

GAME NIGHT

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INT. PUB - NIGHT

MUSIC BLARES. We move past people drinking, playing POOL, DARTS, BEER PONG and land on...

MAX (30's) sitting with a team in matching T-shirts. (His says, "CAPTAIN.") It's a rowdy PUB TRIVIA NIGHT. Max pounds a drink and yells at his team:

MAX
(slightly slurred)
Who cares about winning?! Let's
get drunk!

His team CHEERS. Max walks over to the BARTENDER, dead sober:

MAX (CONT'D)
I need four shots of Everclear and
four shots of water.
(throwing down some bills)
Send the real ones to the other
team. Give us the water.

The Bartender snorts and starts pouring.

TRIVIA EMCEE (O.S.)
What former Supreme Court Justice--

MAX
(spinning around)
Oliver Wendell Holmes!

Max's team CHEERS.

TRIVIA EMCEE
(annoyed)
That is correct. Again, I'd like
to ask the players to allow me to--

MAX
--finish the question!

His team laughs and cheers again.

Across the room, also wearing a "CAPTAIN" shirt, ANNIE (30's) glares at her TEAMMATES, including BILL, a schlubby guy.

ANNIE
Come on, guys. Focus. This isn't
a game!

BILL
It literally is.

ANNIE
Bill, I swear to god--

TRIVIA EMCEE
 For triple points: what is the name
 of the purple Teletubby?

The room quiets... There's an intense beat then--

MAX ANNIE
 Tinky Winky! Tinky Winky! *

Max and Annie lock eyes, sparks flying.

MAX
 (intense)
 He always carried a--

ANNIE
 (unblinking)
 --red purse. I know.

There is a definite connection here.

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Max and Annie stand in the middle of a subway car, furiously making out. The car suddenly comes to a stop and the couple goes FLYING INTO A METAL POLE.

In a MONTAGE, Max and Annie WIN different GAME NIGHTS as their relationship progresses:

--A SMALL STUDIO APARTMENT, playing the board game RISK with another COUPLE, DAN and LINDA.

ANNIE
 If you take Kamchatka and I take
 Mongolia, we can trap Linda in the
 middle.

MAX
 Starve out her army. Smart.

LINDA
 Hey! You can't form alliances.

ANNIE
 Worked for Hitler.

They high-five.

LINDA
 You're high-fiving Hitler?!

--In A NICER APARTMENT, playing PICTONARY. Max haphazardly
 DRAWS a RECTANGLE.

ANNIE
 "The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel"!

Other players protest. Max and Annie kiss.

--IN THEIR MODEST SUBURBAN HOUSE, playing CHARADES with Bill.
 Max points to Bill and Annie guesses--

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Bill. Overweight. Single. Out of
 work.

BILL
 What the fuck?

ANNIE
 Hairy?
 (Max touches his nose)
 Hairy. Carry. Mary.
 (Max touches his nose)
 Mary!
 (Max points to himself)
 You! Me!

Max gestures to put it together.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Marry me!

Annie does a crazy/cute victory dance but then:

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Wait-- What?

She turns back and sees Max on one knee, holding a ring.

MAX
 Marry me, Annie.

Annie jumps into Max's arms, laughing and kissing him. Bill
 is still stinging from their insults.

BILL
 (half-hearted)
 Congrats. Happy for you guys.

--AT THEIR WEDDING RECEPTION, Max and Annie play a DANCING
 VIDEO GAME in their tux and wedding dress. Dancing in
 unison, as their score mounts. The SONG crescendos to...

TITLE UP: **"GAME NIGHT"**

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON a paper football about to be flicked at a finger-
 goalpost.

ANNIE (O.S.)
Lotta pressure here. You miss, you lose.

MAX (O.S.)
Stay outta my head, please.

Max and Annie sit in a doctor's waiting room playing paper football. Her hands are the goal. He's about to "kick."

MAX (CONT'D)
Y'know, you do have the advantage because your fingers are smaller than mine which means you have a smaller goalpost.

ANNIE
Guess you should've married Uma Thurman.

MAX
Guess I should've.

Max aims, but just as he's about to flick the paper football his PHONE PINGS an incoming text. The "football" flies wildly far from the goal.

MAX (CONT'D)
Come on!

ANNIE
Awww. I'm sorry, honey. I know how much this meant to you.

MAX
That was interference.

He reads the text. It's from BROOKS: **"PSYCHED FOR TONIGHT!"** The words are followed by the GIF of THE OBESE BOY DANCING CRAZILY ON A SOFA.

Max sighs, annoyed.

A NURSE enters.

NURSE
Doctor Chin is ready for you.

INT. DR. CHIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Max and Annie sit across a desk from DR. JOHANNA CHIN, 40's.

DR. CHIN
...I think we've determined why you've been having trouble conceiving.

ANNIE
Oh, yeah?

Chin turns and looks at Max.

MAX
What? It's me? Of course it's me.

DR. CHIN
(opening a file)
I'm not loving your semen.

MAX
Oh?

DR. CHIN
Your count is excellent. But your motility is well below normal.

MAX
What would cause that?

DR. CHIN
It can be genetic. Environmental factors. Nine times out of ten it's just stress.

MAX
I'm not stressed.

DR. CHIN
Nothing at home or work?

MAX
No. It's all good.

ANNIE
What about your brother?

MAX
What about him?

ANNIE
(to Dr. Chin)
His brother, Brooks, emailed a couple months ago that he's coming into town this week. Max has always had an inferiority complex with him.

MAX
That's not true. And she doesn't need to hear this. She's not a therapist.

DR. CHIN
No, but I am a doctor and I believe
in treating the whole patient.

ANNIE
He's been on edge lately.

DR. CHIN
What is it about your brother that
intimidates you, Max?

MAX
Really? We're gonna do this right
next to the room where I
masturbated?

ANNIE
Max has it in his head that Brooks
is more successful and better
looking and just generally cooler
than he is.

MAX
I never said "cooler." Now you're
projecting.

ANNIE
(to Dr. Chin)
He's just naturally charismatic.

DR. CHIN
(jots down some notes)
Very interesting. And is he
single?

MAX
Yeah. Why?

DR. CHIN
I don't know if I mentioned it, but
Keith and I are on a trial
separation.

ANNIE
Oh, I'm sorry.

DR. CHIN
Don't be. Keith was emotionally
abusive.
(then, to Max)
You think your brother would want
to grab a cup of coffee with me?

MAX
I-- I don't know.

ANNIE
We can ask him.

DR. CHIN
Now, is he a tall fella? Because
I'm only 5'2".

MAX
So we're done with my sperm, then?

Annie and Dr. Chin ignore him.

ANNIE
He's definitely taller than Max.
But he once dated this ballerina
and she was a tiny little thing--
y'know, I'm starting to love this
idea.

DR. CHIN
Me too. Is he Google-able?

Max throws up his hands as they continue to talk about how
great Brooks is.

EXT. MAX'S & ANNIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Max and Annie pull into the driveway of a SUBURBAN HOME. Max
grabs some groceries from the trunk and they head toward the
door. They spot their stiff neighbor, GARY (40, think
Michael Shannon, wearing a police uniform) standing at his
mailbox. On a leash is a small, white puffball of a DOG.

MAX
(sotto, to Annie)
Shit. It's Gary. Don't mention
game night.

GARY
Good evening, Max. Annie.

ANNIE
Hey, Gary. How's it going?

GARY
Well enough. Just checking the
mail. Some people check it earlier
in the day but there's always a
risk that the mail carrier hasn't
come yet. This spares me the
chance of a futile trip to the
mailbox.

ANNIE
Uh huh.

GARY
Plus, it allows Bastian here the opportunity to urinate.

MAX
Well, have a good one.

GARY
(pointedly, glancing at groceries)
Any plans for this evening?
Perhaps a game night?

MAX
(uneasy)
Oh, no. Annie and I are staying in.

GARY
I see. I do hope you'll keep me in mind for any future game nights. I always enjoyed the camaraderie of good friends competing in games of chance and skill.

ANNIE
Yeah... we should do that again. But tonight it's just the two of us.

GARY
Three bags of Tostitos "Scoops" I notice.

MAX
They had a special. Three for one.

GARY
Three for one? How can that be profitable for Frito-Lay?

They shrug.

GARY (CONT'D)
Well, you two enjoy each other. Often we don't fully appreciate what we have until it's gone.

Awkward beat.

MAX
Okay.

They can't think of anything else to say so they head inside.

INT. KITCHEN - MAX AND ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max and Annie enter. He peeks outside from behind a curtain.

ANNIE

Now if he sees the others we're screwed.

MAX

Well, I told everyone to park far away and sneak in quietly.

(then, changing course)
Are we being dicks? Should we just keep inviting him? It seems like he really wants to play.

ANNIE

No! Debbie was our friend. Gary was just the creepy husband we had to put up with. And he's only gotten worse since the divorce. He's like the butler at a haunted house.

MAX

Yeah, you're right. We don't actually owe him anything. He can always find people like himself to play with. Y'know, other weirdos.

Just then, a kitchen window opens and a VERY HOT 20-SOMETHING GIRL, MADISON, crawls in. Max and Annie regard her.

ANNIE

Can we help you?

MADISON

(vocal fry)
I'm okay.

RYAN, 30's, hoists himself in after her.

RYAN

Hey.

MAX

Why are you coming in the window?

RYAN

You said to sneak in so Robocop wouldn't see us.

MAX

I meant sneak in the door but, okay... could you get your boot off our cutting board?

RYAN

Well, you were super vague about
how we should sneak in--

Just then, another window slides open and KEVIN, 30's
African-American, starts climbing inside.

ANNIE

Jesus. It's like "Night of the
Living Dead" in here.

Kevin helps his wife, MICHELLE, 30's, African-American,
climb in.

MICHELLE

I am not dressed for this nonsense.

KEVIN

Yeah, you're asking a lot of us,
Max.

MAX

I didn't tell anyone to come in the
window.

RYAN

Guys, this is Madison. Madison,
this is Max and Annie. Kevin and
Michelle.

ANNIE

Yeah, you brought her last week.
(to Madison)
You work at Forever 21, right?

Ryan gives Annie a "what the fuck" look.

MADISON

(vocal fry)
I work at Sephora.

ANNIE

I'm confused.

MAX

(sotto to Annie)
Different girl. Same look, same
voice.

ANNIE

Oh. Hi. Nice to meet you.

MADISON

You too.

Madison holds out an awkward limp hand, like a dead fish. Max and Annie try to figure out what to do with it. Annie shakes it awkwardly. Max kisses it.

MADISON (CONT'D)
Do you guys have a bathroom?

MAX
Yes we do. Right down the hall.

MADISON
On the right or the left. I don't want to go in the wrong room.

ANNIE
It'll be the one with the toilet.

MADISON
'Kay.

Madison exits.

MICHELLE
Where'd you meet her? At a TED talk?

RYAN
Don't judge me. Brains and personality aren't everything.

KEVIN
Aren't you sick of losing game night every week 'cause of the dates you bring?

RYAN
They're not always bad.

FLASHBACK TO:

--Ryan plays charades. He frantically mimes a clue for his partner, HOT DATE #1. We REVEAL she isn't paying any attention to him. Instead she's on SNAPCHAT, taking a selfie with the "licking dog" filter. On it she's written "Game night. Bored AF."

RYAN (CONT'D)
Come on, Heather! How many pictures of you as a dog do you need?

The others look embarrassed.

--Ryan's HOT DATE #2 puts down a word in Scrabble and claps happily.

ANNIE
 "Dennis" isn't a word.

HOT DATE
 Uh, yeah, it is. It's my daddy's
 name, so...

The group roll their eyes.

--Ryan and a HOT DATE #3 play Taboo. His card reads "Seal
 Team Six."

RYAN
 Okay, these are, like, the very
 best, the elite--

HOT BLONDE DATE
 White people?

EVERYONE
 Whoaaaa!

BACK TO SCENE.

RYAN
 Unlike you psychos, I don't really
 give a shit about winning at game
 night. I don't need that
 validation.

MICHELLE
 But you do need the validation of
 dating hot women.

RYAN
 (matter of fact)
 Oh yeah.
 (then)
 I'm sorry I'm not like you,
 Michelle. We didn't all meet our
 soulmates when we were ten years
 old.

Kevin smiles and puts an arm around Michelle.

KEVIN
 Fourteen.

MICHELLE
 We didn't get married till we were
 nineteen.

RYAN
 And this was back in Iran? Or
 Westeros?

KEVIN

Y'know what, Ryan? I hope someday you find a girl who you love as much as I love my sweet baby here.

They kiss. Ryan grimaces.

MAX

(heading to living room)
Everybody have a drink? What should we play first?

RYAN

Y'know what rich people are doing on their game nights these days?

ANNIE

What?

RYAN

Fight clubs. I just read about them. They pay poor people to fight each other and they bet on the winner.

MICHELLE

That's not a real thing.

RYAN

Yuh-huh. When you can have anything you want in the world, you have to raise the stakes or life gets boring. The Kennedys used to have fight clubs at their Hyannis Port compound.

KEVIN

You need to stop reading BuzzFeed every damn second of the day 'cause that's just pure silliness.

MAX

So... charades then?

ANNIE

Don't you want to wait for Brooks?

KEVIN

Hold up. Brooks is in town?

Madison returns.

MICHELLE

I thought he was working in Europe.

MAX

He was. Apparently, he's back here for business. I haven't seen him yet.

MADISON

Who are we talking about?

RYAN

Max's brother. He's this super-successful venture capitalist.

KEVIN

He was the first to invest in Panera Bread. Turned it into America's leading fast casual dining chain.

RYAN

He's the Mark Wahlberg to Max's Donnie.

MAX

Y'know what? I'm gonna take that as a compliment because Donnie was fucking great in "The Sixth Sense."

MICHELLE

Was he in that?

MAX

Yeah, he was. And you know who wasn't? Mark Wahlberg.

MADISON

Mark would never take a role that small.

MAX

Oh, he wouldn't, Madison? Thank you.

KEVIN

We haven't seen Brooks since your wedding. Remember that speech he gave?

MICHELLE

I've never seen you cry that much.

RYAN

We were all crying. What was that lovely poem he read?

ANNIE

"Ancient Snapshots" by Joyce Carol Oates.

RYAN

That's right. And then he paid for that whole fireworks display.

There's a beat as the friends fondly remember how awesome Brooks is. Finally,

MAX

So, you guys wanna play or...?

SFX: HONK! HONK!

From outside the house, a loud CAR HORN is accompanied by the blaring sound of BILLY JOEL'S "CAPTAIN JACK" on the radio.

Annie and Max hurry to the window.

Parked in front of their house, we see a shiny bright red 1976 Corvette Stingray with BROOKS at the wheel. He spots them and gives a friendly wave.

ANNIE

You didn't tell him to park up the street?!

MAX

I did! Like three times!
(then, to himself)
He got a Stingray?

EXT. MAX & ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max sneaks out the front door and tries to signal--

MAX

(whisper-yelling)
Turn off your car!

BROOKS

What's that?

But it's too late. Gary steps out his front door. Max waves at Gary awkwardly, caught.

MAX

Hey again.
(under his breath)
Still wearing the uniform...

Brooks takes a 12-pack from his car and crosses the street.

BROOKS

(too loud)
Hey, bud. Sorry I'm late. I hope you didn't start game night without me.

MAX
 (nodding toward Gary)
 Shh! Didn't you get my texts?

BROOKS
 What texts?
 (then, to Gary)
 Evening, officer.
 (then, softly)
 What's up with that guy?

MAX
 (to Gary)
 Gary, this is my brother. We're
 just doing, like, a little three-
 man, family game night thing.

BROOKS
 Three-man? What about Kevin,
 Michelle and Ryan? I thought they
 were coming.

MAX
 No, no, no.
 (to Gary)
 Just us, Gary.

BROOKS
 (pointing)
 I can see them in your doorway.
 There's a whole mess of people.

REVERSE to see Kevin, Michelle, Annie, Ryan and Madison all
 huddled in the doorway, hiding from Gary.

MAX
 Huh? Oh, yeah.
 (to Gary)
 They're not staying, Gary. It was
 a mix-up with the...

Looking hurt, Gary goes back in his house and shuts the door.

MAX (CONT'D)
 God damn it, Brooks.

BROOKS
 What?

MAX
 We didn't want him to know we were
 doing game night. He used to come
 but we don't like him anymore.

BROOKS
 Well, now he knows. Bring it in.
 I haven't seen you in a year.

Brooks grabs him in a bear hug.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
You smell good. What is that,
Selsun Blue? Head and Shoulders?

MAX
Why do you assume it's dandruff
shampoo?

BROOKS
You've always been a bit of a
snowstorm. Now where's that wife
of yours?

He heads inside.

INT. MAX & ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Everyone ad libs greetings as they exchange hugs with Brooks.

RYAN
Sweet ride, Brooks.

BROOKS
Oh yeah. I just got her a couple
weeks ago.

KEVIN
Is that a Corvette?

MAX
1976 rally red Stingray Coupe. It
was my dream car when I was a kid.

BROOKS
(innocently)
Yeah, that's what gave me the idea
to get it.
(then)
I love your house.

MAX
Are you being sarcastic?

BROOKS
No. I mean it. It reminds me of
Mom and Dad's place. Takes me back
to simpler times.

MAX
Simpler?

ANNIE
(chill out)
Max.

(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 (then, to Brooks)
 So, how long are you in town for?

BROOKS
 Not sure. Depends on how many clients my firm wants me to schmooze. But I'm hoping it's for a while. I never get to see you guys.

Brooks throws his arm around Max.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 I've missed you, man.

Max looks at his brother and can't help it, he smiles--

MAX
 Missed you too.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MAX & ANNIE'S HOUSE - LATER

They're about to play CELEBRITY.

MADISON
 Say it one more time.

RYAN
 (a little impatient)
 Okay. You take a piece of paper from the bowl and then you give clues to the group and they try and guess who your celebrity is.

MADISON
 Okay, got it.

MAX
 Twenty seconds. Starting... now.

He starts a timer on his phone. Madison pulls out a name.

MADISON
 I don't know who this is.

MAX
 That's okay. Pick another one.

MADISON
 (she does)
 I don't know who this is.

ANNIE
 Try another one. Quick.

MADISON

(she does)
Oh. Okay, this is the guy who--
no, wait. I don't know who this
is.

RYAN

Maybe someone else should start.

The others quickly agree. Brooks gets up.

BROOKS

I'll go.

Max rubs his palms on his pants. It's on. Annie offers a
bottle of wine to Max.

ANNIE

Do you want more--

MAX

SHH!

Ryan starts the timer.

RYAN

And... go!

Brooks pulls out a clue.

BROOKS

(raspy singing)
"The beautiful people..."

MICHELLE

Marilyn Manson.

BROOKS

You got it.
(then, chuckling)
Quick story.

Brooks pauses the timer.

MAX

Hey, you can't pause--

BROOKS

Remember that urban myth that
Marilyn Manson had some of his ribs
removed so he could go down on
himself?

KEVIN

Yeah?

BROOKS
Can I tell 'em, Max?

MAX
No! You're in the middle of a--

BROOKS
Come on. You were 14. It's an adorable story.

MAX
I forbid it.

ANNIE
Now you've gotta tell us.

MAX
Thanks, honey.

RYAN
Did you blow yourself?

BROOKS
You know those bungee cords you use on roof racks? Max wrapped one behind his neck and under his legs to try and squish his face down to his crotch.

MICHELLE
Oh my god.

BROOKS
But he gets stuck like that. He can't unhook it. Finally, after about an hour our mom comes home and finds him there. This naked pretzel boy on the floor of his bedroom. He's had back problems ever since.

The group is equal parts shocked and cracking up. Max is beet red. Annie rubs his back, consoling.

ANNIE
Aww, my little pretzel boy.

RYAN
So?

MAX
So what?

RYAN
Did you suck it?

MAX
We're not talking about this
anymore.

KEVIN
Come on! That's like turning off
"Kramer vs. Kramer" before you see
who gets the kid.

MICHELLE
It's really not.

A deeply embarrassed Max grabs the timer and starts it again.

MAX
Enough! The timer's going.

BROOKS
Fine.

Brooks launches into A RAPID-FIRE SERIES OF CLUES that are so
spot-on, they are immediately guessed. He's amazing.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
Poor man's Johnny Depp stars in
"Jericho."

ANNIE
Skeet Ulrich.

BROOKS
UN Secretary General from '92 to
'96.

MICHELLE
Boutros Boutros-Ghali.

BROOKS
Doesn't like kids in "Jurassic
Park."

KEVIN
Sam Neill.

BROOKS
Dubstep DJ looks like Corey
Feldman.

ANNIE
Skrillex.

ANGLE ON Madison. Like Ryan's earlier date, she's on
SNAPCHAT, taking a selfie with the "licking dog" filter.

BROOKS
Rappers are obsessed with this
Cubist painter.

RYAN

Picasso.

BROOKS

Big cat shot by asshole dentist.

KEVIN

Cecil the lion!

MAX

Time!

RYAN

Whoa. Seven. That's gonna be hard to beat.

MAX

Not that hard. I'll go next.

Brooks sits as Max steps up. Ryan starts the timer.

RYAN

Go!

We see Max's first celebrity on the paper: ED NORTON

MAX

Okay, easy. Annie, the actor we met at the airport that time.

ANNIE

Who?

MAX

The only famous actor we ever met at the airport!

ANNIE

Bobby Flay?

MAX

(increasingly flustered)
He's not an actor. He was in line in front of us at Sbarro? We were trying to figure out why he wasn't in the first class lounge.

ANNIE

Oh, yeah. Who was that...?

MAX

Goddamn it!

BROOKS

Y'know, you've got a whole room of people here who can help out.

MAX
Fine! He was the Incredible Hulk.

KEVIN
Eric Bana.

MAX
No! The other one.

MICHELLE
Mark Ruffalo.

MAX
The other one!

RYAN
Lou Ferrigno?

MAX
Shit! "Primal Fear."

KEVIN
Richard Gere didn't play the Hulk.

RYAN
Time's up.

MAX
Ed Fuckin' Norton!

ANNIE
Ohh. Crap. Sorry.

Max does a bad job of covering how pissed he is.

RYAN
Zero points for Max. I'd say he
blew it, but he won't tell us. Get
it?

Everyone but Max and Annie laughs.

INT./EXT. MAX AND ANNIE'S HOUSE - LATER

Max and Annie walk their guests out.

BROOKS
Hey, how about we do this next week
at my house?

MAX
House? What house?

BROOKS
Since I don't know how long I'll be
here, I rented a place.
(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

It's a couple miles away. Up on Broadmoor.

RYAN

Ooh, swanky neighborhood.

BROOKS

It's a cool place. But it's pretty empty with just me. It'd be fun to have you guys over.

MAX

I don't know. It's kind of a tradition to do game night here.

ANNIE

So what? Could be fun.

The others chime in with agreement.

BROOKS

Perfect.

MICHELLE

Can we bring anything?

BROOKS

No. I've got everything.

(beat)

Actually, Max, you may want to bring your own bungee cord.

They all crack up.

MAX

Just gonna keep going back to that well, huh?

BROOKS

I'm sorry. I'm done.

(then)

I promise you guys: this will be a game night to remember.

He hugs Max and gets into his Stingray. Max looks on with a hint of envy, then shuts the door and begins helping Annie clean up.

MAX

Jackass.

ANNIE

He's just trying to get under your skin.

MAX

Yeah, and he knows exactly how to do it. He's been doing it my whole life. I don't see him for a year, then he pulls up in MY dream car, insults our house and tells an embarrassing story about me right before my turn.

ANNIE

Buying the same car does seem like a bit of a "fuck you." But maybe it was his dream car too.

MAX

Bullshit. He's always known how to undermine me. You know I've never won a game against him?

ANNIE

Well, you've got to stop letting it bother you. It's literally killing our baby.

MAX

What am I supposed to do?

ANNIE

I don't know. Beat him?

Max considers this. It's a damn good idea.

CUT TO BLACK.

CHYRON: "ONE WEEK LATER"

EXT. MAX & ANNIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Max and Annie head out toward his car with some board games.

ANNIE

You don't want to just Uber there?

MAX

I'm not getting drunk tonight. I'm gonna be sharp and ready for--

GARY (O.S.)

Evening.

They both jump and turn to see Gary standing there in the dark, as always in his police uniform, holding his dog.

MAX

Jesus, Gary!

ANNIE

AHH!!

*

They hide the board games.

GARY
Where you headed?

MAX
Just going to my brother's.

GARY
Another game night?

MAX
No! No game night. Just dinner.

GARY
I see. Pity. I was going to invite you over for a dinner I was hosting. I've purchased four lamb shanks. I'm simmering them in a broth of red wine and rosemary.

ANNIE
That sounds yummy.

MAX
Yeah, it's too bad we have plans.

GARY
It was Debbie's recipe. I like to think she left me her recipe cards as a gesture of goodwill. But most likely it was an unintentional oversight.

MAX
Uh huh. We should get going.

GARY
Have fun.

Freaked out, Max and Annie head for the car. After a beat,

GARY (CONT'D)
What?

ANNIE
We didn't say anything.

GARY
Oh. Okay.

Gary stands there watching as they get into the car.

EXT. BROOKS' HOUSE/INT. CAR - NIGHT

Max's car pulls up to a beautiful modern mansion.

MAX

Aw, fuck me.

ANNIE

Guy who rents a house this big has to be covering up for something small.

MAX

No, I've seen his dick. It's pretty great.

ANNIE

Well, I tried.

INT. BROOKS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Brooks opens the door on Max and Annie. The place is all windows and technology. It's annoyingly tasteful and awesome. Brooks offers them glasses of champagne.

BROOKS

Hey, guys.

MAX

Hey. Nice house, Tony Stark. Should we give our drink orders to Jarvis?

BROOKS

Ha! I got the Tony Stark part but then you went full nerd and I lost you. Come on in.

They follow him into a beautiful living room where Kevin, Michelle and Ryan are having a drink with JILLIAN, a bright, cute girl who seems way more normal than Ryan's usual dates.

Ryan proudly presents Jillian like a prize--

RYAN

Oh, hello friends. Allow me to introduce you to my date, Jillian. Jillian went to Yale University and is a software engineer at our office, so she's smart as shit, okay?

Kevin and Michelle exchange a look.

JILLIAN

Okay, that was weird.
(to Max and Annie)
Nice to meet you guys.

ANNIE
 (they shake)
 You too.

Ryan flips Max and Annie off from behind Jillian's back.

RYAN
 So maybe you can't always judge a
 book by its past... covers.

MAX
 Odd use of that phrase.
 (to Brooks)
 We didn't know what games you had,
 so we brought a few of our
 favorites.

BROOKS
 Oh, cool. Thanks, guys.

Brooks takes the games and THROWS THEM ACROSS THE ROOM.
 Pieces skitter across the stone floor.

MAX
 What the hell?

BROOKS
 I told you we're taking it up a
 notch. The game we're playing is
 so epic, it doesn't need a board or
 pieces.

MAX
 Still, you didn't need to throw
 them across the room.

BROOKS
 I was being theatrical.

RYAN
 Holy shit. Are we doing a fight
 club?

BROOKS
 What?

RYAN
 These super-rich guys pay poor
 people--

KEVIN
 No. Enough with the fight clubs.
 It's nonsense.

ANNIE
 So what are we playing?

BROOKS

(dramatic)

In your drinks I've placed a powerful neurotoxin. You have eight hours to find the antidote hidden somewhere in the city.

They all exchange looks of disbelief.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you. But this is not a joke: in the next hour, someone in this room will be taken. It'll be up to you to find that person before they're murdered.

KEVIN

(excited)

Is this a murder mystery party?!

BROOKS

Not just any murder mystery party. I found this company that does it super-real with legit actors. You won't know what's real and what's fake. Cost me a shit-ton.

MICHELLE

Fun!

BROOKS

But wait. There's more. Whoever finds the victim wins the grand prize: the keys to the Stingray.

RYAN

Just the keys?

BROOKS

No, Ryan. The whole car.

KEVIN

Holy shit!

RYAN

Yes!

(to Jillian)

You're so lucky I brought you to this game night and not one of Max and Annie's.

ANNIE

Hey.

RYAN

No, I just mean because this is better.

MAX

Come on, Brooks. You're not actually gonna give away your car.

BROOKS

I need a write-off. Plus, my Audi is more practical.

MICHELLE

This is the best night ever.

JILLIAN

So what do we do now?

BROOKS

Now we wait. Maybe play a little drinking game to pass the time.

MAX

We don't play drinking games.

BROOKS

Tonight we do.

KEVIN

How about "Never Have I Ever"?

RYAN

Good one.

MAX

(sotto, to Annie)

Is this all just to one-up us?

ANNIE

Maybe he's trying to show us a good time.

MAX

No, that's not it.

Annie rolls her eyes. Max heads off to the bathroom.

EXT. BROOKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

A menacing BLACK VAN quietly pulls up and parks outside.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Two men sit inside -- a scary-looking, squat BALD GUY (40s) and a wiry creepy guy with a PONYTAIL (40s).

PONYTAIL
This the place?

The Bald Guy pulls out a scrap of paper with an address scribbled on it -- *1765 Broadmoor Avenue.*

BALD GUY
This is it.

Ponytail dials his cell phone.

PONYTAIL
(into phone)
We're at the house. Looks like
they're all inside.

Bald Guy takes out a photo of Brooks. Then Ponytail hands him A VERY REAL-LOOKING GUN.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Max exits the bathroom and hears a CLATTERING NOISE from the kitchen. Curious, he slowly makes his way down the hall...

Just as he turns the corner he finds himself INCHES AWAY FROM THE BLADE OF A LARGE KNIFE!

MAX
Fucking shit!

Terrified, Max scrambles back against the wall. REVEAL it's Brooks holding the knife. Max exhales.

BROOKS
(laughing)
What the hell's wrong with you?
(re: the knife)
It's for the cheese.

MAX
You sure you don't need a bigger one? Are we cutting a whole wheel of gouda?

INT. LIVING ROOM - BROOKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Max and Brooks return. Everyone plays the drinking game.

JILLIAN
Never have I ever connected my work computer to a projector in the conference room while it was open to a WebMD page on chlamydia symptoms.

RYAN
Dude! Not cool.

Everyone laughs.

JILLIAN
(grinning)
Drink.

He drinks.

RYAN
For the record. I didn't have
chlamydia. It was a pubic
dermatitis.

KEVIN
Nasty.

ANNIE
(quietly, to Ryan)
I like her....
(then, to Jillian)
I like you.

RYAN
You're not supposed to target
people with this game. It's
supposed to be generic things,
like... never have I ever slept
with a celebrity.

The others nod. Without thinking, Michelle take a sip of her
drink. Halfway through the sip, she realizes Kevin is
staring at her in surprise. She sets down her glass.

MICHELLE
What?

KEVIN
You've slept with a celebrity?

MICHELLE
Hmm? No, no. I was just taking a
drink separate from the game.

KEVIN
Why are you all nervous then?

MICHELLE
(nervous)
I'm not nervous. Who's turn is it?

ANNIE
I think it's Max's turn. It's
somebody's turn. Somebody should
go now.

JILLIAN
 (to Ryan)
 What's going on here?

RYAN
 (sotto)
 They've been together since middle school.

JILLIAN
 Uh oh.

KEVIN
 How could you possibly have had sex with a celebrity when we've only had sex with each other?

MICHELLE
 You're making this into something it's not.

Max turns to Brooks.

MAX
 This is why we don't play drinking games.

SFX: BANG! BANG! BANG!

Everyone jumps at the sound of banging. They all look at the front door except for Kevin who stares at Michelle.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 Open up!

BROOKS
 Looks like the game is afoot.

He crosses to the door and opens it on an imposing, extremely serious 40-something MAN in a dark suit and sunglasses.

MAN
 Are you Brooks Davis?

BROOKS
 (mock serious)
 I am.

MAN
 I'm Agent Henderson. FBI. Please sit down.

Brooks joins the others as the man enters.

RYAN
 Sunglasses at night. This guy's the real deal.

AGENT HENDERSON

I'll get right to the point. The Bureau has been tracking a ring of violent kidnapers in this neighborhood. We have reason to believe that one of you may be their next victim.

MAX

Quick question, Agent Henderson? Why is this a federal investigation? Seems more like a local police matter.

Annie swats Max: "play along." Agent Henderson glares at Max but says nothing. He hands each of them a folder.

AGENT HENDERSON

Contained in these dossiers are the clues you'll need to find the kidnapers.

MAX

We have to find them? What's the Bureau's role in this?

KEVIN

Maybe the FBI can take my wife in for questioning. 'Cause apparently, she's got a whole secret life I don't know anything about.

MICHELLE

Honey--

AGENT HENDERSON

(barking)
Shut up! All of you! This isn't a joke!

He gets up in Max's face.

AGENT HENDERSON (CONT'D)

(intense)
You people are in serious danger and we are running out of time here! I will not stand idly by and see more civilians slaughtered on my watch!

Max glances over at Brooks and gives him a grudgingly impressed look.

BROOKS

He's pretty good, huh?

AGENT HENDERSON
 Now, before we get started I'm
 required to ask if anyone here has
 any food allergies--

BOOM!!! The FRONT DOOR IS KICKED OPEN, splintering off its
 hinges. Bald Guy and Ponytail walk in wearing ski masks.

AGENT HENDERSON (CONT'D)
 Who the hell are you?

Ponytail COLD COCKS the "FBI Agent." He goes down hard.

BROOKS
 Guys! I know you're "method" and
 all but you can't just break my
 door--

Bald Guy walks up to Brooks and PUNCHES HIM IN THE GUT.
 Brooks doubles over.

MAX
 Okay, I actually don't mind this
 game.

Brooks shoves the guy away.

BROOKS
 ARE YOU CRAZY?!

Ponytail grabs Brooks in a headlock from behind. Brooks
 backs up, slamming Ponytail into the wall.

JILLIAN
 Wow. This is kind of intense...

The fight continues. It's SLOPPY AND SURPRISINGLY VIOLENT as
 Brooks does a decent job of defending himself.

ANGLE ON the rest of the group sitting on the sofas calmly
 eating chips and drinking cocktails like they're watching a
 movie.

ANNIE
 (to Max)
 This is very well done.

MAX
 Hm. Ski masks are a little on the
 nose.

Ponytail is shoved onto the coffee table in front of them.
 Ryan plucks the champagne bottle out of his way in the nick
 of time.

Brooks manages to get loose from the Bald Guy. He reaches
 down to his ankle and pulls out a SMALL HANDGUN.

RYAN
 (playful)
 Watch out. He's packin' heat!

Brooks aims the gun at Bald Guy but it's knocked out of his hand by Ponytail. The gun skitters across the room and comes to a stop at Annie's feet. She looks down at it.

The fight spills out of the living room and into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - BROOKS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brooks faces off against the two attackers, wielding pots, utensils and whatever he can grab as a weapon. It's like a Bourne movie except these guys are not nearly as coordinated.

INT. LIVING ROOM - BROOKS' HOUSE

The group are as we left them. We can hear the sounds of breaking glass, clattering pans and pained grunts coming from the kitchen. After a beat, Max slices a sliver of cheese.

MAX
 This is good.

ANNIE
 Try it with the prosciutto.

JILLIAN
 Are we sure this is all part of the thing?

RYAN
 Oh, yeah. Brooks always goes all-out.
 (to the group)
 Remember that fireworks display he got for their wedding--?

MAX
 (abruptly)
 Yeah, Ryan. We talked about that.

Suddenly, Brooks flies into the room, landing on his back. There's broken glass in his hair and he's got a bloody nose.

MICHELLE
 Ooh, they put some makeup on him.

BROOKS
 Help me! Please! This isn't--

Bald Guy pins Brooks down and SLAPS TAPE over his mouth.

MAX
 (slow clapping)
 Very impressive. And the
 Independent Spirit Award goes to...

Brooks tries to buck Bald Guy off of him. Ponytail takes his gun out of his belt and points it at Brooks.

PONYTAIL
 Stop fighting, asshole!

Bald Guy pulls out a bag and puts it over Brooks' head. He and Ponytail drag the struggling Brooks out of the house.

Bald Guy stops at the door and points his gun at the gang--

BALD GUY
 First one that follows us out, I
 shoot in the face.

MAX
 M'kay, drive safe.

The men hustle Brooks out. There's a beat as the group continue to sip their drinks.

KEVIN
 There's something about this that
 doesn't make sense.
 (to Michelle)
 What did I do that made you want to
 cheat on me with a celebrity?!

MICHELLE
 I didn't cheat on you. It was
 before we got married. When we
 took that break.

KEVIN
 Oh my god. My world is collapsing.

As Kevin and Michelle bicker, Ryan crosses to the supine "FBI Agent" and nudges him with his foot.

RYAN
 Agent Henderson? You gonna keep
 lying there?

He doesn't move.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (to Jillian)
 He's a regular Daniel Day Lewis.

Meanwhile, Max discreetly grabs one of the dossiers and he and Annie scurry off to another room. Jillian notices. She holds up another dossier to Ryan. They hurry off as well.

KEVIN
 (to Michelle)
 ...we both agreed we wouldn't hook
 up with anyone during that break.

MICHELLE
 Yeah, but then you went and got a
 handjob from Karen Waller.

KEVIN
 It was over the pants! And I felt
 guilty the whole time. But I guess
 I shouldn't have.

MICHELLE
 You're making this into something--
 (then noticing)
 Oh hell. They got the jump on us.

KEVIN
 (grabs dossier)
 Come on! But this isn't over.

They hurry out.

IN QUICK CUTS:

--IN THE KITCHEN, Max and Annie go over the dossier:

MAX
 Here's the first clue. It looks
 like a riddle.
 (reads)
With shiny fangs...

--IN A BEDROOM, Ryan and Jillian read the rules:

JILLIAN
 (reads)
...my bloodless bite...

--IN A HALLWAY, Michelle reads:

MICHELLE
*...will bring together what's
 mostly white.*

KEVIN
 Donald Trump!

MICHELLE
 I don't think that's it.

KEVIN
 How do you know? Did you fuck him?

--IN THE KITCHEN--

ANNIE
 "Bloodless bite"? So it's not a
 vampire. Let me Google this.

She takes out her phone.

MAX
 This is so inconsistent. They
 choreograph a super-realistic fight
 and then they give us an FBI
 dossier with *riddles* in it? Pick a
 tone and stick with it.

ANNIE
 Do you want that car or not?

MAX
 More than anything ever. But I
 feel like Brooks is setting me up
 here. This is just another game
 where somehow he's gonna humiliate
 me.
 (then)
 I say we find a shortcut.

ANNIE
 How do we do that?

Max notices her phone.

MAX
 His phone! It was in his pocket
 when they grabbed him.

ANNIE
 You want to call him?

MAX
 I want to track him.

He points to Brooks' iPad lying on the kitchen counter. They
 give each other an excited look.

INT. BEDROOM - BROOKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Ryan and Jillian are studying the dossier.

RYAN
 "Bloodless bite... bloodless
 bite... bloodless bite..."

JILLIAN
 Maybe stop saying "bloodless bite"
 so I can think?

They hear a CAR DOOR SLAM out the window. They glance out to see Max and Annie getting in their car and backing out of the driveway.

RYAN

Shit. They must've already figured it out. We've gotta up our game. There's nothing more dangerous than Max when he's got something to prove.

(then)

"Bloodless bite... bloodless bite..."

JILLIAN

Stop that!

(then)

We need to find an advantage.

She spots a wallet on the bedside table and picks it up.

RYAN

Brooks' wallet? You think we should just steal all his shit?

JILLIAN

No.

She finds Brooks' credit card and dials a number on her cell.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes, hi. I lost my credit card and I'm wondering if you can tell me the last few charges I made?

RYAN

What are you doing?

JILLIAN

(covering phone)

If we can find the name of the murder mystery company he used we can go to their office and pay them off to give us the final clue.

RYAN

Whoa. You are a double threat: brains and sneakiness.

JILLIAN

(not exactly flattered)

Thanks.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kevin and Michelle are still puzzling over the clue.

KEVIN
What has shiny fangs that bites
white things together?

MICHELLE
(getting it)
A stapler! The white things are
paper!

KEVIN
Yes! I would kiss you but I don't
know where those lips have been.

She rolls her eyes.

MICHELLE
Look around for a stapler.

They move down the hall and enter

INT. BROOKS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

A windowless room with a skylight in the ceiling. Lots of
bound books, a desk, etc.

KEVIN
Found one!

He grabs a stapler off the desk and opens it. Inside is a
FLASHDRIVE.

MICHELLE
Here. Put it in the desktop.

Kevin plugs it into the computer and a text box opens.

KEVIN
Another riddle.

MICHELLE
(reads)
*"I am brown and old by day, white
and young by night, my eyes are
glass, I have nine faces but no
head. I sing to the sky but I have
no voice. I am everywhere and
nowhere--"*

KEVIN
What the fuck is that?!

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Annie drives while Max uses FIND MY IPHONE on Brooks' iPad--

ANNIE
Are they still on Route 18?

MAX
Yup. We're catching up.

ANNIE
Can you imagine Brooks' face when we find him so fast?

MAX
It's gonna be so good. Y'know, I think I can actually feel my sperm coming back to life.

ANNIE
Perfect. We'll win your brother's car and then go make a baby in it.

MAX
Yeah! And we'll make him watch us!

ANNIE
What? I don't want to do that.

MAX
I don't either. I don't know why I said that.

INT. BROOKS' HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jillian finishes her call.

JILLIAN
(into phone)
Great. Thank you.
(hangs up)
Let's go. I got the game company's name and address.

RYAN
Yes! You rock.

He goes to hug her. Expecting a high-five, she puts up a hand. It's awkward. He ends up hugging her hand.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryan and Jillian head toward the living room. They pass the study where Michelle and Kevin are. Ryan stops.

RYAN

Hey, guys, just wanted to wish you
the best of luck tonight.

Kevin and Michelle look at him quizzically as he shuts the door to the study and PROPS A CHAIR UNDER THE HANDLE.

JILLIAN

What are you doing?

RYAN

Oh, being a dick.

He heads out. She follows.

INT. BROOKS' STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Kevin tries the door but it won't budge.

KEVIN

That son of a bitch.
(calling through door)
You son of a bitch!

He throws his shoulder against the door. Nothing. He spots some candles on a shelf.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hand me those matches. I'm gonna
burn down this door.

MICHELLE

You're gonna light a fire in a
windowless room that we're trapped
in?

KEVIN

(pouty)
Fine. Don't hand me the matches.

MICHELLE

(looking up)
What about that?

He looks up to see a SKYLIGHT twelve feet overhead. His eyes narrow.

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON an iPad screen. The BLIP of Brooks' phone stops moving, then disappears.

MAX

Hold on. Brooks' phone just
disappeared.

ANNIE
Crap. Where did you last see it?

MAX
Corner of 5th and Kenmore.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

They pull into a deserted lot in a sketchy neighborhood. They get out of the car and look around.

ANNIE
Where could he be?

Max notices a dumpster that sits behind an unmarked building. He crosses to it and glances in. Inside he spots a cell phone. He retrieves it.

MAX
Found it. It's turned off.

ANNIE
He must've known we were tracking him.

MAX
Damn it. They outsmarted us.
(noticing)
Hang on...

He points across the street to where Ponytail is finishing a cigarette outside of a dive bar. He heads back inside.

ANNIE
Isn't that one of the actors?

MAX
Yeah. I guess they're not that smart.

They high-five each other.

ANNIE
We are nailing this! Come on!

They head across the street, instinctively staying low.

MAX
Why are we crouching?

ANNIE
I don't know. Feels right?

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Max and Annie enter, trying to look casual. There's a BURLY BARTENDER, a half-asleep DRUNK GUY, and in a corner booth, facing away from them is Ponytail.

MAX
(sotto, re: Ponytail)
There he is. Don't let him see
you.

They take a seat at the bar. Max signals to the tattooed bartender.

MAX (CONT'D)
Sir? You wouldn't happen to have
seen a guy brought in here. Looks
a bit like me with a stronger chin,
higher cheekbones.

BARTENDER
So, a better looking guy?

MAX
Okay, well, that's not necessarily--

Annie gives the bartender a look to say "kind of, yes."

BARTENDER
I didn't see nothing.

He moves off. Max's eyes narrow.

MAX
"Didn't see nothing"? That double-
negative felt a bit forced, huh?

ANNIE
I bet he's in on it. Look at how
fresh his tats are. Probably fake.

MAX
Let's test him. We'll order drinks
only a real bartender would know
how to make.

ANNIE
Smart.
(calling)
Barkeep?

BARTENDER
Yeah?

ANNIE
Can I have a vodka tonic, please?

MAX
Really?

ANNIE
I choked.

MAX
(to Bartender)
I'll take a Harvey Wallbanger.

The bartender looks at him, annoyed. Then goes to make the drinks.

ANNIE
This is kinda fun, isn't it?

MAX
Yeah. It is nice to get out of the house. Y'know, we won't be able to do this kind of thing when we have a kid.

ANNIE
Why not?

MAX
'Cause when you have a kid, you stop living for you and you start living for them. That's why Brooks has got it made.

ANNIE
So, what are you saying?

Max just shrugs as the bartender sets down their drinks.

BARTENDER
Vodka tonic. Harvey Wallbanger.

Max takes a sip.

ANNIE
Did he get it right?

MAX
I don't know. I realize I've never actually had one. But it's tasty. Tart.

Suddenly, Max reacts as Bald Guy exits a back room, locks it, then tosses the keys to the Bartender. Behind him, we catch a brief glimpse of a man tied to a chair. It's Brooks.

MAX (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Brooks is back there. We're about to win this thing!

Bald Guy has crossed over to Ponytail. He has noticed Max and Annie and he's pointing them out to Ponytail.

ANNIE
Uh oh. They made us.

MAX
You think they're gonna try and stop us?

ANNIE
We already know they take their roles pretty seriously. But the good news is, so do I.

She reaches into her purse and pulls out the GUN BROOKS DROPPED EARLIER.

MAX
What the-- where did you get that?!

ANNIE
It's the fake gun Brooks "dropped" in the fight.

MAX
How do you know it's fake?

ANNIE
You think your brother would use a real gun in a fake fight with actors he hired?

MAX
Good point. So, what are we gonna do?

ANNIE
Follow my lead.

She gets to her feet and points the gun at the men.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Any of you fucking pricks move, and I'll execute every motherfuckin' last one of you!

MAX
"Pulp Fiction." Nice.

PONYTAIL
What the fuck is this?

MAX
Hand over the keys. We're taking my brother.

BALD GUY
Bullshit.

Caught up in her role, Annie gets closer to Bald Guy and aims her gun right at him.

ANNIE
You know what's bullshit? Your bald fucking head.

MAX
Getting a little personal, hon.

ANNIE
("angrily" to Bald Guy)
I'm sorry I called you bald! It works on you because you have a very symmetrical face!
(then)
Okay, all of you. On your knees. Eyes shut. Hands in the air. Heads on the floor.

The thugs try to comply but can't remember everything. They all assume different positions.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
I said hands in the air.

PONYTAIL
Where's my head go?

ANNIE
On the floor! And close your eyes.

BARTENDER
How do I put my hands in the air with my head on the floor?

MAX
I had the same question.

ANNIE
Okay, child's pose. You guys know child's pose?

They give her blank looks. She hands the gun to Max.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Cover me.
(then, to the men)
It's like this...

She gets on the floor and demonstrates the position. The men follow suit.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 If you're doing it right, you'll
 feel your lumbar really opening up.

Bald Guy gives Max a look of disbelief. Max just shrugs.

EXT. STRIP MALL - NIGHT

Ryan and Jillian step out of his car and head toward a small storefront -- the party planning company, "Murder We Wrote."

RYAN
 There it is!

JILLIAN
 Looks like they're still open.

RYAN
 I am so glad I invited you tonight.
 I usually bring these girls I want
 to sleep with and they always suck.
 You're a breath of fresh air.

JILLIAN
 (annoyed)
 Oh, nice. I usually go out with
 guys who are interesting and smart.
 So this is a first for me too.

RYAN
 Are we cool? Did I say something
 wrong?

JILLIAN
 No. I guess I didn't realize when
 you invited me tonight that it was
 just because you needed a ringer.

RYAN
 Ohh. You thought this was a date.

JILLIAN
 It's fine. The more I get to know
 you, the happier I am that it's
 not.

RYAN
 (oblivious)
 So we are cool?

JILLIAN
 As a cucumber. Let's just win that
 car and get this night over with.

RYAN
 That's the spirit!

He jogs toward the entrance. She shakes her head.

INT. "MURDER WE WROTE" OFFICE - NIGHT

Ryan and Jillian enter a small reception area. Behind a desk a WOMAN sits facing away from us in a swivel chair.

JILLIAN

Hello?

No answer. She and Ryan exchange a look. Ryan slowly reaches out and swivels the chair around revealing...

A DEAD WOMAN WITH A FRESH BULLET HOLE IN HER FOREHEAD. Her eyes are closed. Blood trickles from the wound and the corner of her mouth.

RYAN/JILLIAN

Holy shit!/Ahhh!

Startled by the noise, the dead woman SUDDENLY OPENS HER EYES.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh my gosh! You scared me.

RYAN

What the fuck is this?!

RECEPTIONIST

What?

(remembering, touches her forehead)

Oh. I just came from a six hour murder mystery where I played the corpse. I guess I fell asleep before I cleaned up.

JILLIAN

You scared the shit out of us.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, thank you. I do my own makeup. How can I help you?

A bit of blood dribbles from her mouth.

RYAN

We need you to give us the final clue for the murder mystery Brooks Davis ordered.

RECEPTIONIST

But that would ruin the fun.

JILLIAN
We don't want the fun. We just
want to win.

RECEPTIONIST
I can't do that.

RYAN
(sly)
Would this change your mind?

He slides a bill across the desk. It's a ten dollar bill.

RECEPTIONIST
No.

RYAN
What about this?

He slides another bill across. It's a five. She looks at
him unimpressed.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You drive a hard bargain. Okay,
let's take it up a notch.

He slides another bill. It's a one. The Receptionist looks
at Jillian. Jillian shakes her head: "Don't look at me."

RYAN (CONT'D)
I was hoping I wasn't going to have
to dig this deep.

He goes back into his wallet. Considers for a beat, then
reluctantly slides another bill over. It's another one
dollar bill.

JILLIAN
Okay, y'know what? It doesn't
matter how slowly you push it over.
It's still seventeen dollars.
(to Receptionist)
How much do you need?

RECEPTIONIST
A hundred?

JILLIAN
Give her a hundred.

RYAN
Fine.

He slowly slides all the bills back toward himself, then
slides a hundred dollar bill toward the woman. She reaches
into a drawer and hands a folded clue across the desk to
them.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(to Jillian)
And that's how we do.

INT. BROOKS' STUDY - NIGHT

Michelle watches nervously as Kevin finishes building a tower of furniture, books and office equipment up to the skylight.

KEVIN
Just tell me who it was.

MICHELLE
It's irrelevant.

KEVIN
Not to me. If I have to imagine you lying underneath some famous figure, it makes a very big difference if I'm imagining John Goodman or Jeremy Renner.

MICHELLE
It wasn't either of them.

KEVIN
Will you tell me if I guess it right?

MICHELLE
Fine.

KEVIN
Was it an actor?

MICHELLE
Yes.

Kevin starts to carefully climb up his pile.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
This is a bad idea.

KEVIN
Over 40?

MICHELLE
Yes. Be careful.

KEVIN
American?

MICHELLE
Yes.

KEVIN
Tommy Lee Jones?

MICHELLE
Ew. No.

KEVIN
Was it Denzel? Tell me it wasn't
Denzel.

MICHELLE
It wasn't. Unfortunately.

Kevin has reached the ceiling. He unlatches the skylight and pushes it open. He takes a breath of outside air.

KEVIN
Ahhh! Sweet freedom. Dipshit
thought he could keep us locked up
but we found a way out.

The tower suddenly TIPS OVER. Kevin screams as he falls across the room. He SLAMS INTO THE LOCKED DOOR and the impact smashes it open.

MICHELLE
Are you okay?!

Kevin painfully gets to his feet.

KEVIN
What the fuck just happened?
(realizing)
Hey, we're out. Come on!

Michelle follows him out.

INT. BROOKS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Michelle enter to find "Agent Henderson" sitting on the floor touching a cut on his head.

AGENT HENDERSON
(woozy)
Where am I? Stay back!

KEVIN
All right, take it easy, bud.

AGENT HENDERSON
Oh, my head.

MICHELLE
Either give us a clue or get outta
the way. 'Cause we've got a
mystery to solve.

AGENT HENDERSON

(intense)

Don't you get it? That wasn't supposed to happen!

CRASH! Once again the front door is kicked open and TWO MEN enter wearing creepy clown masks. Michelle and Kevin jump.

MICHELLE

What now? You already did the breaking in thing.

KEVIN

This is some lazy writing.

CLOWN #1

Shut up! Get on the floor, all of you!

The clowns notice Agent Henderson's injury.

CLOWN #2

Whoa. Ron. Are you okay?

The clowns pull off their masks revealing the faces of two actors.

AGENT HENDERSON/RON

No, I'm not okay! Two guys came in here and attacked me!

CLOWN #1

You mean for real?

AGENT HENDERSON/RON

Yes! They weren't part of our cast.

CLOWN #2

Oh my god.

AGENT HENDERSON/RON

I knew I shouldn't have left dinner theater for this bullshit.

KEVIN

(to Michelle)

Now it's getting meta.

CLOWN #1

(dialing cell phone)

I'm calling Glenda.

CLOWN #2

I'll go make you a cold compress, Ron.

AGENT HENDERSON/RON
I think I may have a concussion.

CLOWN #1
(rubbing his back)
Aw, pal.

MICHELLE
Wait. Is this all part of the act?

AGENT HENDERSON/RON
What?! No. Didn't you see? I was assaulted!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. "MURDER WE WROTE" OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jillian and Ryan puzzle over the clue.

RYAN
(reading)
"Look in your jacket pocket"? What kind of clue is this? I don't even have a jacket.

JILLIAN
Maybe it means a book jacket?

RYAN
Why would a book have a jacket?

The phone on the receptionist's (GLENDA) desk rings. She answers.

RECEPTIONIST/GLENDA
Murder We Wrote.

CLOWN #1
Glenda! It's Paul. Something terrible has happened.

RECEPTIONIST/GLENDA
Oh dear. What?

CLOWN #1
Nathan and I showed up for the takeaway and Ron had been attacked.

RECEPTIONIST/GLENDA
Oh no! At the Brooks Davis house?

Jillian and Ryan look up.

RYAN
Huh?

Glenda puts the call on speaker.

RECEPTIONIST/GLENDA
Is everyone okay?

RON
(yelling at the phone)
No, I'm not okay Glenda! I've got
a throbbing headache! And they
took the host!

RECEPTIONIST/GLENDA
Who took him?

AGENT HENDERSON/RON
Kidnappers! Real ones! Dangerous
fucking criminals!

Off Kevin and Michelle's and Ryan and Jillian's look of
shock, we return to

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: "TAKE ON ME" by a-ha

The upbeat music blares from a jukebox as Max frisks the men.
Annie dances to the music, twirling the gun on her finger.
She drops it and it lands inches from Ponytail. Annie
quickly snatches it back.

ANNIE
I saw you eyeing that, Ponytail.
Not on my watch.

Max finishes collecting the weapons from the men and sticking
them in a bag. He finds keys on the bartender.

MAX
Bingo.
(to Annie)
Come on, babe.

He moves to the backroom door and unlocks it.

ANNIE
Okay, any of you dickwalls move a
muscle I'll shoot off your tits.
You got me?

The men grumble. Annie's phone rings. She checks it. It's
Michelle. She hits "ignore."

Max and Annie enter the backroom and shut the door.

INT. BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

They quickly lock the door behind them and turn to Brooks, who is tied to a chair and gagged with tape. His eyes go wide when he sees them.

MAX
Oh, look at that face. That is
priceless.

ANNIE
You did not expect us this early,
did you?

Brooks frantically grunts and tries to scream through his gag.

MAX
I've gotta capture this moment.

He takes out his phone, poses beside Brooks with Annie on the other side and snaps a selfie of the three of them. Just then, the phone rings. It's Ryan. He shows Annie.

MAX (CONT'D)
Probably begging for help.

He hits "ignore."

MAX (CONT'D)
I feel like maybe we should call
that company and complain because
this wasn't much of a mystery.

Brooks MOANS wildly, practically JUMPING OUT OF HIS CHAIR trying to communicate.

ANNIE
All right, all right...

She yanks off Brooks' gag.

BROOKS
(as soon as the gag's off)
THIS ISN'T A GAME!

BANG! Someone begins kicking the door from the other side.

MAX
Why, because we kicked your ass?

BROOKS
Max, THOSE ARE NOT THE GUYS I
HIRED!

MAX

Oh I get it. Now you're trying to change the rules on us?

BANG! The door shakes.

BROOKS

Listen to me. I'm not a venture capitalist. I'm a smuggler!

MAX

A smuggler? What the hell are you talking about?

BROOKS

(scared)

I fucked up. I sold the Bulgarian's egg to a different guy and now I have to get it back or he's gonna kill me.

MAX

Ooh, the Bulgarian's egg. Did you trade it for the Maltese Falcon?

ANNIE

Wait. This isn't the end?

MAX

You said whoever found you got the car. Game over.

BROOKS

I'm telling you. This isn't a game! It's all real!

SMASH! The door starts to splinter.

MAX

Uh huh. Those shitty actors are real? That fight was real?

ANNIE

This gun is real?

She points the gun at the ceiling...

BROOKS

Annie, stop!

ANNIE

Oh no. Bang bang--

She pulls the trigger. BANG! A REAL BULLET SHATTERS the hanging florescent light above them.

Startled, Annie drops the gun. It hits the floor and FIRES AGAIN. BANG!

MAX

OW!

Max looks down at his arm. It looks okay... until a red circle of blood appears through his shirt. Annie just shot him. A stunned beat, then--

ANNNNNNNN!
AAAAHHHHH!!

MAX (CONT'D)
WHAT IN THE FUCK!!

ANNNNNNNN!
OH MY GOD I SHOT YOU!!

MAX
YOU FUCKING SHOT ME!!!

BROOKS
I told you! Untie me! Quick!

Annie unties Brooks, her hands shaking as Bald Guy and Ponytail burst into the room.

They spot the bag with their weapons and go for it as Max, Brooks and Annie run to the rear emergency exit door.

Ponytail and Bald Guy retrieve their guns and FIRE in their direction.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
GO!

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Annie, Max and Brooks sprint across the street to their car, still screaming.

MAX
You shot me!

ANNNNNNNN!
I know! I feel terrible!

Annie runs over to the driver's side and unlocks it, getting behind the wheel. Brooks jumps in the backseat as Annie peels out with Max in the passenger seat.

Bald Guy and Ponytail race to their van, firing wild shots at the car as they go.

ANNNNNNNN!
STOP!!
(another gunshot)
STOP DOING THAT!

They barrel around a corner.

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Annie drives like a madwoman while Max clutches his arm--

ANNIE
It's all real! How did it all get
real?!

MAX
You shot me! I'm bleeding out of
my arm. I'm gonna die tonight.

Brooks reaches from the backseat and wraps a gym towel around
Max's forearm.

BROOKS
Here. Hold this on there.

The van closes in on their car.

MAX
What the fuck is going on, Brooks?
Talk!

ANNIE
They're right behind us!

BROOKS
I've been lying to you and the rest
of the family about what I do. I
buy and sell things that aren't
strictly legal for people who
aren't strictly... good.

MAX
So you're a criminal?

BROOKS
Yes. And I made a mistake.
There's this guy. They call him
the Bulgarian. He has his fingers
in all these pies around the world.

MAX
What kind of pies?

BROOKS
Bad pies, Max. Pies that have
heroin in them and guns and sex
slaves. He asked me to find this
Fabergé egg for him. And I found
it.

(MORE)

BROOKS (CONT'D)

But then I heard about this other guy, Marlon Freeman, who was willing to pay twice as much for the same egg.

MAX

(re: the van)
So these guys work for the Bulgarian? And they just happened to crash your murder mystery party?

BROOKS

I know. What are they odds?
(then)
I never should've gotten into business with that guy. I'm too small-time for this shit!

The van has caught up and suddenly SWERVES into the side of their car. They FISHTAIL, nearly running onto the sidewalk before Annie regains control and speeds away.

ANNIE

We need to go to the cops!

BROOKS

We can't! He's got cops on his payroll. I'll be dead before I even get to jail.

MAX

Then why don't you go to this Marlon Freeman and buy the egg back from him?

BROOKS

I couldn't find him if I wanted. That name was an alias.

ANNIE

What do we do?! These guys aren't stopping!

BROOKS

They won't stop till they get me.
(making a decision)
I'm sorry I dragged you into all this. I'm sorry for a lot of things.

He opens his car door.

MAX

What are you doing?!

BROOKS

I love you, Maxie.

And with that, Brooks rolls out of the moving car. He lands hard on the street as the van SCREECHES TO A STOP a few feet away from him.

MAX
No! Stop the car!

Annie brakes a couple hundred feet from the van. They look back to see Ponytail and Bald Guy grab Brooks and haul him toward the van.

Bald Guy raises his gun and fires a couple shots in their direction. Annie steps on the gas and tears away.

ANNIE
Shit! Shit! Shit!

MAX
What are we gonna do? They're
gonna kill my brother.
(then)
I feel faint. I'm gonna pass out.

ANNIE
We've gotta get you to a hospital.

MAX
No! It's a gunshot wound. They'll
call the police.

ANNIE
So, let's go to a mob doctor!

MAX
Do you know a mob doctor?

ANNIE
Of course not!

MAX
Then why did you say a mob doctor?

ANNIE
Because I'm losing my shit here!

MAX
You're going to have to do it.

ANNIE
What?

MAX
You're gonna have to take the
bullet out.

ANNIE
I don't want to.

MAX

I don't want you to either, hon.
I've seen you try to cut a chicken.
But we don't have a lot of options.

Off her look of nauseated horror,

EXT. 7-11 PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Annie exits the convenience store with a bag of stuff. Her phone rings. It's Michelle.

ANNIE

(into phone)

Hey.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BROOKS' KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Michelle and Kevin share her phone. Ryan and Jillian stand nearby.

MICHELLE

Thank god. Listen, honey, it's all real--

ANNIE

We know. Brooks is caught up in something. Where are you right now?

MICHELLE

We're all at Brooks's waiting to talk to the cops.

Through a doorway, we see TWO POLICE OFFICERS taking a statement from Agent Henderson. An EMT tends to his head.

ANNIE

Don't talk to the cops!

KEVIN

Why? What's going on? Are you guys okay?

ANNIE

We're fine. I shot Max but he's fine.

MICHELLE

What?!

ANNIE
 We'll meet you back at our house.
 Just don't tell the cops anything.
 Brooks's life depends on it.

Annie hangs up. Michelle digests this, then

MICHELLE
 (quietly to the other)
 Come on. We've gotta get out of
 here.

RYAN
 (full volume)
 Where are we going?

She shoves him toward the kitchen door. The others follow.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (loudly)
 I thought we were gonna talk to the
 cops.

Jillian rolls her eyes as she ushers Ryan out.

EXT. 7-11 - NIGHT

Annie walks around to the rear of the store to find Max
 sitting on the hood of the car, cradling his arm.

ANNIE
 I got a bunch of stuff.

She begins laying out items on the hood.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Tweezers, pocket knife, gauze,
 sewing kit.

Max picks up a bottle of white wine.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 They didn't have rubbing alcohol
 and they don't sell hard liquor so
 I got this chardonnay.

Max twists off the top and takes a slug, then notices a
 magazine in the bag.

MAX
Country Living magazine? What's
 that for?

ANNIE
 It's for later.
 (MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)

They have a butternut squash soup recipe that looked great.

(then)

Now put this in your mouth.

She hands him a DOG'S SQUEAKY CHEW TOY in the shape of a hamburger. Max sighs and bites down on the toy. SQUEAK!

Annie rolls up his sleeve and recoils at the bloody mess.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Oh god!

She takes out her phone, types something and sets it on the hood.

MAX

(mouth full)

What's that?

ANNIE

Instructions on how to remove a bullet. It's an alt-right militia website so I'm just gonna ignore the racist stuff... "Step one: sterile gloves."

She slips on a pair of rubber dishwashing gloves.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Check. "Step two: clean wound with antiseptic."

She pours the wine over Max's arm. SQUEAK!

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. "Three: administer anesthetic." Gonna skip that... "Four: apply pressure above the wound." Here. Squeeze there.

She takes his other hand and Max squeezes his injured arm.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

"Make small incision on each side of wound." Oh jeez. Here we go.

She opens the pocket knife, pours some wine on it and cuts into his arm. SQUEEEEEAAK! She continues to cut. Max spits out the dog toy.

MAX

Nope! Too big! You're cutting too big! It's a bullet, not a golf ball.

ANNIE
Well, I don't know!

MAX
So much blood.

He dry heaves a little.

ANNIE
Don't you do that! You're gonna
make me-- DAWWWWWWW!

She dry heaves. Max dry heaves. They manage to collect
themselves.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
That was close. Okay, next step...
shit!

MAX
What?

ANNIE
My phone went to sleep. Hang on.

She takes off her glove and re-enters her passcode.

MAX
Just set it so it stays on.

ANNIE
My phone doesn't do that.

MAX
We have the same phone! It does
that.

ANNIE
It's fine. I'll just touch the
screen with my nose every 30
seconds.

MAX
Why are you so afraid of your
phone? Just go to "settings," then
"display" then adjust the time
before it reverts to sleep mode.

ANNIE
"Revert"? What are you, Steve
Jobs?

MAX
It's the easiest fucking thing!

ANNIE
Enough! I know what I'm doing!

She touches her nose to the screen. Max rolls his eyes. She reads the next step.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Okay, this is going to hurt.
 Where's your squeaky hamburger?

She finds it and shoves it in his mouth. She takes the tweezers and begins digging around in the bullet hole. Max writhes in pain.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 I feel something hard. I think I
 found the bullet...

She taps something with the tip of her tweezers. We hear a clinking sound. Max inhales painfully.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 It's really wedged in there. Why
 won't it come out? Oh wait.
 That's bone. I'm sorry.

Sweat and tears pour down Max's face.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 I can't find it. Let me see what
 the racists say if you can't find
 the bullet...

She touches her nose to the phone again, then suddenly notices something on Max's arm.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Hang on. What's this? Did you get
 shot twice?!

She shows him a hole on the other side of his arm. Max spits out the chew toy again.

MAX
 God damn it, Annie. That's an exit
 wound.

ANNIE
 Ohhh. Well, that's good news,
 right?

Max looks like he's going to faint. Annie inspects the wound.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 (disgusted)
 This one's even uglier than the
 entry wound. WHAAUUUGGGH!

She dry heaves.

MAX

Stop that-- BWAHHHHH!

He dry heaves. They both dry heave together.

INT. MAX AND ANNIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Max and Annie bring Ryan, Jillian, Kevin and Michelle up to speed.

MAX

...now the Bulgarian's guys have Brooks and the only way to save him is to get that egg back from this Marlon Freeman guy.

RYAN

Man. I can't believe your brother has been lying to us this whole time.

(beat)

He's even cooler than we thought!

MICHELLE

I didn't even know Morgan Freeman collected Fabergé eggs. Aren't those worth millions of dollars?

MAX

Marlon Freeman. But that's just an alias. Somehow we need to find his real name and address.

RYAN

Police computer.

MAX

What?

RYAN

I once dated this girl who's dad was a cop. She had these big, thick legs but not a trace of flab. Solid muscle. She looked like the mom in "The Incredibles." Y'know? Tiny little waist but then it V's out--

JILLIAN

Why are you telling us this?!

RYAN

Oh. Sorry. She showed me her dad's police computer one time.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's got this database with every known alias. I bet you could find Marlon Wayans' real name on that.

ANNIE

If you called her do you think she'd let you use her dad's computer again?

RYAN

Oh, no. No way. It ended very badly.

JILLIAN

I'm shocked.

MICHELLE

Well, how are we gonna get on a police computer without the cops knowing?

KEVIN

I've got it!

They all turn to him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Billy Bob Thornton.

MAX

Huh?

KEVIN

(to Michelle)

You slept with Billy Bob Thornton, didn't you?

MICHELLE

No!

KEVIN

Then why was he so friendly to you that one time at 24 Hour Fitness? It felt like you already knew each other.

MICHELLE

That wasn't Billy Bob Thornton! That was Shawn, my dental hygienist.

KEVIN

That's awfully convenient, isn't it?

MICHELLE

For who?

ANNIE

Everyone shut up for a second.

(then)

I know where we can get on a police computer.

EXT. GARY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gary opens the door on Max, Annie, Ryan, Jillian, Kevin and Michelle, all wearing unnaturally wide smiles.

MAX

Heeeyyy, Gare....

REVERSE TO REVEAL: Gary, a lamb shank in one hand, Bastian the dog in the other. A napkin tucked into his police uniform. From inside we can hear the faint, tinny sound of Al Jolson crooning "Toot, Toot, Tootsie!"

GARY

Goodness. To what do Bastian and I owe the pleasure?

MAX

We were all talking and we realized we haven't had a game night in ages. Just the seven of us.

GARY

(dubious)

It's ten o'clock. And I thought you were going to your brother's house.

MAX

He was tied up.

(realizing)

With work.

RYAN

Come on, Gare Bear, it's the weekend. Live a little.

MICHELLE

We were just saying how you were always better at games than Debbie was.

GARY

(intense)

I'll thank you not to besmirch my ex-wife. That woman is an angel.

MICHELLE
 (backtracking)
 Whoa. Okay. No, I mean I like
 her. We all like her.

Gary's wild-eyed look gives way to a smile.

GARY
 I will admit, I have eagerly
 awaited a visit such as this.

He backs into the darkness of his house and the creepy 1920's
 music.

ANNIE
 Do we follow him?

MAX
 Seems like it.

JILLIAN
 (pushing Ryan)
 You go first.

RYAN
 I'm afraid.

They all nervously enter.

INT. GARY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The group sit around a coffee table as Jillian finishes
 building a Jenga tower. Gary enters with a bowl.

GARY
 Help yourselves to popped corn with
 sea salt.

Gary plops the bowl in Max's arms right on his covered wound.

MAX
 (wincing)
 ARRGGHHHH...
 (covering)
 I love popped corn!

Ryan notices a framed photo on a table. It shows the game
 night group, including Gary's ex-wife Debbie, with Gary
 looming in the background.

RYAN
 You have a framed photo of game
 night?

GARY
Doesn't everyone have photos of
their best friends in their homes?

The group exchange guilty looks.

ANNIE
Of course. Max, you want to go
first?

Max takes out the first piece then stands.

MAX
I'm sorry, could I use your
bathroom?

GARY
Of course. Just down the hall,
past our bedr--
(he shuts his eyes,
pained)
--my bedroom.

The others give Max a knowing look as he heads off. Bastian
the dog trots after Max.

INT. GARY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Max hurries to the bathroom, turns on the light and fan, then
closes the door without going in. He spots another room and
quickly ducks inside. Bastian follows.

INT. GARY'S STUDY - NIGHT

The room is a SHRINE to Debbie. Photos, keepsakes,
embroidered pillows, greeting cards, an ENORMOUS WEDDING
PHOTO of her and Gary over the desk.

MAX
Jesus.

He spots a reinforced police laptop on the desk and opens it.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. GARY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Michelle carefully slides a piece out of the Jenga tower.
There are four players left before Max's turn.

GARY
So, Jillian. How long have you and
Ryan been a couple?

JILLIAN

Oh, no. We just work together.

GARY

I see. I thought I detected a certain chemistry between the two of you.

Jillian and Ryan do their best to laugh this off.

GARY (CONT'D)

Then again, I'm not the world's best judge of chemistry.

He lets out THE MOST MIRTHLESS LAUGH IN HISTORY. The others look deeply uncomfortable.

BACK IN THE STUDY, Max has pulled up the National Police Database and enters "Marlon Freeman." A profile comes up showing a surveillance photo of a distinguished white man in his 40's, PETER ANDERTON. His suspected crimes include trafficking in stolen artifacts, insider trading, illegal weapons sales, etc.

MAX

Hello, Peter Anderton...

Max doesn't notice a DROP OF BLOOD from his bullet wound has trickled down his arm and landed on the beige carpet.

Bastian walks over and sniffs it curiously. PLOP. Another drop lands on the dog's fluffy white fur.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM Annie is staring at the Jenga tower.

ANNIE

(stalling)

So many possible moves...

RYAN

Come on, Annie. Make up your mind.

Jillian elbows him in the ribs. He realizes.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh. Right. Take your time.

Gary looks at them, nonplussed.

BACK IN THE STUDY. By now BASTIAN'S COAT IS SPATTERED WITH BLOOD but Max has yet to notice. He writes down Anderton's address on a pad, starts to shut the laptop but reconsiders.

He types "The Bulgarian" into the alias search window. A blurry photo of a burly man appears. "Real Name: Unknown.

Address: Unknown." There's an extensive list of suspected crimes: multiple murders, torture, kidnapping, human trafficking, arms trafficking, etc.

MAX

Oh, Brooks. What did you get yourself into...?

He closes the window and shuts the computer and heads for the door. He notices his arm is leaking blood, then sees A TRAIL OF BLOOD DROPS leading across the carpet to Bastian who is now more red than white.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shit!

He shuts the door, then hurries back to the dog and tries rubbing off the blood with his hand, but it only smears it.

He looks around and spots what looks like a rolled up rag on a shelf. He hastily begins rubbing the dog with the rag but it has little effect.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

He spits on the dog's back and rubs it some more. Not helping.

He sees a bottle of water on the desk. As he moves to grab it, he accidentally knocks over a ceramic wedding cake topper. The bride's head breaks off.

MAX (CONT'D)

No!

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM the others hear Max cry out.

GARY

(standing)

Maybe I should check on Max.

ANNIE

I'm sure he's fine.

GARY

He cried out.

He moves to go. The others looks at each other desperately.

JILLIAN

(blurting)

Tell me about Debbie!

Gary stops, facing away from them.

GARY
I beg your pardon?

JILLIAN
I never got to meet her. I'd love
to hear what she's like.

Gary sits back down, looking wistful.

GARY
Where do I begin?

BACK IN THE STUDY. Max is pouring water onto Bastian and scrubbing him with the rag. Fresh blood continues to seep out onto the dog, making him even messier.

MAX
This is not working...

He unrolls the rag and reacts as he sees it's not a rag but a SOUVENIR T-SHIRT with a photo showing a smiling Debbie on a beach on vacation. The image is smeared with blood.

MAX (CONT'D)
Of course.

Just then, the wet dog SHAKES HIMSELF OFF vigorously. BLOODY WATER FLIES EVERYWHERE, spattering the walls of the room including the enormous wedding photo.

Gary's shrine to Debbie now looks more like the scene of a murder. Max stands and takes it in.

MAX (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Fuck this.

He wraps the shirt around his arm, covers it with his jacket, then leaves the room, closing the door on the fluffy, pink dog and the blood-spattered room.

INT. GARY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gary regales the group with memories.

GARY
...when she laughed it was like a concerto and if you were there to hear it, you considered yourself lucky just to be in the audience.

MICHELLE
(sotto, to Kevin)
I don't remember her laugh being that great.

Max enters.

MAX
We should go.

GARY
What? But you haven't taken your
turn at the Jenga tower.

MAX
Right.

He reaches down and deliberately knocks over the tower.

MAX (CONT'D)
Darn it. Let's go. Thank you,
Gary. This was great.

The others quickly stand, ad lib goodbyes and head out.

GARY
When shall we play next?

ANNIE
We'll call you.

And they're gone. Gary stands there for a moment. Then,

GARY
Bastian?

INT. KEVIN AND MICHELLE'S VAN - NIGHT

Kevin drives the group in his Honda Odyssey.

KEVIN
So what do we do when we get to
Peter Anderton's house? Knock on
his door and ask for his million
dollar egg back?

MAX
I don't know. Maybe if I explain
the situation he'll want to help.

MICHELLE
(sarcastic)
Oh, yeah, most criminal
millionaires have hearts of gold.

SFX: Max's recharged cell phone rings.

MAX
Private number. Please don't be
Gary...

MAX (CONT'D)

Hello?

DISTORTED MALE VOICE (ON SPEAKER)
We have your brother.

MAX

Oh my god. Okay, listen. We know who has the egg. We're on our way there right now. We can do a trade. Please don't hurt Brooks.

There's a long pause on the line.

DISTORTED MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
Meet us on the East 4th Street Bridge at midnight. If you're late he dies.

MAX

That's only an hour from now--

But the caller hangs up.

MAX (CONT'D)

Shit.

RYAN

Those guys aren't fucking around. Dude sounded like Kylo Ren.

KEVIN

We're here.

The van pulls up to what appears to be a large gated estate surrounded by a tall hedge. Max starts to get out.

MAX

You guys head back to the house. I'll call you as soon as I have the egg.

ANNIE

What are you talking about? We're coming with you.

MAX

No way. It could be really dangerous in there. Brooks shouldn't have dragged any of us into his mess. But he's my brother and it's up to me to fix this.

RYAN

Bullshit. We're all in this together.

MICHELLE

You know we'd do anything for you.

ANNIE

No. Max is right. You guys should go home. This is our problem.

KEVIN

And what happens if you don't make it out?

MICHELLE

Do you have any idea what game night means to us? We don't come over because we're dying to play charades and stupid ass children's shit. We come over because we love you guys.

KEVIN

It's the best part of our week.

RYAN

Mine too. And I've got a lot of options on the weekend.

MICHELLE

Brooks may be your brother. But we're all family here.

Max and Annie are visibly touched.

MAX

Thank you.

ANNIE

We love you guys too.

There's a nice beat, then they all realize Jillian is there.

MAX

You should totally go home, though. You don't even know us.

JILLIAN

You're right. I don't. But if you guys are cool with it, I'd like to stay.

RYAN

Really?

JILLIAN

This has been the most exciting night of my life.

(MORE)

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Most Friday nights I eat a Chipotle bowl by myself and watch "Orange is the New Black" on my iPad.

RYAN

That's exactly what I imagined.

She elbows him.

ANNIE

You've got an open invitation to all future game nights, Jillian.

MAX

As long as we don't die tonight.

KEVIN

Speaking of which, how are we gonna get into this place?

Just then, a car pulls up to the intercom and the gate opens.

RYAN

Go, go, go!

Kevin drives in behind the other car.

EXT. ANDERTON HOUSE - NIGHT

Kevin's van pulls up to where a couple dozen expensive cars are parked in the driveway. The house is lit up and shouting can be heard from inside. The group steps out of the van.

ANNIE

Looks like they're having a party.

MAX

That could be good. We can get in there and look for the egg without anyone noticing us.

They approach the house and peek in a window. Inside they see A SCULPTURE OF A SHARK SUBMERGED IN FORMALDEHYDE along with recognizable modern paintings on the walls.

MICHELLE

Damn. Warhol, Rothko, Damien Hirst. This guy's gotta have the egg.

They peer into the kitchen where we see a chef handing trays of hors d'oeuvres to several CATERERS.

RYAN

So what's the plan? We knock out six of those caterers, drag them into a closet and come out wearing their clothes?

MAX

You gonna knock out six innocent people and strip them naked?

RYAN

You got a better plan?

MAX

Yeah. We wear our own clothes and look for the fucking egg. Now come on.

INT. ANDERTON FOYER - NIGHT

The group enter to find a crowd of well-dressed MEN and a handful of WOMEN in their 40's and 50's huddled around something we can't see. They're cheering and throwing down hundred dollar bills. Attractive COCKTAIL WAITRESSES serve drinks.

Our guys stick out from the crowd, but no one seems to notice.

ANNIE

What is this?

They see an opening in the crowd and react: in the center TWO BARE-KNUCKLED WHITE MEN in their 30's are pummeling the shit out of each other.

MAX

No way.

JILLIAN

It's some kind of rich guys' fight club.

They all turn to Ryan who gasps.

RYAN

I knew it! I told you they were real!

Just then, one of the two combatants, BOOMER, KNOCKS THE OTHER ONE UNCONSCIOUS. A distinguished 40-something man, MR. ANDERTON, lets out a celebratory shout as he holds up Boomer's hand.

MR. ANDERTON

That's my Boomer!

He plants a kiss on Boomer's sweaty, bald head, then slaps him on the back like a racehorse.

KEVIN
This is some Django Unchained
bullshit.

Anderton mocks one of his guests, WARREN.

MR. ANDERTON
Sorry, Warren. Don't think you're
gonna be able to amortize that
loss.

Several of the guests laugh and jeer Warren. Anderton holds up a water bottle that Boomer suckles from.

MR. ANDERTON (CONT'D)
Kramer! Get Logan ready. Minimum
buy-in is now ten grand.

Another rich guy leads his muscly fighter, LOGAN, into the "ring."

RYAN
Rich people are fucked up, huh?

MAX
All right, let's split up. Anyone
finds the egg, text the others.
And for god's sake be careful with
it. It's the only chance Brooks
has.

Max and Annie, Kevin and Michelle head off. Jillian goes to leave but notices Ryan is moving closer to the fight which has just begun.

JILLIAN
What are you doing?!

RYAN
I've got a good feeling about
Logan. Do you have ten grand on
you?

INT. ANDERTON MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin and Michelle stealthily enter a lavish bedroom and begin looking around.

MICHELLE
Wow. This is the biggest bedroom
I've ever seen.

KEVIN

Bigger than your celebrity
boyfriend's?

MICHELLE

You're still on this?

KEVIN

You gotta tell me who he was,
Michelle. It's all I can think
about. And that's saying something
considering there's a fight club
downstairs.

MICHELLE

Why does it matter so much?

KEVIN

We've been together our whole
lives. And I thought I knew
everything about you. Now I find
out there's this huge secret you've
been keeping from me. I'm not mad
that you slept with someone while
we were on a break. I'm sad that
you felt you had to keep it from
me.

Michelle stares at him for a beat. Finally,

MICHELLE

Glenn Close.

KEVIN

Huh?

MICHELLE

The celebrity I slept with. It was
Glenn Close.

KEVIN

Get the fuck out of town.

MICHELLE

I was a waitress at the premiere
party of "102 Dalmations." I was
about to start freshman year at
William and Mary and it turned out
Glenn went there too. We started
talking and we ended up back at her
house. We were both a little drunk
and one thing led to another.

KEVIN

It was just that one time?

MICHELLE

I haven't seen or spoken to her since.

(beat)

I always knew you and I weren't gonna be apart for long and I wanted to do something crazy while I had the chance.

KEVIN

So you made love to Cruella DeVille.

MICHELLE

Are you upset?

KEVIN

No, baby. I'm glad you got it out of your system. And by the way, well done. Glenn Close is a national treasure. I wish you had told me years ago.

MICHELLE

I didn't think you'd take it this well.

KEVIN

Now, if you'd told me it was Denzel I would've killed myself.

INT. ANDERTON LIBRARY - NIGHT

Max and Annie search through a beautiful wood and leather library. She notices photos on the shelves showing Anderton with a TROPHY WIFE and FIVE KIDS.

ANNIE

How can this monster have five kids and we can't even make one?

MAX

Well, his wife looks like she's about fifteen.

(then, distracted)

Don't worry. We'll get there.

ANNIE

I'm starting to feel like I'm pushing this baby thing on you.

MAX

No. It's just-- when we first met we did whatever we wanted. Whenever we wanted.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

And then we got real jobs and a mortgage and car loans and now we only have one night of the week where we get to let loose and have fun. Game night. And once we have a kid, we won't even have that anymore.

Annie suddenly realizes something.

ANNIE

You weren't stressed because your brother was coming to town. You're stressed because you didn't want to have a kid in the first place. Your sperm doesn't work because you're afraid your sperm might work.

Max looks away. He knows she's right.

MAX

How about we put a pin in this until my brother is safe?

ANNIE

Yeah. Sure.

Off Annie's sad look,

INT. ANDERTON LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Ryan watches raptly as Logan and Boomer beat the hell out of each other. Jillian is losing patience.

RYAN

Come on, Logan! Boomer ain't shit!

JILLIAN

Can we go? We're supposed to be looking for the--

Suddenly, she notices one of Anderton's EMPLOYEES banding together a stack of bills he's taken from a money counter. He places the cash in a wall safe but does not shut it. Just beside the stacked cash Jillian spots A BEJEWELLED, ORNATELY DECORATED FABERGÉ EGG.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Whoa.

(she pokes Ryan)

Look. It's right there!

RYAN

Holy shit. Good eyes. Stay here.

He heads off.

JILLIAN
What are you going to do?

RYAN
I'm gonna grab it. They're all
watching the fight.

He casually weaves through the crowd of shouting men to the open wall safe. He glances around. No one has noticed him. He grabs the egg.

Just then, POW! Boomer delivers a crippling blow to Logan, knocking him out. The crowd roars. Boomer looks up and stares quizzically at Ryan. Everyone else follows his gaze. The room goes silent. All eyes are on Ryan.

MR. ANDERTON
Who the hell are you?

RYAN
Hm?

MR. ANDERTON
What are you doing with my egg?

RYAN
(adopting a fake air of
haughtiness)
I was... simply admiring it. It's
a fine specimen. I have dozens of
such eggs in my collection. I'm a
bit of a connoisseur if you will.

MR. ANDERTON
Does anyone here know this guy?

RYAN
Everyone knows me. I'm a mogul
like you gentlemen. And after a
hard day of selling stocks and
acquiring assets, I like to unwind
with a cognac and a good fight.
I'm a bit of a connoisseur if you
will.

Jillian buries her head in her hands.

MR. ANDERTON
You're full of shit.

RYAN
How dare ye?

MR. ANDERTON
 (to Boomer)
 Take this guy down, please.

Boomer shoves through the crowd toward Ryan who bolts with the egg.

INT. ANDERTON HOUSE FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Max and Annie rejoin Kevin and Michelle.

MAX
 Any luck?

KEVIN
 Yeah! We actually worked out our issue.

MAX
 I'm talking about the egg!

KEVIN
 Oh, no. Nothing.

Suddenly, Ryan and Jillian CHARGE PAST THEM. Ryan holds the egg and looks terrified.

RYAN
 (shouting)
 Go, go, go!

Boomer rushes in hot on Ryan's tail. The others scramble.

Ryan stumbles and DROPS the egg. It is caught just in time by Annie who laterals it to Michelle. Boomer pursues whoever holds the egg and it turns into a high-stakes game of "hot potato."

Finally, Jillian finds herself holding the egg with no one to pass it to. She stands like a deer in headlights as Boomer charges straight for her.

At the last possible second, the fighter is TACKLED FROM THE SIDE BY RYAN who has instinctively leapt to Jillian's aid.

The two men CRASH into the Damien Hirst shark artwork. The GLASS PANEL SHATTERS AND GALLONS OF FORMALDEHYDE POUR OUT ALONG WITH THE PRESERVED SHARK CARCASS.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 Oh god!

Boomer is dazed. Ryan clammers to his feet, stumbling over the rubbery fish corpse and the group races out of the house.

EXT. ANDERTON ESTATE - NIGHT

Max and the others run toward Kevin's minivan. Anderton and his guests pour out the door in pursuit. A soaking wet Boomer leads the charge as our group piles into the Odyssey.

KEVIN
Come on! Get in!

He floors it and they speed down the driveway and out to the street.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - NIGHT

Everyone catches their breath as Kevin speeds along. Max holds the egg.

ANNIE
Well, that was unusual.

Jillian turns to Ryan who looks dazed.

JILLIAN
You really saved me back there.

RYAN
Yeah. Why did I do that? It's like I saw you were in trouble and this feeling came over me. Like I wanted to help you even if I didn't get anything out of it.

ANNIE
Sounds like love, Ryan.

RYAN
What? Ew. No, it doesn't.

JILLIAN
Yeah. Gross, Annie.

But as they blow off the moment, we can see both Ryan and Jillian are in uncharted territory.

MAX
(tense)
Two minutes to twelve. Where's this bridge?

KEVIN
GPS says it's right around here but I don't see it.

ANNIE
(points)
There it is! 4th Street.

Seeing they're passing the bridge, Kevin SLAMS ON THE BRAKES.
In SUPER-SLOW MOTION, we see the egg fly out of Max's hands.

MAX

Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuucccccckkkkkkk!

The egg passes between the front seats and SHATTERS AGAINST
THE FRONT WINDSHIELD. Jewels and enamel fly all over the
dashboard. After a beat,

KEVIN

Oh my.

MAX

That's it. They're gonna kill my
brother.

RYAN

Hang on. Maybe we can fix this...

Ryan picks up a few shards of egg and tries piecing them
together but they fall apart in his hands.

RYAN (CONT'D)

This is more fragile than a real
egg.

(then)

Did they specifically say it had to
be in one piece?

Michelle examines some of the tiny gems on the dashboard.

MICHELLE

I'm not an expert, but these gems
look kinda plastic to me.

Max leans forward and examines some of the pieces. Inside
one he notices a small sticker.

MAX

(reading)

"Made in China"? Is this thing not
even real?

RYAN

Maybe just that sticker was made in
China.

JILLIAN

(quietly)

Let's let them talk.

KEVIN

Why would the Bulgarian ask Brooks
to get him a fake egg?

Annie notices something amidst the shattered egg. A TINY ROLLED UP PAPER. She picks it up and examines it.

ANNIE
I don't think he wanted the egg at all. I think he wanted what was inside of it.

INSERT on the roll of paper. It's a list of names and addresses in tiny type. At the top is a header: "WITSEC."

MAX
"WITSEC"? What is that?

JILLIAN
We can ask them.

She points to the opposite end of the bridge where we can see a black van coming to a stop. Ponytail and Bald Guy step out, open the rear door and drag out a frightened Brooks.

Our group steels themselves as they climb out of the minivan. Ryan scoops the shattered egg pieces into a travel mug. Jillian looks at him.

RYAN
In case they ask for it.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Max, Annie and the others move nervously to where the thugs stand in the middle of the bridge holding guns on Brooks.

BALD GUY
You tell anyone you were coming here?

MAX
No. I swear. Listen, we've got your egg--

BROOKS
You do?!

MAX
But we broke it.

BROOKS
What?!

Ryan shakes the travel mug helpfully.

ANNIE
It was a fake. But we have the list of names inside.
(MORE)

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 (holding it up)
 That's what you wanted, right?

The thugs exchange a look.

PONYTAIL
 Get on the ground.

MAX
 We have what you want. Why can't
 you just let us go?

Ponytail shoves his gun in Max's face.

PONYTAIL
 I said "on the ground"!

They all lie down on their stomachs. Brooks lies beside Max.

Ponytail begins moving down the line, collecting wallets and cell phones. Bald Guy takes out his own phone and dials.

BALD GUY
 (into phone)
 It's me. We've got 'em all here.

As Bald Guy walks off to talk, Brooks turns to Max.

BROOKS
 The Bulgarian's gonna kill me.
 Probably you guys too. Why did you
 come back?

MAX
 You're my brother. I can't just
 let you die. Even if you deserve
 it.

BROOKS
 You're unbelievable. You were
 always a better person than me.

MAX
 Please shut up.

BROOKS
 I'm being serious.

Max rolls his eyes.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
 Look, I haven't been totally honest
 with you.

MAX

Yeah, Brooks, I know. That's why we're lying on a bridge at midnight.

BROOKS

I don't mean about this. I mean about everything. I'm not the guy you think I am. I'm not even the guy you think I think I am.

MAX

What are you talking about?

BROOKS

I'm a fraud. Everyone sees me as this cool, carefree dude who wins at everything he touches. Well, you know how I win? I cheat, Max. I cheat at everything. Even when we were little kids and we would play Battleship.

MAX

Come on.

BROOKS

Didn't you notice how I always made you sit with your back to the TV? It was so I could see where your ships were in the reflection. And I always pocketed five grand in Monopoly before we even started playing. I cheated at the Game of Life. And the game of life.

MAX

Son of a bitch.

BROOKS

But it didn't stop there. We grew up and you went to college and met Annie and became a writer. I knew I couldn't compete with your success. So I told everyone I got a job on Wall Street. And I did. Selling coke to the traders.

MAX

You never were a venture capitalist?

BROOKS

I'm not even sure what "venture capitalist" means.

MAX

So this whole time that I've felt like a complete failure next to you, you've felt the same way about me?

BROOKS

(smiles)

Kinda funny, huh?

MAX

No! It's not funny! It's shitty! You turned me into a self-doubting, competitive mess! You even broke my sperm!

BROOKS

Okay, I'm not sure what that last thing means, but listen. I've been trying to find a way to make it up to you. That's what this whole game night was supposed to be. I rigged it so you would finally win. The last clue was gonna lead you to your jacket pocket.

Puzzled, Max reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out the key to Brooks' Stingray.

MAX

Whoa.

BROOKS

Surprise. But I even fucked that up. I'm so sorry, man.

He puts his forehead on the asphalt, defeated. Max puts a hand on his shoulder.

MAX

You know what? We're gonna be okay. I can feel it.

ANGLE ON Bald Guy finishing his call.

BALD GUY

(into phone)

...all of them? You sure that's necessary?

(beat)

Okay.

He hangs up and turns to Ponytail.

PONYTAIL

What'd he say?

BALD GUY
We gotta take 'em all out.

They cock their guns. Our group all react, terrified.

MICHELLE
(to the thugs)
Wait! We got you the list!

ANNIE
Just let us go. No one needs to know!

MICHELLE
(to Kevin)
I'm sorry I fucked Glenn Close.

KEVIN
I'm sorry I fucked Karen Waller.

MICHELLE
You said it was a handjob!

Panicked, Ryan turns to Jillian.

RYAN
(rapid-fire)
I know you're too smart for me and you could do way better, but I really like you and I might love you! Do you love me?!

JILLIAN
No, I don't think so, but if you want to kiss I'd be okay with that.

RYAN
Fair enough!

They kiss. Then,

JILLIAN
You smell like a preserved shark.

Ponytail and Bald Guy point their guns. They're about to fire when-- WOOP! The chirp of a POLICE CAR SIREN startles everyone.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Freeze!

They turn to see-- GARY STEPPING OUT OF HIS COP CAR LIKE A HERO. His weapon is drawn.

MAX
Gary?!

Bald Guy and Ponytail turn their guns on Gary.

BALD GUY
Don't even think about it, pig!

GARY
Can't say I care for that
nomenclature.

Gary FIRES his gun at them. Bald Guy and Ponytail dive for cover, returning fire. It's real and loud and scary.

Everybody scatters, screaming. Ryan covers Jillian. Max falls on top of Annie. Michelle falls on top of Kevin.

Gary slides across his car's hood like John McClane, firing at the thugs. Ponytail gets hit in the gut, his shirt EXPLODING with red.

Gary aims and fires. Bald Guy ducks too late and gets hit in the back, dropping like a sack. A beat of quiet.

BROOKS
Is that your neighbor?

MAX
(shaken)
Yes it is.

MICHELLE
Is everybody okay?!

KEVIN
When did Gary get so cool?!

MAX
Gary?! You all right?

Gary emerges from cover.

GARY
I'm fine.
(looking back)
Though in sliding, my belt buckle
may have scratched the finish of my
squad car.

ANNIE
How did you know we were in
trouble?

GARY
The nocturnal Jenga game, my blood-
splattered marital souvenirs and
Max's curious search history piqued
my interest.

MAX
You saved our lives.

GARY
Just doing my jo--

BANG! Gary's chest explodes in an eruption of BLOOD. He falls to the ground in a heap.

We see that Ponytail has fired one last shot before dying.

MAX
Oh my god!

Annie tries putting pressure on the wound. Max pulls Gary into his lap as Jillian calls 911--

JILLIAN (ON PHONE)
I need an ambulance, there's an officer down....

MAX
Gary! Hold on!

Gary looks down at his chest.

GARY
Oh no...

Ryan dry heaves.

MICHELLE
You're gonna be fine, Gary! Just hang on!

Gary coughs and a little blood comes out of his mouth. His eyelids get heavier.

MAX
Hang on, Gare. We're gonna get you to the hospital!

ANNIE
You've got so much to live for!

GARY
(weak)
Do I? I have no wife. No friends.

MAX
We're your friends, pal.

ANNIE
We all love you.

Ryan looks at Kevin. He shrugs.

GARY

You don't... even like spending
time... with me.

MAX

(choked up)
Not true. We've just been selfish.
We didn't think about you and what
you needed. I'm so sorry.

GARY

Someone please care for Bastian.

ANNIE

You're gonna care for him yourself.

MAX

Yeah. And when you get out of the
hospital you're coming to every
game night we have. You hear me?!
That's a promise!

Annie takes his hand, trying not to cry--

ANNIE

Would you like that, Gary? Would
you like to come back to game
night? You've just gotta keep
breathing.

A very weakened Gary tries to smile. He leans up like he
wants to say something, but he's too weak. Max and Annie
lean down close...

GARY

(softly)
Don't you EVER exclude me again.

ANNIE

What?

A beat. Then Gary SPITS OUT what looks to be a plastic
packet from his mouth.

MAX

What's that? What was that?

GARY

And that is how you do a murder
mystery party.

Gary gets to his feet, grinning. Kevin SCREAMS when she sees
Bald Guy and Ponytail stand up, very much still alive,
brushing themselves off.

BROOKS

What the hell is going on?!

GARY
I've duped you all.

MAX
This was all... a game?

MICHELLE
(furious)
A game?!

GARY
When I learned that you stopped
inviting me to your game nights, I
hijacked Brooks' murder mystery
party and staged a kidnapping of my
own.

BROOKS
ARE YOU KIDDING ME?!

JILLIAN
(into phone)
Okay, y'know what? False alarm.
Officer not down. He's back up.

GARY
What better way to prove my worth
as a game night participant?

KEVIN
(points to Bald Guy and
Ponytail)
So who are those guys? Actors?

GARY
Oh, no, they're felons. I was able
to shave some time off their parole
in exchange for this little side
project.
(then)
Thank you, gentlemen.

BALD GUY
We square now?

Gary nods. Ponytail and Bald Guy collect their props and
head off.

BROOKS
(to Gary)
What kind of psycho are you?! You
put us through all this shit for
your own amusement?!

GARY
Just the opposite. For your
amusement. Did everyone have fun?

MAX

No, Gary. Nobody had fun. And I got shot with a real bullet!

GARY

I don't see how that's possible. My men were using blanks.

BROOKS

That was my gun. Which was real.

ANNIE

(to Gary)

So, the whole thing with the Fabergé egg and the Bulgarian. That was you?

GARY

You've lost me.

MAX

The egg with the WITSEC list inside.

Max shows him the paper.

GARY

WITSEC?

(reading)

This is a list of people in the federal witness protection program. How did you get this?

MAX

It was in the egg! Can you please stop fucking with us now?

GARY

I'm not fudging with you. I honestly don't know what--

BANG! Gary is hit in the shoulder by a bullet. Blood spurts out. Gary falls to the ground.

MAX

Seriously? How stupid do you think we are?

Brooks spots a BURLY MAN with two armed BODYGUARDS approaching from the other end of the bridge.

BROOKS

(pointing)

Max?

MAX

(to Gary)

That's your big twist? You get shot again? And by who? Completely new characters you just introduce at the last minute? I'm sorry. You jumped the shark, bud.

BROOKS

No, Max...

MAX

And you don't do a shot in the shoulder after you did a shot in the chest. That's anti-climactic.

