



FADE IN:

EXT. CONNECTICUT CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Hartford, Connecticut. The Insurance Capital of the World.

The Connecticut Convention Center sits along the Connecticut River in Hartford. The center's digital sign flashes "Hartford Welcomes The New England Sci-Fi, Adventure and Comics Convention" as people - some dressed for the Con in the garb of Star Trek, Freddy Krueger, Batman, Star Wars, etc. - enter the building.

INSIDE CONNECTICUT CONVENTION CENTER.

The spacious convention center hall is abuzz with geek/fan activity, especially with conventioners checking out the many, many dealer tables and booths. Collectors and dealers are selling a wide variety of sci-fi, comics and film memorabilia.

JEREMY RILEY, 17-years-old, is at a table/booth, talking to dealer BERNIE. Jeremy, wide-eyed and bright, is in a nondescript tee and worn jeans. Bernie is also in jeans, with a hooded sweatshirt that has the words "You're Gonna Need A Bigger Boat" across the hoodie's front. Jeremy scrutinizes a bootleg DVD cover/case from Bernie's table of memorabilia.

JEREMY

Is this the complete, original live TV show of 'Casino Royale', then?

BERNIE

Yup. The 1956 James Bond hour-long show, a couple years before they made any of the movies.

JEREMY

It was 1954, actually. Eight years before "Dr. No", the first 007 film. Is it complete?

Bernie seems confused - Jeremy detects his befuddlement.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Most video copies of the show lop off two or three minutes from the end. Peter Lorre, the bad guy, got up after being killed and walked off the set - on live TV. That part's not on most DVD copies.

Jeremy keeps skimming the back of the DVD case. He notices -

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Here we go. Says it's only 49 minutes long. No way the ending's complete at that running time. Thanks anyway.

He puts the DVD down on Bernie's table and starts to walk away. Bernie stops him.

BERNIE

Wait a sec. You're obviously a spy fan. I got some other things here.

Bernie begins to search through items beneath his table and in the back of his booth.

JEREMY

Anything good?

BERNIE

Lots. I got an original poster from those Michael Caine movies. Who did he play in those spy flicks, do you know?

JEREMY

Harry Palmer.

BERNIE

Yeah. Here it is.

Bernie produces a "Funeral in Berlin" poster (a Michael Caine as Harry Palmer movie) from his stash and unrolls it on his table. Jeremy barely looks at the poster.

JEREMY

I'll give you 5 dollars for it.

BERNIE

(chuckles)

This is an original poster, pal. I can get 100 bucks for it, easy.

JEREMY

It's a reprint. And not a good one, either.

BERNIE

Says you.

JEREMY

You want my five bucks or what?

BERNIE

Since you're a fan, I'll take 75.

Jeremy leans in towards the poster and begins his lecture.

JEREMY

It has Sidney J. Furie's name listed as the director. He directed the first Harry Palmer movie. Guy Hamilton directed this one. They wouldn't have gotten the director's name wrong. And there's no creases. This poster's never been folded.

BERNIE

So what?

JEREMY

Before 1985 or so, one-sheet movie posters were always mailed to theatres folded, stuffed in a big envelope. 'Funeral in Berlin' came out in 1966. It would have been folded, not rolled.

(pause)

Ask anyone here, man.

Bernie is caught and a little impressed.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

So - 5 dollars?

BERNIE

Okay, okay.

Jeremy starts to roll up the poster.

JEREMY

Got anything else?

BERNIE

Yeah, yeah. I think I got some 'Get Smart' items, 'In Like Flint', 'Man from U.N.C.L.E.', Jason Bourne and even some Austin Powers stuff.

Bernie gathers up some pieces from under his table.

JEREMY

Can I see the Bourne memorabilia?

Bernie is all nods.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jeremy hangs the "Funeral in Berlin" poster along a magnet-and-metal-track system on his bedroom wall. The poster joins a variety from multiple spy and espionage movies, books and TV shows, all gently secured by the magnets that keep the placards from being damaged.

A pair of bookshelves carry many DVDs, books and other toys/items from all-things spy. Clancy, Follet, Fleming, LeCarre, Ludlum, Forsythe are some of the book authors - Bond, Bourne, Palmer, Powers, and Ryan are the DVD spies. The room is neat - Jeremy takes good care of all of his memorabilia.

Jeremy's father, PHIL RILEY, almost 50 and conservative looking, enters the room and stands next to his son.

PHIL

A new one?

JEREMY

Just a cheap copy - with a misprint. Got it today at the convention in Hartford.

PHIL

Didn't you go to school today? Or don't I want to know?

JEREMY

We had a half-day. I swear.

PHIL

Get anything else, then?

JEREMY

A Bourne daybill poster and a couple books. A lobby card too. The lobby card and daybill aren't reprints.

PHIL

Fascinating. I guess there's worse things to blow your money on. You get this from your grandfather, you know. He was really into spy fiction.

JEREMY

I know.

PHIL

I've told you that before, huh?

JEREMY

A few times.

PHIL

I'll probably keep mentioning it.

JEREMY

Fine by me, Pop.

Phil taps his son on the shoulder and starts towards the door.

PHIL

Want something to eat?

JEREMY

Have to go to work. I'll get something on the way.

Phil takes some cash out of his pocket and places it on his son's desk, near the door.

PHIL

Dinner's on me. Oh, did you hear? Someone bought the Newton's place across the street.

JEREMY

Family?

PHIL

No. He's a retiree. That's right, an old guy.

JEREMY

Great.

PHIL

You'll be old someday.

JEREMY

Did you meet him?

PHIL

Briefly. His name's Stocke. Seems like a nice guy. Erin and I -

JEREMY

(interrupts)  
You saw Erin?

PHIL

She does live across the street, Jeremy.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

We were talking to our new neighbor as a couple guys were unloading his Lotus from a flatbed truck.

JEREMY

Lotus? A Lotus!?

PHIL

And he has an everyday BMW. Just say hello if you see him outside.

Phil leaves the bedroom.

JEREMY

A Lotus?

PHIL (O.S.)

Yes. A Lotus.

Jeremy checks to see if the new poster is straight.

EXT. JEREMY'S HOUSE - LATER

Jeremy comes out the front door of his house, a Cape Cod home. He heads for his car, a Chevy Cavalier, as he buttons his work shirt - the words "Madison Cinemas" sewn on the chest pocket. He glances across the street -

ERIN'S HOUSE.

Diagonally across the street, Erin's house is a sizeable raised ranch. ERIN VOSE, 17 and a blonde heartbreaker, is at her mailbox at the end of her driveway, gathering the mail.

JEREMY'S HOUSE.

Jeremy takes a quick look at her. He isn't quick enough - she catches him.

INTERCUT:

Erin smiles - a knee-wobbler.

ERIN

Hey, Jeremy. What's playing tonight?

JEREMY

Uh, that new Adam Sandler movie. And we're showing 'Casablanca' again, in the small theatre.

ERIN  
 Love 'Casablanca', especially on  
 the big screen. I think Dan's  
 gonna' want to see the Sandler  
 movie, though. Think I can convince  
 him?

Jeremy opens his mouth to say something. Zip.

ERIN (CONT'D)  
 So I'll see you there, then.

JEREMY  
 (awkward)  
 True.

Erin turns towards her house.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
 Free popcorn!

She stops.

ERIN  
 I'm sorry?

JEREMY  
 I'll give you free popcorn.  
 Tonight. When you come ... go to  
 the movies ... later. You and Dan.

ERIN  
 Isn't popcorn always free on  
 Wednesdays?

JEREMY  
 I'll give you a free re-fill. We're  
 not supposed to give free popcorn  
 re-fills ... for free to ...  
 people.

ERIN  
 (amused)  
 Break the rules? You? Get crazy.

Jeremy points at her in the most uncool way imaginable.  
 Friendly Erin smiles again before heading towards her house.

JEREMY'S HOUSE.

Jeremy reaches his car. He shakes his head, disappointed in  
 his performance.

STOCKE'S HOUSE.

The house, a contemporary country design, has a large attached garage. The garage door opens and a man, LESTER STOCKE, steps outside.

Dapper, in a crisp, white shirt and perfectly pressed slacks, Stocke looks about 65, with a head of impeccable brown hair and a worldly face. His bright eyes radiate vitality as he puts on a light-weight jacket to combat the Spring weather.

JEREMY'S HOUSE.

Jeremy opens his car door -

STOCKE (O.S.)  
(British accent)  
Hello, neighbor. Nice to see you.

Jeremy glances at Stocke who is casually and smoothly waving. Jeremy returns a wave before getting in his car.

STOCKE'S HOUSE.

Stocke turns his attention to Erin as she enters her house.

INSIDE CAVALIER.

Jeremy starts the car and glances in the rear-view mirror. He watches Stocke lift one corner of the car cover - the fender of a late-1970s white Lotus Esprit is visible. Jeremy's impressed.

JEREMY'S HOUSE.

The Cavalier backs out of the driveway and drives off.

STOCKE'S HOUSE.

As Jeremy's car motors down the street, Stocke conceals the Lotus fender with the car cover.

INT. ERIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Erin, still with the mail, walks through the spacious living room and into the kitchen.

ERIN'S KITCHEN.

Erin enters. Her father, NAVY COMMANDER JEFF VOSE, is drinking a cup of coffee with his wife and Erin's mother, AMY. Her parents are in their mid-40s. Commander Vose, wearing his work-day Navy uniform, smiles at his daughter as she hands her parents the mail.

AMY  
Anything good?

ERIN  
Lots of junk mail and my cell phone  
bill.

VOSE  
Only one envelope this month?

ERIN  
You're pretty funny for a dad.

Vose, smiling, stands and moves past his daughter. He puts  
his coffee cup in the sink.

VOSE  
Going to the movies tonight?

ERIN  
Free popcorn on Wednesdays.

VOSE  
Too bad I can't go.

ERIN  
Yeah. I'll just have to go with Dan  
instead.

VOSE  
Dan? Who's Dan?

ERIN  
You've met him a bunch of times,  
Dad.

VOSE  
Is that right?

ERIN  
You don't remember, Commander?  
Getting too old to manage security  
at the sub base?

VOSE  
What's a sub base?

Vose laughs at his own joke as he goes towards the door.

VOSE (CONT'D)  
Does Jeremy still work at the  
movies?

ERIN  
Yes. And I never have to pay.

AMY  
You never pay?

VOSE  
Me and mom always pay.

ERIN  
I think he likes me a little.

VOSE  
Now I have to kill him.

ERIN  
Come on. Jeremy's a good guy.

AMY  
A good guy?

VOSE  
Better than Dan?

Erin can't hold back a smile.

AMY  
I think Dan's in trouble.

VOSE  
I can't keep it all straight. I'm  
off to work.

Vose kisses his wife.

AMY  
Be careful.

ERIN  
See ya later, Dad.

Vose exits.

AMY  
And you be careful tonight, too,  
Erin.

Erin nods as her mother leaves the kitchen.

INT. STOCKE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Stocke's house is very quaint - an English-feel with lots of classic furniture and dark wood. There are still moving boxes about that need to be unpacked.

STOCKE'S LIVING ROOM.

Stocke is standing in front of his large living room bay window, a glass of vodka over ice in his hand. He drinks, his casual gaze focused on Erin's house.

ERIN'S GARAGE.

Vose is backing his Volvo wagon out of the garage.

STOCKE'S LIVING ROOM.

Stocke drinks again as the Volvo rolls out of the driveway, rights itself in the road, and takes off. He watches it go before heading up the stairs to the second floor.

STOCKE'S SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY.

Stocke, glass still in hand, reaches the top of the stairs and strides towards the bedroom at the hall's far end.

STOCKE'S BEDROOM.

Stocke enters the mostly-desolate bedroom. No lights. A mattress, with pillow and covered by a sheet and blanket, is in the corner of the room. There's a bar stool near the room's side window, a Walther WA 2000 sniper's rifle propped on this window's wide sill, and a pair of hi-tech binoculars next to the impressive weapon.

Stocke looks out this window - he can see most of Erin's house and much of the home's surrounding property. He downs the rest of his vodka then places a hand on stock of the sniper's rifle.