

THE SLEEPOVER

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. Quiet. Only the faint glow of streetlights through the bay windows illuminate our way through a cozy, suburban home.

Framed pictures smile back at us. Remnants of homework and dinner spill across the kitchen table. A few discarded toys litter the stairs as we climb up to...

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Passing a dimly-lit bathroom, door cracked, night-lite burns. Stopping at an open bedroom door.

WE PUSH IN ON A SLEEPING BOY.

This is LEWIS KHAROU, (10), curly black hair, tiny bird-chest rising and falling in concert with his sharp nose-whistle. He tightly clutches the ratty, well-loved shrapnel of what was once a baby blanket.

His spindly legs twitch as he is no doubt slaying dragons in his dreams... if nowhere else. Yet.

All is still and peacefu--

EEEEEEE! EEEEEEE! EEEEEEE! A SHRILL ALARM PIERCES THE QUIET. He bolts up. Fuzzy. Trying to clear the heavy fog of sleep.

EEEEEEE! EEEEEEE! A terrible, incessant WHINE alerts us to what must be some ominous presence.

MR. AND MRS. KHAROU (40s, Punjabi) stumble in, flip on the light. A blur of fuzzy robes and disheveled hair. Concerned, hushed tones.

MRS. KHAROU

See? I told you he's not ready.

MR. KHAROU

I might have given him a little almond milk... after six.

MRS. KHAROU

After six? Are you insane?!

MR. KHAROU

It was only a sip! He was thirsty!

MRS. KHAROU/MR. KHAROU

Great. That's just *great.*/ What was I supposed to do?

MRS. KHAROU

You know what Dr. Yoshi said. If we don't nip this in the bud, he'll be relegated to an *adolescence of isolation and torment by his peers!*

(softly)

Lewis honey. Nothing to be scared of. It's just time to eliminate.

She pulls back the blankets, revealing plastic sheets and A BED-WETTING ALARM clipped to his underpants. (Yes these exist. I mean, you know, I've heard.)

A dark spot blooms across the front of his tiny briefs. Lewis looks down, realizing. Crushed.

LEWIS

I think I... had an accident.

Mrs. Kharoud kneels down, hands on his slumped shoulders.

MRS. KHAROU

Sweetheart. This is not your fault.

(then, glaring)

It's Daddy's.

EXT. CAPE VINCENT - MORNING

Charming, seaside town in Upstate New York, on the banks of Lake Ontario. Where parents escape the city to raise their kids, and kids just can't wait to escape.

CLOSE ON A CHUBBY, DARK-HAIRED, RUDDY-CHEEKED BOY.

CHUBBY BOY

So then my grandfather was the only one left. Alone, scared, injured. *In space.* And the only way he could survive until his crew came back to rescue him was by growing vegetables... *in his own poop.*

PULL OUT TO REVEAL: HE STANDS IN FRONT OF A CLASSROOM OF FIFTH-GRADERS. Wide-eyed, riveted. A COLLECTIVE EEEWWWWW!

INT. CAPE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

KEVIN FINCH, (10), our masterful story-teller, smiles. Kevin has been on some *really* fantastic adventures... on his iPad.

What? Outside has like, *bugs* and no chocolate milk.

Their TEACHER, MRS. WESTENFELDT sits, a skeptical frown.

KEVIN

So he waited 'til he had to po--

MRS. WESTENFELDT

Okay Kevin! I'm going to stop you right there. I'm having a hard time believing all of this is true.

He SCOFFS, mouth open, feigning extreme insult.

KEVIN

Mrs. Westenfeldt. I'm not gonna lie, that stings. I don't know what would make you think--

MRS. WESTENFELDT

Well, for one thing, it's the plot of THE MARTIAN.

Beat. All eyes on Kevin... waiting.

KEVIN

Where do you think they got the *idea*?

INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - LATER

Kevin washes his hands at the sink. Adjusts a stubborn cowlick in the mirror. He stares at himself. Glances around-- no one else there. Does a quick dance move. Then...

Breaks out into a full hip hop routine. Pop and Lock. A little Robot. Was that the Charleston? It's not bad. Not great, but we admire his commitment. He stops, out of breath.

KEVIN

(in the mirror)

Oh that? Just a little something I've been working on. Whatever. No big deal. America's Got Talent? Nah. I guess I never really thought about it. Yeah, I sing a little too. No... I couldn't. Right now?

He takes a deep breath. Starts SINGING a pop song. Maybe it's Bieber. We'd prefer the dancing. He stops, feigns shock.

KEVIN (IN MIRROR) (CONT'D)

What? I... love you too.

He leans in close, lips puckered, like he's going to...

POV: SHAKY IPHONE VIDEO. LAUGHTER. Kevin whips around to face the stalls. A TOILET FLUSHES.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: JEREMY, dickhead eighth-grader, still filming Kevin's horrified face on his phone. A devilish grin.

EXT. HALLWAY - SAME

Lunchtime. KIDS mill around the cafeteria. Kevin bursts out of the bathroom. Jeremy on his heels, still filming.

JEREMY

Where ya going? C'mon, give me one more move.

KEVIN

I knew you were there the whole time. It was just a joke.

JEREMY'S FRIENDS block Kevin's escape, sensing weak prey.

JEREMY (FILMING)

You're gonna be so famous kid.

THEY ALL LAUGH. A WOMAN, MARGOT (40) walks into frame. Her mom jeans and ponytail belie the spark still somewhere down in there. She wears a sticker that says: LUNCH DUTY VOLUNTEER. And a delicate, gold locket around her neck.

MARGOT (ON FILM)

Everything okay here boys?

Jeremy stops filming. Passes the phone discreetly to his FRIEND, who starts typing away. Big fake smile.

JEREMY

Yep. All good.

Margot looks at Kevin, assessing. His eyes downcast. Upset.

MARGOT

Okay. Well, why don't you head back to lunch then.

Kevin hurries off. They other boys start to leave. Watching the video, laughing. A FAMILIAR WHOOSH SOUND as they launch it into the Cybersphere.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Not so fast you three.

They all turn, rolling their eyes. Loud preteen sighs. Jeremy shoves the phone in his back pocket.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

You're eighth graders. You should be setting an example, right?

DICKHEAD FRIEND

We were just messing with him.

MARGOT

It's not nice to pick on kids that are smaller than you though, is it?

JEREMY

What are you gonna do about it, lunch lady?

Margot reacts, surprised. Thinks a beat.

MARGOT

Well, gosh, let's see. First I guess, I'd find out who your parents are.

He snorts. Big deal. Familiar territory. Margot leans down, putting an arm around him. Quieter--

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Then I'd find out where they live. And one night, long after you've forgotten about me and that kid you were just bullying, I'd come over when you're all sound asleep in your little beds, and I'd cut a small hole in the brake lines of their cars. Not cut them clean through-- they always do that in movies but it doesn't really work like that. See, you'd notice right away there was no pressure. But a small hole? It leaks out slowly, over time, so one minute you have brakes, and the next, you roll through a stop sign and get smashed to little unrecognizable pieces by oncoming traffic.

Jeremy stares at her, eyes wide. Did she just say that? THE BELL RINGS. He jumps. She smiles, pats him on the back. Hard.

MARGOT (CONT'D)

Oops, looks like you missed lunch. Don't be late for class now.

They all hurry off, freaked out. Margot smiles. Looks down at Jeremy's cell phone she just pick-pocketed.

EXT. CAPE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - LATER

Margot walks away from the building. Pulls out Jeremy's cell. Dialing quickly from memory. RINGING.

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

Hello? Hello?

She hangs up. A car drives past, crunching gravel. Margot waits a beat, WHIPS the phone skillfully underneath the back tire. It SMASHES into a million pieces.

INT. BAND ROOM - DAY

A GROUP OF BAND GEEKS who will someday run the world fumble their way through Bach's Cello Suite One.

CLANCY FINCH, (15), plays the cello light years better than the rest. The first thing we notice about her is her deep red hair. She hates it. Her forearm cuts back and forth across the strings, carving a beautiful sound out of the sharp, pitchy noise that is everyone else.

BELL RINGS. Kids pack up their instruments. The very astute will notice SOME KIDS looking at their phones. Laughing. MORE DINGS AND WHOOSH SOUNDS. THE MUSIC TEACHER approaches Clancy.

MUSIC TEACHER

Great job today Clancy. I can tell you've really been practicing that opening arrangement. Flawless.

CLANCY

Oh. Thanks.

MUSIC TEACHER

Have you thought anymore about this summer? We really need to get that application in if you're interested.

CLANCY

Yes. I am, I just... still have to talk to my parents.

MUSIC TEACHER

You have an amazing gift. Don't wait too much longer, okay?

CLANCY

(unsure, flustered)

Oh. Okay, I won't.

INT. CAPE VINCENT HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

HORMONALLY-IMBALANCED TEENAGERS jockey for position, each trying to be cooler than the other. Clancy navigates the crowd, eyes down, trying desperately to blend.

She opens her locker, using it as a shield to sneak a glimpse of HIM. Tall, lanky, wears t-shirts for bands he's never heard. He looks over her way, they might make eye contact...

A GROUP OF THREE MEAN GIRLS, ruthless online-assassins disguised in lip gloss and glitter, block her line of sight.

MEAN GIRL

I used to have a dog named Clancy, isn't that so funny? Every time I hear it I just think of a dog, you know? Here, smile.

HER IPHONE'S POV: the SnapChat feature turns Clancy's face into a cartoon dog with a slobbery tongue. They all LAUGH.

MEAN GIRL (CONT'D)

So *cute*. Give me your username and I'll send it to you.

CLANCY

Oh, um, I... don't have that.

SHALLOW GIRL

You don't have Snapchat? What about Kik? You *have* to have Instagram.

CLANCY

No, I'm... not really allowed to do that stuff. My mom won't let me. I... don't have my own phone.

A COLLECTIVE GASP OF PURE HORROR.

DITZY GIRL

But how do you like... *live*?

CLANCY

My mom thinks the internet is where serial killers and college admissions departments get all their information about you.

MEAN GIRL

Wow. That is SO lame. Sucks for you 'cuz some seniors are having a pop-up party tonight. *Everyone* is going.

(MORE)

MEAN GIRL (CONT'D)
 (catching Clancy looking)
Travis will be there. They SnapChat
 the address right before so no one
 knows where it is. Maybe we'll send
 you a smoke signal instead.

They LAUGH and walk off. We hear whispers of FIRE-CROTCH and
 FREAK. Clancy watches them go, holding back tears.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

GLEN FINCH, (40s) sings along to the radio. He's a one man
 band of passionate finger-drumming and enthusiastic vocals
 combined with zero actual talent.

The light turns yellow. He eases his van, NICE BUNS BAKERY,
 to a stop a full five seconds before it turns red.
 BEEEEEEEEEEEP! The truck behind him lays on the horn. REVS the
 engine. Glen looks in the rearview, hands up, whaddaya want?

GLEN
 Yellow light buddy! We're in a
 school zone. That's a hefty ticket!
 (off his gesturing)
 Okay that's not... that's uncalled
 for. Really? I don't even know what
 that one means, so joke's on you
 pal. Oh if you wanna go, we can go.

SOUNDS OF HIS VAN DOORS LOCKING REPEATEDLY.

EXT. CAPE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

Cars wind around the maze of school pick-up. Clancy and Kevin
 converge on the minivan from opposite directions.

INT/EXT. NICE BUNS BAKERY VAN - DAY

Glen smiles at them in the rearview.

GLEN
 Hey guys! TGIF! How was school?

Fine. KEVIN Fine. CLANCY

GLEN
 Anything interesting happen?

No. KEVIN No. CLANCY

GLEN

Clance. You ready for this? Guess what I heard on the rad--

Clancy slips her earbuds in, MUSIC PLAYING. BACK TO GLEN.

GLEN (CONT'D)

--and now the wolf and the bear are just like best friends. Isn't that amazing? Nature!

KEVIN

She's gone dark dad.

Glen frowns, spins around to see her staring out the window.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I would say don't take it personally, but I'm pretty sure it's aimed right at you.

He takes a swig of chocolate milk. The van door slides opens. Kevin looks, SNARFS, droplets spraying. Coughing, choking.

MIM, (MIRIAM) 15, beautiful Asian girl, stands there. Pink extensions in her hair, glitter tattoos on her arms. She's like most young girls her age-- frenetic moths attracted to the shiny sparkle of marketing. She takes a quick selfie.

MIM

That was just like the best lighting ever for my OOTD.

GLEN

Hi Miriam. I don't know what any of those letters mean.

CLANCY

I said we could give Mim a ride.
(off Kevin, frozen)
Move over weirdo!

Mim hops over Kevin. Sitting in the middle. *Right* next to him. Like *her* leg is touching *his* leg. A jolt of electricity shoots through his body. Mim turns to him, smiles.

His eyes go wide, did she just feel it too, that spark of--

MIM

You have chocolate milk on your nose.

He quickly paws at his nose.

GLEN

You excited for your big sleepover tonight buddy?

KEVIN

Dad, it's not a *sleepover*. Lewis is just coming over to *hang out* and chill. And then when the time comes, yes we will go to bed. But it's not like, a *big deal*.

He looks in the side mirror to make sure his face is clean... and sees Mrs. Westenfeldt charging toward their car.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Welp, looks like we're all here. So let's hit it dad!

GLEN

(gesturing to cars)
We can't line jump, Kev.

KEVIN

Yeaaa it's just, sitting here idling like this? Super bad for the environment. With greenhouse gases and... the Ozarks... and whatnot.

QUICK GLANCE IN THE MIRROR REVEALS: she's almost there.

GLEN

I think you mean ozone buddy. Oh, is this because... do you have to go *number two*?

Kevin's eyes go wide with horror. He sneaks a look at Mim-- she and Clancy giggling and whispering about something.

KEVIN

Dad! What? No!

GLEN

What? I know how you don't like to go at school. You had that incident last year where you held it for a week, and we had to go to the ER--

KEVIN

DAD. You are KILLING me.

MRS. WESTENFELDT

Mr. Finch?

Too late. She made it. Leaning in the passenger window.

GLEN

Hey Mrs. W! I just realized W and Westenfeltd have exactly the same amount of syllables so I'm actually not saving any time with that nick--

MRS. WESTENFELDT

Mr. Finch, Kevin gave a very *interesting* oral presentation in social studies class today.

GLEN

Really? Kev, you didn't mention any presentation today.

KEVIN

Oh y'know, it was one of those spur of the moment, off-the-cuff things--

MRS. WESTENFELDT

It's actually 30% of their final grade. It's a project on their family history. The students have spent weeks preparing for these. Or at least they *should* have. Kevin had a lot of fascinating things to say about your family.

GLEN

Really? Grandpa Carl and Grandma June in Cincin--

MRS. WESTENFELDT

And how they were a troupe of traveling Russian acrobats turned astronauts that NASA trained for secret space missions.

GLEN

--natti. *Huh.*

MRS. WESTENFELDT

I think we can both agree, Kevin has a very vivid imagination.

GLEN

I'll say. Grandpa Carl has had two hip replacements. He can barely bend at the waist.

MRS. WESTENFELDT

He tends to live in his own little imaginary worlds, which can be great...

(MORE)

MRS. WESTENFELDT (CONT'D)

except when it comes at the expense of participating in real life. I think Kevin might benefit from directing his creative energies somewhere more appropriate, like a school club? In the meantime, I'll give him the weekend to redo his project. He can turn it in Monday.

GLEN

Yes, thank you. We will talk to hi--

But she's already walking away. Glen glares at Kevin.

KEVIN

Okay, but you have to admit, Grandma June *is* surprisingly flexible for her age.

EXT/INT. FINCH HOUSE - DAY

The kids walk in, shedding the detritus of the day. A tornado of backpacks, jackets, shoes. ANGUS, their HUGE GERMAN SHEPHERD, jumps on them. Tail wagging, knocking things over.

Margot enters. Their mom. They head off to raid the kitchen. Glen gives her a kiss.

GLEN

Hey hon. How was lunch duty today?

Kevin looks over at her. Margot doesn't miss a beat.

MARGOT

Same as usual. Oh some eighth grader lost his phone and was freaking out. I guess they found it smashed to bits in the parking lot.

She meets Kevin's gaze, winks. He looks down, smiles.

GLEN

Kids can never keep track of their stuff.

(as Kevin passes)

Bup bup ba. Not so fast. Why don't you tell mom about your little presentation on our family today.

KEVIN

Uggh okaaay. So, um, I may have used a little creative license with my social studies project.

MARGOT

Well that sounds cool--

GLEN

He made up the entire thing. Yep, lied about everything. *Biiig* liar. Mrs. Westenfeldt was not happy. He has to redo the whole project.

Clancy walks back in, bag of chips in hand.

CLANCY

I need a phone.

