

SPY GEEK

FADE IN:

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT

A high-class party in progress in the lobby of a swank corporate building. Black ties and dresses. White-gloved caterers.

Cutting through the crowd the youngest party guest makes his way to the open bar. This is SYD BONNER, sixteen, tall and lanky, hair slicked back. Despite his youth no one seems to take notice of him; even though he's wearing the best suit in the place.

Syd goes up the BARTENDER, who's pouring out some champagne.

SYD
Are you a chess player?

The bartender stops pouring -- looks up at Syd.

BARTENDER
I play the occasional game.

SYD
What do you think of the King's Gambit Declined for black?

BARTENDER
Personally I prefer an Indian defense.

They nod to each other. Their conversation was a test. And they passed it.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
(quieter)
The elevator in five minutes.

The bartender hands Syd a glass of champagne. Syd leaves with it.

INT. LOBBY ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Syd stands by the elevator doors, sipping his champagne.

Then one of the doors open. The bartender is inside.

BARTENDER
Get in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Syd gets in. The bartender swipes a security card and the doors close.

SYD
Agent Seven, I presume.

BARTENDER/AGENT SEVEN
Agent Bonner. We finally meet face-to-face.

SYD
You're shorter than I imagined.

AGENT SEVEN
And you're younger. I hear you were the youngest ever to make agent.

SYD
What I lack in years I make up for in other areas.

AGENT SEVEN
I hope you're not referring to your online chess skills. I believe I have your Queen in a corner.

SYD
I always save my best for the end game.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open and the two men walk out into the hall.

SYD
We've traced the signal to one of the offices on this floor.

AGENT SEVEN
We have to stop him before he uploads the list. Otherwise we'll all be sleeping with guns under our pillows.

They turn a corner, but stop when they see someone down the hall.

They duck back. Poking their head out they see the person is actually a CLEANING LADY doing her rounds.

They wait for her to enter an office, pulling her cleaning cart in with her. The coast is clear.

AGENT SEVEN (CONT'D)

Okay, let's go.

They walk down the hall. They stop at an office door, with a name plate that reads "Archives". They draw their weapons.

Syd reaches for the door handle, gives it a turn...

...it's unlocked. They nod to each other.

INT. COMPUTER ARCHIVE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open and they enter the room, guns drawn.

There's a computer on a desk, but otherwise the room is empty.

SYD

We're too late. We missed him.

Agent Seven closes the door.

AGENT SEVEN

Actually, you're right on time.

He points his gun at Syd.

SYD

You're the mole.

AGENT SEVEN

And I'm not quite ready to come out of my hole. The gun.

Syd hands him his weapon.

SYD

How much did you trade your country for?

AGENT SEVEN

Enough. What did my country ever do for me?

SYD

Ask not what your country can do for you...

AGENT SEVEN

Save the speech. We all know what happened to him.

(aims the gun)

You may be the youngest agent. But you're definitely not going to be the oldest.

SYD

I may have been wrong about you,
Seven. But you were wrong about
something else.

AGENT SEVEN

Yeah? What's that?

Now a gun is pressed to the temple of Agent Seven.

SYD

I'm not the youngest agent.

Agent Seven turns and sees the cleaning lady -- young, pretty,
and holding a gun with silencer. This is AGENT FOXY.

FOXY

Only by two weeks. Drop it.

Agent Seven drops the gun. Syd smirks at him.

SYD

Checkmate.

INT. SYD'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

A classy, high-tech bachelor pad. Soft music plays.

Syd is making two martinis at his bar. Foxy, wearing a sexy
cocktail dress, is looking at a marble chess set with a game
in progress. She tips over the black King.

FOXY

It was good work today.

SYD

We're not out of the woods yet.

Syd pulls a small disk from his pocket.

SYD (CONT'D)

There's not a government on this
planet that wouldn't kill us both
for this thing.

FOXY

Then we better rest up. The drop is
tomorrow, and then we'll be free of
it. Good night, Syd.

She starts to go. But Syd, takes her arm. Brings her close.
They almost kiss... but she turns away.

SYD
 Why are you always undercover? I
 know how you feel about me.

FOXY
 I can't let anyone get too close.
 The risks are too great.

SYD
 Some things are worth the risk.

FOXY
 I want to let you inside, Syd. But
 I'm not sure I know how.

SYD
 Well you can start by taking off
 that dress.

