

DROPPED CALL

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

SCREECHING tires. Plumes of smoke roar from the back of a gleaming Jag XK convertible.

INT. JAG XK -- DAY - TRAVELING

BAM-BAM! Bullet HITS pop the windshield as ROGER TODD ducks.

TODD
Man, does this suck!

Todd, 33, (think Chris Pine) is handsome, fit, heroic. If he smiled at you, you'd wet yourself.

20 yards behind, a black SUV full of very serious GUNMEN.

EXT. CITY STREET

SCREECH!!! Todd rounds a corner and is briefly out of range.

INT. JAG XK

In his hand he has a...

Gun to return fire?

Nope. He has a snappy new CELLPHONE.

TODD
(into phone)
Roger Todd, authorization Baker-Alpha-Alpha-9-1-7-7.

CELLPHONE
(calm robotic female voice)
Confirmed. Request?

TODD
Area assets?

CELLPHONE
City police are 6 blocks away and approaching...

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - GPS MAP Red PULSES appear to indicate the location of the assets the phone lists.

CELLPHONE (CONT'D)
There is a firetruck moving northwest -- parallel to your location.

TODD
Have it block 5th and Courtyard!

INT. FIRETRUCK CAB -- DAY - TRAVELING

Firemen with SIREN blasting. Suddenly, that same calm female voice comes over their radio.

FIRETRUCK RADIO
Unit 9...divert to 5th and Courtyard.
Explosion and fire.

FIRE CHIEF
(on two-way)
Roger control!

EXT. CITY STREET

The Firetruck veers off and pulls right in front of Todd.

TODD
Whoa!

He just scoots past, rear quarter panel gets tagged. THUNK!

TODD (CONT'D)
Crap! That's the last time I buy a
decent paint job.

From the car chase, we Morph--

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- DAY

--Into a radio controlled Robot Car zipping around the gym.

The annual SCIENCE FAIR is going on.

It's full of science displays, hopeful STUDENTS, proud PARENTS, and FACULTY MEMBERS grading the exhibits.

The Robot Car, operated by a baby-faced SOPHMORE, thumps into the sneakered foot of RUSSELL MURPHY, 17, (think Josh Hutcherson) standing at his Hydrogen Power Plant display.

SOPHMORE
Sorry, Russell. My bad.

RUSSELL
No worries, man. Like your wheels.

Russell's a pleasant but somewhat geeky kid in jeans and a Jonathan Coulton t-shirt. His hair combed by a sofa cushion.

SOPHMORE
Thanks. Hey, cool display. You
been graded yet?

His display appears to be a volleyball-sized metal GLOBE. Vapor seeps from side vents and a lightbulb flickers on top.

Hand lettered sign: "HYDROGEN POWER...THE FUTURE!"

RUSSELL

Not yet. I just hope I don't get--

SOPHMORE

(looking beyond Russell)

Logan.

Approaching Russell is the prickly and officious Dark Lord of the Science Department...MR. LOGAN, 35, a clipboard-toting enthusiasm oppressor crammed into a cheap dark suit.

RUSSELL

(looks with dread)

The walking butt pimple.

SOPHMORE

Gotta bounce, Russell. See ya!

RUSSELL

Yeah, see ya.

The Sophomore grabs up his Robot Car and runs.

Mr. Logan arrives, sneers at the display and begins clicking his ballpoint pen repeatedly to announce 'judgment time'.

MR LOGAN

So, Murphy, here you are again. And your attempt this year is...?

RUSSELL

A working hydrogen power plant, Sir. The power of the future.

MR LOGAN

Spare me your hyperbole, Murphy. How does it work?

Russell points out the particulars of his sphere.

RUSSELL

I burn hydrogen in this chamber, it spins a small turbine and lights this lightbulb.

MR LOGAN

(squinting at bulb)

Rather dim, isn't it?

RUSSELL

The point is, Mr. Logan, that I'm creating electricity with hydrogen, the most abundant element on Earth, and the only exhaust is harmless water vapor!

Logan peers down one of the exhaust vents.

Poof. A big cloud BELCHES out. Mr. Logan stands upright. His glasses are fogged up and water drips off his nose.

MR LOGAN
Nice contraption, Murphy.

Mr. Logan lifts up his foggy glasses and scribbles furiously.

RUSSELL
If this was a nuclear plant, your
face would've been burned off.

TWEEDLES and BEEPS emerge from a nearby Japanese made ROBOT.

Logan rushes out of earshot to see it--

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Which would be an improvement.

The Robot is operated by wealthy RANDY SLEDGE, 18, school suck-up. He's a great-looking club champion type: blonde hair, blonde teeth, and owns the entire Ralph Lauren Polo collection of rugby shirts.

His robot serves snacks to the faculty judges.

MR LOGAN
Now there's our winner.

Logan woofs down a canapé and smacks a blue ribbon on the store-bought contraption.

Russell SIGHS in frustration.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

BAM! BAM! Gunfire and pursuit continues. The SUV still relentlessly pursues Todd in his Jag.

TODD
Guardian!! Shut down pursuing
vehicle!

CELLPHONE
Subject vehicle remote ignition block
has been disengaged.

TODD
Shit!

CELLPHONE
Please repeat command.

THEN -- A stray DOG wanders right in front of Todd.

TODD

No!!

He slams a hard right and brakes, into some parked cars.

The dog runs off.

Todd shakes off a woozy head--

TODD (CONT'D)

(to dog)

You're welcome!

He exits the car as the SUV pulls up behind him. Gunmen pile out and continue shooting, using their SUV as cover.

Todd crouches behind his wrecked Jag, phone still in hand.

TODD (CONT'D)

Guardian...nearby assets?

CELLPHONE

Police still 4 blocks away. Global Directorate extraction team en route in chopper...ETA 5 minutes.

TODD

Anything else in the area?

CELLPHONE

There is a National Guard F-18 at 12,000 feet directly over your position on a training op.

TODD

Sounds promising. Live ordnance?

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - Animation of plane's missile.

CELLPHONE

F-18 carrying two AGM-65 Maverick missiles.

ON TODD

He points the cellphone back on the SUV.

TODD

Okay, lock on vehicle.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - set of CROSSHAIRS on the SUV.

ON TODD

TODD (CONT'D)

Launch that puppy.

CELLPHONE

F-18 is not equipped with puppies.

TODD

Launch the missile. Please.

CELLPHONE

Launching.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE CITY -- DAY

USAF F-18 flying straight and level.

Suddenly -- One MISSILE on the wing of the F-18 BLASTS off.

F-18 PILOT (O.S.)

This is Bandit Four! One of my
missiles just launched by itself!!

CONTROL TOWER (V.O.)

(on radio)

Say again, Bandit Four?

F-18 PILOT (O.S.)

I didn't touch anything!!

EXT. CITY STREET

Todd watches from behind his Jag.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - Aerial view of SUV gets bigger.

ON TODD

TODD

Ka-blooey.

ON SUV

KA-BLOOEY!!! The SUV EXPLODES in a huge fireball.

EXT. CITY PARK

Russell lugs his big, cumbersome science fair project home.

RUSSELL

C'mon! You 5th place piece of junk!

Then-- She walks by. CLAIRE MCKUEN, 17, is so pretty it
hurts. Dark hair, petite. Expressive eyes. Her smile makes
very SAPPY MUSIC play.

CLAIRE

Hi, Russell.

RUSSELL

Uh. Hey.

Claire walks on. Russell SIGHS heavily.

RANDY

Hey! Dork!

Russell turns. Randy Sledge and his CREW surround our guy. Randy's the suck-up we saw with the pricey Japanese robot. His two Crewmembers are Polo-shirted clones of his. They all have tennis racquets under their arms.

RUSSELL

Oh. Randy. What brings you here?
Racquet Club run out of peroxide?

RANDY

Who said you could talk to Claire,
Dork?

RUSSELL

It's 'Russell', actually. No, I was
just saying hi.

RANDY

Who said you could do that?

RUSSELL

Uh...are you with the greetings
police? Can I see some I.D.?

RANDY

I'm with the 'pound-the-shit-out-of-
you' club. I'm the President.

Randy gets a laugh and high-five out of his Crew.

RUSSELL

(deadpan)

Oh, my. How ironically humorous.
Well, I must be running along.

Russell starts to leave. Randy jerks him back.

RANDY

You haven't answered my question.
Who said you could speak to Claire?

RUSSELL

I'm not sure. You like Claire?

RANDY

We're tight. Yeah.

RUSSELL

Really? She's usually fond of
mammals.

Russell's face is covered with the shadows of Randy and his thuggish Crew moving in for a beat down.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ROOFTOPS -- DAY

A running Agent Todd is being pursued by more GUNMEN.

Todd ducks behind a huge air conditioning unit.

TODD
(on phone)
Guardian, ETA for extraction team.

CELLPHONE
Diverted after taking ground fire.
ETA four minutes.

Todd sticks the cellphone out --aiming the camera.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - Approaching Gunmen

CELLPHONE (CONT'D)
4 subjects, armed with Heckler &
Koch MP5 SD's, are closing on your
position from the southwest, about
55 yards away.

ON TODD

TODD
I wanted a gun. They gave me a phone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ROOFTOPS -- DAY

Todd is desperately leaping from one rooftop to another.

In the distance, a BLACK HELICOPTER approaches.

TODD
There's my ride.

BAM-BAM-BAM!! The GUNMEN are gaining on him.

CELLPHONE
Extraction Team has you in sight.

EXT. DINGY ALLEY -- DAY

WHACK! THUNK! Randy and his Crew have smashed Russell's hydrogen display and are slapping him around.

RANDY
Don't you speak to Claire anymore!

RUSSELL
I'd like my phone call now.

SMACK!! Right in the gut.

BEGIN INTERCUT: between rooftops and dingy alley

ON ROOFTOPS

Todd sees the helicopter heading right for him, it's about to land on an adjoining rooftop.

He looks at the gap between buildings.

TODD

I wonder what my horoscope said today.

He gets a running start to jump the gap.

ON ALLEY

Sfx: HELICOPTER HOVERING. Shadow of the chopper passes over Randy and the Crew, still pounding on Russell.

RANDY

(stops hitting)

Cops!! Let's go!

Randy and his Crew take off.

Russell slumps into a pile of discarded trash bags.

ON ROOFTOPS

Right above Russell, Todd leaps between the two buildings.

TODD

Whoaaaaaa!!!!

SMACK! He hits the far roof...a little short.

The valuable Cellphone pops off of his belt --

TODD (CONT'D)

No!

INSERT -- Cellphone slides off the edge of the roof -- and falls. Into the alley below.

ON PURSUING GUNMEN -- They see the phone fall into the alley. Their reaction indicates they know the phone is important.

ON ALLEY

THUNK! Cellphone lands in the trashbags, next to Russell.

ON ROOFTOPS

TODD

No!!

He tries to see where the phone landed--

TODD'S P.O.V. -- but the shadows below obscure it.

ON TODD

BAM-BAM-BAM!! He's under fire.

Todd hoists himself up on the roof --

Hustles over to the waiting Helicopter. Leaps inside. From the doorway of the chopper, what looks like a NINJA with a silenced automatic weapon spits out suppressing FIRE--

The chopper lifts off.

NINJA

You okay, Todd?

TODD

(shakes head)

I wrecked my Jag and lost my phone.

ON ALLEY

Russell picks up the Cellphone. He looks up to see the chopper fly off.

He looks closely at the phone. No Damage. He tries to operate it, but nothing happens. He puts the phone in his pocket, gathers up what's left of his display and heads home.

MOMENTS LATER -- Gunmen arrive and begin searching the area with some type of SCANNER.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- LATER

A beige MOMMY VAN pulls into the driveway as LOIS MURPHY, 41, gets out, carrying a bag of groceries inside.

Lois has a warm, friendly face and tired, slightly sad eyes. She wears a blazer and a name tag from a local bank.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME

Just inside the front door...

LOIS

Russell! I'm home!

RUSSELL (O.S.)

I'm down here!

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/BASEMENT

Russell is sequestered in his domain. There's an old sofa with a Mexican serape blanket to cover all the stains.

His DOG, SCOOTER, pretty much lives on it.

He's at his work bench, next to a small student desk with a laptop computer on it. He blots a cold pack on his face.

Russell has back off the curious cellphone and is testing it with a voltmeter. Lois enters.

LOIS
Whatcha doing?

RUSSELL
Trying to get this cellphone to work.

LOIS
You bought a phone? I haven't gotten my promotion yet. We can't afford--

RUSSELL
--No, this fell out of a helicopter.

She gets a look at the face damage Randy did.

LOIS
What happened to your face??

RUSSELL
That stupid hydrogen display. I fell carrying it home.

He gestures toward the remnants piled in a corner.

LOIS
I'm sorry, honey. Did you put anything on it?

RUSSELL
I tried some duct tape, but it's never gonna generate power again.

LOIS
Did you put anything on your face?

Holds up the cold pack.

LOIS (CONT'D)
You probably need an aspirin to make the swelling go down. OH!
(reaches in pocket)
Radio Shack had that...
(reading)
"Rosin core soldier"?

RUSSELL
"Sodder". Thanks, Mom.

LOIS

What do you use that for?

RUSSELL

Fusing wired components.

LOIS

Just don't electrocute yourself.

(looks at his bench)

Whose phone is this?

RUSSELL

It fell out of a police helicopter.
One hundred feet up. Not even a
scratch on it. If I can get it
working, maybe there's a reward.

LOIS

You're so smart.

