

SPY OFF

By Odin Ozdil

FADE IN:

EXT. LOADING BAY - DAY

WORKERS unload dozens of computer server cabinets from a truck and pile them on the dock.

SUPER: FAIRFAX SERVER FARM, VIRGINIA

A PAIR OF EYES hidden in one of the servers watch as the workers finish up and leave. A beefy SECURITY GUARD with a sidearm stands by.

AGENT TOM STRYKER (mid-50s) gracefully emerges from a gutted server cabinet. He has an innate confidence, his years of training evident in every move. He wears a small earpiece.

Tom uses a SMALL CAMERA to discreetly ZOOM IN CLOSE from twenty feet on a security guard's eyeball.

He snaps a picture.

TOM
(whispers)
Checkpoint Beta. Retinal data
acquired. Stryker, over.

INT. FINCEN - MISSION CONTROL ROOM - SAME

On the wall hangs a bronzed seal: "U.S. Department of the Treasury, Financial Crimes Enforcement Network".

AGENT ANGIE WANG (20s), Chinese-American, wool beanie, short hair, large-framed glasses, frenetically checks multiple computer screens that display various telemetry. A FEW NERD-TYPES sit nearby at computer terminals in support.

On-screen is a map with an icon indicating Tom's position.

ANGIE
(into radio)
I see you loud and clear.

TOM (V.O.)
How can you see loud? That's not
a thing.

ANGIE
It's something they say.

TOM (V.O.)
Who is "they"?

ANGIE

Um, I guess we're "they".

TOM (V.O.)

We're us. We don't say that,
"Wang."

ANGIE

You know my last name is pronounced
"Wong".

TOM

It's not spelled that way.

ANGIE

Phonetically, the "a" in Mandarin
is pronounced "o".

TOM

I don't read Mandarin.

ANGIE

You don't have to, to pronounce my
name right.

And irritated CHIEF MARGARET CHALMERS (60s), a rigid woman with a crewcut and pantsuit, supervises the operation from the sidelines.

CHALMERS

Stay on task, people.

EXT. LOADING BAY - SAME

Tom holds the bottom of the camera up to his eye as the device prints a temporary CONTACT LENS directly onto his eyeball. As the contact lens prints, it glows bright red.

TOM

(pained)

Is this a new model? The eye cam is
printing much...

ANGIE (V.O.)

Quicker? Yeah, I hacked the
firmware. It should print smoking
fast now.

Tom cringes as a bit of steam rises from his eye.

TOM

Remind me to thank you in person.

He grabs a spare security jacket from a locker and makes his way into the compound.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tom peeks around the corner at a SECURITY CHECKPOINT that has GUARDS lined up at a RETINAL SCANNER. With each successful scan, the door opens to allow entry in the next area.

INT. FINCEN - MISSION CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Angie tracks Tom's movement on the grid and rapidly types.

TOM (V.O.)
Checkpoint Charlie. Approaching scanner.

ANGIE
(overly pleased with self)
Eye gotcha. "E-Y-E." Eye gotcha--

TOM (V.O.)
Got it. Got the not funny joke.

INT. FAIRFAX HALLWAY - SAME

Tom joins the line. The guard looks at him curiously.

SECURITY GUARD #2
You new?

Tom nods.

SECURITY GUARD #2
You qualify for the new comp time policy?

Tom doesn't miss a beat.

TOM
What's the difference? We're all screwed.

The guard considers and nods in approval as he steps through.

Just as Tom steps up to the scanner, it makes a BARELY AUDIBLE power down sound.

INT. FINCEN - MISSION CONTROL ROOM - SAME

With a flourish, Angie completes an override command.

ANGIE

Yes! Retinal scanner bypassed.

Another computer operator, STANLEY DUGGINS (20s), nervously eating candy with wrappers strewn on his desk, is especially impressed by and into Angie.

STANLEY

He didn't even need the lens.

ANGIE

(points to her eye)

Eye know!

The nerds laugh, Stanley the hardest.

CHALMERS

No one likes a smart-ass, Angie.
Especially when they're trying to
focus and not get shot.

ANGIE

Sorry, Ma'am.

INT. FAIRFAX HALLWAY - SAME

Annoyed, Tom steps through the body scanner door into --

INT. MAIN SERVER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom walks among the MULTI-ACRE ROWS OF SERVERS. He blends in with the other WORKERS scurrying from server to server.

TOM

Jackpot. I see the server in front--

INT. FINCEN - MISSION CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Angie boasts proudly.

ANTIE

I see it, I'm up on the security
cameras.

Angie has the camera feeds up on his monitors and sees Tom.

TOM
Good for you, four eyes.

ANGIE
More like forty eyes.

CHALMERS
Both of you, shut up.

Meanwhile, Angie gets an alert on her screen.

ANGIE
My GUI hack, it's working! I'm in!

Tom arrives at a terminal.

TOM
Found it!

He makes sure no one is watching and begins typing. Nothing happens. He moves the mouse.

TOM
It's not working. It's frozen.

ANGIE
Try unplugging and plugging in the keyboard.

He goes to do so, can't find any wires.

TOM
There are no cables. It's wireless.

ANGIE
I know, just messing, it's because
I'm in control, baby!

Angie enters a command with a flourish and jumps up.

ANGIE
I did it! I got the code! Mission
accomplished!

The nerds celebrate with slaps on the back and high-fives. Stanley exalts her.

STANLEY
I can't believe you did it
remotely!

ANGIE
What can I say? I'm awesome.

STANLEY

You are! We didn't even need that old dude trying to do his thing.

CHALMERS

Come on back agent, mission accomplished.

A furious Tom hears all, snaps the useless USB stick in half.

INT. FINCEN - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A DOZEN AGENTS sit awaiting a presentation. Tom, in the front row, looking killer handsome in a double-breasted suit, regales some of the younger agents with his war stories.

TOM

...I don't know about the handcuff keys, but I have the car keys. How did you plan to get out of here?

The agents laugh. Angie and her geek crew roll their eyes.

Tom notices a YOUNGER AGENT'S holstered GUN. He speedily SNAGS it. The agents freeze, watch him adjust the holster.

TOM

Wear it this way or some smart-ass can snatch it.

Tom winks and hands the gun back with a twirl. The younger agents laugh and nod. The geeks disapprove of the gunplay.

Angie snags an upright PEN out of Stanley's shirt pocket, clicks it closed, spins it around her thumb, places it back in the pocket facing down. The geeks nod and laugh.

ANGIE

Wear it this way or some smart-ass can snatch it.

Chalmers steps up without fanfare to deliver a PowerPoint: "FREEDOMCOIN, A LIGHT IN THE DARK WEB?" People settle in.

CHALMERS

Listen up. We've got a lot of specialties in this room, but we all have to face increasing threats from the same dark web.

A SLIDE with an image of an iceberg partitioned with different parts of the web: Public, Deep, Dark.

CHALMERS

Cryptocurrency makes untraceable transactions possible on the dark web. The most popular currently being bitcoin, but they're not the only game in town.

A slide shows the LOGO for FreedomCoin, as well as articles praising and condemning the launch of the currency.

CHALMERS

Financial institutions and markets around the world are gearing up for the launch of FreedomCoin, the U.S. government's first officially backed form of digital currency. It was developed internally right here at the Treasury Department. Agent Wang will discuss some anticipated challenges as we enter this space as a currency controlling player.

Tom sits with his arms crossed and glares as Angie walks up.

ANGIE

The nature of cryptocurrency allows anonymous transactions on the blockchain. This has birthed sites such as DarkRoad.net which has made the tracking and seizing of assets considerably more difficult.

The slide show displays screenshots with services from the website. As Angie paces, she encounters Tom's outstretched legs which jut into her path.

ANGIE

Excuse me.

Tom does not move his feet. Angie steps over them.

ANGIE

Drugs, guns, hitmen. The bitcoins I seized last week--

TOM

You sat at a computer sipping a latte. That ain't seizing cash, "Wang."

ANGIE

It's "Wong."

TOM
But it feels so right.

Dapper AGENT RICH DELANO (33), his default face a nasty smirk, laughs obnoxiously.

RICH
I get it!

ANGIE
We're talking bitcoin, cash is not part of the conversation.

Tom holds out a PINK UNICORN WALLET. He pulls out some cash.

TOM
Then you won't be caring about this. A unicorn is quite the little girl fantasy boyfriend.

Angie pats her pocket. The field agents in the room chuckle.

ANGIE
Hey! Give it back!

Angie reaches for her wallet, Tom plays a game of keep away.

TOM
Here you go. Come on, try again. Where'd it go? Here it is. Okay, for real this time.

Chalmers shakes her head at the juvenile behavior. The field agents laugh as Angie keeps failing. Rich takes perverse pleasure from Angie's misery. He kicks out his foot and Angie trips and faceplants into the nearby wall.

RICH
Watch your step, "Wang!"

CHALMERS
Enough. You two, my office.

The room quickly settles down.

INT. FINCEN - CHALMERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Angie, ruffled shirt and still breathing heavy, stands next to a relaxed Tom.

Angie plays with her ear, scrunching it, pulling on it and scrunching it again. It's her nervous tick.

CHALMERS

Tom.

TOM

Yes, Ma'am.

Chalmers motions to Angie. He hands back the wallet.

CHALMERS

I trust you got the last mission
out of your system?

TOM

Yes, Ma'am.

CHALMERS

Dismissed.

Tom smiles, takes a seat, smirks at Angie.

CHALMERS

Tom.

She motions towards the door. He points to himself. Chalmers
nods. Tom, incredulous, shoulder bumps Angie as he walks out.

CHALMERS

Close the door. Let's chat.

Tom stands in the hallway glaring as Angie shuts the door.

ANGIE

Aw, a lost puppy. Awwwww. I'm a cat
person. Meow. Hiss.

She shuts the door on him with great satisfaction.

ANGIE

You see what I have to deal with?
He ruined my presentation.

CHALMERS

You humiliated him on the last
mission. You have to start handling
field agents better.

Angie rolls her eyes.

CHALMERS

Unroll those right now. You
teenagers don't get how
disrespectful you are.

ANGIE

I'm 28.

CHALMERS

Then act like it.

Angie makes a face. Chalmers hands Angie a spreadsheet.

CHALMERS

Budget for next quarter.

ANGIE

Whoa! Fifty percent of the field ops budget is diverted to tech?

CHALMERS

Wipe that grin off your face. It makes me sick I have to let good men go. Some have been here over thirty years.

ANGIE

That's a long hardware cycle.

CHALMERS

Kid, don't forget you're here on parole after your hacking stunt.

ANGIE

But the work I've done here--

CHALMERS

You've done work, these men have given their lives. Sacrificed in ways you couldn't understand.

ANGIE

Well, Mr. Patriarchy over there has a lot to understand too.

CHALMERS

Tom has risked much and lost much. In '89 his partner died. If he's gruff it's because he doesn't want to compromise the mission.

ANGIE

I didn't know.

CHALMERS

There's a lot you can learn from Tom before his forced retirement.

(MORE)

CHALMERS (CONT'D)

Listen, I get it, the challenges of being a woman, of being dissatisfied.

ANGIE

Oh, yeah, as a woman, I know about being dissatisfied, you know what I mean?

CHALMERS

Did you just take it there?

ANGIE

Nope, not taking anything anywhere. I don't think I should be talking anymore. I'm just gonna... thanks. Go women, yeah! Men too!

Angie exits, leaving an annoyed Chalmers shaking her head.

INT. FINCEN HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Angie passes by Tom, smirks. He gives her a cold stare. Rich and a few other agents see Angie walking up.

RICH

Hey "Wang," you seen this one?

Rich does the "removable thumb" magic trick.

ANGIE

Yeah, Rich. Real mind-blower.

Rich mimes his mind being blown. Angie tops him by miming the loading of shells into a shotgun, blowing her brains out in a gruesome way, and tracing the trajectory of imaginary pieces onto the wall. The visual of it makes the other agents rather uncomfortable. She walks off satisfied. Rich approaches Tom.

RICH

Yo, Tom, that was lit with the wallet. Good palming technique.

Rich holds out a closed fist for a fist bump. Tom looks disapprovingly at Rich and walks away.

RICH

Tom, m'man, don't leave me hanging.

Tom turns around and punches Rich's hand, hard. Rich winces.

RICH

Dude. You're supposed to tap it.

TOM

I know.

RICH

You don't get how things work
around here anymore, you dinosaur.

TOM

I get it. I just don't like it.

Tom leaves. Rich punches a snickering AGENT in the shoulder.

RICH

Shut up.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Angie sits alone at a window table for two reading on her Kindle. An attractive WAITRESS (20s) approaches.

WAITRESS

Good evening, we expecting another?

ANGIE

We are not.

WAITRESS

What are you reading?

