

As the SONY LOGO blazes across the screen, it MORPHS to that of a SCHOOL CREST. Below it reads: SUSAN B. ANTHONY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. We POP out of the Crest to find ourselves...

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE, SUSAN B. ANTHONY HIGH - DAY

...in PRINCIPAL ROSEN's office. As the chubby man stares at a buck-toothed teenage GIRL in front of him, we CHYRON: 1998

GIRL  
I swear! I don't know how Becky's  
earrings got in my locker.

Funny thing is, the girl's not staring at Principal Rosen, but rather -- JUDY HOFFS, 14, beautiful, African-American. Hoffs listens to the girl's alibi -- studies her.

HOFFS  
She's lying.

Principal Rosen POUNDS his desk.

PRINCIPAL ROSEN  
3 days detention. Dismissed.

As the girl lets out a theatrical sigh and leaves the room -- we SPIN around and FREEZE FRAME ON -- Hoffs.

CHYRON: FUTURE POLICE OFFICER JUDY HOFFS, AGE 14.

The PURPOSEFUL MUSIC of a bad local band rises, as we TRAVEL TO a very different type of school. Suddenly we are at a...

INT. AUDITORIUM, BAKERSFIELD HIGH - NIGHT

...homecoming dance. A CROWN has just been placed atop the head of a PRETTY GIRL. An ELDERLY TEACHER has the mic...

ELDERLY TEACHER  
And our new homecoming KING is,  
well, you know who...

Deafening applause as a debonair Vietnamese-American takes the stage -- HARRY IOKI, 15. They place his crown...

IOKI  
A standing-O? I didn't see that  
coming...okay, maybe I did.

The elderly teacher backs away, but TRIPS -- BUMPS into a student adjusting a rope. The student loses grip and --

-- a giant metal LIGHT drops from the ceiling. Heads right for the prom queen until Ioki LEAPS! As he DRAGS her to safety, we FREEZE FRAME ON -- Ioki.

CHYRON: **FUTURE POLICE OFFICER HARRY IOKI, AGE 15.**

Off this heroic act, we go to...

EXT. FIELD, GROVER CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

...the football practice field of a SUBURBAN CAMPUS. COACH WILCOX screams at his squad in mid-wind sprint. The entire team crosses the line in time except --

-- DOUG PENHALL, 16. The classic butterball. He lumbers across before collapsing on the grass.

COACH WILCOX  
Thanks to Mr. Penhall, you all get  
to do ten more suicides!

The entire team MOANS as Mr. Wilcox looms over Penhall.

PENHALL  
Coach, I don't feel so good.

COACH WILCOX  
And you look worse, Penhall. Now  
get up or get off my field.

Penhall barely makes it to his feet and up to the line. As Coach BLOWS his whistle, we FREEZE FRAME ON -- Penhall.

CHYRON: **FUTURE POLICE OFFICER DOUG PENHALL, AGE 16.**

And now, to meet the final member of our team, we go to...

EXT. HALLWAY, FORT LAUDERDALE HIGH - DAY

...sunny Florida where two ridiculously tan BLONDE GIRLS lean against their lockers as --

-- TOM HANSON, 16 SLIDES in between them. There's no doubt Hanson will grow up to be dangerously handsome, but right now, he's 4' 11" and looks about 12.

HANSON  
Morning ladies. Nothing starts the  
day out like a good meal. Care to  
sandwich me?

The girls giggle.

TALLER GIRL

Oh my god, you are sooooo cute.  
(squeezes his cheek)  
Does your older brother go here or  
something?

HANSON

What? No, I go here, I'm a junior-

Suddenly from the bowels of hell...

RONNIE MCQUAID (O.S.)

Well, if it ain't Tom Thumb.

Chills run down Hanson's back as -- STEVE AND RONNIE MCQUAID, two shithead twin brothers approach. Wearing RATTY JEANS and cutoff FLANNEL SHIRTS.

STEVE MCQUAID

Mornin', midget. Where ya been?

Hanson offers a humiliated glance at the girls as -- the McQuaid Brothers JAM him into a tall locker -- SLAM it shut.

RONNIE MCQUAID

You girls need to learn to put your  
toys away.

As Steve and Ronnie lead the blondes away, Hanson BANGS on the locker. A mishmash of tormented emotions...

HANSON

Steve and Ronnie McQuaid, you may  
have me now, but one day you'll be  
sorry. 'Cause I'm gonna be the man.  
(voice cracking)  
You hear me? The man!!!

FREEZE FRAME ON - on two EYES staring out of the locker.

CHYRON: **FUTURE POLICE OFFICER TOM HANSON, AGE 16.**

As we FADE TO BLACK, the sound of his VOICE continues. But his cadence shifts. More mature, more lived in. OVER BLACK:

HANSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You wanted the good stuff, we got  
you the good stuff.

CHYRON: **TEN YEARS LATER.** And we move inside a...

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - NIGHT

...steel framed hanger, up to -- TOM HANSON, 26. Finally pushing six feet tall and so good-looking it might inspire anger if not for the fact that he barely looks 18.

HANSON  
That's 50 kilos. To start.

Hanson is flanked by his partner -- a short, squat Italian American named TONY SPINELLI, 36.

SPINELLI  
You won't find that quality  
anywhere else. Not in bulk.

We PAN around to see who they're talking to -- RAY BALDERAMA, a decidedly shifty fellow, who's scrutinizing a dufflebag full of grade-A cocaine.

By his side is -- BUTCH, a mountain of a man with a BOBCAT 9MM tucked in his jacket.

Ray pulls out a drug testing VIAL. Pauses. Turns to Hanson.

RAY BALDERAMA  
Ain't you too young for this shit?

HANSON  
You really care how old I am? I'm  
dealin' dope, not dating your mom.

Ray drives a knife into a random brick. Deposits a sample into the vial. He stares at the coloration as we cut to...

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT

...LIEUTENANT EARL BOXER, 45, tall, fit. Cramped between various MONITORING equipment. Boxer speaks into a WIRELESS COMM.

*[Note: This is how our officers will communicate.]*

BOXER  
Hanson, close the deal.

We cut back to...

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - CONTINUOUS

...Hanson, who smirks at Ray.

HANSON

Look, we gotta deal or not?

Ray nods to Butch who is about to hand over a metal briefcase, when -- an airport MAINTENANCE WORKER walks into the hanger. *Uh-oh. Problems on the rise...*

MAINTENANCE WORKER

Fellas, this is a closed shop -

A tiny drop of tinkle falls into the worker's shorts as he SPOTS the drugs and -- FREEZES.

RAY

(to Butch)

Erase this guy.

HANSON

*Ease up. I'll handle it-*

Butch DRAWS THE BOBCAT but -- Hanson SLAPS the weapon upwards, sends the bullets off target. With the other hand, he delivers -- a CRUSHING RIGHT HOOK, exploding Butch's nose.

HANSON (CONT'D)

(to Maintenance Worker)

Get outta here -- Go!

As the Maintenance Worker flees, Hanson pulls a SMITH & WESSON from the back of his waistband.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Ray Balderama, you're under arrest--

That's as far as he gets as -- more of RAY'S THUGS enter. Let loose a deafening burst of AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE that send Spinelli and Hanson for COVER. Bullets PINGING around them.

HANSON (CONT'D)

(peeks out)

They're heading for the runway.

SPINELLI

Park it Hanson -- once they're on that tarmac they're out of our jurisdiction. FBI's got it.

HANSON  
Are you kidding? This is our bust--

BOXER (V.O.)  
Spinelli's right, stand down!

HANSON  
Lighten up, Lieutenant. This is  
the fun part.

Hanson SLAPS the COMM out of his ear and sprints...

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

...outside to see Ray and his posse enter another hanger.  
Hanson SLAMS next to the entrance. Checks his weapon and...

INT. AIRPLANE HANGER - CONTINUOUS

...heads inside. This hanger is full of CARGO. Loose boxes  
and crates litter the floors. Some stacked to the ceiling.

Off the sound of JET ENGINE powering up -- Hanson LUNGES  
forward to see -- Ray and his crew, heading away aboard a  
GULFSTREAM G550. Hanson JAMS back in his wireless COMM.

HANSON  
(into comm)  
Where's the gas tank on a jet?

His eardrums EXPLODE as Spinelli and Boxer SHOUT orders and  
obscenities. Hanson winces -- SLAPS the comm out again.

He FINDS the tank. But as he aims his gun, the jet engines  
fully engage -- SHOOTING out 15,385 pounds of thrust which --

-- LAUNCH Hanson across the hanger. He lands HARD into a  
pile of crates. Rolls behind a pillar as EVERY piece of  
loose cargo is BLASTED his direction. 200 lb. crates EXPLODE  
around him like wooden A-bombs as the Jet POWERS AWAY.

Hanson gets to his feet. Spots a STAIRCAR. The kind used to  
board large planes. Speaking of planes...

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

...the Gulfstream is moving fast now. It heads toward the  
main runway until -- two FBI cars SLIDE in front of it. FOUR  
AGENTS get out, draw weapons as the jet CUTS across --

-- the grass, TURNS sharply. Its THRUST STREAM catches all 4 agents and TOSSES them away like ragdolls. We go inside...

INT. GULFSTREAM G550 - CONTINUOUS

...the jet to see Ray and his men celebrating as the Jet POWERS FORWARD. Ray SCREAMS, beats his chest, until...

PILOT

Ray!!!

Everyone looks out the window to see -- Hanson in the staircar, SLIDING sideways onto the runway 200 yards ahead.

INT. STAIRCAR - CONTINUOUS

Smoke billows in front of the windshield as the CLASH'S "I FOUGHT THE LAW" erupts on the soundtrack. Hanson GUNS the engine, SLAPS the staircar in gear and PEELS OUT as...

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

...the game of chicken ensues. The jet BLASTING forward. Staircar RUMBLING for all its worth. 100 yards and closing. 80, 70....faster, FASTER...50 yards, 40, 30, 20, 10 until...

...Hanson JERKS LEFT as the top of the staircar CATCHES the JET wing -- SHEARS it off --

-- FLIPPING the staircar upside down. The jet CAREENS off the runway as Hanson's staircar SLIDES 50 yards on its roof -- hits the grass and FLIPS perfectly back on its wheels.

Inside...

INT. STAIRCAR - CONTINUOUS

...Hanson blinks hard. Pats himself. He's fine. He steps outside, a little wobbly, but manages to...

EXT. TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

...jog toward the JET. Its nose in the grass, rear engulfed in FLAME. Ray and crew jump out -- on FIRE! They duck, roll and are able to put out their flames, but then -- collapse.

Hanson stands over them proudly until Spinelli arrives with --

-- Boxer just a few feet behind.

SPINELLI  
Look what you've done.

HANSON  
I know. I used to hear Michael  
Jordan talk about being in the  
zone, but never knew what he meant--

SPINELLI  
The drugs are burning, asshole! No  
evidence, no case!

HANSON  
Relax. That duffle bag is made out  
of Nomex. It's fire retardant.

As Hanson assumes a shit-eating grin -- the PLANE EXPLODES!

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Okay, not that retardant.

Spinelli LUNGES at Hanson, but Boxer gets between them.

BOXER  
(to Hanson)  
Get out of here.

And so, Hanson reluctantly heads away as...

CHYRON THE TITLE CARD: **21 JUMP STREET.**

INT. LIEUTENANT BOXER'S OFFICE, POLICE DEPT. - DAY

Hanson sits in front of Boxer's desk which is a breathtaking  
catastrophe of papers, post-it notes and the like.

BOXER  
You blew 6 months of surveillance.

HANSON  
6 months cause you've got dopes  
working like Spinelli. I was on  
for 2 months and set up that meet.

BOXER  
You know, instead of attitude, how  
about a little gratitude!  
(leans forward)  
I hand-picked you outta the  
academy.  
(MORE)



BOXER (CONT'D)

I got you on the team, taught you  
the ropes. Put my neck on the line  
for you a dozen times-

Hanson knows he's wrong. Holds up an apologetic hand.

BOXER (CONT'D)

You're done. You can reapply in 6  
months, but...I'll do what I can.  
(exhales)  
Gun and badge.

Hanson takes out his piece and his badge, sets them on  
Boxer's desk. Boxer just squints at him.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Take 'em downstairs. You think I  
keep guns and badges in my drawer?

Hanson raises an eyebrow, re-pockets both. The Clash SONG  
fills the air again as Hanson exits. But, as we...

INT. HALLWAY, POLICE DEPARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...watch him head away, the song begins to SKIP -- **"I fought  
the law and -- I fought the law and -- I fought the law"** and  
then -- SCRATTTTTTTTTTTTTTCH -- it turns...

INT. ALPHA DELTA UPSILON, STATE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

...decidedly more hip-hop as it's MASHED UP with a little  
Wyclef Jean. Blaring at near deafening decibels in the midst  
of a raging state college FRAT PARTY.

Suddenly the dance floor parts as a gorgeous Latina wearing a  
micro-mini skirt and knee-highs walks through. This is  
NATASHA. 16, with the body of a 25 year old. Every male  
head swivels as she walks past, up a set of stairs...

INT. 2ND FLOOR, LIVING QUARTERS, FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...to the 2nd floor. Past a PLEDGE being held upside down as  
he drinks from a keg. She turns a corner, heads along a  
hallway, up to two HULKING FRAT BOYS guarding a door.

NATASHA

I'm here for Sammy.

One frat boy gives the other a wink. Opens the door...

INT. SIDE HALLWAY, FRAT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...which leads to a side hallway. Natasha heads for the last door. Next to it is the fire escape EXIT. She clips the alarm wires. Opens the exit door. Through which steps...

...CYRUS, 17. Great looking, well built. Could be Tyrese's little brother. As he scoops Natasha in for a hard kiss...

...AHMAD, 17, short, Persian and EMILE, 17, tall with a shaved head, step in behind him.

CYRUS  
(to Natasha)  
You did good. Go wait in the car.

As she exits, Cyrus checks his Blackberry PDA.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
(to Ahmad & Emile)  
Don't let 'em spin you with his  
show stash. He's holding 3 kilos.

Cyrus exchanges his PDA for a GLOCK. Ahmad & Emile pull out matching Berettas. Cute.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
Let's do this-

Cyrus nearly KICKS the door off the hinges! They rush in to see -- a typical college dorm room. In the center is SAMMY, 22. Chubby with a bulbous nose and high, wiry hair.

He sits on a bean bag, eyes closed, oblivious. Listening to his Ipod, singing (horribly) along to Bossman's "So Fresh."

Cyrus KICKS the bean bag. Sammy's eyes open to the end of Cyrus' gun. He yanks away his ipod.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
Drugs. I want 'em all.

SAMMY  
You guys have any idea who you're  
fucking with?

CYRUS  
Does Bossman have any idea what you  
doin' to his song?

Sammy pulls out an Air Jordan shoe box -- opens it -- inside are tiny baggies full of pills, mostly ecstasy. Cyrus SMACKS it out of his hands -- JAMS the gun against his head.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

The 3 keys!

Sammy is completely shocked. *How'd he know?*

CYRUS (CONT'D)

If the next thing you do is  
anything but get me my shit, I'm  
gonna shoot you and find it myself.

Sammy reluctantly tugs at a framed poster of Timbaland. It swings out on micro-hinges, revealing a CUBBIE HOLE. Inside is an armful of plastic bricks full of COKE.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

(to Ahmad)

Gimme the duffle.

Ahmad winces.

AHMAD

I didn't bring it.

CYRUS

Man, you dumb. I mean, "Dumb and  
Dumber" kinda dumb.

AHMAD

You diggin' at my SATs? I told you  
I was hung-over when I took it.  
Everyone craps out their first time-

Behind them, Sammy ducks down. Cyrus never sees him grab the GUN taped under his bed -- only FEELS it pressed to his head.

SAMMY

(to Ahmad & Emile)

Drop the guns!

Both FREAK in response, JAB guns at Sammy with palsied hands. Cyrus, on the other hand, is bizarrely calm.

CYRUS

Shoot this motherfucker.

SAMMY

Don't be stupid. Drop the gun and  
I let everyone walk outta here like  
nothing happened.

Emile and Ahmad are coming unglued. Any trace of a "hard" persona has long since evaporated.

EMILE  
(to Cyrus)  
He said we could walk outta here.

As Emile steps forward, Sammy mistakenly aims up, so -- Cyrus GRABS his wrist! The gun FIRES -- DETONATES a kitschy lava lamp. Cyrus elbows Sammy's JAW. Twists the gun away.

Sammy falls. Spits blood. Cyrus spins on Ahmad and Emile.

CYRUS  
You two are worthless.  
(to Ahmad)  
Find somethin' to put the coke in.

Ahmad can barely think. Cyrus points to a laundry bag. Ahmad dumps out the existing laundry. Recoils.

AHMAD  
Smells like ass.

Cyrus YANKS it out of his hand -- JAMS the drugs inside. Finally shows signs of adrenaline as he punches Sammy three more times. Knocks him out cold.

EXT. PARKING LOT, 7-11 - NIGHT

CHYRON TITLE CARD: **3 months later**

We find Hanson emerging from the DARKNESS between street lamps. The searching chords of SOUND GARDEN's "*Black Hole Sun*" echo as he contemplates where his life has taken him.

He passes a HOMELESS GUY with long blonde hair and a thick natty beard. Hand out for change.

HANSON  
Hit ya' on the way out.

Homeless Guy nods appreciatively, but their attention is turned to a -- convertible Audi S4 SCREECHING into the lot, BLARING HIP-HOP music, DROWNING OUT the Sound Garden.

Three HIGH SCHOOLERS of the jock/cheerleader sort jump out: A large, Caucasian LINEBACKER, a wiry, Asian-American WIDE RECEIVER and a luscious, African-American CHEERLEADER.

LINEBACKER  
Mister, help us out with a 12-pack?

HANSON  
How old are you?

WIDE RECEIVER  
Old enough to pay for our own beer.  
(holds up two \$20 bills)  
And pay you for your troubles.

HANSON  
Strong move, slick. But you've got  
the wrong guy.

INT. 7-11 - MOMENTS LATER

Hanson's wandering the aisles when he spots the CHEERLEADER --  
sucking on a LOLLIPOP. Peering at him with an admiring eye.

CHEERLEADER  
You're cute.

HANSON  
Lemme guess -- for an older guy.

CHEERLEADER  
I like older guys.

HANSON  
Bad policy. Trust me.

Hanson tries to lose her. Grabs a ready-made sandwich.

