

SAM DINKLE: SECRET AGENT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE BAR - NIGHT

The lights are low. The MUSIC is loud. COLLEGE KIDS drink and mingle, shouting above the din.

A cute, wide-eyed BLONDE moves through the crowd, approaching a BARTENDER.

BARTENDER

Can I help you?

BLONDE

Hey, what's the name of that booby drink?

BARTENDER

'Booby drink?'

BLONDE

You know... the buttery one?

BARTENDER

A Buttery Nipple?

BLONDE

Yeah! One of those please. Oh and one for my friend. Two Nipples.

BARTENDER

You got it.

He heads away. She leans against the bar and waits.

From the sea of bodies emerges SAM DINKLE. He's 30, chubby, and loaded with charm.

Sam wears a tuxedo, and his hair is slicked back Gordon Gekko-style. He sticks out like a sore thumb, but no one seems to notice.

Sam hurries over to the bar, standing to the left of the Blonde. She steals a glance at him and grimaces, repulsed.

He doesn't appear to see her, too busy flagging down a LADY BARTENDER. She spies Sam and ambles over.

LADY BARTENDER

What can I get you?

SAM

Three shots of vodka, quick as you can.

The Lady Bartender produces three shot glasses. She grabs a bottle of vodka and fills them.

LADY BARTENDER
Twelve dollars.

Sam pulls out a money clip. He peels off a fifty and tosses it on the bar.

SAM
Keep the change.

The Lady Bartender raises an eyebrow, surprised. She smiles.

LADY BARTENDER
Thanks.

SAM
Don't mention it.

She takes the cash and leaves. The Blonde eyes Sam curiously, having witnessed this exchange.

Sam picks up a shot glass and douses his left shoulder with vodka. The Blonde watches him, puzzled.

BLONDE
I think you're supposed to drink that.

He glances at the Blonde, finally acknowledging her.

SAM
I'm sterilizing a bullet wound.

Her eyes widen as Sam splashes on more vodka.

BLONDE
Oh my God! You got shot?

SAM
Yeah.

BLONDE
By a gun?

SAM
Yeah.

BLONDE
Where at?

He turns, revealing the bloodstain on his jacket's left sleeve.

BLONDE (CONT'D)

That sucks. Shouldn't you go to a hospital?

SAM

I can't. They'll be looking for me there.

BLONDE

Who's 'they?'

SAM

I can't really talk about it. It's classified.

BLONDE

Wait - are you like a spy or something?

Sam scans the area. Then he leans toward her, lowering his voice.

SAM

Let's just say I work for the federal government.

BLONDE

Like the IRS?

SAM

No.

BLONDE

FEMA?

SAM

No.

BLONDE

NASA?

SAM

Look, it was nice meeting you, but I have to - agh!

He suddenly clutches his left shoulder, wincing.

BLONDE

What's wrong?

SAM

(weakly)
I think the bullet's pinching a nerve.

BLONDE

Ouch.

SAM

Hey, do you think you could help me to my car? I'd really appreciate it.

BLONDE

Sure. Just let me tell my friend Stacy that I'll be right back.

She turns toward the noisy mob.

BLONDE (CONT'D)

Stacy! I'll be right back!

Not one person looks at the Blonde. She turns back, gripping Sam's right arm.

BLONDE (CONT'D)

Ready when you are.

EXT. AREA BEHIND BAR - NIGHT

The Blonde supports Sam as they approach a lone cherry-red Aston Martin.

BLONDE

Wow, sweet ride!

SAM

Thanks.

BLONDE

What is that - a Ford Focus?

SAM

Actually, it's an Aston Martin.

BLONDE

What's the difference?

SAM

About two hundred grand.

BLONDE

Whoa! And this is yours?

SAM

It is.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
 (Russian accent)
 It was.

Two young Russian men emerge from the shadows. The speaker, KOZLOV, flashes a sinister smile. The other, LEBEDEV, points an Uzi at them.

The Blonde gasps, staring at the Uzi. Sam glares at the Russians.

SAM
 How'd you find me, Kozlov?

Kozlov crosses to the Aston Martin's back bumper. He reaches under it and removes a tiny magnetic box with a blinking red light. Sam eyes it, shaking his head.

SAM (CONT'D)
 The Kiev 3000. I should've known.

Kozlov pockets the tracking device. He approaches Sam, sneering.

KOZLOV
 Yes. You should.

He frisks Sam, finding his keys. Then he POPS the Aston Martin's trunk.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)
 Time to take ride. Lady first.

The Blonde peers into the open trunk, horrified.

BLONDE
 I can't get in there! I have that
 fear - closet phobia!

Kozlov smiles at her, amused.

KOZLOV
 Which worse - fear of tight space,
 or fear of get shot many, many
 time?

She thinks it over.

BLONDE
 Wait - what was the question again?

KOZLOV
 In trunk now!

The Blonde scrambles into the trunk. Sam sighs, climbing in after her. Kozlov SLAMS it shut.

INT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

The dusty living room of a mostly-finished new house. Sam and the Blonde sit side-by-side in wicker chairs, bound with rope. Lebedev paces behind them, gripping his Uzi.

Kozlov enters through the front door, which is missing a knob. He carries a bulky gym bag.

Sam looks over at the Blonde.

SAM

Sorry for getting you mixed up in all this.

BLONDE

It's okay, I get mixed up a lot.

KOZLOV

Silence!

Kozlov moves toward Sam, scowling.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

You thorn in KGB's side for long time. But tolerable. Until this week, when you block large shipment of arms.

The Blonde turns to Sam, cringing.

BLONDE

'Arms?' Oh my God, gross!

KOZLOV

I say 'Silence!'

Lebedev stops pacing, pointing the Uzi at them.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

For interference, you pay - with both your life!

Kozlov unzips the gym bag and pulls out an elaborate explosive device. He activates it, and it starts BEEPING. Then he sets it on the floor in front of them.

KOZLOV (CONT'D)

You get sixty second. I suggest pray for mercy in afterlife.

The two Russians dash out the front door.

Sam and the Blonde eye the device. Its timer shows "00:51" and BEEPS as it counts down.

SAM

Don't worry, I think I can save us.

BLONDE

From what?

SAM

...The bomb?

BLONDE

'Bomb!' That thing's a bomb?

SAM

What did you think it was?

BLONDE

Who said I was thinking?!

Sam thrashes his legs, loosening the ropes until his right leg comes free.

Then he bangs the back of his right shoe against the floor, causing a built-in knife to SPRING out the front of it.

Sam raises the shoe-knife, sawing his ropes until his hands are unbound. Then he unties his other foot and hops up from the chair.

Sam rushes over to the bomb, now at "00:19." He crouches, scrutinizing its cluster of colored wires.

BLONDE (CONT'D)

Can you stop it?

SAM

I'm not sure. The red wire's normally the kill switch. But my study of Russian bomb-making says it's the yellow one.

(deep breath)

Here goes nothing.

As the timer counts down to "00:05," Sam kicks his right shoe up in the air. He catches it, slicing the yellow wire.

The timer freezes at "00:01." The BEEPING stops. Sam and the Blonde breathe a sigh of relief.

SAM (CONT'D)
Bomb diffused, and with a second to spare.

BLONDE
Wow, I think I creamed myself.
That was amazing.

SAM
Thanks.

Sam crosses to the Blonde, cutting her ropes with his shoe-knife.

SAM (CONT'D)
But I know Kozlov. He'll be back to check on us. We need a place to lay low for the night.

BLONDE
We can lay low at my apartment.
The carpet's really soft.

SAM
...Okay.

EXT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

A developing subdivision surrounded by other partially-built homes. Sam and the Blonde exit the house. They find no sign of the Russians or the Aston Martin.

BLONDE
Now what?

Sam looks around, spotting an old motorcycle lying near some lumber.

SAM
Now give me thirty seconds.

He hurries over to it and starts tinkering with its engine.

BLONDE
What happens in thirty-

The motorcycle's engine suddenly ROARS to life. Sam turns to the Blonde, smiling.

SAM
Shall we?

BLONDE

Look at you, Mr. Fix-It. Remind me to have you take a look at my vibrator.

He hops on the motorcycle. She climbs on behind him. They ZOOM away.

INT. THE BLONDE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Blonde has changed into a frilly nightgown. She pulls down the covers on her bed. The bathroom door opens. Sam emerges, his left shoulder bandaged.

BLONDE

How's your arm?

SAM

Better, thanks. Your tweezers really did the trick. They helped me extract the bullet without fragmenting it.

BLONDE

Cool. They're also good at getting out ingrown pubes.

SAM

Huh. So listen, I wanna thank you for letting me stay here tonight.

BLONDE

Sure. And I wanna thank you for stopping that bomb from imploding.

SAM

My pleasure. Okay - so I guess I'll go crash on your couch.

He starts away. She stops him, kissing his neck.

SAM (CONT'D)

Or not.

The Blonde grins, pushing Sam onto her bed.

EXT. HOUSTON FREEWAY - MORNING

Sam ZIPS down the carpool lane on the motorcycle. He now wears khakis and a dress shirt.

EXT. HIGH ROLLERS - MORNING

A luxury-auto leasing business. Pricey sports cars cover the lot. Sam SPEEDS up on the motorcycle, passing the "High Rollers" sign. He parks next to the leasing office.

INT. HIGH ROLLERS - MORNING

Sam enters the office, heading behind the counter. He moves to a computer and taps a few keys. The screen reads "Samuel Dinkle clocked in at 8:57am."

Suddenly the door to a back room opens, and Kozlov and Lebedev appear. Sam turns, locking eyes with his mortal enemies. Nobody moves for a tense moment.

Then Sam cracks a smile.

SAM

Gentlemen.

"Kozlov" is actually JOE, 29 and American. He's short, pudgy, and loud.

"Lebedev" is actually RICKY, 33 and British. He's tall and lanky, with wild hair and no inhibitions.

Sam's co-workers saunter over.

RICKY

(British accent)

How'd it go, mate?

SAM

Mission accomplished.

JOE

Dude, you're the master.

SAM

(shrugs)

The adrenaline goes up, the panties go down. You get the Aston back here okay?

JOE

Yeah. You get those pics?

Sam removes a Kodak envelope from his pocket. Joe grabs the envelope and opens it.

Inside are various shots of the Blonde's bare feet, taken after she fell asleep. Joe stares at them and starts breathing hard, aroused.

JOE (CONT'D)

Damn these are good.

SAM

Joe, can you spare us the panting?

(Joe stops)

So who wants to be the agent next time?

JOE

Not me, I'm good with these.

(holds up a photo)

Wow, this one's going over my bed.

RICKY

What about your wife?

JOE

She'll learn to love it.

RICKY

Yeah - right after she murders you.

SAM

Ricky?

RICKY

No thanks, mate. I'm thrilled just being the gunman. The rush I get from holding that fake Uzi - it's better than sex. Besides, I don't need to dupe anyone to get laid. That's why I've got bitches.

SAM

You've got bitches?

RICKY

Tons of bitches.

SAM

Really. So how come I've never seen you with a bitch, let alone tons of bitches?

RICKY

Because my bitches are my business.

SAM

Uh-huh. Well I just thought I'd offer. I've been the spy three times now, I was starting to feel selfish. But going forward we really gotta up our game.

JOE

What do you mean?

SAM

I mean dumb college chicks haven't been a challenge at all.

RICKY

Sam, last night was an important milestone - your first blonde.

SAM

Yeah, a blonde I'm pretty sure I could've walked up to and said, 'Hi, I'm a Martian, wanna do it?' and gotten the same outcome. We need a better mark. Someone classy. Someone sophisticated.

JOE

Someone who knows that arms are guns, not severed limbs?

SAM

Exactly.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The place is a love letter to fictional espionage. Framed James Bond movie posters. John Le Carre novels. The *Bourne* Blue-Ray collection. Spy film memorabilia and gadgets.

Sam crouches in front of a big-screen TV. He grips a Playstation 3 controller, playing a first-person spy game.

On-screen, Sam's avatar is expertly POPPING bad guys with a sniper rifle.

INT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

MRS. DINKLE pulls a dish out of her oven and sets it on the stove. She's in her mid-60s and has a sweet, wholesome face. She picks up a cordless phone and hits SPEED DIAL.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Sam's home phone RINGS. He ignores it, too engrossed in his video game. After a few RINGS, the answering machine picks up.

SAM (V.O.)
Hi, you've reached Dinkle. Sam
Dinkle. Please leave a message.

BEEP.

MRS. DINKLE (V.O.)
Sammy, sweetie, it's Mom. Hey,
we're supposed to have dinner
tonight, so come over when you get
this message.

Sam sighs, setting down the Playstation controller.

MRS. DINKLE (V.O.)
Unless you're busy with a girl. Or
getting busy with a gir-

Sam cringes, snatching up the phone. The machine cuts off.

SAM
Mom, it's me!
(winces)
No, I'm not getting busy! I'll be
right over!

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A one-room apartment over a detached garage. Sam emerges from it, bounds down the stairs, and heads inside his mom's house.

EXT. PAINTBALL RANGE - DAY

A plastic white flag hangs from a pole, flapping in the breeze. Three young PAINTBALL GUARDS stand around it, their guns leveled. They eye the surrounding bushes and trees.

Joe and Ricky lie on the ground behind some bushes, clutching their paintball guns. Sam crawls up between them. All three of them are decked out in camouflage. They whisper:

RICKY
(to Sam)
All set, mate?

SAM
Roger that.

JOE
Sam, you sure you wanna capture?

