

DECOYS

Written by

Jack Waz

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - DAY

An Eastern European MOB BOSS, flanked by two HEAVIES, stands with a bean counter-looking guy in a CRISP SUIT as a massive industrial crane lowers a shipping containers full of weapons into a waiting flatbed.

MOB BOSS

I'm surprised you wanted to meet somewhere so open.

CRISP SUIT

The government can't even keep its lights on. You think they really give a shit about what two completely legitimate businessmen are doing on private property?

MOB BOSS

If I paid taxes, I'd be furious.

CRISP SUIT

The device?

MOB BOSS

Of course. Konstantin?

The Mob Boss nods to one of the heavies, KONSTANTIN, presents a BRIEFCASE to Crisp Suit.

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)

Congratulations on owning the greatest code-breaking software ever to come out of Eastern Europe. A two-terabyte "fuck you" to every encrypted banking and surveillance system on-

Crisp Suit cracks open the case.

CRISP SUIT

It's empty.

MOB BOSS

Konstantin? What's the meaning of this?

The other heavy, the mustachioed GRIFF (handsome and buff, wearing cargo pants that zip off into shorts) glares at Konstantin.

GRIFF

Yeah, what are you pulling, bro?

MOB BOSS
Where is the device?

KONSTANTIN
I swear, it was there when I packed
the briefcase!

GRIFF
Not to be that guy, but Konstantin
was saying an awful lot of weird
stuff to me earlier. He was all "I
could run the gang" this and "the
boss is a stupid piece of shit"
that. Not that I'd ever rat on him.

KONSTANTIN
He's lying!

GRIFF
And I didn't want to have to bring
this up, boss, but I'm pretty sure
he jerked off to your wife's
Instagram last week.

The Mob Boss draws his revolver, aiming it at Konstantin.

MOB BOSS
Konstantin, how could you?

KONSTANTIN
I didn't take the device!

GRIFF
Notice how he didn't deny jerking
off to your wife.

MOB BOSS
Enough!

He hands the revolver to Griff.

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)
Show this traitor how we deal with
his kind.

GRIFF
Sorry, buddy.

Griff extends his arm, gun aimed at his coworker. His jacket
opens slightly, revealing-

A small TABLET with red scrolling numbers is tucked into
Griff's inside pocket.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

What, did my mustache come off?

CRISP SUIT

...Is that the device?

GRIFF

Guess my cover's blown.

BLAM. Griff fires at a stack of FUEL TANKS, igniting them with a massive BOOM. Mob Boss and Crisp Suit FLEE as flaming shrapnel rains down on the pier.

PLINKPLINKPLINK. A barrage of bullets hit the ground around Griff. A phalanx of ARMED GUARDS close in on his location.

ARMED GUARD

Hands up! Now!

GRIFF

Sorry fellas, but you forgot one thing.

The guards look at each other, confused. Above them, a SHIPPING CONTAINER is maneuvered into position.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Good things come in twos.

A beat. Nothing happens. The guards look at each other, confused.

ARMED GUARD

What?

GRIFF

I said good things come in twos.

SMASH. The shipping container DROPS, crushing the bad guys and spraying Griff with GORE.

MACK (O.S.)

Hah. You're fucking funny, dude.

MACK (buff and handsome) hops down from the operator's cabin, a big, goofy grin on his chiseled face as Mack wipes bad guy remains off his face.

GRIFF

Took you long enough, Mack.

MACK

Sorry, Griff. Cranes are hard.

GRIFF

Worried you weren't gonna get here
in time.

MACK

Please, like I'd let my best friend
get murdered without me standing
right by his side.

BLAMBLAM. Gunfire slams into the container. Griff PULLS OFF
THE MUSTACHE.

GRIFF

What do you say?

Mack tosses Griff a gun.

MACK

Let's make some widows.

GRIFF

Jesus, man, too far.

Griff and Mack weave their way through the henchmen,
shooting, punching and kicking as they go. They're a tornado
of testosterone, wreaking havoc on anyone unfortunate enough
to stand in their way.

From far away, a FIGURE IN BLACK is watches the chaos unfold.

FIGURE IN BLACK

Operation has begun.

CONTROL (O.S.)

Proceed to the target.

INT. PORT OF MIAMI - OFFICE - NIGHT

Spotting Griff and Mack killing all of their friends, two
GOONS grab submachine guns, sprinting away from their
computers. After a moment, the FIGURE IN BLACK slips into the
room, sitting at one of the workstations.

FIGURE IN BLACK

I'm in position.

CONTROL (O.S.)

ETA?

The Figure In Black looks down at his tablet, which is
running a code breaker.

FIGURE IN BLACK
Three minutes.

EXT. PORT OF MIAMI - NIGHT

Mack flips a guy over with a satisfying THUD.

MACK
Where's the target?

Griff spots Mob Boss and Crisp Suit scuttling up onto a stack of SHIPPING CONTAINERS.

GRIFF
Bingo.

MACK
Yahtzee.

GRIFF
What?

MACK
I thought we were saying games we liked.

GRIFF
It was- whatever, let's get them.

MACK
...Battleship.

They give chase. Mob Boss FIRES at them, but they duck and dodge, gaining on their targets. Crisp Suit comes to a STOP, holding Mob Boss back from a twenty-foot drop to the ground. A container hangs in the air in front of them.

CRISP SUIT
Jump.

MOB BOSS
Are you crazy?

Crisp Suit makes a running jump, landing on the the shipping container. Mob Boss SHRUGS, leaps, and BARELY MAKES IT ON. He stands up, trying to keep his balance.

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)
Now what?

CLANG. CLANG. Griff and Mack land on the container.

GRIFF

Surrender.

MOB BOSS

How could you? You were like a son to me.

GRIFF

Sorry, boss. I'm CIA.

MACK

Me too. But I guess you could probably guess that from context.

MOB BOSS

Enough! This ends now!

GRIFF

I was hoping you'd say that.

Griff BULL RUSHES Mob Boss, dropping him. Crisp Suit throws the empty suitcase at Mack, who easily palms it.

MACK

Nice try.

The suitcase BEEPS. Mack spots the block of C4 attached to the side.

MACK (CONT'D)

Oh.

Mack CHUCKS the suitcase. It lands in the crane's operations bay, EXPLODING. The boom arm starts SPINNING, whipping the shipping container through the night sky.

Griff is thrown off his game by the change in direction. The Mob Boss pushes him away, struggling to get to his feet.

MOB BOSS

You're a dead man.

GRIFF

Just give up. There's two of us. You're outnumbered.

MOB BOSS

There's two of us!

GRIFF

Sure about that?

Griff nods at Mack, who's beating Crisp Suit to a pulp.

MOB BOSS

Dear god.

GRIFF

He's really doing a number on him.

Mob Boss throws a punch at Griff, catching him in the jaw. Griff goes down as Mob Boss pulls a knife from his boot.

MOB BOSS

Any last words?

GRIFF

Yeah. Mack!

MACK (O.S.)

Candyland!

Mack DROP KICKS the Mob Boss, sending him sailing off the shipping container into the ground with a satisfying CRUNCH.

GRIFF

See you in hell, you dizzy bitch!

Mack picks himself up off the container.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Thanks, partner.

MACK

Any time, best friend.

Griff raises his hand. Mack HIGH FIVES him.

MACK (CONT'D)

All this spinning is making me a little BLURGH-

Mack PUKES over the side.

GRIFF

Oh shit, I'm gonna-

Griff PUKES on Mack.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Come on, man.

MACK

Sorry.

In the office, the Figure In Black unplugs his tablet.

FIGURE IN BLACK
Found the location. Operation
complete.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Copy. Return to base for debrief.

Out of the corner of his eye, Griff spots the Figure In Black watching them. Then he pukes some more.

INT. AGENCY HQ - LOBBY - DAY

Griff and Mack return strut into their OFFICE, dripping with confidence. Griff shoots finger guns at the RECEPTIONIST.

GRIFF
Shiela! What's cooking, good
looking?

SHIELA
HR said you guys can't talk to me
like that anymore.

GRIFF
Pfft. What are they going to do,
send another sternly worded letter?

Shiela rolls her eyes as the guys enter-

INT. AGENCY HQ - NERVE CENTER - DAY

A high-tech glass-and-chrome room filled with monitors, computers, and busy technicians. Griff and Mack stride through, oblivious to the stares of naked contempt from the majority of their coworkers.

GRIFF
Ain't it beautiful, bud? A building
full of the hardest working, most
dedicated spies on the planet,
keeping the world safe. And we're
the most badass motherfuckers in
it.

MACK
I don't know, have you met Deborah
in accounting? I once saw her
scream at her husband so hard he
started crying at a Bass Pro Shop.

GRIFF

Nah, trust me. By the time we're done, no one will ever forget our names.

JONAH (not quite as buff or handsome as the other two but still an LA 9), approaches them.

JONAH

So good of you to show up to work an hour and a half late. We need to do a debrief ASAP.

GRIFF

About what? We kept a whole bunch of weapons where they belong.

MACK

In the hands of Americans.

JONAH

Yeah, but you put the target in a coma. We can't interrogate someone who can't speak.

GRIFF

That sounds like a you problem, Jonah.

CHIEF (O.S.)

Griff! Mack!

CHIEF (50s, tough as nails) glares at them from her office.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

My office. Now!

JONAH

(singsong)
Someone's in trouble.

Griff and Mack each shoot him double birds.

GRIFF/MACK

Fuck off, Jonah!

INT. AGENCY HQ - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief leans back in her leather office chair.

CHIEF

Do you mind explaining to me why instead of two alive targets we have one and a half dead ones.

GRIFF

It's not our fault.

MACK

Sometimes they're just asking for it.

GRIFF

We're not saying he consented to getting beat half to death, but he definitely knew what he was doing when he went down to the docks dressed like that.

CHIEF

Enough!

They both shrink back in their seats.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

The mayor of Miami is on my ass for the twenty million dollars worth of property damage you did.

GRIFF

So things got a little out of hand. We improvised.

MACK

Like Ryan Stiles.

CHIEF

We can't afford to keep doing this, gentlemen. Thanks to the fiscal crisis, our budget is zeroed out as it is.

They stare at her blankly.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

We're almost out of money.

They continue to stare blankly.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Do either of you understand how the agency works?

MACK

I honestly don't know how any of
this shit works.

CHIEF

(sighing)

When we need money, we ask Congress
for more. But those dim bulbs on
Capitol Hill are too busy fighting
one another to give us the cash we
need to fight our real enemies.

GRIFF

That seems like a terrible way to
run a country.

MACK

Truly stupid.

GRIFF

What does that have to do with us?

CHIEF

It means you two knuckleheads need
to stop costing the taxpayers
millions of dollars in collateral
damage every time I send you into
the field. So keep it buckled up
tighter than a fucking pilgrim's
hat, or you will be suspended.
Without pay.

GRIFF

Chief, we-

CHIEF

Dismissed.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's absolute pandemonium. Mack's THREE LARGE SONS (TOMMY,
RUPERT and GUS, all 10) run around the small house like baby
rhinos, dodging their mother CLAUDIA (petite).

CLAUDIA

Boys, please be careful with-

CRASH.

TOMMY

Mom, Rupert ate all my Cinnamon
Toast Crunch.

RUPERT

Gus punched me in the penis.

GUS

Tommy's Xbox broke the window when
I threw it.

Claudia scrunches up her eyes, frustrated. Behind her, Mack
and Griff enjoy beers.

GRIFF

Being a dad seems awesome, Mack.

MACK

I'm not going to lie. It's the
easiest job in the world. Isn't
that right, babe?

Claudia tries to separate the boys, who are now brawling.

MACK (CONT'D)

Can you believe they each weighed
14 pounds when they came out? The
obstetrician called their birth a
"gut renovation."

GRIFF

You've got it all figured out,
Mack. The house, the family...Gotta
admit, I'm a little jealous.

MACK

That's crazy, man. If anything, I'm
jealous of you!

GRIFF

For what?

MACK

You've got a studio apartment, no
family, very few close personal
friends. Man, you could disappear
right off the face of the Earth and
no one would know. That's real
freedom.

Griff takes a sad sip of beer, the words hitting too close to
home.

GRIFF

But don't you want more?

MACK

More kids? I don't know if Claudia's cervix could handle that. The doctors had to put it back together with rubber bands and hope.

GRIFF

No, more out of the job.

MACK

I've got everything I need right here. Plus, I get to spend every day working with my best friend.

GRIFF

I just thought working for the CIA would be more "infiltrating fancy parties" and "high-stakes heists" and "seducing beautiful European ladies" and less "expensive PT because I got shot in the femur again."

MACK

It might not be everything you ever dreamed, but at least we've got each other.

Griff grins, just a little.

MACK (CONT'D)

Sleep on it. Tomorrow, when we're out in the field doing what we do best, you'll feel like a million bucks. I promise.

