

Small Town Spy
by
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EXT. LAKE COTTAGE - DAY

A hardcore SPY guy sets up shop in the lake cottage. Guns, walkie-talkies, gizmos. He dons a pair of binoculars and looks out the front window. We see a man, his TARGET, out mowing the lawn.

The Spy guy speaks into his walkie-talkie.

SPY

This is the Groom. Day 115. The Bride is sighted. Situation initiated.

The Spy continues to observe the Target. The doorbell rings. He stops and goes to answer the door. Standing on the porch is Dawn, a sweet, middle aged woman holding a pie.

DAWN

Hi-ya neighbor.

SPY

(Warily.)
Hello.

DAWN

I'm Dawn Jazinski...I live next door.

SPY

Tom...Tom Wagner

DAWN

You renting Serenity Cottage, are you?

SPY

Yes.

DAWN

Well it's a beautiful getaway spot, I tell ya.' Lots of peace and quiet.

SPY

So far.

DAWN

Well I baked you a quick "welcome to the neighborhood" pie. Hope you like apple. So what do you do?

SPY

I'm a...writer. Spy novels.

DAWN

Oooh, neat. Do you fish?

SPY
Fish? Sometimes.

DAWN
Cause my husband Clete lives, eats and
breathes fishing, so he'd love to have
some company on the lake.

SPY
Maybe...got a lot of things to do.

DAWN
Oh sure. Well I'll let you go. Just
thought I'd say hello.

The Spy shuts the door and shakes his head. He sets down the pie and goes back to his binoculars. He takes aim at his target again. In his view, CLETE appears. He is a bright and cheery bumpkin wearing a straw hat and carrying a fishing pole.

CLETE
Hey-ho!

The Spy guy reacts and drops his gun.

CLETE
Doin' some bird watchin? Duck's out of
season till October. Name's Clete. Clete
Jazinski.

SPY
I figured.

CLETE
Fishin's open, though. Bass, bluegill,
perch, crappie, it's all open. Twenty-
five bag limit. I'm headin' out now.
Interested?

SPY
I...don't have a pole.

CLETE
I got an extra one right here.

SPY
It's a little soggy out there.

CLETE
I got boots. Come on, live a little.

The Spy and Clete stand in ankle deep water casting fishing poles. The Spy keeps looking over his shoulder to see the Target. He sees the Target get into a car and drive off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN STREET - DAY

The Spy guys slinks slowly down the street. He stops by a building and takes out his binoculars. From across the way we see the Target. He is walking down the sidewalk with a bag of groceries.

The Spy talks into his walkie-talkie.

SPY

Target re-acquired. Under observation
till further orders.

The target starts to wipe dog pooh from his shoe. A woman named PATRICE and her son REESE approaches the Spy from behind.

PATRICE

Excuse me.

The Spy turns quickly.

PATRICE

I'm Patrice Schullman, this here's my son
Reese. You're the writer staying at
Serenity Cottage, aint ya'?

SPY

That's right.

PATRICE

Reese, here, is a budding writer, too.
Ain't ya', honey?

REESE

I guess...

PATRICE

He did this whole story for class about
warriors and demons and elves and...it
was like twenty pages, wasn't it, honey?

REESE

Twenty-five.

PATRICE

It was fantastic. You should read it,
really.

SPY

Yeah...sure

She hands the Spy a wad of notebook papers.

PATRICE

Okay, well here you go. Take your time
and let us know what you think.

REESE

I need it back soon, though. Those are
originals.

Patrice and Reese walk away. The Spy sees the Target going
into the Library.

CUT TO:

INT LIBRARY - DAY

The Spy watches the Target in the library. The Target peruses
books on a shelf. The Spy sits at a table pretending to read
a copy of a Nancy Drew mystery.

The Spy is approached by a LIBRARIAN. She looks at the book.

LIBRARIAN

Oh, a Nancy Drew fan, huh? "The Mystery
of Morgan Mansion." That's a good one.
Have you ever read "Nancy Drew and the
Curse of the Golden Scarab?"

SPY

No, I...

The Librarian takes some books from the shelf and piles them
next to him.

LIBRARIAN

Oh, and the "Charm School Mysteries." And
"The Ghost of Luna Lake." Oh, and "The
Tale of the Tadpole Terror." That one's a
hoot.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIBRARY.

The Spy exits the library carrying a stack of books. He looks
around for the target, but can't find him.

INT. LAKE COTTAGE

The Spy is back in the cottage. He watches the Target through his binoculars while he eats the apple pie. The doorbell rings. He goes to answer it. It is Clete and Dawn.

DAWN

Hey-Ho!

CLETE

What's up, neighbor?

DAWN

We don't want to bother you. I know you're in the middle of some espionage-type stuff. But we wanted to tell you about the pot luck?

SPY

The what?

CLETE

Pot luck, all kinds of food. Noodle cassarole, baked beans, lots of fish, freshly caught.

DAWN

We have a dinner at the Parson house, the big wood place on the hill, every two weeks or so.

CLETE

Bread pudding, Jell-O salad, walleye fillets.

DAWN

We'd love for you to come.

SPY

Tonight?

DAWN

Mm-Hm, at seven o'clock. Just head down the road here and turn right on Strange Road.

SPY

Sure. Okay, that'll be fine.

CLETE

Okey-doke. See you there.

He shuts the door. His phone rings. He answers it.

SPY

Yes?...Hold on, let me write that down. I understand...I will initiate extermination immediately.

He hangs up, checks his watch and sighs. He combs his hair.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATE AFTERNOON - A BEAUTIFUL, RUSTIC CABIN OVERLOOKING THE LAKE.

We can hear music and laughter coming from inside. ANDREW begrudgingly walks up to the door. He's met by DAWN; this time she's wearing a "Kiss The Cook" apron. She's overjoyed to see him and escorts him in. They enter the kitchen where DAWN gets ANDREW a beer. We hear the party sounds coming from downstairs.

DAWN

Go ahead down, dear! You know just about the whole town!

ANDREW

OKAY.

DAWN

I'll be down in a sec. Gotta get my pasties in the oven.

We follow ANDREW going down the stairs. As he rounds the corner, we see the townspeople all lined up waiting for him. The TARGET is seated in the center, looking straight at the camera. ANDREW's taken aback. None of the townspeople look as they did before. They're all dressed conservatively and have entirely different demeanors. The camera pans them. Then we see ANDREW. It's suddenly obvious to him what's going on, and he turns to run back up the stairs. But DAWN, now without her apron and sporting a huge kitchen knife, stops him in his tracks.

CLETE

(dressed in a suit now, and all business)

There's really no point, Andrew.

TARGET

Goodbye, Mr. Jiblox.

CUT TO BLACK.