RUSSELL

Tell that tool, Logan. He gave me a
C minus on my science project.

LOIS

Don't worry. Someday everyone will
see in you what I do.

(rubs his head)

I got spaghetti for dinner. And
garlic cheesy bread...your favorite.

RUSSELL

And a nice Chianti?

LOIS

No Chianti. You are not taping me
singing Madonna again.

RUSSELL

Number one on You Tube for a week.

LOIS

(horrified)

Russell, no!! I work at a bank.

RUSSELL

Just kidding, Mom.

LOIS

Thank God.

RUSSELL

Nobody's seeing that for free.

LOIS

You will be the death of me. By the
way, Stan asked me to dinner.

RUSSELL
The loan officer guy?

LOIS
No, Stan's the mortgage broker.
Drives a Lexus.

RUSSELL
Good going, Mom.

High five.

LOIS
Thanks. I thought so.

Lois heads back upstairs.

RUSSELL
At least one of us can get a date.

While Russell works, there's a COMMOTION upstairs.

OGILVY (O.S.)
HiYO!! Oh, hi Mrs. Murphy.

LOIS (O.S.)
He's in his cave. And wash your
hands, Ogilvy. I don't want orange
fingerprints all over the house again.

Thudding FOOTSTEPS down the stairs.

OGILVY
HiYO!

RUSSELL
HiYO...

Enter OGILVY, Russell's best bud, a 17 year old chunky oaf
who will, most likely, end up running a comic book store.
His Ipod blasts and he nibbles on a bag of Cheetos non-stop.
Permanent orange fingers.

OGILVY
Sup?

RUSSELL
Trying to get this cellphone to work.

OGILVY
Hey, got any more of those chunks of
potassium?

RUSSELL
Top drawer.

Ogilvy opens the desk drawer and pulls out three mothball sized white chunks.

OGILVY
You don't need these?

RUSSELL
I'm out of hydrogen power for good.

OGILVY
These are sick!! You know that last commode on the third floor bathroom?

RUSSELL
Where Randy and his Preppie Wankstas go to smoke?

OGILVY
Yeah. I blew the crap out of it!!

RUSSELL
Potassium and water, very combustible.

Ogilvy flops down on the sofa. Scooter looks up and GROWLS at him. Ogilvy offers his bag of Cheetos, which the dog buries his face in.

OGILVY
Goin' to the prom?

RUSSELL
Probably not.

OGILVY
Me neither. Such a hassle. Girls want a corsage. They get mad if you don't pick 'em up in a limo. They wanna go to dinner.

RUSSELL
(barely listening)
Yeah...

OGILVY
Whatcha working on?

Ogilvy starts fidgeting with Russell's many electronic games.

RUSSELL
Trying to activate this cop phone. I fixed a busted wire in it, but it still won't power up.

OGILVY
Probably encrypted. You know who you should try? "Commander Chaos."

RUSSELL
And who is Commander Chaos?

OGILVY
A guy I found on this Hacker site.
He programmed computers for the
Pentagon. Hardcore cyber-spook.
And totally paranoid.

LATER -- Russell is hunched over his laptop. Ogilvy stands over his shoulder.

OGILVY (CONT'D)
There it is!

INSERT -- LAPTOP SCREEN - Hacker chatroom. Russell types in "Commander Chaos". Sfx: BEEP!

SCREEN: "Go away."

ON RUSSELL

RUSSELL
"Go away"?

OGILVY
He always does that. Type in: "Chaos
is the ultimate power in the universe"

RUSSELL
What??

OGILVY
It's like a password. Do it.

Russell obliges.

INSERT -- SCREEN - BEEP! "YOU MAY ASK ONE QUESTION. YOU
HAVE 30 SECONDS."

ON RUSSELL

RUSSELL
(typing/speaking)
"Located government cellphone. Fell
out of a helicopter. No damage.
Will not activate."

Long pause.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

OGILVY
Probably checking you out. Making
sure you're not a Fed.

INSERT -- SCREEN - BEEP! "Try this backdoor password. Write it down. This message will SELF-DESTRUCT in 10 seconds."

The screen then displays a 19 character password of letters, numbers and symbols.

ON RUSSELL

Russell scrambles to write it down correctly.

INSERT -- SCREEN - TICKING, EXPLOSION ANIMATION-- BOOM!!

It goes dark.

RUSSELL
(to Ogilvy)
Jeez, I thought you were weird.

EXT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS -- DAY

A big, very secure corporate facility. Agent Roger Todd -- looking pretty battered -- enters.

INT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS

Inside an ELEVATOR. Todd seems to go down about 200 floors.

Elevator opens...to a long hallway. Two massive ARMED GUARDS allow him to pass.

INT. LAB AT GLOBAL DIRECTORATE

The ultimate War Room...giant TV screens cover the wall. All types of weapons and gadgets are being tested here.

Enter DR CLEAVE, 50, the white-coat-wearing boss of this lab. He's British, fussy and currently in a very bad mood.

He's reading a report of the day's activity, then slams it on his desk in the center of the lab.

TODD
Dr. Cleave. You're looking lovely.

DR CLEAVE
Alright, Agent Todd, what happened?

TODD
I took a cellphone to a gunfight.
(shrugs)
I was on their roof. I got a tip they're are operating out of that industrial area downtown. But they jumped me. I barely got out alive.

DR CLEAVE
And the Guardian?

TODD

No, I'm not badly hurt, thank you.

DR CLEAVE

First time out with the prototype of our new comm device and you lose it.

TODD

In my report I explained I was jumping over a roof while being shot at--

DR CLEAVE

--and you lose it!

TODD

--while being shot at!!

DR CLEAVE

That does sounds tempting.

TODD

LaCroix's men were trying to get it.

DR CLEAVE

Are you sure they didn't?

Todd gives a 'who knows?' gesture.

DR CLEAVE (CONT'D)

Unbelievable!

(sighs)

I respect your sterling war record, Agent Todd, but just because you were an elite Army Walrus--

TODD

--Navy Seal.

DR CLEAVE

--doesn't give you carte blanche to ignore protocols and misuse our equipment in the field!

Dr. Cleave grabs a remote control off his desk.

DR CLEAVE (CONT'D)

Are you aware of the thousands of man hours, and the millions of dollars, that went into developing the Guardian?

Dr. Cleave CLICKS on the remote, then looks toward a video display of the phone.

DR CLEAVE (CONT'D)

No more safety deposit boxes all over the globe crammed with money, fake passports and credit cards. The Guardian replaces all of that.
(glares at Todd)
The biggest idiot in the world--

TODD

A little personal there, Sir.

DR CLEAVE

--the biggest idiot in the world can pass through any airport, any embassy, any foreign border, carrying the most lethal and resourceful device ever created for intelligence work.
(pause for effect)
And it hides in plain sight, as an ordinary portable phone.

TODD

Yeah. I went to the seminar.

DR CLEAVE

What does 'prototype' mean?

Todd takes the remote and cuts off the video display.

TODD

The only one of its kind.

DR CLEAVE

Exactly. And now your job, twenty four hours a day, for the rest of your life if so required...is to facilitate the return of the Guardian prototype to this facility.

TODD

But I'm getting close to busting the entire LaCroix organization!

Dr Cleave holds up a piece of paper and reads it.

DR CLEAVE

"Agent Todd is hereby directed to obtain the return of the Guardian by all means possible. This is to receive the highest agency priority." It is signed Major General Bernard Lee, Commanding Officer.
(shows paper)
Any questions?

TODD

I guess you tried tracking it.

DR CLEASE

There is no signal. The tracking
has been blocked or disengaged.

TODD

Someone has it.

DR CLEASE

Yes. Someone very smart.

The face of Dr. Clease morphs--

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/BASEMENT -- DAY

--into the image of Dr Clease on the now active phone. The
opening frame of the Guardian tutorial.

RUSSELL

Hey! I'm getting a picture.

Ogilvy is half listening as he plays with Russell's FLIGHT
SIMULATOR game on the laptop.

OGILVY

Crashed! How did you get such a
high score on combat chopper?

RUSSELL

Many wasted, dateless nights. Hey,
I got this working. Chaos had the
code all right.

OGILVY

Told ya he was hardcore.

Ogilvy notices how engrossed Russell is in the phone.

OGILVY (CONT'D)

Cheerleader tryouts are today. Wanna
go rate the hotties and make animal
noises at the ho's, like we used to?

RUSSELL

I think it's an instructional video...

Ogilvy sees his friend is too wrapped up in his new toy.

OGILVY

Yeah...

(looks at watch)

Whoa, gotta bounce. I was supposed
to walk the dog an hour ago. He's
probably sprayed the baseboards.

Ogilvy lumbers to the stairs. Looks back at Russell.

OGILVY (CONT'D)

See ya?

RUSSELL

(not looking up)

See ya...

Sad Ogilvy exits as Russell gets the video to play.

INSERT -- PHONE - Dr Clease hosts the tutorial.

DR CLEASE

This phone is satellite enabled
anywhere on Earth. Tied to the
mainframe at NSA, it can seize the
functions of any microchip.

Animations and video demo the functions.

DR CLEASE (CONT'D)

Need Turkish Lira in Istanbul? Step
up to any ATM, aim the phone, dial
in the amount you need and immediately
the cash is dispensed through a
completely untraceable transaction.
Need a weapon in Caracas? Have it
delivered to you there, discard it
before you leave.

ON RUSSELL

RUSSELL

Wow...

Russell collapses on the sofa next to Scooter. He's enraptured.

LATER-- (ABOUT AN HOUR)

Russell is playing INTERNET POKER.

INSERT -- COMPUTER SCREEN - 6 poker tables displayed, side by side, playing Texas Hold 'Em. The Chat Box in the corner shows players texting comments in a variety of languages.

ON RUSSELL

Russell plays all six games simultaneously, while absorbing the rest of the Guardian tutorial.

ON PHONE SCREEN

DR CLEASE

The Guardian can read lips, translate
documents, or download the entire
contents of any other phone within
(MORE)

DR CLEAVE (CONT'D)
 50 feet. Plus all current apps found
 on ordinary phones. For further
 information, consult your manual.

Tutorial ends with the imposing logo of Global Directorate.

ON RUSSELL

RUSSELL
 Wow. I wonder if it can change my
 science fair grade.

INT. LAB AT GLOBAL DIRECTORATE

Agent Roger Todd has moved a desk in front of a huge weight
 machine. He does his computer searches while working out.

INSERT -- COMPUTER SCREEN - images of his rooftop chase
 captured from various of traffic cams, CCTV cams, etc.

BACK TO SCENE

A PRETTY TECHNICIAN, 25, brings him a big energy drink.
 She's got a luscious figure under that White Lab Coat.

PRETTY TECHNICIAN
 Any luck so far?

TODD
 No. Just me being a complete boob.

PRETTY TECHNICIAN
 Awww.

She coyly pats him on the shoulder.

Todd gives her a warm glance.

TODD
 I've got a dinner break coming up.
 (smiles)
 Care for another...neck rub?

She leans in close.

PRETTY TECHNICIAN
 (whispers)
 Roger.

TODD
 Yes?

PRETTY TECHNICIAN
 I want fireworks.

TODD

Yes...?

PRETTY TECHNICIAN

Not a sparkler.

She kisses his cheek and eases out.

TODD

(sighs)

Will this day ever end?

Suddenly-- Another field agent, MICHAELS, 30's, impossibly buffed, busts in wearing full SWAT fatigues.

MICHAELS

Todd! We got a lead on LaCroix.
There's a deal going down right now!

TODD

(jumps up)

Let's roll!

EXT. SEEDY INDUSTRIAL AREA -- NIGHT (SUNSET)

In a part of town where rats afraid to go, a negotiation between two underworld factions is happening.

At a vacant lot, a van is parked directly across from a stretch limousine with dark tinted windows.

A trio of tall, BALD BLACK MEN, each about 30, in long leather coats(Matrix-style)are exchanging money for weapons with a small group of scruffy looking TERRORISTS, skinhead variety.

The LEAD SKINHEAD, 23, over-tattooed with swastikas, passes over a briefcase. He looks at the Black Men with contempt.

LEAD SKINHEAD

Take this to your boss...boy.

BALD BLACK MAN ONE takes the case. Carries it to the limo.

Window lowers. He shows the case, full of cash.

Then the Bald Black Man picks up and carries a huge case over to the Skinheads.

They snatch it and open it. Inside, a Stinger Missile.

LEAD SKINHEAD (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah!! Goodbye, Air Force One!

They all high-five each other and pack it back in their van.

The van pulls away. The Bald Men watch.

Bald Man One takes a small pager-sized device from his pocket. Presses the button. BEEP.

A flash from inside the van, and a modest BOOM.

The van slows.

Finally stops.

Inside, muffled SCREAMS. In a moment, one FIGURE falls out the driver's side door. The Figure is covered in a bubbly, green mass. A chemical smoky fume rises from it. The Figure writhes on the ground, then is still.

A larger wave of the green mass bursts through the van's back doors and flows out, like lava.

Inside the van, nothing remains. It all dissolved.

The limo drives away.

LATER --

Todd, Michaels and their ASSAULT TEAM check the site as the with a HAZMAT TEAM, in full protective gear.

TODD

No way to ID the victims. They were completely consumed by a weaponized corrosive. Cutting edge stuff.

MICHAELS

The van is registered to a --
 (reading notes)
 "Ronnie Wicker", who has known neo-Nazi gang affiliations.
 (looking at scene)
 LaCroix certainly has an interesting approach to customer service.

TODD

They do this when they need cash. Make a deal, take the money, then give them a fake wired with C4.
 (looks at green goo)
 This is new. Skinhead soup.

Michaels face goes 'yccch.'

TODD (CONT'D)

If they get ahold of that phone, LaCroix can sell it for enough to go underground forever.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- NIGHT/RUSSELL'S ROOM

Russell stares at the phone, then glances out the window--

Sfx: thuddy THUMP of HIP HOP MUSIC at max volume.

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

A party's going on. A bunch of ATTRACTIVE KIDS are dancing, drinking their Dad's beer, making out.

ON RUSSELL --

RUSSELL

Another party I wasn't invited to.

Russell looks at the phone. He grins, devilishly.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Guardian. Kill the power to 1759
Monroe Terrace.

CELLPHONE

Acknowledged.

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

The party goes dark. Several MOANS and GROANS and 'what's going on?' From the house. Russell smiles.

In a moment, the PRETTY GIRLS head back out to their cars and drive off. Followed very soon by the OTHER GUYS.

ON RUSSELL --

RUSSELL

Guardian. Restore power to location.

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

The lights and music all snap back on as the HOST KID stands in the yard, left to clean up by himself.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS -- DAY

First BELL. As STUDENTS scurry to class, Russell sits outside the school, watching the Guardian's screen.

INSERT - PHONE SCREEN

Overhead satellite shot of Claire walking to school.

BACK TO SCENE

Russell sighs. He looks up to see Claire approaching.

Before he can step out and greet her - Randy Sledge pulls up next to her in a new Porsche roadster.

Russell ducks out of sight, using the phone to spy.

RANDY
 Claire, how ya doin'?

CLAIRE
 (uninterested)
 Fine.

RANDY
 Like the new wheels?

She keeps walking.

RANDY (CONT'D)
 Dad just got three of these in.

CLAIRE
 Lucky for you.

RANDY
 Care to take a...ride?

CLAIRE
 Bell just rang. Sorry.

Claire hurries off. Randy fumes.

ON RUSSELL --

A satisfied smile. He keeps watching.

BACK TO SCENE

A PRETTY GIRL walks by Randy's Porsche slowly.

PRETTY GIRL
 Hey, Randy! Cool car.

RANDY
 (deadpan/no eye contact)
 Yeah. Hi.

PRETTY GIRL
 How about a ride somewhere?

RANDY
 Sure.

Russell emerges from concealment to see the Pretty Girl hop in and Randy drive off.

Russell gets a mischievous look. He presses a couple of buttons on the phone.

Randy's slick new roadster dies. Rolls to a stop.

He tries CRANKING it over and over. Nothing.

Pretty Girl gets bored and leaves. Smoke pours from under the hood.

Randy leaps out and kicks the car.

Russell smiles, puts away the phone and heads into class as we hear the final BELL.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

MIDDLE AGED WOMEN with blank expressions and hairnets dish out unrecognizable food that STUDENTS try not to look at.

Ogilvy lumbers in, Ipod POUNDING.

He sees TINA, 17, who's busy walking and texting. She's a cute emo girl, black nails and all. Plus...Tina has orange fingers from eating too many Cheetos. Ogilvy is smitten.

OGILVY

Hey Tina.

Tina looks up, appears startled, pivots and walks in another direction.

Ogilvy sighs.

Russell's near the serving line as Ogilvy catches up.

OGILVY (CONT'D)

Ugh. The latest in death camp gruel.

RUSSELL

It's the only part of school roaches won't go.

(whispers)

Hey, that phone can do amazing stuff. I used it to kill the power to Donny Marshall's party. And it made Randy Sledge's new Porsche crap out!

OGILVY

(laughs)

That is dope. Show me.

RUSSELL

(looks off)

Hey...there's Claire.

Russell breaks out of line and rushes off.

OGILVY

You coming over?

RUSSELL

I don't know...see ya!

OGILVY

Yeah. See ya.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

In the crowded hall, Russell jogs toward Claire.

FACULTY MEMBER

No running in the hall!!

Everywhere, glittery handmade posters announce the prom.

RUSSELL

(out of breath)

Claire!

CLAIRE

Hey, Russell.

RUSSELL

Hi...uh...hi.

(awkward pause)

You been doing okay?

CLAIRE

Doing fine. And you?

RUSSELL

Uh, you know. Busy. Busy. Busy
time of year.

Claire waits like there might be more. But...

Sfx: CLASS BELL.

CLAIRE

Okay, well, 4th period. T.T.Y.L!

She scurries off. Now it's Russell who's left alone.

RUSSELL

Yeah. See ya.

And then -- he's surrounded by Randy and his Crew.

RANDY

Look...it's the dork.

RUSSELL

Hi guys.

(looks at them)

Had lunch yet?

(beat)

I think the cafeteria can catch you
some live mice to swallow.

RANDY
Talking to Claire again. Not good.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY -- LATER

Between classes, Ogilvy goes up to his locker. As he spins the combination lock, he hears MUFFLED SCREAMING.

He taps on the locker next to his.

OGILVY
Hello?

More MUFFLED SCREAMING.

MOMENTS LATER -- CRACK! The VICE PRINCIPAL uses huge bolt cutters to slice off the lock. He opens the locker door.

Russell falls out, covered head to toe in DUCT TAPE.

Ogilvy bends down and rips the tape off his friend's face.

RUSSELL
Ow!

OGILVY
Better?

RUSSELL
(gasp)
I have got to throw out those old gym shoes.

VICE PRINCIPAL
Who did this, Son?

RUSSELL
I didn't see, Sir. They jumped me from behind.

OGILVY
(leans in/whispers)
Too bad your new phone can't kick their ass for you.

EXT. BACK OF EXPENSIVE HOUSE -- EVENING

Russell's dressed in black and sneaks through the shrubs. Phone in his hand. MUFFLED LOUD MUSIC comes from inside.

He stops at the bottom of a window and carefully raises the phone up to the sill, camera lens pointed inside.

WINDOW P.O.V.-- As Britney Spears plays, RANDY, in leopard undies and with a large plush-toy snake around his neck, dances and lip-syncs in front of the mirror.

Russell smiles as the Guardian records the moment.

INT. SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- DAY

Next day, all the SENIORS watch an incredibly dull educational video on the dangers of driving while texting. Epic boredom.

ON VIDEO

Grainy, low budget film of a TEEN GIRL texting while driving.

VIDEO

(patronizing narrator)

But Sally Stupid doesn't notice that while she e-mails all her friends about her big date, she's just run a red light.

(beat)

Uh-oh!

ON AUDIENCE

They perk up as sounds of BRAKES SQUEALING, Sally Stupid SCREAMING and cars CRASHING. Huge APPLAUSE and CHEERS as they witness Sally explode.

Randy and his Crew are tormenting those in front of them with ear flicks and other well-worn bullying techniques.

Standing in the door in back are Russell and Ogilvy.

RUSSELL

Check this out.

Russell presses one button on the Guardian.

On the screen, the video is replaced by Randy dancing in his undies. The entire room begins to BUZZ, then LAUGH loudly as Randy performs his very best snake dance.

RANDY CREW 1

Dude, that's you!

Randy is horrified. Even his own guys are laughing.

He leaps up and runs out, right past Mr Logan.

MR LOGAN

Nice moves, Sledge.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY

Red-faced Randy sees Russell laughing nearby.

RANDY

You little punk!!

Randy takes off after Russell. Russell's just ahead of him and runs past a large Coke machine in the hallway.

Russell points the phone. Clicks one button.

Machine launches cans like they were mortar shells. THUNK!

At least twenty of them shoot out and cover the floor. Randy tries to run through them, but trips, falls, and then gets pelted by several more cans.

The rest of the students appear in the hallway to APPLAUD.

EXT. CITY BANK -- AFTERNOON

Russell has the Guardian out, looking at the ATM machine, watching people get money out.

Lois pops through the front door. This is Fleet National Bank, where she works.

LOIS

Russell?

RUSSELL

(startled)

Hey! Mom!

LOIS

What are you doing out here?

RUSSELL

I got this phone fixed. I'm trying to see if I can get a signal.

Russell waves it around in the air.

LOIS

You are turning that back in...right?

RUSSELL

Oh, sure. I'm just trying it out for when you get that promotion and I can get my own.

LOIS

(sad)

That's not going to happen, sweetie.

RUSSELL

What? I thought it was all set.

LOIS

They picked someone else.

RUSSELL

No.

LOIS

Guess you have to play golf with the tight-assed Branch Manager to get ahead around here.

(arguing with building)

Like I haven't got a mortgage and a teenage son to put through college!

RUSSELL

I'm real sorry, mom.

LOIS

I am too. I really wanted to get you your own phone.

RUSSELL

It's okay.

LOIS

When you get through, come on inside. I want to show you how to get into our safe deposit box.

Lois gives him a hug, sighs, then walks back inside.

Russell stares down at the Guardian.

RUSSELL

Guardian. Name of the CEO for the Fleet National Banks.

CELLPHONE

CEO for Fleet National Banks is Philip McElvy, aged 59.

RUSSELL

Any video?

INSERT -- Phone SCREEN - video of CEO McElvy giving a speech.

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

Make a voice print.

The screen shifts to a graphic of McElvy's voice.

INT. BRANCH MANAGER'S OFFICE

Inside the bank, the BRANCH MANAGER is practicing his putting on the carpet. He's a constipated 45, with a bad hairpiece and a tanning product that gives him a pumpkin glow.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Sir?

BRANCH MANAGER

I told you...no calls!

INTERCOM (V.O.)
 Sorry, Sir. It's Chairman McElvy.

He practically throws his back out leaping for the desk phone.

BRANCH MANAGER
 Why didn't you say so??!!
 (answers phone)
 Good afternoon, Sir.

BEGIN INTERCUT: between Russell and Branch Manager

ON RUSSELL --

He's talking on the phone, looking through the Branch Manager's window from across the street.

RUSSELL
 Have you made a decision--

ON BRANCH MANAGER --

From this end, Russell sounds exactly like CEO McElvy.

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)
 --about the new assistant manager?

BRANCH MANAGER
 Why yes, Sir. I'm promoting Higgins.

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)
 Higgins?? That dimwitted bed-wetter?

BRANCH MANAGER
 But, Sir...Higgins is a capable--did you say 'bed-wetter?'

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)
 Higgins is dumber than a box of doorknobs! Do you promote every moron you play golf with?

BRANCH MANAGER
 (looking around)
 Uh, no, sir. Not every moron.

He tries to hide the putter he was using, while tripping over golf balls.

ON RUSSELL --

RUSSELL
 What happened to that sharp lady you had there? That Lois Murphy?

ON BRANCH MANAGER --

BRANCH MANAGER

Mrs. Murphy? Yes...

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)

You didn't let that new bank hire her away did you?

BRANCH MANAGER

No, Sir...she's still here. The new bank tried to hire her?

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)

Good God, man! Are you asleep at the wheel? It's all over town! They tried to hire Lois Murphy and offered her a twenty-thousand dollar pay raise!

BRANCH MANAGER P.O.V. -- looks at Lois at her desk.

BRANCH MANAGER

They did?

ON BRANCH MANAGER --

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)

Jeez Louise!! How slow are you, boy? Maybe we should give that idiot Higgins your job! Looks like we couldn't do any worse.

BRANCH MANAGER

(sweating)

No, Sir. Completely unnecessary.

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)

Well, you give her that promotion, pronto! And you better double her salary; we don't want her going across the street.

BRANCH MANAGER

Yes, Sir. But what do I tell Higgins?

ON RUSSELL --

RUSSELL

Tell him he has a new boss...and her name is Lois Murphy!

ON BRANCH MANAGER --

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)

-- And he better do everything she says, or I will personally come down there and rearrange both your careers!

BRANCH MANAGER
 (horrified)
 Yes, Sir.

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)
 And straighten up your office.

BRANCH MANAGER
 (looking around)
 Sir?

RUSSELL AS CEO (V.O.)
 Last time I was in there, it looked
 like a Guatemalan truck stop!

--ON RUSSELL

He snaps the phone off.

RUSSELL
 Yes!!

--ON BRANCH MANAGER

BRANCH MANAGER
 (collapses in chair)
 Yes...Sir.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Russell and Ogilvy are in line again.

But today, rather than the usual, it's a choice of pizza,
 spicy barbecue chicken wings or big ol' double decker
 cheeseburgers. A large machine dispenses milkshakes.

The STUDENTS drool over their choices. Fortunately, there's
 a sneeze guard.

There's a display near the cashier. Nothing but Cheetos.

OGILVY
 It's like that dream I keep having.
 (beat)
 How did we score this?

RUSSELL
 I used the phone to change our order
 with the school food service.

OGILVY
 I love you, man.

RUSSELL
 And if I rerouted their tour right,
 I've got Maroon 5 to play our prom.

Ogilvy spots Tina, buying about 6 bags of Cheetos.

OGILVY
But I'm not going.

RUSSELL
You ought to ask Tina. You both
have the same snack preference.

OGILVY
I'm not sure I'm available that night.

RUSSELL
Right.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS -- AFTERNOON

STUDENTS linger under a large shady tree after class. Tina is there with some of her GIRLFRIENDS.

Tina communicates by texting on her phone, then showing people her screen. At this moment, they are chatting, giggling, whispering. Tina texts something, shows her screen to the group, they all LAUGH.

This is very intimidating as...Ogilvy gradually approaches Tina, quietly practicing a little speech.

He moves very s l o w l y and looks back at Russell, who gestures for him to 'go ahead.'

OGILVY
(to himself)
"Tina, heyyyy babe." No, no, no.
(beat)
"Tina...you look great. Your boobs
are really filling in." Uh...no.
(beat)
"Tina, I think you're really cool.
Would you like to go to the prom
with me?" Yeah. Good. Breathe.

But before Ogilvy can say anything--

The school's hottest ultra-babe, PILAR stops him. She's a raven-haired seductress, who, at 18, has already been voted "Most Likely to Hostess at Hooter's."

PILAR
Hi, big guy.

He's stunned. Pilar has never made eye contact before.

OGILVY
Uh, hey.

PILAR
Whatcha doin'?

OGILVY
Nothing, Pilar. Just walking.

PILAR
(coyly flirty)
You are so funny. Hey, why don't
you ever call me?

By now everyone, especially Tina, are zoned in on the bizarre exchange between Playmate of the Year Pilar and the original unmade bed, schlubby Ogilvy.

OGILVY
(astonished)
I was supposed to call you?

PILAR
Just like you to forget.

She pulls out a piece of paper and slips it into his pocket.

PILAR (CONT'D)
Here's my cell. Don't make me wait
too long.

With that, she gives the mummified Ogilvy a light kiss and glides away, every eye on her, like usual.

Ogilvy stands there, mouth hanging open, not sure what just happened. Tina walks up to him. She thumbs a few keystrokes.

OGILVY
Hey, Tina.

TINA
(on phone screen)
"Ddnt NO U knew Pilar"

OGILVY
Neither did I.

Tina texts furiously, shows Ogilvy the screen.

OGILVY (CONT'D)
(reads aloud)
'Guess you are taking her to the
prom...'

Ogilvy unfogs his brain long enough to seize the moment.

OGILVY (CONT'D)
Only if you can't go.

Tina smiles.

TINA
 "Like some Cheetos?"

AROUND THE CORNER --

Pilar approaches Russell, who watched the scene unfold.

RUSSELL
 That was perfect.

PILAR
 He won't call, will he?

RUSSELL
 Guaranteed.

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- Ogilvy and Tina power munch Cheetos.

PILAR
 You got my music video...right?

ON RUSSELL --

RUSSELL
 In my phone.

PILAR
 And you can really get it on MTV?

RUSSELL
 Yeah, I'm in their scheduling
 mainframe. You'll be in Hot rotation
 by the end of the day.

PILAR
 Bite me, Miley Cyrus.

Russell high-fives Pilar, then looks very satisfied--

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. --

As Ogilvy and Tina walk away together, he spots Claire.

ON RUSSELL -- Heavy SIGH.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME -- EVENING

Russell and Lois are having dinner. The new assistant
 manager's all excited, and sipping lots of Chianti.

LOIS
 ...and then, all of a sudden, Higgins
 is helping me move into his old
 office. He has the worst taste in
 furniture -- oh, did I tell you? I
 get to order all new stuff!

RUSSELL

That's great. Uh, Mom...

LOIS

Oh, yes -- and I get a cellphone!
So, I'm getting two, one for both of
us. The family plan.

RUSSELL

Super, thanks. Mom, uh...

LOIS

I was looking at them this afternoon.
You wouldn't believe all the things
these phones do!

RUSSELL

Yeah...I've heard.
(clears throat)
Mom, there's a girl I like...

Lois stops. Gets all emotional. Sips.

LOIS

(crushes his hand)
Oh, Russell. I'd always hoped you
like girls.

RUSSELL

Yeah, I do, uh -- wait, what?

LOIS

You know, when a boy is raised by
his mother, I mean--you always wonder.
I remember the projector dork from
my high school. I think he still
lives with his mother--

RUSSELL

--Mom. There's this girl.
(takes a breath)
I've never talked to her that much,
but I really like her.

LOIS

Okay.

RUSSELL

I'd like to ask her to the prom.

LOIS

I'm sure she'd like that, Hon.

RUSSELL

How do I do it?

LOIS

Just go up and ask her. You're the best looking boy at that school. She'll be thrilled!

RUSSELL

No, Mom, I mean yeah, thanks, but see, she's really pretty and she's really popular. She's got that creep Randy all over her, with his rugby shirts and Porsche roadster.

LOIS

(dreamy)

Ooo...love those. Vroom!

RUSSELL

Mom...

LOIS

Sorry. Please continue.

RUSSELL

I can't just go up and ask her. I've barely said hi to her. I mean, you used to be girl. What do I do?

LOIS

Well. Okay.

(chugs a glass)

Back a hundred years ago, when I was a girl, I met your father at college. He was very shy, like you. I didn't even think he noticed me. I'd hoped he had, but I wasn't sure.

Russell has never heard any of this. She gets misty.

LOIS (CONT'D)

The fraternity Valentine dance was coming up. And...

(voice breaks)

...he wrote out an invitation, attached it to a red balloon bouquet and tied it to the doorknob of my dorm room.

RUSSELL

Wow.

LOIS

It was so theatrical, so grand. Girls love the unexpected. I could tell he went to a lot of trouble. I was a goner after that.

RUSSELL
A 'goner'...really?

LOIS
Well, to be fair. 'Goner' took half
a bottle of wine...

RUSSELL
Mom...I don't need to hear--

LOIS
(laughs)
Your Daddy had an old van with shag
carpeting and really bad shocks.

RUSSELL
Mom, please! Ewww!

LOIS
Oh, baby!
(wiggles in her chair)
Squeaky, squeaky, squeaky!

RUSSELL
(covers ears)
Lalalalalalalala!!

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE -- DAY

Russell approaches the door, carrying a massive balloon bouquet big enough to lift a lawn chair into space. On it, a red envelope.

At the door, he's trying to tie the two dozen balloon streamers and red envelope around Claire's front door knob. He's all fiddley getting the knot tied. He sucks at it.

RUSSELL
C'mon, c'mon!

One of the balloons escapes.

Finally, he has the bouquet secured to the knob. He takes a breath.

He RINGS the bell...

...and runs for cover behind a nearby tree.

He waits. And waits.

Finally, Claire comes to the door. But as she opens the front door--all the balloons loosen and float into the stratosphere.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
D'oh!

Russell gets out the Guardian phone...

LATER --

Russell continues to hide behind a tree.

Then, in front of her house, pulls up a bright pink VW Beetle.
Sign on the side: "SINGING TELEGRAMS"

A pleasant-looking (theatrical) TUXEDO MAN steps out of the Beetle in full tails, top hat, white gloves, carries a harmonica, and a red envelope. This will be dreadful.

As TUXEDO MAN gets close to the front door, a HUGE DOG, BARKING and SNARLING, comes lumbering around the house.

Tuxedo Man, upon seeing the huge mutt, bolts.

RUSSELL

No!

Tuxedo Man SCREAMS, and is chased onto the roof of his Beetle.

Finally, he climbs inside the car, starts it up and scoots away; leaving just his top hat...

...which the dog eats.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK-- DAY

Claire is jogging. Headphones on. Approaching a burger joint with an electronic marquee sign.

Sign: "DOUBLE BACON CHEESY FRIES \$2.99!"

Russell is hiding nearby, texting like crazy on the Guardian. He keeps looking up at the sign and texting.

The sign's message does not change.

RUSSELL

C'mon!

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- Just as Claire runs past it--

It reads: "CLAIRE...WOULD YOU GO TO THE PROM WITH ME?"

She missed seeing it.

EXT. CITY PARK -- LATER

Claire continues her jog. Right behind her feet, a radio controlled toy car races up, red envelope attached. We recognize it as the same Robot car the Sophomore had at the Science fair.

ON RUSSELL -- Russell is behind a tree using his phone as a remote controller. He's trying to maneuver the car in front of her.

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- But it ain't easy. She zigs when he zags.

Finally, she starts to slow.

ON RUSSELL --

RUSSELL
Okay, here we go...

RUSSELL'S P.O.V. -- Russell revs it up. The car is even with her.

Then, she stops.

ON RUSSELL -- Russell can't get the car to stop.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
No!!

It runs out in street, and SMASH! Flattened by a beer truck.

Claire jogs back into the park; never noticed the car.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE -- LATER

There's a SOFT KNOCK at the door. Claire answers. She opens the door and finds Russell standing there.

CLAIRE
Hi, Russell!

He hands her a small flower arrangement.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(delighted)
Is this for me?

He opens up a red envelope. And recites:

RUSSELL
"Oh, lovely Claire, it would mean so much to me.
(gulp)
"If on this prom night a couple we could be..."

She reaches out, touches his hand and stops the pain.

CLAIRE
Are you asking me to the prom?

RUSSELL
(huge exhale)
Yes.

CLAIRE
I was wondering if you were ever
going to get around to it.

INT. LAB AT GLOBAL DIRECTORATE -- NIGHT

Todd sits at his computer, Dr Clease approaches.

TODD
Security camera across the street
from the alley caught a glimpse of
some kids in there.

DR CLEASE
Kids?

TODD
High schoolers looks like.
(squints)
Three tight-assed preppies shaking
down a geek for lunch money.

DR CLEASE
Our chaps in I.T. have concluded
that the only way the phone's tracer
signal could've been turned off is
by hacking into the core program.

TODD
Hacker geek? Fits.
(watching video)
Ouch! They're really giving the
little guy hell. Assholes.

DR CLEASE
If those adolescents got with one of
the truly demented math whizzes we
had writing the original software,
they may have gotten some sort of
backdoor into the phone's programming.

TODD
Are they still in research?

DR CLEASE
No, we terminated them.

TODD
You killed them? Edgy.

DR CLEASE
No, you Neanderthal. We fired them.
(MORE)

DR CLEAVE (CONT'D)

We had 39 of them working on the Guardian. Pasty faced little drolls. The placed reeked of asthma inhalers and "FunYuns".

(hands over list)

Check them out.

EXT. CITY BANK -- DAY

The next morning...Russell stands with the phone near an outside ATM machine, watching CUSTOMERS get cash.

He creeps toward the machine, looking both ways uneasily.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN/KEYPAD - takes an image of ATM.

On the keypad, he types "\$100". He presses 'send'.

INSERT -- ATM - Five \$20 bills are dispensed.

ON RUSSELL -- Russell glances at the ATM CCTV camera lens.

INSERT -- ATM CCTV - Russell's image is altered electronically. In it, he looks a little like DONALD TRUMP.

BACK TO SCENE

Russell scoops the cash out of the machine.

The transaction has not gone unobserved. A BALD BLACK MAN watched this kid suck money out of an ATM using a cellphone. He immediately grabs his own cell and makes a call.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/BASEMENT -- DAY

Russell uses the phone's camera to take his own picture. Which morphs into --

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- LATER

-- Russell's picture in a brand new diplomatic passport.

Just delivered to him by SPECIAL COURIER, along with a brand new American Express Gold Card.

RUSSELL

Wow.

(thinking out loud)

Okay, I need a tux, corsage, limo.

He whips out the phone.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Where can I get an Armani tux?

CELLPHONE

Here's a list of formalwear stores
within 50 miles of your loca--

Suddenly -- the phone goes dark.

RUSSELL

What? No...

Russell starts furiously pressing phone buttons. Nothing.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

The password!

Russell pulls the 19 digit password out of his wallet and punches it in. Nothing.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

They shut it down.

INT. CITY BANK -- DAY

Russell walks in and is recognized by MRS HOLLY, 50, the ultra-conservative Office Manager of the bank. Her hair style and clothing just scream: "I have nine cats."

MRS HOLLY

Hi, Russell.

RUSSELL

Hi, Mrs. Holly.

MRS HOLLY

Your Mom isn't in. She went to lunch
with that nice mortgage broker.

(quietly)

He has a Lexus.

RUSSELL

No, it's okay. I just need to get
into our safe deposit box.

Russell holds up the key.

IN THE VAULT -- MOMENTS LATER

Russell has the box open and places the phone inside.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

You stay out of trouble.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE -- DAY

In front of Claire's House, a classic ROLLS LIMO pulls up.

The uniformed DRIVER steps out and opens the back door.

Emerging is Russell, dressed in a tailored Armani tux. He looks really, really good. He's gotten a decent haircut. He carries a plastic box with an orchid corsage inside.

Up to the front door, looking for the dog, he rings the BELL.

Door opens.

Standing in the doorway is Claire's DAD, 45.

Obviously there's no wife around to endlessly correct him-- he answers in an undershirt. A mountain of chest hair tries to burst out from it.

He munches on a slice of delivered pepperoni and onion pizza, killing bugs with his belch.

DAD

Yeah?

RUSSELL

Hi, I'm Russell Murphy. I'm here to pick up Claire? For the prom?

Nothing. That giant DOG that chased off the singing telegram guy sidles up next to Dad.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

This is Claire's house, right?

DAD

(turns back inside)

Claire!

That went well. He stares back at Russell.

DAD (CONT'D)

You that smart kid?

RUSSELL

(perks up)

Claire said I was smart?

DAD

Yeah, goes on and on about you.

(takes bite of pizza)

Russell the genius.

RUSSELL

Wow...

DAD

Let's see if you can fix a TV.

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Russell has his jacket off, a towel under his tuxedoed knees behind a big screen TV that's all pixilated.

Dad sits in his recliner, the giant dog in his lap. Dad doesn't realize this moose is not a Chihuahua.

RUSSELL
Everything's connected back here,
let me try that satellite azimuth.

EXT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Russell's at a back window where the TV Dish is attached.

RUSSELL
(yells)
You're about two degrees off!

Russell pushes the top of the dish back about an inch.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
How's that?

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE

INSERT -- TV SCREEN - Sportscenter pops on in HiDef.

BACK TO SCENE

DAD
Wow. Not bad.

Russell re-enters.

RUSSELL
(wiping hands on towel)
Just a little misalignment on the
dish. And you may want to trim back
that tall tree. You need a clear
shot of the Southern sky to hit that
satellite signal.

Dad is busy chunking through the channels.

DAD
Great job, Russell. Thanks.

INSERT -- TV SCREEN - He hits MTV, just as they are playing
Pilar's God-awful music video. She sounds like a cat in
heat, being molested and run over.

BACK TO SCENE

DAD (CONT'D)
Wish you could fix that girl's
singing. Whew!

RUSSELL
Beyond my skills, Sir.

Dad gets all involved in TV. The big dog stares at Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
(to dog)
I had to buy that guy a new top hat.

DAD
Pardon?

RUSSELL
Just admiring your dog.

DAD
Oh, Toodles?

Russell mimes 'Toodles?'

DAD (CONT'D)
She's a real sweetheart.

Sfx: LOW MENACING GROWL.

Russell gets his tux jacket back on just as Claire appears.

CLAIRE
Hi, Russell.

Claire's had her hair all done up and wears the kind of evening dress you'd see on the Red Carpet. A classic.

RUSSELL
Wow.

CLAIRE
Thank you.
(gestures)
You like my earrings? They belonged
to my Mom.

Misty-eyed smile from Dad.

RUSSELL
Yes, I do. You look amazing.

CLAIRE
Not bad yourself. Is that Armani?

RUSSELL

Oh, yeah.

DAD

I use Armani. Makes my tires shiny.

They look at Dad. Then look at each other.

RUSSELL

If you're ready?

CLAIRE

I am.

RUSSELL

Oh! This is for you...

Russell reaches over to the table, and gets the corsage.

CLAIRE

This is gorgeous. Thank you!

RUSSELL

Shall we head out then?

(to her Dad)

Mr. McKuen, nice to meet you, hope
your TV gives you no more trouble.

Bone crushing handshake from Dad.

DAD

Good to meet you, Russell. Say...

He produces a \$50 bill from his pocket and gets all hush-hush.

DAD (CONT'D)

Why don't you take Claire out
someplace nice for dinner?

Russell reaches into his jacket and flashes his Amex Gold.

RUSSELL

Got that covered, Sir.

DAD

Your Father's card?

RUSSELL

It's mine.

Big arm around the shoulder hug from Dad. He's so impressed.
Russell's face is squished under a massive, hairy arm.

DAD

Welcome to the family, son.

Russell extricates himself from Dad. Opens the door to reveal--

CLAIRE'S POV -- OUT THE FRONT DOOR - The Rolls limo, the Driver snapping to attention.

BACK TO SCENE

CLAIRE
Very classy.

RUSSELL
At dawn, it turns back into a Fiat.

CLAIRE
Don't wait up, Dad!

DAD
You kids have fun!

INT. ROLLS LIMO -- DAY (LATER) - TRAVELING

Claire is admiring the fancy interior of the Rolls.

She gazes at the bar. Presses a button. Ice drops into a crystal glass. She giggles.

CLAIRE
(giggles)
This is sick. So, why did I have to be ready like four hours before the prom even starts?

RUSSELL
First, could I ask a favor?

CLAIRE
Sure. What?

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME -- DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

Sfx: CAMERA CLICK -- Lois is taking a prom night picture of Russell and Claire, in front of the Rolls.

INSERT -- STILL PHOTO - Their image comes into focus.

BACK TO SCENE

LOIS
Perfect.

RUSSELL
Don't wait up, Mom!

LOIS
Have a good time!

Russell helps Claire into the Rolls, then looks back.

Lois wipes a tear. Gives him a big thumbs up.

Russell smiles, nods and waves.

INT. ROLLS LIMO -- DAY (MOMENTS LATER)- TRAVELING

RUSSELL

Thanks for that.

CLAIRE

Oh, no problem. I like your Mom.

(pause)

Why was she crying?

RUSSELL

She's got a date tonight. She prefers crying ahead of time.

CLAIRE

By the way, you really hit a home run with my Dad.

RUSSELL

You talked to him about me?

CLAIRE

Of course. He wasn't going to let me leave the house until I gave him a full report on you.

RUSSELL

Uh, what did you tell him?

CLAIRE

I told him you can't tie a balloon knot worth a flip. And that you have terrible taste in telegram singers and I think I owe you a radio controlled car.

RUSSELL

Oh, God.

Russell cringes. Claire reaches for his hand.

CLAIRE

And I told him you had the warmest smile I'd ever seen.

Claire smiles into his eyes, then notices--

CLAIRE'S POV -- Airplanes up ahead.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Where are we going?

RUSSELL
I thought we'd go to dinner.

CLAIRE
We're eating at the airport?

EXT. ROLLS LIMO

The limo pulls up in front of a G5 executive jet.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
How about...San Francisco?

EXT. GULFSTREAM JET -- EVENING

The big Jet takes off into the sunset.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET

Claire admires the view. Russell admires Claire. They sit in big First Class sized seats, facing each other. *

CLAIRE
I thought the limo was cool. But this...

RUSSELL
Too much?

CLAIRE
(curious look)
Are you kidnapping me?

Russell thinks about it.

RUSSELL
Yes. Yes, I am.

CLAIRE
Excellent.

She leans over and kisses him full on the mouth.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Best date, ever.

May take years to get the smile off Russell's face.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO FISHERMANS WHARF -- EVENING

Their cab pulls up in front of Alioto's--the venerable Italian seafood eatery with a killer view of the Golden Gate Bridge.

INT. ALIOTO'S

The bistro is busy with black tied WAITERS scurrying about, preparing elaborate salads, pushing dessert carts and displaying wine lists. PATRONS dine and chat.

A MAITRE'D shows Russell and Claire a table right next to the window featuring that breath-taking vista.

As Russell helps Claire into her chair, a FAT LADY at another table mistakes his young face and tuxedo for a--

FAT LADY
Waiter! Waiter!

Russell turns around, curious.

RUSSELL
Ma'am?

FAT LADY
We need another basket of bread.

The Fat Lady then returns to talking to her friend, oblivious.

Without missing a beat, Russell grabs a nearly empty bread basket from someone else's table, deftly starts lifting dinner rolls and sourdough off plates of nearby patrons and filling the basket to capacity.

He then delivers it to the Fat Lady's table. She nods and hands him a five dollar tip...

...which Russell immediately passes on to the Maitre'd.

CLAIRE
(laughs)
Smooth.

A WAITER appears, just this side of über-snooty. He stares at his teenage customers.

WAITER
Mmm...let me guess, Prom Night?

Russell touches his nose.

WAITER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Great. Biggest Friday in months and I get to watch the kiddie pool.
(to them)
Right up front, we don't have pizza, cheeseburgers, or weenies and beans.

RUSSELL

Actually, the filet and lobster tail
looked good.

WAITER

Oh, Mommy let you out with her
Discover card? Nice. Okay.
Something before dinner? A Scooby-
doo, perhaps? A Lisa Simpson? Or
feel like living on the edge with a
near-beer.

RUSSELL

How about a bottle of White Star?

CLAIRE

(concerned)

Russell...

He waves a 'do not be concerned, my dear' hand.

WAITER

Well played, young man. I call your
White Star order and raise you a
"May I see some form of
identification, Sir?"

RUSSELL

Certainly.

Russell produces a passport from his inside jacket pocket.

The waiter opens it, revealing Russell to be 26 years old,
plus a \$50 bill stuck inside.

There's a complete change of tone.

WAITER

Yes, sir. White Star. Immediately.

Finger SNAP. A WAITER PIT CREW suddenly appear with a stand
up ice bucket, a bottle of White Star Champagne, chilled
glasses, bread, butter, lit candles--the works.

MOMENTS LATER

CLINK. Russell and Claire are toasting champagne flutes,
letting the bubbles tickle their noses.

CLAIRE

Okay, what's the deal?

RUSSELL

The deal with what?

CLAIRE

C'mon, the Rolls, the diplomatic
passport, Armani, a jet? Sup playa?

Russell takes a swig of courage and a deep breath.

RUSSELL

Okay. About a week ago, Randy Sledge
and his Wall Street Mafia were
pounding on me for talking to you...

EXT. ALIOTO'S -- NIGHT

Claire and Russell leave the restaurant.

CLAIRE

Wow...I would so max out that gold
card and buy a beach house in Cabo
or something. You still have the
phone?

RUSSELL

I can't get it to work now. I think
the Feds shut it down. It's in my
Mom's safe deposit box for tonight.

CLAIRE

And then?

RUSSELL

Tomorrow I'm putting it right back
where I found it, in that alley.
Let them worry about it.

INT. GULFSTREAM JET -- LATER

Back aboard the plane. This time, Claire and Russell are
sitting virtually on top of each other on the sofa that runs
down one side of the jet's cabin. Shoes are off. Inhibitions
set on zero.

CLAIRE

Where are we off to now...Paris?

RUSSELL

Back to the prom.

She picks up the intercom phone.

CLAIRE

Let's see if the pilot has enough
gas to get to Hawaii.

Russell puts the phone back.

RUSSELL

Let's hit the prom.

CLAIRE

The prom can't top all this. Plus
I'd have to put my shoes back on.

RUSSELL

I still want to go--for the last
dance if nothing else.

CLAIRE

Okay. Why do we have to go back to
the prom?

RUSSELL

On her dresser at home, my Mom has
two framed pictures. One is of me
in the third grade, looking especially
dorky...

He makes a overbite dipwad face. She laughs.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

...And the other is a picture of her
and my dad, at their prom.

Russell loses himself in Claire's eyes.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I want to go to our prom and get my
picture made. With you.

Claire eyes glisten as she takes his face into her hands and
plants such a huge kiss on that boy.

We wonder if they're coming up for air.

EXT. AIRPORT BACK HOME -- NIGHT

The Gulfstream taxis back to the same spot it left earlier.

We see in the foreground, the Rolls limo waits for them.

Russell and Claire bounce off the jet, arm in arm and head
for the Rolls.

RUSSELL

Our chariot awaits!

CLAIRE

On to the prom!

EXT. ROLLS LIMO -- MOMENTS LATER

On the city streets heading for the Prom hotel, when--

A Red classic Boss 302 Ford Mustang roars around the limo,
then stops suddenly in front of it.

The Rolls has to BRAKE hard.

INT. ROLLS LIMO

Russell and Claire are dumped on the floor due to the stop.

EXT. ROLLS LIMO

From the Mustang emerges SANTANA...an impossibly beautiful, dark-haired woman in her early 30's. She looks Mediterranean, wears a long leather coat and puffs on a very thin cigar.

From the shadows, the three Tall BALD BLACK MEN that we saw when the skinheads melted appear and pull the limo Driver from his seat.

They ZAP him with a strong taser--knocking him out.

...And toss him into some shrubs on the side of the street.

RUSSELL

Hey!!

INT. ROLLS LIMO

Claire and Russell look horrified.

CLAIRE

What's going on?
(looks at Russell)
Are these Feds?

RUSSELL

I don't think so.

BALD BLACK MAN ONE gets behind the wheel of the Rolls.

Coming through the back door is UGARTE, 45, a short, weasely man in a shiny suit. He speaks with a Central European accent in a pinched, nasal voice. He likes to laugh when others are in pain.

He takes the seat facing our Couple.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Who are you?

UGARTE

Relax, Russell.

RUSSELL

You know me?

UGARTE

Yes, I am Mister Ugarte. Sorry to ruin your evening.

Santana enters from the other door; pushes past Claire and sits next to Ugarte.

CLAIRE

Hey!

Santana gestures and the limo starts to move.

EXT. ROLLS LIMO

The other two Bald Black Men get in the Mustang and follow the Rolls.

INT. ROLLS LIMO

RUSSELL

What's going on? This is our limo!

UGARTE

Silence!

CLAIRE

Hey, Shorty! You are not the boss of me, or my Boyfriend.

RUSSELL

Boyfriend? Really?

CLAIRE

Well, after the airplane...you know.

Ugarte, a little frustrated, speaks to Santana...in Russian.

UGARTE

Ia ne dumaiu, chto oni sobiraiutsia sotrudnichat'.

(titles)

"I don't think they're going to cooperate."

SANTANA

Oni dolzhny byt' dolzhnym obrazom motivirovany.

(titles)

"They need to be properly motivated."

RUSSELL

Chto iavliaetsia vsem etim o?

(titles)

"What is this all about?"

Everyone stops. They all slowly turn and look at Russell.

CLAIRE

Is that Russian?

RUSSELL

I play a lot of online poker with
Eastern Europe.

(shrugs)

I like to know if they're bluffing.

Ugarte SLAPS Russell, hard.

UGARTE

We're not bluffing, Russell.

RUSSELL

Hey...that really hurt.

(feels his cheek)

You ever get a manicure?

Claire jerks her cellphone out of her bag and starts texting.

CLAIRE

I don't care who you are, you are
not ruining my prom night!

Ugarte pulls a gun.

Claire stops.

Santana lifts the phone out of her hand.

SANTANA

My name is Santana LaCroix, Miss
McKuen. Your boyfriend here is in
possession of a very valuable piece
of technology.

UGARTE

We have associates all over the globe
who'd pay handsomely for that device.

RUSSELL

How did you find me?

SANTANA

An employee of mine observed you
using the Guardian to liberate funds
out of an ATM at your Mother's bank.
She'll be lucky to keep her job after
they find out about that.

RUSSELL

Oh, God...

SANTANA

You didn't you think anyone would
consider it odd that a 17 year old
has a diplomatic passport and an
American Express Gold Card?

RUSSELL

I hoped not.

SANTANA

Regardless, you must deliver the Guardian to me.

RUSSELL

I doesn't work.

SANTANA

It didn't work when you found it, either, but you managed to activate all its functions.

CLAIRE

Maybe you should give him the phone.

RUSSELL

I can't! It's in my Mom's safe deposit box. I can't get to it till morning!

SANTANA

Find a way, Russell. You are a resourceful boy, aren't you?

RUSSELL

Okay, you are very scary with the big bald guy, and the gun and the Boris and Natasha bad cop/bad cop thing. But, I don't know who you people are--

Santana grabs Russell by the back of the neck, and kisses him on the mouth.

CLAIRE

(jealous)

Hey!

Then Santana bites enough for his lip to bleed.

RUSSELL

Ow!!

SANTANA

I'm all the pain you've ever imagined.

Russell is in shock. Claire, still pissed.

CLAIRE

You wanna stop sucking on my date?

SANTANA

I think this Girl loves you, Russell. That's even better leverage for me.

Santana gestures, Rolls stops. In a miserable part of town.

SANTANA (CONT'D)

Bring me that phone. Fully functioning. Deliver it to me at 1333 Industrial Drive. We will entertain your Girlfriend in the meantime.

RUSSELL

No!

EXT. ROLLS LIMO -- NIGHT

BALD BLACK MAN TWO jerks Russell from the limo.

He hits the ground hard, THUD! Then looks back inside.

SANTANA

Mr. Ugarte has an interesting hobby-- explosives and timers. We're going to create a deadline for you.

Ugarte struggles with Claire, who's a handful.

CLAIRE

Hands off me, you perv!

SANTANA

No police, Russell. You have two hours to get that phone to me, or you'll be able to take Miss McKuen to the prom in several small bags.

Russell cuts a last panicked look into her Claire's eyes.

Ugarte LAUGHS heartily. Door SLAMS. Limo SCREECHES off.

CLAIRE (O.S.)

Russellllllllll!!!!

RUSSELL

Claire?

The Mustang picks up Bald Man Two, and follows the limo, as Russell slowly gets up.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT (LATER)

A battered Russell is on a pay phone at one of those small stores that gets robbed hourly. An OLD WINO stares at him.

RUSSELL

(on phone)

Mom?

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Yeah, the date was going okay...

(beat)

Yeah, I like her a lot...

(beat)

Mom! Stop crying. Yes, I'm growing up too fast, but I need your help. Claire's been kidnapped!

LATER -- Russell is waiting at the phone booth when Lois drives up in a new Lexus.

Russell peers into the window cautiously. The Old Wino looks in with him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Mom?

LOIS

Hop in. Stan let me borrow his car.

RUSSELL

(to Wino)

I got this. Thanks.

INT. MOM'S LEXUS -- NIGHT (LATER)- TRAVELING

The Lexus is now crammed with Lois driving, Russell next to her...and Ogilvy, along with Tina, fogging up the back seat. Tina has on a black gown, like Elvira. He's in a rented orange tux.

When they stop kissing long enough to breathe, Tina texts something, shows it to Ogilvy.

OGILVY

Really?

Tina nods her head. Ogilvy dives back in.

LOIS

Russell, you should've told me about that phone, you could've gotten into a lot of trouble.

RUSSELL

I think we're beyond that, Mom.

LOIS

And do we need the tongue tag team?
(to Ogilvy)
Nice tux color.

OGILVY
 (stops kissing Tina)
 Doesn't show stains.
 (starts munching
 Cheetos)
 Yeah, why did you call me?

RUSSELL
 Get on every one of those hacker
 sites. I need the address of
 Commander Chaos. He's going to have
 to get that phone working.

OGILVY
 Okay, I'll try.
 (starts texting)
 But I don't even know if he's local.

Lois pulls out her cell.

LOIS
 We should call the police.

RUSSELL
 We can't Mom, they'll kill her.

LOIS
 Oh, my God.

Russell looks at his Mom's phone. She's already put their
 prom night picture from earlier on her phone as wallpaper.

He stares at Claire's smiling face next to his.

RUSSELL
 I gotta get her back.

EXT. CITY BANK -- NIGHT

They pull up to the bank where Lois works.

INT. MOM'S LEXUS

Ogilvy is working his Blackberry like a samurai.

OGILVY
 No luck yet.

RUSSELL
 Keep trying! We need that address.

LOIS
 (looking through purse)
 Damn!

RUSSELL
 What?

LOIS

I left my office keys in my desk,
but if the cleaning crew's still
here, they can let us in.

INT. CITY BANK

The night CLEANING CREW are tidying up at the bank after
hours. Russell and Lois enter her new office.

She checks her desk and locates the keys.

LOIS

I hope the branch manager isn't
around, showing up this late going
to be hard to explain--

Enter BRANCH MANAGER --

BRANCH MANAGER

Mrs. Murphy!

LOIS

Hello, Sir!

BRANCH MANAGER

Working late?

LOIS

I left my cell phone here, and my
Son needs it for the prom.

BRANCH MANAGER

Your phone? For the prom?

RUSSELL

I'm downloading all the deejay's
music. Without it, not much dancing.

BRANCH MANAGER

I see. Say, if you have a moment...

LOIS

Sir?

BRANCH MANAGER

I'm having the cleaning people help
me rearrange my office, but I could
use a woman's opinion as to how it looks.

LOIS

Certainly.

Lois secretly passes her key ring, with the master key, to
Russell, as she heads for the Branch Manager's office.

INT. SAFE DEPOSIT BOX VAULT

Russell hurries into the Vault, finds their safe deposit box...

INT. BRANCH MANAGER'S OFFICE

BRANCH MANAGER

I was thinking that the painting of
the babbling brook should go there...

While he blathers on, Lois is horrified to notice that Russell is on the CCTV monitor, right on the manager's desk, running around inside the vault.

She blocks the view of the monitor.

BRANCH MANAGER (CONT'D)

...and maybe my deer head could go
right over the sofa.

She attempts to get his attention away from the desk area.

LOIS

(pointing away)

We still need to spruce up that end
of the office.

BRANCH MANAGER

You think?

LOIS

It's the first thing people see when
they walk in here. "Never a second
chance for a first impression!"

BRANCH MANAGER

You may be right.

LOIS' P.O.V. -- Russell has returned from the vault...he's holding up the phone.

BACK TO SCENE

LOIS

Oh, good, Russell found my phone. I
better scoot.

BRANCH MANAGER

You sure you can't stay? You have
such a good eye for design.

LOIS

I'm sorry, Sir. I'm chaperoning
tonight, and if you don't watch those
teenagers closely, you never know
what they'll put in the punchbowl.

INT. MOM'S LEXUS

Out in front of the bank, Lois and Russell get back in the car where Ogilvy texts as Tina watches.

RUSSELL

Any luck?

OGILVY

Yeah. One of my ultra-dorks thinks Chaos is a game designer named Darren Frankhouser. He's a local. I got an address, and a map.

EXT. FRANKHOUSER HOME -- NIGHT (LATER)

In a blighted neighborhood that time and lawn care have long passed by, the Lexus pulls up in front of an old two story home. Lois, Russell, Ogilvy and Tina get out and stare.

LOIS

Ych. This is it? You sure?

OGILVY

Matches the street view.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN -- Same dismal house in the daytime. In the photo, an old dog snoozes on the porch.

BACK TO SCENE

They all approach the front door, where that same old dog still sleeps in the same spot.

OGILVY (CONT'D)

Must be a stuffed dog.

Ogilvy pokes the dog. Low, menacing GROWL.

RUSSELL

Right again.

Russell KNOCKS on the door. It opens.

There stands...OLD MRS. FRANKHOUSER. She's somewhere between 65-85 years old. Sweet faced, but a little confused.

In the background we can hear an episode of "COPS" on TV.

MRS FRANKHOUSER

Yes?

RUSSELL

Yes, ma'am...does Darren Frankhouser live here?

MRS FRANKHOUSER

Yes?

RUSSELL

Uhhhh, yes.

(louder)

Does a Darren Frankhouser live here?

MRS FRANKHOUSER

Are you a Jehovah's Witness?

RUSSELL

No, ma'am, I'm looking for Darren Frankhouser.

MRS FRANKHOUSER

I thought I already contributed, but let me get my purse.

She leaves the door open and wanders back inside.

RUSSELL

What time is it?

OGILVY

Almost ten-thirty.

RUSSELL

Shit!

LOIS

Russell!

RUSSELL

Sorry. Uhhhhhh....shit!

(shrugs)

I've got less than an hour.

Mrs. Frankhouser returns to the door with a checkbook.

MRS FRANKHOUSER

I don't have any cash, can I write you a check?

OGILVY

Yeah, check's good.

LOIS

Oh, my! Are those orchids?

Mrs. Frankhouser looks where Lois is pointing, to a table in the living room with about six orchid plants on it.

MRS FRANKHOUSER

Oh, yes...those are my Phalaenopsis.

Lois doesn't wait to be invited in...

INT. FRANKHOUSER HOME

The house is decorated in early Addams Family. Tina is attracted by the horror furniture; stuffed birds, tables with claw feet, etc.

Lois looks at Mrs. Frankhouser's orchids.

LOIS

Those are beautiful! Are they hard to raise?

Lois gestures to the boys to 'look around'. They all wander into the living room as Russell and Ogilvy look for any signs of Commander Chaos.

MRS FRANKHOUSER

Not hard at all--just give them some window light and don't over-water.

A NOISE nearby. The fellas move toward it.

LOIS

You know so much about these...

IN HALLWAY -- The guys notice a partially opened door and hear the unmistakable sounds of a VIDEO GAME being played.

CHAOS (O.S.)

Die you scum! Ha ha!

Sfx: Various EXPLOSIONS

RUSSELL

That's Combat Flight Simulator!

They open the door wider, revealing a stairway to the attic.

INT. ATTIC

Crammed on the low ceiling attic, even crappier than Russell's basement, sits COMMANDER CHAOS.

He's about 40, in a Star Trek bathrobe, playing Combat Flight Simulator with a joystick on an oversized computer screen.

CHAOS

Got you now!!

Stacked all over his bench are 15 different computer screens, all of them lit up. Some screens are linked with: Air Traffic Control, Homeland Security's "Most Wanted", Al Jazeera, Jane's Book of Military Hardware, Playboy Channel; that sort of thing.

Russell and Ogilvy manage to get all the way upstairs without Chaos noticing.

CHAOS (CONT'D)
All right...die!!!!

OGILVY
(stage whisper)
He's a total spaz.

RUSSELL
Shhh.

Chaos notices the guys. And freaks...

CHAOS
(leaps up)
Who are you??

He scrambles for a weapon. All he can find is a badminton racket. Holds it like a sword.

RUSSELL
Are you Darren Frankhouser?

CHAOS
Who are you???

RUSSELL
I'm Russell, this is Ogilvy.

CHAOS
Who? How did you get in here?
(yells down the stairs)
Ma!

MRS FRANKHOUSER (O.S.)
Yes, dear?

CHAOS
You okay, Ma?

MRS FRANKHOUSER (O.S.)
Yes. I'm just talking with the nice
Jehovah's Witness lady about orchids.
Is it time for your ointment?

CHAOS
No, Ma.

MRS FRANKHOUSER (O.S.)
All righty then!

RUSSELL
Are you Commander Chaos? It's very
important.

CHAOS
You guys Feds? You're dorky enough.

OGILVY
 (texting aloud)
 Ahem. "Dear Pot, Kettle here..."

RUSSELL
 (emphatic)
 I'm running out of time! Are you
 Chaos?

CHAOS
 How did you find me?

OGILVY
 Hello. Internet.

CHAOS
 I should have never used Chaos on
 that dating service.
 (beat)
 Yeah, I'm him.

Russell pulls the phone out.

RUSSELL
 Can you reactivate this phone? A
 girl's life depends on it.

CHAOS
 Is that -- the Guardian?

RUSSELL
 It's the target on my back.

Chaos handles it like it was made of gold.

CHAOS
 They really finished it.
 (admiring)
 How'd you get this? And what about
 a girl's life depending on it?

INT. CHAOS BASEMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Chaos pulls up the picture of Santana on one of his computers.

RUSSELL
 That's her!

Wolf whistle from Ogilvy.

CHAOS
 Santana LaCroix. Too bad a fox like
 that is so very evil.

OGILVY
 Sexy, though.

CHAOS

Yeah, like a Cobra. She took over the family arms business when Mossed blew up Arnald LaCroix. Now Daddy's little girl supplies anyone. She'd sell Al Queda a nuke if they have enough room on their MasterCard. She's got your Girlfriend?

RUSSELL

Yeah and I have 45 minutes to activate this phone and get it back there.

We notice that the Guardian is on a workbench, hooked up to three computers running diagnostics on it.

CHAOS

The agency's running a strong jam on all their special frequencies. That's why it went dead. It also proves they don't know where it is.

(admiring phone)

I wrote the software for their earlier prototypes. But I didn't get along with their R&D chief, Dr Clease. Man, was he wound-too-tight. So I was retired. Now I just diddle with him for fun.

RUSSELL

"Diddle?"

CHAOS

I canceled his credit cards, put him on the No-Fly list...oh, and I sent him a Russian mail order bride! That was a big hit with his wife.

RUSSELL

Can you get the phone working?

CHAOS

I just did.

Chaos pulls the phone off the bench.

CHAOS (CONT'D)

Not a permanent fix, but it should function for an hour or so...long enough to get your girl back.

RUSSELL

Thank you, Commander Chaos.

INT. FRANKHOUSER HOME

Russell and Ogilvy run back downstairs where Lois, Tina and Mrs. Frankhouser are having tea.

MRS FRANKHOUSER

Make sure he gets married before he gets too old. I love my Darren, but I can't give him away now.

RUSSELL

Time to go!

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING -- NIGHT

In a containment room, Ugarte and Santana hover over Claire, who's bound, gagged, tied to a chair fitted with a huge time bomb. Santana looks at timer...

SANTANA

I hope your boyfriend gets back in the next -- 44 minutes -- or, boom. It would be a shame to ruin such a pretty face.

Claire shouts something extremely vulgar through her gag.

INT. MOM'S LEXUS -- NIGHT - TRAVELING

Russell, Lois, Tina and Ogilvy drive at breakneck speed.

RUSSELL

Have you got it??

Ogilvy looking at his Blackberry.

OGILVY

Yeah, yeah...1333 Industrial Way, make the next right and it should be less than two miles after that.

Sfx: LOUD SIRENS

LOIS

Oh, no.

A fleet of police cars right on their tail.

And, for the very first time, we actually hear Tina speak.

TINA

Wow. Price check on bacon.

Everyone looks at her. Her look says: "what?"

OGILVY

We can't outrun all that po-po, man.

LOIS
I have to stop.

RUSSELL
(checks watch)
Chaos cut a deal and turned us in.

MOMENTS LATER --

The cars are stopped. Russell looks out his window and sees Roger Todd.

TODD
Russell Murphy?

INT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE--INTERROGATION ROOM-- LATER

There's a massive circular light in the ceiling that takes up most of the room. It's like a skylight, but gives the illusion that a huge eye is looking down.

Russell sits at a table. The Guardian phone is on the table in front of him, along with his passport and Gold Card.

Dr Clease enters, reading from a file.

DR CLEASE
All right, young man. Your Mother and your rather odd choice of friends are relaxing in my office. And you've delivered back to us...the Guardian.

RUSSELL
We have 20 minutes to get Claire!

TODD
Our team just arrived at that Industrial address. Nothing there.

RUSSELL
They must've moved her. I can find her with the phone! Please...

DR CLEASE
(looking at report)
You've certainly been living it up at the government's expense. How long have you known Santana LaCroix?

RUSSELL
I don't know her, I swear.

DR CLEASE
So you said. You sure you're not planning on selling her this phone?

RUSSELL

What? No!

Todd intervenes.

TODD

I think he just found it when I
dropped it--

RUSSELL

That's right!

DR CLEAVE

Enough, Agent Todd. Unless you want
to be assigned to Bulgaria again.

TODD

Bulgaria? Hey, this might be a screw-
up, but it's not a Bulgaria screw-
up! It's not like I, uh...

RUSSELL

Sent him a Russian Mail Order Bride?

Todd laughs. Cleave BANGS the table.

DR CLEAVE

Who do you work for?

RUSSELL

Mr. Sackley's Grocery, but that's
just part time.

DR CLEAVE

Fine. Alright, young man, a few
weeks in federal detention might
help you straighten out your story.

Desperate, Russell starts to COUGH. And COUGH.

TODD

You all right, kid?

RUSSELL

I get throat spasms when I'm nervous.
(coughs)
Could I have a glass of water?

Todd pours a glass of water from a pitcher in the corner.

INSERT - UNDER THE TABLE

Russell pulls a small white wad out of his pocket.

ON RUSSELL

Todd sets the glass of water down in front of him.

DR CLEAVE
All right, drink that, then start
over again...from the beginning.

Russell tosses the wad of POTASSIUM in the glass of water.

When it hits the water --

BA-BOOM!! Bright as a flash bang.

Russell ducks, Todd and Cleave are blinded by the flash and
trip over furniture, hitting the floor.

Russell has only seconds. He snatches the Guardian phone
and bolts out the door.

INT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS

The security KLAXON BLASTS. Russell ducks into a stairwell.

IN STAIRWELL -- He starts talking to the only friend he has
left, The Guardian.

RUSSELL
Guardian! Where am I?

CELLPHONE
Global Directorate. Level Nine.

RUSSELL
Nearest exit?

CELLPHONE
The roof, three flights up.

RUSSELL
Okay. Lock all the stairwells, and
leave the roof access open!

CELLPHONE
Acknowledged.

Russell heads up the stairs.

IN HALLWAY -- Todd and a few SECURITY MEN head for the
stairwell door Russell ran into. Todd tries the door.

TODD
He's locked us out. Blow the door!

EXT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS/ROOFTOP -- NIGHT

Russell bursts through the door onto the roof.

It's full of air conditioning units, satellite dishes and--
Sitting on a helipad--a BELL JET RANGER Helicopter.

RUSSELL

Oh, boy.

He aims the phone at the helicopter.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What type is that?

As the phone answers the question, Russell runs toward it.

CELLPHONE

Bell 206L-1 LongRanger II - powered
by an Allison 250-C28 turboshaft
engine. Registered to Hawkeye
Security, a front for the agency.

Russell reaches the chopper; climbs in the right hand seat.

RUSSELL

Guardian, I need complete instructions
on starting this thing.

CELLPHONE

Check freedom of movement on the
flight controls and verify the engine
anti-ice is switched off--

As the phone goes through the start up procedures--

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - video of the knobs and switches he
should be looking for.

CELLPHONE (CONT'D)

--hydraulics switch on, fuel valve
on, close the throttle fully past
the idle release tab. To do this,
use your left thumb to depress the
Idle Release button and roll the
throttle fully to the closed
position...

INT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS/ROOFTOP

Just inside the access to the roof, Todd and a SWAT Team
have reached the door. They are just about to blast it open.

TODD

Okay...blow it!

EXT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS/ROOFTOP

KA-BOOM! They get the door open, just in time to watch
Russell lift off in the Jet Ranger.

INT. JET RANGER -- NIGHT - TRAVELING

Russell has a tiger by the tail. The chopper jerks itself higher over the building. Scary ride.

Todd and the SWAT guys have to duck down as the tail rotor nearly cuts their heads off.

RUSSELL
Sorry! My bad!

EXT. GLOBAL DIRECTORATE HEADQUARTERS/ROOFTOP

SWAT MARKSMAN
(taking aim)
Shoot it down, Sir?

TODD
No. I know where he's going.

INT. JET RANGER

Russell is fighting the wobbly chopper. He almost blasts through a big rooftop billboard, just missing it, and scaring a COUPLE making out on the roof.

They shake their fists at Russell.

RUSSELL
It's my first time, shut up!
(beat)
And get a room!

EXT. JET RANGER

The flight starts to smooth out.

RUSSELL (O.S.)
Okay, better. Guardian, can you search for time bombs?

INT. JET RANGER

CELLPHONE
I can scan for high frequency timers.

RUSSELL
Start scanning Industrial Way.

Sfx: QUICK BEEPS

CELLPHONE
Search complete. Digital timer counting down on basement level of 1501 Industrial Way.

RUSSELL

They moved her all right. Show me
how to get there.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - Displays a vector right to it.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/BASEMENT LEVEL

Claire is trying to pull free of her restraints.

INSERT -- BOMB TIMER - It's under 7 minutes.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Russell and the chopper approach the roof of the building.

INT. JET RANGER

The Guardian phone is talking Russell down as he wrestles
with the helicopter controls.

CELLPHONE

You are 100 yards from touchdown on
the rooftop. Press down on the
collector slightly.

Russell pushes down slightly on the handle left of his seat.

The horizon in front of Russell dips slightly, the roof of
the building is just ahead.

CELLPHONE (CONT'D)

Use the foot pedals to keep the nose
of the helicopter pointed straight
ahead.

Russell pushes the pedals a little too much.

EXT. JET RANGER

The chopper starts slipping left to right, like a skid.

CELLPHONE (V.O.)

Too much pressure on the right pedal.

The chopper straightens out.

CELLPHONE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Attitude corrected.

INT. JET RANGER

RUSSELL

Sorry. I flunked driver's ed.

CELLPHONE

Acknowledged. Maintain straight and level flight. Note large Water Tower on your right.

The landing lights of the chopper illuminate a huge fire safety water tower on the rooftop.

RUSSELL

Whoa. Can't miss that.

CELLPHONE

Please try.

(beat)

Once you have touched down...

EXT. JET RANGER

The skids of the helicopter SLAM down. CLUNK!

The roof rattles. Cats howl.

INT. JET RANGER

CELLPHONE

Press the collector all the way to the floor--till it stops.

Russell pushes the side handle all the way down.

CELLPHONE (CONT'D)

You have landed.

RUSSELL

My stomach hasn't.

CELLPHONE

Turn off the engine, and please do not exit the aircraft until it is safe to do so.

RAT-TAT-TAT! The air is full of machine GUN FIRE. Russell dives to the floor of the chopper.

He tries to snatch the Guardian phone off the dashboard, but is discouraged by more SHOOTING. He's pinned down.

RUSSELL

Activate every alarm in this block!!

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/ROOFTOP

Down below, every single car starts flashing its lights and ALARM. The lights of surrounding buildings snap on and LOUD ALARMS begin blaring.

The Gunmen are startled. But they keep shooting.

INT. JET RANGER

Russell looks at the Water Tower.

RUSSELL
Guardian. Dump the water.

CELLPHONE
Acknowledged. Brace yourself.

Suddenly, the giant tower blasts a million gallons of water onto the roof.

Gunmen are knocked down. Two are washed over the side.

A wave of water hits the chopper, pushing it to the edge of the roof.

It's nearly knocked over, but hangs up on a railing.

The water drains away over the side.

Russell finds himself hanging out the door, his feet dangling over a ten story drop.

RUSSELL
Whoa!

Russell pulls himself up and through the chopper. He snatches the phone and hops out...

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

...And runs for the roof exit door just ahead.

Surviving Gunmen gather up their weapons.

INT. COMMAND HELICOPTER

In a larger Blackhawk chopper, Todd and the ASSAULT TEAM are heading for Russell's location.

Todd and the PILOTS spot the block where fireworks seem to be going off with all the flashing lights and noise.

TODD
(smiles)
He left bread crumbs.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Russell is inside. He is running down an internal stairway.

RUSSELL
Show me the way to the basement level!

CELLPHONE

Understood.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The Gunmen have gotten inside the stairwell and are firing down on Russell while chasing him.

RUSSELL

Guardian! Kill the lights!

Total darkness.

Sfx: guns FIRING wildly--

Painful THUDS as gunmen fall down the stairs--or SHOOT each other in the dark.

Russell glides down the stairs...guided by--

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - virtual view of every step to the door of the basement level.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/BASEMENT LEVEL

RUSSELL

Lights on, basement level only.

The lights snap ON. Russell is in a long hallway.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Where's the high frequency timer?

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - pulsing location just ahead.

CELLPHONE

11 meters northwest...first door.

Russell locates the door. He stops, listens, then opens.

IN ROOM

RUSSELL

Claire!!

Claire's still gagged and tied to a chair with the bomb.

He runs to her. He ungags her first.

CLAIRE

Russell! You came for me!

RUSSELL

Sure. We haven't made the prom yet.

He starts fiddling with her ropes.

CLAIRE

I've been so scared.

RUSSELL
 I can't get these loose.
 (looks at bomb)
 Oh, God!

CLAIRE
 What??!!

INSERT -- TIMER - 2:09 left.

BACK TO SCENE

RUSSELL
 Can you stand some bad news?

CLAIRE
 No.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

On the roof, the Blackhawk with Todd and the ASSAULT TEAM set down next to the JetRanger.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/BASEMENT LEVEL

Russell points phone at time bomb.

RUSSELL
 Guardian...how do I diffuse this?

CELLPHONE
 On the back, there are five wires...

RUSSELL AND CLAIRE
Five?!

CELLPHONE
 Don't interrupt.

RUSSELL
 Yes, Ma'am.

CELLPHONE
 Yellow, red, blue, green and white.

He takes out a small Swiss Army Knife; looks at the wires.

CELLPHONE (CONT'D)
 Without disturbing the others, cut--

The phone goes dead.

RUSSELL
What??!!

CLAIRE
 What happened?

RUSSELL

Phone quit.

Russell tries shaking it. Banging it.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Chaos's temporary fix has worn off.

CLAIRE

How much time?

INSERT -- TIMER - reads 1:05.

BACK TO SCENE

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What are we going to do?

RUSSELL

I don't know.

CLAIRE

C'mon baby, you're my genius.

He looks at her. Perhaps for the last time.

RUSSELL

This has already been the best night
of my life.

He kisses her.

CLAIRE

Russell?

RUSSELL

Yeah?

CLAIRE

Get this off of me. I'm not going
to the prom in a fucking sponge!

Russell thinks. Then works on the back of the timer.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

RUSSELL

I pulled a gag on Mr. Logan once.
Probably why he flunked me.

There are four screws on the back of the timer, Russell tries
to get the small screws undone in time.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Todd and his Assault Team -- wearing night vision goggles -- are making their way down the dark staircase, leading to the basement level.

Todd carries a locator with a fix on the Guardian he tagged.

TODD
Three more levels!

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/BASEMENT LEVEL

Russell still fumbling with the screws. One of them is off.

CLAIRE
Are we going to make it?

RUSSELL
We have to. It's Prom Night.

CLAIRE
This has been my best night, too.

He pauses and looks into her eyes. Sigh.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
But keep going.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

At the end of the stairs, Todd and the Team reach the door at the basement level. He opens it.

BOOM!! A flash-bang goes off as the bad guys OPEN FIRE.

Todd's team are momentarily blinded, rip off their night vision goggles, take up positions and return FIRE.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING/BASEMENT LEVEL

Behind the bad guys, Santana hides with Bald Man One.

BALD BLACK MAN ONE
I'll take the phone from the boy!

Santana stops him from leaving.

SANTANA
No, no. Wait for him to blow up trying to defuse that bomb. When the smoke clears, we'll retrieve the phone. It will be the only thing that survives.

ON RUSSELL

He and Claire are reacting to all the NOISE of the shootout.

CLAIRE
They're getting close. How's it
going?

Russell fumbles with the last screw to get the panel off.

He finally removes it. Then looks at the timer front...

INSERT -- TIMER - 29 seconds.

BACK TO SCENE

RUSSELL
Okay...

In back he starts fumbling with the internal wires.

CLAIRE
Are you cutting the wires?

RUSSELL
Can't. It's a collapsing circuit.
If I cut the wrong one, it would
just drop to zero and go boom.

CLAIRE
We're avoiding that.

RUSSELL
Yes.

CLAIRE
What trick did you pulled on Logan?

He tinkers feverishly while talking.

RUSSELL
I switched the polarity of the battery
in his clock. Plus to minus. Minus
to plus...

CLAIRE
What happened?

Russell looks at the face of the timer.

INSERT -- TIMER - The numbers are now counting up:
19...20...21...22.

ON RUSSELL

RUSSELL
(shows her)
It started running backwards.

CLAIRE

I knew you were a genius. Can you
get me out of this?

RUSSELL

You bet.

ON TODD

The gunfight is getting fierce. Todd looks at his locator.

TODD

It's the door just ahead on the right!

His Team nods and starts moving. Todd touches his ear.

TODD (CONT'D)

(into headset)

Control. The kid's going to need
that phone to get out alive--stop
jamming the Guardian.

ON SANTANA

SANTANA

Something's wrong.

BALD BLACK MAN ONE

Ma'am?

SANTANA

It should've exploded by now.

(beat)

Get the car. Find Ugarte.

ON RUSSELL

He's finally getting Claire untied from her chair.

Once free; huge hug.

CLAIRE

You got me out.

RUSSELL

No, I just got you loose.

CLAIRE

The champagne got me loose.

RUSSELL

Let's go before that wears off.

He starts to head for the door he came in.

CLAIRE
 (pointing)
 No! They left this way.

She shows Russell a fake wall seam and another doorway.
 As they pop through the wall, Russell drops the phone.
 It hits the floor. THUNK! But then... BEEP!

RUSSELL
 The phone's back on!

CLAIRE
 This is how they brought me in...come
 on!

They run down a long hallway towards an exit door.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

WHAM! Russell kicks the metal door open to find...an alley.
 Santana and Ugarte are there and have guns on he and Claire.

SANTANA
 Very clever. But you cannot get
 away from me. The Guardian, please?

Santana gestures to Ugarte to retrieve it.

As he reaches for it--

ZAP!!! The phone ARCS brightly.

Ugarte hits the ground like he's been struck by lightning.

SANTANA (CONT'D)
 You little Cretin!!

Santana flicks her wrist and a telescoping metal baton SNAPS
 out full length.

In one fluid move, she hits Russell in the head, knocking
 him to the ground.

This really upsets Claire.

CLAIRE
 I am really getting sick of you.

Claire goes full Ninja. Kicks Santana in the face. BAM!

Then her side, her back... BAM! BAM!

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 This is for trying to blow us up!!

And her groin. BOOM!! Santana drops to the ground...MOANING.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Dad says that one will make your
balls come out your nose.

Claire helps Russell up. He shakes his head clear.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
We should go.

They start to jog down the alley towards the street.

RUSSELL
Where did all that come from?

CLAIRE
Girl's self defense. Miss Dorfman.
(beat)
She has issues.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Todd and the assault team have bested the Gunmen, and after a bit of hand-to-hand butt kicking, are rounding them up.

Todd looks on his locator.

TODD
They've left the building.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Russell and Claire are running. Then he stops.

CLAIRE
What?

Russell holds up the Guardian.

RUSSELL
Everybody's after us because of this.
We could use some alone time.

Russell starts -- what appears to be -- texting. He punches in a whole lot of keystrokes.

CLAIRE
Are you sure?

RUSSELL
Yeah, I'm sure.
(beat)
Guardian. Thanks for all your help.

CELLPHONE
Good luck, Sir.

With that, he tosses the phone on the ground.

They run off, leaving it.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Todd notes his locator.

TODD
They've stopped!

Todd and the Assault Team hustle it out of the building,
toward the BEEPING location.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Santana and Ugarte have recovered and come upon the Guardian.

Santana picks it up. Holds it like treasure.

SANTANA
Magnificent.

EXT. CITY STREET -- NIGHT

Russell and Claire still hoof it in their formalwear.

RUSSELL
(breathing hard)
Hold up.

CLAIRE
First thing tomorrow, you're coming
jogging with me.

RUSSELL
We need a ride.

CLAIRE
We still got thumbs.

MOMENTS LATER-- Russell and Claire are hitch hiking.

RUSSELL
Am I doing this right?

CLAIRE
Try showing a little more leg.

Just then...the Boss 302 Mustang passes them at high speed.

Driving is Ugarte. Santana sits in the passenger seat.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Hey! It's those guys!

RUSSELL

We don't want to ride with them.

Right behind is a black SUV. It stops. Todd looks at them.

TODD

You okay, kid?

RUSSELL

Not bad.

TODD

Hop in, let's wrap this up.

INT. SUV -- TRAVELING

Todd's locator is BEEPING like crazy.

TODD

They got the phone from you?

RUSSELL

I left it for them.

TODD

You left it?

RUSSELL

I wouldn't follow too close.

Todd whips around, alarmed. Russell shrugs and smiles.

TODD

What did you do?

INT. MUSTANG -- TRAVELING

Santana's on another phone, cutting deals, admiring her prize.

SANTANA

Yes, Omar. I have it in my hand.
By the time I get it to you, my people
will have it reprogrammed. You'll
be able to make American nuclear
missiles hit their own cities.

(listens)

No negotiating. 100 million firm.

Ugarte CACKLES at the thought of all that money.

Just then-- The Guardian BEEPS and snaps ON.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - Nightvision picture.

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

What is this?

An aerial view of the city.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE THE CITY -- NIGHT

An F-18 from the National Guard is cruising over the city.
Fire shoots from its wing.

PILOT (V.O.)
It happened again!!

INT. MUSTANG -- NIGHT

Santana is glued to the Guardian screen.

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - video is zooming in closer and closer
on the streets below. We realize it's a missile camera
tracking the Mustang.

ON SANTANA

SANTANA
(looking around)
Go faster!!

INSERT -- PHONE SCREEN - The Mustang tries to run, but the
picture zooms in closer and closer. Until we can finally
see Santana's head in the window, as she turns...

ON SANTANA

SANTANA (CONT'D)
No!

INT. SUV

BA-BOOM!!! The bright FLASH startles everyone in the SUV.

SCREECH! They slam to a halt. Flaming debris flies past
them. They watch it all burn.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING -- LATER

The Global Directorate TEAMS have roped off the area around
the Industrial Building Santana was using for a headquarters.

The ASSAULT TEAM loads the Gunmen and the three Bald Black
Men into a secure armored van.

Dr Clease directs the follow-up investigation as Russell and
Claire get looked out by Paramedics.

Lois frets over them.

Ogilvy and Tina seemed jazzed by all the activity.

OGILVY

Russell, dude, you totally kicked
ass!

LOIS

Ogilvy!
(back to Russell)
You're sure you're all right?

RUSSELL

Yes, Mom, we're both fine.

LOIS

What a night.

CLAIRE

How was your date, Mrs. Murphy?

LOIS

Oh my God! Stan! I just left him
at Mama Leone's. I should call.

She looks around...

RUSSELL

Sorry, Mom. My phone exploded.

Lois gets Ogilvy's phone,

At the folding table Dr Clease is using for a desk, Roger
Todd walks up--

TODD

Turns out, it's not impervious to
Air Force missiles.

--And tosses the smoking cellphone remains onto it.

RUSSELL

I should apologize to you, Sir.

DR CLEASE

As it turns out, your 'field test'
revealed we need a device with fewer
capabilities. Too many functions,
it becomes too much of a prize.

CLAIRE

It was pretty cool, though.

Dr Clease picks up the smoldering hulk.

DR CLEASE

Yes. Yes, it was.

He focuses on Russell.

DR CLEAVE (CONT'D)

Now to you, young man. Homeland Security has ordered me to seize your Special Passport, as you are not a recognized diplomat to any know country on this planet.

RUSSELL

Sorry.

DR CLEAVE

And these charges: An Armani Tuxedo, flowers, a Rolls Royce limousine rental, dinner at Alioto's in SAN FRANCISCO??

CLAIRE

He's very romantic.

DR CLEAVE

...and a \$40,000 private jet charter.
(sighs)
Cash withdrawals from an ATM machine.
And underage drinking.

LOIS

(getting off phone)
Russell!! What did you drink?

RUSSELL

White Star champagne.

LOIS

Oh. Actually, that's really good.

Claire nods in agreement.

DR CLEAVE

Good taste doesn't allow me to bend the rules, Son.

RUSSELL

Yes, Sir. I understand.

Russell sticks his arms out, waiting to be handcuffed.

DR CLEAVE

As it happens, there was a Government Reward for helping us stop Santana.

RUSSELL, CLAIRE & LOIS

A reward??

DR CLEAVE

Yes. \$250,000.

RUSSELL

Whoa!

DR CLEASE

And after we deduct your expenses for the last few days, plus damage to our interrogation room and one of my best helicopters...

RUSSELL

I need more simulator hours.

DR CLEASE

Indeed. Anyway, after those deductions and the bite the IRS always wants, we'll be cutting you a check for...a little over 29,000 dollars.

RUSSELL

All right!

LOIS

That's going for your college fund.

DR CLEASE

Listen to your mother, Russell.

Russell looks at Claire and then at his watch.

RUSSELL

Dr. Clease?

DR CLEASE

Yes?

RUSSELL

Could we get a ride to the prom?

TODD

C'mon Murphy, I'll take you.

RUSSELL

We can just make the last dance.

CLAIRE

Oh! I look like a train wreck!

RUSSELL

You look perfect.

They all prepare to leave, Dr. Clease speaks to Russell privately, in a much softer voice.

DR CLEASE

Russell?

RUSSELL

Sir?

DR CLEAVE

Where are you going to college?

RUSSELL

City Tech. Why?

Dr. Cleave hands Russell a business card.

DR CLEAVE

Call me next week.

(beat)

I think I can get you into a much better school. The kind we pay for.

Russell stares at the card and is blown away by the offer.

RUSSELL

Thank you, Dr. Cleave.

DR CLEAVE

We can use young men like you.

Russell smiles, full of pride.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FANCY HOTEL -- NIGHT

The site of the prom.

INT. DOWNTOWN FANCY HOTEL/BALLROOM

Crammed with STUDENTS in various levels of formalwear, the party's in full swing, but getting late.

MAROON 5, wondering why they're working a prom, plays as the kids dance in formalwear. Streamers and balloons drop.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FANCY HOTEL

The Students get back in limos for the after-parties, but are startled to see -- A Blackhawk Helicopter land directly in front of the hotel.

Russell and Claire hop out, followed by Ogilvy and Tina. Roger Todd remains aboard.

TODD

Hey Russell!

RUSSELL

(turns back)

Agent Todd?

TODD

Good job, tonight.

Todd gives a thumbs up.

Russell reciprocates.

The Blackhawk lifts off.

The kids head inside.

INT. DOWNTOWN FANCY HOTEL/BALLROOM

Claire and Russell walk in to THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and CHEERS.
The pop of flash cameras, total star treatment.

RUSSELL
What is all this?

OGILVY
I tweeted everybody about you blowing
up a terrorist. Guess it went viral.

Russell and Claire walk through the CHEERING ballroom.

He catches a glimpse of Randy Sledge and his Crew, who want
nothing to do with guys who blow up terrorists. However,
Randy, finally does join in the applause.

Even Mr. Logan wants to suck up.

MR LOGAN
Why, Russell! We had no idea we
were in the presence of genius!

RUSSELL
Thank you, Mr. Logan.

CLAIRE
(to Russell)
Oh, so now he's all buddy-buddy.

RUSSELL
He thinks he's going to Hawaii for
vacation.

CLAIRE
He's not?

RUSSELL
While I had the phone, I put him on
the No-Fly list.

High five.

The band begins their end of the prom ballad.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Told you we'd make it.

CLAIRE

Never doubted you for a minute.

(big kiss)

Best date, ever.

We zoom out above them as they dance.

But before we leave...

Claire and Russell pose at the Prom Photo Backdrop. SNAP!

INSERT -- PHOTO - Their smiles are captured forever.

We enjoy their glow as we...

FADE OUT: