

**INT. KITCHEN - WALTERS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jonas stares at the neighbor he thought he knew.

JONAS

Who was that guy? Why do you have a gun?

Harry hides the gun behind his back. He extends the cup of coffee to Jonas.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Why would I want that coffee after the guy stuck his finger in it?

Harry likes where the kid's head's at.

HARRY

Good point.

Harry puts the coffee down on the table.

Police officers start BANGING on the front door. They aren't knocking, they're trying to bash the door in.

Harry looks towards the back window and sees some figures making their way to the rear of the house.

Harry steps towards Jonas.

HARRY (CONT'D)

I can explain everything.

Harry puts his hand on Jonas's shoulder.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Just not right now.

Harry grips Jonas's neck, rendering the young man unconscious.

**INT. CLOSET - AN HOUR LATER**

Jonas comes to. The room he is in is tiny and pitch black. He feels around and finds a doorknob.

**INT. DINING ROOM - WALTERS' HOUSE - NIGHT**

Jonas rushes out of the closet and almost runs into a pair of POLICE OFFICERS. Police Officer #1 pulls out his weapon.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Freeze!

Nora comes running towards Jonas.

NORA

No! He's my friend. He's the one that went in after the gunman.

JONAS

He just ran out. He heard your sirens and took off.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Sirens?

POLICE OFFICER #1

When did this happen, son?

JONAS

It was just like a few minutes...

Jonas freezes. He notices that it's dark out. He's been unconscious for some time. He's speechless. The cop lowers his gun and holsters it.

**EXT. WALTERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Nora and Jonas walk out of Harry's house, towards Jonas's abode.

NORA

Thanks Officer. You're probably right.

Jonas can't believe that Nora is siding with the cops.

NORA (CONT'D)

I'll keep Jonas out of trouble.

JONAS

You don't believe me.

NORA

Of course I do. It's just...

Nora nods towards the police who are still watching Nora and Jonas, making sure they go home.

JONAS

Did Harry get out OK?

NORA

I never saw Mr. Walters leave.

Jonas stops in his tracks and looks over to Harry's house. Nora pushes him towards his front door.

NORA (CONT'D)

C'mon, let's go inside before we get arrested.

**INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Jonas leans on his desk as he talks to Freddie on the phone.

JONAS

I'm telling you, Freddie. There was a guy with a gun, and then Harry had a gun, and then some guys with sirens arrived but it wasn't the cops.

FREDDIE (ON PHONE)

Jonas, calm down. Start from the beginning.

**INT. FREDDIE'S BEDROOM - EVENING**

Freddie sits in his room; his Gear of War game is on pause.

FREDDIE

You were stalking Nora. She caught you. And she STILL gave you the time of day?!

**INT. BEDROOM - EVENING**

Jonas is frustrated by his friend's lack of seriousness.

JONAS

Oh come on Freddie, that's not the--

Jonas stops speaking when he sees something in the mirror. Nora is down to her bra and panties, standing by Jonas's bed.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Can I call you back?

Jonas hangs up before Freddie has a chance to respond.

Jonas turns around and looks at Nora. She smiles at her hero.

NORA  
I thought you'd never get off the  
phone.

JONAS  
(shocked)  
I thought you'd never... this...  
boobs... ever.

Nora slinks over to James.

NORA  
What you did today was so brave.

Nora runs her finger down Jonas's chest.

NORA (CONT'D)  
I mean, men with guns, a mysterious  
neighbor, people masquerading as  
police...

Nora grabs Jonas's belt and pulls him towards her.

NORA (CONT'D)  
I think you see where this is  
going.

JONAS  
When you say "this" are you  
referring to me almost getting shot  
by some unknown assassin or is it  
more--

Nora starts kissing Jonas's neck.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
OK, that clears it up a bit. This.  
Is. Could you repeat the question?

Nora whispers seductively into Jonas's ear as she unbuttons  
his shirt. She spins him around as they talk.

NORA  
Villains, secrets, the hot girl,  
the scrawny nerdy loser.

JONAS  
(still entranced)  
No offense taken.

NORA  
Something big's gonna happen.  
You'll have to protect the world  
from some massive evil. You'll save  
my life. We'll end up in love.

Nora pushes Jonas on the bed.

NORA (CONT'D)  
Why wait?

Nora hops on top of Jonas.

NORA (CONT'D)  
Let's just skip to the good part.

Nora starts kissing Jonas's neck and grinding on him.

JONAS  
It's an interesting theory. One I  
definitely would like to pursue but  
I'm not sure we can skip the whole  
saving the world part or else--

Jonas starts feeling good.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
--Oh god. That's it.

Jonas is now feeling too good. Orgasmically good, even.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
That's it!

NORA  
Are you ready?

Jonas's moment of bliss ends when he realizes that he's not  
ready, he's finished.

JONAS  
(feigning revelation)  
That's it! I figured it out.

Jonas pushes Nora off of him and rushes to his desk. He picks  
up some papers.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
I think I saw the gunman in a news  
report. Or something.

Jonas looks down and notices the stain on his pants. He picks up a pile of papers and reaches back towards Nora, making sure not to expose his crotch area.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
If we split up these reports, I  
think we'll find it.

Nora gets up and grabs her clothes.

NORA  
That's fine. I get it.

She whispers into his ear.

NORA (CONT'D)  
You need to prove yourself before  
you can claim your prize.

Nora gives Jonas's ear a little lick. This sends a second wave of pleasure through Jonas's body.

JONAS  
Oh Jesus!

Jonas slams his hand on the table and tries to play it off.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
If only I could solve this right  
now. If only truth and justice were  
as easy... as you seem to be.

Nora stands in the doorway and smiles.

NORA  
My hero.

Nora exits the bedroom. Jonas leans on his desk.

JONAS  
I am such a loser.

Jonas looks down at his crotch.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
(to his Lil Jonas)  
After everything I've done for you.  
The hours of practice. When it's  
game time, what do you do?

Jonas steps away from his desk to walk off but a piece of paper sticks to his the stain on his pants. Jonas pulls it off and is about to throw it away when he spots something.

The page is news report with a picture of Raul. He's capturing a fugitive. The headline reads: CIA THWARTS TERRORIST PLOT! Jonas can't believe it.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
Wait, if he was CIA...

**INT. FREDDIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Guns fire. People are killed. Bombs explode. Freddie smiles. He's wearing his online headset and is focused on his Gears of War game. He doesn't even acknowledge the existence of Jonas, who is pacing in the back of the room.

JONAS  
I can't believe it. All this time,  
I thought I knew what was going on.  
Thought I just needed the  
opportunity and I'd show everyone  
what I was made of.

FREDDIE (O.S.)  
I'm telling you, man. In his pants.

Jonas is thrown by Freddie's comment but he quickly realizes that Freddie is talking to someone on his headset.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
(to online friend)  
Not even first base. He lost it in  
the batter's box.

JONAS  
Freddie! I'm living next to a  
terrorist and you're--

FREDDIE  
--I swear! He didn't even change  
his pants.

Jonas realizes that he might have gotten a little too caught up in the moment. He looks down and sees that he is, indeed, still wearing the soiled pants.

JONAS  
(to himself)  
Stupid.

Jonas plops down on the couch and grabs some napkins to wipe off his pants.

FREDDIE

Gotta go.

Freddie turns off the game and throws his headset on the floor.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Jonas, seriously.

JONAS

He knocked me out.

FREDDIE

You broke into his house.

JONAS

He had a gun.

FREDDIE

That makes him a Republican, not a terrorist.

JONAS

You weren't there. This CIA agent was after him. Then some rogue cops or people pretending to be cops.

FREDDIE

You do realize this sounds ridiculous.

JONAS

You thought Nora being ever being interested in me sounded ridiculous.

FREDDIE

True.

JONAS

And look what happened there.

Freddie's eyes move down towards Jonas's still stained crotch. Freddie half-heartedly tries to stifle a laugh.

JONAS (CONT'D)

Shut up. Are you going to help me or not?

FREDDIE

I'm in.

Jonas gets up. He extends his hand to Jonas.

JONAS  
Blood brothers.

Freddie looks at Jonas's hand.

FREDDIE  
That's not blood.

**INT. TRAINYARD - NIGHT**

An SUV drives slowly through the abandoned trainyard. As it approaches a warehouse, the SUV's lights turn off. The vehicle eases forward a bit and then parks behind a pile of rusted train parts.

Raul exits the car. He starts to creep towards the warehouse. As Raul tip toes his way forward, he doesn't notice that someone has appeared from out of the shadows. It's the Masked Man!

Raul suddenly senses that he isn't alone but it's too late. The Masked Man launches himself at Raul, slamming him to the ground. Raul tries to grab his gun but the Masked Man kicks it out of his hands.

Raul lays on the ground. Helpless. He looks towards his attacker and immediately realizes who it is.

RAUL  
You!

It's the Masked Man. Still in his mask.

RAUL (CONT'D)  
WHY?!

The Masked Man leans down ominously. He looks Raul dead in the eyes.

THE MASKED MAN  
Because you shot me in the wrong  
shoulder, dipshit.

The Masked Man gives Raul a titty-twister.

RAUL  
OW! What? You said in the right  
shoulder.

THE MASKED MAN  
MY right shoulder!

Raul looks at the injured shoulder, then down to his own.

RAUL

Ah! You can see how that could be confusing.

The Masked Man picks up a rail spike and throws it at Raul.

RAUL (CONT'D)

Alright, I'm sorry. Ease up

THE MASKED MAN

Excuse me? When this is over, I'm shooting you in the shoulder, see how at ease you'll be.

The Masked Man tries to get a hold of himself.

THE MASKED MAN (CONT'D)

Did they go for the tattoo?

RAUL

Hook, line, and sinker. Cable is so focused on discrediting Walters, he didn't even think twice about it.

THE MASKED MAN

And did you get to Walters? Plant the evidence?

RAUL

Not exactly.

THE MASKED MAN

To what extent, not exactly.

RAUL

Not exactly. At all.

The Masked Man picks up another rail spike.

RAUL (CONT'D)

He wasn't there!

THE MASKED MAN

But he must have some sort of cameras or security.

RAUL

If he does, all he'll see is me. I can explain that I was looking out for him. And even if he doesn't buy that, who cares?

(MORE)

RAUL (CONT'D)

He's not going to go to Cable. I was his only friend left in the Agency. He's a loner. Who else can he trust?

**INT. WALTERS HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Freddie and Jonas sneak around the dark house. Freddie carries a cheap flashlight that barely works.

FREDDIE

Thousands of dollars of equipment in your room and no flashlights.

JONAS

I'm training my eyes to see in the dark.

Jonas walks into something.

FREDDIE

How's that working out for you?

JONAS

I'm a BEGINNER!

Jonas feels against a wall.

JONAS (CONT'D)

There was a secret doorway somewhere around here.

Freddie and Jonas look for the secret doorway in the pitch black.

FREDDIE

I'll check the fridge to see if he has any snacks.

JONAS

Freddie?

FREDDIE

Spies gotta eat too.

Freddie opens the fridge door. The faint light shines out, illuminating the room. Harry is standing in the middle of the kitchen, looming ominously behind our two heroes.

Freddie closes the door. Harry is once again hidden from our sight.

Freddie walks over to the wall and helps Jonas look for the secret passage.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)  
I still can't believe Nora likes  
you.

JONAS  
Could you focus for a second?

The sound of a gun COCKING can be heard.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
What did you step on?

FREDDIE  
I thought that was you?

Freddie and Jonas look at one another and then turn around. The flashlight's beam moves around the room and then settles on Harry's face.

JONAS  
Harry?

Harry nods towards his arm. The flashlight moves down Harry's body and illuminates the two guns. Harry flicks on the laser scopes. They are pointing at Jonas and Freddie's head.

FREDDIE  
I can't believe we're going to die  
virgins.

JONAS  
Speak for yourself.

Freddie looks over at this friend. He can't believe he wouldn't have told him that he actually got laid.

JONAS (CONT'D)  
I'm counting tonight as my first  
time.

HARRY  
Do you really want those to be your  
last words?

Gulp.