

"UNDER-AGEnts"

CoWrite / BenderSpink
Submission

First Round

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

A SILENCER is screwed onto a GUN.

A finger taps the TOP BUTTON of an OVERCOAT. "THUMP, THUMP" sounds...a MINIATURE RECORDING DEVICE.

CONNER - slicked hair, million dollar smile, voted Most Likely to Seduce Your Wife - buttons the coat up. Tucking the silencer into his belt.

Across from him sits the SURVEILLANCE TEAM. Bookish-looking men in headphones with a smorgasbord of hi-tech instruments.

GRAY, whose beard echoes his last name, is the team leader. He cautiously hands over a SMALL USB FLASH DRIVE.

GRAY

It's an awful risk Conner.
Management strongly recommends less
sensitive material.

Conner snatches it away from him without a care.

CONNER

If I took their recommendations
seriously, we'd still be back in
the Cold War.

GRAY

I was in the Cold War. You were in
diapers.

CONNER

I know Dyson better than anyone. We
give 'im a fake and he'll spot it
in no time. You want his contact?
Give him the blueprints, keep him
distracted. Tap into his computer.
(opening the van door)
Lighten up Gray. Couple years,
you'll be the one in diapers.

Gray scowls, just as Conner jumps out. Slams the door.

INT. THE MCKENZIE HOUSE - DAY

The front door WHIPS open just as a FED-EX MAN knocks.

JOSH MCKENZIE (16) appears in the doorway - frazzled.

He's cute, but somewhat nerdy. Just coming out of the acne phase. More comfortable with comic books than girls.

He grabs the PACKAGE from the Fed-Ex guy.

JOSH

Where the hell you been?! I've been waiting all morn---

(looking at the box)

Wait. Where's the other one?!
There should be two packages!

FED-EX GUY

That's all that's on the truck man.
Sign here.

JOSH

You don't understand. I need---

Josh notices his driveway is empty. His mouth falls open.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Sonuva bitch.

The door slams on the Fed-Ex Guy. Josh RUNS through his house. Tearing the box apart.

INT. JOSH'S BEDROOM

Josh sprints over his bed. Ravages through his closet. In the very back, finds a SUIT BAG. He flings it on his bed. Unzips it. It's a JACKET VEST with pockets galore.

He finishes opening the Fed-Ex package. Inside, a GPS DEVICE.

He dives over to his computer. Clicks on the INSTANT MESSENGER. VIDEO CHAT....connecting.

SPAZ, Josh's chubby, mop-topped friend, APPEARS ON SCREEN sucking on a Big Gulp. He's just as frantic as Josh. More.

SPAZ

Josh! What the hell man! We got less than twenty one minutes before initiation! Why aren't you in position? Once we get the code, there's only a three minute window!

JOSH

This whole thing's about to go tits up Spaz. The blue-tooth didn't come! And Sam took the car!

SPAZ

What!? What about the mission!?

JOSH

We're not dead yet. I can bike it down there. I got my GPS -

SPAZ

GPS? You coulda MapQuested it!

JOSH

You ever see a spy with a map? No. Besides it ain't that far. Communications though, I'm gonna have to be wired in. Old school.

Josh runs over to his bed. Throws his vest on.

SPAZ

FINE! Just go. Our one chance to rise ranks. Don't blow it. And don't forget your gun this time!

Josh turns back to his webcam. Pats his side pocket.

JOSH

Already packed. Someone's about to get their ass blasted.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Rocketing out onto the sidewalk, it's Josh...on a GAS SCOOTER. He zooms along with an obnoxious ROAR.

He's wearing an OLD HEADSET - the fast food type.

JOSH

I said the bike was flat!

SPAZ (O.C.)

What!?

JOSH

The bike's flat! I gotta roll on the scooter!

INT. SPAZ'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spaz coughs and coke fizzles out his nose.

SPAZ

Ahhh! Listen, what part of "secret" agent involves ridin' to your first kill on a frickin' leaf blower!?

JOSH (O.C.)
You got a better idea?!

Spaz's computer DINGS. He rolls his chair over to his desk. His eyes light up. He starts typing away at his keyboard.

SPAZ
This shit just got hot. Our sponsor just verified the target at the location. Total head-on, hard-on green light go. What do I say?!

On his screen, a web page for the SUPER-SPY ONLINE NETWORK. An INSTANT MESSAGE from a USER with a SHADOWY PIC blinks.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - MOVING

Josh reaches into his vest takes out a PICTURE. He focuses on that, not on the road.

JOSH
All systems go Spaz. We're professionals, no more amateur hou--

CRASH! The scooter clips the curb...

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

...Josh is Superman. Flying and crashing into a bush.

SPAZ (O.C.)
Josh! Josh! What happened?

Josh shakes the hurt off. Readjusting his headset.

JOSH
Owww. I just nose-dived into Miss Kowalski's bush.

SPAZ (O.C.)
What? Hahahaha. You're a sick man
Josh! Sick sick sick!

Josh checks his scooter, BUSTED. The front wheel's bent.

JOSH
Damn. How long we got now?

SPAZ (O.C.)
Thirteen minutes before initiation.

Ripping out his GPS, Josh checks his bearings. Three miles.

JOSH

Gonna have to go the rest bareback.

WHACK! A lemon smacks him in the head. He yelps. Turns to see crotchety OL' MISS KOWALSKI, frail but chuckin' lemons from her tree like a major league starter.

OL' MISS KOWALSKI

Look whatcha did to my beautiful bush!

Josh dodges the next toss. Spaz is cracking up on the phone.

SPAZ (O.C.)

Dude she did not just say that!

JOSH

Sorry Miss Kowalski! I'll fix it.

(to Spaz)

Natives gone restless. Gotta leave scooter. Reconnect in five. Out.

He hangs up, SPRINTING his heart out. Leaving behind the mad old lady --- and the PICTURE OF HIS TARGET...CONNER.

INT. RITZY LOFT

Wine glasses clink. Conner smiles and takes a sip.

CONNER

So nice of you to spare me the cheap stuff Dyson. And in return, I'll show the same courtesy.

He takes out the USB flash drive and hands it over to...

DYSON, a thick, muscle-bound man with beady eyes and a thick mustache. A walking weapon dressed in a silk suit.

DYSON

This holds what you say, then we'll both never worry about money again.

They laugh, Conner's smile fades as Dyson turns to plug the drive into his computer. Conner watches intently.

Conner secretly TAPS his coat button (the mic) three times.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

The tapping sounds through the van's speaker.

GRAY

Connection's been made. We're a go.

One of the techs in a BLUE hat. Types feverishly at a LAPTOP. The screen whirls. Files and images flash by.

BLUE

Sequencing engaged. Downloading
Dyson's encrypted files.

Gray leans over Blue, glancing at the strobing files.

GRAY

Who the hell you working for Dyson?

EXT. BUSY STREET

Josh, drenched in sweat, exhausted, stops for a breather. The city lays in front. But it's still far. HE GROANS DEFEAT.

A GARDENER'S PICKUP TRUCK comes to a stop at an intersection.
An idea comes to him.

JOSH

Riding a leaf blower. Brilliant.

Josh makes a run for it. Just as it's pulling away, he slips into the back of the truck.

EXT. GARDENER'S TRUCK - MOVING

Nestled between lawn-mowers and weed-whackers, Josh gets a free lift. He checks his GPS. He's going toward his target!

EXT. THE CITY

The gardening truck drives through the city. Weaving through streets, with the head of Josh barely visible to traffic.

EXT. GARDENER'S TRUCK

Josh's phone rings. He clicks over. Talking on his headset.

JOSH
Target kill still on schedule.

Josh's smile drops. Eyes bulge.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Mom!? No, nothing. Just Spaz and I
screwing around. What? Me, no I
didn't order anything online. WHAT!
The blue-tooth came?! I knew it!
(catching himself)
Okay, I mean I bought a couple
things with your credit card. But
it was a Gold Box deal on Amazon. I
saved you like a hundred bucks. I
was gonna tell you some time. Like
when you got the bill.

He glances down at his GPS. He's JUST PASSED his destination!

JOSH (CONT'D)
Oh shit! Nothing. I mean...shoot.
Listen Mom I gotta go. Yeah. Yeah.
WeCanTalkLaterLoveYouBye!

Click. Hangs up. Looks for a way to get down, but the truck's
moving too fast. Cars start honking at him.

Josh leans over toward the truck cab and RAPS the top of it.

The truck SLAMS to a stop. Throwing Josh against the back of
it. Inertia sends the GARDENING TOOLS rushing at him.

He quickly TWISTS. Barely avoiding being crushed. The lawn-
mower dents the cab. A YELL comes from inside.

Exit time! Josh jumps out of the stopped truck running into
an alleyway.

INT. SPAZ'S ROOM

Spaz wipes a bucket of perspiration off his face. Watching
the clock CLICK DOWN to ZERO. His computer DINGS again.
Another message from Mr. Shadowy Pic.

Redial. Josh answers, huffing and puffing.

JOSH (O.C.)
Closing in. Less than sixty yards.

SPAZ

You serious!? Damn. You really are the best man for this job. Listen, just got the code. We're initiated.

JOSH (O.C.)

What's the code for again?

EXT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING

Josh runs toward a large, converted loft in an industrial area of downtown. Passing a PLUMBING VAN that's parked across the street.

SPAZ (O.C.)

To get inside the building genius. Now we got less than three minutes so you gotta make this quick! Four numbers then hit the pound ---

A BEEP sounds - cutting off Spaz. Josh grabs his cell phone off his belt. Looks at the screen. LOW BATTERY.

JOSH

You gotta be kiddin' me! Spaz! I'm about to lose... Spaz!? Spaz!

Josh tears the headset off. Angrily throws it away.

At the front entrance, there's a keypad. He TUGS on the door, but it won't open. So close, yet so far.

A rectangular WINDOW is next to the door. Josh peeks in. Nobody. About to throw a tantrum, but remembers something.

He unzips one of his many pockets. Finds a new SPARK PLUG.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Been waiting to try you out. Just don't get me arrested.

With that, he SLAMS the CERAMIC INSULATOR part of the plug against the corner of the building. CRACK!

Discards the spark plug, picks up the BROKEN CERAMIC CHIPS.

Barely lobbing one at the window, it PIERCES the glass - immediately splintering it into a thousand spiderweb cracks.

JOSH (CONT'D)

(in shock)

Booya.

He rushes up to the window. Knocks the rest out. Reaches in.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

The laptop stops flashing. Reading "ALL FILES DOWNLOADED."

GRAY

Signal Conner we're joining him.

Blue hits a series of buttons. All of a sudden, a tech with GLASSES bursts through the curtain that separates the back from the driver seats.

GLASSES

Problem sir! Unidentified agent is storming the building!

GRAY

WHAT!?

Gray pops his head into the front of the van. Through the windshield, he spots Josh reaching in through the glass and opening the door and sprinting inside.

GRAY (CONT'D)

We underestimated Dyson. Quick.
Lock and load. Conner needs backup!

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

The van doors BURST OPEN. The ENTIRE TEAM sports GUNS and runs for the entrance, disappearing into the building.

An UNSEEN FIGURE sneaks into the abandoned "plumbing" van...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN

...and SNATCHES the laptop with all the downloaded files!

INT. RITZY LOFT

Like a kid with his first porno, Dyson practically drools over the WEAPON SCHEMATICS that appear on his screen. Until-

A gun clicks behind him. He turns to see Conner's silencer.

DYSON

Damn you Conner. I knew you'd never betray your country.

CONNER

And I knew greed would get the better of you. Like always. Now, you're going to tell us who you're working for.

DYSON

You'll have to kill me.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Conner moves toward it.

CONNER

We can arrange that. But for now, we have a more practical method.

Opening the door, Conner is surprised to see a kid standing there. Josh quickly draws on him -- firing a DIGITAL CAMERA. The flash goes off. Snapping his picture.

JOSH

You've just been assassinated! And half a minute to spare!

Dyson seizes the opportunity. SNATCHING a HIDDEN GUN under his desk and BLASTING Conner to kingdom come!

Conner collapses in a spray of blood. Dead. Josh screams and DASHES for the hallway exit. Dyson pockets the flash drive.

INT. HALLWAY

Sprinting out after Josh, Dyson takes aim. THEN SUDDENLY - opposite Josh, Gray and his team emerge...guns poised!

Josh hits the deck as GUNSHOTS BLAZE. Dyson dives for the stairwell. Narrowly avoiding getting hit. ESCAPING.

Gray signals some of his men after Dyson. He picks up Josh and slams him against the wall.

GRAY

Who the hell are you! Who do you work for?!

JOSH

(terrified)

The..the...Super-Spy Online Gaming Community. You know, interactive role-play?

Gray's face knots up in confusion. Blue is equally dumbfounded. --- TO BE CONTINUED!!!! ---