The Goodtime Gang

by

Max Landis
EXT. EASTERN EUROPEAN WARZONE - CHAOS

A depressed, gray city is under siege; a revolution has devolved into a chaotic street war, with rebels, the fascist army, and rioting civilians tearing up everything in sight.

In the midst of this, a sexy electric blue Maserati suddenly whips around a corner, swerving through the city wildly. Behind it, gaining quickly, are two trucks full of furious looking men, taking potshots at the Maserati as they try to keep up.

Driving the slick sportscar is SHAWN Shepherd, 23, handsome with sandy hair. If he had a spirit animal, it would be a mongoose.

Next to him is GARRY Glick, 23, not as striking visually as Shaun but gifted with an undeniable charisma. His spirit animal would most likely be a badger.

Bullets plink off the back of the maserati; an I-pod hooked into the stereo blasts Backstreet Boys. Bullets punch through and hit the stereo, killing the music.

SHAWN
OH MY GOD! Did they hit the I-pod?

GARRY
I- shit- no, it’s fine, thank christ-

SHAWN
Oh thank god! Do you have my phone?

GARRY
Yeah-

SHAWN
Did Kelly text me back yet?

GARRY
Did she what-

SHAWN
About this mess, dude-

GARRY
You texted her, I said call her-
SHAWN

Dude-

GARRY

YOU TEXT CASUALLY, YOU CALL IN AN EMERGENCY!

Another hail of bullets hits the car as they swerve around a corner, sending a soldier flipping over their hood.

SHAWN

Are those Nashmeker A-10s?

GARRY

No, they're just AKs, Nashmeker's would be going pop-pop-pop these got the AK clikyclikakclikyclak-

SHAWN

They are going pop-pop-pop-

GARRY

No listen clikyclikakclikyclak-

SHAWN

Pop-pop-pop-

GARRY

clikyclikakclikyclak clikyclikakclikyclak clikyclikakclikyclak

SHAWN


They both listen as the back window of the Maserati is blasted out with gunfire; “pop-pop-pop.”

GARRY

Holy shit, you’re right!

Garry opens the sunroof, and climbs halfway out.

SHAWN

What is this, what is this mess you’re doing-

GARRY

You realize those guns are worth more than this car, right?

(yelling to the pursuing truck)

Hey! Be careful with those, there’s two hundred years of culture and history behind those weapons-
Garry’s left ear is abruptly **BLASTED OFF**.

GARRY (CONT’D)
AAAAH FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT ABOUT!?

Garry ducks back down into the car.

SHAWN
Did you just get shot again-

GARRY
NO!...YES! FUCK!

Another hail of bullets hits the back of the car, and they swerve around a corner.

GARRY (CONT’D)
Is there a big hole?

SHAWN
Oh, ugh, um...No, no hole, it’s just kinda-

GARRY
-what-

SHAWN
Just kinda shredded, I guess? Like ear-salad-

GARRY
-Ear salad oh jesus!-

SHAWN
Oh shit look at this.

Two tanks are rolling together further up the street, forming a blockade; a rapidly closing space remains between them. The maserati ROCKETS TOWARDS THEM.

GARRY
Turn up there turn up there-

SHAWN
No we can make it-

GARRY
No, we have to turn, we have to turn-

SHAWN
It’ll be fine-
CASSIE Day, 23, beautiful in a smoldering, smokey way, sits up in the backseat, her long legs flopping all over the place.

CASSIE
Ooooh I’m so hungover-

GARRY
TURN THE CAR SHAWN-

SHAWN
WE CAN MAKE IN THE LITTLE HOLE-

CASSIE
-the volume is unacceptable-

GARRY
TURN THE FUCKING CAR SHAWN

Garry grabs the wheel and turns it hard, and they go swerving down an alley; at the end of the alley is a pile of garbage construction equipment...

...beyond that is a fence...beyond that...is a cliff...

And a 90 foot drop into the ocean. They’re pulling 50. Way too fast to slow down.

CASSIE
...I hate you guys.

The maserati hits the construction equipment and is launched up, through the air...

...as it flies the I-pod is jolted and goes sailing out the window, and we go into SLOW MOTION as Shawn, horrified, makes a desperate last ditch grab for the I-Pod...

Aannnnd....freeeze.

TITLE: THE GOODTIME GANG

The opening sequence is stylized, over iconography of shots of booze, cash and bullets.

SMASH FROM THIS TO:

INT. RUDDY BAR - BATHROOM

It’s a broken down, filthy public bathroom. Cassie is heaving over a toilet. Shawn sits outside against the stall;
he’s disassembled a smart phone, and is individually drying each piece.

Both Cassie and Shawn are soaking wet.

    SHAWN
    You okay in there?

    CASSIE

    ...NO.

    SHAWN
    That’s okay. Where the hell am I supposed to get a new I-pod out here, that’s the real problem we’re facing.

Cassie hurls.

    SHAWN (CONT’D)
    Not helping, Cassie. Never helping.

INT. RUDDY BAR

Garry, also soaking wet, his ear sloppily bandaged, sits at the bar.

He’s drinking with three stodgy looking Slovakian men and one hot girl, dressed in a third-world beat-up Mickey Mouse T-shirt. The men are drunk, the place is dirty, and the power flickers on and off.

He takes a shot.

    GARRY
    Mickey Mouse, I’m a big fan. You like Mickey? I actually, I know him personally. I can introduce you.

The girl just nods and smiles, eyeing the crumpled up ball of hundreds in his hand. There’s an explosion in the distance, and the building shakes.

Shawn bursts out of the bathroom, holding the reassembled phone.

    GARRY (CONT’D)
    Shawn, wait up dude-

Shawn goes outside. Garry falls off his stool and crashes to the ground in his hurry to follow Shawn.
He stops by the door, noticing a family, a mother and her children, refugees from the fighting. They seem scared, huddled in a corner.

GARRY (SUBTITLE) (CONT’D)
(from flawless Russian)
It’s going to be okay. The fighting in the city will not leave the city. It will end by nightfall.

The family stares at him, and the mother nods curtly.

EXT. RUDDY BAR - CONTINUOUS

The air is thick with smoke. The sun is setting. There’s the sound of battle in the distance. Shawn is walking from place to place, trying to get signal on the phone.

GARRY
You got the phone working?

SHAWN
I’m not talking to you.

GARRY
...Is this about the I-pod-

SHAWN
FUCK YES IT’S ABOUT THE I-POD-

GARRY
I’ll buy you a new one-

SHAWN
I don’t want a new one, I want the one that has all my music on it. We’re going back to a first world country.

GARRY
Shawn, come on. We can’t just leave-

SHAWN
Why not? We finished the job-

GARRY
Sorta.

SHAWN
Is the armory blown up or isn’t it?
GARRY
The city is in open revolt!

SHAWN
And what’re we supposed to do about that?

GARRY
WE CAUSED THE REVOLT!

SHAWN
AND?

GARRY
We can’t just go around—fucking shit up all the time, man. I want us to be perceived as reliable, and professional—

SHAWN
And as good as our parents, yakedy-ya-yak-yako. Now is not the time for this conversation—I’VE GOT SIGNAL!

GARRY
Shawn—

SHAWN
ShawSHHH.

Shawn starts to dial the phone as Cassie stumbles out of the bar, holding a bottle of Schnapps.

CASSIE
Look at this, man, the bartender gave me peppermint schnapps cause I gave him like a couple thousand dollars to repair the bathroom—

GARRY
What’d you do to the bathroom?

Cassie raises a detonator.

CASSIE
BATHROOM.

GARRY
Waitwait—

There’s a small explosion on the other side of the building. It startles Shawn and Garry. Cassie cackles like a lunatic, taking a big tug off the schnapps bottle.
SHAWN
WHAT THE FUCK, GARRY-

GARRY
You were the one who was supposed
to be watching her-

SHAWN
I thought you said you took her
demolitions kit away-

CASSIE
(sing song)
I had C4 in my purse-

GARRY
She’s your girlfriend, man-

SHAWN
My girlfr- Fuck! Shit! Everybody
only thinks of themselves around
here!

Shawn storms off up the muddy road. Garry seems ready to
shout after him, but then turns and sees Cassie doing a sexy
dance.

GARRY
Lemme see that schnapps.

INT. MI-5

The crowded, clean offices of Britain’s highest security
agency are, as always, abuzz with activity.

KELLY Watts, 24, buttoned down in every way possible, sits in
her cubicle. She’s far too dorky to have a spirit animal;
she’d probably be allergic.

Kelly’s very engrossed, typing some kind of warrant. Her
cell rings; “GTG” calling, with Madonna’s “Holiday” as the
ringtone.

She hurriedly silences the phone, fumbling and knocking
things off her desk and she frantically hooks it into some
kind of scrambler device, then another cord to the hardline,
then another to another weird gadget.

Tons of encryption programs all run at once on her computer
screen, scrambling the call and making it untraceable. Kelly
picks up. She speaks in an upper-class posh accent.
KELLY
Hello, Kelly Watts speaking-

SHAWN (O.S.)
SHUT UP! I SAID SHUT UP, I THINK
SHE JUST- Kelly?

EXT. WARZONE - SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Shawn sits talking on the phone on the back of a wrecked car in a muddy ditch. In the background behind him, Garry and Cassie are wasted, dancing around singing “I Want You” by Savage Garden.

We intercut between Shawn and Kelly, who’s trying to keep the call low profile.

KELLY
Yes, I’m here, how can I help you?

SHAWN
We’re in a pile of crap, Garry’s an asshole-

KELLY
Is he alright?

SHAWN
Who, Garry? Garry’s fucking great, he’s a ball of sunshine.

KELLY
Did you have any specific concerns I can address?

SHAWN
We’re in Maramures right now, like south of Rusinko-

Kelly brings up multiple maps on her screen, pinpointing Shawn’s location.

KELLY
Yes, I can see you have a difficult situation, there-

SHAWN
Yeah Garry’s ear got shot off-

KELLY
(loses her cool)
What-
SHAWN
Yeah, and he lost my I-pod too, so basically what I’m saying is if you could charter us a jet-

KELLY
Is Garry-

SHAWN
I told he’s fine, GARRY, KELLY SAYS HI.

GARRY
HI KELLY!

KELLY
HI GARRY!

SHAWN
Garry says hi. Now, uh, about that jet. Do you think you could get us a luxury class, or you think that’s asking too much? Cause we’ve got no transportation out here, and I got no idea where the nearest airfield...

A truck rambles up the road, honking loudly, with five men, armed with AK-47s, riding in the back.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
Oh come on, seriously?

The truck pulls up, and all of the men unload and advance.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
Garry, gimme the-

Garry tosses him the bottle of schnapps, and Garry starts chugging it. The LEAD REVOLUTIONARY THUG raises his pistol as he walks up to Shawn.

LEAD REVOLUTIONARY THUG (SUBTITLE)
(from Russian)
Lay on the ground, we are taking your goods and your woman.

Shawn gives him a “just a second” finger as he finishes the schnapps, we

GO INTO SLOW-MOTION...
Shawn **smashes the gun out of the thug’s hand with the bottle**, and Garry plucks the gun out of mid-air as it passes him. Shawn quick draws a revolver.

One of the thugs starts to fire and Garry shoots him down. Another turns, firing erratically, to shoot Garry, and Shawn caps him. As the three remaining slavic thugs begin to fire, Garry and Shawn blow them away.

OUT OF SLOWMOTION...

We get an instant replay of what just happened.

**It goes down in under five seconds.**

The revolutionary thugs lay dead. Shawn raises his cell phone, as though nothing happened.

**SHAWN**

Cancel what I said about us having no transportation. The luxury jet, I don’t think it’s too much but I’m asking you if you think it’s too much, is it too much?

**INT. SQUALID CARGO PLANE**

Shawn and Garry sit huddled together, with Cassie laying on Shawn, all three wrapped in dirty cargo blankets. They are surrounded by refugees, cramped close together. A worn out boombox plays Russian folk music.

Cassie is asleep. It’s freezing, they’re miserable.

**GARRY**

When’re you gonna get serious about her, man?

**SHAWN**

What, Captain Trainwreck here?

**GARRY**

Yeah.

**SHAWN**

Psh, come on man-

**GARRY**

I’m just saying, recently I’m not feeling it from you.

(MORE)
GARRY (CONT'D)
I don’t feel like you’re trying, even, anymore, you just act like everything is a joke-

SHAWN
Everything is a joke, Garry. And what’s with you, since when the commitment to being a “good mercenary,” who would even want to be a good mercenary-

GARRY
I’ve always tried my best at what I do-

SHAWN
Now there’s a joke, man. Don’t gimme that bright-eyed bullshit.

GARRY
I just think that if our parents could see us now, we might, you know-

SHAWN
Don’t do that, okay, don’t make this about them. This is about you feeling insecure-

GARRY
No, this is about you acting like we can go on like this forever, in this mess-

SHAWN
And what’s the problem with that-

GARRY
Do you smell Vodka? I do smell vodka, yeah, for like the last couple-

SHAWN
Do you smell Vodka? Yes, it’s been getting to me this whole time-

GARRY
Over there.

A refugee man sits nearby with a crate.

SHAWN (SUBTITLE)
(from Czech)
Helllooooooooooooooo.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...
Loud eastern bloc rap blasts on the boombox. People are dancing and making out. It’s anarchy.

Garry and Shawn are talking to a FARMER, all clearly drunk.

FARMER (SUBTITLE)
And then all the profits come back to the center, you see?

GARRY
This man is a genius!

SHAWN
That’s brilliant, that’s a brilliant business plan!

A refugee girl grabs Garry and starts making out with him.

SLAM TO:

Garry and Shawn are asleep on the floor of the plane, which has now landed and been emptied. There’s silence, not even engine sound. Flashlights shine into their faces.

Shawn and Garry stir.

INTERPOL AGENT
INTERPOL! Turn over and put your hands on your-

SHAWN
AAAH! AAH! I CAN YELL TOO!

The interpol agents continue screaming at Shawn and Garry, who look totally lost; the plane is crowded with agents, their guns drawn.

GARRY
They’re so angry!

SHAWN
My whole body hurts.

GARRY
Here, let’s just leave here—

SHAWN
Yeah this is boring—

Shawn and Garry *are suddenly on their feet, attacking the agents.*

Watching Shawn and Garry fight is somewhat bizarre; they use a combination of judo and the Russian sambo style of wrestling.
For those of you unfamiliar with martial arts, the simple way to put this is they fling everyone into everyone else. There's very little punching or kicking, but a whole lot of WHAM BANG CRASH.

Shawn's style is smoother (which figures, really), whereas Garry's is more brutal and frantic.

The fight progresses up the center of the plane, with Garry and Shawn repeatedly forcing the two dozen Interpol agents to shoot each other in the knees and arms.

Garry breaks open an emergency exit, and the inflatable slide drops down to the ground. Shawn gets grabbed as he and Garry dive out, and six agents wrestle him to the ground.

Garry, now armed with a pistol nabbed from an interpol agent, bounces down the slide, and lands on his feet, gun raised...

...to find he faces dozens of armed Interpol troops, taking cover behind their cars. The plane is completely surrounded. Cassie, in handcuffs, is bent over the hood of a distant car, struggling violently.

Garry twitchily brings up his gun, unable to decide who to aim at. There's a symphony of guns cocking.

GARRY

...OKAY! I'm going to need you all to do me a big favor, and just get into a single file line!

A tranquilizer dart shoots in and hits Garry in the neck. Garry yanks it out, and stares at it.

GARRY (CONT'D)

Why a dart this? WHO PUT DART ON GARRYYYYYYYYYYYY

Garry collapses.

INT. HOLDING FACILITY - OBSERVATION COMMAND CENTER

It's a security observation command center in a federal holding facility. The walls are lined with screens, monitored by a half dozen technicians.

Milton HODGES, 50s, deputy director of the CIA sits watching one of the monitors intently. Spirit animal is a shark. A shark in a suit.
He watches a screen, where Cassie is being interviewed...

ZOOM THROUGH THE SCREEN TO:

INT. HOLDING FACILITY - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lance Corporal Wesley EUBANKS, 30s, sits across a steel table from Cassie Day, with a file on her open in front of him. He looks at the picture; Cassie in United States military garb. Prim, proper, clean-cut and respectable.

The Cassie before him, clearly in the middle of detox, squinting against the light, her eyes bloodshot and her skin pale, is unrecognizable alongside the picture.

Eubanks, by the way, is a piranha. And it’s not subtle. He’s all sharp edges, one of those “orders over anything” type of guys.

EUBANKS
Specialist Cassandra Day. Yale girl, came in on a full scholarship, left top of her class magna cum laude, Rangers two years, then the infantry. Served in the guard, then Afghanistan, then Iraq. Demolitions expert. A few behavioral violations, right alongside a purple heart and a Order of Saint Maurice Centurion status.

(beat)
Your family misses you, Cassandra.

CASSIE
First time for everything.

Eubanks smiles a strange, tilted smile.

EUBANKS
Specialist Day, help me to understand...How does this (indicates the picture)
Become this.

He waves the picture somewhat disgustedly at Cassie.

CASSIE
I do a lot of cardio and drink gin instead of water.

Eubanks tilts a smile again. Cassie shifts uncomfortably.
EUBANKS
Help us help you, Cassie. We’re trying to find a handhold, here. What makes someone like yourself, by all accounts a good and honorable person, just give up. Flake out. Abandon her life, her duty, her country?

Cassie thinks.

CASSIE
We’d been disarming IEDs all day. Three that day. We were on a roll. You know a roll ends when you’re picking up your friends’ arms and legs off the pavement.

(beat)
They were in a Dolorean. Like a real Dolorean, driving in the deserts outside of Karbala. They drove up alongside the humvees, they had music blasting, they had...sparklers...And they were yelling “hey, come with us, we’re going to a body painting party in Sweden. Doesn’t that sound like more fun than what you’re doing?”

(beat)
And for the first time in my life, I thought clearly. I thought: “Yes. Yes that does sound like more fun.”

EUBANKS
(beat)
Ah...ha. So you admit to desertion, then.

CASSIE
Been a year. I’m not having a bad time yet.

EUBANKS
Not even now.

CASSIE
Nah.
EUBANKS
Hm. Well, let’s move right along. It seems that you’re involved in some kind of sexual, romantic, what have you relationship with Shawn Shepherd. Yet we have you on file here for a violation of the don’t ask don’t tell policy. You’re a homosexual, a lesbian.

CASSIE
I’m not orthodox.
(beat)
Listen, whatever you guys are up to, just cancel it, okay? That’s your best bet. You know what a Luther Burger is?

EUBANKS
I’m sorry, a-

CASSIE
Luther Burger. It’s like a donut hamburger. Just get some of those, the guys will be your best friends for life.

Eubanks gives a tinkling laugh.

EUBANKS
Oh, I’m sorry, no. That’s not how this is going to go down.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM

Eubanks is talking to Hodges, who’s joined by REIGERT, MATHESON and BACON, all 40s/50s straightlaced government types.

REIGERT
I’m just saying that the direct approach might not be worth the time, here-

EUBANKS
Worth the time? What, you want us to sit on our hands and wait for the FBI, or the NSA to swoop in and take them away from us?
MATHESON
I think what Reigert means is that we don’t want to push them into their shell. These are hard men, serious men. Killers. They’ve been on the lamb their entire lives, they won’t respect any kind of law we lay down.

EUBANKS
I appreciate that, but they must be clear on the severity of their situation-

HODGES
The question to me, Eubanks, is do we flip them as friends or do we flip them as foes. I mean, somewhere along the line here, probably sooner rather than later, we’re going to have to take out our balls and put them on the table and hope these guys smile. They don’t smile when we’ve got our balls out then we’ve got a problem, you know?

EUBANKS
But sir, our balls are our power, here.

HODGES
Just get a read on them. Profile, assess, and we see where we go from there. Once we trust them, we’ll show them our balls.

BACON
What’re they doing?

Everyone directs their attention to a security monitor, showing Garry and Shawn in an interrogation room.

HODGES
Turn on the audio.

They turn on the audio. Garry and Shawn are singing an acapella cover of O-Town’s “All or Nothing.”

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Cold, sparse room. Eubanks sits across from Garry and Shawn, holding a thick file. At the appropriate intervals, he slides pictures out of the file and onto the table.
EUBANKS
Shawn Shepherd, born October, 1985, son of Amelia and Christopher Shepherd, alias “The Sheep Dog,” notorious internationally for hundreds of crimes ranging from grand theft to conspiracy to inciting a revolt, in Grenada, in 1991. Gun runners, assassins-

SHAWN
They also bought me a choochoo.

EUBANKS
(beat)
Killed in 2003 when one of their own bombs blew up in their face.

SHAWN
Yeah, well, that’s the story.

EUBANKS
That’s the end of the story.

SHAWN
I don’t like you.

EUBANKS
Gerald Glick, born July 1985, son of Charles “Chad” Glick and Martina Roumeska. “Chad” an anarchist, arsonist, former Army ranger turned globehopping psychopath for hire, and Martina his female counterpart. Traveled and worked with the Shepherds for fifteen years, your father notable for his brutal signature style of execution; kneecap, elbow, head.

(beat, enjoying himself)
Both dead after their car was struck by an errant mortar shell past the demarcation line in North Korea.

(beat)
You were there. Must’ve been hard for you.

There’s a long beat.

GARRY
My dick itches.
SHAWN
You say that like one of us is supposed to scratch your dick.

GARRY
My arms are tired.

SHAWN
If it comes down to it, I’d rather not be— I mean, I’m sure this guy could do it.

EUBANKS
(ignoring them)
You live primarily off money siphoned from the bank accounts of the largest criminal organizations in the world, you spend flagrantly, constantly damage and destroy both private and public property—

SHAWN
I don’t like this, I feel like you’re judging us—

GARRY
It’s wrong for you to judge us on our lifestyle choices.

EUBANKS
I think the most impressive part of it all is that you’ve managed to fail, completely, in your chosen profession. You are, by all accounts, absolutely terrible mercenaries.

Shawn and Garry look uncomfortable. This pleases Eubanks.

EUBANKS (CONT’D)
You’ve been in the business for eight years, each...both of you inheriting sizeable legacies, only the best in equipment, given topflight training from birth...Yet combined you’ve completed a total of twenty seven missions. That’s seven out of...four hundred and sixty one contracts that you’ve taken.

Garry shoots Shawn a look.
EUBANKS (CONT’D)
By common logic, you should be the best hired guns in the world, and so you keep getting jobs on your reputation, but...
(beat)
You’re dilettantes. Most days of the week you’re attending bacchanalian parties hosted by terrorists, criminals and despots, you-

SHAWN
I think you're just jealous you're not getting invited to these parties, man, so I'm not gonna take any of this personally and assume that it's your wedding ring talking. Garry, I'ma go for a hi-five here-

GARRY
Yes, you will get that high five, and I will look him dead in the eye while I do it.

Garry and Shawn stare at Eubanks as they give each other a very intense high five.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM – LATER

Eubanks is across from Hodges, whilst Bacon, Matheson and Reigert listen.

HODGES
Couldn’t get a read? I think you got a read, Eubanks.

BACON
Yeah, they don’t give a shit.

MATHESON
We just have to press them; softballing them is pointless. We’ve got to start laying out terms, setting limits, prison, torture-

REIGERT
Execution, threaten to shoot them into space or shove dynamite up their asses, I don’t know-
EUBANKS
I spoke to them for just over an hour. They don’t seem to understand danger, consequences or personal accountability.
(beat)
Sir, they’re...they’re retards, sir.

SHAWN (O.S.)
That’s not very nice.

GARRY (O.S.)
Or politically correct-

SHAWN (O.S.)
Or politically correct, yeah.

All of the CIA men freeze; what the hell?

GARRY (O.S.)
The mic’s in breast pocket.

Eubanks checks his sleeve; there’s a tiny transceiver hooked into the fabric. He takes it out and stares at it, dumbfounded. Everyone turns to the little monitor.

Garry and Shawn are smiling up into the camera, talking into their own little transceiver.

SHAWN
Hi!

GARRY
Hello!

BACON
But- But we searched them, we-

GARRY
WE SURJED DEM, WA HAPPEN

SHAWN
HOW DEY GET DAT MIKAPHONE ON MEH

GARRY
WAAAA! WAN BOTTLE

Shawn laughs. Hodges seems amused.

HODGES
Gentlemen...you’re not as dumb as you appear to be.
GARRY

No one is as dumb as we appear to be.

CUT TO: BIG PLATE OF LUTHER BURGERS

INT. MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The meeting room is much nicer than the previous austere surroundings; Garry and Shawn sit at the far end of a polished table, scarfing Luther Burgers and drinking Jack and Coke.

Hodges sits at the far end of the table, watching silently.

GARRY
(as he chews)
Which one of the guys said to shove the dynamite up our asses?

SHAWN
Yeah bring that guy in, I wanna talk to him.

GARRY
I wanna talk to him with my fist mouth. I wanna have a conversation, but with punching instead of words.

SHAWN
Yeah, that’s good.

HODGES
How much of all this is an act?

SHAWN
Define “all this-”

GARRY
Yeah, and define “act-”

SHAWN
Also, define “dilettante-”

GARRY
Shawn come on.

SHAWN
I just figure if he’s already got the dictionary out.
Bacon, Reigert, and Matheson, along with a half dozen men in suits, enter the room, some carrying documentation, folders, files, some looking like agents and others like techies.

GARRY
Whoa, say ahoy to the hoy polloy.

SHAWN
What is this, our fanclub?

HODGES
You could say that. Shawn, your parents weren’t mercenaries.

SHAWN
...What?

HODGES
Your parents weren’t mercenaries, not in your lifetime. Two years before you were born, they were clandestinely recruited by the United States government to serve as “open-hand” operatives.

Hodges slides a file to Shawn across the table.

SHAWN
I don’t need to look in there, you’re...you know, you’re making it up--

HODGES
No. Every job you ever saw your parents take came through us. Your mother and father checked in regularly, and their hard work helped us take down some of the world’s most dangerous criminals.

Shawn has slowly started looking through the file; pictures of his parents in the military, even some with a younger Hodges.

SHAWN
I don’t--

HODGES
They’ve both been posthumously awarded the congressional medal of honor. Those medals are going to go into your possession, actually.
Medals are slid across the table to Shawn, who stares at them.

GARRY
What...I don’t–

SHAWN
(quietly)
This isn’t real.

REIGERT
No, it is.

MATHESON
This is for you, Mr. Glick.

Matheson slides a folder across the table, and it lands in Garry’s lap. Garry takes a long look at Shawn, who’s still rifling through documents in his own folder, in shock.

GARRY
Fine.

Garry pours himself a shot, takes it, and opens his file. His stares into it, then up at the CIA men.

GARRY (CONT’D)
What is this.

HODGES
It’s a picture of your father,
Garry-

GARRY
This is a joke-

HODGES
CIA doesn’t make it a practice to spend a million and a half dollars on a capture operation just to play pranks on people, Garry.

Garry holds up a photograph. It’s CHAD Glick, 50s. Lithe, expressionless, and somehow vacant, Chad could most easily and accurately be described as a slithering eel.

The picture shows him, amongst armed men, talking on a satellite phone.

GARRY
Those are RP150s, they were released last year.
MATHESON
That’s correct. This picture is from July.

GARRY
This year July.

Garry suddenly stands up, shoving his chair away from the table, breathing hard. He stands staring at the CIA men, flustered, trying to find words.

For the first time, there are chinks in The Goodtime Gang’s armor. Shawn looks concerned, still recovering from his own shock.

SHAWN
Garry-

GARRY
You- No, I saw my father die-

MATHESON
No, you saw your mother die-

GARRY
SHUT UP!

Garry takes a little pace back and forth, then picks up a Lutherburger and starts furiously eating it. He then washes it down with a giant tug of Jack.

BACON
Um, Mr. Glick-

GARRY
(through a mouthful of food, near tears)
THUDDUP!

Garry paces, swallows and goes to the corner of the room, clearly freaking out. Shawn stares down at a picture of his parents.

SHAWN
(beat)
Why are you telling us all this?

HODGES
There are things happening right now. Wheels are turning, elements already in motion.
(MORE)
HODGES (CONT'D)
The United States has a long
history of success with hiring
private contractors. We’re looking
to hire you.

SHAWN
...Hire us, after your buddy here
just got done telling us how
useless we are-

EUBANKS
You have associations, connections,
that are conducive to an operation,
a clandestine operation that we
simply cannot pin America’s
military down to.

GARRY
Ridiculous, it’s all fucking
*ridiculous*-

SHAWN
What are you talking about?

BACON
It is vital to national security
that we locate and detain Charles
Glick.

Shawn looks to Garry, doesn’t react.

INT. HOLDING FACILITY - CELL

A stark holding cell. Garry sits on a bed, staring at the
floor. Shawn comes over and sits down next to him.

There’s a long beat, and then Shawn cautiously puts an arm
around Garry. Garry shakes his head.

GARRY
I don’t know. I don’t know.

SHAWN
I know.

GARRY
What did they say to you?

SHAWN
They release us on our own
recognizance, and brief us
tomorrow.

(MORE)
SHAWN (CONT’D)
Anything we need, full financial
backing of the United States
military-

GARRY

Ha!

SHAWN
Yeah, that’s basically what- yeah.
But they’ll let Cassie out, let her
come along.

GARRY
I mean, she’s halfway to Rikers as
is right now, man, they’ll lock her
ass up for life.

SHAWN
Oh, we’ll break her out-

GARRY
After we break out, yes, but,
Shawn...I mean...

SHAWN
...Are you considering doing this?

GARRY
No, I- well, yes, but not for them-

SHAWN
Garry, you can’t really-

GARRY
I can, actually. If my father’s
alive, Shawn, if he’s alive and
they can show me how to find
him...That’s my dad, Shawn. I
imagine if you could see Chris
again-

SHAWN
I’d ask him why the hell he lied to
me my whole life about who he was.

Garry stares at Shawn.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
Okay. Okay, yes, I get it, but, I
mean, we can’t bone out of this,
they’ll be watching us the whole
time-
GARRY
Maybe, so what?

SHAWN
So how do we, I mean, what if it gets gnarly or something and we want to light out for the territories-

GARRY
Well, we don’t. We do the whole mission, and once we get to my dad, if that’s even real...we play it by ear.

Shawn stares at Garry.

GARRY (CONT’D)
We should at least hear them out.

SHAWN
You really mean it, don’t you?

Garry takes a beat, then nods. Shawn reluctantly smiles.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
For you, man. Only for you.

GARRY
Thanks Shawn.

SHAWN
Hey, if there’s one thing I do love, it’s my own recognizance.

CUT TO: SHAWN TAKING A SHOT

SHAWN (CONT’D)
BITCHES IN DC GOTTA LEARN HOW TO PARTY!

WE MONTAGE THROUGH...

Various DC clubs and house parties, as Shawn and Garry cause absolute drunken anarchy everywhere they go. We witness them hitting on girls, drinking absurd amounts of liquor, hacking an ATM for cash, picking up a valet, buying a car off a millionaire and then giving it to the valet, drunk singing on a bus, then leading the bus in a sing along, driving the bus, now filled with drinking and dancing people, crashed bus, and then having a chicken fight with two hot chicks in a pool.
The lights come on, and a housewife, in a bathrobe, accompanied by her husband, holding a flashlight, come out to their backyard pool.

SUBURBAN DAD
Get out of here! We’ve already called the police!

Garry and Shawn dump the girls off their shoulders, and stare at the dad in numb incomprehension.

GARRY
I AM A POLICE.

SLAM TO:

INT. WATERGATE HOTEL – PRESIDENTIAL SUITE – MORNING

Garry wakes up in the bathtub, his cellphone alarm going off. He climbs out from under a supermodel hot black girl, and wanders through the wrecked presidential suite.

Coming out into the bedroom, he sees Shawn, asleep and hanging off the side of the bed.

GARRY
Shawn. Wake up.

SHAWN
Whaat? Really?

GARRY
Yes really. We have our briefing.

SHAWN
NOo000000000000000000 come on!

GARRY
...Where’s that girl?

SHAWN
I paid for a cab home. I have a girlfriend.

GARRY
What!?

SHAWN
Hey.
   (getting up)
We’re the serious guys now, right?

Garry smiles.
EXT. THE PENTAGON

The Goodtime Gang roars up the drive to the pentagon in a Lamborghini Murciélago. They turn off the road, and drive up onto a walkway, scattering pedestrians. The park just in front of the entrance, and are immediately surrounded by armed guards.

Garry and Shawn pop out, now wearing ridiculously colorful and garish “business” attire, the tags still hanging off. Shawn’s in purple and yellow, Garry’s in orange and blue. Even Garry’s ear bandage has gone orange and blue.

SHAWN
It’s all right, we’ve got a meeting with your boss.

HEAD SECURITY GUARD
YOU CANNOT PARK YOUR CAR HERE, SIR.

GARRY
Don’t you mean your car?

Garry tosses the Head Security Guard the key, which bounces off his chest. There’s a moment, and then one of the other security guards furtively picks up the keys.

The entire security team gives him a look.

INT. HIGH-TECH BRIEFING ROOM

Garry and Shawn sit in public school style deskchairs, looking up at huge flatscreens. Eubanks turns on the screens, whilst Hodges watches.

Cassie is marched into the room with two guards, in heavy restraints.

SHAWN
Heyo. Here’s the convict.

CASSIE
Yeah, I’m aiming for Bondage Barbie.

GARRY
Well, at least you’re keeping positive. We went out and partied all night, because we’re self-centered and solipsistic.
CASSIE
Shawn, there were some real cute
girls in the lock-up. And it was
real lonely in there. Real cute.
And real lonely.

Shawn shifts uncomfortably.

Kelly Watts enters at the far side of the room, and there’s
immediately sparks between her and Garry, though Hodges
doesn’t seem to notice.

HODGES
This is Kelly Watts, of MI5. You
might remember her from your
dealings with the IRA.

GARRY
Hey, I know this is a briefing, but
can you get her to de-brief me?

SHAWN
Bones.

Shawn and Garry bump fists, and Kelly looks disgusted.

EUBANKS
As the foremost authority on your
activities, Miss Watts has been
upgraded to field status and
assigned as on-site over-watch.

SHAWN
We’re bringing her with us?

HODGES
That’s right.

Shawn shoots Garry a look, which he ignores. Eubanks clicks
on the screens, and images supporting what he says come up as
he briefs them.

EUBANKS
Three years ago we lucked into some
information. Whilst on
reconnaissance on a drug ring in
Canada, local PD intercepted a
call. One of the voices on the
call was positively identified as
Charles Glick. The call came from
here: Edinburgh, Scotland. We
began to attempt to track his
movements, but he was too far off
our radar.

(MORE)
EUBANKS (CONT'D)
But every time he’d pop up, it
would be due to expenditures, huge
expenditures of money. Chad Glick
was brewing something. Stewing
something.

SHAWN
OoooOoooO-

Garry slaps him on the arm, and Shawn shuts up.

HODGES
Two months ago we got wind of some
sort of big auction going on,
organized by Chad Glick. We don’t
know who’s buying, what Chad is
selling, for how much, or to what
purpose. The only thing we do know
is that North Korea was ready to
pony up twelve billion Euros for
it, and Al Qaeda seems to have a
bid in the running as well.

EUBANKS
Which means, in our estimation,
that Chad Glick is selling some
kind of weapon. A weapon of mass
destruction, most likely for use
against the United States or its
allies.

HODGES
Our only preliminary intel is
captured audio, of your father
talking to or about someone named
“Max.” The odds are he’s talking
to Polish neo-fascist Max Dazinksy.

Dazinsky’s picture comes up on the screen.

GARRY
Could I- Could I hear that-

EUBANKS
No.

SHAWN
Well that’s not-
KELLY
Our mission would be to determine what Mr. Glick is selling, to whom he intends to sell it, and then to prevent the transaction from taking place. We would do this by reporting back to our contacts here in the CIA, and calling in a government sanctioned strike team.

SHAWN
Wow. This sounds like fun, right, Garry? Aren’t you glad we came, Garry? Garry Garry Garry, Garry?

GARRY
Shawn, shut up. So—what...we just wander around the globe, I mean—

EUBANKS
Pescalo, Uruguay. It’s the last known location of—

GARRY
Amy Fetch.

EUBANKS
—that's right.

SHAWN
Aunt Amy, Garry, what’re you—

GARRY
Sh. I got it.

HODGES
What’ve you got, exactly?

GARRY
You said this was under our own discretion. Then it’s under my discretion what I tell you, right?

HODGES
...I suppose so.

GARRY
We’re gonna need a plane. A car. Guns. Lots of guns.

HODGES
Make a list.
GARRY
Whatever we want.

HODGES
That’s right.

SHAWN
(drumming his hands on the
table)
We got a magic list! We’re goin’
to Uruguay!

CASSIE
Woo.

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - AIRSTRIP

An Escalade is being loaded up the ramp into an antique cargo plane. Cassie is having her handcuffs taken off by guards, whilst Kelly watches her nervously from a distance.

Shawn and Garry arrive, driven separately by government cars. Shawn, carrying a bag, rushes to catch up to Garry.

SHAWN
Why you gotta do me like that,
Garry?

GARRY
Eh?

SHAWN
Leave me out of the loop, don’t do
that. We’re a loop. You and me,
we’re a two man loop-

GARRY
Do you know how to fly one of
these? Bristol, type 170-

SHAWN
It’s an antique, of course I can-
Wait, no- Garry, that’s an eight
and half hour flight, you’re not
gonna make me fly, how will I drink-

GARRY
You won’t. You take four hours, I
take four hours. We’re not
bringing pilots.
SHAWN
Garry- but Garry, how will we drink!?

Garry stops just as they reach the plane.

GARRY
We’re not gonna be drinking Garry-

SHAWN
FUCK YOU GARRY!

GARRY
Calm down.

SHAWN
I’M SORRY GARRY!

There’s a moment. As they talk, we can see Cassie loading an Escalade onto the plane.

GARRY
My father owned...owns a controlling interest in a copper mine just south of Pescalo. Amy always used to hang out down there, she liked the weather.

SHAWN
...How come I didn’t know about this?

GARRY
I wasn’t even supposed to know about it. I heard Amy mention it once, when we were on vacation in Afghanistan.

SHAWN
That was when we were fourteen.

GARRY
Yeah.

SHAWN
(beat)
Is your memory really that good?

GARRY
...I guess, so, yeah. What’s that face you’re making?
SHAWN
Nothing, I just— you know, you'd make a really good mercenary.

Garry smiles.

CUT TO:

An hour or so later, the cargo plane lifts off.

INT. CARGO PLANE - COCKPIT - LATER
Shawn sits flying the plane, listening to an I-Pod. Garry peeks in.

GARRY
How're you doing up here?

SHAWN
Durh I fly urplane!

GARRY
Right. I'ma go check on our favorite crooked cop.

SHAWN
Carrying a torch.

GARRY
I'm not.

SHAWN
Burnin' torch.

INT. CARGO PLANE - BELLY - CONTINUOUS
Garry ducks out into the belly of the cargo plane, passing the Escalade and crates of equipment, to where Kelly sits, looking out a window.

GARRY
Hey there Kelly.

KELLY
Hello Garry!

GARRY
So how'd you swing this?

KELLY
Why whatever do you mean?
GARRY
I mean our only contact in the entire global policing community is the one assigned to our case.

KELLY
Well, I am the foremost authority on your exploits, Garry-

GARRY
Because we hang out with you all the time. I’m amazed MI5 hasn’t caught onto you, much less the CIA-

KELLY
Well, that’s just it, Garry, they have. I mean they really have this time.

GARRY
What.

KELLY
I’d been meaning to tell you; they brought me in two months ago. I had to flip everything I knew. That’s how they know so much! That’s how they caught you-

GARRY
...You set us up. You’re sitting here grinning at me and saying you set us up.

KELLY
Well don’t you see Garry, I did it for you. So you could see your father. Ever since I met you and Shawn at Scotland Yard I’d been looking for a way to pay you back for all the good times we’ve had, the presents, the parties...Plus, I’ve always wanted to come out with on one of your adventures, and I thought...I thought...

Garry’s just staring at her.

GARRY
I have to think about this.

After a moment, Garry gets up, walking back to the cockpit.
KELLY
Oh come on, Garry! I was trying to do the right thing! You’re being incredibly hard on me please!

CASSIE (O.S.)
Say what.

Cassie sits up from on the other side of the Escalade.

KELLY
(flustered)
I mean- you’re being hard on me- I-

CASSIE
Nice to see you again Smelly Kelly.

KELLY
Staff Sergeant Day. Good to see one of the few and the proud could make it.

CASSIE
You’re never gonna be cool enough to hang with us Kel-Kel.

KELLY
Cassie, listen, just because it’s easy for us to be... *bitchy* to each other, doesn’t mean we have to fall into that behavioral pattern-

CASSIE
You’re right. I’m sorry. OH WAIT! I just found out that it’s thanks to you I spent the **last three days in prison**. *No eyeliner in prison, Kelly!*

KELLY
I’m sorry about that, I didn’t think that through-

CASSIE
Be gone from my sight, devil woman!

Kelly notices what Cassie’s sitting in.

KELLY
Is that a massage chair?

CASSIE
(giving the finger)
**Magic list.**
EXT. URUGUAY - AIRSTRIP - AFTERNOON

The airstrip is secluded, but paved. Jungle surrounds it on all sides, but it has a hangar, a tower; your basic rural aviation amenities.

The cargo plane is landing.

INT. CARGO PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

Shawn and Cassie are asleep together in the massage chair. Kelly’s passed out in the passenger side of the Escalade. She has a very strange way of snoring.

Garry abruptly comes into frame, blowing an airhorn. Everyone jumps awake.

GARRY
WELCOME TO URUGUAY! ARRRIBAAA!

MOMENTS LATER...

Everyone’s gathered around as Garry spreads a map across the hood of the Escalade.

GARRY (CONT’D)
We’re at Monteverde Airstrip. That puts us fifteen miles from Pescadero Gorge, on the Viensuelo River. Jungle driving, that’s like, what-

SHAWN
Twenty minutes, maybe-

GARRY
The gorge is only three miles across, so the mine should be pretty easy to find.

SHAWN
If it’s even there-

GARRY
If it’s even there.

CASSIE
And once we get there, what? “Hi Dad, found out that there’s no Santa Claus after you faked your own death, tracked you down to talk it over—”
GARRY
I don’t know, we don’t know yet-

SHAWN
Sh...Do you hear that?

CUT TO: THE
SPINNING WHEEL
OF A SEGWAY

EXT. URUGUAY - AIRSTRIP - CONTINUOUS

DIETRICH Swan, 40, with bright eyes, wearing black slacks, black tie, white shirt, the garb of a mormon, is riding a Segway out towards the plane. Trailing him is a military-style cargo truck, filled with guerrillas wielding AK-47s.

He stops by the plane, and the guerrillas unload, flanking Swan, who raises a megaphone.

DIETRICH
Hello in there, and a pleasant afternoon! I’m here to notify you that this happens to be a private airfield. You can’t land here-

One of the windows on the plane shatters, and Shawn sticks his head out.

DIETRICH (CONT’D)
Shawn? Little Shawny Shepherd, is that you- Y’know, I heard tell you might be coming this way.

INT. CARGO PLANE - BELLY - CONTINUOUS

Shawn sticks his head back into the plane.

GARRY
Is that-

SHAWN
It’s Dietrich freaking Swan.

KELLY
I- Wait, I know that name, he’s a mercenary, he’s a notorious-

CASSIE
Yeah yeah, the Mormon Madman. What’s he doing here?
GARRY
I...I mean, that clinches it, doesn’t it? My dad is definitely involved...Oh my god-

SHAWN
Garry, it’ll be okay. Dietrich likes us, right? We’ve known him since we were ten.

Shawn sticks his head back out the window.

BACK TO: OUTSIDE

SHAWN (CONT’D)
I, uh- hi Dietrich!

DIETRICH
Well heck, what’re you doing way down here in the devil’s country?

SHAWN
We’re just here to check on some things, check some things out-

DIETRICH
Yes, I’m aware of that.

SHAWN
...So are we cool?

DIETRICH
We’re very cool, brothers under the eyes of the lord, Shawn. Just don’t get off the plane or I’ll have to kill you.

SHAWN
...That kind of puts us in a tight spot Dietrich. We want to get out of the plane.

DIETRICH
Well, you heard me put a condition on that, didn’t you. “There is nothing which is good save it comes from the Lord: and that which is evil cometh from the devil.” That’s Omni 1:25.

SHAWN
...Kay.
DIETRICH
Now I know that I came from the lord, and I know that I am good. Therefore, though there is some tribulation in my heart about shooting you whom I’ve known since your birth, ultimately I must accept that you were sent by the devil. Understand? That’s if you get out of the plane.

SHAWN
...Kay.

Shawn sticks his head back in the plane.

BACK TO: INSIDE

SHAWN (CONT’D)
Yeah, I think I might’ve overestimated the amount of “fine” it would be. Garry, what’re you thinking?

GARRY
...Kelly, is this plane ours?

KELLY
What do you mean–

GARRY
I mean is it accounted for as a mission asset.

KELLY
Um, yes, yes I believe it is, why?

Garry smiles, and looks to Cassie. Her face lights up.

EXT. AIRSTRIP – MOMENTS LATER

Dietrich stands with his paramilitary goons, waiting. The front of the cargo plane EXPLODES; the impact throws Dietrich off his segway.

The back of the cargo plane drops open, and the Escalade comes flying out, with Shawn out the open sunroof, wielding an RP-90 assault rifle.

The Goodtime Gang escalade swerves hard towards the goonsquad, with Shawn firing wildly into the crowd. It skids to a halt, and Garry, driving, shoots out his own windshield.
GARRY
Clear! Light‘em up!

Cassie quickly finishes loading an RPG.

CASSIE
Kbluey.

Cassie *fires the RPG straight through the paramilitary guys*; Swan throws himself out of the way and the rocket strikes the beat-up truck, which *explodes into flames*.

Dietrich pops to his feet, already shooting with a huge revolver, but Garry swerves the Escalade again, motoring off onto a jungle backroad. Shawn shoots into the air.

SHAWN
I LOVE URUGUAaaaaaaaaay!

GARRY
Woooo!

Three beat-up paramilitary hummers take off after them, Swan jumping on the one in back.

EXT. JUNGLE – CONTINUOUS

The Goodtime Gang leads the mercenaries on a chaotic, pulse-pounding chase through the jungle, exchanging gunfire the whole time. Several times they crash off the road, through the dense undergrowth.

One of the hummers gets blasted by Shawn and goes crashing off into a dry ravine. Cassie hurls a grenade into the closer hummer, and the roof *blows off*, leading to the hummer to go sailing off a jungle cliff.

Swan’s hummer pulls up behind them. Dietrich *has mounted a minigun on the roof*.

SHAWN
GARRY. THING! THING!

GARRY
What, what is it?

KELLY
(looking out the back window)
Oh good lord.

SHAWN
THING BAD DO THERE!
CASSIE
SWAN’S GOT A FREAKIN’ MINIGUN!

Garry swerves the Escalade as Swan opens fire; the stream of bullets literally SLICES THE CAR IN HALF just behind the rear wheels. Out of control, the car flips on its side, crashes through a bank of trees, plummets 20 feet and abruptly hits water.

They’ve landed in Amazonian rapids! CRAP.

Swan’s hummer pulls up, and he looks down into the water; the Escalade has sunk, the waters are impenetrable.

DIETRICH
Well shucks.

EXT. VIENSUELO RIVER – AFTERNOON

An independent fruit cargo trawler moves lazily up the river. Its wisened old Uruguayan CAPTAIN sits behind the wheel. He hears a ruckus from the aft. He grabs a shotgun, and heads out to see...

Kelly, Cassie, Garry and Shawn climbing out of the water, pulling two duffles with them.

KELLY
-always driving cars off cliffs into water!?

SHAWN
Hey Garry was driving this time—

GARRY
You cannot blame me, okay, that’s just bitchy of you Shawn—

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
Who are you? What are you doing on my boat?

The four of them all stare at the captain.

GARRY (SUBTITLE)
Is this the Viensuelo river?

CAPTAIN (SUBTITLE)
Yes.

GARRY (SUBTITLE)
The Pescalero Gorge; you know that place? Is it on the river?
The Captain nods.

SHAWN (SUBTITLE)
(beat, referencing Cassie)
If you give us a ride up the river
to the Pescadero mine, she’ll give
you a lapdance.

The Captain hesitantly smiles, lowering the gun a little.

CASSIE
What’d he say? I don’t speak
Spanish. Shawn, what’d you say?
What’d you just say in Spanish?
(beat)
I don’t speak Spanish, what’d you
say?

THE
BOAT...SUNSET

The Captain looks totally and completely euphoric, lazily
steering the boat. Garry and Kelly are up near the front,
laughing.

GARRY
—and Shawn just had no idea. He
was coming at a vibrator with a
full defusal kit, sweat like,
gushing down his face...It turns
on, I swore he jumped five feet in
the air.

KELLY
You really love him, don’t you?

GARRY
What, Shawn? I’ve known him since
I was four years old. He’s my best—
yes, I love him.

KELLY
I’m jealous of you, Garry. I
always have been; you and Shawn
traipsing around the world, doing
what you want.

GARRY
Yeah. I’m jealous of me too. I’m
kind of scared, actually.

KELLY
Scared?
GARRY
Of my dad. I don’t...You know, I want it to be him, but I don’t? Kelly, promise me something: When we find him, I mean, if it really is him, you let me have control. You let me decide what to do, you don’t call back to the CIA Interpol goon squad, you let me figure it out.

KELLY
(beat)
Okay, Garry. For you.

GARRY
Thank you. You don’t know how much that means to me. I know why you did what you did, Kelly. I’m sorry I was a dick.

KELLY
It’s okay, Garry. I understand. It’s a beautiful sunset, isn’t it?

Over at the back of the boat, Shawn is watching Garry and Kelly talk from a distance, eating a banana, thinking. Cassie, wearing only her underwear; a tattoo reading LUCKY YOU is visible just over her low-rider thong’s panty line.

The Captain is smiling at her from the bridge. She winks at him.

SHAWN
How was it?

CASSIE
My life is a victory for feminism.

There’s a beat.

CASSIE (CONT’D)
Is that “thoughtful?” Or is it “jealousy?” Whatever it is, put it away, it looks bad on you.

SHAWN
Cassandra-

CASSIE
-ooh “Cassandra”-
SHAWN
Have you ever thought about, you know, us? About us being more, I don’t know, exclusive, or, together-

CASSIE
Our relationship, you mean.

SHAWN
Yeah.

CASSIE
Shawn, we have no relationship. You just pimped me out to give a lap dance to a seventy three year old man.

SHAWN
Yeah, but that was just-

CASSIE
-ah ah ah come on. Come on. You want grown up, we can be grown up: I love being with you. You make me laugh, we have fun. But I don’t delude myself into believing that Shawn Shephard cares about anyone except Shawn Shephard. And you shouldn’t either.

Shawn looks a little shellshocked. There are some lights up the river.

CASSIE (CONT’D)
Chin-up. I think we’re getting close. Which means it’s time I put some clothes on, ya?

Cassie ruffles Shawn’s hair and heads off.

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE – DOCK – SHORTLY THEREAFTER

A rickety old dock extends out from a dark jungle path. The boat has pulled up, and The Goodtime Gang is disembarking. Garry drops a duffle down on the dock, and starts unloading guns.

KELLY
Kind of creepy out here, isn’t it?

GARRY
You’ve clearly never done acid at Disneyland. It hardens the soul.
Shawn laughs, and picks up a few guns, just in time to see Cassie give the “Call Me” sign to the Captain as the boat heads off down the river.

Garry starts tossing out flashlights.

**SHAWN**

Garry, are you sure this is it? I mean, it looks pretty abandoned-

**GARRY**

If this is Pescalo Gorge, then this is Pescalo Gorge.

**KELLY**

(consulting GPS) We’re in a little valley, here. Satellite feed shows a big clearing just north of here.

Cassie immediately heads off into the jungle, with the rest of the gang trying to keep up.

**GARRY**

Stick together, guys. You get lost in this jungle it’s gonna be a long walk home.

**SHAWN**

Won’t it be a long walk home anyway, I mean-

**GARRY**

Shawn **SHUT UP SHAWN** jesus, I can’t say anything without you picking it apart-

**SHAWN**

I mean-

**GARRY**

Shut up shut up shut up!

**EXT. JUNGLE – NIGHT**

The Goodtime Gang moves through the jungle dense jungle path, their flashlight beams flitting around in the darkness.

**KELLY**

Is it safe out here?
SHAWN
You mean other than the high potentiality of guys with guns who want to kill us, is it safe?

KELLY
I meant, you know, animals, poison plants-

CASSIE
-I think I’m about to accidentally shoot her-

GARRY
No Kelly, it’s not safe. From any perspective.

KELLY
Well I mean, if it’s not too much of a bother, could you give me your rifle. It’s the only weapon I’m certified with-

CASSIE
Sh! Did you hear that?

KELLY
Hear what-

CASSIE
Don’t say “hear what” just sh!

They’re all silent. There’s a click from the woods.

SHAWN
Well this sucks.

KELLY
What su-

The jungle is suddenly **ALIGHT WITH GUNFIRE.** Glowing phosphorescent tracer rounds punch through the undergrowth in all directions.

GARRY
**SHIT! SHIT! GO!**

Crouch-running, the gang hurries through the jungle, surrounded by falling debris and whizzing bullets.

KELLY
Clearing, there, up ahead!
Shawn and Garry stand up and lead the way, firing into the darkness.

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - CONTINUOUS

The clearing they push out into is well lit by moonlight; the tracer rounds look surreal coming flying out of the jungle, like magic.

The whole area is filled with abandoned mine equipment; cranes, drills, bulldozers, mine shafts, mine buildings, but it hasn’t been used in weeks. Everything’s derelict.

  GARRY
  Spread out, stay down.

  CASSIE
  Shawn, watch the retard.

  KELLY
  I beg your pardon-

Shawn grabs Kelly and yanks her to cover as the mercenary troops emerge from the jungle, guns blazing.

Garry and Cassie return fire, moving cleverly through the derelict equipment to keep the advantage, picking off the guerrilla guns-for-hire. In the meantime, Shawn drags Kelly off into a mining building.

INT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - DERELICT MINING BARN - CONTINUOUS

Shawn drags in Kelly, and then peeks out, watching the intense gun fight outside.

  KELLY
  I don’t understand, who are those men-

  SHAWN
  They’re Swan’s guys again. The question is, whose guy is Swan? Did that sentence make sense, hm-

  KELLY
  Oh dear. Shawn.

  SHAWN
  I’ve got to go out and help them-

  KELLY
  Shawn, look.
Shawn turns, and sees what’s freaking Kelly out; hazmat radioactive protective suits, and all manner of radioactive mineral mining equipment.

SHAWN
What is all that stuff?

KELLY
It’s for handling radioactive elements...Garry was wrong. This is not a copper mine. This isn’t a hide out. This is part of the plan.

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - CONTINUOUS

Cassie and Garry continue duelling with the mercenaries; Cassie’s sharply efficient military style of shooting clashing pleasingly with Garry’s Devil-may-care shoot’em-as-they-come mayhem.

CASSIE
Looks like we got here too late; this place is all packed up. What’re all these crates?

GARRY
They say Mac’s; it must be the equipment company they were buying from.

Lights suddenly start coming on all around them; the rusty generators rumbling to life.

GARRY (CONT’D)
What the hell that?

CASSIE
Somebody started the generators, I’ll go around and check it out-

GARRY
Okay, but wait til-

A huge hail of gunfire separates them, Cassie disappearing from sight. A last big wave of a dozen men is closing in. Garry rushes back towards the abandoned mine building, shooting guys down as he runs and jumps over everything in his way.

GARRY (CONT’D)
SHAWN SHAWN SHAWN
Shawn bursts out of the building, blasting back at the goons.

SHAWN
I AM SHAWN

GARRY
Jesus christ, they buy these guys in bulk or what? I’ve never seen so many generic brand goons.

SHAWN
How many did you already shoot?

GARRY
Twelve-

SHAWN
Twelve, jesus man are you trying to kill everyone in Uruguay!? How many people are there in Uruguay, are there more than twelve? I just realized I know very little about Uruguay!

Another grenade goes off near them; Kelly wanders out of the shed, futzing with the GPS, and Garry yanks her down out of the way of a hail of bullets; the mining camp is almost completely lit, now.

There’s suddenly a burst of fire from above them; three of the goons run screaming, engulfed in flame.

GARRY
Hot tamale!

SHAWN
Holy smokes!

Another stream of fire takes out more goons, and they remaining troops run screaming into the jungle. Kelly looks up.

CLOSE ON:

The burner of a flamethrower being used to light a cigar.

KELLY
It’s A...it’s Am...It’s...

SHAWN
AUNT AMY!

“Aunt” AMY FETCH, 40, $200 grizzled cougar, stands on some scaffolding above them, wielding a flamethrower. Shawn and Garry both look delighted, but then quickly raise their guns.

Amy speaks in a thick cajun accent.
AUNT AMY
Why ya’ll gotta point dem gun at me?

SHAWN
You just surprised us is all-

Shawn starts to lower his gun, but Garry quickly pushes it back up.

GARRY
Put down the flame thrower, Aunt Amy.

AUNT AMY
Well shucks ya throw down a lil butane lighter and dat ain’t a problem.

Amy roughly drops the flame thrower. Shawn and Garry slowly lower their guns.

AUNT AMY (CONT’D)
Come round follow me.

Amy tromps off on the scaffolding, heading deeper into the mining camp, while Garry, Shawn and Kelly follow.

AUNT AMY (CONT’D)
Who dat dere you got with you?

GARRY
It’s our friend Kelly.

AUNT AMY
Who you kiddin’ making friends now, that’s some lunatic stuff bring a girl into the jungle.

KELLY
I’m an MI:5 operative, actually-

AUNT AMY
Oh da yakado yak yakkity-

GARRY
Look, Amy, what’re you doing out here?

AUNT AMY
I done been livin’ here, jungle got nice weather.
KELLY
Garry, there’s something we need to discuss-

AUNT AMY
Shawnie’s gooda see you boy, how you doing? I’m glad to see you done drop that scoundrel woman-

SHAWN
It’s great to see you too, Amy, but Cassie is-

GARRY
Are you trying to tell us you aren’t with Dietrich? Aren’t working with my father?

AUNT AMY
Your father? Ha boy you done lost your mind, Garry. God rest your father soul he done heard you talk like this he flip in the grave.

Amy gets up onto a higher platform as Shawn, Kelly and Garry climb up after her, onto a platform beneath her.

GARRY
You’re saying my father is dead.

KELLY
(whispering)
She’s lying, Garry. This mine was operational as recently as a week ago-

SHAWN
Aunt Amy wouldn’t lie to us, she’s known us since we were babies. Amy trained us-

KELLY
Amy Fetch is an assassin, and a terrorist-

GARRY
Aunt Amy, what’re you doing up there-

The ground beneath them abruptly drops out! The three of them fall ten feet onto a conveyor belt, surrounded by rocks.

KELLY
Agh, my ankle!
The conveyor belt rumbles to life. Down the line a mere ten feet, a rock crusher is pounding boulders (and soon the Goodtime Gang) to dust.

GARRY
I knew it, I knew it-

Garry begins frantically searching for a way out, but the walls of the tunnel are fenced off, and their way back is blocked by a boulder.

SHAWN
No, no, it’s a mistake, it’s must’ve been a mistake! Amy would never-

Amy calls down to them from above.

AUNT AMY
I would never what, mon cher Shawnboy? I assure you der ain’t but nothin’ Aunt Amy won’t try once. Ya’ll shouldn’ta come here, led by your sentimentality-

Garry begins **individually shooting links in the chain fence walls**, but the forward movement of the conveyor belt makes progress almost impossible.

GARRY
-Shit, shit!-

AUNT AMY
-Garry maybe, but Shawn? I’m disappointed in you. I always thought you was de boy gon go far in this business, cause you so damn selfish. Empathy only done one thing and that’s do you wrong, now you get crushed in da **big grinda**!

Cassie **suddenly pops up behind Amy**, trying to slit her throat. Amy blocks, and violently slams Cassie into the panel. Kelly, thinking she has a shot, opens fire on Amy, nearly hitting Cassie.

CASSIE
**WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU!?**

KELLY
Sorry! Sorry, I didn’t see you, terribly sorry!
GARRY
For christ’sakes Shawn stop staring
and help me with this!

Shawn snaps out of it and begins shooting links in the fence;
in order to stay current as the fence moves past them, they
have to move CLOSER to the grinder, and SQUAT-WALK BACKWARDS
ON THE CONVEYOR BELT AS THE BOULDER MOVES FORWARD, BRINGING
VIOLENT DEATH WITH IT. They’ve nearly cut a hole, now.

Up on the platform, Amy and Cassie go toe to toe. Amy’s a
brawler, but Cassie’s Ranger training wins out, and she’s
able to flip Amy off the platform. Cassie frantically
addresses the incomprehensible control panel.

GARRY (CONT’D)                              SHAWN
CASSIE THE MACHINE TURN OFF                  CASSIE TURN IT OFF THE
THE MACHINE                                  MACHINE TURN IT OFF

CASSIE
AGH YOU GUYS NEVER SHUT UP

Cassie frantically starts pressing buttons, when there’s a
BURST OF FIRE ALL AROUND HER; Amy’s got the flamethrower
again! Cassie frantically rolls away, blindly firing her
pistol at Amy.

AUNT AMY
Dem skinny little fritter gonna
burn real good! You got a molotov
cocktail in your veins, yepyep!

Cassie screams as another stream of fire nearly incinerates
her, shooting chaotically at Amy.

AUNT AMY (CONT’D)
We got ourselves a US Ranger
barbeque up in heyuh! I always
hope I get to kill yo skanky ass,
dis here just an excuse boy oh boy-

A Black Hawk helicopter blows past overhead.

CASSIE                              AUNT AMY
What the hell-                    Nah what dis here?

Garry, Shawn and Kelly are PRACTICALY INSIDE THE GRINDER,
all of them screaming insanely at Cassie. Cassie looks
around; AMY IS GONE. Cassie frantically presses all the
buttons.

NOTHING WORKS. She takes a step back, and unloads her pistol
into the control panel. It sparks, and lights on fire. The
conveyor belt stops, and the machine turns off.
CASSIE
(thoughtful)
Man, guns solve all problems.

Another two helicopters zoom overhead, and Cassie jumps down off the platform.

On the conveyor belt, Shawn, Kelly and Garry finish cutting through the fence, and dump out into...

INT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - MINESHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The shaft stretches off in either direction. Garry helps Kelly out; her ankle is clearly broken.

SHAWN
Amy turned it off, see I told you,
Amy wouldn’t-

CASSIE
(climbing down)
Amy didn’t turn it off, I did.

GARRY
Is your ankle-

KELLY
I think it’s broken.

SHAWN
Aw, c’mon! It was only a surprise ten foot drop onto rocks!

CASSIE
There’s goddamn black hawks up there guys, we’ve gotta move-

KELLY
No, actually.

SHAWN
What say? GARRY
Say what? What say?

KELLY (CONT’D)
I called them in.


CASSIE
What is wrong with you?
KELLY
This isn’t a copper mine, he’s mining geridium.

(blank, angry faces)
Geridium; it’s a metal with massive latent radioactive potential. When exposed to potassium nitrate, it become three times as deadly as plutonium.

GARRY
They got here so quick— you mean they were following us the whole time!?

KELLY
Garry, of course! I mean, I thought you knew—

CASSIE
You bitch—

Shawn holds back Cassie.

GARRY
You promised me you wouldn’t call them in until I—

KELLY
—found your father, yes, but Garry, this is bigger than that now. There are only so many ways to use geridium; the most likely is a dirty bomb, and if that’s what he’s doing, we can’t waste any time—

GARRY
You betrayed us. Again.

KELLY
If he’s working with Max Dazinksy, we can hunt him down in Poland, go after all the people we have intel about handling geridium! I didn’t betray you—

GARRY
What about us now, doofus!? We didn’t even get my dad! They’ll try to arrest us again!

KELLY
Well now, I hardly think—
SHAWN
Garry, let’s go. There’s wind coming up from somewhere.

GARRY
Yeah.

KELLY
But Garry, please! I didn’t mean this to come between us, I’m just doing what’s right for the mission! Garry! Please, listen, come back!

GARRY
(from down the shaft)
One too many times, Kelly! One too many!

KELLY
But- my foot-

GARRY
I’ll fax you a new one.

Garry, Shawn and Cassie disappear down into the tunnels. After a beat, a clearly upset Kelly calls out.

KELLY
Garry! Please! Shawn! Garry! Please come back! I was doing- I was doing what I had to do!

EXT. PESCALERO GORGE MINE - RIVERSIDE WASTE RUN OFF - MOMENTS LATER

The trio comes falling out of a very steep mineshaft opening in the side of a canyon, entering out onto a small ravine. We can see more Mac’s crates strewn around.

Up high above them, we can hear helicopters landing and marines shouting, even some muted back and forth gunfire.

The three of them straighten themselves; Cassie consults a GPS while Garry futzes with a flashlight and Shawn fidgets anxiously with his clothes.

Garry notices something on one of the discarded crates, and starts frantically looking from crate to crate, having an “aha!” moment.

SHAWN
What’s the GPS say, Cassie?
CASSIE
Two different ways we could play it. There’s a state road three miles that way, a sort of hitch or hijack situation. Then two and a half miles down river there’s a subsistence farming community, and we could probably catch a truck with a few...caballeros...Garry, what’re you-

GARRY
Guys, look, the crates. See? Get it?
(points at a shipping tag)
Canada!

Cassie and Shawn are lost.

GARRY (CONT’D)
They said they heard my dad talking on the phone to Max Dazinsky. But that’s just what they assumed, see: It’s not “Max.” It’s “Mac’s,” Mac S, possessive!

Cassie and Shawn are still lost.

GARRY (CONT’D)
The postage on these crates is two ways, and they’re lead lined!

SHAWN
Garry-

GARRY
Don’t you get it? These aren’t used; they weren’t just getting stuff from Canada, they were shipping geridium back! The plan is in Canada, at the
(reads the label)
“Montahuma Industrial Park.” My father is in Canada, and the US government, I mean they’re barking up the wrong tree-

SHAWN
I don’t care.

GARRY
(beat)
I don’t-
SHAWN
Let’s just go, Shawn. Kelly was right, this is bigger than us. I mean, a dirty bomb? International terrorism, that’s serious-

GARRY
Serious?
(beat)
SERIOUS!? We’ve already shot like forty guys on this mission. People we’ve known our entire lives have tried to murder us, that wasn’t serious?

SHAWN
Well, you know what I mean- I just think we can save ourselves, you can save yourself, a lot of trouble-

GARRY
SAVE MYSELF A LOT OF TROUBLE!? Are you really this stupid? I’m embarrassed right now, I’m embarrassed that you’re my friend. Cassie, can you-

CASSIE
Shawn, Garry has a-

SHAWN
MY PARENTS ARE STILL DEAD. Okay!? My parents are still dead, and they lied to me about who they were my entire life! And I find that out, and what’s the first thing you do, “let’s go on a mission, let’s get serious!” For who? FOR GARRY, to find Garry’s dad! And now you’re just using the Geridium, you’re using it as an excuse to keep doing what you want to do!

GARRY
...Shawn-

SHAWN
NO MAN! Aunt Amy hates us now! I’ve known her since I was five years old, and she tried to kill us! And I”m not gonna stick around and wait for your dad to finish the job. FUCK YOU GERALD.
Shawn storms off up river.

GARRY
Shawn, wait- come on man, wait,
you’re right, I didn’t think-

Cassie looks at Shawn, then Garry. Garry looks heartbroken. Cassie hurries off after Shawn. There’s a beat, and then Garry snorts back tears, and heads off down the river.

MONTAGE OF THE
FOLLOWING SCENES
SET TO OVERLY
SAPPY SAD MUSIC

1. Garry catching a ride in the back of a farm truck filled with goats; all the goat’s asses are in his face.

2. Shawn and Cassie, not talking, uncomfortable, in a crowded run-down bus going over rocky roads. Someone’s pet monkey jumps into Shawn’s lap. He looks at it, sad.

3. Garry, at a small urban airport, asks to charter a jet; at first the pilot looks nervous, but then Garry puts down a bunch of money, and the pilot beckons him onward.

4. Shawn and Cassie in line for the ticket counter at a big urban airport.

INT. URBAN AIRPORT – CONCOURSE – DAY – CONTINUOUS

(same)

CASSIE
So are you doing this the rest of the day, then?

SHAWN
Doing what-

CASSIE
Doing what. NOT TALKING. You haven’t spoken since we left the mine.

SHAWN
I’m upset.

CASSIE
Then we should talk about it-
SHAWN
Why? Would would I want to talk about it with you?

CASSIE
Right. Okay. So where are we going?

SHAWN
We? We’re not going anywhere.

CASSIE
What is this. Why are you doing this to yourself.

SHAWN
Look should you care what happens to me, I thought we “had no relationship—”

CASSIE
(restrained fury)
I know this might be hard for you to understand, because you’re not, I don’t know, technically human, and emotions confuse you, but sometimes people say things because they’re looking for you to say something, do you understand? Does that get through?

Shawn looks at her, blank and startled.

SHAWN
I don’t— I mean, I don’t know what you—

CASSIE
Ugh, you know what, fuck it. You’ve turned me into a complete girl. To hell with this. Be alone, Shawn, see how you do with that. I’m getting off.

Cassie storms off into the crowd.

SHAWN
Damn Garry, I guess it’s just— (realizing) You...and me...now...

Shawn stares after Cassie, and then notices two little boys playing with each other, chasing around an airport shop, laughing.
Shawn’s eyes move to the big Departures screen.

EXT. URUGUAYAN AIRPORT – CONTINUOUS

Cassie storms out, and goes over to a secluded area by a bus turnabout. She takes a moment to compose herself, and notices that she’s shed a tear in her reflection in muddy water on the street.

She quickly wipes it away...to see Amy Fetch standing behind her.

AUNT AMY
Skinny bitch like you’ll fit nice in the luggage.

Cassie spins, drawing a knife, but Amy blocks and headbutts her into unconsciousness, WHAM.

SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. MONTAHUMA – INDUSTRIAL AIRSTRIP

Garry, freshly disembarked, looks around at the cold, snowy, forbidding landscape of Montahuma.

INT. MONTAHUMA – SPORTING GOODS STORE

Garry looks at several different types of camouflage, and then notices two sets out of the corner of his eye; neon orange and neon rainbow. His eyes move back and forth from the rainbow to the standard snow camo.

CUT TO: THE COUNTER

Garry puts down a shotgun, a rifle, a revolver, some binoculars, a duffle, ammo...and the rainbow camo.

CLERK
Will that be all
(reads credit card)
Mr. Valesquez?

GARRY
Si.
EXT. ICY ROAD

The road stretches off in the snowy wasteland. Garry is hitch-hiking. A big-rig truck pulls over.

INT. TRUCK – MOMENTS LATER

The CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER is eyeing Garry as they drive along.

GARRY
Can you take me up to Montahuma?

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER
Sure. How you gonna pay?

GARRY
I’m sure we’ll figure something out.

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER
You got a pretty mouth. Mm.

GARRY
You got a pretty mouth. Mrrrmrrm.

Mm?

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER
Mmm!

GARRY
Mmm!

CREEPY OLD TRUCK DRIVER
(creeped out)
Cash is fine.

GARRY
Mm.

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK – ACROSS THE STREET

A large factory planted in the middle of snowy flat nothingness. In the snow-covered plain behind it, many oil pumps are visible, up and down they go.

It looks pretty... blase. Harmless. A sign reads “CHIEF PRODUCER OF K-21 VALVES WORLDWIDE!”
Garry, posted out on a hill across the street in his rainbow camo (in some underbrush, he's not stupid), is watching the factory through binoculars.

He sighs, tiredly, and looks around.

EXT. SNOW-BOOTIES!

It's the local bar/strip club, probably the only one in many, many miles. Garry stares at the neon, and heads in.

QUICK MONTAGE OF
GARRY TAKING
SHOTS

Garry sits alone at the bar, with a hamburger, a pocket knife and a donut, trying clumsily to construct a Lutherburger. He looks pathetic. He hears something from up the bar, and turns.

It’s fucking CHAD GLICK, GARRY’S FATHER, LESS THAN TEN FEET AWAY, ORDERING A DRINK. He’s a grizzled old wolf, that’s for sure, dangerous on sight. He wears a tuxedo.

He takes a shot, and then notices Garry staring at him out of the corner of his eye. Garry’s hand goes to his pistol under the bar.

    CHAD
    Garry? Holy shit!

He slams down the shot glass, approaches Garry, and...embraces him!?

    GARRY
    ...Dad?

    CHAD
    You mealy little son of a bitch!
    Say, where the hell is your ear!?

    MOMENTS LATER...

Chad and Garry are in a booth. Chad’s wolfing down a steak, drinking long tugs of beer, whilst Garry just watches, in numb shock.

    CHAD (CONT’D)
    Been travelling underground for the past nine, ten years, setting all this up. After I left you and your mom it’s basically been just one long roller coaster ride.
    (MORE)
CHAD (CONT’D)
Gosh, you look great, don’t you?
Spitting image of me at your age, almost. ALMOST! Maybe you’re a little better looking, but that’s the lifestyle, ain’t it?

GARRY
I...You’re my dad Chad.

CHAD
Yeah, whoa there, don’t say it like that, that sounds...retarded.

GARRY
Right, sorry. I just...why?

CHAD
Why!? For this, for what I’m doing today! DUH. The single greatest act of terrorism in human history, come on now, you gotta make sacrifices if you want to do something truly special. When your poor mother passed I saw an opportunity to free you, to save you from this life, this messy life. So I cut you loose, cut my life loose. It’s not a big deal.

GARRY
...not a...not a big deal-

CHAD
Not in the scope of things, I mean, you chose it anyway, didn’t you?
You’re a mercenary, I didn’t see that coming. Woulda thought you and that piece of shit Shawn woulda just taken the cash and run, right?

GARRY
I...wanted to be like you-

CHAD
And shit man, you are like me, aren’t you!? I mean, you found me, you tracked me down. CIA couldn’t do that. Interpol, MI:5, everyone nippin’ at my heels and you’re the one who found me. Honestly, I’m just really glad you could be here for this, this is the big moment.
Garry shifts, totally off his game, no idea how to react, thrown so far out of his element he’s practically drowning.

CHAD (CONT’D)
It came to me in a dream. What does everybody need? Food, water, air. You corrupt one of these things, you get that lovely chaos, you know? So I decided, which one is the road least travelled, where can I be an original. Food, poison, blah, everybody does that, air, you got all kinds of toxins and gasses, blah. But. But.

Garry casually overturns a cup of water onto the table.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Agua. H20. We’ve got reservoirs, with sewer systems thanks to the Romans and such. And at the heart of every reservoir in every major city in the United States is a-

GARRY
K-21 valve?

CHAD
Damn you’re a bright kid, I love it, I love it. So I assume an identity. Buy a controlling stock in an upcoming company manufacturing these valves. And then I take personal control of the manufacturing.

GARRY
You made the valves out of Geridium.

Chad slaps the table, “HA!”, splashing up some spilt water.

CHAD
Well done. And then, you got millions, I mean millions of gallons pumping through these valves a day, out to all the schools and homes and offices and EVERYTHING...And all it takes is one little pill of potassium nitrate, to trigger the Geridium’s latent radioactivity, and ABRACADRA
ALAKAṢAＭ-
GARRY
An entire city’s water supply
rendered radioactive.

CHAD
And not “melt your face” big budget
radioactive, either, ha! CANCER!
Give hundreds of thousands of
people terminal cancer in one shot.
Set off all the valves at once,
you’ve got TENS OF MILLIONS of
Americans dead within forty eight
hours, and more after that. Pretty
neat, right? A clean, freaky
little bit of business. Best of
all, all the pipes are already
installed. All you need is ten
cent capsules of potassium nitrate.
(beat)
The auction’s today, people are
already arriving.

GARRY
...why-

CHAD
Why!? Why not? When you were a
kid, you used to love building sand
castles, knockin’em down. That’s
all it really is, right? I mean,
christ Garry, don’t tell me during
all the shots and shooting you
forgot how to have good old
fashioned fun!

GARRY
...I can’t believe you’re alive.

Chad finishes up his steak.

CHAD
Yeah, well, we’re past that part
now. You wanna come to the
factory, I’ll show you how it’s all
done, you can come to the auction
with me. I think Al Qaeda’s got a
pretty strong bid, but there are
some dark horses to watch for-

GARRY
But what about the-
CHAD
The CIA, your sexy little spy girl
Kelly, not a problem. I have eyes
on them, getting ready to head off
and dick around on a wild goose
chase in Poland. You did the
legwork, dodged Dietrich and Amy.
You deserve to be there for the
final act.

Garry is clearly on autopilot, standing up and heading out
with his father.

EXT. SNOW-BOOTSIES! – MOMENTS LATER

It’s overcast as Garry and Chad exit the bar.

CHAD
We’ll take my car, yeah?

GARRY
Okay.

CHAD
Say, Garry, you know what your
mother’s last words were?

GARRY
What?

CHAD
Oh, so you know, then.

Chad ABRUPTLY DRAWS A MACHETE FROM A LEG SHEATH AND SLASHES
GARRY ACROSS THE BACK. HE FALLS, AND CHAD SWINGS THE BLADE
TOWARDS THE BACK OF GARRY’S HEAD –BLAM!– THE MACHETE IS SHOT
OUT OF HIS HANDS!

GARRY
Aah!

Shawn, hunting rifle blazing, approaches from the other side
of the lot, as Chad draws a sawed off shotgun and blasts back
at him!

Garry, in shock, fumbles out his revolver and takes a few
haphazard shots at his father; one of them BLOWS OFF HIS
RIGHT EAR.

CHAD
WHAT!? AGH ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING

Chad ducks out, taking cover, as Shawn goes to help Garry.
SHAWN

Garry!

GARRY

Shawn!? Ow, fuck!

Chad’s car screeches out of the lot, headed off up the road. Shawn slumps down to Garry, taking him up in his arms. As the conversation progresses they both gradually break down in tears.

SHAWN

Is it-

GARRY

It’s not bad, I don’t think- I should’ve known that was coming, he’s fucking, he’s completely fucking evil, Shawn. He did the thing where the bad guy explains his whole plan-

SHAWN

-Oh that’s so douchey!-

GARRY

-so douchey! And I was just like, I was like in shock to see him-

SHAWN

S’lucky I was here-

GARRY

How’d you know I’d be here-

SHAWN

I didn’t, I just wanted to drink and see boobs-

GARRY

Yeah that was why I came too-

SHAWN

That’s so awesome!

GARRY

Where’s Cassie?

SHAWN

She left. She left us.

GARRY

She left you. Yeah.
GARRY
I knew you’d come, man. Do you remember that night, in London, when we drank all that Absolut, and all that Johnny Walker, and we were hanging out with those models from Israel, and I fell in the mudwrestling pit, and you ruined your shoes and your whole outfit to pull me out, that’s when I knew, that’s when I knew you were my best friend!

They’re both full on sobbing now.

SHAWN
No! I don’t remember anything from that night!

GARRY
It was a great night! You puked on the queen of England from a hot air balloon—

SHAWN
It sounds like a great night!

Shawn and Garry embrace, sobbing.

GARRY
Now let’s go kill my dad.

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK – SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Cars are pulling up, headed inside; all different makes and models. Across the street, Garry and Shawn, in their ridiculous camo, are posted out, watching through binoculars.

GARRY
Ten snipers.

SHAWN
I count nine.

GARRY
By the smokestack.

SHAWN
Ooh. Yeah, and Shah Nissad just went in.
GARRY
Nissad, Michael O’Shaunessy,
Xi’Shan Wing-

SHAWN
All the number two guys from the
most powerful terrorist
organizations in the world. And
the hits just keep on coming;
there’s Paco Guiterriez.

(beat)
I don’t get it. If your father
already has all the valves
installed, what’s he selling them?

GARRY
The secret. The fact that the plan
exists. Once you know that, all
you need are a couple couch class
tickets and few dozen ten cent
potassium capsules, and you’re the
deadliest man alive.

SHAWN
Gotcha. Shit man, we’re not gonna
be able to get through all those
guys.

GARRY
Yeah, and Kelly isn’t answering her
phone.

SHAWN
You called Kelly!?

GARRY
I had to try.

SHAWN
...So what do we do now?

CUT TO: GARRY
AND SHAWN VIEWED
THROUGH A PAIR
OF HIGH TECH
BINOCULARS

Chad, flanked by Aunt Amy and Dietrich Swan, observes the
Goodtime Gang. His ear is bandaged.

CHAD
Gotta hand it to them, they’re
stupid in a very unorthodox way.
(MORE)
CHAD (CONT'D)
They've chosen a perfect cover
location from our snipers...while
still wearing those clown suits and
laying right out in the open.

DIETRICH
I could head out there. Give them
a talking to.

CHAD
No, I don't want a ruckus. Let
them wait it out, they're not smart
even enough to stop us. They've got no
back up, shitty guns...Amy, you
said you had a contingency plan for
them. Is that all set up?

AUNT AMY
Ayep, outback in da field. That
gonna set them a fine conundrum
they come on in here, yep.

CHAD
Good. Then I think it's time we go
down and greet our guests.
Dietrich, you're on perimeter.

BACK TO: SHAWN
AND GARRY

Shawn and Garry both look frustrated. Shawn is covertly
pouring himself a shot when Garry has a stroke of genius.

GARRY
Shawn!

SHAWN
(startled, spilling his
drink)
Yes, I am focused!

GARRY
Who do you call when something bad
is going to happen? I mean, who do
normal people call? Who would we
never think to call?

SHAWN
G...ghost...ghostbus-

GARRY
No, Garry.
CUT TO: A POLICE SIREN

It’s twenty minutes later; a single squad car is rolling up the icy road towards the factory. It stops out front of the closed gate.

Garry takes careful aim with his rifle. Shawn crosses his fingers.

Garry fires, shattering the windshield of the cop car, and again, hitting the police lights. The mountie rushes back to the car, unsure where the shots came from, taking cover.

Garry and Shawn share a silent, subtle high-five.

MINUTES LATER...

Four more cop cars are arriving, pulling up in front of the gate in a cover formation. Garry and Shawn watch the snipers fidget through their binoculars.

GARRY (CONT’D)
Okay, come on. We’ve gotta hurry, he could’ve already started the auction by now-

SHAWN
Off merrily we go.

Garry and Shawn get up and hustle further down the little snowy hill they’re on, zig-zagging...

The Snipers OPEN FIRE.

Shawn and Garry throw themselves to the ground in a ditch by the road. The police, assuming they were the targets, return fire at the snipers. We can see one of the cops screaming into a radio for back-up as it becomes a full fledged firefight.

The gate to the factory begins to open; just beyond it, a giant garage door starts to roll up.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
That’s our cue-

GARRY
Wait, do you hear that?

CUT TO: THE SPINNING WHEEL OF A SEGWAY
Dietrich slowly emerges from the darkness beyond the opening garage door. He is stabilizing the segway...on which is mounted his minigun.

DIETRICH
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the lord!

Dietrich OPENS FIRE, ADVANCING ON THE COPS. The minigun blazes through the cop cars like they’re made of wet tissue paper, sending pieces flying off in all directions.

SHAWN
GEE WILLIKERS!

GARRY
Come on, come on!

Garry rushes forward to the cop cars, Shawn in pursuit, taking a moment to take out two of the snipers. They duck down behind a police SUV, next to one of the cops; who’ve all hit the ground as their cover is shredded by the minigun.

MOUNTIE
Who in the hell are you boys, now?

GARRY
(terrible Canadian accent)
We’re just normal Canadian citizens like you, eh!

SHAWN
(terrible Canadian accent)
Yeah, I like your uniform, can I wear your hat?

GARRY
Shawn, no hats-

SHAWN
It’s a nice-

GARRY
No hats, eh.

MOUNTIE
You guys gotta get outta here, all kinda shit’s goin’ down! SWAT’s on the way-

GARRY
Is that an MP5?
MOUNTIE
What? Yes but-

GARRY
GUN TRADE NO BACKSIES

Garry grabs away the MP5 submachine gun from the cop, tossing him his crappy rifle.

Shawn and Garry duck out from cover, splitting up and cleverly moving in stealth around the gates, into the complex. Finally, they manage to get on either side of Dietrich, who’s still merrily firing out into the cop cars.

Garry and Shawn burst up from cover, each firing one shot.

Garry shoots off Dietrich’s nose; Shawn hits Dietrich in the knee.

SHAWN
WHOOPSIE-DO MOTHERFUCKER!

Dietrich staggers onto the segway, and the minigun goes wild, carving slices all over the factory before collapsing.

Shawn and Garry dive for cover. After a moment, they come out, and see Dietrich sitting on the ground. He looks really sad.

DIETRICH
...You know something, you never really appreciate your nose. You don’t really notice it there at the bottom corner of your vision, always there...Well, I appreciate it now. Yes I do. You sons of god have taken away my providence, only to reveal its grace. And I thank you for that.

Garry and Shawn look uncomfortable.

GARRY
Sorry about your nose, I was aiming for your head, and, yeah, it’s good that you can, you know, see the bright side-

SHAWN
It’s great for you, to get perspective, I guess, yeah, and we were, I mean, we weren’t trying to-

GARRY
Let’s go.

SHAWN
Yes.
INT. MONTAHUMA FACTORY - SECONDS LATER

Shawn and Garry quickly stealth their way into the factory, ducking to avoid reenforcements headed out to the continuing firefight with the cops.

SHAWN
Oh we’re so sneaky.

GARRY
The sneakiest. Come on, this way.
I smell food.

SHAWN
Ooh, food.

INT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - CONFERENCE ROOM

It’s a sparse white collar office room inside the factory. Currently, it’s filled with the most frightening criminal element on planet earth. The men and women in there are the motliest crew in existence.

Every representative has three armed body guards. It looks like a Villain Convention.

They’re eating appetizers. Chad is mingling; a guard comes up and whispers in his ear.

CHAD
Everybody! I know there’s a bit of a tense mood, an ambience, in here right now, but I just wanted to assure everyone that the auction will be starting in five minutes, and that everything is under cont-

SHAWN AND GARRY BURST IN THROUGH THE DOUBLE DOORS AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM, LETTING OUT WAR CRIES! Everyone stares at them. There’s a beat of silence as this sinks in for The Goodtime Gang.

SHAWN
LISTEN. YOU’RE ALL...IN A LOT OF TROUBLE.

GARRY
(squeaking it out)
Yeah.

CHAD
My son, Gerald, everybody.
Garry gives a little wave out of instinct.

YAKUZA BOSS
I knew it was a fucking trick! Ice them! Kill everyone!

CHAD
A-ha.

Chad quickly ducks out a side door, as the room *erupts into anarchy*, with everyone *shooting everyone.*

Shawn tries to pull Garry to cover.

GARRY
No!

SHAWN
Garry-

GARRY
No!

Garry yanks away from Shawn, and *runs out into the chaos* after his father. Shawn takes a deep breath, and follows.

**TRACKING SHOT:**

The two young men run, jump, duck and dodge through bullets, thrown knives, shuriken and even grenades to make it through the room; they will not be stopped.

**INT. MONTAHUMA FACTORY - FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Exiting out of the conference room puts you on catwalks high in the air above the big warehouse style valve making room. Chad rushes across the catwalks; he looks genuinely annoyed.

GARRY
Dad!

Chad doesn’t even glance back, hurrying down a stairway to the factory floor. Garry and Shawn rapidly parkour their way through the cat walk, climbing down onto the machinery to intercept Chad.

Garry drops down in front of him, and Chad roundhouse kicks him out of the way, *wham!* Shaun tries to attack him from behind, and Chad *hurls him face first into the side of a big piece of equipment.*

Chad draws his machete. Garry and Shawn both draw their hunting knives, and attack.
The fighting is fast and furious, blindingly so, with Chad dodging everything our two heroes throw at him, barely putting forth an effort, and repeatedly punching and kicking them.

It's like an adult fighting children; absolutely infuriating to watch. Finally, Chad disarms and uppercuts Garry, before disarming and headbutting Shawn.

Both our guys go down.

CHAD
You deserve better back up, Garry, you really do. This little piece of crap is just as predictable as his snitch parents.

SHAWN
...Wh-

CHAD
Oh, you thought I didn't know? What, you think their death was an accident, really, does your idiocy know NO BOUNDS? Garry, come on, you must've guessed that by now. Why do you think I had to kill your mother?

GARRY
You-!-Mom!? 

CHAD
She'd flipped for the other side, wanted us to go to work for Uncle Sam. Are you kidding, I said, and she said no, and I knew right there I was way too tied down, had been for a long time. A man's got to be free to do what he loves, Garry.

SHAWN
You...You killed-

CHAD
Yes, jesus, do you ever listen? I killed your precious little mommy and daddy, and you can't do jack shit about-

Shawn BOOTS CHAD IN THE FACE, punches him POW POW POW, and then wildly slashes him several times with his own machete, which Chad is forced to block with his arms, lacerating him very badly.
Chad abruptly fights back, knocking down Shawn and rushing out a big loading bay door out to the oil field. Shawn, furious, gives chase.

GARRY

SHAWN, DON’T! IT’S TRAP!

Shawn just keeps going.

GARRY (CONT’D)

FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE JUST LISTEN TO ME!

This gets through. Shaun skids to a halt just short of the door, turns and drops to a duck-and-cover, just as a grenade rolls in, BOOM. The concussion knocks Shawn down, but thanks to taking cover, he’s unhurt.

Garry rushes to his downed friend, who’s already getting up.

GARRY (CONT’D)

Told you so.

Garry and Shawn hurry through the smoke, out onto...

EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - OIL FIELD

The flat field of snow marked with oil pumps extends out into the distance. Shawn looks around frantically, but then Garry grabs his arm, pointing out into the tundra.

Cassie, beaten and bloody, has been handcuffed to an oil pump. She’s slumped, half conscious, unprotected against the cold.

SHAWN

Cassie!

Shawn and Garry start to run out to her, when a nearby oil pump suddenly EXPLODES, knocking them both to the snow.

Aunt Amy appears on a second story balcony of the factory.

AUNT AMY

You boys just ain’t learn no good lesson, ain’t dat right? Look like Aunt Amy gon’ have to teach ya’ll a little somethin’ bout empathy. Got your little skanky friend der all tied up. Got bombs on all the pumps. Ten bombs. Got one on her pump too. An’ I hook’em up to this here.
Aunt Amy raises an iPod Shuffle.

AUNT AMY (CONT’D)
Gonna go off at random. Random order. Random interval. Now ya’ll can’t save her. Ya’ll brain’s’ll tell you that. But your empathy...that’s what’s gonna get you killed.

Garry and Shawn, struggling to their feet, exchange a look. Suddenly, Chad roars out of a nearby garage, riding a souped up Harley-Davidson.

Shawn looks at Garry, who’s staring, enraged, after his father, then turns and looks in desperation at Cassie. Garry looks from his father, to Shawn, to Cassie, and starts to move out into the oil field.

GARRY
Come on, let’s-

SHAWN
(grabbing Garry)
No, dude, I got this. Go get him.

Garry hesitates.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
He killed my parents, and he kicked my ass, go get him!
(beat)
I already know you’re a great friend. Go be a great mercenary.

GARRY
That’s pretty corny, man.

SHAWN
It ain’t corny if it’s what’s up.

There’s a beat, and then Garry nods, and takes off running back towards the cop cars. Shawn turns and runs out towards the oil fields, and Cassie.

Up on the balcony, Aunt Amy smiles, and hits play on the iPod. As Shawn runs, one of the pumps further away EXPLODES.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
Loud! LOUD!
EXT. MONTAHUMA INDUSTRIAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

The area in front of the industrial park has descended into open warfare, a MASSIVE firefight going on between the Canadian police and the surviving rag-tag group of notorious international criminals.

Neither side is doing well.

Garry rushes through the gun battle.

GARRY
Scuse me, pardon me, whoops, look out, coming through, don’t aim at me, I’m just a tourist-

Garry looks both ways up the long, straight, icy road; his father is a speck to the north. Garry turns, and runs to a cop car. The two Canadian cops behind it are pinned down by mercenaries with a mounted machine gun.

Fire from the machine gun blows off the driver’s side door of the cop car.

Garry surveys the situation, then pops up from cover and takes out the mercenaries BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM. The two cops stare up at him in awe.

GARRY (CONT’D)
Gimme your keys.

BACK TO: SHAWN

Shawn reaches the pump, doing a baseball slide in the snow to Cassie. Cassie is clearly concussed and out of it, both arms cuffed crucifix style to the side of the pump, with chainless cuffs.

SHAWN
Cass, Cassandra, wake up!

CASSIE
...Shawn? Hello Shawn-

A another bomb EXPLODES on a pump behind them, startling them both.

CASSIE (CONT’D)
What the hell-

SHAWN
There’s a bomb on this pump, we’ve got to get you free-
Shawn realizes that there’s no way to undo the cuffs.

SHAWN (CONT’D)

Shit, shit-

CASSIE

What type of bomb?

Shawn rushes to climb up to where the bomb is mounted.

EXT. ICY ROAD

Chad motors along the road, pulling ninety. Further up the road, there’s a huge eighteen wheeler, which he’s rapidly catching up to. There’s the whoop of a police siren.

CHAD

You fuckin’ kidding me?

He turns to see a cop car nearly on top of him...driven by Garry. The car swings around alongside, so that the driver-side is perpendicular to the Harley.

Father and son face each other.

CHAD (CONT’D)

(yelling over the wind)

What the hell are you doin’—

(seeing it Garry’s eyes)

AW NO FUCKIN’ WAY—

Garry LEAPS OUT OF THE CAR ONTO THE MOTORCYCLE! The cop car goes crashing off the side of the road, and the motorcycle swerves all over the with the new weight.

The two of them end up standing on opposite sides Harley, each of them steering one of the handles. Chad draws his machete. Garry whips out his hunting knife.

The two men begin to have a knife fight across a motorcycle going 90 on an icy road, the cycle swerving wildly as they duck and dodge each other’s attacks.

INSIDE THE 18-WHEELER’S CAB:

The TRUCK DRIVER looks in his rearview mirror in awe.

TRUCK DRIVER

What the hell?

BACK OUTSIDE:
Garry knocks away Chad’s machete as they come up on the cab of the 18-wheeler.

**CHAD**

This is insanity, Garry!

Garry ignores him, and attempts another stab; Chad headbutts him and *leaps to the cab of the 18-wheeler!* The motorcycle, now half-driverless, wiggles wildly and starts to tip over.

At the last second Garry is able to *run up the motorcycle and leap to the back of the 18-wheeler’s cargo trailer,* the motorcycle flips and rolls and comes apart on the asphalt.

Garry watches it go, and then looks up at the cab, a trailer’s length away from him. The Truck Driver comes flying out, zipping past Garry on his way to a nasty demise.

Garry, fighting against the wind, the cold and his injuries, begins the climb along the side of the trailer.

**BACK TO: SHAWN**

Shawn’s behind Cassie, where the bomb is mounted; he’s uncovered the insides, a mess of wires, with a vial suspended over some kind of mechanism.

**CASSIE**

What color is the fluid in the vial?

**SHAWN**

I don’t know, clear, it’s clear!

**CASSIE**

It can’t be clear, Shawn-

**SHAWN**

There’s-

A pump nearby *EXPLODES.*

**SHAWN (CONT’D)**

AH! There’s little blue flakes!

**CASSIE**

That’s a trisecolor fuse, an acid bomb, okay? Shawn, we can do this-

**SHAWN**

It could explode at any time, it could explode *right now*—
CASSIE
Get the little blue wire at the bottom, and unhook it from the callbox.

SHAWN
Oh, oh shit, okay!

Aunt Amy stands up on the second floor balcony, watching them through binoculars.

AUNT AMY
What in de bejesus he think he doin’? Naw naw naw!

Amy slaps a clip into her handgun, and heads down the stairs.

BACK TO: GARRY

Gary is almost to the cab of the truck. Chad, noticing him, swerves it a little. Garry holds on. Chad swerves again, but almost loses control. Garry tries to get from the trailer to the cab; he can’t, and tries again, still can’t.

Chad, seeing this the side mirror, laughs.

CHAD
Hah! Gonna be a long, cold drive to Alberta, kid-

The side mirror is abruptly shot off.

BACK TO: SHAWN

CASSIE
Okay, now take the green wire-

SHAWN
There’s no green wire-

CASSIE
Okay, it’s not always green, it’ll just be thicker than all the other ones-

A pump very near to them EXPLODES, almost knocking Shawn over with the wire in his hands.

SHAWN
How many are left!? How many have gone off?

CASSIE
Shawn, it doesn’t matter-
SHAWN

How many!? 

Cassie looks. Six.

CASSIE

Six.

Shawn’s eyes go from the bomb, to Cassie’s cuffed hands, and then to an abandoned cop car he can see round front. The keys are in the ignition. Shawn falters.

There’s a moment...

SHAWN

Okay. I’ve got the thick, the thick wire.

Aunt Amy exits the factory, walking with purpose towards Shawn and Cassie, pistol dangling at her side.

BACK TO: GARRY

Garry tries to get to the cab again; he simply can’t reach. Inspiration strikes, or maybe it’s insanity: he hooks his legs into the side of the trailer, and hangs upside-down under the truck, his head inches from the asphalt as it races by.

He takes a deep breath, clearing his mind, and then shoots out the front tire on the opposite side of the truck.

The effect is IMMEDIATE. The truck lurches HARD RIGHT, rolling onto its side, sliding off the road. Garry drops his gun and holds on for his life as the truck plummets off a small ledge, TURNING COMPLETELY UPSIDE DOWN and sliding out onto a FROZEN LAKE.

EXT. FROZEN LAKE – CONTINUOUS

The truck slowly skids to a halt, the ice covered in hairline cracks in all directions. Silence.

BACK TO: SHAWN

CASSIE

Now pull out the pin under the vial, SLOWLY.

Shawn slowly, carefully pulls the pin out from beneath the vial in the bomb.
SHAWN
Got it, I got it! Hahahaha!

Shawn pulls out the vial and hurls it away into the snow, then moves around towards Cassie.

CASSIE
Shawn wait you got the bomb but if it triggers it’ll still set off the primer-

SHAWN
The whatnow?

CASSIE
The pri-

There’s a hiss, and the bomb EXPLODES; the explosion is VERY small. It’s just the primer charge, but it’s enough to flip Shawn face first into the snow, laying across Cassie, who’s also dazed from the explosion.

Aunt Amy’s almost to them now.

AUNT AMY
Now how the hell you gon and mess dat all up for? I had a clean little lesson laid out for Shawnie, and ya’ll had to cheat wit your weird bomb knowledge, how you gon do that to me, bitch?

She raises her pistol at the helpless duo.

AUNT AMY (CONT’D)
Now I gotta waste two bullets-

Cassie, the explosion having knocked apart one of the railings she was handcuffed to, grabs Shawn’s gun out of its holster, quick-draws and shoots Aunt Amy in the head.

Aunt Amy stares at her, surprised.

AUNT AMY (CONT’D)
Now what you gon’ do dat fo’?

Aunt Amy fires a few shots at random, and then falls to the ground, dead. A bomb EXPLODES over to the left.

BACK TO: THE FROZEN LAKE

Chad kicks open the door of the truck, and looks around. No Garry.
He starts to step out gingerly onto the ice, when he’s suddenly grabbed in a headlock from above, and dragged up onto the top of the overturned truck.

Chad breaks free immediately and goes on the offensive; his fighting style and mannerisms are recognizable from what we’ve seen from Garry, but if Garry’s a house-cat, this guy is a tiger.

He drives Garry back across the overturned trailer, beating the crap out of him. The fight gets more intense, and Garry, acting out of instinct, pops a tire. The airburst startles Chad.

Garry pushes his advantage, getting some shots in, but Chad quickly takes control again, slamming Garry to into the axle, choking him.

    CHAD
    See? You absolute letdown, you disaster of a child. Your mother was weak, but you, you’re even worse. You’re a disgrace. I’m ashamed that you look like me, kid, and killing you is gonna be, I have to say, truly cathartic. Finally, a parenting experience I can look back on and smile. This is how you end up when you waste all your time getting drunk.

    GARRY
    (choked)
    Not...All...Just...Most!

Garry flips his father off of him, and DRILLS HIM with a few big hits. The truck lurches; the ice is cracking further. Garry knees Chad in the head, sending him toppling off the side of the truck— he catches onto the edge.

    CHAD
    Shit! Shit!

The connectors attaching the trailer to the cab are snapping, one by one; they stop, only two left. The trailer lurches, the back end dipping into the water.

Chad looks down into the ice cold water; shock the moment he hits it, death soon after. He looks back up at Garry, and for the first time, something like real pride and love surges across his face.
CHAD (CONT’D)
Holy shit, Gerald! Holy shit! You beat me!

Garry just stares at him.

CHAD (CONT’D)
Okay, shit, wow, I’m done. I surrender, I give up. I’m done-zo.
I’m so- shit, I’m so fuckin’ proud of you right now! You beat me!

Garry stares, but hearing “proud” got through to him. Even after all the obvious insanity, it’s all he ever wanted.

CHAD (CONT’D)
You gonna give me a hand or what?
Ha, don’t worry, I’m really done now, I’m not gonna pull you over or something stupid like that.

Garry thinks, and then reaches down...grasps his father’s hand...Chad let’s Garry pull him up, and then immediately assumes a submissive position, on his knees.

GARRY
Why?

CHAD
What?

GARRY
I just wanted you to be proud of me. My whole life, I just wanted to be like you...you and mom, together, and- I don’t understand why, you know?

CHAD
I’m crazy, Shawn. I’m a crazy guy. I’m one of the bad guys. You’re not.

GARRY
(starting to cry)
But I love you! I missed you- even after you hit me with a machete- even after I found out you killed mom! I still just want- I want you to be proud of me.
CHAD

(beat)
You saved a lot of lives back there at the factory, when you shut me down. I hope you appreciate that. You did a real good thing. You should be happy you’re not like me.

Garry turns to hide his sobbing.

GARRY

I...I just-

Chad suddenly draws out a gun, trying to shoot Garry in the back, but Garry instinctively blocks the shot and it goes low into his thigh.

Garry screams in pain but twists his father’s wrist, forcing Chad to shoot himself in both kneecaps, then socks him in the face, sending Chad falling down the back of the truck.

Chad again catches himself on the trailer just before he goes into the ice water. He laughs, pained. Garry collapses, grasping his injured thigh.

CHAD

Okay, buddy. Enough fooling around. I’m sorry, I just, you know, I can’t go down without a fight, right?

Garry just stares at him.

CHAD (CONT’D)

I’m not gonna try to kill you again, kid, you kneecapped me! You made me kneecap myself, hot damn. I’m proud of you. I meant it when I said that.

Garry looks up at the cold blue sky. He snorts, and wipes the tears from his eyes.

GARRY

You know what hurts. What really hurts? Is that you think I’m so fucking stupid.

Garry unhooks the two last connectors from the cab of the truck to the trailer. It immediately begins to slide backwards into the ice water.
CHAD
What? You...You goddamn psychopath! How could you do this you ungrateful little shit! You worthless, pathetic party boy stooge, you can’t kill me!

GARRY
You died a long time ago.

Garry and Chad stare at each other.

GARRY (CONT’D)
Goodbye dad.

Garry turns and climbs down the back of the truck to the ice.

CHAD
No! NO no wait Garry WAIT NO NO-

The trailer turns upright, sinking instantly down into the freezing water. Chad disappears from sight immediately.

Garry stands still, watching the truck disappear into the water.

BACK TO: SHAWN AND CASSIE

Shawn slowly recovers from his daze. He sees Amy laying dead in the snow. He looks sad, and turns to Cassie, who’s staring at him very intensely. Her expression is unreadable.

CASSIE
You didn’t leave me.

SHAWN
...Of course I wouldn’t leave you, I’d never leave you, Cassie, I...you—you know...

He trails off, staring at her. Half-frozen, bloody, speckled with oil leaking out from the burst pump.

CASSIE
What?

SHAWN
I- stuff, you know—

CASSIE
—I don’t—
SHAWN
I have you stuff, you know
what I-
CASSIE
Stuff, what is that, I don’t-

SHAWN
I stuff you!

CASSIE
-you “stuff?”-

SHAWN
I-

CASSIE
Stop, stop. Stop. Shawn.
The epiphany is clear in Cassie’s eyes.

CASSIE (CONT’D)
I love you.

SHAWN
(beat)

CASSIE
Oh my god. I love you!

SHAWN
I love you!

They stare at each other, both trying not to look giddy, and failing.

SHAWN (CONT’D)
Yeah, whoa. I can’t feel my feet.

CASSIE
I can’t feel your feet either.

Laid out on the snow amidst all the and spilt oil, they kiss.
The last Shuffle-Bomb goes off behind them. They don’t notice.

BACK TO: THE
FROZEN LAKE

Garry is limping badly away from the big hole in the ice,
when the lake begins to collapse. The cab of the truck drops
out of sight into the water, and the ice cracks in all
directions.
Garry frantically hurries to the nine foot high ledge the truck fell off of, but he can’t reach it, especially not with his injuries.

The cracks are spreading too rapidly; the ice beneath his feet cracks, **THIS IS IT!** He jumps one last time—

—a hand catches his, helping to pull him up onto the ledge by the road.

It’s the Truck Driver. He’s bloody from bad road rash. The two of them lay there in the snow, breathing hard.

GARRY
You’re— How did you survive, I thought you were dead?

TRUCK DRIVER
Just lucky I guess.

Garry starts crying openly, and leans over, hugging the truck driver.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT’D)
Easy. Easy there buddy. You’re okay.

FADE TO BLACK.

...

IN ON:

Shawn, bandaged up but back to goofy, flamboyantly colorful clothing, singing the opening of “Wonderwall” by Oasis.

INT. KARAOKE BAR – CONTINUOUS

Shawn is on stage, singing passionately (if not well), to Cassie, who sits at the edge of the stage in a tiny dress, as bandaged up as Shawn. Garry is sitting with Cassie, also bandaged and dressed to kill.

He watches his friend sing, then looks to Cassie, who’s deliriously happy. Garry gets up and goes to the bar, leaning on a crutch, and orders three drinks. Kelly appears next to him; she’s all dolled up, and looks absolutely gorgeous.

GARRY
Oh. Hey.
KELLY
You really blew everyone’s minds, you know? The CIA’s Top 10 most wanted is entirely cleared, they’ve gotta reboot the whole thing. Ha, the FBI isn’t happy about having to give all these awards and citations and bounties away to a bunch of Canadian high patrolmen-

GARRY
(cold)
Yeah well they earned them didn’t they.

KELLY
Ha, yes, I suppose they did, very good. Um, oh, the values are in the process of being removed. We were able surmise their locations from the shipping sheets in Montahuma, and-

GARRY
Yeah Shawn! Wooo!

KELLY
—and, we were wondering if you couldn’t come down to DC tomorrow.

GARRY
DC, why?

KELLY
Well, it’s just a formality, but the President of the United States wants to give you the congressional medal of-

GARRY
GONNA BE THE ONE THAT SAVES MEEEEEE, get it Shawn! I’m sorry Kelly, the congressional what now?

KELLY
Congressional medal of honor.

GARRY
(beat)
Oh, sure, yeah, sounds great.
KELLY
They’re going to expunge all the
desertion charges from Cassie’s
record, as well, I saw to that. As
well as you and Shawn, you both
have a clean slate.

GARRY
We’re gonna get that dirty real
fast. We’ve stolen five hundred
and forty thousand dollars from
yakuza off shore accounts in the
last two hours. You gonna tattle
on us, Kelly?

Kelly stares at Garry, who’s still watching Shawn. She wants
him so bad it’s killing her.

KELLY
Listen Garry, I really am sorry
about the way this all
happened...Not just for what I did,
but for your father, and...You know-

GARRY
Is that all?

KELLY
Oh- um...I guess, yes.

OKAY.

GARRY
Garry gets up, carrying the drinks, headed back to his table.

KELLY
Garry!

Garry turns.

KELLY (CONT’D)
Do you forgive me?

Garry sips his drink.

KELLY
You know, if you wanted to get me
in handcuffs, there was an easier
way.

(beat)
I’ll think about it. I’ll drink
about it.
Kelly smiles, and Garry goes back to his table. A SLEAZY GUY approaches.

SLEAZY GUY

Heyyy-

KELLY

Bugger off.

WE MONTAGE THROUGH...

Various bars, clubs and house parties, the Goodtime Gang tossing back shot after shot, Garry dancing with his crutch, "CRUTCH-GUN! CRUTCH-GUN!", Shawn riding a panda "I’MA RIDE IT BACK TO CHINA!", Garry and Cassie in some kind of water-balloon paint fight, then, suddenly silent as we cut to:

Cassie, Shawn, and Garry having Congressional Medals Of Honor pinned on them, still covered in paint and wasted. Cassie belches, and Shawn and Garry start cracking up.

SLAM BACK TO MONTAGE:

More shots, more anarchy, dancing, Cassie pole dancing, Shawn pole dancing (he falls), a topless girl covering her breasts with Congressional Medals of Honor, Shawn and Garry yelling at each other and then a car EXPLODES BEHIND THEM and Cassie runs past pantsless, giggling insanely.

SLAM IN:

Garry snaps awake, face down on a carpet. Dazed, he stands up, pushing two girls off of him. Everything’s blurry, but he gradually realizes he’s in some kind of big luxury airplane.

There’s drunk passed out people, party debris and garbage EVERYWHERE. Garry, half awake, staggers through the body of the extremely large airplane, finally reaching the cockpit.

INT. AIRPLANE - COCKPIT

Garry slumps down into the copilot chair; Shawn is snoring in the pilot’s seat, with Cassie sprawled across him, also asleep.

GARRY

Shawn. Hey Shawn.

SHAWN

GARRY
Is it morning?

Shawn smiles. Garry smiles.

SHAWN
You were right. About everything.
About us. About getting serious.

GARRY
You were right too, man.
This...This is good. We earned this.

SHAWN
How do you feel about-

GARRY
I feel good.

SHAWN
Yeah? Me too.

Garry peers out the cockpit window.

GARRY
What is that, Maui?

SHAWN
Garry, you’re my best friend. I love you.

GARRY
I love you too.

The two guys squeeze-hands.

SHAWN
What next?

GARRY
I don’t know. We’ve got congressional medals of honor-

SHAWN
Aw, no, I lost mine-

GARRY
-Lost it, aw man-

SHAWN
Or I traded it for Patron or something, I don’t remember-
GARRY
Aw, cause what I was saying is that
now I bet the US government is
probably all on our balls, they’ll
hire us to start doing some jobs.
Real jobs.

SHAWN
Aw yeah, cause we saved all of
America and shit, yeah! They
probably think we’re fuckin’
rockstars-

GARRY
We are rockstars, fuck yeah!

Cassie stirs, waking up.

CASSIE
Guys. Guys, whose plane is this?

Garry looks at Shawn. Shawn looks at Garry.

QUICK ZOOM TO
EXTERIOR TO
REVEAL...

It’s fucking AIR FORCE ONE.

SLAM TO CREDITS:

The credits are set to “STARSTRUKK” By 3oh3, and feature the
cast and crew, in green-screen profile, dancing on
multicolored backgrounds as their names come up.

AFTER THE
CREDITS:

EXT. WINDSWEPT SNOW ROAD

A sign reads ANCHORAGE, ALASKA - 200 MILES. A truck is
pulling over for a lone hitchhiker in a heavy hooded coat.
The hitch-hiker climbs into the passenger seat.

GOOD SAMARITAN
Damn friend, it’s negative ten out
there. Where’reya headed?

The hood drops, revealing a grisly pale, noseless face.
DIETRICH
Wherever the good lord takes me.

SLAM TO BLACK.