MARGOT

What, why?

CLANCY

Because I'm *fifteen* now and everyone else has one! I'm the *ONLY ONE* in my entire grade without a phone. And it's SO UNFAIR. I'm a TOTAL FREAK.

GLEN

C'mon, not having your own phone doesn't make you a freak--

Mim drapes herself across the couch, crunching chips.

MIM

(not so fast)

Mmmm... not like "sit with the school counselor at lunch because you stink like cheese" freak? But not having an online presence is pretty much a slow social death.

MARGOT

No, I meant Kevin, *why* did you lie on your project?

KEVIN

Because our family history is sooo boring! Mom's parents died when she was a kid. Grandpa Carl and Grandma June live in a retirement home in Ohio. Both of you were weird only children-- you give me nothing to work with! Patrick Waldron has an uncle *in jail*. He's been living off that for weeks.

GLEN

Well as exciting as *that* sounds, you can't just make stuff up about your life whenever it's convenient for you. That's not the way it works. Tell him, honey.

CLANCY

MOM. Focus. Can we please discuss the phone situation? I'm really going to need one...

(rushed, muffled)

especially if I'm going to spend the summer in New York City.

MARGOT

And *why* on earth would you be spending the summer in the city?

CLANCY

Before you freak out and say no, just listen. Mr. Campbell thinks I could get accepted into the summer workshop program at Julliard.

KEVIN

Lucas Shank's uncle ate a hot dog from a cart in New York City once and got a tapeworm the length of a city bus. Now he has to go number two in a bag.

GLEN

(re Clancy)

Wow, really?

KEVIN

No. That's a lie. See? I can't help it. It's like a sickness.

MARGOT

Clancy, that's amazing.

CLANCY

So I can go?!

Margot steels herself. Knows what's coming.

MARGOT

Honey... I'm so proud of you. But you're *fifteen*. You can't live in New York City for three months by yourself. And Daddy and I can't go with you--

CLANCY

It's for school! You don't *have* to go. There will be teachers there. I'll be in the *same state*.

MARGOT

It's six hours away with no traffic. If something happened--

CLANCY

Nothing's ever going to happen! Because you never let me do *anything! I hate it here*. I can't wait to get out of this stupid, boring town. You guys treat me like such a baby and I'm not!

She STORMS OFF. Mim on her heels. Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN

And yet all we're hearing is "waaah waaah waaah," am I right guys?
(off their looks)
Sooo... I'll just be in my room getting a head start on that project 'til Lewis gets here.

He leaves. Margot sits on the couch, with a sigh. Upset. Stares out the window. Glen puts an arm around her, squeezes.

GLEN

This morning she told me the sound of my voice gives her hives. Kids say mean crap all the time. They don't mean it.

MARGOT

I don't know. I said the same thing to my parents, and I meant it. I even ran away once...
(chuckling, remembering)
My dad drove behind me for six miles. I refused to get in. Said I was going to live at the beach.

She fingers her locket, thoughtfully. Glen snorts a laugh.

GLEN

Well that would have been a far walk. Not many beaches in Nebraska.

MARGOT

Right, yeah. I was a dumb kid.

GLEN

You never talk about your parents.
It's nice to hear you open up--

She stands abruptly.

MARGOT

No point in talking about it.
Ancient history, right?

She walks out. He stares after her, rejected.

INT. CLANCY'S ROOM - DAY

Clancy slams the door. Flops facedown on her bed.

CLANCY

She is ruining my life!

MIM

Parents don't get it. They just
don't deal in reality--
(checking phone, GASP)
I already have 98 likes on my KOTD!

CLANCY

She never lets me go *anywhere* or do
anything! She's SO ANNOYING.

MIM

Look, the world is a scary place
for our parents. They grew up in
the old days, when there were only
two genders and no streaming. My
parents still think Facebook is
cool and watch things on
television. Like one show a week.
Hello? They're dinosaurs. They
don't know any better.

CLANCY

She just doesn't want me to get
accepted to Julliard cuz' she wants
me to stay in Cape Vincent forever
like her. She's SO BORING.

MIM

All parents are boring. Think about
it. All the good, exciting stuff in
their lives has already happened.
What's left for them to do but like
watch the news and worry about
their cholesterol?

CLANCY

There's this pop-up party tonight.
Everyone is going. We have to sneak
out and go.

MIM

Everyone? Or Travis Shultz?

CLANCY

Shut up! Nooo. Whatever.

MIM

If you had Instagram you could
totally stalk him on social media
like a normal person, instead of
just eye-banging him in the
hallways.

CLANCY

I know. My mom is such a psycho
about me "putting my personal
information on the internet."

MIM

It's 2017. Everyone's personal
information is on the internet.
Seriously? Like what's the worst
that could happen?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: a doughy, middle-aged GUY at his desk.

Stacks of papers, empty coffee cups, tie askew. This is HENRY
GIBBS, and he's currently watching a kitten try to make its
way out of a paper bag on YouTube. He giggles.

HENRY

That's just adorable.
(calling out the door)
That was a good one Mullens! The
kitten ones get me every time.

He chuckles to himself, about to click off when something
catches his eye...

ON HIS COMPUTER: currently trending YouTube videos. There's a
freeze-frame of Kevin, mid-dance move, eyes closed. NERD
BREAK DANCES IN BATHROOM. 22.2k views and counting...

Henry squints, leaning closer. Clicks on it. We watch his
expression as IT PLAYS. There's a TECHNO REMIX VERSION at
this point. Then, Margot's voice--

MARGOT (ON FILM)
Everything okay here boys?

HENRY
Oh. Crap.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

A KNOCK. Angus BARKS like crazy. Glen opens the door.
Revealing Mrs. Kharoud and Lewis, holding a small backpack.

GLEN
Hey bud! Kev's really excited about
tonight.

MRS. KHAROU
Thanks so much for inviting him.

GLEN
Oh no problem. We love Lewis. He's
so easy--

She hands over another HUGE BAG of supplies.

MRS. KHAROU
So here are his allergy
medications, his vitamins, his
probiotics, his humidifier, his
security blanket, his toothpaste...

GLEN
Well we *do* have toothpaste. That I
know for sure.

MRS. KHAROU
Without sodium fluoride? Because
that's also one of the main
ingredients found in rat poison.

GLEN
Oh. Um. Margot usually does the
shopping, but she probably gets the
one... without the poison.

Kevin runs up, breathless.

KEVIN
Dude. I just got 160 coins! We can
buy *some incense*.

Lewis' eyes go wide with this information that makes no sense
to us yet. He tries to follow Kevin... but his mom holds onto
his shoulders. Tightly.

MRS. KHAROU

He's just a little nervous. It's his very first sleepover.

GLEN

Oh he'll be fine. Won't you bud?

Glen pats his back, slowly trying to pry him away. After a moment, she releases him. He darts off.

MRS. KHAROU

No foods with red dye #40-- well I'm sure you've heard.

GLEN

(nope)

Yes! Yep. Terrible what's happening... with number 40. It's an outrage really--

MRS. KHAROU

And no caffeine. He operates best on twelve hours of sleep so he should really get to bed by eight.

GLEN

Well that's perfect. Because Margot and I start pushing the furniture against the wall at 8:30 and the rave usually starts around 9.

(off her horrified stare)

That was a joke. We don't... rave.

MRS. KHAROU

Please don't say "rave" around Lewis.

GLEN

No, of course. I'm... sorry.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Glen walks in. Kevin and Lewis sit side by side, each playing on an iPad. Not speaking. He looks at them. Beat.

GLEN

Why don't you guys play *together*?

KEVIN

(not looking up)

We are.

LEWIS

I just elevated my Squirtle!

KEVIN

We just dropped some incense to attract wild Pokemons, which is like a Lure Module, except you have to go to a Pokestop for those--

GLEN

Kevin, this is what Mrs. W was talking about. You spend way too much time in these little imaginary worlds. What about playing a *normal* game? *Outside*. Like soccer. Or baseball.

Kevin reacts, stung.

KEVIN

But I'm not good at soccer.

LEWIS

My mom says youth team sports perpetuate psychosocial behaviors. Oh, here Mr. Finch.

Lewis pulls a piece of paper out of his backpack.

GLEN

What's this?

LEWIS

A list of my known allergens. It's laminated for protection. My mom was really concerned about your cavalier parenting style. I googled it. It means showing a lack of proper concern.

GLEN

(reading)

For the record, I don't even think #17 *exists* in the United States. Alright then, how about I just order a pizza for dinner?

LEWIS

I'm not allowed to have processed cheeses.

GLEN

It'll be our secret.

LEWIS
I'm not allowed to have secrets.

GLEN
It's gonna be a long night.

INT. CLANCY'S ROOM - EVENING

Margot knocks on the door. Sounds of hushed giggling.

MARGOT
Can I come in?

CLANCY (O.S.)
It's a free country. So I've *heard*.

She opens the door. The girls are on the bed, innocent looks.

MARGOT
Mim I just saw your mom's car pull
in the driveway. She'll be
wondering where you are.

MIM
Okay. See you later Clance. Y'know
like *tomorrow*. Not later tonight,
because I'll be sleeping later so
that'd be weird. Okayseeyabye!

Mim winks at Clancy and hurries out. Margot sits on the bed.

MARGOT
Look. I know you're upset about New
York. But it's my job to protect
you. You don't know all the bad
things in this world that can harm
you--

CLANCY
Like cell phones and hair dye? Oooh
scary. You won't even let me color
my stupid hair. *For no reason*.

MARGOT
Your hair is beautiful! People
would kill for your hair. Why do
you want to--

CLANCY
It's UGLY. And I'm the only one in
our family with stupid red hair!
Like some kind of freak.

MARGOT

Wha-- did someone call you that? Is everything okay at school?

CLANCY

Ugggh. Just forget it.

MARGOT

Honey. I know you think I don't get it, but I was fifteen once too. And I didn't have a lot of friends. In fact, I used to ride my bike to--

CLANCY

The library and stay until they kicked you out because books were your only friends and let you know you could be anyone you wanted to be. *I knooow*. You've told me like ten zillion times.

MARGOT

Well it was a special place for me. *You that would judge me, do not judge alone this book or that, come to this hallowed place where my friends' portraits hang and look thereon.* William Butler Yeats.

CLANCY

Thanks for the pep talk mom. Suuuper helpful advice from some dead guy a hundred years ago.

MARGOT

Honey. I know this Julliard program is important to you--

CLANCY

Then why don't you trust me enough to let me go?

MARGOT

It's not that I don't trust you. I can't just send you off to a huge city by yourself.

CLANCY

(mumbled)

Maybe if you had your own life, you wouldn't be so worried about mine.

MARGOT

And what's that supposed to mean?

CLANCY

I'm just saying maybe if you had a job or something you wouldn't sit around all day and worry about me. Mim's mom is too busy at work to care if she puts a stupid picture on the internet! And guess what? No boogeyman have come to get her.

MARGOT

Once you put something on the internet it stays there forever--

CLANCY

UGH! *It's not a big deal.* Nobody else's mom even cares!

MARGOT

I'm not everyone else's mom.

CLANCY

Well I wish you weren't mine either! You just want me to have a boring, pathetic life like you!

Margot absorbs the hit. It stings.

MARGOT

Well guess what? It just got even more boring. You're grounded. No TV, no internet, no Mim. Two weeks.

CLANCY

I HATE YOU! Why can't you just go away and leave me alone? *You're the worst mom in the entire world!*

MARGOT

Yeah well, you're not exactly daughter of the year.

Margot walks out, SLAMS THE DOOR.

INT. FINCH HOUSE - EVENING

A KNOCK. Glen opens the door to THE PIZZA GUY, (African-American, 20s) hat, headphones. Angus charges, BARKING.

PIZZA GUY

Whoa whoa!

GLEN

Angus no! Sorry.

Pizza Guy reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a small dog treat. Angus scarfs it down. Pizza Guy shrugs.

PIZZA GUY
Always be prepared. Boy Scout.

GLEN
Hear that Kev? Boy Scouts. There's a fun outdoor activity you could do with real-world applications.

Kevin rolls his eyes, retreating with the pizza.

GLEN (CONT'D)
How much do I owe you?

PIZZA GUY
Oh, uh-- (looking) \$18.45.

Margot walks past. Pizza Guy eyes her appreciatively.

GLEN
Shoot. I only have a twenty. Well that's a crappy tip, isn't it.

PIZZA GUY
Don't sweat it--

GLEN
No no, now hold on a sec. Here.
(handing him a card)
I own the bakery on Windhurst. Come by, check out my buns. Anything you want, on the house.

PIZZA GUY
Riiight. Thanks...

INT/EXT. PIZZA DELIVERY VAN - LATER

Pizza Guy takes his hat off. Throws it in the backseat. Where it lands on the REAL PIZZA DELIVERY KID, slumped over, out cold. He pulls out A PHOTO OF A YOUNG MARGOT. Dials his cell.

PIZZA GUY
(British accent)
It's her.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - FINCH BACKYARD - LATER

The creaky wooden trapdoor swings open in the floor of the treehouse. Glen's head pops through.

GLEN

See? Look how cool this is!

He climbs through, followed by a scowling Kevin and scared Lewis-- in pj's, carrying rolled-up sleeping bags.

KEVIN

I just don't understand why we're being punished.

GLEN

It's not punishment. It's fun!

LEWIS

I'm not allowed to play in unfamiliar rural settings unsupervised.

GLEN

It's our backyard, Lewis. There's a fence. You'll be fine.

Kevin scurries around, frantically holding up his iPad.

KEVIN

I can't get Wifi. DAD. THERE'S NO WIFI.

GLEN

That's the point. It's *adventure*.

He unfurls a sleeping bag. Dust particles explode in the air. They all COUGH.

LEWIS

My mom says I have pre-scoliosis so I have to sleep on firm surfaces.

GLEN

(stomping on the floor)
Wood's pretty firm. C'mon Kev-- the treehouse! You haven't been out here in ages.

KEVIN

Yeah, because it sucks. And there's bugs everywhere.

GLEN

There's no bugs in he--

He turns to face A HUGE SPIDER WEB with a GIANT SPIDER hanging in a corner. He SCREAMS! Regains his composure--

GLEN (CONT'D)

(terrified)

It's fine. Nothing to worry about.
They're more afraid of you than you
are of them.

(handing them flashlights)

You boys have some fun out here!

He climbs back down the ladder. They look at each other.

KEVIN

How?

EXT. TREEHOUSE - FINCH BACKYARD - NIGHT

Kevin and Lewis sit, wrapped in sleeping bags, their cheeks puffed out. Finally Kevin exhales a rush of air, gasping.

KEVIN

You win. What now?

LEWIS

We could tell stories.

KEVIN

Okay. You go first.

LEWIS

New, potentially dangerous
bacteria, viruses and parasites
such as SARS emerge every year.

KEVIN

What kind of story is that!?

LEWIS

It was the top story last night on
CNN. My parents make me watch the
news so I'm aware of what I'm up
against.

A LOUD, SCRAPING NOISE. The boys exchange worried looks.

KEVIN

What was that?

LEWIS

Some kind of rabid, wild animal
foraging for food, or an escaped
convict looking for shelter who's
gonna murder us!

KEVIN

What?! You're supposed to say the wind! Or it's probably nothing to worry about! What's wrong with you?

The trapdoor SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN. THEY SCREAM-- high pitched. Mim pokes her head in. Laughs. Filming on her phone.

MIM

Omg, you should see your faces!
What are you turds doing out here?

Kevin looks even more terrified now if that's possible.

KEVIN

Sss... leeping in the treehouse.

MIM

Duh. *Why?*

KEVIN

My dad thinks it's good for me?

MIM

Parents are so weird.

KEVIN

What are... what are *you* doing?

MIM

Sneaking out, *duh*. Nice jammies.

Kevin looks down at his monster truck pjs, embarrassed.

INT. CLANCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clancy carefully tucks her pillows under her blankets to look like a body. Quick glance at her clock: 10 pm. She peeks out her door. Slips out, pads down the stairs.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

She tiptoes through the dining room, silently.

GLEN (O.S.)

Busted.

She whips around to find her dad standing in the kitchen.

CLANCY

Dad! I was just...

GLEN

I know what you were doing.
Sneaking out... for one of these.

He holds up a plate of freshly frosted cupcakes. She relaxes.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Every time I bake tester recipes, I
always find one or two missing in
the morning. All this time I
thought it was Kevin.

CLANCY

Oh... yep. It's me. You caught me.

GLEN

Brown sugar banana with avocado
frosting. I know, a little wild.

CLANCY

Wow dad. Yeah, getting crazy.

He closes the distance, holds one out. They chew in silence.

GLEN

You were kinda tough on mom
tonight.

CLANCY

Tough on *her*?! She grounded me for
NO REASON.

(off his look)

Dad it's true. She just wants any
excuse to keep me home in a little
bubble because she's scared of
everything in the world.

GLEN

Mom wants what's best for you.
You're getting older. You'll be off
to college in a few years. She's
not always gonna be around to make
sure you're doing the right thing.

CLANCY

Thank god for that.

GLEN

You don't mean that. You might not
get it now, but trust me, you'd be
lost without mom. You two are more
alike than you know.

She rolls her eyes.

CLANCY

UGH. We are NOTHING alike.

GLEN

Don't stay up too late.

He kisses her head, walks upstairs. She waits to hear the sound of footsteps to his bedroom, then the door close. She tiptoes past a sleeping Angus. TYPES IN THE CODE TO DISARM THEIR ALARM. Slips out into the night.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - FINCH BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mim pulls a Gatorade out of her backpack. Takes a long swig. Kevin stares at her, enamored. Lewis stares at the Gatorade, equally enthralled. Both boys biting their lips.

KEVIN

So sneaking out huh? Is it with a group of girls, or like a big mish mash of girls and... *boys?*

CLANCY (O.S.)

Don't tell him anything! He's just gonna tell on me. He's a total tattler.

Clancy climbs through the trapdoor.

KEVIN

I am not! I am not a tattler. And I sneak out all the time.

CLANCY

Such a lie. You'd never sneak out.

KEVIN

Yuh huh! You just don't know because you're asleep.

CLANCY

You're too scared of the dark. That's why you have a night light.

KEVIN

I do not have a night light!
(beat)
It's an *area illuminator* in case I have to pee or get a drink in the middle of the night. I have dry mouth. It's a very serious condition.

CLANCY

It is not. He makes stuff up all the time. He's such a liar.

KEVIN

I do not! I'm telling mom you called me a liar. Which *sounds* like being a tattle tale, but there's a very clear distinction...

CLANCY/KEVIN

You're SO annoying!/YOU'RE annoying!

Mim takes another sip. Lewis jumps up, can't take it anymore.

LEWIS

I HAVE TO USE THE RESTROOM!

They all stare at him. He hurries to climb out the trapdoor.

EXT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Lewis scurries across the lawn to the back door of the house. A black car, lights off, rolls up slowly in front.

EXT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

TWO DARK FIGURES move in the shadows. Stealthy, silent, with practiced precision. ONE peers in the front window.

DARK FIGURE

Dog?

The OTHER turns. We recognize our Pizza Guy, BAXTER.

BAXTER

Neutralized.

He jimmys open the door. The alarm gives a harmless beep.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS BATHROOM - SAME

Light off. Lewis hovers over the toilet. Nothing. Sighs.

LEWIS (IN THE MIRROR)

Come on Lewis. You can DO this--

A flicker of something in the mirror catches his eye. He leans out the door. Sees A FIGURE IN BLACK creeping up the stairs. His eyes go wide, horrified.

INT. BEDROOM - SAME

Margot tosses and turns. Sighs. Glen rolls over.

MARGOT
Clancy hates me.

GLEN
Aw honey. She's a teenager. To be fair, she hates everything. It's their mandate.

MARGOT
She thinks I have a boring pathetic life. I dunno... is she right?

GLEN
They're *kids*. They're never right. If they aren't being bombarded with *constant* stimulation 24/7, they whine that they're bored.

MARGOT
I said something mean to her.

GLEN
Oh I do that all the time. I usually wait for her to turn around and then I whisper it angrily to her back. Oddly, it gives the same feeling of satisfaction.

MARGOT
I just... really miss her. I feel like we're not connecting anymore.

GLEN
I try not to make too much eye contact. I find it antagonizes her.

MARGOT
I'm just gonna check on her.

INT. CLANCY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Margot cracks opens the door, peeking in. BAXTER STANDS OVER CLANCY'S BED, covers pulled back, revealing the pillows. Margot freezes, horrified. She locks eyes with him. He grins.

BAXTER
Like mother, like daughter eh?

And just like that, her face changes from fear to focus.

She slams the door shut. Runs down the stairs two at a time. The door bursts open. He hurdles the railing and easily drops down to the first floor. In front of her...

She kicks over an end table, sending it exploding into his shin. A vase of flowers and broken wood SHATTERS on the floor. She dodges his outstretched hand, running into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She slides across the kitchen island, putting it between them. Knocking over a bag of flour. He's right behind her. The only thing in reach is a plate of cupcakes. She grabs it.

BAXTER

Gonna kill me with frosting?

She tilts the plate so the cupcakes fall off. WHIPS the heavy glass plate like a frisbee directly into his throat. He falls to his knees, gasping. Momentarily stunned.

BAXTER (CONT'D)

I heard you were feisty.

MARGOT

You should have brought back up.

GLEN (O.S.)

Honey?

BAXTER

I did.

She looks up to see Glen, terrified. Our OTHER DARK FIGURE, a beautiful woman, ELISE, holds a knife to his neck. Glen recognizes the Pizza Guy.

GLEN

Is this about the tip?!

ELISE

Hello Mairéad.

GLEN

Mairéad? Who's Mair-- okay, see, there we go. Knew it. This is obviously a big misunderstanding--

ELISE

Jean-Paul wanted us to swing by, get the band back together. One more job for old time's sake. Your old stomping grounds. You owe him.

MARGOT

No thanks. I'm not big on reunions.

Margot's hand drops below the island, pulling open a drawer.

GLEN

Um, hon. You know these people?

ELISE

Oh good. The hard way. I was worried after fifteen years of Tupperware parties and clipping coupons, you wouldn't be fun anymore.

Elise presses the knife hard into Glen's neck. A thin line of blood appears. Margot's hand runs over utensils, searching...

MARGOT

Go ahead. He's just a cover anyway. You'd be doing me a favor. His *constant* whining drives me insane.

Glen GASPS! Her fingers close around the handle of a large steel meat mallet. Starts to pull it out...

BAXTER

That's a shame. Without you, your old partner isn't much use to us. Too bad for him.

(off her stunned look)

That's right. We found him too.

ELISE

We thought you might need a little convincing. Such a dilemma. Save yourself or save your old friend.

Margot hesitates. Assessing. Elise looks around at their house: pictures, laundry, backpacks. Shudders.

ELISE (CONT'D)

Your testimonies may have sent Jean-Paul to prison, but I'm starting to think he got the better deal. Time's up, what's it gonna be?

Margot drops the mallet.

MARGOT

Alright. I'm... in.

Her hand moves quickly across the counter-- as though writing something. If you blink you'll miss it.

GLEN

Wha-- *in?* Okay, I think for me
though guys it's a firm out.

She discreetly pulls the locket off her neck, crushes it with her heel as she walks out from behind the counter. Baxter grabs her, stabbing her in the neck with a large needle. She collapses into his arms.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Margot!

ELISE

Relax. It's just a short term
sedative. Your wife is a very
dangerous woman, Mr. Finch. At
least, she *used* to be.

Baxter moves toward them, holding the needle. Glen cowers.

GLEN

No please--

They both LAUGH LOUDLY. He shoves the needle in his pocket.

BAXTER

I think we can handle you.

Glen straightens up, offended. Looks around. Beat. Grabs a heavy book off the coffee table-- throwing it at him!

It hits the wall two feet next to Baxter's head, falling harmlessly to the floor, pages FWAPPING. Glen turns to run, trips and falls over the broken end-table shards, hitting his head on the corner of the couch. Knocking himself out.

They stare at his contorted body.

ELISE

Good grief. Now we have to drag
both of them to the car.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lewis cowers, terrified. Shaking. Huddled in the darkness, straining to hear any sounds. Two black boots stop in front of him. Elise crouches down. Smiles.

ELISE

I thought I heard a little mouse.

Lewis can't speak. Can hardly breathe.

ELISE (CONT'D)

I like mice. They're very quiet and they run away and hide when the lights come on. Because they know if they make a lot of noise, that's when they get squashed.

She SMACKS her hand on the floor for effect. Lewis jumps.

ELISE (CONT'D)

You don't want anything bad to happen to Mr. and Mrs. Finch do you?

(off his head shake)

So can you be a quiet little mouse?

Lewis nods. She walks away. SOUND of the door closing.

EXT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Lewis scampers across the backyard, hyperventilating. HIGH-PITCHED WHISPER-SHOUTING.

LEWIS

Guys! Guys! *GUYS!*

All three of their faces appear in the treehouse window.

CLANCY

Shhhh! Are you insane? You'll wake up my parents!

LEWIS

They've been kidnapped... adult-napped... *NINJA'S JUST STOLE YOUR PARENTS!*

INT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The kids take in the state of the house, stunned. Kevin hovers over a woozy Angus. Mim films on her phone.

CLANCY

MOM?! DAD? They're not upstairs either.

KEVIN

They did something to Angus!

MIM

Why would someone kidnap your parents?

(MORE)

MIM (CONT'D)

No offense but your dad owns a bakery and your mom's a housewife. Not exactly thrilling.

LEWIS

That's what I've been saying! I don't think your mom is really... *your mom.* She was like, the head ninja. They said she was a very dangerous woman. And they kept calling her Mairéad.

KEVIN

Her code name. I knew something was up with her. Have you seen the way she drives? Total road rage.

CLANCY

She doesn't have a code name! Our mom is *not* a ninja! She won't even go into the basement because she's afraid of the jumpy crickets.

KEVIN

That doesn't mean anything! *Everyone's* afraid of those! They jump directly at you. What's wrong with them? Jump away!

CLANCY

We have to call the police.

LEWIS

No! They said if we told anyone... bad things would happen.

They all exchange looks as the gravity sets in. TWO HEADLIGHTS SHINE OUTSIDE. They scramble, peeking through the window, to see a car pull up out front. Lewis GASPS.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

They're back!

Kevin opens the hall closet. Coats, old toys, decorations.

KEVIN

Yeah but this time, we're ready.

EXT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry Gibbs, plain clothes, gets out of his unmarked car. Surveys the dark house.

He peers in a front window, sees the mess. Checks the handle on the front door-- broken open. He cautiously steps inside.

INT. FINCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dark. He silently maneuvers around the broken pieces of table. Kevin steps out of the kitchen holding a light saber.

HENRY

Heeey Kevin. I'm not here to hurt you, bud. I'm a friend of your mom's. Remember me? Henry?

Kevin turns on the light saber. GOOOOSH! It lights up red.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's pretty cool. Did you get that on your Disney cruise last summer? Are you home alone, or is your mom here? Or your dad? Clancy?

He walks toward Kevin. Kevin waves the light saber, ZZZZZ!

KEVIN

Don't move or I'll be forced to use this.

HENRY

You're really brave, but we both know that's not a real ligh--

Kevin throws it as hard as he can, hitting Henry in the face with the hard plastic handle.

HENRY (CONT'D)

OWW! Sonofa--

He grabs his nose. The others jump out of the hall closet with A YELL! Tackling him to the ground and out of frame.

INT. FINCH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the kids' pensive faces. Studying something.

MIM

He looks way too fat to be a ninja.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Henry tied to a kitchen chair with Christmas lights, a garden hose and masking tape. A set of earmuffs over his ears and a sleep mask over his eyes.

HENRY

Okay I can still hear you with these things on. They just keep your ears warm. They don't prevent sound from getting through.

CLANCY

Where are our parents?

Beat as he weighs options, deciding. Then, he sighs.

HENRY

Kids, listen. What I'm about to tell you might sound confusing and a little scary. My name is Henry Gibbs and I am a US Marshall. I work in a division called WITSEC. You might know it as Witness Protection. About fifteen years ago, your mom entered our program.

The kids REACT, stunned! Kevin rips off the eye mask.

KEVIN

Our mom is in Witness Protection?! Like what they do with Mob guys?

LEWIS

I'm not allowed to sleep over at people's houses who are in Witness Protection.

HENRY

A long time ago your mother had... *a friend*. And this friend got them involved in some bad things with very bad people. They were going to go to jail but we convinced them to tell on the bad people instead. We had to give them new identities to protect them. It's my job to help keep your mom safe, but a video with her face got on the internet. It went viral and the bad guys saw it. They tracked her down.

KEVIN

Let me get this straight. Our mom had a *totally different life?! So then what's her real name?*

HENRY

I'm sorry Kevin. But that's classified informa--

MIM
Mairéad Tremblay. Born November 7,
1976. Ontario, Canada--

KEVIN
We're *freaking CANADIAN?!*

They look over to Mim, reading off a phone.

HENRY
How did you-- is that my phone?!
How did you get my passcode?

MIM
(holding up his badge)
The first four digits of your badge
number? Yeah that was a tough code
to crack. I'm thinking security
isn't really your specialty, Henry.

CLANCY
Wait, what video? Mom would *never*
put anything on the internet.

HENRY
Kevin dancing in the bathroom? So
funny. Got like a million hits.

KEVIN
Dancing in the--
(realizing, A SCREAM!)
I don't know what you're talking
about. What video? It wasn't me.

MIM
(reading phone)
Fiancé: Leo Beauchamp. Born May 11,
1974. WHOA check out this hottie.

CLANCY
She had a fiancé?!

Clancy takes the phone. A PICTURE OF LEO, 40s, handsome,
rakish. Strawberry blonde hair. She draws in a sharp breath.

CLANCY (CONT'D)
How... long ago?

HENRY
A *long* time ago. Before you were
even born. And kids, your mom was a
completely different person then--

KEVIN

Yeah, she was some Canadian named Mairéad! Now, about this video that *may or may not* be me. How would we get it off the internet, hypothetically speaking?

CLANCY

What kind of bad things did she do?

HENRY

She... stole some things.

KEVIN

I knew it! She always takes the free samples at the grocery store. And not just one, like an entire handful. It *always* makes me uncomfortable!

MIM

But what do they want with her *now*? She's old and boring. She won't even let them drink soda.

LEWIS

(remembering, frantic)
They said they found her old partner and they were getting the band back together. Some big job on her old stomping grounds. And then your mom said *she was in*.

(beat, hesitant)
She said your dad was... just a cover. And that he whines a lot.

Beat as they absorb the implications.

HENRY

Guys. I know this is confusing. But your mom loves you--

KEVIN

Mom? Who's mom? Is she even our real mom? Is anything real? My whole life has been a lie! *Canadian*? I *hate* hockey! And maple syrup! WAY too sweet.

HENRY

Kevin--

KEVIN

Is that even my real name?!

Clancy looks down at her feet. On the floor, her mom's locket. Smashed. A tiny picture of their family. She GASPS.

CLANCY

I said terrible, mean things to her. That I hated her and wished she wasn't my mom. I wished she would go away and leave me alone. That's why she left. She went back to her old life because of me.

She picks up the necklace. Inside the broken pieces: a small key. She reacts, surprised. Confused.

MIM (O.S.)

Guys come look at this!

ANGLE ON MIM POINTING at the kitchen counter. Numbers scrawled in spilled flour. 74119. Then below it, EZ8.

KEVIN

It's some kind of code! Okay, don't worry, I can crack this. I saw this on Gameshakers once. Every number stands for a letter--

CLANCY

It's all our birthdays. Mine, yours, mom and dad's. But the EZ eight... I'm not sure.

LEWIS

1234 and birthdays are the most common PIN numbers or codes for combination locks. Y'know, for things like home safe's and--

KEVIN

(a realization)
Storage lockers?

CLANCY

Mom doesn't have a storage locker.

KEVIN

Yu huh! I heard dad ask her about it once when he found a bill from EZ Storage. *Storage unit eight.* She said it was for some of Nana and Grampy's old furniture.

HENRY

Hold on now kids. Whatever you're thinking of doing--

Clancy looks at them. Pleading.

CLANCY

Guys. We have to go get mom and dad back. This is all my fault. And whatever's in this storage locker might help us find them.

They exchange looks. Kevin takes a deep breath, nods.

KEVIN

Okay but when we find Dad and Fake Mom, I want it on record: *Clancy admitted this is all her fault.*

HENRY

NO WAY. These are *extremely* dangerous people. Please let me and the proper authorities handle this--

MIM

Because you're doing such a stellar job so far? You're tied to a chair with Christmas lights.

HENRY

Okay, yes, granted, it's been awhile since I've been in the field. I've been recovering from ACL surgery, the pounds creep up on you! *Kids!* Wait! You can't just leave me tied up in the dark!

Mim plugs in the Christmas lights around Henry as they run out. They blink to the tune of We Wish You A Merry Christmas.

MIM

Watch him, Angus!

Angus, now fully awake, sits in front of Henry. GROWLS.

EXT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A car with the familiar UBER INSIGNIA pulls up. The window slides down. CLOSE ON: The frowning face of our DRIVER.

DRIVER

Miriam?

MIM

Yep! That's me.

Mim walks over, hand on the door. It's still locked.

DRIVER

It's the middle of the night. Do your parents know you're out here?

CLANCY/KEVIN/MIM/LEWIS

Yep/Of course/Uh huh/They joined a gang of ninjas.

DRIVER

Aw man. Is this something weird? Am I gonna get in trouble for this?

MIM

Look dude. We just need a ride. Don't make me give you the one-star rating. I'll do it.

Beat. A sigh. Then, SOUND OF DOORS UNLOCKING. Mim and Clancy jump in. Lewis hesitates. Looks at Kevin.

LEWIS

I'm not allowed to drive without a booster seat. I have a small frame.

KEVIN

Lewis. This is our chance. To be real heroes for once. Out here. Not just on our iPads. But I can't do it without you. I need you. C'mon. Let's go save my parents.

Beat. Lewis takes a deep breath. Gets in the car.

LEWIS

Okay. But my mom says excessive exercise can stunt my growth. I'm only four feet. I'm at a serious crossroads.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Baxter and Elise march Glen and Margot through heavy woods at gunpoint. Margot still groggy from the sedative. GIGGLY.

GLEN

Witness Protection?! I can't believe you didn't tell me.

MARGOT

Well honey. That's kind of the *point* of Witness Protection. You're not supposed to tell. It's sort of the number one rule.

GLEN

So, what? You were loosely associated with bad people who were involved in criminal activities?

MARGOT

Mmm. Yeah, let's go with that.

GLEN

So you're not really from Nebraska?

MARGOT

Yes.

GLEN

Okay. Alright, so at least *something* was true.

MARGOT

No. I meant yes I am not from Nebraska.

GLEN

But that Corn Huskers T-shirt you always wear--

MARGOT

They gave it to me. I don't even really... *like* football.

GLEN

Great. Thaaat's super. I put them in my pool every year *for you* and they are *NOT* what they used to be.

ELISE

SHUT UP before I kill you both!

A small river cuts a winding path in front of them. On the opposite bank-- a modest log cabin. Margot freezes. Elise prods her forward. Holds the gun to Glen.

Margot takes a deep breath. Heads toward the little house.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

A motion detector turns on, flooding the front walk with light. A DOG BARKS. AN OLD GERMAN SHEPHERD DOG wiggles out of the dog door, hobbling with age and hip dysplasia. Margot inhales a sharp breath, drops to one knee.

MARGOT

Angus?

The dog hesitates. Then a flicker of recognition. Runs over, tail wagging, licking. She buries her face in his fur.

MARGOT (CONT'D)
You're an old man now buddy. I
guess it's been a long time.

LEO (O.S.)
Mairéad?

She looks up. Even in the dark you can see how handsome this guy is. LEO (40s) bare-chested and boxers, holding a baseball bat, stands over top of her. Shocked.

BACK TO GLEN, WATCHING IN THE WOODS... in his silk pajamas.

GLEN
Who the hell is that?

BAXTER
Her fiancé.

GLEN
HER WHAT?!

ON MARGOT AND LEO.

MARGOT
Hi... Leo.

He closes the distance. GRABS HER IN A HUGE KISS.

ON GLEN:

GLEN
Oh that's, well that's just great.
Thaaat's really nice.

Glen lunges for the gun. Baxter swats his hand away.

BACK TO THAT KISS.

Margot breaks it. Steps back, hand to her lips. Frazzled.

LEO
What are you doing here?

MARGOT
I'm... sorry.

LEO
For what?

ELISE

For this.

She steps out of the shadows. Gun raised.

INT. LEO'S CABIN - NIGHT

Margot and Leo sit on the couch. Leo's still bare-chested, but wearing jeans. Elise drops a photo on the table in front of them. A BEAUTIFUL GOLD AND JADE CROWN.

ELISE

The royal crown of Bhutan. Dates back to early 14th Century. Priceless. On display tonight at the Luminato Festival Gala. You two are going to steal it.

Old Angus, sitting at their feet, GROWLS. Margot calms him.

GLEN (O.S.)

I can't believe you got the exact same dog *with the exact same name*.

They all look over. Glen pouts on a chair, arms crossed. Won't make eye contact. Margot sighs. Through gritted teeth--

MARGOT

They wouldn't let me bring my puppy into the program. We had *just* gotten him. I was lonely.

GLEN

Well is there a second set of identical kids somewhere I should know about?

LEO

You have kids? No of course you do. I just... wow. You're a mom. I guess I just never found... the right person. Y'know, after...

It hangs for a beat. Glen snorts.

GLEN

You know what else you couldn't seem to find Leo? A shirt.

Leo turns to Elise. Shoves the photo away.

LEO

The answer is no. We won't do it.

ELISE

Then we have no use for you.

She raises the gun at Leo. Margot jumps up, blocking him.

MARGOT

Wait!

GLEN

Oh well you were *A LOT quicker* on the draw with that one weren't you!

MARGOT

If we steal this, that's it. We're done. Even. You'll leave us alone?

GLEN

Oh "us?" We're an "us" now? *Super.*

ELISE

Think of it as a retirement gift. You're not the only one getting out of the game. We disappear, those kids of yours will be safe and sound, and you can go back to your pathetic little existence in suburbia.

(re Leo, a smirk)

If you still want to, that is.

Glen GASPS! Offended at the implication. Leo turns to Margot.

LEO

It's too dangerous. You know what they said. If you get caught committing a crime in the program, you go to jail for a *long* time.

MARGOT

Well then, we just won't get caught.

ELISE

Oh one more thing. It will be on the head of Queen Jetsun Pema.

She drops another photo. THE BEAUTIFUL QUEEN OF BHUTAN surrounded by FIERCE BODYGUARDS.

EXT. EZ STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

The Uber pulls up to an Industrial park. The kids hop out. Rows of storage units, enclosed by a fence. Gate locked.

Mim and Clancy start to scale the fence. Kevin hesitates at the bottom.

KEVIN

Ooh climbing? Maybe I'll just wait here. Pulled a hammy yesterday in gym. Pretty serious dodge ball game-

LEWIS

I'm not allowed to engage in any outdoor physical activities without my allergy medication. Pollen can cause my windpipe to narrow.

CLANCY

Would you two come on? It's not exactly Fort Knox.

Kevin struggles to climb, Lewis behind him. Not graceful. They HUFF, GRUNTING, pulling themselves awkwardly over the fence. Lewis falls the last foot to the ground. They dust themselves off, hurry to catch up.

Clancy stands in front of storage unit eight. A large padlock hangs from a thick chain. She spins the code in the lock. IT OPENS. She lifts the door. SHRILL SOUND OF SCRAPING METAL.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Darkness. Clancy flicks a light switch on the wall, flooding the space with artificial light. THEY ALL GASP.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: A BLACK TRION NEMESIS RR. (Badass SuperCar. Google it. Yaaasss.) Kevin runs his hand down the shiny black metal hood. In awe.

KEVIN

WHOOA. I saw this on Forza Horizon! It's like the *rarest* car you can ever get. YonyPony88's the only one that has it, and he's number one *all-time* on the leaderboard. *This was Nana and Grampy's?!*

Clancy opens the door. It lifts up with a HISS. ON THE SEAT: A black leather moto jacket. She pulls it out. Mim gapes.

MIM

Okay your mom is getting cooler by like *the second*.

Clancy puts it on, reaches in the pockets. On one side, she pulls out car keys. On the other, a book of matches.

CLOSE ON MATCHES: ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON PUB. 127 St. George Street, Toronto.

She flicks it open. The name WILLIAM scrawled in pen on the inside flap and the number: 302.230085

MIM (CONT'D)

Who's William?

CLANCY

I don't know. But it's missing the last digit of his phone number. We need to find him. Here. This place.

KEVIN

Toronto? How the heck are we supposed to get there? It's like an eight hour drive!

LEWIS

But it's only fifty *nautical* miles.

MIM

The ferry runs til midnight on weekends.

(looking at her phone)

It's 11:52. We won't make it.

CLANCY

We'll make it. Get in.

INT. TRION NEMESIS - SAME

They pile in. The inside is even cooler if that's possible. A sleek dashboard of super high tech gadgets and buttons.

KEVIN

Are you sure you can drive this? You don't even have your permit.

CLANCY

Dad let me practice driving the van in the parking lot once. How much different can it be?

KEVIN

What's this button do?

Before they can stop him, he reaches out and HITS THE BUTTON MARKED PREDATOR MODE. (Yes, this is a real button.)

THEY ALL SCREAM as the suspension drops lower, the interior lights change color and ENGINE ROARS! A COMPUTERIZED VOICE:

CAR VOICE
Welcome back, Mairéad. Please input
your destination.

A NAVIGATION screen lights up.

MIM
Okay seriously? *WHO IS YOUR MOM?*

Clancy grins. Runs her hands over the steering wheel.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Kharoud SNORES SOFTLY. Mrs. Kharoud lies awake, eyes wide open. She looks at the clock: 11:30. Elbows her husband. He stirs, waking.

MR. KHAROU
Whatsamatter, whahappened?

MRS. KHAROU
I can't sleep. I'm worried about
Lewis. Do you think he's okay?

MR. KHAROU
Honey, it's almost midnight. He's
sound asleep.

MRS. KHAROU
I just *know* they gave him caffeine.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quiet. Deserted. Just the occasional chirp of crick-- ZOOOOM!
THE NEMESIS BLOWS BY DOING A COOL 120 mph.

INT. NEMESIS - NIGHT

EVERYONE'S SCREAMING! Clancy white-knuckles the wheel at ten
and two.

KEVIN
Slow down!

CLANCY
It's not me! It's like driving
itself!

LEWIS
I'M NOT ALLOWED TO DRIVE IN
PREDATOR MODE!

EXT. HORNE'S FERRY MARINA - NIGHT

The car SCREECHES to a stop. Doors lift-- kids jump out. Lewis crawls out of the back seat. Falls on the ground in the fetal position. LOUD FOG HORN BLOWS. They watch the last ferry of the night already sailing a hundred yards offshore.

MIM
We're too late.

LOUD MUSIC, LAUGHTER filters through the woods by the docks. Clancy points to Kevin and Lewis.

CLANCY
You two stay here.

EXT. WOODS/DOCKS - NIGHT

The Pop-up Party. HIGH SCHOOL KIDS talk and laugh, and other things parents wouldn't approve of under the cover of night.

A GROUP OF KIDS sit on the pier. A small whaler bobs in the water beside them. Clancy sees *HIM*: Travis. She inhales a sharp breath. Mim spots him too.

MIM
Well well. Look who it is. C'mon!

CLANCY
No! Mim-- don't!

But she's already making her way through the crowded party.

INT/EXT. NEMESIS - SAME

Kevin sits in the driver's seat, pretending to drive. Making CAR NOISES. Lewis sits beside him, thoughtful. Quiet.

LEWIS
I saw my life flash before my eyes
back there. Kev? It was *really*
short. And *really* boring.

TALKING AND LAUGHING. Jeremy and his Dickhead friends emerge from the woods by the Nemesis. The red glow of a cigarette being passed around. Kevin's eyes light up. A wicked grin.

KEVIN
It's about to get a *lot* better.

He swipes the touchscreen on the dash. Hits intercom.

EXT. MARINA - SAME

Jeremy and Friends rough house, laugh. Nemesis HIGH BEAMS FLICK ON, illuminating their surprised faces. SHORT BLEEP OF A SIREN. THEN, ON SPEAKER:

KEVIN (O.S.)
(deep voice)
FBI. Freeze.

They all stare. Deer in headlights. Jeremy turns to run.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Don't do it, Jeremy Wachter. Turn around. That's right. Put your hands up. Do you brainless mouth-breathers know what you've done? You've just walked into the middle of a sting operation. You've *compromised everything.*

JEREMY
(hands raised)
I'm sorry sir, we were just--

KEVIN (O.S.)
I'll do the talking you steaming pile of dog vomit! KGB snipers are everywhere out here! They probably have you in their crosshairs right now.

They look around the dark woods, terrified. A TWIG SNAPS. They WHIMPER.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Empty your pockets! Everything!

They unload their pockets: loose change, gum, cell phones.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Now. Take off your clothes.

A GIGGLE comes through the intercom. It shuts off abruptly. Jeremy and friends exchange worried looks, what the--?

INTERCOM CUTS BACK ON. HALF-GIGGLE, A SHUSH SOUND, THEN THROAT CLEARING--

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What are you waiting for? You could be bugged. *Take off your clothes.*
(off their hesitation)
(MORE)

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 You wanna spend the rest of your
 pathetic, wastoid lives in a
 Siberian Gulag?

They quickly disrobe. Standing in their undies. Super Hero
 boxers. Jeremy's in tightie-whities. They squirm, nervous.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Now... *sing*.

JEREMY
 Sing? Um... sir?

KEVIN (O.S.)
It scrambles their signal. SING!

JEREMY
 But what do we--

KEVIN (O.S.)
 Anything! Just hurry up!

They start SINGING. Each one a different song. Tentative.
 Terrible, off-key. Eyes closed, they start to sway a little.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 No dancing! What is this, a
 Broadway musical?
 (then)
 Alright, that's enough. NOW GET
 OUTTA HERE! GO! MOVE IT!
 (as they grab clothes)
 LEAVE THEM! THERE'S NO TIME!

They sprint off. Kevin and Lewis tumble out of the car,
 laughing. Standing over their new pile of treasures.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Jeremy and gang sprint through the party in their underwear.
 YELLING ABOUT KGB! PEOPLE laugh, filming on their phones.
 Mim and Clancy approach the GROUP OF KIDS on the pier.

MIM
 We like, need to get to Canada.

They all stop talking. Huh? One of them leans closer, wobbly.
 We recognize her as our Mean Girl/Emma. Her glazed eyes and
 red Solo cup hint at things still foreign to Clancy.

MEAN GIRL/EMMA
 OMG, *Clancy Finch*? Fire Crotch is
 that *you*?

CLANCY

Ha, um, yeah. Hey Emma.

EMMA

Wow, I didn't know you had it in you to sneak out. Bravo. Here.

She holds out a cup. Less an invitation than a dare. Foamy liquid sloshes as she wobbles.

CLANCY

Um, no thanks.

EMMA

Once a band nerd, always a band nerd, right?

Emma LAUGHS, obnoxious. SOME KIDS join in. Not Travis. Kevin and Lewis run up, breathless. Laughing.

KEVIN

Clancy! Guess what we just did--

EMMA

Ohmygod, did you bring your *little brother* to a party? That is so weird. How'd you guys get here, horse and buggy?

Some in the group laugh. Kevin watches Clancy's face fall.

KEVIN

No! She drove us in an awesome spy car in predator mode. It has lasers that can melt your stupid face off!

They all LAUGH. Clancy flushes, even more embarrassed.

CLANCY

Kevin! That's not true. Sorry, he's such a little weirdo.

Kevin wilts, stung by her words. Emma smirks.

EMMA

Guess freak runs in the family.

MIM

Look we need to get across the lake. To Toronto. It's like *urgent*.

EMMA

You can't just drive across the lake. Border Patrol will catch you.

ANOTHER OLDER KID, JOEY, sits up.

JOEY

Nu uh. Me and my brothers sneak across all the time to go fishing and never get busted. It's easy. I know a spot you won't get caught.

Travis smiles at Clancy. She flushes, quickly looks at her feet.

TRAVIS

We could take you. Right Joey? This party's kinda lame anyways.

Joy shrugs, up for the adventure. Emma SCOFFS.

EMMA

NO WAY. I am NOT going to Canada in a tiny boat.

TRAVIS

I know. It's only a six-seater. You can't fit.

Mim laughs. Emma reacts, offended.

EMMA

Whatever. Have fun getting busted with Band Nerd and her freak fest.

Emma and her Mean Friends stomp off down the pier. Clancy burns red. Travis rolls his eyes, smiles at her.

TRAVIS

Don't worry about them. They're annoying. I've seen you at school. I remember your red hair. You're a freshman, right?

CLANCY

Oh. Um. Yeah. Clancy.

TRAVIS

Cool name.

She hides a smile. As he turns to untie the boat, she locks eyes with Mim, who mouths "OHMYGOD." They stifle giggles. Lewis looks at the small boat. Nervous.

LEWIS

I'm not allowed aboard water craft without a proper life preserver.

INT. LEO'S CABIN - NIGHT

Maps, weapons, gadgets spread across the table-- a makeshift situation room. Elise drops a bag of clothes and a dossier.

ELISE

Baxter and I run intel. You two,
Count and Countess Van Der Holt of
Wales, secure the crown.

(to Margot)

I heard you were the best. I guess
that was before the muffin top.

Margot ignores her. Studies the blueprint. Points to a spot.

MARGOT

There. Escape route is the vents in
the east bathrooms.

LEO

(re her hand)

You got rid of your tattoo.

ON IDENTICAL SPOTS ON THEIR HANDS: He has an eternity symbol. She has a faded, discolored mark of similar size. Margot draws her hand back quickly. Glen GASPS, horrified.

GLEN

You said that was a birthmark.

ELISE

Get ready. Wheels up in ten.

She leaves. Leo and Margot go into work mode. She steps behind the door to undress. He preps tools and gadgets. Uses tweezers to hold up a thin, translucent paper. Packs it very carefully into their bag.

LEO

You thinking the Vermeer in Dubai?

MARGOT (O.S.)

Exactly.

GLEN SCOFFS LOUDLY.

GLEN

*You've been to Dubai? When I wanted
to take the kids to The Grand
Canyon you said the drive was too
long. That's it. That is it. I want
to know what were you two involved
in. Right now. All of it.*

LEO

Gary--

GLEN

It is *GLEN*.

LEO

(as he undresses)

Glen. Don't blame her. Everything was my fault. We were dumb, broke kids who wanted to have a bigger life. But I wanted it the easy way. I got us involved with Jean-Paul Gagnon. A very dangerous, connected man. He was ex-CIA turned big time smuggler, trafficker.

GLEN

You were a *smuggler*? Like... drugs?

LEO

More like a thief... of very expensive things. We were part of a team Jean-Paul trained to steal priceless artifacts, and he sold them on the black market. I was stupid, I dragged her into it--

MARGOT

We were both wrong.

LEO

But you saw it first. She convinced me we had to get out. Witness Protection was our only option.

MARGOT

And *your* testimony put a very powerful, dangerous man behind bars. You did the right thing.

Margot steps back into the room. Wearing a GORGEOUS GOWN. She looks stunning. Both Leo and Glen draw in a breath.

LEO

But it cost me everything.

Glen looks back and forth between them, staring at each other. WTF?! He stands up, pissed.

GLEN

Okay. I'm coming with you.

Margot SCOFFS, dismissive. Packing supplies.

MARGOT

Absolutely not. It's too dangerous.

LEO

He *could* be useful. For diversion.
If we had a situation like Romania.

Glen reacts, *Romania?!* Grabs the bag with the clothes, starts rifling through. SOUND OF A CHOPPER OUTSIDE.

MARGOT

See? We're going on a helo and you don't have your Dramamine. What about your motion sickness?

Glen starts undressing, hesitates. Looks at Leo, who's still bare-chested. He steps behind the door where Margot changed.

GLEN (O.S.)

I do not get motion sickness.

MARGOT

You were stuck in the cabin throwing up for four days on the Disney Cruise last summer--

GLEN (O.S.)

For the last time, *it was Pluto's potato salad*. You can't leave mayonnaise products on a buffet for six hours and expect no repercussions!

EXT. LAKE ONTARIO - NIGHT

The kids' whaler cuts through the choppy black water. Mim and Clancy bounce in their seats, waves spray up around them. Lewis sits, life vest secured tightly around him.

TRAVIS

Hey kid! You okay?

WIDER REVEALS: Kevin, almost green, leaning over the side of the boat. Mouth hanging open, water spraying on his face.

KEVIN

Oh yeah! I'm great. Love the open water. Only water as faaaar as the eye can see.

CLANCY

He gets sea sick like my dad.

KEVIN
(eyes closed, dying)
Do not. That was food poisoning
from the buffet.

IN THE FAR DISTANCE: LIGHTS SWIRL ON A COASTAL INTERCEPTOR. A
STERN VOICE OVER THE VHF RADIO.

VOICE (ON RADIO)
US BORDER PATROL. Please be advised
you are crossing International
waters. Cut your engine and prepare
for immediate boarding.

The kids react, scared. Joey cuts the engine.

CLANCY
What do we do?

They drift a few hundred yards from the grassy shoreline.

TRAVIS
Joey and I can stall them, say we
were just messing around and got
lost. You guys could swim.

KEVIN
I'm sorry, *what?*

LEWIS
I'm not allowed to swim at public
beaches that haven't had their
bacteria levels recently tested.

TRAVIS
It's not that far. You can make it.
It's dark enough that they won't
see you. But you gotta hurry.

MIM
(looks in the dark water)
Swim? Like *in the water?* Where
things... live? Like *sharks*.

JOEY
There's nothing in there except
some Lake Sturgeon and maybe a
coupla' Northern Water snakes.

MIM
Snakes? Nu uh! NO WAY.

Travis pulls out a waterproof sack. Handing it to Clancy.

TRAVIS

Put your clothes and stuff in this water bag. But you guys have to go now if you're gonna go!

Clancy takes it, hesitates. Travis smiles, turns his head.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

We won't look.

He punches Joey in the arm, who turns away. Clancy and Mim hurry and undress, down to their underwear.

Kevin sneaks a look at Mim. Heart undies. He turns away, face red, eyes wide, mind exploding. He reaches for his shirt, then hesitates. Not wanting to take it off. Embarrassed.

KEVIN

So, um, this might be the end of the line for me. Maybe I'll stay with the guys here, throw these cops off the scent--

A SPLASH as Clancy jumps in. Starts swimming.

CLANCY

Kevin, GET IN HERE!

He glances at Mim, who sticks a foot in the water, and SQUEALS. Travis notices Kevin watching her, flustered.

TRAVIS

(whisper)

Hey bud. For what it's worth? Chicks dig confidence.

Kevin steels himself. Hurries to take his shirt and pants off, and awkwardly cannonballs in. When he surfaces, we see the determination on his face NOT TO FREAK OUT.

KEVIN

(terrified, to Mim)

See? Not scary at all. Snakes are more afraid of you than you are of--

(squeals)

Something touched my leg. No, it's fine. Probably just some seaweed. Nothing to AAHHH! Okay there it was again. But it's totally gone now.

Lewis, blindingly white torso, holds his nose and falls in.

Mim cautiously slips off the side of the boat. Starts to FREAK OUT IN THE WATER! SPLASHING, SCREAMING! They SHUSH her!

The Interceptor is almost within range. A spotlight darts around the dark water beside their boat.

TRAVIS

Dude! You have to chill, they're gonna catch you!

Kevin swims over to Mim. Grabs her hand. Calmly.

KEVIN

It's okay. Don't be scared. Here, get on my back. I'll swim with you.

She wraps her arms around his neck tightly. Clinging.

MIM

Is that too tight?

KEVIN

(hiding a smile)
No. It's... good.

Travis winks at Kevin. Tosses the bag of clothes to Clancy.

TRAVIS

Hey! Good luck with... *whatever* you guys are doing. And... I lied.
(smiles at Clancy)
I peeked.

INT. FINCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Henry, still tied to the chair, sings along to the tune--

HENRY

"We won't go until we get some, so bring them right here!" I never understood that one, you know? They show up to sing carols, but then demand cookies and won't leave until they get some? How is that Christmas spirit? That's just plain extortion.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Angus sitting in front of him. GROWLS.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Angus. Listen buddy. You and I? We want the same things here. How can I get through to y--

His eyes fall on the cupcakes, scattered on the floor. He *very slowly* starts to scoot his chair backwards.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Elise drives. Baxter watches live feed of security cameras on his laptop. Margot and Leo, now looking like Jason Statham in a tux, sit together. He pulls out the translucent paper.

ELISE

There will be a receiving line for King Jigme and Queen Pema in the Grand Ballroom. Once you touch her hand, the oils will absorb into her skin. You'll have approximately three minutes before she gets sick and retires to the closest bathroom, in the east wing.

Margot carefully places her hand on the paper, peeling off a thin film that covers her entire palm. She holds it out, careful not to touch anything. Looks over her shoulder. Sigh.

MARGOT

Are you okay? I told you the helo was a bad idea.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Glen, in an ugly brown, ill-fitting suit, struggles to sit upright in his seat. Flop sweat almost soaking through his shirt. Green.

GLEN

Nope, I'm good. Totally fi--
(dry heave)
Swallowed it. Maybe I just need some bread to settle my stomach. They'll probably have food there.

LEO

We're not really gonna have a lot of time to eat, Glen.

GLEN

I wasn't suggesting a sit-down dinner, Leo. I was talking some apps, maybe a dip. Y'know it's so interesting that you found such a sleek tux in that bag- what is that, Tom Ford? But all that was left for me was this thing.

A closer look at his suit: polyester. Pants end well above his ankles. Suit jacket too tight, arms too short.

GLEN (CONT'D)

What is it made out of, Berber carpet? Retains a lot of heat--

LEO

Well next time the three of us plan a heist, I'll make sure they pack more options for you, *Glen*--

MARGOT

Both of you shut up.

GLEN

He started it.

EXT. ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC - TORONTO - NIGHT

One of the largest, most distinguished musical institutions in the world. SPARKLE OF FLASHBULBS as HIGH-SOCIETY GUESTS and FOREIGN DIGNITARIES filter into the glamorous party.

INT/EXT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Elise, dressed as the driver, opens the door.

ELISE

In and out. Baxter has eyes on you.
Don't get cute.

Leo, Margot and Glen walk toward the entrance. A PHOTOGRAPHER steps in front, camera raised. Leo pulls Margot to him-- obscures their faces WITH A KISS. Photog snaps a pic, moves on. Glen's mouth drops, horrified.

LEO

Sorry Glen. Can't have pictures.

INT. ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC - ENTRANCE

SECURITY check. Leo hands over their forged credentials.

SECURITY

Welcome Count and Countess Van Der Holt.

(looking at Glen)

And...?

LEO

(perfect accent)

This is our personal secretary, Leslie.

GLEN

(terrible accent)

Leslie is a family name.

(MORE)

GLEN (CONT'D)

And I'd say less like a *secretary*,
and more like a bodyguard. Highly
trained, lethal.

He makes a karate chop move. Knocking over an expensive-
looking sculpture. IT SHATTERS. Everyone stares, horrified.

GLEN (CONT'D)

(re Leo)

He will be happy to pay for that.
He's a Count, so, he's extremely
wealthy. Put it on his tab, ha! No,
but my deepest apologies.

SECURITY motions to another GUARD. He escorts Glen to the
side for a thorough pat down.

SECURITY

Just a precaution, sir. He's not on
the list.

LEO

Of course. Please.

Margot sighs, rolls her eyes, as they wait.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Four soggy, waterlogged bodies heave themselves onto the
sand. Kevin lies, one cheek on the sand, breathing hard.
Clancy and Mim pop up, run up the beach to change.

Lewis drags himself next to Kevin, coughing. Spitting out sea
water. Exhausted.

LEWIS

There have been forty cases of
brain-eating amoeba's infecting
people through unsanitary water.

KEVIN

Lewis. I felt... *boob* on my back.

Lewis's eyes go wide.

LEWIS

I think that's first base.

KEVIN

Totally worth it.

They grin. Try to high-five, but can't move their tired arms.

ANGLE ON CLANCY AND MIM, GETTING DRESSED. THE SOUND OF LOUD, PROLONGED SCREAMING. THEY FREEZE, SCARED.

MIM

What do they do to people in
Canada?!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The four kids push through heavy brush, fearful. To find...

EXT. CENTREVILLE AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT

An old-time children's amusement park at the edge of downtown Toronto. CARNIVAL MUSIC. HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMS as a roller coaster roars past overhead.

AN EMPLOYEE drives up on A GOLF CART, loaded with carnival food and prizes. He jumps off, carrying a crate of candy into a tent. Clancy watches him disappear inside, a grin.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - NIGHT

VARIOUS POSTERS AND BANNERS TOUT THE 2017 LUMINATO FESTIVAL. A huge celebration of arts and music that overtakes downtown Toronto for ten days. LOUD MUSIC, LAUGHTER fills the streets.

DRUNKEN PARTIERS spill out onto the streets from bars and exhibits. Clancy drives through the crowded masses IN THE STOLEN GOLF CART. HUGE STUFFED TOYS hang out the back. Mim stares at the GPS map on her phone.

SIRI (ON PHONE)

You have reached your destination.

ACROSS THE STREET: PILSKY'S DRY CLEANING. 127 St. George street. Clancy looks at the matchbook. 127 St. George Street.

CLANCY

There must be some mistake. You two
stay here.

Clancy and Mim run across the street, leaving the boys.

EXT. GOLF CART - NIGHT

TWO SLOPPY DRUNK GIRLS stagger up. Plop down in the front seats. ONE GIRL SOBS. THE OTHER WOBBLY ONE comforts her.

Kevin and Lewis, eating carnival popcorn, exchange looks.

WOBBLY GIRL

Forget him. He doesn't deserve you.

SOBBING GIRL

It's *me*. It's because I'm not pretty enough. Isn't it?

She looks back at Lewis. Mascara running, snot streaming, hair wild. HER POV: three of his blurry faces. Then, crazy--

SOBBING GIRL (CONT'D)

ISN'T IT?

Lewis jumps, spilling his popcorn. Scared.

LEWIS

Me? No! You're... really pretty. Don't cry.

He hands her a STUFFED UNICORN from the back.

SOBBING GIRL

Ohmygod. Really? That is SO SWEET.
(then, leaning closer)
You're *super* cute.

WOBBLY GIRL

(hissing in her ear)
No way Amanda. He looks *really* short.

She touches Lewis's arm, flirty. His eyes go wide, nervous.

LEWIS

I'm not allowed to talk to overly-emotional, provocatively-dressed women.

SOBBING GIRL

You are so funny! I'm Amanda.

LEWIS

I'm Lew--

She leans over, PLANTS A KISS ON HIM. Pulls back, giggling. Then leans over and THROWS UP EVERYWHERE. Even on the unicorn.

WOBBLY GIRL

There you go. Good girl. Let it all out. That's it.

Lewis breaks out into a huge smile. Kevin dry heaves, spitting out popcorn.

KEVIN

The sound of barf makes *me* barf!

EXT. PILSKY'S DRY CLEANING - NIGHT

Clancy and Mim peek inside the store. Lights off, CLOSED sign on the door. A GROUP OF PARTYING GUYS walk past.

MIM

Excuse me, do you know where St. George and the Dragon pub is?

PARTYING GUY

This used to be it. It burned down like six years ago.

MIM

So what do we do now?

CLANCY

I... don't know.

Clancy turns back to the golf cart. Deflated. She's now facing directly across the street. Her eyes light up.

EXT. GOLF CART - NIGHT

Clancy and Mim race back to Kevin and Lewis. Our Drunk girls stumble off down the street. Lewis still GRINNING BROADLY.

MIM

What's he so happy about?

CLANCY

Kev, what is that thing mom's always saying?

KEVIN

Stop wiping boogers on the couch?

CLANCY

No. The *other* thing.

Beat, thinking.

KEVIN

The library? She's always talking about how she used to go there all the time because she had no friends, just to try and trick us into reading stupid books. I'm not falling for it.

CLANCY

(holding up matchbook)

This isn't a phone number. It's the dewey decimal system. A *call number for a library book!* William is that dead poet guy she's always quoting.

(pointing behind them)

Look!

THE THOMAS FISHER RARE BOOK LIBRARY. PEOPLE climb the tall steps, filtering in and out of the open Festival Exhibit.

MIM

People still go to libraries? Isn't that what kindles are for? *Duh.*

INT. THOMAS FISHER RARE BOOK LIBRARY - NIGHT

A massive atrium rises up seven stories. Hundreds of thousands of dusty books. A SIGN WELCOMES THE FREE ART INSTALLATION. VISITORS mill around, admiring the pieces.

Clancy scans the directory, hits the elevator button. Lewis gawks at an impressive wooden structure, roped off.

LEWIS

I think this is a *real* Gutenberg!

MIM

A what?

LEWIS

A printing press?

MIM

A what?

The elevator DINGS. Doors slide open.

INT. LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

The elevator spits them out into the LITERATURE section.

Clancy winds around the huge shelves, scanning the call numbers. She pulls out the matchbook, running her finger along the books to find the exact number-- *there.* She pulls out COLLECTED POEMS of William Butler Yeats.

CLANCY

This is it.

She quickly thumbs through the book, searching. But nothing.

She flips it over, looking at the back cover, the spine. It's just a book. She looks up, confused.

KEVIN

Try all of them.

They pull all the Yeats books down off the shelf. A huge pile on the floor. They tear through it-- rifling through pages, shaking them, feverishly searching...

Nothing. Clancy tosses the last book. Deflated.

CLANCY

I don't get it. This should be it.
Something should be here.

KEVIN

It was a good guess. Mom's aalways saying that thing, "Don't judge me or my books, or something bla bla," I dunno, I wasn't really listening.

MIM

Clancy. I think we gotta call the police now. This is waay over our heads, y'know? Clance?

But she's walking toward the wall, where LARGE FRAMED PICTURES OF AUTHORS stare back at her.

CLANCY

"Come to this hallowed place where my friends' portraits hang..."

She stops in front of a life-sized portrait of WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS 1865-1939. He appears to be looking right at her.

She reaches out... and starts to yank it off the wall. It's too heavy. She strains, grunting.

CLANCY (CONT'D)

Give me a hand.

They hurry over to help. It takes all four of them to pull it off the wall. It CRASHES to the ground with a THUD.

Revealing a small, hidden door.

They all react, GASPS of surprise! Clancy reaches out, twists the handle. Locked. She reaches into her pocket, remembering. And pulls out the key from her mother's locket.

KEVIN

Where did you get that?

CLANCY

The locket mom always wears.

She turns the key, unlocking it. Pushes at the heavy wooden door, and it slowly creaks open. REVEALING STEPS TO A DARK UNDERGROUND TUNNEL. Mim peers over her shoulder.

MIM

Nope. No way. Not taking the dark, scary stairs of doom to our deaths.

CLANCY

Whatever's down here is gonna lead to my mom.

MIM

Right. Or to zombies ripping our faces off and eating our brains. Seriously? It's like you don't even have Netflix.

LEWIS

The city of Toronto built an entire underground network called the PATH. It's a series of tunnels and walkways linking the buildings downtown so people can stay out of the cold. There's supposed to be shops and restaurants down there too. Almost like a shopping mall.

MIM

Yeah. Because *that* looks like it leads to the mall.

LEWIS

There's tons of urban myths and stories about old, long lost secret passageways in the PATH. They even say some organized crime use them to hide from police.

A LIBRARY EMPLOYEE comes around the corner.

EMPLOYEE

Hey! You kids can't be down here-- What the? What did you do?! That's just great. Stay right there! HEY!

CLANCY

Come on!

She shoves them through the door, locking it behind them. Employee BANGS on the door, pushing. It won't budge.

INT. ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

A FORMAL BALL. AN ORCHESTRA plays while GUESTS dance and mingle. SOME wait in a receiving line to greet KING JIGME KHESAR NAMGYEL WANGCHUCK and QUEEN JETSUN PEMA, young royalty considered the Will and Kate of the Himalayas.

CLOSE ON: A HEAVY-SET WOMAN dripping in expensive jewelry. She suddenly frowns, turning sharply. Revealing Margot behind her. Holding a cellphone. Beat. Margot smiles, holds it out for the woman.

MARGOT

I think you dropped your phone.

Heavy Woman gives her a tight-lipped smile. Takes the phone back, pulling her purse tightly to her. Leo laughs softly.

LEO

A little out of practice?

Margot scans the room, taking a quick inventory.

MARGOT

I need a way to reach out to Henry--

LEO

Too risky. If we just give them what they want, they'll disappear for good. Your family will be safe.

WIDER REVEALS GLEN: holding a plate of tiny appetizers. Still sweating, but looking a little better.

GLEN

Who's Henry? Wait, Henry your best friend from college?
(off her look)
Lemme guess. Not from college.

MARGOT

Oh, honey. He's... the US Marshall assigned to my case.

GLEN

(whisper-shout)
He came for Thanksgiving! I baked cranberry corn bread *because you said it was his favorite.*

MARGOT

It was a pre-scheduled home visit. He loved the bread. We all did.

SECURITY ushers them forward in line. It's their turn to greet the GORGEOUS YOUNG KING AND QUEEN OF BHUTAN. Leo bows deeply.

LEO
Your Excellencies. My wife,
Countess Van Der Holt.

King Jigme smiles, nods.

KING JIGME
Very beautiful.

Leo takes Margot's (safe) hand. KISSES IT. Looks at her.

LEO
Yes. I'm a very lucky man.
(beat)
I've never forgotten that.

Glen hands his plate to a WAITER. Fuming. He's had it.

GLEN
Okay, I'm sorry. That's it. That.
Is. It. I will not stand here and--

HE GRABS MARGOT'S OTHER HAND. She jerks it back. She and Leo react, stunned. Glen realizes what he's done, GASPS!

PUTTING HIS HANDS TO HIS MOUTH. THEN GASPS AGAIN! Throwing his hands out like jazz hands. SPITTING! FREAKING OUT!

GLEN (CONT'D)
I think it got in my mouth! What happens if it gets in my mouth?

SECURITY CIRCLES tightly, not sure what's happening. OTHERS look over, noticing the commotion.

GLEN (CONT'D)
Should I have milk?! Remember when Kevin drank that glow stick in second grade to make his insides light up? Poison Control said to drink milk! *SOMEONE GET A GLASS OF MILK!*

LEO
(trying to save it)
Please excuse our assistant, he hasn't been feeling well--

MARGOT
It might be some food poisoning--

GLEN

Okay, I don't think anything's happening. I feel okay. I think I'm okay. Maybe I'm immune. I have a pretty solid immune sys--

HE TURNS AND VOMITS ALL OVER THE QUEEN'S DRESS. HORRIFIED GASPS. SHRIEKS! ROYAL SECURITY SEIZES THE THREE OF THEM.

INT. UNDERGROUND PATH - NIGHT

Dark, eerie. The kids walk down the old tracks of a forgotten subway station. Mim uses the flashlight app on her phone to light the way. Kevin and Clancy a few steps behind.

KEVIN

That party at the docks, that was the party you were sneaking out to?

CLANCY

Wha? Yeah. I guess.

KEVIN

Who was that girl?

CLANCY

Just my friend, Emma.

KEVIN

She didn't seem very... *nice*.

CLANCY

She was just joking around. That's how we are with each other. You just don't get it.

KEVIN

Oh, okay. It's just, she sounded kinda mean. My friends would never talk to me like that--

CLANCY

That's because you're dorks. Dorks are super nice all the time because they have to be. Popular kids are mean, because they *can* be. But it's funny. It's not a big deal.

KEVIN

Oh.

(beat, processing)

So in high school, people like the mean kids but not the nice kids?

CLANCY

No, yes. It's hard to explain. Just stop asking so many dumb questions!

ANGLE ON: Mim and Lewis, a few paces ahead. Lewis WHEEZES.

MIM

Are you okay?

LEWIS

Yeah.

HOARSE, PERSISTENT COUGHING. DRY HACKING.

MIM

Are you sure? You kind of sound like you're dying. Do you have asthma or something?

LEWIS

No. I'm just *really* thirsty. I'm not allowed to have any liquids after six o'clock.

As soon as it comes out, he regrets it. She laughs.

MIM

Why not?

His cheeks burn bright red. He fidgets, embarrassed.

LEWIS

No, it's nothing. You wouldn't understand.

MIM

Try me.

LEWIS

It's... embarrassing.

They walk for a beat. Then--

MIM

Do you know why I take videos of myself all the time for my Instagram page and my YouTube channel and stuff?

LEWIS

The pressure to be socially accepted causes you to seek validation and connectivity online?
(off her look)
(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)

My mom made me watch an Anderson Cooper special last night about the dangers of the internet.

MIM

You say weird things, you know that?

LEWIS

Yeah.

MIM

Okay maybe *a little bit* of that stuff *now*. But I used to stutter when I was your age. Like really bad. Like no one could understand me and people used to make fun of me and call me MamamamaMim.

LEWIS

Really?

MIM

Yeah. I had to go to a speech therapist and everything. It made me really shy and not want to talk to people.

LEWIS

I get it. So after you fixed your stutter, you got your confidence back. And now you have the ability to talk to the world.

MIM

Wrong smarty-pants. I started all that stuff when I *still had* my stutter. Speaking on camera alone in my room all the time, instead of in front of people, helped me get more comfortable. Then my stutter got better and better until one day it was just gone.

LEWIS

Wow. Really? That's cool.

MIM

My point is, everyone has something they're embarrassed about. Just don't let it keep you from doing stuff you want to do. Because, you're a cool kid. In like, you're own super weird way.

Lewis swells with pride at this unexpected knighting. Beat.

LEWIS

You're cool too. And not just the
online Mim. I mean, the *real* Mim.
(off her dismissive scoff)
I'm not the only one who thinks so.

She follows his gaze to Kevin, carrying the backpack. He's staring at her. Smiles and waves-- THEN PROCEEDS TO FREAK OUT. Waving his arms frantically, SPITTING, SHRIEKING, grabbing at invisible things on his face.

After thirty seconds of this dance, he stops. Calls over--

KEVIN

Spider web! Walked into a spider
web. That was *huge*. Hate to see the
spider that made that man-catching
net! No I'm cool now.
(pointing ahead)
What's that?

An ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR sits idle on the tracks. All the windows covered. They walk closer, cautious.

CLANCY

Let's find out.

MIM

Oh, "*let's find out.*" Cut to,
zombie-aliens munching on our
flesh. HAVE YOU NOT SEEN EVERY
HORROR MOVIE EVER? Seriously!

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Doors open, revealing our kids' tentative faces. Eyes wide.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: a make-shift office. Wall to wall stuff. Papers, furniture, books, antiques, electronics. Some things look brand new, some ancient. They start to pick through the junk. Kevin holds up AN OLD-SCHOOL PAGER.

KEVIN

Look at all this crap. What's this?

LEWIS

Our parents used them to
communicate in the old days. You
called the pager, typed in a phone
number and they called you back
from a payphone--

KEVIN

What the heck's a payphone?

LEWIS

Or they used a specific code where each letter was represented by a number or series of numbers. It was like ancient texting.

MIM

The olden days were so tragic. How did anyone ever communicate?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Um, guys?

A DIRTY, HOMELESS-LOOKING MAN dressed in rags, carrying a large sack over his shoulder, holds a terrified Kevin, one arm around his neck. They all freeze.

SCARY MAN

I'm going to ask you some questions, and for every answer I don't like, I'm going to cut off a finger. Starting with his pinky.

He holds out a LARGE HUNTING KNIFE. They REACT!

SCARY MAN (CONT'D)

How did you find this place?

KEVIN

Our mom gave us a key! Margot Finch!

SCARY MAN

Don't know her. Wrong answer.

He extends Kevin's pinky, holds the knife up to it. They all SCREAM! Kevin squeezes his eyes shut, terrified.

KEVIN

Not my pinky! I need that one! It's a very important and undervalued finger!

MIM

Not Margot Finch, he means Mairéad Tremblay!

Scary Man stops. Assessing them. Skeptical.

SCARY MAN

How do you know Mairéad?

CLANCY

She's our mom!

He looks closely at Clancy. Studying her face. A flicker of recognition. He drops Kevin, who scrambles away, freaking.

SCARY MAN

You have her eyes.

CLANCY

You... know her?

SCARY MAN

Knew her. A very long time ago.

Scary man sets his large bag down. Starts disrobing. Reaches up, AND STARTS PEELING OFF HIS FACE. THEY ALL SCREAM AGAIN!

MIM

SEE?! *Why doesn't anyone listen to me?!*

"He" pulls off a latex mask, to reveal A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, 40s, African-American. THIS IS JAY. She throws the mask in a drawer of OTHER DISGUISES. Steps out of the ragged overcoat.

They stare, stunned. Mouths hanging open.

JAY

Your mom and I were friends a lifetime ago. We used to... work together.

Something GLOWS from inside Jay's bag. Kevin peeks inside.

KEVIN

What did you guys *do*?

She snaps the bag shut, pulls it away from him. A glare.

JAY

Stuff. Until she got mixed up with some people I didn't like. Some big-time bad guy. I told her he was trouble. And I don't work for anybody but myself. Haven't seen her in almost twenty years.

She rifles through a few drawers, searching. Pulls out an OLD PHOTO. Tosses it down: YOUNG MAIREAD and JAY, 20s. Dyed hair, 90s grunge, a cigarette dangles out of Mairead's mouth.

CLANCY

She had purple hair?

KEVIN

Mom smoked?! That is *SO BAD*. I'm telling dad.

Jay looks over at him, eyebrows raised. Seriously?

JAY

Yeah, because *that* was the worst thing she ever did.

Mim looks around, shudders.

MIM

What did you guys *do* down here?

JAY

This was our place. To escape. I dunno, I guess neither of us really fit in very well anywhere else. She used to come down here all the time, play music, write her songs. Those old tapes are hers.

She points to a box of OLD MIX TAPES amidst the junk. The kids rifle through. Hold them up like ancient artifacts. Kevin pulls the string of tape out of the cassette.

KEVIN

What are-- how are you even supposed to listen to these things?

CLANCY

Wait, *she* wrote songs?

JAY

You guys don't really know a lot about your own mom do you?

KEVIN

Yes we do! We know everything about her! She loves to do mom stuff. Like folding laundry and making lunches, cleaning. She does that stuff ALL THE TIME.

CLANCY

Look, you gotta help us find her. We know she used to steal stuff, and do bad things. That bad guy you were talking about came back, and they're planning some big job. She left... and it's my fault.

JAY

How do you know she wants to be found? You guys seem like a bunch of whiny pains in the asses to me.

CLANCY

I told her I wished she would leave because I didn't need her. And I... was wrong. I *do* need her. She's our mom. She belongs at home... with us. I just want a chance to tell her that. Tell her I'm sorry.

She wipes at her eyes. Mim puts a hand on her friend's shoulder. Kevin watches, clears his throat--

KEVIN

And not to beat a dead horse, but we're all in agreement here. This was *alllll* Clancy's fault.

Jay sizes them up. Considering. Then, softening--

JAY

You're never too old to need your mom. Alright, I'll help you.
(off their reactions)
BUT you give me that key and you never come down here again. Got it?

MIM

Uh *DUH*. No problem lady.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL/PATH - NIGHT

Jay shows them a hidden door in the wall. It opens to THE REAL UNDERGROUND PATH: a series of color-coded walkways and subway stops running under the city. Deserted in the warmer months.

JAY

I've heard things around town. The Luminato Gala. Lots of very important, *very wealthy* people there tonight. Something's going down. If they're pulling a job, that's where. Follow the blue path to the Royal Music Conservatory.

CLANCY

Thanks.

She hands Jay the key. Tries to give back the old photo.

JAY

Keep it. A reminder there's a lot more to your mom than just laundry and school lunches.

Clancy smiles, nods. Shoves it in her pocket. They run off, following the walkway marked blue. Lewis turns back--

LEWIS

Full disclosure, we may have accidentally let everyone know the location of your secret hideout.

JAY

What?!

EXT. ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC - NIGHT

The kids run up the subway steps to the street level. Stare up at the massive, imposing building jutting into the night sky. SECURITY GUARDS THE ENTRANCE.

MIM

How are we gonna get in?

On the side of the building, a narrow window on the fourth floor, cracked open. Just enough room for a very small body to fit through. A tree branch scrapes just below the window.

CLANCY

There.

She hurries over. Starts to climb the tree. Lewis stops her.

LEWIS

You'll never fit. I'll do it.

They all look at him, surprised. Clancy frowns.

CLANCY

Doesn't your mom have a rule against climbing trees to break into buildings in the middle of the night or something?

Lewis looks at her, steely-eyed. Determined.

LEWIS

My mom's not here.

They react, impressed. Lewis marches over to the tree. Takes a deep breath. This is his moment. He goes for it...

Aaaand this kid has never climbed a tree in his life.

He wraps his arms around the trunk, giving pathetic little jumps. He lifts one leg, his sneakers slide off. He takes a running jump, his tiny body bouncing off the trunk.

After a few moments of sad struggle, he leans over, hands on his knees, panting. Looks over at them.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Well I mean you can give me a hand with *this* part.

KEVIN/CLANCY/MIM

Oh right!/Sure/Sorry about that.

Together they hoist him to the first branch. He crouches low, wobbly. Slowly pulls himself up the tree. Finally reaching the branch near the window. He slowly shimmies out toward the building. The branch lightly bounces under his weight. He's almost there...

A PIGEON takes off from the cornice, WINGS FLAPPING. Startling him! He loses his grip, falling. They all GASP! He clings tightly with his legs-- bouncing up and down. Eyes squeezed shut. The bouncing slows... then stops.

He rights himself. Looks at them, eyes wide. WHOA. Starts inching out slowly. Closer, almost there. Reaches out, grabs the windowsill, slides through and disappears inside.

MOMENTS LATER

The kids wait anxiously under the tree. A side service entrance door bursts open, revealing Lewis' smiling face.

CLANCY

Nice job Lewis.

She rushes past, inside. Lewis looks at Kevin. Huge grin.

LEWIS

Your sister's never said my name before.

They high-five. And miss.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

LOUD HUM OF ACTIVITY. STAFF busies about preparing food, YELLING TO WAITERS, rushing in and out with plates of hors d'oeuvres. Our kids sneak through the orchestrated chaos.

STERN VOICE

Hey! What are you doing back here?

THE HEAD WAITER stands over them, frowning. They all look at each other, busted. Kevin steps forward. Confident smile.

KEVIN

Oh thank god. We've been wandering around this place forever. Took a wrong turn at the bathrooms. So which way to the stage? We just need to set up and then we're good to go. Just flew in from Denver. What a cluster that airport is, am I right? Got diverted from O'Hare. Some kind of freak hail storm. That's why we're late.

(off his skeptical look)

We're the kid musical ensemble they booked for tonight? Purple Pikachu. Never heard of us? We're pretty huge on YouTube. Mim? Show him the video. You know the *viral one*.

Mim realizes, pulls her phone out, calls up Kevin's video. Kevin holds it out so Head Waiter can see a glimpse of his dancing, hear the REMIX MUSIC. Pulls it back quickly.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Two million hits and climbing. Would I say internet sensation? It *is* how Bieber got his start.

Head Waiter sizes them up. LOUD YELLING/ARGUING from the CHEFS-- a food crisis in the background. He rubs his head, sighs. Doesn't have time for this. Kevin smiles, innocent.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Seriously. What else would four unsupervised kids be doing wandering around here alone in the middle of the night? Come on.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Head Waiter leads them on stage. Curtain closed, empty seats as the ORCHESTRA takes a break. He waits, arms crossed. Expectant. Beat. Kevin looks around, claps his hands together.

KEVIN

Great! So... we'll just get warmed up then. Ready guys?

He sits at FIRST VIOLIN CHAIR. Deep breath, picks up the instrument. A LOUD HORRIBLE WHINE as he drags the bow across.

Lewis TAPS timidly at the drums. No rhythm. SMASHES A CYMBAL. Mim blows half-heartedly into a flute. SHARP, STACCATO TOOTS.

Head Waiter sighs, reaching for his walkie-talkie.

HEAD WAITER

I knew it. I knew what you guys were doing. *Kid musical ensemble.*
I've seen Ferris Bueller's Day Off.

KEVIN

Ferris what? Obviously *this is just our warm-up--*

HEAD WAITER

(into walkie)
Yeah, I have a situation in the ballroom--

CLANCY

Wait!

She sits at FIRST CELLIST POSITION. Grabs the bow.

INT. ROYAL CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC - CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

Margot and Leo sit in the empty concert hall, hands bound, surrounded by ROYAL BODYGUARDS. SECURITY rechecks their credentials, conferring with each other.

GLEN (O.S.)

Seriously. I'm much better now.

WIDER REVEALS: Glen, sitting in the corner. Vomit dribbles down his shirt, the corners of his mouth. Hair wild, eyes glassy. He looks *terrible*.

GLEN (CONT'D)

I think that was everything--
(DRY HEAVE)
Yep, all done. Must've been the seafood dip. Did you guys have any? No? Well steer clear.
(LOUD STOMACH GURGLE)
I'm just glad it didn't come out of both ends! Right? Ha! No, but I'm glad it didn't.

HEAD SECURITY

What happened to your accent?

Glen stutters, then FEIGNS SHOCK.

GLEN

(terrible accent)

What? That is-- I am offended. It's an outrage how we're being treated. These are members of the royal--

HEAD SECURITY

Save it. We placed a call to your Consulate. These are fake. There is no Count and Countess Van Der Holt.

Beat.

GLEN

What number did you call? Did you get the right office? Because it can be a real shitshow over there on the weekends--

Margot gives her most charming smile.

MARGOT

I assure you, this is just a simple mistake.

Leo says something low to Margot IN FRENCH. She responds.
Glen turns to them, annoyed.

GLEN

Oh so now you two have a secret little language? Your own code language? Perfect. What does *that* mean--

LEO

Duck.

Leo shoves Glen out of the way with his shoulder, knocking him to the ground. As Margot HEAD BUTTS A GUARD, then delivers A REVERSE ROUNDHOUSE KICK to knock him out.

PRELAP: BACH'S CELLO SUITE ONE IN G (FULL).

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

Clancy PLAYS THE CELLO BEAUTIFULLY. HAUNTING. Kevin opens the curtain, shoots Head Waiter a look: *Told you*. GUESTS stop talking, turn to watch, impressed.

BACK TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - SAME

MORE BODYGUARDS descend on them. OVER CLANCY'S MUSIC in the bg, Leo and Margot WORK IN TANDEM to dispatch them.

They use precise, expertly-executed MARTIAL ARTS MOVES WITHOUT THEIR HANDS. MARGOT ROLLS OFF LEO'S BACK, DELIVERING CRUSHING HEAD KICKS. STOMPING ON FEET, SMASHING KNEE CAPS...

Anticipating the other's every movement, moving perfectly in sync. Glen watches, crouched in the corner. Amazed. After the final GUY drops, Glen looks around at the carnage, stands up.

GLEN

Where the heck did you learn to--

A HIDDEN BODYGUARD grabs Glen from behind in a choke hold. Gun to his temple. Margot grabs a fallen Bodyguard's knife. THROWS IT into his thigh. Glen SHRIEKS!

Bodyguard bends over, grabbing his wounded leg. Margot KICKS HIM IN THE THROAT, finishing him off. He falls over.

MARGOT

Come on!

She grabs a stunned Glen, and they race out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

They run down the hallway. Glen freaking out.

GLEN

Did you just kill that guy *with your feet?*!

MARGOT

What? No! I just... crushed his wind pipe a little bit. He'll be fine... with immediate medical attention.

GLEN

Crushed his-- well have you ever killed anyone?!

MARGOT

No.

(off his relief)

Our Black Ops training taught us how to neutralize a target in under four seconds using mostly non-fatal tactics.

GLEN

BLACK OPS TRAINING? *MOSTLY* Non-fatal tactics?! Just last week I had to open a jar of mustard for you!

(off her guilty look)

You faked that? IS NOTHING IN OUR LIVES REAL?!

LEO

And not to split hairs, but there was that guy in Tanzania.

MARGOT

He had a pre-existing heart condition!

MORE BODYGUARDS come running down the hall after them. Glen SHRIEKS! They duck back into the Grand Ballroom.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - SAME

Guests watch Clancy play, enthralled. Margot, Leo and Glen run in. Margot sees Clancy. Stops short. Stunned. Watches her daughter playing, eyes closed, absorbed in the music.

YELLING/COMMOTION as Security rushes in. Guests SCREAM! A GUARD grabs Margot from behind.

KEVIN

MOM!

Margot FLINGS HIM OVER HER SHOULDER, twisting his arm with a LOUD CRACK. Kevin cringes horrified. And impressed...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

MOM?!

Kevin jumps off the stage to run to her. Leo, fights off more SECURITY-- overturning tables, dishes SMASHING. CHAOS ERUPTS AMONGST THE GUESTS. RUNNING, YELLING. A frenzied stampede for the exits. A GUARD corners Glen. Glen looks around for any kind of weapon... nothing.

LEWIS (O.S.)

Mr. Finch!

Lewis tosses Glen a drumstick from the stage. Glen catches it. HITS THE GUARD SHARPLY ON THE ARM. They look at each other a beat, seriously? Glen shrugs, sheepish.

GLEN

I've never actually *been* in a fight-

SMASH! Guard falls, leaving Mim standing over him with two large cymbals.

MIM

You okay Mr. Finch? Come on!

ANGLE ON LEO

ROYAL GUARDS form a buttress around the King and Queen, trying to usher them to safety past the stage. Leo FENDS OFF BODY GUARD AFTER BODYGUARD. Clancy watches him fight, enthralled, still perched center stage.

Leo looks up, locks eyes with Clancy. Calls out--

LEO

The crown!

She looks down, as the Queen hurries past, right below her reach. Clancy instinctively reaches her bow down, FLICKS THE CROWN OFF HER HEAD UP INTO THE AIR. Catches it. Leo grins.

GUARDS now set their sights on Clancy, starting to climb the up the stage. She looks around, panicked!

Leo waves her on, "I'll catch you." She takes a deep breath, one last look at the guards coming for her-- then takes a running leap AND STAGE DIVES INTO LEO'S WAITING ARMS.

He sets her down, gently. They look at each other for a long moment. Studying each other intently. He smiles.

LEO (CONT'D)

You look just like her. Except that beautiful red hair.

MARGOT (O.S.)

This way!

They look over. Margot waves them out an exit door.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - NIGHT

They all sprint through the streets, SWALLOWED UP IN THE CROWD OF REVELERS. They race down the steps to the subway.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

They push their way through the large crowd waiting for a train.

GLEN
What are you kids *doing!*?

KEVIN
We're saving you! Mom. *WHO ARE YOU?*

MARGOT
But how did you *get* here?!

All at once, a jumble of explanations:

CLANCY
We figured out the code you left, which took us to that car. Mom is that gonna be *my* car? Can I PLEASE learn to drive on it--

KEVIN
Then we had to pretty much swim the entire way across Lake Ontario, trek through an underground city--

MIM
We met your old, crazy friend from back in the day who, FYI, is still totes crazy--

LEWIS
I had my first kiss. With an older woman.

They all stare at him.

MARGOT
Okay. Let's... not tell your parents that part.

CLANCY
Mom. I... know you left because of what I said. We had to come get you back. I'm sorry. Please don't go.

Margot looks at her daughter, stunned. Hugs her.

MARGOT
Honey. I would *never* leave you.

KEVIN
Mom, *CANADIAN?! How could you keep something like that from us?!*

CLANCY
Dad? What *happened* to you? What is that smell?

They take a good look at Glen now. He looks AWFUL.

GLEN
That is vomit. I was poisoned.

A COLLECTIVE EWWWWWWWW! As the kids all step away from Glen.
THE SUBWAY CAR ROARS UP THROUGH THE TUNNEL.

MARGOT

Let's just get somewhere safe where
I can call Henry.

LEO

I have somewhere we can go.

Glen SIGHS LOUDLY, annoyed. Folds his arms with a HUFF.

CUT TO:

A million-dollar, panoramic view of the city.

REVERSE TO REVEAL: The kids have their faces pressed against
the floor-to-ceiling glass windows.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - DOWNTOWN TORONTO - NIGHT

A sleek, modern apartment full of steel, chrome and leather.
Clancy looks down at the city lights.

CLANCY

Wow. You live here? Right in the
city?

LEO

It's more of a safe house I keep
for emergencies.

MIM

That is so cool!

LEWIS

Like a spy.

KEVIN

Dad isn't that cool?

WIDER REVEALS: Glen sitting in a small, uncomfortable chair.
A towel underneath him. Holding his arm gingerly. He shrugs.

GLEN

Well, I don't know that it's
fiscally responsible. Rents in the
city must be sky high. For what?
One or two days a month?

LEO

Thanks for sitting on the towel
Glen. I just wouldn't want to get
vomit on the suede. And I'm sorry
about your arm, I was just trying
to get you out of harm's way.

MARGOT

Oh honey. Are you okay? What happened?

GLEN

I'm not sure. It was all kind of a blur. Fists were flying and I think I may have punched a few guys--

LEO

Actually I saw when you fell backwards, you landed on it kind of awkwardly. Probably just a bruise.

GLEN

I think it's a little more than a bruise, *Leo*. It's going numb. Which is going to make work extremely difficult.

LEO

Oh wow. Glen are you a doctor?

GLEN

No... a pastry chef. But it requires a lot of finger dexterity...

Mim sits on the couch, WEARING THE CROWN. Taking selfies.

MIM

So how much is this thing worth anyway?

LEO

I'd say somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty million.

The kids all REACT. GASPS OF AMAZEMENT!

KEVIN

Do you know what we could do with twenty million dollars?!

CLANCY

I could buy a Bonjour Stradivarius!

LEWIS

I could go to space camp like 10,000 summers in a row.

Margot takes the crown off Mim's head. A stern look.

MARGOT

It's not ours. It's going back.

LEO

Ah ah. I might have a different opinion on that.

He takes the crown from Margot. Starts packing a bag of supplies. The mood shifts. Tense, uncertain. Leo's demeanor changes. Sharper, an edge to his voice.

MARGOT

What are you talking about? Of course we're returning it. We'll explain everything. How Jean-Paul found us both and blackmailed us into stealing it--

LEO

Jean Paul died in prison a year ago, a harmless old man. He was out of the game for a long time. There's a new head of operations.

Margot absorbs this, confused. Shaking her head...

MARGOT

But who? Henry would have told me. The Canadian police, your handler, would've informed him--

ELISE (O.S.)

Ugh! I knew there was something I forgot to write in the company newsletter.

Elise walks in. Gun drawn. The kids react, nervous. Confused.

CLANCY

Mom? What's going on? Who's that?

LEO

Elise here used to work for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. She recently had a career change.

ELISE

(shrugging)

Twenty million dollars can be very persuasive.

GLEN

I knew it! I *knew* Leo was a bad guy! HA HAA! Well guess what--

He rips the towel out from underneath him, rubbing his butt on the chair out of spite.

LEO

Not cool, Glen. That's a Van der Rohe.

MARGOT

Leo, what are you doing?

LEO

Once we found you again, with the help of Chubster's little video--
(Kevin reacts, hey!)
I knew the only way you'd help me steal the crown is if you thought our lives were in danger. Those morals of yours have always gotten in the way of us having a good time.

MARGOT

But *why*? Why would you go back now? After all this time--

LEO

Because I'm so bored! Aren't you bored? The monotony of normal life. Driving carpool, flute lessons or whatever boring garbage you play--

He motions to Clancy. She reacts, stung.

LEO (CONT'D)

Don't you miss it? The excitement? Don't you miss *me*? I mean come on, you can't really be happy with the nerdy baker. No offense, Glen.

GLEN

Wha-- *YES OFFENSE!* You can't just say no offense to erase the very *clearly offensive words*.

KEVIN

He's a *pastry chef* NOT a baker! And he might be a nerd, but he's *our dad*.

Leo looks at Margot. Then Clancy. Cocks an eyebrow.

LEO

Are we so sure about that?

KEVIN

Uh *yeah*, I'm pretty sure I know who my dad is. What? What's everybody--

Everyone looks back and forth between Clancy and Leo, Clancy and Glen. Now noticing the resemblance. The red hair...

KEVIN/LEWIS/MIM

Ohhhhh.

Glen GASPS as it dawns on him too! Margot reacts, furious.

MARGOT

Glen is their father. BOTH of them.

LEO

If you say so. Look, at first the plan was just to have you help us steal the crown, then frame you for it, and we disappear. But admit it, you had fun. And there's still a spark there. So... come with me.

Margot stares, stunned. Absorbing this information.

LEO (CONT'D)

I set it up perfectly for us. Glen's the fall guy. And everyone saw that Clancy here is the one who *actually* stole the crown.

(at Clancy)

Nice job by the way. You're a lot like your mother. Elise will corroborate the story. She's already called in the police and they're on their way. Which means we're free to live a life of excitement, *passion*. Hell, bring the chubby one. He seems harmless enough.

KEVIN

Okay, that stings every time--

LEO

What's it gonna be Mairéad?

Margot looks back and forth between Glen and Leo. Beat.

MARGOT

You're right, Leo. I do want a life of excitement and passion.

(beat)

(MORE)

MARGOT (CONT'D)

The life I already have. And it's
Margot.

She walks over, slips her arm through Glen's. He smiles.

KEVIN

Ha! BUUURN!

Leo rolls his eyes. Grabs his bag, with the crown.

LEO

Suit yourself.

(to Elise)

Meet me at the boat when it's done.
I'm afraid this is goodbye for good
Mair-- *Margot.* No more second
chances. You'll be going away for a
long time now.

He walks out. They all exchange fearful looks.

LATER

Our five guys sit squished on the couch. Elise on the phone,
gun trained on them. She turns, mid-conversation--

ELISE (ON PHONE)

Yes I have the suspects in custody--

CLOSE ON: the kid's backpack. Out of the open top, a HUGE
SPIDER crawls out. Our missing friend from the subway.

It sits on top of the bag. Glen's eyes go wide with terror.
He looks at Elise. Back at the spider. An idea.

He motions to Margot. Gestures to the spider with his head.
She frowns, what? They gesture back and forth for a moment.
He makes crazy hand signals: mimics spider crawling,
screaming, running... She shakes her head, not understanding.
He rolls his eyes, exasperated. Then...

PICKS UP THE SPIDER BY ONE LEG AND FLINGS IT TOWARD ELISE. It
lands on her chest. SHE SCREAMS! Swatting at it.

Margot seizes the momentary distraction to deliver a BLOW to
Elise. They square off. MARTIAL ARTS MOVE AND COUNTERMOVES.
PUNCHING, KICKING-- they fight across the apartment. Evenly
matched. Glen grabs the gun. Tries to gingerly hand it to
Margot as they fight. She can't get it. Rolls her eyes.

MARGOT

Just shoot her!

GLEN
I can't! YOU shoot her!

MARGOT
Shoot her in the leg then!

He takes a deep breath. Aims for Elise's knee. FIRES. *Nowhere near her.*

It hits the chandelier ten feet above her head. The wire snaps and it FALLS DIRECTLY ON TOP OF ELISE. Knocking her out. They all stare at her contorted body. Beat.

Glen wiggles his fingers like a spider crawling.

GLEN
I was *saying* we could use the spider as a distraction to escape.

MARGOT
That's the universal sign for snow falling.

GLEN
Wha? *This--*
(hand gesture)
Is clearly a crawling spider!

MARGOT
Okaaay. We'll work on our hand signals for next time. C'mon! We can't let Leo disappear.

GLEN
Next time?!

They all follow Margot, racing out of the apartment.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - NIGHT

They spill out of the building onto the sidewalk. Margot hurries over to a PARKED MINI-VAN. Looks around, discreetly begins to pick the lock. Lewis looks at Glen, shock and awe.

LEWIS
I can't believe you picked up that spider!

GLEN
Well I knew it was harmless but I was hoping it could buy us a moment to catch her off guard.

LEWIS

Harmless? That was a *Southern Black Widow*. Those are one of the ten most poisonous spiders in the world. One bite can cause paralysis of the diaphragm or permanent nerve damage. It looked like it had an egg sac on its back too. That's like *millions* of poison babies.

Glen absorbs this. Slowly swats at the back of his neck, feeling the creepy crawlies. A shiver runs through him.

The car engine RUMBLES to life. Clancy stares open-mouthed.

CLANCY

Mom, you can hot wire a car?

MIM

So cool.

MARGOT

You kids better *never* do this. Now everyone get in. And *seat belts!*

They all jump in the car. SOUNDS OF SEAT BELTS CLICKING. Margot starts to get behind the wheel. Glen stops her.

GLEN

Leo was wrong about one thing.
(beat)
I drive carpool.

He scoots her over to the passenger side. Slides behind the wheel. Hands at ten and two. Determined.

MARGOT

Are you sure honey? This is an emergency situation, and I know how you like to obey all the posted traffic laws--

GLEN

Let's go save our family.

He hits the gas. The car lurches backward with a TERRIBLE CRUNCHING SOUND! He slams on the brakes. SCREEEEEECH!

GLEN (CONT'D)

I had it in reverse! It was in reverse. I've got a LOT of adrenaline pumping right now. I'm good now, no we're good.

INT./EXT. MINI-VAN - CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Glen ZOOMS through traffic. Everyone hanging on for dear life. Margot looks over at him, a little fearful.

MARGOT

Honey? This might be a *touch* too fast--

GLEN

He threatened my family.

KEVIN

Go get 'em dad!

GLEN FLOORS IT TOWARD THE TORONTO HARBOR EXIT.

INT./EXT. LEO'S CAR - NIGHT

Leo speeds down the road. Glances in his rearview.

LEO

What the--

THE MINI-VAN ROARS UP BEHIND HIM. Glen's determined face behind the wheel. He pulls up along side. Leo looks over. Glen makes the "roll the window down" sign. WTF?

Leo, amused even slightly impressed, humors him. Rolls it down.

GLEN

(yelling over the wind)

HONDA ODYSSEY! 2016 SAFEST MINI-VAN
FOR SIDE IMPACT COLLISION!

HE RAMS INTO THE SIDE OF LEO'S CAR, SENDING HIM CAREENING DOWN AN EMBANKMENT, FLIPPING, ROLLING TO A STOP UPSIDE DOWN. The mini-van screeches to a halt on the shoulder.

SOUNDS OF SIRENS in the distance. A HELICOPTER WHIRS above their heads, shining a spotlight down on top of them.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Henry sits in the passenger seat, talking into the radio. USING A STINGRAY TO TRACK MIM'S CELL PHONE SIGNAL. ON HENRY'S PHONE: A picture of her Instagram page. Mim wearing the crown.

HENRY

Copy that. Suspect is down.

He swivels his head, looking in the back.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You ready to see your family again?

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Angus sitting in the back seat. He BARKS.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - NIGHT

POLICE CARS SWARM THE SCENE. Fishing an injured Leo out of the rubble. The kids hover around the mini-van. Glen approaches Margot, sheepish.

GLEN

Y'know. You hesitated just a *teeny tiny* bit when he asked you to come with him. Like you considered it for a second. I dunno, going back to your old life...?

She looks at him. A beat.

MARGOT

He was right about one thing. Glen, I *am* bored.

(off his dismay)

I just mean I want to get a job! Like, a *real* job. In an office or something.

GLEN

Um honey? Somehow I don't picture you in an office setting.

She wraps him in a hug. A BIG KISS. He smiles.

GLEN (CONT'D)

We do make a good team. You're the beauty and I'm the brains.

MARGOT

Mmmm...

GLEN

You're the brains and I'm the beauty?

(as she's walking away)

You can't be the beauty AND the brains. Margot?

ANGLE ON KEVIN AND MIM.

MIM

I can't believe how calm you were like, *the whole time*. You totally saved us back there with the whole kid band thing.

KEVIN

Oh. Yeah, I mean it wasn't like a big deal or anything.

MIM

No. Kev. It was a big deal.

She's looking at him. Kevin's eyes go wide. Is this going to be the moment?! When she realizes she's loved him all alo--

MIM (CONT'D)

You're a really brave kid.

She slugs him in the shoulder. Walks away. Kevin sighs.

CLANCY (O.S.)

Give it a few years. They'll be chasing after you.

He turns. Sees Clancy standing there, watching. He burns red, looks at his feet. Flustered.

KEVIN

Wha? What do you mean? I wasn't... I mean I don't... huh?

CLANCY

Hey I'm sorry I called you a dork. I was being the dork. I guess sometimes I just get jealous of you.

KEVIN

Jealous of me?!

CLANCY

Yeah. It's so easy for you. To just be yourself and not care what anyone thinks. I wish I could be more like that.

KEVIN

More like me? I wish I was like you. You're the best musician ever. You're so good! I don't have any talents. I'm not good at anything.

CLANCY

What? You tell the best stories!
You're so creative. You should
start writing them down. Or
whatever.

Awkward smiles from this unexpected cease-fire.

CLANCY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I know I don't always act
like it-- but you're a pretty cool
little brother.

KEVIN

Thanks. You're an awesome half-
sister.

Clancy SNORTS a laugh, punching him in the shoulder.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Ow! You must get your aggression
from your dad's side.

They LAUGH.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Police take statements from everyone. Leo sits in cuffs, in a
police car. Our gang waits, wrapped in blankets, petting
Angus. Henry walks up. Looks at Mim.

HENRY

(re his phone)

I'll have you know I changed my
passcode.

MIM

It's not the last four digits of
your badge number is it?

HENRY

(yep)

Nope.

GLEN

Well, well, well. If it isn't ole
Henry from University of Nebraska.
Go Huskers!

HENRY

I'm sorry about that Glen.
Sometimes lying is an unfortunate
part of the job. No hard feelings?

He reaches out his hand. Glen shakes it. Smiles.

GLEN

I'll look forward to getting to know the real Henry Gibbs this Thanksgiving. Bring the family.

HENRY

And I'll look forward to the cranberry corn bread--

GLEN

Don't push it. It'll take some time. I'm not made of stone.

The sun starts to rise, casting a warm red glow across the sky. Lewis notices, GROANS!

LEWIS

UGH. It's morning. We're not gonna make it home in time. My mom will never let me have another sleepover as long as I live.

HENRY

Ppssh. I can get you guys home in plenty of time.

He winks, motions to the chopper. Both Glen and Kevin pale.

GLEN

Seriously? *Again?* Come on.

MARGOT

Can we... can we make one stop first?

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Cookie-cutter houses sprout out of neatly manicured lawns. Margot, Glen, Kevin and Clancy stand on the front porch. Looking like hell. Margot fidgets, nervous. Adjusting their hair and clothes. Glen stops her, kisses her head.

GLEN

Go on.

She takes a deep breath. RINGS the doorbell. Noise, shuffling behind the door. It opens...

AN OLDER MAN, PEARSE TREMBLAY (70s) in a bathrobe, disheveled hair, stands there. He takes them in, shocked. Margot smiles.

MARGOT

Hey dad.

His face clouds over with tears. He grabs her in a HUGE HUG.

PEARSE

I knew it was you calling all those times. HILDY! HILDY GET DOWN HERE!
HILDEGARD!

Clancy peeks past him, inside the house. Sees all the family pictures on the wall. Margot with ALL HER BROTHERS AND SISTERS. Four boys, two girls. And her parents...

Clancy's grandmother has bright, red hair.

HILDEGARD TREMBLAY, (70s, silvery red hair now) hurries down the stairs two at a time.

HILDY

What is it?! What's all the yel--

She sees her daughter. SCREAMS! Runs down the stairs. Grabs them all in a huge hug.

LAUGHTER, TEARS, SHOUTS OF JOY AS WE PULL BACK, UP, UP INTO THE SKY...

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR - MORNING

Mr. And Mrs. Kharoud drive through the quiet neighborhood. Listening to NPR. They pull up in front of the Finch house.

MR. KHAROUD

Don't forget the Bhatoora.

They both turn their heads, looking in the back seat for the bread... AS THE HELICOPTER DESCENDS BEHIND THE FINCH HOUSE INTO THE BACKYARD. The wind WHIPS through the trees, shaking the branches.

MRS. KHAROUD

Ooh, windy today.

She grabs the gift, starts toward the house.

EXT. FINCH HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - MORNING

Mrs. Kharoud raises her hand to knock... the door flies open. Everyone piles out of the house.

Big smiles, some in bathrobes, some wear winter jackets to hide their clothes. All have crazy windblown hair.

ALL
Morning!/Good morning Mrs.
Kharoud/Hi mom!

She takes them all in, startled.

MRS. KHAROU
Good morning. How did it go?

ALL
Great!/Fantastic!/Couldn't have
been better!/Absolutely no problems
whatsoever.

She cocks an eyebrow, suspicious.

MRS. KHAROU
So, no... issues?

GLEN
Nope! Piece of cake.

She takes in their huge, smiling faces. Looks at Lewis. He glances away for *just* a second...

MRS. KHAROU
No. You're not telling the truth.
Something's going on here. And I
think I know what it is.

Everyone freezes. Margot sighs.

MARGOT
Mrs. Kharoud, I can explai--

MRS. KHAROU
You didn't brush your teeth did
you?

Lewis lowers his head, feigning guilt.

LEWIS
No.

She gives Glen and Margot a smug smile.

MRS. KHAROU
A mother always knows.

MARGOT
I'm so sorry about that--

GLEN

Kids, right? What can you do? Is that Bhatoora? Smells delicious! I've heard some stories about how legendary your Bhatoora is. Maybe you could give me the recipe? I'd love to carry it in the store.

Mrs. Kharoud smiles, proud. Won over.

MRS. KHAROUD

Oh, well, yes. That would be lovely. Thank you so much for having Lewis. Next time, Kevin will have to come to our house.

ALL

Definitely.

She smiles, strange little family. They walk toward the car. Lewis turns, runs back. Grins.

LEWIS

Awesome sleepover.

KEVIN

Totally.

They high-five. It's a good one. They're men now.

EXT. CAPE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Morning drop off. Cars line up to unload kids. Minivans and SUV's... and The Nemesis.

INT/EXT. NEMESIS - SAME

Clancy drives, Glen in the passenger seat. Mim and Kevin in the back. She eases to a stop.

GLEN

Great job Clance. This afternoon we'll work on parallel parking.

The doors lift up. Kids hop out amidst GAPING STARES.

GLEN (CONT'D)

No OOTD today Mim? I googled it. It means Outfit of the Day.

He smiles, pleased with himself. She shakes her head.

MIM

Nah. I'm taking a little break from social media. TBH, Mr. Finch? Too many cook sessions on there.

They walk off into school. He shakes his head, no clue. Hits the PREDATOR MODE BUTTON.

CAR VOICE

Good morning Glen. Please input your destination.

He grips the steering tightly. Big grin.

INT. CAPE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

The busy hum of a Monday morning. Clancy makes her way through the bustling hallway. Sees Travis at his locker. She stops, flustered, like she might turn back around. He looks up. Smiles.

TRAVIS

Hey.

CLANCY

Oh. Hey.

TRAVIS

I was gonna call you. Make sure you guys were okay. But I realized I don't have your number.

Her face falls, embarrassed.

CLANCY

I... don't have a cellphone. I know, it's weir--

TRAVIS

I don't either. My parents won't let me get one. They always think child predators and telemarketers will call me or something. I dunno, they're super weird.

Clancy looks down, smiles.

CLANCY

Parents.

TRAVIS

You have a house phone right?

He hands her a pen. Holds his hand out.

CLANCY

Yeah.

She scribbles her number on his open palm.

TRAVIS

Cool.

He smiles. Heads off to class. She passes the Mean Girls.

EMMA

Hey Fire Crotch! Didja' make it to
Canada?

They all LAUGH. She just smiles, blows past them. Into...

INT. BAND ROOM - MORNING

Clancy marches up to Mr. Campbell's desk, floats a piece of paper to him. CLOSE ON: the Julliard application. He picks it up, grins.

MR. CAMPBELL

Your parents gave the okay?

CLANCY

Yeah. My mom's brothers live in New York city. They said I could stay with them for the summer. And they're gonna get me a phone. Just for emergencies.

MR. CAMPBELL

Well that's great.

Clancy smiles. Yeah, it is.

INT. CLASSROOM - SAME

A fifth-grade GIRL stands in front of the class, finishing a very monotone presentation, holding one sheet of paper.

BORING GIRL

--and we spend every summer at Lake Wenatchee in cabins with no electricity or running water. That is my family portrait. Thank you.

BORED CLASSMATES stare. Mrs. Westenfeldt gets up, the lone CLAP.

MRS. WESTENFELDT
Thank you Lindsay. Kevin, do you
have your project prepared?

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Kevin, at his desk. Smiling broadly.
Excited. He gets up, grabs his thick stack of papers.

KEVIN
Yes.

He walks to the front of the classroom. Shuffles his papers.
Looks out over the crowd of kids, smiles. He turns to Mrs.
Westenfeltdt, standing next to him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
You might want to sit down for
this, eh? Turns out, I'm half-
Canadian.

INT. KHAROUH HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Mr. and Mrs. Kharouh sit at the kitchen table. Lewis walks
in, pajamas on. Gets a glass from the cupboard. Fills it to
the brim with milk. They watch him, confused.

MR. KHAROUH
Lewis? What are you doing honey?

He starts to drink. They react, stunned. Mrs. Kharouh drops
the papers she was holding...

MRS. KHAROUH
Sweetheart, it's *seven-thirty!*

GULP, GULP, GULP. He slams the empty glass down. Looks at
them from underneath a thick milk mustache. A man now.

He reaches down, YANKS the bed-wetting alarm from his pants,
struggling with the wires-- ripping, pulling. GRUNTING. He
slams the broken machine down on the kitchen table.

Levels his gaze at them.

LEWIS
I won't be needing this anymore.

They smile, unsure. Concerned. Mr. Kharouh nods.

MR. KHAROUH
Okay son. Sure.

Lewis turns and walks back to his bedroom. They stare at each
other, shocked. *What the--?*

INT. FINCH HOUSE - SAME

Kevin does homework at the kitchen table, while Glen bakes. Margot works on her computer. Angus at her feet.

ON HER SCREEN: She's revising her resume. The cursor blinks at "Special Skills..." as she deliberates. She types "MIXED MARTIAL ARTS." Then erases it. TYPES "EFFECTIVE INTERPERSONAL COMMUNICATION."

Glen pulls a piece off of a freshly baked Bhatooora.

GLEN

Okay, how about this one?

He tosses it to Old Angus, lying on a dog bed. Old Angus sniffs it. Looks away.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Man, you are a *tough* critic.

Clancy walks past, holding her new phone: FACE-TIMING WITH HER GRANDPARENTS.

CLANCY

And Grandma, Ha-na Chang is giving a guest lecture there. She's like one of the greatest female cello players of all time.

HILDY (ON SCREEN)

That sounds wonderful. I can't wait to hear you play when we come down next weekend.

Clancy walks out, talking excitedly. Glen smiles at Margot.

GLEN

You excited? To have your whole family visit next weekend?

MARGOT

Yeah. It's been a long time. I'm excited for you to meet everyone.

GLEN

Four brothers and two sisters? Wow.

MARGOT

Big crazy family.

Glen stirs batter. Pauses. A thought.

GLEN

So I mean, that's *it*, right? That's all. There's nothing else I need to know? You've told me *absolutely everything*.

Beat.

MARGOT

Mmm Hmm.

She looks down at her computer, typing. Glen whips around. Kevin looks up from his paper.

KEVIN

Mom...?

GLEN

Margot. What does *that* mean? Honey, I've seen that look. It's not funny. Seriously. *Honey...?*

OFF HER GRIN, WE...

FADE OUT.