ANGIE

"Sense and Sensibility."

WAITRESS

The chick flick?

ANGIE

Well, originally a book, but yeah.
You saw the movie?

WAITRESS

No. You want a drink?

ANGIE

Can I have a beer?

WAITRESS

Any beer?

ANGIE

A cold one?

The waitress makes a judgmental face and walks away.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - SAME

Tom approaches, spots Angie in the window.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - SECONDS LATER

Angie's attention is still on her e-book when the waitress returns with her drink.

WAITRESS

You did have someone joining you!

Angie's face drops when she looks up, surprised to see Tom sitting across the table.

ANGIE

Tom!

WAITRESS

Well, hi, Tom. What can I get you and where?

Angie tosses her arms up in frustration and inadvertently knocks over the waitress' drink tray.

WAITRESS

What the hell?!

ANGIE

Oh my God! I'm so sorry!

TOM

Hey, darling, it's all right. She's a bit jealous around a knockout like you. Scotch, something at least twelve years, please.

WAITRESS

Sure thing.

The waitress smiles and goes back to the bar.

ANGIE

What are you doing here?

TOM

What did you and Chalmers talk about after I left the office?

ANGIE

Did you follow me here? Who do you think you are?

TOM
(mock friendly)
I'm the guy that's killed more
people than the number of friends
you have on Twitter. Who do you
think you are?

Angie plays with her ear.

ANGIE
(gulps)
Um... nobody. Just a computer
security specialist person.

TOM
So, nobody computer security
specialist person, tell me what you
know.

ANGIE
I don't know what you think I know.

TOM
I don't need to know what I think
you know. I just know you know
something and that's all I need to
know. So what do I need to know
that you know?

The waitress drops off Tom's drink. Tom uses a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT in his gold watch to covertly inject A FEW DROPS OF CLEAR LIQUID into Angie's glass. He raises his glass in a toast. A confused Angie does too.

TOM
So you do have some class in you.

ANGIE
What are we drinking to?

TOM
The future. May it stop getting
worse. Drink up.

A nervous Angie drinks down her whole drink in one go. As the drug Tom dropped in Angie's drink immediately takes effect, a great big grin spreads over Angie's face.

She giggles as she looks at her fingers and wiggles them.

ANGIE
There's a tiny brain in each one.

Her head hangs loose as she beams and drools. Tom smiles.

TOM
Anything else to share? About work?

ANGIE
(Schwarzenegger accent)
Next week you're terminated. No job
for you! Where there's smoke --
you're fired! Whoop, whoop, goes
the "you're fired" alarm!

TOM
They're going to get rid of me, Tom
"T-Bomb" Stryker? After all I've
done? The bullets I've taken?

ANGIE
Take them back I say! You look sad.

TOM
Leave or I'm going to kill you.

ANGIE
You leave or I'll kill you.

TOM
No one can kill me.

Angie tussles his hair.

ANGIE
Okay, then, killah. Kill or be
killed, know what I'm sayin'?

Angie pulls out all the cash in her wallet and throws it onto
the waitress' drink tray leaving her pleasantly surprised.
She walks out whistling. Tom sits in disbelief, chest heavy.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Angie stumbles through the door. Her POV spins and shifts.

Angie goes to plop down on her couch and misses. She lets out
a deranged chuckle from the floor. She grabs her laptop that
has DarkRoad loaded up. She navigates to "CONTRACT KILLERS."

ANGIE
You kill me? No one can kill you?
Let's just see about that.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sunlight streams in and birds chirp outside. Hung over, Angie groans, peels her face off the leather couch, slowly sits up.

She glances at her laptop as she walks OFFSCREEN. We can hear the sounds of a cabinet opening and a glass of water filled.

ANGLE ON LAPTOP: A PICTURE of Tom with a "MISSION ACCEPTED" confirmation from a contract killer named "Biz-C".

A GLASS CRASHES. Angie comes running back ONSCREEN.

ANGIE

Oh, no, no, no. This isn't
happening. This isn't happening.

Angie tries to delete the mission. She logs into MULTIPLE PROGRAMS but everything she tries is a dead end.

ANGIE

Cancel. Cancel. It's not too late.
It's not too late.

She check the status screen: "BITCOIN FUNDS TRANSFERRED".

ANGIE

It's too late.

Angie plays with her ear, picks up the phone and dials.

ANGIE

Come on, Tom, come on.

No answer. She launches a cellphone tracking program and locates Tom on a map. She runs out.

EXT. TOM'S HOME - LATER

A Brownstone on a tree-lined street. A nervous Angie approaches, her gaze darting around looking for danger. Parked on the street is a PLUMBING TRUCK. Angie looks at it suspiciously, talks to the MAN getting out.

ANGIE

You a plumber?

MAN

That's what it says on the side.

She eyeballs him as she walks up to Tom's door. A GARBAGE TRUCK slams down a bin, scares her, sends her running around the house to:

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Angie is surprised to find herself in a garden paradise. Lush plants, water fountains, beautifully trimmed hedges.

Angie tiptoes towards the house. Unaware, she walks by a MOTION SENSOR.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The waitress from the restaurant lies in bed with Tom.

A RED LIGHT in the corner of the room BLINKS and BUZZES.

In one smooth motion, Tom rolls out of bed and pops up with a GUN in his hand. He puts a finger to his lips to convey silence. The waitress gasps and cowers in the sheets. Tom proceeds with caution.

EXT. TOM'S BACKYARD - SAME

Angie looks around for a way into the house when a TRAP DOOR suddenly opens under her and she falls into an UNDERGROUND WELL with a splash.

ANGIE

Whoa!

Angie flails about in the water. Tom points a gun from above.

ANGIE

It's me! Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

TOM

"Wang?"

The petrified, half-dressed waitress runs out of the house.

INT. TOM'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tom's place continues with the greenery esthetic, an abundance of healthy plants all around the place.

Angie, still soggy and wrapped in a towel, anxiously paces. Tom waters his plants unfazed by what Angie is telling him.

DarkRoad is pulled up on the laptop on the coffee table.

ANGIE

...And then, when I woke up, there it was on the screen-- one sec.

Angie moves weaponizable objects away from Tom's proximity including a pointy sculpture and ninja star coasters.

ANGIE

I transferred bitcoins from the agency account and took out a hit on you. Some guy named Biz-C accepted the job.

TOM

For just a million dollars.

ANGIE

In Bitcoins... Look, I'm really sorry. I don't even remember doing it. I was so out of sorts. I never drink that much. Oh, God, why is this happening?

TOM

A small percentage may experience side effects of a repressed id lashing out.

ANGIE

Percentage of who? Side effects of what?

Tom takes off his watch. He shows off the Swiss army of features hidden in the watch face, links, knobs and band.

TOM

Mini-saw blade... tension wire... wireless detonator, and--

He squirts some liquid into a nearby potted plant.

TOM

Devil's breath. Made from the Columbian borrachero tree.

Angie has a blank look on her face.

TOM

Truth serum. Want some tea?

INT. TOM'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Tom makes a tea while Angie storms in after him.

ANGIE

You drugged me?! Do you even know how wrong that is?

TOM

I was just having a little bit of fun. I could have gotten that info out of you so many other ways--

ANGIE

You're demented! You didn't even try talking with me about it!

TOM

You're right. I'm smarter than you. I could have totally tricked that info out of you. I shouldn't have done that.

ANGIE

That's supposed to pass as an apology?

TOM

Paranoia is a defining trait of my profession. Getting information is what I do, and I do it well. But now instead, we rely on people like you who don't even get people.

ANGIE

I'm supposed to feel bad for you after you made me hire an assassin?

TOM

Oh no, don't put that on me sweetheart. How was I supposed to know what's lurking in your dark side? Yes, you were drugged. No, that reaction doesn't necessitate hiring an assassin. You may want to consider a narcotherapy regimen to get to the bottom of your issues.

Tom puts an extra tea down, she smacks the table.

ANGIE

I don't have issues!

He calmly sips.

TOM

Over-reaction is a sign of issues. Hiring a hitman qualifies as over-reaction.

ANGIE

Oh, and under-reaction? What's that a sign of? What's always being too cool, huh, Mr. No Issue?! Why are you so calm?! Do you realize how many kinds of trouble we're in?

TOM

Case in point, you're still over-reacting. Does anyone know?

ANGIE

A financial audit would quickly reveal a discrepancy. Otherwise, I was a ninja--

Angie leans on a large potted plant, almost knocks it over.

TOM

Watch the spider plant! It's sensitive this time of year.

Tom gently mists the leaves with a spray bottle.

TOM

(sing-song)

Papa's here to give you a bath.

ANGIE

Aw.

She pets a cactus and flinches when poked.

TOM

Why would you pet a cactus?

ANGIE

It looked soft.

Angie sees a TROPHY WITH A GOLDEN FLOWER. Caption reads:
"FIRST PLACE: TOMAS & IVANNA. RUSSIAN LOTUS COMPETITION. ST. PETERSBERG, 1989."

ANGIE

"Tomas and Ivanna." Who's Ivanna?
Is that why plants are your thing?

Tom looks misty-eyed at the trophy, catches himself, hardens.

TOM

Don't worry about my thing. Now, these bitcoins, can you hack 'em back like last time?

ANGIE

Doesn't work like that. Last time the owner used a computer with a dummy GUI that fed us the password. Maybe if we could use the agency computers--

TOM

We're not further complicating this by involving the agency. What other options do we have?

ANGIE

The only other way is to get the hitman's private password from them.

With a glint in his eye, Tom opens the door to the garage.
CUE COOL VIBE MUSIC (e.g. "Oh, yeah" by Yello)

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Angie follows Tom in, sees a pristine 1965 ASTON MARTIN DB5.

Tom centers A GLOBE ORNAMENT on Washington D.C., tugs on a BUST OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The tool wall opens up to reveal a SECRET CLOSET lined with cold war memorabilia and weapons, including pistols, tracking devices, and other gadgets.

ANGIE

(flabbergasted)

This is...

TOM

Impressive?

ANGIE

Okay, I guess that is one of the words I am thinking, yes.

Angie looks extremely worried as Tom a duffle bag of gear.

TOM

These for-hire guys are amateurs. I'll capture him and get the password. In return you'll have a position created for me within the new budget. Do we have a deal?

ANGIE

This all sounds really dangerous.

TOM

I hope so.

Tom shoves a HEAVY LARGE SLIVER CASE in the trunk.

ANGIE

What's that?

TOM

For special circumstances.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom drives. Angie picks through cassette tapes of crooners, opera and jazz, makes a face.

TOM

Been dying to do pure fieldwork without FinCEN command in my ear the whole time. Like the good old days at the CIA. Off the grid, on your own.

ANGIE

No one will get hurt, right?

TOM

Why would I promise that?

INT. MOTEL 6 - RECEPTION - DAY

Tom registers with a CLERK as Angie watches a TV in the small office. TWO PUNDITS discuss FreedomCoin with white-haired TREASURY SECRETARY EDWARDS (60s). He exudes the faux charm of a well-rehearsed lifelong politician.

EDWARDS (ON TV)

Personally I think it's quite exciting. The release of FreedomCoin will benefit the U.S. economy and position us as a crypto market leader.

PUNDIT #1 (ON TV)

The Federal backing of a trillion dollars is an alarming amount. Should we be investing so much in an unproven currency without traditional guardrails?

EDWARDS (ON TV)

We need to show that we're serious and confident. Markets should respond favorably to America taking the reigns in what has been the Wild West of crypto.

PUNDIT #2 (ON TV)

The world moved from bartering to currency to credit cards. Markets will adjust again. It's a net positive. If we don't get ahead of this, we'll be left behind.

PUNDIT #1 (ON TV)

False equivalencies. You don't know what you're talking about.

PUNDIT #2 (ON TV)

You don't know what you're talking about.

TOM

None of them know what they're talking about.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Angie step out of the small office which sits in the far corner of the two-story building.

TOM

Take a picture of me to draw your guy out.

Angie is uncomfortable with this plan. Tom poses next to his car like a model. Angie takes a picture.

TOM

No, Leibovitz, with the sun behind you to illuminate the scene.

He goes through a series of poses, lays on the hood, kissing the car, etc. as Angie snaps away.

He scrolls through the photos.

TOM

Oh yeah, this one.

ANGIE

(baffled)

So send this one to him?

TOM

Of course not. They're clearly posed. They're for my personal collection.

INT./EXT. MERCEDES - DAY

The car pulls up outside Tom's home. A PHONE sits in the center console. It vibrates with a message: "TARGET HAS CHECKED INTO MOTEL 6 IN ARLINGTON".

A GLOVED HAND picks up the phone. It displays a long lens PHOTO of Tom walking through the parking lot.

The car drives off.

INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM #20 - LATER

A second floor room. Tom opens a small green 70s hard case SUITCASE and begins tossing some clothes around the room.

ANGIE

What are you doing?

TOM

Making the room seem lived in.

Tom tucks some pillows under the comforter and plants a wig at the head of the bed. He steps back proud of his work.

ANGIE

You're kidding! A fake sleeping guy? Of all possible plans, the best one is to sit in the bathtub and shoot this guy with a tranquilizer before he shoots you with a real gun?

TOM

No.

Angie breathes a sight of relief.

TOM

I'm gonna be in that corner, you're gonna be in the bathtub for crossfire... Unless we use remote activated sleeping gas canisters.

ANGIE

Yes, let's use that!
(realizes)
(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Wait, you just made that up. Could you grin any bigger?

TOM

Sure. Shoulda seen me when I stole a bottle of vodka from the Kremlin.

He hands her a bluetooth earpiece.

TOM

Don't worry, anything happens, I'm here in your ear like you've been there for me. Talking constantly. Words. Sentences. Nonsense. More words. More nonsense.

He prepares a tea, puts a mug of water in the microwave. He can't get it to work. Smacks it.

ANGIE

Troubleshooting rule number one: check if it's plugged in.

Tom sees it's not plugged in, grunts. He sets his gaze on to the parking lot. A MAN (50s) pulls up in a Chevy Silverado, a GUITAR CASE in the cargo bed. He ducks down, Angie follows.

TOM

(mutters to self)
Never seen a guitar case I trust.

ANGIE

That's gotta be him! Biz-C! That's not a guitar case! He's here!

TOM

Calm down.

ANGIE

Maybe I can just watch down the road from that nice little cafe...

TOM

We're in the field. We have to be able to respond to events on the ground as they unfold. Tub.

As the man takes his case out of the truck, the LATCH breaks and an actual guitar hits the ground and makes a TWANG sound. A jumpy Angie YELPS in Tom's ear. He spins around and jabs her in the throat, so she can barely wheeze.

TOM
My ear is an instrument of
survival. Never compromise it.

ANGIE
(croaks)
Sorry.

EXT/INT. MERCEDES - SAME

CARLOS GARCIA (20s), Latino features, hipster sexy with a He-Man t-shirt, wears the gloves we saw earlier. He slows down to scope out the motel, drives past.

INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM #20 - LATER

Tom watches the car go by, he can't see the driver.

TOM
That's one.

At the end of the road, the car turns back around and pulls into the motel parking lot.

TOM
And that's two. That's our guy.

ANGIE
You know all that from a double
drive-by?

TOM
At the rate he slowed, he had time
to pull into the driveway. Instead
he drove out far enough to
additionally scope the rear of
building, then pulled a confident
turnaround. You want to go out and
talk to him to makes sure?

She shakes her head. He hands her a dart gun. She holds it out like a smelly fish.

TOM
You know, there's nothing like the
first field mission. It's a
wonderful self-actualization
experience.

ANGIE
I don't want a first field mission.
I don't want to self-actualize!

TOM

Then don't shoot first and see what happens.

Angie takes out a tiny vodka bottle from the mini-fridge, struggles to open it, fails and gives up.

INT. CARLOS' CAR - SAME

Carlos parks in the Motel 6 parking lot. He spots a DROP OF DRIED BLOOD on his shirt.

He reaches into his bag of bleach, ropes, knives and rubber gloves. He pulls out a stick of "BLOOD BE GONE", dabs the blood with it and is satisfied as it disappears.

INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM #20 - DAY

Angie sits petrified in the bathtub holding the dart gun pointing at the door. It trembles in her hand. Paranoid, she points the gun at every little sound including the air conditioning kicking in, a bird chirping outside the bathroom window, and the pipes creaking as water runs through them.

Angie peers outside the window to see Carlos walk into the motel office. Tom also watches from the room window.

ANGIE

Oh, my God, it's him! He's, well, like, really... together. Like maybe if you were younger and had a better hairline.

Tom doesn't appreciate the comparison.

TOM

Don't get too attached. It's easier when you don't.

ANGIE

What's easier?

TOM

Killing them when you have to.

ANGIE

Sorry I asked.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - SAME

A CLERK approaches Carlos who looks over the CHECK-IN SHEET.

CLERK
Can I help you?

Carlos sees Tom's name checked into #20.

CARLOS
I'd like a room. Second floor if possible, please.

INT. MOTEL 6 - ROOM #20 - SAME

ANGIE
I can't do this. I'm leaving.

TOM
Stay there. What kind of an agent are you?

ANGIE
I'm not! I'm just a programmer and I don't belong here.

Angie heads to the door.

EXT. MOTEL 6 - SECONDS LATER

Angie steps out onto the landing, tucks her gun into her back pocket, runs down the stairs and slams open a stairwell door--

SMACK into Carlos, knocking one of his bags out of his hand and spilling out some gloves, rope and a book.

CARLOS
Hey!

ANGIE
Sorry!

Angie sees that Carlos' FINGER is bent backwards. She's frozen in fear and disgust.

ANGIE
Oh, my God.

Carlos puts down his other bag, BENDS his finger back in place. He barely has a reaction.

ANGIE
(impressed)
Oh, my God.

Angie snort-laughs, catches herself, and feels accepted as he continues to smile at her warmly. She gives him a wonky grin, adjusts her grip on the heavy bag.

CARLOS
I can take the bag...

ANGIE
I got it! I can carry a bag.

CARLOS
Okay. Was just taking them to my room.

TOM (V.O.)
Yes, go to his room. Shoot him there like Mossad.

ANGIE
No!

CARLOS
No?

ANGIE
No, of course. Sure.

They walk back towards Carlos' room. Angie is a step behind Carlos trying not to get distracted by Tom in her ear.

TOM (V.O.)
Shoot him! Shoot him!

As they pass by room #20, Carlos steals a quick glance, sees the fake sleeping body.

ANGIE
Waiting for someone?

CARLOS
A friend.

ANGIE
(disappointed)
Oh, you have a friend. That's cool.
It's not my business.

TOM (V.O.)
What's wrong with you? How did you even pass the agency psych eval?

CARLOS

Oh no, I'm not involved with anyone... I just couldn't... forget it. Too many books to read.

TOM (V.O.)

Pa-thet-ick. Shoot that librarian wannabe now. Do it.

They arrive in front of Carlos' door.

CARLOS

This is me. It was a pleasure to meet you. I'll take that.

The bag exchange turns into an awkward hug that turns into a nice lingering hug.

ANGIE

Well, take care.

CARLOS

Yeah, you too.

ANGIE

Angie.

TOM (V.O.)

Yeah, give the killer your home address too.

CARLOS

Thanks, Angie.

ANGIE

And you are?

Carlos smiles, doesn't reply.

ANGIE

Come on, I can't just call you Biz--

She realizes what she just said and stops herself, but it's too late. Carlos knows. Tom shouts into her ear.

TOM (V.O.)

Idiot! Move!

Angie ducks out of the way as Tom pops open the door, gun ready. Carlos is already on the move and evades Tom's darts, his gear dropping off the landing onto the parking lot below.

TOM

Did you actually just say that?!

ANGIE

I'm better over text!

Carlos does a wall jump and flips up onto the rooftop.

TOM

Damn, we got a parkourer.

ANGIE

Dreamy. What do we do?!

TOM

Chase him down! You go the other way! Move!

Carlos expertly drops back down to the second floor with a roll, landing near Tom. Angie finds herself on the far end of the motel landing and races back over to them.

Carlos and Tom begin to exchange blows. Carlos manages to knock Tom's gun out of his hand and land a good hit on Tom.

TOM

I used to be faster.

CARLOS

So now you're slow.

They exchange another round of blows. Tom lands a solid one, knocks Carlos down.

TOM

Still fast enou--

Carlos pops up from the ground, gets his legs around Tom's neck and swivels around with a takedown move that sends Tom flying through a window into a room, collapsing the desk.

Angie runs up with dart gun. A MAN pops out of his room.

MAN

What the hell is going on--

FOOMP! Angie misses Carlos and the man goes down with a dart in his neck. Carlos takes off.

ANGIE

Sorry!

TOM (O.S.)

Get him!

Angie runs after Carlos and takes another shot. It whizzes past and hits the ICE MACHINE door, spilling ice out on the floor ahead of him. Carlos slips on the ice, losing his footing and tumbles down the stairwell at the far end.

Angie attempts to take another shot from the landing down at Carlos on ground level, when the office clerk steps out.

CLERK

Hey! What's all the noise--

FOOMP! Angie misses again. Clerk goes down.

ANGIE

Sorry!

TOM

He's going for the gear!

Angie steps out onto the ledge of the landing to get a good shot as Carlos rounds the corner. She goes to fire --

ANGIE

I'm out!

Carlos goes to scoop up the gear, but it's no longer there.

TOM

Looking for this?

Carlos looks up to see Tom holding the pack. FOOMP! Tom impales Carlos in the chest with a dart. Carlos goes woozy. Tom shoots another into Carlos' forehead for good measure. Carlos quickly collapses. Angie calls down.

ANGIE

You could've shot him in the eye!

TOM

I could've.

Tom grins in self-satisfaction at Angie, just as the ledge she is standing on GIVES WAY.

ANGIE

Whoa!

Angie grabs a GUTTER PIPE that DETACHES and SWIVELS her out over the parking lot. She dangles above the Aston Martin.

ANGIE

I'm gonna fall!

TOM
Don't let go!

Tom dashes to his car.

ANGIE
I don't know if I can hold on!

TOM
Hold on just a few more seconds!

ANGIE
I'm slipping!

Tom fumbles to get his keys out to move his car. Just as he puts the key in the door --

Angie's grip slips -- SMASH! She lands on top of the Aston Martin, CAVING in the roof and BLOWING OUT all the windows.

TOM
No!

Angie groans and sits up to see Tom. She gives a small wave.

ANGIE
It's alright. I'm okay.

Tom's hand drops from the key and trembles. His hand hovers dangerously close to his holstered gun as he has a vigorous internal debate.

INT. FINCEN - CONTROL ROOM - DUSK

Stanley walks Rich through the agency bitcoin ledger.

STANLEY
That's when I noticed this discrepancy here.

Rich slides Stanley's rolling chair away and takes over.

STANLEY
Uh, okay. So you can just move me and take my computer.

RICH
Don't tell me things I already know.

INT. CHALMERS' BEDROOM - SAME

Chalmers, rollers in her hair, is mid-creation of a TINDER PROFILE. She uploads a younger photo of herself labeled "NEW YEAR'S EVE 2008". She crops out the year.

Her phone rings. Rich pops up on her caller ID. She picks up.

CHALMERS

(sultry)

Rich, after work hours. Are you yearning for a nighttime meetup?

INTERCUT CHALMERS/RICH

Rich's face reveals he is not mutually into Chalmers, but he exaggerates the sweetness in his voice to lead her on.

RICH

Oh, I wish we could, boss.

CHALMERS

I told you, call me Maggie when the boys aren't around.

RICH

Maggie, we have a problem. The crypto account has been compromised. A million dollars in bitcoins are gone. Don't know if anything else.

CHALMERS

(serious)

What? When? Can you trace who?

RICH

Last 24 hours. Looks like an inside job from our office.

CHALMERS

Activate red flag procedures for anyone who uses unauthorized agency assets. Get to the bottom of who's behind this and to what extent they violated our system, fast. Then you can give me a private debrief.

RICH

Of course, Maggie.

Rich hangs up, all business.

EXT. SECLUDED FIELD - NIGHT

Tom's beat-up Aston Martin, followed by Angie's rental van, pulls up to an open field.

Tom opens the back of the van. Carlos lies inside, unconscious.

ANGIE

So what are we doing out here? Hey, look, a random shipping container. I wonder how it got there... Maybe it fell out of a plane?

Nearby is a METAL SHIPPING CONTAINER. Tom shakes his head.

TOM

You're such a dweeb.

ANGIE

I am not. A dweeb is a socially inept person. And we may not all be cool secret agents like you, but that doesn't mean that we don't have our own lives and manage just fine, thank you very much.

TOM

Yep, definitely a dweeb.

ANGIE

No one even uses that word anymore.

TOM

I can think of a few other words, if you'd like to hear them instead.

ANGIE

Dweeb's fine.

EXT. CONTAINER - MOMENTS LATER

Tom swings the gate open. A pair of metal shackles are attached to the inside.

ANGIE

Whoa... what is this?

TOM

Gitmo's a little too far for some jobs. Wasn't sure if this freedom house was still here.

ANGIE

This freedom house? What, there are, like, more of these all over the country? You know what, I don't want to know. But are there? Don't tell me. Just nod if there are though. Is that blood on the wall?

TOM

Not from one of mine.