SAM

Yeah, let's stick to the plan.

JOE

I just don't want a repeat of what happened last time.

RICKY

What happened last time?

JOE

Sam pussed out.

SAM

I told you, I didn't puss out! I had diarrhea! Can you please just focus? We go on three.

Sam grips one end of a cord that snakes through the grass. The other end is attached to the trigger of his paintball gun. The gun is tied to a tree fifty feet away, rigged to fire.

SAM (CONT'D)

One. Two. Three!

Sam yanks the cord, and his gun starts AUTO-BLASTING away.

The guards wheel toward the gunfire and begin SHOOTING back. Joe and Ricky rise from the opposite direction, FIRING at the vulnerable guards.

The first guard is TAGGED immediately and is out of the game. Then the second guard gets PELTED with paint - two down. The third guard is too quick - he dives behind a tree.

Still hiding behind the bushes is Sam, eyes wide and frozen. Joe glances down and realizes this, fuming.

JOE

Sam! Get the flag!

The third guard bolts out and FIRES. He HITS Ricky, who sighs.

RICKY

Bloody hell.

Sam continues to cower on the ground. Joe kicks Sam's legs.

JOE

Dammit, Sam, go!

Joe gets SHOT. He hurls down his gun, glaring at Sam.

JOE (CONT'D)

Dude! What the hell?

Sam finally snaps out of it, springing to his feet. He immediately gets NAILED with paint.

SAM

What?

JOE

Are you kidding me? You totally pussed out again!

SAM

No, I didn't! I had something in my eye!

JOE

Yeah - tears of shame because you know you pussed out again!

SAM

Whatever.

JOE

That's it! From now on I'm calling you Bambi.

RICKY

'Bambi?'

JOE

Because he's like a deer in headlights, every time.

RICKY

Joe, isn't that a tad harsh?

JOE

How is that harsh?

RICKY

Wasn't Bambi murdered or something?

JOE

That was Bambi's mom!

RICKY

Oh. Guess it's alright then.

SAM

It's not alright with me!

JOE
Then you shouldn't have pussed out,
Bambi!

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Sam trudges in. He tosses down his paintball gear and plops onto the couch. After a moment he reaches over to an end table and pulls out a couple of letters.

The first letter is from the "Federal Bureau of Investigation." It begins with:

"Dear Mr. Dinkle:

We regret to inform you that we are unable to offer you a spot in our upcoming academy. Our testing indicates that you lack the personality required..."

Sam glumly moves on to the second letter, which is from the "Central Intelligence Agency."

"Dear Mr. Dinkle:

We are sorry to inform you that you did not qualify..."

Sam drops the letters and shuffles over to his mini-fridge. He opens it and removes a huge tub of chocolate ice cream. Then he grabs a spoon and starts binge-eating it.

ANGLE ON the CIA letter lying on Sam's floor, with the famous CIA seal at the top...

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - TY'S OFFICE - DAY

...And MATCH-CUT to that same seal in an office wall frame.

TY BUNNER sits at his desk, talking on his cell phone. He's 45, fit, and friendly in a nerdy kind of way.

TY
Honey, Double D's are too big.

KATIE HOWELL appears in Ty's doorway, smartly-dressed, holding a notepad and pen. She's 28, beautiful, and the hardest-working person she knows.

TY (CONT'D)
Because you're a stay-at-home mom,
not a porn star.

Katie's eyes go wide. She KNOCKS on Ty's door. He glances up at her.

TY (CONT'D)

Honey, I gotta go. Love you.

Ty hangs up, sighing.

KATIE

You wanted to see me, Ty?

TY

Katie, yeah. Come on in.

She enters, sinking into a chair across from his desk. He gets up, closes the door, and sits.

TY (CONT'D)

How's life in Counter-Narcotics?

KATIE

Great, thanks. I just ID'd another red zone near Brownsville.

TY

Nice. Boy, we gotta keep plugging those leaks, huh? Gotta stop those pesky smugglers.

KATIE

You know it. How are things with you?

TY

Well if my wife would stop hounding me to buy her a Jenna Jameson boob job, I'd be great. But let's just forget about that.

KATIE

...I'll try.

TY

I wanted to ask you - are you still interested in field work?

Katie's face brightens.

KATIE

Yeah, very much so.

TY

Great. Then I've got your first assignment, if you want it.

KATIE

Really?

Ty sets a locked briefcase on his desk and slides it over to her.

TY

Yeah, and it's an easy one. All you have to do is run this case down to Houston tonight and drop it off with an agent there.

KATIE

I'm sorry - did you say 'tonight?'

TY

Yeah, and I'm sorry for the short notice. I was actually gonna deliver it myself - then I found out they're having some sort of emergency mandatory managers meeting.

(smiles)

Say that three times fast.

KATIE

No problem, I'd be happy to do it.

TY

Great. I knew I could count on you, Katie.

KATIE

Thanks. So what time's my flight?

TY

Actually, what's in the case is highly classified, so we can't have it going through airport security. I'll just call you a cab.

KATIE

Okay.

TY

Now the Houston agent you'll be meeting is John Doughraymie.

Katie starts taking notes.

TY (CONT'D)

John said he'll meet you at eight o'clock at some swank new bar called Rouge. He said he'll be sitting at the bar, dressed to the nines, drinking a Brass Monkey. You won't be able to miss him.

(MORE)

TY (CONT'D)

So just give him the case and catch
a cab back whenever.

KATIE

Sounds easy enou-

A LADY GAGA RINGTONE cuts her off. Ty grabs his cell phone,
sighing.

TY

Sorry, one second.

(answers)

Honey, I can't talk right-

(listens)

I don't care how good Double D's
look on Lindsay Lohan!

Katie bustles out with the case, escaping the boob
discussion.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam snores on the couch, hugging the empty ice cream tub.
Dried ice cream is smeared across his face. He slowly wakes
up, catching his reflection in a wall mirror.

SAM

(muttering)

Get a grip.

Sam stands and wipes his face with a towel. Then he grabs
his cell phone.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Joe sits with his two DAUGHTERS (ages 5 and 6), watching an
animated show on TV. His cell phone RINGS. He checks the
Caller ID and answers.

JOE

What's up, Bambi?

SAM

Look, I'm sorry about paintball,
alright? Now will you cut that
'Bambi' shit out already?

JOE

...I guess.

SAM

Thank you. So you up for another
covert op tonight?

JOE
 Sorry, dude. Sarah's doing her
 Girls' Night Out thing. I'm stuck
 with the kids.

SAM
 So bring 'em along. They can play
 new KGB recruits.

JOE
 (loudly)
 Hey girls, after this show, let's
 watch *Bambi*, okay?

GIRLS
 Yay!

Sam scowls and hangs up. He DIALS another number.

EXT. RICKY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - INTERCUT

Ricky relaxes alone in his Jacuzzi, wearing his Blue Tooth.
 His cell phone RINGS. He presses a button on his Blue Tooth.

RICKY
 Hallo?

SAM
 Ricky, it's Sam.

RICKY
 Sam-man! What's the word?

SAM
 You up for a two-man mission
 tonight?

RICKY
 Sorry, mate. I've made plans with
 my bitches.

SAM
 Shit. Guess I'm flying solo then.

RICKY
 I'll be bitches-free tomorrow
 night, if you can hold off until
 then.

Sam tightens his jaw. He clearly can't hold off until then.

EXT. HIGH ROLLERS - NIGHT

Sam now wears his tuxedo and has his hair slicked back. He exits the leasing office and locks the door. Then he glances around the lot. His eyes lock on something, and he smiles.

EXT. UPTOWN STREET - NIGHT

Sam CRUISES down the street in a yellow Porsche 911 Turbo.

EXT. ROUGE BAR - NIGHT

Red neon letters spell "ROUGE" on a sign out front. Sam pulls up in the Porsche. He stops next to a young Indian VALET GUY and lowers his window.

SAM

Excuse me. Is this still the hot new bar in town?

VALET GUY

Yes sir.

SAM

Great. Then let me ask you - what are the women like here?

VALET GUY

I see what you're getting at, sir, and you needn't worry. We get plenty of filthy skanks here.

SAM

'Skanks?' Actually, I was hoping the women were classy.

VALET GUY

My mistake, sir. But rest assured - we get plenty of classy ladies here as well.

SAM

Like how many, percentage-wise?

VALET GUY

Percentage-wise, I'd say we have a seventy-thirty ratio of classy ladies to filthy skanks, sir.

SAM

That's pretty good.

VALET GUY

Yes sir. Would you like me to take your car?

SAM

Thanks, but I'd rather park it myself.

VALET GUY

Sir, after that lady-to-skank ratio insight, you kind of owe me one.

SAM

(sighs)

Alright. I guess one time can't hurt.

Sam climbs out of the Porsche. The Valet Guy hands him a ticket.

INT. ROUGE BAR - NIGHT

Elegant MUSIC plays. Well-heeled PATRONS drink and mingle. Sam enters, looking a little intimidated. He approaches an ELDERLY BARTENDER.

ELDERLY BARTENDER

Good evening, sir. What can I get you?

Sam surveys the massive liquor selection behind the bar.

SAM

What's good here?

ELDERLY BARTENDER

Have you tried a Brass Monkey? It's a house specialty.

SAM

I haven't.

ELDERLY BARTENDER

Then that's what I'd recommend. They're quite good.

SAM

Yeah, but are they funky?

Sam grins. The Bartender eyes him, completely unamused.

SAM (CONT'D)
 You know, like the song?
 (sings)
 'Brass Monkey, Monkey, the...'

The Bartender stares him down. Sam trails off, meekly looking away.

SAM (CONT'D)
 One please.

EXT. ROUGE BAR - NIGHT

A yellow taxi pulls up to the entrance. Katie steps out, looking gorgeous in a black dress with a matching purse.

She leans into the cab, grabbing the briefcase. Then she checks her cell phone for the time - "7:58" - before turning it off.

Katie peers up front at the driver, AZIZ, 60, Arab, and husky.

KATIE
 Perfect timing, Aziz.

AZIZ
 It's a gift. Okay, so I'll gas up, go pee-pee, and be back for you in - what do you say, Katie - fifteen minutes?

KATIE
 Sounds good. This should be a quick meeting.

INT. ROUGE BAR - NIGHT

Katie enters with the briefcase, looking around. She spots Sam in his tuxedo sitting alone at the bar, sipping a tan-colored drink. Then she takes a deep breath and heads over.

KATIE
 Excuse me.

Sam turns to her. His eyes widen as he realizes how stunning she is. She smiles, pointing to his drink.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Hi. Is that a Brass Monkey?

Sam stares at her for a moment, then finally glances down at his drink. He looks back up at her, smiling.

SAM

It is. Can I buy you one?

KATIE

Well-

SAM

(to the Elderly Bartender)

Sir! Could you please bring the lady here a Brass Monkey?

The Bartender nods. Katie slides onto the bar stool next to Sam. She sets the case and her purse on the vacant stool on her other side.

KATIE

Thanks. It's nice to meet you.

SAM

You too.

(then)

So what do you do?

KATIE

At the CIA? I'm just an analyst right now. But I'm hoping to ditch the desk job and become a full-time agent like you.

Sam furrows his brow, confused.

SAM

Like me?

KATIE

Yeah, but in Dallas.

(then)

Well I guess I'd relocate if the assignments were better.

He stares at her, perplexed. She notices, suddenly self-conscious.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, I'm totally rambling here. This is my first field assignment. Can you tell?

SAM

Um...

Katie anxiously turns, grabs the briefcase, and turns back.

KATIE
Anyway, here's the case.

She offers it to Sam. He cautiously takes it.

SAM
What's in it?

KATIE
I don't know. All I know is it's
from our Dallas office.

SAM
The Dallas CIA office?

KATIE
Yeah. I was told you'd be
expecting it. Was that bad intel?

Sam studies her solemn expression. Then something occurs to him, and he smiles.

SAM
No. No, it's good intel.

The Bartender returns, setting down Katie's Brass Monkey.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hey, try your drink. I'm gonna run
to the restroom.

KATIE
Okay.

Sam moves away with the case. Katie sips her drink.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Sam enters with the case, pulling out his cell phone.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - INTERCUT

Ricky is shirtless and buff, filling a bucket with ice. His cell phone RINGS. He puts on his Blue Tooth receiver and answers.

RICKY
Hallo?

SAM
Hey, it's Sam. Can you talk?

RICKY

For a minute - my bitches are in the Jacuzzi. What's going on?

SAM

Man, you're not gonna believe this.

RICKY

(gasps)
You scored twins?

SAM

I wish. No, I was just sitting here at this bar, and this hot chick came up and started telling me she's a CIA analyst.

RICKY

Really?

SAM

Yeah! Can you believe she's trying to pull the spy scam on me?

RICKY

Wait - Sam, that doesn't make sense. Why would a chick do that?

SAM

I don't know. To get laid?

RICKY

Mate, she's a chick! She can get laid whenever she wants to. It's called having a vagina.

SAM

Maybe the spy thing's a turn-on for her. Foreplay. She's gotta be into it, she gave me a briefcase and everything.

RICKY

Props, huh? Nice. What's in it?

SAM

I don't know, it's locked. Probably just briefs or something. She looks like a lawyer.

RICKY

Yeah - that or a psycho chick with a briefcase bomb trying to murder your arse. You'd better look inside.

SAM
Yeah, okay.

RICKY
I have to go, my bitches are
waiting. But remember, Sam - you
wanna get blown, not blown up.

SAM
Amen to that.

