CONT'D)

I gotta check on my Uncle Al. He's supposed to be chaperoning this shindig, but I think he on a meth binge in the basement...

Troy goes into the crowd, Hanson keeps his eyes on him.

NATASSIA

On that disturbing note...  
(re: Hanson and Hoffs)  
We should leave you two alone.

Natassia pulls Cyrus into the party. Penhall hangs back with Hanson and Hoffs.

PENHALL

I'm gonna take a stab at Cyrus.

HANSON

Hold back. I'm not sure he's the one we should be talking to...

Penhall and Hoffs are confused. But suddenly, Natassia calls out to Penhall...

NATASSIA

Hey! Big Brother. Go mingle.

Penhall gets the point. Before he backs away from Hanson and Hoffs...

PENHALL

You sure about Cyrus?

HANSON

No. But I got a feeling.

Penhall is suspicious. But he takes Hanson's lead and disappears into the crowd.

HOFFS

Explain something to me. Since when do your "feelings" mandate procedure?

Suddenly, Suzette Simmons (the blonde from English Class) POPS INTO FRAME:

SUZETTE

There you are!  
(thick flirtation)  
Someone didn't answer his questionnaire.  
(re: Hoffs, with distaste)  
Who's this?

HANSON

She's my... date.

HOFFS

(territorial)  
And who are you?

SUZETTE

I'm the rich girl who's going to steal your boyfriend.

Now, Hoff's is ready for the challenge...

HOFFS

Oh really? Then you better start putting a better product on the market. Cos that look you got going on is gonna be over before I finish reading the new issue of US Weekly. And that includes the "Celebrities are Just Like Us" page!

HANSON

My favorite section.

SUZETTE

Whatever. I'll win. You'll lose.

As Suzette heads off, Hanson turns to Hoff's...

HANSON

I'm moved. The passion, the conviction with which you defended our blossoming union. It was profound--

HOFFS

Shut up, Hanson. I was trying to get her off your case. And maybe you could repay the favor...

But Hanson's attention is drawn to

THE DINING ROOM - Cyrus and Troy are tucked away, mid-conversation. Their mood is focused, intense as Troy steals glances at Hanson. It's as if they're talking about him...

HOFFS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...by answering my earlier question...

The wheels are spinning for Hanson. As Cyrus and Troy split off, going in separate directions, something clicks for Hanson. He turns back to Hoff's...

HANSON

I'll be back.

HOFFS

Now where are you going?

HANSON

I think I know who Cyrus is working with. And I think we're in his house.



PENHALL (CONT'D)

Just trying to blend in... integrate...  
for the case... only for the case--

His thought trailing off as he races to join the game...  
Hoffs takes a beat to observe, then

HOFFS

Boys.

Off her words, we PICK UP:

Hanson - pushing through the REVELERS, a man on a mission  
as he enters

INT. TROY'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dancing and debauchery ensue as Hanson spots:

Troy - chatting up a pair of HOTTIES. Hanson locks in on  
his prey, ready to make a bold tactical move when...

MakeLove JUMPS in front of him, camera in hand...

MAKELOVE

McQuaid! Any impressions on your first  
Lakeside Hukelau?

Hanson has no time for this shit...

HANSON

Get outta my face, MakeLove. Or else  
that camera takes a swim in the pool.

MakeLove gets the point, stepping out of Hanson's way.

MAKELOVE

Alright. Artistic differences. Par for  
the course on the first day of filming...

With Makelove in the dust, Hanson steps up to Troy, who's  
chatting up to PARIS HILTON WANNABES...

HANSON

We need to talk.

TROY

(re: the Hotties)

I'm working on something here, McQuaid.

HANSON

Save the puppy pile for later. This is  
important.

Troy is intrigued. He dismisses the Hotties...

TROY

I'll meet you in the hot tub.

As the Hotties head off, Troy turns to Hanson...

TROY (CONT'D)

If this isn't good, you just committed a huge party foul.

HANSON

I want to propose a business merger.

Troy is thrown for a loop. Hanson is coming on strong.

TROY

One problem -- I'm not a businessman. I'm a high school senior.

Hanson can't back down. He's gotta follow this through.

HANSON

You're talking to a guy who knows that those two things aren't mutually exclusive. Another thing I know is how to sniff out the corporate chain of command at any school, juvy hall or detention center. And right now, my nose is telling me things around Lakeside begin with Cyrus and end with you...

Hanson reads Troy. Will he break? Troy asks...

TROY

What did Cyrus tell you?

HANSON

Not a thing. He didn't have to. Cos your game is creaky. And me and my brother may be looking to take advantage of those creaks. Unless, of course, we can find a way to work together.

Troy is boxed in. Hanson has forced him to show his hand. He simply says...

TROY

Let's take a walk.

Off Hanson, not sure where this is going, but confident his instincts paid off...

EXT. TROY'S ESTATE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Troy leads Hanson through the darkened MASTER BEDROOM and out onto the enormous adjoining balcony. They land at the LIP, looking over the party beneath...

TROY

My mother used to eat breakfast out here.  
Every morning...

He points to a wrought iron PATIO TABLE and CHAIR...

TROY (CONT'D)

She'd sit right there, with her poached  
egg, cup of tea and do the crossword  
puzzle. It was sacred to her. I don't  
usually let people up here. Only on  
special occasions.

HANSON

What's the occasion?

TROY

I'm celebrating the day I met my match.

(a beat)

Cyrus told me about the damage you boys  
did in Wisconsin. And between us, we've  
got a couple of things (lucrative cash  
things) that we could use some help with.

Hanson's heart races as he gets the confirmation he was  
looking for.

TROY (CONT'D)

I've made it a point to distance myself  
from the dirty work. You're the first  
person to figure out my secret. Not even  
Cyrus' crew knows that I'm funding their  
ventures. But the last guy Cyrus brought  
in with him couldn't get the job done.  
Which is why I'm taking particular care  
with any new recruits...

HANSON

You like what you see?

TROY

I like that you have balls. But I'm only  
looking for one pair. And no offense to  
your brother, but I think he'd take up  
too much room in my hot-tub. Which  
raises the question... Do you like  
gettin' dirty?

HANSON

One thing you should know about the  
McQuaids -- we were raised on a steady  
diet of Spam and backwash.

(a beat)

In other words... We love gettin' dirty.

SMASH TO:

CLOSE ON - Penhall, football in hand, being SMASHED, face first, to the wet, muddy ground... TWO TACKLERS on his back and two more pile on just for emphasis. And Penhall couldn't be happier. As he gets to his feet, mud covering almost every inch of him, we REVEAL we are

EXT. TROY'S ESTATE - FRONT LAWN - NIGHT

A game of five-on-five, no-pads, full-contact football is underway. And to make things even crazier, they've got the sprinkler system running full tilt, showering the playing field with gallons of water. 'Cause everybody knows football's most exciting when played in extreme conditions.

Penhall gets an encouraging high five from Eli. He smiles, loving the approbation. A quick huddle. The Players line up. Eli BARKS out the COUNT... Takes and drops back. Receivers run their routs -- both offense and defense slipping and sliding every which way...

Penhall shakes his man. Eli fires. Penhall snags the ball... Turns up-field -- the Endzone's in sight. He fires the jets and we GO

90 FPS - as Penhall, in all his glory, CHUGS up-field through the MIST OF THE SPRINKLERS -- heading right towards camera. A Defender DIVES and wraps him up, but Penhall will not be denied. He SHAKES him off and we

RESUME 24FPS - Penhall TUMBLES across the Goal Line before SPIKING the ball -- on the SLAM of the ball hitting the ground we

INT. TROY'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hanson and Troy have made their way back downstairs where they're surrounded by PARTYGOERS...

TROY

Anyone of these guys will do.

Hanson's taken aback, trying to make sense of it all...

HANSON

You really want me to beat the piss outta some random salami just for the entertainment value?

TROY

Not for fun -- for loyalty. If we're gonna do this, I gotta know you'll do whatever, whenever... no questions.

And now Hanson's in a real pickle. He knows what he's gotta do to gain Troy's trust, but he can't just attack an innocent kid. It certainly wouldn't sit well with the department, no matter how important the case.

It's a long beat as Hanson looks around, trying to figure out his next move... Suddenly he sees his answer through a set of PATIO DOORS. Standing outside by the pool, toweling the mud off of himself is...

PENHALL - oblivious to the world of shit in which he is about to be thrust. Hanson turns back to Troy.

HANSON

You wanna see loyalty?

Hanson heads for the doors, moving with purpose. Troy follows, WIPING THE LENS, and we...

EXT. TROY'S ESTATE - POOL AREA - NIGHT

Hanson makes his way past the POOL and through the crowd of partygoers towards Penhall, who's cleaned up and talking to a CHEERLEADER.

HANSON

Brotherman.

Penhall turns... and before he knows what's happening... BAM! Hanson unloads a BRUTAL RIGHT CROSS to Penhall's jaw. It lands with such force, it knocks Penhall backwards over some POOL CHAIRS. He spills to the floor.

The surrounding crowd is STUNNED SILENT.

Penhall, reeling from the hit, rights himself... and looking at Hanson like a betrayed puppy he murmurs...

PENHALL

Bro?

But Penhall doesn't get any explanation. Instead Hanson CHARGES him, LEAPING over the upended furniture...

And in true high-school-party-"Lord-of-the-Flies"-fashion, MakeLove lets out the universal WAR WHOOP that signifies the good times are finally rolling!

MAKELOVE

FIIIIIGHT!

As the CROWD CHEERS with bloodlust, the FOO FIGHTERS raucous anthem "ALL MY LIFE" compliments the mood.

Penhall WRAPS UP Hanson in a BEAR HUG. Hanson struggles against Penhall's tight grip...

PENHALL

You got an explanation...?

HANSON

(whispered through gritted  
teeth)

Just go with it... Make it look real...  
I'll explain later. And by the way...

With that Hanson delivers a HEAD BUTT to the bridge of Penhall's nose -- it explodes in a BLOODY PULP. Penhall loses his grip on Hanson, dropping him to the ground...

HANSON (CONT'D)

I gotta win.

Penhall shakes the ringing from his ears and the blood from his nose. He's understandably angry, feeling fully fucked over by Hanson -- nobody likes being blind-sided.

The two men LOCK EYES -- and it's clear in that look that they both know what must be done.... And though Penhall's gotta take a dive, he's not going down without a fight...

PENHALL

Well, then...

Penhall grabs a fist full of Hanson's shirt, pulls him close.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

(quiet and menacing)

...if it's gotta be convincing.

CRACK! Penhall levels him with a BONE CRACKING POWER PUNCH that sends Hanson tumbling into the arms of

HOFFS -- standing with Cyrus and Natassia in the RING OF ON-LOOKERS...

HOFFS

What are you doing?

HANSON

Hell of a first date, huh?

Hoffs pushes Hanson back towards Penhall, who is pumping up himself and the crowd...

PENHALL

("Ali-style")

I murdered a rock, I injured a stick...  
I'm so mean, I make medicine sick! Step  
right up, ladies and gentlemen, for the  
"Rumble by the Bungal-"

Penhall tries to swallow the bad pun...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

"-Ow"...

HANSON

For your information -- the little guy won that fight.

As they square off, ready to do battle, we FIND Troy on the edge of the crowd smiling a self-satisfied smile...

MUSIC UP: as Hanson and Penhall exchange punishment. MakeLove circles the ring, filming the action as

Hanson drives Penhall back with a FLURRY OF BODY BLOWS, trying to punch the wind out of him... Penhall retaliates, SWIPING his big PAW at Hanson's head. Direct Hit! Hanson's eyes glaze, his knees wobble...

Shit! If Hanson goes down, the door to Troy could be sealed tight. Penhall grabs him and TWISTS him into a HEADLOCK, keeping Hanson on his feet... while in close...

PENHALL

Sorry, bro. Didn't realize you were so fragile.

And these words inspire Hanson back to life. 'Cause suddenly, Penhall lets out a PAINED HOLLER as Hanson reaches around and grabs a HANDFUL OF NUT SACK... He squeezes tight till Penhall sinks to his knees and Hanson can squirm away...

Prominently positioned in the crowd, Troy's impressed by Hanson's ability to turn the tide.

Hanson grabs a BEER from a BYSTANDER, takes a swig, then splashes the rest on his face to "wake himself up"...

HANSON

(catching his breath)  
You ready to end this?

PENHALL

You say when...

Penhall throws a FAST-LEFT... It's a big WIFF as Hanson ducks under it and rotates all his weight into an UPPERCUT -- Penhall's head snaps back -- his eyes glaze over, rattled from the impact. Before he goes limp, he looks at Hanson, betrayed...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

You didn't say--

THUMP! Penhall doesn't get the last words out. Instead, he PLOPS to the ground, down for the count.

This fight is... over! Hanson throws Troy a look, "Satisfied?" Troy nods back, a thin smirk on his lips, and Hanson knows he's in.

Hanson makes his way through the congratulatory crowd. He opens the SLIDING GLASS DOORS and enters...

INT. TROY'S ESTATE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES as Hanson is immediately GRABBED and THROWN against the wall by Suzette...

SUZETTE

That was the hottest thing ever.

She PLANTS A KISS on Hanson, who struggles desperately to disengage from the lip-lock.

MAKELOVE (O.S.)

Paydirt! And the new kid SCORES!

MakeLove is filming Hanson in this very compromising and very unprofessional position. He pushes Suzette off him and LUNGES for MakeLove...

HANSON

Give me that!

But MakeLove is off into the crowd. Hanson gives chase, pushing past bodies in hot pursuit of the damaging tape. He's almost got him but Hanson's stopped short when NATASSIA STEP IN FRONT OF HIM, BLOCKING HIS PATH. She's LIVID, practically foaming at the mouth...

NATASSIA

I saw what you were doing in the corner. Tongue boxing with that skank! You think it's like that? You think I'll let you hurt my friend? You're messing with the wrong WingWoman, bitch!

And to punctuate her point, Natassia THROWS HER DRINK IN HANSON'S FACE... And as the liquid splashes across the LENS and the MUSIC SMASHES TO A HALT, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Hanson and Penhall, who's walking a bit funny, make their way through the FROZEN FOOD SECTION of this enormous emporium, nursing their injuries with BAGS of FROZEN VEGETABLES: Sliced Carrots on a SPLIT-LIP, Chopped Spinach for a BLACK EYE, etc...

PENHALL

The third right hook was understandable, but don't ya' think the sack grab was a little much?

HANSON

Sorry 'bout that.

PENHALL

You know what this means -- I'm riding sidecar now. You're the new ace boon, I'm just backup.

HANSON

Don't worry. I'll make sure you get the invite to all the pimpy parties.

PENHALL

I was thinking... since there's not gonna be as much for me to do... what if I take a stab at some old demons...

HANSON

What do you got in mind?

Penhall stops -- goes into enthusiastic "pitch mode".

PENHALL

I want to go out for Football.

And of all the things to be worrying about...

HANSON

Are you bent?

PENHALL

Don't just say no. Let it marinate for a sec. If I can catch just one pass... hear the roar of the crowd... experience that singular moment of joy... all those nightmares of that bunked play back in the day would be vamoosed, eighty-sixed off the menu.

HANSON

I thought we weren't allowed to get involved in extracurricular activities.

PENHALL

Which is why I'll need you to help keep it on the DL--

HANSON

I'm a part of this now?

PENHALL

Ain't that what brothers are for?

Penhall's winning smile is hard to deny. As is the guilt trip. But Hanson has one more thing to clear up...

HANSON

Let me guess -- you took this job instead of going into therapy...

PENHALL

Totally.

As Penhall and Hanson continue down the aisle, their understanding of one another continuing to grow, we GO:

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - NIGHT

Hanson and Penhall enter to find Hoff's sitting behind her desk, typing out a REPORT.

HANSON

There you are. Thanks for ditching us.

HOFFS

Don't blame me. You did something to piss Natassia off. She wouldn't tell me what, but she said you deserved the walk home.

HANSON

That girl is a brainsick potato.

Hoff's stops her report and turns. Confrontational.

HOFFS

And what are you? Peeling off to follow a hunch... throwing down with your partner like a bunch of Frat Boys...

HANSON

That's one way of looking at it. Or you could say I'm the guy who broke through this case in one day. A case you've been stalled on for weeks.

(a beat, firm)

But I won't ask you to say "thanks". I'll just ask you, for one sweet breath, to stop flarin' your nostrils at me.

A standoff. Neither Hoff's nor Hanson will back down. To cut the moment, Jenko and Ioki enter...

JENKO

We pulled up Troy's files. Tried to follow a money trail. But the accounts his parents set up for him overseas are impenetrable.

IOKI

In the morning, I'm gonna take a stab at getting to Troy's PDA. Hopefully, my second-gen Asian techie skills are still in check and we'll be able to find out how he runs his operation --

JENKO

-- And what his next move is for that Skeleton Key.

IOKI

(yawns, checks his watch)  
I'm out. My daughters are gonna be up in three hours wanting their Spongebob.

As Ioki leaves, he pats Hanson on the back.

IOKI (CONT'D)

Nice work today. Good having you on the team.

Hanson nods appreciatively. Ioki is out the door.

JENKO

Hanson. Let me know if you get anything new from Cyrus or Troy.

(to Penhall)

As for you -- I don't want you getting it in your head that you've been marginalized. Just cos Hanson got the nod doesn't mean you're any less valuable to this case. Stay focused on the case.

PENHALL

(unconvincing)

Of course, sir. All about the case...

Hanson and Penhall share a conspiratorial look, then

EXT. LAKESIDE - ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

ON THE FIELD - Penhall, dressed in full SCRIMMAGE UNIFORM, lets out a WAR CRY as he charges towards a HUDDLE, joining the Falcons for a fast paced PRACTICE.

QUICK, ENERGETIC CUTS of Penhall running PATTERNS and dodging TACKLES, determined to recapture pigskin glory...

EXT. LAKESIDE - QUAD - DAY

START ON: A BANNER, which reads: "HOMECOMING THIS FRIDAY!" PAN DOWN to find: Hanson, listening to his iPod as he walks through the densely populated Quad, his face buried in an ENGLISH LITERATURE BOOK.

We stay with him for a beat as he tries to absorb the material and then we WHIP PAN TO:

Hoffs, Natassia and Cyrus. All eyes are on Hanson as they head to class...

NATASSIA

(to Hoffs)

He's just not that into you! Read the book. And let it go.

HOFFS

But you still haven't told me why you changed your tune on him.

NATASSIA

He's a fungus. A fungus clutching to the bottom of a sewer tank. That's all you need to know.

The mystery is killing Hoffs. As she PEELS OFF...

HOFFS

That is so not an acceptable answer. I'm getting to the bottom of this...

Cyrus and Natassia watch Hoffs head off...

CYRUS

You know, all that talk is only making her want him more.

NATASSIA

I know. I think it's working!

As Natassia blazes a SELF-CONGRATULATORY SMILE, proud of her sneaky match making skills, she PASSES BY

IOKI AND CLIFF - and we STAY WITH this duo. Ioki has his BLACKBERRY in hand as Cliff rambles on...

CLIFF

...and then I heard the McQuaid Brothers starting beating each up!

IOKI

No way...

But Ioki's attention is really on

TROY - who's walking a couple feet ahead of them. Ioki begins TYPING INTO HIS BLACKBERRY. Cliff is oblivious...

CLIFF

Big time way. Why do I always miss the cool stuff?

PUSH IN ON THE BLACKBERRY SCREEN. It reads: "CLONING PDA MANAGER". The CAMERA WHIPS UP from the Screen and FLIES TOWARDS TROY, closing in on the BLACKBERRY he has clipped on his PANTS POCKET. And now we realize that Ioki's Blackberry is actually a WIRELESS INTERFACE SYSTEM.

CLIFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I can't even get invited to the Freshman Parties. And that's where the real action is at...

The CAMERA FLIES BACK to Ioki's Blackberry. The Screen reads: "CLONING COMPLETE". Objective accomplished just as Troy disappears into the MAIN BUILDING without a clue.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
I heard the girls at Jeremy Gluckbergs' Bar Mitzvah were fighting to give away hummers...

These last words stop Ioki in his tracks.

IOKI  
What?

CLIFF  
Oh yeah. The thirteen and fourteen year old girls... they think Third Base is First Base. And they're all scrambling to be the first up to bat...

Ioki goes pale. And Cliff notices.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Are you alright?

IOKI  
(shell-shocked)  
Yeah. I'll see you after class.

Cliff heads off, we STAY WITH Ioki, as he pulls out his CELL PHONE and dials. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. IOKI RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Ioki's wife, MAYA, picks up the RINGING PHONE.

MAYA  
Hey, honey. What's up?

IOKI  
Where are the girls?

Behind Maya, we can see their two young DAUGHTERS watching TELEVISION and scribbling in COLORING BOOKS.

MAYA  
They're right here. Why?

IOKI  
Good. Don't let them go anywhere. Ever again.

MAYA  
(confused, concerned)  
Is everything okay?

IOKI  
(flatly)  
I think we should look into home schooling.

We go OFF IOKI, hanging up the phone, mortified at the world his daughters are growing up in...

EXT. LAKESIDE - ATHLETIC FIELD - DAY

IN THE BLEACHERS - Hanson has one eye buried in a book, and the other on the field. Penhall approaches, having just wrapped up Football Practice. And though this is something he wanted desperately, he looks bummed. As he plops down next to Hanson...

PENHALL  
Disaster.

HANSON  
What's the problem? You're looking good out there...

PENHALL  
That's not it. Eli think's I'll make the squad, but...  
(a beat, ashamed)  
...there's a rumor going. About me.

HANSON  
(loves it)  
A rumor? That's... genius. I mean, I knew you were a slut, but...

PENHALL  
It's not a good rumor. Word is I'm a... swisher sweet.

As in... "gay". Hanson is amused.

HANSON  
Dare I ask how they reached that conclusion?

PENHALL

We're having a good scrimmage... I did what we always used to do... you know, a few friendly pats on the caboose to the other guys. How was I supposed to know they don't do that anymore!

HANSON

I feel your pain, but I got problems of my own, here. Word around the spit is, Mr. Ostrow is gonna pop a "quest" on us. I don't know what it is, but it sounds bad. Does that ring a bell?

PENHALL

It's as short as a quiz, but as tough as a test. They suck.

HANSON

Mark the day, mark the time, cos I'm boned. I've been trying to retain this stuff, but it won't stick.

TROY (O.S.)

I see you two have made nice-nice.

Hanson and Penhall turn to find Troy.

PENHALL

Yeah, well... He's doing the dishes for the next year.

TROY

Not tonight he's not. We're having a working dinner. Meet me at the Diner on Clarkson at eight.

HANSON

Should I bring my Number Two pencil?

TROY

Just be there.

(then, to Penhall)

I'm gonna turn around now. Please, try and contain yourself.

And as Troy turns and leaves...

PENHALL

(to Hanson)

You see!

As Penhall bemoans that the rumor has spread, Hanson's attention is on something else...

HANSON

Yeah, I see...

MAKELOVE - strolling through campus. Hanson HOPS up and grabs Penhall...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Come on...

As Hanson and Penhall head for their target, MakeLove spots them coming! He nearly SHITS HIMSELF and starts booking... THE RACE IS ON!

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

MakeLove runs with all his might, checking over his shoulder as Hanson and Penhall gain ground...

HANSON

You're just prolonging the inevitable, MakeLove!

Hanson and Penhall STORM PAST Hofffs, who tries to grab Hanson attention...

HOFFFS

Hanson, we need to talk--

HANSON

Later... I promise!

And they leave her dusted, and still hungry for answers. As our guys close in on MakeLove, Penhall has to ask...

PENHALL

What are we chasing him for?

HANSON

The little bastard's got me on tape with that blonde. If it gets out there, Jenko'll have my ass...

HANSON GOES FOR THE REAR TACKLE! He takes MakeLove to the ground, FLIPS him over and DEMANDS...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Give me the tape!

MAKELOVE

It's intellectual property--!!!

HANSON

Give it to me.

Sensing Hanson's desperation, MakeLove changes his tact.

MAKELOVE

You really want it bad, huh?  
(a beat)  
What's it worth to ya'?

HANSON

What do you have in mind?

MAKELOVE

An endorsement.

HANSON

With who?

MAKELOVE

That black chick. The one you brought to the party.

"Hoffs?" Of all the barrels to be held over! As Hanson loosens his grip and MakeLove pulls himself up, now in full control of the negotiation.

MAKELOVE (CONT'D)

p with her. If things go well, you get the tape. If not, it stays buried in my archives for a rainy day...

MakeLove heads off, leaving Hanson to ponder this pickle. And we SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

CLOSE ON - Hoffs, as she asks, with great indignation...

HOFFS

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND?!?!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL - Hanson and Hoffs, tucked into the rear of the theater. The SCHOOL CHOIR is practicing an UPBEAT HYMN on stage as Hanson pleads his case...

HANSON

I'm not asking you to take him to the promised land... Just flirt with him a little, make him think he's got a chance.

HOFFS

Until you tell me what you did at that party the other night and what this MakeLove kid has on you, you're not getting any favors out of me.

HANSON

Can we stop making this personal and just work together--

HOFFS

You're talking to me about working together?

HANSON

I'm talking about you trusting me... put down the rule book for a second and take a chance...

These words set off Hoffs. As she LEANS IN close, so as not to let her anger interrupt the Choir practice...

HOFFS

Don't you ever tell me about taking chances... You don't know word one about the decisions I've had to make.

Hanson stands down. He's clearly hit a nerve.

HOFFS (CONT'D)

And as for helping you out with MakeLove... Clean up your own damn mess.

Hoffs exits, leaving Hanson to wonder what dark memory Hoffs was reminded of. As he contemplates her words...

EXT. CLARKSON STREET - NIGHT

STREET LAMPS illuminate this suburban main drag. A smattering of PEDESTRIANS filter in and out of the various STOREFRONTS. We hear a familiar voice...

TROY (PRELAP)

There's a Field Trip tomorrow leaving Third Period to City Hall....

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A hip, youthful eatery packed with good looking patrons. IN A BOOTH, we find Troy and Cyrus downloading Hanson...

TROY

You're gonna get a note from your parents and be on that bus. The school'll be crazy getting ready for Homecoming that night. So don't let the Pep Squad pull you into some Banner-Making bullshit.

CYRUS

I'll be the on the bus with my crew. We'll peel off from the rest of the class and do our thing.

TROY

I already paid Cyrus twenty grand down.  
Another twenty upon delivery.

CYRUS

You get ten percent of the my take if you  
come through.

HANSON

What's the grab?

Remember: As a matter of procedure, Hanson needs to know  
what they will be going after.

TROY

Cyrus has the deets. It's totally in  
your wheelhouse. Just follow his lead...

HANSON

Not good enough...

TROY

We have a system. If you want to be a  
part of it...

HANSON

(amped)

Understand something about me. There's  
few things in this world I actually need.  
I don't need family, I don't need  
friends, I can even do without steady  
flow. But when I'm putting my ass on the  
grass, I need to know the deets.

CYRUS

C'mon Troy, forget this guy--

But Troy's impressed with Hanson's balls...

TROY

Nah, he's a hot little pepper. I like  
that.

(back to business)

Just make sure you're on that bus...

Just then Hanson's attention is drawn to something  
else.... His mood shifts to grim because entering the  
Diner is...

JULES - and she's heading right towards him. Troy  
continues, but his words become barely audible to Hanson,  
who's tense as fuck...

TROY (CONT'D)

From zipper to flush, the whole thing  
should take fifty minutes...

*Is Jules gonna blow his cover? She sees Hanson. Shit. She's getting closer. Smiling. About to say something.*

TROY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
...you'll be back in class for Fifth  
Period... (MORE)

And just at the moment he is completely fucked, Hanson gives Jules the slightest, nearly imperceptible look. And she gets it. Jules moves past the booth, and Hanson is forced to stifle a sigh of relief... And now, the volume of Troy's voice jumps back up...

TROY (CONT'D)  
Are you following this?

Hanson acts as though he's been paying full attention...

HANSON  
Yeah. Fifth Period.

TROY  
(placated)  
Cool beans.  
(rises to leave)  
I'll see you on the other side...

As Troy and Cyrus exit, Hanson finally lets out that sigh.

INT. MUSTANG - TRAVELLING - NIGHT

Hanson drives, talking on his CELL PHONE...

HANSON  
It's on for tomorrow. They're using a  
Field Trip as a launching point.

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

INTERCUT: Jenko talking on a HEADSET with Hanson...

JENKO  
Okay... I'll put Ioki on that bus and  
wire him for backup. Did Troy give you  
the target?

HANSON  
No. The kid's seen too many gangster  
flicks. He's a steel trap.

JENKO  
He may have learned that first hand. We  
ran through the transmissions on his PDA.

## JENKO (CONT'D)

Troy's dad was a criminal lawyer and guess who kept a copy of his father's client list?

(a beat)

Troy's got access to some big players in the underworld. Plus, he's broke. Turns out that trust fund wasn't as deep as we thought. Whatever he's going after tomorrow, whatever that Skeleton Key is gonna give him access to... he's looking to make a killing from one of his dad's associates.

HANSON

Beats getting a job.

JENKO

Look who's talking.

Hanson SMILES and HANGS UP. As he PARKS his car...

EXT. HANSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Jules is perched on his doorstep. Hanson approaches, happy that she's there... He sits next to her...

HANSON

Thanks for that back there.

JULES

My father was a Major. I'm well trained at standing down.

Jules takes in Hanson's teenage wardrobe...

JULES (CONT'D)

Look at you.

But all Hanson can think about is how beautiful she is... and then, gently...

HANSON

Look at you.

It's a moment between them. So good to see each other. Jules softly brings it down to earth...

JULES

I see they let you back.

HANSON

If you call working the "Conjunction Junction" squad being back.

JULES

High School?

HANSON

I know. Don't say it.

JULES

What if I say I'm proud of you?

Hanson takes the compliment, but tries to deflect it...

HANSON

After you left, I didn't have a lot of options. I thought of trying to see if I could eat the couch, bit by bit, but--

JULES

We had lots of fun on that couch.

HANSON

And on the coffee table.

JULES

And under the coffee table.

HANSON

There were good times.

JULES

Remember Pearl Jam?

HANSON

We never made it, did we?

JULES

No. But we had fun trying.

But all Hanson can think about is the regrets... The fact that he let Jules slip away...

HANSON

I see these kids... Looking for their place in the world, making bad decisions... and it kills me... cos I'm right where they are... a generation ahead and no farther along...

Jules strokes her hand through Hanson's hair. The comforting gesture speaks volumes. A bittersweet moment.

HANSON (CONT'D)

I gotta get some rest.

Hanson RISES. As he they share a last look...

HANSON (CONT'D)

I'm committing a felony in the morning.

And he disappears inside, leaving Jules to contemplate this man that she still very much loves...

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

With PROPULSIVE, UPBEAT MUSIC behind him, we FIND Penhall, running as fast as he can past a bunch of students putting the finishing touches on the "HOMECOMING" DECORATIONS for tonight's big event... He reaches his destination...

THE PARKING LOT - where he finds Hanson, waiting to board a YELLOW SCHOOL BUS...

PENHALL

I've been looking all over for you. I got big news.

HANSON

Yeah, I heard you made the Squad.

PENHALL

No, not that. It's the quest. Mr. Ostrow's gonna drop it on you today. Fifth Period.

Shit. Bad timing. He indicates Cyrus, Ahman and Ghost boarding the bus...

HANSON

I can't deal with this right now...

Penhall gets his drift, but...

PENHALL

If you fail the quest, Ostrow'll lock you in Study Hall tonight and throw away the key. We can't have that. You need to stay on Troy and Cyrus till this is over.

As Hanson's mind races, Makelove passes by...

MAKELOVE

(to Hanson)

I'm still waiting on that hookup, McQuaid!

Not what Hanson needs to be dealing with right now...

HANSON

I'm working on it, shit-stain!

Makelove moves on. But the real question is...

PENHALL

So what are you gonna do?

HANSON

It's not what I'm gonna do -- it's what you're gonna do.

And though it might sound insane...

HANSON (CONT'D)

You're gonna steal the quest.

PENHALL

Steal it?

HANSON

(hell yeah)

Old school style.

PENHALL

How am I gonna do that?

HANSON

Dude. You're a highly trained officer of the law. Plus, you're a McQuaid. How hard could it be to break into a Teacher's Lounge?

(going for the kill)

Now go do your brother a solid or else Jenko finds out about your pigskin demon slaying...

Penhall is trumped. As Hanson heads towards the School Bus, Penhall calls out...

PENHALL

Fine. But if I get detention...

Hanson disappears onto the Bus. Penhall turns to plan his mission. With his back to the camera, we notice a NOTE taped to Penhall's back. It reads...

"PENIS GOBLER". As Penhall heads off, unaware that the rumor about him lives on, WE GO:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - TRAVELLING - DAY

Standing at the FRONT of the Bus is MRS. BOOCOCK, a earthy late forties History Teacher, instructing the STUDENTS on proper behavior...

MRS. BOOCOCK

(condescending drawl)

...and when we enter City Hall, I want you to remain orderly. You're not just representing yourselves, your representing your entire school...

Blah-frickin'-blah-frickin'-blah. As we GLIDE THROUGH the past the students, their eyes begging Mrs. Boocock to shut up, we FIND

Hanson - sitting next to Cyrus. Ahman and Ghost are behind them. The mood in this pack is different. They're not students heading for a Field Trip, but criminals bracing for a mission... We then FIND

Ioki and Cliff - seated in the last row. Cliff is edgy.

CLIFF

So... don't be offended, but... I'm gonna hang with Cyrus and those guys when we get inside... We might peel off and grab a burger or something...

Ioki knows what this means -- Cliff is helping out on the mission... He offers him an out...

IOKI

You know... whatever those guys have you doing for them... it's not worth it. Not if it's just so maybe one day they'll invite you to a party. Besides, I hear that all the kids who are nerds in high school end up being the cool kids at college. That's something to look forward to... Why risk it?

A loooong beat as Ioki waits for a response, hopeful that his words have gotten through to Cliff. And then--

CLIFF

Dude. You are such an idiot sometimes. Don't you know anything? High School defines the rest of your life. If you can't make it here, you don't make it anywhere. That's a risk I'm not taking.

IOKI

Guess you know more about it than I do.

Off Ioki. He gave it a shot, but Cliff insists on learning the hard way.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

The ornate edifice of this public building stands like a giant sentinel watching over the community...

At the curb, a constant stream of students climb out of the School Bus and head, single file, for the building... As Hanson, Cyrus, Ghost and Ahman walk in step with the others, Hanson leans close to Cyrus...

HANSON

We bailing outta here or what?

CYRUS

Bail where? Our work's on the inside.

Did Hanson just hear him right?!?

HANSON

What do you mean?

CYRUS

Stay cool, McQuaid. Just look for my "go".

Cyrus enters the building and it becomes clear that these crazy fuckers wanna hit City Hall. As the enormity of what he's about to participate hits Hanson, he DROPS BACK and falls alongside Ioki...

HANSON

We got problems. The job is inside City Hall.

IOKI

That's crazy. This place is swarming with Uniforms. Should we pull the plug?

HANSON

If we do, the case goes away. I think we need to play it out. Stay on COMMS. And wish me luck.

As Hanson and Ioki take deep breathes and disappear into the building...

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

HIGH CEILINGS and MARBLE FLOORS accentuate this classically designed Civic Center. The ROTUNDA-SHAPED LOBBY splits the structure into two wings -- each with a GUARD STATION manned by UNIFORM POLICE OFFICERS.

Hanson and Ioki join the other students, who have gathered in the center of the space. At the head of the group, Mrs. Boocock is chatting up a GUMPY GUY in his early thirties. KHAKI PANTS, PENNY LOAFERS and a NAVY BLAZER epitomize today's tour guide -- K. NELSON ENGER...

K. NELSON ENGER

Good afternoon students. I'm K. Nelson Enger, Executive Assistant to Deputy Mayor Schulweiss, and former Lakeside graduate. Class of ninety. Go Falcons!

But his enthusiastic school spirit garners him no love. He regroups quickly, quite accustomed to a dry response.

K. NELSON ENGER (CONT'D)  
I'm glad all you civic minded citizens can be here with us today (even if you haven't yet reached the proper voting age). There's an exciting docket of measures scheduled for today's city council session, leading off with the proposed restructuring of Sanitation Collection Services to include pick-ups for recyclables on Tuesday as well as Thursday...

A GENTLE GROAN comes from some of the students as they realize they're in for a long afternoon...

K. NELSON ENGER (CONT'D)  
...so let's get started. Follow me.

Enger leads the students down the EAST WING. At the back of the pack, Hanson, Cyrus, Cliff, Ghost and Ahman follow, passing right by the Guard Station without so much as a glance from the SERGEANT ON DUTY.

Once clear, Cyrus motions towards a door marked STAIRWELL. As Hanson and Ioki share one last look, Hanson peels away, we CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Cyrus, Cliff, Ghost and Ahman spill through the door. Hanson checks up and down the twisting stairs...

HANSON  
Which way?

CYRUS  
Down.

As they charge down the stairs, we go CLOSE ON THEIR FEET -- each pair of shoes WIPING FRAME until the LAST PAIR ENTER and we TRACK WITH them for a few steps before PULLING BACK to REVEAL that the shoes belong to

PENHALL - who arrives at a landing and rounds a corner TRANSITIONING US TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - HALLWAY - DAY

Penhall finds his way to a door marked: TEACHER'S LOUNGE and gives it a light RAP. Waits a beat... No answer. He's about to knock again when he's interrupted by Jocelyn Brandeis, the plucky Student Affairs Coordinator.

JOCELYN

The Lounge is locked up Third Period.  
Which teacher are you looking for?

PENHALL

(playing dumb)

This the Teacher's Lounge?

JOCELYN

(pointing to sign)

It says it right there.

PENHALL

New kid-itis. I was looking for the  
Janitor's Closet...

Janitor's closet? Penhall cringes at his poor choice of  
alibi. But Jocelyn doesn't notice.

JOCELYN

Down the hall to your right. See you at  
Homecoming!

Jocelyn disappears around the near corner.

PENHALL

(sotto, "Why did I say...")

"Janitor's closet"?

With the coast clear, Penhall tests the door knob... it's  
LOCKED. He scans the hallway -- eyes darting back and  
forth -- all alone. He then pulls an old school LOCK  
PICK KIT from his KNAPSACK and goes to work...

CLOSE ON - the KEY HOLE. Penhall finesses the cylinder  
until he hears the -- CLICK -- of the LOCK TRIPPING. But  
it's not Penhall who utters these next words, it's...

AHMAN (PRELAP)

Got it.

And we are BACK TO:

INT. CITY HALL - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

Hanson, Cyrus and the others are gathered around Ahman,  
who's just finished working the LOCK on a door marked  
SERVER ROOM. As Ahman swings door open, Cyrus barks  
orders, with a hushed voice...

CYRUS

Me and Cliff are goin' in. You guys post  
up on the corners and run interference.

As Cyrus and Cliff enter the Server Room, and Ghost and  
Ahman head down the hallway to take position, STAY WITH

HANSON - turning a corner onto an EMPTY HALLWAY. He snaps on his WRIST COMMS and talks into them... [NOTE: This is how Hanson and Ioki will communicate for the rest of the sequence.]

HANSON

Ioki. Do you copy?

INT. CITY HALL - COUNCIL FLOOR - DAY

A City Council Meeting is in session. Ioki, seated amongst the other student on the Field Trip, leans into Mrs. Boocock.

IOKI

I need to go to the bathroom.

Mrs. Boocock nods and we SMASH TO:

INT. CITY HALL - BATHROOM - DAY

Ioki, tucked in a STALL, talks into his WRIST COMM...

IOKI

Copy, Hanson. Are you there? Hanson...

As Ioki awaits a response, growing concerned, we hear

PENHALL (PRELAP)

Hello?

INT. LAKESIDE - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DAY

From the doorway, Penhall calls into this large open space which is divided into several distinct areas by FREE STANDING BOOKCASES, COUCHES and LONG LIBRARY WORK TABLES.

He waits... Nothing. Perfect -- it's all going as planned. He survey's the space and spots what he's looking for at the far end of the room -- the TEACHER'S MAIL CUBBIES. Target acquired, he starts across the lounge, weaving through the scattered furniture...

He's only steps away from the cubbies, rounding the back of the last couch when he stops dead in his tracks... because stretched out on a GREEN COUCH in front of him, fast asleep with a GEOLOGY TEXT BOOK on his chest is

JEFFERY RAPPAPORT - At 82 he's the school's oldest teacher and rarely makes it to his one class of the day, usually because he's doing this exact thing... sleeping.

Or is he? Penhall studies him for a beat... Rappaport's chest doesn't seem to be rising and falling. *Fuck, is this guy dead?!?* Of all things to have to deal with right now... Penhall thinks about moving on, but his conscious gets the best of him.

If this man needs help Penhall's going to help him. He leans in close, reaching for Rappaport's CAROTID ARTERY... When suddenly

*SNOOORT!* Rappaport sucks in a lung-full of air, sleepily shifts his weight and settles in for some more shuteye.

Penhall lets out a muted sigh of relief, quickly backs away and finds himself at the Teacher's Mail Cubbies. He spots Mr. Ostrow's, pulls out the contents and starts rifling through them...

CLOSE ON - A FLIP FOLDER where he FINDS a STACK of IDENTICAL PAPERS -- it's the QUEST. Penhall peels a SINGLE SHEET off the top. And as he SLAPS THE FOLDER SHUT, we CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - BATHROOM - DAY

Ioki still hasn't heard from Hanson...

IOKI  
Hanson. Talk to me...

INT. CITY HALL - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

A BUZZ CUT UNIFORM walks down the hallway, passing a FILE ROOM. As he turns the corner, the door to the File Room creeps open, revealing Hanson. Assured that the coast is clear, he responds to Ioki...

HANSON  
I'm here.

IOKI  
What's happening?

HANSON  
Cyrus and Cliff are in the Server Room. They're hacking the city's mainframe.

IOKI  
Jesus Christ. We're lettin' this go too far. Do we even know what they're after?

HANSON  
Not yet. But I'm gonna find out...

And as Hanson pushes open the bathroom door, we PICK UP

INT. LAKESIDE - HALLWAY - DAY

Penhall, Quest in hand, on the other side, pushing through the Teacher's Lounge door... He runs SMACK into Dean Michelson! Penhall tries to play it casual...

PENHALL  
Hey. How's it goin'?

Penhall takes a few steps down the hall when..

DEAN MICHELSON  
Just a minute, Mister.

Penhall stops cold. Busted.

DEAN MICHELSON (CONT'D)  
Turn around.

Penhall face Dean Michelson, who suspiciously eyes the Quest in Penhall's hand.

DEAN MICHELSON (CONT'D)  
What's that your holding?

PENHALL  
(covering)  
It's a... poem. A poem I wrote for extra credit. I was looking to give it to Mr. Ostrow...

DEAN MICHELSON  
Extra credit poetry. That's a new one. Let's hear it.

PENHALL  
What?

And this is as much of a challenge as anything...

DEAN MICHELSON  
Read it to me.

PENHALL  
(shitting himself)  
Uh... okay...  
(winging it)  
"Dean Michelson is... a great... guy/  
He's the... Dean of... Lakeside High..."  
(stops reading)  
The rest of it's really personal. But thanks for listening!

Penhall HIGH TAILS down the hallway, leaving Dean Michelson in the dust.

With a victorious smile spreading across his face, Penhall rounds the corner, WIPING FRAME and we PICK UP:

INT. CITY HALL - SERVER ROOM - DAY

Hanson WIPES into the room where Cyrus and Cliff have set up shop. Cliff's LAPTOP is plugged into the MAINFRAME with a tangle of RIBBON WIRES and ALLEGATOR LEAD CLIPS. On the LAPTOP SCREEN rows and rows of DIGITAL INFORMATION scroll by at lightning speed...

HANSON

It's gettin' hot out there -- a lot of foot traffic. How we commin'?

CLIFF

I just need a couple more seconds to compress the file. And...

As Cliff executes a few more KEYSTROKES...

CLIFF (CONT'D)

...sending now...

HANSON

Sending what where...?

CYRUS

Enough with the Johnny Questions!

CLIFF

Done -- Packing up.

Cliff snaps his Laptop shut. Cyrus undoes the hand full of wires from the Mainframe and shoves them in his BACK PACK. Ready for exfil, Hanson swings the door open...

INT. CITY HALL - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

And as they file out of the room, this's when it happens... The unmistakable DOUBLE POP of a SILENCED PISTOL quietly shatters the silence of the hallway...

*PFFFT-PFFFT!* It's immediately followed by the THUD of a limp body dropping to the ground.

HANSON

What the--

But before he has a chance to finish the expletive, Ahman comes flying around the corner, heading right for them...

AHMAN

(panicked)

He shot him -- I think he's dead--

Hanson goes pale -- *this is fucked.*

HANSON

Who...?

AHMAN

Ghost. We got ambushed. He drew down...

And now it's FRENETIC, HANDHELD as everybody races down the hall, back in the direction Ahman came from...

Hanson leads the others AROUND THE CORNER to FIND

Ghost, GLOCK in hand, standing over the semi-conscious body of the Buzz-Cut Uniform (the one we saw in the hallway earlier). His shirt's stained CRIMSON from the DOUBLE GUNSHOT TO THE CHEST. His breathing is LABORED and SHALLOW.

GHOST

He saw me, man... I had to.

AHMAN

(freaking out)  
What are we gonna do?

HANSON

(gentle; urgent)  
Ghost... Give me the gun.

Things are spinning out of control. Hanson's got to take action before things get worse (if that's even possible).

HANSON (CONT'D)

I'll take care of it --

Hanson SNATCHES the weapon from Ghost and POKETS IT.

HANSON (CONT'D)

-- My way --

Hanson then FLIPS open a LOCK BLADE and takes a knee beside the Buzz-Cut Uniform. Cyrus, imagining what Hanson's about to do, offers...

CYRUS

You're a stone cold warrior, McQuaid...  
Stone. Cold.

The Buzz-Cut Uniform's breathing worsens...

HANSON

Get everybody back to the stairwell and wait for me... NOW!

And he does, leading Cliff, Ghost and Ahman around the corner... After they're gone, Hanson tears open the Buzz-Cut Uniform's shirt, exposing his wounds.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Ioki, we got a Uniform down. Sub-Basement. Double gunshot wound to the chest. (MORE)

INT. CITY HALL - BATHROOM - SAME

Ioki snaps into action, reaching for his CELL PHONE...

IOKI

I'll notify EMS--

INT. CITY HALL - SUB-BASEMENT - DAY

As Hanson surveys the wounds...

HANSON

(all business)

He can't breathe -- His lungs are filling with blood...

Hanson sinks the knife into the Buzz-Cut Uniform's chest.

HANSON (CONT'D)

...if I don't drain them, he'll be dead before the ambulance arrives.

Hanson withdraws the knife, pulls a PEN from the Buzz-Cut Uniform's breast pocket, pops the INK STICK out and plunges the HOLLOW BODY into the incision... Immediately BLOOD begins to OOZE out through the tube and the Buzz-Cut Uniform's breathing begins to regulate...

HANSON (CONT'D)

He'll make it...

And now, with blood on his hands Hanson's mind races, looking for a way out of this mess... APPROACHING VOICES BECOME AUDIBLE -- it's only a matter of seconds before he's discovered...

IOKI (O.S.)

Ambulance is on route. I'm calling Jenko.

That's when Hanson sees it -- a FIRE ALARM.

HANSON

No. Not yet. Cyrus sent a file off-site. We need to track it before bringing him down.

HANSON (CONT'D)

I think I can get out of here with my cover intact... But things are gonna get a little nutty.

Hanson PULLS the Fire Alarm -- SIRENS BLARE -- and as he bolts away, we SMASH TO:

(MORE)

INT. CITY HALL - STAIRWELL - DAY

Hanson charges up the stairs two at a time, joining Cyrus, Cliff, Ghost and Ahman at the main floor landing...

CYRUS

(re: the Alarm)

What'd you do?

HANSON

Found us a way out of here.

Hanson opens the door a crack to expose THE CONFUSION OF A MASS EVACUATION in the main hallway, which is crowded with FLEEING BUILDING EMPLOYEES, CITY WORKERS, and (just as Hanson expected) the LAKESIDE CLASS TRIPPERS...

HANSON (CONT'D)

(to Cyrus, et al)

Stay close.

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN LOBBY - DAY

As the pack of Students pass by the stairwell door...

MRS. BOOCOCK

Everything's under control -- just keep calm and follow me..

Hanson and the others stealthily exit the stairwell and slip into the group heading for the building exit...

CYRUS

We made it.

HANSON

Almost...

That's because there's one obstacle left -- the SERGEANT ON DUTY, who's been joined by several other UNIFORMED OFFICERS at the Guard Desk... The SQUAWK of the POLICE RADIO broadcasting the location of the "downed officer" motivates the Sergeant on Duty to bark at his Officers...

SERGEANT ON DUTY

We got a 10-108. Officer down. Shooter may still be in the building.

SERGEANT ON DUTY (CONT'D)

I want an immediate perimeter lock down.  
No one slips through our fingers.

The Sergeant on Duty's eyes play over the exiting crowd, looking for anything suspicious... Hanson notices him, and quickly stuffs his bloody hands into his pockets just as the Sergeant on Duty locks eyes with him... He gives Hanson a hard look -- and we hold a beat wondering if Hanson is fucked...? Then

Ioki appears, sliding in front of the Sergeant on Duty, blocking his view of Hanson...

IOKI

(to Sergeant on Duty)

I can't find my teacher! I went to the bathroom and--

SERGEANT ON DUTY

Relax, son. Just head outside...

Hanson and the crew use the distraction to slip away. Once past the Sergeant on Duty, Hanson looks back at Ioki. Ioki just saved Hanson's ass in the clutch...

INT. SCHOOL BUS - TRAVELLING - DAY

As the other students chatter about the unexpected excitement at City Hall, Hanson, Cyrus, Cliff, Ghost and Ahman sit in stunned silence. Hanson looks over to Ioki. Ioki is seething, furious at Hanson. And, for the moment, there's nothing Hanson can say to make it better.

EXT. LAKESIDE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Student file off the bus. Cyrus passes Hanson.

CYRUS

I'll shout ya' later.

Hanson nods and BANKS LEFT. He doesn't get two steps before he is GRABBED BY THE COLLAR and SLAMMED against the other side of the bus, out of public view, by

IOKI - getting right in Hanson's face...

IOKI

What the hell was that--

HANSON

-- Relax --

IOKI

-- We should've called it off six times--  
(tightens his grip)  
Listen to me -- I know how you think.

IOKI (CONT'D)

Cos I used to think the same way. But I got a family now. And all that loosey-goosey, pushing the envelope shit... I spit on it. I just want to go home to my kids at night. And you better pray that this mess you got me into doesn't stop that from happening.

With a final SHOVE, Ioki releases his grip and heads off.

EXT. LAKESIDE - QUAD - DAY

Hanson, rattled, takes zombie-like steps past the other students. Penhall catches up with him...

PENHALL

Brotherman. Guess what I got?

Penhall proudly displays the QUEST... But Hanson does not share in his excitement...

HANSON

We got bigger problems than that Quest.

And before Penhall has a chance to follow up...

DEAN MICHELSON (O.S.)

You couldn't be more correct, Mister.

They turn and see Dean Michelson LOOMING over them as he SNATCHES the Quest out of Penhall's hand...

DEAN MICHELSON (CONT'D)

In my office now.

Off Hanson's, "This day is really going to shit" look...

INT. LAKESIDE - DEAN MICHELSON'S OFFICE - DAY

SPARSE and CLINICAL. Hanson and Penhall sit facing Dean Michelson, who's taken an authoritative power position behind his DESK...

DEAN MICHELSON

Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote: "Each man takes care that his neighbor shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he does not cheat his neighbor. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun."

(a beat)

When will that day come, I wonder? When will the two of you discover your chariot of the sun?

A long contemplative beat... Are they supposed to answer?  
What does that even mean...?

PENHALL

Ummmm--

But before Penhall can get any more out, he's thankfully interrupted by a KNOCK at the door...

DEAN MICHELSON

Come.

DEAN MICHELSON'S SECRETARY pokes her head in...

DEAN MICHELSON'S SECRETARY

Sir, the boys' father is here.

These words catch Hanson and Penhall quite off-guard. "Their Father?" This can't be good. Hanson and Penhall turn in their seats, craning their necks to see who's coming through that door -- much to their chagrin, it's:

JENKO

You boys are in a world of hurt.

The tone in his voice matches perfectly his choleric demeanor...

DEAN MICHELSON

I'm sorry to have to call you down here, Mr. McQuaid, but -- as I was just telling your boys -- this is a very serious matter.

JENKO

The severity...  
(directly to Hanson)  
...and stupidity of today's events is not lost on me.

DEAN MICHELSON

Disciplinary action will be necessary.

JENKO

It certainly will be. And let me assure you... there will be zero leniency from my end. Zero.

And we're CLOSE ON Hanson as Jenko's words sink in. And as he prepares for the shit-storm that's to come, we PULL BACK TO REVEAL that we are BACK AT:

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - JENKO'S OFFICE - DAY

Hanson stands in formation as Jenko walks circles around him. Penhall, Ioki and Hoffs watches from the side...

JENKO

I know we don't know each other all that well. But one thing I'm regarded for is my generosity. When I followed The Dead, I was the first guy in the parking lot to stoke you with a Miracle Ticket... When someone asks me for a Tic-Tac, I give 'em three. But that generosity of spirit does not extend...

(fully fucking pissed)

...to officers on my watch who call audibles behind my back... Particularly when it involves breaking into City Hall to commit a crime and come away with nothing to show for it!

(a beat)

You should have called it in -- I would have gotten the department to play ball with us. But now I gotta sit on this and hope nobody figures out it was my detectives who pulled this stunt...

(then)

Cos if they do -- it's good-night Jump Street.

Those words land hard on everyone...

JENKO (CONT'D)

(to Ioki, disappointed)

I knew scrub-brush was a question mark, but I thought we were simpatico.

HANSON

Don't blame him. It was my call.

Hoffs is fuming as well...

HOFFS

Tell that to the Uniform lying in ICU.

HANSON

I'm sorry for that. I did what I could.

JENKO

Well you didn't do enough! And to think I put my balls on the line for you.

HOFFS

Do you know what was on that file they transferred?

HANSON

No.

HOFFS

It was record of the names, aliases and placement of all Undercover Officers in this region. Including the ones standing in this room.

This is more serious than anyone could have imagined...  
Hanson puts the pieces together...

HANSON

That's why Troy wanted the Skeleton Key... It'll unlock the files.

Hoffs nods gravely...

HOFFS

Once the decryption begins, it's only a matter of time...

PENHALL

How long?

JENKO

No telling -- it might already be done. And once it's open, Troy'll be able to sell it to one of his contacts for millions... every UC in the field will be compromised.

If that's the case...

HANSON

Then there's only one thing for me to do.

JENKO

What's that?

HANSON

Have a chat with Troy.

That's crazy. Ballsy and heroic, but crazy...

JENKO

You'll be walking into the Lion's Den. For all you know, he's already got you made.

HANSON

Guess I'll have to find out.

As Hanson exits, Hoffs turns to Jenko...

HOFFS

You're really letting him go?

Jenko shrugs. It's Hanson's decision. But Hoffs won't accept that. She follows after...

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - BULLPEN - DAY

Hanson is headed for the Front Door, when Hoffs call to him...

HOFFS

Hanson.

Hanson stops. Turns. Expecting confrontation. But there's something else in Hoff's eyes -- fear.

HOFFS (CONT'D)

You shouldn't go.

(a beat)

And I'm not saying that cos I like getting in your way. It's cos I knew somebody like you once...

This is a painful memory for Hoffs, but she needs Hanson to hear it...

HOFFS (CONT'D)

But unlike you, I was able to keep him in line... Until one day... he had a hunch... and he begged me to let him act on it... wouldn't take no for an answer. We went into a warehouse. No backup. We didn't get one foot in the door before a shotgun blast tore through his neck...

HANSON

Hoffs...

HOFFS

...and not a day goes by where I don't wish I'd stuck to my guns...

And now, Hanson understands Hoffs... And why she has such a hard time dealing with him... Then, gently...

HANSON

I'm not trying to be a hero -- I'm really not -- But I messed up... and like you said -- I gotta clean up my own mess.

With that, Hanson exits. As Hoffs watches him leave, she understands his choice, but it weighs on her nonetheless.

EXT. TROY'S ESTATE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Hanson enters. The lights are dim. Gothic. He finds Troy sitting in the PATIO CHAIR he spoke about earlier. He's alone. Thinking... brewing... he slowly looks up...

TROY

I've been waiting for you.

Though these words are ominous, Hanson stays cool...

TROY (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

HANSON

I'm good right here.

A loooong beat. *Where is this going...? What does Troy know? And then, with seething intensity...*

TROY

My mother... she cheated on my father. That's why he put a bullet in her. And then one in himself.

(a beat)

I say... those were two bullets well spent. If you're weak enough to betray... or to be betrayed, you're not worthy of life. Which is why I pride myself -- sometimes to the point of driving myself shitty -- on making sure I can trust the people around me.

This is not looking good. But Hanson doesn't want to play his cards before he has to...

TROY (CONT'D)

So imagine my disappointment when I found out...

Troy stands. Starts towards Hanson...

TROY (CONT'D)

...that someone close to me...

... and gets right in his face.

TROY (CONT'D)

...couldn't be trusted.

And though this may be the end of the line for Hanson, he stays strong...

HANSON

Anyone I know?

TROY

You know him well.

HANSON

Care to share a name?

And we hold our collective breaths, until Troy says...

TROY  
(with disdain)  
Cyrus.

Interesting. A huge relief, but now Hanson really doesn't know what's going on... He simply says...

HANSON  
Really?

TROY  
We had a deal. He was supposed to send me that file. Instead, he sent it to himself.

Hanson starts thinking fast, as the new world order is laid out for him...

TROY (CONT'D)  
Now he's holding it hostage. I got buyers out there, hungry for this... and I'm empty handed. He wants double the back-end and I don't have that kinda cash.

HANSON  
What are you gonna do?

TROY  
Mobilize. Call up some of my dad's old friends and go for what's mine.

Hanson can't let that happen, he calls a play on the fly.

HANSON  
Or you can leave it to me.

TROY  
(intrigued)  
You?

HANSON  
(off the top of his head)  
Me and my brother have some money stashed from our work in Wisconsin. We'll give Cyrus his blood money and you'll pay me back when you move the file...

A hard offer to refuse, but...

TROY  
You'd really do that for me?

HANSON  
That's what friends are for. Just set up the meet with Cyrus and I'll be there with the cash...

Off Hanson, wheels turning, we SMASH TO:

CLOSE ON - a KNAPSACK. A HAND UNZIPS it, revealing it's FULL OF CASH.

JENKO (O.S.)

If we don't get this back, I'm putting it against your pay...

PULL BACK FARTHER TO REVEAL - Hanson, Jenko, Penhall, Hoffs and Ioki standing over the Knapsack which rests on the trunk of Hanson's Mustang.

HANSON

Fine. But that's minus the five bucks you still owe me.

PULL BACK EVEN FARTHER TO REVEAL WE ARE:

EXT. BLUFFS - NIGHT

They situated on a hillside overlooking the school grounds. In the near distance, the sounds of Lakeside's Homecoming Festivities can be heard... Hanson fills in the team...

HANSON

Troy and Cyrus are scheduled to meet in twenty minutes. I'll go in with Troy and Cyrus'll be there with his crew and the software.

PENHALL

That's six players and a lot of hurt feelings. Are you sure you can handle it?

HANSON

No. I can't. But we can. I'll need you guys on all exits... We'll set up surveillance so you can pounce... in case the room goes hot...

And each one of them, from Hoffs to Penhall to Jenko to Ioki, are moved by this transformation in Hanson. He's not just accepting the concept of team play, he's encouraging it...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's show these kids how Jump Street plays ball...

EXT. LAKESIDE - ATHLETIC FIELD - NIGHT

Pre-Game Homecoming Festivities are in full swing... The SCHOOL BAND leads a MINI-PARADE -- replete with BACK FLIPPING CHEERLEADERS, BANNER WAVING PEP RALLIERS and a STREAMER COVERED '74 CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE handsomely displaying the HOMECOMING KING and QUEEN. Hovering above them (tethered to the rear of the Caddy with several cables) is a GIANT FLOAT in the shape of the SCHOOL MASCOT -- a FALCON IN FLIGHT with a FOOTBALL CLUTCHED IN ITS TALONS.

As they cruise across the field, the STUDENTS in the BLEACHERS are going nuts with pre-game enthusiasm...

But on the other side of the campus, things are relatively quiet. We FIND Jenko's Austin-Healy... PUSH:

INT. JENKO'S AUSTIN-HEALY - NIGHT

Tucked behind the wheel of his car, Jenko sits surveillance... waiting. He speaks into his COMMS...

JENKO  
Any sign of Hanson?

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - COACHES' OFFICE - NIGHT

Penhall sits with a MONITOR in his hand and responds to Jenko through his COMMS...

PENHALL  
Not yet, but picture's up...

As Penhall keeps his eyes on the Monitor...

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

We PULL OUT of a small DIGITAL RECORDER, retrofitted with REMOTE ACCESS controls and tucked perfectly in the FOLDING BLEACHER'S SCAFFOLDING. And we

REVERSE ANGLE: RECORDER POV - Cyrus, Cliff, Ghost and Ahman gathered at CENTER COURT. In his hand, Cyrus holds a FLASH DRIVE containing the encrypted NOC LIST...

PENHALL  
...and it looks like Cyrus and his boys are on time.

JENKO (V.O.)  
Hoffs?

EXT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - NIGHT

Hoffs runs point on the EXIT DOORS. She checks in through her COMMS...

HOFFS  
East exits covered.

IOKI (O.S.)  
I got a little something comin' through the rear fire door...

And Ioki's voice carries us to...

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tucked behind the MESH CAGE of the EQUIPMENT CLOSET, Ioki's got a full view of the building's MAIN HALLWAY... He spots Hanson and Troy entering the building...

IOKI  
Elvis has entered the building, and he's got the target in tow.

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Hanson and Troy come through the double doors and step up to Cyrus, Cliff, Ghost and Ahman. And what was once a business partnership, is now a war on the brink...

TROY  
It didn't have to be like this. You never should have tried to get clever.

CYRUS  
You want this or not?

Troy THROWS his open KNAPSACK at Cyrus' feet. STACKS OF CASH smile up at him from inside the bag...

TROY  
It's all there.

Cyrus pulls a FLASH DRIVE (containing the NOC List) from his pocket and holds it up. But before he hands it over the door to the basketball court BUSTS OPEN and in walks

MAKELOVE - and he walks towards Hanson, CAMERA IN HAND, threatening to ruin everything.

HANSON  
MakeLove? Get outta here!

MAKELOVE

We had a deal McQuaid.

Tensions rise as Cyrus and Troy are getting edgy...

INT. JENKO'S AUSTIN-HEALY - NIGHT

Jenko's wondering the same, "Who's blowing his op?"

JENKO

What's happening in there?

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - COACHES' OFFICE - DAY

Through the Video Monitor, Penhall watches things unfold.

PENHALL

It's a student. Hanson's working to clear him out...

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

MakeLove keeps moving towards Hanson...

HANSON

I told you I was on it... Now back outta here...

MAKELOVE

You wanna explain, for the record, why you're not a man of your word?

MakeLove RAISES THE CAMERA, points and shoots towards Hanson... Cyrus and Troy are freaking out...

CYRUS

Whoa-whoa-whoa--

TROY

Get that camera off--!!!

Troy swipes the Camera from MakeLove's hand and brutally SMASHES him in the head. As MakeLove goes down...

HANSON

Everyone calm down!

The room begins to spin... And everyone feels compromised. Cyrus makes his move...

He WHEELS on Troy and COLD-COCKS him. But as Troy REELS from the hit, he shows fortitude, LUNGING FORWARD and GRABBING the Flash Drive out of Cyrus' hand...

TROY

Gimme that.

In turn, Cyrus SCOOPS UP the Knapsack and BOLTS, heading out the REAR EXIT. He calls out to his boys...

CYRUS

Split up!

Cliff, Ghost and Ahman follow orders, heading for the FRONT EXIT... Hanson can't keep up with all of them... He's forced to call for backup...

HANSON

(into COMMS)

They're headed for both exits..

Hanson turns to Troy, who looks at him with suspicion...

TROY

Who are you talking to?

Hanson is exposed. As he considers his next move...

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hoffs is already in action, entering the building and giving chase to Cliff, Ghost and Ahman as they run...

HOFFS

I'm in pursuit down the West Hallway!

But it's Ioki who makes the stop. Using his body as BATTERING RAM, he FLIES around a corner and BLIND-SIDES Ghost, KNOCKING him to the floor... He PIVOTS his weight and SPINS LOW, sweeping Ahmans' LEGS out from UNDER HIM. In the same fluid motion, he grabs Cliff by the COLLAR...

IOKI

You got your wish, Cliff... You'll be spending a lot of time with these guys, now.

As Ioki SLAPS the cuffs on...

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Cyrus HUSTLES down a couple flights of stairs and SMASHES out the door at the landing...

Penhall enters the stairwell and PEEKS over the rail. Up. Down. No sign of movement in either direction. Where'd this fucker go? Then, from below, he hears the gentle CLICK of a door latch closing. As Penhall starts his WINDING DESCENT, we RETURN TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

Troy and Hanson are in a standoff.

TROY

Tell me who you are...

Hanson moves in on Troy. Each step a warning to back down.

HANSON

I'm the end of the road.

(re: NOC List)

And you're holding something that's real valuable to me. So I'd suggest you--

WHACK! Troy SUCKER PUNCHES Hanson. And he makes a run for it... As Hanson steadies himself for the pursuit, he can't help but say, for the first time in his life, but probably not the last...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Fuckin' kids.

And Hanson is off... As he pursues Troy, we TILT DOWN to find MakeLove... Just regaining consciousness...

MAKELOVE

(shaking off cobwebs)

What did I miss?

What MakeLove missed is nothing compared to what he's about to miss. As MUSIC RISES and a day that is sure to go down in Lakeside history begins to unfold, SMASH TO:

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A few floors down, Penhall exits through the stairwell door to FIND himself...

INT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Through the large aisle that runs down the center of a BANK OF LOCKERS, Penhall spots Cyrus, who's already on the far side of the room. Cyrus charges for the FIRE EXIT but, unfortunately for him, it's CHAINED SHUT... Penhall's got him boxed in -- Cyrus turns and squares his shoulder, ready to try and fight his way past Penhall...

CYRUS

Come on, fat boy -- let's do this.

As Penhall slowly closes in on him...

PENHALL

See now, it's those kinds of comments that gave me body issues -- you think I was happy eating all those Twinkies growing up.

But Cyrus' only reply is a WILDLY THROWN PUNCH -- Penhall catches it mid-air with his left hand as he GRABS CYRUS BY THE THROAT with his right... He pulls Cyrus in close, nearly lifting him off the ground. And as a FLASH OF ANGER crosses his eyes...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

You know what I always thought jerks like you needed...?

Penhall drives Cyrus backward, SHOVES HIM IN AN OPEN LOCKER and SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT!

PENHALL (CONT'D)

Some more "alone-time".

As Cyrus BANGS on the locker door...

PENHALL (CONT'D)

Better get used to the inside of that box... your cell's not gonna be a lot bigger.

Off Penhall's self satisfied smile, we CUT TO:

EXT. LAKESIDE - GYM BUILDING - FIRE DOOR - NIGHT

Troy BURSTS out of a FIRE DOOR on the side of the building where he SPOTS the UNATTENDED PARADE Caddy (unattended because everyone's around the corner watching the big game). Troy races for it, hopping behind the wheel just as Hanson CHARGES out of the building...

Troy GUNS the engine and PEELS OUT -- But as he goes the Float, which is still attached to the Caddy, SNAGS on an OVERHANGING TREE BRANCH, TEARING A HOLE IN IT. The air rushes out and the giant balloon FLOPS TO THE GROUND...

Hanson, in a last ditch effort to catch up with Troy, DIVES on the CRUMPLED FLOAT as the cable goes taught.

Hanson hangs on for dear life as HE'S DRAGGED BEHIND THE FLEEING CADDY which WHIPS AROUND the building...

EXT. LAKESIDE - NIGHT

Hanson GRIPS THE FLOAT TIGHTLY as Troy powers the Caddy across the QUAD, BUMPING and BANGING him around.

Troy then SKIDS onto the MAIN DRIVE, heading for the school's exit -- it looks like he's gonna make it...

That is until -- SCREECH -- Jenko FISHTAILS into the mouth of the drive, BLOCKING the exit with his car.

Troy CUTS THE WHEEL HARD, DESPERATE TO AVOID THE COLLISION... But his sudden redirection leaves him face-to-face with the MAIN BUILDING -- and with no way outta this mess but through, Troy MASHES THE PEDAL and powers the Caddy up the handful of CEMENT STOOP STEPS, LAUNCHING IT INTO THE AIR AS IT SMASHES THROUGH THE FRONT DOORS...

Hanson braces for impact, HITTING the stairs hard. And though he's tossed around like a rag-doll, he won't let go...

INT. LAKESIDE - MAIN BUILDING - NIGHT

Troy pilots the Caddy down the wide hallways at breakneck speed looking for an escape... Behind him, Hanson slowly begins to pull himself along the float cables-- HAND-OVER-HAND -- closer and closer to the Caddy...

Nearing the hallway's end, Troy SKIDS around a corner, SLAMMING Hanson into a BANK OF LOCKERS and KNOCKING THE WIND OUT OF HIM...

Hanson GASPS FOR AIR, but doesn't get more than a shallow breath before the slack of the float cables goes tight and he's WHIPPED AROUND THE CORNER...

The wild ride continues -- And as Hanson's pulled, by the Caddy which is destroying everything in its path, he continues pulling himself closer and closer to the Caddy until he finally lands a hand on the rear bumper. He pulls himself up onto the trunk, just as

They CUT AROUND another corner so fast, THE CADDY KICKS UP ONTO TWO WHEELS... And it's a good thing because the hallway they're now in is too narrow to accommodate the width of the car. They race down the hallway -- two wheels on the floor and two wheels taking grip on the wall -- Troy sees that they're barreling down on a JANITOR working a MOP AND BUCKET...

Seeing the encroaching Caddy come at him at an insane diagonal angle, THE JANITOR TUCKS DOWN LOW INTO THE TRIANGULAR OPENING UNDER THE CADDY as it passes over his head with a roar...

They spill out into a wider hallway where the Caddy SLAMS BACK ONTO FOUR WHEELS just as it nails a STUDENT SCULPTURE, CRUNCHING it under the vehicle and causing the whole car to SHUDDER. The impact is so jarring, HANSON'S FLIPPED ALL THE WAY FROM THE REAR OF THE TRUNK INTO THE FRONT SEAT BESIDE TROY...

Hanson grabs the wheel and goes for the brake pedal, but Troy struggles against him and the Caddy CAREENS OUT OF CONTROL HEADING RIGHT FOR A WALL...

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - NIGHT

At the head of the classroom the BLACKBOARD EXPLODES INWARDS under the impact of the Caddy as it CRASHES THROUGH THE ROOM, kicking DESKS and CHAIRS every-which-way. The Caddy punches out through the far wall, into...

INT. LAKESIDE - TEACHER'S LOUNGE - NIGHT

The Caddy ROCKETS through the room -- leaving an ugly wake of debris and passing just inches from the GREEN COUCH where Mr. Rappaport is still sleeping -- the ensuing noise and commotion doing little else than stir him into a more comfortable position.

And they're out just the way they came -- SMASHING THROUGH ONE WALL AFTER ANOTHER until they finally land...

INT. LAKESIDE - DEAN MICHELSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Caddy SLIDES TO A STOP at the foot of Dean Michelson's desk -- right in the same spot Hanson was being disciplined. As CEILING TILES and BOOK CASES crash down around him, Hanson tries to clear the cobwebs. His FOREHEAD IS BLEEDING from a GASH where he connected with the Caddy's windshield. He wipes away the blood and notices that Troy is already out of the Caddy and SCRAMBLING through the wreckage... Hanson chases...

INT. LAKESIDE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

He spills into the corridor just as Troy runs into...

INT. LAKESIDE - LIBRARY - NIGHT

Hanson enters and cautiously starts through STACKS... Not a sound fills the air but for the soft SQUEAK of Hanson's shoes on the HARDWOOD FLOOR as he inches his way forward.

Suddenly, Hanson sees a SHADOW, creeping out from a ROW OF BOOKCASES... as he edges towards it, it disappears...

HANSON

We got it all on tape, Troy. Why don't you be a man and give it up...

CRACK! Hanson is smacked from behind by FIRE EXTINGUISHER. It's a devastating, WINDING BLOW. He turns to find Troy LOOMING over him, weapon at the ready.

He SWINGS again, Hanson DUCKS, but the Fire Extinguisher with Hanson's CHIN. Blood spurts out of his mouth...

THRUMP! Troy LANCES Hanson with the top end of the Fire Extinguisher. Right in the SOLAR PLEXUS. As Hanson takes a whuppin' and barely holds onto consciousness...

CRACK! Another brutal SWING from Troy, landing on Hanson's chest. Hanson is now on the ground, taking a beating. He struggles to get these words out...

HANSON (CONT'D)

I got a policy...

ANOTHER BLOW! But Hanson must finish his thought...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...I don't hit kids.

And he's suffering for it... Troy is relentless with the blows... trying to beat the life out of Hanson... And just when all seems hopeless...

HANSON (CONT'D)

One thing my policy doesn't cover...

WHACK! Hanson snaps his right foot up, connecting between Troy's legs. He never saw it coming...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...is kickin' 'em in the balls...

As Troy LURCHES forward in PAIN, Hanson reaches out, grabs the Fire Extinguisher and WHIPS it across Troy's face...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...or crackin' 'em with a stick...

And Troy is down. Blood tricklin' from his nose. Hanson stands over him, victorious...

HANSON (CONT'D)

But I won't hit. It's just something I won't do.

Hanson gets wobbly on his knees... He stumbles back. Just as Penhall enters...

PENHALL

I got you, bro.

Penhall catches Hanson before he hits the ground, and helps him to a chair before SLAPPING THE CUFFS on Troy... As he does, Hanson hears something...

HANSON

You hear that?

And Penhall can hear it too...

HANSON (CONT'D)

Your team's playing.

The roar of the FOOTBALL GAME can be heard in the distance. Penhall looks to Hanson: "Should I?"

HANSON (CONT'D)

Suit up. They might need ya'.

EXT. LAKESIDE - ATHLETIC FIELD - NIGHT

The excitement of HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL is in full swing. Players, Cheerleaders, Coaches and Fans treating the game with enthusiasm and intensity. We stay on the BACK of a TIGHT END as he enters the HUDDLE. Eli, the Quarterback calls the play...

ELI

Split set, Forty-two Button.  
(to the Tight End)  
Tight route. It's all you.

The CAMERA SWINGS around to reveal the Tight End is, indeed, Penhall -- decked out in full UNIFORM. His face loaded with giddy, nervous anticipation as the team lines up... Eli calls...

ELI (CONT'D)

Hut-hut-

And the BALL is SNAPPED. We stay with Penhall as he goes deeeeeep... A DEFENDER on his heels... But he's running for his damn life... Eli releases the PASS just as Penhall makes it into the ENDZONE... He knows this is his moment... He shakes the Defender and comes back towards the GOAL LINE... The ball's coming... coming... Then

It's in his hands... and WHAP! The Defender CRUSHES Penhall to the turf. A moment in time as Penhall looks down at his hands, wary of what he may find. But it's there -- he held onto the ball. The REFEREE raises his hands... TOUCHDOWN. Penhall is in a euphoric shock...

PENHALL

(to himself)

I held on...

Penhall looks around... spots Jenko on the sideline.  
Penhall's freaked -- is he in deep shit?

JENKO

(calling to him)

I hate to break it to ya', but your team  
was already up thirty five points.

Nah, he's not in trouble. And he's not gonna let this  
moment be diminished...

PENHALL

Yeah, but... I held on.

Penhall HUSTLES to the sideline and is greeted, not only  
by his Teammates, but Ioki, Hoff's and, most  
meaningfully... Hanson, who throws a supportive arm  
around the demon-cleansed Penhall...

HANSON

(re: Jenko)

I didn't say a word. I swear.

Just then the sounds of SIRENS fill the air as a FLEET OF  
SQUAD CARS POUR ONTO CAMPUS...

JENKO

Calvary's here.

And Jenko heads off disappearing into the FLOOD OF  
SPECTATORS who are emptying out of the Bleachers and  
making their way towards the commotion like moths to a  
flame -- leaving Hanson, Penhall, Hoff's and Ioki  
virtually alone on the field...

And looking at these three, Hanson can't help but to feel  
he's no longer a lone wolf... but part of a family. And  
knowing there's people you can trust, people who'll have  
your back in a pinch... that ain't so bad. The warm mood  
is suddenly interrupted by

NATASSIA - landing in front of Hoff's...

NATASSIA

Is it true? About Cyrus. And you being  
a cop?

HOFF'S

I'm sorry. I would have told you if I  
could...

NATASSIA

Well... if that's how it's gonna be...

(re: Hanson)

He made out with the blonde.

All eyes on Hanson.

HANSON

I was attacked. Apparently, I have that effect on women.

IOKI

Looks like you're not the only one...

Ioki points

UNDER THE BLEACHERS - where Suzette Simmons is LIP LOCKED with Eli the Quarterback...

PENHALL

You gotta hand it to these kids -- they know what they want. And they go for it.

These words land on Hanson. We PUSH IN ON HIM and GO TO:

INT. FRENCH BISTRO - DAY

TRAVEL WITH a HOSTESS as she winds her way through the elegant dining room and INTO:

INT. FRENCH BISTRO - KITCHEN - DAY

Running the kitchen of this gourmet eatery is

JULES - dressed in her CHEF'S WHITES...

HOSTESS

Jules...

Jules' attention is drawn away from a SOUS CHEF to the Hostess...

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

...there's some kid here to see you.

And the Hostess steps aside to REVEAL

HANSON - still decked out in his school clothing. As Jules crosses to him...

JULES

What are you doing here?

HANSON

You know... skipping class...

(a beat)

I was wondering...

He reaches into his pocket...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...if you're free Thursday night...

...and pulls out a pair of CONCERT TICKETS.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Pearl Jam's coming to town.

Jules smiles. They never did get to go see that show.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Of course, I can't stay out too late...

He pulls her in.

HANSON (CONT'D)

I have school in the morning.

She wraps her arms around him...

JULES

Does that mean you're staying with the job?

And they are so close to kissing, you can taste it.

HANSON

Hell, yeah. I mean, how many times do you get to go back...

As they move in for the kill... And we hear PEARL JAM perform a live cover of "BABA O' RILEY"...

HANSON (CONT'D)

...and get things right the second time around...

Their LIPS MEET... because when you do get that chance... You hold onto it... and you never let go... and from the look of these two lovebirds, clenching each other amongst the pomme frites and steak tartare, letting go ain't even an option. The uplifting sound of Eddie Vedder's voice takes us to...

THE END

