

CODE NAME: DAD

Written by

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READER'S NOTE: Spanish dialogue will be denoted by the use of < > around the dialogue block. All other dialogue occurs in English, unless otherwise noted. Thank you for your attention to this matter. We now return you to your regularly scheduled screenplay

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OVER BLACK--

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Stevens with the jump shot-- hits
her target! No time to relax, she's
got company. Bank shot is good!
Youch! That one stung. Have you
seen any player in this tournament
more clutch than Darby Stevens?

FADE IN:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

CHYRON: SAN DIEGO, CA... 1500 HOURS...

ROCK MUSIC BLASTS. A logo at center court tells us this is
the home of the South High "Sea Horses". But this ain't no
basketball game. It's a war zone. The kids play DUTY CALLS
(you get it) at a high school E-Sports gaming tournament.

WE TRACK ACROSS rows of desktop computers. STUDENTS wearing
headsets, only a few years from carpal tunnel, man their
stations, clicking away, chugging energy drinks like water.
All GUYS. We arrive at the last table. The GAMER, head down,
thinks about his next move. He looks up. He's a she.

Meet DARBY STEVENS (18), precocious, bold, brassy, chip on
her shoulder. The only girl in the tourney.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Stevens cycles. Cancels her re-
load. Fires! Stevens with the No-
scope! Stevens with the No-Scope!

ON GAMER #1's screen. His character's head gets blown off.
It's way too realistic. IN THE STANDS, the cheering STUDENTS
and PARENTS go apeshit. He throws his hands up, frustrated.

GAMER #1
Fuck y--

He looks down the row. Darby gives him a cold death stare.

GAMER #1 (CONT'D)
Nice kill.

Darby quickly scans the crowd. Finds her mom, JENN STEVENS
(40s), athletic, attractive, tough, cheering louder than
anyone. Next to her, an empty seat. Jenn gives Darby an
empathetic look. Darby shakes it off. She's used to it.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
 Clock running down. Stevens, the
 only player left for South, charges
 into the fray. West High has the
 asset fully surrounded. She's
 trying to pull off a miracle here.

ON SCREEN, DARBY'S AVATAR, a camo-clad, Rambo version of
 herself, sprints into an extraction zone. The ENEMIES patrol
 the area surrounding a PRISONER. Darby sneaks up on them.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Uh oh. Hiramura doesn't see her.

Darby's Avatar cycles to a jagged, serrated KNIFE.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 And she's gonna do this the old-
 fashioned way.

Darby's Avatar brutally slits her opponent's throat. His
 character drops dead. She continues to brutally stab his
 corpse. Letting out some pent up frustration.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Yep. He's way dead. Clearly letting
 out some Daddy issues here.

Darby stops stabbing and moves off.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Stevens is almost to the asset. She
 needs to watch her back. Izaki
 appears from a ninja spot! Head
 shot! Game over! There were just
 too many. West High wins in a nail
 biter, but Stevens has got to be
 happy with the way she played--

Darby takes off her headset. Breathes. Calm. A beat. She
freaks the fuck out. Spikes her headset. Rips her keyboard
 from the monitor. Breaks it on the desk. The action in the
 gym briefly pauses. Darby stares everyone down. They quickly
 go back to what they were doing.

Darby looks up at the stands, the empty seat. Jenn mouths
 "I'm sorry". A beat.

DARBY
 Fuck you, Steve.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a hand using a high-tech SCANNER. WE MOVE SLOWLY across a surface. We land on an ominous blood stain.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE ARE--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

STEVE STEVENS (40s), "Fuck You Steve", bald, up-tight and too-jacked for his job, wears a baby blue "Hotels.com" polo shirt as he meticulously inspects bed linens with a black light.

STEVE
Abominable.

CHYRON: TIJUANA, MEXICO... 1600 HOURS...

Lightning fast, Steve whips out a TABLET. He opens a checklist. Categories accompanied by grades. Mostly D's. Under "Linens" he marks "F". A VIDEO CHAT from Jenn POPS UP--

STEVE (CONT'D)
I'm working, Gummy Bear. They got
me rating a real stink bomb in TJ.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

Jenn, on her iPhone, waits for Darby to exit the locker room.

JENN
Your daughter's team got second.

STEVE
That's great! Put Darbs on.

JENN
She's talking to Coach Rob.

STEVE
Rob The Slob?

JENN
You missed it, Steve. Your daughter
took five boys, all at once.

STEVE
Wow. Trying not to picture that.

JENN

No, Steve. You picture it! It's the least you can do after missing her tournament. Again. All five of those boys, just ganging your daughter.

STEVE

Jenn, please stop--

JENN

Going to town on her. One after another. Unloading all over her at the same damn time. Not even giving her a chance to catch her breath.

STEVE

For the love of God, stop!

JENN

Fine. Take no interest in your daughter's affairs. Or this family.

STEVE

I want the names and addresses of all those boys--

A loud buzz as a DRONE flies past Jenn's head.

STEVE (CONT'D)

--Jenn! Get down!

The drone returns, hovers next to Jenn's face.

JENN

You're always so jumpy. It's one of Morgan's toys.

MORGAN (18), Indian, nerdy, Darby's supportive boyfriend, POPS INTO FRAME. He pilots the drone using his iPhone.

MORGAN

It's actually a UAV. Unmanned Aerial Vehicle. Built it custom in Drone Club. It's got a range of two miles. Trying to push it to three by the end of Summer. Hi, Steve!

STEVE

Call me Mr. Stevens.

MORGAN

Yes sir, Mr. Stevens, sir.

Darby approaches.

DARBY

Dad! Why are you so mean to Morgan?

STEVE

That's his name?

DARBY

You know that's his name!

STEVE

You always complain about how we never have anything to talk about... we can make fun of him together.

MORGAN

I'm still here...

STEVE

And I'm wondering why?

DARBY

What the hell, Dad? Come on, Morgs.

Darby pulls Morgan away. The drone follows. Jenn, annoyed.

STEVE

What? I'm her dad. I'm supposed to not like her boyfriends.

JENN

You're supposed to be home on her birthday.

STEVE

I'll be home tonight. I'll drive her to get her favorite ice cream.

JENN

She can drive. She's eighteen.

STEVE

I know how old my daughter is.

JENN

Well aren't you father of the year.

STEVE

Jenn... I--

A KNOCK at Steve's hotel room door.

STEVE (CONT'D)

--gotta go! See you girls tonight!

JENN

Steve--

Steve hangs up. Jenn pockets her iPhone, sadly. COACH ROB (30), Darby's charming, attractive Asian gaming coach ("Rob The Slob" is actually extremely put together), approaches.

COACH ROB

If the rest of our team wouldn't have gone limp out there, we might of had a real shot.

JENN

She's getting good huh, Coach Rob?

COACH ROB

If Darbs starts listening to old Coach, and flanking that weak side, I see a pro career in her future.

JENN

Get out of here.

COACH ROB

Darby's the real deal. E-Sports is a billion dollar industry now. You sure she's not part Korean?

JENN

Naneun geungjeongjeog-ida.

(beat)

"I'm positive". Picked up a few languages when Steve and I used to travel for volleyball.

COACH ROB

Wow! Beautiful and bilingual. Steve is a lucky man. He couldn't make it?

JENN

Working.

COACH ROB

Gotta bring home the bok choy.

JENN

Bok choy?

COACH ROB

I'm vegan.

Coach Rob puts his arm on Jenn's back. The creepiest thing you could ever do while saying the words "I'm vegan".

COACH ROB (CONT'D)
So, Jenn, can I interest you in a
sloppy VJ tonight?

JENN
Excuse me?

COACH ROB
Coach's famous sloppy veggie Joe's!
I use soy instead of beef. If you
and Darby want to take a trip down
to flavor town.

JENN
Oh. That's really sweet, Rob--

Morgan's drone flies between Jenn and Coach Rob, breaking up
the moment. REVEAL Morgan, across the room, watching them.

JENN (CONT'D)
--but, Steve comes home tonight.

COACH ROB
Well, offer stands if he doesn't
make it. If there's a "terrorist" at
the airport or something.

JENN
Rob!

COACH ROB
Not like he dies. I just meant,
maybe there's a bomb threat. And
they have to ground his plane. For
a night. I'm not a psychopath.

Morgan's drone bumps into Coach Rob's face. He swats at it.
The drone evades him with ease.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TIJUANA, MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

Steve answers the door. ROOM SERVICE WAITER stands in the
doorway with a covered tray on a cart.

ROOM SERVICE WAITER
Rice and beans?

Waiter hands Steve an electronic check. Steve uses his
fingerprint to pay. REVEAL a one million dollar price. Waiter
casually leaves.

Steve lifts the cover. An empty plate, except for a tiny
MICROCHIP. He places it in his shirt pocket. Touches his ear.

STEVE

Kyle, rice and beans are hot. I'm heading to the rendezvous.

Steve's phone rings. He answers.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I told you I'm working, Jenn--

MAN (V.O.)

(thick Spanish accent)

Do I sound like a Jenn to you?

Steve crosses to the window just in time to see TWO BLACK SUVS pull up in front of the hotel. SIX ARMED MEN exit the vehicles. Serious Cartel vibes.

Steve crosses to the bed. Calmly opens his suitcase.

STEVE

No. You sound more like a Deb.

MAN (V.O.)

Ok, funny man. Deb's gonna kill you and take your microchip.

Steve pushes aside stolen hotel amenities. He opens a secret compartment, revealing the parts of a SNIPER RIFLE. He assembles it, squints through the scope, scanning rooftops.

STEVE

Hey, while I've got you, where should I eat tonight? Kind of sick of rice and beans--

MAN (V.O.)

You shouldn't have fucked with the Amistads. Goodbye, Bald Eagle.

Line goes dead. Steve throws his bag and rifle over his shoulder. The door bursts open. CARTEL MEMBERS unleash gun fire. He pats his chest to check on the microchip, and narrowly escapes to the balcony. He pulls himself up to--

THE ROOF

He grabs a HARPOON from his bag, untwists the nose of the rifle and attaches it. Aims. Fires. And sinks the harpoon into an adjacent building. He sets the gun down. It auto-clamps to the concrete. He checks the line. Secure enough.

THREE CARTEL MEMBERS kick open the fire escape door. Steve chucks his bag at them.

It explodes, lighting the men on fire. They stagger around as TWO MORE CARTEL MEMBERS exit onto the roof and open fire.

STEVE

Too caliente for my taste.

Steve zips off on his homemade zipline, gliding to safety.

MIGUEL (30s), a hulking, 6'5" beast, with a buzzed mohawk and bandolier strapped to his chest, emerges from the roof exit. He stares after Steve as he ziplines away.

MIGUEL

I do not sound like a Deb.

EXT. CARNIVAL - MOMENTS LATER

A Mexican Carnival. Steve, now in a poncho, sombrero and fake mustache, moves quickly through a CROWD. His phone rings--

STEVE

How can I help you, Deb?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. JENN'S PRIUS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Jenn in front. Darby in back, wears headphones, stares out the window. Jenn speaks softly--

JENN

Who's Deb?

STEVE

Jenn! No one. A co-worker.

JENN

I just wanted to make sure you got Darby something for her birthday.

STEVE

Of course I got Darby something for her birthday.

Steve swipes a giant TEDDY BEAR from a carnival game stand.

JENN

She's really down, Steve. You know how she gets when she doesn't win.

A knife embeds in the wall right next to Steve's face. He turns just in time to grab the wrist of CARTEL SICARIO's other knife wielding hand and twists him into an arm lock.

STEVE

When she sees this present, she's going to cheer right up!

JENN

Where are you? It's so loud.

STEVE

Oh! That's just... the mariachi band I hired to sing happy birthday!

JENN

You did that for her?

STEVE

Of course I did. I'm her awesome dad. Put her on speaker!
(singing)
Feliz cumpleaños a ti--

Steve twists Sicario's arm to the verge of snapping, motions for him to join in. The two men awkwardly sing a "Happy Birthday" duet in Spanish to Darby.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Feliz cumpleaños a Darby.
Feliz cumpleaños a ti!

CARTEL SICARIO

Feliz cumpleaños a... Darby.
Feliz cumpleaños a ti!

*

STEVE

Love ya, Darbs! Gotta go!

Steve hangs up. REVEAL Coach Rob driving.

COACH ROB

Steve's got perfect pitch!

Jenn politely laughs. Darby, grossed out.

NOW BACK WITH Steve. Game on. Sicario spins out of the arm-lock. Resumes stabbing. Steve uses the bear as a shield. Stuffing flies everywhere. A strong thrust shreds the bear.

STEVE

Hey! That was for my daughter!

They pause.

CARTEL SICARIO

I have a daughter. How old is yours?

STEVE

Eighteen.

CARTEL SICARIO

A terrible gift for a teenager!

Steve chucks stuffing at Sicario and takes off running.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A REAL MARIACHI BAND plays "Feliz Cumpleaños" for a MEXICAN GIRL at a backyard Quinceañera. Large MEXICAN FAMILY celebrates. KIDS swing at a PIÑATA.

The wood fence explodes. Steve bursts through. Sicario follows close behind, corners Steve near the piñata. Steve grabs the BAT from BLINDFOLDED KID. It's plastic. He chucks it. Steve grabs the piñata, wraps the string around Sicario's knife hand, then neck, disarming, then choking him. Tighter and tighter. Sicario suffocates and dies, crumples at Steve's feet.

REVEAL MEXICAN KIDS, terrified. Steve thinks fast. Rips the piñata open with his bare hands. Candy spills out. Kids cheer and bum-rush, trampling Sicario's dead body.

Steve clocks a children's BICYCLE in the corner of the yard.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - CONTINUOUS

Steve rides the bike down a dirt road. A cloud of dust behind him draws nearer. The sound of motorcycles grows louder. CARTEL SICARIO #2 and #3 flank SICARIO LEADER.

STEVE

Please be unrelated to this chase.

The three riders begin shooting at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Ah, shit!

Steve pedals faster. But he's easily overtaken. Sicario #2 pulls up alongside him. Points an UZI at his head.

CARTEL SICARIO #2

<The microchip! Now!>

STEVE

No! I don't want any chiclets!

Steve turns into him. Grabs him by the collar and throws him off his bike. He jumps onto the motorcycle. Sicario #3 and Sicario Leader continue pursuit.

Steve zigzags. Avoiding flying bullets. He looks down at the high tech dash. He's riding a top of the line electric bike.

He approaches a cart pulled by a DONKEY. He shoots the back tailgate. It drops to the ground creating a ramp. He rides up it, soars into the air and lands thirty feet down the road.

Sicario #3 slams into the back of the cart like a storm trooper on Endor. It explodes. The donkey goes flying through the air and miraculously lands safely on it's feet.

