

"REMY"

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INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PROPERTY MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Two silhouettes stand behind a door's opaque glass. Stenciled letters read "PROPERTY MANAGER".

SAM (O.S.)

I need a little more time. Please.

PROPERTY MGR (O.S.)

You're late, Sam. And late is late.
Late ain't soon, it ain't in a couple
days, accidental or misunderstood.
Late, Sam, is late. And in this
particular case, your rent is worse
than late. What's worst than late,
you ask? Well, Sam, worst than
late...is three months late.

SAM (O.S.)

C'mon, Sam, you know, you've been
like a father to me.

PROPERTY MGR (O.S.)

Two weeks and you're dancing barefoot.

The door opens revealing SAM SPIEGEL, 30's, moustache, cheap
suit, bags under his eyes, independent minded hair, down on
his luck - a Private Investigator.

SAM

Thanks.

The door closes hard. Sam sighs, takes in the surroundings.
Shared copier with code input, coffee machine, water
dispenser. Numerous OFFICE WORKERS mill about, whisper as
Sam heads down the hall.

OFFICE WORKER #1

They should lock the supply closet.
People always steal when they leave.

OFFICE WORKER #2

I know I do.

OFFICE WORKER #1

Right!?!

OFFICE WORKER #3

Never did like that guy.

OFFICE WORKER #4

Down to searching for lost lollipops.

Sam enters his office, closes the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- DAY

Close on a spinning Razor scooter wheel, worn sneakers pumping away on the cement, backpack strapped to young shoulders, wire prescription glasses. This is REMY MARTIN, 13, delicate features, bookworm. He slices around a corner with expertise.

EXT. LEDGE -- DAY

Sam sits outside his office window on a narrow ledge. Below, Remy razors arounds the corner, waves up at Sam. Sam lazily returns the greeting, sighs.

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Remy knocks quickly, opens the door, enters. Across the room, a curtain billows in the breeze.

REMY
Mr. Spiegel?

EXT. LEDGE -- DAY

Sam sits on the ledge. Remy peers through the window, removes his backpack.

REMY
Hey. You said 9AM, right?

SAM
Yeah....look, kid, I'm not gonna be able to find your pop. I want to -

Remy climbs out, takes a seat next to Sam.

REMY
Why not?

SAM
Have you tried asking your Mother?

REMY
Dirt nap.

SAM
What? Did you just say - ?

REMY
Yeah. When I was born. I explained this to you. That's why I need your help. I mean, I'm pretty good with computers and there's an awful lot you can do with a couple terabytes and a high speed connection, but I'm only 13 and gotta be in bed by 10.

Sam takes Remy in, really looks at this boy next to him.

SAM
Why am I the lucky P.I.?

REMY
I like your name.

SAM
My name?

REMY
Yeah. It's kinda like the guy from
MALTESE FALCON.

SAM
Bogart?

Sam looks at Remy's worn clothes, sneakers.

REMY
No. Spade. Sam Spade. The
detective? My Grandmother doesn't
have cable or dish. I gotta watch
whatever's on. If it weren't for
the booster I made I wouldn't have
internet.

SAM
This sort of case, finding someone
without much to go on? Expensive.

Remy's taken aback. Glances away.

REMY
If I can get it - will you help me?

Sam peers over the edge at the distant sidewalk.

SAM
Money talks, kid. And it's gonna
need to give a pretty big speech in
a couple weeks.

Remy nods his head, rises, extends his hand. Sam clumsily
shakes it. Remy rises.

SAM (CONT'D)
Kid?

Remy turns. Sam doesn't want to takes his money but really
needs it.

SAM (CONT'D)
Careful going back in.

Remy climb through the window.

SAM (CONT'D)
(softly)
Maltese Falcon....

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Your standard heartland school. Grades 6 through 12. Brick building, horse shoe driveway, bushes, trees, flag pole.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - LOCKERS -- DAY

We're following PHIL PETERSON and DALE DANIELS, 13, Letterman Jackets, jocks, through a set of double doors as they stroll past the crowded student body.

PHIL
No, you don't get it. You gotta hit 'em hard, Dale. Every time. My brother's a Linebacker. Trust me.

At a locker, new kid CHARLIE "HOSS" ALONZO, 13, hefty, awkward, references a piece of paper as he spins the combination dial, slides up the lever, opens the locker.

Passing, Phil slams it shut. Dale laughs.

HOSS
(sighs; to himself)
This is gonna be just like Denver.

At the other end of the corridor, Remy puts a book into his locker, closes it revealing COURTNEY HANSON, 13, pretty, popular. She smiles. Remy can only stare.

COURTNEY
Hey...

REMY
Hey.

COURTNEY
Kenny wants to see you after school.

Hoss watches Phil step up and drape an arm around Courtney.

PHIL
(re: Razor; sarcastic)
Nice ride.

Remy navigates around them, passes JILL DRAKE, 13, conceited, as she approaches Courtney & Phil.

JILL
 (to Courtney)
 Why do you talk to that garbage
 picker?

COURTNEY
 (shrugging)
 My brother likes him.

JILL
 He's a freak.

As they walk away, Courtney glances over a shoulder at Remy.

INT. REMY'S MATH CLASS -- DAY

We only see him from the chest down as MR. ANDERSON, 40's, polyester pants, K-Mart tie, strolls the aisles, setting graded quizzes on students' desks. He returns Remy's.

MR. ANDERSON
 85. Always 85. Amazing, Remy.
 Amazing.

Remy picks it up, smiles as Mr. Anderson sets down Hoss's. Hoss' expectant face turns to disappointment - 59.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Don't let it get you down, Charlie.
 There's always a lapse with transfer
 students.

HOSS
 That's just it. We covered this
 stuff at my old school and I'm still
 failing.

MR. ANDERSON
 Maybe Remy here'll help you out.

Mr. Anderson steps away.

HOSS
 And call me Hoss.

Hoss taps a pencil, stares at the back of Remy's head.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 How 'bout it?

Remy fidgets, ignores him.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 Thanks, pal. Right back at ya'.

EXT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

The bell rings. The hallway fills with Students. Phil, Courtney and Jill exit amidst other Classmates. Remy appears, followed by Hoss.

HOSS

C'mon, man. You live up the road from me. It'd take 30 minutes a day. Tops.

Remy doesn't answer. Hoss quickly walks around him, places an arm against the lockers, stops him.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Look, I promised my Dad I'd pass math. I don't want to let the guy down. You know what it's like. They give you that *look*. It kills me. Now whaddaya say, bro?

Remy ducks beneath Hoss's arm, disappears down the hall. ANOTHER JOCK passes Hoss, knocks his books to the floor. The Jock points at Hoss.

HOSS (CONT'D)

You're pointing at me? What? Is it supposed to hurt? Do you have super powers I'm immune too?

(louder)

Help me out, I'm the new kid!

(crouching to pick up books)

This is gonna be Portland all over again.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

We're staring at a wall. Cinder blocks painted a shiny white. A whistle blows and big, red gym balls fly back and forth.

Wearing shorts and t-shirt, Remy, Hoss and other boys play dodge ball against Phil and his cronies. More athletic, Phil's side systematically knocks out the others.

Phil spies Remy, winds up and zings the ball, pounds it into his chest, knocking him over. Phil high-fives his pals. Almost instantly, a ball careens off *his* chest then into his two friends.

They see Hoss standing proudly on the other side. Hoss turns to Remy, expecting to bond. Remy merely walks off the floor.

Hoss loses his smile.

PHIL
That the new kid?

Dale nods.

DALE
Think he needs to meet the big man?

Phil smiles, points at Hoss who shrugs, mouths "what".

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LUNCH LINE -- DAY

In the foreground, Remy's in line, picks up his tray, peels off to a table. In the background, Hoss comes into focus, discretely follows.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - TABLES -- DAY

Concentrating on Remy, Hoss drifts to a table, absentmindedly sits, opens his milk carton, takes a sip, observes Remy slip a manilla folder between the table and lunch tray.

Hoss doesn't realize it, but he's committed a social taboo by sitting at Phil's table. All conversation's stopped in amazement. They look to each other unsure what to do.

Meanwhile, a CHEERLEADER approaches Remy, picks up the tray and manilla folder, walks to a table of VARSITY FOOTBALL PLAYERS, sets it down. A FOOTBALL PLAYER takes the folder as ANOTHER CHEERLEADER returns the tray to Remy's original table. But Remy's gone.

Hoss glance around the cafeteria. Nothing. He comes out of his concentration, realizes this is Phil's table, points to Phil's tray.

HOSS
Hey, are you gonna finish that?

Phil bangs a fist on the table.

HOSS (CONT'D)
(rises, walks off)
Okay-okay, geez...

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

Buses line the horseshoe. Teachers patrol the sidewalk. Students spill from the school on their way home.

Sitting inside a bus, Hoss sees Remy exit the school and approach KENNY HANSON, 17, fit, the Quarterback, and BRANTLEY "BIG MAN" PETERSON, 17, strong, the Linebacker. Both wear Varsity Football Jackets.

BRANTLEY
Why don't I know this kid?

KENNY
He lives on my side of town.

Kenny nudges him with an elbow.

KENNY (CONT'D)
Here he comes.

BRANTLEY
Him? He looks like he's 13 years old.

KENNY
He is.

BRANTLEY
What?

KENNY
He is. He's in 7th grade.

BRANTLEY
This is who's been writing all your guys stuff?

KENNY
Hasn't written any of mine.

BRANTLEY
(sarcastic)
Yeah, right...

KENNY
He hasn't.

Remy steps up to them carrying his backpack and Razor scooter. Brantley's skeptical.

KENNY (CONT'D)
Remy, how's it going? This is the guy I told you about. Brantley "Big Man" Peterson. All-League Linebacker. Lagging GPA. Academic Probation. In desperate need of a term paper.

BRANTLEY
How much?

REMY
Fifty bucks. And I need the money first.

BRANTLEY
I only have forty.

KENNY
Dude. C'mon....

Kenny winks at Remy.

BRANTLEY
Where's a runt like you get off
charging fifty bucks? We're Seniors!

Reluctantly, Brantley extends a Fifty, pulls it back as Remy reaches.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
I want an "A".

KENNY
No one'll believe you wrote an A.
(to Remy)
Give him a "C".

BRANTLEY
Try gettin' a scholarship without
me.

KENNY
You forget we're on the same team.

BRANTLEY
You forget your Golden Arm's in a K-
Mart t-shirt.

INT. SCHOOL BUS -- AFTERNOON

Hoss watches Remy grab the money from Brantley.

HOSS
(chuckles)
Alright...

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

Brantley points at Remy.

BRANTLEY
I need it fast, kid. Friday fast.

REMY
You'll have it.

BRANTLEY
I better. 'Cause I ain't missing a
game 'cause of a 7th grader.

KENNY

Thanks, Remy.

Remy hops on his razor, rolls away.

INT. SCHOOL BUS -- AFTERNOON

Hoss smirks, then takes a paper ball to the head from somewhere behind him.

HOSS

Real original. Geez....

EXT. CITY STREET -- AFTERNOON

A helicopter flies overhead. We TILT down, find Remy getting off a city bus, walk away from us. In the distance, we see a tall building. The helicopter lands as another takes off.

INT. HIGH END DEPARTMENT STORE -- DAY

Remy enters the revolving doors, passes a MAN IN A LONG COAT going the other way. The SECURITY GUARD gives Remy a nod, turns and picks up a wall phone.

INT. HIGH END DEPARTMENT STORE - MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Remy sits at the Manager's desk typing furiously. Behind him, the STORE MANAGER, 40's, stares out the window.

STORE MANAGER

Stay out of retail, Remy. Worst mistake I made. Study. Make powerful friends. Go to college. That's my two cents. How's the Grandma? Hanging in there?

REMY

She's good. Thank you for asking.

STORE MANAGER

So....who's ripping me off? That magic bullet program of yours telling the future?

REMY

Yes. I created a shadow drive on your company database and all the information's encrypted. I'm printing...

(he pushes a button)

....Now.

The printer spits out paper.

REMY (CONT'D)

Any inconsistencies will show up according to the passwords used to open the registers. It also cross references stock on hand as well as what your average sales have been for each particular day over the past two years.

STORE MANAGER

English, Remy. Some of us didn't go to Harvard.

REMY

You'll know who opened the register when the stock went down but the money didn't come in.

STORE MANAGER

Good, good. Anything else?

REMY

Um...you were gonna pay me?

STORE MANAGER

Can I hold off on that?

Remy stares back at him. The Store Manager reaches inside his jacket, has an envelope ready to go, hands it over. Remy flips through the bills, walks towards us as the Manager peruses the printouts in the background.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- DAY

Remy slowly scooters down the sidewalk. Across the street's HANSON HARDWARE. Remy stops, stares at the store front window. Courtney's helping her MOTHER behind the counter. Phil & Dale appear, enter the Hardware Store.

Solemn, Remy razors away.

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Remy razors up the driveway, steps off his scooter and walks across the lawn toward the front. Very somber, dark. Few plants adorn the facade. This is a structure that, though grand, has a fading spark within.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - FOYER -- NIGHT

Shafts of light break up the shadows. Remy approaches the stairs. Behind him, soft amber fades up in the kitchen.

REMY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Did you have a good day at school?

He turns around. REMY'S MOTHER, 20's, classic fifty's hair, make-up and clothes, stands in the kitchen. Old school appliances, lamps with golden hues. Comforting.

REMY

It was alright.

Wiping her hands on an apron, she approaches him.

REMY'S MOTHER

Remy, give that boy a chance. You know how mean kids can be.

Reaching for his hair, a ringing phone interrupts her.

REMY'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

That must be your father.

NANA (O.S.)

Remy?

The light returns to normal. The image of his mother fades, the kitchen turns dark, no plants, a wooden table, contemporary appliances. It was a fantasy.

NANA, 60's, his grandmother, extends the phone.

NANA (CONT'D)

It's for you, Remy.

She returns to the living room.

REMY

Hello?

There's a rustling on the other end, a giggle, a click. Remy hangs the phone up on the foyer table. A turns to the kitchen - no mother then back to the living room where his grandmother watches old movies on the television.

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Through the windows WE SEE Remy ascend the stairs.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Establishing.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Remy sits at a table. His backpack's opened revealing a customized laptop computer case. An amalgam of parts and pieces, micro mouse and pad, mini-external drive, USB internet receiver - pretty efficient, pretty cool.

A STUDENT rushes in, stops at a table full of OTHER KIDS.

STUDENT #1

Phil's kicking that new kid's ass.

They all rush out. A moment later, we hear noises.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

Remy enters through the double doors. Up ahead, a group of Students form a gawking half circle. Remy approaches, sees Brantley holding Hoss in front of Phil.

PHIL

We don't ever get thrown at in gym.
Got it?

HOSS

I'm sorry. And you are?

Phil punches Hoss in the stomach. Hoss does his best to take it, but it hurts.

REMY (O.S.)

I hear you're gonna miss a game.

Brantley turns as Remy steps through the crowd. Brantley stares at him, "*is this guy serious?*". But Remy doesn't blink.

Phil positions to throw another punch at Hoss. Remy raises an eyebrow. Brantley pushes Hoss away.

PHIL

What the - ?

Suddenly, Hoss nails Phil hard in the stomach. Doubles him over. Hoss looks up, sees Jill in the crowd next to Courtney.

