

HOCKEY STRIKE

"Spies Unlike Us"

by

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INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

DAVE and SCOTT, as usual, watching TV.

DAVE  
(sigh)  
Jennifer...

SCOTT  
(sigh)  
Garner...

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

We hear a KNOCK at the front door. An ENVELOPE slides in the mail slot. Dave walks up, opens it. Scott reads over his shoulder.

DAVE  
(reads)  
David and Scott, you have been  
selected by the Center for  
Strategic and International Studies  
to assist us in surveillance of a  
suspected terrorist who resides  
close by.

SCOTT  
Cool! How close by?

DAVE  
(reads)  
Across the hall from you, dumbass!

SCOTT  
Where does it say that?

DAVE  
(points; Scott nods)  
We will send further instructions  
and equipment shortly. This message  
will self destruct in...  
(squint)  
What does that say?

SCOTT  
Ten...

FOOM! Flash of light, and their faces are covered in soot, as are Dave's now empty hands.

END OF TEASER

BEGINNING OF EPISODE

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dave and Scott, faces cleaned up, see another envelope slide under the door. Dave picks it up, then tosses it on the table and they duck for cover. Nothing happens.

They open it. Inside is a letter, and a small baggie with lint in it.

SCOTT

(Slim Pickins)

Underneath this letter, you will find a spy kit containing the following...

DAVE

(holds up baggie;  
confused)

It's lint.

SCOTT

(reads)

This baggie contains microscopic video transmission devices, disguised as lint. They have a limited range, but since you live so close to the suspect, you should still be able to pick up the signal. Also included is a firewire interface for the lintcams.

\*

\*

Dave reaches inside the envelope and pulls out the interface (in reality, an iPod Dock). He finds a manual, but scoffs and tosses it aside.

\*

DAVE

(re: firewire)

That's smart, because USB sucks - I don't know why Apple thought that was a good idea for the Video iPod, or why CSIS picked us to be spies. I mean, we have no training, and we never go out.

\*

SCOTT

(reads)

You were recruited for this mission because no-one would suspect geeky agoraphobic losers like you, were spies.

DAVE

(got a point there)  
I gotta admit, he's got a point there. I just wish they could give us some more information about what it is we're supposed to be looking for or what they suspect she's up to.

SCOTT

(reads)  
The less you know, the better, dumbass.

DAVE

Where does it say that?

Scott points to the letter. Dave relents.

DAVE

Let's test the cameras.

SCOTT

Okay.

Dave plugs the port into the iBook while Scott pulls out a pair of tweezers and reaches inside the bag.

We get a POV shot of the lint and Scott's face, through a baggie (put over lens of camera). \*

Dave sees something **on screen, then looks** out the window. \*

DAVE

Hey, there's our neighbour now! I wonder what she's up to?

SCOTT

And why's she got a couple of two-fours, I wonder? \*

DAVE

Oh, hey, look! More people are coming! It looks like she's throwing a party, man!

**SCOTT**

Maybe we should crash it! \*

**DAVE**

Yeah, like this! \*

Dave picks up one of the lintcams in tweezers and puts it in the end of a drinking straw, then, a beat and he blows it out the window. \*

DAVE

Got him!

SCOTT

Now we get to crash the party without actually having to go outside or anything.

DAVE

Cool, let's watch.

They sit in front of the iBook. \*

INT. KIMBERLY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We see, from the POV of the tagged GUEST, various people milling about. He approaches the HOST. \*

GUEST

Wow, this is some party!

KIMBERLY

Well, I try to do something special every year.

GUEST

Well, thanks for inviting me.

KIMBERLY

You're always welcome here.  
(holds up tray)  
hors oeuvre? \*

GUEST

(takes puff)  
Thanks!

CAMERA PANS DOWN to the tray, then on its way back up, it lingers on her chest. \*

KIMBERLY

Stop staring at my boobs! I'm up here!

CAMERA PANS QUICKLY UP to her face. \*

GUEST  
 (guilty)  
 Uh, sorry, sorry.

KIMBERLY  
 (looks at camera)  
 Hey, there's a piece of lint or  
 something in your hair.

She reaches for it. Image goes to static. \*

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

They smile lasciviously.

DAVE  
 Let's watch that last part again. I  
 think there's something significant  
 there. A couple of significant  
 somethings, if you know what I  
 mean! \*

SCOTT  
 (analytically distracted) \*  
 They're using St. Patrick's Day as \*  
 a cover for a meeting of their \*  
 terrorist cell, maybe connected in \*  
 some way to the IRA. They're \*  
 planning something big, on the \*  
 anniversary an event significant to \*  
 their group. \*  
 (eureka) \*  
 Oh my God! That's it! \*

DAVE \*  
 You've lost me there. What's it? \*

SCOTT  
 The boobs! It's code! They're going  
 to sabotage ALERT! \*

DAVE \*  
 (Are you nuts?) \*  
 ALERT? How did you figure that one  
 out? \*

SCOTT  
 (gestures breasts)  
 Boobs! Nuclear missiles! "  
 (MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)  
 Stop staring at my boobs?" What  
 else could that mean but N.A.T.O.'s  
 Distant Early Warning system  
 watching for missile launches?

DAVE  
 (with you so far)  
 Uh...sure.

SCOTT  
 (Adam West)  
 They plan on sabotaging the ALERT  
 base, leaving the US open for  
 nuclear attack! My God! It's  
 diabolical! Those fiends!  
 (to Dave)  
 Make a DVD of this footage so we  
 can send it off to CSIS  
 immediately!

DAVE  
 Can I make a copy for Michael O.D.?

SCOTT  
 Uh, sure.

There's that special KNOCK at the door.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

An empty envelope slides in. Dave puts the DVD in, then tries  
 to push it back. It won't fit. Finally, he opens the door and  
 puts it in a HAND. The Hand then demands something else. Dave  
 reluctantly parts with the baggie of lintcams.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A gloved hand holds a PORTABLE DVD PLAYER (or VIDEO IPOD)  
 playing the footage from the party. He pulls out a cell  
 phone, dials.

AGENT (O.S.)  
 Yes, I'm looking at it now.  
 Completely useless. I told you  
 those geeks wouldn't work out.  
 Maybe it's not too late to recruit  
 the freaks downstairs in Apartment  
 102.  
 (beat)  
 Arrested? When?

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott and Dave go back to watching TV. Dave holds up a baggie of lint.

SCOTT

Did it work?

DAVE

They'll never know I switched their cameras for real lint. Now we can spike a few dufflebags and see some ladies' locker room action!

SCOTT

Wait a minute..YOU switched the cameras for lint? Before or after I switched the cameras for lint?

Both face plant.

END OF EPISODE

BLACK OUT