

THE AMERICANO

Written by

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ON BLACK: ***CLICK CLACK, GET BACK by ICE CUBE*** ramps up.

CLOSE ON: HIGH-TECH GLOVES pulled tight... A VELCRO VEST strapped on... GUNS slipped into shoulder HOLSTERS... A HELMET VISOR pulled down over a pair of steeled EYES--

INT. DIRTY BEDROOM - MORNING

--but this isn't real equipment, it's a VIRTUAL REALITY GAMING SETUP: VR VISOR, HAPTIC GLOVES, MOTION TRACKING VEST and LIGHT GUNS.

It's worn by DICK FREEMAN (mid-30s), and he's a total loser--the missing link between man and ape. He stands in a valley between mountains of dirty clothes, discarded snack wrappers, and--one can only assume--broken dreams and cum-socks.

He takes a sip from a STARBUCKS CUP.

DICK
Time to bust a cap-puccino.

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE

He unholsters his guns and springs to action as the beat drops--***CLICK CLACK, GET BACK!***

If we could see Dick in his virtual reality, this might look awesome. Instead, it's just an out-of-shape man tumbling around his dirty bedroom.

...He leaps through the air firing his light guns akimbo, landing in a pile of laundry.

...He fights the air on top of his bed, accidentally shattering the light bulb on his overhead fan. Sparks and shards of glass rain down on him in SLOW-MOTION.

...We hear the sound of a shotgun firing, but whenever he "reloads," it looks more like he's masturbating.

...He "drives" in his computer chair, holding an imaginary steering wheel. He shifts gears with an empty can.

...He chokes out a pillow. War-cries as he "breaks its neck." Feathers explode everywhere.

END CREDIT SEQUENCE

Dick pants as he climbs to his feet, his clothes clinging to his sweaty body.

His mom, DEBRA (mid 50s), barges in the door encumbered by a laundry basket and generations of Jewish guilt.

DEBRA
Dickie, stop jerking around and get ready for your interview!

Dick whips around, visor still on.

DICK
Five more minutes!

DEBRA
No. Now! This is Starbucks, honey. A corporation! The big leagues!

DICK
It's just a barista position.

She slams the door.

DICK (cont'd)
(into headset)
Sorry Dragon, I gotta go. Real life calls. I know, it blows. Later.

Dick pulls off his visor and snaps back to his pathetic reality with a sigh.

A WRINKLED COLLARED SHIRT is pulled from a pile...VELCRO SNEAKERS are strapped on...a CANDY BAR holsters into the pocket of ill-fitting slacks...The knot of a tie is attempted but failed...

Dick looks at himself in the mirror. Not great.

DEBRA (O.S.)
Don't forget to brush your teeth!

DICK
(sotto)
Oh my God...

He applies deodorant, then tosses it over his shoulder.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dick steps into the bathroom, coming face-to-bare thighs with ARMANDO (60), whose normally-suave demeanor is undermined by the fact that he's sitting on the toilet while brushing his teeth.

Dick *SCREAMS*. Armando screams back.

DICK
Who the fuck are you!?

ARMANDO
It's okay, I'm a friend!

DICK
That's a lie, I don't have any
friends you mother fucker!

ARMANDO
I wouldn't have phrased it that way,
but since you mentioned it...

DICK
Gross! Mom! MOOOOM!

Debra barrels in.

ARMANDO
Whoa, occupied! Does nobody knock
anymore?

DICK
Explain yourselves!

DEBRA
Bubola, I've told you about him. This
is Armando.

ARMANDO
Richard, a pleasure.

Armando extends a hand, but Dick swats it away.

DICK
Dick.

ARMANDO
Your mother and I have been seeing
each other for awhile now, and I've
fallen deeply in love with every bit
of her. Every nook and cranny.

Debra and Armando smile at each other.

DICK
Don't put that visual in my head!

DEBRA
This is not how I wanted this to go.

DICK
Wanted *what* to go?

DEBRA
Well, we've been talking, and... we think it might be time that he... moved in.

DICK
I can't believe you would decide this without consulting me! This guy's a complete stranger and now I've gotta share a bathroom with him?

DEBRA
Actually... you wouldn't be sharing. We were hoping if he moved in, you would... move out.

DICK
Are you fucking serious right now? First this guy blows up my bathroom and now you're blowing up my life?!

ARMANDO
Don't you think you're a little old to be living with your mother?

DICK
Shut up, Armando! You're too old to be living with her! She's not your night nurse!

DEBRA
Don't talk to him like that!

Debra fixes Dick's tie.

DEBRA (cont'd)
You know this has been a long time coming. It's time for you to spread your wings like the big bird that you are. You'll get this job and make enough money to get your own place. It's gonna be great, you'll see!

DICK
I don't have time to deal with this
right now. Where's my toothbrush?!

ARMANDO
Oh, was this...

Armando pulls a toothbrush from his mouth.

DICK
Fuck!

Dick storms out.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Dick hurries to his old BEATER. VIRGINIA PLATES barely cling
to a duct-taped rear bumper.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

He slams the door and takes a few breaths, eyes closed.

DICK
Just breathe. Chances are he didn't
eat your mom's bush before using your
toothbrush. It's alllll good. Relax.

He opens his eyes. Adjusts his cracked rear-view mirror.

Oh shit--A MAN IN A SKI MASK is in the back seat! As Dick
SCREAMS, a hood is thrown over his head.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

A lone pendant light hangs over a hooded Dick, strapped to a
chair at a metal table. His hood is whipped off.

DICK
Ahhhh!

Dick's eyes adjust to the dim light and two agents (both
mid-30s) come into focus: AGENT BLACK, a Caucasian woman
perpetually looking down her nose at others, and AGENT FLAT
WHITE, a Black man and chronic overachiever.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Dick Freeman.

DICK
What do you want!?

AGENT BLACK
We ask the questions.

She angles the pendant light right into his face.

DICK
I swear I didn't inhale until it
became legal!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We don't care about that. We want to
talk to you about your connections.

DICK
What connections!? I don't even have
social media! Who am I gonna
broadcast my shitty life or sell
tummy tea to?

AGENT BLACK
You don't keep up with anyone from
college?

DICK
I didn't go to college! I got in to a
bunch of places, but couldn't pick
where to go! Like, am I more of a
wildcat or a banana slug? That shit
stays with you for life!

AGENT BLACK
We've been looking for a man of
your... pedigree.

DICK
But I suck at everything! I play a
lot of video games and I tell my mom
it helps with hand-eye coordination,
but I don't think there's any real
evidence to support that! I haven't
even had a job in ten years! How do
you commit to doing the same thing
for forty hours in a row?

Dick is on the verge of tears.

DICK (cont'd)
Please don't hurt me, I'm a nobody.
Whatever you think I did, I'm just a
loser that lives with his mom.
(MORE)

DICK (cont'd)
I'm supposed to be at a job interview
right now.

Agent Flat White lays a DOCUMENT on the table. Dick relaxes.

DICK (cont'd)
Is--is that my résumé? Who are you
people?

Agents Black and Flat White share a glance.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We're with Starbucks.

INT. CIA HQ LOBBY - DAY

Agents Black and Flat White lead Dick through the expansive
lobby and over the CIA SEAL embossed on the floor. Dick
looks around in disbelief.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Apologies for the theatrics. Our work
being what it is, the application
process requires the utmost secrecy.
We can't let candidates know which
location they're applying to before
they're hired.

AGENT BLACK
Nobody wants an arsenic latte.

They arrive at a--

STARBUCKS COUNTER

Agent Black hands Dick a key.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Welcome to "Starbucks One."

DICK
Wait... I got the job? I feel like
that interview went really bad.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
If you're going to work here, we have
very strict protocols.

DICK
Work at the CIA?

AGENT BLACK

At Starbucks *in* the CIA. Here are your employee manuals.

Agent Black hands him a *massive* CIA manual, followed by a much smaller Starbucks manual. Dick flips through the pages.

DICK

I don't have to read all of this before I start, right?

AGENT FLAT WHITE

You are not to fraternize with the agency employees. Do not share personal anecdotes about your day. Do not give them your name. Do not ask their names or write them on the cups. And under zero circumstances are you to tell anybody from the outside that you work here.

DICK

Can I tell my mom?

AGENT FLAT WHITE

Absolutely not.

DICK

But she already thinks I'm a total loser!

AGENT BLACK

And it's gonna stay that way.

DICK

She expects me to get this job and move out! How am I supposed to do that if she doesn't know I'm making money?

AGENT FLAT WHITE

You can't. You need to live your life exactly the way you have for the past ten years. No friends, no outside hobbies, no ties to society at all. A completely meaningless existence.

Dick is offended, but then... *wait a second.*

DICK

So you're saying... nothing about my life can change at all?

AGENT BLACK
Bingo. Think you can handle that?

Oooooh yeah.

AGENT BLACK (cont'd)
To be clear, we're not hiring you for your skills. You have none. We're hiring you because you're a nobody. A ghost. Anybody with two hands can learn how to make hot bean water.

DICK
That's pretty offensive to people with one hand.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
This is a matter of national security. It's important that you remain invisible to prevent a security breach. If anyone were to find out that you work here it could put you, your mom--and even your country--in danger.

DICK
What kind of danger?

AGENT BLACK
The *serious* kind.

DICK
How am I going to explain where I go every day?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We've already taken the liberty of drafting up a cover story for you.

Agent Black hands him a manila folder.

INT. DICK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dick eats dinner with Debra and Armando.

DEBRA
Volunteering at a school for the blind? Like a seeing-eye dog?

DICK
I wouldn't expect you guys to understand.

DEBRA

What I *don't understand* is what happened to the Starbucks job.

DICK

It didn't pan out...

(smug)

I guess I'm gonna have to stay living here until I can make some money.

DEBRA

Convenient. And they can't pay you?

DICK

It's a non-profit. Who needs money when you can fill your coffers with good deeds?

DEBRA

Let me know when you can pay a mortgage with good deeds.

ARMANDO

You know, this doesn't seem like you.

DICK

That's because you just met me. I think you'll find that I'm full of surprises.

DEBRA

I'll say.

DICK

I can quit if you really want. But... you'll have to tell the blind kids, I don't think I have the heart to do it. Poor bastards'll never see it coming.

DEBRA

(suspicious)

I guess it *is* for a good cause.

Armando sighs.

DICK

Pass the gravy, Armando?

Dick pours way too much gravy all over his food.

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

An empty beer sits on Dick's EMPLOYEE MANUALS. He plays a VR game in the background and makes *GUN NOISES* with his mouth.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - MORNING

Dick, in the signature Starbucks black polo, green apron, and khakis, fumbles with equipment as he reads his coffee-soiled EMPLOYEE MANUAL. On it are extremely simplified COFFEE GRAPHICS describing the various drinks.

Agents Black and Flat White wait impatiently on the other side of the counter as Dick pours a cup of coffee.

DICK
You're black, right?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Excuse me?

DICK
Coffee. Black coffee.

Dick holds up a cup.

AGENT BLACK
That's me.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
I'm Flat White.

Dick hands him his order.

DICK
Sorry, I'm still learning the system.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Don't fuck this up. We're responsible for your behavior. You so much as fart in the wrong direction, that's gonna blow back on us.

AGENT BLACK
And remember, nobody knows you work here. We could make you disappear and no one would even notice.

DICK
(gulps)
Copy that.

He returns to his duties of cleaning the MILK STEAMER.
Vigorously wipes up and down on the NOZZLE--

DICK (cont'd)
Jerk offs.

He pushes the button and a cloud of steam *PUFFS* out of the machine. And then, something catches his eye:

BEGIN SLOW-MOTION FANTASY SEQUENCE

A STEAM CLOUD clears, revealing a woman (mid-30s) in a power suit, strutting towards him with all the bravado of someone who shoots first and asks questions later. This is "CAMEL MACCHIATO."

Dick stares slack-jawed as Caramel strolls past an articulating DESK FAN, which blows her hair out. She makes eye contact and smiles... and we snap back to--

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - REALITY

The milk steamer *SEARS* Dick's fingers, abruptly halting his fantasy. He wrenches his hands away.

DICK
AHHHHHHH!
CAMEL MACCHIATO
Are you okay?

DICK
(pained)
Oh, this?

He raises his hands up, revealing horrible BLISTERS that have formed all over his fingers.

DICK (cont'd)
It's nothing. What can I getcha?

CAMEL MACCHIATO
Caramel Macchiato, please.

DICK
Oh, sure.
(bad Italian accent)
Macchiato...

He flips through his Employee Manual.

DICK (cont'd)
Comin' right up.

He punches in her order, wincing with every press.

DICK (cont'd)
Ahh. Ooh. Oh. Ahh.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Are you sure you're alright? I can
call for help.

DICK
Nah-nah-nah-nah, everything is, uh,
how do you say--
(bad Italian accent)
--bene.

He makes an "a-okay" gesture.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Hope so. Wouldn't want what happened
to the last guy to happen to you.

Dick laboriously makes the Macchiato, made harder by the
fact that his fingers have been rendered useless.

DICK
What happened to the last guy?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

He looks at her, horrified. She winks and he relaxes.

DICK
Oh, good one! 'Cause we're in the
CIA. Crackin' jokes and crackin'
cases.

He clasps the CARAMEL SYRUP between his wrists and squirts
it all over the top with a *PBBBBBBT!*

DICK (cont'd)
What's the name for the order?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You know I can't tell you that.

DICK
I do, that was a test. You passed.

She laughs. *This is going well?*

DICK (cont'd)
I guess I'll call you... Caramel
Macchiato?