HOSS

Hey, Ladies.

Brantley moves toward Hoss as Kenny steps into the fray between them.

KENNY

(to Brantley)
There a problem here?

Phil rises.

BRANTLEY
 (to Kenny)
 Serious?

Kenny glances at Hoss, can't think of his name.

REMY
 Charlie.

KENNY
 Charlie, you okay?

HOSS
 (wincing)
 I'm good. But call me Hoss.

BRANTLEY
 My defense's gonna get you a
 scholarship.
 (puts a finger in
 Kenny's chest)
 Don't forget that.

KENNY
 It's meaning less and less everyday.

Brantley pushes past Remy.

BRANTLEY
 I want an "A" now.

REMY
 You got it.

Phil follows his brother, points at Hoss.

HOSS
 What's with all this, this, *pointing*?

KENNY
 It's supposed to intimidate you.

HOSS
 (slapping forehead)
 Duh! I'm so dense.

A bell rings. The students scramble.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 (yelling to Phil)
 I get it now! I'm intimidated, okay?
 (MORE)

HOSS (CONT'D)
 (to Remy & Kenny)
 My Dad could kick his Dad's ass ANY
 day.

Kenny pats Hoss on the back.

KENNY
 You're alright, Hoss.

HOSS
 Those guys are the same at every
 school. Think picking on the new
 kid'll get 'em chicks.

KENNY
 It does.

HOSS
 Yeah, well, you still gotta fight
 back. I realized that in Detroit.
 After awhile they'll figure it out
 and leave me alone. Find someone
 weaker.
 (to Remy)
 No offense.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

We're tracking past a line of computer monitors. STUDENTS
 play video games, check out Maxim Web pages. We reach a
 table strewn with Math books and spiral notebooks.

HOSS
 See, this fraction stuff. It kills
 me.

REMY
 Look at it a different way, okay?

Remy writes down a number, slides the paper toward Hoss.

REMY (CONT'D)
 That's the answer. Now work backwards
 to find the question.

Hoss stares at him.

REMY (CONT'D)
 Trust me.

Hoss shakes his head, reluctantly starts working backwards.
 Runs a couple different scenarios, finishes, sees the number
 correspond with the original scenario.

REMY (CONT'D)

Now you know how it works. Science
calls it "reverse engineering".

The library doors open. Courtney enters with Jill and other GIRLFRIENDS, pretty, 13, destined to be Cheerleaders and Heartbreakers. Remy sneaks a glance. Hoss notices.

HOSS

You know, you got a shot.

Remy fidgets, returns to work.

HOSS (CONT'D)

You do. Guy like me, probably Jill.
It'd take some work to pierce that
teflon attitude, but deep down -
she's a wreck. Wreck - that's my
wheel house.

He looks at Remy, nods.

HOSS (CONT'D)

I like a a girl that destroys me to
the point I join a bowling league.

Remy points down at the paper.

REMY

Can we get back to work?

HOSS

Trust me. I've been to nine different
schools. I know people. You got a
shot, Bro.

Hoss glances at Remy's computer screen. Film Noir-esque shot of a MAN, 30's, in profile. He wears a trench coat.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Who's the freak?

REMY

My Father!

HOSS

Oh - sorry.
(changing subject)
Like I said, you got a shot.

Hoss lowers his head, works on the problem. Remy watches Courtney. Phil and Dale sit at the table, grandstand.

EXT. HOSS' HOUSE - GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

HOSS
Remy, this.....is Natalie.

Hoss pulls a tarp off a minibike, steps back proud.

Black, shiny, two helmets and goggles on the handlebars. On the fuel tank's a drawing of Natalie Portman's face. Written in cursive beneath it - her first name.

Hoss pulls out a chamois cloth, strokes the tank.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Miss me, babe?

Hoss glances back at Remy.

HOSS (CONT'D)
You really gonna do that Schnook's paper?

Remy stares at him with concern, disbelief.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I'm cool, bro. Saw it all. Thought it rocked the way you snagged the cash when he was goofing.

He folds the chamois.

REMY
You can't say a word.

HOSS
I swear on my mother's - uh.....you get me.

REMY
Seriously. If it gets out...

HOSS
Hey, man, we're gravy.

Tosses Remy a helmet.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Throw on a bucket, son. Let's ride!

EXT. RURAL TRAIL -- AFTERNOON

Hoss drives with Remy on back. Both wear helmets and goggles.

They ride through the woods, along a tree line, the engine revving and roaring.

This has to be the first time Remy's been on a motorbike, and he's loving it.

Hoss yells over the engine noise.

HOSS

When we lived in New Milford, my dad taught me how to ride. He also taught me how to keep the engine running pretty sweet. What I had to find out on my own, was how much it hurts when you crash!

He guns it. Remy screams.

HOSS (CONT'D)

At dawn we ride!!!! WHOO-HOO!!!

EXT. CLEARING ABOVE SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

Hoss pulls up and stops. Remy hops off, removes his helmet, goggles. Hoss drops down the kickstand, walks to the edge.

In the distance, we see the football field.

HOSS

There's your boy.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON FOOTBALL FIELD -- DAY

Varsity practice. FOOTBALL PLAYERS on the gridiron. Red for Defense, White for Offense. Kenny's in white at Quarterback, Brantley in red at Linebacker.

Kenny calls the play, takes the snap and Brantley blitzes, piles into Kenny's blind side. Really takes him down. Whistles blow and COACHES take a few steps onto the field, but don't rush in.

BRANTLEY

See what happens when the other team tries to score on me?

He walks back to the defense. No one congratulates him. It was a dirty hit. The CENTER helps Kenny up. A WIDE RECEIVER stands by. They huddle.

TIGHT END

Why'd you hook him up with Remy, man?

OFFENSIVE TACKLE

He's gonna mess it up.

OFFENSIVE GUARD

What?!? I got a book report due I
ain't even started!

KENNY

It'll be fine. Prepare for an
interception, guys.

They smile knowingly, clap, return to the line of scrimmage.

Brantley offers a shit eating grin, slips in his mouthpiece.

Kenny calls an audible. The Offensive Line slides over,
placing the Center directly across from Brantley. The Wide
Receiver laughs, shakes his head. Kenny receives the snap
and drops back.

Brantley rushes forward. Kenny lobs the ball directly into
his arms. Catching it, Brantley's eyes go wide as the Center
ROARS into him, IMMEDIATELY followed by a helmet spear from
the Receiver and the rest of the offense.

On the sideline, the Coaches shake their heads. Whistles
blow. The players pull off the tackle, reveal Kenny standing
above. He extends his hand.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Nice catch.

Brantley knocks it away, rises, returns to defense. The two
sides huddle back up.

EXT. CLEARING ABOVE SCHOOL -- AFTERNOON

HOSS

C'mon...

Remy continues watching the team below as Hoss hops on the
mini-bike, starts it up.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Dude! Grab some leather!

Remy hops on.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Sam's in his car trying to start it. The engine's not turning
over. Frustrated, Sam gets out. We hear the whine of the
mini-bike as Hoss and Remy tear around the corner.

HOSS

This is sooooo illegal!

REMY

What?!?!

HOSS

Yeah....breaking the law, breaking
the law!!!

Sam steps back against the car, watches as Remy and Hoss roll by. Sam and Remy recognize each other but don't acknowledge it.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Hold on!

The mini-bike rails the next corner. Sam pops the hood and looks inside.

INT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

Across the street - Hanson Hardware. Courtney helping behind the counter. We pull back, Remy and Hoss sit at a table.

HOSS

What's the stalker law like around here?

Remy smiles.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Been in love with her since Kindergarten, huh? It's cool. I had a goldfish once.

REMY

Goldfish?

HOSS

Yeah. Took it out to play one time too many. Burial at sea. That's why my parents won't get us a dog.

REMY

I'm sorry.

HOSS

Whaddaya gonna do?

Hoss stands, slips on his helmet.

HOSS (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Remy rises, follows him out the door.

REMY
Where we going?

HOSS
My house. Play some X-Box. Hey,
man, you wanna stay for dinner?

REMY
Sure.

EXT. HOSS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

A beautiful old house. The kind your parents leased for peanuts and you spent your life longing for. Through the distant, large picture window, soft lights glow. There are plants all over. Lots of life, very bright. Hardly a shadow in the place.

The family's sitting down for dinner. HOSS' MOTHER, 30's, comes through the door; sets a platter on the table.

She sits at one end, HOSS' FATHER, late 30's, sits at the other. Remy and Hoss on one side, Hoss' precocious sister SUSIE, 12, across from them.

INT. HOSS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Hoss' Father serves onto a plate and passes it down through Hoss, to Remy, to Hoss' Mother.

HOSS' MOTHER
Charlie tells us you're a math whiz.

REMY
I just have a good memory, that's all.

HOSS
He's great at Math, Ma.

SUSIE
Like Rainman?

HOSS
No, not like Rainman.

HOSS' FATHER
What's your father do, Remy?

REMY
Don't know.

HOSS' FATHER
Pardon?

HOSS

Dad-

REMY

I live with my Grandma. I don't know who my father is. The name's blank on my birth certificate. But I've got a photo of him, it's just tough to make out who he is. I've been trying...

Hoss' Family is taken back.

REMY (CONT'D)

This is wonderful, Mrs. Alonzo. Thank you very much.

HOSS' FATHER

So....you're a whiz at math.

REMY

I just have a good memory.

HOSS

He's a friggin' genius, dad.

HOSS' MOTHER

Charlie!

SUSIE

Like Rainman?

HOSS

I'm gonna kill you.

SUSIE

(waving him over)
Bring it on, fat boy.

HOSS

Ouch!

(to Susie)
You kicked me?

Susie's just as surprised.

SUSIE

Did not.

Hoss' Father smiles. Hoss turns in shock.

HOSS

Dude! Really?

HOSS' FATHER

No fighting at the table. And don't
call me dude.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSS' HOUSE - DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Dinner's over. Susie takes the last plates from the table
and walks them into the kitchen.

EXT. HOSS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Hoss closes the door.

HOSS

Sorry about that.

REMY

(opening Razor)

Forget it. I'll see you tomorrow?

HOSS

Unless the earth splits open and
swallows that vortex of hell we call
school.

REMY

Don't count on it.

HOSS

A man can dream.
(extending his fist)
You rock.

They bump fists. Hoss watches Remy scooter down the driveway.
The door opens and Susie drops a bag of garbage.

SUSIE

Scare off another one, fat boy?

She slams the door shut. Hoss doesn't lose his smile. He's
found a friend. He exhales, turns and picks up the bag.
The bottom breaks, spilling trash all over the front.

HOSS

Man, I hate her.

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

We're behind Remy as he pushes the door open, enters the
room. Wow! A cross between a computer lab and a kid's dream
fort. Organized with shelves, captain's bed, desk, closet -
you name it. Everything's neat, clean.

He unzips his backpack, turns on the laptop, slides it into a homemade docking station. Immediately, his desktop computer hums to life.

Remy sheds his jacket, approaches a Butler Mannequin, steps on his foot and an arm rises up to take hold of the coat with one hand, offers an old school, 70's-esque remote with the other.

Remy clicks the remote. A series of lights slowly fade up, illuminate the room like a Disney ride.

An electronic fish tank complete with water noises appears on the wall with exotic, colored creatures swimming about.

Music grinds as an old jukebox powers on, the record slowly speeding up against the needle.

Remy taps on a painting hanging on the wall, it hinges toward him revealing a small safe. A few twists on the combination opens the door. He sets the envelope of money atop numerous others, locks it back up.

Remy takes a seat at the desk, gets to work. On the computer screen, he types "*The Merchant Of Venice*" and then "*Brantley Peterson*".

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM - MONTAGE -- NIGHT

Remy writes Brantley's paper. He pulls a paperback of *The Merchant Of Venice* from his shelf, sets it on the desk.

Typing appears on the screen as he composes the paper.

A chat window opens up as he compares notes and opinions with others online. "*I've never seen you. How long have you been going to Harvard*". Remy replies "*Too long*" then logs off.

Remy scrolls down a Wikipedia page, drags and drops images of Shakespeare, an old print of the text, a picture of Al Pacino in the film version.

The printer kicks out sheet after sheet, single spaced, an insane amount of information, charts, quotes, visuals. Talk about doing your homework.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - TABLES -- DAY

Hoss and Remy set their trays down and sit. Beneath Remy's is the book report in a manilla envelope.

REMY

Here we go.

Remy eyes Brantley's table, gives a nod and watches as a Cheerleader rises, approaches.

CHEERLEADER
Hey, guys, how's it going?

HOSS
I love you.

CHEERLEADER
Yeah....

The Cheerleader picks up the tray, conceals the manilla envelope, walks back to Brantley's table, sets it down. He removes the report, as another Cheerleader rises to return the tray.

Brantley motions for her to sit, opens Remy's milk carton holds it up in a toast and takes a sip. Remy offers a sly, subtle smirk.

INT. BRANTLEY'S ENGLISH CLASS -- DAY

We PUSH IN on Brantley, turned around in his chair speaking with a couple girls. They're attention's drawn toward us. Turning around, Brantley looks up at his English Teacher.

ENGLISH TEACHER
Mr. Dunaway. For whom may we attribute the expression, "*pound of flesh*"?

BRANTLEY
Courtney Love?

The class erupts in laughter.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
I don't know, man. Why?

The laminated, 60 page paper lands on Brantley's desk.

ENGLISH TEACHER
See me after class.

Brantley flips through the document - laser printed pages, footnotes galore. His face turns from fear to anger.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY -- DAY

Brantley storms through the library, scours the tables, the kiosks, the desks. No Remy.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY -- MORNING

Exiting the library and veering down the hall, he sees Remy walking the other way. Relieved and angry, Brantley heads quickly toward him.

Remy's nearly at the other double doors. Pushing on the bar to open them, he sees Brantley's reflection coming at him. Remy releases the door, casually moves to the left, entering the Boy's Bathroom.

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Three urinals on the left then three stalls. On the right are five sinks and five mirrors.

Brantley busts in. A STUDENT, 14, stands at the urinal. Brantley stares at him, then focuses on the stalls. He crouches, sees Remy's shoes at the end, smiles.

He moves toward the stalls.

BRANTLEY

Nicely done on the paper.

Brantley punches the first door open. Behind him, the Student scurries out the door.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)

What'd you do? Buy it off eBay?

CRASH! The second door slams open.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)

Punks like you gotta understand there's a food chain...

Brantley lines up with the third door.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)

...And you're the food.

He kicks the door open, steps forward. Remy brandishes a small metal rod, flicks his wrist - it extends.

Electricity zaps out, shock Brantley backwards. Remy moves forward, out of the stall as Brantley falls back against the wall into a sitting position. Groggy, Brantley struggles to get up, growls.

Quickly, Remy crouches down, slams the metal rod against the floor. It collapses into itself. Remy spins around, extending it, opening it again.

We PUSH INTO the mechanism, see a series of little metal brushes rubbing together, their friction creating electrical charges heading through a small amp and the end and shooting out at -

Brantley's chest. He becomes motionless.

HOSS (O.S.)

REMY?!?

Suddenly, Hoss enters the bathroom, amazed at what he sees.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Is he?

REMY

Be real.

