

INT. USDA OFFICES - DAY

Boss Vince Blackman works at his desk. He gets up, walks across his office and pours himself a cup of coffee. The camera follows him the entire time. He takes a swallow, looking over his domain while thinking.

The camera back tracks out of the room as Vince follows it, coffee mug in hand. He makes his way over to Lonnie and Race's office where only Lonnie works. Vince studies the scene.

VINCE

Where's Race?

Lonnie seems a little flustered by the question.

LONNIE

Oh...um...he's got a...uh...dentist thing today but then you know...be in right after.

Vince is a little suspect of the answer but doesn't press Lonnie further.

VINCE

Hmmm...dentist...

Takes a sip of his coffee. Runs his tongue along the front of his teeth.

VINCE

Can't say I care for 'em.

Lonnie nods in agreement. Hoping Vince will leave him alone. After a moment Vince turns and walks away.

INT. TOMMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut away storytelling. We see Race acting out the story he is telling Lonnie. First he sneaks down the hall. Then into Tommy's office where he plants a listening device under the table.

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CONTINUED: (2)

RACE

(VO)

Yesterday I snuck into Tommy's office to plant a listening device. THEN he came back and spotted me.

LONNIE

(VO)

No way.

RACE

(vo)

Yep. I used a K-27 type explosive to distract him.

Race throws a small explosive onto the painting of Stanley Malone and blows it off the wall. Tommy can't believe it and runs over to the painting allowing Race to sneak out the door.

INT. USDA OFFICES - NIGHT

LONNIE

You blew up his office?

Race nods.

RACE

I had to. Agent style.

LONNIE

How are you still working there?

Lonnie's starting to question the story and looks at Race for some truth.

RACE

Haha. Just kidding. He was out at lunch. Never knew I was there.

Lonnie shakes his head, amazed with Race.

LONNIE

Man you've got guts. I'll give you that. (beat) What's with the carrots?

RACE

iVeggies

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LONNIE

Watch out. Eat too many carrots and  
your skin turns orange.

RACE

That's a wives tale.

LONNIE

No way. Look at your elbows.

Race turns his arms over and sure enough all around his  
elbows is an orangish discoloration. Race is surprised.

RACE

What?....what's goin on?

Race flails around trying to wipe the orange off of his  
elbows. He gets frustrated.

LONNIE

(laughing)

Told you man. You're all hopped up on  
beta-carotene.

RACE

I look like a Snookie.

He wipes and rubs his arms a bit more.

LONNIE

Yeah...well...lay off those carrots.  
(beat) Tell you what, Vince is  
starting to wonder where you are. He  
won't buy this dentist, mouth pain  
story much longer.

Race turns to think.

LONNIE

What are we going to tell him?

RACE

I'm thinking.

Race ponders a little longer. He gets up and retrieves an old  
camcorder.

RACE

Take this. Film me.

INT. USDA LONNIE & RACE'S OFFICE - DAY

Lonnie has printed out dozens of pages of intel downloaded from the Malone computers. Printouts of Nexxus, vegetables, molecular structures and agro smelting cover the walls. Images of the One seed, Tommy, Rita, iVeggies and the pink smoke are connected by pins and thread.

Lonnie pins a new picture and steps back to examine the scene. Vince rounds the corner looking for answers.

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CONTINUED: (2)

VINCE  
Lonnie...where's Race?

Vince sees the wall covered with the printouts.

VINCE  
What is this?

Vince slowly approaches the collage of images. Lonnie steps to the side, letting Vince discover the story in front of him.

VINCE  
That's Malone Ag....what the?

Vince looks around the board, POV shots show the audience the images he's seeing.

LONNIE  
I know....we're not...

VINCE  
(finishing Lonnie's thought)  
-Suppose to be at Malones. What's this pink smoke? A robot?

LONNIE  
It's huge.

VINCE  
I can tell. But what is it? How did you get all this?

LONNIE  
Well that sort of answers your first question...where's Race.

VINCE  
Race dug this up?

Lonnie nods is head yes.

LONNIE  
He's been undercover at Malone.

VINCE  
For how long?

LONNIE  
More than a week now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VINCE

How?....His mouth has got to be  
killing him.

Lonnie looks at him and shrugs.

LONNIE

I know. He's a tough little guy.

Vince shakes his head with a big exhale. He walks over and  
sits down.

VINCE

Phew...walk me through this one.