Steve veers into an open field, accelerates, putting distance between him and Sicario Leader.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Adios, amigo.

Sicario Leader types on a dash mounted tablet. Hits enter. Power to Steve's bike shuts down. He jams the ignition. Nothing. The bike loses momentum, wobbles. Steve bails, rolls into a ditch. His bike crashes in the field.

Sicario Leader closes in, gun drawn. 300... 200... 100 feet away. Steve slowly puts his hands up to surrender. Until--

A hand grabs Steve's arm from above. PULL BACK TO REVEAL a STEALTH CHOPPER hovering above Steve. SPECIAL FORCES OPERATIVE pulls Steve in. The chopper banks away.

Sicario Leader skids to a stop. Steve watches from the chopper door as Sicario Leader removes their helmet--

REVEAL Pantene Commercial-red hair, belonging to VIRA VARENNIKOV (30s), ex-Russian special forces. She speaks with an accent, thick as borscht.

VIRA
Impressive, Agent Steve. My loins
condensate like Moscow Mule!

Vira rips open her jacket exposing a sexy red bra. She bares her chest toward Steve who looks utterly shocked.

INT. STEALTH CHOPPER - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

CHOPPER PILOT turns back from the cockpit.

CHOPPER PILOT

Whoa. Nice! You field agents get all the perks, huh? I bet this wasn't your only "extraction" today, eh, Steve?

STEVE

I don't even know her. I swear.

CHOPPER PILOT

Sure you don't, Steve. All right!

STEVE

Just fly the chopper.

CHOPPER PILOT

These things fly themselves, bro. I don't even know why I'm here.

(fake whisper)

Don't tell our boss.

OFF STEVE, shaking his head.

INT. AIR FORCE BASE - HANGER - DAY

CHYRON: WASHINGTON, DC... 2100 HOURS...

AIR FORCE OFFICERS take GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS on a tour of a new fleet of fully ELECTRIC DRONES. Protecting the world and appeasing the hippies.

Among the Government Officials is DIRECTOR CONRAD (50s), hard-nosed head of TAFTT (Terrorist And Foreign Threat Team). He shakes hands with AIR FORCE GENERAL, satisfied.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Very good, Chuck. I'll have the President sign off. We'll want these birds in the sky by next week.

AIR FORCE GENERAL

Yes, sir. You give the command and we'll send the geese flying East.

Government Officials board a CHOPPER. Director Conrad about to board, Air Force General pulls him back.

AIR FORCE GENERAL (CONT'D)

Sir. We didn't get a chance to discuss the electrical bug.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

You ever see one of them lightning bugs? Their little tushies lightin' up? It's a real treat.

AIR FORCE ENGINEER

Very good, sir. But, no. The bug in the drone charging system. We're vulnerable to a possible hack. I've sent you multiple e-mails--

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Must have gone to spam. Launch the fleet. If there's a "bug" I'm sure your team can push a software update. And then you all keep your jobs. Oh, and lose my e-mail.

AIR FORCE GENERAL

I just thought--

DIRECTOR CONRAD

You think too much, Chuck. Do less of that.

Director Conrad pats Air Force General on the back with purpose. Boards the chopper. It lifts off--

AIR FORCE GENERAL

Roger that...

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Steve arrives in an Uber. Exits, holding a tub of ice cream.

CHYRON: SAN DIEGO SUBURBS... 0100 HOURS...

Steve surveys the scene. Too many cars. Empty cans everywhere. He inspects a crushed energy drink. MUFFLED MUSIC comes from inside. His eyes narrow.

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Steve deftly scales his side yard fence, lands stealthily on the grass. He covertly army crawls, avoiding detection from HIGH SCHOOL PARTIERS playing beer pong near the pool. He crawls to the entrance of the DOG HOUSE.

STEVE'S DOG lies in front of the opening. It sees Steve, rises, moves aside, routine. Steve crawls though the entrance.

INT. DOG HOUSE/STEVE'S UNDERGROUND CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Flat screens. High tech gadgets. A weapons armory. Steve sets the now melted ice cream down. Inputs some commands. TAFTT Tech Specialist KYLE KAPOOR (20s), appears on the center flat screen with a headset on. He drinks 4Loko.

KYLE

Bald Eagle!

STEVE

That's not my code name, Kyle.

KYLE

How was Mehi-co? Show any señoritas your little sombrero?

STEVE

For once, could you not pretend you're playing quick-witted tech guy in a "spy movie", and we just get straight to work?

KYLE

All right, you buff wet blanket. So, what do you got for me?

STEVE

Was hoping you could tell me.

Steve inserts the microchip from his mission into his rig.

KYLE

Whoa! Look at this lil guy. You pull that out of a Mexi-stripper's V-jay-jay?

STEVE

Kyle...

KYLE

Sorry. "Mex-otic Dancer".

Kyle types away. SCHEMATICS appear on Steve's monitors. Photos of the electric drones from the Air Force base.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Looks like we've got some of Uncle Sam's private property here. Full systems schematics on the new drone fleet.

STEVE

Can you upload that to HQ--

KYLE
Fuck you, motherfucker!

STEVE
What!?

Kyle lifts up a game controller. Motions to his headset.

KYLE
Sorry. Not you, Steve. Playing PUB-
G with my cousin Ash.
(mashing buttons)
I'll fuck your mom so hard!

STEVE
Isn't his mom your aunt?

KYLE
(ignoring)
Yo, you want to say whatup to our
followers, Steve? Me and Ash are
streaming to Facebook live!

STEVE
You're live streaming matters of
national security?

KYLE
(into headset)
What's that?
(to Steve)
Ash says you're a pussy.

STEVE
I am your boss, Kyle.

KYLE
Suck my dick! Talking to Ash. Not
you, Steve.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - STEVE AND JENN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON COOKIE, from Fox's *Empire*. She says a line about how she'd "do anything to protect her family", just before taking out a dude's kneecaps with a cane.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL Jenn, sitting in bed, painting her nails, drinking wine, watching *Empire*. Hanging above the bed, FRAMED PHOTOS of Jenn and Steve's Olympic volleyball career. Medals. Podiums. Different exotic beaches. In all photos, Steve rocks a glorious blonde man-bun.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A raging high school party. DARBY'S GAMING TEAM and OTHER CO-EDS mix energy drinks with vodka. A "Happy Birthday Darby" sign hangs. Darby and Morgan dance-makeout under it.

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

THROUGH THE POV OF NIGHT VISION GOGGLES we see High School Partiers in their underwear, swimming and hooking up.

Steve, in the shadows, watching. A light flips on in a second story bedroom. Two figures enter. Steve quickly whips his goggles up, trying to get a visual, sight line obscured.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - DARBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darby and Morgan, hot and heavy, crash into the wall. Darby pulls Morgan's sweater over his head. It gets stuck on his glasses. They awkwardly dance around as she tries to pull it off. Finally Darby just rips it apart.

MORGAN

So strong. Just like your dad.

DARBY

Morgs, please don't bring up my dad when we're making out. I shouldn't have to ask you this every time.

MORGAN

Sorry. Sorry.

Darby confidently kisses Morgan's neck.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Darbs... you sure... no one's home?

DARBY

My mom. But she's binging *Empire*. And if anyone bothers her she'll go Cookie Monster on their ass.

Morgan shrugs. They continue making out. A SOUND FROM OUTSIDE. Morgan turns toward the window.

MORGAN

Did you hear that?

DARBY

Stop being so paranoid.

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - SAME TIME

Chaos. High School Partiers frantically flee the pool area in various stages of undress. REVEAL Steve waterboarding HIGH SCHOOL BRO #1. He dunks his head. Then brings him up.

STEVE
Where's my daughter!?

HIGH SCHOOL BRO #1
I told you! I don't know, scary
bald guy!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PRISONER HOLDING CELL - KAZAKHSTAN - FLASHBACK

A dingy cell. Younger Steve, rocking his blonde man-bun, waterboards a REBEL SPY.

STEVE
Where's the detonator!?

REBEL SPY
(subtitled in Chechnyan)
I told you! I don't know, scary guy
with great hair!

Steve continues waterboarding him. Rebel Spy screams--

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - BACKYARD - AS BEFORE

STEVE
You don't know? Well, do you know
how long you can hold your breath?

HIGH SCHOOL BRO #1
I smoke a lot of weed--

Steve dunks High School Bro again.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - DARBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darby and Morgan slam down onto the bed. Darby rolls on top. Morgan turns his head, notices a photo on the night stand. FIVE-YEAR-OLD DARBY, smiling, playing Nintendo Duck Hunt with Steve. Morgan abruptly stops.

DARBY
What's wrong?

MORGAN
(re: photo)
Your dad. He's watching us.

DARBY
Huh. That's funny. That photo is
the last time I can remember him
paying any attention to me.

MORGAN
That's not true--

Darby grabs the photo, throws it at the wall. It shatters.

DARBY
There, now you don't have to worry
about my dad.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

A body slams into a family portrait. It shatters. HIGH SCHOOL
BRO #2 slides down the wall. REVEAL Steve standing over his
unconscious body. In the B.G. Partiers run for their lives.
Steve turns his head like The Terminator. He locks in on the
stairs that lead up to Darby's room.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS--

An oblivious HIGH SCHOOL COUPLE makes out. Everyone else has
left the scene. Steve pulls a tranquillizer gun from it's
hiding place in a fake plant. He aims at the Couple.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SQUARE - EASTERN EUROPE - FLASHBACK

A NEO-NAZI POLITICIAN gives an aggressive speech in the rain.
ANGRY SUPPORTERS in the square. One citizen lifts their cap.
REVEAL Steve. He aims the butt of his umbrella at Politician.
Click. A beat. Politician collapses. AIDS rush to him. Steve
opens his umbrella, slips away into the stormy night.

SMASH BACK TO:

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - AS BEFORE

ON THE COUPLE. A dart embeds in HIGH SCHOOL GUY's neck. Another in HIGH SCHOOL GIRL's. A beat. They both pass out. Steve wipes his prints and ditches the tranquilizer gun in a nearby fish tank. He moves up the stairs.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - DARBY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Darby reaches behind her back for her bra strap.

DARBY

There is nothing to worry about...
it's just you... and me...

The strap comes undone. The bra about to fall.

DARBY (CONT'D)

And--

The door bursts open. Darby covers herself. Steve stands in the doorway. His eyes dart from the bed to a now open window.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Dad! What the hell!?

In one step, Steve is at the window. He looks out just in time to see Morgan awkwardly straddling the backyard fence, trying to climb over. Morgan senses something, looks up, locks eyes with Steve in the window.

STEVE'S POV: A high-tech contact lens racks focus on Morgan's face. Snaps surveillance photos of him.

MORGAN'S POV: Steve stares into Morgan's soul. Morgan screams, falls into the neighbor's yard and out of sight.

STEVE

Does your mother know you threw a party?

DARBY

Yes, dad! What are you doing here?

STEVE

This is my house!

DARBY

This is my birthday!

Darby puts on her shirt. Storms out. Steve notices the broken picture on the ground. Picks it up. Looks at it, sad.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steve moves through the hallway towards the closed door to his bedroom. He takes cover when he hears gun fire coming from inside. He sprints to the door, kicks it open to find--

INT. STEVE AND JENN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenn consoling a crying, face-down Darby on the bed.

JENN

Your birthday's not ruined, sweetie.

Steve about to say something but Jenn gives him a death stare. Steve notices the source of the gun shots. ON THE TV, Cookie blows on the barrel of a smoking Glock. OFF STEVE, defeated.

INT. DOG HOUSE/STEVE'S UNDERGROUND CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Steve, literally in the dog house, sits at his rig, sad, shoveling melted ice cream soup into his mouth. He hits a button and Kyle's face pops up.

STEVE

Kyle, I need you to run a background check for me.

KYLE

Whoa, Steve, you look like the sad emoji. What's wrong?

STEVE

I have never, and will never, look like any "emoji".

KYLE

You're crying. You're bald. It's not that crazy--

(Off Steve's scary eyes)

Send me the file.

Steve removes his CONTACT from his eye. Places it on a scanner. Data uploads to Kyle. PHOTOS OF MORGAN appear on screen. A background check in progress--

KYLE (CONT'D)

Who do we got here? ISIS? Al-Qaeda?
Oh, American. Domestic terror.
Sketchy. All-state VR Chess
Champ... President of the South
High Drone Club...

(beat)

Level 99 Diablo 3? This kid's in
high school, yo!

STEVE

And I need dirt on that mother f--

KYLE

Steve. I think TAFTT frowns on
stalking teenagers. By the way,
Command reviewed your latest intel.
They want to know who's interested
in our microchip. You head back
down South manñana. Time to choose
your backup.

A "Brady Bunch" type screen POPS UP with video feeds of
various AGENTS currently in the field. A list of special
skills next to each Agent's code name. One of these agents is
AGENT N (we'll meet him soon enough).

Steve eyes drift from the screen to his desk, a framed PHOTO
of younger Steve and PAUL RAWLINGS, his former partner,
killed on a past mission. Steve takes in the photo. An
emotional beat. He snaps out of it--

STEVE

I don't need backup. I work alone.

KYLE

That was a very "spy movie" line,
Steve.

(off Steve's face)

I'll just choose for you.

STEVE

Where are you right now? You want
to hit a bar?

KYLE

You know my location is classified,
friend. What time is it there?
Isn't it Darby's b-day? Maybe you
should go be with your family.

STEVE

And say what, Kyle? That I'm a
terrible father.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

That the reason I'm never around
when she needs me is because I'm
too busy protecting her and the
rest of the free world?

(tearing up)

And I keep all of this secret,
because I love her and her mom so
much, that I'd rather they hate me,
than I ever put them in danger.

A beat. Kyle holds up his phone. REVEAL the sad emoji.

KYLE

Come on. You don't see it. Not even
just a little bit?

Steve quickly wipes his eyes. Kyle notices.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, Steve.

Steve grabs a pillow from under his desk. Leans back.

STEVE

Me too.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - MORNING

Steve, determined to shake off the events of the previous
night, cooks breakfast. An epic spread. He prepares eggs
benny, wielding kitchen knives like a master swordsman.

As Steve makes an absolute mess, OFELIA (40s), the Stevens'
housekeeper, cleans up after him, rap music blasting from her
headphones. Steve knocks a bottle of olive oil off the
counter, Ofelia catches it without looking.

Jenn enters, followed by Darby, hung over.

JENN

What's all this?

STEVE

Just making birthday breakfast for
my favorite ladies!

DARBY

Suspicious.

STEVE

Su-what? I always do stuff like
this.

DARBY
Literally never. Where'd you even
learn to cook?

STEVE
I have plenty of secrets.

Darby and Jenn eye him suspiciously.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Just kidding. Don't read too much
into that.

DARBY
You're such a weirdo.