Hoss passes Remy, inspects Brantley's catatonic state, gives him a little kick. Brantley shakes a few times. Hoss jumps back. Remy grabs his backpack from the stall.

REMY (CONT'D)

He's hearing everything we say. He just experienced a little electrical overload. Our bodies aren't conductors so they shut down.

HOSS

Kinda like a circuit breaker?

(laughing)

I can't believe you did this to him.

Remy kneels down, collapses the weapon and slides it into a sheath on his backpack.

HOSS (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

REMY

Self-defense. Cops use 'em. I hollowed it out, re-wired a stun gun circuitry then added a small amp converter. When you extend it, little brushes rub together, creating just enough friction to trip the amps. But it's short lived so you gotta strike right away.

HOSS

What happens when he gets up?

REMY

He'll be fine.

HOSS
Gimme your cellphone.

REMY
Why?

HOSS
Dude, just gimme your cellphone.

Remy hands it to him. Hoss opens it up to camera.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Put a foot on his chest.

Remy stands like a proud hunter. Hoss snaps a photo. Hoss hands him back the camera, moves face to face with Brantley.

REMY
What are you doing?

HOSS
If he leaves us alone, nothing. If he doesn't, the whole school sees photos of a football player who got his ass kicked by a 7th Grader.

REMY
We really should leave.

HOSS
(to Brantley)
See ya' Circuit Breaker.

Brantley growls. They move for the door.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I wish I met you five years ago.

REMY
You wouldn't've liked me. I was a geek back then.

Slowly, Brantley's body begins to move. Just a little.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

Brantley exits the bathroom. The hall is full of kids. Standing still. Looking. In the front's the 14 Year Old who ran out when Brantley entered.

They're quiet. Focused. Suddenly, all break into laughter, point. Brantley wipes his mouth, pushes through the crowd.

EXT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Remy and Hoss approach Sam's car. Remy looks up, shields his eyes from the sun, sees Sam on the ledge.

REMY

Hoss?

HOSS

Yeah?

REMY

I'll see you later.

EXT. LEDGE -- DAY

Seeing Hoss head down the sidewalk, Sam sighs, rises.

EXT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Remy leans against Sam's car as Sam exits the building.

SAM

You wanna be careful? That's a classic.

Remy extends a couple tickets.

REMY

They were on the windshield.

Sam takes them. Remy pulls the cash envelopes from his backpack.

REMY (CONT'D)

For the speech.

Reluctantly, Sam accepts them, nods his head. He's struggling with what he's about to do. He has the money, he's solvent. But.. It's a kid. Sam returns the envelope, sits on the steps.

SAM

Remy, I'm not gonna be able to find your father.

REMY

But you said if I had the money...

SAM

Yeah. And I was prepared to take it from you, too.

Sam exhales.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look, I'm truly against the wall.
And I had every intention of taking
your money and phoning in the job.

REMY

What would you have done? To phone
in the job, I mean.

SAM

Well....I guess I'd petition the
hospital where you were born.

REMY

I already did. There's nothing.

SAM

Not even a blood test?

REMY

I was born on Mardi Gras.

SAM

Wow, what a drag.

REMY

Yeah.

SAM

Then I'd go for his last known
employer.

REMY

Deceased. No living relatives. And
I only have partials on a few co-
workers. I hacked into the FBI's
website first, then Interpol.

SAM

You hacked into the....

REMY

It's not as hard as you think. From
what my Grandmother tells me, he was
a musician my mother met while working
at a hotel bar -

SAM

In New Orleans.

REMY

Yes. But they tore it down. Put up
a Starbucks.

SAM

I'll give you this much: you got good instincts. Few years down the line, you'd make a great partner. I'd really like to help you, kid. But finding someone, this far back, takes an exceptional amount of resources.

REMY

Can I use your name to get the resources?

SAM

Knock yourself out.

Remy stands, extends his hand.

REMY

Thanks, Mr. Spiegel.

SAM

Yeah, you got it.

Remy razors off. Sam watches him go. A moment later, a Parking Enforcement vehicle pulls up next to Sam's car.

SAM (CONT'D)

(replacing tickets
under wiper)

Hey, can you put the ticket on this side? I almost got hit taking the last one off.

(waves)

Thanks, buddy. You have a good day.

INT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

Remy enters.

HOSS

What'd he say?

REMY

Get a job.

HOSS

He told you to get a job?

REMY

He said I need to generate serious resources if I wanna find my dad.

HOSS
 What are we talking 50, 60 term papers? That's a whole other school district.

REMY
 I have a better idea.

HOSS
 I'm not that cute, bro.

REMY
 Ha. Ha.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Remy watches the light on his scanner. A moment later, a picture from Sam's brochure appears on the screen, block by block. A few mouse clicks turns Sam's face into a smile.

Remy's building a webpage. A Private Investigator firm tracking family related issues. Professional, conservative colors and, unbeknownst to Sam, *his* honest face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

We TRACK AROUND Remy's desk as he sits in front of the computer screen. The website's complete.

The interface shows an option - "*DO YOU WANT TO UPLOAD NOW?*" Remy moves the cursor over "yes". Pauses. Thinks. Becomes worried and closes his eyes. He opens them and with determined resolve, clicks the mouse.

INT. COMPUTER -- NIGHT

Sparks and electrical bursts, coils and light, we *SWIRL* along conductors and phone lines as everything comes ALIVE!

INT. REMY'S MATH CLASS -- DAY

Mr. Anderson passes back graded quizzes to the class. Remy turns to Hoss who winks at him.

EXT. REMY'S MATH CLASS -- DAY

The hallway's full of STUDENTS. The classroom door opens and more students file out.

INT. LIBRARY -- DAY

Remy and a furrowed Hoss walk past the computer cubicles.

REMY
Don't worry, we'll figure it out.

HOSS
I failed Remy. Badder than before.

REMY
Worse.

HOSS
Whatever. My dad's gotta face the facts: I suck at math.

REMY
You don't suck at math. You suck at taking tests. You know the material. You gotta relax. Don't be afraid of the test. That's the worst thing. Accept that you're gonna get a few wrong, and concentrate on the ones -

Remy stops in his tracks. Suddenly, popping up on some of the computer screens is a banner ad with an avatar of Sam spinning a fedora along his arm settling on his head. Sam winks, points to the web address.

HOSS
(whisper)
Dude...you okay?

Remy turns to him in shock.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Dude?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PROPERTY MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Cup of coffee in hand, Sam heads back to his office. The Office Workers continue to gossip about him.

OFFICE WORKER #1
Did he get his phone shut off?

OFFICE WORKER #2
It normally rings pretty loud.

OFFICE WORKER #3
He must've.

Sam enters his office.

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

From behind his desk, we see Sam close the door, walk toward us. On his computer screen, the pop up banner ad plays.

Sam comes around, sets his coffee down, sits in the chair, doesn't even notice.

He spins to face the window as the Banner Ad increases in size, begins dancing. A moment passes, he swivels back as it disappears.

INT. REMY'S SHED -- DAY

Hoss checks out Remy's workshop. Tools, scavenged computers, electrical equipment, games, televisions, stereos. Hoss picks up various pieces, sets them back down.

On the wall's a poster of the periodic table of elements.

HOSS
You go through people's trash?

REMY
That'd take too long. I go to the dump. You'd be amazed what folks throw away.

Hoss skeptically holds up a GameBoy.

HOSS
(skeptical)
Dude, this is so Bon Jovi.

REMY
Turn it on.

Hoss flicks a switch. An image of Remy appears on the screen. It's a camera.

HOSS
Oh, snap!

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP -- DAY

Acres of discarded trash and vehicles. Mounds, hills, what have you. There's a small shack by the entrance and a path to discarded nirvana.

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP - DODGE'S SHACK -- DAY

Remy's fist knocks on the door. A moment later, DODGE, 50's, overalls, opens it. He stares down at Remy's smiling face and Hoss's confused mug.

DODGE
Remy, hi. C'mon in...

Hoss shakes his head "no" as Remy enters.

INT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP - DODGE'S SHACK -- DAY

What you might expect. Weathered recliner, questionable couch, small coffee table, tv with rabbit ear antennae and aluminum foil, small kitchen.

There's a table in the corner with a bunch of circuit boards and electronic gak.

DODGE

I found some more of those things
you been looking for.

While Remy peruses the material, Dodge turns on the tv.
Static.

DODGE (CONT'D)

Any good?

REMY

Yeah. These are great.

DODGE

I was hoping you could fix my tv.

REMY

You need a converter, Dodge. It's
gone digital.

DODGE

Make me one and we're square.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP - DODGE'S SHACK -- DAY

Remy uses a soldering gun to attach electronics.

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP -- DAY

Holding a can of soda, Dodge stands with Hoss. The door's open. We can see Remy rise and move toward the television.

DODGE

You smart like him?

Hoss doesn't respond.

DODGE (CONT'D)

(snickering)
Just kiddin'....

Hoss holds up his hands, shakes his head. A moment later, the tv static goes away and a clear picture appears. Remy steps out.

REMY

You're good.
 (to Hoss)
 Let's go look around.

Dodge holds up his beer, heads back in.

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP -- DAY

The boys sift through the trash.

HOSS

I think you got it great. I tell you, sometimes having a family ain't all its cracked up to be. Sharing a bathroom. Man. One time, when we lived in New Hampshire, I was grounded for a month. My sister locked me out of the toilet and my teeth were floating. It was bad. My mom caught me whizzin' out the window.

REMY

She walk in on you?

HOSS

Neighbor called.

REMY

Ahhh....

Hoss pulls his hand up. Covered in...yuck.

HOSS

Dude? Seriously?

He shakes it off. Takes a step. Squish.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Look, I think I'm gonna head home. Take Natalie out for a little phantom menace.

REMY

I know it's messy but sometimes I find really cool stuff.

HOSS

Remy. I got crud on my hands and I don't know if what I just stepped in's even listed on the periodic chart of elements.

Remy smiles.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 You like that? I got that from the poster in your shed. You're rubbing off on me, Dude.

Hoss walks away.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 I'll see you later.

We TRACK AROUND Remy, reveal Remy's Father, swathed in the golden amber light similar to his mother in the earlier scene. Remy's Father sifts through the junk.

REMY'S FATHER
 What are we looking for, Remy?

REMY
 RCA cables, pvc pipe, maybe a hard drive. Anything, really.

REMY'S FATHER
 You're going through with this, huh?

REMY
 Don't you want me to?

Remy's Father smiles assuredly. From further away, WE SEE Hoss trudging through the yard in the distance and Remy on a mound by himself. A beeping sound fades up.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Remy's face is catatonic. The beeping's louder. We PAN around the room to Remy's desktop computer. Sam's smiling Avatar now has a thumb waving at an Inbox. A flashing icon alerts a new email.

CHERYL GEHRING (V.O.)
 My name is Cheryl Gehring. I've been to many websites boasting Private Investigation credentials but your honest face and specialization in family hardships made me choose you.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Remy razors through the neighborhood.

CHERYL GEHRING (V.O.)
 I'm a single mother of three living in The Windy City. Chicago, Illinois.

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jill sits at the dinner table with her parents.

CHERYL GEHRING (V.O.)
I work to support my sons.

EXT. HOSS' HOUSE - GARAGE -- NIGHT

We're TRACKING toward the garage door's windows. Hoss helps his Father change the oil in his truck.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
My husband John left seven years ago. It was a bad time for us.

INT. COURTNEY HANSON'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Courtney stands, looking out the window. She watches Remy razor down a hill.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
Since then, we've received money orders from strangers...

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE - BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Just an office bathroom. No tub, no shower. Wearing jammies, Sam finishes brushing his teeth, turns out the light, enters his office.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
...The first of every month from places all over the country.

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The couch has been dressed for bed, sheets, pillow, blanket. Sam climbs in, reaches for the light.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
I do not know where he lives...

EXT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Remy sees the light go off, razors away.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
...But want desperately to reunite our family.

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Dale's in the living room playing Wii with his father.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
 Yesterday, I received a Priority
 Mail envelope from Three Pines Ranch
 in Ohio.

INT. REMY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Remy enters his room, sits at his desk. We think he's looking at the computer screen. But he's not. He's gazing at the photo of his father and another of his mother.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
 Inside was our monthly money
 order.....

Her voice fades off.

INT. MATH CLASS -- DAY

Remy's staring ahead, catatonic.

MR. ANDERSON (O.S.)
 60 Seconds.

The entire class works on a quiz. Except Remy. He comes out of his trance. Glances at the paper on his desk.

Thirty problems on the page. Suddenly, the blank areas fill with green numbers - correct answers. A moment later, a percentage of them turn red. All become penciled in. He's intentionally figured out how to get an 85.

MR. ANDERSON (CONT'D)
 Time. Pencils down.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

Hoss walks down the school hall. Ahead, Brantley enters from the opposite direction, passes Hoss like a pitbull on his master's chain.

HOSS
 Hey, Circuit Breaker, how's it going?

Hoss turns, back pedals, points at him.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 So we'll see you later, big guy.
 Save you a seat for the game on
 Saturday!

Brantley busts through the doors. Hoss continues up the hall, nearly bumps into Jill.

JILL
How's the math, Charlie?

HOSS
You are so hot.

She flashes a fake smile, walks away.

HOSS (CONT'D)
It's gonna happen, babe!

Hoss reaches Remy's locker.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I rocked that quiz, I just know it.
(leaning against wall)
What? Someone pee in your cheerios?

Remy closes the locker, motions for them to walk away.

INT. LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Hoss and Remy sit at a table. Remy's subdued as he watches Hoss finish reading a permission slip with Nana's signature on it. He's having difficulty keeping his voice down.

HOSS
Tomorrow?

Remy nods.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Man, this friggin' rocks!
(handing back paper)
Don't they ever question you?

REMY
Why should they? I don't get in trouble and I test well. Far as they know, I'm a good Grandson. And Nana just thinks my school has a lot of field trips.

HOSS
When she remembers.

REMY
Dude.

HOSS
Sorry-sorry...

INT. GYM CLASS -- DAY

Remy holds Hoss's feet as he attempts sit ups.

REMY

First time I looked for my Dad, I jetted off to New Orleans and set up a series of web cameras tied into city power. I knocked out a grid during the second quarter of the Super Bowl.

HOSS

Didn't they call in the National Guard?

Remy nods.

INT. SCIENCE CLASS -- DAY

The boys whisper over an old health film.

HOSS

How many trips have you gone on?

REMY

A few. But this is different. Before, it was me helping me. But I gotta find my father, Hoss. I want what you have. I need to generate the kinda money it takes to do that. Maybe help someone else along the way, you know?

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - LUNCH LINE -- DAY

Hoss laughs with excitement as they slide their trays along the metal rail.

HOSS

And I thought I was living on the edge in Detroit!

They pick up their trays, peel off.

EXT. HOSS' HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Hoss and Remy exit the bus. Remy stops in the driveway, digs something out of his backpack. It's a cellphone. He hands it to Hoss.

HOSS

What's this for?

REMY

Emergency. Pre-paid. Picked it up at a 7-11.

Hoss checks it out.

REMY (CONT'D)
It's charged.

HOSS
The ringer off?

REMY
Yep.

Hoss nods, looks up at Remy. There's a moment of concern.

REMY (CONT'D)
Keep an eye on Courtney for me.

HOSS
Done. And. Done.