He gives her the drink and she takes a sip. Closes her eyes.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Oh, wow. This has to be the best one
I've ever had.

DICK
Really? I mean, yeah, it should be.
I'm a professional.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
And I consider myself a connoisseur.
I drink a lot of these--need 'em to
survive. Good job, uh... what do I
call you?

DICK
Like my code name?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I wouldn't say that, but sure.

DICK
Um---

Dick looks back down at his Employee Manual. He lands on a
graphic for an AMERICANO.

DICK (cont'd)
How about, "The Americano"?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I like it. See you around, *Americano*.

He stares after her, mystified, as she walks away.

RUDE AGENT (O.S.)
Hey, buddy--

Dick turns his attention back to a RUDE AGENT.

RUDE AGENT
--I'm tryin' to protect the free
world over here. Think you could pull
your head outta her ass for one
second to make me a double espresso?
American lives are at stake. Chop-
chop.

Dick gets back to work, tossing one last look after Caramel.

INT. DICK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dick, now with UNICORN BAND-AIDS on each of his fingers, practices making coffee on the stove.

He burns himself again and shakes his hand out...he pours CARAMEL sauce over the cup...he takes a sip and recoils...he jots down notes.

Debra and Armando watch bewildered from the doorway.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - DAY

Dick holds up a cup.

DICK
Caramel Macchiato!

He passes the cup to Caramel right as she reaches the counter, skipping a line of DISGRUNTLED EMPLOYEES.

DICK (cont'd)
This one's on the house!

She tastes it, then moans with pleasure.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You're the best, Americano!

She gives him a smile and a wave as she walks off. Then--

A DISGUSTED AGENT *gags* as she takes a sip of her coffee. She pulls something out of her mouth--a unicorn BAND-AID.

DISGUSTED AGENT
What the FUCK!?

Dick looks down at his fingers, one of his band-aids missing. He hides his hands behind his back.

INT. DICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dick watches COCKTAIL on the TV with a notepad in his lap.

ON TV: TOM CRUISE performs tricks while making cocktails.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - DAY

Dick performs the exact same routine from COCKTAIL, only with a BLENDER and SYRUPS. He shakes the blender, bounces a cup off of his elbow, pours the mixture into the cup and drizzles it with sauce.

He winks at his audience, made up of UNAMUSED EMPLOYEES checking their watches. Among them, Caramel applauds.

Agents Black and Flat White walk past, glaring.

DICK
Agents Black and Flat White.

Dick salutes at them. They roll their eyes as they pass.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
I should be Agent Black.

AGENT BLACK
Well, maybe you shouldn't be a pussy
and put so much milk in your coffee.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP - DAY

Dick stands in front of his BEATER, which has a flashy new BUMPER. He hands a MECHANIC a wad of cash and marvels at his car with pride.

INT. DICK'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Dick makes coffee. Debra stares out the window at his improved car.

DEBRA
Where'd you get the money to fix your car?

DICK
You know, from... the government.

DEBRA
Are you selling drugs?

DICK
No!

DEBRA
You know you don't have the stomach
for sales.

He hands her a cup of coffee--

DICK
Gotta go. Love you!

--and rushes out the door. Debra takes a sip.

DEBRA
Oh wow, that's tasty.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

As Dick runs to his car he opens his shirt to reveal the STARBUCKS LOGO on his apron, like a coffee-making Superman.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - DAY

Dick taps his fingerprintless fingers on the counter, impatient. He checks a wall clock. *Where is Caramel?*

He leans over the counter and looks into the deserted lobby.

AGENT FLAT WHITE (O.S.)
What are you doing?

DICK
Ahh!

Surprised, Dick falls over the counter. He rights himself, coming face-to-face with Agents Black and Flat White.

DICK (cont'd)
My two favorite agents, to what do I owe the pleasure?

AGENT BLACK
Were you expecting someone else?

DICK
No! The only thing I'm expecting is your order. The usual?

He lifts the counter up and goes back to his station, still glancing into the lobby.

AGENT BLACK
Stop acting weird. It's annoying me.

DICK
I normally have a customer--s, uh, customers--right now, that's all.
(MORE)

DICK (cont'd)
Slow day for espionage? You guys got
a lot of agents out in the field
today or something?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Why are you asking so many questions?

DICK
I'm just curious because, you know,
my tip jar's a little low on shekels.

He nods at the nearly empty TIP JAR.

AGENT BLACK
Maybe you should work
harder.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Tipping is socialist.

He passes them their *correct* drink orders.

DICK
Black, aaaand Flat White. That'll be
five sixty.

They leave without paying. Dick sighs.

INT. DICK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Debra and Armando watch Dick pick at the food on his plate.

DEBRA
Dickie, do you have plans tomorrow
night?

DICK
I'm a pretty busy guy, but I guess I
could move stuff around depending on
what we're talkin' about.

DEBRA
Well, I have a surprise for you.

DICK
Really?

DEBRA
I set you up on a blind date!

DICK
Oh, c'mon mom!

DEBRA

Ooh, can I still say "blind date"? Is that offensive to the people you work with?

DICK

I don't need you to make booty calls on my behalf.

ARMANDO

We just want you to metamorphose from an antisocial larvae into a social butterfly.

Armando puts his hand on Dick's, but he wrenches it away.

DEBRA

You remember Esther?

DICK

My cousin?

DEBRA

Your *second* cousin. So we know she comes from a good family!

DICK

That's how you get swamp creatures for grandkids! What are we, the Royals?

DEBRA

She's coming for dinner tomorrow.

DICK

You set the date up at home?! Why not at a restaurant?

DEBRA

Because they're expensive! I've seen how much you eat. And what're you gonna pay for it with, your volunteer salary? No, I'm making a brisket for you both here.

ARMANDO

And we'll be your chaperones.

DICK

Why are you doing this to me!?

DEBRA

To supervise you and make sure you don't screw anything up! If you're not gonna make enough money to move out on your own, you need to settle down with a nice lady who already has her own place!

DICK

This is such bullshit! May I be excused!?

DEBRA

No! Eat your vegetables!

DICK

ARRRGH, God!

He violently stabs at peas, eating them one-by-one.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - DAY

Dick raids the baked goods display case.

Mouth full of cake, he sees something in his periphery: a used STARBUCKS CUP by the register.

He leans over the counter and looks in both directions, but nobody's there. He picks up the cup, perplexed. Drawn on the side in sharpie are the words:

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

He stares as dramatic music rises...

DOINK! He throws it in the trash.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - NIGHT

Dick closes out the register for the night.

He pulls the trash bag from the bin and it RIPS, spilling the contents everywhere.

DICK

Goddammit!

The dirty Caramel cup rolls into his foot. Something is scribbled underneath that he didn't notice before. He picks it up to read:

**10313 Grant Ave
Church of Manassas**

DICK (cont'd)
Man asses?

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dick's beater pulls up to the curb.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Dick looks through the front window of the house, where Debra shows an album to whom we can assume is ESTHER.

DICK
Not my pageant pictures!

ANGLE ON: A photo of YOUNG DICK in a child pageant with a MR. VIRGINIA SASH, his arm covering it to say "MR. VIRGIN."

Armando, in a smoking jacket and ascot, salsa dances over to them with cocktails in hand.

Dick looks down at the Starbucks cup in his cup holder. He turns it over to read the address. Some leftover coffee spills on his pants.

DICK (cont'd)
Ah, fuck!

He tries to wipe it off.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - NIGHT

Dick stands outside, holding the cup. He looks over his shoulder, then pushes on the door. It opens with a *CREEEEEAK!*

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

Dick steps inside, his footsteps echoing off the cob-webbed walls. It looks like nobody has been here in years. Crucified Jesus stares down at him.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (O.S.)
Were you followed?

Dick lets out a high-pitched *SCREAM* and drops the cup. He clears his throat, trying to play it off.

DICK
(fake deep voice)
Oh, 'sup? No, I don't think so.

Caramel looks at the wet spot on his slacks.

DICK (cont'd)
I just spilled on myself. What is
this place?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Let's take a walk.

She disappears behind the ALTAR. He follows.

A HATCH in the floor reveals a path of STONE STEPS.

INT. CRYPT - MOMENTS LATER

Dick descends the stairs, his face lit by a colorful glow.

The crypt has been retrofitted into a secret safehouse: a
CONSPIRACY WALL at the back, SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT wedged
into the corner, SATELLITE PHOTOS taped to the stone walls.

Caramel makes a coffee with a state-of-the-art ESPRESSO
MACHINE.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Coffee?

DICK
Hoooooly shit.
(then, looking up)
Sorry.

He incorrectly performs the sign of the cross.

DICK (cont'd)
Sweet safehouse.

He turns over some TECH. Caramel takes it from him.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I asked you here tonight because I
need your help.

He moves to the espresso machine.

DICK

I mean, I've never used this model before but I guess I could figure it out.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Not with coffee. What I'm about to tell you doesn't leave this crypt.

DICK

Sure, sure, loose lips sink ships. Mine are super tight.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

There's a double agent in the CIA. They're planning to sell government-seized weapons to a Cuban militia. I'm close to blowing the lid off it, but my identity's been compromised. I can't go back to the agency until I figure out who's doing this. I can't trust anybody. Except you.

DICK

Wow, thanks.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

You're completely invisible. Nobody pays any attention to you or cares if you even show up to work--

DICK

Wait, what the f--

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

--they wouldn't be suspicious if you were my man on the inside. But I know you, and I can see through the sweaty veneer to what you're *really* capable of.

DICK

I thought you were just confiding in me. What's going on right now?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

The Deputy Director has a file on her computer with the shipping routes of the seized weapons. I need you to break into her office and steal it.

DICK

Are you out of your fuckin' mind?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'm the only one seeing things
clearly. We follow the weapons, find
the buyers, and lock up the traitor.

DICK
WE? Whoa, whoa, whoa. I can't do
this. I'm barely even a *barista*!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You're more than a barista. You're an
American, and this is to protect the
American people. Don't you want to do
something with your life? Something
that gives it meaning? How will you
be remembered in the annals of
history? We all have a choice of what
path we want to take. The path that
defines us. Which one will you
choose?

Dick stares at her.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

Dick speed-walks back to his beater.

DICK
(staccato)
Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck.

Caramel chases after him.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Wait!

INT. DICK'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Dick jumps into his car. Caramel stops at the window.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I know you're scared!

DICK
I'm not scared, I'm just a busy guy!
I have a ton of stuff to do! Coffee
orders to fill!

She checks over her shoulders.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'm scared too. But I *need* you.
You're the only one that can do this.

Dick thinks.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
It's completely up to you, but
please, just sleep on it. And if you
decide you want to help, meet me back
here at 0600 with a USB drive.

DICK
Okay, whatever.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
See you around, Americano.

She smiles at him, then hurries back toward the church.

INT. DICK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dick shuffles in the front door. A GLOWING EMBER burns in
the dark and briefly illuminates someone's SILHOUETTE.

He flicks on the light to reveal Armando and Debra--who
smokes a cigarette--sitting in matching bathrobes.

DEBRA
Oh thank God your home!

She rushes to him and checks him for injuries.

DEBRA (cont'd)
I almost put an Amber Alert out on
you! Are you alright?

DICK
I'm fine, mom.

She SLAPS him across the face.

DICK (cont'd)
Ow, Jesus!

DEBRA
What do you have to say for
yourself?!

ARMANDO
We're not mad, we're just
disappointed.

DEBRA

I'm furious! You spend every day at home playing with your toys, and the one time I ask you to be here you're nowhere to be found. After all I've done for you! You embarrassed me in front of our guest and my reputation is ruined. How can I ever show my face again at family functions? Must be liberating to flit around without any regard for other peoples' feelings. You could've been a doctor or a lawyer! But no! You decided to become a selfish asshole!

ARMANDO

Constructive criticism, Debra.
Constructive!

DICK

I can defend myself, Armando!

Debra steps toward him. Dick flinches.

DEBRA

You have some explaining to do!

DICK

I'm already kind of entangled with a woman at work, okay?! That's who I was with tonight.

Debra gasps.

DEBRA

A blind girl?

DICK

She's not blind!

DEBRA

Well, it might be a good idea. She wouldn't be able to see how much you've let your mother down.

DICK

She actually sees me for who I am and that's why she wants to be my girlfriend! She told me she *needs* me.

DEBRA

Ha! What could you possibly offer?

ARMANDO
Come on, honey. I'm sure everybody
needs Dick once in awhile.

DEBRA
Oh please, I know Dick better than
anyone. I'm a Dick expert!

DICK
You never give me a chance. Maybe I'd
make something of myself if you
weren't smothering me all the time!

Debra dramatically pretends to faint, falling back into her
chair then sliding down the front of it.

ARMANDO
Debra!

Armando fans Debra's face as Dick excuses himself.

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick lays wide-awake in bed.

DICK
I'll show her.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - DAWN

BEEP-BEEP-BEEP!

Dick lays wide-awake in bed, not having moved an inch.

DICK
Fuck.

He slaps his ALARM off: **5:00 AM** sharp.

Fully dressed and pounding coffee, Dick flings piles of
clothing aside.

DICK (cont'd)
Mom, have you seen my USB stick?!

INT. DEBRA'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Dick cracks the door. Debra and Armando are asleep, *SNORING*.

He rummages through her desk, almost as if he's trying to wake them up. He finds a USB STICK.

DICK
(whisper yelling)
You're always touching my stuff! Stay
outta my room!

SNOOOOOORE.

INT. CRYPT - MORNING

Dick descends the stone steps. Caramel smiles.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I knew you'd come.

