

AMERICAN ULTRA

Bravo
Charlie
Delta
Echo
Foxtrot
Golf
Hotel
India

Written by

Juliet
Kilo
Lima

Max Landis

November
Oscar
Papa
Quebec
Romeo
Sierra
Tango
Uniform
Victor
Whisky
X-Ray
Zulu

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The room is spotlessly clean and empty, save for a steel table and two chairs. In one of them is a slumped figure.

We see his bloody, slightly burnt finger tips drumming away on the table, but other than that, he's motionless.

The door opens, and a young CIA **ANALYST**, in a suit and looking very official, comes in carrying a file, and sits down across from the figure.

ANALYST

Normally we would do this digitally, but as you know, I am not permitted to bring in any kind of blunt or pointed object.

(glances through the file)

I'm sure you've noticed the seats are bolted to the floor...

The figure doesn't move or speak.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

So we're going to do this the old-fashioned way.

He opens the file, and spills out a number of very high definition photographs, and begins sorting and separating them, sliding them around on the smooth metal surface.

He stares down at the ordered photos.

Among others, we see:

A bloody iPhone. A bloody ring of car keys. A completely demolished kitchen, swiss cheesed with bulletholes. A body hanging from a resistance training machine. A bloody spoon. A teddy bear with an exploded head and a shotgun shoved up its ass. A burning Wal-Mart.

His face is blank, staring at them, and then he allows a small expression of "hm, what the fuck" to peek out.

ANALYST (CONT'D)

Okay. Where do you want to begin?

STARTLING SLAM
IN ON

A 737 taking off! WHOA! SHIT! LOUD!

INT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DEPARTURE GATE

Sitting alone, silently crying, IS

PHOEBE Larson, 28, petite, strange and beautiful in her knit monkey cap and tomboyish, defeminizing stoner-garb, looking very small in her big puffy thermal winter coat.

GATE ATTENDANT (INTERCOM)

This is the final boarding call for
Flight 1204, departing for Oahu,
Hawaii.

She sits there in silence, turning her unused boarding pass over and over again in her hands. She wipes a tear.

PHOEBE

...Goddamnit, Mike.

INT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MENSROOM

Sitting alone in a stall, panting in quick, panicked breaths, leaned over a toilet, is

MIKE Howell, 29, unkempt and scruffy all over, looking like a lot of a mess. He comes across as kind of a smudge of a person; a charcoal sketch of the American slacker.

He grunts, and then bangs the wall of the stall in frustration.

EXT. LIMAN, OREGON - COUNTRY ROAD

Phoebe is driving her 1998 Civic up the snowy country road, Mike sitting shotgun, his head pressed against the window.

She looks pale and heartbroken. Mike dares a look at her.

MIKE

I really am sorry, Pheeb.

PHOEBE

(quickly)
S'okay.

Mike looks back out the window, but then summons up courage.

MIKE

It's not okay-

PHOEBE

S'fine.

MIKE

No it's not, because I- this is something, we wanted, right, and I ruined it, and now-

PHOEBE

-didn't ruin it-

MIKE

I did, it's my fault, and you can, you should be, y'know- mad at me, or punish me-

PHOEBE

-not going to punish you-

MIKE

Well- *ugh*, like why not?

PHOEBE

Because you can't help it.

MIKE

Yeah- I- but when you say it like that it just makes me sound retarded, Phoebe, I want-

PHOEBE

YOU WANT ME TO SHOUT AT YOU MIKE?

MIKE

Ah- no fuck no-

PHOEBE

THEN MAYBE YOU SHOULD LEAVE ME ALONE, MAYBE I'M JUST PROCESSING THIS OKAY? MAYBE I'M-

There's the whoop of a police siren, and Phoebe sees police headlights in her rearview.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

OH COME ONNNNNNN

(to Mike)

Are you holding?

MIKE

No, hell no, we were going on a plane-

PHOEBE

Are you holding?

MIKE
I- maybe in the trunk, yeah-

PHOEBE
Fuck. Mike. Fuck.

Phoebe pulls over.

MIKE
I'm sorry.

PHOEBE
Stop apologizing.

Behind them, Sheriff **Bernie WATTS**, 44, who looks exactly as you'd expect a 44 year old man named Bernie Watts to look, gets out of his car, and slowly sidles up to the Honda.

WATTS
Hi Phoebe.
(beat, leans in)
Hi Mike.

They're both silent. Mike waves awkwardly.

WATTS (CONT'D)
Heard you two were going on
vacation? Ha-wai-ee.

Mike shifts self-consciously.

WATTS (CONT'D)
You have another one of your little
episodes, Mike?
(laughs)
You know Phoebe I once had to drive
your boy home cause he was having
one of them ep-i-sodes out on the
freeway tryna leave town. Isn't
that right, Mikey?

PHOEBE
*Is there a reason you pulled us
over?*

WATTS
Easy on the tone there, Miss
Larson.

Phoebe looks down, silent.

PHOEBE
Sorry.

WATTS

I'd hate to search this car.
Getting to the point that your
boyfriend here should start leaving
a toothbrush over at the overnight
down at the station.

(beat)

Ain't that right Mike?

MIKE

...That's right, Sheriff Watts.

Watts stands up and stretches, looking around the empty,
snowy road, then sighs.

WATTS

Welcome back to town, hope you
enjoyed your vacation, all three
hours of it, HA! Just kiddin'.
Just checkin on you. You know I
like to keep you safe.

SLAM TO:

Moments later. Watts is gone; they're driving into town.
Phoebe is clearly still furious, silent.

MIKE

(imitating Watts)

Oh I'm just checkin on you, trying
to fuck your life up just a bit,
hope you don't mind while I fuck up
your whole deal-

PHOEBE

I'm not gonna do this.

MIKE

...What?

PHOEBE

I'm not gonna make fun of him with
you, I'm mad at you. I'm not on
your side right now.

Mike's quiet as they pull into the driveway of Phoebe's
little one-bedroom.

MIKE

But if you're not on my side...then
my side is just me.

PHOEBE
 You wanted to be punished. So
 there it is.

Phoebe gets out, and **slams** her car door. Mike gingerly closes his, and follows her into the house.

INT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Night has fallen on the town of Liman, Oregon. Phoebe's kitchen is a complete fucking mess, clearly due to Mike; there are half empty beer bottles and cans everywhere, as well as wrappers and boxes from quickie-meals.

Phoebe is furiously washing dishes, fully focused on her task. Mike sticks a quickie-meal in the microwave (with a fork), presses ON, and then goes and sits down on the ruddy couch in the living room.

MIKE
 (quietly)
 Home sweet home.

He takes out his bong, lights it, and takes a hit. He looks at Phoebe in the kitchen. She looks pissed.

He reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a small ringbox. He opens it, looking at the classy, single stone engagement ring inside.

He takes another hit on his bong, and then turns to Phoebe.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Phoebe?

PHOEBE
 (not looking up)
 What.

There's a flash from inside the microwave. Mike notices, Phoebe doesn't. He clumsily hops over the couch, going to the microwave.

MIKE
 Hey, you think it's true what they
 say about microwaves?

PHOEBE
 (not looking up)
 What do they say about microwaves?

There's another flash from inside the microwave.

MIKE

You know that if you put metal in,
it- ...cancer or something?

PHOEBE

Why, did you- **shit Mike! Mike-**

Phoebe rushes across the kitchen and yanks opens the microwave; the fork is sparking, and billows black smoke.

MIKE

Shit I'm sorry I'm sorry-

PHOEBE

What the hell are you doing, dude!

Phoebe picks up a rotting beer and throws it into the microwave to put out the fire. Mike stands helplessly by, muttering apologies.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

It's broken, man, you broke my
microwave. *You broke my-*

MIKE

I'm sorry- I didn't- I-

Phoebe groans, throwing up her hands.

PHOEBE

**STOP FUCKING UP! FOR TEN SECONDS,
JUST STOP FUCKING UP, OKAY?**

MIKE

I'm sorry-

PHOEBE

AND STOP APOLOGIZING!

LATER

Phoebe is sitting on the couch, now in her sweatpants, watching TV; some Discovery channel show. She picks up the bong, and takes the biggest rip off of it you've ever seen.

She notices **BOO-BOO BEAR** seated on a barcolounger opposite her. It's a stuffed carnival bear; ugly and stupid looking.

Sharp eyes might recognize that we've seen this bear before. With its head blown off and a shotgun shoved up its ass.

Mike begins rubbing Phoebe's shoulders from behind the couch.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
That feels nice.

MIKE
Yeah?

Mike climbs over the couch to sit next to her.

PHOEBE
No you don't get to cuddle me now
I'm mad at you.

MIKE
Oh no?

Mike leans in, kissing her neck.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I'm seducing you.

PHOEBE
No I'm mad at you.

Mike pushes the kissing up her neck, and they start to make-out. Phoebe begins feebly bashing at Mikes head with her fists as they continue kissing.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
See, I'm hitting you because I'm
mad at you.

Mike begins hitting her too.

MIKE
I'm hitting you now too-

PHOEBE
We're mad at each other- we're
hitting each other

Mike rolls over on top of her.

MIKE
How are we ever going to work
through all of this aggression?

The making out gets much heavier. Mike lifts her pajama top and starts kissing down the length of her body, til his head is at her crotch.

PHOEBE
This isn't going to make me less
mad.

MIKE

Yeah, well. Give it a minute.

SLAM TO:

INT. THE PENTAGON - LASSETER'S OFFICE

Diane LASSETER, 47, sits alone in her office. She looks like someone who's been alone in their office for most of their life, although there's something striking about her presence that says **"the office I'm alone in isn't normally this small, buster."**

She's reviewing different files on her computer, as well as a few hard documents, large portions of them blacked-out.

She looks at one page, on which the only not blacked out words are "car," "melon" and "Harry Potter."

LASSETER

(muttered)

The fuck am I supposed to read this? This is retarded.

She sighs in frustration, and someone knocks on her doorframe. It's

Petey DOUGLAS, 34, latino, energetic and babyfaced, looking sharp in his CIA suit.

DOUGLAS

You still here, Lasseter?

LASSETER

Til the break of dawn, that's how we're running it. You aren't my assistant anymore, what're you doing down here?

DOUGLAS

I just miss you. You know, you're not on the big desk now, you can let some things slide-

LASSETER

Thanks for reminding me about the size of my desk, Petey, you can go.

DOUGLAS

I'm sorry, I just-

LASSETER

Enough, Agent Douglas.

Douglas stands there awkwardly.

DOUGLAS

I just- your son called, and he said that he was staying at his girlfriend's house, so- did you want me to feed Mister Timothy, tonight?

LASSETER

I'm sorry, his **girlfriend's** house? And you said that was okay?

DOUGLAS

I didn't know, if you know, you said it was okay-

LASSETER

Jesus christ. He's- shit. Okay, fuck, Mister Timothy. God, yes, feed him, thank you Petey.

DOUGLAS

Okay, I got it Miss Lasseter.

Douglas heads out. Lasseter sighs, looking at her file, and then takes out her cell phone, the background of which is an adorable picture of her cat, Mister Timothy.

She dials "Scott."

Her son, **SCOTT Lasseter, 15**, picks up **IN HIS GIRLFRIEND'S ROOM**, pushing his **AMOROUS GIRLFRIEND** away from him; they're clearly mid hook up.

We **CUT BACK AND FORTH** between them.

SCOTT

Hey mom-

LASSETER

Sharp move there passing the bill off on my Douglas hot shot-

SCOTT

Mom it wasn't a "move" I thought you'd be okay with it-

LASSETER

I'm sick of people making plays behind my back-

SCOTT
I'm upfront I swear I thought you'd
be cool-

LASSETER
Well I'm not "cool," Scott-

SCOTT
Obviously not.

LASSETER
Oh yeah very clever-

SCOTT
(winking at his
girlfriend)
I thought so.

LASSETER
We're gonna see who's clever
tomorrow morning bucko, I-

There's a **buzz** from inside Lasseter's desk. She stops dead.

SCOTT
...Mom? Are you okay?

The buzz comes again. Lasseter gasps.

LASSETER
I- Scott, I'll call you back. I
love you.

SCOTT
Mom what's going on-

Lasseter hangs up. She unlocks her desk, and takes out a
cell that's been plugged into her hard-drive from inside.

She presses a button on her desk; her door shuts, then locks.

The mood has completely changed. Lasseter is clearly on the
edge of her seat, her mind racing, as she raises the phone to
her ear.

LASSETER
Lasseter.

DISTORTED VOICE (ON PHONE)
**Toughguy is active. Initiative
base is Wiseman. Thought you
should know.**

LASSETER

What?

There's silence on the other end. Lasseter, shifts in her seat, frantically trying to find something to do, but is clearly already out of ideas.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

But that's American soil, that's treason, who is it, Yates, he can't-

DISTORTED VOICE (O.S.)

Toughguy is active. Initiative base is Wiseman. It's already happening. That is all.

The Voice hangs up.

Lasseter sits alone in her office, staring straight ahead. Everyone else has gone home, and she's there, alone, her heart pounding in her chest.

INT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE

Mike snorts awake on the couch as Phoebe's car starts in the driveway. She's headed to work.

WE MOVE INTO A
MONTAGE

Set to **INXS**'s "Disappear" as we watch Mike's morning routine. He showers, eats eggo waffles with his hands while smoking weed, gets dressed, hops in his car, a yellow 1977 Chevy Chevette, and heads to

STOP AND SHOP

The grocery market where he works. We watch Mike working the register, stocking items, doing little dances as the day goes by, generally being a mediocre to shitty employee.

Once the store is closed, he walks through, "cleaning up," which Mike simply translates to "walking around, eating fresh produce," until

IT'S NIGHT

And he's gathering the carts in the dark parking lot. He looks around to make sure no one's watching, and then fires up a blunt from his pocket...But we

ZOOM OUT AND UP

Into a computerized grid, *covered* in data read-outs and information, Mike standing at the center of it-

UP HIGHER

To cloud level, more data scrolling in every direction; three **BLACK TROOP TRANSPORT HELICOPTERS BLOW PAST**, descending towards the town-

INTO SPACE

Where a spy satellite passes, the world neatly separated into a million different coordinates on a massive grid, **data read-outs blurring the screen until-**

SLAM BACK TO

Mike, coughing up some smoke from his joint.

MIKE

Ack- ckkk- ugh that's nasty, that was some nasty shit.

(tosses away the joint)

Yipes.

Mike turns, and starts pushing the carts inside.

SLAM TO TITLE:
AMERICAN ULTRA

INT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

It's a youngish, hipstery house party; it's as hipstery as Liman, Oregon gets, anyway. People are drinking, smoking, playing beerpong.

Phoebe is talking to her friends, **GRETCHEN** and **HOOPER**.

PHOEBE

No, we were gonna go, but Mike- you know, had one of his **things-**

GRETCHEN

He should get help, that's not normal-

HOOPER

Wait, I'm behind, what things-

PHOEBE

It's nothing, he-

GRETCHEN

Ohmafugahd, how do you not know about this? Mike can't leave town.

PHOEBE

Gretchen-

GRETCHEN

It's like a super serious thing, he can't leave it ever, he has like, nervous breakdowns and throws up-

PHOEBE

It's not- he's not-

GRETCHEN

That's why he never goes to any concerts or anything, because he can't leave Liman, like, ever, didn't you wonder about that?