ANGIE

You're not gonna torture him to get the password, right?

TOM

You didn't see the dutch oven in the corner? I'm gonna bake him a cake. Unless that's more your forte?

Angie crosses her arms, not amused.

TOM

Sometimes plain old torture works best.

Angie is uncomfortable with that idea.

ANGIE

What if we just try asking?

TOM

He won't give it up.

ANGIE

I'm sure he can be reasoned with.

TOM

This I gotta see.

Tom gestures for Angie to take the lead.

INT. CONTAINER - MOMENTS LATER

Carlos is bound by his arms, still asleep. Angie tiptoes in and tenderly drizzles some water on his face.

TOM

Yawn.

Carlos doesn't seem to be responding until suddenly --

WHACK! A pretending-to-sleep-yet-fully-awake Carlos kicks Angie in the crotch. She yelps.

TOM

Oh, doozy.

Tom laughs as Angie limps away. Carlos struggles against his chains.

A pained Angie turns back to Carlos.

ANGIE

It's okay, it's okay. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise. Calm down. Just hear me out. I want to get this over with as soon as possible and we can all go our separate ways. Safely.

Carlos quiets down, but his eyes punctuate the anger he's directing at Angie.

ANGIE

I'm sure you're confused, but believe me, neither of us wants to be here, so how about this? You tell me what I can do to prove to you that I don't want to hurt you, and I'll do it.

CARLOS

Let me go.

Tom snorts.

ANGIE

That's a good one. Um... I can't do that, not yet. But I want to. How about some water, you want some water?

CARLOS

I am thirsty.

Angie cautiously approaches with a bottle of water.

ANGIE

So I'm going to approach slowly and this is a trust-building exercise. I give you water and you--

WHACK! Kicked in the crotch again. Angie goes down in pain.

TOM

Ooh.

Angie is in tears. Tom loves it.

TOM

You want me to take care of this
one while you can still bear
children?

Angie waves him off.

TOM

Are you sure?

ANGIE

(high-pitched)

Yes.

Angie stands and faces Carlos.

ANGIE

Okay, well, I guess we don't trust
each other yet, but it's important
that we do--

Carlos KICKS off his shoe and it WHACKS Angie in the face.

ANGIE

Okay, that was--

WHACK with the other flying shoe.

ANGIE

Ow! Stop that! Now I'll be totally
open with you as much as I can --
you have something we want, the
password to the bitcoins in your
account. This gig was never
supposed to happen.

CARLOS

And if I give it to you, you'll
just let me go?

ANGIE

Yes! Exactly.

CARLOS

Don't believe you, honeypot.

TOM

(incredulous)
Her? A honeypot?!

ANGIE

(flattered)
Me? A honeypot!

ANGIE

Look, full disclosure, my friend here is a killer. Fortunately, his aptitude for being inhumane has been used, mostly, for good. However, he will hurt you, and I don't want that to happen. So, that's why, to prove to you that I don't want to hurt you, I will give you the option to hurt me.
 (gulps)
 Again.

Angie nervously edges closer to Carlos, arms spread wide, her crotch purposefully exposed.

TOM

Angie...

ANGIE

I got this.

Angie is within inches of reach. Carlos prepares to strike.

ANGIE

I am doing this to show you that I care about your well-being. To let you know that I recognize you are in a vulnerable place, and that I appreciate that. That sometimes we end up in a situation -- and I'm not judging why or how you got into this situation --

Angie is definitely within the crotch-strike zone. Tom instinctively covers his own crotch, nervous for Angie.

TOM

"Wang..."

ANGIE

A situation where the only way out is to trust another person.
 (in a whisper)
 I can be that person if you let me.

Angie is right up next to Carlos, exposed. There is an intimate connection between them.

CARLOS

You're saying I can trust you?

ANGIE

Yes.

CARLOS
And if I don't?

ANGIE
That's not the option either one of
us wants. I really don't want to
see you hurt. This can end well.
Like in a book. A good book.

Carlos looks down.

CARLOS
In2books.

ANGIE
Is the "2" a digit or spelled out?

CARLOS
Digit.

ANGIE
Thank you for trusting me.

Angie turns to a perplexed Tom with a look of accomplishment.

EXT. CONTAINER - CONTINUOUS

Tom emerges in a daze with Angie a few steps behind him.

TOM
In all my years, that was the most
messed up thing I've ever seen. How
did you... with him...

ANGIE
You get a bee with honey.

TOM
No you don't. Bees make honey, not
seek it.

INT. CONTAINER - SAME TIME

Carlos pickpockets Angie's nearby bag with his bare toes and
pulls out her wallet. He tucks it behind the stool he stands
on.

EXT. CONTAINER - SAME TIME

Angie logs in and enters the password. Confirmed: A million
dollars in bitcoins.

ANGIE

It's all there. Oh, my God, Tom. I don't know how to thank...

She stands up and hugs Tom, feels something poke her at the waist.

ANGIE

(embarrassed)

Tom!

TOM

Don't.

Angie looks down. There's a GUN in Tom's hand.

ANGIE

Oh, it is a gun in your hand.

TOM

Step back.

Angie complies. Tom moves over to the laptop, still training the gun on Angie.

TOM

Don't make this harder than it already is, "Wang."

Tom logs into his own private account and transfers funds from the bitcoin account through an online exchange.

ANGIE

You... you never wanted to return the money.

TOM

Sit down. Over there. Don't look at me like that.

ANGIE

How can you do this?

TOM

There's no explanation you'd understand with your bitcoins and fear of using your hands instead of a keyboard to get things done.

ANGIE

So you're stealing because the past is gone.

TOM

The past is not gone, it's still here! You worth more to the agency than me? That's a laugh. When you hired that dipstick in there, it was a chance to take what I can and get out. There's no place left for me. This isn't the America I fought for anymore.

ANGIE

America is what it is. The agency will find out what you did.

Tom closes the laptop.

TOM

Not just me, lady.

ANGIE

I didn't mean to steal. It wasn't about the money. I'm not you.

TOM

"You're not me," ain't that the truth. You'd be dead back at the motel if it weren't for me.

ANGIE

He wasn't even after me! He wanted to kill you.

TOM

I told you: No one can kill me.

Tom picks up his dart gun and marches over to the container and swings open the doors. He shoots Carlos in the forehead with a dart. Carlos looks up cross-eyed, quickly passes out.

ANGIE

That was unnecessary.

TOM

The small part of me that likes some very small part of you is going to give you advice. Don't try to explain this to the agency. No one is on to us yet. Go home, pack whatever you need and disappear before you're on any lists.

Off Angie's look.

TOM

Don't act all wounded, it's not like you want to be working at the agency. You're a criminal that should be in jail.

ANGIE

At least I'm not a thief. I was just playing around in some bank servers. Didn't know it'd create a domino effect.

TOM

And the DOW crashed 400 because you think you're important enough to play around. Pathetic who they let into the service these days.

Tom gets into his busted Aston Martin, attempts to adjust a mirror, which breaks off in his hand. He drives off.

ANGIE

Takes one to know one! Except I'm not and you are! And if I ever see you again I'll have more, better thought out insults! Yeah!

Angie unlocks Carlos' shackles, his face smacks the floor with a large THUD. Angie grimaces on his behalf. She rolls him over, takes a final heavy-hearted glance, leaves.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Angie enters and starts packing a box. She sadly watches the sun as it breaks over the horizon.

INT. BANK - MORNING

Tom, wearing a suit, sits down with a BANKER.

TOM

I'd like to withdraw my account.

The banker pulls up his account information.

BANKER

I see you have one hundred thousand dollars with us.

TOM

Yes, cash, please.

BANKER

That is the maximum cash withdrawal allowed, Mr. Smith.

TOM

I know. If you could be quick, I have a busy day.

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - MONTAGE

Upbeat, peppy music as Tom visits DIFFERENT BANKS, withdrawing cash under different aliases. He wears different outfits and accessories to match each fake ID (e.g. glasses, hairstyles, mustache, buck teeth, etc.)

With each transaction, he fills the green suitcase with more cash. Once the suitcase is full, he covers up the money with a LARGE PLATE that has a picture of travel items printed on it (e.g. jacket, underwear, toothbrush, etc.) He zips up the suitcase, very satisfied with himself.

EXT. CONTAINER - LATER

The container door slams open. Carlos examines Angie's driver's license.

INT. ANGIE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Angie is packing up her awards and trophies. She loses her temper and smashes her programming champion TROPHY. The head of the programmer sitting at a computer breaks off.

INT. RICH'S SUV - SAME

An ALERT pops up on the dashboard monitor: It's an image of Agent Stryker's agency-issued false passport, "LOCATION: DCA"

Rich spins the car around and floors it.

INT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Tom walks up to the security checkpoint with the green hard case suitcase. He shows his TICKET TO CROATIA to the TSA AGENT and then places the suitcase on the conveyer belt.

Behind him steps up an ELDERLY WOMAN (80s). She puts a VERY SIMILAR SUITCASE with a CROATIAN FLAG sticker on the belt.

Tom passes through the scanner, glances back at TSA AGENT #2 monitoring the X-ray machine for carry-on suitcase. He sees the image of travel items printed on the special plate and passes the suitcase through. Tom glances at his "AGENT" title on the name tag.

TOM
Pfft. "Agents".

As he reaches to take his suitcase he tenses up. Rich stands with a gun jammed into his back.

RICH
Don't make a scene.

Tom stays tight-lipped. He watches the elderly lady mistakenly grab his suitcase and walk off.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Rich tosses cuffs to Tom. Tom latches himself to the table. The old lady's suitcase sits nearby.

RICH
Who are you working with? I know you couldn't have done this hack job on your own.

TOM
I'm not working with anyone. If I were, why do I have all the money?

RICH
Where's the money?

TOM
In the luggage.

RICH
You converted bitcoin into cash?
Who deals in cash anymore?

Rich gets to work opening the suitcase.

TOM
It has value. You can hold it.
Women like it--

RICH
If you have the money, you double-crossed some idiot. Who's smart enough to pull the job but dumb enough to get played?

(MORE)

RICH (CONT'D)
(realizing)
"Wang." Bet you enjoyed conning
her.

TOM
(regret)
One would have thought. She's
alright.

RICH
Sticking up for her? No wonder it's
time for you to retire.

Rich pops open the suitcase.

RICH
Now for my bonus--
And pulls out a large pair of old lady's UNDERWEAR.

TOM
(smirks)
Oh, that must be the wrong luggage.

Rich backhands Tom across the face.

RICH
Where's the right luggage?

TOM
By now, on a plane to Croatia.

RICH
Croatia.

TOM
No extradition treaty.

RICH
I know that. I don't care. You
think I'd kill two agents for just
a million bucks?

TOM
(realizing)
Your goal isn't the money. Why are
you monitoring the crypto account
so closely?

RICH
Ah, Mr. VCR is finally asking the
right questions, but, like his
double-breasted suits, he's
fashionably out of time.

Rich attaches a silencer on his pistol.

RICH

Think of me as an asteroid,
ushering in a new age, disposing of
the old dinosaurs that used to roam
the land.

Tom takes a deep breath and WHISTLES a tune.

ANGLE ON: A HOLE in Tom's watch releases a soft HISS.

RICH

What's that, you going out on your
favorite tape track?
(no reply from Tom)
What, the silent treatment?

Rich wobbles.

RICH

Holding your breath. Whistle-
activated... knockout g...?

Rich drops, knocked out.

Still holding his breath, Tom uses fancy footwork to get the
dropped gun up into his tied hands. He then angles the gun
and shoots his cuffs off.

Tom kicks Rich in the ribs for good measure and goes to leave
the room. He pauses, pulls Rich's pants down, sticks his hand
in his boxers, then exits.

EXT. ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Tom speeds down the airport service road, noting the Croatian
Airlines flight take off above him.

INT. ANGIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

With a tube of super glue, rubber gloves and a magnifying
glass, Angie has a moment of satisfaction as she reattaches
the head back onto her broken trophy --

Just as Tom comes flying in through the kitchen window and
tackles Angie to the ground!

ANGIE

Oof!

BAM! A sniper shot from outside blows the head off the trophy Angie just fixed.

TOM

Move!

Tom drags a dumbstruck Angie through the house as bullets rain in.

ANGIE

What are you doing here?!

TOM

Saving your ass!

In a break from the shooting, they burst through the hallway door and into a CONNECTED GARAGE.

EXT. ANGIE'S BACKYARD - SAME

Carlos stops shooting through his sniper rifle and goes around the house to the garage door.

EXT. GARAGE DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Carlos pulls out TWO UZIS and begins to shower the garage door with bullets.

INT. GARAGE - SAME

Tom and Angie dodge and roll all over the garage trying to find shelter from the bullet storm.

The barrage of bullets stop. Silence.