CHEERLEADER  
My name's Oline. As in tramp-  
oline, you can bounce on me all ni--

HANSON  
Look, you're beautiful. If you  
were 5 years older I'd give you a  
shot at the title, but you aren't.  
(waves her away)  
Go home, pop in your retainer, read  
some Judy Blume and dream of makin'  
first base with Justin Timberlake.

CHEERLEADER  
It's like that?

HANSON  
Someday you'll thank me.

Hanson heads to the REGISTER. Up to SKIPPY, a 16-year old  
with quite honestly the worst ACNE you've ever seen.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Hey Skippy, how's life?

SKIPPY  
Oh, hey Mr., uh...  
(squints at something)  
...Mr. Hanson.

Hanson sees what Skippy referred to in order to come up with his name -- a "Wall of Shame" where BAD CHECKS are displayed. One of HIS is dead center.

HANSON  
(exhales)  
Will you please tell your dad to  
take that down? It was one time.

EXT. PARKING LOT, 7-11 - MOMENTS LATER

Hanson, carrying a BROWN PAPER BAG, exits. Hands the Homeless Guy some change when -- the Linebacker and Wide Receiver come out of nowhere, CHARGING at Hanson.

LINEBACKER  
'Sup, perv!

He shoves Hanson hard. *"What the fuck is this about?"*

LINEBACKER (CONT'D)  
My girl said you offered to buy her  
booze if she'd slob your knob.

HANSON  
(to the Cheerleader)  
That what you told them?

The Cheerleader stands by the car, plays the victim.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Listen. This is all very cute, the  
little psychodrama you've got going  
on...but I got problems of my own.

As Hanson tries to move past -- the Linebacker SWINGS -- Hanson easily DUCKS it.

CHEERLEADER  
Get 'em, baby!

And now, Hanson's downright annoyed. He intercepts a RIGHT HOOK, twists the Linebackers ARM behind his back, and LEVERAGES him towards the Audi.

HANSON  
I'm not fighting you, kid.

Hanson SHOVES the Linebacker behind the WHEEL -- slams the door and -- STARES DOWN the Wide Receiver.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Get in the car.  
(then, to the Cheerleader)  
You too.

Hanson watches as they follow orders. As Audi PEELS AWAY...

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Kids today...

Soundgarden RISES BACK UP as Hanson heads into the night. The Homeless Guy watches Hanson go. Mystery in his gaze.

INT. HANSON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - MORNING

A brand new day. The sun is shining. Birds are belting out their favorite tune. None of which interests Hanson, who staggers out of his apartment rubbing his eyes.

He reaches for the paper, but next to it is -- a plain white ENVELOPE with a small POLICE SEAL. Inside, a piece of PAPER which reads: 21 Jump Street 10:00 A.M. It's important.

Huh...? With questions mounting, Hanson heads back inside.

INT. MUSTANG (MOVING) - MORNING

Hanson drives, looking for 21 Jump Street. Somehow sensing that it may offer a new beginning.

EXT. 21 JUMP STREET CHURCH - MORNING

Hanson stands on an INDUSTRIAL STREET with decidedly grim architecture, save for a lone, towering CHURCH. He takes in the CARVED STONE and FADED STAINED GLASS that once was glorious. At present, it's simply mysterious.

Suddenly, a vintage '62 Austin-Healy convertible roars to a stop. Hopping out is...RICHARD JENKO, late 30's, mussed blonde hair, wearing a Guayabera and Cargo pants. He carries a large open carton of TOMATO JUICE.

JENKO  
Tomato juice?

HANSON

I'm good.

Jenko takes a loooooong swig. Looks Hanson over.

JENKO

Yes you are.

(extends his hand)

Richard Jenko. Captain Richard Jenko. And, to the ladies granted purview of my loins - "El Capitan".

As Hanson follows Jenko INSIDE...

HANSON

Do I know you from somewhere?

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - BULLPEN - MORNING

They enter and Jenko announces, like a proud papa...

JENKO

Welcome to The Chapel.

What was once a place of worship now houses stylish MODERN FURNITURE, high-tech OFFICE EQUIPMENT and a fair share of pop culture POSTERS and PARAPHERNALIA.

Several UNDERCOVER OFFICERS keep busy amongst the RINGING PHONES and active COMPUTER BANKS.

HANSON

I heard about this. I thought it was just a rumor...

JENKO

Best kept secret in the Department. Jump Street's been active and "off the books" since '73.

(re: the building)

This puppy was marked for demolition. The department bought it, set up shop. We're third generation and going strong.

Hanson spins to see: The Linebacker, Wide Receiver and Cheerleader from the night before. Only they look different - make that, older. And wear BADGES around their necks.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Meet Detectives Penhall, Hoffs and Ioki.



Hanson is stunned. Penhall (The Linebacker), offers his hand with a warm, apologetic smile...

PENHALL

Sorry if I came on a little strong.

Hoffs (The Cheerleader) approaches. As they shake...

HOFFS

Judy Blume. Nice reference.

Hanson remains speechless. He extends his hand to Ioki (The Wide Receiver), who refuses the offer, explaining...

IOKI

I just wiped. You don't wanna...

HANSON

(to Jenko, impressed)

You were the homeless guy. Gimme my fifty cents back.

JENKO

That little soap opera last night was a Recruitment Evaluation. We needed to make sure your moral structure was firm. You passed. You're fit for the job.

HANSON

What job?

JENKO

Undercover, but we put a spin on it here. Instead of waiting for the bad seeds to grow, we go after them before they get a voting card.

HANSON

Hold up. You want me to go undercover...in high school?

JENKO

With that scrub-brush face a' yours, you'd be a swish in the net.

Hanson scoffs, then...

HANSON

Wow, um...thanks for the offer, but I went to the Academy to be a cop. Not to narc on ninth graders.

Hanson nods, exits. Penhall, Hoff's and Ioki watch him leave.

EXT. 21 JUMP STREET - MORNING

Jenko calls out to Hanson, who is halfway to his car.

JENKO

Andrea Watson.

(Hanson stops)

Raped by a group of classmates  
'cause she was voted "Most Likely  
to Succeed." We closed that case.

(pause)

Not to mention the thirteen hundred  
firearms we intercepted before they  
moved through the six school  
districts in our jurisdiction.

(stern)

So, before you dismiss what we're  
doing here, lemme make one thing  
clear...

And now we see the strength that made Jenko a Captain...

JENKO (CONT'D)

This ain't about narcin' ninth  
graders.

Jenko's conviction lands hard on Hanson, who softens.

HANSON

High school was a long time ago.

JENKO

Don't give me that "old soul" crap.  
You love trouble, can jaw your way  
out of it, and you've got a hard-on  
for authority figures. I'd say  
you'll fit right in.

The gears in Hanson's head are spinning.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Not as glitzy as where you came  
from, but you'd be a cop again.

(pause)

Given all the strings I had to pull  
just to have this little talk...you  
don't have a lot of options.

Hanson paces. Knows it's true.

HANSON

It'd be a temporary stop. Just  
till I get my old job back.

JENKO

Don't care what your hopes and  
dreams are, scrub-brush. As long  
as when you're here...you're here.

HANSON

(half-smile)

Suppose I said I was in. What's  
the procedure?

JENKO

First, you gotta have your bling.

Jenko extends his hand. GLEAMING UP at him -- HANSON'S  
BADGE. The offer is clear, it's time for Hanson to be a cop  
again. As Hanson takes his badge back, Jenko grins.

JENKO (CONT'D)

Second, and you'll forgive me, we  
gotta hip your ass up!

GREEN DAY'S "AMERICAN IDIOT" erupts and the transformation  
and education of Tom Hanson is set in motion. BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. VIRGIN MEGASTORE - DAY

As Green Day declares: **"Don't wanna be an American Idiot!"**,  
Penhall leads Hanson through endless ROWS OF MUSIC, grabbing  
CDs as he drops the science...

PENHALL

When it comes to tunes, anything  
you think is cool is not. Nirvana,  
Pearl Jam -- buh-bye. The Beatles,  
Stones and Marley are timeless, but  
will only be accepted as hangover  
remedies. Linkin Park, Maroon 5,  
Disco Biscuits. Zap 'em in your 60  
gig Ipod and learn the lyrics.

MUSIC CONTINUES: **"Welcome to a new kind of tension/All across  
the alien nation!"** And WE GO:

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Ioki stands behind Hanson, who is getting his HAIR cut by a  
tatted-out BARBER.

IOKI

Wash your hair once a week. Rinse it as much as you want, but only shampoo every seven days. And erase the word "conditioner" from your vocabulary.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Hanson, sporting a funkier, aggro HAIRCUT, pushes a SHOPPING CART as Penhall loads it with boxes of the latest TECHNOLOGY.

PENHALL

You play Bioshock on PS3, Madden on PSP, Halo 3 on X-Box 360. Anyone worth talking to, you hit 'em on the Two-Way. Cell phone's just for parents' piece of mind. My oldest daughter's five. I'd go nuts if I didn't know she had one on her.

HANSON

You're a dad?

PENHALL

Crazy, huh?

As the MUSIC RISES: ***"One nation controlled by the media..."***  
They move past CLUSTERS of TEENAGERS.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

If you get invited to a house party, expect one-to-two hundred and fifty people. If you're invited to a "Kickback", you've made it into the inner circle. Expect only ten or fifteen.

("between me and you")

So cool to get invited to those.

Hanson can't help but be charmed by Penhall's enthusiasm.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE CONTINUES -- Hanson tries on various trendy SHIRTS as Hoffs explains...

HOFFS

Tying your shoes is optional.  
Tucking in your shirt isn't, don't do it.

Hoffs examines the shirt Hanson's trying on. Hanson is looking right at her. She's really cute.

HANSON  
Soooo, you seeing anyone?

HOFFS  
(tugs on his collar)  
I don't date co-workers.

Hanson ain't goin' out like that.

HANSON  
That's great, but I was making small talk, not asking you out.

HOFFS  
Nice backpedal.

HANSON  
Believe me, honey, you'll know if I'm hittin' on you.

HOFFS  
What'll give it away?

HANSON  
You, swooning.

She smirks, throws a belt and some socks at him.

HOFFS  
To answer your question, no. I haven't dated anyone in a while.

She takes off down the aisle. Hanson catches up.

HANSON  
How come?

HOFFS  
'Cause I'm great at reading people, brutally honest and guys don't like getting called on their bullshit.  
(shrugs)  
They don't find that much fun.

HANSON  
You have a "read" on me yet?

HOFFS  
Please. You were easy.

HANSON  
Let's hear it.

Hoffs rifles through clothing racks...

HOFFS  
Two types of people that join the force. Some join to help, some to prove something. I'd say you're the latter.

She JAMS two pairs of jeans into his chest. Stops moving.

HOFFS (CONT'D)  
As a boy you looked young and were small for your age, took a lot of shit. So you became a cop. Now you get off on the power. But you still look young, so you overcompensate and buck authority.

HANSON  
(eyes wide)  
You're right, that wasn't fun at all.

Hoffs SPINS Hanson, SHOVES him toward the fitting room.  
MUSIC FADES and we GO TO:

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - JENKO'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jenko, Penhall, Hoffs and Ioki check out Hanson -- from the mussed hair to the Paul Frank corduroys to the LeBron James sneakers -- Hanson looks like a convincing teenage boy.

JENKO  
Looking good, scrub-brush. How do ya feel?

HANSON  
Like I just got farted out of the future.

Jenko grabs Hanson's retro 1981 AC/DC concert T-shirt.

JENKO  
Hey...I was at that concert! Nice to see my childhood memories are being marketed as retro kitsch.  
(shakes his head)  
Alright. We go live at first bell tomorrow. Here's what we got.

Jenko motions toward the flat screen on the wall. Up on the screen comes a YEAR BOOK picture of Cyrus.

JENKO (CONT'D)

This is Cyrus Smith, Lakeside  
High's resident migraine.

(turns to Hanson)

Runs a three man crew that engages  
in some interesting extra  
curricular activities. Ever heard  
the term "Sugar Bandits?"

(off Hanson's shrug)

Guys that rob drug dealers because  
they know they won't call the cops.

HANSON

Has a certain logic to it.

JENKO

Cyrus, budding Junior Achievement  
member, then RESELLS the drugs to  
other dealers for a profit.

HANSON

How's he picking targets?

IOKI

Works for a guy, goes by "Biggie."  
Provides Cyrus with intel. Who to  
hit, when, etc.

PENHALL

We want Cyrus-

HANSON

But you REALLY want Biggie.

JENKO

We ran into the same thing over at  
Jackson Prep. Before we got close,  
things went bad. Boys Biggie was  
using robbed the wrong guy. They  
were all killed.

(long pause)

The oldest was 16.

HOFFS

This guy's a predator. Brainwashes  
kids, uses 'em, then discards 'em.  
Moves onto the next batch. We stop  
him or more kids die.

Long beat as this sinks in, then...

JENKO

We inserted Hoff's and Ioki into Lakeland High a couple months ago. They were able to confirm Biggie's involvement, but have hit a wall.

HOFFS

Cyrus is pretty tight lipped for a teenager.

IOKI

Surprisingly patient, too. Biggie has him space out the jobs.

JENKO

Which means we aren't gonna get a lot of shots at this thing. We need to infiltrate the inner circle before the next job goes down.

(points to Hanson)

You'll be going in with Penhall. He'll be "lead."

PENHALL

(pumps fist)

Thank you.

JENKO

There's a big party this weekend, that's your way in.

(to Hoff's)

Make sure they're on the short list.

Jenko hands Penhall and Hanson a piece of paper.

JENKO (CONT'D)

This is what your rap sheet's gonna be in the system. You two get together and figure out what your cover's gonna be. Names, backstory, the whole thing.

HANSON

(to Hoff's)

What's your cover?

HOFFS

Hot shortie with attitude.

HANSON

(to Ioki)

And you?



JENKO

Don't ask-

IOKI

Asian computer nerd. Shocking,  
right?

HANSON

I, uh-

IOKI

Look at me, I'm GQ, not I.Q.  
(pokes Hanson's chest)  
I was freakin' homecoming king!

PENHALL

Dude, you double majored in  
criminal justice and computer  
science. Embrace it.

IOKI

All I know is when the shit goes  
down, I'm stuck in a computer room  
somewhere running code.

(loud)

When do I get my **slo-mo**?!

Hanson squints at Penhall. What's this guy talking about?

PENHALL

You know, the moment in movies  
where the hero saves the day in  
slow-motion.

HOFFS

(slaps Ioki on the back)

Sorry dude, you peaked in high  
school, deal with it.

Ioki storms off. As he passes a heavy bag in the corner --  
LANDS a crushing blow which rocks the bag.

PENHALL

I don't see the problem. Asians  
have the greatest stereotype in the  
world -- that they're smart!

(to Hanson)

You & me -- can't dance, can't  
jump, now that's something to  
complain about.

Hanson shakes his head, trying to get back on track.

HANSON

Our covers.

PENHALL

Right. You and me gotta be couple of badasses. I mean, a real couple of bonafide A-holes!

HANSON

I've got just the thing.

The sound of KALEIDOSCOPIK KEYBOARDS creep up -- it's D.J. DANGER MOUSE'S Jay-Z/Beatles mashup, "CHANGE CLOTHES"...

EXT. MUSTANG - MORNING

Jay-Z's voice rocks and socks its way onto the sound-track ("**The bounce is back... The boy is back...!!!**") as we see Lakeside High across the street. Multi-ethnic. Suburban.

PENHALL

Here's your class schedule.

It's all moving fast for Hanson, but he can't deny the excitement...a shot at redemption.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

I love this cover, where'd you come up with this McQuaid brothers creation?

HANSON

Not creation. Homage.

As Jay-Z cranks to "eleven", we SMASH CUT ONTO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Lakeside High proper. The STUDENT BODY -- the Lindsay Lohan, 50 Cent, and Indie Rocker wannabes -- the NERDS, JOCKS, POETS, all moshed into a distinctly 2008 bouillabaisse.

We LAND ON Hanson and Penhall, sipping on RED BULLS, fitting in splendidly amongst the teenagers ("**Yeah ma, your dude is back...tell the whole world the truth is back...**")

As they cross the lawn -- Hanson feels the seemingly endless SETS OF EYEBALLS as he and Penhall head past.

HANSON

First day jitters are bubblin'.

PENHALL  
 Whatta you worried about? We're  
 The McQuaid Brothers. We don't ask  
 for respect, we command it.  
 (looks around)  
 Remember, Jenko made me "lead", so  
 follow it.

Penhall JUTS HIS CHEST OUT, suggesting a more "bullying"  
 posture. Hanson does the same.

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
 Mess with the McQuaid Brothers, you  
 mess with yourself. Watch this...

Penhall HOCKS A LOOGIE at a passing FRESHMAN BOY. The  
 Freshman dodges the incoming and steers clear of Penhall.

HANSON  
 Definitely in character.

PENHALL  
 The Brothers McQuaid must've really  
 done a number on you.

HANSON  
 It was biblical.

A random girl -- JAMS a FLIER in his hand.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 "Photographing Pomegranates",  
 "Adopt an Ecstasy Addict", "Coping  
 with Transsexual Parents"? What  
 happened to a simple bake sale for  
 the homeless?

PENHALL  
 Banned by the School Board. Deemed  
 "Insensitive to Diabetics".

Hanson tosses the flier as we FIND -- a GAGGLE of GIRLS  
 parting the crowd. HOFFS at their center.

The girls check out Hanson, coat him with flirtatious smiles.  
 WE STAY WITH HOFFS. Beside her is the hot Latina from the  
 prior scene -- NATASHA. She looks up from her Iphone...

NATASHA  
 Ground Control to Base.  
 (re: Hanson)  
 (MORE)

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
That is a fetching new addition to  
our student body.

HOFFS  
I don't know, I'm kinda digging on  
that bigger one.

NATASHA  
The butterball? Absolutely not.  
Why would you consider "before",  
when you can have "after."  
(nods toward Hanson)  
You definitely want him.

Hanson and Penhall disappear around the corner and...

INT. LAKESIDE - MAIN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

...enter the main hallway. Lined with LOCKERS and bustling  
with students. At the far end, they spot --

-- Ioki, dressed in full COMPUTER GEEK REGALIA. Hanging with  
CLIFF, a scrawny kid with bug eyes and a mouth full of  
BRACES. Hanson and Penhall covertly lock eyes with Ioki.

PENHALL  
Operation "Establish Reputation" is  
in full effect.

That said, Hanson and Penhall set themselves on a collision  
course with Ioki and Cliff and -- SLAM them against lockers.

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Lakeside!

CLIFF  
(scared, confused)  
But, I've been...going here for  
four years.

HANSON  
Wrong. The last 4 years have been  
an illusion of comfort and freedom.

PENHALL  
'Cause The McQuaid Brothers are  
here. And today, your life  
officially begins to suck.

Hanson spots BENNIE, a tiny sophomore with BRIGHT RED HAIR.  
Sees the abject horror in his eyes. Hanson lets go and  
Penhall follows suit. Ioki and Cliff tear down the Hallway.

HANSON

Man, I spent the majority of my youth on the other end of that. Doling it out makes me feel dirty.

PENHALL

I feel your pain. Being fat wasn't exactly a picnic.

Off this thought WE GO...

INT. HALLWAY, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

...AROUND THE CORNER where Ioki and Cliff have found refuge. They are both out of breath, panicked.

CLIFF

Who were those guys?!?!

IOKI

(in best geek-speak)  
I'm thinking Hellspawn. Sent to the surface to ruin us.

CLIFF

Do you know what I've sacrificed to pull myself out of Lakeside's Social Siberia! And those baboons are gonna roll in here and flush my hard work down the drain? Nuh-uh.

IOKI

We should get to know these guys better -- dig up the dirt.

CLIFF

Good call, let's hit the computer lab. POWER UP!

Ioki rolls his eyes -- doesn't want to POWER UP.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

Come on, power up.

Cliff makes computer noises and pretends to tap a keyboard on his chest. Ioki reluctantly does the same.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

ENGAGE!

Cliff takes off, in some sort of half ninja, half android walk/run. *WOW, this kid's a geek.* As Ioki rolls his eyes and follows suit, we cut back to...

INT. LAKESIDE - MAIN BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

...Hanson and Penhall as they load their BOOKBAGS into their locker. Suddenly, Cyrus appears. Gliding down the hall. He's greeted by nearly EVERY STUDENT in his path.

HANSON  
Check out Doctor Popularity.

PENHALL  
Everyone wants to be down with the  
bad boy.

*BRRRRRINNNNNNNNNG!* The sound of the SCHOOL BELL rings out, sending a shiver of nervous anticipation through Hanson.

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
Hold up...

Penhall watches students scamper into the various CLASSROOMS. Once the hall is near empty...

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
Now we go. See you in English.

Hanson heads down the long hall. Alone in what may be the scariest undercover assignment he has ever faced.

PENHALL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And remember, keep your grades up!

This hits Hanson like a bullet to the chest.

HANSON  
Grades?! I didn't even think about  
that.

Hanson keeps moving down the hallway when he passes -- SKIPPY -- the acne-riddled clerk from Hanson's neighborhood 7-11!

Hanson doesn't notice, but we do. And so does Skippy. Sort of. He spins around, but Hanson has already turned the corner. Skippy squints. *Did he just see that?*

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Hanson is desperately lost as MR. OSTROW, an early forties CALCULUS TEACHER, gives his lecture to the class...

MR. OSTROW  
...limit of a function as  $x$   
approaches a fixed constant...

Almost every kid has a laptop or PDA. Next to Hanson is a bookish student -- AMYBETH SIMPKINS -- taking notes the old fashion way. Hanson slyly leans over, copying, but...

AMYBETH  
That's so rude.

Humiliated, Hanson turns back as -- the STUDENT next to him hands over a folded PIECE OF PAPER. Inside it reads:

**"NEW KID -- Check One: 1.Single 2.In a Relationship.  
3.Looking To Hook Up. - xoxoxo - SUZETTE"**

Hanson spots the author -- SUZETTE SIMMONS, blonde, leggy and unbelievably attractive. And for Hanson -- unbelievably forbidden. She seduces him with her eyes and coaxes him with her glossy lips UNTIL...

MR. OSTROW  
Perhaps our new student would like  
to explain to the "Squeeze  
Principle" to the class?

MUSIC SCREECHES TO A HALT! And all eyes are on Hanson. Indeed, the teacher has called on him.

HANSON  
Uh, I'm still playing catch up --

MR. OSTROW  
Approach the board.

INT. LAKESIDE - COMPUTER LAB - DAY

As STUDENTS type away on COMPUTERS, Ioki and Cliff pull up info on their newfound nemesis. MUGSHOTS of Hanson and Penhall POP up on his MONITOR.

CLIFF  
Tom and Doug McQuaid. Born in  
Florida.  
(MORE)

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Eight months in Juvy for  
"Destruction of School Property,  
assault on an administrator."

IOKI  
"Grand Theft Auto. Two Counts."  
These guys aren't in it for milk  
money. They're the real deal.

Ioki studies Cliff. Then, suddenly...

CLIFF  
I gotta go.

Cliff jumps out of his seat and heads out.

IOKI  
Like a puppet on a string.

INT. LAKESIDE - CAFETERIA - DAY

Amongst the HUSTLE AND BUSTLE of the lunchtime CROWD, Hanson and Penhall head down the LUNCH LINE -- loaded with BINS of unappealing FOOD-LIKE substances.

PENHALL  
Oooh. Grab me one of those.

Hanson lifts up a TONG holding an EGGROLL. Baffled by Penhall's excitement, he drops it on his plate.

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
No way. Look who's over there...

Seated amongst a cluster of FOOTBALL PLAYERS and CHEERLEADERS is -- ELI CASDIN, a chiseled vision of athleticism.

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
Eli Casdin -- the Falcon's Quarter  
Back. Man, I do groove on High-  
School football.

HANSON  
At your age, ain't that a little  
pervy?

PENHALL  
Shoulda' gone all the way...

As Hanson and Penhall weave through the cafeteria...



PENHALL (CONT'D)  
 State Qualifications on the line.  
 Down by four with under a minute on  
 the clock. I'm playing Tight End.  
 (a beat)  
 Defense bites and I'm left all  
 alone in the endzone...

HANSON  
 I'm sensing a tragic end here.

PENHALL  
 As a picture-perfect toss floated  
 through the air...  
 (shakes his head)  
 ...I guess I heard footsteps comin'  
 'cause I took my eye off the prize.  
 Ball hit me square in the numbers,  
 but squirted through my fingers  
 like a greased pig.

HANSON  
 From hero to goat in a nanosecond.

Hanson and Penhall spot IOKI alone at a table. Penhall gives  
 him a HARD SMACK upside the head for all to see.

PENHALL  
 (loud)  
 You bust the curve on the computer  
 science test next week and it's  
 five across the eyes. Got that  
 Jackie Chan?

This is KILLING Ioki. He grinds his teeth.

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
 Hear me? You no study long time!

Penhall grabs a biscuit off of Ioki's tray. Heads away with  
 Hanson over to the next table. As they plop down, WE FLY  
 across the room, past gorging students to --

-- Cyrus, walking with his tray as Cliff steps next to him.

CYRUS  
 Yo, Clifford, what'd I tell you  
 'bout breaking the 30 foot rule.

CLIFF  
 But I've got info on the new guys.

Cyrus SNATCHES a paper out of Cliff's extended hand.

CLIFF (CONT'D)

They've got a rap sheet long as  
your arm. Thought you'd wanna know.

Cyrus looks over the rap sheet. Gives Cliff a nod -- as  
close as he'll get to a "thank you."

CLIFF (CONT'D)

One more thing.

(off Cyrus' exhale)

I was wondering if me and a friend  
could come to Ahmad's party.

(quickly)

I will strictly adhere to the 30  
foot rule. At ALL times.

CYRUS

You and one dork. But I don't  
wanna see you. You spot me, you  
duck behind a chair or somethin'.

Cyrus leaves Cliff in hyperventilating bliss. Sits next to  
Ahmad, Emile, Hoffs, and Natasha. Hoffs is focused on  
Hanson. Emile catches her.

EMILE

Look at her, scopin' the target.

HOFFS

I'm not scopin'...just thinking.  
Would it be weird if I asked him to  
the party tonight?

NATASHA

Stop the violence! I love it.  
Cyrus loves it, too. Don't you?

CYRUS

Yeah. Matter 'a fact, I wouldn't  
mind getting to know 'em myself.  
(to Ahmad)  
Your parents won't mind if we  
invite a couple more to the estate.

AHMAD

Mind? They actually gotta come  
home for more than a week at a time  
to mind anything.

CYRUS

(to Hoffs & Natasha)  
Go on then.

Natasha pulls Hoffs to her feet. ANGLE ON - Hanson and Penhall as Hoffs and Natasha approach the table.

HANSON  
How you doin'?

HOFFS  
Fine.

HANSON  
YES you are. How's about giving me  
and my brother a little spin?

Hoffs squints at him. Annoyed. Natasha NUDGES her.

HOFFS  
I was wondering if you didn't have  
any plans tonight, there's a party  
we're all going to...

Hanson's mouth edges into a smile. LOVING this chance to get  
one-up on her.

HANSON  
...and?

HOFFS  
Do you want to go with me?

HANSON  
Like a date?

Hoffs playfully squints. Holds back a smile. *"Don't make  
this harder than it has to be."*

HOFFS  
Yeah. They have those where you  
come from?

HANSON  
(pause, then...)  
Why not? I got nothing tonight.

Penhall CLEARS HIS THROAT.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
So long as my brother, my road dog  
here, can come along.

NATASHA  
(jumping in)  
That's fine. See you there.

Hoffs feigns a smile. As she and Natasha turn and leave, Hoffs gives Hanson the FINGER behind her back.

HANSON  
(to Penhall)  
Waddayasay, bro? You ready to  
party with the cool kids?

KANYE WEST's -- "*DIAMONDS FROM SIERRA LEONE*", energizes the soundtrack, as MUSIC CARRIES US along to party town...

INT. AHMAD'S PARENTS' ESTATE - NIGHT

Spark a spliff, crack a cold one, and pump up the KANYE WEST 'cause this shit's about to get hectic. Come along on a tour of the most pimped-out estate in town:

Lots of land. Flossy rides. PANORAMIC VIEWS of TWINKLING LIGHTS as we -- move past an INFINITY POOL adorned with high school-aged BATHING BEAUTIES...PUSH INSIDE...PAST an X-box 360 CHILL LOUNGE, into the living room where...

...we find Hanson and Penhall striking their best "I could give a' shit" pose. They're eyeballing Cyrus -- who is on the balcony, talking to two girls.

HANSON  
You're lead. Go weave your magic.

PENHALL  
Never interrupt a man in mid-rap,  
Tommy. Where're your manners?

Hanson shrugs as SUZETTE, the voluptuous blonde from math class, POPS INTO FRAME:

SUZETTE  
(thick flirtation)  
Someone didn't answer his  
questionnaire.

HANSON  
That was you, huh?

SUZETTE  
That was just the tame version,  
I've got a lot of other questions  
I'd like answered.

HANSON  
Like favorite color?

SUZETTE  
Like favorite position.

Hanson shoots Penhall a look. *Didn't see that one coming.*

INT. FOYER, AHMAD'S PARENTS' ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and who should be making their grand entrance? None other than Cliff and Ioki. Looking decidedly geeky and horribly out of place.

CLIFF  
Dude, it's no secret you're lacking  
when it comes to the ladies. So,  
just follow my lead.

Ioki can't believe this charade hell he's caught in.

IOKI  
(faux nervous)  
Lets hit a couple hotties with a  
few choice details from the  
"Watchman" series. Girls LOVE fun  
facts.

CLIFF  
Don't you know anything?  
(shoves him)  
Fun facts are second date material.

Cliff licks the two fingers, runs them along his eyebrows.

CLIFF (CONT'D)  
Stick close and you can scoop up my  
sloppy seconds.  
(opens his mouth wide)  
I have anything in my teeth?

The ENTIRE top line of braces is CAKED with food.

IOKI  
(grimaces)  
Nope, you're good.

And we cut back to Hanson...

INT. LIVING ROOM, ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

...Suzette has him backed up against the wall. Penhall pops pretzels into his mouth, completely amused.

HANSON

Ummm, I'm gonna go get something to eat. I heard they were throwing steaks on the grill-

SUZETTE

I love meat in my mouth.

Hanson winces. *This girl's like the freakin' terminator.*  
Thankfully, suddenly -- Hoffs steps into view.

HOFFS

Get lost blondey. This one's spoken for.

SUZETTE

(to Hanson, re: Hoffs)  
Who's this?

HANSON

She's my...date.

HOFFS

And who are you?

SUZETTE

I'm the rich girl who's going to steal your boyfriend.

HOFFS

Then you better start putting a better product on the market.  
(tough)  
Now beat it 'for I pull out them bad extensions.

SUZETTE

Whatever. I'll win. You'll lose.  
(to Hanson)  
Your zipper's down.  
(Hanson looks, it isn't)  
Well, it will be later.

Suzette winks, heads off. Hanson turns to Hoffs...

HANSON

I'm moved. The passion, the conviction with which you defended our blossoming union-

HOFFS

Dare to dream. Us being an item is  
the best way for you to get close  
to Cyrus.

Penhall is ready to vomit, SNAPS his finger dramatically.

PENHALL

Wait, this is what you call sexual  
tension, right?

HOFFS & HANSON

(denying in unison)

Pleassssse.

Just then, from the KEG AREA -- Eli the Quarterback spins a  
football on his finger and CALLS OUT...

ELI

Who's up for a little five on five?

Penhall leaps out of his skin.

PENHALL

ME!

(quickly to Hoffs/Hanson)

Just trying to blend in. Integrate  
for the case. Only for the case...

His thought trailing off as he races to join the game.

HOFFS

Boys.

HANSON

(glances at Natasha)

Being watched, follow my lead.

Hanson puts a hand over her shoulder. Tucks a wisp of hair  
behind her ear.

HANSON (CONT'D)

You have really petite ears.

He runs a finger along her ear, down her neck. She can't  
help but lean into it until -- Natasha slides into view.  
Grabs Hoff's arm.

NATASHA

Can I borrow her for a moment?  
Gotta powder our noses.

Before Hoffs can respond, she's YANKED away. We go along for the ride as Natasha lays into Hoffs...

NATASHA (CONT'D)  
You were over there way too long.

HOFFS  
It was, like, 3 minutes.

NATASHA  
Only give him a taste. Makes 'em  
come back for more.

Off this, we ZIP back to -- Hanson, who is back to eyeballing Cyrus who is looking through his Blackberry. Whatever Cyrus is reading has COMPLETELY captured his attention.

Hanson watches Penhall head outside. Turns back to Cyrus. He knows Penhall's supposed to be lead, but...*SCREW IT*.

EXT. BALCONY, ESTATE - NIGHT

Hanson heads out onto the enormous adjoining balcony. Up to Cyrus, looking over the party beneath.

HANSON  
'Sup man. I'm Tom.

Hanson extends his hand, but Cyrus doesn't move.

CYRUS  
Hear you brought some heavy  
credentials from down South.

Hanson nods. So much for small talk.

HANSON  
Yeah...was hoping to have a little  
talk about that.

CYRUS  
So talk.

HANSON  
Well, to get right to the point, I  
wanna propose a business merger.

Cyrus raises an eyebrow. Hanson is coming on strong.

CYRUS  
Problem is, I'm not a businessman.  
I'm a high school senior.



Hanson can't back down. He's gotta follow this through.

HANSON

You're  
guy who knows those two things  
aren't mutually exclusive. I know  
how to sniff out the corporate  
chain of command at any school,  
juvy hall or detention center. And  
right now, my nose is telling me  
things around Lakeside begin and  
end with you. I'm just offerin' a  
little help.

CYRUS

What makes you think I need help?

HANSON

Only as strong as your supporting  
cast. I've seen yours and it looks  
like you could use an upgrade.

(pause)

And with my brother and I being new  
to town, we could use a little help  
ourselves. Someone that knows the  
lay of the land.

Cyrus is boxed in. Hanson has forced him to show his hand.  
He needs a moment. He turns, looks out at the skyline.

CYRUS

Read that historical civilizations  
are known by their architectural  
achievements. Look at all a' these  
pre-fab houses and bad designs.  
1,000 years from now, what'll  
people think of all a' this?

Hanson squints. *Tangent anyone?*

HANSON

Uh...not much, I guess.

Cyrus turns. Looks Hanson in the eyes for a long beat.

CYRUS

I need guys that can follow  
instructions without question.  
Guys that don't mind getting their  
hands dirty.

HANSON

One thing you should know about the McQuaids -- we love gettin' dirty.

CYRUS

Prove it.

Off of Hanson's confused look, we SMASH CUT TO --

EXT. BACK YARD, ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

-- the back yard, sprinklers on, as -- Penhall, football in hand, is being SMASHED, face first, to the wet, muddy ground. TWO TACKLERS pile on for emphasis and Penhall couldn't be happier. From here, we go back in the house to find....

INT. LIVING ROOM, ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

...Ioki rounding up cold cuts. He looks up to see Cliff. Desperately trying to talk to girls. Crashing, burning.

IOKI

It's just all so very painful.

He shakes his head. As he resumes building the world's largest sandwich, we go back to...

INT. LIVING ROOM, ESTATE - NIGHT

...Hanson and Cyrus. They've made their way back downstairs and are surrounded by PARTYGOERS...

CYRUS

Any a' these guys'll do.

Hanson's taken aback, trying to make sense of it all...

HANSON

You really want me to beat the piss outta some random salami just for the entertainment value?

CYRUS

Not for fun -- for loyalty. I gotta know you'll do whatever, whenever...no questions.

Hanson has to gain Cyrus's trust, but he can't just attack an innocent kid. He looks around and sees his answer.

Standing by the pool, toweling mud off -- PENHALL. Oblivious to the world of shit in which he is about to be thrust.

HANSON  
You wanna see loyalty?

Hanson heads for the doors, moving with purpose. Outside...

EXT. CYRUS'S ESTATE - POOL AREA - NIGHT

...past the POOL and through the crowd of partygoers towards Penhall, who's cleaned up and talking to a CHEERLEADER.

HANSON  
Brotherman.

BAM! Hanson unloads a RIGHT CROSS to Penhall's jaw. Knocks Penhall over POOL CHAIRS. The surrounding crowd is STUNNED SILENT. Penhall looks up at Hanson like a betrayed puppy.

PENHALL  
Bro?

But Penhall doesn't get any explanation. Instead Hanson CHARGES him -- LEAPING over the upended furniture.

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)  
FIIIIIGHT!

As the CROWD CHEERS with bloodlust, the FOO FIGHTERS raucous anthem "*ALL MY LIFE*" compliments the mood. Penhall WRAPS UP Hanson in a BEAR HUG.

PENHALL  
Explanation!

HANSON  
(through gritted teeth)  
Go with it...make it look real...  
I'll explain later. And...

With that, Hanson delivers a HEAD BUTT to the bridge of Penhall's nose. Penhall loses his grip, dropping Hanson.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
I gotta win.

Penhall shakes the ringing from his ears. Understandably angry -- nobody likes being blind-sided. Penhall's gotta take a dive, but he's not going down without a fight.

PENHALL

Well, then...

(yanks Hanson close)

...if it's gotta be convincing.

CRACK! Penhall levels him with a BONE CRACKING POWER PUNCH that sends Hanson tumbling into the arms of HOFFS...

HOFFS

What are you doing?

HANSON

Hell of a first date, huh?

Hoffs pushes Hanson back towards Penhall, who is pumping up himself and the crowd. He strikes WWE wrestler, Triple H's famous pose -- launches into his catch phrase...

PENHALL

They call me "The Game", because  
I'm not only in the game, I AM the  
damn game-

POW -- Hanson shuts him up with a stiff JAB to the nose.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

Owww.

As they square off again, we FIND Cyrus on the edge of the crowd smiling a self-satisfied smile.

MUSIC UP: as Hanson and Penhall exchange punishment. They move past Ioki and Cliff, BUT we stay here for a moment as -- Cliff grabs Ioki by the scruff, panicked.

CLIFF

Abort!! Once meatheads get whipped  
into a frenzy, they look for the  
nearest non-popular kid to torture.

As Cliff and Ioki make for the nearest exit, we go back to the main event as -- Penhall SWIPES a big PAW at Hanson's head. Direct Hit! Hanson's knees wobble. Penhall TWISTS him into a HEADLOCK, keeps Hanson on his feet...

PENHALL

Sorry, bro. Didn't realize you  
were so *fragile*.

Suddenly, Penhall lets out a PAINED HOLLER as Hanson grabs a HANDFUL OF NUT SACK. Squeezes tight till Penhall sinks to his knees and Hanson can squirm away.

Hanson grabs a BEER from a BYSTANDER, takes a swig, then splashes the rest on his face to "wake himself up".

HANSON  
You ready to end this?

PENHALL  
You say when.

Hanson LANDS a sweet UPPERCUT! Penhall's head snaps back -- his eyes glaze over. Before he goes limp...

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
You didn't say...

THUMP! Penhall never gets the last words out. Instead, he DROPS and this fight is...over! Hanson throws Cyrus a look, "Satisfied?" Cyrus nods and Hanson knows he's in.

INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

Hanson and Penhall, who's walking a bit funny, make their way through the FROZEN FOOD SECTION, nursing their injuries with BAGS of FROZEN VEGETABLES.

PENHALL  
The third right hook was understandable, but don't ya' think the sack grab was a bit much?

HANSON  
Sorry 'bout that.

PENHALL  
You know what this means -- I'm riding sidecar. You're lead now.

HANSON  
Don't worry. I'll make sure you get the invite to all the pumpy parties.

PENHALL  
I was thinking... since there won't be as much for me to do... what if I take a stab at some old demons...

Penhall stops -- goes into enthusiastic "pitch mode".

PENHALL (CONT'D)  
I want to go out for Football.

And of all the things to be worrying about...

HANSON

Are you bent?

PENHALL

Don't just say no. Let it marinate for a sec. If I can catch just one pass, hear the roar of the crowd ...the nightmares of my historic bunked play would evaporate.

HANSON

We aren't allowed to get involved in extracurricular activities.

PENHALL

Which is why I'll need you to help keep it on the DL--

HANSON

I'm a part of this now?

PENHALL

Ain't that what brothers are for?

Penhall's winning smile is hard to deny.

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - NIGHT

Penhall, Hoffs, and Ioki watch as Jenko PACES in front of Hanson, reading him the riot act...

JENKO

...one thing I'm regarded for is my generosity. When I followed The Dead, I was the first guy in the parking lot to stoke you with a Miracle Ticket. But that generosity of spirit does not extend...

(fully pissed)

...to officers on my watch who call audibles behind my back...

HANSON

I know, it's just-

JENKO

I told you Penhall was lead!

Hanson stops, noticing the evil eye Hoffs is giving him.

HANSON  
You want in on this too?

HOFFS  
Peeling off to follow a hunch?  
Throwing down with your partner  
like a bunch of Frat Boys...

HANSON  
That's one way of looking at it.  
Or you could say I'm the guy who  
got in with Cyrus in one day.

A standoff. Neither Hoffs nor Hanson will back down.

JENKO  
This is the kinda stuff that landed  
you here in the first place. When  
I give you protocol, I expect you  
to follow it, comprende?

Hanson raises his arms. "I give up." After a long beat.

JENKO (CONT'D)  
He give up any specifics?

HANSON  
Didn't push him too hard.  
(snaps fingers at Ioki)  
He IS a little consumed by his  
blackberry. Any way to use those  
second-gen Asian techie skills-

IOKI  
Sure. "Operation PDA" will be in  
full effect tomorrow.

PENHALL  
(yawns, checks his watch)  
I'm out. My daughter's gonna be up  
in 3 hours wanting her Spongebob.

JENKO  
I don't want you getting it in your  
head that you've been marginalized.  
Just 'cause Hanson got the nod  
doesn't mean you're any less  
valuable to this case.

PENHALL  
Yes sir. I'm all about the case...

Hanson and Penhall share a conspiratorial look.

EXT. LAKESIDE - QUAD - DAY

Start on BANNER: "CLASS ELECTIONS THIS FRIDAY!" We PAN DOWN to find -- Cyrus, walking arm in arm with Natasha as --

-- IOKI slides into view behind them. BLACKBERRY in hand. We PUSH in on IOKI'S BLACKBERRY SCREEN. It reads: "**CLONING PDA MANAGER**". The camera whips up and FLIES --

-- toward Cyrus -- closing in on the BLACKBERRY he has clipped on his PANTS POCKET. The camera FLIES BACK to Ioki's Blackberry. The Screen reads: "**CLONING COMPLETE**".

As they pass by, Cyrus and Natasha wave to Hoffs who is studying under a tree by herself. We stay with Hoffs as --

HANSON (O.S.)

Hey.

Hanson sits next to her. Hoffs doesn't even look up.

HANSON (CONT'D)

You gotta pretend to like me.  
We're supposed to be going steady.

HOFFS

Whatever.

HANSON

Look, I'm sorry for breaking off on my own, but why are you pissed? If anyone should be mad, it's Penhall.

HOFFS

I'm pissed 'cause we're a TEAM.  
And I can't count on a team member to do what he's supposed to do.

HANSON

I'm sorry. You're right, what you said earlier, okay? I have issues.

Hoffs softens. Didn't expect him to be this forthcoming.

HOFFS

Maybe it'd help if you had someone you could talk to.

HANSON

Yeah. Maybe over dinner tonight?



HOFFS

Just talk?

Hanson's attention and ours is suddenly diverted to -- Emile, tormenting the small and weak at random. He spots -- BENNIE, the little red head, who carries an armload of books.

EMILE

Where ya goin' clownhair?

(SLAPS the books away)

I told you, you need a pass from me  
to go to and from class.

Emile SHOVES him -- Bennie goes down hard -- HITS his head. Pain and humiliation burst forth as he starts to cry.

EMILE (CONT'D)

Oh boy, here come the waterworks.

Bennie gives up on the books and pride in general. SPRINTS off. As he runs past, Hanson turns to Hoff's...

HANSON

I'll catch up with you later.

INT. HALLWAY, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Hanson spots Bennie at the end of the hall. Watches as he JIGGLES the handle of a side door and -- POP -- the lock disengages. As he disappears through, Hanson manages to catch the door. Inside are STAIRS.

INT. ROOF, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Hanson steps onto the roof. Pauses to take in the view of the entire school below until he hears -- CRYING. He heads around an air ducts system to find Bennie hugging his knees.

BENNIE

(sees Hanson)

Ohhh great. You wanna turn now?

HANSON

Just wanted to see if you're okay.

BENNIE

Why do you care?!

HANSON

'Cause I used to be just like you.  
I know what you're going through.  
(MORE)

HANSON (CONT'D)

(off Bennie's scoff)

When I was a Junior, I was 4' 11".  
Wasn't till my senior year that I  
hit a crazy growth spurt. Next 2  
years I grew a foot.

BENNIE

That makes no sense, you're only a  
senior now!

HANSON

I...naw, this is my second senior  
year. My family moved so much,  
some credits didn't transfer. I'm  
serious, I got tortured daily.

BENNIE

So how come you do the same stuff?

Hanson winces. Suddenly despising his cover. He watches  
Bennie wipe his nose with the length of his forearm.

HANSON

I came up here because I know how  
to make the beatings stop.

(Bennie looks up)

Next time Emile comes up to mess  
with you, before he even gets the  
first word out -- punch him in the  
face as hard as you can.

BENNIE

What?

HANSON

There's one universal truth in this  
world -- no one, but NO ONE likes  
to get punched in the face.

(pause)

Punch him, then WRAP him up tight.  
He'll get a few awkward shots in,  
but the teachers will break it up  
before he does any damage.

(pause)

He'll think twice before he ever  
screws with you again.

BENNIE

Please. Just...leave me alone.

Hanson reluctantly nods...then heads away.

INT. HALLWAY, LAKESIDE HIGHSCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Hanson steps into the hallway, takes a turn and, not ten feet away is -- SKIPPY, the 7-11 clerk! Opening his locker. THIS TIME he doesn't see Hanson, but Hanson SEES him -- knows this kid could blow his cover. Hanson heads back the other way.

INT. LIBRARY, LAKESHIDE HIGH - CONTINUOUS

Hoffs finds Ioki in the far corner of the empty library. His Blackberry, replete with CLONING DEVICE is tethered to his laptop. He's DOWNLOADING the contents of Cyrus' PDA.

IOKI  
It's encrypted. Code's  
surprisingly complex. Wonder where  
the little bastard got it.

HOFFS  
You getting anything?

IOKI  
Bits and pieces, nothing  
useful...wait, hold up...

Hoffs also reads off the screen. POINTS!

IOKI (CONT'D)  
It's a little vague...

HOFFS  
It's enough.

Hoffs pulls out her cell phone as we go out to...

EXT. FIELD, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

...the practice field. As the football team disperses, Penhall walks up to Hanson. Behind them, in the corner of the bleachers, Cyrus sits alone. Banging on his PSP.

HANSON  
How's life on the gridiron?

PENHALL  
Disaster.

HANSON  
What's the problem? I thought you  
were looking good out there...

PENHALL

That's not it. Eli think's I'll make the squad, but...

(a beat, ashamed)

...there's a rumor going around. About me.

HANSON

That you're hung like an acorn?

PENHALL

Very funny. Word going 'round is that I'm...swisher sweet.

As in..."gay". Hanson is amused.

HANSON

Dare I ask how they reached that conclusion?

PENHALL

We're having a good scrimmage, I did what we always used to do. You know, a few friendly pats on the caboose to the other guys. How was I supposed to know they don't do that anymore?!

Suddenly both of their cell phones DING. Book look.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

It's your girlfriend.

C/U on Penhall's Cell: **"Something going down tomorrow. Get on it!"** They glance at each other -- immediately head up the bleachers. PLOP down beside Cyrus who doesn't even look up.

CYRUS

You guys best not mess up my flow.

HANSON

Was hoping we could pop the cork on our partnership.

CYRUS

First off, it's not a partnership. It's a dictatorship. Second, I TOLD YOU...I'd come ta you.

HANSON

And normally I'm big on personal space, but my brother, asswipe that he is, took the spread on the Cowboys. He's suddenly a little light in the wallet.

CYRUS

And the loafers from what I hear.  
(before Penhall can protest...)  
You took the Cowboys with a second rate QB with two bad knees?

PENHALL

Never bet with money you don't have. Lesson learned.

Cyrus looks them both in the eye.

CYRUS

I might have something for you. A little try-out of sorts.

HANSON

There ya go. What's the job?

CYRUS

That's on a need-ta-know basis.

HANSON

Yeah, well, I need to know. If we're gonna do business, we gotta start trusting each other.

Long beat. Cyrus looks around, then...

CYRUS

We rob drug dealers, 'cause we know they won't call the cops. Then we resell their dope.

PENHALL

(slaps Hanson's chest)  
Why didn't we think a' that?

HANSON

How long after, do we get paid?

CYRUS

Same day payment. When the job's done I go see Biggie, a friend of mine. Turn the drugs into cash.  
(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
(zips up his backpack)  
Just plan on skippin' 5th period  
tomorrow.

Cyrus gets up. Smirks at Penhall.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna turn around now, sweet  
tooth. Try and contain yourself.

Cyrus bumps Hanson's fist and heads away.

PENHALL  
(to Hanson)  
You see!

INT. SMILEY'S BAR & GRILLE - NIGHT

Hanson and Hoffs sit behind empty plates. Hoffs is actually laughing. Just two highschool kids having a good time. Hoffs pops a bite of halibut into her mouth.

HOFFS  
Every time I eat seafood, it makes  
me think of summer camp.  
(off Hanson's look)  
We'd have these fishing contests.  
But I always found the idea of it  
so horrible, giant hook through the  
lip, the fish flopping around.  
(pause)  
I'd always put my line in the water  
with no bait. The counselors were  
baffled. In three summers, I never  
caught a single fish.

HANSON  
You're a good person.

HOFFS  
Because I don't fish?

HANSON  
No, I thought that the moment I saw  
you. You're one of those people  
that wear their soul on the  
outside.

Hoffs looks up at this.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
What?

HOFFS

That was really sweet. I guess I wasn't expecting it...from you.

HANSON

Yeah, well...like Shakespeare once said, "What looketh like truth, doth not always truth be."

HOFFS

Shakespeare never said that.

HANSON

How do you know?

HOFFS

Because it's terrible. You just made it up.

HANSON

You know this psychic ability of yours is a little creepy.

HOFFS

Told you.

Hanson leans back, stirs his drink. Thinking. Then...

HANSON

You said before that I over-compensate. What'd you mean?

Hoffs is about to speak, but stops.

HOFFS

Oh, I don't know...

HANSON

Come on, I can take it.

HOFFS

I just meant that you've got a chip on your shoulder. And it leads to aggression and unnecessary risk.

Hanson nods. Can't really deny it. Hoffs quickly adds...

HOFFS (CONT'D)

But, hey, I'm the exact opposite. Being a female cop has completely warped me. I'm so worried about perception, so closed off, I take NO risks at all.

HANSON  
See, we complete each other.  
You're YING, I'm YANG--

BOXER (O.S.)  
Hanson?

Hanson turns to see -- LIEUTENANT EARL BOXER heading away from the bar. Away from a group of off-duty police officers and detectives. Hanson gets up, shakes his hand.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
How've you been?

HANSON  
Good, good.  
(turns to Hoffs)  
This is a friend of mine, Judy.  
Judy, Earl Boxer. My old boss.

Hoffs waves. Boxer smiles, nods back.

BOXER  
Can I talk to you for a second?

Hanson steps off to the side with Boxer.

BOXER (CONT'D)  
I tried calling a few times. Tried to check up.

HANSON  
I appreciate that, I just didn't really wanna talk to anyone from the job, you know?

BOXER  
I get it...what've you been up to?

HANSON  
I, uh...went back to school.

BOXER  
(looks him over)  
That explains the clothes. Who you supposed to be, Justin Timberlake?

Hanson smiles, which quickly evaporates as he spots OFFICER SPINELLI at the bar. Spinelli gives him the finger.

HANSON  
Nice to see all's forgiven.



BOXER

Ehhh, don't worry about him.  
(pats his shoulder)  
Sure you're okay? I might be able  
to get you a lil' work on the side.

HANSON

Naw, I'm good. School's really  
kicking my butt.

Boxer nods toward Hoffs.

BOXER

Can't be all bad. Wow, she's  
cute...but YOUNG.  
(slaps Hanson's shoulder)  
You go back to high school?

They both laugh at this. *If he only knew.*

BOXER (CONT'D)

Call me if you need anything.

Hanson nods, watches him go. Back to the other officers.  
Back to Hanson's old life.

INT. CYRUS' SUV - AFTERNOON

Emile and Ahmad sit with Cyrus in his SUV behind an abandoned  
pizzeria. All heads turn as Hanson and Penhall hop inside.

CYRUS

You boys ready to hit the rich part  
a' town?

PENHALL

I do fit in well with the  
uppercrust.

CYRUS

The mark's name is Candy. Yeah,  
her real name.

(pause)

Girl went from realizin' drugs make  
you everyone's best friend, to  
turnin' a profit. Now she supplies  
every rich kid in the area.

HANSON

What's she holding?

CYRUS

4 keys of Black Tar. Security  
should be light. She don't deal to  
anyone not in the big money club.  
(to Hanson and Penhall)  
Remember, this here's a try out.

AHMAD

FYI, assholes - first team's set.  
You two are fighting to make the  
squad.

Hanson can't help instigating -- he winks at Ahmad.

EXT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - NIGHT

Cyrus walks up to the enormous house. BOOKBAG slung over his  
shoulder. Slouches down. Looks more like the 17 year old he  
really is. He rings the BELL. Waits until CANDY...

...opens the door. Candy's pushing 30, but ain't acting like  
it. Looking good in a punk/school girl outfit, belly shirt.

CYRUS

I'm sorry for the inconvenience,  
ma'am. I'm with a community  
outreach organization dedicated to  
rehabilitating our local schools --

CANDY

Whatever it is...how about I give  
you a donation and we call it even?

Candy digs into her bra, pulls out a wad of cash. And as she  
hands it over, Cyrus GRABS her WRIST -- spins her around, and  
presses a GUN to her back. INTENSE MUSIC RISES as...

CYRUS

Let's go.

...Cyrus storms the Mini-Mansion, Emile, Ahmad, Penhall and  
Hanson follow. Inside and into...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - DAY

...an elegant living room. Cyrus drags Candy and dumps her  
unceremoniously to the floor.

CYRUS

The "smack". Where is it?

CANDY

I don't know what that is-

Her last word is cut off by Cyrus who YANKS her to her feet -- JABS his gun in her face.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Relax, kid. It's over there.

(points to a bookcase)

False partition.

Cyrus hands Candy to Emile...

CYRUS

Watch her.

(to rest of them)

Help me find this thing.

They move to the bookshelf. Begin feeling along the edges as -- behind them, in a decidedly ballsy move, Candy -- ELBOWS Emile in the throat! As he doubles over, Candy SPRINTS away.

AHMAD

Hey!!!!!!!!!!

He draws his gun, but Candy has turned the corner. MUSIC INTENSIFIES. The chase is on -- both sides desperate as...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

...Candy rapidly approaches the T-intersection at the end of the hall and does the unexpected -- she SLAMS RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL -- REVEALING it to be nothing more than a --

-- SHEET OF PAPER painted to look like a continuation of the wall. And with the paper torn away, we see that it was covering an open DOORWAY where Candy...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

...SKIDS to a stop inside a PANIC ROOM! Candy punches a few buttons and with a THUNK -- a heavy STEEL DOOR slides shut.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cyrus' crew gets to the steel door and POUND on it -- it won't budge. Candy's voice filters out through a speaker...

CANDY (V.O.)  
Game over, boy scouts. Door's 4"  
thick, don't waste your time.  
(laughs)  
And by the way...the shit's in here  
with me, so don't bother looking.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - PANIC ROOM - NIGHT

Candy is surrounded by 50 bagged up, tiny bricks of HEROIN. She hits a VIDEO DISPLAY. Sees the guys right outside. She hits more buttons -- causing the HOUSE ALARM to SQUWAK, followed by the sounds of all the windows and exterior DOORS BOLTING SHUT. *Uh-oh.*

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The boys SPIN around as the sounds of lock-down come from every angle -- CLUNK! CLUNK! CLUNK! Paranoia rages.

EMILE  
She's locking us in.

They storm back down the hallway into the...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

...living room. Cyrus picks up an CHAIR. Charges a nearby WINDOW. Heaves it at the glass, but it -- just BOUNCES off!

PENHALL  
(low to Hanson)  
Bye-bye case.

Hanson surveys -- spots a DOOR at the far end of the KITCHEN.

HANSON  
This way.

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - GARAGE - NIGHT

Hanson leads inside. Up to an H2 -- Cyrus grabs the KEY hanging from a wall-peg.

HANSON  
How's about a little joy ride...

They pile in as Hanson kicks it into DRIVE and -- LAUNCHES the vehicle through the GARAGE DOOR onto the street.

INT. H2 - NIGHT

Cyrus' crew YELPS in celebratory catharsis until -- Hanson cuts a SHARP U-TURN -- the H2 facing Candy's Front Door. And as we all wonder what he's planning, WE GO back...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

...inside. After a moment of silence...KA-BOOOOOOOM! The H2 EXPLODES through the door -- wheels CRUNCH the marble floor as it heads for the panic room...

INT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

...where Candy is focused on the Video Monitor. Sees the H2 CHARGING down the wide corridor, HEADING RIGHT FOR HER!

CANDY

You gotta be kidding-

BOOOOM! The H2 crashes into the door of the Panic Room. The room RATTLES, knocking Candy to the ground.

INT. H2 - NIGHT

Hanson backs the H2 up. The crew is freaking out.

EMILE

What the hell are you doing?!

HANSON

Getting what we came for...

The H2 makes secondary impact on the Panic Room, this time DISLODGING IT from its foundation. Hanson hits it again. It's the most insane, ballsy thing you've ever seen and --

-- with a FINAL IMPACT, the Panic Room is fully released from the foundation. Hanson PINS the accelerator and the H2 actually starts PUSHING the safe room -- THROUGH THE HOUSE!

EXT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

A well groomed lawn with an ADJOINING POOL. We FOCUS on the REAR WALL of the Mini-Mansion as the wood BUCKLES and SHUDDERS as the Safe Room CRASHES out onto the back lawn.

With SCREAMS OF ADRENALINE coming from inside the H2, Hanson pushes the Safe Room across the lawn and into the SWIMMING POOL -- SPLASH! The Safe Room displaces a HUGE AMOUNT OF WATER, quickly submerging into the pool. Inside, the...

INT. SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

...room fills with water. Candy tries to maintain air space, but finally, reluctantly finds the KEYPAD, types in a Code. Just before she is completely underwater -- the DOOR OPENS and she desperately pulls herself out. Swims up to FIND...

EXT. MODERN MINI-MANSION - BACKYARD - NIGHT

...Hanson standing by the lip of the pool. The rest of the gang lean against the parked H2. Candy bobs around in the water, make-up streaming down her face as -- the bricks of heroin POP UP all around her.

HANSON

You have one a' them pool nets?

Candy SLAPS at the water, furious as we cut to...

EXT. PARKING LOT, ABANDONED PIZZERIA - DAY

...Everyone circled around the back of Cyrus' SUV. Cyrus is electric, gives Hanson a bro-hug. Emile jabs his finger.

EMILE

Craziest shit I ever seen. Ever.

Ahmad is the only one NOT amused. He sees his status as Cyrus' favorite quickly disintegrating.

AHMAD

Whatever, can we get on with this?

CYRUS

Don't even hate. This boy saved our asses! Don't pull none a' that pouty shit. We celebratin'.

Cyrus FLIPS up the SUV hatch. The drugs are now in a BLUE DUFFLE BAG, which Cyrus opens, shows everyone the contents.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

Gonna fetch a damn good price.

(nods)

(MORE)

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
Time to go see Biggie, turn this  
into cash. But first...

Cyrus throws Hanson a small brick.

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
That right there's a bonus.

AHMAD  
That comes outta our share-

Cyrus shoots him a look. Tired of his bullshit. Meanwhile,  
we get a C/U on Hanson's hand as he -- STICKS a small pin-  
like GPS DEVICE through the plastic.

HANSON  
Appreciate the thought. But I  
never touch product.

Hanson tries to toss it back, but Emile SNAGS it in mid-air.

EMILE  
I'll take it. Know what the girls  
at our school do for this shit?  
Better than Spanish fly.

Hanson shoots Penhall a look. *Whoever opens that brick is  
gonna see the GPS device.*

AHMAD  
Screw that, I'll take it.

Hanson and Penhall's eyes follow the brick as Ahmad -- GRABS  
it. Cyrus doesn't care. He's heading back to the SUV.

CYRUS  
Whatever. Ya'll work it out.

The brick makes its way around until -- Penhall GRABS it.

PENHALL  
I'll take it, I'm his brother.

The GPS is STILL not where it's supposed to be -- in that  
DUFFLE BAG. Hanson runs up as Cyrus keys the ignition.

HANSON  
Yo, Cyrus, hold up.

Hanson leans into the SUV. His mind racing.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Why...uh...why don't you take me  
along. I'd like to meet Biggie.

CYRUS  
You did good and all, but I don't  
intro Biggie to just anyone. I  
haven't even brought Ahmad yet.

Hanson finally gets an idea -- he pulls out his CELL PHONE  
and -- DROPS it in the back seat.

HANSON  
You'll put in a good word for me?

Cyrus smiles, nods and FLOORS the SUV away.

INT. HANSON'S MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

Hanson pilots the Mustang as Penhall CALLS Jenko.

PENHALL  
Jenko, we got a hiccup.

And we SMASH cut to...

INT. IOKI'S STATION WAGON - CONTINUOUS

...Ioki and Hoff's, waiting down a side road for directions.  
Hoff's cell RINGS. She answers it...

HOFFS  
Hoffs.

JENKO (V.O.)  
I'm tracking Cyrus via Hanson's  
cell phone - don't ask. I can  
direct you on the tail, but once  
Cyrus is out of his vehicle, you're  
on your own.  
(checking Cyrus' location)  
Head south for 3rd street.

And we pick the tail up a little later as...

INT. IOKI'S STATION WAGON - LATER

...Hoffs has her cell on the dash. Speaker phone on...

JENKO (V.O.)  
You still have visual?

Hoffs watches as Cyrus pulls into a MALL PARKING LOT.



HOFFS  
He's headed to the mall.

Ioki is CUT OFF by another car who -- LOCKS up the brakes. He drives around, spots Cyrus head into a 5 story parking garage. He floors the car inside, but -- NO CYRUS.

JENKO (V.O.)  
You got him? What's going on?

IOKI  
We got 'em, don't worry about it.

Hoffs hangs up as Ioki GUNS up the ramp. Spirals up several floors till he finally spots Cyrus' SUV. Parked. Empty.

IOKI (CONT'D)  
There!

He and Hoffs park, sprint for the mall entrance. Tuck their GUNS in their pants -- YANK shirts over the bulge and...

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

...SPRINT into the mall. PUT in their WIRELESS EAR COMMS.

HOFFS  
Checking wireless. Clear signal?

IOKI  
Crystal.

They slide to the nearest railing. SCAN the floor below. The place is PACKED, but Ioki -- spots Cyrus. Points.

Cyrus is heading into the BACK HALLWAYS behind the stores. They sprint for the escalator. SHOVE past people. A chorus of "hey", "watch it", and "rude" follows in their wake.

HOFFS  
We take 'em down in the hallway.  
Minimize crowd exposure.

They hit the first floor.

IOKI  
I'll go near, you cover the back.

As Hoffs heads for the opposite end of the hallway. Ioki...

INT. BACK HALLWAY, MALL - CONTINUOUS

...slides inside the DIMLY LIT back hallway. There's a turn before the hallway proper. Ioki peeks around, spots -- THREE people. Cyrus faces Ioki, but the TWO OTHER MEN, facing away, are very HARD TO SEE...

-- One is wearing a suede jump suit. Possibly Latino.

-- The other is in T-shirt, jeans and has a PONYTAIL.

IOKI  
(whispers)  
There's three of them!

HOFFS (O.S.)  
Cyrus, Biggie and WHO??

Ioki watches Cyrus give the duffle bag to the man in SUEDE (buyer), who IN RETURN gives the other man (Biggie) a WHITE SHOPPING BAG full of cash.

IOKI  
Third guy's a buyer. They're  
reselling the drugs on the spot.

HOFFS (O.S.)  
One stop shopping.

Suddenly all three men head in separate directions. Cyrus heads toward Hoff's end. The Latino with the DUFFLE BAG heads toward IOKI, but the --

-- white dude with the SHOPPING BAG heads down a MIDDLE HALLWAY.

IOKI  
And the hits just keep coming.  
Okay, all three are going in  
separate directions.

HOFFS (O.S.)  
Huh? It's a hallway.

IOKI  
It's shaped like a "T". There's a  
middle hallway. Cyrus is headed  
your way. Whatta we do?

We SMASH CUT TO...

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

...Hoffs who literally has her hand on the knob of the far end hallway door. She spins away.

HOFFS

I'm bailing on Cyrus. You take down the guy heading your way, I'll go after the other guy.

IOKI (O.S.)

Yours is wearing a tan T-shirt, jeans and has a ponytail.

HOFFS

Ponytail? Yukkkkk.

Hoffs sprints back out in front of the stores -- leaps atop a bench next to a startled old couple.

HOFFS (CONT'D)

That all you've got for me?

They are baffled at Hoffs seemingly talking to herself. The old man mimes smoking a joint. The woman shakes her head.

IOKI (O.S.)

Yeah, he's carrying a white shopping bag.

Hoffs looks out over the mall. But, it's wayyyy too crowded. She reaches back -- FINGERS the handle of her gun.

NATASHA (O.S.)

Hey-oooooooo.

Hoffs looks down to see Natasha -- holding three bags in the air. Hoffs lets go of her gun.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Girl, I'm three bags deep and haven't even hit Macy's yet.

(giddy)

You gotta see these pumps I just bought. You're gonna squirt.

Hoffs searches the crowd, but it's clear that she's done. She can't find Biggie and there's no sense in blowing her cover. She turns, presses her EAR COMM.

HOFFS  
(whispers)  
I'm done. You need back-up?

And we switch back to Ioki who...

INT. HALLWAY, MALL - CONTINUOUS

...has his KNEE in the LATINO MAN's back. Cuffing him.

IOKI  
I'm gonna say no.

He OPENS the duffle bag -- ALL the DRUGS are there. Breathes a sigh of relief.

IOKI (CONT'D)  
I've got the goods.

HOFFS (O.S.)  
Good. 'Cause I think I'm going shopping. Over and out.

We shoot back to...

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

...Hoffs as Natasha looks up at her...

NATASHA  
Over and what?

Hoffs turns, slyly SHAKES the COMM out of her ear -- POCKETS it RIGHT as -- Cyrus GRABS her from behind. LIFTS her up.

CYRUS  
Look at you two. Like watching a couple lions in the jungle.

Cyrus puts Hoffs down -- gives Natasha a big kiss.

HOFFS  
Hey Cyrus. Your girl's on fire.

Natasha grabs both of their hands. YANKS them forward.

NATASHA  
Come on, it's a three-some.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, POLICE DEPT - CONTINUOUS

Hoffs, Hanson, Penhall and Jenko look through one-way mirrored glass. Watch Ioki wind up his interrogation of the suede-wearing LATINO MAN, aka JORGE GONZALEZ...

IOKI

This is strike 3 for you Jorge.  
You wanna cut a deal or not?

JORGE

I said yes, like, a million times.  
But I ain't got nothin' else.

IOKI

Or proper English.

JORGE

This was only the 2nd time I dealt  
with Biggie. My brother, R.I.P,  
set things up the first time.

(pause)

Biggie picks me up, takes me to the  
meet. He cuts me below street  
value for the goods and we go our  
separate ways. That simple.

IOKI

How can I find him?!

LATINO

I don't know. We never speak 'till  
HE contacts ME.

IOKI

You describe him as, and I quote,  
"A white dude with dark hair."

LATINO

S'all I remember. Eye contact  
ain't exactly encouraged.

We switch back to the peanut gallery. Jenko turns to Hoffs.

JENKO

Hoffs?

HOFFS

This guy's borderline brain-dead,  
but he's telling the truth.

We switch back to the glass as -- Ioki stops pacing.

IOKI

You know, maybe this "Biggie" fella's too small. Maybe you're the big fish in the pond. If I got you, why do I need Biggie anyway?

JORGE

You don't get a name like Biggie 'less your big time, bro.

IOKI

Of course you do, moron. He probably named himself!

For some reason this finally offends Jorge.

JORGE

Why you gotta keep calling me dumb, bro? Just 'cause I ain't a big-brained, nerdy geek like you.

Ioki nearly dives across the desk.

IOKI

I was HOMECOMING KING!!!

We switch back to Jenko who shakes his head.

JENKO

This is useless.  
(rubs his face)  
Least no one blew their cover.

Penhall SMACKS his hands together. PISSED.

PENHALL

So, whatta do? We wait around for another three months?

JENKO

We do NOTHING till I say. I want everyone back at school tomorrow.

EXT. PARKING LOT, POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hanson walks with Hoffs who is clearly down.

HANSON

What's a matter?

HOFFS

I feel like this is my fault.

HANSON

It wasn't. Take it from a guy that screws up all the time.

Hoffs barely nods.

HANSON (CONT'D)

You're a good cop, Hoffs. Don't beat yourself up.

HOFFS

Thanks.

She's still bummed. He refuses to let her sulk.

HANSON

You also have a butt like two bowling balls.

(she SMACKS his arm)

Serious, I'd like a bronze bust of that butt to put in my living room.

Hoffs, against her will -- lets out a small LAUGH. A moment between them, until a meaty HAND grabs his shoulder.

PENHALL (O.S.)

Let's go, bro.

(Hanson turns around)

Talked to the wife, she insisted I bring my "brother" to dinner.

Hoffs playfully pushes Hanson away.

HOFFS

He'd love to.

PENHALL

She's making Turkey surprise...

(leads Hanson away)

...I know that sounds terrible, but the surprise is that it's good.

Hanson glances back, but Hoffs is already gone.

INT. PORCH, PENHALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Penhall and Hanson sit out on the porch in lawn chairs. DOING HOMEWORK. Beers in hand. Hanson RUBS his very full BELLY.

HANSON

I'm the fullest I've ever been.

PENHALL

Yeah, my girl wants to see stretch marks 'fore you leave the table.

Hanson takes a drag off his beer. When he looks back down, HALEY, Penhall's adorable little five year old girl, is at his feet. She hands him a DRAWING -- it looks vaguely human.

HANSON

This the monster under your bed?

HALEY

(shakes her head)  
It's you silly.

He TILTS the drawing.

HANSON

Ahhhh...yep, there it is. That's really great. Can I keep this?  
(off her nod)  
Can I give you a hug?

She nods again and Hanson PULLS her tight, then -- sets her back down. She stares at Hanson, clearly smitten.

HANSON (CONT'D)

You're really cute you know that?

HALEY

Yes.

With this, she darts back in the house.

HANSON

How in the world did something that adorable come outta your gene pool?

PENHALL

Dumb luck.

They both watch Haley through the window. Penhall's WIFE sits down beside her. Helps her sort through crayons.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

I gotta say, what you did today was pretty incredible...

HANSON

But...



PENHALL

But, it was reckless. I know  
that's your thing and all, it just  
...worries me.

(turns to him)

I'm your partner. Things ever get  
too crazy, it's me that's gonna get  
hit by the shrapnel you know?

Hanson takes a big sip of beer.

PENHALL (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to tell you what to  
do. But, when I'm out there, my  
priorities are you, the kids I'm  
dealing with...and I come in third.

(pause)

My point being, if you're not  
thinking about me, no one is.

Hanson nods. Long beat.

HANSON

You like being in Jump Street?  
Going back to high school?

(off his nod)

How come?

PENHALL

For Haley, trying to clean things  
up before she gets there. It's  
where I can make a difference.

(shakes his head)

You don't set kids straight before  
they get outta high school,  
there're gone, bro. Crime's gonna  
be a life-long pursuit.

(pause)

It's not as glamorous as Vice or  
SWAT, but I'll tell you, it's just  
as important. Maybe more so.

Hanson turns back to Haley -- the gears in his head spinning.

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Early morning and Mr. Ostrow is on the rampage. SLAPPING  
down the latest graded math tests on each desk.

MR. OSTROW

Never in 30 years of teaching have  
I had such a consortium of apathy.

(MORE)

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)  
 (SLAPS down another)  
 D minus, D, F...

Passes by Hanson, SLAPS down a giant red F. Hanson winces, then hears -- Pssssttt. He turns to see Suzette make a "V" with her fingers and flicking her tongue through the middle.

HANSON  
 Good lord.

Hanson turns to make sure Mr. Ostrow hasn't noticed, looks back to see Suzette has now made an "O" with her fingers and is sticking her KNUCKLE through it!

HANSON (CONT'D)  
 I'm not even sure what that means.

He turns around, refusing to humor her -- angles his desk away. Up ahead Mr. Ostrow STORMS to the blackboard. Points.

MR. OSTROW  
 I want all of these chapters  
 completed TONIGHT-

Suddenly the BUZZ of the intercom. From it shoots an elderly female voice --

ELDERLY VOICE (V.O.)  
 Attention seniors...please have  
 your permission slips for the  
 Museum of Transportation and  
 Technology signed and turned into  
 your home room teacher by tomorrow.  
 (long pause)  
 Oh, uh...thank you.

Before Mr. Ostrow can continue his tirade -- BRINNNGGG -- saved by the bell. Hanson makes for the door, heads into...

INT. HALLWAY, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

....the hallway. About to turn the corner, when Cyrus intercepts him. Hands him a school book.

CYRUS  
 That's for you and your brother.

Hanson opens the book -- it's HOLLOW inside. There are two stacks of money. He closes it -- JAMS it into his backpack.

HANSON

You been at this a while. Whatta you do with your dough? I don't see much bling.

CYRUS

'Cause I'm smart, yo. Can't be flossin'. Biggie taught me that.

(pause)

He's helping me set up for the future. Got me all set up with an off-shore account. I ain't planning on doing this forever.

HANSON

You trust him with your money?

CYRUS

Hell yeah. I got the codes, I can check the balance any time I want.

(starts to head away...)

Oh, you left this in my ride.

Cyrus tosses Hanson his cell phone back. The moment it hits his hands, he hears...

SKIPPY (O.S.)

Mr. Hanson?!

15 feet ahead is -- Skippy. His acne worse than ever, he waves at Hanson. No way to avoid him.

CYRUS

Did he just call you Mr. Hanson?

Hanson scrambles. *Think fast!*

HANSON

Naw man, Mr. HANDSOME. That's what I make all these dorks call me.

CYRUS

Now that's some funny shit.

Hanson moves FAST to intercept Skippy.

SKIPPY

Hey Mr. Han-

Hanson LEAPS forward -- PUTS Skippy in a headlock.

HANSON

Come here, you silly son-of-a-bitch. I'm changing names this week. Now it's Mr. Big Balls!

Cyrus laughs as Hanson gives Skippy a NUGGY and LEADS him around the corner. When the coast is clear, he let's him go.

SKIPPY

(out of breath)

Mr. Hanson?? Why'd you do that to my head.

HANSON

It's a nuggy. Don't kids give nuggies anymore?

(clearly not)

Never mind.

SKIPPY

What are you doing in my school?  
Are you a teacher?

HANSON

No, I, uh, go here. Look, this is really embarrassing, but I never graduated highschool.

(faster)

And I'd appreciate it if you called me Tom.

(snaps his fingers)

Oh, and don't tell anyone I'm, you know, older. I'm trying to fit in.

SKIPPY

I don't know Mr. Hanson, this all feels a little weird.

Hanson stops as he sees -- Ahmad. Down the hall. Watching the whole exchange. He turns back to Skippy...

HANSON

It's Tom, just Tom.

...and heads away. Skippy, frowns, baffled by the whole thing. As he heads away -- we STAY PUT -- and watch, as Ahmad, takes a hard right. FOLLOWS Skippy. *That's not good.*

INT. COMPUTER ROOM, LAKESIDE HIGH - CONTINUOUS

Hanson paces behind Ioki. Ioki is back searching through the contents of Cyrus' blackberry.

HANSON

Nothing at all resembling an off-shore account number? Look again.

IOKI

Dude, this isn't a magic trick. You hear me yelling - Ta-dah?

HANSON

Cyrus checks his balance on-line.

IOKI

Maybe he's doing it from his HOME, from a hard line.

They both look up as -- Ahmad walks into the room, face flush with suspicion. SPOTS them together. Hanson covers -- SMACKS Ioki upside the head.

HANSON

Just get it done, dork. I need that paper by Monday.

Hanson walks away, nods to Ahmad on the way out. We stay on Ahmad who watches Hanson leave, then -- HEADS up to Ioki who TURNS OFF his monitor, right as Ahmad comes up.

AHMAD

What were the two of you doing?

IOKI

Uh, nothing, that meat-stick's making me do his homework, again-

Ahmad tries to turn the monitor on, but Ioki leans in front.

IOKI (CONT'D)

You shuffled your feet on the carpet, the static's gonna fry it.

AHMAD

Turn it back on. Now!

Under the table Ioki STRETCHES -- his foot reaching for the POWER button on the computer tower. Can't quite get there.

IOKI

You really wanna see my research on the underground railroad system?

Ahmad KICKS the chair out from under Ioki -- sends him to the floor. At the exact moment Ahmad turns on the monitor -- Ioki KICKS the power button -- shutting the whole thing down.

Ahmad PRESSES the monitor power button several times. The screen stays black.

IOKI (CONT'D)  
You ruined it. You short circuited  
the whole thing!

Ahmad's SHOVES Ioki for good measure and heads away.

INT. GYMNASIUM, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

Hanson is in mid-basketball game. He drives in for an easy lay-up. Pauses to eye Hoff's on the far side of the gym.

HANSON  
Sub!

Hanson waves another guy to take his place and mock-hobbles over to Hoff's who -- sits on a volleyball against the wall.

HOFFS  
Ioki gave me the download. This  
Biggie's a real sweetheart.

Suddenly Emile strolls into the gym. He has a ball-net full of soccer balls and uses it to WAIL on kids. Emile spots Bennie -- heads right for him. Bennie assumes a passive posture and...slowly clenches one FIST.

Before Emile can get the first word out Bennie SCREAMS and SOCKS him right in the nose -- a direct hit! Before Emile can recover -- Bennie PULLS him into a BEAR HUG.

Emile tries to swing at Bennie, but both go down in a heap. Within seconds, the P.E. COACH separates them. BERATES them at the top of his lungs. Emile holds a bloody nose as Bennie, oblivious to the screaming -- grins ear to ear.

Hanson has a matching grin. Hoff's shoots him a look.

HOFFS (CONT'D)  
What in the world did you tell him?

Before Hanson can respond, Cyrus STRIDES up.

CYRUS  
Yo, you two get your sun tan  
lotion. We ditchin' next period.  
(off their looks)  
Pool party at my place.

INT. MUSTANG (MOVING) - DAY

Hanson steers the Mustang into a low priced apartment complex. Hoffs sits next to him. Penhall in the back.

PENHALL

We gotta be careful, if Coach finds  
out I ditched class, I'll be riding  
the pine all season.

(looks around)

Any sign of the get-fresh-crew?

All clear. Hanson parks. They all get out and Hanson...

EXT. PARKING LOT, APARTMENT COMPLEX - CONTINUOUS

...POPS the trunk to reveal -- Ioki in the fetal position!

IOKI

This is freakin' humiliating!

HANSON

We couldn't take a chance, you  
might be seen.

Ioki rolls out. SWEATING BULLETS.

IOKI

It's like the surface of the sun in  
there.

Penhall and Hoffs walk around with all their pool gear.

HANSON

When the coast is clear, I'll text.

Ioki lifts up his shirt, shows off his RIPPED Abs.

IOKI

It should be me by that pool. It  
just makes good sense.

They all roll their eyes, head away from him.

EXT. POOL - DAY

The pool EXPLODES as -- Penhall does a GIANT cannonball.  
Hanson/Hoffs take on Cyrus/Natasha in a chicken fight. On  
deck, Emile tokes a bong as Kia Shine's "Krispy" blares.

Ahmad is CONSPICUOUSLY absent.

Fresh off a victory, Hanson heads for the pool stairs.

HANSON  
Gotta hit the can.

Hanson heads for sliding glass doors. YANKS out his cell -- types a text: **"Front Door. NOW."**

INT. CYRUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Hanson steps into Cyrus' crib. Pictures of Cyrus' mother. No sign of a father. He continues through. Opens the front door -- lets Ioki INSIDE. Leads him into...

INT. CYRUS' ROOM, APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...Cyrus' room. Instead of posters of Lebron and Kobe, there are architectural blueprints. On every dresser and book shelf are hand-made models of famous buildings.

Ioki heads right for the computer -- JAMS his ZIP DRIVE into the serial port. Gets to work until --

CYRUS (O.S.)  
Yo, where you at playa'?

Hanson SPINS toward Ioki -- GRABS him by the collar and -- SHOVES him into the closet. Hanson sees Ioki's ZIP DRIVE on the ground next to the computer tower. He kicks a dirty sweatshirt toward it, but -- MISSES!

CYRUS (CONT'D)  
Goin' through my underwear drawers?

HANSON  
Naww, just checking all this out.  
(re: architecture stuff)  
What is all this?

CYRUS  
I used to be all into architecture. Always figured I was gonna go ta college and end up designin' for some high-priced firm. Had ta' put that dream on hold though.

HANSON  
(eyes the zip drive)  
How come?



CYRUS

Biggie showed me a bigger dream.

Hanson maneuvers in FRONT of the zip drive.

HANSON

How'd you hook up with Biggie?

CYRUS

Was after my 2nd stint in juvy.  
Stole my neighbor's car.

(laughs)

Day I got out, Biggie was waitin'.  
Said he'd had his eye on me.  
Thing's been good ever since.

HANSON

It's a sweet deal, but what's the  
long term plan?

CYRUS

Biggie's gonna bring me in on his  
BIG operations. Just wants me to  
prove myself first.

Hanson's mind is spinning 100 mph. He knows he didn't clear  
this with Jenko, but...*SCREW IT*.

HANSON

What if I told you I had a way to  
do that?

CYRUS

Whatchu think I'd say -- HOW?

HANSON

Guy like Biggie's gonna get tired  
of carrying you. Gonna wanna know  
you can do this shit yourself -- be  
a real "earner".

(he has Cyrus' attention)

I know a guy that's "holding." At  
least 5 keys of coke.

CYRUS

Who is he?

Hanson's mind is racing. Making it up on the fly.

HANSON

Some guy I do a little work for on  
the weekends. He owns a pawn shop,  
lives in the back.

(MORE)

HANSON (CONT'D)

(thinking)

He, uh, got in debt with some bad dudes, now they use his apartment as a weigh station. Shipment comes and sits there for two, three days till they cut and bag it.

CYRUS

How do you know he's holdin' now?

HANSON

I overheard a conversation when he thought I was gone.

CYRUS

What's he, blind?

HANSON

Yes.

Hanson winces. Didn't mean for that to come out. But he has to commit to it.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Yes, he's blind.

Cyrus starts laughing. Then starts THINKING. He walks over, grabs some chap-stick -- the ZIP DRIVE is right at his feet!

HANSON (CONT'D)

(loud, diverting)

Well?

CYRUS

(turns back around)

Let's do it. About time I took the training wheels off and showed Biggie what I can do.

HANSON

Two conditions though.

(looks him in the eye)

One -- it's just you, me and my brother. I know those are your boys out there and all, but...they're weak.

CYRUS

And the second?

HANSON

When you take the stash to Biggie...you bring me along. Give me that intro.

(MORE)

HANSON (CONT'D)

(Cyrus balks)

It's still your show. You call the shots and my brother and I will fall in line.

(pause)

But if you, me and my brother work as well as I think we will...

Hanson lets Cyrus mentally finish the sentence, then offers his fist. Cyrus finally smiles.

CYRUS

Let's go celebrate.

Cyrus throws an arm around Hanson, leads him...

INT. CYRUS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...into the living room. Suddenly, Ahmad approaches. Jowls protruding. *He's up to something.*

AHMAD

I knew there was something not right about you, McQuaid...

Ahmad LICKS the back of a piece of paper and -- SLAPS it onto the wall. It's one of Hanson's BAD CHECKS from the 7-11!

AHMAD (CONT'D)

...or is it "Hanson?"

CYRUS

The hell's this supposed ta' be?

AHMAD

One of your boy's bad check. Turns out he ain't who he says he is.

CYRUS

(to Hanson)

This yours?

Hanson glances at the check. *Shit! Deny, deny, deny...*

HANSON

Yep, that's mine all right. Well, it was once I stole it.

AHMAD

What?

Hanson turns to Cyrus, shakes his head.

HANSON

Yeah, stole some college dude's backpack to score an I.D. Guy had a book a' checks, I used one ta' buy beer. Worked once, but I got greedy and got pinched.

(off Cyrus' look)

It's humiliating, getting tagged for a piss-ant move like that.

Long, dramatic beat as Hanson waits to see if he buys this, then -- Cyrus lets out a big LAUGH. Playfully shoves Hanson.

CYRUS

I would say that's some stupid shit, but that's exactly what I did to get sent to juvy the first time!

Hanson laughs with him -- first out of UTTER relief, then to keep the jovial momentum going. He shoves Cyrus back.

AHMAD

That's it? You're buying that bullshit? He could be a narc!

Hanson's smile receded. He GRABS Ahmad -- SHOVES him up against the wall.

HANSON

The little jealous act was funny at first, but now I'm gettin' pissed.

Cyrus still has laughter in his voice as he pulls them apart.

CYRUS

Come on now, ease up.

HANSON

(still has Ahmad's collar)

You're the fraud. You act hard, but we all know that when the shit goes down, you piss yourself.

Ahmad pulls away. He's furious, but doesn't have the balls to do anything about it.

CYRUS

(waves Ahmad away)

Go on, now. This is the last I wanna hear a' this shit.

AHMAD

Whatever. Your funeral.

Ahmad storms away. As he exits, a long beat, then...

CYRUS  
(to Hanson)  
Look, me and him been friends since  
grade school-

HANSON  
It's cool. Really. I can  
appreciate him lookin' out for you.

CYRUS  
Come on, I wanna chicken-fight  
rematch.

Hanson starts to follow, but then remembers -- IOKI!

HANSON  
Hey, never did take that leak.  
I'll see you out there.

Cyrus nods. As he turns the corner Hanson -- JERKS back...

INT. BEDROOM, CYRUS' APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...inside the room -- YANKS Ioki out of the closet.

IOKI  
Are you outta your mind? Setting  
up that deal with Cyrus?

Ioki checks the ZIP DRIVE. Has what he wants. He unplugs  
the cord, JAMS it into his pocket.

IOKI (CONT'D)  
No way Jenko'll let us risk putting  
more drugs into the community.

Hanson shoves Ioki toward the front door.

HANSON  
Dude, I'm spinnin' a lot of  
freakin' plates here. Just back me  
up. Jenko'll be fine with it.

And we smash cut to...

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - BULLPEN - NIGHT

...Jenko who has a vein bulging out of his neck, screaming.

JENKO  
ARE YOU OUTTA YOUR MIND?

HANSON  
You wanna wait another 3 months for  
the next job to go down?

JENKO  
I want you to follow directions.  
And it's not just what I want, it's  
what the Chief wants. He's in  
charge of this op.

Hanson, turns to Penhall and Ioki. Neither can think of  
anything that'll help, until -- Hoffs comes to the rescue.

HOFFS  
Jenko, this is actually less risky  
if you think about it. It's a job  
we can control.

Jenko exhales. This makes sense, but isn't helping any.

PENHALL  
She's right boss. And hey...  
(clumsy wink)  
...someone's gotta play the guy  
holding the drugs. You get to go  
back in the field for a night.

Jenko actually SPARKS to this. *It HAS been a while.*

JENKO  
What's my cover? Badass gang  
leader? Columbian gun for hire?

HANSON  
Uh, you're a badass, super  
fly...blind guy.

Jenko leans back. Rubs his face.

IOKI  
Can you get the Chief to give us  
the bait stash?

JENKO  
Yeah, I can get it. He owes me for  
a bunch of odds and ends. If I  
stack all my favors into one giant  
favor, he'll say yes.

Penhall and Hanson hi-five.

JENKO (CONT'D)  
But I'm telling you, this puts us  
WAY out on a limb. If this thing  
goes bad...Jump Street is DONE.

As this proclamation SPIKES the room, we go high above...

EXT. DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

...the downtown landscape. Hi-rise apartments, mixed with  
shops and restaurants. We SWOOP down into an alley to see...

EXT. PAWNSHOP, DOWNTOWN STREETS - NIGHT

....Cyrus, Hanson and Penhall walking through the shadows.  
Hanson stops at a back door facing the alley.

HANSON  
(takes out lock pick)  
I know where he keeps the stash.  
We need him to open it though.

Cyrus YANKS out his GLOCK.

CYRUS  
Sure about this guy? How you know  
he ain't a narc?

HANSON  
He's fine, just go EASY. The guy's  
blind. You could hold a banana to  
his back, he wouldn't know the  
difference.

As Hanson picks the lock we ROCKET UP, across the alley to --  
ETHEL BRACKMAN, 55. She's holding a dry martini and is being  
pressed up against a railing by -- MARTIN DUNKLEMEN, 63.

The viagra's kicked in and Martin's not letting it go to  
waste. Ethel's martini sloshes around as Martin clumsily  
kisses her neck, until -- she SLAPS his forehead.

MARTIN  
What'd you do that for?

Ethel POINTS down at the crime in progress.

ETHEL  
Not on my watch!

As she SHOVES Martin away and grabs the phone. We ROCKET -- BACK DOWN to the gang as they head inside...

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

...the pawn shop. This place would make Fred Sanford proud. CRAP every where. A TV blares from the front room. They head out front to see --

-- Jenko in a bathrobe and fake GOATEE. WAYYYYYY over-doing the blind bit with DARK GLASSES and a retractable feel-stick.

JENKO

Who's there?

Jenko SWINGS the stick -- catches his beer bottle and LAUNCHES it across the room. SMASH! Penhall and Hanson roll their eyes at each other.

CYRUS

Santa Claus motherfucker. Only we takin' gifts, not leavin' 'em.

JENKO

But it's only July.

CYRUS

Very funny. I know you holdin' 5 keys so listen to this...  
(RACKS his gun)  
That ain't no candy cane.

JENKO

Okay, okay. Don't shoot.

Jenko stands up and his ROBE OPENS -- revealing what looks like the window of a deli.

CYRUS

Come on man, close that shit up.

Jenko acts surprised. Closes his robe. Cyrus grabs him -- shoves him forward. They follow Jenko into a...

INT. SIDE ROOM, PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

...side room. He approaches a giant wooden chest with combination lock. He starts to turn the lock, when Cyrus gets SPOOKED -- he JAMS the gun against Jenko's head.



HANSON  
Yo man, easy.

CYRUS  
How the hell's he opening that?!  
He can't see!

Jenko's blowing this. A VERY tense beat and then....

JENKO  
I hear the tumblers. So shut up.

Jenko leans down, opens the lock, opens the chest to reveal the COKE. Penhall rushes up -- JAMS it into a backpack.

CYRUS  
Merry Christmas.

He SHOVES Jenko to the ground. As they all leave...

JENKO  
I'm Jewish, you little prick!

INT. BACK ROOM, PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Penhall leads Cyrus and Hanson. Throws open the back door to REVEAL -- 2 COP cars SLIDING in front of them.

PENHALL  
That ain't good.  
(SLAMS the door)  
The cops -- OTHER WAY!

They all haul ass for the front door -- this time Hanson leads the way. They BURST out into the street to see two more COP CARS -- approaching from either ends of the street.

Hanson thinks fast. *Get caught and the case is blown.* He SNATCHES Cyrus' gun out of his hand.

HANSON  
Follow me.

Hanson runs toward a COMIC BOOK STORE. Up to the store front window and -- FIRES -- shatters the glass and LEAPS inside -- Penhall and Cyrus follow, as they all...

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - CONTINUOUS

....sprint through. Knocking over racks. They head to the rear of the store, out the back door, into the...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...street again. Cop cars chase, emerge at the ends of THIS street. Hanson heads towards a DRESS SHOP -- FIRES again -- detonates the picture window. They all leap through, into...

INT. DRESS SHOP - CONTINUOUS

...the dress shop. Penhall SMASHES into a bridal mannequin, the veil lands on his head as he sprints. He realizes -- RIPS it off, follows Hanson and Cyrus out the back, into...

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

...the street. No more store fronts. Only apartment buildings. The cop cars appear again. This time -- approaching from both ends.

Hanson spots the entrance to a five story apartment building. Runs up to see that the door has a CODE ACCESS. No time -- he SHOOTS through the glass door and they burst...

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...inside. Up to the elevators. They get inside.

HANSON

Go down, everyone goes up.

PENHALL

Can't, you need an access card to get to the garage.

As Penhall smashes the TOP button and the door closes, we STAY in the lobby as -- four cops pour inside. ONE waits to see where the elevator will stop at. Rest HEAD UP.

EXT. ROOF TOP, APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hanson, Cyrus and Penhall BURST onto the roof top. On one side, the roof rises up at an angle -- the vaulted ceilings for the penthouse apartments. Each has an angled SKYLIGHT.

A ledge leads along the bottom of the skylights. At the far end -- the ledge nearly touches the next building over.

HANSON

Over here. It's a short jump to  
the next building.

They all press against the diagonal glass skylights. Shuffle  
across. Behind and below is a precipitous five story drop.

They pass one skylight, see inside -- an empty apartment.  
Past the next -- a fat man eating a bowl of cereal.

Behind them, out of sight -- COPS burst onto the roof. Cyrus  
passes the next skylight, but FREEZES. Inside is maybe the  
hottest girl on the planet -- dancing around in boy-shorts  
and a bra, as old school RUN DMC blares from her stereo.

CYRUS

(loud whisper)  
Holy shit!

HANSON

What, what, what?

CYRUS

That's Cindee Harnist.  
(pause)  
She was a senior when I was a  
freshman. Had a big crush on her.

Hanson shuffles over in front of the skylight. His eyes  
widen. The base from the giant stereo shakes the walls.

PENHALL

(calculating)  
Wait, if she was a senior three  
years ago, that means she's legal!

CYRUS

What?

PENHALL

Nothing, move over.

All three now SMUSH against the skylight, watching this  
beautiful girl gyrate to the music. She disappears into the  
bathroom. Tosses her undies out, then her bra.

Suddenly...crack...BOOM! Glass gives way and all three DROP -  
- land HARD on the bed and ricochet onto the floor.

Hanson and Cyrus recover, head for the living room, but  
Penhall is frozen. Staring at Cindee's silhouette through  
the opaque glass shower door. Hanson YANKS him into...

INT. LIVING ROOM, APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...the living room. They all bolt for the door. Penhall sees a set of keys hanging from a hook. The key ring contains an ACCESS CARD. He grabs them as they head out.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They all pile into the elevator. Penhall checks the buttons - spots one marked "Garage" with a key slide next to it. Penhall slides Cindee's ACCESS CARD and they head down...

INT. GARAGE, APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...into the garage. Penhall flicks her key-pad and a BLACK MERCEDES' lights flash. They jump inside, drive up and a steel gate OPENS. Penhall checks the street scene via the safety mirror on the exit wall.

All of the cops are still inside as he pilots the Mercedes out onto the street. The boys go nuts -- CHEERING as they complete their semi-clean getaway.

EXT. CYRUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Penhall slows the car to a stop. Cyrus gets out.

CYRUS

Fella's, this here's the beginning  
of a beautiful relationship.

Cyrus GRABS the backpack 'o drugs, but Hanson stops him.

HANSON

We can hang onto it-

Cyrus smirks, PULLS out the backpack.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Set up the meet and let us know.

As Cyrus heads off, Hanson and Penhall turn to each other. Knowing they've officially put drugs INTO the system.

INT. HALLWAY, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Early morning bustle. Hanson has the routine down. He strolls down the hallway like he owns it, when Cyrus appears.

CYRUS

Hey. You turn in your permission  
slip to the museum yet?

HANSON

About to, why?

CYRUS

That's where the meet's at.  
(they keep walking)  
Biggie likes to meet in crazy  
places. Likes 'em to be crowded  
and chaotic.

Suddenly Emile (with tape across his nose where Bennie socked  
him) and Ahmad walk by, pouting.

HANSON

What's up with them?

CYRUS

Told 'em they were riding the  
bench.

As they turn a corner to see Hoffs and Natasha. The girls  
slide under the appropriate arms.

CYRUS (CONT'D)

You both lookin' especially fine.

NATASHA

Ahhh, baby...

CYRUS

(to Hanson)  
We'll talk more later.

As Hanson nods, Cyrus and Natasha peel off, head down the  
next hallway. Hanson keeps his arm around Hoffs.

HANSON

You do...look fine.

Hanson attempts to put his hand in Hoff's BACK POCKET. She  
playfully SLAPS it, YANKS it out.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Come on, the hand in the pocket's a  
standard-issue high school move  
when you're goin' steady.

HOFFS  
Newsflash cowboy, we're not really  
dating.

He tugs on her shirt, slows her down.

HANSON  
Then let me say what you won't --  
we SHOULD be.

HOFFS  
Hanson, you only wanna date me  
'cause you can't have me.

HANSON  
That's not true.

HOFFS  
Yeah? Tell me why.

HANSON  
'Cause you're beautiful AND smart.  
And you call me on my shit. You  
force me to be...better.

Hoffs stops. This actually touches her.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Look, I may not be as intuitive as  
you, but there's something between  
us. I can feel it.

Hoffs is clearly conflicted. Doesn't like it.

HOFFS  
I can't go there. I won't.

HANSON  
Why not?

She looks around, coast is clear...

HOFFS  
'Cause it's a good way to put both  
our jobs and lives at risk.  
(before he can protest)  
What's the first thing they teach  
you at the academy -- "The safe  
move is always the best move."

HANSON

I have one of my own -- "No risk,  
no reward." Come on, let me take  
you to-

HOFFS

(defensive, harsh)  
Look, I don't want to date you.  
Why can't you just respect that?

And BRRRRINNNGGGG -- the bell echoes. Hoffs takes a hard  
right, heads into her homeroom. *Ouch.*

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Ostrow paces. Holds up a fistful of papers.

MR. OSTROW

Have I got everyone's permission  
slips?

Hanson leaps up, hands his over.

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)

I'm sure all of you seniors are  
looking forward to the field trip.  
A little time away from the daily  
grind. The problem is...

Mr. Ostrow drops the slips into his drawer. SLAMS it shut.

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)

...not all of you will be going.

A smattering of "Uh-oh's".

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)

Tomorrow you will all RE-take the  
last exam that you did so  
despicably on. And not only will  
this include all the previous  
material...but the new chapters you  
were assigned as well.

Everyone GROANS. In the middle of this chorus is what sounds  
more like a MOAN. Hanson turns to see Suzette wink at him.

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)

Those that get a C or higher will  
attend the field trip...the rest of  
you will be in here with me.

(MORE)

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)  
Working every problem, from every  
page, of EVERY chapter.

C/U on Hanson -- FREAKED! *He's gotta be on that bus!*

EXT. LAKESIDE - DAY

Between the Hoffs debacle and Calculus class, Hanson's in a swell mood. As he heads down the hall, Penhall appears.

PENHALL  
Operation "Time Machine" is about  
to go down. I made the team!!!

HANSON  
Congratulations.

Penhall stops jumping up and down. Sees Hanson's expression.

PENHALL  
You okay?

Hanson nods. Doesn't wanna rain on Penhall's parade.

HANSON  
Yeah, catch up with you later.

PENHALL  
Alrighty then. Hey...my first  
touchdown's for you, bro.

Penhall ROARS. As he run away down the hall, we notice a NOTE taped to his back -- it reads: "*PENIS GOBBLER*". As he heads off, unaware that the rumor about him lives on --

-- Ioki slides next to Hanson. Doesn't makes eye contact as they both open their lockers.

IOKI  
Heard about last night. Crazy shit  
just follows you around, don't it?

HANSON  
Any luck with Cyrus' hard drive?

IOKI  
More encryption, but I got the  
account number and traced it.  
Found the web site he was using to  
check his balance -- it's a shell!

Hanson tries to pull out a book, but hooks a web of cords and -- his PDA, cell phone, Ipod and PSP all dump at his feet.



HANSON  
(annoyed)  
Shell?

IOKI  
A shell, a fake. The site's not  
connected to anything. It's for  
show. Cyrus is getting screwed.

Hanson simply nods. His mind elsewhere.

INT. 21 JUMP STREET - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Jenko has blueprints spread out across the table. The Jump  
Street gang circles around. Hanson looks up at Hoffs. She  
smiles, but Hanson looks away.

PENHALL  
That the museum?

JENKO  
(nods)  
We're gonna assume this is business  
as usual. Key is to take all of  
them -- Cyrus, Biggie, and the  
dealer -- down quietly. Gonna be a  
ton of kids and families.

IOKI  
Can't believe the Chief agreed to  
this.

JENKO  
He agreed to turn his back. If  
things go bad, It'll be me that  
takes the heat. The party line  
will be that I'm a loose cannon.  
(keeps rolling)  
I'll be tapped into the museum's  
camera system. I'll have about 70%  
visibility, but there are tons...

He stops, looks up at Hanson.

JENKO (CONT'D)  
Wait, why aren't you studying?  
This whole thing hinges on you  
getting on that bus.

HANSON  
You want me going in blind?

JENKO

You're window dressing on this, Hanson. The only one without a mic and gun. You're there to witness the deal and babysit Cyrus. These guys'll take care of the rest.

(pause)

Things go south, you get Cyrus someplace safe and wait for backup. I'll be damned if Biggie's gonna be the death of another kid.

(dead serious)

You don't leave Cyrus' side -- no matter what. Now go study.

(Hanson doesn't move)

What?

HANSON

(bursting)

Calculus is hard! I don't get it.

Jenko smirks, shakes his head. Long beat.

JENKO

Ioki, you're his new tutor.

IOKI

What?

JENKO

You'll be the floater on this op. Backup.

IOKI

(desperate)

You said I could be lead.

JENKO

Hanson doesn't pass, the whole thing's blown. Come on, you've got the big brain, the keen intellect.

IOKI

Don't patronize me, just say it -- NERD.

Ioki POUNDS on the desk. GRABS the Calculus book next to Hanson and storms into the side room. Hanson winces, gingerly follows and we SLIP seamlessly into a...

MONTAGE

...as Huey's "POP, LOCK, and DROP IT" damn near SHATTERS our eardrums. We SLAM INTO various intercuts of -- Ioki and Hanson CRAMMING for the EXAM. As well as Jenko, Penhall, and Hoffs preparing for the "op." Until we finally fade into...

INT. LAKESIDE - MR. OSTROW'S CLASSROOM - DAY

...the day of reckoning. Mr. Ostrow passes out the exams. As he puts one on Hanson's empty desk, Hanson slides into it.

MR. OSTROW  
You have 40 minutes. Time to  
separate the weak from the herd.

C/U on Hanson -- a complete WRECK as we jump ahead to...

EXT. ROOF, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

...the aftermath. Hanson staggers out on the roof. Penhall, Ioki and Hoffs are all there -- waiting. Hanson looks like he's gone three rounds with Chuck Liddell.

IOKI  
Did you pass?

HANSON  
Yes...maybe...I don't know.

Penhall, Ioki, and Hoffs all exchange worried glances.

HOFFS  
We'll all know in an hour.

PENHALL  
(pats Hanson's back)  
We're goin' under the assumption  
that you did, bro.

Hanson nods, looks out on the field. Spots -- Emile beginning his daily ritual -- shoving dorks. He shoves one, another, another, comes to BENNIE, but -- MOVES PAST HIM! This cheers Hanson up a little.

IOKI  
(crosses fingers)  
See you all on the bus.

As everyone heads away, Hoffs grabs Hanson's arm...

HOFFS

I want to apologize about before.  
I was a little harsh-

HANSON

Don't worry, you were pretty clear.  
Not only do I get it --  
(throwing her words back)  
-- I respect it.

He moves on, heads through the door. This time it's Hanson that leaves Hoffs in the dust.

EXT. PARKING LOT, LAKESIDE HIGH - LATER

Three school buses with lines of seniors waiting to get on. We GLIDE up to -- Hanson. At the front of his line is Mr. Ostrow, holding a clipboard. He waves a student onto the bus. Spots the next, BRAD ERICKSON.

MR. OSTROW

Mr. Erickson, I don't know how you  
did it, but you actually scored  
LOWER on the latest exam.  
(pulls him out of line)  
Please report to my class room.  
Make yourself at home.

The next two kids are waved on and then it's Hanson's turn. He mouths the words, "please, please, please."

MR. OSTROW (CONT'D)

Mr. McQuaid. Let's see what fate  
holds in store for you. You  
scored...a "C+". Climb aboard.

HANSON

Yessssssssssssssssssssss!

Mr. Ostrow rolls his eyes as Hanson jogs onto the...

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

...bus. Finds Cyrus sitting in the back. Saving him a seat.

CYRUS

What's the cheesy grin for?

HANSON

Nailed my Calc exam! C+, baby!

Cyrus looks at Hanson like he's crazy, cranks up his Ipod.

INT. MUSEUM OF TRANSPORTATION AND TECHNOLOGY - DAY

High ceilings and marble floors. A rotunda-shaped lobby splits the museum into TWO WINGS. East and West.

Hanson and Cyrus walk behind the other students. Pass a sign: **"HANDS-ON EXHIBIT closed for repairs."** Moments later, PENHALL passes, then HOFFS and finally...IOKI.

At the head of the group is today's tour guide -- K. NELSON ENGER. A GUMPY man with a voice like a chirping teakettle...

K. NELSON ENGER  
Good afternoon students. I'm K.  
Nelson Enger, official tour guide,  
and former Lakeside graduate.  
Class of ninety. Go Falcons!

But his enthusiastic school spirit garners him no love. He regroupes quickly, quite accustomed to a dry response.

K. NELSON ENGER (CONT'D)  
Glad you all can be with us today.  
Here you'll experience the exciting  
mysteries of transportation and  
technology.  
(bad acting)  
"How in the world does steam make a  
giant locomotive move?"

RANDOM VOICE (O.S.)  
Witchcraft??

K. NELSON ENGER  
(ignoring, rolling)  
"What simple discovery helped  
scientists develop the first space  
suit?" All these questions and  
more will be answered inside.

He waves all the students forward and...

INT. EAST WING, MUSEUM - DAY

...into the EAST WING.

K. NELSON ENGER  
 To your right is the "Early Space"  
 exhibit. Right there is an exact  
 replica of the Apollo 13 nose pod-

Many students have broken out of line. Enger stops talking, tries his best to organize them. Cyrus nods to Hanson and -- they use the commotion to peel off. Head back into the...

INT. WEST WING, MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

...lobby. Cyrus adjusts his BACKPACK, walks into the WEST WING. Hanson on his heels.

Inside there are five hallways. Large wooden double doors block the last one. A sign hangs: "**HANDS-ON EXHIBIT closed.**"

Cyrus steps up, examines the door's CODE LOCK. He pulls out his blackberry -- refers to it before -- punching in the code. They slip inside as we go to Jenko...

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

...in front of a wall of monitors. Each displays a different section of the museum. Jenko speaks into a headset...

JENKO  
 Okay gang, gimme a sign if your  
 hearing aides are working.

On monitor: we see a high view of Enger and the students. Among them -- Hoffs, Ioki and Penhall touch their chins.

JENKO (CONT'D)  
 Good. Our boys went into the last  
 hallway in the West wing...

Jenko FLICKS to the hallway view: Cyrus and Hanson stroll past various CONSTRUCTION EQUIPMENT, up to a GIANT open archway that leads to the actual "Hands-on Exhibit."

JENKO (CONT'D)  
 ...which leads to a closed exhibit.

Jenko FLICKS inside the exhibit, but it's VERY dark. Only a few minor lights on. You can just make out the silhouette of a couple of planes hanging from the ceiling.

JENKO (CONT'D)  
 Start heading that way.

As he FLICKS back to the view of the students, Ioki peels off first. Hoffs and Penhall soon follow suit. All gathering...

INT. EAST WING, MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

...in the lobby -- giving up on their cover all together.

HOFFS

(to Ioki)

When we go in, you need to stay stationary at the hallway entrance.

IOKI

God forbid I see some action.

HOFFS

If Penhall or I need back-up, we'll yell.

IOKI

What if you both need help?

HOFFS

Pick your favorite.

Penhall raises an eyebrow at Ioki.

IOKI

Dude, you know it's you.

As Penhall smiles, turns back around -- Ioki looks at Hoffs, shakes his head and points at her. Hoffs laughs, until she --

-- BUMPS into a MAN. She apologizes, keeps walking, then -- FREEZES. She knows that guy from somewhere. She turns to see that the man has a PONYTAIL -- she GRABS Ioki.

HOFFS

(points)

Think Biggie's in the house. Can you get me a face pic?

Ioki circles the crowd. SNAPS the photo as the man SHAKES hands with -- a muscular African American MAN with DREAD LOCKS who holds -- a BACKPACK.

Without a word spoken, the two men disappear into a service hallway ENTRANCE. Ioki runs back to Hoffs.

JENKO (O.S.)

What's going on?

HOFFS

Ioki's sending a pic to your cell.

Ioki sends the pic.

INT. HANDS-ON EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Cyrus and Hanson wait next to a SKY-DIVING SIMULATOR.

CYRUS

This thing's dope. A giant fan  
that shoots your ass straight up.  
You can hover in mid-air like  
you're free-fallin'.

Hanson nods. To his right is a FLIGHT SIMULATOR. He plays with the joystick. Above him is a full sized BI-PLANE hovering via safety lines. It's too dark to see much else.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Jenko pulls out his cell and POP -- up comes the pic Ioki took. We finally see that -- it's LIEUTENANT EARL BOXER!

JENKO

Not Earl...

IOKI (O.S.)

Come on. Who is this guy?

JENKO

Lieutenant Earl Boxer.

HOFFS (O.S.)

Hanson's old boss. It makes sense.  
He's knee deep in the drug world.  
He'd also know when shipments are  
in...steer his department away from  
his own operation.

JENKO

This is bad. He gets one look at  
Hanson and all hell breaks loose.

HOFFS

(already heading away)  
I'll hit the service hallway.

PENHALL

Ioki and I will hit the front.



INT. HANDS-ON EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

Hanson sits down in the flight simulator -- into the SHADOWS.  
Cyrus paces under a dimly pooled light.

HANSON  
He gonna be here or what?

BOXER (O.S.)  
Or what.

Boxer and the man with the dreads (aka DREAD MAN) are  
silhouetted as they walk forward, through the DARK.

All head toward Cyrus. The collision draws close as all  
parties head to the light -- closer, Closer, CLOSER and --  
BAM -- not a millisecond after all parties are illuminated --

BOXER (CONT'D)  
Whoaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhh!

And Boxer has his .45 pointed at Hanson. This causes  
everyone to FREAK. Cyrus YANKS his GLOCK and Dread Man draws  
a HI-POINT semi-automatic.

DREAD MAN  
The hell's goin' on, Biggie?

Guns are aimed all over the place as the only two people that  
know what's going on are Hanson and Boxer.

HANSON  
Nice Ponytail. Should be back in  
style any day now.

Boxer smirks, the gears in his head turning.

BOXER  
Shit, Hanson. When you said you  
went back to school, you weren't  
kidding.

CYRUS  
So your real name IS Hanson. Any  
other fun surprises?

HANSON  
Yeah. I'm a cop.

Dread man aims at Hanson.

HANSON (CONT'D)  
Here's the punchline.  
(nods to Boxer)  
So's he.

Dread man JERKS his aim over to Boxer.

CYRUS  
(to Boxer)  
Is it true?!

BOXER  
Does it matter? It's pretty  
obvious I'm DIRTY. There's no  
reason this can't have a happy  
ending...for most of us.  
(re: Hanson)  
All we do is take this guy out.

Cyrus turns his gun on Hanson.

HANSON  
'For you pull that trigger, I'd ask  
him where your money is.

CYRUS  
Where's my money?

BOXER  
It's in your account-

HANSON  
He's lying. We cloned your PDA and  
your home computer, traced the  
account. There is NO account.

CYRUS  
But the web site-

HANSON  
It's a shell. It's fake.

DREAD MAN  
You suckin' off both ends, Biggie?

Boxer's getting agitated. He JABS his gun at Dread Man.

BOXER  
Get that gun OFF ME, you piece a'  
shit!

DREAD MAN  
It's like that, huh?

BOXER

Listen, we get rid of him and we're  
back on track. Nothing changes!

CYRUS

(lower his gun)  
I'm done doin' your dirty work.

Boxer's jowls protrude as he grinds his teeth.

BOXER

Fine-

Hanson doesn't wait for him to finish -- he JERKS -- TACKLES  
Cyrus -- DRIVES him behind the flight simulator. Boxer fires  
-- BAM -- BAM -- barely misses.

This leaves Boxer and Dread Man out in the open. They both  
SPIN and DRAW -- BAM -- Dread Man misses, but takes a GRAZING  
shot from Boxer to the RIBS as they both DIVE for cover.

We SWITCH back to -- Hanson and Cyrus as they ZIG-ZAG away,  
along the exhibits, until -- Cyrus DROPS Hanson with a hard  
right. FORCES his gun under his chin.

CYRUS

I should kill you.

HANSON

I'd choose door #2. I'm your best  
chance outta here. And definitely  
your best chance AFTER we get out.

As Cyrus thinks about this -- BULLETS strike the wall above  
them. Shower them with concrete. Hanson YANKS Cyrus --  
TWISTING his gun away as they SHOULDER ROLL behind cover.  
It's Hanson who POINTS the gun now.

CYRUS

Go ahead, pull it. PULL IT!

After a moment, Hanson lowers the gun. Tries to reason...

HANSON

Look, I know you're angry. Lemme  
get us outta here, then you can be  
as pissed at me as you want.

Cyrus jowls protrude...furious, but...he has no other choice.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Follow me and stay low. We're  
makin' for the exit.

They run at a crouch, along the far wall, up to a static electricity simulator. Hanson SEES the EXIT, tries to peek out when -- BAM -- metal sparks. We SWITCH P.O.V's to --

-- BOXER, who holds his aim. Knows where they are headed. Boxer glances down to see -- a FIRE ALARM. He glances back at the EXIT and -- YANKS down the fire alarm.

IMMEDIATELY protective FIRE DOORS begin to ROLL down from the ceiling. SHUTTING in front of the entrance. *This ends here!*

Next to the alarm is the main circuit panel. He FLIPS most of the SWITCHES -- causing the entire room to not only LIGHT UP, but -- come alive as well as exhibits HUM and CLANK.

We now get a look at how large this area is. This portion of the room is open -- rises straight up. Allowing for several planes to hang from the roof. BUT, the other side of the room has three separate floors that over look the open space.

Boxer notices a camera a few feet away. As he SHOOTs it, we see the results as one of...

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

...Jenko's monitors goes BLACK. But there are a few others. On one, we SEE: the Dread Man, still holding his backpack full of money. He's made it to the side hallway exit he and Biggie originally entered from.

JENKO

Hoffs. The dealer's in your little maze. He's bad, he's black and...

INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Hoffs is in a dead sprint along the back hallways. SLIDES to a stop at a T intersection. She has to turn.

JENKO (O.S.)

...he's coming at you. Be careful.

HOFFS

I'm at a "T". Which way?

She can't wait. As she takes a left turn, we cut to...

## INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...to Ioki and Penhall, racing for the Hands-on exhibit. The roll-down doors are almost shut. Penhall passes construction equipment. Finds a WRENCH BOX -- HURLS it at the door.

It skips twice and miraculously SLIDES under the door as it drops -- leaves a 3-inch gap. They run up, try to YANK the fire door. It barely moves as we go back to...

## INT. 3RD FLOOR, EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

...Hanson and Cyrus who have relocated to the opposite side of the exhibit. They head up to the third floor -- RUN to the railing overlooking the bottom open space where all this nonsense began. No sign of Boxer.

CYRUS

Yo, man -- what's the game plan?!

HANSON

Wait for back up.

CYRUS

How do you know they're comin'?

We're trapped in here.

(shakes his head)

No, no, no. That's weak. You gotta find Biggie, take him out before he has a chance to kill us.

Hanson nods, is about to head away, but STOPS. Turns around.

HANSON

My assignment is to stay with you.

(convincing himself)

Smart move is to wait for back up-

BAM-BAM-BAM!!! Bullets detonate as Biggie EMERGES from the stairs. Hanson YANKS Cyrus behind a Wind Tunnel simulator.

## INT. HALLWAY, MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Dread Man is bleeding from his side, but he doesn't slow down. He adjusts his backpack, TEARS down the hallway. As he turns a corner -- BOOM --

-- he and Hoffs SLAM into each other. Sending them flying. Guns SKITTERING away. They both recover. Get to their feet. Dread Man glances at his gun ten feet away.

HOFFS  
 (pulls her badge)  
 You wanna come nice and quiet?  
 (off his smirk)  
 Then let's leave the guns outta  
 this.

Dread Man HURLS himself, but Hoff's ducks his SWING, uses his momentum to -- PROPEL him up against the wall where she --

-- CRUSHES his jaw with a side-kick that -- sends him SLIDING along the polished floor AND unfortunately -- right next to his gun. She JERKS through a side door as he fires -- BAM-BAM -- BAM! He sprints away, BURSTS out of a fire exit.

Hoff's peeks back into the hallway. There's a lighted EXIT sign above the door. She spins around -- sees an EXIT sign at the OTHER end of the hallway as well.

HOFFS (CONT'D)  
 (into comm)  
 Jenko, our dealer's out of the  
 museum. Any cameras outside?

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Many of Jenko's camera views are BLACK. Boxer shot out most of them. But the lone outside camera is working just fine.

JENKO  
 Got him. He's headed north.

Hoff's DARTS toward the FAR EXIT as we go back to...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

...Penhall and Ioki who have the roll door up about 6 inches.

JENKO (V.O.)  
 Make it fast boys. I'm blind  
 inside and Hanson's in deep.

Penhall makes a final PULL -- raises the door 2" more.

PENHALL  
 (labored, to Ioki)  
 Go...go get your slo-mo.

Ioki DIVES to the floor. JAMS himself into the crack. Penhall lets out a ROAR as we go back to...

INT. 3RD FLOOR, EXHIBIT - CONTINUOUS

...Hanson. He and Cyrus are pinned down by Boxer's gun fire. Hanson holds his gun out with one hand -- UNLOADING withering barrage -- BAM, BAM, BAM until -- CLICK, click.

HANSON

Tell me you brought a spare clip.

Cyrus shakes his head.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Swell.

Hanson stays behind a line of cover, looks over the railing. The three floors are too flush. No way to drop one story down. BUT -- Hanson SPOTS the BIPLANE hanging from the ceiling, perched roughly the same height as 2nd floor.

HANSON (CONT'D)

Come on. We drop onto the plane.  
From there, jump to the 2nd floor.

BAM-BAM-BAM -- more gun fire. Cyrus has no choice. He climbs up on the railing and JUMPS -- LANDING perfectly in the cockpit, but almost loses his backpack.

Right as Hanson gets on the railing, Boxer EMERGES. SHOOTS as Hanson LEAPS into the void -- landing on the top wing, but -- SLIDING OFF onto the nose as --

-- the NEAR SIDE stabilizing WIRE -- SNAPS! This causes the PLANE to SWAY sideways until -- the front WIRE SNAPS -- sending the plane into a centrifugal SWAY!

It SWOOPS OUT as -- the REAR wires SNAP, leaving only the center wire secure. Hanson and Cyrus HANG ON for dear life as the plane completes a wide half circle. Boxer's bullets PING off metal as the bi-plane HEADS right for the 2nd story!

As it reaches the railing, the last wire SNAPS and the plane, NOW in true flight -- CRASH LANDS on the 2nd floor where -- it SLIDES into exhibits -- SHEERING both wings off.

Leaving Cyrus and Hanson riding only the FUSELAGE as it ROCKETS FORWARD -- finally SKIDDING to a STOP against the wall. Off of Hanson's grimace, we go to...

EXT. ALLEY, MUSEUM - DAY

...Dread Man, hauling ass down the alley. Two construction workers get in his way, he BARRELS through them.

Dread Man gets within 20 yards of the road when a delivery truck RUMBLES past and -- WHACK -- Hoff's FOOT clotheslines him! FLIPS him, Charlie Brown-style, and SENDS him HARD to the ground where he SMACKS his head.

We switch P.O.V.'s to see -- Hoff's JUMP off the delivery truck. Toss her cuffs on to Dread Man's chest.

HOFFS

See if these fit.

INT. 2ND FLOOR, MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Hanson and Cyrus STAGGER toward the stairs, but see Boxer's SHADOW! Hanson PULLS Cyrus the other way. Back against the railing. Only one more floor down, but -- too LATE.

BOXER (O.S.)

DON'T MOVE!

They turn around to see Boxer. Gun extended.

BOXER (CONT'D)

Seems I've failed you both as a mentor.

HANSON

Ya think?

BOXER

Thankfully, there's one last lesson I can be sure you two will learn: Always take care of number one.

HANSON

You really wanna stack murder on to all these charges?

BOXER

Here's how I see it...I got a tip about my favorite dread-locked drug dealer coming here for a deal. Low and behold I run into you two.

(faux-winces)

In the dark, in the chaos, things got crazy.

(MORE)



BOXER (CONT'D)

I had no idea you were undercover.  
And...it ended badly.

(pause)

How's that for a bed-time story?

HANSON

Scary.

CYRUS

Biggie, you just gonna shoot us.  
Just like that?!

BOXER

Sorry kid.

No more preamble. P.O.V of the gun barrel as Boxer aims at Hanson's head. Right as Boxer SQUEEZES the trigger, we go -- *that's right* -- SLO-MO! As directly over Hanson's shoulder --

-- IOKI FLOATS straight up in the air -- levitating like some sort of Vietnamese Superman.

IOKI

(in slo-mo audio)

G-g-get Soooooome!!!!

As Ioki FIRES TWICE -- the first SHOT hits Boxer's arm, -- sends the bullet intended for Hanson off-course. The second hits Boxer in the knee -- takes him off his feet, gun sliding away. As Hanson retrieves the gun, we go -- NORMAL SPEED.

Hanson SPINS to see Ioki -- still floating in mid-air. He looks over the railing to see that Ioki is using the sky-diving fan in a way the museum never foresaw.

HANSON

(re: Ioki's catch phrase)

Get some?

IOKI

Was that too much?

HANSON

(lying)

Absolutely not.

(not lying)

Coolest move I've ever seen.

Ioki is positively BEAMING. For all the crap he's taken, all the humiliation he's endured...he finally gets to be the HERO. Hanson starts to turn back around, when --

IOKI

Uh, Hanson?

HANSON

Yeah?

IOKI

I don't know how to get down.

Hanson leans over the railing and SHOOTS the skydiving fan. Ioki lets out a small YELP as he DROPS out of view.

Hanson walks to Cyrus who GLARES at Boxer with hate in his eyes. Hanson leads him away. As they pass Boxer, he GRABS Cyrus' leg.

BOXER

Kid, wait, look, we...we can still make this work. We just need to get our story straight.

CYRUS

Our story IS straight. You're an asshole.

Hanson YANKS off Biggie's PONYTAIL CLIP.

HANSON

It's true. You are.

He and Cyrus head away, turn into...

INT. STAIRWELL, MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

...the stairwell. Hanson puts a hand on Cyrus' shoulder.

HANSON

Hey, I meant what I said. I'll do everything I can to help.

Cyrus nods as Hanson leads him down to meet his fate.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, LAKESIDE HIGH - NIGHT

The excitement of HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL is in full swing. We PAN through the stands and come to -- Hanson and Hoffs sit next to each other. Sharing popcorn.

HANSON

You were great out there today.

HOFFS

So were you. You stuck to the game plan, waited for back up...come to think of it, who are you and what have you done with Hanson?

HANSON

Hey, the job's not about me.  
(re: kids)  
It's about them.

Hoffs turns at the sight of -- IOKI. The case is over and clearly so is Ioki's GEEK COVER -- he's dressed to the nines. Armani suit, perfectly coiffed hair. He walks with a swagger best described as a cross between Prince and John Wayne.

IOKI

That's right. Meet the real Ioki.  
(winks at a pretty girl)  
Go ahead, honey. Soak it in. Get an eyeful.

Sadly, this doesn't have the desired effect. The GIRL waves him away.

GIRL

Move it, will ya? I can't see.

But Ioki is oblivious. Continues along with an ear-to-ear grin. Sits next to Hanson and Hoffs.

HANSON

Well, if it isn't George Clooney-san.

Ioki ignores him, nods out at the field...

IOKI

Whatta think Jenko would do if he knew Penhall was out there making all his dreams come true.

Suddenly, a MAN behind them, DROPS his program to reveal -- JENKO.

JENKO

He'd probably let it slide.

Ioki, Hoffs, and Hanson all exchange looks.

JENKO (CONT'D)

(to Hanson)

So, scrub-brush...with this bust,  
you probably have the juice to get  
your old job back. If you want,  
I'll make the call.

HANSON

Nahhhhh. I mean, I already got the  
clothes, hair cut and all.

Jenko smiles, nods. They all turn back to the game. As the  
CLOCK winds down, we go out to the field...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

....stay on the BACK of a TIGHT END as the team lines up.  
Five seconds left as Eli, the quarterback, BARKS OUT...

ELI

Split set, Forty-two Button.

The CAMERA SWINGS around to reveal the Tight End is, indeed,  
Penhall. Face loaded with giddy, nervous anticipation as --

ELI (CONT'D)

Hut-hut-HIKE!

-- the BALL is SNAPPED. Penhall makes a cut, goes deeeeeep.  
DEFENDER on his heels. Eli releases the PASS as Penhall  
heads to the ENDZONE. The Defender recovers, gives chase.  
Penhall eyes the ball -- coming...coming...and then --

-- it's in his hands. A millisecond later -- WWWHAAAAP! The  
Defender CRUSHES Penhall -- DRIVES him into the turf. A  
moment in time as Penhall looks down at his hands, wary of  
what he may find. But it's there -- he held onto the ball.  
The REFEREE raises his hands...TOUCHDOWN.

Penhall's helmet is cock-eyed, his chin strap over one eye,  
but he could care less. He's in a complete euphoric shock...

PENHALL

I held on...I...held on.

DEFENDER

Big deal, chump. Your team lost by  
3 touchdowns.

Doesn't matter to Penhall. That grin ain't comin' off.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD, LAKESIDE HIGH SCHOOL - LATER

The FLOOD OF PEOPLE empty out of the bleachers. Ioki and Jenko are on the field congratulating Penhall as -- Hanson and Hoffs go with the flow of the other spectators.

HANSON

Look, I want to apologize for icing you earlier. You had every right to shut me down and heck, you're right, we probably shouldn't date.

(rambling)

Like you said, the safe move is always the best move --

Suddenly Hoffs YANKS Hanson OUT OF SIGHT and under...

INT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

...the bleachers. She WHIPS him around -- SHOVES him against the wall and -- LOCKS lips with him. A giant, passionate kiss for a solid ten seconds, before she PULLS back.

HOFFS

Then again -- no risk, no reward.

(before he can respond)

You tell anyone and I'll kill you.

With this Hoffs -- YANKS him back out -- into the...

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - CONTINUOUS

...streaming throng as Ioki, Penhall and Jenko step in front of them. Hoffs takes Hanson's hand and shoves it into her back pocket. As they all walk away in unison, we...

FADE TO BLACK:

- The End -