Behind Hoss, his Father exits from the garage.

REMY
Better pocket that.

HOSS
Why?

REMY
Your Dad's coming.

Hoss hurriedly stashes the phone as Remy snaps open his Razor and rides away.

HOSS
(to himself)
Be careful, Remy.

HOSS' FATHER
Everything okay with your boyfriend?

HOSS
Dad...

They walk toward the garage.

HOSS' FATHER
Hey, remember in Spokane? That Juan
guy?

HOSS
Dad!

HOSS' FATHER
Come here. I love you even if you're
gay.

HOSS

I'm not gay!

HOSS' FATHER

That's okay, too. But I'd love you even if you were.

HOSS

I'm not!

HOSS' FATHER

Like I said. Okay, too. Lemme know if you wanna change Natalie's name to George.

INT. REMY'S ROOM - NIGHT -- NIGHT

Remy has his backpack open on the bed. He's expanded a zipper to give it more room.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)

Mr. Spiegel, I'm so glad you're taking the case.

Laid out are his things: ipod, phone, tool kit, clothes, metal wire, digital camera, Swiss Army knife, windable FM radio, foldable leather notebook with mini-nightlite, binoculars, compass, gadgets, gadgets, gadgets.

A small bell rings and the lights flick on and off. Remy steps over, closes the painting to secure his safe. A moment later, Nana knocks on the door, enter his room.

She steps up to him, hands him a rolled up twenty.

NANA

For stuff.

She kisses his cheek.

NANA (CONT'D)

Do you need me to drive you anywhere?

REMY

No, Nana, we're meeting at the school in the morning. I can take the bus.

NANA

You be careful. And behave yourself.

REMY

I will.

She exits the room. Remy sets the money on his desk.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.)
 I've wired half your fee to the
 internet bank listed on the invoice
 and emailed the video message for my
 husband John.

Remy's computer wirelessly downloads files. He sits at a
 small chair, reading and hi-lighting pertinent information
 regarding Gehring's life: financial records, school
 transcripts, etc.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My prayers are with you, Mr. Spiegel.
 I just know you'll do us right.

An Icon appears on the computer: *download complete*. Remy
 removes a USB drive, scribbles "GEHRING VIDEO" on it, clips
 the drive to a necklace, slips it over his head.

MRS. GEHRING (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Sincerely; Cheryl Gehring.

Remy catches his reflection in the window.

FADE OUT:

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- MORNING

A series of shots as buses pull in, let students out, pull
 away. Small groups congregate, others move in and out of
 the front doors. Teachers mingle. Boys and girls flirt.

We FOLLOW Hoss as he exits the bus, sees Phil and his group
 hanging with Courtney, Jill and their friends.

All the things normal kids do in school are juxtaposed with...

INT. TRAIN STATION -- DAY

Adults waiting for the train to arrive. Long jackets,
 business skirts and suits. Cellphones to ears, noses buried
 in papers, steam rising from coffee cups. Doors open, men
 and women file in and out.

We PUSH THROUGH the crowd as people cross frame, find Remy
 stepping into the mix. He glances about. Zeroes in on this
 man, that man. Could they be.....?

He's so small, such a boy in this land of adults.

INT. TRAIN STATION - NEWS KIOSK -- DAY

A Wall Street Journal lands on the counter. Remy pays the
 CASHIER, picks up the paper, walks away. He glances at his
 watch, looks up at a departure flip chart.

It reads: ***Lincoln, Nebraska.***

DODGE (O.S.)
Sorry I'm late.

Remy turns around. Dodge stands before him.

DODGE (CONT'D)
I need a new alarm clock. Maybe
when you get back? Here you go.

He hands Remy a set of tickets, a briefcase, a suit jacket.

DODGE (CONT'D)
You know, I could get in a lot of
trouble for doing this.

REMY
Not now, Dodge.

DODGE
Just, you know, saying.

REMY
We good?

DODGE
Yeah.

REMY
I gotta get going.

Remy walks toward the train.

DODGE
Hey, pick me up a souvenir, will ya?

Remy gives him a thumbs up.

DODGE (CONT'D)
(softly, to himself)
Please don't forget.

EXT. TRAIN -- DAY

Rushing alongside the train, we PUSH IN, find Remy's
compartment, see him sitting as the CONDUCTOR opens the door.

INT. TRAIN - REMY'S COMPARTMENT -- DAY

The Conductor enters the compartment.

CONDUCTOR
Tickets please.

He looks at Remy, at the seat next to him with a pair of glasses on top of the Wall Street Journal, the briefcase, the suit jacket, the tickets sticking out of the pocket.

CONDUCTOR (CONT'D)

Wanna hand me those, son?

Remy pulls them out. The Conductor punches holes in each, hands them back.

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

The Property Manager's silhouette approaches the door, knocks. We BOOM DOWN, find Sam hiding under his desk. BOOMING UP, the silhouette's gone, but a white envelope's partially seen beneath the door.

Sam stealthily approaches, pulls on the envelope but its stuck. Opening the door, he's surprised to find the envelope not only attached to a brick, but the Property Manager sitting leisurely on the bench.

PROPERTY MGR

Soon?

Sam nods, reaches for the brick.

PROPERTY MGR (CONT'D)

No, I'll get that.

(waves at him)

Just shut the door.

Sam follows instructions.

INT. MATH CLASS -- DAY

Mr. Anderson sets the graded quizzes down on the student's desks. Again, Remy gets an 85, Sam a 54. We hear a buzzing, vibrating. Hoss discretely removes the phone Remy gave him.

He has a text message: "*I'm here*". Hoss chuckles.

MR. ANDERSON

A 54 is no laughing matter, Charlie.

HOSS

I hear ya', bro. And call me Hoss.

Hoss smiles at the phone, slips it back in his pocket.

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - DAY

Only the Wall Street Journal remains on the seat.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

We're staring at an iphone screen. Google maps takes us quickly from the train station, along various streets, twists, turns until we reach....

EXT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE -- DAY

Two huge architectural initials, **AK**, loom before us.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

THREE TECHIES, 30's, sit at three consecutive terminals. All wear white shirts and ID badges hang around necks. Frantic, they type anxiously as if on a deadline, in battle, at war.

The SUPERVISOR rushes through the door.

SUPERVISOR

What's going on?

TECHIE #1

We got hackers, sir.

TECHIE #2

They've sent in a bunch of trojans and who knows how many worms.

TECHIE #3

We're trying to fight 'em off but they're too good.

TECHIE #2

They're REALLY good.

SUPERVISOR

Yeah? Well, when this is done get their names and numbers 'cause there's gonna be a *FEW JOB OPENINGS AROUND HERE!*

A beeping sound begins and the lights start humming. We raise up over them and float through the room like a HELICOPTER. Passing a column, we WIPE TO:

INT. COMPUTER - ANIMATION -- DAY

An ANIMATED CHOPPER flies over a well lit town. As we get closer, we realize we're inside a computer and we're looking at a motherboard and circuit board.

Closer still, the electronics give way to a series of mazes filled with a flurry of duplicate creatures.

As the chopper passes over them, we realize all but one of each is translucent. These are decoys. The HERO CREATURES cannot be seen through.

A LARGE WORM quickly inches its way down a tile corridor. At the end, a FIREDOOR is slowly closing. The Worm begins to inch faster and faster, approaching the door which is still closing at the same speed. The Worm is panicked, struggles and as it slithers near, the door locks.

The Worm rears up and MORPHS INTO A DRAGON. It breathes flames onto the Firedoor but to no avail.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Techie #1 breaths a sigh of relief and wipes his brow.

EXT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE -- DAY

We CRANE OFF the **AK** initials, veer to the side and face around toward a row of shops across the street.

INT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

A busy cafe with computer terminals lining the walls. A SERVER carries an energy drink past a series of CUSTOMERS, sets it down next to Remy.

REMY

Thanks.

Outside the window and across the street loom the giant initials. At the top of his terminal, a light starts blinking. Remy reaches into his pocket and pumps quarters into the machine.

INT. COMPUTER - ANIMATION -- DAY

A WOODEN TROJAN HORSE rolls toward another opening. As it approaches, cinder blocks appear from above a la Tetris. They begin to seal the entrance.

The Trojan Horse gains speed, rolls faster and faster. The cinder blocks fall until they've sealed the entrance.

The Trojan Horse rams into the wall and SHATTERS, revealing the caricature of an OLDER ENGLISHMAN in a smoking jacket, carrying a pipe.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Typing furiously, Techie #2 exhales deeply.

INT. COMPUTER - ANIMATION -- DAY

Broken pieces of wood fall through the air and the Englishman covers himself. Once they've settled, he picks himself up, approaches the door and finds a lock. He brandishes a small pick and begins working the mechanism.

INT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

Remy takes a sip from the energy drink.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

We TRACK from behind the cubicles, past Techies #1 and #2, land on Techie #3. He's having a hard time, still at work.

INT. COMPUTER - ANIMATION -- DAY

TWO ROTTWEILLERS bark and bare their teeth, lurching forward at us. Each time, they're FLUNG BACK into frame, HARD! CERBERUS, a three headed dog, lunges past us and fights with the Rotts.

They jump on top of Cerberus and bite from all angles. Cerberus MORPHS into DUKE NUKEM and blows the two dogs away. He turns his attention to a glass door and shatters it with his gun.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Jaw dropped, Techie #3 stares at the screen.

INT. COMPUTER - ANIMATION -- DAY

The Dragon breathes flames onto the Firedoor. Once, twice, three times and it BURNS DOWN.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Techies #1 and #2 stand on either side of the Supervisor.

TECHIE #1

We're gonna have to shut it down,
sir.

SUPERVISOR

We shut down - all security goes
manual.

TECHIE #2

I told you they were good.

The Supervisor points a finger at him as Techie #3 stands.

TECHIE #3
Sir, we have to shut it down.

TECHIE #2
We can do a soft reboot-

The Supervisor throws up his arms.

TECHIE #1
-And salvage as many records as possible.

INT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

Attached to the screen is a sign reading "DOWNLOADING - PLEASE DON'T TOUCH". Code runs vertically on the screen.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

A group stands outside the glass doors. A FEMALE EMPLOYEE swipes her card but to no avail. The SECURITY GUARD comes around the desk and wedges the door open.

SECURITY GUARD
System's on manual

Remy enters amongst EMPLOYEES.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR -- DAY

EMPLOYEES use the stairs. A MAN enters the fourth floor and walks past a series of cubicles. He wipes camera and we move in. On the ground sits Remy. His computer's plugged into a terminal patch. He logs onto the main frame.

INT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE - COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Bells and whistles go off. The main frame lights turn on. The Techies glance at each other.

TECHIE #3
What's going on?

The others shrug.

INT. COMPUTER - ANIMATION -- DAY

The Englishman searches a file cabinet marked "PAYROLL". He flips past E, F and then pays attention to "G". Finding "GEHRING, JOHN", he removes the file and slips it into his Smoking Jacket. Casually, he lights his pipe and strolls from the office.

The Englishman walks down the hall. Suddenly, the lights start flashing and the pipe falls from his mouth.

He breaks out into a sprint.

In another part of the computer, Duke Nukem shoots up files and data, but the same thing occurs. Lights start flashing. He runs out of Ammo. He drops the hardware and assumes a marital arts pose.

A LITTLE BABY in a diaper crawls up to him with a blue blanket. He bites Duke's ankle and Duke starts WAILING, CRYING and hopping around on one foot.

In yet another part of the computer, The Dragon burns everything in sight, but once the lights start flashing, it runs out of frame. The Dragon begins coughing smoke, falls to its feet, hacking.

Back with the Englishman, time's running out. Lights are dimming and the warning sound is winding down. The Englishman takes a few steps back, and leaps off a cliff, down, down, down, towards a SWIRLING VORTEX...he MORPHS into colored streams of electricity which rush past us at a million miles an hour and....

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - CUBICLE -- DAY

....Transfers onto a USB drive. Remy ejects it and clips it back onto his necklace.

EXT. IMPOSING CORPORATE STRUCTURE -- DAY

POLICE rush into the building as Remy exits. The Security Guard sees him.

SECURITY GUARD

Hey, kid!

Remy glances back, breaks into a run.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

The buses load up. Alone, Hoss stares out the window at Jill and Courtney, standing with the jocks. The bus pulls out and he's once again whisked from them.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Sirens and flashing lights fill our senses. Cop cars rush past. PEDESTRIANS walk back and forth along the concrete. A dim light emits from the storm drain beneath their feet.

Another police cruiser passes and we JUMP CLOSER. A small antennae's attached to the horizontal guard bar. We FOLLOW the thin wire inside....

INT. STORM DRAIN -- DAY

....Where we find Remy sitting against the wall. Dripping water runs down the soiled sides. We wouldn't want to be down here and, like Remy, worry about what else might be down here.

He types in Gehring's college, finds the webpage, clicks onto the yearbook file for 1981.

Pages flip past and he slows down, finding Gehring's name. Pictures come up and one in particular catches his eye. "*Citizen's Band*". Gehring poses with a bunch of friends in a circle. All hold hand microphones, smile.

The caption lists each name with their handle: Gehring's is JOBSON. The man directly to his right has his arm around Gehring. His name is DARREN TRUDY. His handle's IRON EYES.

Remy runs an alumni search on Trudy. His mailing address - Three Pines Ranch.

A few keystrokes and he's uploading the new files to a cyber disk. On the screen, folder icons travel from a picture of the hard drive to another of the new internet storage. A timer's counting down: 4:38:16, 4:38:15, 4:38:14.....

Remy lowers the computer screen and the drain goes black.

FADE OUT.

INT. REMY'S FOYER -- DAY

We hear Hoss's mini-bike approach and stop immediately followed by a persistent knocking. Nana slowly approaches as Remy tears down the stairs, beats her to it.

He swings the door open, reveals Hoss standing in front of Natalie.

HOSS

Dude!

REMY

C'mon!

They fly up the stairwell.

REMY (CONT'D)

Nana-Hoss-and-I-are-gonna-be-upstairs-
for-awhile-is-that-okay-thanks-alot-
I-love-you...

The maelstrom settles and Nana casually closes the door, taking a moment to glance back out at the mini-bike, unappreciatively parked on the porch.

NANA

Oh, my....

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

We PULL BACK from a t-shirt with interesting lettering spelling "*Lincoln*". Hoss holds it up, checks it out.

HOSS

This is awesome! Did you find the guy?

REMY

Not yet.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Hoss and Remy exit a 7-11 with a couple slurpees.

REMY

Their system's got better encryption than most Federal Institutions which isn't really saying a lot but still...

INT. VIDEO ARCADE -- DAY

Hoss works the controls at a console as Remy leans against the machine.

HOSS

So what are you gonna do?

REMY

Follow the money. I found the connection between this Gehring guy and the man who sent the cash.

HOSS

Where's this guy live?

REMY

Ohio.

HOSS

Ohio? Man....

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE TOWN -- AFTERNOON

Remy and Hoss lay on the ridge overlooking the town's main street and buildings. Hoss holds a wrist rocket, shoots stones into the distance.

We SLOWLY PULL AWAY from them, balance the frame with Natalie in the foreground, the boys to the side.

REMY
How've our girls been?

HOSS
Better'n my last quiz. My pop asked to see the math stuff.