She looks at him. There's a vulnerability in her eyes.

Her hands cross over to the straps of the dress... sliding
 them off her shoulders...

MRS. MILLS (V.O.)
 Uh, Syd?

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Syd Bonner, high school student, messy hair and glasses,
 stands in front of the class reading his spy story. He looks
 over at his English teacher, MRS. MILLS.

MRS. MILLS
 For the sake of brevity, can we
 perhaps skip past this next part?

STUDENT
 And for the sake of my lunch.

The student makes vomiting sounds and the class erupts into
 laughter.

SYD
 Well it's just a few pages...

Syd holds his manuscript, trying to skip past the love scene,
 which seems to be several pages.

Then the bell rings.

TEACHER
 Alright, that's it. Tomorrow it's
 Sasha, Kyle, and Josie.

The students make their getaway. The teacher turns to Syd.

MRS. MILLS
It was very good, Syd.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Syd, trying to coordinate his armful of books through the crowded hallway, manages to reach his locker without incident.

Instead of the usual combination lock, he has a bulky device attached to the latch. Syd pushes a button on the device.

COMPUTER VOICE
"Voice print identification..."

SYD
Syd Bonner.

Something clicks, and Syd opens the locker.

TRACEY (O.S.)
What the hell is that thing?

Syd turns to see TRACEY FOX (Agent Foxy, and the foxy part is definitely true), and her girlfriend LIZ.

SYD
Hey Tracey. Hey Liz. It's a lock.
It uses your voice as a password.

TRACEY
Are you trying extra hard to be a
geek, or is this something that's
just naturally falling into place?

SYD
Well it's just I've got some stuff
in here...

TRACEY
And I don't appreciate you putting
me in your story. Okay?

SYD
What-- what do you mean?

TRACEY
Oh come on. Subtle, you ain't, Boner.

Tracey gives him a look, and then she and Liz are gone.

SYD
Actually it's uh... Bonner--

Someone "accidentally" bumps into him, and Syd drops his armload. The pages of his story scatter across the hallway.

Students laugh, walking over the pages. Some jocks wipe their feet on them. Syd takes it all in stride -- just another day in hell.

INT. BONNER HOUSE. KITCHEN - DAY

Syd is putting a collection of vitamins, protein powders, and herbal supplements in a blender full of soy milk.

Syd's Mom, MAUREEN, mid-forties, walks into the kitchen dressed in her Dunkin' Donuts uniform.

MAUREEN

Okay Syd, I'm outta here. There's some left-over macaroni in the-- what are you doing?

SYD

Dinner. It's part of my optimal nutrition program.

MAUREEN

Are you sure all that stuff is safe?

SYD

It's all totally natural.

MAUREEN

Okay, well, I'll see you tonight.
(kisses his cheek)
How was school? Did they like your story?

SYD

Oh yeah. Random House wants to buy it for a million dollars.

MAUREEN

Funny. So, no donuts then?

SYD

No, Mom. Discipline is important.

MAUREEN

Alright... bye...

She grabs her purse and car keys and is out the door.

Syd blends the concoction. Then he pours the thick, muddy shake into a tall glass.

With tremendous courage Syd picks up the glass and starts chugging the sludge --

-- but he can't hack it and ends up spewing it all over the counter.

INT. SYD'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room does not have one piece of bare wall. Everywhere are posters of spy movies both old and new (Bond, Bourne, Austin Powers...), charts and diagrams of wrestling holds, weapons, political systems, maps of countries...

Syd is at his desk, eating left-over macaroni, reading a book, when his computer BEEPS at him. He turns and sees that someone is trying to start a video conference.

He clicks with the mouse and accepts. On the screen is KYLE, Syd's friend, in his bedroom. In view behind Kyle are all manner of computer and gaming equipment.

KYLE (V.O.)

Hey.

SYD

Dascha, comrade. Bulka vet da bulshakov meit na da?

KYLE (V.O.)

What the hell is that?

SYD

It's Russian, obviously.

KYLE (V.O.)

Well what did you just say?

SYD

Uh, I'm pretty sure I said...
(refers to his book)
..."how would you like to sit on my face?"

KYLE (V.O.)

What?

SYD

It's a book of Russian pick-up lines.
It's the only thing they had at the library.

KYLE (V.O.)

Well why are you learning Russian for? The Cold War is over, dude.