He hurries to the espresso machine and chugs a steaming cup.

DICK
(simultaneously
pained/relieved)
Oooooaaaaaah.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Are you okay?

DICK
Just a little on edge. Didn't get a
lot of sleep.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
If you aren't up for this we can call
it off. I thought we clicked, but--

DICK
I came, didn't I? Plus it took me
like 45 minutes to get here, it would
be a waste of time if I bailed.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
We have to meet on the outskirts of
town to avoid being seen. Did you
bring a USB stick?

He holds it up.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
Let's go to work.

EXT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Dick's beater is parked outside the perimeter.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Dick stares at the front doors, chugging more coffee.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Okay, run through the plan again so I know you've got it.

DICK

Alright...

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ENTRY - DAY

An expansive hall with terrazzo floors, flags line the walls and lead to a row of TURNSTILES adjacent to a SECURITY DESK. Just beyond is a bay of METAL DETECTORS.

Dick strolls through the large glass doors with all the confidence in the world, right past two burly SECURITY OFFICERS, who take no notice of him.

DICK (V.O.)

I pass through security without complication.

Dick hops over a turnstile and breezes through the METAL DETECTOR. *BEEP!*

He puts his arms out, and an ELDERLY SECURITY GUARD waves his wand over him. *BEEP!* Dick twists it out of his hand with ease and cracks it over his head, knocking him out.

He drags the unconscious body behind a potted plant.

DICK

(whispering)

Sweet dreams.

Dick kisses his forehead.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dick "Risky Business-slides" around the corner of the lobby.

DICK (V.O.)
I make my way to the Deputy
Director's office.

DING! Elevator doors open, and the DEPUTY DIRECTOR (50s) checks her watch as she enters the elevator. Dick bursts through an adjacent side door into the--

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

He sprints up a flight of stairs before parkouring from hand-rail to hand-rail, flipping between floors with ease.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

The Deputy Director watches the floor numbers tick up.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Dick flies over the handrail and rolls out into the--

INT. CIA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He pops back up onto his feet and tightens his tie. *DING!*

The elevator doors open ahead and the Deputy Director strolls out, cutting him off. Dick looks up at an AC VENT.

DICK (V.O.)
Cooooool.

INT. VENTS - MOMENTS LATER

Dick army-crawls, LIGHTER stretched out in front of him.

He passes over a GRATE, where he can see the Deputy Director chatting to her RECEPTIONIST below.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The ceiling vent pops open, and Dick drops out onto his feet with cat-like agility.

DICK (V.O.)
I break into her office--

He moves to the computer.

DICK (V.O.) (cont'd)
--and disable the security on her
computer.

Dick types P-A-S-S-W-O-R-D onto the screen and logs in. A SINGLE FOLDER sits in the middle of the desktop labeled "THE DATA." He jams in the USB DRIVE and files begin to transfer.

DICK
I upload the sensitive files to the
USB drive.

The door handle *RATTLES*. Dick snaps to attention.

The door swings open and the Deputy Director walks in. The office appears empty. REVEAL: Dick has somehow wedged himself into the corner of the ceiling above the doorway.

DICK (V.O.)
I slip out undetected.

As the door swings closed, Dick drops behind it and slides out in total silence. The door slams shut.

DICK (V.O.) (cont'd)
I give you the data and we save the
world.

EXT. HOT TUB - NIGHT

Dick and Caramel lounge in a hot tub. They cheers champagne glasses with a *CLINK*!

INT. DICK'S BEATER - REALITY

Dick eyes the front door while Caramel studies him.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Uh, yeah. That sounds about right.

DICK
Perfect.

He takes one last sip of coffee. She hands him a KEYCARD.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
This keycard will get you into the
Deputy Director's office. I'll be in
your ear the whole time, walking you
through it--

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Dick tries to casually stroll toward the front door, already sweaty. An EAR PIECE is nestled in his ear, barely visible.

CAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
*Just remember, act natural. You need
 to be invisible, like you always are.*

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dick enters and immediately freezes up. Sweat dots his brow and stains his armpits.

The entryway is deserted, except for the two burly Security Officers behind the desk, paying no attention to him.

Dick's stomach *GRUMBLES*, and it echoes off the terrazzo floors. The Security Officers look directly at him. Dick *GULPS* and continues towards them.

DICK
 Hellooo gentlemen.

CAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
 (muffled)
What the fuck are you doing?!

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
 Can I help you, sir?

DICK
 Yes, I work here.

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
 And?

DICK
 I was wondering. If I don't have any
 fingerprints--

He holds up his hands.

CAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
 (muffled)
Noooooo!

DICK
 --would my DNA be left at a crime
 scene?

The Security Officers look at each other.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - MOMENTS LATER

Caramel rubs her temples while Dick hangs his head.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Why would you do that? You drew so much attention to yourself!

DICK
I'm sorry, I drank like seven shots of espresso this morning because I was tired, and now I'm all jittery and nervous!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Don't worry, I'm not going to let anything happen to you, alright? If things look dicey, I'll pull you out.

DICK
Pulling out never works!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Americano! I'll keep you safe, okay? I promise.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ENTRYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dick strolls past the Security Officers, who track him with their eyes, obviously suspicious.

He swipes his KEYCARD, walks through the turnstile and then the METAL DETECTOR. *BEEP!* He freezes.

SNOOOORE. The Elderly Security Guard sleeps in a chair next to the metal detector.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Dick hurries around the corner.

DING! Elevator doors open, and the Deputy Director enters. Dick pushes his way through the adjacent door into the--

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

He sprints up a flight of stairs.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

The Deputy Director watches the floor numbers tick up.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Dick jogs much slower up another flight of stairs, gasping for air. He takes a break to catch his breath.

INT. CIA HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DING! The elevator doors open and the Deputy Director strolls out, then walks down the hall. Dick BURSTS through the stairwell door. Hands on his knees, he watches the Deputy Director shake hands with some COLLEAGUES and enter a BRIEFING ROOM.

Dick's stomach *GRUMBLES* again. He looks at the AC VENT above him, but it's too high, so he limps to the end of the hall. He peeks around the corner into the--

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Receptionist types away at her desk.

DICK
(whispering)
Okay, I think the coast is clear. I just have to get past the receptionist.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Good work. Just take it slow.

A door opens behind him, and Agents Black and Flat White exit with a handful of other AGENTS.

SMARMY AGENT
And *that's* why we don't negotiate with terrorists.

The Agents laugh.

DICK
(whispering)
Shit! People are coming, I have to hide.

He pivots around the hallway, looking for a hiding spot.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
So hide!

DICK
 (whispering)
 I don't know where to go!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Just pick a spot!

He slips into a JANITORIAL CLOSET and shuts the door, just as the Agents turn around and walk down the hall.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
 Alright everyone, enough grab ass.
 Get back to work.

SMARMY AGENT
 Always the boy scout. What's this I hear about you two having to hire the new barista? Good to see the boss is giving you the hard hitting assignments these days.

They stop right in front of the janitorial closet.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
 How about I hit your ass hard?

SMARMY AGENT
 You wanna hit my ass?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
 Not literally! Like, "beat your ass."

SMARMY AGENT
 Hey everybody, he said he wants to eat my ass!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
 I said "beat"!

AGENT BLACK
 Why didn't you just say his face?

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Dick hides in the dark among the cleaning supplies, muffled voices coming through the door.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
What's going on?

DICK
 (whispering)
 I don't know, but it sounds like
 they're right outside the door.

Dick winces as his stomach *GRUMBLES* again. He lets out a
 loooooong suppressed fart. *PBBBB---*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

---BBBBBBT. The Agents glance over their shoulders.

AGENT BLACK
 What the fuck was that?

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Dick clenches his eyes--and we can assume, his ass cheeks.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Don't make any noise!

DICK
 (whispering)
 I can't help it, it's the coffee! It
 goes right through me!

He lets out a few more quick farts. *PBBT-PBBT-PBBT!*

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SMARMY AGENT sniffs the air.

SMARMY AGENT
 That's foul, what is that smell?!

More AGENTS appear.

NAUSEATED AGENT
 Did something die in here!?

AGENT BLACK
 Jesus, somebody call the
 exterminator.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
 (dry heaving)
 I think I'm gonna be sick, I'm not
 good with smells.

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Dick trembles.

DICK
(whispering)
Oh my God, take out your ear piece!

He pulls a mop out of a BUCKET.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
*We need to keep the line of
communication open.*

DICK
(whispering)
Take it out, take it out!

He sits on the bucket.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - SAME

Caramel wrenches her earpiece out, grimacing at the sounds of *MUFFLED SQUELCHING*.

DICK (V.O.)
AAAAAAAAAAH!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dick slips out of the closet and sneaks away, undetected.

DICK
(whispering)
Let's never talk about that again.

An EXTERMINATOR stands on a ladder shining a flashlight through a hole in the drop ceiling. Smarmy Agent watches.

EXTERMINATOR
I don't see any rats.

SMARMY AGENT
There's gotta be something, there's
no way that smell is human.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Receptionist eats lunch. Dick army crawls past her desk.

INT. OUTSIDE THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Out of view of the Receptionist, Dick makes it to a secure wooden door with a WINDOW.

DICK
Okay, I'm here.

He pulls out the KEYCARD, but immediately drops it and kicks it *under the door* and into the office.

DICK (cont'd)
Oh no!

CARMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
What?

DICK
Nothing, it's fine.

Dick retrieves his wallet and pulls out his DRIVER'S LICENSE, complete with EMBARRASSING PHOTO.

He sticks it into the door jamb and wiggles it, trying to wrench the door open, but it slips out of his fingers, through the crack, and into the office.

DICK (cont'd)
Fuck!

CARMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
What's happening?

DICK
Don't be mad, but I dropped the keycard inside the office.

CARMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
How the fuck did you do that?!

DICK
It just happened really fast! So I tried to use another card to pick the lock but that fell through too.

CARMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Jesus Christ, get out! Get out of there now!

He looks at his ID through the door's window. His dumb face smiles back at him.

DICK
It was my Driver's License, so it has
all my info on it!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
How could you drop two cards?!

DICK
I burned my fingerprints off, I don't
have any grip! They make it look so
easy in movies.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

The Deputy Director approaches the reception desk.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Good morning. Any messages?

Dick peeks around the corner.

DICK
(whispering)
Oh shit, the Deputy Director is here!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Abort! Abort!

The Deputy Director leans over the reception desk.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Did the President call?

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, not today ma'am.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Son of a bitch is ghosting me.

Dick SPRINTS past. The Deputy Director spins around.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (cont'd)
The hell was that?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dick races down the hallway that he came from, somehow
unnoticed by all the employees.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

The Deputy Director walks away from the desk.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
I'll be in my office.

She stops and turns back around.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (cont'd)
Did I do something wrong?

RECEPTIONIST
He's the leader of the free world.
I'm sure he's just busy, ma'am.

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Dick sprints down the stairs. He trips and rolls down the final flight of stairs, then out into the--

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

He sprawls out on the tile, *GROANING*.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

The Deputy Director still talks to the Receptionist.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
It just feels childish, sitting there
in his ivory tower.

RECEPTIONIST
It's really more of a white house
than an ivory tower.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - SAME

Dick slides over the counter and mans the espresso machine.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
What are you doing?

DICK
I have an idea!

Steam BLASTS from the machine.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

The Deputy Director walks away from the desk again.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
I put myself out there and this is
the thanks I get? Let me know if he
calls. Actually, tell him I'm busy.

RECEPTIONIST
Of course.

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - SAME

Coffee pours into a cup, spilling everywhere.

DICK
C'mon, c'mon!

He slams a lid over it and hops the counter.

INTERCUT WITH: Dick making his way back to the Deputy
Director's office as she inches closer.

...The Deputy Director walks toward her office at the end of
the hall.

...Dick sprints up the stairwell, spilling everywhere.

...The Deputy Director gets closer to her office. She pulls
out her KEYCARD.

...Dick rounds the corner of the hallway.

...The Deputy Director swipes her keycard. It doesn't work.
She breathes on it, wipes it on her lapel, then tries again.
BEEP!

...Dick runs past the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Hey, you can't go in there!

INT. OUTSIDE THE DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The Deputy Director opens her office door.

DICK (O.S)
Deputy Director!

She turns around to see Dick, covered in sweat and coffee, gasping for breath.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Yes? Do I know you?

The Receptionist catches up.

RECEPTIONIST
I tried to stop him, ma'am!

DICK
(out of breath)
I'm new here...and I just...wanted
to...bring you...a coffee...and
prove...myself...

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Well nobody likes a brown noser, but
I suppose you can leave it on my
desk.

She holds the door open for Dick.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dick walks in and steps on his keycard and driver's license. He kicks them backwards out the door, then places the cup on the Deputy Director's desk. Dick marvels at the room, touching the antlers of a MOUNTED DEER HEAD on the wall.

DICK
Nice office.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Get out.

DICK
Sir yes sir, ma'am!

As Dick leaves, he sticks a COFFEE STIRRER into the door jamb and breaks it off. The door closes but *doesn't lock*.

Framed in the window of the door, the Deputy Director sits down at her desk and picks up the coffee. Confused, she takes the lid off. It's empty.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
What the fuck?

INT. RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT

The Receptionist packs up for the day. The Deputy Director catches up to her.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
I'll walk you to your car!

They leave. Trailing off down the hall--

DEPUTY DIRECTOR (cont'd)
Do you think I should send the
President a gift, or--

RECEPTIONIST
What is that smell?

Dick pops up from behind a leather chair.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open and Dick slides in. He grabs the broken coffee stirrer from the door jamb.

DICK
Yes! Who's got two burnt thumbs and
is standing inside the Deputy
Director's office? This guy!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Baby's first infiltration! Gold star.

He runs over to the computer.

DICK
Password?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
ANTIETAM!1776\$

DICK
Uh huh. How do you spell that?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Seriously?

DICK
No, I got it, I got it.

He types it in. Fails. Types it in again. He's in. The screen is a mess of files and folders.

DICK (cont'd)
 Alright, I'm in. What am I looking for?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Not a lot of creativity in government - look for file labeled "PBCOHIBA."

He navigates the folders to one labeled "PBCOHIBA."

DICK
 Found it!

He sticks the USB stick in and opens it, but it's filled with personal files.

DICK (cont'd)
 Shit! There's still a ton of stuff on the USB stick!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
You didn't wipe it?

DICK
 I've never stolen government data before, sorry I'm not a fucking expert! Why didn't you bring a USB stick?

A flashlight beam cuts through the door's window, and the sound of a *WHISTLING* somebody approaching.

DICK (cont'd)
 (whispering)
 Fuck, someone's coming! Should I delete the files?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
No time!

Dick copies the PBCOHIBA folder over to the USB stick. He switches his attention back and forth between the approaching light and the PROGRESS BAR on the screen.

The WHISTLING gets louder until... *BEEP!*

The door unlocks and swings open. A NIGHT GUARD scans the office with his flashlight. Dick is nowhere to be seen.

Satisfied, the Night Guard leaves, closing the door behind him. REVEAL: Dick is doing a very poor job of hiding behind the taxidermy DEER HEAD that he holds in front of his face.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - NIGHT

Dick speed walks across the lobby.

DICK
Holy shit, I can't believe we made
it!

And rounds the corner to the--

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - ENTRYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The two Security Officers sit behind their desk, staring.

DICK
Oh. Good evening, officers.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Come over here a moment, sir.

DICK
Me?

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
No, the other doughy, suspicious guy.

Dick looks around, then walks over.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE (cont'd)
We just need to check you out before
you leave.

DICK
Is that necessary? I'm just the
barista. I make sure to check *myself*.
So that I do not wreck myself.

They pat him down, then look at his clenched fist.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Open your hand, please.

DICK
I can't. My carpals are acting up.
From all the espresso making.

Security Officer One pries his fingers open to reveal the
USB stick.

DICK (cont'd)
Ow!

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Well, well, well. What's on this?

DICK
Um... personal items?

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
You have any idea how it looks for
for you to be walking around the CIA
at night with a USB stick?

DICK
I'm sure it happens all the time.

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
It's literally never happened. I told
you this motherfucker was shady.

AT THE DESK

Security Officer One plugs the USB stick into his computer
and opens the folder.

Sweat pools on Dick's brow as Security Officer Two side-eyes
him, hand on his gun.

Security Officer One scrolls down the files one-by-one. At
the bottom is the folder labeled PBCOHIBA. Dick tenses as
sweat rolls off of his nose and onto Security Officer One's
shoulder.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
What do we have here?

He arrives at an UNTITLED FOLDER before PBCOHIBA and clicks.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE	SECURITY OFFICER TWO
OOOOOOH SHIT!	GOOOOOD DAMN!

On the screen, Debra poses in sexy lingerie on a bed.

DICK
Oh God no!

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Who is *this* dime-piece?!

DICK
It's, uh--

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
Your old lady?

DICK
I guess you could say that.

They scroll through the images, which play out like a raunchy Powerpoint presentation of Debra's sexploits.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Damn, look at those milkers!

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
You suck on those things?

DICK
I mean, I have... For a couple of years it was like every single day.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE SECURITY OFFICER TWO
Hell yeah! My man!

They high five him and continue through the photos.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Man, I'm keeping this one!

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
Save the one with the chocolate for me. You mind?

DICK
(sotto)
Oh goddammit.

Security Officer One copies a photo to his computer.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
I didn't know you were this cool.

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
Into an older vintage, classy!

DICK
Yeah, yeah. I should actually get back to her. She's probably waiting up for me.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
Shit, I bet she is! Give her that good lovin'!

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
This guy is fuckin' loco.

They hand Dick his USB stick, then fist bump him. He walks away, hanging his head.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
You get any more "personal items" you
feel free to spread the love!

INT. DICK'S BEATER - NIGHT

Dick gets into the car, silent.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
What happened?

DICK
I don't want to talk about it, okay?
I've suffered enough for my country.

He hands her the USB stick.

DICK (cont'd)
Just... please don't look at anything
else that's on there.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'm only interested in the files.

Dick clutches his chest.

DICK
I think I'm gonna have a heart
attack.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
It's just adrenaline, it'll pass.

DICK
No, I think it's from all the coffee.
Can you overdose on caffeine?

Caramel puts a calming hand on his shoulder.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Breathe, it's over. You did good. All
you need to do now is go back to work
and live your life as if nothing
happened.

DICK
What?! How am I supposed to do that
now that I've seen behind the
curtain? I'm an enemy of the state!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Nobody can know I'm conducting this investigation. You have to act normal until I can decrypt the files.

DICK
How long will that take?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Without the agency's resources, it's hard to say. Just wait for my instructions.

She hands him a cheap BURNER PHONE.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
You can reach me here but *only* if it's an emergency. Got it?

DICK
I guess... Before you go, do you think we could--

But she's already gone.

INT. DICK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dick, Debra, and Armando eat ice cream at the table.

DEBRA
Dickie, what's wrong? You've hardly touched your dessert.

Dick's plate has two scoops of ice cream with cherries on top that unmistakably look like breasts. He knocks one of the cherries off.

DICK
I'm just not hungry.

DEBRA
A mother knows when her son is unhappy. And in your case it's when you don't jump at a chance to eat sugar. Now spill.

DICK
Do you think it's too late for me to turn my life around?

DEBRA

It's never too late for people to choose who they want to be.

ARMANDO

Colonel Sanders didn't even start KFC until he was sixty five!

DICK

Yeah, but he had like a whole military career before that.

DEBRA

The important thing is that you're trying *now*. Who knows, maybe this job will be the spark you needed to kickstart your life... even if they are a bunch of cheapskates.

She pinches his face.

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick puts on his VR headset.

DICK

(into headset)

Yo Dragon...I know, life's been crazy. Listen, you might not see me for awhile....Things are really picking up at work, and I guess you could say I have a girlfriend... I know, I've finally been tamed! Alright man, goodnight.

Dick removes his headset and surveys his messy room.

He grabs a trashcan...sweeps garbage off of his desk...folds a pile of clothes...pinches a completely rigid, petrified sock and drops it in a hamper...vacuums crumbs off of his mattress...packs his VR EQUIPMENT away in a box.

Dick beams with pride at his newly immaculate room. He falls back onto his clean bed, satisfied, then looks over to the BURNER PHONE on his nightstand.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Caramel leans over the shoulder of an anti-establishment HACKER (mid-20s) that looks like he was plucked straight from the hills of Woodstock. He types away on a laptop.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
How much longer?

HACKER
I don't know, man, time is a
construct.

BZZZT! Caramel's BURNER PHONE goes off. The screen reads:

AMERICANO

Panicked, she flips it open:

U up?

Unamused, Caramel types back:

I told you, this is only for emergencies.

She waits for a response.

It is an emergency...

;)

INT. DICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dick's burner phone *BUZZES*. He answers.

DICK
(into phone)
Hello?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
Americano?

DICK
Who's calling? Just kidding.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOATHOUSE - SAME

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Is everything alright?

DICK
Better now. So, what're you up to?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Working on the case? I'm very busy.

DICK

You know, you need to learn to take some time for yourself. Take it from me, I'm an expert.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Goodbye, Americano.

DICK

Wait! I'm sorry. I actually did want to talk to you about something. I'm kind of freaking out.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

(softening)

What's wrong?

DICK

I mean, isn't what we did super illegal? How do I know if I'm doing the right thing if I'm breaking the law?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Sometimes we have to do bad things for a net positive result. It's a staple in this line of work. Do you know what the trolley problem is?

DICK

Obviously. I'm not an idiot. You might have a different problem with trolleys than I do, though. What's yours?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Okay, so there's a runaway trolley barreling down a track towards five people, and one person standing on another track next to it.

Caramel doodles a visual representation as she explains.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)

You, the bystander, have a choice. Do you let the trolley careen into the people on the first track, or flip the switch to redirect it into the single person on the other?

DICK

Um... neither. I'd blow the trolley up with a grenade.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
(chuckling)
You don't have a grenade in this
scenario.

DICK
Then I don't know! I wouldn't choose.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Then the group of five still die. Not
making a decision is the same thing
as making one. Sometimes, it can have
even worse consequences. Or, you can
make a difficult choice for the
greater good. In this scenario, take
one life to save many.

DICK
But I don't even know these people.
What if those five are Nazis and the
other one is just, like, a supermodel
or a young piano prodigy?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'm not sure why those two groups of
people would be in the same place,
but that's the ethical dilemma. All
you get out of sitting on the fence
is a fence post up the ass.

He thinks.

DICK
I guess I don't want that. Thanks.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Don't mention it. Now seriously,
never fucking call me again unless
it's an emergency.

DICK
Copy that. Goodnight.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Goodnight.

They hang up. Dick smiles. So does Caramel.

INT. DICK'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Dick passes his mom and Armando on his way out.

DICK
Gooooood morning, Mother! Armando.

He kisses his mom on the head and whistles as he leaves.
Debra and Armando look at each other, bewildered.

Dick's SACK LUNCH sits on the counter.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Dick's beater drives off as Debra runs out the door in her robe, clutching his lunch.

DEBRA
Dickie, you forgot your lunch!

But he's gone.

DEBRA (cont'd)
Idiot.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS - SECURITY DESK - MORNING

Pep in his step, Dick strolls toward the turnstiles.

SECURITY OFFICER ONE
There he is! You're an animal!

SECURITY OFFICER TWO
The "Milk Maaaan!"

Dick throws them sheepish "finger guns."

EXT. SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND - MORNING

Debra walks through the front doors.

INT. SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND - CONTINUOUS

Debra approaches a BLIND RECEPTIONIST behind the front desk.

DEBRA
(too loud)
HELLO THERE!

BLIND RECEPTIONIST
My ears work fine, ma'am. You don't need to yell.

DEBRA
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm just dropping my
son's lunch off.

BLIND RECEPTIONIST
Name?

DEBRA
Dick Freeman.

BLIND RECEPTIONIST
We don't have a student by that name.

DEBRA
No, he's a grown man.

BLIND RECEPTIONIST
None of our students are grown men.

DEBRA
No, he works here!

BLIND RECEPTIONIST
I can assure you that no one by that
name works at this school.

Off Debra's look--

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - DAY

Dick puts the finishing touches on a Flat White.

DICK
Flat White, Sir? Flat White.

Agent Flat White texts, unaware.

Dick reaches across the counter and puts his hand on Agent
Flat White's shoulder, who immediately grabs and twists it,
pinning him to the counter.

DICK (cont'd)
Ow!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Never sneak up on an agent like that
again! We're conditioned to
instantaneously react and destroy any
potential threat!

DICK
(pained)
Okay, sorry. Your coffee is ready.

Agent Flat White lets him go and takes the coffee.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Coulda taken your arm clean off.

Dick returns to his machine, rubbing his shoulder. Agent Black approaches Agent Flat White.

AGENT BLACK
(hushed)
There's been a breach.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
(hushed)
What kind of breach?

Dick pretends to work as he eavesdrops.

AGENT BLACK
How many fucking types of breaches are there? Somebody accessed our data on the weapon shipments.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Do we know who?

AGENT BLACK
There's been chatter among the Cubans. Someone they call "El Americano."

A VERTIGO ZOOM on Dick's face as his world closes in.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Americano? That just means "American" in Spanish. It could be anybody.

AGENT BLACK
Maybe. Or maybe it's a code name.

A HURRIED AGENT approaches the counter.

HURRIED AGENT
Hey, could I get a...a... man, what's that thing called? A shot of espresso with hot water?

Agent Black and Flat White look over at Dick.

HURRIED AGENT (cont'd)
 God, it's on the tip of my tongue.
 You know what I mean--

Dick stares back at the Agents. They turn towards him.

HURRIED AGENT (cont'd)
 It starts with an "A." A...A...Am--

DICK
 Aaaa--mmmotherfuckin' Mochaccino is
 what it is!

HURRIED AGENT
 Huh, really? A Mochaccino? You sure?

The Agents leave, satisfied, and Dick exhales a massive sigh of relief. The Hurried Agent snaps his fingers.

HURRIED AGENT (cont'd)
 Americano! That's what it's called.

Dick vomits into the garbage can.

EXT. CIA PARKING LOT - DAY

Dick speed walks to his car, dotted with vomit, and frantically dials on his cell.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
*What'd I tell you? You better be
 dying.*

DICK
 They know who I am!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BOATHOUSE - SAME

Caramel is on the phone while the Hacker works behind her.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
 What? Who?

DICK
 Agents Black and Flat White!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
 I don't know who that is. I need
 their names.

DICK
I'm not allowed to know anybody's
name, remember!?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
What do they look like?

DICK
You know, one's taller. The other
one, of the feminine persuasion,
she's shorter.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I need you to be more specific.

DICK
You're really gonna make me say it?
One is a super good looking black
dude and the other is a white lady!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Okay, just relax. I'll text you an
address of another safe house.

DICK
No, no more safe houses! They're too
far away and gas is crazy expensive,
just meet me at the mall!

He hangs up.

EXT. OUTDOOR MALL - DAY

Dick talks to Caramel in the courtyard of a bustling mall.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You couldn't think of a more discrete
meeting place?

DICK
I needed comfort and I love their
pretzels here! Maybe I should just
confess? Reason with them.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Are you insane?! These people are
dangerous. Agents Black and White--

DICK
Flat White.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Right. They're obviously behind this.
It just means we need to nail them
before they get to us.

DICK
No fucking way! I'm out, this is way
too dangerous! You see what happens
when I do things!?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Keep your voice down, I can protect
you.

DICK
No you can't! You already promised me
you'd keep me safe and now look! I'm
done!

He takes his burner phone and CHUCKS it into a nearby bush.

DEBRA (O.S.)
Dickie?

Dick freezes. Through the maze of people, Debra violently
waves her arms at him.

DEBRA
Dick!

DICK
Oh, fuck!

He tries to hide his face. Debra jogs toward them. Caramel
reaches for the gun tucked into the back of her waistband,
but Dick grabs her hand.

DICK (cont'd)
What the fuck are you doing?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Protecting you, like I promised!
You've been made!

DICK
That's my *mom*. You're not gonna shoot
her in front of Hot Dog On A stick!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
This is *exactly* why we meet at
safehouses!

Debra arrives, out of breath.

DEBRA

Oh, Dick! Is this the girlfriend you told me about?

Caramel cocks an eyebrow. Dick pulls Debra away.

DICK

No, mom! Get out of here!

DEBRA

You're gorgeous!

(then, to Dick)

What the hell is going on with you? I went to that school to drop off your lunch, and they said they haven't even seen you!

DICK

Yeah, mom, they're blind!

DEBRA

You're keeping something from me.

DICK

You need to go, it's not safe.

Debra flinches and looks around.

DEBRA

There aren't bees here, are there? You know I'm allergic to bees!

DICK

Mom, this is serious! I can't explain right now, but you have to listen to me, okay? I need you to go stay at Armando's or something.

DEBRA

Oh, Dick, what have you gotten yourself into?

DICK

I'll tell you everything when the time is right, but just promise me you'll find a place to stay?

DEBRA

Okay, I promise.

With that, he runs off.

DEBRA (cont'd)
Um, it was nice to meet--

Debra turns around, but Caramel is nowhere to be seen.

EXT. CIA PARKING LOT - DAY

Dick's beater idles.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Dick stares at the front entrance.

DICK
(rehearsing)
Okay, yes, I stole some files, but is
that *really* theft? It's not a
tangible thing, it's just ones and
zeroes. And yeah, technically it's
government property or whatever, but
as a tax-payer, the government works
for me, so really I'm just taking
what's mine! This is all a big
misunderstanding.
(then)
I'm dead.

EXT. CIA PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dick's beater peels out and drives off.

EXT. DICK'S HOUSE - DUSK

Dick hurries toward the front door and... *BOOM!* His house
EXPLODES, sending him flying backwards into his beater,
knocking off his fixed bumper and blowing out the windows.

Light from the flames dances off of his shocked face.

EXT. OUTDOOR MALL - NIGHT

Dick crawls on his hands and knees in the bushes until he
finds his burner phone, sitting in a pile of DOG SHIT. He
shakes it off.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

A run-down TWO STORY boathouse rests at the water's edge.

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

A COASTGUARD BOAT is anchored to an interior dock adjacent to sparse LIVING QUARTERS. Dick paces back and forth in front of Caramel.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Who knows your real name?

DICK
Just Agents Black and Flat White,
they hired me! And my mom, obviously.
And her *lame* boyfriend!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Okay, just calm down.

DICK
I would, but the CD of whale sounds I
listen to was in my house -- which
blew up!

Dick flops into a chair and hyperventilates.

DICK (cont'd)
This was supposed to be *one little*
federal crime and it's turned into
such a thing!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
How about I make you a coffee for
once to cheer you up?

He doesn't say anything.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
The silent treatment. I deserve that.

She walks over to another one of her fancy ESPRESSO MACHINES and hits the button. It dispenses a shot.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
You know, my parents were immigrants,
and they fled an oppressive
government to start a new life here.
Yeah, they bent the rules, but it
taught me that you can't just sit
around and wait for things to happen.
(MORE)

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
You've gotta fight for what you want.
But sometimes when you fight you get
hit, and I'm sorry you got caught in
the crossfire. This isn't the first
time a plan has *blown up in my face*.

DICK
What?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Oh, sorry. That was insensitive.

DICK
Did you say something?

He wiggles a finger in his ear, which has a streak of dried
blood coming out of it.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Oh my god, you're bleeding!

Caramel grabs a rag and rushes over. She licks the end and
dabs the side of his face. He winces.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
The explosion might've blown out your
ear drum.

They stare into each other's eyes as she tends to his wound.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
I'm really sorry. If we can stop the
deal and prove that Agents Black and
Flat White are behind it, your life
will go back to normal. But if you'd
still rather face two highly trained
spies on your own, I understand.

Dick eyes the door.

DICK
Now that I think about it, I guess
we're a pretty good team. Who *hasn't*
had their house explode, anyway?

They smile at each other. Dick leans in, and--

HACKER (O.S.)
EXPLODE?!

The Hacker stands in the doorway. Dick pulls away from
Caramel and falls out of his chair.

HACKER

You told me this job was routine!

DICK

Who the hell is this guy?!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

When he's not eavesdropping he's
supposed to be decrypting files.

HACKER

Not anymore! I'm still on probation
for *alleged* possession, I can't be
getting my hands dirty!

The Hacker frantically packs up his stuff.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

You can't go, you aren't finished!

HACKER

You voided our social contract when
you lied about the details, lady.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Then you're not getting paid!

The Hacker storms out.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)

(after him)

You're a shitty hacker anyway! Don't
quit your day job, asshole!

HACKER (O.S.)

I don't have a day job!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Amateur-hour bag-biters! If we can't
get into these files soon we'll both
be getting one way tickets to a
government black site!

DICK

We'll really never be safe until you
catch these guys?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

No! And this is our one shot.

Dick thinks.

DICK
I might know a guy.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Who?

DICK
They call him... Dragon.

EXT. SLEEPY SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

A perfect slice of Americana.

Caramel wears large sunglasses and a baseball cap pulled low over her face. Dick knocks on the door.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You sure your guy lives here?

DICK
Pretty sure.

The door opens. We tilt down to REVEAL: a 12-YEAR-OLD BOY in garish streetwear, with headphones around his neck blaring hardcore rap.

DICK (cont'd)
Dragon?

DRAGON
Who's askin'?

DICK
It's me! MrStealUrGirl69!

Caramel sneers at the name.

DRAGON
Ohhh shit, in the flesh! What's up, bro? What're you doing here? This is crazy!

Dragon brings Dick in for a high five.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Wait, you're "Dragon"?

DRAGON
Yeah, DragonMyBalls in the virtual world. Oh shit, is this the girlfriend?

Dragon kisses Caramel's hand, who side-eyes Dick.

DICK
 Uuuuh, kids and their imaginations!
 (to Dragon)
 Actually, we need your help. With
 your... expertise.

Dragon checks over his shoulder.

DRAGON
 (whispering)
 Meet me around back in five. Don't
 let my mom see you.
 (then, loud)
 NO, I DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR SHITTY
 COOKIES!

He winks, then closes the door.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
 You gotta be fucking kidding me. He's
 a child!

DICK
 Children are the future?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Dick and Caramel stand by a wooden BASEMENT HATCH. It swings open and Dragon emerges.

DRAGON
 Welcome to the Dragon's lair!

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Dragon leads them down wooden steps.

DRAGON
 Can I getchu guys anything? Got some
 fuckin' Red Bull, got some fuckin'
 pizza bagels... you want some
 Adderall?

REVEAL: a state-of-the-art GAMING PC with a dozen monitors and peripherals hooked up to it. It looks more like a government command center than a child's playroom.

DICK
 Holy shit! This setup is legendary!

DRAGON

I'm not a scrub, bro. This ain't your
momma's consumer grade shitbox.

DICK

How'd you afford all this?!

DRAGON

Crypto-currency my dude! I bought
this shit on the dark web. Got a
contact at the Kremlin. Fuckin'
pussy! *B-r-r-r-ah! B-r-r-r-ah!*

He fires off some finger guns.

DICK

So dope.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Hate to break up the playdate, but
we're kind of on a time crunch.

DRAGON

Yo, uh, she cool? I can't have you
bringing any heat on me right now.

(rapping)

*Fuckin' wit me 'cause I'm a teenager,
wit a little bit o' gold and a pager!*

DICK

Oh yeah, she's cool. Ice cold.

DRAGON

If my man says so. Let's get down to
ass tacks, what can I do ya for?

She holds up the USB stick.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Think you can decrypt the files on
this drive?

DRAGON

I know I can. But what's in it for
me?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Well, for starters, I won't tell your
mom about all the illegal shit you're
doing down here--

She rattles one of Dragon's many pill bottles.

DRAGON

Pfft. I gotta prescription for that.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

--and I won't break your scrawny little legs.

DICK

(stepping in)

Whoa, whoooa! Let's all relax.

DRAGON

No, no, she's chill. Like you said, ice cold. Game recognize game. Play on playa.

The USB stick plugs into the computer...the monitors power on...Dragon settles into his gaming chair.

DRAGON (cont'd)

Whattawe got here? A little more sophisticated than the usual Hollywood email leak, but nothin' I can't do with my eyes closed.

He drags the file into a CRACKER PROGRAM and hits START. A PROGRESS BAR loads.

DRAGON (cont'd)

Got it automated so I can clap cheeks while I crack...files. Know'm sayin'? It'll take a few minutes, tops.

DICK

What I tell you? Kid's a total whiz.

DRAGON

Yeah, a *jizz* whiz!

He thrusts. The door handle behind them *RATTLES*.

DRAGON'S MOM (O.S.)

YOUNG MAN! WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT LOCKED DOORS IN THIS HOUSE?!

DRAGON

(quiet)

Oh, shit, my mom! Hide!

(then)

Chill out mom, I'm coming!

DRAGON'S MOM (O.S.)
 DON'T YOU DARE TELL ME TO "CHILL
 OUT!" OPEN THE DOOR THIS INSTANT!

Dick and Caramel duck behind a SERVER RACK and watch Dragon through the wires as he opens the door for his MOM.

DRAGON
 I told you not to disturb me when I'm
 in my fuckin' sanctuary!

DRAGON'S MOM
 Don't use that language with me! Did
 you do your homework like I asked?

DRAGON
 Uuuuugh, homework is for *sheep*, mom!
 I know more than all of those fuckin'
 nerd teachers combined!

DRAGON'S MOM
 That's it!

She grabs him by the ear and bends him over her knee,
 SPANKING him in between every reprimand.

DRAGON'S MOM	DRAGON
I TOLD YOU...NO...GAMES...	OW! MOM, STOP!
BEFORE...YOUR HOMEWORK...IS	
DONE!	

Even Caramel grimaces at the violence. Dick looks away.

DICK
 (whispering)
 I can't look.

DRAGON'S MOM
 And watch your mouth!

Dragon's mom leaves the room, the door wide open.

DRAGON'S MOM (O.S.)
 Door open!

Dick and Caramel quietly emerge from behind the server rack.
 Dragon wipes his nose, sniffing.

DRAGON
 Mom's, right? You know what I'm
 talkin' about, Steal.

DICK

So true.

Dick awkwardly pats his shoulder.

Caramel looks over the files on the computer, SHIPPING ROUTES and MAPS displayed over all of the monitors.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

That's it right there. It comes in tomorrow.

DRAGON

Shit, what're we looking at?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

We aren't looking at anything. You never saw us.

(then)

Let's go, we have to be ready first thing in the morning.

She pulls the USB stick and walks up the stairs to the yard.

DICK

Ummm, so... this was fun, but I kinda gotta jet. See you online soon?

DRAGON

It's all good, handle your shit. Just promise me one thing.

DICK

Anything man.

DRAGON

Don't let anyone dry up your drip, dawg. It's no way to live.

Dragon sullenly "dabs," then shuffles out of the room.

DRAGON (cont'd)

(sotto)

Moms are mad trippin'--

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

The sun rises over the waterline.

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dick and Caramel zip on COAST GUARD UNIFORMS. Both of them sneak playful peeks at each other in their underwear.

DICK (O.S.)
How do I look?

Dick's ill-fitting uniform shows off his midriff and ankles.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
(chuckling)
Fabulous. C'mon, we gotta move.

Dick's stomach *RUMBLES*.

DICK
Don't you want to grab a little
breakfast first?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
We don't have time.

DICK
I haven't eaten in like two days! I
can't do espionage on an empty
stomach.

She sighs, checks her watch.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Coast Guard boat cuts through the waves.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Caramel drives. Dick alternates bites between a DONUT and a DANISH.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You really needed both of those?

DICK
They all looked so good, I couldn't
decide! And I'm a trysexual, I try
everything.

Another BOAT appears on the horizon. Caramel flicks a button and *SIRENS* scream to life.

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT - DAY

The Coast Guard Boat docks next to a CHIQUITA BANANA BOAT. Dick, completely pale, grasps the railing and desperately tries to hold in his breakfast.

DICK
Oooh, I don't feel so hot. Those pastries aren't sitting right.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I need you to keep it together. Just let me do all the talking.

He gives her an unenthusiastic thumbs up.

She waves down the BOAT CAPTAIN and his CREW MEMBER, who look much too aggressive to be working for a fruit company.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
We've had reports of an illegal shipment coming through this channel.

BOAT CAPTAIN
There must be some kind of mistake. We have all our paperwork.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Then you have nothing to worry about.

Caramel climbs aboard the--

EXT. CHIQUITA BOAT - CONTINUOUS

Dick struggles to follow, his legs splitting across the gap between the boats.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Show me the shipment.

The Boat Captain and Crew Member share a knowing look before leading the way down the deck.

The Boat Captain points to a row of SHIPPING CRATES.

BOAT CAPTAIN
Check the manifesto, these are all accounted for.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Open 'em up.

BOAT CAPTAIN
Is that really necessary?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'm not out here to get a tan.

She unclips her SIDEARM. Dick bends over, breathing heavily and sweating, trying to keep it together.

The Boat Captain unlocks a SHIPPING CRATE and opens the door. Dozens of BANANAS roll out.

BOAT CAPTAIN
Nothing but bananas. Maybe your man should eat one, he's looking pale.

Caramel sweeps some bunches off of the pile, revealing a WOODEN CRATE stamped "M16."

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
M-16 must be a new strain.

Caramel draws her gun on the Boat Captain.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
We're seizing this shipment.

BOAT CAPTAIN
Do you have any idea who we work for?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I do.

Suddenly, Dick *VOMITS* onto Caramel's arm, distracting her.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
What the fu--

The Boat Captain charges Caramel, grabbing her gun and setting it off with a *BANG!* The Crew Member runs at Dick, grabbing him by the throat.

Caramel and the Boat Captain fight with expert martial arts training, while Dick just slaps the Crew Member repeatedly.

DICK
(choking)
Get the fuck off me!

The Crew Member throws him into the pile of bananas, then grabs a MACHETE off of a nearby barrel.

DICK (cont'd)
Oh my God! Get-away-get-away!

Dick hurls bananas at him. The Crew Member slices some mid-air, while others hit and do nothing. Finally, one hits him in the eye, throwing him off balance.

CREW MEMBER
My eyes!

Caramel and the Boat Captain continue to fight with incredible precision. Her gun gets knocked away.

The Crew Member rubs his eye before starting towards Dick with renewed rage.

DICK
I'm sorry! I didn't mean it! Leave me alone!

Dick scrambles up the pile of bananas, deeper into the shipping crate. The Crew Member grabs him by the foot and raises his machete.

DICK (cont'd)
No! No!

Dick grabs a BANANA, spins around, and JAMS it into the Crew Member's mouth. He stumbles back, choking... then slips on a BANANA PEEL, slamming hard to the ground.

SLOW MOTION: The machete spins through the air--

And SKEWERS the Crew Member's throat to the deck. *BOIOIOING!*

DICK (cont'd)
Fuuuuuck!

Blood sprays out of the dead Crew Member's mouth.

Caramel continues to fight off the Boat Captain. He grabs an OAR off a nearby LIFEBOAT and splinters it over her back.

Dick stumbles out of the shipping container, but notices a TARANTULA crawling on his shoulder.

DICK (cont'd)
Ahhhh!

He wrestles with his own jacket, while Caramel wrestles with the Boat Captain.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Americano!

DICK
I'm coming!

Dick flips his jacket over his shoulder, while the Boat Captain flips Caramel over his and puts her in a choke hold.

DICK (cont'd)
Die, bitch!

Dick stomps on his jacket and grabs the gun from the deck.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
(choking)
Shoot him!

DICK
Uh... where? Like the leg or in the head?!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
(choking)
Just fucking kill him!

DICK
Killing people is your department!

Dick hesitates.

Caramel headbutts the Boat Captain, sending him reeling into a lifeboat. She grabs a LIFE PRESERVER and slams it over him, pinning his arms to his side. A kick to the stomach sends him flying head first into the wall with a CRACK! His body slumps into a lifeless heap.

DICK (cont'd)
Hoooly shit. Is that guy dead too?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
No thanks to you.

She snatches the gun out of his hand.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
You could have gotten me killed!

DICK
I'm sorry, there was a spider...

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
This isn't a game, you just stood
there! You need to be able to make
these split second decisions or we'll
both be dead.

She storms off as the tarantula scurries over Dick's foot.

DICK
Shit!

EXT. COAST GUARD BOAT - DUSK

Agents Black and Flat White dock alongside and climb aboard,
guns drawn.

They approach the CABIN DOOR, where a sign hangs reading
"GONE FISHIN'". Blood streaks the door handle.

Agent Flat White wrenches it open and... the dead Boat
Captain and Crew Member roll out! Agent Black screams and
UNLOADS a full clip into them.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Whoa, whoa!

AGENT BLACK
You saw it, they lunged for my
weapon!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
They were already dead.

AGENT BLACK
Pfft, I knew that.

Agent Flat White stares over the horizon.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Whoever the hell did this must have
made off with the weapons. They're
always one step ahead. Who's even
capable of pulling something like
this off?

INT. BOATHOUSE - NIGHT

Dick eats a banana in shock, surrounded by peels.

Caramel drags a weapons crate off of the Chiquita boat.

DICK

So you killed a guy, that was pretty crazy.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Comes with the territory. So did you.

DICK

No, I wouldn't say that. Technically he did it to himself, so it was a suicide... Seppuku.

She *CRACKS* the crate open with a crowbar and Dick snaps out of it.

DICK (cont'd)

You need help with that?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Not from you.

DICK

Wait, you're mad at *me*?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

You could say I'm a little peeved, yeah! When partners are in the field they have each other's backs, and you left me high and dry out there. How can I trust you when you choke under pressure? There isn't room for stupid mistakes in the CIA!

DICK

I'm not *in* the CIA! My entire life has blown up - literally - because of you, and now you're saying you can't trust me? I know I have a problem making decisions sometimes, but haven't I proven myself enough? I've done everything you asked! I stole the files all on my own! Got them decrypted and found the weapons! I fucking killed a guy today! You know how many people I killed before I met you? Zero!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

(softening)

Okay, maybe you're right.

DICK

None of this would've happened if it wasn't for me! I know I look like a pretty tough guy--

(off her look)

--but I still have feelings. I'm not stupid.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

I didn't mean that. I don't think you're stupid. You've been great.

DICK

Damn right I've been great!

(then)

But, uh, it was your plan. I was just following along. That was the first time you called me your partner.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Did I say that?

She smiles and walks over to him.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)

Virginia. My name's Virginia.

DICK

What are you doing?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Trusting you.

Is this the moment? Dick leans in for a kiss.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)

You've got vomit on your lip.

DICK

Hmm?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

A little schmutz. Right there.

Dick wipes his lip and Caramel heads back to her inspection.
Goddammit.

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Deputy Director looms over her desk across from Agent Black and Agent Flat White.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Leave it to Agents "Bitch Cassidy"
and the "I'm-Bad-At-My-Job Kid" to
lose an *entire boat!*

AGENT BLACK
With all due respect ma'am, the ocean
is a big place.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Don't patronize me you little twerp.
You know what the "I" stands for in
the CIA? Intelligence--

AGENT FLAT WHITE
I was going to say that.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
--but it might as well stand for
"idiots"! This is your
responsibility! Do you have any idea
what will happen if this gets out?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We're already running surveillance,
we'll take care of it.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Damn right you will! Or I'll mount
your asscheeks on the wall next to my
trophy buck!

They turn to the mounted DEER HEAD sneering back at them.

INT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

Dick wakes up from a fetal position on a pile of ropes, back
in his signature Starbucks polo shirt and khakis.

DICK
Caramel?

She's not there. Dick goes looking for her.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - MORNING

Outside, Dick spots Caramel at the end of the docks.

EXT. DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Caramel doesn't notice Dick as she finishes up a phone call.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
*No, lo haré ir en mi lugar. Sí.
Adios.*

She turns around, startled.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
Jesus, I didn't even hear you.

DICK
Guess all the espionage is rubbing
off on me. What'd you find out?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I made a few calls, and Agents Black
and Flat White never set a meeting
for the hand-off since they didn't
get the weapons. So instead, *I did*,
pretending to be one of them. Now we
can get evidence of the transaction,
which is where you come in.

DICK
I don't want to sound like a wet
blanket, but I'm getting really tired
of "coming in."

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
This is the last one, Scout's honor.
Then we can go back to our lives and
really get to know each other.

DICK
Right... did I say I was tired of
this? I actually slept like a baby.
But like a manly, adult baby.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You'll have to go undercover to
accept the payment so I can get
photos of the deal.

DICK
Cool. Sounds dangerous. Which you
know I love.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Don't worry, it's in a public place,
so if things go south I'll be in a
position to cover you.

DICK
Pfft, do I look worried?

He does. He's shaking.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
We have to move fast before the
Cubans catch wind that the weapons
were intercepted, but... I need you
to do something else for me first.

Dick's face drops.

DICK
What?

INT. BOATHOUSE - LATER

Coffee pours out of the ESPRESSO MACHINE. All the trimmings
of a Caramel Macchiato sit beside it.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'm sorry, you're just the best at
it. You know exactly how I like it.

DICK
You weren't kidding when you said you
have one of these in every safehouse.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I told you, I can't live without 'em.

DICK
This thing even has WIFI.

He squeezes CARAMEL SAUCE over the top of her drink and
hands it to her.

Caramel eyes Dick while she sips. *Is she checking him out?*

DICK (cont'd)
Do I have something on my face?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
If you're going undercover as a rogue
agent, you've gotta look the part.

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

SCOPE POV: A vignette frames Dick as he walks through a crowd in a new suit, fake mustache on his upper lip, and hair slicked back. Not half bad.

EXT. HILLSIDE - SAME

Caramel, prone in the bushes, peers through a camera with a MASSIVE telephoto lens, a RIFLE propped next to her.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Alright, I've got eyes on you.

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

SCOPE POV: Dick gives his butt a little shake.

DICK
(through earpiece)
How's the view?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
(laughing it off)
Lookin' sharp. But put your game face on, the Cubans are at the other end of the square. Remember, you need to be discrete, and make sure I can get photos of both the hand-off and the contents of the case.

SCOPE POV: Dick looks right at her and flashes a thumbs up.

DICK
(through earpiece)
You got it.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I said be discrete! Don't fucking look at me!

DICK
(through earpiece)
I know, I know! Sorry.

Dick spots an OLD MAN (70s) in a Cuban collar shirt and Panama hat, smoking a cigar at a BISTRO.

EXT. BISTRO - DAY

Dick sits down at the table across from the Old Man.

OLD MAN
Uh, can I help you?

DICK
Bienvenidos. You got the goods?

OLD MAN
Good what?

DICK
You know, *el diamonds*. I'm the guy.

OLD MAN
The guy who's ruining my lunch?

DICK
Aren't you Cuban?

OLD MAN
I'm from Columbus.

The Old Man stamps out his cigar and storms off, revealing a table of CUBANS sitting right behind him. A CUBAN LACKEY stands up and follows the Old Man.

Dick pulls up another chair next to them.

DICK
Well, color me embarrassed. I shouldn't have assumed that guy was Cuban, I obviously have some internalized racism to deal with.

The CUBAN LEADER takes off his sunglasses to reveal a SCAR over one eye.

CUBAN LEADER
Don't worry, we will have it taken care of.

Behind him, Dick sees the Cuban Lackey drag the Old Man around the corner of an ALLEYWAY. The FLASH of a gunshot reflects off the brick walls. *Holy shit*.

The Cuban Leader slides a SUITCASE across the ground with his foot.

CUBAN LEADER (cont'd)
Your payment.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
 (through earpiece)
*I need to get evidence of him giving
 it to you.*

DICK
 Uh-huh, great. Could you hand it to
 me? I have a bad back.

Reluctantly, the Cuban Leader grabs the suitcase from under
 the table and places it in front of him. Dick holds it up.

CUBAN LEADER
 What are you doing?

DICK
 Just... feeling the weight. Making
 sure it's all there.

SCOPE POV: Dick lifts it up and down. The camera's shutter
CLICKS.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
 (through earpiece)
Okay, let's see inside.

DICK
 Mind if I take a look-see?

CUBAN LEADER
 It's your money.

Dick clicks open the suitcase, revealing a pile of DIAMONDS.

DICK
 Diamonds, nice. You know what they
 say--they're forever.

He holds one up to the light.

SCOPE POV: A WAITER blocks the view of the diamonds while
 tending to another table.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
 I can't see the diamonds!

Dick lifts the diamond higher.

CUBAN LEADER
 You don't believe it's real?

DICK
 You can never be too careful.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
I still can't see!

DICK
You can tell if they're authentic by
how the light hits them. Lil' tip.

Dick dramatically lifts up the entire suitcase.

SCOPE POV: Dick looks ridiculous as he leans over the table,
displaying the contents of the suitcase for Caramel.

The Cuban Leader slams the suitcase shut.

CUBAN LEADER
You idiot! Someone might see you!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
Okay, I got it, I got it.

DICK
Relax, amigos! Just giving the
merchandise the ol' once over.

CUBAN LEADER
Enough. We've held up our end. We'll
see you tomorrow to collect the
weapons, or you won't see me at all--

He opens his jacket to show off a PISTOL.

DICK
Coo, coo...

The Cubans leave. Dick exhales, shaking out his hands.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Dick leans against the car. He holds the suitcase above his
head when he sees Caramel emerge from the hillside.

DICK
We did it!

Perfectly timed, a BLACK SEDAN screeches around the corner
and *SKIDS* to a halt.

Agents Black and Flat White jump out with guns drawn, using
their doors for cover.

AGENT BLACK
Freeze motherfucker!

They don't see Caramel as she ducks behind a nearby car.

DICK
Oh, shit!

Dick dives through his broken window as Agents Black and Flat White open fire.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - DAY

Dick covers his ears as bullets *WHIZZ* past.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
*They must have found out that we
moved the deal!*

DICK
What do I do!?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
Drive!

Dick repositions himself into the driver's seat...sticks the key into the ignition...slams the car into DRIVE.

EXT. CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Smoke billows as Dick PEELS OUT and fishtails away.

Agents Black and Flat White duck back into their car.

Caramel watches the black sedan follow Dick, then sprints up a FIRE ESCAPE.

BEGIN CAR CHASE SEQUENCE

We **INTERCUT** between DICK'S BEATER, the UNMARKED SEDAN, CITY STREETS and ROOFTOPS.

Dick struggles to avoid traffic.

Agent Black fires her sidearm from the sedan.

A bullet hits and frazzles Dick's radio, turning up high-tempo **CHASE MUSIC**.

DICK
Where am I going!?

Caramel reaches a ROOFTOP. She watches the car chase unfold on the streets below and scans the horizon until she spots a nearby DRAW BRIDGE lowering to street level.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Get to the draw bridge! Make a right!

Dick turns, fishtailing around the corner, with the Agents' sedan in hot pursuit.

DICK
I know how to get there!

Caramel sprints toward the draw bridge, leaping from rooftop to rooftop.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Make your second left!

Dick dodges traffic.

DICK
I feel like it's faster if I take
Main Street!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
Make the turn!

He whips the wheel and one of his hubcaps rolls off, which bounces and SMASHES through a storefront. Dick approaches standstill traffic, the Agents on his tail.

DICK
I *knew* it'd be backed up!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
*How could I know there'd be traffic
in the middle of the day?!*

Dick's beater hops the sidewalk, barely dodging CIVILIANS.

DICK
Outta my way! Why aren't you people
at work!?

He lays on his horn, then skids around the corner directly into oncoming traffic.

DICK (cont'd)
It's a one-way street! You're killing
me with these directions!

Caramel runs toward a yellow CONSTRUCTION CHUTE--

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Find your own way, then!

--She dives in, sliding down and rolling out at the bottom.
Some CONSTRUCTION WORKERS stumble back in surprise as she
races across the street.

Dick dodges cars, the Agents right on his ass.

DICK
This is so illegaaaaal!

He blows through a red light, causing a PILE-UP and forcing
the Agents to slow down.

DICK (cont'd)
Ah, shit, I missed the turn!

He takes another right, but the street leads to a DEAD END.

DICK (cont'd)
You gotta be kidding me!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
What's the matter, you lost?!

DICK
No! I went this way on purpose!

Dick guns it to the end of the street and flips a U-turn
just as the Agents' sedan rounds the corner.

In SLOW-MOTION: Agents Black and Flat White zip past Dick,
fake mustache hanging from his lip.

AGENT BLACK
(mouthing)
Whaaat theee fuuuck?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
(mouthing)
Whaaat theee fuuuck?

Agent Flat White slams the brakes and reverses.

Caramel scales another fire escape.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Where are you?!

The Agent's sedan approaches the bridge.

AGENT BLACK
Good job, you let him get away!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Not yet.

Agent Flat White puts the sedan into fifth gear. They drive up the still-raising bridge, as Caramel takes aim.

Caramel fires. The bullet BLOWS OUT the sedan's rear tire, sending them skidding.

AGENT BLACK
SHIIIIII--

AGENT FLAT WHITE
SHIIIIII--

The sedan falls through the gap in the bridge and plunges into the water with a spectacular *SPLASH!*

EXT. STREET CORNER - LATER

Caramel waits on the corner as Dick's Beater skids to a halt right in front of her. It's never looked worse.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - CONTINUOUS

Caramel climbs in.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Where'd you learn to drive like that?

DICK
Two thousand hours in a virtual driving simulator.

POOF! His AIRBAG deploys in his face.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - DAY

Dick's beater rumbles to a stop outside the boathouse. He jumps out of the car, excited.

DICK
Man, did you see that? I was all like, "VROOOOOOOM--SKIIRRRRT" and then I was like, "VROOOOOOM!"

Caramel gets out the car, unamused as Dick mimics driving.

DICK (cont'd)
You got the evidence, right?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Yeah, I did.

She PISTOL WHIPS him.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. BOATHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Groggy, Dick opens his eyes. His vision focuses. Caramel ties him to a chair.

DICK
What's going on?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You thought you were stopping Agents Black and Flat White from selling weapons to the Cubans, but instead you were helping me.

DICK
I don't understand.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Of course you don't, you're an idiot.
I *lied* to you.

DICK
The woman I know wouldn't do that.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Think about it, Dick. You were the one that made this deal happen--

FLASHES OF: Dick stealing the files...Dragon "crip-walking" as the files decrypt...Dick shoving a banana in the crew member's throat...Dick inspecting the diamonds...Dick waving at Agents Black and Flat White in the car chase...

DICK
Ooooooh, shit.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
And the cherry on top, all the evidence points to you--

She holds up incredibly damning PHOTOS of Dick posing with the diamonds, cheesing.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
I mean, look at this picture! This
plan worked even better than I
expected.

DICK
You'll never get away with this!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I already have.

She presses PLAY on a RECORDER.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(recording)
*Book idea! Lucy is a hard-boiled
lawyer, but her yolk goes soft when
she falls in love with the trial's
star witness... a centaur.*

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Whoops! Not that.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (V.O.)
(recording)
--The title: *HUNG JURY*.

She FAST FORWARDS, then presses PLAY again.

DICK (V.O.)
(recording)
*I stole the files all on my own! Got
them decrypted and found the weapons.
I fucking killed a guy today! None of
this would've happened if it wasn't
for me!*

DICK
That's taken out of context!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Who are they gonna believe? A
seasoned agent, or a *barista* that was
hired days before all of this took
place. Pretty suspicious, wouldn't
you say?

DICK
Well when you say it like *that*.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

After I sell the weapons, I'll lead the CIA right to you for a triumphant arrest, where you'll take the fall and I'll get all the glory. You should've just stayed where you belong: at home with your mom, disconnected from reality, too scared to join the real world.

DICK

So this was all for a little money?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Of course not! For a *lot* of money. How am I supposed to survive in this economy on a government salary? More importantly, the Cuban militia is going to use those weapons to overthrow their Communist government and instate Democracy.

DICK

You can't force a way of life on people! They need to *want* to change! You've got to give them a chance to figure it out on their own!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

Because that worked out so well for you? I'm doing this for America, and godDAMN I'm good at my job! Now if you'll excuse me, I have weapons to deliver.

DICK

Just tell me one thing. Was any of it real?

She puts her hand on his face... then *SLAPS* him.

DICK (cont'd)

Ow!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO

It's cute you thought I was into you.

DICK

You think I'm cute?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You were just who was available.
Someone with such little direction in
life that one small push--and one *big*
house explosion--would get them to do
anything I asked. I tried to get the
last Starbucks guy to help me, but
you know...

DICK
...He retired of old age?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
He refused to help, so... *bang*.

She puts her GUN to Dick's head.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
And by the way, your Caramel
Macchiato? It sucks! *WORST* one I've
ever had.

DICK
You don't mean that! Virginia!

She picks up the suitcase of diamonds.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
My real name isn't Virginia, dumbass.

She nods to a MAP OF VIRGINIA on the wall.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
Bon voyage!

She disappears down the stairs.

EXT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The Chiquita boat rides off into the horizon.

INT. BOATHOUSE - SAME

Dick contorts his body, trying to break free from the ropes.

DICK
I gotta break the chair.

He hops his chair inch-by-inch to the top of the stairs. His
vision vertigo-zooms to make them look even longer.

DICK (cont'd)
C'mon, Dick. Don't go soft on me now.

He rocks his chair back and forth until he finally teeters over the edge. He violently *SMACKS* every step until he *SLAMS* onto his back at the bottom, no freer than he was before.

Dick gasps for air, the wind completely knocked out of him.

DICK (cont'd)
Oooooooooooooow. I'm so dead.

Resigned to his fate, he turns his head... and spots the CARAMEL SAUCE next to the ESPRESSO MACHINE. *Lightbulb.*

EXT. BOATHOUSE - DUSK

The sun sets over the water.

Dick passes the doorway, inching across the floor.

INT. BOATHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dick is almost at the coffee station.

DICK
A liiiittle closer.

He kicks the leg of the table with what little motor function he has until the espresso machine finally topples off and onto his gut, knocking the wind out of him again.

DICK (cont'd)
Aaaaaaw c'mon.

He rolls over on his side, then grasps for the fallen caramel bottle. His fingers barely reach it, but he's finally able to get a good grip. He squeezes as hard as he can, squirting caramel sauce all over his wrists with a *PBBBBBBBBBT!* He wrenches his freshly lubed hands--

DICK (cont'd)
Aaaaaaahhh!

--and he's free! He stands with a *CRACK!*

DICK (cont'd)
Oh god, my back.

INT. DICK'S BEATER - NIGHT

Dick falls into his car and tries to start it. It fails to turn over. Defeated, he rests his head against the wheel.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Dick sits at a PAYPHONE BANK. He dials, receiver to his ear.

DEBRA (V.O.)
(through phone)
Hello?

DICK
Mom?

INTERCUT WITH:INT. ARMANDO'S BEDROOM - SAME

Bowl on her stomach, Debra peels hard-boiled eggs.

DEBRA
Dickie, I've been so worried! The police said there was a gas leak at the house. I told you to *always* check the pilot light!

DICK
It wasn't a gas leak mom. There are bad people after me.

DEBRA
What kind of bad people? Italians?

DICK
It doesn't matter anymore. I'm just calling to say goodbye. I'm getting outta town. Leaving, just like you wanted me to.

DEBRA
I never wanted you to *leave*!

DICK
You've been trying to kick me out for years!

DEBRA

Not because I didn't want you around!
I just wanted you to apply yourself
and become the man that I know you're
capable of being!

DICK

That's so much nicer, why didn't you
just say that?

DEBRA

I'm sure I've said it, you probably
never heard me because you don't
listen.

DICK

Mom!

DEBRA

I just want the best for you, even if
I don't always show that in the right
way. I love you.

Dick thinks.

DEBRA (cont'd)

Are you still there?

DICK

Yeah. I gotta go.

DEBRA

Where?

DICK

To be the man you know I can be.

Debra swells with pride.

ARMANDO (O.S.)

Proud of you, son!

The air is sucked out of the moment.

DICK

Am I on speakerphone?

ARMANDO

No...

DICK

Hey Armando. Please don't call me
"son."

ARMANDO

Too soon?

Dick slams the phone down. He pops in more coins, redials.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Dick sits at a booth with a veritable feast of diner food in front of him -- burgers, pies, etc. He stuffs his face.

The door *DINGS* as Agents Black and Flat White enter. Dick waves them down.

DICK

Hey guys! Over here!

They immediately draw their weapons.

AGENT FLAT WHITE

Hands where I can see 'em!

AGENT BLACK

Get on the fucking ground!

All the PATRONS and STAFF scream and run!

DICK

Whoa, Whoa!

Agent Black slams Dick's head into a cherry pie.

Dick is cuffed and led away. Agent Black wipes caramel sauce off her hands.

AGENT BLACK

Why's he so fucking sticky?

DICK

I'm not resisting! Can you pack the food to go at least?!

AGENT FLAT WHITE

You are under arrest for conspiring to communicate, deliver and transmit national defense information to Cuban Nationals.

DICK

Wait, I called *you*! I can explain! I can explaaaaaaain!

They drag him out. *DING!*

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

Dick sits handcuffed in the back seat as the Agents drive.

DICK
Okay, I know how this looks!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Yeah, we saw you during the chase,
remember?

AGENT BLACK
We drove into the river. You have any
idea how high my fuckin' dry cleaning
bill was?

DICK
I was being used!

AGENT BLACK
Shut up! You're an enemy spy!

She violently slides her seat back into his knees.

DICK
Ow! No, I'm just a barista! Another
agent forced me to do it!

AGENT BLACK
Exactly what an enemy spy would say.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Who forced you to do it, then?

DICK
I don't know her real name.

AGENT BLACK
Convenient.

DICK
You're the ones that wouldn't let me
learn anybody's names! So in a way,
this is *your* fault.

Something clicks in Dick's mind.

DICK (cont'd)
Yeah, okay. So you guys think that
I'm the mastermind behind all this,
right? But if that's true, how's that
gonna look for you?
(MORE)

DICK (cont'd)
And my bet is, you already screwed something up BIG TIME, because why else would two field agents be responsible for hiring a barista?

The Agents share a look.

DICK (cont'd)
Oh, Dick's getting a little warmer. So what happens when you can't even do that right? The guy you hire ends up getting the CIA's confiscated weapons into the hands of enemy combatants? Now you can listen to what I have to say, or you can go on record as the two idiots who caused the destabilization of an entire country. Is that how you want to go down in the... annals of history?

AGENT BLACK
What do you mean "destabilization"?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
I'm not saying we believe you, but you got any proof?

DICK
I have a witness.

EXT. SLEEPY SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

Dragon's Mom peeks through the door in a robe.

DRAGON'S MOM
Can I help you?

DICK
Hi. Is Dragon home?

DRAGON'S MOM
You mean Francis? It's a school night, he's in bed.

DICK
Can I talk to him?

DRAGON'S MOM
Who are you?

DICK
I'm his friend.

DRAGON'S MOM
What kind of sick lunatic is friends
with a twelve year old boy!?

DICK
We relate to each other on a lot of
levels.

The Agents reveal themselves, flashing their badges.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Ma'am, this is a national security
matter. We need to speak to your son.

INT. DRAGON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dragon sits on the couch in space-themed jammies.

DRAGON
Yeah, my boy's telling the truth.

DICK
See, I told you!

DRAGON
She was a total smokeshow. Brunette
about yay tall, athletic, you can
tell she squats. A hard eight, could
be a nine if she dressed better.

Dragon's Mom makes coffee in the attached KITCHEN.

DRAGON'S MOM
Don't reduce women to their
appearance, Francis!

DRAGON
And she seemed smart, too! Fuck!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
She made you decrypt government
files?

Dragon's Mom glares at him. He shrinks in his seat.

DRAGON
(quiet)
Yeah. I didn't want to do it, but she
said she'd hurt me if I didn't.

He *SNIFFLES*, then glances around to see if anyone is buying
his performance.

AGENT BLACK
Shit, your story actually tracks.
But we have no idea when and where
the hand off is gonna take place.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
And she's probably ditched her burner
phone so we can't locate her.

Dragon's Mom brings over a tray of coffee.

DRAGON'S MOM
How do you take your coffee?

The sound fades out as Dick stares at a full COFFEE MUG.

DICK
Wait... If she has a device that
connects to WIFI, can you track that?

DRAGON
Shit, I can track anything with a MAC
address, as long as these fuckin'
narcs don't cuff me for it.

Dragon's Mom slaps him upside the head.

DRAGON'S MOM
Don't curse!

The Agents consider.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
What device would she possibly have
that connects to WIFI?

INT. WHARF WAREHOUSE - MORNING

An ESPRESSO MACHINE dispenses coffee. Caramel adds syrup and
steamed milk to make her signature drink.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Coffee, gentlemen? A Cubano, perhaps?

The Cubans from the bistro fill the office.

CUBAN LEADER
We're just here for our weapons.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
All business with you people. Not *you*
people as in Cubans, but like,
terrorists.

CUBAN LEADER
What you call terrorism, we call a
fight for freedom.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Hey, I'm on your side. Democracy is
a-okay with me, my parents fled Cuba.
Shall we?

She leads them out the door.

A light BLINKS on the side of the Espresso Machine.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - SAME

ANGLE ON: A laptop screen, where a RED DOT blinks on a map.

Agent Black speeds down the highway with Agent Flat White
riding shotgun, computer on his lap. Phone to his ear--

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Copy that, we're en route.
(then, to Black)
Extraction team is fifteen minutes
behind us.

AGENT BLACK
Oh *baby*, this is exciting!

Dick sits handcuffed in the back seat.

DICK
Uh, could you guys maybe drop me off
somewhere on the way?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
No!

AGENT BLACK
No!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We're not letting you out of our
sight until we can be absolutely sure
you're not involved.

EXT. WHARF - DAY

More of the Cuban Lackeys unload WEAPONS CRATES from the Chiquita Boat onto an UNMARKED TRUCK at the waterline.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Alright, they're all yours.

She hands them some paperwork.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
This'll get you through any inspections on your way. Have fun with your war! I'm rootin' for ya.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - SAME

Agent Flat White maneuvers slowly between wharf hangars.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Alright, we're just gonna keep our eyes on the assets until backup arrives. Stay quiet and lay low if you want to keep your head.

AGENT BLACK
Which building is it?

The car pops around the corner, in full view of Caramel and the Cubans. Everyone makes eye contact.

DICK
Maybe they don't see us.

EXT. WHARF - DAY

Caramel and the Cubans OPEN FIRE!

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - SAME

Dick and the Agents duck down as bullets rain around them.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
You were supposed to stop the car *before* we got there!

AGENT BLACK
At least I didn't drive into the fucking water!

They crawl out of the side door.

EXT. WHARF - CONTINUOUS

Dick and the Agents take cover behind the car. They open the trunk to retrieve AUTOMATIC RIFLES.

DICK
Do I get a gun?

AGENT BLACK
Definitely not.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
No, you're a civilian.

The Agents return fire, killing one of the Cuban Lackeys. Caramel and the Cubans dive for cover.

DICK
At least take my handcuffs off!

AGENT BLACK
Just stay down and shut up!

They continue to fire. Dick reaches into the trunk--

DICK
Got one!

--and pulls out... an orange FLARE GUN.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Put that back!

DICK
Time to bust a cap-puccino.

Dick pops up and fires, somehow burying the cartridge into the chest of an UNLUCKY CUBAN, who erupts into flames. He flails, stumbling into an AMMO CRATE. The bullets inside all pop off, killing a few of the other Cuban Lackeys.

Dick slides around cover of another WEAPON CRATE.

AGENT BLACK
Holy shit!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Do we stop him?

AGENT BLACK
I don't... I don't think so?

Dick grabs two PISTOLS from the crate.

SHOOTOUT SEQUENCE

CLICK CLACK, GET BACK by ICE CUBE ramps up again.

Dick's actions in the shootout mirror his VR fantasies when we first saw him:

...Still handcuffed, he leaps through the air firing his pistols akimbo, killing a few Lackeys.

...He shoulder checks an UNSUSPECTING CUBAN into the water.

...Picks up a shotgun. He continuously pumps and fires from the hip as he runs to more cover.

...He wraps the chain of his handcuffs around the Cuban Leader's neck and chokes him out.

DICK
I'm sorry! *Lo siento!*

Dick uses his body as a human shield as more of the Cuban Lackeys unload on him, riddling their leader with bullets.

He takes cover behind yet another WEAPON CRATE, frantically pocketing handfuls of BULLETS and a GRENADE.

...Caramel fires a few rounds at Agents Black and Flat White, then reloads.

DICK (O.S.)
Caramel Macchiato!

She looks back, face-to-barrel with the business end of Dick's PISTOL. His face is now soaked in blood.

DICK
Drop your weapon. It's over. The rest
of the agency is already on its way.

Agents Black and Flat White still pick off Cubans behind them. Caramel drops her gun.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Dick... what a pleasant surprise.

DICK
We tracked your espresso machine. You told me you have one at every safehouse, remember? The one thing that brought us together was the same thing that tore us apart!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You've got it all wrong.

DICK
How stupid do I look? Don't answer that!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
Not stupid at all! This whole thing was part of the plan. I was coming here to take down the Cubans, but I had to leave you behind because I couldn't risk getting you hurt.

She climbs to her feet.

DICK
You knocked me out! You double crossed me!

She inches towards him, hands up.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I had to make it seem real! Everybody underestimates you, but not me. I knew if I didn't do something drastic, you'd come after me because of our connection.

DICK
I don't think that makes sense. A triple cross?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
I'd already put you in so much danger, and I told you I'd protect you. I couldn't bear seeing you get hurt. You believe me, don't you Dick?

DICK
But then why would you--

Caramel plants a passionate kiss on Dick. He melts, and she wrenches the gun from his hands.

DICK (cont'd)
Ahhh, quadruple cross!

She puts him in a headlock, gun to his head.

With the rest of the Cubans now dead, Agents Black and Flat White descend on her.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
Kevyn, put the gun down!

DICK
Your name's Kevyn?

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
It's with a "y"!

DICK
No wonder you didn't wanna tell me
your real name.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
These two told you why they were in
charge of hiring you, right? It was
punishment, for letting a civilian
die in their custody.

DICK
Fuck, is that true?

AGENT BLACK
Technically, yeah.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
But this situation is totally
different!

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
It would be a shame if that were to
happen again.

DICK
Please don't kill me.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
If you insist.

She points her gun at the Agents.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO (cont'd)
Remember the trolley problem?
Decision time, Dick. Which one of
these two am I gonna kill instead?

DICK
Don't make me choose. I can't.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You have to. Making no choice at all
can have even worse consequences.

DICK

But you already know my answer.

Something *CLICKS*. Caramel looks down at a GRENADE in Dick's hand. He's pulled the pin.

DICK (cont'd)

I'd blow it up with a--

AGENT FLAT WHITE

Grenade!

Everybody dives for cover as Dick rolls the grenade toward the partially-loaded UNMARKED TRUCK, and... BOOM! The truck and all the weapons EXPLODE in a massive fireball.

Caramel writhes on the ground, ears *RINGING*. Smoke clears to REVEAL: Agents Black and Flat White with their guns drawn, the full might of the CIA moving in on their position.

AGENT FLAT WHITE (cont'd)

You are under arrest for conspiring to communicate, deliver and transmit national defense information to Cuban terrorists.

Dick appears by their side, covered in blood and debris.

DICK

Yeah, and for being a huge *bitch*.

AGENT FLAT WHITE

Great work today. I'm sorry we ever doubted you.

DICK

Thanks. I may just be a barista, but I'm tougher than I look.

AGENT BLACK

You have a piece of shrapnel sticking out of your leg.

Dick looks down at a SHARD OF METAL jutting from his thigh.

DICK

Oh fuuu...

He faints and hits the ground with a *THUD*.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Dick wakes up to a PARAMEDIC bandaging his leg.

DICK
Am I gonna make it?

PARAMEDIC
You'll probably never dance again.

DICK
I couldn't before.

PARAMEDIC
Oh, then you're fine, yeah.

Through the open doors of the ambulance, Dick spots Caramel being led away in handcuffs. He hobbles off the gurney.

EXT. WHARF - CONTINUOUS

As the Smarmy Agent ushers Caramel into the backseat of a SEDAN, Dick hops over on one foot.

DICK
Wait! Could you give us a second?

Smarmy Agent gives them some space.

DICK (cont'd)
Been quite a run.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
(spits in his face)
Fuck off.

DICK
I'm sorry it had to be this way.
Maybe in another life we could have
been together.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
What are you talking about? None of
it was real! I was lying to you the
whole time!

DICK
I know you're only saying that
because you're angry, but I tasted
those lips and I know they don't lie.

CARAMEL MACCHIATO
You're pathetic! You're gonna die
alone you piece of shit! I hope you--

Smarmy Agent stuffs her into the back of the sedan and
closes the door, muffling her insults. Dick slaps the roof.

DICK
Alright boys, take her away.

The car drives off as Caramel continues to shout.

DICK (cont'd)
(after her)
And by the way, my Caramel Macchiato
fucking *slaps*! It's delicious!

Agents Black and Flat White approach and shake his hand.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
How ya feelin'?

DICK
Actually... pretty good.

AGENT BLACK
That's the shock. It'll wear off.

DICK
So what now?

AGENT FLAT WHITE
I guess we'll see you back at the
office.

AGENT BLACK
We won't tell anyone you stole the
files and killed a bunch of people if
you won't.

DICK
Because you don't want to get in
trouble.

AGENT BLACK
Yeah. And you'll rot away at a
government black site for the rest of
your life.

DICK
Noted, okay.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
But we're still keeping an eye on
you, Dick.

DICK
Call me... *Americano*.

AGENT FLAT WHITE
I will not.

He gives him a friendly punch in the arm as they leave. Dick recoils, finally feeling pain for the first time.

DICK
Oh my god! Everything hurts!

INT. DEPUTY DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Deputy Director stares down Dick, who sits opposite her covered in bruises, in a neck brace and leg cast.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Dick Freeman, on behalf of the CIA
and the United States, I want to
thank you for your service.

She presents a VELVET BOX.

DICK
(gasping)
The Medal of Honor?!

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
What? No.

DICK
I'm becoming an agent?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Absolutely not.

She opens the box to reveal a MANAGER pin.

DICK
Wow, manager. I dunno what to say.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
It's really more of a symbolic
gesture, since you're the only person
that works there, but we wanted to
show our appreciation.

DICK
Am I getting a raise?

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
Welllll, Starbucks corporate handles that sort of thing. We don't really have a lot of control over that.

DICK
Well, thanks, I guess.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR
You're so welcome. Dismissed.

DICK
Could you do one more thing for me?

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Hoods are whipped off of Debra and Armando's heads!

DEBRA	ARMANDO
Ahh!	Who are you people?

Agents Black and Flat White loom over them.

AGENT BLACK
We ask the fucking questions!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We're with the US government.

DEBRA
Oh no, does this have something to do with my son? What has he done now?

AGENT BLACK
Your son is working with the CIA on *very important business*.

DEBRA	ARMANDO
My Dick?!	Holy mackerel!

AGENT FLAT WHITE
We brought you here to tell you that you are not to interfere in any way with Dick's life. Any intrusion could impede national security and the safety of the American people, and will be considered treason. He is--

Agent Flat White discretely checks a note and sighs.

AGENT FLAT WHITE (cont'd)
"--not only a national hero, but a well rounded individual with a very fulfilling life, and he doesn't need anyone...drying up his drip."

AGENT BLACK
So stay out of his shit, or else.

ARMANDO
Anything you say, scary lady!

DEBRA
Oh, I love secrets! I knew I raised him well. Is there anything you can tell me?

AGENT BLACK
All we can tell you is that it involves... the Italians.

DICK (V.O.)
Venti?

INT. STARBUCKS COUNTER - SAME

Dick leans over the counter holding a large coffee cup.

DICK
Venti Chocolate Cookie Crumble Crème Frappuccino?

DRAGON (O.S.)
You know I keep it creamy!

Dick hands the coffee to Dragon, who now has a security tag around his neck. He fires off some finger guns.

DRAGON
B-r-r-r-ah! B-r-r-r-ah! Can you believe these nerds gave me a job!?

As he walks away, Dragon fake punches an AGENT, who flinches. Off Dick's content look as he gets back to work--

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END