INT. BAR AREA - NIGHT

Katie is still seated, drinking her half-empty Brass Monkey.

A WELL-DRESSED MAN in his 40s, with frosted hair and a mousy
face, walks up behind Katie. He looks her up and down with a
lascivious smile before speaking.

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Are you Katie?

She turns to him, surprised.

KATIE
Yeah?

WELL-DRESSED MAN
Sorry I'm late. John Doughraymie.

He offers a hand. She mechanically shakes it, her eyes
widening.

KATIE
You're John Doughraymie?

WELL-DRESSED MAN / DOUGHRAYMIE
Yeah. So you got my case?

KATIE
Actually, I, uh...

DOUGHRAYMIE
You, uh, what?

KATIE
I accidentally gave it to someone
else. Someone I thought was you.

Doughraymie's eyes flash anger. He scans the room.

DOUGHRAYMIE
Who? Where is he?

KATIE
In the bathroom.

He scowls at her, then moves toward the men's room. She stares after him, mortified.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - NIGHT

Sam is alone. He holds the briefcase on the sink counter with one hand. With the other he uses a skeleton key on his key ring to pick the lock.

The lock POPS open. Sam takes a deep breath.

SAM
Please don't be crazy.

Sam raises the lid and peers inside. He sighs in relief, since the only item in the case is a legal folder full of papers.

SAM (CONT'D)
Lawyer. Nailed it.

Sam casually flips through the folder. He suddenly freezes, realizing the word "CLASSIFIED" has been rubber-stamped on every document.

SAM (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

Loud MUSIC pours in as the restroom door opens. Sam spins to see Doughraymie enter. Doughraymie's eyes move from the open case up to Sam.

DOUGHRAYMIE
What you got there?

SAM
Me? Nothing.

Sam shuts the case. Doughraymie opens a maintenance closet and pulls out a mop. He slides it through the restroom door's handle, creating a make-shift lock.

Sam watches him, confused.

SAM (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Doughraymie turns to Sam, glaring at him.

DOUGHRAYMIE

Wondering who the hell you are and what the hell you're doing with my case.

SAM

...This is your case? Man, my bad. There's this chick out there who gave it to me-

DOUGHRAYMIE

So you just decided to keep it? Don't bullshit me. Who sent you?

SAM

(baffled)

Who sent me where?

Doughraymie whips out a gun and points it at him. Sam freaks out.

SAM (CONT'D)

Whoa! What the hell, man?

DOUGHRAYMIE

You play dumb with me again, and you and your little girlfriend are both dead! You got it?

Sam manages a nod, panic-stricken. He steps backward, trying to get away.

DOUGHRAYMIE (CONT'D)

Now you've got to the count of three to tell me who sent you, or you're a dead man. One...

Sam continues retreating toward the urinals. Doughraymie follows.

DOUGHRAYMIE (CONT'D)

...Two...

The back of Sam's right shoe suddenly rams into the wall - which triggers the knife to SPRING out the front of it. Sam is oblivious.

DOUGHRAYMIE (CONT'D)

...Thre-

Doughraymie cuts off, noticing Sam's shoe-knife.

DOUGHRAYMIE (CONT'D)

The hell is that?

Sam looks down and sees the knife. He pushes aside his panic long enough to kick out, stabbing Doughraymie in the left leg.

Doughraymie yelps, losing his balance. He falls forward, CRASHING into the urinal divider and knocking himself unconscious. Then he collapses onto the floor, dropping his gun.

Sam snatches up the gun and slips it into his jacket pocket. He pulls a paper towel from the dispenser and wipes the blood off his shoe-knife. Then he RETRACTS the knife back into his shoe.

Sam gazes down at Doughraymie, spying a wallet peeking out of his pants pocket. He grabs it and opens it. Inside he finds a Texas driver's license for "Griffin Davis" with a matching photo.

Doughraymie/Davis stirs. Sam gasps. He pockets the license and returns the wallet to Davis's pants. Then he snatches up the briefcase.

INT. BAR AREA - NIGHT

Sam hurries over to Katie with the case. She sees it and hops up from her stool.

KATIE

Give me that!

SAM

Take it!

He thrusts the case into her hands. She grabs hold of it, eyes wide.

KATIE

What the hell's going on?

SAM

You tell me! Some guy in the john just pulled a gun on me and threatened to kill us!

KATIE

What?

SAM

Yeah! I knocked him out, but we gotta get out of here! Now!

KATIE

No, you moron! That 'guy' is a CIA agent named John Doughraymie! And the only reason he pulled a gun on you is because you stole his case!

SAM

First of all, lady, I didn't steal shit! You gave me that case-

KATIE

Because you made me think-

SAM

And second, his name isn't 'John' anything! It's Griffin Davis!

KATIE

Bullshit!

Sam pulls out Davis's driver's license. He holds it out for her to see.

SAM

That look like 'bullshit' to you?

Katie snatches the ID from him. She stares at it, perplexed.

Sam notices Davis across the bar, hobbling out of the men's room. Davis glares at him, pulling a pistol out of his ankle holster.

SAM (CONT'D)

Shit, he's coming! And he's got another gun!

He freezes, panicking. She sees Davis approaching with the pistol and gasps.

KATIE

Okay, you win! Let's go!

Sam doesn't move. Katie tries tugging his arm, but he's dead weight. Finally she slaps him, which snaps him out of it.

SAM

What the-

KATIE

Now, you idiot!

They rush toward the exit, with Katie clutching the case and her purse.

EXT. ROUGE BAR - NIGHT

Katie and Sam dash outside. She frantically scans the area.

KATIE
(muttering)
Aziz, where are you?

Sam spots the Indian Valet Guy manning the valet stand.

SAM
Over here!

He leads her over. The Valet Guy eyes Katie, then smirks at Sam.

VALET GUY
Found yourself a classy lady, did you, sir?

SAM
No, listen-

VALET GUY
(confused)
A filthy skank then, sir?

SAM
Just get my car!

VALET GUY
Yes sir! May I have your ticket?

SAM
Oh, uh...
(searches his pockets)
Shit, I can't find it!
(gives up)
It's a yellow Porsche 911 Turbo!

The Valet Guy nods for a moment.

VALET GUY
Sir, I must have that ticket.

SAM
Dammit! This is why I don't valet-park!

Katie sees Aziz's taxi pulling up. She grabs Sam's arm.

KATIE
Come on, I have a cab!

Davis limps outside, clutching his pistol. He spies Sam and Katie darting toward the taxi. Aziz climbs out of it, smiling at her.

AZIZ

Katie, hey! Meeting go well?

BAM! A bullet WHIZZES right past Aziz's head. He screams girlishly and dives into the driver's seat. Sam and Katie jump in the back with the case and SLAM the door.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

KATIE

Aziz, drive!

Aziz bolts up in his seat as - BAM! - his window EXPLODES.

AZIZ

Shit! If I wanted to get shot at,
I would've just stayed in Baghdad!

SAM

Man, just shut up and drive!

AZIZ

Katie, I don't like this guy!

KATIE

Aziz! Shut up and drive!

Aziz glares at them in his rearview mirror. He throws it into "Drive" and SLAMS on the gas.

EXT. ROUGE BAR - NIGHT

The cab SPEEDS away from the bar.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Aziz drives wildly down a main street. Sam and Katie peer behind them.

AZIZ

Who was that maniac?

KATIE

We don't know!

AZIZ

Well if you see him again, tell him
he owes me a window!

SAM

You might be able to tell him
yourself.

AZIZ

How?

SAM

Because he's right behind us!

Sam points at the Lexus that is ZOOMING up behind them, with
Davis at the wheel.

I./E. DAVIS'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Davis scowls, steering with one hand and gripping his pistol
with the other. He LOWERS his window.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Aziz FLOORS it, watching the Lexus recede in his rearview
mirror.

AZIZ

It's okay. I don't think he can
catch us.

BAM! The cab's rear windshield SHATTERS. Sam and Katie duck
down in their seats. Aziz loses his cool.

AZIZ (CONT'D)

Oh my God, we're going to die!

EXT. INTERSECTION - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! Davis FIRES wild shots at them.

Aziz's taxi FLIES through a red light, nearly colliding with
several cars. Davis's Lexus BARRELS after them, dodging more
vehicles. Angry HONKS fill the air.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Aziz looks back, stunned that the Lexus is still right on
their tail.

AZIZ
Who the hell is this guy - Knight
Rider?

SAM
Knight Rider drove a Trans Am.

AZIZ
I know that! I was referring to
his superb driving skills!

SAM
Sorry.

AZIZ
(scoffs)
'Knight Rider drove a Trans Am.'

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Aziz's taxi WHIPS onto the road leading to a massive convention center. Davis's Lexus FISHTAILS but manages to follow them.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Katie looks around, noticing where they're at.

KATIE
A convention center? Why are we
here?

AZIZ
Why do you think?

Aziz points ahead. In the distance are dozens of yellow cabs like Aziz's, dropping off and picking up convention-center VISITORS.

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - NIGHT

Aziz's cab pulls into the throng of taxis. It weaves in and out of them, with Davis's Lexus in hot pursuit.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Suddenly Aziz yanks the wheel hard right. The cab ZIPS diagonally into a tight spot along the curb.

AZIZ

Get down!

Aziz, Sam, and Katie crouch in their seats.

Seconds later Davis in his Lexus BLOWS right past them, none the wiser.

After a moment the three of them sit up. They smile, relieved.

KATIE

Nice move, Aziz!

AZIZ

(smug)

It really was, wasn't it?

SAM

Man, that was some serious driving, Knight Rider!

AZIZ

Please. Knight Rider isn't fit to lick my balls.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aziz's taxi now CRUISES along at posted speeds.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Aziz drives, glancing at Sam and Katie in his rearview mirror.

AZIZ

So you don't know why he's after you?

KATIE

No. But somehow it's connected to the CIA.

AZIZ

(concerned)

Why would you think that?

KATIE

Because I'm with the CIA.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Aziz's cab suddenly SCREECHES to a halt.

I./E. AZIZ'S TAXI - NIGHT

Sam and Katie are thrown forward by the abrupt stop.

SAM

The hell?

AZIZ

Get out!

KATIE

Aziz, what's wrong?

AZIZ

Just because I'm not here legally doesn't mean you can send me back to that desert hellhole!

KATIE

Aziz, I'm with the CIA - not INS. I don't care if you're here illegally.

AZIZ

(softens)

You don't?

SAM

Yeah, you don't care that he's taking the job of some honest, hard-working American?

AZIZ

That's it! Both of you, out of my cab!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Katie climbs out of the cab with the case and her purse, fuming. Sam follows. With the back door still open, Aziz's taxi ACCELERATES away.

KATIE

Nice work, jackass.

SAM

Me? You're the one who works for the government and doesn't care about illegal immigration! Some patriot you are!

KATIE

(sighs)

So what now, Captain America?

Sam pulls out his cell phone.

SAM

I'll just call another cab.

KATIE

Why don't we call the police?

SAM

Are you kidding me? For all we know this guy's got dirty cops on his payroll. He's gotta be connected if he almost got his hands on this case.

KATIE

You mean like you?

SAM

You mean when you gave me classified intel without even asking for ID?

(then)

I'm Sam by the way. Sam Dinkle.

Katie looks away, annoyed. Sam DIALS "411" on his cell phone and waits.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

A few dozen CIA MANAGERS are seated, facing an empty stage.

In the back is Ty Bunner, Katie's supervisor. ED NELSON, Ty's boss, plops down next to him. Ed is 60, heavysset, and bears the face and demeanor of a bulldog.

TY

Ed, hey. Any idea what this is about?

ED

No clue.

A skinny EFFEMINATE MAN in his 40s walks out on stage. He moves to a live microphone, smiling.

EFFEMINATE MAN

Good evening, everyone. Sorry to keep you so late on a Friday night, especially when it's Dollar Wine-Cooler Night at LaBare.

(quickly covering)

Or so I've heard.

(clears his throat)

I'm Greg Cox, regional director of Human Resources. In light of several lawsuits filed today, the Agency has instructed HR to conduct an emergency management refresher course on sexual harassment in the workplace.

A collective GROAN goes out.

COX

Hey, how about a little can-do attitude here, people? We'll get started in just a minute, so if you need to tinkle, please do so now.

Cox exits the stage. Ed moans, looking heavenward.

ED

God, please, just kill me.

Ty's cell phone VIBRATES. He checks the Caller ID and looks at Ed.

TY

Speaking of praying for sweet death, it's my wife. Be right back.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ty paces, talking quietly on his cell phone.

TY

Asshole? What asshole?

EXT. PHARMACY - INTERCUT

Davis sits in his parked Lexus with his left leg up on the dashboard. He applies a bandage to the knife wound, barking into his cell phone.

DAVIS

I don't know! Some asshole who stabbed me with a knife that popped out of his shoe!

TY

...That's a new one. Then what happened?

DAVIS

Then we went back to his place and spooned. What the hell do you think happened? He got away with the case! And your chick!

TY

He took Katie hostage?

DAVIS

No! I mean she's with him.

TY

(confused)
Sexually?

DAVIS

What the hell's wrong with you? I mean she's on his side!

TY

(sighs)
I don't believe this.

DAVIS

Believe it, Ty! But what I wanna know is, what happened to 'Don't worry, Griff! Just pretend to be Doughraymie, take the case from her, don't try to bone her, and she won't be a problem!'

TY

She's still not a problem! Come on, Griff! This was the first time I've ever not delivered the case. Don't you think I would've planned for something like this?

EXT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam and Katie step out of another taxi. She holds the case and her purse, looking around.

KATIE
Nice place.

SAM
Actually, my place is around back.
And my landlord's kind of cranky,
so let's be really quiet, okay?

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam and Katie walk up the driveway toward his garage apartment. Suddenly the back porch light turns on.

SAM
(hushed)
Shit! Come on!

Sam sprints up the apartment stairs. Katie slows, eyeing the back door as it opens. Mrs. Dinkle appears, holding a UPS box.

MRS. DINKLE
Sammy, sweetie, you got a package!

SAM
Thanks, I'll get it later!

He fumbles with his keys, trying to unlock his door. Mrs. Dinkle starts back inside. She stops, noticing Katie.

MRS. DINKLE
Hello there.

KATIE
Hi.

MRS. DINKLE
Forgive me for asking, but are you
a prostitute?

KATIE
(stunned)
Excuse me?

SAM
No, she's not a prostitute!

MRS. DINKLE
I'm sorry. It's just been so long
since you brought a girl home, I
naturally assumed...

Sam sighs, bounding down the stairs. He grabs the package from his mom.

SAM
She's just a friend, alright?

MRS. DINKLE
Does this friend have a name?

KATIE
It's Katie.

MRS. DINKLE
It's nice to meet you, Katie. I'm
Sammy's mom.

Sam's face falls at "mom." The two women shake hands.

KATIE
Nice to meet you, too.

MRS. DINKLE
How do you know Sammy? You two
work together at the CIA?

Katie shoots Sam a quizzical look. He averts his eyes.

SAM
No, we just met.

MRS. DINKLE
(smirks)
That's my boy.

SAM
Mom, we're gonna go up to my
apartment to talk. Please don't
disturb us.

MRS. DINKLE
I can take a hint. It was a
pleasure meeting you, Katie.

KATIE
You too.

Sam and Katie ascend the stairs. Mrs. Dinkle watches them, smiling.

MRS. DINKLE
You two have fun up there!

Sam cringes, ducking into his apartment. Katie follows him.

MRS. DINKLE (CONT'D)
Don't forget to use protection!

The garage apartment door SLAMS shut.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie sets the case and her purse on Sam's desk, next to his laptop computer. She watches as he tears into his UPS package.

KATIE
Wow, your mom's... something else.

SAM
Now you know why my dad left.

KATIE
At least she cares about you. My mom dropped me off at an orphanage when I was a baby and never looked back.

SAM
I'm sorry.

KATIE
Thanks, but it turned out okay. I was adopted by a couple who were CIA agents, so I got to grow up seeing how exciting the Agency can be.

SAM
That's awesome. I wish my parents had been CIA agents. My mom stayed home, and my dad's a proctologist.

Katie smiles. Then she glances around, clocking Sam's espionage-themed decor.

KATIE
It's interesting what your mom said back there.

SAM
Sorry about that. Just ignore her - you really don't look that much like a prostitute.

Sam finally gets the UPS box open. He pulls out a new digital watch.

KATIE

Thanks - I think. Actually, I was referring to her saying you work for the CIA?

Sam looks away, racking his brain for a credible explanation. Then-

SAM

You know, this watch is kind of cool. It can-

KATIE

Sam? Why would she say that?

He puts on the watch, sighing heavily.

SAM

Because she's a little senile. What I told her is 'I like the NBA,' and from that she got 'I work for the CIA.' It's sad, really.

She nods, unconvinced. He quickly points to his laptop, hoping to change the subject.

SAM (CONT'D)

You wanna Google this Griffin Davis guy? See what we can find?

KATIE

Yeah.

INT. OLIVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TED OLIVER is 35 and the ultimate pretty boy. He sits on his designer sofa, watching a show on Lifetime and crying like a baby.

His cell phone RINGS. He mutes the TV and wipes his eyes. Then he checks the Caller ID and answers.

OLIVER

(tough-guy voice)
Yo dude, what up?

INT. DAVIS'S LEXUS - INTERCUT

Davis drives, talking on his cell phone.

DAVIS

What are you doing?

OLIVER
Just watching *Ice Road Truckers*.

DAVIS
Yeah right. I hear the emotion in your voice. What are you really watching - *The Real Housewives of Houston*?

OLIVER
No! They don't even have a Houston show.

DAVIS
You would know, pansy. Time to find your balls and man-up. I need your help with something.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie sits at Sam's desk, staring at his laptop screen. Sam hovers behind her.

KATIE
Oh my God.

SAM
What?

KATIE
(reading)
'Griffin Davis is a suspected member of El Pollo Loco.'

SAM
'The Crazy Chicken?'

KATIE
Yeah, they're a big Mexican cartel. Supposedly they got that name because when they started out, they were smuggling heroin in the colons of chickens.

SAM
Huh. I guess having heroin shoved up your ass would make you crazy.

KATIE
They must have intercepted the drop with the real Doughraymie so they could steal this intel. Whatever it is.

She gestures to the briefcase on the desk. He glances at it.

SAM

It's just a bunch of maps and stuff
marked 'Classified.'

KATIE

(alarmed)
You opened the case?

SAM

I had to make sure you weren't
trying to blow me up!

KATIE

Blow you up? Sam, if you thought
there might be a bomb in there, why
did you even take it?

SAM

I thought maybe you were pretending
to be a spy.

KATIE

Oh come on. What kind of loser
pretends to be a spy?

Sam flinches, stung. He shakes it off before she notices.

SAM

Look, how do you know this
Doughraymie guy's even real?

KATIE

Because my boss said he is.

SAM

And how do you know your boss isn't
in on this Crazy Chicken thing?

KATIE

Because I know Ty. There's no way
he's corrupt.

SAM

At least look in the case first.

Katie sighs, reluctantly POPPING open the case. She studies
its contents, her eyes widening.

KATIE

This is all my group's work.

SAM

There you go.

KATIE

Well no, this doesn't prove anything. Ty could just be sharing it with our Houston office.

SAM

Well there's this new invention - maybe you've heard of it - it's called 'email?' If your boss was on the up-and-up, why not send it electronically? Why fly you down here to deliver it?

KATIE

Actually, I took a cab. Ty said the case couldn't go through airport security.

SAM

Why not? It's just papers. They wouldn't have checked it - unless...

He suddenly grabs the case and turns it upside down. All of the documents spill out, scattering to the floor.

KATIE

(irritated)

What are you doing?

Sam peers into the case, not answering her. Katie huffs, collecting the papers off the floor. She inadvertently picks up his CIA rejection letter, adding it to her pile.

Sam feels around the case's lining. He stops, discovering a false bottom. Then he pulls it out, revealing an electronic panel with a flashing red light that's built into the case.

Katie turns back and sees it, gasping.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Is that a tracking device?

Sam nods, going into panic mode.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Shit!

INT. DAVIS'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Davis makes a turn, eyeing the GPS-tracking app on his cell phone. It shows that he's approaching a blinking red dot on a street-level map.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam stares at the flashing light, dazed. Katie suddenly hurls the papers into the case and SLAMS it shut. Sam snaps out of his stupor. He watches her jump up and grab the case.

KATIE

Let's go!

SAM

You're taking the case?

KATIE

We gotta lead 'em away from here -
your mom's in danger!

INT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Dinkle lounges in her garden tub, covered in bubbles. She watches soft-core cable porn on a small TV, smiling. The tub jets are RUNNING, creating a ton of noise.

EXT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Davis's Lexus pulls up to the curb, its headlights off.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie races down the stairs, lugging the case and her purse. Sam is right behind her.

KATIE

Where's your car?

SAM

At the bar!

KATIE

Shit!

(then)

What about your mom's car?

SAM

I don't have a key!

INT. DAVIS'S LEXUS - NIGHT

Davis sends a text, then sets his cell phone on the passenger seat. He pulls out his pistol and screws on a silencer.

INT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Sam rushes through the back door, with Katie at his heels.

SAM
(calling)
Mom?

INT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Dinkle still soaks with the jets ON, watching her skin flick. She can't hear anything.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam hurries in, listening. The JETS can faintly be heard. He turns to Katie.

SAM
She's in the tub.

Sam looks around. He spots his mom's purse on the counter, next to a flower vase. He moves to the purse and starts fishing through it for her keys.

THWAPP! The flower vase next to him EXPLODES. Shards of glass fly everywhere.

Sam and Katie duck, searching frantically for the shooter. They spot Davis through a front window, standing in the yard. He points his silenced pistol at them, sneering.

THWAPP! Davis FIRES again through the window. The bullet grazes Sam's ear, RICOCHETING off the refrigerator. Sam freaks out, diving to the floor. Katie crouches next to him.

KATIE
Does your mom have a gun?!

SAM
No!
(then)
In my jacket!

Katie reaches into his tuxedo jacket pocket. She pulls out the gun that Sam took from Davis at the bar.

Then she grabs Mrs. Dinkle's purse off the counter, dumping its contents onto the floor.

Katie scours through the purse items. She picks up a pink dildo, cringes, and flings it down. Finally, she locates a set of car keys.

KATIE

Let's go!

She grips Sam's arm, and they sprint out the back door.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Katie dashes to the side garage door, followed by Sam. She holds the keys, case, and purse in one hand and the gun in the other.

Katie opens the door and presses the garage door button on the wall just inside. The garage door begins to RISE, revealing Mrs. Dinkle's red Cadillac. She spins to Sam.

KATIE

Hop in!

THWAPP! THWAPP! Davis scampers up the driveway, FIRING silently at them. He misses both times, PINGING the rising garage door.

Katie grabs Sam, pulling him behind the low wooden fence that runs between the back door and the garage. Sam lies there, petrified.

Katie peeks through a crack between two fence boards. She sees Davis stealthily approaching, his pistol aimed. Then she jumps up and FIRES at him. BAM! Her shot goes wide.

THWAPP! Davis returns FIRE, barely missing Katie's head. She dives back down.

Katie takes a deep breath, recovering. She notices that Davis is nearing the back porch light. Katie aims the gun at the light and pulls the trigger.

BAM! The light SHATTERS, spraying bulb fragments all over Davis's head. He shields his face from the raining glass, covering his eyes.

Katie seizes her chance. She rushes over to Davis while he's distracted and clocks him in the head with the butt of the gun.

He collapses onto the driveway, unconscious, dropping his pistol. She snatches it up, then hurries back to Sam.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I got him!

Sam recovers his senses, getting to his feet. He sees Davis sprawled out on the concrete.

SAM

Nice job.

KATIE

Thanks, but somebody heard those shots. We gotta get out of here before the cops show up.

Sam nods, gesturing to Davis.

SAM

What about him?

KATIE

Is there somewhere we can interrogate him?

SAM

Yeah.

(thinks)

Let me grab a few things.

KATIE

Hurry.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Cox stands at the microphone, facing the crowd. A PowerPoint presentation shows on a screen behind him.

The current slide reads "Sexual Harassment." It features clip-art of a cartoon man grabbing a cartoon woman's behind.

COX

So what is sexual harassment?

(then)

Seriously, nobody told me. Does anyone know?

Cox laughs at his lame joke. Ty and Ed share a look of misery in the back.

INT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Where Sam and the Blonde were tied up in wicker chairs a couple of nights before.

The two chairs are still here, unoccupied. Davis lies on the dusty floor, conscious but dazed. Katie stands over Davis, still in her black dress, pointing his pistol at him.

Sam enters through the front door, gripping the briefcase and a duffel bag.

KATIE

All set?

SAM

Yeah.

(then)

Oh and here.

He pulls a pen-shaped metal object out of his bag and offers it to her. She takes it.

KATIE

What is it?

SAM

Just pull the cap if things go bad.

KATIE

...Okay.

SAM

Let's do this.

Sam sets the duffel bag and the case on one chair. Then he sits on the other, ready for the show.

Katie tucks the pen-shaped object behind her ear. She looks down at her captive.

KATIE

Okay, Davis. We're gonna ask you some questions, and you'd better give us answers - or else. First question: Are you a member of El Pollo Loco?

Davis just looks down at the floor. Katie fumes, aiming the gun at his head.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Answer or I'll shoot!

DAVIS
No you won't.

KATIE
What?!

DAVIS
You're not a killer. Neither one
of you are.

KATIE
How the hell would you-

SAM
Katie, he's right. We're not
killers.

Sam stands. Katie turns to him, stunned.

KATIE
You're taking his side?

SAM
No. What I'm taking is this
opportunity to do something I've
always wanted to do.

He peers down at Davis with a gleam in his eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)
Any chance you've seen the new
Casino Royale?

DAVIS
(gasps)
You don't mean-

SAM
Oh but I do. You see Davis, we're
not killers. But we are torturers.

Sam smirks. Davis gulps.

QUICK CUTS:

- Sam pulls a switchblade and a rope out of his duffel bag.
- Sam uses the knife to hollow out the seat of a wicker chair.
- Davis strips, furious, exposing his knife-wound bandage.

Davis now sits in the seat-less chair, naked and tied up, like in the torture scene from *Casino Royale* (his testicles hang through the chair's hole - unseen). He glares at Sam.

Katie hangs back, letting Sam take charge.

Sam crosses to the duffel bag, holding the pistol. He places it inside the bag, next to Davis's other gun. Then he grabs his replica Indiana Jones bullwhip and heads back to Davis.

SAM (CONT'D)

Alright, you know the drill. We're gonna ask you some questions. If you choose not to answer, or we don't believe your answer, you get a ball slap. Katie, I believe you had a question?

KATIE

Thanks.

