

FIVE KILLERS
(AKA FRIENDS & NEIGHBORS)

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The LIONSGATE logo fills the screen then leaves just the:

'O'

Which becomes, with one emerging vertical line and one horizontal, A SNIPER'S SCOPE. The figure of A MAN enters into its crosshairs, then suddenly turns, Glock in both fists, and fires:

BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

The sniper's POV fades to black, K.I.A., then -- AS WE PUSH INTO IT -- dissolves to a view of --

EXT. A ROCKY MEDITERRANEAN COASTLINE - DAY

As it's typed out: *"Nice, France. 1500 hrs."*

CHOPPERING OVER the breaking surf, WE FALL into pace with A SLEEK SPORTSCAR taking cliffside curves tightly, at top speed, in total control.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)
Mark should be incoming in five.

It brakes to a stop.

The driver, a phone to his ear, looks up and watches as a HELICOPTER blows by overhead and heads out to the Mediterranean...

SPENCER
(into the phone)
Eyes on the bird.

...where a SUPERYACHT is docked. The helicopter lands on the deck of the yacht, perfectly.

The driver watches the whole thing, a sly look on his face. His hair is windswept from his turbulent drive along the coastline. His complexion tanned and ruddy. Body of an athlete/acrobat. Linen suit tailored for fast action.

He is SPENCER BROOME, 30s. "Spence" to his friends, "Z14/9" to his competitors. He has few friends; he has fewer competitors.

His passenger, a GORGEOUS BLONDE with a license to thrill, hands him a pair of anti-glare BINOCULARS --

ON THE SUPERYACHT:

The chopper pilot, a swarthy UBER-VILLAIN type emerges to step aboard the superyacht; he is greeted there by an ADJUTANT and a MISTRESS, then descends to a SPEEDBOAT awaiting him.

VOICE ON PHONE (O.S.)

I need confirmation it's Levenaux.

SPENCER

You'll have it.

Spence tosses the binos to the Blonde and hits the GAS.

IN THE HARBOR:

MOVING ALONGSIDE THE SPEEDBOAT as the Uber-Villain (handsome, dark glasses, turtleneck under blazer) rides toward the port, standing rigidly straight.

ON A STREET BORDERING THE HARBOR:

The sports car WHIPS into the harbor and skids to a stop in a NO PARKING ZONE. Spence hops out, his eyes following the speed boat as it docks.

With an admiring last look, the Blonde slides into the driver's seat and punches it...

...as Spencer keeps moving, now coming up to the docks he readies his CAMERA, just like dozens of other tourists snapping pics of the scenic French port...

...only Spencer sweeps his camera at the Uber-villain, who is now stepping off the boat...

NIKON POV: Villain steps onto the dock -- SNAP/FREEZE, then assists his Mistress off the boat -- SNAP/FREEZE, then, her arm in his, starts into town, guarded on all sides by heavily-armed HENCHMEN -- SNAP/FREEZE.

Spencer flips over the back of his Nikon T3C40...

And his pictures of the Uber-villain turn instantly into EXTREME CLOSE-UP X-RAYS (a feature, by the way, not available on commercially-sold T3C40s). Very shortly it reports:

"DENTAL MATCH 100%: JASPAR LEVENEUX, arms dealer to terrorist organizations El Ami-Sad & Red September."

With a smile, Spencer returns to the NO PARKING ZONE...

...as a SMOKING HOT BRUNETTE, flies up in a different SPORTS CAR. He hops in, and she ROARS out of there.

IN THE CAR:

Spencer talks into his phone as the BRUNETTE pulls around into the LUSH GROUNDS of a...

SPENCER

It's Leveneux all right. He may have gotten his face redone after what happened in Caracas but he neglected to see his dentist.

PALATIAL SEASIDE HOTEL:

...she rolls up to the entrance as his conversation continues...

VOICE ON PHONE

Any sign of his contact?

SPENCER

None yet. You want me to wait?

The Brunette smiles suggestively as he hops out, but Spencer's too focused on his conversation to notice. Annoyed, she speeds down the driveway as he heads inside.

VOICE ON PHONE

If the contact doesn't show by sunset, go ahead and close Leveneux's account.

THE RECEPTION AREA:

SPENCER

No problem. I've got his final bill ready to go.

And he passes right by (without noticing), an AMERICAN FAMILY standing at the reception desk, not noticing --

-- JENNIFER 'JEN' KORNFELD, late 20s, a little more 'librarian' than 'sexy.' Still...there's something about her -- the twinkle in her eye, a spark in her smile -- that makes you take a second look. *It's like her inner Wonder Woman can't totally be contained by the Diana Prince exterior.*

Right now, however, she's mostly mortified as...

HER PARENTS confront the receptionist. In their 50s, attractive, but square and milk fed as can be.

MR. KORNFELD is complaining to the aloof French Receptionist, JEAN-PAUL, as MRS. KORNFELD hovers nearby.

The CAMERA JETTISONS SPENCE to stay with them.

MR. KORNFELD

(to Jean-Paul)

...you have my wife and I on the 7th floor, and my daughter on the 10th, when I *specifically* booked adjacent rooms --

JEAN-PAUL

I assure you, your room is lovely
Monsieur --

MR. KORNFELD

"Lovely" and "adjacent" are not the same thing. She's a single woman. All alone--

Jen blushes as Jean-Paul eyes her with pity -- *both for her single status...and her dear old Dad.*

JEN

Dad, I'll be fine...

MR. KORNFELD

Do you know how many push-in robberies happen in hotels, Sweetie?

(pointed; to Jean-Paul)

10th floor. And we'd like an ocean view--

Jen blows out a deep breath. Heads over to her Mother as Mr. Kornfeld and Jean-Paul square off...

JEN

Every time with the room...

MRS. KORNFELD

Just let Dad do his thing.

(eyeing Jean-Paul)

That little Frenchman'll cave -- he's got a weasel face. Like you know who.

(beat)

Richard. I'm talking about Richard.

JEN

I know, Mom.

MRS. KORNFELD

(hugging her tightly)

We're going to get through this, don't worry. Mom and Dad are here for you.

Jen squirms as the hug goes on a beat too long.

JEN
 Okay, Mom. It's getting weird.
 (as she's released)
 Maybe I'll check out my room while Dad
 finishes up.

MRS. KORNFELD
 Okay, but no napping. It makes the jet
 lag worse.

JEN
 No naps. Got it.

MRS. KORNFELD
 And take a little Maalox for the road.
 (as Jen rolls her eyes)
 We both know what anxiety does to your
 stomach.

JEN
 Mom. I'm fine.

MRS. KORNFELD
 Of course you are. But...just in case --
 (digging through her purse, a
 small pharmacy)
 -- take the bottle.

Broken, Jen accepts the Maalox. From the front desk...

MR. KORNFELD
 See you at dinner, Honey. Nine o'clock
 sharp. We're getting the top table --
 (to Jean- Paul)
 -- *oui*?

Equally broken, Jean-Paul nods -- *oui*. Mr. Kornfeld
 winks at Jen as she gives him a weak "thumbs up" and
 heads for the elevator...

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

...where a 12-year-old girl, SADIE, is already inside.
 Jen glances at the buttons; presses 10.

As they ascend, they both have the same exact expressions
 on their faces, both looking blankly at the door.

SADIE
 (almost to herself)
 Vacationing with your parents blows.
 (off Jen)
 I'm like, give me some space.

And they're like, a trundle bed *is* space -
 - these rooms are expensive, and I'm
 like, what the f ever, next time leave me
 with Grandma Rose. Yahtzee and a broken
 hip *have* to be better than this.

JEN

At least you're not here with your
 parents because the trip you were
supposed to be taking with your boyfriend
 got canceled when you caught him cheating
 with his landlady.

(beat; almost to herself)

I should've known that apartment wasn't
 rent controlled.

Sadie stares at her with concern as the elevator stops.

SADIE

Are you gonna be okay?

JEN

(nodding, as the doors open)

As long as the mini-bar's fully stocked.

Sadie nods -- *fair enough*. Hops out and waves goodbye.
 As the doors close, Jen's left alone with her reflection.

She sighs and pops the Maalox in her mouth as the
 elevator slows. The doors open on her floor just as...

...Spencer Broome steps aboard, shirtless. Swimsuit only
 and carrying FINS and a MASK. Jen nearly chokes on the
 chalky tablets as she hides the bottle behind her.

SPENCER

(accent perfect)

Bonjour.

JEN

(stammers)

Bonjour.

SPENCER

Descendre?

He points down and she looks at her hallway, then his
 muscles. She nods -- *down it is...*

SPENCER

(subtitled; perfect French)

You forgot to press the Lobby button.

He presses 'L' and the doors close and the car descends. He smiles at her, but she misses it as she turns her head to the side -- desperately trying to get the Maalox down.

Nonplussed, Spencer tries to think of an ice-breaker.

SPENCER

(subtitled)

I'll probably look pretty silly walking through the lobby half-naked at this hour. Maybe I should put my fins on now.

Jen's too afraid now to admit she doesn't *comprehend*; she laughs a little too hard and with her best "Gallic lilt." Slightly nonplussed, Spencer gives her a half smile as the elevator doors open.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Spencer gestures: after you. Jen deboards first, into the ornate lobby.

MOVING WITH HER, though she has no idea where she's going because she had no plans of coming down here, so she just keeps walking to avoid embarrassment --

..and spots her father and mother, across the LOBBY with a PORTER.

MR. KORNFELD

Those are going to the 10th floor --

Desperate to avoid them, she cuts across the lobby using another PORTER with a packed TROLLEY as a human shield.

BEHIND HER, SPENCE watches, amused, as she drops her Maalox on the trolley. There's only one way down to the beach though, and he's on a tight schedule, so as she turns a corner past a sign that reads "A LA PLAGE"...he has no choice but to follow her --

EXT. HOTEL - LONG PATH - CONTINUOUS

-- outside, down a short flight of steps, to the beautiful long path that leads down to the restaurant and the water...

He gives a little wave as she glances back at him...

SPENCER

(subtitled)

Don't worry, I'm not stalking you.

Jen pauses, debating, then...

JEN
I don't speak French.
(off his confusion)
Je ne parle pas --

SPENCER
I got it the first time. Why'd you
pretend back there?

JEN
I don't know. Why'd you follow me?

SPENCER
(re: his MASK and fins)
I was already going to the beach,
remember?

Spencer grins as Jen blushes. *She's seriously cute.*

SPENCER
But I wouldn't mind a little company.

Surprised, Jen grins back. *He's seriously hot.*

EXT. HOTEL -- BEACH -- MOMENTS LATER

Jen and Spencer walk towards the water --

SPENCER
Swear to God? You grew up in La Canada?

JEN
Only til I was ten. Then my parents --
(she starts to gesture to
their room, then thinks
better of it)
-- moved.

SPENCER
I grew up in Altadena!

JEN
No way! Small world.

SPENCER
Tiny.

As he smiles at her, Jen wills herself not to swoon --

JEN

You know one of the few memories I have
from growing up there?

SPENCER

What?

JEN

The Cal Worthington dealership ads.

(she sings:)

"Any model, any make, go see Cal. Give
your pocketbook a break, go see Cal."

SPENCER

"It's a giant supermart, save a bundle,
play it smart. "

TOGETHER

"He's a dealer with a heart, go see Cal."

They check themselves as a snooty GERMAN COUPLE looks at
them disdainfully...

JEN

That's what I love about Europe. The
culture.

Spencer snorts: she's cute and funny. Then, he
remembers: he's got a job to do. He gestures to the
hotel dock...which sits right on the water.

SPENCER

I should probably swim before it gets
dark.

JEN

Oh, yeah. Of course. Muscles like that
take upkeep, right?

Mortified by his grin, Jen gives him a clipped wave
goodbye and turns around. Spencer calls after her --

SPENCER

I'm Spencer, by the way.

JEN

(turning back to him)

Nice to meet you, Spencer.

SPENCER

(beat; waiting)

Do you have a name?

JEN

Jen. Jennifer. Or Jen. Jenny. Jen.
It's Jen. Just Jen.

SPENCER

I'm glad I followed you to the beach,
Just Jen.

JEN

(to herself, as he leaps into
the water)

Me too.

He's gone. She sighs. Then: he pops back up.

SPENCER

Wanna get a drink in half an hour?

Thrown by his request, Jen's tongue-tied.

JEN

I guess I don't have anything better to
do, so...sure. Why not.

Jen goes beet red as he gives her a funny look, then --

SPENCER

The restaurant patio. See you there in
thirty.

(as she smiles)

Unless something better comes up, right?

Jen's smile falters as he submerges -- *did he mean something better for him? Or her?* She waits to make sure he won't reappear again, then turns and starts back up to the hotel, commencing --

A MONTAGE OF THE NEXT HALF HOUR, during which WE CUT BETWEEN TWO ACTIONS: 1) Jen preparing for their date and 2) Spencer stealing onto Leveneux's super yacht.

IN JEN'S ROOM

Jen's open suitcase is a marvel of perfect packing -- each item rolled or enclosed in a Ziploc bag and clearly LABELED -- *workout clothes...toiletries...book to read...*

But the order's destroyed as she dumps it on the bed and tears through her clothes, holding up one sensible item after another -- *all perfect for Mom and Dad time, but awful for a date.*

UNDERWATER

Spencer cuts through the water like a shark, drawing closer to the YACHT. He spies the ANCHOR CHAIN and submerges...

...pulls himself down the chain toward a WATERPROOF BAG.

ELEGANT BOUTIQUE

Breathless, Jen grabs one dress after another off the RACK as a SALESGIRL throws open the curtain for the dressing room. Jen grabs a gorgeous pair of high-heeled SANDALS and races in.

ON THE SUPERYACHT

Spencer surfaces, a KNIFE SHEATH now strapped to his arm, and the BAG strapped around his torso, just beneath the SWIM PLATFORM at the stern of the boat. The platform's sitting just high enough above water to be out of reach, but Spencer's cool as he draws his TITANIUM DIVE KNIFE from its sheath...kicks with all his might...

...and drives the knife into the side of the platform. Using all his strength, he clings to the knife with one-hand...reaches over the edge of the platform with the other...and grips a BOAT CLEAT. *Jen was right -- those muscles do take upkeep!*

Using the boat cleat, Spencer pulls himself onto the platform, then leans over to retrieve his knife. As he struggles to pull it out, footsteps sound on the DECK above him. *Shit.* At the last second, he yanks it free. Rolls under a DINGHY on the platform, nicking it with the razor sharp knife, just as...

...an ARMED GUARD passes by. As the dinghy deflates, Spencer shoves it aside and races up a ladder -- just before TWO MORE GUARDS round the corner...

IN JEN'S ROOM

She feigns illness on the phone as she does her makeup.

JEN

No, Dad, it's my stomach... you and mom should have some time alone anyway...

MR. KORNFIELD

(on the phone)

We'll come to you, Juniper. We can do room service.

(sotto; to Mrs. Kornfeld)
She says it's her stomach --

JEN
No offense, but I don't want witnesses
over here. It's not pretty --

Done with her makeup, Jen starts on her hair --

MR. KORNFELD
Your Mom's asking if you took the Maalox.

JEN
I did, Dad...in bulk --

MR. KORNFELD
-- she says we can bring you Saltines and
Ginger Ale...

JEN
Or you can go have a nice night like
normal adults and trust that I'll
survive.

MR. KORNFELD
...okay, honey.
(beat; sighing)
Listen to me. I just want to say this.
"The man whose name I refuse to speak"
didn't deserve you. Anyone with half a
brain in their head knew you could do
better than that loser.

JEN
(dryly)
That insight would've been helpful two
years ago...but thanks for the pep talk.

MR. KORNFELD
I'm telling you -- you're going to find
the perfect guy. And he'll be someone
good, and decent, and kind...who doesn't
have a dishonest bone in his body.

CUT TO:

SLAP! A CHUNK OF PLASTIC EXPLOSIVE get jammed onto the
belly of Levenoux's private chopper.

ATOP THE SUPERYACHT

Spence sticks his knife into the explosive and twists the
hilt. Fishes a TRANSMITTER from the BAG and slides it
into the groove he just cut.

He activates the transmitter, syncs it with his wristwatch, and grins -- *damn, he's good*. He rolls out from under the chopper...

...only to see a GUARD coming at him with a GAFFING HOOK.

Spencer hops up as the Guard swings at him, narrowly missing. He ducks to avoid a second swing, spins around, seizes the hook and flips the Guard over his back. The hook skids across the deck and before Spence can dive for it, the Guard grabs a HEAVY ROPE and whips it at him.

But Spencer catches it. Uses the momentum to pull the Guard forward and garrote him. He's choking him, choking him...

Just as THREE MORE BODYGUARDS head down from the second deck. Still choking the Guard, Spence spots them. *Shit.*

With seconds left before he's discovered, the Guard Spencer's choking finally dies, and Spencer rolls with him...off the deck and into the water.

The bodyguards reach the spot where Spencer just was and pass by without suspecting a thing.

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO - EVENING

Leveneux finishes his meal with a dessert wine, toasting his lady love as a COURIER approaches. Leveneux's HENCHMEN pat the fellow down before letting him approach. He hands Leveneux an envelope, whispers something, then goes. Leveneux inspects the envelope's contents, nods to his employees: let's go.

As they exit the restaurant, they pass Jen, entering. She's stunning in a chic black dress, and Leveneux does a double take. Oblivious, Jen looks around for Spencer: he's not here yet.

MAITRE D'

Mademoiselle? Can I help you?

JEN

I'm sort of waiting for someone.

MAITRE D'

Aren't we all.

(good-humoredly)

Why don't I get you a table?

DOWN BY THE HOTEL DOCK

Leveneux embarks on his speedboat, returning to his superyacht, as Spencer appears, looking debonair in a sportjacket and dress shirt. He pays Leveneux scant attention: he's late for his date.

AT HER TABLE

Jen waits, water her only companion. She glances at her watch -- *maybe this was a bad idea* -- as...

SPENCER (O.S.)

Look who showed up.

She turns/nearly gasps: Spencer cleans up nicely. Spencer's equally taken -- the "girl next door" he met on the beach is *hot*. *Super hot*.

SPENCER

You have to move.

(he points, smiles)

The sunset's that way.

Touched, she rises from her seat as he takes her hand and holds out the opposite chair for her.

Spencer sits in Jen's old seat which has, we discover now, a perfect view of Leveneux's superyacht in the bay. A WAITER approaches with TWO GLASSES of CHAMPAGNE.

SPENCER

I had to atone for being late.

JEN

Too bad I hate champagne.

SPENCER

Oh, wow -- I'm sorry --

Dying, Jen grabs him as he starts to wave the Waiter off.

JEN

That was a joke. Sorry.

(in a robot voice)

I am a Dating Robot, sent here from the future to observe your ways.

Jen reddens as the Waiter shakes his head - *oh, honey no* - but Spencer's amused by her goofiness.

SPENCER

You did *not* just pull the robot voice.

He grins and Jen can't help but smile, more at ease.

JEN

I so wish I could say it was the first time I've done that.

SPENCER

Don't feel too bad. There's a certain segment of the population that goes in big for that sort of thing --

JEN

Nerds. They're my bread and butter.

SPENCER

(chuckling)

How's that working out for you?

His eye flits to Leveneux as she laughs, rueful.

JEN

Not so hot, actually. I think it's time to branch out.

SPENCER

That's too bad...

(off her look)

I was a Bio-Chem major. Total science dork.

JEN

You're talking to a computer geek. We're way cooler.

He studies her, skeptical about the claim to geekdom.

SPENCER

I'm not seeing it. I need a mental picture. Did you play violin? Maybe rock some headgear action?

JEN

Viola. And headgear would've been a walk in the park compared to the palate-spreader.

SPENCER

That had to hurt.

JEN

Oh yeah. Plus I sounded like I had a speech impediment. Pretty tragic, right?

SPENCER

It was worth it. Your smile's perfect.

Jen blushes, and even Spencer's a little surprised he didn't edit himself. He goes with it; raises a glass.

SPENCER

To not having anything better to do.

They lock eyes as they clink glasses, and there's a spark between them -- *this could get interesting...*

But the moment's ruined as --

-- Spencer sees Leveneux walking down to his chopper --

-- and Jen sees her Dad, checking the menu inside the restaurant. She drops her napkin and leans down.

When she doesn't pop back up, Spencer glances toward the restaurant -- *what got her spooked?*

INSIDE THE RESTAURANT

As he shuts the menu, Mr. Kornfeld sees Spencer looking his way, but Jen's out of his line of sight...

ON THE PATIO

Jen reddens as Spencer looks over with a smile.

SPENCER

You want some champagne down there?

Embarrassed, she glances at Spencer and sighs.

JEN

On a scale of one to ten, how appealing would it be to hear that I'm on vacation with my parents?

(trying to explain)

I kind of lied to them about tonight -- which I never do. Ever. We're sort of compulsively honest with one another --

SPENCER

And yet, you're hiding under the table.

Spencer's momentarily distracted as Leveneux climbs aboard his helicopter. Jen's face falls and she slowly sits up, mortified.

JEN

Sorry -- it's weird, I know. I'm weird.
I think my dating muscles are flabby.
Possibly atrophied. And I never really
do *this* --

(gesturing between them)

-- the whole "drinks with a sexy
stranger" never ends well. Too many
unknowns. It's why I like to get a third
party endorsement before going out --

Marveling at the onslaught, Spencer holds up a hand.

SPENCER

Forget drinks. How about dinner?
(as she hesitates)
Jen...don't over think it.

Pleased, she takes his hand as he stands. And as they
exit the restaurant, we see Leveneux's helicopter lifting
off. It's a dot, slicing through the sky behind Spencer.

JEN

You should know...I'm going to make you
tell me your life story.

SPENCER

Trust me, it's boring.

KABOOOM! THE CHOPPER ERUPTS IN A BALL OF FIRE! Spencer
smiles to himself as they keep going and we cut to...

EXT. ITALIAN COAST -- A LITTLE LATER

...Jen and Spence, roaring away from the Italian BORDER
CHECKPOINT his car. They speed off and we rejoin them...

AT A SEASIDE TRATTORIA, leaning in for their first KISS
as a WAITER approaches to clear their plates. Smiling,
he does a U-turn...back to the kitchen...as their lips
touch and we...

OVER CREDITS - EUROPEAN WHIRLWIND COURTSHIP MONTAGE

Unlike his earlier rides, Spence is white-knuckling it as
Jen floors a convertible along the twisting RIVIERA
roads. A picnic BASKET's in the back seat and it's all
very *To Catch A Thief* -- except for Spence's panic that
she'll kill them. Trying to calm himself, Spence peeks
in the PICNIC BASKET, then blinks -- surprised -- every
*item's perfectly packed and labeled, just like Jen's
suitcase.*

Jen and Spence stroll through a flower market in NICE hand in hand. As they exit, the GORGEOUS BLONDE from the opening's waiting in her SPORTS CAR for Spencer. She revs the engine, but he ignores her, his eyes on Jen.

Fresh off the train, Spencer and Jen take in the sights of the MONACO TRAIN STATION. Excited to explore, Jen hands Spencer a guide book with a rainbow of colored tabs, and a MAP with a carefully highlighted route. Spencer laughs as she checks her watch against the train station clock, then pulls her close for a kiss.

Arm in arm, Spence and Jen exit the CASINO MONTE CARLO. Spence spots the SMOKING HOT BRUNETTE from the opening as she approaches, a BACCARAT MARKER in hand. *She's clearly trying to pass him a message.* But he ignores her and spins Jen the other direction for a kiss in front of the famed fountain.

Dusk. Clothes dot a deserted Corsican beach. In the water, a skinny-dipping Spencer waves for Jen to come in. She glances around, then takes a deep breath. Drops her towel and bolts for the water. As he pulls her close, and they bob together, she stares at him, slightly dazed that this is her reality.

Jen and Spence sit at an outdoor CAFE, feeding each other bites of CREPES. Spencer stiffens as he spots a rumpled man, HOLBROOK, sitting on a bench across the square. Holbrook rises and walks away, leaving a GUIDE BOOK on the bench.

EXT. NICE CEMETERY - DAY

This incredibly gorgeous cemetery in Nice is perched on a hill and overlooks the entire Mediterranean city. Ancient tombs and grave markers create a maze of privacy. A long, private driveway winds away from the street, deserted but for...

...Holbrook, leaning against a battered RENAULT. He's grim as Spencer approaches with the GUIDE BOOK in hand, and it's hard to tell if he's friend or foe, until...

HOLBROOK

Asshole. I've been calling you all week--

SPENCER

I was busy.

HOLBROOK

Not busy enough --

Holbrook pops the Renault's TRUNK. Inside, a MAN is hog-tied and gagged. He thrashes, trying to get out.

SPENCER

Oh shit! I totally forgot.

HOLBROOK

Yeah. *I know*. I had to peel my ass off the beach in St. Tropez to grab him for you. A *topless* beach.

Holbrook pulls a SILENCED PISTOL from his jacket and hands it to Spencer. Spencer's glum as he eyes the Man.

SPENCER

I'm not really in the right frame of mind today. Can't you just wrap up?

HOLBROOK

Uh-uh. You know I hate the wet work.

Spencer sighs and checks the silencer. Takes aim at the Man, thinking. He glances over his shoulder -- *almost like he's looking for Jen*. Turns back...concentrates... Unable to bear it, the Man closes his eyes, just as...

...Spencer SLAMS the trunk closed. He turns to Holbrook and shrugs.

SPENCER

I met a girl.

HOLBROOK

Oh, for crying out loud --

Holbrook scowls as Spence offers the gun to him.

HOLBROOK

You have a girl. Her name's Lady Liberty!

(pointing at the trunk)

Now show her you care and shoot this guy!

But Spencer's firm. He shakes his head, hands Holbrook the gun, and stalks into the cemetery.

Annoyed, Holbrook pops the trunk and shoots the Man. SLAMS the trunk closed and trots after Spencer.

INSIDE THE CEMETERY, Holbrook trundles along beside him.

HOLBROOK

...it's a *crush*, Spence. It happens. Go shoot some guns and screw some models. You'll be good as new.

SPENCER

And then what? I get to kill more people?

HOLBROOK

They're enemies of the state, not people.

SPENCER

Are you sure about that? Ten years ago, Leveneux worked for us! And by the time the guy in the trunk washes up, he'll probably be on payroll too --

Holbrook grabs him roughly; spins him around.

HOLBROOK

What the hell is wrong with you? You go screw Pollyanna for a week and suddenly your life's work is out the window?

SPENCER

She's normal. And I feel normal around her. Maybe I want to go live in her world, where my dog walker or my Starbucks barista is exactly that...not some Syrian arms dealer with a target on his back one week and a paycheck in his pocket the next!

HOLBROOK

Wake up. Her world only exists because of people like us. And I'm sorry people change sides...or that sometimes a friend becomes an enemy and you have to take 'em out. But you should know by now...

(shrugging)

...if you go to the beach, you're gonna get sandy.

SPENCER

This girl trusts me...and I won't go back to her with blood on my hands.

HOLBROOK

These jobs aren't optional, Spencer. You don't just get to walk away.

SPENCER

Watch me.

Holbrook's face darkens, and it's suddenly clear what a scary motherfucker he can be. But Spence doesn't flinch.

HOLBROOK

You didn't pull the trigger today, but that doesn't change *who* you are. Don't forget it.

This lands hard on Spence as he turns and walks away. And as Holbrook stares after him, grim, the CAMERA TAKES OFF, SWEEPING OUT TO THE crystal blue sea of the Mediterranean, and keeps going, further and further, and we catch the shadow of a JUMBO JET in its waves, and the sounds of air travel until we arrive...

CUT TO:

EXT. PEACHTREE COUNTRY CLUB -- CLUBHOUSE -- DAY

Jen and Mrs. Kornfeld sit on the CLUBHOUSE PATIO, squinting at Spencer and Mr. Kornfeld in the distance. Jen shakes her head, trying to absorb the scene.

JEN

How do you think they're doing?

MRS. KORNFELD

As long as Daddy doesn't shoot him, we're good.

We see what she's talking about as we cut to...

EXT. PEACHTREE COUNTRY CLUB -- SKEET RANGE -- DAY

...Mr. Kornfeld and Spencer, preparing for skeet shooting. Mr. Kornfeld holds a SHOTGUN across his chest as Spencer loads clays into the machine.

MR. KORNFELD

...so I hear you're jobless.

Spencer wills himself not to take the bait.

SPENCER

Hotel design's a tough industry, Sir. A lot of turnover...and the competition can be deadly --

MR. KORNFELD

Hard work never killed anyone, Spencer.

SPENCER

Very true, Sir. But Jen and I want to put down some roots...I might even open my own design firm --

MR. KORNFELD

Look at my shoes.

A little thrown, Spencer stares at Mr. Kornfeld's loafers. They look almost new.

MR. KORNFELD

They're John Lobb. I picked them up before I started pushing paper -- twenty years ago when I was flying the London route. If something's great quality, and you take good care of it, you'll have it forever.

SPENCER

Sir, I know you're worried about Jen, but-

MR. KORNFELD

Why would I worry? She's a very sweet girl. Very caring. Very trusting too -- which can be a problem sometimes. But I'm confident...

(launching a clay)

...you'll never hurt her.

BOOM! Mr. Kornfeld fires, and the skeet EXPLODES. Spencer blinks -- surprised by his accuracy.

SPENCER

Wow! Good shot, Sir.

MR. KORNFELD

Thanks. I was an Eagle Scout.

(launching another disc)

And a Marine.

BOOM! DISC #2 shatters as Mr. Kornfeld gives him a stern look. Spencer smiles -- refusing to be intimidated --

SPENCER

The Boy Scouts really get to shoot stuff?

Annoyed, Mr. Kornfeld launches another SKEET. It whistles off into the distance as he stares at Spencer.

MR. KORNFELD

That was yours.

SPENCER

Sorry -- I thought you were still --

MR. KORNFELD

Be prepared, Spencer. You would've learned that in the Boy Scouts.

Spencer glances up at the SKEET, now in it's downward trajectory. Without pausing, he lifts the gun and...

BOOM! Shoots the little sucker out of the sky.

SPENCER

I was in 4-H.

Spencer pumps his shotgun and faces Mr. Kornfeld like a Gladiator in the ring.

SPENCER

Jen's not some fragile little china doll. She's funny and smart and even kind of goofy -- which I like, because it's *real*. And when she tells me something, I know I can trust it -- whether it's the time of day, or that she loves me.

(beat)

I depend on *her*, Sir. Not the other way around.

Mr. Kornfeld's face softens ever so slightly as he realizes...*Spencer's speaking from the heart.*

SPENCER

I know I might not be what you expected, but I love your daughter. So, with your blessing, we're going to get married.

Spencer's statement's more declaration than question, but Mr. Kornfeld doesn't object as Spencer reaches into his pocket and produces a SPARKLING ENGAGEMENT RING. He swallows hard...and grabs Spencer in a BEAR HUG.

MR. KORNFELD

Don't make me regret this.

Spencer's smile falters just a little as Mr. Kornfeld squeezes the air out of him like an Anaconda, and we --

FADE OUT.

SUPER: THREE YEARS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW EALING - DAY

A beautiful day in suburbia. A community of upscale homes, all built within the last few years.

In the distance there is another PHASE OF DEVELOPMENT -- bulldozers and pool diggers and cement mixers all purring to life at 8 a.m. But let's focus on Phase 1, in all its provincial glory...

...one house especially, sitting on a corner, a two-story family gem with a swimming pool in the back and a lush green lawn out front and a mailbox stenciled: "BROOME."

INT. THE BROOME HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gorgeous kitchen. Well-appointed living room. A book-lined den. Catalogue-perfect.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/BATH - SAME

Upstairs, it's more of the same. The suburban dream come true. The only unexpected thing is...

...Jen, half-dressed for work in a PENCIL SKIRT and BRA, and BLINDFOLDED. Spencer's leading her out of the room --

JEN

-- how big is it?

SPENCER

I think it's the biggest on the block.

JEN

Have I seen anything like it before?

SPENCER

Only in your dreams. Or a magazine.

IN THE HALLWAY

JEN

Will I know what to do with it?

SPENCER

I'll show you how to handle the tricky parts.

Giggling, she turns and melts into Spencer, fumbling for his zipper. He jumps back, fighting temptation.

SPENCER

You are *so* greedy.

JEN
It's the blindfold. It's making me all
crazy.

Laughing, he spins her around, leads her out, and --
-- winces as she collides with the doorjamb and hollers.

SPENCER
Sorry.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Spencer positions Jen, her blindfold still on, in front of a large sheet of opaque plastic hanging in front of another doorway. He leans close; whispers in her ear --

SPENCER
Prepare to be thrilled.

He pulls the blindfold off, then leans forward and tugs the plastic down...revealing...

JEN'S NEW HOME OFFICE. It's a monument to chic and efficiency. A perfectly organized bubble all for her, and she screams with delight.

JEN
...it's beautiful!!! Just perfect!!!

She steps inside, taking in every detail -- immaculate glass and chrome furniture, a new computer...printer...fax... She opens the CABINETS and gasps. He's labeled both the shelves and the containers filled with office supplies that rest atop them. *It's like OCD heaven.*

JEN
It's so...
(her highest praise ever)
...organized.

SPENCER
Now you can kiss me.

She throws her arms around him and obliges --

JEN
How did I ever get a guy like you?
(as he chuckles)
No. Seriously.

SPENCER

Easy. It was --
(grabbing her right boob)
-- your charm --
(and now the left)
-- and your intellect.

As she giggles, he kisses her...but this time, she's the one who pulls away -- and grabs...

...an ENVELOPE from her purse. She grins as he takes it.

JEN

You're the one with a birthday tomorrow.

SPENCER

We're not making a big deal this year, remember? No parties...no presents...

JEN

Tomorrow's just a simple dinner with Mom and Dad. Promise.
(nodding at the envelope)
But I never agreed to no presents.

Spencer sighs; opens the envelope and blinks, puzzled.

JEN

It's an open ticket to anywhere in the Pacific Rim -- Bora Bora, Thailand... whatever. I even got two weeks off at the end of the month.

SPENCER

But we'll miss the Peach Parade...you were gonna make your cobbler.

JEN

I can't believe this. I thought you'd be so excited...

Spencer feels bad. He pulls her close and hugs her.

SPENCER

I'm sorry. It's super thoughtful. It's just that I don't need to go anywhere crazy. This is my favorite place. If I could pick anywhere to be, it's at home, with you.

Jen's putty hearing that...and this time, neither one puts the brakes on the kissing...but as his shirt comes off, she laughs out loud --

JEN

You didn't!

Spencer gives her a mischievous grin and we see --

-- he's labeled himself. One label on each pec --
"Property"..."Of" -- and one above his belt -- *"JEN."*

Laughing and kissing, they fall out of frame as we cut to...

INT. KITCHEN -- A LITTLE LATER

...Jen, running late now, as she methodically gathers everything she needs for the day -- *papers, check! Blackberry, check! Laptop, check!* Spencer watches, amused, as he loads a scrambled egg on his plate. *We get the sense that this is their daily routine -- Spencer relaxed, Jen adhering to a fixed schedule.*

Spencer offers her a bite of egg as she grabs her keys, but she shivers and gags slightly as she gets a whiff --

JEN

Ugh, Sweetie -- those smell disgusting --

SPENCER

(wolfing a bite)

They taste fine.

Jen nearly pukes on the spot as he chews.

JEN

My Dad got a bad egg once in Spain, and my Mom and I seriously thought he'd been poisoned. I don't want you sick for your birthday dinner.

SPENCER

Good point. Eating with your Dad's tough enough as it is.

JEN

Maybe he'll go easy on you now that you're an old man.

SPENCER

If I'm old, what does that make you?

Jen grabs her buzzing Blackberry -- kisses him --

JEN

Late.

Jen blinks -- *something plucking at the edge of her consciousness* -- but the Blackberry's insistent, and she checks it as she waves goodbye and heads out the door.

Spencer smiles after her, then glances down at the eggs and dumps them -- *Jen's usually right about these things.*

For the next COUPLE MINUTES, we'll go back and forth between Spencer and Jen's work days...

EXT. SECURE SOLUTIONS, INC. - DAY

...as Jen exits her car and hustles into her MODERN looking OFFICE BUILDING.

INT. SECURE SOLUTIONS, INC. - CONTINUOUS

Inside it's a GRID of cubicles, humming with activity. As Jen cuts through, we see that her CO-WORKERS are primarily GUYS who look like they sleep with their slide rules and Bill Gates dolls.

Even though Jen's a rock star by comparison, they all greet her or wave -- *she's clearly everyone's friend.*

She drops her stuff at her desk -- perfectly organized with an empty "TO DO" box, a neat stack of REPORTS, and two framed photos -- *one of Spencer, and one of her parents* -- grabs a FOLDER and bolts towards --

A CONFERENCE ROOM

She pauses outside it to compose herself as we cut to...

EXT. NEW EALING - PHASE 1 - DAY

Spencer backs his TRUCK -- *with the logo BROOME DESIGN on the side* -- down the driveway. Slows as STEVE, 50's, unassuming, waves to him from the adjacent driveway.

STEVE

Morning, Spence --

SPENCER

Hey, Steve. You off to the salt mines?

STEVE

'Fraid so. Big order due. Microsoft wants triangular clocks for every office in the Southeast. But hey --

SPENCER/STEVE

-- it's a living!

Spencer and Steve chuckle -- their neighborly schtick's corny, but chit chat keeps the peace in suburbia.

As he drives on, he spots an elderly neighbor, MR. FRANKLIN, leaning a ladder against his house. Spencer slows the truck --

SPENCER
Gutters clogged again?

MR. FRANKLIN
Goddamn kids keep TP-ing my house!

SPENCER
I'll send one of my guys over later to clean 'em out. Go get your golf on.

MR. FRANKLIN
Want a tee time at the Club next week?

Spencer nods -- *hell yeah* -- before driving on, past...

...kids playing whiffle ball, dogs chasing cats, women pushing babies, joggers trying to lose the chub rub.

It's all just so...normal -- which is exactly why he loves it.

He pauses at a STOP SIGN, glances at the house on the corner -- where a perfectly dressed, thirty-something couple, MAC and LILY BAILEY are supervising as a WHITE PICKET FENCE is erected around their lawn. Spencer toots his horn as they wave, cheery. Drives off with a grin...

INT. SECURE SOLUTIONS, INC. - DAY

...Jen's boss, DON NOOTBAR, and several of her CO-WORKERS, listen intently as she wraps up a presentation.

JEN
...so the main algorithm operates on a 128-bit state, divided into four 32-bit words, initialized to certain fixed constants. This way we can create a unique 'fingerprint' to verify that client files haven't been tampered with.

Nootbar nods, impressed. Turns to the rest of the room.

DON NOOTBAR
Okay, people, you heard her. We're rolling this out immediately, so let's hop to it.

Jen gathers her materials as everyone filters out, ad-libbing thanks. Nootbar smiles as he comes over to her.

DON NOOTBAR

Polished and concise. As always. Don't change a word when you go to Omaha.

JEN

Omaha?

DON NOOTBAR

We're in the mix to provide data security for every state hospital in Nebraska. I want you to deliver the pitch.

JEN

But Don, tomorrow's --

(thinking better of it)

-- not a lot of notice. Don't you have anyone else to send?

Jen and Nootbar glance at the cubicles: one guy's got NASAL SPRAY up his nose, another's giggling at a You Tube video of a dancing cat, and another's pinning a *Battlestar Galactica* poster to his cubicle wall.

DON NOOTBAR

Get on a flight tomorrow morning and spend the weekend prepping. You'll be fine.

End of discussion. Jen musters a weak smile as Nootbar heads out the door, and we cut to...

INT. SECURITY SOLUTIONS, INC. - DAY

...Jen checking her itinerary while talking on the phone.

JEN

...no, Dad...he'll be thrilled. He will. Okay, how's this? I'll be thrilled... you're totally saving me right now. I know, you did say I was too busy...uh huh, I do need to plan better...I'm sure the hotel in Omaha's perfectly safe... Dad, we'll talk about that later...thanks again...tell mom hi...I love you too...

She hangs up, blows out a breath as we cut to...

EXT. BROOME DESIGN - DAY

...Spencer arriving at work. The main building is open air, modern, and exquisitely designed. Glass walls and exposed beams separate a few offices.

Displayed prominently in the lobby area are a few models of buildings. Things are going well.

Adjacent to the offices is a more INDUSTRIAL WORKSPACE for construction and carpentry work. Spencer still likes to get his hands dirty... but now with tools and wood instead of guns and bombs.

Spencer employs four people in total: HENRY, 30s, Spencer's architect, a good-humored, heavy-drinking bear of a man; MANUEL, 50s, resident construction specialist; MRS. TOMLINSON, 60s, secretary/amateur baker; and YASUKO, a nerdy twenty-year-old Japanese intern.

Henry's looking over blueprints with OLIVIA BROOKS, a good-looking Cougar, as Spencer arrives and hustles by --

OLIVIA

-- you'll be there to supervise, right?
I like a personal touch.

HENRY

Olivia, please -- I'm very hands on.

Henry gives her a crooked smile -- *bring it* -- as Spencer chuckles to himself. He rounds the corner and...

...stops at Mrs. Tomlinson's desk, where she jumps up, a plate of MUFFINS in hand. Spencer hesitates --

SPENCER

I really shouldn't...

MRS. TOMLINSON

You can afford to put a muffin or two on that frame.

(holding the plate closer)

They're chocolate chip -- your favorite.

She winks as he grabs one. He's about to bite in, when --

SPENCER

Chocolate chip means you want something.

MRS. TOMLINSON

It's nothing, Dear, just a teeny favor...
But I was hoping Yasuko could come in
tomorrow to help finish the billing? I'm
having just a little -- I mean, *really*
tiny -- bit of trouble with the computer.

SPENCER

I thought you two got that straightened
out last month.

She gives him a wide, innocent-granny smile --

MRS. TOMLINSON

Apparently not, Dear.

SPENCER

(chuckling)

I'll talk to her. She in the back?

Mrs. Tomlinson nods as their UPS GUY, MILO, enters with a
PACKAGE. We stay on the PACKAGE as Spencer takes it and
Mrs. Tomlinson signs the clipboard.

SPENCER

Thanks, Milo --

Milo tips his cap as Spencer heads down the hall with his
muffin and package. He turns a corner and spots...

...Yasuko the intern, putting some fabric away.

SPENCER

I need you to help Mrs. Tomlinson
tomorrow -- she's still having a little
trouble with the billing -- sorry...

YASUKO

Sure...no problem. One of these months
Excel should stick, right?

Spencer gives her a sympathetic smile as Henry rounds the
corner and waves to her --

HENRY

Can you grab some flooring samples for
Mrs. Brooks? I told her we'd show her
the T-1000 --

Yasuko rolls her eyes, but scurries off to help.

SPENCER

The T-1000's the Terminator, dipshit.

Henry shrugs -- *so?* -- gives him a wicked grin.

HENRY

I think I'm going to let Olivia do dirty things to me.

(as Spencer snorts)

We both know she's dying to bat me around. I'm like a helpless little bunny...

SPENCER

...trapped in the body of a hairy beast of a man.

HENRY

Jealousy's an ugly emotion.

(beat; grinning)

We gonna pretend to play basketball tonight?

SPENCER

Can't. Dinner with Jen.

HENRY

You gotta blow her off every now and then -- keep her on her toes.

Spencer rolls his eyes and disappears into...

HIS OFFICE

...where he opens the PACKAGE Milo dropped off. He's taken aback when he sees what's inside -- a *BOOK* of *photographs of THE STATUE OF LIBERTY*.

Spencer opens the book -- sees the inscription -- "Come see me -- XOXO -- H."

Immediately tense, Spencer flips the pages. *Stops as he notices one with a light crease from where it's previously been folded.* He spots a light check mark beside a name in the text: RICHARD MORRIS HUNT.

Puzzled, he thinks a beat, then...turns back to the INSCRIPTION and taps Holbrook's XOXO.

He grabs a pencil -- *jots down XOXO* -- and we cut to...

INT. SECURE SOLUTIONS, INC. -- BREAK ROOM -- LATER

...Jen, entering with her lunch. Her friends LIZA, 29, super sweet, and KRISTEN, 35, jaded, wave her over.

LIZA
So?? How'd it go?

JEN
Too well. Nootbar's sending me to Omaha.

KRISTEN
Not the presentation -- Spencer's gift.
What'd he say about the trip?

JEN
Oh. That.
(sighing as she grabs a seat)
He wants to stay home and eat cobbler.

KRISTEN LIZA
What?! No vacation sex?! No Bora-Bora!?

JEN
Nope. And I have to miss his birthday
tomorrow to go to Omaha.

Liza gives her a sympathetic look as Kristen shakes her
head, still trying to process the vacation debacle.

KRISTEN
Who in their right mind turns down a
vacation like that?

JEN
You know Spence -- he's a homebody.

KRISTEN
How long have you two been married?
About three years?

Jen nods, a little worried, as Kristen shakes her head.

KRISTEN
See? That's your problem.

JEN
I have a problem?

KRISTEN
Everyone talks about the seven year itch,
but nobody mentions the three year snooze-

LIZA
Just ignore her, Jen --

KRISTEN

Hey! This is important information.

(to Jen)

People get complacent...relax...but you have to stay vigilant! Otherwise you're growing out your leg hair and wearing your fat jeans more than once a month --

Jen drops her sandwich, grossed out by the sight of it.

KRISTEN

-- and before you know it, he runs off with a Barbie who speaks six languages --

LIZA

Stop it! You're freaking her out.

KRISTEN

(pointed; ignoring Liza)

-- and one of those languages is sex.

Jen pushes aside her lunch, suddenly queasy, as Liza rolls her eyes and we cut to...

INT. BROOME DESIGN -- LATER

...Spencer, clutching a NERF basketball as he stares at the paper on his desk. We see the numbers he's scribbled down -- XXX as 30, X0XX as 1020 and 10020 -- plus the words Hunt St. and Morris Ave. Every combination of the numbers and streets has been crossed off but for one -- 1020 Morris Ave.

Concerned, he leans down and unlocks his bottom desk drawer...reaches for a folder at the back...and...extracts a GLOCK. Still leaning down, he checks the clip as --

MR. KORNFELD (O.S.)

Spencer?

Spencer's head snaps up -- oh shit. He's got a loaded gun in hand, and Mr. Kornfeld in his office.

SPENCER

Look at you! Standing there!

Spencer drops the gun in the drawer and kicks it closed.

MR. KORNFELD

Jen's tied up at work, and she said I have to do something nice for you for your birthday, so...here I am. I'm going to feed you.

Mr. Kornfeld tries his hardest to smile as does Spencer -- *neither one has much success.*

SPENCER

Wow! That is...*so* nice -- but I can grab something quick --

MR. KORNFELD

You'd prefer to eat alone?

Spencer shakes his head -- not exactly -- as Mr. Kornfeld spots the book and peers at it.

MR. KORNFELD

You a fan of Lady Liberty?

SPENCER

You could say that.

Spencer eyes the *paper* beside it -- worried Mr. Kornfeld will see his list of numbers. But it's worse as...

...Mr. Kornfeld opens the book and sees the INSCRIPTION.

MR. KORNFELD

Who's "H"?

As they lock eyes, Spencer opts to tell the truth.

SPENCER

Just my old boss. I think he's always hoping I'll come back to work.

MR. KORNFELD

He's sending you hugs and kisses?

SPENCER

I was *really* good at my job.

Skeptical, Mr. Kornfeld shuts the book and hands it back. He stares at Spencer, eyeing his jeans and sneakers.

MR. KORNFELD

I can't take you to dinner dressed like a street urchin.

Spencer swallows down his frustration, smiling wide.

SPENCER

Of course, Sir. I'll meet you out front
in a sec --

As Mr. Kornfeld exits, Spencer grabs the address, then
pulls the GLOCK from his desk and stows it in his
WAISTBAND. We cut off Spencer's tense face, to...

INT. SPENCER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

...that same look, as Spencer drives with Mr. Kornfeld
riding shotgun. Spencer checks his mirrors, on edge,
then tries to break the heavy silence --

SPENCER

How's the golf game, Sir?

MR. KORNFELD

Fine.

Mr. Kornfeld very deliberately leans forward and turns
the RADIO on. He's immediately blasted back, as --

PEACHES

(blaring at Volume 10)

What else in the teaches of peaches?...

Like sex on the beaches...Huh? What?

*Right. Uhh...Fuck the pain away. Fuck the
pain away --*

Spencer smacks at the dashboard, turning it off.

SPENCER

What is on the radio these days?

Spencer cringes as a CD slowly slides out of the stereo --
what indeed? Mr. Kornfeld sighs as we cut to...

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - NIGHT

...Spencer, parking in his driveway. He glances at the
house as he and Mr. Kornfeld hop out -- *it's dark --*
almost too dark. Keeping the truck as cover, Spencer
feels for the comfort of the Glock in his waistband.

MR. KORNFELD

What is with you kids?

(tramping forward)

Jen shouldn't be coming home to a dark
house -- it's not safe!

Spencer eyes the house, tense. Hustles across the lawn,
cutting Mr. Kornfeld off at the door.

SPENCER

I couldn't agree more, Sir --

Spencer opens the door -- careful to shield Mr. Kornfeld with his body -- pauses, Spidey senses tingling...

He glances at Mr. Kornfeld, worried -- not wanting to endanger him. Thinks a beat, then --

SPENCER

I locked the truck right?

MR. KORNFIELD

I'm not telepathic Spencer.

SPENCER

You know what -- I'm sure it's fine --

MR. KORNFIELD

Sometimes I think you and Jen live on Planet La La Rainbow.

(holding out his hand)

Gimme the damn keys.

Mr. Kornfeld heads back to the truck, muttering to himself, as Spencer slips inside, where...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

...it's quiet. *Very quiet.*

Spencer moves toward the living room, hand grasping his Glock behind his back just in case. He pushes open the door and stands back a beat before pushing into DARKNESS.

TWO DOZEN VOICES

SUUUURRRRPPPRRRRIIIIIIISSSSSEEEE!!!!

Lights come on. Jen is there, surrounded by DOZENS OF GUESTS, friends and neighbors, including MR. STAFFORD and his WIFE, HENRY, MANUEL, and many OTHER COUPLES from the neighborhood we haven't met yet: the BAILEYS (MAC and LILY), the DENHAMS (PETE and JILLIAN), the MCDONALDS (HALE and MAGGIE), etc...

JEN

I promised not to throw you a party on your --

SPENCER

-- birthday, very cute.

He smiles, slightly distracted as he discreetly releases his Glock and pulls his t-shirt down, then jumps as...

...Mr. Kornfeld claps him on the back.

MR. KORNFELD

Not what you were expecting, right?

Before Spencer can respond, Jen jumps in to hug her Dad.

JEN

Good job! You should've seen his face!

MR. KORNFELD

I bet.

Mr. Kornfeld gives him a smug smile, then hugs Jen.

MR. KORNFELD

Why don't we find your Mom before I lose you to the party?

JEN

I'll be back in a sec, Sweetie --

Jen gives Spence a big hug and kiss. Her arms are around him near the gun...an inch lower and she'll feel it...

...so he twists out of her embrace and spins her toward her Dad. She gives Spencer a funny look as her Dad leads her off...and all the attendees start to mingle, some heading to the bar and others snooping about like neighbors do.

CUT TO:

A MONTAGE OF THE PARTY

MUSIC PLAYS as people chat and snack and gossip. The BIRTHDAY CAKE'S front and center, looking good.

Upstairs, Spencer stashes his Glock beneath his socks in a dresser drawer, still pre-occupied.

Downstairs, he returns to the party, kisses Jen and gives Mrs. Kornfeld a warm hug.

MRS. KORNFELD

Sweetheart! I was telling Jen that you'll have to come over tomorrow -- we can't have you spending your birthday alone!

Spencer fakes a smile as he sees Mr. Kornfeld coming.

SPENCER

...great. Um, 'scuse me for a sec -- I'm just gonna grab a drink --

Jen blinks, a little hurt that he's ditching her, as he ducks outside, into...

...the BACKYARD, where Henry's in the jacuzzi, chatting up a PRETTY GIRL as she dangles her feet in the water.

PRETTY GIRL

-- but I didn't bring a suit.

HENRY

Hmmm. I'm pretty modest, but this *is* the Hal 9000 -- the most hydrating jacuzzi on the market -- so you *have* to try it --

Spencer shakes his head as he passes by -- *Hal 9000?! --* but Henry just grins -- *he has no shame.*

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jen checks to see how the food's holding up. Watches, curious, as her Mom hugs Jen's neighbor, BECKY, 33, in a twin-set and pearls, then points her toward the bar. Her Mom spots Jen and bustles over with a *holy shit* look.

MRS. KORNFELD

Becky and Tim just split up --

JEN

No way! They're Mr. and Mrs. Perfect.

MRS. KORNFELD

Apparently he wasn't being "nurtured" by the relationship anymore and he had to leave if he was going to continue to evolve, emotionally and spiritually. Of course, since he left her for the club's new golf pro -- *Ron* -- I have my doubts about that explanation.

JEN

Oh my God -- that's awful. Is she okay?

MRS. KORNFELD

She said she was fully medicated, then asked me to point her to the bar, so...

Mrs. Kornfeld wrinkles her nose as she and Jen see Becky knock back a shot. Jen notices Spencer behind Becky -- *he still seems tense and distracted*. But as Spencer catches Jen's eye, he rearranges his face in a smile and waves. She smiles back, but not without a beat of worry.

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Jen's neighbors JACKIE and DOUGIE VOLLERO are walking their poodles when they notice the party going on inside.

DOUGIE VOLLERO
Sweetpea, did we get an invitation to a party tonight?

JACKIE VOLLERO
(ticked)
No.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Liza (from Jen's office), refreshes the chip bowl as Jen noshes straight from the bag --

JEN
-- I just hope it was a *good* surprise --
he seems a little distracted...

LIZA
Well, he wasn't expecting a house full of people -- cut him some slack...

JEN
Do you think Kristen could be right about the three year thing? I mean, you'd tell me right? You wouldn't sugar coat it?
(her anxiety growing)
Because with things like that it's better to know -- and even though my legs aren't hairy, I've *totally* been wearing my fat jeans for the past two weeks -- which may be why he'd rather make labels and eat cobbler than go on vacation with me. Plus poor Becky Carmichael's husband just left her for a *dude* --

LIZA
Are you already drunk?

Liza confiscates the bag of chips as Jen groans.

JEN

Ugh. What's wrong with me? I'm totally spazzing out.

(beat; deep breath)

But seriously, you'd tell me if something was wrong? Don't let me be Becky--

LIZA

Stop it! Nothing's wrong. And Becky's a doll, but she's very... vanilla --

JEN

I'm totally vanilla! Ask anyone!

LIZA

(hugging her)

No. You're like Rum Raisin, or Chocolate Chip -- a vanilla base, but there's some exciting stuff mixed in --

JEN

I hate Rum Raisin.

Kristen enters and gives them a curious look as she grabs a beer from the fridge.

KRISTEN

What's with you two?

LIZA

You got her all freaked out at lunch.

Kristen rolls her eyes and points her beer at Jen.

KRISTEN

You guys still having sex?

JEN

All the time.

KRISTEN

(popping open the beer)

Your marriage is fine.

As Kristen strolls out, Liza shoots Jen a look -- *Kristen might have a point.*

BACK TO THE PARTY

Spencer blows out candles on the cake Jen picked up from the supermarket bakery.

Flutes of champagne are passed around for a toast. As Spencer kisses Jen in front of everyone Kristen catches Liza's eye -- *told you*.

CUT TO:

LATER, as it wraps up, the last guests filing out, Spencer and Jen seeing them off at the front door. They shut it and turn to their living room: it's a mess.

SPENCER
(kisses her)
You head up and start packing. I'll put
the house to bed.

GOING FROM DOOR TO DOOR AND WINDOW TO WINDOW

Spencer makes sure the house is secure, probing the night for signs of danger. Nothing. A SOUND makes him spin to find --

-- Henry, passed out on a couch, drunk. Spencer covers his architect with a blanket.

SPENCER
G'night, you big lush.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/BATH - CONTINUOUS

Jen's meticulously rolling each item of clothing for her trip as Spencer blows by her, distracted.

JEN
Hey...is something wrong?

SPENCER
(covering, badly)
No. Of course not.

JEN
Are you sure? I mean, is everything
okay...with us?

SPENCER
You're kidding, right?

Spencer moves in, kisses her. She smiles, sexy --

JEN
Maybe I can skip the Patented Kornfeld
Packing Method just this once --

Noting the UNLOCKED WINDOWS, Spencer slips out of the embrace --

SPENCER
 You should keep going. Your flight's
 pretty early tomorrow.

Jen nods, slightly disconcerted, as he locks the windows,
 then heads for the bathroom -- *did he just turn down sex?*

LATER, they're in bed, LIGHTS OFF.

Wide awake, Jen leans over to see if Spencer's sleeping.
 His eyes are closed, so she gently pokes his head -- no
 reaction. She sighs, flops back down, and as she does,
 Spencer opens one eye -- *still on alert.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

HENRY BLINKING AWAKE, on the downstairs couch, sunlight
 streaming in through a window. His head spins.

HENRY
 Where the hell am I...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/BATH - DAY

Spence steps out of the shower and towels off. He
 glances out the window: nothing seems awry outside.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Very hungover, Henry watches the coffee brew as Jen rolls
 her BAG to the door, urged on by Spencer.

SPENCER
 -- c'mon, Honey -- show some hustle --

JEN
 Spence, relax. I've got time. There's
 no rush --

THPPPPPT!!! She and Spencer glance over at the COFFEE
 POT -- it's splurting diarrhetically as Henry frowns.

HENRY
 Jen? Why does your coffee look like it
 spent the weekend in Cabo?

JEN
 You remember to use a filter?

Henry drops his head -- *oops* -- as Spencer grabs Jen's bag and muscles it out the door.

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer scans the lawn as Jen follows him to her car.

JEN

-- I'm so sorry I'm missing your birthday. I feel terrible --

SPENCER

Don't worry --

(popping the trunk)

-- I'll have another one next year.

He tosses her bag in, slams the trunk, and opens her door in one fluid movement, trying to get her inside.

JEN

Hang on -- you need a birthday kiss.

She yanks him forward -- *determined to give him the best kiss ever*. As she plants one on him, Spencer keeps his eyes open, looking for trouble. After a few seconds, he breaks it off and pushes her into the car.

SPENCER

Okay, Champ! Go get 'em! I'll see ya in a few days --

He backs up, eyes still flitting over the street, then turns and jogs back to the house as she starts the car.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Henry's staring at the coffee-maker as Spencer returns. Nothing is brewing, and smoke's coming up from the pot.

SPENCER

You remember to put water in?

HENRY

(sighing)

I did the first time.

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME -- CONTINUOUS

Jen's just pulling out of the driveway when she spots JACKIE VOLLERO, her annoying next door neighbor, waving for Jen to stop. Grudgingly, she slows the car and rolls down the window as Jackie trots over and leans down.

JACKIE VOLLERO

Hi there! You're up early for a party animal.

JEN

I'm actually headed to the airport--

JACKIE VOLLERO

My Dougie says it's a good thing we're such sound sleepers. A lot of other people might've had an issue with all that noise --

Annoyed, Jen lightens the pressure on the brakes so the car starts rolling forward -- forcing Jackie to keep moving as she talks.

JACKIE VOLLERO

Anyhoo, Dougie wants to talk to Spence about this fence-on-the-property-line brouhaha we're having. We don't want to bring lawyers into it anymore than you do, but we're quite sure our new fence is not on your land. You understand.

JEN

Perfectly. But you'll have to take it up with Spence. You understand.

With a smile, Jen guns it, leaving Jackie in the dust.

EXT. ATLANTA AIRPORT -- DAY

Jen drags her bag towards the entrance, navigating the CROWD. She spots a big TOUR GROUP entering just ahead of her and sighs -- *uh oh*.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Coffee's made at last. As Spencer pours, a PHONE CHIMES.

SPENCER

(hoping it might be Holbrook)
Is that yours or --

HENRY

(he checks the text)
Mine.

Spencer, a lot on his mind, fills two mugs, hands one to Henry, who seems suddenly preoccupied, too.

SPENCER
Everything alright?

HENRY
(eyes never leaving his text)
You have any milk?

Spencer goes to the fridge, looks for it.

SPENCER
Just skim. We have lowfat yogurt if you
want, you could mix the two togeth --

And when Spencer shuts the fridge, HENRY ATTACKS HIM,
butcher knife in his right, and only by reflex does
Spence dodge his first swipe, reeling back, bewildered --

-- and there's no time for questions because Henry's got
a second blade in his left hand and now that's thrusting
at Spencer but he manages to deflect it --

-- and this attack continues, unrelentingly, Spencer
backpedaling and weaving, Henry ferocious in his offense,
until Spencer commandeers a carving fork and rolls over
the kitchen counter (still barefoot, by the way).

As both men take a breath:

SPENCER
What the hell, Henry?

HENRY
(dropping his hands to his
side, laughing)
Oh man, you should've seen your face.
You just about shat your --

And he flings a blade at Spencer who barely dodges it.
He retreats into --

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- which is still a sty from the night before, so when
Spencer and Henry bring the fight in here, kicking
ottomans and overturning lamps, it doesn't make a huge
difference to the room's appearance.

The first thing Spencer does is seek out the knife he
used to cut his birthday cake. It's now his frosting-
covered blade and carving fork against Henry's bowie.

SPENCER
What are you doing, Henry?

HENRY
Killing you, buddy.

They clash again, and retreat again.

SPENCER
Did someone get to you?

HENRY
Oh, it's much worse than that.

Spencer remembers his Glock upstairs. He feints to the front door, then leaps over a couch toward the staircase, ducking under another blade thrown. Unfortunately, he has to double-back going upstairs and Henry bulldozes his arm through the banister to catch his legs. Spencer falls.

HENRY
Whatcha going for, Spence? You got a gun up here or something?

Spencer, on his back, looks upside down past his bedroom door to the dresser where, yes indeed, his Glock resides. As he's pulled away from it and back down the stairs, he manages to lodge his carving fork into Henry's thigh. Henry growls in pain and clocks Spencer so hard he falls up the staircase.

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT -- CONTINUOUS

Jen waits in line to check in, the TOUR GROUP ahead of her. *This could take a while.* Bored, she checks out her fellow TRAVELERS...there's a --

-- TIRED BUSINESSMAN a few paces ahead of her, weighed down by his laptop --

-- a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, trying desperately to catch the Businessman's eye and flirt with him --

-- TWO MEN, holding hands, clearly a happy couple --

-- and a NOT-SO-HAPPY-COUPLE with a SCREAMING BABY, arguing over who forgot to pack the diapers.

And all of a sudden, it's just too much...she's light-headed, and a little sick to her stomach...

She takes a deep breath, trying to regroup, as the line moves forward. She thinks a beat, staring at the gap in the line ahead of her, then grabs her bag as we cut to...

INT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - 2ND FLOOR LANDING - DAY

...Spencer and Henry, now in a death struggle, grappling, weaponless...for all of Spencer's quickness, he's no match to Henry's size, and soon Henry's suffocating him in a death-squeeze from behind.

Spencer's move of last resort is to kick at the carving fork still protruding from Henry's thigh and the pain causes Henry to pivot and his pivot allows Spencer to kick both his feet up and --

-- launch off against a wall, vaulting both himself and Henry backward and through a second-story window --

-- CRASH! --

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

-- and they roll over a brief stretch of roof before plummeting --

-- down onto a patio umbrella first, then a chaise --

-- and the landing at last causes Henry to release Spencer from his deathgrip, and Spencer thanks him for it with a kick to the face. Henry half-falls into the jacuzzi but quickly rebounds, shattering one of last night's beer bottles.

It's hand-to-hand combat now, poolside. Meanwhile --

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - FRONT - CONTINUOUS

Oblivious to what's happening in the back, Jen murmurs to herself as she opens the front door.

JEN

...Be the rum raisin...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She looks around at the post-party pigsty; Henry's knife lodged in a wall is hidden from her by a lamp shade.

JEN

Surprise! I'm back!!

(beat)

Spence?

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

He's busy right now, holding Henry off with the pool skimmer. It's Douglas vs. Strode in *Spartacus*.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jen looks for Spencer here, too. She sees the milk dropped on the floor.

JEN

Henry...

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Spencer swings at Henry, once, twice, but the third time Henry grasps the skimmer and rips it from Spencer's hands, far stronger than he is.

They're face-to-face now, Henry clutching Spencer's shirt and swinging him like a ragdoll, Spencer drubbing Henry's midsection with his fists, and then gravity wins the day and they both reel together toward a French door --

INT. DEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and just as Jen checks in here for Spencer, both he and Henry CRASH through glass and wood and land sprawling in the center of the room.

JEN

-- AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!!! --

Spencer's quicker to rebound here and he manages to get a headlock on Henry. It won't last for long, he knows.

JEN

Spence, what are you doing?!

SPENCER

Jen...honey...I need you to get something for me.

JEN

Let go -- you're hurting him!!

SPENCER

Shh-sh-sh. Upstairs. In my dresser. Sock drawer. Scrounge around. There's a Glock nine-millimeter.

(she's totally blank)

It's a *GUN*. Go get it. Now.

That snaps her into action. She goes.

IN QUICK CUTS: Jen flees upstairs, adrenaline pumping as she sees the wreckage to her house; Spencer hangs onto Henry, but just barely; Jen goes through Spencer's sock drawer, finds the Glock 9mm, gasps, picks it up like a soiled diaper.

SPENCER
(downstairs, losing his grip)
Jen! I need you to hurry!

Jen hustles back downstairs and re-enters the den.

SPENCER
Good job, honey. Now what I want you to do...is shoot him.

JEN
What?!

Spencer's gambit works; Henry's attention diverts to Jen--

HENRY
He's gone crazy! It's a psychotic break--

Spencer shifts his grip -- grabbing Henry's hair -- angling for leverage --

SPENCER
Go ahead, Sweetie, shoot --

To Spencer's great surprise, Jen FIRES the gun!! Both men holler, freaking out -- *but the shot's gone way wide.*

SPENCER
What're you DOING?!

Spencer slams Henry's FACE into the FLOOR, knocking him out. His nose faucets blood as Spencer hops up --

JEN
You *said* shoot!

SPENCER
(grabbing the gun)
I didn't think you'd actually do it!

JEN
But he was really hurting you!

Spencer eyes Henry, then hugs her. *She has a point.*

SPENCER

I'm sorry. You're right. Thank you for shooting him.

JEN

Oh my God. I shot a gun. At *Henry*.

Spencer grabs her as her knees buckle, and we cut to...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

HENRY DUCT TAPED TO a comfy chair, gives Spencer a bloody smile as Jen enters, dazed, with a bottle of MAALOX.

HENRY

-- sorry for bleeding on your chair.
You just got it reupholstered, right?

SPENCER

Shut up.

Spencer gestures for Jen to come stand behind him, and she does. Then, as evenly as she can, she asks:

JEN

Spence? What's happening?

SPENCER

I'm about to find out, Hon.
(aiming the Glock at Henry)
Explain. Now.

Henry's fucked and he knows it. He shrugs.

HENRY

Look, I don't know who or what you are,
though after our little dance I have a
pretty good idea. What I do know is:
someone wants you dead.

Jen reacts: *what?!* Spencer realizes 1) his old life has caught up to him and 2) he's going to have to come clean to Jen very soon. But not yet.

SPENCER

You're under contract?

HENRY

Buddy, I've been under contract the last three years. Ever since I moved into this suburban shithole.

JEN

Ohmigod, Spence -- I know what this is --
 (beat; to Henry)
 Did you get involved with the mafia,
 Henry? Are mobsters shaking you down?

SPENCER

Honey...let me handle this --
 (to Henry)
 Who set it up?

HENRY

(he shrugs)
 You know the drill. A dead drop with a
 name and address. This one came with a
 stipulation: get close, wait for a
 greenlight. There was a monthly stipend
 attached so I didn't mind so much. But
 the real draw was the termination payout.
 (as Spencer tenses)
 You've got a twenty million dollar bounty
 on your head.

Gun still trained on Henry, Spencer steps --

INTO THE KITCHEN

-- and grabs Henry's CELL PHONE. He reads the TEXT: "*You are GO on Broome.*"

JEN

Spence!!

SPENCER

It's okay, Honey. Hang in there --

JEN

How is this okay?!

Jen stands in the kitchen doorway, between him and Henry.
 Spencer gently draws her aside, out of his firing line.

SPENCER

I'll explain, but not right now --

JEN

No. Right now.

She means it. Means it means it. Spencer gestures to
 Henry (*I'll deal with you in a moment*) then turns to her.

SPENCER

Back when we first met, when I said I was
in hotel development? That was --

JEN

-- a *lie*?

She pales as he pauses, thinking how to put it, as --

DING-DONG! *It's the front door.*

Spencer and Jen freeze -- *oh shit* -- then scramble back
toward Henry...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spencer signals Jen: *don't move or speak.* They wait.

HENRY

(whispering)

That's right. Be very quiet, maybe the
other assassins will go away.

Jen and Spencer whip around -- *other assassins?*

HENRY

(softly)

Twenty million buys a *lot* of patience.

DING-DONG! Jen's close to the door and she tip-toes up
to it. Spencer scowls -- whispers to her, forceful.

SPENCER

Back up...

She waves him off. Quiet as a mouse, she peers through
the door's peephole.

HER POV: it's Jackie Vollero. She whispers to Spencer:

JEN

It's Jackie Vollero.

SPENCER

The bitch next door?

JEN

She wants to talk about the property
line.

HENRY
Or kill you.
(off their looks)
Sorry.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK!

JEN
What do we do?

SPENCER
We go. Now. Through the garage.

JEN
What about...?
(she indicates Henry)
Can we leave him like this?

SPENCER
No.

All business, Spencer yanks Henry's knife from the wall.
Jen realizes what Spencer has in mind. So does Henry.

HENRY
C'mon, Spence. We had some good times..

JEN
Spence...we can't.

SPENCER
Otherwise he'll come after us.

JEN
But he's our friend!

SPENCER
No. He's a liar.

Spencer draws down on Henry, blade at the ready; he knows the world he lives in. But then -- PHHHT! -- a REAR WINDOW SHATTERS and a framed picture by Spencer's head FRACTURES. He ducks/spins as --

-- PHHT! PHHT! PHHT! More windows looking out onto the backyard SHATTER and more bulletholes pierce the living room interior.

Someone's in the backyard with a silenced rifle!

No time to kill Henry. Spencer races across the living room as PHHT-PHHT-PHHT!

more SHOTS puncture exterior windows and barely miss him. He grabs Jen from the foyer and hustles her into --

INT. THE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

-- where they pile into his "Broome Design" truck.

EXT. SPENCER & JEN'S HOME - FRONT

Jackie Vollero knocks once more at the front door when she hears the GARAGE DOOR OPENING nearby. She steps out onto the front lawn to look --

-- and before the door has risen halfway, Spencer's truck comes barreling through it -- CRASH! Spencer reverses like a madman, Jen in the passenger seat --

JACKIE VOLLERO
Jen?! Everything alright?!

-- and as they shoot past her, Jen reflexively waves.

SPENCER
She holding anything?

JEN
I can't tell!

They whip around Jen's sedan in the driveway, take out some shrubs, then hit the street SCREECHING. Spencer brakes/shifts/guns it. They're away.

IN THE TRUCK AS THEY TEAR DOWN THE STREET

Spencer doesn't let up on the gas as they approach old Mr. Stafford, waving from his front lawn.

MR. STAFFORD
What about my gutters?

They blow right past him.

BACK IN FRONT OF SPENCER & JEN'S HOME

Jackie Vollero remains on their front stoop, watching them go (*whether she's pissed because they evaded her as a neighbor or as an assassin is impossible to tell*), when Henry bolts outside, his knife in hand, duct tape still on his wrists and ankles. He jogs past her --

HENRY
Morning.

-- straight to his car, a second-hand Trans Am, parked overnight on the street. He's giving chase.

EXT. THE ROAD OUT OF NEW EALING (PHASE I) - DAY

Spencer drives, pre-occupied with their next move; he turns suddenly, a destination in mind, and Jen screams as they almost hit a MAILBOX.

JEN

Stop the car! Stop it NOW!! I'm getting out!!!

Spencer grabs her as she tries to undo her seatbelt --

SPENCER

Jen -- don't be crazy -- calm down --

JEN

Are you KIDDING me?!? I don't even know who the hell you are!

SPENCER

I'm the same guy you married -- I just have a different resume --

JEN

(reaching for the door)

Who do you work for?! Tell me right now or I swear I'm jumping out of this car!!

SPENCER

Sweetie, I can't tell you --

(as she grabs the handle)

-- if I tell you, it'll be legal to kill me and you, okay!? Let's just say I worked for the...Blah-Blah-Blah and they gave me license to blah.

JEN

You were a killer?!

SPENCER

That was never my primary directive.

(guilty)

But the necessity did arise once in a while.

JEN

I can't breathe -- I need air --

Jen hyperventilates as Spencer tries to calm her.

SPENCER

I was a good guy, know that. Everything
I did was for the U.S. of A--

JEN

Is Spencer even your name? Is that a lie
too?

(beat; panicked)

Ohmigod -- are we even married? *Please*
tell me I'm not just some cover!!

SPENCER

Sweetie, please! We are *so* married. I
swear. France was my final job --

(as her eyes widen)

-- I gave it up because I fell for you!

JEN

(screaming as he turns
sharply)

Where are you taking me??

SPENCER

We're going to see my handler -- he'll
know what to do --

Spencer hollers as Jen starts whacking him --

SPENCER

Ow! Quit it!

JEN

If you're OUT, why do you have a
handler?!

SPENCER

I got a package yesterday -- I thought he
wanted to reactivate me, but it might've
been a warning --

JEN

You think?!

Spencer frowns as he glances in the REARVIEW MIRROR. He
reaches for something in his cupholder --

SPENCER

Honey...spread your legs --

JEN

Now? Here?!

SPENCER
HONEY! Spread them!!! NOW!!

Jen's eyes widen as Spencer pulls a KNIFE out of the cup-holder. Screaming, she spreads her legs just as he --

-- DRIVES the knife into her seat. He slices through the seat fabric, reaches in, and --

-- *pulls out an Colt .45.* As Jen screams, Spencer makes a sharp turn and floors it. She spins in her seat just in time to see Henry's Trans-Am behind them.

INT. HENRY'S TRANS-AM - CONTINUOUS

As Henry gains on them, he folds/pushes forward his passenger seat to reveal a SEMI-AUTOMATIC MACHINE GUN tucked beneath.

UP AHEAD, IN THE "BROOME DESIGN" TRUCK

Jen ducks and Spencer cuts the wheel hard to enter --

EXT. A PHASE II CONSTRUCTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Deserted because 1) it's unfinished and 2) it's Saturday so even the construction crew is gone. Spencer pulls behind the skeleton of a two-story home and skids to a stop. He reaches across Jen to open her door.

SPENCER
Hide.
(she pauses; shell-shocked)
Now.

His tone jolts her into moving and she scrambles out.

JEN
You're coming back, right?

SPENCER
Probably.

She yelps with surprise as he slaps his GLOCK in her hands --

SPENCER
Take this, just in case.

Jen backs up as he hits the gas, then flees into the construction area.

What follows is a DIRTYARD BULLFIGHT between Spencer's truck and Henry's Trans Am. Spencer plays toreador, hiding, then baiting Henry's bull into attack; trading and dodging bullets all the while. Until...

...Spencer's out of BULLETS.

Jen watches (through her fingers) from a glassless window on a second floor as Henry really lets loose -- his bullets chewing up Spencer's truck, flattening his tires and remodeling every inch of its exterior.

Then, just when Henry looks to have him dead-and-buried --

-- Spencer guns his truck in reverse, pushing Henry's Trans Am sideways and straight into --

-- a dug-but-unconcreted swimming pool. It topples into the deep end and lodges there on its roof.

A second passes and the passenger door kicks open -- only a couple feet. Henry wiggles his head and arms out but can't pull his whole body through. He looks up as Spencer appears at the pool's edge.

HENRY

I'm stuck.

SPENCER

I know.

(then)

Sorry about this, Buddy --

Henry gulps as Spencer disappears from the pool's edge. He tries again to free himself from the Trans-Am. Stops when he hears an INDUSTRIAL ENGINE starting up. *Uh-oh*.

HENRY

Spencer?!!

A WIDER ANGLE: Spencer is driving a CONSTRUCTION-SITE BULLDOZER straight for the pool's edge.

From above, Jen sees this, too: *is he really going to...?*

Yes, he is. Spencer aims the dozer, then steps off, preceding it on foot to the pool's edge. He looks down at Henry, stuck, and waves bye-bye.

HENRY

Sonovabitch.

Spencer steps away. Henry desperately tries to squeeze out. Above him, the bulldozer creeps over the horizon and begins to tip.

HENRY

Spence-ARRRR!!!

MOVING WITH SPENCER as he walks away, the bulldozer disappearing into the pool behind him, drowning out Henry before it crushes him to death.

Spencer appears below Jen's window.

JEN

Is he...?

He nods. She absorbs this a moment: there's a difference between learning your husband used to be a spy and knowing he just killed a man. She hesitates a moment, then makes her way down --

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER, they leave the site on foot -- Spencer careful to keep her on the inside of the sidewalk -- he'll be a clean target if someone shoots from a CAR. He checks the SIGN at the corner -- *Morris Avenue* -- starts walking, but Jen doesn't budge. He grabs her --

SPENCER

Jen...c'mon -- we have to keep moving.

JEN

(shaking him off)

I'm not going anywhere until you *talk*.

He thinks a beat, then talks as he gets her moving.

SPENCER

I was recruited freshman year in college. These "organizations," they're like baseball teams, they send out scouts...

JEN

But why you?

SPENCER

They have a profile: risk takers, not rule breakers...independent people, science and language backgrounds. My parents had both passed, so I had no family...I was jock and bio-chem major --

JEN

All that science geek stuff was true?

Jen's a little (*teeny-tiny*) bit mollified as he nods yes.

SPENCER

One day Holbrook approached me after class, asked if I wanted to get a beer. Later, he became my handler --

JEN

So he's like your "M"?
(as Spencer rolls his eyes)
What?

SPENCER

It's just... When you're in the trade, you get tired of references to...you know. It's a very inauthentic, glamorized depiction of the life --

JEN

-- you mean the *killing*.

Spencer looks away, uncomfortable.

JEN

How many people, Spencer?

SPENCER

Jen --

JEN

I need to know who I married. How many?

Spencer hesitates, wondering if she can handle it. She stares at him, insistent -- *he's not getting out of this*.

SPENCER

Eleven...

Slightly green, Jen leans over, breathing deep. Guilty, he tries to explain --

SPENCER

As far as I know, they were all bad guys. Enemies of the state. But...it was getting harder and harder to tell what that even meant. I hated living in a world where anyone could be on any side at any time. That's why I got out -- that, and meeting you.

I quit the day I realized I was in love
with you and I've *never* looked back...

He's hurt as Jen turns away -- *unsure how to respond*.

JEN

What do we do now?

SPENCER

Maybe some couples' counseling? Or we
could renew our vows --

JEN

I mean *right now*. I'd like to stay alive
long enough to figure out whether I'm
going to divorce you --

Spencer's jaw drops as Jen JAYWALKS across the street.
He waits for a CAR to pass, then chases after her.

SPENCER

I can't believe you just said the D-word!

JEN

Well, I can't believe you're a spy.
Who's killed people.

Yeah. She wins.

SPENCER

Sooner or later, we're going to have to
find a way to get past all this --

JEN

Get past it?! It's still happening!
(looking around, frustrated)
Where are we even going?

Spencer points down the block at a BUDGET MOTEL...

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL -- PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Spencer and Jen stand flush to the Motel wall staring
across the lot at a WHITE CAR with a BASEBALL CAP in the
back window. It's parked in front of ROOM 4.

SPENCER

The hat's Holbrook's signal. Trouble.

He pulls out his Glock. Checks the clip.

JEN

What's the signal for everything's peachy
and you're gonna be safe from now on?

SPENCER

I thought it was when he sent a wedding
gift.

Spencer points at Room 6 --

SPENCER

Always two to the left.

He's about to move forward when --

Jen's CELL PHONE rings, playing "My Way" --

Jen fumbles for the phone, rueful --

JEN

It's my Dad. Should I get it?

Spencer gives her a look -- *are you fucking kidding?!*
Sheepish, she puts the phone on SILENT.

They take a step forward, and Spencer's phone rings,
playing the Black Eyed Peas "*Shut Up*" --

JEN

You said you were going to change that.

She gives him a dark look -- it's one more infraction --
as he grimaces -- *oops* -- and puts his phone to SILENT.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - GOLF VERANDA -- CONTINUOUS

Mr. Kornfeld flips his phone closed, worried, as Mrs.
Kornfeld hands him an Arnold Palmer.

MRS. KORNFELD

Sweetheart, relax. It's a little early
to check on Spencer...and Jen's probably
just getting settled at the hotel.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL -- CONTINUOUS

Spencer signals for Jen to stand aside before he raps on
Holbrook's door.

SPENCER
Check-out time, Mr. Holbrook.

JEN
(checking her watch)
It's only nine.
(then she gets it)
It's a password. Sorry.

Spencer knocks again. No answer. With little trouble, he jimmies the lock and opens the door --

SPENCER
Stay here until I clear the room.

He enters as Jen waits...for all of a second. Then, scared and anxious, she scurries inside --

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- to find Spencer standing at the bed, eyes fixed on the bed, and she looks and WE LOOK with her, only for a QUICK GLIMPSE, at --

-- Holbrook, atop it, in his undershirt and shorts, bruised, beaten and...DEAD. Jen turns away in horror.

CUT TO:

LATER -- Jen sits in a corner, trying not to look at Holbrook's body, a bedsheet now drawn over him. Spencer brings her a glass of water; sees she's shaking.

SPENCER
That's the adrenaline -- it'll stop in a little bit.

Jen looks at him, sad and overwhelmed.

JEN
I can't stay in here, Spence --

SPENCER
I know. Just give me a sec --

He glances again at his late mentor, eyes full of pain, then around the whole room, ransacked. He searches it anyway, looking for a clue, a message, something.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Spencer continues his search -- checking the showerhead ...sink...toilet...*there's nothing.*

BACK IN THE ROOM

Grim, Spencer checks Holbrook's personal items on the dresser: wallet, car keys, watch, room key...He opens the wallet -- pulls out credit cards, some stray bills --

JEN

You checked that already --

She's right. He tosses the wallet back, still staring at Holbrook's possessions -- *something's nagging at him.*

SPENCER

I'm missing something. I know it.

JEN

Keys...wallet...watch...it's all here.

Spencer's eyes flit back to the watch: *luxe, oversize, gold...* He picks it up...flips it over...examining it...

SPENCER

The watch. It's wrong.

(off her look)

Holbrook never stood out. No labels.

Nothing to get noticed.

JEN

It might be a little flashy --

SPENCER

Fitting for...*a flash drive.*

And he's right -- *the watch contains a tiny flash drive that pops out of the side.* Jen looks at it, amazed -- but also apprehensive -- *not sure finding a clue is necessarily a good thing.* He pops the drive back in and straps Holbrook's watch on.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer's on high alert -- looking everywhere for signs of trouble -- as he and Jen hurry across the parking lot.

SPENCER

-- we're going to get a car. You'll drive south to Florida, then take the 10 to Pensacola --

JEN

That's crazy! We can't just go on the lam like we're Bonnie and Clyde --

SPENCER

Not we. You. I'm a liability --

Jen gasps as Spencer pulls her across the street toward --

A SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT

-- where he scopes out the parked CARS.

SPENCER

When you get to Pensacola, I've got a friend there -- a *real* friend, not like Henry -- her name's Amanda -- she can protect you --

JEN

Didn't you date an *Amanda*?

Spencer gives her a guilty look, and Jen throws her hands up, exasperated.

JEN

Perfect. She's probably some super hot spy chick who keeps grenades in her bra and nunchuks in her purse.

SPENCER

Your grenades are much bigger than hers.

Jen gives him a warning look as he pulls her across the lot.

SPENCER

Whoever set this up was patient enough to embed Henry -- and god knows who else -- in my life --

JEN

Our life.

He pauses -- *she's right, but it's not that simple...*

Jen frowns as he stops by an AUDI and crouches down.

JEN

What're you doing?

SPENCER

Stealing a car for you.
(waving her closer)
C'mere -- get down --

JEN

No way!

Jen backs up, shaking her head --

SPENCER

After everything that's happened today,
you're freaking out about stealing a car?

JEN

All that other stuff was, you know --
kill or be killed. This is just...*theft*.

She turns and starts walking away. Frustrated, Spencer
pops up and hurries after her --

SPENCER

Where are you even going?

JEN

I'm getting out of here -- going to my
parents -

SPENCER

No, no, no, no, NO.

(stopping her)

I did this for a living, remember? We
don't need your parents telling us what
to do.

JEN

Actually, we do. Because your plan --
where I drive some stolen car to Florida,
all by myself -- *is horrible!*

SPENCER

You always have to rope them in.

JEN

What'd you just say?

SPENCER

We've been married for three years and
never been more than five minutes away
from your parents. Do you know what
that's been like for me? They're always
over, always giving their two cents --
and your Dad, ugh --

(imitating Mr. Kornfeld)

-- "this is how we Kornfelds load the dishwasher, Spence..." -- "mow the lawn clockwise, that's the Kornfeld way..." -- "Shove a lump of coal up your keister and squeeze real tight like we do and you'll get a Kornfeld diamond!" --

JEN

Hey! You're talking about my parents!

SPENCER

And I'm your husband! *What happens when we have a kid of our own?*

Jen stares at him for a long beat -- *understanding dawning on her* --

JEN

A kid...

Stunned, she bends out of frame and PUKES.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jen marches toward the store as Spencer follows her.

SPENCER

-- c'mon -- stop. I take it back. I love your parents. I'm sending them a mental hug --

Ignoring him, Jen yanks the door open. Spencer groans, then chases her in --

INT. SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

-- and tries to keep up as she books through the produce section.

SPENCER

Where are you going?

JEN

Think about it, Spence. My emotions are all over the place and I'm picking up smells that half the K-9 unit would miss. Plus I pretty much wanna throw up every time I breathe --

SPENCER

It's been a stressful day --

JEN
Explain these.

She gestures to her BOOBS as Spencer cocks his head, confused.

SPENCER
Aren't they always that big?

Jen shoots him a look -- *you wish*. She barrels off as --

PETE DENHAM (O.S.)
Hey, Spence! Wassup?!

Spencer spins, immediately on guard, as his neighbor, PETE DENHAM approaches.

PETE DENHAM
You guys save a little steam for the block party? 'Cause we were thinking we'd have people over before and I'd make my famous crab cakes...

Spencer's hand goes to his GLOCK, and he stays on the move, keeping the fruit and veggies between them.

SPENCER
Sorry, Pete. Tonight's not the night.

PETE DENHAM
You sure? I might even whip up some homemade tartar if I get a wild hair --

Spencer glances around -- the store's full of shoppers, MOMS and KIDS everywhere -- but he's lost sight of Jen. And Pete's still approaching. *Not good*. He snaps --

SPENCER
Pete! We live in Georgia, not Maryland. Call me when you learn to fry some fucking chicken, okay?

Pete's jaw drops as Spencer turns and sprints off to search for Jen.

He sees standing at the end of an AISLE; chases her down, breathless.

SPENCER
You can't run off like that! It makes it impossible to protect you --

JEN
I think it's a little late for
protection.

Spencer shuts up when he sees what she's staring at --
-- it's a SHELF FULL OF PREGNANCY TESTS.

SPENCER
Oh, no...

Jen looks at him -- *oh, YES.* He shakes his head.

SPENCER
You take the Pill every day --

JEN
True, but I had strep throat last month --
I had to take that Z-Pak --
(he still doesn't get it)
Antibiotics can knock out the Pill.
That's why I said we had to be careful.

Jen grabs two tests -- checking the labels --

SPENCER
I thought you were talking about my
technique! Not getting knocked up!

JEN
Don't yell at me, Sure-shot. It was *your*
idea to have "All-Naked Saturday"!!

An OLDER WOMAN glances over, impressed, and Spencer gives
her a weak smile. Dazed, he paces as Jen selects another
test, methodically comparing it to the others.

SPENCER
Jen, we're not at the library. Let's
pick up the pace.

JEN
They're not equally accurate

SPENCER
It's crazy to stand here. Just pick one!
Or pick all of them! Who cares?

JEN
(sharply)
*I care, Spence! In fact, it'd be awesome
to know for sure whether I'm growing a
person inside me.*

(crazily, hormones going
wild)
And don't ever tell me I'm crazy!

KEVIN THE MANAGER (O.S.)
Folks, can I be of assistance?

Spencer spins, hand on Glock behind his back, ready to
blow THE SUPERMARKET MANAGER's head clean off.

JEN
(now calm)
Kevin, hi. Actually you can.

KEVIN THE MANAGER
Anything for you, Mrs. Broome.

JEN
Which one of these is the most accurate?

SPENCER
Seriously, Jen? You think he's a
pregnancy test expert?

KEVIN THE MANAGER
Actually, it's my responsibility to be
familiar with *all* our product lines.
(to Jen)
Most of the Ladies prefer Ovu-Test --
I've got some in the back --

Jen gives Spencer a look -- *told you so* -- as she turns
to follow Kevin into the back. Hand on his Glock, a
miserable Spencer follows behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - STOCKROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Kevin the Manager digs through his stockroom's
shelves, Spencer keeps close watch on him as well as the
occasional CASHIER coming off break.

KEVIN THE MANAGER
This'll be your first, right?

JEN
Pregnancy test?

KEVIN THE MANAGER
(as she reddens)
Baby.

JEN

Oh. Yeah.

He reaches deep into a shelf and Spencer, sensing he might be going for a gun, draws his Glock. Jen puts her hand on him: *don't be silly.*

KEVIN THE MANAGER

Here we go. Just for you --

Time SLOWS DOWN as...

...Kevin the Manager starts to withdraw his hand...

...Spencer, ready for anything, flips off his safety...

...just as a CLERK enters from the back, in shadows, carrying a possible weapon...

...Spencer turns toward him, his Glock in motion...

...but Jen catches his wrist before he levels it...

...then turns and reacts with a GASP as...

...Kevin produces from the shadows...

...a FIRST RESPONSE HOME PREGNANCY TEST...

KEVIN THE MANAGER

They're brand new. We haven't even got the prices on 'em yet.

He tosses one to Spencer -- it's right there on the label: "99.9% *ACCURATE!*" Spencer realizes: 1) he over-reacted and 2) Jen knows it.

SPENCER

We'll take a dozen.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECKOUT - MINUTES LATER

Spencer stands alone and uncomfortable, eyeing the other customers, as the CASHIER scans the pregnancy tests. He tenses as the Cashier aims the price scanner at him... grabs a pen from the counter, ready to strike...as...

CASHIER

Beep! One-Dad-To-Be!

She grins and POPS her GUM with a loud CRACK. His heart pumping, Spencer releases the pen as Jen runs up with a GALLON of water in one hand and DELI SUB in the other.

JEN
 (re: the SUB)
 No judging.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

As they exit, Jen manages to chew on her sub *and* scan the pregnancy test directions. Spencer heads toward the AUDI, dialing on his CELL PHONE as he goes.

JEN
 We need to find someplace where I can pee
 on the stick and eat this hoagie. Now.
 And then you're taking me to my parents --
 (as he's on the phone)
 Who are you calling?

SPENCER
 I'm following protocol and reporting
 Holbrook's termination. We'll be
 assigned to a safe house -- we can check
 the flash drive and figure out the next
 step from there.

Spencer stops at the AUDI, but Jen shakes her head NO.

JEN
 I want *that* one.

Spencer's eyes widen as she points to a giant ESCALADE.
 She shrugs off his shock and rubs her belly --

JEN
 There's a baby on board.

SPENCER
 (as she tears into her sub)
 A baby or a tapeworm. We'll know soon
 enough.

INT./EXT. ESCALADE -- MOMENTS LATER

They speed away in the Escalade, Jen gnawing on her sub; Spencer checking to make sure nobody's tailing them. She swallows a bite, then looks at it, slightly repulsed.

JEN
 Ugh. I'm eating like I just got home
 from fat camp.

SPENCER
 Don't worry, Sweetie. I'll love you no
 matter how big you get.

JEN

Gee, thanks! That is so generous.
Especially since I'm only dealing with
the whole hit men and double life thing.

Jen glares at him and takes another bite of her sandwich.

SPENCER

You're a little scary right now.

JEN

Just make your phone call.

Spencer pulls up the TELEPHONE display on the DASH. He
punches in a number. It rings... rings again...

Spencer tenses -- *why the delay?* -- and then --

VOICE ON PHONE

You are go for contact.

SPENCER

This is Z14/9. Z10/0 has been forcibly
retired. Please advise.

VOICE ON PHONE

Hold for further instruction.

Spencer frowns. Glances at his watch.

JEN

Z14/9?

SPENCER

My code name.

JEN

(beat)

That's not very catchy.

Jen gasps as he hits the OFF button, ending the call.

SPENCER

Something's up. There's never a "hold" --

JE

But, the safe house...your protocol --

Spencer gives her a grim look and makes a sharp U TURN.

SPENCER

If the protocol's been compromised we're
on our own.

JEN
 (as he hits the gas)
 Where are we going?

SPENCER
 My office. I've got cash in the safe,
 and we can check Holbrook's flash drive --
 see what he was on to. And you can
 take...*that*.

He nods at the pregnancy test. She stares at it for a
 beat, then looks up at him -- *all business*.

JEN
 Take a left up there.

SPENCER
 It's quicker if I go this way --

JEN
 There's fewer stop signs that way. It *is*
 tougher to hit a moving target, right?

SPENCER
 Sweetie, I have things under control.

JEN
 Really? Because you almost blew poor
 Kevin's head off with your Glot back at
 the market --

SPENCER
 Glock, honey. *Kuh, kuh.*

JEN
 And who got it for you when you had to
 keep Henry in a chokehold this morning?
Muh, muh, ME.
 (beat)
 Go left. Now.

Momma Bear's not fucking around. He makes the left.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOME DESIGN - DAY

The Escalade rolls into the lot. Spence hops out first;
 scanning for trouble. Shields Jen as she gets out
 carrying the bag of PREGNANCY TESTS.

INT. BROOME DESIGN - MOMENTS LATER

Jen and Spencer hurry in and start to head to his office, when Manuel pops out of nowhere, with a big roll of copper wire on his back.

SPENCER

HO!

He scared the crap out of them. But Manuel's harmless enough. *Right?*

MANUEL

Boss, Missus Jen.

SPENCER

What are you doing Manuel?

MANUEL

Mr. Henry no show up to get copper wire out to the Biederman job. I come to get myself. He borracho at your party, si?

SPENCER

Yeah, he was pretty crushed this morning.
(as Jen glares)
Too soon?

She nods. *Too soon.* Manuel heads out front as Spencer leads Jen around the corner. He stops short as he spots Mrs. Tomlinson at her desk --

MRS. TOMLINSON

Oh, good! I've got something for you --

Time slows for Spencer as she reaches under her desk...he jumps in front of Jen...grabbing for his gun, as...

...Mrs. Tomlinson produces a PLATTER OF CUPCAKES.

MRS. TOMLINSON

Happy Birthday, Dear!

Spencer hesitates, suspicious, as Mrs. Tomlinson smiles.

MRS. TOMLINSON

Don't be shy. Dig in.

Jen doesn't need to be told twice. She grabs a cupcake. Lifts it to her mouth, and GASPS as Spencer SLAPS it from her hand. He turns to Mrs. Tomlinson, apologetic.

SPENCER
She's got a vicious nut allergy. We
can't be too careful.

As Spencer hustles her down the hall, Jen glances back at
the cupcakes with longing...

SPENCER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Spencer shoves his sofa aside as Jen sits at his COMPUTER
-- where Holbrook's FLASH DRIVE is plugged in.

JEN
-- when was the last time you cleaned
this keyboard?

SPENCER
That would be never.

Jen rubs at something as he lifts a floorboard, revealing
a SMALL SAFE.

JEN
I think this is *ketchup*!! --

SPENCER
Sweetie -- let's go big picture here --
how's the drive coming?

JEN
I'm in...but the encryption's still
unwinding. This first part looks like
bank records though --

Curious, Spencer checks the numbers slowly scrolling up
on screen. Thinks a beat, then digs around his desk
until he finds his CHECKBOOK. Opens it, and --

SPENCER
Those are Georgia routing numbers.

JEN
Payments to Henry?

SPENCER
And God knows who else. We need to see
who's paying them -- how much longer?

JEN
I'm not sure. There's some funky code --

SPENCER
(slightly alarmed)
Maybe I should take over?

JEN
Sure. I can handle the guns and money.

She gives him a wry look and pushes him back toward the SAFE. He opens it and pulls out a MAHOGANY BOX and WAD of CASH. Jen eyes the money suspiciously.

JEN
Where did you get that much cash?

SPENCER
I won it off Henry playing basketball.

JEN
(a long beat)
I believe you, but only because that guy jumped like an elephant.

He grabs the BOX and stands. Walks it over to her and opens it, revealing a SILVER .22.

SPENCER
This was a retirement gift from Holbrook.
Let's see how you handle it.

She reaches for it, tentative, just as Manuel knocks at the DOOR and ducks in. Spencer hides the box from view, but he's not fast enough; Manuel still sees its contents.

MANUEL
You alright, Boss?
(worried; as Spencer nods)
Maybe I check in after I drop the wire --

SPENCER
That's okay. Take the rest of the day off -- and tell Mrs. Tomlinson I said she should go too. We'll finish the billing on Monday.

Manuel nods, reluctant, as Spencer ushers him out. Spence locks the door, then takes the .22 out of its gift box and hands it to Jen. She handles it gingerly.

SPENCER
Don't worry, it's not loaded.

JEN
You're sure?

SPENCER

Never once've put bullets in her. Take a couple practice pulls, see how it feels.

She shakes out her nerves; drops the pistol to her side, takes a breath, then springs her arms up in a "Freeze!" stance. She tries to pull the trigger but it won't go.

SPENCER

Oops. Sorry, left the safety on.
(he fixes that)
OK, try again.

Jen goes through her routine, shaking out her arms, really trying to be bad-ass this time. She cricks her neck, then turns suddenly in a Bond-like crouch and --

-- CLICK! a small flame protrudes from the .22's muzzle. It's a cigarette lighter. Jen glowers at Spencer.

JEN

I'd keep the pranks to a minimum. You're not really batting .1000 right now.

He returns to the mahogany box, removes its lining, and reveals another GLOCK.

SPENCER

This one is real and loaded. The safety is on and I do hope you never use it.
(in his other hand)
And this is the bathroom key. It's go time.

He nods at the bag of PREGNANCY TESTS.

INT. BROOME DESIGN - MOMENTS LATER

MOVING WITH JEN AND SPENCER through the office, her new Glock in one hand, the bag in the other. A couple on a mission. They reach --

THE LADIES' ROOM

-- and Spencer follows Jen in. He checks the stalls -- all empty.

SPENCER

Good luck.

She takes a deep breath and ducks into a STALL. Spencer paces, waiting -- it's silent until --

JEN
 (from inside the stall)
 I can't do it with you there. I've got
 stage fright.

SPENCER
 You've peed in front of me a million
 times!

JEN
 There's a little more pressure this time.

SPENCER
 (running the faucet)
 Is that better?

JEN
 (a long beat)
 No.

OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM, Spencer's standing guard. Yasuko
 approaches, carrying a BOOK of CARPET samples.

YASUKO
 Hi, Mr. Broome.
 (pausing by the Ladies' room)
 Do you mind...?

SPENCER
 Can you wait a couple of minutes?

YASUKO
 (shifting; she minds)
 I really need to go --

SPENCER
 I think the Mens' Room is empty.

INSIDE THE LADIES' ROOM, Jen whistles to herself, trying
 to pee.

OUTSIDE... Spencer paces, restless. Stops as he hears --

YASUKO (O.S.)
 Mr. Broome?
 (louder)
 Mr. Broome?!

Reluctant to leave Jen, Spencer takes a few steps toward
 the Mens' Room and calls to Yasuko --

SPENCER
 You okay in there?

YASUKO (O.S.)
There's no toilet paper.

Spencer groans. This is not his day.

INSIDE THE LADIES' ROOM, Jen's finally in business and trying to hit the stick. She overbalances and...DROPS it in the toilet. She groans. This is not her day.

OUTSIDE, Spencer's got a roll of TOILET PAPER. He pushes open the door to the Mens' Room and...

...reels back as Yasuko KICKS him in the CHEST. As he tries to bring his Glock around, she charges, swinging the BOOK of CARPET samples and connecting with his head.

Dazed, Spencer barely ducks her second swing, and doesn't see the third one coming. The Glock goes flying, and Spencer throws a desperate punch -- which lands squarely on her BOOB. She gasps, shocked.

SPENCER
Sorry, that was an accident.

Furious, Yasuko comes at him -- a whirling ball of fists and feet -- backing him toward the EXIT.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM, Jen's furiously gulping water from the FAUCET, trying to work up a second pee.

EXT. BROOME DESIGN -- CONTINUOUS

Spencer and Yasuko burst out of the exit, literally fighting for their lives. From the corner of his eye, Spencer spots --

-- additional spools of copper wire. But Yasuko sees them too, and she's closer. She jumps him, double wrapping the COPPER WIRE around Spencer's neck.

Spencer tries to shake her, but she hangs on like a little monkey.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM, Jen's in business...again. This time, she doesn't drop the stick.

MEANWHILE, Spencer spins, slamming Yasuko into a WALL. Her grip loosens as he knocks her off his back, and he gets his hands under the WIRE, releasing himself.

Undeterred, Yasuko whips off her CARDIGAN and jumps back on him, trying to strangle him with that. Furious, Spencer FLIPS her over his head.

She hits the ground hard, her glasses flying off and her bun coming loose. Looking hot, she smiles slyly, and...

-- the fight is on --

-- Spencer vs. Yasuko throughout the office, and although Spencer has the size advantage, Yasuko's got game, too:

- 1) she's quicker than Spencer
- 2) and nimbler
- 3) and not out-of-practice
- 4) and better prepared...which Spencer finds out the hard way as she pops open the XEROX MACHINE and pulls out a SIG SAUER.

YASUKO

I've had three years of working Saturdays to figure out every detail.

Yasuko FIRES at Spencer as he DIVES behind a FILE CABINET. Relentless, she keeps firing.

INSIDE THE BATHROOM, all Jen can hear is Spencer's muffled voice because 1) the faucet's running and 2) she's staring at the STICK. *Any minute now...*

OUTSIDE, Yasuko's gun goes empty and she tosses it. Makes a break for...THE WATER COOLER. She reaches behind it; pulls out a SUBMACHINE GUN.

YASUKO

I *hate* working weekends.

Spencer scrambles away as she unloads...runs into --

HIS OFFICE, and slides behind his desk. He reaches under his file cabinet; grabs the KNIFE taped there just as...

...Yasuko opens fire from the doorway. He ducks behind the file cabinet as she unleashes a hail of gunfire. *Shit! The flash drive!!*

He grabs his NERF basketball from under the desk. Slices into it with the knife and pulls out...a tiny GRENADE. Leans to the side and...

...ROLLS IT RIGHT AT HER. Yasuko blinks -- *oh shit* -- and scrambles back, as --

-- Spencer grabs the FLASH DRIVE, then DUCKS back down behind the FILE CABINET for cover.

With a BOOM, the grenade explodes, sending Yasuko and her gun flying. She shakes it off as Spencer advances, knife in hand. Raises the gun, but it's hopelessly JAMMED.

As Spencer brings the knife down, she uses the gun to block his parry, then swings it around into his shins. As he jumps back, she hops up and tosses the GUN aside --

-- and now all things in the office come into play.

-- kitchen tile, roofing supplies, lumber -- they're like two masters fighting with two different styles, and whomever reaches the next gun first is going to win...

Yasuko disappears on one side of a wall and Spence is tracking her on the opposite side, tapping the wall, listening for studs... he gets a little ahead and then...

WHAMM!! Thrusts his hand right through the plaster and grabs her by the throat! She definitely wasn't ready for that... Spence uses the opportunity to yank Yasuko's head into the wall from the other side... once, twice... but she twists away, using her feet for leverage.

And then she spies...

-- a fuel-powered chainsaw. She grabs it up just as Spencer is coming around the wall... he realizes what she has at the last second and she nearly saws off his ear. Falling away, Spencer knocks out the fuel line, dousing Yasuko with gas --

IN THE BATHROOM, as Jen sets the test on the counter -- then turns off the faucet and --

-- hears the FIGHTING outside.

JEN

Oh shit!

-- GLOCK in hand, Jen races out of the Ladies' Room --

-- in time to witness --

-- Yasuko reaching the GLOCK Spencer dropped by the Mens' Room. She has him dead-to-rights -- but suddenly, there's a CLATTER as --

-- a CLIP hits the ground -- *Jen's accidentally released her Glock's AMMO*. Yasuko spins, able to blow her away --

SPENCER

No!

YASUKO
 (grinning at Spencer)
 This just gets better and better.

Jen and Spence pale as Yasuko aims her GUN at Jen --

MANUEL (O.S.)
 Yasuko!!

-- Yasuko spins -- right behind her, Manuel holds the silver .22 he saw in Spencer's office --

MANUEL
 (to Spencer)
 I thought maybe you need help, Boss --

-- he pulls the trigger --

-- uh-oh: nothing but a flame --

-- Yasuko sneers --

YASUKO
 Nice try, old man.

-- and Manuel, angry, thrusts the flame forward, straight into gas-covered Yasuko's torso --

CUT TO:

A HOSE BEING TURNED ON, THEN DIRECTED TOWARD THE FLAMING CARCASS OF YASUKO. It's a minute later and Manuel does the dousing as he holds an ice pack to his head Spencer paces, waiting for Jen to emerge.

MANUEL
 On Monday we talk about a promotion, si?

SPENCER
 Si.

Satisfied, Manuel continues to soak Yasuko as --

-- Jen comes flying out of the Ladies' Room, TEST in hand. She barrels past Spencer, and he chases after her as she heads for the --

PARKING LOT

SPENCER
 Jen -- *please* -- say something --
 anything --

She turns, too emotional and freaked out to speak. Slaps the TEST in his hand and beelines for the ESCALADE.

Spencer looks at the test: there's a BLUE DOT. *WTF?!*

SPENCER

Jen!! What does the dot mean?! You have to translate!!

(racing after her)

Am I gonna be a Dad?

She stops as he cuts her off. Stares at him, grave -- *and for the first time today, he's scared.*

JEN

I'm going to be a mother...but I don't know yet if you'll be a father.

SPENCER

You can't mean that --

JEN

Oh no? Henry's dead, Spence! And Manuel just had to bar-be-que Yasuko to save my life!

Manuel looks up as he hears his name; waves to them and gives Yasuko a final, ill-timed squirt with the hose.

JEN

Did you ever think that maybe I'm still so close to my Mom and Dad because I knew this whole time -- deep down -- that I couldn't trust you -- couldn't trust --
(gestures to the two of them)
-- *this.*

Spencer's crushed as she pushes past him.

JEN

But thanks for all the lying and gunplay and death. It's a relief to know I was insecure for a reason!

SPENCER

Jen, you *know* I love you --

JEN

I don't even know who you are!

She heads for the Escalade with him hot on her heels.

SPENCER

When I met Nootbar, I thought he had a crush on you, so I bugged his office --

JEN

You WHAT?!

SPENCER

-- he's sleeping with Kristen by the way...

Unable to believe this, Jen opens the Escalade and hops in. She tries to pull the door closed, but he grabs it.

SPENCER

Except for my mom, you're the only person who ever made me a birthday cake...and my real birthday's in December - I just hate competing with Christmas for gifts...

She gasps, furious. Tugs on the door, but he's got it.

SPENCER

My parents got divorced then remarried each other...twice. But it taught me what for better or for worse really means.

(as she starts the car)

I tease you about being organized, but I love it because I know it's your way of taking care of me. You said "I love you" in your sleep the third week we were together, but I never told you because I wanted to be the one who said it first --

This gets her -- but she shakes it off. Taps the gas. The car lurches forward, pulling the door from his grip.

SPENCER

You're the *only* thing that's made sense in my life. We're real.

She picks up speed and he chases after her, yelling --

SPENCER

I HAD A PALATE SPREADER TOO!!!!

Jen SLAMS the CAR door and burns rubber --

INTO THE STREET

-- where she flies past an oncoming UPS TRUCK. The truck turns into the lot as Spencer cranes his head, trying to see who's driving. We can't see either, but the Driver calls out to Spencer as he reaches into the back --

MILO

Hey there -- you've got a package --

SPENCER

Milo? Is that you?

MILO

-- I think it's that back ordered fabric from Tuscon --

Spencer exhales as Milo pulls a LARGE BOX from the back --

MILO

-- but I could be wrong.

We see Milo's face for the first time as hops out of the truck, grinning at Spencer, and --

-- pulls a gigantic TK-44 ASSASSIN'S GUN from the box.

Spencer's eyes go wide as Milo tosses the box aside and OPENS FIRE. As Spencer dives from the bullets, his GLOCK falls from his waistband.

Milo spots Manuel and nails him with a single shot to the shoulder, spinning him to the ground. Resumes firing on Spencer as he sprints for cover behind Manuel's truck.

Spencer's pinned down and unarmed, bullets chewing the ground around him until...there's a break in the gunfire.

Milo's jammed. Spencer takes his moment and runs --

-- trying to make it back inside, as --

-- Milo swings the gun around -- he's got Spence dead to rights. He smiles to himself just as --

-- A BLACK SUV SLAMS INTO HIM, tossing him over the hood. The SUV skids to a stop as Spencer spins around -- *Jen!!!*

But then the SUV backs up at top speed, straight over Milo's crumpled body!! Spencer frowns -- *Jen??*

Nope -- it's OLIVIA BROOKS, the COUGAR. She spins the car around, cutting off Spencer's path inside, and guns it for him as he sprints toward the UPS TRUCK.

He hops up into the truck just before she rams it -- *one second more and he would've been pinned* -- almost knocking Spencer out the open PASSENGER SIDE.

OUTSIDE THE UPS TRUCK, Olivia reverses, then throws it in drive and punches the GAS --

-- sending the front of the truck spinning into a DUMPSTER.

INSIDE THE UPS TRUCK, Spencer slams into the truck's DASHBOARD as BOXES go flying from the back.

With the passenger side crushed into the dumpster, a dazed Spencer's got two options --

-- the back, blocked by boxes --

-- or the driver's side -- where Olivia's already reversing and he'll be totally exposed.

He takes the odds on the BACK, shoving boxes aside as --

OUTSIDE THE UPS TRUCK, Olivia revs the engine. She floors it, tires squealing. Speeds forward with Spencer in her crosshairs, as --

-- THE ESCALADE COMES FLYING OUT OF NOWHERE, CUTTING HER OFF! *And this time, it is Jen.*

Olivia's SUV connects with the back bumper of the Escalade and fishtails out of control as the Escalade skids to a stop -- relatively unscathed.

SPENCER

Jen!!! JEN!!! --

Frantic, he jumps out of the UPS truck as the Escalade reverses and squeals to a STOP in front of him.

JEN

I *knew* you weren't a Taurus.

He grins at her -- but only for a second, because --

-- BULLETS start flying as --

-- Olivia fires at them from her crumpled car.

Spencer dives into the car as Jen hits the gas, spinning them around like a pro -- *except for the fact that she's white knuckled and shaking.* As the Escalade's rear window EXPLODES, Spencer grabs her GLOCK from the floor --

-- and fires out the back at Olivia's GAS TANK.

BULLSEYE! It explodes, sending Olivia and her car into the sky with a plume of flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP -- DAY

Jen and Spencer wind their way through the MAZE of CARS at the DEALERSHIP across from his office. Spencer spots a BMW that's not blocked in. Pulls her toward it.

INT./EXT. BMW -- MOMENTS LATER

Jen sighs as they speed away from the dealership.

JEN

-- I can't believe we just stole our second car of the day.

Spencer glances at her -- relieved and surprised still that she's sitting beside him.

SPENCER

I didn't expect you to come back for me.

JEN

That makes two of us.

(as he grins)

Smiling's premature. You're still in big trouble over here.

SPENCER

I know --

JEN

I might still dump you.

SPENCER

I understand --

JEN

But, then again, I might stay with you --

(he grins again)

-- just to see *exactly* how you explain this to my parents.

Spencer's grin vanishes and he gives her a panicked look just as...

...a FIRE TRUCK and COP CAR sail by, sirens blaring, heading in the direction of Spencer's office. *Shit.*

SPENCER

If we go home, we can check Holbrook's drive and get what we need to run for real...it's all there -- money, weapons, new passports --

Jen's taken aback, but also kind of touched.

JEN

You got me a fake passport?

SPENCER

Two, actually. Like your Dad always says: be prepared.

JEN

Oh my God, Spence -- my parents --
(sick)
-- I never called them. They still think they're having dinner with you --

Jen pulls her phone out and flips it open -- groans.

JEN

Twelve missed calls.

SPENCER

They can't come to the house --
(she nods as she dials)
-- be firm. Don't get bulldozed --

CUT TO:

INT. MR. AND MRS. KORNFELD'S HOUSE -- KITCHEN --
CONTINUOUS

Mr. Kornfeld scrambles to grab his CELL PHONE as it plays "*Sunrise Sunset*" -- yells to Mrs. Kornfeld.

MR. KORNFELD

It's Jen!
(answering the phone)
Juniper!? Are you alright?

INTERCUT WITH JEN IN THE CAR:

JEN

Hiiiiii, Dad -- I'm fine --

MRS. KORNFELD

(rushing in)
Did she say where she is?

MR. KORNFELD

Honey, I've got it --
 (into the phone)
 Where are you!? We've been calling all
 day -- and your hotel said you never
 checked in --

JEN

Sorry, Dad. I stuck around to help
 Spencer celebrate and it's been a little
 hectic -- we had kind of a mess to clean
 up this morning --

Spencer shoots her a look -- *good one, honey...*

MR. KORNFELD

Are you home now? We'll come over and
 help --

JEN

That's okay, Dad. We're all set -

MR. KORNFELD

Nonsense, Junip--

Jen cuts him off, talking too fast for him to get a word
 in edgewise --

JEN

We're-set-Dad-but-I'll-call-you-later-and-
 I-love-you-guys-you're-the-best-give-Mom-
 a-hug-and-kiss-from-me --

There's a CLICK, and Mr. Kornfeld turns to Mrs. Kornfeld,
 stunned --

MR. KORNFELD

She hung up on me!

IN THE CAR

Spencer grins at Jen, equally amazed as he turns into...

NEW EALING, heading for their street.

SPENCER

Did you really just get the last word
 with your Dad? Because that's seriously
 one of the signs of the apocalypse --

JEN

Hey! Don't jinx us!

SPENCER

-- I mean it, we're talking end of days
territory --

Spencer hits the brakes -- his smile gone. Their
street's BARRICADED. They share a worried look as --

-- BOOM! There's a FLASH of COLOR in the sky.

SPENCER/JEN

(oh no)
The block party.

CUT TO:

FIREWORKS in the sky, above...

Illuminating the block party...*choking off access to Jen
and Spencer's street in the distance beyond it.*

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK PARTY - EVENING

THE 'WILD BUNCH' SHOT, long-lens, looking way up the
block as Spencer and Jen round the corner, Glocks in
hand, coming into view of --

-- the dozens and dozens of kids and other innocent
bystanders milling about ahead. They share worried looks
as they tuck the GLOCKS out of sight in their waistbands.

The PARTY's a two block long GAUNTLET for Jen and Spencer
to run -- packed full of CARNIVAL RIDES and INFLATABLE
KIDDIE-JUMPS and OTHER ASSORTED FAMILY FUN...

...oh, and also -- *an untold number of ASSASSINS.*

There's no way to go but forward, so they dive in, trying
to look natural as they quickly navigate the CROWD.

Each booth is occupied by various people we saw in the
neighborhood and the surprise party. Mr. Stafford is
manning the squirt gun game. The Denhams are making
cotton candy. The McDonalds are helping kids on to the
tilt-a-whirl.

Spencer's scanning every face... and every single person
looks like a threat...

The CARNIE working the squirt gun game, the NEIGHBOR with
the funky glasses, the TEENAGE PUNK with the skateboard,
the couple down the street with the matching warm-ups...

Just then...

KRISTEN

Spencer! Jen!

Kristen waves through the crowd. Spencer grips his Glock, in case, but Jen clocks Kristen's outfit -- short sundress, strappy heels...

JEN

There's no way she's packing heat.

SPENCER

You'd be surprised where people stow stuff.

Jen gives him a look -- *ugh* -- as Kristen hugs her.

KRISTEN

Look who blew off Omaha!

(hugging Spencer)

Happy birthday, big guy!

Spencer can't really hug back with his hand on his gun, so it's a little awkward. Kristen shoots Jen a look --

KRISTEN

You guys okay?

(noticing their appearance)

No offense, but you both look a little ragged.

JEN

We got kind of dirty on the Tilt-A-Whirl.

KRISTEN

Where're you headed next?

SPENCER

Home.

It's clear from his tone that he's not interested in any more questions. Jen sees she's hurt. Whispers to her.

JEN

Sorry -- he's got one more present to open, if you know what I mean...

Kristen winks at her -- *got it* -- as Spencer pulls her forward into the crowd -- still scanning for trouble.

Little does he know, that at this very moment he's in the crosshairs OF A NIGHT-VISION SNIPER'S SCOPE a hundred yards away. *Luckily, other block-partiers muddy a clear shot.*

WITH THE SNIPER, who is MAC BAILEY, perched in a treetop a block away. He lines up his shot. Waits as Jen and Spencer near a less crowded AREA, then...FIRES!

THROUGH HIS SCOPE, the bullet misses by inches, only because Spencer turned suddenly; instead of hitting him, it strikes down a pyramid of plastic bottles at a pitching game, winning somebody a prize.

BACK WITH SPENCER, who immediately snaps his head in the direction of the shooter... he knows someone just tried to drop him.

Grabbing Jen's hand, he pulls her toward the RING TOSS, trying to get the BOOTH between them and the sniper.

WITH MAC BAILEY, who can't get a clean shot now. He dials his cell.

MAC BAILEY

Sweetie. They're headed to you.

MEANWHILE, AT THE ENTRANCE TO NEW EALING

Mr. and Mrs. Kornfeld pull up in their car and hit the same roadblock as Spence and Jen. Frustrated, Mr. Kornfeld parks, and we're --

BACK TO JEN AND SPENCER, as they weave through the crowd, every shadow a threat. As they duck behind the BOUNCY HOUSE, trying to avoid a pack of SCREAMING KIDS --

-- they run into Mr. Franklin (with the clogged gutters). Spencer reacts instinctively, dropping Mr. Franklin with two well-placed punches and a sweep of the feet. As Mr. Franklin hits the deck, out cold, Jen grabs Spencer --

JEN

He's lived here for *ten* years.

SPENCER

So...not a hit man.

(as she shakes her head)

I'm never gonna get a tee time again.

And from here, we see them run the gauntlet in a series of quick shots --

-- flinching as they pass a MAN shooting an AIR RIFLE at a target -- trying to win a STUFFED CHIMP for his GIRL --

-- jumping as they pass the ROUNDUP and all the KIDS on board start screaming their heads off --

-- ducking for cover as they pass a VENDOR who's popping POPCORN --

-- it's a sea of unfamiliar faces -- threats seen in the most benign members of the community, until...

MOMENTS LATER, they exit the party and head into the dark, unpopulated neighborhood surrounding it -- *full of half-finished development homes*. They take a breath, savoring the calm. *But only briefly, because* --

-- GUNFIRE rips up the pavement around them -- the noise of the SHOTS disguised by fireworks.

Spencer and Jen dive behind a pile of WOOD in front of one of the incomplete houses as --

-- A VOLVO SUV flies down the street.

SPENCER

We gotta go. Now...

And the race home begins.

Through deserted streets, every resident gone to the block party, lit apocalyptically by fireworks bursting overhead as --

-- Jen and Spence sprint across their neighbors front lawns, hiding behind assorted construction materials and equipment as the SUV barrels after them herding them forward, then --

-- swerves aside -- Jen and Spence clocking LILY BAILEY at the wheel -- and --

-- gunfire sprays the grass in front of them. They skid to a stop -- Mac Bailey's at the end of the block. *Shit.*

Spencer pulls Jen sideways, up a DRIVEWAY as --

-- Lily Bailey speeds ahead to the street's end, one-eighty's her Volvo and picks up her husband.

IN THE LANGFORD'S BACKYARD, Jen and Spencer circle a pool, then climb a fence to the adjoining back yard.

JEN

I always said the Baileys were weird.

SPENCER

You thought they were *swingers*.

JEN

Lily gets really handsy when she's had a few drinks.

Right now, however, Lily's busy plowing through FENCE after FENCE with her SUV as --

-- Jen and Spencer emerge from the new construction to discover they're back on their own block --

-- and now it's a hundred-yard dash home. They hustle hand-in-hand, to reach their front door before the Volvo reaches them. And they win this race, just barely, cutting it so close that --

INT. THE BROOMES' HOME - CONTINUOUS

-- gunfire ricochets off their front door as they fall back against it.

Big. Deep. Breath.

Jen has the presence of mind to lock the door. Like that'll make a difference. But Spencer grabs her hand and squeezes: *good effort, Sweetie*.

SPENCER

That Volvo's got some real horsepower.
We should get one for you and the baby.

JEN

As long as we don't steal it.

They share a quick smile, and Spencer helps her up --

OUTSIDE, IN THE VOLVO

The Baileys prep to attack the Broome home, loading guns/knives/bombs -- *a two-person SWAT team*.

INSIDE THE HOUSE, Spencer and Jen work fast:

In the office, Spencer sticks Holbrook's FLASH DRIVE into the computer as Jen taps at the keyboard to start unspooling the encryption.

In the basement, Spencer pops a fake bottom off the WATER HEATER and removes a pouch. Tosses it to Jen -- it's the passports.

Reaches into a CRAWL SPACE, and pulls out a large DUFFEL BAG. Unzips it, revealing several PISTOLS, boxes of AMMO, and assorted SILENCERS and FLASH SUPPRESSORS.

As Jen gapes at the bag's contents, Spencer gathers other items he's stashed -- GRENADES emerge from a bag of BIRDSEED, HUNTING KNIVES from a box marked CHRISTMAS ORNAMENTS, a NIGHT VISION SCOPE from a tangle of fishing tackle.

JEN

So much for being out of the business.

SPENCER

(guilty)

There's more upstairs.

In the bedroom, we see what he means as he cuts a slit in their headboard and pulls out a SNIPER RIFLE and M-16.

JEN

That *seriously* better be it.

SPENCER

It is. I swear. Sort of.

Another guilty look. He leans over and cuts a hole in their mattress, Pulls out a small BLACK VELVET BAG.

SPENCER

Currency.

He tosses it to Jen and she peers inside at a jumble of GLISTENING DIAMONDS. Stares up at him, dumbfounded.

JEN

And I got a blender for my birthday?!

OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE

The Baileys emerge from their vehicle, equipped to kill. They signal each other, then split up.

INSIDE, DOWNSTAIRS

Jen looks around, sad. Their home's a little banged up from the past 24 hours, but it's still *theirs*. She wells up a little, but Spencer's all business as he shoulders the go bag, and points toward the office.

OUTSIDE THEIR HOUSE:

Mr. Kornfeld and Mrs. Kornfeld pull up, more than a little worried when they see how dark the house is.

MRS. KORNFELD

It doesn't look like they're home --

Mr. Kornfeld eyes the Baileys' Volvo, suspicious.

MR. KORNFELD

Someone's here.

INSIDE, DOWNSTAIRS

Spencer leads Jen inside the OFFICE. Knocks on the wall.

SPENCER

When I added this on, I made it blast-proof. Eight inch thick titanium walls, a fiberglass shock-proof core, and bullet-repellent glass on the windows. You could ride out anything in here -- red dawn, Zombies...

JEN

...hit men?

Here's hoping. Jen checks the computer to see how they're doing with Holbrook's drive -- waves him over --

JEN

Milo...Henry...Olivia...they're all here.. But who's *behind* them though?

SPENCER

I don't know, but whoever it was paid to put a lot of people in our lives.

(grim)

How much longer before it's cracked?

JEN

I'm not sure --

Spencer pales as he sees something behind her --

SPENCER

I think we've got a bigger problem --

He points at the bullet proof window and she spots her father heading to the front of the house...

DOWNSTAIRS

Mac Bailey enters the living room in commando-mode, as --

AT THE DOOR:

Mr. Kornfeld walks in...surprised to see Mac in his daughter's living room, armed with an automatic weapon.

MR. KORNFIELD

Who the hell are you?

MAC BAILEY

Mac Bailey -- I live over on Morningbird Lane and I'm here to kill Spencer.

JEN (O.S.)

Dad?!

MR. KORNFIELD

Juniper!?

IN THE OFFICE

Spencer grabs Jen as she scrambles for the door.

SPENCER

Let me handle this --

(calling out)

We're coming out. Berlin Rules!

JEN

What are Berlin rules?

He puts up a finger: *one sec.* She smacks him --

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mr. Kornfeld tenses, but Mac wags a finger at him -- don't even think about moving.

SPENCER (O.S.)

What's it gonna be?

MAC BAILEY

Yeah, sure -- why not?

Mac raises his gun to Mr. Kornfeld's head -- *yeah, right.*

IN THE OFFICE

JEN

Spencer: what are Berlin Rules?

SPENCER

They let you guys go and I don't put up a fight.

THUD! CRASH! BANG! It sounds like World War III out in the Living Room. Grim, Spencer grabs the M-16.

SPENCER

Or I can just kill them before they hurt your Dad.

(beat; serious)

Stay here.

He throws the door open, and races into --

THE LIVING ROOM

Where Mr. Kornfeld's just about done beating Mac Bailey senseless with his AK-47. His moves are fluid, almost sublimely violent, and Spencer knows immediately --

-- he's watching a pro.

As Mac goes down, teeth skittering across the hardwood floor, Mr. Kornfeld spins and aims at Spencer...

...who instinctively draws his own gun.

SPENCER

Do not tell me you learned that shit in the Boy Scouts.

MR. KORNFELD

That was the Marines.

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Jen paces, freaking about Spencer and her Dad. She eyes the GO BAG. Opens it and eyes the mix of WEAPONS.

INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM

Spencer waits for Mr. Kornfeld to lower his weapon --

SPENCER

Sir? You can put your gun down --

MR. KORNFELD

I'm not putting anything down until I know why the hell there's an armed man who wants to kill you in my daughter's house --

INSIDE THE OFFICE

Jen's kitted out, Rambo-style. *Well, more Ram-bette.* She's got the SHOTGUN in hand and a HUNTING KNIFE in a SHEATH at her ankle. She looks tough, but jumps as --

-- the COMPUTER beeps. She sprints over and stares at the screen -- trying to make sense of what's in front of her. Her eyes widen. She hits PRINT, then grabs her SHOTGUN...

INSIDE THE LIVING ROOM

SPENCER

It's my house too, Sir. And I don't like armed men any more than you.

Mr. Kornfeld steps closer, challenging him, as Spence tries not to lose his temper.

SPENCER

But then again, I've had to put up with a lot of things I don't like.

MR. KORNFELD

I know exactly what you mean.

JEN (O.S.)

WHAT is going on in here?

Spencer and Mr. Kornfeld both spin, weapons aimed at Jen, as she steps into the room.

SPENCER

Sorry, Sweetie --

MR. KORNFELD

Sorry about that, Juniper --

They spin back to one another -- *standoff part deux*.

MR. KORNFELD

I don't think Spencer's been honest with us, Sweetie.

JEN

I know. But there are some things worse than that. For example --

(holding up the printout)
-- putting a hit out on your only daughter's husband.

Spencer's jaw drops as she hands him the printout.

SPENCER

No. Way.

Jen nods, heartbroken: way.

JEN

Apparently my Dad's a "former pilot" the same way you're "just a contractor" --

MR. KORNFELD

Juniper, he's a *killer*. I had to protect you...protect our family --

JEN

And a twenty million dollar bounty on his head was the only way to do it?!

MR. KORNFELD

Yes.

(beat; to Spencer)

France was my last job -- and you nearly killed me there. It was dumb luck that I saw you in the restaurant and didn't get on that helicopter with Leveneux.

(to Jen)

Congratulations...your first date saved my life.

Reeling, Jen turns to Spencer --

SPENCER

I swear, I didn't know he was a target -- didn't even know he was a player until now --

MR. KORNFELD

He's lying, Sweetie. He's still a killer. Still in the game. That's why I finally green-lit him --

SPENCER

No. I got out and stayed out --

Jen ping pongs between them, unsure who to believe.

MR. KORNFELD

His pal Holbrook, went rogue -- became a paycheck player --

SPENCER

Never.

MR. KORNFELD

What happened when you called in?

Spencer and Jen share a look. Mr. Kornfeld nods -- *see?*

MR. KORNFELD

The job Holbrook had for you was *me*.

That news is a sucker punch for both Spencer and Jen.
Spencer turns to her, grave -- lowers his gun --

SPENCER

Hurting your father would hurt you. And
I would *never* do that on purpose.

To Mr. Kornfeld's shock, Spencer lays his gun down, as --

LILY BAILEY (O.S.)

Wow. You guys make my family look good.

They all spin to face Lily, her AK-47 raised and ready.
She gestures for Jen and Mr. Kornfeld to move.

LILY BAILEY

Step aside. I just want him.
(smiling)
And the twenty million.

Mr. Kornfeld moves to shield Jen, but she steps aside and
lifts her shotgun, aiming at Lily.

LILY BAILEY

Easy, Jen...we've had some good times.
I'd rather not kill you.

SPENCER

Sweetie...please -- if you get hurt, or
anything happens to the baby...I'll wish
I was dead.

Stunned, Mr. Kornfeld looks at Spencer, then Jen --
BABY?! Unblinking, Jen holds her SHOTGUN on Lily, as --

-- A SHOT RINGS OUT -- spinning Lily to the ground. *Holy
Shit -- did Jen just shoot Lily? Nope...*

MRS. KORNFELD (O.S.)

Are we really having a baby??

...Mrs. Kornfeld did. Jen and Spence gape at her as she
bounds down the stairs, UZI in hand, thrilled.

SPENCER

She's totally baby-sitting.

Jen shakes her head as Mr. Kornfeld looks at her, dazed.

MR. KORNFELD
I'm gonna be a grandpa?

His eyes well up as she nods. Spencer leans forward --

SPENCER
Sir? Can you stop aiming me now?

Mr. Kornfeld hesitates as Jen gives him a look. She glances back at her Mom as he drops it.

JEN
You too.

Mrs. Kornfeld lowers the Uzi as Jen stares them all down.

JEN
Spencer's my husband, and I love him.
And yeah, he lied about some stuff, but
so did you two --

SPENCER
Technically, they were lying longer.
(off Jen's look)
Sorry. Go on.

JEN
This little kid and I have our work cut
out for us with all of you -- so we're
gonna have some rules --
(to her Dad)
No more riding Spence for every little
thing. He gets to do things his way from
now on --
(as Spencer grins; to him)
-- and no more making fun of the Kornfeld
way. We're not perfect, but we're
trying.
(to all of them)
No lying...no stealing cars...no hiding
weapons in the furniture...and most of
all -- *NO more trying to kill one
another.* Got it?

Spencer and the Kornfelds share a guilty look, then nod.

JEN
Good. Now, if you don't mind, I'm
starving and I definitely saw bratwurst
at the block party -- so I'm going to go
get my meat on --
(heading for the door)

-- if you think can behave, you're
welcome to come too --

As Jen reaches the door, all four of them see the handle
slowly turn -- Spencer turns to Mr. Kornfeld, worried --

SPENCER
We're all done with the killing right?

Before he can answer --

-- Jackie Vollero leans in, and --

JACKIE VOLLERO
Hiii, Jen --

-- Jen PUNCHES her out.

She turns back to her Dad as he grimaces, rueful --

MR. KORNFELD
Yeah...not a hit man.

Spencer and Jen share a look, then shrug -- *too bad.*

OUTSIDE, MOMENTS LATER

We see our happy FAMILY -- the Kornfeld/Broomes --
exiting the house --

MR. KORNFELD
...you guys got Milo, right?

SPENCER
Technically, Olivia took him out, but Jen
made sure we were even...

Mr. Kornfeld smiles at Jen, impressed...

And as the two couples stroll toward the block party,
FIREWORKS explode overhead, and we...

DISSOLVE TO:

FINAL MONTAGE - LIFE RESUMES.

- Manuel -- *his arm in a sling* -- supervises the
reconstruction of Jen and Spencer's house. He's large
and in charge, a natural boss.

- IN BORA BORA, Jen relaxes on a beach chair, sporting
large DIAMOND STUDS, reading up on pregnancy nutrition.
Beside her, Spencer looks a little green as he checks out
What To Expect When You're Expecting.

We PULL BACK to see Mrs. Kornfeld, also with new DIAMOND EARRINGS, knitting a CAMOUFLAGE BABY BLANKET, while Mr. Kornfeld finishes sharpening a MACHETE.

As Spencer looks over and catches his eye, Mr. Kornfeld swings the machete, lopping a PINEAPPLE in half. He gives Spencer an enigmatic smile...

AND AS WE BLACK-OUT, all that's left are:

'O'

'O'

Just like at the start, vertical and horizontal lines appear in each, creating SNIPER SCOPES. Into the right one walks the figure of SPENCER and into the left the figure of JEN, then they both turn simultaneously, both double-fisted with Glockes, and let rip...

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

THE END