Taking cover, Tom motions to an ELECTRIC GOLF CART.

TOM

(whispering)

That's your car?!

ANGIE

(whispering)

I'm really close to work. I find
than an electric vehicle is
perfectly suited--

The bullets starts up again, ricochets off of some tools, explodes a flammable aerosol can. A fire quickly spreads.

ANGIE
The attic!

TOM
There's an attic?!

Angie points up at the trap door. They quickly climb up the drop down ladder, the fire lapping at their feet.

EXT. CRAWL SPACE - SECONDS LATER

Tom and Angie silently crawl out of a vent on the side of the house, jump into Tom's battered Aston Martin and drive off. Behind them the electric vehicle in the garage explodes, blowing the garage door off.

ANGIE
My car!

TOM
Don't even call that a car.

As they drive, Angie tries to work out what just happened. She makes small pointing gestures at herself, at Tom, and back at the house. She puts a hand to her chin and thinks some more.

ANGIE
I have no idea what's happening.

TOM
I have some.

ANGLE ON: A PHONE discretely tucked under the driver's seat that is on and broadcasting to --

INT. CARLOS' CAR - SAME

Carlos watches the Aston Martin drive off. He has a Bluetooth earpiece and listens in on Tom and Angie's conversation.

TOM (V.O.)
Rich was alerted by your move on the account.

ANGIE (V.O.)
There must've been another level of security in that system I didn't know about. Why are they monitoring it that intently?

TOM (V.O.)
 I don't know, but he didn't care
 about the money. It's part of
 something bigger that's going on.

ANGIE (V.O.)
 I never liked that guy.

TOM (V.O.)
 Me neither. The man carries around
 a Ruger 380 as his primary firearm.

Distant sirens blare. Carlos continues to listen as he hops
 into his car and follows.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Rich comes to as a TSA AGENT shakes his shoulder. He quickly
 gets his bearings, pulls his hand out of his boxers. As he
 stands, he trips over this pants that are down to his ankles.

RICH
 Out!

The Agent scrams. Rich holds his ribs where Tom kicked him.
 He quickly pulls out his phone.

RICH
 Hi, yes, Tom and Angie. Together.

INT. FINCEN - HALLWAY - SAME

Chalmers is in the hallway outside the conference room.
 Inside awaits Secretary Edwards. He stands up to greet her.
 She nervously excuses herself.

CHALMERS
 Secretary Edwards, I'll be with you
 momentarily.

CHALMERS
 (into cell)
 Tom and Angie together? Unexpected.
 How together do you think they are?

RICH
 Collusion.

She puts the phone down and waves and ducks into:

INT. FINCEN - BATHROOM - SAME

CHALMERS

Do you think they're having an affair?

RICH

Unlikely.

CHALMERS

But possibly, Richie. You can't rule out inter-office romance.

RICH

Uh, no, I guess not. But all I see evidence of is they were after the money. Advise immediate revocation of Tom and Angie's agent status while I handle the situation.

CHALMERS

Can you handle this situation, agent?

INTERCUT CHALMERS/RICH

RICH

I'll catch up with these rogues and tie up all the loose ends.

CHALMERS

A whiff of this can't get out. The agency is under enough scrutiny as we gear up for the launch of FreedomCoin. I still have to assure the Treasury Secretary FreedomCoin is on track and we can't have the stink of a security breach hanging over us. I'm trusting in you.

RICH

Understood.

Chalmers examines herself in the mirror and is pleased with what she sees.

CHALMERS

(sultry)

Richie, I really want to personally thank you for your service.

RICH
Oh, that's... I just can't get
distracted from the job. Let's wait
until after the launch.

CHALMERS
(irritated)
I appreciate a man who's career
focused, but I'm starting to wonder-

RICH
Then can we take a trip?

CHALMERS
(hopeful)
Cancun?

RICH
No way, something classier for my
girl. Greece, Portugal, maybe
Sicily.

CHALMERS
I'm not that classy. Just some
basic needs. Your place or mine is
fine!

RICH
Then both. I'll report in soon,
Maggie.

Rich hangs up and shudders.

INT. CHALMERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Chalmers sits across from Edwards.

CHALMERS
(incredulous)
A button?

EDWARDS
Yes, to officiate the moment. As I
guide the 45th administration into
the digital monetary future--

CHALMERS
48th.

EDWARDS
I've learned a few things in my
many years of service, as I'm sure
you have in your years.

CHALMERS

Too many.

EDWARDS

People need a show. Before becoming Treasury Secretary, I was a senator for many years, and I know the power of a picture. Like Bush on the aircraft carrier.

CHALMERS

(sarcasm)

Great example.

EDWARDS

When people look back at how the world monetary system was changed, we need to have an image to signify it for the history books. We're not just politicians, we're salespeople selling America its story.

CHALMERS

Indeed, I couldn't agree with you more. We'll be sure to make a show of it at the gala, Sir.

EDWARDS

Good, good. If the launch goes well, I'll make sure your Congressional run has the full support of the State Department as we discussed.

Chalmers grins.

EDWARDS

Oh, just another thing I've learned. Always keep a fall guy. If something goes wrong, it's your ass I'll make sure they string up.

CHALMERS

(resentful)

Thanks for the lesson, Mister Secretary.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - DAY

Tom reaches for the SUNGLASSES CASE, is disappointed when the glasses within are busted. Angie is upset she can't access agency systems on her phone.

ANGIE

We're locked out of the agency computers. Rich must have Chalmers convinced that we're thieves.

Tom gives Angie a "we are" look.

ANGIE

I didn't steal. You stole.

TOM

Oh, you had permission, then?

ANGIE

So not the same thing. You know what? Let me out. I can't get involved any deeper in this. Not with you.

Tom pulls the car over.

TOM

I know we're different, like night and day, like man and woman.

Angie is about to object.

TOM

Hold on, please let me finish. The world is a messed up place. You can think what you want about me, but you should understand the agency isn't here...

(points to head)

But here.

(points to heart)

It's about people doing the best they can under the circumstances for the greater good.

ANGIE

You believe that?

TOM

I have to, it's the only way to live with all you risk and lose along the way. Now, you and I need to figure out how to work together. I acknowledge that we have trust issues--

ANGIE

I wonder why.

TOM

And I wish to resolve that. That's why I'm going to let you... hit me.

Tom drops his guard and waits for the punch. Angie considers, then goes to clock Tom in the face. Tom immediately grabs her wrist and slams it into the dashboard.

ANGIE

Ow! What the hell?!

TOM

Sorry, instinct. I wasn't ready to let down my guard. Here, punch me again.

ANGIE

No.

TOM

Come on. I can do it.

Tom takes Angie's arm and attempts to force Angie to punch him, but Angie resists. Angie manages to pull her hand away and accidentally PUNCHES herself in the face.

ANGIE

Ow! Why did you even come back?!

TOM

When Rich was about to kill me, I realized I'd become the guy I've been stopping my whole life. Someone who puts himself above the country's best interests.

ANGIE

(considers)

We have the agency and a hitman after us.

TOM

Yep.

ANGIE

No agency resources.

TOM

Yep.

ANGIE

And we don't like each other much.

TOM
There's that too. Partners?

Angie punches Tom. His eyes water up and he rubs his jaw.

TOM
I let you do that.

ANGIE
Sure, sure.

Angie proudly sits back with her arms behind her head.

INTERCUT ASTON MARTIN/CARLOS

Carlos listens, drives.

ANGIE
So, if retrieving the money wasn't
Rich's goal then what is he after?

TOM
When you hacked the agency system,
what else did you take?

ANGIE
Nothing!

TOM
Angie, don't be defensive. I don't
pretend to understand what it is
you do, but I know when I'm asking
the right question. What else did
you take?

ANGIE
Nothing...
(considers)
At least, not on purpose.

INT. ANGIE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Rich picks through the busted place looking for clues.
Stanley has wires going from his laptop into Angie's busted
laptop.

STANLEY
Got it!

Rich comes over.

STANLEY

Sloppy job. Disappointing. Crush
officially ov-er. Seems Angie
solicited a job on DarkRoad two
days ago.

RICH

What job?

Stanley references some additional screens.

STANLEY

Fortunately, with our deep tracers
in DarkRoad, I should be able to
cross-reference the transaction...
here it is!

He spins the laptop around for Rich to take a look.

RICH

She hired a hitman?

STANLEY

Yes, codename Biz-C.

Rich hops on Stanley's laptop.

STANLEY

Sure, go ahead.

Rich brings up a LIST of hired agency hitmen and scans it.
Biz-C is among the names listed.

RICH

We've used this guy in the past.

STANLEY

The agency hires hitmen?

RICH

DarkRoad's a great way to take care
of things the agency can't
associate with.

INT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - LATER

Tom emerges from the men's bathroom. A FEMALE LIBRARIAN (30s)
walks out a few seconds later, her hair mussed.

Tom takes a seat next to Angie, who is focused on a computer
monitor.

ANGIE

Ugh! I keep getting booted out of the system. Pretty solid encryption for a public institution. Just give me five more minutes and I'll get through --

Tom holds out a piece of paper with login details.

TOM

Here, use this to login.

Angie tries it, it works.

ANGIE

How did you...

The librarian passes by with her cart of books.

LIBRARIAN

Let me know if you need help with finding anything else, Professor.

Tom shoots her a smile, she blushes and keeps going.

ANGIE

(puts it together)

Did you... You told her you were a professor?

TOM

Nope. She came up with that one all by herself. She's got brains, that one. Brains and--

ANGIE

Stop, okay. I get the picture. It's a gross picture.

TOM

Love doesn't judge.

ANGIE

That isn't love.

TOM

I loved it. So did she.

ANGIE

In a bathroom. And we're back to the gross picture.

Angie scrolls through a file directory.

ANGIE

Okay, so not my best hacking a couple nights ago. It was a blunt move. I mirrored an entire directory of crypto stuff. It contained some other assets I didn't even give a second look at.

TOM

What other assets?

ANGIE

That's the interesting part. Most of this is standard stuff, but this part is tied to the FreedomCoin library...

Angie highlights a section of code.

ANGIE

I've never seen anything like it. It's quantum encrypted.

EXT. LIBRARY - SAME TIME

Carlos is parked around the corner. Intrigued, he listens on a shotgun microphone.

An AUDIO RECORDER DEVICE sits next to him, capturing the entire conversation.

TOM (V.O.)

What's that mean?

ANGIE (V.O.)

To see what's inside, we need a quantum computer to decode it.

Through the window, Carlos watches Angie play with her ear. He smiles, clearly crushing on her.

INTERCUT CARLOS' CAR/LIBRARY

TOM

And where's one of those?

Angie grins large.

ANGIE

The Fairfax server farm you broke into last week has an R&D division exploring quantum storage.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

And I can't think of any better agent to for this mission.

Tom beams at the admission of his worth.

INT. CARLOS' HIGH-RISE APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carlos enters the dimly lit, modern and furnished living room. Rich sits on a couch in the shadows, a gun in his hand.

CARLOS

Housekeeping.

RICH

Don't play dumb. We're not going to do this the easy way, or even the hard way. We're going to do it my way, which is like the hard way but even harder.

CARLOS

If you try any harder to sound cool I'm gonna fling myself out the window.

RICH

I know Angie hired you. Where is she?

CARLOS

I took a job for a mil which was stolen from me. I want it back. So why don't you stop with the antics and let's do business?

RICH

You have a great track record, so I'll arrange for you to get your pay. But you're only as good as your intel and actions. Payment upon elimination of Tom and Angie.

CARLOS

Done.

Rich rifles through Carlos' bag and sees the recording gear.

RICH

What's all this?

Rich hits play on one of the devices.

ANGIE (V.O.)
I've never seen anything like it.
It's quantum encrypted.

TOM (V.O.)
What's that mean?

ANGIE (V.O.)
It means that to see what's inside,
we'd need a quantum computer to
decode it.

Carlos takes the momentary distraction to grab a papier-mâché sculpture with handles and FLINGS himself through the window.

Rich quickly runs up to the shattered glass to see Carlos deploy a PARACHUTE and glide away. He takes some shots, HITTING Carlos' arm, but Carlos gets away. Rich looks at where the statue was and back to the broken window.

RICH
Pretty good escape plan.

INT./EXT. TOM'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked down the street from the server farm, Tom preps his gear for the infiltration.

ANGIE
Alright. You know the layout and security systems. Without agency resources, I won't be much use this time. Once you enter the main server room, I'll walk you through the decryption protocol.

She assists him gearing up.

ANGIE
I'm sorry I didn't give you enough credit last time.

TOM
I don't make it easy.

ANGIE
I get it. You don't want to lose anyone. Maybe one day you'll tell me what happened in '89.

Tom takes a break from packing.

TOM

We were two spies, one heart. I grew up in a small Midwest farming town, she, in a snow-capped village in Siberia. She was enchanted with vegetation. Lush greenery was something she couldn't dream of where she grew up.

ANGIE

And that's why you're so into plants.

Tom removes a photo from his wallet and hands to Angie.

TOM

I turned her as an agent, and she turned my heart.

ANGIE

Whoa!

The picture is of a girl-next door type with a unibrow Frida Kahlo would be jealous of.

TOM

They called her Poison Ivanna. She taught me so much. After our last mission, we were going to retire to Hawaii and open a plant nursery. She died on that mission.

ANGIE

I'm sorry.

TOM

It's in the past. The past can hurt... but denying the present doesn't help. I'm glad it's you that's got my back on this one.

ANGIE

I do.

Angie spots the silver case from earlier still in the trunk. She's curious.

ANGIE

Does that have something we can use?

TOM

(sighs)
Not the time.

He shuts the trunk.

EXT. FAIRFAX SERVER FARM - LOADING BAY - DAY

Tom makes his way through the loading bay.

TOM
(whispers in bluetooth)
Checkpoint beta.

INTERCUT TOM/ANGIE

ANGIE
I see you loud and clear.

This gets a grin from Tom.

Meanwhile, Angie gets a ShadowRoad POP-UP MESSAGE from Biz-C:
"JUST HAD A RUN-IN WITH RICH. HE'S ONTO YOU."

ANGIE
Tom! Be careful! Rich knows--

WHACK! From the shadows, Tom is hit in the back of the head with the butt of a gun. He collapses to his knees in pain.

RICH
Someone call the Smithsonian, we found some old bones.

ANGIE
No! Tom! Tom!

An ELITE TACTICAL UNIT pops out of the shadows.

INT. CHALMERS' OFFICE - SAME

Chalmers doodles a crude sketch of her and Rich on an island decorated with hearts. Her phone rings.

RICH (V.O.)
We got him going for the quantum computer at Fairfax.

CHALMERS
Good. Is he with Angie?

INTERCUT RICH/CHALMERS/ANGIE

RICH
Nope. The little weasel is working remotely.

Rich takes Tom's earpiece out.

RICH

Now run little weasel. Burrow underground and don't come up unless you want seal your partner's fate.

He crushes the earpiece under his heel.

ANGIE

Tom? Tom!

Angie sits there stunned. A new Biz-C MESSAGE pops up: "ARE YOU OKAY? NEED HELP?"

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Angie walks towards some benches. She looks around, nervous.

She sits and takes a few deep breaths to calm herself down. She's startled when Carlos pops out from behind a tree.

CARLOS

A police station is the most idiotic meeting place for someone on the lam.

ANGIE

It's my best guarantee you won't pull anything funny.

Carlos sits down on the bench.

CARLOS

Oh, you mean funny like hire-someone-to-kill-your-friend funny?

ANGIE

Um, more funny like shower-my-home-with-bullets funny.

CARLOS

That was pretty funny, especially the part where I forced you guys back into the car I bugged.

ANGIE

So you could sell us out?

CARLOS

That was unexpected. Rich wanted me to find and kill you.

(MORE)

CARLOS (CONT'D)

I really don't like being manipulated. Unless it's by you.

ANGIE

Flattery would totally get you somewhere if you didn't kill people.

CARLOS

Look, it's a family affair. I work as a hitman for my father, but it's not who I am. When I realized that you were also in a situation you didn't want to be in, but you were determined to not let that change who you were, I realized that killing doesn't have to define me. I'm not a killer anymore.

ANGIE

Just what a smoker says between cigarettes.

CARLOS

That they're not a killer?

ANGIE

No, that they're not a smoker. Until they smoke again.

CARLOS

We all have a thing in our past, but we're more than just that.

ANGIE

A "thing"? Killing is a "thing"? Like, "Hi, I like mustard. Hi, I kill people."

CARLOS

Everyone has a thing.

ANGIE

You have a "thing". I don't have a "thing".

Angie plays with her ear. He reaches out and lowers her hand to stop her.

CARLOS

If you don't have a thing then why are you in this situation?

ANGIE
 (flustered)
 Because Tom is captured.

CARLOS
 Before that.

ANGIE
 Tom drugged me for information.

CARLOS
 Before that.

ANGIE
 Tom--

CARLOS
Before Tom.

Angie considers, feels terrible.

ANGIE
 Oh my God, Tom's captured and I'm
 responsible.

CARLOS
 Angie, he's an agent. He knows the
 risks.

ANGIE
 Yeah, he's a real agent. I'm not.

CARLOS
 Sure you are.

ANGIE
 I'm not.
 (deep breath, confesses)
 Three years ago I thought my ex was
 having a work affair so I hacked
 his workplace to read his email. I
 crashed their security system and
 it had a domino effect that tanked
 the DOW.

CARLOS
 (impressed)
 That was you?

ANGIE
 Instead of going to jail, I got a
 sweetheart deal putting my skills
 to work for the agency. Tom puts
 himself in danger for others.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I act without considering consequences. I put him at risk without appreciating that.

Carlos grins big.

ANGIE

Why are you grinning? Didn't you hear what I just said?

CARLOS

I knew you had a thing. I like your thing.

They look into each others' eyes.

ANGIE

I don't know your name.

CARLOS

Carlos.

ANGIE

Carlos. So this is happening? We have a thing now, and we're going to rescue Tom?

CARLOS

We have a thing.

They kiss. It's a good kiss. He winces when she touches his arm. She peels back the sleeve to see the bloody bandage.

ANGIE

What happened?

CARLOS

Rich.

ANGIE

We'll get him.

CARLOS

What's the plan?

ANGIE

I need to get to the quantum computer so I can decrypt this. Then maybe I can leverage the info to save Tom.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A sullen Tom is bound to some pipes. Rich punches him. Tom cringes, but the look on his face quickly returns to its spiritless state.

RICH
You're no fun, Myspace.

Chalmers steps out of the shadows and pinches Rich's ass. Rich flinches. Chalmers chomps her teeth towards Rich.

CHALMERS
That's enough, Richie.

Tom takes in that Chalmers and Rich have a thing. He clocks Rich's discomfort.

TOM
You and Rich working together... I should have figured he wasn't smart enough to lead an insider operation on his own.

Chalmers looks Tom up and down like he's a wounded animal. She takes a rag and wipes some blood off Tom's face.

CHALMERS
What have you gotten yourself into?

TOM
That's what I always liked about you, Margaret, how motherly you are.

CHALMERS
Don't be cute with me. You and that kid made a mess of things. You know I wouldn't have chosen to end it this way. We had a lot of good years.

TOM
The good years are over.

RICH
This guy's really depressing me.

CHALMERS
It's a new world.

Tom looks at Rich and Chalmers.

TOM
People are still the same.

CHALMERS

We served the dopes in Congress for years while they made decisions based on election cycles and lined their pockets. This time it'll be my pockets. And my turn to make the decisions.

TOM

What is this code Angie found? What does it do?

CHALMERS

Agents know what they need to know, and then they have to go. Like soldiers on a battlefield, they die for the war effort. You know it more painfully than most.

TOM

Ivanna...

CHALMERS

Poison Ivanna. Did you ever ask yourself why Ivanna never made it out? How the Russians found out about her that day?

TOM

(shock)

You compromised her?

CHALMERS

The Russians were on to you. They offered me a deal: turn over their double-agent, they let you escape.

TOM

She was one of ours.

CHALMERS

She mattered to you. She didn't matter to me. Between a well-trained American agent and a Soviet operative who wouldn't be valuable after the mission, it was an easy trade. By the way, retiring to Hawaii? How pat. Do you actually think you could have made that life work with her? With your little tropical garden and coconut rum cocktails?

TOM

No!

Tom struggles against his bonds to get to Chalmers.

TOM

She risked her life for me! For America.

CHALMERS

And the risk didn't pay off. For her.

Rich punches Tom in the gut.

CHALMERS

He's very protective of me.

Tom and the embarrassed Rich make eye contact.

TOM

Let's see how well he protects you when I get free.

RICH

Is that a threat?

TOM

If you have to ask, your ability to assess a threat is way off.

RICH

I don't see a threat. I think you think you're still a threat and need to be... enlightened.

CHALMERS

Let it go, Richie.

RICH

He wants it, Maggie. I want it.

Tom's eyes are hungry for the fight. Chalmers begrudgingly acquiesces with a wave of her hand. Rich unties Tom.

RICH

Let's see what you still got, fax machine.

Tom and Rich go at it. A few quick rounds whereby Tom gets in a few early hits, but ultimately, he gets his ass handed to him by the younger agent. Tom is brought to the point of gasping for air, unable to get up.

Rich drags the nearly passed out Tom back to the pipes. He taunts him while he ties him up.

RICH
You old floppy disk. Phonograph.
Kinetoscope. Phone book. Record
player.

Tom MUMBLES something. Rich leans in closer.

RICH
What's that?

TOM
Vinyl's making a comeback.

Rich examines Tom's face.

RICH
Tom "T-Bomb" Stryker. The legend.
You know how you become a legend?
Your time passes.

Chalmers can't take it anymore and walks away.

INT. FEDEX DELIVERY VAN - CARGO - NIGHT

Inside the cargo hold of the moving truck sits a SERVER BOX.

INT. SERVER - SAME

Angie is tucked in with a Bluetooth headset.

CARLOS (V.O.)
How's it going in there?

ANGIE
How long can someone stay upside
down before passing out?

CARLOS (V.O.)
I don't know. How long?

REVEAL: CAMERA ROTATES 180 DEGREES -- Angie is upside down in a box with an UP ARROW pointing down.

CARLOS
If Tom broke in before, how do you
know they didn't change their
security protocols?

ANGIE

Because they never knew he was there.

EXT. FAIRFAX LOADING BAY - MINUTES LATER

The DELIVERY MAN has the shipment signed for by the beefy security guard and unloads Angie's server with a forklift.

As soon as the sounds of the van have receded into the distance, Angie rocks the server onto its side and spills out, red in the face and gasping for air.

CARLOS (V.O.)

Are you in?

ANGIE

(whispering)

Carlos, I'm in.

CARLOS (V.O.)

Don't use real names.

ANGIE (V.O.)

Oh, yeah. Can I call you Mr. Thing?

CARLOS

Sure.

Angie thinks for a beat.

ANGIE

And call me Dweeb.

CARLOS (V.O.)

That's... lame and I'll just assume there's some meaningful personal reference there to inspire you.

ANGIE

Exactly. I see my first target.

Angie peers around the corner and sees an OVERWEIGHT GUARD sitting and playing with an AR selfie app. He skins himself with "hero" upgrades like muscles, outfits, sunglasses, etc.

Keeping her distance, Angie lines up the sights on her camera, zooms in on the Guard's eye and takes a picture.

FLASH! Angie is startled when the CAMERA FLASH goes off.

GUARD

What the...

The guard crosses the room towards the light source.

ANGIE
(fiercely whispers into radio)
There's a flash on the camera!

CARLOS (V.O.)
You must be in a low-light
situation, Dweeb. I bet the
aperture was set too low.

ANGIE
It should be automatic! He's
coming!

CARLOS (V.O.)
Get better positioning and fire
when you have the shot.

The guard rounds the corner to where Angie just was, yet Angie has snuck behind him with the dart gun.

Angie glances at the two buttons on the side of the gun. She doesn't know which one is the safety and takes a guess.

She ejects the dart clip and it CLATTERS on the floor. The guard turns to see Angie pointing a gun. His hands shoot up.

GUARD
W-what are you doing here?

ANGIE
Because... because you.

GUARD
Me?

ANGIE
Oh, yeah. I know... what you did.

GUARD
(fearful)
I don't know what you're talking
about. I had nothing to do with
that.

ANGIE
Oh, really? Then how do you know
what I'm talking about?

Angie notices the guard has a wedding ring on.

ANGIE

And your wife. What is she gonna think?

GUARD

No, please, don't tell her. I can set it straight. I can make it right.

The guard throws his wallet at Angie's feet.

GUARD

Please. Here, take it. Take it all. It's all I got.

ANGIE

You... there's something about you. If the boss finds out, I'm gonna take a lot of heat, but I'm gonna let you go.

GUARD

You are?

ANGIE

Go home to your wife. Stop doing what you've been doing.

GUARD

I love my wife.

ANGIE

Go to her. Before I change my mind.

GUARD

Th-th-thank you. Thank you.

The guard runs out of the docks to the parking lot, gets in his car, drives off. Angie takes the jacket he left behind.

CARLOS (V.O.)

Dweeb, come in. Are you there? Are you okay?

Angie puts on the Fairfax jacket and goes through the wallet.

ANGIE

I just made 47 bucks.

Angie puts the camera to her eye and YELPS as a red hot CONTACT LENS prints over it. She painfully nods in understanding.

ANGIE

Argh! I have to kick my own ass for that when I get back.

She enters the building.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angie steps into the retinal scanner line behind another GUARD. She tenses up as they make eye contact. Angie needlessly blurts out.

ANGIE

I just started. That's why you haven't seen me before.

GUARD #3

Excuse me?

CARLOS (V.O.)

Relax, he doesn't suspect anything.

GUARD #3

(suspicious)

You're new?

ANGIE

(panicking)

What do I say?

CARLOS (V.O.)

You're not talking to me. Talk to him.

GUARD #3

Say about what?

ANGIE

Comp time policy, what a mess, huh?

GUARD #3

Indeed.

ANGIE

We're screwed however you cut it.

He nods, scans, steps through. Angie relaxes, scans, follows.

INT. FAIRFAX HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Angie stops in the hallway, enters the football field-sized room of server rows.

ANGIE
I'm in the main room! I'm like a
real agent!

INT. FAIRFAX MAIN SERVER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Angie walks among the rows of servers. She passes by other WORKERS who don't give her a second glance.

Angie looks around and spots THE QUANTUM COMPUTER LAB, a 6-foot tall device with an array of wires and copper tubes.

She grabs a mop and begins whistling as she makes her way over near to the computer.

The coast is clear. She plugs in a USB FLASH DRIVE with a small screen on it and runs some code.

ANGIE
Uploading sequence now.

CARLOS (V.O)
How long does it take?

The USB display reads: "DONE."

ANGIE
It's done.

Angie pulls out the drive and pockets it.

CARLOS (V.O)
What else do you have to do?

ANGIE
Nothing, I think.

CARLOS (V.O.)
So get out of there.

ANGIE
How? What do I do?!

CARLOS (V.O.)
Have you been compromised?

Angie looks around.

ANGIE
No.

CARLOS (V.O.)
Walk out the door.

ANGIE

Oh.

Angie nervously walks past a GUARD who pays her no mind. This makes her more confident. Her walk becomes a strut.

EXT. FAIRFAX BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

Angie emerges from the front door into the morning light, a huge grin on her face.

CARLOS (V.O.)

What's going on? Is everything okay?

ANGIE

I feel like I just stole a bottle of vodka from the Kremlin.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Rich examines Tom hanging limply by his arms. He tilts Tom's head up by his chin.

RICH

I used to be jealous of you, but now I just feel sorry for you. Very, very soon, I'll be rich, and you'll be dead.

TOM

Don't you mean you and Chalmers will be rich? The two lovers with a plan no one could stop.

RICH

Um, right.

TOM

It's always amusing when the bad guy considers himself to be a sympathetic person.

RICH

I'm the bad guy?
(considering)
I can live with that.

Rich punches Tom in the face. Tom chuckles, spits blood.

RICH

What's so funny?

TOM
I've been in tougher spots than
this.

RICH
Oh, yeah, like where?

TOM
Nigeria, '92. I had to seduce the
tribal elder's wife to get some
information.

RICH
Apply the Panther Method.

TOM
Exactly. You know the play:
compliment, gift, calculated move
to seal trust, then double cross.

Tom glances at the catwalk behind Rich to Chalmers' barely
visible outline. She silently witnesses the whole exchange.

RICH
Except it's gift then compliment
and seal trust. You got the
seduction order wrong. You have to
play them first and let them think
you're onboard before you double
cross them.

TOM
Before you double cross. Right,
that's why it didn't work and I
ended up in a lot of trouble.

They both share a laugh, Tom's is more pained. Chalmers looks
like she just took a gut punch.

TOM
You clearly have seduction
technique down pat. The future is
in good hands.

Chalmers silently slips away.

EXT. COFFEESHOP - LATER

Carlos watches as Angie examines the hacked data.

CARLOS
You were amazing.

Angie looks up.

ANGIE
You were amazing.

CARLOS
We're amazing together.

They make out. The laptop begins to slide off Angie's lap and she barely catches it.

ANGIE
I'm gonna get back to this.

Angie mumbles to herself as she inputs and reviews data.

ANGIE
FreeCoin... Blockchain... Qubits...
Backdoor... Key...

Angie begins trembling and closes her laptop.

ANGIE
I need to sit down.

CARLOS
(worried)
You are sitting. What did you find?

ANGIE
(in a daze)
A trillion dollars.

CARLOS
What?

ANGIE
FreeCoin.

CARLOS
The new currency. Launching today.

ANGIE
(deep breath)
This code is a backdoor. Very elegant. A step ahead of what anyone could suspect is possible.

CARLOS
What does the backdoor do?

ANGIE
It can effectively neutralize parts of the blockchain.

(MORE)

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Once this currency launches with the trillion dollar backing of the Treasury, whoever has the code can hold the currency hostage.

CARLOS

Wait, why would the U.S. hold a trillion of its own currency hostage?

Angie shakes her head.

ANGIE

I don't think this goes beyond the agency. It was developed in-house and is internal to the Treasury Department security apparatus.

CARLOS

She could ruin world markets.

ANGIE

Unless we stop her.

CARLOS

Or we could just disappear. You don't want the agency life... right?

ANGIE

The agency isn't here...
(points to head)

But here.

(points to heart)

It's about people doing the best they can under the circumstances for the greater good.

CARLOS

You believe that?

Angie nods with a smile.

CARLOS

Okay. I'm kinda liking this good guy thing.

ANGIE

Alright, good guy, let's rescue Tom and blow this thing wide open.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Angie speaks into her cellphone as she wires Carlos' laptop into the old landline phone.

ANGIE
You ready?

INTERCUT PHONE BOOTH/ASTON MARTIN

CARLOS
Yeah, but I'd rather have my car.

ANGIE
I don't drive stick. Remember, once I have Chalmers on for the whole minute, I'll be able to hack her phone and get all the recent com data. Then we can see where she's been. Hopefully that leads us to Tom. East side, you're closer, West, I am.

CARLOS
Doesn't Chalmers know not to stay on for that long?

ANGIE
Yep, that's why I'm uploading a switchboard hack so she can't turn off her phone to buy a few extra seconds.

EXT. WILLARD HOTEL - DAY

A large sign places us at the FREEDOMCOIN LAUNCH GALA.

PROTESTORS and MEDIA have gathered behind a security barricade chanting against FreedomCoin.

PROTESTORS
FreedomCoin ain't free! FreedomCoin
ain't free! FreedomCoin ain't free!

INT. CHALMERS' CAR - SAME

Chalmers drives past the line of cars into VIP parking.

GUARD
(nods)
Director Chalmers.

She is waved into a spot.

EXT. WILLARD HOTEL - VIP PARKING - SECONDS LATER

As Chalmers steps out of her car, her phone rings.

INTERCUT CHALMERS/PHONE BOOTH

Chalmers picks up, Angie immediately uploads the hack.

ANGIE

(taunting)

Hello, this is FreeCoin tech support. Seems like there's a little draft coming through the backdoor.

Treasury Secretary Edwards also steps out of his car with some SECURITY AGENTS and approaches Chalmers with his arm outstretched.

EDWARDS

Director Chalmers, what a glorious day. Thank you for guiding the Treasury to the release of FreedomCo...

Chalmers ignores him, gets back in her car, peels out and zooms back off the property. Edwards is left speechless.

Chalmers picks up and Angie immediately begins uploading the hack.

INT. CHALMERS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chalmers is not a happy camper.

CHALMERS

How'd you figure it out?

ANGIE

Fairfax has a quantum computer.

CHALMERS

(disbelief)

You hacked Fairfax? Whose computers did you use?

ANGIE

In person.

CHALMERS
In person?

 ANGIE
Yes.

 CHALMERS
You?

 ANGIE
Okay, you're in shock, I get it.
But I learned from the best, and I
want him back.

As Chalmers speaks, she runs a COUNTER TRACER PROGRAM.

 CHALMERS
You're playing a dangerous game
coming out from behind that
keyboard. You think you have power
now--

 ANGIE
Oh, I'm enjoying this power very
much, Elder Margaret. Give Tom
back, now.

 CHALMERS
I have to be at the launch with the
Treasury Secretary. Let's talk
after--

 ANGIE
Now.

 CHALMERS
Okay, we can do that.

Chalmers clocks that her timer is almost at one minute.

 CHALMERS
I'll send you a meeting spot.

Chalmers hangs up -- or at least, tries. She hits the
disconnect icon again and again, and when that is
unsuccessful, she smashes the phone on the steering wheel.

Angie excitedly updates Carlos.

ANGIE

That's one minute -- got her data!
She spent some time recently at a
warehouse on the west side, just a
few miles from you. I'm sending you
the location.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - SAME

Carlos whips the car around and heads out.

CARLOS

On it!

INT. CHALMERS' CAR - SAME

Chalmers brings up counter tracer data, calls Rich.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Rich is on the phone as he guards Tom.

CHALMERS (V.O.)

She's a mile from me at a phone
booth at 10th and Michigan. Cocky
techie doesn't know about our new
reverse tracers. I'm heading to
eliminate her. Stand by.

Chalmers guns it.

INT. ASTON MARTIN - SAME

Carlos drives like a madman towards some warehouses.

INT. CHALMERS' CAR - SAME

Chalmers aggressively weaves through traffic sideswiping
vehicles and running red lights.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME

As Angie finishes packing up her stuff, she looks up just in
time to see Chalmers behind the wheel barreling at her. She
leaps out of the phone booth as Chalmers RAMS into it.

Chalmers emerges shooting. Angie ducks behind Carlos' car,
finding herself wedged between the car and a brick wall.

Chalmers purposefully aims at the gas tank of the car Angie is hiding behind and fires. The car EXPLODES. Chalmers waits to see if anyone emerges. No sign of life. She approaches.

Nearby people come over to see what the commotion is. Chalmers ducks away, satisfied Angie has been dealt with.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Carlos is almost at the location on the GPS. A WAREHOUSE is up ahead.

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - SAME

Sirens in the background as a satisfied Chalmers watches the blazing car. It's too hot to get near.

She gets back in her car and drives off.

INT. CHALMERS' CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chalmers continues her call through the laptop with Rich.

CHALMERS
Angie eliminated. Time to
neutralize any more compromising
threads.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Rich chats on the phone with an eye on Tom.

RICH
Good work, sweetie. We'll be
celebrating soon. Yes, I'll take
care of him now.

Rich turns to Tom, phone in one hand, his gun in the other.

RICH
Time's up.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Rich's SUV sits parked outside a large warehouse window. As Carlos drives up, he sees inside to where Rich has a pointed at Tom. Rich's back is to the window.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SECONDS LATER

The Aston Martin CRASHES through the warehouse wall, crushing Rich in a shower of glass and concrete. His legs stick out from under the car.

TOM
(horrified)
No!

Carlos gets out, rushes to Tom.

INT. CHALMERS' CAR - SAME

Chalmers speaks into the phone.

CHALMERS
I heard that. So you've taken care
of Tom?

Rich GRUNTS from under the car, she takes it as an affirmative.

CHALMERS
And now, to take care of you one
last time, my love.

Chalmers activates a SELF-DESTRUCT on Rich's phone. Her eyes are teary, legit sad.

CHALMERS
I guess some of us are just
destined to be alone.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The phone under the car EXPLODES, IGNITES THE FUEL TANK, and results in a small explosion that finishes off the vehicle. Carlos gets flung into Tom.

Tom chokes back tears as he watches the burning hulk of his precious classic car.

CARLOS
You okay?

TOM
My car! You're really perfect for
Angie, you know that?!

CARLOS

That's the first thing you say? No
"Thank you for saving my life"?

TOM

Thanks. How'd you find me?

CARLOS

Angie broke into Fairfax and
figured out what the code is. She
blackmailed Chalmers to give up
your location. Sorta.

TOM

(amazed)

Angie? My Angie? What's the code
for?

EXT. CARLOS' CAR - LATER

Tom and Carlos pull up in Rich's sports car. FIREFIGHTERS put
out the smoldering car.

TOM/CARLOS

Angie!

Tom and Carlos rush up to the burnt car, horrified.

Angie emerges from the SEWER GUTTER next to the car she had
managed to roll into before the car exploded. Tom runs up to
her.

TOM

You are the man.

ANGIE

I am the Angie.

TOM

You are the Angie Wang.

They embrace.

ANGIE

Alright, let's move. We have to
stop the FreeCoin beta launch.

TOM

Aye-aye, Agent.

EXT. WILLARD HOTEL - DAY

Limos and nice cars pull up to the VALET as INTERNATIONAL DELEGATES, BUSINESSMEN, and GENERALS enter the hotel.

