

TAKING BACON

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FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - ESTABLISHING

Gorgeous. Sunny. Hollywood. Marketing for the movie, *HANG GLIDER*, dominates the iconic city. Billboards, buses, bus stops, all decked out with the KEVIN BACON blockbuster.

EXT. UPSCALE CAR BATH - DAY

One of those places that takes an army of Latinos to wash your car.

ON THE SIDE OF A BUS: **"This Summer it's time to GLIDE."**

The bus pulls away revealing MORGAN WRIGHT, 33, black shades and a hotshot smile. He's dwarfed by a billboard of Kevin Bacon in a tight blue suit clinging to a hang glider.

A LAMBORGHINI emerges from its bath, sparkling and pristine. A LATINO ATTENDANT gets out. Morgan gives it a quick once-over and gets in.

LATINO ATTENDANT
(holding out hand)
Tip?

MORGAN
Reach for the stars, my friend.

Morgan rockets off leaving the attendant in the dust.

LATINO ATTENDANT
Pendejo.

SERIES OF SHOTS - MORGAN AROUND HOLLYWOOD

-- He cockishly tears down Wilshire. He pulls up to a man in a Corolla, cheekily nods then speeds off.

-- He pays for a bundle of IMPORTED ITALIAN SUITS with a BLACK AMEX. He eyes one of the BLAZERS.

-- Wearing the blazer, he hops out of the Lambo. A pack of PRETTY YOUNG THINGS strut by. They notice him, they should.

-- At a BISTRO, he chats up the staff, they laugh at his jokes. He swipes his Amex again, carries out two BIG BAGS.

-- He cruises past a GATE ATTENDANT and onto the STUDIO LOT. He pulls into a parking spot **"Reserved for Chip Langston."** He hops out, re-hangs the blazer.

END SERIES

INT. ADVANTAGE FILMS - DAY

Slick and modern, oozing success.

Morgan hurries in with the bags as a YOUNG CO-WORKER meets him mid-stride.

YOUNG CO-WORKER

Where the hell have you been? You
know we can't start this thing
without you.

Morgan nods as the two reach--

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The co-worker joins four executives perched around a table. At the head, stands CHIP LANGSTON, 36, the commander and chief.

CHIP LANGSTON

About fucking time.

MORGAN

Sorry, Mr. Langston. Traffic was
terrible. But I'll have you know
the Lambo's washed, waxed, and I
even read her a bedtime story.

Morgan tosses Chip the keys. Nothing but crickets.

He serves each producer their meal as Chip unveils the MOVIE POSTER for Hang Glider.

CHIP LANGSTON

Alright, listen up, people. *Hang
Glider* opens in less than a month
and the studio's already projecting
big numbers. I'm talking *Avatar* on
the fucking *Titanic* numbers. And
because everything good comes in
threes...

Chip unveils posters for *Hang Glider 2* and *3*.

CHIP LANGSTON (CONT'D)

The studio wants a trilogy. Now, if
that doesn't tickle your balls, I
don't know what will. Right, Tina?

TINA, 35, the only woman in the room, nods as Morgan prepares Chip a Caesar salad table-side.

CHIP LANGSTON (CONT'D)
But they say, "you're only as good
as your last film." So what I need
from you is the next big thing.

Morgan perks up.

CHIP LANGSTON (CONT'D)
Bill?

BILL
When a race car driver's killed in a
fiery crash, his spirit lives on
through his blind daughter. It's
called Heart of Speed.

Chip burns a hole through Bill's soul.

BILL (CONT'D)
I'll leave.

He does.

CHIP LANGSTON
Tina.

TINA
When a nun is forced to question
her faith, she must journey back to
the place where it all began:
Bethlehem.

CHIP LANGSTON
Make it an action film and get back
to me. Greg.

GREG
Philadelphia meets Dracula. It's
called *Tainted Blood*.

CHIP LANGSTON
Gay Vampires! Now we're talking!

Greg winks at the others.

CHIP LANGSTON (CONT'D)
Morgan, what are you doing?

MORGAN

When an astronaut crash lands on an alien planet, he must liberate the youth with rock and roll and dance.

CHIP LANGSTON

No, what the fuck are you doing?
You're making a mess.

Morgan's still shaving Parmesan, a mound piled high.

INT. ADVANTAGE FILMS - DAY

Morgan yawns at his desk. The other assistants, all much younger than him, are busy at work. He raps his fingers on his screenplay, *SPACE DANCE*, as Greg approaches.

GREG

We should totally hit up Comic-Con this weekend. Rumor has it, Hang Glider's going to be there.

MORGAN

Sure. Alright. I just have to clear it with the old lady.

Greg motions to his BLUETOOTH.

GREG

(whispers)
Headset.

Morgan sheepishly nods as Greg walks past.

GREG (CONT'D)

Nobody. Just some assistant.

MORGAN

(sotto)
Fuck.

He eyes his screenplay, looks back towards Chip's office.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Morgan stands tall in front of the mirror clutching his script.

MORGAN

Listen up, Chip, you dumb motherfucker!
(MORE)

MORGAN (CONT'D)

You want the next big thing, you come to me, because I'm a writer Goddammit. That's what I do. And I got what you're looking for. Got it right here in my dick, you cocksuckaaaa.

Morgan jerks off into the air, flinging invisible jizz onto the mirror.

Behind him a toilet *FLUSHES*. Chip Langston emerges from the stall. Morgan immediately straightens.

CHIP LANGSTON

Morgan, repeat what you just said to my face, and I'll read your script.

Greg enters.

GREG

Party in the bathroom! What's going on, fellas?

CHIP LANGSTON

Morgan was just about to tell me something. Weren't you, Morgan?

GREG

Ooh, do tell.

MORGAN

Um... I was just saying you know, Chip... if you want the next big thing... you should come to me, because I got it right here, right here in my dick, cocksuck--er.

Morgan slowly mimes jerking off. Greg gawks at Morgan's arm as it moves back and forth.

CHIP LANGSTON

This better be good.

Chip snatches the script from Morgan and exits.

GREG

You know, Morgan, if you're interested, maybe we could grab a drink sometime? You could show me that big thing of yours?

Greg rests his hand on Morgan's.

EXT. BUNGALOW - EVENING

Morgan's Honda pulls up, the radio blaring "OH MANDY" by Barry Manilow. Morgan gets out carrying a bottle of champagne.

INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Morgan keys in and dances to the kitchen. He throws his jacket off and grabs two champagne flutes.

MORGAN
(to the tune of *OH MANDY*)
"Oh Carrie! You came and you gave
without taking."

He hears the shower running. He cracks a puckish grin and two-steps it down the hall.

INT. BUNGALOW, BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan enters, unbuttoning his shirt.

MORGAN
"Oh, Carrie, you kiss me and stop me
from shaking."

CARRIE, 33, sticks her head out from behind the curtain.

CARRIE
Morgan! Jesus, you scared me.

He pops the cork to the champagne, sips from the bottle.

MORGAN
Carrie, have I ever told you how
lucky you are?

CARRIE
No. Never.

MORGAN
Well, get ready, baby, 'cause
Christmas is coming early!

He drops his pants.

CARRIE
Morgan, wait.

He shimmies past the curtain and into the shower.

Carrie and a BEEFY AUSTRIAN MAN stare back. This is HUGO.

HUGO
(Schwarzenegger-ish)
Sorry, Morgan.

INT. BUNGALOW, BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carrie enters, tying the sash to her bathrobe. She packs a box of Morgan's things as he plops down on the bed.

MORGAN
Carrie, I'm willing to look past this. I mean, you committed adultery.

LORI
Morgan, we're not even married.

MORGAN
But we are adults, and we make mistakes. I get that. No one's perfect. I'm not perfect. You're not perfect. But this sleep number bed... this sleep number bed is perfect. It knows me. My positions. My sleep patterns. Do you know how long it took me to find the right settings? Years.

LORI
Morgan, it's still on default.

MORGAN
Is that all I am to you? Default?

LORI
Look, at first I saw it as a plus, a fantasy: living with a Hollywood screenwriter. I thought maybe you'd be the next Quentin Tarantino, a much better looking Quentin Tarantino, but you're not. You're you, and I can't do it anymore.

MORGAN
Same thing my mom said when she left my dad, and we all know what happened there.

CARRIE
Well, guess what, Morgan? You're not your dad. You'll never be.

She stuffs a PINK VIBRATOR into the box.

MORGAN
Hey, that's not mine.

CARRIE
Well, you paid for it, and I don't
need it anymore.

Morgan looks over to Hugo, he raises a glass of Champagne.

Carrie walks out into the--

LIVING ROOM

Morgan tags behind.

MORGAN
So that's it? Just like that, you're
leaving me?

CARRIE
Morgan, this is my place. You're
leaving me.

She shoves the box into his arms and pushes him out the door.
He turns back quick.

MORGAN
Can I at least have some money for a
hotel?

She hands him a \$100 bill and *SLAMS* the door in his face.

INT. INDIAN CASINO - NIGHT

Morgan leans over a ROULETTE TABLE, white-knuckled.

MORGAN
C'mon, black.

The ball bounces around the spinning wheel, lands in black
then pops to red.

DEALER
Red 15.

INT. MORGAN'S BEAT UP HONDA - NIGHT

Morgan idles at a stoplight. He swigs WHISKY from a bottle as
a FERRARI pulls up next to him.

The DRIVER looks over, winks then rockets off.

Morgan slams the gas, immediately stalls. He takes another swig, something catches his eye.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD WALK OF FAME - NIGHT

The non-Grauman's part of the walk. Only hookers and homeless.

Morgan searches for a specific star. He's drunk and still drinking. He suddenly stops, his feet covering a name.

He steps back, REVEALING: "**Morgan Wright, Sr.**" A star around the name and a picture of a typewriter.

MORGAN

There you are. I just wanted to say thanks for naming me after you. You probably thought it would make things easier for me but it's only made things worse. So, here's to you, dad. To you and your big fucking shadow.

He takes a swig.

VOICE (O.S.)

I had a daddy once.

Morgan looks up to see a HOMLESS MAN taking a shit on the sidewalk.

HOMLESS MAN

Boy, if he could see me now.

MORGAN

Ugh... I think I'm going to go. I hope no one shits on you, Dad.

He stumbles off, leaving the whiskey with the bum.

EXT. ADVANTAGE FILMS, STUDIO LOT - SUNRISE

Morgan's Honda sits crooked in a spot. He sleeps in the front seat, reclined and uncomfortable.

The CHIRP of a car alarm wakes him. He rubs his eyes, sees Chip walking in.

INT. ADVANTAGE FILMS, CHIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Morgan sits across from Chip. The *TIC-TOC* of a clock sets the awkward silence. Chip thumbs through Morgan's script.

MORGAN

So...

CHIP LANGSTON

Not bad. Your old man definitely left some talent for you, that's for sure.

MORGAN

So you liked it?

CHIP LANGSTON

I loved it... thirty years ago when it was called Footloose.

MORGAN

Footloose?

CHIP LANGSTON

Your story, it's Footlose with aliens. You know that, right? Cut loose, footloose, Kenny Loggins? It's a rip-off.

MORGAN

But isn't that what you guys are looking for? Remakes with aliens?

Chip tosses the script to Morgan and lights a cigar.

CHIP LANGSTON

Say, what was that word you used to describe me? Cocksucker, right? Yeah. Cocksucker. Well, listen up, you cocksucker, this isn't something you can do with your eyes closed. If it was, everyone would be doing it. It takes living. It takes seeing the easy path and turning right. The best stories come from writing what you know and right now, you don't know shit.

Morgan checks over his shoulder, the coast is clear.

MORGAN

Oh, you're good.

CHIP LANGSTON
I'm sorry?

MORGAN
I mean, you really had me going there. I actually thought you were going to fire me. But I get it now. You don't want the others to know you found the next big thing. It makes sense. Let them down softly. I like that. So where do I sign?

CHIP LANGSTON
You don't. You're fired. Now get the fuck out of my office.

INT. ADVANTAGE FILMS - CONTINUOUS

A bulging, unkempt SECURITY GUARD talks to the RECEPTIONIST.

SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me, I'm looking for the gift shop.

Chip's door swings open.

MORGAN
Chip, I'm begging you. Just give me a chance.

CHIP LANGSTON
The only chance you'll have is if you get a star attached to it and that's a chance in hell.
(to Guard)
Security! Get this loser out of here.

SECURITY GUARD
Oh, I'm not--

CHIP LANGSTON
Now Goddammit!

Security Guard crosses to Morgan, pushes him over the desk.

SECURITY GUARD
Alright, buddy, hands on the desk.

He frisks him awkwardly.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
You hiding any narcotics or firearms
in or around your asshole?

MORGAN
What? No!

SECURITY GUARD
Only one way to be sure.

Security Guard tugs at Morgan's pants. Morgan struggles.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
Stop resisting!

CHIP LANGSTON
Just get him the fuck out of here!

SECURITY GUARD
(saluting)
Yes, sir!

Security Guard escorts Morgan out of the office.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Security Guard pushes Morgan on. The doors close.

SECURITY GUARD
And scene! How'd I do?

MORGAN
What are you talking about?

SECURITY GUARD
I know it's a small role and all,
Security Guard #2, but I'm trying to
come off as unstable. Like you don't
know what I'm going to do next.

MORGAN
Mission accomplished.

SECURITY GUARD
Fuckin' method. So, you're a
producer or some shit?

MORGAN
Screenwriter.

SECURITY GUARD
Get the fuck out! What have you
done?!

Morgan thinks. The Guard waits with bated breath.

MORGAN
You ever hear of *Forrest Gump*?

SECURITY GUARD
The retard on the bench?! That was you?!

MORGAN
That was me.

SECURITY GUARD
Shit, you must be in high demand.

MORGAN
Actually, I haven't sold a single thing since.

SECURITY GUARD
Well, what are you waiting for, man? Write another *Forrest Gump*!

DING! The elevator doors open.

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan makes a break for it.

SECURITY GUARD
Hold it right there. I've never ridden the elevator with a stranger before, and I don't plan on startin' now. Darrel Freskin.

Darrel extends his hand. Morgan reluctantly shakes it.

MORGAN
Morgan Wright.

Morgan opens his hand revealing a BUSINESS CARD: "**Darrel Freskin. I'll do anything. No gay shit.**"

DARREL
I'm sort of an actor, rapper, mixed-bag performer. Whatever it takes. They say it's all who you know.

MORGAN
That they do, Darren.

DARREL
It's Darrel. It's right there on the card.

MORGAN
Sure it is.

Morgan walks away.

DARREL
Well, it was nice meeting you,
Morgan! Feel free to call me
anytime! I'm always available!

INT. LUCKY STAR MOTEL, OFFICE - NIGHT

Morgan stands at the counter. The MOTEL CLERK swipes his credit card, shakes his head.

MORGAN
No? Try this one.

He hands the clerk another card. Declined.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
That bitch.

Morgan looks down at his wallet, Darrel's business card stares back.

INT. DARREL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A poor man's bachelor pad. Movie posters cover the water stained walls.

Darrel enters carrying Morgan's box. Morgan trails behind.

MORGAN
Then she packed my bags and kicked me out.

DARREL
At least that suit liked your script.

MORGAN
Were you listening to anything I just said? My boss hated it.

DARREL

I'm sorry, man. I've been in and out this whole time. Bummer about your girl though.

MORGAN

Yeah, well, she's banging the Kindergarten Cop now so don't worry.

DARREL

Man, I've been dumped for a lot of dudes before, but never a kindergartner. So, this is my crib. It ain't the Ritz, but at least it's free. You got your pull-out couch over there. That's where you'll be bunking. Big screen over there and--

MORGAN

Who's the guy in the photos?

Morgan points to a small shrine on the wall. Pictured is a MAN doing drugs with CELEBRITIES circa 1980s. In the background of every photo, a chubby boy plays by himself.

DARREL

That's my dad.

MORGAN

With Tom Selleck? Patrick Swayze...the Rolling Stones. What, is your Dad like some famous producer or something?

DARREL

No, he was a drug dealer. Taught me all kinds of cool stuff like how many grams make an ounce... always wear two condoms...

MORGAN

Sounds like a real smart guy.

DARREL

Yeah, he's dead. Syphilis. Apparently wearing two condoms is a terrible idea. But boy, did he love celebrities. I just wish he loved me.

MORGAN

Hey, I'm sure he loves you. Look at these photos. There's gotta be one--

Morgan scans the photos.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Nope, he's pretty much ignoring you
in all of these.

A thick air hangs between them. Darrel has a distant look in his eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You know, Darrel, I--

Darrel perks up.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
(covering)
Would love to get the rest of the
tour.

INT. DARREL'S APARTMENT, WEAPON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan and Darrel stand in front of an imposing wall of weaponry. Everything from TECH-9s to BATTLE AXES.

MORGAN
Holy shit.

DARREL
You're probably freaking out right
now. Like, what the fuck, Darrel?
Who are you, and why do you have the
entire Lord of the Rings' weapon set
hanging on your wall?
Because I do.

Morgan picks up a MACE.

MORGAN
Is this--

DARREL
A fuckin' mace.

MORGAN
You collect this stuff?

DARREL
Swords, guns, mostly black market. I
did a couple telenovelas for this
producer down in Mexico. Crazy guy.
Can get me just about anything.

Morgan takes the mace for a spin.

MORGAN
I didn't know you could make a
living doing this?

DARREL
Oh, no you can't. I'm a manager at
Orange Julius. You know, chili dogs
and Julius's's. Just 'til my big
break. Check this out.

Darrel lifts his shirt REVEALING a SUPER DRAGON STUN GUN.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Number one stun gun voted six years
in a row by Soldier of Fortune
Magazine. One zap from this sucker
sends 200,000 volts coursing through
the enemy's body.

MORGAN
You carry that around with you?

DARREL
All the time. Never know when this
bad boy will come in handy. Some
punk rolls up on you--

Darrel snaps the gun out, engages the electricity.

DARREL (CONT'D)
--KA POW! You should really consider
getting one of these. It's
lightweight, clips to your belt. You
could use it on that ex-girlfriend
of yours.

MORGAN
Carrie. What am I going to do? She
gave me a place to stay, cooked me
dinner, paid me a weekly allowance.
If I would've just sold that script,
I'd be golden right now.

DARREL
You know what helps me when I'm
feeling down?

MORGAN
What?

INT. DARREL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Darrel holds up a DVD.

DARREL

Wild Things baby! Just came out on BLU-RAY. Saw it at Wal-Mart and just had to buy it. Need it for my collection.

MORGAN

Of what, terrible 90s movies?

DARREL

Close. Movies starring Denise Richards. And this one's the crown jewel. Do you know how much girl on girl action is in this thing? Enough to start a fucking pride parade. And it's in HD. Her tits are gonna look so real, they'll look fake.

Darrel skips to the TV. He pops the DVD in and sits down on the couch. He hands Morgan a giant BONG.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Now suck on this. We're going to enjoy a little T and A.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The two look higher than Willie Nelson at a Snoop Dogg concert. They chow down on Orange Julius' chili dogs as KEVIN BACON in *Wild Things* plays on TV.

DARREL

Man, he must get so much ass.

MORGAN

Maybe in his *Tremor* days. But did you see *Stir of Echoes*? No one was doing any fucking after that.

Darrel readies the TV REMOTE.

DARREL

Alright, here it comes. Wait for it... wait for it...

ON TV the infamous Kevin Bacon shower scene.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Hey-o!

Darrel pauses the DVD, Bacon's DICK suspended in time.

MORGAN

Is that the T and A you were talking about?

DARREL

You know it! The only reason he did this movie was so he could flash his little pecker.

Morgan smirks at the idea.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Seriously, it was in his contract. His dick negotiated the deal.

MORGAN

I heard he low-balled them.

DARREL

Stiffed them real good. Him and his entourage.

MORGAN

What a bunch of dicks.

DARREL

A bunch of smaller dicks that take him out drinking and tell him how cool he is. Fucking Kevin Bacon. Without him this movie doesn't get made. A story like this. The writer definitely pulled some strings.

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN

Fuck Hollywood. I'm going to wait tables.

The two sit in silence.

DARREL

Wait a minute. That's it!

MORGAN

I mean the tips are nice.

DARREL

No, man. Fuck Hollywood. They don't want your script and I'm quote unquote not camera friendly. But what if there was a place where the standards were a little looser? A place where dreams come true?

MORGAN
Disney Land?

DARREL
No man, I'm talking about the
happiest place on Earth. Mexico.

Darrel hops up, searches through drawers.

DARREL (CONT'D)
My producer friend, the guy who gets
me the guns, he's always interested
in new projects. Plus, pesos are as
good as dollars, and you get more of
them.

MORGAN
Call him up!

Darrel runs out of the room. Morgan takes another hit, stares
at Bacon's dick. He frantically presses play on the remote.

Darrel sits back down, flips open a little black book. He
dials his CELL PHONE.

DARREL
Now this guy likes to keep a low
profile so let me do the talking.
(into phone)
Hola, amigo, may I speak to Julio
por favor? Si, I'll wait.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

A hand, surrounded by a ruffled cuff and rings of gold, grabs
the phone. His face obstructed from view.

JULIO
(into phone)
This is Julio.

DARREL
Hola, amigo es Darrel.

Darrel puts Julio on speaker phone.

JULIO
Darrel! Long time, no see. Let me
guess, you are looking for some
guns?

DARREL

No senor, this time I have a deal for you. How would you like to get on board with the hottest script in town? I'm talking ground level. Some real Earth-shattering shit.

Morgan nods with excitement.

DARREL (CONT'D)

There's explosions, and shoot outs, and double crosses...

Morgan shakes his head. Darrel looks for help.

MORGAN

(whispering)

Dancing.

DARREL

Dancing and double crosses. Tons of action.

MORGAN

(whispering)

It's a romance.

DARREL

Tons of romance with killing and fucking. Lots of fucking and nudity.

Morgan waves his hands.

DARREL (CONT'D)

What? No nudity?

JULIO

Darrel, I'm not sure I'm following you here. It's almost as if you're making this up as you go along.

DARREL

Julio, I have the script right in front me. It's written by the guy who wrote *Forrest Gump*.

JULIO

The retard on the bench? Hmm... That sounds tempting but I think I'm going to pass.

Morgan jumps in.

MORGAN

But we have a star attached. An icon. Someone well known.

JULIO

Really? Who?

Darrel just as curious as Julio. Morgan glances at the TV.

MORGAN

Kevin Bacon. We have Kevin Bacon.

Morgan and Darrel lean towards the phone with anticipation.

JULIO

Well, why didn't you say that in the first place, amigo? I'd like to meet Mr. Bacon in person. Bring him to me.

DARREL

Won't be a problem, Julio, because he's standing right next to me.

JULIO

Wonderful. Let me speak to him.

DARREL

And he just left. You know actors, always coming and going. But he's excited to meet you.

JULIO

Excellent. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a director who doesn't share the same vision as me.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - CONTINUOUS

Julio hangs up. He walks into the next room. A BEATEN MAN sits tied to a chair flanked by two HENCHMEN.

BEATEN MAN

Julio, please. It was just an over the shoulder. What about my kids?

JULIO

You'll see your kids in hell.

Julio shoots the man dead, never revealing his face.

INT. DARREL'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and Darrel dance around the room, high on life and lots of weed.

MORGAN

That's how you close a fucking deal!

DARREL

You did it, man! You got Julio!

MORGAN

You're damn right I did!

DARREL

It's you, me, and Bacon, baby! We're making a movie!

They high five.

MORGAN

Wait, why are we celebrating? We don't have Bacon. We don't have shit.

DARREL

Oh my God, you're right.

They deflate to the couch.

DARREL (CONT'D)

At least you got that sweet job waiting tables. All I got is the Julius. Sure, it's at the mall and I get to check out all the underage girls, maybe eat my lunch at the comic book store, but at the end of the day, it's just chili dogs.

MORGAN

Wait. What did you say?

DARREL

I check out underage girls.

MORGAN

No, after that?

DARREL

I have lunch at the comic book store.

Morgan crosses to his box and pulls out a COMIC CON POSTER for Hang Glider. He unrolls it.

MORGAN

He's going to be at Comic-Con. I pitch it to him there. What's the worst that could happen? He says no and we kidnap to him.

Morgan laughs. Darrel jumps up and points to Bacon.

DARREL

We're back, baby!

CLOSE on poster. Pull back to REVEAL--

INT. COMIC-CON, SAN DIEGO CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Nerds of all races dressed up as their favorite comic book characters. Morgan and Darrel weave through the madness, the script in Morgan's hand.

DARREL

Welcome to Casa de la Nerds. Now remember, it's a signing session. You wait in line, you get to the front, you hand him your script. You'll have at least thirty seconds with him.

MORGAN

I'll have him hooked in ten.

INT. HANG GLIDER ROOM - DAY

A packed house sits anxiously in front of a stage. Morgan takes a seat in the back, scans the room.

SUDDENLY the lights go out.

KEVIN BACON (V.O.)

TIME TO GLIDE!

A spotlight flashes on. Smoke rises.

Kevin Bacon descends from the heavens in full HANG GLIDER REGALIA.

He awkwardly lands as three THUGS attack him. He pathetically fights them off in a choreographed stunt, poses arms akimbo.

The room explodes in applause.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
(through a smile)
Fuck you. Fuck you all. I hate my
life.

INT. HANG GLIDER ROOM - DAY

Kevin Bacon slouches at a table. He signs autographs for the mile-long line of fans. Morgan steps up.

MORGAN
Hi, I'm Morgan Wright. I wrote a
story that I think you'd be perfect
for. If you could just--

Bacon grabs Morgan's script, signs it, tosses it back.

KEVIN BACON
Next.

MORGAN
Wait, you didn't even--

KEVIN BACON
You mind moving the fuck on? You had
your turn, let the nerd have his.

The NERD smiles, steps up. Morgan looks down at his script:
"Reach for the stars - Kevin Bacon."

FROM THE BACK OF THE ROOM Darrel watches like a hawk. He stuffs the tail end of a chili dog into his mouth and washes it down with an obnoxiously long slurp of soda.

INT. COMIC-CON, BATHROOM - DAY

Morgan pees at a urinal. Bacon enters, steps up next to him. He let's out a sigh as his massive stream *ECHOES*.

MORGAN
How's it going?

KEVIN BACON
Fucking beat. If I have to listen to
another nerd tell me the plot holes
to *Flatliners*, I'm gonna fucking
kill myself. And these fucking
writers. "Can you read this, can you
read that?" Shut the fuck up.

Bacon gives it a little shake, zips and flushes.

MORGAN

Say...

INT. COMIC CON, BACK HALLWAY - DAY

Bacon bursts out of the bathroom with Morgan on his heels.

KEVIN BACON

I told you already, I don't read scripts from nobodies.

MORGAN

All I'm asking is that you take a look at it.

KEVIN BACON

(turning back)

What are you, my shadow? Fuck off!

Bacon turns and bumps into DARREL. He's wearing a SKI MASK.

DARREL

(politely psychotic)

Hello.

KEVIN BACON

Who the fuck are you?

DARREL

Your worst nightmare.

Darrel ZAPS Bacon with the STUN GUN. The actor collapses in a heap.

MORGAN

What the fuck did you just do?!

DARREL

Get his legs.

MORGAN

Are you out of your fucking mind?!
You tasered Kevin Bacon!

DARREL

Ha, you think this is a Taser.

MORGAN

I don't care what it is! Why do you have it?!

DARREL
Because it's always on my person,
Morgan. Besides, how else are we
going to get him into the van?

MORGAN
Van?! You're fucking crazy. I'm
getting the cops.

Darrel smacks Morgan. He threatens him with the stun gun.

DARREL
Do you wanna sell your script or
not?!

MORGAN
I do, but--

Darrel smacks him again.

DARREL
Then stop being a pussy and get his
legs.

Morgan hesitates, it's now or never. He grabs Bacon's legs.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Quick, this door leads to an empty
hallway.

The two drag Bacon through a side door and into--

INT. COMIC CON, MAIN FLOOR - DAY

COSPLAYERS as far as the eye can see. Morgan and Darrel play
nonchalant as they inch Bacon through the crowd.

DARREL
Just be cool.

A FAN passes by, his eyes widen.

FAN
It's Hang Glider!

The record skips. Everyone turns, CELL PHONES out and
recording.

DARREL
Now we run.

Morgan and Darrel take off, dragging Bacon's lifeless body.
They weave in and out of spectators and comic book booths.

UP AHEAD a group of X-MEN role-players step in their way.

CYCLOPS pretends to zap them. Darrel punches him in the face. WOLVERINE brandishes his blades. Darrel kicks him in the balls.

BEHIND THEM a BALD KID IN A WHEELCHAIR.

PROFESSOR X
I order you to stop.

Darrel punches the kid and dumps him out of the chair. They throw Bacon in and race him through the crowd.

Morgan looks back as Professor X struggles to stand.

MORGAN
I think that kid was paraplegic.

DARREL
Fucking method!

They burst through a set of doors into--

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

An ALARM blares out as they enter.

DARREL
This way!

They rush down the stairs, Bacon's head bouncing with every step.

INT. ELEVATOR LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

The door flies open. Morgan wheels Bacon out just as a SECURITY GUARD armed with PEPPER SPRAY cuts them off.

SECURITY GUARD
Freeze!

Darrel grabs a cowering CAPTAIN AMERICA'S SHIELD and blocks the spray. He slings the shield at the guard, ZAPS him with the stun gun.

They continue through another set of doors and end up--

EXT. REAR OF COMIC-CON - DAY

Darrel's FORD WINDSTAR idles, double parked. A METER MAID writes a ticket.

DARREL
Oh, fuck no!

Darrel slams her head off the hood and jumps behind the wheel. Morgan hoists Bacon in. They speed off.

INT./EXT. MINI VAN - MOVING - DAY

Darrel maneuvers the van through a cramped backlot as POLICE LIGHTS dance behind them. Bacon's body flails from side to side.

UP AHEAD a PHOTO OP with the one and only DAVID HASSELHOFF. He's posing in front of *Night Rider's* KITT. A sign reads: "\$5 per photo."

NERD
Does the car really talk?

HASSELHOFF
Sure does.
(side mouth)
"Take more photos, pay more money."

The van zooms by, the fuzz in hot pursuit. The crowd turns their cameras to the high speed chase.

HASSELHOFF (CONT'D)
Those assholes are stealing my
spotlight.

Hoff jumps in KITT and speeds off.

INT. MINI VAN - MOVING - DAY

Darrel floors it, pushing 80. Morgan checks out the back just as Hasselhoff power slides in between the cops and the van.

MORGAN
What the?

INT. KITT - MOVING - DAY

The Hoff presses play on an IPOD. One of his beloved CLASSICS comes alive. He sings with himself. It's a duet.

He whips KITT around to the side of the van.

INT./EXT. MINI VAN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Darrel grips the wheel as Hoff appears outside his window

HASSELHOFF
You think you're better than me?!

DARREL
Shit, it's that drunk guy from
Baywatch!

Hasselhoff slams into the van.

UP AHEAD a GUARD frantically smashes buttons. A SECURITY GATE slowly shuts.

Darrel's eyes narrow.

Hoff's eyes narrow.

It's going to be tight.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Fuck you Hasselhoff!

The van edges KITT out, just barely squeezing through the gate. Kitt explodes on impact. Hoff dead but not forgotten.

The cop cars skid to a stop, thwarted by the wreckage.

INT. STEVE PETERS' OFFICE - DAY

STEVE PETERS, 42 going on 25, sits at his desk. The only thing faker than his skin tone is his smile. Across from him sits Chip Langston and two STUDIO EXECs.

STEVE PETERS
Gentlemen, as soon as my client's done jerking off those nerds, he's going to sign this contract, making the *Hang Glider* franchise just that: a franchise.

CHIP LANGSTON
Does life get any sweeter?

STEVE PETERS
It most certainly does not, Chip.

STUDIO EXEC 1

Steve, let me just say the studio's thrilled to have Kevin on board.

STUDIO EXEC 2

And barring any unforeseen incidents, we're all going to be rich. Well, richer.

The room erupts with greedy laughter. A YOUNG SECRETARY runs in.

YOUNG SECRETARY

Sir, Kevin Bacon's been kidnapped.

The room goes quiet, all eyes on Peters. He whips out his phone, presses the **STAR TRACKER APP**.

TIGHT ON PHONE as he scrolls through a list of high profile clients landing on KEVIN BACON. He selects the star.

A RADAR SCREEN with a dot far from the middle and moving fast.

Peters pulls a PISTOL from a CALF HOLSTER and dashes out the door and down the hall.

Chip and the execs move to the window. They watch Peters sprint through a busy intersection causing a fender bender.

INT. MINI VAN - MOVING - DAY

Darrel bounces in his seat as Morgan hyperventilates. Bacon's body slumped over in the back.

MORGAN

We're so going to jail for this.

DARREL

Will you relax.

MORGAN

Relax? Do you know what happens to guys like me in prison?

DARREL

Yeah, you work laundry by day and your cell-mate's dick by night. It's the late shaft baby. 40 inches a week.

MORGAN

Yeah, and it all happens inside me!

DARREL

Look, you're the one who said if things went south, we'd kidnap him. So there you go. Feel free to thank me later.

MORGAN

I was being facetious you idiot.

DARREL

Hey, don't talk French to me.

MORGAN

That's it. I'm getting out. Pull over. Pull the fucking van over!

DARREL

No can do, compadre. You get out now, you're definitely going to jail. You know how many cameras were on us back there? You weren't even wearing a mask.

MORGAN

Great, so now I'm a fugitive.

DARREL

I prefer outlaw.

MORGAN

(looking at Bacon)

How about murderer, because I think you killed the guy?

SUDDENLY Bacon jumps up and slaps a choke hold on Darrel. The van weaves in and out of traffic.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Holy shit! He's alive!

KEVIN BACON

Who do you work for?! Paramount?!

DARREL

(choking)

Take him out!

Morgan swings his fist at Bacon but hits Darrel.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Not me, him!

Morgan grabs the stun gun off Darrel's belt, ZAPS Bacon in the neck. In a menacing trance, he keeps the trigger down as Bacon's body fries. Morgan lets go, the actor falls to floor.

DARREL (CONT'D)
There's some rope in the back. Tie him up.

MORGAN
He's not a hostage.

DARREL
He is now.

Darrel takes an exit off the expressway.

EXT. DESERT CANYON - DAY

Morgan smashes his CELL PHONE with a rock. The van sits parked nearby.

MORGAN
You do have a plan, right? I mean, you don't kidnap someone without a plan. You think things through. Like we shouldn't even be driving this van anymore.

Darrel appears from behind a boulder. He buckles his pants and kicks some sand.

DARREL
You're absolutely right.

MORGAN
Good. So what's the plan?

Darrel opens the side door REVEALING a groggy Bacon. He grabs HAND SANITIZER from a bag and squirts it.

DARREL
Check it: We take him for a ride, you pitch your script, and the three of us make a movie.

MORGAN
Okay, see, when you say things like that it's really hard for me to gauge how smart you are. We just kidnapped the guy. He's not going to want to do a movie with us.

DARREL

So it's a little unorthodox, but so is Hollywood. Just think of yourself as a Hollywood rebel. A young Roman Polanski. He raped a girl and he's still working. All you have to do is get him onboard before we get to Julio's. You don't even have to rape the guy.

MORGAN

Oh, that's a relief. Now break your phone.

DARREL

No way, man. What if my agent calls?

MORGAN

Your agent?! Fuck your agent. Darrel, the police are after us. It's only a matter of time before they start tracking our phones. Now break it.

DARREL

What is this, Law and Order: SVU? You think you're Ice T now? Let me tell you something, Ice, no one's tracking shit.

MORGAN

You break your phone or I'm going to break it for you.

DARREL

Come and get it, kemosabe, you punk bitch.

Morgan spear-tackles Darrel. The two wrestle for the phone like a couple of kids in a giant sandbox.

KEVIN BACON (O.S.)

Hey, assholes!

They look up to see Kevin Bacon alive and well.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)

Yeah, you two faggots. Don't you know who I am?

Morgan yanks Darrel's phone and smashes it on the ground. The two storm the van.

DARREL
Don't you know who we are?

KEVIN BACON
You're fucking dead that's who you are. As soon as I get out of these ropes, I'm gonna put my fist so far up your ass, I'll be shaking hands with your kidney.

DARREL
Ha, I'd like to see you try. My ass is tight. Real tight.

KEVIN BACON
Good, 'cause I only fuck the tightest assholes.

MORGAN
Jesus Christ.

KEVIN BACON
Close. Kevin Bacon.

Morgan frantically presses the powered door button. The door slowly shuts.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
(through closing door)
Don't forget the lube.

DARREL
He should be easy to convince.

Morgan rolls his eyes.

MORGAN
We need to do something about this van.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A family of campers sit roadside, their STATION WAGON down with a flat. DAD works the tire.

The Windstar cruises by, slams it's breaks, backs up. Darrel jumps out and rushes the dad with the stun gun.

DARREL
Give me the fucking keys!

DAD
Please don't hurt me.

Darrel zaps him and threatens the others. Morgan hops out and rushes Bacon to the wagon. He throws him in and goes to work on the tire. He struggles.

Darrel lends a hand. They both struggle.

MOM lends a hand, success.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The wagon speeds off, the family left tied up in the minivan.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Once we have a new ride, I'll work
on getting Bacon on board. I think
if I just level with him, he'll come
around.

INT. WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Morgan shows Bacon the script. The actor spits in his face.

EXT. BORDER PATROL - NIGHT

The wagon pulls up to the MEXICAN/AMERICAN BORDER. Two guards strapped with M-16s inspect the vehicle.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Now getting past border patrol is
going to be tough. The moment they
smell something's up--

The guard opens the back REVEALING Bacon bound and gagged.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
--we're fucked.

A firing squad unloads on the wagon. Morgan and Darrel lit up like the Fourth of July.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

Morgan with a map on his lap. Darrel at the wheel.

MORGAN
So how do we do it?

DARREL
We don't. We go to El Paso.

Darrel leans over and points to El Paso on the map. We ZOOM past his finger into the city until it's real.

EXT. EL PASO, CITY CENTER - DAY

Nothing but a good old Texas town. A place where people shoot first and ask questions later. We continue to ZOOM until we reach--

DARREL (V.O.)
There's a gas station in the center of town. When we get there, we dial a number. Then we wait. Two Mexican men will meet us and take us over the border.

TWO MEXICAN MEN stare back ala American Gothic.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOVING - DAY

The three cruise down the road.

MORGAN
And that's going to work?

DARREL
How do you think I got those guns?

Morgan nods, studies the map.

MORGAN
Sweet. We'll be there in no time.

He smirks to Bacon. The actor mouths "fuck you."

SUDDENLY the spare tire pops off. The wagon pathetically slides to a stop, sparks shooting from underneath.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

The blistering sun beats down as the three trudge the lonely road, Bacon's hands bound in front of him.

NEARBY a RATTLE SNAKE slithers through the sand.

KEVIN BACON
Well, isn't this great? This is exactly what I wanted to do when I woke up today. Tell me something, fuck face.

(MORE)

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
When you write a script is the lead
character always as dumb as you?

DARREL
Sometimes dumber, right, Morgan?

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN
Let's just conserve our energy.

KEVIN BACON
Conserve our energy? For what? We're
all going die out here because of
you. And when they find us, they'll
name this place after me. You wanna
know why? Because I'm a household
fucking name, that's why. You two
fucktards aren't worth the sand
we're standing on. I mean seriously,
you let a tire outsmart you. A
fucking tire!

Morgan gets in Bacon's face, the rattler close by.

MORGAN
At least we were smart enough to
kidnap you, you fucking diva?

KEVIN BACON
What'd you call me?

MORGAN
You heard me, Whitney.

The snake slithers through Morgan's feet. Darrel, the only
one who sees it--

DARREL
Ah, guys...

KEVIN BACON
You're lucky my hands are tied, 'cus
I'd beat your face like I beat my
dick.

MORGAN
What, with two fingers and a lot of
shame?

The rattler inches closer.

DARREL
Guys...

KEVIN BACON

You know what? Fuck my hands. I'll use my feet.

MORGAN

You mean those little girl's feet?

KEVIN BACON

If you want them to be.

MORGAN

Maybe I do.

DARREL

Guys!

MORGAN AND KEVIN BACON

What?!

IN A BLINK the snake bites Bacon in the dick, sinking its fangs deep into his meaty crotch.

KEVIN BACON

OH MY GOD!

Morgan and Darrel jump back nearly shitting their pants.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)

It's eating my cock!

The actor yanks the snake off and chucks it at Morgan and Darrel. They duck as it flies past, landing by a CACTUS.

Bacon keels over, his muscles tensing.

DARREL

Shit! We gotta do something. If his dick goes, everything goes!

KEVIN BACON

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

DARREL

You know damn well what that means, Wild Thing. There's no way around this, Morgan. You need to suck the venom out.

MORGAN

Me?! Why me?!

DARREL

Because I have a gag reflex, okay?
When I was little, my best friend
and I, we sucked each other's dicks
off to see what it was like. I
couldn't handle it. Now unzip his
pants and pull his dick out!

MORGAN

Fuck you, man.

DARREL

It's just skin, Morgan.

MORGAN

Yeah, foreskin.

KEVIN BACON

What are you, gay?! Get over here
and suck my dick?!

DARREL

Morgan, he's been bit by Diamondback
Rattle snake. As we speak, venom is
traveling up his shaft and into his
balls. In a matter of minutes
paralysis will set in and if that
happens, you can kiss your movie
goodbye!

KEVIN BACON

Fuck your movie, I'm dying over
here!

DARREL

Now get on your knees and suck that
dick!

MORGAN

I'm not sucking any dicks!

DARREL

You suck that dick and you suck it
good!

Bacon starts convulsing, foam dripping from his mouth.

MORGAN

Goddammit!

Morgan rushes over. He yanks Bacon's pants off and grabs
Bacon Jr. It's a handful and growing fast.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Fuck man, he's getting hard.

DARREL
That means you're doing something
right.

Morgan takes one last look at the task in hand.

KEVIN BACON
(with his last breath)
It's like driving a town car when
all you've ever driven is a compact.

Morgan goes in and sucks. He pops up and spits.

MORGAN
Oh God, I swallowed some.

DARREL
What?! You can't swallow that.
That's poison.

MORGAN
What do you want me to tell you,
man? It just happened. I've never
done this before. I didn't have the
same childhood as you.

Morgan sucks again, gasps for air.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I can't breathe. My throat's closing
up.

Morgan collapses to his side. Only Darrel left.

DARREL
Don't worry Kevin, I'll save you.

Darrel dives in and sucks the D. Instantly gags.

He stumbles to a cactus caught in the grips of violent cough.
He bends over, pukes on the SNAKE. It's fucking pissed.

It strikes him in the neck bringing his fat body to the
ground. The snake slithers away, striking Darrel in the nuts
for good measure.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - LATER

The three lie on the roadside, good-as-dead. Buzzards pick at
Darrel's body. Morgan's eyelids barely open.

UP AHEAD a WINNEBAGO cuts through the heat. It slows to a stop in front of Morgan.

MORGAN
(barely audible)
Kill me.

TWO FIGURES hidden by the sun approach.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
We have to do something.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
It's not safe.

THROUGH BLURRY EYES the faded silhouettes stand over top.

FEMALE VOICE
We can't just leave them here.

THROUGH BINOCULARS the MAN IN CHARGE whistles. An eclectic group of people run out of the Winnebago, two for each body. Three for Darrel. They carry the boys aboard.

The binoculars lower. It's Peters. He's a mile out.

He inhales deeply.

PETERS
Bacon.

INT. WINNEBAGO, BEDROOM - MOVING - DAY

Morgan lies on a bed, still passed out. His eyes slowly open. A pretty, NATIVE AMERICAN GIRL wearing feathered earrings and a turquoise headband comes into focus. This is LILY, 27.

She wipes his forehead with a damp cloth.

MORGAN
Am I in Heaven?

LILY
Not quite. You're in a 1991
Winnebago.

MORGAN
So, what you're telling me is I'm in
Hell?

She laughs.

LILY
You're funny and severely
dehydrated. Here, drink this.

She hands him a glass of water. He chugs it. Chokes.

LILY (CONT'D)
Slowly.

He does, noticing the many DREAM CATCHERS hanging from the ceiling.

MORGAN
Are you an Indian?

LILY
Cherokee.

Morgan sits up.

MORGAN
Holy shit. I didn't know you guys
still existed... you know, outside
casinos.

LILY
That's really offensive. My father's
a black jack dealer.

MORGAN
I'm sorry.

LILY
Sorry because he's a black jack
dealer or because he's an Indian?

Her fingers tease a HATCHET. Morgan hesitates.

LILY (CONT'D)
Relax. I'm just fucking with you.
But seriously, make fun of him again
and I'll scalp your balls.

She holds up the hatchet.

MORGAN
What's your name?

LILY
I don't tell anyone my name.

MORGAN
Really? Why?

LILY

Because it's way more fun being anonymous, that's why. Plus it's a stupid name.

MORGAN

What are you talking about? Indians have great names. Crazy Horse, Sacagawea, Pocahontas. Is your name Pocahontas?

LILY

Do I look like a Pocahontas?

MORGAN

I don't know, it's hard to tell. I haven't been to a casino in a while.

Lily brandishes the hatchet again.

LILY

What did I say?

MORGAN

(quick)

You're the most beautiful Indian I've ever seen.

She smirks. Lowers the hatchet.

LILY

So, what are you going to do with him?

MORGAN

Who?

LILY

Your hostage?

MORGAN

Shit!

Morgan leaps up, throws open the door and stammers into--

INT. WINNEBAGO, MAIN CABIN - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

A behemoth drunk INDIAN stands in Morgan's way. He pushes past towards a table where Darrel's flanked by a half dozen NATIVE AMERICANS. They play poker for money.

DARREL
Look who decided to show up? Fucking
Indians man. Saved our lives.

MORGAN
Where's Kevin?!

KEVIN BACON (O.S.)
Calm down, deep throat. I'm right
here.

Morgan turns to Bacon. He's wearing an ALOE FACE MASK and
sipping a cocktail.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
They won't let me go. They said they
don't concern themselves with the
white man's problems. Whatever that
means. But they have AC and a fully
stocked bar so I really can't
complain.

A strong featured man stands up from the table. This is
CHIEF, 45.

CHIEF
You must be Morgan. Your portly
friend's told me lots about you.

Lily walks out from the back.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
I take it you've met Water Lily?

MORGAN
Water Lily, huh?

WATER LILY
Just Lily.

She looks away, red in the face. She joins the others at the
table.

CHIEF
I'd be careful, my white brother.
She's a runaway.

MORGAN
What's she running from?

CHIEF
If I had to guess, I'd say...
herself. That or bad credit. Come
on, let's meet the crew.

Chief ushers Morgan to the table.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

Over there are our Apache brothers,
Squatting Duck and Little Sparrow.
The beast in the back is Wild
Condor. He's part Sioux and part
alcoholic.

Condor holds up a drink. He's always holding a drink.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

He also serves as resident bartender
while onboard. In the corner is
Golden Flower, a Navajo with one
hell of a shot. The man behind the
wheel is Little Big Foot, and I am
Chief Red Horn. We are both
Seminoles. One tribe consisting of
many.

MORGAN

Who's that?

Morgan points to a bespectacled white man in the passenger
seat.

CHIEF

That is Ezra Steinberg and he is a
Jew. He's also our accountant. Even
the Indians believe in the power of
proper bookkeeping. He is one with
Excel. You are very lucky we found
you when we did. You could be
soaring with the eagles right now.

MORGAN

Thanks for saving us, but we really
should be going.

CHIEF

I'm not so sure that's a good idea.

Chief hits the power button on the TV REMOTE.

MORGAN

Oh shit.

ON TV

News of the Kidnapping plays. Morgan's face is everywhere.
David Hasselhoff's dead at 61.

BACK TO SCENE

CHIEF
You'll be safer with us.

KEVIN BACON
Oh shit.

ON TV

The *Hang Glider* TRAILER comes alive.

New York City's in trouble. Thousands of people in the streets. It's mayhem. Kevin Bacon stands next to a CUTE GIRL.

CUTE GIRL
We're all going to die unless you get up there and do something.

HANG GLIDER
I told you already. I'm retired.

CUTE GIRL
Look around you, Hang Glider. These people need you. I need you.

He wrestles with the thought then...

HANG GLIDER
Does anyone know where there's a tall building I can get to?

BACK TO SCENE

Bacon shakes his head as the trailer drones on.

KEVIN BACON
I don't know what's worse, the fact that my agent wants me to do two more or the fact that I probably will. What happened to me? I used to be an artist.

BACK TO TV

Hang Glider stands at the back of a blimp, arms akimbo as he delivers his maxim...

HANG GLIDER
Time to glide!

He dives off as the blimp explodes.

BACK TO SCENE

MORGAN
Artist, huh?

KEVIN BACON
At least I put myself out there.
What's your story?

MORGAN
I don't have a story.

KEVIN BACON
Exactly. You're all pussy, no balls.
You sit at home dreaming of your
fifteen minutes, and when things
don't go your way, you pull shit
like this.

Bacon motions to the TV. His GOLD WATCH shimmers in the light
catching Lily's eye.

MORGAN
I'm not the one looking for fifteen
minutes. He is.

Darrel flashes a shit-eating grin.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
And you're not an artist. You're
just a puppet with a gold watch.

BACON
It was a gift from my agent.

Little Big Foot turns back from the wheel.

LITTLE BIG FOOT
3 minutes!

The tribe snaps to. They start suiting up.

Chief stripes WAR PAINT on his face.

CHIEF
I'm sorry gentlemen, but this
conversation will have to resume at
a later date. We have some
unfinished business to attend to.

SQUATTING DUCK
Chief!

Chief Red Horn meets Duck at the back. Wild Condor's on all
fours, his head in the toilet.

SQUATING DUCK
He's three sheets to the wind and
puking on all of them.

CHIEF
It's not his fault. He's a goddamn
Indian.

LITTLE BIG FOOT (O.S.)
2 minutes!

LILY
Well, who's going to watch the
door?!

Chief turns to the three on the couch. Darrel smiles. Chief
and Lily share a look.

Lily tosses two BULLET PROOF VESTS to Morgan and Darrel.

LILY (CONT'D)
Welcome to the reservation. Sparrow!

Little Sparrow tosses her a SHOTGUN and a REVOLVER.

MORGAN
Whoa, what the fuck--

Chief steps up wearing a vest.

CHIEF
Do we have a problem?

MORGAN
No problem. It's just that I live by
a certain number of guidelines. One
being never put myself in a
situation where a bullet proof vest
is needed.

CHIEF
You know, you're only alive because
of me. I own your soul now.

Chief takes the revolver from Lily, sights it down on Morgan.

MORGAN
What are guidelines really?

Chief flips the gun around, handle first. Morgan grabs it.
Darrel picks up the shotgun, gives it a pump.

LITTLE BIG FOOT
1 minute!

KEVIN BACON
What about me? I'm their hostage.

CHIEF
Do you know how to control a crowd?

KEVIN BACON
Of course I do. I'm an actor.

CHIEF
Then you're on crowd control.

Lily hands Bacon a gun. Morgan intercepts it and takes the clip out. He hands it back to Bacon.

KEVIN BACON
You would.

CHIEF
Alright, listen up. We've been robbed of our land, raped of our freedom and stripped of our identity. We've been crammed into boxes and forced to like it, but enough is enough.

The paint-covered tribe let's out a WAR CRY as the Winnebago comes to a stop.

LITTLE BIG FOOT
It's show time!

CHIEF
And there's no better way to prove it than by sticking it to the white man.

Morgan and Darrel share a look. They cover their face with paint.

Chief kicks the door open and they all flow out. They run into--

INT. WELLS FARGO BANK - CONTINUOUS

The tribe takes charge.

CHIEF
Everyone down on the fucking ground!

The patrons immediately drop to the floor as the team moves in with precision.

Golden Flower shoots out the cameras.

Duck and Sparrow subdue SECURITY GUARDS.

Lily collects wallets and cell phones.

Morgan, Darrel and Bacon stand frozen by the door.

LILY

Don't just stand there. Do something!

Darrel snaps to, terrorizes the crowd and a POLO WEARING DOUCHEBAG.

DARREL

Hey you! Look at me when I'm talking to you.

The douchebag looks up.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Don't fucking look at me! Now give me your wallet!

The douchebag tosses his wallet.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Thanks, man.

DOUCHEBAG

No problem.

DARREL

Don't fucking look at me!

The Chief jumps up on the counter.

CHIEF

We are the Native Americans and we've come to take back what's rightfully ours. Earth does not belong to man, man belongs to Earth, but your money... your money belongs to us now.

A woman grasps her locket tightly, winces as Duck takes it. Lily snatches it from his hands and gives it back to the woman.

ON THE GROUND, a COWBOY slowly slides out a CONCEALED PISTOL. He eyes a target: LILY.

SUDDENLY the gun is kicked away. It's Morgan. She's taken aback.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Mr. Steinberg. The vault.

Ezra and Sparrow usher a teller to the vault. The teller unlocks it and swings the door open. They run in.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Kevin, the stage is yours.

Chief hops down, joins the others--

INSIDE THE VAULT

The teller fills duffle bags full of money.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Everything in the bag. Now!

EZRA
Even the pennies!

TELLER
The pennies?

CHIEF
No, not the pennies.

EZRA
Okay, but next time the fucking pennies!

BACK IN THE MAIN ROOM

Bacon steps up on the counter. Takes a moment to focus before...

KEVIN BACON
(listless)
I ran down eleven flights with a pen
in my hand today... and suddenly...
I stopped.

Everyone turns to the actor. Engrossed. Bacon looks deep into the patrons' eyes. A wave of intense energy overtakes him.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
(assertive)
And suddenly I stopped. You hear me?
And in the middle of that office
building... do you hear this?!
(MORE)

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
I stopped in the middle of that
building and I saw... the sky. I saw
the things I love in this world.

BACK IN THE VAULT

Chief and Ezra watch from the door.

EZRA
He's doing *Death of a Salesman*.

CHIEF
And it's magnificent.

BACK IN THE MAIN ROOM

Bacon continues. The Native Americans' weapons falling to
their sides. Everyone under the actor's spell.

KEVIN BACON
I saw the things I love in this
world; the work, the food, the time
to sit and smoke. And I looked at
the pen and said to myself, what the
hell am I grabbing this for? Why am
I trying to become what I don't want
to be? What am I doing in an office
building making a contemptuous,
begging fool of myself, when all I
want is out there, waiting for me
the minute I say I know who I am!

Bacon pants having exuded his soul.

The patrons jump to their feet. Clapping ferociously.

The Chief snaps out of it, checks his watch.

CHIEF
Alright, my little Indians, show's
over!

The tribe rushes out, money bags slung over their shoulders.

A fan stops Bacon.

FAN
Can I have your autograph?

KEVIN BACON
Sure, what's your name?

FAN
Jeremy.

KEVIN BACON
Did you enjoy the show, Jeremy?

Jeremy nods. Bacon signs the man's BANK DEPOSIT, exits.

Darrel runs past Morgan.

DARREL
Now we're definitely outlaws.

Morgan takes one last look at the crowd before dashing out.

EXT. DESERT FLATLANDS - NIGHT

The tribe celebrates around a campfire, their duffle bags stacked high and gushing with money.

Lily sips a beer, watches Morgan from afar.

MORGAN
Death of a Salesman. Not bad.

KEVIN BACON
I'm surprised I remembered it. I did the play back in college and it just kinda took over.

DARREL
It was alright. I actually do the monologue a little differently when I go out for auditions. Do you mind?

Darrel readies himself. Does a breathing technique before...

DARREL (CONT'D)
I ran down eleven... line?!

Sparrow slides in between Morgan and Darrel.

SPARROW
We did it, my white brothers.

MORGAN
Little Sparrow, right?

SPARROW
Please, call me Hank.

MORGAN
But Chief said your name was--

SPARROW

Yeahyeahyeah Little Sparrow. He also has us running around in war paint and sleeping in teepees. I mean come on, there's a Best Western down the street.

KEVIN BACON

So you guys aren't Indians?

SPARROW

I mean, we're Indians when we're applying for a job or trying to get into college but we're not still pissed off about land.

(to Duck)

Bill over here needs the money for his nephew's kidney dialysis.

DUCK

Little guy's 8 and fading fast. This money's gonna save his life.

SPARROW

(to Golden Flower)

Jimmy there's going to open a chain of Indian-themed strip clubs called the Pow Wow Room. Half the proceeds will go to the World Wildlife Foundation.

GOLDEN FLOWER

I'm going to save the beaver.

DARREL

That's very admirable of you.

MORGAN

What about you, Ezra? What are you going to do with the money?

EZRA

I'm going to deposit it all into a high-yield off-shore account with reliable returns and watch it mature over time.

CONDOR

Boring.

EZRA

At least I don't have to use the money for rehab.

CONDOR
I'd rather be a drunk than a Jew.

Lily sits down next to Morgan.

LILY
Will you two fuck already and get it
over with.

SUDDENLY A HYPNOTIC DRUM-BEAT RESONATES. Everyone turns to
the Winnebago.

The Chief exits wearing an INDIAN HEADDRESS and banging a
DRUM. He crosses to the group.

Hits the drum one last time. Pauses.

CHIEF
Tonight... tonight is about freedom.

He empties a bottle of firewater on the duffel bags and
strikes a match. The money erupts in a fiery blaze.
Everyone's jaws unhinge.

A single tear runs down Ezra's face.

DUCK
You son of a bitch! Do you know what
you've done?!

Duck lunges at Chief. Sparrow holds him back.

SPARROW
His nephew, man!

CHIEF
Oh geez... Oh boy... I really
screwed the pooch on this one. I was
going to do this whole speech about
money and how it steals your soul
but I just wanted to get to the
burning part. Okay, I'll tell you
what? How about we just get black
out drunk tonight and do it all
again tomorrow? What do you guys
say? Condor? He's already blacked-
out.

The tribe reluctantly mutters.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. Now who wants
a shot?!

Lily storms off towards the Winnebago. Morgan watches as she goes.

INT. WINNEBAGO, BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lily pulls a BOOK-BAG from under the bed. She checks over her shoulder, opens it.

She reaches back in her waistband, pulls out a stack of banded bills.

MORGAN (O.S.)
I guess not everyone's drinking the
Kool-Aid.

She spins around to see Morgan by the door. He swigs a beer.

LILY
Let me tell you something about
Chief. He's an idealist. Me, I'm a
realist. With this money I can be
whoever I want to be.

He crosses to her, it's a tight space.

MORGAN
So who do you want to be?

LILY
I haven't figured that part out yet.

She reaches by Morgan, grazing his side. She pauses slightly before grabbing a shirt and stuffing into her bag.

LILY (CONT'D)
But tomorrow I'm going to hit every
bank from here to Mexico, and when I
cross that border I'll have so much
money it won't matter who I am. I'll
be queen of Mexico and no one will
care because everyone already
assumes I'm Mexican.

MORGAN
Sounds like you have it all figured
out.

LILY
Always know your next move.

She zips the bag shut.

MORGAN
You're so right.

Morgan leans in, kisses her on the lips.

LILY
Not what I was talking about.

MORGAN
Sorry, it's just that today's been
the craziest most fucked up day of
my entire life and now I'm here,
alone with this beautiful-- no, sexy
Indian. You have a sack of money and
you carry a gun. I mean, you're way
cooler than Pocahontas.

LILY
How much have you had to drink?

MORGAN
I don't know, two beers.

LILY
I'm not a cop.

MORGAN
Ten beers.

She laughs.

LILY
Oh, before I forget.

She hands him the script.

LILY (CONT'D)
This almost got left behind when we
picked you up. Seemed important.

MORGAN
Very important.

LILY
Yeah? Dancing aliens?

MORGAN
You read it?

LILY
While you were sleeping. I hope you
don't mind.

MORGAN

No, not at all. What did you think?

LILY

Well, for starters, your female character could use some work. We're not all damsels in distress.

MORGAN

What else?

LILY

I don't know, it just didn't feel like it was coming from an honest place. You seem more interesting than that.

MORGAN

Really?

LILY

Uh, you kidnapped Kevin Bacon. You just robbed a bank with a bunch of Indians. That's prime pickings, man. Trust me. Indians have been telling stories for hundreds of years. You just need to figure out your next move.

Morgan slaps another kiss on her.

CARRIE

Again, not what I was talking about.

Darrel bursts in.

DARREL

Yo, Chief's got a shitload of peyote and we're about to smoke it.

He grins mischievously.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Were you two...

(to Morgan)

You salty sea dog.

Darrel dashes off.

MORGAN

He doesn't get out much.

LILY
Come on. Let's go meet your spirit
animal.

She leads him out of the Winnebago.

"RETURN TO INNOCENCE" by ENIGMA kicks in.

MONTAGE

The PEACE PIPE moves around the campfire, everyone high and laughing out loud. A kaleidoscope of colors dissolving over top. Very trippy.

END MONTAGE

Darrel exhales a lung full of smoke. His body eases into--

INT. VIPER ROOM - 1988

Darrel lifts his head. He's standing in the middle of the dance floor. He weaves his way through the crowd.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Darrel.

Darrel turns. The crowd parts REVEALING--

DARREL
Dad?

DARREL'S DAD sits at a booth with two beautiful women.

DARREL'S DAD
You made it, son. It's good to see
you. Come, join us.

DARREL
I've waited my whole life for this.

Darrel sits down, his eyes wide with wonder.

DARREL'S DAD
I know you have, son. You're a star
now. Here, enjoy some cocaine.

The ladies rip off their tops. Cocaine pours from their tits.

Father and son bury their noses in the women's breasts,
inhaling deeply.

DARREL
I love you Dad.

DARREL'S DAD
I love you too, son.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Bacon takes a toke from the peace pipe. He pulls on a tux and crosses to--

INT. DOLBY THEATER - OSCAR NIGHT

The double doors open and Bacon saunters in. It's a packed house.

Up on stage, MERYL STREEP presents.

MERYL STREEP
And the Academy Award goes to...
Kevin Bacon.

The crowd erupts, rises to its feet.

Bacon walks down the aisle, shaking hands and accepting flowers. He climbs the stage and kisses Meryl. She hands him the Oscar.

KEVIN BACON
It's about fucking time.

Everyone claps.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
I mean, seriously, this bitch takes
a shit, she gets an Oscar.

Meryl smiles.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
But I kid. I love you Meryl.

They clap again. Kevin basks in the spotlight.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Morgan hits the pipe. He coughs violently then turns to--

INT. ADVANTAGE FILMS, CHIP'S OFFICE - DAY

Chip Langston sits across from Morgan.

CHIP LANGSTON
Morgan, I have some good news and I
have some bad news.

MORGAN
What's the good news?

CHIP LANGSTON
I want to buy your script.

MORGAN
What's the bad news?

CHIP LANGSTON
I'm telling you this while fucking
your girlfriend.

PULL BACK to reveal Chip banging Carrie from behind.

MORGAN
Oh, come on.

CARRIE
Congratulations, Morgan. You really
deserve it.

Hugo pokes his head out from underneath. It's a two for one.

HUGO
Ya, Morgan, congratulations.

MORGAN
Not on my trip.

Morgan punches Chip in the face. Turns to Hugo, elbows him in the gut and flips him to the ground. Turns again, face to face with Carrie.

CARRIE
You wouldn't hit a girl, would you?

MORGAN
No, but I'd hit a bitch.

He cocks back, punches Carrie in the face.

EXT. DESERT FLATLANDS - NIGHT

Lily walks from the Winnebago, her book bag thrown over her shoulder. She looks on as Darrel snorts sand, Bacon bows to no one, and Morgan punches the air. The others perform a tribal dance.

No one notices her as she leaves.

INT. TEEPEE - MORNING

Morgan, Darrel and Bacon spoon. No homo.

Morgan cracks his eyes to see the barrel of a GUN staring back at him.

STEVE PETERS
Cocka doodle do.

Morgan shifts. Peters puts a finger to his lips.

STEVE PETERS (CONT'D)
Easy now. Don't want my friend here
getting too excited.

DARREL
(eyes closed)
Shut up, Morgan. Go back to sleep.
(noticing Peters)
Ahh.

STEVE PETERS
Don't fucking move.

Peters tosses them HAND CUFFS.

STEVE PETERS (CONT'D)
Put those on.

KEVIN BACON
Steve?

STEVE PETERS
Hey, big guy.

KEVIN BACON
What are you doing here, and why do
you have a gun?

STEVE PETERS
Because I'm your agent, Kevin. I'm
protecting my assets. Now judging by
the half-naked Indians outside, I'd
say I dropped the ball big time.
Looks like some queer shit went down
here last night.

DARREL
We're not gay.

MORGAN
He means strange.

STEVE PETERS
No I mean gay. Kev, did these boys
have their way with you?

KEVIN BACON
The fat one was especially horny.

DARREL
He's lying. I'm chubby.

Peters grabs Darrel.

STEVE PETERS
Did you fuck my client?! Did you?!

DARREL
No! I mean my lips touched his dick
for a second but that was it. Please
don't kill me.

STEVE PETERS
Oh, I'm going to kill you. Just not
here.

EXT. DESERT FLATLANDS, CAMPSITE - DAY

Peters pushes Darrel and Morgan out of the teepee with Bacon
close behind.

The Indians strewn across the campsite, half naked and deep
in sleep. Sparrow rolls over, nothing but ass.

Peters throws Morgan and Darrel in the back of his BMW and
gets in. Bacon rides shotgun. The car jets off.

INT./EXT. PETERS' BMW - MOVING - DAY

Quiet. Nothing but the sound of high speed rubber on cement.
Everyone contemplating their next move. Everyone but Peters.

STEVE PETERS
(to Morgan)
You're Chip Langston's assistant.

MORGAN
Was.

STEVE PETERS

Was is right because when I'm done with you, you'll be nothing but past tense. Fucking assistants. They'll do anything to get ahead.

Peters turns back to the road.

KEVIN BACON

Have you spoken to my wife? How are my kids?

STEVE PETERS

Everyone's been worried sick about you. The studio, Chip, myself. It's been a very emotional 48 hours. Now if you could just sign this...

Peters pulls out a stack of papers from his suit jacket and hands them to Bacon.

KEVIN BACON

What's this?

STEVE PETERS

The *Hang Glider* contract.

Peters drives off the road into the rocky desert. It's getting bumpy and hard to hear.

STEVE PETERS (CONT'D)

(yelling)

The rich get richer, Kevin. You sign that and your future's set. You'll be the only one allowed to wear the blue suit. That is until the fourth installment but we'll cross that bridge when we get there.

The car comes to a stop.

Bacon stares down at the contract, not sure what to do. Peters hands him a pen.

STEVE PETERS (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what, you think it over, I'm going to go kill these guys.

Peters hops out and opens Darrel's door.

DARREL

No! I'm not ready to die!

Darrel looks Morgan dead in the eyes.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Do something.

In a blink, he's ripped from the backseat.

MORGAN
(frantic)
Listen to me, Kevin. You don't have
to sign shit. If you don't want to
do it, don't do it.

Morgan's door flies open. Peters grabs him and throws him to
the ground. He's gets to his knees, execution style.

Bacon steps out with the contract.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Think about it, Kevin. No one's ever
won an Oscar playing a superhero.

STEVE PETERS
This fucking guy. KB, sign the
contract.
(to Morgan)
Let me tell you something about my
client. If he really wanted an
Oscar, he'd take 2 million, and him
and Jake Gyllenhaal would go ride
"horses" for an hour and half. This
is show business. Show. Me. The
business. And right now you're bad
for business.

Peters raises his gun to Morgan's head.

MORGAN
Kevin, I can get you that Oscar. You
act like you did yesterday in the
bank, and I will get you that Oscar.
You'd be playing an American
Astronaut who crash lands on an
alien planet and liberates the youth
with rock and roll and dance. Fuck
Daniel Day-Lewis. I want Kevin
fucking Bacon.

KEVIN BACON
You really think I'm as good as
Daniel Day-Lewis?

MORGAN

No. I think you're better.

STEVE PETERS

Nice pitch. Time to die.

Peters cocks his gun. The trigger engages halfway. Morgan winces.

THUD!

Morgan peaks from one eye. Bacon stands over Peters' unconscious body, a rock in his hand.

KEVIN BACON

Motherfuck Daniel Day-Lewis.

Bacon searches Peters for a HANDCUFF KEY and uncuffs the boys.

The three jump in the car and speed off leaving Peters and the contract behind.

EXT. EL PASO, GAS STATION - DAY

Business as usual. Suits in boots and a whole lot of Mexicans.

Darrel speaks Spanish into a PAY PHONE.

BEHIND HIM Bacon sits on the trunk of the BMW, reads the script.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Morgan struggles between a MR. GOODBAR and a PAYDAY.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Bacon finishes the last page, looks up in utter shock.

KEVIN BACON

What the fuck have I done?

Darrel hangs up the phone and joins Bacon on the trunk.

DARREL

Transportation is en route,
mothafucka. So what do you think?

Bacon's speechless.

DARREL (CONT'D)

I knew that shit was good! Look at you. You don't even know what to say. See, that's why I kidnapped you. I didn't even read the thing, I just knew.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Morgan steps up to the counter, lays down the Mr. Goodbar. Above the CLERK a TV FLASHES IMAGES OF THE KIDNAPPING. Morgan tenses.

THROUGH A WINDOW a NINJA MOTORCYCLE pulls up across the street. A BLACK HELMET FIGURE hops off and runs into a bank.

CLERK

Do I know you from somewhere?

MORGAN

I don't think so.

CLERK

You on TV?

The black helmet figure runs out of the bank spilling money from a bag. It hops on the bike but the bike won't start.

MORGAN

(covering)

I'm more of a behind the scenes guy. You know, behind the cameras. In fact, I don't even show up, I just write the stuff.

The clerk stares long and hard.

CLERK

That'll be a dollar.

Morgan pays. He turns to see the black helmet figure kicking the shit out of the bike. The figure rips the helmet off
REVEAING--

MORGAN

Lily?

He rushes out of the store and across the street.

CLERK

Sir, your candy.

EXT. EL PASO, BANK - DAY

Morgan runs up to her.

MORGAN

Lily!

LILY

Morgan! Hey. You don't happen to
know a good mechanic, do you?

JUST THEN THREE COP CARS speed in. SIX OFFICERS jump out,
guns drawn.

COP 1

Freeze!

Lily grabs Morgan, a gun to his head.

MORGAN

What the are you doing?!

LILY

Always know your next move.

(to Cops)

Drop your fucking weapons or I blow
this guy away!

Darrel moves Bacon into the street, the stun gun to his head.

KEVIN BACON

Don't listen to her. Shoot that
loser.

COP 2

(to Cop 1)

Hey, partner, I think I got Kevin
Bacon here.

COP 1

Holy shit. It's him.

COP 3

(re: Morgan)

Alright fuck that loser.

(re: Darrel)

Let's double team this guy.

DARREL

I don't want to be double teamed.

The cops inch towards Darrel and Bacon.

MORGAN

What happens when you run out of moves?

LILY

You improvise.

Lily turns her gun to a GAS PUMP and unloads the clip. A FIRE BALL shoots high into the sky tossing the police to the ground.

She pushes Morgan to the Beamer and swings her gun around to Darrel.

LILY (CONT'D)

Behind the wheel, fatty, before I splatter you like a Jackson Pollack.

DARREL

Who's Jackson Pollack?

LILY

Now, Goddammit!

Darrel jumps behind the wheel. Lily and Morgan throw Bacon in the back. They hop in and speed off.

The cops slowly get to their feet.

INT/EXT. PETERS' BMW - MOVING - DAY

Darrel floors it as Bacon beats Morgan with the script.

KEVIN BACON

Daniel Day-Lewis my fucking ass! I was free you cocksucker! I was free!

MORGAN

Don't call me that!!

LILY

Can't you drive any faster?

DARREL

I'm going 130 miles an hour.

The cruisers give chase weaving in and out of traffic. One pulls up next to the Beamer.

COP 1

(over loud speaker)

Pull over. I repeat, pull over!

Darrel sticks his hand out the window, middle finger to the law.

DARREL
Fuck you, pig!

He jerks the wheel, crashes into the cruiser.

LILY
Don't provoke them. What if they
start shooting at us?!

DARREL
They're not going to shoot at us.

The officer raises his gun, starts shooting at them.

DARREL (CONT'D)
I take that back. They're shooting
at us.

MORGAN
Quick! Take a right!

Darrel takes a left into oncoming traffic. A SCHOOL BUS of children screams towards them.

LILY
School bus! School bus!

The Beamer just barely speeds by.

MORGAN
No, you idiot, I said right. Take a
right!

Darrel forms an L with his fingers, makes a right into the EL PASO POLICE DEPARTMENT.

The parking lot's crawling with cops, all trigger happy and ready to arrest. They simultaneously draw their weapons.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Reverse! Reverse! Reverse!

Darrel throws it in reverse and guns it out through an intersection.

The car speeds through the city backwards, an army of cruisers chasing it.

LILY
Oh my God, we're going to die.

MORGAN

I can't die. *Space Dance* isn't fully realized yet.

KEVIN BACON

Oh, fuck you and your dumb movie.
I'm Kevin Bacon. The world needs me.

LILY

The world doesn't need you. The world needs me. There's hardly any of us left.

KEVIN BACON

Have you been to Vegas lately?

A cop cruiser pulls around the car. Another around the side. They attempt a PIT AND ROLL.

The Beamer spins out of control. Darrel pumps the breaks, throws in drive.

UP AHEAD a RAIL ROAD CROSSING. An AMTRAK TRAIN barrels towards it.

It's going to be tight. Darrel floors it. The speedometer pinned.

DARREL

GET THOSE TITTIES READY, DADDY, I'M COMING!!!!

The Beamer hits the lip and launches into the air.

TIME SLOWS as the BMW soars past the ENGINE CAR, Morgan's eyes meeting the CONDUCTOR'S.

The wheels touch down on the other side.

The police cruisers break hard, crashing into one another.

BACK IN THE BMW

DARREL (CONT'D)

That's what I'm talking about! Did you see that driving back there?! That was some Dale Earnhardt shit! Before the wall! Up high.

Darrel turns around, reluctant high fives all around. The others still stunned to be alive.

UP THE ROAD

An ARMADILLO lurches across the asphalt.

BACK IN THE BMW

DARREL (CONT'D)
 "Ain't nobody going to break my
 stride, nobody going to hold me--"

LILY
 ARMADILLO!

Darrel's eyes refocus to the road.

ALL
 AHHHH!

ARMADILLO
 AHHHH!

The car swerves, missing the creature. It launches off the road and tumbles down a steep hillside. It comes to a stop upside-down.

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

A war zone of car parts. Pages of "Space Dance" drift through the air.

Morgan's eyes slowly open. Smoke and debris fill his vision. He crawls out, bruised and battered, a gash over his left eye.

He scans the hillside, catches a glimpse of LILY as she crests the top and disappears.

A bloodied Darrel comes to, his face smashed against the steering wheel.

DARREL
 (sotto)
 Just like Dale Earnhardt.

MORGAN
 Darrel!

Morgan rushes to him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

DARREL
Let me think.
(takes a second.)
Yup.

Morgan pulls him from the wreckage. Darrel wipes his brow. Morgan's eyes widen.

DARREL (CONT'D)
What?

Darrel follows Morgan's gaze down to his hand. His pointer finger's bent completely back.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Oh my God! What do I do?! What do I
do?!

Morgan bends the finger back.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Awwww! Fuck armadillos! Where's the
girl?

MORGAN
She's gone.
(re: wreckage)
We should be dead.

Kevin! MORGAN (CONT'D) Kevin! DARREL

They rush to the back seat. Bacon's hanging upside down buckled in by a seat belt. He's in perfect condition.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Holy shit. He doesn't have a scratch
on him. It's a miracle.

DARREL
That's German engineering.

MORGAN
Check it out. The seat belt must've
ripped during the crash.

DARREL
Fucking cheap-ass Germans.

MORGAN
Only thing keeping him up is this
tiny piece of thread.

Morgan lightly touches the thread. It *SNAPS!* Bacon falls to the ground, groans.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Oh thank God, he's alive.

They pull him from the wreckage and lean him against the car.

A PAGE OF SPACE DANCE blows by. Morgan looks out crestfallen as his script flies away.

DARREL
Well at least we have our health.

Bacon rises like a pissed off phoenix.

KEVIN BACON
I've been kidnapped, electrocuted,
and flown off a cliff. Now it's my
turn.

They turn to Bacon. He taunts them with martial arts.

MORGAN
What are you doing?

KEVIN BACON
Jeet Kune Do. The deadliest form of
karate. I picked it up on the set of
Mystic River and I'm going to use it
to kill you.

DARREL
The fuck you are.

Darrel charges Bacon. He's dropped by a lightning-quick spin kick to the face. TKO.

Bacon picks up a tire-iron.

MORGAN
You're crazy. The heat's gotten to
you. You're not thinking clearly.

KEVIN BACON
Oh my thoughts have never been
clearer.

MORGAN
But I sucked your dick.

KEVIN BACON
A lot of people have sucked my dick.

Morgan makes a break for it. Bacon chucks the tire iron at his legs, bringing him down.

The actor coolly crosses to Morgan, rolls him over, sits on his chest. He picks up a METAL SHANK, holds it to Morgan's throat.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)

I'm going to enjoy this.

Morgan pinches Bacon's nipples and flips him over. He punches the actor in the face. The shank drops to the ground.

Bacon stuffs dirt in Morgan's mouth, head butts him. Morgan shakes it off, goes for the shank. The two wrestle for it.

MORGAN

You fight like a girl.

KEVIN BACON

That's funny 'cause you're half the man I am.

MORGAN

Then why'd you show your vagina in Wild Things?

KEVIN BACON

That was my dick, you asshole, and it was a directorial decision!

CHUK CHUK.

The two look up. A MEXICAN TEENAGER trains an AK-47 on them. This is GUSTAVO, 19.

Back by a the wreckage, a 10-year-old MEXICAN BOY has his gun trained on Darrel's snoring body. This is PEDRO.

Their shitty PICK-UP TRUCK sits nearby.

MOMENTS LATER

The three sit in the flatbed, Pedro facing them. The truck pulls off into the sunset.

Lily watches from behind a boulder.

EXT. RAMSHAKLED HOUSE - DUSK

In the middle of the nowhere. The truck pulls up and Pedro jumps off. He forces Morgan and Bacon to carry Darrel inside.

INT. RAMSHAKLED HOUSE - DUSK

Gustavo removes a slat from the floor. A ladder disappears into darkness. Pedro nudges Bacon towards the hole.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - DUSK

Morgan climbs down the ladder.

Pedro lifts a switch. Rudimentary lights flicker on illuminating a long narrow shaft of TRACK. Nearby a MINE CART waits.

Darrel's body drops like a sack of potatoes. Gustavo jumps down.

INT. MINE CART - MOVING - DUSK

The five cruise through the shaft squeezed in the tiny cart. The AKs just inches from the guy's faces. Darrel's head whips back and forth with every turn.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, WEAPONS GARAGE - DUSK

A slab of marble slides open and Pedro climbs out. Morgan and Bacon lift Darrel up through the hole, Darrel's ass smashing against Bacon's face.

They climb out to find--

--MEXICAN MEN loading crates full of a ASSAULT RIFLES. A Republican's wet dream.

JULIO (O.S.)
Gentleman, you've made it.

They look down a long hallway at the other end of the room. An electronic buzz undulates as a Mexican man glides towards them. He's aboard a SEGWAY and wearing a crushed velvet suit and crevasse. This is JULIO MARGARITO, 50.

JULIO (CONT'D)
I hope you didn't have too much trouble finding the place. The shack always throws-- Holy shit, it's Kevin Bacon.

Julio jumps off the Segway and shakes Bacon's hand wildly.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Julio Margarito. It's an honor to meet you. *Hollowman* is my favorite movie of all times.

KEVIN BACON

You're kidding.

JULIO

You calling me a liar?!

KEVIN BACON

No, not at all. It's just that no one's ever said that... ever.

JULIO

Remember when you sneak up on that brunette with the robe, and her hair is all wet from the shower, and she feels a little breeze from the window which makes her titties hard?

KEVIN BACON

Um, yeah?

JULIO

I love that part. Or when that girl who suspects you of using the serum for your own dark and twisted ways, which you totally are, decides to take a nap and you unbutton her blouse and her titty pops out?

KEVIN BACON

There's a lot of that going on, isn't there?

JULIO

You see, I respect *Hollowman*. He is an opportunist. Invisible to the world and taking advantage of it. I myself can relate. I've been moving weapons across these borders for years now and still no one knows who I am. Coincidentally, I've been producing Mexican TV for years and as you may have guessed, no one knows who I am. You see, I used to think I needed to be in Hollywood to make it, but then I had an epiphany. What if Hollywood came to me?

Julio cracks an impish grin. Morgan clears his throat.

JULIO (CONT'D)
And who might you be?

MORGAN
I'm the writer.

JULIO
Writer?

MORGAN
Yeah, the writer Of "Space Dance?"
The story Darrel told you about.

Julio looks down at Darrel. The fat ass is drooling all over himself.

JULIO
Is he dead?

Little Pedro butt ends Darrel in the nuts. Darrel groans.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Okay, good. So, the script?
Do you have it with you?

MORGAN
I lost it along the way.

JULIO
Perfect. That saves me a trip to the
garbage.

MORGAN
But I thought you wanted it?

JULIO
My friend, the only thing ever I
wanted--
(turning to Bacon)
--was him.

Julio snaps his fingers. Two HENCHMAN grab Morgan and take him away. Two others drag Darrel's body.

Gustavo hands Bacon a MIMOSA and COMPLEMENTARY BATHROBE.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Kevin, if there's anything you need,
anything at all, don't hesitate to
ask. You are a guest now, so leave
the hospitality to me.

He puts his arm around Bacon.

JULIO (CONT'D)
I think you're going to like it
here.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - NIGHT

Lily, bruised and battered, studies Bacon's watch.

WAITRESS
Nice watch you have there.

LILY
It was a retirement gift.

WAITRESS
Must be nice to retire early.

BEHIND HER the door *CHIMES*.

Peters walks in holding his phone. It *BLIPS* as he cases the place.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
(to Peters)
I'll be right with you.

Lily pushes her food around with a fork. The watch shines in the light catching Peters' eye.

PETERS
Nice watch. Where'd you get it?

LILY
What are you, a cop?

PETERS
Something like that.

LILY
You with FBI? CIA?

PETERS
CAA. Now where'd you get it?

LILY
None of your business.

Peters whips out his BANKROLL, lays down a twenty.

PETERS
Let's make it my business.

She's not interested. He lays down a hundred.

LILY
Family heirloom.

Another hundred.

LILY (CONT'D)
Won it at a carnival.

Another hundred.

LILY (CONT'D)
Nazi treasure.

All the money.

LILY (CONT'D)
(rapid fire)
Two guys kidnapped Kevin Bacon. They
crashed their car a mile from here
and were dragged into a shack by
Mexican teenagers.

Peters raises an eyebrow.

LILY (CONT'D)
I'm an Indian. It's what we do. We
track shit.

PETERS
Give a dog a bone and it will do any
trick you want.

Peters exits.

Lily sinks in her chair, winded. She stares at the money.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The waitress returns with coffee and check. Lily's gone, but
the money remains. The coffee pot hits the floor.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Two henchmen guard a door.

MORGAN (PRELAP)
Oh my God, it's repeating.

INT. MANSION, HOLDING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan and a passed out Darrel sit tied to chairs. They're facing a TV.

ON TV

A scene from Darrel's telenovela plays.

DARREL/FERNANDO
Maria, don't go. I love you.

MARIA
He's my brother, Fernando.

DARREL/FERNANDO
It was a one time fling, it won't happen again. I promise.

BACK TO SCENE

Morgan shakes his head as Darrel comes to.

DARREL
What's this?

MORGAN
Your telenovela. The cartel's using your performance as torture.

The scene repeats endlessly.

DARREL
Well, at least someone's watching it. Why are we tied up?

MORGAN
Good question, Darrel. Maybe it's because someone brought us to a fucking lunatic's house!

Darrel still puzzled.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Julio, man. Your guy. The guy that was supposed to buy my script. He never wanted it, all he wanted was Bacon. He flipped on us.

DARREL
You know, I was worried about that. Julio's kind of a shady guy.

MORGAN

You think? God, your stupidity amazes me.

DARREL

Yeah, well, if it wasn't for me, you would have never had this opportunity.

MORGAN

What opportunity? The opportunity to die?

DARREL

The opportunity to live. You're life was a joke before you met me.

MORGAN

My life was perfect before I met you. Sure my girlfriend was cheating on me and I hadn't sold a single thing, but I had a sleep number bed and that thing was fucking comfortable.

DARREL

What do you mean you haven't sold a anything? You wrote *Forrest Gump*.

MORGAN

News flash, Darrel. I lied to you. I needed a place to stay and because you're desperate for fame, you believed me. But guess what? You're never going to be famous because you're a fucking nobody. That's why your dad didn't love you.

The words hit Darrel like a sledgehammer.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, man. I didn't mean that. I meant the desperate part and the part about you being stupid, but not the part about your dad. I don't know anything about that.

DARREL

(wounded)

Of course you don't. You only care about yourself. And for some reason, I believed in you. How many people can you say that about?

Morgan hangs on Darrel's words.

INT. RAMSHAKLED HOUSE - NIGHT

Peters searches the room, high and low. Stops in the middle.
BEHIND HIM a hand grabs the handle of a BASEBALL BAT.

He turns. It's Lily! She's doing her best Barry Bonds.

LILY
How's this for a trick?

She's swings for the fences, sending Peters crashing through the floor and down the hole. She drops the bat.

LILY (CONT'D)
Oh my God, I'm sorry. I didn't know
you were going to go through the
floor.

She peers into the hole, sees a MINE CART.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, INDOOR SWIMMING POOL - NIGHT

An oasis resembling the Greek Parthenon. Julio's men pamper Bacon with grapes and foot massages. Others splash around in the pool. Everyone in SPEEDOS.

PAMPERER 1
You like?

KEVIN BACON
(writhing)
No mas, no mas.

Julio enters. Pedro and Gustavo follow, fighting over who goes first.

JULIO
Boys!

The two straighten.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Kevin, are you enjoying the
hospitality? I apologize that there
are no women on the compound but I
assure you my men will take good
care of you. Punto here gives the
best back massages. Punto!

KEVIN BACON
Oh, no that's alright.

A sinewy Mexican, PUNTO, goes to work on Bacon's back.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
Really, it's not... actually that
feels pretty good.

JULIO
You know, you and I share a similar
connection. You see I have a friend
who worked for the Los Zetas Cartel.
He used to purify the cocaine with a
fello named Benito Del La Torres.
Now Benito teaches grammar at Santo
Domingo Preparatory who's Principal
happens to be Mr. Domonique, an
unlicensed dentist, who recently
fixed the overbite of a certain
Misses Zoila Fuentes, a caretaker
for the Mitchell family out of
Mission Viejo, California. Now, Mr.
Mitchell unlike most rich gringos,
wanted to teach his son, Preston, a
lesson in humility so he gave him a
Summer job. That Summer job was
mowing grass. His top client: Kevin
Bacon.

Bacon counts his fingers to six.

KEVIN BACON
Sounds about right.

JULIO
You and I are going to revolutionize
the Mexican film industry, my
friend. No longer will Hollywood be
the only one to reap the benefits of
A-list talent.

KEVIN BACON
Yeah sure, sounds great. Just let me
return home, see my family, gather
some things and I'll catch a flight
back down here, say Monday. Then you
and I can get on with
revolutionizing the-- what was it
again?

JULIO
The Mexican Film Industry.

KEVIN BACON
Right. The Mexican Film Industry.

Bacon forces a smile.

JULIO
You are a good actor, amigo, but I'm
afraid you cannot leave.

KEVIN BACON
Fuck you and fuck the Mexican Film
Industry. I'll walk out of here
myself.

Julio snaps his fingers. Punto restrains Bacon.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
Punto, what gives?

A henchman brings Julio a small leather case.

Julio pulls out a SYRINGE and a vile of CLEAR LIQUID. He
extracts the liquid from the vile.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
What is that? Is that AIDS?

JULIO
Calm down, my friend. This is not
AIDS. Punto has AIDS. No, this is a
little concoction I picked up on my
travels through the Amazon.

Julio presses the needle into Bacon's neck. Empties the
syringe.

JULIO (CONT'D)
You're going to be my star whether
you like or not.

INT. MANSION, HOLDING ROOM - NIGHT

The telenovela continuous on loop. Morgan looks over at
Darrel. He's pouting.

MORGAN
Look, Darrel, I've never told
anybody this but I have daddy issues
too.

Darrel looks away hiding a smirk. He forces a frown again.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
I know what it's like and I'm sorry.

Julio segways in.

JULIO
Ah, the tape. Believe it or not this is the cartel's second most effective form of torture.

MORGAN
Really, what's the first?

JULIO
Tickling.

Morgan and Darrel smirk.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Oh no my friends. It's nothing to laugh about.
(re: Darrel's performance)
400 takes and this is the best you gave us.

DARREL
Fuck you!

JULIO
Oh, Darrel, there's no reason to be angry. You're just not a very good actor. You'd be better suited as oh, I don't know... a janitor.
(to Morgan)
But you on the other hand, the writer of Forrest Gump, you could be of some use to me. That's why I'm going to give you two options.
Option 1: You stay here in Mexico and write for me. Hollywood doesn't care about you anymore, but the Mexican film industry does.

DARREL
What's option two?

Julio SHOOTs Darrel in the gut. His body hunches over, motionless.

MORGAN
Oh my God, you killed him.

JULIO
So what's it going to be, amigo?

A GUN sticks into Julio's temple.

LILY

How about option 3? He comes with me
and we get the fuck out of here?

MORGAN

I like option 3.

Julio willingly surrenders his weapon.

Lily moves away from the door. Two guards lay unconscious
outside. She cuts Morgan free keeping Julio in her sights.

Morgan rushes to Darrel's side.

DARREL

(barely hanging on)

I'm sorry, Morgan. I never meant for
this to get out of control.

MORGAN

It's okay. Just relax.

DARREL

You were right. I am a nobody.

MORGAN

No you're not, Darrel. I'm the
nobody. I've spent my entire life
relying others to bail me out, but
not anymore. This is my story now.
I'm Morgan Wright Jr. and I'm going
to get us out of here. Well maybe
not you, you're probably going to
die, but the others--

DARREL

Oh, God, I don't have much time. The
room's getting brighter.

Darrel caresses Morgan's face.

DARREL (CONT'D)

Promise me you two will live on and
procreate. Name your first born
after me.

MORGAN

Darrel--

Darrel presses his finger to Morgan's lips.

DARREL
Shh... Just hold me, Morgan.

Morgan scans Darrel's body. There's no blood. He lifts Darrel's shirt--

--THE STUN GUN on his belt, a bullet lodged in the middle.

MORGAN
You bastard.

DARREL
That's no way to talk to a dying man.

MORGAN
You're not dying.

Morgan holds up the stun gun.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
You're lucky you had this.

DARREL
It's always on my person.

Morgan gets Darrel to his feet.

MORGAN
Let's get Bacon and get the hell out of here.

Lily picks up the guards' AKs, tosses them to Morgan and Darrel.

DARREL
(to Julio)
Want to know my number one form of torture?

Darrel kicks Julio right between the legs. The three run out.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, SWIMMING-POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Bacon sits slumped over as a group of semi-nude men play chicken in the pool.

Julio enters clutching his groin. Everyone turns.

JULIO
(in Spanish)
After them!!

The Speedo-wearing henchmen arm themselves as Pedro and Gustavo lead the charge. Julio takes one last look at Bacon before joining his men.

CLOSE ON Bacon's finger. It twitches.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, JULIO'S DEN - NIGHT

Morgan, Darrel and Lily run in. A large mahogany desk and a donkey-skin rug tie the room together. They search high and low.

MORGAN
He's not here.

Darrel rummages through Julio's desk.

DARREL
Guys, check this out.

Darrel holds up a NOTEBOOK labeled: **"Julio's 5 Year Plan."**

Morgan grabs the book, skims through it.

MORGAN
Oh my God, it's all here. His entire master plan.

LILY
What's it say?

MORGAN
I think he's going to blow up Hollywood.

DARREL
Get out.

MORGAN
No, seriously, it's right here. It's number 5 on his list of things to do.

LILY
What's number 4?

MORGAN
Get tested after that unforeseen incident with Punto. Whatever that means.

SUDDENLY bullets rip by. They flip the desk and take cover.

Gustavo and Pedro lead the Speedo-wearing army in. Their guns recoil, their packages shake.

The three shoot cover-fire.

DARREL
Morgan, did you really mean what you
said back there? About me not being
a nobody?

MORGAN
You're a star in my book.

Darrel beams.

DARREL
Go find Bacon, I got this.

Darrel leaps up, gun blazing.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Star-Spangled Banner, bitches!

Morgan and Lily retreat through a side door. Gustavo watches them as they go.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, SWIMMING-POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Bacon slowly comes to. Woozy. He looks down at his hands. They become translucent. Everything starts to pulse and distort.

He slowly rises.

KEVIN BACON
I am Hollowman.

He steps back, disappears in the shadows.

MOMENTS LATER

A henchman patrols the pool, notices Bacon missing. Too late.

Bacon drops from the ceiling and rips the man's throat out. Without looking, he slings a knife into the head of another. Both dead before they hit the ground.

INT. SPANISH MANSION - NIGHT

Morgan and Lily run down a hall, checking rooms as they pass. They cross into the--

FOYER

A gunshot blows a hole in the wall next to Morgan's face.
It's Gustavo! They take cover.

MORGAN
Quick, upstairs!

Lily runs up the steps as Morgan fires back. Gustavo's hit.
He touches his face. Just a nick but enough to piss him off.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, PEDRO'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dinosaurs, baseball trophies, a license plate that reads:
"Pedro." Morgan and Lily burst in. They barricade the door
with a dresser.

SUDDENLY bullet holes Swiss-cheese the door. The two scramble
for an exit...

MOMENTS LATER

Gustavo crashes through. They're gone. He feels a breeze from
an open window.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, JULIO'S DEN - NIGHT

Darrel trades bullets with the increasing number of semi-nude
men. His gun *CLICKS* empty. He screams as he retreats.

Through a window, Pedro spots Bacon ambling through the yard.

EXT. SPANISH MANSION, WEAPONS GARAGE - NIGHT

Bacon enters, finds a switch. Lights blast on illuminating a
gun arsenal that would make Charlton Heston cream his
postmortem pants.

The door shuts behind him. He spins around.

It's Pedro! The little boy tosses his gun aside and whips out
a butterfly knife. He expertly flips it about.

KEVIN BACON
Kid, I'm gonna fuck you up.

Pedro slings the knife into Bacon's thigh. The actor screams.
The boy somersaults, kicking him in the chest.

EXT. SPANISH MANSION, ROOF - NIGHT

Morgan and Lily tip-toe across the clay shingles.

MORGAN

God, we're like two teenagers in a
Wes Craven movie.

They reach the edge. Too far to jump.

BEHIND THEM Gustavo appears. He takes aim. Morgan and Lily
cringe, prepare for the worst.

CLICK. CLICK.

He's all out. Gustavo throws his gun and charges the two.

Morgan pushes Lily out of the way, prepares for impact. At
the last second, he sidesteps Gustavo. The teenager runs
right off the edge.

Morgan helps Lily to her feet. They lean in, about to kiss--

SUDDENLY gunshots echo out.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Darrel. Come on, let's go.

The two run back inside.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, WEAPONS GARAGE - NIGHT

Pedro sits on Bacon's chest, tenderizing him with lefts and
rights. The young boy grabs Bacon's head and runs it into a
wooden crate.

The actor gets to his feet, dazed and confused. Pedro breaks
a 2x4 across his face sending him spinning.

The boy goes for a roundhouse kick. Bacon catches it in mid-
air. He picks the boy up and throws him through a wall.

Bacon dusts his hands off, all in a day's work. He turns to
walk away. Pedro leaps out of the wall onto the actor's back.

The two tussle, spinning into anything and everything. Bacon
grabs the boy by the collar and throws him into a metal beam.
He straddles the little boy, beating his face mercilessly
until there's nothing left in the tank.

He gets to his feet, looks down at Pedro's redecorated face.

BACON

Pussy.

He turns to the massive arsenal of guns. Instant erection.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Darrel runs at full speed, a stream of henchmen behind him.
He rounds the corner into--

INT. SPANISH MANSION, FOYER - NIGHT

Darrel enters from one side. Morgan and Lily from the other.

DARREL

Morgan! Where's Kevin?

MORGAN

I don't know. Things got crazy.

DARREL

They're about to get crazier.

The henchmen pour in. Surround the three.

JULIO (O.S.)

Hold your fire.

Julio breaks through the circle.

JULIO (CONT'D)

This one's mine.

Julio walks up to Morgan, puts a gun to his head.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Too bad you're going to die. You
could've put this in a script.

Julio cocks his gun.

CRASH--

--A BODY bursts through a stained-glass window landing with a
THUD.

IT'S GUSTAVO! A BOWIE KNIFE stabbed in his heart.

JULIO (CONT'D)

Gustavo!

The doorbell RINGS. The front door kicks open.

Bacon steps in armed to the teeth with two huge GATLING GUNS. He's covered in blood.

KEVIN BACON

Let's dance.

Bullets fly like D-Day. Morgan, Lily and Darrel duck as Julio's men are pulverized.

Julio returns fire. Bacon unloads, ripping Julio's body to pieces. It seems to do a little shimmy before collapsing.

The last shell casing *TINGS* off the floor. Bacon points the still rotating barrels at Morgan and Darrel. He teases the trigger--

He drops the guns. Everyone eases.

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE AFTERMATH

-- Speedo-wearing bodies scattered about the mansion's rooms.

-- Demolished walls succumb to gravity.

-- Darrel's telenovela drones on.

-- Morgan looks out over the Mexican desert, a phone in his hand. He dials 911.

END SERIES

INT. SPANISH MANSION, FOYER - DAWN

Morgan joins Bacon and Darrel at the stairs.

MORGAN

The police are on their way. You're going home.

KEVIN BACON

You sure you want to do this? You're already in Mexico. You could keep running.

MORGAN

You know, I think jail will be good for me. It'll be a real eye-opening experience.

KEVIN BACON

It'll open something, that's for sure. I'm talking about your asshole.

MORGAN

Yeah, I got it.

Bacon scans his body.

KEVIN BACON

Good Lord, how many people did I kill?

MORGAN

A lot.

DARREL

Yeah, you stabbed a teenager in the heart.

KEVIN BACON

Wow. I guess I should probably wash up before the cops get here. Maybe take a shower. Wipe my prints off those guns.

MORGAN

Speaking of showers. Why'd you show your dick in *Wild Things*?

KEVIN BACON

I told you already, it was a directorial decision.

DARREL

Bullshit. It was in your contract and you know it.

MORGAN

It has an agent?

KEVIN BACON

What? My dick doesn't have an--
Look, guys, do you really want to know?

Morgan and Darrel nod.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)

It's just that once you're stripped of everything. Money, cars, clothing... All that bullshit you think you need... there's nothing left to hide behind. It's just you and that my friends is total freedom. Absolute control. That's why I showed my dick in *Wild Things*. Because I could.

Morgan hangs on the actor's words.

MORGAN
Where's Lily?

A slight yelp from another room.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, LIVING ROOM - DAY

The three turn the corner. Julio has Lily at gunpoint. He's barely human.

JULIO
I won't stop until the Mexican Film Industry will prevails.

KEVIN BACON
Julio put down the gun. It's over.

JULIO
You had your chance, Kevin, but you were on your knees blowing it.
(re: Morgan)
And now his Mexican girlfriend is going to blow me.

LILY
My name's Water Lily, you asshole, and I'm a fucking Indian!

JULIO
Could've fooled me. Now move.

Julio moves Lily past the guys and towards the front door. Morgan and Darrel eye a nearby pistol, nod to one another.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Well, gringos, it's been real and it's been fun, but it hasn't been real fun.

MORGAN
Hey, Julio...

JULIO
Que?

MORGAN
Fuck the Mexican Film Industry.

Darrel dives to the gun, tosses it to Morgan. He catches it and shoots Julio right between the eyes. The Mexican producer drops dead for good.

Morgan throws the pistol down. Lily runs up to him. They lean in and kiss.

LILY
That's for saving my life.

She pulls him in tighter, kisses him more passionately.

MORGAN
What was that for?

LILY
I don't know, I'm kinda just going
with the flow.

SUDDENLY--

--Peters crashes through the door, looking like he's been to Hell and back.

STEVE PETERS
(hyperventilating)
Oh, thank God, Kevin... Hang
Glider... The three picture deal...
If you could just sign the...

Morgan and Bacon share a look.

WITHOUT WARNING Bacon shoots Peters dead.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - DAY

An army of SUVs rocket through the sand. FBI and FEDERALES side-by-side.

NEWS VANS, TABLOIDS close behind.

INT. SPANISH MANSION, WEAPONS GARAGE - DAY

Morgan and Lily share one last look before she disappears into the tunnel.

EXT. SPANISH MANSION, PORCH - DAY

Morgan joins Darrel and Bacon, the deluge of police approaching fast.

MORGAN
You ready to do this?

TIGHT on Bacon, Morgan, and Darrel.

KEVIN BACON

The actor.
 (to Morgan)
 The writer.
 (to Darrel)
 The...

Darrel perks up.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)

...Darrel. The three of us, pure as
 can be.

The cop cars slide to a stop. Police pour out, guns drawn.

SHERIFF

Mother of--

DEPUTY

Dicks.

CLOSE ON THREE PENISES: a big one with grey pubes, an average one, and one that looks like a baby's.

The three stand side by side, BUTT-ASS NAKED with their hands held high and their dicks hung low.

A PRESS CHOPPER circles the sky.

MORGAN

Check it out, Darrel. You're on TV.

Darrel looks up into the camera.

DARREL

Fuckin' method.

MORGAN

You're dad would be proud.

DARREL

So would yours.

They're immediately tackled by police. The three are cuffed and taken to separate squad cars.

DISSOLVE TO:

SUPER: TWO YEARS LATER.

INT. SOUND STAGE - DAY

Back in the Comic-Con hallway. Bacon's pissed.

KEVIN BACON
I already told you. I don't read
scripts from fucking losers. Now get
lost.

A MASKED MAN crosses in front of him.

MASKED MAN
(flat)
Hi-ya.

KEVIN BACON
Who the fuck are you?

MASKED MAN
Your worst nightmare.

The masked man ZAPS Bacon with a STUN GUN.

Bacon exaggerates convulsions. He falls to the ground. His
eyes snap open.

KEVIN BACON
And cut!

The man removes his mask. It's DANIEL DAY-LEWIS.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
Okay, that was a little weak, Danny.
You need to come off as unstable.
Didn't you do your research? I mean,
you lived with the guy for six
months.

DANIEL DAY-LEWIS
Yeah, but all we did was smoke weed
and watch *Wild Things* on BLU-RAY.

KEVIN BACON
Well, I don't know what to tell you
Danny. I'm not feeling it. You
better shape up or ship out.

Bacon snatches the stun gun and turns to the crew.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
(re: stun gun)
Is this the best mock up a Tony
award winning actor can get?!

FREEZE FRAME on Bacon.

SUPER: Kevin Bacon was acquitted of over 140 counts of murder due to "insufficient evidence." He recently took home a Tony Award for his performance as Biff in Death of a Salesman. At night he pretends it's an Oscar.

BACK TO SCENE

Bacon tosses the stun gun to an assistant.

ASSISTANT
(into headset)
Can we get the prop guy in here. We
need another Taser.

DARREL (O.S.)
For the last time...

Everyone turns.

DARREL (CONT'D)
It's a fucking stun gun!

Darrel opens his vest. A half dozen stun guns inside.

FREEZE FRAME on Darrel.

SUPER: Darrel Freskin was sentenced to 15 years in prison but thanks to a high profile friend, his sentence was reduced to one year and a 400 dollar fine for an overdue parking ticket. His agent still hasn't called.

BACK TO SCENE

Darrel's cell phone rings.

DARREL (CONT'D)
Hold on, I got to take this. It
could be my agent.

FREEZE FRAME on Darrel.

SUPER: It wasn't.

BACK TO SCENE

Morgan sits behind VIDEO VILLAGE. Bacon plops down next to him.

KEVIN BACON
Man, I haven't felt this alive since
Rob Lowe and I were doing lines off
Mickey Rourke's coffee table.
(MORE)

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
This movie's going to be huge. You
really came around Cinderella.

MORGAN
Thanks.

An ASSISTANT DIRECTOR interjects.

A.D.
Mr. Bacon, we're ready for you.

KEVIN BACON
(to Morgan)
I might've taught you how glide, but
you taught me how to soar.

Bacon takes off towards the stage.

KEVIN BACON (CONT'D)
Alright, people I want to see dicks
on this next one.

Morgan smiles.

FREEZE FRAME on Morgan.

SUPER: Morgan Wright spent 6 months in prison for his role in
the kidnapping during which he spent his days writing the
true story of how two idiots kidnapped Kevin Bacon. At night
he worked the late shaft.

BACK TO SCENE

Morgan takes his head phones off and crosses to the--

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Morgan steps up to a urinal. A SCRAWNY P.A. next to him.

SCRAWNY P.A.
I'm Tommy.

MORGAN
Hi, Tommy.

TOMMY
You're Morgan Wright, right?

MORGAN
That's right.

Tommy looks away, not even peeing anymore.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
Let's hear it, Tommy.

Tommy takes a deep breath.

TOMMY
(rehearsed)
When Phillip Martin's adopted
family's killed in a car accident,
he has nowhere to turn but to his
estranged biological father. What
happens when life's carpet is ripped
out from under you, and the only one
to catch you is the one who threw
you away 23 years ago?

Morgan flushes.

MORGAN
Not bad.

TOMMY
Yeah?

MORGAN
Yeah. It's a little wordy but you
tell it with such enthusiasm. And
that carpet line's a nice touch.

TOMMY
Thanks.

Morgan ambles to the door.

MORGAN
Say, Tommy, this might sound crazy,
but your story... have you
considered setting it in space?

Morgan winks, walks out.

EXT. STUDIO LOT - DAY

Morgan meets Lily at a LAMBORGHINI. They kiss before speeding
off into the Hollywood Sunset.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Tommy stands dumbfounded.

TOMMY
Space? That's fucking retarded.

FADE OUT.