Steve pulls out two chairs. Motions for Darby and Jenn to sit. Places a plate in front of each of them. Jenn takes a bite. Then Darby.

JENN
This is good.

DARBY
Too good...

STEVE
So. I just found out. Turns out,
wouldn't you know, I'm heading back
out for work this afternoon--

JENN
Steve! We're supposed to get you
for Darby's spring break. Family
staycation. We planned this.

DARBY
Whatever. Let him go, Mom. It's
like every other trip we talk about
taking but never do.

JENN
What's more important, Steve? Work
or your family?

STEVE
It's not that simple...

A long, awkward beat.

DARBY
This is where you're supposed to
choose us.

JENN

Twenty years of working for that stupid travel site and you've never taken us anywhere!

STEVE

Believe me, I'd love nothing more than to have my girls tag along...

JENN

But?

Jenn and Darby wait. There's always a "but". A beat. Then--

STEVE

But, it's Mexico! Way too dangerous.

DARBY

You're the worst! Ugh. Come on, Mom.

Darby and Jenn exit the kitchen. Steve yells after them--

STEVE

Plus Zika! Hello!

Darby and Jenn return after a moment with PACKED SUITCASES.

JENN

We'll be at Coach Rob's if you need to get in touch.

STEVE

Rob the slob!?

JENN

He shops at Bonobos. Come on Darby.

Darby and Jenn head for the door.

STEVE

We're family. We stay together. All the way!

Darby and Jenn turn back. A beat. Heard this speech before. Broken record. They leave.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You already had those bags packed!?

CUT TO:

POV SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS WE SEE--

EXT. COACH ROB'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER

Coach Rob, wearing an apron, mans the grill.

CHYRON: TOOL-BAG'S HOUSE... 1200 HOURS...

He loads cooked veggies onto a plate and carries it into--

THE DINING ROOM

Darby and Jenn sit at the table. Rob sets the plate down. Cracks a joke we can't hear, but judging from Darby and Jenn's reactions, it's hilarious.

Steve, wearing full camo, spies on his family from a tree.

STEVE

What. The. Fuck.

Steve taps his ear piece. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

CHYRON: TAFTT BLACK SITE... 1200 HOURS...

Kyle sits at his computer playing video games. A BELUSHI ANIMAL HOUSE poster in the B.G. He taps his headset.

KYLE

Go for Kyle.

STEVE

Kyle, I've got eyes on a target, but I need ears.

KYLE

Steve? You don't roll out until 1400. Did we accelerate plans?

STEVE

Yes.

Kyle springs into action, typing away.

KYLE

Hold on. Let me grab your location.

STEVE

No, you don't need it--

KYLE

I've still got you in San Diego.
(beat)
Are you in a tree?

STEVE

No...

KYLE

You're either in a tree or you're David Blaine. I see you on the sat.

STEVE

I'm in a god damn palm tree! Can you get ears on this target or not?

KYLE

We're not allowed to tap civs without TAFTT authorization. We're not NSA.

STEVE

I am your boss, Kyle.

KYLE

You always say that, but technically, I work for TAFTT and you're my assigned field agent--

STEVE

(scary)
Do it.

Kyle types. An image of Coach Rob's house comes ON SCREEN. Coach Rob's photo appears with his name and address.

KYLE

I know it's physically impossible, but I still feel like you could somehow hurt me, badly, through the phone so, committing treason... now.

Kyle hits enter. A beat. Inside the house, Coach Rob's phone rings. He crosses to his kitchen, answers it. Nothing. Weird. He hangs up. Carries the receiver back into the dining room. Sets it down on the table near Darby and Jenn. Steve touches his ear again. Now we can hear the conversation inside--

COACH ROB

So, you guys can crash as long as you need. There's the guest boudoir. And of course, I've got the Cali King in my room. If you ever want to Netflix and chill, Jenn.

STEVE

Son of a... Kyle, I'm gonna need two extra tickets to Mexico.

KYLE

Wow! You came around on the whole backup thing. All right! It's true, you can't do everything yourself, Steve. I'll put in the request. Can I get agent names? Steve? You there?

Steve leans out of the tree. Trying to get a better view. He leans further. Further. CRACK! The branch breaks. Steve crashes to the ground.

Coach Rob, Jenn and Darby look outside. Rob rushes into the backyard. But Steve is gone.

PRE-LAP SFX: DOORBELL--

INT. COACH ROB'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Coach Rob opens the door. Steve, now in civilian clothes, at the door. A tiny bit of camo paint still on his face.

STEVE

Coach Rob? How's it hanging?

COACH ROB

Steve?

Steve pulls Rob in for a bear hug. Plants a tiny tracking device behind his ear. Rob can barely breathe.

DARBY

Dad, what are you doing here?

STEVE

Change of plans! Got the office to let me take my girls on the trip!

JENN

Really?

DARBY

Really.

STEVE

Family Spring Break!

Jenn can't hold back her smile. She rushes to her husband, hugs him. OFF DARBY, skeptical. OFF COACH ROB, in pain.

INT. PLANE - LATER

CHYRON: SAN DIEGO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT... 1400 HOURS...

A commercial flight, about to take off. Steve, Darby and Jenn sit in the middle row. Steve unbuckles.

STEVE

I'm going to stretch before we take off. Anyone need anything? Peanuts? Moist towelette?

JENN

I'm good, sweetie. Thanks.

STEVE

Darbs?

DARBY

All good. But, Morgan might want something.

PAN OVER TO REVEAL Morgan sitting next to Steve. A sleep mask rests on top of his head. He takes ear plugs out.

MORGAN

Oh. No thank you. My stomach gets nervous before flights.

STEVE

You were so quiet I almost forgot you were crashing my family's vacation.

MORGAN

It's still not too late for me to stay back--

STEVE

How considerate of you, Morgan.

DARBY

Dad. I told you. It's our last spring break together.

STEVE

I know. I know. I'm just playing around, sweetie.

DARBY

Can we switch seats so Morgan and I can sit next to each other?

STEVE

Sorry, sweetie. I wish. But, this is how they booked us. It's illegal not to sit in your assigned seat.

DARBY

You're such a square, Dad.

STEVE

I know! I gotta work on that. Since the drinking age is 18 down there, maybe we could share a piña colada. Or even a tequila shot! But, not Morgan. He's only 17.

Steve gets up, moves toward the aisle. Morgan cringes.

DARBY

You don't have to be scared of him.

MORGAN

Yes I do. Do you see the way he looks at me?

DARBY

He's harmless.

Darby puts her headphones in. Morgan looks around. He finds Steve staring death daggers at him from down the aisle.

MORGAN

(whispering)

Look, he's killing me with his eyes. Right now.

Darby doesn't hear him. Morgan slumps in his seat, trying to get as far away from Steve's eyes as possible.

INT. PLANE - LATER

Mid-flight. Darby and Jenn passed out sleeping on each other. Morgan talks Steve's ear off--

MORGAN

What do you think the best versus movie of all time is? Alien vs. Predator or Freddy vs. Jason. What if they do a huge crossover next. Alien vs. Predator vs. Freddy vs. Jason. Free for all. Battle Royale. Oh. Wrestle Mania is coming up in a few weeks. I have an extra ticket--

LATER

MORGAN (CONT'D)

--who would you rather be roommates with? Hemsworth? Pine? Or Pratt? Now, I think Chris would keep the apartment cleanest. While, Chris would offer the best pillow talk. But, Chris would definitely be most likely to have cupcakes waiting for you when you get home on your birthday... although Chris seems like a genuinely good guy--

STEVE'S POV: His contact lens shows a diagram over Morgan's face. Every place he could inflict potential damage. An uppercut to the jaw, painful. A strike to the back of the head, knockout. A blow to the temple? "Instant kill". END STEVE'S POV.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

--now the Drone Club gets labeled as a "nerd" club at school but you should see the next-level stuff we're working on.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT drops off drinks. Steve smiles at her. Points out the window.

STEVE

Hey, are those the Northern Lights?

MORGAN

(looking)

Not likely we're flying South--

Lightning fast, Steve slips off his wedding band. Pops a TINY PILL from a hidden compartment, quickly drops it into Morgan's drink. Morgan turns back. Steve offers a cheers. They clink glasses. Morgan takes a sip. Instantly passes out.

INT. AIRPORT - LATER

Baggage claim. Steve wheels his bag and carries Morgan over his shoulder like a child. Darby and Jenn slightly concerned.

STEVE

Lil guy's jet lagged.

EXT. HOTEL SANDALES AMERICANO - DAY

CHYRON: CENTRAL MEXICO... 1800 HOURS...

Welcome to the American Sandals Hotel. A shit-hole in the middle of the Mexican jungle. A few huts surround a small pool filled with green water. Everyone drops their bags.

JENN

They have you rating this place?

DARBY

One star, Dad. One star.

MORGAN

(checking his phone)

I'm not getting any Wifi...

STEVE

Oh come on, guys! This is all part of the experience of learning about new cultures. Don't judge a hotel by it's neglected pool and mosquito infestation.

Steve kills a mosquito on his arm.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Mexico, baby!

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Darby and Morgan sit on the bed, bored. Morgan flies his drone around the room. A knock at the door. Darby opens it and finds Steve holding his toiletry bag.

STEVE

Your mom's trying to set the world record for longest shower. Mind if I use your bathroom?

DARBY

Sure... whatever, Dad.

STEVE

Thanks. Feeling better, Morgan?

MORGAN

Yeah. That flight knocked me out.

STEVE

I saw that.

Steve enters--

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steve turns on the faucet. Unzips his bag. Quietly removes the pieces of a HAND GUN. *He flew with this?* Assembles it, bags it. Lifts the lid off the toilet tank. Drops the gun inside, re-covers it. Steve flushes, exits back into--

THE ROOM

DARBY

How's the bathroom?

STEVE

Five stars for plumbing!

DARBY

Hey, can we go into town? The guy where the front desk would normally be said there's an internet cafe.

STEVE

Absolutely. Let me grab your mom.

DARBY

I thought she was in the shower?

STEVE

Er-- Nothing gets by you my little spy! I meant, let me tell mom, to hurry her butt up. Lobby in ten?

Steve disappears down the hall. Darby calls after him--

DARBY

What lobby!?

EXT. TOWN - LATER

KIDS play soccer in the dirt street, sporting "AMISTAD" SOCCER JERSEYS. The Fam plus Morgan stroll through town. They approach an internet cafe.

JENN

You guys go ahead. I saw a dress store a few blocks back that I want to take a peak in.

STEVE

I'm actually in the market for a sombrero myself. Everyone meet back here in an hour?

Steve puts his hand in like they're a sports team.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Familia on tres. Uno. Dos. Not you
Morgan. Tres!

Darby enters the internet cafe. Jenn walks off in the other direction. Morgan, the only person left, finishes the chant.

MORGAN
Familia!

STEVE
Never say that again.

INT. SOMBRERO SHOP - LATER

An OLD MEXICAN LADY at the counter. Steve casually enters.

STEVE
I'm looking for a big hat.

Old Mexican Lady just stares at Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Um. Sombrero. Grande.

Old Mexican Lady doesn't blink.

STEVE (CONT'D)
A hat that offers maximum
protection. Can you help me?
(off her blank stare)
I think I have the wrong store.

Steve makes his way to the door. JUAN, a young Mexican man appears from the back room, zipping up his pants.

JUAN
My friend! My friend! Sorry. I was
taking a shit! And my mother is
deaf as a donkey. I think I have
just the hat for you. In the back.

Steve's interest, piqued. He follows Juan into the--

BACK ROOM

Juan opens a locker. An armory. BIG GUNS.

STEVE
Me gusta.

Steve hands Juan a thick ROLL of hundred dollar bills.

JUAN
Always a pleasure doing business
with TAFTT.

Steve nods, grabs a BIG DUFFEL and unzips it.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Darby and Morgan sit at computers checking their e-mail.

DARBY
UCSD sent me the fall gaming
schedule. It's going to be pretty
crazy. But hopefully you'll be
there to help me get through it.
You still haven't heard anything?

Morgan quickly clicks out of his e-mail.

MORGAN
Nope not a peep.

DARBY
That's insane. Your scores are way
higher than mine.

MORGAN
I'm sure I'll hear soon, babe.

DARBY
Yeah. You're right.

MORGAN
I'm going to find the bathroom.

As Morgan crosses to the back of the cafe he passes a WOMAN
sitting at a computer. She tracks his movement as we REVEAL
her face: Vira. Our Russian femme fatale.

She subtly checks her phone. A read-out with a surveillance
photo of Steve at the airport, carrying Morgan.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan washes his hands. Grabs for a paper towel. There are
none. Wipes on his pants. He stares at himself in the mirror.

MORGAN
Darby. I got into Harvard! Hey,
you're never going to believe this,
I'm moving to Boston! Darbs. Sup,
girl? I got into The Vard. NBD.
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're a moron.

Morgan exits the bathroom. Vira slaps at her keyboard, like someone who has never used a computer.

VIRA

Excuse me? Boy child?

MORGAN

Me?

VIRA

Are you familiar with inter-mails?

MORGAN

Do I know how to use e-mail?

VIRA

Yes, exactly. Come, come, Mr. Smarty Panties.

Vira gets up and ushers him to her chair.

VIRA (CONT'D)

Please, showing me?

MORGAN

(typing)

Oh. It's really quite simple. We can set you up for any type of account, you'll probably want to do gmail, it's the best.

VIRA

Mhmm. Mhmm.

MORGAN

There. All set, just need to know what you want your address to be?

VIRA

Question. Where is father?

She shows Morgan the photo of Steve and him in the airport.

MORGAN

Wow, you think Mr. Stevens is my dad? Thank you!

(a beat, realizing)

Wait, where did you get that photo?

Vira smiles at him. She stuffs a rag in Morgan's mouth, then throws a bag over his head. She drags him out a back door.

VIRA
We are old friends, Steve and I...

EXT. INTERNET CAFE - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Morgan struggles to free himself from Vira's grasp. His drone falls out of his pocket. TWO CARTEL GOONS open the back doors to a VAN. Vira pushes him in, slams the door. Morgan manages to get the bag up over his head.

He spots his drone on the ground. Quickly pulls his iPhone out of his other pocket. As Vira starts the van, he pilots the drone back into--

INT. INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The drone crashes into Darby's computer. She scoops it up, looks outside just in time to see the van pulling away.

	DARBY	MORGAN	
Morgan?		Darby!	*

EXT. INTERNET CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

Darby runs after the van but it's already down the street and turning a corner. She begins to panic, but then spots Steve walking towards her with his now full duffle.

DARBY
Dad!

Steve looks up and quickly drops his duffle bag.

STEVE
It's just souvenirs!

DARBY
Dad! They took Morgan!

STEVE
That's amazing!

DARBY
Dad!?

STEVE
Sorry.

