

COWBOY NINJA VIKING

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December 31, 2011

Over BLACK, the soft, dulcet tones of MUZAK.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. OCOTILLO PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - ARIZONA - NIGHT

The OCOTILLO PSYCHIATRIC INSTITUTE - nestled in the HIGH DESERT - a perfectly manicured, picturesque place, housing every variety of insanity. Think... a STUDIO lot.

INT. OCOTILLO INSTITUTE - LOBBY - NIGHT

In the institute's LOBBY, BERNICE, a too-sweet NIGHT RECEPTIONIST, African-American, heavy-set, is playing FARMVILLE on her DESKTOP PC, when she is STARTLED by...

AMMO (O.S.)

Evening, ma'am. We're here to visit a patient.

30's, gruff, SOUTHERN ACCENT, subtly terrifying. Whatever room AMMO enters, there's suddenly less air to breathe. He leans an elbow on the counter and SMILES.

AMMO

Duncan Trevello. T-R-E-V-E-L-L-O.

BERNICE

Like J-E-L-L-O.

(Bill Cosby impression)

Zip zop zoobity bop. Apologies, darlin, visiting hours ended at 8 P.

AMMO

Could you make an exception? We've come an awful long way.

BERNICE

(looks around, confused)

'We?'

AMMO

Sorry, dyslexic. Me.

BERNICE

I.

(smiles)

Daddy was an English teach-

AMMO

Bernice, is it? Beautiful name. My nana's. She's dead.

(MORE)

AMMO (CONT'D)

Tell me, Bernice. You remember what happened to you this same Friday night, say, a month ago?

Bernice smiles guiltily as she glances at Farmville.

AMMO

How 'bout 10 years ago? Course not. Here's the thing. You don't do as I ask, you're gonna remember this Friday. A month from now... 10 years from now... Forever.

Bernice nods, ashen, but very slowly, stillly pushes a PANIC BUTTON behind the counter... which silently FLASHES RED.

AMMO

Cause I'm the kinda crazy belongs in a swell place like this. And I'm about to start doing the kinda stuff you'd definitely remember.

Ammo's SMILE DISAPPEARS as he notices Bernice's eyes subtly BLINKING RED from the reflected light of the PANIC BUTTON.

AMMO

Zip zop zoobity bop.

Ammo's right hand DARTS OUT like a SNAKE. We hear the SLAM of Bernice's FOREHEAD on the counter.

The WHIPLASH snaps her back in her chair. Her forehead is BRUISED, her EYES ROLLED BACK, UNCONSCIOUS.

AMMO

Second thought. Maybe you won't remember.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

3 HUGE MALE ORDERLIES, DECKED in WHITE, RUSH DOWN a HALL to Muzak's mellifluous interpretation of Heart's 'CRAZY ON YOU,' each carrying an OPEN STRAITJACKET.

AMMO walks toward the hall. He sees the orderlies rushing his way and STOPS, pausing only to...

...subtly UNBUTTON the cuff on his right wrist... then the cuff on his left. GO TIME.

The orderlies BURST into the lobby. What happens next is the stuff of Ocotillo Psychiatric legend.

Suddenly, the Muzak ramps into a HARD-CHARGING ALTERNATIVE COVER of 'CRAZY ON YOU.' The first orderly RUSHES at Ammo with an OPEN JACKET, and...

AMMO

This is Spartaaaaaaa!

...THUNK! Ammo jams his arms INTO the jacket and KICKS the orderly in the CHEST. Then PULLS the sleeves INSIDE OUT.

Ammo forces the sleeves onto the orderly's ARMS, BUCKLES him in, and BODY-SLAMMS him onto his HEAD.

The second orderly DRIVES his straitjacket onto AMMO's ARM. Ammo THRUSTS the OTHER sleeve onto the ORDERLY's ARM.

They're now EACH wearing a sleeve of the SAME jacket, ENTWINED together in BRUTAL CLOSE QUARTERS.

Ammo and the orderly BEAT one another while engaging in what looks like a mad, fast-motion game of 'TWISTER.'

AMMO

Right foot. To left cheek.

Ammo KICKS, TUGS, CARTWHEELS, SPINS, DUCKS, PUNCHES, DIVES under the orderly's LEGS, PULLS him through his own LEGS, etc. - a chaotic TORNADO of VIOLENCE.

ANGLE ON the THIRD ORDERLY, who starts throwing HOOKS. Ammo SWINGS the second orderly into the PATH of the PUNCHES.

Suddenly, WHOOSH-THWACK! Ammo FREES himself and JAMS the sleeve onto the ARM of the third orderly.

Now the 2 ORDERLIES are ENTWINED in the SAME JACKET. They resemble a 2-HEADED BOXER, throwing punches with 4 ARMS. AMMO BOBS, WEAVES, lands KNEES, FOREARMS, ELBOWS, FISTS...

...then GRABS the SECOND orderly's free wrist and SWINGS him as if performing a HAMMER THROW.

The THIRD orderly swings by the jacket like a ROTOR BLADE. The FIRST orderly gains his feet and is CLOTHES-LINED.

The third orderly POPS OUT of the jacket and SMACKS a PILLAR.

The second orderly frees his arm when UMPH! - AMMO pulls the jacket over his HEAD and WRAPS either SLEEVE around his NECK. Ammo RIDES him like a bronco, TWISTING the SLEEVES TIGHTER.

The orderly sways, totters, and FACE-PLANTS. Ammo jumps back to where he's riding him like a SURF-BOARD, then STEPS OFF...

...and STOMPS on the orderly's head with one big BOOT.

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

MUZAK's harmonious 'CRAZY ON YOU,' as AMMO calmly RE-BUTTONS his 2 CUFFS and STRIDES out of the lobby into the HALL.

Behind him, the 3 ORDERLIES are TRUSSED up in the STRAITJACKETS: the first tied to the PILLAR, HUGGING it, the second HANGING upside-down by his FEET from an overhead PIPE, and the third SPINNING from an overhead CEILING FAN.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

A NAMEPLATE outside a PADDED ROOM reads 'TREVELLO, D.' AMMO peeks through the SMALL GLASS WINDOW in the door. The BOTTOM of 2 BUNK BEDS has a big LUMP under the covers.

Again, Ammo UNBUTTONS his CUFFS... then KICKS the door in.

AMMO
Pack up the crazy, amigo. Time to
get out of jail free.

He THROWS BACK the COVERS of the bottom bunk to discover PHINEAS AND FERB STUFFED ANIMALS where Duncan should be.

A CHUBBY MIDDLE-AGED INMATE sits up in the upper bunk, a worn 'PARTY OF FIVE' POSTER pasted on the ceiling above him.

PATIENT
I've missed you like mad, Bailey
Salinger!

Ammo knocks him out COLD. Ammo's eyes quickly dart to the WINDOW on the far wall, its BARS BENT OUTWARD. A 'ROPE' made of BEDSHEETS descends to the ground outside.

Ammo moves to the window and gazes out over the high desert, his quarry GONE. RAGE flits across his face.

CHI CHI (O.S.)
Change! 400.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - NIGHT

A pair of BROWN HANDS scoops up a bunch of CRUMPLED BILLS, a nickel, 3 pennies, and a LINT BALL...

A deadpan FILIPINO BLACKJACK DEALER, CHI CHI, mid-40's, drops the lint into a trash can and looks across at...

DUNCAN

Count careful... Chi Chi, is it?

...our HERO, 30's, CHARISMATIC, unkempt hair, ragged camo jacket, every screw loose. DUNCAN is perched excitedly on a stool at purple-felted Blackjack table number 9.

DUNCAN

That's 8 years unspent vending machine allowance. I've resisted a boatload'a Southwest Ranch Bugles to be here tonight.

(re: blackjack chips)

Whites, please.

CHI CHI

They work weekends. At Bellagio.

Duncan laughs gregariously, goes to KNUCKLE BUMP Chi Chi, who leaves him hanging.

CHI CHI

No touchie.

DUNCAN

Same where I'm from.

(lowers voice)

Ocotillo Psychiatric. Shh...

They'll come a' lookin.

Chi Chi slides out 4 BLACK CHIPS, pockets the 8 cents.

CHI CHI

So you cuckoo?

The words HURT. The CHARISMATIC, COCKSURE smile Duncan's been flashing, the one that's been hiding insecurities that go Chilean-Miner-deep, DISAPPEARS.

DUNCAN

'Cuckoo' is a bird. Or a clock.

CHI CHI

(chirps like clock)

Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

DUNCAN

I'm 'neurologically challenged.' Somewhere between 'Can't-board-the-plane-if-you-catch-sight-of-the-pilot.' That's my Aunt Peach. And 'Think-you're-Jennifer-Love-Hewitt.' That's my roommate. He thinks I'm Matt Fox.

CHI CHI
Surrounded by cuckoo do not make
you cuckoo...

Walking up behind Duncan are:

DUNCAN
Unfortunately, Cheech... it sure as
shit does.

A COWBOY. A NINJA. And a VIKING. In PERIOD REGALIA.

[Our lead actor plays all 3 of these characters, who look and sound identical to Duncan - because they are Duncan, or more accurately, 3 personalities that only exist in his own head. Only Duncan, and by extension, the audience, can see and hear Cowboy, Ninja, and Viking. Think of them as Duncan's imaginary friends.]

NINJA, black jumpsuit, anxious, anal retentive, is in FULL FRET. He's the closest thing to Duncan's SUPER-EGO.

NINJA
(to Duncan)
Next time you crawl out a window on
a bedsheet rope in the middle of
the night and cross a desert?
Please leave a note!

Duncan ROLLS his EYES as Ninja SITS DOWN on the STOOL next to him. VIKING, bearskin pelt and horned helmet, sits on the next stool over. If Ninja operates as Duncan's Super-Ego, Viking is clearly the opposite - his ID.

VIKING
I've spent 2,936 days walking on
cold linoleum, listening to
muzak... of muzak. And I plan to
make up for it in the next 2 hours.
(to passing waitress)
Fjórum banana coladas!

A COCKTAIL WAITRESS in leopard skin lycra, cheaper and older than the SCOTCH she's serving, SHUFFLES past... with NO REACTION WHATSOEVER.

VIKING
Yo! Deaf Leopard! Whose village a
Norseman gotta burn to get a
drink?!

COWBOY, 10-gallon hat, off in his own crazy, hard-tack world, sits down, spurs jangling, and stares harder than Eastwood. He's the craziest side of Duncan. Just plain nuts.

COWBOY

I have sand. In my chaps.

DUNCAN

(threatening)

Better than cement in your boots.

(turns back to Chi Chi)

My apologies, Cheech. Please
forgive 'em...

We cut to CHI CHI'S POINT-OF-VIEW: No one is sitting on
those other 3 stools.

CHI CHI

Um. Forgive... who?

DUNCAN

(realizes)

Right.

VIKING

(tugs on Duncan's sleeve)

Those Banana Coladas...

DUNCAN

(swats Viking's hand away,
then relents, to
waitress)

Hey beautiful... 4 banana coladas,
8 umbrellas.

(to Cowboy, Ninja, and
Viking)

Make yourselves useful. For once.

Duncan pushes out a black chip, slides one each in front of
Cowboy, Ninja, and Viking, and flashes that SMILE.

DUNCAN

I'ma take this place down.

Beck's 'LOSER' kicks in.

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET MONTAGE - LATER

CHIPS piling up. BANANA COLADAS watered down. Blackjacks.
Winning big. Duncan plays all 4 hands. NINJA pores over the
casino's guide on 'HOW TO WIN AT BLACKJACK.' VIKING SPINS in
circles on his stool. COWBOY fails to LASSO waitresses.

VIKING (O.S.)

Double it, Dunc.

Suddenly, we bounce out of the montage.

NINJA

A 17?! Are you insane?!

VIKING

Just a man. Raised among men.

DUNCAN

(hushed, angry)

Inside voices!

CHI CHI shoots a look at the PIT BOSS, who's now watching intently, highly interested in both Duncan's win streak and his habit of talking to UNSEEN PERSONS.

CHI CHI

Book says... don't double 17
against 6.

NINJA

(holds out book, pointing)

It's right here! Chi Chi's our
friend!

DUNCAN

Book don't account for cuckoo.

VIKING

Show the brown man just how!

NINJA

Do not! I command it! Can I
command it?

DUNCAN

(gives in to temptation,
pushes out chips)

Doob-lay!

VIKING

Blood rushing everywhere!

NINJA

My hands are clamming up. They do
that.

CHI CHI

(shakes head, alerts pit
boss)

Doubling 17. Chi Chi now
officially seen it all.

The PIT BOSS saunters over. Spins his PINKIE RING with his thumb. EYES intently on DUNCAN.

DUNCAN

Down, please.

Chi Chi deals a card. Down.

VIKING

FYI. By double it. I meant my
drink. Not that crap hand.

Chi Chi turns to his own hand. Flips over his down card. A
10, which puts Chi Chi at sweet 16. Slides a card from the
shoe. Another 6. 22. Dealer BUSTS again.

Everyone goes NUTS! Chi Chi flips over Duncan's down card on
the double-down. A 4. 21. ICING on the CAKE.

NINJA

Winner!

VIKING

Winner!

COWBOY

Possum dinner.

Duncan stuffs his winnings into a FUCHSIA MINI KIDDIE ROLLING
SUITCASE. He extends his fist to CHI CHI for a knuckle
bump... only it's GRABBED by a very MEATY HAND...

DUNCAN

Uhh... no touchie?

...belonging to the Casino's CAPTAIN of SECURITY. BALD.
FORTIES. Puts the brick in brick house. The Pit Boss stands
at his shoulder. The Captain SMILES.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

I know what you're thinking...

INT. CASINO OFFICE - NIGHT

We find ourselves in a huge, plush corner CASINO OFFICE...
beautiful views through various plate glass picture windows.

DUNCAN sits nervously on a SOFA, hands tied behind his back.
COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING sit sheepishly next to him.

Behind Duncan stand the PIT BOSS and 3 MENACING GOONS.

We REVERSE ANGLE to see the bald SECURITY CAPTAIN standing
behind a big MAHOGANY DESK.

CAPTAIN

What's so bad about stealing from a casino? They're owned by deep-pocketed corporations now.

VIKING

How did he know what I was thinking?!

The CAPTAIN walks around the desk. From his P.O.V., Duncan is ALONE on that couch.

CAPTAIN

But lemme tell you who you're really stealing from...

The Captain turns around a picture frame on his desk, revealing a shot of his 10-year-old DAUGHTER, in a SOCCER UNIFORM, holding a ball, SMILING.

CAPTAIN

...Emma.

There's no other word for it, Emma is... FAT.

NINJA

(eyes wide)

That looks like him.

VIKING

In drag.

Duncan's eyes dart left. Please shut up.

CAPTAIN

(oblivious to Viking)

See, this casino pays Emma's daddy - me - to watch their money. So when you steal that money, you're stealing food off Emma's plate.

VIKING

And a good thing. She's pushing 2 bills! No way she plays soccer!

(thinks)

Maybe in goal. Balls might bounce off her.

NINJA

Have we learned nothing from our First Lady?!

DUNCAN

(finally breaks)

Do not mention childhood obesity!

Angle on the CAPTAIN, who REGISTERS DUNCAN'S COMMENT, which actually just came out of Duncan's mouth in the real world.

CAPTAIN
Come again?

DUNCAN
That was meant for someone else.

CAPTAIN
Someone else.

DUNCAN
Where does Emma play? Midfield?

CAPTAIN
Goal.

Viking subtly NODS and SMILES. The Captain pulls ROLLS of GAMBLING CHIPS out of Duncan's mini rolling suitcase.

CAPTAIN
Emma's got one just like this.
Bright color helps me find her.

VIKING
She'd be hard to miss.

He tosses them to the PIT BOSS and the GOONS.

CAPTAIN
Trade secret. Go to punch a man,
you're bound to break your hand.
But not if you hold a roll of chips
in your fist.

DUNCAN
You're gonna beat me with my own
money?!

CAPTAIN
Our money. And to within an inch
of your life. That's as much leash
as the shareholders give me.

DUNCAN
And there's nothing I can do or say
to stop you?

CAPTAIN
No.

VIKING
(to Duncan)
Say it.

NINJA

Do not!

DUNCAN

No way to mitigate in any way the severity of what's coming to me?

CAPTAIN

No.

DUNCAN

(little smile)

In that case. When Little Emma backs up. She should beep. Beep. Beep. NASA called - she may cause the tides. She keeps Michelle Obama up nights.

VIKING

And she looks like him. In drag.

DUNCAN

And she looks like you in drag.

Eyes wide with incandescent RAGE, the CAPTAIN COCKS his fist and PUNCHES, followed by the PIT BOSS and the GOONS. Duncan DISAPPEARS under a pile of BLOWS.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

WHOOSH! In SLO-MO, The SECURITY CAPTAIN, PIT BOSS, and 3 GOONS throw DUNCAN through the air into an alley. He EATS ASPHALT in REGULAR SPEED.

DUNCAN writhes, in pain, MOANING. He rolls LEFT, where lie COWBOY and NINJA, also beat up...

...and then RIGHT, where he's NOSE-TO-NOSE with VIKING, 2 BLACK EYES.

VIKING

Drag bit too far? Hm... is that a Werther's?

Viking PICKS and EATS a caramel from his beard. Duncan DRY HEAVES. Exasperated, ANGRY, he digs through his POCKETS, SEARCHING for something.

At first he PANICS, afraid it's not there. But then he FINDS it... opening up his palm to reveal a LEGO BOY MINI-FIGURE. Brown snap-on BOWL hairdo, blue shirt, plastered smile.

Duncan clutches the FIGURINE TIGHTLY, like rosary beads, and CLOSES his eyes, as if WISHING VERY HARD FOR SOMETHING.

He RE-OPENS his eyes: COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING are gone.
Battered as Duncan is, all the world's pain leaks out of him.

He closes his eyes again, SERENE. We push in and then...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOPE COVENANT ORPHANAGE - MORNING - FLASHBACK

A FLURRY of ACTIVITY as various LITTLE ORPHANS scramble, in a mad hurry, to TIDY THEMSELVES UP.

COMBS SLIDE through hair. SMUDGES are wiped off cheeks. GUM is spit out. SCUFFS are wiped off SHOES. COLLARED shirts are pulled over T-SHIRTS. SHOELACES are tied. EYEGLASSES are removed and hidden. SHOULDERS are STRAIGHTENED.

Suddenly, all falls STILL and QUIET. We hear distant FOOTSTEPS on LINOLEUM.

We're at HIP-LEVEL as a NURSE's WHITE DRESS and SHOES and a BUSINESSMAN's DARK SUIT-PANTS and SHINY BLACK WING-TIPS walk down a long row of BUNK BEDS...

...PASSING various ADORABLE ORPHANS standing in a row, at loving, respectful attention. These kids are like POUND PUPPIES, hoping against hope to be worthy of a home.

As we track down the row of kids, we hear a growing SCUFFLING. It becomes LOUDER as the adult feet approach the ONE KID so far who's still completely out of sorts. He's a misfit of a 7-YEAR-OLD BOY, writhing around on the floor, trying to pull his PANTS on OVER his SHOES.

The ADULT FEET STOP and TURN.

The kid doesn't even notice. He finally gets his shoes through, HIKES UP his pants, and tucks in ONE SHIRTTAIL before REALIZING he's being watched, FREEZING...

...TURNING... and SMILING. The boy is a DISHEVELED, WRINKLED MESS... with a TOWERING case of BED-HEAD. He glances down, EYES WIDE, upon REALIZING...

...he's put his pants on BACKWARDS. He maintains that smile as he reaches BEHIND his butt and ZIPS up his FLY.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal the MAN staring down on him: RICHARD BLAQ, early 30's, charismatic, wise, warm, nattily attired in a dark wool SUIT. Like Bill Clinton at a 10,000-dollar-a-plate DNC dinner.

BLAQ
You must be... Duncan?

Duncan nods, eager to please.

BLAQ
Like the donut. I'm Mr. Blaq.
Like the color. But with a 'q.'

The FEMALE NURSE at Blaq's elbow secretly GESTURES to Duncan to do something about his HAIR. Duncan quickly LICKS his PALM and tries to PAT DOWN his BED-HEAD. Then extends the same HAND to Blaq to SHAKE.

Blaq looks at Duncan's saliva-covered palm, hesitates, then smiles and offers to FIST-BUMP Duncan instead.

They BUMP FISTS, and Blaq makes his fist 'EXPLODE.'

INT. PLAYROOM - MORNING - FLASHBACK

We've moved to a communal PLAYROOM in the orphanage.

Little DUNCAN sits on a mini stool at a mini table, playing with the SAME LITTLE BOY LEGO FIGURINE that ADULT DUNCAN was last clutching in Vegas. He's acting out mayhem, using the figurine to play MULTIPLE CHARACTERS.

The boy is enraptured, in his own world, UNBALANCED somehow.

BOY
(in different character
'voices')
Drop it, pardner! Hyaa! Bang!
Die! Rrrrr! Off with your head!

BLAQ (O.S.)
Awesome.
(re: figurine)
He kinda looks-

DUNCAN
(gazes up)
Like me.

BLAQ is sitting OPPOSITE Duncan on another mini stool, knees nearly to his chin. He smiles.

BLAQ
Duncan, do you know how adoption works?

DUNCAN

I get to go home with you? If you pick me.

BLAQ

Something like that, yes.

DUNCAN

Did Nurse Bloom tell you-?

BLAQ

About your voices? Yes. A cowboy.
A ninja. And a viking. Right?

Duncan nods, meekly nervous, as if he might lose his chance.

DUNCAN

I've been trying.

BLAQ

Trying?

DUNCAN

To make them go away. So I can be normal. Like other kids.

BLAQ

Why would you want them to go away?! Those voices, they make you special.

Duncan SMILES. For the first time. In a long time.

BLAQ

What if I said you should listen to those voices? What if I said those voices were your friends?

Blaq sets aside the LEGO BOY, reaches into his sportcoat, and retrieves 3 NEW Lego figurines: A COWBOY. A NINJA. And a VIKING. He places the figurines on the table. Slides a tiny plastic PISTOL, KATANA, and BATTLE AXE into each's hand.

Duncan looks THRILLED.

BLAQ

(leans in, whispers)

What if I said I know a place that takes special little kids like you and makes them really special?

Duncan reaches out and collects the 3 new figures reverently.

BLAQ
What would you say?

We're tight on a beat of Duncan WHITE-KNUCKLING Cowboy,
Ninja, Viking:

DUNCAN
Pick me.

EXT. HOPE COVENANT ORPHANAGE - DAY - FLASHBACK

RICHARD BLAQ walks past camera AWAY from the orphanage into
the PARKING LOT, momentarily ALONE...

...until DUNCAN runs into frame, struggling with a FUCHSIA
MINI KIDDIE ROLLER SUITCASE, which threatens to topple.

Blaq slows down and HOLDS OUT his HAND. Duncan TAKES it
happily, and they continue walking, HAND in HAND.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PAWN SHOP - NIGHT - PRESENT

A battered, bloodied adult DUNCAN walks up to the 'HERE
TODAY, PAWN TOMORROW' pawn shop, trailing the same SUITCASE.
COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING walk behind. Everyone stops.
Duncan stares up at the sign.

VIKING
Go on. We can't let 'em get away
with that shit! Show 'em you got
hair down there!

NINJA
Violence only begets violence.

Duncan mulls it over, then ENTERS the shop. Cowboy, Ninja,
and Viking start to follow him in. He turns. GLARES. So
they STAY BEHIND. Duncan approaches the FRONT COUNTER.

DUNCAN
Got a sec?

The early twenties SLACKER behind the counter, NED, looks up
from an INFOMERCIAL and a 'HUNGRY MAN' TV DINNER.

NED
Tuesday. 4 AM. I just bought a
Slap Chop. Yeah. I got a sec.
(sees Duncan's bruises)
Whoa. Dude. You OK?

Duncan tears off a piece of Ned's Salisbury steak, chows it down, and unzips his suitcase.

DUNCAN
Depends. On whether you could use anything in this bag...

Ned starts taking stuff out and examining it. He starts with some wooden dolls, FROWNS.

DUNCAN
(proud)
My 'Famous Russian Leaders' nesting dolls. That's not a smudge. It's Gorbachev's birth mark.

Out comes a roll of NOVELTY TOILET PAPER.

DUNCAN
My 'Drop a Turd, Learn a Word' T.P!
A new vocabulary term on each square.

Duncan rips off a square. Hands it to Ned. Well?

NED
(reads)
'Defenestrate.' D-E-F-E-N-E-S-T-R-A-T-E. Defenstrate. 'To throw someone or something out a window.'

DUNCAN
(smiles)
Good word...

Ned takes out a framed 5x7 PHOTO of a loving, SMILING COUPLE.

NED
I know where you got your rugged good looks.

Duncan's eyes widen, and he reaches quickly for the frame.

DUNCAN
Not for sale.

NED
Look, I'd love to be able to help, but-

Ned STOPS MID-SENTENCE. He starts pulling out BOTTLES of PSYCHIATRIC DRUGS... Xanax, Chlorpromazine, Risperidone... and lines them up on the counter.

NED

What you need, I don't think we're selling.

DUNCAN

You mean sanity? These've gotta be worth something, right?

Ned reads the LABELS on the bottles.

NED

You're a bloody mess, Duncan Trevello.

DUNCAN

I am. Multiple personality disorder. Like a big party in my head. But with uninvited guests. And no way to call the po-po.

NED

Imaginary friends from hell!
(pops a Xanax)
Here Today, Pawn Tomorrow is your oyster. Go nuts. Margot-Kidder-in-the-back-yard nuts.

DUNCAN

I'm about to...

INT. PAWN SHOP AISLES - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Duncan's hand travels over the GOODS:

A MACHETE. A gold DOLLAR-SIGN NECKLACE. A PANINI-MAKER. A huge, stuffed BLACK BEAR. A magic 8 BALL. Duncan shakes the 8 BALL. The die inside lands on 'Outlook good.'

INT. COUNTER - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

NED, eyes growing with concern, watches as DUNCAN places a few ITEMS on the COUNTER, as if they were PRECIOUS ARTIFACTS:

An antique, PEARL-HANDLED COLT REVOLVER, with HOLSTER, and a box of BULLETS. A NINJA's KATANA, complete with SCABBARD. And an honest-to-God, bigger-than-a-stop-sign BATTLE AXE.

NED

Wanna join our rewards club? 10 percent off.

DUNCAN
So I get some pills back?

NED
Future visits only.
(off Duncan's head shake)
Have an agreeable night, Duncan
Trevello.

Duncan RAISES the COLT, examining its sights. Ned dives behind the counter. Reaches up. Grabs the bottle of Xanax.

DUNCAN
You too.

Duncan dips his index finger in the mashed potatoes and gravy of Ned's HUNGRY MAN DINNER, and licks it off.

Duncan places the framed 5x7 back into his suitcase, turns heel, and walks out as ELVIS's 'SUSPICIOUS MINDS' ramps up...

INT. GOLDEN NUGGET CASINO - DAWN

The front door to the Golden Nugget Casino OPENS to reveal the blinding rays of SUNRISE. DUNCAN enters in SLO MO, propelled by ELVIS, suitcase trailing.

Duncan wears the REVOLVER on ONE HIP, the KATANA on the other, and the BATTLE AXE strapped to his BACK.

TOURISTS react, getting out of Duncan's way. Duncan crosses the main floor toward a door marked SECURITY.

REGULAR SPEED as the PIT BOSS and his 3 GOONS give CHASE.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - DAWN

Back in the huge corner office, the SECURITY CAPTAIN is on the phone behind his desk.

CAPTAIN
Love you too. Daddy'll be home
with brekkie. Yes, I know, extra
bacon, honey.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
(like a truck in reverse)
Beep. Beep. Beep.

BANG! The door to the room BLASTS OPEN. DUNCAN BACKS IN, turns heel and stands tall, loaded for bear.

The PIT BOSS and the 3 GOONS scurry in BEHIND, then halt, waiting for permission to pounce. The Captain hangs up and walks out from behind his desk.

CAPTAIN

You did not come back here.

DUNCAN

To collect my winnings.

Duncan's CHIPS are still sitting on the Captain's DESK.

DUNCAN

And to teach you all a new word...

Duncan smiles.

EXT. CASINO - DAWN

We're outside the casino, where the RISING SUN REFLECTS off the DARK PLATE-GLASS PICTURE WINDOWS on the SECOND FLOOR.

A peaceful beat. Then... SMASH!

In SLO-MO, one of the windows BURSTS as the PIT BOSS comes flying through it, FACE-FIRST, HOLLERING. We RAMP to REGULAR SPEED as he PLUMMETS out of frame onto the asphalt below.

DUNCAN stands inside the window, admiring his HANDIWORK.

DUNCAN

D - E - F -

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The first GOON sneers and BUM-RUSHES DUNCAN. Duncan grabs him by CROTCH and COLLAR, SPINS, and HUCKS him THROUGH the NEXT plate-glass window.

DUNCAN

- E - N - E -

The CAPTAIN draws a GLOCK, but DUNCAN immediately draws on his COWBOY skill-set. He draws his SIX-SHOOTER and SHOOTS first, hitting the Glock itself.

The Glock twirls through the air. Before it can land, BOOM! BOOM! Duncan fires 2 more bullets into it, spinning it in mid-air, this way, then that...

...until it lands harmlessly in a WASTE-CAN.

Duncan FLIPS the six-shooter, grabs the BARREL END, and swings the GRIP into the JAW of the next goon.

The goon staggers. Duncan doesn't relent, PISTOL-WHIPPING him... THUNK... across the room toward another WINDOW.

He flips his gun again and aims at the goon's FOREHEAD.

The goon thinks he's going to get shot BETWEEN the EYES, but Duncan moves the gun and FIRES a BULLET THROUGH the WINDOW.

The window CRACKS outward like a spider web.

Then Duncan moves the gun barrel back onto the man's forehead and PUSHES him BACKWARD, ever so slightly.

The goon falls back against the cracked window. It can't SUPPORT his WEIGHT, and SHATTERS, DROPPING him to asphalt.

DUNCAN

- S - T - R -

Immediately, the FINAL goon SHOVES DUNCAN in the back. Duncan is about to plunge THROUGH the broken window when...

...he DRAWS his KATANA and plants it into the WOODEN FLOOR.

The sword BENDS, then snaps back to STRAIGHT, pulling Duncan back into the room...

...where he PLUCKS the katana from the wood and WHACKS the goon's head with the FLAT of the blade.

The goon backpedals, then grabs a tall IRON FLOOR LAMP and throws aside the lamp-shade.

The goon SMASHES the LIGHT BULB on the floor, creating a SHARP GLASS TIP, and then LUNGES with the makeshift 'SPEAR.'

Duncan goes NINJA, agilely AVOIDING the SPEAR... LIMBOING under it... JUMPING over it... BLOCKING it with his sword.

The Captain digs into the WASTE-CAN for his GLOCK, but...

...BOOM! Duncan draws his six-shooter again and shoots the waste-can OUT of his hands.

BOOM! He shoots the can again, causing it to ROLL away.

CLICK. Duncan's OUT of BULLETS. So he THROWS the pistol, WHACKING the Captain between the eyes.

The goon LUNGES. CRASH! Duncan's katana SLIDES away.

The 'spear' buries in the DRYWALL. Duncan jumps, lands on the lamp, STEPS down its length, drops off, KICKS.

The goon kicks back. Duncan grabs his foot and RIPS off his SHOE. The goon KICKS again. Duncan RIPS off the OTHER shoe.

DUNCAN wraps the lamp's ELECTRIC CORD AROUND the goon, and... SHOVE! - PUSHES him backward with the lamp. The 'spear' end BREAKS FREE from the wall.

Duncan runs. The goon SLIDES across the FLOOR on his SOCKS.

Duncan SWINGS the lamp like a giant BASEBALL bat. The goon slides in a full arc and SMASHES through another WINDOW.

DUNCAN

- A - T -

ANGLE ON: C, N, and V, who've made an appearance, ADMIRING from across the room.

BANG! A bullet RICOCHETS off the AXE on Duncan's BACK. Duncan SPINS and faces the CAPTAIN, who OPENS FIRE with his recovered Glock.

Duncan whips the AXE off his BACK and BLOCKS the bullets.

The Captain runs out of ammo and starts HURLING BIG STUFF. Duncan swings the AXE MIGHTILY, CUTTING everything in HALF:

COFFEE TABLE... WATER COOLER JUG... COMPUTER MONITOR... LA-Z-BOY. CHOP! CHOP! CHOP!

The Captain upends a SOFA and pushes it over onto DUNCAN. KABOOM! The AXE CLEAVES the entire SOFA in two, length-wise.

VIKING

By the Gods.

NINJA

I am busting!

COWBOY

I got bed bugs. From my rucksack.

The Captain backpedals, scrambles over the top of his DESK. The DESK (and EMMA's picture) SPLITS under the axe.

Duncan uses the AXE HANDLE to pin the Captain's NECK against the wall. They stare each other down, NOSE to NOSE.

DUNCAN

I didn't cheat... I'm
neurologically challenged.

(off confusion)

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Cuckoo.

(beat, genuine)

And it's hard.

Duncan relinquishes the Captain, who rubs his neck, thinking Duncan's finished.

The Captain steps around the desk, but Duncan CUTS him off, then WAGS his head toward the last plate-glass window.

The Captain's eyes widen. 'Really?' Duncan nods.

DUNCAN

- E.

The Captain is forced to JUMP THROUGH the GLASS - SMASH!

DUNCAN

'Defenestrate.'

EXT. CASINO - MOMENTS LATER

The CAPTAIN, PIT BOSS, and GOONS writhe in pain on the asphalt as COP CARS converge on the scene, sirens BLARING.

We rise UP the side of the casino to find Duncan SCALING its facade like a NINJA. NINJA climbs next to him, beaming.

NINJA

Always 2 footholds and 1 handhold
or 2 handholds and 1 foothold.

(smiles)

We're very proud.

INT. ARIA HOTEL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

The ARIA HOTEL PENTHOUSE, 61st floor. Absolute SPLENDOR. A BUTLER stands outside the double doors, the stuffed BEAR from the PAWN SHOP standing guard next to him.

Inside, Duncan strides across a massive PENTHOUSE SUITE in a slick new ARMANI SUIT. He spies a miniature gold BELL sitting on his bar. Frowns. Picks it up. RINGS it. INSTANTLY, the suite's double doors SPRING OPEN.

BUTLER

You rang, sir?

DUNCAN

James?

BUTLER
Steve, sir.

DUNCAN
May I call you James?

BUTLER
Whatever you desire, sir.

DUNCAN
About that...

Duncan reaches into his pocket. Hands over a SHEET of PAPER.

BUTLER
A list, sir?

DUNCAN
For my special day. Read it back
to me.

BUTLER
Peruvian pink salt. Murumuru
butter. Jerusalem Jojoba oil.
Sounds like quite the bath, sir.

DUNCAN
Normally a shower guy. But you've
seen the tub?

BUTLER
Dom Perignon Rose.

DUNCAN
An '82. Chilled to 42.

BUTLER
Egyptian cotton sheets. Already
ahead of you there. 'Silence of
the Lambs.' And 'Leaving Las
Vegas.' Blu-Ray.

DUNCAN
Is there any other way to see Nic
Cage's downward spiral?

BUTLER
Other than TMZ? No sir.

DUNCAN
Leave it all out front. Then take
the rest of the night off.

(smiles)

(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Go nuts. Matthew McConaughey-naked-on-the-bongo-drums nuts.

Duncan hands the BUTLER a RUSSIAN LEADER NESTING DOLL.

DUNCAN

That's Andropov! Open Yuri's ass up.

Inside, 5 BROWN CHIPS, the 5,000 dollar symbol on top.

BUTLER

These are chocolate chips, sir.
25,000 dollars.

DUNCAN

Small price to pay for a gentle hug.

Duncan holds out his arms. The butler enthusiastically EMBRACES him. A rare moment of INTIMACY between strangers. Duncan holds on for DEAR LIFE. His voice CRACKS.

DUNCAN

Goodbye, Steve.

MOVIE (O.S.)

You still wake up sometimes, don't you? You wake up in the dark and hear the screaming of the lambs.

EXT./INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

'SILENCE OF THE LAMBS' plays on the LED flat-screen.

MOVIE

You think if you save poor Catherine, you could make them stop, don't you? You think if Catherine lives, you won't wake up in the dark ever again to that awful screaming of the lambs?

DUNCAN lies on his bed in a BATHROBE, sipping Dom Perignon Rose, TIPSY. He points a PISTOL at the TV and SHOOTS. CRACK! Then turns the gun toward HIMSELF, stares down its barrel almost LONGINGLY. His finger QUIVERS on the trigger.

But then he notices the fine EGYPTIAN COTTON SHEETS. He smooths them with his hand. Thinks better of shooting. Gets up. Walks out onto the balcony. Amazing view. He climbs up on the RAILING. Eyes MISTY.

VIKING (O.S.)

Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Duncan looks over his shoulder, TEETERING on the railing.
There stand C, N, and V, looking more than a little ALARMED.

NINJA

Excellent balance, Duncan. Now
come down before you have an
accident. Or I do.

DUNCAN

'Accident?'

VIKING

Odin's beard! He's trying to...
kill us!

NINJA

You climb down from there young
man! We're in this together!

DUNCAN

Together?! You're the reason I'm
up here! Mom and Dad died, you
were the only family I had. But
all you've done is torment me.

(to Viking)

You telling me eat, fight, or hump
every moving thing.

(to Ninja)

You telling me to wait 30 minutes
before swimming after lunch.

(to Cowboy)

You acting like you got kicked in
the head by an imaginary mule.

Never a moment's peace...

A TEAR drops from Duncan's cheek and falls from the balcony.
We're tight on the DROP as it DISSOLVES MID-AIR.

DUNCAN

Any idea what it's like to walk
into a room and feel like
everyone's staring at you? But at
the same time be... invisible?

NINJA

Some. Yeah.

DUNCAN

Sorry, guys. You mean well. But
there's an end to every rope.

Just as Duncan's about to leap, there's a KNOCK at the doors.

DUNCAN
Not now, James!

The doors fly OPEN. Stepping into the room, pausing to examine the lapel of the now UNCONSCIOUS BUTLER, is... AMMO.

AMMO
Name-tag says Steve. Though right now, he'd probably answer to Susan.

Ammo has a STRAITJACKET tied around his neck like a CASHMERE SWEATER. Duncan turns around. The two STARE EACH OTHER DOWN, full of ENMITY.

DUNCAN
Ammo.

AMMO
You weren't thinking of-?

DUNCAN
Jumping? Would that make you happy?

AMMO
Not a strong enough word.

DUNCAN
Want another? I have some T.P.

AMMO
My employer needs you alive.

DUNCAN
Nice coat.

AMMO
Good eye. It's yours. And you'll wear it again if you don't come quiet. I need to take you far away.

DUNCAN
You sound like Blaq.

AMMO
I don't know what he ever saw in you.

DUNCAN
Same thing he saw in you. Except better. Give my regards to...
(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
 if memory serves... Spartan...
 Chili's Waiter...

On cue, stepping out from behind Ammo is another 'Ammo,' in full AB-FLEXING SPARTAN WARRIOR GEAR... followed by another 'Ammo' in a silly-looking CHILI'S WAITER UNIFORM.

DUNCAN
 ...Sniper?

Ammo, Spartan, and Chili's Waiter look around for SNIPER. He's NOWHERE TO BE SEEN. Until suddenly, the THROW PILLOWS on Duncan's fancy BED start to MOVE.

SNIPER EMERGES. He's been PERFECTLY STILL among the PILLOWS, camouflaged to LOOK LIKE THEM (even has a pillow strapped to his helmet), .50 CALIBER CERAMIC SNIPER RIFLE at the ready.

CHILI'S WAITER
 That's totally un-nerving.

From Duncan's P.O.V., Ammo is still ALONE, but Duncan knows better. COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING close ranks behind him.

DUNCAN
 Can I offer them anything?

SPARTAN
His head!

CHILI'S WAITER
 Table for 8?

SPARTAN
 (to Chili's Waiter)
 Mention the 'Wings Over Buffalo,'
 and the earth will drink your
 blood!

DUNCAN
 Been a long-ass time.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BLAQ ESTATE - MALIBU, CA - DAY - FLASHBACK

HUGE FRENCH DOORS open. BLAQ and 7-YEAR-OLD DUNCAN, TOWING his MINI ROLLER SUITCASE, emerge onto a sparkling MARBLE patio overlooking a SPRAWLING BACK YARD... where a group of 30 or so CHILDREN frolic around a POOL, GARDENS, TREES, etc.

BLAQ
 Duncan, you'll never want for
 anything again. Meet your new
 brothers and sisters.
 (smiles)
 Welcome home.

EXT. GROUNDS - DAY - FLASHBACK

CHILDREN'S VOICES shout and laugh. DUNCAN sits alone in a
 SANDBOX under a beautiful GLEN of TREES, pushing a toy FIRE
 TRUCK through the sand. The truck bumps into a SHOE.

Duncan looks up. A TOUGH-LOOKING BOY looks down at him...
 immediately identifiable as AMMO at age 7.

AMMO
 (southern accent)
 Give it.

DUNCAN
 No.

As quickly as AMMO grabbed the Ocotillo RECEPTIONIST'S head,
 he whips out his hand, GRABS the TRUCK, and YANKS.

But DUNCAN has HELD ON to the other end of the TRUCK. The 2
 boys stand, each PULLING, the TRUCK FROZEN between, when...

BLAQ (O.S.)
 Duncan, Ammo, boys!

...BLAQ saunters up through the GLEN, hands behind his back.

BLAQ
 Did you try using your words?

Duncan and Ammo STARE EACH OTHER DOWN.

BLAQ
 Of course you did. And I
 understand. Words are weak.

Blaq SQUATS down next to the boys, smiling.

BLAQ
 Can you think of any... other ways
 to settle things?

Blaq doesn't stop SMILING as he pulls from behind his back...

...a NINJA's KATANA... and a SPARTAN SWORD. Each child-sized, but deadly sharp and GLINTING in the afternoon SUN.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

A KATANA and a SWORD - ADULT-sized - GLINT in the BEDROOM LIGHTS as DUNCAN and AMMO keep staring each other down.

DUNCAN

One guess who's your 'new' boss.

A sweet BLACK HELICOPTER lowers into frame behind Duncan, unfurling a ROPE LADDER to the balcony.

AMMO

Same as our old one...

EXT. YACHT - DAY

A MASSIVE EBONY YACHT, mother of all toys, the nautical equivalent of an IMPERIAL STAR DESTROYER, CRUISES off MALIBU, CALIFORNIA. Stenciled on its side: 'BACK IN BLAQ.'

On deck, lying on a lounge chair, getting his TOES MASSAGED by a RUSSIAN SUPER-MODEL... is billionaire VENTURE CAPITALIST RICHARD BLAQ. Blaq is still dashing, only grayer at the temples. Think Bill Clinton hanging with Greg Norman.

Blaq has a BLUETOOTH HEADSET in either EAR. He wears a ROBE, BOB EVANS STYLE, an APPLETTINI in one hand, a SHAKE-WEIGHT in the other. Blaq speaks with the rapidity of an auctioneer with A.D.D. The next 2 pages could fit onto 1:

BLAQ

(into headset)

Bruce, I want that college football playoff! Trust me, the NCAA can be bought.

(beat)

Not bought off, bought. I'm a VC. I wanna actually purchase the NCAA. Hold-

Blaq flashes over to his SECOND headset.

BLAQ

Talk me off a ledge, Carl. 500 feet? That's an annoyingly long boat!

(beat)

(MORE)

BLAQ (CONT'D)

Sorry, 'ship.' Ship, boat, potato,
shut up, you promised I'd be tops
at 489!

(beat)

Don't 'Sultan of Brunei' me! This
guy's doing to us what we did to
Paul Allen! Careful I don't stick
a 12-foot pole you know where,
mount you on my bow, and call it
501. There are still Sultans?!

Hold-

(to super-model)

Too much tickle.

(flashes over)

And we haven't bought the NCAA
why?! But in our last conversation-
I understand, it was 45 seconds
ago. Bruce, don't ever, ever tell
me no. It's such a... little word.
Hold-

Blaq takes a NEW call on his first headset, gets romantic.

BLAQ

Hellooo, Legs.

(frowns)

Sorry, Carl.

(hits headset again)

Hellooo, Legs.

Blaq looks up. Oops. The Russian super-model's face has
DARKENED. She stops rubbing Blaq's toes and STORMS OFF.

BLAQ

Lips, don't go! Crap.

(realizes, into phone:)

Did I say Lips? I meant Legs!

Hello? Hello?!

(rolls eyes, flashes over)

In all seriousness. Brunei?! This
guy's boat's bigger than his
country! Do not. Say ship.

(flashes over)

Sorry, Bruce, I'm in deep. Just
said hi to Legs in front of Lips.
Oh well, always more of both.

NIX (O.S.)

What did you promise me about
Russian girls?

Blaq's female ASSISTANT, NIX, 22 - cute, witty, plucky, girl-
next-door, the model of efficiency - finishes power-walking
to Blaq's side.

BLAQ
 Lips is Lithuanian, Legs is
 Latvian. Or the other way around?
 Are you aware Brunei still has a
 Sultan?

NIX
 With a really big ship. I've been
 keeping it from you.

BLAQ
 (shakes head)
 And you knew the boat-ship
 distinction. What will I do
 without you, Nix? And by that I
 mean, what've you accomplished this
 morning?

NIX
 In order:

Nix whips out ol' faithful. A DAYRUNNER. She goes down a
 pen-to-paper checklist:

NIX
 'Die Hard 6'... rights acquired.
 Dry cleaning... picked up... coupon
 rate. Internet search history...
 cleared. Pantry... stocked with
 Cookie Crisp. Picasso's 'Three
 Musicians'... purchased, re-framed,
 mounted. Olivia Wilde... cast in
 'Die Hard 6,' invited to dinner-

BLAQ
 (raises eyebrow)
 -and soon to be mounted. You said
 'in order.' Chronological?

NIX
 Alphabetical. Is that weird? Oh,
 and we located Duncan.

BLAQ
 (nearly jumps up)
 You're the best executive-associate
 ever-ever-ever!
 (brow furrows)
 Duncan starts with a 'D.'

NIX
 (sly smile)
 He was first on tomorrow's list.

BLAQ

You!

NIX

Save it for my letter of
recommendation!

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

We're now out on the yacht's HELIPAD, where BLAQ stands, arms extended in welcome. We rotate around Blaq to reveal...

...DUNCAN. Backed by C, N, and V, arms crossed, SKEPTICAL. AMMO and NIX hover nearby.

It's an awkward, emotional REUNION between 'father' and 'son.' Blaq looks genuinely moved. Duncan, still BRUISED ALL OVER from the casino beating, looks sullen, peeved.

BLAQ

Duncan-like-the-donut! You OK?
(suspicious)
Ammo..?

AMMO

I wish. He was like that when I found him.

DUNCAN

(to Blaq)
Your feigned concern makes me want to throw up everything I've eaten in the last week.
(beat)
And it was insane-asylum food.

BLAQ

Over the side if you must. The marble deck doesn't handle acidic.

Blaq HUGS Duncan softly. Ammo watches JEALOUSLY.

BLAQ

Welcome...

Blaq hands him a Ziploc. Inside, LEGO COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING. Duncan swallows hard.

BLAQ

...home.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

BLAQ is now seated in his sumptuous OFFICE behind an impressive obsidian DESK.

A motivational poster hangs behind the desk: 'HAPPINESS CAN ONLY EXIST IN ACCEPTANCE - George Orwell.'

DUNCAN is seated opposite. AMMO and NIX stand at BLAQ's shoulders. C, N, and V stand behind.

DUNCAN

The answer...

Duncan's eyes travel to an old framed PHOTO on Blaq's desk: Young Duncan by a campfire, roasting MARSHMALLOWS, the picture of blissful YOUTH. EXCEPT the marshmallows are impaled... on a KATANA.

DUNCAN

...is no.

Nix raises an eyebrow, SURPRISED to hear Duncan say this.

BLAQ

You don't even know what I'm gonna ask!

DUNCAN

No should cover it.

BLAQ

The hostility! I wish things had turned out different.

DUNCAN

Do you?! I've spent the last 8 years in an assless gown, eating tapioca pudding out of Eeyore Dixie Cups. Why Eeyore of all characters was supposed to cheer us up I don't know. All that time, I thought you were ruined, like the rest of us. Then I get picked up in your private helicopter. Flown to your private ship.

BLAQ

Does everyone know the boat-ship distinction but me?!

DUNCAN

Boats are small. Ships are big. This is big.

BLAQ
 (smiles, proud)
 It is, huh!

NINJA
 (to Duncan)
 Mention the mints.

DUNCAN
 On the helicopter, they offered me
 mints in the shape of your head!

BLAQ
 Our butter pads are like that too.
 It wasn't my idea! Though it does
 make me smile. Point is, I was
 almost ruined! Disgraced. Tossed
 out like yesterday's box of Cookie
 Crisp. But by sheer force of will,
 I stayed on my feet! Now I wanna
 help you get back on yours.

DUNCAN
 (stands to leave)
 Go crap in your Kangol.

A wide-eyed Nix immediately STIFLES the tiniest laugh.

BLAQ
 I'm getting the band back together.
 (Duncan freezes)
 You heard me. Not just you and
 Ammo. All the Triplets.

Duncan slowly SITS BACK DOWN, eyes alive with ANGER.

DUNCAN
 You wouldn't.

BLAQ
 I would. I am. We have unfinished
 business. Hearts to win. Asses to
 kick. Honor to restore.

DUNCAN
Honor? After what you did to me.
 To all of us. After Halabja-

EXT. HALABJA, IRAQ - DAY - FLASHBACK

Superimposed onscreen, a TITLE: OPERATION IRAQI FREEDOM,
 HALABJA, IRAQ, 2003

DUNCAN, decked out in SPECIAL FORCES DESERT CAMOUFLAGE, is running, panicked, through the streets of HALABJA, IRAQ.

DUNCAN
 (into headset)
 OK... uh... anyone who's not
 currently running from
 explosions...

Duncan is BUFFETED wildly as buildings EXPLODE around him, in SUPER SLO-MO.

DUNCAN
HELP!

INT. OFFICE - DAY - PRESENT

BLAQ leans toward DUNCAN:

BLAQ
 Long before we'd ever heard of that abominable place, I promised the world its most formidable group of heroes... each with 3 different skill sets. Dedicated to preventing war. Preserving justice.

NINJA
 Killing for the highest bidder.

DUNCAN
 (to Ninja)
 Not now!

BLAQ
 (realizes)
 Oh my. They're here, aren't they?
 (looks around)
 My favorite Cowboy, Ninja, Viking?

VIKING was absently turning a horn on his helmet to make it straight when he hears his NAME.

VIKING
 Wait, who was his favorite?

DUNCAN
 (to Blaq)
 They're here alright. But against my will. And thanks to you.

NINJA

(hurt)
We're in the room.

BLAQ

Duncan, if we're going to be the world's finest fighting force, we need you. You, and your 'friends,' you're my finest creation.

AMMO subtly rolls his eyes. It stings.

BLAQ

Together, we can play hero.
Fulfill our destiny.
(frowns)
Too 'Return of the Jedi'?

DUNCAN

I did the 'crap in your Kangol' bit? Right. Then I'll simply say-

BLAQ

Not 'no.' Not again. It's such a-

DUNCAN

-little word. And one I shoulda said a long time ago. Watch your back, Blaq.

Duncan stands up, turns heel, and WALKS OUT, followed by C, N, and V. Nix, rather amazed, hurries after him. AMMO reaches for his HOLSTER, but BLAQ stays his hand.

BLAQ

Not in front of Nix. She's uncorrupted.
(beat)
I'm all over it.

EXT. DECK - DAY

DUNCAN storms across the deck, COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING in tow. NIX hustles after them.

VIKING

He mentioned butter pads. Stay for lunchy-poo?

NIX

Mr. Trevello. Mr. Trevello!
Duncan!

Duncan turns, breathing fire. Nix nearly flinches.

NIX
Where are you going?

DUNCAN
Away.

NIX
You're on a ship...

DUNCAN
Third place junior varsity
breaststroke.

NIX
...40 miles from shore. I've
called the chopper.

DUNCAN
Nix, is it? Nix, what is it you
want?

NIX
(beat)
You to free my big toe?

DUNCAN
(steps off her foot)
Sorry! I meant, what do you want?
'Cause here's the thing about your
boss... he's scum on scum. He gets
ahold of you young... finds out
what you want, more than anything
in life... and then promises it to
you. Me - I usually don't admit
this 'til the third date, but - I
hear voices...

COWBOY
My horse has gas.

DUNCAN
(to Nix)
Even as a boy, all I ever wanted
was to silence those voices.
Forever. Instead? Blaq turned up
the volume... to where they'll
never, ever go away.

NINJA
Still in the room. And still hurt.

The HELICOPTER descends toward the helipad again.

DUNCAN

(to Nix)

Do yourself a favor. Watch if Blaq uses these Triplets for no good. Then see if he reaches out to troubled children. He may be starting the cycle again.

Duncan takes Nix by the shoulders.

DUNCAN

Most important, whatever he's promised you? Say no. Once he's gone on about how it's such a 'little word'... tell him to-

NIX

Crap in his Kangol?

DUNCAN.

Right. You were there for that.

NIX

It amused me, if that helps.

DUNCAN

It did?

Nix nods. She and Duncan look into one another's eyes. They're definitely ATTRACTED to one another.

DUNCAN

Are we having a moment?

Nix stares, frozen, then SHAKES her head.

NIX

It's just. I've seen Mr. Blaq lean on a lotta people for a lotta things. And no one's ever told him that 'little word.'

Duncan is bolstered by this.

DUNCAN

I'm coming after your boss. And I'm taking him down.

NIX

You probably shouldn't be telling me.

DUNCAN

If he is corrupting a new generation. And I can keep from happening to them what happened to me. Maybe, just maybe... the voices will go away.

VIKING

The screaming of the lambs,
Clarice. The. Screaming. Of.
The. Lambs.
(beat)
Ask her out.

DUNCAN

(to Nix, quick)
We'd- I'd also like to take you out
for...

NINJA

Pinkberry.

DUNCAN

Pinkberry.

NIX

Much as I'd like to pound a mango-
with-kiwi and then bring you...
all... home to meet the 'rents...

The helicopter lands. Its door opens.

NIX

...I've got a boyfriend.

DUNCAN

Damn.

VIKING

Damn.

Duncan nods goodbye, then climbs on board the helicopter with C, N, and V.

DUNCAN

Little mint to cool these jets?

The PILOT hands back a BOWL of MINTS in the SHAPE OF BLAQ'S HEAD. As the chopper TAKES OFF, Duncan BITES into ONE, CRUSHING it between his teeth.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

The CARPETBAGGER SUITES - more desperation per square foot than any hotel in the world.

FRONT DESK (O.S.)
 10C. Down the hall past the police
 tape. 9 flights of stairs. Sharp
 left at the bullet holes.

INT. CARPETBAGGER LOBBY - NIGHT

DUNCAN stands in the dimly lit, brown-carpeted lobby opposite
 a DESICCATED OLD WOMAN behind the FRONT DESK.

COWBOY stands nearby, absently cleaning his revolver. VIKING
 looks through a RACK of TOURISM BROCHURES.

VIKING
 A Haunted Segway Tour of
 Hollywood?! Can we?!

NINJA stares, wide-eyed, terrified by the grunge. The woman
 slides across a ROOM KEY with a wrinkled, tattooed hand.

FRONT DESK
 14.99 a night... don't include T.P.

DUNCAN
 (holds up his own)
 Way ahead of you.

INT. BLAQ INDUSTRIES LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

NIX stands in the BLAQ INDUSTRIES LOADING DOCKS, examining a
 a calendar of deliveries, placing different-colored POST-ITS
 on different days. A FED EX DELIVERY MAN interrupts.

DELIVERY MAN
 Like homeland security with the
 color coding.

NIX
 (smiles)
 Only more colors. And prettier.

DELIVERY MAN
 Sign?
 (she does, he drops box)
 9 more where that came from.

The deliver man heads back to his TRUCK. Nix is about to
 leave, but notices an odd LABEL on the BOX: 'S. VILLAGE.'

Nix frowns. Looks around to make sure no one is watching.
 Then surreptitiously uses her PEN to SLICE OPEN the box.

She reaches inside... and pulls out...

...a TEDDY BEAR. Then opens the box the rest of the way.
It's FULL of IDENTICAL TEDDY BEARS.

We're on Nix's concerned face.

INT. ROOM 10C - NIGHT

DUNCAN is doing SIT-UPS on the linoleum kitchen floor, his feet braced by COWBOY. The OTHERS EXPLORE.

NINJA

Don't wanna sound like a Fidelity
ad. But next time? Financially
plan for after the failed suicide.

Duncan's LEGO BOY FIGURINE watches intently from the faux-marbled counter.

VIKING

Little fella gives me the creeps.

There's a knock at the door. Instinctively:

DUNCAN

James?

NINJA

(sotto voce)
Please let it be James.

SMASH CUT TO:

DUNCAN OPENING the door to the sight of...

...GREER, late 20's, femme fatale, tall, dark, short hair,
dangerous, black clothes so tight they look PAINTED on.

DUNCAN

Oh... My...
(swallows)
Greer.

GREER

Duncan. The mistake of my life.

DUNCAN

Last time we uttered those names...

GREER

We were a lot younger.

DUNCAN
And nuder. Nakeder?

GREER
Still have that appetite?
(holds up grocery bag)

NINJA, with a head of steam, BEELINES for the door.

NINJA
You're not letting that woman in
this-!

NINJA is TACKLED off-screen by VIKING.

VIKING
Send her in!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

GREER dices onions with her left hand and splashes olive oil into a WOK with her right. DUNCAN watches, salivating.

GREER
So this is nice. How are the boys?

RACK FOCUS to NINJA and VIKING, still WRESTLING on the floor. COWBOY does ROPE TRICKS with a LASSO, manages somehow to LASSO himself, and TOPPLES over.

DUNCAN
Same. Girls?

We reverse angle to Greer's perspective to see her TRIPLETS:

GREER
Chef-Starlet-Seal?

CHEF, in white APRON and tall, floppy HAT. STARLET, dressed to the nines, rocking a GOWN worthy of the OSCARS. And NAVY SEAL, in head to toe combat gear, a trained killer.

STARLET
Thanks for asking. I'm in Versace.
Earrings by Van Cleef & Arpels.
And so humbled to be in the company
of my amazing fellow nominees!

CHEF
Tell him I'm making his favorite
cookies. Chocolate Chip and Xanax!
(MORE)

CHEF (CONT'D)
 (tosses spice in bowl, a
 la Emeril Lagasse)
 Bam!

SEAL
 When I stab a man. It's through
 the lung. So he can't draw breath
 to scream.

GREER
 Little privacy?

Just like that, Greer's Triplets are GONE. Duncan GRABS his
 BOY LEGO. GRIPS it. And they're suddenly, blessedly ALONE.

DUNCAN
 You heard? Blaq's trying to get
 the band back together...

GREER
 That's a band I don't think
 folks'll pay to see anymore.

DUNCAN
 Not after I go Yoko on it. How'd
 you find me?

GREER
 C'mon. We've always had that
 animal magnetism. I've missed you.

DUNCAN
 And the spousal support.

GREER
 It's been 9 years, you think I
 still want something from you? Get
 over yourself. I did.

She suddenly tears up.

DUNCAN
 Don't be sad.

GREER
 It's the pearl onions, jackass.

Greer leans over Duncan seductively, CLEAVAGE on display.

GREER
 Ammo let slip you were in town. I
 thought maybe one night, for old
 time's sake?

NINJA
Don't do it!

VIKING
Do it!

GREER
Listen to Viking.

DUNCAN
You can't hear them, can you?!

GREER
(shakes head)
I know you better than you know
you. We can't deny our lust-hate
relationship. Lemme slip into
something... nakeder.

Greer turns down the stove, then turns heel to the bathroom.

DUNCAN
Look forward to seeing more of you.

GREER
You too, Dunc.

The bathroom door closes. Duncan scurries to the window.
Does an AIR HANKY with BOTH NOSTRILS onto the fire escape.
CLOSES the pane, stares at his reflection. Licks his fingers
and pats down a COWLICK. Picks something from between his
teeth. SMILES.

INT. APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

GREER walks out of the bathroom.

GREER
Nice T.P. And soft.

DUNCAN
TMI.

GREER
(runs a fingernail along
his jaw-line)
You were gonna find out anyway once
you heard my big new... vocabulary.

Greer pulls the COOKIE SHEET out of the oven, fresh baked
CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES on top. She waves the sheet under
Duncan's nose, then steps around behind him.

GREER

'Concuss.' C-O-N-C-U-S-S.
Concuss. 'To violently injure the
brain, causing loss of function...
often temporary... sometimes...

Greer cocks the cookie sheet over one shoulder like a
baseball bat, sending the cookies FLYING.

GREER

...permament.'

BANG! She BRAINS Duncan across the back of the head with the
COOKIE SHEET. He stands up on uncertain legs, DAZED.

WHAM! She swings the sheet from low to high like a GOLF
CLUB, catching him under the CHIN. He nearly falls over.

BAM! She swings from her heels and blasts him across the
CHEEK. Duncan falls back on the ROUND DINING ROOM TABLE.

We take DUNCAN's P.O.V., blurry, blinking, as Greer JUMPS
onto the table, SITS on his CHEST, and BRANDISHES a SYRINGE.

GREER

A lesser assassin might think she
was through. But after 9 months of
marriage. I know all about that
hard head. Hold still.

She points the syringe at his JUGULAR.

NIX (O.S.)

Not so fast!

Greer slowly turns around to find... NIX, standing inside the
open front door, aiming a small .22 PISTOL at Greer's chest.

NIX

Did I just say 'Not so fast?!'
(disappointed with Greer)
He was your husband.

GREER

Lemme guess. You've never been
married. And you've never shot
that thing.

NIX

Right. And wrong. I haven't met a
guy I respect as much as my dad.
And Mr. Blaq insisted I take
shooting lessons. Kidnapping
concerns.

GREER

So... kill him and take my chances
with you. Or kill you and take my
chances with him. That a .22?

NIX

(nods)

Perfect for my lack of upper body
strength. And deadly. 'Cause the
little bullets ricochet off bones,
bouncing around 'til they hit
something vital. So said my teach.

GREER

In that case. Best kill you.

Greer STOMPS on the near EDGE of the round wooden tabletop,
FLIPPING it UP and disappearing BEHIND it.

NIX opens fire, but the little .22 bullets plunk harmlessly
into the underside of the tabletop.

GREER

.22...

Greer GRIPS the tabletop on either end and BUM-RUSHES Nix,
SMASHING her against the WALL.

Nix's head is BASHED between wall and tabletop. She slumps
to the ground, UNCONSCIOUS.

GREER

Now. Where was I?

Greer snatches the .22 and turns to find Duncan STANDING UP,
ready for ACTION.

DUNCAN

The mistake of your life.

Greer FIRES the pistol, but he holds up the COOKIE SHEET. 3
bullets BURY in it, but don't punch through.

DUNCAN

(shrugs)

.22.

Greer snaps a ROUNDHOUSE KICK. Her STILETTO DENTS the COOKIE
SHEET. ANOTHER KICK, ANOTHER DENT. The THIRD KICK CRACKS it
in TWO.

Duncan BOXES Greer's ears with the COOKIE SHEET HALVES.

She lands a FLYING KNEE to his CHIN. The sheet's halves fall. The pair is swept into a TORNADO of their own making. He fights like a NINJA, she like a SEAL. They KICK and PUNCH at BLINDING SPEED, SMASHING all over the room.

DUNCAN
What does this remind you of?

GREER
Our wedding night.

DUNCAN
Only gentler.

FISTS and FEET RAIN DOWN.

GREER
You punch like a pastry chef.

DUNCAN
You always used too much salt.

Greer LOCKS Duncan in a TRIANGLE CHOKE with her LEGS. He SMASHES her through a GLASS COFFEE TABLE... then MOUNTS her.

They're NOSE to NOSE.

DUNCAN
I hate you're still hot.

Greer suddenly can't resist KISSING him on the LIPS.

GREER
The one thing we agree on.

Duncan closes his eyes and goes in for a LONGER KISS... when WHOOSH! She SQUIRRELS out from under him and takes his back, CONSTRICTING him in a REAR NAKED CHOKE.

GREER
You always closed your eyes when you kissed.

Duncan struggles, slips into sleep, and COLLAPSES. She maintains the hold for a few seconds, then RELINQUISHES it.

His EYES POP BACK OPEN, and his ELBOW CONNECTS with her NOSE.

DUNCAN
You could never tell if I was asleep.

The two regain their feet and CIRCLE one another. Throwing the occasional weak FEINT. BREATHING HARD. SPENT.

GREER

I just realized. This fight's like
a metaphor for our whole marriage!
Including the part.

(beat)

Where I bail.

In one GRACEFUL MOVE, GREER leaps backward, grabs the balcony
like a gymnast, SWINGS, and DROPS out of sight.

Duncan rushes to the balcony. But she's GONE.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

NIX (O.S.)

That chick was a Psychosaurus Rex.
No offense.

NIX and DUNCAN sit on the living room floor, backs against
the SOFA, BAGS of FROZEN SUCCOTASH on each of their heads to
fight the swelling of their head bumps. They're eating
Duncan's CHOCOLATE CHIP and XANAX COOKIES off the carpet.

NIX

What is it in cookies that just
makes you feel better?

DUNCAN

3 sticks of butter? Or something
from the family of benzodiazepenes.
Hey. Thanks for saving my life.

NIX

Don't mention it.

DUNCAN

What was it that convinced you?

NIX

You. You were right. About Blaq.
He's been taking deliveries. Bunk
beds. Miniature chairs. And a
bunch of him...

Nix opens her purse and tosses Duncan a TEDDY BEAR.

DUNCAN

A center for troubled kids?

NIX

(nods)

Sunshine Village.

(MORE)

NIX (CONT'D)

For juvenile victims of Multiple Personality Disorder.

(beat)

It's starting again. But that's not all. I went to confront him about it... and overheard him order Greer to 'rub you out.'

DUNCAN

God I hope that meant kill me.

NIX

2 years working for the man...

(sags)

I'm the worst judge of character since Elin Nordegren.

DUNCAN

You saw who I married.

NIX

Like you said. He knew what I wanted and promised it to me.

DUNCAN

And what was that?

NIX

To help the world. Change the world. I was 23 - super-obsessed with the world. And I knew what became of all Blaq's ex-executive-associates.

DUNCAN

Executive associates?

NIX

Assistants.

(off Duncan's eye roll)

Yeah. I saw through that too. But Blaq's desk was a launch pad to fame and fortune...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BLAQ'S OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A much YOUNGER BLAQ sits in a chair, receiving a MANI-PEDI.

BLAQ
 Quent, when you're done shredding
 my transcripts, I need you to shoot
 my nephew's birthday movie.

VOICE (O.S.)
 What do I know about movies?

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Blaq's assistant, hovering over the
 chair: A young, eager-to-please QUENTIN TARANTINO.

BLAQ
 (throws nail polish at
 Tarantino, who DUCKS)
Learn!

INT. CITY STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Younger BLAQ, in a 3-PIECE-SUIT, charges down a city street,
 barking into a huge, old-school CELL PHONE.

BLAQ
 (into phone)
 Sales are down. We need word-of-
 mouth to spread to the point where
everyone starts talking about us.
 That exact point. That- that-

VOICE (O.S.)
 Tipping point?

We cut wide to reveal BLAQ's ASSISTANT, trailing behind like
 a dutiful dog: a YOUNG, crazy-haired MALCOLM GLADWELL. Blaq
 CLAPS him on the shoulder.

BLAQ
 (into phone)
 That's why I hired Malcolm! His
 brain weighs 90 pounds. 10 more
 than the rest of him.
 (to Gladwell)
Though nowhere do I see a soy
 latte!
 (watches Gladwell go)
 And do something with the hair,
 outlier!

INT. BLAQ'S OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The younger BLAQ stares across his desk, PERTURBED, holding a
 SHEAF of papers.

BLAQ

If you remember one word for the
rest of your life. One word:
Collate. And like I told Gladwell.
Do something with the hair.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal a young, cowed, nodding CONAN
O'BRIEN. He FLINCHES as he's hit by FLYING PAPERS.

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

NIX shakes her head, ashamed.

NIX

And they weren't the only ones!
Kate Spade. David Blaine. Lady
Gaga. She went by Stefani then.

(sighs)

I didn't want what was best for the
world. I wanted was best for me.

DUNCAN

Were you a good... executive
associate?

NIX

You can say assistant. And real
good. A little old-fashioned.
Used a DayRunner and Post-Its. But
efficient as Switzerland.

(realizes)

I'm not coming to work for you.

DUNCAN

I could use someone to enter my
contacts into Google. But I meant,
do you know Blaq's routines? When
and where he might go? When and
where he might be?

NIX

To the minute.

DUNCAN

So you have a sixth sense for him.

NIX

No, I have his calendar.

Nix smiles and holds up her DAYRUNNER. Duncan lights up, snatches it, looks.

NIX

Also the sixth sense. Right now, he's hungry for... Chile Picante Corn Nuts.

DUNCAN

You realize there's no turning back?

Nix NODS gravely.

DUNCAN

Tonight. 3 AM. 462 First Avenue. New York, New York. So it's true. He's getting the band back together.

(looks up)

Me, Ammo, and Greer were the only 3 Triplets who weren't sent to 462 First Avenue...

CUT TO:

Tight on LEGO BOY, lying down, TRAVELLING into a dark MRI-like tunnel.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Bellevue.

EXT./INT. BOB HOPE AIRPORT, BURBANK - MORNING

Pull wide to reveal LEGO BOY is actually in a gray plastic tray, going through T.S.A. SECURITY. Followed by:

NINJA

Shouldn't've worn the tabi toes.

DUNCAN

For so many reasons.

NINJA is STRUGGLING to get off his funny-looking 2-TOED TABI BOOTS. He removes his belt. Throwing stars. Katanas. And walks nervously through the metal detector.

NINJA

Ever feel guilty when you're not?

VIKING

I don't even feel guilty when I am.

VIKING picks a PAPER CLIP out of his beard, drops it into a gray tray, then tires of the whole process. He tosses the tray and sharpens his BATTLE AXE as he saunters through. Drinking more than the 3 ounce limit of SMART WATER.

Duncan waits impatiently behind his dawdling friends, checks his WATCH. Glances wistfully at the line to his left. The one with an OLD WOMAN in a wheelchair and a FAMILY of 5.

DUNCAN
Picked the wrong line.

TSA waves Duncan through. But his rolling suitcase gets flagged. He unzips it for TSA. The AGENT pulls out the same 5x7 frame of Duncan's parents we saw at the pawn shop.

TSA AGENT
Not sure where you got this fuchsia roller, but I know where you got your rugged good looks.

ANGLE ON: NIX, who's undergoing a FULL-BODY X-RAY SCAN. Viking huddles around the MONITOR.

VIKING
Yup. Yup. That's right. Uh-huh.

DUNCAN
God I hate you effing guys.

Duncan grabs his LEGO BOY out of a gray tray.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

DUNCAN is riding BITCH. Between NIX and a 300 pound OFFENSIVE LINEMAN in a DRESS.

X-LARGE
Mind if we keep the arm rest up?

DUNCAN
What?

X-LARGE
The arm rest. Would you mind if we keep it up for the flight? These seats are so narrow.

NINJA
Long as she understands, whenever I get claustrophobic, I get the urge to undress.

COWBOY peeks over the seat in front, pointing to a page in the SKY MALL CATALOG.

COWBOY

This thingie? Gives you a tan on your feet.

NIX

Do you remember what your life was like before?

DUNCAN

Before what?

NIX

Before-

VIKING

Does no one get we can hear them?

Viking is CRAMMED into an OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT.

DUNCAN

(to Nix)

No. Not really. But the first time Blaq brought me 'home' I remember feeling like I... belonged.

NIX

What was it about Blaq?

DUNCAN

He talked to me like no one had ever had before.

NIX

Like he cared?

DUNCAN

Like he understood. Then he armed me with guns and blades and turned me into a stone cold killer.

The HEAVY-SET WOMAN to Duncan's left suddenly FLIPS UP the arm rest, LOWERS Duncan's TRAY TABLE, and BASHES his NOSE against it. She draws a PISTOL and HOLDS him DOWN with it.

X-LARGE

U.S. Air Marshal! Hands high!
Sorry, folks, we're heading back to Burbank!

All the PASSENGERS ERUPT in PROTEST. NIX stares ahead in FRUSTRATION.

EXT. BURBANK AIRPORT - DAY

DUNCAN is being UN-CUFFED and RELEASED by the AIR MARSHAL outside the BURBANK AIRPORT. NIX stands impatiently next to him. C, N, and V look on.

AIR MARSHAL

We apologize for the misunderstanding. Doubly so 'cause this is Burbank. But deadly weapons are no laughing matter.

VIKING

Don't they have to pass a physical test before they get their badge? Like height-to-weight ratio?

NINJA

Guess we can safely say we're on the watch list.

NIX

Watch this.

LIL WAYNE, mouth full'a GOLD, and his ENTOURAGE are walking past on their way to their G-5. NIX plants herself in front of him, smiles flirtatiously.

NIX

What up, my gold-toothed bro from another ho!

LIL WAYNE

Sistah Nixie!

INT. G-5 - NIGHT

DUNCAN watches NIX play POOL on a PRIVATE JET. She sinks a SHOT and collects CASH from LIL WAYNE's groaning ENTOURAGE.

NIX

Make it rain, fools.

(to Duncan, sotto voce)

I booked Lil Wayne for a benefit on the yacht. Blaq's 'Try to Impress Emma Watson' Drive.

DUNCAN

Hermione?! That's-!

NIX

His type.

They share a SHUDDER.

LIL WAYNE

Where you guys headed when we hit
Kennedy?

DUNCAN

Bellvue.

LIL WAYNE

(smiles)
Cuckoo is as cuckoo do.

EXT. BELLVUE - NIGHT

The mental institution is UP in FLAMES, fought by NYFD's
finest. NIX and DUNCAN watch from nearby in frustration.

NIX

Safe to say Blaq beat us to the
punch?

Duncan nods, stares hypnotically into the flames, as we...

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HALABJA - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A MAGNIFIED EYEBALL fills the screen.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Delta five niner, got eyes on
Elvis.

We pull WIDE to reveal DUNCAN perched behind a SNIPER RIFLE.

Duncan's P.O.V. reveals what's in his crosshairs: a portly,
middle-aged MAN with a BUSHY MOUSTACHE - a dead ringer for
SADDAM HUSSEIN.

AMMO (O.S.)

That's a negatory.

SPLIT SCREEN revealing: another EYE, MAGNIFIED. We pull
WIDE to reveal AMMO behind a SNIPER RIFLE of his own.

AMMO

I've got eyes on Elvis.

Ammo's crosshairs reveal ANOTHER GUY who looks like SADDAM.

GREER (O.S.)
Take your meds, fellas.

A THIRD box squeezes into frame. Another EYE... this one belonging to GREER.

GREER
It's these pretty little eyes on
the King.

That's now 3 MOUSTACHES down-range.

AMMO
Only one way to find out.

3 FINGERS move from trigger guards to TRIGGERS.

BLAQ (O.S.)
Whoa, whoa, that's the negatory!

ANGLE ON BLAQ, looking down from a 'BLAQ OPS' HELICOPTER above the city, the picture of incongruity in his tailored suit and GEORGE-W.-BUSH-ON-THE-CARRIER FLIGHT HELMET.

BLAQ
Everybody leave your egos - and
alter-egos - at the door, bring
your Elvi to the town square, and
we'll sort this out.

Blaq tears off his flight helmet in frustration.

BLAQ
Mark, the way this is going...
consider that career in computers.

Reverse angle to reveal Blaq's fresh-faced ASSISTANT: MARK ZUCKERBERG (played by JESSE EISENBERG). He NODS fretfully.

SMASH CUT BACK
TO:

EXT. BELLVUE - NIGHT - PRESENT

DUNCAN snaps out of his trance. Looks over to NIX. Both their faces are illuminated by FIRE.

DUNCAN
He set every inmate free.

NIX

Crazy.

DUNCAN

Neurologically challenged.

NIX

After Halabja, why this?

DUNCAN

I intend to find out. Whatever his end game...

EXT. YACHT - DAY

The 'BACK in BLAQ' cuts a mean profile through ROUGH SEAS.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

...we gotta stop this tool.

BLAQ is in his state-of-the-art YACHT GYMNASIUM, back to the horizon, doing a ridiculous routine with SHAKE WEIGHTS. There is no funnier exercise device in action.

A hilariously efficient young man, JULES, 21, stands in front of Blaq, clutching an IPAD 5. Yes, 5.

BLAQ

Jules, you know me as the world's finest venture capitalist. But part of bringing on a new executive associate is learning to trust him with your most sensitive secrets. Lips sealed: I bought a controlling interest in Shake Weights. The fad died, and I got stuck with 60 tons of inventory. So I placed a pair in every room I own. To remind me, next time I love an infomercial: buy the product, not the company. And, to get back to what I weighed in college.

JULES

Smart, sir.

BLAQ

No, stupid. And it's now your job, as my eyes, ears, and sometimes brain, to steer me past the dangerous waters of the latter to the gentle seas of the former.

JULES
On that point, sir...

Jules hands Blaq a NEWS ARTICLE. Blaq waves it off.

BLAQ
Nothing longer than 140 characters.

JULES
(excited)
Were you an angel investor in
Twitter?!

BLAQ
(shakes head)
Whoopi Goldberg's Flooz-dot-com.
Win some, lose some.

JULES
I'll summarize.
(pounding on his iPad as
he talks)
We're on earth's most dangerous
waters. Swarming with aggressive
Somali pirates. Recently supplied
with state-of-the-art military
weaponry.
(beat, sly smile)
139. Tweeted it to be sure.

BLAQ
(big grin)
Nix who? Suggestions?

JULES
1. Forget all about this 'Nix.' 2,
turn around. Before we get...

Jules's EYES WIDEN, and he walks to the window: A FLOTILLA
of SMALL BLACK BOATS is rapidly bearing down on the YACHT.

JULES (O.S.)
...jacked.

EXT. YACHT - DAY

GRAPPLING BOLTS clatter onto the ship's deck. PIRATE BOATS
SWARM. The SCUM of the EARTH ascend the ropes like acrobats.
DECKHANDS surrender. Those who don't EAT RIFLE BUTTS.

INT./EXT. BLAQ'S OFFICE / YACHT - DAY

BLAQ and JULES stand behind Blaq's DESK, surrounded by a SEMI-CIRCLE of motley PIRATES who carry enough MODERN WEAPONRY to overthrow a small nation. Blaq holds out a glass jar.

BLAQ

Mint?

The PIRATE CAPTAIN smiles, revealing a mouth-ful of grimy GOLD TEETH, then shakes his head.

BLAQ

Then I'll get to the point. I'm familiar with the concept of a hostile takeover. Granted, I'm used to it from men in close-toed shoes, with advanced degrees and dentists. But in cases like these, it's customary for us each to present our terms. You first.

PIRATE

You like to talk.

BLAQ

I'll start in again soon, so chop chop.

PIRATE

My terms. 1, shut your mouth. You condescending pig. 2, give us the keys to your vessel. Or how do you say?

(pulls out a MACHETE)

Chop chop.

Blaq is STILL as STONE.

BLAQ

Jules, you're about to learn the difference between a man who captains a boat. And a man who captains a ship.

The Pirate Captain GLARES and RAISES his MACHETE.

BLAQ

Not. 'Til I'm done. Talking. My terms. 1, shut your mouth. 'Cause I'm over looking at it. 2, give me your weapons. In return for free passage off this vessel... and a couple crates of Shake Weights.

(MORE)

BLAQ (CONT'D)
 (to Jules)
 I gotta unload these things.
 (to Captain)
 You'll weigh less than you did in
 college.

PIRATE
 Is that some kind of bluff?

BLAQ
 Maybe. Sometimes I bluff.
 Sometimes.

PIRATE
 (to fellow pirates)
 Mount him on the bow.

BLAQ
 You still won't top the Sultan of
 Brunei.

PIRATE
Do it!

BLAQ
 (to pirates)
 You heard the man.

The pirates SURGE FORWARD with their GUNS and BLADES.

BLAQ calmly PUSHES a BUTTON behind his DESK.

INSTANTLY, the pirates' GUNS and BLADES FLY around the room,
 STICKING to the WALLS and CEILING with big metallic CLANGS!

ANGLE ON the pirate BOATS surrounding the yacht, which are
 suddenly PULLED against its sides, TRAPPED.

ANGLE ON Blaq's office again. Every PIRATE who manages to
 CLING to his WEAPON flies into the walls or ceiling WITH it,
 UNABLE to PRY it from the metallic surface.

The pirates THEMSELVES soar across the room like RAG DOLLS.

Those with weapons strapped to their backs DANGLE from the
 CEILING. Those with BELT BUCKLES stick to the walls.

And the PIRATE CAPTAIN finds his CHEEK STUCK to a BULWARK,
 PINNED THERE by the GOLD in his TEETH.

BLAQ
 Like a fish on a hook, Captain
 Feathersword.
 (MORE)

BLAQ (CONT'D)
 But that's what happens when you
 try to steal the world's biggest...
 magnet. Cool, right?

Blaq runs his hand along a ROCKET LAUNCHER stuck to the wall.

BLAQ
 It's your weapons I'm after. Next
 to impossible for a man of my
 profile to find top military
 hardware without drawing attention.
 Now... to separate you from your
 toys... say hello...

The office doors swing OPEN, revealing AMMO and GREER,
 flanked by 20 or so TRIPLETS, BAD-ASSES all.

BLAQ (O.S.)
 ...to my crazy li'l friends.

The Triplets step forward, carrying weapons made
 conveniently... only of WOOD: BASEBALL BATS.

AMMO walks up to the gold-toothed Pirate Captain, tapping the
 fat end of his bat against his open palm.

AMMO
 Hey, batta-batta-batta-...
 (smiles)
 ...swing.

We hear A.C. D.C.'s 'BACK in BLACK...'

EXT./INT. YACHT - DAY

FLING! A CLAY PIGEON FLIES off the deck of the yacht, where
 it is - BOOM! - shot at - and MISSED - by a FRONTIERSMAN in
 COONSKIN CAP, holding a FLINT-LOCK RIFLE. He frowns.

Suddenly, CRACK! The clay pigeon is DESTROYED ANYWAY...

...BLASTED out of the air by AMMO's SNIPER, who CRAWLS,
 perfectly CAMOUFLAGED, out of a pile of POOL TOWELS.

The yacht's massive engines are spitting up a ROOSTER-TAIL.
 Far behind, PIRATES bob in the ship's wake.

BLAQ (O.S.)
 And if skeet shooting's not your
 thang... on the aft deck, shuffle
 board! Sling dem biscuits.

Crane down on BLAQ, perched on the ship's HELIPAD, in CAPTAIN'S HAT, addressing an ARMY of TRIPLETS recreating on the FANTAIL. JULES shadows Blaq, iPad at the ready.

The camera pans GREER, AMMO, etc., each triplet accompanied by his/her 3 EXTRA PERSONALITIES in a veritable SMORGASBORD of CRAZY.

Among them: KNIGHT. AMISH. AMAZON. GANGBANGER. DOG WHISPERER. CONTORTIONIST. SURVIVOR CONTESTANT. CHEVALIER. FRONTIERSMAN. HAIR STYLIST. BAYWATCH LIFEGUARD. SUMO WRESTLER. SIOUX CHIEF. GAME SHOW HOST. GATOR HUNTER.

The HAIR STYLIST blow-dries the GAME SHOW HOST'S HAIR into a perfect SHELL.

The GATOR HUNTER wrestles an imaginary CROC around the deck.

The KNIGHT cannonballs into the pool... and SINKS. The BAYWATCH LIFEGUARD shoves the GANGBANGER aside to jump in after him.

BLAQ

Tourney starts at 1500 sharp.
First prize, an annual pass to
Disney's California Adventure!

JULES

(squints at pass)
They may need to be a California
resident.

BLAQ

Slightly less of an adventure!
(sighs contentedly)
What I would give to climb inside
your collective heads. See the
world through your collective eyes.

The SURVIVOR CONTESTANT's lit torch has mistakenly lit the SIOUX CHIEF's FEATHER HEADDRESS on FIRE.

SURVIVOR CONTESTANT

Do we have an imaginary fire
marshal on board?!

BLAQ

Today marks a new beginning for the
Triplet Program. Halabja a distant
memory. Where we were once
ridiculed, we'll be revered. I
have big plans. Plans that go well
beyond tonight's surf-and-turf
buffet.

(MORE)

BLAQ (CONT'D)

(quick aside)

Try the soft-shell crab in melted butter, churned on the premises.

The AMISH guy waves from behind his BUTTER-CHURN.

BLAQ

Plans that will restore us to our rightful place among the world's heroes. For generations to come.

TRIPLET

Where's Duncan?

BLAQ

Duncan who? I've hand-picked my warriors. To a man, they stand before me today. Minus the Survivor Contestant. Not sure how he fits in. Questions? Please refer them to Mr. Ammo.

AMMO straightens his posture proudly. Behind him, SPARTAN is playing PING-PONG with CHILI's WAITER. Spartan LOSES the point and KICKS Chili's Waiter in the chest - OVERBOARD.

BLAQ

So if you haven't already. Raise a glass.

JULES

(holds up coaster)

And use a coaster.

AMMO

To the Triplets!

TRIPLETS

The Triplets!

Cheers ECHO across the ship. Blaq turns heel. Then realizes he forgot one final announcement:

BLAQ

Oh, dinner tonight? 'Blaq' tie. Followed by my interpretation of the Broadway musical 'Annie.'

(turns to Jules)

Get me Hermione's agent on line 2.

GREER

(eyes on Blaq)

Lemme guess who's playing Daddy Warbucks.

Greer's STARLET, dressed as LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE, hair CURLY and RED, runs up, HORROR-STRICKEN.

STARLET

Don't tell me I slept through auditions!

JULES

(leans in, sotto voce)
Now that we're armed up, may I ask what we're up to here, boss?

BLAQ

All in good time, kid. Set a course for Silicon Valley.

JULES

(smiles)
There's an app for that...

Jules uses his iPad 5 to 'steer' a 'SHIP'S WHEEL' APP. The ship TURNS into the SUNSET, tossing up a WAVE of bubbly FOAM.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT./INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL, SILICON VALLEY, CA - NIGHT

Bubbly FOAM comes off of a glass of DOM.

BLAQ (O.S.)

I smell a 5-alarm fire!

BLAQ holds a MICROPHONE on stage in front of a room of HIGH SOCIETY WOMEN at a CHARITY BACHELOR AUCTION. A BANNER above reads, 'SUNSHINE VILLAGE.'

BLAQ has his arm around a FIREFIGHTER and scans the crowd.

BLAQ

1,300 going once! Twice! Sold!

The firefighter points at the winning SOCIALITE and WINKS.

BLAQ

The hour's late, so one more round of applause for our worthy cause!
It takes a village, and ours will be home to some wonderful children.
Children like Case...

JULES NUDGES a shy little BOY, CASE, red-headed, in bow tie, on stage. Blaq puts his arm around him, then kneels.

BLAQ
Don't be afraid.

Case shuffles nervously. Looks left. Then right.

BLAQ
I'm gonna help a special little boy
like you... become really special.

BLAQ hands Case off to JULES, who escorts him off-stage.

BLAQ
Let's help Case realize just how.
(the audience applauds)
If you think our final bachelor
looks like a million bucks... you'd
be off by 999 mil! That's right,
I'm opening the bidding on... me.
Be sure to hold onto that winning
paddle, we may put it to good use.

SMASH CUT TO:

A FRENZY as HOT FEMALE BIDDERS CLAMOR for the date with Blaq.

BIDDERS
15,000! 20! 25,000!

BLAQ
Girls, you understand it's dollars,
not rupiahs?

BIDDERS 3 AND 4
(together)
30,000!

BLAQ
Since you're both so eager, we
could play '3 Amigos!' 30,000
going once! 30,000 going twice!

NIX (O.S.)
1 million dollars.

This bid goes off like a bomb. Every eye in the room turns
to the bidder:

NIX, who holds up her PADDLE with a SLY SMILE.

NIX
For the children.

BLAQ stares her down, eyes on fire. Then fakes a big SMILE.

BLAQ
Sold.

FLASH BULBS POP...

INT. LOBBY - NIGHT

...as NIX gets her picture taken on BLAQ's ARM.

BLAQ
(sotto voce, through
clenched smile)
I gave you that big a severance
package?

NIX
(also a clenched smile)
I used your American Express
Chromium number.

BLAQ
Chromium?

NIX
One better than Titanium. You
qualified last week. I was gonna
surprise you.

BLAQ
You just did. So I bought a date
with-?

NIX
-yourself. A little alone time
with the one you love.

BLAQ
I am my own favorite mistake. I
see you brought the gimp. What's
this all about?

DUNCAN steps forward from near the PHOTOGRAPHER. He gets in
Blaq's face, staring DAGGERS.

DUNCAN
It's about me serving you notice.
The first shot I get... I'ma bleed
you out.

BLAQ
And what good will that do?

DUNCAN
 Stop Sunshine Village. Help me
 find peace.

BLAQ
 You'll never find peace. I made
 sure of that when I turned you into
 a cold-blooded killer.

DUNCAN
 Remind me. What cold-blooded
 killers do.

ANGLE ON NIX and JULES, who are in a bit of a tiff.

NIX
 How'ya like my old desk?

JULES
 For someone with a reputation for
 efficiency? You used a lot of Post-
 Its. Cute colors. But still.

(eyes widen at Nix)
 That is not! A DayRunner?! Feast
 your eyes on the Ipad 5. Yeah. 5.
 Apple employee left behind a
 prototype in a Cupertino 'Fridays.'

Jules WAVES the iPad under Nix's NOSE. We see BENEATH Nix's
 DAYRUNNER, where she's SECRETLY clutching an IPHONE.

NIX
 Maybe she can help you find a place
 to stick it.
 (turns)
 There's no app for that.

ANGLE on the little boy, CASE, lying tummy-down, feet-up on
 the ballroom floor. Playing with 3 LEGO FIGURINES: A PILOT.
 A CAVEMAN. And a MEXICAN WRESTLER. DUNCAN swallows hard.
 Walks up to the boy.

DUNCAN
 You're not alone in this world.

He tousles the boy's hair. Then he and Nix walk away.

NIX
 You OK?

DUNCAN
 (nods)
 Thanks. So?

NIX
 Soooo, it worked...
 (holds up iphone)
 My boy just 'bumped' me Blaq's
 updated calendar!

DUNCAN
 We're in bidness.

INT./EXT. DUMBARTON BRIDGE - HELICOPTER / KIA RIO / ARMORED
 TRUCK - NIGHT

SILICON VALLEY's glorious DUMBARTON BRIDGE spans SAN
 FRANCISCO BAY.

BLAQ (O.S.)
 Andaman Systems' Z-12
 Microprocessor.

Far above the bridge, BLAQ is BRIEFING AMMO and GREER inside
 his HELICOPTER. They are each GEARED UP for COMBAT. JULES
 watches from one seat over, iPad 5 at the ready.

NIX (O.S.)
 The next generation's next-
 generation computer chip.

Below, NIX is simultaneously BRIEFING DUNCAN in a SUNSET
 ORANGE KIA RIO... the subbest of sub-compacts. Nix drives.
 DUNCAN sits next to her, also geared up for GO TIME. C, N,
 and V are JAMMED into the BACK SEAT.

A COMPUTER CHIP is loaded into a ARMORED TRUCK and
 TRANSPORTED over the bridge. Judging from the pomp, it's a
 VERY VALUABLE piece of technology: MEN IN LAB SUITS. HIGH
 TECH SHIPPING CONTAINERS within SHIPPING CONTAINERS.
 KEYPADS. GUARDS. Everyone doing their job like CLOCKWORK.

The shots of the chip are rapidly INTERCUT with Blaq's and
 Nix's respective BRIEFINGS into one HIGH ENERGY MONTAGE:

BLAQ
 It's powerful. More processing
 power than every microchip that's
 ever existed - combined. And-

NIX
 -fast. Able to perform billions of
 computations in a period so short,
 no current means of measuring time
 would perceive it passed at all.
 Also-

BLAQ

-small. What would've once filled the entire Pentagon is now the size of a dime. Which makes it-

NIX

-fragile. Too delicate to withstand contact with any solid, or even liquid.

BLAQ

It's been sealed in a vial full of high-pressurized oxygen.

NIX

So it's literally floating in air.

The chip is floating in densely packed air, suspended in a tiny, delicate VIAL. We keep INTERCUTTING:

DUNCAN

How fragile is fragile?

BLAQ

Jen Aniston fragile. And I know of what I speak.

NIX

Do not drop it.

BLAQ

Do not shake it.

NIX

Do not look at it.

NINJA

Don't even think about it. Just being safe.

BLAQ

Keep in mind, everything I've just told you about this chip pales next to its importance to our plan. I have my personnel. I have my weapons. But without the Z-12-

NIX

-whatever he's plotting goes kaput - at least judging by the risks he's taking to steal it. We need the chip intact so we can take it back to Andaman Systems and demand they tell us what it can do-

DUNCAN
-to figure out why he needs it.

NIX
Yuppers. We hafta solve the
mystery. What could a billionaire -
a guy who has everything - possibly
want? Ready?

DUNCAN
I love you used 'kaput.' Not so
much 'yuppers.'

NIX
They're both my dad's. Oh, and
since we may be about to die. I
lied about the boyfriend.

DUNCAN
(raises eyebrow)
You don't say!

In the chopper, CHILI'S WAITER pokes his head in between Ammo
and Greer.

CHILI'S WAITER
Can I interest anyone in an
appetizer? Southwestern Eggrolls?

Ammo grabs his LAPEL and THROWS him OUT of the chopper.

AMMO
(to Pilot)
Take us down.

BLAQ's helicopter SWOOPS down toward the ARMORED TRUCK.
DUNCAN sees this up ahead.

DUNCAN
Floor it.

NIX
I am.

VIKING
It's a Kia.

COWBOY
(cramped)
I can't feel my boots.

The HELICOPTER lowers onto the ARMORED TRUCK from above.
GREER stands by the LEFT DOOR. AMMO by the RIGHT. They
reach across the copter and KNUCKLE BUMP...

...and then JUMP out either side, harnessed to 2 CABLES. They swing CLOCKWISE AROUND the truck, like 2 TETHER-BALLS circling a POLE. From above, it looks Busby-Berkeley-esque.

As they CIRCLE, they OPEN FIRE with BELGIAN SCAR RIFLES...

BOOM go both FRONT TIRES.

BAM go both SIDE VIEW MIRRORS, blinding the DRIVER to what's behind.

OUT go both headlights. OFF goes the gas cap. GAS SPILLS out. OFF goes the LOCK on the REAR DOORS.

CRACK goes the WINDSHIELD... and then the windows...

...which GREER and AMMO BLAST through - GREER on the driver's side, AMMO on the passenger's.

The DRIVER and CO-DRIVER are trapped in the cab with 2 WHIRLING DERVISHES. It's instantly a HORNET'S NEST of ELBOWS, FISTS, KNEES, SHOULDERS.

The HELICOPTER soars away.

THUNK! THUNK! THUNK! Ammo and Greer RAM the 2 men's FOREHEADS into one another as if they're MOUNTAIN GOATS.

DUNCAN and NIX watch from behind as the men CATAPULT out EITHER WINDOW, synchronized, then TUMBLE onto the bridge.

GREER takes the WHEEL. Ammo BUSTS through the truck's WINDSHIELD, KIPS UP onto the HOOD, and steps onto the ROOF.

2 SECURITY GUARDS in the cargo hold HEAR noises above.

AMMO assumes a SPRINTER'S STANCE. Then SPRINTS down the roof, BASEBALL-SLIDES, and KICKS the rear doors OPEN.

GREER responds by hitting the GAS. The guards inside the cargo hold FLY OUT the back doors onto the PAVEMENT.

NIX SWERVES, EACH FRONT TIRE missing a NOGGIN by INCHES.

AMMO SWINGS down from the roof like it's a HIGH BAR and LANDS in the cargo hold next to the chip's STORAGE CONTAINER.

NIX pulls ALONGSIDE the truck. DUNCAN rolls down the passenger window, then looks back.

DUNCAN

Since there's no boyfriend. How 'bout a kiss.

Nix smirks - nice try - then KISSES her FINGERTIPS and pats him on the CHEEK.

DUNCAN

(smiles)

I can see first base from here.

Duncan reaches back and GRABS his BATTLE AXE.

ANGLE ON AMMO in the cargo hold. His fingers pound a KEYPAD.

STORAGE CONTAINERS OPEN, like RUSSIAN NESTING DOLLS, revealing the VIAL with the CHIP... in all its DAINTY GLORY.

ANGLE ON DUNCAN, who SWINGS his AXE out the Kia's window, BURYING it in the frame of the truck. He squirms out and uses the axe as a STEPPING STONE to reach the truck's ROOF.

Nix watches him go, duly impressed.

ANGLE ON AMMO. He hears the axe, frowns, picks up the chip like a robin's egg, and slides it into his VEST POCKET.

AMMO

(into headset)

Geronimo.

BLAQ's HELICOPTER ZOOMS BACK DOWN toward the bridge.

Ammo exits the rear doors, CLIMBS onto the roof like a CAT...

...and stands up INTO the REACH of Duncan's waiting KATANA. Duncan holds the sword TIP over Ammo's HEART.

DUNCAN

I sharpen it every day at noon.

(beat)

Little O.C.D. on top of all the rest.

As Blaq's chopper descends, BLAQ finally SPOTS Duncan. He rolls his eyes in frustration.

BLAQ

This is why you don't let crazy people into your life.

Below, Ammo's eyes shoot down to his own VEST POCKET.

DUNCAN

In times of stress, a man's eyes travel to whatever matters to him most.

Duncan uses the SWORD TIP to SLICE OPEN Ammo's POCKET. The VIAL drops onto the FLAT of the blade.

Duncan TILTS the sword, causing the vial to ROLL slowly down the blade toward him.

Ammo and Duncan stare each other down. Suddenly, the vial gains momentum and threatens to ROLL OFF the SWORD.

Duncan's EYES DROP to look at it...

AMMO

You were saying?

In a flash, Ammo UNSHEATHES a SPARTAN SWORD from his back and WHIPS it into Duncan's blade from BELOW.

CLANG! The VIAL goes AIRBORNE, soaring up in SLO-MO... and then back down in REGULAR SPEED.

It's like a CUISINART on top of the truck as Duncan and Ammo engage in furious SWORD-on-SWORD COMBAT. Duncan reaches into the maelstrom of steel and CATCHES the VIAL.

What follows is the FIGHT of FIGHTS, unique because DUNCAN, AMMO, GREER, and NIX have to keep the vial from BREAKING.

Ammo WHACKS the back of Duncan's hand with the flat of his blade. Duncan drops the VIAL, and AMMO grabs it in mid-air.

A THRUST. The vial goes airborne... and is Duncan's again. A SLICE. Ammo GRABS it back.

The swords come together, TANGLE, and FLY OFF the truck. They CLATTER over Nix's windshield.

AMMO

Everything you once had is mine.
Your boss... your wife... your...

DUNCAN

...shingles? More enjoyable than
the first two.

Ammo and Duncan start to THROW FISTS.

Ammo tosses the vial from right hand to left, then CLOCKS Duncan with the right. Duncan responds with an UPPER CUT - BOOM - and SNAGS the vial back.

Ammo BITES Duncan's KNUCKLES. The vial rolls away.

The VIAL JITTERBUGS on the roof between the 2 men. They DIVE for it, CRACK HEADS.

AMMO SNARES the vial like a HACKY SACK between his feet, KICKS it into the air, SNATCHES it.

Blaq's chopper lowers into frame. Ammo GRABS a CABLE. The chopper YANKS him into the air.

DUNCAN flings a THROWING STAR and hits Ammo in the HAND holding the VIAL. OW!

The VIAL DROPS. Duncan RUNS forward to CATCH it...

...but GREER JAMS the brakes. Duncan picks up scary momentum, OVERSHOTS the vial, and SLIDES off the HOOD.

Duncan CLINGS to the FRONT BUMPER, feet WHACKING PAVEMENT.

GREER LUNGES through the BROKEN windshield and CATCHES the vial. She slides back into the cab with her prize, when...

...BOOM! NIX SIDESWIPEs the truck with the KIA. The vial SOARS out the driver's side window...

...rolls ACROSS the roof of the KIA...

...and is CAUGHT by NIX, who has thrust her hand out the driver's side window. VIKING marvels from the back seat.

VIKING

I'm so in love with this chick.

BLAQ

(watching from above)

I'm so rewriting her letter of rec.

Nix breathes easy. SLICE! - a SPARTAN TRIDENT (3-pronged spear) slams through the ROOF and STICKS in her seat cushion.

It's AMMO AGAIN, who's dropped back down onto the Kia's ROOF.

NIX SWERVES, trying to SHAKE him OFF. AMMO clings to the TRIDENT, spinning on the roof like a clock hand gone HAYWIRE.

COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING slide across the Kia's back seat, SQUISHING each other against each door.

GREER FLOORS the TRUCK to catch up. DUNCAN desperately pulls himself up onto the grille.

AMMO YANKS his trident out of the roof and SMASHES it through the WINDSHIELD instead.

The trident passes THROUGH the SPOKES of the STEERING WHEEL, misses Nix by an INCH, and BURIES itself in the driver's seat. Ammo JUMPS through the broken glass...

...and LANDS in NIX's lap. She clenches both FISTS and STUFFS them BEHIND her BACK.

NIX
(guilty smile)
Pick a hand?

Ammo YANKS Nix's RIGHT HAND from behind her back. EMPTY. So he grabs her LEFT hand. EMPTY, TOO.

NIX
He doesn't love you, Ammo. He's using you. Like he's used all of us.

Ammo stares daggers into Nix... then suddenly SPOTS the VIAL - tucked over her EAR like a PENCIL.

Ammo LETS GO of Nix's wrists and GRABS for the vial...

...but Nix GRABS the staff of the TRIDENT (still stuck through the steering wheel) and uses it STEER the WHEEL. The car SPINS. AMMO BASHES his HEAD into the passenger door.

On comes GREER!

NIX stares out the driver's window at the oncoming GRILLE of the truck, where DUNCAN still HANGS ON for dear life.

Right before IMPACT, she PLUCKS the vial from behind her EAR and CHUCKS it out the window.

NIX
Duncan.

DUNCAN
Nix.

Duncan LEAPS UP, and in SLO-MO, CATCHES the vial, narrowly avoiding being SMASHED as the truck BROADSIDES the Kia.

The Kia FLIPS and SLIDES away. AMMO, C, N, and V tumble like clothes in a dryer. NIX is held fast by her SEATBELT.

DUNCAN BELLY-FLOPS onto the truck's roof just as it SPINS, OVERTURNS, and ROLLS.

Duncan SCRAMBLES up the truck, staying on 'top' as it rolls UNDERNEATH, like a LUMBERJACK balancing on a SPINNING LOG.

Duncan uses the AXE - still protruding from the truck's side - as a stepping stone... before it SNAPS against the pavement.

At last, Duncan SLIDES down the truck onto the BRIDGE. The impact causes the VIAL to skitter just out of reach.

The truck makes one last quarter-turn... about to CRUSH DUNCAN. Duncan SCURRIES CLEAR, then spies the truck's ROOF TOPPLING to where it will certainly SMASH the VIAL.

Duncan lunges, GRABS the VIAL, and YANKS it away just as - KABOOM! - the truck comes to rest UPSIDE DOWN... missing Duncan's HAND and the VIAL by the tiniest sliver.

ANGLE ON NIX, who finds herself UPSIDE DOWN in the Kia, shaking off the shock of the crash, when...

...BONK... AMMO's boot steps on her face as he climbs OUT the broken windshield. GREER limps out of the TRUCK CAB.

DUNCAN pulls himself to his feet, momentarily VICTORIOUS. But AMMO and GREER march toward him with murderous intent.

GREER
Marriage and capital punishment.
The only 2 institutions that end...

GREER unslings her BELGIAN SCAR RIFLE.

GREER
...in death.

Duncan instinctively reaches for his SIX-GUN HOLSTER, only to SPY it lying, torn, on the PAVEMENT a few yards away.

Instead, he BACKS UP toward the EDGE of the bridge.

Greer RAISES her RIFLE. Duncan HOLDS the VIAL OVER the EDGE of the bridge. The WATERS of the BAY swirl below.

DUNCAN
Stay very, very still.

AMMO
Again... you were saying?

WHUP-WHUP-WHUP-WHOOSH!

Out of nowhere, BLAQ's HELICOPTER BUZZES Duncan from BEHIND. BLAQ HANGS off one of the LANDING SKIDS, ARM EXTENDED.

He SNATCHES the VIAL from Duncan on the way by!

The helicopter ELEVATES, still TRAILING 2 CABLES. AMMO and GREER CLIP onto the cables and are SNATCHED away.

Duncan rushes for his holster, draws his SIX-GUN, FIRES every BULLET at Ammo and Greer... but they're already TOO FAR away.

DUNCAN

This is getting super old.

NIX (O.S.)

Super.

NIX limps into frame. She and Duncan watch their prey ESCAPE into the night sky. Blaq WAVES, all smiles.

C, N, and V appear BEHIND Duncan and Nix. DEBRIS, including the TOTALED KIA, surrounds our heroes on EVERY SIDE.

NINJA

Refresh my memory. Did we decline insurance on the rental?

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MORNING

NIX

Hold still. And ignore the nervous knee.

Nix's KNEE is BOUNCING up and down like a sewing machine... but her hands are perfectly STEADY as she grips an LED penlight in her lips and begins STITCHING UP a bloody GASH under DUNCAN's eye... with a HOTEL SEWING KIT. She consults an old PC, its browser open to Web M.D.

DUNCAN

I woulda thought N'Sync. Hansen.

Duncan's squinting gaze travels to the walls of a little girl's BEDROOM, which feature POSTERS of ACCOMPLISHED WOMEN - Sally Ride, Anne Frank, Billy Jean King, Pink, etc.

DUNCAN

Not... Professor McGonagall.

NIX

Margaret Thatcher.

DUNCAN

So this was what life was like... for a normal kid...

NIX

Normal. Um. Well. See those books? I sorted them by the Dewey Decimal system. See that pillow? I sobbed into it over the B-plus.

(MORE)

NIX (CONT'D)

The. 'Studio Art: Sculpture and Pottery.'

DUNCAN

Explains the deformed mugs.

ANGLE ON a SHELF COVERED with pathetic, leaning MUGS.

NIX

The voices in my head? Are always me. Saying, why be great? When you can be perfect?

DUNCAN

Mission accomplished.

Nix reaches into the rolling suitcase for a few squares of T.P. to dab the wound. She stumbles onto the framed 5x7 of the LOVING COUPLE... and holds it up.

NIX

Now I know where you got your-

DUNCAN

They're... strangers.

NIX

(empathetic nod)

It must be hard. To have no memory of them. I'm sure deep down, they loved-

DUNCAN

No. Actual strangers. Back at the orphanage, they took us on a field trip to the mall. I stole that frame off the shelf. Photo and all. Told everyone it was Mom and Dad. After a while, started to believe it myself. By the time I got old enough to research my real parents? I didn't wanna know.

DUNCAN grips his LEGO BOY like a security BLANKET.

NIX

Now you're gonna tell me he's not your twin brother.

Duncan smiles. Nix's nervous knee has stopped SHAKING. She and Duncan look into each other's eyes. Then at the LEGO.

NIX

Kinda cute.

DUNCAN
Right?

NIX
Not him.
(re: stitch)
Close your eyes.

DUNCAN
Says Web, M.D.?

NIX
Says me.

The two close their eyes, then lean in CLOSE... CLOSER...

...until they're suddenly interrupted by VIKING, who slowly, silently LEANS INTO FRAME, holding Duncan's NOVELTY T.P.

VIKING
'BASOREXIA.' 'An overwhelming
desire to neck or kiss.'

Duncan's wide eyes dart right. VIKING is accompanied by NINJA and COWBOY.

VIKING
You're about one tongue apart. Get
in there.

NINJA
Don't listen to him. Open wound.
Possible infection!

Duncan opens his eyes, turns, makes all sorts of THREATENING silent FACIAL EXPRESSIONS to C, N & V. 'Go away!'

COWBOY
I just skinned and ate a squirrel.

DUNCAN
(loses his shit)
Enough. Enough! Enough!

Nix PULLS BACK, eyes wide.

Duncan fumbles in his pockets for his LEGO TOTEM... then SQUEEZES to the point of BREAKING it.

NINJA
OK, OK, OK!

Blink! Blink! Blink! C, N, & V DISAPPEAR. But TOO LATE. By the time Duncan turns back to Nix...

...the moment is RUINED.

NIX
They're... here?

DUNCAN
Were.

NIX
I can't imagine what it must be like.

DUNCAN
Like... a never-ending game of tug-a-war. And I'm the rope.

NIX
Y'know, probably not the same, but I had an imaginary friend once, too. Emily May. She was funny. Pretty. Outgoing. No braces. Or nervous knee. Went everywhere with me...

DUNCAN
What happened to Ms. Emily May?

NIX
I reached an age. I knew deep down. She wasn't real.

DUNCAN
Yeah she was. She was just... another part of you.

Nix smiles, goes back to STITCHING. Duncan sags.

DUNCAN
Hard to believe there was once a time I enjoyed their company.
(darkens)
That was before...

EXT./ INT. OPERATION IRAQI FREEDOM, IRAQ - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

DUNCAN (O.S.)
...Halabja.

We descend on Halabja's TOWN SQUARE, where CHAOS reigns.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
Question: 'How many Triplets does it take to find Saddam Hussein?'

A BUNCH of TRIPLETS, accompanied by their ALTER-EGOS, stand in a big circle, each with his/her own CAPTURED 'SADDAM.'

AMMO

I'm supposed to buy that... is the Butcher of Baghdad?!

DUNCAN

At least his moustache is bushy!
You caught... Hitler!

Indeed, Ammo's Saddam has a little 'stache.

SPARTAN

(to Ammo)

How dare he!

(yells)

This... is-

AMMO

(to Spartan)

-Iraq! Not Sparta! So relax!
Pretend you're... Amish!

ANGLE ON: the AMISH GUY, who is lovingly PETTING a COW.

VIKING

(to Duncan, re: Ammo)

Will you please cold-cock this feeb?!

GREER

(to Duncan and Ammo)

Listen to you two! You wouldn't know a dictator if he dropped mustard gas on your village!

(points a gun at the head of HER OWN 'SADDAM')

Where are the weapons of mass destruction?!

GREER'S 'SADDAM'

My name's Ibrahim! I make falafel!

CHEF

That's true. I can smell it.

DUNCAN

Enough! The real Saddam has a birthmark on his royal hiney.

(grabs his 'Saddam's belt)

Let's get to the 'bottom' of this.

AMMO
 (grabs his own 'Saddam's
 pants)
 My pleasure!

NINJA
 Can we pull down people's pants
 somewhere else?! 'Cause the
 Republican Guard's about to do the
 same to us!

DUNCAN
 For a ninja, you sure never shut
 up!
 (to Ammo)
 You're just jealous, Ammo. 'Cause
 I'm-

BLAQ (O.S.)
 -Blaq's favorite?

BLAQ breaks into the circle, having WALKED over from his
 HELICOPTER. He's wearing that GEORGE-W.-BUSH-ON-THE-CARRIER
 FLIGHT HELMET and seething with FRUSTRATION.

BLAQ
 'Cause you aren't. Right now none
 of you is! Has it ever occurred to
 you horses' asses that Saddam might
 use body doubles?!

Silence. A beat. Everyone looks at one another.

DUNCAN
 Look how bushy this moustache.

AMMO
 It's not even real!

Ammo REACHES for Duncan's Saddam's MOUSTACHE.

DUNCAN
 Do not touch the great leader's
 whiskers!

Duncan PUNCHES AMMO. AMMO PUNCHES BACK. Like in one of
 those movie bar fights, it's the spark that sets off a HUGE
 FRACAS among ALL the TRIPLETS and within each of their TRIOS
 of imaginary personalities. PUNCHES. HEADLOCKS. BITES.

The SURVIVOR CONTESTANT duels the CHEVALIER using his TORCH.

The SUMO WRESTLER BELLY-FLOPS on the GAME SHOW HOST.

The DOG WHISPERER's DOGS rip the COONSKIN CAP off the FRONTIERSMAN's HEAD. They in turn are chased by the GATOR HUNTER's CROC.

Even the 'SADDAMS' are fighting. AMMO's SADDAM rips off DUNCAN's SADDAM's MOUSTACHE: a FAKE.

WALKING AWAY from this maelstrom unnoticed, back to his HELICOPTER, is BLAQ.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
 Blaq had sold the U.S. government
 that we were the calm after Desert
 Storm.

BLAQ
 (to MARK ZUCKERBERG)
 I've had better ideas.
 (to PILOT)
 Take it up.

As the HELICOPTER rises, REPUBLICAN GUARD TANKS CONVERGE on the SQUARE. The place erupts in EXPLOSIONS.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
 He abandoned us. And we barely
 made it out with our pathetic
 lives.

The TRIPLETS SCATTER, RUNNING for DEAR LIFE from EXPLOSIONS.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
 Joke was on Blaq, though. He kept
 the mission from the public, but
 not the people who counted. Blaq
 lost everything. His prestige.
 His reputation. His invitation to
 that annual Billionaires' Retreat.

CUT TO:

INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

DUNCAN (V.O.)
 They say the things we want most in
 life are things we once had... but
 were taken from us.

A TELEVISED NEWS BROADCAST of HERB ALLEN's SUN VALLEY BILLIONAIRE RETREAT. Various famous BILLIONAIRES hobnob on the deck of the SUN VALLEY LODGE, all smiles and back-slaps.

Watching this from his darkened living room... wearing a WIFE-BEATER... is BLAQ. He's got a far-off look of DEPRESSION, making a RED BULL ICE CREAM FLOAT and GULPING it DOWN.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
As to who was his 'favorite?'

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - MORNING - PRESENT

DUNCAN (O.S.)
He fit us all for crazy coats and
put us in his rear-view.

NIX
You don't look crazy to me.

Reveal DUNCAN's FACE, which Nix has just finished PLASTERING with MULTIPLE 'HELLO, KITTY' BAND-AIDS.

NIX
(smiles)
Maybe a little.

Nix leans in and KISSES the BAND-AID over Duncan's EYE.

Suddenly, we hear the sound of a DOOR OPENING downstairs. Duncan reflexively reaches for his PISTOL.

DAD (O.S.)
Morning, Gerdy! You up?

MOM (O.S.)
We brought home Bialys!

NIX
Be right down, M and D!

DUNCAN
You still live here? Gerdy?

NIX
Money's been tight. The Blaq gig was an unpaid internship. And I came by my old-fashioned honestly. So yeah:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

NIX (O.S.)
Gerdy.

DUNCAN, NIX, and MR. and MRS. NIX, WONDERFULLY YESTERYEARISH, sit at the kitchen table eating BIALYS. C, N, and V hover.

MOM

She never introduces us to her beaus.

DAD

What does that say about the beaus? Or us?

NINJA

I like these folks.

MOM

(pats Duncan's hand)
This one seems special.

NIX

Really special.

DUNCAN

If Richard Blaq trusts her judgment...

DAD

Speaking of the rebel billionaire... has he started paying you yet? Let's hope soon; one of his new-fangled computer chip-a-ma-bops was stolen from an armored car early this morning. All over NPR.

NIX

I'm sorry. One of Blaq's chips?

DAD

Yuppers. Andaman Systems. That's a Blaq subsidiary, right?

NIX and DUNCAN stare at one another. BOLT from the room.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

NIX (O.S.)

I'm the worst ex-executive-associate ever! I totally forgot Andaman Systems was Blaq's!

NIX is back at her computer. Typing furiously away. DUNCAN, looks over her shoulder.

NIX

Jules changed all Blaq's passwords. But he forgot to change the security questions. Y'know, in case you lose your password: 'What's the name of your first dog?' 'Your first school?' Etcetera.

DUNCAN

You know Blaq's answers?

NIX

My answers. I set up all Blaq's accounts... and used my own info.
(types)
Poochy. LaRouche.

DUNCAN

Good porn name.

NIX

This makes no sense. Why would Blaq have to steal his own... chip-a-ma-bop? From his own company?

Up come RECORDS of every SALE of BLAQ's personal SECURITIES.

NIX

Unless...

On the screen: an SEC filing.

NINJA

...he doesn't own it any more.

DUNCAN

...he doesn't own it any more.

DUNCAN

(points)
He sold off Andaman. Months ago.

NIX

At a fire-sale price.
(bounces from screen to screen)
Converted the shares to cash... so he could... pay down a loan?

DUNCAN

(points)
It's not his only loss. Oh man. He bought a ton of Friendster.

NIX
And MySpace.

DUNCAN
Then he learned his lesson
investing in social networks...
(smiles)
...and passed on Facebook.

NIX
I've never seen so many bad bets.
Frontier Airlines? Tower Records?
Flooz.com?! Blaq's swimming in red
ink!

DUNCAN
What about the houses? The yacht?

NIX
(clicks)
In arrears.

VIKING
She said 'in a rear!'
(beat)
It's all I've understood so far.

NIX
This explains my unpaid internship.
When is a billionaire not a
billionaire?

DUNCAN
When he's lost his billions!

NIX
What was it you just said? The
things we want most are things we
once had...

DUNCAN
...but were taken from us.

NIX
He's blown all his money. So he
stole the world's most powerful
computer chip...

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY

DUNCAN (O.S.)
...to try to get it back.

DUNCAN, NIX, and C, N, and V walk up to the TICKET COUNTER at SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. Duncan is pulling his FUCHSIA MINI KIDDIE ROLLING SUITCASE.

NINJA

I can't bear the radiation/
molestation choice again.

DUNCAN

Just no talk of bladed weapons.

NIX

(reading ticket)
Sun Valley, Idaho?

DUNCAN

What has Blaq always wanted for himself?

NIX

22-year-old fitness models?

DUNCAN

Even more. What he promised me, remember? 'Happiness can only exist in...

NIX

...acceptance.'

DUNCAN

...acceptance.'

*
*

DUNCAN

And what's the one place that wouldn't give it to him?

NIX

The Sun Valley Billionaire Retreat.

TICKET AGENT

I'm very sorry sir. You're on our 'no fly' list.

Nix and Duncan look at one another.

NIX

Lil Wayne.

DUNCAN

Lil Wayne.

EXT./ INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Lil Wayne's 'MR. CARTER' pumps. CLICK. CLACK. CLICK. CLOSE UP on a FLIGHT ATTENDANT CALL BUTTON being pushed on and off. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT leans into frame. It's GREER.

GREER
What can I get ya, darlin'?

We REVERSE ANGLE to see the guy in the seat: AMMO, using the TIP of his SPARTAN SWORD to push the button. He smirks.

AMMO
Anything... semi-automatic?

GREER
How 'bout something with a little more... kick?

GREER reaches into her BEVERAGE CART, lays out a 'Blaq' napkin onto Ammo's tray table, and places down an MP-9 SUBMACHINE GUN from the PIRATE attack.

GREER
Enjoy.

CUT TO the EXTERIOR of the PLANE. It's a PRIVATE, fully customized 747, painted jet BLACK, 'BLAQ' stenciled on the side of the aircraft in 23 carat gold leaf.

Inside, GREER continues down the AISLE, handing out WEAPONS.

Sitting on leather armchairs, with gold-plated seatbelt buckles, among Picassos and Waterford crystal, are all the TRIPLETS, plus their extra personalities:

AMISH. GANGBANGER. DOG WHISPERER. SURVIVOR CONTESTANT. CHEVALIER. FRONTIERSMAN. HAIR STYLIST. SIOUX CHIEF. GAME SHOW HOST.

KNIGHT, with a BLACK 'SLEEP BLINDFOLD' MASK over his helmet.

CONTORTIONIST, who's fit himself UNDER a seat.

BAYWATCH LIFEGUARD, who's blowing into an inflatable FLOTATION DEVICE around his neck.

AMAZON, who pushes her seat back into SUMO WRESTLER to make room for her long legs. His big belly JIGGLES.

BLAQ (O.S.)
This is your captain speaking.
Please return your seat-backs and
tray-tables to their fully upright
and locked positions.

ANGLE ON THE COCKPIT. BLAQ sits behind the controls, flying the friendly skies. Sitting in the CO-PILOT's seat is JULES.

BLAQ
 Temperature in Sun Valley is 63
 degrees. We'll be beginning our
 descent... now-ish.

Blaq drops the YOKE. The plane NOSEDIVES. OXYGEN MASKS
 fall. Everyone engages in a MAD SCRAMBLE for a mask.

The DOG WHISPERER struggles to put MASKS on his DOGS.

GREER
 (gripping seat to avoid
 falling)
 Please secure your own mask before
 assisting other passengers!

BLAQ (O.S.)
 We know you have a choice when you
 travel. Thank you for choosing Air
 Blaq. Once you fly Blaq... you
 never go back.

Jules HEAVES into a bag.

EXT. SUN VALLEY LODGE - DAY

Perched atop BALD mountain, a gorgeous 9,150 feet peak
 accessible only via GONDOLA, is the SUN VALLEY SKI LODGE.

The building is a MASSIVE, MULTI-LEVELLED LOG CABIN.
 CATWALKS, BALCONIES, and DECKS loom over SHEER CLIFF FACES.
 A HELIPAD provides easy access for the rich-and-famous.

The lodge is currently hosting the RECEPTION for Herb Allen's
 annual BILLIONAIRE's RETREAT.

The world's 1 percent... OF the 1 percent... sport smiley-
 faced 'HELLO! MY NAME IS...' name-tags as they stroll the
 sky deck atop the lodge.

WALL STREET FINANCIER
 Tell you what those protestors
haven't 'occupied.'

The group - full of TEXAS OILMEN and WALL STREET FINANCIERS,
 SAUDI PRINCES and SILCION VALLEY TECHIES, RUSSIAN MAFIOSOS
 and MEDIA MOGULS - shares COCKTAILS and I.P.O. STORIES. All
 in summer casual.

WALL STREET FINANCIER
 A shower.

The group ERUPTS with RAUCOUS LAUGHTER, BACK SLAPS, and clinking glasses.

ANGLE ON: BLAQ's TRUSTY HELICOPTER, which lands on the lodge's HELIPAD and SHUTS DOWN.

BLAQ
'Blaq Hawk' down.

BLAQ and JULES stroll off and enter the RECEPTION AREA. Blaq sees someone, GRINS WIDE.

BLAQ
Nerd alert! Zucky!

Reverse angle to reveal MARK ZUCKERBERG (again, played by Jesse Eisenberg) at the name-tag table. He finishes writing 'MARK' and turns to see BLAQ.

Blaq tickles Zuckerberg with one index finger.

BLAQ
You of all people can't object to being poked! When you get the chance, I'd love an espresso. You know how I like it. Joke!

ZUCKERBERG
How's that MySpace stock working out?
(to BODYGUARD, sotto voce)
I thought he was off the list.

Blaq scrawls his name on a name-tag, SLAPS it on UPSIDE DOWN.

BLAQ
Like I need a name-tag.

The BILLIONAIRES are made UNCOMFORTABLE as BLAQ breaks into the CIRCLE, GRINNING and GLAD-HANDING as though he BELONGS.

BLAQ
Guess who's back! Back again?
Blaq is back! Tell a friend!
(pulls a portly
billionaire into a hug,
then pats his tummy)
Hey, you! Just 'cause you own Taco
Bell, doesn't mean you hafta eat
the inventory!

Blaq EMBRACES a cocky young NBA OWNER (in his team's JERSEY).

BLAQ
Hug an old bud! There are some
things money can't buy.
(beat)
Except an NBA ring. You know what
I'm talking about!

TEXAS OILMAN
(to peer, sotto voce)
I coulda sworn we dis-invited this
poser.

BLAQ
So what's today's seminar on? Tax
shelters? Pre-nups? Panic rooms?

WALL STREET FINANCIER
Squeezing a little more out of the
'99 percent.'

BLAQ
I'm all for it. I've got 99
problems. And the 99 percent are
like... 99 of them.

MEDIA MOGUL
(leans in to a peer, sotto
voce)
Richard Blaq. The Halabja guy.
More recently of Shake Weights.

SAUDI PRINCE
But first, a roundtable on privacy.
Zuckerberg's leading it.

BLAQ
Am I the only one who enjoys the
irony?

CUT TO:

MARK ZUCKERBERG, lecturing the others via a POWER-POINT
PRESENTATION.

ZUCKERBERG
We see 150 million visitors a
month. Each giving away
information. Birthdates.
Weddings. Favorite movies. But
we're still not acquiring as much
data as we could be...

BLAQ
 Like how many times you've had sexy
 time this month. Zero.
 (goes to high-five)
 Oh, it's the truth!

INT. GONDOLA - DAY

A highly NERVOUS-LOOKING GONDOLA OPERATOR gives a spiel
 inside the GONDOLA as it rises toward the lodge.

GONDOLA OPERATOR
 We'll be rising today to an
 altitude of... uh... 9,150 feet.
 When the gondola comes to a stop,
 please exit in an orderly
 fashion...

We pull back to REVEAL 2 SEMI-AUTOMATIC PISTOLS held to each
 of the OPERATOR's TEMPLES... by AMMO and GREER.

The GONDOLA is packed with the TRIPLETS and their ALTER-EGOS,
 ARMED to the TEETH with every WEAPON under the SUN.

GONDOLA OPERATOR
 ...or however else you like.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

On the sky deck, ZUCKERBERG holds court.

ZUCKERBERG
 Mount a 300 dollar camera on a
 20,000 dollar Prius. Pay a driver
 12 dollars an hour. And he drives
 around and takes pictures of your
 back yards.

BLAQ
 I think he caught me outdoor-
 showering.
 (beat)
 I may have wanted him to.

EXT. LODGE GROUNDS - DAY

AMMO, GREER, and the TRIPLETS exit the GONDOLA and FAN OUT
 across the PREMISES, DISARMING and beating the living HELL
 out of every SECURITY GUARD they come across.

We see the power of the TRIPLETS in all their VIOLENT GLORY.

GUARDS find themselves on the wrong end of SPEARS, BROAD SWORDS, .50 CALIBER SNIPER RIFLES.

The NOOSE TIGHTENS around the oblivious BILLIONAIRES.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

ZUCKERBERG finishes his presentation.

ZUCKERBERG
In short, we're not stealing your
information. We're monetizing it.

The MOGULS applaud.

BLAQ (O.S.)
Funny. I was about to say the
same...

BLAQ suddenly NUDGES ZUCKERBERG aside and takes the PODIUM.

BLAQ
...to all of you.

ZUCKERBERG
I-I'm sorry?

BLAQ
Some of you may remember me as the
o.g. rebel billionaire - one of
your little club. 'Til a few
missteps left me pining for my
past. A past that will soon again
be the present.

SAUDI PRINCE
What do you mean?

BLAQ
Look around. We represent one 10th
of the world's wealth. And by we I
mean you. Me, I'm broke. At least
'til you give me the passwords to
your financial accounts. Then we
will mean I. That's right...

Blaq draws a PISTOL from his LAPEL.

BLAQ
...this is a takeover.

20 BODYGUARDS DRAW PISTOLS and aim them at BLAQ.

BLAQ
 (smiles)
 The hostile kind.

RISING from the PERIMETER of the DECK, at every ANGLE, are AMMO, GREER, and the TRIPLETS... with MUCH BIGGER GUNS.

BLAQ
 (to Zuckerberg)
 Shoulda given the talk about panic rooms.

INT. G-5 - DAY

We're tight on DUNCAN and NIX, who stands right BEHIND him, LOOKING over his SHOULDER.

DUNCAN
 A tad embarrassing...

The camera PULLS BACK to reveal that DUNCAN is wearing a TANDEM SKY-DIVING UNIFORM. NIX is STRAPPED to his BACK. They're standing in the OPEN DOOR of LIL WAYNE's G-5, about to JUMP.

DUNCAN
 But I kinda hafta use the little boy's room.

NIX
 You mean Lil's boy's room.

LIL WAYNE watches from behind, sipping PURPLE DRANK from his PIMP CUP, which he raises in a 'toast.'

DUNCAN and NIX WADDLE like DUCKS, STRAPPED TOGETHER, to the LAVATORY. It's a tight squeeze with 1. A tighter squeeze with 2. Nix awkwardly SHUTS the door BEHIND them.

NIX
 Uh. I'm not even here.

Nix CLOSES her EYES and PLUGS her EARS. Duncan ZIPS down, starts to PEE, then looks UP, STARTLED...

...to see COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING STUFFED into the LAVATORY WITH them. VIKING sits on the SINK, knees to chin. COWBOY is SMUSHED against a WALL. NINJA is perched in the RAFTERS.

VIKING
 This probably isn't the best time... or place for this...

DUNCAN
(sarcastic)
Seems like the very best.

NINJA
...but you never know when it might
be your last chance to tell someone
you're sorry.

DUNCAN
For what?

VIKING
For earlier. With the girl. And
the kiss.

DUNCAN
(bitter)
What kiss?

NINJA
Exactly. We have no business
butting in. We only do it
'cause...

VIKING
We love you, man.

NINJA
And we want you to be happy.

DUNCAN
Thanks, guys. Really. Only one
problem. Happy? Means normal.
And this?

A BEAT as we look at the 5 of our HEROES comically wedged
into a LAVATORY the size of a COFFIN.

DUNCAN
Ain't normal.

Cowboy BOWS his HEAD. Duncan FLUSHES, and the SUCTION sucks
Cowboy's HAT into the BLUE LIQUID of the TOILET.

COWBOY
My 10-gallon!

Duncan duck-walks out. Nix waddles behind. C, N, V stay
where they are, HEARTBROKEN.

ANGLE ON:

DUNCAN and NIX, back in the open door of the G5, ready.

DUNCAN
Let's try this again.

NIX
I'm right behind you. Literally.

DUNCAN JUMPS OUT... with NIX attached. SHE SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER as they WHOOSH PAST CAMERA. Above, NINJA pokes his head out and waves.

NINJA
Fall safe!

VIKING
Bucket list!

VIKING elbows NINJA out of the way and JUMPS. LIL WAYNE takes Viking's place at the open door, looking down.

LIL WAYNE
I can't relate to white people.

EXT. LODGE DECK - DAY

JULES sits at a LAPTOP computer. BLAQ sits on the table next to it, swinging his legs like a kid. All around, the TRIPLETS guard their BILLIONAIRE HOSTAGES.

AMMO has the OILMAN's HEAD PINNED to the table with his SPARTAN SWORD.

JULES
First dog?

OILMAN
(terrified)
Schnitzel.

JULES
First street?

OILMAN
Roosevelt.

JULES's fingers race over the keys, inputting the information. PAGE's personal portfolios come up.

BLAQ
See, that wasn't so hard!
Remember, I'm not robbing you.
Just 'monetizing your information.'
I considered breaking into Fort
Knox.

(MORE)

BLAQ (CONT'D)

But then I realized the world's greatest concentration of cashish would gather here on this very deck. Don't worry, you're doing it for the kids.

TACO BELL OWNER

The only thing I gave my kids? My receding hairline.

BLAQ

This money will help me build Sunshine Village. And with it, my own freshly-baked army of super-warriors. Done right this time. So the world can see I wasn't crazy. My new Triplets 2.0 will watch the back of Blaq. And be hired out to the highest bidder. So no matter how much scratch I blow on 500 foot ships and Flooz-dot-coms, I'll never, ever have to come crawling back to the likes of you.

GREER shoves the TACO BELL OWNER's head onto the table.

JULES

First dog?

TACO BELL OWNER

Butkus.

JULES

High School Mascot?

TACO BELL OWNER

Matadors.

BLAQ

Olé!

EXT. SKY - DAY

DUNCAN and NIX SKY-DIVE down through the air. THEIR CHEEKS are FLAPPING like CRAZY in the 100-MILE-AN-HOUR WIND.

DUNCAN

(yelling to be heard)

Since we! May die! How 'bout that little trip?! To first base?!

NIX

(shakes head)

I might! Knock you out! With my cheeks!

DUNCAN

I had no idea! They'd flap! This much!

NIX

You've never! Done this?! Before?!

DUNCAN

(shakes head)

That's why you're on my back! Which one?! Is the ripcord?!

EXT. LODGE - DAY

AMMO leads MARK ZUCKERBERG, the last BILLIONAIRE to reveal his information, back to his seat. BLAQ beams. The other BILLIONAIRES cower under the armed might of the TRIPLETS.

BLAQ

Y'all hear that? The Zuckerbergs are so boring, they named their first dog after their first street!

ZUCKERBERG

You'll never get away with this! They'll trace every wire. Track down every transaction.

BLAQ

(pats laptop)

Not with an Andaman Z-12 under the hood. You guys see Watson on Jeopardy? Made Ken Jennings look like you mouth-breathers. And Watson was no Z-12. My favorite chip is about to transfer your cash into thousands of disposable offshore accounts, and then into my own. But not before cyber-laundering the money in a flurry of transactions so numerous, small, and random, they'll be impossible to trace. And all... at the single click...

Blaq holds up his laptop for all to see.

BLAQ
...of a mouse.

BLAQ CLICKS the laptop's MOUSE, and in a blinding FURY, the TRANSACTIONS litter the page... and VANISH.

AMMO
Zip. Zop. Boobity Bop.

EXT. LODGE ROOF - DAY

DUNCAN and NIX land on the LODGE's ROOF, where they quickly UNBUCKLE their HARNESSSES.

DUNCAN
I fibbed about not having sky-dived before.

NIX
I gathered.

DUNCAN
(smirks)
Anything for a kiss.

NIX
I gathered that too.

DUNCAN repacks his CHUTE. BEHIND him, VIKING PLUMMETS, SCREAMING, SANS PARACHUTE, into a CLUSTER of BUSHES.

VIKING (O.S.)
Hurtsies.

DUNCAN
(to Nix)
Remember the plan?
(off Nix's nod, frowns,
can't remember himself)
Repeat it back to me?

NIX NODS to BLAQ's copter on the helipad.

DUNCAN
(draws SIX-GUN)
Right.

EXT. DECK - DAY

BLAQ gives his FAREWELL ADDRESS to the BILLIONAIRES as the TRIPLETS stand GUARD.

BLAQ

I'm now the only guy here who can say where he was when he made his first trillion.

(turns)

Triplets, in reward for your service, each of you gets a billionaire. To have. To hold. And to ransom to the highest bidder. First come, first serve!

The Triplets start to ELBOW... then PUSH... SHOVE...

Suddenly, BOOM! A PUNCH is THROWN! Which incites another barroom-like BRAWL! Every Triplet throws down. Just like HALABJA... CHAOS...

...allowing BLAQ to close his laptop and SNEAK out of the CIRCLE, ACCOMPANIED by JULES, GREER, and AMMO.

BLAQ

You can always count on crazy.

Blaq's HELICOPTER waits on the helipad, ROTOR SPINNING again.

JULES

With the bachelor auction publicity, Sunshine Vee won't lack for unhinged kids. There are more requests in your Inbox than Viagra spam.

BLAQ

Tremendous!

JULES

The yacht's anchored off Portland. I booked the Swedish Aerobic Gymnastics Team. They're warming up with your Shake Weights.

BLAQ

As a fan of aerobics, gymnastics, and Sweden, I'm pleased. Not to mention relieved to find use for the Shake Weights. Break my first 10,000 bucks into singles. I smell rain.

JULES

(looks over shoulder)

Not to quibble, sir, but aren't we leaving a distressing number of-

BLAQ

Witnesses? You're forgetting
Captain Feathersword and his
explosive boot-ay. Word to your
moms, I came to drop... bombs.

Blaq hits a button on the remote, and the CARGO PANEL of the
HELICOPTER SLIDES OPEN, revealing a 1,000 POUND BOMB. Only
one problem for Blaq: NIX, DUNCAN, C, N, and V are SITTING
ON TOP. Nix aims her .22, Duncan his SIX-SHOOTER.

NIX

Not so fast.

DUNCAN

(smirks)

Like an old pro.

NIX and DUNCAN climb off the bomb and out of the chopper.
Then they walk forward, C, N, and V behind. Cowboy's HAT is
now BLUE from the TOILET LIQUID. Blaq, Ammo, Greer, and
Jules BACK UP toward the EDGE of the DECK.

BLAQ

Surely Ninja tried to talk you out
of this.

NINJA

Actually, except for the sky-
diving, I was on board.

DUNCAN

(reaches)

The laptop.

Blaq clutches his LAPTOP tight. He, Ammo, and Greer back up
toward the PRECIPICE.

BLAQ

Duncan-like-the-donut. You were
always my most precious investment.
No one ever received more of my
hours, dollars, and hopes. I'll do
as you say. Just as soon as you
prove...

(smiles)

...you were worth it.

Blaq, Ammo, and Greer FALL INTENTIONALLY BACKWARD off the
cliff. Duncan runs to the edge and LOOKS DOWN.

Blaq, Ammo, and Greer PLUMMET DOWN to what looks like CERTAIN
DEATH... until... WHOOSH! 3 PARASAILS OPEN.

They soar DOWN the MOUNTAINSIDE, making their ESCAPE. Duncan pauses, then JUMPS after Blaq.

DUNCAN
Suuuuuper-Grover!

DUNCAN FREE-FALLS... until... WHOOSH! His own PARASAIL BILLOWS OUT above him. Above, JULES frowns.

JULES
I didn't get the parachute memo.

CLICK. He finds Nix's .22 LEVELED at his TEMPLE.

NIX
Maybe you did and forgot?
(holds out a colored...)
Post-It?

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

DUNCAN SWOOPS down the mountain after GREER, AMMO, and BLAQ on his PARASAIL. These STUNT PARACHUTES are highly maneuverable, able to catch UPDRAFTS and SOAR UP, LEFT, and RIGHT as easily as they float DOWN.

Duncan nears GREER first. He draws his BATTLE AXE. Greer SPOTS the SUNLIGHT GLINTING off the AXE in a TINY MIRROR on her SUNGLASSES.

Greer YANKS up on her CHUTE. Duncan passes HARMLESSLY UNDERNEATH, and she ZOOMS onto his TAIL.

GREER draws an M-4 AUTOMATIC RIFLE with an M-203 GRENADE LAUNCHER. She OPENS FIRE with the RIFLE.

Duncan SHIELDS his head with his AXE. BULLETS ricochet OFF.

GREER aims her RIFLE at Duncan's PARASAIL.

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! HOLES TEAR in Duncan's CHUTE. He GAINS SPEED, DIVING toward a FOREST of ULTRA-TALL PINE TREES.

Duncan SAILS INTO the TREETOPS. Greer ZOOMS in after him.

They WEAVE through the TREETOPS like the SPEEDERS in 'RETURN of the JEDI.'

BARK FLIES as GREER narrowly misses Duncan with her RIFLE.

Duncan loses ALTITUDE. A BRANCH soars toward him, sure to take him OUT. CHOP! He CLEAVES it OFF with his AXE.

SWISH! Greer soars UP to AVOID the FALLING branch.

GREER switches to her GRENADE LAUNCHER and FIRES. Duncan SWATS a grenade away with his AXE. KABOOM! It EXPLODES against a TREE, SHATTERING its trunk.

Greer changes tactics and FIRES GRENADES at the TREES AHEAD of DUNCAN.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Trees SPLINTER MID-TRUNK and TOPPLE OVER in Duncan's path. Duncan breaks LEFT and RIGHT.

Duncan SMACKS his AXE into a tree, leaving the handle STICKING OUT to CLOTHESLINE GREER...

...but she PULLS her KNEES to her CHEST, SKIMMING OVER.

Duncan watches over his shoulder. When he turns to face forward, a THICK BRANCH RACES TOWARD HIM. Duncan DIVES...

...but his CHUTE WRAPS DIRECTLY AROUND the branch. DUNCAN SWINGS in a FULL 360 around the BRANCH, held by his HARNESS.

As Greer FLIES PAST, Duncan UNBUCKLES himself...

...LEAPS from his own chute, and BEAR-HUGS her in MID-AIR.

Now they're both under the SAME CHUTE. The two GRAPPLE, TRADE BLOWS.

GREER

(punches)

That's for the times you forgot to put the toilet seat down.

DUNCAN

(punches back)

Forgot?

Duncan seizes surreptitious moments to UNCLIP GREER from various HARNESS POINTS.

At last, Greer gains the UPPER HAND and draws a KNIFE. She KISSES Duncan one last time on the LIPS.

GREER

'Til death do us part.

Greer SWINGS the blade, but INADVERTENTLY SLICES her last remaining HARNESS STRAP. Her eyes WIDEN as she FALLS...

...and TUMBLES onto the HILLSIDE!

DUNCAN CLIPS IN to her now-empty harness... and SOARS out of the FOREST under her PARASAIL.

Duncan soars out over a NINETY DEGREE CLIFF. He spies AMMO and BLAQ far below and DIVES after them.

AMMO and BLAQ spot Duncan, then look at one another. Blaq's look says it all: Would Ammo be willing to turn back and take care of this douche?

BLAQ
I always liked you best.

Ammo SMILES, genuinely emboldened. He catches an UPDRAFT...
...and RISES up the CLIFF FACE to meet Duncan.

Duncan turns TOWARD him until the two are playing CHICKEN, SCREAMING TOWARD each other, FEET from the SHEER CLIFF.

AMMO pulls out his MP-9 SUBMACHINE GUN, and DUNCAN pulls out his SIX-SHOOTER.

They RECKLESSLY OPEN FIRE, CARVING ARCS through the air.

The two are about to COLLIDE. DUNCAN KICKS OFF the CLIFF FACE, and the two WHIP past one another.

They swing wide and turn back... playing CHICKEN AGAIN.

Ammo draws his SPARTAN SWORD, and Duncan draws his KATANA.

They SWING their SWORDS. CLANG! The BLADES CLASH. Duncan and Ammo each pull into a TIGHT SPIRAL.

They CORKSCREW around one another, chutes inches apart, in a FULL-ON SWORD-FIGHT 7,000 FEET UP.

The ropes under their chutes ENTWINE and TWIRL around one another. Duncan and Ammo circle closer and closer, like 2 TETHER-BALLS wrapping around a POLE.

Duncan GRABS Ammo's HEAD in a TRIANGLE CHOKE with his LEGS. He desperately examines the ENTWINED ROPES with the intention of SLICING Ammo's threads with his KATANA.

It's a mess trying to figure out WHICH ropes to CUT.

2 feet below, AMMO SQUIRMS to free himself from the LEG-LOCK. At last, success! He LUNGES UPWARD and THROTTLES Duncan. Their blades fall away.

The 2 rivals GRIP each other's LAPELS, twirling in space as their chutes begin to UNTANGLE.

DUNCAN

Be honest. Would Blag have turned
back to save you?

Ammo's face reveals a hint of uncertainty. His eyes drop to
BLAQ, FAR, FAR BELOW, ESCAPING without a second thought.

DUNCAN

In times of stress, a man's eyes
travel to whatever matters to him
most. If you still need his
approval? You got big problems.
Almost as big...

(smirks)

...as me cutting the cords on your
chute.

RIPPPPPP! Ammo's eyes WIDEN as the ROPES above him FRAY and
SNAP. The 2 CHUTES SEPARATE.

Ammo GRABS one last CORD. He and his PARASAIL SPIRAL DOWN
like a DYING QUAIL, and he SPIN-CYCLES down the mountain.

INT. GONDOLA - DAY

An 8-YEAR-OLD BOY stares, slack-jawed, out a GONDOLA WINDOW.
His MOTHER is DISTRACTEDLY browsing through VACATION PHOTOS
on her digital camera.

BOY

Mom?

MOM

Yeah, hon?

BOY

What kinda stuff happens in PG-13
movies?

MOM

You'll find out when you're 13.
Not a moment before.

Outside the gondola, all in one take, a SPECK grows bigger...
distant POPS grow louder... and RICHARD BLAQ SAILS toward the
gondola, SHOOTING A PISTOL OVER HIS SHOULDER.

At the last second, Blag does a LEG LIFT and WHOOSHES right
over the Gondola, nearly scraping his feet.

Right on his heels is DUNCAN, FIRING his SIX-SHOOTER. He,
too, lifts his legs, but BANGS his TOE as he soars OVER.

DUNCAN

Shit!

The little boy SLYLY SMILES.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

DUNCAN SOARS down on BLAQ's TAIL, TRADING GUNSHOTS. Their CHUTES follow the GONDOLA LIFT DOWN the mountain, ZOOMING OVER and UNDER GONDOLAS, barely missing them.

We're in FRONT of Blaq, LOOKING BACK as he FIRES at Duncan over his shoulder.

Then we're BEHIND Duncan, LOOKING DOWN as he FIRES at Blaq.

WHACK! BLAQ GLANCES off a GONDOLA. BANG! DUNCAN CAREENS off another.

STOMP-STOMP-STOMP! BLAQ feet 'run' across a GONDOLA ROOF.

TAP-TAP-TAP! DUNCAN 'runs' down a steel CABLE.

DUNCAN and BLAQ simultaneously RUN OUT of BULLETS. Suddenly, they're SIDE-BY-SIDE. They start PISTOL-WHIPPING EACH OTHER.

BLAQ

You're not making...

WHOOSH! Duncan and Blaq SEPARATE to avoid a GONDOLA... then COME back TOGETHER.

BLAQ

...this year's...

More PISTOL WHIPPING. Then... WHOOSH! Another GONDOLA forces them APART again. Again, they CRASH back together.

BLAQ

...Christmas Card list!

DUNCAN

Like you ever met a friend...
(flies off and back again)
...you didn't lose by Christmas!

Both men look up as... gasp... a GONDOLA FLIES RIGHT AT THEM.

CRASH! They SMASH THROUGH the windows and LAND on the FLOOR of the empty GONDOLA. BLAQ unclips his chute, clutches his LAPTOP, and CLIMBS OUT onto the ROOF.

DUNCAN unclips his own chute and climbs up. Blaq realizes there's NOWHERE to RUN. Duncan slowly UNBUTTONS EACH of his CUFFS. Blaq looks at him quizzically. Duncan shrugs.

DUNCAN
Ammo does it.

BLAQ
If I give you the laptop. Will you let me be?

DUNCAN
Try me.

Blaq hands Duncan the laptop. Duncan immediately THROWS it OFF the SIDE of the GONDOLA.

DUNCAN
Guess not.

BLAQ
Right. You're here for me. To rid yourself of your demons.

VIKING pokes his head out of a broken GONDOLA WINDOW BELOW.

VIKING
'Demons,' now?! I am so over being imaginary! You hear every single thing ever said behind your back! Boost?

COWBOY and NINJA BOOST VIKING onto the ROOF, then follow.

BLAQ
Answer me this, Duncan. Have you never wondered why?

DUNCAN
Why what?

BLAQ
Why I - Mr. Made-in-the-Shade - would risk my entire career on an idea: that extra personalities might make for extra-ordinary people?

DUNCAN
Don't try to butter me up.

BLAQ
It was because of a little boy.

DUNCAN
Oh no you don't!

BLAQ
A little boy with a big secret. A
trio of imaginary friends who
filled a hole in his heart.

DUNCAN
Haven't we heard this speech?

NINJA
(annoyed)
Yeah. We have.

BLAQ
No we haven't. You see, Duncan.
That little boy? Wasn't you.

Blaq wears the SADDEST of SMILES.

BLAQ
He was me.

A BEAT. Stepping out from behind Blaq are... 3 EXTRA PERSONALITIES OF HIS OWN: BLAQ in full UFC MMA GEAR. BLAQ dressed as a BOND VILLAIN, twirling an EVIL MOUSTACHE. And ROLAND ORZABAL (frontman of Tears For Fears) playing HIMSELF.

BLAQ
Meet... Ultimate Fighter...
Moustache Twirler... Roland
Orzabal...
(off Duncan's look)
Lead Singer From Tears For Fears.

ULTIMATE FIGHTER
(smacks fingerless gloves
together)
Let's get it on.

MOUSTACHE TWIRLER
(appraises Duncan evilly)
Nothing I enjoy more than killing
orphans.

LEAD SINGER FROM TEARS FOR FEARS
(sings)
Shout! Shout! Let it all out!

VIKING
No...

DUNCAN
 ...way. You mean to say-?

BLAQ
 (nods)
 I'm just like you. Was just like you. Unlike you, I learned to control my friends. They're here by invitation only. I have all their strengths. But none of their weaknesses. Making me that extra-ordinary someone.

DUNCAN
 I have one question.

VIKING
 What's the lead singer from Tears For Fears really like?

DUNCAN
 I'm curious, too, but that wasn't it.
 (to Blaq)
 If you're so in control. How come you're such a moustache twirler yourself?

BLAQ
 (smiles)
 Nobody's perfect. But to answer your question-

MOUSTACHE TWIRLER CLEARS his THROAT. Blaq shoots him a look.

MOUSTACHE TWIRLER
 Can we not be the villain who sits there chatting with the hero instead of just killing him?

BLAQ
 Not to sound like a politician. But yes. We. Can.

Blaq LUNGES at DUNCAN. What follows is LEGENDARY. One lunatic with the skills of a NINJA battles another lunatic used to fighting within an 8-SIDED CHAIN-LINK FENCE.

The fight takes place on top of a 10x10 GONDOLA, slowly MOVING ACROSS a 500 FOOT CHASM.

PUNCHES and COUNTER-PUNCHES! LEG-KICKS! SPINNING BACK FISTS! SUPERMAN PUNCHES!

It's HAGLER VS. HEARNS with a DEADLY DROP on every side.

Blaq and Duncan GRAPPLE and try to HURL each other off. But they stick to each other like stubborn pieces of snot.

ANGLE ON THE GONDOLA OPERATOR at the BOTTOM of the MOUNTAIN. He SPIES the CHAOS far above and YANKS the 'STOP' LEVER.

The GONDOLA JOLTS to a HALT, SWINGING. Our characters LURCH. COWBOY lands on his belly, CLINGING to the ROOF, terrified.

COWBOY

Ain't never been higher than my
horse!

The LEAD SINGER FOR TEARS FOR FEARS topples over the side. ULTIMATE FIGHTER catches his foot and holds him dangling UPSIDE-DOWN off the Gondola.

LEAD SINGER FROM TEARS FOR FEARS

(sings)

Something happens and I'm head over
heels!

VIKING FALLS on NINJA. Ninja strains under his weight.

NINJA

Shake for breakfast... shake for
lunch.... sensible dinner.
(to Duncan, strained)
Finish him.

DUNCAN

All over it.

DUNCAN assumes a martial pose, channels his inner NINJA...

...and goes to ever-loving TOWN on BLAQ. Blaq's chin whiplashes as Duncan CONNECTS from every angle.

BLAQ FACE-PLANTS. Duncan turns him over, sits on his CHEST. Blaq shakes off his stars, looks into Duncan's eyes, SNEERS.

BLAQ

The world calls us freaks. I
wanted to prove 'em wrong - show
'em what we could do. But I
screwed up. Believed in you.

Duncan loses his TEMPER and throws a WILD RIGHT HOOK. He MISSES BLAQ and strikes the METAL SHELL of the GONDOLA.

Blaq uses Duncan's momentum, REVERSING him and MOUNTING him. Blaq indulges in good old UFC GROUND-N-POUND. CRACK. THUNK.

Blaq steps OFF. Duncan, dazed, tries to reach his feet.

BLAQ
This... is Sparta!

Blaq KICKS Duncan in the chest. Duncan falls and SLIDES OFF the roof, HOLDING ON by his FINGERNAILS.

BLAQ
(shrugs)
Ammo does it.

Duncan finds himself CLINGING for DEAR LIFE, a few feet from the dangling LEAD SINGER FROM TEARS FOR FEARS.

LEAD SINGER FROM TEARS FOR FEARS
I never find out! 'Til I'm head
over heels!

Blaq Lowers a BOOT onto Duncan's KNUCKLES triumphantly.

BLAQ
Remind me. What cold-blooded
killers do.

He starts grinding the sole of his boot into Duncan's fingers as if he's squishing a bug when suddenly...

...BOOM! Blaq takes a BULLET to the SHOULDER. He falls to his knees. Duncan scrambles back onto the roof and throws a quick, wide-eyed glance to the mountain below...

...where AMMO lies prone, BATTERED, clutching a SMOKING RIFLE.

AMMO
That's what.

Slowly emerging from the BRUSH next to Ammo, FOLIAGE glued all over him... is his buddy SNIPER.

SNIPER
Helluva shot.

Duncan GRABS the wounded Blaq by the lapel and HOLDS him over the EDGE of the GONDOLA. Blaq squirms like a worm on a hook.

BLAQ
Let's think about this! Ever meet
the Swedish aerobic gymnastics
team? Gymnastic aerobics team? I
could make the introduction. 20 of
them, 8 of us. I like those odds!

VIKING
 (to Duncan)
 Before you say no! Let's talk this
 through.

NINJA
 Are you kidding?! Drop him!

VIKING
 Right. Drop him.

BLAQ
 They want you to drop me?

DUNCAN
 It's on the table.

BLAQ
 Maybe you should. After all. It's
 the only way to make them go away.

VIKING
 The screaming of the lambs.

Duncan blinks.

BLAQ
 You were right, Duncan. If you
 silence me, you'll silence them.
 And there's only one way to silence
 me.

(wags his head - 'toss
 me')
 I'll let you 4 say your goodbyes.

Duncan turns. C, N, and V step forward. Smiling.

DUNCAN
 I've been meaning to tell you guys.

NINJA
 Relax. We know.

DUNCAN
 You do?

VIKING
 And it's OK.

NINJA
 It's more than OK. It's time.

VIKING

Way back when, you needed us. But
you were just a kid.

NINJA

And now you're a man.

VIKING

Just promise - once we're gone -
you'll do one thing.

NINJA

Pinkberry. With the girl.

VIKING

And afterward, a Haunted Segway
Tour of Hollywood. You two will
enjoy that!

COWBOY

Saddle up, boys. We got a sunset
to ride into.

Duncan stands against that sunset, holding Blaq over the
edge. He realizes this is the CHOICE of his LIFE.

Duncan looks at Blaq, then back at C, N, and V with a
TWINKLE.

DUNCAN

Happy trails.

Instead of tossing BLAQ off the roof, he reaches into his
pocket and throws the LEGO BOY OVER! Then he brings Blaq
back to SAFETY, CUFFING his nemesis's HANDS behind his BACK.

COWBOY, NINJA, and VIKING are VERKLEMPPT over the gesture.

NINJA

You mean..?

DUNCAN

You don't have to be normal. To be
happy.

(beat)

No one comes between me... and the
family.

VIKING

Group hug!

The 4 move to the center of the roof and share a celebratory
collective EMBRACE.

EXT. LODGE - SUNSET

Mussed-up BILLIONAIRES squirm out from under a MASSIVE DOG-PILE of fighting TRIPLETS. The Triplets and their imaginary friends are in such a tussle, they don't even notice the BILLIONAIRES sneaking off.

ZUCKERBERG
Next year... Disneyland.

NIX shows them to the nearest EXIT.

NIX
Don't alert the neighbors. Single file. Your billions are safe. Minus a small tax deductible contribution, in return for your rescue. Help is on the way.

The FEUDING TRIPLETS hear the POUNDING of ROTOR BLADES and LOOK UP to the sight of S.W.A.T. HELICOPTERS descending from every direction, SNIPERS trained on the Triplets' every move.

AMAZON drops her spear. KNIGHT drops his SWORD. HAIR STYLIST drops her BLOW DRYER.

And all the TRIPLETS raise their HANDS in SURRENDER.

EXT. LODGE - SUNSET

Duncan's GONDOLA returns to the lodge on top of the mountain. DUNCAN hands BLAQ off to the waiting S.W.A.T. TEAM.

DUNCAN
Fit this man for an assless gown.

BLAQ
Don't pretend I won't look good in it!

BLAQ, JULES, and the TRIPLETS are CUFFED-N-STUFFED into HELICOPTERS. DUNCAN looks yearningly across the sea of chaotic humanity. So does NIX. Until they spy ONE ANOTHER.

They quickly close the distance. Look each other up and down. HUG like they'll NEVER LET GO.

NIX
Ammo and Greer?

DUNCAN
The ones that got away.

Nix and Duncan pull back, looking into each other's EYES.

NIX

And you?

DUNCAN

I'm good. Still cuckoo.

NIX

(smiles)

I need a new project.

DUNCAN

Got a bad case of Basorexia.

NIX

Me too.

(off Duncan's surprise)

'An overwhelming desire to neck or
kiss.'

DUNCAN

(points, 'you mean to tell
me..?')

'Drop a Turd, Learn a Word' toilet
paper?

NIX

(shakes head)

A.P. English. A-plus.

DUNCAN

I can see first base from here!

NIX

Go nuts. Martin-Lawrence-at-Mardi-
Gras nuts.

They KISS, LONG and HARD. C, N, and V watch from the gondola
roof, SMILING WIDE.

NINJA

'GRINAGOG.' G-R-I-N-A-G-O-G. A
person with a big, stupid grin.

COWBOY

(hands frozen yogurt to
Viking)

Pinkberry?

VIKING

Sweet!

Our heroes are framed by the SUNSET.

FADE IN: CHILDREN'S VOICES shouting and laughing.

EXT. 'SUNSHINE VILLAGE' - DAY

The camera travels up a cute pink WALL, adorned with WHIMSICAL MURALS of ANIMALS, to a sign: 'SUNSHINE VILLAGE.'

ANGLE ON a modest-but-ADORABLE center for troubled children. A group of KIDS frolic happily in a quaint BACK YARD.

The BOY from the BACHELOR AUCTION - CASE - lies prone on the grass, playing with the 3 lego figurines from earlier: PILOT. CAVEMAN. And MEXICAN WRESTLER.

DUNCAN (O.S.)

Mind if someone joins the family?

ANGLE ON: a LEGO FIGURINE. A BOY who looks just like Case. BLUE SHIRT, RED snap-on BOWL hairdo... held by DUNCAN, who alongside NIX, beams down at young Case. Duncan places the Lego boy squarely AMONG the other 3 Legos...

...then tousles Case's hair. Case smiles. For the first time in a long time.

DUNCAN

Welcome home.

SMASH CUT TO:

CREDITS. Over TEARS FOR FEARS' 'MAD WORLD.'