He sticks his finger into Gary's bullet hole. Gary SCREAMS in pain. Max pulls out his finger.

MAX (CONT'D)

(confused)

Hang on...

Gary reaches for his shoulder walkie.

GARY

(pained)

This is Officer Henson. I've got a ten-double-zero on the 4th Street--

One of the Bodyguards suddenly KICKS GARY IN THE HEAD, knocking him unconscious. It's clear this is not staged.

MAX

Jesus!

The Bodyguard picks up the gun Gary dropped and hands it to his boss, THE BULGARIAN.

THE BULGARIAN

Which one of you is Brooks Davis?

Brooks nervously holds up his hand.

THE BULGARIAN (CONT'D)

Funny. You don't look like an asshole. Do I look like an asshole to you?

BROOKS

No.

THE BULGARIAN

One of us has to be the asshole in this transaction because otherwise I'd have my egg and you'd have your money.

(MORE)

THE BULGARIAN (CONT'D)

But instead, we've wasted our night tracking you down. We find Marlon Freeman. He tells us some idiots in a minivan stole the egg. Now we've shot and kicked this perfectly innocent policeman, and now we're gonna have to kill you.

MAX

Excuse me, Mr. Bulgarian? If I may. I'm Brooks' brother. He screwed up. He got greedy. He knows that. But the good news is, we got your egg back. Granted, it's broken. But we got the list inside. And I bet that's what you wanted all along. So how about this? You take the list. For free. We all go our separate ways and nobody gets hurt.

(then, grim)

Except for the people on that list, I'm guessing.

Max holds up the list.

THE BULGARIAN

Okay.

MAX

Okay?

THE BULGARIAN

Deal. Makes perfect sense.

Max moves to hand the list over but Brooks stops him.

BROOKS

Wait. You give him that he's gonna kill me.

THE BULGARIAN

Nonsense.

(then, dead serious)

Give me the list.

Max hesitates. The Bulgarian nods to his guys who aim their guns at Brooks and Max. In an instant, Brooks grabs the list from Max, shoves it in his mouth and swallows it.

THE BULGARIAN (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you?!

SFX: a distant SIREN WAILS as it comes closer

BROOKS

Just buying myself some time.

THE BULGARIAN

Not much. We're just gonna cut you
open on the jet.
(to Bodyguards)
Take him.

One Bodyguard grabs Brooks. The other points to the group.

BODYGUARD

What about them?

THE BULGARIAN

Fuck 'em. We'll be out of the
country in an hour.

They back up towards their car, one gun on Brooks, one gun on
the rest of them. Max watches helplessly.

BROOKS

Don't follow me, Max. I'm serious.

THE BULGARIAN

I'm not worried about that.

He takes out a gun. Max flinches. The Bulgarian SHOTS OUT
two tires on Kevin's minivan. Max's face hardens as he
watches the car drive away.

RYAN

Man. This game just gets weirder
and weirder.

Everyone looks at Ryan.

JILLIAN

You know it stopped being a game,
right?

RYAN

(covering)
Duh.

MAX

The only private air terminal
around here is at LAX.

Max starts to head off.

ANNIE

You gonna run there?

MAX

We're only four blocks from Brooks'
house.

ANNIE

But our car's not there.

Max holds up the key to the Stingray.

MAX
Yes, it is.

He runs off. Annie sighs and follows.

EXT. PRIVATE AIR HANGAR - NIGHT

One of the Bodyguards shuts the door of a Cessna private jet as it begins to taxi toward the runway.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

He joins the other Bodyguard who is zip-tying Brooks' hands to the arm of a seat. The Bulgarian looms over him.

BROOKS
(struggling)
Look, you don't have to do this.
Just let me poop it out.

THE BULGARIAN
We're not going to go digging
around in your feces. We're
civilized men.

He takes out a LARGE KNIFE from a drawer.

THE BULGARIAN (CONT'D)
Now hold still while I cut your
stomach open.

BROOKS
Wait! I'll do whatever you need me
to do!

He is about to cut when Brooks notices something outside.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
The hell?

The Bulgarian looks out and sees a CORVETTE STINGRAY SMASHING through the chain-link fence along the runway and speeding right toward the taxiing jet.

THE BULGARIAN
Is that...?

BROOKS
(proud)
My little brother. He doesn't know
when to quit.

The Bulgarian turns to the cockpit and barks at the PILOTS.

THE BULGARIAN
Get us in the air! Now!

INT. STINGRAY - CONTINUOUS

Frazzled, Max and Annie chase the jet down the runway.

ANNIE
What's our plan?!

MAX
The plan was to break through the
fence! Now, I've got nothing!

ANNIE
They're about to take off!

Max steels himself and pours on more speed.

MAX
All right. I've got an idea that's
crazy enough it just might work.

ANNIE
You're gonna crash the car into the
plane?

MAX
Yeah. How'd you know?

ANNIE
'Cause it's the only option!

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The jet is nearly lifting off the ground as the Stingray pulls up alongside. Max turns the wheel hard to the left and RAMS into the side of the plane.

The jet VEERS OFF COURSE, barreling toward the edge of the runway. It speeds over the berm and slams to a stop in a ditch.

INT. COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The PILOTS are thrown against the controls and knocked unconscious.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

The Bodyguards, the Bulgarian and Brooks are slammed against the cabin walls.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The totaled car spins out, coming to a halt on the runway.

INT. KEVIN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Max and Annie take a breath.

MAX

Well, at least I got to drive it
for ten minutes.

Annie sees the door of the jet open as one of the armed
Bodyguards steps out.

ANNIE

Quick. Come on!

EXT. RUNWAY - NIGHT

She jumps out of the car and heads across the tarmac away
from the approaching Bodyguard.

Max moves to follow but the Bodyguard is already looking in
his direction. Max ducks behind the Stingray just in time.
The Bodyguard peers inside the car then heads right toward
where Max is hiding.

Just as he's about to find Max, Annie stumbles and makes a
noise. The Bodyguard turns toward the sound as Annie ducks
for cover behind a baggage conveyor belt loader parked
alongside the tarmac.

The Bodyguard toward her. Annie hides on the other side of
the loader as the Bodyguard looks for her. She and Max lock
eyes from their hiding places.

Frantic to help her, Max suddenly notices a LARGE CRATE
perched at the top of the elevated conveyor belt directly
above the Bodyguard.

Max points at the crate and silently mouths "turn on the
belt." She doesn't know what he's talking about.

He takes out his cell phone to text her: No service.

MAX

Shit.

He gets an idea. He begins to CHARADE to her. He holds up
three fingers. It takes a second but Annie gets it.

ANNIE

(to herself)

Three words.

Max does the first word. He spins in a circle.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Spin. Turn.

Yes. Second word: he puts one hand on top of the other.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
On. Turn on what?

Max points to his belt.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Belt. Turn on belt.

She catches on. She sneaks around to the control panel of the loader and finds the activation switch.

She's about to hit it but Max gestures for her to wait. The Bodyguard circles around the loader. Annie scurries around it, ducking out of his view.

Finally, the Bodyguard returns to the spot beneath the crate. Max signals. Annie turns on the conveyor...

...which starts up with a DEAFENING GROWL of its gas engine. The conveyor CREEPS UP SUPER-SLOWLY giving the Bodyguard ample time to see the crate and step out of the way as it smashes harmlessly to the ground. Max throws up his hands.

But while the Bodyguard is distracted, he is BONKED in the head by Annie wielding a fire extinguisher she removed from the loader. He goes down hard.

Annie grabs the Bodyguard's gun and runs to join Max.

MAX
You saw what I was going for there?

ANNIE
Of course. If that guy had been deaf and paralyzed it totally would've worked.
(re: the gun)
You want this?

MAX
I know I don't want you to have it, Calamity Jane.

He takes the gun and they sneak over toward the jet.

MAX (CONT'D)
Look. There's a hatch on top of the plane! Maybe I can get the drop on them.

Max puts the gun over his shoulder and carefully begins climbing up onto the wing.

ANNIE
"The drop"?!"

MAX
Get to the hangar. See if you can find a cop or something. I'll be okay.

ANNIE
(whisper yell)
You're not Jack Reacher!

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

THE BULGARIAN
We're sitting ducks here. Get out there, kill those fuckers and find me another plane!

BODYGUARD #2
(re: Brooks)
You okay with him?

The Bulgarian picks up his knife.

THE BULGARIAN
Oh, we'll be fine.

As the Bodyguard hurries out of the plane, the Bulgarian approaches Brooks.

THE BULGARIAN (CONT'D)
No more waiting. I'm getting my list.

We hear a rattling from the ceiling of the plane. The Bulgarian steps aside just as Max falls through the emergency hatch, missing the Bulgarian and landing on the floor.

BROOKS
Max!

MAX
Can't get the drop on anyone tonight.

Before the Bulgarian can react, Max aims his gun at him.

MAX (CONT'D)
Drop the knife.

But instead, the Bulgarian THROWS the knife at Max. It sticks into the same arm where he was shot earlier. Max drops his weapon.

MAX (CONT'D)
ARGGGHH! Right in my bullet hole!

The Bulgarian charges Max but Brooks TRIPS him with his leg. The Bulgarian falls to the floor and he and Max grapple.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Bodyguard searches around the plane, his gun drawn. He spots Annie hiding behind the nose of the jet and FIRES. She runs for cover but he has her trapped.

ANNIE
Wait! I have kids! Four of them!

BODYGUARD #2
Bullshit. Not with that ass you don't.

ANNIE
(flattered)
Well, thank you for that.

He raises his gun and aims at her head.

BODYGUARD #2
You're welcome.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

Max and the Bulgarian continue to wrestle. They stumble into the cockpit landing between the unconscious pilots directly on top of the THRUST LEVER. The engine ROARS TO LIFE.

EXT. RUNWAY - CONTINUOUS

The engine directly behind the Bodyguard suddenly REVS to maximum throttle. The man turns back to look.

BODYGUARD #2
What the f--?

WHOOSH... SPLAT! He's SUCKED into the engine and shredded.

ANNIE
Yes!
(then, grim)
Oh my god. That's just horrible.

INT. JET - CONTINUOUS

The fight spills back into the cabin as the Bulgarian spots the gun Max dropped on the floor. He clambers toward it. Brooks sticks out his leg and TRIPS HIM AGAIN.

THE BULGARIAN
Stop tripping me!

Max notices a BUNGEE CORD dangling from an overhead compartment. He grabs it and wraps it around the Bulgarian's neck. But the Bulgarian is determined. He continues to crawl to the weapon as the cord tightens around his throat.

Just as his hand grasps the gun, he collapses on the floor, unconscious from lack of oxygen.

Max quickly ties him up with the bungee cord so he can't move. He cuts Brooks free with the Bulgarian's knife.

The two brothers stand there as they collect themselves.

BROOKS
Look at that.

ANGLE ON the Bulgarian. Max has wrapped him so his head is nearly in his own crotch.

BROOKS (CONT'D)
You get a bungee cord in your hand
and you go straight to the pervy
place, don't you?

Annie hurries onto the plane and hugs Max.

MAX
You okay?

ANNIE
Yeah, yeah. I mean, I'm changed
forever but I'm fine.
(then)
Is that a knife in your bullet
hole?

MAX
It's nothing. Listen, I want us to
have a baby.

ANNIE
You sure?

MAX
Look at us. We did things tonight
we never would've imagined we could
do. And we were awesome.
(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I thought I wanted to be like Brooks but it turns out Brooks is a low-life and a loser.

BROOKS

Guilty.

MAX

Plus, think of all the dum-dums having babies out there. Ours is going to be so much better. It'll beat them at everything.

ANNIE

(getting into it)
Totally. Our baby's gonna crush every other baby!

MAX

We're gonna raise the Jason Bourne of babies.

ANNIE

But without all the creepy Treadstone flashbacks.

MAX

Right, no. Obviously.

Brooks starts slow-clapping. They look at him.

BROOKS

And that is how you throw a game night.

Max and Annie stare.

MAX

What?

BROOKS

It went exactly as I planned.
(to the Bulgarian)
Trevor, you can get up now.

Max and Annie exchange an incredulous look and turn to the Bulgarian. He doesn't move. There's a beat.

BROOKS (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you. That would've been cool though, right?

MAX

Such a dick.

EXT. BROOKS' HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "3 MONTHS LATER"

Max and Annie head toward Brooks' rented house.

INT. BROOKS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Max and Annie enter to find a game night in progress. Kevin, Michelle, Ryan and Jillian play "Pictionary." We see the player at the easel is Gary.

They all yell greetings. Brooks hands Max a drink.

BROOKS
Thanks for letting me host again.

MAX
It's not like we have a choice.

REVEAL that Brooks is wearing A BLINKING HOUSE ARREST ANKLE BRACELET.

BROOKS
Only for another 36 months.

Brooks sits down on the sofa and puts an arm around DR. CHIN, the fertility doctor.

DR. CHIN
Hi guys!

MAX
Hey, Dr. Chin.

KEVIN
(re: Gary's drawing)
"The Crying Game"?

We see Gary's drawing is of a man crying.

JILLIAN
"Boys Don't Cry"?

MICHELLE
"Cry-Baby"?

Ryan's phone BUZZER sounds.

RYAN
Time's up.

GARY
It was "The Green Mile."

RYAN

How is that "The Green Mile"?!

GARY

That's me at the Regal Cinema,
crying, as I did through much of
the film.

KEVIN

How are we supposed to know that,
Gary?!

GARY

I assume everyone cried during "The
Green Mile."

RYAN

(whispering to Kevin and
Michelle)
How long till we can stop inviting
him again?

BROOKS

Who's next?

ANNIE

I'll go.

Annie gets up and grabs the pen. She pulls out her clue,
reads it, tosses it behind her, nods for the timer, and
starts drawing a bread roll.

MICHELLE

A rock. A ball.

MAX

A burger. A bun!

She nods, then draws an oven around the bun.

GARY

Wait, is this a motion picture?

She ignores him.

MAX

Baking a bun. In an oven. There's
a bun in the oven!

Annie touches her nose, smiling. Max jumps up, celebrating
his win, but then:

MAX (CONT'D)

Wait-- what?

He turns to Annie: she's holding her stomach.

MAX (CONT'D)
You're pregnant?

ANNIE
We did it.

Max smiles and hugs her as everyone cheers and congratulates them. WE MOVE OUT A WINDOW where the happy tableau plays out in the living room.

Suddenly, an ominous BLACK VAN pulls to a stop in front of the house as we SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END

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