

BLOWN

written by  
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BECKWITH

Well let's see Archie... Based on your track record, and that Tequila bottle, I'm guessing you spent the night... stroking some bird's tail feathers! You are the most irresponsible...

ARCHIE

Here we go. Becks, if you just...

BECKWITH

... immature, sex-crazed agent I've ever worked with. I'm your handler not your babysitter for crissakes! How am I supposed to--

ARCHIE

Becks! I wasn't with anyone last night. Okay? I was meeting a contact in Al Shahrani's inner circle. I must have gotten jumped.

BECKWITH

For real? Good God. You think they made you? We need to get--

PARROT (O.S.)

Oh Archie! Oh Archie!

They gaze up at the parrot above them, mimicking last night's events. Archie squirms.

PARROT

Oh you like that. Yeah. Oh yeah. Oh Archie. Yes! Yes! Yes!!!

Beckwith glares daggers at Archie.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL RESORT - LAGOON - DAY

Archie, in shirt and shorts, strides across a beach filled with wealthy tourists. Beckwith stalks after him.

ARCHIE

I'm sorry all right. This girl was a freak. She said she wanted me to do her in the aviary. I didn't know what that meant, but I sure as hell wasn't going to turn it down.

A HOT YOUNG THING struts by. Archie turns, checks her out.

BECKWITH

Dammit Archie! This is why no one else will work with you. Focus! You're supposed to be gathering intel from Shahrani's daughter. Her family heads back to Saudi Arabia tomorrow.

ARCHIE

I already pumped Kalila for info days ago. Came up empty. No, I need to peek at her daddy's laptop.

Archie picks up a sturdy vest and harness off the beach. It's attached to a thin cable. He straps it on.

BECKWITH

Right, Shahrani's laptop? And just how do you plan on making it past all his armed guards? Even if that was the mission, which it's not, we're not equipped for that.

Archie pats Beckwith's chest. Secretly plants something in his shirt pocket. Then nods to a SMIMSUIT BABE behind the wheel of a SPEEDBOAT idling in the lagoon.

ARCHIE

Never underestimate my equipment.

Smimsuit Babe guns it and the speedboat takes off.

The cable tenses, yanks Archie off the beach, as a paragliding canopy opens behind him. Archie takes flight. Leaves Beckwith stunned.

EXT. UP IN THE AIR - DAY

Turquoise water and white sand below -- a tropical wonderland. Elegant white buildings with old style Spanish architecture nestle against a lush hillside.

Archie affixes a micro-transceiver inside his ear.

ARCHIE

I am in the penthouse...

EXT. GRAND HOTEL RESORT - LAGOON

Beckwith watches the speedboat and paraglider disappear around the peninsula. Hears the voice coming from his pocket. Grabs the transceiver out, puts it in his ear.

ARCHIE (IN EARPIECE)

... and the view is stellar.

BECKWITH  
 Archie, what are you doing?

INTERCUT ARCHIE / BECKWITH

ARCHIE  
 You asked how I was going to get  
 past Shahrani's armed guards.

Archie pulls a release cord and the towline falls away. He  
 grabs hold of the wing controls, steers toward land.

BECKWITH  
 Oh please no.

Beckwith dashes off. Steals a pair of binoculars off a towel.

EXT. UP IN THE AIR

The paraglider lifts above a forest of coconut palms. Crests  
 the hillside.

Below -- the terra-cotta rooftops of the Grand Hotel Resort.  
 Rows of terraced buildings extend down the hill. Archie eyes  
 an impressive five level structure at the top.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BALCONY - DAY

A THICK-NECKED GUARD hears a KA-CLUNK on the roof. Cranes his  
 neck in time to see two probes from a STUN-GUN, ZAP him in the  
 chest. He vibrates with current. Collapses to the ground.

BECKWITH'S BINOCULARS POV - THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

Archie peeks over the edge of the roof. Slides off, onto the  
 balcony. Does a little dance.

ARCHIE  
 How do you like me now Becks?

EXT. GRAND HOTEL RESORT - MARINA

Beckwith watches with binoculars from the Marina's entrance.

BECKWITH  
 You figure out how you're going to  
 get out of there genius?

ARCHIE  
 Hitched my winged pony to the roof.

BECKWITH  
 I hate to break it to you Perseus,  
 but your pony just left without you.

ARCHIE

What?!

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - BALCONY

Horrified, Archie watches the paraglider float off.

ARCHIE

It's okay, I have a backup plan...  
sort of.

BECKWITH

Sort of? Archie, why the hell didn't  
you tell me about any of this?

Archie covers the guard's mouth with duct tape. Ties his hands and feet. Moves to the sliding glass door. Removes a tiny spray canister from his vest.

ARCHIE

Better to beg for forgiveness and all  
that. Don't worry, it's just a quick  
in and out. That's my specialty.

BECKWITH

Uh huh.

Archie sprays next to the door handle. The GLASS SIZZLES, CRACKS. He pushes on it. The glass separates quietly, like pushing your hand through rice paper. He unlocks the door.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Quick and cautious, Archie tip-toes across marble floors, past opulent furnishings. No one seems to be around. He creeps into the

MASTER BEDROOM

over to a polished wood desk. Opens a laptop computer. Chuckles at the password prompt.

ARCHIE

Passwords.

Archie pulls a USB Flash Drive from his vest. Plugs it in. A window pops up on screen with a "Copy Progress" indicator.

A LOUD LAUGH is heard outside the room.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - OVERLOOK - DAY

Archie crawls along the hallway. MUFFLED VOICES over the din of an AIR CONDITIONING UNIT. He peers over the wall...

## LOWER FLOOR

NINE WELL DRESSED MEN, of various ethnicities, sit around a conference table. Al Shahrani (50's) in an expensive suit and tie, presides at the head of the table.

There's also a SHAPELY WOMAN (20's) in a low cut dress. But she's obscured by a hanging plant. Archie can only see her long legs, perfect body. He ducks back down.

ARCHIE  
(whispering)  
Becks. It's not just Shahrani, I clocked five guys on INTERPOL red lists. This isn't a family vacation.

## EXT. GRAND HOTEL RESORT - MARINA

Beckwith breaks into a sprint along a pier.

BECKWITH  
Get out of there Archie. Now! I'm bringing the boat around.

## INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - OVERLOOK

Archie snaps a couple pictures. Struggles to get a clear view. Still can't see the Shapely Woman's face.

ARCHIE  
Okay, I just need to get a better look at something.

Archie crawls further along the hallway. Peeks over the wall. He can almost see her. Leans a little more... Dangerously close to a vase.

HIS CAMERA POV. SNAP. He gets the shot... a platinum blonde beauty men would die for...

## INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - LOWER FLOOR

CRASH! The vase shatters beside the conference table. The men gape up at the 2nd floor, but Archie's gone.

ARMED GUARDS race out of the shadows to investigate. Leading the charge is a dark-skinned BALD BEHEMOTH.

## INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Archie sprints to the balcony. BAM! A BULLET SPIDERWEBS the sliding glass door in front of him. He keeps running, crashes through it...

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE

... Slams hard into the balcony railing. Glances back... The Bald Behemoth barrels at him with surprising speed... followed by several guards.

Archie pulls a Glock 20 from his vest. RETURNS FIRE. Sprints along the veranda as GLASS EXPLODES next to him...

He leaps off the far end of the balcony... sails through the air, 50 feet above the ground... smacks hard into a tall palm tree. Hugs it, groans.

THWACK! THWACK! Bullets splinter bark above Archie's head. He slides down, spins around the tree... rolls behind a stone wall amidst a HAIL OF GUNFIRE. Clutches his groin. Agony.

BECKWITH (IN EARPIECE)  
Archie, what's happening. You okay?

ARCHIE  
Define okay.

BECKWITH (IN EARPIECE)  
How's that backup plan of yours coming along?

ARCHIE  
(checks his watch)  
I'm about to find out.

He springs to his feet. Dashes into a building entrance.

INT./EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - DAY

He rushes past tables of vacationers... out onto a patio. A hot young BRUNETTE with HUGE BOOBS, stuffed into an industrial-strength bikini, glares at him.

HUGE BOOBS  
Where've you been Archie? I was about to leave.

Archie tugs on a SUPPORT CABLE that extends at a shallow angle from the restaurant canopy to the grounds below.

ARCHIE  
Where's your purse?!

HUGE BOOBS  
My purse?

ARCHIE

Yes, that sturdy nylon one with the handles. You always have it with you!

HUGE BOOBS

I left it behind today. Why, what--

A TRAY OF GLASSES SMASHES on the ground. Bald Behemoth and several men push through the crowd at the restaurant entrance.

Archie stares at Huge Boobs' bikini top. Flashes a smile.

ARCHIE

I need a big favor from you.

EXT. HOTEL RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Huge Boobs pouts. Crosses her arms over her ginormous breasts trying to keep them from spilling out as...

Archie uses her bikini top and the cable like a zip line. He pushes off the patio. Whizzes along the wire.

The Bald Behemoth and his men FIRE SEVERAL SHOTS at Archie from the patio. He's too far away for an accurate shot, and moving quickly... They race downstairs.

EXT. ZIP LINE

100 feet in the air, Archie looks up at the makeshift apparatus. It smokes, rips... 75 feet... 50 feet...

ARCHIE

Ooooooh shiiiiiiit!

25 feet above the ground the bikini top snaps. He falls...

EXT. BEACH VOLLEYBALL AREA

A FIT HOTTIE sets up her shot. Screams, dives out of the way as Archie crashes through the net... tumbles across the sand.

FIT HOTTIE

Oh my God! Are you okay?

Archie spits sand. Looks her up and down. Flashes a winning smile... that quickly fades, when he spots the armed guards sprinting across the grounds toward him. He lurches up.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Archie staggers into the court at the water's edge. Waiting for him is a young female TENNIS BABE. She fires a tennis ball at him from a machine. Looks at her watch.

TENNIS BABE  
 You're still paying for an hour.  
 (notices he's beaten up)  
 Jesus what happened to you?

ARCHIE  
 I got hung up. Did you bring the  
 case I left for you?

TENNIS BABE  
 Yeah it's right here. What's it  
 filled with, gold bricks?

BAM! BAM! TING! BAM! Bald Behemoth and the guards open up  
 with their handguns.

ARCHIE  
 Get down!

Archie grabs a SILVER CASE next to the tennis ball machine.  
 Punches a code. Opens it -- it's full of HAND GRENADES. He  
 dumps them into the ball machine feeder.

ARCHIE  
 This better work.

He adjusts the trajectory, ratchets up the speed setting,  
 pulls a pin on a grenade, forces it into the tube.

PLUNK. The grenade rockets out of the court... lands in  
 front of two guards. They stare at each other a moment  
 before... KABOOM!

PLUNK. KABOOM! Guards -- and bits of guards -- fly.

PLUNK. Bald Behemoth dives out of the way. KABOOM!

Archie pulls a pin, feeds another grenade. But it gets stuck.

ARCHIE  
 Uh oh... RUN!

He and Tennis Babe burst out of the court... dive off the  
 jetty into the ocean as a MASSIVE THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION erupts  
 behind them. Flames lick at the water. Fire everywhere.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Archie and Tennis Babe surface in time to see a small yacht  
 pull up next to them. Beckwith glowers behind the wheel.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

They climb aboard. Wince at the incinerated hotel grounds.

BECKWITH

I see a patch of green over there  
Archie. I think you missed a spot.

TENNIS BABE

Who are you guys? What just happen--

Archie puts a finger over her lips. Flashes a hypnotic smile.

ARCHIE

First things first. We need to get  
you out of these wet clothes.

Beckwith rolls his eyes, as Archie leads Tennis Babe away.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DUBLIN, IRELAND - DAY

Rundown flats line a desolate inner-city street. A slender  
DARK-HAIRED GIRL skulks along the sidewalk carrying two heavy  
cans of paint. Avoids eye-contact with passers-by.

This is KESTREL MOROZOVA (16). Friends call her Kes, but she  
doesn't really have any friends. Her eyes blaze with an  
uneasy mix of vulnerability and lethality.

She approaches the complex entrance. Sets the paint cans  
down. Presses the intercom button.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who's there?

KES

It's me. Is there tea?

WOMAN'S VOICE

In the pot. Get it while it's hot.

BUZZER SOUNDS. Kes opens the door, hefts a can inside. Comes  
out, grabs the other can... The door shuts before she can get  
back to it. She sighs. Presses the intercom button again.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who's there?

KES

It's me. Is there tea?

WOMAN'S VOICE

In the pot. Get it while it's hot.

The same conversation, with monotonous efficiency. Like a  
password said a thousand times... She's buzzed in.

INT. OLD FLAT - DAY

A stark living space, with only one elegant feature...

TATIANA MOROZOVA (late 30's). Even smeared with white paint, she's a graceful beauty. Brush in hand, she details a window frame. Glances up as Kes enters, sets the cans down.

TATIANA  
What color did you get?

KES  
(sheepish)  
Chili pepper.

TATIANA  
Kes, I specifically told you I did not want red for the living room.

KES  
But it's not red, it's chili pepper.  
And it was really pretty.

The interaction feels more teacher/student than mom/daughter. Tatiana gives Kes a withering glance.

KES  
Fine, I'll take it back. Odds are we won't be staying long enough for it to matter anyway.

Tatiana sees her daughter mope to the door.

TATIANA  
I tell you what... If you go pick up some more white paint, we can use the red in your bedroom?

Kes's eyes light up.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Kes plops a couple cans of white paint on the counter in front of a cute MALE CASHIER. Hands him some cash.

MALE CASHIER  
White paint now? Let me guess, you're painting a giant candy cane?

Kes just shakes her head. Suddenly shy.

MALE CASHIER  
You're not much of a talker, but you do have gorgeous eyes.

That catches her off guard. She blushes, uncomfortable.

KES  
Keep the change.

She grabs the paint, hustles out the door... leaving the Male Cashier puzzled.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Kes almost smiles, in good spirits. Presses the intercom button. This time there's a bit of a delay. Finally...

TATIANA'S VOICE  
Who's there?

KES  
It's me. Is there tea?

TATIANA'S VOICE  
I think we're out dear, but I can make some coffee if you like.

THE LIFE DRAINS FROM KES'S FACE. Something is terribly wrong. The BUZZER SOUNDS. She stares at the door for a long beat...

Opens and closes it to turn off the buzzer. Presses the intercom button again. Pronounces every word carefully.

KES  
I said, it's me. Is there tea?

TATIANA'S VOICE  
I heard you the first time my love. Come upstairs, there might be some tea in the cupboard.

She clenches her teeth. Sprints away. Halfway across the street, she hears the FRONT DOOR of her building SLAM OPEN. Hazards a look back...

THREE LARGE MEN with guns, rush out. Spot her. Give chase.

A FOURTH MAN, feral features, jet black hair -- DIETER GAREK (30's), hangs back. Calmly wipes down a bloody combat knife.

Kes ducks into an ALLEY... a dead end. She yanks a board off the wall... thrusts her hand into the revealed compartment...

The large men rush across the street. Just before they reach the alley...

Out jumps Kes with an M16 assault rifle. BLAM! A bullet slams through the first man's head.

The other men duck behind a vehicle... get off a couple SHOTS. But Kes moves like an unstoppable wraith. WINDOWS SHATTER, METAL PUNCTURES... Her BULLETS CHEW through the men.

Kes turns her attention to Garek. She FIRES, races across the street toward him... He jumps in a car, PEELS OUT. His REAR WINDOW EXPLODES in gunfire... as he escapes down the street.

INT. OLD FLAT - DAY

Tears in her eyes, Kes stares at her dead mother. A grotesque gash in her neck.

KES

I will make you proud momma.

She grimaces at the red arterial spray on the white walls.

CUT TO:

INT. DUBLIN AIRPORT - DAY

Kes -- in a short cropped BLOND WIG that makes her look older. In line for tickets.

She glances around suspiciously at other travellers. Unfolds a worn piece of paper. On it is written: ARCHIE NOVA, 3800 GLENN ST NW, WASHINGTON, D.C.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - ESTABLISHING SHOTS - NIGHT

The Washington Monument. Capitol Hill. A city with a rich history... of double-dealings and back-stabbing.

Beyond the landmarks, suburban sprawl.

EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PULSE-POUNDING MUSIC. A party is in full swing.

INT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Archie grins and ogles his way through a hip crowd that's much younger than he is... especially the women... who outnumber the men two to one. He's in his element.

ARCHIE

(on cell phone)

So where are ya? You better not be curled up in bed with your jammies.

BECKWITH (V.O.)

Don't be absurd...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BECKWITH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Beckwith sits propped up in bed, in his pajamas, with his cell phone and laptop.

BECKWITH

... I'm at the office finishing up the report that will hopefully save our asses tomorrow. Someone has to do the dirty work you know.

Archie eye-humps a SEXY LADY slinking by.

ARCHIE

Oh don't you worry, I'll be doing plenty of dirty work tonight. Gotta go. Someone's at the door.

INT./EXT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

He opens the front door...

ARCHIE

Whoa.

It's group of YOUNG BLOND MEN AND WOMEN holding instruments.

ARCHIE

You must be blond, "James Blond." Best band name ever. Come on, I'll show you where you can set up.

He leads them through the house, but there's another KNOCK.

ARCHIE

Just keep going through there, you'll see the open space.

He heads back to the front door. Opens it...

Kes, in her blond wig, stares at him, wide-eyed. Can't speak.

ARCHIE

Looks like we have an orphan.

KES

What?

ARCHIE

The rest of your group -- they're already inside. Right this way, sweet stuff.

INT. ARCHIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Archie leads a confused Kes to the band.

ARCHIE  
And here we are... until later.

KES  
You're Archie Nova, correct?

ARCHIE  
The one and only.

Archie spots the Sexy Lady again. She's with an equally SEXY FRIEND. He sidles up to them. Kes is already forgotten.

ARCHIE  
Hello ladies. How would you like a private tour of Casa Nova?

The women look at each other. Giggle. Kes taps Archie on the shoulder. Archie ignores her.

ARCHIE  
I've been told the view from my bedroom is particularly mind-blowing.

KES  
Excuse me... uh, sir... I really need to introduce mys--

ARCHIE  
(spins around)  
Right. Where are my manners?

Archie grabs a microphone off a stand next to the band.

ARCHIE  
Attention everyone, the band wants to introduce themselves.

He hands the microphone to Kes. All eyes are on her. The members of James Blond glance at each other. *Who the hell is this chick?*

Kes hesitates. A deer caught in the headlights.

Archie mouths: "Go on" to reassure her. Finally...

KES  
Archie... I'm your daughter.

Archie reels. *Did it just get really hot in here?* Stumbles backward, like he's just been sucker-punched by a Chupacabra.