Off to the side, the protesting crowd has grown, as has the security personnel and barriers and cordoning them off.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Chalmers, slightly disheveled, leads Secretary Edwards down the hall. A PHOTOGRAPHER follows.

CHALMERS

Apologies for the disruption earlier. Security never sleeps.

EDWARDS

Is the button ready?

CHALMERS

Yes, everything is finally set.

They enter into:

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM

Tables are being set for 200 people. A stage up front has a podium and LARGE SCREEN.

EXT. WILLARD HOTEL - DAY

Rich's SUV pulls up to the security entrance and lowers the window. Carlos wears sunglasses and hands over Rich's ID to the GUARD. He motions to the protesting crowd.

CARLOS

Idiots.

He's waved through and parks behind a dumpster. He glances around, pops the trunk, REVEALS a squished Tom and Angie.

TOM

Get your foot out of my face!

ANGIE

Get your butt out of my face!

Tom and Angie emerge. They poke their head around the corner and spots some FinCEN coworkers near the front door.

ANGIE

We're gonna get spotted. There's dozens of security between us and Chalmers.

TOM

Remember, in a scenario like this, we have the advantage.

ANGIE

How do you figure that?

Tom pulls out the silver case.

CARLOS

What's in the case?

Tom opens it to reveal: TWO JEPACKS.

CARLOS

Whoa! Jetpacks!

TOM

Top of my class for the cancelled jetpack training program.

ANGIE

You never told me about that.

TOM

You never asked.
(to Carlos)

TOM

How's that arm?

Carlos flexes it. Lightly grimaces, nods.

CARLOS

Manageable.

TOM

Ready to prove your irrational, immature, yet wonderfully young love?

Carlos looks sincerely at Angie.

CARLOS

What do I need to do?

INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Carlos, BUTT-NAKED, runs up to security personnel.

CARLOS
FreedomCoin ain't free! FreedomCoin
ain't free!

All security personnel quickly rush over as Carlos parkours around avoiding them. He rushes away, drawing the security away.

Angie and Tom, jetpacks on, stand off to the side of the unguarded entrance.

ANGIE
Dreamy.

TOM
Ah, youth.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

Chalmers is backstage, gets a call.

CHALMERS
What?

GUARD
We have a security breach. Some
streaker is running around--

CHALMERS
So get the idiot! Don't bother me
with this again.

She hangs up.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - LOBBY - SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Angie and Tom have taken the opportunity of decreased security to sneak in. Tom checks the battery gauge, it's full.

ANGIE
How do we know this is a good idea?

TOM
Afterwards if it stopped Chalmers.

Tom pushes the button on the jetpack handle --

And immediately shoots up the lobby atrium.

TOM
Woo-hoo!

This draws the attention of those guards near the lobby.

GUARD
Get them!

Tom floats above.

TOM
Come on, partner!

Two guards jump on Angie and pin her down --

She activates her pack and shakes them off as she shoots up!
And she's flying free and the feeling is glorious!

ANGIE
Woo-ho---

She crashes into the LARGE CHANDELIER and gets tangled up,
barely working her way out of it before it crashes down and
sends the guards below scrambling.

TOM
Let's go!

They rocket down a hallway to escape some guards that take
some shots at them.

GUARD
Red alert! Security breach! Lock
down the building.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM

The room has settled. Chalmers shakes Edwards' hand as he
walks up to the podium to applause. He whispers in her ear.

EDWARDS
Well done, Maggie. Or should I say
Congresswoman Chalmers?

CHALMERS
Oh, I'll be telling you what to say
shortly.

Edwards is thrown off by the comment but doesn't have time to
explore. He continues to the middle of the stage. Next to him
is an OBJECT covered in white cloth.

Behind him is a large projection screen that tracks the value of various world currencies in real time. There is a line for FreedomCoin that doesn't have any information yet.

EDWARDS

The challenge of security has always been the most vital duty for the government to her people.

More applause. Chalmers impatiently watches.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Tom and Angie whizz by security personnel faster than they can react.

INTERCUT HALLWAY/BALLROOM

EDWARDS (V.O.)

The challenge exists on multiple fronts: weapons, media, and undeniably, monetary. In these changing times, it is only proper that we have a currency born from the ones and zeros that course through our interconnected world. A currency that will secure the ideals of liberty and security for generations to come.

Angie's flying skills are clearly lackluster. Following Tom's lead, she bounces off walls, misses corners and barrels into agents like a ragdoll.

INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

Angie tumbles through the swinging door, crashes into a waiter about to deliver a noodle plate. Angie licks her lips.

ANGIE

Needs more sesame oil.

AGENTS charge in after her. The packed kitchen environment is hard for Angie to navigate with her jetpack on.

An AGENT grabs Angie and throws her on a counter. She activates the jetpack and shoves the agent into a sitting position into a large pot of hot soup. Angie is apologetic and helps the agent out of his painful situation.

Just as the agent manages to climb out, another agent comes after Angie. Angie spins around and the thrusters propel the large pot of soup onto another approaching AGENT'S face.

She's not totally in control of the process and feels guilty as her thrusters turn kitchen knives into projectiles that impale approaching agents in the legs and shoulders and forces them to retreat.

ANGIE

Sorry! Ooo! Watch out! You just saw what happened to that guy, you walked into that!

One of her boosts sends her into a shelf of metal pots that collapses on her.

CROSSCUT:

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Tom can see through the porthole in the kitchen door that Angie needs help. He attempts to get to her, but he is preoccupied with AGENTS trying to take him down.

Tom utilizes jetpack-jujitsu, employing thrusts to power his punches and throws, and to run along walls and ceilings. It's basically the Inception hallway fight and he's the superhero.

Tom holds an agent's tie and rides him like a surfboard, knocking down a group of agents like bowling pins. Unlike Angie, he's in control of the fight, the only thing stopping him from getting to Angie is the never-ending stream of suit and tie agents.

TOM

What is this Agent Smith madness!?

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Agents take a few shots at Angie, but they ricochet off the pots and hit the stove that is on. A HISS releases from the impacted gas line. Everyone in the room immediately gets the dire situation and scrams just as the stove EXPLODES!

Angie is just blasting off as the fire catches her exhaust and a line of fire trails her through the air as she jets out of there!

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Angie blasts out of the kitchen with the fire trail behind her, barreling into Tom and carrying him along for the ride.

They light a dormant fireplace as they whizz by it.

INT. WILLARD HOTEL - BALLROOM

The cloth is pulled off the object to reveal a giant Freedom Coin BUTTON.

EDWARDS

Once I push this button, the new history of currency, from the earliest days of bartering, to gold, to paper, to fiat, will now begin its newest chapter.

The Secretary moves to push the button. Chalmers is ecstatic.

Tom and Angie blast into the back of the room. Tom points at a TALL SCULPTURE near the back door.

TOM

Push!

Chalmers is shocked to see Tom alive.

Angie and Tom apply pressure to the top of the sculpture that falls over and blocks the main exits. They hover above the shocked crowd.

TOM

Stop FreeCoin!

SECRETARY

Who is that hippie?

Angie points at Chalmers on stage.

ANGIE

Stop Chalmers!

CHALMERS

Shoot them!

The small security team in the room begins shooting, a shot strikes Tom's jetpack. He spins around the room, out of control.

Guests begins to panic and rush to the rear of the room to the blocked doors.

Tom crashes to the ground, his jetpack sputtering like a shaken beer can, causing him to spin around the floor like a breakdancer, taking out the security trying to pin him down.

Chalmers goes to push the button, Edwards tackles her.

EDWARDS

No! I get to push the button!

They struggle and Chalmers knocks him down.

CHALMERS

I have plans your feeble mind can't comprehend!

Tom, after taking out all the guards in the room, attempts to ram into Chalmers, who tosses Edwards in Tom's way.

Tom barrels into Edwards, and their combined momentum crashes them into the projection screen and collapses the setup.

With Tom and Edwards out of the way, Chalmers runs back over to the button--

Angie SLAMS into her. They wrestle and Chalmers quickly gets the upper hand. Angie tries to fight but majorly gets her ass handed to her.

CHALMERS

You went through all this to get your ass kicked by a sixty-five-year-old. How does that make you feel?

ANGIE

Not good! How are you so strong?!

Chalmers gets Angie in a choke hold.

ANGIE

(gasping)
You're... like... a gorilla.

Chalmers kicks Angie off the stage.

CHALMERS

Yes!

Tom crawls out from under the screen. He notices a CABLE coming out of the button contraption.

Chalmers slams down the button.

ANGIE

No!

CHALMERS

I own you all!

Chalmers and Angie look to the screen to watch the currency go live...

But nothing happens. Chalmers hits the button again. And again.

Tom holds up the unplugged cable. He calls out to Angie.

TOM

Troubleshooting rule number one:
check if it's plugged in.

ANGIE

Some truths never change.

CHALMERS

No!

Angie attaches her jetpack strap to Chalmers' foot and activates it.

CHALMERS

Whoaaaaahhhh!!!

Chalmers shoots around the room like a loose deflating balloon, finally crashing into the swag table with a FreedomCoin cake and is knocked unconscious.

Angie and Tom dig Edwards out.

EDWARDS

What the hell is the meaning of all this?! Like really, I have no idea what's happening.

TOM

FreeCoin has a chained block quanta crypto qubit something something. You cannot launch FreeCoin as a matter of national security!

EDWARDS

Who are you?

Tom salutes.

TOM

Agent Tom Stryker with FinCEN, Sir!

He motions to Angie.

TOM
And this is my partner, Agent Angie
"Wong."

They look proudly at Edwards.

EDWARDS
(angry)
You're smiling like this is all a
good thing.

He points to the broadcasting cameras. The stage behind them
collapses further.

Outside security finally manages to push out the fallen
sculpture and rushes in through the back of the room crowd.

EDWARDS
(calls out)
Arrest them!

Tom and Angie are quickly wrestled down. Edwards motions to
the cake table, Chalmers is still out.

EDWARDS
Arrest that one, too.

INT. SMALL HOUSE, CROATIAN MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - NIGHT

SUPER: GROZNJAN, CROATIA

The old woman from the airport who had taken Tom's suitcase
finally arrives home and puts the green suitcase on the bed.

Tired, she opens the suitcase, goes wide-eyed and stumbles
back a few steps. It's filled with cash. She YELPS.

In the nearby living room sitting on the couch is her surly
HUSBAND (70s), stained tank top, empty beer cans.

HUSBAND
(subtitled)
What are you yelling about, woman?

She shuts the case, choosing not to share with the husband.

WOMAN
Nothing. I saw a spider.

The husband shakes his head and turns back to the TV.

INT/EXT. ASTON MARTIN - D.C. STREETS - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

Tom drives the rebuilt Aston Martin with awesome skill, evasively maneuvering around cars, trucks and PEDESTRIANS. A tense Angie sits in the passenger seat with an iPad and a map application open. She breathes hard.

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

TOM
How far to target?

ANGIE
1.7 miles. Quick, turn on Vermont.

Tom zooms by Vermont.

ANGIE
You missed it!

TOM
I'm taking Virginia.

ANGIE
No! There's traffic on Virginia.

TOM
There's traffic on Vermont, too.

ANGIE
Not as much! It shows on the map.

TOM
I don't need the map. I can avoid Virginia traffic with side streets.

ANGIE
We won't need side streets if we take Vermont! My progeny is not going to be delivered on Virginia because of you!

REVEAL: A very pregnant Angie.

TOM
"Progeny"? Who says that?

CARLOS
You should both calm down. Both options are perfectly legitimate--

Shut up!

ANGIE

Shut up!

TOM

TOM

I'm saying we take Virginia for a bit THEN turn onto Vermont.

ANGIE

Then just take Vermont all the way! This is gonna be your fault!

TOM

Classic Angie, blame others.

ANGIE

You mean like blame others after they've drugged me?

TOM

Are you back on that again?

CARLOS

Angie, it's water under the bridge.

ANGIE

Yeah, an ocean of water. Which I pulled this one out of.

CARLOS

Guys, we saved the world. You got your records wiped. You're both Directors. Can we just enjoy--

TOM

I know what I'm doing. I've killed drug lords. I'd listen to someone that's killed drug lords.

ANGIE

Everyone should be so lucky to have the advice of a drug lord killer.

TOM

Not just drug stooges, drug lords.

ANGIE

I will make myself have the baby right here on your white seats if you don't shut up.

Tom silently simmers. He quickly TEXTS something. Angie's phone BEEPS with an incoming text: "VERMONT BETTER."

ANGIE

That's the same thing as talking.

Tom instantly TEXTS back: "No it's not."

ANGIE
Yes, it is.

BEEP. Another text: "No it's not."

ANGIE
Yes, it is.

Carlos closes his eyes and ignores the argument that no one will win as the car weaves through traffic.

THE END.