HOOPER

I just sorta thought that he was- y'know, lazy, or whatever-

GRETCHEN

No, it's like a serious, super serious mental disorder.

Gretchen and Hooper keep talking, but Phoebe looks over to where Mike is standing uncomfortably in the corner.

Mike notices Phoebe looking, and tries to fake enjoying himself and dancing. Phoebe laughs, and Mike starts doing impressions of various people at the party, making Phoebe laugh harder.

One of the guys notices Mike making fun of him, and turns around and shoves him into a shelf full of stuff, which breaks and comes apart.

PHOEBE

Oh shit Mike!

EXT. LIMAN, OREGON - DARK ROAD - NIGHT

Mike and Phoebe are sitting in Phoebe's car, parked on the side of the road, smoking weed. Up on a hillside far ahead of them, there's been a bad car accident.

A Porsche has gone off the road and hit a tree, sending the driver through the windshield.

Emergency vehicles are tending to the scene, lighting the area in flashing reds and yellows.

MIKE

So then Rocket Monkey and Chip the Brick are both like, "what the heck just happened," right? And it turns out Spicy Tomato was in charge the whole time, and they've been duped, so in the next book they have to go after him.

PHOEBE

Are you ever gonna write this stuff down?

MIKE

I- yeah, man, soon, I just gotta finish the drawings. I just- I just like talking about it, and thinking about it, Rocket Monkey and his adventures-

PHOEBE

No I like when you talk about it too, but I mean...There's gonna be a point where you could maybe make money off this or whatever. Tell your stories to other people than me...and all that.

Mike nods, thinking, listless, looking out at the accident.

MIKE

You know what skeeps me out?

PHOEBE

(coughing)
What?

MIKE

Like, that car has moved so much. It was built in a factory, okay, on a production line, then it got shipped-

PHOEBE

Right and then the guy was driving it-

MIKE

Right, but all this time, for like years, for decades, this one tree has been sitting in this one place doing nothing. And then, tonight, it stops this car.

Phoebe's into it.

PHOEBE

Right, okay, yeah...

MIKE

So it's like this car was always **going**, right, but this tree was always...**stopping?** Like it's just been stopping there for years and then tonight it meets something that's **going** and it's like **NO. STOPPING.** And then suddenly this tree that's never done anything is fuckin' destroying this beautiful, fast thing-

PHOEBE

Are you crying?

Mike quickly tries to cover this up, and Phoebe reaches across to him, giving him an awkward front-seat hug.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

No, no, why are you crying-

MIKE

Because, like...**Am I that tree?**

PHOEBE

What, no, no-

MIKE

Am I that tree and you're that car and I'm just stopping you and *the guy goes through the windshield-*

PHOEBE

No, Mike, stop-

Mike's crying way harder now, he looks fresh retarded.

MIKE

My roots, you're tangled in my roots-

PHOEBE
No Mike you're not a tree!

MIKE
(wailing)
I am a tree! I'm a bad tree!
AHHHH! WAHHHHHH!

INT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Mike and Phoebe lay in bed, Mike holding her. They're both almost asleep.

PHOEBE
I love you. You feel good. You make me feel good.

MIKE
Phoebe I'm so sorry Hawaii-

PHOEBE
Hey, it's okay. It really is, it's okay. I know you're going to beat this, I know you're going to get through it. You are the kindest, sweetest person I've ever met. I believe in you, I have faith in you. I love you. I can wait.

He holds her tight, and then blows a raspberry into the back of her neck, and Phoebe laughs.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
You're a fuckin' mess, man.

MIKE
I know.

ABRUPT SLAM TO:

INT. THE PENTAGON - MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A meeting room full of people is clearing out; among them is

Adrian YATES, 29, a young hot-shot if you've ever seen one. He's straight top-gun, squared-away, half poli-sci geek and half fratboy douche, with a haircut that makes you want to shoot him three times in the chest.

Lasseter intercepts him, and they talk as she pesters him up the hallway.

LASSETER

Yates!

YATES

Oh for christsakes- yes, Diane?

LASSETER

I got word Toughguy was moving on the old Wiseman assets?

YATES

Where'd you hear that?

LASSETER

Is it true?

YATES

It doesn't concern you-

LASSETER

Wiseman is *my baby*-

YATES

Yes, and it was stillborn, so what're you crying about?

LASSETER

You're coming after my stillborn baby-

YATES

Can we take this into my office?

They go into

HIS OFFICE

Much nicer than Lasseter's.

YATES (CONT'D)

Wiseman is dead as a doornail, you don't even have ops on any of the assets-

LASSETER

That's not true, Selburg-

YATES

Fuck Selburg, Selburg's gone native. Why are you so upset, you're the one who closed the program down-

LASSETER

Because it was a flawed model, I didn't know your yuppie ass was going to ride in on a vulture and pick the bones of my operation-

YATES

I was made supervisor fair and square-

LASSETER

TEMPORARY supervisor, because you kissed the right asses-

YATES

No because I'm the best guy for the job-

LASSETER

According to who, Daffy Duck!?

YATES

According to Krueger, and I'm clearly doin somethin' right cause it's been two years-

LASSETER

And it was supposed to be two months! I- look I don't care how long you've been here, you don't have the experience nor the intelligence to run an operation like this-

YATES

(conversation-ender)
We're clearing the portfolio.

LASSETER

Clear the- but they're human beings-

YATES

They're assets-

LASSETER

-they're American citizens-

YATES

-They're government property-

LASSETER

-you can't argue semantics-

YATES

I can and will, you want to go in on semantics we can talk all day and all of Wiseman will *still be dead by midnight tomorrow.*

LASSETER

I- but-
(frantic)
What about Selburg?

YATES

Selburg's part of the portfolio, vis-a-vis-

LASSETER

You are **not** clearing an embedded asset in the field, there is no way you could get a go-ahead on that, that's insanity, let me call it in-

YATES

Call it in TO WHO, exactly? Krueger? He'd laugh in your face. How many ops on homesoil actually ever get fully cleared? It doesn't stop them from happening, the wheels are in motion-

LASSETER

Are you fucking insane?

YATES

Language please.

LASSETER

Listen to me, King Idiot, you are riding a very thin line of legality-

YATES

No you listen to me, you snipey, overbearing cunt.

Lasseter falters, shocked.

YATES (CONT'D)

We're nine down as of right now.

LASSETER

I- *nine!?*

YATES

Yes, and you can't do shit.
 What're you going to do, go over
 me? You even having this
 information is a massive security
 breach. You'll be detained and
 tortured to reveal your source,
 indited as a traitor and locked
 away forever, even if you found out
 I didn't have proper sanction or
 protocol you'd still be in a
 bureaucratic catch 22 where *you're*
the bad guy. You're my fucking dog
 here, I could *walk you, behave*. My
 program works, yours doesn't, my
 security clearance is go, yours is
 stop, my direction is up, yours is
 down and falling, you're gonna come
 in my fuckin' office and shout at
 me? Are you fucking kidding? You
 only stand to screw yourself over
 royally. So essentially you're
 fucked, you were better off not
 knowing, and there is absolutely no
 move you can make without putting
 yourself deep, deep, deep in the
 red. Got that?

Lasseter stares at him, quaking with anger.

YATES (CONT'D)

Get the fuck. Out of my. Off-eez.

Lasseter stands up, and marches straight out of the office.

YATES (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Boom.

INT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Phoebe's car starts in the driveway, waking Mike up.

EXT. 7-11 - OUT BACK - MIDMORNING

Mike's car is parked, and he's waiting. After a moment, a
 lifted-truck, candy-painted green with pink stripes like a
 watermelon from hell, rolls up blasting terrible rap.

Mike gets out of the car, to greet

ROSE, early 30s, a frightening dealer-type with tattoos covering his neck and face. They slap hands.

MIKE
Rose, hey man!

ROSE
Mike, sup nigga. Got that for me?

MIKE
Yeah, here.

Mike fumbles in his coat, drawing out a folio.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I really appreciate you doing this
for me, man.

Rose opens the folio, and looks at the picture inside; it's an illustration of Rose, smoking a huge joint, riding a dragon that has the lower body of a motorcycle, killing a bunch of police officers as he flies through space.

ROSE
Aw man. Aw shit man. This is
siiiiiiiiick!

Rose slaps hands with Mike, who smiles, but seems to be waiting for something-

ROSE (CONT'D)
Aw here man it's cool I got you, I
got you nigga-nogga.

Rose goes to the back of his truck, pulling down a big box.

ROSE (CONT'D)
This is more illegal than the shit
you usual get, feel me? Possession
of this shit is serious shit up in
a bitch, yeah? Bitch shit to be
shit bitching all over this shit,
fuck, you know what I mean nigga?

Mike has opened the box, and is looking down at a two dozen high-explosive illegal mortar fireworks.

MIKE
Perfect. Rose, they're perfect.

ROSE
You gonna make it real romantic for
that pussy.

(MORE)

ROSE (CONT'D)

That's some serious proposal
engagement wedding type life
changer shit.

MIKE

That's the plan.

ROSE

You one sensitive nigga, bitch.
That's gonna be cute.

Mike laughs and hugs Rose.

INT. STOP AND SHOP - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mike is ringing out the last couple customers. He's quietly sketching a picture of his two characters, **ROCKET MONKEY** and **CHIP THE BRICK**, dancing around an engagement ring, as the next customer comes up.

He smiles down at his two creations, and then looks up to see-

LASSETER

Chariot progressive. Listen.

Finally, our threads **intersect**. Mike's head jerks oddly; he stares at her across the counter, completely blank.

Lasseter, looking harried and dishevelled, stands across the counter from him.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

Mandelbrot set is in motion. Echo
Choir has been breached, we are
fielding the ball.

Mike blinks, confused.

MIKE

Is that- what is that, is that a
lyric from something-

LASSETER

**Fuck. No. Chariot progressive,
listen. Mandelbrot set is in
motion-**

MIKE

Yeah man were you gonna get
anything, or-

LASSETER

Mike you're not listening to me-

MIKE

Cause you're buying a carton of milk and a cup'a'noodle, what's that supposed to be about-

LASSETER

Chariot progressive-

MIKE

Lady, enough with the...stuff, okay? I'm supposed to be closing up, I can't...What's wrong?

Lasseter is staring at him helplessly, tears streaming down her face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're crying.

LASSETER

(breaking down)

I'm sorry Mike. I'm so sorry, I tried. I tried.

Lasseter leaves, Mike looking after her, bewildered.

MIKE

(noticing)

Don't you want your soup?

MOMENTS LATER

Mike is cleaning up, walking through the store, eating produce. He seems distracted and fidgety; he's playing with the engagement ring again, while he eats the cup'o'noodle.

EXT. SHOP AND STOP - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Mike exits the store, locking it up, and then notices something odd.

Under the one light in the parking lot, his 1976 Chevy Chevette is being accosted by **TWO MEN** in all black.

They look fairly scary.

Mike stares at them, eating the Cup'A'Noodle and then starts walking towards them, casually.

MIKE

Hey.

They don't notice him. They're too busy doing something to the underside of his car.

MIKE (CONT'D)

H-

Mike notices that the men have pistols in shoulder holsters.

Holy shit. What's this about?

But Mike isn't stopping his forward progress. He seems almost trancelike, dropping the hand holding the spoon down to his side.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(quietly, muttering)

Got guns. ...my soup.

He's still walking, calmly, flipping the spoon. He's almost to the car now. One of the two men looks up, seeing him, and signals to the other.

They advance on Mike.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, stop doing shit to my car-

One of the men **LUNGES AT MIKE-** *the flash of a tactical knife in the street light-*

Mike fades back, dodging three swipes of the knife easily, before *throwing the steaming cup'a'noodle into the man's face*, grabbing his arm and kneeing the elbow-

The arm **breaks**, and Mike brings the spoon around **hard** into the side of the man's head, breaking his jaw-

The other man lunges, but Mike lurches towards him, knocking his arms away and **slamming the spoon down into the bridge of the man's nose, breaking it-**

He spins, and as the man with the broken jaw stands, raising a pistol-

Mike *kicks the pistol out of his hands*, palms the man's jaw and **jabs the spoon into his neck**, crushing his windpipe. The man staggers back, gagging, and Mike turns-

The man with the broken nose is back up, also raising a gun-

Mike **STABS THE SPOON INTO HIS EYE, then into his ear**, then shoves the man away, casually snatching the gun and **firing a single round into the man's head.**

He drops, dead. The other man lays on the ground, choking, and then dies.

Mike stands alone, holding the spoon.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (long beat)
 What the **FUCK** just happened!?

INT. 24 HOUR BAIL BONDS

Phoebe sits at her desk at the front counter. She's looking down at the Oahu boarding pass, staring at it.

She sighs, and then slides it off her desk, into the garbage. Her cell phone rings. "MIKE SO CUTE." She answers it.

PHOEBE
 Hey honey-

MIKE
 I just killed two dudes!

PHOEBE
 (laughing)
 ...What?

WE CUT BACK AND
 FORTH BETWEEN

Phoebe, and **MIKE SITTING IN HIS CAR.** The two dead dudes are visible in the background.

MIKE
 Two dudes were trying to get into my car at work, and they had knives and guns and deadly shit, and this weird old chick, not super old, fuckable old but she was *weird*- and then I took a spoon and shoved it *through these two dudes*-

PHOEBE
 Slow down, okay, you need to slow down for a second-

MIKE
I CAN'T SLOW DOWN I JUST KILLED MAD DUDES IN THIS PARKING LOT-

PHOEBE
 Did you call the police?

MIKE

No man cause I'm the kill-guy, I'm the murder...I'VE GOT MUSHROOMS AND WEED AND SHIT IN MY CAR AND I JUST KILLED TWO DUDES WITH A spoon, I NEED YOU TO COME HERE RIGHT NOW OR I'M JUST GONNA START PISSING MAN, I'M GONNA PISS MY FUCKING PANTS-

SLAM TO:

Phoebe is in the parking lot, staring at the two dead dudes. Mike, head in hands, stands behind her, leaning on his car.

PHOEBE

(long beat)

How the fuck did this happen?

MIKE

One dude I shot in the head and the other guy I just, I don't know, spooned him in the neck and his shit *ENDED-*

PHOEBE

No I mean ***who the fuck are these two guys***, Mike, like who the shit ARE they actually-

MIKE

I DON'T KNOW

PHOEBE

You just killed two guys man!

MIKE

They WERE GONNA STAB MY SHIT, PHEEBS-

PHOEBE

Why are people trying to stab you!?

MIKE

I DON'T KNOW, I'M FREAKING OUT BABE I'M ALL OVER THE FUCKIN'...PLACE!

There's the whoop of a police siren.

PHOEBE

Oh fuck me.

A police car slowly rolls into the parking lot. A spotlight hits each of the dead guys, then settles on Mike and Phoebe.

MIKE
I'M SORRY.

INT. THE PENTAGON - YATES' OFFICE

Yates is freaking out via videochat with **OTIS**, 30, a stern-faced military type.

YATES
Two casualties. What do you mean two casualties.

OTIS
We lost two assets attempting to neutralize Wiseman designate Howl.