REMY
You show it to him?

HOSS
My first instinct was to hide it from him, so I went with that.

REMY
And?

HOSS
I'm technically supposed to be studying in my room right now.
(loading stone)
Watch how far this goes.

Hoss sails another rock into the air.

EXT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam's car's parked in front of the building. Sam exits the building, removes the parking tickets, comes around the driver's side. Suddenly, the back window shatters.

Sam cranes his neck back, sees the damage, Non-plussed, he opens the door, gets in and drives away.

EXT. RIDGE ABOVE TOWN -- AFTERNOON

Laying flat on the ground, Hoss and Remy whisper.

HOSS
Think he can see us?

REMY
Doubt it.

HOSS
Check.

REMY
You check!

HOSS
 (re: wrist rocket)
 Don't suppose I can hide this at
 your place?

REMY
 No way!

HOSS
 C'mon! Do a bro a solid!

REMY
 Hoss -

HOSS
 Okay, okay....

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- DAY

Hoss and Remy push Natalie as they reach Remy's house.

HOSS
 You're coming with me and my dad to
 the football game.

REMY
 When is it?

HOSS
 (duh)
 Tonight.

REMY
 I don't know, Hoss..

HOSS
 Oh - you thought it was a question?
 (pats his chest)
 My bad. It was a statement. YOU.
 Are coming with ME. And my dad.
 Just us guys. To-night!

Remy cracks a smile.

REMY
 Alright.

HOSS
 We ride at dawn.

Hoss leaves Remy, starts pushing the mini-bike down the road.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 Hopefully we'll see the chicks.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL GAME -- NIGHT

Cars. Trucks. Kids. Teenagers. Adults. Families. The Neighborhood. The Town. The City. This is it.

The Washington Mustangs warm up on one side, the Opposing Team on the other.

The Stands are full. Everyone's here. The Students we've met, the Teachers we've seen, the Department Store Manager, his Employees, Sam's Property Manager, Dodge, Everyone.

We TRACK along a bunch of late arrivals, find Sam's Car pulling into a space. It's brake lights turn off. Plastic wrap covers the rear window Hoss shot out.

Sam gets out, finds the entrance, moves toward it.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL GAME - STANDS -- NIGHT

Sam comes around the corner as the game begins. Further down sit Principal Cooper and his wife, Sandra Cooper.

HOSS (O.S.)
C'mon, Dad!!

Entering the gate, Hoss, Remy and Hoss's Dad arrive. Sam and Remy see each other but, again, don't acknowledge it. Hoss's Father hands his boy some money.

HOSS' FATHER
You boys grab me a hot dog and something to drink, whatever else you'd like.

Hoss and Remy peel off, queue up at the concession stand. Hoss's Dad steps over by the stands, checks out the crowd, the teams on the field. Sam studies him for a moment, glances at Remy and Hoss in line, turns his focus to the field.

HOSS' FATHER (CONT'D)
No score?

Sam has to think for a second, look for the scoreboard.

SAM
No. Not yet.

HOSS' FATHER
You play ball?

SAM
No. You?

HOSS' FATHER

A little.
 (re: stands)
 Crowded, huh?

Sam nods. Hoss's Father gives him a wink and a nod, makes his way around to the front, ascends the stairs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL GAME - CONCESSION LINE -- NIGHT

Hoss and Remy stand in line. Through the crowd, we can make out Courtney and Jill. Remy sees her. She shifts her position, sees him. Hoss is in disbelief. Cranes his head toward Remy. Screeches out the barest sound of shock.

HOSS
 Duuuuuuudddeeeeeee....

Jill leans over, realizes its Remy and Hoss, loses her smile and pulls Courtney away.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 You are so in. You gotta talk to her.

REMY
 What do you want?

HOSS
 I want you to talk to her. Geez....

REMY
 No.

Remy points at the CONCESSION LADY.

REMY (CONT'D)
 What do you *want*?

HOSS
 We gotta work on your priorities, pal.

Hoss steps up to the counter, begins ordering. Remy steals a glance back at Courtney and Jill as Phil and Dale approach. Remy checks out Phil: perfect young hair, smile, football jacket. Remy glances at his coat: weathered, nondescript.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 And he'll have.....and he'll have.....and *HE'LL HAVE*.

Hoss punches Remy's shoulder.

REMY

Ouch!

Remy hits him back.

HOSS

What do you want?

REMY

Excuse me?

Hoss points at the Concession Lady.

HOSS

What do you want?

Remy looks at her. Snaps out of it.

REMY

Oh.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

Kenny's taking a beating. He's sacked.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - CONCESSION STAND -- NIGHT

Hoss and Remy make their way out of line, find themselves face to face with Brantley. They look up in fear.

HOSS

Yo, Circuit Breaker.

BRANTLEY

I hope you know we're gonna lose 'cause of you.

HOSS' FATHER (O.S.)

Excuse me.

Brantley turns, looks at Hoss' dad.

HOSS' FATHER (CONT'D)

You got something to say to my son and his friend, you say it to me.

Reluctantly, Brantley steps away.

HOSS' FATHER (CONT'D)

Yeah. That's what I thought.

Hoss' Father takes the cardboard tray of refreshments, leads the boys away.

HOSS

Thanks, dad.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

The scoreboard reads: Visitors 42, Home 7. The clock counts down to half time. The buzzer sounds and the teams rush from the field.

The bleachers begin to empty as people fill the area by the concession stand and bathrooms.

EXT. CONCESSION STAND -- NIGHT

Sam still occupies his place by the side of the bleachers. He notices Brantley and Phil Peterson speaking with their parents, MR & MRS PETERSON, 40's, extremely well dressed, poised, powerful.

Brantley looks around, points right towards Sam. Mr Peterson turns, stares right at us and makes a determined bee line. Nervous, Sam swallows, wonders what's about to happen.

Peterson brushes past Sam to PRINCIPAL and MRS COOPER, 30's, standing with their two single digit aged kids.

PETERSONS & COOPERS.

MR. PETERSON

Mrs. Cooper.

She nods.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

(to Principal Cooper)

A word?

Peterson walks Cooper toward Sam, stops mere feet away, turns toward Cooper.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)

This game's a blow out.

PRINCIPAL COOPER

It's not over yet.

MR. PETERSON

You can table the spirit speech.
They lost before kick off.

Sam cranes his neck, checks out Brantley and Phil smiling, enjoying the altercation.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)
 Brantley will attend the University
 of his choice. That's a given. But
 many of your students...

Peterson motions toward the Hansons, at the fence speaking
 with Kenny, standing on the field, holding his helmet.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)
 Like your Quarterback and his family
 over here, lack the resources to
 send their children *anywhere* without
 a scholarship.

Suddenly, Sam's Property Manager passes in the distance.
 Sam turns to the side, directly faces the men. As they glance
 at him, he stares in the distance as if preoccupied.

PRINCIPAL COOPER
 What do you want?

MR. PETERSON
 Playing for a losing team doesn't
 attract scholarships. A Principal
 can change that.

PRINCIPAL COOPER
 Your son plagiarized a paper.

MR. PETERSON
 I want my son re-instated. Between
 you and his English teacher, two
 educated gentlemen like yourselves
 can find a solution. The economy's
 in the toilet. Not the best time to
 lose a job.

Peterson pats Cooper's arm, walks away. Cooper takes it all
 in, knows he's in a jam. His wife approaches.

MRS. COOPER
 Everything okay?

PRINCIPAL COOPER
 Yeah.
 (he picks up one of
 his kids)
 Let's go sit down.

THE WIVES.

MRS. COOPER
 Excuse me.

Sam turns his attention to the Petersons. Brantley listens as his father sets a hand on his son's shoulder. Glancing toward Cooper, we see Brantley mouth "really" and break into a smile.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONCESSION STAND -- NIGHT

Hoss and Remy stand in the bathroom line which stretches between the football field and the concession stand. In the distance behind them, Phil, Dale and their middle school jock cronies stand.

HOSS

You know, I went to this school in
Arkansas -

REMY

How many schools have you gone to?

As Hoss and Remy speak, Brantley and Phil approach Phil's group. Brantley huddles them together, points toward Remy and Hoss.

The boys all turn, then face back toward Brantley. He's giving them instruction. They smile, nod, break the huddle and head toward them.

HOSS

At least nine. I kinda lost count.
I know its a lot. We move around
'cause of my dad.

REMY

What's he do?

Hoss glances at his Father sitting in the bleachers.

HOSS

He's a consultant.

REMY

For whom?

HOSS

I don't know. But we move about
once a year. He gets dropped into
some company that's messed up. Once
he fixes it, we're gone. Kinda blows,
to tell you the truth.

The Football Teams take the field.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Maybe next time we move you can come
with us.

REMY
What about my Grandmother?

HOSS
We kill her. I'm joking!

Suddenly, Phil's group encompasses Remy, whisks him past the line into the bathroom. Hoss watches him disappear before rushing through the crowd after him.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Hoss reaches the bathroom door. He's kept out by Phil's cronies.

PHIL'S FRIEND #1
Sorry. Team meeting.

Struggling, Hoss can make out what looks to be Phil holding Remy down in the bathroom stall.

PHIL
Flush it!

Another friend flushes the toilet. Water spills onto the floor. Phil and his friend step from the stall, laugh and rush toward the door.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Clean up on aisle Remy.

The boys disappear. Hoss enters.

EXT. CONCESSION STAND -- NIGHT

Sam sees Phil's group appear around the stand. They high five, laugh. Discuss their triumph. Jill's amused but Courtney's disgusted.

COURTNEY
Remy? You did this to Remy?

Courtney pushes him, heads for the bathroom. Sam moves forward through the kids.

INT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Hoss enters the stall. Remy's drenched, humiliated.

HOSS
I tried to get in. I did.
(sits down)
I'm sorry, Remy.

REMY
You know, I'm smarter than this.

HOSS
You are. You're a frickin' genius.

REMY
I'm wasting time at a football game
with a bunch of strangers.

Remy stands.

REMY (CONT'D)
I'm going tonight.

HOSS
Dude, they're just a bunch of jerks.

REMY
Hoss, I don't have anyone.
(he calms)
You don't know what it's like...to
always be alone.

Hoss is speechless.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

With Courtney ahead of him, Sam approaches as Remy exits the bathroom, turns right, breaks into a run.

SAM & COURTNEY
Remy?!?

He doesn't respond. Hoss exits, sees Remy fade into the darkness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Remy's father keeps a watchful eye from against the wall.

His backpack open on the bed, Remy sits at the desk, studies Google Maps, plots his route to Ohio.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

With backpack and jacket on, Remy careful slips down the stairs. He reaches the foyer, sets a note out for Nana.

EXT. RAIL YARD -- NIGHT

Remy approaches the rail yard, passes a GROUP OF HOBOS by a fire.

We SLOWLY CRANE UP, HIGH, OVERLOOKING the whole area as Remy hops on the back of a train. Steam shoots from the sides and front. It slowly rolls away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL ROAD -- DAY

We're staring at the front wheel of Remy's razor. It rolls along the black top. SLOWLY, we PULL BACK, reveal the Razor, Remy's mid-section, his whole body.

Drift back, begin to RISE, PULL AWAY as Remy razors up a long, empty road with wide open fields around him.

He's on a mission. A journey.

Parallel to the road are train tracks. A locomotive speeds by, passing a sign which reads: **WELCOME TO OHIO.**

INT. HOSS' GARAGE -- DAY

Hoss works on his minibike. The cellphone starts vibrating in the toolbox. Hoss glances at the door, answers the phone, speaks softly.

HOSS
Rem, you cool?

He jerks his head back.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Tree?
(standing)
What do you mean you're trapped in a tree?

EXT. THREE PINES RANCH -- DAY

We're looking at a single level house, two car garage, huge antenna on the side, gravel driveway. No vehicles. As we CRANE DOWN, three pine trees come into frame. We pick up Remy sitting in the middle tree.

He's perched comfortably, his bag to one side, his razor folded as a seat, the handle bars extended into the trunk for support. Binoculars hang from his neck.

REMY
This guy's got two pretty determined dogs.

EXT. HOSS' GARAGE -- DAY

HOSS
That's hysterical. What are you
gonna do?

REMY (O.S.)
My options are pretty limited, Hoss.
I'll be okay as long as it doesn't
rain.

EXT. THREE PINES RANCH -- DAY

HOSS (O.S.)
When're you coming back?

REMY
Late tonight, easy. I'll see you at
school tomorrow.

A car pulls into the driveway.

REMY (CONT'D)
Hoss, I gotta go.

HOSS (O.S.)
But -

INT. HOSS' GARAGE -- DAY

Hoss hears Remy hang up, turns to Natalie.

HOSS
Remy says hi, baby.

Natalie's portrait smiles back.

HOSS (CONT'D)
(softly)
At dawn we ride.

EXT. THREE PINES RANCH -- DAY

The dogs have run across the grass toward the driveway.

Remy raises the field glasses. DARREN TRUDY, 40's, exits
the driver's side, enters the front of the house. Remy lowers
the binoculars. But something's caught his eye: the license
plate: **CB 45**.

In the distance, a storm rolls. Lightning streaks the sky.

TIME CUT:

EXT. PINE TREE -- AFTERNOON

It's raining.

Remy sits in his tree. He's got some protection from the elements, but they're limited. He will get wet, cold. The dogs sit at the base of the tree. This blows.

He's rigged his iPhone to his windable FM radio. Two cords run from the radio to his MP3 Player. The MP3 Player displays a recording icon. The iPhone displays a CB Channel listing. Remy wears headphones.

A light turns on in the house and Darren sits at a desk, removes a hand mike, flips a switch and tunes in a CB Radio. Electric sparks radiate, vibrate from the large antennae outside. Darren begins speaking into the hand mike.

Remy runs the iPhone control looking for the channel. We hear static, faint conversation, feedback, truckers, then a voice and words which match Darren's lip movements. Remy perks up.

DARREN TRUDY

This is Iron Eyes, come in Jobson.
Iron Eyes for Jobson.

JOHN GEHRING (O.S.)

This is Jobson.

DARREN TRUDY

Good to hear your voice. Just wanted to confirm a positive transaction.

JOHN GEHRING (O.S.)

Yes, I'm watching them now. Looks like she bought him a new bike. Man, he's getting big. I wasn't that tall in junior high. Its been a wonderful birthday. I owe it all to you. Thanks.

DARREN TRUDY

Glad to be of service. Not many of us operators still around. Ham Radio's gone the way of the western hero.

JOHN GEHRING (O.S.)

You'd've made Iron Eyes Cody proud. Thanks for helping out an old friend. You ever plan a trip to Chicago, get on the horn.

DARREN TRUDY
First drink's on me.

JOHN GEHRING (O.S.)
I'm a friend of Bill W.

DARREN TRUDY
Good man. Might I be helping you
again?

JOHN GEHRING (O.S.)
Highly doubtful. Gotta keep dusting
my tracks.

DARREN TRUDY
I understand. Iron Eyes out.

Darren sets down the handmike, flips off the radio. The electric icons on the outside antennae fade away.

Remy's iphone battery indicator begins flashing. He's almost out of power. Remy unplugs the cords from the MP3 player. Tracks back to Jobson's conversation. A voice meter jumps up and down.

JOHN GEHRING (O.S.)
You ever plan a trip to Chicago, get
on the horn.

Remy zippers up his bag, takes a delicate step onto a lower branch. Below, the dogs begin growling. He's stuck.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. PINE TREE -- NIGHT

It's still coming down. And Remy's still trapped.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. PINE TREE -- NIGHT

Still raining. Still trapped. The lights in the main house begin to go out. Darren Trudy crosses the room, opens the door, steps out and whistles.

The dogs jump up, burst for the door.

DARREN TRUDY
I'm sorry, boys. I forgot all about
you.

They enter the house. A moment later, we see Remy's legs dangle into frame.

INT. DARREN TRUDY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Darren has his back to the large picture window, towels off one of the dogs. The other steps toward the window, sees Remy land on the ground. The dog barks.

DARREN TRUDY

Settle down. You're next, boy.
You're next.

Remy runs across the lawn, disappearing as Darren turns.

EXT. RURAL ROAD -- NIGHT

Through a series of dissolves, Remy walks toward us in the rain, carrying his backpack and razor scooter.

EXT. GENERAL STORE -- NIGHT

Its raining. And I mean **RAINING**. Remy sits beneath the awning, removes his cellphone. Drenched, shorted. He opens his backpack - everything's wet.

He looks up, sees a phone booth by the road. Remy walks over, enters the booth, picks up the receiver - no dial tone.

He exits the booth, walks to the road looks down one vacant side, the other. He's alone. Again.

INT. RAIL CAR -- NIGHT

We PULL BACK from Remy's face. Remy lays shivering on the ground in a fetal position. The glowing image of REMY'S FATHER appears, removes his trench coat, lays it over Remy and settles next to him, strokes his head, keeps him warm, gives him comfort. If only he were real...

FADE OUT:

INT. HOMEROOM -- DAY

We're TRACKING down a row of students as the HOMEROOM TEACHER calls off their names.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (O.S.)

Jayson.

JAYSON

(raising hand)

Here.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (O.S.)

Sadie.

SADIE
 (raising hand)
 Here.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (O.S.)
 Devin.

DEVIN
 (raising hand)
 Here.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (O.S.)
 Remy.

We come to an empty seat.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Remy?

We begin moving again.

HOMEROOM TEACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Erika.

ERIKA
 (raising hand)
 Here.

INT. RAIL CAR -- MORNING

The rail car's still. Remy wakes from a sound sleep.

EXT. RAIL CAR -- MORNING

Remy slides the door open, squints against the morning light. He looks around, jumps to the ground.

None of the surroundings look familiar. He's lost.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

Floor hockey. 7th Graders. Hoss and the Geeks on one side with Red Sticks, Phil and his cronies on the other with Blue.

A whistle blows and the puck drops.

Hoss gets the puck, passes it to a teammate. Phil gives Hoss a little shove, a bit rough. Hoss stops cold as the action move away from him, nods his head.

HOSS
 (softly)
 We're going there, huh?

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MORNING

Not where you wanna be, especially if you're a lost 7th Grader. Remy walks through an alley, trying to pick up a semblance of recognition, figure out where he is.

He turns a corner, finds himself standing opposite a BIG STREET KID, 15. Behind him, ANOTHER STREET KID, 15, pushes Remy forward. Both have dirty faces, soiled clothes. Rough.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

Hoss takes a shot at the goal. Phil's friend checks Hoss, knocks him down. The whistle blows and the game stops.

HOSS
(standing)
I'm good.
(softly)
I'm good.

Phil bumps fists with his friend. They smile back at Hoss.

HOSS (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Let's party, Jack.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MORNING

Remy brandishes the weapon he used on Brantley. It deploys, pushes into Street Kid #1. Nothing.

Terrified, Remy backs up. Street Kid #2 shoves him as Street Kid #1 knocks the metal rod away. As Street Kid #2 holds Remy's arms, Street Kid #1 pulls a fist back.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

Hoss takes a high stick in the face. Knocks him off balance but he recovers. There's blood on his lip. Phil pushes him out of frame.

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MORNING

From afar, we see the Street Kid throw the punch. Remy goes down. He tries to rise but takes a foot in the ribs.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

Hoss stands up. Angry. Hurt. About to cry. He zeroes in on Phil, heading toward the goal with the puck. Hoss lets out a ROOAAAARRRRR, runs straight for him.

Phil turns as Hoss dives into him. Both hit the ground and fists fly.

Phil's buddies join in but Hoss is in such a rage it doesn't matter.

One takes a floor hockey stick to the chin. Another gets an elbow in the cheek bone. Hoss flails, kicks, screams....

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MORNING

...While Remy takes one last hit to the face and he's down for the count. The Street Kids tear through his things.

INT. GYMNASIUM -- DAY

Whistles blow, Teachers intercede....

EXT. DOWNTOWN -- MORNING

Remy lays motionless as his predators walk away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEY -- DAY

Remy comes to. He's bruised, bloody. Next to him, the backpack's ripped to pieces, his computer a few feet away - destroyed. Phone crushed. Everything wrecked.

He sits up - shoes gone. He's been cleaned out. He sifts through the parts of his belongings, puts them together but like a puzzle missing critical pieces, he realizes there's no way to fix it.

A few feet away lays the USB necklace. He picks it up, shakes it clean, puts it back on.

EXT. DINER -- DAY

Remy comes around a corner, sees a diner across the street, a bus bench in front of it.

INT. DINER -- DAY

A FEW DINER PATRONS, not many. It's slow. A DINER WAITRESS leans against the counter reading a newspaper. He glances up. Through the window, we see Remy cross the street, no shoes, messed up.

He glances in the window, sees his reflection, the blood, the scrapes. Walking away, the light changes and we realize the DINER OWNER's watching from the other side of the glass.

INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - PRINCIPAL COOPER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Through a glass wall, we see Principal Cooper chastising Hoss' Father and Mother while Hoss sits on a nearby chair. Hoss' Father shakes Cooper's hand, they part ways.

Hoss rises and they exit the office.

HOSS' FATHER
(to Hoss' Mother)
I need to talk to the boy, honey.

Hoss's Mother heads the other way. Hoss's Father towers over him, pointing his finger demonstrably as if disciplining.

HOSS' FATHER (CONT'D)
You....had better....tell me....when
she's....gone....

HOSS
She's gone.

Hoss' Father stops pointing, relaxes. Then bursts with controlled energy.

HOSS' FATHER
What you did....was awesome!

HOSS
Really?

HOSS' FATHER
Listen, your mother's grounding you,
nothing I can do about it, but
Charlie, what I'm gonna say stays
between us guys, okay?

Hoss nods. His Father crouches down to eye level.

HOSS' FATHER (CONT'D)
Our actions define us as men. How
we conduct ourselves, how we deal
with adversity. I'm not advocating
violence -

HOSS
They were hitting me, Dad.

HOSS' FATHER
Shhhh. Listen, to me. I love you,
Charlie. And I trust you. Okay?
You did the right thing. Your Mom
won't tell you that and the school,
well, the school can't tell you that.
But as a man -

HOSS

Dad...

HOSS' FATHER

But as a man, if someone's bullying you and you stand up for yourself, defend your honor, then you and me, Hoss? We're square.

From the side, Hoss' Mother steps into frame.

HOSS' MOTHER

You're not telling him what he did was okay are you?

Hoss' Father becomes stern, again points his finger at him.

HOSS' FATHER

We understand each other young man?

Hoss salutes.

HOSS' FATHER (CONT'D)

That's my boy.

HOSS' MOTHER

Just....get in the truck. Both of you.

Hoss' Father drapes his arm over Hoss as they move for the entrance.

HOSS' FATHER

This is just like Hagerstown, huh?

HOSS

Worse than Hagerstown.

HOSS' FATHER

How you figure?

HOSS

I only got jumped by three guys in Hagerstown.

HOSS' FATHER

(softly)

I meant your mother.

He and Hoss snicker.

HOSS' MOTHER

I heard that!

INT. DINER -- DAY

Remy sits at the counter wearing someone else's jacket. The Waitress sets down a bowl of soup and glass of milk.

REMY
I don't have any money.

DINER OWNER
Don't worry about it, kid.

From the other side, the Diner Owner sits down next to him.

DINER OWNER (CONT'D)
So?
(holds up phone)
Who'm I calling?

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. DINER -- AFTERNOON

It's raining.

INT. DINER -- AFTERNOON

The door opens, knocking the customer alert bell.

We're in a POV, move forward, see the Waitress wiping down a counter. She looks up at us, motions toward the end.

Moving past her we turn, see Remy sitting at the end of counter, head on his hands. His eyes blink open.

SAM (O.S.)
So I'm your Uncle now, huh?

Remy turns to face him. Sam sees the full extent of his injuries.

SAM (CONT'D)
What the....

REMY
They jumped me.

SAM
That's not what you say, kid. You say, "*you should see the other guy*".

Remy burrows into Sam, starts crying. Unsure what to do, Sam drapes an arm over him in comfort.

DINER OWNER
You Sam? We spoke on the phone.

They shake hands.

SAM
Hi, how ya' doing? Thanks for
calling.

DINER OWNER
Kids around here? Pretty tough.
They worked him over good. Won't be
running away from home again anytime
soon, I tell ya'.

SAM
Yeah. Say, we're gonna get on outta
here. What do I owe you?

DINER OWNER
Forty bucks.

SAM
Forty....?

DINER OWNER
The Carhart.

SAM
Carhart?

DINER OWNER
(pointing at Remy)
On the kid.

Sam looks down at Remy. Yep. Wearing a Carhart jacket. He
glances outside - rain. Reluctant, but resigned, Sam reaches
for his wallet.

EXT. DINER -- AFTERNOON

Sam and Remy exit, stand beneath the awning.

SAM
I hope you appreciate what I'm about
to say's worth five felonies: let's
find someplace warm to get you out
of those clothes.

They rush through rain for Sam's car.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - FOYER -- AFTERNOON

The doorbell rings incessantly. Nana approaches, swings it
open revealing Phil and his friend.

NANA
Yes?

PHIL
We're here for Remy.

NANA
Well...
(glances upstairs)
... I don't think he's home.

Dale pushes forward into the house.

DALE
Oh, we know. He said we should wait
in his room.

Phil follows him up the stairs.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- AFTERNOON

We PAN around, find Phil and his friend in awe.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Sam's car sits at the shoulder, hood up. Sam's in the
driver's seat, Remy working the engine.

REMY
Try it now.

Nothing.

REMY (CONT'D)
Did you try it?

SAM
Yeah.

REMY
Man....

He fiddles some more.

REMY (CONT'D)
Try it -

REVVVVVVVROOMMMMMMM! It starts.

REMY (CONT'D)
Keep your foot on the gas!

REVVVVVVVV. Remy shuts the hood, hurries in as it peels out.

INT. SAM'S CAR -- NIGHT

Remy's in new clothes, shoes, etc. Still wears the Carhart.

REMY
It's your exhaust.

SAM
Pardon?

REMY
Replace the carburetor, you should be fine. I know a guy at the junkyard, I'll see if I can get you one for cheap.

Sam half smiles.

SAM
Who.....? Who are you?

REMY
I read a lot. And I have a good memory.

SAM
I read a lot.

Skeptical, Remy raises an eyebrow.

SAM (CONT'D)
But I forget a lot, too.

REMY
Should watch that. 12 to 15% of those with mild cognitive impairment develop dementia or Alzheimer's disease.

SAM
That so?

REMY
Yep. And the average life expectancy after diagnosis of Alzheimer's is five years. 20 at the onset of symptoms.

SAM
I'll try not to forget that.

REMY
Is that a joke?

SAM
Is that you not laughing?

Remy smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

How'd you get all the way out here?

REMY

Hopped a train.

SAM

You hopped a train?

REMY

Yeah. I would've made it back okay but I didn't check the doplar. Then I fell asleep and missed my stop.

SAM

What were you doing?

Remy glances out the window.

REMY

Looking for someone.

Sam nods, thinks he means his father.

SAM

My Dad, couldn't wait for me to get out of the house. I didn't see him for about 15 years and when I did he spent the whole time talking about money. That's all he ever really cared about, money. I sat listening to him in amazement. Didn't ask me one question about where I'd gone, what I'd been doing. Not one. Amazing. Sometimes, Remy, the fathers we're given, don't want the job to begin with and, for them, it can't be over soon enough. They get you to 18, pick a fight and BAM you're out the door. "No longer *my* responsibility..."

Sam reflects on this.

SAM (CONT'D)

(glances at Remy)

I know you feel like you -

He's asleep.

SAM (CONT'D)

Remy? Remy.

He nods - *of course*. Sam reaches over, closes Remy's jacket, kinda tucks him in, then slides an 8-Track into the player.

Amber light, similar to the glow of Remy's fantasies, fills the car.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- NIGHT

Sam's car rolls through the night.

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sam's car slows down as it approaches the driveway.

REMY
It's the third one on the right.

SAM
Nice try.

Sam stops in front of the correct house.

SAM (CONT'D)
You may be the genius Remy but I'm
the Detective.

INT. SAM'S CAR -- NIGHT

Sam keeps it running, puts it in park. Remy's in a hurry to get out.

REMY
Well, thanks for everything.

He opens the door. So does Sam. Remy turns back in fear.

REMY (CONT'D)
You don't have to come in with me.

Sam relaxes.

SAM
Remy, it's not like this is a date
and I want to walk you to the door.
Who do you live with? Your
Grandmother? She's gotta be worried
about you and I want her to know
you're alright.

Remy glances at the house then back at Sam.

REMY
Please, don't.

SAM
Remy -

REMY
She's all I have.

SAM
I just want to meet -

REMY
They'll take me away from her and
she's all I have.

SAM
Why would they -

Sam remembers the Alzheimer facts. Remy stares at him. Sam rubs his temples.

SAM (CONT'D)
Kid, you're putting a lot of
responsibility on me.

REMY
No. You are. I'm fine with my
domestic situation. I love my
Grandmother and she loves me. We
take care of each other. It may
seem stupid, but we're a family.

Sam stares at him. Kinda sold.

SAM
Okay.

REMY
Okay?

SAM
Yeah. Okay. Go on. Get out of
here. You have school in the morning.

Remy grabs his bag of old clothes and slowly opens the door.

REMY
Thank you.

Sam nods. Watches Remy get out, walk to the front door.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - FOYER -- NIGHT

The note for Nana's still on the table. Remy takes it, heads up the stairs.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The door opens and Remy steps inside. His face registers shock, horror. The entire room is in shambles. Destroyed.

His mannequin's on the ground, his jukebox shattered, his computer busted, drawers spilled on the floor - a hurricane, a tornado.

We PUSH IN on the painting hiding the safe. The walls torn out all around it. Remy opens the painting - the safe's been stolen.

Remy sits on the ground. Everything's gone wrong today. He has nothing. Sifting through the garbage, he finds the photo of his father, lays down on the ground, falls asleep.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PROPERTY MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Again, we see Sam's silhouette with that of the Property Manager's.

PROPERTY MGR

Sam, you've been like a son to me.
So don't take what I'm about to say
as cruel or insensitive. Think of
it as Tough Love. Its time you made
your way out into the world. I can't
take care of you any longer. So
fly, little birdie. Spread your
wings and fly.

SAM

I don't suppose I could get a little
more time?

PROPERTY MGR

How's ten minutes sound?

SAM

A week sounds better.

PROPERTY MGR

One week. But start packing, Sam.
I've got some people who want to see
the space.

Sam exits the door, heads down the hall toward his office door. His Co-Workers' demeanor have completely changed. Silence.

INT. SCHOOL BUS -- MORNING

Remy sits on the bus as it pulls up to Hoss's house. The door opens and Hoss gets on. Bandages. Bruises. On both of them.

Hoss makes his way to the back, sits next to Remy. They check out each other's wounds.

HOSS & REMY
You should see the other guy.

The boys share a laugh.

REMY
They broke into my room. Destroyed everything.

HOSS
Those guys? ALL those guys? They'll be working for you someday.

REMY
Working for us.

They bump fists.

REMY (CONT'D)
At dawn we ride.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- MORNING

In slow motion, the double doors swing open. Hoss and Remy enter. Both bruised. Both bandaged. Both pissed off. Both watching the other's back.

Students move up and down the hallway to their lockers, from the lockers, in and out of classrooms. But Hoss and Remy never veer from their line.

At one set of lockers - Courtney and Jill. Remy doesn't look away ashamed, keeps his pride. Hoss, though, holds his hand up like a gun and winks at Jill. She smiles, laughs, "*is he for real?*".

INT. MATH CLASS -- DAY

Mr. Anderson hands back quizzes.

MR. ANDERSON
You were absent, Mr. Martin. But I went ahead and penciled you in for an 85.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - GYM CLASS -- DAY

Flag football. Remy, Hoss and others on offense. Phil and his buddies on defense. The ball's hiked, tossed to Remy. He, Hoss and the Geeks run around the side. As the defense approaches, Hoss burrows each out of the way.

They move down the field. There's only Phil between them and the goal. Hoss speeds up, plows into Phil. They both hit the ground as Remy scores.

Hoss rises, pushes Phil down again.

HOSS
Get used to it.

As Hoss joins the celebration in the end zone, Phil rises, turns to his buddies.

PHIL
What gives?

PHIL'S FRIEND #1
He hit me pretty hard yesterday.

PHIL'S FRIEND #2
Yeah, my ear? I still have an echo.

PHIL'S FRIEND #3
Maybe we should make friends with that guy.

PHIL'S FRIEND #2
His name's what? Charlie?

PHIL'S FRIEND #1
Yeah. But call him Hoss.

Phil pushes Friend #1. Turns to look at Hoss and Remy.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- DAY

Hoss and Remy begin to clean everything up.

EXT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Standing at the window, Sam sees Hoss and Remy ride by on Natalie.

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam opens a new file. Labels it "REMY".

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP -- DAY

Remy and Hoss walk dig through the trash.

HOSS
Chicago? I thought he was in Ohio?

REMY
Me, too. I followed the money to
Ohio. But he's in Chicago.

HOSS
Chicago?

REMY
Been there the whole time.

HOSS
What a drag.

Remy grabs a piece of junk, walks away.

REMY
I thought this was gonna be easier
than it's turned out.

To his surprise, Hoss uncovers a rusted mini-bike gas tank.

HOSS
(to himself)
Heyyyy.....

INT. REMY'S BASEMENT -- DAY

Hoss watches Remy solder electronic connections.

REMY
Quick! Put your finger here.

Hoss places his finger on a connection. It zaps him.

HOSS
Ouch!

Remy laughs.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Developing a sense of humor, huh?

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM -- DAY

In time lapse, we track around the room as everything's moved
out and a new room takes shape. Double desk, bunk beds,
locks, new mannequin...

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Phil comes around the corner in a towel. Reaches for his
locker - it's open, empty. He turns around.

REMY
Gimme my safe back.

PHIL

Make me.

Remy holds up a camera phone. Hoss steps forward out of frame. A second later, the towel flies into frame.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- DAY

Hoss and Remy push the safe back into place.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

Walking down the hall, Hoss sees Phil speaking with Courtney. He slaps Phil's books out of his hands, spins around and points at Phil like he did to him in the beginning.

Turning back the other way, he passes Dale, high fives him. Phil bends down to pick up the books. Courtney shakes her head, walks away.

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP - DODGE'S SHACK -- DAY

Hoss' Father hands Dodge a bunch of bills, helps Hoss pull a cart full of motorcycle parts toward their truck.

INT. LIBRARY -- MORNING

Hoss and Remy enter. Each wear backpacks, open them on a table, reveal a pair of homemade laptops, proceed to study.

INT. HOSS GARAGE -- DAY

Hoss' Father lowers a welder's mask over his face, ignites a blow torch, starts welding.

INT. MATH CLASS -- DAY

Hoss receives a test back. 75%. Shows it to Remy.

HOSS

'Cause that's how I roll.

INT. HOSS' GARAGE -- DAY

The welder's mask is raised, revealing Hoss. His Father points to a couple areas on the metal. Hoss nods, lowers the mask, his father ignites the blow torch for him.

INT. HOSS GARAGE -- DAY

Another bike's beneath a tarp next to Natalie. Hoss walks in Remy who has a tie covering his eyes.

HOSS

Okay.

Remy removes the tie as Hoss's Father pulls off the tarp, revealing a mini-bike for Remy. We PUSH IN on the artwork, an illustration of Scarlett Johanson's face. Written in cursive lettering beneath it: *SCARLETT*.

HOSS' FATHER

At dawn we ride.

EXT. RIDGE -- DAY

We're TRACKING alongside Hoss as he rides Natalie. He hits the gas, pulls away as Remy drives up into frame on Scarlett.

Remy pulls away as well, leaving us with a vista of the town.

END MONTAGE:

EXT. RIDGE -- DAY

The boys sit on the ridge overlooking the town.

REMY

We gotta finish this case.

HOSS

Where do I fit in?

REMY

I'll get us there. You plan our route home.

(standing)

You can do it, buddy. I know you can.

(approaching Scarlett)

Reverse engineer it like we did the math.

HOSS

Don't sweat it, son. I got your back.

Hoss swallows hard.

INT. HOSS' HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Strewn across the kitchen table are books, crumpled up papers, calculator, compass and downloaded pages of trains. The sound of a frustrated Hoss leads us deep into the kitchen where he sits at a table working on his backpack computer.

Hoss' Father steps into his own POV, opens the refrigerator, grabs the milk and pours a couple glasses. He takes the glasses and walks across to Hoss, pausing to glance at the work on the table.

HOSS' FATHER
Gettin' kinda late there, partner.

HOSS
I gotta finish this, pop.

Hoss' Father steps over to the computer. Hoss covers up the screen.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Daaaaaad....

HOSS' FATHER
(playful)
Lemme see...

HOSS
No.

Hoss' Father cranes his neck around.

HOSS' FATHER
Lemme see...

HOSS
No!

Hoss' Father sets a glass down on the table.

HOSS' FATHER
We still on for next Saturday?

HOSS
Of course.

Hoss' Father places a hand on his son's shoulder, bends over and kisses his head.

HOSS' FATHER
I'm proud of you.

He walks away. Hoss resumes typing but pauses.

HOSS
Pop?

His father stops at the doorway.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Remember you told me 'actions define
a man'?

HOSS' FATHER
Yes.

HOSS
 This weekend, I'm gonna take some
 definitive actions. And I want you
 to remember, if they come to light,
 I'm only trying to do the right thing.

HOSS' FATHER
 Anything you want to talk about?

Hoss shakes his head.

HOSS
 We cool?

HOSS' FATHER
 We cool.

HOSS
 Awesome. Can I spend the weekend at
 Remy's.

HOSS' FATHER
 No.

HOSS
 Daaaaaaaaad....

HOSS' FATHER
 Sure.

HOSS
 You rock.

HOSS' FATHER
 Not too late, Charlie.

Hoss turns toward the computer, waves.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - ELEVATOR -- DAY

Remy and Hoss stand with new Razor scooters and their
 backpacks. Next to them is the Department Store Manager.

STORE MANAGER
 You sure you got a ride back?

REMY
 We're gravy.

The elevator door opens up. They're on the roof. A chopper's
 waiting on the helipad, engine running, blades spinning.

EXT. HELIPAD -- DAY

Remy, Hoss and the Store Manager walk out on the helipad.

STORE MANAGER
Have a fun trip, boys!

The chopper door slides open and a CO-PILOT waves them over.

HOSS
Next time? We bring the chicks!

From far away, we see the boys run and board the chopper.
It's blades spin faster as it takes off.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBWAY -- DAY

Amidst the COMMUTERS in the Windy City, Remy and Hoss rise from the subway. We TRACK around them as they move away with the crowd. Looming in the distance are two architectural initials: **AK**.

HOSS
Where we headed?

REMY
The Gehring House. On Racine. We're close, Hoss.

They turn a corner, approach Wrigley Field.

EXT. GEHRING APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

Remy and Hoss stand across the street.

HOSS
That their place?

REMY
We gotta get on the roof.

HOSS
How we gonna do that?

Remy smiles.

EXT. CHICAGO ALLEY -- DAY

Hoss grimaces.

HOSS
Note to self: Stop asking so many friggin' questions.

Remy's on his shoulders, trying to reach a fire escape with the Razor. RICKY GEHRING, 9, curly, red hair, rides past them on a brand new bicycle.

REMY

That's his son.

Remy's hooked his Razor on the bottom rail and lifts himself up. Hoss glances at the end of the alley as Remy releases the fire escape. It startles Hoss.

EXT. ROOFTOP -- DAY

DARREN TRUDY (V.O.)

This is Iron Eyes. Come in Jobson.
Iron Eyes for Jobson.

JOHN GEHRING (V.O.)

This is Jobson.

We're TRACKING, staring at the tar and pebbles of the building's top.

DARREN TRUDY (V.O.)

Good to hear your voice. Just wanted
to confirm a positive transaction.

We TILT up. In the distance, a high rise.

JOHN GEHRING (V.O.)

Yes, I'm watching them now. Looks
like she bought him a new bike.

Remy and Hoss step into their POV and stand at the edge of the roof. Wearing his MP3 player, Remy raises a pair of binoculars, checks the various apartments.

JOHN GEHRING (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Man, he's getting big. I wasn't
that tall in junior high. Its been
a wonderful birthday. I owe it all
to you. Thanks.

Remy comes across a window with a telescope inside. He switches magnifying power, gets closer.

DARREN TRUDY (V.O.)

Glad to be of service. Not many of
us operators still around. Ham
Radio's gone the way of the western
hero.

He lowers the binoculars.

JOHN GEHRING (V.O.)

You'd've made Iron Eyes Cody proud.
Thanks for helping out an old friend.

Remy smiles.

EXT. GEHRING'S ROOF -- NIGHT

Hoss watches Remy in amazement. They sit on the roof across from the Upscale building. He's hooked up his GameBoy to the binoculars and occasionally glances at the screen.

HOSS

Why are you still in seventh grade?

REMY

I don't wanna be some high IQ, MIT freak show going through puberty on 60 Minutes. I wanna be normal.

HOSS

You're not normal, Remy. Normal is guys like Brantley and Phil. They're normal. You going normal'd be a bad thing.

Suddenly, a light turns on in the telescope apartment. Remy perks up, and hits record. A BALD MAN enters and sets his briefcase on the counter.

He removes his overcoat and heads to the bar where he pours himself a drink. Remy's taken aback, but continues to watch, bouncing from the screen to the building.

The Bald Man steps up to the telescope, stares out the window.

A moment later The Bald Man answers the phone, speaks briefly and hangs up. He heads back to the door and lets in a BLONDE WOMAN, 30's. Remy sees the number "819" on the door.

The Blonde Woman enters the room and as he pours her a drink she draws the shades.

REMY

I gotta go to the little boy's room.

HOSS

Just hang it off the roof. No one's gonna say anything.

REMY

That kinda wisdom got you grounded for a month.

He takes his Razor.

HOSS

Remy?

Remy turns. Hoss motions to the building.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Be careful over there.

Remy smiles.

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX -- NIGHT

A DOORMAN, 30's, uniform, stands outside between two large stanchions. Inside, a SECURITY GUARD, 30's, also in uniform, sits at a reception desk.

Across the street, Remy razors back and forth, stares at a decline leading to the subterranean parking garage.

The Doorman stands inside chatting up the Security Guard. A Cadillac rolls past, puts on its blinker, turns into the driveway. The gate opens and the car pulls in.

Remy glances at the reception desk, sees the Doorman backpedal toward the front. The Cadillac clears the garage and the gates begin to close.

Remy seizes the opportunity, pumps the razor across the street. Trying to beat the Doorman and the gate, jumps the curb, takes the decline full speed. The gate's closing fast.

Remy crouches down behind the handle bar. The razor wheels spin as the gate approaches the wall. Remy squeezes inside just in time.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE -- NIGHT

Remy heads straight for an opening between two parked cars. He hits the brake. A *squeak* echoes.

At the other side of the structure, the CADILLAC COUPLE look to see the origin of the noise.

Hidden from view, Remy catches his breath and stays down. The Cadillac Couple enter the elevator and the doors close.

Remy sits on the razor, slowly rolls to the wall. He lowers the handle bar, takes out a small mirror and attaches it to the handle, creating a makeshift periscope.

He raises the bar, swivels it around, sees a door marked "Stairway". Remaining sitting, he rolls toward it.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - RECEPTION AREA -- NIGHT

The Security Guard watches the monitors. Various camera angles blink images on and off. The garage camera pans from the Stairway door to the gate.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE -- NIGHT

Remy stares into the mirror, waits for the camera to pan away. He rolls across the floor and enters the door.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - 8TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

Remy exits the stairwell door. The hallway's in a square with a giant opening in the middle. An atrium's on the first floor. A GIANT ART SCULPTURE rises from the floor. Strong, metal cables secure it at various angles, running from the sculpture to the walls.

Remy quickly strolls to room 819, removes the USB necklace, places an ear to the door. He slides it under the bottom when the door suddenly opens.

The Bald Man's letting the Blonde Woman out. Remy looks up and panics. Bolts down the hallway and into the stairwell.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - RECEPTION AREA -- NIGHT

The Security Guard's on the phone.

SECURITY GUARD

He's heading down from the 8th floor.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

SECURITY GUARD #2 busts through a door marked THIRD FLOOR. He looks up, sees Remy looking at him from above.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - 5TH FLOOR -- NIGHT

Remy runs out of the stairwell and down the hall. The elevator beeps and SECURITY GUARD #1 exits. Remy looks back as SECURITY #2 exits the stairwell.

Remy looks over the edge, sees the metal cables. He climbs atop the railing, flips his razor over the cable, and hangs by the handle bars.

Sliding down the length of the wire flying fox style, he reaches the sculpture. Balancing on a crevice, he unhooks the razor, slips it onto another cable and slides to the ground floor.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - GROUND FLOOR -- NIGHT

Remy lands, unhooks the razor and back pedals. The Security Guards rush for the elevator. Remy turns around, bumps into a MAN and falls to the ground, phone bouncing off.

Remy looks up, stares into the face of the Head Security Guard. The 40ish man has red, curly hair.

His name tag reads "JOHN GEHRING".

Remy's phone begins ringing. John Gehring answers it.

HOSS (O.S.)
Remy, there's guards all over!

JOHN GEHRING
He's gonna have to call you back.

He clicks the phone shut.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - JOHN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The Gehring apartment can be seen out the window.

We PAN around the room, see framed photographs of the family through the last few years, come upon a desk with Remy's backpack items strewn about. Remy sits across from John. Security Guard #1 leans against the wall.

JOHN GEHRING
Hi-tech hardware you got here. Yours?

Remy nods. John holds up the USB drive.

JOHN GEHRING (CONT'D)
The way you fled my men, I'm assuming
Mr. Henrik's not expecting this.

REMY
It's not for him.

John sits back. Unconvinced, he sees the hastily scrawled label: "*Gehring Video*". He looks up to Remy.

INT. HALLWAY BY JOHN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The Guard steps outside and the door shuts.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - JOHN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

The Gehring video plays on the screen. John recognizes his family. All the kids have red, curly hair.

JOHN GEHRING
Turn it off.

REMY
What?!?

JOHN GEHRING
Turn if off!

Remy hits a few keys. It's off. John rises, steps over to the window, stares at his family's residence.

JOHN GEHRING (CONT'D)

Six years ago, I'd say or do something extreme then numb my guilt. Now, I take a deep breath and keep my distance.

(he points)

Get out of here.

EXT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

Remy exits the building. Hoss is waiting across the street. Remy shakes his head no, steps off the curb.

HOSS

Saving the world's a tough job.
Especially when ya' gotta be in bed
by ten.

They begin walking down the middle of the street, soon become minute figures against the Chicago Skyline. We TILT UPWARD into the dark of night.

EXT. GEHRING'S ROOF -- NIGHT

Hoss and Remy lay in sleeping bags on top of the roof. Hoss's already drifted off. Remy stares at the sky, morose.

REMY (V.O.)

Mrs. Gehring, its with great sadness
I report my failure to complete the
task for which you retained me.

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT COMPLEX - JOHN'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Alone, John watches the video again.

REMY (V.O.)

I cannot tell you how much family
means to me and the empathy I feel
for your current situation.

EXT. GEHRING'S ROOF -- MORNING

The sun peers over the city scape. Hoss gently wakes Remy.

HOSS

Remy? Remy, come on.

Remy's eyes open.

HOSS (CONT'D)

Let's go home.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - MORNING

Remy and Hoss slowly razor down the middle of the road. Hoss stops. Checks out his map. Points. They razor out of frame.

REMY (V.O.)
I never knew my father.

INT. GREYHOUND -- MORNING

The Boys sit on a Greyhound bus. Hoss references a map, Remy stares out the window at a nuclear family approaching the door - Father, Mother, two kids.

REMY (V.O.)
Everyday of my life has been filled
with the dream of finding him....

EXT. HOT DOG STAND -- DAY

At the pick up window. Hoss receives a tray, walks it over to the table he shares with Remy.

HOSS
Hey.
(points at tray)
Eat.

Remy picks up the hot dog, takes a bite.

EXT. PICK UP TRUCK -- AFTERNOON

It's getting late.

Hoss and Remy sit in the back of an old pick up. It pulls to the side of the road and they hop out. A wave goodbye and it speeds back up, disappears.

REMY (V.O.)
...Knowing that he missed his son
and would never let him go.

EXT. HOSS' HOUSE -- NIGHT

Hoss approaches his front door, turns to Remy.

HOSS
You wanna come in? Play the X-Box
for a while?

Remy shakes his head. Hoss nods, enters.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Remy shuts his front door, ascends the stairs. His Grandmother sits in the living room.

REMY'S GRANDMOTHER
How was the field trip?

Remy gives a thumbs down.

REMY (V.O.)
Please forego the final payment as a token of my sorrow.

INT. REMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Remy lays in bed, turns away from us.

REMY (V.O.)
Sincerely, Sam Spiegel.

EXT. GEORGE WASHINGTON MIDDLE AND HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY

Calm. No busses. No foot traffic.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY -- DAY

Quiet. Clear. No students.

INT. REMY'S MATH CLASS -- DAY

Mr. Anderson's handing out quizzes. Remy blows through the quiz before everyone has them. Holds up the completed paper in the air. He's graded it himself: 100%.

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA -- DAY

Students sit at tables, lunch is scooped from tins by silver serving utensils. All the cliques have their areas. Remy and Hoss sit alone. His attention's drawn to Kenny's football table. Remy's lost in thought.

HOSS
Wanna go to the game with us tonight?
It's a full boat of Alonzo love.
Mom, Dad, little girl living in the room next to me who refuses to leave.

REMY
Sure.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -- NIGHT

The game's tied 7 - 7.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - BLEACHERS -- NIGHT

Again, the town's here. We see the Department Store Manager, Principal Cooper with his wife and kids, Dodge waving a giant foam finger, Sam, the Property Manager and his fellow Office Workers, everyone cheering on their lagging football team.

Sitting further up is Hoss' Father and Mother with Susie, Hoss, Remy. A few rows below them, Courtney sits with Jill. Remy stands up, moves through the crowd towards Courtney. Amazed, Hoss freezes in mid bite.

SUSIE
Jealous, fat boy?

HOSS
You know, you are a very special person and I'm lucky to call you my sister.

She melts, smiles. That's what she wanted all along. She leans against him and Hoss grimaces.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - COURTNEY & JILL -- NIGHT

Courtney looks up, sees Remy standing by her.

REMY
I need to see your brother. Is he working tomorrow?

She nods.

REMY (CONT'D)
And Jill? The whole school knows you're crushing on Hoss.

Jill's mouth drops. She turns, hits Courtney's arm.

COURTNEY
What? I didn't tell anyone. Geez....

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - THE PETERSONS -- NIGHT

Brantley and Phil sit with their parents. Principal Cooper appears with his family, hands his wife a concession box.

PRINCIPAL COOPER
You go on, I'll catch up.
(to Mr. Peterson)
May I have a minute, sir?

MR. PETERSON
We're watching the game.

PRINCIPAL COOPER
It'll only take a second.

Peterson glances at him smugly.

MR. PETERSON
Here? You want to talk here?

Principal Cooper nods.

MR. PETERSON (CONT'D)
Okay...

PRINCIPAL COOPER
I spoke with Brantley's English teacher and we both came to the same conclusion. We're not re-instating your son academically until he writes his own paper and shows a dramatic change in attitude.

MR. PETERSON
That strays pretty far from our earlier conversation.

PRINCIPAL COOPER
We had a conversation? My recollection was you bullying me into doing something unethical. Let me tell you the way I interpret my job. I'm responsible for helping young men and women prepare for life in an unstable world. Now if that includes disciplining a football player emboldened to plagiarize and otherwise neglect his academics, then that's what I'm going to do. And if you want to try and fire me for that - go for it! Excuse me.

Principal Cooper begins navigating the bleachers. Peterson rises, turns.

MR. PETERSON
But if he writes the paper he's back on the team?!?

Principal Cooper snickers, faces around, glances at Mrs. Peterson, Brantley, Phil.

PRINCIPAL COOPER
That's up to his coach. I'm just the Principal.

On the field, Kenny throws a touchdown pass. The crowd goes wild, jumps to their feet. Principal Cooper references the scoreboard as it changes: 13 - 7.

PRINCIPAL COOPER (CONT'D)

Wow. We're ahead.

CRANING UP, we see the whole field as the Cheerleaders celebrate, Principal Cooper taking his place with his family, the bleacher crowd standing and applauding, the concession stand, the parking lot, the town...

FADE OUT:

EXT. HANSON HARDWARE -- DAY

Remy razors up to the front, enters.

INT. HANSON HARDWARE -- DAY

The entrance bell alerts all to Remy's arrival. Courtney's behind the counter, perks up. He passes her, heads to the back.

INT. HANSON HARDWARE - BACK -- DAY

Remy approaches Kenny on a ladder stocking shelves.

KENNY

Hey, Remy. What's up?

REMY

I wanted to apologize for burning Brantley with that paper.

KENNY

He's a jerk, Remy. Don't sweat it.

REMY

I've decided I'm not gonna write anymore of those. I'm sorry.

KENNY

Hey....I'm sorry.

Kenny descends the ladder.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Remy, you're a good kid. I should've been looking out for you, not putting you in jeopardy.

INT. HANSON HARDWARE -- DAY

Courtney steps out from the counter, looks down the aisle at Kenny and Remy.

KENNY

The way I see it, Brantley's suspension? Not having an All-State Linebacker forced me to become a better Quarterback.

INT. HANSON HARDWARE - BACK -- DAY

KENNY

If I'm gonna do the work in college I guess I gotta start doing it now.

Remy nods, walks away.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Hey, Remy?

Remy stops, turns around.

KENNY (CONT'D)

I think my sister likes you.

Kenny smiles, climbs back up the ladder.

INT. HANSON HARDWARE -- DAY

Remy passes Courtney. Disappointed, she watches him exit, razor away.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PROPERTY MANAGER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Sam's silhouetted with that of the Property Manager's.

PROPERTY MGR (O.S.)

Sam, you've been like a son to me. Great work. Great, great detective work. I'm proud to have you here with us.

SAM (O.S.)

I don't understand.

The Property Manager laughs, opens the door. Sam exits.

PROPERTY MGR

Humility. I like that.

The Office Workers stand around like groupies.

OFFICE WORKER #1
You want a coffee, Sam?

OFFICE WORKER #2
Someone get Sam a coffee!

OFFICE WORKER #3
Cream and Sugar?

SAM
Uh...yeah, sure.

OFFICE WORKER #4
Great work. Great, great detective work.

Office Worker #3 hands Sam the coffee, shakes his hand, followed by the others.

OFFICE WORKER #2
You cut your hair?

SAM
Yeah.

OFFICE WORKER #2
It looks good.

OFFICE WORKER #3
Yeah.

OFFICE WORKER #4
It really does.

Uncomfortable and confused Sam nods, heads down the hall toward his office. He removes his key. As he places it in the lock, the door creaks open. He pushes the door, revealing the Gehring Family. John Gehring extends his hand.

JOHN GEHRING
Mr. Spiegel? John Gehring. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

EXT. REMY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Hoss rides his mini-bike by Remy's house. He slows down as Sam's car pulls up. Sam exits, approaches the front door. Hoss crosses over the grass as Sam knocks on the door. Nana answers.

NANA
Yes?

Sam glances at Hoss. Hoss waves.

SAM
I'm looking for Remy.

NANA
He's not home.
(to Hoss)
Is everything alright?

HOSS
Everything's cool.
(to Sam)
I think I know where he is.

SAM
And you are?

HOSS
Charles. His associate.

EXT. SIDE STREET -- DAY

Sam pulls up to the curb. Hoss sits in the passenger seat.

HOSS
Just down the street.

Sam squints, glances up and down the road.

SAM
I'm parking here.

HOSS
But it's a couple blocks away.

SAM
Look, last time I parked up there,
someone shot out my back window. So
if it's all the same to you -

HOSS
Okay, okay. Geez....

SAM
You get grounded a lot?

HOSS
(opening door)
Whatever.

INT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

Remy works on his computer. We TRACK INTO him as he looks up. Sam steps up to the table. Hoss stands behind him.

EXT. CYBER CAFE -- DAY

Remy and Sam sit on a bench. Hoss stands a few feet away.

SAM

I had a family from Chicago visit my office today. Maybe you know them.

Remy's cornered, but calm. He maintains his composure. Answers with control.

REMY

I just wanted to help. I never intended on upsetting them.

SAM

Upsetting them? You answered their prayers, Remy.

REMY

What?

SAM

Yeah. They're reunited. Mr. Gehring wrote me a check for the balance of payment. I'm gonna have to give it back but still....

Eavesdropping, Hoss pushes off the wall, quickly approaches, arms waving.

HOSS

Whoa-whoa-whoa. Flag on the play. He asked you to help find his father. You told him it'd cost a lot of money. So he found a way to generate income and make a difference to people.

SAM

What are you his lawyer?

HOSS

Associate.

SAM

(to Remy)

I can't let you do this.

HOSS

Look, you need the money. We both know that. And Remy here needs to find his dad.

SAM

I'm just going through a bad spell.

REMY
 You haven't paid your rent in two months. Your car needs a new exhaust system. The IRS has a lien on -

HOSS
 (to Sam)
 Dude? Really? The IRS? Man....

SAM
 Wait until your life takes a turn for the worse, Barney.

HOSS
 Charlie.

REMY
 But call him Hoss.

Sam's a little beside himself. There's an uncomfortable pause as a tow truck drives by pulling his car.

HOSS
 Dude, I told you not to park there.

SAM
 Don't call me dude.

Sam closes his eyes.

SAM (CONT'D)
 Why didn't I go to college?
 (to Remy)
 Remy, you're a good kid. Tell you what. I'm gonna cash this check and give you the money. But this internet PI thing? We gotta talk about it.

Sam rises, looks at Hoss, shakes his head, walks away.

HOSS
 And fix that window, pal. It's a safety hazard.

SAM
 Shut up.

HOSS
 You know that guy listens to 8-Tracks?

Hoss and Remy move toward the front.

HOSS (CONT'D)
 8-Tracks!!

Remy opens the cyber cafe door.

REMY
I made a zip drive out of an 8-Track
player.

HOSS
(entering)
No doubt, my friend. No doubt.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

Remy razors through the neighborhood.

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Again, Dale plays wii with his father.

INT. PETERSON'S HOUSE -- DUSK

Brantley sits at his desk, attempting to write a term paper,
sees Remy razor in the distance.

BRANTLEY
Phil!

Hiding behind the doorway, Phil slinks away.

BRANTLEY (CONT'D)
Phil!

EXT. COOPER'S HOUSE -- DUSK

On the lawn, Principal Cooper and his wife play football
with their kids.

INT. HOSS' HOUSE - GARAGE -- NIGHT

Hoss' parents stand over Hoss and Susie as they open a box.
A puppy jumps out.

HOSS
Alright!

SUSIE
Just keep it outta the fish tank,
Einstein.

INT. COURTNEY HANSON'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Sitting on the bed, Courtney picks up the phone. Dials.

INT. REMY'S HOUSE - STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Nana ascends the stairs, phone in hand.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Standing by his door with Nana, Remy puts the phone to his ear. Giggling, breathing.

REMY
Courtney?

A hang up. He smiles, hands the phone back to Nana.

INT. COURTNEY HANSON'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Courtney lays back on the bed. Excited, she rolls up in the blanket.

INT. SAM SPIEGEL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

A Federal Express envelope addressed to Sam with a return address from the New Orleans Police Department. Sam rips open the seal, removes a folder with an official looking cover letter.

The corner of a photo's sticking out. He slides the picture a bit to see it - the same shot Remy has of his father. Sam's on the case.

EXT. JUNKYARD/CITY DUMP - DODGE'S SHACK -- NIGHT

Dodge sets the time on his brand new Nebraska alarm clock. Remy didn't forget.

EXT. GEHRING'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The family has dinner with John at the head of the table.

INT. REMY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Remy sits in front of his computer. The Sam avatar pops up, waves it's thumb to indicate another new email.

NANCY DOWD (V.O.)
Mr. Spiegel. My name is Nancy Dowd.
I'm writing to inquire about your
Investigative availability. Two
summers ago....

As the Voice Over continues, we slowly TRACK BACK from Remy's chair. The glowing image of Remy's Father and Mother come from either side of camera. They join arm in arm and take their place behind their son.

FADE OUT: