

THE UNDERCOVERS

By

Mark Rupprecht

WGA # 1675101

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: " AND ALL THIS TIME, I THOUGHT IT WAS JUST CRAZY FANS CHASING THEM AROUND THE WORLD - FLOYD THE LIMO DRIVER"

FADE IN

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Cramped. Primitive, with third hand furniture. A vintage wooden console TV set blasts to drown out the activity.

WALTER, mid 50's, wiry, sweating profusely sits while--

A POLYGRAPHER, in one swift move, rips off the blood pressure sleeve and yanks a plastic clip off Walters finger.

A frantic PSYCHOLOGIST grabs at documents and pictures, shoving them into a briefcase. The Polygrapher joins in the urgency -- packing his gear.

PSYCHOLOGIST

He's solid.

POLYGRAPHER

We're good, Patty.

SUPER: "EAST BERLIN 1986"

PATRICK WRIGHT, mid 30's, unyielding CIA man, observes.

Alert at the door, LENNY, 40's, sausaged in his suit.

WALTER

I'm not feeling so great.

PATRICK

Just operational nerves, Walt.

Patrick pulls out a show ticket form his suit jacket and inspects -- checking the authenticity.

WALTER

Do you have any idea what they will do to me if I'm caught?

PATRICK

Yes.

WALTER

Do you have a pill or something?

PATRICK

No. This is your ticket out.

Patrick waves the ticket.

PATRICK (cont'd)

You'll be with my best men.

Patrick barks out an order to Lenny.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Get me the band.

INT. ARENA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

Packed to the walls. Loud. Energetic. Something epic happening -- a rock concert.

On stage -- rock gods -- THE UNDERCOVERS. A band rooted in elements of rhythm and blues, pop, soul and heavy metal.

Our hero, lead singer, JOHNNY KURT, mid 20's, with raspy and rough vocal pipes. Rock and Roll -- his religion.

On guitars, ROB HUSH. Fast, fluid and smooth. And --

CONROY KING, in a zone, a different world. The most talented.

On bass, the compact, MICKY THUMP, 30's, strokes the bass like a fine woman. The oldest.

GENE KITT, shirtless, aggressive drumming style. A GUN sticks out from the back of his waistband.

The song ends. An eruption of cheers and screams.

Johnny moves to Hush -- shoots him a hard look.

JOHNNY

Hush, your improv on the chorus is screwing me up. Again!

HUSH

I'm a genius too you know!? Let it go. Again!

Johnny clutches his stomach, winces in pain. He paces -- gathering himself.

THUMP

Oh girls, we have a show to finish here!

Kitt stands, his eyes hunt for someone in the crowd. We notice a SNIPER RIFLE next to his floor bass.

KITT

Do we have eyes yet?

KING

No. Anyone? You see him Thump?

Thump moves to the edge of the stage -- shielding his eyes from the bright lights.

Johnny grabs the mic. His mind drifts.

JOHNNY

(in German)

*We are not here for political reasons! Our hope is that someday all barriers, all walls crumble down!*

The crowd goes nuts.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Johnny, 7, in awe, holds a guitar for the first time. Standing in front of him, his MOTHER smiling proudly.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Johnny, 15, sits on his bed, holding his guitar. Before him his Father -- military attire, and his mother, in tears.

FATHER

A little discipline is what you need, son. Serve your country, make a difference. It's not going to be with that blasted guitar.

INT. ARENA - EAST BERLIN - NIGHT

JOHNNY

Here is... spin my world!

The band launches into a catchy rock anthem.

In the crowd, out of place, a paranoid Walter. He plucks out a piece of paper from his pants pocket.

It reads: " SPIN MY WORLD"

He pushes his way toward the stage. His eyes darting.

Among the crowd, THE STASI (secret police) glare like hawks. A STASI group of THREE move with purpose -- stalking Walter.

As Walter moves closer to the stage, the hordes get more rowdy, knocking him around like a pinball.

Johnny notices Walters ashen face.

Hush glances at Johnny. He points his guitar in the direction of Walter.

Johnny -- still singing -- looks back at Kitt -- nods. A signal.

Walter stands firm at the foot of the stage, confused.

The Stasi close in. Walter makes eye contact with them - he gasps. Then --

A grand finale. The song ends. Darkness. The arena thunders.

The Stasi men squint, baffled. The lights snap back on

A puzzled look moves across the Stasi men's face. No Walter. Gone. Vanished.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

The band handling Walter -- race for their lives. Kitt carries his sniper rifle. Johnny his mic stand.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Deep with GIRLS, ROADIES and booze. Rock and roll style.

CALVIN HALL, 40's, sharp manager, stands at an open door.

CALVIN  
(to a girl)  
Hey! Toss me that bottle will ya?

A HOT GIRL under hands him a bottle of Jack Daniels.

INT. BACKSTAGE - CORRIDOR - CONTINUING

The band and Walter race by Calvin in a blur. Thump grabs the bottle. Kitt hands off the rifle, Johnny his mic stand.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUING

Calvin snaps up a phone desk, dials -- scans the room.

CALVIN  
(into phone)  
Is Mary there?

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Cheap and seedy as hell. Sitting on a ratty bed with the phone pressed to his ear -- Patrick.

PATRICK  
Wrong number.

He clunks down the phone and rips out a stop watch. CLICK.

PATRICK (cont'd)  
Come on boys.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUING

Calvin hangs up the phone, uneasy. Then --

CALVIN  
Everybody out! Lets go! Sorry! Out!

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Leaning on a stretch limo, the oblivious driver, FLOYD. The band, jerking Walter, dart toward him.

JOHNNY  
Lets go Floyd!

INT. LIMO - MOVING - NIGHT

The band settles into their seats in the back.

WALTER  
Who are you guys?

KING

The greatest rock band ever.

Walter doesn't know how to respond.

JOHNNY

We're spies too. Hush the map?

HUSH

(pointing to his head)

All right here.

Johnny rolls down the partition.

JOHNNY

Change of plans Floyd!

Thump passes the bottle of Jack around. Walter takes this all in. His life in the hands of a rock band, swigging whiskey.

HUSH

Bang a right up here!

Johnny taps Walter on the shoulder.

JOHNNY

Whats your name?

WALTER

Walter. I don't want to die.

JOHNNY

I'm Johnny. You're with the band now. We're going to get you out.

Johnny gives off a trusting smile. He turns to Hush -- the smile disappears in an instant.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Abandoned, except for a small jet plane taxied on a cracked runway.

The limo screeches to a halt a few hundred yards from the jet. All storm out heading for the jet.

JOHNNY

(to Floyd)

Get to Calvin. See you in Paris.

Floyd takes orders very well. He races off.

The band -- a hundred yards from freedom when -- BOOM. It explodes. The compression blows them all to the ground. One by one they peel themselves up. Thump picks up the bottle.

THUMP

Whats plan B?

Johnny helps Walter scramble to his feet.

JOHNNY

That was plan B.

WALTER

Statsi. They know! They know!

In the distance, moving headlights grow bigger -- closer. Johnny takes a few steps. A confused look. Then --

KING

That Floyd?

BANG! WHIZ! BANG! TAT! TAT! TAT!

JOHNNY

That ain't Floyd!

The group take off like bats out of hell -- dodging bullets disappearing into the night.

A black sedan pulls up. Three Stasi men from the concert spring out, guns blazing -- firing bullets in all directions, unleashing everything they have. Everything!

A beat. Quiet. Dead?

The Stasi men breath out a relaxed smile. Then in the darkness --

A dim fire flickers in the distance. Up it goes -- flying towards them, closer, closer. The Jack Daniels bottle -- except -- A molotov cocktail -- hits the car. SMASH!

The Stasi drill looks at each other.

STATSI

SHIIIIIT!

BOOM! The car turns into a fireball.

EXT. EAST BERLIN BORDER CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

Grim faced BORDER GUARDS patrol -- vigil. Unknown to them above their heads -- a hot air balloon gently drifts by in the sky.

EXT. HOT AIR BALLOON - NIGHT

The band and Walter tucked down -- cozy in the basket.

JOHNNY

Sometimes you need a plan C.

THUMP

Gene, where did you learn how to fly balloons?

KITT

I wasn't always a drummer you know.

Walter doesn't know weather to laugh or cry.

JOHNNY

Welcome to the other side Walt.