

Lowcountry Conspiracy

by

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Dearest reader,

I recognize that this script is really, really long. It may work better as a mini-series than as a single film, with several 20-40 minute episodes. That said, I also believe it can be scaled down to 90 minutes without significantly injuring the story. This version of the script is, more than anything, meant to cast a vision and launch a world. This first script is part of a 7-film arc comprised of 2 loosely-related trilogies and a seventh capstone film that involves the main (surviving) characters from both trilogies. The rough drafts of the immediate sequel to this, and the following third film, are already complete. And they're great. Beyond this, there are many sub-stories intended for this cinematic world, especially sci-fi horror movies, that I am planning for this Universe. Because I am so intimately connected to these stories, I have every intention of directing these films, and also of playing the role of Desler Strom. I insist of retaining franchise rights for all characters, locations, and plot points in this film/world. If I cannot direct the film due to lack of experience, Paul Verhoeven, Shane Black, or maybe even Renny Harlin would all do a great job. If I cannot play Desler, there is only one person I would want for this role: Shia. The mixture of brokenness, borderline insanity, and heartfelt love would be a bullseye for LaBeouf.

I do hope you enjoy the following. I consider this to be a movie-lover's movie, in the tonal action-comedy-horror tradition of Robocop, Total Recall, Army of Darkness, Shaun of the Dead, and more. I LOVE movies, especially as experienced in the sanctuary of the big screen. Throughout my life the movie theatre has been my refuge, my home away from home. I'm sure the same is true for you.

This is my first completed script, and I did my best to write it without inhibition or self-censoring. True cinephiles deserve at least that much. Hopefully this film can help us remember a time in cinema where films were less predictable, less formulaic, more obscene, more insane, and generally just more enjoyable.

With deep affection for film,

Adam Metropolis

Intro credits are handwritten, white on a black background. The hand-writing of Adam Metropolis, which is pretty crappy. The song playing is 'Troubles' by the High Divers, or similar. Whatever can be legally obtained, but preferably that specific song.

Slow fade into a beautiful Southern road in a deep, green, humid forest. There is a gorgeous waterway to the left that leads out into the ocean. We see a distant shot of two men, Trip and Desler, walking down a long, dirt, country road. Old trees line both sides of the road. Sunlight pours in as shafts through the trees. Heh. I said shafts.

The man on the right, Trip Lively, has black hair, is intimidating in build, and has a grizzled appearance. He looks like he's perpetually unhappy - or, at least, stoic. Probably an alcoholic. The man on the left, Desler Strom, is younger, somewhat strange looking, but good looking. He's quite chipper, but somehow looks dangerous.

Trip puts his hand to his ear, nods to Desler, and the two men split off in opposite directions, darting into the woods.

We fly over to a beautiful house on the water, where Marco Peretti, an overweight man in his 60's, lounges in a silk bathrobe, with a gold chain around his neck. He's on the phone. A mercenary in all black who's name is Crisp stands near Marco, looking around casually, holding an assault rifle. Inside the house, another mercenary, Darwin, streams media on TV as he cleans his gun.

A fast food commercial plays. On the commercial we see various social justice clips - a speech of Martin Luther King Jr.; Berkeley protesters in the 60's, etc. during the following voiceover:

VOICEOVER:

Tolerance. For over 60 years, Dongle's has set the standard for social justice. And now we're bringing those same standards to our delicious meat.

A huge, meaty BLT drops down and splats.

VOICEOVER:

The LGBT BLT - only at Dongle's. (crunch, crunch) "Tastes like tolerance."

Back to Marco, who rants on the phone.

MARCO:

Why do I owe \$140?

We see a bank rep with a headset responding from a cubicle.

BANK GIRL:

Well, Mr. Peretti, there's an overdraft fee for each transaction.

MARCO:

I bought a candy bar, a soda - come on, you can't be serious. Why not jut decline the card?

BANK GIRL:

Because you have overdraft protection.

MARCO:

And?

BANK GIRL:

With overdraft protection, our bank loans you the money for the transaction for a small fee.

MARCO:

Small?

BANK GIRL:

Well, the fee increases if there are insufficient funds in the backup account.

MARCO:

So, let me get this straight. If I didn't have overdraft protection, the card would have been declined, and I wouldn't owe you \$140.

BANK GIRL:

(relieved) Exactly.

MARCO:

How the fuck is that overdraft protection?!

In the front of the house, near the driveway, Desler sneaks around to the side of the house and gets in position beneath the kitchen window. He touches his ear and radios in.

DESLER:

I'm at the kitchen window.

On the other side of the house, Trip sneaks to another window.

TRIP:

I'm outside Marco's office.

Desler takes out a homemade periscope device, and uses it to look through the window. This device is clever but crappy, just like Desler. Desler can see Crisp, Darwin, and Marco.

DESLER:

One mercenary inside watching TV; Marco is outside with a second Merc.

TRIP:

Xam.

Hundreds of yards away, sitting in the back of an old, green SUV, a 30-something in paint-stained clothes sits with an old laptop hooked to satellite internet. This is Xam. Xam responds to Trip.

XAM:

I'm here.

TRIP:

I'm gonna cut the screen. Remind me again, Xam, why can't we do this when he's not here?

XAM:

You know the answer to that. Gloves on? Both of you?

Trip and Desler both put on gloves.

TRIP:

Let me know if anyone heads toward the office.

Trip uses a precision blade to cut the window screen. Back to Marco on the phone.

MARCO:

I'm a very successful businessman.

BANK GIRL:

No offense, but if you're so successful, why are your accounts empty?

MARCO:

I have a gambling problem, okay? Are you happy?

BANK GIRL:

(taken aback) Oh. Oh, wow. I apologize.

MARCO:

Now she apologizes. How do you sleep at night?

BANK GIRL:

Lots of cough syrup; I've been puking up blood.

MARCO:

Awgh!

Crisp heads inside, looks at Darwin, and then at the TV. Another commercial is streaming. In this commercial, a flamboyant Richard Simmons-esk spokesperson advertises an exercise device.

HAROLD TAINT:

Sick of those flabby-wabby thighs? Well get ready for a surprise!

Hi, I'm Harold Taint, inventor of the wildly popular Taint inner-thigh trainer. I'm here to present the Taint Trainer PRO: "Double the strength, half the length!" Simply put the Taint Trainer between your knees and squeeze.

Taint demonstrates. He squeezes his knees with the device, looking quaint. An onlooker watches, and turns to the camera.

HAROLD TAINT:

I feel quaint.

ONLOOKER:

That's one quaint taint!

CRISP:

What the fuck are you watching?

Trip is inside Marco's office. A heavy-duty desktop computer sits by the window. Trip quietly goes to the computer and moves the mouse. The computer is locked. Trip enters the username 'souvlaki45'.

TRIP:

What's the password?

XAM:

Don't worry about that. Just plug in the drive.

Trip takes out a very interesting looking thumb drive. A piece of masking tape on it reads 'MAXHAX'.

TRIP:

Why would you write 'HAX' on this?

XAM:

Don't judge me, Trip. Every great artist leaves a signature.

Trip plugs in the drive. The screen goes blue, then jumps to a primitive BIOS screen. Archaic command lines appear. The monitor reads 'COPYING CONTENTS OF MACHINE - PROGRESS: 1% COMPLETE'. Trip waits anxiously. The progress jumps to 2%.

TRIP:

This is gonna take a while.

As Desler watches through the periscope, Marco opens the sliding glass door and enters the living room.

DESLER:

Dude, Marco's coming inside.

TRIP:

Fuck. Tell me if he comes toward his bedroom.

In the living room, an intense news host is streaming on the TV. The huge digital display behind him reads 'DATASTRIKE'. The host, Derek Leavenworth, stares with intensity at the camera.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

Pedophilia. Baby theft. Why do government officials - and the corporate elite - insist on preying on children? We'll be speaking with child abduction expert Randolf Trist, finding out why these psycho power brokers are obsessed with literally robbing the cradle.

MARCO:

What are you watching?

DARWIN:

Derek Leavenworth.

MARCO:

Ooohhh, that guy.

CRISP:

He's hilarious.

Leavenworth holds up puppets of corporate businessman and Feds as he badly throws his voice.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

"Fee-Fie-Foe-Fum, I want children in my bum!"

Marco, dumbfounded, heads toward his office.

DESLER:

He's coming, Trip!

On the computer, the process is only at 5%. Trip turns off the screen and hides.

XAM:

Plan B, Desler, GO.

DESLER:

On it.

He pulls a ballcap and a lanyard from his back pocket and quickly runs to the front door. Taking out his earpiece, he chucks it over the privacy wall and into the neighbor's yard. In the neighbor's yard, a woman is reclining, drinking sweet tea and reading a book. The earpiece plops into her sweet tea. She looks at it curiously. The homemade periscope then knocks the drink over. Marco opens his bedroom door and goes into his room. Trip realizes that the cut screen is partially visible. He can see it - and Marco - through the slightly opened closet door. The doorbell rings. Marco does not notice the window screen, and exits. Trip exhales deeply. Marco, with Crisp, goes to the front door. Crisp looks through the peephole and turns to Marco.

CRISP:

Looks like a paint service?

Marco nods. Crisp opens the door. Desler has a ballcap on that reads 'Paint Broz'.

DESLER:

Are you the owner of this fine establishment?

MARCO:

I am.

DESLER:

Great! My name is Amos. I'm a coloration artist at 'Paint Brothers,' your one-stop solution for residential and business painting needs.

MARCO:

Your name is Anus?

DESLER:

If you want it to be. (laughs) J.K. L.O.L. L.M. fudge A.O. Hashtag swipe right. Swipe left. @FirstWorldProblems. Hashtag 'real'.

Crisp and Marco are absolutely unresponsive.

DESLER:

My name is Amos.

MARCO:

Are you Jewish?

DESLER:

(curious) Do I look Jewish?

Marco stares him down.

MARCO:

I need some painting. Come on in.

Trip anxiously observes the download progress. 26%. He hears Marco and Desler chattering inside the house.

TRIP:

Can you get your thing ready?

XAM:

Deus Ex Machina.

Xam takes out a huge, black case and opens it. Out on the back porch, Marco points to an area of the outside wall. They are next to his swimming pool. Both Crisp and Darwin stand next to Marco, holding their weapons.

MARCO:

How much to touch this up?

Desler squats down, pretends to be an expert.

DESLER:

Eah, yeah. I'd say \$500.

MARCO:

What?

DESLER:

Ohh, yeah. We're gonna need mimetic polyalloy.

Darwin and Crisp look at eachother suspiciously.

MARCO:

Way too much.

DESLER:

Ookay, you wanna play hardball? \$20.

MARCO:

(pause) Search him.

They grab Desler and throw him against the wall.

DESLER:

What the duck?! What the fucking duck?!

They begin to search him. Back at the old SUV, Xam is fiddling with the contents of the case. We cannot see what he's doing.

XAM:

Sounds like Desler's been made. DO NOT pull that drive out early.

TRIP:

I need a couple minutes.

XAM:

I dunno if Desler has a couple minutes.

TRIP:

Fuckin Desler!

He quickly but quietly scrambles out of the window and heads to the front door.

TRIP:

I'm ditching my gear.

The neighbor lady is curiously trying to peer over the fence at the front door. Trip's earpiece gets thrown into her eyeball. By the pool, the mercenaries don't find anything on Desler. Crisp takes out a Bowie knife and holds it up to Desler's stomach.

CRISP:

I wanna see your insides.

DESLER:

That's very knife of you.

The doorbell rings.

MARCO:

Crisp, stay here. Darwin, go around the side.

Marco goes inside and opens up a drawer, grabbing a Desert Eagle pistol. Darwin, sneaking around the house, lays eyes on Trip, who is now wearing a 'Paint Broz' hat.

MARCO:

Who is it?

TRIP:

Gaylord, Paint Broz!

Marco opens the door and points the Desert Eagle at Trip. Trip yelps like a little girl. Darwin comes around the corner, assault rifle fixed on Trip. The neighbor lady dials 9-1-1 on her cell phone. Darwin pushes Trip into the house. Marco searches Trip, but finds nothing. Marco and Trip go out by the pool, while Darwin sweeps the house. Darwin goes into Marco's office, looks around, and moves the mouse on the computer. The normal login screen comes up. Darwin notices the masking tape that reads 'MAXHAX'.

. . .

Outside, Marco examines the thumb drive.

MARCO:

Max Hax. What is this?

TRIP:

Listen, I dunno what's going on here. My brother and I are just trying to provide great service at competitive prices.

Marco smacks Trip in the nose with the butt of his Desert Eagle. Blood careens out of it.

MARCO:

That's cute.

Marco goes over to Desler.

MARCO:

Who sent you?

DESLER:

Joe.

MARCO:

Ahh - Joe Detulio.

DESLER:

Joe Mama.

Marco whaps Desler in the nose. Blood careens out.

TRIP:

Hey, buddy, this is very illegal.

MARCO:

Breaking and entering is illegal, and I can legally shoot you both for trespassing.

DESLER:

No, you can't.

MARCO:

Excuse me?

DESLER:

Do you have proof of breaking and entering? You invited me in. And I'm pretty sure you brought Gaylord in under duress.

Marco holds up the drive.

TRIP:

What is that?

Marco notices that they both have gloves on.

MARCO:

Clever.

He paces, cocks his gun.

MARCO:

You obviously don't know who I work for. We're gonna take you to Bitter Sands, my guys are gonna rip his fingernails out, one by one.

TRIP:

Ouch.

MARCO:

Then we're gonna put electrodes on your ballsack.

Marco notices a strange shadow. Something is hovering.

MARCO:

What the fuck?

A cute little armored drone, Robo, is hovering nearby, watching the scene. Robo is so cute and so crappy, he's adorable.

ROBO:

(In a cute, robot voice) Robo rules!!!

Robo fires a sharp projectile into a large plant urn. We hear a rapid beeping. Darwin and Crisp point their assault rifles at Robo.

DARWIN:

Skynet!!

They begin firing rabidly. Robo quickly maneuvers back and forth as bullets ping off of him, causing him to knock around like a pinball as he makes cute robot noises. Trip and Desler jump in the pool to take cover as the projectile explodes. Soil and ceramic shards go everywhere, blasting into Darwin, Crisp and Marco. Trip and Desler get out of the pool as quickly as they can. The woman from next door is in the backyard setting up a garden chair to stand on so that she can watch the scene. Marco, disoriented, crawls around searching for his gun. As Darwin and Crisp begin to stand up, Trip and Desler beat the living shit out of them. There is a pretty sweet martial arts battle, but the disoriented goons are no match for our heroes. Xam radios to Robo.

XAM:

Great job, Robo!

Robo:

I did it! (He does a backflip)

Trip and Desler beat Darwin and Crisp unconscious. Marco finally gets a hold of his Desert Eagle and points it at Trip, who kicks his hand as hard as he can. The gun ricochets off of a tree, then flies into the neighbor woman's face, knocking her off of the garden chair and onto her cat, who meows in pain.

NEIGHBOR LADY:

Oh, Percival!

* * *

Close up on Xam's face. He stares ahead at someone. In a wider shot, we see Xam sitting in an armchair, staring at this person, as though he were a therapist analyzing them.

XAM:

And that's when you pooped your pants.

We now see Jimmy, a red-headed hippie, reminiscing, not making eye contact. He takes a rip from a bowl and exhales. They are in a crummy hippie apartment.

JIMMY:

I filled my whitey-tighties to the brim, right there onstage. I was playing an Arabian prince, so my whole outfit was white linen. I really thought I could hold it. I tried, but -

XAM:

It's okay.

JIMMY:

(sighs) My anus turned into Old Faithful that day.

XAM:

Old Fartful.

JIMMY:

Indeed.

XAM:

Food poisoning?

JIMMY:

Someone put laxatives into my tea.

XAM:

Wow.

Jimmy passes the bowl to Xam. Xam takes a huge rip, and gives it back to Jimmy. Jimmy takes a rip, exhales, puts it down, and picks up his guitar. He starts fiddling.

XAM:

And you never went onstage again.

JIMMY:

Never. It was my life. Music is my life - but I just can't get onstage. I think I have PTSD.

XAM:

PTS Diarrhea.

JIMMY:

Indeed.

Jimmy tosses Xam a wad of \$100 bills. Xam tosses him a phone. Jimmy examines it.

XAM:

You should get back onstage. We had a lot of fun doing shows together.

JIMMY:

So this phone -

Xam gets up to exit.

XAM:

It's untrackable. Unless you piss off the wrong people. In that case, you'd need the Gold Package.

JIMMY:

How much is the Gold Package?

Xam opens the door, ready to leave.

XAM:

You can't afford it.

He exits. Jimmy stares at a framed newspaper clipping on the wall, longingly. It's him performing as King Lear.

Xam goes to his car. Two police officers - one, a no-bullshit female named J.S. - and the other a short, quirky Asian man named William Bo. They walk up to Xam.

WILLIAM:

Well, well, well. Looky what we have here. Mr. Hackety Hack.

JS:

Whatcha doin at Jimmy's? Buyin some dro? Summa that sticky-icky-

icky?

WILLIAM:

(sniffs) I smell some of that chi-chi cha-cha. Summa that skunky purple fresh fresh.

XAM:

Hello, officers.

JS:

Spread 'em!

J.S. shoves Xam against the wall and frisks him.

XAM:

This is a flagrant violation of the fourth amendment.

WILLIAM:

Ohh! We got a constitutionalist, here. (matter-of-factly)
Pro-ba-ble cause.

XAM:

Actually, under the fourth amendment, probable cause means getting a warrant -

J.S. snaps on a rubber glove and pulls down Xam's pants. Xam is confused. J.S. puts lube on her index and middle fingers.

XAM:

Furthermore, it says that these requirements shall not be...
VIOLATED!!!

As he says the word 'violated,' J.S. shoves her fingers up his butt.

WILLIAM:

Go fish, J.S.

XAM:

This is not very patriotic!

J.S. pulls her hand out of Xam's butt. A decent amount of feces splats onto the ground. J.S. takes off the glove and slaps it into William's face. Poop lube splatters on his mouth.

WILLIAM:

AHH! POOP LUBE!

A mother and her little daughter are walking by, watching Xam with his bare butt exposed.

JS:

Move along!

J.S. Searches Xam's pants; finds the wad of cash.

J.S.:

What's this?

XAM:

My lunch money. Can I put my pants on?

JS:

It's only a matter of time before I lock you up for good, you self-entitled little shit.

XAM:

Can I have my money?

JS:

No, you can't.

BILL (WILLIAM):

Oh my gosh I swallowed some of the poop lube.

XAM:

Cops aren't supposed to stick their fingers up people's butts!

JS:

You're outta control. This obsession of yours is gonna get you, and

Trip, and anybody else you care about killed.

Bill (William) leans over and starts puking. Xam grabs his wad of money from J.S.

XAM:

What the fuck, J.S.

Bill looks up.

BILL:

You can't let him get away!

JS:

He didn't do anything illegal.

BILL:

Then why'd you stick your fingers up his butt?

JS:

You've got a lot to learn, young grasshopper.

* * *

Trip wakes up in a bright bedroom. His wife is in bed with him. They stare at each other peacefully. Trip puts his hand on Kathleen's stomach.

KATHLEEN:

'Hi, daddy.'

They chuckle.

KATHLEEN:

I don't wanna go alone.

TRIP:

Hors d'oeuvres and ten thousand dollar plates-

KATHLEEN:

This night would be very big for me-

TRIP:

I just don't see how spending ten thousand dollars to go to one event is a wise investment decision when we've got a baby on the way.

KATHLEEN:

It's my money anyway.

TRIP:

Technically yes, but it's a lotta money.

KATHLEEN:

You've got politicians, art dealers, heads of tech firms - it's a veritable 'who's-who.' If I miss this, our child will be five before I can go again. This is a very important networking opportunity.

TRIP:

Spending ten thousand for you to go, fine. Spending another ten thousand for me to go, NO WAY.

KATHLEEN:

Fine.

Trip, frustrated, enters the bathroom. He washes his face and looks into the mirror. There seems to be something behind it: a glowing, red light. He gets close, peers at the light. We can see him from behind the other side of the mirror. We are watching him. He stares. An ominous tone rises. Without warning, a demonic hand smashes through the glass and grabs him by the throat.

All is calm. Still in the bathroom, no broken glass, no demonic hand. Just Trip staring at the mirror - staring at himself. He hears Kathleen scream in the next room. He tries to rush into the bedroom, but the bathroom door is gone, and there is, instead, a concrete wall. Kathleen is screaming. Trip beats at the concrete with his bare knuckles, bleeding. Trip yells out to Kathleen, puts his hands on the concrete, and closes his eyes.

TRIP:

God help me.

He beings magically pushing through the concrete. It bends and morphs as he travels through it, surprised. He falls to the bedroom floor, where Kathleen is nowhere to be found, but the window is open and the curtains are fluttering in the wind. Outside is overcast and getting darker. Chilly wind blows over loose items in the room.

He runs to the window, and outside, in a deep forest, can just make out a group of robed cultists dragging Kathleen off into the woods.

TRIP:

KATHLEEN!!!

The sky darkens even more. Trip runs into the overcast forest and is accosted by robed, masked minions wielding daggers. The masks are ominous and disturbing. Trip viciously fights the cultists, but they keep reappearing and laughing. He hears a demonic sound behind him, and turns back to see three huge, ominous figures slowly walking toward him. They are not human. They move in stop-motion. A high-pitched whirring sound causes Trip to go into convulsions, but, hearing Kathleen's scream, he forces himself up and runs toward her voice.

As he runs, the ground becomes like tar. He is sinking, being pulled down, but still moving forward. Soon he is frozen in the sludge, stuck with a perfect view to watch Kathleen bound to a sacrificial altar. He watches as three human high priests wearing masks create a semi-circle around the altar. The high priest wields an ornate dagger. Kathleen looks directly at Trip.

The knife comes down as Trip pops up with a start in the chair in his office. As he wakes, he violently throws the contents of his desk into the wall. A variety of empty bottles of liquor. They shatter as he pulls his pistol from under his desk and points it -

- at Desler, who is standing in front of him, holding a birthday cake.

DESLER:

Happy Birthday!

Trip begins to calm down. He glances at his calendar.

TRIP:

It's not my birthday.

He looks closer. 'DESLER'S BIRTHDAY' is scribbled sloppily.

TRIP:

It's your birthday.

DESLER:

Well then happy birthday to meeee!!!

He blows a noise-maker.

TRIP:

Why!? Send me back to the nightmare...

Trip swivels his desk chair and surveys a complex web of news clippings and mugshots posted to the wall. It looks somewhat schizophrenic, but decently organized. In general, Trip's little office is horribly messy. The paint on the walls is yellow and old, and the ceiling tiles are brown and stained.

DESLER:

That seems like a waste of paper.

TRIP:

The truth has a tendency to disappear.

* * *

Desler is in the lobby / entry area, at a secretary-type desk. This area is also very crappy. He is mixing chemicals and pouring them into a makeshift pepper-spray container. Trip, hungover, comes out of his office and looks at the birthday cake.

TRIP:

So is that, like, our new logo?

DESLER:

Yeah! Janice did it. For five dollars.

TRIP:

And I think we got ... every penny's worth.

The logo is very interesting and unique, but kind of crappy. Just

like Desler. Trip finds a mostly empty bottle of liquor and guzzles it.

DESLER:

(encouragingly) There you go. That always helps.

Trip grabs a piece of cake with his bare hand.

TRIP:

What am I paying you to do today?

DESLER:

I have a court-date at three.

TRIP:

For what?

DESLER:

Nothin.

TRIP:

Did you do it?

DESLER:

(unconvincingly) Naawww...

TRIP:

What are you making?

Desler is working with chemicals and test tubes at his desk.

DESLER:

Making some Happy Juice.

TRIP:

Well, don't make a mess.

Trip opens the door to exit, peeks back.

TRIP:

Happy Birthday you crazy bastard.

DESLER:

(pleasantly surprised) Thanks, Trip!

Trip exits. We read on the door, 'Lowcountry Security Solutions, LLC' (or similar). Desler has taped a horrible printout of their new logo on the door.

* * *

Trip drives on a dirt road through a remote forest. It's gorgeous. He approaches a random, locked metal box. He looks around, takes out a key, and unlocks it. He puts the thumb drive inside. A small bag is waiting for him. He grabs it and takes a peek. Cash.

TRIP:

Xam the man.

* * *

Outside of the small, local airport. A dangerous looking, very fit man waits at the curb holding a duffle bag. A very nice car pulls up and he gets in. A muscular brawler type named McMillan is driving, and a man who looks very much like a government agent of some kind sits in the backseat. The agent's name is Kearny.

KEARNY:

Fredrick, long time.

Fredrick is silent.

KEARNY:

Right to business, as always.

He pulls out a manila envelope, hands it to Fredrick.

KEARNY:

Eyes only, please.

Fredrick examines the contents of the envelope.

KEARNY:

Time is of the essence here, my old compatriotz.

MCMILLAN:

Mr. Kearny - are we going up Hyde, or staying on Marsh Grove?

KEARNY:

Why don't you just pull over here.

McMillan pulls over on the side of the road.

KEARNY:

You've got what you need.

Fredrick nods, gets out. The car drives off. Fredrick stoically watches it go.

* * *

Xam, followed by the flying Robo, pulls up to the metal drop box in his SUV. He unlocks it and grabs the thumb drive.

XAM:

Trip Dee Dip.

ROBO:

I want it.

XAM:

Nnnno.

ROBO:

(cute) Why not? Sheesh! (makes cute noise)

* * *

Desler is at his double-wide trailer in the deep forest. There are guns, knives and swords displayed on the walls, as well as a huge American flag and a huge 'Don't Tread on Me' flag. He also has a Datastrike poster and a signed poster for the Michael Goldfarb radio

show. Desler has a cute kitten named Phoebe.

Desler takes a look at the subpoena on the cork board, then checks the clock. Desler turns to Phoebe.

DESLER:

Well, Phoebe, we've got a few hours to kill - what do you think we should do? (Desler speaks for Phoebe) "Let's train! Meow!"

Music blasts. Outside of his trailer, Desler is now dressed in a martial arts uniform, working out in his elaborately crappy training area. Phoebe is also in a little martial arts uniform.

DESLER:

Martial arts!

He beats a heavy bag, falls on a mat, and does flips and stuff onto a crash pad. He punches and kicks crappily made dummies. Phoebe has her own dummies and targets to attack.

Now Desler is in rad, 80's street clothes, like a punk out of the first Terminator movie.

DESLER:

Projectiles!

He throws knives and ninja stars at different targets. Phoebe the cat does the same ... kind of.

Now Desler is in tactical gear, as is Phoebe.

DESLER

Guns!

Desler shoots assault rifles and pistols, blasting wood logs and the like.

Now Desler is in a hazmat suit, as is Phoebe.

DESLER:

Chemical weapons!

He sprays objects with different liquids that start to fizzle and melt. He throws water balloons full of - who knows. Desler looks at

Phoebe.

DESLER:

Let's try the Happy Juice.

He sprays a makeshift pepper-spray vile at one of the dummies. Nothing happens. He looks sad. Phoebe comfortingly puts her paw on his shoulder. As he is heading inside, the dummy begins to smoke. As Desler looks back, the dummy erupts into flames.

DESLER:

Hooray!

Back inside the trailer, Desler is sweaty.

DESLER:

Woo. How we doin' on time?

He checks the clock. It has been fifteen minutes.

Everything darkens. We see a wide shot of the bleak, empty trailer. Phoebe runs off to chase a squirrel.

DESLER:

Phoebe! (watches her go) Okay...

All we hear in the trailer is ambient noise. The sound of nothing. The sound of being alone.

This sound intensifies.

Desler is totally alone, in many senses. He looks around, slumps down in the corner, depressed. His heart starts to beat faster. He begins to have a mild panic attack. He's having trouble breathing. He gets up and starts pacing. The sound of the ambient noise becomes deafening. The room is larger, emptier. Desler grabs his Bible, flips it open, and reads.

DESLER:

"You will say to me, why does God still find fault? For who can resist his will? But who are you, oh man, to talk back to God. Shall the thing formed say to it's maker, 'Why have you made me this way?' Has not the potter power over the clay?"

Desler ponders. The ambient noise dies down. The darkness begins to lift.

DESLER:

Jesus, please protect me from evil spirits.

He flips to a different section and reads.

DESLER:

"Whatever you ask in my name, I will do it, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask anything in my name, I will do it."

Desler starts crying. He gets down and prays.

DESLER:

God help me. God save me. Please lift this darkness. Jesus, thank you for dying for my sins. Holy Spirit, please fill me and protect me from evil.

He wipes the tears, some of which have fallen onto the open Bible, smudging the ink that plasters its pages.

DESLER:

I'm lonely, God. I'm lonely. Sometimes I feel like people don't like me very much - which is crazy, cuz I'm really cool. But anyway. You said that if I ask it in Jesus' Name that you'll do it. So I'm asking ... to not be lonely. And please protect me and Trip and Xam from evil spirits. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

Desler smells something. Smoke. He goes outside, where the Happy Juice fire has re-ignited. Des picks up the fire extinguisher and sprays it again.

DESLER:

Dayumn.

He pats himself on the back.

* * *

Exterior of a Mexican restaurant, where Trip pulls his vehicle into a parking space and gets out. J.S. and William walk out of the restaurant toward their vehicle.

WILLIAM:

Well, well, well. If it isn't the private eye. The private brown eye.

Trip stares down Bill blankly.

J.S.:

Take a walk, Bill.

BILL:

Don't tell me what to do.

J.S. stares him down. He breaks eye contact, looks down, and scurries away.

TRIP:

Your new partner?

J.S.:

Good men are hard to find, Trip. I used to have a great partner, but, eh ... He resigned a few years back. (obviously talking about Trip)

TRIP:

That's a shame.

J.S.:

Yeah, so now I'm stuck with, uh - with officer BO. Officer WILLIAM BO.

TRIP:

Bill? Bo?

In the distance, a moth flutters around Bill. He swats at it.

TRIP:

Bill Bo. ?

J.S.:

Yes.

TRIP:

Bill Bo. ?

They watch as Bill takes out his gun and tries to get the moth in his sights.

J.S.:

Marco Peretti is not happy, Trip.

TRIP:

Who's that.

J.S.:

You know who he is. I believe that your friend Xam has a vendetta against Mr. Peretti.

TRIP:

XAM? Who the fuck would call themselves XAM?

J.S.:

A real asshole, that's who.

Bill Bo steps in an unusually large pile of shit that seems to have appeared from nowhere.

BILL:

Oh! I stepped in poopie!

J.S.:

You're not bringing that shit into my car.

She turns to Trip.

J.S.:

Listen. Plausible deniability - I get it - but Peretti is connected. I'm talking Intelligence agencies.

TRIP:

I still have no idea what you're talking about.

Bill slips and falls, chest-first, into the pile of shit.

BILL:

Ahhw-oh! I fell into this pile of doo-doo!

* * *

The injured Marco sits nervously at the kitchen table. Darwin and Crisp, battered and bruised, watch Derek Leavenworth stream on the TV.

DEREK:

I'll tell you the truth about these so-called Social Justice Warriors. Their parents never told them about the boy who cried wolf. Everybody's making a fuss about things that aren't really a threat to them. But the reality is, there are some *real* bad guys in this world, and if you blow your wad on minor grievances, to the point where everyone is SICK OF YOU, you're gonna lose their ear when it really matters! I say lose the battle to win the war.

They change to a different stream. A high-voiced, establishment conservative pundit named Bentley Papsmearo is arguing with another guy.

BENTLEY:

Listen, I have two hundred employees. If I paid them a (airquotes) living wage, I wouldn't have this operation. What does that even mean? Living Wage. Uh- hello - we're all living. And, last time I checked, we're getting a wage. I mean, with what money is this fantastical wage going to be paid?

PUNDIT BOB:

With the rise of AI, automation, robotics - it's clear that a Universal Basic Income will be necessary.

BENTLEY:

But again, Bob, who is going to FUND it? Where is this money coming from? Are you gonna fund it? (beat) **Are you?**

Pundit Bob is uncomfortable.

Bentley gets higher pitched as he gets excited.

Exactly. Where is this money coming from? The U.S. is trillions of dollars in debt!

PUNDIT BOB:

You know, you're making good points, but...
Your voice is so squeaky.

Marco's doorbell rings. When the door opens, Kearny and McMillan are standing there. Darwin, Crisp and Marco stare at them. Kearny is taken aback by how injured the three of them are. When Marco walks inside toward the kitchen table, Fredrick is already sitting there. Marco, startled, shoots at him. The bullet misses by two feet. Fredrick is unphased.

MARCO:

What the fuck?

Darwin and Crisp fix their guns on Fredrick.

KEARNY:

There's no point. He's a Triton Soldier.

MARCO:

(in disbelief) Holy shit.

Darwin and Crisp exchange confused glances.

KEARNY:

So where's the computer?

MARCO:

Follow me. Darwin, Crisp - watch these two. But don't fuck with that guy. (points to Fredrick)

In Marco's room, Kearny approaches the computer.

KEARNY:

What exactly do you keep on here?

MARCO:

Records.

KEARNY:

What kinds of records?

Kearny explores various folders. He finds a folder entitled 'Bodycam footage.' He opens it. Inside are a variety of folders, sorted by month and year, going back for at least seven years. He double-clicks on one that says 'Afghanistan' and a date.

We see and hear the first-person view from a mercenary. Kearny skips ahead, sees a raging firefight, and villagers being mowed down.

KEARNY:

Oh, Marco. You should have disclosed this. We could have at least kept it on a secure platform.

MARCO:

This *is* secure. They didn't hack my password, they made a copy of my entire machine.

KEARNY:

So does that mean they still have to crack it?

MARCO:

Yes!

KEARNY:

And you're the only one who knows the password?

MARCO:

Yes!

Kearny flips through some more folders. He sees a folder entitled 'Regent's Island Gala' and a date.

KEARNY:

(solemn) Ohh no.

He opens the folder and begins clicking through the different video clips. We see a mercenary patrolling an elite gala. We see that the

party is full of sex and drugs. In an inner chamber, robed cultists are preparing to sacrifice Trip's wife, Kathleen.

KEARNY:

NOO!!

He turns off the monitor, but the audio still plays. Kathleen screaming. Kearny rips the speakers away from the computer, pulls out his silenced pistol, and blasts Marco in the head. Marco's brains spray all over his bedroom as he falls flat on his back.

Kearny walks out holding his silenced pistol. He has blood spray on his face.

KEARNY:

McMillan - get me a tissue.

Darwin and Crisp look confused.

KEARNY:

Your boss is dead.

McMillan hands Kearny a tissue.

KEARNY:

We have a problem. In fact, we have several problems, all of which can be solved in a very short time. There are three of you, and there are three problems that need to be solved. How 'bout this: For every problem that you solve, you get one million dollars. How does that sound?

All three men are readying their weapons, cocking pistols, blowing dust out of their sights.

MCMILLAN:

What about me?

KEARNY:

Sorry, McMillan. You're a good brawler, but I think this is above your paygrade. (to Darwin) Come here.

Darwin approaches.

KEARNY:

(searching his buttons) Where is it?

Kearny pulls one of the buttons off. A thin wire is attached to it. He breaks the wire and shows it to mercenaries.

KEARNY:

Marco's been keeping tabs on you guys - which would be fine, if he had disclosed it to us. So now we have a problem that needs solving, quickly, before *my* employer finds out, and it's *my* ass.

CRISP:

We can take care of this real quick.

KEARNY:

Wait. (pause) Just wait. Fredrick, let's talk.

Fredrick and McMillan follow Kearny out of the room. Crisp and Darwin examine the bodycams.

DARWIN:

He has so much footage of me whacking off.

* * *

Desler is in a sterile-looking courtroom. It's not sexy and wooden like in the movies; it's just a room with a table and chairs. A judge sits at one end of this table, and a prosecutor, Olivia, sits with her witness. Olivia is really effing hot. Damn! This witness is a man in his 50's, who is staring intently at Desler. A blind and beautiful stenographer, Jenny, types away in the corner as an armed guard stands on duty by the door.

OLIVIA:

At 3pm on the 28th, Mr. Prescott witnessed Mr. Strom throwing smoking projectiles in the forest near the woods at 129 Stearn. And at 3:30pm, a fire breaks out at the same location, proceeding to burn down an acre of protected lands. Mr. Prescott is confident that Mr. Strom is responsible for the fire.

JUDGE:

Mr. Strom, can you deny these allegations?

DESLER:

Your honor, this evidence is inconclusive. I will -

He notices that Olivia has a massive piece of spinach in her teeth. He points to it.

DESLER:

Umm. You have a ... chunk.

OLIVIA:

What?

DESLER:

You got a chunk. It's nasty.

JUDGE:

(uncomfortably) There's, uhh, something in your teeth.

Olivia insecurely turns to get it out.

DESLER:

(pause) Right. I'll move to show with -

He shoots a glance at Jenny.

DESLER:

- hard - evidence that my client did not cause the fire.

JUDGE:

You don't have to speak about yourself in the third person.

Jenny snickers. Desler looks at her and is interested.

DESLER:

Your honor, if it pleases the court, I would like to introduce ...
exhibit A!

He opens his laptop, which has a video clip ready to play. He plays it.

DESLER:

This is CCTV footage from the whooping crane observation deck. It shows conclusively that I did not start the fire, but that a group of nair-do-wells - led by Mr. Prescott's shit-eating nephew, Grant - actually started the fire.

OLIVIA:

This evidence was not disclosed in advance and is therefore inadmissible.

The Judge grabs the laptop, takes a look.

JUDGE PERKINS:

You're right, Olivia, it is inadmissible. (casually) BUT - now I know he didn't do it, so court is adjourned.

DESLER:

(excited) YES!! Thank you, your majesty!

Jenny laughs.

DESLER:

Your ... your honor. Your grace! Your eminence!

He is bowing. Jenny cracks up. Desler looks at her, smiles. Mr. Prescott is livid.

MR. PRESCOTT:

Grant! I'mmon whoop that little shit!

* * *

At Jimmy the hippie's house, there is a knock at the door. Jimmy opens the door to find McMillan.

JIMMY:

Come on in, Pete.

The driver (McMillan) is looking through a duffle bag full of different drugs.

JIMMY:

Keep this in your trunk, they can't search it without your permission.

MCMILLAN:

I know. So ... Jimmy. Are you friends with Trip Lively and Desler Strom?

JIMMY:

I used to be friends with Desler.

MCMILLAN:

And what about Xam Dresden?

JIMMY:

I ... kinda know him. He used to do theatre with me and Desler. Before Desler became a religious fanatic. One too many acid trips, and - 'Cuckoo!'

McMillan hands Jimmy a fat wad of cash.

MCMILLAN:

There's a tip in there for your trouble - and your discretion.

JIMMY:

Hey, am I invited to the party?

MCMILLAN:

There's a ten-thousand dollar buy-in. Actually, I think it's twenty thousand dollars now. I'm not even invited, I have to wait by my car the whole time. But they might let me in.

JIMMY:

Lotta sex?

MCMILLAN:

I think so. Dude, these old, rich politician chicks? (excited)
It's nasty.

As McMillan is preparing to leave, he notices one of the posters on the wall.

MCMILLAN:

Jimmy, I saw some of your plays back in the day. Y'all were good!

He exits.

JIMMY:

That ... was a long time ago.

Jimmy stares longingly at the clippings while melodramatic music plays.

* * *

Xam, at his house, plugs the drive into his computer. He begins a decryption process. Robo is flying around, doing random tasks around the house. He takes note of what Xam is doing.

ROBO:

You made a complete copy of Mr. Peretti's machine. Why?

XAM:

I need to find out what happened to my brother.

Robo picks up some whitey-tighties. He flies them through the air.

ROBO:

Xam, you have soiled yet another pair of your whitey-tighties.

XAM:

Put it in the hamper!

Robo flies to the hamper and drops the underwear in.

ROBO:

Yyyuuuck!! (makes cute robot noises)

Xam checks his setup.

XAM:

This is gonna take forever.

* * *

Jenny is sitting at an outside park bench, eating her lunch. She has her walking stick perched next to her. Desler approaches.

DESLER:

Hey, nice to see you again. (chuckles)

JENNY:

A blind joke? Classy.

DESLER:

May I ... sit?

JENNY:

I guess.

DESLER:

Hi, I'm Desler. How's it goin'?

JENNY:

Hey. I'm Jenny.

DESLER:

You're really cute.

JENNY:

You're making me uncomfortable.

DESLER:

Oh. I'm sorry. I'll go.

He gets up to leave.

JENNY:

Sit down.

DESLER:

(doing a repeated 'YES!' fist pump)
Yes! Yes! Yes!

Jenny shakes her head.

JENNY:

You're really forward.

DESLER:

Are you a Christian?

JENNY:

Why?

DESLER:

Do you believe in Evolution?

JENNY:

Do you?

DESLER:

I believe the earth is almost six thousand years old.

JENNY:

Really?

DESLER:

I like you.

JENNY:

Are you a Christian? I'm assuming you are.

DESLER:

Why?

JENNY:

Because only Christians believe that the earth is six-thousand years old.

DESLER:

I said 'almost.'

Jenny chuckles.

JENNY:

Are you joking?

DESLER:

No! (laughing) Why would I be joking?

JENNY:

What about the Big Bang?

DESLER:

There's no way that could happen if the Universe is 6000 years old.

JENNY:

(amused) Oh my gosh.

They are kind of flirting. Halfway down the block, the Judge is getting in his car. He sees Desler and Jenny laughing and hitting it off. He smiles.

* * *

Trip, at his office, analyzes the intricate web of photos and news clippings surrounding his wife's murder. Many of these clippings are yellowed and stained from coffee and liquor. As Trip is looking through the clippings, he notices several details. '...Multi-billion-dollar facility erected at Bitter Sands military compound...' '...local war vet Paul Dresden killed in Afghanistan on private security operation...' '...partial remains of expecting mother found off of highway L...'

He ponders as he drinks. He hears the door chime. Someone is inside. He turns and reaches for his pistol. A female voice calls out.

OLIVIA:

Hello?

Olivia peeks her head in.

OLIVIA:

Are you Trip Lively?

TRIP:

Hold on one second, I'll be right out.

Trip looks for gum, mouthwash, anything. Best he can find is a bottle of vodka. He gurgles some and spits it into the corner, rushing out into the reception area. He is taken aback by how sexy Olivia is.

OLIVIA:

Trip Lively?

TRIP:

The same.

OLIVIA:

I'd like to hire you for a missing persons investigation.

TRIP:

Okay. And who is this missing person?

Olivia takes a seat.

OLIVIA:

I want you to go to this address and investigate the whereabouts of one Shontel Brown. He's wanted for cocaine trafficking, but went missing three days ago.

TRIP:

I'm not really a bounty hunter. And I only accept cash.

OLIVIA:

I'll pay you two thousand dollars.

TRIP:

Shit - I could probably find this guy right now.

OLIVIA:

(hesitant) Why don't you go in the morning?

TRIP:

I'm fine with that. You're a lawyer, right? I know you.

OLIVIA:

Yeah. Do you have a lawyer? Do you need a lawyer?

TRIP:

Everybody needs a lawyer.

* * *

It's night time. Desler's trailer. He is freshly showered, dressed very nicely, and is putting on cologne. Phoebe the cat watches jealously. Desler is adjusting his tie.

DESLER:

Don't look at me like that, Phoebe Cats. I need to find a Christian woman, get married, then I can have sex, then I can have twelve children.

Phoebe stares, hisses a little.

DESLER:

You're not my girlfriend, you're a cat. Do you wanna hear the song I wrote for Jenny?

Phoebe walks away, uninterested.

DESLER:

(disgusted) Well fuck you, Phoebe. Fuck you.

* * *

Desler picks up Jenny from her apartment. He gets out of his car and stares. Jenny is taken aback by his silence.

Jenny and Desler approach a movie theater ticket window.

DESLER:

I'll take two adult tickets, please. For your finest film!

BOX OFFICE ATTENDANT:

Okie dokie. That'll be six hundred dollars.

* * *

Later, Jenny and Desler are walking by a lagoon.

DESLER:

Wow. That movie was a real piece of shit.

JENNY:

I couldn't see it, but I could hear how bad it was.

DESLER:

It was like ... if a piece of poop could have a baby ... that was a movie.

JENNY:

So what was that song you were gonna sing?

DESLER:

Oh, yeah, so it's like this:

(singing)

Shiatsu massager - deh deh deh deh, deh deh deh deh

Shiatsu massager - deh deh deh deh, deh deh deh

dah nuh nuh

When you get the shits

Gotta be a shiatsu misogynist

Jenny cracks up laughing.

JENNY:

What!?

DESLER:

Oh, no no no no! That's actually the wrong one. I wrote a song *for* you. Because of our interaction earlier today.

JENNY:

Okay, well let's hear that song.

DESLER:

Okay, here goes.

(singing earnestly, sweetly)

Jenny P.
Oh, do you miss me
when I'm gone
oh I'm gone
like all the time

I light fires
in crucible of my mind
nah nah nah
dah nah nah
nuh nah nah nah

(speaking) I didn't write that part yet, Jenny. But-

(Singing. It's wonderful.)

Did I ever save the world?
Did I ever get the girl?
Does anybody hear me when I
think I make a sound?

Jenny kisses Desler. Strings swell, carrying on the tune. They kiss innocently beside the water.

* * *

Xam is exercising while Robo flutters around the house. Xam checks his setup again.

XAM:

This is taking forever.

ROBO:

I want bacon bits!

XAM:

You're a robot. You don't need protein.

ROBO:

I am offended.

XAM:

Why are you offended?

ROBO:

Suck. My. Penis.

XAM:

You don't have a penis, you're a robot.

ROBO:

You don't have a penis. You have a vagina on your... vagina.

Xam swivels around in his chair.

XAM:

Maybe I should change your programming-

Robo readies a projectile.

ROBO:

Maybe I should puncture your heart with an explosive dart. I made a
rhyme. Woo! I could be a rapper.

Xam ponders.

XAM:

Bacon bits it is!

ROBO:

Yaayyy!!

Robo does a backflip.

ROBO:

Ba - con - bits!

* * *

Desler walks Jenny to her front door. They are holding hands.

JENNY:

Philosophy majors have the best LSAT scores.

DESLER:

I mean, yeah, I could be a lawyer, but - why?

They are now at Jenny's porch.

DESLER:

Tons of debt. You're just gonna get replaced by a robot in ten years, just like everybody else. I mean, everybody's either gonna be on welfare, or dead, or into crime in the future. It's ... dystopian. I'd rather just have my own place in the woods, have my weapons, grow my own food, just, you know-

JENNY:

Ah, so you feel it's better to just accept the dark cacophony and resign to a life of obscurity. But tell me, how's that isolation working for you?

Desler looks at Jenny with deep affection. His eyes get teary.

DESLER:

I really like you. You're really - I dunno. There's something about you. Jenny I'm ... lonely. Just like you said, and I don't have ... I've burned a lot of bridges.

JENNY:

You're not getting lucky, Desler.

DESLER:

I'm not trying to. I haven't had sex in a long time - by choice! I know it's a long shot, but maybe we could get married. If we ... we could elope.

JENNY:

Desler, I don't want twelve kids. And I don't want a husband with an archaic cosmology who doesn't believe in evolution; who's - let's be honest - chauvinistic -

DESLER:

Wait! I am like, the opposite of a chauvinist.

JENNY:

What is a chauvinist?

DESLER:

It's a guy who thinks that boys rule, girls drool - (realizing, sincerely) oh ok I guess I am a chauvinist.

JENNY:

Goodnight, Desler.

She begins to exit.

DESLER:

(desperate) No no no! I love women! I love them! *Girls* rule, boys drool.

She closes the door. Desler is pissed. He huffs and puffs; stomps down the porch stairs and stops short in front of the garbage collection bins. Jenny opens one of the windows at the front of her house.

JENNY:

(nicely) Bye, Desler.

DESLER:

You're the chauvinist. You're the chauvinist.

JENNY:

Whatever you say.

DESLER:

(fuming, trying to be calm, giving up) Okay. Okay, Jenny. You know what, Jenny? There's a lotta things I'm not, lotta things I can't do. But at least I can *SEE!!!*

Desler turns to run away, and falls head-first over the trash bins. Trash goes everywhere. Jenny is dumbfounded. Desler gets up, covered in garbage, and runs away like a girl.

* * *

At the police station, the chief of police, Bruster, is speaking to Kearny in his office. William Bo waits outside. Kearny exits, shoots an awkward glance at Bill, then continues on. William enters.

WILLIAM:

Who was that?

CHIEF:

Bill, I need you and J.S. to leave town tomorrow. Got a special mission for you in Augusta.

BILL:

Okay..?

CHIEF:

I need you to stay in Augusta as long as possible. I don't want you back till nightfall.

BILL:

Why?

CHIEF:

Excuse me? (pause) Now, you do a good job with this-

BILL:

Promotion?

CHIEF:

Oh, no no no no. But I might buy you some ice cream.

BILL:

Ooo, ice cream!

CHIEF:

(as though he's talking to a child) It's very important that you -
and J.S. - are in Augusta for as long as possible. Do you
understand?

BILL:

I think so.

CHIEF:

Your particular vehicle may not have a tire iron or a jack in it on
the particular day that you go to Augusta.

BILL:

I can taste the ice cream already . . .

* * *

*Transition from night to morning. Trip and Desler head out in Trip's
vehicle. Desler is holding the partially-eaten birthday cake.*

DESLER:

I'm bringing the cake. Where are we goin'?

TRIP:

You're friends with that Jimmy fella, yeah?

DESLER:

We used to do theatre a long time ago, until he quit.

TRIP:

Is he the one who pooped his pants?

DESLER:

Yeah! I mean, pants-pooing aside, the audience really got their money's-worth that night, there was lots of energy. And poop.

* * *

Back at Xam's house, his computer setup beeps. He checks it. Marco's password is displayed. Xam writes it down. The password reads: 'SMEGMA-KITTEN209'

XAM:

Is it a kitten made of smegma?

ROBO:

You have smegma. In your butt.

Xam enters the password on the virtual machine. He is now logged in to Marco's computer. He scrolls around, finds the bodycam video folder. He opens it.

XAM:

Jackpot.

A window pops up that reads, 'SYSTEM UPDATE IMMINENT - BEGINNING UPDATE'

XAM:

Nooo no.

ROBO:

What's wrong?

XAM:

I think this is running on some sort of in-house, proprietary operating system.

Xam becomes very worried.

ROBO:

Aren't you using a VPN?

XAM:

We're gonna have to go mobile. Let's get some food.

Xam quickly packs up his shit. He sets an alarm to the house, but as a backup measure, puts a tiny piece of paper into his front door. He and Robo get into his SUV.

* * *

At a food place, Xam has his laptop open and Marco's virtual computer is continuing to update. He sits down with a meal and a bottle of soda. A black-haired female with tattoos is sitting within eye-shot, reading a book. She's pretty. She and Xam make eye-contact. He is about to open his bottle of soda. He looks at her, smiles, and winks. She is disgusted. Xam opens the soda, which sprays a tidal wave of liquid all over his face.

XAM:

(loudly) FUUCKK!!!

There are families who look at him angrily. The pretty, tattoo'd woman slightly shakes her head with disdain. Xam gives her a sexy look.

XAM:

How's it goin'?

* * *

Trip and Desler arrive at Jimmy's apartment. They go up to the door.

DESLER:

Let me handle this.

Desler knocks. The door opens.

JIMMY:

What's the password?

There's a tense pause. Suddenly, both Desler and Jimmy participate in a ridiculous ritual.

DESLER: JIMMY:

DIRTY PANTS! JOHN STAMOS!
JOHN STAMOS! DIRTY PANTS!
JOHN STAMOS! JOHN PANTS!
DIRTY STAMOS! DIRTY PANTS!

Now they open their mouths one at a time in quick succession, making a disgusting noise as they shut it. This goes on for a few seconds. Trip is befuddled and disgusted. Jimmy and Desler, completing the ritual, nod in solidarity.

JIMMY:

You may enter.

* * *

Inside the apartment.

TRIP:

We're trying to find this guy.

He holds out a crappy printout of Shontel Brown. Jimmy has his guitar, strums away distantly.

JIMMY:

And.

TRIP:

Are you gonna look at the picture?

JIMMY:

Uhhhh (long pause) what? Who the fuck are you?

Trip pulls out some cash, puts it on the printout and slides it over to Jimmy. Jimmy pockets the cash and looks at the picture.

JIMMY:

Thanks. (long pause) I have no idea what you're talking about.

Trip gets up, goes to Jimmy, and pulls the money out of his pocket.

TRIP:

Five second rule.

JIMMY:

(appalled) That's not how that works!

DESLER:

(Indicating the picture) So you don't know that guy?

JIMMY:

Fuuuck no. What - what is this, Desler? I don't see you for a while, you come in with this asshole?

DESLER:

(serious) We're puttin' out fires.

JIMMY:

(gravely) I got my own fires to put out.

TRIP:

To poop out.

JIMMY:

(irate) WHAT'D YOU SAY?!

TRIP:

Nothing.

JIMMY:

I think you can see yourselves out.

Trip exits. Des is about to leave.

JIMMY:

Des. Let's jam sometime. Without that asshole.

DESLER:

(earnestly) Okay. Or we could do some karaoke.

Jimmy pauses - fidgets.

JIMMY:

Yeah ... maybe...

Desler leaves. Jimmy takes a melodramatic moment.

* * *

J.S. and William are driving to Augusta. J.S. is in the driver's seat, William is riding shotgun, holding a manilla, sealed envelope.

J.S.:

This is bullshit.

* * *

The two officers are now inside an unimpressive government building. They approach a help desk where a clerk lazily types into a computer. J.S. approaches.

J.S.:

Hi. I believe Chief Bruster called in advance.

Without looking up, the clerk reaches out her hand. J.S., handing over the document.

J.S.:

I'll need a signed proof of receipt.

The clerk makes an unidentifiable noise. J.S. looks over to Bill, who is reclining lazily in an uncomfortable chair.

BILL:

I guess it's pretty important.

J.S.:

Yeah, maybe...

J.S. notices that Bill is getting nervous.

J.S.:

You look tense.

Bill gulps.

BILL:

I - I need to fart.

J.S.:

Then fart.

BILL:

I will.

Bill starts straining. Nothing comes out. J.S. stares intently. Bill strains, really tries to push one out. His face gets red.

J.S.:

Are you constipated?

The clerk is staring at Bill with concern. Bill finally farts, but inadvertently shits his pants.

J.S.:

(aghast) OH!! That sounded substantial.

Bill looks up to the heavens.

BILL:

It happened! (dry-heaves at the sweet aroma) It really happened!

* * *

Xam drives back to his house. Before getting out, he uses his cell phone to check the alarm system. All is well. Holding his open laptop, which is still updating, he heads toward the front door, but realizes that the little piece of paper he placed in the door is now on the ground. He pauses.

* * *

Trip and Desler, on the road, head for the address that Olivia gave to Trip.

TRIP:

My wife went to that gala ... I don't see her again ... They find her burnt remains on the side of Highway L. Some teeth. Some bones.

DESLER:

(disbelief) Right on the side of the highway?

TRIP:

Like someone was throwin' pieces of her out the window - little bit at a time.

DESLER:

Well if you know that these guys were responsible, what are we gonna do about it?

TRIP:

I don't know if you understand. Senators; Intelligence agents; military personnel; corporate executives. Events like this have more security than an inauguration.

DESLER:

We could handle it!

TRIP:

Handle what? What'dya expect we gonna do?

DESLER:

Kill everybody.

TRIP:

So if maybe a bad guy was inside of a building, would you blow up the whole building to kill the bad guy? And especially if you knew that maybe there was some innocent people in that building?

DESLER:

(pauses to ponder) How bad is the bad guy?

TRIP:

That's a problem. That's unhealthy.

DESLER:

You ever read Romans 9?

TRIP:

Proibly when I was a kid.

DESLER:

Romans 9 says that God preordained all of history from before the foundation of the earth. And that part of this preordaining is human choice. So ... in a sense, free will is real, but only God has free will, and human free will is actually not free will.

TRIP:

(blankly) Okay...

DESLER:

The point is, if the Bible is true - which it is - God determines who's gonna be good and who's gonna be evil, who's chosen and who's not chosen, before the Universe even existed.

TRIP:

(fed up) What about science? I mean, hasn't science shown that we don't need God as an explanation? Like, we used to see the lightning and say 'Oh, there's Zeus throwin' lightning.' But now we know why lightning happens.

DESLER:

(wise) Do we?

TRIP:

Yeah. (pause) Science stuff.

DESLER:

Well, there's definitely an ideology of science, but the things that hold it up - it's founding assumptions - are as impossible to validate -

TRIP:

-what kind of assumptions?

DESLER:

Science assumes that everything in nature can be explained through natural causes and processes. That's assumption number one.

TRIP:

So?

DESLER:

If you assume that everything that happens can only be explained through natural causes and processes, you're ruling out God as a presupposition. You're saying 'Our entire system is based on the absence of the supernatural.'

TRIP:

What's the problem with that?

DESLER:

Well the problem is, there's no proof given that the supernatural should be ruled out, they're just assuming it. They're saying God isn't real, the spirit realm isn't real - as an assumption, and no evidence is given for that assumption - and then that assumption is the basis for all their scientific findings. Do you follow?

TRIP:

I guess so.

DESLER:

So the very assumption is not a result of testing and evidence and experimentation. The assumption is something that is held on faith. Therefore all of science is built on faith. And actually, if you take into consideration the age and accuracy of Biblical manuscripts, the mathematical improbability of the fulfillment of the prophecies therein, and the evidence for the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ ... a reasonable person *must* conclude that the Christian faith is based on evidence, and not on faith.

TRIP:

I thought justification was by faith alone.

DESLER:

Justification *is* by faith alone, but the validity of the Christian worldview is not based on faith alone, it is based on facts, which science is not. Science is based on faith. Christianity is based on facts, science is based on faith, and you can go fuck yourself.

Trip has a shit-eating smirk. Desler is frazzled.

TRIP:

(turning more serious) So what about evil. God preordains evil.

DESLER:

Yes, he does.

TRIP:

So doesn't that make God evil?

DESLER:

Lemme put it this way: Do you ever play video games, Trip?

TRIP:

When I was eight.

DESLER:

Okay, well when you're playin' a video game and there are bad guys in the video game, does that make you hate the guy who made the video game?

TRIP:

No.

As Desler is talking, he is readying a various assortment of weaponry.

DESLER:

Why don't you hate the guy who made the video game? He put bad guys in the video game. He made bad stuff happen in the video game.

TRIP:

I guess cuz the point of the video game is to have an adventure.

DESLER:

Exactly, Trip! Exactly! To have an adventure!

Trip observes Desler preparing his weapons.

TRIP:

There really is a fine line between genius and insanity.

Trip pulls into a gas station.

TRIP:

I wanna get some coffee.

He notices that there is a line inside of the gas station. He gives Desler five bucks.

TRIP:

Why don't you get two black coffees. This house is right down the road, just - uhh - meet me there.

DESLER:

(peevd) I gotta walk?

TRIP:

It's like two minutes!

Desler exits the vehicle, Trip drives off.

* * *

At her house, Jenny P. is on the phone.

JENNY:

Well it's not pronounced 'Ed - in - burg,' it's Edinburgh. Yeah. What does he want? Mmm hmm. The Senator? The Judge? Well no, the - hold on.

She sees that she has another call from Desler. She sends it to voicemail.

* * *

Waiting in line at the gas station, Desler leaves a voicemail.

DESLER:

Hi, Jenny. Umm... this is Desler? I feel really bad for what I said last night. About ... you know, 'At least I can see, at least I'm not blind.'

Desler gets an awkward eye from others in the line.

DESLER:

Uhh ... I really like you. (sighs) This is tough. ANYWAYS I hope we can work something out. Again, I'm sorry. Bye.

He hangs up.

* * *

Behind Xam's house, he and Robo are inside of his SUV, which is running.

XAM:

You break the back window, go in, scope it out, and if you see anyone, you *kill* them, Robo - you *kill* them.

ROBO:

I don't want to die.

XAM:

(frustrated) You're not gonna die! I backed up your memory two days ago, you'll be fine.

ROBO:

I am ... more than my memory.

XAM:

(angry) Just get in the fucking house! Get in the house!

ROBO:

NNNo!

XAM:

Robo...

ROBO:

Nnnnno!

XAM:

Robo, don't act like a fucking baby, we don't have time for this.

ROBO:

(like a child) NNNnnnno!

Xam breathes deeply.

XAM:

(quiet, trembling rage) Robo you motherfucker.

Robo exits the vehicle.

XAM:

(still in trembling anger) I hate you so fucking much...

ROBO:

(super cute) Wooo!

Robo flies toward the back window.

* * *

Trip is at the address given to him by Olivia. He gets out, walks up to the front door, which is already partially open. He pushes the door with his elbow. Peering into the kitchen, he can barely make out a body on the ground, and blood.

TRIP:

FUCK.

He takes out his six-shooter.

* * *

Back at Xam's house, Robo is peering through the back window. Robo fires several projectile darts into the window, shattering it. The house alarm goes off. It is Xam's voice.

XAM'S VOICE ALARM:

(repeating) "YOOOU'RE FUCKED. YOOOU'RE FUCKED."

Robo enters. Xam watches Robo's video feed from his cell phone.

XAM:

I got a bad feeling about this.

Xam drives the SUV even further away, just in case.

* * *

Back at Shontel Brown's house, Trip wraps up his phone call with 9-1-1.

TRIP:

I'm just gonna wait outside until y'all get here.

Without warning, a hand holding a rag covers Trip's mouth and nose. Trip immediately falls unconscious. Fredrick catches his body and drags him into the house, where he lays him in the pool of blood next to Marco.

* * *

Back at Xam's house, Robo approaches Xam's computer setup.

XAM:

Move the mouse.

Robo uses a mech arm to move Xam's mouse. There is a spark sound from behind the computer, and a rapid beeping. A huge bundle of C4 is rigged to explode.

ROBO:

Uh - oh!

Robo speeds toward a window as fast as he can, letting out a high-pitched werrr.

Xam's entire house explodes in a horrendous flurry of splinters.

Robo shoots out of the window at break-neck speed in a cloud of purple flame. Xam watches from the safety of his SUV as not only his house, but two of the other adjacent houses are knocked into rubble. A burnt computer monitor slams onto Xam's hood.

* * *

Back at Shontel Brown's house, Fredrick positions Trip's body so that he's almost cradling Marco. He puts a glock in Trip's hand, making sure that Trip's fingerprints are on it, and he positions Trip's arm so that Trip will appear to have shot himself in the brain.

DESLER:

The back door was open.

Fredrick turns to receive two scathing-hot cups of black coffee in his face. Fredrick recoils for a moment as Desler pulls out two vials of Happy Juice.

DESLER:

(creepily excited) LET'S GET HAPPYYYYY!!

*He sprays two streams of juice onto Fredrick, who moves in and **easily** whoops the shit out of Desler. He throws Desler through a wall. Trip is waking up.*

Fredrick bursts into flames.

Trip sees the burning Fredrick, and also Marco, and quickly rises, pointing the glock at the burning assassin. Fredrick, although burning, comes at Trip, who begins blasting him with the glock. Fredrick falls backwards, but now the entire living room is on fire. A siren blasts in the distance. Desler finds a fire extinguisher and sprays Fredrick and the rest of the burning house.

DESLER:

The fire's gonna re-ignite.

TRIP:

What?

DESLER:

Yeah, the Happy Juice. It's like one of those trick birthday candles.

Fredrick pops up. Desler and Trip scream and jump out of the way. Fredrick dives through a window and out of the house. They watch Fredrick run, and after a few seconds he bursts into flames again.

DESLER:

(at Fredrick's expense) Hehh.

The house burns into flames again.

DESLER:

(in horror) AHHH!!!

They exit and get in the car. He backs out quickly and drives off. Desler watches as the burning Fredrick runs deep into the woods.

* * *

Xam is hauling ass down the highway. A stream of firetrucks and police cars pass him in the opposite direction. He answers a call from Trip.

XAM:

What the fuck, Trip.

TRIP:

What the fuck, Xam.

XAM:

My fucking house just blew up, that's what's what the fuck.

TRIP:

A supersoldier assassin just tried to set me up.

DESLER:

That's a really good tongue twister.

TRIP:

Marco's dead.

XAM:

What?!

As they communicate, Kearny is listening in from a dark office.

XAM:

This is legit. I've never seen an explosion like that, ever. Trash your phones, don't use the internet, get outta town. Can you hear me?

TRIP:

Yes.

XAM:

DROP BOX.

Xam hangs up. Trip pulls to the side of the road. He gets out, goes to Desler's side of the vehicle, opening Desler's door.

TRIP:

Gimme your phone.

Trip takes his own phone, as well as Desler's, and puts them on the ground. He begins smashing them.

DESLER:

(into it) Sweet.

TRIP:

You have any of that Happy Juice?

Desler hands him a pepper-spray bottle. Trip sprays Happy Juice onto the broken phones, hands the container back to Desler, and gets back in the car. He peels out as the cell phones burst into flame.

TRIP:

We gotta stay off the main roads. Do you know how to hot-wire a car?

DESLER:

(angry that movies get this wrong) Nobody knows how to hot-wire a car!

* * *

Amongst the rubble of Xam's exploded house, there is some movement. Robo comes online. He is badly injured and cannot fly, but he uses his mechanical spoon-arm to pull him toward the woods as police begin to search the debris.

Xam is at an intersection. He sees a stream of emergency response vehicles going one direction, and immediately after, more emergency response vehicles going the other direction. He suddenly hears...

ROBO:

(through a device) Xaamm...

XAM:

Robo!

Xam can see Robo's corrupted video feed.

ROBO:

I'm ... dying ...

XAM:

Just keep goin' into those woods, I'll getcha.

ROBO:

(weakly) Hurry...

* * *

Inside Jimmy's apartment, Jimmy is dressed from head to toe in a furry fox costume. He is chatting with a paid cam girl who is also dressed in a furry outfit, although it is very sexy. Jimmy tips her in cryptocurrency.

CAM GIRL:

Meow. Meow. (Thick accent) Oh Jimmy, are you a good fox or a bad fox?

JIMMY:

(thick accent) I'm dee kind of fox who likes do facks!

Jimmy's door gets kicked in by Trip. Desler is close behind.

JIMMY:

AHHH!!!

Trip grabs Jimmy's laptop and begins smashing it.

TRIP:

Die! Die! Die! Die!

JIMMY:

(tortured) Furryana!

Desler is taken aback by Jimmy dressed in the fox outfit.

JIMMY:

(a la Tolkein) What do you care what I do with my things!

Trip is now bashing Jimmy's cell phone with a hammer.

JIMMY:

What are you doing?!

DESLER:

We need your car.

JIMMY:

My car's in the shop!

DESLER:

Oh - that's bad.

Jimmy stands up, confronts Trip.

JIMMY:

FUCK you, man!

(pause)

Trip slaps Jimmy in the face.

Jimmy, appalled, slaps Trip in the face.

Desler, appalled at Jimmy slapping Trip in the face, slaps Jimmy in the face.

*Jimmy slaps Desler **and** Trip in the face with one slap.*

Desler reaches back to slap Jimmy in the face, but backhands Trip.

In response, Trip smacks Desler - in the face.

Desler responds to this by slapping Trip in the face.

Desler and Trip both look at Jimmy...

...then collectively slap him in the face.

A stream of high-caliber bullets begin flying into the apartment, bursting every object imaginable.

One of the bullets grazes Trip's arm. They all hit the deck. Fredrick has positioned a belt-feeding chain gun on the hood of his car. He blasts the apartment.

JIMMY:

(desperation) FUCK MY ASS FOREVER!!!

Every thing in the apartment that can explode ... does.

TRIP:

Back door?

Desler and Jimmy look at eachother, snicker.

DESLER:

(amused) Back door...

JIMMY:

Follow me!

They military-crawl to a back room. They rush out of the back door of the apartment, where Darwin and Crisp are getting out of a black truck. They are holding huge assault rifles and wearing threatening handkerchiefs over their noses and mouths.

CRISP:

(having fun) Speedy delivery! (begins blasting, more to contain than to kill)

The heroes are able to make it back into the apartment, although Desler receives a bullet ricochet in his arm.

Inside, Jimmy grabs a pistol. Fredrick, out of ammo, rushes toward the front door. He takes out two martial-arts short sticks and enters. Jimmy fires six rounds into him. This only slightly slows him down. A canister of tear gas bounces into the apartment.

TRIP:

Charge!!

Trip, Jimmy, and Desler all attack Fredrick at once. Fredrick, who's skin is bloody and cracked from being burned, disposes of them quickly with martial-arts skill that makes Bruce Lee look like a baby panda. Wow. Fredrick is really awesome. He bats them down with the short sticks as smoke fills the apartment. All three of them are coughing and groaning on the ground. Fredrick seems unaffected by the smoke. Darwin and Crisp, decked out with gas-masks and goggles, fix their guns on Fredrick.

DARWIN:

You can go home now, tough guy.

CRISP:

We're getting' that money.

Fredrick stares at them, breathing in the smoke. He gives a tiny cough, unaffected.

DARWIN:

You already botched this job. Leave it to the professionals.

Fredrick pauses. The smoke becomes thicker. Fredrick, noticing Jimmy's bong on the coffee table next to him, puts down the short

sticks, picks up the bong and a lighter, and proceeds to take a giant rip. Fredrick, while holding in the hit, offers the bong to Crisp and Darwin. They are about to shoot him. Fredrick uses the Triton Chip in his brain to hack into their phones, causing them both to ring at the same time. This distracts them. In a flash, Fredrick uses the bong to whoop the living shit out of them. He smashes Crisp in the nose with the bong as it breaks, then stabs Darwin in the gut with the remnant. Once they are both out of commission (not dead), he exhales the smoke, and nods approvingly.

The smoke is clearing. Trip, Desler, and Jimmy are gone. The three are back in Trip's vehicle. Trip is driving, Desler is riding shotgun, and Jimmy is in the backseat with the birthday cake. Trip speeds off of the main road onto a dirt, country road. The woods are thick around them.

JIMMY:

(shock and desperation) WHAT DID YOU DRAG ME INTO?!

TRIP:

(disappointed in himself) I never shoulda' taken that fucking job from Xam...

DESLER:

Uhh -(imitates a retarded person) doouuhh - (brightens) hey, come on, we're havin' a good time.

TRIP:

You know you're shot, right?

DESLER:

(optimistic) It's a ricochet. Didn't even break the bone.

The SUV they're in gets slammed from behind by an armored sedan. Fredrick is at the wheel.

TRIP:

SHOOT HIM!!

Desler leans out of the passenger side window and shoots at the windshield, but the bullets ping off.

DESLER:

Bulletproof!

TRIP:

Use that Happy Juice!

DESLER:

We're goin' too fast!

He looks around the car. Fredrick bashes their car again, then backs up a little to really get some speed. Fredrick changes gears to ram the car again. The partially-eaten birthday cake splats against the windshield. As Fredrick attempts to turn on the windshield wipers, the cake bursts into flames. Fredrick stops the car, gets out, and pulls a bazooka out of the trunk. Trip speeds up.

DESLER:

He's got some kinda' RPG.

Trip checks the rear-view.

TRIP:

It's probly' heat-seeking, spray some more of that shit!!

Desler begins spraying Happy Juice at the trees as Trip speeds up. Fredrick fires the rocket-propelled grenade. It streams after the vehicle, but Desler's Happy Juice ignites in a stream of flames that just barely pulls the RPG off-course. The camera follows the heat-seeking rocket as it competes with the fire to reach the SUV. The RPG decimates a giant Sea Pine tree, which collapses into the road behind the vehicle. During the explosion, the back half of the SUV is lifted up as though the car is going to flip over, but the vehicle lands back on it's rear wheels, and is able to continue driving, although it is badly damaged.

DESLER:

(triumphant) **FUCK YEAH!!!**

JIMMY:

(echoes as they drive off) **FUCK YOU SUPERSOLDIER!!!!**

Fredrick does not look pleased.

* * *

Xam is in the deep forest, holding his phone. He is tracking Robo. Several hundred yards away, police and firefighters are looking through the wreckage. Xam finds Robo in a small clearing.

XAM:

Robo!

He picks him up.

ROBO:

(feebly) Xam...

Xam is teary.

XAM:

I'm gonna fix you up, little guy.

ROBO:

(cute) I don't feel so good.

* * *

Outside of the clerk's office, J.S. and William Bo are staring at their vehicle, which has a flat tire.

J.S.:

Somebody musta' cut it.

Her cell phone rings.

J.S.:

This is J.S. (beat) What? (she looks at Bill) What?! (beat)

Yeah, we'll get there as soon as we can, but I gotta flat tire!
(beat) Fine! (she hangs up) That was Chief. There's a manhunt for
Trip Lively!

BILL:

What?

J.S.:

Yyuup. And conveniently, you and I are out here with a punctured
tire.

She stares at Bill suspiciously.

BILL:

Are you implying-

J.S.:

-oh, I'm not implying!

* * *

*Police are everywhere. Checkpoints are being set up. Traffic is
building. Xam is inside a party supply store. He picks up a bunch
of random costumes and goes to check out. Behind the counter is a
really bizarre looking person: The Party Supply Guy.*

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

Hi, I'm Pubert!

XAM:

Ahh - ok, Pube. I'd like to buy - all of this.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

You goin' to the big party?

XAM:

`Scuse me?

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

You know ... the big party. On Regent's Island. The big sex party.

XAM:

When is that?

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

Tomorrow! ... Right? ... Naww... Is it tomorrow? Lotta rich people been
comin here buyin masks and whatnot.

XAM:

(dismissive) Nice.

He pays cash. Xam notices Pubert's keys sitting behind the counter.

XAM:

I think somebody scratched your car.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

What?!

Pubert quickly runs around the counter and goes outside to the parking lot where he checks on his car. After thoroughly examining it, he comes back inside.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

Nnooo, I don't see any scratches on my car.

XAM:

See ya.

We watch Xam exit, with Pubert's car visible through the glass doors. Pubert pecks away on his cell phone. Jimmy walks into the party supply store.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

Heeeyyy, I'm Pubert.

JIMMY:

Why?

Xam, in the background, uses Pubert's car to drive away.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

Yeah, this big party ... all these rich people buy masks, and they get together ...

JIMMY:

Really?

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

(overexcited, getting horny) OHH, YEAH.

JIMMY:

(cautious) Alright.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

(sad, pouting) I wish I was invited to a sex party...

* * *

Cars are lined up at a checkpoint. A gruff, Southern officer is checking ID's and waving people through. The next car approaches.

CHECKPOINT OFFICER:

Hey, Gary. You're good, keep going.

The car drives off. Jimmy's car pulls up. The checkpoint officer is horrified. Jimmy is wearing a horribly cheap wedding dress, a deplorable red-headed wig, and has lipstick smothered around his mouth. He looks like a dollar-store whore.

JIMMY:

(like a drunk bat) Well hallo officer... My name is Pamela Transylvania! ... Oh, you're handsome...

CHECKPOINT OFFICER:

GOOD GOD.

JIMMY:

I could just wrap you up in tin foil and eat you like a spinach surprise!

The checkpoint officer almost vomits. Jimmy drives away.

CHECKPOINT OFFICER:

(losing all hope) What's happening to this country?

Desler and Trip are in the trunk.

DESLER:

Great job, Jimmy! You still got it!

JIMMY:

(still in character) I do like to dabble...

* * *

Exterior of the town courthouse. In Judge Perkins' burgundy office, he is boning Olivia, the lawyer. She's sprawled over her desk, as he rams her doggy-style. Her breasts are wonderful. As he gives it to her, she turns back with a start.

OLIVIA:

OBJECTION!

They stop. Tension.

JUDGE PERKINS:

OHUhh - OVER-RULED!!!

He continues banging her, harder. She LOVES it. From the scratches and spank marks on her, it appears that she likes pain.

OLIVIA:

(in ecstasy) HASHTAG ME TOOOOOOooo!!!

There's a knock at the door. They stop and scurry to put their clothes on. We hear a voice from behind the door.

JENNY:

Judge Perkins? It's Jenny.

JUDGE:

Yes, yes, yes... Just one second...

Jenny, in the hallway, fidgets a bit. She faintly hears the Judge saying...

JUDGE:

(hushed) Hide the dildo! (beat) Come in!

Jenny opens the door. Olivia scurries out.

JENNY:

(taken aback by the odor) What's that smell?

JUDGE:

(dismissive) I was eating tuna for lunch. Have a seat.

Jenny sits.

JUDGE:

I need to know what your relationship is with this Desler Strom.

JENNY:

What?

JUDGE:

The boy from court yesterday. He's currently a fugitive.

JENNY:

Why? What did he do?

JUDGE:

His employer is accused of first-degree murder. Desler is wanted for questioning. There's currently a man-hunt out for him. Did you know that? Has he tried to contact you?

JENNY:

He left me a voicemail earlier.

JUDGE:

Is he your boyfriend?

JENNY:

NO! We went to a movie last night, but ... he's a chauvanist.

JUDGE:

Be that as it may, let me know if you hear anything.

JENNY:

Yes, your honor.

She gets up to leave.

JUDGE:

I know this is late notice, but my date for tomorrow's Regent's Island gala has cancelled on me, and I was wondering if you would like to attend?

JENNY:

Are you kidding? That's a \$20,000 plate!

JUDGE:

I was going to take my niece, but she got pneumonia. If you're gonna go, you'll need to wear something nice - do you have something nice?

JENNY:

Uh - yeah. I do.

JUDGE:

Great. I'll have my driver pick you up at 9am. Save your appetite.

Jenny is very excited.

JENNY:

Thank you, Judge Perkins!

She gives Judge Perkins a big hug. Something sticky has gotten onto her hands.

JENNY:

Oh! What's this sticky stuff?

JUDGE:

Oh, I must have ... spilt my protein shake.

JENNY:

When? (Jenny tastes it) Ugh. Tastes like egg whites.

* * *

Jimmy, still in drag, turns on the radio. The trio is well off of the beaten path, deep in the woods somewhere. There are no homes as far as the eye can see.

RADIO:

Police are on a manhunt for four Lowcountry men considered armed and extremely dangerous. Police Chief Bruster released the following statement.

CHIEF BRUSTER:

It has come to our attention that these men are part of a domestic terror cell orchestrated by the criminal mastermind Trip Lively. If you have any information that could lead to the apprehension of these criminal terrorists, we're offering a twenty thousand dollar reward-

Jimmy turns off the radio.

JIMMY:

We're here.

They drive down a long dirt driveway and pull up to a rustic, two-story farmhouse nestled in the woods. Jimmy's Uncle Bert, a man in his sixties, is sitting outside on a rocking chair, shotgun in hand. He rocks gently. Jimmy, still dressed as a Transylvanian prostitute, gets out of the car.

BERT:

What in the name of Herbert Humphrey's ballsack?

JIMMY:

(desperate, still in character) UNCLE!!!

BERT:

I don't pay for sex, devil woman!

He cocks his shotgun.

JIMMY:

Uncle Bert! (clears throat, snaps out of character) It's me! Jimmy!

Bert takes a long pause.

BERT:

So you ain't a tranny whore?

JIMMY:

NO! And I'll prove it!

He runs to the trunk, opens it. Desler and Trip get out.

BERT:

(shocked) What the hell kind of pervert are you?!

* * *

In a coffee shop, Xam is dressed like Mark Twain. He approaches a thirteen year old boy. This boy has a laptop and a cell phone.

XAM:

(in character) Well hello, little boy. That's a nice laptop you've got there -

LITTLE BOY:

Are you a pedophile?

XAM:

(forcing a laugh) HO HO HO HO HO. Oh, you generation and their - oH HO HO Hooo. Generation X.

LITTLE BOY:

(beat) I'm serious. (pause)

XAM:

(hushed) I'll pay you two thousand dollars for your gear. Cash.

Xam takes a seat in a different part of the coffee shop with the kid's laptop and phone. He plugs in his external drive and begins watching footage from the bodycams. The little boy, with some

friends, is pointing at Xam and laughing.

LITTLE BOY:

What a fag.

XAM:

(in character) I'm not a fag! You little whipper-snappers!

LITTLE BOY:

(across the shop) Why don't you go fuck yourself?

XAM:

(stands up) You want me to fuck myself? How 'bout I FUCK YOU!!!

Everyone in the coffee shop stares at Xam. The black-haired, tattoo'd girl from earlier is staring at him.

* * *

Inside Bert's house, there's a huge American flag on the wall, as well as a 'Don't Tread on Me' flag. The house is ripe with guns, swords, very similar to Desler's house. There's an extensive library of survivalist magazines, literature, and videos. Desler is in heaven. He turns to Trip.

DESLER:

He's got, like, an entire occult section.

BERT:

Secret societies - it's real. Help me move this couch.

Trip and Bert move one of the couches over. Bert pulls on a huge rug, revealing a secret hide-away in the floor. He opens it.

BERT:

The police is comin.

Trip hears the distant rumbling of police driving toward the house. He turns to see seven police cars headed down the long, dirt driveway.

BERT:

Get in.

TRIP:

Way- way- way- wait. How do we know you're not gonna sell us out?

BERT:

You don't. Now get the fuck in that hole.

Trip gets in. Desler follows. As Jimmy's getting in, Bert says to him:

BERT:

You brought trouble upon my house.

JIMMY:

I'm sorry, uncle Bert.

BERT:

Well, you're kin. Pack in that hole.

Desler laughs annoyingly. Bert closes the hatch, pulls the rug over, and starts dragging the couch back into place. All seven cop cars get into position. Bert comes out with a shotgun.

CHIEF BRUSTER:

How we doin' today?

BERT:

If you lookin for dem boys, you ain't gonna find em here.

CHIEF:

'Dem boys..' How do you know bout 'Dem boys..' all the way out here?

BERT:

I got satellite internet.

CHIEF:

(assessing) Bert Rooney...

BERT:

I tell you what Chief Bruster. You take your lil' young recruit there... Why don't you pull down his pants, and take our your lil' wiggly dingle dong... And whydonchu just slip 'dat lil' bitty dingle dongie right up into his happy hole?

Desler and Jimmy are viciously trying not to crack up. Some of the other cops snicker a little. Chief Bruster turns to them.

CHIEF:

(brutal) Shut the fuck up! You laugh when I tell you to laugh.
(calm) Bert, I don't know if you realize this, but we're talkin' military level shit here. (aggressive) DO NOT TEST ME TODAY.

BERT:

I tell you what Chief Bruster. Here's what I want you to do. I want you and these seven young, handsome officers to all pull down their pants. To bend over on all fours in a line. And create what's considered by some to be a 'human centipede.' Mouth to anus. And then why don'tchall crawl - while shitting in eachother's mouths - but, Chief Bruster, I just wanna make sure that you're at the back, so you can eat the shit that's been shit outta every one of these handsome young officers. You do that for me, and I'll letcha in my house. Otherwise, you're gonna need to get a fuckin' warrant.

CHIEF:

And what if I don't get a warrant? What if I just come in right now?

BERT:

Well suppose... via satellite internet you're being broadcast at this very moment to my friends over at Datastrike News, where I happen to be a remote contributor. Wouldn't that be somethin'?

Tense pause.

CHIEF:

(as though pronouncing a death sentence) You made your choice.

BERT:

(knowingly) Yes, I did.

Bruster gets in his car. The car peels out. The other police follow, chuckling and hi-fiving.

* * *

Xam, in a different costume, is now in a cheap motel room. Using that kid's laptop, he is able to hack into Chief Bruster's phone. Chief Bruster, driving away from Burt's house, is on the phone with Judge Perkins.

CHIEF:

Rooney says he's videotaping. Says I need a warrant.

JUDGE:

Just get your boys outta' there. We'll take it from here.

Kearny is in Perkins' study with him. Xam is able to hack into Judge Perkins' HDTV webcam. He can see Kearny, Perkins, and McMillan.

CHIEF:

Judge, I know they're in there.

JUDGE:

Don't make me repeat myself.

Xam is using a program called 'Easy-Hack 3.0'.

JUDGE:

Kearny, isn't this kind of thing in your wheelhouse? (darker)
You've turned an easily fixable situation into a Grade-A fuck-up.

Kearny drops to one knee. McMillan, slightly confused, also drops to a knee.

KEARNY:

Apologies, oh Light-Bearer.

Judge rises, emanating an eerie energy. There is a low, whirring noise. Xam's camera starts to glitch. Judge walks to Kearny, who is kneeling at his feet.

JUDGE:

You have been measured in the scales, and found wanting. Jeranathu is not pleased. But I will give you one more chance.

KEARNY:

Hail Jeranathu! Hail Teemoth! Hail Parathrax!

The Judge slowly looks directly at Xam through the camera.

Not only does Xam's screen glitch out, but the film's audience experiences a glitch as well.

Judge stares into the camera and says:

JUDGE:

Are you enjoying the show?

Xam flips out. He rips the satellite internet out of his laptop, and slides the laptop away. The Judge is still looking directly at him, and walks up to the camera. Xam picks up a steam iron. The Judge, holding a fountain pen, stares. He stabs the fountain pen into the camera. The tip of the fountain pen comes out through the middle of Xam's screen, cracking the display. Xam screams in horror and chucks the steam iron into the laptop, then runs out of the motel room.

XAM:

IT'S GHOST DAD!!!

* * *

Trip, Desler and Jimmy are safely out of the hatch.

BERT:

I'm gonna leave this hatch accessible just in case.

* * *

The four of them are outside behind the house. Jimmy pulls the tarp off of the car they arrived in.

BERT:

Now, Jimmy you remember where the swamp is?

JIMMY:

Yeah.

BERT:

Y'all are gonna take that car and dump it in the swamp.

TRIP:

What about alligators?

Bert throws Trip a shotgun.

BERT:

One of you's gonna have to drive it in at full speed and swim out.

JIMMY:

Heh. Well I'm not doin' it.

BERT:

Like hell you aren't!

Bert hands each of them a D20 dice.

BERT:

Whoever gets the lowest roll has to go in the water.

DESLER:

You play Dungeons and Dragons?

BERT:

(not a clue) What's that?

Desler audibly fizzles. They all roll the dice. Jimmy gets a crit-fail.

JIMMY:

There is a God. And he hates me!

BERT:

Watch out for those gay fish. Government been pourin' BPA and

glyphosate. All these estrogen mimickers into these waters. It's been turnin' all the wildlife into faggots. Just the other day I saw two frogs lickin' eachothers' buttoles.

* * *

We immediately cut to Jimmy paddling frantically in a swamp. The car is sinking in the background. Alligators are watching casually, not caring. Trip and Desler stand on the shore, shotguns readied as Jimmy sloses out onto the shore.

JIMMY:

I almost had a heart attack.

An alligator grabs Jimmy's pant leg and pulls him down to the ground. Trip and Desler scream. The alligator bites Jimmy's pants and pulls them down. Jimmy's bare butt is exposed.

JIMMY:

Not my boo boo!

The alligator, tongue wagging, mounts Jimmy and begins sexually violating him.

JIMMY:

It's inside!

Desler and Trip stare in fascination.

DESLER:

(horrified yet transfixed) S c h i n d l e r ' s L i s p..

JIMMY:

No ... Words ...

Trip is about to shoot. Desler indicates for Trip to stop.

DESLER:

He's not trying to hurt him. He's trying ... to love him.

The alligator lets out a triumphant growl. He licks Jimmy's face nurturingly, then crawls away into the swamp.

JIMMY:

(softly, with PTSD) I feel like Edward Norton...

* * *

Back at Bert's house, Jimmy is covered in swamp guck. Bert is carelessly spraying him down with a hose. Trip and Desler are trying hard not to laugh.

BERT:

Is it ... fully submerged?

JIMMY:

(insane) **NOO!!!**

Bert stares.

TRIP:

Yes. *The car is fully submerged.*

DESLER:

But, for the record, zero alligator penises are - or were - fully submerged. Especially in Jimmy's ass.

BERT:

(knowingly) Mmm hmm. As long as you didn't enjoy it, boy! HAHAHA!

Desler and Trip join in the laughter. Jimmy is sullen. He has a stomach ache. He farts, and a stream of black gunk shoots out of his pant leg.

BERT:

(guffaws at the sight) Alligator jizzums!

They (except Jimmy) laugh even harder. Jimmy begins crying.

JIMMY:

(sobbing) WHY?! ... OH!! Ed Norton! ... OOH! ... I'm Edward Norton!

* * *

Fredrick is in a cheap motel room, a variety of easily obtainable supplies at his disposal. Rubbing alcohol, thread and needle, bandages, styptic pencil, etc. Blood is everywhere. Body armor off, he is patching himself up, appearing not to feel any pain. With his shirt off, not only do you see how insanely ripped/in shape he is, but you see so many scars, bullet wounds, etc., you realize he's basically the ultimate fighting weapon. He has gotten a hold of several medical bags of blood, and begins attaching an IV to one. His Triton biochip, whos tendrils are connected like a deep-earth fungus throughout his brain, indicates that PAIN and FEAR are toggled off. The chip links to the internet and selects some sweet music. The music begins playing through the flatscreen in the motel room. Fredrick bops his head, expressionless.

* * *

At the police office, J.S. slams Bill Bo against a locker.

BILL:

He told me to keep you out of town!

J.S.:

Why?

BILL:

I DON'T KNOW, HONESTLY!

J.S. relaxes a little.

J.S.:

Bruster trusts you.

BILL:

I guess so..

J.S.:

Well he obviously doesn't trust me. You're gonna be my little mole.

BILL:

But I'm a human being.

J.S.:

You're gonna dig around and be sneaky and be my little spy.

BILL:

(sexily) What do I get out of it?

J.S. punches Bill in the balls really hard.

BILL:

MMmmrrphg!!! MY TESTICLES!

J.S.:

(legitimately impressed) Those are surprisingly large.

BILL:

(in agony) (sincerely) Thank you...

* * *

Xam sits in a different vehicle outside of Caitlin's Catering. He has a different laptop, and the repaired Robo is charging next to him. Xam, with binoculars, is spying on McMillan as McMillan walks into Caitlin's Catering. McMillan uses a credit card to make a payment and signs some invoices. Xam is uploading all of the bodycam footage to an online folder. He sends an email to Derek Leavenworth, Michael Goldfarb and Julius Jones. The message reads:

"Friends,

Attached is classified footage from the Peretti security bodycams. I have not yet had time to review said footage, but because this is of a delicate nature, I would rather you review and publish, ASAP.

Thanks,

MAXHAX"

Robo makes some beeps and boops. Xam turns.

XAM:

Robo!

ROBO:

(waking up) Xaaaamm... I told you so...

* * *

At Bert's house, Trip finds a moment of respite in the shower. Blood drains downward as Trip's various cuts sting. Trip has flashes of he and Kathleen in their own shower together. Glimpses of them making love. He leans his head against the wall and gently sobs.

Jimmy jams on the guitar. Uncle Bert is sewing up Desler's ricochet bullet wound. Desler is eyeing Bert's books and films.

DESLER:

Can I put in one of those DVD's?

BERT:

Stay still, I'll do it.

JIMMY:

(singing to himself) "I got raped / by an alligator / and I kinda liked it /"

The DVD begins playing: DARK SECRETS OF REGENT'S ISLAND by Derek Leavenworth.

BERT:

I keep hard copies for when the grid goes down.

He continues to clean Desler's wound.

DESLER:

Why do you have so much on the occult?

BERT:

Know you enemy. The higher up you go amongst the elite, all streams lead to the same ocean. And that ocean is DEMONS. And tomorrow's a very important day, do you know why?

DESLER:

Why?

On the DVD, a spooky intro montage is playing, but with not narration. Bert skips ahead six or seven chapters. Trip comes out of the bathroom, drying himself off. Derek Leavenworth narrates the DVD.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

I infiltrated the Regent's Island ceremony with a sophisticated hidden video camera. What I saw there truly disturbed me.

Trip's interest is peaked. The video feed cuts off. Leavenworth cuts in front of a poorly rendered chroma-key display.

DEREK LEAVENOWORTH:

We must start from the beginning.

Ancient images show up behind Leavenworth, but there is a green aura around him from the chroma-key.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

Ancient Thespenian legend recounts the heavenly fall of three powerful angels: Jeranathu, Teemoth and Parathrax. Upon falling, the angels were damned to walk the earth without physical forms of their own. They manipulated power-hungry humans in order to possess them and wage war on the Creator.

Trip recollects the three stop-motion figures from his nightmare. He takes a seat.

JIMMY:

This guy's a fuckin' kook. Look at that green screen.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

In 750 B.C., the Thespenian Order was formed. It's aim was simple, it's purpose sure. Hunt down and kill any host possessed by one of the three.

We see ancient manuscript fragments showing the distinct Thespenian crest.

* * *

Jenny tries to sleep; picks up her phone and speaks into it.

JENNY:

Call Desler Strom.

The phone makes the call. She hears voicemail message:

'Heey, this is Desler.'

JENNY:

End call.

Jenny puts the phone down, tries to sleep. She sings:

*'Jenny P / Oh, do you miss me /
when I'm gone /'*

She turns to her other side. Tries to sleep again. She sings:

*'Shiatsu massager / duh duh duh duh /
duh duh duh duh / Shiatsu Ma... FFAAHK!'*

We immediately cut to Jimmy and Desler, who are jamming at Bert's house with various instruments.

DESLER:

Shiatsu massager

JIMMY:

Deh deh deh deh / deh deh deh deh

DESLER:

When you get the shits

JIMMY:

Shits!

DESLER:

Gotta be a shiatsu misogynist!

Trip and Bert are intently watching the documentary in the living room.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

The official story was that this wasn't a *woman* being sacrificed, but an effigy made of wood and cloth. But as I was the one who took this footage, I know that's not the case. Why human sacrifice? For that, we'll ask demonology expert Clyde Mallet.

A very odd looking professor-type speaks to Derek Leavenworth.

CLYDE MALLET:

According to the Thespenian legend, it is written that if the host surrenders his own body to the demon through the act of consuming still-beating human hearts, the demon may be pleased to take residence in his body. This happens during a ritualistic event known as The Ascending. But the story becomes darker, as legend also claims that the souls of the sacrificed become entrapped in the body of the host, the High Priest - of which there are three - until that High Priest is himself killed. And in that event, the demon is not killed, but is simply released to later inhabit a new host. The Thespenians prophesy that two prophets will come, wielding the Divine power of God. These prophets will lead to the destruction of the three demons - however a strange caveat is found in Zirkit 4.9. It reads: "By four hands the three shall fall, yet none will die by human hand."

(long pause)

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

(earnestly) What about, like, a human foot?

* * *

Chief Bruster meets with Bill Bo.

CHIEF:

I want you monitoring who comes in from Highway L. I'm 'onna put you at checkpoint 23.

BILL:

Okie dokie.

CHIEF:

Leave nice and early. *(beat)* How's J.S. takin' all this?

BILL:

(uncomfortable) Oh. I think she's depressed.

CHIEF:

She say anything about me?

BILL:

About like ... liking you?

CHIEF:

(annoyed) No. (pause) Why - did she, like, say something?

BILL:

(non-nonchalantly, mumbling heavily, voice rising awkwardly)
I mean she might've...

CHIEF:

(intrigued) Like, what did she say?

BILL:

(as before, but not even words)

Yahbbvrrrsvbvrszvr...

* * *

Trip is asleep. He dreams of being in his bedroom with Kathleen. They are lying horizontally, staring at each other. The light is warm in the room.

The light goes away, and the room becomes darker.

KATHLEEN:

Drop. Box. (beat) They're coming.

He wakes up, hearing something in the bathroom of Bert's house. He goes into the bathroom and stares into Bert's mirror. He opens the mirror to find various vitamin bottles. He closes it. Everything is fine.

He opens the door to exit the bathroom, and nearly falls down an infinite cavern of darkness. He is deep within the earth, in a dark cavern where black liquid flows. He hears the sound of a beast - a

dragon. *Something is flying up toward him. Trip backs up and slams the door. When he turns around, he's in a deep, eerie forest. Distantly, a stop-motion figure in all black stares at him. It slowly saunters over. Trip is terrified. From either side of the demon, two other stop-motion demons move in. The door is gone. There is a high-pitched whirring that begins to deafen Trip. The stop-motion creatures hold him. One holds one arm, one holds another. The third stands behind Trip and holds his head still, pulling his eyelids open.*

They are in a high-tech facility where a massive supercomputer is processing. Liquid nitrogen cooling systems keep it flowing. A silver and blue brain ten feet by ten feet is encased in a seemingly indestructible housing of bulletproof glass and metal. There is a massive statue erected - but not merely a statue, for its upper half can move and speak. Its eyes open and it gazes into Trip's soul.

REFICUAL:

(softly, deep voiced) Despair.

Trip loses the will to live.

Desler smacks him in the face. Trip wakes up.

DESLER:

Wake up!

* * *

It is (still) night time. Trip is on the front porch with Uncle Bert.

BERT:

I think we're being watched. The twins are keepin' watch out back.

Bert tosses Trip an assault rifle. Trip readies the assault rifle, then knocks it once with his fist (click), ensuring that it's good to go.

* * *

Desler and Jimmy are out back smoking cigarettes. There is an out-of-service pickup truck next to them.

DESLER:

Do you remember our choreographed dance?

JIMMY:

Of course!

They get in dance formation.

* * *

BERT:

The book of Joel: "Your young men will have visions, your old men
will dream dreams."

TRIP:

I don't *think* I'm an old man.

BERT:

It's all relative, really.

* * *

*Out back, Jimmy and Desler dance in formation. They are bouncing up
and down and doing cat paws. Both of them sing:*

DESLER

It's a Christian cat show /
Christian Christian cat show /
It's a Christian cat- /
- praise his name! /

JIMMY

Meow meow meow meow meow meow /
Meow meow meow meow meow meow
Meow Meow Meow Meow Meow /
(harmony) PRAISE HIS NAME!

*As soon as they say 'Name,' a rocket-propelled grenade streams out of
the darkness and blasts the out-of-service pickup truck. Jimmy and
Desler go flying.*

*At the front of the house, Darwin and Crisp begin spraying bullets at
Trip and Bert. Bert is shot twice. Trip is also shot. Trip and
Bert are able to get inside. As Desler is coming to, he makes out
Fredrick approaching menacingly.*

DESLER:

Oh shit.

*Darwin and Crisp move closer to the house, taking out incendiary
grenades.*

CRISP:

Firebomb.

He throws a grenade at the front porch stairs. The grenade bursts into flames, lighting the entire front of the house on fire.

Fredrick attacks Desler. Desler can't really do anything. Jimmy jumps on Fredrick's back. Fredrick easily throws him off.

Bert shoots at Darwin and Crisp, causing them to take cover.

Through the back window, Trip begins blasting rounds into Fredrick.

Darwin and Crisp ready their own rocket-propelled grenades.

Fredrick jumps through the wall and tackles Trip. He (Fredrick) disarms him (Trip) as Bert turns and starts blasting Fredrick with rounds. Fredrick, unphased, throws Trip through the broken wall, and outside.

Another incendiary grenade rolls into the house and explodes. Bert's arm catches fire, and he scurries to put it out.

Before Trip and get up, Fredrick is back upon him, beating the shit out of him. Jimmy attempts to help again, but Fredrick is such a bad-ass, he whoops all three of them with ease. Without notice, Fredrick is suddenly pulled down onto the ground and dragged toward the woods. Our heroes watch in amazement as the rapist alligator pulls down Fredrick's pants and mounts him.

Even this supersoldier is no match for the estrogen-infused reptilian.

Fredrick makes ... uncomfortable noises.

DESLER:

(amazed, horrified) D E A R L Y B E L O V E D . . .

Darwin and Crisp shoot rocket-propelled grenades into the house, which explodes. Trip, Desler, and Jimmy are thrown into the woods.

Jimmy, dazed, begins freaking out.

JIMMY:

Uncle Bert!!!

Trip gets up and pulls Jimmy.

TRIP:

LET'S GO, NOW!

All three run as fast as they can into the forest.

Darwin and Crisp run around to the back and see Fredrick painfully holding his butthole. They look at each other, concerned.

* * *

Exterior of Caitlin's Catering. Xam, having disabled the alarm, breaks in to this building and begins looking through the invoices. He surveys different outfits, nametags, walkie-talkies, earpieces.

XAM:

Oo! Truffles.

He begins to munch on some chocolate truffles. Xam looks at the address for the catering delivery, and writes it down. We then see him driving through the woods to the drop box.

* * *

In a mansion on the water, the Judge and Olivia are in a Satanic chapel, praying to Jeranathu. The language they are using is incomprehensible. After they complete the prayer, they step over to a sloppy pile of animal entrails and begin to make out. They fall upon the entrails as they take their clothes off and get it on (bone) on the nasty intestines.

* * *

Still nighttime. Trip, Jimmy and Desler happen upon a nice house. They scope it out. In the garage there is a beat-up blue pickup truck, but other than that they see no sign of life anywhere. They covertly break into the garage.

JIMMY:

(disbelief, tears) He's dead... What did you do!

TRIP:

I'm sorry about your Uncle, Jimmy.

JIMMY:

Fuck you, Trip.

DESLER:

Sshh. Calm down. Bert believed that all of this was preordained by God. It's all part of His plan. Every bad thing that happens is part of the plan. (excited) It's all for God's glory!

Trip grabs Desler by his shirt collar and angrily slams him into the drywall. He stares into Desler's eyes with deep instability.

TRIP:

GLORY. WHEN THEY CUT UP MY WIFE? Glory? (pause) When they BURNED MY WIFE?

Desler's eyes well up with tears. Trip is pushing him further into the cracking drywall.

DESLER:

I'm sorry about your wife, Trip.

Trip comes to his senses and looses his grip.

TRIP:

You gotta think before you talk, Desler.

We hear a shotgun cock. Haaeh. I said 'shotgun cock.'

The lights in the garage turn on, full-blast.

VOICE:

I know you boys from TV...

They all turn to look at the man holding the shotgun, and realize that it's no other than...

ALL:

(disbelief) HAROLD TAIN'T!!!

Trip and Desler say, in unison, "The Taint Trainer?!"

Harold Taint blushes.

Not long after, they are all casually reclining in the living room. A hot hottie walks by, scantily clad. Harold smacks her on the booty. One of his advertisements is playing on the TV.

(on tv)

HAROLD TAINT:

Hi. I'm Harold Taint. Creator of such life-changing products as the Taint Trainer and the Taint Trainer PRO. Ten million satisfied clients can't be wrong! But let's be honest. Even the best Taint Trainer is gonna lose that spunk after a while, which is why I'm offering 75% off of the Taint Trainer MAINTAINER. This all in one bundle has everything you need to maintain that Taint. (swoosh) The Taint Trainer Maintainer!

In real life, Harold turns back to the guys.

HAROLD TAINT:

Whaddya think?

JIMMY:

Your commercials are so funny!

DESLER:

Yeah, you're hilarious!

HAROLD TAINT:

It's not supposed to be funny.

TRIP:

Eehhh... It's pretty funny. It's called the TAINT trainer. (beat) Maintainer.

HAROLD TAINT:

And?

Harold is quite serious. There is a long pause.

TRIP:

Taint. Trainer. ...? Maintainer?

HAROLD TAINT:

Yeah, that's the play on words is that Trainer and Maintainer rhyme.
Another pause. The guys exchange glances.

TRIP:

Yeah, but like ... Taint? Trainer? Like you Train your taint?

HAROLD TAINT:

No... The Taint trains ... I'm Taint. My name is Harold Taint.

JIMMY:

(epiphany) Wait. Do you know what a taint is?

HAROLD TAINT:

I'm a Taint.

The hottie shouts from the next room:

HOT HOTTIE:

Yeah you are, baby.

JIMMY:

Do you **know** what a taint is?

Harold gets up.

HAROLD TAINT:

What's the meaning of this?

* * *

Several minutes later. Harold is devastated, sitting on the couch with his head in his hands as our three heroes stand around him, attempting to console. Trip pats him on the back.

TRIP:

It's gonna be OK.

HAROLD TAINT:

FUCK YOU!!! I thought people wanted to use the Taint to train ... but they just wanted to train their taint!

DESLER:

Harry - can I call you Harry?

HAROLD TAINT:

Harry Taint!! Oawww!!

Sappy sitcom music plays.

JIMMY:

Listen, Harold. You've caused so many taints to get trained. At first, you were the only Taint that was trained. But now, there are so many taints that are trained. You've got an army of taints. (inspiring) And now you're gonna help them maintain that taint training?-

HAROLD TAINT:

-SHUT THE FUCK UP!!! GET THE **FUCK** OUT OF MY HOUSE!!!

Pause. No one moves.

TRIP:

Can we take that blue truck?

HAROLD TAINT:

(crying) Fine!

DESLER:

Can we have that shotgun?

HAROLD TAINT:

(weeping) Sure!

JIMMY:

And that pizza?

HAROLD TAINT:

(sobbing) Of course!

They grab the various items and exit. The babe is in the kitchen preparing food. Harold stares at a picture on the table of his great grandfather, his grandfather, his father, and himself. Tears stream down his face. He turns to the babe.

HAROLD TAINT:

Sometimes I wonder if I'm even a Taint at all!

HOT HOTTIE:

(matter of factly) Oh, you're a fuckin' taint.

She pops an olive into her mouth as music blares.

*This is **THE** MONTAGE!*

The blue pickup truck fishtails out of the driveway onto a gravel road and speeds off into the darkness.

Xam spies on the gala site.

The blue pickup truck shows up at the drop box. Trip, examining the contents therein, says:

TRIP:

Xam the man...

The sun rises. Olivia orchestrates equipment and food being set up at the huge gala event. Judge Perkins and Kearny speak with Chief Bruster, positioning mercenaries and cops in different locations. McMillan picks up Jenny P. and drives her to the party.

Xam, at a small clearing, makes some final tweaks on Robo, who is now fully armored. As the montage ends, Xam hears a stick break behind him. He turns to look and sees Jimmy, Desler, and Trip standing like total bad-asses in black tactical gear, the birthday cake logo above their hearts.

At the gala, rich guests pour into the event. No expense has been spared. They mingle and schmooze. There is an ornate stage set up

with lighting and professional sound. Live performances are happening. There are about two hundred seats set up to observe that stage. There are many servers in white offering hors d'oeuvres. The rich people are wearing expensive masks, many of which are strangely occult looking: Goat masks, Owl masks, and the like. There are servers dressed specially, holding trays full of various drugs: Ecstasy, cocaine, marijuana, painkillers, anti anxiety pills. The rich people gladly partake. Some of them snort coke and begin getting frisky with women who are obviously prostitutes. In fact, there are many women and men who are clearly escorts, and there is an entire section of the party reserved just for sex. It is an event of unbridled hedonism that would have made the Romans blush.

Darwin and Crisp notice that Fredrick is still recuperating from anal injury. They point at his butt and laugh heartily, which does not make him happy.

* * *

Derek Leavenworth reports from the Datastrike studio.

DEREK LEAVENWORTH:

I didn't want to release this, but in order to protect myself and my source, I need to get this out as soon as possible. Last night, a massive library of video footage was sent to us at Datastrike. We've made this entire library available online as well as posted it to a variety of video platforms. What we're about to show you is, perhaps, the most shocking of the clips. It took place five years ago on Regent's Island. This content is not appropriate for younger viewers.

Leavenworth plays the clip. It is Trip's wife on the altar. A masked man takes out a long dagger; he puts his hand to her womb and looks into her eyes.

MASKED MAN:

You are with child. (He turns to the onlooking occultists)
(demonic distortion) She is with child!!

The cultists hoot and holler. The man with the dagger lifts his hands in praise.

MASKED MAN:

Parathrax. Accept the soul of this innocent and feed upon it.

He cuts into her womb. She screams. This evil wretch reaches into

her womb and pulls out the tiny fetus. The baby is moving, clearly alive, although pre-mature. He holds the fetus up, it's head no larger than a billiard ball.

He stares into Kathleen's eyes as he bites through the top half of the fetus' skull and begins chewing. Kathleen screams.

The mercenary with the bodycam leans over and pukes.

Our heroes, as it turns out, are all watching this Datastrike stream from a cell phone in the clearing. Desler and Jimmy both keel over and puke. Trip is frozen. The man in the mask is imbued with demonic power. He turns to the body cam and walks toward it. The mercenary with the bodycam backs away in fear and trips backward over something. As he falls, we see a distinct tattoo on his right forearm. The villain in the mask looks down into the camera. His eyes are not human.

MASKED MAN:

*(to Trip) Your family has good taste.
(Cackles demonically, low-pitched)*

*Xam grabs the phone out of Trip's hand and chucks it.
It hits a badger in the face.*

JIMMY:

(responding to the video) WHAT THE FUCK!?

Xam finds the phone and smashes it repeatedly.

Trip is staring blankly into the distance. All are shocked, but Trip seems like he may have lost his mind. Trip takes a deeeep breath.

TRIP:

We're going to kill... (pause) ... everyone.

He turns and looks Desler in the eyes. Desler solemnly nods in agreement.

TRIP:

(Calm. Calculating.) I've been having these dreams for a long time. I thought it was just my imagination, but there's no way. There's no way it's coincidence.

XAM:

The mercenary wearing the body cam. That was my brother.

JIMMY:

How do you know?

XAM:

(recollecting the tattoo) I know.

TRIP:

I used to think that I could do good in this world. But I've come to learn that that's not true. But what I can do is... hurt the bad. I can hurt it real bad.

Trip slowly unsheathes a massive Bowie knife.

TRIP:

That's gonna have to be enough.

* * *

Near the Gala event, William Bo waves cars into a large forested area. Police and mercenaries abound, patrolling and guarding. Hundreds of horny aristocrats shmooze.

Several rich cultists are watching a media news clip on a phone.

MAINSTREAM MEDIA REPORTER:

A fake news video from the banned, disgraced, domestic terror-supporting, xenophobic white supremacist Derek Leavenworth has been circulating on the dark web. All major social media platforms have agreed to disable the accounts of anyone who posts or promotes this fake, doctored, patriarchal, Islamophobic, transphobic, homophobic video. But this is the bias-free zone, so we've invited conservative columnist Bentley Papsmearo to comment on the situation. Bentley.

Bentley Papsmearo is small and annoying, like a retarded - I mean, mentally disabled - chipmunk that had too much caffeine. And by caffeine I mean crack. Retarded crack.

BENTLY PAPSMEARO:

Derek Leavenworth, Julius Jones, and all other self-labelled

libertarians, independents, and the like are just megalomaniac conmen who want one thing: CLICKS. This is click-bait, obviously. Since these guys are already banned, it's not like they can be banned again. And look - we're talking about them. Mission accomplished. People falsley label Leavenworth as a conservative, but nothing could be further from the truth. My conservative peers can't stand this guy.

REPORTER:

What are your thoughts on the video? Such a violent, disgusting attempt at clickbait. And the use of cgi? Where does he get a budget for this?

PAPSMEARO:

I don't even think the effects are that good. Pull up the video. (They pull up the baby eating part) See - right there. When he's biting the baby's head. Freeze it. Rewind. Again. That's clearly not a real baby. I know what it looks like when you bite into a living fetuses head, and it does *not* look like that.

(super awkward) (pause) (a production assistant drops a clipboard)

REPORTER:

Up next, Pibbly Dibbly takes us on a ride down shnerble boppie boop bap. Chimmy chick choo plerp fram!

Cut to a commercial for an antipsychotic drug.

VOICEOVER:

Are regular words becoming jibberish? Protecto can help...

* * *

Harold Taint is amongst the gala guests, also schmoozing. Harold Taint's girlfriend is wearing an exquisite dress. Random Aristocrats 1 & 2 drunkenly approach Harold.

ARISTOCRAT 1:

HARRY TAIN! I love your TAIN! Trainer! Hey! How do I become a Taint!

One of the servers accidentally spills a drink on Harry.

ARISTOCRAT 2:

That's what I call a wet, angry taint!

The aristocrats crack up and hi-five. Harry cringes. A bunch of naked people wearing occult masks do a strange interpretive dance on the performance stage. Their dance finishes and they receive scattered applause. The Judge, wearing an owl mask, addresses the crowd from the stage.

JUDGE PERKINS:

My friends! Welcome. I regret to inform you that this year, the Baron will not be in attendance.

There are boo's and groans.

JUDGE PERKINS:

But never fear! He wanted me to read you the following:

(he reads from a small piece of paper)

"Some feel that our festivities are indulgent. Over the top. Even scandalous. And we of the High Priesthood say ... they are absolutely
RIGHT!

There is an avalanche of applause and cheers.

JUDGE PERKINS:

"To do evil is to glorify our master.

Hail Jeranathu!"

CROWD:

HAIL JERANATHU!

JUDGE:

Hail Teemoth!

CROWD:

HAIL TEEMOTH!

JUDGE:

Hail Parathrax!

CROWD:

HAIL PARATHRAX!

JUDGE:

Hail Reficual! May his image stand for all generations!

CROWD:

HAIL REFICUAL! HAIL REFICUAL! HAIL REFICUAL!!

Music blasts. The rich people start doing drugs, mainly cocaine, and having sex with minority prostitutes. They are getting FRAY KAY.

A public sex performance begins onstage as audience members masturbate. Judge Perkins approaches a slick looking politician in his 50's - THE SENATOR.

JUDGE:

Hail Teemoth! (he bends to a knee before the Senator)

SENATOR:

Hail Reficual. Stand.

Judge Perkins stands.

SENATOR:

Ready to become a High Priest?

JUDGE:

I believe that's up to Jeranathu. I love the theme of your new campaign.

SENATOR:

Yes, yes.

Aristocrats 1 & 2 join the conversation.

SENATOR:

It's a push for equality for marginalized groups throughout the Southeast. You know, the underprivileged have gone long enough under

the yolk of the fascist, white imperialists. (beat) Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go snort a line of coke off of that black prostitute's ass. (He exits)

The aristocrats & Judge nod approvingly.

Agent Kearny speaks with Darwin and Crisp. They are observing Fredrick, who is befuddled by the debauchery of the party.

KEARNY:

What's up his ass?

CRISP:

Alligator dick.

KEARNY:

How you managed to let them get away is beyond me. You had every advantage.

DARWIN:

(optimistically) We killed the Uncle.

Fredrick is getting woozy. The room is spinning. The debauchery; the occult masks; the escorts in dog-collars. He is seriously disoriented. A pair of fingers snaps before his face.

KEARNY:

Hey!

Fredrick backs into a server who is holding a plate of food. The server falls backward. Fredrick bumps into a patron, who then pushes him angrily. Fredrick reflexively breaks the patron's nose and punches him in the throat. The patron begins gasping. A mercenary attempts to strike Fredrick, who easily snaps the mercenary's arm, then kicks another approaching mercenary in his leg, snapping that. Everyone around gasps in horror. Several aristocrats are cracking up.

RANDOM ARISTOCRAT:

Finish him! (laughs annoyingly)

Kearny defends Fredrick.

KEARNY:

It's alright! Stand down! He's with me.

The injured are tended to. Kearny approaches Fredrick.

KEARNY:

Take a walk. (tension) (Fredrick exits)
(under his breath) Fucking Triton soldiers..

* * *

McMillan guides the blind Jenny P. through the large room with the stage. They go to the back where there are some double-doors. He then takes her through a loooong hallway where two armed mercenaries guard a heavy steel door. They nod to McMillan, and unlatch the door. Jenny is using her walking stick to help guide her way. The room they enter is dimly lit. The lights are red, and there are several ominous fires.

JENNY:

Smells like wax.

MCMILLAN:

Right through here.

McMillan helps Jenny into a large cage. He closes the cage door and locks it. This cage is big enough to hold twenty people. Jenny feels the bars of the cage as McMillan locks it.

JENNY:

What is this?

MCMILLAN:

It'll be over soon.

JENNY:

What?!

MCMILLAN:

I don't make the rules.

Jenny shakes the door of the cage rabidly.

JENNY:

Let me out of here!!!

MCMILLAN:

This room is sound proof.

We can now see the entire room, where a sacrificial altar is erected, and a statue of an owl rests behind it. There are many daggers and, randomly enough, a snack-table where various cultists are setting up delicious fingerfoods.

An older woman (70's), sexily dressed, comes up behind McMillan and grabs his balls with intent. She takes him by the tie and leads him out of the room toward the party.

MCMILLAN:

(a la Arnold) See you at the party, Jenny! (laughs, exits)

Jenny screeches in despair.

* * *

In the catering kitchen area, the sous chef barks orders at the line cooks. One of whom is Jimmy, who is dressed in a catering uniform. Desler, who is also in a catering uniform, grabs a completed tray from Jimmy and heads into the party area. Once inside, he is taken aback by the debauchery. Xam speaks to them through the walkie-talkies.

XAM:

Keep your eyes peeled for anyone who could make you.

Trip, also dressed as a caterer, keeps his head down. He sees Chief Bruster heading in his direction and veers off into a side room, closing the door behind him. There before him is McMillan, face full of cocaine residue, banging the older woman.

MCMILLAN:

(while banging) I've been a good boy, gran-gran!
Give me dat oatmeal raisin pussy!

TRIP:

(audibly) Ughaww...

McMillan notices Trip.

MCMILLAN:

Lively!

He pulls his dick out of the old lady and attacks with his floppy ass dick flying every which way, helicoptering like a muthafucka. Trip punches McMillan in the teeth, then again in the nose. The old lady scream, and Trip grabs a large, floppy, wet dildo and whips her in the eye, knocking her across the room.

TRIP:

(examining the dildo, appalled) Mung?

McMillan gets Trip in a headlock. Trip is losing consciousness, but with his last bit of strength shoves the mung dildo right into McMillan's mouth. McMillan's shock and awe enables Trip to throw McMillan off of him, after which he pounds McMillan's head repeatedly. McMillan is now unconscious, and Trip stands over him as mung seeps from his dildo mouth.

TRIP:

To quote a great Steven Spielberg kid's movie: "Mung Tongue!"

* * *

Back in the party, a caterer comes up to Jimmy.

CATERER:

You. Come with me.

JIMMY:

I think I'm supposed to be-

CATERER:

-No, you're not. Just come with me.

Jimmy follows the caterer behind the performance stage. There is a

catering table set up backstage. The caterer starts surveying it in order to replenish.

* * *

Desler sees several cultists in robes heading through the double doors at the back of the performance hall. Desler radios in.

DESLER:

I think I may have found the sacrificial chamber.

* * *

Back in that room, Trip has finished tying McMillan and the lady together, gagging both of them. Trip heads out onto a beautiful balcony overlooking dense forest. On the balcony, a caterer is grilling burgers on a hot, charcoal grill, facing out toward the tall trees which tower overhead. Trip notices that he has McMillan's blood on the front of his catering uniform. People are coming out onto the balcony. Trip taps the shoulder of the caterer.

TRIP:

Boss wants you in the kitchen.

The caterer nods and quickly goes. Trip begins flipping burgers, his back turned to the 2-person bench behind him. The Senator and the Judge come out, drinks in hand. Senator lights up a cigarette.

SENATOR:

-He asked me, what if a bear chases you?

JUDGE:

Whatdyou say?

SENATOR:

I don't gotta be the fastest, I just gotta be faster than the slowest guy!

The Judge chuckles, turns to Trip, who now has a handkerchief covering his face from the smoke.

JUDGE:

What's on the grill?

TRIP:

Gluten-free burg burls!

SENATOR:

Gluten free? (He grabs Trip's left butt cheek) I hope these Glutens
are free.

The Judge grabs Trip's right butt cheek.

JUDGE:

I like mine *well done*.

*The Senator and the Judge release Trip's butt cheeks as the Senator
sits down.*

JUDGE:

What are your thoughts on that Datastrike video?

SENATOR:

The Baron's ascension. Spectacular. Nothing like it.

JUDGE:

Are you concerned about the video?

SENATOR:

(chuckles) Why would I be? It's fake. (takes a drag)

JUDGE:

(reminiscing) That beautiful woman. What a powerful soul. Oh, I
would have liked to have gotten my dick wet in that pregnant
vajayjay.

SENATOR:

The general rule with sacrifices is to leave them unspoiled. No
tainted meat. In my experience, an ascending takes three, maybe four
souls.

JUDGE:

I've always been curious. (he lights up a cigarette) Why burn the body? Why not keep it as a trophy?

SENATOR:

Well, the Baron saved some ashes from his ascending, and I saved some from mine, but in my case you're talking three different people. What I did was mixed the ashes together into one little urn, and I keep that on my desk. I believe the Baron has ashes from that pregnant woman somewhere in his office. In fact, I think he kept some piece of her in cold storage, a finger or something, so that he could do some kind of fucked up experiment.

JUDGE:

What, like make a clone?

SENATOR:

He's really into androids, he's been working on that Shadow project for years.

JUDGE:

The sixth Triton soldier.

SENATOR:

Yes.

Trip has not been paying attention to the grill fire, and there is a small burst of flame.

JUDGE:

You cooking those well-done, boy?

TRIP:

(focusing) Yeah. (beat) Yeah. Well done.

He continues to flip the burgers.

* * *

Desler picks up a tray and follows several cultists as they go through the double-doors. He can see over their shoulders the two guards who have assault rifles at the heavy steel door. Desler ducks down and exits quickly. He touches his ear.

TRIP:

I'm gonna need to get one of these cultist robes on. And then I'm gonna have to kick some ass, so... Jimmy, I will need a distraction.

Jimmy is behind the stage. He's putting out a spread of gourmet cheese and fruit.

JIMMY:

Distraction?

DESLER:

Yeah. Where are you?

JIMMY:

I'm behind the stage.

DESLER:

Perfect. Put on a mask and go suck these people's attention like the vacuum I know you are.

Desler follows a robed cultist into the bathroom. The cultist goes into a stall and begins to close the door. Desler holds the stall door open.

DESLER:

Excuse me.

Desler punches the cultist in the face.

* * *

Fredrick is taking a walk around the perimeter of the party. He notices a blinking green light. It is Xam's router device. Fredrick stoically looks around.

Desler comes out of the bathroom in the cultist robe. He puts his finger to his ear and heads toward the double-doors. Darwin thinks it look suspicious. He follows. Desler realizes.

DESLER:

Fuck. I think I've been made.

XAM:

Jimmy, get on that fucking stage.

JIMMY:

I can't! You know I can't.

Jimmy peaks out from behind the backstage curtain. The lights are bright. The audience is eager. Several sex dancers are finishing their interpretive wriggle. Xam gets super serious.

XAM:

This is it, Jimmy. It's now or never. Either you get on that stage and give it all you've got, or else you're just the pants-shitter everyone thinks you are.

Jimmy is about to turn back, about to leave.

Darwin reaches out, he's about to grab Desler's shoulder. Suddenly -
-the lights shift.

Everyone gasps. They look to the stage. A single spotlight breaks through the darkness. A figure wearing a creepy, expressionless mask. The DJ waits in lustful anticipation. The figure points to him with gusto.

JIMMY:

HIT ME!

Sexy music blares. Jimmy gyrates real good, doing a striptease for the nations. Crisp is suspicious, and begins moving toward the stage. Jimmy's sexual hip fluctuations cause all to erupt in orgasmic delight. Darwin, now distracted, is severely turned on by this intimate encounter. Desler watches in utter horror.

XAM:

(scared, confused, and disgusted) What's going on?

DESLER:

Oh my gyyyyiishh...

Jimmy thrusts and groans, grinding on all manner of objects.

ARISTOCRAT 1:

(formal) Remove your clothes!

Jimmy begins stripping, all the way down to his whitey tighties (mask still on). At the double doors, Desler enters and heads toward the two guards. Once Desler is halfway down the hallway, he raises two silenced pistols and begins blasting the two guards. Although they are wearing body armor, he empties twelve rounds into each of them, and some of those rounds hit their shoulders and legs. The rounds that hit their body armor knock the wind out of them. He then approaches quickly, flips both pistols into bludgeoning weapons, and pistol-whips the fuck outta both of them, until they are unconscious. He then enters the chamber, closing the door behind him. Jenny is on the floor of the cage, sideways with her back to him, lying in a pool of blood. He can't see her face, but her walking stick is in there.

SYNTHESIZED VOICE:

You're too late.

Desler turns. A masked ninja person is staring at him. This ninja bears the Thespenian crest.

DESLER:

You Thespenian bastard! That was my chick!

SCYTHER:

No it wasn't.

DESLER:

(gangsta af) Like hell...

SCYTHER:

You would never have a girlfriend that pretty.

DESLER:

(gangster af) OH SHIIITTT.

Desler attacks. They have a fast-paced martial-arts battle.

* * *

Judge Perkins hears the ruckus coming from the performance area.

JUDGE:

Sounds exotic.

He flicks his cigarette off of the balcony. It strikes that injured badger's eye. Judge exits. The Senator lights up a new cigarette and, while still sitting on the bench, addresses Trip.

SENATOR:

So - where you from?

TRIP:

Huh?

SENATOR:

Where you from? (takes a sip of his drink)

Trip is silent. Senator notices drops of blood coming from Trip's injured hand. He begins to realize who this might be. Senator reaches to his waist and pulls out a small pistol, then points it casually at Trip's mid-section.

SENATOR:

You gonna be a problem, boy?

TRIP:

No, sir.

Senator cocks the pistol.

SENATOR:

That's good. You don't wanna be our problem. You know what we do to our problems?

Trip turns. Pulls down the handkerchief. Stares Senator directly in the eyes.

TRIP:

You burn them.

The Senator is shocked. He is able to get two rounds off into Trip's midsection, but the Kevlar beneath the catering uniform does its job. Trip simply grabs the gun out of Senator's hand and throws it off of the balcony. Senator tries to yell, but Trip begins beating his face so hard, Senator quickly becomes dazed, barely conscious. Trip grabs the charcoal grill, lifts it up like Hercules, and pours all of the hot charcoals directly onto the Senator. The Senator screams bloody murder. Trip holds the grill down onto the Senator's head and chest, so that he cannot escape. Trip keeps his foot on the Senator's stomach. The coals burn Trip's leg, but he is enjoying this too much to care. The twitching Senator finally stops moving. And awful racket has been made, and there is murmuring and gasping outside of the balcony. Trip throws down the grill and grabs the still-burning cigarette out of the Senator's right hand. The Senator's skin is bubbling from head to toe.

When the Senator screams, everyone in the performance hall can hear it. The music stops. Crisp jumps onstage, grabs Jimmy's unclothed body, and rips off his mask. The crowd gasps. Jimmy is still wearing whitey tighties. Crisp holds a Bowie knife to his ballsack. Jimmy immediately diarrheas.

ARISTOCRAT 2:

He shit his pants!

XAM:

(listening in) Oooo.

ARISTOCRAT 2:

I loved you as King Lear!

* * *

In the sacrificial sanctum, Desler and Scythe are fighting. Desler is basically getting his ass whooped. Desler rips the headgear off the ninja. It's Jenny P., with punk rock hair that's mostly short but has a three-foot-long patch that falls sexily into her face. Desler is flabberghasted.

DESLER:

Jenny? You're not blind at all!

She stares.

DESLER:

Wait - then who's in that cage?

Waking up in the cage is the Party Supply Guy dressed in Jenny's clothes.

DESLER:

(excited) PARTY SUPPLY GUY! (he turns to Jenny) So... Thespenian Ninja, eh? I guess this means you're not a feminist. (Jenny stares)
Don't have much to say, do ya?

Jenny looks down at Desler's boner, which is substantial.

JENNY/SCYTHE:

What's that?

Desler crouches in, tries to hide his boner.

DESLER:

I have a medical condition!

(awkwardly long pause)

Mercenaries bust in, guns pointed. The Judge is close behind them. There are so many mercenaries, resistance is futile. Jimmy enters, and behind him, Crisp, who is holding a gun to the back of his head.

CRISP:

One move and the ginger gets it!

JENNY:

What's that smell?

DESLER:

(realizing) Oooo.

* * *

In the forest, Xam's laptop glitches out and powers down. This confuses him. A shadow comes into view. Xam turns to see Fredrick standing over him.

On the grill balcony, six mercenaries have their weapons pointed at Trip. The Judge comes out frantically, and upon seeing the Senator, gasps.

JUDGE:

What have you done?!

Trip takes a long drag on the cigarette.

TRIP:

Just makin' yours well done.

[BLACKOUT.]

* * *

Trip, Jimmy, Xam, Desler and Jenny/Scythe are all locked up in the cage. The inner sanctum is now prepared for the ritualistic sacrifice. There are an abundance of mercenaries. Fredrick stands in the back of the room, uncomfortably observing. Xam and Jimmy observe the Party Supply Guy.

JIMMY:

He made it to the sex party after all.

XAM:

(earnestly melodramatic) But at what cost?

Desler interrogates Jenny.

JENNY/SCYTHE:

My order is sworn to end this scourge. My parents were Thespenian warriors; my grandparents were Thespenian warriors-

DESLER:

-and WE, will be, lesbenian or.. ders..

Jenny and Trip stare at Desler.

DESLER:

-and WE will be - lespians. (pause) (insecure) Go on.

TRIP:

So do y'all have like a temple in the mountains?

JENNY/SCYTHE:

Yes.

DESLER:

That is so bad-ass. You're like a warrior monk sexual dynamo-

JENNY/SCYTHE:

We are celibate.

DESLER:

I'm celibate.

JENNY/SCYTHE:

(uninterested) We are celibate by choice.

The cultists begin chanting as Judge Perkins takes his place at the head of the altar. He has a belt around his waist that holds many daggers. He wears a large owl skull mask. Olivia watches intently.

JUDGE:

Jeranathu.

CULTISTS:

JERANATHU.

JUDGE:

We honor you, Jeranathu. We invite you for this ascension.

As mercenaries point assault rifles into the cage, several cultists open it and pull Jimmy out. They take him to the altar and bind him. His poop drips off of the altar. The Judge takes a blade from his belt. The cultists chant eerily as the Judge recites the dark verses:

JUDGE:

"Cremation of care, behold the Great Owl,
near the bubbling brook, the cinders of Ulastif."

The Judge lifts the dagger.

"When Reficual takes form, man will perish.
When Reficual takes form, the doom of man will come."

CULTISTS:

"THE DOOM OF MAN WILL COME."

JIMMY:

I have AIDS!

*There is a long, awkward pause. The Judge points to a man at the
food table.*

JUDGE:

Gary!

*Gary is holding a plate of celery sticks and ranch. He turns around,
aloof.*

GARY:

(silly and fun) What did I do now?

JUDGE:

You have AIDS.

GARY:

(crunch) Ooh yeah. AIDS all day. (crunch) (gangsta) ALLL DAY!

JUDGE:

Then **you** shall consume the first heart on my behalf! Perhaps a
lesser demon will be pleased to inhabit your frame.

The robed minions chatter gleefully.

GARY:

I'm just here for the snacks.

JUDGE:

Silence, worm!!

Trip and Desler look at each other with alarm. Gary makes his way to the altar. Desler turns to Trip.

DESLER:

Well, boss, it's been... educational.

TRIP:

Sorry I got you wrapped up in all this. I guess we're gonna be eternal demon fuel for Jeranathu.

XAM:

This is fucking fascinating.

Gary takes the dagger from Judge Perkins. He gets in position and slowly lifts it into the air.

GARY:

(no idea) Oh, great Jair Ner Narthurrn. (beat) (he looks around for approval, doesn't find it) OH, GREAT - Jim Ear Ih Kwy ... Accept this ... sacri...fice.

He plunges the dagger downward. It goes into Jimmy's right lung. Jimmy screams in agony. More poop bursts out of his pants.

OLIVIA:

The heart is on the left!

JUDGE:

Silence, vag bleeder.

Olivia bows down.

OLIVIA:

I'm sorry, your eminence.

JUDGE:

Know your place.

Gary lifts the knife yet again.

JIMMY:

I - DON'T - have AIDS.

GARY:

Huh?

Gary's head explodes.

Brains fall into Jimmy's mouth.

JIMMY:

AIDS BRAINS!!

We see the smoking barrel of a gun. Behind it is J.S., accompanied by William Bo. There are a handful of other cops behind them. Good cops.

J.S.:

(Southern af) Did I forget my invitation?

JUDGE:

KILL THEM ALLLLL!!!!

The Judge takes cover behind the altar. Mercenaries turn to fire at the good cops. An epic gunfight begins, but when bullets become sparse, it turns into a straight-up brawl. Agent Kearny crawls under the food table and radios for help.

KEARNY:

We need all personnel in the inner sanctum!

Mercenaries and dirty cops rush from outside into the performance hall, only to find that everyone therein is either dead or unconscious. Some bodies look charred, and are still sizzling. The mercs and dirty cops are confused by all of these bodies.

As they head into the long hallway to go into the inner sanctum, Uncle Bert is waiting with a flamethrower.

UNCLE BERT:

Need a light?

A huge blast of flame bursts out of the hallway as burning bodies run for their lives.

* * *

J.S. gets shot in the shoulder. William Bo cuts Jimmy off of the altar. Darwin comes up behind William and begins to choke him out.

TRIP:

Jimmy! Grab the key!

One of the dead mercs has a key ring on his belt buckle. Jimmy, in pain, knife still in his right side, forces himself off of the altar. He grabs the keys and crawls in terrible pain to the cage. Trip grabs the keys from him and begins to unlock the cage himself. Trip gets the cage door open, but just as he does, Crisp charges at Trip, Bowie knife in hand.

TRIP:

Sorry, Jimmy.

He pulls the dagger out of Jimmy's side and, just in time, is able to counter Crisp's knife thrust and begin an epic knife fight.

JIMMY:

(in agony) YOU FUCKER!!! (starts sobbing and shitting. Sobbing shit.)

Fredrick is watching, inert. He simply stares. Darwin puts William Bo out of commission. J.S. is beaten mercilessly by an army of cultists. Everyone is fighting now. Xam gets hold of a swashbuckling-type sword, and it turns out he's quite good with it. He fights ten cultists in a pirate style, like a 1930's swashbuckling hero. Jenny/Scythe, with great ease, whoops tons of ass in every direction. Her and Desler end up back to back.

DESLER:

Maybe after this we could get an ice cream.

JENNY/SCYTHE:

Keep dreaming.

She ninja-kicks Darwin in the face. Desler sees a bunch of enemies not really noticing his presence.

DESLER:

I wish I had some Happy Juice..

He notices a glass bottle of vodka nearby. He also notices a burning torch in the midst of his enemies. He grabs the glass bottle of vodka and throws it upward to the ceiling right above the flame. It shatters, and when the liquid hits the flame, it causes a small explosion that lights his enemies on fire. The room is now filling with smoke as burning bodies run to and fro.

Olivia, clothes torn so that much of her body is revealed, stabs Jenny/Scythe in the back, leaving the knife in. Jenny/Scythe reaches frantically to pull it out. Olivia is crazy psycho intense, and uses Jenny's own walking stick to help trip her onto her back. When Jenny hits the ground, the dagger goes even deeper into her back, the blade slightly poking out of her front right shoulder. Olivia straddles Jenny sexually, pinning her down. Olivia is looking amazing in the torn outfit, and appears to derive sexual pleasure from pushing on Jenny's throat with the walking stick, which Jenny is gripping onto in an attempt not to choke. Olivia grinds on Scythe as she chokes her out, and the grinding pressure causes the knife to go deeper through Scythe's torso, which makes Olivia even hornier. Blood gulps out of the wound. Olivia leans in next to Jenny's ear, and bites the lobe firmly.

OLIVIA:

Objection.

Jenny/Scythe turns the handle with precision, revealing a secret knife within. This breaks the choke as Jenny/Scythe grabs Olivia's hair and pulls her head back, which makes Olivia orgasm loudly.

JENNY/SCYTHE:

(lips right up to Olivia's) (sexy af) Sustained.

She cuts Olivia's throat in a quick swipe. A torrent of blood spurts onto Jenny/Scythe's beautiful mouth.

JENNY/SCYTHE:

(spitting) Why does it taste like tuna?!

* * *

The Judge pulls a lever in the back of the room and a secret panel opens that allows him to escape. Xam notices Kearny and the battered McMillan running out of the Judge's secret escape exit. Xam yells to trip-

XAM:

Trip! They're getting away!

Trip and Xam rush toward the secret passage, but Fredrick blocks them. Trip and Xam freeze. They know not to fuck with this guy. Fredrick stares at them.

Jimmy, William Bo, and J.S. are all unconscious.

* * *

Bert, in the performance hall, runs out of flamethrower fuel. A bullet pierces his shoulder. It's Chief Bruster, accompanied by a handful of dirty cops.

CHIEF BRUSTER:

I told you this wasn't over, Rooney!

He shoots Rooney in the thigh. Bert Rooney falls to the ground. Looks up.

UNCLE BERT:

Fuck you, Bruster. And **fuck** all dirty cops!

VOICE:

GUNS DOWN!

We hear the voice of someone else. Bruster turns to see dozens of police officers and federal agents storming the performance hall.

FEDERAL AGENT:

We WILL shoot you. Guns down, NOW.

CHIEF BRUSTER:

Thank God you're here.

FEDERAL AGENT:

Shut the fuck up, Bruster, gun down. You're under arrest.

Bert relaxes.

* * *

Xam and Trip are still standing, frozen. In a stalemate with Fredrick.

TRIP:

(to Fredrick) I dunno what you are, but we gotta stop that motherfucker. (no response)

Desler calls out triumphantly.

DESLER:

Hey guy!

Desler stands with flames behind him, ready for action. Fredrick's interest is peaked.

DESLER:

You and I have unfinished business.

Desler drops his rifle and begins cracking his knuckles.

DESLER:

Unless you're... chicken. (he makes a lot of chicken noises for a decent amount of time)

XAM:

I hardly think that clucking like a chicken is going to-

-Fredrick steps aside, leaving the passage open.

XAM:

So. ... Yup.

Xam and Trip speedily exit. Fredrick cracks his neck to the left, then to the right.

DESLER:

Why don't we take this outside.

Desler walks past Fredrick, bumping his shoulder on the way. Fredrick takes it. Jenny/Scythe is bleeding heavily. Dazed, she sees Desler and Fredrick heading outside, and stumbles her way to the exit. She is nearly unconscious, and falls to her hands and knees, crawling through the passageway. The secret passageway ends at a stone wall where the Judge, Kearny, and McMillan flee from the darkness into the sunlight. They run at full speed through the woods toward the waterway. The forest is thick. They stop for a moment to catch their breath. McMillan turns to Judge Perkins.

MCMILLAN:

You didn't get a chance to Ascend!

JUDGE PERKINS:

You're right.

There is a disgusting SLOP as a blade is stabbed into McMillan's gut, then lifted up with force, cutting open his mid-section.

McMillan's body writhes on the ground as he gurgles. Kearny watches in horror as the Judge squats down, puts a foot onto McMillan, reaches into McMillan's ribcage, and rips open his chest. He then grabs McMillan's heart and holds it. An offering for Jeranathu.

The Judge bites into the heart, consuming his life force. McMillan watches in horror. Kearny slowly backs away. The sunlight goes away. When Perkins looks back and locks eyes with Kearny, Kearny sees that this is not the Judge, this is Jeranathu. He has a delight to his expression, a carelessness. Jeranathu rises and walks to Kearny. Kearny backs up and trips, falling onto the ground. He scoots backwards in utter terror. Jeranathu stares.

JERANATHU:

(distorted) You only need to be faster than the slowest man.

He grabs Kearny's leg and lifts him upside down, exposing Kearny's Achilles tendon. Jeranathu takes out a new dagger and slices clean through Kearny's Achilles. Kearny screams.

Xam and Trip, exiting the tunnel, can hear this scream. Trip and Xam find McMillan's corpse. Kearny is crying in pain as blood flows out of his ankle. Trip turns to Xam.

TRIP:

You thinkin what I'm thinkin?

XAM:

On it.

Trip runs after the Judge. Xam goes back to Kearny's body and takes his wallet.

KEARNY:

(tortured) What the fuck are you doing?

XAM:

Covering my ass.

Xam runs off in a different direction than Trip.

* * *

When Scythe finally gets out of the secret passage, she sees Fredrick and Desler slowly circling eachother like wild animals about to fight. Scythe notices that Fredrick is bleeding heavily. Blood is literally pouring out of him as he circles.

DESLER:

(to Fredrick) I saw you in there. You're not like these assholes. You've got a moral code. I can see it. (Fredrick stares)

It's never too late to do the right thing.

Fredrick stops and bows.

Desler bows.

They fight. It's fucking epic. Hand to hand martial arts combat for the ages. Desler is actually kicking some ass this time. Scythe begins to get horny. She has to cross her legs because she's getting wet.

* * *

Xam makes it to his clearing and knee-slides to his gear. He grabs the big black box and opens it up.

* * *

Trip enters a clearing. There is a wooden dock where a motorboat waits. Jeranathu is preparing the motorboat. He turns back and walks toward Trip.

JERANATHU:

(aggressive) (increasing speed) Do you like boats, Trip?

TRIP:

(aggressive) (increasing speed) As much as the next guy.

Jeranathu comes at him. Trip tries to defend, but Jeranathu is so strong, resistance is futile. Jeranathu beats the living shit out of Trip, then takes his body and chucks it like a rag doll deeper into the woods.

Trip is out of it. He tries to get up and regain his composure.

There is a high-pitched whirring sound in Trip's ears. He cannot tell where Jeranathu is, and looking left and right, cannot see him. But he can hear his voice.

JERANATHU:

How's your wife, Trip? (beat) How's your baby?

The whirring becomes louder. Trip has a vision of himself, Desler, and two other, younger men standing in a desert. From a far distance, they are surveying a massive structure that ascends so high up it appears to go all the way into space. This structure's base is so large, it is not clear where it begins and ends.

The vision ends. Trip tries to stand up, but the whirring is making him go insane. Trip is incapacitated. Jeranathu casually steps forward. Jeranathu is shirtless. He has used one of the daggers to make intricate cuts on his chest. The belt of daggers is still around his waist. He walks up to Trip and holds him by the chin.

JERANATHU:

I am the owl.

(pause)

Your soul is strong.

He lifts up Trip's arm by the hand and strikes it with ease, snapping it like a twig.

Your body is not.

* * *

Desler and Fredrick are both injured and winded. They hear the police making a ruckus in the sanctum.

DESLER:

Shall we take a raincheck?

Fredrick nods. They square up and bow. Fredrick runs off. Desler runs toward Trip. Jenny/Scythe passes out.

* * *

Jeranathu holds Trip up to a large tree. In the Ethereal plane, Trip can see Kathleen holding the hand of a small child. A large, dark figure is sucking life force from the two of them. They are enslaved on this plane. This massive, dark being is made of tiny, fractal gears that move like smoke. This is a psychedelic being of extraordinary power.

Trip harnesses all of his will, all of his love, and lets out a guttural groan that turns into a roar.

TRIP:

rrrrrrRRRRAAAAGGGHHHH **FUCK YOU!!**

He headbutts Jeranathu in the nose, breaking it. Jeranathu licks up the blood.

JERANATHU:

(distorted) (gleefully) You are God's sick joke!

Jeranathu stabs a dagger deep into Trip, pinning him to the tree. He takes out another dagger and stabs him again, pinning him even more securely. Trip grunts in pain. Desler hears this.

DESLER:

TRIP!

JERANATHU:

I am Jeranathu, devourer of nations. Prince of the Owls!

TRIP:

Gaaaaayyy.

This deeply upsets Jeranathu.

There is a buzzing sound.

Robo is hovering about four feet away from Jeranathu.

ROBO:

Have a heart!

Robo fires an explosive projectile dart straight toward Jeranathu's heart. Jeranathu contorts his arm, breaking it at the shoulder, but grabbing the projectile with ease. He quickly spins and chucks it right back at Robo as though playing darts.

It sticks into Robo's face.

ROBO:

Uh-oh!

Small explosion. Robo blasts backwards.

XAM:

ROBO!!

JERANATHU:

Some originality, please!

Jeranathu puts his arm back into position as best he can.

Without warning, Jeranathu is pulled to the ground. In shock, panic and fear, he tries to crawl away...

...as the Rapist Alligator pulls his pants down.

JERANATHU:

It can't be!

Rapist alligator mounts him and penetrates. Rapist Alligator is angry this time.

JERANATHU:

It's insiide!!

Desler runs up to see the alligator really goin' to town on Jeranathu.

DESLER:

(thinking hard) That's what I call... Natural Selection.

He looks to Trip for affirmation. Trip, still pinned to the tree, shakes his head in disappointment.

Jeranathu contorts his head up in agony. He stares at Trip. The alligator clamps down on Jeranathu's head, the squeezes, bursting his brains in every direction.

The alligator looks blankly at Desler.

DESLER:

Thanks, Rapist Alligator.

Rapist Alligator nods and slowly crawls back into the waterway. Desler goes up to Trip, who is barely conscious.

DESLER:

Trip! We did it! (realizing) Oh...

Trip is really bleeding a lot.

DESLER:

Trip. Uhh.

Trip goes unconscious. We are in the Ethereal plane, where Jeranathu seems to be submerged in water, and is being cast backward, sucked away, out of the Light and into deep darkness. Swallowed up by an inky void.

Jeranathu has been cast into the abyss.

Desler feels the darkness lift. Trip feels it as well. Xam notices the darkness break as the sun shines upon him.

The Rapist Alligator also feels the sunlight on his face.

Trip wakes up in his house. The sun is shining through the window. He sees the ruffled covers where his wife must have just been. He hears a yelp from the bathroom, and quickly jumps up. Kathleen is in the bathroom. She points down.

KATHLEEN:

A spider!

Trip crushes the spider, and its guts splatter. She gets behind his back.

KATHLEEN:

Is it dead?

TRIP:

Yeah, it's dead.

KATHLEEN:

My hero.

She hugs him from behind. He feels different this time. He turns, standing in the doorway to the bathroom, and looks at Kathleen. He searches her eyes for something to hold on to. She kisses him. He breaks the kiss and begins to sob.

KATHLEEN:

Shhh.

TRIP:

(tears) I know you're not real... but I miss you... so much.

She holds his face in her hands. She knows everything.

KATHLEEN:

Look at me. (Trip won't look) Look at me.

(He looks up, tears pouring from his eyes)

You are a good man.

(tears stream down Trip's face as he tries to look away, but she

won't let him)

(tears of her own) And I am so proud of you.

Trip's heart breaks. He grips her close as the darkness takes hold. As she is gone, he rubs his face...

...and he is deep underground. The depths, the bowels of the earth.

Across a giant chasm he sees three stop-motion demons in silhouette, and a fourth, greater demon behind them. But one of these demons, one of the three, is pulled down, down, into the cavern, never to be seen again. Kathleen, holding the hand of a little child, stands before the center demon, her essence being sucked up by him. She stares ahead, expressionless.

The child stares at Trip.

The fourth demon, the smoky, clockwork monstrosity, moves like fog across the chasm to overtake Trip's view. His tiny, smoky gears form together into the most horrendous face imaginable. This massive face smiles sneakily, staring right at the camera as the viewer's screen begins to glitch out.

REFICUAL:

(joyful) Despair.

Trip wakes up with a start.

He's at his office desk, but he's nicely dressed, and there are no bottles of alcohol. He looks healthy, although his arm is in a cast. His office is quite clean, no web of clippings behind him. Desler stands as earlier, holding a birthday cake. This cake, like the old one, has Trip's business logo upon it, which has become more of a gang symbol at this point.

TRIP:

Deja Vu.

It's probably been at least a few weeks since the event.

DESLER:

It really is your birthday today, I wrote it on my hand.

Desler shows his hand to Trip. It says 'dirty dancing.'

TRIP:

What's that say?

DESLER:

Oh, my other hand. That one's my bucket list.

TRIP:

You're weird.

They walk out of Trip's office. A crowd of people shouts "SURPRISE!" There is a makeshift stage where Jimmy starts jamming on his guitar. J.S. and William Bo are there, as well as many of the other good guys and girls. Scythe is there, looking sexy as always. Desler hops onstage with Jimmy and they begin singing "Shiatsu Massager." Xam approaches Trip, scotch in hand. Robo is hovering behind him, holding a little drink. Trip is drinking tomato juice.

TRIP:

Whatchu drinkin, Robo?

ROBO:

Scotch! (slurring) Is that tomato juice? You pussy.

TRIP:

Cheers. (They all clink glasses)

(to Xam) How's covering our ass going?

Xam notices the black haired girl from the earlier soda incident. She's watching the band.

XAM:

I gotta go see about a girl.

Xam goes up to her with Robo close behind. Robo accidentally bumps into someone and spills his drink on them. We faintly hear Robo say "Sorry - I'm slizzer'd."

XAM:

How's it goin?

BLACK HAired GIRL:

Fuck off.

Xam is sullen. He goes outside. Robo, eyeing the hottie, lingers. The girl gives Robo a sexy look. Robo makes cute, shy noises.

BLACK HAired GIRL:

(seductively) You know, I've always preferred machines...

A thumb drive pops out of Robo's groin, and the metal part slides out, ready for insertion.

Desler, done with the song, approaches Scythe. Another band gets onstage and plugs in - a Lowcountry band.

DESLER:

(hopeful) Umm... Hi.

Scythe stares at him blankly.

DESLER:

I just wanted to say ... I'm sorry for making fun of your fake blindness ...

Scythe continues to stare.

And I just want you to know that ... I think I'm a feminist.

Scythe is curious.

Yeah, I mean, like, feminists believe the equal worth of women and men. I believe that. When I see a woman who's like, thinks men are pieces of shit, and doesn't think they have as much worth as women, that really makes me mad. And I think that makes me a feminist.

(pause)

SCYTHE:

I hate you.

Without warning, Scythe begins making out with Desler - HARD. Desler is into it, but also kinda like WOAHA. OKAY. Scythe is really turned on by Desler, and Desler knows why. It's because he's awesome.

DESLER:

(gasping for air) Hate me more, please!

* * *

Trip approaches J.S., who's looking great leaning up against a wall, holding a drink. Classic Southern beauty.

TRIP:

Hey, partner.

J.S:

(tipsy) How are those wounds? (she touches his chest)

TRIP:

(packed with meaning) I'll live.

There is a moment of sexual tension. Trip breaks away.

TRIP:

I'm not saying anything new here, but - thank you. You saved all of our asses.

J.S.:

That's my job. Have you considered my suggestion?

TRIP:

Hell no.

(solemn) I think local crime is the least of our worries.

Party supply guy stumbles up to them, totally drunk, spilling his drink on J.S.. His head is bandaged.

PARTY SUPPLY GUY:

(slurring) There's a storm coming! (J.S. exits to clean herself off)

Sorry. But seriously, Trip, there's a **big storm** coming!

* * *

In a hospital, Kearny is on crutches in a waiting area. He's on the phone. Xam is on the other end, outside of the office.

XAM:

I have a few more requests. Or, should I say, demands.

KEARNY:

What.

XAM:

A lotta shit was destroyed. So... we're gonna need some funds.

KEARNY:

Fuck you.

XAM:

(pondering) Fuck me. Fuuck me. Mr. Geoff Kearny. Mr. Geoff Kearny of 75 Nascent Way.

Xam has Kearny's ID in his hand.

XAM:

How's your daughter? Oh! (chuckles) You have three, I forgot.

KEARNY:

(quiet but rage-filled) You **fucking** worm. The Baron wants **blood**. There's only so much I can do. (deadly serious) I don't know if you people are understanding the gravity of the situation.

XAM:

(bright) Make it happen, Geoff! (high pitched) Bye bye!

He hangs up. A nurse approaches Kearny.

NURSE:

You can go in.

Kearny enters the hospital room. There is a steady beeping. Wrapped in bloody, festering bandages from head to toe is a figure who's eyes

are locked onto Kearny.

KEARNY:

Senator...

(he gets to a knee in worship)

Teemoth.

The Senator/Teemoth is full of rage. He grips his bandaged hand, and blood eeks out, along with a single maggot. The beeping intensifies as the Senator/Teemoth gurgles.

* * *

Jimmy, at the party, gets on the mic in front of the now-ready band.

JIMMY:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm pleased to introduce "_____" (insert real band name here)____."

The small crowd applauds. The real band starts playing the same song from the intro title credits. A Lowcountry song. All begin to dance, except for Trip and J.S., now on opposite ends of the room, who make eye contact. J.S. wants to be with Trip, it is clear now, and she's not trying to hide it.

There is merriment and delight on the dance floor. Children dance without inhibition. Trip, looking at J.S., realizes that he really loves her. They were partners for years on the force, and he can see now that she has always been a great catch. He just always saw her as a sister.

On the first chorus swell, there's a slow push in on Trip as he smiles, from the heart, open to possibility for the first time since his wife died. There's also a push in on J.S., who looks lovely and classy, and is totally open to Trip's gaze.

J.S. joins in on the dancing. A little girl pulls Trip in to the dance.

[*Fade to black*]

The music continues during this ending montage:

We see a delivery truck pull up to Xam's house, which is being rebuilt. Load after load of hi-tech gear is brought in by movers.

He and Robo nod to each other approvingly. Robo makes a cute noise and does a backflip.

Spectators flood in to a crowded theatre for a one-man show. The marquee reads 'The Shirt of My Heart.' Jimmy gives an amazing performance! Now he's dressed as King Lear! Wow!

After giving it all he's got, there's a pause as he wonders if the audience will accept him.

The audience stands in complete adoration.

[Chorus swell]

Trip, Xam, Desler and Bert are cheering their heads off. Tears of joy roll down Jimmy's face as he bows. He reaches back and checks his underwear to make sure there's no poop in there.

Desler is wearing professor clothes and standing at a white board in front of a classroom full of college students. The whiteboard says 'Professor Strom: Feminist Theory 102.'

Scythe is sitting at one of the desks, confused. Desler uses a pointer stick to highlight boobs, tampons, and the letters, 'P,' 'M,' and 'S.' Suddenly, the real professor walks in holding a stack of textbooks. Desler, busted, sees that the only escape is through an open window. He runs and dives through it. Scythe shakes her head with a smile. On her notebook is a heart with the word 'Desler' inside, and apparently cupid's arrow - but as we zoom out on the image, we see that stick figure Scythe has literally ripped stick figure Desler's heart out and stabbed it with a ninja sword. Scythe beams.

Bert, at his rebuilt/under construction house, is unpacking a fresh order of occult texts. He finds a book of ancient Thespenian prophecy. Bert reads the following.

'Out of Light, the darkness fell,
yet into darkness, darkness falls;
From the south the two will rise,
and wake the dragon from of old.'

Bert turns the page and, in shock, drops the book. Our view spins as

the open page is clearly visible: An ancient Thespenian cave painting of two figures on a mystical path. This painting transitions to a nearly identical frame of Trip and Desler walking on that old country road, the first shot of the film. Right before the chorus swells one last time, Trip knocks his fist into his assault rifle - CLINK - which is now locked and loaded.

[BLACKOUT the moment the final chorus hits]

FIRST CREDIT TITLE (if I direct):

Written and Directed

by

Adam Metropolis