They watch as Gus throws Tommy's Xbox at Rupert's crotch.

EXT. SERVER FARM - DAY

A handsome, glass-clad office building in a suburban office park. The sounds of a large SCUFFLE echo from inside.

INT. SERVER FARM - LOBBY - DAY

Griff and Mack finish beating up a squad of armed SECURITY GUARDS.

MACK

See? We're having a good time, right?

MACK
What's up?

Griff points to the figure in black, who's currently writhing on the floor.

MACK (CONT'D)
Oh, shit.

GRIFF
It's him!

MACK
Who?

GRIFF
The guy from the docks. The one who was watching us.

MACK
There was a guy watching us?
(quiet)
Did he have pants on?

GRIFF
Let's find out who you are.

Griff grabs the figure, pulling off his ski mask.

GRIFF/MACK
Jonah?/Fuckface?

In the flesh. He reaches for the computer he was hunched over. A FLASH DRIVE is plugged in, receiving data.

JONAH
(clutching throat)
You don't understand what you've done! If this doesn't go through, the entire world is in dang-

GRIFF
Tell it to Chief, traitor.

WHAM. Griff KNOCKS HIM OUT.

MACK
Good job, dude.

GRIFF
Uh, Mack?

MACK
Yeah?

Griff points at a countdown on the screen Jonah was using.

 GRIFF
What does that look like to you?

 MACK
I dunno, math?

 GRIFF
The numbers are going down.

 MACK
So subtraction?

Griff notices the words SELF-DESTRUCT.

 GRIFF
This place is going to blow!

Griff picks up Jonah's body, slinging it over his shoulders.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
Run!

They sprint away from the room, computer EXPLODING behind them. The building RUMBLES as the power surges, computers and munitions popping off around them. They reach the lobby, leaping through the large plate-glass windows just as the building DETONATES. Flames and metal wreckage everywhere.

Griff rolls on his back, taking in the scene.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
Chief is gonna kill us.

Jonah MOANS next to them. Griff pops him in the throat.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
Quiet, traitor.

 JONAH
(garbled)
Asshole.

 MACK
I don't like this, Griff.

 GRIFF
Me 'neither.

 MACK
What do we do?

They share a look, smoke and debris swirling around them.

INT. AGENCY HQ - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief watches the explosion on a monitor.

CHIEF

Jesus Christ. Can't say I didn't warn them.

She nods at an ANALYST.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Cut them loose. And let me know when Jonah checks in.

The Analyst pulls up Griff and Mack's PERSONNEL FILES, clicking a box. The word SUSPENDED appears over their now-pixelated headshots.

INT. JONAH'S BEAUTIFUL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

WHOOSH. A bag is lifted off Jonah's head.

JONAH

What the-

Griff pops Jonah in the throat again.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Stop doing that!

Jonah looks around, confused.

JONAH (CONT'D)

What in the fuck are you two doing? And why did you bring me back to my condo?

MACK

Because we don't know the addresses of any of the safe houses.

Griff puts up his finger, SHUSHING Mack.

GRIFF

We're the ones asking the questions, Mack.

MACK

We are?

GRIFF

Looks like we caught ourselves a mole.

MACK

Ooh, good thing we caught it early.
My doctor says they're a silent
killer.

JONAH

I'm not a mole, you idiots! I was
doing my job!

GRIFF

What do you mean you were doing
your job? Is your job to spy on us?

MACK

Do you watch us go to the bathroom?

JONAH

Absolutely not.

MACK

Because the only reason I pee
sitting down is 'cause it's way
more comfortable.

JONAH

No one's watching you piss, Mack!
I...Fuck, Chief will flay me if I
tell you.

MACK

Tell us what?

Jonah WINCES.

JONAH

You guys aren't what you think you
are.

GRIFF

What do you mean?

JONAH

You're not spies. You're decoys.

Griff and Mack share a look.

GRIFF

Decoys?

JONAH

Your official title is "Strategic Diversion Officers." The agency sends you on missions because you draw so much attention to yourselves that the enemy doesn't notice while the rest of us do the real work.

GRIFF

This can't be true.
(wounded)
Right?

JONAH

Do you think they'd let real spies wear zip-off cargo pants?

GRIFF

They're a tactical garment system!

JONAH

I'm honestly surprised no one ever slipped up and told you your code names.

GRIFF

We have code names?

Jonah points at Mack.

JONAH

Dingus.

He points at Griff.

JONAH (CONT'D)

And Dipshit.

Griff and Mack share a look of complete horror.

GRIFF

I'm Dipshit?

INT. AGENCY HQ - CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Chief's office is deserted, peaceful. After a moment, her COMPUTER flickers to life. On the screen, PERSONNEL FILES pop up - EVERY CURRENT AGENT. Two SUSPENDED FILES pop up, but are quickly minimized as the bot downloads the personal information of the rest of the agency's roster.

INT. JONAH'S BEAUTIFUL PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Griff sits on Jonah's expensive designer sofa, head in his hands, completely spinning out.

 GRIFF
Are we jokes, Jonah?

 JONAH
Yes.

 GRIFF
Do we really not mean anything? Are we just two handsome, swole, toned bodies sent into danger for no reason other than to distract the bad guys?

 JONAH
I don't know how to answer that without completely destroying you emotionally.

Jonah pulls out his phone.

 JONAH (CONT'D)
I need to talk to Chief ASAP. You guys really fucked up.

Mack looks around, oblivious.

 MACK
This place is beautiful.

 JONAH
Thanks, I think.

 MACK
How do you afford this on sixty five thousand a year?

An ICE BUCKET OF CHAMPAGNE raises up from a bespoke bar as Jonah puts the phone to his ear.

 ALEXA (O.S.)
Your champagne bucket is ready, Jonah.

 JONAH
...I make a little more than you guys.

He grimaces, pulling the phone from his ear.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Shit, she's not picking up.

Griff looks like he's about to cry.

GRIFF
I thought we were making a difference. Doing the right thing. But we were just fucking government sanctioned rodeo clowns.

JONAH
I mean, you guys had your purpose, like a lamprey or flesh-eating maggot.

MACK
(whispering)
I don't think you're allowed to say that word anymore.

JONAH
I know I was kind of harsh on you guys, but I was really mad about-

GRIFF
Getting punched in the throat. You've made that abundantly clear.

JONAH
We're all on the same team, here.

A FLESH LIGHT STRAPPED TO A ROOMBA scuttles towards Jonah.

ALEXA (O.S.)
Your 2 a.m. is ready, Jonah.

GRIFF
Do you understand where we're coming from? Our entire existence is a lie told to us by people we trusted. We risked everything while everyone laughed at our very existence and we'll never make it to the wall of stars and the worst part is- Jonah why is there a red dot on your forehead?

Jonah moves his head. The LASER DOT follows it.

JONAH
Uh oh.

Griff KICKS the champagne bucket into the the path of the laser sight as - BANG - Jonah's window explodes, a fifty caliber round slamming into the bucket.

GRIFF

Get down!

A DRONE swoops by the window, an underslung sniper rifle attached to its belly. A red lens on the front SCANS the room, adjusting its aim towards Jonah.

Mack grabs the SEX ROOMBA, whipping it like a discus directly into the drone. It SMASHES, dropping into the darkness.

TWO MORE DRONES raise up, their guns searching the penthouse. The humans DIVE out of the way as the drones pepper Jonah's tastefully expensive belongings with bullets. One of the shots connects with Jonah's LEG.

JONAH

Fuck!

Griff grabs Jonah, pulling him behind the couch as the drones enter the penthouse through the smashed window. One buzzes above the couch, scanning for prey-

-Only to get a face-full of MACK.

MACK

Surprise, trash bird.

Mack GRABS THE DRONE, attempting to wrestle it to the ground.

JONAH

Kill it! Kill it!

MACK

I'm trying!

The rotors are too strong - Mack is LIFTED into the air.

GRIFF

Let go!

MACK

Fuck that, he started it.

The drone ZOOMS out the window, Mack hanging on for dear life.

GRIFF

Mack!

The other drone corners Griff and Jonah. Griff grabs an expensive-looking LAMP and chucks it towards the drone.

JONAH

Easy! That lamp costs fifteen hundred bucks.

Griff isn't listening. He's grabbing everything he can off Jonah's shelves and throwing it at the drone - Taschen books, overpriced street art, bottles of Pappy Van Winkle.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Stop wrecking my place!

GRIFF

I'm saving your life, numb nuts.

JONAH

Do it in a more cost-effective way!

The drone dodges out of the way, scanning Jonah. It has him dead to rights. He recoils, awaiting death.

Griff JUMPS IN FRONT OF THE DRONE. The red lens scans him, turning GREEN.

GRIFF

What the-

The drone circumvents Griff, spotting Jonah. The lens turns red again. Griff steps in its path again. Green lens.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Jonah, stay behind me.

Griff puts his arms out, doing his best to conceal Jonah's body behind him.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Where's the front door?

JONAH

Twenty feet behind you.

GRIFF

Listen to me. We're going to very calmly, very carefully walk towards the door. OK?

Jonah holds onto Griff's shirt as he stands, easing him up. The drone tries to circle, but Griff is light on his feet, keeping himself between the robot and its prey.

JONAH
Just ten more feet.

MACK (O.S.)
Fuuuuuuuuuuuuck!

SMASH. The other drone zooms back into the penthouse, Mack still holding on for dear life. He smashes into Jonah's PIANO, BAR, and collection of high-end GLASSWARE. It's chaos. Mack drops off the drone, picking up an OTTOMAN like a bat.

MACK (CONT'D)
Don't Wake Daddy.

WHAM. Mack destroys the drone.

JONAH
The fuck is he talking about?

GRIFF
It's a whole thing.

The drone uses the distraction to dash around Griff and Jonah. It lines up its shot.

JONAH
Oh no.

Griff leaps over Jonah, opening the fridge door HARD into the drone. It hangs in the air for a moment, beeps, then drops to the floor. The guys all take a moment, out of breath.

GRIFF
Are you ok, Mack?

MACK
Yeah. Fuckface?

JONAH
(panting)
I think my leg is broken.

MACK
What do we do?

Griff looks at Jonah, then back to Mack. Are they...looking to him for leadership? He can't help but be a little happy.

GRIFF
Safe house.

A beat.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
...Jonah, what's the address?

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Griff and Mack sit, in shock, as Jonah tries his phone.

 MACK
I'm sorry I threw your girlfriend
at the drone. She seemed really
nice.

Jonah ignores him, throwing down his phone.

 JONAH
The agency's comms are down. This
is bad. Really, really bad.

 GRIFF
Maybe everyone just decided to go
on vacation. At the same time. In
the middle of the night.

 MACK
Who sent those drones?

 JONAH
I don't know.

 GRIFF
How did they know where you lived?

 JONAH
I don't know!

 MACK
And why didn't they attack us?

 JONAH
That's...actually the most baffling
thing about all of this.

 GRIFF
Maybe you did something to piss
someone off.

 MACK
That would make a lot of sense.
You've got one of those faces that
screams "shoot me as soon as
humanly possible."

JONAH

I didn't do anything to-

Jonah has a moment of terrible realization.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Jonah flips open the laptop in front of him, typing furiously.

JONAH (CONT'D)

No no no.

He spins the computer around, showing-

A LOG. Griff and Mack look at each other, confused.

GRIFF

What do those numbers mean?

MACK

No one told me there would be this much math involved with working for the CIA.

JONAH

It's a log of the agency's central server. Someone got into it-

He has a moment of horrible realization.

JONAH (CONT'D)

-Because I wasn't able to disconnect when you two idiots attacked me in the data center.

GRIFF

Oh. Sounds like you fucked up.

MACK

Way to go, dumbass.

JONAH

They only got access because you ruined my fucking mission!

MACK

Excuses.

Jonah scrolls through the log.

JONAH
They used our backdoor to access
personnel files. Oh, fuck.

He leans back, white as a ghost.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Those drones were sent after every
active agent in the CIA.

GRIFF
But why didn't the drones attack
us?

Jonah puts his head down on the table.

JONAH
Because you're suspended. You were
removed from the system.

He points at the screen. Griff and Mack's pixilated SUSPENDED
profiles are on-screen.

MACK
What does that mean?

JONAH
The two of you are the only non-
compromised agents left in the
entire CIA.

The moment hangs heavy in the air, then-

GRIFF
Holy shit. Holy shit! That's
awesome!

JONAH
The majority of our co-workers
could be dead-

GRIFF
Mack, this is it! We're alone, off
the grid. We're-

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Ghost Protocol.

MACK
Dead Reckoning Colon Part
One.

JONAH
Guys, this is insane. You can't go
rogue. That breaks, like, every law
that exists.

(MORE)

JONAH (CONT'D)

Just wait for the higher ups to figure out how to fix this.

GRIFF

What higher ups? You said it yourself. Everyone we ever worked with could be dead. The government is basically broken. There's no one looking out for us but us.

JONAH

Yeah, but-

GRIFF

We'll never have an opportunity like this again. This is our chance to be REAL spies. To prove our worth. To show all those pricks we work with who have been laughing at us our entire careers that we're fucking WORTH something.

JONAH

It's suicidal.

GRIFF

What other options do we have? I'd sure as shit rather be a hero than spend the rest of my life dead. What do you say? Are you with me?

Griff looks to Mack and Jonah, imploringly.

MACK

I don't know, Griff.

GRIFF

We need this.

(beat)

I need this. Please.

Mack looks deeply into Griff's eyes for a moment, then-

MACK

I'm with you, buddy. Let's kick some ass.

JONAH

If we don't die, we're definitely going to prison for life.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ARMORY - NIGHT

Jonah types furiously on a laptop as Griff and Mack inspect the weapons mounted on the wall.

JONAH

That office building you blew up belonged to a terrorist organization known as CASTAR. They've been buying up a huge amount of illegal arms and high tech equipment from around the globe.

GRIFF

So what if they have a lot of guns? We're the United States government. The arsenal of democracy. And also several South American dictatorships.

JONAH

It's actually the one thing they haven't been able to buy that worries me.

He types rapidly.

JONAH (CONT'D)

CASTAR's spent a fortune looking for something called an APG.

MACK

What's that?

JONAH

Some super black-box DARPA tech that went missing about a year ago. We don't know exactly what it does, but we do know that CASTAR wants it, which means we can't let them have it.

Jonah spins the monitor towards them.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Good news is, I know where the APG is going to be. It's location was the one thing I was able to pull off that server before you ruined my life.

GRIFF

Jeez, how many times to we have to apologize for that?

JONAH

Once would be nice.

Griff and Mack look at each other, then back at Jonah, blank. He rolls his eyes.

JONAH (CONT'D)

The seller is an Belorussian arms dealer we've been keeping tabs on. He's using a charity auction to make the transfer, so that's where we're headed.

Griff perks up.

GRIFF

We have to infiltrate a high-end party?

JONAH

This is a very sensitive operation. If we go in guns blazing, the buyer will get spooked and disappear with the device, along with our best shot of getting our hands on it.

Griff pulls a GRENADE LAUNCHER off the wall.

GRIFF

Meaning?

Jonah grabs the grenade launcher out of Griff's hands.

JONAH

No grenade launchers, to start with.

He points to a pair of small metal cases on the wall.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Everything you need to do your job is in there.

Griff pulls down the cases and opens them up.

GRIFF

There's not nearly enough weapons.

JONAH

No shit. Put in those contacts.
It'll let me see what you see via a
direct video link. The rest is
standard issue. Earpiece, GPS
locator, dart watch-

Mack picks up the WATCH, touching the crown. A small DART
flies out and hits him in the jaw. He drops to the ground.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - ARMORY - NIGHT - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Mack sits up with a GASP. Griff and Jonah look over from the
table.

MACK

I think I just saw God, and she had
way more tentacles than you'd
think.

JONAH

You just knocked yourself out with
a very, very powerful sedative. So,
you know, be careful in the future.

Mack reaches for the crown again. Griff SLAPS his hand.

JONAH (CONT'D)

If you want to have any chance of
success, you're going to have to
forget everything you know and
become actual spies.

GRIFF

Easy.

A beat.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

How do we do that?

MONTAGE

-Jonah opens a small MASK PRINTER. Griff and Mack inspect it.

JONAH

Subtlety is your best friend. The
easiest way in and out of your
target location is to have no one
know you were there in the first
place.

Griff grins, unzipping his pants.

-Griff and Mack stand in tuxedos.

JONAH (CONT'D)

It's about playing the part. You're no longer Griff and Mack, international doofuses. You're whomever you need to be in order to gain the trust of the target.

Griff flexes his arms, tearing the sleeves off his jacket.

GRIFF

Uh, do you have another one?

-Griff and Mack sample fine wines as Jonah pours another glass.

JONAH

If you believe in yourself, others will believe in you too.

Jonah hands the glass to Griff.

JONAH (CONT'D)

What are the tasting notes?

GRIFF

Wool sweaters and crayons.

JONAH

Wrong. Mack?

MACK

Red.

-They're back in the mask room. The printer is WHIRRING with activity.

JONAH

Your job used to be standing out. Now it's fitting in. So whatever you do, don't stand out in any way.

The printer stops. They turn to reveal-

A perfect recreation of Griff's butt, complete with a small AMERICAN FLAG tattoo on the cheek. Mack salutes it.

-Mack's in a tuxedo, while Griff's in a CATERER'S OUTFIT.

JONAH (CONT'D)

This is it, gentlemen. The big show. Your chance to prove that you're not the two stupidest men employed by the federal government. The fate of the world hangs in your hands.

Griff and Mack give each other an approving look.

JONAH (CONT'D)

God help us all.

EXT. ATLANTA - NIGHT

"Welcome to Atlanta" blasts. Establishing shots of all the sights and sounds the vibrant, production-friendly city Atlanta and its brilliant local film authority have to offer.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Beautiful people step out of black cars and onto a red carpet. Mack, dolled up in his tuxedo, cuts through the crowd.

MACK

Now this is the kind of spy stuff I can get behind. Luxury cars, beautiful women, passed appetizers, this rules.

His EARPIECE crackles to life.

JONAH (O.S.)

Stay cool. Believe you belong there and everyone else will to.

MACK

I'm cooler than a snowman's nutsa-mini taquitos!

Mack swipes a whole tray's worth of taquitos into his massive hands.

MACK (CONT'D)

(to the server)
Keep 'em coming, chief.

GRIFF (O.S.)

Aww, he gets a snack? No fair.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonah sits at a bank of monitors.

JONAH (O.S.)
How's it looking on your end,
Griff?

EXT. MUSEUM - LOADING DOCKS - NIGHT

Griff, decked out in his caterer's outfit, brings in a bucket full of iced seafood.

GRIFF
Cooler than a snowman's nutsack.

MACK (O.S.)
That's my line!

INT. MUSEUM - SERVICE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Griff walks hurriedly down a the hallway. He nods to some FELLOW CATERERS.

GRIFF
Evening fellas. How about these can
apes?

The caterers give him a weird look.

JONAH (O.S.)
It's pronounced canapés.

GRIFF
Fuck off, Jonah.

JONAH (O.S.)
Sorry your parents didn't raise you
with a little more class.

GRIFF
Joke's on you, I don't have
parents.

MACK (O.S.)
He was an owner surrender.

GRIFF
That's how you describe dogs, Mack.
Not people.

(beat)
(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)

But yes, my parents did abandon me
at a fire station.

Griff approaches a WHITE DOOR.

JONAH (O.S.)

There's a utility closet on your
right. Enter...now.

Griff slips into the utility closet. He places the bucket on
the floor, reaching in and grabbing the MASK PRINTER.

GRIFF

Printer engaged.

JONAH (O.S.)

There's a guard approaching your
position.

GRIFF

Copy.

JONAH (O.S.)

Grab him...now.

Griff throws open the door, GRABS the security guard, and
drags him into the darkened room.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY - NIGHT

Mack takes in high society for the first time. A PRETTY GIRL
catches his eye. He gives her a wink.

MACK

Ma'am.

She blushes, taking a sip of her champagne.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)

The auction will begin in five
minutes.

JONAH (O.S.)

That's your cue. Mack, head to the
gallery. Griff, get to the security
office.

GRIFF (O.S.)

Uh, guys, we have a problem.

JONAH (O.S.)

What?

INT. MUSEUM - UTILITY CLOSET - NIGHT

Griff stands over the guard.

GRIFF

I'm having trouble with the mask.

JONAH (O.S.)

Did the machine break down?

Griff glances at the machine. A perfect copy of the security guard's face is there, waiting for Griff to put it on.

GRIFF

No, that part's ok.

JONAH (O.S.)

Then what's the issue?

Reveal the SECURITY GUARD Griff pulled in. He's Black.

GRIFF

I'm really not comfortable with this whole situation.

JONAH (O.S.)

We're running out of time, Griff. You need to get into the security office.

GRIFF

This feels like a hate crime.

JONAH (O.S.)

The fate of the world is at stake!

GRIFF

Can I try another guard?

JONAH (O.S.)

Fine. There's another one about to round the corner. Grab him...now.

Griff reaches out, pulling the security guard into the closet and choking him out. He looks down at the unconscious body.

This guard is Korean.

GRIFF

Son of a bitch.

INT. MUSEUM OF ART - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Mack takes his seat at the auction, holding a PADDLE.

MACK
Talk to me, Griff.

The SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE on the earpiece.

GRIFF (O.S.)
No.

More SOUNDS OF STRUGGLE.

GRIFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Nope.

A couple take their seat next to Mack. He nods politely.

JONAH (O.S.)
Just pick one already!

GRIFF (O.S.)
Oh, I think this is a good one.

INT. MUSEUM - UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Griff stands next to a DIVERSE STACK OF UNCONSCIOUS BODIES, along with a pile of unusable MASKS. He holds up a guard who's his approximate size and race.

GRIFF
Yeah, he'll do.

JONAH (O.S.)
Get him scanned and mask up.
They're almost ready to start.

Griff smushes the security guard's face into the scanner. The printer starts assembling the mask, making it as far as the top of the guard's lip-

Then stops.

GRIFF
Uh oh.

JONAH (O.S.)
What?

GRIFF
I think the battery is dead.

JONAH (O.S.)

Shit!

GRIFF

What am I supposed to do?

JONAH (O.S.)

Improvise!

Griff looks down at the guard, then at the half-printed mask.

INT. MUSEUM OF ART - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Mack takes his seat amongst the glitterati.

MACK

Who am I looking for, Jonah?

JONAH (O.S.)

The buyer is mid-40s, brown hair,
nice suit, air of entitlement.

Mack looks around at the sea of identical men.

MACK

You're gonna have to be a lot more
specific.

An AUCTIONEER steps up to the podium in front of the crowd.

AUCTIONEER

Good evening, ladies and gentlemen.
I would like to extend the thanks
of our host, Mr. Theo Woolf, for
your attendance at this most
special of events.

THEO WOOLF (handsome and toned) stands up from the front row,
giving a wave to the adoring crowd.

JONAH (O.S.)

Oh my god, that's Theo Woolf.

MACK

Who?

JONAH (O.S.)

Billionaire tech CEO. People's
sexiest man alive. The only person
to ever climb Mt. Everest and then
BASE jump off of it.

Still no reaction.

JONAH (CONT'D)
God, do you even read LinkedIn?

AUCTIONEER
And now, our first item of the evening.

A large SCULPTURE is wheeled onto the stage.

MACK
What's the move?

JONAH (O.S.)
I need you in place, Griff.

GRIFF (O.S.)
On my way.

INT. MUSEUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Griff walks through the hallway exuding authority, despite the fact that his masked face looks like it was surgically reconstructed after a chimp attack. Passing workers either recoil at him or keep their eyes down, wary of the freak. He stops in front of a door.

GRIFF
I'm here.

He enters-

INT. MUSEUM - SECURITY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

-Finding a GUARD looking up at him.

GUARD
Uh...

He looks at Griff's distorted face, then down at his badge that reads LARRY KWON.

GRIFF
Sorry.

WHAM. Griff delivers a haymaker, knocking the guard out. He pulls off the mask, absolutely shredding it, then sits down at the security console, takes out a FLASH DRIVE and plugs it in.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
We're in.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonah pulls up the security feed from the museum. He types on a computer, changing the pictures to thermal vision.

JONAH
Where are you...

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY - NIGHT

A beautiful AMPHORA is wheeled onstage.

AUCTIONEER
Our next item is a real treat.
Dating to 540 BC, this cultural
treasure depicts the creation of
the minotaur.

Mack gets a better look at the art on the side, depicting a bull absolutely raw dogging a wooden cow.

MACK
Freaky.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonah spots something in the amphora.

JONAH
That's it. That's the package.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY - NIGHT

Mack looks confused.

MACK
The sex vase?

JONAH (O.S.)
Correct.

A SHADY LOOKING BUSINESSMAN, perfectly fitting Jonah's description, perks up, readying his paddle.

AUCTIONEER
We'll begin the bidding at two
hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The businessman raises his paddle immediately.

MACK
This guy looks way too excited.

GRIFF (O.S.)
Maybe he wants to bang it?

JONAH (O.S.)
That could be our buyer. I need
time to trace his identity.

MACK
What do I do?

JONAH (O.S.)
Outbid him.

AUCTIONEER
Do I hear three hundred thousand?

Mack raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
Very good, three hundred thousand
to the gentleman in the back. Do I
hear-

Mack raises his paddle again.

MACK
A million.

There's a MURMUR through the crowd. The Auctioneer looks
confused.

AUCTIONEER
You already have it for-

MACK
Two million?

AUCTIONEER
No-

BUSINESSMAN
Two five.

AUCTIONEER
Two five to the gentleman in the
front.

MACK
One million.

AUCTIONEER
You can't go back down-

MACK
Six million.

There's an audible GASP in the room.

AUCTIONEER
Six million going once, six million
going twice-

Theo Woolf raises his paddle.

THEO
Make it seven five.

Mack goes to raise his paddle again.

JONAH (O.S.)
Wait! Let this play out.

MACK
I'm not winning.

JONAH (O.S.)
But neither is the CASTAR buyer.

Sure enough, the businessman is slumped in his seat, glum.

AUCTIONEER
Going once, going twice, sold to
Mr. Woolf.

Theo stands in front of the crowd, giving a deep bow as they cheer.

JONAH (O.S.)
Griff, keep an eye on the vase's
movement.

INT. MUSEUM - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Griff scans the monitor.

GRIFF
(mouth full)
Copy.

JONAH (O.S.)
Why are you muffled?

GRIFF

Uh...

JONAH (O.S.)

Are you eating the mask?

Reveal that Griff is, in fact, eating the remains of the mask.

GRIFF

I'm starving and Mack got taquitos...

JONAH (O.S.)

Just watch the goddamn vase.

The security guard STIRS. Griff decks him.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY - NIGHT

Mack stands, pulling a taquito out of his pocket and chowing down. The shady businessman scowls, talking with his equally shady-looking associates.

MACK

I have eyes on the buyer.

JONAH (O.S.)

Great, stay on him. We need to intercept when he goes for the device.

A large BODYGUARD steps in Mack's eye line.

BODYGUARD

Excuse me, sir.

Mack freezes, mid-chew.

MACK

...Taquito?

BODYGUARD

Please come with me.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonah watches Mack walk away with the bodyguard.

JONAH

What's going on, Mack?

No response.

JONAH (CONT'D)
If you're under duress, put the
taquito in your left hand.

Mack's busy shoving it in his mouth.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Shit. Griff?

INT. MUSEUM - SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Griff stands up from the console.

GRIFF
I'm coming, buddy.

INT. MUSEUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Griff rushes towards the gallery entrance. But-

The door to the utility closet opens up. The now-awake
SECURITY GUARDS step out, dazed.

GRIFF
That ain't good.

The guards spot him, giving chase. Griff makes a right,
booking it down a hallway.

INT. MUSEUM - WEAPON ROOM - NIGHT

Griff runs through a beautiful collection of various
historical WEAPONS. Guns, swords, maces, horse-pulverizers,
all sorts of nasty shit.

GRIFF
I need a way out, Jonah.

JONAH (O.S.)
Working on it.

A group of GUARDS step through the entryway. The other group
stands behind him. Shit. He's trapped. Griff grins.

GRIFF
Looks like I have to fight my way
out of this one.

JONAH (O.S.)
 Whatever you do, don't use the
 weapons.

GRIFF
 What? Why?

JONAH (O.S.)
 They're connected to the security
 system. If any of them are moved
 out of place, security gates will
 drop and you'll be stuck in there.
 And we don't exactly have Uncle Sam
 on our side to bail you out if that
 happens.

The guards move in on him slowly, cracking knuckles, re-
 adjusting necks, etc.

GRIFF
 So what am I supposed to do?

JONAH (O.S.)
 If you have to fight, fight
 carefully.

A guard rushes Griff, swinging. Griff dodges him, the guard
 tumbling towards a glass display case. Griff grabs him by the
 collar, inches from smashing through, then throws him back at
 another approaching guard. They collide, dropping to the
 floor.

Another guard draws a PISTOL. Griff grabs his ID badge,
 sliding it between the firing hammer and the pin. The gun
 CLICKS, impotent. Griff grabs it out of his hands, ejecting
 the magazine into the guard's temple. He crumples to the
 ground as Griff field-strips the gun.

GRIFF
 Sorry.

Two more guards approach from either side. Griff unclips a
 RED VELVET ROPE from a stanchion, lashing it out like a whip
 and catching one of the guards in the forehead. He drops, the
 other guard catching Griff from behind. Griff whips the rope
 around the guard's waist, pinning him against his body. Griff
 JUMPS back, pile-driving the guard into the floor.

The BLACK GUARD whips out a baton, swinging wildly at Griff
 and catching him in the ribs. Griff stumbles forward, re-
 balancing himself so he doesn't crack the glass.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I know it's not the most important thing right now, but I think I deserve credit for not impersonating you.

The guard catches him a few more times in the ribs.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Mother-

The guard winds up again. Griff catches his hand, delivering a blow with his left hand and breaking the guard's arm. As the baton drops, Griff catches it, delivering a knockout blow to the guard's head.

The KOREAN GUARD stands in front of Griff, scowling. Griff looks down at his ID badge, then back at the guard.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Larry Kwon, I presume?

Larry whips out a TASER, firing it into Griff. Griff goes RIGID, electricity flowing through him. He's teetering, but through sheer strength of will, falls TOWARDS Larry, holding out the metal baton. It makes contact with Larry's hand, ZAPPING him.

The two men jiggle around as electricity works its way through their bodies. They look into each other's eyes, nothing but hatred shared between them. The taser STOPS. Griff takes a moment, regaining feeling in his limbs. Larry's in bad shape. He falls BACKWARDS towards a case of axes-

Griff sweeps his legs, stopping his momentum. Larry collapses, just short of the case. Griff scans the room - everyone is down.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

That was...awesome!

He leans his arms against a case, catching his breath.

The case CRACKS.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

An ALARM goes off. The security gates start dropping. Griff grabs a metal TRASH CAN, sliding it along the floor. It catches under the security gate. He SLIDES out of the room. Kicking the trash can out behind him.

JONAH (O.S.)
Griff? You were supposed to be
careful!

GRIFF
I was. Mostly.

JONAH (O.S.)
Get to the gallery. Now.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY - NIGHT

Griff rushes into the room, slowing down when he realizes everyone else there is leisurely enjoying their time.

Griff scans the room, spotting the BUSINESSMAN walking out a far door.

GRIFF
I've got eyes on the buyer.

JONAH (O.S.)
Follow him.

INT. MUSEUM - ATRIUM - NIGHT

The buyer hurries along a walkway. Griff closes in on him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

BUSINESSMAN
What the-

GRIFF
Listen to me, you son of a bitch, I
know what you're up to. You're
going to tell me where it is right
now.

The businessman is clearly terrified.

BUSINESSMAN
I don't know what you're talking
about!

GRIFF
We both know what you were going to
do with that vase.

The businessman begins CRYING.

BUSINESSMAN

I'm so sorry! I know it's wrong,
but I just can't stop myself.

GRIFF

What are you talking about?

BUSINESSMAN

It was the perfect addition to my
collection of classical Greek
erotica.

GRIFF

...What?

BUSINESSMAN

(quiet)

I just wanted to fuck it in peace.

GRIFF

Wait, you're not with CASTAR?

BUSINESSMAN

...What's CASTAR?

Griff LAUGHS.

GRIFF

You're not some terrorist
mastermind. You're just a guy who
wanted to fuck some pottery.

BUSINESSMAN

Not so loud!

GRIFF

(into mic)

He's not the buyer, Jonah.

JONAH (O.S.)

Yeah, I heard...all of that.

GRIFF

(to businessman)

Get out of here, you rascal.

The businessman scampers away.

JONAH (O.S.)

I got a ping on Mack.

GRIFF

Where is he?

JONAH (O.S.)
Double back.

Griff runs back towards the gallery.

INT. MUSEUM - GALLERY - NIGHT

Griff weaves his way through the crowd.

GRIFF
Which way?

JONAH (O.S.)
Straight ahead, then left. Left!

Griff does as he's told.

EXT. MUSEUM - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Griff BUSTS through the door, revealing-

Mack, smoking a cigar, bro-ing the fuck out with Theo and his FRIENDS.

MACK
Honest to God, dude. Fourteen pounds each!

THEO
Incredible.

Mack looks up at Griff.

MACK
Hey man.

GRIFF
Are you ok?

MACK
Totally.

THEO
Mack, who's your-

GRIFF
(thinking fast)
Bodyguard.

Theo clocks the ID badge on Griff's lanyard.

THEO
You're Larry Kwon?

GRIFF
Uh, yep. I was adopted. The other way.

Theo nods at Mack.

THEO
And you're his bodyguard?

GRIFF
Yeah.

THEO
But he's bigger than you.

GRIFF
I think we're the same size. I might even be a little bit bigger.

THEO
No, he's definitely more swole.

THEO'S FRIEND
Taller, too.

THEO'S THIRD FRIEND
And more handsome.

THEO
If anything, Mack should be looking out for you.

MACK
Nah, guys. Griff's my best friend.

Griff smiles. Theo perks up at the wrong name.

THEO
Griff?

GRIFF
It's a nickname. Never felt like a Larry, you know?

MACK
Theo was just telling me about this crazy ass party he throws.

THEO
Occidental Valley is more of an intellectual salon between the best and brightest minds the western hemisphere has to offer.

MACK
...And there's bumper boats!

Mack and Theo HIGH FIVE. Griff doesn't like this at all. Theo SNAPS his fingers. A waiter enters with-

MACK (CONT'D)
Mini taquitos!

The waiter brings them to Mack, who dives in.

THEO
I respect a man who takes exactly what he wants.

MACK
(mouth full)
That's me.

Griff spots the AMPHORA in the corner.

GRIFF
Cool vase.

THEO
Do you know the story of the birth of the minotaur?

MACK
Nope.

GRIFF
No.

THEO
See, ages ago, there was a king in Greece. He prayed to the god of the sea to provide him with a snow white bull to prove that he had his favor. The king was supposed to sacrifice it to Poseidon, but he reneged. Decided he could outsmart the gods themselves and sacrifice a different bull instead.

Theo lightly lays his hand on the amphora.

THEO (CONT'D)
Now, Poseidon wasn't too happy, so what does he do? He makes the Queen fall in love with the bull.
(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

She has the greatest inventor in Greece create a fake cow for her to climb into so she can make love to the beast. She became pregnant, and, thus the minotaur was born.

Griff approaches the amphora.

GRIFF

That's messed up.

THEO

It's an apt metaphor. Me and my friends, we're a lot like Poseidon. We can visit fortune on those mortals we favor we favor. But if you disobey-

Griff is inches away from it. Theo glances at him, stopping him cold.

THEO (CONT'D)

We can fuck you. Real hard.

Griff is caught off-guard - is Theo onto him? The moment passes. Theo perks up.

THEO (CONT'D)

Karolina?

KAROLINA (beautiful and buff) steps forward from the shadows.

THEO (CONT'D)

Make sure my new friend Mack is given an invitation to the salon.

KAROLINA

Of course, Mr. Woolf.

MACK

(thinking quick)
Can I bring Griff?

THEO

Of course. You can't have a party without the help.

Griff glowers at Theo, Karolina eyes up Griff, and Mack grins like a particularly stupid puppy.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Griff and Mack are crammed into the back of the surveillance van with Jonah, who's laying into them.

JONAH

I'm not sure what's more unbelievable, the fact that you had the APG, right there, and didn't secure it, or the fact that THEO FUCKING WOOLF INVITED YOU TO OCCIDENTAL VALLEY.

GRIFF

We couldn't blow our cover, Jonah. You of all people should understand that.

MACK

What's accidental valley?

JONAH

Occidental Valley is the biggest social gathering of the rich and powerful in history. It makes Bohemian Grove look like the Santa Barbara Film Festival.

MACK

...So?

JONAH

You're going to be amongst the best and brightest minds human civilization has ever produced.

GRIFF

We can hang.

JONAH

I wouldn't be so sure about that. This is the place where Elon Musk thought up Starlink. And then a bunch of Nazi shit.

MACK

Theo invited us. That means we belong there.

GRIFF

Theo bought the vase, Mack.

MACK

So what?

GRIFF
So your new best friend is working
with the bad guys.

 MACK
He's not my best friend.

 GRIFF
Oh please, you guys were talking
bumper boats and high fives and
haircuts...

 JONAH
Not that kind of Salon.

 MACK
Don't get jealous.

 GRIFF
 (pissy)
I'm not jealous!

 JONAH
Guys!

Griff and Mack turn towards him.

 JONAH (CONT'D)
Mack... you did good. It hurts
every fiber of my being to say
this, but you're honestly a
natural.

 MACK
Thank you, fuckface.

 GRIFF
Are you kidding me? All he did was-

 JONAH
Be himself. Which Theo obviously
responded to.

 GRIFF
Total bullshit.

 JONAH
This is our way in. Its our best
shot to infiltrate Theo Woolf's
estate and retrieve the APG before
he uses it for god knows what.

 GRIFF
Yeah, but he's such a dick.

JONAH

Think of it this way, Griff. You're doing the real spy work, just like you wanted, and Mack is the distraction.

MACK

Come on, Griff. We can do this. Together. Best friends?

Griff looks at Mack, uneasy.

GRIFF

Best friends.

EXT. BERKSHIRES - DAY

A modified version of "Welcome to Atlanta" called "Welcome to the Berkshires" blasts. Sweeping establishing shots of all the sights and sounds the even more beautiful, even more production-friendly state of Massachusetts has to offer.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - MANSION - DAY

A black SUV pulls up to a massive mansion that makes the Biltmore Estate look like a Tampa Bay AirBNB. Mack, wearing a couture suit, steps out. Griff, in his trademark zip-off cargo pants, follows him carrying their bags.

MACK

I can get used to this.

GRIFF

How come you get to do all the fun shit and I'm the one carrying the bags?

MACK

Don't worry buddy, we're still on the same team.

JONAH (O.S.)

Remember guys-

MACK

-Confidence.

JONAH (O.S.)

Exactly.

GRIFF
 (sotto)
 This is gonna suck.

 THEO (O.S.)
 Mack!

Theo pulls up on a UTV driven by Karolina.

 MACK
 Theo! What's up, bro?

 THEO
 So glad you could make it.

 MACK
 Like I'm going to turn down an
 opportunity to party in the woods?
 I basically spent all of high
 school drinking near pine trees.

 THEO
 (laughing)
 You're too much, man. Champagne?

Theo SNAPS. Karolina jumps out of the driver's seat, pulling
 a bottle out of a cooler, handing the bottle to Mack.

 MACK
 Uh, shouldn't I have, like, a cup?

 THEO
 Please! We're all friends here.
 Sure, we dictate the markets and
 can begin world wars with an
 Instagram post, but at our core
 we're just a bunch of dudes bro-ing
 out.

Karolina hands an identical bottle to Theo.

 THEO (CONT'D)
 Cheers.

He shakes the bottle, POPPING THE CORK towards the woods.
 Mack laughs in delight, popping his cork DIRECTLY INTO
 GRIFF'S FOREHEAD.

 GRIFF
 Fuck!

 MACK
 Sorry, dude.

THEO
Boom! Headshot.

Mack LAUGHS. Griff looks betrayed.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - TRAIL - DAY

Mack and Griff ride in the back of the UTV. Theo's locked in on Mack.

THEO
You like this place? Bought it in a fire sale. Three thousand acres of premium, untamed wilderness, just waiting to be dominated.

MACK
How much did it set you back?

THEO
Let's just say the GDP of the Marshall Islands.

Karolina makes a sharp right turn. The guys hold on.

GRIFF
So what's this party about?

THEO
You ask an awful lot of questions for a bodyguard.

MACK
I like my servants to know what I'm getting into.

Griff prickles at "my servants."

THEO
Smart man. I've been throwing this party for the past decade, ever since I sold my first startup to Peter Thiel. Now there's a man with taste. And a freezer full of human blood.

They pull up to a grove of beautifully-appointed CABINS.

THEO (CONT'D)
You're over here between Congressman Koh and Senator Dugan.

GRIFF
Aren't they in different parties?

 THEO
We're not red or blue here. We're
green.

 MACK
...Like Ralph Nader?

 THEO
 (laughing)
More like George Washington.

They stop in front of Mack's cabin. Theo turns to Griff.

 THEO (CONT'D)
And don't worry, squirt. We've got
accommodations for the help, too.

He nods to a small PUP TENT set up next to the cabin.

 THEO (CONT'D)
I'll leave you to it.

INT. CABIN - DAY

Mack and Griff take it in - glamping doesn't even begin to describe it.

 MACK
It's beautiful. Like sleeping
inside a Pier One Imports.

Griff drops Mack's suitcase on the floor.

 GRIFF
So I'll just make myself
comfortable on the couch.

 MACK
Uh...

 GRIFF
What?

 MACK
Don't you think it'll be suspicious
if we're sharing the cabin?

 GRIFF
Who gives a shit, dude.

MACK

You know what Jonah would say-

JONAH (O.S.)

Griff, suck it up and sleep in that pup tent.

MACK

Yeah. That.

JONAH (O.S.)

You've got to stay in cover.

GRIFF

Come on...

MACK

Sorry, buddy.

INT. PUP TENT - DAY

Griff glowers, barely fitting inside the tent.

GRIFF

This is such bullshit.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - ARCHERY RANGE - DAY

THWAP. Mack's arrow hits dead center of the target.

THEO

Great form!

MACK

Thanks. Kind of feels like cheating having my eyes open. One time at summer camp I shot one guy's insulin pump into another guy's colostomy bag.

THEO

You really are the most fascinating specimen.

MACK

You sound like all those doctors while I was growing up.

Theo turns towards a BANKER.

THEO

Gerald, fifty says my boy Mack can hit a bullseye blindfolded.

Mack BEAMS, happy to be the center of attention. Twenty yards away, Griff takes in the scene.

GRIFF

...I'm just saying it's kind of bogus that he gets to do all the cool stuff.

JONAH (O.S.)

Spycraft isn't always glamorous. I once had to wear an off-the-shelf tuxedo to opening night at the Vienna opera to plant a bug on the Chinese vice premier. Never again.

THWAP. Mack hits the target, blindfolded. He pulls the blindfold off, CHEERING. The banker nods to his body man, who brings a suitcase over to Theo. Griff rolls his eyes.

GRIFF

How is he pulling this off? These are the smartest guys in the world and Mack dropped out of Cal State The Grove.

JONAH (O.S.)

He's doing his job. And you need to do yours.

GRIFF

Do you have an ID on the package?

JONAH (O.S.)

It's in a safe room off of Woolf's office. Only one problem.

GRIFF

What?

JONAH (O.S.)

It's a complete lock box. Thermal shielding, a Faraday cage, total electronic blackout. Whatever he has in there, he wants to make sure no one else can see.

THWAP. Mack hits ANOTHER bullseye behind them, this time left-handed.

THEO

Hah! Pay up Gerald, you piece of shit.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - POLO FIELD - DAY

Horses GALLOP BY as Theo and Mack lay out next to a large infinity-edge pool as various members splash and play in front of them. Mack takes a sip from a large tropical drink.

MACK

This is delicious.

THEO

It's made from a fruit that no longer exists.

Griff stands at the bar, making note of the members.

JONAH (O.S.)

Holy shit, that's the secretary of the treasury.

GRIFF

(whispering)

And the guy he's wrestling?

JONAH (O.S.)

The head of Wall Street's largest hedge fund. There's got to be a couple trillion of net worth at this party.

Theo looks over at Griff.

THEO

You doing ok, champ?

GRIFF

I was, uh, looking for something to eat.

THEO

(to Karolina)

Can you help the gentleman out?

Karolina takes a WATERMELON off the bar, placing it between her formidable thighs. After a moment, it EXPLODES, covering Griff in watermelon.

MACK

Holy smokes!

GRIFF
 (in awe)
 Like a hippo at the zoo.

Karolina holds up a chunk of watermelon for Griff.

 KAROLINA
 Fruit?

She gives him an inscrutable look - is it a warning? Or an invitation?

 THEO
 Mack, why don't you have your man
 go get cleaned up while we discuss
 business?

Mack looks guilty.

 MACK
 Maybe you should go change, Griff.

Griff looks at Mack, betrayed.

 THEO
 Off you go.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - MANSION - DAY

Griff, standing behind a large bush, struggles to wipe himself down with paper towels as he scopes out Theo's palatial estate.

 GRIFF
 ...He just sent me away. Like I was
 nothing!

 JONAH (O.S.)
 You can't take it personally. He's
 just adapting to the mission.

 GRIFF
 Yeah, but he could do it without
 being an asshole.

 JONAH (O.S.)
 Mack's still your teammate.

 GRIFF
 You sure about that? Because it
 sure feels like I'm the one doing
 all the work.

JONAH (O.S.)

Think of it this way. On your own,
you're a finger. You're weak,
lonely, easily overwhelmed. But
when you team up with Mack, and
myself, we form a fist. Strong,
decisive, able to change the world.
Think like the fist, not like the
finger.

GRIFF

Easy for you to say.

JONAH (O.S.)

I can't get a clear view. Try
changing location.

Griff rolls his eyes, stepping out from behind the bush and
running into-

KAROLINA, holding a large towel.

KAROLINA

You appear lost.

She hands him the towel.

KAROLINA (CONT'D)

To clean yourself. Back at your
tent.

GRIFF

Yeah, sorry, was just taking a walk
to clear my head.

KAROLINA

I suppose accommodations for the
staff are a little...

She moves in closer.

KAROLINA (CONT'D)

...Tight.

Griff's pinned up against a tree.

GRIFF

I'll make do.

KAROLINA

See that you do.

Karolina departs, leaving Griff stunned.

JONAH (O.S.)
Wow. Someone's got a case of
pierogi fever.

GRIFF
Is she trying to kill me or fuck
me?

JONAH (O.S.)
Either way, you're not surviving.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - HOT TUB - SUNSET

Mack sits in a bubbling pool of dude stew with Theo and
assorted other MEMBERS. They're all mildly drunk and having
the time of their lives.

THEO
Tell me something, Mack. What is it
you want?

MACK
Some nachos would be tight.

THEO
I meant what are you after in life?

Mack looks contemplative for the first time in his life.

MACK
Besides nachos? I don't really
know.

THEO
That's why we're here, buddy. To
discuss the big things. Life, love,
ambition, power, everything that
drives mankind to achieve and
succeed and conquer.

Mack thinks for a moment. It looks difficult.

MACK
People mostly just tell me what to
do and I do it.

THEO
Come on. Gun to your head. What's
the one thing you want more than
anything else in the world? Say it
on three. Two. One.

MACK

Respect!

Theo nods in appreciation.

THEO

Now we're getting somewhere.

MACK

I just feel like no one respects me, you know? It's like, I work my ass off to make the world a better place but everyone calls me names like "dingus" and "dipshit" and "general numb nuts" and it just gets exhausting after a while, you know?

The men in the hot tub NOD in agreement.

THEO

Wow. That's deep, Mack.

MACK

Thanks, Theo.

THEO

Isn't that what we all want? To have others pay us the respect we deserve?

MACK

Exactly!

THEO

We've given this world everything. Every ounce of our being. The sum total on human knowledge in the palm of their hand. The ability to speak anyone they wish, worldwide. Safety and security and the means to pull themselves up by their bootstraps and achieve wealth they never dreamed possible.

MACK

Yeah.

THEO

And how were we thanked? By being vilified in the press, strangled by the government, and slandered by the mouth-breathing, slack-jawed, Oxycontin-sniffing rubes who benefitted from our largess. It's not our fault the masses aren't intelligent enough to use the gifts we bestowed upon them.

Theo stands up. Like everyone else in the hot tub, he's buck-ass naked. His dick and balls float on the surface.

THEO (CONT'D)

This isn't about power. This is about justice. The right and the worthy deserve to reap the fruits of their labor. We deserve to be seen for what we are. To be recognized for our genius, our daring, our excellence, and to be revered as the titans we are.

MEMBERS

Yeah!

THEO

Are you with me?

The members all stand, THEIR dicks and balls now floating.

MEMBERS

Yeah!

Theo looks down at Mack.

THEO

(softly)

Mack, are you with me?

Mack glances down at Theo's floating manhood, then back into his commanding eyes.

MACK

Yeah.

INT. PUP TENT - NIGHT

Griff struggles to pull on his tactical pants.

GRIFF

Lousy goddamn tent.

MACK (O.S.)
Griff! I need you!

Griff grunts, rolling out of the tent.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Griff enters, finding Mack in a tuxedo, nervously fidgeting with a bowtie.

MACK
How do I look?

GRIFF
Like a real secret agent.

MACK
Do you think Theo will like it?

GRIFF
Who cares. He's the bad guy,
remember?

MACK
Yeah, but he's not, like, a bad
guy.

GRIFF
I can't believe you're buying into
his bullshit. How stupid are you?

MACK
I'm not stupid! And Theo sees that!

GRIFF
You're getting too close to him.

MACK
No, I'm doing my fucking job and
not complaining about it, unlike
you. Don't think I haven't noticed
what a dick you've been since we
got here. You wanted to be a real
spy so bad, well guess what? This
is your chance to walk the walk
instead of just talking the talk.

Griff gets up in his face.

GRIFF
Take that back.

MACK
 Theo was right. No one appreciates
 me. Especially not you.

GRIFF
 Of course I appreciate you, Mack.

Griff SIGHS, lowering his head.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
 I wasn't good enough for my
 parents. I wasn't good enough for
 the CIA, but I thought I was at
 least enough for you.

MACK
 I guess not.

Griff looks up at him, sheepish.

GRIFF
 Best friends?

MACK
 Not anymore.

With that, Mack exits. Griff stands in the cabin, dumbstruck.

JONAH (O.S.)
 What just happened?

GRIFF
 I think Mack just dumped me.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - TERRACE - NIGHT

A giant bonfire ROARS next to a long table topped with the
 most glorious-looking feast. The members, dressed in their
 finest, happily chat with each other as a large PROJECTION
 SCREEN shows CNN on mute. Mack pokes at his plate.

THEO
 What's the matter? Not enjoying
 your ortolan?

MACK
 It's alright, I guess.

THEO
 What's going on, big guy?

MACK
 You wouldn't understand.

THEO
Is it your bodyguard?

MACK
Yeah. It's just this whole thing.

THEO
Do you want to hunt him for sport?
We can make that happen. Dealer's
choice on weapons.

One of the members stands up, excited.

MEMBER
It's happening! It's happening!

Theo presses a button on the remote next to him, un-muting the projection. The camera is on a static shot of the CAPITOL BUILDING.

JAKE TAPPER (O.S.)
We've officially reached midnight
without a debt limit deal. The
White House released an emergency
announcement stating that The Coin
will be minted tomorrow in order to
stave off disaster before markets
open on Monday-

Theo mutes the projection. The terrace is silent, all eyes on Theo.

THEO
We did it!

The members CHEER, hugging each other.

TALL MEMBER
Congratulations, Senator.

SHORT MEMBER
Congratulations to you, Mr. Vice
President.

NORMAL HEIGHT MEMBER
Brother Woolf, would you mind
giving us a few words?

Theo rises, basking in the adulation.

THEO

Brothers, tonight we feast. Because tomorrow we shall no longer be mere bankers, legislators, masters of our domains. Tomorrow, we ascend to our rightful place as kings!

The members CHEER. Mack slouches in his chair, beyond confused.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - MANSION - NIGHT

A UTV whips by, headlights briefly illuminating a statue of a BULL. After a moment, Griff steps out from behind the bull.

GRIFF

...I mean, if it was just between us, that'd be one thing. But he's so far up Theo's ass now-

JONAH (O.S.)

(ignoring him)

Uh huh.

GRIFF

Are you even listening to me?

JONAH (O.S.)

No. There's an unsecured window twenty yards ahead. That's your best entry point.

Griff hustles towards the mansion.

GRIFF

How big is the package?

JONAH (O.S.)

Easily man-portable, about the size of a phone.

GRIFF

And you're sure it's in the safe room?

JONAH (O.S.)

That's the last known location, and no one has entered or exited since it was deposited.

The sound of Jonah TYPING.

JONAH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I just uploaded the device's RFID
signature to your contact. When you
scan it, it should glow bright red.

GRIFF
Copy.

JONAH (O.S.)
The security camera just panned.
Go. Now!

Griff SPRINTS towards the window, carefully opening it and
tumbling inside.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jonah glances at a large MAP displayed on one of his
monitors.

GRIFF (O.S.)
Which way?

JONAH
The staircase should be-

There's a loud BANG on the side of the van. Jonah grabs his
gun, spinning in his chair.

The side door FLIES open, light beaming in. Jonah is blinded.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Shit.

A TASER dart hits Jonah dead in the chest, dropping him to
the floor of the van.

INT. MANSION - PARLOR - NIGHT

Griff pulls himself up from the floor, cracking his back.

GRIFF
Jonah. Jonah! You there?

Nothing but STATIC. Griff takes out his earpiece.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Fuck. Everyone's abandoning me.

He looks around the parlor, taking in the splendor. Framed
art, a TV the size of a wall, a Sopranos pinball machine.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

He might be an asshole, but Theo's got awesome taste.

He hears FOOTSTEPS down the hall. Griff hugs the wall as two GUARDS pass. He peers around the wall into the hallway.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

It's ok. You got this, man. You don't need Jonah. Or Mack. Or anyone. Just find the staircase and grab the APG and prevent the world from-

He thinks a moment.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Why the fuck are we doing this again?

KAROLINA (O.S.)

You're not supposed to be here.

Reveal Karolina in a slinky evening dress.

KAROLINA (CONT'D)

Members aren't to enter the mansion.

GRIFF

Oh, I, uh, need to take a shit.
(seductive)
A big one.

KAROLINA

I've been watching you all day.

Griff's left hand slips onto his watch, ready to fire a dart.

KAROLINA (CONT'D)

You're not like the others.

Griff pauses.

GRIFF

What?

KAROLINA

The other bodyguards are so...
Stiff.

Griff picks up on what she's putting out.

Then Karolina LAUNCHES herself at Griff, making out with him furiously. Griff pulls back

 GRIFF (CONT'D)

 (sotto)

 I take it back. This rules.

Karolina SLAPS Griff.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)

 Hey, what gives?

 KAROLINA

 We can't do this. No matter how much our bodies may yearn for each other.

She nods at a security camera.

 KAROLINA (CONT'D)

 He'll know.

Griff has his lightbulb moment.

 GRIFF

 What if we went somewhere the cameras won't see us?

Karolina thinks for a moment, then coyly smiles.

INT. MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

The door BEEPS open. Griff and Karolina, making out even harder than before, fall into the room.

 KAROLINA

 I'm going to fuck a baby into you.

 GRIFF

 ...What?

Karolina pins Griff against a wall, grabbing his legs and wrapping them around herself.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)

 Hey!

 KAROLINA

 (between kisses)

 You have no idea how long I've needed this. To finally be seen.

Griff scans the room from his vantage point. Various works of art, stacks of gold bars, and other rich guy bric-a-brac dot the room.

No red glow.

He drops down, spinning Karolina around. She puts her hands on a large cabinet as Griff kisses her neck, his eyes moving from shelf to shelf.

GRIFF

No...no...

Griff GRUNTS, spinning Karolina again. They kiss, rolling along the wall. Griff's eyes are scanning up and down the shelves.

In the reflection of the glass, he spots a small DEVICE sitting on a large desk.

KAROLINA

Wait-

They stop kissing.

GRIFF

What is it?

KAROLINA

We shouldn't have sex.

GRIFF

Why not?

KAROLINA

I might snap your penis off. It's happened before.

GRIFF

Yeah, I've seen what your thighs are capable of.

KAROLINA

There are...other things we can do.

GRIFF

I can work with that.

Karolina GROWLS, turning Griff around. His eyes land on the device.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Jackpot.

KAROLINA

I'm going to give your prostate the
massage of a lifetime.

GRIFF

What?

Karolina slips her hand into the back of Griff's pants. In his POV, the message SCANNING OBJECT appears, along with a progress bar.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I don't-

His eyes TENSE up as Karolina hits pay dirt.

The progress bar is at 75%.

Griff's eyes CROSS, then he sighs, the tension released.

The progress bar is at 100%. A message pops up:

"APG confirmed."

KAROLINA

My turn.

Karolina grabs him by the collar, dragging him towards the desk. Griff reaches out for the APG, but it's too far away. Karolina sits on the desk, grabs the top of Griff's head, and pushes it between her thighs.

After a moment, Griff pulls his head up for air. The APG is so temptingly close. He glances at the APG, then back at Karolina.

GRIFF

I always finish what I start.

Karolina smiles.

INT. MANSION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We hear the grunting, guttural sounds of Karolina CLIMAXING. It sounds like a tribe of howler monkeys engaged in a particularly vicious civil war.

INT. MANSION - SAFE ROOM - NIGHT

Karolina GASPS and Griff stands up.

KAROLINA
That was amazing.

GRIFF
You're not so bad yourself. Just,
you know, give a guy a little bit
more of a head's up before you
slide your index finger inside him.

KAROLINA
I thought you'd appreciate the
surprise.

GRIFF
It certainly was surprising.

Karolina stands up, straightening up her dress.

KAROLINA
Thank you, Griff.

GRIFF
For what?

KAROLINA
I haven't allowed myself to be
vulnerable like that in a long,
long time.

GRIFF
Oh.

KAROLINA
That's the downside of our job. We
have to be stone-faced golems,
always on guard, never flinching,
never human.

GRIFF
Shit...

KAROLINA
And to be seen, to be
so...fulfilled. We spend so much of
our lives steeped in nonsense. It's
just so refreshing to meet such a
great guy with absolutely no
ulterior motives.

GRIFF
Karolina?

KAROLINA
Yeah?

GRIFF

Even though I have to do this, I just wanted to tell you that you're an amazing person and I'm truly, truly sorry.

KAROLINA

Do wha-

Griff touches the crown of his watch, sending a TRANQUILIZER DART straight into her chest.

KAROLINA (CONT'D)

Oh, you dick.

She SLUMPS over. He catches her, laying her gently on the desk.

GRIFF

Sorry. For real.

Griff grabs the APG off the desk, slipping it into his pocket.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Jonah, if you can hear me, I need you to kill the cameras outside.

No response.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Jonah? Come on, I need you man.

Still no response.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Damn it...

He gives Karolina one last look, then slips out of the room.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - TERRACE - NIGHT

The members are stuffing themselves with pie. Mack, heavily drunk, looks like he's about to burst.

THEO

Enjoying yourself?

MACK

This is one of the best meals I've ever had. Who knew caviar would go so well with boysenberry pie?

Theo's APPLE WATCH lights up. He glances at it, frowning.

THEO
Mack, you'll have to excuse me.

MACK
What's going on?

THEO
Nothing. Just a loose end I need to tie up.

He nods to a guard, who approaches the table. The guard pulls out a HOOD, sliding it over Mack's head.

MACK
What the fuck? Theo!

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - MANSION - NIGHT

An armed guard stands next to an idling UTV.

GRIFF (O.S.)
Bird sound!

The guard looks to his left. Griff's fist enters frame, knocking him out. Griff hops behind the wheel. He guns the engine, taking off.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Mack, do you copy?

Nothing.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Shit.

BLAM. One of the side mirrors EXPLODES.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Shit!

He makes a hard right, holding off for dear life. Behind him, a squadron of UTVs, stuffed to the gills with armed guards, closes in.

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - TRAIL - NIGHT

Griff bombs down the bumpy dirt road, splashing through puddles.

GRIFF

Mack, I need you man!

One of the UTVs closes in on his right, the driver spraying Griff's vehicle with bullets. Griff yanks his wheel, ramming into the UTV. It slides off the trail, colliding with a large tree.

Gunfire erupts behind him. Griff yanks the hand break, pulling off a perfect bootleg turn. He slams the UTV in reverse.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Come on, dude. Talk to me.

Griff ducks as bullets pepper the car. He returns fire, catching an approaching gunner in the chest. The gunner slumps, emptying his machine gun into his own vehicle and OBLITERATING it.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I know I was being kind of a dick.

A branch takes out Griff's other mirror. He bootlegs again, putting it in gear and tearing ass.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I just...I'm sorry. I wanted us to be real spies. I hated that everyone thought we were fuckups.

A UTV pulls up on his left. The passenger aims a SHOTGUN at the wheels of Griff's vehicle. He brakes, letting the enemy UTV speed in front of him. He hits the gas, the front of his UTV catching under the vehicle in front.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

I didn't ask you what you wanted, but not because I didn't care. It was because I was so wrapped up in my own shit that I didn't stop and consider the feelings of my best friend.

He tries to pull away, but the vehicles are STUCK together. The passenger in the front UTV stands up, aiming his shotgun back at Griff.

Griff UPPERCUTS the shotgun as it goes off. He jumps out of the driver's seat, wrestling with the passenger.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

You're my partner, dude. You always
have my back. And I need to always
have yours.

 PASSENGER

You what?

 GRIFF

 (to passenger)
Not you.

Griff YANKS, suplexing the passenger over his head and into
the tires of the pursuing UTVs.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)

I don't know how to make this
better, but I promise I'll try and
figure out how.

Griff jumps over the back, kneeing the driver in the head.
The driver slumps, Griff shoving him out of the speeding
vehicle. He slides into the driver's seat, shifts into a
higher gear, and finally detaches from the UTV behind him.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)

So what do you say, buddy, do you
forgive me?

 THEO (O.S.)

Wow. Such kind words.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - HELICOPTER PAD - NIGHT

Theo stands next to a very alert Karolina and worked-over
Mack. A whole platoon of ARMED MEN stand behind them.

 THEO

I'll convey your regards.

 GRIFF

What did you do to him?

 THEO

If you'd like your partner to
continue breathing, I'd suggest you
come speak to me in person.

Theo CRUSHES Mack's earpiece.

In the UTV, Griff looks crestfallen.

GRIFF
 Fuck. Fuck!

EXT. WOOLF ESTATE - HELICOPTER PAD

Theo glances down at Mack.

 THEO
 Its a shame it had to end like
 this.

 MACK
 Eat shit, Theo. I thought we were
 friends.

 THEO
 Sorry, Mack. I don't have friends,
 I have investments.

An engine ROARS from the forest. Griff's UTV rolls to a stop.

 THEO (CONT'D)
 Griff. So glad you could join us.

He steps out of the UTV, furious.

 GRIFF
 Let him go.

 THEO
 No.

Griff holds up the APG.

 GRIFF
 Let me rephrase that. Let him go or
 I destroy the APG.

 THEO
 Griff, let's not pretend you have
 the upper hand here.

The armed men BEHIND HIM all train their guns on him. A sea
 of red dots on his forehead, chest, and crotch.

 GRIFF
 Really? On my dick, too?

 KAROLINA
 If he moves, shoot him.

Theo puts up his hand.

THEO
Let's just all calm down a minute.

Karolina glowers at Griff, approaches him, and SNATCHES the APG.

GRIFF
What is that thing, Theo? Why is it so goddamn important?

Karolina hands the device to Theo.

THEO
Oh, it's not.

Theo CRUSHES IT in his hand.

GRIFF
Whaaaaaat?

THEO
It was never about the device, Griff. It was about you and your partner. And you two have a very, very important role to play.

GRIFF
Oh, fuck you. We're not gonna do-
WHUMP. Griff clobbered on the back of his head.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
-Shit.

His eyes cross as he drops to the ground.

OVER BLACK:

MACK (O.S.)
Griff. Griff! Wake up!

SMACK.

INT. CARGO TRUCK - DAY

Theo smacks Griff across the face. He comes to, handcuffed to a crossbeam next to Mack.

THEO
Wakey wakey.

MACK

Griff, you were right. Theo is a total prick.

GRIFF

Took you long enough to figure that out.

Theo picks up DOSSIER, flipping through it.

THEO

(reading)

Andrew "Griff" Griffin. MARSOC veteran. Close combat expert. The lowest scoring applicant ever on the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery.

GRIFF

(sotto)

I don't test well.

THEO

(reading)

Suspended from active duty by the CIA.

Theo turns his attention to Mack.

THEO (CONT'D)

(reading)

John Francis "Mack" McNamara. Former Delta operator. Explosives specialist. Dishonorably discharged for destruction of government property during your third deployment to Iraq.

MACK

Hey, that Humvee shouldn't have talked shit to me.

THEO

(reading)

Suspended by the CIA.

Theo shuts the dossier.

THEO (CONT'D)

Let's just say your resumes are beyond impressive.

GRIFF

How the fuck do you know who we are?

THEO

Because I've been watching you since before you even knew I existed. After all, you're the best in the world at what you do.

GRIFF

We're the best spies in the world?

THEO

What? No. I had them killed. You're piss-poor spies, but my God are you good at causing mayhem.

MACK

What do you mean you had them killed?

(realizing)

The drones! That's why they wouldn't shoot us!

GRIFF

That makes so much sense. It's been literally been killing me.

THEO

I did it all. Triggered the explosion, stole the files, leaked the location of that device your friend Jonah has been chasing. Have to admit, that might have been my most brilliant move. The APG was just something I used to bait the CIA into tracking me. A decoy to lure out the decoys. All so I could get my grand prize. You.

Theo sticks out his hand.

THEO (CONT'D)

CASTAR. Pleased to meet you.

GRIFF

So this was all a set up? The auction? Camping? Karolina sticking her finger up my ass? That was part of some sick plan?

Theo and Mack recoil.

THEO
She did what?

MACK
Are you ok?

GRIFF
I'm fine.

Off their look.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
I'm fine!

MACK
What do you want us to do?

THEO
With your help, I'm going to steal
The Coin.

A beat.

GRIFF
...All this for a fucking coin?

THEO
Not just any coin. The Coin.

Blank stares from Griff and Mack.

THEO (CONT'D)
That the government is printing in
order to end the fiscal crisis.

GRIFF
Oh, shit, is this what Chief was
talking about?

MACK
We really should have paid more
attention to her.

GRIFF
And not got ourselves captured.

MACK
Full of regrets today.

THEO
Well, gentlemen, good ol' Uncle Sam
has been in something of a slump
lately. The government is out of
money, so, thanks to 31 U.S.

(MORE)

THEO (CONT'D)

Code § 5112, they're minting a coin worth a trillion dollars to fill the coffers back up. It's leaving the West Point mint for the Federal Reserve in an hour.

He smiles.

THEO (CONT'D)

And we're going to steal it.

Griff and Mack share a look.

MACK

Why?

GRIFF

Same question.

THEO

It's my duty as an American patriot. The wrong people seem to be doing their best to drive this once great country into the ground. With the coin gone, the United States' economy will topple like a domino and spark a global financial apocalypse, destroying the old and corrupt and inefficient. And from the ashes of the old world rises the phoenix. A new class of founding fathers, the landed, well-armed gentry, ready and willing to rewrite the rules to be more just towards those who contribute the most. Monarchs of a glorious new era.

GRIFF

Wait, you want to be a fucking king?

MACK

That shit don't fly in America, chief. We kicked King Charles square in the dick at Pearl Harbor and we'll do it agin to you.

THEO

That's...bafflingly wrong.

GRIFF

You already have everything you could ever possibly need in the world. Why do this?

THEO

Well, this is something you'll never have a chance to realize for yourself, but when you're as rich as I am, everything is not enough. Because no matter how much I've given the world, it's failed to give me the one thing I deserve more than anything else: respect.

MACK

(realizing)

Oh my God. You're just as insecure as Griff is!

THEO

I'm not insecure!

GRIFF

I'm not insecure!

The truck SHAKES.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Ok, there's one thing I can't figure out. Why didn't you just kidnap us?

THEO

That was the plan at the auction. But then I met Mack and, dude, you're seriously a good hang. So I had a little fun first.

MACK

Aww, thanks man.

GRIFF

Don't be nice to him!

THEO

Now, I need the two of you to do what you do best. Be my decoys.

EXT. WEST POINT MINT - DAY

A squad of MARINES march past an idling Osprey. The parking lot outside the mint is buzzing with activity.

INT. WEST POINT MINT - DAY

A large sheet of PLATINUM is loaded into the side of a machine. The machine gobbles it up, punching out a blank platinum DISK.

The disk travels down a conveyer belt, getting blasted by INDUSTRIAL HEATERS. It drops to another level, getting blown by a large FAN, then dropping into a pool of opaque liquid.

It moves to a large MILL, which scallops the edges of the disk. A TECHNICIAN PICKS UP the disk, very, very carefully putting it into a COIN PRESS. The Technician pulls her hands away as a large metal die STAMPS the now-coin.

The Technician picks up the coin, revealing the image of the STATUE OF LIBERTY as well as the text ONE TRILLION DOLLARS stamped along the edge.

A Treasury Agent gingerly picks up the coin, carefully placing it into a small pelican case with PROPERTY OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT on the side. Flanked by soldiers, the Treasury Agent walks briskly towards the exit.

INT. OSPREY - DAY

The MARINE PILOT flicks a switch, firing up the rotors.

MARINE PILOT

Liberty one, ready to receive the package.

EXT. WEST POINT MINT - DAY

The marines escort the Treasury Agent to the open ramp of the Osprey. The Treasury Agent nods at the COLONEL.

TREASURY AGENT

Are your men prepared for the transfer?

COLONEL

Locked and loaded, sir.

TREASURY AGENT

Then let's get these birds in the air.

DRONE POV

The entire mint is displayed on a monitor. The Osprey's rotors power up, alongside two Vipers.

MARINE PILOT (O.S.)
Liberty One is Oscar Mike.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Copy Liberty One. Skies are clear.

MARINE PILOT (O.S.)
Roger.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Hold on.

Two small SPECKS walk into frame near the gate.

CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ground team, I'm seeing two bogeys,
coming in from the west.

MARINE LIEUTENANT (O.S.)
Civilians?

CONTROL (O.S.)
Unsure. But they're on foot.

MARINE LIEUTENANT (O.S.)
Roger. We'll sort them out.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Griff and Mack, absolutely loaded with guns, grenades, and every other tool they could possibly need to level a city block, sullenly stand outside the Mint's gate.

MACK
This is so lame.

GRIFF
Yeah, no shit. You think I want to betray my country? I love America. You can buy whiskey in gas stations.

MACK
There are combination Taco Bell/Pizza Huts.

GRIFF
And people with OnlyFans accounts make more than teachers, social workers and home healthcare workers combined!

MACK
Yeah, America rules.

A moment of silence between them.

MACK (CONT'D)
You can apologize, you know.

GRIFF
I already did.

MACK
I didn't hear it.

GRIFF
That's not my fault! You're the one who lost your earpiece.

MACK
Why should Theo get the apology that you meant to give me?

GRIFF
And why should I be the one that apologizes to you? While I was getting beat up and shot at and finger blasted, you were busy drinking champagne and living the high life.

MACK
It was really tough! I ran out of stuff to say to those guys! They're all so fancy and smart and I just felt like a useless idiot.

GRIFF
You're not a useless idiot. You can be smart, just in your own way.

The platoon of marines approach them, rifles drawn.

MARINE LIEUTENANT
Put your weapons down and lay on the ground! Now!

GRIFF
Fuck this, man. We're Griff and Mack. The most badass motherfuckers the Agency has ever produced. We're the reason the CIA has the largest insurance rates AND highest amount of HR attrition in the entire federal government!

(MORE)

GRIFF (CONT'D)

We've earned our place on that wall a thousand times over, and we're not going out like this.

MACK

I really don't want to kill our own guys, even if it's in self defense.

GRIFF

(realizing)

We don't have to kill anyone.

MACK

How are we supposed to do that?

GRIFF

We fight carefully.

Mack smiles.

The marines close in on them, guns drawn. Griff unclips a SMOKE GRENADE, pulling the pin and tossing it to Mack, who KICKS IT INTO THE FACE of the Marine Lieutenant. It explodes in a cloud of BLUE SMOKE. The Lieutenant drops to the ground. As the world around them goes blue, the marines pack into a tight circle, back to each other.

MARINE SARGENT

Stay frosty!

A marine SCREAMS, dragged into the smoke. Then another on the other side of the circle. There's a burst of GUNFIRE, then silence.

MARINE SARGENT (CONT'D)

Open fire!

The men begin firing wildly into the smoke around them. After a moment-

MARINE SARGENT (CONT'D)

Cease fire!

They stop. The smoke begins to dissipate, revealing Griff and Mack punching the two marines they dragged out.

GRIFF

Uh...really thought that would last longer.

MACK

Surprise!

Mack unclips two handfuls of FLASH BANGS, tossing them at the remaining marines. The world goes from blue to a STROBE LIGHT. Flashing images of Griff disarming a Marine, Mack stripping a machine gun out of the soldier's hand, elbows, fists, and knees connecting with helmets, throats, and groins.

DRONE POV

From the sky, the drone's camera FLARES as the flash bangs blow out the lens.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Ground team, do you copy? What's
going on down there?

The flashes stop. The drone zooms in on-

Griff and Mack standing amongst the knocked-out marines, flipping off the drone.

CONTROL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Ah, shit.

ON THE GROUND

A marine lifts his rifle, aiming at Griff. Mack tosses a HELMET at the marine, smacking him in the face and dropping him for good. They clock an idling HELICOPTER.

GRIFF
What do you say?

MACK
Fuck Theo.

GRIFF
Couldn't have said it better
myself.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The convoy cuts through the air at breakneck speed.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Liberty One, ground team has been
taken out. Stay careful up there.

MARINE PILOT (O.S.)
Copy that. Head on a swivel.
Liberty Two, how's it looking?

VIPER PILOT (O.S.)
Smooth skies ahead.

Very, very high above them, barely visible through the clouds, is a CARGO PLANE.

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

Karolina slaps a mag into a carbine as assembled ARMED MEN prep their chutes.

KAROLINA
Approaching drop zone.

Theo zips up a black WINGSUIT.

THEO
Let's go change the course of
history.

The men CHEER.

CLICK. The cabin is bathed in green light.

KAROLINA
Go go go!

Theo runs towards the lowered cargo ramp, jumping out of the plane.

EXT. SKY - DAY

He falls through the air, Karolina and the men behind him. He takes it all in - the feeling of complete and total weightlessness. He spots the Osprey below him, pulling his arms and legs in for a dive. The others follow suit.

Two hundred feet above the Osprey, he SPREADS HIS ARMS, the wind catching his wingsuit. A pair of JETS on his feet fire off, speeding him in a controlled descent towards the back of the helicopter.

Karolina lines up next to him, a ROCKET LAUNCHER on her back. She fires the rocket.

INT. OSPREY - DAY

The rocket PLUNGES through the ramp.

MARINE CREW CHIEF
What the-

With a loud ROAR, the ramp is PULLED DOWN, revealing the rocket is attached to a PARACHUTE. The back is now completely exposed. Two of the armed men fire their jets, landing on the ramp.

MARINE CREW CHIEF (CONT'D)
We're under attack!

BLAM. The men take out the crew chief, training their guns on the Treasury Agent. Theo and Karolina swoop in behind him.

TREASURY AGENT
Who are you people?

Theo takes off his mask.

THEO
The rightful owners of that coin.

He nods at Karolina. She pulls out a TABLET.

KAROLINA
Ready when you are.

THEO
Blind 'em.

DRONE POV

The screen pixilates, then goes DARK.

CONTROL (O.S.)
Liberty One, we've lost visual.
Liberty One, do you copy?

INT. VIPER - DAY

The pilot's GPS and RADAR systems flicker out of existence.

VIPER PILOT
We're flying blind.

EXT. SKY - DAY

One of the armed men lines up behind the right Viper, firing a ROCKET into the rotors. It detonates, knocking the Viper out of the sky. He angles himself back towards the open ramp door as his counterpart on the left takes out the other Viper. They're closing in on the door-

WHEN THEY'RE ABSOLUTELY FUCKING LIQUIFIED.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

GORE splashes onto the windshield of Griff and Mack's ride.

 GRIFF
 Fuck, dude!

 MACK
 Hold on.

He turns on the windshield wipers. It doesn't do much good.

 GRIFF
 You're just smearing it.

 MACK
 I'm trying my best.

 GRIFF
 Jesus, I see his wedding ring.

Sure enough, a dismembered hand is caught in the wiper. It flops out of sight as the wind clears up the window.

Griff spots the open ramp ahead of them.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
 Get us closer.

 MACK
 What's the plan?

 GRIFF
 Still figuring that out.

INT. OSPREY - DAY

Karolina spots Griff behind the controls.

 KAROLINA
 Asshole.

She slides a ROCKET LAUNCHER off her back, firing towards their helicopter. Mack AVOIDS IT, but just barely.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Mack angles the helicopter back towards the Osprey.

 MACK
 Jesus, dude! What did you do to
 that girl?

GRIFF

Nothing! I went down on her like a
total gentleman before I
tranquilized her.

 MACK

Oh. So what's she so pissed off
about?

INT. OSPREY - DAY

Karolina GRUNTS, sliding another rocket into the tube. She
fires it directly at them.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The guys see the approaching rocket.

 MACK

Uh oh.

BLAM. The rocket goes off short, shattering the windshield.
Mack pulls up, helicopter SHUDDERING. Seemingly every red
light in existence flashes on the dashboard.

 MACK (CONT'D)

I can't keep us in the air!

 GRIFF

Get us as close as you can!

Mack pushes the helicopter towards the Osprey. They're twenty
feet above the cable connecting the open ramp to the
parachute.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)

Jump!

They unclip from their chairs, throw open the cabin doors,
and LEAP, Manhattan visible in below them.

INT. OSPREY - DAY

Theo and Karolina watch as Griff and Mack's helicopter veers
off to the right, lifeless.

 THEO

It's a shame they had to die. In
another world, they would have been
so useful.

KAROLINA
Hard disagree.

Theo turns to the Treasury Agent.

THEO
The Coin, please.

TREASURY AGENT
Fuck you.

Trevor nods to Karolina, who unholsters his pistol and SHOTS THE TREASURY AGENT IN THE HEAD.

THEO
Never get between a man and what's rightfully his.

The Treasury Agent slumps to the side. Theo gingerly picks up the case.

THEO (CONT'D)
You want to know what a trillion dollars feels like?

He offer the case to Karolina. She reaches out for it-
And he snaps it back.

THEO (CONT'D)
Finders keepers.

Karolina frowns. After a moment-

KAROLINA
Prepare for exfil!

A henchman on the ramp is YANKED OUT, SCREAMING. MACK'S HAND reaches up from the cable to the open ramp. He pulls himself up.

MACK
Hey, Theo.

THEO
Oh, you've got to be fucking kidding me.

Mack HEAVES Griff up behind him.

GRIFF
You're not getting rid of us that easily.

MACK
Yeah. We're too stupid to die.

GRIFF
Don't tell people that, Mack.

THEO
Karolina, take care of them.

KAROLINA
With pleasure.

GRIFF
(to Mack)
I got this.

Griff stands in her way.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Look, I know you're mad at me, but-
Karolina SOCKS HIM IN THE STOMACH.

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Ok, I deserved that.

KAROLINA
You deserve death.

Griff TACKLES her. Mack launches over them, landing on Theo.

THEO
Hey! Stop that!

MACK
Give me the coin, Theo.

THEO
No!

They grapple on the ground. Mack grabs at the fabric of Theo's wingsuit, but Theo lands a haymaker on him. Mack is stunned.

Theo stands up, backing towards the exit ramp.

THEO (CONT'D)
We could have been great together,
Mack. You really got me.

MACK
Oh, I got you.

He nods at Theo's wingsuit. Theo holds up his arm - the webbing is SHREDED.

THEO
Son of a bitch!

Mack sweeps Theo's legs, dropping him to the ground. Theo lands hard.

MACK
I'm taking that.

He grabs the case from Theo's hands.

MACK (CONT'D)
Griff! I got it!

A beat.

MACK (CONT'D)
Now what?

Karolina has Griff between her thighs, doing her best to choke him out.

GRIFF
(strangled)
Working on it.

Karolina unholsters a MACHINE PISTOL.

KAROLINA
Goodbye, Griff.

She aims at his head, but Griff chop-blocks her. The pistol goes off-

SPRAYING THE ENGINE WITH BULLETS.

KAROLINA (CONT'D)
Oh.

GRIFF
Shit.

INT. OSPREY - COCKPIT - DAY

The Marine pilots assess the damage.

MARINE PILOT
Left engine is out. Mayday. Mayday.
We are going down.

GRIFF
Mack, are you ok?

Mack gives a thumbs up.

 MACK
I think I got a concussion, but
whatever, I've had like orange of
those.

 GRIFF
I'm sorry, dude. For everything.
This whole time, I thought I was
missing out on something. I wanted
to stand out. I was a weak finger.
But when I'm with you? We're a
strong fist.

 MACK
I get you, Griff.

 GRIFF
You do?

 MACK
Yeah. Let's go fist Theo.

INT. FEDERAL RESERVE - VAULT - DAY

They drag themselves out of the crashed Osprey.

 MACK
There!

They clock Theo, Karolina, and the remaining mercenaries
running down a catwalk.

They take off after them. One of the mercenaries turns,
shouldering his rifle. Griff picks up a SACK OF QUARTERS,
whipping it at the mercenary. He's clobbered, the sack
EXPLODING in a shower of money.

Another mercenary TACKLES Mack, who jiu-jitsu's him over the
railing and onto a stack of GOLD BARS. The mercenary lands
with a sickening crunch.

Griff steadies himself, revealing KAROLINA in front of him.

 KAROLINA
We end this. Now.

GRIFF
 (to Mack)
Go get Theo.

Karolina advances on him.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
Karolina, I really, really don't
want to hurt you.

 KAROLINA
You betrayed my trust.

 GRIFF
Yeah, well you shoved your finger
in my ass unprompted so it's not
like any of us are blameless here.

Karolina throws a punch. Griff catches it mid-air.

 GRIFF (CONT'D)
I know you. I see you. The real
you. You're just like me.

 KAROLINA
I'm nothing like you!

She kicks him in the ribs. He clutches onto the railing,
steading himself.

 GRIFF
We're both looked down on by
others. Lonely. Used for our
strength. Dismissed because we
aren't "smart" or "responsible" or
"able to pass a simple drug test."

She SLAPS him across the face, then leans in really, really
close.

 KAROLINA
I really wish I didn't have to kill
you. Feels wasteful to kill someone
so beautiful.

 GRIFF
We'll always have the safe room.

 KAROLINA
Goodbye, Griff.

 GRIFF
Goodbye, Caroline.

Karolina frowns.

KAROLINA

My name is Karolina. Wait, do you seriously not know that?

GRIFF

Oh, I knew, I just needed a second.

He nods down at Karolina's tactical vest, then reveals the ring he pulled from her flash bang.

KAROLINA

You're smarter than you look.

BANG.

Karolina is thrown back, knocking her head on the grate. She's down for the count.

Up ahead, Mack is furiously chasing Theo down the catwalk.

MACK

Give it back! Destroying the economy in order to make yourself a king is a real dick move!

Mack JUMPS on him, sending the case flying down the catwalk above a large, operational INDUSTRIAL SHREDDER. The case OPENS, revealing the coin. Theo and Mack look at the coin, then at each other, then back at the coin.

THEO

I am a king!

He ELBOWS Mack, dragging himself along the catwalk. Mack punches Theo in the kidneys, dragging himself closer to the coin. They keep trading blows, getting closer and closer to the coin. Theo LUNGES for it-

But Mack gets there first.

MACK

It's over, Theo.

THEO

You don't understand what you're doing, Mack! You're too stupid to see an opportunity when it's staring you in the face.

MACK

I'm not stupid!

Theo launches himself at Mack. They struggle, then-
MACK PUTS THE COIN IN HIS MOUTH.

THEO
Don't. You. Dare.

Mack SWALLOWS.

MACK
(gasping)
You want it? Come and get it.

Theo grabs his gun.

THEO
With pleasure.

Mack winces. Theo aims, pulls the trigger-

GRIFF
Mack!

Griff BULL RUSHES Theo, knocking himself and the billionaire off the catwalk.

MACK
Griff!

Mack reaches out, catching Griff's hand. The money shredder below them ROARS.

GRIFF
Don't let go!

Reveal Theo, clutching on for dear life to Griff's pants leg.

THEO
Ok, business proposition. You guys save my life and we can forget all this ever happened. Have you ever wanted to own your own state? How about Michigan?

Mack is STRAINING to hold onto their combined weight.

MACK
I can't hold on!

THEO
If I'm going down, I'm taking you and your stupid fucking pants with me!

GRIFF

They're a tactical garment system.

Griff reaches down with his right hand and-

UNZIPS THE LEG TO HIS CARGO PANTS.

THEO

No. No!

The leg comes undone. Theo falls INTO THE SHREDDER, instantly liquifying.

With a mighty HEAVE, Mack pulls Griff back onto the catwalk. They lay there, catching their breath.

MACK

(panting)

Best friends?

GRIFF

(panting)

Best friends.

MACK

Love you, buddy.

GRIFF

Love you too.

EXT. FEDERAL RESERVE - DAY

Every police, paramedic and military vehicle imaginable crowds the street outside the smoldering Federal Reserve. Griff and Mack, looking like absolute hell, stumble out. A POLICE OFFICER draws his weapon.

POLICE OFFICER

Freeze!

CHIEF (O.S.)

Put the weapon down, officer.

Reveal Chief and Jonah, now on crutches, walking towards them.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

They're with us.

The officer lets them pass.

GRIFF
Chief! You're alive!
 (realizing)
We can explain-

 CHIEF
Jonah filled me in. After I caught
him him going rogue.

 JONAH
They performed well, Chief. Dingus
and Dipshit are damn fine spies.

Griff gives Jonah a BEAR HUG.

 GRIFF
I've been waiting my entire life to
hear that.

 JONAH
 (weak)
I think you broke a rib.

 CHIEF
Where's Woolf?

 GRIFF
The asset has been liquidated.

 MACK
Hah! Because we threw him in a
shredder. You're fucking funny,
dude.

 CHIEF
Woolf didn't have the coin, did he?

Mack pats him stomach.

 MACK
Don't worry. It's somewhere real
safe.

 CHIEF
Mack, did you...eat it?

 MACK
Had to improvise.

 CHIEF
 (smiling)
Like Ryan fucking Stiles.

Karolina is wheeled out on a gurney. Griff spots her.

GRIFF

One sec.

He crosses to her.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Karolina, I'm sorry it went down like it did. I really didn't mean to hurt you.

KAROLINA

All these weak men fighting over power...

GRIFF

You're right. In a way, masculinity is a prison.

KAROLINA

But in a much more real way, the prison I will be sent to is a prison. You know, when I get out, maybe we could get together and... I could murder you.

GRIFF

No thanks.

She's wheeled away. Griff's joined by Chief, Jonah and Mack.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

So what now?

CHIEF

How about we recover the coin, then we'll talk about reinstating you.

GRIFF

We can have our jobs back?

CHIEF

You just prevented financial armageddon. It's the least your government can do for you.

MACK

Thanks, Chief.

(realizing)

Oh fuck, I should call my family. I told my wife I was going out for Taco Bell like a week ago. She probably thinks I'm dead.

Griff smiles, patting Mack on the shoulder.

GRIFF

First things first, let's get that
coin out of you, buddy.

MACK

If you'll excuse me, I need to go
take a trillion-dollar shit.

Mack and Griff head towards a Starbucks across the street.

JONAH

(sighing)

I'll follow them.

He hurries up to catch up with Griff and Mack. They enter the Starbucks as the staggering amount of property damage they just caused to lower Manhattan is revealed.

GRIFF (O.S.)

Hey, pal, what's the bathroom code?

BARISTA (O.S.)

You have to buy something first.

MACK (O.S.)

Can you break a trillion?

JONAH

Mack, no!

FADE TO BLACK.