DARBY
Should we call the police?

STEVE

On it.

Steve busts out his phone. Dials. A beat. From out of nowhere a JEEP pulls up. The passenger door opens REVEALING--

AGENT N (50s), he has a very particular set of skills, skills he has acquired over a long career, skills that make him a nightmare for people like you (you get it).

AGENT N

You rang, partner?

Steve nods at Agent N, turns to Darby.

STEVE

Stay put. This won't take long.

DARBY

Dad, what are you talking about.
Who's this guy? We need to call the
cops!

AGENT N

We are the cops.

DARBY

(points to Steve)
He's a hotel rater.

AGENT N

A what?

STEVE

Nothing. Drive.

DARBY

No chance I'm not coming.

Darby starts to climb in the back of the Jeep.

STEVE

Absolutely not.

Steve arm bars her.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Go back to the hotel. I'll be back
soon.

They burn out leaving Darby in the dust and very confused.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Steve rides shotty. Agent N drives, ripping turns like a rally car race. Steve pulls a MACHINE GUN from the duffle bag. Loads it as they... are stopped by a TRAFFIC JAM.

AGENT N

Shit.

BACK WITH DARBY who rounds the corner, sees the traffic jam. She spies the jeep up ahead, Steve and Agent N on high alert, heads on a swivel, checking their mirrors.

Darby clocks Mexican TEENS in PONCHOS and SOMBREROS walking up to cars selling various trinkets to driving tourists. One young boy offers Steve roses, he waives him away.

Darby walks by a clothing rack outside a shop, swipes a sombrero and poncho.

Steve checks his six, another seller in poncho and sombrero walks behind the car, nothing out of the ordinary. REVEAL Darby in disguise, waits until Steve is distracted by another seller, then dives in the back of the Jeep.

STEVE

We gotta make a move here.

Agent N veers hard right, mounts the sidewalk passing the jam as pedestrians dive out of the way.

DARBY (O.S.)

Hey guys.

Steve wheels with his machine gun, nearly blows her head off.

STEVE

Jesus Darbs! How'd you get here?

Darby eyes the machine gun and the unzipped duffle full of weapons.

DARBY

Dad, those are not souvenirs!
Someone needs to tell me what the
hell is going on.

STEVE

Right. So, first of all, don't tell
your mother about any of this.

AGENT N
(re: Darby)
They're putting them in the field
younger and younger these days huh?

STEVE
Agent N this is my daughter, Darby.
Darby, Agent N.

AGENT N
Does TAFTT know about this?

Agent N cuts through an alley.

DARBY
Who's Taftt? Dad what is
happening!?

STEVE
Morgan's been kidnapped, sweetie.

DARBY
What-- Why would anyone want to
kidnap Morgan?

STEVE
I completely agree with you.

AGENT N
This "Morgan". Could he be part of
a sleeper cell?

STEVE
He's a friendly.

DARBY
Who would do this?

AGENT N
Most likely cartel trying to draw
us out.

STEVE
Fucking cartels.

Agent N steers the jeep out of an alley and back onto the
main road right behind Morgan's van.

DARBY
That's the van!

STEVE
Oh, perfect.

Steve leans out the window with the machine gun. Opens fire.

DARBY
Dad! Morgan's in there!

STEVE
Oh, he is? Oops.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Morgan screams as bullets rattle the back of the van. Vira and The Cartel Goons return fire.

Steve quickly leans in just in time to avoid getting hit. Glass shatters. Two cars veer onto the road behind them. Agent N checks his rearview just in time for it to get shot off by the new CARTEL CHASERS.

STEVE
I'm calling in air support.
(touching his ear)
Kyle, we need wings.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. TAFTT BLACK SITE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle quickly flips from a video game to a government agency screen with an image of a DRONE on it. He selects the drone.

KYLE
Copy you, Bald Eagle. And...
permission to speak freely, sir?

STEVE
Go.

KYLE
This feels a lot like a spy movie.

Bullets take out both side view mirrors at the same time.

STEVE
Wings, Kyle! Wings!

EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

A U.S. DRONE banks hard left.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Steve climbs into the back, pulls a ROCKET LAUNCHER out of the duffle. Hands Darby a ROCKET.

STEVE

Hold this for a sec, sweetie.

Darby holds the rocket like a hot potato.

DARBY

Is this a SMAW?

STEVE

Good eye, honey!

Steve hefts the launcher to his shoulder. Motions for the rocket. Darby hands it to him, solid teamwork.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Don't tell your mother about this.

Steve aims out the back of the jeep. Fires. Direct hit. A cartel car explodes just as the drone drops into view, joining the chase behind them.

DARBY

Who are you!?

AGENT N

Mother fucking Agent Steve!

KYLE

Motherfucking Steveeee.

*

INT. VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Goon in the passenger seat pulls out a tablet. He hands it to Vira as he takes the wheel and switches seats. She pulls up the schematics of the drone that is following them. She types. The drone accelerates, flies ahead of the cars.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Steve watches curiously as the drone roars by.

KYLE

Uh. Guys... I'm locked out? Someone else is in control.

Up ahead, the drone flips around. Now it's facing them. It fires two missiles. Both pass the van. Head towards the jeep.

STEVE

Agent N--

AGENT N

Get down!

Steve covers Darby's head. One missile hits a GAS STATION creating a giant fireball, the other missile connects with the road ten feet in front of their tire. The jeep flips.

WHILE UPSIDE DOWN IN SLO-MO, Agent N, stone faced, one hand on the wheel, the other unloads a glock through the front wind shield. Darby screams. Steve puts his arm across her like a seat belt, yells--

STEVE

Don't... tell... your mother!

The Jeep lands upside down. Skids to a stop. The drone soars skyward, gone. The van drives out of sight. Steve, Darby and Agent N crawl out of the Jeep and take cover.

The car that was tailing them skids to a stop nearby. THREE CARTEL MEMBERS exit with guns. Steve reaches into the wreck. Grabs his machine gun. Agent N pulls two hand guns from his jacket. They lock and load, pop up. Unload on Cartel Members.

OFF DARBY, covering her ears in shock.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - LATER

CLOSE ON a COCKROACH skitters into the darkness until... a giant FOOT crushes it. REVEAL Miguel scrapes his boot. Vira emerges from a door, as they walk and talk--

MIGUEL

You let him get away.

VIRA

You first let him get away.

Miguel growls in frustration. They walk by TWO GUARDS into--

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A collection of expensive items paid for with drug money. Taxidermy animals, original film props, live BABY LION.

LA CUCARACHA, head of the Amistad Cartel, sits in a leather chair, looking out the window. We don't see his face.

MIGUEL

We have a problem.

Miguel shows La Cucaracha his phone. INSERT CCTV FOOTAGE of Steve and Agent N lighting up Cartel Gunmen in the streets.

LA CUCARACHA

Fix it.

INT. HOTEL SANDALES AMERICANO - LATER

Steve, Darby and Agent N, scraped up, enter through the back. They check to make sure the coast is clear. Then cross the pool area to the huts. Darby, shaking off a bit of PTSD--

DARBY

So, Morgan's been kidnapped by The Cartel... And all these times you've been gone, you haven't been rating hotels? You've been running off on secret missions!?

STEVE

Darbs, I know it's a lot--

DARBY

Tight.

STEVE

What?

DARBY

That's awesome. My dad's not a loser!

STEVE

Wow. This is going much better than all the times I played it out in my head... Wait, you think I'm a loser?

Before Darby can respond--

AGENT N

What's our play? The boy's probably at a Cartel safe house by now. He could be a lost asset. A sunk cost...

DARBY

He's my boyfriend! Not collateral damage! I love him!

STEVE

Wait. What? I thought you guys were just "hanging out". You love him?

Darby bursts into uncontrollable tears. Steve looks to Agent N who just shrugs, *teenagers...*

STEVE (CONT'D)
All right. We go after Morgan.

DARBY
Yes! Thank you! What's our plan?

STEVE
This is a two man job.

DARBY
I'm coming with you.

STEVE
Absolutely not. It's way too dangerous. You're staying here and waiting for your mom to get back.

DARBY
Dad, I want to help--

STEVE
No.

Agent N grabs the door handle to Steve's hut.

AGENT N
This your room?

STEVE
Agent N check for--

Agent N turns the handle. The hut explodes. Steve dives on Darby and protects her as burning wood and straw rain down on top of them. Steve looks up. A beat.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You okay, partner?

A beat. Agent N's ARM lands nearby. Another beat.

DARBY
I know. Don't tell mom.

STEVE
That's my girl.

INT. DARBY'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Steve's weapons arsenal spread on the bed. Darby struggles to pick up a MASSIVE GUN. Steve stares at her.

STEVE

What do you think you're doing?

DARBY

You heard Agent N, Morgan's at a Cartel safe house.

STEVE

It's way too dangerous.

DARBY

Exactly. You're going to need backup. You said it yourself. It's a two man mission.

Steve shakes his head. Goes into the bathroom. A moment later he returns with the bagged gun from earlier. It drips. He removes the gun, checks the slide, everything looks good.

DARBY (CONT'D)

You hid a gun in the toilet bowl?!

STEVE

That would be gross, honey. I hid a gun in the top part thingy.

DARBY

This isn't real life...

Steve, packs his bag and heads for the door. Darby tails closely behind.

STEVE

Stay here, wait for your mom to come back. I'll be back with Morgan as soon as I can.

DARBY

I'm coming.

STEVE

This is a highly covert mission with very specific espionage training required.

DARBY

Yet I snuck onto your jeep--

STEVE

(angry)

This isn't one of your video games Darby! It's dangerous. I won't risk you getting hurt.

Darby's face sinks.

DARBY

But--

STEVE

(softening)

I'll be back soon. I promise.

INT. HOTEL SANDALES AMERICANO - MOMENTS LATER - CONTINUOUS

Steve emerges from the hotel wearing a loud Hawaiian tourist shirt over a bulky bullet proof vest. He carries his overstuffed weapons duffle over his shoulder.

Jenn approaches with bags, in a Mexican tourista dress.

STEVE

Shit.

(beat)

Hi, honey!

JENN

I couldn't find you guys at the cafe! Must have just missed you.

STEVE

Must have! Actually heading back into town.

JENN

So soon?

STEVE

Yeah. I, uh...

Jenn suspicious, eyes his bulging duffle. Steve caught in the headlights.

DARBY (O.S.)

I heard about a salsa making class.

Darby comes up behind Steve, wearing a matching, loud Hawaiian tourist shirt.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Better hurry, Dad, we don't want to be late.

Darby gives Steve a nod. He nods back in appreciation.

STEVE

That's right. Gonna be spicy.

JENN

Fun! Let me just put these bags
down and I'll come with you guys--

DARBY

STEVE

No!

No!

*

DARBY

We booked you a...

STEVE

Spa day! Deep tish. Mineral
treatment. Mud bath. Full package.

JENN

Oh wow. Okay. Let me just go drop
these off at the room--

STEVE

DARBY

No!

No!

*

DARBY (CONT'D)

There was a...

STEVE

Gas leak! They're moving us. Should
be all settled when you're done at
the spa.

JENN

You two are acting really weird...

Darby and Steve sweat it out. Then--

JENN (CONT'D)

And really sweet!

DARBY

That's us!

STEVE

Sweet like flan.

JENN

(re: Steve's duffel)

What's with the bag?

STEVE

Oh this little guy? That's for...

DARBY

...all the souvenirs we're gonna
buy. Dad's gonna spoil me rotten.

STEVE

Yep! I never get alone time with Darbs. Gotta make the most of it.

Darby genuinely smiles at the thought. Quality time with Dad.

JENN

All right. Be careful. I know we're in a resort town, but people get kidnapped in Mexico all the time.

DARBY

Whattt?

STEVE

Nooo. That's just the news. They blow it way out of proportion.

DARBY

You watch too many movies, mom.

JENN

Okay... hey, where's Morgan?

Darby freezes up, overcome with emotion.

STEVE

Poor guy's got the Montezuma's Revenge. Coming out of him all ways.

JENN

Gross.

STEVE

Yes he is.

Steve and Darby forcibly usher Jenn toward the "spa" where a LARGE MEXICAN WOMAN waits with a towel.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Get in there, hon!

DARBY

Yeah, mom, start relaxing already!

JENN

Okay. Have fun. And be safe...

DARBY

We will!

STEVE

Always!

*

INT. CARTEL PRISON CELL - CONTINUOUS

Morgan whimpers on the wet floor of a sparse, cement jail cell. Miguel stalks through the hall.

MORGAN

Please! Don't kill me. I'll... I'll give you Steve! He's obviously mixed up in some bad stuff... and then Darby and I can live happily ever after. Without him!

Miguel drops a bucket of slop. Morgan's dinner. Miguel spits in the bucket. Moves off.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Gracias...

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - LATER

Steve drives. Darby passenger. He flips down the visor. Attaches a chip to the mirror. The chip scans his retina.

ROBOT VOICE

Identity confirmed. Bald Eagle.

Darby gives him a sideways glance. Before she can speak--

STEVE

Call Kyle.

ROBOT VOICE

Connecting you... Bald Eagle.

Kyle appears on the mirror, now a computer screen overlay.

KYLE

Baldyyy. What the fuck's up?

Steve stares daggers. He tilts the mirror revealing Darby.

STEVE

Kyle, you know my teenage daughter, Darby.

KYLE

Sorry. Didn't know we had company.

DARBY

Hey, Kyle. No worries. I cuss in front of my dad all the time.

KYLE

Ohhh. He must hate that!

Darby giggles. Steve presses on.

STEVE

We've had a couple complications.

KYLE

Uh oh. The "C" word.

DARBY

Agent N got blown up.

KYLE

Oh shit!

STEVE

All our leads are cold, and there's another issue...

DARBY

My boyfriend Morgan was captured and is being held hostage!

STEVE

So, he's really your "boyfriend?"

KYLE

They got Morgs? Not tight! We gotta get him back. Morgan's my dude!

DARBY

You guys have never met...

KYLE

Yeah. But, after all those background checks your dad had me do, I just get this feeling we're gonna be best buds.

DARBY

You background checked, Morgan!? Have you done this for all my boyfriends. What the hell, Dad?

STEVE

Uhhh...

(ignores her)

Kyle, what have we got?

Darby seethes in the shotgun seat. Kyle types away.

KYLE

Enacting secret government
protocols... engage.

(scanning data on screen)

I'm seeing one safe house near your
current location. Old agency
extraction point. No way to tell if
it's still in use... it's about 6
klicks East--

STEVE

I know exactly where it is.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

CHYRON: MEXICAN COAST... TAFTT SAFE HOUSE... 1600 HOURS...

WE TRACK with Morgan's drone as it flies through the trees.
It comes to rest hovering outside a nondescript BEACH SHACK.

Darby looks down at the DRONE'S POV on her iPhone. She snaps
several surveillance photos. Hands it to an impressed Steve.

STEVE

Nice work.

DARBY

Morgan taught me.

Steve swipes through the photos, the house looks abandoned.
He swipes one photo too far, a screenshot of a sexy snap of
Darby in her bra. Captioned: "Don't you want me Morgy?"

Darby snatches back her phone.

DARBY (CONT'D)

That's nothing. Personal use.

STEVE

(he doesn't)

I believe you.

Steve angrily screws a silencer onto his pistol.

EXT. BEACH SHACK/SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Steve and Darby cautiously approach the shack. Steve leads
the way with his silenced pistol. They reach the door. He
dusts off a handprint scanner, places his hand on it.

STEVE

Agent Stevens, TAFTT.

ROBOT VOICE (O.S.)
<Access denied.>

STEVE
Agent... Bald Eagle.

A beat.

ROBOT VOICE (O.S.)
<Access granted.>

ON THE SCREEN an ID photo of Younger Steve with his blonde man bun. The titanium doors open. Darby raises an eyebrow.

DARBY
Nice hair, Dad.

Steve reflectively feels his smooth head...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - MIDDLE EAST - FLASHBACK

Steve, rocks the man bun, shoots thru the sky in an AMERICAN FLAG WINGSUIT as TERRORIST COMPOUND explodes behind.

He flies under a narrow mountain arch, his man bun catches on a rocky outcropping, ripping cleanly off.

Steve lands safely in a--

LIBERATED VILLAGE

Feels his clean head, miraculously still attached to his shoulders. The TOWNSPEOPLE celebrate Steve's actions.

TOWN ELDER
(subtitled in Arabic)
The Bald Eagle has saved us from oppression!

SMASH BACK TO:

EXT. BEACH SHACK/SAFE HOUSE - AS BEFORE

Steve snaps to. He and Darby step inside--

INT. BEACH SHACK/SAFE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tech straight out of the year 2000. IMac G3s with their turquoise shells. Nokia 3310 block phones. Palm pilots. A room off to the side with two cots for longer stays.

DARBY

Ew. This stuff is from, like, the 1800s.

STEVE

Looks exactly how I remember it...

A PISTOL comes into frame. Presses against Steve's head. Steve slowly raises his hands.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Easy.

Darby turns around.

DARBY

Oh shit!

GUNMAN (O.S.)

<Don't move, motherfuckers.>

DARBY

Excuse me?

STEVE

He said...

GUNMAN (O.S.)

Don't move. Turn around slowly. Both of you.

Steve and Darby, hands in the air, turn around. The Gunman steps out of the shadows.

REVEAL a tan man with a thick mustache. He's older, but holy shit, this is AGENT PAUL RAWLINGS, Steve's former partner, goes by "PABLO" now, (40s), leathery skin, matted black hair. His crazy eyes scan Steve once over.

PABLO

Steve? What the hell are you doing here?

STEVE

Paul? Holy shit, you're alive?

The two men embrace, long lost brothers.

PABLO

I can't believe they finally sent you to get me out!

STEVE

Get you out? Paul, what are you talking about?

PABLO

Please. It's Pablo now. You're here to extract me, no?

(re: Darby)

Man, they're starting them way younger than I remember.

DARBY

I'm his daughter.

PABLO

Family business. I like it.
So what's the extraction plan?

STEVE

Sorry to say it, brother. I've got other orders. We're trying to infiltrate the Amistad Cartel.

PABLO

For 15 years, I wondered what my young daughter looks like, all grown up now... I've come here every day. Waiting to be extracted. Since our unit left me!

STEVE

I'm sorry. Conrad told us you were KIA.

PABLO

Supervisor Conrad...

STEVE

Director now.

PABLO

They gave him a fucking promotion?!

DARBY

Dad, you just left him here? And his daughter grew up... without a father.

PABLO

Yes.

STEVE

We had orders. They wouldn't let us go back for your body!

DARBY

Are you kidding me? His daughter's probably so messed up.

PABLO

I can only imagine.

DARBY

She probably like, loves sucking dicks.

STEVE

Darby! Language!

DARBY

Don't act like you're a role model.

PABLO

You did this, Steve! You made my daughter suck so many dicks.

He charges at Steve, tackles him. Steve flips him over and gains the upper position. He pins Pablo to the floor.

STEVE

Easy. Easy. You gonna take it down a notch?

Pablo starts to calm down.

PABLO

Sorry. Sometimes my cartel persona gets the best of me. When you left me, I had to do whatever I could to survive. I traded agency secrets in order to gain their trust.

STEVE

And did you?

PABLO

Oh yes. You're looking at the first lieutenant to... La Cucaracha.

DARBY

La Cucaracha?

STEVE

The leader of the Amistad Cartel.

DARBY
Like "The Cockroach"?

PABLO
Sí.

DARBY
Hah. That's a terrible name.

PABLO
(paranoid AF)
Shhhh. He has ears everywhere.

Steve looks through crates for supplies. A few Nokia cellphones, a palm pilot.

PABLO (CONT'D)
If you are here to kill him, why did you bring your daughter along?

STEVE
Long story. The guy she's been hanging out with was kidnapped. She's my backup.

PABLO
Hanging out?

DARBY
He's my boyfriend.

PABLO
I see.

STEVE
Pablo. Can you help us?

PABLO
For my brother... of course. But, when you leave this god forsaken country, I'm coming with you this time.

STEVE
(one-liner)
Hope your passport's up to date.

PABLO
(worried)
It's not...

STEVE

Oh. That was just, like, a cool line. We'll figure it out at the airport.

PABLO

Oh. Cool cool.

Steve and Pablo exchange a firm handshake as we--

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL SANDALES AMERICANO - LOBBY - SAME TIME

WE WATCH THE SAME CCTV FOOTAGE from earlier. ON SCREEN, Steve and Agent N shoot it out. Darby takes cover.

STEVE

(to Darby, between bursts of gunfire)

Don't. Tell. Your mother!

PULL UP TO REVEAL Jenn watches the footage with JORGE (30s) a Mexican Federale Police Officer. A beat. Jenn's face, unreadable, then she bursts out laughing.

JORGE

Ma'am?

JENN

That's not my husband.

JORGE

We have reason to believe you are in danger. I'm going to need you to come with me to the station.

JENN

That... video's real?

JORGE

Yes ma'am.

JENN

(realizing)

Okay... If you think that's best.

Jenn follows Jorge to his Federale pickup truck. He opens the door for her and helps her climb in the back seat.

JENN (CONT'D)
Is Steve going to be all right?
He's with my daughter! Is my baby
okay!?

The driver of the truck starts the engine. REVEAL it is Miguel, almost bulging out of a Federale uniform. He grins at Jenn as he starts to drive.

JORGE
With your help, we can hopefully
find both of them. Before anyone
else gets hurt.

JENN
People have gotten hurt?

JORGE
Oh yes. You're husband has already
killed many people today.

JENN
Steve?

EXT. CARTEL MANSION - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON a CARTEL GUARD smoking a cigarette. Arms grab his neck and expertly snap it. REVEAL Steve standing over the dead guard with Pablo and Darby behind him.

PABLO
Ay dios! Why on earth did you do
that?

DARBY
Jesus, Dad...

STEVE
Sorry. Sorry! Force of habit.

PABLO
I work for them remember? No more
murdering people with me around.

STEVE
Copy. No murder.

Pablo checks the surroundings to make sure no one saw.

PABLO
Follow me. Quickly.

INT. POLICIA FEDERALE PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING

Jorge fills out a police report. Miguel still eyes Jenn creepily in the mirror.

JENN

Your partner... does he ever speak?

JORGE

He's more a man of action--

Miguel sucker-elbows Jorge in the face. His head bounces off the window. Miguel flips the car to cruise control.

JORGE (CONT'D)

What the fuck, man--

Miguel socks him again. Jorge dazed, bleeds from his mouth. Jenn watches from the back seat, helpless and horrified. Miguel unbuckles Jorge's seat belt, leans over and pushes the passenger side door open. He shoves Jorge out, and he goes crumpling to the side of the road.

Jenn starts screaming and kicking Miguel's chair. Miguel reaches back and slams her back into her seat.

MIGUEL

Not another word. Unless you like walking, like him.

Jenn sobs. Miguel tosses a pair of handcuffs onto her lap.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Darby follow Pablo through the halls. They come to a spiral staircase.

PABLO

The prisoner cells are down three flights, in the basement. Go rescue your daughter's lover.

Pablo starts to head upstairs.

STEVE

They're just hanging out!

DARBY

(to Pablo)

Where are you going?

PABLO

To make sure you don't get caught.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - SPIRAL STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Darby and Steve descend the stairs to the basement.

STEVE

Alright. Stay behind me.

DARBY

Dad, I'm your backup.

STEVE

Right. So stay in back.

DARBY

This is exactly like "Extract the Asset".

STEVE

What?

DARBY

It's a mission in *Duty Calls*. The one I lost on last tournament.

The loss still bites Darby. Steve clocks her frustration. A beat.

STEVE

So what's our play?

Darby's eyes light up.

INT. PRISONER CELLS - CONTINUOUS

THREE CARTEL GUARDS stand on high alert. A DART embeds in one of their necks. By the time he touches it, he's passed out. Steve emerges from the shadows. Another GUARD rushes at Steve, who no-look shoots him in the forehead. He crumples at Steve's feet. Steve fires his tranq gun at the LAST GUARD, misses-- he's out. The Guard raises his gun--

GUARD

<Someone forgot to count their ammo.>

STEVE

Someone forgot to count their enemies.

GUARD

<What?>

The guard takes three tranq darts in the back.

GUARD (CONT'D)
<What the-->

He drops. Darby emerges from the shadows holding a tranq gun.

DARBY
You just got flanked!

STEVE
That's my girl!

DARBY
First father-daughter flank!

STEVE
Uh... sure!

DARBY
Classic Coach Rob play!

STEVE
Don't speak his name.

INT. PRISONER CELLS - CONTINUOUS

Morgan, notices the commotion, perks up.

MORGAN
Hello? Hola? Anyone there?

A GUARD is thrown against the chain link of Morgan's cell, then slides to the ground. Darby finishes him with a vicious knee to the face. Morgan is stunned.

DARBY
Hi.

MORGAN
Darby! You came. I knew you'd come.

Darby and Morgan embrace through the chain link.

DARBY
I always come for you.

Steve appears.

STEVE
Both of you stop saying that word.
That's an order.

Steve whips out a palm pilot.

MORGAN
Old school, Mr. Stevens.

ON THE PALM PILOT SCREEN, a functions display. Steve switches to "Lock Pick". He takes out the stylus, jams it into the cell lock. He waits a moment, then twists. The lock clicks. The cell door opens.

DARBY
I guess some old shit isn't so
useless after all.

Darby grabs Morgan's hand. They head toward the stairs.

STEVE
Wait... are you talking about me?
You mean the palm pilot, right?
(noticing he's alone)
Stay together!

INT. CARTEL MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Darby and Morgan sprint past an open door. Steve, trailing close behind. He doubles back to the open door.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Jenn is gagged and strapped to a chair. Laid out on a table next to her are various instruments of torture. Pliers, jumper cables, a BONESAW. Steve casually enters--

STEVE
Hi, honey! How was your spa day?

JENN
(muffled)
I'm gonna fucking kill you!

STEVE
What's that, hon? Hard to hear you.

He ungags his wife.

JENN
I'm going. To. Kill. You.

VIRA (O.S.)
Not if I kill him first.

Vira drops from the rafters.

STEVE

You.

VIRA

Hello beautiful, bald man.

JENN

(confused)

You know her?

STEVE

Not now, Jenn. This woman is trying to kill me.

JENN

Why is she trying to kill you, Steve? Is this the first time she's tried to kill you?

VIRA

Hahaha. No.

STEVE

Well... no.

*

JENN

I'm the only one who's allowed to want to kill you!

Vira grabs the bonesaw and lunges for Steve. He spins away.

JENN (CONT'D)

Does this always happen on your "missions"?

Steve grabs a hammer off the table. He parries Vira's blows.

STEVE

Femme fatales trying to kill me?

Vira sweeps Steve's legs out. He lands hard on his back.

JENN

Oh so there's multiple femme fatales?

Steve rolls out of the way as Vira brings a razor sharp titanium high heel down where his throat was. He flips himself back to his feet like a break dancer.

STEVE

No! Just one!

He grapples with Vira, eventually gaining an advantage. He picks her up. She wraps her legs around him, clawing at his back with taloned gloves. It's almost... sexual. Steve slams her against the wall. Now it's definitely sexual.

STEVE (CONT'D)
None of this is on purpose, I
swear!

Steve slams Vira's head into the wall, knocking her out.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - ROOM - LATER

Vira, now bound and gagged to the chair where Jenn was earlier. Steve finishes tightening her restraints. Darby and Morgan have re-joined the group.

JENN
I can't believe we're just going to
brush past this. That "assassin" is
clearly very attracted to you.

STEVE
Why are you doing air quotes when
you say "assassin"?

DARBY
Mom's right. She's definitely
attracted to you Dad.

STEVE
No she's not!

VIRA (O.S.)
I'm very attracted to you.

Steve wheels to face Vira.

STEVE
Hey! How'd you get out of that gag?

VIRA
Just like I escape these ropes.

Lightning fast, Vira slithers out of her ropes, somersaults forward, hurls the chair at them. It crashes into the wall, splintering into pieces, barely missing Morgan's head.

MORGAN
Oh my gosh.

Vira sprints from the room, out onto--

THE BALCONY

Everyone watches as she scales the wall like a badass.

JENN
Okay. That was hot.
(beat)
I'm still mad.

Jenn storms off into the mansion. Darby and Morgan take off after Jenn. Steve calls out the door after them--

STEVE
Oh that's great. Storm off with
literal assassins on the loose.
Fine! Don't come crawling back to
me when...
(beat)
Shit.

Steve chases after his family.

INT. CARTEL MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Steve catches up with Darby, Morgan and Jenn.

STEVE
Guys. Stop. Stop!

Everyone stops.

JENN
All the lies. The long trips. Never
home...

STEVE
Jenn. I'm so sorry. I wanted to
tell you, but there just wasn't a
way without putting you in danger.

JENN
What are you CIA? FBI? UTA?

STEVE
TAFTT.

JENN
That's not a real agency.

DARBY
It's real, mom. We're in danger. We
should listen to Dad.

STEVE
Thank you. Now, can we please all
get out of here? Together?
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)
I promise, I'll explain everything
once you're safe. No more lies.

He stares at Jenn. She's unreadable. Darby looks to her.

DARBY
Mom. Please.

JENN
Okay. Let's move.

They head down the hall and enter--

INT. BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

A circular ballroom with many closed doors on all sides.
Steve whispers.

STEVE
Fan out. Check for exits.

Steve cracks a door straight ahead. There's TWO CARTEL GUARDS
walking away from him in the hallway. He quietly closes it,
unnoticed. Morgan checks another door. No one in the hall.

MORGAN
Guys! Over here!

STEVE
(whisper scream)
Morgan. Quiet!

A grenade rolls into the room. Stops at Morgan's feet.

MORGAN
Uh oh.

Darby thinks fast. Grabs the live grenade.

DARBY
Dad!

STEVE
Uh... quick! Toss it here!

Darby tosses Steve the grenade.

DARBY
Dad...

STEVE
Yes, sweetie?

DARBY
Our first time playing catch.

STEVE
Aw. Sweetie. Look at us.

JENN
Guys!

STEVE
Right. Live grenade.

Steve opens a door, TWO CARTEL GUARDS, charge at him. Steve lobs the grenade at them, braces the door closed. The Guards bang on the door, desperately. The grenade goes off. Blowing them to bits.

MORE GUARDS enter the ballroom from all sides. The Family backs into a circle. Darby and Steve aim their guns, picking targets, ready to shoot it out. Morgan takes a karate pose. Jenn throws up her hands in surrender.

MORGAN
Krav Maga. Come at me.

Steve switches Morgan's hands, putting him into the proper fighting stance.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Thanks, Steve.

STEVE
Shut it. We are not bonding.

MORGAN
(turns to Darby)
We're totally bonding.

DARBY
You totally were.

PABLO (O.S.)
Put down your weapons and we will spare your family, Steven.

Pablo enters the room flanked by Miguel and Vira.

STEVE
Paul. You bastard.

PABLO
I told you. It's Pablo. And I work for the Cartel now.

DARBY
Fuck you, Pablo.

STEVE
 Darbs... appropriate use of "fuck".

DARBY
 Thanks, Dad.

PABLO
 Stop bonding! Now, it's time for
 you to meet La Cucaracha.

Pablo motions to Miguel and Vira. They grab The Family.

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pablo enters. Miguel and Vira lead The Family in after him. A
 chair behind a large wooden desk spins around REVEALING...
 The baby lion. It lets out an adorable "meow".

DARBY
 La Cucaracha?

Miguel and Vira look on. Pablo crosses to the chair, throws
 the lion out. It hisses at him as it scampers away.

PABLO
I am La Cucaracha!
 (to Darby)
 It's a good name.

STEVE
 Traitor--

PABLO
 No. That was you and TAFTT. Left me
 here to die. But I thrived instead.
 It's time to bring the Amistad
 enterprise into the 21st Century.
 Drugs? I'll make more from the sale
 of one American drone than the
 cartel makes in three years.

STEVE
 But for that you would need--

Pablo takes his iPad off the desk. Turns it towards Steve.

PABLO
 The microchip? The one you left
 unguarded at your house?

ON SCREEN body-cam footage of a TACTICAL TEAM gearing up in a van outside Steve's house. Steve's face falls.

PABLO (CONT'D)

I should tip you. You know how much a terrorist cell will pay for a piece of tech this advanced? And after we show off it's capabilities today, we'll have a bidding war on our hands.

STEVE

Innocent people will die. You're betraying your country.

Pablo stares at him. Something changes in his expression. He looks like he might relent, then--

PABLO

My country already betrayed me. We're just code names to them, don't you see, Steve?

STEVE

Your daughter...

PABLO

Thinks I abandoned her. I haven't talked to her in fifteen years. Sometimes, it's just too late.

DARBY

It's never too late.

Steve and Darby share a moment.

PABLO

Cute. Barf. I believe you have something I need, Steve.

Pablo picks up a sat phone.

PABLO (CONT'D)

Do it.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - SAN DIEGO, CA - CONTINUOUS

EIGHT CARTEL SOLDIERS in tactical gear. The CAPTAIN peers at the house through infrared goggles. He watches The Stevens' housekeeper, Ofelia, vacuum. Speaks into sat phone--

CAPTAIN

There's someone inside, boss. Looks like the maid.

PABLO

Well, kill her and then get my chip!

Darby and Jenn's faces fall.

JENN

Please! She's innocent--

Miguel raise his arm. Jenn goes silent.

EXT. STEVENS' HOUSE - SAME TIME

The Soldiers fan out, surround the house. The Captain picks the front door lock and enters, pistol leading the way.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Ofelia vacuums, headphones in, Salsa music blaring, dancing to the beat. Completely oblivious to her surroundings.

Captain enters the kitchen in stealth and trains his gun on Ofelia's head. About to pull the trigger when--

Ofelia opens the door to the fridge, blocking his line of fire. Captain waits, finger on the trigger. The door stays open. A beat. He reaches out. Pushes the fridge closed. Ofelia is gone. He looks around.

REVEAL Ofelia is above him, wedged between wall and ceiling.

CAPTAIN

What the fu--

Ofelia drops down, legs landing on Captain's shoulders. She snaps his neck and leaves his crumpled body by the fridge.

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A loud snapping sound is heard over the sat phone. The body cam footage stares up at the ceiling.

PABLO

What was that?!

No response. Static. Steve's face curves into a smile.

STEVE
That's Ofelia, bitches.

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE UP on Ofelia's IPOD. She changes the song to "It's Me Bitches" by Swizz Beats. IT OVERTAKES THE SOUND TRACK AS--

THE REMAINING SOLDIERS enter the house and find a running vacuum. SOLDIER #1 turns the vacuum off, gives a hand signal. They fan out into the house. TWO SOLDIERS enter--

THE LAUNDRY ROOM

They don't notice Ofelia silently slide out of the washer behind them. She cups SOLDIER #2's mouth and slits his throat with his own knife. She shoots SOLDIER #3 with Soldier #2's silenced pistol before he can even turn around. BACK IN THE--

LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN

Doorbell RINGS. The Men, confused. Soldier #1 takes charge.

SOLDIER #1
Check it out.

SOLDIER #4 looks through the peephole, no one. He opens the door. A MOTION SENSOR MINE stuck to the doorbell. It beeps.

SOLDIER #4
Oh my fucking shit--

BOOM! Soldier #4 and the entire entryway explodes. Ofelia, now out front, picks up the dead Soldier's machine gun and unloads as she one-hand cartwheels through smoke and debris, picking off two Soldiers before they can get off a shot.

The last two Soldiers dive for cover behind the couch. Ofelia finishes her roll, aims and fires, but her clip is empty. A beat. Soldiers pop up, ready to unload. But pause when they find Ofelia pointing the vacuum at them. She flips a switch and the vacuum lets out a shotgun blast. Smashing the couch up against the wall, pinning the Soldiers. Ofelia grabs two kitchen knives. Snipes each soldier with a perfect throw.

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

WE HEAR gunfire and shots on the other end of the phone. The cam footage completely obstructed by smoke and debris.

PABLO
Hello? Anyone? Captain!?

STEVE
Ofelia's no ordinary house keeper.

DARBY
No. Way.

JENN
Steve. Is Ofelia a secret agent?

MORGAN
Classic sleeper move, Steve!

Steve gives Morgan a wink.

STEVE
Agent Ofelia Ramos. Elite TAFTT
operative. Handpicked by myself to
protect you and Darby when I'm away.

Jenn is touched. Pablo is pissed.

PABLO
God damn it!

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ofelia eyes the wreckage. Bodies everywhere. She looks to the fridge. Captain's body is gone.

Captain spear tackles her from behind. They crash to the floor. He stumbles to the counter top, grabs two large BUTCHER KNIVES. Ofelia grabs a FRYING PAN and LADLE. They face off, circling the kitchen.

Ofelia fights like a demon, Captain gets a few good cuts in. She clocks him in the face with a vicious frying pan smash, then trips him towards the stove. She turns on the burner and slams half his face into the flame. Captain's skin sizzles.

CAPTAIN
You psycho bitch!

He recovers, spins away and lifts his knife at the same time. Ofelia's momentum carries her forward and the large knife drives through her abdomen. Ofelia slumps to her knees, dead.

Captain limps to the sat phone, picks it up from the debris.

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone waits in quiet anticipation.

CAPTAIN (ON PHONE)
Sorry, boss. His housekeeper was
Juan Wick. It's done.

PABLO
Hah! I win! I always win!

Steve is stunned. The Family, silent.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Find the microchip and start the
upload.

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Captain notices the open washing machine. He limps to it,
looks inside. Another entrance to Steve's control room.

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

TWO GUARDS bring in a TIME BOMB. Pablo switches the timer on.
A ten minute countdown starts.

PABLO
I respect you, Steve. So I will let
you die with honor. With your
family. Now, I have a game to catch
and some excited buyers to meet.

Pablo hands the bomb to Vira.

PABLO (CONT'D)
Take this to the prison. Lock it in
a cell and throw away the key.
(to Miguel)
Torch the place.

MIGUEL
You... want us to plant a bomb. And
then light the place on fire? It
seems like overkill, no?

VIRA
Yes. What if flame set off bomb
early? Then it defeat purpose.

MIGUEL
Not to mention it is a pretty nice
place to be blowing up. I like the
pool. And the bathrooms--

PABLO

Do it! Do. It. Do it?! Just do it!

MIGUEL/VIRA

Ok./Fine.

Pablo turns back to The Family. He points at Darby.

PABLO

And one more thing. My daughter
does not suck dicks.

STEVE

This again? She was kidding. Right,
Darbs? Tell him you were kidding.

DARBY

I don't know his daughter.

Pablo screams. Shakes his head, furious. Storms out, AD-
LIBBING about sucking dicks.

Vira takes the bomb and heads out the door as Miguel and The
Guards pour gasoline on the walls. Miguel tosses a lighter as
he leaves. The room ignites.

Steve, Darby, Morgan and Jenn start to choke on the smoke.
Steve crawls to his family. They all huddle together.

STEVE

Stay low! The smoke rises!

They do their best, but the flames spread quickly.

EXT. CARTEL COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Pablo and his men load into SUVs. Pablo checks his phone. The
microchip upload from Captain completes. The SUVs burn out.

INT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Family, running out of air. Everyone huddled
together, starting to pass out. It's all over until--

HACK! HACK! HACK! An AXE HEAD breaks through the locked door.
A wide-eyed Agent N, with a horrifically burnt face and only
one arm pokes his head through, *Shining*-style.

AGENT N

Here's Johnnnnyy!

DARBY

Holy shit! Agent N! Your face!

AGENT N

Sorry, I didn't put on any makeup today.

Agent N cackles like a maniac, continues hacking until he's made a large enough hole to step through. REVEAL the lion cub wrapped around his shoulders. He rushes to the balcony doors, breaks the glass with the butt of his axe, lets the smoke out of the room. He cuts Steve free.

STEVE

How did you know-

AGENT N

Never leave a partner behind.

A moment of deep gratitude. Then--

JENN

Any minute you guys want to untie the rest of us would be great!

Steve takes the axe and cuts Darby, Morgan and Jenn free. He kicks the doors to the balcony open and steps onto--

THE BALCONY

He looks over the rail. A 30 foot drop to the pool deck. Steve backs away from the ledge. Thinks quickly. He eyes the massive king-sized day bed.

STEVE

The sheets!

Steve, Agent N, Darby, and Jenn rip the sheets from the bed. Steve starts to tie them together. Everyone follows his lead.

EXT. LA CUCARACHA'S OFFICE - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Steve ties one end of the sheets to the rail as Darby finishes knotting the rest together.

JENN

You sure this will hold?

STEVE

You kidding? These sheets have an impeccable thread count. Fresh pressed this morning. They'll hold.

Jenn can't help but smile. She grabs the sheets, climbs over the edge and shimmies down. Darby next.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Alright Morgan, let's go--

No response. Steve turns to see that Morgan is unconscious.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Morgan?!

Just then, the sheets outside snap. Darby screams.

DARBY (O.S.)
Dad!

Steve rushes to the balcony. With lightning fast reflexes, Jenn looks up just in time to catch Darby.

DARBY (CONT'D)
Next time I'll call for Mom.

Mother and daughter share a moment.

STEVE
Fucking cheap sheets!

Steve rushes back into the office, the flames now overwhelming. He lifts Morgan into his arms. Turns to Agent N who is now backing away, back toward the flames.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You coming, partner?

AGENT N
I must return from whence I came.

Agent N let's the lion cub scamper toward Steve who scoops it up with his other arm. Agent N backs up into the inferno.

AGENT N (CONT'D)
I was reborn of the flames. I must remain with them for eternity...

STEVE
N! No! Why are you doing this?!

Agent N, now fully immersed in flames. A beat. He screams in agony. Then silence.

STEVE (CONT'D)
You okay, partner?
(off the silence)
You crazy son of a bitch.

Steve sprints to the balcony with Morgan on his shoulders, fireman-style, and the lion cub in his hands. He sizes up the pool. Too far. He tries to backup but the flames are now licking out onto the balcony.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

IN SLO-MO, Steve leaps from the balcony, Morgan on his back, the lion cub in his outstretched arms like Rafiki holding Simba. THE SONG "Hasavenya" plays as they fly through the air, flames bursting out behind them. Trailer shot.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck...

Morgan wakes in mid-air. Sees the ground quickly approaching.

STEVE/MORGAN

Fuckkk!

The lion cub roars. They crash down into the pool.

EXT. POOL DECK - CONTINUOUS

Steve drags himself out of the pool. He and Darby hoist Morgan out. The lion cub climbs out, shakes off. Darby hugs Morgan as he coughs up water and smoke.

DARBY

That was so hot, babe.

MORGAN

I did it for you, babe.

STEVE

He was literally passed out--

Steve looks at Darby. She couldn't be happier holding Morgan.

STEVE (CONT'D)

You know what... you're fuego, Morgan. That was hot.

JENN

It certainly was.

Jenn comes up behind Steve. She puts her arms around his waist and presses up against his soaked body.

JENN (CONT'D)

You know the only way to put out a fire is with wetness--

STEVE
Save that thought, Hon. Quickly.
Let's go, everyone, quickly now.

MORGAN
It's okay. The flames won't reach
us by the water.

JENN
There's a bomb in the house too.

MORGAN
I keep forgetting about the bomb!

DARBY
Right?

STEVE
(touching his ear)
Kyle you there?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. TAFTT BLACK SITE - SAME TIME

KYLE
What happened in there?!

STEVE
The compound is on fire and there's
a bomb in the house. We need an
extraction.

KYLE
Wow. Bomb and fire...

DARBY/MORGAN/JENN/STEVE
We know!

KYLE
Is that Morgan I hear?

MORGAN
Hey, Kyle.

KYLE
Nice. We saved Morgs!

DARBY
Hell yeah we did. And my mom!

KYLE
Oh shit! Jenn got captured? She's
gonna be sooo pissed.

JENN
Furious.

STEVE
Guys! Bomb! Kyle, focus!

KYLE
My bad. My bad.

Kyle pulls up a satellite map of the compound.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Looks like there's a cessna on the
cliffside of the compound. Through
the jungle, hundred yards Southwest
of your current posish.

STEVE
Let's move.

MORGAN
Can you pilot a plane?

DARBY
Yes! Of course he can! He's my Dad!
(beat)
I mean, I'm assuming...

Steve, unreadable.

JENN
Can you fly a plane?

CUT TO:

INT. CESSNA - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan sits in the pilot seat, terrified. Steve, co-pilot.

MORGAN
Just like flying a drone...

STEVE
For the record, I don't agree with
this decision.

KYLE (ON SPEAKER)
We ran the numbers, Steve. You came
in third.
(MORE)

KYLE (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)
Morgan has easily the most flight
sim experience. Just like Drone
Club, buddy!

Steve tightens his seat belt. Morgan accelerates.

DARBY
You can do this, Morgs.

The cessna starts to pick up speed. They approach the cliffs
and... take off without a problem.

MORGAN
Oh man. That was easy! I was
expecting us to drop off the cliff.
And then Steve, I mean, Mr.
Stevens, is like, "Pull up!"

Morgan mimes the scene out as he tells it.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
And then, the bomb goes off...

The house actually explodes in a gigantic fireball, behind
them, matching the size of the explosion in Morgan's arms.

Morgan pulls on the flight console. The plane shoots skyward,
barrel rolls, and narrowly avoids several pieces of debris.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Wooo!

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

A soccer ball enters frame as a MEXICAN SOCCER PLAYER heads
it to a TEAMMATE. Game in full-swing. THOUSANDS OF FANS GO
NUTS. Both teams have "Amistad" across their jerseys.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Black SUVs pull into to the stadium entrance. Pablo enters
the stadium flanked by Miguel, Vira and his Guards.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Everyone squeezes in. It would be packed with just Miguel.

INT. TAFTT COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

TAFTT TECHS hustle about monitoring various global field missions. Director Conrad lords over it all. A TECH picks up Steve's transmission. The screen displays a voice match.

TECH 1

Director Conrad. I have Special Agent Stevens.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Verified?

TECH 1

One hundred percent match.

Director Conrad picks up a phone handset.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Bald Eagle, do you copy? Status report?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. CESSNA - FLYING - CONTINUOUS

The plane now leveled out. Everyone, except Morgan, looking a little queasy. Steve talks into a receiver--

STEVE

Sir. The Amistad Cartel has access to one of our drones.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

What are you talking about?

STEVE

Paul Rawlings, sir. He's behind it.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Rawlings is dead, Stevens.

STEVE

With all due respect, he's very much alive. And very fucking crazy.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

That's... impossible.

STEVE

He's taken over the Amistad Cartel. He goes by "La Cucaracha" now. And he thinks it's a good name.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
It just isn't.

STEVE
I know. Sir, they know about a bug
in our drone security protocols.
We're vulnerable to hack.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Alright solider. That's enough. Put
Agent N on. I'll talk to him. He's
reasonable.

STEVE
N was KIA.

DARBY
Twice.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Go again? Who was that?

STEVE
Sir! This is all happening now. If
we don't act swiftly, innocent
people will die today. And a lot
more tomorrow.
(pressing)
Are all your drones accounted for?

DIRECTOR CONRAD
We'll discuss this in your debrief.
I'm bringing you in. That's a
direct order.

STEVE
Answer the question!

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Report in agent. Unless you'd like
to add treason to your resume.

Director Conrad hangs up.

STEVE
Sir. Sir!? God damn it!

Steve slaps the dash. A beat. He touches his ear.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Kyle?

KYLE
Yah, brother?

STEVE

Chart us the quickest route back to the states.

KYLE

Checking now.

DARBY

Dad? What are you doing?

STEVE

I've put this family at risk enough for one day.

DARBY

Dad--

STEVE

Zip it, Darbs! That's an order.

JENN

Steve--

STEVE

I didn't want you guys to come. You didn't listen. Everything I do, I do for this family. But, you never listen. You just find a way to make me the bad guy.

JENN

Steve. You know that's not true.

KYLE

Got you a route...

DARBY

Dad! Those people need us!

A beat as Steve considers. Then--

STEVE

That's not our problem. Morgan, take us home.

Morgan starts to turn the plane around. Then--

DARBY

Dad! Yes it is. Morgan, turn this plane back around!

Morgan shifts the controls. Then--

STEVE

Morgan. We're going home. That's a direct order.

Morgan shifts the controls again. Then--

DARBY

Morgan. I am your girlfriend. I outrank the secret agent. Now turn us back around!

MORGAN

I-- What do I do--

JENN

Everyone listen up! This vacation has been 17 years in the making. Steve, if you think we're going to let you cut it short, you are sorely mistaken. So, Morgan. Turn this plane whatever way it needs to face to get us to that soccer game.

A long beat. Steve stares into Jenn's eyes. Then Darby's.

STEVE

I can't ask Kyle to commit treason...

KYLE

Literally 10 times. Today.

STEVE

Really? Damn.

DARBY

We're family, Dad.

JENN

We stay together.

DARBY

All the way.

Jenn puts her hands on Steve's shoulders.

MORGAN

What do you say, Mr. Stevens?

Steve considers. A beat.

STEVE

Call me Steve.

MORGAN

Steve?! Really? Omg. O-M-G!

Steve cocks his pistol. Morgan snaps quiet.

STEVE

Hands in.

The Family all put their hands in. Morgan hesitates. Steve nods his approval. Morgan excitedly sticks his hand in.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Familia on tres. Uno. Dos. Tres--

STEVE/DARBY/JENN/MORGAN/KYLE

Familia!

KYLE

That was awesome.

STEVE

Kyle. Upload coordinates to the nearest pro soccer stadium.

KYLE

(typing)

You got it. You have them now.

STEVE

We're inbound. Oh and Kyle...

KYLE

Yeah, boss?

STEVE

See what you can dig up on Conrad.

KYLE

Copy that.

Kyle hangs up. Types fast and furiously, then raises his finger over the "enter" key.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Committing treason yet again...

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

PABLO shmoozes THE BUYERS -- basically the bad guys from all five *Die Hard* movies.

The tequila shots flow as Vira chats up a RUSSIAN BUSINESS MAN and his KGB BODY GUARDS like they're old friends. ACROSS THE BOX THREE YAKUZAS marvel at Miguel's boots.

They want to buy them off him, but he's not selling. An AFRICAN WARLORD, SOME TRIADS and a PAIR OF FEMALE ARAB ASSASSINS in keffiyehs also in the house. CARTEL CALL GIRLS make their rounds.

Pablo raises a champagne glass. Clinks for a toast--

PABLO

Gentlemen! Deadliest of Ladies.
Thank you all for making the long
trip out to see the Amistad Sharks
beat the crap out of The Amistad
Bulls... but you always win when
you own both teams!

The Buyers laugh.

PABLO (CONT'D)

You are all my special guests. So,
please. Enjoy the food, the tequila
and the women... and while I know
you all love fútbol, be sure to
keep an eye to the sky for the real
attraction.

(beat)

And no killing the highest bidder!

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER from all of The Buyers that goes on way too long, as if they all were planning on doing this.

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

A few CARTEL STADIUM GUARDS kick a soccer ball and don't do their job. A large SHADOW passes overhead. One Guard looks up and notices the cessna flying low. He squints. Sees Steve.

CARTEL STADIUM GUARD #1

<The Bald Devil!>

Cartel Stadium Guard #1 whips his machine gun around. Opens fire on the cessna. The other Guards follow suit. Their gunfire drowned out by the roar of the crowd.

INT./EXT. CESSNA - FLYING - SAME TIME

ON MORGAN, fire in his eyes, flying low as bullets wiz by.

MORGAN

I. Morgan Freeman--

STEVE

Wait. This entire time. Your name has been Morgan Freeman?

DARBY/JENN

Let him concentrate!/Shut it, Steve!

MORGAN

Do solemnly swear. To uphold the Drone Club Oath--

A barrage of bullets rattles one of the wings.

STEVE

What's the plan, Morgan Freeman!?

DARBY

Morgs, baby, seriously. Your plan?

But Morgan isn't phased. He swerves, narrowly avoiding another barrage of bullets.

MORGAN

--to protect the skies from all threats. To treat all flying vehicles with the upmost respect. Except in extreme cases of mortal peril to me or my passengers. In sickness and in health. 'Til death do us part.

STEVE

Death!?

The windshield splinters from gunfire, a wing breaks off.

STEVE/DARBY/JENN

Ohhhh--

EXT. SOCCER STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The damaged plane crashes down, slides across the asphalt, spitting sparks. It clears out The Guards and their vehicles.

STEVE/DARBY/JENN (CONT'D)

--shittttt!

MORGAN

Get some! Drone club, bitches!

STEVE

Brace!

The Family braces for impact as the plane smashes through one of the stadium entrances.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - FIELD - CONTINUOUS

TEAM CAPTAIN lines up a penalty kick. The opposing team's GOALIE ready to stop it. A REF blows a whistle. Captain approaches the ball, strikes it true. An unblockable shot. The Crowd holds their breath in anticipation--

The Cessna erupts from the player's tunnel, slides onto the field in front of the goal and rejects the penalty kick. Everyone is unsure what the hell just happened until--

Ref waives no goal. THE FANS, including Juan and his Mother from the sombrero gun shop, boo and throw their drinks and food at The Ref. The Stevens exit the destroyed plane, dazed.

MORGAN

<Sorry.>

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

The Buyers politely clap. *Is this part of the demonstration?* Pablo watches as down on the field, one of the teams lifts Morgan up onto their shoulders in celebration. ON THE JUMBOTRON, The Stevens Family waive to booing/cheering Fans.

Pablo pulls Miguel and Vira aside.

PABLO

Seems like a bomb and a fire wasn't enough.

He turns to The Buyers.

PABLO (CONT'D)

As an added bonus. I will give one million US dollars to the person who brings me those four alive... so I can kill them myself.

A few of The Buyers grab weapons, follow Vira and Miguel out.

INT. TAFTT BLACK SITE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle enters a few keystrokes and dials a number.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY WITH--

INT. TAFTT COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

Director Conrad takes a call.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
This is Conrad...

ON KYLE'S COMPUTER SCREEN a wire tap program runs.

DIRECTOR CONRAD (CONT'D)
Hello? This is a secure line. Who
is this?

KYLE
Domino's. I have an anchovy here.
I'm at your front door.

A beat. Conrad's face unreadable, then--

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Took you guys long enough.

KYLE
(confused)
Oh. Yeah. Real busy tonight...

DIRECTOR CONRAD
I'm going to hang up and answer the
door now--

KYLE
No. Wait!

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Yes?

A beat. ON KYLE'S COMPUTER SCREEN: WIRE TAP SUCCESS.

KYLE
Just making sure your credit card
processed. Bye bye now.

Kyle about to disconnect the call. Then--

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Wait!

KYLE
Me wait?

DIRECTOR CONRAD
I just wanted to say... thank you.
For your service. I love Domino's.

KYLE
You're welcome?

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Bye bye now.

Conrad hangs up. PULL BACK TO REVEAL a TAFTT TECH next to Conrad. ON TAFTT TECH'S COMPUTER SCREEN: LOCATION VERIFIED.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Steve carries a large metal case as The Family hustles up a flight of stairs. Steve stops them on a landing.

STEVE
Morgan and Jenn, this is your stop.
Get control of that drone.

Steve and Jenn embrace, share a passionate kiss. They pull away REVEALING Morgan and Darby sloppily making out. Steve inserts himself and pulls them apart.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Alright. Alright. World to save.
Let's move.

They try to keep kissing as Steve drags Darby away.

MORGAN
I love you, Darby Stevens!

DARBY
I love you, Morgan Freeman!

Darby and Steve ascend the stairs. Morgan and Jenn head the other direction.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Pablo works on a tablet. An upload goes from 99 to 100 percent. A 3-D model of an MQ-9 REAPER MILITARY DRONE comes up on the screen.

PABLO
Now my friends, you will see what
your money can buy you.

EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

The DRONE patrols the skies at 30,000 feet. It suddenly diverts course, turning and diving in the opposite direction.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Pablo is now in control of the drone. A head's up display on the tablet from the POV of the drone, like a flight simulator. A GPS view of the soccer stadium appears on screen. He pilots the drone towards the stadium.

INT. SUV - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Conrad gets a call from TAFTT Command. INTERCUT AS NECESSARY--

DIRECTOR CONRAD
What's happening?

On the TAFTT COMMAND screens, the drone heads toward the soccer stadium with a "SIGNAL LOSS" displayed.

DRONE CONTROLLER
We're fully locked out of Drone
0083, sir.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
That's impossible. Get it back.

DRONE CONTROLLER
Yes sir.

Controller springs into action as Conrad makes another call.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
It's me. You're little bug just
stung me in the ass...

INT. TAFTT BLACK SITE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle listens in on Conrad's call.

KYLE
Gotcha, biiiitch.

He opens a VIDEO CHAT with Steve, who is moving through the stadium with Darby.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Steve, you've got a drone headed
your way. And you were right about
Conrad.

STEVE
Great work, Kyle. Get us an
extraction from the stadium. We're
moving to Phase Two.

Steve hangs up. A beat.

KYLE
What the fuck is phase two?

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON an iPhone screen. POV of Morgan's Mini-Drone facing out towards soccer field. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are--

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - MID-LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Morgan stands behind his MINI-DRONE, hovering in front of him. Jenn flips a switch on the drone, a light goes green.

MORGAN
Signal blocking active. Only used this to prevent the school from emailing my parents that I got a "B" once, but it should work...

JENN
Really?

MORGAN
Okay. It was twice! Don't tell Steve.

Morgan presses up on the controls and the drone rockets into the sky above the stadium.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - UPPER CONCOURSE - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Darby move through the concourse. They approach a door. Steve about to kick it open, before he can Darby full-on shoulders through it. The door caves in.

STEVE
Damn, girl.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - UPPER LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Darby and Steve enter. Steve slings the case off his shoulder, clicks it open, a SNIPER RIFLE in three pieces.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Pablo stares at the tablet. The drone rapidly approaches the stadium, flying way too low. It zooms over THE CROWD.

Wind blasting the stands. FANS scream and start to evacuate. The Buyers clap, impressed. Pablo smiles a shit-eating grin.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - MID-LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Morgan pilots his mini-drone.

MORGAN
Prepping to intercept.

JENN
You got this, Morgan.

Morgan is cold concentration as he maneuvers the mini-drone up to the altitude of the military drone.

