

Ted Tragic And The Long Way Down

By

Max Landis

INT. CAR TRUNK

All is darkness, bouncing, jogging down some dirt road, sending the contents of the trunk bouncing harshly.

The contents, in this case, contain a human being. **EGGERS**, late 30s/early 40s bouncing roughly, painfully.

We don't really see his face, just the rumpled form, shake rattle and roll on a desert road.

The car stops. The trunk opens, flooding Eggers's eyes with blinding light, and rough hands grab him, yanking him out, hurling him to the dirty ground of-

EXT. UNFINISHED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - DAWN

We're somewhere in Arizona. Not even middle of nowhere, not quite desert, not even really beautiful.

The stamp copy stamp boring endlessness of America the bland, where there's Wal-Marts, bars, mass produced housing and not much else.

The housing development is full of half constructed copy-paste houses of similar formats, set on a higher area. The view would be beautiful...if there was anything to see, other than some rocks, some dirt and a few cactuses.

The sedan is parked out back, in a huge empty dirt lot.

A guy in a **RED TRACKSUIT** drags Eggers to his feet, and, before he can get his bearings, he's suddenly punched in the face by an **AGGRO-DOUCHE** in his thirties.

Eggers falls into the dirt, and as he does so, Aggro-Douche jerks back, swearing, holding his hand.

AGGRO-DOUCHE

Shit! Ow!

A guy in a **GREEN TRACKSUIT** is concerned.

GREEN TRACKSUIT

What happened?

AGGRO-DOUCHE

I cut my knuckle on his- agh- his tooth or something, shit!

A guy lighting a **CIGARETTE** nearby nods.

CIGARETTE

Yeah you gotta ball up your fist.

AGGRO-DOUCHE

What?

CIGARETTE

You gotta ball up your fist,
because then- it doesn't-

AGGRO-DOUCHE

What are you talking about?

RED TRACKSUIT

Or cause like, there's less to get
caught on teeth, or something?

CIGARETTE

Right.

Eggers starts to get up, and Aggro-Douche kicks him several times, and draws a gun.

AGGRO-DOUCHE

Screw you you piece of crap, you
messed up my hand!

GREEN TRACKSUIT

Technically you messed up your
hand, Larry.

CIGARETTE

You gotta ball up the fist-

AGGRO-DOUCHE

Shut up! Shut up!

EGGERS

...Listen...please, I don't
understand what's happening-

CIGARETTE

You should just stay quiet, buddy.
We're figuring out what to do with
you, best bet is just stay quiet.

EGGERS

Please- please I don't want to-

Aggro-Douche kicks him back to the dirt, and then shakes his gun-free hand in pain. A second car drives up, into the lot.

GREEN TRACKSUIT

Hey, it's Lucas.

RED TRACKSUIT

About time.

The second car parks, and a ratfaced guy with a ponytail, **LUCAS**, gets out. He looks confused.

LUCAS
I don't understand.

The guys all exchange looks.

CIGARETTE
You told us to get Eggers. We got Eggers.

RED TRACKSUIT
Yeah, the dumbass tried to do the radium deal in person.

LUCAS
Right. Sure. But that's not Eggers.

The guys all turn to look at the man on his knees.

RED TRACKSUIT
...What?

~~ECCERS~~ **TRAGIC**
Okay.

Tragic stands, casually taking the gun away from Aggro-Douche. It's not even like a cool karate thing; he just stands up and takes the gun out of the guy's hand.

Tragic **shoots him in the gut** with the same level of intensity one might exert while buying gum at a gas station.

Aggro-Douche collapses and Tragic turns to the others, addressing them in a voice that almost sounds bored.

TRAGIC
Ted Tragic, G.U.N. Don't do anything stupi-

Several things happen almost at once:

The guy with the cigarette tries to draw his gun. Tragic shoots him in stomach almost without moving at all, bang.

Green Tracksuit and Red Tracksuit turn and start to flee on foot, while Lucas turns and runs back to his car. Tragic takes aim, his posture loose and indifferent.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
STOP AND I'LL SHOOT!

Green Tracksuit stops, turning and raising his arms.

GREEN TRACKSUIT

Okay I- wait what-

Tragic shoots him in the hip, he screams and falls. The sedan screeches out, kicking up clouds of dirt and dust.

TRAGIC

(watching it go)

Shit.

Tragic takes off running, kicking Cigarette Man's gun away from him as he passes. Holy SHIT, Tragic's laconic personality did not imply he could run THIS fast, wow!

The man in the red track suit, for his part, is running ALL OUT, he's sprinting and panicked and already out of breath.

He looks behind him to see Tragic rapidly gaining and WHAM Tragic tackles the man- but he doesn't go down- and so they struggle clumsily at running speed sending them both falling into a cactus.

They sit up, covered in cactus spines, Red Tracksuit screaming and struggling with Tragic, who quickly stands up, steps on Red Tracksuit's leg and shoots the man in the foot.

Tragic, still covered in cactus spines, turns quickly to run back towards his car, but shifts his weight wrong, and yelps in pain, clutching his right knee.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Agh! Shit! ...Shit!

Tragic quickly starts limping back to the car.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - IN CAR

Lucas is pedal to the metal swerving and screeching away from the housing development. Left. Right. Left. Frantic to lose any potential pursuers.

He checks his rearview mirror. Nothing.

He stops at a light. Breathing. Watching traffic pass. He takes out his cell phone, dialing. There's a beat.

LUCAS

We've got a serious-

His car is *impacted from behind*. It's Tragic, in the other car. He didn't hit that hard...but he now he's pushing forward, slowly forcing Lucas out into traffic-

LUCAS (CONT'D)

What- no- no you son of-

A car *SLAMS INTO LUCAS' CAR, T-BONE, WHAM.*

Lucas, dazed and bleeding, his car all fucked to shit, sits in a dusted cloud of broken windshield, as we can see Tragic limp out of his car.

Tragic first goes to check on the other driver. Courteous guy that he is. The driver is dazed but seemingly okay.

Tragic starts to speak, maybe to apologize, but then just shrugs and limps over to Lucas's car, opening the driver's side door.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Wait wait-

Tragic steps back, shoots him in the side, then grabs him by his ponytail and drags him out of his car onto the pavement, starting to drag him back towards the truck, still limping.

EXT. UNFINISHED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

The sedan pulls up. And **WE SEE IN A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS** that Ted has to individually limp to, and then drag the four injured guys back to the sedan.

It's a frustrating, if funny to watch process.

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Tragic drives along. In the passenger seats, crammed tight, all bloody and fucked up, are all the guys he just injured. It looks like a bachelor party on the way back from Guantanamo Bay.

They moan and groan and swear and-

TRAGIC

Okay.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Tragic limps in, and limps to the Office Supplies aisle. He grabs a roll of electrical tape.

He goes to the counter and pays.

MOMENTS LATER...

Tragic driving again. Now all the mens' mouths are taped shut with electrical tape, their groaning muffled. Tragic is enjoying the quiet, and then...

TRAGIC
You guys like radio?

Tragic flips on the radio. It's Blink 182's "All The Small Things." Tragic listens for a moment.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Eh.

SLAM TO:

BRASS HORNS! TITLE: *TED TRAGIC IN*

THE LONG WAY DOWN

SONG: Robert DeLong - The Long Way Down

An animated title sequence. Classic Secret Agent, silhouettes of beautiful naked women, guns being fired, unbelievably slick and cool looking...

...with an odd, repeating "people falling upward" motif. Gravity appears to keep turning off; women's clothes float up and off them, birds fly upside down, we see a man with what might be a jetpack zoom past...

SLAM IN:

Olivia WEXLER, 30s, jogging on a treadmill in a crappy little strip mall gym.

INT. SWEAT! GYM - MORNING

Olivia is reedy, nerdy petite, forever forced to fix her glasses as they fall down her nose, her hair always tightly tied back but popping into her face.

She has a mousy, tightly wound, meek sort of intensity; her lithe body is clearly the product of routine and obsession, rather than a desire to stay healthy or attract a mate. The confidence she should have is invested elsewhere.

A finger hooks her earbuds, tugging them out. A **SEXY GIRL** in a work-out clothes is our culprit. Oy.

SEXY GIRL
Off. Off off off.

WEXLER
What?

SEXY GIRL
Off. Go. It's my machine now.
You did your thirty.

WEXLER
I signed for an hour-

SEXY GIRL
No, I signed for an hour, you
signed for thirty, get off.

WEXLER
No but-

SEXY GIRL
OH MY GOD, stop, go, just go. Just
go. Don't be a freak.

Wexler gets off.

SEXY GIRL (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Ugh.

Wexler shakes off how unhappy this makes her. She goes over to the sign up sheet and looks: her name, WEXLER, OLIVIA - 60 MINUTES.

She stares up at the Sexy Girl for a moment, frozen...
Straightens her glasses, straightens her hair, and leaves.

INT. FABERTECH LABS - LATER

It's an office technical space; cubicles, and, at the far end, a large hazmat laboratory security door sits like the gate to Mount Olympus.

Wexler sits in her cubicle. It's small, cramped. She's taking notes as she interviews an intense, military looking man, who is cramped in with her.

WEXLER
In your own words, what makes you a
good applicant for our program?

MILITARY GUY

I am extremely tenacious and hard working. I have a background in aviation and received praise for my coordination and organization.

(beat)

Are you one of the scientists on the program?

WEXLER

Um, I- I mean, yes, I am a scientist, but no, I'm not in the flight program. Fabertech is contracted; we supply personnel and technological services.

(beat)

I'm actually a physicist, I study the fundamental forces and-

A hand lands on her shoulder, squeezing and massaging her neck. It's **EGGERS**, 50s, a doughy bureaucrat in a too tight shirt, his head looking like a red balloon on his collar.

EGGERS

Everything going good here Wexler?
Keeping it moving?

WEXLER

Yes Mr. Eggers.

Eggers slaps her on the back.

EGGERS

Good stuff.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - BREAK AREA - LATER

Wexler stands waiting on the coffee machine, which is lazily pissing coffee out onto a mug reading IT'S ALL RELATIVE. There's a loud **BUZZ**, and we see a figure in haz-mat scrubs exit the safe-lock door, leaving it open.

The door **BUZZES** its anger at this neglect.

The man is **SANTOS**, reedy, thin, with a gross mustache. Wexler rushes over to him as he walks away.

WEXLER

Santos! Santos, Eric, hey, hey-

SANTOS

What? I'm just doin' disposals, I'm not lab certified-

WEXLER

Right, I see, but you can't leave
the door open like that.

SANTOS

That's not your job.

WEXLER

Right but that's the hazardous
materials lab, and you-

SANTOS

S'not your job.

Santos walks off, leaving her behind. She goes back to the door, and, with some effort, she closes it for him.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - NIGHT

The office is empty. Someone's vacuuming. Wexler stands up, and goes around to a different desk, quietly grabbing a security key card.

She swipes it at the secure area, takes a look around, and then sneaks in.

INT. WEXLER'S APARTMENT - LATER

Wexler's lonely studio apartment is sparsely furnished. She sits alone at her kitchen table, doing equations. Her microwave **BEEPS**.

She sits alone, eating her meal...

...WHICH BRINGS US INTO A LOOP. The microwave, the interviews, Eggers' roaming hand, Santos neglecting the door, the security card, the girl at the gym.

And unending loop of pummeling degradation and monotony. Olivia Wexler, physicist. Secretary. Alone.

BEEP. Notes. Shoulder rub. BUZZ. Card swipe. "OFF."
BEEP. Notes. Shoulder rub. BUZZ. Card swipe. "OFF."
BEEP. Notes. Shoulder rub. BUZZ. Card swipe. "OFF."

Paper **rips**, stopping the cycle.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - BREAK AREA - DAY

A massive, hulking brute of a man, **HAMMER**, sits in the breakroom. Like the rest of the applicants, he's clearly former military.

It's immediately evident that there's something wrong; for all his UFC Fighter looks, he seems meek, and a little observation of him tells us why.

Hammer is badly messing up the forms; his hands shake terribly, even writing his own name is a herculean feat of focus and control.

He doesn't see Wexler silently watching him.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - WEXLER'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Hammer sits in the little chair across from Wexler, claustrophobic in the cubicle, his shaking body rattling the pens and papers on Wexler's desk.

Wexler looks down at his forms, which are illegible and punctured in several places.

WEXLER

Name?

HAMMER

F-F-Fred Hammer. Sergeant Fred Hammer.

(beat)

I got an automated message?

WEXLER

Right. Yes, I know. Sorry I'm just- a little-

(straightens her hair)

All over the place.

HAMMER

I don't understand. They said I wasn't qualified f-f-for testing-

WEXLER

Right, and you're not. The automated message was from me, not the company.

HAMMER

(becoming emotional)

I don't know what you mean;

(MORE)

HAMMER (CONT'D)

I mean they said there was m-m-money in this for veterans, I did the tests, I filled out the forms, they c-c-can't just send me away-

WEXLER

I'm not. I'm not sending you away.

Hammer shifts, as Wexler glances over her shoulder.

HAMMER

Look, miss, I'm sorry but I don't understand. You said I wasn't qualified so...What do you n-n-need me for?

WEXLER

The tremors. The paralysis. It's from nerve damage, correct?

Hammer looks uncomfortable.

HAMMER

Yeah. An IED. Retired me from active duty, been hard to find work- my wife recom- recommended I try-

Wexler looks around conspiratorially, straightening her glasses and her hair, a mix of excitement and anxiety.

WEXLER

What if I told you I could fix you?

HAMMER

(faltering)

But you said I didn't qualify for the program-

WEXLER

Not the program...
(fixes glasses)
Not the program.

Hammer just stares at her, his hands twitching in his lap.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Ted Tragic stands up on a rocky outcropping, looking through a pair of binoculars down at an RV parked in the middle of nowhere.

Outside the trailer are two parked cars. A man sits on one, smoking a cigarette, listening to the radio. He has a shotgun resting next to him. He pets a stray cat.

Inside the RV, something is causing faint flashes of green light. The RV itself is rigged up by several thick cords to a few high tech looking generators spread out in what feels like a spider's web arrangement.

Something science fiction-y is at work, but it's not clear what. Looks like Breaking Bad meets Star Trek out here.

There's two more men working on one of the generators; like the guys we saw in the opening, they feel like small time thugs. But there are a lot of them. More inside.

TRAGIC

That's a lot of guys.

He's Ted Tragic, and at this point, since his name's in the title, I should probably tell you what he looks like:

He looks like he doesn't give a fuck. Like we saw in the opening, Tragic's got a disaffected, laidback, in the moment philosophy to towards anything that might happen, from a flat tire to a bullet in the head.

But it's all confidence. It's all charm. From his rumpled suit to his fritzed up hair to his four day stubble, he is a powerhouse of unstoppable, utterly compelling indifference.

Handsome, effortlessly. Cool, effortlessly. Everything, effortlessly. But the lack of effort really shows.

He's the bargain brand secret agent.

He's Bill Murray as James Bond.

Ted. Fucking. Tragic.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

(lowering binoculars)

Okay.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Tragic limps up to a payphone in the parking lot, trying not to look suspicious. He quickly dials twelve numbers into it, then picks up the receiver.

TRAGIC

It's me, darling. How've you been?

An automated female voice responds.

AUTOMATIC LADY

G.U.N. Agent, update mission progress.

TRAGIC

Hey, I missed you too. You sound great by the way, new speakers?

AUTOMATIC LADY

G.U.N. Agent, please update-

TRAGIC

I'm fine, thank you for asking. The leads from the dicks I brought in for processing the other day were good, but they took me out to something I don't quite understand. Looks like some kind of nuclear fission operation but I don't get for what, or why, and there's pretty heavy opposition. I need back up or a weapon, actually weapons, the S, the S is key-

AUTOMATIC LADY

Your mission clearance is: three hundred dollars.

TRAGIC

...Right the...budget cuts, yeah. Okay. I mean, I don't even have a gun right now, and I screwed up my knee kinda bad-

AUTOMATIC LADY

Medical Aid Is Not Available.

TRAGIC

Look I appreciate your high opinion of me, but I can't convince you to throw me a bone here, maybe send some kind of back up-

AUTOMATIC LADY

No Agency Liasons Are Available At This Time.

TRAGIC

You just want me all to yourself.

AUTOMATIC LADY
Your mission clearance is: three
hundred dollars.

Tragic sighs, looking up and down the road.

TRAGIC
God you're sexy when you're
stubborn, you know that?

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - EGGERS' OFFICE

Eggers' office is separated from the rest of the cubicles,
nicer, with a view overlooking the parking lot. His office
is covered in football memorabilia; it's a little depressing.

Wexler sits across from him as he paces behind the desk.

WEXLER
The applications here are huge:
being able to control the four
fundamental forces of physics would
change everything, from the medical
field to energy to transportation.

EGGERS
Mhm.

WEXLER
This is, this is *important*. Having
control of the volume, treble and
bass dials for GRAVITY,
ELECTRICITY, *energy itself*-

EGGERS
Impossible.

WEXLER
But if I can show I have a working
model I-

EGGERS
For the final time, the answer is
no.

WEXLER
I sent you links, you can watch the
field tests, if you'd just-

EGGERS
I didn't watch them and I'm not
going to.

(MORE)

EGGERS (CONT'D)

It's against policy to loan out any kind of equipment at all, and we have enough problems keeping track of stuff as it is-

WEXLER

Yes, but how am I supposed to test any of my theories if you won't give me access to-

EGGERS

"Test your theories." This again? You are not a scientist. You haven't been since your "theories" got you kicked out of Harvard. You work in data entry, Miss Wexler. You are **not a researcher, and this is not a research company.**

WEXLER

I- I just need someone to listen, and I promise I can do something amazing-

EGGERS

No. No one is going to listen, no one is going to indulge your nonsense, because you are **invisible.**

(beat)

If you were going to stand out, you would have done it by now.

Wexler is silent.

EGGERS (CONT'D)

We are the LITTLE PEOPLE who service the BIG BRAINS. The sooner you accept that, the happier you'll be.

WEXLER

...I can- I can take this elsewhere-

EGGERS

No, you can't. Because to do that you'd need our equipment, which, quite frankly, you aren't qualified to be in the same room with, much less operate.

(beat)

(MORE)

EGGERS (CONT'D)

Just give up. It'll be better in
the long run.

SLAM TO:

The opening steel shutter door of a for-pay storage
container, the type most people keep furniture in.

Not this one. It's chock full of **ADVANCED ELECTRICAL AND
PHYSICS EQUIPMENT**, an improvised future-tech lab that would
make Dr. Frankenstein's mouth water, lit by dozens of
Christmas lights strung in all directions, machines beeping
to life.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT LOT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wexler stands framed against the surreal star-scape of LED's
from inside her storage trailer. She lets out a shaky
exhale, a smile creeping across her face.

WEXLER

Now or never.

EXT. SPORTING GOOD STORE - NIGHT

A sporting goods store out in the boonies, not even isolated
enough to be the middle of nowhere, like everything else out
here, off the side of the freeway.

Tragic limps into sight.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - CONTINUOUS

We watch as Tragic shops. Checking out various purchases.
Looking at price tags. Listening to the music. Shrugs.

His final purchases: an aluminum baseball bat, two bungee
cords, a kettle-bell, a pair of walkie-talkies, a bow, some
arrows and a pair of cleats.

PRICE CHECK: \$297.61

Tragic considers for a moment. And then buys a pack of gum.

\$298.95. He picks up a yellow button from a jar. "WINNER."

Sold.

INT. STORAGE UNIT LOT - WEXLER'S STORAGE UNIT

Wexler is getting things ready, flipping switches, starting up machines, tuning them up, when a car pulls up outside.

She goes out to see Hammer's wife **JAMIE Hammer**, 30s, with soft features and bright blue eyes, helping Hammer himself out of the passenger side.

Hammer, seeing Wexler, nods. Wexler smiles.

HAMMER

H-h-h-hello.

WEXLER

Hello Mr. Hammer.

Jamie clearly has some very reasonable objections to the "go to a storage unit in a junkyard for a stranger to do experiments on my husband" plan.

JAMIE

Fred, this doesn't- this doesn't seem right-

HAMMER

You wanna go home? You wanna give up? Is that w-w-hat you wanna do?

This fight has clearly been going on for hours. Maybe days. Wexler steps forward, trying to be reassuring.

WEXLER

My specialty is physics beyond the standard model; origin of mass, the strong CP problem, neutrino oscillations, matter-antimatter asymmetry...Gluons, muons, gravitons...

Hammer nods, whilst Jamie looks dubious.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Let's get started.

CLOSE ON:

Wexler is strapping Hammer down into a chair; arms, shoulders, legs. The chair itself is bolted to the floor, where cords run into it, sensors beeping all over.

JAMIE

What...What exactly are you going to do to his- body-

WEXLER
His body? Nothing. Nothing, I'm
not a doctor.

Wexler finishes strapping down Hammer, and pulls down a
roller-coaster guard bar over his shoulders.

JAMIE
Then what- what are the straps for?

TRAGIC
They're to prevent him from falling-

HAMMER
Falling? Falling where?

WEXLER
(excited, smiling)
Up.

She punctuates this with gesture at the ceiling, where
there's a large dent, and then, before he can respond, rushes
over to her various machines, powering them on.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
Your problem stems from nerve
conductivity issues. So why repair
the nerves when we can just change
the way that physics treats your
body?

JAMIE
Change the...what- I just want you
to help my husband-

WEXLER
We're going to be restructuring the
four fundamental forces of nature
effect your body, reshaping your
personal quantum field.
(smiles)
All this equipment will help me
keep it together, and control the
field. That's the real trick. But
the easiest thing to screw up is
gravity, so you might- WHOOSH!

She laughs, a little high pitched and crazy sounding, but
then straightens her glasses, refocused, and flips a switch.
Outside, at an electrical pole, a transformer explodes into
sparks.

For every machine Wexler flicks on and device she points
towards Hammer, another different colored LED cord lights up;

he sits at the center of a neon rainbow tangle, humming electricity barely contained.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

Hammer sits in the chair, shaking against his restraints. He looks like a caged animal. His intimidating, harsh features show something unfamiliar...

Fear.

JAMIE

Fred...Fred, please, you don't have to do this. If you're scared, you should just-

HAMMER

No. No. I'm ready. Just d-d-do it. D-d-d...D-d-d...

WEXLER

Tell me a story.

HAMMER

A w-w-w-

Wexler flips a switch, sending a crackling charge through the machines, picking up a device that looks like an old TV remote.

WEXLER

Tell me a happy story.

Hammer swallows, as Wexler fiddles with the controller, consulting an old GREEN/BLACK screen computer monitor. There's a buzz, and suddenly little arcs of static electricity crackle all over him, startling him into speech.

HAMMER

It was s-s-summer. Me and my brother went to the c-county fair; I didn't want to go because those things always s-s-suck, but he forced me.

The electricity dies down, replaced by a soft glow, seemingly emanating from inside his body. His wife watches, in shock, as Wexler, hyper-focused, works her machines, fine-tuning.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

We got there and it was all the usual stuff, bad food, r-rigged games, you know.

(MORE)

HAMMER (CONT'D)

But then I saw this girl, this beautiful girl, and I couldn't s-stop looking. And normally I thought a girl like that would n-n-never talk to guy like me-

There's a buzz of electricity, and suddenly his body lurches upwards, against the restraints, his hair and clothes hanging as though he's upside-down.

Holy shit. Wexler wasn't kidding about "falling up." Jamie stifles her reaction. Hammer takes a breath, focusing. The noise of the machines is ominous and droning, pure energy.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

But then I looked down, and I saw this f-fifty dollar bill. Just laying there. And I thought, this is m-meant to be. So I b-bought her some tickets to ride the rides, I bought her funny sunglasses and played this game and won her this big stupid bear. I spent all fifty.

As he talks, the gravity distortion seems to normalize. He slinks back down into his chair. He looks to Jamie, as Wexler powers down the machines.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

And then at the end of the night, she said, honey do you remember, you said to me "I'm glad you came along, cause I was having a the worst night. I lost fifty dollars."

Wexler unhooks the restraints.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

So the whole time it was...It was...

Hammer trails off, staring at his hands, flexing them. He holds them still. They're not shaking.

HAMMER (CONT'D)

No way. No way. This isn't real.

WEXLER

It's real.

Jamie Hammer's hands are clasped tightly over her mouth. Her eyes are filling with tears.

JAMIE

Oh my god. *Oh my god, Fred.*

HAMMER

It- How did you-

WEXLER

Your body is interacting with physics differently; the compression is-

HAMMER

I don't care. Wait I don't care, oh my god! Oh my god!

Fred jerks to his feet embracing his sobbing, whimpering wife, as Wexler watches, in shock at her own creation, and then Fred grabs her too, hugging her tightly, crying and laughing and unsure what to do.

After a moment, Wexler relaxes. She can't believe it either.

EXT. DESERT LAB - NIGHT

The generators hum around the RV. They've clearly been modified, and the modifications don't look perfect; we can hear the electricity crackling from within.

The thick electrical cords hum. Green flashes from inside the RV. The thug standing guard pets the stray cat. A second thug is over by the RV smoking, holding a pistol.

A third man is out by one of the generators, working on it. The night is quiet except for the sounds of the energy.

Tragic approaches, limping quickly towards the man on the truck, nearly silent, wearing cleats, and just as the man notices him, *WHAP IN THE FACE WITH THE BASEBALL BAT.*

The man falls off the truck, and the cat scrambles. Tragic strikes one more time, killing the downed man, tosses the bat, grabs the shotgun, and ducks behind the truck.

TRAGIC

Terrific.

He draws out a walkie-talkie, turns it on and tosses it over his shoulder out into the darkness of the night. He presses a button on his walkie-talkie counter part; the thrown walkie beeps loudly.

The guy by the RV, perks up, drawing his gun, headed towards the Walkie-Talkie. Tragic unslings the bow, leans around the side of the truck, and waits for the man to walk into sight.

THWAP! ARROW THROUGH THE NECK!

Over by the generator, the man doing repairs hears a thud. He stands up, drawing a pistol.

REPAIR MAN

Jake? Merv?

An arrow strikes him in the back, and he screams, turning a firing several times at Tragic, who's scampering to cover- there's an immediate ruckus from inside the RV-

One of his wild shots hits one of the generators- it *EXPLODES INTO GREEN FLAME*, which *runs up the cord to another generator- which EXPLODES into green flame as well!*

Tragic, from cover, grabs the stray cat, which is hiding under the car he's taken cover behind- and *flings it at the repair man-*

The Repair-man flails the scratching screaming cat away- Tragic *NAILS HIM IN THE HEART* with an arrow-

A man exits the RV and takes a shot at Tragic, who responds by firing back with the shotgun.

The man goes in and locks the door, and Tragic hurriedly goes to the front of the RV and fires a shot directly into the engine, causing a burst of black smoke-

Someone immediately shoots out the windshield, and Tragic limps quickly back around the side, keeping low, when he notices that one of the generators is making a loud whirring noise- a *streak of green fire runs from it up a cable back towards the RV!*

Tragic limp-sprints and *dives*, unhooking the cable from the RV seconds before the fire can reach it. Close call. He crawls over to the door, drawing out the Kettle-Bell weight...

...the night has gone quiet again, except for the sparks and the burning green glow from the fires...we can hear the guys inside the RV panicking, repeatedly trying to start it...

TRAGIC

...okay...

Tragic swings the kettle bell, smashing the handle off the door to the RV, and then, anticipating the next move, jumps backwards as the door is *blown apart* by gunfire from within.

Tragic, lays on his back, and stays dead still, in front of the door, and listens as a window on the other side of the RV opens. He draws out the bow and notches an arrow.

Which side will the guy come around. Right? Left? A noise from above. Roof- *THWAP- Just in time Tragic nails the man above him with an arrow in the chest-*

This whole thing: No Country For Old James Bond.

Tragic rolls and stands, climbing into the trailer-

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the RV is FILLED WITH HIGH TECH EQUIPMENT; it's the mad scientist equivalent of a meth lab. In some ways it's reminiscent of Wexler's set up, but much dirtier.

A **REDNECK GEEK** is attempting to blowtorch all the equipment, most of it is already on fire- Tragic notches an arrow-

The Geek Turns and *throws himself through the back window of the RV, OW.* Tragic frantically slaps at the fire on the documents, managing to put them out, and picks up a security card from FABER LABORATORIES.

OLIVIA WEXLER. Tragic notices something outside- another one of the generators has blown, and a *streak of fire is racing along a cable towards the RV-*

EXT. THE DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Tragic dives out of the RV, which *EXPLODES INTO GREEN FLAME.* He lands hard, OW, but hurriedly drags himself away from the burning trailer...

The Redneck Geek is making a run for it, injured and slow from his trip through the window- **ARROW THROUGH THE KNEE!**

Tragic, framed against the pillar of green fire, stomps his cleated foot down onto the Redneck Geek's ankle, and notches an arrow, prepared to shoot it at point blank.

TRAGIC
ONE CHANCE.
 (draws back arrow)
WHO IS OLIVIA WEXLER?

SLAM TO:

Olivia Wexler, running on her treadmill, smiling brightly.

SEXY GIRL
 Off! Off!

WEXLER
 Oh, sorry, sorry.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - WEXLER'S CUBICLE

Wexler sits doing paper work, when she notices her message light is blinking. She picks up her office phone, dials her code, and listens.

HAMMER (ON PHONE)
 Hey, Miss Wexler- or- uh- Olivia, it's me, Hammer. You wanted me to call to check in so I'm checking in. Everything's...*everything's great, man*, or uh- I drove a car again, this morning, I drove my wife to work, and- I just don't know what to say.

We watch the smile grow on her face as she listens but then: **BUZZ.** Santos left the haz-mat door open again. Wexler groans, distracted from the voice mail.

HAMMER (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)
 I wanted to tell you though, I've been having some- uh- some side effects, I guess? Nothing bad, nothing...bad, it's actually pretty cool, but I think you should take a look cause-

Wexler sees Santos, and hangs up quickly, standing up.

WEXLER
 Hey! Hey, excuse me, Santos!

She moves to intercept him.

SANTOS
 Oh god give me a break-

WEXLER
No, you know what? My office, *now*.

SANTOS
Your cubicle?

WEXLER
...Yes.

SANTOS
I'm busy now. I got stuff to do.
Can we do this after work?

WEXLER
I...Yes...Okay.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - BREAK AREA

Wexler is making herself coffee, when a hand rubs her shoulders. Eggers smiles at her, way too close.

EGGERS
Hey, Olivia, I wanted to say, I
hope you didn't take that
personally, yesterday. It's just
the job, you know?

WEXLER
Yes, of course.

EGGERS
Good. We've had some...
(confidentially)
We've had some irregular sign in
activity in the system, lately. I
think we're gonna take a full tally
soon, and I'd like you to help me
with that. You're good
at...itemizing, you know? I don't
have the brain for it. You're good
at the organization stuff.

Wexler notes the hand on the small of her back.

WEXLER
Of course.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - WEXLER'S CUBICLE - LATER

It's after hours. The lab is empty. There's only the
janitor, vacuuming loudly nearby.

Santos is seated across from Wexler in her cubicle.

WEXLER

I'm just saying it could've been
really bad-

SANTOS

"Really bad."

WEXLER

Well yes, I mean- we deal with
sensitive materials, you could've
endangered your own life, or even
the lives of everyone in the
facility-

SANTOS

Yeah okay.

WEXLER

Well no it's not okay. This is
very serious, this is a fire-able
offense, and I've warned you, many
many multiple times that-

SANTOS

Then fire me, bitch.

WEXLER

(startled)

.....Okay. You're fired.

SANTOS

No I'm not.

WEXLER

Well I-

SANTOS

Look I know about you taking stuff
from the lab, dumb ass. You made
double copies of your key card.

WEXLER

You- I- it's-

SANTOS

Everybody knows, you STEAL stuff.
How's that for a fire-able offense?
This is a government funded
facility, stupid. I bet they call
stealing shit from here treason.

Wexler falters, blinking, horrified.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

So to me you got one of two options, basically. One, I turn you in. Your life's over.

WEXLER

Ple- please don't...don't do that.

SANTOS

Okay then two: From now on your paychecks go to me. Your bonuses go to me. Everything goes to me. And that stuff you stole? We gonna sell it. And that goes to me too. I own you. Anything I want from you, I got it. Is that right?

Wexler sits there staring at him, rocking back and forth in her chair, looking around, feeling completely alone.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

Is that right?

WEXLER

That...that's right.

Santos laughs, and shakes his head.

SANTOS

You're pathetic.

WEXLER

I...I know...

SANTOS

No, haha, you don't even get it. I was just playing with you. You think I want your piss money, you think I wanna own some geek? You're not worth it. I'm gonna turn you in anyway, bitch. You can't screw with people like that no more. Somebody gotta teach you a lesson. They gonna take all your little toys away. And I bet they find your shakey frankenstein friend and cut his ass up in a lab, too.

Santos gets up, smiling.

SANTOS (CONT'D)

Peace bitch, I'm an American hero.

He shoves her face as he walks out of her cubicle. She sits there, in silence. The world around her seems to slowly start shaking...harder...**and harder...**

EXT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Santos is walking to his car, when Wexler bursts out into the parking lot; she's got that Old TV remote-looking thing, and raises it, aiming it at Santos.

WEXLER

(beat)

Santos!

Santos turns, annoyed.

SANTOS

Yeah bi-

Wexler fires the disinhibitor, and something truly incredible happens: The gravel on the ground around Santos drifts up past him, in a puff of dust and rock, and then...

Santos falls UP! He just suddenly loses all gravity and goes flying off into the air.

As he realizes what's happening, he screams, but within seconds we can't hear him any more, because he's disappeared into the night sky!

Wexler, breathing hard, looks up. ...He's gone.

She gasps, covering her mouth, in shock at her own actions. She looks around, and then, in horror, lets out a strange, choked laugh.

It builds. "Hahaha. Haha...Mwahhaha...**MWAHAHAHAHAHAHA-**"

INT. SWEAT! GYM - MORNING

Wexler is jogging on the treadmill, looking determined, her earbuds BLASTING Garbage, when-

SEXY GIRL

Oh my god, seriously? OFF! OFF!

Wexler turns to her, stepping off the machine. Her brow is low. She looks predatory.

WEXLER

Walk away.

SEXY GIRL

...What?

WEXLER

Walk away.

The sexy girl makes a catty sound of annoyance, looking around like "are you kidding me?" Wexler *slaps her water bottle out of her hand, and **shoves her.***

SEXY GIRL

Jesus what is wrong- what is wrong with...you...

Wexler is just staring at her. The girl turns, trying to pick up her water bottle, Wexler kicks it away. The girl stares at her, scared, and then hurriedly flees.

Wexler smiles, and gets back on the treadmill, putting back in her earbuds.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - LAB - LATER

The lab is low rent, but clean, and relatively high tech looking. Certainly more professional than the bootleg set ups we've seen so far in this janky ass movie.

Hammer sits on a table, like a patient, while Wexler scans his massive form with a number of different devices.

HAMMER

I first noticed it yesterday morning. I accidentally drilled right through my laptop with my finger, but now I figured out how to control it better-

WEXLER

Your transconductance readings are off the chart. Show me again?

She hands him an apple from a brown paper lunch bag. He raises it in front of her, and then...***Instantaneously vibrates his hand so hard the apple is reduced to dust.***

Wexler lets out a startled, gleeful laugh, and Hammer laughs too, shrugging and wiping his hand on his shirt.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

It's your conductive field. Your body is redistributing the bioelectricity from your nervous system into kinetic energy.

HAMMER
I shake. So now I can shake stuff?

WEXLER
There's a chance this condition is stable. And if you can control it, I mean...That's pretty cool.

HAMMER
You seem...different. Like...more confident? I dunno. In charge. I like it. It's a good look for you.

She smiles, sheepishly, and then stares at him.

WEXLER
You're going to change everything for me. You already have.

HAMMER
Hey, you're the one who-

WEXLER
No, I- don't you get it? People aren't going to be able to deny this, or ignore it *anymore*. You're it. You're proof.
(beat, shakily)
Thank you.

Hammer smiles, flattered, not reading how weird this is.

HAMMER
Well..Thank YOU Miss Wexl-

EGGERS
What is this?

Eggers stands in the doorway, clearly furious.

EGGERS (CONT'D)
My office. NOW!

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - EGGERS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Eggers enters, followed by Wexler, who closes the door behind her, as Eggers rounds on her, clearly angry, starting to close the window behind his desk.

EGGERS
This has gone far enough, I warned you explicitly that-

Wexler has raised the disinhibitor, and *turns the dial on the entire room GRAVITY REVERSES HOLY SHIT EVERYTHING FALLS UP AND CRASHES INTO THE CEILING, THE FOOTBALL MEMORABILIA, THE DESK, EGGERS HIMSELF, EVERYTHING EXCEPT WEXLER.*

Eggers lays pressed against the top of the window frame, his head and arms dangling out, dazed, above him, the parking lot, beneath him, *the sky, an eighty thousand foot drop.*

Wexler grabs him by the collar, looking up into his face; the violence of the grab dislodges a pen from his front pocket.

We watch it go plummeting off, up into the sky.

EGGERS (CONT'D)

I- I- I-

WEXLER

Listen to me: I'm going to use this facility's equipment how I want, whenever I want, and you're not going to *anything* about it.

EGGERS

I- you- how- I'll-

WEXLER

No one will believe you.

She pulls his upside-down face to hers.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

I've got the power now. And I am not a "little person."

Wexler steps back, pressing a button on her remote. The contents of the office ***come crashing down all around her***, gravity restored.

Eggers scampers to a corner, breathing hard, terrified.

EGGERS

You- you- you can't- you can't just-

Wexler, in the doorframe, lets out a shudder of exhilaration.

WEXLER

Then fire me.

(beat)

Bitch.

She slams his door behind her, leaving him whimpering in the wreckage of his office.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Wexler sits alone at the bar, drinking, writing equations frantically on a napkin. She's clearly having fun, singing songs on the jukebox to herself, engrossed.

Over at the jukebox, someone has put on "Refugee" by Tom Petty. Wexler looks up. It's *Ted Tragic*. He's dancing lazily to the opening instrumental.

Tragic notices Wexler looking at him. He smiles. She smiles quickly and then looks back to her drink.

After a moment, he appears at the bar beside her, flagging down the bartender.

TRAGIC

Rum. Beer. Honey.

BARTENDER

What?

TRAGIC

Rum. Beer. Honey. Mix it in a highball glass. Thanks.

He sits down next to Olivia, who side eyes him, back to being a nervous geek. Tragic relaxes onto his stool like he's lived there for fifteen years with a paid off mortgage.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

You know that thing, where you've got a good friend, like a really close friend...you're like, I know I love them, I know they love me. And it gets to the point where you don't even see that person any more, you don't even talk to them, because it's like, hey, you did it, right? So you end up with a friend, maybe even like your best friend, and you haven't seen them in three, four years. You know that thing?

WEXLER

I- yeah, actually, I do.

He smiles. She smiles.

TRAGIC

You're in deep shit, Olivia.

(smile vanishes)

Ted Tragic, G.U.N.

WEXLER

...What?

TRAGIC

I deal in threat interception for
the United States Government.

Wexler leans forward, nervous.

WEXLER

Am I- am I in danger?

Tragic gives a weird laugh.

TRAGIC

Only from me.

Wexler falters. The music fades to silence, and we feel
ourselves sucked into the softly poison vortex of Tragic's
indescribable menace.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Eric Santos. You killed him. Shot
him into space with what appears to
spatial disinhibitor. Ringing any
bells, lighting any lights?

Wexler's eyes bounce frantically around in her head and she
jolts upwards, hitting the bar- but Tragic very casually
grabs her wrist.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

(totally calm)

Sit down.

Wexler settles, clearly still thinking about running.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

You are clearly still thinking
about running. Don't. I'll shoot
you dead. Bummer, right? Ah, this
must suck for you-

WEXLER

What do you want from me-

TRAGIC

Me? I just want you not to kill
any more people. My job, my whole
job, is to intercept folks like you
before you get started. My agency
tracks the lone nuts, the eccentric
inventors, the mad scientists.

(MORE)

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

They tend to follow the same pattern. First, you get a little taste of validation. Then power goes to your head. A loyal follower or two and you just, whoosh, you're off to the races, homicide, megalomania, some kind of crazy convoluted plan and world domination blah bladdy BLAH blah, can you imagine how many times I've had to make this speech, it gets-ugh, it just gets all roly-poly in my mouth, all this dialogue, ugh-

Wexler is shaking, near tears.

WEXLER

I don't want to- dominate anything-

TRAGIC

Not yet, right? Not yet. That's why I'm here. Like I said. This is my job. Bud nipping.

WEXLER

...You're going to kill me.

TRAGIC

If I have to. Yes. We call that "Option B."

(smiles)

For bullet. Option A's easier, I sincerely recommend option A.

WEXLER

What is option A?

TRAGIC

A pay off. I think four million sounds reasonable, but I'm cleared to go higher. The deal being you could never work in technologies again, beyond perhaps being at our beck and call.

He takes a sip of his drink, and smiles.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

So. What's more important to you, your life or your work?

WEXLER

I- it's not that simple, other
people's lives could be effected by
what I-

TRAGIC

Like Eric Santos? Like he was
"effected?"

WEXLER

No I just- I just-

TRAGIC

Okay.

Tragic sighs and carelessly draws a pistol out from under the
table and puts it against her forehead. People in the bar
scream and panic, many of them fleeing or ducking for cover.

Tragic just stares at Wexler.

WEXLER

Oh- oh- oh- oh-

TRAGIC

Answer the question. You decide my
actions. You're in control.

WEXLER

No- I'm-

TRAGIC

*You're in control. You decide my
actions. What means more, your
work or your life?*

She stares up at the gun pressed against her forehead-

WEXLER

P- *please*-

Tragic puts his finger on the trigger.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

...My life...my life.

Tragic lowers the gun and smiles.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Well okay then. Congratulations,
millionaire.

Tragic chugs the rest of his drink.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

They're out on the street of the little nowhere Arizona town, dark and empty, dead and still. Something moves in the sky: a single point of light...but then it's gone. What was that?

Tragic is casually walking, while Wexler moves like a zombie.

TRAGIC
You're driving.

WEXLER
Wh- where are we going?

TRAGIC
To dismantle your lab. Burn it all down. Next step we gotta go see your friend Hammer, fix that up-

WEXLER
Leave him alone, he's not-

They stop at her little shitbox car, Tragic shaking his head.

TRAGIC
Non negotiable, sorry. Here's what I don't get: why would you work with Eggers?

WEXLER
What?

TRAGIC
All those small time fringe knuckleheads I've dealt with the last few days, they're goons, you know, they're real criminals. I didn't take you as the type that-

WEXLER
I don't...I don't know what you're talking about.

TRAGIC
...You don't?

Tragic stops, looking at her, lost in thought, as a pick up truck screeches around a corner up the street. Tragic squints at it, processing.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
You know...You know what they say about assumptions? I think maybe-

Men **RISE FROM THE BACK OF THE TRUCK WITH UZIS AND BEGIN FIRING!** **Tragic** **SHOVES OLIVIA ASIDE** and dives in the opposite direction, scampering behind a car-

-but instead of taking cover, he crawls *under it*, and FIRES BACK AT THE TRUCK, popping one of the tires and headshotting one of the gunmen on it, who topples off.

The truck screeches into motion, making a strategic retreat U-turn, as Tragic rolls out from under the car, and limps quickly towards Wexler-

The truck opens fire again just as he reaches her- the sheer amount of bullets being fired is mind-boggling. The entire front of the bar is EVISCERATED.

Tragic grabs Wexler's hand.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Now. Come now come now.

The gunfire suddenly stops. Wexler looks back, confused.

WEXLER
They stopped shooting.

A **man wearing a jetpack** lands behind her.

Yes. You read that correctly.

He wears a sophisticated armored flight suit and a sleek helmet with an expressionless face. Very cool, but...

...What.

TRAGIC
(staring)
...What.

The jetpack man grabs Wexler, yanking her away from Tragic as he **LAUNCHES OFF INTO THE AIR**, Wexler screaming and flailing.

.....*What the fuck just happened?*

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
...What the fuck just h-

MORE GUNFIRE! Shit! WHAT THE HELL. Tragic scrambles through the parking lot, firing blindly back at the truck, and is forced to *dive behind a power station-*

There's a clinking noise. Tragic sees just in time- **GRENADE!**

BOOM! He's protected by the power station, but *hurled foward by the impact, hitting his head hard on the pavement, dazed.*

The Jetpack Man **lands in the bed of the truck**, throwing down Wexler. She stares up at the frightening face of the Jetpack Man's helmet. He reaches down and presses something over her face as she screams and screams-

He gives a signal, and the truck screeches off.

Tragic stumbles to his feet, and immediately falls again. Stands again, falls again, and shakes his head. Police sirens are now approaching.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Went bad. Went real bad.

Okay- shit- okay-

Tragic, woozy, stumbles into an alley, barely able to stand.

The truck's tail lights disappear into the night.

SLAM TO BLACK.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - DAY

A group of little girls is picking teams for softball. The teams dwindle, quickly, surreal. Until there's just one girl left, a runt with glasses.

POPULAR GIRL

You're the last one left, Olivia.

YOUNG OLIVIA looks down, miserable. The group of girls turns to confront her.

GROUP OF GIRLS

(all as one)

There's no one left but you.

YOUNG OLIVIA

No, no-

All of the girls look up. Olivia looks up too, only to see **SANTOS COME PLUMMETING SCREAMING DOWN TOWARDS HER-**

EXT. DESERT MESA - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Olivia Wexler jolts awake in the back of the truck with the whoop of a police siren. Her arms and legs tied, a gag in her mouth and a blindfold over her eyes.

Slowly, quietly, she pushes her face against the truck bed, sliding the blindfold down off her eye. She leans up, peeking over the truck bed...everything's blurry. She can see figures nearby, but...No glasses.

The truck has been pulled over by a lone highway patrol car. The officers are just now getting out. Wexler, realizing this might be her chance, seizes it, spitting out her gag:

WEXLER
(screaming)
Help! Help me!

The cops look up and- **THE JETPACK MAN COMES SLAMMING DOWN FROM ABOVE, landing ON THE ROOF OF THE COP CAR, CAVING IT IN!**

One of the cops is floored by the impact, but the second cop draws his gun, firing a single shot, which bounces harmlessly off the Jetpack Man's armor.

The Jetpack man, in turn, draws what looks a small laser pointer, which fires an *ice-blue beam of light that bloodlessly slices the police officer in half!*

Wexler screams, horrified, and the Jetpack man *LURCHES TOWARDS HER, ROCKETING AND LANDING HARD ON THE TRUCK.*

AND THEN SUDDENLY CLOSE UP IN SHARP FOCUS rises the expressionless face of the Jetpackman's helmet. She gasps in fear, as he speaks in a low, throaty distorted voice.

There's a smirk in that voice. This is **ROCKBORN.**

ROCKBORN (DISTORTED)
Don't worry, pretty one. We'll be there soon.

His gloved hand reaches out to fix her blindfold. Under her gag, Wexler screams.

SLAM TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - EMERGENCY PHONE

Tragic limpingly approaches a roadside phone, still bleeding, clearly having been on the move since the incident. He winces, picking up the phone, clears his throat, and dials his code.

When he speaks, the edges of frustration peek through his normal demeanor. But only the edges.

AUTOMATIC LADY
G.U.N. Agent please-

TRAGIC
I don't have time to flirt.
Something went wrong, pretty very
actually wrong, here.

Tragic looks off down the road. He can hear cop cars coming,
and very faintly, he can see them.

AUTOMATIC LADY
(beat)
Please describe the nature of the-

TRAGIC
I don't want to alarm you, but we
may have a very serious problem.
(beat)
I need to speak to a human, I need
to speak to a human right now.

There's a long beat.

AUTOMATIC LADY
There are no agency liasons
available at this time-

TRAGIC
No, *bad answer, bad answer-*

Tragic smacks the phone with the receiver.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
I saw a man with a- a *jetpack, okay-*
many *many* armed men, shooting in
public, and I'm shooting back with
a stolen gun, and- *I lost the mark,*
they kidnapped her, maybe killed
her, I don't know, so- wake up
IMMEDIATELY to the realities of the
new scenario. There's a bigger
wheel in motion and I gotta stop
the roll, So *WAKE UP. WAKE UP.*

He hangs up, repeatedly smacking the phone into the receiver.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Okay. Okay.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM

Tragic is finishing stitching up a cut on his forehead from where he smacked himself. We watch him brush his teeth. Floss. He tries out a smile. Nah.

IN THE BEDROOM

Tragic looks at the bed, where he's lain out his current mission itinerary.

Bow and arrow. Five arrows. Cleats. Baseball bat. Suit, teal. Suit, green. One shotgun. Two pistols. Olivia's keycard. Pack of gum. Winner pin.

He sighs, eating a piece of gum, and, after a moment, picks up Olivia's Keycard.

TRAGIC

...Okay.

EXT. CANYON GAZEBO

Olivia sits alone in a chair, her hands and feet being untied. The wind blows her hair. Her gag is removed, and her blindfold is pulled off, revealing...

An incredible desert vista. They're up high on rocks, looking out at the mesa. It's gorgeous. In the distance we can see little cars...people.

She tries to stand up, but Rockborn's hands push her down. Wexler wheezes, nervous. Footsteps approach from behind.

FALCONATO (O.S.)

Beautiful, isn't it?

Romney FALCONATO, 30s, steps into her field of vision.

She's well coifed and stylish, looking girlish, bright, energetic, with a relaxed, somewhat clipped style of speaking. She sounds like she's doing a TED talk.

A lone scar, like a lightning bolt, streaks across the left side of her head.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Hello Olivia. Rough day, huh?

WEXLER

I- who are you?

FALCONATO

My name is Romney Falconato. I'm here to help.

WEXLER

...You kidnapped me.

FALCONATO

My man Rockborn can be... overzealous. Must be a side-effect of having a type A personality. I wouldn't know. I'm more like you, Olivia. I'm a quiet one. I respect...people, things. Property. People always tell me-- well, they used to tell me, "you should stick up for myself. Have a little bit more..."

(laughs, shaking her head)

"Balls."

WEXLER

Are you...are you in charge of this, are you--

FALCONATO

In charge of "this." Ha! I love this question. Yes, I am in charge of this.

(beat)

Rockborn, give me the disinhibitor.

Rockborn, without taking his hand off Wexler's shoulder, hands Falconato the disinhibitor. Wexler flinches, protective of her baby. Falconato notices and smiles.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Fascinating. A work of real genius. So small too. *Super* cool.

WEXLER

Th- thank you.

FALCONATO

May I?

Falconato aims the disinhibitor at Wexler. She shies away from it, closing her eyes. Falconato grins.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

So scared of your own toy. Complicated woman. I get that.

Falconato nods to someone behind Olivia, and the injured **HIGHWAY COP** is shoved into her field of vision, badly beaten up. He hits the dirt and crawls, then sits up, looking around confused, trying to get his bearings.

Falconato looks to Wexler.

WEXLER

Why- um- what is this, what are you-

FALCONATO

(re: the disinhibitor)

It has...looks like it has different settings, right? EM for electricity, soft nuke, hard nuke, and of course, your favorite, gravity...Let's try it out.

WEXLER

Wait- please, wait-

FALCONATO

If you insist.

Falconato stops wait she's doing and just stands there. The cop falters, clearly thinking about making a break for it.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Okay, I waited.

Falconato turns and points the disinhibitor at the cop. She flips a switch and turns the dial, and *electricity CRACKLES ALL OVER THE COP, little lightning strikes from every direction, HIM SHRIEKING AND WRITHING IN AGONY-*

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Electromagnetism.

Flips another switch, turns dial: the air around the cop ripples with heat distortions, the man's flesh turning red-

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Soft nuke.

Switch, dial, **THE MAN LIGHTS ON WHITE HOT FIRE**, his screams going high pitched and unbearable.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

And then...

Switch, dial- *the flaming cop goes rocketing up into the sky in a streak of fire and light.*

Wexler, breathing hard, looks at Falconato in horror.

WEXLER

Who...who are you?

FALCONATO

I'm the woman that's going to change your life, Olivia. I'm you three years later, without that rude man in the suit stealing away my creations.

Falconato pats her on the shoulder, leaning in close.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

(confidentially)

I used to think it was incredible that humans could look so small from far away...now I realize...

(smiles)

They are small. They just look big, close up.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - EGGERS' OFFICE

Eggers is sitting at his desk, nervous, shaky, his leg twitching at a mile a minute. He stares at all of his memorabilia. It's all been put back up; a lot of it is cracked, and damaged.

Eggers looks cracked and damaged, too. He clearly hasn't been sleeping. He stares at a drawer in his desk...reaches for it, then falters.

Then, in a burst of panic, he opens it, drawing out a revolver. With feverish, nervous movements, he loads it, bullets shaking in his hands, then snaps shut the chamber.

EGGERS

(mumbling to himself)

*It's a bigger picture. There's...
it's a bigger picture.*

He tucks the gun into the back of his pants, covers it and heads out into the office.

INT. FABER PROPULSION LABS - WEXLER'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Eggers, compulsively straightening his jacket, walks along the line of cubicles, heading towards Olivia's, where we can hear rummaging sounds.

He's sweating, clearly afraid, but looks determined.

EGGERS
Olivia, I think we should-

Ted Tragic stands up from the cubicle, startling Eggers.
He's holding a file folder that he was looking through.

TRAGIC
Hey what now?

EGGERS
Wha- um- ah- who are-

TRAGIC
I'm the computer inspector. I'm
here to inspect the computers and
make sure they're computers.

Eggers looks around, nervous. We can hear phones ringing,
people typing. Eggers tugs at his jacket.

EGGERS
Where's-

TRAGIC
Wait. I recognize you.

EGGERS
N- no you don't-

TRAGIC
What'd you say your name was?

EGGERS
-I didn't-

TRAGIC
What'd you say your name was *right*
now though?

EGGERS
B- Bill Eggers.

Tragic snaps, delighted, as Eggers reaches around for the
gun.

TRAGIC
Eggers! You're Bill Eggers.

Tragic reaches up, *hooks Eggers' nose with his finger, and
puts his gun to Eggers' forehead.* Eggers gasps in pain and
shock, frozen, terrified, raising his hands.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

I think you're gonna have to come
with me.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - WEXLER'S ROOM

Wexler's blindfold is pulled off, and she blinks against the light. Someone is leaving the room; she hears the door shut.

Olivia lays on a massive, sumptuous bed in what appears to be a luxury hotel room. It's huge, well lit, tasteful. There's faint music playing from somewhere.

Olivia sits bolt upright, frantically feeling for her glasses, and finds them on the nightstand. She's dirty, rumpled, but unharmed.

WEXLER

...Hello?

No answer. Tentatively, she stands up. On the floor, she sees bags from several women's clothing stores. Price tags still on the clothes.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

I...I don't...

Olivia heads over and looks into the bathroom. It's huge. Giant rainforest shower. It's like her own private spa, with all the amenities of a hotel. She turns, and looks over at the door, then goes into the bathroom.

Olivia quickly unwraps one of the disposable razors. Then, carefully, she snaps off the safety guard, exposing the blade beneath it.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The hallway is beautiful, again looking like an upscale desert spa resort. Wexler's door opens and she peeks out, like some kind of cartoon spy.

After a moment, she sneaks all the way out of the door, pressed against the wall, looking up and down the hallway. She begins to slowly sneak forward.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - SCENIC LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Olivia creeps out into a scenic lounge; again, it feels like a spa, everything tasteful and modern, but comfortable. A huge floor to ceiling window looks out over the desert vista.

Olivia creeps out of the hallway, antsy, hand on what must be the razor in her backpocket.

WEXLER
(to herself)
Okay...okay...

She notices something and gasps: The Rockborn suit of armor, sitting loosely in a wooden chair, helmet hanging down, limply slumped like a discarded marionette.

Olivia steps towards the armor, trying to get a better look at the technology, leaning down towards it-

The helmet *lurches up to face her*- ***holy shit Rockborn is IN THERE-*** Olivia yelps and staggers back as the suit rises like Frankenstein, stepping towards her-

Wexler backs right into Falconato! She spins, letting out a yelp of fear, her hand going to her back pocket-

Falconato smiles.

FALCONATO
Rockborn, don't be an asshole.

ROCKBORN
Yeah, yeah.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - DINING AREA/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Falconato casually leads Wexler into the sparse, modern, comfortable kitchen, dining area, heading to the fridge. A huge flatscreen on the wall plays what looks like a TED talk.

FALCONATO
(grabs cups)
Sorry about the night in the truck.
I meant to apologize about that
earlier, I just...had some things
to take care of. You like
wheatgrass?

Falconato pours them wheatgrass shots.

WEXLER
Who are you, really? What is this
place?

Falconato seems to ignore her, instead focusing on the big flatscreen on the wall.

FALCONATO

Look at this yutz. I can't believe this yutz. Can you believe this yutz? This yutz used to sleep on my couch.

On the TV, a handsome, nerdy looking man in stylish minimalist clothes talks to an audience. The caption reads: **BLUE SKY - TERRIO'S VISION.** The display behind him shows what looks like a multitude of hot air balloons.

This man is **ELI TERRIO**. He's a macguffin, but he's gonna cause us a lot of problems. Wexler clearly recognizes him.

WEXLER

Eli Terrio slept on your couch?

FALCONATO

Yeah, and ate all my peanut butter from the pantry, too. We were working together on something, something really cool, both of us broke...

(laughs)

A shrink ray, can you believe that?
A shrink ray.

She sighs, sitting down on the table.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

It worked, too. It really worked.
(trails off)

But then some investments went bad, some things flipped around, and suddenly, this guy shows up...real laid back guy in a dirty yellow suit. And he gives me a choice...

WEXLER

(realizing)
Your science or your life.

FALCONATO

That's about right. Not very fair, is it. Not very...futurist.

Wexler nods.

WEXLER

So you took the deal?

FALCONATO

Not at first.
(indicates her scar)
(MORE)

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Then he shot me in the face. Very effective bargaining technique.

(smiles)

Wanna see something cool?

Wexler nods, and Falconato looks at her, expectantly. She takes her wheatgrass shot.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

As Falconato enters the lab, she swipes her hand over a sensor. Olivia enters as sensuous, beautiful lighting fills the large room, illuminating a *pristine, incredible physics laboratory*, with all manner of sci-fi looking equipment.

Wexler stifles a gasp, then steps in, walking slowly through the equipment like she's just arrived at her own wedding.

WEXLER

That's a ferrodynamic Curie Temp regulator. I thought...I thought there was only one in the world.

Falconato smiles.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Pardson's tyragraphs, Perry electroconverters-

FALCONATO

-TR-55 dynamos, spool combustion generators, Omicron destabilizers-

WEXLER

Is that...is that a collider?

Falconato nods. Wexler is barely able to hide a full body orgasmic chill. She fixes her hair, trying to play it off.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

...Cool.

Falconato raises Wexler's creation, the Disinhibitor. Upon seeing it, she takes an almost involuntary step forward, reaching for it, protective, and Falconato moves it away.

FALCONATO

This is a hammer. It's a brute force instrument, a crude tool. I want to believe you can tune this, manipulate its effects to create a stable field, but that seems imposs-

WEXLER
No, I've done it.

Falconato raises her eyebrows. Wexler clocks that she might've made some kind of mistake by revealing this.

FALCONATO
And the results are...Stable? You could reproduce the experiment?

WEXLER
With the right equipment, yes.

FALCONATO
(smiles)
Excellent.
(claps)
So what I'm offering you here is use of the entire lab. A life completely paid for, from now, til forever, should we figure out the secret to immortality. And in exchange, all I ask if that you help me figure out my new brilliant, beautiful device.

WEXLER
You mean *my* device.

FALCONATO
Of course.

Wexler falters. This woman is clearly bad...does she care?

WEXLER
You're a murderer.

FALCONATO
(laughs)
And I will be again. I'm going to kill Eli Terrio. And anyone else who gets in my way. Or your way, for that matter.

Wexler likes the sound of this, but is still unsure.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
If you can show me a stabilized field, prove to me you can do it, that's unlimited energy. That's control over the primal forces of the universe. All under *my* control.

WEXLER
I...What do I get, out of this?

FALCONATO
(gets serious)
Freedom from the law. From
judgment. From the worry of day to
day life.
(hits this hard)
Freedom to pursue any experiment
you'd like. Forever.
(beat)
So do we have a deal?

Olivia slowly smiles. Falconato picks some thing up. It's a carton of eggs. She raises one, smiling.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
Show me.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - WEXLER'S ROOM

Olivia showers, the entire glass case steamed up, she's lathering her hair, enjoying herself immensely. It's like her own private spa.

She laughs. Again, it's that high pitched, unstable,
MWAHAHAHAHA-

EXT. UNFINISHED HOUSING DEVELOPMENT - NOON

We're back where we started, the unfinished housing development. We can see a few spent bullet shells laying in the dirt.

Ted Tragic's stolen- ahem, reappropriated- car pulls up, a mirror image of what we saw in the first scene.

He gets out, and limps around to the trunk, glancing casually around to make sure no one's around. They're not. He looks at the trunk, goes to open it, then stops, and listens.

Silence from within. Hm. We see his senses perk up, sharp, crisp, alert.

Tragic takes a couple steps back and picks up a rock. He gently tosses it, and it bounces off the trunk- **BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG** bullets erupt from inside!!!

Tragic sighs, and then counts on his hand up to five. He picks up another rock, and throws it- it plinks off- **BANG!**

TRAGIC

Okay.

EGGERS (IN THE TRUNK)

Wh- Shit! SHIT! Wait, okay, wait!

Oh no oh please wait wait-

We can hear the muffled sounds of panic from inside the trunk as Tragic pops it open, dragging out Eggers who squirms frantically, terrified, limp, squealing and begging.

Tragic takes out his pistol as Eggers moans in terror.

TRAGIC

Why was Olivia Wexler's card being used by multiple individuals outside of Faber Propulsion Labs. Why would those individuals be looking for you, to the degree that they'd throw me in a trunk while I was just doing a routine investigation on a tech industry transfer? And why...why are you armed?

Eggers just whimpers. Tragic looks at his own gun, like "oh, right," and then points it at Eggers, who screams in fear.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Is the seriousness of this situation somehow escaping you-

EGGERS

I don't know anything!

TRAGIC

What? Really? Like of the forty billion questions I just asked you you don't have one answer?

EGGERS

No! Nothing! I know- I don't know- nothing is what I- I don't know anything!

TRAGIC

Oy, wow, you seem...Stupid. Okay. Do you really not know anything?

EGGERS

I- no- NO! Nothing.

TRAGIC

Well. Sure.

Tragic kicks Eggers to the ground and flips him over, lifting up a foot and STEPPING ON HIS THROAT. Tragic slowly begins applying pressure, choking him.

EGGERS

(choked)

What- What are you doing-

Tragic applies more pressure. Eggers gags, frantically waving his hands. Tragic lifts his foot.

EGGERS (CONT'D)

Why are you doing this!?

Tragic looks to the sky, annoyed at God for creating this person.

TRAGIC

Why am I-

(playfully condescending,
Bill Murray)

You know things. You're *lying*.
I'm torturing you. So you tell me
things. And then if you don't tell
me things I'll kill you, you don't-
have you never seen- I mean do you
have no knowledge of *life* or-

EGGERS

Okay, okay. Don't kill me.
Listen.

Eggers pathetically pulls himself up on a rock, trying to straighten himself, as Tragic assumes a sarcastic "listening pose."

EGGERS (CONT'D)

It started three months ago. These
men came to the lab; scary guys,
real tough guys- with money, lots
of money behind them. They said
they wanted equipment, and they'd
pay me, see, it wasn't just, I
wasn't just being a coward, there
was money involved-

TRAGIC

That makes it way better. Sister,
we've all been there.

EGGERS

I knew that Wexler was stealing
from the lab, already, so I just
thought I could blame her, see?

(MORE)

EGGERS (CONT'D)

I made duplicates of her security pass, dozens of them, and I- I gave them to the men. Wexler's CRAZY! She made some kind of- some kind of device, she ATTACKED ME-

TRAGIC

I'm not worried about that. That was probably funny. Who were the men working for? Any chance you've got a name?

EGGERS

No, no, I never did, no. We're a small operation with low oversight, see, I am the oversight, so I knew if the logs- if the logs backed me up, Olivia would take the fall.

Tragic processes this new information.

EGGERS (CONT'D)

I didn't- it wasn't my idea, I just figured out how to make it work, that's all I am, I'm not important, I'm nobody, I'm not important!

TRAGIC

(beat)

Well at least you've got a realistic world view, I can, uh, appreciate that.

(thinks)

You have any way I could find these people, a way to contact them?

EGGERS

I- no- Yes- *I have an address! I have an address!*

TRAGIC

(long beat)

What? ...Seriously?

EGGERS

That's why they wanted to kill me! That must be it, why they tried to kill you, or-- Because I'm not supposed to inspect shipments or transfers! I'm not supposed to check anything but I did, I did.

TRAGIC
 You...You seriously have an
 ADDRESS?

Eggers, covered in sweat and dirt, nods once. Tragic smiles.

SLAM TO:

EXT. FALCONATO ESTATE - LATE AFTERNOON

The gorgeous exterior of the isolated chateau desert resort of Romney Falconato is visible in the near distance, headed up by a gated private drive.

A taxi pulls up. Tragic gets out. After a moment, he reaches back in, and draws out the shotgun. The taxi, in reaction to the reveal of the shotgun, peels out in terror.

Tragic looks around, sighs in annoyance, and starts limping towards the house.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - LABORATORY

Wexler is tinkering with the machines, toying with the disinhibitor; a much more advanced version of what we saw her do with Hammer. She's clearly very happy; "

Wexler is beginning to cut loose; she's got an egg set up on lab table, with the Disinhibitor on a slide, other machinery surrounding it.

WEXLER
 Let's see what we got.

She tries the first egg: it floats into the air- she tunes the machines, clearly a **complicated**, artisanal process; she's an artist and this is her art.

The egg lights on fire and goes crashing into the ceiling.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
 Not- not perfect.

New egg- she tunes- it begins to glow- and then **EXPLODES**, a little arc of electricity nearly hitting her in the face. She ducks, falling over, and then quickly gets up.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
 We gotta- *c'mon*, buddy. *C'mon*.

We slam into a **QUICK SERIES OF CUTS AS THE ENTIRE CARTON OF EGGS IS DESTROYED, until...**

Final egg- the air around it starts to burn- then it starts to float- heat distortions ripple- little arcs of energy crackle- she carefully turns dials, flicks switches-

And then the egg settles down, with a slight glow. There's a ping, similar to the one we heard when Wexler performed much the same operation on Hammer.

Wexler yelps with excitement, does a little dance, and then hurriedly controls herself.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Eleventh time is the- egg.

Eleventh time is the glowing egg.

There's applause from behind her, and she startles, her glasses falling all the way off.

Falconato steps up, touching her shoulder.

FALCONATO

Incredible. A stabilized field.

WEXLER

The electrons are cycling into themselves. If you rigged it right, you could power a whole skyscraper with that sucker. The field is stable.

FALCONATO

And here I thought you had to be bluffing.

WEXLER

I didn't- I don't- bluffing.

FALCONATO

No, that's very apparent. All the potential energy trapped in there...Incredible. Stable field manipulation. You've created God's Cell Phone App to alter reality.

WEXLER

I- I never thought I'd have equipment like this to test it out-

FALCONATO

But you've done this before, haven't you, sneaky girl. And with something, larger than an egg?

Wexler doesn't respond.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
A little early in our relationship
to be keeping secrets, Olivia.

She bends down and picks up Wexler's glasses. Olivia reaches for them but Falconato plays keep away, and then slowly sets them on Wexler's face.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
Secrets later. Champagne now?

Wexler smiles oddly.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
Well? Go and get it.

Olivia realizes he means her and nods, laughing, and heads off, as Falconato leans in to inspect his magical egg.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - DINING AREA/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wexler, clearly lost in thought, goes to the fridge. It's all health-nut smoothies...And one bottle of champagne. She reaches down, closing the refrigerator door-

Revealing Ted Tragic.

TRAGIC
Aloha.

Wexler starts to and drops the champagne bottle- Tragic catches it on his foot *right before it hits the ground*- then grabs Wexler, roughly covering her mouth.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Okay shut up. Let's go.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - SCENIC LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Tragic roughly leads Wexler along, covering her mouth.

TRAGIC
You know I was so stupid I actually thought I was rescuing you? That's the kind of dope I am. Who are these guys? You work for them?

WEXLER
Mrmrmrmrmrmrmrmr-

TRAGIC
Oh, right.

He takes his hand off her mouth.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Wh-

FALCONATO

Hello again Mr. Tragic.

Tragic looks up to see Falconato, and Wexler wrenches free of Tragic as Rockborn *grabs him from behind*, twisting his hand to wrench his arm, forcing him to his knees-

But Tragic simply *rolls through*, reversing the leverage, twisting Rockborn's arm around his own neck, drawing his pistol to shove it under the bottom of the helmet-

Falconato raises an arm, and a *high tech device of some sort pops up around her wrist*- Tragic *pulls Rockborn in front of him*, taking the villain's bad-ass bodyguard HOSTAGE.

So Tragic.

TRAGIC

One more step and I pop your soda can, dummy.

Falconato smiles. The moment is tense, and Wexler quickly goes over to Falconato, who smiles. Tragic eyes the distant exits, the big scenic window...This is a a bad room.

FALCONATO

You recognize me?

TRAGIC

Of course. You're...that chick.

FALCONATO

I admit, I'm a little hurt, if unsurprised. You see how much we mean to him, Olivia-

TRAGIC

Shrink ray. Arkansas. You and Eli Terrio. You tried to steal his plans, and when his lawyer found out you killed her.

Wexler reacts, but only a tiny bit. Is it a glint of understanding? Disgust? Compassion? Hard to tell.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

What is this place? What's with the clothes, how could you possibly afford all this-

FALCONATO

You gave me ten million dollars, ya goof! Making five dollars ten is hard, but making ten million twenty million is easy, and twenty million to fifty-

TRAGIC

They were supposed to be watching you. There's no way they don't know about you right now, they'd have told me-

Falconato laughs. It's a real, genuinely amused laugh.

FALCONATO

You're like a boogey-man in the fringe scientific community. Hushed whispers of a laconic man in a rumpled suit who arrives from nowhere. If you're lucky he takes your invention. Unlucky, he takes your life.

TRAGIC

Care to take a guess which road you're on, idiot.

FALCONATO

But you're not the boogey-man, are you? You're just a third rate secret agent from a third rate secret agency.

(laughs)

G.U.N. Do you even know what that stands for? You think I'd have been able to pull all this off if your superiors gave a damn?

Tragic's quiet.

TRAGIC

Wexler, we're leaving. I'll be back for you later, doofus.

FALCONATO

(laughs)

I think you have the wrong impression of me, Mr. Tragic.

(smiles)

I'm not some affable nerd you can push around any more. I'm not interested in being bribed, bullied or bludgeoned by you.

(MORE)

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
 I have agency. I can make your
 life...hard. And, if I have to, I
 can make your life...over.

TRAGIC
 Wexler, you ready?

FALCONATO
 Olivia's staying right here.

TRAGIC
 No, Wexler's coming with me.

Wexler, who's been watching the whole exchange looking really
 turned on, enjoying them fighting over her, cannot stop
 herself from letting out a weird, excited giggle.

She seems to think, and pantomimes weighing her options on
 both hands, then tugs at her collar, making an "uhh" noise.

And then she takes a step towards Tragic- Falconato
 immediately grabs her wrist.

FALCONATO
 I don't understand. I offered you
 everything. What more could you
 possibly want?

WEXLER
 (flatly)
 Control.

Falconato sneers in anger and yanks Wexler- but Wexler whips
 out the cracked razor blade and SLASHES HER ACROSS THE FACE-

Rockborn triggers his jetpack- but Tragic grabs his helmet,
 yanking backwards, and the twist in momentum causes ROCKBORN
 TO GO FLYING UP AND VIOLENTLY BELLY-FLOP INTO THE CEILING-

Falconato punches Wexler in the face, and fires her wrist
 weapon at Tragic- it's some kind of SONIC DEVICE, and sends
 out a pulse of destructive sound that Tragic barely dodges-

The commotion brings several of Falconato's goons into the
 room, and she turns, yelling to them:

FALCONATO
 Trigger the alarm, do it now-

Tragic takes a running start and **TACKLES HER, SENDING THEM
 BOTH CRASHING OUT THROUGH THE WINDOW INTO THE POOL BELOW-**

Wexler springs to her feet, and starts to run-

GOON

She's going for the lab!

They all open fire, and Wexler, turns, cursing, furious, and scrambles in the other direction-

EXT. FALCONATO ESTATE - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Falconato and Tragic struggle underwater- Tragic overpowers Falconato, but she *FIRES THE SONIC DEVICE UNDERWATER-*

The subsequent blast disorients them both- Tragic drags himself out of the water, disoriented, dazed, as Falconato does the same-

When suddenly Wexler *grabs Falconato's sonic weapon off her wrist and fires it into her face! Falconato is thrown backwards into the pool!*

Tragic looks around. More and more armed goons are rushing into the house from various security posts, and Tragic forces himself to his feet.

TRAGIC

Wexler, let's go, now-

WEXLER

I am not a small person! I am not a small person!

Wexler *fires the sonic-disruptor into the water! And again, and again, and again- men are coming from everywhere now-*

Tragic ***GRABS HER IN A HEADLOCK, yanking her backwards as she struggles viciously, until Wexler passes out-***

Tragic pulls her, away, firing randomly at the goons, who have started shooting back, as he limpingly drags her to:

EXT. FALCONATO ESTATE - FRONT COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Tragic drags her around the corner, past a number of parked dirty, used trucks and jeeps. Wexler is coming around, dazed, but as men approach from the house, it's clear that the situation is hopeless...

Until Tragic notices a figure standing in the driveway. His whole face lights up brighter than we've seen from him.

TRAGIC

Oh hell yeah.

The figure is **PRINCE**.

She stands loose, relaxed, in a slightly too-small black suit, black sunglasses down, the shaved sides of her head making her teased up fin of blonde hair even more striking.

Everything she says comes out in an assured, dry, staccato. She looks and sounds like some kind of punk female Johnny Cash. She's god. She looks like a fuckin' god.

Prince spits out the toothpick in her mouth.

PRINCE

Down.

She raises an *antique drum-magazine tommy-gun*, and Tragic yanks the dazed Wexler down as Prince *opens fire*.

BRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKABRAKA the air is CLOUDED with bullets bright red green and blue tracer rounds ANNIHILATING men chasing Wexler and Tragic!

Prince walks towards them as she fires, her hair and body shaking with the force of the machine gun, Al Ca-fucking-pone, it is FUCKING BONKERS, THIS IS AWESOME.

She shoots them even after they're down, to the point that the bodies are LIGHTING ON FIRE, then turns and opens fire on all the parked cars, blowing them into swiss cheese, the tires popping, windows shattering, ***BRAKABRAKABRAKA LIGHTING ON FIRE*** she is a ONE WOMAN ARMY, WHO IS THIS PERSON?

TRAGIC

It's Prince! Yes, *oh yes, it's Prince*, you're all **fucked** now!

Rockborn appears in the doorway of the house, drawing his laser beam weapon- he starts to fire it- *IT SLICES THE AIR JUST LEFT OF PRINCE- SHE TURNS- BRAKABRAKABRAKA-*

The stream of bullets ricochet off Rockborn's armor but send him stumbling backwards into the house, the door-frame itself lit on fire by the tracer rounds!

She drops out the empty barrel clip, and turns to Tragic.

PRINCE

Hey. Let's go.

EXT. FALCONATO ESTATE - POOL - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Falconato's at the edge of the pool, disoriented, badly fucked up from her sonic stir-frying at the hands of Wexler.

Rockborn pulls Falconato up out of the water, and she vomits, gasping for air; her men surround her, concerned for their boss.

But Falconato laughs.

FALCONATO
(breathing hard)
Whoa. Wow. That was close. That was a close call.

ROCKBORN
We lost Wexler.

FALCONATO
Don't worry about it. Don't worry.

She gets up, stumbling to...

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

Falconato stumbles in, still soaking wet, shaking, falling onto the counter in front of the glowing egg. She presses some buttons as Rockborn and some goons enter, watching.

There's a beep, and a reading comes up on the screens.

FALCONATO
See this? The electrical signature. It's too stable; she's done this before.
(smiles)
We don't need her. Scan the area. We'll go out one hundred miles. Find her battery, and use that. Don't look so sad, Rockborn.
(beat, smiles)
We're winning.

INT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL ROOM THAT SUCKS - SUNSET

Tragic opens the door, and pushes in Wexler, who stumbles, catching her glasses as they fall off her face.

TRAGIC
You. Stay.

Wexler surveys the dingy motel room.

WEXLER
I thought you were a secret agent.

TRAGIC

...I am.

She nods at the ancient tube TV.

WEXLER

Old TV. Older bed.

TRAGIC

Look, I'm sorry I don't have an evil mountain palace for you, I'm sure you'll have one of your own soon enough.

Tragic turns to leave- Wexler suddenly speaks up, nervous.

WEXLER

We need to get Hammer, that's the next place Falconato will go-

TRAGIC

No, we need to get you *out of here*, *zip-skidadle, gone*, like, YUKON, like CANADA. And you need to tell me the location of your lab, and I need to go blow it up before Falconato finds it.

(beat)

Stay. Do not make me cuff you.

Tragic slams the door.

EXT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL THAT SUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Tragic exits the room on the balcony of the second story, and hurriedly comes down the stairs, to where Prince leans on her rental Ford Fiesta.

He walks up to her, and they embrace, hugging like the old, long separated friends they are, her squeezing him tightly.

TRAGIC

Oh, thank god.

Prince laughs, grabs his ears, and kisses his forehead.

EXT. HAMMER'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - SUNSET

Hammer is playing pool in the garage with his wife Jamie, drinking a beer. They laugh, having fun.

Across the street, though they don't notice, is a beat up truck, parked illegally. Two goons sit in the cab, and there's something under a tarp in the back.

They aim an electrometer at the house, consulting it.

GOON #1

I don't get it. Is her lab in there? In their house?

GOON #2

This has to be it. It's the only ping on the electrical field read out we found.

GOON #1

So what, they work for her? Her friends hide her battery?

The thing under the tarp suddenly stirs. The expressionless face of Rockborn's helmet rises into view.

ROCKBORN

Her friend doesn't hide the battery.

He reaches out, and narrows the electrometer's focus to only target Hammer. It whines loudly, detecting his field.

ROCKBORN (CONT'D)

Her friend *is* the battery.

INT. HAMMER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jamie comes into the kitchen, laughing, smiling, calling back to Hammer out in the garage.

JAMIE

How are you still smack talking after you've lost three times in a row?

HAMMER (O.S.)

Hey I'm out of practice, I hadn't played in five years.

JAMIE

Excuses excuses-

She grabs some beers from the fridge, then reaches up into the a cabinet to grab some cookies when-

Rockborn grabs Jamie by the throat, and slams her against a cabinet, which rattles, plates in it falling out.

ROCKBORN

We're going to wait for your husband.

A door slams, and Rockborn turns to face Hammer, who stands frozen, looking like a terrifying bad ass giant of a man that he is, staring at him in the kitchen.

HAMMER

Bud, I don't think you know what you're gettin' yourself into.

Rockborn chokes up on Jamie. We see Hammer's hand, out of sight, start to vibrate, becoming a blur.

ROCKBORN

I'm trembling.

The goons from outside **SPRING UP** around Hammer and tase him, forcing him down to his knees, dog piling on top of him, as Jamie screams-

SLAM TO:

Wexler, staring at herself in the mirror in the bathroom.

INT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL ROOM THAT SUCKS - BATHROOM

Wexler stares at the dried drip of blood from her nose, from where she got punched by Falconato. She wipes it with her fingers, and then pauses, staring at the blood on her hand.

She turns, and goes to the window, wrenching it open, and looking out. It's a two story drop into a dirty alley; there's a closed dumpster down there, but it wouldn't break the fall.

WEXLER

Mm.

Wexler looks in the medicine cabinet. Nothing. She goes out into the room, and looks around. There's practically nothing in here...and then her eyes settle on the old TV.

She stares at it, and then goes to the night table drawer. Opening it, there's a bible...And a little sewing kit; scissors, thread, needle.

She takes out the sewing kit, and then looks back at the TV.

EXT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL THAT SUCKS - NIGHT

Tragic and Prince sit on the sidewalk, eating burritos.
Prince's voice is flat, droll, a million miles away.

PRINCE

Of course then they had me chasing
transfer jobs. Somebody's got a
plutonium generator in Wyoming, go
and catalogue it and send it to
central for processing, same old
shit. They don't send me out on
bribe or bullet jobs any more.

TRAGIC

See, at least you get to talk to
central, though. I don't get
anything. I dropped a carload of
guys off at a processing stop the
other day, I see them get loaded
into a van, and then, poof, gone.
Zero follow up.

(through a mouthful)

What am I supposed to do with that?

PRINCE

Talk to a pay phone-

TRAGIC

Talk to a PAY PHONE. Falconato's
got an army of tweakers and thugs
and tech that's like fifty years
ahead, she's got the name of the
organization, I'm amazed it took
them this long to send the calvary,
I can't wait until we can crack
this creepy dick with a task force,
they had me-

PRINCE

Whoa slow down, what are you
talking about?

(beat)

I'm it. I'm supposed to extract
you. That's it, done, we're-

TRAGIC

Stop. Wait.

(beat)

...N...No one else is coming?
What, are you...Are you...

PRINCE
They told me we had to neutralize
Wexler and-

TRAGIC
NEUTRALIZE WEXLER? Prince-

PRINCE
They gave me a priority one call
that you needed back up, it was all
in the parameters, so I tracked
your cab to that house- with all
the budget cuts I don't think
they've been surveilling us
anymore, Ted, I think-

TRAGIC
WITHIN PARAMETERS? What!?

Tragic throws his burrito in anger, and gets up, pacing.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
I recognize these weapons, okay?
The sonic pulses, that was Sam
Benson, in Missouri, and the
jetpack? The laser is Jake
Morehead, from Arkansas. That's
Miles...Miles whatshisface, the red
haired guy with the lisp in Oregon-

PRINCE
What are you saying-

TRAGIC
Oh I'm being pretty transparent,
I'm cellophane, I'm a clean window,
someone has SCREWED UP. What
Falconato tried to do with Olivia
Wexler: SHE'S DONE IT BEFORE with
MY OTHER TARGETS.

(beat)
These are all people who TOOK THE
DEAL. They're supposed to be
retired on an island somewhere!
(off Prince's expression)
I need status reports on every
single person who's taken the money
since Falconato.

A car alarm goes off on the other side of the lot, startling
them both, and they both draw their guns. They slowly
advance, step by step, and then Tragic notices something.

Discarded, next to the shattered window of the parked car. A bible. He sighs, glancing up at the door to Wexler's room, and then looking around, stands up.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Look, I don't care if it takes all night. I want you to go to a fucking payphone and *stay on the line* and keep goddamn calling until you get me some kind of answer.

Prince nods.

INT. MOTEL SHITKICKER TRUCKER BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Wexler creeps through the bar, repeatedly, glancing behind her, finally getting up to the bar, and approaching a trucker, trying to fix her hair to look "sexy" and failing.

WEXLER

Hi. Um. Yo. Not yo. Hello. Hi.

The trucker looks at her, confused.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Do you have a cell phone, I could-borrow...big...guy...cute guy?

TRAGIC

I told you to stay in the room.

A handcuff clicks around Wexler's wrist, the other end linked to Tragic as he sits down at the bar next to her. The already crept out trucker leaves.

Wexler's expression changes. The anxiety drops out of her face as on the jukebox, the first chords of Iron-Man by Black Sabbath begin to play.

WEXLER

That's the mistake people make, they keep telling me to do things.

Tragic sighs. He clocks that Wexler clutches the small sewing scissors in her hand under the bar.

TRAGIC

Casual reminder that you're handcuffed.

WEXLER

So are you.

Tragic laughs.

TRAGIC

Right.

(to the bartender)

Rum. Beer. Honey. Mix it in a
highball glass. Thanks.

There's a beat, and Tragic looks at Wexler like: "So?" Her
hand holding the scissors is shaking, but then...it calms.

WEXLER

So...you and Prince, you, uh-

TRAGIC

Ha! No. I'm not her type.

WEXLER

She seems...Aggressive.

TRAGIC

(sighs)

One time, on the job, she took a
guy down. He looked dead. He
wasn't. Popped back up and stabbed
her, went right between the ribs.
They said the tip of the knife
touched her heart. Ever since
then, she likes to make sure
assholes are very, very dead. Fear
is funny like that. Trust is, too.

(beat)

You really think you're going to
kill me with a sewing scissors?

WEXLER

Will you...Will you help Hammer?

TRAGIC

(beat)

I'm going to do whatever I can to
resolve the situation-

WEXLER

That's not what I asked.

TRAGIC

Well that's what I'm telling you.

Wexler goes quiet again, hiding a snarl that Tragic catches
out of the corner of his eye. She clicks the scissors in her
hands. Tragic looks around the bar, thinking.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

You went back to try to kill
Falconato in the pool. Why?

There's a long beat, Wexler hard-eyed, straight ahead.

WEXLER

At Harvard, they told me my ideas
didn't make sense. Just because I
wasn't- I wasn't expressing them
properly. They couldn't understand
me, so I didn't matter. And every
day, every second that passes,
something is chasing me, telling me
you *don't matter*. Well guess what.
I was right. They were wrong. I'm
not invisible. I matter. *I am an
elemental. I am in touch with the
fundamental forces of the universe
on a level you could never hope to
understand. I shine. I am energy
and heat and fire. I am the sun.
And anyone who tries to stop me
will **burn in my light**.*

*She is clutching the scissors so tightly they've cut into her
hand. Blood drips down onto her pants. Tragic stares at
her, biting his lip.*

TRAGIC

You are...You are maybe a little
crazier than I'd estimated you to
be. Maybe too much. I'm making a
note, a mental note, that I might
have to reevaluate you after all
this is over.

Wexler turns to look at him, the energy behind her eyes
crackling fire and lightning, full super villain.

WEXLER

Oh, I'm counting on it.

Tragic looks back at her, evenly. They hold each other's
stare. Tragic very slooowly drinks some of his cocktail out
of the side of his mouth without breaking eye-contact.

This throws Wexler, who lets out a snorting, nerdy laugh.
Tragic hands her a napkin, which she uses to wipe her hand.

TRAGIC

Are we okay? Is the bomb disarmed?

WEXLER
(ignoring him)
What's that called?

TRAGIC
What? The drink? Bumbo.

WEXLER
Why don't you just order a bumbo
then?

TRAGIC
They never know how to make it.

Tragic looks at Wexler and smiles.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
You wanna try this?

Wexler nods curtly, then takes it, and chugs the whole thing.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Ambitious.

EXT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL THAT SUCKS - SHORTLY THEREAFTER

Time has passed, as is evident by Wexler, who bursts out of the trucker bar's door, stumbling and dragging tragic along by the handcuff.

Wexler seems bottom cup bananas. Bumbo hits hard. She's yelling the instrumental of "Iron-Man."

TRAGIC
C'mon. Early morning.

Tragic starts dragging her back to the room. They talk as he pulls her. She suddenly throws herself onto him, pushing them awkwardly against a car.

She speaks breathy, bringing her face close to his.

WEXLER
Hi. So are you gonna...sleep
handcuffed to me or...

TRAGIC
No. I won't sleep.

WEXLER
Cool.

TRAGIC
You'll sleep handcuffed to the bed.

Wexler seems suddenly turned on, her eyes twinkling.

WEXLER
Cause I'm so bad.

TRAGIC
Cause you're dangerous.

WEXLER
(breathy)
Ohmygod.

TRAGIC
You are an actual criminal.

WEXLER
Yes. Say it again...

She leans in for a kiss, he groans and drags her to the

PARKING LOT

Where he pulls her along, her tugging back.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
Hey! Easy, I'm not that drunk-

TRAGIC
You're that drunk.

She tugs him.

WEXLER
No, and you can tell *cause my CAH-
LIKE REEFLETZES-*

She attacks with the scissors- which Tragic instantly takes away from her and throws over his shoulder.

TRAGIC
No, you're pretty fucked up. It's the sugars in the honey, they make you metabolize the alcohol faster-

WEXLER
(baffled)
Heyyyyyy how'd you do this-

TRAGIC

*Cause you moved your entire body
like you were about to- okay,
better question, what did you think
was going to happen?*

WEXLER

I's gonna- get you-

He resumes dragging her.

TRAGIC

*You were going to "get me?" I'm a
trained special agent-*

WEXLER

*Yeah. You're not so tough.
What're you gonna do? Konna
ktackle me into a pool and krun
away like you did to Falconato?*

Tragic drags her up the stairs, but then stops, annoyed.

TRAGIC

*Before I was assigned to G.U.N I
had been putting jerks in the
ground for eight years across seven
continents- I- I killed four guys
with a bow and arrow two days ago-*

WEXLER

*Wow thas real impressive Robin
Hood, um did you know I can **CONTROL**
GRABBITY? Has it ever occurred to
you that you're exactly what he
says you are? A bully who walks in
on brilliant people in their moment
of weakness and steals their dreams
away from them?*

They stop, at the door. He falters, trying to decide how to react, unsure, and then gives up.

TRAGIC

*You don't know what you're talking
about. I don't need to defend
myself to you. I help people,
okay, people who are...who...*

Wexler is zoning out, head against the wall, eyes droopy.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Right. Fine.

He opens the door.

INT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL ROOM THAT SUCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Tragic snaps the handcuff closed on the headboard of the bed, securing Wexler, who's mostly asleep. He runs his hands through his hair, lost in thought, then notices something.

He gets up to investigate. Next to the old TV, a single screw sits left unattended on the cabinet. He picks it up, looking at it, and then turns to the TV.

There's a noise behind him. He looks up to see Olivia, slouched on the bed, pointing the television remote at him. He freezes, his eyes bouncing from the TV to her and back.

WEXLER

(emotional, sleepy)

I won't let them hurt Hammer. It's all my fault. I made mistakes...but I'll fix them. I won't let them hurt Fred Hammer.

TRAGIC

...Okay.

She slowly lowers the remote, slouching further, falling asleep. Tragic, after a beat, moves towards her.

He gently, carefully pulls the remote out of her hand. Looks at it. Then looks at the TV.

After a moment, he very gently sets the remote just out of her reach.

INT. FALCONATO ESTATE - SCENIC LOUNGE - NIGHT

Falconato stands staring out the shattered window, looking down into the pool, as goons roughly drag Hammer into the room on his knees.

Rockborn takes a place behind them.

FALCONATO

Perfect. Hello Sergeant Hammer.

HAMMER

Who're you? Where's Ms. Wexler?

FALCONATO

Olivia? Why do you presume she's involved in this?

HAMMER

Cause I'm not stupid, where is she?

FALCONATO

Indisposed. And sadly, that means you're going to have to deal with me. You're not mentally equipped to understand this, but I have big things in mind for you. It, sadly, will involve your gruesome death, but, for this, your family will be generously compensated.

HAMMER

A week ago I might have taken that deal. But these days I feel mentally equipped to generously tell you to go fuck yourself.

FALCONATO

Your wife's in your house, with two of my men. Right now, they're only trashing the house. But.

Falconato kneels down into Hammer's face, drawing out her cell phone, smiling.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

One call from this phone, and they start trashing her, too.

Hammer looks at Falconato grimly.

HAMMER

I used to shove geeks like you into lockers in high school.

FALCONATO

Oh? Well who's the bully now?

HAMMER

Still me.

A weird hum from Hammer's body. Falconato's eyes widen.

FALCONATO

It's his field. He's cycling, he's even cycling the energy from the air around him. It's incredi-

Hammer suddenly **vibrates completely into the blurry form of a man, instantly disintegrating the hands of the two men who hold him into red mist- they fall away screaming in pain-**

Falconato stumbles back, but Hammer grabs her phone away from it, and vibrates it **INTO DUST.**

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Oh wow that's cool-

Hammer swings a blurry arm and *CLEAVES A HENCHMAN IN HALF-* grabs another and *vibro-slices* his arms off before punching his head into dust-

Holy shit he's a LIVING LIGHTSABER-

The goons open fire- but the bullets simply *explode into dust upon hitting him-* Rockborn shoves more goons at Hammer- *SLASH VMRRRM SLASH VRMMMM THE DUST OF PEOPLE'S BODIES IS BEING SPRAYED EVERYWHERE-*

HAMMER

About that phone call.

Hammer turns, the blurred form stalking towards Falconato, who frantically crawls under a steel table- Hammer slashes an arm through it, the two sides falling away-

Revealing Falconato, aiming the sound weapon. BOOMF.

Hammer is blown backwards, landing painfully on his back. Falconato stands, dusting herself off. Hammer starts to get to his feet but **POW!** Rockborn punches him in the face, his armored gloves function as brass knuckles.

Hammer falls, spitting blood, dazed, the whole right side of his face damaged. We can see some of his old twitches coming back. He looks pathetic, helpless.

FALCONATO

Well, that was neat. You never really get to see science in the field like that, right up close.

One of the horrifically injured goons groans in agony.

ROCKBORN

What about the wife?

FALCONATO

They can take whatever they want from the house, but keep her in sight. We got what we wanted.

(to Hammer)

Hello, battery.

Falconato kneels over the trembling, twitching Hammer, who looks afraid.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
We're going to do something
horrible to you.

Falconato *shoves Hammer's face into the floor*, then stands.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
Big day tomorrow. We kill Tragic,
his friend, and Wexler, too. Cut
all the loose ends. Snip snip.

Rockborn laughs. It comes out weird, distorted, terrifying.

INT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL ROOM THAT SUCKS - DAWN

Wexler groggily wakes up and sees Tragic sitting on the bed,
pulling on his jacket.

TRAGIC
Take off your pants.

WEXLER
Wh-

TRAGIC
Pants and shoes, hand'em over big
shot. I'm sorry, but you're not
getting away again.

He stares at her. She stares back. Then, after a moment,
she complies.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Stay here, no-pants.

Tragic leaves, taking her stuff with him.

Wexler *waits...then IMMEDIATELY BOLTS UP..* She reaches into
her bra, and pulls out **the needle from the sowing kit**.

She quickly, frantically picks the handcuff lock- takes two
tries, but boom, she does it, and then, after glances at the
TV, scampers over and gets the remote.

She waits, looking out the window, where she sees Tragic,
down in the parking lot, being approached by Prince.

EXT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL THAT SUCKS - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

(same as we saw through the window)

PRINCE
Back-up didn't come through.

TRAGIC
Then where've you been?

PRINCE
Trying to secure a transport.
...It didn't. Also it didn't.

TRAGIC
"It didn't." As in like, we're not
cleared? She's not leaving?

PRINCE
No.

TRAGIC
Well that's...not gonna work for
me, Prince. ...I'm starting to feel
a little hot under the collar,
right now.

PRINCE
That's understandable-

TRAGIC
Great, but I don't need you to
understand me, now. Understanding
is...great, but I want to know how
the hell Romney Falconato, a dork
who I shot in the face and then
gave more money than god, is the
chick causing me problems. Help me
understand that. How did Falconato
slip surveillance.

PRINCE
I'm not authorized to-

TRAGIC
Enough of that, cut that crap now,
okay? I mean...How do we monitor
neutralized prospects? Tell me.
Tell me right now if you know.

Prince is silent, frustrated. Somewhere high above them, a
man's shape moves in the clouds. Uh oh.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

We don't, do we. The budget cuts- some guy with a laptop is supposed to be keeping an eye on these people, and instead the NSA is tapping phone calls and downloading dick pics, great, JUST TERRIFIC, you know? It's so- man it's so lame it's almost corny-

PRINCE

They think there was a security breach. They think he may have hacked surveillance. They're looking into it now-

TRAGIC

Hacked? What like a fucking- HACKED the most secret network in the world-

PRINCE

G.U.N hasn't been a spending priority for the Pentagon for years now, you know that Ted, they hadn't been updating the security codes-

For the first time, Tragic's laid-back demeanor is starting to crack. His frustration is funny, but slowly edging into actual, pained emotion.

TRAGIC

These people trusted me. You really think any of these folks are still alive after Falconato gets through with them? I promised them they'd be safe-

PRINCE

This isn't your fault.

TRAGIC

Yeah, and why? Cause I'm good at my stupid- you know- job and whatever! Johnny Deathray and Jane Time Machine and Bobby Teleporter- whatever-the-balls are dealt with, I do my part. I *do my part*.

PRINCE

I know you do-

TRAGIC

Then where's the- uh- you know, the appreciation? Where's the goddamn follow through? Am I pitching with no catcher, why is there a woman that was supposed to be done whizzo-dizzo deal seven years ago? People are dying, does no one care, do they have zero faith in me, help me, Prince, give me some kind of answer, cause I'm at the end of my rope here, I-

Prince clocks something above them, and shoves Tragic aside, as an *ICE BLUE LASER CUTS THROUGH THE SPACE WHERE HE'D JUST BEEN- it's Rockborn, swooping low! SHIT!*

PRINCE

Cover.

Prince and Tragic split up, Prince immediately drawing out her massive tommy gun and opening fire at the sky as Rockborn banks back around-

A pick-up truck full of Falconato's heavily armed white trash are screeching into the lot-

Prince comes at them from the side with the Tommy-Gun
BRAKAKAKAKAKA- the car is eviscerated, all the men dead-

IN THE ROOM

Wexler, at the window, sees what's happening and gasps, standing up, stumbling away from the window.

OUTSIDE

More cars are already pulling up- men jump out, running up the stairs at the far side of the lot as Prince engages them, BRAKAKAAKAKAKAKAKA-

TRAGIC

Wexler.

Tragic rushes up the stairs nearest to him, but Rockborn swoops past- a flash of the laser and the steel staircase is separated from the building, falling backwards-

Tragic has to throw his body weight forward, hurling himself to the second floor terrace as the stairs go crashing backwards into the parking lot, crushing a car-

Tragic stands, but the guys closer to the room take some shots at him- Fuck, uncool! He's forced to take cover- as the guys *KICK OPEN THE DOOR TO WEXLER'S ROOM-*

INT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL ROOM THAT SUCKS - CONTINUOUS

They step into the room, to see something confusing; the old TV has been turned to point towards the door. Wexler stands in the bathroom, peeking out. The men raise their guns.

WEXLER

No.

She clicks the old TV remote- the tube TV screen *EXPLODES, SHATTERING OUTWARDS AND BELCHING A SHOWER OF FLAMING SPARKS ONTO THE GOONS IN THE MOTEL ROOM!*

As the men fall screaming on fire, the entire room going up in flames, Olivia turns, ripping off the shower curtain, stands on the toilet and *THROWS HERSELF THROUGH THE WINDOW-*

TO OUTSIDE

Where she *plummets down in a shower of broken glass twelve feet to BOUNCE BRUTALLY OFF THE TOP, slamming to the ground in the alley.*

EXT. DINGY GROSS MOTEL THAT SUCKS - CONTINUOUS

Tragic looks into the room: Olivia's gone, the room's on fire, the men dead inside.

TRAGIC

Of course.

Bullets hit the doorframe next to him, and he turns drawing his pistol and firing down at the men attacking Prince-

PRINCE

A little help.

Tragic jumps into one of the trees, painfully falling through it, it, crashing to the ground- *Prince is SWISS-CHEESING another truck full of goons-*

TRAGIC

We have to go.

PRINCE

No, we can-

A noise from above- *Tragic LURCHES FORWARD and shoves her- A STRIPE OF BLUE LIGHT, ROCKBORN WHIZZES PAST-* another streak of fire-

TRAGIC
MOVE, NOW!

Tragic and Prince turn, running out of the lot as more trucks approach, leading into a

CHASE THROUGH
THE STREETS

Tragic and Prince tag teaming to turn back and fire on the trucks pursuing them, Tragic limping badly the whole time, until they hit the freeway, circumnavigated by an overhead skybridge walkway.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

(same)

TRAGIC
Up and over!

Prince runs up the skybridge, and Tragic tries to follow- *bang bang bang-* he's cut off by gunfire- Prince turns to go back for him-

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Go! Go I'll find another way!

Rockborn swoops down, firing the laser- Tragic intentionally moves towards the fence barrier of the freeway- Rockborn slices it in half- the pursuing trucks are pulling up

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Well, this is a bad idea.

Tragic shakes his head violently, as though in protest of his own actions, and then pushes through the sliced fence, and *runs out onto the freeway!*

Cars swerve to avoid him- he's stumbling and limping- cars blowing by- it doesn't feel like some CGI setpiece, there's no crashes yet, this feels **REAL** and **REALLY DANGEROUS!**

Rockborn floats down, watching Tragic stagger to the center divider, falling over it, slowly taking careful aim with his laser pointer of horrible slicey-dicey death.

ROCKBORN
Hehehehahaha-

There's a click from behind him.

PRINCE

Fuck you by the way.

Prince opens fire from the skybridge, the bullets knocking him offbalance, and the laser beam strikes- *what else- a gasoline tanker truck- which EXPLODES-*

The shockwave throws Rockborn off balance and he zig-zags off up into the sky-

Tragic, for his part, stares in awe at the exploded tanker for a moment. He blinks, the wave of heat blowing past.

TRAGIC

We are really doin' this, aren't w-

Gunshots! Now that the freeway's clear, the other goons are heading out after him. He turns and runs, limping to-

EXT. WOODED AREA AT FREEWAY'S EDGE - CONTINUOUS

Prince runs down through the trees, wrenching up the fence, just as Tragic stumbles under it, and pulls him to his feet.

PRINCE

Bad idea.

TRAGIC

That's what I said.

Prince, helping Tragic, who's limping worse than ever, pushes them through the trees, out onto

EXT. PLAYGROUND - CONTINUOUS

It's empty, still too early in the morning, a wide grass lawn before a series of playground structures, and beyond that, one or two parked cars.

TRAGIC

The cars, we can get there before-

A truck comes CRASHING off the road by the park, and Prince lets go of Tragic, starting to reload her tommy-gun. He walks forward, shooting at the truck, but his gun's empty.

PRINCE

I'll cover you, just-

Prince is **violently SMASHED INTO BY ROCKBORN who SWOOPS DOWN OUT OF NOWHERE**, the impact like a car hit, **WHAM, LIFTING HER FIFTEEN FEET VIOLENTLY SPINNING IN THE AIR**, hits the ground, rag-dolls and rolls, kicking up dust like a groundball.

It's brutal, shocking.

She looks dead.

TRAGIC
PRINCE! SHIT! NO NO-

All the cars converge on the park from all sides and Tragic realizes he's surrounded, stumbling forward into the series of playground structures, when-

FALCONATO
Hello again Mr. Tragic.

Falconato stands smiling, just ahead. Tragic looks, for the first time in our film, *LEGITIMATELY FUCKING PISSED OFF*.

TRAGIC
You motherfu-

ROCKBORN COMES ROARING OUT OF THE SKY and slams into Tragic, knocking him down and pretty much out, before looping up and around into a graceful landing behind Falconato.

FALCONATO
Guys, come on. Guys.

The goons all hesitantly start applauding. Rockborn bows, as Tragic, dripping blood onto the playground sand, slowly, shakily pushes himself up to his feet.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
Today at 3 PM my former partner Eli Terrio will be the center of a gaudy celebration for his new airborne carbon processor, which utilizes technology **I created** that has made him **rich** and **famous**.
(smiles)
There'll be food and drinks and hot air balloons...And so much death. So much death and chaos. I'm going to orchestrate a disaster.

Falconato draws Wexler's Disinhibitor out of her jacket.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

(laughs)

And I'm gonna do it with our mutual friend Olivia Wexler's technology. I'm going to kill Terrio. And his whole company with him.

(can't control giggles)

For months I had this plan involving unlimited energy, green fire, and then...You led me to something so much better. And you never saw it coming, that's the part that- I mean, can I get a pat on the back, here?

TRAGIC

This is- this whole thing is all just about revenge? That's...lame.

FALCONATO

It's not "revenge." Revenge is something idiots do. I am not an idiot, and so we're going to call this justice. For what you did to me. For what he did to me. For what the world let happen. I was robbed. By you. By Terrio. So you'll be the first to go. Then him. Then anyone who's mad I killed him. Then...I think I'll wing it from there. Take over a third world country? Blow up the pentagon? I mean, I'm just getting started.

(grins)

But first, Terrio. Terrio has to die. Everyone has to know that ***I am the one who was special. I deserve everything he has. And then some. And more.***

TRAGIC

I find your insanity...boring.

FALCONATO

And yet, you can't stop me.

TRAGIC

No, I will. I will.

(points at Rockborn)

I'm going to kill him.

(points)

Then I'm going to kill you.

(beat, points)

(MORE)

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

I'll probably also kill him, and
him, him, him, him and him, him
too, and him and him and that guy.

(beat)

You could actually save yourself
some time by giving up now. Cause
I've still got...I don't know a
jacket...and these shoes...And I
will throw my shoe at you.

Falconato laughs, sighs and shrugs.

FALCONATO

I can't give you what you want.
But I can give you a change in
perspective.

Falconato *quick-draws the disinhbitor and fires a pulse,
nailing Tragic! THE SAND AROUND HIM LIFTS OFF, falling past
his face-*

TRAGIC

Shit.

Tragic turns and *dives*, grabbing a swing on the swing-set,
just as **GRAVITY REVERSES** and he *falls STRAIGHT UP*, dragging
the swing with him-

The chains of the swing *catch*, **JERKING** Tragic's body- he
nearly loses his grip, but then *throttles up*, holding
tightly...

Leaving him **DANGLING OVER THE SKY**, hanging by the swing.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Okay.

Tragic dangles upside-down from the inverted swing; his feet
hang out over the clouds, and beyond that, certain death.
The view is disorienting...*terrifying*.

The chains creak, and the swing sways in the breeze. It's
not meant to be inverted like this, and not clear how long it
can hold.

Falconato walks under Tragic, laughing.

FALCONATO

Long way down, eh Mr. Tragic?

She checks her watch.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

God, 7 AM already. Time flies when you're self-actualizing. Alright everybody, long drive ahead, let's get moving.

(smiles)

Fall away my little angel. Fall away up into heaven.

Falconato walks away, leaving Tragic, in silence, already adjusting his sweaty grip on the swing as the breeze pushes him lazily back and forth.

The trucks slowly drive away. Tragic dangles there in silence, watching them go. He sighs. Tries to pull himself up. Can't. Tries again. Can't.

He looks to Prince's motionless body in the field.

TRAGIC

PRINCE! Come on bud! Don't be dead! Come on...

She's motionless. Tragic's direction turns to the sky between his dangling feet.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

(yells)

Hey. Hi.

(beat)

I was a PhD, remember that? A Navy Seal with a quantum physics PhD. You said you felt I had too many attitude problems for the CIA. You're right. I do. I do. You said there was a "unique opportunity" for someone with my qualifications. Unique. Okay. I thought he was an idiot for leaving me here, but I think...I think maybe he actually kind of had a point. Because maybe someone with less attitude problems, a real secret agent, could pull himself up. *But I can't.*

(beat)

People are going to die. Things are gonna get bad. So if you want me to try to stop this, wherever you are, if you can see this, *WAKE UP. WAKE. UP. HELP ME.*

Silence. Nothing. Tragic groans, and then laughs, and then **SUDDENLY FORCES HIMSELF UP, onto the swing, which shakes violently, so he is effectively standing upside down.**

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Right.

The nearest playground structure is about ten feet away, and of course, upside down. Tragic, after a moment, begins slowly swinging back and forth, building momentum.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Okay...Okay...

Tragic shakes, trying to hold his newfound standing position, but it's clear the weight is breaking the swing, and balancing, with the different gravities in play, is impossible, even harder with Tragic's hurt leg-

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Fine. I'll do it myself.

Tragic LEAPS OFF THE SWING OVER A SIXTY MILE DROP INTO SPACE-

EXT. HAMMER'S HOUSE - MORNING

We start on the bedroom window, where we can see Jamie Hammer sitting on the bed while a thug casually holding a shotgun on he messes around on his phone.

The room is trashed. But then we slowly pan down to reveal a second thug in the garage, playing pool. And then we move slowly out to where we can see...bloody footprints...headed up the sidewalk...

The thug playing pool hears a sound.

POOL THUG

Hey. Who's out there?

He slowly draws a gun.

POOL THUG (CONT'D)

Rockborn, is that you?

A shape slowly comes into focus creeping into the garage behind him. He turns and then-

WHAP! HE IS SMASHED IN THE FACE BY A POOL CUE! He goes down- and someone beats him- RELENTLESSLY-

Beeeeep. The garage door slowly closes.

INT. HAMMER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The thug who's messing with his phone hears the garage closing, and sits up.

THUG
Hey, Jared, they're saying
everything went good, man.
(to Jamie)
We gonna move you soon, I think.
Or shoot you. Waiting on a text.

There's a beat. Jamie is silent, dignified, staring at him.

THUG (CONT'D)
HEY. Jared where you at?

Silence. The thug stands up, going to the door, to lean out into the hallway.

THUG (CONT'D)
The boss says we-

HE IS SHOT IN THE HEAD, BANG. Jamie lets out a startled scream as...

WEXLER ENTERS THE ROOM. Still pantsless, he legs covered in cuts and scrapes, a dirty, freaky, bloody, scary mess. One of her glasses lenses is shattered.

She stands over the dead thug, and then rushes to get his cell phone. There's a click from behind her.

JAMIE
Don't move.

Olivia looks up. Jamie is holding the thug's shotgun on her.

WEXLER
J...Jamie?

JAMIE
They took him. Those people took him. Because of you.

WEXLER
He...he's gone...it's too late...I'm too late...They were right...it's all my fault...

JAMIE
What? What are you-

Wexler suddenly stands up, Jamie flinching badly, but Wexler's world is shaking, vibrating, falling apart, as she staggers out of the bedroom, through the trashed house...

EXT. HAMMER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Wexler stares at the blood on her hands, and then lets out an anguished wail, sinking to her already bloodied knees, and then, shaking, huddles into the fetal position, sobbing.

The sprinklers turn on. She doesn't move, letting them drench her.

We slowly zoom out. She's alone, on the lawn. She looks small, helpless. A little person.

FADE TO BLACK.

HOLD ON BLACK.

CLOSE UP

Hands on monkey bars.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - MORNING

Tragic is dangling from the monkey bars, slowly working his way across them...upside-down. He looks down to where a big group of kids has gathered around, watching him.

TRAGIC

Of course.

He pulls himself up, and across, and in a beautiful, terrifying sequence that would just look stupid for me to write out here, jumps his way from **PLAYGROUND STRUCTURE TO PLAYGROUND STRUCTURE**, *ALL WHILE UPSIDE DOWN*.

It's a nailbiting sequence, like something out of Cliffhanger. Meanwhile, parents are slowly gathering around the edges of the park, talking, understandably confused, into their cell phones.

Tragic finally reaches the last playground structure, a horse on a spring. It's not close enough to the cars. Parents are calling to their kids.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey you. Sir. You. Yes you.

The eight year old in question looks nervous.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Can you guys push that over here?

Tragic, his hands occupied, nods at a garbage can. The kid's parents are yelling at them to come back to the cars. They don't listen, and instead push the garbage can to Tragic.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Oh thank god, you little kind fuckers, thank you.

Tragic clings onto the garbage can, dangling from it, and then begins pistoning his body, shifting his weight, dragging the garbage can foot by agonizing foot closer and closer to the parking lot.

He reaches a Lexus, with its door open, the owner, one of the parents, frantically talking into his cell, backing away. He jumps, reaching for the door-

Catches it- Holy shit- his hands slip oh fuck he's falling- HE'S CAUGHT!

IT'S PRINCE! PRINCE IS ALIVE! Sort of. She looks like shit. She's dragged up with him momentarily but hooks her legs in the car window- yank- ow.

PARENT

Get off of my car!

TRAGIC

Prince! Prince, you with me?

Prince coughs blood. She's barely there, dazed.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Okay shit, okay, think thin think think I'm thinking I'm thinking nothing's happening nothing's happening dust dust in my brain thinking and nothing...

Prince groans. We can hear her body straining and cracking from his weight. Not gonna last much longer.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Annnd...Electromagnetism, field, the personal field, what can distort an unstable electromagnetic field uhhhh think think okay a nuke? Haha anybody got a nuke? No, not gonna happen, what else creates a temporary-

Tragic blinks, his eyes going wide.

PARENT

Yes, two people. Yes, of course
they're connected to the shootings
this morning-

TRAGIC

Gimme your cell phone.

The man just stares at him. Tragic reaches into Prince's jacket and yanks out her gun, aiming it at the startled parent, who flinches, terrified.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

THE PHONE, NOW.

Tragic is SLIPPING, not having two hands to hold onto Prince is making it too hard on her- the man offers his phone- Tragic hurls away the gun, grabs the phone-

Hits the green CALL button- ***and collapses hard to the asphalt, taking Prince with him.***

All the little kids burst into cheers and applause.

EXT. HAMMER'S HOUSE - SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD

Wexler lays motionless in the water from the sprinklers, as they slowly deactivate. She looks pale, dirty, scraggly, wet...completely spent. Jamie watches from the house.

Wexler is staring at her arm, eyes a million miles away, as a single ant walks across her like a great expanse. Wexler stares at the ant; her crying slows, and then stops.

The ant, tiny, crawls across her hand. So small.

Her expression changes, and she *crushes it in her fingers*. Wexler shakes herself, sitting up, then turns to Jamie.

WEXLER

Get the other gun.

JAMIE

What? Why?

WEXLER

We have to go get Hammer.

JAMIE

You know where they took-

WEXLER

No. But I know how to find him.

Wexler gets up, cracking her neck. She sets her glasses back on her face, popping out the broken lens with her finger.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Listen: I need...pants.

EXT. MINI-MALL - MORNING

Police cars blow past another boring, beige minimall in the boring, beige hell of the American Southwest...As Ted Tragic, limping badly, drags Prince out from behind a dumpster, both of them collapsing against a Pay Phone.

The phone looks VERY beat up. Possibly nonfunctional.

TRAGIC

Hang on Prince, just hang on...C'mon please please please-

Picks it up. Dial tone.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Bingo, we have a bingo.

He dials his code, slumping down to cradle Prince.

AUTOMATIC LADY

Agent Tragic, place update as to the status of-

TRAGIC

EVERYTHING IS FUCKED. ALL TIME LOW. Agent Prince is injured, bad-

AUTOMATIC LADY

Medevac is en route.

TRAGIC

.....What? Really?

Tragic looks into the near distance. A military rescue helicopter is approaching. His face: holy crap. Tragic can't even process that someone cared.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

How didja...already...

He looks up to the sky. Did...did god hear him? Or if not god, some spy drone, some satellite...up there in heaven...

He immediately shakes Prince, lifting her.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Hey, hey Prince, Prince babe, wake up, c'mon, rise'n'shine scrambled eggs, look.

Prince drools blood, but her eyes open slightly, looking up at him. He smiles, anxious, hugging her tightly.

AUTOMATIC LADY

Mission parameters have changed.
Your new directive: Terminate
Romney Falconato.

TRAGIC

Man, okay, yes, you catch on quick.
But I'm not going to be able to do
that without help-

AUTOMATIC LADY

Your mission clearance is: Six.
Hundred-

TRAGIC

WHAT? COME ON-

AUTOMATIC LADY

-thousand dollars.

TRAGIC

...Sorry, what did you just-

AUTOMATIC LADY

Your mission clearance is six
hundred thousand dollars.

Tragic double takes and stares at the phone. He does a spastic little dance of celebration, and plants a huge kiss on Prince's forehead, then takes a breath.

TRAGIC

(to the phone, breathless)
I love you. I'm- I never thought
I'd say this, but let's move in
together. ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME?
Yes! Thank you, if ANYBODY'S
LISTENING, thank you!

AUTOMATIC LADY

Good luck, Agent Tragic.

The helicopter lowers towards them, the noise blotting everything out, and then-

SLAM TO:

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING BOSEMAN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS

From up here on one of the southwest's many natural buttes and mesas, we can see down to the Boseman County Fairgrounds. They're setting up a fun-fare, complete with games and a ferris wheel.

Just beyond that, we can see several colorful hot air balloons, rigged up around some kind of high tech weather balloon device.

Falconato steps into view, smiling down at the fair, Rockborn behind her. Falconato points.

FALCONATO

Van there, there and there.
Generator goes there, right out in
the open. How is our generator, by
the way?

ROCKBORN

Scared. He's crying.

FALCONATO

(pouting)
Awwwwwww. Poor widdle guy.

He does a shivery little dance.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Are you excited? God I'm so pumped
up about it, you know?

ROCKBORN

You seem pumped up.

FALCONATO

I am, I am pumped up.
(trying it out)
Woo! Yipee!
(beat, smiling)
We are going to kill a LOT of
people.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT LOT - WEXLER'S STORAGE UNIT

Wexler's unit is open, exposing her makeshift lab; someone is rummaging around inside; we can hear liquid splattering...

It's Eggers, wearing all black, and a ski-mask, *dumping gasoline* all over all her equipment, breathing hard.

EGGERS

They won't find it, they won't find any of it. I'm blameless, in this. What did I do? I didn't do anything is what I didn't do, I never did anything to anyone, I am a blameless- transparent- I am cleaning it up, I'm cleaning it all-

Just as he raises his lighter, a gun presses into the back of his head.

WEXLER

Hi boss.

EGGERS

Oh no.

Wexler stands behind him. She tugs off his mask, throwing it aside, as Jamie snatches away the lighter.

WEXLER

Is it all okay in there?

JAMIE

Yes. Stinks, but okay, I think.

EGGERS

Please- listen- you don't know who you're dealing with-

WEXLER

Neither do you.

EGGERS

They'll kill us all-

WEXLER

They'll try. Call me a truck. From Faber Industries. A big one.

Eggers shakily takes the phone.

EGGERS

Y- you're not certified to d- drive-

WEXLER
My truck driver's certification?

She presses the gun against his head, and he walks backwards, banging into the side of the storage unit.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
Is that really what we're worried about right now, Bill?

He squeals in fear. Jamie stifles a laugh.

EXT. BOSEMAN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - AFTERNOON

People have started arriving, enjoying the fair, mostly corporate looking types, but with their families. A field reporter is doing a pick up for a news crew.

FIELD REPORTER
In just minutes, Eli Terrio himself will be getting into one of those hot air balloons, to celebrate the launch of the Blue Sky initiative, a weather balloon that sucks carbon from the air, and then hyper-compresses it down into almost nothing. The sun is shining, people are having fun, it's a great day out here! This is Connie Expositorio, for Act 3 News at 9.

Behind her, Eli Terrio walks past with his bodyguards, smiling, waving, shaking hands.

He notices several vans set up on the perimeter of the fairground, with electrical equipment set up around them, and shakes his head, confused, heading into...

INT. BOSEMAN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - TERRIO'S TENT - CONTINUOUS

Terrio enters his VIP tent, tapping an earpiece, talking distractedly as his bodyguards wait at the door.

ELI TERRIO
(into earpiece)
Hey, Rogers, Goldsman, I'm seeing a lot of guys in outfits I don't recognize, out there. And what are all these electrical elements they've got set up? Is that part of the presentation, I don't remember okaying any of it-

FALCONATO
They're mine.

Eli turns, startled, in shock, as Falconato steps into view. His face suddenly changes, from shock to overwhelming joy, and he lurches towards Falconato, grabbing her up in his arms, hugging her tightly.

ELI TERRIO
Oh my god! Oh my god!

Falconato looks just as shocked as Eli did as he touches her face, feeling it in disbelief. He hugs her again.

ELI TERRIO (CONT'D)
Romney it's you, it's really you-

FALCONATO
Yes- I was here to-

ELI TERRIO
They...they told me you were dead.
Jesus, they said you *killed* my
lawyer! I knew you wouldn't, I
knew it wasn't true!

He hugs her tight; she wheezes. He's sobbing with happiness.

ELI TERRIO (CONT'D)
All that, all that out there, I
couldn't have done any of it
without you. When those guys, the
CIA guys came to me, they said I
couldn't talk about you, said you
were gone forever- Do you know how
hard it's been for me, to pretend I
did all this alone?

Falconato has no visible reaction to any of this.

ELI TERRIO (CONT'D)
Where've you been? I mean- if you
can't tell me- oh god, your face,
what happened to your face?

Falconato just stares at him for a moment, and then:

FALCONATO
Decades of research. And you used
my device to make a balloon ***that***
shrinks pollution?

EGGERS

Well it's- it's just the beginning...It's big publicity, and doing something good for the world, but- I mean if you don't think there's a dollar bottom line here, you're wrong. And you're- you're BACK! We can do anything, now- this is all ours, everything here is ours to share.

FALCONATO

(hurt, emotional)

You still don't get it, you asshole. After all these years, you *still* don't understand.

(flatly)

I never wanted to share.

FALCONATO STABS TERRIO IN THE STOMACH! He falls forward onto her, gasping, and she *shoves him off*, his head *smacking on a table*. He pathetically, gasping and moaning, starts to try to crawl away.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Pick him up.

Rockborn, appearing from nowhere, yanks Eli to his feet.

ROCKBORN

Can I get an autograph?

EXT. BOSEMAN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - LOT

A white Lamborghini Aventador screams into the parking lot, kicking up dust, blasting past all the families. It screeches to a stop next to the valet.

Tragic, clean shaven, in a white tuxedo, looking like he's from the best fucking spy movie ever (he is, by the way), steps out. He looks like: BAM!

The valet steps up, and Tragic tosses him the keys.

TRAGIC

Keep the car.

VALET

What?

TRAGIC

You now own this car. Go with god.

Stepping away from the stunned valet, Tragic turns to the hot air balloons. He kicks out his hurt leg; there's a loud pop from knee...And he's no longer limping.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Terrific.

His eyes narrow.

THE TED TRAGIC THEME HITS! Let's fucking DO THIS!

EXT. BOSEMAN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Tragic quickly moves through the crowd, clocking the mysterious vans, and electrical equipment, as he moves towards the hot air balloons.

They all have long, thick, electrical cords, not at all unlike the set-up he witnessed when he beat the guys with the bow and arrow.

The cords all head in to the center, where the hot air balloons are; Tragic clocks Falconato and her goons moving towards the hot air balloon, dragging Terrio. He scans the sky quickly, then moves in.

WITH FALCONATO

Falconato hurries the group towards the center of the hot air balloons, towards the center, where Rockborn touches down next to a van, and several of his goons help him unload a gurney, onto which is strapped...

Hammer. He's heavily restrained, with electrodes stabbed into him hooked up to cords, like Frankenstein's monster.

ELI TERRIO

Oh god, what is that, Romney what are you doing-

FALCONATO

Load him in.

Falconato's goons lower Hammer into a specially jury-rigged generator she has set up under his high tech weather balloon, plugging cords into his body as he groans in pain.

We see that this generator is at the center of the web of high tech wiring from the vans. Falconato steps forward, drawing out Wexler's Disinhibitor and hooking it into a bigger, badder rig, connected to the generator, when-

ROCKBORN IS SUDDENLY KNOCKED FORWARD- BANG BANG BANG BANG

All of the goons around her are *SHOT DEAD*, leaving her splattered with blood- Tragic, who's knocked down Rockborn, steps on his helmet, pushing the face into the ground, as he enters the sanctum of hot air balloons, gun raised.

ELI TERRIO
WHOA! WHOA! Who's that guy?

People have started running and screaming- Falconato is ***shaking with anger-***

TRAGIC
Romney Falconato, deactivate that device and get on your knees!

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
Device off, ON YOUR KNEES, NOW. It's over.

FALCONATO
No. You're not stopping this. I won't let you bully me out of my dreams again! You are TOO LATE.

FALCONATO SPINS, SPRAYING THE ENTIRE SURROUNDING AREA WITH A SUPERCHARGED BLAST FROM THE DISINHIBITOR- TERRIO FLYING UP INTO THE AIR- HAMMER SCREAMS IN AGONY FROM INSIDE THE MACHINE AS THE PULSE GOES OUT-

Holy. Fucking. Shit. The WHOLE BUDGET is on screen now as THE ENTIRE CARNIVAL LIFTS OFF INTO THE AIR, tents, families, carnival games, the ferris wheel, everything, people screaming in panic-

TRAGIC
Oh my god.

Rockborn seizes the opportunity trip Tragic, knocking him down- Tragic shoots him but the bullets just bounce off, and Rockborn *grabs him*, lifting him up by the throat.

Falconato laughs and spins with Joy as everything *flies up into the sky, higher and higher and then-*

Stops. She stares at it, confused: the entire carnival, and all the people therein, are now suspended in the air roughly nine hundred feet above them.

FALCONATO
...They stopped...Why did they-

Behind her a big rig truck PLOWS INTO THE VAN THAT HELD HAMMER, FLIPPING IT!

The subsequent power surge RIPS UP THE THE CORDS, and each of the surrounding vans, the only things left on the ground, EXPLODE INTO GREEN FLAME!

One of the explosions floors Falconato and Rockborn, and another knocks down Tragic!

There's a moment of silence, the vans burning, and we get a good look at the big rig...The trailer it's **WEXLER'S LAB!**

The back door drops open, and Olivia, making a few last frantic adjustments to the machines inside, jumps out holding a crowbar.

Jamie hops down out of the cab to greet her, pushing Eggers out in front of her at gun point.

WEXLER

Stay in the truck!

JAMIE

But you said Fred was-

WEXLER

STAY IN THE TRUCK.

Wexler runs to the cobbled together generator, immediately climbing atop it and starting to pry it open, taking only a cursory glance at the dazed Falconato.

Wexler, infuriated by the sparking, smoking machine, begins simply **going APESHIT with the crowbar on the access panel**, until it falls off its hinges.

She reaches in, pulling Hammer out, tearing at all the plugs in him; he falls out onto her, both of them landing hard in the sand, Hammer shaking convulsively.

Wexler starts to help him to his feet, as Jamie and Eggers watch from the eighteen-wheeler.

JAMIE

Come on, come on.

Eggers, seeing that Jamie is distracted, eyes her gun. Falconato, in the mean time, gets to her feet; Rockborn tries to dust her off; she shoves him away, calling out to Wexler.

Wexler stops at the sound of her voice.

FALCONATO

I don't know how you did it, but you have no idea what you've done here. You are **standing** in my **way**.

(MORE)

FALCONATO (CONT'D)
 And why, for a bunch of people
 you've never even met? It's a
 little late to be a hero, Olivia.

WEXLER
 I don't care about the people. I
 just want to see you lose.

Hammer rises behind Wexler, **VIBRATING INTO A BLUR**. Rockborn
 revs his jetpack. The two pairs square off. Falconato and
 Wexler lock eyes.

OH IT'S ON NOW VILLAIN VERSUS VILLAIN AND- there's a gunshot,
 startling both pairs.

TRAGIC
Enough of this shit.

Rockborn stirs- Tragic points his gun at Falconato.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)
*None of you move. Stay still, and
 silent, and let me figure out a way
 to kill all four of you at once.*

WEXLER
 You have to let me go back to the
 truck, Ted.

TRAGIC
 That's not happening.

WEXLER
 The field generated by my lab is
 the only thing keeping all those
 people suspended, but it won't
 last. I tuned it as we drove in;
 I'd have to do more to bring them
 down. It's running off the truck's
 battery, you have to let me...let
 me...

There's an electric moment of silence, Wexler realizing...
 Falconato smiles.

WEXLER (CONT'D)
Shit.

FALCONATO
ROCKBORN! DESTROY THE TRAILER-

Tragic PUNCHES HER IN THE FACE. Rockborn attacks, and Tragic
 barely dodges several punches- Tragic begins brawling back
 and forth with Falconato and Rockborn-

Hammer makes a move to help, but Wexler stops him.

WEXLER

*When this is done, don't wait for
me. Just run. Okay? Just run.*

Tragic knocks Falconato away, and trips Rockborn- Wexler's eyes widen as she sees what Falconato holds-

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Ted she's got the disinhibitor-

Tragic looks to see Falconato fire- seconds too late-

*Tragic dives just as he starts to lift into the air- **and handcuffs his wrist to Rockborn's wrist-***

DRAGGING ROCKBORN WITH HIM AS HE'S YANKED UP INTO THE AIR!

WEXLER (CONT'D)

HA!

Falconato turns and *FIRES THE DISINHIBITOR AT WEXLER-* but Hammer *SHOVES HER OUT OF THE WAY, taking the hit, being sent flying backwards CRACKLING WITH ELECTROMAGNETIC ENERGY.*

FALCONATO

Shit, that was the wrong one, the-

Wexler **POUNCES ONTO FALCONATO**, slamming her back onto the sparking, smoking generator while

IN THE SKY ABOVE

Tragic and Rockborn go hurtling upwards, out of control, violently struggling as they head up towards the cloud of people and objects- Rockborn firing his blue laser in all directions- trying to *sever Tragic's cuffed arm-*

Tragic manages to dodge as the fight- Rockborn, realizing they're about to go crashing into the debris field, triggers his jetpack-

They zig and zag, Tragic's reversed gravity making it impossible to steer, before arcing *into the ferris wheel, violently crashing into its structure-*

ON THE GROUND

Wexler and Falconato violently struggle for the disinhibitor- **it goes off again, BLASTING RAYS OF HEAT INTO THE SAND AROUND THEM, FRYING IT INTO GLASS-**

Before Falconato *knocks down Olivia, turning and rushing towards the truck!*

Inside, Eggers, seizes his opportunity, and SMACKS JAMIE'S HEAD INTO THE WINDOW, cracking it, and grabbing her gun.

ELI TERRIO

God there's so much goin' on!

Falconato climbs up into the back of the trailer, staring at all the machines, and grabs the controls, as

IN THE SKY ABOVE

Tragic and Rockborn fight in the infrastructure of the floating ferris wheel, Tragic being forced to dodge Rockborn's brute force and laser weapon-

When suddenly EVERYTHING BEGINS TO DROP, TRAGIC AND THE FERRIS WHEEL INCLUDED-

IN THE TRAILER

Falconato cackles insanely, but is then HIT IN THE BACK WITH A CROWBAR BY WEXLER. The two women again struggle, repeatedly crashing into the machinery-

ENTERING US INTO
A SEQUENCE

Where two parallel fights are happening; Rockborn Versus Tragic, and Wexler versus Falconato, as the entire Carnival and all the families therein plummet down- and then rocket back up- down- up- down-

God, remember all that really grounded Coen Brothers style action in the first two acts? Yeah, me too. Anyway:

Just as the Ferris wheel comes within twenty feet of hitting the ground Tragic is able to *DETACH ROCKBORN'S JETPACK*, dumping him the twenty feet to the sand-

But then Tragic and the Ferris Wheel start going up again.

TRAGIC

Terrific.

IN THE TRAILER

Wexler sets something and smashes the controls, stopping Falconato, when she's ***GRABBED FROM BEHIND BY EGGERS!***

IN THE SKY ABOVE

Everything begins to very slowly drift back down towards the ground; controlled, even. But it's a long way down.

IN THE TRAILER

EGGERS

Don't worry, I've got her!

FALCONATO

...Who are you?

EGGERS

I'm-

Olivia wrenches his gun-hand sideways, forcing Eggers to shoot himself in the head! She grabs the gun and takes a shot at Falconato, who dives out of the trailer!

Olivia follows, now covered in blood and bruises and looking again, completely crazy, but she's knocked down by Rockborn.

Rockborn, looking beat up and exhausted, for the first time without his jetpack, stands over Wexler, who tries to scramble away from him-

ROCKBORN

After all that, we still win.

HAMMER

Nope.

Hammer steps in between Rockborn and Wexler. Rockborn tries to raise the laser- Hammer ***catches his wrist and VIBRATES HIS HAND OFF.***

Rockborn tries to attack, and Hammer ***grabs him by the throat and VIBRATES ROCKBORN SO HARD HE INSTANTLY EXPLODES INTO A CLOUD OF WET RED DUST.***

The helmet clatters to the ground.

Wexler and Hammer exchange a look, and Wexler gives him a single, curt nod of approval, before seeing that Falconato has climbed into one of the hot air balloons!

HAMMER (CONT'D)

Let her go.

WEXLER

No.

Wexler takes a running start and catches onto the moorings of the hot air balloon as it starts to lift off, unseen by Falconato, who has her eyes set above her.

Up on the slowly descending ferris wheel, Tragic looks down to see the rising hot air balloon. He can hear the people panicking, and yells to them.

TRAGIC
Everybody just...stay calm!
(beat)
Except me. I'm going to do
something really really crazy.

We get a chance to catch our breath as the balloon rises, slowly surely. Wexler, hanging from a rope ladder, looks down as everything shrinks below her.

She's big. Up in the sky. Like god. She turns and starts dragging herself, rung by rung, up the ladder.

ON THE GROUND

Hammer opens the door of the truck, pulling out his dazed wife, kissing her and wiping the blood from her face.

HAMMER
Jamie, come on, we gotta go!

JAMIE
What about Wexler?

Hammer looks up the the hot air balloon.

HAMMER
She'll...She'll find us. C'mon.

ON THE BALLOON

Falconato paces, looking up at the encroaching cloud of people, and debris.

FALCONATO
It's not perfect. But you know,
life isn't perfect. Everything
can't always have a fairy tale
ending. But you've gotten take
what you've been given. You've got
to keep your head up, remain
optimistic, and **BURN THEM ALIVE!**

Falconato raises the disinhibitor and **BLASTS INTO THE CLOUD OF DEBRIS WITH HARD RADIATION, LIGHTING SEVERAL TENTS ON FIRE!** People in the cloud scream in newfound terror-

Falconato's **GRABBED FROM BEHIND** by Wexler- the blast from the disinibitor **GOES WILD AND LIGHTS PART OF THE BALLOON ITSELF ON FIRE ABOVE THEM-**

Falconato **SCREAMS IN FRUSTRATION**, and slams Wexler's head into the balloon's engine, again and again, finally pinning her against the ledge, choking her.

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

You idiot. You ruined it, you ruined every...thing...And what? To die? They're going to lock you up, Olivia, they're going to lock you up in a little dark box with your ideas and bury you where no one will ever see you again-

Falconato is distracted by a point of light **zipping towards the balloon**- it's Tragic, wearing Rockborn's jetpack!

FALCONATO (CONT'D)

Oh well that's just-

Tragic **SMASHES INTO THE WICKER BALLOON BASKET, SHATTERING IT IN HALF, IMMEDIATELY BECOMING TANGLED IN THE MOORING WIRES!**

Falconato, Tragic and Wexler all dangle from the chunks of the destroyed basket, which hangs off the burning balloon, which is starting to fall out of the sky.

Yikes.

Tragic, hanging upside down, is clearly super fucked up and dazed, but pulls out his gun, firing five shots at Falconato from near point blank range. He misses all of them.

TRAGIC

(dizzy)

I knew going in head first was a mistake...S'why...he wear helmet-

Falconato, barely holding onto her piece of dangling balloon wreckage, kicks him in the face, and *aims the disinhibitor*-

But Wexler *grabs her from behind, smashing the disinhibitor upwards, forcing her to blast herself*-

Wexler and Falconato **BOTH HAVE THEIR GRAVITIES REVERSED- BOTH SWING UPWARDS**- now **DANGLING "ABOVE" THE BURNING BALLOON**-

Falconato **CATCHES ONTO TRAGIC**-

FALCONATO

I hope you're happy with yourself, you loser.

TRAGIC

I'm not a loser. I'm a winner.

Tragic unhooks his "WINNER" button, and *STABS THE PIN INTO FALCONATO'S HAND!*

She's forced to let go, and she *FLIES STRAIGHT UP INTO THE BURNING HOT AIR BALLOON* before the cables she's tangled in catch and *LYNCH UP HER UPSIDE-DOWN AND ON FIRE IN THE CENTER OF THE BALLOON!*

FUCK YEAH! Bye Falconato! But now the whole hot air balloon is on fire- spinning out of control towards the ground- Tragic reaches out and grabs onto Wexler's hand-

In his other hand he holds a cell phone- he hits dial- he's suddenly supporting her weight- as the balloon *crash lands-*

EXT. BOSEMAN COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

The burning wreckage of the balloon is still. Tragic and Wexler lay among it; surrounding them are the shadows of the carnival, which is slowly but surely descending towards them.

They look dead, covered in blood and dust.

Tragic stirs. Wexler stirs. He sees his gun laying on the ground in the wreckage. She sees the disinhibitor. They ***scramble to their weapons, hurling themselves to their feet-***

Tragic raises the gun just as Wexler raises the disinhibitor-
Mexican stand-off. A beat.

TRAGIC

Drop it.

WEXLER

Not gonna happen.

TRAGIC

Olivia ***I will kill you-***

WEXLER

I'd rather not exist at all than go back to nobody caring. You should know how that feels.

TRAGIC

(beat)

No that's not true. I care. I care about you. I want better for you, than this.

WEXLER

Shut up-

TRAGIC

You matter to *me*. Don't you see that? Christ, look around you. We're not small. We're not small people.

Wexler grimaces. In the distance, we can hear approaching police sirens. Olivia is crying frustrated, the disinhibitor in her hand waving.

WEXLER

I just wanted- I just wanted somebody to listen to me. I just wanted someone to listen for once in my stupid life...

TRAGIC

Yeah. Me too.

Olivia looks around at all the chaos, and wipes her eyes.

WEXLER

I'm sorry, Ted. I...I can't...
(intense)
I won't go back to being nobody.

They stare at each other and then- ***They both fire.***

Tragic's gun clicks on an empty chamber. Wexler's disinhibitor sets off a shower of sparks and lights on fire, exploding out of her hand.

WEXLER (CONT'D)

Ack! Shit.

Wexler and Tragic both stare at each other.

She throws a punch, and Tragic *immediately catches her into a headlock*, knocking her out. She sinks to the ground as the carnival comes to a soft landing all around them, people panicking rushing together, crying in relief.

Tragic speaks to the unconscious Olivia.

TRAGIC

...You're my fucking hero, you know that? Jesus christ, what a bad ass.

There's soft applause from nearby, and Tragic, exhausted, cradling Wexler, looks up to see...

GRAVES. It's Brad Pitt in a suit, smiling.

TRAGIC (CONT'D)

Graves.

GRAVES

Excellent work Agent Tragic.
Little bit of a mess, but we'll
handle it.

Tragic just stares at him.

GRAVES (CONT'D)

How you feeling there, buckaroo?

TRAGIC

I feel like...fuck you?

GRAVES

That seems harsh.

TRAGIC

Where were you? Why didn't anyone
help me?

GRAVES

Did it ever occur to you...
(beat)
We knew you could handle it?
(smiles)
Come on dumbo, you're our best guy.

This actually seems to land huge on Tragic, who, still
holding the unconscious Wexler, flops onto his back, staring
up at the sky.

A woman rushes through the crowd, going to where Terrio lays,
injured and pale, mostly bled out. She embraces him.

ELI TERRIO

Oh, babe, Jesus...I tell you what,
I have had the shittiest day. Oh
did you- were you up there in the
sky? We've both had shit days, I'm
understanding of what you were
going through, too.

SLAM TO BLACK.

INT. FANCY WASHINGTON DC RESTAURANT - DAY

It's bright, clear. The colors of Washington, the whites,
rich browns, the greens, are in stark opposition to the drab
Wal-Mart country we've been trapped in.

Tragic, his arm in a sling, several stitched up cuts and bandages on his face, sits, staring out the window, zoning out, when Graves **suddenly sits down across from him-**

TRAGIC
(startled)
Oh sweet jesus!

GRAVES
Sorry I'm late.

TRAGIC
Are you though?

GRAVES
Must be nice to have a break, eat
at somewhere other than an IHOP.

TRAGIC
Real fancy. Great...uh,
tablecloths. Great...forks.
(beat)
Where's Wexler?

INT. HIGH SECURITY FACILITY - HALLWAY

Olivia Wexler, in a green prisoner jumpsuit with a black hood over her head, arms and legs cuffed, is being shuffled up a hallway, guarded on all sides by big men with assault rifles.

She's being guided towards an elevator, where a scientist waits for her.

BACK TO:

GRAVES
We've fixed the cracks in our
security. Agent Prince is
recovering nicely. You'll be back
out in the field in no time-

TRAGIC
Did you not hear me?

GRAVES
-Plus, the Falconato situation was
a wake-up call to congress, in
terms of funding, so you'll be
relieved to know-

WEXLER
Where's Hammer? Where's Wexler?

INT. HIGH SECURITY FACILITY - ELEVATOR

Wexler stands among the guards, and led the elevator arrives. She's led out by the scientist.

SCIENTIST

Right this way, Miss Wexler.

BACK TO:

GRAVES

We're still looking for Hammer, and the wife; we can't seem to figure out how Falconato and Wexler were able to find him so easily, but we'll get it out of her soon-

TRAGIC

Get it out of her? What's that mean? You're not like- torturing her, something weird like that-

GRAVES

Torturing her? Oh god no. She's going to work for us.

TRAGIC

...What?

INT. HIGH SECURITY FACILITY - LABORATORY

Wexler is led, hesitantly, into a huge research laboratory, empty, twice the size of Falconato's. Her hood is pulled off. She blinks against the light as a guard undoes her handcuffs.

The scientist extends an arm to her: he holds her glasses.

SCIENTIST

My name is Sorenson. You'll be answering directly to me. You'll be under our supervision at all times. Answer me do you understand, one word: yes or no.

There's a long beat.

WEXLER

(hushed)

Yes.

SCIENTIST

Very good. I'll go see to your transfer papers.

He exits, leaving her alone in the lab. She glances at one of the surveillance cameras. And another. And another.

BACK TO:

GRAVES

Don't look so alarmed. We've learned from our mistakes. I assure you, we put our foots down. She knows she's done. We made it clear that she's just a cog in a machine; we are in *complete control*.

Tragic continues staring at him, horrified.

BACK TO:

Wexler stares out at the most advanced lab in the world. Glances behind, her, stifling a giggle. And then...

WEXLER

Heh...hehehehe....ha..ha...haha...ha

hahahhaha....MWAHAHAHAHAHA-

BACK TO:

TRAGIC

...Shit.

SLAM TO BLACK.

END.