YATES
...How is that possible?

OTIS
Howl engaged Toughguy assets Diesel and Potter outside of callsign sigma-

YATES
"Engaged," clarify please-

OTIS
He was armed with a spoon sir. He engaged and neutralized-

YATES
A CA- A FUCKING SPOON? ...WHAT?

OTIS
We aren't sure yet the exact nature of the confrontation-

YATES
He's been fucking **activated**, do you not see that? This is Lasseter, it has to be. She's in the town. Lock it down and find her, *now!*

OTIS
Sir yes sir. The whole town?

YATES
Yes the whole town. Liman is as of right now, a hot zone. Contain it. I'm sending you a fake-out, use it.

OTIS
-Sir yes sir-

YATES
Where's asset Howl now?

OTIS
He's been arrested, sir.

YATES
ARRESTED- I- YOU- okay. We go in,
and we take him out. Employ assets
Crane and Laughner.

OTIS
The station is under watch by
civilian police officers, sir-

YATES
Civilians? Who gives a f- *bulldoze*
the place. We cannot have an code
orange rogue Wiseman asset, that is
outside mission parameters.

OTIS
Sir yes sir.

Yates closes his laptop, fidgeting.

YATES
What the fuck. What the fuck.
(beat)
No, you know what, no.

Yates opens and then re-slams closed his laptop, turns off
his computer, unplugs his cell...

YATES (CONT'D)
Nuhnuhnuh NO NO.

Yates grabs his coat and heads out the door.

INT. LIMAN SHERIFF'S STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Phoebe is laying out on one of the cots in one of the sparse
holding cells, looking miserable. Mike is pacing rapidly
back and forth.

Deputy KRANTZ, 20s, portly, is keeping watch on them.

Mike, facing away from Phoebe, is playing with the engagement
ring box.

MIKE
 (muttering to himself)
 This-
 (glances at Phoebe,
 quietly)
 This is the wrong moment.

EXT. LIMAN SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Deputies **JORDAN**, 20s, and **LaBUTTE**, 40s, are standing next to an ambulance.

Sheriff Watts drives up in his station wagon, clearly woken up, drinking coffee from a thermos as he gets out.

WATTS
 Okay, Jesus, I'm awake, what's the big emergency.

DEPUTY JORDAN
 We got-

DEPUTY LABUTTE
 We've got two bodies in there. No IDs, no nothin. We're running the prints now, but-

WATTS
 Bodies? What, you mean, corpses? Dead human beings?

SLAM TO:

Watts is in the ambulance, looking at the two dead guys. He pokes one of them.

WATTS (CONT'D)
 Christ. This guy is huge.

DEPUTY LABUTTE
 They were both armed, we got the guns in evidence. Glocks, lookin' factory fresh.

Watts pulls down one of the guy's collar, seeing a huge red splotch on the neck.

WATTS
 What did this?

DEPUTY LABUTTE

We don't know, sir. No weapons on scene but two knives and the two glocks.

WATTS

And you say Mikey Howell did this?

LaButte and Jordan are both quiet.

BACK IN THE CELL

Mike is kneeling in front of Phoebe, talking to her quietly.

PHOEBE

Tell me one more time, Mike-

MIKE

I hit him with a spoon and his lungs exploded.

PHOEBE

It wasn't his lungs-

MIKE

That's what happened, he couldn't breathe, I got him in the neck-

PHOEBE

Your lungs aren't in your neck they're in your chest.

MIKE

Okay that doesn't even make any sense to me right now!

PHOEBE

You said an old lady said something to you, what did she say?

MIKE

I don't- I don't even remember, just some like blahblah nothing-

PHOEBE

Mike we're in jail right now, okay? **I am in jail.** You need to focus for me, okay? Please just remember what the lady said.

MIKE

(thinks)
She said.
(rapidly)
(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Mandelbrot set is in motion. Echo
Choir has been breached, we are
fielding the ball.

PHOEBE

(beat)

What the fuck does that mean?

MIKE

I don't know, but that was crazy, I
like- I remembered the whole thing
like it- wait, holy shit, I like
remember **everything**, like every
single thing that happened in the
last ninety four minutes- *ninety
four minutes*, how did I know that
exact number, that's **crazy-**

PHOEBE

Mike, slow down.

WATTS

Yeah Mike.

They turn to see Watts standing at the bars.

WATTS (CONT'D)

You slow waaaaaaaaay down.

EXT. LIMAN SHERIFF'S STATION - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The night is cold, snowy, windy and dark. There's a faint
sound; "thukathukathuka." If that's a helicopter, it's
whisper quiet.

And then, two figures step into frame; dark outlines against
the lights of the station.

The first of them carries a massive **SAW** Machine gun. He
moves sort of jerkily, like his joints ache.

This is **CRANE**.

The second figure, closer to us, appears empty handed,
nothing more than a silhouette. He makes a horrible coughing
sound, then stops, motionless, and throws back his head...

...Letting out a bizarrely quavering, trilling laugh, that
echoes out against the wind; it's unnerving, seizure-like, a
noise this man clearly can't control.

It could only come from a true lunatic.

This is **LAUGHER**.

The laughter gets louder and louder *and then*

SLAM TO:

INT. LIMAN SHERIFF'S STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

Mike and Phoebe are sitting across from Sheriff Watts, who looks deeply troubled.

Mike, handcuffed, takes Phoebe's hand under the table. She pulls away. Mike hangs his head.

WATTS

How many times you been in this station, Mike. Since you were twenty two, how many times you think.

Mike's silent.

WATTS (CONT'D)

Would you believe thirty? Would you believe that?

(beat)

I had you in here on trespassing. I had you in here on public intoxication. I had you in here on disorderly conduct, and possession, holy hell, possession.

(beat)

Now you and I both know you're the luckiest man alive. Your probation officer must be the Michael Jordan of bullshitters, because I never see you gone for more than four days before you're back at that market, back toolin around town...

(long beat)

Tell me you didn't kill these people, Mike.

Mike's silent.

PHOEBE

They attacked him.

WATTS

Excuse me?

PHOEBE

They attacked Mike, it was self defense-

WATTS

You're his girlfriend, his mother, his maid, his landlord and now you're his lawyer? Phoebe, let the man speak for himself.

MIKE

Don't be a dick. It was just a thing, it was a thing that happened-

WATTS

A *thing*? Mike two men are *dead*-

There's a knock, and Deputy Krantz leans in.

WATTS (CONT'D)

What?

DEPUTY KRANTZ

We've got a problem.

WATTS

We got plenty of problems-

DEPUTY KRANTZ

Nah man we got a *big weird problem out here*.

Watts thinks for a moment.

WATTS

Okay, take'em back to the cell. This ain't over.

OUT IN THE
STATION

Phoebe and Mike are being led by Krantz. They reach the cell, Krantz opens it; he starts to uncuff Mike, but then gets a text.

MIKE

Hey man, come on.

DEPUTY KRANTZ

Huh. Somethin's up with my phone.

The iPhone screen is scrambled and malfunctioning.

PHOEBE
What the hell, that's *not* normal.

DEPUTY KRANTZ
...It ain't?

IN THE FRONT OF
THE STATION

LaButte, Jordan and Watts are huddled over a computer.

WATTS
I don't get it.

DEPUTY JORDAN
Every line out of the station is
down, radio, internet, the phone
lines-

DEPUTY LABUTTE
We tried cells, too, nothin works,
not even the computer-

DEPUTY JORDAN
Yeah I said the internet was down-

DEPUTY LABUTTE
Yeah but the computer's mail is
down too.

WATTS
Is it a power shortage or-

All of the lights in the station **SHUT OFF**.

BACK AT THE CELL

Krantz, lit by the screen of his iPhone, looks around,
confused, when his **NECK IS ABRUPTLY SNAPPED-**

Mike catches his cellphone before it hits the ground-

Phoebe **SCREAMS**, and Mike steps in front of her, holding up
the iPhone for light. There's silence in the darkness. Mike
frantically moves the light around...

...there's nobody.

MIKE
(whispers)
Phoebe get the keys, the keys for
the handcuffs.

Phoebe kneels, getting Krantz's flashlight as Mike swings around the iPhone. She begins yanking on the keys.

PHOEBE

Shit- shit-

And then, from the darkness...

LAUGHER

EeeheheheheHEEHEEAHHAHAHAHAHA

BACK AT THE
FRONT

Watts, LaButte and Jordan, their flashlights out, spin at the horrible sound.

WATTS

WHAT IN THE FUCK IS GOING-

HOLY SHIT, CRANE IS IN THE ROOM! HE BEGINS TO FIRE THE MACHINE GUN, INSTANTLY KILLING JORDAN, BULLETS SHREDDING HIM!

Watts and LaButte drop behind desks, drawing guns.

BACK AT THE CELL

Phoebe and Mike turn at the sound of the gunfire, and **LAUGHER POUNCES ONTO MIKE-**

Oh shit KRAV MAGA close quarters exchange!

Laugher and Mike go back and forth *impossibly fast- attack, block, counter, attack, counter, attack-*

PHOEBE

Mike! MIKE!

As the back-up generator to the police station hums to life, casting everything in flim-flash flickers of light, Phoebe frantically unholsters Krantz's revolver, as Laugher **grabs Mike into a deadly headlock-**

But Laugher's distracted by Phoebe, and he turns and *kicks the gun out of her hands-*

But Mike twists his way free, turns and brings up Krantz's iPhone, quickly puts it up against Laugher's front teeth, and then **SLAMS HIS PALM INTO THE BACK OF IT-**

-KNOCKING LAUGHER'S TEETH DOWN HIS THROAT! WHOA! EW!

Laugher staggers backwards, but Mike catches his head and **slams it against the bars repeatedly-**

Laugher screams and **BREAKS FREE, elbowing Mike in the throat, then the nose, WHAM-**

And Mike **KICKS HIM INTO THE JAIL CELL!** Phoebe pops up and **slams the door! HAH! GOTCHA!**

MIKE

Ha! NICE!

Mike notices Krantz's gun is in the cell.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(pointing)

THE GUN, THE GUN!

Laugher dives for it, grabbing it, but Mike rolls, grabbing Phoebe and pulling her out of the way down the hall **JUST AS LAUGHER OPENS FIRE.**

He pulls her

OUT TO THE MAIN
ROOM

Where Crane **immediately turns and opens fire on them with the machine gun!**

WE SEE

Outside the station, bullets blowing out through the windows and walls!

BACK INSIDE

Mike and Phoebe dive behind a partition, scrambling as Crane continues firing, **DECIMATING** the station.

The gun runs out of ammunition, and Crane frowns at it.

They lay flat, as LaButte pops up and takes a shot at Crane-

-Who ducks it, and then **swings the gun like a baseball bat, SMASHING LaBUTTE IN THE FACE!**

LaButte goes down, and Watts pops up, firing twice- Crane **tilt dodges both shots draws a pistol and shoots Watts twice in the chest-**

Watts goes down, and Crane starts slowly approaching Watts.

PHOEBE
 (pulling at mike)
 C'mon- c'mon-

Crane turns at the sound, and fires three times at the desk
 Phoebe and Mike hide behind. There's dead silence.

Crane shifts, and again we see the odd, jerky way he moves as
 he pops every joint in his body, shaking himself out.

CRANE
 ...Bonjour. Jambo. Hello. Hola.
 Salut.

MIKE
 (whispering)
 What the hell is he-

Crane tosses aside his gun and *CHARGES THE DESK*, MOVING WAY
 TOO FAST-

But Mike, hearing his approach, pops up, **grabs a laptop off
 the desk and FLINGS IT LIKE A FRISBEE, CATCHING CRANE FLUSH
 IN THE CHEST!**

Crane is knocked off his feet, landing flat on his back, OW!

MIKE (CONT'D)
 SHIT!

PHOEBE
 Come on!

Phoebe grabs Mike and pulls him towards the front door.

EXT. LIMAN SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Phoebe burst out, running, and **seconds later Crane
 comes CRASHING THROUGH THE GLASS DOORS.**

CRANE
 (loudly)
 WAIT.

Mike instinctively stops and turns, looking at Crane.

MIKE
 What?

*Crane flings a grenade at Mike- who catches it and throws it
 back- Crane catches it and throws it back- MIKE FLIPS AND
 SPIKE KICKS THE GRENADE BACK AT CRANE, who ducks, it passes
 him and goes into the police station-*

BOOM THE GRENADE GOES OFF, KNOCKING CRANE DOWN!

Mike hurries to his feet to see Crane *CHARGING AT HIM, moving herky-jerky, bloody from cuts from the explosion.*

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh no no no-

Crane begins *beating the snot out of Mike, huge haymakers BAM BAM BAM*, but Mike recovers, throwing a handful of snow in his face and knocking him away, countering a few punches-

Crane knocks him down, and Mike grabs Krantz's keys out of his pocket, balls them in between his fingers to give himself claws and then *SLASHES CRANE REPEATEDLY-*

No CRANE COMES BACK, counter strike, counter, reversal, counter- this makes Bourne Identity look like Power Rangers-

Mike weaves through another barrage of big hits, then brings up the loose handcuff still locked on his wrist, and, using it like a pair of brass-knuckles, *BASHES CRANE IN THE FACE!*

Crane stumbles backwards, and then falls dead.

Mike stares at him, and then looks up at the police station: the front office is on fire from the grenade, smoke leaking out of the shattered glass doors.

Mike turns and grabs Phoebe. We hear Laughter, distant, cackling from inside the station.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Come on!

PHOEBE

Mike, wait-

MIKE

NAH MAN, NO WAITING, LET'S GO, **NOW.**

INT. CIA JET

Yates sits on a CIA private jet, in flight. He's sitting calmly, looking out the window and sipping a rum and coke.

His satellite phone rings, and he takes it out. His eyes widen, and he smiles, answering.

YATES

Hello darling.

CUT TO:

Lasseter, on her own satellite phone, is

AT THE EDGE OF
TOWN

Where we can see white trucks with orange flashing lights,
and men in Disease Containment suits setting up a checkpoint.

Lasseter is pulled over in shadow at the edge of the road.

LASSETER

Why am I looking at FEMA trucks.
Why are there men in HAZ-Mat suits
walking around like
extraterrestrials. What in the
shit are you doing.

YATES

A dog with rabies got loose. A
real old bitch-

LASSETER

You prick-

YATES

I'm a prick? Thanks to your
actions, two CIA assets are DEAD,
you're trying to blow my whole
operation-

LASSETER

Your "operation" is murder!

YATES

Oh cry me a fucking river why don't
you! This is the last time you and
me talk. There's a reckoning
coming for you, Diane-

LASSETER

This is about me?

YATES

"this is about me" YES IT'S ABOUT
YOU. You think I'm stupid, you
think I don't think I know what
you're doing, you're trying to make
me look like an asshole-

LASSETER

You're doing a fine job of that
yourself-

YATES

I tried to play nice about this,
back in my office-

LASSETER

What, when you called me a cunt?

Yates splutters, flustered.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

I am taking you down, Yates. I'm
bringing this whole thing crashing
through the floor do you hear me?

YATES

"Bring it through the floor",
really, that's big talk for a
fortysomething year old woman with
what, a CELL PHONE, you can't touch
me, you can't-

(beat)

Did you hang up? *Tell me you
didn't hang up.*

Yates *flings the phone away from him in anger*. He then waits
a beat, grabs his rum and coke, and *flings that*, too.

EXT. STOP AND SHOP - NIGHT

Phoebe and Mike rapidly approach the Stop and Shop parking
lot, heading towards Mike's car, Mike pulling Phoebe along by
the arm.

PHOEBE

Where are we going?

MIKE

We'll get my car, and we'll go to
Rose's house-

Phoebe pulls away from him.

PHOEBE

Rose!? That's your plan?

MIKE

Rose has guns and shit, plus maybe
he can get us out of the town-

PHOEBE

Out of the town- Mike you can't do
that, you know you won't be able to-

MIKE

Well I didn't have *people trying to kill me before*, Phoebe-

PHOEBE

You are not- you are not in a position to be making plans-

MIKE

Then who is? I've killed THREE PEOPLE tonight, man, the cops are dead, who's qualified to handle shit right now?

Phoebe takes a breath. Mike shrugs. Phoebe's tone changes.

PHOEBE

...If the guy's in the thing, in the cell, and he doesn't see the gun, don't point at the gun and say "GUN! GUN!"

MIKE

I know-

PHOEBE

And if someone who just tried to kill you says "WAIT," YOU DON'T STOP TO SEE WHAT THEY WANT TO TALK ABOUT-

MIKE

STOP YELLING AT ME!

PHOEBE

I'M SCARED MIKE!

MIKE

NO, YOU'RE FINE! YOU'RE FINE, OKAY?

Mike grabs Phoebe and pulls her to him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Listen to me, you're fine, it's done, we made it out of there, okay?

There's a strong wind, and Mike holds Phoebe close. The wind rattles a shopping cart in the parking lot, and it rolls forward, gently bumping Mike's car-

IT EXPLODES INTO A MASSIVE FIREBALL, KNOCKING BOTH PHOEBE AND MIKE FLAT ON THEIR ASSES. I guess that thing the guys were doing to the car was...uh...a bomb.

Dazed, they stare at the burning wreckage.

PHOEBE
...Let's take my car.

INT. WASHINGTON DC NIGHTCLUB - CONCURRENT

The music is too loud, the club is too dark and the lights that are on are too damn bright, lasers and strobes blotting out all the sense.

Petey Douglas, Lasseter's erstwhile assistant, is dancing. Dancing crazy. Night of his life.

A **REALLY SEXY GIRL** approaches.

REALLY SEXY GIRL
Hey!

DOUGLAS
HI!

REALLY SEXY GIRL
My friends and I were talking about your dancing!

DOUGLAS
Yeah man, I'm a machine tonight!

REALLY SEXY GIRL
Do you want to come sit with us?

Petey looks. It's a whole table of SUPER HOT WOMEN.

DOUGLAS
Yeah man, maybe I can teach you some moves. I'ma hit the bathroom and I'll be over in a jiffy.

REALLY SEXY GIRL
Jiffy, huh?

DOUGLAS
Yeah man, I'm the jiff-master tonight!

INT. WASHINGTON DC NIGHTCLUB - THE BATHROOM

Douglas is peeing at a urinal, when his phone rings. He answers it without looking.

DOUGLAS
This is the jiff-master, how can I help you.

EXT. LIMAN SHERIFF'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Lasseter stands over Crane's dead body, in front of the burning police station.

LASSETER
Be somewhere you can talk. **Now.**

DOUGLAS
(quietly)
Shit.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC NIGHTCLUB - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Douglas comes out into the alley behind the nightclub.

DOUGLAS
Okay Diane, what's-

WE INTERCUT

LASSETER
I'm in Liman.

DOUGLAS
-Say what now-

LASSETER
Yates is using the Toughguy assets to eliminate the Wiseman assets. I'm trying to save asset Howl and derail the operation but now Yates has got the town quarantined by the CDC and I am looking at the town's Sheriff Station, which is on fire with the entire civilian police force dead inside it.

Douglas takes a beat, and actually pulls his phone away from his face, staring at it in shock.

DOUGLAS

I don't understand, why would you-
I shouldn't be talking to you if
you're there, that's-

LASSETER

I need a weapon. And I need to
know where Yates was pulling the
subjects for Toughguy. This
behavior doesn't make sense.

Douglas is quiet.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

There is no reason for that police
station to be ON FIRE, okay? Do
you see what I'm saying? If
they're trained assets they should
be doing this quickly and quietly-

DOUGLAS

I have to hang up, I'm sorry-

LASSETER

Don't hang up don't hang up don't
hang up-

Douglas groans, seeing the hot girl group departing from the
front of the club.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

He's boxing me into this town and
he's going to trap me like a rat
and kill me, Pete, do you
understand that? I will be
murdered and he will be protected
by our own secrecy laws for
MURDERING ME.

Firetruck sirens begin rapidly approaching the burning
sheriff's station, and Lasseter quickly goes around to the
side of the station, hiding from the arriving trucks.

DOUGLAS

(long beat)

You shouldn't have gone.

LASSETER

No, wrong response.

(beat)

There is a machine at work here,
Douglas.

(MORE)

LASSETER (CONT'D)

A big, bad machine, and it's gone off the rails, you are witnessing *the wrong guy in charge*, that's what's happening, *Madness of King George* do you understand-

DOUGLAS

Yes shakespeare sure-

LASSETER

No, actually happening right now, tonight, now!

Helicopters blow past overhead. The firefighters who've congregated around Crane's dead body, and look up, confused.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

This is fire and brimstone, this is sinister lunacy sanctioned by arbitrary nothing, *I need you on my side*, the side of good and order and NOT DEATH AND CHAOS, **fuck the chain of command**. On MY SIDE, RIGHT NOW, understand?

Douglas is silent. He looks around the alley. There's a couple hooking up by a dumpster. He glances again, and realizes they are full on fucking.

Whoa, gross.

He sighs, mustering his courage, looks up at the sky...

LASSETER (CONT'D)

Did you hang-

DOUGLAS

You've got me.

LASSETER

What?

DOUGLAS

...I'm with the side of good and order.

Lasseter breathes hard, processing this.

LASSETER

Okay. Okay.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mike and Phoebe pull up to Rose's house, which is a two-story deal out in the woods, isolated, a little bit hood but a little swanky too, in its way.

They park on a landbridge over a ruddy little ravine. Phoebe looks over to Mike, who looks totally miserable.

PHOEBE

You seem like...spooky quiet-

MIKE

I **am** spooky quiet. I'm in the...anaphalactic shock-

PHOEBE

-that's not what it's called-

MIKE

Like, I'm trying to think of stuff, and I can't think of *anything*, Phoebe. Like I never even- I can't remember where I went to school, or my parents...

PHOEBE

What? You can't remember your parents? What're you talking about, you sound crazy, dude-

MIKE

I'm like overwhelmed! Pheeb...Did we even ever talk about my parents?

PHOEBE

I mean...no I guess but-

MIKE

Shit, what if I'm like...

(beat)

A robot? Do you think that's possible that I'm a robot? With the-gigabytes of memory recall, and the karate programming where I use house hold objects to kill assholes- Oh shit *I'm freaking out again-*

PHOEBE

Okay stay calm. Mike. Listen. You are not a robot.

MIKE

Are you sure?

YATES

I said SUBTLE, I said COVERT, not
PITCH A TENT IN A PARKING LOT.

OTIS

Sir the tent is covered by FEMA
protocol, the tent is covert as a
disease control tent sir-

YATES

IT'S A BIG WHITE TENT. It's covert
as a fucking elephant!

OTIS

Sir civilians will not recognize
the big white tent as a government
operation, they'll- mistake it for-

YATES

I get the concept, but there are-

Yates pops out of the tent into the

PARKING LOT

And references the teenagers.

YATES (CONT'D)

HIPSTERS HANGING OUT TEN FEET FROM
THE OP CENTER!

Otis looks out.

OTIS

They're punks sir.

YATES

...What?

OTIS

They are not hipsters, sir, they
look to me like skate punks sir,
possibly grunge-

YATES

Ohmigod.

One of the kids takes a camera phone picture of them.

YATES (CONT'D)

Get that phone. Now. Thank you.

Immediately several soldiers take a running start at the
teenagers, who are like "oh shit."

YATES (CONT'D)
Where are the assets?

SLAM TO:

INT. EIGHTEEN WHEELER - SECONDS LATER

It's dark, and then the door opens, revealing fifteen men sitting in darkness, completely motionless. Yates peers in, Otis behind him.

YATES
Just a truck? We've got them all sitting in a truck?

OTIS
This is the best we could get for the available money sir. You said as barebones as possible, this-

YATES
Shit, shit. Right.

He sees **LAUGHER**, who's covered in soot and slightly burned.

YATES (CONT'D)
Laugher. What happened to you, I heard you were KIA?

LAUGHER
No sir.

Laugher lets out a weird giggle which he tries to stifle.

OTIS
We recovered him from the police station thirty minutes ago.

Yates climbs up into the truck, sitting across from Laugher.

YATES
You saw him. Howl. "Mike." What was it like?

Laugher just stares.

YATES (CONT'D)
I mean, was he...how was he, were his protocols all...I mean was he kicking ass out there?

Laugher giggles, but then stifles it.

LAUGHER

Hit me with a phone. He took my teeth.

Laugher holds up two bloody cracked teeth.

LAUGHER (CONT'D)

But I got them back.

Yates stares at him.

YATES

Okay, good. Okay that's...good.
You still wanna take this guy down?

Laugher painfully stifles a laugh.

MOMENTS LATER

Yates hops out of the truck. He stares down at his shoes for a moment.

YATES (CONT'D)

Do we have a location on Howl?

OTIS

Sir yes sir, he's at his friend's home.

YATES

We roll in waves, yeah? Activate Newton, Laugher and Bourbon. Is the press package ready?

OTIS

Yes sir.

YATES

Alright, activate it. And...And I'm clearing use of bugspray.

OTIS

Yes sir.

Yates takes a moment, looking in the sky. Is the situation out of control? No, no of course not. He has this.

YATES

We're pulling this together and ending it in an hour. Clean sweep.
CLEAN. SWEEP.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Rose's house is filled with hip-hop and porn posters, but actually kind of nice, in a ghetto way.

There are three big screen TVs playing the news, CNN and local, an emergency broadcast with a FEMA scroll running along the bottom, and a third playing music videos.

Rose leads Mike and Phoebe inside, his two lackies with the revolver and the uzi following.

ROSE

This is Big Harold and Quinzin.
Niggas this is Mike and Phoebe.

QUINZIN

Me and Mike know each other-

MIKE

I know Quinzin-

MIKE

Oh haha JINX-

QUINZIN

We do fantasy football together.

ROSE

What? And you ain't tell me? Mike
you don't even like football.

PHOEBE

He likes to do fantasy.

ROSE

OH DOES EVERYONE KNOW? EVERYBODY
GOT A FANTASY FOOTBALL LEAGUE TEAM
BUT ROSE IS WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN, ROSE
JUST SITS ALONE I GUESS

BIG HAROLD

I don't know about fantasy football-

ROSE

That doesn't make me feel better,
nobody tells you shit!

BIG HAROLD

...s'hurtful.

ROSE

It's all conspiracies tonight,
baby...

PHOEBE

What're you talking about? Why're you wearing those gas masks, *what's going on?*

Rose lifts up the gas mask a little bit.

ROSE

Didn't you hear, man, the town is under government wildfire outer-space shit, straight Andromeda Strain disease bacteria shit-

PHOEBE

Rose, slow down-

ROSE

You haven't seen, fuckin' look at the TV man!

Phoebe and Mike turn to the TVs.

MIKE

Bruno Mars. How is he involved?

PHOEBE

The other TVs Mike.

MIKE

Oh, of course.

On CNN, they are showing shots of CDC and FEMA roadblocks and safety helicopters flying over the town.

CNN REPORTER

-Reports continue to come in of a full-on level six quarantine around the town of Liman, Oregon, where a break out of what is being described as "Super Malaria" began earlier this evening. All roads out of the town have been blocked, and media access to the town has been suspended.

PHOEBE

It's not real. It can't be real-

MIKE

Look. Us.

Indeed; Mugshots of Mike and Phoebe are being displayed on the local channel. Phoebe just looks at him: "HOLY FUCK."

CNN REPORTER

-believes the beginning of the outbreak can be traced back to these two individuals.

PHOEBE

It's some kind of- *fake thing, fake freaky thing* made up by the people who are after you, Mike-

MIKE

Hey, that's the lady.

On TV, they're showing a picture of Lasseter.

ROSE

Which lady? Why the fuck ya'll on TV?

PHOEBE

The woman from the grocery store? Who said that stuff to you?

Rose is starting to get heightened, giving Big Harold and Quinzin a look.

REPORTER

-described by FEMA representatives as a "mad scientist," this woman, Diane Lasseter is responsible for the outbreak. It is believed this act of terrorism was triggered by Lasseter's illicit love affair with several doomed test monkeys-

MIKE

Yeah dude that's definitely her.

ROSE

WHY DO YOU KNOW THAT MONKEYFUCKIN MOTHERFUCKER? WHAT AIN'T YOU TELLIN ME NIGGA?

PHOEBE

Rose just calm down-

ROSE

Fuck a calm down!

Rose and his lackies raise their guns on Mike and Phoebe.

PHOEBE

WHOA! WHOA!

ROSE
I want answers, now!

Mike and Phoebe exchange a look.

MIKE
I'm sorry Rose, but we don't have
any.

Rose didn't expect this, and is now in the awkward position
of holding guns on his friends.

ROSE
Okay. Okay. Then for the moment,
you two gotta go into quarantine.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - WORKOUT ROOM

Mike and Phoebe are roughly pushed into Rose's workout room,
tripping over the gym equipment.

MIKE
Please Rose, let's just talk about
this-

ROSE
NUH UH MIKE. NERH URH.

Rose slams the door, and the lights turn off, activating
blacklights, revealing dozens of elaborate drawings of naked
ladies on the walls.

MIKE
...It's okay. We'll-

He turns to see Phoebe standing on a piece of workout
machinery, punching loose one of the ceiling tiles.

PHOEBE
No, Mike. It's not okay. We're
getting the hell out of here.

INT. LASSETER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

All the lights are off, but we can faintly see the outlines
and shadows of a tasteful, if somewhat messy home. The door
unlocks, and Scott, Lasseter's son, tries to sneak in, but
the alarm immediately goes off.

SCOTT
Shit shit shit-

Scott hurriedly punches in a code, deactivating it, and then turns around, apologizing already.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Mom I know I said I'd make it home tonight, but things got really complex, and I promise if you just give me a chance and listen you'll...

Scott realizes no one is challenging him. The house is silent. Mister Timothy, Lasseter's cat, steps out of the darkness and meows hungrily.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

...Mom?

EXT. LIMAN, OREGON - THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Lasseter clumsily makes her way through the dark woods, following a GPS device in her hands. It leads her to a blinking package. She takes out a knife and cuts away the little parachute.

LASSETER

...Fucking mud. There is *MUD* in my hair...

She opens it.

It's a Heckler and Koch Mark 23 pistol. She takes it out, loads it, and we watch in a series of quick cuts as she quickly attaches a weapon light, laser sight, silencer, gunner grips...

The gun ends up looking completely awesome. She goes deeper, pulling out a Mossberg 500 shotgun. She attaches a strap, and throws it over her shoulder.

She sees a paper at the bottom of the package. Lasseter lifts it, and reads it.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

...*Oh my god.*

INT. THE PENTAGON - CUBICLES

Douglas sits alone at his desk in the cubicles. He's still clearly a little drunk; the office is empty, and a janitor is vacuuming loudly behind him.

JANITOR
Working late, Petey?

DOUGLAS
I guess that's right.

JANITOR
You boys work hard to keep our
country safe.

DOUGLAS
Yeah, I-

His phone rings, and he picks it up.

WE INTERCUT

Between Yates, who's in the Wal-Mart parking lot, and Douglas
in his office.

YATES
Why am I hearing that there was a
supply drop made over Liman?

DOUGLAS
I- uh-

YATES
Did you use my authorization code
to send something to Lasseter. Say
yes or say no.

DOUGLAS
...Yes.

YATES
Do you understand that you are
assisting the efforts of a ROGUE
CIA OPERATIVE acting against
national security? Do you know
what they call that, when someone
is actively working against the
interests of their own country?

Douglas is silent.

YATES (CONT'D)
And what's the punishment for
treason? *We shoot you in the head,
don't we Petey.*

Douglas, alone in the office, is terrified. Despite how
silly Yates is, there's an odd, compellingly homicidal edge
we've seen glimpses of before, and it's on full display now.

The janitor's vacuum seems deafeningly loud.

YATES (CONT'D)

Now I know, I am sharply aware that you have a degree of loyalty to Lasseter. But you're not to help her again.

DOUGLAS

I-

YATES

No, *you nothing*. She's trying to put me over a barrel, here-

DOUGLAS

A barrel?

YATES

Put you over a barrel, it's an idiom, it means you fuck someone over, someone bent over a barrel, their ass is in the air, they get *fucked in the ass*. That's what she's trying to do is *fuck my ass*.

DOUGLAS

I- yes sir-

YATES

Well no, fuck her. You make a report to central for insubordination, you have them search her office, yeah, we find out her source, and we FUCK HER IN THE ASS. She thinks she can put me over a barrel, no, fuck her, BIGGER BARREL, I'm taking it up the line, I got barrels for fuckin days! We are in a full-on hardcore barrel escalation situation, Douglas, don't you forget it!

Yates hangs up, and then does a little fist pump.

BACK WITH
DOUGLAS

Douglas sits in mortified silence, and then his phone rings. He stares at it, not wanting to answer, but then picks it up.

LASSETER

I've got a lead on Howl from Selburg's tracking device, I'm going to pursue it, but in the meantime we have to go public. Call Krueger, tell him-

DOUGLAS

Public- like how public?

LASSETER

Like all the way.

Douglas sits in silence.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

Pete? Peter are you there-

DOUGLAS

Yates just officially put you on the watch list. It is my duty to inform you that should you go public with this operation-

LASSETER

Your duty, what the fuck are you saying right now-

DOUGLAS

If you go public with this operation you are committing treason and will be treated as a traitor to the United States of America.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I can't help you any more.

LASSETER

Petey wait PETER-

Douglas quickly hangs up. Then, after a short beat, unplugs his phone, and cradles his head in his hands.

WITH LASSETER

Lasseter, standing along in the woods, stares numbly at her phone. After a moment, she regains her composure, and begins walking with fast, hard purpose.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - GYM

Phoebe is up in the ceiling, her legs dangling out, trying to get further in, while Mike keeps watch.

MIKE

We shouldn't be doin' this. We should just wait, Rose'll come around, he's a good guy, you'll see-

PHOEBE

No, Mike, we are not waiting around here on the judgment of your DRUG dealer.

MIKE

Well what are you gonna do?

PHOEBE

I'm gonna crawl- unh- further in and see if I can get to the next room, and then-

MIKE

Shh.

PHOEBE

What?

MIKE

Do you hear that?

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Rose, Harold and Quinzin turn, watch as some sort of curtain drops down over all the windows to the outside.

ROSE

...the fuck is this?

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The entire house has been tented, like for fumigation.

BOURBON, an asset with marine-style red mohawk, stands outside of Rose's tented house. He's activating some sort of fumigator, which is pouring a green fog into the house

BOURBON

Puff, the magic dragon, lived by the sea...

A second figure steps into frame.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The fog is starting to come in.

ROSE

What the fuck is going on...

Rose stands, and there's a noise at the door- **ALL THREE MEN OPEN FIRE ON THE DOOR, BLASTING IT TO PIECES AS THE GREEN FOG BEGINS TO ROLL IN-**

IN THE GYM

Phoebe's almost all the way up in the ceiling as the sounds of gunfire blare out from the living room.

MIKE

Oh no. Not again man, not again!

IN THE LIVING
ROOM

Rose, Harold and Quinzin are out of ammunition, frantically reloading their guns.

QUINZIN

Were we shooting at nothing-

ROSE

Nah, hell nah, there's something,
there's-

The lights cut off for a moment. When they come back up, a new figure stands in the room.

It's a skinny, muscular man wearing a sleeveless bullet proof vest. His skin is covered in do-it-yourself tattoos, the scribbling of an insane person, but his hair is short, military cropped.

This is **NEWTON**. He raises a sawed off shotgun.

ROSE (CONT'D)

...now who's this freaky motherfu-

NEWTON BLASTS ROSE.

Rose is knocked violently backwards by the blast, Big Harold raises the magnum, and Newton *dodges three shots*, sharply tilting and leaning his body as he swiftly crosses the room to Big Harold, hopping over furniture and strikes him once in the face, killing him, then tucks rolls and somersaults up to strike Quinzin, who's still trying to reload once in the side of the head, killing him as well.

Newton killed everyone in the room in roughly four seconds. He pulls on a gas mask, and turns to the gym door as green fog rises all around him.

INT. ROSE'S HOUSE - GYM - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe pulls herself all the way up into the ceiling as the door **BURSTS OPEN** and Newton comes into the blacklights.

He raises Quinzin's magnum, and Mike dodges *two blasts* as they both move towards each-other; *again BAM BAM BAM* krav maga exchange of hits before Newton **KICKS MIKE TO THE GROUND!**

Phoebe, in the ceiling above him, pulls an amazing "oh shit" face. Her flinching makes enough noise for Newton to notice, and he looks up and starts **shooting into the ceiling**.

PHOEBE

FUCK! FUCK!

MIKE

PHOEBE NO!

Mike attacks Newton again, and again there's an incredible rapidfire sequence of hits and counters, which ends with Newton *flinging Mike* into the mirrored wall, shattering it. Mike lands next to the free-weights.

Newton advances on Mike when suddenly Phoebe **plunges out of the ceiling behind him in a cloud of dust and plaster**. She turns and sees the green fog pouring into the room.

Newtown turns but-

PHOEBE

His mask, Mike get his mask!

MIKE

HEY!

Newtown turns back to Mike-

Mike *smashes Newton in the sternum with the free weight*, then immediately jerks it up into the bottom of his chin, **cracking his jaw! Mike YANKS OFF HIS MASK!**

Newton staggers backward, coughing and spitting out blood and teeth, and Mike **FLINGS THE FREEWEIGHT INTO HIS FACE**, SMASH-

He falls backwards, covered in blood, and Mike quickly grabs the pull-hook of the bench press machine, and **SLAMS IT INTO NEWTON'S THROAT**; the weights drop, **ripping out Newton's throat and LYNCHING him on the machine!**

MIKE (CONT'D)

HA! FUCK! YOU!

In yelling this, Mike inhales the green gas, and staggers, gagging. Phoebe catches him, having put on the gas mask.

EXT. ROSE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Bourbon is standing out front, waiting. Phoebe bursts out of the front of the tent, holding Mike, who's vomiting, tears running out of his eyes.

Bourbon laughs, drawing a knife.

BOURBON

Oh dear me. Look at you, octopus-

Phoebe *fires the shotgun from in between Mike's legs*, blowing Bourbon away. Phoebe leans Mike against the house, and pats down Bourbon's corpse, grabbing something.

Phoebe hurriedly pulls the staggering Mike

UP THE DRIVEWAY

Towards where their car is parked, next to the ravine, but Mike is staggering too badly, and collapses. Phoebe drops down next to him, throwing aside the gas mask, and then injects Mike with the thing she grabbed from Bourbon.

PHOEBE

Stay awake baby please okay stay awake. That gas was Rioxifloxin K I gave you something that'll help but you just have to stay awake, look at me, look at me baby-

Mike is pallid and sweaty.

MIKE

I feel sleepy-

PHOEBE

*No Mike if you sleep you die, if
you sleep you die, that's the way
it works is it shuts down your
senses one by one, eyes open-*

Mike is losing it.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Mike please stay awake, okay?
Please? Listen if you die, what
about Rocket Monkey, Mike? What
about Chip the Brick? If you die
what happens to all your stories
they disappear, right? You don't
want that, you never even got to
write them down! You want to stay
awake because if you die, Rocket
Monkey dies- Please Mike I love you
oh please please stay awake, I love
Rocket Monkey I don't want him to
go away, please I love you I love
you if you just stay awake for ten
more seconds-

Mike **turns suddenly and vomits**. He lays there heaving on the
edge of the ravine. Phoebe tries to comfort him, but he
swats her away.

MIKE

**WHY. THE FUCK. DO YOU KNOW
WHAT THAT GAS WAS?**

Phoebe is silent.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What the FUCK IS GOING ON, PHOEBE.

Phoebe bites her lip, tears welling in her eyes.

PHOEBE

Mike-

MIKE

WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON AHHHHH

PHOEBE

Mike...I'm CIA, okay, I-

MIKE

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

PHOEBE
I'm your handler, I was assigned to
you five years ago, and I-

MIKE
FUCK! FUCKKKKK! WHAT ARE YOU
FUCKING SAYING RIGHT NOW!
AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mike storms back to the car, getting in.

PHOEBE
Mike wait, wait-

She gets into the passenger side.

IN THE CAR

Mike's sitting there in silence. Phoebe looks at him, and
then, hesitantly...

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
Mike just listen to me, I think I
can explain everything that's
happening right now-

MIKE
*Why should I believe anything you
say, you're full of fuckin'-
garbage, you're a garbage liar
piece of shit person-*

PHOEBE
I know, I know-

MIKE
*You don't know! You don't care
about me, you're a fuckin' bitch,
man, you're an asshole-*

PHOEBE
(hard)
Just let me explain.

MIKE
No don't use your fuckin' grown up
voice with me fucking CIA douchebag
liar, you don't get to like debrief
me or whatever! I'm IN LOVE WITH
YOU, you're my whole life! You're
the whole reason I do anything,
just to spend more time with you,
you're the only reason I even ever
left the house-

PHOEBE
 (weaker)
 Mike, stop-

MIKE
 So you were just sitting there
 fucking laughing at me, taking
 orders, and I always wondered how
 the fuck could someone so wonderful
 and perfect come into my life, I
 thought there's no way I could ever
 deserve someone like you, and you
 know what, you had me going, you
 had me thinking that I could do
 shit, man, for you, and with you,
 but that's all BULLSHIT isn't it?

PHOEBE
 Mike-

MIKE
 I don't even know who the fuck you
 are, I probably don't know your
 fucking real name! Ugh *I want to
 fucking vomit* just thinking about
 you, and shit! SHIT! You fucked
 me so many times, was that your job
 too, you're just a fucking like
 government nanny prostitute...

Mike trails off, seeing that Phoebe is overcome with emotion,
 silently weeping, staring at him.

Mike stares back, unsure of what to do, then shakes his head
 violently and *repeatedly punches the steering wheel*.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 No! No no NO! You don't get to
 just fucking fake cry, okay- I know
 how this works, I know they fucking
 train you to do this shit and play
 with my emotions, so stop. Just
 stop. *Stop.*

Phoebe continues crying in silence staring at him.

MIKE (CONT'D)
STOP.

PHOEBE
 Selburg.

MIKE

...What?

PHOEBE

My last name is Selburg, Phoebe is my
real name, but my last name is Selburg,
Phoebe Selburg-

MIKE

Get out.

PHOEBE

Mike, no-

MIKE

Get out of my car!

PHOEBE

It's my car-

MIKE

GET OUT OF THE CAR!

Phoebe is completely breaking down now in tears.

PHOEBE

No no you have to listen to me it's
not like you think it is-

MIKE

*GET OUT! No I don't care!
STOP TALKING AND GET OUT OF
THE CAR! I'M DONE WITH YOU
JUST FUCK OFF!*

PHOEBE

*(sobbing)
Please Mike just please- No
you have to listen- listen
PLEASE-*

Phoebe goes silent. They sit there staring at each other.

CRASH A CAR IMPACTS THEM FROM BEHIND AND
SENDS PHOEBE'S CAR CAREENING OFF THE ROAD.

SLAM TO BLACK.

SECONDS LATER.

The car is upside-down on the edge of the ravine, off the
road, next to a rusty tin-waterpass pipe.

Mike snaps awake, dazed; he turns to see that Phoebe is being
dragged out the passenger side window, kicking and screaming.

She's gone. Suddenly, an assault rifle pokes through the
window, accompanied by a CRAZY LAUGH- *Mike dives*

OUT OF THE CAR

As bullets spark all around him, Mike plummets down into the mucky ravine water. He scrambles up to see Laugher standing atop the upside-down car, raising an M-16.

He *opens fire*, forcing Mike to scramble headfirst into the cramped pipe, which slants diagonally down.

It's EXTREMELY claustrophobic, but Mike sees light at the end of the tunnel, and crawls towards it...and gets stuck midway, his arms sticking out of the tunnel on the other side.

MIKE

SHIT! FUCK! WHAT IS THIS WINNIE
THE POOH SHIT!

Laugher walks up, and squats down, looking into the pipe, at Mike's legs. Mike, hearing him approach, goes quiet, squeezing his eyes shut and putting a finger to his own lips.

Laugher's face is oddly serious as he stares down at Mike.

LAUGHER

I don't really understand who you
are.

(beat)

They showed me...they showed me how
to do so many things. I was so
lost. I think the government is my
friend? I don't know. They told
me they were doctors? Showed me
how to do karate. I did so much
training, they showed me how to use
all different guns...I saw a swan
earlier...I don't know. I think we
have to take the Easter Eggs
to...Someone, but-

MIKE

Dude *what the fuck* are you talking
about.

Laugher goes quiet, looking at Mike's legs.

LAUGHER

I'm going to do something very bad.

Laugher trudges off. Mike immediately begins struggling but it's funny and pathetic instead of being helpful. From above him, he can hear Laugher moving around, and then, softly:

PHOEBE (O.S.)

Mike, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

MIKE
 ...YOU'RE A DICK.

PHOEBE (O.S.)
 I didn't want this to happen, I-

There's the abrupt sound of a brutal impact; Phoebe goes silent.

MIKE
 Phoebe?

There's a distant laugh.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Are you there, what's- what smells
 like gas?

LAUGHER
 Gas.

Laugher is standing up on the road, pouring out a can of gasoline into the ravine, which pours down into the pipe onto Mike's legs.

MIKE
No way man what the shit-

Laugher throws back his head and let's out that trilling, lunatic's laugh.

LAUGHER
 I'm gonna burn you in a shithole!

MIKE
 No! Don't!

LAUGHER
 I AM! I WILL!

MIKE
 NO STOP DON'T

LAUGHER
 NO I WILL I WILL

Laugher lights a flare.

MIKE
 AHHH I FUCKIN HATE YOU MAN!

Laugher tosses the flare down into the ravine, which IGNITES THE GASOLINE, the fire **RAPIDLY SPREADING DOWN INTO THE PIPE**, pouring straight towards Mike's helpless legs and groin!

Lasseter suddenly appears, reaching up-

-and pulls out Mike-

-Who comes crashing down on top of her, sending them both splashing into the gross pond!

Mike struggles up, shoving her away, and she quickly makes the SHH motion and pulls him to cover as burning gas pours out of the pipe.

Mike stares at Lasseter, who keeps her finger up. Above them, we can here Laugher's car screech away.

Mike runs up to the road; Laugher's already far gone. Phoebe's nowhere to be seen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Shit.

IN THE CAR

Phoebe sits in the back seat, her face covered in blood, holding her broken nose. Laugher, in the front seat, chuckles and starts whistling.

WITH MIKE

Lasseter comes up on the road behind him, approaching him slowly as he looks after the disappearing tail lights.

LASSETER

...Do you know who I am? Do you recognize me?

Mike turns, looking at her.

MIKE

You- You-
(remembers, long beat)
You're that woman who fucked those monkeys!

LASSETER

I- you- ...WHAT.

MIKE

On TV, they said you gave the town malaria because you wanted to fuck the disease test monkeys!

LASSETER

...Yates **you little-**

INT. GOVERNMENT FIELD OPS CENTER - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Laugher pushes Phoebe through the doors into the tent. Otis, who's at a computer, hurriedly stands up and salutes; Phoebe gives him the finger. Yates laughs, quickly approaching, tossing her a roll of paper towel, which she swats away.

YATES

Ha! Hello Phoebe Selburg.

PHOEBE

Hello dickless.

YATES

Wha- wow, that's not polite-

PHOEBE

Your assets are unreliable. Where did you find these guys?

Yates doesn't respond.

YATES

Laugher, where's Howl?

LAUGHER

Dead.

PHOEBE

Yeah, where's your confirm on that? With the two dead assets we left at the house? I didn't see a body. The clown here poured a bunch of gasoline down a hole and lit it on fire. Did he look in the hole, no. But you know that, don't you.

(beat)

Don't you?

Yates stands there chewing gum.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

(confused)

Are you not even in audio contact with your assets during ops?

YATES

We can't risk being overheard-

PHOEBE

Via what, why not use secure channels-

YATES

Because we don't have- we don't
have full satellite support-

PHOEBE

WHAT? Who authorized this?
Where's Krueger, why the fuck is
Diane Lasseter on television-

Some of the techs working at computers are looking up. Some of the soldiers too. Yates stands there chewing gum for a moment, regarding Phoebe.

YATES

You're gonna ask me about my
authorization? Phoebe fucking
Selburg, she who'd rather suck some
stoner's cock than turn herself
back in for debrief is going to
question MY authority?

(approaches her)

Oh you think I don't know? This
isn't The fucking Notebook, I've
read your file, you have no secrets
me. Oh I'm sorry the lab-rat
retard made you cum a bunch of
times in the back of a Taco Bell,
that's worth throwing away the most
promising CIA undercover in my
class? Look at where I am now, I'm
in charge of a major operation,
look where you are, under
departmental arrest for
insubordination awaiting trial as
of RIGHT NOW where you'll be found
guilty and shot by a firing squad,
and your nose is broken, and I'm
gonna fucking get the comp on the
kill, your boyfriend has been
burned alive, and if he hasn't,
guess what, I'm next leveling. You
want to see my authorization?
Here, MEASURE MY DICK.

Yates reaches into his pants...and pulls out his phone.

INT. THE PENTAGON - DOUGLAS' DESK - CONTINUOUS

Douglas has his head down on his desk. The phone rings, and he scrambles up, answering it.

YATES

I need a MQ-9 in the sky in one hour. Can you get me that? The answer is yes, thank you. Call me when it's entering my airspace.

Yates hangs up. Douglas stares at the phone.

INT. GOVERNMENT FIELD OPS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

(same)

YATES

BOOM, DRONE ON ITS WAY. I will clear this town the fuck out, we're already six civvies down you think if I give a fuck we lose ten more? This has gone past a training exercise, you've got you out there now, a rogue agent, you've got your boy-toy killing government assets, and you've got Lasseter, HA, fucking Lasseter's menopause ridden ass betraying this country at THE HIGHEST LEVEL. This is it. The kid gloves are off.

Phoebe, looking at Yates, realizes he's insane. She looks to Otis, like "Can you believe this?" Otis looks at her hard, emotionless, and Phoebe realizes just how fucked she is.

MIKE (V.O.)

So what the dick is going on.

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT

Lasseter and Mike are sitting in the parking lot of a gas station, around by the dumpsters. Mike is drying off his hair with an old McDonalds wrapper, as Lasseter paces nervously.

LASSETER

Your name...isn't Mike Howell.

MIKE

Oooohhhh shiiiiiiiit.
Fuckin...twist. *TWIST. In REAL LIFE.*

Lasseter falters. He looks at Lasseter, deadly serious.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did you- do me like Ghost Protocol?

LASSETER

Ghost- what?

MIKE

You did me a Ghost Protocol and now I'm alone on the mission-

LASSETER

No, what's- there is no mission, just stop talking and listen-

MIKE

AM I A ROBOT, IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT-

LASSETER

Wh- NO, Mike, **stop.**

MIKE

Okay, sorry, okay, I'm going through a lot right now-

LASSETER

Do you remember when you were arrested?

MIKE

When- which time-

LASSETER

When you were eighteen. The acid.

MIKE

Oh, yeah.

LASSETER

That was your third strike. Now I know you don't remember this, but that was when we first met. I was recruiting people for a Program called Wiseman-

MIKE

A computer program?

LASSETER

No, how could you possibly- no. It was a program designed to take third strike misdemeanor offenders and- Listen, Mike, have you familiar with MK Ultra?

MIKE

The videogame?

LASSETER

No not the- there's a?- no.

(beat)

MK Ultra was a classified government research operation throughout the 1950s, the objective being the perfection of behavioral engineering.

MIKE

Behavioral enginee-

LASSETER

Training brain function, physical strength and stamina, strategic thinking, language, sharpening reflexes, response times and memory to a degree that would seem, to a normal person...super human.

MIKE

How?

LASSETER

A variety...a variety of ways. Chemicals...drugs, along with hypnosis, sensory deprivation, isolation, and various...various procedures that could be described as...torture-

MIKE

You did this to me? This is me, one of the super-soldiers?

LASSETER

You were in the program for four years. The directive of my program, Project Wiseman, was to take third strike offenders who volunteered and-

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

HEY!

Lasseter and Mike look up.

LASSETER

What?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

YOU'RE THE LADY FROM TV!

LASSETER

What? No?

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

...You fuck monkeys!

Lasseter reaches down into her coat and draws her pistol, firing it at his feet; the bullets plink off the asphalt, and he runs back inside.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

SHIT! YOU'RE CRAZY!

The gas station attendant runs inside. Lasseter turns back to Mike.

LASSETER

You were by far the stand out of the program; most of the assets were failures, but you, your test results were off the chart. But one success simply wasn't enough. The program was cancelled, and all the agents were wiped.

MIKE

...You erased my memories. Fucked with my head and left me here as mayor of Idiotville, with a fake ass girlfriend to watch over me.

LASSETER

Why do you think you never go to court? Why do you think you've never even thought of contacting your parents, *why do you think you're afraid to leave the town?* You have been living *half* a life.

Mike looks straight ahead, miserable.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The gas station attendant is on the phone.

GAS STATION ATTENDANT

No, I guarantee you, it's the lady from TV!

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Lasseter leans in, concerned.

LASSETER

(trying to comfort him)

This isn't you, you know? This wasn't always you. The anxieties, the phobias, we did that to you, to protect you. You understand? To protect not just our investment, but *your life*.

There's a long beat.

MIKE

Turned me into Boner T. Moron, cuz you were done with me. Boner T. Moron, the Mayor Of Idiotville.

LASSETER

No, you were...You were always SORT of like this, but-

MIKE

Why are they trying to kill me now?

LASSETER

...After my program was deemed a failure, it was handed to a man named Adrian Yates to be dismantled; it was meant to be a temporary assignment, he was only supposed to help shut the program down, but Yates developed a new system, around my guidelines-

MIKE

What?

LASSETER

There is VERY LITTLE oversight at this level of top secret, especially on a cancelled program. Yates restructured, he cut corners; he wants to make a big impression-
(off Mike's blank look)
He's using my old wiped agents as training targets for his new ones-

MIKE

What!? They're just murdering people who have no idea what's going on?

LASSETER

...That's right. Yates is-

MIKE

But those guys, they shot police,
they murdered Rose-

LASSETER

That's because they're
unpredictable. The new assets
aren't first strike offenders. And
they're not military volunteers.

(beat)

To get around regulations, Yates is
pulling from a different criminal
pool. ...Offenders deemed unfit to
stand trial.

MIKE

So you're saying...Mental patients?

LASSETER

Yes...Schizophrenics, severe
bipolar, clinical psychotics-

MIKE

Crazy people? This dude was giving
HIGH TECH NINJA MATRIX TRAINING to
FUCKING CRAZY PEOPLE?

Lasseter reluctantly nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FU-

EXT. KRUEGER'S HOME - DAWN

The sun is just starting to come up over the home of Raymond
KRUEGER. We can faintly hear music.

INT. KRUEGER'S HOME - KITCHEN

"TEACH ME HOW TO DOUGIE" is playing very loud on an iPod
speaker. **BUGGY Krueger** and **ADRIANA Krueger**, respectively 9
and 15, black, are dancing in the kitchen while eating
breakfast.

Raymond KRUEGER, 62, white, paunchy and broad, the
quintessential CIA higher-up, is dancing with them, being
taught how to do the Dougie.

He's actually a pretty good dancer.

Douglas sits in his cubicle, clearly shitting his pants.
After a long beat:

DOUGLAS
Hii.

INT. GOVERNMENT FIELD OPS CENTER

Yates is sitting and looking at a picture of Mike on a laptop, drumming his fingers. He notices Phoebe, who's seated over to the right of him, being watched by Laugher.

Yates stares at her and she stares back.

PHOEBE
What is the number, now?

Yates is quiet.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
What are the numbers on this op?
Do you even know?

One of the techs, at a computer, speaks up.

TECH
Sir, we've got a sighting. Both subjects, headed east on Perryman way.

PHOEBE
Looks like he's still alive after all.

Yates flinches, and then throws a pen at Laugher; it plinks off his face.

YATES
(after a beat)
They're going back to the house.

PHOEBE
He wouldn't go back to the house.
He's stupid, not retarded.

YATES
(ignoring her)
Otis, we still have Beedle on the house right?

OTIS
That's right.

YATES
You go. You go YOURSELF and
oversee the capture or termination
of Lasseter and Asset Howl.

OTIS
I-

YATES
NOW THANK YOU, NOW.

OTIS
Sir yes sir.

Otis heads out. Yates, straightens his hair, and then lights
a cigarette. He looks up to see Phoebe staring at him.

YATES
The fuck are you looking at?

Phoebe doesn't react. Yates looks around, and sees all the
techs are looking at him too.

There's a beep, and a tech speaks up.

TECH
MQ-9 just entered Liman's airspace.

YATES
Can we call it from here?

TECH
No sir, only central can call it.

YATES
But I've got the authorization,
right?

TECH
Yes sir.

YATES
Right. Tell them to ready a strike
on Asset Hotel Hotel.

PHOEBE
You're...you're going to blow up my
house.

Yates smirks, tapping his forehead.

EXT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - DAWN

Mike approaches, Lasseter following him, angry. The sun is just starting to rise.

LASSETER

I am begging you, BEGGING you not to go in there, he could have snipers taking aim at us right now-

MIKE

Then let them shoot us, who cares-

LASSETER

I CARE, I don't want to die, and I don't want you to die either-

MIKE

I'm going home, I'm going to sleep-

LASSETER

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? Mike you can't do that, we have to keep you alive until someone at the Pentagon can see what's happened, can rectify-

MIKE

WAIT? That's your plan? You're as stupid as the other guy! Did you call anyone? Is anyone even listening to you? Have you ever been on like, missions and shit, are you a secret agent or just like, a desk person? Do the people at the Pentagon even know you're here? Does anyone even care?

Lasseter is silent.

MIKE (CONT'D)

You're both fuckin crazy, crazy people. I have accepted that I am going to die, okay? I'm not even the person I thought I was, and my whole life is total bullshit, so who cares, right? WHO CARES? If I die, I'm gonna die stoned, in my bed, you can go or you can stay.

Mike unlocks his front door, and Lasseter steps back, raising her shotgun.

But he enters without incident. Lasseter looks around, helpless, and then follows him inside.

EXT. THE SKY - CONTINUOUS

The MQ-9 strike drone banks and turns around in the sky.

AT THE PENTAGON

Yates sits with a laptop, communicating with Airforce command via video chat.

AIRFORCE COMMAND
Repeat, confirm target coordinates
58-91-10 local.

DOUGLAS
Confirm.

AIRFORCE COMMAND
Targeting in progress, awaiting
confirmation to strike.

Douglas' cell phone rings, and he lifts it, answering it without looking.

SCOTT
Hey Pete, it's Scott.

Douglas' face freezes, realizing he made a mistake answering.

INTERCUT WITH

Scott at home.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Do you know where my mom is? She
didn't come home last night-

Douglas hurriedly hangs up, and then chucks the phone across the office; a young CIA woman is coming in, and it smacks her in the face; she spills her coffee and falls on the ground.

Douglas instinctively ducks behind his desk.

AIRFORCE COMMAND
Douglas? Agent Douglas?

Douglas peeks up over the desk.

DOUGLAS
Still here.

INT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Mike picks up the horrible stuffed bear, and goes into the bedroom. He sits down on the bed, hugging it. He stares at his feet. After a moment he begins crying.

IN THE LIVING
ROOM

Lasseter is standing awkwardly with her shotgun, looking around, nervous. She notices all the pictures of Rocket Monkey and Chip the Brick on the ground.

LASSETER
Who's Rocket Monkey?

Mike, still crying in the other room, shouts back a response.

MIKE
He's a monkey astronaut, I made him up. He goes on adventures.

Lasseter looks down, ashamed, sad.

LASSETER
You know, Selburg was supposed to come back in.

Mike blinks, annoyed.

LASSETER (CONT'D)
When you were in the program, she was your number one. As all the other assets in the program failed out, you just kept succeeding...She had so much faith in you. She believed in you, and you showed her kindness, warmth, even then. Phoebe didn't have a lot of that, growing up...

We become subtly aware that there is another person in the room with her; a *VERY MUSCLEBOUND* military asset, who has camouflaged himself into the mess.

This is **BEEDLE**. As Lasseter speaks, Beedle slowly extracts himself from the camouflage.

LASSETER (CONT'D)
She was just supposed to help you get set up in the town, and then she was going to leave you. Over time, her faith in you, the nature of it had...changed.
(MORE)

LASSETER (CONT'D)

We were going to fake her death and give her a promotion, but she...I've actually never seen this in undercover work, she decided to stay with you. She gave up everything, her whole 'real life.'

Mike sits up, listening, wiping his tears.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

I thought you should know that. I don't suppose it means much now but-

BEEDLE SILENTLY STRIKES LASSETER FROM BEHIND-

IN THE BEDROOM

Mike perks up, even though there's barely a sound.

MIKE

Miss Lasseter?

IN THE LIVING
ROOM

Beedle slams Lasseter against the wall, and begins **beating the holy hell out of her-**

It's terrifying. We are witnessing a super agent toying with a forty five year old woman like a cat torturing a lizard, it's horrible to watch, WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM!

Mike is *suddenly in the room next to Beedle, hurling a lamp at him!* Beedle dodges, and Mike *flings the Playstation at him,* then beer bottle after beer bottle, rotten microwave meals; the mess state of the kitchen gives Mike a LOT of stuff to throw.

Beedle suddenly advances, and lands some huge, bone-jarring hits on Mike, but Mike grabs the ratty rug under, him, and PULLS IT OUT-

MIKE (CONT'D)

HA FUCK YOU

Beedle staggers, and Mike GRABS HIS ARM-

EXT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Otis drives up in a jeep, just as Beedle comes **CRASHING OUT THE FRONT WINDOW.** Mike appears in the window, wielding the shotgun, and fires at Otis three times.

Otis drops out of the jeep, taking cover and unslinging an AR-10 assault rifle. He returns fire, and Mike drops, ducking out of sight, as Beedle starts to stand.

Otis raises his walkie-talkie.

OTIS
ASSET HOWL CONFIRMED ON SIGHT, I AM
ENGAGED NOW.

INT. GOVERNMENT FIELD OPS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Yates nods.

YATES
Copy that.
(sets down his walkie-
talkie)
Drone strike is a go, call it.

TECH
But what about-

YATES
STRIKE IS A GO, CALL IT NOW.

TECH
We are go for strike.

AT THE PENTAGON

Douglas, slumped behind his desk, moans nervously.

DOUGLAS
Go for strike.

AIRFORCE COMMAND
Moving into attack position.

IN THE SKY

The drone banks, and swoops low, zooming in over the suburban neighborhood

IN PHOEBE'S
HOUSE

Mike flips Lasseter her over, dragging her to the bedroom door, grabs her pistol out of her holster, hops over her and tosses her the shotgun as the front door **flies off the hinges**. Lasseter hides into bedroom, as Mike dives for cover in the kitchen.

Otis *begins SHREDDING THE KITCHEN WITH GUNFIRE*, as Mike hugs the ground, destroyed garbage falling all around him.

IN THE BEDROOM

Beedle comes crashing through the bedroom window, and Lasseter rolls under her the bed. Beedle hops over the bed, and goes to the doorframe, not seeing her, but Mike, pinned down by Otis, takes a shot at him.

IN THE KITCHEN

Otis, seeing that he has Mike pinned on both sides, smiles slightly and continues swiss-cheesing the kitchen. Pots and pans fall all around him.

AT THE
GOVERNMENT
COMMAND CENTER

YATES

Fire.

IN THE PENTAGON

Douglas sits with his head in his hands.

YATES (CONT'D)

I SAID FIRE.

IN THE BEDROOM

Lasseter comes up on the other side of the bed, unseen by Otis, shoves the shotgun up Horrible Bear's ass, swings it up one handed into Beedle's face *just as he turns-*

IN THE KITCHEN

There's a soft "**whud**" from the bedroom.

OTIS

(confused)

Beedle?

Mike pops up and turns on the broken microwave- *WHICH EXPLODES INTO FLAME, STARLING OTIS, who starts firing blindly-*

Mike closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and then grabs a saucepan and throws it straight up into the air-

WE GO INTO SLOW
MOTION AS

It arcs up, flipping and turning; Otis looks at it confused, and then, we

LAUNCH BACK INTO
NORMAL SPEED

As Mike fires a single shot up into the airborne pan, and it **RICOCHETS OFF, STRIKING OTIS IN THE CHEST.**

WHAT. THAT WAS SO AWESOME.

The pot clatters to the ground, and Otis falls.

Mike sits there motionless, then peeks out, seeing Otis laying on the floor..

MIKE
Whoa-ho-ho. Hoooooo. Hoooooof.

INT. GOVERNMENT FIELD OPS CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Yates, having heard the gunshot, lifts his communicator.

YATES (ON PHONE)
*Drop it now, the fuck are you
waiting for you idiot!?* DROP IT
NOW.

IN THE PENTAGON

Douglas slumped staring into the distance.

AIRFORCE COMMAND
Please confirm deployment.

Douglas slams closed his laptop, and then hangs up the phone.

DOUGLAS
(quietly to himself)
No. Fuck you.

EXT. PORTLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TARMAC - SUNRISE

Krueger is standing alone in cold light of the Oregon sunrise. He checks his watch.

KRUEGER
Okay.

He clicks his watch, starting a timer.

INT. PHOEBE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Mike is standing in his kitchen, smoking a bowl. He surveys the destruction of the living room, and sighs.

MIKE

Whoa, this room's fuuuuucked up.

Lasseter limps out of the bedroom.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did you kill the big jacked guy?

Lasseter gives a pained nod, and then slumps against the wall, falling to the floor. She sees Otis, who's dying.

LASSETER

Otis. How'd you get tied up into this?

OTIS

(weak, dying)

They told me the call came in.
They told me it was the new
Wiseman.

LASSETER

But you must've known. All this
insanity, you must've known-

OTIS

It's not my job to "know," you know
that. Who was I gonna call, Miss
Lasseter? ...top secret...Who was
I gonna...call...

Otis dies.

The kitchen landline starts ringing. Lasseter, pained, rolls over.

LASSETER

Don't answer that.

MIKE

What if it's the mean government
people?

LASSETER

It *definitely is*.

MIKE

(long beat)

What about Phoebe?

LASSETER

Selburg will be fine, but you can't-

Mike awkwardly puts a finger to her lips, silencing her.

MIKE

You have been a good mom to me. I don't really remember my mom and I assume that's kind of your fault but I want you to know if I had a mom that I remembered I'd hope she fought jacked dudes and was a top secret bad-ass just like you, except didn't fuck me over and replace my memories and make my life all fake too. I am proud of you, fake-mom. You are a real stupid idiot.

LASSETER

Mike wait-

Mike answers the phone.

YATES (ON PHONE)

...Hello?

MIKE

Hello?

YATES (ON PHONE)

Who's this?

MIKE

You first?

WE CUT BACK AND
FORTH BETWEEN

Yates at the command center and Mike.

YATES (ON PHONE)

...Aw shit. Aw...fuuuck. It's you, isn't it, it's Mike Howell-

MIKE

Yes. Is this...the bad guy?...speaking?

Lasseter facepalms.

YATES

Is the house not all...on fire?
Big crater?

MIKE
Uhhh...No man, the house is
basically normal.

YATES
.....Okay....

MIKE
So...what are you doing?

YATES
What?

MIKE
What's the plan now?

YATES
I'm sorry what?

MIKE
Like do you wanna...be friends, or-

YATES
*NO I DON'T WANNA FUCKING BE
FRIENDS. Do you understand- can
you comprehend the scale of fuck-up
you are causing!? This is all your
fault, you're the goddamn fart in
the machine-*

MIKE
Don't call me a fart YOU'RE a fart-

YATES
I AM NOT

MIKE
Yes you are you're a dickfart-

YATES
NO YOU

MIKE
NO YOU

YATES
OKAY WHAT FUCK, stop, shit, jesus.
Look, okay, let's be friends. You
want to be friends, we can be
friends. Okay. This is retarded,
oh my god. Okay.

(beat)
You wanna come visit us, we're at
the Wal-Mart.

MIKE
On Wilson?

YATES
Yes.

MIKE
Why, I mean, what would we do?

Yates eyes Phoebe.

YATES
You wanna talk to Phoebe?

MIKE
No, fuck her.

Yates draws his pistol, and points it at Phoebe's head.

YATES
Fuck her? So if I shot her in the
head right now, you're chill,
you're chill with that, it's all
chill, ooh shaggy-doo, it's all
cool dude?

MIKE
(long, conflicted beat)
No, that wouldn't be cool.

Yates laughs, and tosses Phoebe the phone. She catches it,
and stares at it.

YATES
Go on. Say something.

Phoebe steels herself.

PHOEBE

Mike, Mike just listen okay. I'm sorry I lied to you, I'm so sorry but listen, don't let them win, don't let them kill you, and I know you won't but they're going to kill me if you don't come get me, and if you hate me then I'll understand, and if you come get me you're walking into a trap, and I know you're scared but Mike, if you think you can do this, you CAN, okay, you're better than these guys, and I believe in you Mike, I always did, I believe in you and I love you and you can come or not come either way just *please forgive me I love you I love you I-*

Yates takes the phone, and hangs up. Phoebe sits sobbing, and breathing hard. He stands watching her.

YATES

Is he coming or not?

SLAM TO:

Mike stands in his bullet riddled kitchen, tears streaming down his face. He sets down the phone, staring at it.

He mutters something, inaudible, then straightens himself, pulling his shit together.

LASSETER

Mike? What are you doing?

MIKE

Don't fucking...

(beat)

*Don't **fuck** with my **girlfriend**.*

INT. THE PENTAGON - OFFICES

Douglas is sitting in a meeting room, laying on the desk. He's taken off his shoes, and lays staring at the ceiling, repeatedly tossing and catching a koosh ball.

The koosh ball is SNATCHED OUT OF THE AIR. The room is FILLED with government agents, holding guns on him.

DOUGLAS

Okay. Great. This is just perfect. What a shitty night.

EXT. WAL-MART

Yates stands looking out at the dawn light, smoking a cigarette.

YATES

This sucks. This truly sucks. But you're okay, you're gonna get it done. There's winners and there's losers. You're a winner. You're gonna get it done. That's what winners do, we get it done, we-

Techs begin walking past him, hauling equipment. They're dismantling the base.

YATES (CONT'D)

What is this? Where are you going?

TECH

They pulled the operation, they're saying anyone who doesn't report back to debrief is acting against interests of POTUS.

YATES

POTUS? How the fuck is the President involved, he's not-

TECH

He is now, sir.

Yates stands there, flummoxed, and then turns and hurries to the big eighteen wheeler, opening the door.

YATES

ALL ASSETS OUT, NOW, you are all CODE THREE, on ME.

The remaining thirteen men begin unloading from the truck, swarming around Yates; they all look like what they are, highly trained psychotic supersoldiers.

Yates turns, and sees Otis' jeep coming up the street, very quickly.

YATES (CONT'D)

Otis' jeep? What the fuck is-

ILLEGAL FIREWORKS BEGIN LAUNCHING FROM THE edge of the parking lot, AT GROUND LEVEL.

Lasseter is **FIRING THEM FROM COVER.**

YATES (CONT'D)
 FUCK! WHAT? NO SHIT FUCK!

Yates turns, and starts back towards the tent, which is STRUCK BY A FIREWORK AND EXPLODES, flooring Yates as the jeep, driven by Mike, comes skidding into the lot.

Fire works start streaking in all over the place, exploding at ground level; the chaos of light and sound this causes is INCREDIBLE.

The tent COLLAPSES, techs running everywhere in panic.

YATES (CONT'D)
 Laugher! BRING SELBURG! WITH ME,
 NOW!

Yates shoots out the front door of the Wal-Mart. Laugher, dragging Phoebe, approaches, with the rest of the assets following.

THE JEEP IS DRIVING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THEM, FIREWORKS FIRING OFF FROM INSIDE IT!

YATES (CONT'D)
 Shit, shit, FALL BACK, FALL BACK!
 Form a defensive line, we'll take
 him out inside!

INT. WAL-MART - CONTINUOUS

The Wal-Mart is dark as Yates and the assets enter. Yates, with Laugher dragging Phoebe in tow, hurries towards the back as the rest of the assets follow loosely and then-

THE JEEP COMES *crashing through the front doors of the Wal-Mart, fireworks EXPLODING INDOORS.*

The assets are dazed. Mike HOPS OUT, and we enter a THE MOST EPIC TRACKING SHOT YOU EVER DID SEE:

Mike encounters an asset immediately at check-out; he hops the counter, throws a magazine in the guy's face, and then SMASHES HIM WITH THE DIGITAL CASH REGISTER-

Mike moves into the first aisle, cosmetics, an asset rushing up to him- Mike fights him for a moment before knocking him away, grabbing hairspray off the shelf, raises a lighter- BOOM THE GUY'S ON FIRE- Mike grabs eyeliner pencil and SLAMS IT INTO THE ASSETS EYE-

He ducks around the corner-

An asset attacks- Mike fights him before grabbing dish soap off the shelf and spraying him in the face, then nabbing a dustpan-dustbrush combo- another asset rushes him and after a few blocks Mike slams the dustpan into his neck, slicing it, then turns and DRIVES THE DUSTBRUSH into the side of the blinded agent's face-

He grabs some Lemon Pledge off the shelf, and a mop and moves to the next aisle, nearly catching up to Yates-

YATES
HOLY FUCKING SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Yates shoves three assets at him, and Mike faces them ALL with the Lemon Pledge, and then begins beating them with the mop before realizing he's in kitchenwares, and grabs a set of kitchen knives, dumping it out onto the floor-

Everyone scrambles to pick up the knives and Mike QUICKLY GRABS KNIVES, PINNING TWO OF THE ASSETS HANDS TO THE FLOOR, THEN STANDS-

And is slashed THREE TIMES by the remaining asset. Mike staggers back, then pops up and SLAMS A MEAT CLEAVER INTO THE ASSET'S HEAD, before curbstomping one of the downed assets and punting the other-

MIKE
 RAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

Mike charges into the next aisle, grabbing a teapot as he goes, and Yates takes a shot at him; he ducks to cover and is ATTACKED BY AN ASSET, punches and kicks before MIKE JAMS THE TEAPOT STRAIGHT INTO THE GUY'S FACE, KILLING HIM.

WOW, this is a lot of action to write out, let's hope you're having more fun reading it than if I just wrote "Mike goes ape on these motherfuckers."

PHOEBE
 You can't stop him Yates, just let me go! He doesn't care about you, he just-

Yates **PUNCHES PHOEBE IN THE FACE.**

YATES
 COME ON, we're going out the back!
 YOU TWO, STOP HIM PLEASE.

Laughter drags her along. Back with Mike, he's confronted by three assets-

He's in the garden aisle. Everyone realizes where they are, and immediately goes to grab weapons- MIKE CHARGES THEM WITH A PITCHFORK. One goes down, but the other two pincher Mike, repeatedly kicking and punching him-

He grabs a can of RAID of the shelf and GETS THEM BOTH IN THE FACE, then picks up a garden sheers and STABS A DUDE IN THE HEART. The other asset, he sprays with more Raid and then bashes him with the can before jumping over him into

THE HARDWARE AISLE, where he's confronted by the remaining four assets-

MIKE DRAWS OUT ONE OF THE ILLEGAL FIREWORKS AND LIGHTS IT-
KABOOM!

When the smoke clears, noise is gone, replaced by a piercing ringing, and everything is colorfully on fire. Mike stands up, grabbing a rubber mallet off a burning shelf, and walks through the assets, **SMASHING THEIR HEADS LIKE WHACKAMOLE** as they start to recover.

Yates, seeing Mike approaching looking like the mother-fuckering terminator, grabs Phoebe by the hair and yanks her to her feet.

MIKE
(to Laughter)
For fucksakes, KILL HIM.

LAUGHER
Yeah okay.

Laughter starts towards Mike, as Yates retreats back into an Employees Only hallway.

...But Mike is suddenly gone. Laughter looks around, confused.

LAUGHER (CONT'D)
...Don't hide. Come out. Don't hide. I want to talk to you.

INT. WAL-MART - EMPLOYEES ONLY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Yates hurls Phoebe into the hallway, she hits the walls hard, her head banging off, leaving a smear of blood. Yates slams the door behind him, locking it.

PHOEBE
ow- ow--

Yates tries to grab her and she swats his hand away.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)
I FUCKING HATE YOU!

YATES
 What?

PHOEBE
You're the worst fucking- CHRIST do you see how stupid you are? You can't even see it you're still sure that you're going to come out on top, WELL YOU'RE NOT, ADRIAN. YOU'RE GOING TO FUCKING DIE. IS THAT REAL TO YOU YET, DO YOU SEE THE FIRE, DO YOU SMELL THE FUCKING SMOKE, YOU'RE GOING TO DIE-

Yates grabs Phoebe's head, and **smashes it against the wall, SPLAT**, and she drops to her knees.

YATES
 Look at you. Pathetic, And you "hate me?" What are you, fucking fourteen years old-

Yates tries to grab her head again and Phoebe **blocks and goes for the throat**. Yates jumps backwards, startled.

Phoebe looks at him through bangs of bloody hair.

YATES (CONT'D)
Fuck. What's that about, fuck you-

Yates tries to smash her head again, and **AGAIN PHOEBE BLOCKS AND GOES FOR THE THROAT- SHIT MAN, FUCK!**

Yates leaps back.

YATES (CONT'D)
 Man, fuck this. And fuck you, Selburg. They'll be fucking laughing at your **dead** pothead ass tomorrow morning in the debriefing. Tarzan, you can fucking burn with your ape.

Yates spits on her, and starts to walk away. Phoebe, on her knees, concussed and bloody, let's out a weird low laugh.

PHOEBE
 (sing song)
 You're gonna diiiiiieeeee
 (laughs)
 ADRIIIIANNNN, you're gonna diiiiee-

INT. WAL-MART - CONTINUOUS

Laugher is looking around the burning Wal-Mart.

LAUGHER

Were you crazy too? Were you a person who was exceptional like me or are you a different type of exceptional, do you...can you move me? Will you move me? I feel like I need to be moved, you know, please *move me*-

MIKE ATTACKS- LAUGHER BLOCKS-

Listen, I've written a lot of action here. You know it, I know it, and I want this script to be under 110 pages because, c'mon, it's Stoner Bourne, not Kafka. This isn't Kafka, okay?

They have guys...There are like, fight coordinators, guys who can make this look awesome. This isn't a comic book. We all know ultimately it's going to come down to what we can shoot on the day anyway, right?

So just take my word for it that the fight between Mike and Laugher makes any of the action in the new James Bond films look like fucking 1960s Batman. It's violent, it's incredible, they beat the living shit out of each other, and it ends with them

REPEATEDLY STABBING EACH OTHER WITH SCREWDRIVERS before Mike BURIES A CLAW HAMMER INTO LAUGHER'S FOREHEAD, and then collapses, seemingly dead.

EXT. BACK OF WAL-MART - CONTINUOUS

Yates is running, frantic. He gets about twenty feet, repeatedly looking behind him, spinning and running *STRAIGHT INTO KRUEGER*.

KRUEGER

Hello Adrian.

INT. WAL-MART - CONTINUOUS

Phoebe slowly moves through the back of the burning Wal-Mart, discovering Mike laying face down on the ground.

PHOEBE

Mike. Mike. Hey.

MIKE

Hey Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Do you want to...leave Wal-Mart?

MIKE

...Yeah...I guess, yeah.

EXT. WAL-MART - MOMENTS LATER

Phoebe, supporting Mike, exits Wal-Mart, and is immediately HIT BY MULTIPLE SPOTLIGHTS.

She squints against the light, and turns, seeing Krueger, nearby, surrounded by Seal Team 6, with Lasseter and Yates handcuffed on their knees in front of him.

Phoebe looks around, dazed.

The Wal-Mart burning behind them, Black Hawk choppers in the air overhead, dozens of military vehicles and cop cars are parked into the lot, it's CRAZY. They are ready to take down God himself out here.

PHOEBE

I wanted you to break your training. You know that right? I wanted you to come to Hawaii with me, I hoped you'd be able to get through it, I believed in you-

MIKE

I know. Lasseter told me.

PHOEBE

What? Lasseter, you saw Lasseter-

Mike drops to one knee, clearly about to pass out.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

Mike, are you-

He produces the ring box.

MIKE

Are you want to...marry me?

Phoebe looks around, breathing hard, and immediately begins to cry, wiping blood off her face.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Don't cry. It's perfect. This is
all just...this is perfect.

PHOEBE

I'm sorry...

MIKE

Don't say sorry. Just say yes.

PHOEBE

...Yes.

THEN A ***SYMPHONY OF CLICKING GUNS.***

MIKE

(thrilled)

Hey! SHE SAID YES! WOOO-

Mike is *HIT WITH A BOUT A MILLION TAZERS, DROPPED INSTANTLY.*

HARDCUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The room is spotlessly clean and empty, save for a stainless steel table and two chairs. In one of them is Mike.

He's been cleaned up and bandaged, but he's still a total mess. Bloody, slightly burnt finger tips drumming away on the steel, but other than that, he's motionless.

The door opens, and a young CIA **ANALYST**, in a suit and looking very official, comes in carrying a file, and sits down across from the Mike.

HARDCUT TO:

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - BACKSEAT

Yates and Lasseter, still all fucked up, are being driven somewhere. They're let out in a

SNOWY FIELD

In the middle of the woods. It's about noon on a cold, gray day. Both of them are shivering.

They stand there with one another in silence. Krueger clears his throat, startling them.

KRUEGER
Diane Lasseter. Adrian Yates.

YATES LASSETER
Hello sir- Good morning-

KRUEGER (CONT'D)
Shhhhhhhh.

Krueger regards them both, shivering there in the cold, while he himself is dressed warmly, and looks comfortable.

KRUEGER (CONT'D)
All right.

He checks his watch. The timer is at 3 HOURS 40 MINUTES.

KRUEGER (CONT'D)
Let's wrap this up.

Lasseter can't hide an involuntary chill.

LASSETER
I just want to say, sir, that Peter Douglas should not have his actions in the past twenty four hours held against him. I manipulated Douglas-

KRUEGER
To betray the United States and the direct orders of his commanding officer?

LASSETER
I-

KRUEGER
Douglas will be dealt with when he's dealt with. You, on the other hand directly interfered in a government operation. Unsanctioned, without notification, without authorization, you killed an American Government Operative, and share indirect accountability for the deaths of seven civilians and seventeen government assets. Is that correct?

LASSETER
Yes, but sir, I felt Yates was-

KRUEGER
Shhh.

YATES

Thanks to Lasseter alerting asset "Howl," seven American citizens were killed in the-

KRUEGER

-Operation you created and spearheaded, without any direct authorization-

YATES

Yes sir, but you have to understand, I was self starting. You see opportunities, you take them; what am I supposed to do other than take opportunities? You weren't gonna authorize some multibillion dollar test in Europe, Asia, so I started here, with people we already had deemed expendable. Yes, maybe I took shortcuts, maybe I made mistakes, but in the end, I was doing what I understood that I needed to do to create a cost-efficient exploit of a system already put in place. I know maybe I didn't have "permission" or whatever, but if I'd pulled this off, you'd be thanking me. You'd be fucking THANKING ME, right? Am I right?

After a beat, Krueger nods. CIA is shady like that.

YATES (CONT'D)

This is what the problem is, is that somebody created an environment where I was made to look foolish. It was an unpredictable environment; I didn't account for Diane Lasseter and Phoebe Selburg betraying their country, their ideals, and this agency in defense of a wash-out stoned nonfunctional asset, I acted to the best of my abilities and in the best interest of national security-

KRUEGER

And was this before or after you created a fake malaria panic, attempted to order a drone strike on a American soil and wiped out an entire small town police force?

YATES

Well sir, it's complicated.

KRUEGER

No it isn't.

YATES

With all due respect, yes it is. With all due respect, you weren't fucking there. You haven't read the file, there is no file yet, you haven't read the logs, you have no fucking clue the kind of bullshit I've been dealing with from these two psycho bitches, and I-

Krueger draws a pistol and shoots Yates three times in the chest. Lasseter stifles a scream. Yates drops, falling onto his back.

Yates lays in the snow, shocked, bleeding, dying, and Krueger goes and stands over him.

KRUEGER

YOU ARE FUCKING STUPID. YOU GO BEHIND THE BACK OF THE DIRECTOR AND AUTHORIZE A CLANDESTINE OPERATION USING MURDERERS AND LUNATICS TO KILL AMERICAN AGENTS? THAT'S HIGH TREASON, MORON. WHAT THE FUCK ARE WE COMING TO THAT A PSYCHOPATH LIKE YOU WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF ANYTHING!? You cost the taxpayers money, and worse than that, you KILL TAXPAYERS, and then you're going to tell ME I don't have a clue? I'm so happy and relieved that I just killed you, because now there's no paperwork, you just FUCKING DIE, AND IN DOING SO, BECOME LESS OF A FUCKING PROBLEM.

Yates dies.

Krueger straightens himself, and turns to Lasseter, who's shaking.

LASSETER

Sir. I don't know if this is appropriate to say, but please, please, *please do not kill me.*

KRUEGER

You know there's a strong chance that's exactly what's going to happen.

LASSETER

Yes sir.

There's a beat, Krueger staring Yates' body.

KRUEGER

I'm your source.

Lasseter widely hides any kind of reaction.

KRUEGER (CONT'D)

(long beat)

When I called you to notify you the sweep was happening, I did it out respect and courtesy. **You've made me regret that now.**

(beat)

There is a universe where this is all my fault. But since no one knows that am I am your source, and no one will ever know that I am your source, we are not living in that universe, understood?

LASSETER

-yes sir-

KRUEGER

My intention was not for you to act like fool child moron and try to save your puppy, the puppy was being put down, I was notifying you of the puppy's death, not asking you to save the puppy, nor implying that I'd vindicate you saving the puppy. Well the puppy just shit all over everything and lit a Wal-Mart on fire. You have a crazy, scary, rabid puppy that murders people. It's a bad puppy, and will still need to be put down. You understand that, correct?

LASSETER

...yes sir-

KRUEGER

Douglas, hell, Douglas might be okay. He called me. You better pray you can find a way to turn this into a win. You better pray and sweat and pull a miracle out of your ass, a fucking Bethlehem make me believe shock the world miracle, because if you can't...

(indicates Yates)

That's you. That's you.

Krueger turns, getting ready to walk away, trudging up the hill. Lasseter steels herself.

LASSETER

You already have your miracle, sir.

Krueger stops dead, and turns back to Lasseter.

LASSETER (CONT'D)

My project worked. Wiseman returned on its investment, even if it wasn't in the way we expected. Mike Howell dismantled the entire Toughguy program singlehandedly. That makes him the most effective asset **ANY** of the Ultra programs have **ever** seen. In *sixty years*.

(Krueger is listening)

Pardon me for saying this sir, but *that is a puppy worth saving*. That is a two hundred million dollar puppy.

(beat)

And you have him sitting in a holding cell *right now*.

Krueger just stares at her. Yates lays dead between them. The wind howls on the snowy field. Yates reaches down, and clicks off the timer on his wristwatch.

INT. LASSETER'S HOUSE - LATER

Scott is sitting up on the couch, watching the news, which is debunking the "false malaria panic" created by a "disgruntled CDC employee." He's clearly been up all night.

The door opens, and the alarm goes off, startling him. Scott rushes over the foyer, and sees Lasseter coming in.

SCOTT

Mom?

Lasseter turns, clearly exhausted, and Scott rushes and hugs her tight. Lasseter hugs him back, and begins crying, more exhausted than emotional.

She laughs, repeatedly kissing the top of Scott's head.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. BELIZE - BEACH - MONTHS LATER

It's a stunningly beautiful beach in Belize. Mike and Phoebe are sitting out on the beach, holding hands, drinking Bellinis.

Mike and Phoebe look great. Healthy, rested. Mike's hair is a little longer. Mike gets up, and Phoebe waves to him as he walks up to the bathrooms.

Mike gives her thumbs up, and goes inside, only to be **SNATCHED BY GOONS-**

HARDCUT TO:

INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN

It's all clean steel surfaces, and whites; we're in a very high end industrial kitchen. Mike, on his knees, has a bag pulled off his head, and finds himself facing an

INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL, impeccably dressed, looking like one of Ocean's Eleven. Goons flank him on all sides. One of them approaches the boss.

GOON

All he had on him was this.

The goon shows the International Criminal a napkin with a picture of Rocket Monkey drawn on it that says "FUCK YOU."

INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL

This is it? This is him? How far has the CIA fallen, that they send one man. Who are you? Are you James Bond? Did they really think they could sneak up on ME? **I am Robertito Lazaniafrespada.** And what do they send? A *TOURIST*.

The goons laugh. Mike looks around the room; knives on the counter, skewers in a cupboard, pans hanging, sausages hanging, open flame on the grills, a tray of dirty forks knives and spoons, a pile of plates.

INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL (CONT'D)
One man. One *UNARMED* man.

Mike laughs to himself weirdly.

INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL (CONT'D)
Something funny?

MIKE
I'm sorry.
(beat)
I'm just so fucking high right now.

The criminal reacts: "What?" And then **MIKE SUDDENLY LUNGES FORWARD-**

SLAM TO BLACK.

CUE: "EXTREME
WAYS" BY MOBY

THE END.

AFTER CREDITS...

INT. THE MAURY POVITCH SHOW

MAURY Povitch is interviewing Rose, who's seated next to a big fat chinese woman who looks mad. Up on a big screen there's an image of a half-chinese baby.

MAURY
Well, the test results are in.
Rose, do you still deny you are the
father?

ROSE
That's right, it is unfeasible that
that baby could be mine.

MAURY
Unfeasible, really?

ROSE

Yes sir. Yes sir Maury, I was involved in an incident, a violent incident ten months ago, clandestine and sworn to secrecy, but it has left me unfertile.

MAURY

Unfertile?

ROSE

Yes sir unfertile and barren.

MAURY

Okay. In the case of one month old baby Dim Dom Kwang...
(opens folder)
You are NOT the father!

Heavy music comes on, the camera moves all around as Rose jumps up and starts dancing.

SLAM TO BLACK.