EXT. SKY ABOVE THE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The military drone turns, circles back to make another pass. As it flies by, Morgan veers his mini-drone upwards. It attaches, then magnetizes to the outside of the military drone. The light on Morgan's drone blinks red.

CUT TO:

POV Rifle scope. Pablo in the cross-hairs. Dead to rights.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - UPPER LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Steve, lying prone, slightly adjusts his shot. Darby kneels next to him with binoculars. Steve's hand tightens. His finger about to press the trigger--

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

On the tablet, Pablo selects the drone's weapons options as the stadium comes into range again.

PABLO
A remote controlled aerial arsenal.
Yours to command... for the right
price.

Pablo taps to lock the target: a nearby office building.

INT. TAFTT COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

TECHS and PILOTS watch as the rogue drone cycles through weapons: GBU-12 Paveway II laser-guided bomb, AIM-9 Sidewinder machine gun, finally selecting AGM-114 Hellfire II air-to-ground missile. Locked on. There's nothing they can do.

DRONE CONTROLLER
God help us...

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - UPPER LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Miguel bursts in. He stomps down hard on Steve's back, just as he presses the trigger--

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

The sniper round goes wide, barely missing Pablo's head. He spots Steve and Miguel brawling in the box across the way.

PABLO
Fucking Steve Stevens! Try to kill me!? Let's see how you like this.

Pablo clicks "fire" on the tablet.

EXT. HIGH IN THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

The drone's weapon chamber cycles to a missile. It fires! But at the same time the drone veers hard upward.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - MID-LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Morgan pulls up on his controls. The missile sails wide of the building, into the sky. Morgan and Jenn hug it out.

JENN
Holy shit, it worked!

MORGAN
I'm in control now. Taking the bird out of the picture.

INT. TAFTT COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

The room erupts in celebration.

INT. TAFTT BLACK SITE - CONTINUOUS

Kyle fist pumps, then resumes playing a video game.

KYLE

All this espionage really works up
an appetite.

Kyle grabs his phone, dials. Continues playing videos games
with his free hand.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Domino's? Lemme get an extra large--

Kyle's door gets kicked in. REVEAL Director Conrad and TWO
TAFTT FIELD AGENTS, guns drawn, stand in-- A COLLEGE DORM
ROOM HALLWAY A.K.A. Kyle's TAFTT Black Site. Conrad and the
agents enter--

INT. KYLE'S DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle's Belushi poster is flanked by, a SCARFACE movie poster
and a poster of a CHICK IN A BIKINI laying on a LAMBORGHINI.
This is KYLE'S DORM ROOM.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

I only order from Pizza Hut.

KYLE

Ew, gross.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Up. Get up.

As Kyle slowly rises, he subtly turns his laptop toward them.

DIRECTOR CONRAD (CONT'D)

Hey now. Hands where I can see them.

Kyle raises his hands away from the laptop.

DIRECTOR CONRAD (CONT'D)

Kevin, right?

KYLE

Kyle.

DIRECTOR CONRAD

Right. Of course. And which agent
are you assigned to again?

KYLE

Stevens.

Conrad moves closer, menacingly.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Right. That's what I thought.

KYLE
Can I ask what this is all about,
sir. I've got Stevens in the field
in need of support--

DIRECTOR CONRAD
I knew you were tapping my phone.
So, I tapped you back. Double tap.
Bitch.

KYLE
Damn...

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Your country no longer needs your
services. Oh, and don't worry about
Agent Stevens. He'll be dead soon.
Just like Paul Rawlings. And just
like you...

One of the TAFTT Agents hands Director Conrad a handgun. He
starts to screw on a silencer.

DIRECTOR CONRAD (CONT'D)
Any last words, Kevin?

KYLE
(re: computer screen)
Nah. But, I should probably tell
you, you're live on Facebook. Say
whatup to my gaming channel.

DIRECTOR CONRAD
Gaming channel?

Kyle quickly turns up the brightness on his screen. WE SEE
comments streaming in: *Dude's a psycho!/I called the police!*
and from Kyle's Cousin Ash: *Damn, caught him monologuing!*

Conrad, confused and caught, lowers his gun.

KYLE
That's right! We live! And I knew,
you knew, I was tapping you. So,
triple tap, biiitch!

DIRECTOR CONRAD
This is a big misunderstanding...

Conrad and the TAFTT Agents back out of the room into the--
DORM HALLWAY

CO-EDS have flooded the halls and are now all filming the scene on their phones. CAMPUS POLICE close in from both directions. Kyle pokes his head out.

KYLE
Hands where I can see them, bitch!

Conrad and the TAFTT Agents drop their weapons, throw up their hands. The Co-eds start chanting, "Kyle!"

KYLE (CONT'D)
Remember my name.
(beat)
Oh, shit. Steve!

Kyle runs back to his computer.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - UPPER LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Miguel duke it out, a heavyweight showdown. Miguel gets Steve in a choke hold. Steve points to the sniper rifle.

STEVE
Darbs. Take. The shot.

Darby picks up the rifle and looks through the scope. She takes a knee, and gets Pablo in her cross-hairs. He screams at the tablet, slapping it, willing it to work.

DARBY
Just like *Duty Calls*--

Darby fires, and gets blown backwards by the kick. She hits the back wall of the box. Hard. Dazed--

DARBY (CONT'D)
Nothing like *Duty Calls*...

The round sails wide of Pablo. He ducks into cover.

Steve gains the upper hand on Miguel, until a flash bang grenade rolls in. Sending out a concussive blast and rocking Steve, Darby and Miguel to the floor. The African Warlord stands in the box entrance with Two Soldiers. African Warlord picks up a concussed Darby.

DARBY (CONT'D)
Dad...

The Soldiers pick up Steve. Miguel rises under his own power.

STEVE

Darbs... It's going to be ok--

Warlord smashes Steve in the head with the butt of his AK-47.

INT. SOCCER STADIUM - MID-LEVEL BOX - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Jenn celebrate.

VIRA (O.S.)

You no invite Vira to party?

REVEAL Vira in the doorway. She eyes Morgan's iPhone controller. A beat.

JENN

Morgan. Run!

Jenn dives at Vira, they roll on the ground, giving Morgan enough time to escape.

JENN (CONT'D)

Nobody sexy fights my husband
except for me!

VIRA

Every fight I am in is sexy.

JENN

Fuck you.

Jenn jumps on Vira. They grapple viciously. Passionately? Jenn holds her own, Olympic athleticism on full display. But, Vira takes control. She pulls Jenn by the hair to the door.

VIRA

You come with me now.

Vira pulls Jenn into--

THE CONCOURSE

Where Morgan has been captured by Two Yakuzas. They have his iPhone. Vira grabs the phone.

INT. OWNER'S BOX - CONTINUOUS

Vira leads Jenn and Morgan in at gunpoint. She shows off Morgan's iPhone, then pockets it.

VIRA
I solve problem.
(to Miguel)
Suck it, big man.

Miguel, seethes. Vira pushes Darby and Morgan to the field side of the box, where they join Steve and Darby. Vira gives Steve one last unwanted hug, sniffing his neck passionately.

Across from The Family, Pablo loads four bullets into a REVOLVER. Vira, Miguel and Buyers take position at his sides.

PABLO
You could be rich, Steven. You
could be more than just a code
name. We were brothers once. We
could be brothers again...

STEVE
Brothers don't fuck with family.

PABLO
I guess that's a "no" then, Steve
Stevens.

Pablo cocks his gun. Steve and Fam take each other's hands.

STEVE
Steve Stevens... Now that's a
stupid name.

Steve grabs Morgan's hand. CLOSE ON THEIR HANDSHAKE. Steve passes Morgan his iPhone. Morgan's eyes light up. Behind his back, without looking down, Morgan quickly inputs a few commands. Pablo notices the funny business.

PABLO
What is the nerd doing?

Suddenly, Vira has an epiphany. She frantically checks her pockets. Steve smiles. The entire Family puts their hands up.

STEVE
Thanks for that last embrace, Vira.

MORGAN
And for my phone back.

DARBY
Time to extract the assets.

JENN
Do svidaniya, bitch.

PABLO
(realizing)
Shoot them!

Pablo, Vira, Miguel and The Buyers all raise their guns-- But they're too slow. A HAND comes into frame and pulls Steve, and Family, like a Barrel of Monkeys, into a STEALTH CHOPPER.

REVEAL the Stevens were blocking our view of the military drone, now streaking toward the owner's box at top speed.

KYLE
(through Steve's comms)
Nice one liners, everyone! Exactly like... a spy movie.

Kyle begins false-to-humming a *James Bond*-like theme song.

PABLO
Ay caramba.

The drone impacts the box in a MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

INT. STEALTH CHOPPER - CONTINUOUS

The Stevens watch the box explode.

CHOPPER PILOT
Steve! Hell of a mess you got into this time! You put in some more work with that sexy Ruski?

Jenn raises an eyebrow at Steve.

STEVE
That's out of context?

JENN
I don't even care.

Steve pulls his Family close as they fly off into the sunset
WE CUT TO--

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - SAN DIEGO, CA - DAY

WE TRACK ACROSS rows of long tables with desktop computers. KIDS in headsets play *Duty Calls*. We're back at a high school E-sports gaming tournament.

CHYRON: SAN DIEGO, CA... SOUTH HIGH... 1700 HOURS...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHYRON: ...BOYS LOCKER ROOM

Coach Rob enters, whistling. He sits down to take a shit.
REVEAL Steve, in the next stall, tracking Rob on his phone.
Steve reaches under and pulls Rob into his stall by his feet.

ROB
Oh god! What the hell! Steve? You
never come to Darby's games--

Steve lifts a finger to his mouth, shushing him. He takes a
HUGE SYRINGE out of his sock and injects Coach Rob's neck.

ROB (CONT'D)
What the fu--

Coach Rob starts to relax.

STEVE
You've been injected with a highly
reactive dose of sodium thiopental.
You won't remember this
conversation.

ROB
Soda-what now?

Steve grabs Rob by the collar. Roughing him up a bit.

ROB (CONT'D)
Ow. Owwww!

STEVE
Did you fuck my wife?

ROB
No. Never. I mean... I tried--

STEVE
You fuck stick!

ROB
She wouldn't have it. I have a
micro penis, Steve!

Rob starts crying. He hugs Steve.

STEVE
Jesus...

ROB

I ate bacon once. I bring dishonor
to my family. I'm sorry fatherrr--

Steve puts Rob in a headlock, knocking him out.

STEVE

I really gotta tone down the dosage.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - CONTINUOUS

The final round of the tournament about to begin. The scoreboard timer counts down from 30.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And we find ourselves in the final
round. Either team needs one point
to win. Sudden Death. The mission:
Extract The Asset. This has been
South's Achilles' Heel all
season...

Darby, at her station, game face on. She looks to the stands. Jenn and Morgan wave, excitedly cheering her on. But next to Morgan, an empty seat--

Until Steve plops down. He waves at Darby.

STEVE

Let's go, honey! You got this.

Darby smiles, huge. Steve cups his hands, yells--

STEVE (CONT'D)

Kill em dead! Just like we
practiced in real life, baby!

A couple PARENTS eye Steve warily. Steve waves.

STEVE (CONT'D)

How you doing, Tina?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - LATER

Sudden Death round in full swing. WE INTERCUT WITH the action unfolding in the video game world--

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

And it's down to four combatants.
Kim, Lee and Lee for West High. And
just Stevens, for South.

THE GAMERS are cold concentration. Darby, locked in.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
West has got the asset buttoned up.
Three layers of protection with
Stevens nowhere to be found.

The West team search around on high alert. A sniper shot rings out. One WEST PLAYER goes down.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What's this!? My god. Stevens with
the flank!

Another sniper shot rings out. HEAD SHOT. Another dead enemy.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Stevens flanks again!

Darby's character jumps from her cover on the roof. The LAST WEST PLAYER, unloads on her. She lands and rolls. The West player out of ammo. She tosses a knife menacingly from hand to hand, then cuts her enemies throat. Way too realistic.

STUDENT ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
South wins! South wins! There's no
one more clutch than Darby Stevens!

Darby throws her hands up. The Crowd roars. Darby sprints into the arms of her Family. She hugs Jenn, Morgan and then... Steve.

STEVE
I'm so proud of you.

DARBY
Learned from the best.

They high five. Hug it out. Then--

DARBY (CONT'D)
Wait. Where's Coach Rob?

STEVE
Coach who? Morgan, don't you have
something to tell Darby?

MORGAN
Right. UCSD...

DARBY
You heard back?!

MORGAN
Giving me full funding for my drone
research. DARPA scholarship!

DARBY
Morgs!

Darby and Morgan kiss. Steve wedges his way between them.

STEVE
I'll drive you guys down for
orientation. Check you in. Be there
for your first weekend--

JENN
Steve...

STEVE
Fine. Morgan... you take care of
our girl.

MORGAN
Yes sir, Steve, sir.

The Family all hug. Celebrate. Happy. Together.

FADE OUT.

CREDITS.

FADE IN:

INT. STEVENS' HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

Steve, tied up. Bound and gagged. He struggles to get free. A
RUSSIAN WOMAN speaks from the shadows.

CHYRON: SAN DIEGO, CA... MONTHS LATER...

RUSSIAN WOMAN (O.S.)
Now, you will know pleasure and
pains that are not of this world.

Steve struggles to speak. Jenn emerges from the shadows in
lingerie. She straddles him. REVEAL Steve is naked.

JENN
(thick Russian accent)
Surrender now, Bald Eagle.

Jenn's phone rings. She snaps out of the role-play.

JENN (CONT'D)
Oops. Hold on, honey.

She quickly dismounts and steps into the hallway.

STEVE
(gagged, muffled)
Babe? Hello? You coming back?

The door opens. Morgan enters. Doesn't notice Steve. He opens the fridge, grabs a soda. Closes it. Sees Steve. A beat.

MORGAN
Oh hey, Steve.

STEVE
(through gag)
Morgan.

A beat. Morgan leaves the room and enters--

INT. STEVEN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

WE TRACK down the hallway with Morgan. He passes NEW PHOTOS of Steve, Darby, Jenn and Morgan at classic vacation spots from recent family trips. Grand Canyon, Las Vegas Strip, etc.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, out in the yard, we see the lion cub, now bigger, sleeping next to the dog in front of the dog house.

BACK IN THE HALL, we stop at the most recent vacation photo. The family at ARLINGTON NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY, visiting a GRAVE. WE PUSH IN ON THE PHOTO--

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL MILITARY CEMETERY - DUSK

WE'RE NOW AT the cemetery. No one is around. CLOSE ON A HEADSTONE:

AGENT N - GOOD SOLDIER. BETTER FRIEND. BEST PARTNER.

WE HOLD on the headstone a moment too long as--

A BURNED HAND bursts through the ground!

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END.