

NEWLYWEDS

written by

Scott Spjut

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - EVENING

YEV slinks deeper into her couch, watching whatever guilty pleasure happens to be pouring from the TV. She twists her wedding ring on her finger, still getting used to it. It glistens against her pale, freckled skin. The emerald inset in the ring sparkles.

Stacks of presents and gift bags - with white bows and simple prints - clutter the various corners of the apartment.

REMY comes through the front door.

REMY
You didn't cheat, did you?

Yev clutches the non-existent pearls around her neck and gasps.

YEV
I would never!

Remy puts down his bag, kneels next to Yev and gives her a long kiss.

REMY
Which one should we open tonight?

YEV
Whichever one keeps me from getting off this couch.

Remy grabs the small package next to him and sets it down between them. They each grab a seam and pull - revealing his-and-hers monogrammed socks - sDs and cDg. They burst into laughter.

REMY
These have to be from your family.

YEV
Doesn't matter. I love them.

She puts them on as Remy plops down next to her socked feet.

He puts his on as well. He then begins to massage her feet.

REMY
What're we watching?

YEV

It's a documentary about mermaids.

REMY

Like, of mermaid myths?

YEV

No, about actual mermaids, their anatomy, and all that.

Remy narrows his eyes at her.

YEV (CONT'D)

I know. Just let me hate myself, okay?

After a moment, Remy takes one of her feet and holds the sole up to his ear.

REMY

Hello?

(beat)

This is he.

Yev giggles and tries to pull her foot away, but Remy holds on. He moves her foot down to his lap and turns to her.

REMY (CONT'D)

Do you mind? I'm on the phone.

He pulls her foot back to his ear.

REMY (CONT'D)

Sorry about that. What were you saying?

YEV

(pleading)

Stop!

She struggles desperately and unsuccessfully to retrieve her foot and end the call.

REMY

(sternly)

I swear to god, woman - if I lose this sale because of you.

Yev finally wriggles free, then lurches at Remy - grabbing his midsection. For a big, burly man, he is surprisingly ticklish.

Stifling fits of laughter, he grabs Yev's arms and they roll onto the floor. He's on top of her, with her arms pinned above her head.

They share a passionate kiss, which evolves into more passion as Yev rolls them over so she's on top. She sits upright and takes off her shirt, throwing it across the room.

There's a loud knock at the door.

YEV
Of course.

She goes off to retrieve her shirt, Remy goes to the door, as the knocking continues. He opens the door, but the chain lock is on. Through the slit in the door, we see AGENT LOCKE and two more FBI agents (BIGGS, WEDGE) in the hallway.

LOCKE
Mr. Lynch? Remington Lynch?

Remy stands there, unmoving, silent.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Sir? Are you Remington Lynch?

REMY
(calmly)
Can you, uh, give me one moment?

Remy closes the door. He locks the deadbolt. Locke continues to pound on the door and yell. Remy goes over to Yev, who is still composing herself. He pulls them both down to their knees.

REMY (CONT'D)
You need to run.

YEV
What?

REMY
You need to go out on the fire escape, and you need to run.

YEV
I don't underst ... why?!

REMY
I'm sorry. But please. I will figure out how to explain all of this at some point ... later. You have to leave.

Yev heads toward the window, then climbs out and closes it behind her.

Remy is still on his knees, his back toward the front door.

He slowly raises his hands, interlocks his fingers, and places his clasped hands behind his head.

The door frame shatters as the door is kicked in. Locke leads the other two as they all come in, yelling, with their guns drawn.

REMY (CONT'D)
(yelling)
I am unarmed! I am not resisting! I
am unarmed!

Locke immediately zipties Remy's hands, shoves him down on his stomach, and stays on top of him, pinning him down. The other two check the rest of the apartment.

AGENT BIGGS
Clear!

AGENT WEDGE
Clear!

They all holster their weapons and surround Remy.

LOCKE
You are Remington Lynch?

Remy does not respond. He does not move.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
Are you Remington Lynch?

Nothing.

LOCKE (CONT'D)
(to Biggs, Wedge)
Alright, boys, let's take him-

As Locke stands and turns, BAM! - Yev, who has come in through the front door, kicks him in the side of the neck with her socked foot. He collapses. Wedge and Biggs -- who were both squatting to lift Remy -- begin to stand and reach for their guns. Yev takes each of them out as well with a short but well-choreographed fight sequence.

All three agents are out cold. Yev moves quickly and calmly.

She zipties Wedge and Biggs. She takes the monogrammed socks off her own feet and shoves one in Biggs' mouth, one in Wedge's.

A prostrate, still-cuffed - and baffled - Remy rolls over and sits up.

REMY
What the- what- how-?

She kneels down next to Remy, removes one of his socks, and shoves it in Locke's mouth. She picks up Wedge's gun, unloads and disassembles it quickly and calmly. It's clearly not her first time. She starts doing the same with Biggs' gun.

Remy is shocked.

REMY (CONT'D)
What's going on? Untie me!

She continues to work.

REMY (CONT'D)
Who are you?

YEV
None of your business stay out of my personal life.

Yev finishes unloading and taking apart the second gun. Then she picks up Locke's gun, cocks it and points it at Remy.

YEV (CONT'D)
But I know exactly who you are.

REMY
I don't know what you're talking about.

YEV
You are Remington Francis Lynch, from the suburbs of Tashkent, Uzbekistan, born June 23, 1979 to American parents living abroad - you have a doctorate degree in Informatics and Computer Engineering from Saint-Petersburg State University. You're a huge fan of Portland grunge band Everclear. You've been working undercover for the Russian government as a hacker for the past 7 years.
(beat)
How am I doing so far?

Remy stares back blankly.

REMY
Lots of people know I like
Everclear.

YEV
Cute.

REMY
Well, I totally know about you. And
how you work for the ... FBI?

Yev laughs.

REMY (CONT'D)
CIA?

She begins to pat Remy down, searching for a weapon or a wire. As she talks, she pulls out his keys, cell phone, wallet, and places them all on the floor next to him.

YEV
You totally know about me? First of
all, I don't do beach vacations. Do
you see my lovely porcelain skin?
You think this happens laying out?
Also, that stupid, shitty birthday
present. If you really knew me you
wouldn't have gotten it --
especially not in that color. Also,
also, that wasn't my actual
birthday. So -

Yev hits him in the face with the butt of the gun.

YEV (CONT'D)
No, you don't totally know about
me.

As blood pours down his head, Remy looks around and gestures to the knocked out agents.

REMY
So these aren't your guys?

YEV
If these were my guys I'd have shot
them myself for being so sloppy.

REMY
So what are you? Who do you work
for?

YEV

I mean, I'm going to kill you some time in the next 3 minutes, so be sure you fit in all these really important questions.

Remy's cell phone rings - his hands are still ziptied, he can't get to it, but he tries regardless. Yev answers it.

YEV (CONT'D)

(in Uzbek)

Salom? U bu erda. U yig'layapti. U o'lishni xohlaydi.

[Hello there? He is here. He is crying. He is about to die.]

YEV (CONT'D)

(to Remy)

My Uzbek is a little rusty. But I'm pretty sure he's saying I should kill you -- you're no use to him anymore.

REMY

What?

YEV

Aww, he says that after your mother died last year, your numbers have been down.

(puts phone against chest)

Honey, I didn't realize you were having such a hard time. Why didn't you tell me?

Remy gets misty eyed. He stares down at the floor.

YEV (CONT'D)

He also says he'll replace you in 15 minutes with someone cheaper and better.

REMY

I want immunity.

YEV

Sure. Sounds good. I want a name.

Remy continues to stare at the floor. He sighs.

REMY

Craven Laycock.

YEV
Don't make shit up.

REMY
I swear to god. That's the name
I've heard.

Yev shoots Remy in his sockless foot. He screams out in pain.

YEV
That sure sounds like a super
villain name, so I see why you went
with it. But, again if you really
knew me, you'd know I'm all up to
date on my Dr. Seuss trivia. So -
don't lie to me again. I don't want
to put a hole in your other foot -
or in your brand new socks.

Yev puts the phone back up to her ear.

YEV (CONT'D)
Your boy is putting up quite a
fight, you sure you want me to kill
him?

She scrunches her face and shakes her head back at Remy - as
if you say "ooh, tough luck, buddy, looks like things aren't
going to work out"

REMY
Felix Malmstedt. That's who I've
been working with.

Yev smiles and drops the phone down from her ear.

YEV
Malmstedt. Is that S-T-E-A-D? Or S-
T-E-D-you know what, nevermind.
I'll figure it out.

REMY
Are you still going to kill me?

YEV
I don't have to.

She puts the phone on speaker, and from it we hear:

PHONE
To claim your five-day, four-night,
all-expense-paid cruise to the
Bahamas, please press one.
(MORE)

PHONE (CONT'D)

This is a limited time offer, so
you must act fast!

Yev drops the phone at Remy's bleeding foot, the recorded voice still talking. She takes off his other sock and gently stuffs it in his mouth. He stares down at the phone, and she lifts his head by his chin. She kisses the tip of his nose.

He collapses.

Yev puts on some flip flops by the door, grabs her keys, and strolls out of the apartment - locking the door behind her.

FADE TO BLACK.