

Imception

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INT. MR. ALAN'S ROOM - DREAM

A hand picks up a poker chip off a desk and twirls it. The shot zooms out to reveal a kid at his desk, sharply dressed and leaning back in his chair, half-listening to the lecture in front of him. Mr. Alan slurps down coffee and talks while this kid glances at his watch nonchalantly. This is GAVIN.

MR. ALAN

And as you can see, the details of the murder of Ophelia are quite cloudy...

Alan drinks the rest of his coffee and looks down at his empty cup. He puts it down and runs his hands through his hair, clearly stressed out. Gavin takes notice.

STUDENT

What's the matter, Mr. Alan?

MR. ALAN

(without looking up)
No coffee.

GAVIN

Hey, Mr. Alan, isn't there an espresso machine over there?

Gavin points over near the computers, but nothing is there.

MR. ALAN

Um, I don't think so Gavin.
Administration cut my coffee supply short at these box o' joes.

Mr. Alan shows Gavin a Dunkin Donuts Box o' Joe while Gavin shrugs and takes a quick glance over to the computers, continuing to fiddle with his chip.

INT. MR. ALAN'S ROOM

Cut to the same room, except there is a kid reclining back in a chair, drinking a soda. He checks on the clock on the computer and takes another swig before hitting the enter key. A bar appears on his screen that says "Load Espresso Machine". He waits for this bar to fill up as he puts his feet up and watches. This is ADANDE.

INT. MR. ALAN'S ROOM - DREAM

Gavin looks back at Mr. Alan.

GAVIN

Are you sure?

Mr. Alan looks back over at the new espresso machine in the corner of the desks.

MR. ALAN

Wow, would you look at that! I haven't seen something as beautiful as this in weeks!

Mr. Alan heads over to the espresso machine with his coffee mug in hand, elated.

Gavin gets up from his desk and walks to the front of the room and calmly sorts through the mess, settling his hand on a Scantron. He picks that up, and, out of the corner of his eye, he also notices a new quiz. He takes both things and walks out the door.

Mr. Alan finishes making the coffee and looks back over his shoulder.

MR. ALAN (CONT'D)

Alright class, back to Hamlet...

INT. LIBRARY

Gavin and Adande sit across from each other in the library, doing homework. A kid wearing his soccer jersey emerges from the library doors and makes his way over to the table where Adande and Gavin sit. He picks up the Scantron that is laying on top of a briefcase and examines it.

CLIENT

This is it?

GAVIN

What do you think?

The client looks at Adande, who nods his head and then returns to doing his homework. The client takes out a wad of cash and places it on the briefcase.

A girl wearing her hair tied up dons a flashy hat that covers her face. She sits at the table behind Gavin and Adande. She watches the exchange happen and then walks out afterwards. This is CARA.

MONTAGE: \$\$\$

--Gavin and Adande meet with a kid in the library who discreetly hands them a wad of cash.

--Gavin sneaks into a room where Bakale, wearing a toga and a wreath crown, angrily shouts at his students, who are lugging around huge stacks of Latin textbooks.

--A couple of kids throw down multiple wads of cash in front of Gavin and Adande.

--The camera pushes in on Cashman, who is asleep at his desk.

--Gavin weaves, dips, and stretches over and under a maze of hurdles in Cashman's room.

--A trio of kids hand Gavin a few stacks of neatly packed bills.

--Gavin and Adande slam a briefcase down next to a dormant Mr. Jean.

--Gavin opens a closet door to reveal a shiny electric guitar hanging up.

--Gavin throws handfuls of money into the air as he and Adande dance around their table of money.

--Gavin is shown, hooking up Mullaney, who is asleep, to a briefcase.

--A close up of hands exchanging money is shown.

--Gavin slinks into Mullaney's room and snatches a tray of baked goods while Mullaney has his back turned.

--Gavin counts dollar bills, putting them into stacks.

END MONTAGE

FADE IN

INT. ATTENDANCE OFFICE

Adande sits at the desk of Mrs. Clinton, typing away in the empty office. Gavin strides in.

GAVIN

What's the schedule look like?

He slams a folder down on the counter and flips through its contents, poker chip in hand.

ADANDE

Buffalo Chicken Wings.

GAVIN

(turning to him)

Not the lunch schedule, our schedule. And stop fiddling with the lunches, last time we almost got in trouble.

Adande grins, holding up a wad of cash.

ADANDE

Almost.

GAVIN

(turning back to the
file)

We're not even supposed to be in here, remember that. We are just fortunate enough to know Ms. Clinton's lunch hours. Now, what's on the agenda?

ADANDE

We have a 3:30 appointment in the library.

Gavin turns to him, confused.

GAVIN

Since when do we make appointments?

ADANDE

Well, um...it's with Cara.

GAVIN

(perks up)

I didn't see her request in my email...

ADANDE

(nervously)

She asked me for a favor.

GAVIN

(crossly)

So you complied with doing a favor for my ex-girlfriend?

There is an awkward silence.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Whatever. I'll see you there.

Adande waits until Gavin is completely gone before touching the keyboard.

ADANDE

(to himself)

Hmm, I'm feeling...some more chicken tomorrow-

GAVIN (O.S.)
 (shouting back)
 Don't change the lunches!

Adande stops and grunts in frustration.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

Gavin and Adande walk into the library and sit down at the back table where Cara sits.

There is a brief moment of silence as Gavin and Cara stare at each other. She notices him playing with his poker chip.

CARA
 Still carrying that thing around?

GAVIN
 (coldly)
 I was down to this last chip in that poker game when my luck started to change. And I won *everything*. I believe you witnessed it.

CARA
 Don't forget, you almost *lost* everything.

Again, they stare.

ADANDE
 (trying to break the silence)
 Um, so, what's the problem?

CARA
 (at Gavin)
 I have a job.

GAVIN
 Listen, Cara, I understand you need us to do a job because, well, we are the only guys who can, but I don't have time to do small favors for you anymore.

CARA
 Don't flatter yourself. I'm over you. This is strictly business.

GAVIN
 Well, business ain't cheap, kid. We have a busy schedule so-

CARA

It's Balkus. I need test answers.

GAVIN

Cara, I'm going to give it to you straight, because I-somewhat-still respect you. It's over. Done. This? Me-You? We're through. I can't go doing these jobs just because you need to pass one little test.

Cara pulls out a briefcase and puts it on the table.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

And Balkus? That's way too risky for chump change. Sorry, Cara, but it's a no.

As Gavin stands up and motions for Adande to leave with him, Cara starts to open the briefcase.

CARA

I mean, it's not exactly chump change...

Gavin stops mid-walk and turns around to face Cara and the open briefcase, which is filled with bills. Gavin's eyes open wide for a split second, staring at the money.

ADANDE

(to Gavin)

Come on. We don't need the extra cash.

CARA

Wait a second.

Cara slams another briefcase down and opens it. Gavin sits down slowly, almost in a trance.

CARA

You know, I could take my money elsewhere.

GAVIN

Lupus retired after his last job. He's out.

CARA

Everyone has a price.

Gavin looks at her disgusted, then grabs at the money.

CARA (CONT'D)
(sarcastic)
I always knew how to get your
attention. You haven't changed a
bit.

GAVIN
(ignoring her remark)
What do you need?

CARA
Simple. Just the answers to the
next test.

ADANDE
(to Gavin)
Gavin, what about the blacklist,
huh? I thought we said we could
never do Balkus. That he was
off-limits.

CARA
(softly)
Adande...

Adande softens and looks at Gavin.

GAVIN
(quietly)
No one's ever offered us this much
money for him.

He takes a moment to stare at the briefcases.

GAVIN (CONT'D)
Alright, we'll do the job.

He goes to grab the briefcases. Cara stops him.

CARA
Half now, half later.

GAVIN
No. We get paid in full, up front.

ADANDE
Gavin, come on, we don't need it
all right now.

GAVIN
(staring at Cara)
I **want** it all right now.

Adande nods at Cara and she reluctantly hands him the money.

CARA

You always get what you want, don't
you?

He takes the briefcase and walks past Adande. Adande sighs and follows behind him. The camera zooms out on Cara, sitting alone at the table now, watching them go.

MONTAGE: PREPARATIONS

--Adande throws down a manilla folder labeled "FILE: 528491" onto a desk.

--Gavin and Adande scan through an article titled "Standard Operating Procedure".

--Gavin stands in front of an easel with the words ALPHA BRAVO CHARLIE written on it.

--Gavin is at Balkus' desk, picking up a sticky note that says PASSWORD: SNIPER on it.

--Adande types on his computer rapidly, and upon finishing, looks at the time satisfactorily.

--Gavin concocts a chemistry mixture in a lab area, and Adande takes the resultant and pours it into a water bottle.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM

Gavin and Adande peek into the window of the doorway and see Balkus lying at his desk, water bottle in hand. The two boys open the door and enter the room cautiously.

GAVIN

Set the timer for ten minutes.

ADANDE

Ten?

GAVIN

It's PLC. They'll come looking for
him soon.

Gavin grabs a manila folder on the desk and flips through it.

Adande takes out a wiry machine and attaches it to Balkus and fires up the laptop. Adande also takes out a timer and sets it to ten minutes.

Gavin takes the wire and attaches it to himself. Adande presses the enter key on the laptop emphatically.

FADE IN

INT. HISTORY WING - DREAM

The elevator doors slide open and a pair of boots step out. The camera pans up to see Gavin in a military uniform, flipping through the manilla folder. He looks around and notices the drill lines of students before making his way towards Balkus' room.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - DREAM

Gavin strolls in to Mr. Balkus' room with ease. Balkus looks up from his work and admires the uniform and patches on the uniform. He immediately stands up rigidly.

GAVIN

At ease, soldier.

BALKUS

What can I do for you today, sir?

GAVIN

I'm here for the Trident File.

Gavin hands Balkus the manila folder. Balkus opens it and scans the pages, nodding his head.

BALKUS

All I need is the authentication code.

GAVIN

Of course. Sierra, November, India, Papa, Echo, Romeo.

Balkus nods his head and walks over to the safe behind his desk, opening it, and removing the contents. Gavin takes the folder and inspects it.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Have you forgotten S.O.P., soldier? You shouldn't be in here while I'm reading confidential files!

Balkus looks down with a look of shame.

BALKUS

Of course, sir. Yes, sir.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see the timer at 3 minutes and Adande looking at his phone, a little distracted.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM – DREAM - CONTINUOUS

The door shuts as Balkus leaves, and Gavin sits down in Balkus' seat. He starts to rummage through the drawers, speedily flipping through piles of papers.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The timer hits 2 minutes and Adande finally looks at the timer and grabs the walkie talkie at his belt.

ADANDE

Gavin, how is everything? You almost done?

INT. BALKUS' ROOM – DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin hears the message on the walkie talkie and grabs it while still searching through drawers.

GAVIN

(into walkie)
Still looking.

He tugs on a drawer that doesn't budge.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(to himself)
Bingo.

Gavin puts all his weight into pulling on the drawer and falls back as it comes loose. He holds it up and shakes everything out.

GAVIN

(whispers)
Nothing.

He drops his poker chip under the desk, getting onto his hands and knees to retrieve it.

ADANDE (O.S.)

Did you get it?

GAVIN

(into walkie)
Hold on, I dropped my poker chip.

Gavin gets his chip and stands up.

GAVIN

(into walkie)
He doesn't have a hard copy of the test answers.

ADANDE (O.S.)
Okay, well we've got to get out of
here. Down to 90 seconds. Let's
go.

Gavin's eyes wander to the computer.

GAVIN
(into walkie)
I have an idea.

He gets up and heads to the computer.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adande glances at the timer.

ADANDE
(angrily, into the
walkie)
What kind of idea?! There's no
time.

GAVIN (O.S.)
(into walkie)
Just relax.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin has logged onto the computer and is searching through
files.

GAVIN
(to himself)
Almost...

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Adande checks the timer.

ADANDE
(into walkie)
30 seconds.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin leans forward, still typing.

GAVIN
(into walkie)
...and...got it.

ADANDE (O.S.)
Alright, get out of there pronto.

GAVIN
(into walkie)
Just a second...this computer is a
gold mine. I mean we could get all
this stuff now and just sell it
later.

Gavin continues to type.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADANDE
Gavin, you already have what you
need! Get out of there!

We see the timer hit 10 seconds.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - DREAM - CONTINUOUS

A download bar is just about to finish on the screen.

GAVIN
Just one more minute...

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADANDE
You don't have one more minute!

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - DREAM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin's face is now right on front of the screen, intently
watching a piece of paper as it prints out.

GAVIN
(to himself)
Almost got it.

A beeper is heard and, suddenly, the computer shuts off.

GAVIN (O.C.)
Oh, shi-

All the electricity dies in a heartbeat and everything goes
into darkness.

INT. BALKUS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The timer is still beeping, and Gavin's asleep body wakes up
slowly. Balkus, a moment later, wakes up very stiffly and
spasmatic, clearly confused. His eyes settle on Gavin and
Adande, who stand still, hesitant on what to do.

FADE IN

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - LATER

The camera pans up to show Gavin and Adande, heads down, in chairs. Gavin slowly rolls his chip in his palms. They are the only two in the room. Just then, the door swings open. They look up to see Mr. Imbusch enter and take his seat behind his desk.

IMBUSCH

Well you two are obviously in a lot of trouble. I've talked it over with Mr. Connor and Mr. Hahn, and the three of us have decided that the only fair repercussion is an expulsion from the school. Effective next week.

They both look to Imbusch with expressions of shock.

GAVIN

But, Mr. Imbusch-

IMBUSCH

I'm sorry, boys. You can't change our minds.

He extends his hand to the door motioning for them to leave. They get up and sulk out.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gavin and Adande walk down the hall.

GAVIN

(quietly)

Listen, man, I'm-

Adande stops, and then Gavin does as well.

ADANDE

(angry)

Enough, Gavin! Just be quiet! Do you even realize what you did to us?! You ruined us!

GAVIN

And you almost ruined us when you tried to steal Cara from me. And don't think I don't know why you accepted that meeting.

ADANDE

Really? Alright, Gavin.

Adande begins to walk away.

ADANDE (CONT'D)

It is over. You heard Imbusch. We can't change their minds.

GAVIN

Yes we can.

Adande stares at Gavin, blank-faced.

ADANDE

(quietly)

What?

GAVIN

You heard me. What are we best at? Getting into people's minds. Who's to say we can't do this?

ADANDE

This is absurd! We cannot go into the administrations dreams and alter their decisions!

GAVIN

(yells)

What other choice do we have?!

Adande says nothing.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Exactly.

ADANDE

Fine, but we're going to need some help on this case.

GAVIN

Help? When have we ever needed help?

ADANDE

I'm serious. This is a big job. We're going to need it. I'm talking...Lupus.

GAVIN

(eyes widen)

You want *him*? Do you realize how much that would cost us? We'd lose everything!

ADANDE

We've already lost everything! We need to pay him or we cannot do this job. Cara paid us for the Balkus job. That should just about take care of it.

GAVIN

But that's so much money! We can't-

ADANDE

(yells)

What other choice do we have?!

INT. LIBRARY

Adande and Gavin sit around a table looking at a watch nervously, with the briefcase on the table.

GAVIN

Where is he?

ADANDE

He's got 10 seconds.

Gavin's nervousness can be seen through his fast-paced fidgeting with the poker chip. They wait as the clock ticks. When the watch hits 3:00, a figure appears, leaning against the bookshelf. Gavin and Adande show shock at the sight of LUPUS.

LUPUS

What's the problem?

GAVIN

Our last job went horribly wrong, and we're being expelled, effective next week.

LUPUS

So you need to go in and change administration's minds?

GAVIN

Basically, yes.

ADANDE

But we haven't done anything with administration before, so we need your help. We thought that we'd go into Connor tomorrow, Hahn on Wednes-

LUPUS

With administration, there's a whole different protocol. There's a connection. You have to go into all three dreams at the same time.

Adande's jaw drops at this, while Gavin shows some shock but maintains his composure.

LUPUS (CONT'D)

And you'll have twenty minutes. That's about 6 and a half minutes per person.

GAVIN

6 and a half?? We usually get ten!

THE WOLF

You don't have 10. You have 6 and a half.

ADANDE

Is that it?

LUPUS

For three people, you have to transfer the dreams one-by-one, from the outside.

ADANDE

But I don't know how to do that.

LUPUS

That's my job. After you complete each dream, tell me, and I'll patch the next person in and send you into their minds. I'll make sure they're all asleep, too.

Gavin and Adande look to each other and nod.

LUPUS (CONT'D)

One more thing. You have to stay together. It'll go smoother if everyone wakes up together.

GAVIN

So when do we do this?

LUPUS

I'll let you know.

The two shake hands, and Adande gives Lupus the money.

INT. THE HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Adande and Gavin stand at their lockers, looking around nervously.

ADANDE

When do you think he's going to call?

GAVIN

I'm not sure.

MONTAGE: THE WOLF

GAVIN (V.O.)

All he's got to do is go in and replace the mints.

--Lupus walks into the back door of the attendance office and slams his briefcase down on a mailroom table.

--Lupus slips two letters into two mailboxes.

--Lupus starts to pick the lock of Imbusch's room.

--He gets the door open and starts to open the briefcase.

--One of the secretaries walks by.

MRS. CLINTON

Oh, hey, Mister!

LUPUS

(smiling)

How are you, Mrs. Clinton?

--Lupus takes out a bag of mints from the briefcase.

--He then enters the room and puts the mints that are already in the bowl on Imbusch's desk in the trash.

--Lupus empties the bag into the now-empty bowl.

--He grabs the trash bag and walks out, shutting the door behind him, smiling at Mrs. Clinton on the way out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ADANDE

Doesn't sound too hard...

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

Mr. Hahn and Mr. Connor enter Mr. Imbusch's room and sit down, both with letters in hand. Mr. Imbusch then walks in and is a little confused at Connor and Hahn in his office.

MR. CONNOR
What's up, Steve?

MR. HAHN
Yeah, we got your letter. We're here for the meeting.

Mrs. Clinton walks by.

MR. IMBUSCH
(to Mrs. Clinton)
Why didn't you tell me about a meeting?

MRS. CLINTON
Sorry, sir.

Mr. Imbusch walks in and closes the door.

MR. IMBUSCH
So, about this meeting...um...does anyone want a mint?

INT. HALLWAY – CONTINUOUS

Gavin's phone buzzes, and he takes it out of his pocket.

GAVIN
Let's go.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

The door swings open, and Gavin and Adande come running in. Lupus has everything already set up, so as they sit down, he brings them the wires and attaches them to Gavin and Adande. Lupus gives them the thumbs up, and hits the enter key.

FADE IN

INT. AUDITORIUM - DREAM

The auditorium is filled with students and faculty, looking upon an empty stage with a few set pieces that include a chair at a desk, a sofa, and a big sign that reads "Mr. Connor's Corner". A voice plays over the sound system.

VOICE (V.O.)
And now, give it up for your host:
Mr. Connor!

STAGE

Thunderous applause greets Mr. Connor as he speeds on from stage left, his entrance music in the background. He waves, smiles, and blows kisses at his adoring fans.

OFFSTAGE RIGHT

Gavin and Adande wear khakis and button down shirts that are not so buttoned, revealing their chests a bit. Complete with a pair of aviators and a watch each, they have a typical movie-star look. Gavin, as always, has his poker chip in hand. The applause dies down.

CONNOR (O.S.)

Thank you, thank you. Today we have
a really special guest joining us.

Adande takes a deep breath as Gavin turns to him.

GAVIN

You ready?

Adande nods.

STAGE

CONNOR

Coming all the way-

Just then, a man in a black suit runs on stage and whispers in Connor's ear. Connor nods as the man scampers off.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Well, folks, it appears as if
Taylor Swift had to cancel for
today.

OFFSTAGE RIGHT

Adande and Gavin wait anxiously. Adande reads a paper in his hands.

GAVIN

Remember the lines.

CONNOR (O.S.)

However, we do have a couple of
replacements.

STAGE

CONNOR

Please welcome tonight's guests,
(MORE)

CONNOR (CONT'D)

our very own film festival stars:
Marc and Matt!

The crowd roars as the lights come up on Adande and Gavin, who walk to the sofa, shake hands with Mr. Connor, and sit down. The noise dies down as Connor turns to them.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

So, Marc, Matt, are you two excited
for this year's film festival?

GAVIN

Yes, very excited. We actually just
finished a series of screenplays
and should be selecting our crew
soon.

CONNOR

That's excellent. Are you boys
working together?

GAVIN

I mean, we always have, so we
figured we would this year. We make
a good team.

Adande smiles at Gavin.

CONNOR

Wonderful, wonderful. Everyone
loved your movies the past three
years, and you've created such a
strong following in the years past.
Matt, is there any added pressure
on you guys this year?

Gavin turns to Adande, waiting for him to answer.

Adande, not realizing that he is being looked at, is looking
at the crowd, his eyes locked on Cara.

Gavin slides his shades down to perk his eyebrows up at
Adande, who quickly tries to collect himself as he realizes
he missed his cue.

ADANDE

Oh, um, yeah, sorry. Definitely
added pressure, I think.

Mr. Connor waits a moment for him to elaborate, but Adande
just sits there.

MR. CONNOR

Of course. How might it affect you
(MORE)

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

guys, Marc?

GAVIN

Well, I think that one thing we do really well is connecting with our audiences, we always make our movies centered around social problems that our viewers can relate to.

MR. CONNOR

What's this year's topic?

ADANDE

(more confidently)

Well, this year there was a lot of controversy over an expulsion of a couple of students who tried to steal from Mr. Balkus.

MR. CONNOR

Ah yes. You see, we had to expel the kids. They attempted to steal from a teacher. They were caught, and they paid the price. Do you disagree?

GAVIN

Ya know, I'm not sure. What does the crowd think?

MR. CONNOR

I don't know.

(turns, shouts to audience)

What do you guys think about this expulsion?!

A barrage of booing overcomes the auditorium as Connor stands and attempts to quiet the crowd.

MR. CONNOR (CONT'D)

(frantic)

Wait a minute, just wait a minute now! Nothing is set in stone yet! We were considering changing our minds, nothing is decided just yet!

The crowd continues to roar as Mr. Connor runs around, desperately trying to make his voice audible over the boos.

Adande and Gavin seize their chance to slink offstage.

OFFSTAGE RIGHT

As soon as they come off stage, Gavin grabs a briefcase from under a set piece and they shift into a run.

LUPUS (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
60 seconds.

INT. MUSIC ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gavin and Adande burst in and slam the briefcase down. Gavin starts to unravel the wire.

GAVIN
What the hell was that, Adande?

ADANDE
What?

GAVIN
You forgot your character! There was a full minute of silence on stage!

ADANDE
I got nervous, okay?

GAVIN
No, not okay! No more screwing up! Got it?

ADANDE
(grumbles)
Okay.

Gavin and Adande hook themselves up and sit down as Gavin holds his hand to his ear.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE - REAL LIFE

GAVIN (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
Alright, we're ready. Send us deeper.

Lupus clicks the enter key.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - DREAM

The tables and chairs all face one direction, where the wall

dons an enormous fantasy football draft board. The room is jam-packed with teachers who all bicker with Mr. St. Martin, who is attempting to settle the crowd. He is behind the podium next to the board.

MR. ST. MARTIN

Quiet down now! I understand we are all very upset with Mr. Hahn's absence, but this is a big league that we take very seriously. We must wait for him to arrive so he can make his selection. I say we give him three minutes.

The teachers continue to complain as the camera pans by them, stopping on Gavin and Adande, who sit there silently.

Gavin sets his watch to three minutes.

GAVIN

(to Adande)

Let's go.

They get up and calmly walk out.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DREAM

Adande and Gavin go up to the secretary, who is sorting papers. She doesn't look at them.

GAVIN

Hi, we're here to speak with Mr. Hahn.

SECRETARY

(head down)

He's busy.

ADANDE

It's in regards to
(leans in)
Fantasy Football.

She looks up at them.

SECRETARY

Go right in.

ADANDE

Thank you.

They walk down the hall to Hahn's office and open the door.

INT. HAHN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They walk in and take a moment to look around. Hahn's office is littered with Fantasy football memorabilia and accolades, but the room itself is trashed; papers all over the floor, his desk is crowded with meaningless objects, the wall portraits aren't straight, etc. Mr. Hahn is nowhere to be found.

ADANDE

Mr. Hahn?

Gavin and Adande approach his desk to see him curled up in a ball, rocking back and forth in the corner, facing the wall. He says nothing.

ADANDE (CONT'D)

Mr. Hahn?

Mr. Hahn doesn't acknowledge them.

MR. HAHN

(to himself, weakly)

Oh, the horror, the horror.

ADANDE

(whispers to Gavin)

Oh damn. He's having a nightmare.

GAVIN

(whispers back, loudly)

I thought you did your research on his dreams!

ADANDE

I did!

Gavin glances at his watch, which reads two minutes.

GAVIN

Mr. Hahn, what's the matter?

Hahn slowly turns his head to them.

MR. HAHN

Have you ever *lost*, anything? Do you know what it feels like to truly *lose*?

Gavin and Adande say nothing. Hahn abruptly gets up and slams his fist in the desk.

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

(angry)

Well, that's what is about to happen! I am going to *lose* in

(MORE)

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

fantasy football this year! Look at me! I'm a mess!

The boys stare at the slightly psychotic Mr. Hahn.

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

Who are you boys, anyway?

GAVIN

We were sent to get you. It's your pick in the draft.

MR. HAHN

Just two farm boys, sent by the butcher to retrieve the pig, huh? Well, I'm not going. I will not allow them to feast upon me!

GAVIN

Mr. Hahn, why are you going to lose?

MR. HAHN

Look at this room, boy, and tell me what you see.

Gavin looks around.

MR. HAHN (CONT'D)

It's hours of intensive fantasy football studying. But not enough.

Adande glances at Gavin's watch, which reads one minute.

ADANDE

(whispers)

One minute, Gavin.

GAVIN

Mr. Hahn, you don't need the studying. You taught us everything we know, remember?

Mr. Hahn ponders this.

ADANDE

(whispers)

Where are you getting this?

GAVIN

(whispers)

I'm making it up as we go along.

(to Hahn)

And this year, we are finally going

(MORE)

GAVIN (CONT'D)

to beat the best kids in our league. Our draft was the other day.

MR. HAHN

Who are the best kids in your league?

GAVIN

Gavin and Adande.

MR. HAHN

The kids we expelled?

GAVIN

Yep.

Hahn puts his head down.

MR. HAHN

When was your draft?

GAVIN

It was Tuesday during PLC.

MR. HAHN

The day they tried to steal from Mr. Balkus' dream?

Gavin and Adande look at each other, confused.

GAVIN

Are you sure it was last Tuesday?

ADANDE

Yeah, they were at the draft the whole day.

MR. HAHN

Huh. That's weird.

(lifts his head)

Well, congratulations. I'm glad I could help.

GAVIN

See? You aren't going to lose. Not this year.

MR. HAHN

You're right. Excuse me, I've got to go.

Mr. Hahn bolts out.

INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE

The doors slam open as the camera quickly zooms in on Hahn's face.

MR. HAHN

With the 2nd pick in the draft, I
select-

INT. HAHN'S OFFICE

The boys are untangling wires from the briefcase.

GAVIN

(shouting)

Adande! A nightmare?! Did you even
do your job?!

ADANDE

I know, I know. I'm sorry!

GAVIN

You're sorry! How the hell is sorry
gonna save me from getting
expelled?!

Adande says nothing.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Exactly. Now stop screwing up and
focus on our job here. We're not
doing this for fun. Smarten up.

ADANDE

(quietly)

It's all about you. Always.

Gavin stops what he is doing to glare at Adande.

ADANDE (CONT'D)

(getting louder)

We went in here so *you* could save
yourself? Why am I not surprised?
Probably because *you* wanted to do
the Balkus job because *you* wanted
the extra cash.

He leans in close to Gavin.

ADANDE (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Or maybe it's because you still
want to prove yourself to Cara.

Gavin ferociously shoots up and grabs Adande, thrusting him into a locker.

GAVIN

(through his teeth)

You know damn well I did it for the money. It had nothing to do with her. Tell me, why did you agree to make that appointment with Cara?

Adande lowers his head in shame.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Let's not forget that I'm not the only one who still has feelings for Cara.

Gavin releases Adande and goes back to the wires.

ADANDE

(quietly)

Maybe, if you let me do something for *myself* instead of for you, we wouldn't have these kind of problems.

GAVIN

What?! Is this entire mission for me now?! Are you telling me you're here to save *me*?!

ADANDE

(shouting again)

It might as well be! You always make the decisions based on what *you* want!

Gavin hooks himself up.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

(shouts back)

Fine! Then since this is my mission, I'm going in alone. To do the job *myself*.

ADANDE

But Lupus said-

GAVIN

I don't *care* what Lupus said. *My* mission, *my* methods.

(into earpiece)

Send me down.

Gavin takes a moment to look at Adande before the screen goes black.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN

INT. AUDITORIUM - DREAM

A close up of a line of feet doing Irish step is shown. The camera zooms out to show the step-dancers, who are in the middle of their routine. Imbusch watches alone when Gavin sits behind him.

GAVIN
(whispers)
Who ya got, Steve?

IMBUSCH
Who are you?

GAVIN
I'm the guy that makes things
interesting. So I'll ask you again,
who you got?

IMBUSCH
Give me Courtney Crawford. \$1,000
on it.

GAVIN
50-1 odds. I like that, Steve. A
gamble. My kind of wager.

Gavin's hand nervously plays with his chip.

INT. HAHN'S OFFICE

Adande is listening in to the conversation over his microphone.

ADANDE
(to himself)
Not Crawford. She's going to win!

Adande shakes his head and puts on the wires.

ADANDE
(to Lupus)
Get me in.

INT. AUDITORIUM

Applause is audible as the girls exit.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And now our next contestant...

OFFSTAGE

Adande goes up to Courtney and whispers in her ear, sliding a wad of cash into her hand.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Courtney Crawford!

INT. AUDITORIUM

Gavin and Imbusch watch as Courtney begins her routine. She taps and scatters across the stage here and there flawlessly. As her performance comes to a close, she has a misstep and visibly messes up as the crowd "ooo" is heard. Courtney walks off.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Unfortunately, Courtney Crawford
has been eliminated from the
competition.

Imbusch turns around and shakes Gavin's hand.

IMBUSCH
Well laddie, it looks like you've
won. I'll go retrieve my checkbook.

GAVIN
No, no, don't worry about it. I'll
get it.

Gavin smiles and walks out.

INT. IMBUSCH'S OFFICE

The door opens and Gavin quietly shuts it behind him. He goes to the desk and sifts through papers. He finds the checkbook and sets it aside.

He opens drawers until he pulls out a file titled "Gavin and Adande". He takes the papers out and begins to rip them up.

He gets rid of the mess and starts to leave before turning back around. He pulls out another file, and then another. Soon he pulls out every bit of intel he can find, a huge grin on his face. The door swings open, and he looks up in fear.

Adande walks in and shuts the door.

GAVIN
What are you doing here?

LUPUS (V.O.)
(through earpiece)
60 seconds.

ADANDE
Come on. Let's go.

GAVIN
Not yet. This intel is too
valuable, I've-

ADANDE
(sternly)
No. This is what got you in trouble
last time, remember? You gambled
and you lost, and if I hadn't just
paid off Crawford, you would have
lost again tonight.

Gavin hangs his head in shame.

ADANDE (CONT'D)
That's right, I did my research.
She was going to win, until I
convinced her otherwise.

GAVIN
Why'd you come back?

ADANDE
Because you're my friend.

GAVIN
What about Cara?

ADANDE
I'm past that.

Adande motions for Gavin to follow, and he does so.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CLASSROOM

Gavin and Adande sit next to Lupus.

GAVIN
Again, thank you, Lupus.

LUPUS
My pleasure.

He disappears. Adande and Gavin smile at each other.

ADANDE

Well that was a close one, wasn't it?

GAVIN

Sure was.

ADANDE

What's the next step? Mend things with Cara?

GAVIN

Nah.

ADANDE

Really? Why not?

GAVIN

(smiling)

I'm past that.

Gavin and Adande get up and walk away.

GAVIN (CONT'D)

Ya know, it's funny. Society often forgives the criminal, but never forgives the dreamer.

As he says this, the camera stays at the table, showing them exit. It slowly pans down to see that Gavin has left his lucky poker chip on the table.

FADE OUT