(MORE)

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You should be learning Mandarin or
 Korean.

SYD
 Don't worry, those are on my list
 too.

KYLE (V.O.)
 Hey, I got the new G-Force graphics
 card. You gotta check out WoW on
 it. You'll never want to be part of
 the real world again.

SYD
 Can't. I got my Judo class.

INT. JUDO HALL - NIGHT

The SENSAI is putting Syd and a group of twenty JUDO STUDENTS
 through a shouting exercise.

SENSAI
 Good! Now let's pair-up for some
 sparring.

The students look around for partners. LUCY, a short, petite
 ten-year-old, looks a bit lost.

SENSAI (CONT'D)
 Here Lucy, you can go with...
 (calls to Syd)
 Syd! I'll pair you up with Lucy for
 today.

LATER

Syd and Lucy face each other on the mat.

SYD
 Don't worry, I'll let you make the
 first m--

Without hesitation Lucy grabs Syd's arm and -- SLAM! -- throws
 him hard to the mat. Then in a finishing move she twists
 his arm in a lock and steps down on his back.

SYD (CONT'D)
 (wincing in pain)
 Not bad...

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Syd, still in his Judo robe, is riding his bike through an
 older part of town. All the stores are closed for the day.

Except one. Syd notices a store with a sign: "JUST OPENED!". It's a used bookstore, and the lights are on.

Syd slows down to take a look. Then he pulls his bike over to the curb.

INT. BOOKSTORE - NIGHT

Syd enters the store. The place is barely lit. Only half the shelves are filled-in with books. The rest of the inventory are still in boxes all around the floor, waiting to be unpacked.

There's no one at the front desk.

ROGER (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Syd turns and is startled by the owner, ROGER DALTON, who seems to have appeared out of nowhere. He's a handsome, athletic man in his late-fifties. He holds a pile of books, a pair of reading glasses perched at the end of his nose.

SYD

Hi. Uh, do you have any books on learning Russian?

ROGER

Russian. I might. Is it something you need for class?

SYD

No. I want to put it on my CV.

ROGER

Ambitious. What field are you pursuing?

SYD

I'm hoping to join the CIA, actually. Field agent.

This catches Roger's attention. But taking in Syd's appearance and vibe, he's more bemused than impressed.

ROGER

I see. Well, let's see what we can find.

Roger dumps his armload on the counter and leads Syd towards the back of the store.

They stop at a section of language books, and Roger takes a look.

ROGER (CONT'D)

So... why do you want to be a spy?

Syd looks at Roger -- this is the first time someone's asked the question, and he's only happy to finally answer it.

SYD

I want to look back on my life and feel like I really lived. That I did something extraordinary. Serve my country... see the world... disarm a man in one move... disarm a woman with one line...

ROGER

It's not all like you see in the movies.

SYD

Why? Were you a spy?

Roger turns back to the shelves.

ROGER

I think I do have an old Russian text book...

He scans the titles... finds the book, and pulls it out.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's pretty old. But then again so is the language.

(hands it to Syd)

It's the kind they used to give to foreign diplomats.

SYD

Great. Thanks.

ROGER

(in Russian)

Don't mention it.

Syd smiles. He looks over the book.

ROGER (CONT'D)

The name's Roger, by the way.

SYD

Syd. Bonner.

ROGER

Bonner? I knew a Bonner. What's your dad's name?

SYD

I don't know. He left just after I was born. My mom doesn't like to talk about him.

Roger nods.

ROGER

Tell you what, double-o-seven... come by the store tomorrow after school. I'll show you something you might be interested in.

SYD

Sure. Okay.

They walk back to the front desk.

INT. BONNER HOUSE. KITCHEN - MORNING

Maureen, dressed in a WalMart uniform, sits at the table drinking coffee and looking at the paper. She's shaking her head at some news on the front page.

MAUREEN

Wow.

Syd comes in, dressed for school, and grabs a box of cereal.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Hey Syd. Don't you go to school with Tracey Fox?

SYD

Yeah. What about her?

MAUREEN

Her dad was arrested yesterday.

SYD

What?

Syd looks at the paper. The front page PHOTO shows Tracey's Dad being led from his home by FBI agents... a bewildered look on his face. Tracey and her Mom, standing at their front door, are equally bewildered.

SYD (CONT'D)

What for?

MAUREEN

They're calling it... treason.

Syd is stunned.