(to Davis)

Are you a member of El Pollo Loco?

Davis stares down, defiant. Sam's eyes light up.

SAM

I was hoping that would be your answer. Allow me to reply.

Sam swings the bullwhip and nails Davis in the junk. Davis winces, groaning in pain.

KATIE

Are you a member of El Pollo Loco?!

DAVIS

(weakly)

Yes! Shit!

KATIE

How long has Ty Bunner been involved?

DAVIS

...Three years.

KATIE

Anyone else at the CIA?

DAVIS

...No.

KATIE

Any dirty cops on your payroll?

DAVIS

Some.

SAM

How often do you masturbate?

Katie shoots Sam an annoyed look.

DAVIS

Once a day. Twice when *Golden Girls* is on.

KATIE

(quietly to Sam)

What are you doing?

SAM

(quietly to Katie)

Making sure he's telling the truth.
And he's gotta be - nobody would
lie about jerking it to Bea Arthur.

Katie turns back to Davis.

KATIE

What's El Pollo Loco doing with
this intel?

Davis hesitates. Sam smiles, slowly bringing back the whip.

EXT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Davis lets out an agonized SCREAM, but there's nobody around to hear it.

PRE-LAP: A doorbell RINGS.

INT. MRS. DINKLE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

In her robe, Mrs. Dinkle approaches the front door, finding two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS standing on her porch. She opens the door, smiling.

MRS. DINKLE

Can I help you, officers?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Sorry to disturb you, ma'am, but do
you know anything about guns being
fired around here tonight?

MRS. DINKLE
No. I was taking a bubble bath,
watching a little Skinemax.

POLICE OFFICER #2
(winces, quickly)
Thanks, good night.

The officers hurry away. Mrs. Dinkle closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Mrs. Dinkle enters, discovering broken glass from the vase
and the contents of her purse scattered all over her floor.

MRS. DINKLE
What the...?
(calling)
Sammy!

INT. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION - NIGHT

Sam and Katie face Davis, who whimpers in his chair,
defeated.

DAVIS
We were using the intel to smuggle
shipments into Texas. Then my boss
realized we could make more money
if we auctioned it off.

KATIE
To who?

DAVIS
Cartels who need it more than we
do.

KATIE
Who's your boss?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tony Danza, beyotch.

They all turn and see Oliver standing at the front door. He
holds a gun in one hand and a Starbucks cup in the other.

Oliver paces toward them, his gun raised. Davis stares at
him, surprised.

DAVIS
How'd you find me?

OLIVER

You left your phone in your car,
and it had that GPS thingy on it.

DAVIS

Thank God, I've been in hell.

OLIVER

Gee, I wish I'd known - I wouldn't
have stopped at Starbucks for this
skinny soy latte.

(takes a sip)

Why are you naked?

DAVIS

Never mind! Just get my guns out
of that bag over there.

Oliver complies. Davis turns to Katie.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Hey, crazy bitch. Untie me. Now.

Katie shares a tense look with Sam. She reluctantly unties
Davis. He stands and picks up his boxers. Then he gingerly
slides them on, wincing.

Oliver returns to Davis, holding his guns.

OLIVER

What are you gonna tell Patricks?

DAVIS

Don't worry about it.

Davis grabs his pistol. He moves to the briefcase, picking
it up. Then he heads back to Sam and Katie, pointing the gun
at them.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

As much as I'd love payback for
this whole crotch-whacking, leg-
stabbing, concussion-inducing
night, there isn't time. So I'm
just gonna kill you and get going.

Katie looks at Sam for help, but he's paralyzed, a human
statue. Then she remembers the pen-shaped metal object that
Sam gave her, still tucked behind her ear.

Davis raises his pistol up to Sam's frozen face.

KATIE

Wait - before you shoot us, there's something you should know.

DAVIS

What?

She pulls the metal object from behind her ear, holding it up.

KATIE

You see this?

Davis rolls his eyes.

DAVIS

Yeah?

KATIE

Well-

Katie cuts off, yanking the cap off the object. Suddenly thick gray smoke SPEWS out of the object at an incredible rate. Davis and Oliver trade looks.

DAVIS

The hell is that?

Within seconds smoke has filled the room, enveloping the four of them. A dark haze covers everything, blinding us. We hear a few COUGHS, then the sound of a STRUGGLE.

OLIVER (O.S.)

Bitch, let go of my gun!

A moment passes.

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

Hey, Griff?

DAVIS (O.S.)

She got your gun?

OLIVER (O.S.)

...Yeah.

KATIE (O.S.)

Sam, get down!

Then we hear BAM! THWAPP! BAM! BAM! A few seconds pass. Then there's the sound of a car STARTING and SPEEDING away.

The smoke begins to dissipate, allowing us a little visibility. We see Katie at a window, pulling it open to air out the room.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Sam!

Sam looks up from his fetal position on the floor.

KATIE (CONT'D)

They're gone! And they've got the case!

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Cox is still on stage, mid-lecture.

COX

...Which is best illustrated with a little role-playing. Now I will play the secretary in this scenario. Who would like to play the boss who sexually harasses me?

The audience looks practically suicidal. Not one hand goes up.

In the back Ed and Ty are watching a VIDEO on Ed's Blackberry. Ty chuckles. Cox hears him, focusing on the two men.

COX (CONT'D)

You sir! With the Blackberry!

Ed looks up, bewildered. Cox sneers at him.

COX (CONT'D)

That's right. You just volunteered yourself. Get on up here.

Ed's face falls. He hands Ty his Blackberry, miserable.

ED

(quietly)

If this lasts more than five minutes, kill the lights.

TY

Will do.

Ed lumbers toward the stage. Ty glances down at Ed's Blackberry.

I./E. MRS. DINKLE'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Sam drives fast, peering at the cars they pass. Katie searches Google on her cell phone, her face tense.

SAM

Sorry, Katie, I don't see them.

KATIE

That's okay.

(then)

So that Starbucks douche said their boss's name is 'Patricks,' right?

SAM

Right.

Katie logs on to the "Houston County Tax Assessment" website.

KATIE

Let's see how many Houston homeowners have that last name.

She inputs the data, returning a list of local "Patricks."

KATIE (CONT'D)

Thirty-two.

(thinks)

Let's filter by home values greater than a million.

SAM

You think this guy's got that kind of jack?

KATIE

The American leader of a Mexican cartel? Easily.

SAM

(smiles)

Damn, I'm in the wrong line of work.

She ignores his remark, studying the search results.

KATIE

There's one - a 'Vance Patricks.'
I'll map us to his house, then I'll email Ed Nelson.

SAM

Who?

KATIE

Ty's boss. We're gonna need his help to get the case back.

SAM

You sure we can trust him?

KATIE

Davis said Ty's acting alone, which I believe. Besides, Ed's about as by-the-book as they come.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

On stage Ed stands behind Cox, who's bent over seductively. They both hold scripts. Ed consults his copy and cringes.

COX

(Southern belle accent)
'Mr. Jones, I really don't see your contact lens.'

ED

(pained)
'Keep looking, sugar buns.'

COX

'Sugar buns?' I do declare, Mr. Jones, you are flirting with me!

I./E. MRS. DINKLE'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Sam continues to drive. Katie checks her email.

SAM

What did you write?

KATIE

(reading)
'Dear Ed, Ty Bunner is corrupt. He's selling classified intel to El Pollo Loco, headed stateside by a guy named Vance Patricks. The guy helping me, Sam Dinkle, and I are headed to Patricks's house now. Local PD are compromised. Could you provide backup? Katie.'

SAM

Sounds good.

KATIE

He just wrote back!

(reading)

'Katie, great work. Can't talk now because Bunner is with me. Wait outside Patricks's house until backup arrives. Talk soon, Ed.'

SAM

Nice job.

KATIE

Thanks.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Ty grips Ed's Blackberry, changing the phone settings to "Delete on Mailbox and Handheld." He deletes Katie's email.

EXT. PATRICKS'S MANSION - NIGHT

An enormous structure set back from the road, surrounded by a high brick wall. An electric gate is the only entryway.

Sam drives his mom's Caddy past the gate, then pulls over.

I./E. MRS. DINKLE'S CADILLAC - NIGHT

Sam shuts off the engine. He glances over at Katie.

SAM

So now what? We just sit here and wait for the cavalry?

KATIE

Unless you wanna scale the wall.

SAM

Yeah, I say we wait.

(then)

You know, you've been pretty amazing tonight. Knocking out Davis? Grabbing the gun from that Starbucks guy? Awesome.

KATIE

Thanks, but it's no big deal.

SAM

'No big deal?' You only saved our lives! I could never do something like that.

KATIE

Sure you could, Sam. You were beating the hell out of Davis's junk back there.

SAM

Only because he was tied up. There wasn't any real pressure. But as soon as there is, I freeze up. It's how I've always been, even when I was a kid.

KATIE

Really?

SAM

Yeah. My mom had to home-school me until I was in junior high because I couldn't pee at school.

KATIE

Why not?

SAM

Because they only gave us two-minute bathroom breaks, and I couldn't perform at the urinal under that kind of time crunch.

KATIE

Couldn't you have asked your teacher for more time?

SAM

Yeah, I did. But then I felt pressure for being the weird kid who couldn't take a quick leak like everyone else.

KATIE

Vicious cycle.

SAM

Tell me about it. I keep hoping I'll grow out of it, but I never do. And now that I'm in my thirties, I guess I should just accept the fact I'm a natural-born wus.

KATIE

I don't buy that. I think you're only a wus because you feel like you've got something to lose. Like when you were a kid, you were worried about your reputation at school. And tonight, you were worried about, you know, getting shot. Dying a slow, painful death. Am I right?

SAM

I guess.

KATIE

So what you gotta do to beat this is convince yourself that none of it matters. Imagine you're already dead, that it's a hundred years from now and you're a rotting corpse. Maggot food.

SAM

That's kind of disgusting.

KATIE

Sorry. I was just trying to give you a visual.

SAM

Mission accomplished, I'm getting queasy over here.

KATIE

What a wus.

SAM

Hey now.
(smiles)
Thanks for the pep talk.

KATIE

Sure. You wanna know how I know you're not a natural-born wus?

SAM

How?

KATIE

Because you chose to come help me right now. And you didn't have to.

Sam smiles, realizing she's right. Suddenly there's a loud KNOCK.

SAM

Shit!

He jumps, spotting a handsome GUY IN A SUIT, 50s and barrel-chested, standing outside Katie's window.

GUY IN A SUIT

(through the glass)

Hey there. Bill Shutt, CIA. Ed Nelson sent me. Are you Katie?

Katie rolls down her window.

KATIE

Yeah, hi. Ed sent just you?

GUY IN A SUIT / SHUTT

Heavens no. I've got agents staked all along the perimeter of Patricks's property here.

KATIE

Great.

SHUTT

So just to confirm - these guys stole a case of CIA intel?

KATIE

Correct.

SHUTT

Are there any other units helping out on this raid?

KATIE

No, Ed's the only person I contacted.

SHUTT

And are the two of you armed, in case things get messy?

KATIE

I have this.

Katie pulls out Oliver's gun, holding it up.

SHUTT

Wow, that's a beauty. May I see it?

She offers the gun. He takes it, looking it over.

SHUTT (CONT'D)
 You know, Oliver told me you got
 his gun. But he didn't mention how
 pretty you are.

Shutt points the gun at them. Sam and Katie trade fearful
 looks. Shutt opens Katie's car door.

SHUTT (CONT'D)
 Vance Patricks. Welcome to my
 humble abode.

Shutt/Patricks steps aside, and Davis (now clothed) and
 Oliver appear. They force Sam and Katie out of the car.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Ed and Cox continue their scripted dramatization on stage.

COX
 (Southern belle accent)
 'Mr. Jones, you do know sexual
 harassment is a crime.'

ED
 'Virginia, I am truly sorry. I was
 wrong.'

COX
 (unscripted)
 I forgive you!

Cox gives Ed a passionate kiss on the lips. Ed is stunned.
 Cox faces the audience, smiling.

COX (CONT'D)
 How about a round of applause for
 him, ladies and gentlemen?

Weak APPLAUSE from the crowd. Ed hurries off the stage,
 returning to his seat. He glares at Ty.

ED
 What happened to you shutting off
 the lights?

TY
 Sorry, I was mesmerized by your
 performance.

ED
 Give me that!

He snatches his Blackberry away from Ty.

INT. PATRICKS'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Katie enter, looking terrified. Davis and Oliver follow, keeping their guns aimed at them. Patricks brings up the rear. Davis shoves Sam and Katie down hard onto a sofa.

Patricks' two muscle-bound bodyguards, BIG GOON and BIGGER GOON, pace in the background, keeping an eye on the premises.

PATRICKS

Forgive me for not offering you a tour of the place, but I'm a bit pressed for time. I've got an eleven a.m. meeting on my yacht in Galveston with the leader of El Banditos. That's the cartel that imports fifteen percent of America's cocaine each year. And thanks to your latest intel, Katie, that percentage is about to get even higher.

Katie stares daggers at him. He smugly smiles back. Then he removes a folded-up sheet of paper from his shirt pocket.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)

You know, I've been buying CIA intel for years, and this was the first time it came with a bonus.

Patricks unfolds the sheet of paper, chuckling to himself.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)

(reading)

'Dear Mr. Dinkle: We are sorry to inform you that you did not qualify for the Central Intelligence Agency's agent training program.'

Davis and Oliver snicker. Sam cringes. Katie's eyes widen. Patricks turns to Sam.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)

Davis here told me how you, him, and his testicles re-enacted part of *Casino Royale*. Which makes me wonder: is that what tonight's been for you - spy role-playing? A chance to live out your sad little fantasy?

Sam stares down, crushed. He says nothing.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)

Is that why you wear tuxedos to bars? And shoes with knives?

Patricks glances from Sam to Katie. Suddenly his eyes widen.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)

No, I get it. You're using this spy shtick to pick up chicks like Katie.

Sam lowers his head. Katie faces him, looking for an answer.

KATIE

Sam?

Sam starts to say something, then stops. She stares at him, fuming.

PATRICKS

If looks could kill, huh, Sam? Personally I admire your ambition. You and I are a lot alike. I'm a bit of a spy movie aficionado myself. You know which spy movie I really dig? *The Long Kiss Goodnight*. Remember that one, with Geena Davis back when she was hot? What a great flick. Shitty title, but a great flick.

Patricks shoots a knowing look at Davis and Oliver. Then he faces Sam.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)

You know which part I really like? When the bad guys lock Geena and her kid in that walk-in freezer, trying to turn them into human popsicles. Of course ol' Geena being a trained assassin, she manages to escape and save the day. But I don't think a CIA flunkie is gonna be able to pull that off.

Patricks nods to Davis, who yanks Sam up from the sofa.

SAM

What about Katie?!

PATRICKS

Sorry, lover boy. I promised her boss I'd let him deal with her in the morning.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The training is over. The crowd exits through the auditorium double-doors, looking weary. Ty and Ed emerge.

TY

See you Monday, Ed.

ED

If I've recovered.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ed relieves himself at a urinal, sighing. He pulls his Blackberry out of his shirt pocket, checking email as he pees.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(Southern belle accent)

Mr. Jones!

Ed startles, dropping his Blackberry. It falls into the urinal, getting soaked.

Ed turns, scowling at Cox, who has walked up behind him. Cox realizes what he's done.

COX

(timidly)

Oops.

INT. PATRICKS'S MANSION - KITCHEN - WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

Davis thrusts Sam into the freezer. He points his gun at him.

DAVIS

Normally I'd get back at you for stabbing me and pounding my balls. But seeing as how you're about to die, I'm not going to.

He suddenly knees Sam in the crotch. Sam crumples, grimacing.

He grabs the back of her head and pushes her face into the cloth. She slumps, unconscious. He lays her in the trunk.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Davis fastens a huge padlock onto the freezer door's lock. Patricks approaches with a trio of gorgeous European MODELS.

PATRICKS

All set?

DAVIS

Yeah, I cranked down the temperature. He'll be a corpse in fifteen minutes.

PATRICKS

Nice. You okay to drive? How's your nutsack?

DAVIS

On fire.

Patricks turns to one of the models.

PATRICKS

Natasha, could you please help out Mr. Davis? His genitals require your immediate attention.

DAVIS

I didn't know she was a nurse.

PATRICKS

She's not.

Patricks smiles. Davis grins. They share a quick high-five.

INT. DALLAS CIA BUILDING - ED'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ed sits at his desk, talking on his office phone. As he does, he pulls a new Blackberry out of a box.

ED

...Let's just say it got wet. I got a new one, I just need to activate it. Can you help me with that?

(listens)

Great. And can you load it with my email from the past week or so?

INT. PATRICKS'S MANSION - KITCHEN - WALK-IN FREEZER - NIGHT

Shivering, Sam presses his ear against the freezer door and listens. He removes his new digital watch and flips it over. Then he peels off a plastic film, making the back sticky.

Sam adheres the watch to the freezer door. Then he PUNCHES a few digits into its face, creating a five-second COUNTDOWN.

He dives back behind a cart loaded with frozen steaks. A moment later there is a loud EXPLOSION and a flash of light.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam emerges, still trembling. He grabs a knife from a cutlery set and cautiously peers into the adjoining rooms.

Sam finally realizes that everyone's gone. He sets the knife on the counter and starts looking through drawers.

He locates his cell phone and keys in one drawer and pockets them. Then he finds spoons in another drawer and grabs one.

Sam disappears back into the walk-in freezer and reappears a moment later with a huge tub of ice cream. He sits at the table, pulls off the tub's lid, and starts binge-eating it.

SAM'S INNER VOICE (V.O.)

(sarcastic)

Man, you are so screwed.

(upbeat)

No, you're not, Sam! Remember what Katie said? Stop caring so much!

(sarcastic)

Oh yeah. Just stop caring and your dumb ass will magically be able to defeat drug dealers, rescue the chick, and save the CIA intel.

Give me a freaking break already.

(upbeat)

Sam, don't listen to that asshole! Come on, buddy, just give it your best shot! And if you can't do it - who cares? You're gonna be maggot food one day anyway, right?

Inspired, Sam puts down the ice cream and hops to his feet.

INT. ENTRYWAY - NIGHT

Sam studies the alarm system panel, holding a cordless phone.

ALARM SYSTEM OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Thank you for calling Ironclad
 Security, Mr. Patricks. This is
 Carol. How can I assist you?

SAM
 Hi, Carol. I got a new cell phone
 recently, and I don't remember if I
 called and gave you guys my new
 number. Could you please tell me
 what cell number you have on file?

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Sam scans the framed photos on Patricks's desk. Patricks
 with some models. Patricks with some thugs. Patricks on a
 mega yacht, its side emblazoned with the name "THE VANCE."

SAM
 'The Vance?' What a tool.

Sam opens a desk drawer and starts digging through papers.

EXT. RICKY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam ZOOMS up onto the driveway in his mom's Cadillac. He
 races to the door and KNOCKS. Ricky opens it, shirtless.

RICKY
 Sam! You struck out, mate?

SAM
 Man, I wish not getting any was my
 only problem. Can I come in?

RICKY
 Yeah, for a minute. My bitches are
 on a food run to Taco Cabana.

SAM
 Sorry, but this is gonna take
 longer than a minute. And can you
 call Joe? I couldn't reach him,
 and we're gonna need his help.

RICKY
 With what?

SAM
 With pulling the mother of all cons
 on some hard-core drug smugglers.

Sam heads inside. Ricky just stands there, dumbfounded.

INT. RICKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ricky and Joe sit, sipping beers. They stare skeptically at Sam.

RICKY
You're not pulling our leg?

SAM
No!

JOE
And why can't we call the cops?

SAM
Because some of them work for
Davis!

RICKY
Who's 'Davis?' Is that the chap
whose chestnuts you roasted?

SAM
Yes! Guys, I know this sounds like
bullshit. But it's true. And
right now the life of this Katie
chick and some classified intel are
in our hands.

Ricky fiddles with his cell phone. Joe gulps his beer and sighs.

JOE
I knew karma was gonna bite us in
the ass for this.

SAM
For what?

JOE
For you conning all these women
into the sack!

SAM
Me? What about you and all your
foot photos?

JOE

I think there's a pretty big difference between me looking at their feet and you playing hide the salami with them!

SAM

(sighs)

I never did anything with them. I felt too guilty.

JOE

Whatever, dude!

SAM

Joe, I'm serious, man. For me it was never about getting laid. I just wanted to feel like a spy. And I played along because I didn't want you guys to think I was lame.

JOE

You're saying you never slept with any of the women we scammed?

SAM

That's what I'm saying.

JOE

...So you're gay.

Sam sighs, exasperated. He faces Ricky, who shakes his head.

RICKY

Mate, don't be looking to me for support. That was some serious talent we snagged, and you didn't take advantage? Sam, that's a direct violation of Man Code.

SAM

'Man Code?' What about Gentleman Code, where nice guys don't dupe women into putting out?

RICKY

...Yeah, I guess I can buy that. Okay, so listen -

(taps his cell phone)

It says El Banditos is led by some crazy killer named Felix Alvaron.

(MORE)

RICKY (CONT'D)

And all the members of El Banditos have beards, wear red bandanas like pirates, and, seeing as how they're from Mexico, habla Espanol. Either of you guys speak Spanish? I don't.

SAM

No.

JOE

A little.

RICKY

(to Joe)

Looks like you're it then.

JOE

Whoa, wait a second! I don't even know if I can do this.

SAM

Don't puss out on us now, Bambi.

JOE

I'm not pussing out! But come on, guys! This isn't dumb college chicks we're talking about here. These are drug dealers. And kidnapers. With guns. How are the three of us gonna pull off a scam without getting killed?

SAM

Because I've got a plan. Okay, so first-

Suddenly Ricky's front door opens, and five HOT WOMEN carrying Taco Cabana bags strut in. Ricky beams. Sam and Joe stare.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hi.

WOMAN #1

Yeah.

WOMAN #2

Whatever.

WOMAN #3

Piss off.

Ricky nods. The women walk on, disappearing into the kitchen.

SAM
Wow, they really are bitches.

RICKY
Right?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ricky, Sam, and Joe stand over the large chest next to Ricky's bed. Ricky looks less than pleased.

SAM
This thing's perfect.

RICKY
Fine, empty it out. But please be gentle. They're my most prized possessions.

Sam and Joe each pick up an end of the chest and tilt it toward the bed. A thousand sealed condoms rain down onto it.

SAM
Great. Now all we need is my grappling hook, thermal imaging camera, wetsuit, and some rope. Oh and a pack of cigarettes.

JOE
Okay, McGyver.

INT. RICKY'S FIREBIRD - DAY

The next morning. Ricky drives, upbeat. Joe rides shotgun, looking glum. Sam's in the back, DIALING a number off a calling card.

JOE
This is the worst plan we've ever come up with. And we've come up with some pretty shitty plans.

RICKY
Joe, will you lighten up, mate?

SAM
Alright, I got it.

Sam hands Joe his cell phone. Joe puts it up to his ear, sighing.

JOE
You're sure it'll look like I'm
calling from Mexico?

SAM
Yeah. Pretty sure.

JOE
(alarmed)
'Pretty sure!' What the hel-
(Mexican accent)
Hola! Senor Patricks, por favor.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - MASSAGE ROOM - INTERCUT

Patricks lies on a massage table, naked except for a towel covering his butt. He talks on his cell phone while a buff MALE MASSEUSE stands next to him, working his back muscles.

PATRICKS
Speaking.

JOE
Senor Patricks! Como estas? This
is Jorge with El Banditos. I am an
associate of Senor Alvaron.

PATRICKS
Hey. We're still meeting, right?

JOE
Si. Unfortunately Senor Alvaron is
very ill and cannot make it. So I
will attend in his place.

PATRICKS
Sorry to hear that. What's the
matter with him?

Joe spins to Ricky and Sam - they didn't plan for this.

JOE
He's, uh, not feeling well.

PATRICKS
But why? Does he have a virus?

JOE
Si, a virus. HIV.

Ricky and Sam stare at Joe, incredulous. Joe winces.

PATRICKS
(surprised)
'HIV?'

JOE
No! Hopefully not. We are awaiting the test results. But he has slept with many hookers. Dirty ones. Anyway, given the circumstances, and considering our long-term partnership, would it be possible for us to pay for the package next time we meet, instead of this time?

PATRICKS
Yeah, but the juice will start running. Ten G's a week.

JOE
Gracias. One other request - would it be possible for us to meet at ten o'clock, instead of eleven?

PATRICKS
Fine, see you then.

JOE
Adios.

Joe ends the call and flings the phone into the back seat.

JOE (CONT'D)
I can't believe I agreed to this shit. Sam, if we live, you owe me, dude. You owe me big time.

SAM
Wanna borrow my motorcycle?

JOE
A lot bigger than that!

SAM
How about my Playstation 3?

JOE
Okay, now you're talking.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - MASSAGE ROOM - DAY

Patricks sets his phone next to him. Suddenly the Male Masseuse moves his hands lower, going under Patricks's towel.

Patricks springs up from the table, clutching the towel around his waist, glaring at the Male Masseuse.

PATRICKS

What did I tell you about massaging me down there?!

MALE MASSEUSE

But you carry a lot of tension in your buttocks, sir.

Furious, Patricks flings the towel around the Masseuse's neck and quickly **CHOKES** the life out of him. His dead body slumps to the floor. Patricks picks up his phone and makes a **CALL**.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - MAIN DECK - INTERCUT

Oliver sits on a yoga mat, his eyes closed, doing breathing exercises. His cell phone **RINGS**. He grimaces and answers.

OLIVER

Yes sir?

PATRICKS

Clean-up in the massage room.

OLIVER

(sighs)

What was wrong with this one?

PATRICKS

He grabbed my ass!

OLIVER

You know, some places make you pay extra for that.

PATRICKS

(winces)

Just get down here!

EXT. GALVESTON LUXURY BOAT RENTALS - DAY

Ricky, Sam, and Joe pull up in the Firebird. Behind them dozens of high-end boats are docked, bobbing in the water.

INT. GALVESTON LUXURY BOAT RENTALS - DAY

The guys enter and approach an ELDERLY CLERK, who smiles at them. They smile back, trying to appear relaxed.

ELDERLY CLERK
Morning. How can I help you?

SAM
Hi, we'd like to rent the fastest speedboat you've got.

Joe picks up a boat rental brochure. He starts skimming it.

ELDERLY CLERK
For how long?

SAM
Just a few hours. Honestly, we're just trying to impress some ladies. You know how it is.

ELDERLY CLERK
(grins)
Boy, do I. So you fellas planning to take a few honeys out for a quiet morning on the water?

SAM
Exactly.

ELDERLY CLERK
That sounds real nice.

Joe looks up at the Clerk, pointing to the brochure.

JOE
Quick question - does this boat insurance cover damage by gunfire?

The Elderly Clerk stares at Joe, taken aback.

JOE (CONT'D)
Just hypothetically.

EXT. TANNING SALON - DAY

Sam, Ricky, and Joe hop out of Ricky's car and head inside.

INT. TANNING SALON - SPRAY ROOM - DAY

Ricky and Joe are nude, getting sprayed by a tanning machine.

JOE
I can't believe we're doing this
shit and Sam isn't.

RICKY
Trust me - his part in this is
gonna be really hard.
(glances down at Joe)
Speaking of, mate, what the hell?

JOE
Dude, it's cold in here!

EXT. COSTUME SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Ricky's Firebird pulls into the mostly vacant parking lot.

INT. COSTUME SUPPLY STORE - DAY

Ricky and Joe emerge from adjacent dressing rooms. They now
have bronzed skin, thick beards, red bandanas, and
sunglasses. Sam looks on, smiling.

SAM
Man, you guys look great. You
could really pass for Mexicans.

RICKY
Muchas gracias, mi amigo!

EXT. GALVESTON LUXURY BOAT RENTALS - BOAT LAUNCH - DAY

Ricky and Joe are still incognito; Sam is in regular clothes.

Ricky and Sam carry Ricky's chest onto the speedboat and set
it down. Then Ricky gets behind the wheel and STARTS the
engine.

SAM
Make sure you circle wide. It's
gotta look convincing.

RICKY
Aye-aye, Cap'n.

SAM
And don't forget - the real El
Banditos will be here in an hour.
So let's get in and get out, huh?

The boat ZIPS away from the Galveston coast toward Mexico.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - DAY

"The Vance," a multi-million-dollar, massive luxury yacht, bobs along the shore, docked at its own private pier.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The two heavies from Patricks's house, Big Goon and Bigger Goon, stand at opposite ends of the sprawling main deck. They keep a lookout both toward the shore and the Gulf.

Patricks, Oliver, and Davis recline in lounge chairs, wearing shades. They watch two of the three models swim in the pool.

Oliver reaches over and picks up binoculars. Davis notices.

DAVIS

Going in for a better look, huh?

OLIVER

Actually, I'm gonna check and see if the Banditos are getting close.

DAVIS

Yeah, you would rather scope out dudes than hot chicks.

OLIVER

Whatever.

DAVIS

Good one.

Oliver turns toward the Gulf and peers through the binoculars. He spies Sam's boat approaching. Ricky and Joe can clearly be seen, but there's no sign of Sam.

Oliver turns to Patricks.

OLIVER

Sir, they're almost here.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - STATEROOM - DAY

In the bowels of the yacht, Katie lies on the floor, gagged and bound.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - PIER - DAY

Patricks, Oliver, and Davis linger at the pier as Sam's boat arrives. Joe and Ricky step out, slipping into Mexican mode.

JOE
 (Mexican accent)
 Senors! I am Jorge. Comment esta?

PATRICKS
 Bien. Welcome to Galveston, Jorge.
 Vance Patricks. Nice to meet you.

He offers a hand. Joe shakes it. Patricks squints at him.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)
 You sure you're Mexican?

Joe freezes. Time stands still. He forces a smile.

JOE
 Si. Born and raised in Juarez.

PATRICKS
 I just meant you've got quite a
 handshake. Firm, like a Texan's.

Joe quickly points to Ricky, desperate to change the subject.

JOE
 This is my associate, Juan.

RICKY
 (Mexican accent)
 Buenos dias.

PATRICKS
 Pleasure to meet you, Juan.

Ricky and Patricks shake. Then Patricks gestures to Oliver.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)
 Oliver here's gonna frisk you. If
 he gets too grabby, let me know.

Oliver shoots Patricks an angry look. Davis stifles a laugh.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The two European models towel off as the men approach the Big
 Goon standing guard. Patricks points toward an indoor salon.

PATRICKS
 Why don't we get out of this heat?

JOE
 Muchas gracias.

EXT. PIER - DAY

On Sam's boat, which is tied to the pier, the lid to Ricky's chest rises. Sam peeks out, his face barely exposed.

SAM
(chanting)
You can do this. You can do this.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Ricky pulls out a pack of cigarettes. He puts one to his lips as he passes the Big Goon, who is intently peering out toward the water. Ricky pats himself down, then turns to the Goon.

RICKY
Excuse me. Do you have a light?

The Goon looks at Ricky, breaking his eye lock on the water.

BIG GOON
Sorry.

EXT. PIER - DAY

During the diversion, Sam leaps out of the chest in a wetsuit. He dives into the water, disappearing beneath its surface.

EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Ricky smiles at the Big Goon.

RICKY
No problemo. I should quit anyway.

The Goon resumes his watch. Ricky pockets the cigarettes and joins the others inside.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - SALON - DAY

The yacht equivalent of a living room. There are couches, tables, and plasma TVs on every wall, showing pro sports.

Ricky and Joe sit at a table with Patricks. Oliver and Davis stand behind Patricks, their guns tucked into their pants.

The two models enter. They cross to some couches, where their purses lie. Then they sit and start chatting between themselves.

Patricks signals a young WAITER, who quickly approaches the table.

PATRICKS
A bottle of Cristal.

WAITER
Yes sir.

The Waiter hurries away. Patricks smiles at Ricky and Joe.

PATRICKS
You fellas like Cristal?

JOE
Si, it's very good.

PATRICKS
I know it's early to be drinking,
but to be honest, I've got kind of
a weakness for the stuff.

The models remove nail polish from their purses. They start applying it to their toes. Joe stares at them, trance-like.

JOE
'Weakness,' huh?

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - GULF - DAY

Sam surfaces on the opposite end of the yacht, gasping for air. He treads water with one arm. With the other he unties the rope and grappling hook from around his waist.

Sam leans back and hurls the grappling hook, which flies over the balcony of an upper deck of the yacht and catches.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - SALON - DAY

The Waiter pours Cristal into their glasses. Joe steals glances at the models' feet as they paint their toenails. Patricks turns to Joe.

PATRICKS
So has business been good?

Joe doesn't hear him. Ricky nudges him. Joe glances up, oblivious.

JOE

Si.

PATRICKS

Glad to hear it. We've been doing pretty well ourselves. Americans certainly love their drugs, don't they?

But again Joe isn't listening. Ricky fumes, elbowing him hard.

JOE

Si! Si!

INT. LOWER DECK - CORRIDOR - DAY

A series of windowless doors line both sides of the corridor.

Sam strips out of his wetsuit, uncovering his shirt, shorts, and bare feet - as well as the thermal imaging camera dangling from his neck. He raises it to his eyes.

Through the camera, Sam surveys the rooms, looking for people's heat signatures. Down the hall he spots one - for the third European model, who's lathering up in the shower.

SAM

Whoa mama.

The camera continues on but finds no other heat signatures on this deck. Then the camera tilts upward, and Sam finds another heat signature above him - one lying on the floor.

SAM (CONT'D)

Jackpot.

Sam lowers the camera and starts moving toward a stairwell. Then he spins and quickly raises the camera back to his eyes.

Through the camera, Sam gives the third model one last look.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - SALON - DAY

Joe keeps staring at the two models. Patricks turns to Ricky.

PATRICKS

Your amigo seems a little preoccupied with my lady friends.

RICKY
 (awkwardly)
 He just likes women.

PATRICKS
 Well I can't fault him for that.
 (then)
 Juan, while we've got a second, let me ask you something. I've been trying to learn Spanish, and one of my colleagues and I were debating the other day how to say, 'I'm gonna blow your head off, you lying rat bastard.' So tell me, what's the proper way of saying that?

Ricky squirms anxiously. He eyes Joe, who is still distracted.

RICKY
 Well uh...

PATRICKS
 Not the whole thing. Just 'rat bastard.' What's that in Spanish?

RICKY
 Okay. Let me see...

Ricky grimaces, trying to appear contemplative, not panicked.

RICKY (CONT'D)
 So that would be...

JOE
 La rata bastarda.

Ricky and Patricks turn to Joe, who smiles at them. Ricky glances over at the models and sees that they're leaving. He sighs, relieved.

PATRICKS
 Thanks.

JOE
 De nada.

Davis's cell phone RINGS. He quickly heads for the exit.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - MAIN DECK - DAY

Davis appears outside. He answers his RINGING cell phone.

DAVIS
Hey, where are you?

EXT. PRIVATE DOCK - PARKING LOT - INTERCUT

Ty Bunner gets out of his Toyota Prius while talking on his cell.

TY
I just got here- Ah, hold on.
(takes the waiting call)
Honey, I can't talk-
(listens)
No, breast implants only! I'm not
buying you new butt cheeks!

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - UPPER DECK - CORRIDOR - DAY

Sam emerges from the stairwell and moves down the passageway. Suddenly he hears VOICES coming from around the corner ahead. He quickly opens the door to a linen closet and hides inside.

Approaching right after are Davis and Ty, who stop outside a door.

DAVIS
This is it. Give me a call once
it's taken care of.

TY
Will do, thanks.

Davis leaves. Ty steps into the room and closes the door.

INT. STATEROOM - DAY

Ty kneels beside Katie and removes the gag from her mouth.

TY
Hey there, kiddo. How are you?

KATIE
How am I? I'm being held hostage
by drug dealers who promise they're
gonna kill me. And my boss is a
traitor who's been selling my work
to the enemy. Gee, I'm just swell,
Ty. How are you?

TY
Great. Thanks for asking.

KATIE

How could you do it, Ty? How could you betray your country?

TY

Actually, it was really easy. They were like, 'Here's a big pile of cash in exchange for some intel,' and I was like, 'Say no more!'

KATIE

And here I thought you were an honest, decent person.

TY

Really? Talk about a bad judge of character.

KATIE

So what now? You're gonna kill me?

TY

Of course not, Katie. I may be a criminal, but I'm not a killer.

KATIE

Then what's the plan?

TY

Well that depends. I've been thinking a lot about how you and I could get past all this mess. And then it hit me - Ethan Hawke.

KATIE

Ethan Hawke hit you?

TY

No, Ethan Hawke in *Training Day*. You remember when Denzel and his crew stole the four million bucks that was buried in Roger's kitchen, and they wanted Ethan to take his cut of the money so they knew they could trust him?

KATIE

Yeah. So?

TY

So...

Ty pulls a bundle of hundred-dollar bills from his pocket.

TY (CONT'D)
 ...You ready to join the crew?

Katie stares at the money for a moment. Then she faces her boss.

KATIE
 And if I'm not?

Ty sighs, pulling a gun from his waistband. Her eyes widen.

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE KATIE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Sam silently turns the doorknob and peeks through the crack. He sees Katie tied up on the floor, then Ty, holding the gun.

SAM
 (under his breath)
 Shit.

Sam closes his eyes, trying to stave off a panic attack.

SAM (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 Maggot food. Maggot food.

INT. SALON - DAY

Davis carries the briefcase over to Patricks, who sets it on the table. Then Patricks POPS it open, smiling at Ricky and Joe.

PATRICKS
 And now for the main attraction.

INT. STATEROOM - DAY

Ty holds the cash bundle in one hand, the gun in the other.

TY
 What's it gonna be, Katie? I've gotta go talk my wife out of wanting J-Lo's ass, so I can't spend all day-

Suddenly Sam charges in. He slams his thermal imaging camera into the back of Ty's head. Ty collapses onto the floor, out cold, dropping the cash and gun. Katie looks at Sam, stunned.

KATIE
 Sam! What are you doing here?

SAM

Just shopping for yachts. What do you think I'm doing here? I'm here to rescue you!

KATIE

I'm just surprised you found the time, what with all the other women you need to seduce with your scams.

SAM

Katie, it's not like that, okay? I'm a wannabe CIA agent, not some asshole trying to put the moves on attractive women like you. But I'm sorry for not being honest.

KATIE

Well... okay, since you said I was attractive. Could you please untie me?

INT. SALON - DAY

The case lies open on the table in front of Joe and Ricky. They sort through its contents, nodding, feigning interest.

JOE

Some great intel here.

PATRICKS

Glad you think so.

(then)

What in particular?

Joe and Ricky trade a quick, nervous look.

JOE

The maps.

PATRICKS

The maps are good. What else?

INT. STATEROOM - DAY

Katie is now untied. Her ropes have been used to bind Ty, who lies unconscious. Sam inspects his camera.

SAM

Dammit, I think this thing's broken. And it cost a fortune.

Katie grabs Ty's gun and cell phone. She picks up the bundle of cash.

KATIE

Think this will cover it?

She tosses the money bundle to him. He catches it, smiling. Then he eyes the bed and starts dragging Ty's body toward it.

INT. SALON - DAY

Joe squirms while Ricky's cell phone BUZZES. He checks it under the table. It's a text from Sam - "Got the package."

JOE

...I also like the terrific analysis here. And the font. Arial. Very easy on the eyes-

RICKY

Senor Patricks, muchas gracias for the intel. But we must be going.

Ricky stands and starts shoving all the papers into the case.

PATRICKS

Leaving so soon? I was gonna give you a tour of the yacht.

RICKY

Gracias. But another time. I am afraid we must head back now.

JOE

Si. We have that thing.

RICKY

Si, that thing.

PATRICKS

What 'thing?'

Joe and Ricky blurt out the first thought that comes to them:

RICKY

Drive-by shooting.

JOE

Birthday party.

Patricks stares at them. Davis and Oliver exchange looks.

RICKY

Actually, it's a drive-by shooting at a birthday party.

JOE
Yeah, we'll hit them right when
they're singing 'Happy Birthday.'

PATRICKS
Damn, that's cold-blooded.
(grins)
No wonder I like it!

They all stand, laughing. Davis checks his watch and exits.

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE KATIE'S STATEROOM - DAY

Sam peeks out the door, then turns back to Katie. They
whisper.

SAM
The coast is clear.

KATIE
So which way?

SAM
Right, then down the stairs. Then
we'll dive into the water and swim
out as far as we can. Joe and
Ricky will come by and pick us up.

KATIE
Sounds easy en-

Suddenly they hear someone approaching, CLEARING his throat.

Their eyes widen, but Sam stays calm. He ushers Katie out
and closes the door to the stateroom. Then he whisks her
into the room across the hall and shuts the door.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - DAY

A pool table sits in the middle of the room. A rack of pool
cues hangs on the wall. Sam crouches and peers through the
crack under the door. He spies Davis outside the stateroom.

DAVIS
Ty, you about done in there?
(then)
Dude, how long does it take you to
shoot someone? It's easy... Bam!
(sighs)
Alright, I'm coming in. You better
not be naked.

Davis opens the door. He steps inside, looking around.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

Ty?

Katie leans toward Sam. They continue to speak in a whisper.

KATIE

What's going on?

SAM

He's looking for Ty.

Sam looks again. Davis is now fiddling with his cell phone.

KATIE

What's he doing now?

SAM

Now he's...

(realizes)

Oh shit! Where's Ty's phone?

Sam jumps up as Katie starts pulling Ty's phone out of her pocket. He snatches it away and starts to hit "Power" - right when it RINGS.

Sam and Katie wince. He shuts off the phone after one RING.

INT. UPPER CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE THE STATEROOM - DAY

Davis turns toward the billiard room, listening intently.

INT. BILLIARD ROOM - DAY

The door opens, and Davis appears. He sees nothing but the pool table - and Ty's cell phone lying on the table's edge.

Davis grabs it and looks at its LCD. No power. His eyes narrow. He surveys the room, pulling out his gun. His gaze lands on the pool cue rack - and the one cue that's missing.

DAVIS

What the-

WHAM! The missing pool cue flies out from underneath the pool table, striking Davis in the kneecaps. He immediately drops his gun. Then he falls to his knees, moaning in agony.

Katie and Sam, who's gripping the pool cue, emerge from behind the pool table. They move around it - to find Davis pointing his gun at them, smirking through the pain.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - PIER - DAY

Joe holds the briefcase. He and Ricky board Sam's boat. Ricky unties it from the pier while Patricks and Oliver watch them.

PATRICKS
Good luck on the trip back.

JOE
Gracias. Good luck with, uh, the cartel, and, uh, drug dealing-

Ricky CRANKS the engine. The noise mercifully drowns out Joe's awkwardness.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - BILLIARD ROOM - DAY

Davis kneels, aiming his pistol at Sam and Katie.

DAVIS
Sam Dinkle. I'm really impressed. Look at you, coming to save your little damsel in distress. If I didn't know better, I'd say you were a real spy, not some CIA reject.

Sam reclines against the pool table, near the corner pocket.

SAM
And if I didn't know better, I'd say you were a total douchebag. Oh wait - you are a total douchebag.

Davis glares at him. He cocks his pistol.

DAVIS
Smoke bombs aren't gonna save you this time. Any last words?

SAM
Just one - scratch.

DAVIS
'Scratch?' What the hell's that?

SAM
It's a billiard term-

Sam breaks off, instantly hurling the white cue ball he's pulled from the corner pocket. It slams into Davis's forehead. WHAM!

SAM (CONT'D)
 -For when the cue ball flies off
 the table.

Davis reels, blacking out. Right before he does, he pulls
 the trigger.

BAM!

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - PIER - DAY

Joe and Ricky are pulling away on the boat when the four men
 hear the GUNSHOT. Patricks and Oliver spin toward the yacht.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - BILLIARD ROOM - DAY

Davis lies limp on the floor, his gun next to him.

Sam slumps next to the pool table, grimacing in pain. Katie
 crouches next to Sam, eyes wide with alarm. She looks him
 over.

KATIE
 Oh my God! Sam, are you shot?

SAM
 Yeah.

KATIE
 Where at?

He widens his legs, revealing a growing bloodstain on his
 crotch. She sees it, her face turning white.

KATIE (CONT'D)
 Your testicles?

SAM
 Worse - Sam Junior.

KATIE
 Shit.

SAM
 Yeah, karma's a bitch. I pound his
 junk, so he shoots mine.

KATIE
 Can you walk?

SAM
 I'll try. Can you help me up?

Katie grabs Sam's arms. She strains to pull him to his feet.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - MAIN DECK - DAY

Their guns drawn, Patricks and Oliver hurry to the two Goons.

PATRICKS
Was that a gunshot?

BIG GOON
Sounded like it.

PATRICKS
Dammit. Find out if that bitch got
loose.
(looking around)
Where the hell's Davis?

EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY

The wind blows hard. Ricky veers the boat to the left. Joe stares out at the water.

RICKY
See them yet?

Joe shakes his head. A hint of worry clouds his face.

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - STAIRWELL - DAY

Katie struggles to help Sam descend the flight of stairs.

INT. STATEROOM - DAY

Patricks, Oliver, and the Goons rush in. They look around, discovering an empty room.

PATRICKS
Shit. Find her!

EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY

Joe spots Sam and Katie jumping off the yacht, into the Gulf. He points for Ricky.

JOE
There! Go get 'em!

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - STATEROOM - DAY

Patricks sinks onto the bed, rubbing his face with his gun.

TY (O.S.)
(weakly)
Help.

Patricks hops off the bed. He crouches and peers under it, seeing Ty.

PATRICKS
Ty? When the hell did you get here? And what the hell happened?

TY
I think some guy clocked me.

PATRICKS
What 'guy?'

OLIVER (O.S.)
Hey! Davis is in the billiard room! Unconscious!

PATRICKS
What the hell's going on?

Patricks' cell phone RINGS. He gruffly answers it.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)
What?!

EXT. EL BANDITOS SPEEDBOAT - INTERCUT

The boat SPEEDS along at a steady clip. FELIX ALVARON, 50s, well-dressed with crazy eyes, sits with his CREW (all with beards and red bandanas), talking on his cell.

ALVARON
Patricks? It's Alvaron! The beheading took less time than I expected, so I'll be there soon!

PATRICKS
I thought you were sick.

ALVARON
Sick in the head maybe, but physically I'm as strong as a burro! Who said I was sick?

PATRICKS
Your two guys I just met with.

ALVARON
What 'two guys?'

Patricks suddenly realizes, stunned. His eyes widen.

PATRICKS
(under his breath)
Dinkle.

He grimaces, pondering. A determined look crosses his face.

ALVARON (O.S.)
Patricks? You still there?

PATRICKS
Yeah. How far away are you?

EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY

Ricky JETS them away from Patricks's yacht. Katie and Joe tend to Sam, who's lying down. A bloody towel covers his crotch.

KATIE
He's losing a lot of blood! We need to get him to a hospital!

RICKY
It's just a few more kilometers to the boat rental place!

INT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - COCKPIT - DAY

Patricks stands behind the Big Goon, who STARTS the engine.

PATRICKS
Full speed ahead!

The Big Goon nods. Patricks turns to Oliver and Bigger Goon.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)
Go get the heavy artillery. These assholes are going down.

The two thugs dash away. Patricks talks into his cell phone.

PATRICKS (CONT'D)
Hey Alvaron, what kind of heat are you packing?

EXT. EL BANDITOS SPEEDBOAT - INTERCUT

Alvaron talks on his cell as his men ready their weaponry.

ALVARON
AK-47s. Berettas. Uzis.

PATRICKS
Nice. Look, I can replace the intel. Just tell your men to shoot to kill.

EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY

Joe and Katie frown at Sam, who looks very weak and pale.

JOE
I guess it makes sense there's so much blood down there.

KATIE
Why?

JOE
Because that's how guys get hard.

KATIE
'Joe,' is it?

JOE
Yeah.

KATIE
Joe, would you please shut the hell up? Sam could die here!

JOE
I know. God, what a bummer.

RICKY
What is that?

Katie and Joe look up to discover the El Banditos' speedboat full of men with automatic weapons ZIPPING toward them.

JOE
Red bandanas. Beards. Shit, it's the real El Banditos!

RICKY
Stay calm! I'm sure they don't even know about us-

RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT! The El Banditos open FIRE on Sam's boat.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Bloody hell!

They duck as Ricky jerks the wheel, turning the boat around and doubling back. As he peers ahead, his eyes bug out.

RICKY (CONT'D)
Bloody hell!

Joe and Katie look up to see Patricks's yacht BARRELING toward them, with Patricks and his crew holding machine guns.

Ricky desperately yanks the wheel to the right as Patricks and his guys open FIRE, riddling their boat with several holes.

JOE
Dammit, I knew this was gonna end badly!

RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT! Patricks's yacht and El Banditos' boat give chase.

RICKY
It's not over yet!

RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT!

JOE
Oh right! We're gonna outrun two faster boats and thugs with automatic weapons! My mistake!

RICKY
Could you be any more of a wet blanket?

RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT! RATTA-TAT-TAT!

JOE
I'm sorry! I just always thought I'd die at eighty in the middle of hot sex - not shot to death at twenty-nine fleeing from drug lords on a shitty boat!

Joe looks at Sam, who stares up, suddenly smiling weakly.

JOE (CONT'D)
Sam, no! Don't go into the light!
Stay away from the light!

Sam slowly raises his hand, pointing toward the sky. Joe and Katie turn and see a Black Hawk police helicopter rapidly approaching, its machine guns prominently displayed.

BLACK HAWK VOICE
 (through a loudspeaker)
 This is the police! Vance
 Patricks, El Banditos members, drop
 your weapons and turn off your
 engines! You are under arrest!

Alvaron's boat does a 180 and flees, heading for Mexico. The helicopter opens FIRE, riddling its hull with bullets.

EXT. PATRICKS'S YACHT - COCKPIT - DAY

Oliver, holding a machine gun, turns to Patricks, who sighs.

OLIVER
 You wanna shoot it out with the
 cops? Go out like Bon Jovi in a
 blaze of glory?

PATRICKS
 This is a ten-million-dollar yacht.
 You cause even one scratch on it,
 and I'll kill you myself. Drop
 your guns!

OLIVER
 (relieved)
 Thank God.

Patricks, Oliver, and the Goons all release their weapons.

EXT. SAM'S BOAT - DAY

Sam smiles at Katie. She takes his hand and smiles back.

SAM
 (weakly)
 We did it.

KATIE
 No - you did it.

JOE
 Hello? What are Ricky and I here -
 chopped liver?

Sam grins - then passes out cold.

INT. SAM'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sam lies asleep in a bed. His eyes open, and he sees Katie sitting beside him, holding his hand. She smiles at him.

KATIE

Welcome back, sleepy head.

SAM

Hey. How long have I been out?

KATIE

Almost a day. The doctors removed the bullet and stitched you up.

SAM

Oh. And my, uh... Sam Junior?

KATIE

(frowns)

I'm so sorry, they had to amputate-

SAM

What!?

KATIE

(grins)

Kidding! They said you'll be good as new in no time.

SAM

Thank God!

(then)

Hey, how did the cops know to show up where they did?

ED (O.S.)

Because you emailed me. Remember?

Sam and Katie turn to see Ed Nelson stride in, smiling.

ED (CONT'D)

Ed Nelson, CIA. Pleasure to finally meet you, Sam.

Ed extends his hand. Sam slowly shakes it.

SAM

You too, sir.

ED

Katie wrote that she was working with a guy named Sam Dinkle.

(MORE)

ED (CONT'D)

So when I couldn't reach her, I tracked the signal on your cell phone and located you. And in the nick of time, too.

SAM

Yeah. Just slightly.

ED

Sam, I understand you applied to our agent training program a while back and were rejected. Did they give you a reason why?

SAM

Yeah, they basically said I can't perform under pressure.

ED

Well let's see. In the last forty-eight hours, you saved a CIA analyst's life, exposed corruption within the agency, prevented sensitive intel from falling into the hands of the enemy, and helped capture a couple major cartel players. So I'd say that assessment is a complete load of horseshit. Wouldn't you?

SAM

If you say so, sir.

ED

I do.

Mrs. Dinkle enters. She smiles at Sam, then leers at Ed.

MRS. DINKLE

Hello there.

SAM

Mom, allow me to introduce Ed Nelson. He works for the CIA.

MRS. DINKLE

(to Sam)

So you really do work for the CIA? I thought that was probably a load of crap. Like when you said you were dating a dancer, and she turned out to be a stripper.

SAM

Mom, I told you, she was an exotic dancer! And as far as working for the CIA-

ED

Sam does work for the CIA, Mrs. Dinkle. Actually, he reports to Katie.

KATIE

(elated)

Me?

ED

With Ty going to prison, I need someone in management I can count on. Are you interested?

KATIE

Absolutely! Thank you, Ed.

ED

You earned it. So what do you say, Sam? You okay with having a woman over you?

Sam and Katie lock eyes, smiling at the double entendre.

SAM

I wouldn't have it any other way.

Sam leans in and gives Katie a kiss. Mrs. Dinkle smirks.

MRS. DINKLE

Someone's getting lucky tonight.

Sam rolls his eyes, and we

FADE OUT.